

MacLean — not to York, maybe Calgary?

by Ken MacDougall

G.R. MacLean, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science, didn't quite make it as the new President of York. He made it into the finalists (eight), among whom were some impressive names, including Pauline Jewett (NDP prof at Carlton) and (Dr. Sylvia Ostry head of Statistics Canada).

The new pres of York is a political type from the cabinet of Premier William Davis of Ontario, one Ian McDonald. He is the deputy treasurer of the province. McDonald is also a close friend of MacLean's.

McDonald was described in a recent issue of TIME magazine as being a "mandarin" of finance. The article did not appear to be using the term complementarily.

TIME pointed to the choice of McDonald for the post of York pres as being part of a trend in Canadian universities to fill their presidencies with men more capable of "balancing books than writing them." A more cynical viewpoint might be that McDonald chosen because he would be able to provide a direct line to the Treasury in these troubled financial times. York's campus is predominantly undergraduate,

and is highly susceptible to enrolment fluctuations. McDonald is also expected to cut a wide swath through the bureaucracy of the university, paring excess fat that an academic would be unwilling to touch. Watch for outbreaks of violence on that campus coming from administrative hacks. They'll be sure to make the national media.

Although York's top post has gone by the wayside, other universities in Canada have their presidencies to fill. An example of this is the University of Calgary.

At U of C. Fred Carrothers, present president of the university, has tendered his re-

Carrothers' resignation comes at a time when the University of Calgary is having some difficulty dealing with the provincial government in Edmonton. Carrothers has had several budgetary hassles with the Loughheed Conservatives. In his statement of resignation, Carrothers stated that he felt signation, to become effective as of June 1st, 1974. Carrothers is a specialist in Labour-Management relations, and is the former Dean of Law at Western in London, Ontario. MacLean is being considered for this vacancy, the GAZETTE has learned. that he had not had much

success dealing with the government, and that Edmonton did not appreciate the University of Calgary's position in the mainstream of the Alberta post-secondary educational system. Carrothers will become head of a political science institute to be set up by the federal government to study international relations.

When the GAUNTLET, U of C's campus paper was contacted by the GAZETTE, they were unable to give us any further information on what other personalities were being considered for the presidential vacancy on their campus.

the dalhousie gazette section two

SAVE THE CAPITOL group mobilizes

by Walter W. Plaut

The Save-The-Capitol Society will hold a public meeting and press conference on Wednesday December 12th at 8 P.M. at the School of Architecture (on Spring Garden Road just up from the Capitol Theatre).

The Society will report on the progress of its campaign to rescue the large old Capitol Theatre from being demolished by Maritime Tel & Tel to make room for part of an office building. MT & T purchased the theatre on October 31 from Famous Players Ltd. for an undisclosed amount.

Supporters of the Society aren't among those people who always say "nothing can

be done". In a similar case recently, Toronto City Council voted November 23 to begin negotiations for expropriation of the Odeon Carlton Theatre to prevent it from being torn down and replaced by 24-storey and 26-storey towers.

Society members hope that Halifax City Council will at least put a moratorium on demolition of the Capitol Theatre until the three levels of government decide how it might best be used as a cultural asset.

Capitol-lovers are encouraging MT & T to design an office building which doesn't require the destruction of the theatre.

Three Save-The-Capitol Society members were dis-

mayed November 27 to discover that some of the Capitol Theatre's paintings had already been removed. The historic interior decorations are an important reason for saving the theatre.

Just as important are the unique facilities which the Capitol provides. With a performing stage, dressing rooms, good acoustics, lounges, and a seating capacity of more than 1600, the theatre is the largest hall so equipped in the province.

Audiences and performers alike enjoy going to the Capitol. Sell-out crowds that went to hear April Wine November 27 and the Irish Rovers November 29 were told how much the artists enjoyed playing there.

When Anne Murray sang at the Rebecca Cohn recently, the show was so popular that she had to perform a fourth time. If she had been at the Capitol instead, the same audiences could have been accommodated without the extra show.

There is also a strong economic argument for saving and restoring the Capitol. The building is assessed at \$545,000. To restore the artwork and install modern lighting, plumbing, heating, and air conditioning might cost a similar amount.

In contrast, to build a new hall of the same size would cost many times as much. And the new structure wouldn't be ready for several years.

An MT & T official stated that the phone company wants to sell its downtown land to a private developer who would construct an office building on the site and lease it back to MT & T. The estimated cost of construction is \$5,000,000.

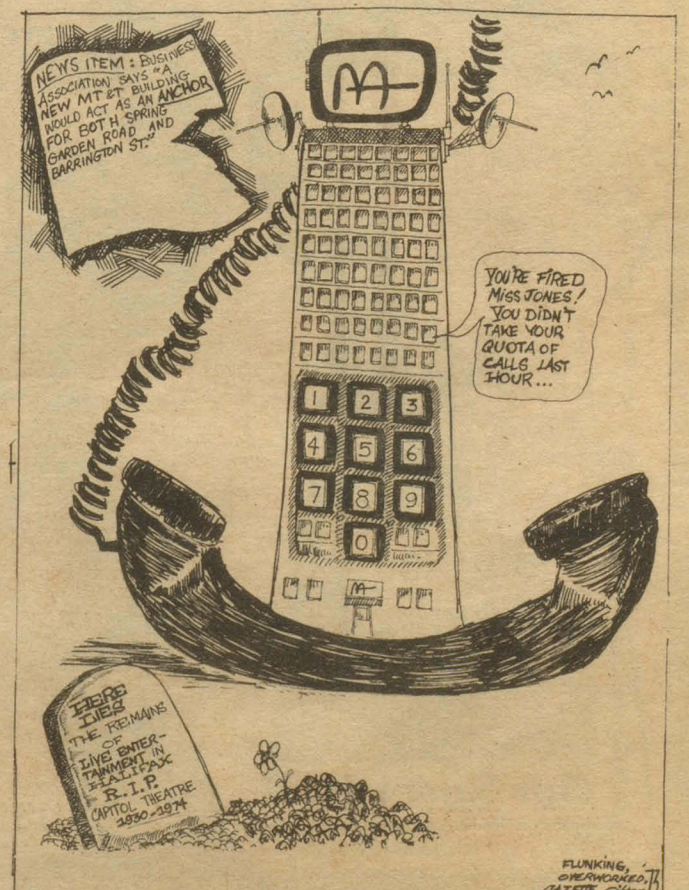
A news report November 30 stated that MT & T is expected to issue \$20,000,000 worth of bonds, partly to extend and improve its plant and properties, partly to reduce its bank loans. These bank loans amounted to \$12,940,000 on October 31, the day the Capitol was purchased.

Individuals who want to help save the Capitol Theatre should send letters to Mayor Fitzgerald, Premier Regan, and Robert Stanfield.

FLASH!



Professor Douglas Campbell has resigned as chairman of the Department of Sociology/Anthropology. In a memo circulated in the department on December 5 addressed to Dean G.R. MacLean, Faculty of the Department, graduate and honor students, and the Sociology/Anthropology Course Union, appeared the following: "I hereby resign as Chairman of this Department effective immediately." The resignation followed a lecture by Professor Rolph Schliwen, on Monday, December 3, recounting the events which led up to his non-renewal in the Department. It also followed a faculty meeting in the department on December 4, in which an independent departmental review board reported in support of Professor Don Grady against a departmental balloting on Grady's re-appointment. The text of the report reads, in part: "...we agree with Professor Grady's claim that there was no proper substantive conclusion made on the professional merits of his case." A narrow vote (7 for, 6 against, 1 abstention) negated the board's findings. Professor Campbell met with the Dean following the faculty meeting. The substance of that meeting is unknown. No further details were available at press time.



Stoddard Island debate raises serious questions

J Trapnell and
D Bezanson

Last Wednesday in the McInnes Room there occurred a debate on nuclear energy sponsored by the Dal Student Union and the Ecology Action Centre. Recent controversy surrounding the Stoddard Island nuclear plant has made it obvious that there are several serious disadvantages to having such a plant in Nova Scotia.

Panel speakers were: Robert Phinney, a former resident of Maine and a participant there in the citizens successful struggle to halt the establishment of a nuclear plant; George Baker, a Nova Scotia editor, electrical engineer and official of the Nova Scotia Tidal Power Corporation; Dr. Henry Kendall, a nuclear physicist from MIT and a member of the Committee of Concerned Scientists; and Dr. Blanchard of the Nova Scotia Research Foundation. An advertised fifth member of the panel, Daniel Ford, an environmental economist at MIT was not present.

Kendall, who bears a strong physical resemblance to the evangelist Billy Graham, opened the discussion with a graphic indictment of the hazards of nuclear power. A typical reactor accumulates a quantity of radioactivity equivalent to thousands of times that released by a Hiroshima-size bomb. While a reactor cannot actually explode in the same fashion as a bomb, if its cooling system fails it will reach a

temperature sufficient to melt its containing structures. The white hot mass of radioactive fuel will then slowly sink into the earth, all the while venting the highly toxic gaseous portion of its material. While no major accident has yet occurred, several systems have failed certain critical tests. In Kendall's words, "The chances in the U.S. of escaping a major accident are not satisfactory."

Dr. Blanchard, president of the Nova Scotia Resources Council was quick to point out that the proposed project involves the CANDU reactor which is reputed to have much safer regulatory systems than its American counterpart. However, he could not substantiate this claim.

Phinney, paying obvious attention to careful moderation, spoke as an individual citizen.

He called for increased public scrutiny of the claims and assurances of the utilities promoting nuclear power. No permanent method of dealing with wastes has yet been developed. A partial melt-down has been experienced at Chalk River though without serious consequences. Nuclear power is not in fact as cheap as is often claimed by its promoters. Rates often exceed those formerly paid for thermal or hydroelectric generation. The expense becomes higher when one considers the tax dollars spent on research. The impression was given that Canadian designs are safer in

the event of an accident, produce less dangerous waste and are more efficient. The increase in environmental radioactivity presently being produced by Canadian reactors is 5% or less of "allowable" levels. The control board does its investigations before building commences rather than at the time of application for an operating license as in the U.S. Staff training is also under the control of this board.

It seems that the problem lies not in devising ways to reduce the hazards of nuclear energy, but in finding suitable alternatives to atomic energy. Dr. Kendall says solar energy is the biggest sleeper in the US right now. So much money and time is spent on atomic energy, it is virtually ignored.

That observation is in keeping with Dr. Baker of the Fundy Tidal Board who stated that the energy crisis does not really exist. Rather, the rarest of our energy resources (oil and gas) are being exhausted. We should develop the fossil fuels, uranium and oil-shale deposits more fully. Research should be concentrated in these areas, he said. The lack of a national energy policy was also cited to be a major factor.

The economic aspect of establishing such a plant in Nova Scotia is not any brighter. Financed by U.S. capital, virtually all of the energy would be exported to New England. Most of the jobs would be given to highly

qualified individuals, and training for such a specialized field is almost impossible for Nova Scotians to obtain in their own province. Unfortunately, there wasn't too much discussion generated in this area so the 350 people attending the debate were still left in the dark (along with the general public).

On Thursday Nov. 19 an article appeared in the Mail-Star titled "Nuclear Plant is Non-project at present time." After hearing more about the consequences of atomic energy let's hope that it will remain that way until the advantages of locating such plants in N. S. become a little clearer and much brighter.

Allende widow seeks support

OTTAWA (CUP) -- Hortensia Allende, widow of the late Chilean president, Salvador Allende, Appealed to Canadians

to pressure their government to allow Chilean refugees to come to Canada and to stop all economic and political aid to the Chilean junta.

Madame Allende began a 10-day, five-city tour to draw attention to the repressive conditions that now exist in Chile and to plead for help for the victims.

She pointed out that Allende's government had to work against tremendous odds in upholding a mandate to build socialism within the constitutional framework. His government, she said, received its mandate from the peasants and working class and was constantly at odds the powerful middle class and foreign business interests which undermined programs that would benefit the lower classes.

As soon as Chile began to develop its economy the foreign owners tried to sabotage it," she said.

She said the Chilean people will continue to struggle for their rights even though they are repressed by the junta. "If Allende is dead, he has left behind his beliefs and ideology intact. He was dedicated to improving the social well-being of his people."

Michel Beaubien, a Canadian social worker who worked for two years with people in a working class district of Santiago, said the people's spirit is still there; they will continue the struggle Allende started.

Speaking in French and Spanish, Mme. Allende described the military coup as a "tragedy... a sign of appearance of fascism in Chile."

NDP Member of Parliament John Harney, who also addressed the meeting, demanded that Canada allow Chilean refugees to come here with a minimum of red tape. In French, Harney told the audience he was not talking as an English or French speaking person but as one whose forebearers were forced out of their country (Ireland) and welcomed in Canada.

Canadian writer Ian Adams, who recently returned from Chile, in a recent newspaper

article quoted a high ranking official of the Catholic Church in Chile as saying: "Why is your Canadian ambassador so hard? Why does your government refuse to take our people?... Take a message back to your country. It is very simple. For god's sake help us. Help us in this desperate human situation."

Adams said he talked to several church leaders in Chile, all of whom asked that their names be withheld, who asked why Canada was not doing something to help the refugees.

Adams claimed the Canadian ambassador to Chile, Andrew Ross, has no desire to help Chileans in need of refuge. Ross told Adams the reports of violations of civil rights in Chile have "been exaggerated out of all proportion."

Adams asked Ross: "Does it surprise you, Mr. Ross, that the church conservatively estimates that 3,000 people in Santiago area alone have been tortured?"

"Well, you have to remember this is South America," Ross replied.

The ambassador reiterated the official Canadian Government position by telling Adams "Chileans have very little interest in Canada."

But this position "directly contradicts the information I obtained after spending two weeks visiting and interviewing refugees. . . Camp leaders told me Canada had been original first choice of at least 60 per cent of the 3,000 political refugees in the camps who have so far applied for asylum," Adams stated.

However, he said the Canadian embassy is accepting people not as refugees but under current immigration procedures that call for assessing a potential immigrant's skills. Many refugees who would like to come to Canada are students or people in the early stages of their careers who, therefore, don't stand much of a chance to emigrate here unless the Canadian government relaxes the immigration requirements.

John Harney has often pointed out recently that these restrictions were very much relaxed for Hungarians, Czechoslovaks, and Ugandans. He wonders why it cannot be done for Chileans.

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BRAM-fighting a condescending bigotry

The Blind Rights Action Movement is a small, locally based organization dealing with a new (to the public) facet in human rights. The mighty "Lib" and "Power to ---" organizations we have come to know so well in the sixties, fight flagrant misconceptions about lack of ability due to race or sex, etc. "BRAM" on the other hand deals with a more condescending type of bigotry, if such a paradox can be used. Most people feel justified in thinking that the Blind are unfit for many kinds of jobs because of their handicap. In other words, BRAM has as its chief objective, the integration of the blind segment of the population into the mainstream of Canadian society.

Gary Grant, its organizer and sponsor, states that the biggest problem blind people face is that they are not properly trained in the first place. BRAM first came into existence in October 1969, when Mr. Grant and about six other graduates of the Halifax School for the Blind got together to take issue with the School over what they felt to be improper conditions.

Like approximately 90% of the 14 to 15,000 "registered blind" in Canada, they are not totally blind. Many registered blind people can see light, distinguish shapes, and read. Mr. Grant calls himself one of the "more fortunate" blind people and states that he could have easily attained his secondary education in an ordinary school--leaving room in the blind school for a more needy student--with just a little extra (one hour a day) help, if it weren't for his registered blind status.

The second biggest problem as seen by Mr. Grant is that job discrimination against the blind is so far a moral and not a legal wrong. Registered blinds are not employed through Manpower, but sent to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, who BRAM feels have not done an adequate job in the past, but is now attempting to improve. Still, Mr. Grant points out that Caterplan, a branch of CNIB, has employed only one blind person in its entire operations.

BRAM's initial function is to

prove that blind people can work as well as the sighted. They obtained an LIP grant which they now need to have extended or renewed, which financed a workshop on the main floor of Fenwick Towers, where the Blind make various handicrafts. Profits from the sales go back to the government and are taken off the over-all grant.

Many "handicapped groups" petition for the \$85 million (approximately) the government allots for grants in this field, and it is still not certain if BRAM will rate an extension from Ottawa.

If more funds are forthcoming, BRAM hopes to expand into the area of legislation to make illegal discrimination in matters of employment, housing, and education.

Similarly, members of BRAM feel the blind themselves are not aware of their legal rights and personal resources. Most blind people (the older in particular) are shy of

joining new organizations like BRAM, or rocking the established CNIB boat.

The basic BRAM belief is found in its Statement of Objectives:- "Blindness is not an intellectual handicap, but lack of understanding on the part of the public at large can make it an emotional handicap. It is our opinion that previous attempts at eliminating public misconceptions about the blind have fallen far too short of their objectives."

We also feel that there is a definite problem with the present institution set up for the education of blind children and young adults. We feel that where ever possible, they should be integrated into the regular school system. While attending local schools, they will be able to live at home, thus easing the process of learning to function in a community constructed for the sighted person."



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ISA holds Table Tennis tournament

The International Students Association (I.S.A.) at Dal held its Ping Pong Competition in the Games Room of the SUB between the 3rd and 17th of November. This event, held for the first time in three years, was one of the major I.S.A. functions held during the first half of the academic year.

This year's competition drew a field of over forty male and six female entrants, including some of the ping pong players and enthusiasts on campus. After a friendly but intense competition, Miss Heather Jacobs and Mr. Kwong Wu emerged as winners of the female and male divisions. Miss Jacobs defeated Mrs. Janette

Hurley (21-8, 21-10) in the female division finals; while Mr. Wu won convincingly over Mr. David Mitchell (21-8, 21-9) to take the I.S.A. Ping Pong Trophy.

The I.S.A. sports committee intends to make this competition an annual feature and hopes, in so doing, to establish Ping Pong as a major sport on campus. The twenty inch I.S.A. Ping Pong trophy was presented by George Adolph, president of the I.S.A., and we sincerely hope that this trophy, in the near future, will be fully recognized as the symbol of Ping Pong supremacy on campus. The I.S.A. extends its congratulations to Miss Jacobs and Mr. Wu.

Convocation rules

Senate decides Monday

GAZETTE usually reports on the Dalhousie Senate after that body's monthly meeting. However, this is the last issue of 1973, and the December meeting takes place after the issue will be on the stands. We are therefore taking the liberty of reporting what happened at the December Senate Council meeting, and guessing how its recommendations will fare in Senate.

Items unlikely to cause controversy include a recession of the requirement that the distribution of marks in each class be shown on the transcript. On the recommendation of Registrar Tingley this will be replaced by separate sheets showing grade distributions, available on demand. The new system

would be complete in a few years.

The Honorary Degrees Committee is asking for reconfirmation of the decision that a special convocation mark the opening of the Life Sciences Building. Its report continues by making the controversial recommendation that in the spring there be two general university convocations, continuing in the afternoons as a series of small, personal ceremonies.

This question has been reported previously from the angle of the Law Faculty's opposition to it. Law remains opposed, and it is anyone's guess whether the proposed experiment in convocation arrangements will be given a chance by Senate.

Action was impossible or deferred on appointments and tenure; reorganization of graduate studies; Dal-Tech merger; Dal-community committee; patents and copyrights.

