

The Parking Authority

by Azed McLeod

One morning A. awoke to find that his parking decal, valid for the unreserved lots/daytime, was no longer affixed to his windshield. On top of this, A. had been changed into a monstrous vermin. However, as there was no visible difference in his appearance, he hopped out of bed and went to see about getting a replacement decal.

A., being unsure of how to proceed in such matters approached a York security guard.

"Excuse me," said A., "will you please direct me to The Parking Office as I don't know the way."

The man looked at A. as if he was a large bowl of beef tallow and responded, "You will never arrive at The Parking Office, and certainly not this way!"

A. said he did not understand what the guard was saying and repeated his request.

"You are worse than the dirt beneath my feet", said the guard in a voice not unlike that of Jerry Lewis. But as he said this he simultaneously raised his arms as if he were about to dance the flamenco.

This gesture was clear enough for A. who then proceeded towards the East Office Building.

As A. entered the building he was faced with a multitude of hallways, corridors, mirrored foyers and dimly lit passageways. "I feel as if I am in some wacky, crazy maze," said he.

Amid the laughter and screams A. felt strange. What was this place? Was it a metaphorical manifestation representing the spiritual schism of the self, forced to form an identity out of a fragmented and irrational cosmos?

A. thought so until he chanced upon a placard which read *Hairy Arthur's House of Hallways, Corridors, Mirrored Foyers and Dimly Lit Passageways. Admission: 1990-\$2,200, 1991-\$3,000* etc.

When A. finally reached the East Office Building he immediately searched out The Parking Office.

The long, narrow hall was lined with the sorriest looking individuals A. had ever seen. These people were shabby, unkempt, flabby, unclean and unpleasant

looking.

A. tentitively approached one of these wretched creatures, hoping to acquire directions to "The Office," only to find that the hall was really lined with mirrors and that he was alone in the hallway.

Parking Office read the sign; A. walked up to the long counter which was divided into wickets. The wickets were lined with thick metal bars, through which A. could see one of the officials.

As A. waited, the official, a tall, blonde, Nordic looking man, sat at his desk leafing through the *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue* and daydreaming about how one day he might own one of those sneaker phones.

Eventually, and quite arbitrarily, the man came up to the wicket. "Can I help you?" he smirked.

"Yes! Someone has stolen my parking decal and I would like a replacement decal. This is my receipt..."

But A. was not allowed to finish.

"I am sorry, but I cannot give you a new sticker at the present time".

A. asked if he could get a replacement sticker sometime in the future.

"Perhaps," said the man barely disguising his laughter, "but it is highly unlikely and certainly not at this time."

This infuriated A. who demanded to see **THE PARKING AUTHORITY**.

The official looked suspiciously left and right. He seemed nervous and was about to say something to A., but then he went back to his desk instead.

A. yelled at the top of his lungs that he would not leave until he could see **THE PARKING AUTHORITY**. At this the official gestured slightly with his head towards a door to the right of the counter.

A. opened the door to find a large white room with a solid oak desk to the right. A. walked around the sparsely furnished room looking for a sign of... you know who.

As there seemed to be no one there, A. turned to leave. All of a sudden a voice cut through the silence: "Come in. Have a seat."

A. looked wildly around the

room, but could not find the source of the voice.

"I am over here in the chair, behind the desk," said the voice.

A. went over to the desk, put his hands down on it and leaned over to look in the chair. There he witnessed one of the most macabre sights he had ever seen in his life: a large mass of curly brown hair was piled up on the chair.

"What madness is this?" muttered A., "Hi there!" said the flowing locks, "I am the hair of Jeani Gomeshi and also the assistant to **THE PARKING AUTHORITY**"

A. was shocked, but not wanting to seem rude, he tried to shake hands with the fleece.

As A. reached his hand out he realized that the hair did not have hands and he froze -- his hand midway between himself and the hair.

What could he do? He did not want to insult "Herr" assistant. That might negatively influence his case, therefore A. continued moving his hand towards the hair/herr and stroked it a few times.

A. proceeded to tell his story to the hairy assistant. When A. had finished, the hair asked in a brittle voice, "Am I supposed to believe this fairy tale? It is obvious to me that you have given your decal to a friend or relative and now are trying to put one over on this office."

A. stood silent for a short while and then said, "Look, you greasy, bag of split ends! I want to talk to **THE PARKING AUTHORITY**. Only then will justice be done!"

"JUSTICE!" cried the hair, so, you are seeking justice, eh? What conceit has led you to believe that you have any right to justice? You are nothing but a fool and, therefore, I condemn you to death."

Upon hearing the judgement, A. walked out of the office in trance.

He knew what he had to do. He proceeded to the nearest college cafeteria, ordered a double helping of tuna casserole and ate the whole thing.

As A. fell to the floor, writhing in the throes of death, he said, "Like a gameshow host."

It was as if the stupidity of it was to outlive him.

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by Brett Gallstone

Everybody's heard about Milli Vanilli by now. Yes, their music does have the quality of fingernails being dragged down a blackboard, but who is really laughing here?

I mean, they sold seven million copies of songs more repetitive than George Bush's speeches. The only phrase not in the lyrics was "And in summing up... Blame It On The Rain."

My point is, from a strictly managerial sense, that there is a ton of cash to be made by getting in the music business. Unfortunately, finding someone who can sing is a real problem: Bob Dylan proves that.

Milli Vanilli set a precedent by getting other people to sing for them and then collecting all the awards. It's easy to say you're better than Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, and the aforementioned Bob Dylan; they certainly never thought of not singing as a way to have a promising career.

Now your first reaction is probably, "Lets lynch the bastards." My answer to that is: "Okay, sure, but let's make money off it too."



I've managed to find someone who has experience in the music business. I don't know what he sounds like, I don't really care. I want to promote Jeani Gomeshi.

The adds will go like this (imagine a really cool sounding radio voice):

He's the coolest president in the CFS. He can dance, sing, and even force through his tough stand on bilingual stationary. He'll blow you away with his back up band, the Bureaucrats. It's Jeani Gomeshi!!!

Their first single will be a protest tribute to Brian Mulroney (to the tune of Blame It On The Rain) "Blame It On Brian."

We'll be selling a whole line of Jeani Gomeshi items including Gomeshi Presidential desks (not the real thing, but stunning replications), Jeani Gomeshi Shampoo, and a

book about balancing large budgets when words like "debit" and "fiscal policy" are involved.

With the money we make we will build a York Concert hall, maybe with a retractable roof, hell we're building everything else.

I know what you're saying, if you're still reading at this point, and haven't passed out from boredom, "Will Jeani actually be doing the singing?" My answer to that is "don't be a moron." As a politician he doesn't really do the talking as it is. He sort of lip synchs the wants and desires of the voters without actually saying anything and dancing around the issues

After all, hasn't politics become a type of entertainment that shuts off with the 11:00 news?

I'm sure some people watch the Parliamentary channel and wave lighters when their M.P. makes a particularly good speech. Jeani Ghomeshi will revolutionize university politics, much like Ronald Reagan revolutionized world politics, by pretending to be in charge while the Bureaucrats sing the songs. And the programs will only cost five dollars each.