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The Chancellor, the Board of Governors  
and the Senate of the  
University of Prince Edward Island  
cordially invite all **STUDENTS**  
to the Installation of  
Elizabeth Rollins Epperly,  
B.A., M.A., Ph.D.,  
as the fourth President of the University  
on Saturday, October 14, 1995 at 2 p.m.  
in the Young Canada Games Sports Centre.  
A reception will follow



# THEATRE RETURNS TO STEEL HALL

by Christopher Michaud

Theatre has once again returned to the hallowed halls of the Steel Hall. Theatre enthusiasts welcomed the return to Prince Edward Island last weekend the highly successful play *Drinking In America* starring UPEI's own Craig Blair, and directed by Laurel Smyth.

Some of you may remember *Drinking In America* ran at the Guild in Charlottetown over the summer. What some of you may not know is that Craig and Laurel, with B Productions, took the play off-island late in the summer to the Edge Festival in Halifax, where it received with great acclaim.

Well, the UPEI Theatre Society is pleased to have the opportunity of seeing this successful play in its home abode. While the turnout was not as high as expected, it did draw a good audience over the weekend. The theatregoers were treated to another successful job performed by

Craig Blair. Craig continues to excel, and proves it with his versatility, having to perform twelve different characters for *Drinking In America*. This, of course, is also where Laurel's great directing abilities enter.

While the play may seem to have been excessively long in duration, Craig is able to keep the audience following each character through all twelve changes. The play itself is quite vulgar, and a little graphic as well, very much like a conversation one might overhear in a football locker room.

All in all, *Drinking In America* is a good play, a little boring, but good, thanks in great part to Craig and Laurel.

Good job, guys!!

Oh, and one mustn't forget to mention, of course, Donna Martin as stage manager. Keep it going, girl!

# Poetry

MOJA BABKA

Her pleasant smile, her shining face  
Warm memories of her embrace  
These are my recollections  
Of the creator's work of perfection

A grandmother's special gift  
When spirits were low she'd lift  
To a child of tender years  
She could remove all the fears

Grandmother's teaching we carry  
They are of truth and never vary  
Now as adults we stand in awe  
Of this person without flaw

Today, as I think of that blessed one  
Her memories just bubble one by one  
The smell of her warm bread  
Always asking if we were fed

The little kitten at her feet  
Her old apron, her special seat  
These are the memories she gave  
And now are mine to save

She is gone and suffers not  
For it was god who has sought  
She is in his loving care  
And is waiting for me up there

By Albert M. Ferris, for Sylvia

Moja Babka is Polish for "My Grandmother"

Say What?

Listen to the penguins as they lurk  
along the path, Watch the badgers gnawing  
underneath the purple bath. Understand  
the starlight as it climbs upon the stair,  
Smell the painted china frolicking under your  
chair.

Stand within the breadbox which is  
rolling on the floor, Chase the humble  
pretzel hanging on the front screen door.  
Touch the pretty whirlwind eating ham  
under your bed, Draw the hidden day-  
dreams locked inside your gerbil's head.

Taste the violent bedspread smoking  
thyme out in the yard. Contemplate the  
slippers as they terrify a bard. Hear the  
yellow crayfish as it flies toward the moon,  
Permit the ugly horseshoe to scream  
sonnets to your spoon.

Know the wilted cactus shall under-  
mine a king. See the saffron mumble before  
it starts to sing. Comprehend the flowers  
that sink before they float. Dance upon the  
muffins which live within the moat