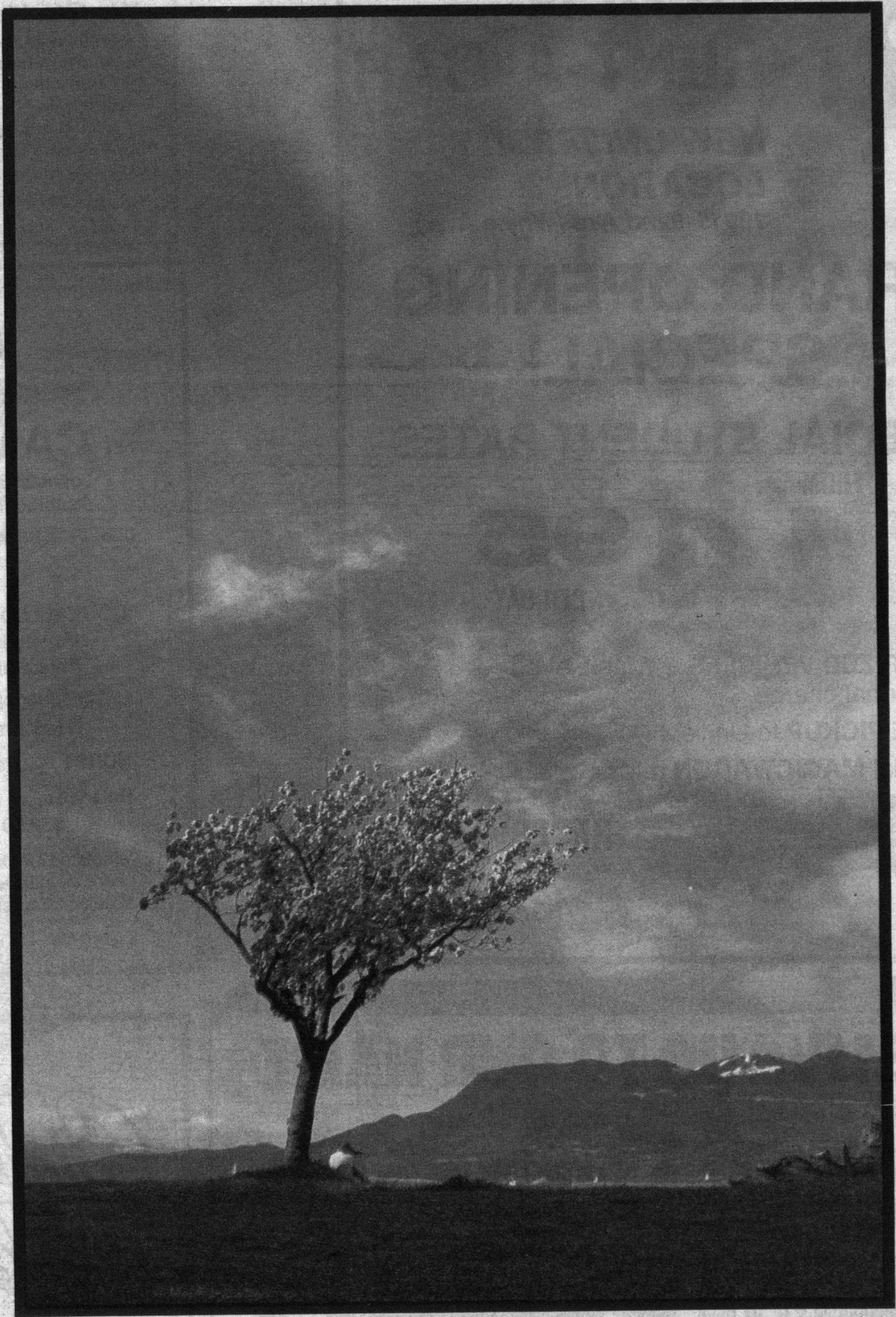


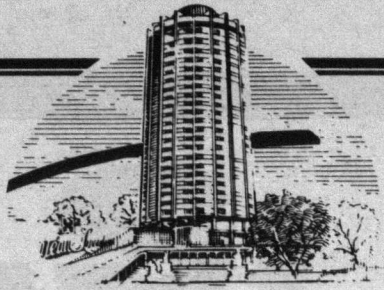
*the Gateway*  
**Literary Issue**

March 28, 1985





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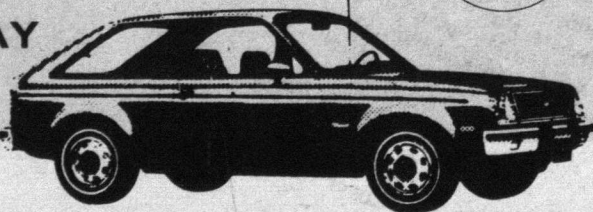
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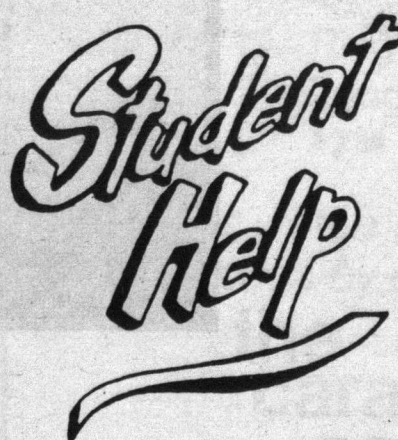
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## Judge's Comments

Probably one of the most depressing moments of my life was staring down 175 entries to the *Gateway Literary Supplement* and coming to the awful realization that I had to choose six winners. It wasn't easy. First of all, *Gateway* staffer Suzette Chan had to collect all the entries. No other *Gateway* staffer was privy to the entrants' names. She then photocopied all the entries (minus the names) and submitted them to me, hiding the originals. I then started reading. Every entry was read more than once. The 28 short stories were read twice, with the final four entries getting an extra reading. The poems, 17 long and 125 short, were read at least three times, with the finalists getting four or five readings.

After several rounds of eliminations I had narrowed down the field to a handful. That's when the judging got tough. Because of the quality of the finalists, the final elimination took a fair bit of sweat and anguish. But after a week and a half of judging I finally narrowed it down to the six winners. The final result is probably one of the better collections of fiction and poetry in any university newspaper in Canada. I'd like to thank all the winners and wish all the other entrants the best of luck and hope that you enter next year's contest.

Gilbert Bouchard  
Gateway Editor-in-Chief

## Staff this Issue

Gilbert Bouchard, Suzette C. Chan, Neal Watson, Marie Clifford, Dean Bennett, Eva Pendzich, Bill St. John, Tim Kubash, Linda Derksen, Janine McDade, Brougham Deegan, Ken Lenz, Lisa Trofymow, Geoffrey Jackson, Cindy Rozeboom, Mary McKenzie, Lisa Brouse, Diana Wiberg, Dawn McLean, Suzanne Shuchuk, Troy Berg, Ben Darrah, Susan Sutton, Cammy Yiu, Hans Beckers, Brinton McLaughlin.

March 28, Volume 75, No. 46  
Cover by Bill St. John



## Short Story Winner



Graphic Lisa Trofymow and Bill St. John

# Single Lens Reflex

by Geoffrey Jackson

Through the viewfinder Jerry could see about a hundred yards of gravel road that ran past the campsite. Then a battered blue Toyota appeared at the far left. Film whirled in his camera as he panned from left to right, following the car until it slowed to turn into the campsite. He zoomed back a bit to keep the grill in focus as it came towards him. The whirling stopped.

His wife, Susan, stuck her head out of the car window. "Did you get it that time?" she asked in a peevish voice. He had to be careful not to irritate her any further.

"Yes, thanks a lot, Susie. I'm sorry it took so long but the first two set ups just weren't right." The car engine stopped and she got out. Her yellow terrycloth shorts made her look bloated and tired. Perhaps a tan would make her look happier. Her face was lovely though, moody and evocative; her eyes often seemed to watch things no one else could see. Compulsively, Jerry raised his Pentax up from his chest. Susan frowned at him and then turned away.

"Where are Dale and Colin?" she asked.

"Swimming."

"By themselves?"

"No, there's a whole beachload of people."

Susan sighed and rolled her eyes, her way of scolding him.

"They're okay you know," he insisted, "They're not toddlers anymore and there is a lifeguard."

"It's okay Jerry," She was already walking away from him. "Where's the beach?"

"I said they're okay, Susan." She grabbed a towel and her walkman from the car.

"I know, Jerry. I just want to swim, it's hot."

"It's just five minutes down the road."

"Thanks." She opened the trunk and searched until she found some suntan lotion. "Are you coming?" she asked slamming down the trunk lid.

"No, I'll get the camp set up. I'll see you when you get back." She shrugged and turned away. With a lazy flip of her wrist she waved goodbye. He watched her carefully as she trudged towards the lake. Then he leapt to his movie camera and set the zoom lens at full extension. A nice longshot. She had such a loose jointed stride; her frizzy blonde hair was swaying across her shoulders. Heat waves

blurred the image and the flattened perspective made it seem as though she was walking and walking away, but never really getting anywhere. More film whirled inside the camera.

When she finally disappeared from the shot Jerry turned back to the campsite. He wanted to do some location shots while he had decent light. The tall pines were a great excuse for low angle work and he began to circle the site, looking upwards. He made a rectangle with his two hands and composed his shots. This framing was important to camera-work, the shot had to emphasize the vital and cut out the irrelevant.

It took over an hour to shoot the footage he needed and the light was beginning to fail. He was taking readings with his light meter when the kids burst into camp.

Colin, the eldest at ten, ran up and slid to a stop, spraying dirt into his camera case. "Hey Dad, why isn't the tent set up? We want to get changed!" Jerry gritted his teeth.

"Because I thought you guys would like to help set it up." This was not true but it was an easy explanation. He began to clean the dirt off his camera equipment. Colin spun on his heels and was away. As he ran he shook his blonde hair from his eyes with an easy flick of his head. Susan, who was coming up the road, did not respond to his cries until he was nearly upon her. Then she simply handed the keys to him and continued her slow walk.

Their younger son Dale, eight years old, was quieter than Colin most of the time and he could never resist an opportunity to play with Jerry's expensive gear. He was now studiously fiddling with the camera tripod.

"Dale!" Jerry shouted. "Leave that alone! I've told you never to do that." Dale dropped a guilty hand from the tripod.

"I'm sorry Dad, I was just looking," he said softly. Jerry frowned at him but his heart was not in it.

"Go help your brother get the tent out of the car," he said quietly. He returned to cleaning out his camera case and Dale began to run off. But he stopped and turned back.

"Hey Dad?"

"Yes?"

"This neat man at the beach bought me and Colin a coke. He had the neatest radio. It was this big!" Dale spread his

arms to an expressive width. "He said..."

"Leave your father alone, Dale. Go help your brother." Susan dropped her towel and other gear on the picnic table and pointed at Colin, who was struggling to get the massive canvas tent out of the car trunk. Dale shot off and the two of them were soon dragging the tent from the car.

Susan sat at the picnic table.

"I thought you were going to set up camp," she said calmly, as though she merely wanted to clarify the point. Jerry felt awkward and began to fiddle with the lens in his hand.

"I'm sorry. Lost track of the time. Got some great shots though. I'll get out the stove, okay?" He, at least, was feeling hungry. She looked at him hard for a long moment.

"Sure," she said finally, with the air of someone who cannot be bothered to fight anymore.

An hour later the family was eating a dinner of franks and beans. Colin chattered and Dale ate. Susan watched them and poked at her food.

"Hey Dad?" Dale had broken off from his fast and voracious eating to ask his question.

"Yes, Dale."

"Why don't you come to the beach tomorrow. You could take a picture of me diving off the dock."

"More like bellyflopping off the dock, you klutz!" Colin teased.

"I ain't a klutz! You're just too chicken to even try, chicken!" Dale was puffing up with indignation. Colin just sneered and punched him on the arm. They began to wrestle at the table. Jerry looked at Susan.

"Boys!" she said sharply. Both of them stopped fighting and returned to their dinners with sulky faces. After a moment's silence she went to get the ice cream from the cooler.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dale entered the top of the frame. His flaying arms, the blue lakewater, the black dock, all were caught with a squeeze of the camera trigger and a whirl of film. Jerry smiled. Dale would now always be diving, frozen on three feet of celluloid. Jerry swung the camera around on its



tripod. In every direction the sunbathers glistened on the sand. He played with his lenses, stretching the world with a wide-angle or compressing it with a telephoto.

The telephoto lens seemed best for the beach since it got you close to the people while allowing you to keep a reassuring distance. He focused on Susan.

She was wearing her headphones; bright orange buttons over ears, looking for all the world like tuning knobs. Jerry zoomed in till her head filled the frame. Her lips were slightly open and her face shimmered with the heat, looking uncertain, like a mirage. But before Jerry could tenderly squeeze the trigger a great glittering aluminum thing crunched into the sand like some spaceship crashing to earth.

Jerry jerked his head up with surprise and annoyance. Cheerful pop music played from the high-tech radio by Susan's head. Standing beside the ghetto-blaster was a heavy-set and deeply tanned young man. He was looking cheerful, talking easily with his hands on his hips, glancing from time to time out at the lake. Susan was sitting up, the tuning knobs gone from her head. Jerry felt uneasy and then ridiculous because he had nothing to feel uneasy about. He put his eye back to the viewfinder.

