

The Gateway Literary Issue

Thursday, March 27, 1986



A Ghoul's Passing

Sophie stubbed her body on a garbage bin and fell into a puddle of glue. Now she was stuck and he was getting closer. And of course he was grinning, only Sophie failed to see the humour. She did not want to feel the slime of his pickled hands clamping onto any part of her. She did not want to look into his senseless eyes or smell his giggling breath. She would have preferred insomnia. And yet, he came closer.

"Go away," she said, aware of the futility of these two helpless words. "Go away!" she cried anyway. "Oh God, please, somebody show up and help me!" Sophie squeezed her eyes shut and continued to whimper.

Bump.
Her eyes popped open to the safety of her room. Sophie reached over and

turned on the small light on the night table. She knew that drooling ghouls were not allowed in real life with the

lights on. Rules are rules. And the same goes for bumps: they just don't count in the light.

Bump.
The light went out. Sophie groped for the little lamp thereby knocking it off the table. Chances were still pretty good that the bumps and her cat were one and the same thing. If it wasn't her cat, it might be the sandman. If it WAS the sandman, Sophie would scream.

The noise was coming from her closet. (Noises know their business.) She knew what she had to do: get out of bed, go to the

closet, throw open the door, see a bloated, bulging-eyed face grinning back, scream and wake up.

Sophie got out of bed. A pair of pickled hands shot out from under the bed and grabbed her ankles. Sophie almost choked on her throat.

"No! Let go!" she screamed. Luckily the hands had a lousy grip as Sophie managed to wrench herself free. She stumbled with great speed into the kitchen, grabbed the keys, ran to the car and hydroplaned out to the

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Filmerchuk - GATEWAY '86
Don Filmerchuk

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Judge's Comments

Judging the Gateway's literary issue isn't easy. This year, like last, I found myself staring at nearly 200 entries and had to narrow it down to six winners. It wasn't an enviable task. But here they are, all six winners and the honorary entries.

It's nice to be able to provide the U of A's literary hopefuls with a forum for their efforts (and hand out a bit of monetary support as well). The final product is the best of Edmonton's new literary talent.

On behalf of the Gateway, I'd like to thank all the entrants and winners of the 1986 literary contest, and wish you all the best of luck in future literary endeavours and hope that you enter next year's contest.

Gilbert Bouchard
Managing Editor

Staff this issue

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The Gateway

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An Important Notice to Students

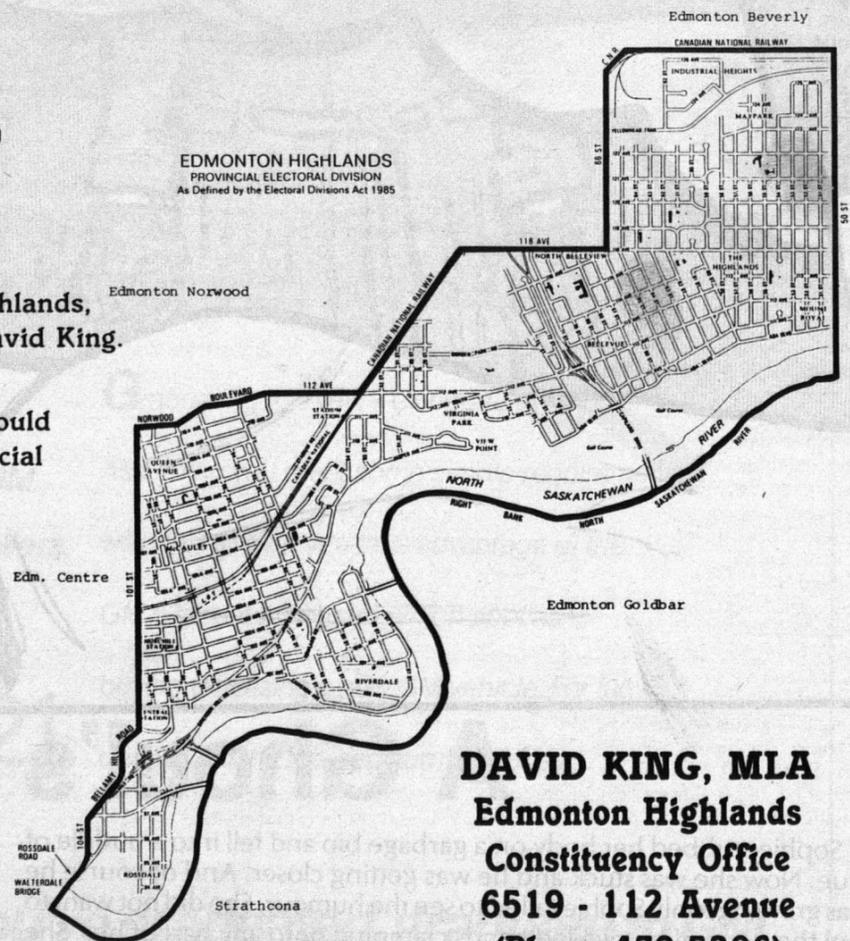
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DAVID KING, MLA
Edmonton Highlands
Constituency Office
6519 - 112 Avenue
(Phone 479-5206)

Winning Short Story

Lynne Whyte

continued from page 1

highway.

A coziness sank into the car as Sophie felt the success of her escape. She grinned to herself. And so did the man in the rear view mirror.

"Oh my God!" Sophie cried. "Not again! Please! It's not fair!" Sophie began to cry so hard she couldn't see the road. She pulled over, parked and cried into her hands. "Why are you chasing me?" she blubbered. "What have I done? I don't even know you! WHO ARE YOU!" she screamed at the rear view.

The grinning man stopped grinning. He was rather on the spot.

"Do you have a kleenex or something?" Sophie asked as she used her sleeve.

Looking a little confused, the man got out of the car.

"No wait! Don't go!" Sophie whimpered. She got out after him. "Wait!"

The man waited.

"Who are you?" Sophie asked again.

A wind began to blow.

"I just want to know who you are," she tried. "Why would you want to kill me? What did I do?"

The man began to sway.

"Are you alright?"

The man fell off his feet and crumbled into bits. Parts of him blew away in the breeze.

Sophie felt guilty. "Oh look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. Please Mister, don't blow away like that."

But he just kept blowing away.

"Tell you what," Sophie suggested. "Let's meet again sometime. Somewhere nice, with sunlight and plants. How about a little cafe, I know just the place, where we can talk. I'd really like to talk to you. What do you say?"

But the man just lay in a pile of bits.

"Well, you think about it, okay?"

The cafe was comfortably crowded. Lots of people, lots of plants, not a lot of room for a nightmare. Maybe he won't show. He doesn't even belong here, she thought as she looked around at the chattering cheeriness.

A shadow appeared. Sophie blinked into it. It was him. He looked shy and hidden in his coat and hat. He said nothing.

"You're here!" Sophie offered a nervous smile and a chair.

He remained standing.

"Please, sit. It's okay. I just want to talk."

Slowly, he sat.

"I'm really glad you came. I wasn't sure if you'd dare."

No response.

"Can you speak?"

He nodded.

"English?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Wonderful!" Sophie brightened. "So who are you?"

The man shook his head.

"What do you mean 'No'? Who are you?"

"You don't know me," he whispered.

"I know I don't know you. That's what doesn't make sense. I'm being chased by some kind of thing when the stupidity suddenly occurs to me, I don't even know you. Who are you?"

"I'm dead," he gurgled.

"Oh that's awful!"

"I'm dead."

"Okay, okay, you're dead. I still don't know who you are."

"It isn't important," he mumbled.

"What? Don't be silly!" Sophie cooed as she reached out and lightly patted his arm. "Are you saying you're not important? Of course you—" Sophie recoiled at the feel of his arm. It felt stiff and not very warm. Remembering her manners, she tried to look unaffected. "Everyone is important," she continued.

"Perhaps."

"Are you symbolic? Maybe that's it. You're supposed to be symbolic, right?"

No response.

"Am I right?" Sophie asked, feeling she ought to win a prize if she were.

The man shuffled his feet impatiently under the table and sighed heavily. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose. "Let's forget it," he said, but in a different voice. And then he sneezed.

Sophie sat back preparing to become confused. "Forget what?"

"Let's just junk this whole thing. It's been a total bust anyway." He then removed his hat



The man fell off his feet and crumbled into bits. Parts of him blew away in the breeze.

and began to unbutton his coat.

Sophie was not confused.

"Garth Hammond," he said as he stuck out one of his pale grey hands. They shook and this time Sophie could feel his numb flesh, cold and malleable like mud.

"How do you do," Sophie said, looking like she had an ugly taste in her mouth.

Now that Garth had taken off his hat and coat, Sophie could see that he was actually quite a young man. "That's amazing!" she sang. "You look so different suddenly!"

"Trick of the trade," he shrugged. "Make-up helps." Garth wiped his face with a napkin, taking off years of wrinkles and scars.

"You're wearing make-up?" Sophie leaned closer.

"Well, I like to be convincing."

"Convincing?"

Garth leaned back and waited for her next question.

"What are you?" she asked right on cue.

"I," said Garth, "am an actor."

"An—"

"An actor. Been one all my life. Played all the parts, all the plays, caught a bad cold a while back and died, but that didn't stop me."

"It didn't?"

"Hell no! I'll always be an actor!"

Sophie was still fogged in confusion. "But you're dead," she murmured. "How can you still—"

"Dead," he quickly interrupted her, "is a pejorative term around here. But you're quite right, I am. As a matter of fact, I died in my sleep dreaming of fame—"

"Dreaming?"

"of fame and glory and—"

"And you never woke up?"

"Never did."

Sophie didn't like it. Something was wrong. She sat up straight and gripped the edge of the table, preparing to run off if need be, when a waitress approached the table.

"Are you ready to order?" she asked.

Sophie turned quickly to the waitress and began to study her up and down. She was

young and looked much the same as any waitress with a mindful of food items, table numbers and other trivial thoughts of the day. Oh, but so young and... and what? Sophie thought. She reached out and touched the waitress' arm with a quivering, curious finger. The waitress stepped back with a What's-the-matter-with-you expression on her face, all the while retaining the diplomacy required when dealing with what the community referred to as "slumberheads".

"Are you dead too?" Sophie asked, forgetting her manners entirely.

