



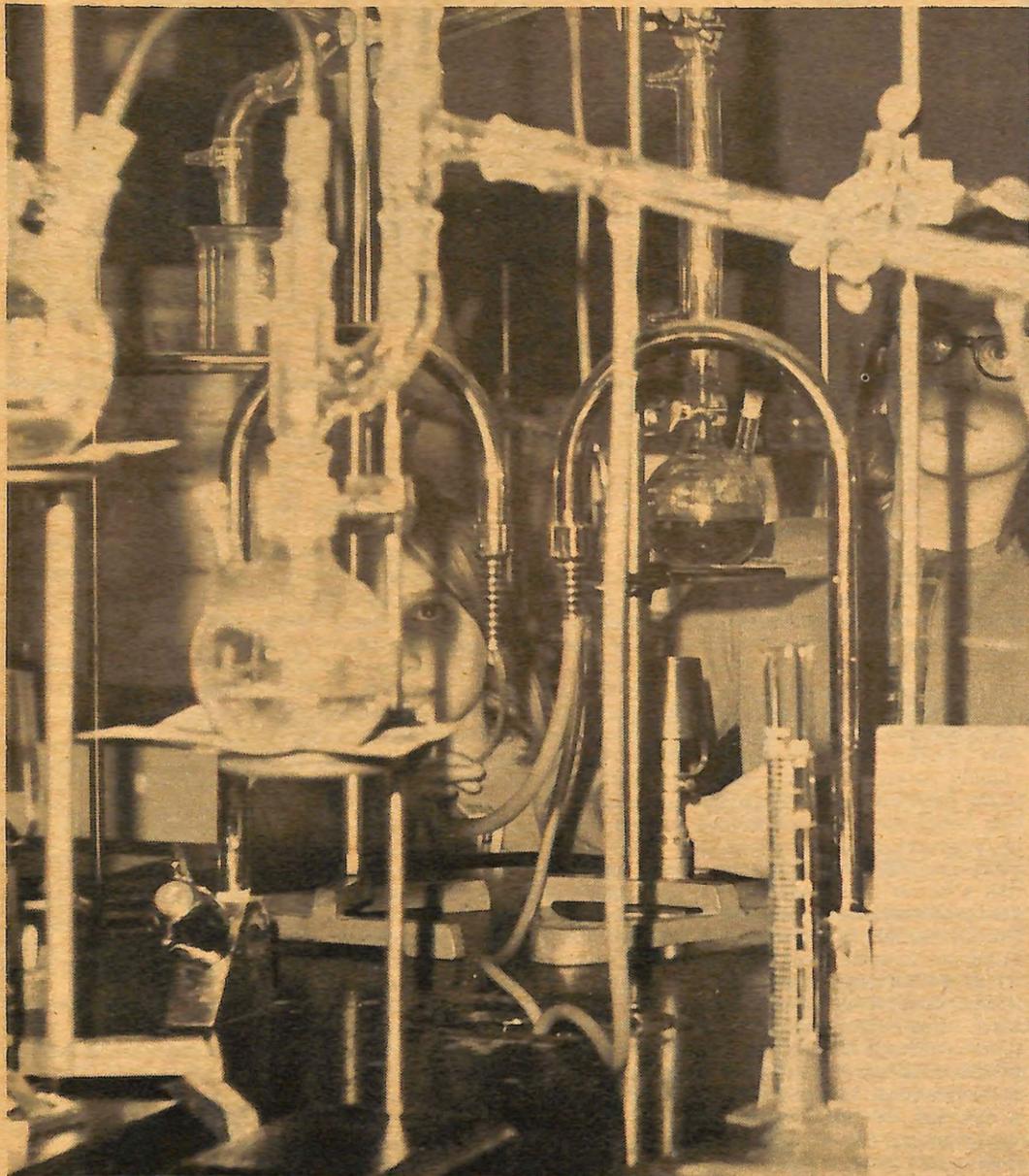
The Picaro

The University Archives

February 6, 1969

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY

Vol. 4 No. 4



At least two people found open house exhibits fascinating. For more on Open House turn to page 3.

ANOTHER REFERENDUM RESULT

Mount Saint Vincent University has voted to rejoin the Canadian Union of Students.

In the referendum held Jan. 24, 27 percent of the student body voted; 125 students favoured joining the Union; 95 were opposed; and 1 ballot was spoiled.

Whether or not this referendum represents the majority of student opinion is doubtful.

Previous to the referendum, Marilyn Hutchings, Pres. Students' Council said, "Most of the people at the Mount don't know much about CUS -- they know it exists and that's all."

Although CUS services and lobbying effects on the Parliamentary level have proven effective in such areas as the Canada Student loan plan, financing for co-op housing, and federal assistance for higher education in the provinces, the "non-representatives" on our campus have shown little concern for the continuance of these benefits or for participation in the educational reform movement on a national level.

As one student said, "It's dreadful to think that the majority of students at the Mount have shown so much disinterest in CUS. They complain of ineffective administration from their Council and of the need for increased financial assistance from the government and yet have almost completely alienated the agency that could act as their spokesman."

President Hutchings said that the referendum results will be considered binding.

At the Jan. 22 Students' Council meeting it was moved that the majority vote on the referendum be honored regardless of the percentage of students voting.

Before the referendums, leaders from the Mount, SMU, and King's seriously questioned the viability of a National Union as opposed to a Regional Union.

Presently, it would appear that within the Atlantic Region plans for Unionism has fallen through both on a regional and national level.

Therefore, with Acadia, Mount Allison, St. Mary's, and U.N.B. all opting from CUS, it is questionable whether the Mount's \$608 will insure effective action and representation for the Atlantic Region? Because of the failure of Mount students to decide on this question for themselves, the decision now rests with our delegates to the National CUS Conference in the Spring.

STUDENTS GAIN GREATER VOICE

Mount Saint Vincent University now has two student representatives on the Board of Governors. The two will have voting seats. Names of Geri Gaskin (Vice President of Student Council) and Liz MacKinnon (New Student's Rep.) have been submitted to the Board to sit on the Board for the remainder of one term and for the Summer months.

Addition of the two student reps brings the number of the Board to 23.

A regulation will be drawn up later to make permanent arrangements for nomination of student representatives.

The Board of Governors is appointed by a council of the Sisters of Charity, the alumni, and the Lieutenant Governor in Council of Nova Scotia.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Editor's note

Mrs. Best is a Human Rights worker and a columnist for the "Pictou Advocate."

By CARRIE BEST

Happy? Anniversary!

I am not happy! I am frightened, angry and bewildered. I am frightened at the thought of what may happen here, and bewildered at the apparent lack of interest in race relations in this area, and the indifference of those who feel "it can't happen here!" If this is the leaky life jacket they propose to wear to remain afloat when the tide of change rolls in, they will, I am afraid, find it quite inadequate.

Like a Song

If my memory serves me correctly the song begins: Far Away Places . . . Biafara, Lagos, Port Harrcourt, Rhodesia, Morocco, Jerusalem, Guinea, Zambia, Alabama, Watts, Sierra Leone, Chicago, Jamaica, Montreal, St. Croix, N.S. . . . And strange sounding names: Ludvik, Svoboda, Alexander, Dubchek, Haim Bar-Lev, Ralph Abernathy, H. Rapp Brown, Johnson, Wallace, Humphrey, Nixon and Stokeley Carmichael . . .