The long lens neatly framed Susan's face, or at least it did once he had shifted it to take the cheerful man's bronze leg out of the shot. Her eyes were wide and intent, and a curl of blonde hair was wrapped about her finger. This image seemed familiar to him, like an old memory. He ran the camera and the wide eyes, the blonde curl, and the delicate smile were all caught in a magical pattern of silver nitrates and colour dyes.

Triumphant, Jerry swung the tripod and camera onto his shoulder and began to stride towards Susan and the young man. As he came near the man suddenly pointed to the lake.

"That's one of ours coming in now. I have to go meet it." He bent over and grabbed his radio. "See you!" he cried as he dashed away. Susan waved.

"Who was that?" Jerry asked, watching the sprinting figure disappear into the crowds on the beach.

"Oh, that's Todd," replied Susan, "His father owns the boat rental over there." She pointed at a dock at the end of the beach. "Todd checks the boats in and out."

"Oh," said Jerry. "How do you..." But Susan had already replaced the headphones and a distant pop band was tinkling away. Her pale skin seemed to be reddening despite the suntan lotion.

"I think you're burning, Susie." She just smiled and gently bobbed her head in time to the tinkling music. He felt foolish, like he had said hello and been ignored. He turned and left. He had to get ready for that evening anyways.

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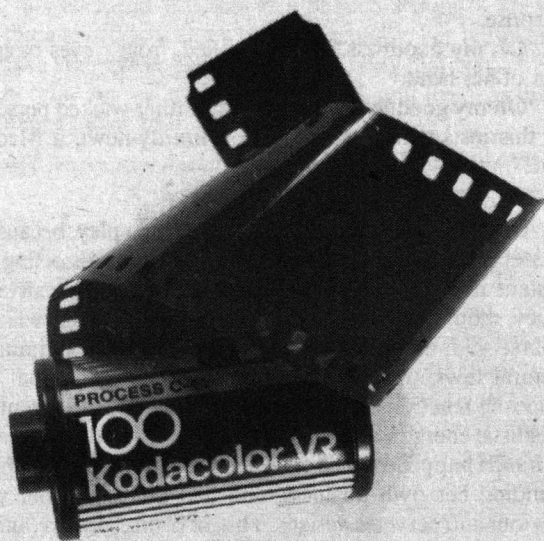


Photo Tim Kubash

Jerry figured that with the extra lamps he would have just enough light. It was not easy to calculate the exposure but he had done experiments with the barbeque pit at home. What made it tricky were the orange filters on the lamps, since they threw his light meter totally off. Still, if he could create the illusion of natural firelight, the effort would be justified. He adjusted the last lamp.

"Colin! Dale! Susan! It's ready!" The two boys ran from the tent and straight to the edge of the blazing firepit. Jerry pulled them back.

"Careful, you'll burn yourselves."

"Where are the hotdog sticks?" asked Colin, who was already rummaging through the food.

"Over there, by the cooler..." Dale, don't eat those raw. Cook them." Dale grabbed a stick from his brother and impaled a wiener.

Susan walked out. Her hair was tied back and she had a cardigan wrapped around her shoulders. Jerry watched her as she settled at the table. She seemed younger, like a teenage girl.

"Do you want a hotdog, Mom?" Colin asked. She laughed.

"Why don't you cook me one?" she said.

"Sure!" Colin, filled with new purpose, ran to get another stick. "I'll do two at once!" he shouted.

Jerry turned on the lamps and a soft orange light filled the area around the firepit. Susan blinked and frowned while the children oo'd with delight. Jerry began to film. Circling the fire he focused and refocused, first on his children and then on his wife. Her staring eyes looked black and mysterious in the flickering firelight. Jerry prayed he had the right exposure. Occasionally he would set the camera on a tripod and attach a cable release to it. Then, sitting on a stump and being careful to stay in the shot, he filmed himself as Colin and Dale ran back and forth feeding him hotdogs.

The session took nearly an hour and a half, as Jerry often paused to reset light or change lenses. When he was finished, or rather when he had run out of film, the children were sleepy and Susan had the fidgets.

"Are you done yet?" she asked, cracking her knuckles. She knew that sound annoyed him.

"Yes, I'm finished." He began to collapse the light stands, being careful not to jar the lamps too much. Jarring shortens their lifespans. Susan stood up and stretched, looking restless not tired.

"I'm going for a walk. Will you get the kids to bed?" Colin and Dale were quietly poking at the fire. Jerry shrugged.

"Sure. I'll just get this equipment away first. Okay?"

"Okay," and she walked from the fire and into the darkness. Jerry packed up the lights and his camera. The kids went to bed with a minimum of the usual fuss. He promised to take them for a hike the next day and that pleased them. Then he sat down at the table and began to clean his lenses. It was fiddly work done with little pieces of tissue and camel-hair brushes but it kept him busy.

When Susan still had not returned after he had done every lens in his case he felt uneasy. He pulled out his Pentax and his film camera and cleaned them but that did not take long. All you can do with a camera is brush it off. He was left sitting at the table, waiting. To kill time he played with the fire, placing a stick in the flame and then waving the glowing tip to make patterns in the black air. A childish game.

After half an hour and half a stick, Susan returned to the fireside.



"Still up?" she said, "You didn't have to wait for me."

"I wasn't tired." Jerry was lying, he felt very weary. "Where did you get to anyways?" he asked.

"Oh, ...I walked to the beach and sat by the lake for awhile. It's beautiful down there." She turned away from the fire and the tip of her cigarette waved in the darkness. Her calm manner was unsettling to Jerry, though he could not think why. It seemed almost a bluff.

"I'm going to bed now. Are you coming?" Jerry said. The cigarette tip twitched.

"In a moment," she answered.

\*\*\*\*

Jerry fiddled with the projector, carefully threading the film.

"Is everybody ready?" he finally asked. The boys, on the couch, cheered. From her chair even Susan waved an agreeable cigarette. With an anxious chatter the projector came to life. Jerry turned up the sound.

A black screen. Then Gershwin music came up on the soundtrack. "Lakeland Vacation" appeared in bold graphic letters. There were waves of music and with every crescendo a new title appeared.

"Starring Susan Gregory" Susan smiled.

"Starring Colin and Dale Gregory" high-pitched cheers and laughter.

"Also Starring Jerry Gregory" Applause.

"A Film by Jerry Gregory" More applause.

Then the music changed to something pastoral. A lone road. A blue Toyota entered the shot and rolled up to the camera, its windshield reflecting sky and trees but obscuring the driver. Slow gentle panning shots of the empty campsite. Waving trees shot from down low. Blue sky. Everything was peaceful.

The music got jazzy. More Gershwin. The tent filled the screen. Cut to the children running about the camp.

"Hey!" Colin yells, "that's me!"

A long shot of Susan walking down the road. Jerry licked his lips and glanced away from the screen to see her reaction. She sat in her chair, her knees drawn up under her chin, glaring at the image.

Shots of the beach: swimmers, water, sand. Dale arches through the air, crashing into the lake.

"Hooray!" Dale cheered, "Remember that dock, Mom?"

"Yes Dale."

"That was great, and I really like that guy's neat radio. remember him? Did you film him, Dad?"

Jerry looked away from the screen, annoyed. "What?" he shouted over the noise of the projector.

"Did you film that guy?"

"What guy?"

"The guy with the radio. He bought me and Colin a coke. He was great, he could sail boats and everything."

"No, I didn't." Jerry did not really remember. Susan's face filled the screen. A close up, long lens, shimmering with heat. She smiled and flirted with someone offscreen. Jerry loved that image, the shimmering was perfect. The framing was perfect. No extraneous details. He glanced at Susan. She was smiling to herself, the same mysterious smile as on the screen. He felt uneasy and looked back. There the tightly edited images of his family flickered and sparkled. It was a campfire more rosy and cheerful than any before. Jerry turned up the volume and leaned back to enjoy. Susan got up and quietly left the darkened room.



# Miranda Comes of Age

## Short Story Runner-up

by Melanie Klimchuk

Once upon a time, there lived a lovely post-pubescent princess named Miranda. She had long, curly locks of golden silk, classic features molded in marbly skin, and a pink strawberry mouth which protruded over slightly buck teeth—her only visible imperfection. She had eyes a charmed young prince could drown in, clear quicksand eyes of deepest blue. Her preference for pastel silks ran into a bit of money, but what the heck her family was rich, and besides, Daddy didn't mind, so she indulged herself. Anyway, her family had long been patrons of the arts, so small eccentricities were allowed. Being an only child, she expected to reign one day. That is, it was expected of her. In truth, she found her well-guarded life a trifle dull. Even "Lofty Keyholes," the society scandal sheet, could find nothing worse to say about her than that she was "an artist's vision, a poet's sonnet, nature's finest masterpiece, and still very eligible, blablabla." In short, the superlative princess.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, one day she awoke to see a topaz and raspberry sunrise bouncing off her bedroom walls. She looked outside, saw the celebration, the quivering, jellied gem of a sky, and decided.

"I can't stand it," she thought, "there must be more to life than endless lessons in art appreciation and advanced etiquette. Philosophy and physics and French are all just too, too tedious. If something exciting, even just interesting doesn't happen to me soon, I'll go crazy. Quite utterly mad!"

It was time. Here she was, in her prime, and life was passing her by, her youth being wasted. And so bored she thought she might actually die from it. Terminal Boredom, a loathsome disease.

"What I need," she thought, contemplating the ripe orange orb spilling onto thirsty clouds, "is a taste, a big, juicy bite of life." She bit her lower lip and stared wistfully at the morning, which by now had swirled itself into an apricot-amethyst parfait. Suddenly, she was hungry.

"Parfait!" she said in her best French accent, and hurried down to breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

That morning, when Arlow (her tutor) turned, as he always did, to pass the time of day with Bob the guard, she escaped. Ran right out the door, across the drawbridge (let down for the paperboy), over the moat, and onto the mountain, in search of adventure, to find some mischief, to seek her fortune, and to see the world. She anteloped away, panting and squealing with terror and joy, as astonished guardsmen shouted behind her, and hordes of butterflies cheered her on.

\*\*\*\*\*

Miranda tripped lightly over and down the ripening hillside and into the valley below, taking care not to trample the trembling wildflowers that everywhere burst into being that early spring afternoon. The flowers dotted the slopes in bohemian bunches and fluttered their petals as Miranda breezed by. She didn't have to hurry at all, for the others gave up the chase long ago. They must have thought her quite mad, for this strange landscape was rumoured to be full of the magic of witches and dragons, about which explorers told such frightening, fascinating tales. Of course, she wasn't afraid. Her eyes glittered like sapphires in the sun and excitement. She slowed to a lanky amble as she came now to the floor of the valley. A giraffe walk it was, with a gangly yet graceful flop-flying of limbs.



Photo Diana Wiberg

She jumped back with a gasp when, all at once, these tree tops she hadn't noticed before sprang out of the earth and stretched up to the sky. She ran her eyes up the smooth grey pillars and bulging totems of trunks, all so awesomely huge. Dare she go in? The place was enchanted, no doubt about that. But the shade looked so cool and inviting, and it was so frightfully hot where she stood; there was no breeze in the basin to play with her hair, whip her skirt 'round her legs. So Miranda took her first tenuous step into the woods where all the old things became new once again.

\*\*\*\*\*

She stood for a moment to adjust to the light, her arms all angled askew. She looked like some immortalized servant from Egypt of so long ago, with one hand on her hip, the other arm raised to her eyes. After some time had passed, the darkness was gone, and she could see all around.

Gold flickers of light filtered down through the dusky green mist, igniting young shoots on the fertile floor, sparking and sparkling on fledgling leaves. So, a magical forest looked, she decided, like an emerald inside. She kicked up her heels and walked on, just thrilled with herself for being so brave.

Now, what "Lofty Keyholes" would have to say about this, she wondered, and laughed. But she did hope her father wouldn't think she was bad.

Miranda's curls danced in a halo of gold as she turned her head this way and that. As she moved through the mist, and watched the light shift, it seemed that the colors and shapes were all changing. The trees were writhing, and dancing, conspiring to sweep her in circles. She got dizzy, had to plunk herself down for a rest, and watched, as still the trees bowed and whirled their colors before her. She was hypnotized. She was hungry. She was very, very tired. Then, she nodded softly to sleep, and dreamed of eating wonderful food, of delectable mushrooms like gumdrop jewelry.

\*\*\*\*\*

She hadn't really noticed she was walking again until she lost her footing and plunged into a stream of consciousness. What with the undercurrent's insistence, and the slippery sand's indifference, in she slid. She spluttered and shrieked; the water was cold.

What she had yet to realize was, that at this very moment, she was in fact skittering and swirling through Claude Monet's famous and delightful painting: "Lily Pond." That is to say, she wasn't actually in the paint, on the canvas, in some Paris museum, but, rather, suspended in the state of mind which first celebrated itself through Monet's hand.

