

BIG PLANS FOR COMING YEAR

DRAMA

The U.P.E.I. Drama Club held its first meeting of the year on Tuesday, Oct. 18. The club has big plans for the coming year and it should provide lots of excitement for anybody who likes drama. The club already has approximately 15 potential stars but there's always room for more. If you have an interest in acting, or any other theatre skill (costumes, sewing, lighting,

sound, etc.) why not contact Joan MacFarlane at 892-1511 or leave your name with Kevin Gauthier in the Student Union office in the Barn. The whole world's a stage, so why not play your part to the fullest?

DEBATING

The Student Union is trying to establish a debating club on campus. St. Dunstan's University used to have one of the best debating teams in North

America, so the talent is definitely here. There are lots of tournaments held across Canada every year, which provides an excellent excuse for doing some travelling. You don't have to be a real genius to debate successfully. All it takes is some preparation, a cool head, and a strong desire to argue with everyone you meet. If you happen to be cool-headed and disagreeable, you should consider debating as a means of venting your hostility to the world. For more information, or for a good argument, come visit the Student Union office in the Barn. Ask for the Vice-President. We'll be waiting so come prepared!

compares dancing with you to wrestling the cookie monster, perhaps you might consider improving yourself. If you would like to see a dance class organized leave your name at the Student Union office. You don't have to dance like a three-toed sloth to go to a dance class. If you can't waltz in more than one step, or if you can't polka, jive, jitterbug, do the funky chicken or whatever, you might enjoy learning. Or, if you are a good dancer, you might consider sharing your talent with others. Either way, just drop a note into the S.U. office and let us know.



DANCING

Do you like dancing? Does your partner like dancing with you? Did you ever wonder why, at the last formal, your date was wearing steel-toed boots? Was that supposed to tell you something? If you are not yet a Fred Astaire, perhaps you're not trying hard enough. If your date



CULTURE CORNER

'PIANO BLUES' by Brian McKenna

She rose as if to see him to the door.

"Well?" she said.

He remained motionless in the chair.

She repeated the question. Still, there was no response.

"Well? Are you going to stay here forever?"

Her lips tightened, contorting her features. With narrowed eyes, she asked him once more. He looked up, startled, as if hearing her words for the first time.

"Of course. You are right."

He rose slowly to his feet and fumbled for the hat he had dropped. His awkwardness embarrassed him. A flush rose upward from his neck. Averting her glance, he shuffled across the floor to the door. Suddenly, he lifted his face to her and said, "If you would only reconsider--"

"Don't be a fool!"

Outside, late dusk enveloped the brownstone apartment buildings in a grey haze. Listlessly, he walked past the rusty railings leading to the apartments, the children who shouted obscenities at him, and the rows of plump women in flowered house-dresses, sitting on the steps, laughing harshly through nicotine-stained teeth. He nodded mutely as the man distributing pamphlets shoved them in his face, wildly waving his arms.

He wandered aimlessly towards the shops, looking unseeingly in the windows. He became caught up by the crowd and was carried with them. Neon signs of the waterfront blazed at him. At length, he turned into a small tavern and sat in semi-darkness. He was oblivious of the piano blues, or the worn prostitute who, angered by the jeers of the men, staggered to the middle of the floor,

where she teetered a slow-motion soft-shoe step, before collapsing in her face, saliva already beginning to foam at the corners of her lips.

He sat, gulping drink after drink. A woman slipped up to him. They got up to dance, he moving hypnotically to the beat, her made-up mouth a scar in her oddly white face. He clung to her as she looked up into his face. The woman reached up and whispered in his ear. They left, stepping over the body of the old prostitute lying in a pool of urine.

He lurched after her, up alleys, a fire escape, and into her room. A tiny window looked out on a graveyard, the moonlight making the tombstones oddly luminescent. He fumbled in his pocket for money, flattened some crumpled bills and placed them on a small hotplate in the corner of the room. She

turned her back to him and dropped her outer garments to the floor. Holding her hair up in her hands, she turned and looked askance at him. Mechanically, he unfastened her strap. She turned to him, the light from the naked bulb making her body appear unhealthily white. She embraced him, her eyes drawing him to her bed.

He madelove to her quickly and clumsily. He tasted the salt of her tears running down her face, outlined by the moonlight on her marble face, felt her sobbing convulsively against him. He slept restlessly and awoke early. The morning sun burned azure holes through the mist being repulsed by the city. He stared at her without recollection of emotion, then out the small window overlooking the cemetery. One lone tear slowly made its way across his cheek, down to the corner of his mouth.