"Yes ma'am. Now, what can I get you?"

Sophie looked around at the very distinct and different faces of the surrounding crowd. A rush of blood began to panic through her veins as she swung back to face Garth. He looked back at her blankly, but Sophie thought she caught a slight wince in his eyes. "Mr. Hammond?"

He said nothing.

Nothing was alright anymore.

"Mr. Hammond, I don't get it. Have I got a bunch of dead people running around in my head or what?"

Garth quickly sat up and cleared his throat. "Uh, we're not quite ready to order yet," he said to the waitress. "Why don't you give us a minute."

"My pleasure," the waitress smiled harshly and stamped off muttering nasty words under her breath.

Garth leaned over to Sophie. "Don't say 'Dead People'."

"Well, I—I'm sorry, but this whole idea is giving me the creeps. Tell me you're only dreaming."

"Well...I am, in a sense."

"Wait a minute," Sophie shook her head.

"What makes you think you're dead just because you never woke up? Maybe this is one of those dreams that drag on for hours and really seem like years. Maybe you'll wake up tomorrow or next week or in a minute."

"Or maybe I'll get hit by a bus? Look,

forget the maybes. I've already thought about that stuff, and I'll tell you, I was pretty confused for a while until I discovered the one thing that convinced me of my true state."

"What was that?"

"My name in the classified ads under Birth Announcements."

"Oh," Sophie cooed softly. "Congratulations. I mean, I'm so sorry. No, I don't mean that either," she groaned, holding her head from its spinning cycle of thoughts. "My head hurts."

"Well, I'm not surprised if you're going to fling around so many questions."

"They didn't help. I still don't know what's going on."

"Are you saying you don't believe me?" Garth asked stiffly.

"No, no. I'm just saying that, well, that uh—"

"You don't believe me."

"No! I believe you enough. I'm just not so sure about the classified ads."

"I'm not lying!"

"Ssh! Oh please, Mr. Hammond, don't get upset. Just tell me how you know the ad isn't part of your dream."

"Whose dream?"

"Yours!" Sophie yelled in the effort to make herself understood. "Yours?!" She corrected herself. "What am I saying?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hammond's eyes had widened considerably. He snapped his fingers. "Yeah! I never thought of that. That's a good point."

Sophie's eyes widened with her own reaction. "No. No, forget what I just said. It doesn't make any sense."

"Do you know what this could mean?" Garth said, deaf to Sophie's opinion. "I could still very well be alive!" He rose from the table in a fit of jubilation and stood up on his chair. "ALIVE!" he shouted with open arms.

The cafe crowd turned their heads and looked at Garth with complaints and whispers while the waitress ran to get the host who approached with caution.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to leave Sir, since we have every right to refuse service to slumberheads at any time and since you seem to have chosen the moment yourself."

Suddenly, Sophie shot out of her chair and grabbed for the host's attention. "He's not the real slumberhead! I am! I'm the one you want to throw out. Me! Not him!"

"What do you mean?" Garth said. "You don't know that."

"Yes I do!" she tried to scream, but her words were strained with panic.

"No you don't!" Garth bantered with determination.

"Yes I do," she whimpered.

"No you don't!"

"Stop it! Stop saying that! You're mean!"

"Now look," said the host. "One of you has to leave. So who's it going to be?"

Sophie had crumpled onto the floor while Garth remained on his chair. He looked down at her folded body as he dropped his arms to the side. "Don't cry," he said gently. He stepped off the chair and knelt down beside her. "Don't cry," he whispered in her ear. "It's only a dream."

Sophie looked up at him, her eyes blurred and shining from tears.

The host bent down to the two of them. "Who's it going to be, folks?"

Garth frowned and looked at the floor. Sophie didn't know where to look and started sniffing.

"Do you have a kleenex or something?" she asked Garth.

He looked up at her and touched one of her tears. "You slumberheads never come prepared, do you?"

"What was that?" the host asked with a butting ear. "Okay little lady," he yanked her off the floor. "Let's go. Rules are rules." He pulled her towards the exit while she struggled to face Garth.

"I hope I haven't embarrassed you!" she shouted as the distance between them grew.

"Not all all," Garth said quietly. "I enjoyed the company."

"Will I ever see you again, Mr. Hammond?"

"Please," he yelled through cupped hands, "call me Garth! And I honestly don't know!"

Sophie was gone. Garth sat back down at his table, his eyes locked in the direction she had left. A soft wind curled around his body, pulling and tugging at him greedily. Bits and pieces flew off in squalls. He tapped his fingers and waited.

Enter man, knocks on door, walks away. Enter tall african woman, knocks on door, walks away. Enter both man and woman, knock on door, yell "Fire", sing an aria and recitative from the second act of *Carmen*, spit at each other, and walk away. A moment's pause. Enter man with a bouquet of dead flowers, places them at door, yells "God Save the Queen", waits impatiently. Enter tall african woman, grabs the flowers, eats them, snorts at the man, he snorts back. Silence.

Man grinds his pelvis rhythmically while unrhythmically chanting Sinatra's "I Did It My Way", and throws off all his clothes, revealing a large tattoo, "Mother's Daughter". Meanwhile, tall african woman sings the entire fourth act from *Aida* with a dollar bill in her mouth. She puts the dollar bill in man's g-string but catches her teeth in his waistband.

Door flies open revealing snot-ridden old lady. She puts a dollar bill between her teeth, gets down on all fours, crawls forward, casts a smoldering glance up at man, and plants the dollar bill in the g-string. Man frowns lugubriously at old woman who has also caught her teeth in his waistband.

"Is there no rest," he cries, "uh, excuse me, ma'am, uh, your teeth are rather sharp. Ohhh, ahhh, what are you doing, please stop that, ohhhh, ooooooh, eeeek, you're my mother, you shouldn't be doing such things."

The old lady pulls back with the g-string still in her mouth and nibbles "Your mother?"

"Yes, mother, it's me, your son Pavlo. I've just got out of prison. I murdered father, remember."

"Oh yes, I think his name was John. He was such a good man. It was with a frozen moose leg, wasn't it?"

"Yes mother, but let's not dwell in the past. I'd like you to meet Wamibo, my fiancée. We're here to take the place."

The old woman glares savagely at Pavlo, her nostrils contort and she snorts, flinging mucus in every direction, while bucking helplessly. She disappears through the door. Moments later, she sashays back through the door, composed and carrying a tray of cucumber sandwiches.

"Are you from Gabon?" she asks, but not knowing who really to ask.

"Yes," the tall african woman responds, "I was born there."

"Why, what a coincidence," cries the old woman, "so was I. Of course I had darker skin back then. You'd never know it, would you? Where in Gabon were you born?"

"The capital."

"Well heavens, so was I."

"Mother, you're telling lies. You never lived in Gabon, you never lived in Africa, you were born in Minsk and couldn't get out till after the revolu—oh, pardon me, you were born in Gabon, I was thinking of someone else, so sorry."

The old woman disappears through the door. She returns with a photo album, blows dust off its cover, and opens it with care.

"I'll show you the house I lived in. This is it here."

"Why, what a coincidence," cries the tall african woman, "I've never seen that house before in my life. Why are there no windows?"

"We had no use for chamber pots," says the old woman.

"Oh, how sad," replies the tall african woman while pulling out a wallet of pictures from her purse, and shows off one picture in particular. "We had many windows, hundreds. Oh, there's my brother Wimabo and my sister Womiba. Mind you, mother was always going to the loo. She had a chamber pot in her hands night and day. She cooked with it, she knit with it, she even went to church with it. There were no windows in the church. The vicar was always peeved at mother. She'd receive communion with her chamber pot in her hands. Once the vicar dropped the host in it. Mother said 'Thank-you'."

"We would like the suite now mother, if it's not an inconvenience."

"But son, father's still in the closet and won't be finished for awhile."

"Finished?"

"Decomposing, he should be done in another seven or eight years. Looks quite good, he's come a long way since the day you caught him listening to contraband records. Heavens, what would the authorities have said. It's a good thing you brained him when you did. It's not easy being a member of the Anti-Life League these days. Everyone's so dreadfully happy. In a hurry to move out to the suburbs. Just premature brain death, if you ask me. Speaking of brain death, did you know we had a television once? Your father sold it for a trombone, thought he was Glenn Miller when Miller

Thursday, March 27, 1986

Runner-up Short Story

Warren Sulatycky

The Tenants



Andy Phillpotts

The vicar was always peeved at mother. She'd receive communion with her chamber pot in her hands. Once the vicar dropped the host in it. Mother said 'Thank-you'.

went missing. Your father still thinks he's Glenn Miller. Of course, they're both dead now. I'm still not sure who's who. If your father's Glenn Miller, or Glenn Miller your father."

The old woman runs back into her apartment and returns with a trombone in hand and plays a swing tune.

"He wanted you to have it, he knew you couldn't play. If you did, he never would have left it. You two were always so competitive. You know, he had a frozen moose leg waiting for you. Always chums, huh? A family that stays together, brains together. The leg made great soup. Of course, I cooked your father's leg, mistook it for the moose's. I put the moose one on your father. Couldn't tell the difference. Now, everything's all green, and the maggots, my heavens, you should see the...would you like to see your father, he's been asking for you."

"Yes, I know," Pavlo replies, "I had a letter from him just the other day asking about the insurance money. We never got the twenty thousand. The insurance men found the rubber hose in the basement behind the gas furnace. Dad was really just a poor little tugboat looking for its harbor. Well mother, goodbye, you're leaving."

His mother runs back into her room, slams

the door and yells "Help, Help. Fire, Rape".

"Mother, don't be difficult. We've been through this scene before and you've always given in. Your shopping cart's underneath the stairwell, just where you left it. Come out mother, and bring dad."

The door edges open, and dad is thrown out. The door closes.

"Ohhh mother, how could you, dad looks terrible, you should have told me, I would have gotten a doctor for him. Mother, for the last time, for your sake, for the sake of all in this building, on this block, come out of the apartment."

The door does not change.

"Alright then, Francis. That's right. I said Francis."

From behind the door comes a muffled "Oh my God!"

