

# In Defence of Murder

Recently in Canadian University publications, much has appeared in defense of the priceless liberty that we have come to cherish so dearly. And much has appeared, too, in the way of most essential and constructive criticism in regard to the way in which this liberty is protected. But it is strange indeed that we of this nation, concerned with the freedom of peoples everywhere, because in truth we are peoples of everywhere, should realize, despise and fight evil in one part while at the same time practically ignoring or even encouraging evil within another part.

On the continent of Africa exist about 200,000,000 people. People whose ways are as different as the colors of the rainbow, melting into one another to achieve supreme beauty. Of the 200,000,000 Africans, then, perhaps 25,000,000 enjoy what might be called the most basic concepts of freedom.

Freedom of speech and religion; freedom from want and fear. Upon these are founded our nation and our being. Upon these was founded the League of Nations, dedicated to peace and security, to the development of friendly relations among nations, based upon the principle of equal rights and self-determination for people, to the achievement of international co-operation in the solution of social, economic, cultural and humanitarian problems.

The Union of South Africa—Let us regard the four freedoms and their use within the Union of South Africa.

Freedom of speech. Lack of the vote for the negroes of South Africa and hundreds of repressive laws, make freedom of speech almost non-existent.

Freedom of Religion. The anti-Semitic campaign of the Malan government is certainly a strong rival to that of Adolph Hitler even though the Jews comprise four per cent of the white population. Thus at least in this respect, the freedom of religion is suppressed.

Freedom from Want. Here it must be at first said that at least in South Africa there is food to fill the stomachs of negroes. But the want of hunger is surely but a small part of the vastness of real want. Want of opportunity, want of education, want of relief from pain, all these live on.

Freedom from Fear. This is the freedom which is so intensely lacking. For colored people cannot move in South Africa without pass cards, must be on their compounds by 9 o'clock in the cities, and are totally segregated in stores, transportation systems, etc.

I wonder what Canadian would do if placed under the bonds that bind the colored people of South Africa. I have very little doubt that we would rebel. Yet the colored people of South Africa, in spite of their tremendous lack of education, and largely without the concepts of the value of human life, which we possess, and bound by many smaller things which have not been mentioned here, have not embarked upon a war of blood and tears, but with hope in their hearts of gaining support from those many nations pledged to uplift them, began a passive existence. Enduring beatings, and jail, and torture, but spilling no drop of blood, always with hope. But now what? We continue on without barriers against Soviet fellow-members of the UNO, because of their aggression, and yet retain our absolute friendship with South Africa and the other African powers within the UNO in spite of their suppression. Is aggression, then, worse than suppression?

Mau Mau. What is it? To many, perhaps most, it is a bunch of cruel and terrible savages. But the Mau Mau movement is far from this. It is but a very small expression of a enormous network of African resistance movements, which are the oppressed African's paths towards freedom. Grim paths to be sure, but all others have apparently failed.

The number of the whites in Kenya, is about 25,000 as opposed to a Negro-Asiatic population of about 4,000,000. Yet rather than follow a policy of aid, education and upliftment which has proved so fruitful in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, the British Colonial Administration has followed the despicable South African policy of segregating the vast majority of the people on reserves. In other words taking the best land from the 4,000,000 natives and giving it to the 25,000-odd whites, and at the same time giving only the minimum of educational and essential aid to the natives.

The peoples of Africa have come to a point of desperation. The Kikuya tribe had been robbed of their fine farm lands in the Kenya Highlands and it was

thus among them that the desperation came to a head. Every loop-hole was blocked, for this tribe and hundreds of others like it, have no means of advancing themselves, so at last they have resorted to the only hope which they have left. And that is all it is, just a primitive hope for what are a few knives and muzzle loaders, against Lincoln bombers and machine guns?

Another thing that seems to be utterly ridiculous, is for Western nations to spend years on end fighting the Communists in Asia, while at the same time preparing a tremendously fertile battleground in Africa. The doors of Africa are wide open to Communism. Will the West let it in for another bloody massacre?

Much has been said about the way Mau Mau terrorists slash people. Is death by knife different than death by a bullet, then? Some will say too that the Mau Mau are savages for killing their own women, but let me remind you that last year, in a time of peace, the United States, a "civilized" nation, put a woman to death for treason. Others will say that the killing of the children was terrible. Certainly it was, but these poor innocents were saved much suffering for in Africa, there are no "Children's Welfare Leagues." So if you must then, in the light of these facts, maintain that this is a terrible and inexcusable murder by a tribe, then I defend that murder and I ask you to judge the murder, robbery and enslavement of African peoples by white imperialists.

