

The Newspaper

"RAPIST ON THE LOOSE"  
No news is good news.  
Labatts gives "A GOOD HEAD"

(So they say)

Sickies and Sex  
"13 UNSOLVED MURDERS"  
Make good headlines

Me,  
I draw eyeballs  
in the O's.

Sherilyn Fritz

Advertisement for a Poem

A poem is a sandwich  
of the imagination  
to be chewed on street corners  
ticket lines laundromat stools  
in all waiting rooms  
on ferries shuttles  
in elevators stairwells  
hammocks dressing rooms  
on step stoop hydrant  
alongside gutters  
swimming pools  
over and under the blanket  
on the toilet  
between takes on a movie set  
wherever hunger strikes  
touch one to your tongue.

Randa Kachlar

water keeps running  
through the eaves.  
Waiting:  
where could she be?

That book was good.  
What's on t.v.?  
nothing.  
This video game is fun.  
look! a new record.  
Waiting.  
Waiting.

Flip that record over.  
Put on another tape.  
Will the water ever stop  
running?  
where could she be?

More and more phonecalls:  
No, haven't heard anything.  
Wait, little tiger,  
Wait

Tim Campbell

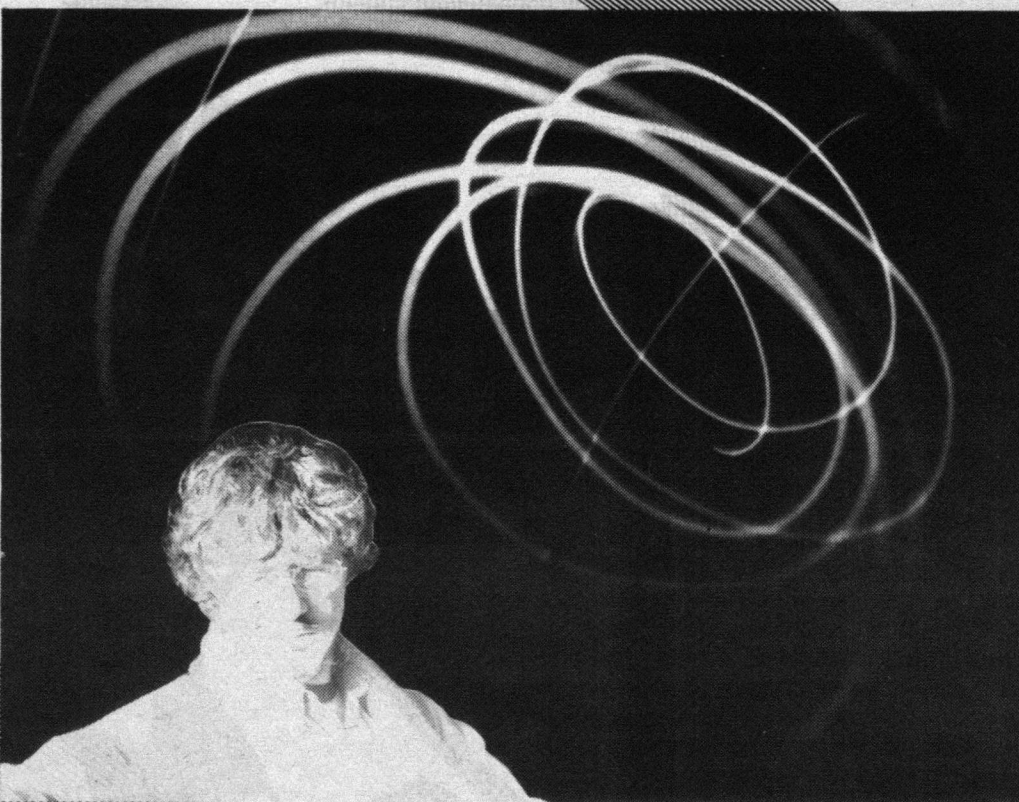


Photo by Tory Berg

# CABARETS

DINWOODIE • 2nd Floor SUB • DOORS: 8 pm

Tickets are available from the SUB Box Office (2nd floor SUB) and various club members.

NOTE: These events are open to U of A students, staff, and guests. Absolutely no minors admitted!

Phi Gamma Delta presents a  
**SUNGLASSES  
AT NIGHT PARTY**

with

# The Glass Aunts

Friday, March 29

Door Prize: 2 Free Oilers/Flame tickets

SUB BOX OFFICE — BASS (2nd floor SUB)  
10 am to 2 pm Monday to Friday • Phone 432-5145

The Great Western Canadian Love Song

Golden haze of the sunlight  
Reflecting on diamonds and silver.  
Wasn't it today you were saying you were taking  
A slow train to the south?

They say winter's gone, and summer is here  
But the morning light still makes me shiver.  
Give in, there's nothing to do  
To be a prophet is to not be a fool  
And we're fools.

They say that in Denver this morning  
It's a minus hundred degrees.  
A southbound direction doesn't get you any warmer  
If it's cold in the proximity.

A few aging hippies left over from the sixties  
Came and told me that I'd be released  
From a life where a penny earned is a penny spent  
But I don't have no heating and they're raising the rent.  
My mailbox is full of the trash that they send.  
All that I needed was you for a friend  
To set me free,  
To set me free.

Listening to echoes of glory  
The past seems a lifetime away.  
Tomorrow's a wish, a false-hearted promise  
That it's gonna be a change from today.

No talk of salvation for the new-born generation  
Whose heroes have all died away  
Or on a stage, playing Mephisto  
Or some dancing machine who's got no place to go.  
Let's raise them up higher and wait for the fall.  
A lifetime of dreaming and nothing to show,  
The price we pay  
To live this way.

Golden haze of the sunlight  
Reflecting on diamonds and silver.  
Wasn't it today you were saying you were taking  
A slow train to the south?

Rui Umezawa