



Mike Sullivan, vice-president, Bob Shaw, president, Allister Byrne, treasurer. . .

SMU-SRC Oppose Mount Bid

The Mount offer to build an academic building on or near the Saint Mary's campus is not welcomed by the Student Representative Council of Saint Mary's.

In a statement released at a press conference called by the SMU council last Tuesday, the council said "the current proposal is the product of ill-founded desperation on the part of Mount Saint Vincent University. The current hopes of Mount Saint Vincent to achieve co-operation are completely subversive to our primary aims of co-education."

"We do not accept the compromise as a viable alternative but merely as a red herring used to confuse the underlying issues. . .," it read.

SRC President Bob Shaw said, "This is in no way a rejection of co-operation or co-education with the Mount, but the feasibility of it in this state."

He said this proposal is the only bid that has come from the Mount in the matter of co-education and co-operation, and that it only implies limited or initial co-operation.

Mr. Shaw said the press conference had been called for two reasons: "a rejection of this (the Mount proposal) and the developments which could result because of the power structure; and the power structure which allows the Archbishop a veto power, psychological or physical, over the Saint Mary's Board of Governors which we feel should be the self-determining board of this university as a university and not a part in a larger Catholic organization."

One of the points stressed by the SMU Council executive in the question of SMU's going co-ed affecting the Mount was that the Mount prepares girls according to a feminine philosophy.

Mike Sullivan, SRC vice-president, said, "Mount Saint Vincent has a definite philosophy, one which is female oriented. Saint Mary's would have an education which more suits you to fit into the competitive business world that requires a good solid background to get into and earn a living."

He said, "From people I know who attend the Mount. . .from the type of attitude that seems to prevail in their minds there is a substantial difference other than what you have for most other universities. I feel there will always be a market for the type of education the Mount offers and if there is not perhaps the Mount should consider very seriously what they are offering."

Council President Shaw added, "The Mount offers a finishing service and a traditional education for Catholic girls. . .they began this way and there are still elements that exist. They are offering the same education as in years gone by when Catholic girls went off to a convent."

He said, "If the Mount is worried about its future in the face of co-education here, if it can justify its worry to the effect that it has no future, as far as I am concerned, get out of education. If you have no future, you have no right being there."

Library Opens

The official opening of the Women's Library Centenary Collection will take place Sunday, December 10.

Mrs. Robert Ogilvie of Fredericton, a member of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women in Canada, will cut a ribbon to open the collection room and will speak to the guests. Mrs. Ogilvie, the former Doris Dyer, is a graduate of Mount Saint Vincent University. She also took Law at the University of New Brunswick and is a juvenile court judge in New Brunswick.

A special exhibition of the work of women artists, including students, is being arranged to open the same day as the collection opening.

The alumnae will hold its annual Christmas season meeting following the opening and tea.

Faculty, students, and alumnae, as well as friends of the university from the Halifax area, will be invited to attend the opening.

The establishment of the women's library collection was chosen by the university as its centennial project. It is intended to include books by and about women, especially Canadian women, and to be a centre for research on the subject in this part of Canada.

Yale: No Grading

NEW HAVEN (CUP-CPS) — The Yale University faculty has voted to replace the numerical grading with a system under which the students will be given one of four designations for their work — fail, pass, high pass or honours.

The new system will begin next year and continue on an experimental basis for at least five years.

Yale's present system makes use of a grading scale from 40 to 100, with 60 as the lowest passing grade. The university at present compiles cumulative averages for each student, but it will no longer do so when the new system goes into effect.

When students apply to graduate school in the future, according to Strobe Talbott, chairman of the Yale Daily News, "recommendations are going to be much more important than they have been. Graduate schools are going to have to look much more closely at what faculty members say about a student's work."

The new system is also likely to end the campus-wide competition for grades. A student's performance will be compared with the performances of other students in his department. At present, Talbott pointed out, students are ranked by grade averages in spite of the fact that some departments give generally higher grades than others.

DOSCO TEACH-IN: NOTHING SETTLED

Many students walked away from the DOSCO teach-in at King's College last Thursday evening complaining they had learned nothing from it. "They're just repeating the same things that have already been said a hundred times in the newspaper," said one student.

Speakers at the teach-in, which was organized by the newly-formed Nova Scotia Union of Students, included Hon. Donald C. MacNeil, minister of municipal affairs; Reverend Canon French, Sydney Mines; Hon. Gordon Hart, MLA from Dartmouth, representing the N.S. Liberal Party; Professor James Aitchison, leader of the provincial New Democratic Party; Reverend Andrew Hogan of the economics department of St. F. X. University; and John Norton, assistant research director of the Steel Workers of America. The teach-in was chaired by Edmund Morris.

Mr. MacNeil, first speaker, defended the government's move to buy DOSCO, saying it had to buy time. "The government had to buy time if there is to be a future in Sydney at all", he said. "If we didn't, even as we sit here, foreclosure would have been under way."

DOSCO will operate the plant for the government until April, 1969, and in this time period the government hopes to find a permanent solution to the problem.

Professor James Aitchison said he was shocked at the report of the government take-over. "After 39 days of labor, they have brought forth only a very sickly mouse", he said, referring to the provincial government's decision.

Professor Aitchison said he was also shocked that the federal government "has been dragging its heels" in this matter. "The governments combined

should guarantee they will keep the steel mill going until they get an alternative industry."

Canon French, fiery with enthusiasm, said it was intolerable that any corporation, by its own wish, is free to condemn any community to doom

Dal Builds Co-op

HALIFAX (CUP)—Ten students borrowed a million dollars a year ago, and built an apartment building.

It wasn't as easy as it sounds, but the money wasn't a major problem.

The building is a co-op and 90 percent of its cost was financed through a Central Mortgage and Housing corporation loan spread over a 50-year repayment period. The rest of the money was raised from Dalhousie University and through private donations.

The students now have a fifteen storey building with 113 apartments -- one - and two - bedroom -- for married students.

Back in 1965 a group of Dal students were dissatisfied with the lack of suitable married student accommodations in the city, so they set up the Halifax Student Housing Society to build a co-op residence.