Francis, Francuus, Franny. Missuuuus Entropy, cuuumm ouout. Alright then, Mrs. Entropy. I'm forced to inform you that I am not your son, hence, you are not my mother. You never were. You're not even the landlady here. I only pretended I was your son. I know all about the hysterical pregnancy, how the policemen brought me here only temporarily, how you refused to give me back. For God's sake, mother, I was twenty seven years old. You think I didn't know? So you thought you could get away with it, huh,

well forget it lady, I'm onto your act. Plying me with chicken pies and mashed potatoes, with peach cobbler and cherry ice cream. You were too generous. I realized it when it dawned on me you never served me liver and onions. Just once I wanted you to send me to my room without dinner, but no, you sent dad instead. Once you killed mutton our dog for spilling his milk but when I spilt my milk, what did you do, you took the milkman up to your boudoir to show him your statue of Neptune taming sea-horses. You're not subtle, Mrs. Entropy. I'm a grown man now, Mrs. Entropy. Get out of your apartment, Mrs. Entropy. I am now the new landlady of this building."

The door does not change. The man and the tall african woman leave and then return with a funeral bier and a frozen moose leg. Suddenly, the door flies open and the old woman runs out screaming and into the hands of the waiting couple. They toss her onto the bier.

Now, when they had made prayer and flung down barley, Pavlo, the high-hearted son of whomever, standing close up to Mrs. Entropy, struck, and the moose leg chopped its way through the tendons of the neck and unstrung the strength of his surrogate mother. Wamibo raised the outcry. They lifted the cow from the hall of the wide ways, and held her in place, and Pavlo, leader of men, slaughtered her. Now when the black blood had run over the carpet, and the spirit went from the bones, they divided her into parts, and cut out the thigh bones all according to due order, and wrapped them in fat, making a double fold, and laid shreds of flesh upon them. Pavlo burned these on cleft hangers, and poured the gleaming wine over, while Wamibo and the other tenants stood about with forks in their hands. When all had put away their desire for eating and drinking Pavlo and Wamibo took their new apartment.

bearing it

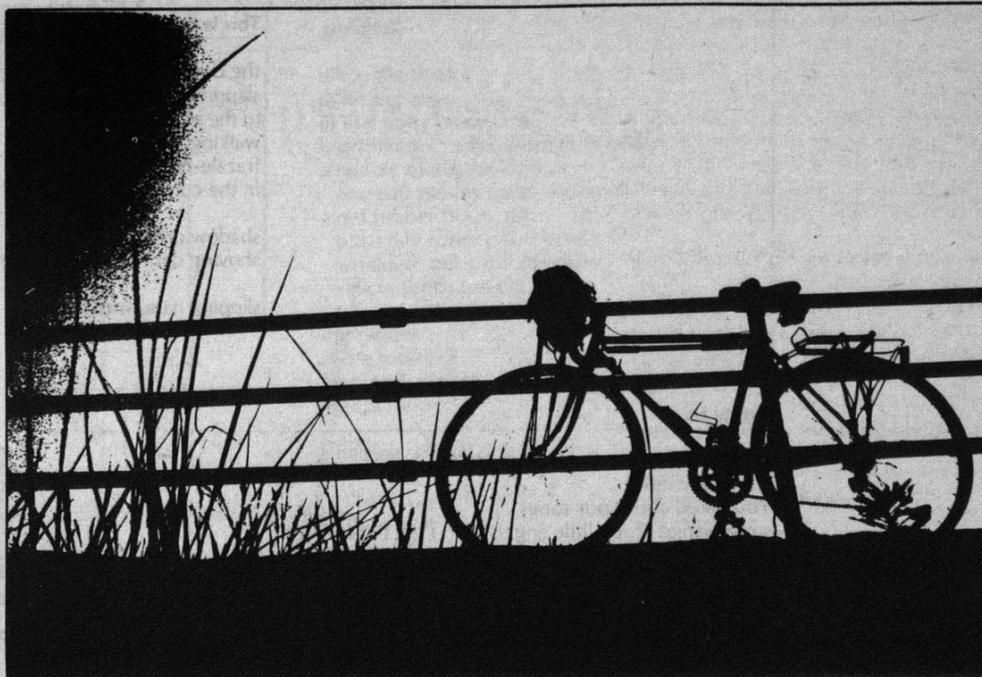
All I wanted to ask was
how do you tighten the cable?
 I am now able
 to fix my own bike alone
 and it works, even
 rode it out a mile
 and back and it didn't
 fall apart, unlike me
 lying there with
 my teddy bear
 whose name I've
 forgotten, he's fuzzy
 and soft and he doesn't
 say nuthin, not a growl
 even though I hug him
 far too tight and
 wet his fake fur
 — we've never fought.
 He bears all but
 he's not much of a mechanic—
 neither am I
 I just follow orders
 fetch the parts

earn the marks and
 when it's all over
 Humbert (that's it!) and I
 will soak up wine
 together although he
 neither drinks nor eats—
 the ultimate gentlebear.

I'll invite him to the next
 Nepalisian tea party I give
 where everybody simply sits
 and drinks tea for hours
 in utter silence

(like that). He'd love it not
 having to talk and I bet
 that they wouldn't even mind
 if he didn't drink the tea.

How do I fix this cable?
 My bear's gone to Nepal and
 the tee vee's gone blank
 white with video snow
 no show, no bear what
 the hell now do I do?
 by Lisa Trofymow



Marc Tremblay

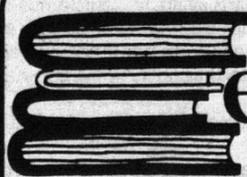


Tim Hellum

Film Noir Pizza

This was no ordinary pizza. A half-price pizza lies glaring at me from its box. Tempting dish. Especially if your stomach feels like the inside of an ole unwashed coffee mug that has one too many cigarette butts in the bottom. And it's dark. My Stomach. So is the pizza. It's too dark. Somehow, something tells me things aren't quite what they should be with this pizza. I knew the minute I opened the lid, the mushrooms, the pepperoni, they had a way of moving that kind of got your pulse going so that you wished you had never heard of pizza before. The light wasn't right. It revealed too much too soon. The mystery was lots. This was no enigmatic pizza. Oh sure, it had once been mysterious back when white picket fences were fun to swing on. But this pizza had seen too many dark nights, too many vermin-filled back alleys. It knew every angle of this armpit of a city. I knew when I opened the box that I was looking a dead pizza in the face. A helpless victim of circumstances. I knew myself that I would end a dead mick also if I pursued this matter any further.
 I ate the Pizza anyways.
 Someone's following me.

by Warren Sulatycky



exam registry

APRIL 11th

is the

LAST DAY

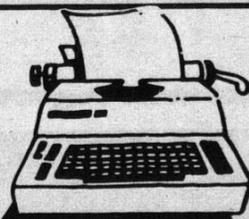
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the dead leaves
slapping our faces
in the wind cold
walking together your hair
frazzle-blowing
in the current
electric
shadow dreams
shoving dark thoughts into pockets
and
slipping hand into hand

leaves dead our faces
slapping in the wind cold
blowing together
your hair frazzle walking
electric
in the current
shadow
dreams
shoving into pockets
thoughts
dark

and
hand into hand
slipping
by WH Reimer

Aunty Lo

Remember that car ride from Unity
to somewhere?
You asked about our songs
so we sang Three little angels tryin t'get t'heaven Oh
there was turtles wearin ladies girtles and Hey
lidy lidy lo!
You laughed;
we thought they were funny, too.
Songs for miles 'n miles,
'cause we knew a whole bunch
and we loved to hear you laugh.

by Kim Henbest



Bonnie Zimmerman

Crystal Renegade

crystal renegade
calcified rebel
magma to fossil
earth to dust

by R. Woodward

Judy

I
Judy. Sign on.

The green square blinks
then tumbles her thoughts dry.
It winks in the corner
and waits.

In the basement,
Dental Sciences keeps kennels;
dogs with bad teeth.
Judy works despite this
and keeps the howls behind her.
Enter.
Wrong.
Cancel.

Judy dies
and starts again,
rubs her glasses and shakes
the green from her lenses.
And starts again

Judy. Enter.

In the basement
a hound pokes his nose through mesh
and howls. Judy leans forward
and in the screen
checks her teeth for cavities.

II

Judy takes her printed shapes
and heads home at nine o'clock.

She sits on the aisle,
away from the window and watches
the driver's reflection.
He winks, white teeth,
and watches her in rear-view mirrors.

Judy stares
and through the driver
sees trees move past the bus.

He smiles and thinks she wants
a better view;
rolls his sleeves and shows
his fine dark hair.

Judy stares.
A green square blinks each retina.
Enter.
Cancel.
She feels the urge to shave her legs.

Judy dies,
cups her hands around her eyes
and wonders why trees
never grow beside schools.

Judy
Sign on
Enter
Cancel.
by N. Sacuta



**Involvement
Opportunity**

**University of Alberta President's Advisory
Committee on Sexual Harassment**

— Requires:

- 1 Alternate Male Undergraduate Member to serve immediately to 30 June, 1987.
- 1 Regular Female Undergraduate member for two-year term, 1 July 1986 to 30 June, 1988.
- 1 Regular Male Undergraduate Member to serve immediately to 30 June, 1987

— Purpose of the Committee:

- (1) To encourage and coordinate an education and awareness programme in cooperation with the Association of the Academic Staff, the Non-Academic Staff Association, the Students' Union and the Graduate Students' Association and through these four main staff and student groups, with other concerned campus organizations;
- (2) To investigate complaints of sexual harassment at the University of Alberta;
- (3) To refer the results of its investigations to the appropriate appeal, grievance, or disciplinary body on campus or to legal authorities off campus when warranted;
- (4) To forward to the President all confidential matters;
- (5) To report to the President at least annually.

— Alternate committee members do not attend committee meetings during the year so the time commitment is not demanding, but may be asked to serve on an assessment or investigative panel once or twice a year.

— For regular members, meetings are at the call of the chair (average 6/year).