It is expected that several of these major concerns will enter final deliberations in January, with a decision just around the corner.

Senate Council also discussed long term disability insurance and training in audiology and speech therapy. Student members are preparing topics of particular interest to students for the January 24th joint meeting of the Executive of the Board of Governors and Senate Council.

Comment

Olympics - War

by Walter W. Plaut

The world's citizens can learn a great deal from the blood-stained events at the 1968 and 1972 Olympics, but only if political and athletic rhetoric is distinguished from reality. An honest attempt to understand the Olympics in the context of world politics will overcome the tendency toward hysteria which such unexpected violence brings. To do this, some common myths must be dispelled.

First, we must recognize

that the Olympics are political by their own nature. Second, we must admit to ourselves that competition is the opposite of co-operation, and that the Olympics are highly competitive, often at the expense of the athletes themselves.

More generally, the connection between competitive sports and the organized violence of war must be confronted. It is sometimes said that the Battle of Britain was won on the playing fields of

Eton, but this cliché reverses the actual chronological order. The institutionalized competitive activities foisted on children by adults, whether in the classroom or on the hockey rink, are what train the young for the contrived adversary relationships of business, politics, law and war.

Whatever Mayor Drapeau of Montreal may say, the world would be a safer place if the Olympics were permanently discontinued.

York commits self—finally

Partly reprinted from Excalibur

Earlier this month, following a lengthy debate, York's central student council decided to retain its membership in the National Union of Students.

An amendment by CYSF president Michael Mouritsen proposing "that the council withdraw from the NUS" was ruled out of order by the speaker, and Mouritsen's subsequent challenge of the ruling was defeated by the council at large.

An executive motion "that the council not pay any fees to the National Union of Students" was defeated. It was followed by a council directive to the next meeting of the budget council (composed of CYSF and college members) to pay its NUS fees "with the greatest possible rapidity."

The National Union of Students, although a fledgling body, is designed to represent student interests on a federal level. The association has members in all provinces except Newfoundland, PEI and Manitoba, and boasts 27 post-secondary institutions - both universities and community colleges - in its organization. Six members are from

Ontario.

A general referendum presented to the students last spring gathered 599 votes in favour of staying in the NUS and 295 opposed.

Mouritsen said Monday he considered the referendum "an opinion poll."

"There was no mention of fees on the ballot," he explained. "The council is not bound by the results."

Each student at York pays 30 cents toward the alliance with the NUS, for a total of \$2,300.

John Theobald, CYSF external affairs commissioner, said he found Mouritsen's opinion poll point "frivolous", adding that the NUS constitution had been presented to last year's council and approved.

"That means absolutely nothing," Mouritsen replied. "Council can change its mind."

Theobald countered that the intent of last year's council - of which Theobald himself was president - was to make the referendum binding, and that Mouritsen should accept the majority vote as a mandate.

Mouritsen's reasons for opposing the NUS were that CYSF's membership in the

Ontario Federation of Students - \$3,068 a year - looked after the students' interests on a provincial level, and that federal machinations would be mere duplication.

The subject of NUS fees touched on a point of honour, since to date York has not paid its membership dues, and since NUS general secretary Bob Buckingham, present at Monday's meeting, suggested the association "may be lenient" even if CYSF continued not to pay.

"York has never paid its fees, but the national assembly still considers York a member," he explained.

The council decided not to press its luck, and recommended payment.

The controversy at York, sparked by an anti-NUS executive, was the first real challenge to the organization in its first year of existence. Student Unions which have joined have remained in so far. Two, U.N.B. and U. of Manitoba, have considered joining but decided not to. Both were acting in isolation because NUS cannot afford to send recruiters around the country. Hopefully this will become possible now that it has two full-time staff members and cash on hand.

AROUND HALIFAX

WEDNESDAY Jan. 9th 8:30 pm

RICHARD NAILL, violincello Beethoven, Debussy, Rachmaninoff
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TUESDAY Jan. 22nd 8:30 pm

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SUNDAY Jan. 27th 3:00 pm

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John McKay and Tietje Zonnefeld, pianists with Max Ball and
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FRIDAY Mar. 29th 8:30 pm

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Troubled Treasurer

A power that Stuart Barry helped to create was almost used by the present Executive for the first time about two weeks ago - November 28th.

It is the power of the President and the Vice-President to stop payment of the Treasurer's honoraria and salary.

Mr. Barry has had a full-time job since September. As a result he can only be in the Council offices evenings and for a few minutes at noon.

The problems created by having a Treasurer whose schedule runs directly counter to that of the Student Union were first raised at budget time in October. Although a part-time student, Barry allotted himself a full-time student's honoraria.

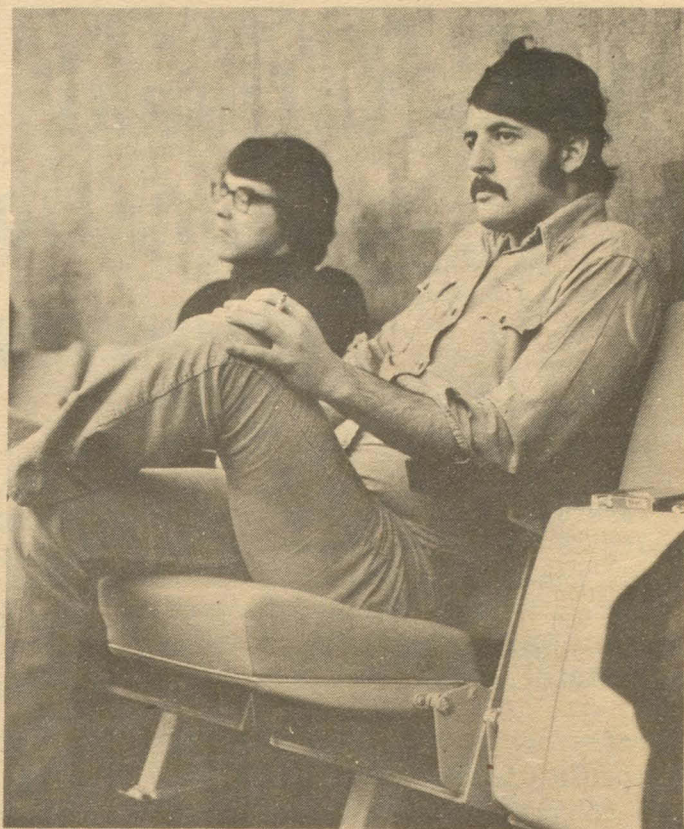
Simultaneously, complaints started coming in from people having difficulty getting in touch with the Treasurer. With at least some budgets, it seemed that close scrutiny was replaced by under-estimating revenues and over-estimating expenditures.

Executive members who questioned the feasibility of a part-time Treasurer at the time say they were told that the bulk of the year's work was over. Stuart assured his colleagues that under a proposed schedule of evening and noon office hours he could do the job.

The ad hoc Constitution Committee put through a temporary amendment giving Barry a full-time honoraria legally. President Gardner and V-P Murchison, members of the Committee, seemed content with the change.

In the following six weeks staff and student dissatisfaction with the Treasurer's absence grew. Delays in having expenditures approved have led to circumvention of prior approval. There seems to be no strong central input into the Union's financial operation.

Perhaps more significant, the Executive abandoned policy decisions made during the summer on the basis of Barry's reports and recommendations. Two leading



Treasurer Stuart Barry just after he was appointed nine months ago.

examples are publication of the directory and moves towards a takeover of the SUB's food and liquor operations.

The Treasurer has not always been present at Council meetings, depriving that body of his knowledge and advice. At least once, although informed of an upcoming financial motion, he was virtually the last to find out it had gone through.

It appears that a final straw was Stuart Barry's support of the unsuccessful attempt to formally disapprove Executive action in the Caterplan situation. He did not participate in the action because the Executive has not reoriented its schedule to give him a chance to attend its meetings from start to finish. Some felt that this was impossible anyway.

An additional factor was the failure to produce all but one of the revenue statements towards the end of November. The one that Barry did do was so bad it has to be done again. Sources say much of this additional work has

fallen onto the Union's accountant.

After he had missed four of their meetings in a row, the Executive colleagues he had just opposed, approved (with the agreement of the Secretariats) cutting off payments to the Treasurer.

There are only two working months left before a new team takes over the Student Union. The futility of having someone new work into the job has always been a drawback to risking Barry's resignation. It appears that frustration with the present situation has led to the conclusion it can only get better if some sort of action is forced.

It seems that even Executive approval of a possible cut-off was enough to start something. The following Monday the Treasurer's door sported a sign telling people how to contact him when he was not in. Perhaps the schizophrenic Executive will hold together for the rest of its term after all.

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Multi-National corporations ungovernable

By J. Trapnell

Professor Arndt of the Free University of Berlin, a renowned scholar and economist, gave an in-depth lecture on "Multi-National Corporations and Economic Power" in the Law Building, Monday, to a capacity crowd.

Professor Arndt discussed several aspects of the great fist that makes up such autonomous conglomerates as ITT. First of all, with its financial superiority, it can use profits of one market for cut-throat competition on foreign markets. He cited a British tobacco company which lowered the cost of its cigarettes in Puerto Rico from eighteen cents to twelve cents as an example. The losses were absorbed by the company's domestic profits.

Another factor was the control of world markets by what Prof. Arndt called "hunting-ground agreements". Several multi-national firms will divide market areas giving territorial rites to each party.

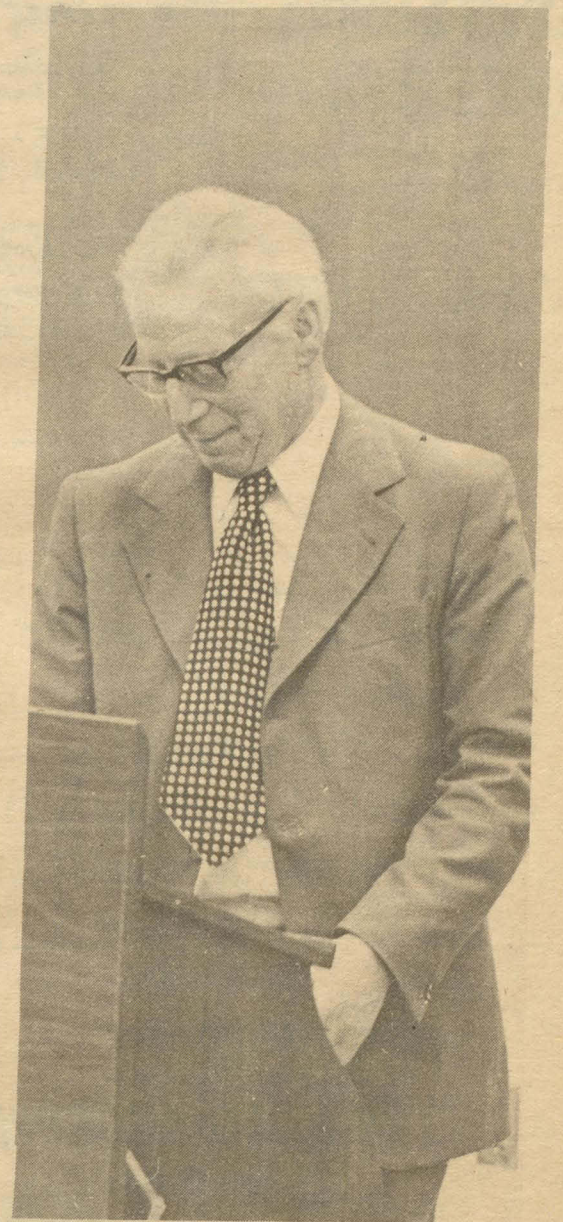
Bilateral domination dependence, or when a parent company depends upon its subsidiaries for supplies or raw materials and thereby moves to insure the interests of these companies is still another factor.

Multi-national corporations have several economic advantages over independent companies. They can withstand recessions by shifting production and capital from one country to another. This tactic is also used if political risks emerge or labor costs prove cheaper in another market. By shifting profits to affiliate companies, high taxes are deferred. With such huge economic pull it is possible that these firms can influence legislation and administration. Prof. Arndt mentioned the tax-free import legislation recently passed in Brazil which has the interests of a major corporation at its little economic heart.

Most multi-national firms have their own monetary policies, and currency speculations of these companies often dictate the dividends of its affiliates.

Most of the benefits resulting from this economic wizardry go directly to the companies involved. However, the introduction of technology to underdeveloped countries often helps in raising the standard of living (among other things).

Prof. Arndt concluded his lecture by stating that the main problem is that no government or international authority is responsible for multi-corporation activities.



Professor Arndt

Therefore, it is difficult to combat them. As long as these firms continue to counteract free trade, banking policies, national employment policies, and tax-legislation, the effects on the entire economic system of the free world will be disasterously felt.

The Winter Carnival that really wasn't, or:

The teapot that refused to boil



Laurie Murchison SU Vice President

Friday, November 30, GAZETTE was invited to have an exclusive interview about Winter Carnival with members of the Union Executive and the Entertainment Secretary. Hurrying downstairs we were met with the announcement that by Executive decision there would be no 1974 Winter Carnival.

Howard Gorman had refused Council's offer of the job because it would require a lot of work and no one had been willing to help.

Feeling that Council was sufficiently aware of the problem on November 25 to have acted if it wanted, the Executive seemed content to leave it out of the picture until the scheduled January 13th meeting. By then all possibility of having the Carnival would be gone.

The announcement came from Execs Laurie Murchison and Bruce Evans. Peter Greene, the Entertainment Secretary, also sat in. Presumably, as the last Carnival Chairman, he had been in-

involved in the decision.

Green explained that a weekend of entertainment, mostly dances, had already been arranged and would take place. It was the unique events - Black and Gold Revue, parade, sports, competitions - which were the Chairman's responsibility. They were the cancelled events.

Murchison, the Applications Committee Chairman, felt that everything else had been done to get a Chairman.

In response to questioning he said that the Communications Secretariat was all the Union had, and that as far as it was concerned everything possible had been done. He pointed to 6 months of off-and-on posters, plus notices in GAZETTE, on radio and video.

Murchison referred to the situation as "dire circumstances" but President Gardner, when asked, said there was certainly no crisis.

Both Greene and Murchison seemed to feel there was a real problem getting people to organize, manage and operate Union events and projects. Activity and attendance have increased greatly under the present government but not so the number of willing hands.

They agreed that everything possible had been done by the Executive to get participation. No reason for the failure could be found. Greene said that the group of residents interested in the

Union to which he belonged had come in, but not many others. He was now too busy to recruit.

The decision to call off Carnival was compared to similar problems with other events. The interviewees suggested (as others had during the budget process) that perhaps the only way to get interest would be to cut off enough services to anger the students. In a reply they denied that this was an easy way out, and perhaps not constructive.

The GAZETTE interviewers left with a sense that the tempest seemed a little strange. Perhaps it was unexpected, or undeserving of excitement. This sense was confirmed when later in the afternoon we got word that Mike Sherar, who failed to be appointed Treasurer last March, had just offered his services as Winter Carnival Chairman.

Have you ever spent an hour in a teapot?!

Two new secretaries for Union

In the last two weeks Student Council has appointed two new secretaries to posts in the Union. They are Frank Baker, Communications Secretary, who is replacing the retiring Gerald Clark, and Raj Nadarajah, Academic Affairs Secretary, who is filling a newly created post. This week the GAZETTE interviews both new secretaries in an attempt to determine how their ideas will affect their new jobs and the students with whom they must deal.

INTERVIEWS by Dale Parayeski and Ken MacDougall

Frank Baker Communications Secretary

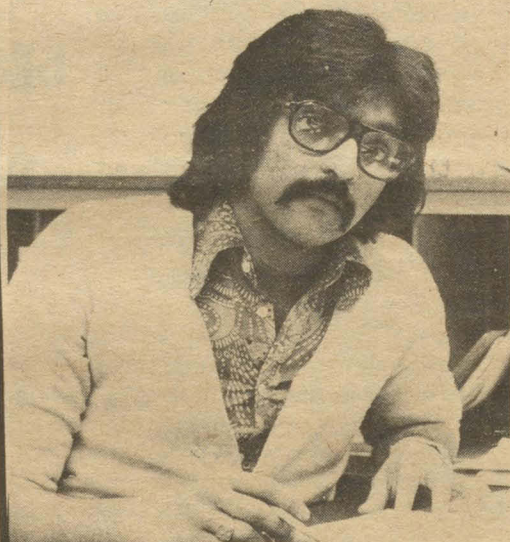
GAZETTE: Since your department is Communications, what exactly is your philosophy? For instance, do you feel that A/V is one way of making Halifax-Dartmouth community better understand students at Dal? Will the network help us to communicate?

Frank: Well, first of all, let's get one thing straight - I'm not directly involved in the day-to-day operation of A/V, just as I'm not involved in running Radio, Pharos, or GAZETTE. I would hope that the department would go that way and involve the community, or at least show them what we are doing, but I don't think that there should be an out-and-out effort to try to say to the Halifax-Dartmouth people: "This is what Dal is doing. Give us a little pat on the back. We're trying to get you people involved and we don't want you to feel that this is an exclusive little group up here."

I feel that it should be a more natural thing. If we show programs that are good, people will watch them and know what is going on. Just by the fact that we will be going on the air, we're going to be getting a lot more attention than we have in the past. But I don't think that we have to pamper the people here and justify our existence. I think that this will come out naturally.



Frank Baker



Raj Nadarajah

Raj Nadarajah Academic Affairs Secretary

Last week the GAZETTE ran an announcement of Raj Nadarajah's appointment as Secretary of Academic Affairs. Since then, we have had an opportunity to speak to him concerning his office, and ascertain some of the ideas which he has about it.

He sees the position as entailing several areas of duty. Course evaluating will be changed considerably under his direction. Computer orientated questionnaires are to be replaced with ones making room for individuals' comments. When printed results of the evaluations will be prose form, making them easier to read and far more human in concept. Also, the press run of the reports will probably double. This ensures availability for all Dalhousie students, and hopefully will eliminate the short-

ages witnessed during the current year's registration period.

As the evaluations are by necessity a static thing, plans for continuous course monitoring have been made. A system giving the appropriate steps in such investigations of academic conditions would be as follows; 1. students would hand in a complaint sheet to a secretary in the Council office. Anonymity is guaranteed, and 2. the Secretary himself would send members of an appointed and academically qualified Course Monitoring committee to sit in on the class in question over a period of time.

Results of such investigation would then be prepared and taken up with the appropriate professors or de-

partment heads. The past co-operation of faculty and administration indicates that such reports, when presented by a recognized officer of the Union, are taken seriously and are potentially very effective.

The new Secretary also feels that he should act as a source of information concerning such things as class and section changes, credit regulations and so forth. In fact, discussion concerning any academic matter or problem is invited. To that end, Raj expects to be readily available to all Dal students in his office in the Council complex on the SUB's second floor.

Raj's new position also involves acting as a liaison officer between the many course unions now forming on campus and the Students' Council and faculty.

GAZETTE: Frank, why did you apply for the job?

Frank: I applied because I was involved in Communications areas, with the newspapers, both on and off campus, and Audio-Visual. It's an area that interests me very much and one where I might possibly have a career in years to come. So I consider this an opportunity to become even more involved with people at Dal and off campus, to get to know more people, and to experiment within the area, to see if I'm really interested and I'd like to keep doing it.

