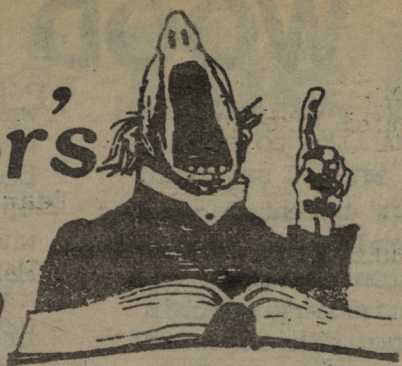


The Professor's Diary



Monday: Today I got my first assignment in from Gallant, the smart-ass. Rum, distinctly rum. I had told the class that I wanted the essay to be professional, to contain the full apparatus criticus of scholarship, which I had been at such pains to explain the week before. In response to this, apparently, Gallant headed his second page (after the title page) "Errata." Under this was a single cryptic entry: "p. 2: For Errata, read Erratum." I had a stiff drink after I read that.

Tuesday: A pox on students who stop to ask questions after class! Twice this week I have missed the beginning of Texas because of these beggarly mendicants, plucking at the hem of my garments. "Please, sir, what did you mean when you said....?" "Uh, duh, like about this mark you gave me eh....?" A pox I say. It's not as if I don't have a thirty-second query period at the end of each lecture.

Wednesday: Lazy morning until my lab. Just to keep my hand in, I tried writing a new computer program. This program would print out a list of all programs that do not ever print themselves out. I was curious to see whether my program would ever print itself out. But it seems the Computer Centre has other uses for the machine. A pity.

Thursday: Parking Committee. We now open and close all meetings with a cheerful faculty theme-song, of my own composition, sung to the tune of "There'll Always be an England:"

There'll always be a Upee
(If a secondary school),
And though not yet in CUPE,
We stoutly work to rule.

This boosts Committee morale considerably, I find.

Friday: Am I wasting my time with this diary? Perhaps I should start using these daily entries more constructively, as an exercise in self-analysis. The unexamined life, as Socrates was wont to say in his cups, is not worth living. But is such questioning neurotic? I used to think I was indecisive, for example, but now I am not so sure.

the thin man

Technocratic Jocks?

I was watching the Wide World of Sports the other day and I noticed that these days they do not seem to have any Mr. Universe, Mr. World, or Mr. Iowa contests anymore. A few years ago you could turn on Wide World almost every week and see these gentlemen smeared with Havoline Supreme Motor Oil flexing their biceps and triceps. In the early seventies the Mohammad Ali of the Body Building genre Arnold Swarzenegger would constantly be lobbying about the beauty and grace of his profession. After a particularly heavy contest Arnie would be munching on a rack of lamb and talking to Chris Scherhel or somebody. During their interview Mr. Swarzenegger would come up with the immortal line, "I am an athlete," saying it in such a manner that you thought there was a Nobel prize for athletics.

Arnold's position seems to present an important concept: are body builders indeed athletes? Now I may be wrong on this (and you can have my first born if I am) but it would appear that he is sadly mistaken. Herschel Walker Wayne Gretzky or Dr. J., now those are athletes, but I'm afraid Arnie and the guys just don't qualify. Have you ever seen Arnold go skyward for a tomahawk chunk? Are you kidding me, if he even tried to drive the line for a reverse layup he would pull every last ligament to his name. Has Arnie ever tried to go in for the 440 high hurdles against top flight competition?

That would not be a pretty sight. Finally, have you ever seen the big guy go to the net for an overhead smash? The scene seems clear, he will be lying on the court racked with pain, Chris Schenkel will come over for an interview and scream, "Arnold, what happened?", "I don't know Chris, I tried to drive it to a spot, but it hurt like hell." If Arnie tried to hit a cross court backhand let alone an overhead smash he would be in traction for a week. In summation it would appear that since a) most body builders have trouble moving let alone playing sports and b) most have a vertical jump of 5 inches that they are not athletes but are simply male versions of Christie Brinkly.

Authors note: Did you ever notice that whenever you were watching one of these important spectacles, that your sister would come into the room and exclaim such things as "disgusting" or "gross" and then sit down and watch?

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