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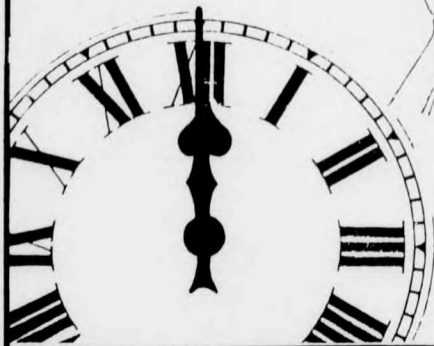
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# do-it-yourself

THE GENERIC, FILL IN THE  
BLANKS MOVIE REVIEW.

BY \_\_\_\_\_  
Directed by \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ Studios

\_\_\_\_\_ is an interesting director. Sometimes \_\_\_\_\_ creates films that have the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ to become \_\_\_\_\_. Quite often, however, \_\_\_\_\_ films are much \_\_\_\_\_ than expected and are \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_ newest work, \_\_\_\_\_, is one of the \_\_\_\_\_. Starring \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ it is truly one of the \_\_\_\_\_ pieces of film ever to reach the theatres.

Everything about the movie is \_\_\_\_\_. There has

never been a \_\_\_\_\_ performance than \_\_\_\_\_ in the lead role. The supporting players are no \_\_\_\_\_. They all play their parts with a \_\_\_\_\_ that suggests they really \_\_\_\_\_ filming this movie.

The direction is also \_\_\_\_\_. The \_\_\_\_\_ of the work is very \_\_\_\_\_, given \_\_\_\_\_'s reputation for producing \_\_\_\_\_.

What makes a(n) \_\_\_\_\_ of this film? Whatever it is, \_\_\_\_\_ has \_\_\_\_\_ of it. Some of the qualities are such things as \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

Again, this film \_\_\_\_\_ in all areas. We can only hope for \_\_\_\_\_ work from this \_\_\_\_\_ director soon.



# the writer's block

BY IRA NAYMAN

Ira Nayman is \_\_\_\_\_ with vast \_\_\_\_\_ a writer. Ira \_\_\_\_\_ written numerous \_\_\_\_\_ as \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ with CBC television and radio.

Let's face it: you can't fit a computer into your pocket. Besides, with all the fancy spelling and grammar check functions you get today, you run the risk of discovering that your computer is a better writer than you are. ("This novel was written by the latest generation IBM PC, with the help of Irving Schlitzburg?" No, it's too horrible to contemplate!) Even today's laptop computers, portable, but with limited memory, have a serious drawback: if you get caught in the rain with one, you could be electrocuted.

Talk about user-unfriendly!

Now you may think I'm a neanderthal (a right I may be a neanderthal), but I write with an HB crayon. My preferred colour is avocado, but there's nothing like a combination of beach and burgundy to really get somebody's attention. And, let's get real for a second: standing out from the rest of the garbage is what it's all about:

"I just read *The Night They Sneezed on the President* . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, there's no polite way of putting this, so I'll just come out with it: the story is written in crayon."

"That's right."

"Don't they let you . . . umm, let you have anything else to write with where you are?"

"North York?"

"Umm, yes, well, look: your story is only 1,000 words, but it's 80 pages

long. To be honest, it looks childish . . . amateurish . . . it's very difficult to read . . ."

"But it got your attention, didn't it?"

From a telephone conversation with a mind bogglingly important magazine editor who shall remain nameless, so there's really no point in insisting I tell you, because I really have no intention of revealing her position on liposuction - no really, the experience is what's important, not dropping names, so I really shouldn't . . . well . . . alright: the magazine opposes liposuction.

(I've been getting a lot of letters lately about the length and structure of my sentences. People generally object to long, complicated sentences which run on and on and on and on and never seem to come to a conclusion, so that by the time you actually do get to the end your mind has wandered to when the pub closes or whether anybody really cares about Meech Lake and you've completely forgotten how the sentence started or what it was about or - well, you get the idea. As it happens, this is not a mere stylistic flaw; it is esthetic choice. Run-on sentences combine a maximum of information with a minimum of punctuation, is isn't that what progress is all about?

But, I digress.)

Psychologists have recently developed psychometric models (haven't you always wanted to use that phrase in a sentence?) of writers, typing them according to what they write with. People who use compu-

ters, for instance, are generally bland, officious, deferential to authority, coldly rational, boring; in short, the perfect target audience for New Age Music.

People who use typewriters are old-fashioned (psycho-speak for stuck in the past), technophobic, sentimental, not particularly wealthy or distinguished. They tend to wear bowties (which isn't too attractive on women) and be unimaginative in bed. Now, people who write with crayons, an admittedly small group, are bold, imaginative, individualistic, unconcerned about the opinions of others and good dancers nine times out of 10 (plus or minus three percentage points 19 times out of 20). They are also the bane of every typesetter's existence.

Now, I'm not suggesting that everybody should write with crayons; the evidence speaks for itself. Still the arguments are impressive: for one thing, you can't chew the top off an apple computer. For another, you don't get cramped fingers, back problems or headache from crayons, although you can get lead poisoning if you're too enthusiastic about chewing the heads off them. And of course, there's the Margaret Atwood argument.

So, in conclusion, let me just say that . . . umm, well, actually, there isn't really much to say in conclusion. I guess I'll just have to try to string things out, to keep adding words until I run out of . . .

Am I post-modern or what?