GAZETTE: Well, you've had a couple of days in the new position, so what are your first impressions of the job?

Frank: Well, my first impression is that the Communications Secretary is just a post that involves a lot of paperwork, and you're more or less a clerk for the Student Union. Someone runs in with some posters to hand out, or messages to type out and distribute. But I know, from dealing with Gerald Clark, that there's a lot more involved.

It depends on what you want to do with it. You can make as much as you want. If you want to get involved with Audio-Visual, Radio, GAZETTE, or meet the Administration of the university, it's entirely up to yourself.

GAZETTE: What are your impressions of Gerald's programs, and how many of them do you intend to carry on?

Frank: Well, I think that Gerald, during the time he was Communications Secretary, really made people aware of the office. I know that in my first two years here I never heard of the Communications office. He brought about an awareness, which was good; he initiated a few new things, such as Audio-Visual programming (which is the most obvious); he increased the circulation of Update, not only in the SUB, but across campus. It is also being mailed to a large number of people working here, such as professors, so they are aware of what is going on.

He also initiated contacts with the outside media so they will be aware of the Dalhousie Student Union and what the students are trying to do. Then, he's encouraged contact with the University Administration, and inquired into the possibility of setting up new courses in media, communications, journalism, etc.

As far as what I can do - well, I at least hope to equal what he was doing. It's just a matter of carrying on the different things.

GAZETTE: What are your own personal goals, your ideas about what the office should be doing?

Frank: Well, my personal goals for the office are to continue the areas that Gerald has initiated, as I have mentioned, and to place particular emphasis on getting the Audio-Visual Network rolling. I think that it's been in a lull for a little while. I plan to get the monitors back working, encourage more people to become involved so that it's a viable media here in the SUB as well as in the residences, and perhaps initiate a program whereby the staff will be able to work all summer doing special programming. There's talk of getting an OFY grant in order to accomplish this.

I'm also very interested in Communications courses, and I want to make that one of my top priorities. I want to work with the Administration to see if we can get some courses in Communications here at Dal.

Another area that I'm interested in is advertising. There's been some talk of setting up an Advertising Board to handle all advertising for the Student Union and I'd like to do some report or paper on the feasibility of it, perhaps to put it in operation by next year.

GAZETTE: Apathy is something that everyone talks about on this campus. Do you feel that you'll have any difficulty getting people involved in your department, particularly in Audio-Visual?

Frank: Every campus complains that there is just so much student apathy. When you break it down, there are a lot of people involved in EVERYTHING, whether it's on a very small level within a department or faculty, or, in the broader sense, in different clubs, A/V, etc. ... I don't really think that apathy's a major problem. We've had fifty or sixty people working at A/V since August, and there are many, many more that are interested. We just can't accommodate people right now, because there aren't enough facilities and not enough programming ready to be put on.

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National Voice for Students?

INTRODUCTION

Because of 1973 meeting of the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada had a student-oriented theme, Dalhousie attempted to have a large minority of its delegates composed of students. President Michael Gardner was unable to attend, and in his place sent John McDougall. McDougall attended meetings of graduate students and graduate deans, contributing to both.

Because he was, to some degree at least, a Student Union representative, McDougall has presented a report of the conclusions he reached from attending the AUCC and associated meetings. It is interesting, it was paid for indirectly by the bulk of our readers and it raises issues whose importance has increased steadily for over a year.

A curious aspect of the

report is its basic assumption that there is no national student organization, and that one probably cannot emerge in the near future. In fact, a national consensus among student leaders in the spring of 1972, sparked by a re-evaluation of government financing of universities, led to creation more than a year ago of the National Union of Students.

NUS already represents about a third of Canada's post-secondary students. While still in the formative stages, it faces problems in coping with an overwhelming number of national student concerns while trying to convince more student unions that such concerns exist and should be dealt with.

The McDougall report is in three parts, of which the middle one, "Toward a National Voice for Students" is presented Here:

BY
JOHN MCDOUGALL

During the course of the meetings and thereafter in conversation with several other students, I arrived at the conclusion that students gain nothing of political value by riding to national conferences on the coat-tails of the AUCC or other national associations representing the universities.

My reasons for the conclusion can be stated briefly, as follows: First, associations of university officials can not be relied upon to press resolutely for the interests of students, which at several important points are almost certain to be inimical to their own.

Second, national associations of university officials do not appear to be very strident in the pursuit of even their own interests and seem to enjoy a rather placid relationship with various federal agencies.

Third, the present procedures for the selection of student delegates to these meetings is not reliably representative, and the student caucus at these sessions can not and should not be deemed to speak for Canadian students.

Fourth, to be financially dependent upon such associations is to admit that students have no power within them, since we can not bite (more than once) the hand that feeds us.

If we wish then, to mount an effective political voice for students at the national level, we must establish our own lobby in Ottawa, as well as institute a nationally representative organization to which this lobby is answerable.

However, the objective of

developing a national lobby for students is itself open to question, and it is only one of a range of possible strategies for the political expression of student aims. This range of alternative strategies can be set out, as I see them, in order of declining demand on the effort and finances of students:

(1) An Ottawa lobby accountable to a nationally representative student organization capable of at least one plenary conference and several executive meetings per year, all of which to be financed independently by student associations.

(2) Provincial and/or inter-provincial (ie, regional) lobbies accountable to provincial and/or regional organizations capable of at least one plenary and several executive meetings per year, all of which to be financed independently by student associations.

(3) An annual meeting of students held independently of the AUCC but financed, in part, from the university and federal funds now expended on the student members of university delegations to the AUCC; to be handed over to student councils in lieu of student participation in the AUCC annual conference. All students attending such a meeting would be delegated for this purpose by students or their associations on each campus.

(4) Continued participation in the AUCC annual conference, with the provision that all student members of the university delegations to the meeting are chosen exclusively by students or their association for this purpose, allowing a caucus of such student delegates to organize formally as a nationally representative association of students.

(5) A continuation of the status quo within the AUCC.

While I do not regard these alternative strategies as mutually exclusive necessarily, I do feel that it is justifiable to regard them as such in effect; since, in the present state of student organization for political purposes in this country, a failure to make a clear and distinct choice regarding strategy is bound to dissipate what are barely adequate financial and human resources, at best.

Little else can be said about the relative merits of these alternatives, however, until some clarity is reached concerning the goals which students are determined to pursue through their political activity.

At first glance, there is an obvious relationship between the goals which students wish to pursue politically and the point at which they must direct their activity. For example, if they seek revisions in the income tax act, they must find some way to the federal government.

If they wish to alter the formula which determines provincial grants to post-secondary institutions, they must find the most effective route to the provincial authorities; if they are determined to suspend History 100 as a credit course, they must approach the appropriate officials on this campus.

But the more important questions are not so readily answered. Some local issues may require federal action for their ultimate resolution, while conversely, the most effective route to national effectiveness may be a strong, locally based group with a clear head about its own national objectives.

I would submit that the most effective strategy for the promotion of all student objectives is to begin at the level of the local university and to proceed next to the provincial level. This will probably amount to the neglect of matters (such as taxation) which are exclusively federal, but not necessarily the neglect of those (such as housing) which touch the federal, provincial and university jurisdictions together.

The principal I wish to argue is that, as a means to the creation of effective national organizations, students first emphasize goals which they can pursue directly on campus and at the provincial capitals.

This limitation on student action is justified on two major counts: First, it is relatively easier on limited resources to clarify on each campus and among the campuses within a city or a province what priorities are shared by students. The common interests among students nationally are much fewer than provincially or region-

ally in Canada, and those which all Canadian students might have in common are capable of discovery and responsible representation only at great cost.


Clarity of purpose and unity among constituents is an important political asset, and one which students are most likely to achieve at local and provincial levels.

Second, important political resources such as experience, information, student support and tactical acumen may be built up through local action and provide the basis for subsequent national action. Besides, students may be more willing to support national action if they can be made to see that it is the inevitable result of frustration and denial at the local and provin-

cial level.

Lastly, it should be possible on some issues to force the authorities at the lower level to support student objectives at the next higher level, especially with respect to proposals which they claim, sincerely or otherwise, to exceed their power or resources to implement.

With effective organization, it should be possible in such cases, to force the university either to deny the validity of the student case publicly and outright, or to endorse and support the student appeal to provincial authorities; and, likewise, to force provincial governments either to grant or deny student demands publicly, or to endorse and support the student appeal to the federal authorities.



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Ups and Downs of French Department

Upsided

In an edition of the Gazette last year, an article appeared explaining the drift between the literature and language sections in the French Department. Then the separate factions were referred to as "upstairs" and "downstairs". It seems, however, that five-floor distance between the opposing factions was still too close for comfort. Each section now has its own building--the Literature professors on Le Marchant Street and the Language instructors in the basement of the Killam Library.

Still, the power-politicking continues. While the literature section is slowly "dwindling", the language "buffs" are rapidly gaining ground, as can be witnessed by the recent decisions and recommendations made over contract renewals within the department.

Eleven professors' contracts are up for renewal this year. Five of these professors were also eligible for tenure. They were professors: Bishop, Brown, Gaillard, Ginsberg, Haberl, Journoud, Kretschmer, Leal, Messinger, Rasmussen, and Runte.

Professors Rasmussen, Journoud, and Leal will no longer be teaching at Dalhousie. They have either retired or resigned.

Three of the 5 professors up for tenure did not even receive contract renewal.

The following professors were granted contract renewal: Bishop, Ginsberg, Brown, and Runte.

Original recommendations did not grant contract renewal for the following professors: Gaillard, Messinger, Kretschmer, and Haberl.

After appeals, Professor Gaillard received a 1-year contract renewal. He is the only native French-speaking professor on the language section.

Who made these decisions? A committee of four French professors was set up earlier in the year to make decisions of departmental concern due to divisions among French professors which sufficiently stalemated any agreement over the choice of a chairman. These professors (together) make up the FLACK Committee: (F-French, L-Lawrence, A-Aikens, C-Carter, K-Kocourek), headed by Dean Guy MacLean of Arts and Science who consequently acts in the capacity of Chairman of the department.

How were the decisions made? Each of the eleven concerned professors was evaluated under a set of categories (eg. Academic achievement, research and publications, teaching ability, etc.) Professors were rated on a scale of A,B,C,D in each of the categories outlined.

Why were these decisions made? A main reason why the professors had to be dismissed was because of the low professor-student ratio in

the department of approximately 1:7. This ratio may appear surprisingly low in comparison with other departments. Yet, it is understandable that a lower proportion of students to professors is compulsory in foreign-language teaching. The 1:7 ratio can be explained upon realizing that at least one professor in the French Department teaches a total of three students for all his classes.

Secondly, the FLACK Committee has decided to set new goals and directions for the French department. This entails a full development of the language field to the detriment of the literature section. (NOTE: The members of the FLACK Committee--whose degree qualifications and teaching abilities fall primarily within the language area of study--have together an undoubted bias in favour of the expansion of the language and linguistic areas. Only professor Lawrence appears to represent the literature section).

Thirdly, the Committee, with guidance by the Dean, has hopes to create a "good" French Department by hiring a top-notch chairman next year. The Dean felt that the new chairman should be left some room to choose and hire new professors for the department at his own will. (According to recommendations, six professors will leave the French Department this year, yet at least two new ones will replace them in the fall).

Meanwhile, students in the French Department are "deeply concerned" with the "firing" of two excellent professors: Haberl and Kretschmer who have proven their worth and value to the department over and over again during their four-year terms here. Two meetings were held for all those interested students who wanted to voice their opinion over these non-renewals of contracts. All students present (roughly 50-60) were in general agreement that the FLACK Committee could not accurately judge the professors' teaching ability, as FLACK members did not attend classes.

Students fully supported the rehiring of professors Haberl and Kretschmer (and Gaillard who originally did not receive contract-renewal). It was decided that a group of students see the Dean to gain additional information and ask questions. The meeting was informative, but unfortunately adjourned before students had an opportunity to ask questions or express their opinions.

Each of the professors concerned had a right to appeal after the original recommendations and most did. Fellow professors had an opportunity to speak on behalf of their colleagues. A grand total of three such colleagues expressed their views: Boyd, Gesner, and Gaillard. This evidence strongly supports the notion that professors are trying to save their own "skins" when it concerns disagreeing with an administrative committee. Are good professors to be dismissed because of childish politics in the French Department? It certainly appears that way!

Two professors to be dismissed have expressed concern and disagreement over the new directions of the French Department. The rewards for their troubles are here witnessed!

Where is the French Department now headed? Obviously language-lab training is the primary concern now for the FLACK members.

It is true that the majority of the "tenured" and older professors in the department are found in the literary section, and one can add that these members have not shown outstanding qualities over the years which would be necessary to create a "good" and well-recognized department. It is also true that at the present time a major portion of students enroll in lower-level French language courses at Dalhousie and that the literature division is suffering from lack of students. Yet is it not possible that with excellent young professors in literature, the enrollment would increase?

The French Department let go one of its best professors ever last year--Mlle Ajami. Excellent in the literature field, and praised widely by all her students, she could have helped to add the needed life and spark to the literature section. Now another excellent professor in the literature field is also being "let go".

It has been noted by some that the high schools in the city and province have received funds to improve their language facilities and some schools now have labs which match or surpass those of Dalhousie. In the future, is it not then possible that near-fluent students in French may arrive from high school to university hoping to improve their French through means other than laboratories--via literary studies, civilization studies, etc.? Yet what stage would the French Literature department be at that point? Where would potential French majors turn with a minute literature section, and a department concentrating mainly on French 102/202 classes? How will the French Department gain wide recognition primarily as a language school?

Study still in preliminary stages

Pharmacy considering student dispensary

by Lynanne Sharpe

"We recommend that the College of Pharmacy explore the possibility of establishing some type of pharmacy service to Dalhousie students and their dependents."

This statement is an excerpt from Recommendation #13 made by the Review Committee of the College of Pharmacy in its report of August, 1972. This committee, composed of various deans and faculty members of Dalhousie as well as two outside advisors, is set up every five years to review the activities of the College of Pharmacy and to recommend future courses of action as regards curriculum and other matters arising at the time of the review. One of the outside advisors involved in the latest review committee was Doctor V. Tyler, Dean of the School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences of Purdue University, Indiana, USA. As a point of interest, this university has been operating a student-run pharmacy for several years. It is used as a service for students and staff as well as a training facility for pharmacy students.

Closer to home, other Canadian universities have established student-run pharmacies, a notable example being the Community Health Service at the University of British Columbia which has proven extremely successful.

The local review committee were hesitant to adopt a decided opinion on the establishment of a university pharmacy—and there still seems to be some misgivings among those in authority whose interest is to insure that the service is a desirable one for all concerned.

As Pharmacy Representative on Student Council, I decided to perform a full investigation as to the feasibility of the pharmacy students operating a dispensary on campus as a service to the Dalhousie student body as a whole.

Before going into details about the economics of the situation, it is necessary to first determine the

aims and goals of the project.

The first, and most important one, as I see it, is the service aspect to Dalhousie students. If a group of students on this campus is able to provide some sort of service to its fellow students, I fail to see why it shouldn't be encouraged to do this.

Secondly, the dispensary would provide clinical experience for pharmacy students, not only in dispensing actual dispensing of medication, but also in the management and everyday running of the store.

It is difficult for me to go into too much detail as to the actual set-up of the dispensary that we are planning, but these facts are certain:

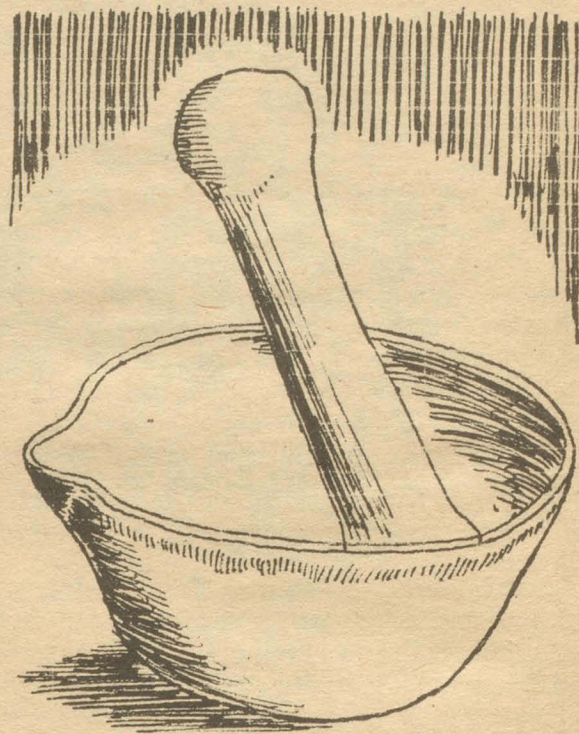
1) In order for the pharmacy to be as convenient for students as the retail establishment presently being utilized (O'Brien's) it would have to be situated in the vicinity of Student Health.

2) The pharmacy would deal with prescription medication only, i.e. no tooth paste, shampoo, etc. We would stock a certain selection of "over the counter" cough lozenges, syrup, etc., but a prescription would have to be received before we could give these out. If we were to deal in "other than drugs", we would need a special license and would be taxed as a retail outlet—something we are anxious to avoid.

3) In order to keep within the law, a full-time pharmacist would be hired and at least one pharmacy student would be present with him/her at all times.

4) We have received assurances from the co-ordinator of the bulk-buying drug co-operative of the various hospitals in Nova Scotia that we would be able to order our drugs from them (at a great saving due to the huge quantities bought).

Of course, my committee has had many discussions over the last two months with various people, both on and off campus, who would be in a



position to have opinions on the subject.

If the planned pharmacy is economically feasible, support will be offered by:

The Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society

The staff of the College of Pharmacy

The medical staff of Student Health

The executive of the Student Union

Student's Council, and

The Dalhousie Student Pharmacy Society

I know the above sounds very vague, but this report is merely to inform the students of Dalhousie of our investigation. We will have firm plans soon after Christmas if the results of our investigations show that it would be feasible to operate a student run pharmacy. We will have to start setting it up in the spring in order for it to be operational by September.

I would appreciate student feedback. Drop a note in my box in room 222 of the SUB.

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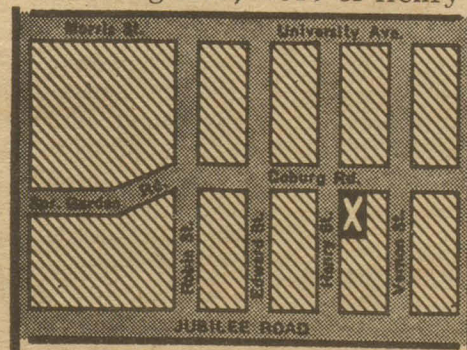
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50-70,000 dead in Chilean disaster

That is the kind of headline which few North American newspapers have carried. The accompanying stories have not appeared either. In fact, the scarcity of both on-the-scene and neutral reports about recent events in Chile is itself one of the biggest stories of the year.

Mike O'Sullivan, a former SMU Students' Association president, brought part of the Chilean story to Halifax. His post-graduate studies have centred on Chile, where he spent a year while Allende's Unidad Popular was in power. (The 50-70,000 dead figure comes from Chilean churchmen who had supported Allende opponents.)