Well, I got as far as Membertou and Escasoni Indian Reservations in Cape Breton; Pictou Landing and Millbrook in Nova Scotia; Moncton Conference on Revision of the Indian Act; Seminar for Indian Chiefs in Antigonish and numerous meetings of the Human Rights Federation in Halifax and the Nova Scotia Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

I was a member of the delegation that met the Premier.

I travelled hundreds of miles by car and train in my quest for knowledge, searched records, wrote letters and more letters, interviewed the upper class, the middle class and the classless. I saw the situation from both ends of the periscope.

The Periscope

I saw poverty and squalor, blasted hopes and dreams. I saw human rights denied often by attitudes and sometimes by legislation. I saw the poor and illiterate exploited for the benefit of the privileged few.

I saw the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, a survey costing \$700,000, receive briefs from groups across Canada but none for Indian, Negro or Metis women until the dying hours of the meetings in Ottawa. I presented a personal brief on behalf of the Negro Woman in Canada. This was Oct. 4, 1968 B.C. (Before Carmichael, that is!)

The Ottawa Journal referred to me as "the soft spoken Mrs. Best." I shall cherish that clipping for it may well be the last time I shall be so described.

Release Me!

In Ottawa I saw a group of timid Indian women break out of the confines of the Caughnawaga Indian Reservation near Montreal to challenge "the chains that bind" as they told the story of legislated discrimination in a brief presented to the Royal Commission on the Status of Women.

Out Of The Cloisters

I saw, too, representative Sisters from various orders present as the Religious Conference brief was presented. They came in Royal Blue and Business Grey as well as the conventional brown and black. They wore short skirts and shorter veils and their spokesman was beautifully coiffured and bare-headed.

Agreeing that parochial institutions as such will gradually be phased out, this highly educated and superbly trained reservoir of women power will be available to all regardless of racial origin or religious affiliation.

By way of contrast I watched as the distinguished (and obviously affluent) Western delegate presented the cause of women journalists. The Women's Press Group spoke of wages discrimination demanding equal pay for equal work. Having made her point she returned to her seat and continued to calmly smoke her pipe!

Burial

The body of the little Negro baby was refused burial in the white cemetery of St. Croix near Windsor, N.S.

A By-Law dating back in 1907 stated that no Negro, Indian or Colored Person was to be buried there. The story reached the news media in every major city in the United States and Canada. The flood gates of resentment opened and Stokeley Carmichael rode in on the crest of the waves.

He came directly from a conference in Montreal attended by his followers from Canada, The United States and the Latin American countries.

Human Rights leaders from Halifax attended by invitation only to find that the proceedings were to say the least a revelation.

Suffice to say that the next few months will be crucial ones for the Government of Nova Scotia. Premier G.I. Smith is aware of the situation as it exists and has asked for a comprehensive report of discriminatory practices against minority groups.

The Nova Scotia Association for the Advancement of Colored People is insistent that a fully qualified director for the Human Rights Commission be appointed without delay in an effort to remove the cause of dissent. H.A.J. Wedderburn, President of the NSAACP, has made it quite clear that no "Uncle Tom" type of director will be accepted.

Too Little? Too Late?

This is the Gray Power (a fusion of black and white) that is expected to stem the tide of Black Power already in Nova Scotia, and time is running out.

If any reader would care to wish me a Happy Anniversary, it would help.

EDITORIAL

Mount Saint Vincent students are about to begin playing the representivity game. It's a very simple game. The rules are well established because it has been played on virtually every campus in Canada.

You take some sort of student movement, or council which has adopted the rhetoric (and sometimes the action) of student democracy within the university. Then take the Board of Directors, or Academic Senate, or Faculty Council, or in the case of the Mount - the Board of Governors. Next, either by confrontation or in our case by invitation, take two members from the student movement, or the student council, and add them to the Board of Governors etc.

After a couple of meetings a very interesting thing always happens to these people. They begin to look the same as the other people on the Board. And then, a little while later, they begin to talk like them. And finally, and just as surely, they are thinking like them. And they start to lose contact with the students, and start to talk about the "interests of the university" rather than those of the students as they submerge their power within the group. It doesn't sound as though there will be a happy ending from the students' point of view. We can only hope that the two students elected to the Board of Governors will remain attuned to the students' needs and interests and act accordingly.

FILL IN THE BLANK

U. of T. STUDENTS

REJECT OFFER OF SEATS

TORONTO (CUP) —The University of Toronto administration is trying to make students take part in its decision-making and students are trying equally hard to avoid administration offers, labelling them "co-option."

The student council Jan. 15 refused seats on the president's council, a long-term policy advisory body, after considering the offer since August. Students had been offered seven of the 26 seats on the council. Administrators hold 14 seats and the faculty the other five.

When the offer was first made, students set three conditions on acceptance: open meetings, equal student - faculty representation (with no administrators) and student council selection of the student representatives.

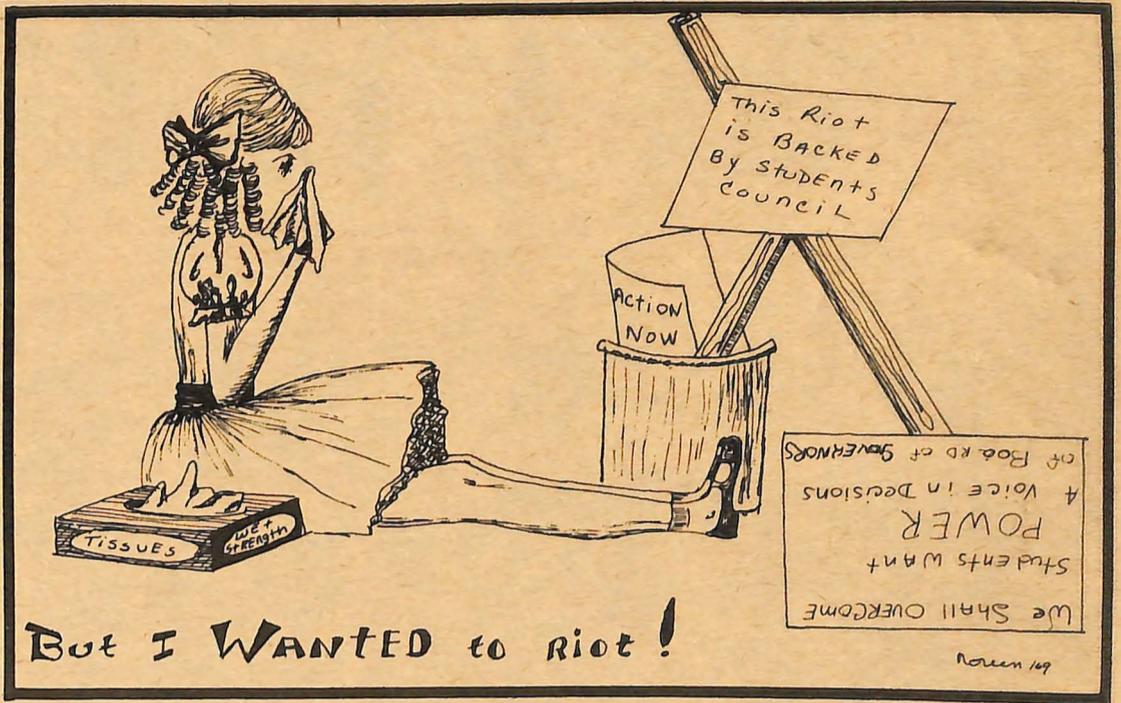
"To get caught up at this point

in the president's council would be serious waste of resources," student president Steve Langdon said.