The building features a nursery that can accommodate 70 kids. The building also has common rooms, study and library facilities, and underground parking.

Total cost of the project was \$1,500,000, surpassing Hammarskjold House at the University of Waterloo as the largest Canadian co-op residence built, owned and operated by students.

and destruction. He said, "It is disgraceful that 20,000 people have to march on a Sunday afternoon to bring this to the attention of the people of Canada and our government."

He said he sympathized with the government in the hard work they had done in the past weeks but, he said, "We only wished they had worked hard years before the crisis arose".

Father Hogan from St. F.X. University reviewed the methods of steel-making used at the Sydney plant and the other top plants in Canada, and listed improvements that might be made in the plant to boost production and profit. He said an expenditure of \$65 to \$75 million would be needed to achieve this.

John Norton of the Steel Workers of America, who had flown in from Toronto for the teach-in, said the step the government has taken has been recommended by his union many years now. "It was obvious that DOSCO was on a campaign to milk the operation and the community", he said.

Mr. Norton said the union is opposed to the operation reverting to private ownership at any time in the future because they believe the same thing will happen again.

Gordon Hart, Liberal representative, said he didn't think it was reasonable to say the government didn't see this crisis coming.

Following the remarks of the speakers, a panel discussion was held and students added their questions and remarks.

The teach-in was broadcast over CHNS FM radio.

Teach-in: a waste

Teach-ins are great if they tell you something. The one held at King's didn't.

The teach-in on Dosco, attended by a surprisingly large number of students, was supposed to inform and educate us and perhaps help us to see the DOSCO problem in better perspective.

Maybe students are becoming better-informed on their own, or maybe the speakers were not prepared for the teach in, but nothing new was said that the majority present did not already know, and many bored faces could be seen in the audience of students during the monotonous two-hour spiel of speakers.

The conservative representative, Donald MacNeil, got up and defended his government's decision. Liberal Gordon Hart got up and chided the Conservatives for supposedly not knowing this crisis was coming, and the NDP representative James Aitchison criticized the position of the provincial conservative government and the federal liberal government.

The only informative speaker perhaps was Father Andy Hogan, from St. F.X., who gave the technical background of the Sydney plant and process. He excused himself for being so dry and uninteresting, yet gave the most factual view of the evening, and was the only one to suggest a feasible solution.

We thank the speakers for participating and appreciate their co-operation, but if it was wasted, why bother?

What did we expect then? An in-depth study of why and how the Sydney crisis was able to happen and workable solutions, a total participation of students along with guest speakers, for starters.

Then, we might have learned from the teach-in. As it was, why bother?

Ledittors

Dear Editor,

It seems that certain MSVU students have established a hierarchy. They are our judges. One thing is unclear: are they passing judgment on all, or the rest including themselves? They cry out for "intellectual curiosity" and "cultural environment". Are they lacking this or is it just the "students themselves" i.e. the others or those who have not risen to their level judging level?

If we do have this elite of intellectuals, I wonder what their requirements are for joining? For Miss Street it seems that we already have the intelligence just by attending a university. As a sign of our intelligence we should have vermin in our rooms, stay out later than 1 a.m. and wear short skirts. There is a notable discrepancy in this letter to the editor. I was unable to tell whether she expected guidance from the chaplain, deans and the president. This seemed to be the case and I was left with the image of a frustrated student having nowhere to turn because the main people were unattainable at the students' convenience. Yet in the next paragraph she (expressed in terms of an unidentifiable "we") presumes that the "women of this university would not have to be guided". So what is our point about the unavailability of these people? Obviously she doesn't feel the students need them for guidance, because we're big girls now and should be able to stand on our

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THE PICARO

The Picaro is the official student newspaper of Mount Saint Vincent University published during the academic year. Its aim is to promote the best interest of this university, and serve as the student's voice. The opinions expressed here are those of the editors and writers and not necessarily those of the student Council and the University.

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Count down to exams. . . .corny jokes to keep us awake. . . . remember reese, opporknockity only tunes once! too bad j.w. couldn't be here with us. . . .hello barbie keith who is still with us in spirit more than other in body. . . .only one last straw left; this camel's got a weak back. . . .



Reflections On the Inner City

On the first day God made Schlitz and Seagrams
On the second day God made noon
On the third day God made the inner city
On the fourth day God made needles and syringes
On the fifth day God made lice
and then on the sixth day when all was ready
God made man. And God loved man and placed him in the inner city.
And God said: increase and multiply and fill the bars and brothels.
And on the seventh day God rested and went to church
and heard a nice sermon (about something or other)
And the minister talked about sin and suffering and hell and keep
Christ in Christmas. He talked about a lot of things.
It was a good sermon.
And as God was going home from church that evening
He took a wrong turn and ended up in the inner city
And as God was going home from church that evening
He met a young girl who propositioned Him
And God said haven't you heard of God and the
sixth commandment?
And she said: shove the sermon, dad.
I can do better at the Salvation Army.
I'd really like to stay and talk,
but the day is coming when no girl can work.
And God met a wino
and a pusher
and a pimp
and a queer
and then went home and thought a lot
about sending fire
or government money, or social workers,
or something equally clever
or destroy the inner city.
He even thought of sending His son,
but figured - no, some cop would see him talking
with a prostitute and run them both in
on a morals charge.
Once was enough.
And God said I will come and live in the inner city.
I will live there till the end of time, if this should be the need.
I will hide myself in such disguise that they will see my works,
but not my face: no cross, no cassock.
I will serve them
and listen to them
I will get lice.
Together we will do, then talk
of jobs and food
and rent and books
and dignity.
Later perhaps, much later, they will say: He loves us, let us make
Him our God. Then I will be tempted to drop the disguise.
But instead I shall keep silence till they demand: Show us your God.
And I shall say to them: He lives in all men. Do not leave the
Inner city. Go farther into it. Come, let us look together.
We will find Him wherever men suffer, wherever men love.
In deep disguise from far within the inner city
I will be their God and they shall be my people.
Father Ron Robinson

The Salaried Newfies at Smallwood U

By JOHN KELSEY

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD. (CUP) — They still have navy parades in St. John's.