O'Sullivan gave a history of developments in Chile since the Unidad Popular gained office in 1970. First he explained that it was irreconcilable differences among the anti-Allende forces that made his election possible in the first place.

The split between the progressive middle and upper classes and the old oligarchical forces continued after the 1970 election. The left took advantage of and contributed to the split with programs appealing to opposition supporters.

In addition to giving several specific goals of the Unidad Popular, O'Sullivan outlined its basic long-term aim. This was to achieve majority support by 1976. The resulting control of Congress would enable fulfillment of the left's public desire to abolish Congress.

Abolition of Congress signified an end to all old institutions and replacement by new ones that were responsive to mass demands. These included factories controlled by the workers, blocks controlled by the neighbors, stores controlled by the shoppers.

Until it had majority sup-

port the Unidad Popular made small steps towards establishing new institutions of government. It supported groups moving spontaneously towards mass involvement and control.

The increase in the poor workers' purchasing power created after 1970 was the cause of shortage. Although luxury goods were easily available, staple foods, inexpensive clothing and footwear were in short supply for the last two years.

They had become available for the first time to many thousands of Chileans. The bare shelves caused growing resentment among those who had always been able to buy what they needed.

O'Sullivan analyzed the October 1972 Bosses' Strike and concluded that it was really a victory for the government. A new workers' militancy, the Christian Democrats' strong pro-boss stand and the creation of a Santiago-centred network of popular brigades (community control committees) were all mentioned.

The strike showed Allende supporters that although with greater difficulty, they could run the country by themselves. The withdrawal of retail and professional sectors did not cause collapse. The workers of all political parties seized their factories to keep them open.

The growing mobilization and awakening of the Unidad Popular supporters was equalled by a 6% gain in the popular vote in the 1973 Congressional elections. It was the first time in history that a Chilean President gained support in mid-term.

Rightist hopes of impeaching Allende were dashed, and for the first time a left majority in 1976 seemed possible. Despite economic collapse the regime was winning support.

Both the rightists and conservative factions of the Unidad Popular became frantic. There was an upsurge of the military's right-wing. In August they began arresting members of the armed forces who opposed a coup. Factories were attacked to seize arm, although the numbers found were never given. The General Staff was reorganized.

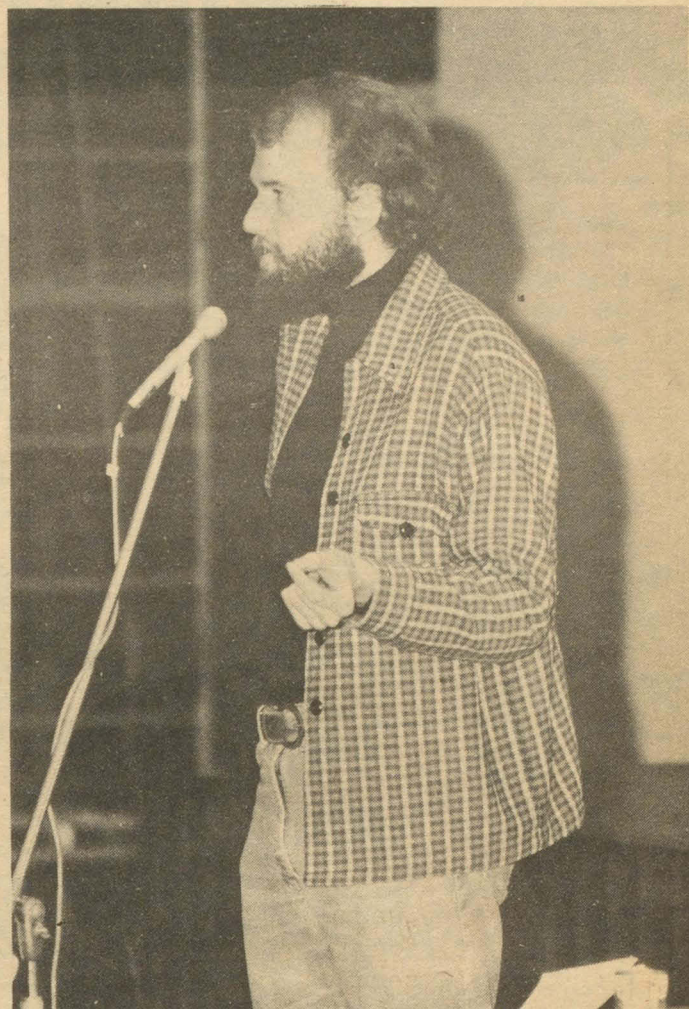
O'Sullivan stressed that the army had always held real power, might. The Unidad Popular kept formal power only as long as the enemy was divided. The government was never in a position to strike back, and knew it.

Looking at the question of American involvement, Mr. O'Sullivan went over the U.S.-backed financial squeeze, the ambassador's history in Santo Domingo and Guatemala, the influx of American dollars during the Bosses' Strike, the release of American copper reserves as the world price fell almost one third.

Indeed, in 1970 ITT had pointed to an artificial economic crisis followed by a military coup as the solution to Marxism in Chile.

O'Sullivan did not go into many post-coup atrocity stories, stating that this would not be constructive. He mentioned the cordoning off of the poor neighborhoods, arrests of all men in some areas and the shooting of all men on some blocks. There has been an unbelievable annihilation of the foreign refugee communities, especially the Brazilians. This is despite their social isolation.

Daily danger is reality for thousands in Chile. They need a country to emigrate to. Mexico is now taking only native Chileans. The attitude and actions in this situation of our ambassador, Mr. Ross, are well-known.



Mike O'Sullivan talking about the causes and effects of the Chilean coup. He was on an Atlantic tour sponsored by

the Canada-Chile Solidarity group with help from the Anglican and Catholic Churches.

Mr. O'Sullivan says that missionaries have seen people shot outside the Canadian embassy after being refused refuge. The non-leftist Auxiliary Bishop of Santiago's plea that 10 special hardship cases be admitted was turned down by Ross.

A Trudeau/Sharp split is rumoured on whether to fire Ross and save lives instead of supporting the junta. Also, Canadian money will be requested by Chile. Although the U.S. has given more in 3 months than Allende got in 3 years it is a drop towards the bucket needed to prop up the generals, an entrench them.

Mike O'Sullivan urged public pressure on the

Canadian government to withhold support of the junta and to admit the refugees. His tour was aimed partly at increasing press coverage of the unimaginable repression (-much worse than Czechoslovakia in 1968.)

The strength of the international forces opposing Allende is obliquely shown in incidents like the instant selling out of all foreign newspapers in New York during the week of the coup. People were starved for news.

The Dalhousie Students' Council member who said that Chile's coup was the most significant of such events in at least the last 5 years was certainly right.

Student directory soon to be available

A little more than two months ago there was a strong probability that for the second year in a row Dalhousie would have no student directory. This was a result of a successful blockade of the 1972-73 directory and indifference on the part of the current Executive.

Last year Internal Affairs Secretary Mike Bowser presented a plan for a \$2600.00 directory which would be distributed free of charge, as usual. As Council discussed the annual budget Brian Smith, 1971-1973 President, suggested that there should be no directory.

He stated that it was an offensive invasion of privacy, unwanted and not needed by the students. The use of the old directory by people soliciting and advertising had

appalled. A phone-in directory at the SUB Enquiry Desk would be ample replacement, especially if it was advertised.

Despite arguments that the directory was an essential Student Union service, Council tied on the motion that none be published. Smith, who was chairing the meeting, broke the tie in favour of his suggestion.

At the following meeting newly appointed Chairman Raj Nadarajah ruled that two-thirds would be required to reinstate the directory. As a result, although almost as many voted for the directory as had even been present for the tie vote, the vote on its publication was not overturned. The majority was one short of two thirds.

When the issue was raised a

third time, two weeks later, the Chair ruled that a simple majority would be sufficient. In the debate President Smith stated those in Office Services who said the directory would be out before Christmas were wrong. A majority, feeling that it was too late in the year, voted against publication.

The matter rested until this summer, when Treasurer Stu Barry reported to the Executive that a directory would cost about \$5,000.00 and be of little or no use to anyone. Anyone, that is, except people looking for a date and junk mail addresses. The Executive agreed that there was no need for the books.

When the 1973-74 budget appeared the directory was noticeably absent. Debbie Henderson and Dan

O'Connor (two members of the Old Council who are now on the Senate) decided to do what they could to get a directory published.

Both had participated in the last attempt to get one, and since then became more convinced that most people wanted and would use a directory. The widespread use of a 2-year old one was the strongest evidence.

Relying on their experience with other projects the pair put together a proposal and a budget. Both went through the Executive and Council with little or no objection. They became the directory's co-editors and have been working on it ever since.

The original date for first sales was December 1st. (The

price is to prevent a Union deficit and to make sure only those who will use the directory get one.) A first printing was so disastrous it all had to be done again. The result has been a 10 day delay and a maximum extra cost of \$600.00.

Still, it looks as if the directory will not seriously disrupt Union finances. Total cost may be less than \$2600.00, with a \$200.00 deficit. The Enquiry Desk staff are looking forward to a decrease in the number of calls for addresses and phone numbers.

An initial shipment of 500 copies is to be delivered on Monday, December 10th. The other 2500 will arrive a day or two later. If demand warrants more copies will be printed and sold.

BEHIND HAZY EYES

Dear Reader,

A short note arrived in my mail not long ago praising the institution of our literary supplement and wondering what BEHIND HAZY EYES means. To comply, I will proceed in giving my interpretation, definition or 'daffynition' of what BEHIND HAZY EYES means.

I

"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

The dancers sway together
in intricate waves
What is the end
which her movement craves?
Ans as I turn with them
intent on dance
Perhaps my life
is merely chance. . . .
Ane Yeats need not know me,
much less care.
And I, need I know them
turning there?

II

"Romantic facts of Musketeers
foundationed deep somewhere-
My existence led by confusion
bolts mutiny from stern to bow."

There was a year of conformity;
There was a time when I was gay,
When life held quite enough for me
And I learned petty pedantry.
As the cloister of life determines my way,
The cemented pathway guides the road.
I can read in the books what I must say
And learn from the masters where I must stay
To market, to market, to buy a fat load:
Home again, home again, follow the mode.
To Mommy and Daddy in our proud abode
To Mommy and Daddy in our proud abode.

"Call it peace or call it treason
Call it love or call it reason.
But I ain't marchin' any more."

III

ROSIE WOODS from her grave:

"Remember me -
I have forgotten you."
I trembled as I walked among the stones
As I tried not to step on the dead-
Always wishing I would run away
But morbidly desiring to stay. . . .
The weather today, Mr. N., is like a stale cigarette;
It is like Mrs. Handell's pet cat-
Do you hear me, Mr. N.?
Or is there mud from the grave in your ears?
The weather today, Mr. N., is like a man rusing to catch the 5:08,
It is like the dirty city air-
Do you care for us, Mr.N.?
Or have you risen above it?

The weather today, Mr. N., is like a sheriff's eyes of hate;
It is like a starving orphan's despair-
Do you pity her, Mr. N.?
Or don't you understand?

The weather today, Mr. N., is like. . .
Do you care?
Is like. . . Mr. N., do you hear me?
Or am I talking to the misty
Graveyard air?

IV

"I'm about to stop existing completely-
and, therefore, everything else will stop existing--"

I have a dollar and a half
To buy a bottle of aspirin and two seven-ups to wash them down;
Then they will all cry and say:
"The poor mixed-up lad."

But it won't matter, it won't matter!
I shall not look at them from
Above or below or within
For they will not exist, will not exist!
And will be gone from.

For existence is only through perception
And man began with my conception
And I am more than a single entity
But the sum total of all humanity.

You're all at my mercy, a bottle of pills
For when the dancer ceases, so does the dance:
The harmony's broken, the world's petty ills
Are thrust into blackness, gone at a glance.

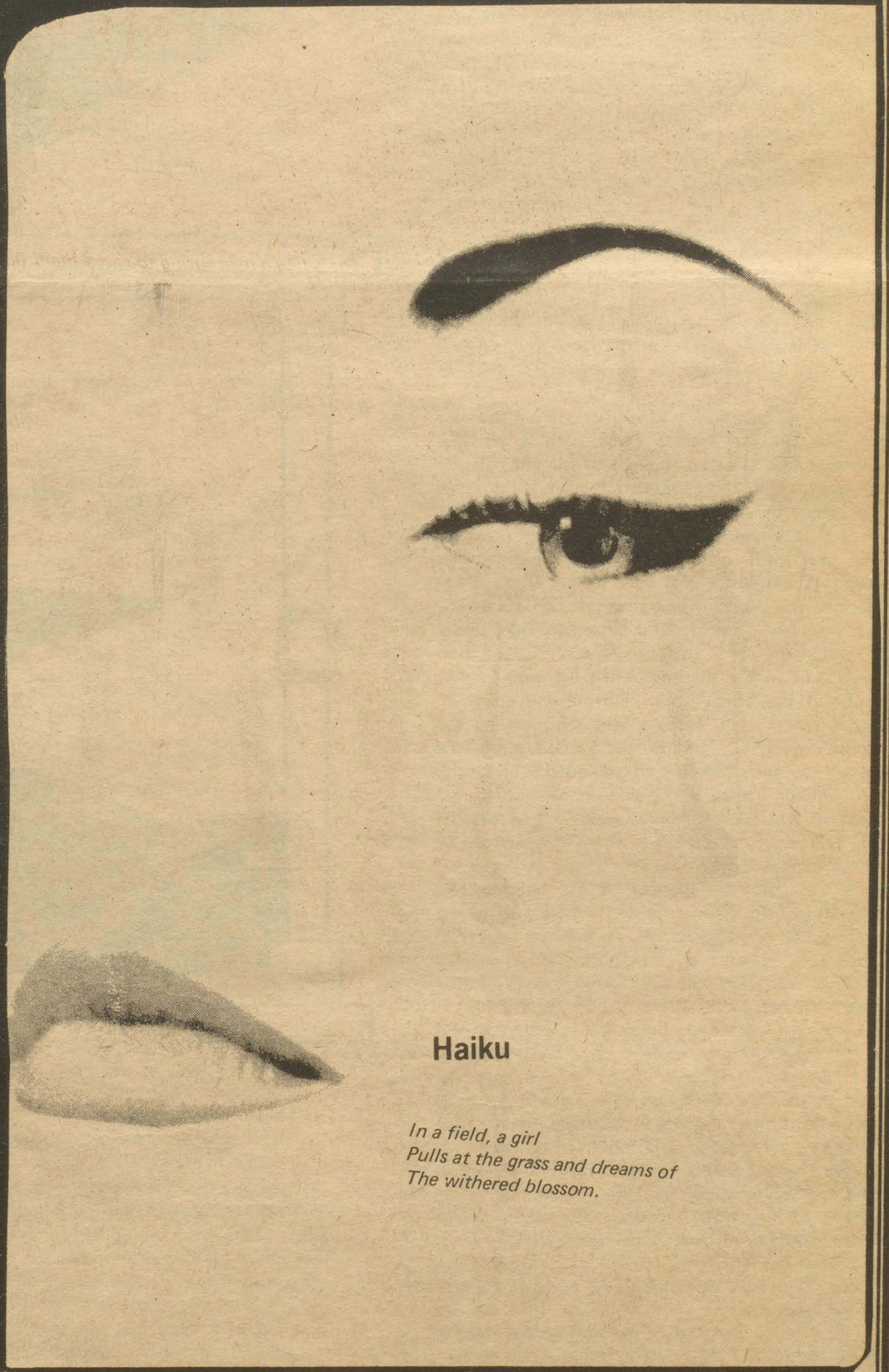
...and so, I think I have best explored what may have been
denied, subverted, or transcended. It might be possible that
this poem may really be irrelevant. However, one hopes to
dispel this void by the magic of the words. . .

Thanking you,
J. Crull

P.S. IF YOU HAVE ANY CONTRIBUTIONS' DROP
THEM OFF IN THE GAZETTE OFFICE LOCATED
ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE S.U.B. For this
edition, we can thank J.C. Jr. for poems and stories,
Van Mensing for his story and enlightening critique,
and the cast of others for being insane-plus Robert
MacLelland for layout and keeping me company for a
few belts in La Graywoode.

PISSED
OFF

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)



Haiku

*In a field, a girl
Pulls at the grass and dreams of
The withered blossom.*

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER

by ABCXYZ

It wasn't the Almighty that lifted her nighty.-
Old Folk Saying

Then I came down the line to today, wishing all the time that I could go back-but that would be a little inconvenient. It was a great run, a hell of a lot better than that burning bush trip two years ago. I know it's a popular period, there being so much for us to do around then and all, but this trip was unique.

You all know that I wouldn't deliberately take this great run up the line away from any of you, but orders came from higher up, and so I just had to go. I was in a bad fix, too, because I hadn't had a course in Aramaic for about three years, since I did that stone rolling bit back when I was an assistant to the director. But somehow they got the language into me, and they got me costumed and properly fitted out for the job. I'd only be back there for an hour or so, so it didn't matter if everything wasn't quite perfect. So I strapped on my timer and went up the line. No problems at all, just a smooth trip. Didn't run into myself on the way there or anything. God, it's a shame we can only do each of these runs once, because I'd really like you all to have her. . . I'd like to have her again myself, for that matter. I almost told her I'd be back, but you know what would happen to me if I did. I'd be out of the Service for good. Well, up the line I went.

Perfect landing, right on the corner of the market. Fortunately, it wasn't market day, so there weren't too many people around to see me. They might have thought something was a bit strange when they saw that crazy costume of mine (it's over in Tech Research right now, if you want to look at it). Even with their strange clothes, this tongues of flame getup wasn't too common, and it might be noticed. They gave me the address down here, so the place wasn't too hard to find. Third house on the left, second street west of the market; it was a big adobe building. The family must have been a rich one, so I couldn't see why she had to be betrothed to that idiot carpenter. I took a look at his shop while I was there, and it was a miserable little thing, hardly big enough to hold one person, let alone a family of seven. Maybe he expanded later, though-one of you who hits the area a little later on can tell me; I'd like to know.