The role of pressuring for change in university government had fallen to the Commission on University Government (CUG) Langdon said, making the president's council irrelevant.

The administration also advanced its cause Wednesday with the announcement that the U of T senate would begin holding open meetings, although space problems will restrict the number who may attend.

Last spring the students rejected an offer of seven seats on the 199-member senate, opting instead for the comprehensive review of the university government structure now being done by CUG.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISORDER ON U.S. CAMPUSES

Dear Editor:

We all appear to form our little cliques, and we seem to isolate ourselves from certain factions of the community. There are traces of this characteristic to be found in all portions of society, but, believe-it-or-not, that part which should be united, namely the Christian community, is the most shattered. The Christian Action Movement has decided to undertake a small project in which we will attempt to establish a closer relationship and a better understanding of our fellow Christians. Therefore, we are inviting you to come along and join us as we participate in various liturgical services in the Halifax area. After each of the visits, we plan to arrange discussions with representatives of the various denominations. We can guarantee a new and, we hope, refreshing experience. This will occur during this term on most Sunday mornings. For a complete schedule of our programme, please consult any of the following: Monica Blackmore - Room 414 Evaristus.

- Pat Sullivan - Room 311 Evaristus.
 - Sharon Murphy - Room 404 Assisi Hall.
- C.A.M.

To The Editor:

The education department feels that the cartoon on page two in the November 13th issue of the Picaro was in very poor taste and does not express the feelings or sentiments of the education department.

The Education Department

Letter to the Editor:

I should like to comment on the cartoon "Hail Mary (gan)" which appeared in the November 13th issue of Picaro.

Although the message the trav-

esty was intended to convey is in itself elusive, my comments are directed to the poor taste and the lack of maturity revealed by the caricature.

Whether or not you realize it, the Hail Mary has deep spiritual significance for many individuals in the Mount Saint Vincent University community. It is offensive to them to see any part of it degraded for purposes of lampoon.

Your lack of regard for the right of an individual in the use and choice of prayers reveals a profound ignorance of the fundamental meaning of human freedom. Young men and women today are clamoring for freedom to be and to become what they wish to be. Might I suggest that it would be salutary for them to learn first what freedom really means, and then give to all - - - the young and the not-so-young - - - the freedom to be!

Sister Mary Albertus

WASHINGTON (CUP-CPS) - - Black students at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis Jan. 15 ended their sit-in at the admissions office after they reached agreement with the administration over their demands.

Administration president Malcolm Moos agreed to create a curriculum leading to a degree in Afro-American studies to provide "a full reflection of the experiences of black Americans." The school also will help finance a program blacks are planning and will add seven community representatives to the board administering the Martin Luther King scholarship fund for blacks.

The Afro-American Action Committee had originally asked for complete community control of the fund.

Some 50 blacks occupied and closed the admissions office Tuesday.

TALENT SHOW

The Engineering Society of St. Mary's is again sponsoring its Annual Engineers' Talent Show. The auditions which are open to any form of amateur talent will take place from Feb. 16-Feb. 23.

Three prizes of \$50, \$30 and \$20 will be offered for first, second, and third places respectively. Also offered is the Engineering Society Trophy which will go to the best skit in the show.

Bill Langstroth, from C.B.C.'s Singalong Jubilee will be acting as host.

This show is totally sponsored, produced, and directed by students and all proceeds will be used for the John M. O'Keefe Memorial Bursary which is awarded annually to the most well rounded senior Engineering student by the society.

Applications can be found in the tunnel. For further information, please contact:

The Engineering Society
S.M.U., Halifax, N.S.
or phone 422-4158

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 interests of the 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. The Picaro is published every second Tuesday. Contributions are greatly appreciated.

The Picaro is a member of Canadian University Press.

- Editor-in-Chief Joan Glode
- Associate Editor Tess Power
- Layout Editor Sonia Zwicker
- Features Editor Pat Lewis
- Literary Editor Noreen T. Fraser
- Business Manager Gail Giles
- Cartoonist Noreen T. Fraser

Staff this issue: Sharon Ewing, Bev. d'Entremont, Flora MacDonald, Joanne Woodlock, Ardith Barkhouse, Jeannine Malloy, Pat O'Conner, Charmaine Murray, Pam Kennedy who came in and typed when we were desperate for typists, Mary Clancy who came and promised to come again and Ken Clare - the occasional help." Sonia says "thanx for the penny, JAW."

Staff meetings; Tuesdays 8 p.m., in room 12-12 Assisi. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.



And here we have Wayne Hankey, whose eloquence went unheeded to all but two Mount students - from l to r - our vice president, Geri Gaskin, and president, Marilyn Hutchings. Hankey was scheduled to speak to Mount students about CUS, on January 20.



Karin Neal has a beautiful chore: She has to locate at least seven beautiful solutions to one beautiful problem.

ARE YOU A "GAMES BIRD"

Canada Games 1969 needs seven super publicists - the ultra chic variety, they're to fill occasional assignments between now and the end of the Games next August as publicity magnets.

The project - part of a publicity program geared to hypo Games appeal - has been dubbed THE GAMESBIRDS.

"I'm the mother hen," clucks Karin.

Herself the princess of the Games information division as assistant to the information director, Karin is experienced in broadcasting production. She also put in a high-pressure term as a Festival of Canada co-ordinator and publicist during the Canadian Centennial and is also a veteran of two years special liaison work with the Canadian Navy. (Her husband is navy architect Peter Neal.)

For the seven birds she's looking for, Karin says, the Games job will be no push-over.

"We've got to be hard to please in this search. Our Birds are going to be up against all sorts of demands on their talents as Games ambassadors. They'll model fashions live and for photography, they'll greet officials for us, carry the Games story personally at social engagements, appear on television, promote on radio, engage interest and win friends everywhere they're dispatched and whatever the medium or vehicle for this massive project."

Karin has dispatched word in all directions that she is looking for GAMESBIRDS candidates. When she finds them she will oversee their briefing in Games matters, guide them through their training as ambassadors, produce their publicity build-up and direct their first presentation to the public.

"We have a file of plans aloft at the moment on the Birds project," Karin says, "some of which haven't yet been finalized. But we don't expect to necessarily find our candidates easily or in short order - so we're starting now."

She offered a peek at part of her file: the Games is after a top-couturier-designed, high-priced multi-outfit wardrobe-in duplicate-for each of the Birds.

Chatelaine Magazine has offered to advise in the preparation of the fashions. Will the girls be paid? Expenses only, Karin says.

"There are 400 volunteers organizing the Games right now. Eventually there'll be 2,000 at work. The Birds will be hybrids, but of a feather with the other volunteers. "The job offers a glamorous experience, but it's going to be a lot of work. We need young birds - suggest 18-23 years, who will be resident here through next summer. The Games will be held August 15-25, 1969. Birdwatcher's suggestions count, too." What should a Bird volunteer do? Call Karin Neal at 455-0534. No Birdbrains, please.