First you hear the drum, then the silver xylophone, then the bugles start as 400 cadets and cadettes turn up the Queen's Road hill.

Nobody knew what the navy was celebrating -- it was Oct. 1 the 18th anniversary of the Chinese revolution, but that wasn't it -- and nobody seemed to care. The horde of children not yet old enough for paramilitary service obviously didn't care why they chased the parade. If it isn't the out-of-step navy youth, it's the army or the veterans, or somebody, almost every Sunday.

Then the church bells start -- real brass bells with monks on the end of ropes, from all directions. Each ring and each cadet hammers it in: Newfoundland is both a very old place and Somewhere Else, not-quite-Canada and no-longer-England.

Somewhere Else has lots of rock, scrubby trees, tough people -- and Joey Smallwood owns everything although he's only a provincial premier. Especially, Joey has a tether on the souls of the island's half million people.

Newfies always tell you he's the only living father of confederation, which is true. The legislature has 53 Joeys and three Tories in it.

I first felt the Joey influence when Air Canada's Maritime puddle-jumper landed at St. John's airport and a bald little shoes salesman appeared in the first class doorway to beam at us commoners. I thought it might be Joey, and people inside the terminal confirmed it -- while the bald man boomed through a bevy of governmental greeters to a waiting limousine.

Two things to remember while trying to interview Joey: he delivered Newfoundland unto confederation in 1949, over the still bleeding bodies of the colonial gentry, and it's only 1,700 miles to England. In between, the Atlantic roars, in all its cold, wet, foggy and fishy mystique; and Joey might be on the other side because he wasn't available that week.

Joey bought the people by bringing money to Newfoundland, where once existed near-feudal barter economy. The outporters, the fisherfolk who live in some thousands of tiny villages awash along the coast, remember well. And Joey rules with an iron hand.

In April, 1965, Joey gave Memorial University of Newfoundland freshmen their tuition fees. Student council president Rex Murphy noted only 400 people benefitted -- you didn't get fees if you won a scholarship or took education, because education students already got government money for part of their university.

Students didn't shout and cheer for Joey, who insists people shout and cheer.

The next October, Joey didn't ask the administration if he could address a student meeting, he just called one. He announced free tuition for all, but Murphy had done his work. No ecstatic cheering.

So Joey looked around, those who attended recall. A grinning cabinet sat behind him on the platform, watching the amassed students who watched Joey.

Joey shot his wad.

"And furthermore," the legend recalls, "I'm giving you all student salaries, starting with fifth year students next fall".

The cabinet's collective jaw dropped, the students cheered, and today third, fourth and fifth year UMN students get paid to go to school -- \$50 a month for St. John's residents, and \$100 for everyone else.

Otherwise the past still grips Newfoundland education. There are five separate denominational school systems, operated by the United, Anglican, Catholic and Presbyterian churches and the Salvation Army.

Thus, an outport of 400 souls often has four one-room, all grade schools. Education quality is so uneven that next year MUN begins a foundation program for all but first-class high school students. Foundation year is to give all entering freshmen a common ground to prepare them for university proper, and some students use it as a junior college year to complete their high school without attending university.

At the same time, MUN will split -- the present campus will contain foundation and first year, and a new campus across the parkway will house upper years and graduate work.

Foundation year is certain to be crowded -- freshmen enrolment dropped this year and the administration blames salaries. Nobody saves for university and everyone's waiting until salaries include all students. That's in two years, if the pattern of dropping salaries down a year every fall continues.

And the enrolment drop, not so oddly, must please both Joey and university president Lord Taylor -- the university couldn't hold them all anyway. All 5,000 students habitually slosh through the muck surrounding new construction and park next to dump trucks.

Everybody's waiting for the opening of the new dining hall to ease the lunch crunch, and for Taylor's by-now-mythical master plan to materialize.

The plan is expected -- Taylor drops hints -- to outline the new campus and concretely detail the stages of the foundation program and Memorial's planned growth to 10,000 students in ten years.

According to the Canadian Union of Students, salaries and free fees help make students politically conscious. It ain't necessarily so; MUN is politically barren.

Not to say politics doesn't exist -- last year's model parliament elected a Pitcher Plant Party



government, led by the same Rex Murphy, on a quasi-nationalist platform.

This year, a very young New Democratic Party has emerged in and around the university; Part of it is the political ambition of Fraser March, Memorial's student council president, and member of the NDP provincial council.

Like most islanders, March is a Newfie first and a Canadian second. So is Joey, who accepted the maple leaf flag, but decreed it cannot be officially flown without an accompanying union jack.

March claims Joey will try to bury the island's three Tories next provincial election, and then retire -- leaving his Liberals in decapitated disarray. Thus will grow the NDP.

On the other hand, the NDP is supposed to be a socialist party and March, a fourth year political science honors student, is quite ignorant of any socialist class analysis. "The bourgeoisie? They're the workers, aren't they?" he said.

"But I do have political ambitions on the island," he opported.

Ledittors-Ledittors-Ledittors

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own two feet. I would feel Miss Street to be hypocritical to accept a degree from this, in her terms, "conveyor belt" or even to wear the ring of such a "glorified boarding school".

We are unsure of what the newspaper's policy is. If an interview was held with any person for the purpose of publication in any newspaper, it would seem that the interview would be in the confidence of the interview typist, editor and lay-out editor, until it was published. At this time, we feel that any student other than the four mentioned would not have access to it nor its comment. "1967: Role of a University" had another purpose in mind. It was what one would call a set-up -- get an interview with the Dean and tear it apart. This article was not even left for general evaluation.