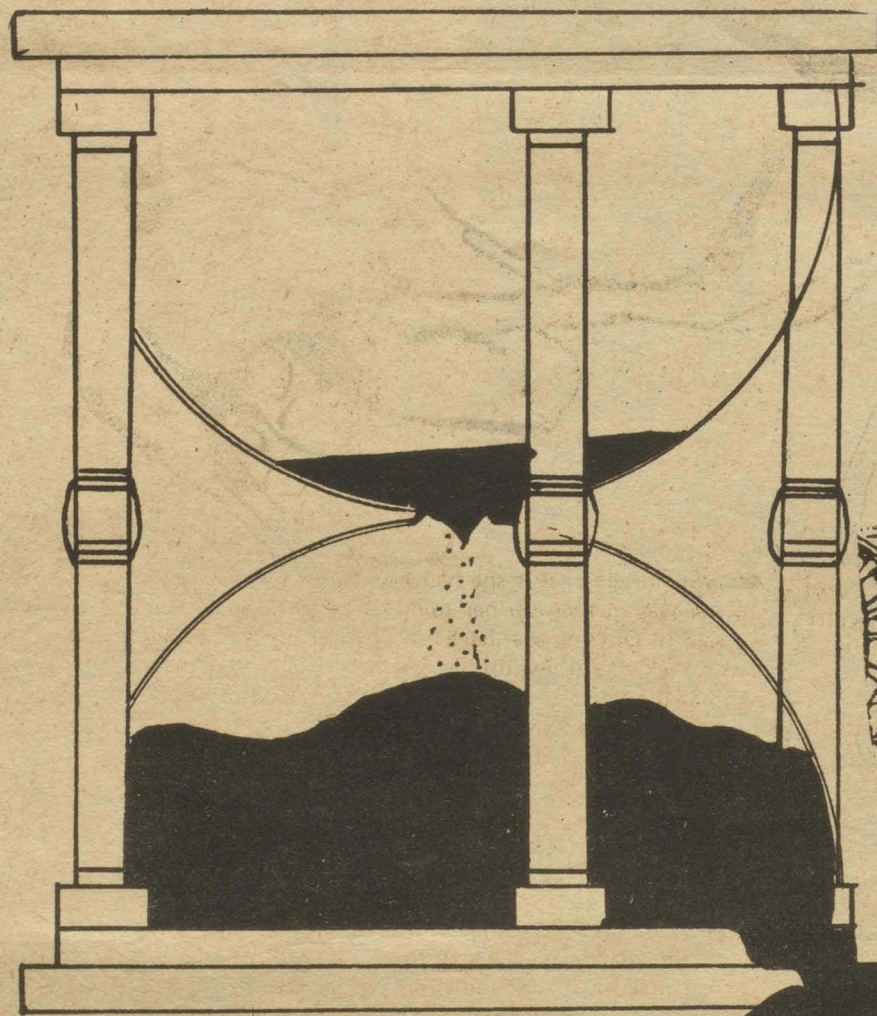
But anyway, back to my story. I found out that her room was on the second floor with a window overlooking the street. I thought of the old balcony scene gambit, but there wasn't a balcony to whisper tender verses at, much less a young girl out on that balcony. Why couldn't those sixteenth century writers ever learn to be realistic? I've never seen an appropriate setting for that play. Thank God it's not performed any more. It being just about time for me to get into her, I decided I'd better get right under the window before I used my spacer. In the first place, I'd be in the shadow of the building so that nobody in the street could see me and start unpleasant rumors about some stranger screwing the preacher's daughter, and in the second place, she wouldn't see me wandering around outside and think I was climbing the walls like any common portnoy. I wanted to just float in there, about a foot off the floor. The technical aspects of these miracles can be really sickening sometimes. To get it just perfect, I was getting into the shadow of the building real nicely, almost up against the wall, where I could just levitate up to her, and do you know what happened to me? They weren't so clean back then as we are nowadays, and you know what they did with all their sewage? You've got it: I stepped in a pile of shit. I guess it didn't matter too much, because they always said there was supposed to be an odor about miracles, but I had always thought it was a nice one. She should be used to it, though. They didn't do much washing back then, and the shitpile was right outside the house anyway, so the odor could come in anytime. I only hoped I wouldn't make it too much stronger. And nowhere to take a bath, either. It wouldn't be long now, though. Only ten or fifteen minutes, and I'd be back down the line in no time, doing whatever I wanted, which was first a bath. What the hell was I worrying about, though? I didn't need my feet to fuck.

Anyway, I floated in the window and looked around the room. There she was, sitting in the bed, covers pulled up to her neck, looking coy as hell.



THE MIRACLE WORKER

She gasped, pointed her right index finger at me, put her left hand over her mouth, and let the bedclothes slip off her body. I didn't get much of a chance to see it just then, because Mary was in a dilemma. Her pointing hand went to her cunt and her mouth-hiding hand went over her tits. But then she couldn't give the right signals, so up came the tit hand to point, and the tit hand down to her cunt. Then her tits were bared, so the pointing hand went over to them, and finally, after a while, she gave up on pointing and mouth covering and concentrated on hiding. Out of her little mouth came, "Wh-wh-wh-who a-a-a-are y-y-y-you?" Just what I expected. Damn it, they're



Almost like she was expecting someone. Maybe there was something else going on that Joseph didn't know about. Was this Holy Spirit business just a convenient excuse? Well, I'd see soon enough. She didn't look at all surprised to see someone in the room, but that was before she looked at the crazy getup. Then she did just what I expected her to do-just what every surprised lover does-I did wish she wouldn't have been so trite. Trite, but appealing. That was Mary.



never original. But she had been fun to watch while she was making up her mind what to do when she said it. Did you ever have one of those crazy impulses to fuck everything up historically? If only you knew that the Patrol wouldn't come chasing after you and drag you back down the line if you did.

What I wanted to say was something like: "Good evening, ma'am. I'm the Inspector of Public and Private Morality, attached to the extension office of the Society for the Prevention of Premarital Vice among the Virgins of Nazareth (S. f. t. P. o. P. V. a. t. V. o. N.), a branch of the Sons of the Maccabean Revolution. I'm taking a survey of nubile (a leer) young women in this area to check on their virginity and make sure that the virile young men of the area have not been screwing (fooling, I mean) around. What we are particularly interested in is just how many virgins there are per thousand of the unmarried female population. You may be the first lucky one. After surveying 327 girls in this town, we have found that none of them are virgin. It seems that some fellow named God had been making the rounds." But of course I didn't say that. What I did say was: "I am the Holy Spirit of God the Father, and I am here to conceive in you a son as was foretold. See Isaiah Chapter 7 verse 14." And bless that woman if she didn't bat her eyes at me and pull down the covers. I was glad to get out of that tongues of flame costume and into that nice warm bed. But something still felt wrong. It's damn hard, as you should all know by

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)

now, to make love with a timer strapped around your waist. Somehow it takes the fun out of it having that plastic thing between you and her. I got out of bed to take it off, and she batted those lovely green eyes at me again. God, I was getting a hardon, and I didn't have the timer off yet. Just keep batting those eyes, baby, and I can keep it up, I thought. But before I could get back into bed, she opened her mouth again and came up with another one of those damn stupid comments. "Holy, darling, I think there's something you ought to know. I'm betrothed to this guy named Joseph, and he doesn't like it if I go out with anyone else." A silly statement deserves a sillier one right back. "But Mary, we're not going out together. I'm going in." In the course of a few seconds, she spread her legs, and I got to work. Precisely five seconds after I got into her, she did it again. "Holy darling (I was beginning to hate those words.), I think you ought to know something. I'm two months pregnant." Now, I've heard of coitus interruptus before, but this was going too far, so I didn't just stop at interruptus; I went on to withdrawus. I was so shocked that I came up with the second trite statement of the night (two points for her for forcing me into it): "You're what?"

"Like I said, Holy darling, I'm pregnant."

I had recovered most of my wits by then. "And who is the lucky man?" It was either (a) Joseph, or (b) somebody else. If (b), I shuddered to think what was going to happen when (a) found out-especially when he heard that it wasn't the Holy Spirit. That would need some work from one of the later period men.

Her reply was, I must admit, a bit of a surprise. "Well, I think it was either Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Perez, Hezron, Ram, Aminadab, Nashshon, Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse, David, Solomon, Rehoboam, Abijah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Joram, Azariah, Jotham, Ahaz, Hezekiah, Manasseh, Amon, Josiah, Jehoniah, Shealtiel, Zerubbabel, Abiud, Eliakim, Azor, Zadok, Achim, Eliud, Eleazar, Matthan, or Jacob. There's two Jacobs I go with."

"What about Joseph?"

"Oh, don't worry about him. He's never had me."

Joseph might not have had her, but just about every other eligible man in Nazareth had. 42 possible fathers for one little bastard. What did that make the woman, a nympho? No, just popular. Well, at any rate, she wasn't normal. And to think that I wouldn't even be one of the 43, but would still go down in History as being the Holy Spirit.

"But you can do me anyway." (Such provincial language. Why couldn't she just say 'fuck' and have it over with?) "I don't think there's anything to worry about yet. At two months, it (there, she did it again) won't damage the child, will it?"

No, Mary, I thought. But it was going to take me a while to get it back up. "Would you bat your eyes?" She did, it did, I did, and we did. Altogether a pleasurable time. I could see why so many of the Nazarene studs were after her. She was the best lay I've had in five or six millenia, so just think what she must have been to the boys stuck in their own time.

We cried together a little, and I left. As I strapped my timer on-I almost forgot it, she was so good-she said to me, "Why don't you come back in seven or eight months, Holy darling? The kid will be here by then if I can think up a line to feed Joseph."

"Don't worry about it. Just give him my card. Here." I gave her one of my genuine antiqued parchment cards identifying myself as H. Spirit of Heaven. "He'll be so proud of that he'll forgive you for the kid. And I might come back if I can find the time." Then I strapped my timer on, threw her a good-bye kiss, watched her bat her eyes at me one last time, and came back down the line. I sure as hell would like to go back to her, and maybe I will if the Patrol will let me. It'd be nice.

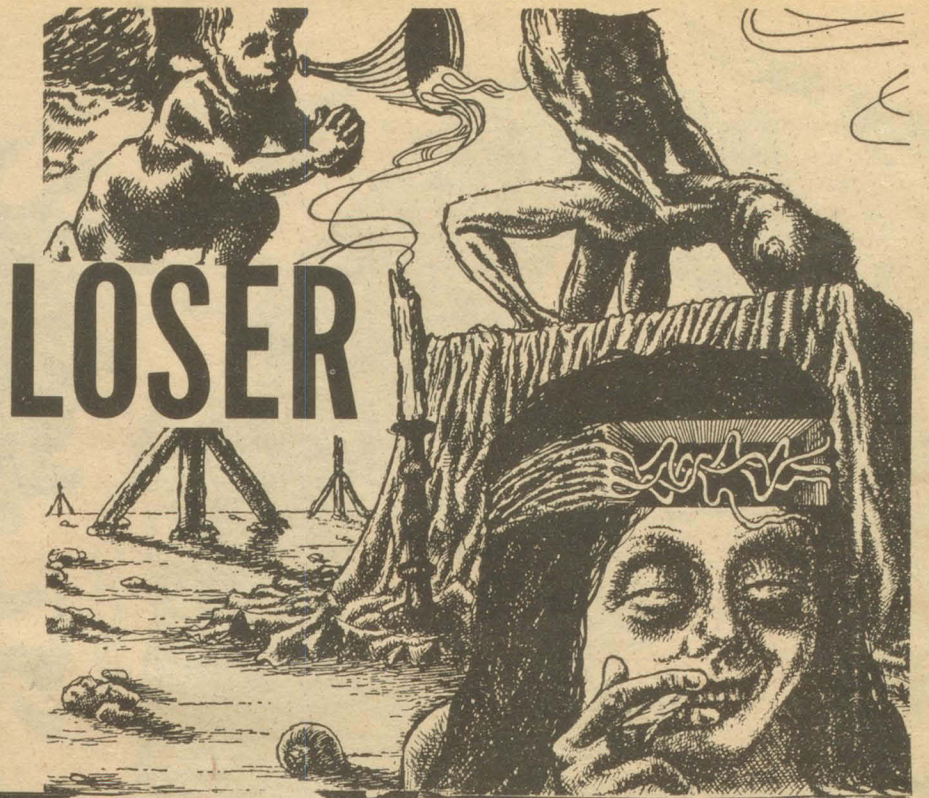
OFFICIAL REPORT OF AGENT A1 TO THE TIME AGENCY

I worry, however, that there may not be, in fact a need for us. This case may go a long way toward proving that point. Mary would have borne Jesus anyway, and the story would have come out the same. I think she might even have come up with the Holy Spirit idea on her own. She was a bright girl. With this example borne in mind, we should perhaps reevaluate the entire structure of the Time Service. Maybe we aren't needed for miracles. Maybe there is a God who takes care of all that. It would, I believe, bear closer investigation. P.S. Could I go back and screw her again just once. . . please???

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)



by Warren Peterson



BORN LOSER

Roger Thurston suddenly sat upright in bed, sweating. "Jesus," he thought. "What a dream."

He looked at the alarm. Six-nineteen. Roger propped up his pillow behind him, still thinking about the dream. The ball was the part that he couldn't understand - a bright red ball, hanging over him, opening up like an umbrella. He tried to forget it.

Roger looked over at his wife, then wrapped himself about her. The softness of her body started him thinking. More pleasant thought and his dream was soon forgotten.

Evelyn Thurston's body brought Roger back to the reality of last night. He had wanted her then, but she at a local women's meeting - the Women's Neighbourhood Alliance. Women's Lib junk - talked about rape, day care - junk! His anger started him thinking of Marilyn Somerall, his busy-body neighbour's wife.

"You really must get involved in SOME thing." Roger silently mimicked the woman. "You must get SO bored in that house."

The last part of Roger's reflections were broken by the sound of his voice. His wife stirred.

"Pardon, darling?" Evelyn muttered.

"Nothing, honey. Go back to sleep."

The thought of taking his wife then momentarily crossed Roger's mind, but he dismissed the idea almost immediately. Sleep was also out of the question for him now. Adrenalin was beginning to force aliveness into him. Roger slipped from the bed, deciding to get to work early for a change. His lateness was a standard joke at the hospital. The head technician, Ken Cranmer, had reorganized an entire shift to accommodate Roger's sleeping habits. Being early would start a few people thinking - might even spruce up the gossip for the day.

Cranmer - there was a success story in itself. Roger remembered the first time he met his soon-to-be boss. They were both technicians on the second floor at the time. Their first day of work was uneventful, but busy. A rush group of samples came in just before four, and Ken volunteered to work overtime to get the results out. That night he made his discovery. Special-K, the boys in the lab called it - a solution that cut two hours off blood testing procedure time.

When the hospital waived its patent rights and Parke-Davis offered him \$190,000 for the discovery most of the techs had some great ideas on how he could spend the money. When Myers upped the offer to \$300,000, the ideas stopped. That's when everyone started getting free coffees in the morning.

Two months later when old man Robinson retired, Ken got the head tech job.

Roger headed for the john by way of the living room. He picked up his old transistor and carried the fragile piece of Canadian workmanship to the washroom. The radio actually answered the call to duty this morning, humming out the obsequious tones of Keith Rich. Roger flipped the dial to CHUM's Jay Nelson. The radio coughed once, then sputtered into life again.

Roger found Nelson's sick humour helpful in his lavatory duties. "Wonder if I could patent that little find?" he thought. Suddenly, he burst out laughing.

His sense of humour was beginning to return.

Roger shaved and washed, occasionally laughing at Nelson's one-liners and tried to remember the better ones for the lab. He dressed in the bedroom, still carrying the radio. Evelyn was already up, making his coffee.

"Aren't you up rather early?" she asked, as Roger came into the kitchen.

"Just a little."

Two teaspoons of sugar, no milk. Reach for the toast...slap on the marmalade... dip the toast in coffee...

Roger's morning ritual was interrupted by the sound of his morning *Globe* hitting the front door. Automatically, he rose to retrieve it. As usual, the front section was right on the door ledge, but the Sports section was on the second step.

"...amn kid."

Roger had wanted to stop taking the paper from this kid, but was always prevented by the thought of having to do without the *Morning Smile*. Besides, there was something in the boy's manner that defied being told to get lost.

Muttering to himself, he returned to the table and flipped to page one. "*Nixon realerts troops - Middle East tension mounts.*" Roger ignored the headlines and read the *Smile*. Then he turned to page three for the Ervin Committee synopsis.

"*Ervin says...*" Roger kept reading, then broke into laughter. "The old bastards at it again," he thought. Yester Senator Sam had quoted from *Revelations*, *Isaiah*, and *Matthew*. Roger made a mental note to take in the United Church service this Sunday, as well as his wife's Anglican mass. The sermons were sure to be good this week.

Roger leisurely finished his food, then rose from the table. "I'll be home early tonight." He kissed Evelyn delicately, then grabbed his coat from the front hall and headed out the door for the garage. The air wasn't as cold today as it had been in previous days, and the old Ford kicked into life almost immediately.

As he swung the car out of the driveway, Roger spotted Marilyn Somerall gathering her paper. The sight of her in curlers momentarily made him forget his feelings about her. Roger smiled and waved. For it being so early in the morning, it was turning out to be a very good day.

Roger left his car at the Warden Avenue parking lot and took the subway downtown. There was less of a crowd on the train than he was used to, and he made another mental note to consider this early morning routine at another time.

While he was waiting for the Sherbourne Street station, Roger thought about his wife. He wanted kids, but couldn't afford them and the payments on the house. Pride kept him from letting Evelyn go out and get a job for herself. Pride. Roger laughed.

He came to the station, and as it was still early decided to walk the six blocks to the hospital. He was still early.

The women techs gave him the hard time this morning. "Did you or didn't you, Rog?"

Never say you this wide awake this early before, Rog. Wife cut you off?" Roger shrugged it off in good-natured fashion.

"You could put some of these babes on construction gangs and they wouldn't be out of place," he thought. Germaine Greer was never a lab technician, that much was certain.

He thought of Marilyn Somerall. "*Damn, bitch.*"

There were few tests to run that morning. About 11:30 Cranmer came downstairs, wanting to go to lunch. With him was the new X-ray sensation, Elaine Birmingham.

"Another Cranmer success story," Roger thought. Elaine had started working three weeks ago, and she and Ken had hit it off almost immediately. They were getting an apartment on Davisville after Christmas.

"Where are we going?" asked Roger as they headed out the main entrance.

"I was thinking of going to the Chez for a beer and some hamburgers," said Ken, breaking his lazy style of speech to hail a taxi in mid-sentence. A Diamond cab screeched to a halt in front of them, causing the woman behind him to come to a panic stop. She muttered something that Roger guessed was obscene, and leaned on the horn. The cabbie gave her the finger. Behind them traffic backed up into Sherbourne Street, blocking the intersection. More horns

started to sound.

Roger took the front seat and mumbled the destination. They were off. The taxi turned up Church Street, and almost immediately the cabbie realized that he had made a mistake. Workmen from Consumers Gas were repairing a ruptured gas main, and everyone was slowing down to have a look. The driver cursed the slowness of the pace. He slipped into the wrong lane of traffic, passed several cars, then cut off a TTC bus and turned down Gloucester. He narrowly missed hitting an elderly lady, crossing the street with the aid of a cane.

The old lady looked startled. She turned, and displaying a sudden agility, swung the cane, breaking it over the back fender of the taxi. She shook her fist defiantly at the cab as it sped toward Yonge Street.

Roger laughed. Ken and Elaine started momentarily, then settled back in their seats again.

The cabbie, seeing that Yonge was also swamped with traffic, cut through the City parking lot, heading for Hayden Street and the tavern. He stopped in front of the door and Roger paid him, making sure to give the driver a tip. The trip through the parking lot had saved them twenty cents on the meter, so he could afford to be generous.

Once inside, they gravitated toward the old mixed couples side and placed their orders at the bar. Elaine and Ken ordered cheeseburgers and Roger took the cold chicken. George, the headwaiter, brought them their usual jug and placed the glasses in the middle of the table.

"Where's McGillvray today?" Roger asked. Frank McGillvray, the son-of-a-bitch, owed Roger fifty bucks from Wednesday's hockey pool. Actually, Roger didn't need the money - he just didn't want the money "reinvested." McGillvray's get-rich-quick schemes always seemed to fail miserably.

"Not 'ere 'til six," replied George in his French-Canadian nasal twang. He set the jug down, spilling some of the contents in the process. George sloshed the beer around with a wet rag, then headed for the next table.

