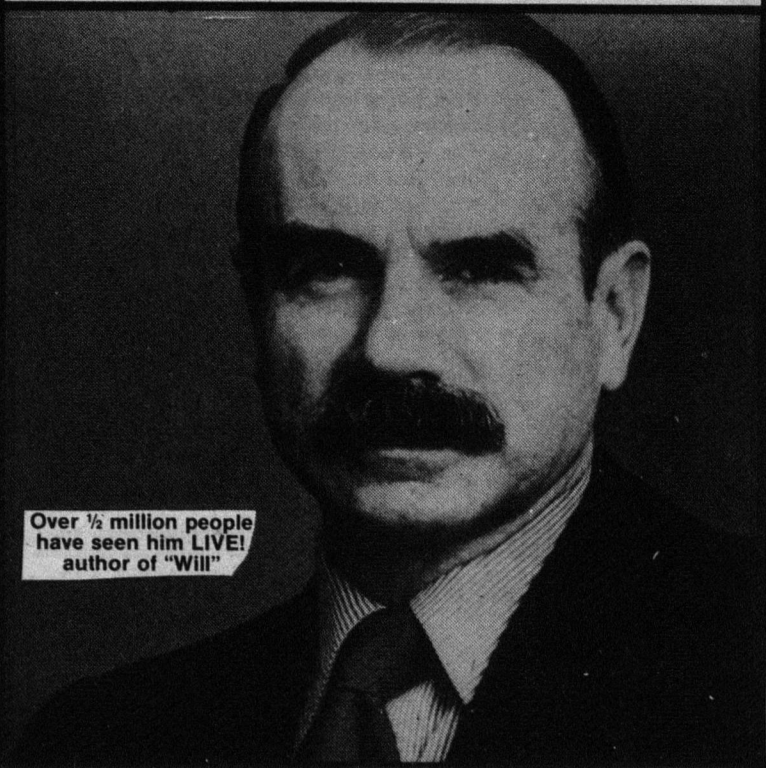


U of A Students' Union
presents
G. Gordon Liddy



Over 1/2 million people
have seen him LIVE!
author of "Will"

G. Gordon Liddy
Jubilee Auditorium-Tuesday April 3 - 7:30 pm.
Tickets \$5 U of A Students - \$12 non-Students
at all Bass Outlets - Charge by PH: 424-3355
For more information: 432-4236

Meet G. GORDON LIDDY
SPECIAL PACKAGE - LECTURE & RECEPTION
50 TICKETS ONLY \$50 Each

**SUMMER
EMPLOYMENT
CAMP HE-HO-HA**

located 50 miles west of Edmonton on Lake Isle,
serving disabled individuals,
welcomes applications for:

Counsellors

to work in male cabins

Specialists

Waterfront Instructors; Bronze medallion
Lifeguards; NLS preferred,
minimum Bronze medallion
Outtrippers; outdoor education background

Salary: Room & Board provided.

*Counsellors (May 2 - Aug. 28) - \$25/day,
90 working days.*

*Specialists (April 27 - Aug. 28) - \$30/day,
93 working days.*

**Interested? Apply and sign up for interviews at
Canada Employment Centre, 4th Floor, SUB.**

Editors Wanted

The Gateway is accepting applications for the various
editorial positions as follows:

- News**
- News**
- Entertainment**
- Sports**
- Managing**
- Circulation**
- Advocate/CUP**
- Production**

*If you are interested in any of the above positions, please
submit a brief letter of intent to Gilbert Bouchard in Room
282 SUB, or call 432-5168.*

**Deadline extended to 3 p.m.
on March 29, 1984**

seek refuge
among the trees
escape the city
lose self in the bush
listen to birds
marvel at dry weeds
the autumn air

walk further

over the hill

the ravine fields
stop

concrete towers
again

follow streets sidewalks
trace the way home

Janet Mowers

in front of me
sits a little boy with a toy gun
with his mother and brother
his father across from them

a family outing

i scream guns kill
(inside) i scream
guns kill
inside
inside

unconcerned the bus moves on

Janet Mowers

A Divine Right To Guilt

Custom-made designs
Of a novice
Too wise to be adept

Rustles of images—
Of thought and
Confusion

One on one—
Barely threaded to
Exude haste

Savour the sight—
The designs of a
Creator just

Passing
the time.

Ben Murray



Maison d'Hommes

We walk from the sunset into the dark.

This dark, well lit, contains the gentle minds

Of men who live half-truths, who strike a mark

Upon me, rending the membrane that blinds

Most men's eyes to the meaning of true love.

This house was only made dark by my fears;

Your warm hands and soft voice slaughter fears, love.

And yes, my eyes and throat are filled with tears,

For now I know. You love your gentle friend.

Years from now, you say, I may have your heart,

And now we no longer need to pretend

You and I would be better off apart.

Now I know you're flesh and bone, not steel;

You and this house have taught me how to feel.

Gay Hollingshead

Returning Song

We stood aloft on cliffs of fragile shale
and saw the flow of storms, whose angry wail
would shake green hills and lonely cairns of stone
whose lairds, once strong, have vanished to the bone

Then in our hearts did wake an awesome fear
of martyred strength and coward's taunting jeers
that flow of storm should break the mighty boards
which held our final vanguard 'gainst the Hordes

And skyward rose the violent storm of hate
while murky clouds obscured its pointless fate;
it swirled and fought against itself in fright
yet was proclaimed as bearer of the light

Down on the ground, below that vulgar sky
no safety was availed; the criers lie
and lead the peasants from the warming fire
till hapless, floundered in the trackless

Eleven hopefuls fought above the slough
great were the efforts of that motley crew

they turned their vengeful strength towards our stone
hence breaking down the watchers' lonely home

This high precipice, whereupon we sat
was built on shifting sands of ancient pact;
the stamp of power was a thing of life
yet still illused by long ignoble strife

Oft times before, this pedestal had bent
before the weight of winds from chaos sent;
now sky and ground, united, offered fight
and ultimate was final murky night

Weak are the bonds which hold our strengths aloft
and dying, with defenses going soft
there is no honor in our numerous lords;
their fight for glory fails against the Hordes

Now, standing in the rubble of the stone
the wind was heard to make a wistful moan:
"Man must be taught as if you taught him not
and things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Gunnar