Deadline for Applications: 4:00 pm, Wednesday, 2 April, 1986
For Applications and Information, Contact the Students' Union Executive Offices, Room 259 Students' Union Building (SUB)

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Phone 432-2048

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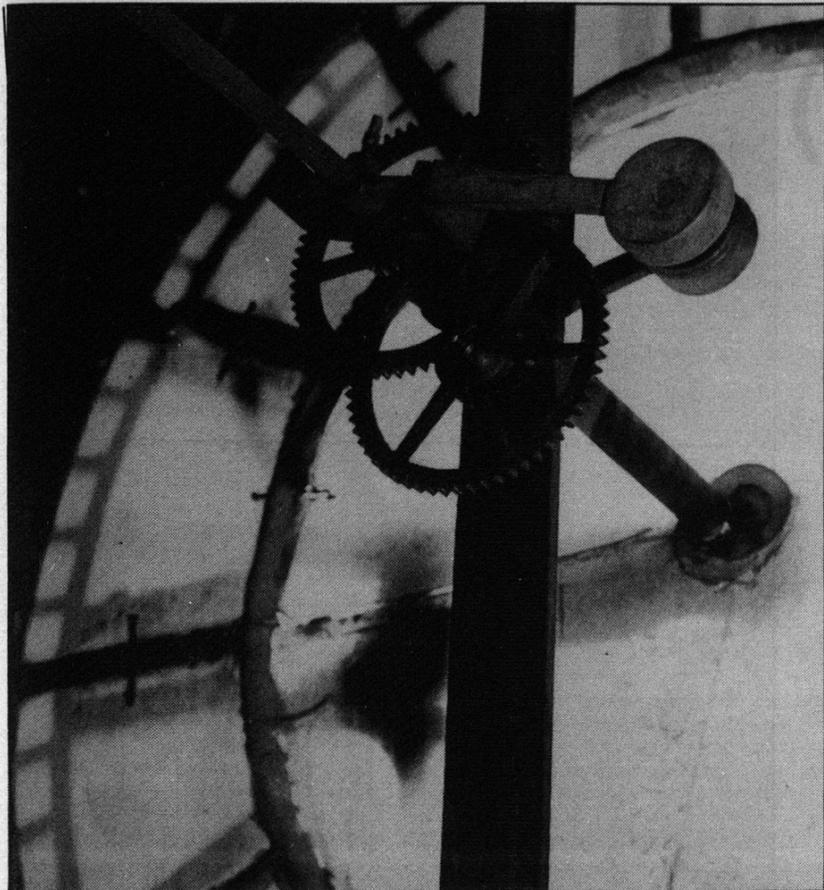


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Dinwoodie Lounge
Tix \$7 at SUB Box Office,
CJSR or at the door
NO MINORS



Rob Schmidt

(untitled)

while she sleeps
in his big arms
in that noisy place,
her children, pulled from their beds,
scramble madly for clothes —
one pair paisley pants, too small
red rubber boots, torn
old white runners, no laces
wrinkled socks, full of holes
yellow dress, too big

she returns
in the morning
finds beds empty
except for one —

a hairless, plastic doll
is sprawled
in the wet, smelly bed
of the littlest

she shakes and cries
over which she wants more —
coffee or scotch
aspirin or marijuana

scavenges among the abandoned toys
for her children
holds the doll
caresses her child's face
kicks the ball
the ball
the ball
the ball
the ball
the doll

hurls school books crayons
stuffed animals toy cars
a ball a doll
from bedroom windows
and they fall
on the broken glass and rubbish below

by Astrid Blodgett

(untitled)

He said he loves ginko leaves,
but he grows only avocados
now from gnawed pits
in his basement suite.
"Four leaves I'd get
a skinny stem and
only four leaves
the new four grow the old four fall off,"
he complains.
He wanted to grow a ginko
but its huge juicy leaves
withered within the confinement
of his oily garage.
"Ginkos hate gasoline" he jokes,
but I think it was
because of the dark.

by Lisa Trofymow

(untitled)

Blahfully blah,
blahnness blahed
lah de dah
falling down blah
(in a stupor it falls)
into my house
into my t.v. set

laughing
blahnness
walls of blah
feet of blah

surrender myself.

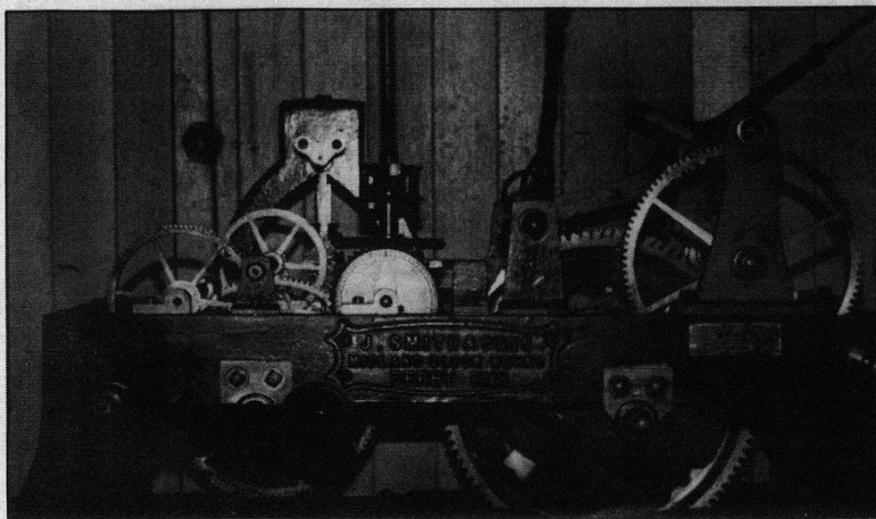
by David Fournier

The New Solecists

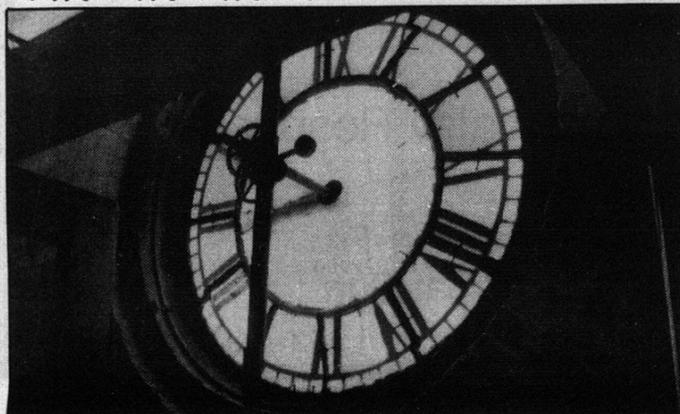
sole.cism (sal'e siz'm) n. (Gr. solikos,
speaking incorrectly) a violation of the
conventional usage, grammar, etc. of a language

We are the New Solecists
windowless candle wax,
humourless, wickless,
grim

by R. Woodward



Rob Schmidt



Rob Schmidt

The Armageddon of Jericho

The walls came tumbling down
But you forgot to take the ruins with you
And now their shadows creep their hideous
fingers across my mind.

by M. Mrochuk

The Intellectual (a novella)

A long meat-white rubber dildo sticks through my head like a trick Indian arrow. At the point where it enters and exits my temples white brain-ooze oozes out and down the side of my face, out of bone-black skull, out of nothingness, and into a world where babies litter dead sidewalks because God was too busy to...ohhhhh, eeeeeekkk...

Brain orgasm.
But wait, there are others.
I'm not the only one who enjoys wit-whacking.
Look, over there. A woman trepanned by a dildo just like mine, a Louisville-sluggo no less.

Ahhhh, she's in bliss and she can quote Kantian ethics in twelve different languages. Hell everybody can. This whole room is awash in one giant communal brain-fuck. Aerobics for the mind.

Okay girls, grab the rubber and yank. Here we go, and four, three, two, one, and begin, and pull, and pull.
Doesn't that feel good. Isn't thinking great. Learning is your best asset, darlings.

And I'm one of the girls, yanking furiously at my dildo, thinking about Saint Thomas of Aquinas.
My eyes watching "Moby Dick" passing behind them.
Those aren't eye exercises you see people doing, people are thinking.
To think, therefore I whack.
Soon, I will have a degree in whacking, and I still have my sight.

Oh, look over there, the woman with the beehive hairdo, smoking, french inhaling each time she pulls her "Texan Monster" out for a breather.
Must be one of those French Surrealists.
Oh, to be *tres elegant*, and think at the same time.

There's someone who's trying but not making much of a go at it.
He wears the latest in footwear, and his prick is pink.
Or rather his dildo is, and he calls it Vince.
Who nicknames their weenie?

He does, next week it'll be Trent.
Oh, the whims of youth and the wonders of...

Oh, oh, oh, over there, isn't it a famous Canadian authoress?
My, that's quite a wrench-tamer she's sporting.
Isn't Canadian literature the best?
It's a bit messy though, have to wear a lot of rubber when reading Northrop's work.
Is there a Canadian mythical dildo?

And how about the aerobics instructor?
My, what a big instrument he has.
It's been in his head so long it's petrified.
He's scratched "Micky loves Binky" onto it.
Oh well, true love triumphs over brain-sex everytime.

Okay girls, that'll be enough for today, make sure you stretch.
We don't want lactic acid build-up?

That's it? That's it? I was just getting started.

What about Sartre and Being and Nothingness?
What about Camus and absurdity?
What about God and the universe?
What about morality?
Yeah, what about that?
It's not moral to leave me like this, begging, pleading.
Oh, you're just like all the rest, a wink, a little wit, and it's over.
Well, I'm not satisfied.

But, it's too late.
The instructor has taken out his "widow-maker" and put it in his briefcase.
Everyone does the same.
Can't be seen in public with our dildoes sticking out of our heads.
Heavens, we'd be called intellectuals, oh no, can't have that.
Some leave them in anyway— "Neo-existentialists, Post-Post-Modernists".

by Warren Sulatycky




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(untitled)

in mornings sometimes
 i find her
 rummaging for existence
 amid the yellow of the walls
 that destroy my faith in taste
 she told me once children swim
 and i sat down on the stairs
 indifferent
 until it happened that she fell
 and i began falling with her
 happiness beneath us
 suffering non-
 existent
 our discipline departed

what is her name? i thought
 Julie? said she

and now we search the tasteless
 wall together.

blue upon blonde hair
 plays like a screen
 empty ashes
 she is the red of the sun
 she is the blue of the blonde
 come closer and find her end
 in basements of noise
 emanates far too late
 a movement
 curious-sounding listening
 but she could not be there
 she is here
 under me

Julie
 empty
 like a screen.

here we are not
 nor are you there
 or i a you
 and you an i
 yet everywhere:
 people flow into trains
 children swim among leaves
 puppies discover the river
 undulating
 undulating
 masses laugh
 laugh at mass
 a PARIS of urinating streets
 a LONDON of turner-smear views
 a BERLIN of mainlining children
 a HERE of blueness discovered?
 Julie, a battered wife,
 batters her child battering leaves.

by David Fournier

waiting woman

silenced by passion
 she stood without expression
 throughout ages past and gone

and now passion is habitual
 not from breath dividual
 and daily sweetens on

by Robert Einarsson



SO THIS EASTER WE'LL
 HAVE AN EGG-BASHING
 AND BUNNY-BURNING!