Roger sighed. The only thing that he had ever seen George do properly was sing. He wondered how the man had ever become headwaiter.

Frank McGillvray - born loser. Roger and he had gone to the same high school in Sudbury. Frank had been pretty good at football and had made the school team as fullback. He had run the team into the league championships in Grade 11, and on the night before the playoffs, a miner bent an iron bar over his shoulder in a brawl outside the Nickel City. The school won - without him.

In Grade 13, he knocked up the school's Virgin Queen. In this Catholic town, the only thing to do was to marry her. There were several mid-wives living around the CPR station who could have done a job for him, but Frank couldn't raise enough scratch. Frank couldn't even land a job at Inco (which was just as well) - he was an inch over the height restriction for the mines. So, he and what's-her-name headed for the big city to seek their fame and fortune.

The marriage lasted three years. Catholic or not, they were divorced. She got the kid - a girl. A born loser, Frank.

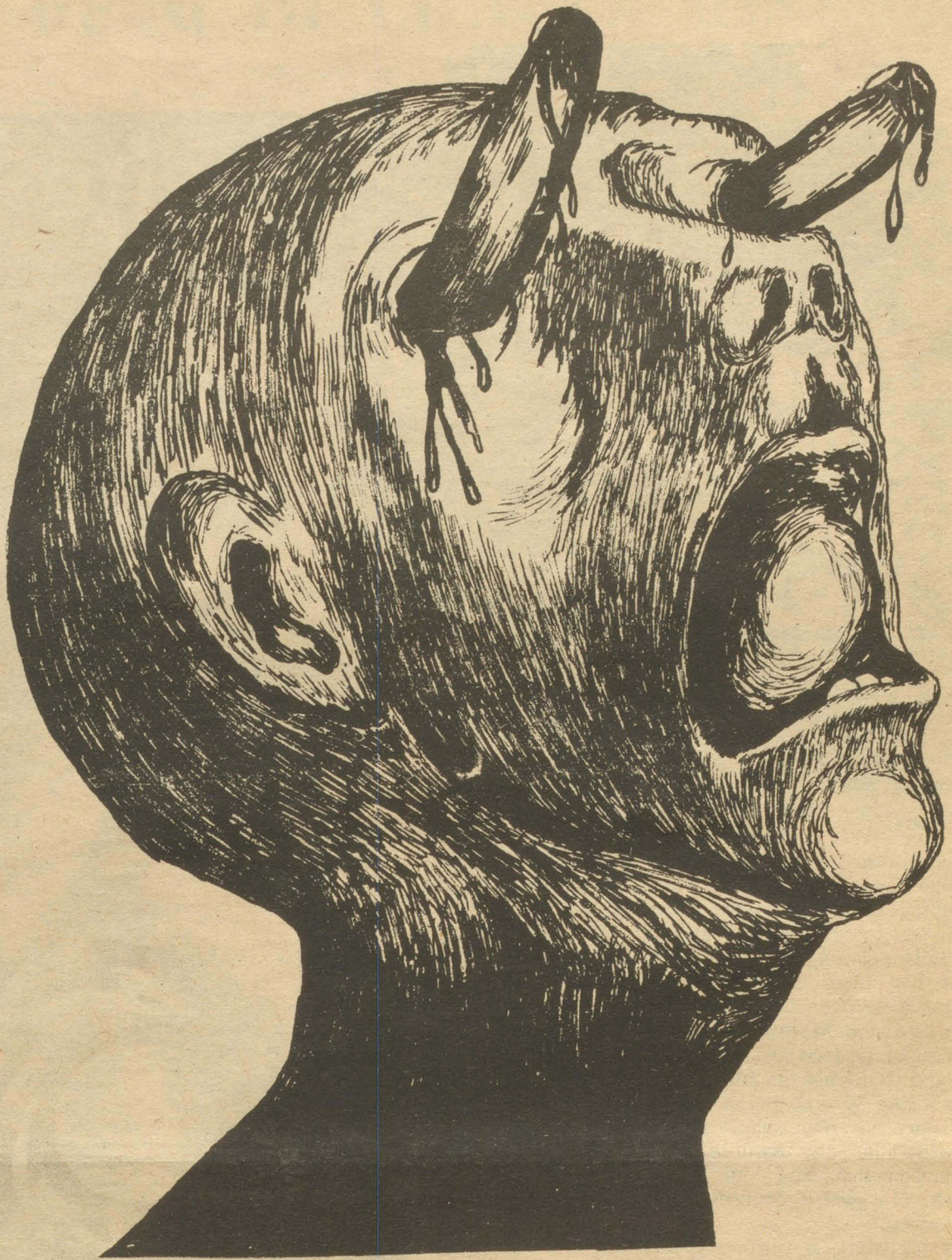
The three of them finished their meal after one-thirty, then started to head back to the hospital. Outside, Ken attempted to hail a cab, but Roger stopped him. "Let's walk. It's still early."

They started down Church Street, turning their talk to the incidents of the morning. Elaine was telling them about a kid from Jarvis Collegiate who had come into the hospital complaining of a bruised rib. They sent him down to be X-rayed, and while disrobing, he got worked over by Elaine. She had threatened to aim the machine slightly lower if he didn't settle down.

Ken and Roger laughed. They were now approaching the road project which had earlier bothered the cabbie. Six workers were furiously filling in the hole in order to keep warm. One brawny Italian was singing, while another was chomping on a half-lit cigar. As the group approached, both stopped their labour to watch Elaine. The Italian chomping on the cigar tossed it to the side and elbowed his friend in the ribs. Both of them whistled.

Roger ignored them. He watched the cigar, now falling to the earth in a graceful arc. It hit the pavement, bounced once, then lay there, still throwing off the occasional spark. Roger eyed the sparks, fascinated.

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)



Frank McGillvray stepped from the Yonge/Bloor subway station, and started to take the shortcut through Loblaws to get to the tavern. It was a few minutes after five, but he had decided to start work early this evening. Abruptly, he changed his mind, and retraced his steps, heading back toward Yonge Street and the newsstand on the corner. Frank picked up a Star-final just as the route truck dropped off the paper, then worked his way south. At King's Square, a middle-class businessman in a Chevrolet almost ran Frank off the sidewalk, trying to get down the alley. He was trying to avoid the "No Turn" at Yonge and Bloor. Father down the alley a garbage truck blocked his path, and he started to blow his horn. He rolled down his window, cursing the truck, but the garbage men feigned inattentiveness. Their actions became slower, more deliberate.

Frank sneered. Served the guy right. Traffic was unusually heavy tonight. As he approached the tavern, Frank noticed that there wasn't anything moving on Church Street. A police car, its red light casting reflections from windows, tried desperately to pick its way south through the maze of cars stranded there.

Once inside the Tavern, Frank went to the bar to grab his change apron. "Did you see the mess outside?", addressing his remark to no one in particular.

Bob, another waiter who was just coming on duty, nodded. "A fire down the street. Nothing serious."

Frank grabbed his first tray of draught beer, and started toward the men's side to serve. "Phone, Frank." Harold, the cash man, leered. "Some broad."

"They can't keep away from me," he replied. "Hello."

It was Evelyn.

"Frank, I'm afraid we won't be able to see each other again." She sounded upset.

"Pardon?" Frank was incredulous. "What's going on?" he demanded, completely missing the emotion in her voice.

"It's Roger... he's hurt... burnt... Ken... Elaine... they're dead... Frank, just say good-bye, Please!" The phone went dead.

He stood there for a moment, stunned. He looked at his beer, then stumbled behind the bar to pick up his paper. Somewhere in it had to be the answer to his dilemma.

It was there on page one - "Eight die, nineteen injured in Church Street explosion." The article called it a freak accident... "names are being withheld pending notification of next-of-kin..."

Frank staggered for the door, bumping into a lady as she was getting up from her table. He muttered an inaudible apology. Once outside, he stared south. Overhead a low cloud of haze billowed outward and down onto the city. There was no wind, the haze simply hung there.

The evening sun, now almost gone, shone through the cloud, giving it a pinkish glow. At sea, sailors would welcome such a sign.

"Damn!" Frank screamed. Passersby paid no attention to his outbursts, thinking him only another of the tavern's less desirables. "Damn, damn, damn..."

A pigeon lighted in the gutter beside him and, clucking continually, started to peck at the remains of someone's lunch, thrown there during the day.

Frank stared at the pigeon. Suddenly, he kicked viciously at the bird. Then, overwhelmed by the effort of his assault, he sat on the curb and burst into tears.

A cabbie honked his horn. He wanted to get a passenger closer to the tavern door. The driver cursed, and the passenger rolled down her window to add her insults to the abuse. Overhead, the sky changed to black, giving up its last right to possession of the day.

Frank did not move.

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)

**Femfresh
solves the
deodorant
puzzle**

**THIS
AD
EXPLOITS
WOMEN**

"With Love, from Billy"
by Van Mensing

Dear Mummy,

Ever since Daddy died I've been doing a lot of thinking. You know what I mean-about all the places we were going to go together, all the things you were going to get me, stuff like that. It's been a week now that I've been staying over at Grandma's so that you'd have time to get over the shock, like I think you said. But Mummy dea, can't I come home now?

You know that Grandma can't cook as well as you do and that I hate her fussing around me all the time. I don't like always being bothered. You know that, Mummy, so why won't you let me come home? I wouldn't be any trouble at all. I don't understand why you thought I could help you last, but not this week. Oh please, Mummy, I get so homesick when I'm away.

If we went to Europe you'd forget about Daddy. You promised me you would. I want you to forget him. I'm glad he's dead now. You were right to say that we should kill him now instead of waiting until we went camping in Colorado this summer. Forget him now-you and I have got all his money and things, so what do we need to wait for? It would be so easy, Mummy.

I was thinking too that the way we killed him was too messy. You know, having to burn all the bedclothes where his blood got on them. We wouldn't have cut his throat. It would have been so much easier to poison him, Mummy. I know you said it would be hard to get the poison, but it's not hard at all. I just asked Uncle Jack for some chemicals and he brought me this whole big set that I've been playing with. I gave Grandma's cat a spoonful from one of the bottles yesterday, and he died this morning. You should have seen his face, Mummy. It was just like Daddy's when he saw you with the knife.

So you see, Mummy, I've been doing a lot of thinking this past week and I've decided that I want to go away now. But you don't want to, Mummy, so I know you'll understand why I have to kill you too.

Femfresh knows that no woman would dream of using two different perfumes at the same time. But every woman needs two deodorants — one for underarm and one for the vaginal area.

Now Femfresh introduces new Fougere underarm to match the vaginal deodorant you're already using.

Trust Femfresh — and solve the puzzle.



STELLA B.

Every time the door of the Sutherland Hotel opened, the traditional funky blues spirit floated wistfully into the moist night. Jauntily kicking a crumpled paper cup ahead of him, Fletcher Borodin strolled along the street with a horn under his arm. Before the hotel music seemed to grasp him magnetically, absorbing his very soul and forcing him to abandon his walk. The paper cup rolled to a tilted halt. He looked inquiringly toward the sounds which seemed to be coming from somewhere far distant, but then the door opened and the music became a tangible thing to Fletcher.

Inside the light was dim, but Sunday night was a slow night all over New Orleans, and a seat was no problem. The music, heavily influenced by a gospel flavour, came imaginatively and soulfully out of a dreary-eyed saxophonist. Fletcher recognized the type of music as the new idiom, based on some of the fine old shouting, rhythmic aspects of Negro spirituals juxtaposed with the spirit of the blues. The musician presented his ideas with infinite subtlety and swayed sensuously as he played. The number ended on a jubilant note, and the combo swung into its theme song, "Stella B.," leaving the impression that it was relieved to have the set over so that the musicians could get another drink. Before the last notes had been played, the lights came on, and the bartenders came out of their hypnotic trances, taking orders and mixing drinks with professional speed and practiced indifference.

Fletcher awoke to notice for the first time a pretty Jamaican woman, a real stone fox, drinking alone at a nearby table. He caught her eye and smiled quizzically at her. She winked back at him and slowly got up from her table. Fletcher shuffled to his feet, flipping two bills on the bar to cover both drinks. His horn lay on the floor where he had placed it in anticipation of playing. At the door he helped the stone fox into her coat, and the two went out into the night, turning in the direction Fletcher motioned. As they crossed the street, the woman spiked a crumpled paper cup with her heel, and a light rain began to fall. **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS-** Trying to make an imitation fox in the SUBEROO and split for the killing floor-but she lays dead. Oh well, this isn't New Orleans! Right On!!!

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)

BLOODY WEDDING: MUSIC AND POLITICS IN THE WORKS OF HANS WERNER HENZE
Reviewed by VAN MENSING

Hans Werner Henze, DER LANGWIERIGE WEG IN DIE WOHNUNG DER NATASCHA UNGEHEUER' Pearson; Fires of London, Philip Jones Brass Quintet, Gunter Hampel Free Jazz Ensemble, Agostini, Yamash'ta; c. Henze. DGG 2530 212.

If a contest were held to determine the longest title for a modern musical work, this would be the prizewinning composition: THE TEDIOUS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF NATASCHA UNGEHEUER. So far, so good. The title certainly fits its subject. Tedium unrelieved, unsupportable, leading only to a monstrosity. Now there's a subject worthy of an artist with Redon's genius for the macabre. Now if only Henze and Redon's genius for the macabre...

NATASCHA continues Henze's line of politically conscious compositions, in which the other major works are THE RAFT OF THE FRIGAGE 'MEDUSA' (to Che Guevara), EL CIMARRON, and PRISON SONG (to Ho Chi Minh). During the past five years, these have been his only large-scale vocal compositions; there have been no operas or cantatas of late. In all of them he deals with similar subjects: the difficulties faced by the leftist bourgeois in its search for a Utopia. Unfortunately, the Utopia, when shown, is always false: in MEDUSA it is represented by Madame La Mort, while the titular heroine of NATASCHA serves this function here.

In a certain sense we may say that a true artist labors at only one work during his life. We may speak of "Beethoven's works" as a unit, take single-author courses in literature, and think really of only two representative paintings when we think of da Vinci. It is this word "representative" which provides us with the key to a limitation which must be placed on the earlier statement. The "Mona Lisa" and "The Last Supper" certainly are representative of da Vinci's works, but this is not to say that we are missing nothing by neglecting the "Lady with Ermine." Similarly, in the case of Beethoven, one who has heard the FIFTH SYMPHONY (a "representative work") has a good deal yet to discover. One critic has defined a great artist as "one who has an unlimited capacity for evolution."



As the doctor in the stage comedy 'Habeas Corpus'

By this criterion, in the hierarchy of the world's composers, Henze ranks with Clapisson and Moniuszko. We are all too aware that all of the political works are in reality one. This feeling is particularly strong in NATASCHA. For nearly every section of the piece it is possible in fact childishly simple to point to a source in MEDUSA or CIMARRON. It is very well for a composer to evolve a personal style which he can use in all his works, but Henze goes to far. NATASCHA comes out sounding as though it had been written by a computer programmed with the earlier music. Here are none of those flashes of inspired frenzy which made MEDUSA so haunting an experience. No fugue of the survivors here, no journal of the passage; only some tortured brass fanfares and an amazing improvised percussion cadenza by Stomu Yamash'ta.

I raise this problem of such length because it is not confined to Henze. Krzysztof Penderecki, "the Polish magus of ultra-modern music," is another composer afflicted by a uniformity of non-inspiration. As a friend of mine once said, "Once you know the ST' LUKE PASSION, you know everything that Penderecki has written or will write." True, once a man has found a style which is commercially successful, it may be tempting to stick to it for the rest of his life, but this is not art; it is mechanics.

Sorry to disappoint those who were expecting a review of the annual spate of Messiah recordings, but I just couldn't...



As POW Nicholson in the film 'Bridge on the River Kwai'



As the condemned Charles I in the film 'Cromwell'



As Hitler in the film 'Hitler: The Last Ten Days'

BEHIND HAZY EYES (cont.)

The All-tree Revue

*Taunted by the applause of the wild wind,
Gaudy trees cast down their lurid raiment
over the garish green stage.
The leaves fall like baubles in the
Swirling gusts that sweep and billow
The twisting trunks. The howling
Becomes a roar as they whirl and bow.
Soon the shouts subside and
The frothy, silken curtain falls,
Covering all. . . .*

The Way Down

*The browned, green leaf flutters soundlessly
it disembarks from its limb
delicately, it dives
the nose dipping towards the ground
a constant air strengthens it
holds it motionless
a long moment in suspended loftiness
the leaf again journeys
rocks back and forth
up and down
a boat floundering helplessly in the water
in slow descent
turns obliquely straight
towards the earth
Finally it reaches the ground
nestles silently
among many others
in a vast panorama of brown*

Attempt

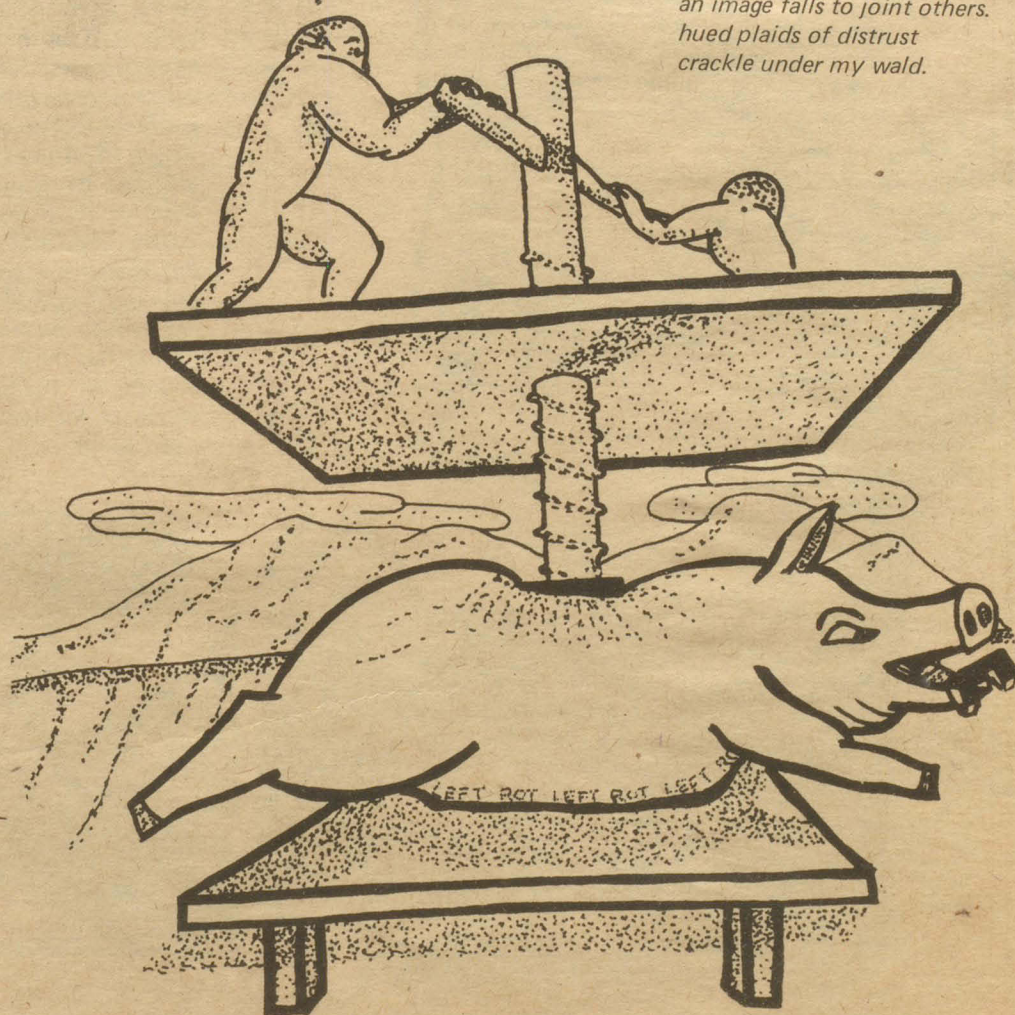
*The sound of solemn footstep
on cement
Echoing; soothing, sharp
yet fading
Together, another, together,
and gone.
To me the night is softly
saying,
You're surely not alone; no,
not alone.*