THE ART CRITIC

HANNAH KRISTMANSON: BATIKS

There has been a noticeable revival of interest in the Batik as an art form during the past two years. At present the show on display in the gallery is a wonderful example of the color that can be achieved in this form. These colors were so clear and violent that they come as a complete surprise to the viewer. Two of the works are really magnificent. One is the Star Sun which though not hung in any vantage point clearly dominates. The other is the fish with its many clear colors is a definite proof of the artist's skill and I might also add her patience.

Of the smaller ones, my favorites are the red star and the blue star. These are good examples of the different effects that can be achieved simply by varying the method of applying wax. The blue star has a marbled affect that is achieved through a process called crackling. The red star does not.

The art came from Java and was originally called ambatik. There are very few utensils involved, the one traditional one called a tjanting is used to apply the wax. If you would rather, a sable brush works quite well. Much of Mrs. Kristmanson's work is done with a brush, for example, the fish. The traditional Javanese way was to apply the darkest color first and then work up to the lightest. The modern form is to start with the lightest color and gradually build up shades to the darkest.

The technique used to do these is fairly simple, if you are interested, and have an old bed sheet, you are in business. The first thing to do is your drawing, so have an idea of what sort of pattern you want. The Form can be very abstract like most of Mrs. Kristmanson's or can be representational,

although I would suggest simplicity for a start. The materials used should be beeswax or paraffin. The unrefined beeswax is not quite the most beautiful to look at but certainly is cheaper and better to work with. Your dyes must not be the type that need to be boiled, but should be able to work in lukewarm water. At first you should limit your colors to one or two, then become more adventuresome.

The method of dying is to block out with wax all the parts of the material you do not want dyed a certain color. On a sheet this would mean a good coat of melted wax. If you are aiming for the crackled effect use half beeswax and half paraffin, then when the wax has hardened you can gather the material and cause all the cracks. For best results and little bleeding (unless you want bleeding) I would advise waxing both sides of the sheet.

When the wax is dry take the cloth and dip it into the dye bath. The length of time you leave the material immersed determines the depth of color. It is good to remember also that the dry material will be several shades lighter than when wet. After you are satisfied with the color, you must hang it to dry in a place away from direct light and heat.

The wax is removed from the dry material by either one of these two processes or a combination of both: First, you dip it in gasoline. This will remove most of the wax, then you can press the material with a warm iron using several sheets of brown paper for blotters.

To apply a second color repeat the above steps. The finished product can be made into a wall hanging as Mrs. Kristmanson's or into an article of clothing.

Things to watch for: Art Classes!
Things to be thankful for: Mrs. German-vanEck.

FAITH WARD

lead in Neptune's opening play

Casting has been completed for the first three presentations in Neptune Theatre's 5-play winter season.

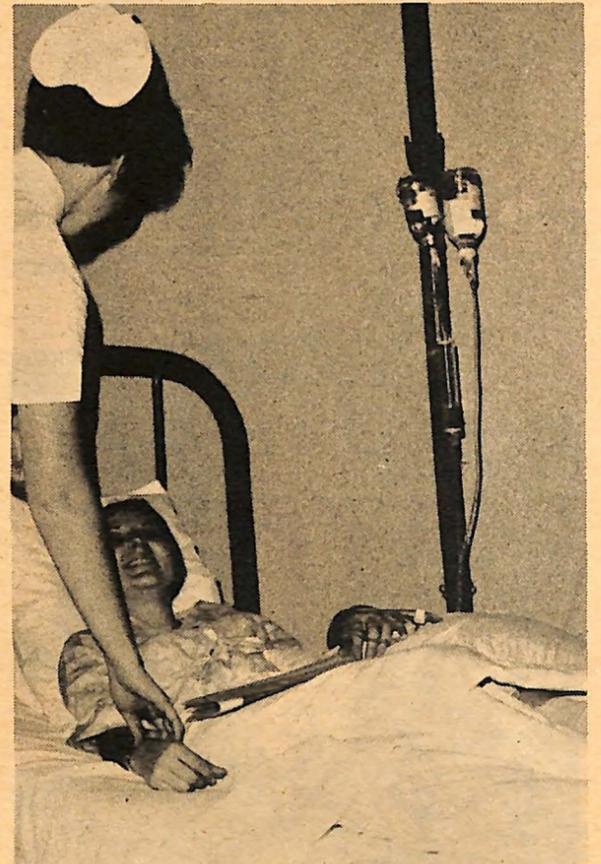
The season opens on February 7 with the two-act Broadway comedy hit "Cactus Flower" by Abe Burrows. In the lead roles of Dr. Julian Winston, an amorous dentist, and his blossoming receptionist Stephanie Dickinson, are Jack Medley and Faith Ward. Both will be remembered for their many impressive roles in past seasons at Neptune.

Dr. Winston's buddy Harvey Greenfield will be played by David Brown. Others in the cast include Nancy Watt as Toni, Richard Donat as Igor, Margaret MacLeod, as Mrs. Durant, Donald Meyers as Senor Sanchez and Susan Chapple as Boticelli's Springtime. The play is directed by Artistic Director, Heinar Piller and the show is designed by Maurice Strike.

The second play of the season, the controversial "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" by Edward Albee, is directed by Marigold Charlesworth. The set is designed by Mr. Strike, with costumes by Ken McBane.

In the featured role of Martha, played by Elisabeth Taylor in the popular film, is Lynne Gorman. The Richard Burton role of George will be played by Ron Hastings. The young faculty couple of Honey and Nick will be portrayed by Linda Livingston and Don Allison. "Virginia Woolf" enters the repertory on February 10.

When "Pygmalion" opens on February 18, Neptune audiences will see two of their great favourites, Jack Medley in the role of Henry Higgins and Linda Livingston as Eliza Doolittle. Others in the cast include Dennis Thatcher as Col. Don Allison as Freddy Eynsford Hill, Donald Meyers as Alfred Doolittle, Yvonne Adalian and Susan Chapple as Mrs. Eynsford Hill and her daughter Clara, Faith Ward as Mrs. Higgins and Margot MacLeod as Mrs. Pearce. Margot Sweeney, Richard and Ron Hastings are also in the George Bernard Shaw classic. "Pygmalion" is directed by Marigold Charlesworth and designed by Maurice Strike. For further information contact Libby Day 429-7300.



Janet MacLennon, bravely smiles at Open House guests in spite of her broken bones.

OPEN HOUSE A DAY OF SURPRISES

By Joanne Woodlock

"Open House", Sunday, January 19, was a day of surprises for most. Early in the afternoon, I was taken aback at the sight of several males as I stepped into the elevator at fourth floor Assisi Hall. (It's an infrequent occurrence that any male gets beyond second floor.)

More than one student was astonished at the amount of effort and ingenuity which had gone into the various displays. Exhibits ranged from an information booth on CUSO, interesting slides on life at the Mount, a memory-testing machine from the Psychology department, straight through to Sister Lua's well-organized Biology lab. The Home Economics and Nursing students expended a great amount of energy on their contribution to Open House. An endearing sight was Janet MacLennon, 'victim' of a 'ski accident' - one leg in traction and the other in a cast.