WE MUST RID THE
 HEATHENS OF THEIR
 SIN!!!



Jerome Ryckborst

holy remnant

twice infinite gratitude
 and twice releasing
 bonds bind

forceless
 mighty
 love

all else
 secure
 dies

by Robert Einarsson

Easter Schedule
St. Joseph's College
Catholic Campus Ministry

Holy Thursday (March 27)
Mass of The Lord's Supper 7:30 pm

Good Friday (March 28)
Commemoration of the Lord's Death
2:30 and 4:30 pm

Holy Saturday (March 29)
Confessions 3:30-5:00 pm
Easter Vigil 11 pm

Easter Sunday (March 30)
Mass at 9:30 and 11:00 am only

For further information,
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Doug Schmidt

No Hat, No Gloves

She will not sit down
in the first seat, pretending
she can still afford the luxury
of choice.

We lurch —
the ineffectual hands startled,
search and bruise, as she loses
balance into the seat in front of me.

It is a sweet, sharp smell, almost
imported from unwashed, unchanged
rue St. Denis and I wonder if she knows?
I wonder if I will

Ogopogo Popping

father never stopped at roadside stands
his warm slick hands
somehow held firm on the wheel
we drove on and on

oh it was hot

mother changed the ice in banff
vinegar jugs warm like dad's hands
we'd share the water the four of us
stuck to the seats in the back

we never complained
(dad said the campsite
would fill by three)

WELCOME TO PEACHLAND'S TRAIL-R-INN
park among the cherry trees
no picking please

we burst out barefoot
across the gravel ooching our way
to the beach
and vinegared relief in the water

it was so cold

IT had been seen the day before
now dad was on the shore
four popsicles dripping on the sand
we splashed towards him

ogopogo pops a foot long
they never stayed on the sticks
you always lost half in the sand

IT had been seen the day before
the ogopogo on the okanagan
second only to that serpent
somewhere in scotland

dad told us
mother didn't want us in the water

that night something took a bite off
the roof of the trailer
mom and dad never heard a thing

we drove away next morning
dad apologized with ogopogo pops
we sucked he drove
up and away from the lake

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE OKANAGAN
please come again
and a serpent wrapped around the sign

we sucked
down below
a shiny underbelly
and a smile in the water

we spilled juice on the seats
sucking for all it was worth

Doug Schmidt

Short poem winner: Kim Henbest
Short poem runner-up: WH Riemer
Long poem winner: Norm Sacuta
Long poem runner-up: Astrid Blodgett

(untitled)

when the new trainee
 added finishing touches
 to the world,
 he left out a few things
 here and there
 (didn't tell anyone, though;
 needed the job)
 forgot a couple of styrofoam cups
 (from a package of 50)

and a door knob or two;
 left the rewind button
 off somebody's tape recorder;
 dropped a drainpipe somewhere
 and misplaced the street map for Bongandanga
 This wasn't so bad
 (his boss had done worse)
 and but for the wildebeest

in my basement,
 he might still have the job
 Oh, the wildebeest and I
 get on fine
 (now that we've made
 our little agreement)
 Every Sunday at precisely twelve noon
 I feed him (oysters and beans)
 and we play backgammon
 It is in my best interest
 to let him win

february white cloth hanging

lives suspended
 in frost animation
 like two struggling
 hands against red cheek
 bones in wind cracking
 the world
 revolves slowly
 those days
 like white serpents
 rising
 out of sewers



I Showed Them

Did you ever get the feeling
Some days
That you could
Drive to the edge of the country
And run your car
Off the beach
Into the ocean
Just so you would
See how it feels
To do one reckless
Think in your life
Without criticism
Or reproach
From the hind side
Of society

by Sharon Shultz



Marc Tremblay

manipulation

broken glass
spotted windows
biting wind
blowing grass

heavy heart
knitted brow
salty tears
where do i start?

destroyed ego
confused future
distorted thoughts
what should i do?

open sky
running river
empty field
who is this person called "I"?

mud-grass stain
dried up sweat
spinning head
oh why this pain?

crowded bus
pushy people
gawking tramps
it's a fuss

can i be free?
i feel a chain
i cannot run
and discover the "me"

sailing high
land below
i'm finally there
in love with the sky

imperfect ability
it came hard
eating dirt
facing reality

it was me
attained elation
but stolen glory
result: annihilation

stifling air
humid weather
scorching sun
no one cares

i am one
caged in my own head
i cannot escape
death has just begun

growth can freeze
time goes on
it's passing by
help me please!

can't you hear?
all is mute
all is lonely
all is fear

tattered shoe lace
abandoned nest
thirsty puddle
hide my face

by Diane Hoy

Canada

ATTENTION

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Accent

A voice, dropped in a pool of restaurant silence, resonates like rings, rings, circling the next table— where laughter ripples. The submersible voice agitates the surface leaving the speaker unchanged by sound.

by Heather D. Murray

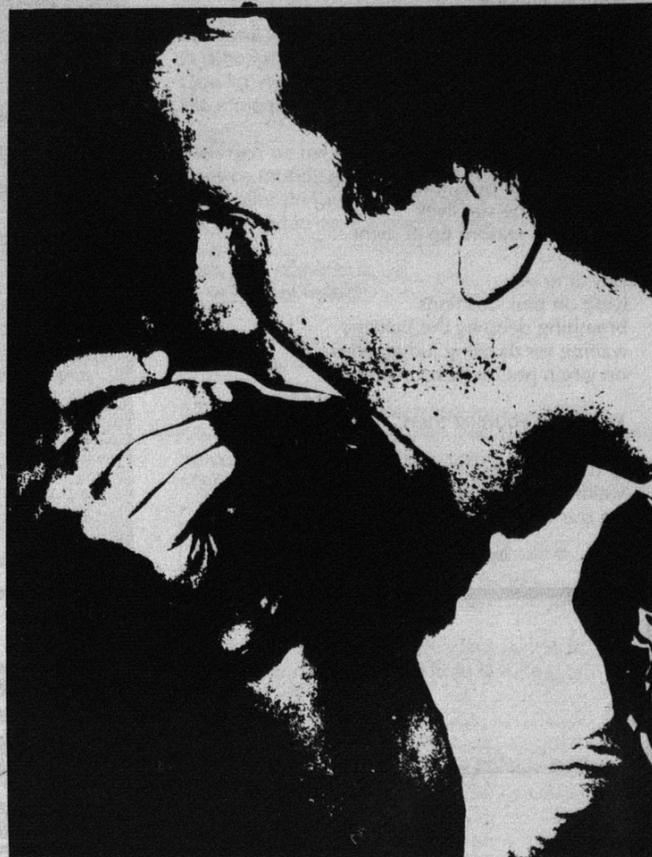
Fat Boy With Hamburger

Fat boy with hamburger orders for arrival with the stripper cold draft and gravy on the fries gush into his mouth the deep rich sauce of desire dancing before him eating, gushing flashdance at ringside her high kicks reveal the pleasure of each bite

Fat boy with hamburger smiles awkwardly as she exposes his closeness and smiles a laugh at his gluttonous lust satisfied by mayonnaise on two patties of meat to the visual treat of her night white skin

Each bite her pleasure floods delight into his mouth the hard rock dream he longs to touch and eat with greasy hands— her mouth surrounds the fat boy with hamburger

by James R. Martin



Justice - South Africa

Maybe you hear 'bout that farm owner himself went to jail? He given one year for killing seven-month pregnant woman on his farm. He said she was stealing firewood and he shoot at her buttocks. Judge said farmer was wrong. Judge said should have aimed at her lower legs.

by Kim Henbest

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Evergreen Forestry Services Ltd. will be on campus Wednesday, April 9th, to provide information to students interested in tree planting work.

An information bulletin is posted in the Placement Office.

Two general information sessions are planned for room 034 SUB Basement at 10:30 am and 12:30 pm on Wednesday, April 9.

Applications will be reviewed immediately followed the information sessions.

WRITING COMPETENCE WORKSHOPS

SPRING, 1986

WORKSHOP 1: Tuesday, April 1 6:30 — 9:30 pm
Wednesday, April 2 6:30 — 9:30 pm
Saturday, April 5 9:00 — 12:00 noon
1:00 — 4:00 pm

WORKSHOP 2: Saturday, May 3 9:00 — 12:00 noon
1:00 — 4:00 pm
Saturday, May 10 9:00 — 12:00 noon
1:00 — 4:00 pm

Each workshop includes a review of basic composition skills and practice writing assignments. For further information and registration forms, contact: Testing and Remediation
441 Athabasca Hall

26th Floor

Day after day
writing poems
facing windy mornings
from a concrete balcony
on the 26th floor

You came along
washed out bones
a hand full of dust
sniffing nights away
from behind watery eyes

You came along
pale butterfly
with pages of questions
on where the sun lives
where the seasons go at night

Day after day
lying on pink cushions
breathing deep by the balcony
waiting for dazzling judgements
on virgin poems never written

You were younger then
I was too
in the indigo night
waiting for the ceiling to collapse
on our dried out brains.

by Silvano Zamaro

The Drawing

Face tracing itself
from my pencil
gathering itself
begins to squint

Scrawled awry
more accurately
than intended,
lightly writing an
awareness yet blind, it

Unexpectedly
looks up
-returns
a paper mirror's
recognition

by Laurel Braid

Memories I See

Fields before me loom
like crazy messed up days
of wild flower visions
and girls with ribbons in long hair
I had none
and my hair was cropped short.

by Theresa Lavoie



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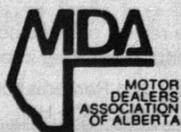
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Regate a Deauville

sails pregnant
with the wind
rock
savagely
on a pontillist
sea
teal green
and
unnavigable
the
frenzied foam
dancing
before timid
bows
and sailors
as waves choppy
fractured
by rain or sea
birds
pommel them
capsizing
favorites

in the club
house
women (thin as
kittens) watch
droopy eyed
between
sips of Pernod
and Salammbos
bodies
amorphous in
robes of
black
silk with salmon
pink
scarves
and hair
grey as the
sky
no music somnambulists
in a
dream

she stepped
outside
paraplued
down the
pier
ravished by the
maritime
gale
and waited
the boats
struggling
back to
harbour.

by M.