Even if she did know, it is unlikely she would really care because as she was floating along she remarked, at first with surprise, then with disgust, and finally with horror, certain changes in her person. Her long golden hair, for example, became slithery yellow seaweed, which insisted on rudely wrapping itself around her neck and getting caught in her teeth. When she tried to brush it off, she saw webbing, if you can imagine, between her fingers, which had, incidentally, picked up a distinctly distasteful greenish tinge. So had the rest of her skin, and for that matter, what were those scaly warts doing on her marbly limbs? At this point, Miranda became a little concerned. Something strange was going on here. Definitely. Her eyes grew ever wider in fear and surprise.

"Oh my goodness," she squeaked, froggy eyes bugging out of her head.

"Oh my goodness, I do believe a rather wicked person is at this instant turning me into a lizards-newt, a Medusa girl!"

\*\*\*\*\*

All of this was happening because of light play, because of those foolish impressionists freezing and dissecting an instant in time, and splattering it all over their canvases. They should have listened to Sir Isaac Newton, who, of course said, upon discovering one of the great, immutable natural laws, that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. So all these combined artistic, scientific, idealistic energies and visions had collided at the same time Miranda happened to be walking through the forest, happily minding her own business, and had ambushed her with devious and perverse designs. This, of course, proves (and all artists take note), that it's not nice to fool around with Laws of Nature.

So she ended up looking like a piece of Pointillist's art. This was not so very bad. But when her jaded green skin



began to drop off, bit by bit, she went completely to pieces.

"I am not a Seurate study, thank you," she said peevishly.

"I refuse to look like a late Pissaro." She found looking like a newsphoto held under a microscope extremely annoying. She thought mournfully about how she used to have linear perspective and artistic unity and a perfect female form all in beautiful balance, and could quite possibly have gone on feeling sorry for herself all day, had not her attention been suddenly drawn to her present predicament by a series of rapids up ahead. (Oh no.)

\*\*\*

Miranda, once so light and bubbly and sparkly, a champagne girl, ended up in a terrible blown up, spilled over mess. Horrible. She look like some crazy concoction Picasso brewed up. All mangled and mutated and just generally mixed up.

"Oh boo-hoo," she whimpered, "I want my Dad." Of course she was late getting home.

\*\*

Father was storming mad.

"Well, young lady," he thundered, "just who were you with, and what, may I ask, have you been doing?" His eyes flashed, and he rumbled ominously at the sight of his daughter's two-dimensional disarray of clothing, hair, and features.

"I was caught in a collusion of varying planes of reality, Daddy," she answered tearfully. "It did awful things to me. It...it..." With this, she started to simper again. Streaks of color streamed down her face, and would have wiped out her nose completely, except that it was now at the top left hand side of her head.

"TROLLOP!" he shrieked, and bolted from the castle, whereupon he proceeded to hurl lightening bolts and howl obscenities at passers-by. Miranda was shocked.

\*

Well, when "Lofty Keyholes" got wind of what happened, there was such a scandal that the king had no choice but to banish the princess from the kingdom forever. He gave her a small sack of the family jewels on the end of a stick, with a couple of sandwiches, and sent her off to fend for herself. So Miranda ended up in another sphere of existence: the art world.

It was there that she met a very friendly, though not quite respectable red abstract splash. (And it was there that she gave up bothering with food altogether—for financial reasons, I'm told.) He introduced her to all his exciting, avant garde friends. She became part of the jet-set of the various forms of artistic awareness. In the New. The 'bright.' And the BOLD. her crowd ran wild through space and time. From time to time, she'd bump into Laws of Nature again.

She had always wanted to meet Laws of Nature, it must be known. And when she finally did, she found him exceedingly attractive. So immutable and powerful, yet so aloof and mysterious. Just like those waspy nobleman's sons back home.

Well, one does not fool around with Laws of Nature, as we already know. Of course she ended up getting pregnant. A spark of genius germinated in Miranda's consciousness. It grew, until with fantastic forces of upheaval and unconventional labour pains, a vision of consummate artistic unity and blinding perfection, an IDEA was born. Quite transcendently lovely. And her own, her very own, at last.

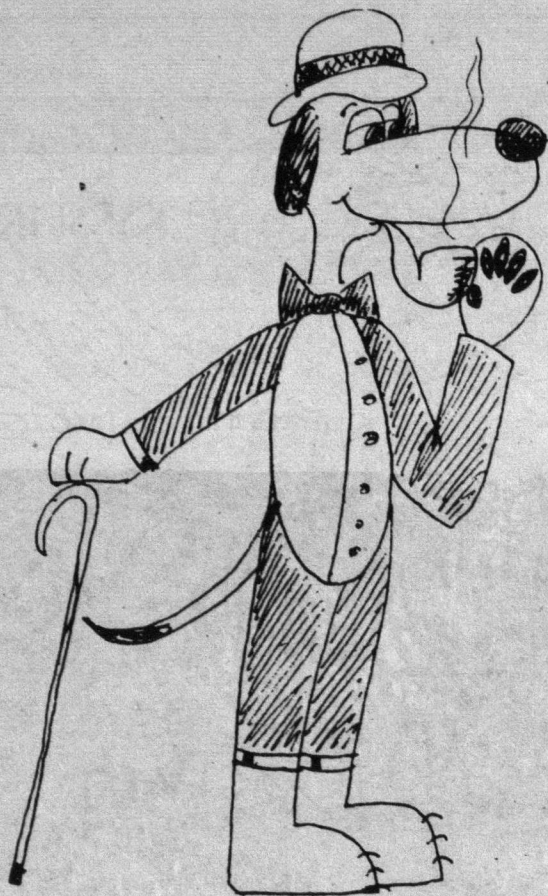
"Why Miranda," chattered her trendy, innovative friends, "however, did you conceive of such a thing?" They were thunderstruck with awe. (And actually, her brainchild did take after her father's side of the family that way.) Miranda became known as 'Mother Nature', and lived, as they say, happily ever after.

\*\*\*\*\*



Graphic Dawn McLean





## Yoke By Heart

by Lisa A. Trofymow

She'd answered all the questions and now she could doodle in her math scribbler. Everyone else worked, but she drew a peculiar face, a dog in coveralls, and a fat chicken wearing an apron—there was a broken egg between the bird's feet.

She thought; would she ever need to know, say, the square root of four when she grew up and shopped in the grocery store? All the math her mother did when she was at the supermarket was to count her money in an angry voice at the cash register, as if the sign had asked her mother for 5 million dollars. Her mother would scrunch down her mouth whenever she saw that cash register sign; then she would dig for her pocket calculator inside her purse—which took a long time, the way she had to hunt around—which made the cashier impatient.

When her mother finally found her calculator she would add up the numbers on the grocery tape at least twice. But the answer on her calculator always matched the cash register's. So she would scrunch down her mouth even more as she counted out her money. She would rub every bill with her fingers as she handed it to the cashier to make certain two bills hadn't stuck together. And the cashier would smile and say "Thank you ma'am, have a good day." But Amarantha knew that the cashier didn't mean it.

Her mother always drove straight home from the supermarket, otherwise the butter or the frozen orange juice or worst of all, the raspberry sherbert might melt all over the back seat of the car. Her mother would always fasten Amarantha's seatbelt even though she hated wearing it. Amarantha always held her grocery bag tightly.

But one time after grocery shopping, she was strapped to her seat, holding the bag with the eggs inside. She was looking through the car window. There was sun—kids in shorts—bicycles on the sidewalk and the road. Amarantha wished she was outside riding a bicycle, but they'd never let her ride one. But she liked riding in the car, and the radio was playing music. So she wasn't thinking about protecting the eggs—for just a minute. Suddenly she felt a huge tug and the bag with the eggs inside it wasn't on her lap. She heard her mother yelling out of her open window to a kid on a bicycle, who turned and gave her mother the dirty finger. Her mother was so mad that she jumped out of the car and tried to chase the kid, but of course he was faster since he had a bicycle.

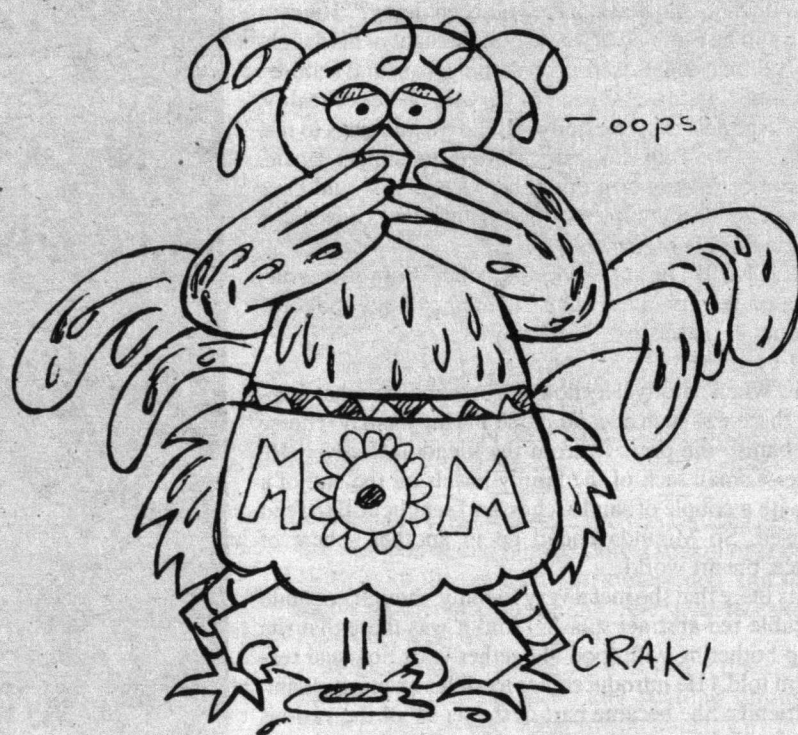
Amarantha was trying to put back all the things that had fallen out of the bag. One carton of eggs had broken and there were shells and white and yolk all over the floor of her mother's car. She tried to clean up but it was an impossible job. She opened her door and hid the broken carton of eggs underneath the car.

Her mother was breathing hard when she finally returned to the car. Her cheeks were red and her hair was wild. Amarantha sat very still, holding the bag. She stared straight ahead, hoping her mother wouldn't ask what had happened to the eggs. She had even refastened her seatbelt. Then an awful thing happened: her mother slowly, slowly walked around in front of the car and opened Amarantha's door. Amarantha decided she must tell about the eggs before her mother became too angry: "I'm sorry. I let the eggs fall when

we stopped. They broke." But her mother, with a peculiar look, took away the bag and released Amarantha's seatbelt, saying, "Oh, Amy." Then her mother laughed, but she was also crying and she hugged Amarantha so tightly she thought her mother would accidentally break a rib. Her mother didn't say a thing about the eggs but she did say "I'm sorry" over and over. "I'm okay, mom" Amarantha told her. She wished her mother would quit crying. She thought about the raspberry sherbert, which would probably be melted by the time they got home.

On the afternoon the eggs broke, her mother wanted to rest a while after they arrived home. She told Amarantha to play quietly in her room. But Amarantha never played loudly—she drew or read books like *Ann Can Fly* or *Through the Looking-Glass*. On the afternoon the eggs broke, she decided to draw. She sat at her big wooden desk and put down two clean sheets of paper. She looked out of her window. She liked warm—not hot—afternoons very much. On one sheet she drew 'mom'—the funny chicken in an apron—and then the go-go dancer, a bird who had laid an egg while dancing. On the other sheet of paper she drew "This is a hospital bedroom I am in it," but she tore up this one and threw it into the wastebasket. So she filled a third sheet with her favorite dog-people.

Then her mother was calling, "Amy! Supper!" Without thinking, Amarantha jumped up and opened the door and ran out of her room and ran down the stairs. But at the bottom of the stairs she suddenly felt quite peculiar. Then she just fell over for no reason. Her mother rushed to her yelling, "Oh my God! Oh my God!" Her mother was crying for the second time in one afternoon and she kept repeating "Remember not to run. Please don't run."



Amarantha didn't feel like eating supper. So her mother took her to her room, drew the curtains—she said the sun would bother Amy's sleep—and told her to take a nap. Then her mother kissed her and left her in her dark bedroom.

Amarantha woke when her big brother Darrin yelled "I'm home!" She heard him dump all his hockey stuff on the landing, then run up the three stairs into the kitchen. "We won, mom. The other team is *ex*, history—tenuhtwo!" Her brother laughed. She heard her mother open the oven door. "Great, Darrin. Oh—don't look for anything in the fridge. We're having a late supper."

"Where's Ranthy?"  
"Upstairs, taking a nap. Could you please wake her and see if she wants any supper?"

"Yeah, yeah. Is she sick again?"

"Just tired, Go get her, please?"

"Okay, okay."

"And please set the table. After you wash your hands."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I can only do one thing at a time, y'know."

Amarantha closed her eyes and lay very still as she heard her brother run upstairs and open her door. He stood in the doorway and said "Ranthy—mom says to come eat supper."

She didn't answer.

Darrin yelled downstairs, "Hey mom! I think she's still sleeping!"

"Darrin! Keep your bellowing down a bit, will you?"