Miss Royer feels it takes something "more powerful than four years of intellectual activity to change that which has become an intricate part of the total person". Why then is she here? She certainly doesn't believe she can change. Maybe she is awaiting the Utopia where she will be "broadminded, well-informed and intelligent". Yet she holds that the student doesn't care about another's religious views or inner thoughts. Where then, Miss Royer, do you expect this broad-mindedness etc. to come from if it's not from caring what others think and prying or questioning these thoughts? "No one calls the Picaro a newspaper", but hold on -- the article on whatever-it-was, on the front page of the thing that isn't a newspaper further qualifies this somewhat. Now the Picaro is an "embarrassing pretense" of a 'university newspaper'. Maybe I could get your point if you could just tell us what a university is.

Concerning the issue in general, I feel you had a point to make, but for all the vagueness and generalities that had to be dug through to find it, it wasn't worth it.

BETTY MULLALY

Dear Editor,

The last issue of the PICARO was a mistake. It was presumptuous. It presumed, for instance, that

those concerned with this university were dissatisfied with the way things stand. It presumed that students were sick of having to blush and stammer an apology when asked where they were studying. It presumed that those students who refused to blush and stammer would appreciate having something to defend. It was dimly conceived and nebulously executed. It was also an abject failure.

They said it could not be done and they were right. We made a grandstand play for attention, a magnificently altruistic attempt to show the way it is at Mount Saint Vincent University. We felt rather noble in taking the unprecedented step of attacking the status quo. Now, I suppose we should feel rather embarrassed that we did not succeed. But there is no cause for embarrassment for better men have tried and better men have been defeated.

The issue was read with some measure of delight and interest. Speculation arose as to why the issue had been published and what the consequences would be. The reasons for its appearance are explained below. (And relax, there are never any consequences).

We put out the issue because it is supposedly the role of the student newspaper to inform the students. We tried to spark interest in some very basic questions. Why do you want a degree that has cost you four years of your life and God knows how much money? What about the university where you will spend these four years and to which you will pay all this money? What does it owe you? Why is it there?

Granted the purposes were naive and more than a little childish. Still, people failed to realize that the issue did not deal in abstractions. It dealt rather with the reality realities of this university as we see them. There would have been some justification for hope if we had been praised; there might even have been some hope if we had been condemned. Few people bothered to say anything. One wrote to the editor. No one demanded action; no one charged responsibility.

Still there is no cause for embarrassment or for alarm. Now we know for sure. That's the way it is. Let's stop playing grown-up games, kiddies. We're in the minor leagues for good. We might as well get to like it.

Note—The above article was written by one of the

editors. She gives feedback on the PICARO's last abortive attempt. The views expressed are hers and not necessarily that of the other editors.

QUEBEC:

BURSARIES SCRUTINIZED

MONTREAL (CUP) — If you're applying to the Quebec government for a student loan or bursary you'd better get your facts down straight.

If not you could face a fraud charge.

The Quebec department of education announced Thursday the appointment of a special team to investigate possible frauds by students making false statements on loan or bursary applications.

The department said all future loan applications will be checked by the investigators, and those containing false information will be turned over to the justice department.



Neptune Theatre's

got a confession to make.

We've never sold enough subscriptions to university students. We haven't tried hard, let alone harder. If you're interested in canvassing among your friends (and winning a free subscription for the winter season, by the way), Telephone 429-7300.

CHARLEY



Literary Supplement

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Writers in Review

“...Sphinx” Falls Short



Return of the Sphinx
Hugh MacLennan
Macmillan of Canada, Ltd.: 1967

However negative it might be to say that a few things save this book from being merely unimpressive, this must be the first comment of the unprejudiced reader. Hugh MacLennan's latest novel can be read with satisfaction, with enjoyment, but it falls too far below the level of literary art to be seriously explicated.

RETURN OF THE SPHINX, set in Montreal and Ottawa presents to us the anomaly of an idealistic politician, Alan Ainslie, who works for the preservation of the two distinct Canadian cultures within the solid framework of a united country. His son, Daniel, is equally idealistic, but unfortunately for his father, he is also a leader of an aggressive separatist youth movement in Montreal. Thrown into the simple conflict is Gabriel Fleury, Alan Ainslie's friend and Chantal Ainslie, Alan's Daughter. Besides providing the romantic interest, these two serve as disinterested spectators, from whom action and tension bounce back to strike the reader objectively.

What most distinguishes the book is MacLennan's colorful prose, which so vividly recreates the guishes local atmosphere in which his characters move. He is especially adept at description; we walk the Montreal streets if Mr. MacLennan brings us there. He also makes good use of flashbacks. We feel the horrors of a wartime bombing, the sickening lurch of a ship in a storm. The strength of this technique will hold a reader's attention throughout the book and keep him from being bored. Yes, his flashbacks are good; if he had flashed ahead with equal skill, we might have

had a worthwhile book.

But MacLennan never does manage to bear his story ahead, and RETURN OF THE SPHINX lacks something basic, something organic. It is a loose weave of episodes and characters, which have little real relationship with one another. Both situation and characters are set up like men on a chess board, and move with the same wooden rigidity into stalemate. Indeed, Mr. MacLennan seems so intent on marking the problems of French culture versus "les Anglais" that the four main characters exist merely as means of interpreting a situation. They have no life of their own, let alone an interaction with each other.

Perhaps Hugh MacLennan has not hit upon the right genre to achieve his purpose. It is fine to seek a literary expression of Canadian national identity. But better a travelogue with a political commentary for MacLennan's fluent style. He has a nimble pen, capable of celebrating the color and atmosphere of the Canadian scene; a talent that may well be worthy of representing a Canadian point of view. Whether he can write novels is another question.

Sister Maureen John

Books by Hugh MacLennan

Novels

Return of the Sphinx

The Watch that Ends the Night

Each Man's Son

The Precipice

Two Solitudes

Barometer Rising

Non-fiction

Seven Rivers of Canada

Scotchman's Return and Other Essays

Cohen: An Enigma

Leonard Cohen is not one to be categorized without some difficulty. A poet who has published two novels, he has written for the Stormy Clovers and has recently recorded an album of his ballads. An occasional screen performer, he has recently appeared in the premiere of the NFB production, "The Ernie Game" (CBC Festival, Nov. 29).