Don Filipchuk
Illustration - Gateway '86

The Quilt

Patchwork
pieces of a summer with sun in cotton sand.
Bits of maternity. Sown.
Children together the coloured years,
the cover—
lapping histories un-
fold paternity.
Amidst men's pyjamas, party frock,
stripe or strip of nightdress
rest
squared portraiture:
the leavings
of the layered life
to lull to sleep with dreams of patchwork days.

by Heather D. Murray

**Harvest of Sorrows
(to the memory of Anne McCawley)**

This her last jig
on the shore
she knew she would never
return to. The morning fog hangs
thick like a bitter epitaph
upon the fields. The one lone
road stretching between
like an empty corridor
where only the dead
fall into earth
in their harvest of sorrows.

Kneeling on the shore
of drought she gathers
a last handful of pebbles
a pocketful of Ireland.

by Mark McCawley

pas de titre

Je suis un gros lézard flemmard
J'somme au rythme des guitares
Gouverne par un incurable besoin
Plutôt que de regner, de rever dans mon coin..

Pourtant je n'dedaigne pas les amis
Ne me faites pas misanthrope quand je n'suis
Que mis en boîte par ceux qui - pour mon bien -
De lézard que je suis, me voudraient requin

Le travail m'ennui plus qu'il ne me fatigue
Et la betise, sa soeur jumelle, aussi collante
Que lui, me poursuit de ses fientes
Elle n'me pardonne pas ma vie sans guides

Mais rien ne me passionne vraiment
Dans ce monde gluant ou sont rois les puants
Sinon aller de l'avant, j'entends, a ma maniere
Sur ce chemin pave d'erreurs, qui mene a la derniere

Celle que commet la vie
En se laissant mourir

La vie a toujours tort
Qui fait place a la mort..

Alors, en attendant, laissez-moi mes guitares
Mes rêves ne tuent personne, pas même a petit feu
Au contraire de vos bureaux-usines.. abattoirs..
Mais, pompeux hypocrite, vous vous bouchez les yeux

De toute façon, je voulais vous dire
De votre oeuvre approche sa consecration
Requins, cessez de vous bouffer le rire,
Vous mettra d'accord, ce nucléaire champignon..

Et moi, victime innocente de votre connerie
J'aurai, depuis longtemps, choisi la fuite
Et n'serai plus qu'un loir,
Endormi dans un tiroir...

by Philippe Sailer

AOC

FINANCING ALBERTA BUSINESS

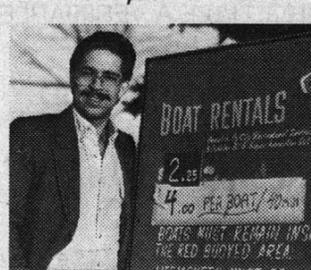
The Alberta Opportunity Company provides financial and counselling assistance to small business enterprises.

Bridging Troubled Waters!

When the City of Edmonton put out a tender for applications to run the paddle boat franchise at Rundle and Hawrelak Parks, Paul Lufkin jumped in feet first.

Paul, a full time Commerce student at The University of Alberta at the time, found conventional lenders unwilling to finance his seasonal venture.

When he approached AOC, Paul was introduced to a special program for student loans. His business proposal was reviewed, and a loan approved to provide a workable cash flow to offset operating expenses.



Profits and staff have increased by 100% since City Recreational Services bought the franchise, and new additions such as the 'aquatrike' are proving very successful.

If you're a student with a sound business idea, call or visit your nearest AOC office and ask for our brochure, *Financing Alberta Student Business*.



Alberta OPPORTUNITY COMPANY
Financing Alberta Business

AOC has offices in Brooks, Calgary, Edmonton, Edson, Grande Prairie, Lethbridge, Lloydminster, Medicine Hat, Peace River, Red Deer, St. Paul, and its head office is located in Ponoka.

Free popcorn with Donation for the Food Bank, Circle K

sub theatre CINEMA

\$2.00 for U of A Students
\$4.50 for non-students
Doors open ½ hour prior to showtime



RICHARD PRYOR
Brewster's Millions
Starring JOHN CANDY

Thursday March 27 • 7:00 pm • M



From the creators of "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" - something even faster.

The Wild Life

It's casual.

CHRISTOPHER PENN - LEA THOMPSON
ILAN MITCHELL-SMITH - JENNY WRIGHT - ERIC STOLTZ
RICK MORANIS - HART BOCHNER - RANDY QUAY
THE WILD LIFE - CAMERON CROWE
EDWARD VAN HALEN - DOWN LANGEZ
C.D. ERICKSON - ART LINSON - CAMERON CROWE
ART LINSON

Thursday March 27 • 9:00 pm • PG

DOUBLE FEATURE

Looking for my Mother in the Woods

With wolf eyes
 moon eyes
 squinting eyes
 I went looking for my mother in the woods.
 Two nymphs
 with summer glances
 leaf eyes
 eyes already withered
 caressed my wrists
 drops of sweat on my brow.
 A dwarf on a hackney-coach
 waited smoking for my call.

I tried talking to the nymphs
 mumbling in wounded tongues
 I looked among roots of oaks
 digging my own brains out
 I drank scented oil
 from my trembling lamp.
 With scorched eyes
 sunny eyes
 eyes tired at last
 I saw the nymphs in my father's boots
 and from behind a grimace of smoke
 my mother waved her gypsy shawl.

by Silvano Zamaro

Purification

Out of winter
 (with gravel-mashed gritty snow
 heaped along roads
 deceptive black ice loving cracks and holes)
 's grey skies
 (worse than white snow they threaten
 hang low
 depressing smoke)
 comes the sun.
 Cold blue bathes brown
 (down around the gravel heat
 collects)

streets turn liquid
 (the puddle's variegated colours huddle
 along a line of solvent sunshine)
 sound erupts.
 (The kid on the sidewalk looks to see
 no bus - stomps in puddle
 and jumps onto busstop bench
 leaving one wet footprint
 which glitters its gravel diamonds and uncut stones
 under firelike light solidified.)

by Roma Quapp

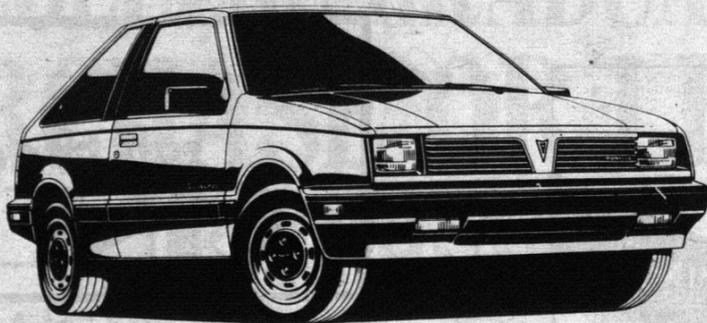
for a high school friend

they told me
 you were
 dying
 and i said

no
 but it's true
 and i
 cannot tell
 you my
 feelings but
 in verse
 which lives
 on past the
 22 years
 you and
 i
 share and though
 you cannot
 know
 how i
 understand truly
 i do and
 would
 graft my
 heart to yours
 to give
 it
 strength you
 ask me
 why
 i say
 because
 bonds
 hold like
 chain
 mail
 linking
 forever the
 imprints
 in a sea
 of tranquility a
 sea
 of showers.

by M.

GRADUATES! YES, YOU CAN BUY THE ALL NEW '86 SUNBURST



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 AT
 * \$215/MTH**

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EXAMPLE: '86 SUNBURST
 ST. # 6390

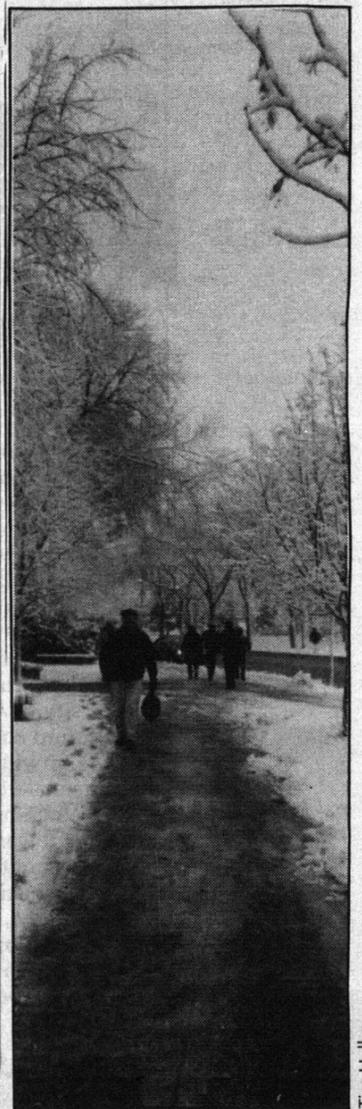
PRICE	\$8690.
GRADUATE DISCOUNT COUPON	-250.
SPECIAL PRICE	8440.
5% DOWNPAYMENT	-430.
AMOUNT FINANCED	\$8010.
48 MTHS AT SPECIAL RATE OF 13%/ANNUM:	
PAYMENTS	* \$215./MONTH
TOTAL PAYMENTS	\$10,320
TOTAL PRICE (INCLUDING INTEREST)	\$10,750

IT'S OUR WAY OF SAYING "CONGRATULATIONS"