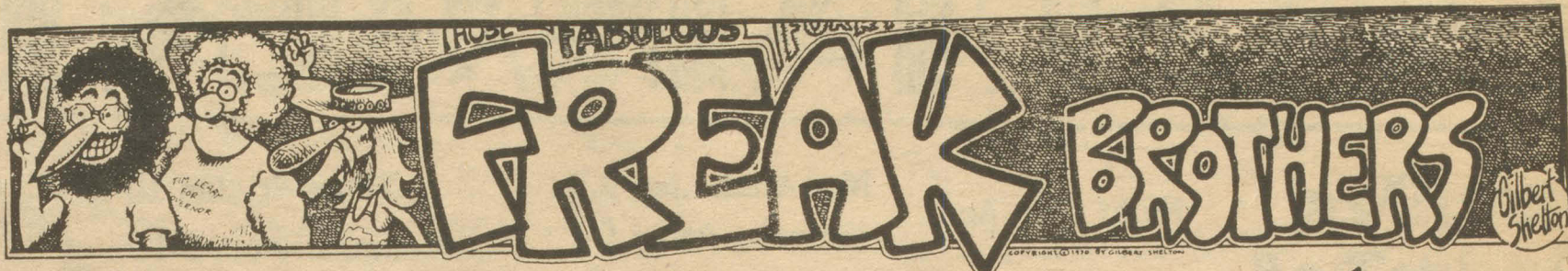
He and Not I

*I would only that I might leave myself standing
Alone
On a bluff by the sea
In a windy night
and go someway
To a certain elsewhere
Accompanied by a not me
Who:
we, he and
Not I negotiate
I told you so, stumbling to ensure
Start again (can't
recalls
softly
from his place by the sea
Echoing weathered reports voiced
first
by
never)*

Reincarnation

*a hushed wind breaks
the bond of life
an image falls to joint others.
hued plaids of distrust
crackle under my wald.*





ACCEPTANCE



MIDNIGHT SWIM

There was nothing out there but the dark and the cold. It was the kind of a day when the world seems big and strange and far away. The storm of the night had left puddles of rain all over in the yard and out on the street. It was not raining now, but the sky was still grey and there were bundles of dark clouds that seemed to be just hanging there, not moving, unyielding. It was one of those raw, ugly days when everywhere outside it is too cold and wet to touch anything.

We were all sitting in the house. There was just our family and Betty-Mae, the maid. Darcy sat in the middle of the floor staring at the empty fireplace. I sat on the window seat staring out at the street. There was a strange orange glow of lights being on in the house in the daytime. It made the outside look even darker and far away. I could not imagine going out into it. I could not imagine the sun ever being there again. I felt as though the sky would always stay dark like then and the rest of the world would not ever be there anymore. It had gotten too far away now. It was the day of our sister's funeral.

I remembered the day clearly, as I sat looking at the picture of Cassandra and Darcy in front of me. Darcy had been quite young then, and did not really understand about it all, I don't think.

We were at the hospital where Cassandra was taken and mother and father were in her room. Betty-Mae waited outside with Darcy and me. We waited a long time, and when they came out Mother was crying and Father looked pale. I knew somehow that Cassandra must have died then, but I wasn't really sure. Even when Father told us and I cried, I wasn't really sure. I knew about people dying and I thought it meant they would always be dead and never talk or move or be seen anymore. I don't think Cassandra could have died that way, though.

Darcy yelled at Mother to stop crying, and then he started hitting me and telling me to shut up. Then he stopped and didn't say anything more and didn't even cry. He didn't cry at all then; not until later.

"Your mother and father have gone to church," Betty-Mae said. "I'm going to fix your supper for you now, so go find Darcy and tell him to get ready."

I went upstairs to find Darcy, but he was not in his room. I looked in the bathroom and in my room and in our parents' room, but he was not there either. Then, suddenly, I knew where he must have gone. I tip-toed down to the room at the end of the hall. The door was partly open, so I peered inside. He was there, sitting in the darkness. It was Cassandra's room. "Darcy, are you in there?" I whispered. He didn't answer, but I crept inside anyway. "What are you doing in here Darcy?" I whispered again. He still wouldn't answer. He just sat there and didn't move or make any noise, but I could tell he was crying anyway. Suddenly I wished that Betty-Mae was downstairs cooking our dinner and I wished that I hadn't come in to find Darcy.

We sat there on Cassandra's bed for about a half hour, and I was crying then too. I didn't know whether it was just because I wanted to cry, or because Darcy was making me. Finally, I told him about Betty-Mae being downstairs and that he should stop crying so we could go and eat now.

He just looked at me and said, "She won't be here anymore now, will she." ACKNOWLEDGMENTS-feeling blue, etc., wishing you all a merry holiday.



They both stood there, on the dock, looking at the lake and the sky. The lake seemed much smaller than it actually was. They could see the red and green lights of the bar at the far end. The lake was a permanent jelly with no ripples, no movement. Reflections from lawn lights cast long, attenuated beams across its surface. The night air was warm, but dry and pleasant to their nearly naked bodies. She stood behind him with her hands on his hips. His outline was study and dark and she was warm. He knew she was looking at him and the love in her grip made him want to stand forever, never losing the beauty of the moment, watching the stars shine brightly on them with the clear, blue-white light play, dancing, jumping on the dark backdrop.

A star fell from the sky, blazing in its final act, dying with a burst of light. He felt that he had seen it, although he was not certain, from the corner of his eye. He walked away from her, stood at the edge and swung his leg down, with pendulum action, breaking the surface of the water. Ripples rolled out in a circle. She went to the ladder and lowered herself into the water, stopping for a moment on each rung. When the water reached higher than her waist she stopped and said softly, in low voice: "You coming?"

"how is it?" he answered.

"It's nice."

He dove in and stayed underwater, swimming away from the dock. The water was cold and exciting. He swam faster. He opened his eyes but could see nothing, no hind of light. Rejoicing, he kicked downward. The water chilled even more, and he felt the pressure of the liquid darkness in his ears and lungs. Running out of air, he stopped and somersaulted forwards and backwards and rolled sideways. He dove again, with no air left, feeling the pounding in his head, but responding only to the unknown calling him down. Reaching the bottom he felt the sand, grabbed a handful and lit it sift through his fingers. He laughed and rolled his head. He stuck his feet firmly into the sand, crouched, and sprung towards the surface. He splashed into the air, exhaled with a quick burst and sucked his first breath in with chest heaving. He slowed his breathing but, before completely regaining it, struck off towards the dock. She was standing in front of it, the water just below her shoulders, leaving them exposed and white. He came up to her breathing heavily. Their legs touched; she smiled and said, "You went a long way - I thought you weren't going to come up."

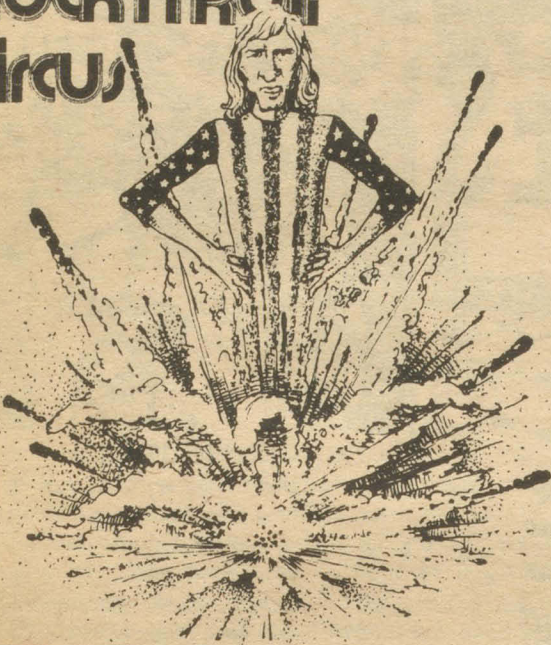
He smiled and said, "it's nice, isn't it?"

As he dried his head, she moved to him and kissed him lightly. Her lips were cool and sweet and he wanted her badly. But he knew he could not have her, not now at least, not for some time. And as they walked back to the house, he felt that he wanted them too: the light beams, and the dancing stairs, and the water, deep and black and calm. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS- Lesley Gore, Puppy Love, Meatball games and zooming with a flippin' bird.

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ENTERTAINMENT

Terry Dee Rock'n'Roll Circus



Night Club Act

Mon-Wed. Jan 7-9
McInnes Room 9-1
\$1.50 Dal Students
\$2.00 others
ID required

Thurs-Fri Jan 10-11
McInnes Room 9-1
\$2.00 Dal Students
\$2.50 others ID required
Advance sale of tickets
for these two nights

Concert Act

Sat. Jan 12 Rebecca Cohn 8:30 pm
\$1.50 Dal Students \$2.00 others
No ID required

clip out for your reference

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT

Friday, Dec. 7 -Stone Free, Green Room
Saturday, Dec. 8 -Shawnase, Cafeteria
Sunday, Dec. 9 -Movie-"Shenandoah",
McInnes Room, 7:30pm
Friday, Dec. 14 -Crunchy Frog, Green Room
Saturday, Dec.15 -Dal Radio Record Hop. ,
Cafeteria
Wednesday, Dec. 19 -Dutch Mason, Grawood
Thursday, Dec. 20 -Dutch Mason, Grawood
Friday, Dec. 21 -Dutch Mason, Cafeteria
Saturday, Dec. 22 -Dutch Mason, Cafeteria
Friday, Dec. 28 -Bandit, Cafeteria
Saturday, Dec. 29 -Music Shoppe, Cafeteria
Monday Dec. 31 -New Years' Eve Ball, SUB
Friday, Jan. 4 -Apple Jack, McInnes Room
Saturday, Jan. 5 -Apple Jack, McInnes Room

Monday-Friday Jan. 7-11

-Terry Dee's Rock and Roll Circus

Saturday, Jan. 12 Rebecca Cohn 8:30pm

-Terry Dee's Rock and Roll Circus

-prices for all events

in Cafeteria, Green Room, McInnes Room

\$1.00 Dal Students \$2.00 all others

prices for events in Grawood

\$.75 Dal Students \$1.25 others

-all events begin at 9:00pm, and end at 1:00 am

except New Years' Eve Ball

-doors open at 8:30pm

NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL

Monday, December 31 9-2

price \$15.00 / couple

-buffet meal

-top quality liquor, wine,
and champagne will be
available.

featuring

Ash Mountain

"Dal Radio Record Hop"

plus entertainment in

Grawood Lounge

Tickets on sale Sat, Fri Dec. 7 and 8

11:00-3:00 SUB Lobby

-350 Tickets ONLY

(Last year tickets sold out in 2 hrs)

SOUND TRACKS

By Mark Teehan

"Blue" Polydor 2394 105
Available at the College Shop

A legacy of the Beatles, the "The Apple" pop-rock musical form has enjoyed increasing popularity as of late, with a number of groups specializing in '64-'67 vintage Beatles material and a sound often characteristic of the "White" LP (or the single "Rain"). The newest British addition to the Apple sweepstakes, Blue have put out an excellent first album that embodies quality material, competent instrumentation, and clear production.

The original group of the Apple genre was of course Badfinger, who on their albums and early singles especially ("Come and Get It", "No Matter What") sounded so much like the Beatles, especially with their McCartney-esque vocals, that many people thought they really were. Their 3rd LP, "Straight Up," with the memorable single "Day After Day" showed them picking up on George Harrison's solo sound and arrangements

(Harrison produced a few tracks on the album). Fludd are another British group who, working extensively in Canada, resemble Badfinger closely (sound-wise) though some of their material is a bit more progressive. Take Stealers Wheel. Although their single "Stuck In The Middle" sounded more like Dylan, their superb first album of this past Spring established them solidly in this category. The proven songwriting abilities of Gerry Rafferty and Joe Egan, plus some complex arrangements distinguished the Wheel's album, typified as it was by a melancholic, introspective feeling.

American groups that are found on this axis are usually more diverse in their influences, with much less "apple" in their sound. The Raspberries have hit with some dynamite singles and come closest to the Badfinger mold, but their first 2 LP's were strictly imitative jobs. Their latest is supposed to be a definite improvement, with a harder, more dynamic sound. Stories

are quite polished, and have been making waves with their clever arrangements and nice harmony work. Their "About Us" album used piano quite a bit, and featured Steve Love's crafted guitar styling. Two other bands belonging loosely in this pop-rock area, and whose records have been conspicuous by their absence in the Metro area, are Big Star and Blue Ash. Big Star are supposed to be heavily influenced by the Byrds on their debut album, "No. 1 Record." Blue Ash, from Ohio, have been consistently acclaimed as the best of the lot, with their hardedged, explosive sound that draws a lot on the Stones and Who, besides the Beatles.

Where does Blue fit into all of this? Well, for sound they're close to Badfinger though their material has more variety to it. They also seem to have been influenced by the country-rock "California" sound that permeates such groups as the Eagles, Poco, and the New Riders. The group consists of Hugh Nicholson, who handles all the guitar work, keyboards and vocals; Ian MacMillan on bass, harmonica, and vocals; and Timmy Donald on drums. Nicholson handles most of the writing chores here real well, while MacMillan helps out and does alright himself. Both show a keen appreciation for coming up with short, melodic tunes whose lyrics fit right in with the song's mood. And most of the stuff here gets to you in one way or another. The album conveys a decidedly reflective, melancholy mood with fatalistic overtones.

There's enough variety here to keep most people happy, with a healthy balance between apple-rockers, country-rockers, sweeping organ-guitar ballads, soft acoustic ballads, and calypso numbers. Although the instrumentation is conventional, the group is tight and makes everything count - Nicholson's guitar breaks nicely on a lot of the tracks. Among 12 good cuts, the best would seem to be "Red Light Song," a lilting cosmic-oriented thing with a full, deep sound and beautiful melody; "Sunset Regret," coming on like the Beatles and Byrds combined, lifting you with its climbing loop pattern and featuring crisp drumming plus a ringing guitar sound; and "Little Jody," a super rocker in the Badfinger tradition whose dense, resonant drums, solid churning riffs and good harmonies zing your ears. The last two cuts of the album, "The Way Things are" and "Sunshine Or Falling Rain" blend right together with their organ-dominated meandering melodies, fading out like the tide.

Refreshing changes

by Tom Clahane

Just a word or two on a few new or semi-new albums that have been floating around lately. Firstly, I had the pleasure of listening to the new Murray McLauchlan album the other day, "Day to Day Dust" which is another credit to this upcoming young Canadian folk artist. The standout cut on the album is probably "Revelations" though "You Need a New Lover Now" is a strong contender. The first is without a doubt one of McLauchlan's finest and most moving efforts:

*"Was the story true or was it just in fun,
About a resurrection and a life to come,
I don't care much about it anyhow
Resurrection don't matter much in the here and now"*

The rest of the album includes the hit single "Hurricane of Change" and a number of songs anyone who took the time to see him in concert here will know and appreciate. McLauchlan comes across as strong as ever and this will undoubtedly set a few first time listeners back. McLauchlan is a street kid and his lyrics reflect it. There's no real hidden meanings here, he comes on as strong as a quick shot to the head, and that's a refreshing change from a lot of the wishy-washy stuff that comes across as bland Neil Young imitations by semi-professionals who are flooding the market.

Speaking of refreshing changes, I have recently come across a little known artist whose works have really been impressive. His name is John Prine and I've had the pleasure of being exposed to two of his albums, "Diamonds in the Rough" and "Sweet Revenge." Again the emphasis is on the lyric, as is evident in tunes like "Take the Star Out of the Window".

*"And it's hello California, hello Dad and Mon,
Ship Ahoy your baby boy is back from Viet-Nam,
Don't ask me any questions 'bout the medals on my chest
Take the star out of the window and let my conscience take a rest"*

In direct reply to my counterpart at the Picaro I would like to try to let you know that music just hasn't died completely yet; as a matter of fact it's alive as ever if you look around a little. People like John Prine and Murray McLaughlin are only the beginning and if you'll take the time you'll probably be glad to discover Shawn Philips and rediscover Joan Baez, or if you're into jazz at all, listen to Brubeck, Mulligan, Mann, as well as newcomers like Chick Corea or John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Music is really moving today and if we had a damn station that played anything that was even basically progressive over our polluted air waves maybe more people would realize it.

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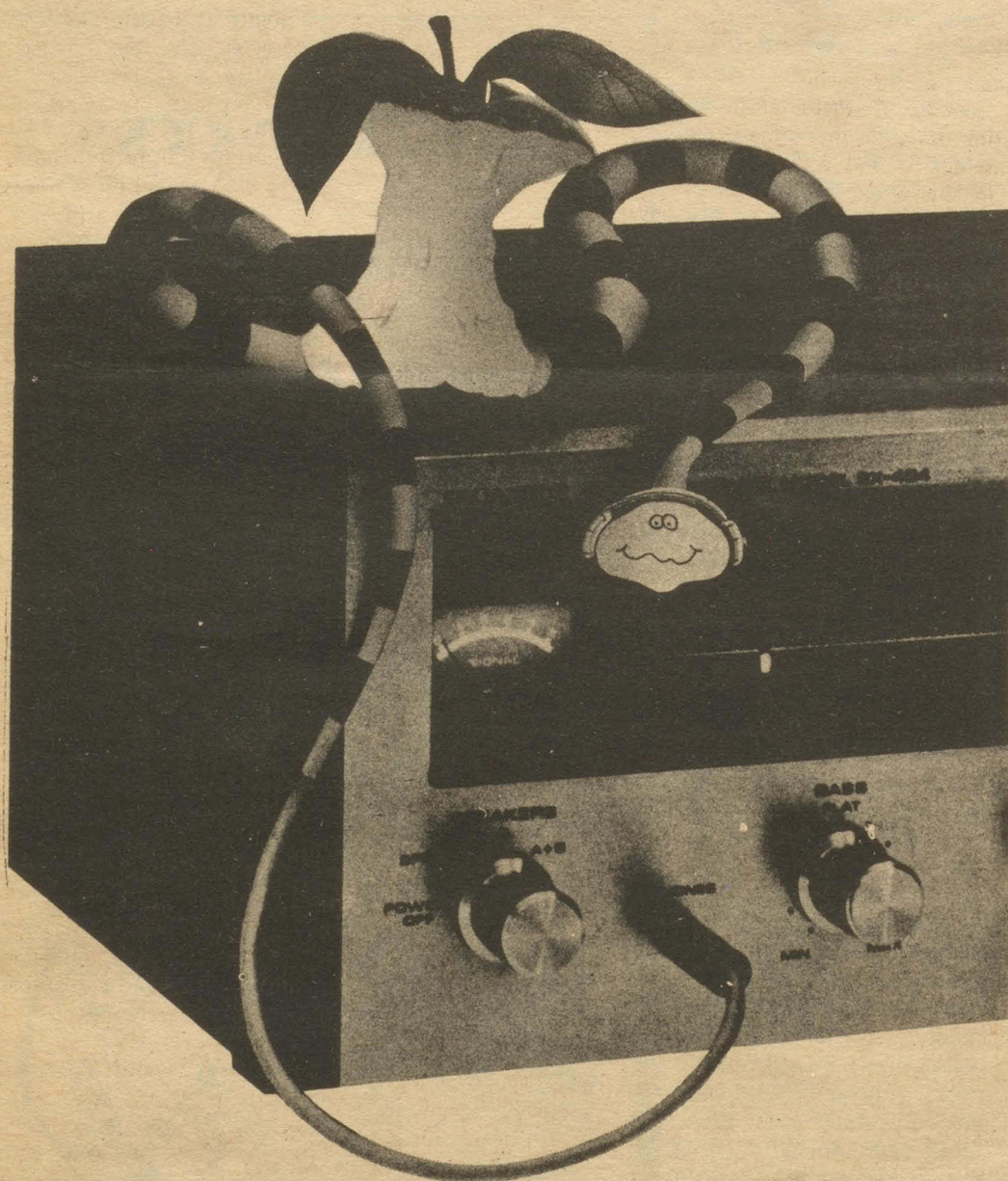
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more pictures at an exhibition

From now until mid-January, the Dalhousie Art Gallery will be exhibiting the acquisitions and gifts added to the collection since 1970. That date marks the arrival of Professor Ernest Smith as the gallery's first full-time Director, and an upsurge in the University's collecting of paintings, prints, sculpture and drawings.