Open House gave everyone - prospective students, parents, and even present Mount students alike - an opportunity to realize the various courses and programs offered by MSVU - to see what the clubs and organizations are trying to accomplish. The informal tea held in Assisi Hall was a marvellous chance to relax and talk.

It might be a worthwhile idea to expand Open House but on a smaller scale - two or three other Sundays of the year could be left open to girls who weren't able to attend the regular Open House.

Idea--Since ideological issues have been circulating around the campus lately, how about-- male visitors in residence every Sunday afternoon from one o'clock to five o'clock?

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GOVERNMENT GUARANTEED STUDENT LOANS

See the local branch of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce for full information.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE



MIDDLEPAGE

THE BEGINNING OF THE BEGINNING

"That's right Mame, my Dad works with the Toronto Star and is covering the King's coronation. Just received these exclusive postcards. Now how many d'ya want?"

And so our little friend rushes back to the five and dime store, steals another handful of the Coronation postcards and continues his lucrative trade from house to house.

"Why, this sure beats a stuffy old classroom and watchin' the old Crab fiddle with her ring as she scratches X's on my math homework. 'Sides, no guy can hack hollerin' like hers. I'll show her. Ah! No more screaming and spit flyin' in my face!

The Old Man and the Old Woman shouldn't give two hells if one of the flock quits school. He's probably half lit anyway and Mom's only interested in stuffin' her face and talkin' on the phone.

Anyway, they sure sucked that story up last year 'bout me wantin' to quit altar boys. Told them that the priest drank most of the wine behind the altar . . . what a dreadful influence on such a little boy! Why, somethin' like that could wreck a person's religion!"

And so the years passed. Years of struggling with society and himself for nothing but the best -- the fastest cars, the prettiest and sexiest girls, and the wittiest lines.

For as the twig was bent, so did it grow. Worry and responsibility held no part in his life. To him, even marriage was a game only to be played by fools.

But like a knight armed in rusty tin, he inevitably picked his maid Marian.

"Well, I guess there's nothing left for us to do but marry, seeing that you'd only have to bring a bastard into the world."

Their bond in marriage had only proven that their hasty physical love had been nothing more.

The days were rough. Jobless, no education, and a child on the way, the Man didn't know whether to hate or to love and could only feel the agony of his lot.

Occasionally there was a travelling sales job but his impetuous nature usually led him to disagreements, misunderstandings and eventually unemployment.

In a final moment of dispare he turned his back on mankind and swore that he alone would make men crawl and worship his name with fearful respect.

Ten years later, he did gain that respect. Mr. Big., became one of the city's wealthiest financiers and prominent members of the upper class. The things for which he had always dreamed, now were his -- cars, a mansion, servants and hard-working employees who slaved under his tyrannic authority.

To him even God and peace of mind carried a price tag. "Listen Father, let's make a deal. Take this hundred bucks for your church and say a few masses for me. I've been so damn busy lately. Seems to be no time left nowadays for religion and relaxation."

Having never developed a strong sense of responsibility and prone to submitting to his passions, the business pressures became unbearable and he crumbled.

For night after night he would gamble his troubles away. Soon he became lost in the maze of time. Cards became his Bible, the Queen of Hearts his mistress, and the bottle his fountain of youth.

Those entrusted to the affairs of his estate no longer were business partners but thieves. Suddenly bankruptcy!

Nothing nothing left to do but blame the very society he had once tried to crush. The hate and distress in his heart embittered him towards those who loved him most. Yes, his family -- the very people who had remained loyal and obedient throughout the years of sweat, toil, and success.

Behind the doors of his home, he became a prisoner, pondering the course his life had taken.

Aged, weary, and destitute, the months passed on. Now there was only a game of solitaire and half-smoked cigarettes to ease the pain. The echo of parties, people, and laughter were but elusive memories.

Eyes narrowing with bewilderment, he gazed at people hustling about there mundane chores.

"Crazy buggers, crawling and begging for seventy bucks a week. . . . nothing but fools. . . . I'd rather rot in hell if that's all life had in store for me fools . . . Fools. . . FOOLS!!!"



MARAT-SADE - A NEW KIND OF THEATRE

The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat performed by the inmates of the Asylum at Charanton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade was presented by C.U.S.O., at the Dalhousie Sub in the MacGinnis Room.

Due to poor conditions the writer was unable to read the credits and thus the actors and crew must go unacknowledged. This however is the only unfavourable comment. The production itself was superb.

Peter Brooke, the director, created a new type of theatre with Marat Sade. The central theme of freedom through revolution was intensified by the conflict of the principal characters and complimented by the stupendous supporting cast.

Marat and Sade played off their respective ideologies the first of a blood bath and the second of cool intellectual manipulation.

Charlotte Corday, the victim of sleeping sickness, epitomised the character controlled by de Sade. Equally controlled though less evident was the wily narrator.

Without taking any merit from the individual actors it must be said that the strongest impact of the film came from the "inmates." The frenzied movements, the swords of color and particularly the song culminating in "We want a revolution - NOW!" This was the essence of the film. This was the desire for liberty manifested by souls tortured by confinement.

The score was a kaleidoscope of musical history from 17th century madrigals through 1920's jazz up to the folk-type of the 1960's. One found oneself waiting expectantly to see into which period each song would fall.

The climax of the film is a warning to all tyrants. This is the result of tyranny whether it be in asylums or in government offices. This too could be a warning to revolutionaries with rigid principles, bloody battle breeds bloody battle and the results are always tragic.

Peter Brooke himself, referring to another of his productions said: There are some forms of theatre after which applause would be the consummate insult." This is true of Marat-Sade and the audience at MacGinnis Room paid the consummate tribute.



THOUGHTS ON A CLOUDY DAY

By PAT LEWIS

. . . The day is dark and gloomy . . . Gray clouds stagnate over the strangely still waters . . . A small boat slowly creeps towards the harbor, spewing black smoke through the damp air. My breath leaves a haze upon the window as I look out . . .

Saturday, January 11 . . . eleven days into a new year. I am alone and searching for peace. Peace. Peace from all this black and gray. My window reveals no color to my eyes. Even the trees are bare now --empty and black--their branches like twisted remnants of a beauty passed . . . Life! Action! Sound! Where is it??? I think I am afraid to be alone. Yet there is a beauty in all this ugliness, loneliness and fear, for it is somehow reassuring to be afraid. This one remaining sensitivity is the sole witness to my existence . What will become of me when even that is gone?

The silent wind, the cloud-covered sky, the few lone snowflakes beginning to drift down, all so closely match the emptiness in my heart. I reach out to grasp something --It is but a shadow. Is there no tangible substance which may prove my reality?

. . . Night . . . Night comes so slowly to those who wait and watch for the inevitable dark. To we who sit and hope there will be no tomorrow--the night, the dark, the gloom gives the only comfort of all living. The shadows envelope me, and at last, free me from the eyes of the world --to live, to be, to exist within the walls of my own loneliness. Walls, yes walls, designed and constructed to keep ME in, rather than others out. We are the only ones who can bring pain upon ourselves--false hopes, false dreams, false promises, false loves. . . .

Oh, love! Where are you tonight? Was it you I loved or just being in love?? It is not so difficult to erase you from my mind -- but the tender feelings I had, the dreams and wishes--they taunt my fearful emptiness. I am nothing I was then. How unlucky you were to have been but a chess piece in my game with life . . . Oh, it pains me so to hear old songs my heart and mind and being dedicated to you!!

