

Our Feature Page

POX—FOP

— A STUDENT FORUM —

A revolutionary discovery seems to have been made in the Lady Beaverbrook Residence. From all appearances it would seem that the fountain of youth made famous by Ponce de Leon has a subsidiary branch on the U.N.B. campus. Any one wishing to witness this phenomenon, has only to enter the residence any evening (preferably through the week) and cock an ear to the hilarious revelry of the imbibers of this rejuvenating potion.

The waters of the fountain however, do not effect an over-all change in the drinker. His appearance it affects not at all, his heart it makes younger, but his mind becomes positively infantile. The reader can well imagine the flush of joy that comes to the haggard face of the older member of the house (for the fountain runs all night) as he hears the patter of tiny feet, albeit, shod in army boots, racing from one peurile frolic to another. If he had the strength to drag his sleep-starved body to the door, he would find there a group making merry with water pistols, or here a gay knot of fellows engaged in a pillow fight. The happy laughter and shouts are a joy to the hearts of even the most unappreciative wretch and join to form a solid roar, a sort of symphony of bedlam, very conducive to study.

As in every paradise, however, there is a serpent. In this case, it

is an infamous band who call themselves by the sinister title of the "Let's Pass Our Year Club". Already several of the youthful have been found with their tongues torn out with white hot pliers; and not a few have died through eating poisoned pabulum.

The disastrous effects of this misanthropy can scarcely be imagined so I have undertaken to publish this expose jointly with an appeal for more rubber pants.

... Acoustic Agnostic

Purr Verse . .

Feeling feline? or distraught? or sage? The following space has been set aside for the practice of poetic license, so that contributors, having bethought themselves to poetry, may see printed their own cryptic, caustic or just plain clever comment for all to look at. If you have contrived a cute, curt lyric, or have a favourite zesty couplet, you should contribute.

I think that I should never see
A chick who doesn't fracture me
When having polished off her sandwich
She grabs a deck and deals a hand
which

A. M. and D.

by

ANNE SANSOM

The Red 'N Black Review is calling for volunteers preferably those not of the order of "you, you and you". They make a point of leaving the process of casting as painless as possible. If you are the sort of bright people who read posters on the notice board (bless your little hearts) you may have seen the Red 'N Black casting notice. Also you may have turned out for the meeting on Sunday. If on the other hand you did not do so, then here is a gentle push in the back to help you along. The Red 'N Black is the show to end all shows, and I mean this as a compliment. For three years it has been an annual affair, and for three years certain practices have become tradition.

However the originators of these traditions have passed into the limbo of graduation, even our long loved John-you'll-get-used-to-it-Bell. The only consolation is that we have a chance to use new blood and new ideas. There is a job for everyone in the review, and you need not be afraid of its being "high brow" — it is far from that. What is more the job is quite without pain — fun is a good pain killer.

Recently I was in the Art Center when an old friend wandered in. "Do you mean to say that this place is open all the time?" he asked. "Yes" I replied, "And we can come in whenever we wish?" "Yes" was again the answer. "Then everybody should know about it." So now you do! The Art Center is always open until 5.00 p.m. every day. You may come in to talk, study, read or listen to music. Also if you wish, Miss Jarvis might give you some materials so that you may do some drawing on your own. "Our Lucy" is a wonderful person with whom to talk too. She is one of the most interesting people I know. The Art Center is yours to enjoy, why not make use of it?

To make another remark about U.R.P. the whole development has been wonderful. From what I have gleaned here and there about the programing, the shows will be very good indeed — all except one — the Christmas show, which will be a roundtable discussion on the Christmas theme. The program is to serve two purposes I am told. (1) to get the season out of the way; (2) to let the debaters have a fling. In this case, I DID voice my opinions to the powers that be — several of us did so, but to no avail. But I suppose since students are noted for it, we must continue in the tradition of being untraditional. (McGowan please put down that axe). Joking aside, I would like to congratulate the executive of U.R.P. on their EXCELLENT work — may you find a sponsor; and a cast too.

Some people do not realize that there is room for many more people in their (U.R.P.'s, natch) happy throng.

means the guys who come in late
Just stand and stand and wait and wait
Poems are made by fools like me
But Canteen bridge I just can't see.
—The Manitoban

Before we had Freud
Who could avoid
Being puzzled by sex
And Oedipus Rex?

If you find love's smooth road
cobbly
And your tired knees grow wobbly
It's because la donna e mobile.
—George Whalen

For Coeds, dancing
Is second only to romancing.
But what can seem more ludicrous,
Than one of that unseeming crew
to kiss.

... John Alward

Despite what gourmets
may say
Parsley
is ghastley!

... Hal Wood

Writers Workshop

In this column are printed selected samples of the best from among the short essays produced by the students of Dr. Pacey's "Creative Writing" Class. They are selected on basis of their quality and genuine representation of the students' work. It is hoped that they at once give notice to the creative talent at work on the campus, and add to the feature material that is carried in The Brunswickan.

A physical description of a person,
by Pete Mitchum

Restauranteuse

I selected a seat at the long food-stained counter directly behind the figure of what I took to be the proprietess.

Apparently she did not hear me enter, for she continued chopping the meat, her slovenly body hunched over the task. With every movement of the knife, her whole body quivered in such a way that her much laundered blue dress strained threateningly over her bulging flesh.

Her stockingless legs were obscene, great doughy columns over which a net-work of purple veins bubbled; standing out in relief on the blotchy pink and white of her skin.

She shifted her foot to relieve the oppressive weight on her tiny high-heeled shoe. For a moment it seemed as if she would topple over, but her other foot was there in time, the top of its shoe preventing a fall by sinking into the pulpy flesh that concealed her ankle, with the cushioning effect of a hydraulic shock absorber.

She never ceased her work, and after every chop her deft chunky fingers pinched up the meat ready for the next cut, while the backs of her mottled pink arms wobbled harmoniously with the industrious knife, and her partially concealed head which bobbed mechanically over her pilowy shoulders.

Suddenly, sensing my presence, all her motion ceased and for a minute the rolls of fat on her arms dangled like waxy globes. Then, using the bench to support her body, she rolled slothfully around, and at the same time brought her bloody hands crashing down before me scattering little pieces of chopped meat in all directions.

If I had startled her, one look at her face was more than just revenge. I tried not to stare, but it was impossible. Gradually my pulse slowed to normal.

Her face at first glance was practically indescribable, not just because it did not appear to start anywhere. It was like the belly of a shark, with that vague underlying blueness of anemia.

From her succession of chins to the limp, mousy hair of her head there were no lines to indicate her age. She remained expressionless; her colorless eyes set far apart held one blankly. I stirred uneasily.

"Hamburger", I managed to falter.

Her squat nose seemed boneless and almost obsolete for its original purpose, while the sound of her quick jerking breath only served to make her mouth more painfully obvious.

It never quite shut, but appeared as a dark hole whose inverted corners gave the impression of a hinged trap.

Then, with a snapping motion, which never once revealed her teeth, her lower jaw clicked up and down twice as they released the almost mechanical cry,

"With or without?"

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