Cohen is very contemporary, a paradox with no need to affect the usual eccentricity that is part of the modern image. Some dismiss him as strange. Others have not been so kind: he has been described as obscene, insane, phony; his work: an obscenity, a nightmare, a joke.

The most striking feature about that work is its subjectivity. Cohen is subjective to the point of being intimate and it is difficult to believe that the personae he creates are very different from himself. There are those who claim he is a master pretender with an impenetrable facade. It matters little if this is in fact the case. If he pretends, he pretends very well. He speaks of himself or the self he wishes to reveal and in so doing, he gives his work an honesty that is at once sophisticated and disarming. Unlike the poet who fancies himself the "poet of our time," Cohen does not fall prey to vague generalizations. He speaks for no one, nor does he let anyone speak for him.

It is dangerous to play with subjectivity when isolation has become a byword and searching has become the thing to do. Poets, novelists, painters and musicians have made it their business to tell us what they have lost. The game can be fun for a while but there comes a time when one who works out his problems in the public view, and makes a handsome profit at it, becomes an annoying, expensive bore. This is not the case with Cohen. He knows that he is taking a chance in playing with the "I" but he knows equally well that he will not become a part of the alienation syndrome. If he searches, he searches unobtrusively and alone.

At all times, Leonard Cohen is a poet. BEAUTIFUL LOSERS, his last novel, described by one critic as "...Cohen's very beautiful and very dirty book..." has all the power of his poetry. The imagery, the imagination, the rhythm, none are lost, merely expertly extended to a prose form. His images are fragile: there is a lyricism, an unusual gift for using words differently and well. There is a strength and an intensity. There is violence and gentleness and sensuality. And underlying the whole, there is the enigma that is Cohen.

What he is looking for in his gentle, unobtrusive way, Cohen may or may not find. Yet it is clear that his writing is instrumental in that search and it is the degree to which this search remains unexplained that determines his greatness. In PARASITES OF HEAVEN, Cohen says, "...Now I could tell him something I never knew..that it is a luxury, this being able to leave things unsaid..." It is a luxury that Cohen cannot, for a moment, permit himself.

A line from the same book is a fair summation of

the man and his work: "He was beautiful when he sat alone..."

By Leonard Cohen: ANTHOLOGIES

Let Us Compare Mythologies (1956, 1966)

The Spice-Box of Earth (1961)

Flowers for Hitler (1964)

Parasites of Heaven (1966)

NOVELS

The Favourite Game (1963)

Beautiful Losers (1966)

CHARLEY

Editor. Jan MacEachen
Ass. Editor. Marie O'Connor
Artists. Jane Fairley,
Ellen Beaton,
Lee Hogan

Halgonian: Hit in London

A modest, soft-spoken ex-Halgonian has become a brilliant success as a London playwright. Simon Gray, an English honors graduate of Dalhousie University, has captured the support of critics and public with the production of his first stage play, "Wise Child."

The play is one of the most interesting English plays recently written, with a small cast of four described as the "kinky foursome": "All four are beneath the social salt even by the lowest barroom standards." Alec Guinness stars in an extravagant and rewarding role that requires him to turn female impersonator as well as tough criminal. Simon Ward and Gordon Jackson are also attributed with brilliant interpretations.

To quote one of many impressive reviews, Thomas Quinn Curtiss, London dramatic critic for the Herald Tribune, has described Gray as having "an instinctive understanding of the usage of the stage and a striking talent for arresting dialogue and vivid characterization." Figures in the play are "frankly grotesque," action is violent, "but there is brilliance in the writing."

"The Stage and Television Today," published in London, has given "Wise Child" front page prominence. The critic sums up by saying "Mr. Gray writes with sympathy, insight and skill. His characterization is excellent, his unfolding of an intensely human drama seldom falters."

Since graduation from Dal, Gray has taught English

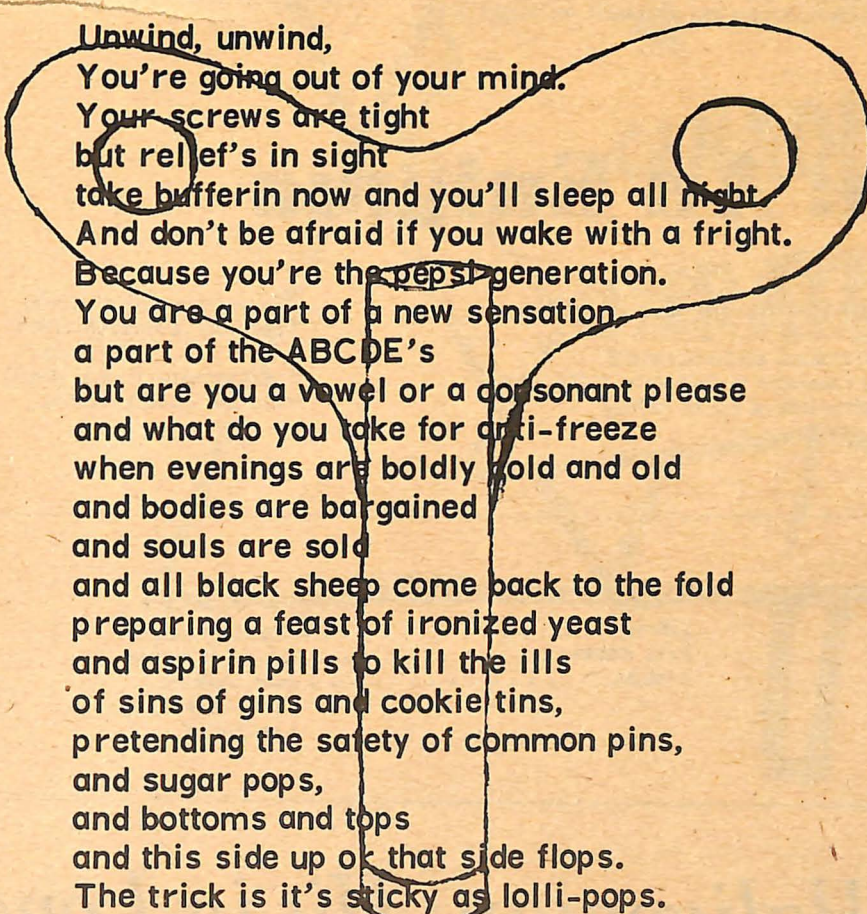
in Halifax, was appointed senior instructor at the University of British Columbia in 1963, taught English at a college in France and studied at Cambridge University. He was subsequently made a senior scholar at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Gray is also the author of two novels and several radio and television presentations.