. . . Strange is the world we build for ourselves--we build it as we desire it to be --we shape it, mold it, and form it--and then cope with it when the sand tumbles down, accepting it bypretending we had planned things that way.

I suppose any person who builds a sand castle expects it to fall



"To preserve the silence within --amid all the noise. To remain open and quiet, a moist humus in the fertile darkness where the rain falls and the grain ripens -- no matter how many tramp across the parade-ground in whirling dust under an acrid sky.
Dag Hammarskjold, "Markings"

THE KEY

By JOANNA MARINI

I was your God
but now I forsake you.
You were my people
but you have forsaken me.
My mercy has reached its limit;
My justice must now prevail.
I leave you to your own destruction.

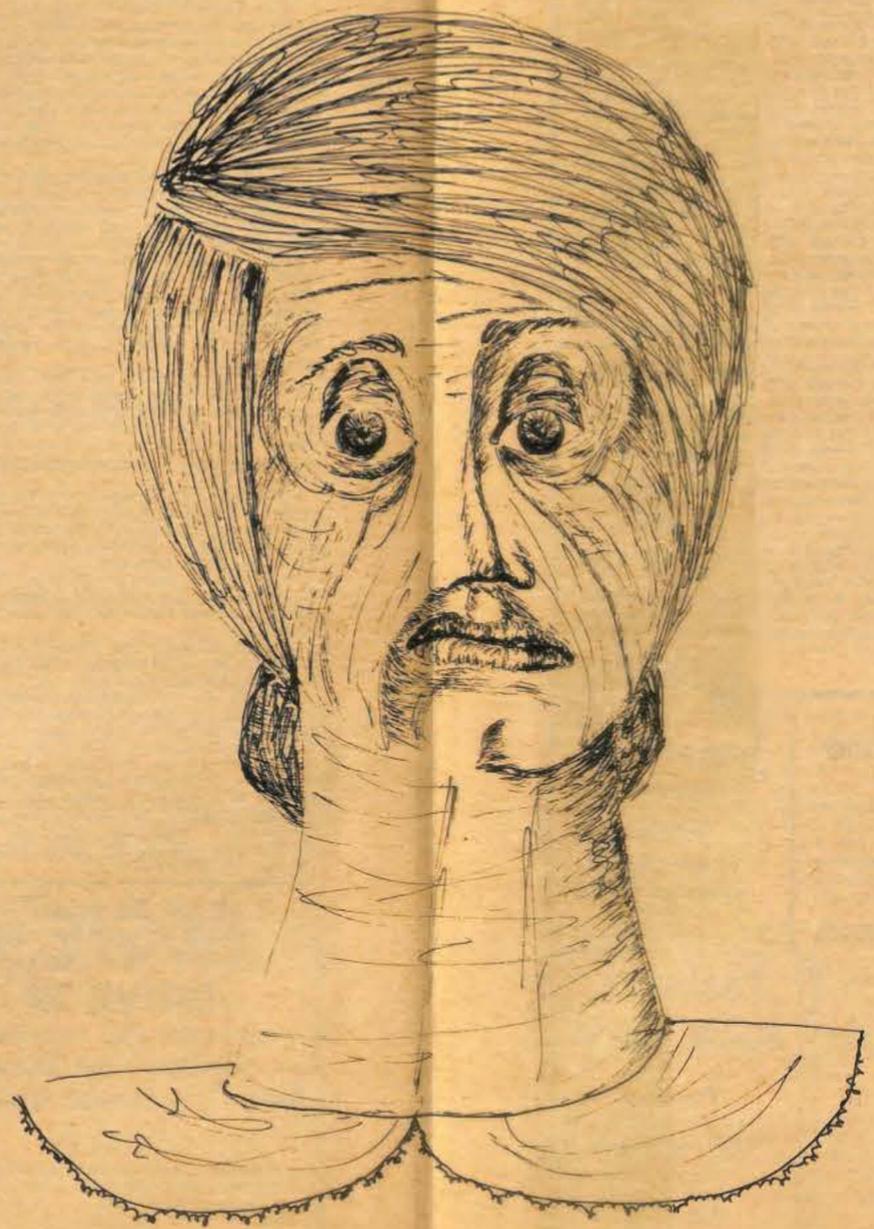
I died for you, My people,
I sent great men to lead you
when you were in need of being led.
But you have mocked them and killed them.
You did not pay heed to their messages;
You did not pay heed to My warning.

I was your Parent
trying to guide you, to help you.
But I never forced you
to accept my will.
You are disobedient children; you wouldn't listen.
Independently you went out on your own,
Willfully you went Against Me.

Now do I leave you.
I have given you all a parent could,
I lived for you; I died for you.
But you have pushed my love away;
All that is good you have pushed away.
Pray to Me no longer, for I am deaf to you.
Destroy your temples and churches.
Cease your peace offerings.
My eyes are blind to your appeasements.

I have given you the keys of the kingdom,
And you have unlocked the gate to Satan.
Go to Satan, then.
I will not try to stop you.
The Gates of Heaven are locked forever;
This time, no Key will be given you.
This time I will not save you.
I leave you on your cross of prejudice,
thirsting for equality.

Never again will you be happy,
For happiness is love and love is God.
I am God
And I leave you -- Orphans of hatred
I leave you forever.



Censors have something to hide

by George Russell

REGINA (CUP)—People who advocate censorship usually have something to hide.

The board of governors of the University of Saskatchewan is blackmailing the Regina campus student council into establishing editorial control over the student newspaper, the Carillon -- for the greater good of the university, of course.

It's the most naked form of blackmail -- the board has even issued press statements about it. Shut up the Carillon or we won't collect student union fees. No student union fees, no student union.

According to the board's press release, the Carillon must be controlled because the paper "has pursued an editorial policy clearly aimed at undermining confidence in the senate, board of governors and the administration of the university."

The board has shown no willingness to discuss whether or not the editorial policy is justified. Instead, a cloud of supplementary reasons for censorship of the Carillon have been tossed at the public, none of them substantiated.

Administration principal W.A. Riddell says the Carillon must be censored to halt a groundswell of popular indignation directed against the university.

Riddell also claims the Carillon must be censored because it's "obscene." He was quoted on the obscenity charge in the Regina Leader-Post, but he told this writer in a subsequent interview the charge was a "red herring."

Riddell believes that censorship must be established because the community is not contributing enough money to a university fund drive.

No one is willing to discuss the possibility that the Carillon must be censored because it has been telling the truth.

Within a few miles of the Regina campus are the legislative buildings of the province of Saskatchewan -- and the offices of Liberal Premier Ross Thatcher. For the Regina students, that means the government is one of their neighbors -- not a very good one.

The history of the conflict between Ross Thatcher and the Regina campus spans a couple of years, culminating this October when 1,500 students marched to the legislature, where they confronted Thatcher and Prime Minister Trudeau over the inadequacy of

the student loan system in Saskatchewan.

They got no adequate response -- in fact Thatcher refused to discuss the matter publicly at all.