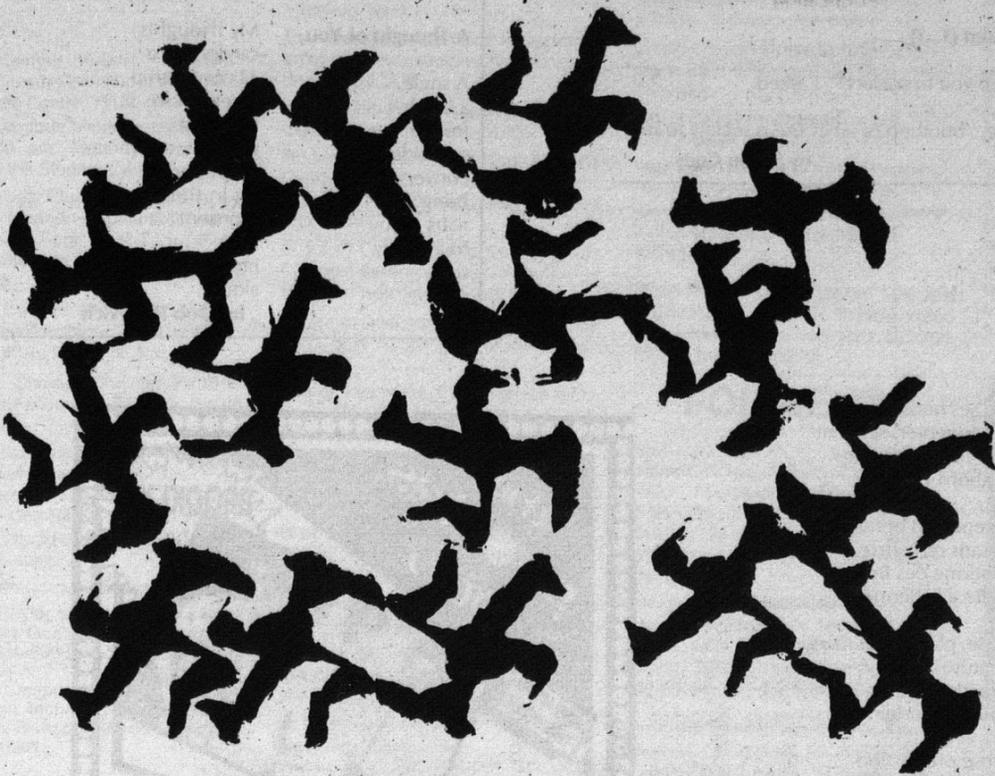
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13215 - 97 St.

476 - 3371



Tim Heilum



face is laughter P.S.

Doug Schmidt

Bored Men and Little Children

In this repugnant world
mind-bred darkness swallows man
as he runs from day to night.
The human world.
This race of men,
so many lost now on their trek into darkness.
Losing track of how many things they've tried —
— so little left to amuse them.
Insidious boredom —
from the stench of life's simple things
the beast runs
to the limit of this empty jungle.
I was one of the little ones
left alone too long after the hours had slipped —
into darkness.
The beast found me.
I was awake and crying.
The tired beast yawned, then —
swallowed me up
and my eyes saw the innards of uncontrollable man.
Wretched memories of young days spent dreaming
of the returning beast and I dream of that beast today.
Disturbing introduction to the human world —
jungle-world in its human boredom
and its beast-like men.

by Teresa Lavoie

Friends

The conversation lulls
into silence. Her eyes
retreat. Drifting thoughts
catch her, carry her.
I follow.

Darkness holds her there
in those chambers... thick
and close: suffocating.
I falter.

Spirit... the hidden faces
who breathe my presence,
my invading eyes.
I wait.

The garments linger,
hesitant to reveal. Then
slipping so gently, soft
and reaching, intangible;
exposing truths.
I watch.
I listen, touch.

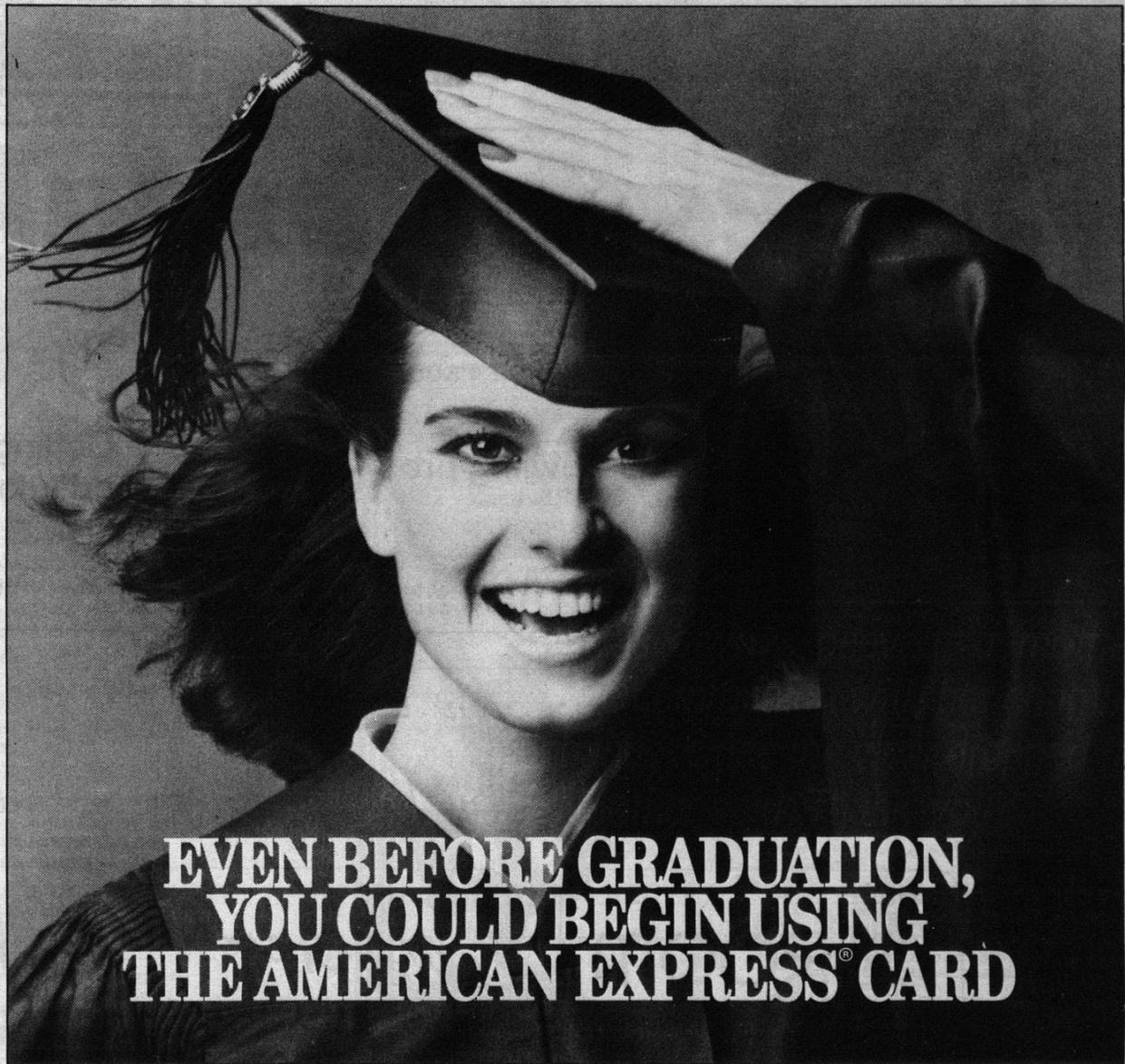
Blending to one
as colors to white,
yesterdays into tomorrows.
No moment remains; each frame
complete. She smiles
and once again, we talk.
My friend and I.

by Beverly H. Anderson

(untitled)

The brilliant moon
Shining through the power lines:
Cold in the city.

by John R. Manuel



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Les BAARBE et moi...

Plonge dans un bouillon où tu joues les lentilles
Aupres des rejets de legumes haut places
Leurs couleurs et odeurs, revets, et tu maquilles
Pour la croire bonne fille, ton Université

Mais tous ces gens, par essence, te sont étrangers
Des leurs, tu l'es seulement par grace étatique
Eux n'aspirent bien sur qu'à leurs futurs mois d'été
Quand de nouveau tu seras trimant sous la trique

Et quand, sur l'une ou l'autre, tes filets tu jettes
Si même d'estprit large, et moderne elle se veut
Bientôt, vos mutuels attraites se demettent
Ou, devant ta misère, en courant elle se meurt

Il est vrai que toutes ne sont pas de ce bois
Et, possédant assez, aiment goûter aux charmes
D'une courte adultère avec un prolétariat
Qui ajoute le savoir au mordant de ses armes

The Water's Not Deep

Did you say beauty?
(No, beautiful is never quite clear)
Did you hear screaming?
(No, we don't have a thing to fear)
You think that you're dreaming
(Maybe all of us are going to sleep)
I think I'm drowning
(But you say the water's not deep)

You like the feeling
(But you don't see what it's doing to me)
You are not looking
(Look for what it's going to be)

by Lorne Hartell

A Contract Broken (T...?)

"Of what use are you to society?" I asked.

"Little," said she, "but then of what use is society to me."

by Shaun Cody

Et puis un campus, bien sur, a ses bons cotes
Bon nombre de ses hotes, a frequenter, seraient
Plutot plaisants, si pas toujours tellement prêts
A voir que ton combat est d'abord y rester

Car pour eux, un echec, en general n'entraîne
Qu'un changement de voie, sans remettre en question
Leur appartenance au cercle ferme des Bons
Amis de l'Argent qu'on Recolte a la Benne,

Mais toi tu n'est, sans ta Bourse, plus qu'un marginal
Ouvrier rate, insolvable caricature
D'intellectuel desabuse qui ne dure
Que par expedients, Dieu que c'est original

Ah, evidemment, de l'heureuse proportion
Tu peux aussi devenir partie diplomée
Ta fierte n'aura d'egale que ton anxiete,
Tu devras encore faire ton trou, et sand piston..

Et c'est la qu'on t'attend, la est le piège ultime:
Car ta classe de depart, pour sentir le petrole
Jamais n'embaumera les milliards de centimes
CA T'APPRENDRA A VOULOIR ALLER AUX ECOLES!!!
(septembre '83)

by Philippe Sailler

A Thought of You

A smile,
a laugh,
from a
one-sided
conversation
bring
tears of joy
to a lonely
soul.