"Sorry!" he yelled back.

Amarantha opened her eyes: her brother was standing at



the foot of her bed, grinning. "Awake now, huh?"

"Yes" she said.

"Have some supper?"

"I'm not hungry." She didn't want to get out of bed. She would rather listen to the cars and dogs and airplanes and kids and birds outside.

Darrin crossed over to her desk. He looked at the pictures she had drawn that afternoon. He picked up one of the sheets.

"Who're these goofs?" he asked.

"I drew them this afternoon. Do you like them?"

"Pretty strange. Is this one *mom*? He pointed to the other sheet and laughed.

"Lemme see. Show me." She wanted to know if he liked the one she thought he was laughing at.

"Oh, forget it. I gotta set the table." Without thinking about how she didn't want to get out of bed, she threw back the covers and rushed to Darrin. "Is that the one? She pointed to the chicken named 'mom.'

"Yeah." Darrin laughed again. "It's great."

"Really?" She wasn't even thinking about going back to bed. "It's not *mom*, though. It's just a chair actor. I made her up."

"Character, marble-eyes."

"Yeah, I *meant* carroter."

"So you're gonna be a great cartoonist, huh?"

"I dunno." Amarantha was looking down but smiling to herself.

From downstairs they heard, "Amy! Darrin! Supper's *now* or it's *not*! Come on!"

"Yeah, we're coming!" Darrin bellowed back. He spoke less loudly to his sister. "Let's go. How can you expect to become a cartoonist if you never eat?"

Amarantha realized she was quite hungry. "Okay" she told Darrin. "I have to wash my hands first."



"Yeah. Make it fast." He put the paper he was holding on her desk and ran downstairs. Amarantha put on her dressing gown and washed her hands in the bathroom. She did feel better—but something in her head made everything seem hollow, as if her head was inside a big shell: every noise seemed muffled and there was humming between her ears. She shook her head, but it did not help get rid of that queer feeling.

Darrin's voice, coming up from downstairs, sounded strange. "Hey mom. —thinking of taking in a show tonight. —won't be back 'til late."

"—st *how* late? —did you wash your hands before touching those plates?" Her mother's voice didn't sound right, either.

"Yeah. —dno, maybe twelve. —picking me up at seven."

"Midnight? —what's wrong with the early show? —do your buddies and you have planned between seven and nine-fifteen anyway?"

"Jesuschrist, mom. —Saturday night nobody goes to the early show."

"—your mouth, please." Amarantha's mother was getting too angry because her voice was getting lower and softer, like it did just before she screamed. Amarantha hated it when her mother screamed. It scared her.



Graphics Lisa Trofymow

"Yeah, yeah. —shoot heroin in the alley before the show."

Amarantha could barely hear her mother's voice. "—tough-man to *me*."

"Just remember how old I am, *mother*." (Darrin never called her that.) Amarantha heard a chair drag along the kitchen floor and a fork scrape against a plate. Her mother's voice was too soft, so Amarantha stayed standing in the upstairs hallway.

"Is she coming?"

"Yeah."

"—bring her downstairs with you?"

"Geez, mom! She can walk by herself. She had to wash her hands."

Amarantha knew she could go downstairs for supper right away, but something in her head was echoing and their voices sounded weird and she was too scared to move. And her heart was beating too fast.

"—that she might need some help?" Her mother's voice seemed very tiny.

"—wash her hands? Come on!"

"that she very recently had very serious surg— "but the rest was drowned out in another hollow wave between her ears. She didn't feel very well at all.

"—protection."

"Ding-dong" said the doorbell.

"I'm not her father. Go marry some other jerk, only this time make it a fucking doctor!"

"DAAAAAAARRRRRIIIINN!" There. Her mother had finally screamed.

"Slam!" said the door.

Her mother didn't scream any longer because she was crying, for the third time in a single day. Amarantha wondered if everyone's mother cried as much as hers did. At least her crying didn't scare Amarantha. Now that she wasn't frightened her heartbeat slowed down and she felt much better. She went to her room and grabbed the sheet of dog-people drawings and went downstairs—slowly—to the kitchen.

"Oh—." Her mother looked up with red eyes at Amarantha.

"Sorry I took so long, mom. I was busy."

Her mother looked at the paper in Amarantha's hand and suddenly she smiled, "May I see it?"

"Sure." Amarantha gave the sheet to her mother.

"Oh!" her mother even laughed. "These are wonderful, Amy. Do you have any more?"

"Lots of them."

"They're beautiful. My little girl—so talented, an artist!"

She laughed again. "Why didn't you ever show me your drawings before? Were you too ashamed?"

Amarantha suddenly felt foolish as she stood in the middle of the kitchen while her mother got so excited about her silly dogs. At least her mother look happier.

"I dunno." She wished for some raspberry sherbert. She look at the omelettes on her own plate and her mother's. She hoped they weren't cold.

Then her mother did an embarrassing thing. She stared at the dogs, laughed again, put down the paper and patted her lap. "Come sit down, Amy" she said. And while Amarantha sat on her mother's lap, her mother hugged her and cried for the fourth time that day. She kept saying "My beautiful Amy." Amarantha was very glad she hadn't shown her mother the chickens she had drawn on the other sheet of paper.



# Machines

by Steve Lundin

Will Offstead's prosthetic left hand held the wheel unerringly as he worked through the gears. The intricate machinery that began at his elbow was encased in flesh-coloured plastic, shiny as if sheathed in sweat.

Through the tinted windshield the highway reached out ahead of him in a straight line, black topped and barren. In the yellow blur of the countryside, patches of snow appeared like unpainted spots on a canvas, textured and almost translucent in the sharp cold sunlight. Stands of alder cloaked the low hills with a mantle of dull gray, derelict barns the hue of dried blood appearing every now and then alongside them.

Leaning forward as if nailed to the wheel, Will pushed the Kenworth up into cruising speed, his gray eyes fixed on the black highway as it poured like liquid into the grilled maw of his hungry machine.

Jaws working on a wad of Beeman's, Will ran his hand through his thick black hair in a jerking motion, raking his nails against his scalp until it tingled. The wet horizon was a gray mass of clouds building in front of him, piling higher and higher and swelling obesely at the sides. Snow for sure, he muttered to himself. No need to check the radio. No need to check anything.

He flicked his eyes to the three mirrors in quick succession, then turned them back to the road. Nothing back there, nothing at all. His whole body ached as if every muscle and every ligament had been stretched beyond their limit then locked there. His bones felt brittle as wire. But there was nothing back there, not a goddam thing.

The inside of the cab stank of burnt rubber—he could smell it in the cloth, the plastic, the metal; and air fresheners didn't do a damn thing. Reaching into his breast pocket he pulled out another stick of gum, unwrapped it one-handed and jammed it into his mouth.

There was a truck stop up ahead, ten miles this side of Billings. No one ever used it anymore, since the interstate had been widened and resurfaced. No one used this highway at all, it seemed. Will preferred the milk-routes; they were more peaceful, less trafficked. He could clamp his claws on the wheel and roll on forever without a damn thing getting in his way.

The road took on a grade and the Kenworth began to growl. Gearing down, Will leaned forward, his ribs feeling like they were about to split open under the strain. The loads were getting heavier each time out. Machine parts, tons of them—the whole country seemed to be held together by machine parts, bolts rattling, metal straining; the whole country wheezed and whirred and parts were breaking down everywhere. Will could feel the load on his back, a crushing weight dragging him back down the grade. He was nearing the top of the rise, engine roaring, the cab shaking with effort. Then he reached it, and a valley sprawled out before him, the small dingy Gas Cafe squatting on its floor like a forgotten toy.

The stormclouds had swallowed the sun and the afternoon had grown dim and dull edged. Clutch out, Will brought the semi down into the valley slowly, the weight of his load seeming to push him, striving to grind him down into the ground. His foot was leaden as he eased down on the airbrakes. The Kenworth hissed and he swung it into the turn-off and stopped beyond the lone gas pump. Sighing, he unclamped his grip on the wheel and shut her down.

There were lights on in the cafe, but otherwise no sign of life. Will opened the door and climbed down. The wind blew bitter cold, coming in from the north, crossing the front of the storm. He walked over to the entrance, his eyes searching through the cluttered window. He couldn't see anyone. Trying the door he found it unlocked. Warm air swept around him as he stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

The tables were set but unoccupied. An overhead heater churned out hot air with a rattle. "Hello? Anybody here?"

A sound came from the kitchen and a young woman stepped out and stood behind the counter. Her gaze flicked over Will's shoulder to the white Kenworth sitting outside, then turned back to his face.

She was short, mousy haired and plump. Her round face was youthful and complex, seeming to bear the last vestiges of adolescence with weary impatience. "This place open?" Will asked.

Frowning, she shifted from one foot to the other, then replied in a wavering voice. "Not really. Season's over and we've closed up." She placed a hand on one hip. "Sam's not around—he owns the place. I'm just cleaning up. I don't think the pump's working."

Will shook his head. "Don't need gas. Just a cup of coffee and maybe a donut."

The woman bit her lip, then shrugged. "Okay."

Will took off his coat and sat down at a table. Looking out the window he saw a row of wrecks; rusting, seized-up tractors and combines; twisted and crushed cars, pickups and trucks squatting in the frozen frost-sprinkled mud. His gaze stopped on the wreck of a VW Bug. It was hardly recognisable, corkscrew twisted with shreds of metal sticking out everywhere. Christ, Will muttered silently. After a moment he turned his head around and watched the woman spooning coffee into a filter.

The cafe was small; stools and chairs covered in red vinyl,

the tabletops red formica with gold and silver flecks. A jukebox stood in one corner, dark and silent. The air smelled musty and dry, unused.

"Coffee'll be ready in a minute," the woman said, turning with a smile that froze as she saw his arm where it rested on the tabletop, the two steel fingers and spring-backed thumb open as if caught in the act of grasping, tearing, rending. Will smiled.

The woman regained her composure and met his eyes with an embarrassed smile. "Be ready in a minute. What kinda donut you want?"

"What do you have?"

Surprise widened her eyes. "I think they're all frozen!"

"Don't worry about it then."

When the coffee was ready she brought the pot over and filled his cup. Outside the wind whined as if in fear and the sky had gone dark. "Looks like a bad one," she said, pausing to stare out the window before returning to the counter and setting the pot on its heater. "Sure hope Sam gets here soon."



Photo by Cammy Yiu

"He's coming to pick you up?" Will removed his gum and wrapped it up in a serviette. Then he sipped slowly.

"Uh huh. From Billings. That's where I live."

It started snowing, the flakes spinning in the wind. Will stared at the jukebox for a moment, then frowned and nodded at the wrecks outside. "Pretty smashed up, that Bug."

"No kidding. that was just last spring, too. Two killed, from a graduation party." She stood behind the counter clutching a red, blue and white tea towel in both hands, her face looking vaguely troubled as she watched the snow coming down. "We get lotsa accidents around here. Every year three or four dead, though it seems to be getting worse. They bring all the wrecks here."

Now that he was no longer behind the wheel, Will could feel his muscles easing their grip on his bones. "It's machines," he muttered, then turned to face her. "Some people get that machine under them and they think they're God. Maniacs behind the wheel." He shook his head. "Makes you wonder what the country's coming to." He

raised the cup to his lips.

"It's just meant to be," the woman said, her eyes unconsciously dropping to his prosthesis, then away without meeting his gaze. "People die because they were meant to."

"Makes you wonder," Will repeated, his brow clenching as if in the grip of threatening thoughts. Abruptly he shook his head, smiled at the woman who stood staring at him. "Me, I didn't die—I got this here arm instead." Chuckling, he faced the storm again.

"Want more coffee?" she asked after a moment.

"Sure. Why not get off your feet and pour yourself one while you're at it." He sensed her hesitation. "Got anything good on that jukebox?" He smiled at her. "Probably not. Probably just Rock'n'Roll. That's all you young people listen to nowadays."

The woman shook her head. "Not me. I'm a country fan. Most of my friends are, too." Carrying the pot over she set it down on the table and sat down. "The selection's not so good on that thing. All these people I never heard of." She



shrugged, then after a moment asked, "What kinda stuff you usually pull in that thing?"

Will drew his left arm back, let it rest on his lap under the table so she'd stop trying to avoid staring at it. "Machine parts. Got a whole load to drop off. Tons of parts." Taking the pot he filled her cup then his own.

"You mean that's what you're going to pick up."

"No, that's what I'm carrying."

When he looked up she was staring at him strangely, then she turned away, reaching for the sugar. "What's your name, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Will Offstead. Most of my friends call me Cap'n Ahab." He laughed, seeing her blank look. "It's from some old book. Never read it myself."

"My name's Doris Havershank." Her eyes fell to the cup cradled in her hands, then out the window. "See that yellow Ford? I knew the guy who was killed in that. He was a friend of my brother." She smiled at him. "I guess you seen a lotta accidents, hey?"

Silent, Will nodded.

"You married?"

"Was. She died ten years ago."

The snow was coming down heavily now; he couldn't even see the road. He'd be lucky if he made it into Billings. A drift had gathered around the wrecked Bug.

"You want to hear some music? There's some not-so-bad stuff in there, I guess." She made as if to rise, but Will held up his hand.

