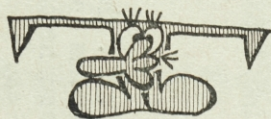
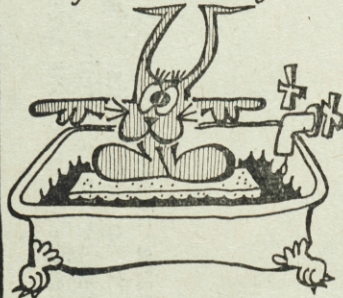


lapinette

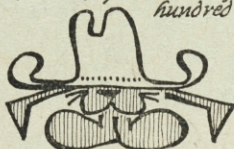
the flower of the student world

© BY DON
KEE
B. ARCH.

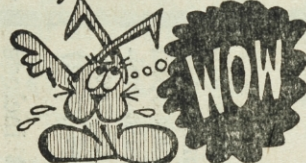
Whenever anyone mentions middle english to lappy, she becomes nauseous, no matter what our storyline says to the contrary.



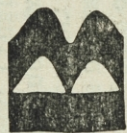
Lapinette indulges in a pre-season surfing session, which of course demonstrates her determination to plan ahead in spite of details like the fact that there is no surf within a few hundred miles.



Lapinette demonstrates "in" garb for carrot ranching, emulating the appearance of a great carrot baron.



Lapinette thinks about a pile of 4,500,000 carrots.



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There is one terrible disadvantage to attending university.

Summer vacation.

Gone, the frolic of middle english 101.

Vanished, the joys of elementary thermodynamics 203 with prerequisite calculus 105 parts A and B.

Instead, the agony of labour involved in learning how to tell which end of a surf is up, and such.

but Lapinette isn't worried.

Coolness is an attribute of hip students, whose attributes our rabbitie amigo always tries to emulate, thus to prove her hipposity.

You see, lappy has decided on a summer job of great and growing interest: carrot plucker on a carrot ranch.

For every ten carrots she plucks, she can keep one.

For every ten carrots she gets to keep, she will eat nine and sell one.

For every hundred she sells, she can realize eighty-nine cents, which is 1/450th of her fall tuition.

So, four and a half million carrots ought to wrap it up nicely.

It might wrap *rab* up too, of course. but then, of course, so might middle english 101.

THE LIES THEY TELL US

and where to go from here

These lies they tell about the ideal state
The rich will never give away their property
of their own free will
And if by force of circumstances
they have to give up just a little
here and there
they do it because they know
they'll soon win it back again
The rumour spreads
that the workers can soon expect higher wages
Why
Because this raises production and increases demand
to fill the rich man's gold-chest
Don't imagine
that you can beat them without using force
Don't be deceived
when our Revolution has finally been stamped out
and they tell you
things are better now
Even if there's no poverty to be seen
because the poverty's been hidden
even if you ever got more wages
and could afford to buy
more of these new and useless goods
which these new industries foist on you
and even if it seems to you
that you never had so much
that is only the slogan of those
who still have much more than you
Don't be taken in
when they pat you paternally on the shoulder and say
that there's no inequality worth speaking of
and no more reason
for fighting
Because if you believe them
they will be completely in charge
in their marble homes and granite banks
from which they rob the people of the world
under the pretence of bringing them culture
Watch out
for as soon as it pleases them
they'll send you out
to protect their gold
in wars
whose weapons rapidly developed
by servile scientists
will become more and more deadly
until they can with a flick of the finger
tear a million of you to pieces

Our economic system must
create men who fit its needs; men
who cooperate smoothly; men who
want to consume more and more.
Our system must create men
whose tastes are standardized,
men who can be easily influenced,
men whose needs can be anticipated.
Our system needs men
whowho feel free and independent
but who are nevertheless willing to
do what is expected of them, men
who will fit into the social machine
without friction, who can be guided
without force, who can be led
without leaders, and who can be
directed without any aim except
teh one to "make good"

It is not that authority has
disappeared, nor even that it has
lost in strength, but that it has
been transformed from the overt
authority of force to the anany-
mous authority of persuasion
and suggestion. In other words, in
order to be adaptable, modern
man is obliged to nourish the illu-
sion that everything is done with
his consent, even though such
consent be extracted from him by
subtle manipulation. His consent
is obtained, as it were, behind his
back, or behind his consciousness.

—Erich Fromm

THE KID INQUIRES

The Question: (What) Do you think of the outgoing editor?

We know there are a lot of you out there who would like a crack at this question, but the printers would probably have to edit your answers anyway, so we've decided to give the honour to those who were closest to the typewriter when the column was written.

Jim Hornby (the New Editor): I must state with an utter dearth of equivocation that without Mr. DeCoste. I must confess that this question leaves me sick at heart, for we are not likely to see his equal again for many a moon. The stage's gain is journalism's loss; alas, it was always thus. His skilled hand on the journalistic tiller of this publication has guided it through many a stormy sea, and proves, once again, that he is indeed.

Mike Coady (the old News Editor): The nature of the question places me in a singularly unpleasant position: for to answer it honestly, as I feel I must, I shall have to declare my inner, and hitherto unrevealed, feelings about another living human being. As any who know me will testify, it has never been my wont to pass judgment spuriously on any man or woman. For every person is a dynamic, growing being, naturally and necessarily capable of that real inner give-and-take activity called love, of true interpersonal communication. It follows naturally from this that any judgment of that dynamic entity, man, must seriously endanger the possibilities of freely-flowing interaction. In conclusion then, this IS a most difficult question to answer properly; I only hope that I have not been too harsh.

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