

# EXISTENTIAL SPORTS

## Football Bears move to Vegreville

by Lance Progenitor

Three months of rampant rumoring came to fatal fruition Monday as U of A Athletics Chairman Seldon Ozburt announced the Golden Bear football team will be moving to Vegreville as of the 1985 season.

Ozburt cited poor home attendance as the major reason for the Bears' shift.

"Where the hell was everybody?" he queried. "Damn you Al Davis!"

Lawrence Knish, chairman of the Vegreville Chamber of Commerce was understandably ecstatic.

"I'm understandably ecstatic. This is a great day for Vegreville football!" he beamed. "This was a long time in coming. Endless hours of clandestine meetings in seedy roadhouse motels, hours of secret negotiation that finally culminated in our midnight evacuation of the Bears athletic equipment and office furniture. But this means more than

money for the downtown merchants. I'm happy for the kids. Those tiny urchins who en masse ring the snowbound chain-link fences of the fields of the high school football teams. Little cherub faces pressed against the hard iron. Blowing snow and ice relentlessly ripping and tearing at exposed flesh, cutting and digging and causing gruesome facial lacerations that later harden and crack, oozing puss and..."

Vegreville was only one of three Alberta cities to attempt to lure the downtrodden football club to their area. New Sarepta, Leduc and Rocky Mountain House also made lavish offers of expensive automobiles and leather-clad women to department officials.

But Vegreville won out and one of the main reasons for this is the city's new Perogy Agri-plex. Standing majestically in the heart of Vegreville's industrial district, the 8,000 seat "Perogydome" will be the Bears' new home.

Bears season ticket holders seemed justifiably upset as both of them stormed the University Pavilion and staged a demonstration in the middle of the women's field hockey pitch. The sit-in, unfortunately, did not receive much notice and the naked couple was later removed by Butterdome janitorial security.

The players themselves were naturally upset and overwhelmed

by the decision. Their comments ranged from shock and disbelief to tearful observations on the current state of organized sports.

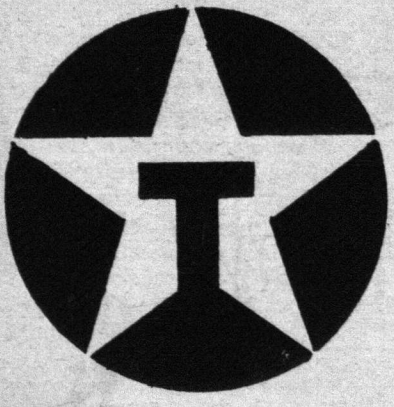
Jeff Franchise (running back): "All I know is that we have to give one hundred per cent whenever we play."

Gio Chisiotti (defensive half-back): "They're up for the game and so are we. It's just a question of who wants it more."

Mark Denesunk (quarterback): "We're not taking anything for granted. We just have to go out there and play our hardest."

Rick Magie (safety): "We know they've got a good defense, but we're not worried. They have to put their pants on one leg at a time just like us."

The feeling was perhaps best summed up by Getaway newsmistress Eva Penzeri when she proclaimed, "Shit! Like now I'm out of a job!"



**TEXACO STAR VALUE  
STUDENT SPECIAL  
\$1.00 OFF**

your next 20 litre gasoline purchase  
With U of A Student I.D. Card


**COMPLETE SERVICE  
CLOSE TO CAMPUS**

*"Keeping you in mind"*

**TEXACO**

**STUDENT SPECIAL  
\$100 OFF**

YOUR NEXT 20 LITRE GASOLINE PURCHASE with U. of A. Student I.D. card




**TEXACO**

EXCEL AUTO  
7028 - 109 Street  
GARNEAU TEXACO  
10863 Whyte Ave.  
Limit one coupon per gasoline purchase.  
This coupon has no cash surrender value  
OFFER EXPIRES JANUARY 12, 1985

