

Oh, the neutrality

of it all

Bookish, droning paradox

By WAYNE BURNS

Night comes to the campus.

In the residences meals are finished and the brief association with the opposite sex is finished. The segregated monasteries stare across at each other and are lonely but youth is not to be trusted.

background

Wayne Burns, who tells us he is 19 years old, has struck again, this time at the library. The library is what university planners would call a multi-purpose area, if they knew what went on there. It shelters books and students from mis-use and the winter blasts. And it shelters an ambivalent approach to reality. A microcosm of the community. A first-year arts student, Burns writes a personal appraisal of the library society—a secret society. The photographs were taken by first-year engineer Perry Afaganis, who's practicing to be a private eye.

A slow trickle emits from each residence. In slow processions and crowds of one the disorganized march of humanity seeks a central building, a neutral corner.

From sterile, cold and lonely

rooms around the campus come other marchers. A single room can get monotonous and loneliness leads to a mental rut.

From the houses of their parents and from the frat houses come the cars. Some ride the buses. The swingers wear ski boots, the subtle swingers wear suits.

The room is large where they meet and filled with light. Books line the walls and cover the tables. The steady drone of the air conditioning is soothing, comforting.

On one wall hangs a picture of a minister preaching to the Indians while the NWMP look on. Few people ever see the picture. Time, like the picture, can be disregarded. Nobody hurries, nobody yells and some people sleep. Most people appear to be working.

To the uninitiated, who dare to walk in alone, the first reaction is slight panic. Where can you sit, for every place has a book in front of it? Looking at the piles of books you may think all the seats are taken.

If you conquer the initial fear and find a seat you may notice no one seemed to see you come in. You open a book to justify your existence and appear to work. The book is the passport, a front, most important it is something to do with your hands.

The churchlike atmosphere, the outward exterior of work is a front for small undercurrents of isolated activity. In a cubicle a young girl is sleeping, and nobody seems to know she is there. Her soft inaudible breathing causes a wisp of hair to flutter.

Hidden away in another little cubicle a girl and a boy sit in the same chair. Lost in their own private world they are oblivious to their surroundings. Some onlookers cast furtive lonely glances and pretend to work.

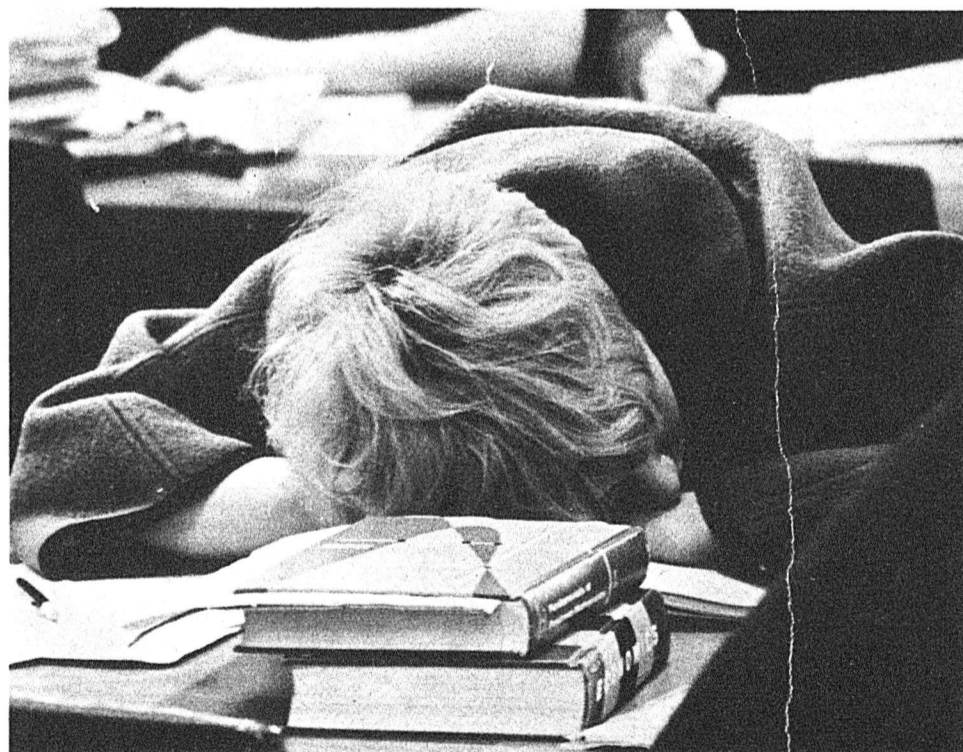
In the study room a thinker sits with his feet up. In high school he would have been disciplined for this. Here there is no disciplinarian. Perhaps he seeks attention and perhaps only a comfortable position. People pretend not to notice him.

A girl in a white turtleneck sweater walks down the aisle in syncopated motion between the tables, row on

row. Her hair sways as she walks up to a boy seemingly absorbed in his studies. She is in one of his classes.

His mind works desperately to try to think of something else to say to keep her a while longer but the words will not come. She waves good bye and he watches her as she walks down the aisle. Other watchers sit in silent submission, unable to act.

The isolated groups whisper or make paper airplanes. An artist's hand deftly trims the paper while a blond head watches with rapt attention. Nobody appears to notice a



GOOD NIGHT, SWEET INTELLECT

... how it always ends