

*Literary**Lit.**Page*

**Lex Rex
or
The Rise and Fall of
Philius Lex**

Philius Lex was not your average student. Of course it is very difficult to explain just what an average student is, but suffice to say that there was a certain enigma surrounding Philius that truly set him apart from all his peers. It wasn't just something as glaring as his hairstyle, or the way he dressed, or that he wore an earclip on one side of his head. (The earclip had been a gift, and Philius had never been able to figure out just what it meant, or what ear, if any in particular, it should be clipped to, but he had often wondered if it held any significance whatsoever.) In any event, Philius himself certainly made no attempt to conform or to non-conform to any of the latest trends around him. Indeed, he had long ago decided that if there was anyone as hopeless as the people who mortgaged and remortgaged their homes so that they could shop exclusively at Act 1 and the Towne Shop, it had to be those non-conformist activists, children-of-the-well-to-do, who insisted on buying everything they wore from the Salvation Army and from army surplus stores.

But it was perhaps that very indifference which was most indicative of Philius' unique nature. Philius would sit in the huge blueroom of the S.U.B. building, wearing his Wallabees, his black wooly turtleneck and his old bell-bottom pants (deep green), and would rage at how very material and competitive the world about him had become. Now, you musn't think for a moment that Philius was a throwback to the 1960's, a hippie lost in time. After all in '68 when student revolt was rocking the world, Philius was still warring with Pampers and Pablum. And let's remember that along with his bell-bottom pants and Wallabees, Philius was also wearing argyle socks (brown) and a Daniel hecter sweater (blue). For many people the combined effect was more than laughable. Trendy young girls would walk by, spot him, and make non-too-discrete signs at one another from across the lounge which said: "Attention, danger: Loser on the Loose - Stay Clear!" and they would giggle uncontrollably. Fortunately Philius was impervious to all this.

In this respect - his wardrobe, that is - Philius' problem was threefold: a) he couldn't find any clothes that really suited him, b) his clothes often clashed together, and c) he

just didn't think clothes were very important, in fact, he hardly ever gave the matter any thought. And this is what truly made Philius so very special. Philius, you see, was a thinker, a contemplative sort of fellow.

Oddly enough the problem he was presently grappling with was logically the same as the clothing dilemma. Philius reflected on his present teen-age crisis and conduct in recent months and asked himself what sort of standard had guided that conduct.

At first he couldn't figure it out for the life of him. Why had he come to university? Why did he spend more time in the Social Club than in class? And, a more disturbing thought, why did he listen to C.H.S.R.? Why had he joined the Flat Earth Society? And why in Heaven's name, why oh why had he ever thrown eggs at a group of friendly, innocent students who were just having a little bit of fun sacrificing a great pumpkin?! Did it make any sense? No, not really. But Philius felt that these were questions of great importance, and he pondered the matter for what seemed like eons - let's say one week, give or take an hour or two. And Philius saw that it was not good.

In this respect - his belief that is - Philius' problem was threefold: a) he couldn't find any firm beliefs that really suited him, or that he could be sure of, b) those principles he did hold to often contradicted each other, and c) he had just never given the matter much thought.

However, from that very moment, on that seventh day, Philius made a decision that would change his life. He decided that hence forth he would be his own man, a good man. From that day forward he would make himself accountable, to himself, for all his actions. He would be guided at all times by principles of life into old notions of courage, purity, humility, diligence, charity, honesty and Fidelity. (Yes! Fidelity!) By his own shining example, he would entice former student politicians to ease their legal squabbings, come forth, confess and publicly forgive one another in an unprecedented act of mutual understanding and openness. In a world which celebrated material girls, material success and aggressivity, he would make Frederickton a haven of peace and tranquility where the Cosby Show was everyone's favorite T.V. program...

Philius pondered all these things and saw that it was good.

And so ends the beginning of the story of the young man from Lower Ludlow, whom the Brunswickan itself would one day come to acclaim as "Philius Lex, Philosopher Rex at U.N.B."

**The Ballad of
Punker Klaus**

Part 2

And I heard him start
shoutin'
"I hope they don't burn us!"
And I laughed as I heard him
Slide straight to the furnace
Down in the cellar
He rumbled and roared
Then snuck up the stairs
As I hid 'hind the door

His eyes were all bloodshot
From smoking bad dope
And his face was as red
As the cape on the Pope
Then he brushed off the ashes
And reached in his cloak
Then he sighed with relief
As he snorted some coke

He took out his pipe
And thumbed in some hash
(I could tell by the scent
That he'd spent lots of cash)
He loosened his belt
And emitted a chuckle
As he polished the gold
On his Sex Pistols' buckle

He took off his headphones
And his gloves made of pelt
He had on his belt
His hair was all spiked
His nose like a cherry
And tucked in his coat
Was a bottle of sherry

He opened his sack
And pawed thru the loot
Then paused for a second
To spit on his boot
Then he spread out the
goodies
(Dark glasses and whips
Spiked heels for the women
And chains for their hips)

He finished his presents
Enough for a week
Then hid 'hind the tree
And had a good leak
Then he dimbed out the win-
dow
And hopped on the roof
And motioned to Bonzo
To give him a boost

Then the car started up
And roared to the sky
With Punker and Bonzo
And Luftwaiffe who tried
To keep them all happy
By handing out joints
And pouring Black Russians
(For more brownie points)

As I crawled to the window
And peered out in the black
I noticed that Punker
Had left his big sack
I opened it quickly
And I filled with good cheer
"Merry Xmas", I whispered
As I broke out his beer!