

Bad Coffee, Bad Grades & Japanese Monster Movies

Halloween is upon us once again and I for one am pissed. Once again, I am working not only Halloween night, but Friday night as well. Not even a sign of being able to see "The Shining" in Tilley Hall the weekend. I can't complain, I guess. At least, I have a job and it's a job I like. That's more than I can say for most people I know. They're all either unemployed or hate their jobs so much they're contemplating joining PC youth. Have a good time trick-or-treating, kids. Make sure to check for "treats" among your treats there are some real sickos in this world, you know. (They all hang out at the Student Union offices if you didn't know.)

Have you, like me, had it up to here with the stupid Blue Jays? Baseball games are no longer needed in Canada with all the hoopla of this past week. What really gets me are these people waving Canadian flags around like Aunt Myrtle waving her card after screaming "Bingo!" at the top of her lungs. Strange that the only thing Canadian about the Blue Jays is the fact that Labatt's has them in their back pockets.

Most of the money used to build the Skydome was from foreign investment and most of the players are Americans, Dominicans etc. Pretty much from anywhere but Canada and people wave the flag in patriotic fever with about the same level of intelligence as the US Marine Corps. It's Okay, I guess. The American's national symbol of the Bald Eagle has been threatened with extinction in the states so much that more of them live in Canada than in any other place in the world. It's a trade off of sorts, but I still think we go the short end of the stick.

Referendum day has passed and Canada has not crumbled to pieces as predicted by the "yes" side. At least not yet. It still kind of feels like quitting your job, though. You can yell "screw you" right into the face of the boss that you hate but you really have no idea what's going to happen next. Maybe we'll all end up playing bridge in the Blue Lounge with all those people who never seem to go to class. What's all that about anyway? "Yes, I'll pay \$2000 to play cards in the SUB in the province's capital. I promise never to

comb my hair and to always argue loudly about the most insipid things, like who is stronger, Superman, the Hulk or my Friend's Dungeons & Dragons character. I Promise to move all the furniture around so that there is no where to sit but on the floor." (It's just a giant make work program for the SUB Staff to pick up the garbage and move the furniture back.) And when 5 o'clock roles around, look out! Star Trek: TNG comes on and like junkies racing to the methadone clinic, the cathode ray nipple gives babies the one hour's worth of candy.

I like Star Trek too, kids, but it's just a TV show (hard for me to say, I don't own a TV) but it's still just a TV show. My roommate calls me a Star Trek geek but it's a written contract between my loved ones and I that I am to be shot on sight upon becoming one with the show. When you start saying, "Aye, sir" along with the dialogue, start pointing out flaws in the sets, locations, uniforms, alien languages etc., and wearing plastic Spock ears, you know it's time to re-examine your relationship within this sector.

Will someone explain to me why every corner in every building on campus has to have at least 30 posters? No one could possibly read all of these. Maybe these people could more effectively use some of the free "upcoming" and "classifieds" spaces in the Bruns rather than assaulting my eyes every where I turn on campus. Must we waste so much paper? Why must I trip over all these engineering students standing in the hallways, staring at these sheets about three inches from the paper? If you're lucky you can knock them into the wall and stop their lips from moving. But only if you're lucky.

Next Week: How to chant your mantra more effectively in order to transmit your aura to that hot young undergrad across the library.

Next Week, same bat time, same bat channel.

By NICK OLIVER

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