

Die Board issues death warrant from page 1

by the university administration. "And I feel we can do as good a job as *Gateway* has in the past," he added.

The man who was to have been next year's *Gateway* editor, Kevin Gillese, said that Zoeteman's proposal was sheer "nonsense". I don't like "it," alleged Gillese, when the SU "Executive" suddenly decide to begin publishing their own version of the "facts" on campus.

Gillesse told Die Board he felt their ruling was "unjust" and they were behaving like "spoilt" children. "I'm not saying that what we did was right," said Gillese, "but I'm not saying it was wrong either."

"I do think, however, that the newly-established Students' Union Executive are using this opportunity to cease publication of the only medium on campus which can provide

students with a rear-end look at things," he continued.

Eileen Gillese, SU vp (finance and administration) said that she couldn't be "brothered" by the whole affair, and that she felt *Gateway* had a right to continue publication only so long as pictures were removed. "At least a person has a choice whether or not to read something offensive," she said, "but with three posteriors staring you in the face, it's pretty hard not to pay attention."

Editor-elect Gillese angrily stomped out of the DIE Board meeting as it proceeded, shouting scatological aphorisms. When later interviewed by Edmonton media, Gillese said that the Board meeting had been a "farce" and an "abortion of justice." "Even if we had published something in bad taste, it doesn't mean the Students' Union has the right to shut us down," he said.

One irate citizen who attended the meeting, told DIE Board that she felt the photograph being discussed (the cause of the By-Law infraction) was yet "another" example of the "declining" morals of the "younger" generation. "I don't have to look very far," said she, "to discover where the uncovering of private parts is taking place."

"This kind of lewd photography is unsurpassed even on Mike's newsstands," she added. "How is it you people aren't em-bare/assed?"

Larry Schaffer, DIE Board "Chairman", agreed with the little old witch, saying "private" parts should remain just that, "private," and public parts should remain "pubic" and never the "twain" should meet.

The decision is being appealed by next year's set of *Gateway* "editors."

Getaway first

Refuse probe reveals departmental decadence

Social class, authority, elite, power, control — you encounter the words every day in your studies and flighty seminars. But what do the words *really* mean, what do they mean outside of the abstract sense in which they are invariably used?

Well, you can stop thinking. *The Getaway*, as part of their ongoing policy geared towards enlightening the reader mass,

has at last decided to publish the heartening revelations that the university's very own administrative elite, the little guys with bow-ties and crooked grins, are slipping into the last phase of bourgeoisie decadence.

It took a bit of digging but here it is — the last word in *garbage analysis*. Remember, knowledge is power.

Horowitz Dr Mr 14319 60 ave 434-5696. It was all scribbled down on a piece of paper which lay crumpled in my pocket. I don't know why I wrote down the phone number — I certainly didn't intend making an appointment with the man. Humph, I thought, maybe Horowitz will soon make his appointment with destiny.

Riverbend - what a smug little neighbourhood. Comfortable homes, fat sofas, three-car garages, cute little kids hell-bent on dismembering, disfiguring, and pure and simple destroying their latest plaything. Cars, people, and professional landscaping - the whole thing must be colour-coded. Right in the middle of all this sits our man Horowitz, VP Academic, ensconced in Alcan aluminum siding. But his garbage, people, was unprotected.

The back alley was deserted, one to the right and one to the left or to be more precise one north, one east. The nearness of victory made my head swim. I quickened my pace and reeled to the left - or north in this case.

I made the approach very casual and nonchalant — just out strolling in the back alley, cruising, taking in the fences and noxious weeds. (The fences — they were all five feet and taller — like the whole place was just *made* for garbage skulking.) Fifteen seconds stretched into sixteen — at last — the garbage cans arranged before me, full to the brim with the by-products of wasteful bourgeois life.

First thing first — an empty whipped cream bomb, then empty fish tins, cake boxes, tea bags, an *empty* bottle of Chivas Regal, the smell worsening I plunged on, gum wrappers, thousand island dressing bottle (diet brand), 1 tattered Ladies Home Journal, milk cartons (2%, partly skimmed), sausage

end (gone mouldy), yogurt containers (one peach, one plain), 1 burnt-out light bulb, (only the base remaining), dog shit, — DOG SHIT?

Whether the snarl came before the clamp is still hazy but the next moment I was engaged in a death struggle with an insane, and I mean insane dog, teeth sunk into my bony excuse for a leg, its whole body working on severing the lower half of my leg from the upper half — me. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST THAT DOG IS GOING TO KILL ME. And it would have had not the dinner whistle sounded and had not I then mercifully sunk into unconsciousness.

But I accomplished my mission in part and believe me part is bad enough. Tell me — who else would eat fish with whipped cream and cake while swilling down tea spiked with Chivas Regal, who else would mix gum with salad dressing, and send it all down with milk and mouldy sausage, dipped in yogurt, who else besides some masochistic idiot would much munch on burnt-out light bulbs while flipping through Ladies Home Journal? Need I say more?

Brothers and Sisters, the clocks are all smashed, the time is surely ours!

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