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The Anti-Cutbacks Team (ACT) needs YOUR support and participation.

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"Good Morning Special" Jumbo's in

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"Gourmet Blend"
coffee with the purchase of a
cinnamon roll or muffin.

— Tuesday mornings before 10:30 a.m. —
valid until March 31/88



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For information on course starting dates, plans, entry requirements and opportunities, visit the recruiting centre nearest you or call collect without obligation — we're in the yellow pages under Recruiting.

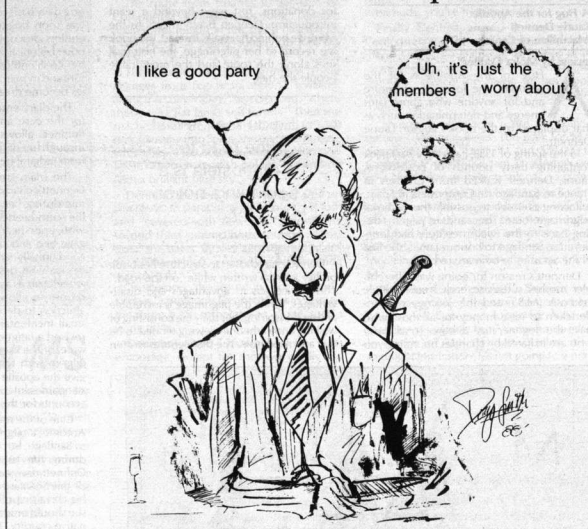


THE
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HUMOUR

John Turner and the 'D' question



Cara's Corner

Since the appearance of my first story a couple of weeks ago, I've had a number of people ask me whether or not I ever located my re-located class. For the benefit of enquiring minds 'who want to know' the answer is yes, I did find English 442, also known as Comparative Literature 497. Actually, I found me. On the Monday that followed I once again showed up expectantly, along with five other students, and we were again treated to the sight of an empty room, with no idea whatsoever as to where to go. Granted, I've been given suggestions over the years, but none of them were applicable to my lost class. Luckily, just as I was about to storm the English department with my fellow expatriots stumping determinedly behind me, a classmate "in the know" spotted my entourage, and led us, Moses-like, into the Promised Land. Apologies for Friday's mishap ensued.

Speaking of the Promised Land as it relates to English 442, I have already begun to think of that class

as *The Waste Land* — no personal slur intended, Dr. Bob. For those of you who may not understand that literary allusion, check out a poem by T.S. Eliot bearing the above-mentioned title. Sprinkling a conversation with references to *The Waste Land* will elicit awe and envy among your less literate peers, although my personal awe-inspiring conversational gambit revolves around the topic of *The Spontaneous Combustion of Coal*. Ask me about it sometime. Anyway, back in English 442, I've been struggling with Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, a novel touted as being a Twentieth Century classic. My current dilemma runs along the lines of why it is considered such a classic. A classic is *Macbeth*, and the words about "a tale/ Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury/ Signifying nothing." Bravo. Have you ever tried to actually read or listen to a tale told by an idiot, or in this case, by William Faulkner? For example: "I wasn't crying, but I couldn't stop. I wasn't crying, but the ground wasn't still, and then I was crying." I am citing verbatim — page 23 of the Vintage Books edition, \$3.95 in Canada, \$95.95 in the University of Alberta Bookstore. I think Faulkner

may do strange things to my thinking processes by the end of April, if he hasn't done so already. Perhaps he spearheaded the nefarious CIA brainwashing disgrace here twenty years ago, leading unsuspecting Canadians down Uncle Sammy's poisonous path. But then again, perhaps not, as the book was printed in 1929. Such novels, however, go a long way towards explaining why English majors in particular are often seen wandering around campus arguing with themselves, as they try to differentiate between literal reality and figurative literary reality. Philosophy majors do not have the market cornered on the question of true existence, believe me. Mind you, my one and only experience with Philosophy had me arguing, logically, whether or not the mind could survive the total destruction of the body, according to the principles of Mind-Body Dualism. Truly mind expanding, in some respects.

Perhaps I should have prefaced this piece with the immortal lines, "The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things." Of Faulkner tales, and coal details, and Philosophic stings.

Cara Koropchuk



Fly on the Wall

Other times a person who does not know the system will allow the girl behind the counter to pour the coffee but she won't see the cream. So she will say "Where's the cream?" and the girl behind the counter will say "behind you". So she will turn around and put her cup under the silver container and play with the lever until she gets the cream to pour out. Then this person who does not know the system will realize that she needs a lid. So she will cut back into line and ask "Where are your lids?" and the girl behind the counter will say "Right here," and will hand a lid over.

When people who do not know the system are in line, the people in the line who do know the system sometimes shake their heads or sigh loudly to show that they are getting impatient, or maybe that their class is starting soon. Sometimes these people get real impatient with those who do not know the system, but nothing that a nice hot cup of light roasted coffee over the head won't cure.

J. Dylan