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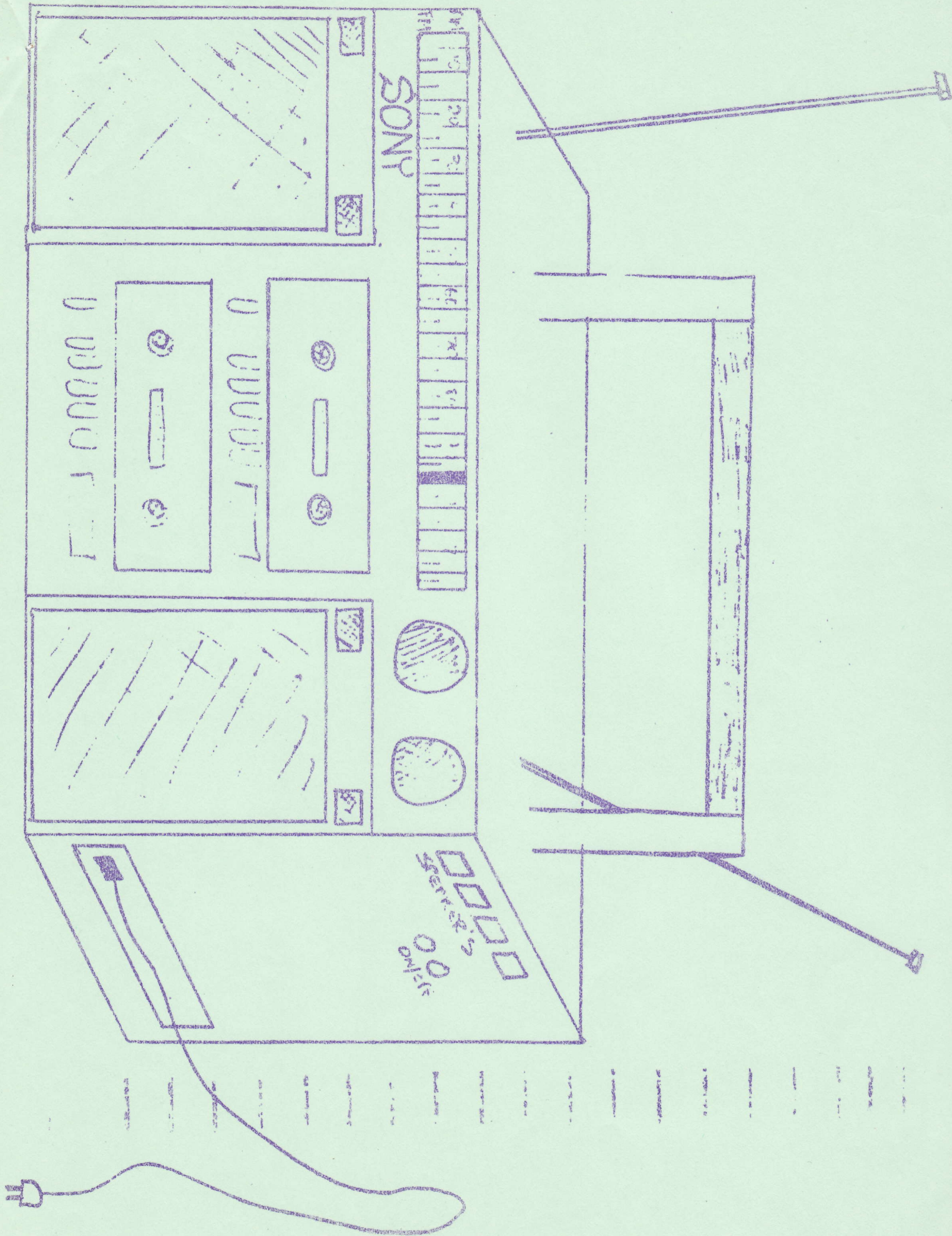
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# WIBBLY