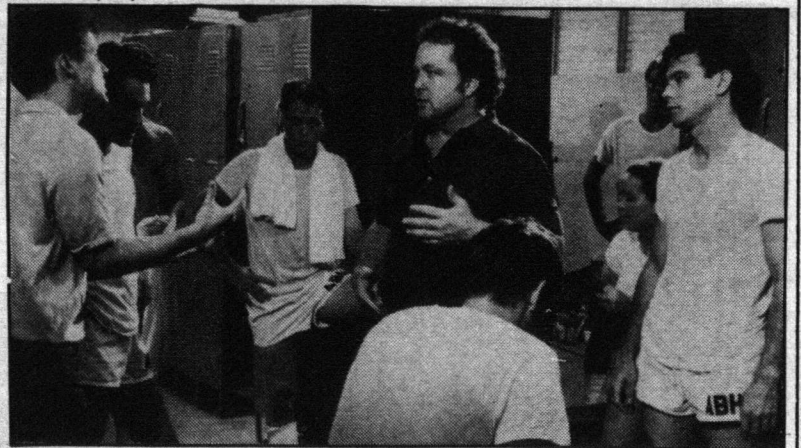
**STUDENT SPECIAL  
\$100 OFF**

YOUR NEXT 20 LITRE GASOLINE PURCHASE with U. of A. Student I.D. card



**TEXACO**

EXCEL AUTO  
7028 - 109 Street  
GARNEAU TEXACO  
10863 Whyte Ave.  
Limit one coupon per gasoline purchase.  
This coupon has no cash surrender value  
OFFER EXPIRES JANUARY 12, 1985



Management breaks the news to the disbelieving Bears

## Eva remembers

The alarm rang harshly on the whiskey-stained nightstand. I reached over and smashed it with my fist. The various items of furniture still seemed to dance crazily about the room. "Damn these M&M drug trips," I moaned and clutched my throbbing head. Oh well, another game, another town, another team.

Lazily, I kicked the Bears' offensive line out of bed, called room service, and slipped into something less comfortable. They had a game to play and, dammit, I had a story to cover...

These are but a few of the vivid memories that stand conspicuously in what was a conspicuous season for the 7-1 Bears.

I recall the crisp clean smacking of helmets on shoulder pads as I strutted across the pitted green playing field at Varsity Stadium with photog in tow.

Arching and straining and sweating and groaning hunks of desirable male flesh lept and fell about me. Oh where is my whip?

I can still see those cheerleaders, leading a listless pack of Saturday do-nothings in a retinue of inane and patronizing monosyllabic ditties. Oh wow, Make me wanna puke!

There's the dirty rat-hole of a pressbox. An outhouse with stairs. A vantage point from where my cohorts and I can dump trite pieces of football stats on the freezing denizens below.

Oh damn! Here's the anthem. Stand up. Hand over heart. Mind a million miles away. Nobody knows the words. Nobody cares. Nobody sings. It's no anthem. It's a group hum.

Ah, the game hath begun. That weekly parade of shapely meat, tightly wrapped in form-fitting



Eva Penzeri

spandex. Football in autumn! Ain't nothing like it!

The game's over. Who won? Who cares? It's time for those post-game interviews. I bound down the press box stairs and race past the quickly retreating crowd in search of the quickly retreating Bears.

In the locker room — steam and sweat and tired men. As scantily clad muscular bodies strut around, I boldly approach the one I want.

the one I want to interview, that is. What I want to ask is, "How do you feel you performed in the game?" and what comes out is, "How do you perform?" Freudian slip? Who cares? I don't know and they can't spell it.

People ask me, "Miss Penzeri, how do you handle it?" and I reply "That's what being a Professional is all about."

But the time goes too fast and before I know it I'm back at the sterile coldness of the Getaway office with those overbearing macho airheads and their word processors and their deadlines...

Well, I'm in Vancouver now, or is it Toronto? No difference, I'm in a stadium, in a pressbox with my friends and here come the fans, the anthem... Oh, and here come the men!

## A Creative Difference in Today's Graduation Portraiture



Booking Now for December 17-21

Creation Fee Special: \$8.00

lorne strymecki professional photography  
463-1161