

McGill

Faculty of Management

The McGill MBA

A Clear Path to Managerial Advancement

Regardless of your undergraduate field of study or work experience, graduate study in management makes good sense. And the McGill MBA merits serious consideration.

- two year intensive program designed to provide specialized knowledge and essential skills
- distinctive international program offering a balance between learning-by-doing (case method) and theory
- in first year you cover the "need to know" areas of management
- in second year you specialize in your choice of our fifteen areas of business (finance, marketing, etc.) and you become an expert in your field.

You're invited to contact Mrs. Susanne Major, MBA Admissions Director, by phone (514) 392-4336, by mail or in person at 1001 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, PQ, H3A 1G5 for further information.

Your Opportunity to find out

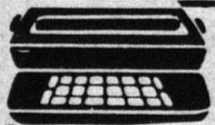
You are invited to an introduction to Unitarianism

with Rev. Jane Bramadat
THUR. MARCH 29
MEDITATION RM.
S.U.B. 3 - 4 p.m.
Coffee Served

Being a Unitarian Universalist means taking personal responsibility for your own religious life. No one will try to remake you religiously. We won't offer you "final and absolute truths" or rigid dogma. Instead, we try to provide a stimulating and congenial atmosphere in which you may seek answers.....in which you may ask new questions.....in which you are free to discover the best that is in you. We reject the idea that a book or institution is superior to the conscience and intellect of a morally responsible human being. We affirm that your spiritual well-being is yours to determine. No one else can live your own life for you.

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES

Edmonton Unitarian Fellowship	482-1155
Edmonton Unitarian Church	454-8073
Westwood Unitarian Society	438-3195



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North end of HUB Mall

433-7727

Reveal your hidden talents



Student Orientation Services is presently recruiting leaders for its summer orientation program. Get yourself involved with the challenges of

introducing new students to the "ins and outs" of this university. Become a s.o.r.s.e. leader.



Come Find Out What It Is Really All About

DATE: March 29th
PLACE: 270A S.U.B.
TIME: 3:00 pm. - 8:00 pm.

All interested students welcome.
Room 278 - Student Union Building
University of Alberta

Progressive Insanities of a Student

- I.
He sat
a point on a sheet of blank paper
Let me out!
- II.
He tried to write
words he could not (and should not)
understand.
- III.
At night
the ideas pattered across his roof
Nothing is staying in.
- IV.
By daylight
he procrastinated.
This is not order
but the absence of order
His mind: weeds of forests.
- V.
For many years
he fished for a vision
It was like enticing whales
with a paper clip.
- VI.
If he had known:
he wouldn't have to know
what he knows
is the knowledge of knowing
something unknown to all
except those with
the knowledge of knowing
what there is to know
about *knowledge*
(and doesn't that word look funny)

VII.
Things escaped him
and he thought
about wolves and beaches
and tensions between subject and object
and green whales and red whales
and big whales and small whales
and water washing on the beach
on an island in the ocean
and a square foot area on that beach against
which the water from the ocean hit the land
and a pebble in that area on the beach
on the island in the ocean (which sent
water on the beach)
and a grain of sand on that pebble
in that area on the beach where the
water washed onto sent by the ocean
which attacked the island constantly.
And a wind which
carried the sand
away from the pebble, the square foot area,
the beach, the island,
and the ocean.

Wally Riemer



third year safari

we are hunting 9s
in this burning jungle 9s buried
up to their necks like ticks
along the river
or feeding with the lion pride
hides stinking
like warm glue this jungle is
dark & dripping
with 9s we have seen tracks
traced in offal near the village
caught their sour scent
on the breeze
heard them rooting
with pigs in the potato pile
throats wide & ready
for the knife
we will set traps
on that crawling jungle floor
hang rotten meat in the clearing
drag the blood-stained carcass
path to path
then wait with flies
in our ears eyes
watering as the sun wilts this valley
curdles mud in the stream
burns us blind
but there are 9s
in the jungle & they are something
to hunt for
P. Morgan

RIGHT ON TIME

By James McKinlay

On waking that morning, I realized that I was really glad to be alive. Usually I'd taken everything for granted but this particular morning I could not help noticing the amazing human subconscious. I had been getting up at 7 am for a month and this morning I awoke before my alarm sounded. The human alarm clock had gone off. All I can say is that I was in awe of the human mind.

Anticipating my first class, I was confident that I could handle any topic. But in English one can never tell. The professor drew the class into an evaluation of the meaning of life. This was in response to the novel we were taking up. I had not read it. It seems the author suffered from an identity crisis. The book was about his struggle to find himself, and his own little niche in the world, and nothing was. I mean, he tried everything, and found opportunity, but it was never for him. He just did not fit in anywhere. So instead he strove for clarity of meaning in all aspects of life. The class was confused. They would only relate to the purpose and destiny in their own lives, not realizing how they had arrived there. Myself? I was totally lost. I felt hopeless. What was my purpose? Could I only function as an alarm

clock? Did the author ever reach any conclusions? I thought it might be true that a mysticism clouds all purpose. What about destiny? Nothing seems destined except death and even that is one giant lotto draw in the sky, each individual having only one chance in four billion to win....or lose.

Stumbling out of class, my head in a cloud, I manoeuvred through corridors guided by some basic instinct to get where I was going.

Chemistry class.
That idea of plodding, lumbering science snapped me from my haze. That's it! Laid out like the black and white checkered floor on which I walked was the simple structured logic of the universe, where every square had its assigned slot. All the confusion had been neatly ordered and by human hands yet! Even the power of the universe, summarized in a handful of human symbols, E mc². Everything had purpose. It had all been arranged.

I stood off to the side of the hallway, enlightened by the checkered floor. I heard myself mutter the words 'coo-coo'. It was two o'clock.