

CAMERON LIBRARY RESERVE ROOM

CHANGES IN LOAN PERIODS

To make reserve readings available to the greatest number of students during the examinations period, effective **Mon, Nov. 29 - Sat. Dec. 18** all Cameron reserve material will be restricted during the day time to 2 hour loans.

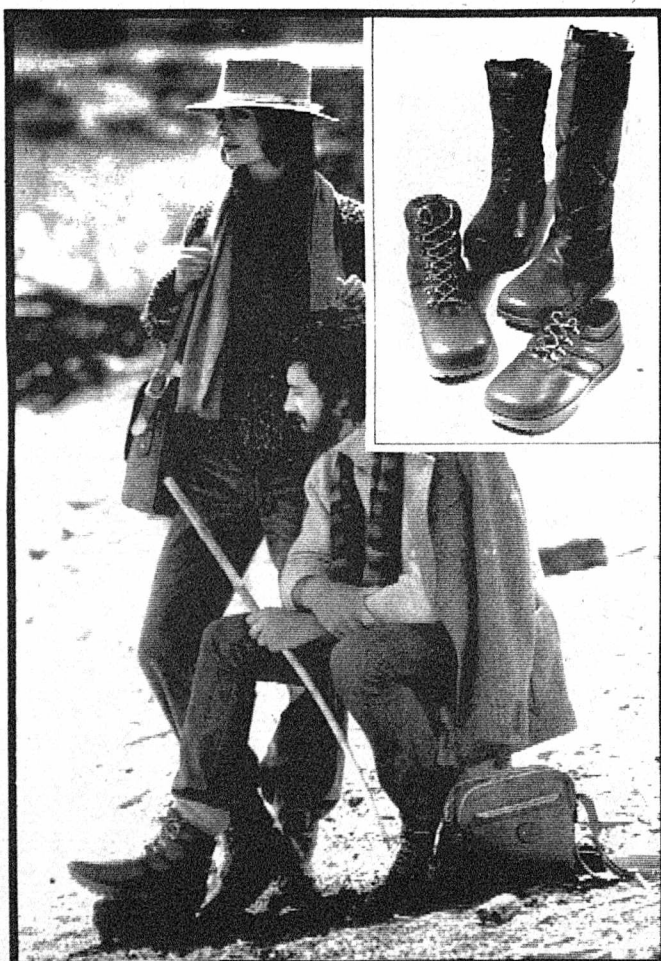
OVERNIGHT AND WEEKEND CIRCULATION

Overnight	Out	DUE
Monday-Thurs	after 8:0 p.m.	8:30 next a.m.
Friday	after 4:00 p.m.	1 p.m. Sat.
Saturday	after 3:00 p.m.	8:30 a.m. Mon.

SENATE MEETING SCHEDULED

The University of Alberta Senate will meet **Friday, November 26** at 9:30 a.m. in the Club Room at the Jubilee Auditorium. The agenda will include a "Program on Foreign Students" and a follow-up to "The Post Doctoral Fellow in Chemistry" report. Areas to be covered by guest speakers on the foreign student issue will be:

1. **Contribution of Foreign Students**
 - a) A foreign student point of view
 - b) The Canadian point of view
2. **Issues Raised by the Presence of Foreign Students**
 - a) Popular perceptions
 - b) Some facts and figures on foreign student enrollment
 - c) Academic concerns
 - d) University and college entrance requirements
 - e) Immigration regulations
 - f) Government policy on external fees.



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CON

by Ambrose Fierce

"But if you've had your eustachian tubes tied off, from having had to take it in the ear so much, then there go your chances for ever being a seminal thinker."

That is what everyone said to me last week, when they came to visit me at University Hospital. That is what they all said. I simply smiled my most bittersweet smile and nodded; operation or not, I never had, since age four, a hope in hell of becoming a seminal thinker, because for the previous decade I have been systematically destroying whole squads, platoons, brigades of brain cells by the agency of large quantities of a harmful substance, ethyl alcohol.

In a flash, having downed at a gulp an inattentive uncle's entire martini, I understood why adults always had lots of fun and I had had none. I changed all that. I simply affixed training wheels to my skateboard, and achieved a fairly normal, though red-faced and boisterous, childhood.

Since that memorable pre-school evening, much of my steadily decreasing brain power has been given over to obtaining that with which further to decrease this by now negligible power. So far, so good. But here is the rub: eustachiotomies are serious business, with, invariably, post operative strictures and risks. The patient always experiences vertigo, ranging from mild to extreme in some cases; there is generally a slight decibel loss, particularly in the higher ranges; and there is sometimes considerable pain and a feeling of aural congestion. But, and this is the point, the various medications used to combat these side effects are totally incompatible with alcohol.