UNWIND, UNWIND



Unwind, unwind,
You're going out of your mind.
Your screws are tight
but relief's in sight
take bufferin now and you'll sleep all night.
And don't be afraid if you wake with a fright.
Because you're the pepsi generation.
You are a part of a new sensation
a part of the ABCDE's
but are you a vowel or a consonant please
and what do you take for anti-freeze
when evenings are boldly gold and old
and bodies are bargained
and souls are sold
and all black sheep come back to the fold
preparing a feast of ironized yeast
and aspirin pills to kill the ills
of sins of gins and cookie tins,
pretending the safety of common pins,
and sugar pops,
and bottoms and tops
and this side up or that side flops.
The trick is it's sticky as lolli-pops.

JAN MacEACHEN



NIGHT LIFE

Night encloses - bleak, dreary,
Heavy eyes seek relief
From toil - worn, weary,
Lonely souls sink beneath
As evening's desolate lease
That masquerades as peace.

Of destiny's path, no fears,
Should there be sun or rain;
For day is time enough for tears,
When life begins again.
None harken the grumbling sound
That stirs the night the sleep they've found.

With twilight hours this other race
That labours in the night;
Awakens and finds evening's face
Instead of morning's light.
They are through these dark hours torn,
While the other half drift on till morn.

Through ebony skies - deep, distant,
Vague discourses resound.
Our lie is done. One instant
dying but to rebound
Renewed in vigour betraying:
Night is merely day replaying.

Mary Legacy

LONELINESS

Loneliness
Alone and missing
Crackle and silent song
Splash and drowning in the deep.

Ride over mountains -
Valleys become so wide.
Abysm of time never ending
And alone.

Green and blue
Summer past and winter within
City sound setting
Alone.

Shattered and deep in the dark
Someone set a spark
And it no longer mattered.
Crackle and silence
Alone.

Anonymous

C o m p l e x i t i e s

“Bar” is a nasty, a horrible word. “Taprooms” and “taverns” and “pubs” are absurd; Give us a name with a resonant boom. A respectable name like “Beverage Room”.

by L.A. MacKay
from A Dictionary of Canadianisms on Historical Principles. (W.J. Gage Ltd.;

Write the alphabet backwards
sing off-key
add two to six and equal seven
Be a fool
turn the world
topsy turvy
nonsensical rhyming
of the walrus
is logic
Alice-In-World
wonders abound around a sound
of iron Trumpeteers
foredooming
the End

Sharon Nobels

Confederation 67-La Confederation

Before then the land was here,
The rich, good land
Laced with life-giving streams.

Before then the plains were here
Covered with tall, wind-blown grass
Adn over-shadowed by forested mountains.

But then they took this land,
Put names to a paper and confined this land,
Made a country and defined this land -
And then this land was Canada!

Avant lors le terrain fut la,
Cette bonne terre fertile
Galonne de ruisseau feconds.

Avant lors les prairies furent la
Enherbes, remuants aux quatres vents
A l'ombre de montagnes boisees.

Et puis ils envahirent ce terrain,
Signerent leur acte et definiront le terrain
Firent de lui un pays et deciderent ses frontieres.
Ce pays on appell Canada!

SHARON NOBLES
translated by Marie O'Connor



THE INTERIOR DECORATOR

MARGARET ATWOOD

I practice the outworn Victorian art
Of hooking wool roses to cover
The piano legs; limbs rather; but under
These ornate surfaces, the hard
Naked wood is still there.

I am industrious and clever
With my hands: I execute in paint
Landscapes on door panels and screens.
Down my arranged vistas, furniture
And pillows flourish in plump scenery.

And on my table stands a miniature
Lemon tree in a small china garden.
It is prudent to thus restrain one's eden
Indoors. I never eat my bitter lemons
And everything remains in its own spot.

Except the devil, who is under the piano
With a fringed purple tablecloth over
Him. I hear him sucking lemon rinds.
I cannot make him blend with my decor
Even with roses: His tail sticks out behind.



HOLIDAY

-MYRA VON RIEDEMANN-

Reserved little island,
The standard of memory.
A green lullaby with water softness.
A circular silence,
The hollow of happiness;
This was the holiday.
One more white day,
With the blood blooming wildly.
Beginning the journey
Of the holiday over.
Civilized cherub,
Time fills the suitcases.
The whipped whistle of the trains
Revives the zigzag,
With stations of trains.
Beginning, endlessly
Pulling the sun
Through trees of twigs.
Violin forests
Trained to teach mutiny.
Holiday over, ahead stretches
Vacancy.



THE LIFELESS WIFE

MARGARET ATWOOD

The lifeless wife
kisses with pursed lips
her grim husband (thin
pinstriped businessman);
She is his safe
deposit box and bank
The nickelodeon
that plays his favourite tune.

She was just an ordinary
woman: all he had to do
to make her fully his
in pure domestic bliss
was just break through
her backbone, empty out her head,
stuff her heart with money
and bury her in bed.

selected

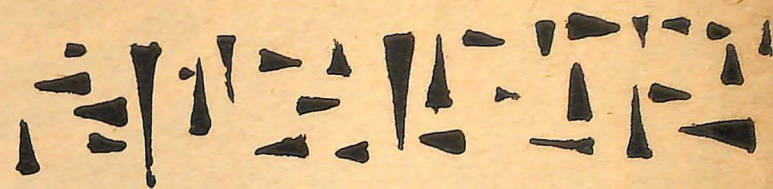
contemporary

canadian

female

poets

Credits



The Peanut Butter Sandwich

-GWEN McEWEN-

"The chimaera of reality, as a prime myth. . . ."
Louis Dudek

We are dangerous at breakfast, at breakfast we
investigate the reason for our myths

viciously and at breakfast we need no reasons
for being; we are

solemnly eating our thick sandwiches
and knowing the highest mysticism

in this courageous breakfast, and us at it
concentrating,
conscious

of our outrageous reality. The sandwich!
The peanut butter sandwich!

symbol of itself, and you beautiful
across the table, eating.

caught in this cliché of a breakfast
and knowing it too, we speak

loudly. "Feed me some symbolisms!"
"I want a dragon sandwich!"

