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vation tower remarks that the view is unusual.

"You can see all the city clearly today which is unusual because visibility is hampered by a smog haze or something. We have an air pollution problem here but don't tell anyone, they don't want to think of it," she says.

New Brunswick is hardly an overcrowded province but space awareness is inconceivable until the prairies are observed.

A passenger just returned from Japan and the Orient watching the vast rolling country unfold from the train experiences cultural shock at the real estate wastage.

"Population in Japan is approaching 100 million and they conserve and use every bit of land they can. They plant rice right up until inches from the railway tracks so as to not lose valuable growing area," she says.

The farms are all in crazy designs too make sure all the land is used, not wasted," she adds.

The train thunders across miles on unbroken prairies with only the occasional farmhouse. Canada has no population crowding.

Wages, job security, and the usefulness of unions dominate conversations in the lounge car while half the population of the coaches are young men from the Atlantic provinces headed for Ontario seeking better money. They joke about the easy life ahead and higher wages.

A disgruntled waitress in Calgary complains about poor wages, speculates on moving to British Columbia where she's heard the wages are better.

"I left Ontario so I would make better money but this is no better, so I'll go to B.C.," she says.

PINK & GREY

SOMETHING TELLS ME BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT

Something tells me I've got to get up and go usually the alarm clock but the one I have ha ha you won't believe this but it's true tends to go backwards especially if you disconnect it from the power and then plug it in again so the alarm goes and I look at the clock as malevolently as I can immediately after waking when the part of my brain that knows who to adjust to my facial muscles malevolence-wards has not yet come back into action, and I see that the clock shows eleven-thirty but it's going backwards so I haven't the faintest idea whether that's good or bad or whether it means anything at all because how do I know it didn't stop during the night for an hour or two for a clock that will go backwards on you will stop at nothing I suspect or rather at anything, or whatever; and in any case why didn't I buy a better clock even if I am perpetually insolvent and exist by the grace of God and the Bank of Montreal/Banque de Montreal laquelle soit loue than this screwy gadget that works like somebody put acid in the motor but then what can you expect in an imperialist branch economy for five bucks? So I get up and play the game of plugging it in several times until the current is in phase I guess with the bemused guts of the clock and since it changes polarity fifty times a second it's no joy I can tell you and it makes you feel very stochastic if you know what I mean.

And today three of my professors are going to examine me for any traces of learning that may still be clinging to me after seven years of university education and if they find any like under my fingernails but there isn't any there 'cause I bite them or perhaps behind my ears where people are beginning to think I don't wash because my hair is getting long) they are going to prescribe physiotherapy to the extent of possibly 500 pages and believe me the effects of such treatment are cumulative or so they all tell me.

So I brush my teeth very carefully this morning and I spray myself all over with genital deodorant except my hair which I wash and hope that it will stay damp and not look dangerously hippy-tending and I put on my suit and my alumnus tie from a distinguished European university and my glasses too and looking at myself in the mirror I am satisfied with the grey-jowled cadaverous scholarly image that newly-washed hair gives me and I go forth armed with an impressive array of books in four languages and though you may perchance doubt it I assure you all these precautions are very necessary because apart from being able to talk about almost anything with an air of authority and the advantage of a wide and completely miscellaneous knowledge of perfectly obscure and equivalently useless information about things that everyone else knows the standard things about and I don't-I don't really have very much going for me.

However I take comfort in the fact that having been educated as a young gentleman in a positively aristocratic

frame of academic reference has its advantages particularly in inculcating a never-to-be-forgotten blend of sheer stupefying unselfconscious arrogance with a positively Confucian conviction that manners maketh man so that it becomes possible to tell someone to fuckoff with a phraseology and demeanour that might indicate you were directing the Queen to the nearest bathroom and that you see is how one deals with intimidating wine waiters in high-class restaurants or how indeed if you're a suchlike waiter you deal with obstreperous customers.

I tell all this to Lucy whom I meet in the subversateria (but not the little red-headed girl) as we listen to the Versanoise, and it is probably a good thing the little red-headed girl isn't here because she'd undoubtedly tell me it was all very male-chauvinist which it probably is too, but Lucy merely views it with her customary detached amusement and as for the about-to-depart-at-long-last Special H the Elder Student, when I told him earlier he just said "Hmmmmm!" which it takes years to learn to say the way he does and you have to be a very experienced campus politician to get just the right inflection in your "Hmmm!" ave atque vale, Special H.

So it is becoming nearly the Time and as I am crossing the parking lot the sun is very bright and the Important Books very heavy and my semi-stiff detachable collars (I forgot to mention them before; they are an essential part of the whole thing) must be shrinking due to years of laundering and I sternly prohibit and banish feelings of impending collapse and general apocalyptic doom and as I am going down the stairs I meet a Herr Doktor Professor who looks at me as if I were ill or something but I look him straight in the eyeball with an exceedingly creative stare and he hurries on down he is obviously very paranoid but unfortunately I can't afford the time now to engage him in a therapeutic conversation because I am going into the Room where I am to be examined for knowledge by the waiting team of doctors who are dedicated men pushing back the frontiers of something-or-other only some times I feel like they're on the other side of the frontier from me whichever that is and the Comrade Doctor Professor Chairman smiles with a certain crystalline opacity which is obviously genuinely intended to put me at my ease so I smile appreciatively back at him because it would be very unfeeling of me not to provide positive reinforcement of his goodwill and I look attentively at the others to make them feel they are doing something good and worth while and I think how clever of God to have invented B F Skinner and made him in His image or made Him in his image or something like that and the subject on the left (S I) asks me a question and he is an Eminent Scholar and inhumanly perceptive and able to conceal it to boot and as I answer I think I'm telling him what he wants to know and exhibiting my wide and impressive grasp of my field and ability to make generalizations with ease and confidence but I am haunted at the same time by a horrible suspicion that it is all transparent persiflage and they are all listening to me out of mere politeness so I punctuate my Ciceronian periods with recurrent selfdeprecation of a positively Edwardian scholarly nature like 'but of course that is a generalisation which would require some qualification in the specific case' or 'if I am not mistaken, Professor Dummkopfstein's analysis is' or 'as you gentlemen will not doubt easily appreciate, a conspectus of current scholarly opinion on this matter presents a spectacle of some considerable complexity, not to say, confusion' and of course the great fail-safes, 'I must confess it is not apparent to me' and/or 'I may of course be doing no more than exhibiting my own stupidity in so saying, but...' for what can you say to a guy when he says something like that, even if he is stupid?

And I must say that the subjects in this experiment have learned to play the game very well and their conditioning patterns are structured with finesse and elegance and as the time goes by I get absorbed by the game which is a good one that is to say it operates simultaneously at sufficiently high levels of conceptual and formal complexity to allow the development of sophisticated strategies of logical manipulation of its elements along with a high tolerance of methodologically rigorous ambiguity. In other words it is as satisfying as any game I ever played when I was a kid and that is saying quite a lot and so as time passes I feel that interactional dynamics of the situation adjusting favourably and so I promote these behaviors by critical interval positive reinforcement of the doctors and my behavior is in turn rewarded by the benign approbation of the Comrade Chairman who tells me I have been found to be sufficiently full of knowledge to warrant a thesectomy which if it is successful will result in my being certified. And I think I might be cryptic in my ending this time and say that Limegreenjacket who is no longer with us either may possibly read this in exile in Saint John might like to know that the real Puzzle Factories are where it's at.

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