

SUPPLEMENT 6

The hand of the night pulls by the neck another body out into the plain. Air bellows beneath and feet rise over head in a long giddy fall. Up under the moon, the night blasts the hair back from the face. Two pale stones, the eyes lock onto the moonlight, the body streams behind. Higher, the eyes feed and the body tangles in the crosswinds.

David Sharp

While you light cigarettes, drop plumb lines, drink tea, sharpen pencils, make eyes, make water, giggle, pick your toes, and cough, I lie here breathing yes.

David Sharp

Lost on the cost of a tablet. The pauper way to go. No cash for antidote or poison. A quiet, cheap sickness, taking his time. Time kills. Arrive safely in the bosom of a Florentine God, stretch out on his wet cross. Bed sore bleary, burly nurses turn over, out, the bums. Alley wards. Sick baysie. Throw up, thrown out. Baby with bath, a dollar a night. Baby whose bed-bug. Our bugs are clean. Start eating young. Condensed milk from tin breasts, no nipples. Ball-busting. Learn soon the body is a tin-can, beer-can. Think I'll kick it down the street. Rolling the bums. Mass produced by Crush. Recycling depots dispensing goodwill industries. Good wool-gathering. Feed your flocking soul. Sandwiches and a night in the tank on the town. Shoot up, shoot out. Blood on the store-front in the morning. Dribbled on his bib. Some guy needled. Needing five cents, mister, spare change Panhandle, Vagrancy B, charge it. Whine: for a cup of coffee. The Dugout, center for men, home until nine.

David Sharp

Well, ladies and gentlemen, another publishing year has come to a close. The *Gateway*, shell-shocked and battle-weary but fighting on, is publishing today its last official paper of the year.

During this year, I, as your Friendly Arts Editor and a host of other aliases (by the way, my real name is Ross Harvey) have tried, with a few persistent and mildly crazy staff writers, to present to you with each issue at least two pages that you could read and enjoy and that hopefully aided you in emersing your soul in the various "art" events that take place in this city. Maybe I succeeded, maybe I didn't. In any event, that is for you to decide.

There is one thing I would like to point out before I get to the point of this farewell article. And that is, however much we have fucked up this year, however many mistakes we have made, however many errors we have put in print, we have been writing for you. We are on your side. You might find this a little hard to believe but it's true.

And so, to the point. I would like to leave you with a little song that will, I hope, clarify the last paragraph. It's a song only slightly adapted from Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*. It's the last song on the album (*Strictly Genteel*), if you'd care to hear the music. And it's a song that, as Rance Muhamidtz says "people might sing to let you in the audience know that we really like you and care about you; we understand how hard it is to laugh these days with all the terrible problems in the world."

*Lord, have mercy on the people in Varsity
for the huge mounds of shit these people must eat.
And may the Lord have mercy on the fate of this paper
And God bless the mind of the man in the street.*

*Help all the rednecks and the flat-foot policemen
Through the terrible functions they all must perform.
God help the winos,
The junkies and the wierdos.
And every poor soul who's adrift in the storm.
Help everybody so they all get some action
Some love on the weekend; some real satisfaction.
The rogue and the villian; the garbage disposal;
Oh Lord, let their homes all be strictly genteel.
Reach out your hand to the girl in the dog book,
The girl in the pig book and the one with the horns:
Make sure they keep all those businessmen happy,
And the purple-lipped censors and the Germans, of course.
Help everybody so they all get some action
Some love on the weekend; some real satisfaction.
The Swedish operatuse with the hood and the bludgeon,
With the microwave oven; Honey, how do it real?
Lord have mercy on the hippies and faggots,
On the narcs and the wierd little children they grow.
Help the black man;
Help the poor man;
Help the milkman; help the doorman.
Help the lonely rejected old farts that I know.*

And at this point, Rance Muhamidtz returns to say, "It's been swell having you with us tonight folks!" And indeed it has. And keep watching this space. Who know what might return from the grave. . . .

ELECTION OF GRADUATE STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES TO GENERAL FACULTIES COUNCIL

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Elections for Arts representative will be held Thursday, March 30, 1972. Polling stations will be located in the Tory Building, Arts Building, and Central Academic Building. Polling stations will be open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. on March 30. To be eligible to vote, a member must have his research interest in the constituency in which he wishes to vote. No voter may cast a ballot for more than one candidate or in more than one constituency.

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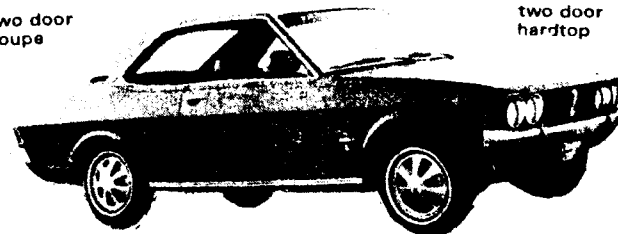
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