Student loans have been one of the Carillon's favorite topics during the last two years -- especially since they broke a story last February, explaining how Alan Guy, currently minister of public works with the Thatcher government, had claimed and received a \$1,000 student loan while drawing a salary in excess of \$16,000. The story, understandably, drew national interest.

It also drew intense local interest from Riddell, who attempted to stop the story from breaking by first trying to contact Carillon editor Don Kossick and then trying to get to the printer. Neither attempt worked.

Within two weeks, the president of the Regina student council received a letter from Riddell, asking why the students union should be allowed to continue using the name of the university, and, significantly, why the university should continue to provide space on campus for the Carillon.

The answer to all three questions was presumably contained in a suggestion by Riddell that a "policy board" be created to direct editorial policy for the paper -- exactly what is being "suggested" by the board now.

Kossick took the entire matter before a faculty committee on academic freedom. The chairman of the committee, Jim McRorie, now a sociology professor at Calgary, recalls the board's threats faded after the committee began its hearings. The hearings were never completed, and the committee never reported.

But the student loan issue was not the only issue the Carillon has covered during the past two years, and again, much of the material for their stories has been supplied by the provincial government.

Even before uncovering the good fortune of the minister of public works, the Carillon -- in fact, the entire campus -- had been deeply embroiled in the question of university autonomy.

When the government announced last year the formation of a "general university council" superceding the usurping the powers of the Regina faculty council, the Carillon joined the faculty in claiming university autonomy was threatened externally.

Fears at Regina deepened when Thatcher announced later the same year the government would approve the university budget section by section, rather than all at once -- a procedure allowing direct political intervention in university affairs.

Riddell announced that the government had changed its mind regarding the second decision, but failed to convince the Carillon that the autonomy of the uni-

versity was in any less danger. He also failed to convince Alwyn Berland, dean of arts and science, who resigned last September.

His resignation statement covered the front page of the Carillon, expressing fears that Regina's autonomy had been undermined by Thatcher's actions of the year before.

He also condemned the silence of the Regina administration in failing to respond to the attacks. The administration, Berland said, had also refused to defend him, when he attempted to point out the financial straits of the university and was attacked by a provincial minister for his pains.

The Carillon has not been so diplomatic. It has implied that the administration has acted as apologist for the government, rather than face a renewal of interest by the government in the separate sections of the university budget.

Since Berland's resignation, the Carillon has gone even more deeply into the question. In October, the paper examined the make-up of the University of Saskatchewan board and senate, which govern both Saskatchewan campuses, and pointed out the predominance of members residing in Saskatoon or holding degrees from the older campus. The implication was that the membership of both bodies had a great deal to do with the respective allocations to each campus. Nine members of the board are in the pay of the provincial government.

On November 15, the next week, Riddell escalated the conflict by stating the Carillon might "adversely affect the university budget if it wasn't cleaned up." He referred to the board's threats against the student council of the previous year, and hinted darkly that "the business office has to have some direction" before the second semester at Regina would begin.

Sure enough, as the Carillon revealed in a special issue within the week, the budget was adversely affected -- to the tune of \$2 million. The paper rather unnecessarily pointed out that the provincial government set the final budget figures.

In view of that fact, the Carillon probably found it unnecessary to point out that the "community" Riddell mentioned must consist of the small cluster of buildings forming the Saskatchewan legislative assembly.

The real question at Regina is a political one: the Carillon has displayed an unhealthy and positively unstudent-like interest in exposing the provincial government's unfairness to faculty and students alike, and the government will not allow it to continue.

In retrospect, the Carillon's gravest "irresponsibility" probably lay in reprinting the election platform of the Thatcher government -- a year after the election. They should have known that wasn't allowed.

by . . . College Press Service

SPORTS Picks of the Week

reprint from the Silhouette

Boylan bags bureaucratic bones

by Whip

Charlie Boylan, editor of the Canadian Communist party's magazine Scan, has left the party.

Mr. Boylan found the structure of the party in Canada unworkable and was in violent disagreement with the party's policy on the recent Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. The party had condoned this. According to sources, Mr. Boylan has made off with the files and accounts of the Scan Publishing Company.

Mr. Boylan's actions have caused the Central Executive Committee to expel him from the party and condemn him violently, especially for the removal of the files.



Joan MacDonald

Joan MacDonald is captain of this year's volleyball team. In her graduating year at St. Pats she was voted the most valuable player on the basketball team. She played practically all sports throughout high school.

Last year Joan was captain of the Mount basketball team and was voted most valuable player of that season. She will be a great asset to the team this year.

Joan is also a past-president of the Mount Saint Vincent Athletics Club.

Judy Mullane, a 1967 graduate from St. Pats High School, played on both the Mount intercolleg-

iate teams last year as a sophomore. She has been on the volleyball team for two years; she is a valuable member of the basketball team, being a top forward on the first string and last years second highest scorer in team competition.

Judy has had much experience in high school sports. She played basketball for six years and was a member of the volleyball and field hockey teams at St. Pats.

Judy is also the president of the Athletics Club here at the Mount.



Judy Mullane

Student Council Elections are coming. Be aware! Question! Those elected to office will be managing your affairs next year. Even if you have a limited choice.

VOTE

KALIDESKOP
(last years literary magazine)
appears in a new format this year. It will be a supplement to the newspaper in late February.

THIS YEAR ENTRIES IN GRAPHICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY will be accepted. Both students and faculty are asked to contribute.

Entries or enquiries may be directed to:
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The Doll House, revisited

Further notes on the condition of women in our society

by Myrna Wood
and Marsha Taubenhau

In spite of the number of women in universities and professions today, the traditional concept of women as physical beings and men as the intellectual and creative half of the species, has not changed.

A woman's role in western society is prescribed at the outset by the prevailing attitude that intellectual thought is not properly a function of the female mind at all. So it is that only a few in the middle class with access to the proper training and who have accepted an elite criteria for success can arrive in that sanctum of male-dominated society — the university.

Because of their biological role (we are told), women's minds are turned inward, confined to the immediate realm of family, personal relationships, the pragmatic details of daily living. Such a being, tied as she is to the essence of life — child-bearing — cannot "think in the abstract". ("Their minds just don't work that way.") With the development of public education, however, the assumptions about women's roles in society have broadened, to accept (1) their value in certain professions (teaching, sociology), (2) the need for educated, cultured wives and mothers for the bourgeois class.

The attitudes and policies of academia successfully limit most women's participation to that narrow context. For instance, women who have tried to enter schools of medicine and law have discovered that they must have a 5 to 10 point grade average above that of the average male admitted. Consequently, they restrict themselves mainly to the humanities, where they are accepted: English, languages, social sciences; subjects whose emphasis is on a personal, 'emotional' level, rather than a technical or innovating kind. These fields deal with people and conflicts in society and try to reconcile these problems within the structure.

Women sociology students tend to enter welfare programs and social work; the nurse comforts the sick while the doctor cures them; good secretaries need a BA to make the modern businessman's office more efficient. Shunted onto these side tracks, it is no wonder that a woman rarely becomes a professor of political theory or creative writing. Instead she teaches elementary school, instructs on grammar and conjugation; any area that requires form and not reasoning, structure and not content.