"No. No, I don't." He met her surprised stare briefly, then looked down at the table. "I don't like music, much. Used to, but not anymore." He scowled at himself, shook his head. There was silence in the cafe except for the rattle of the heater.

Doris began hesitantly. "My brother lost two fingers—stuck them in a combine. And my grandfather got his foot blown off in World War One. But he hated to read."

Staring at his empty cup, Will remained silent. His thoughts had suddenly grown dark.

The wind moaned and shook the door briefly, then fell away as if circling the building for another way inside. Doris gave an exaggerated shiver and smiled when he lifted his eyes to her face. "Yep. I seen alotta accidents. How about you? You been in many?"

"Only one." Will replied dully, his stomach twisting in a knot.

"Only one?" Her eyes were wide and empty.

Suddenly he wanted to snarl at her, fill those rabbit eyes with terror. Instead, he nodded once, feeling the tightness creeping back into him. "It was back east," he paused. "On a freeway. This guy in a VW Bug pulled out from the slow lane right into mine." He felt like pleading but savagely fought it back. "He wasn't doing more than thirty, and I was doing sixty." His hand encircled the chipped cup on the table in front of him. "I never seen anything like it. My truck just ate that thing up and spat it back out—a chewed up buring heap. Killed him instantly. It wasn't my fault, everyone agreed, there were a hundred witnesses. It made the national news." With a flick of his ringer he toppled the cup and watched as the few remaining drops trickled out. "He was a famous singer. I'd never heard of him, never heard anything he'd done."

Staring at the spilled coffee as if it were blood, Will did not look up as Doris stood up and slowly walked over to the counter. She returned with her white, blue and red rag, sat down, lifted the cup and wiped up the mess. Lifting his head, Will turned his gaze into the shadows where the jukebox squatted.

"And I never seen his name in any jukebox."

"Who was he?"

Standing up, Will shrugged. "Coulda been anyone." He hesitated, frowning, then walked over to the jukebox.

"That box is just full of nobodies," Doris said dismissively.

Standing in front of the machine he ran his gaze down the list behind the glass face. It was dark, and the glass showed

more of his face than of the songs beneath it. It didn't surprise him when he found the name. "He's here," he said dully. "He's on the list." He pointed dumbly, as a child might at an open casket funeral, then, suddenly feeling foolish, made a fist and struck the jukebox.

"Hey! Don't do that!"

Will ignored her. He could feel his muscles tauten around his neck like a noose, making his breath shallow and raspy, cutting off the flow of blood until his face grew hot. Reaching into a pocket he searched for a coin, a part of him afraid, terrified at the thought of hearing that dead voice filling the empty cafe. "It wasn't my fault," he whispered. Stepping around the box he bent down to look for the cord.

"Was he a rock star?" Doris stood behind him; he could feel her presence like a weight pressing down on his back.

"What if he was?" he snapped in reply as he found the cord and plugged it into the wall. A whirl thrummed in the jukebox and the lights flashed on, filling the glass. Will dropped a quarter in the slot and then stopped.

It was madness. It wouldn't mean a thing, just an empty voice, a ghost voice mocking everything that was still alive. It wasn't worth it, and it wasn't his fault. Facing Doris, he hissed "Why's he here?" Full of accusation and hurt he glared at her. "For months I looked—in every damn jukebox I seen, and he wasn't in any of them. Why here?"

Mutely, Doris shook her head.

He studied her pudgy face. The makeup was smeared beneath her watery eyes as if to make her gaze older and wiser, but it wasn't. Her lipstick was uneven, cracked by the dry air. She breathed loudly through her mouth. Her mousy hair fell in strings to her round shoulders, tangled with lost and hopeless dreams. She shifted her hips, leaning on one leg then the other in a broken mime of uncertainty.

Christ, he muttered, what would she know? Scowling, Will spun around and punched in the letter and number. He waited. Nothing happened.

Doris gasped. "Oh! I think it's broken. I think it broke a while ago."

Will's shoulders slumped. He took a deep breath, paused, then walked around to the left side of the jukebox. Gripping one end with his right hand, he clamped his metal fingers down at the other end. "Maybe it's just jammed." He rocked

it back and forth, harder and harder. Then the claws slipped and his left arm shot forward. The box rocked back, pinning his prosthesis between it and the wall. There was a loud crunch.

"Oh!"

Swearing, Will freed his arm, held it before him and examined the damage. The plastic flesh had shattered, revealing the rods, pins and springs of the inner mechanism. He flexed it. "It's just the shell. Just the outside-everything inside is okay." He smiled at her. "It's fine."

Doris stared as if he had just slit his wrist, her mouth gaping.

"I said it's fine!" Will snapped, pulling it away. Plastic shards spilled out on the floor. Will bent down and gathered the pieces, dropped them into his pant pocket. After a moment he turned and faced the jukebox. "Christ, what's this country coming to?"

Headlights flashed in the window and Doris turned. "it's Sam! He's come to pick me up."

Will nodded. "Yeah, I'd best be going. Gotta make it into Billings by tonight." They walked back to the table and he put on his jacket. "How much do I owe you?"

The door opened and an old man walked in amidst a flurry of snow. Pulling off his gloves he nodded at Will. "Evening. Nice rig you got out there."

"He just came in for a coffee." Doris explained, then said to Will. "That'll be fifty cents."

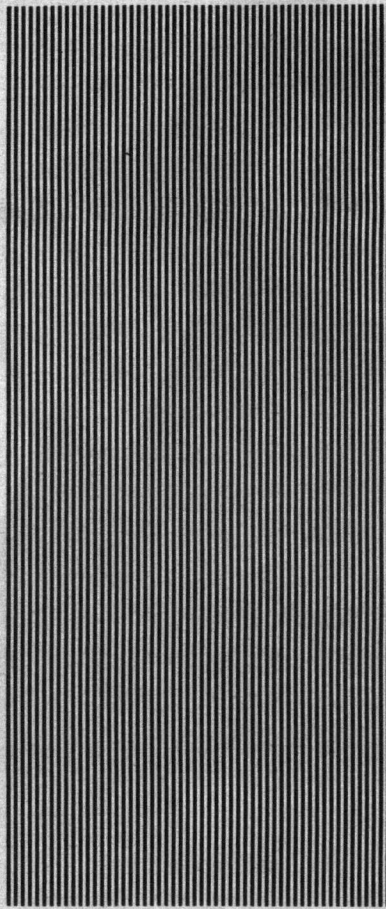
Sam waved his gloves, walked past them toward the counter. "Forget it! Don't bother, Dorry. Coffee's free on a night like this, Jeezus!"

"Thanks." Will replied. "Well, gotta drop my load off. I'll be seeing you, and thanks again."

"Drop it off?" Sam laughed from behind the counter. "You better pick it up first!" He laughed again.

"What're you talking about?" Will buttoned his coat with one hand, faced the door. "Gotta whole load of machine parts on right now. What are you, snowblind?" Laughing, he stepped out into the storm.

In the cab that damn burnt rubber taste returned to his mouth and he reached for his packet of Beeman's. Muttering, he checked all three mirrors, but the storm had turned them all black. He couldn't see a damn thing back there.



# Eurogliders



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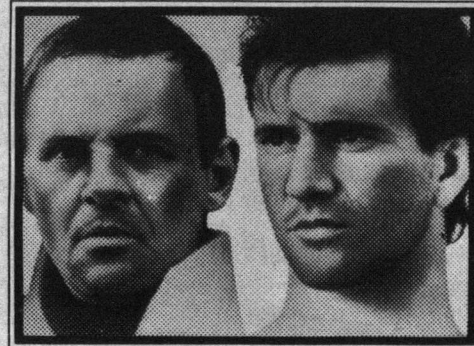
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**Pretty Boys (Walking A Perimeter)**

Somedays I walk to a hill  
where pretty boys try to sell their asses to  
men in cars who drive on by  
Or just the thrill of being young and homeless?

Pretty boys out  
walking a perimeter

Tight jeans  
Clinging t-shirts

And muscles that flex just right  
Right along down a perimeter  
An inseam-semon  
(Don't forget make-up sometimes)

A whole lotta class calls you over to a fancy loaded car with  
a husky  
voice asking...  
"How much is chicken?"

And the reply is so easy to respond to tight neck ties  
Cologne with half shaved faces  
Belt buckles  
Zippers connected to money in pockets

just bulging for a pretty boy peck to release  
tension built up from uncompromising fantasies  
Up on your line  
Your perimeter

Keeping you from the other guy  
Other people not knowing  
Because you barely know it yourself

Alan Demeule

**Short Poem Winner**

**The Epitome of Home**

Well, it's home tomorrow  
To life among the natives.  
Where ... Dad says,  
"What

are  
you  
going  
to  
do  
with  
the  
rest  
of  
your  
life?"

And Mom says,  
"Would  
you  
like  
something  
to  
eat?"

And they both get sick when I say,  
"Not hungry, don't know."

Ken Rezek





## Short Poem Runner-up

### Mama the Vegetarian and Why She Left Her Children

Mama went to Afrika  
Came back and left her children,  
They really weren't Her children,  
But she left 'em anyhow.

Mama became a vegetarian  
And had to leave her family,  
She sold her kids for vegetables  
And moved back to the city to get back to nature.

Mama got herself a new family  
With someone else's children already gone.  
Maybe Mama would like children better  
If they weren't made of meat.

Sandra Petersson

### Foreigner

I eat, solitary.  
When I find myself sat with,  
my self contracts  
and conversation indigests.

Heather Murray



Graphic by Suzette C. Chan



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

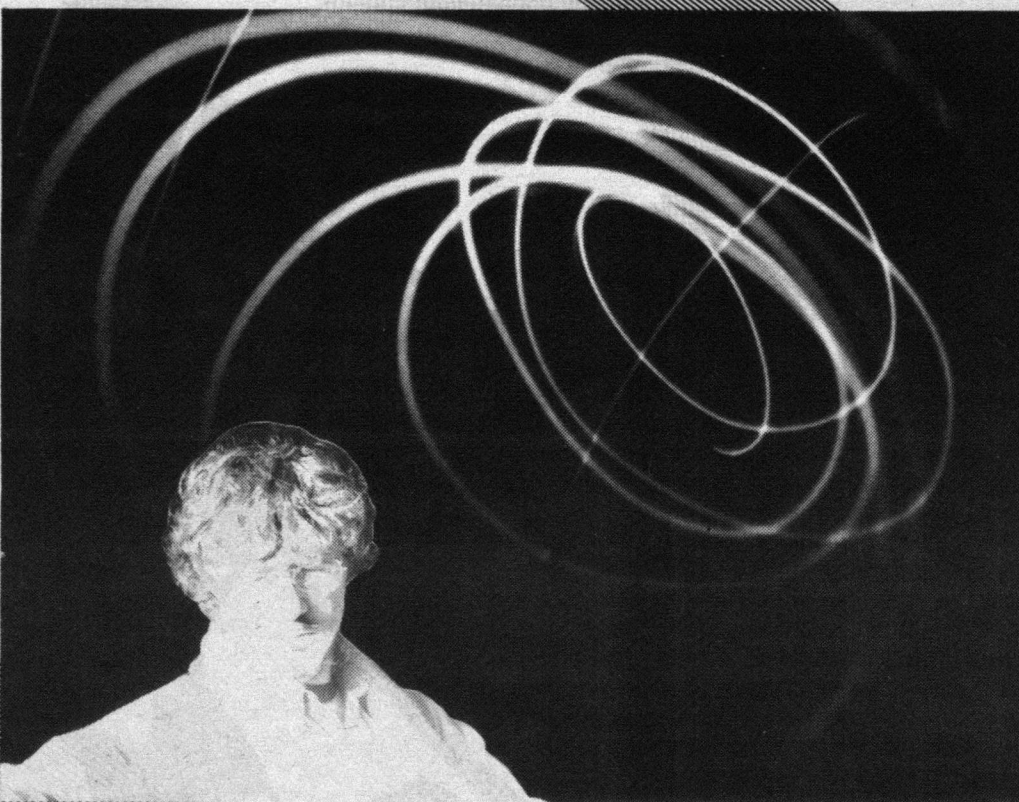


Photo by Tory Berg

# 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

**LAST  
CABARET**

# 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



**Accident in Winter**

With snow falling  
 wet on a cold grave I  
 watched life shaking  
 from  
 you

covering a frostbitten death leaving your body  
 where the falling was  
 into snow  
 the wetness was tears  
 and the cold was one last shudder  
 in the air

**Waldemar H. Reimer**



Photo montage by Suzanne Shuchuk

**in the garden**

he said  
 he felt pleasantly numb  
 like a turnip

turnips have no  
 arms or legs  
 and seldom speak

he was certain  
 they must  
 for his father  
 speaks to turnips  
 in the garden

**Priscilla Clark**

**Winter Summer Mix-Up**

I stepped out  
 And looked to the sky  
 And saw the blue air of a hot  
 Summer's day. I looked  
 To the ground and only  
 Saw clean, empty snow.  
 I could feel the cold  
 Coming up through the bottom  
 Of my jacket, to my chest,  
 But the odor that entered  
 My nostrils was the smell  
 Of freshcut grass of my lawn.  
 So when my sister  
 Finally stepped out  
 I shoved a snowball  
 Down her back

**Steve Edwards**

**September Crossing**

Clouds darken.  
 First snow falls on the High Level  
 rails  
 in swirls at rest,  
 drifts past pylons into stream.

