

C'mon Join the Crowd!

BY EPICURANIMUS

C'mon! we'll show you where it's at! The name of the place is -- the 7th floor of the Library. Every day we have an informal gathering of the kind of students who appreciate what a university is for. Don't get the wrong idea; we know the value of study and all that, but you're only young once!

So we have found (or founded) this cozy little room where you can actually enjoy working, and we do mean enjoy. Just imagine it - a place where you can meet your friends and talk over all the latest gossip (but not crowded and smokey like the canteen - if you keep the window open); where you can relax while you study with a cigarette or a bottle of pop or anything else which you might care to smuggle in.

Oh! don't let the word 'smuggle' frighten you—it really isn't all that serious. It's true the library has rules that you can't take stuff up there but there are two flights of stairs between you and the nearest librarian and if you can't get things hidden with that much warning of approaching feet, well, then maybe you're not the type for our club.

But if you have the true adventurous spirit of red-blooded North American youth (of both sexes) this will add to the interest for you.

While on the subject of matters that might frighten away the more mouse-hearted students on the campus, we'd best mention two other facts: first, the place isn't exactly soundproof and your voice will carry down through the stacks, perhaps giving too much publicity to the particular private romance you may be discussing with one of the gang; and second, there is some kind of a rule about only senior students being allowed through the stacks.

Here again, we'll ignore the lily-livered and speak only to the ones who know the score and the ways of the world. The first dif-

ficulty presents no problem because the only people who can hear you are M.A. and Honours students who have desks in the stacks, and who cares what those book-worms think? The second problem is easily solved by the old trick of saying you have to see a friend up there to get a scribbler or something—the librarian will have to go up for you, call you a liar, or let you go; and people being what they are, you can count on the last possibility. And then there's

always the chance to sneak through when nobody's at the desk, which will be relatively often.

If you miss this great opportunity to expand your personality while getting your university degree, don't say we didn't tell you. We make no conditions limiting membership to our club—come one, come all, no matter what your race, creed or colour. Our club is a good example of a true democratic enterprising society.

See you there soon.



TWO LEAVES

The tree was up-rooted -
Leaves flutter and seeds scatter,
And oars churned with the swell
Over a large expanse of Nowhere.
Shrieks of Separation,
Pained pangs of Partition.

Damp Dark bodies
Sticking together in stinking
Stench of Degradation.

Out of the many ports
Swarms race to see the
Line of heads chained
'Neck to neck'
'Back to Back'
and maybe
'Belly to Belly' . . .

White gleaming teeth
And Bloodshot eyes bedevilled by
Black Sockets frighten even vultures away.

While they toiled they sang . . .
Or at best danced to the whip,
Presto!

But never a hero went to Inglorious death
Without His Glorification with Song.
Then fought, Fray for Freedom
And still they fight
These Freedom Fathers.

Out of this mangled anthropoid
Crawled a child, deformed
With two bodies
And one soul.

Two of a kind
One is black
The other is just as dark
(At worst a shade lighter)

One has close-cropped wig
The other also had fuzzy curls
(Straightened or coloured for affect)

Where are the thick lips or the flat nose?
I see them in one body
But in the other?
The wiles of plastic surgery.

But still they danced
The naked black feet
'Pitipitimm Pitipitipitimm
'Pitipitimm Pitipitipitimm.'

Hoarse vibratto voices
And the dance of the droning drums
Boomerang song
In a frustrating cycle.
One, Two, Tree?

"The ties were snapped,
"Oars churned . . ."

"Ah, that jargon strikes
A chord of memory in me."
Who completes it completes me.

—PETER BRIGHT-ASARE



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