My thoughts
carried on a
32 cent stamp
reveal more
than just
words
on paper;
for in this brief
moment
I am
no longer
alone.

by Don Blazeovich



need a break...

HUB

SUB games lower floor • SUB
pool sharks bowling pros
are welcome
HOURS: Mon-Fri: 9:00 AM - 10:30 PM
Sat-Sun: 1:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Info Service main floor • SUB
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Need Information?
COME TO US!
HOURS: Mon - Fri: 8 am - 8 pm
Sat: 8 am - 3 pm

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... courtesy of your Students' Union

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SERVICES:

- SORSE
- Housing Registry
- Exam Registry
- SU Help
- CJSR
- SUB Theatre
- Cabarets
- Gateway
- Typesetting



footnotes

MARCH 27

Lutheran Campus Ministry - 7:30 pm Maundy Thursday Worship at the Lutheran Student Centre, 11122 - 86 Ave.

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 1986 Holy Week. 7:30 pm. Maundy Thursday worship at the Student Centre.

Keep-fit Yoga Club: Presentation by Swami Rerfananda on philosophy and breathing, 6:00 pm. 14-9 T.J., Free Silver collection

MARCH 28

Lutheran Campus Ministry 7:30 pm Good Friday Worship at The Lutheran Student Centre, 11122 - 86 Ave.

Edmonton Chinese Christian Fellowship: Joint Fellowship 7:00 pm. South end of HUB

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 10:00 am Good Friday "Way of the Cross" Procession through downtown Edmonton. Meet at 10560-98 St. 7:30 pm Prayer and film: "The Passion of Christ" at the Lutheran Centre.

MARCH 29

Eckankar: Truth, Mankind and the Spiritual worlds: Book Book discussion at 2:00 pm 201-8903-99 St. 431-0739

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 10:30 pm Easter Vigil, including the Sacrament of Baptism, Bishop J. Robert Jacobson, in Room 158A

MARCH 30

Lutheran Campus Ministry: 1986 Holy Week. 10:30 am Easter Sunday Worship in SUB-158A.

GENERAL

University Women's Club of Edmonton Scholarship 1986 - \$1,000 academic award to any graduate student. Applications: Rm. 252 - Athabasca Hall. Deadline: April 18/86--INFO: 436-9323

Undergraduates Science Society Science Jackets. Available Rm. M142 BioSci Ph. 432-2099 Feb 4 - Mar. 13.

U of A Native Students' Club Drop-In Centre: Rm. 121 Athabasca Hall.

Drinking a problem? There is a solution. nesday 11:00 - 1:30 Heritage Lounge, Alcoholics Anonymous, 482-6783. 2 Meetings/week on campus.

The Tae-Kwon-Do Club is currently accepting new members. For more info drop by 30F SUB.

Liberal Club Policy Meetings Wednesdays 12-1 pm Rm. 030-5 (SUB).

Student Christian Movement: Drop-In Centre - Basement of Garneau United Church (11148 - 84 Ave.), Mon-Fri, 3:30 - 5:00 p.m.

G.A.L.O.C. (Gays and Lesbians on Campus) Resource/Drop In Centre — Everyone welcome Rm. 620 SUB.

Narcotics Anonymous. Can show drug users how to get free of the habit. 424-5590.

Young Executives Club Signed for a wardrobe workshop yet? Hurry and register at Bus 3-02.

Campus Community SVCC Info Centre SUB 030B (12 noon - 2 pm) Phone 432-2515.

U of A Rugby Club General Election March 27th. Nominations forms in by March 20th. SUB Rm 030M.

Deadline for nominations March 10, 4 pm.

CARA Stop in Room 614 SUB. Office hrs. 1-3 Wednesday/Friday or by appointment 489-1178 Andv.

St. Joseph's Catholic Community Mass times Sept. April Weekend — Sat. 4:30 pm Sun. 9:30, 11:00 am, 4:00, 10 pm

Weekday — Mon. - Wed. - Fri., 7:30 am, 12:10, 4:30 pm. Tues. - Thurs., 7:30 am, 12:30, 4:30 pm. Sat., 12:10 pm.

classifieds

FOR SALE

Zoryana Resale Boutique — fine quality women's and men's clothing and accessories. LA36 Dec. Writer with keyboard APL character set; ADM Lear Seagler Video Display with keyboard. Both for input/output device to mainframe. 474-6388.

sories. Look to Zoryana for vintage, natural fabrics, designer clothing and delightful prices. Under the red canopy at 8206 - 104 Street. 433-8566.

Good selection of new and used typewriters from \$99. Mark 9, HUB Mall, 432-7936.

Airline ticket to Ottawa for Sun. May 4/86. \$150.00. 430-6766 after 6 pm.

Start your own Lawn Care Company! For Sale!: Mowers, Power Rake, Aerator, Rototiller c/w aerator tines, Power Roller, Trimmers, Riding Mower. 489-4927

Silver Plated "Selmer Signet" flute, low B \$385.00: Armstrong Gridillo Wood Piccolo, solid silver head joint, \$750.00. Phone Judy 433-0232.

FOR RENT

Ideal accommodation for spring and summer session students. Partially furnished, 2 bedroom apartment, corner of 98th Ave and 110th Street. Parking available. 20 minute walk to Campus. \$385/per month. Phone: 482-4483 — after 8 pm.

Cheap summer accomodation. Sublet 2 bedroom apartment May - Aug. 15 minute walk to University. Fully furnished. \$300.00/month and electric and phone. 431-0374 evenings

Room for Rent in 6-man house. Available April 1st or May 1st. \$190.00, includes utilities. W/D, 10 minute walk. 11537 - University Ave. Phone 436-7408 (or 3629) Ian or Toni. Students only.

Roommate wanted. Female to share 3 bedroom, fully furnished, split level apt. Southside for June, July and August. Rent \$161.00 phone 436-6722

WANTED

Tutor required for a seven-year old boy with audio memory problems. Prefer 3rd or 4th year special education student. 5 hours/week. Hours & times flexible. Wage negotiable. Call 474-7113 evenings after 6:00 pm.

Women softball players wanted. for 2nd—3rd Division Team. Call 487-4052, 452-3598.

Four positions for Grounds Keepers, full-time or part-time. Send resume with photo, hours of work expected and salaries to: G.L. & T.S. — General Delivery, South Edmonton Post Office, South Edmonton.

Fresh-Exciting-Rewarding: Are you looking for something different, a sophisticated, excited change? Earl is taking his fresh quality foods one step further and needs energetic, sophisticated people to be part of our newest concept in gourmet dining. All positions available. Apply in person between 2-6 pm, The Tin Palace, 11830 Jasper Avenue.

Employment Opportunity: Need people for landscaping Phone 453-1910 D.H.C. LawnCare.

As Earl prepares for the upcoming summer, he is looking for young energetic individuals who work with people. Fit the description? Apply to Earl's Calgary Trail between the hours of 2-4 monday to Friday

Summer Employment: Tree planting—bush locations—mobile camps—piece rate. Earnings potential \$5000 & up for 8 week period. Information available at CEC 4th floor SUB.

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CHAPMAN BROTHERS LTD. —

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HUB DELI —

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DARI-DELITE —

Hot Dog — Reg. \$1.25 sale \$1.00.

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Page 20 — Gateway

Part-time receptionist for South-side Real Estate Company close to Heritage Mall. Must have good typing skills and pleasant telephone manner. Long-term position. Call Harvey Downes 437-2110. Need a Job? Build your own business. Generate income now that will continue when you're back in the books. Call Nicole 466-1050.

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Typing — Call 422-7570 on-campus St. Albert Typing, phone Arlene 459-8495.

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Reports, resumes, thesis 9-9, 6 days a week, student rates, call Weststar 487-2865.

Good quality typing. Competitive rates. Phone 483-5212.

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Word Processing. Letter quality daisy-wheel printing. (proofread) 459-4682.

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Affordable, negotiable typing rates Jacquie 426-5840/452-9710

Typing: Professional, courteous service; proof reading. Reasonable rates on all papers. Susan 466-0114

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High Level Secretarial Services Ltd. Word Processing, essay, term papers \$1.25/page D.S. Photo-copiers available. 433-3272.

Typing — word procesing. March only — \$12/hour & Free Gift Certificate. Mastercard & Visa accepted, (courier service available). Available days, evenings, weekends, Tri-Star — 487-7271 (west end).

Moving? I can help. Cheap. Call Art at 922-3422

Lost for Words? Proof/Editing. 467-7925 after 5. S. Hanley

Typing: Fast Service, Reasonable Rates, on campus pickup and delivery. Ph. 455-9715

Swami Rerfananda, Yoga expert from Himalayas Athram gives a presentation of Yoga Philosophy and breathing techniques. Thursday, 6:00 pm, 14-9 Tory, No fees, silver collection. Information: Carol 471-1989 evenings.

PERSONALS

Clansmen Rugby Club. John Nelson, Days 471-0557 Evenings 478-5173.

Pregnant and Distressed? Free, confidential help/pregnancy tests. Birthright 432-2115. Hours 12 to 3 Monday through Friday. Rm 030K

Single's Network: Looking for an alter-

nate way to meet people? We offer a personalized, supportive method for single people of all ages to connect. For more information call 433-7711

Omeko Labs is holding an information packed birth control lab at Ellerslie Rugby Park on the evening of April 4th. This has nothing to do with the Rugby Party on the same night. Really...

Princess Catherine: I have to save you today. Ratt 5:00. Ian (p.s.: FST?)

Female looking for someone to travel Europe with this summer. Phone 439-4788

LOST & FOUND

Found: 1 calculator V-128. Call 452-0119 to identify & claim. Ask of Pauline.

Reward: For return of navy & red Andre Jamet ski jacket. Please contact Michelle 453-3342.

Lost: Ladies Gold Pulsar Watch. Lost in Pavillion Monday, March 24/86. Large Reward — Sentimental value. Cindy —433-9473.

Lost: Two toned blue Roman change purse with gold coloured design. Great sentimental value. Phone Michele 453-3342.

Lost: Ladies Citizen watch, black leather strap, black face. Lost between 10:00 and 10:30 am Wednesday, March 19. Reward offered. Phone 433-2485



EXPORT "A"

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