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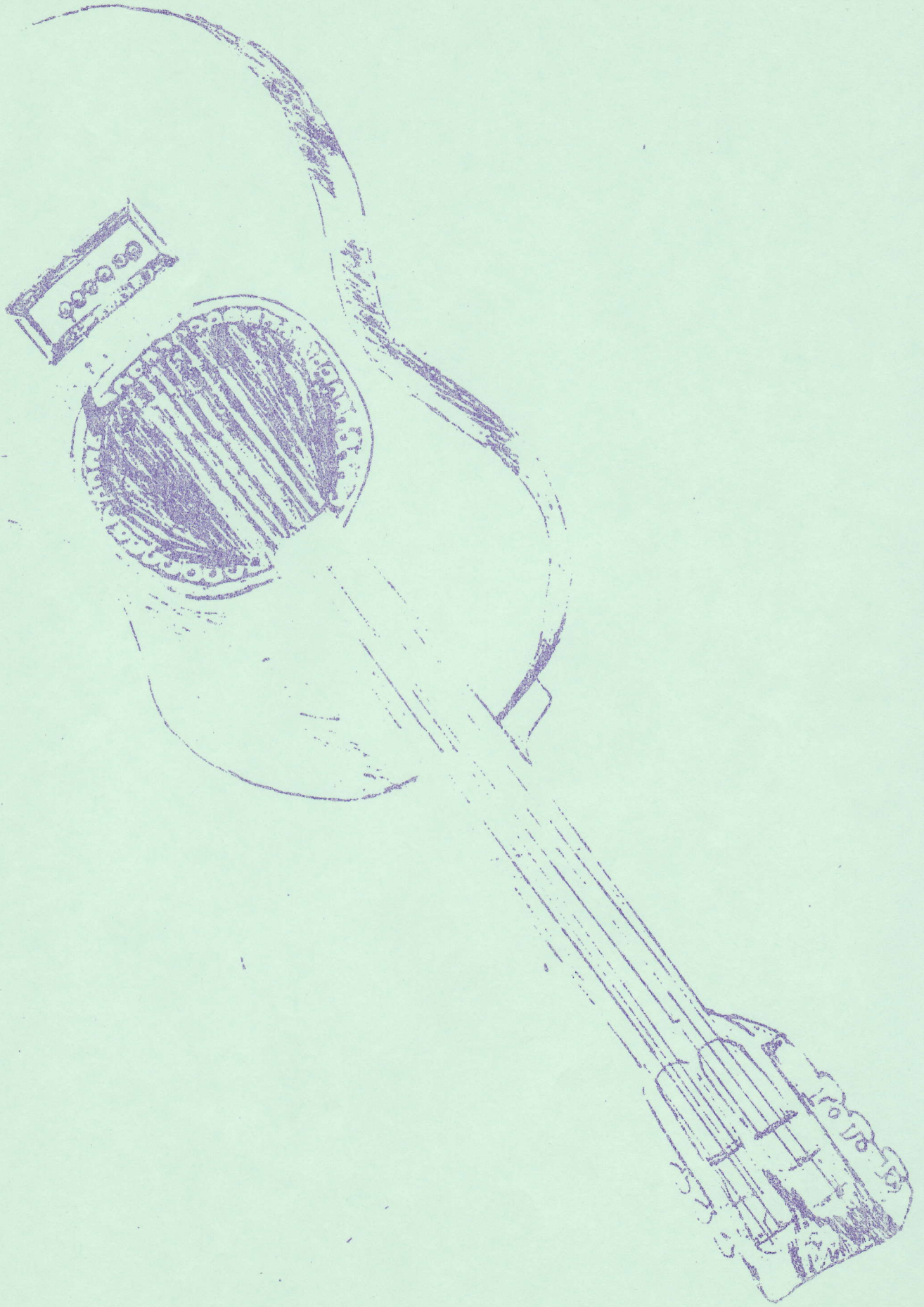


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LTHPKMETALLICAGWDPYLMGAUQIEPPMR  
WHOMQZORUWNHHSIEMENGLISHBEATWPG  
NMENWI THOUTHATSHSANSLLITSYBSORC

" OK TUES" All the votes are in  
can you find these groups'ANT  
singers.

