

SCOTT LIBRARY

will be
CLOSED
for Convocation

Saturday, October 30th
from 9 - 5 pm

AND RE-OPEN
at 5 pm to midnight

Reserve Reading Room
will be **OPEN** regular hours
8:45 am - midnight.

NAKED CAME POLONSKY: Musing before going to bed

By JOE POLONSKY

They were lying in bed. She said "I think I love Marcello Mastroianni".

He pulled the sheet up a little and commented on how it had all of a sudden got a bit chilly in the room. "Yes, it was a good movie".

"He has such a beautiful body," she said. He pulled the sheets up a bit more. "Yup, it's damn chilly in here".

"He even has nice hair on his chest. I don't think I've ever seen such beautiful hair on a man's chest," she said.

He pulled the sheet up to his chin and thought to himself of that time in the spring of '70 when there was a strange girl who appeared from the mysterious east who had thought quite highly of his chest of hair. He said, "Could you put the thermometer up?"

She said, "He even looks good in short hair." He was running out of places where he could pull the sheet. "Brrrr", he said. "Since it's so damn cold in here, why don't you snuggle up close to me and I'll keep you nice and warm."

She looked at him incredulously. "You are so bloody rude," she said vehemently.

"Where has compassion gone?" he thought to himself. There just does not seem to be any human understanding left in the world. Oh sure, you could find some once in a while. He remembered seeing just the other day in the paper a soothing advertisement reminding him that Bill Davis is for People which was most accented by the ad on the opposite page which read Stephen Lewis is for Marshmallows. But such understanding was the exception rather than the rule. After all, not everybody would go through the trouble of spending six million dollars and hiring an American advertising team from Detroit just to assure people that there were some other people around who still cared.

He thought he would make one last effort. Slyly, he began to slip his arm underneath her neck. But she was no slouch. "What the hell do you think you're doing" she demanded. "You boors are all the same." And with that threw the latest copy of Playboy in his face and commented, "Now hopefully that will keep you busy and keep your mind out of the gutter."

Something somewhere seemed wrong but he just couldn't put his finger on it. Anyway, for want

of anything better to do, he decided that he might as well fall asleep. Yet, as he descended into the limbo between reality and being awake, a soft voice was heard uttering from the distance. "Why don't we ever talk any more?" The soft voice became a hard hand pulling at his collection of bed covers. "All you ever want to do is sleep. You never talk to me anymore."

He woke up, inadvertently scratching the hair on his chest. Something somewhere seemed wrong but he just couldn't put his finger on it.

She said, "We haven't even talked about the Ontario elections."

He said, "I wonder if Stephen Lewis really is for marshmallows."

"Oh, you're always making fun. I can never have a serious conversation with you. Now, let's be serious. What do you think, dear, of the fact that Bill Davis would try to sell himself to the public as though he were some new underarm deodorant? Don't you think that's awful, dear?"

He responded, "I'm apolitical. It is an intellectual abuse of my time to discuss politics. I'm a psychologist. I'm only interested in sex and its effects on human behaviour. And as you know dear, I am also a poet. So, as you can see the perimeters of my interests really do preclude my having any extensive knowledge or concern for the general academic area known as politics. That's why we never talk, dear. We have been sleeping together all these days and you don't even know that I am a psychologist-poet and not a mere politico. You are a dumbell."

She responded, "The reason I didn't know that you were not politically concerned as you have no right to be since you are a psychologist-poet, is because we never talk, not because I am a dumbell. Anyway, you're the dumbell."

"You who never even got your BA can in all honesty call me a dumbell?" he said; trying to impress her with his academic credentials.

"Yup," she said. "I think I love Marcello Mastroianni."

He tried to reconcile his sexual putdown, psychologists being very conscious of sexual putdowns. "Well," he thought to himself, "Bill Davis likes me, I'm a person."

"And he has such nice hair on his chest," she said. "Come to think of it, Stephen Lewis has nice hair on his chest too."

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS

required for participation in a study being conducted on York campus concerning **ABORTION**. Please telephone 635-2557 (9 am - 5 pm)



Have a nice time...☆☆☆☆



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331 YONGE, JUST NORTH OF DUNDAS
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 - ★ LIVE BAND
 - ★ COMPLETELY UNCENSORED
 - ★ NEW SHOW EVERY WEEK
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 - ★ INTERNATIONAL ACTS
 - ★ SPECIAL MIDNIGHT SHOW
 - ★ OPEN SUNDAY 1 P.M. TO 11 P.M.
- THIS WEEK'S FEATURE STAR
Jude di Sand

BOBBY ORR'S



- ★ Pizza and Spaghetti
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- ★ Take out
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Other locations

3885 Keele Street
(near Finch)
630-0260

501 Parliament St. E.
(near Wellesley)
922-2105
(no dine-in)

Oshawa - King Street
576-8411-2

1/2 PRICE SALE

on all pizzas:

This Friday, Saturday, Sunday

October 22, 23, 24 at these two locations:

6004 Yonge Street (near Cummer) 221-1116
3212 Eglinton Avenue (near Markham) 264-3483

Design your own scrumptious pizza from these toppings:

Choice of: Cheese, Pepperoni, Bacon, Mushroom, Salami, Onions, Green Pepper, Ham, Shrimp, Anchovie, Pineapple, Tomato, Green Olive.

★ Hawaiian "P"
Ham & Pineapple

★ **SPECIAL**
Onions, Green Peppers, Salami, Mushrooms and Pepperoni

★ **BOBBY'S CHOICE**
Pepperoni & Pineapple