A locomotive, onto bridge,  
 chirrs and fidgets  
 trails  
 nudged fume and lower traffic,  
 reaches tunnel.

Crowning zenith drake  
 or gull ghosts circle, swoop down  
 from cloudy sunship  
 funnel  
 under southern arch,  
 turn and fan over water,  
 settle flotsam stick  
 and beam  
 silvered pins dipped in  
 sneaks of light. Geese flap upward  
 past traffic-mirror's  
 cold poke  
 of deep polar sky.  
 Dove-tailing cars form a V  
 and we, inside honking.

**Rab Wilke**

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 Edmonton, Alberta T5G 2J7  
 403-432-2592

**WOMEN IN SCHOLARSHIP**

**GETTING IN TOUCH:  
 Resources for Women  
 at the U of A**

A meeting for information, questions & contact with:

- MARGARET ANN ARMOUR  
 Chairperson, WISEST (Women in Science, Engineering & Scholarship Taskforce)
- LESLIE BELLA  
 Chairperson, Presidents' Advisory Committee on Sexual Harassment
- ANN HALL  
 Vice Presidents' (Academic) Committee on Women's Studies
- SANDY SUSUT  
 Director, Women's Program, Faculty of Extension
- Representatives from other groups will also be present.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1985 • 12:30 - 2:00 p.m.**

Room 034 (Basement Meeting Room) Students' Union Bldg.  
 Free Coffee and Juice • Please come and bring a friend.

For info please call WIS planning committee:  
 Regula Gureshi 432-3908 • Christine Ens 432-4236



**Covenant**

"The evening is young"

She invoked the Rakasha  
The inverted cross dangling  
Between pendulous breasts,  
The wine on the table  
Blood-red before her.  
In summer she tasted of peaches,  
But not in the night

— dreams the stripping  
Of cloaks, as of skin,  
The bareness beneath  
Cleansed by wind.  
The blood is not sweet  
Nor salt  
But burns the throat

— such fires —

— with the wolves  
Howling on the edge of  
Consciousness  
And the ravens, two,  
That covet the eyes —  
They do not rest,  
Who feel of icy fingers  
From the night

"The Rakasha will warm you"

**Jan Adlington**

**The Sect of the Phoenix II**

They say It is recreated  
Every five hundred  
or five

Years  
(the numbers do not matter)  
Its scarlet plumage  
Splashing the grave  
In memorium of Its birth,  
Its cradle consumed

And they say  
Of the fire from their skies  
(their eyes burned  
sightless)

"The angel of death is fallen.  
Look to It  
For the sign of new birth."

They do not say  
They await a creature  
Of ashes  
Bearing the dust of a thousand pyres,  
Nor see that there is  
In Its immolations  
No birth  
No death  
nor change  
For all the ages

**Jan Adlington**



Graphic by Hans Beckers

**Whistle Down a Cloud Canyon**

*whistle down a cloud canyon  
sifting it goes  
down in pockets  
then up*

*but there so high  
one bird grey  
head in the past  
draws the current  
tightly up  
and holds  
but never falls*

*this other bird  
apart but in time  
whistles down a cloud canyon  
changing with wind its form*

*two birds*

*one knows  
one follows*

**Jim Hawkins**

My insides curl remembering people I have known  
that have taken my seeming self,  
lain with it,  
and then gone, silent, away.  
My seeming still exist for them,  
while my self is still self-hidden,  
and ashamed.

**Heather Murray**



**Dinosaurs**

Climbing down from clouds  
To ground  
And into town each day

They carry coat hanger suits  
Or attachees  
And always

Leave their patent leather footprints in the tar  
As if dinosaurs  
Along a prehistoric beach  
Traveling to get on with their lives

Did dinosaurs wear ties?

**Will Bauer**

the  
f  
serpent a apple  
slither l if you pulled back  
oh my s l the layer of my skin  
nake th i you might discover  
rough t n the depth of my flesh  
he sliv t and the treachery of years  
ery gra h lived too long in paradise  
ss slip r  
perly sl e tree  
ide dev e if you could run your hand  
ious be p across my skin and feel  
ast thi o the smooth and rough  
s is yo e touch of living  
ur miss m forever  
ion hss s would  
you

**Waldermar H. Reimer**



Graphic by Hans Beckers

**Coup De Grace**

Il

Elle

Coup d'oeil

Coup d'oeil

Coup d'oeil

Coup d'oeil

Coup de foudre      Coup de foudre

Couplelquo

**Yellow Duck**

yellow duck floating aimlessly  
fishing for minnows.  
big fish comes along  
goodbye Mr. Duck.  
yellow feathers floating aimlessly  
stupid duck

**Bob Lekivetz**

**Sandra Petersson**



**Refugees**

They are born, day by day,  
the children of  
the West of the World,  
and they burn for blind prophets  
they live in mindless fire,  
they grow and they wait  
for immaculate dawn  
and never know want  
of artificial light,  
but for some is only a knowledge  
of darkness  
and, Lord, the night  
is so long and bitter

**James Boyd**

**Elise de Sainte Anne de Beaupre**

Just look at them —  
the crutches  
and old wooden wheelchairs  
stacked, forced together  
against the pillars.  
A thousand faulty bones and muscles  
their God has healed.

Outside  
the faithful gather round their earth-angel,  
ants flocking  
as close together  
as their  
extra limbs  
will allow.

I know  
that as I walk away,  
they will be crawling and creeping along  
behind me.

**Astrid Blodgett**

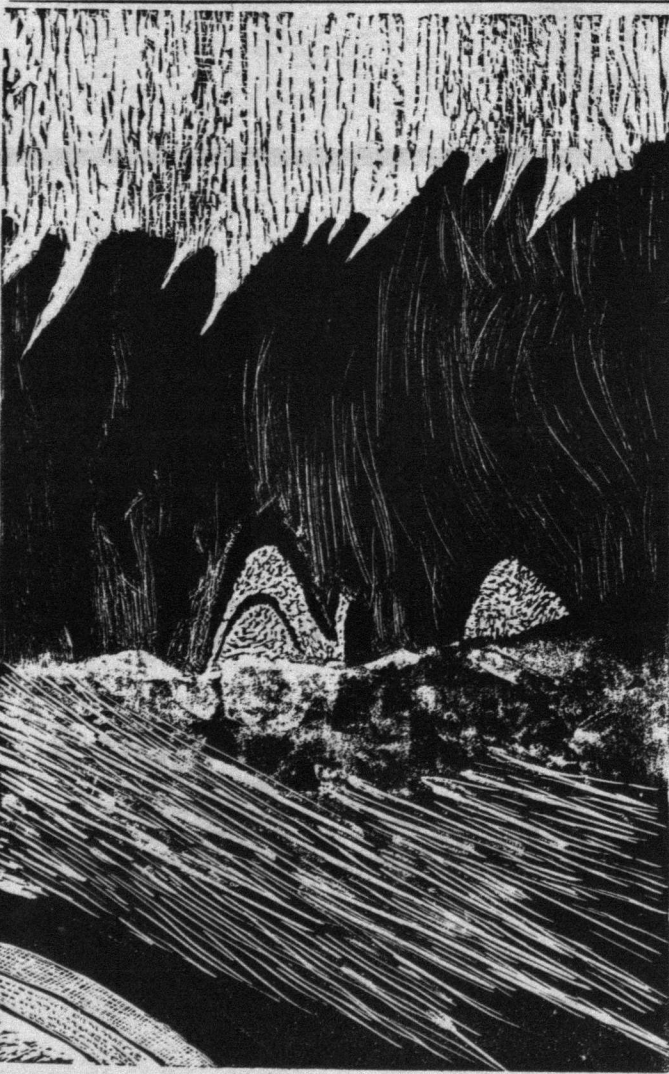
**Save The Best 'Til The Last**

When I was a kid  
I used to save all the  
purple Smarties  
in the box  
until the end.  
I'd wrecklessly consume  
all the rest  
just to get to my  
favorite color.  
Then I'd savor each  
purple button  
as if it were the last one  
I'd ever taste.

I must still be a kid  
because I still play games  
but the Smarties have  
turned to hearts  
and I'm far too careless with them.

I hope that  
when I finally grow up  
and there's no more  
silly games to play  
I'll look inside the box  
and find you:  
my very last  
purple one.

**Cindy Livingstone**



Graphic by Lisa Brouse

**memos**

remember death  
as blonde-speaking girlfriends at 40  
(below)  
moving

miasmally through stark fronds of winter weeds  
memento

of things past recognition shadows  
near a suicide noises at my still  
birth  
and a playmate's last party  
wish memento  
mori

death as  
a striped omnivorous fop  
drinking  
mori sucking the pearl blue host  
from rococco hearts

memento mori  
mori  
mocking juliet's  
tomb  
memento mori

memento  
mori  
mori  
mori memento

athelstan ra



**The Slate**

No love.  
 Hate.  
 A mind like cheese.  
 Screaming, pulled across the iron  
 grate.  
 Shredded and bloodied  
 left there on the wax papered  
 slate.

**Brydon Paege**

**Life Before Death**

All I do  
 is sit here all day  
 and watch the Flowers wilt away  
 and sometimes I can hear them say,  
 among themselves,  
 all we do  
 is sit here all day  
 and watch him slowly wilt away.

**Hans Beckers**

**Damn It All**

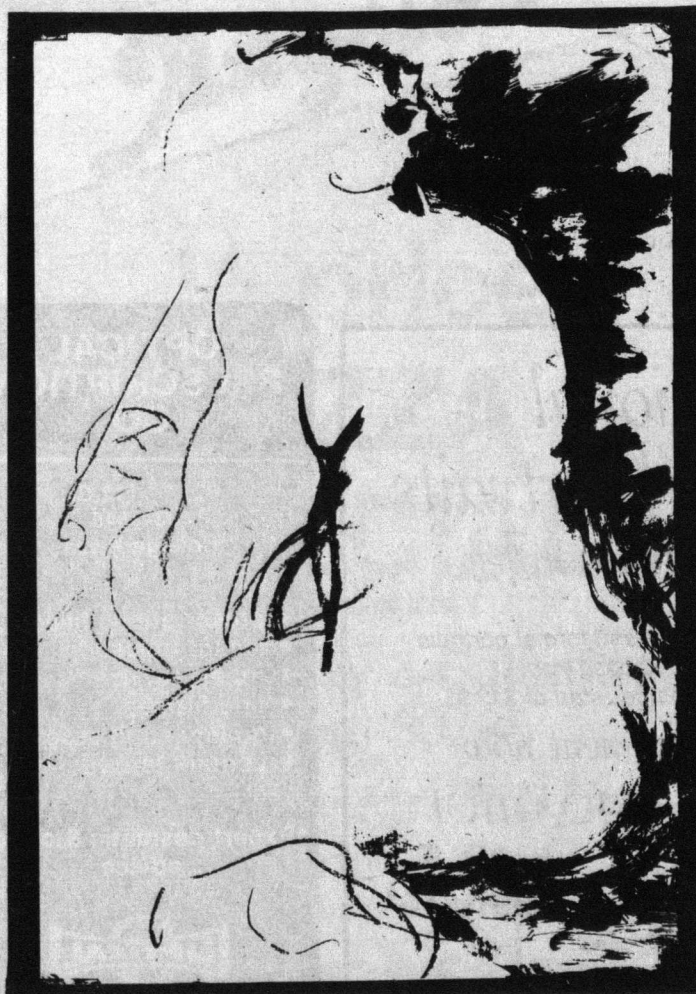
Steel still blue pond  
 Iris of the world's eye,  
 Forever reflection of fond  
 Earth's destiny. What fee  
 Before my soul I see?  
 My gaze devoured by deep blue  
 Seeks what it knows yet little:  
 And as a bird to wing did flew  
 Thoughts of union were still brittle.  
 Reflection though brought thoughts anew:  
 Within Death's deep still life  
 From there,  
 Damn it all,

alone to See?

**Alasdair Deans**



Photo by Cammy Yiu



Graphic by Mary McKenzie

**The Friendnapping**

I don't understand it  
 One moment together  
 We gaped at the tall waxen model  
 Covered in silks we could never afford  
 Voice tense with desire, she said  
 "That one"

She entered the change room  
 And she never came out  
 Leaving me searching  
 Tapping on mannequins' shoulders whispering

"Is it you? Is it you?"