- Beatles
- Billy Idol
- Black Sabbath
- Chicago
- Crosby Stills Nash
- Cure
- David Bowie
- Doors
- English Beat
- Gents
- Grateful Dead
- Infa Riot
- Iron Maiden
- Japan
- Lez Zeppelin
- Men Without Hats
- Metallica
- Motor-Head
- Neil Young
- Pink Floyd
- Platinum Blonde
- Police
- Ramones
- Sex Pistols
- Simon and Garfunkel
- Simple Minds
- Specials
- Supertramp
- Wham
- Who
- Yaz







Horoscope - Greg Z

Aries- Expect the unexpected, This is your day! May pennies from Heaven rain down upon you.

Taurus- A profitable future in high-tech food processors awaits you. Invest now.

Gemini- Don't put off that bit of work around the house. While your at it, tidy that rug, clean that bathtub and clean that cellar.

I don't think Millicent Fenwich has dusty furniture young lady.

Cancer- It's not funny.

Leo- Now it's high time to make that business deal. Get out there and score.

Virgo- Freeze this is a bust. Get your hands up!

Leo- But officer...

Libra- Depressed? Why not come to me for advice? Ahh, to be or not to be. (sigh) Oh, just leave me alone

I'll be fine, really.

Scorpio- Open manholes

Scorpio- Open manholes and unaccompanied hamsters could be a blessing in disguise

Sagittarius- Go ahead, go try on those old clothes of yours stuffed away in you closet. Take a long hard look at your self, decide you look totally foolish, and then treat your self to a movie.

Capricorn- Remember the good old days? sitting on the street corner with you chums? Remember having you lunch money stolen from you? Remember being beaten up Remember being laughed at and ridiculed? Sorry I remind you...

Aquarius- If you drink don't run. No that's not it. If you run don't drive. No! No! If you ... Ah hell, where did I put my car keys?



## BESIDE THE COP SHOP-OUR OPINION

- Feels weird
- Afraid of harrassment from cops
- To close
- Invation of personal freedom
- Never really did like cops
- Chips on their shoulders

- Feel watched
- Not afraid of harrassment
- Feel more cncsious
- Invation
- Useful,sometimes
- More school space
- Its alright

- Drag
- Always coming out and bothering us about sitting on their cars
- Personal invasion
- You cant do anything illiegal.

- Doesnt matter
- No harrasment
- No invasion
- Afraid of longrun trouble
- Some are O.K. police
- Ego trippers,power at their feet

- Rather not have it there,makes me nervous.I rather have a park or Seven-Eleven
- Some have chips on their shoulders
- Safe because of somethig bad might happen.

SCOOTER RUN

I get my scooter and go on a run,  
To Buffalo, Brighton, or the Falls, what fun!  
Scooters break down, it invariably happens,  
Pistons seize, both tires flatten.

Arrive at the seaside with plenty of cash,  
Pose on our scooters and try to look flash.  
Put up the tents and polish the chrome,  
Try not to think of the long journey home.

I get to the pub and try to get smashed,  
Always up at the bar or having a slash.  
The pub gets more rowdy, a fight sometimes starts,  
I try to join in but am pissed as a fart.

The police barge their way in, all truncheons and boots,  
Out the back door, you'll see me shoot.  
Monday arrives; time to get back.  
Tent and doss bag are strapped to the rack.  
I try to get home as quick as the rest  
See you on the next run, from DMS!

Dave Naughton



COLLOSAL CITY

Oh,  
loud  
collosal city;  
watch and feel  
you hussle  
into frenzy;  
each day  
and night;  
in your state of  
mass production  
in your money starving mind.

Dont sleep  
for a moment,  
in your dusty boots,  
and sky domes,  
Conscience;  
never free.

Oh,  
collosal city,  
I stumble  
on those  
cluttered streets  
of wasted mind  
and matter.

Time passes  
too quickly;  
at the speed of  
cloning machines,

don't walk too quickly,  
you may lose  
everything;  
but the one thing  
your after (money)

for one thing  
is something;  
but if all else  
-is lost-;  
everything  
means  
nothing.

Oh cruel  
collosal  
city;  
where  
all growth  
and offspring...  
are quickly poisoned  
in greed;

And nothing  
ever  
becomes whole.