For the first time since nursery school I was, through eight endless days and nights, dry as King Tut.

The disadvantages to this enforced abstinence, which I nonetheless mean to prolong, are many and great; I record them here, together with some counter-vailing advantages, for the benefit of those ladies and gentlemen among my readership who may also be contemplating the bold and innovative move of "going," as the imbecile phrase has it, "on the wagon."

The major disadvantage of this daring—some would say *rash*—move is, of course, that one continually pines for a great big drink. A big drink - say about twelve ounces of Glenlivet on the rocks with a splash of soda, scintillating there in a massive, hand-blown Rosenthal tumbler, beaded bubbles winking at its rim. Something like that.

But this deprivation is relatively minor, compared with its result, prolongs sobriety: the world of the teetotaler is indeed mundane. And hum. And drum. In this unbeautiful and tiresome world there are no leavening flashes of the bizarre, no scintillating mellownesses, no brief but poignant bouts of intense camaraderie, no Dionysian abandon, no fun. Nothing is a symbol for anything else. There is not ecstasy, no high, wild, icy glee. This world is insipid utterly, and exudes a sense of weird, pervasive and unremitting reality. This world is dull, boring, tedious, and surrealistically banal. God's

teeth. The teetotaler's world is like a half-glass of last night's beer - flat, stale and unpalatable. The "real" world is a drizzly Sunday afternoon at a Greyhound depot; it is a world drained of light and poetry and honey and the blood-red globes of full-blown roses; it is a hateful place, a place of actuality and ashes. Phaugh.

"But," you will likely point out, "this monotony is still far preferable to dying an early and squalid drunkard's death, likely in some disreputable neighborhood, amid a welter of blood and puke, at the foot of some sleazy flight of stairs." I must, reluctantly, agree.

And, while agreeing, I might add that the abstainer's other prime recompense is his immunity from hangovers. Of hangovers, those blinding visitations of a terrible God—headache, nausea, trembling, weakness, disorientation, semi-paralysis, sickness to bed in one's very marrow, dire blight at the core of one's being, spiritual catatonia—I will say nothing. One has either never wakened with a bad hangover, or one has—and had what was left of one's mind scabble vainly, like some maimed and frenzied rodent, frantically back toward sweet, deep, fast-retreating sleep. There is of course no cure; there is of course no way for the serious drinker avoid hangovers. And they can last for days.

Besides general hangoverlessness, other rewards of a clean and orderly life, more specific rewards might be listed. Each is trifling in itself, but taken together they do have some persuasive power; these incidents seem to have lurking about them, in the manner of fables, something in the nature of a message. One would have been, for example, spared the inconvenience of clambering down from what remained of one's new Austin-Healey, having previously somehow lodged it high in a large, Chicagoan pear tree, and of explaining to the tree's owners that one had mistaken their driveway for the freeway ("Nobody else ever though it was a freeway, Madge. I think the kid's loaded."); one would have been spared the discomfiture of waking up on a steel bed in the St. Paul slammer, and of remaining there incarcerated one full week, as a consequence of having consumed more sloe gin and cheap muscatel than was perhaps wise; one would have been spared the extreme unpleasantness of being drubbed, twice, within the space of a single evening, by two surly and turbulent youth with seemingly few other outside interests, in Verne's Bar & Grill, Detroit; one would have been spared the pain and puzzlement of waking in Windsor with an enigmatic fistful of bloody gray whiskers still clutched in one's fist.

And so forth. Curses, brawling, pointless acrimony and violence. Large men helping one to the door of low public houses, pungent letters from the managers of faculty clubs, and so on. It is no longer worth it. From now on, the life of reason and abstinence for me. I mean it. No more drink—not a single drop. Absolutely not. I am deadly serious. Really. *No kidding.*

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SPECIAL STUDENT PRICES

Parrott share

LONDON (CUP) - University students should pay a greater share of the cost of their education, according to Ontario Minister of Colleges and Universities Dr. Harry Parrott.

The issue of education spending is similar to the problem of rising health care costs, Parrott told about 40 University West Ontario students.

Some money must come from the private sector because the government cannot be expected to meet rising costs single-handedly, he contended.

Although Parrott refused comment on the expected tuition fee increase announcement, he did promise not to raise the student aid loan ceiling.