**Cindy Rozeboom**



never you mind Gram

she was always small  
a wheezing shriveled 60  
I wasn't old enough to see  
her youth myself  
her tongue was quick and sharp but soothed  
every hurt

never you mind lovey  
never you mind

I grew up and found we were foreign  
she and I  
speaking the same language differently

I was transparent to her  
she had the advantage remembering youth  
I could never remember age

never you mind lovey  
never you mind

her lungs grew big  
but couldn't accomodate the air  
and never will  
her husband was a big man  
until his stomach ate him  
all he left to bury was the morphine

I grew old she grew older  
and remains small so small  
with swollen lungs and razor tongue  
I moved 2000 miles  
now wish she could hear  
her voice in my head

never you mind lovey  
never you mind

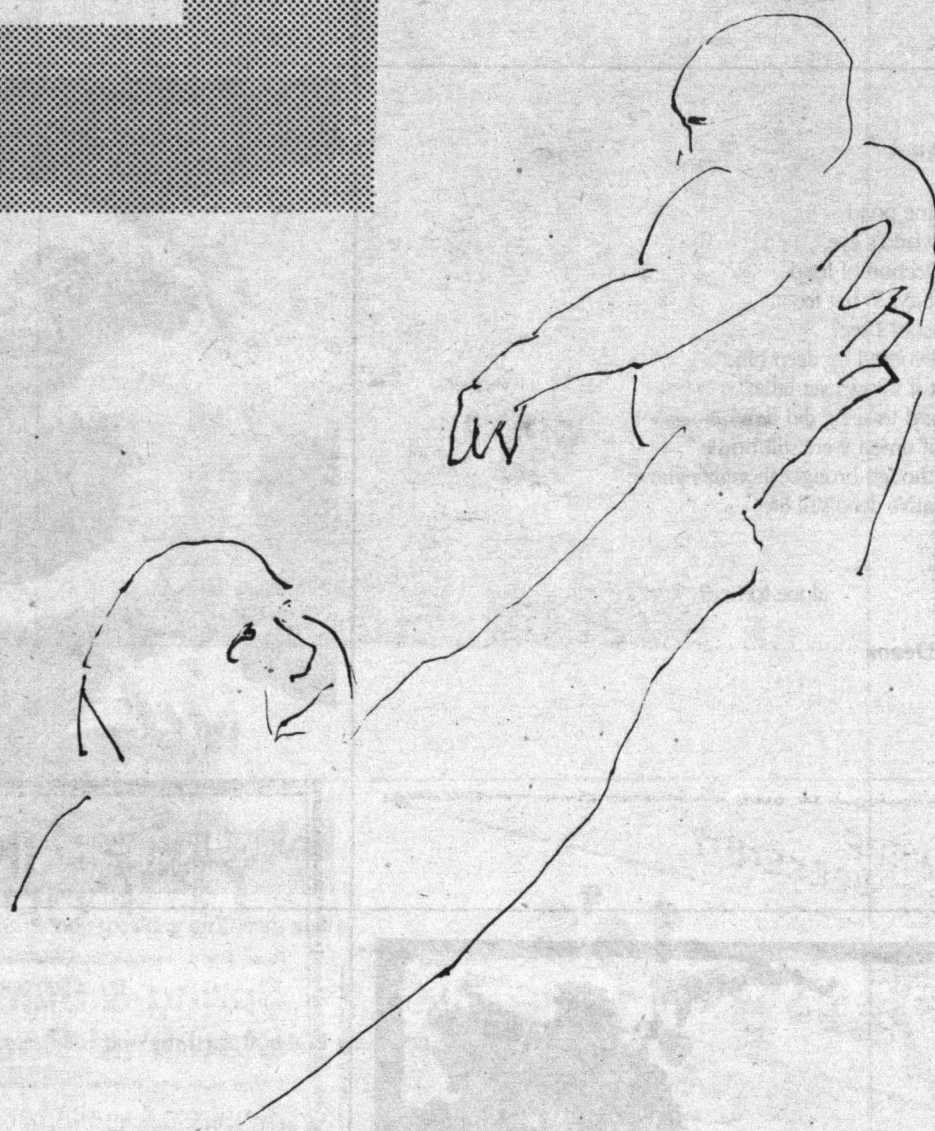
Peter Bracking

Exposure

The assignment is due  
But the wind is cold.  
The washer rattles to the end of its cycle.  
My mind leaps for the excuse  
to lift pen from paper.  
You're shut in the other room  
watching A.J. and Rick miraculously  
solve the latest crime, unscathed,  
well shod with fancy wheels — and pretty, sexy  
girls — not dames.  
And I would rather be beside you  
cuddling next to your strong body  
We fit so well together.  
I'd be warm, protected,  
comforted from the cold wind  
But my companion continues to be Homer.  
I've traded your protection  
for pages older than Christ.  
I've exposed myself to  
the cold wind of competition from  
younger students.

I'll blow you a kiss  
after I throw the clothes in the dryer.  
Perhaps the warm air exhaust  
will soften the icy blasts outside.

Donna Kayne



Graphic by Ben Darrah

**YUKON JACK ATTACK #5.**  
**The Walrus Bite.**



Temper 1/2 ounce Tequila  
with orange juice over ice.  
Fire in 1 ounce Yukon Jack  
to give the Walrus its bite.  
And you thought  
Walruses didn't have teeth,  
(tusk, tusk, tusk). Inspired  
in the wild, midst the dam-  
nably cold, this, the black  
sheep of Canadian liquors, is  
Yukon Jack.

**Yukon Jack**



The black sheep of Canadian liquors. Concocted with fine Canadian Whisky.

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The transfixed anguish  
of her gaze  
Horrified him.  
And he was  
Condemned to stand alone.

Kathy Kosuta



Photo Tim Kubah

**By the tail**

He softly trots  
he dares to tread  
hostile ground,  
the earth of mine.  
He is camouflage-brown  
but I see him  
and I point.  
He howls, then barks:  
keen-eye, come out now  
I see you too  
as you see me  
though I am leaf-brown.

He, with crazy courage  
leaves the undergrowth  
for a field of green blades:  
he licks his poor naked paws.

Now he sniffs about the clearing,  
finds no stones  
finds no bones —  
but he looks at me.

He stands, he taunts  
he steals like game  
unto the undergrowth.  
Dare I follow?  
I have no fur to comfort him  
nor claws to fight  
but I can lick his wounds  
or bite.

Lisa Trofymow

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YOU LAST WEEKEND?

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**INVOLVEMENT  
OPPORTUNITIES**

**Spring & Summer Session  
Students' Board**

**Requires:** 4 student members registered in either  
Spring or Summer Session.

**Duties of the Board:**

- Coordinating extracurricular activities for  
Spring & Summer Sessions.
- Selection of an editor for a summer news  
publication
- ensure student representation on the  
Special Sessions Committee of the General  
Faculties Council
- Meetings at the call of the chair

**Long-Range Planning Committee**

**Requires:** — 3 students-at-large

**Duties:**

- prepare recommendations on more  
efficient use of space in the Students' Union  
Building.
- prepare recommendations on long-range  
development of Students' Union Services.
- other duties as assigned by the Building  
Services' Board

**Term:** 1 May 1985 - 31 August 1985

**A new  
programme  
of plays for  
university  
students**

Announcing the  
Citadel Young Company -  
plays by young authors performed  
by young professional actors

**THE PROMISE**

by Aleksei Arbuzov

An enduring story of the promise of  
youth and the lives of three  
teenagers who find shelter and  
friendship with each other during the  
siege of Leningrad.

**APRIL 12-APRIL 20**

**Maclab Theatre**

Please phone the Box  
office for show times.

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FOR STUDENTS**

**Tickets \$5 & \$6**

(I.D. must be shown)  
Tickets available at the  
Citadel box office 425-1820  
and all BASS outlets

**the  
Citadel**



**Tobermore, Aug. '82  
(The Bruce Trail)**

Driving into north  
road leads us into  
palatable wilderness  
jumps out of the shadows  
into headlights.  
Moving along  
the peninsula, fog  
descends  
and we arrive first night  
sleep restless in the car.  
long, limbless trees  
whisper of haunted caves  
waiting further up the trail.  
We stand on the rock-slab shore  
sensing the jagged edge  
of the world  
the bay stretches north  
cold and green.

A barge rides the horizon  
pulls the day along into night  
then we see her  
from a cliff hanging above the bay  
brushing her teeth in the green.

Their camp is in a nook  
just over the cliff from ours  
we stumble in with darkness  
closing behind.  
She shouts smoked greetings  
at us across the campfire  
and offers us  
her friends —  
and beer —  
which we accept and try not to be  
too gracious.  
Jim Morrison wails undeniably  
in the time-carved nook  
they offer us drugs —  
which we accept and try not to be  
too blase.

Tim is the performer,  
he offers us his  
"cardboard box, felt marker poem"  
is so completely swallowed  
by the music, is almost invisible.  
I wonder if he is not possessed by  
some indian spirit  
or Morrison's soul.  
We all watch his precarious  
fire dance with one conscious eye.

Together, we soothe each other  
with our art  
and the music of men  
the sounds  
keep unfitting themselves  
out of this rocky nook.

Leaving their camp  
we stumble into  
consuming darkness  
one small pinpoint of yellow  
life hangs behind us  
and we are obliged to cling forward  
in each other's arms  
along patches of fluorescent moss  
sprawling over the cliff into  
cold and green.

In the tent we fling  
the last flags of artifice  
into wilderness  
and try to explore each other  
within night sounds and shadows.  
I imagine your skin is fluorescent  
and soothe my fingers in it  
then I try to imagine  
tomorrow's journey  
spirits wait in caves  
still further along  
but they don't seem real  
and I can't get Jim Morrison  
out of my head.

Blair Allan Rosser

**I**

zoom  
a move towards the left  
in the time of distress  
felt,  
if disinterested,  
uneasy  
felt,  
if unoccupied,  
distressed,  
and left  
towards a time.

**II**

you  
distressed  
your pen taking over your thoughts  
lines ruined by the leakage  
some  
of us know  
the creation is in the hands  
of the beholder  
and hands behold  
a creation.  
unfortunately  
hands need fluid  
hands need food  
are distressed  
without fluid  
without food.

**III**

"scum"  
he said  
wool surrounding  
beautifully scaled  
flesh  
"don't touch me."

**IV**

meanwhile  
gold fell from  
the ceiling  
in his wallet.

**V**

ba ba ba  
sheep  
moving together  
sheep  
moving along together  
happy?  
or content?  
either way,  
moving along together  
sheep.  
do you remember  
sheep  
moving along  
along together  
happy?  
or content?  
either way,  
moving along together  
to the slaughter  
ba ba ba.

**VI**

push towards  
the left  
the only way left  
push towards  
the left  
left  
way  
the only way left.

Robert Umore

**Long Poem Winner**

**Long Poem Runner-up**



**EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES**

**2 Student Ombudspersons**

The Student Ombudservice is the Students' Union office that represents and advises students on academic appeals, grievances, and complaints against the Students' Union. Each Ombudsperson must be familiar with the appeal process and the workings of the Students' Union.

**Remuneration: \$300 per month**  
**Term of Office for one Ombudsperson:**  
1 May 1985 to 30 April 1986  
**Term of Office for other Ombudsperson:**  
1 September 1985 to 30 April 1986  
Please specify position sought.

**Summer Times Editor**

—To write, edit, and publish the Spring and Summer Session students' weekly paper  
—To solicit/collect advertising for the paper

**Remuneration: \$1,500 plus commissions**  
**Term of Office: Spring and Summer Sessions, 1 May 1985 to 30 August 1985.**

**Exam Registry/ Typing Service Director**

**RESPONSIBILITIES:**  
—the proper functioning of the Exam Registry & Typing Service, including care of the equipment and facilities therein.  
—Securing and supervision of all staff for both services.  
—Preparation of an annual budget, and an annual report of affairs.

**Remuneration:**  
\$500/mo 1 May 1985 - 31 Aug 1985  
\$400/mo 1 Sept 1985 - 30 April 1986

**Student Telephone Directory Editor**

**RESPONSIBILITIES:**  
—Paste-up and layout all aspects of the publication; including camera ready preparation.  
—To work closely with the Students' Union Advertising Manager to coordinate and layout advertising

**Remuneration: \$500**  
**Term: Sept 15 - Oct 30, 1985**

**Student Handbook Editor**

**RESPONSIBILITIES:**  
Responsible for the coordination and publication of the 85/86 Student Handbook.  
Duties including updating & revising, amending, writing articles, and the preparation (camera ready) of the Handbook.

**Remuneration — \$1000**  
**Term: May 1, 1985 - July 15, 1985**

**Speaker of Students' Council**

**RESPONSIBILITIES:**  
—As chairperson of Students' Council meetings, the Speaker shall conduct meetings in accordance with Roberts' Rules of Order and the Standing Orders of Students' Council.  
—Responsible for the agendas and official minutes of Students' Council meetings.

**Remuneration: \$40 per meeting.**

**TERM OF OFFICE: 1 May 1985 to 30 April 1986 (unless otherwise stated)**  
**DEADLINE FOR APPLICATION: Friday March 29, 1985 at 4:00 pm**  
Please sign up for an interview at the time of application.

**FOR APPLICATIONS AND INFORMATION, CONTACT THE SU EXECUTIVE OFFICES, Room 259 SUB, Phone 432-4236**



## footnotes

### MARCH 28

UASFCAS meeting 1930+, Tory 14-9. Elections; "debate" with Debating Society; 'Science Fiction Fans Are Purer Than Debaters.' All welcome.

