

PRO

by Lydia Torrance

Portleigh was as good a husband as this world has ever seen. I got him to stop bringing yellow roses because of their creepy associations, but he brought other kinds. And he was thoughtful and considerate in most other ways. It wasn't easy though, I can tell you. Portleigh hadn't changed all that much as far as I could see, but he sure had picked up a bundle of learning somehow, while all I'd had was two years at Hecuba Normal. Now they were good in some areas; phys. ed. for one, and Theology and Household Ec. for others. There were even interdisciplinary courses like the Dead Sea Cooking seminar, where I learned *hors d'oeuvres* recipes that were yummy and yet you wouldn't believe what was in them.

But you could say that I hadn't the background and the education to be the wife of a major publishing executive's wife, when everybody else had always had lots of money and went to Europe and had accents. So sometimes it would only gradually dawn on me what different backgrounds we had and it was hard to know what to talk to them about, but I tried.

I remember one party we went to in a penthouse...

Noel Coward...
 Most amusing Aztec figurine...
 —the final Strindberg cycle—
 These little pigs, see...
 Cote d'Azur...
 The thirteenth Nocturne of Faure...
 —creates a new world while containing yet another...
 Zelda glared at Kiki and then...
 Gaudi's ever-evolving forms, which...
 —and their cute little snouts, well—
 the slashing, mesmerizing power Soutine evokes...
 Huxley's sense of the individual, unlike May Sinclair's—
 "Loyalties?" Hardly! But "John Bull's Other Island"...
 A "frisson" only Garden singing Montemezzi can equal.
 Deckle edges—and grangerized...
 Sooeey! Sooeey! Sooeey!
 Szymanowski, Enesco, perhaps Karłowicz—
 Djuna didn't even glance around—she strode toward Gertrude and then...
 Kelmscott, but the Doves Press purifies and transcends...
 My dear, he's more boring than Gurnemanz!
 Taos is so hot that Frieda says she hardly ever—
 You can't get Hart to stop drinking by mentioning his poor mother...
 But I slipped in the mud, and this big old sow—

Uh, Lyddie dear, maybe we should be going?

What? Oh not yet, I'm in the middle of a story and...

I know, but Rafael has other guests to attend to...

But he wants to hear the end!

Lyddie dear, I've got a headache, and would really like to leave.

All right dear. See you again Raffy! ..Cher Rafael, what novel was she relating?

That was no novel, that was his wife!

In the car I turned to Portleigh. "When did it start?"

"What? When did what—?"

"Your headache, honey." I reached for his forehead but he grabbed my hand. "Why do you have to talk about pigs all the time?"

"I don't talk about pigs all the time! Rafael asked me about my childhood and I was simply telling him about that time at Uncle Fritz's when—"

"I know all about it. Everytime anyone asks you about anything you've done before last week you trot out that 'down on the farm' folksy stuff. Honestly, Lyddie, you've been living in the city for a long time now; doesn't it make any impression on you at all?"

"I'll talk about what I want to!" I suppose you think I should discuss *Point Counterpoint* and Stravinsky and *Strange Interlude* — well I don't know anything about them! What ever happened to real people? Who have lives of their own instead of just reading and seeing things? I was trying to talk to Rafael about my actual life, about who I am as a human being, and you—"

"All right, I didn't mean to attack you darling, it's just that you dwell on the bucolic—"

"I suppose I could talk about my recorder lessons, and what Mr. Simper tried to do that time I was practising my trill—"

"You see? That's what I mean. Here you've taken music lessons, and could tell some pleasant, cultural anecdotes—and instead all you can think about is that pervert—people don't want to hear that kind of stuff."

"Let's face it, you want to do all the talking, or your friends with their fancy references. You didn't even buy me a birthday present!"

He stared at me. "That's right, it's my birthday today, but you don't think anything of it. It's not as if it were a publication date or anything important, just a silly old birthday."

"Lyddie, honey — I thought it was next week — but I'll make it up to you. I know what we can do!"



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WED. APR. 6 DINWOODIE

END OF THE ROAD

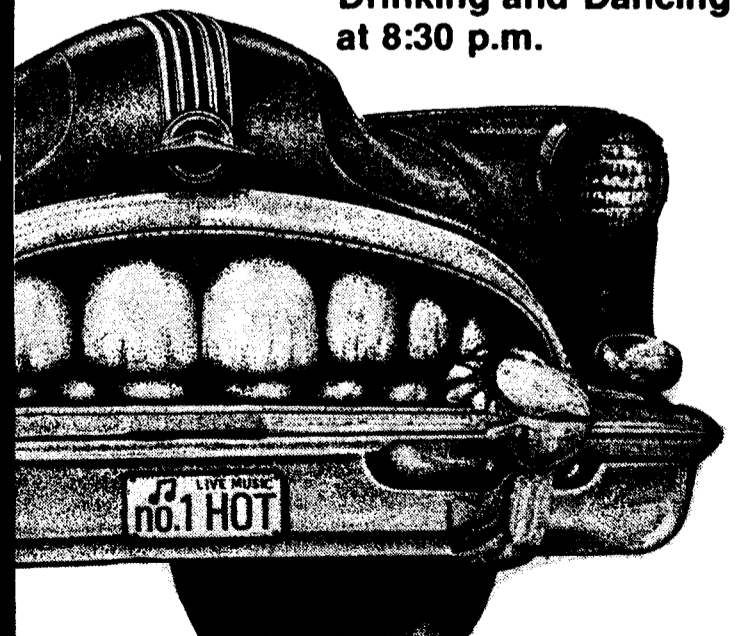
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Rape drama Sat. on CBC

The stigma, myths, and misconceptions surrounding rape will be dramatized and discussed this Saturday night in a CBC television special entitled "Rape in Reality."

"Catalyst Theatre," under the direction of U of A drama professor David Barnett, has been researching the controversial topic for several months, interviewing victims, police, social workers, and lawyers.

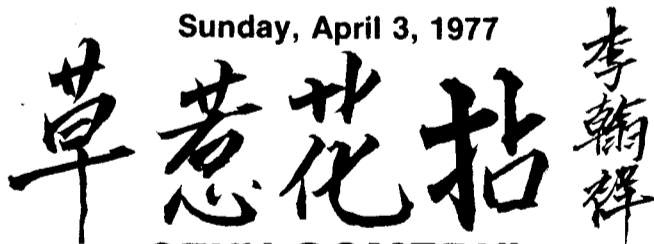
The production consists of dramatized vignettes dealing with rape and its ramifications, followed by audience discussion, involving the public and professionals.

Fred Keating, who plays a rapist in the dramatizations, said Monday the production has been a painful learning experience for the cast.

"We all learned disturbing things about our own prejudices and misconceptions in the area of rape," Keating said. He added "the most depressing thing was discovering the way that men and women use intercourse and sexuality in general as a weapon against one another."

Klondike Cinema

Sunday, April 3, 1977



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