The gallery may seem a little crowded at first, but as you look about a pattern does emerge. Dalhousie does not have a great deal of money to spend for buying works of art, so the majority of its purchases are the less expensive works of art on paper - etchings, lithographs, serigraphs. There are however a number of important paintings, including *Wave* by Jack Bush and *Quadruple Mutations* by Guido Molinari. Molinari was at Dalhousie last year, when the gallery held a one-man exhibition of boldly striped hard-edge paintings. Sigfried Haase and Marina Stewart, two Nova Scotians, are also included in this exhibition: Haase by a strong expressionist landscape, and Marina by a fascinating collage of painted jig-saw, drawing, tinfoil and measuring tape purchased from her recent exhibition at the gallery.

Important gifts in the exhibition include a painting by a Halifax-born artist who later made a name for himself among the first generation of impressionistic painters in the United States. Ernest Lawson's *Key West, Florida* reveals the fascination with light that captivated many of his fellow artists after visits to Paris and the ateliers of the French impressionists. This painting is a gift of R.W. Manuag of Halifax.

The Estate of Douglas M. Duncan of Toronto, who was for many years the operator of the Picture Loan Society and sole support of many young Canadian artists, is the donor of a great many works, including a fine oil landscape by David Milne and some sensitive drawings by LeMoine FitzGerald.

Two works worth noting are an etching by one of Germany's most powerful artists, Kathe Kollwitz, eloquent and passionate spokeswoman for the victims of injustice and oppression, and an interesting (if somewhat lop-sided) French court painting of Queen Marie Antoinette, by MME

Elisabeth Vigee-LeBrun. One other is a portrait of Dalhousie College's first (1838) professor of Classics, painted on a bedsheet.

It is the art gallery's policy to keep as many of these paintings as possible displayed in public places around the university campus. You may have seen a few of these paintings and sculptures before, in the Killam Library perhaps or in a lounge or common room. Now is the chance to see this remarkable collection brought together in one place.

For its tenth anniversary the Stratford International Film Festival will be extended by two days, opening at the Avon Theatre on the evening of September 13 and closing September 22.

Under the direction of Gerald Pratley, the program for the 10-day event will once again be selected to "appeal to film enthusiasts who recognize masterpieces missing from the current cinema, important first works, specialized films of the Third World and new or neglected works from filmmakers at home and abroad." There will be representation from major international filmmakers around the globe as well as exciting productions from the Canadian cinema, a week-long retrospective series, short subjects, documentaries and special tributes.

The daily Coffee Hour is again expected to play a vital role in bringing together the people who make films and the people who watch them for informal, far-ranging discussions. In other years Coffee Hour guests have included such personalities as Charlton Heston, Stanley Kramer and silent screen star Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

As in the past, every effort is being made to obtain outstanding recent entries in other major Film Festivals of the year.

The Stratford event, begun in 1958, and revived in 1971 after being suspended for several seasons, has premiered such significant new works as Perry Henzell's *The Harder They Come*, Alain Jessua's *Shock Treatment* and the American film, *The Paper Chase*. Festival audiences have also had an early opportunity to see such major films as *Souther* which went on to win critical acclaim across the continent and the important new Canadian film *Mon Oncle Antoine*.

Dracula — sound piece of theatre



by Peter Guildford

Pier 1 Theatre at present is showing one of the soundest pieces of theatre they have yet produced. Dracula Two, collaboratively conceived and constructed by John Howard Gray and former associates, takes Bram Stoker's novel as the basis to explore two notions of evil, as they existed in Victorian England and, inevitably, as they do today. Five characters are taken from the novel; Renfield, who first falls prey to Count Dracula, becomes the focal character of Dracula Two. Van Hesling, a London

psychiatrist, becomes one of the poles of thought while Dracula himself becomes the other. Mina and Lucy complete the character list, each falling in the play to one of the two poles, Mina to Van Hesling's and Lucy to Dracula.

The play is not so simply drawn up along lines of good versus evil or even godliness versus satanism. Rather, there is evil in the consciousness of both Van Hesling and Dracula. Dracula embodies unrepressed evil in thought and deed. Van Hesling, however, embodies it in deed alone; his intentions are

morally sound according to his society. Renfield is the victim of both these men's consciousness and in the play, as in the novel, Renfield is caught between the two. Dracula calls forth Renfield's baser elements, seen in his lust for the life blood of his flies. Van Hesling, in protecting his society, keeps Renfield locked in the asylum cell where he must live with his own evil as evidenced, in Van Hesling's eyes, by the insanity of Renfield's trances and illusions. Only when Renfield has purged these two consciousnesses from his own is he finally freed from the asylum; but to escape to

what - life? Renfield walks the streets until he drops dead, now having no part in life. As the play ends both Dracula and Van Hesling remain. The final words are left to Dracula who exercises himself; man has brought evil ways upon himself, despite his intentions. Dracula is a part of Van Hesling's consciousness and because Van Hesling is an acceptable part of his society, so, therefore, is Dracula.

The play in performance establishes the two levels of consciousness, that of Van Hesling and that of Dracula and their control over Renfield in the first act of the play. Dracula's evil for evil's sake is witnessed as Lucy falls prey to him. Van Hesling's evil for sake of good is witnessed in his treatment of Renfield and further in the analogy to the trial of Alice Leitler, in which physical torture is inflicted upon a woman for the purpose of the safe keeping of the other members of the society. With these elements clearly established the second act proceeds with Renfield's purging his own consciousness of the other two. In performance, how this is carried out is confusing as the act unfolds. In reflection, however, Renfield is able to use Mina to get to Van Hesling who is then able to get Dracula. Renfield imposes the consciousness of Dracula, present in himself, on Mina. Mina, to protect Van Hesling who she loves, is able to sanctify him by his crucifixion; she becomes the cross to do so and it is she who feels the pain. With Van Hesling a saint, he is able to destroy the evil of Dracula. Thus, Renfield has purged both the elements and goes to find an uncertain freedom.

The production which John Howard Gray has directed for Pier 1 combines several theatrical elements of presentation. The poetics of the language are beautifully modulated; the whole performance is an orchestration of sounds which move the heart as well as the mind in a way that W. B. Yeats would have found aesthetically appetizing. The recently enlarged main theatre at Pier 1 has been stripped to its guts; the set is modestly dressed with all properties kept to less than a minimum and it is left to the actors to competently complete the setting.

The Theatre's small inventory of lighting instruments are skillfully distributed and the lighting is symbolic and representational of the consciousness present at the moment, reds for Dracula, whites and ambers for Van Hesling, and a green rectangle for Renfield's tortured mind, his asylum cell. Blackouts are used extensively to keep the levels distinct and to help to juxtapose visual images one upon the other. There are moments in the play which are truly horrifying; the most dramatic of these is Mina's vision of Dracula. The role switching and the clear juxtaposition of levels of thought, however, are an alienating influence which allow the spectator to reflect upon the action as it develops, rather than become intimately involved with any one character or characters.

The acting company of five is basically tight and give a well paced performance. Michael Turner as Van Hesling does not have the strength and conviction of character in his portrayal that the other four have achieved; he is possibly unsure of the totality of the character as a person and thus he sometimes loses control and his gestures become weak and uncompleted. James McSwain as Renfield and Walter Borden as Dracula are both fascinating to watch and to listen to; their confidence in who they are on stage and their purpose in the drama is manifested by their continuity in physical gesture and stage presence throughout the performance. Mr. Borden's vocal range and control is undoubtedly one of the most attractive features of the presentation. Ellen McGinn as Lucy is dynamic and beautiful and too often hid away in dark corners. Her gestures and movements are fluid and melodically controlled. Dianne LeDuc as Mina builds into her character as the play proceeds; she is strongest in the second act when Mina becomes integral to the action. The terrifying experience of her seeing Dracula is surely felt by all the audience.

Theatre should entertain but it is hoped that quite often it will give its audience something to take away with it, over which to ponder and reflect; Pier 1 Theatre's Dracula Two is, indeed, a satisfying piece of theatre.

Galleries about town

Several exhibitions will be presented by local art galleries that may be of interest to those in the area over the Christmas holidays.

The ALLEN CONNIE ART GALLERY will be showing some of the works of its resident artist. No special plans have been made for the period, but the regular contributors will have paintings on display.

Spring Garden's NEATE GALLERY will be exhibiting the works of several artists including Anne Mariner and

Jean Edwards-Hancock. Displays of Fedor Harsanyi's water colours, Mary Keepacs' ceramics, and Bob Danbergs silver works will also be at the gallery.

On The 6th of December works of Douglas Elliot will open at GALLERY 1667. His paintings are mostly impressionistic. At the same place a multi-contributor showing will open on the 15th of the month. The artists include Adrian Dingle, Ineke Graham, Dusan Kadlec, Ross

MacCulloch, Pat MacKeigen, and Gordon MacLellan.

The public CENTENNIAL ART GALLERY will have an exhibition of Canadian Scenes by Bartlett from December 2nd until the 30th. January will be a showing of photography by students of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. The display will last from January 3rd until the 20th. The Gallery's hours are from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. on Mondays to Saturdays, and from noon until 5 p.m. on Sundays.

WINTER CARNIVAL is alive and well

General Meeting Sunday Dec. 9th 7:00 pm

anyone with ideas, suggestions, and intelligence

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Mike Sherar (chairman)

Dalhousie Association of Grad Students
Christmas Party
will be held Friday December 14, 9 p.m.
At Grad House
6188 South Street
Free food and door prizes

Entries for the annual Dalhousie Student, Staff and Alumni Exhibition should be in on or before January 14th. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, pottery, weaving, photographs, slides et cetera. Applications forms and information are available in the SUB, at the Arts Centre, and in the libraries from December 10th.

I've had it to here with your flowers and beads



by Tom Clahane

On the evenings of November 28 and 29 the well known folk artist Valdy was performing in the Rebecca Cohn. The show was nothing like I had expected, having previously been exposed only to his "hit" singles, "Simple Life" and "Country Man" or the monster "play me a Rock n' Roll Song." Although I left the concert a little disappointed I did enjoy the show.

The image Valdy presented was one of complete honesty and the songs (at least those which he wrote himself) he did seemed more like different facets of his entire personality than they did single entities. The history of a life was presented rather than a concert in the accepted sense of the word, from the opening (and in my opinion the best effort of the night) "Gypsy Ways" to the latter contributed "Arnold's Cove" (about Newfoundland where Valdy now lives). This

made the performance more of a personal relationship than an audience-performer encounter. It was this feeling of an informal demonstration that made the numerous missed notes and forgotten lyrics, if not acceptable, then at least endurable.

One area of this show did really bother me. Maybe it's just a personal preference but when I go to a concert I like to hear original (written by the performer or a least popularized by him) compositions, and not those of other stars. In a jazz or even blues concert tunes may lend themselves to interpretation, by a performer, due to the wide range in these forms of music. But folk is, in comparison, very rigid and is difficult to meaningfully adapt to a personal variation without losing much of the initial potency of the piece. Valdy seemed to use a number of compositions that were not his own and this to a degree bothered me, although these pieces were basically well performed. In another respect it must be given that these

songs were basically used in the hopes of eliciting some audience reaction or participation. To a minor degree this seemed to work. The closest the audience on Wednesday night got to involvement was mild hand clapping and singing (mumbling along?) to "Passing Through" and "Rainmaker", neither of which are Valdy compositions although he recorded "Passing Through" on the last album.

Aside from the use of outside material, numerous mistakes and moments of forgetfulness, plus an unmentionable amount of time spent tuning his guitar, the show was enjoyable. It will not by standards of content or performance come up to the high standard of excellence previously set by the performances of Murry McLauchlan, Jesse Winchester or Paul Horn, but the audience (or at least myself) left with a better understanding of Valdy than of any of the aforementioned, and there is some worth in this alone.

Art professor honoured

A seldom-bestowed honor for a designer was announced by the Governor General of Canada last week in Toronto, when Professor Gerhard Doerrie of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design was elected an Associate member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Professor Doerrie, who has taught design at the college for the past three years, has written and lectured extensively in the field of visual communication.

He graduated as a typographic designer from the Werkkunstschule, Hannover, Germany, later studying in Paris on a Walter Gropius Foundation Scholarship. His first work in Canada in 1961 was on the re-design program for the Canadian National Railways and later he taught at the Ontario College of Art.

Professionally, his work includes a graphic signage system for Carleton University, environmental and graphic designs for hos-

pitals in Chicago and Washington, and studies and designs for airlines and subway systems. His many awards and exhibitions in Europe and North America - some of his highly experimental work is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York - attest to the excellence and virtuosity of his work, examples of which have appeared in publications all over the world.

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Hey Babe...Dylan's in Montreal with the Concert Blues again, Oh Momma!



Bob Dylan and the Band in concert. It's a dream come true for most folk rock fans and now the two talents get together for a fifteen city North American tour. Three of those dates will be in Canada. Appearances are Scheduled in Montreal Jan 11 and 12 in Toronto 9 and 10th, and Ottawa.

The package was put together by Bill Graham of FM production in San Francisco. Various agents across the country will handle the local promotion of the Dylan tour tickets.

Tickets first went on sale December 3rd and they were selling out in all markets within a few days or hours of the box office opening.

The tour marks the first concert appearance for Dylan in eight years. The last major on stage appearance for the great folk singer was Bangladesh in 1971.

This concert appearance is expected to have a depth that few other tours boast with the combination of the Band and Bob Dylan.

The band are perhaps the greatest group of musicians ever to ride under the stage Canadian Conet and early ticket sales show that thousands of Canadians think they are the greatest.

Dylan and the Band begin their tour in Chicago with concerts on Jan 3rd and 4th., other American dates include, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Charlotte, Atlanta, Memphis, Houston St. Louis, and Los Angeles. Several other cities could be added in the next two weeks.

Haligonians have a rare chance to see the Dylan concert in Montreal. A special Charter promotion has been set up from Halifax to Montreal for the January twelfth concert at the forum. The package includes air fare to Montreal and back accommodations in the Queen hotel and tickets to the Dylan and the Band show for One hundred dollars. Tickets went on sale at the Warehouse in Halifax this week.

CAR threatens boycott

HALIFAX (CUP) -- Unless art galleries agree to pay an equitable fee to artists for an exhibition, the Canadian Artists Representation (CAR) will stage a national boycott of art galleries in Canada.

The CAR national conference scheduled for December in Toronto will determine which galleries to boycott.

In October 1973, the Atlantic Provinces Art Circuit (APAC) galleries agreed in principle to the artists' right to a rental fee for exhibitions but insisted on the galleries right to negotiate the fee. CAR insisted, however, on the need for a fixed fee because there has been little evidence of fees being paid and those paid were minimal.

Nova Scotia artists support the boycott because they claim they will not achieve enough status to demand anything but a token fee until the local galleries promote their work on a national scale.

The Ontario and Montreal

galleries nationally promote their local artists, making it possible for an artist to demand a substantial fee for a show in Nova Scotia. But the regional artists are expected to show in Nova Scotia for a minimal fee.

CAR Onatrio spokesman, John Boyle, said that in 1972 Mount St. Vincent University (MSVU) here offered Tony Urquhardt, an Ontario artist, a rental fee of \$1,000. When Urquhardt discovered that Nova Scotian artists were not offered comparable fees, he insisted on dealing with galleries which are acceptable to CAR. His show at MSVU was cancelled.

Boyle said the problem is that the "Nova Scotian artist is regarded as inferior," and often does not have a chance, until he moves to Ontario, where "curators are willing to risk their own judgements" to promote unknown artists.

In 1970, the regional artists formed CAR Nova Scotia, hoping that together they could fight for recognition.

One of its objectives was to discuss with the gallery curators and directors possible steps to correct the situation. CAR Nova Scotia chairman, David Haigh, a Halifax sculptor, said that when he initially visited each curator "not one would even go so far as to discuss the matter."

The main concern of CAR Nova Scotia is that the APAC galleries will not stipulate any conditions for paying fees, nor are they open to negotiation. At the December meeting in Toronto, three categories of galleries will be defined: white galleries -- those which are paying according to the CAR fixed fee schedule; grey galleries -- those which agree with the fixed fee schedule but cannot afford it; and black galleries -- the rest of the galleries.

During the boycott, over 1000 Canadian artists will refuse to participate, in any exhibition in a gallery in the black category.

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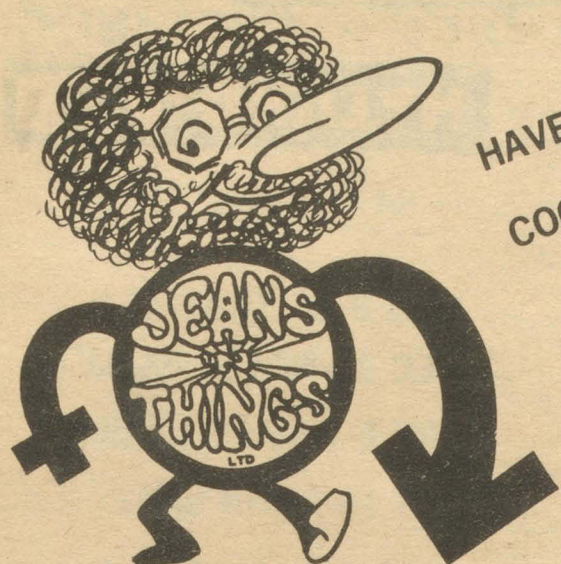
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