



—Lyll photo

**THE ART THAT CONCEALS ART**—These gentlemen are enjoying the pleasant, relaxed atmosphere of the SUB Art Gallery. The gallery is designed for browsing, wandering, or just sitting amidst the splendour of art works displayed therein. Keep an eye open for the various showings there during the course of the year.

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## leftovers

The off-campus housing situation is bad enough this year, and even worse now that a certain landlady in the Garneau area has closed her home to students.

She used to rent it out to nice, respectable girls, but, not any more. The last girl who lived there received a phone call from her parents at an unearthly hour, and when the good landlady went to summon the girl to the phone, she was "just disgusted to find her in bed with a HINDU!"

Tsk, tsk. Male or female, madam?

\* \* \*

The phone rang. The young man picked it up and heard a gently, mellifluous voice at the other end.

"Do you want to go to Wauneita with me, darling?"

"No," he screamed, "I don't wauneita!"

But his fate was sealed; the young man rented a tuxedo, his lady companion sewed herself a floor-length evening gown; and soon, too soon, the magic evening had arrived.

They were all there, all the cream of the undergraduate elite. They were tripping the elite fantastic. They were all wearing their formal best: dark business suits, pleated shirts, string ties, and red socks. Those who had read the last issue of Gentleman's Quarterly were wearing white socks.

The men (for Wauneita is but a sublimation of sexual inversion) were wearing gowns. Our hero and his date were a little embarrassed to have come dressed in the manner they did, and tried to make amends by transferring the lady's corsage to the gentleman's lapel.

The gentleman fingered his dance card nervously as a ponderously overweight female approached him, lust burning deep in her eyes. "Put me down for the third waltz, thin one" she growled, seizing him by the back of the collar.

"Waltz that you say?" he trembled. "Don't tango with me, you young wisp," she replied, pummeling him soundly about the head and ears. "Okay, okay, you're the bosanova," he said, shrinking to the floor.

A straight-backed fellow with gleaming teeth came over and picked him up. "On your feet, boy. That's no way to dance. Here, I'll show you." And he pirouetted gracefully around the room, throwing kisses to the admiring bystanders. "Golly, I wish I could dance like that," our hero said to him as he came prancing back. "You can, boy, you can! Just join the Dance Club!" And he turned on his heel and charged into the crowd.

The next figure to meet our distressed hero's eyes was a shadowy form in a black cloak, whose seemingly deformed countenance was covered with a black handkerchief. He shuffled over to the bewildered young man and whispered in his ear: "Hey kid, what's going on here? Who're all these crazy people? What is it, synchronized dry-land swimming, or what? Golden Bear football practice? Convocation?"

"We don't convocate in public on this campus, sir, whoever you may be. By the way, whoever you may be?"

"I may be the Phantom of SUB; on the other hand, I may be Little Annie Fanny, but that's kind of unlikely."

"Not the Phantom of SUB!" "Is there more than one? Where is he? I'll kill the b---d!" "Please, sir, we don't s---r in public here either."

Just then the young man's companion returned from the men's room, where she had been powdering her nose. Unfortunately she had been a little too liberal with the powder, and presented a strangely ghostlike appearance. The Phantom took one look at her and uttered a short cry. "You! You are the one who has been attempting to usurp the one and only Phantom from his lofty position as chief guardian and haunter of the depths of SUB!" And he made a move as if to strangle her.

"Please, sir, I am but a helpless waif!" she shrieked and pulled a banana from her evening glove. "Wauneita banana?" she asked, in an attempt to propitiate him.

Just then a voice boomed out of the ceiling. "This is Zeus speaking. It is now eleven o'clock. All you puny underlings will have to leave the building."

And in a flash, the Phantom had disappeared into the shadowy recesses of SUB.

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