I am a freight train, sea-wind, and
raspberry jam!"

"I am snow, tiger and peanut butter!"

Alas, my darling, we have too many myths
and we know it. It is breakfast.
I am with you. Have another?



Ophelia

-MYRA VON RIEDEMANN-

When in the night
The sound of drums
Make children cry
And women whisper;
I take my crown
And willow wand,
And wander in the fields

Of purple grass
Where hair lies mowing deep
And dry,
And crickets scream at dawn;
Where owls like sheets
And ghosts like moths
Can wring their prayers,
And I can say my sleep.

I laugh at their death,
And crood my threescore fingers,
And run through the edges
Of bounding reeds.
My reins are long in my blind-night flight;
I call for soldiers
But only Teddy Bears come.



These selections were taken from "Poesie/Poetry 64", edited by Godbout and Colombo, Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1963. This book is available in the college library.



DRAMA MOVES AT MOUNT

This year has seen the rebirth of drama at Mount Saint Vincent University. Under the chairmanship of Cathy Shediak and faculty advisor Mrs. Faith Ward, the Dramatic Society is blossoming forth as one of the most active on campus.

The first venture was a practical workshop conducted by Mrs. Ward and David Renton, one of the Neptune Theatre's leading actors. Mr. Renton showed interested students from both the Mount and St. Mary's the correct way to apply stage make-up. Mrs. Ward demonstrated basic stage movements and script marking.

The evening was of great benefit to interested students who will be applying what they learned to future productions.

The first production of the Society was a reading of excerpts from three modern plays. The plays provided a good cross-section of American, British and French playwrights with E. Ionesco's 'The Bald Soprano', Sheilagh Delaney's 'A Taste Of Honey' and 'The American Dream' by Edward Albee. The Mount Drama Society was ably assisted by that of St. Mary's.

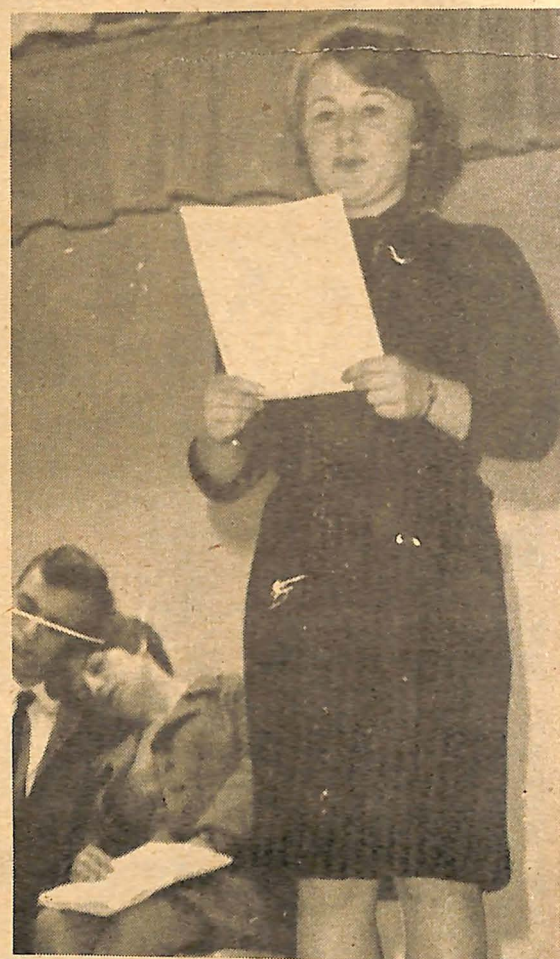
Although the audience was somewhat limited,

