

"When I Was Your Age"

When the adult versus the child

by Kaberi Dasgupta

"Mom, why doesn't she have to drink a glass of milk?" demands my youngest sister, pointing at me.

"She's older. It's up to her."

"She's always trying to be an adult," she says, making a face at me.

She's wrong, of course. It's not being told to drink milk that makes one an adult. It's not finishing high school or university. It's not even being over eighteen years (or being seventeen years if you were born before July 1, 1969). The true adult is one who imparts sage advice to unwilling listeners. Unfortunately, it is frequently younger siblings that bear the brunt of such newfound wisdom.

"Eat your broccoli."

"Yuk."

"What do you mean yuk? Do you know how many starving children in the world would love to have your broccoli?"

"They can have it."

"All right. But let me tell you how your body will

"What is the log of $-x$ in $5p^2\sqrt{x+w-q^2}$...?"

"Mmm... I could explain it, but my methods would be too complicated for you.

Maybe you should talk to your teacher."

"All right, all right, we'll do our homework."

To come degree, these words are inspired by philanthropy. The advice given, if followed, will benefit the recipient. Furthermore, the recipient may be more inclined to follow the words of wis-

dom everyday just to practice piano."

"Just because you... Wait a minute; we didn't even have a piano when you were my age."

At times, however, it is a sense of injustice to oneself, rather than philanthropy, that produces the words in question.

"Go to bed."

"Can't we just stay up to watch 'Night Court'?"

"Absolutely not. When I was your age, I had to go to bed at 9:00 pm."

Yet perhaps our younger siblings are fortunate in comparison to our children, possibly the children of the twenty-first century...

"When I was your age, we used pens and paper, no lasers ..."

shrivel up if you don't..."

"Mom!"

Yet the adult, while professing to be an expert on everything from mowing to mathematics, also possesses an uncanny ability to account for supposed gaps in her knowledge.

However, the words that truly mark the arrival of adulthood are those that every ten-year-old vows never to utter: "When I was your age..."

"Why are you fighting with each other? Don't you have any homework? When I was your age ..."

dom if the wisdom-giver is seen to have benefitted from the course of action she suggests. (It is thus perfectly understandable if the adult feels compelled to fabricate some past experiences in order to make her advice more appealing.

"When I was your age, I remember waking up at 6:00

Still Revolting

The UPEI Theatre Society is still hard at work as it enters the final phase of its production and rehearsal schedule for the production of "Count Oederland." We have been working steadily now for a month and the show is shaping up very well and promises to be a fine piece of theatre.

Cast and crew have been putting a great deal of time into this production and are seeing results. The set design by Dave Bennett and Dave Larsen is finally becoming a physical reality as the building crew (David Larsen, Dawn Binkley, Mark Jordan, Kerry Lafferty, and Libby Kennedy) have spent many a joyful and sawdust filled hour in the carpentry shop of the utility building creating a set that will become, in the run of the play, a den, a forest, a hotel, a government residency, a bedroom, a cottage, and a sewer.

We soon will be proudly displaying our show posters around campus and Charlottetown. The poster design by Karen Dew will feature an axe (the revolution symbol of the play) backgrounded by

the silhouette of a cloaked man in the forest.

The cast, under the visionary direction of Laurel Smythe, have progressed at a rapid rate. The act runs done over the break were gave us a chance to see all of the scenes together and it also gave the cast an oppor-

tunity to get a sense of continuity in the show. The pre-production cast soiree gave a sense of community and with three weeks left to work on "polish items," we are in good shape.

"Count Oederland" opens at the MacKenzie Theatre (corner of Uni-

versity Avenue and Grafton Street) on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, and runs for three nights. Tickets can be bought from the Confederation Centre Ticket Works (\$5.00 for students, cheaper than a movie). We have a good show in the making; come see us do our thing.



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