In the sudden silence as I finished playing, I looked up into a circle of grim faces. Instead of the praise I was ready to welcome all I received was rejection. They already knew about this wonder! An instrument of the past which they called useless and a waste of time. Father Brown reached out and took it from my hands and I watched in shock and horror as he ground my precious instrument into splinters beneath my feet.

I cannot believe such a beauty could be unwanted. The world could use this beauty. After seeing and hearing how this wonder can and is unwanted and so-called useless, I cannot bear to live in such a world. I cannot help but wonder how and why. And this does not fit the plan. I will escape and go to a world where this would be allowed. Just to think of, how close I came to not knowing of this great world of the past. I have a lifetime of questions which I have not yet tasted the answers to. And I hunger for more. Please let all my beliefs be true. Let there be life after death. Let me live in a world of the past. Let me find the answers for my body weakens for you... the truth.



THE TRUTH OF  
THE TEMPLES

In a world far, far ahead, the earth is ruled by Priests. Our books, our music, our work, and play are all looked after by the wonderous wisdom of these priests. They have taken care of everything. The words we read, the songs we sing, the pictures that give pleasure to our eyes. We all work together as common sons, Never feeling the need to wonder how and why.

Walking through the sand, as I look towards the horizon, all I see are the great temples. Hundreds of these monstrous temples <sup>are</sup> spaced out ever so perfectly. Almost unreal...

Walking home towards my appointed cave, I sit by my beloved waterfall and watch and listen to the only real beauty that I had ever known. Then I pictured it. Something hidden beneath some rocks. I picked it up and brushed away the dust of the years. I learned to lay my fingers across the wires, and to turn the keys to make them sound differently. As I struck the wires with my other hand, I produced my first sounds, and soon my own music! How different it could be from the music of the temples! How amazed everyone will be! Let them all make their own music. This is almost beyond belief. I can't wait to tell the priests about it!



"Grazing Time Has Ended"

Lydia C.

Our grazing time has ended,  
I watch as a few brave leaves, still cling  
to their trees;  
For when the cold wind blows;  
You know nothing,  
can change natures course.  
Still we live in the summers breeze;  
in open fields of fragrant green grasses.  
We have overdone, our setting days,  
not quite accepting the essential  
change has taken it's place.  
Our grazing time has ended, now we sit  
and eat from cans; we should be  
glad; for its sleepin' time, yet we rustle  
our sheets in somewhat of a discomfort.  
Grazing time has ended!  
For our minds have not yet adjusted.  
Feelings are weak, and thoughts don't run  
in circles; they stop, like molecules;  
are ice, and this ice, still weak  
don't fall through.  
Grazing time has ended in the usual way.  
I can't help it but believe, to avoid  
this confusion;  
Hybirnation should take place; in a state  
of limitless space.  
For grazing time has ended;  
much different from before,  
grazing time has ended



## ABORTION

Abortion is a very controversial issue in our society. It is not only a question of one's morals, or theological beliefs, but to me as a female, a serious question of my freedom of choice in a democratic society. According to Webster's Dictionary, abortion is defined as an "Expulsion of the fetus from the womb before developed enough to survive."

I believe that abortion should be readily available to females who have become pregnant through rape because it is an act of involuntary sex. Giving birth to a baby conceived during a rape situation would be to me a constant reminder of a frightening and violent situation, particularly if the child is kept by the mother after the birth. One should also give consideration to the attitude directed towards the child born out of this forced union and the possible detriment to the healthy development of the child. I also feel that abortions should be available in cases where the doctor through testing, has found abnormalities in the fetus. If the age of the female is considered a risk factor, whether too young, or too old, then an abortion should be available. There are also situations where pregnancy results, even though some form of contraception was used, or if it was thought to be a safe time of month in the female's cycle.

