

Theatre Passe Muraille
Montreal Theatre Lab
 presents
Kaspar
 by Peter Handke
 with Jack Wetherall and Miguel Fernandes
 directed by Alexander Hausvater
 "a magnetically compelling tour de force" — Montreal Star
Cafe SOHO, 334 Queen St. W.
 Phone: 363-8988
November 10 - December 4

Terminal disease caught at airports

By Tracy Teeple

Dear Madam:
 My husband George and I recently got married. About two weeks ago George found out from the Vanier Health Centre that he has a terminal disease and will die on February 8, 1978.
 The problem is that George wants to send out advance funeral invitations to his friends, before they can

Advice to the Anonymous



make other plans. I agree — but I think it would be much nicer, and more personal, if George were to phone the people instead of spending unnecessary money on black-bordered stationery and stamps. My husband disagrees with me.

George and I are both avid readers of your column and we will abide by your decision.

Please reply before George dies.
Not Much Time Left

Dear Not Much:
 Although I greatly appreciate your letter, let me just point out that most males, even if their name is Tracy, of all things, prefer to be called "sir" or "mister" rather than "madam".

I am very sad for your husband. And to think that he could have avoided catching the terminal disease if only he had stayed away from airports.

I think you should let your husband have his way. After all, it's his

money, and he can't take it with him, you know. Besides, the funeral arrangements will be cheap anyway if he puts them on the "layaway" plan.

Why not phone, though, as well? Just call up your friends and say, "Listen, we're throwing a funeral on the eighth..." Be happy, don't make it a grave occasion. It should be a joyous undertaking! Play games - mixed doubles pallbearing, casketball - have a lively party!

Please accept my condolences, and have a good time!

Dear Mr. Teeple:

I am a member of the AMA, which, as everyone knows, stands for Axe-Murderers Anonymous. I hereby accuse York University of discrimination against axe-murderers. Why are there stalls in the Central Square for the Christian Community, Young Socialists, Gay organizations, etc., but not a single one for us misunderstood axe-murderers?

Lumber Jack.

Dear Jack:

You have axed a good question. Admittedly, axe-murdering now

rivals rooftop sniping as a recreational sport. I'll bet you could have a stall if you made yourselves more official, perhaps by setting out your theories in a set of clear-cut axioms. In the meantime, Curtis Lecture Halls will be showing some excellent movies geared specifically for the axe-murderer, among them *The Axe-Bow Incident*, *Bound For Gory*, *Maim*, *Scar Wars* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chops*. Admission costs will be slashed, and if you bring your friends you get a cut-rate.

Dear Sir:

I like to sing when I take a shower in the morning. I also like to accompany myself on the electric guitar. My friends think I'm strange. What do you think?

Pierre Frampton

Dear Pete:

Well, I can see how people would think you're a few sticks short of a chord... But then again, I remember my old Uncle Pickaxe used to take a saxophone with him in the coal mines where he worked, and nobody thought he was strange. In fact, if there hadn't been a law against having sax with a miner, he'd probably still be doing it. So stop fretting - no-one can say it isn't good, clean fun...

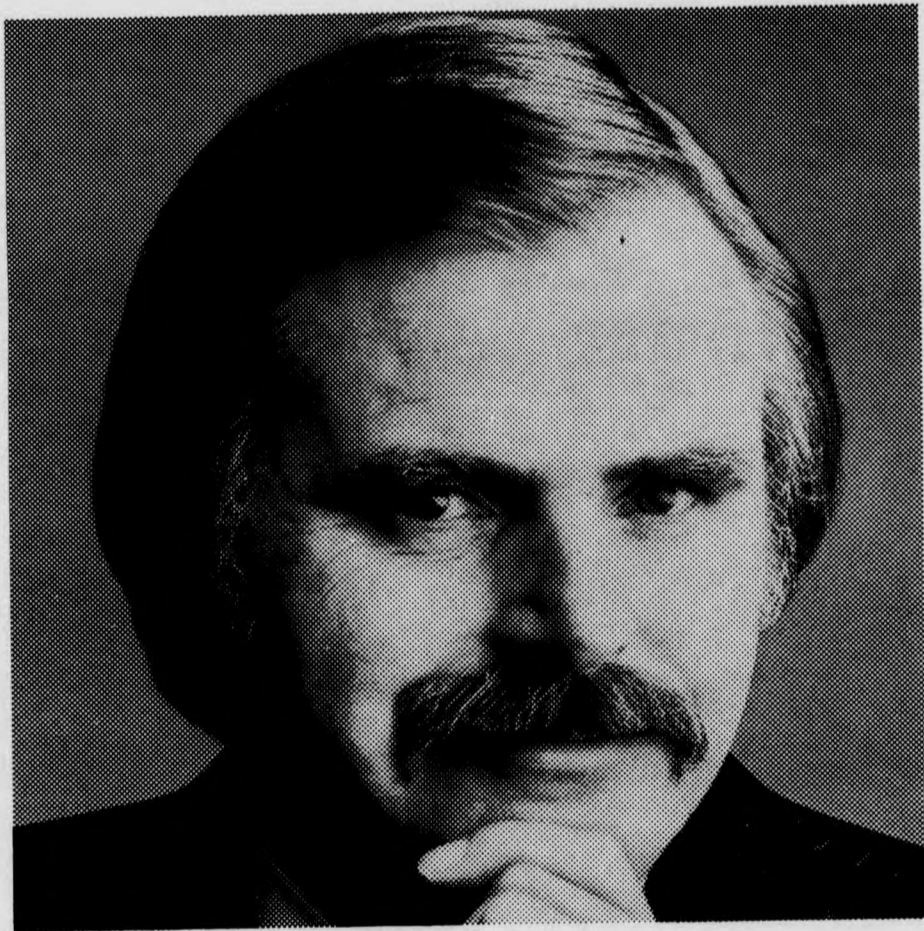
(If you need advice from a qualified expert, write to Tracy Teeple at this address:)

Advice To The Anonymous,
 c/o Excalibur,
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There'll never be another Vice President like Richard.

Never.
 The President made that promise to himself last Thursday afternoon, after Richard blew an important new-business presentation.

Richard isn't incompetent. The villain is his lunches, or rather the too-many drinks he often has at lunch. Come afternoon, he's just not as sharp as he was in the morning.

Richard is playing dice with his health. His old-fashioned business style is also sabotaging his career.

Today, with competition so rough and stakes so high, even the most generous company can't be patient for long with an employee whose effectiveness ends at noon.

If you're a friend, do Richard a favour by reminding him of the good sense of moderation.

You can bet the man eyeing his job won't help him.

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