The not-so-modern justification and rationale for the effective (if not admitted) attitude that the female is inferior in her ability to think, is in the theory that men have a monopoly on rationality while women are enslaved by their emotions. Karl Stern, big-name Montreal psychiatrist asserts this theory in his *Flight From Woman*. He says "...the polarity of the sexes corresponds to a polarity in human intelligence — that of 'discursive reasoning' (analysis) versus 'intuition'."

When an opinion such as this is considered a fact, and is held widely in a society, it is raised to the level of a natural law. It merely means that society has exalted the current acceptable practice of its immediate past. Therefore, to the extent that Stern's 'intellectual polarity' is actually reflected in the atrophy of many women's reasoning processes, it is due to the acceptance of this 'natural law' by all those who socialize her. That it might likely be an environmental deception does not occur to most women.

When both male and female are very young, they are much the same. They cope with the world on the basis of emotions, intuition, primitive desires. What happens as they get older is that males are trained to develop their reasoning faculties, while females are encouraged to stay at the level of emotion and irrationality. At school, while males are channelled into math-sciences, females remain in the English and music classes — just at the stage when they most need the acquisition of a rational logical training. At home the same sort of thing is going on. Boys are given almost an unlimited amount of freedom. In order to deal with freedom, and this responsibility, a male is



Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a marine biologist.

You're scuba-ing along, admiring a purple parrot fish and a red coral reef when you spot something truly breathtaking. A pink leg. A marine biologist. Discovering new things under water. Maybe you notice she'd like to discuss a Tiparillo. Or a Tiparillo M with menthol. She could classify them as the slim, elegant cigar with mentol tip. Mild taste? Well, she'd have to try one, wouldn't she? But should you offer her one? Or shouldn't you? Think fast, mate. Your face mask is steaming up.

a word from our sponsor

Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a marine biologist? Well, better than offering to discuss marine biology. If you tried that, she might outshine you. It's safer to make a pass, and reduce her to her proper role: sex object. If she fails to respond to the pass, you're covered: she doesn't like cigars, or she's a cold, castrating bitch. On the other hand, if you try to deal with her intellectually and fail, you don't have any out. You're demolished. Not only put down, but put down by a woman... the ultimate disgrace.

And that's the way men deal with women who challenge them intellectually (or politically, or in any other way) by putting them in their place sexually. It puts them off balance, flusters them, throws them back into depending on male initiative, which is where they belong. It's all done in a spirit of "isn't it amusing that she's so smart but we all know that underneath it all she's really Female." Brains and femaleness, of course, being eternally at odds.

Susan Sutherland

from the National Guardian

forced to develop his reasoning faculties — for he must face the world on his own. On the other hand, girls are kept at home; almost every one of them is given a multitude of strict rules, curfews, modes of behaviour, so that they never have to develop their reasoning faculties, in fact, they are encouraged not to. When males are taught to shun affection and emotion, young females are learning how to get what they want by a hug or a kiss, or a soft but persistent whining.

How does a woman combat this bias against her? The Province of Ontario's Student Awards (loans) Program 1968 regulations state: "It is the parents' decision as to whether they wish their daughter to be educated or not. It is not the role of the department of university affairs as representatives of the Government of Ontario to step in where parents do not wish us to." We see, once again, that "in loco parentis" refers even more to women than to students in general. It is women's dorms that have multitudinous restrictions, not men's.

Anachronistic attitudes keep women in their educational place; these attitudes are compounded of more than one myth. The myth of the 'rational' male for instance. Actually, men's emotions can be controlled by habit but not extinguished. Their emotions are channelled instead into sexual and personality repression, over-expansion of the male ego, release of frustrated feelings through violence, the frenetic race for power in business.

Then there is the other myth of the existence of 'intellectual' institutions — the universities. In fact, men too are

kept from worthwhile free thought in the necessity to memorize enough accepted opinion to gain a degree and get a good job. Intellectual study is bastardized and controlled by quite a few hacks who propagate stale theories that cannot withstand the glaring light of questioning by fresh minds.

Why can't women be included in this façade of 'the scientific search for truth' on an equal basis with men? Even if the university is not a place for liberation of the mind but rather an integral part of an unfree society, it should not discriminate against fifty percent of the race. Instead, the discrimination that comes from that integral position must be attacked. (This ruling class hamburger joint might be just a greasy spoon, but every one should still have the right to eat there.)

Many people, both male and female, say that the reason more women do not get to university is because women don't want to go. They would rather be wives. To some extent this is true. It is easier for women to accept an inferior role and gain what they have been taught is emotional security by having a man bound to them.

Marriage represents security from the loneliness of urban life, from the dehumanization of the worker's life. To the young girl of twenty, marriage gives the financial security for child-bearing (which she will need without control over her body) and the freedom from work in a meaningless job. Part of today's breakdown of the family is caused when these securities are proven unreal. The wife finds that menial housework is as tedious and unfulfilling as her job was, calls for much longer hours, and is unpaid, thereby placing her in a completely powerless position. In addition more wives are being forced, financially, to return to work. And the third job as mother is, of course, unavoidable, as the majority of young working women do not have access to or knowledge about birth-control. The final disillusionment is to know that marriage does not necessarily evade loneliness.

The points above represent what motivates a woman to accept her role as wife; but these are the effect of that prescribed role, not the cause of it. The real cause lies in the crucial part a woman plays as the core of the family system. The advent of the industrial era coincides with the development of today's family structure and its dependence on the full-time wife-mother. Especially in advanced industrial, affluent North America, woman is needed in the home:

1. to make more tolerable the frustration of the man who must work in a highly-dehumanized system;
2. to pressure the youth to conform to and accept the values her life has been wasted on, values that sustain order;
3. to consume the over-production of advanced capitalism. A full-time housewife buys more, pressures for higher status goods like cars and colour TV, and is the target of 75% of corporate advertising;
4. because that same capitalist system has not been able to use her in production.

With universal access to birth control women's lives will be set in a whole new context. Alone it will not change the underlying causes of their condition — their economic status, their assumed inferiority in a male dominated society, their powerlessness on the bottom rung of society's hierarchy. In the beginning, birth control will remove the one power lever they can occasionally use; access to their bodies and pressure for marriage. Without the danger of pregnancy pressure will be put on them to be promiscuous and they will be treated more as sexual objects than before. This can already be seen in the *Playboy*.

However, even if there are no other changes in the society that controls her, a girl who grows up with the knowledge that she can control her body, and therefore her future, will develop in an entirely different context than her predecessors. She will be aware of many new possibilities of human development for herself. She will no longer gain her identity through her relationship to a man. When she finds many of these new alternatives are not open to her, she will have learned a great deal about the existing society and how it must be changed.

Women will eventually demand the independence that equality in the role of production can mean, and the education which that role requires. The system is already in the process of trying to incorporate into its society the massive change that is implied in the realization of women's potential for thinking and creating, by allowing a few ambitious "masculine" women to reach the top. But a true realization, rather than this worthless tokenism, would of necessity crack the foundations of the existing social order.

Myrna Wood and Marsha Taubenhau are members of the Socialist Action Committee at McGill

Reprinted from the McGill Daily

Young People!



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Yes! 1969 belongs to the young people of Halifax-Dartmouth and Eaton's brings to you bright exciting happenings all year long. Happenings you'll never forget, happenings you'll want to be part of. It's a Youthquake, and it is a year-long blast. Fashion shows, contests, demonstrations and recording artists, and many, many more

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