All the foregoing circumstances exemplify why I think a female should have the right to have an abortion, and if so, this should be covered by her medical plan, governmental or otherwise. This also raises the question of whether medical plans should cover frequent unwanted pregnancies caused by total disregard of any form of contraception. Once it has been diagnosed that the woman is pregnant and she is obviously desirous of an abortion, she should consult with a physician. The physician will then make arrangements with a reputable medical centre for the procedure to be carried out under the sterile and proper conditions, as expeditiously as possible. Once the female has made her decision, it should be final, and she should not be interrogated, or put under duress to change that decision because of someone else's morals or beliefs, whether religious or otherwise. I feel that bringing up a child in this world is a great responsibility and one should be somewhat prepared through some form, i.e. marriage or common law and mental preparation (wanting the child, financial readiness etc.)

Audra Kaplansky



On a bright day,  
she passed away,  
in the morning,  
it's a cruel way,  
to take her away,  
with no warning

I took her hand,  
through every  
midnight hour,  
and then I saw her,  
fading away  
like a spring shower.

I can see  
a complete lifetime,  
pictures and posters,  
of times and fashion,  
nineteen years  
with no reason or rhyme  
taken away,  
in a crime of passion.

I stood,  
to see if I could  
catch her breathing,  
but it was no good  
I under stood  
she was leaving.

I looked outside,  
the frosty,  
window pain  
and then I saw her  
moving away  
it was a shame.

I can see a complete lifetime,  
pictures and posters,  
of times and fashion,  
nineteen years.  
With no reason or rhyme,  
taken away,  
in a crime of passion.

I see,  
freedom inside,  
it's a long climb,  
but she would not  
give up the fight  
for a long time.

And I see,  
a light come shining  
in tonight  
baby it's alright

I see freedom,  
light shining in the night  
I see freedom  
but she wouldn't give up the fight.



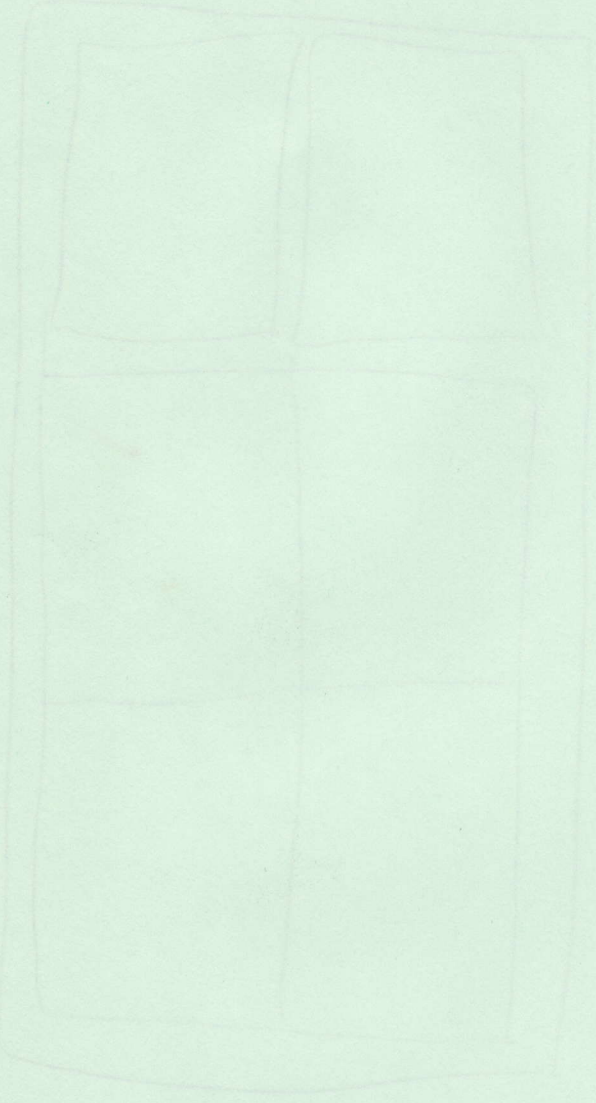
Well, it took longer than it was suppose too, but finally it's here. The first issue of West Ends newspaper. A note of thanks to all those involved, James and Don especially.

I hope that this will not be the first and last issue of IMPRINTS. It really gets alot easier to organize a newspaper the second time.

Once again THANKS all, for being so patient.

SHASTA





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