

# the question

By GRAHAM THOMPSON

Photos: GREG GAUDET

What the hell are you doing here (at 6:30 p.m. during a blizzard)?



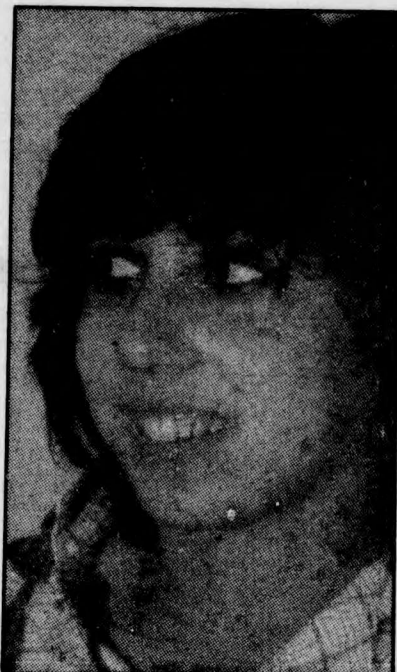
**Blair Price, Physical Plant**  
"We couldn't get home. I'm waiting for my wife to pick me up."



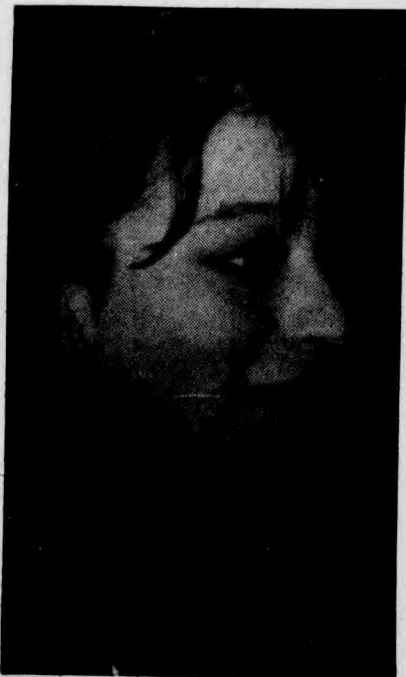
**Louisa Lee, Coordinated Business II**  
"I live in the Atkinson residence, and I'm going to Scott Library to study."



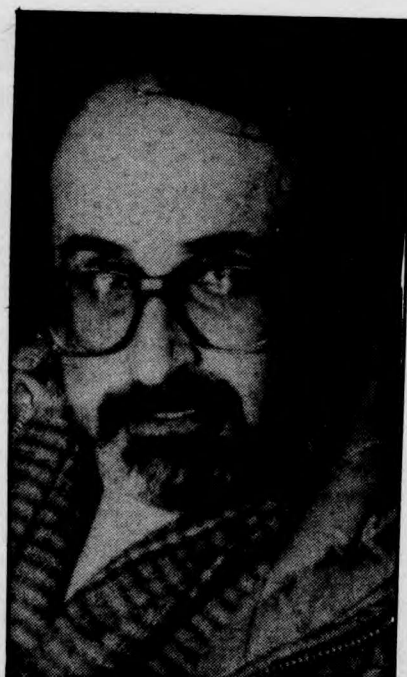
**Jo Davidson, General Arts I**  
"I live here."



**Paula Boxer, Psychology II**  
"I needed to study. I'll probably be here 'till about nine. I have a psych exam Thursday."



**Adrian Mariconda, Psychology III**  
"It's quiet. I can do some work. I'm studying for an Environmental Psychology exam on Thursday. I'm expecting to have a class tonight at Atkinson."



**Joaquim Rola (Computer Science (night student))**  
I came for my continuing education class but it was cancelled. I am just waiting for my wife."

## Ms. Lonely Hearts



Dear Ms. Lonely Hearts

Though I realize the chief function of your column is to provide guidance for the lonely and the love-lost, I hope you will help me with a different problem I am having. At the beginning of the year I advertised for a roommate in your publication.

In short order I was approached by a second year Business student, a seemingly intelligent fellow.

My roommate problems seemed to be over. For weeks we had an equitable arrangement; he was quiet, interesting to talk to, and did more than his share of the cleaning and cooking. Last month, however, all of this changed. My roommate began going to some strange midnight meetings, meetings presumably of a cult nature. Shortly afterwards his strange habits began. He began to bring home livestock for dinner: live chickens, ducks, a suckling pig, which he would fatten up in cages for about a week and then slaughter in the bathroom.

But the strangeness does not end there. I soon found the odd fellow had become interested in picklings and preserving. I went to the cupboard one day to find row upon row of sealed mason jars filled with brown and yellow fluids.

As the whole thing interested me, and the sauce itself looked quite appetizing, I opened a bottle one night, with the idea of putting it over noodles or rice. Imagine my surprise when I came to realize that what the jars contained was not curry sauce, but human vomit. Outraged, I confronted my roommate for an explanation, firmly convinced he was either a pervert or a mental defective. He explained, quite calmly and logically, that he didn't wish to offend, or indeed mislead me, but that this cache of bodily fluids was a vital and sacred duty for him; a duty imposed by the religious cult that he belongs to.

What should I do? I am a liberal-minded individual who believes freedom of conscience and religion to be of utmost importance for the mutual harmony of mankind. Yet these rites absolutely disgust me. I expect at any moment for those decomposing animals to show up one day, perhaps as wall hangings, or disguised as throw cushions. Please advise me.

Dismayed and Disgusted

Dear Dismayed and Disgusted,

Although you are a liberal-minded person, you have to draw the line somewhere. As anthropologist Henry A. Bagish says,

*to tolerate anything and everything that's done in the world around us leads us to a paralyzing inability to do anything at all to defend our own conceptions of the good and the right.*

This disgusting situation sounds like something out of a John Waters movie. The livestock angle particularly disturbs me. Since you have failed to alert the humane society authorities, why don't you use the cadavers for tasty dinner treats? Here is a particularly savory delight that will make quick use of your poultry and suckling pig:

*Riz Egyptienne*

You will need: 1 chicken liver  
1 tbsp butter/2 tsp butter  
1/4 cut finely cut onions  
2/3 cup diced mushrooms  
1 cup rice  
1 1/2 cups chicken broth  
2/3 cup diced cooked ham

- 1) Cut the liver into quarter inches/set aside
- 2) Heat the tbsp. of butter, add onions and mushrooms, stir occasionally until wilted
- 3) Add rice and cook. Stir until rice is coated. Add broth and boil. Cover for 17 minutes. Meanwhile, heat the 2 tsp. of butter. Add liver and ham, cook until heated through. Add liver and ham to rice, toss gently with fork. Serves four.

The bottled vomit and fecal matter, however, pose a more serious problem. What cult does this man belong to? Perhaps he's a Little Richard fan. (Little Richard used to defecate in mason jars.) I can't think of a more hideous retaliation. Maybe you could tell him you belong to a cult which demands weekly human sacrifices. Wait by his room with a sharpened axe. He'll soon feel uncomfortable and leave (hopefully with his belongings). Good luck.

*Ms. Lonely Hearts*

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