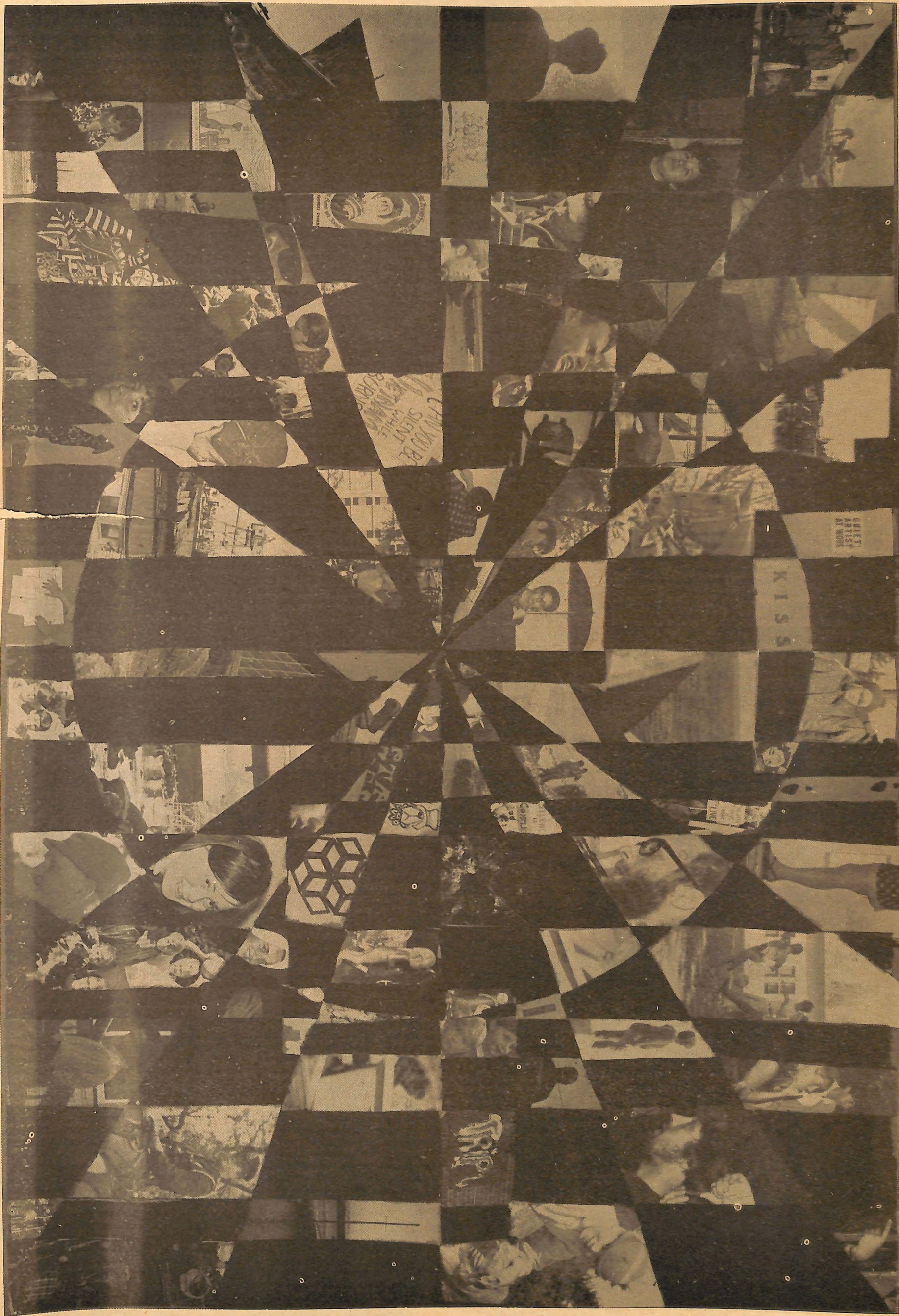
the production was enthusiastically received by those in attendance. One might predict from the outstanding performances of the freshman and sophomore students in particular, that future productions are bound to be successful.

Presently, the Dramatic Society is concentrating on its major production of two one-act plays, to be presented at the end of January. These plays are 'The Marriage Proposal' by Chekov, and 'The Stronger' by Strindberg.

One of these will be presented in the annual inter-collegiate One-Act Playfestival 'The Connolly Shield', held in early February. This competition is sponsored by Dalhousie University and various groups within the Dalhousie establishment will be competing with the Mount and St. Mary's.

For the benefit of those interested in drama and not already involved, new members are welcomed. Opportunities are available for those who wish to develop their talents in all aspects of the theatre; props, costuming, lighting, make-up etc. Opportunities are also open to those willing to learn. Please contact Cathy Shediak, Assisi 6-9.





Collage by LINDA UTTING



York's Got it --- The Pill

TORONTO (CUO) — University of Toronto has it. Western has it. Waterloo has it. And now York has the pill.

Dr. H.J. Wheeler, Director of the University health services, said, "In my own private general practice, I do give out birth control information and tablets to those desiring it, but this is based on my discretion, having an interview with the patient and conducting an examination".

"In my office at the Health Services, which is a form of general practice I will follow the same procedure, unless advised to the alternative by the university".

"As far as I understand, the university has a negative stand on birth-control measures and the dissemination of information concerned, since it is against the law", he added.

President Murray Ross, questioned about the official university policy on the dissemination of birth control information and devices, said the issue is entirely "in the hands of the medical profession. It depends on the doctor and the patient".

Dr. Joan Stewart, of Psychological Services, said the main problem with distribution of birth-control information is the lack of an official university policy.

VIETNAM, QUEBEC COMPARED

MONTREAL (CUP) — A Sir George Williams University Professor said certain similarities exist between the Vietnamese and Quebec struggles.

Prof. Leandre Bergeron, speaking in the fourth of a series of lectures on Vietnam, said:

"Both are fighting for their liberation. Young Quebecois and young Vietnamese feel that they have been colonized. As the Vietnamese want Vietnam for themselves — not for France or for the United States — so do the French Canadians want Quebec for the Quebecois".

"In Quebec, the clergy once provided a controlling link between England and the colonies. To-day, the lay bourgeois of Quebec is linked to English-speaking Canada and to American Capitalism and is not really interested in Quebec".

Bergeron sees it, Confederation, in its present form, is not a pact between equals but the granting of a limited power and cultural freedom to Quebec.

"The radical elements in Quebec want the real freedom that comes with economic independence. The rest of Canada has not opted to reverse the trend of American economic domination. Therefore Quebec must liberate herself.

He indicated that only then will political and cultural independence be possible. Bergeron illustrated this point by saying that "to speak of cultural independence is eyewash-folklore. In these terms Vietnam must do the same thing in order to liberate herself from the United States".

While entertaining questions, he was asked "Assuming that a revolution in Quebec is successful, where would the Separatist Government get the money to run its economy?" Bergeron replied that since the wealth of a country belongs to its people, Quebec would only need to expropriate its natural resources which are presently being exploited by American interests.

He offered a positive approach to French-English relations saying, "English speaking Canadians must realize that they are being colonized by the United States. They must then decide to buy Canada back.

Most important of all", he added, "English Canadians must also realize that as Canada should be for Canadians, so too should Quebec be for the Quebecois".

Psychological Services feels it is part of their responsibility to provide students with information on birth-control.

Dr. Stewart said, as a psychologist, she would give students information on birth-control, but would send them to a doctor for birth-control devices.

Most residence dons indicated they would give out birth control information, though only one said he would personally give out devices if authorized to do so. The others said they would send students to doctors.

The dons generally felt it was not 'necessary' for university students to have access to this information.

A poll of over 100 York students showed 100 per cent were in favor of free access to birth control information from some information on campus; 78 per cent were in favor of the distribution of birth control devices from a campus outlet. Of the students interviewed, 76 per cent said they would ask for the information and devices if they were available.

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