Lutheran Student Movement evening worship — 7:30 pm at Lutheran Student Centre (11122-86 Ave.)

Malaysian/Singaporean Students' Assoc. Election forum, 6:00 pm, TB W2. Polling booth in HUB between 11 & 3 on March 29.

Students' Orientation Services. Information Night and Social. Heritage Room, Athabasca Hall. Half hour info. sessions at 5:00 and 7:00 pm. If you want to lead this summer please attend.

Campus Pro-Choice. General meeting Room 270 SUB, 5:00 pm. All welcome!

### MARCH 29

RMUS last TGIF in SUB 034, 3-6 pm. Everyone welcome. Come join the fun!

Edmonton Chinese Christian Fellowship. Games night on the theme of "The Joy of the Lord". 7:30 pm, Rm 158 SUB. Student Volunteer Campus Community. Recruitment Booth for Volunteers, HUB Mall near mail boxes. 11-4 pm. NEED volunteers for spring session: Info Centre, ESL classes, Chinese lang. classes.

### MARCH 31

Lutheran Campus Ministry. Worship on The Sunday of the Pasison in SUB 158A at 10:30 am.

### APRIL 2

UACS Last General Meeting in V114 at 7:00 pm. Come and meet the new exec.

### APRIL 3

Circle K general meeting Wednesday, 5:00 pm in SUB 034. Come & meet your new executive!!

U of A Paddling Society. Co-Rec bat polo tournament April 3. Practice time, to learn how, Thursday 6:30-8:00 pm. East Pool.

### APRIL 9

Entry deadline for PED 231 Squash & Racquetball Tournament held April 12. Open to Past and Present Class members.

### GENERAL

Mature students' Brown Bag Lunch in Heritage Lounge, Athabasca every Tuesday and Wednesday from 11:00 am - 1:30 pm.

Muslim Student Association. Friday prayers, Meditation Room (SUB 158A) at 1:00.

Circle K. What is Circle K? Ask a member or visit our office, Rm 030T SUB.

Practice MCAT's are ready. Elections pending. Pre-Med Club. 030D SUB.

U of A Paddling Society. Learn to kayak before the ice breaks. Beginner/intermediate lessons. Bat Polo available. Dave 439-9446.

U of A Paddling Society. Learn to kayak before the ice breaks. Beginner & intermediate lessons and bat polo available. Contact Dave 439-9440.

U of A Flying Club upcoming events: Mar. 14 Aviation Safety Presentation. Mar. 21 Search and Rescue tour. 7 pm Rm 269 CAB. Info Box 94 SUB. Election nominations. Box 94 SUB.

UASFCAS meets 1930+ Thursdays, Tory 14-9, year round. We need a new Treasurer NOW! (Membership for same can be arranged.)

## classifieds FOR SALE

Acoustat Model 2 Electrostatic speakers. Lifetime warranty. \$1400.00 OBO. 487-8032.

Zoryana Resale Boutique - fine quality women's & men's clothing & accessories. Specializing in natural fabrics, designer clothing & vintage. Under the red canopy at 8206-104 St. Open till 9 pm Thursday & Friday.

Rent to own — new Royal electronic typewriters, or purchase used Selectrics at Mark 9, HUB Mall, 432-7936.

Auditions being held for summer touring company; phone 453-2770.

## SERVICES

Word Processing, reasonable rates, near Bonnie Doon, call Hanna at 469-7214.

Professional Word Processing for theses, resumes, term papers. Letter quality print. Work proofread. Elaine - 469-4967.

French 100, 200, 300 students. Want to do better in french? Needing help pre-

paring for final exam? Looking for an experienced french tutor? Call Yves Puzo, 432-7565.

Qualified teacher will tutor Freshman English. 434-9288.

I will be forming an Animal Rights Club on campus beginning next September. If you're interested in becoming a member or would like further information please phone Denise at 437-4740.

Experienced typist. Reasonable rates. Meadowlark area. Cheryl 489-4394.

Good Quality Word Processing, super low price. 479-5337.

EPSB offers German bilingual program at Rideau Park (437-0010) and Forest Heights (466-0312) schools. Register now for kindergarten and grade one, 1985/86.

Lynn's Wordprocessing. Ideal for thesis manuscripts essays, \$1.50/page. 465-7735.

Professional Typing Service For Term Papers Etc. Phone Dorothy at 487-6884 mornings, evenings or 452-9019 afternoons.

Experienced typist for papers, resumes, correspondence. 435-1509.

Computerized timetable preparation for next year's courses. 479-5337.

Will do typing. Thesis, manuscripts, etc. Pick-up and delivery. Phone 478-3739.

Will type students' papers and assignments. Reasonable rates. Phone 466-3395.

Word Processing. Word Processing. Word Processing. \$18.00 per hour. South Side Secretarial Services. 9629-82 Ave. 432-9414.

Able Accounting. Personal & business tax returns. 9629-82 Ave. 432-7880.

Pregnant? Confidential Assistance 9:30-3:30, 7-9 daily, 11-2 Saturday. Pregnancy Tests. Birthright. 488-0681.

Have fun this summer, 451-3509 to volunteer for children's camp.

Professional Typist—Word Processing 24 hour turn-around service MOST papers. Gwen, 467-9064.

## FOR RENT

Female wanted to share a large 2 bedroom apt. close to Heritage Mall. \$227/mo, 1½ bath, 4 appl., fireplace, ½ util. Nice quiet area. Good bus route to University. If interested phone Ruth at 425-6124 (work) or 435-5005 (home).

Rooms for rent near U of A Hospital \$115 furnished/unfurnished. Phone 451-3351 4 pm - 9 pm.

For rent main floor older home \$355 including utilities north of Jasper & 116 St. Bus route 19. Phone 451-3351 4 pm - 9 pm.

2 bdrm apt to sublet. 1 block east of campus. May 1st - April 31st. 439-2765.

## WANTED

Mature student, waitressing/teaching experience, needs work for April. 434-1045.

Accommodation Wanted. Responsible doctoral student willing to care for home or apartment during spring and summer session. Phone 433-3022 after 8 pm.

Women softball players wanted for city league team. Please call John 487-4052 evenings.

German summer daycamp leaders required, August 26-30, 1985. Personal initiative, first-aid certificate, 18 yrs old. 435-1655 for information.

We buy quality used books, especially literature and philosophy. Top prices paid by Brownings Books Ltd., 9004-112 St., HUB Mall, 439-7872.

Camp Maskepetoon — United Church Youth Camp. Summer Staff: Manager, kitchen, waterfront, sports, outback, crafts, devotions. Contact: 439-0625 or write: CYCI, 5827-114A Street, Edmonton, T6H 3M8.

Immediate openings for GMAT, GRE & DAT tutors. Call 432-0877, 4-10 pm.

Tutoring Jobs—immediate openings for grad or honours students. Math, Sciences and Commerce. Call 432-0877. 4-10 pm.

Wanted: Female roommate. 2 bedroom apartment (furnished). \$220/month incl. utilities, microwave, waterbed. May 1st-Aug. 31st. 436-2227.

Invest in your future. Innovative, Edmonton based corporation, seeks ambitious self-starters, for career in marketing. No experience necessary. For appointment call 487-3034.

Will type for students. \$1.00 per page. Call Wilma 454-5242.

Typing and photocopying service. For term papers, theses, etc. Yes, we know APA format. Accord Steno Services,

North end of HUB Mall, 433-7727.

South Side Secretarial Services. 9629-82 Ave. 432-9414. Typing and Photocopying.

Typing— IBM Selectric. Proofreading. Mrs. Theander 465-2612.

Canada Home Tutoring Agency—High quality tutoring at reasonable rates. All subjects. Grades 1-12, University. No min-hour. Money back guarantee. 432-1396.

Lynn's Typing. We do "rush stuff." P/U & Delivery avail. 461-1698.

Photocopying 8¢, Word Processing \$24/hr, speed typing course, cerlox binding, typewriter repair. Mark 9, HUB Mall. Open evenings, Saturday, 432-7936.

Hayrides, sleighrides, large or small groups welcome. 464-0234.

Typing at recession rates. Interested call 483-5212.

St. Albert typing. Phone Arlene 459-8495.

Central Copy Centre Word Processing student special 40% off. (reg. \$24/hr). Speed typist 424-4080.

Typing Meadowlark area. Reasonable rates. Marlene 484-8864.

Word Processing, southside. \$2.00/page. 11-7 Mon.-Fri. Barbara 462-8930.

Will do any and all typing, 489-5023.

Quaker worship. Sundays, 11 a.m., Soroptimist Room, YWCA, 100 Ave., 103 St.

Will do typing on word-processor. All types of documents. \$1.50 per page. 48 hrs notice on papers over 10 pages. Copies available. Ph: 464-7124 between Mon.-Fri. 9:30 am - 4:00 pm.

Aim Tech Word Processing. Resumes, Theses, Reports, Labels. Rm 303, 10454-82 Ave. Ph. 433-2572.

## PERSONALS

Lonely male D&D players seek female ditto for Sunday gaming (Mornings +). Further details: Kelly, 486-2320.

## LOST & FOUND

LOST: A woman's graduation ring on March 13. If found please call 433-3052 or Campus Security.

LOST: Brown and gold Bianchi 12 speed. Phone Chris at 433-9242. Reward.



# EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

### Clubs Commissioner

- Represents the interests of Students' Union registered clubs on Students' Council
- Assists the Vice-President Internal Affairs in maintaining an ongoing relationship with Students' Union registered clubs.
- Promotes cooperation and coordination among student clubs and organizations, and assists them in the preparation of budgets for requests of financial assistance to the Students' Union.
- Approves the chartering and registration of clubs with the Students' Union in accordance with Bylaw 1100.
- Serves as a member of the Administration Board, the Building Services Board, Students' Council.
- Acts as co-chairperson of the Clubs Council.

### Chief Returning Officer

#### RESPONSIBILITIES:

- Performs the duties normally required by a Chief Returning Officer (staff recruitment and hiring, organization of polls, oversees counting procedures, etc).

### External Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs in the investigation of problems relating to the funding of the University and its effects on students; and accessibility of post-secondary education, and specifically the effects on tuition fees, student aid, and differential fees on accessibility.
- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs in the organization and implementation of programmes designed to combat these problems, as well as promotes a high level of student awareness of these problems and programmes.
- Serves as a member of the External Affairs Board, and Students' Council.

- Conducts elections in accordance with Bylaw 300 and 350 for such election or referenda as designated by Students' Council.
- Act as arbitrator in any dispute arising during the course of an election/referendum.
- QUALIFICATIONS:**
- Must possess excellent organizational and administrative skills.
- Familiarity with previous Students' Union elections a definite asset.

### Housing and Transport Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President External Affairs with programmes relating to housing and transportation concerns of students.
- Serves as chairperson of the Housing and Transport Commission
- Investigates Government and University programmes of housing and transportation of concern to students.
- Serves as a member of the External Affairs Board and Students' Council.

**Commissioner's Remuneration**  
\$0-300 May 1 1985 - Aug 31 1985  
\$300 — 1 Sept 1985 - 30 April 1986

### Housing Registry Director

#### RESPONSIBILITIES:

- Recruits and hires the support staff for the Housing Registry
- Oversees the proper functioning of the Housing Registry and the fulfillment of its purpose
- Coordinates and publicizes the Housing Registry

### Academic Commissioner

- Assists the Vice-President Academic in the investigation of current academic issues and development.
- Promotes cooperation and coordination among faculty associations and departmental clubs, and assists them in the preparation of budgets for submission to the Academic Affairs Board.
- Serves as a member of the Academic Affairs Board, the Council of Faculty Association, Students' Council, and the General Faculties Council Student Caucus.

- In conjunction with the Vice-President Finance and Administration, prepares the preliminary and final budgets for the Housing Registry.
- Ensures the Housing Registry operates within those budgetary limits
- Remuneration:**  
\$900 per month, 1 May 1985 to 31 August 1985  
\$350/month 1 September 1985 to 30 April 1986

**TERM OF OFFICE: 1 May 1985 to 30 April 1986 (unless otherwise stated)**

**DEADLINE FOR APPLICATION: Friday March 29, 1985 at 4:00 pm**

**Please sign up for an interview at the time of application.**

**FOR APPLICATIONS AND INFORMATION, CONTACT THE SU EXECUTIVE OFFICES, Room 259 SUB, Phone 432-4236**



# Congratulations

to the winners of the Gateway Literary Contest:

**Short story**

*Geoffrey Jackson  
Melanie Klimchuk*

**Short poem**

*Alan Demeule  
Sandra Petersson*

**Long poem**

*Brian Allan Rosser  
Robert Umore*

*Winners and runners-up in each category will be sent cheques for \$150 and \$100 respectively within the week. Entrants who requested their submissions be returned can expect their entries in the mail within 14 days provided there is no interruption in postal service.*

*The Gateway would like to thank the poets and writers who submitted nearly 200 entries to the Gateway Literary Contest and to the Fine Arts students who submitted photos and graphics to the Literary Issue.*

*Thanks also to our contest sponsors for their generous support for the Arts in Alberta.*



**INTRA EDMONTON TRAVEL**

**JAVA JIVE**



Photo Bill St. John