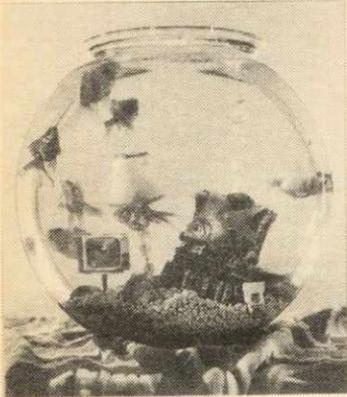


Technological sex

by Gazoo'd

I used to love my computer. He was so beautiful, that when I saw him in the store I had to sit down to get control of my knees. And when I got home and took him out of the box that first time? What a lean muscular little animal I had there. I could sit at my desk for



hours stroking his hard, white body and rejoice in the fact that he was mine. Over the years he has been so useful to me. I don't know what I will do without him.

Chances are I will find out. Lately it has become quite clear that we are no longer a compatible unit. My eye has begun to wander. I visit different stores and buy catalogs. The laptop, with its slimmer body, and faster console is getting my attention. There is something better out there, and I want it. I am a product of my generation.

Lust appears in a variety of shapes and forms. For some, the arterial pulsation may be kicked off by the speculation of how his broad shoulders (he's the SUB security guy for God's sake!) would feel pressed next to you. (Stop that.) Others might reach their fevered

pitch while in Antigua sitting in a Gazebo with a Cuba Libra in hand remembering the sensation of a hand from a past encounter. My desires were summoned to a peak last month at the sight of the new Miata. The cherry red exterior with its virgin leather interior drove me to a frenzy. And it could be mine for the price of a lottery ticket. I can't afford it yet, but I will get there in time.

The purchase of such an important ticket demands planning, and money — you want to go slowly and make sure you are buying from the right salesperson. Oh, but the feeling you get when you finally give them your credit card (on your dad's account, of course). Ahhhhhh. Excuse me I was lost in my reverie. Where were we?

Oh I know. I want, I need, I must have. From the moment I awake in the morning in my futon, which I want so desperately to trade in for a waterbed, I am prey to my cravings for bigger and better. As



I become older, I find myself wanting more things, things I don't think I will ever be able to afford. I

am voracious, and uncontrollable, and I blame — my parents. (Who else?)

I am no longer satisfied with my leather jackets. I have a blazer type, and a bomber style one, but what I really need is a lambswool suede one. I can't go without it.

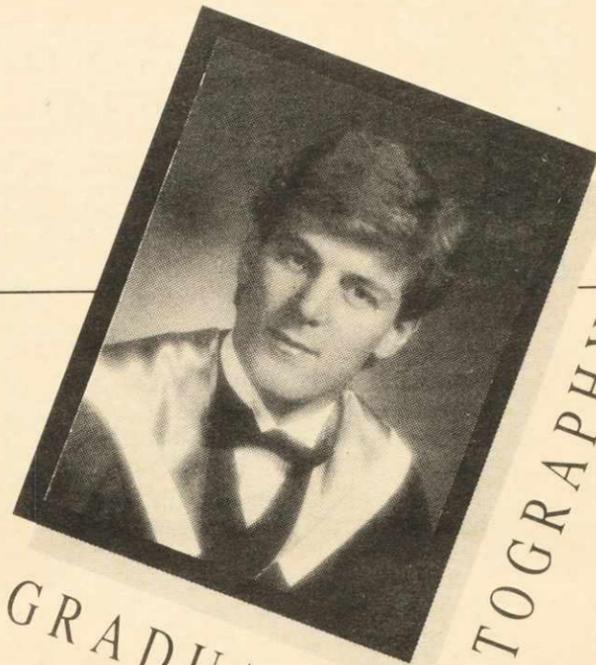
Thinking on a smaller scale. I love my answering machine. I have just gotten the newest model which allows me to call from anywhere in the world and get my messages. I find the whole concept incredibly seductive. (Of course the furthest I have been in the last 12 months is Truro.)

I do not like my exercise bike though. It does not have all the computer stuff necessary for a proper toning. I actually have to sweat if I want some results on this old fashioned model. Also I have to listen to my old walkman as I tread. I, unfortunately, have not been able to wrap myself around getting a sleek new CD player. Life is harsh.

I am hungry now, but the gourmet shop does not open until 11:00. I'll wait. I want the "special" pizza with organically grown vegetables, and made of politically correct ingredients. It doesn't sound good but I get a shiver up my spine at the thought of the sensations it will arouse from within.

Last week, in a moment of frivolity, I bought my friend a foot massage water pik. When I gave it to him, I saw the raw naked lust in his eyes. He thanked me with a high pitched sound of delight.

Thank God our generation knows how to use our money for important things.



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