Almost 30 years ago J. E. K. Aggrey, the great educator from the Gold Coast, spoke these words, "There is a youth movement coming in Africa that some day may startle the world. This restlessness all over Africa stands for self-discovery, self-realization. It tells of power just breaking through. The great continent has been asleep for a long time. It is now waking up . . . this Niagara, if allowed to sweep through the land, may deluge and inundate cities and towns and bring forth ruin. If under God it can be harnessed it will turn a dynamo and generate electricity that will illuminate that great continent, chase out utter darkness, and bring a new Africa into being. The Africa of 20 years ago is now gone, and gone forever. There is a new Africa coming today and it is a challenge to civilization."

This new Africa of which Dr. Aggrey speaks has arrived. Canada and Canadians have done much to gain peace, friendship, and above all freedom, for people throughout the world. We are doing much, and we must do much. I plead for Africa.

—F. Ian Gilchrist.

## Bored—

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no way of holding people's attention except by resort to extremes. It will be the first sign of sanity when politics becomes cool enough for people to elect a familiar essayist to high office, and for politics to be conducted by men smoking their pipes in a comfortable room by a fire, instead of the hectic conferences, the reams of unread reports and other examples of institutionalized chaos that we see today. How can men lead a country if they lack the time to think?

Are we bored? Look at the pocket book literature that collects in our bookstores. They strive desperately for murder, sex, ugliness and degradation, as though only in violence is there interest. Again, people are too bored to read anything that has no blood on every page. And the proposed alternatives? Why censorship, of course. There is only one thing more dreary than

a Mickey Spline school writer, and that is a self-appointed censor.

I see no immediate way out of this dreary morass. Between the artificial joviality of the enthusiastic booster, the desperate earnestness of the fanatic, and the crushing mediocrity of the stuffed shirt, the way looks tortuous indeed. Is there no hope for unaffected eagerness, for wonder and interest in our life, for friendly coziness in our politics, vigor and strength and clearness in our writing and leisurely grace in our literature? If our future historian concludes that our decades were one of eager adventurers in living a joyous existence in exciting times, he will have omitted the dreariness of life without point, without purpose, and without freshness in all the officially sanctioned activities of the times. We find happiness and freedom from boredom, all too often, as nothing more than an unexpected by-product, or a treasure discovered in an inconspicuous corner.

# A Poor Beginning

I was real cool. I had never seen anyone get the "HOT SEAT" before. I wasn't there just for kicks. In a pair of minutes, I was about to see my husband BURN for a pleasant debt I paid a friend . . . ONE BULLET. We waited in suffocating silence. My mind swished back to when "CREEPIE" proposed to me. He thought he was too hot to handle. Through robbery, poppy-seed peddling, alco-botting and other professions, my Golden Rule never changed . . . DON'T GET CAUGHT.

I stood with other relatives. One far-shot cousin whispered to Uncle Bob, "Who's the dame?" I felt their blood-shot eyes measuring me. The answer was muffled because the clergyman was approaching with "CREEPIE," "THAT'S "CREEPIE'S" WIFE . . . "SNOOKS" EDDY."

This was probably the first marshmallow roast "CREEPIE" had ever been to, where he didn't know who threw it. I felt rather proud of "CREEPIE." It was like kissing a wine glass when my lips repeated silently "Greater love has no man, than he who gives up his life for his wife."

"SCORCHER" DOLIZNEY asked "CREEPIE" if he had any last wish before he dropped the BIG SWITCH. He wanted me to hold his hand. I stayed where I was. One bad egg frying was enough.

Twelve midnight struck. In one minute it would be morning. "CREEPIE" must have thought so. When the JUICE hit him, he smiled like at breakfast. The air was real healthy outside. Stone houses bored me. My high-heels clicked melodiously along the concrete. My throat wrapped itself around an old tune which "CREEPIE" sang just after we got married (and before his Graduation). The words never seemed to make sense . . . Flow gently sweet current along thy blue veins . . . crazy, no?

As I opened my door I laughed aloud. How a postman found his way this far into Chinatown, was more than I could figure. The letter was even a bigger laugh than number one.

Dear "SNOOKS":

Your marriage before Graduation was A POOR BEGINNING, but come home quickly, all is forgiven. Do hurry or it will be too late.

MOTHER.

The hand writing looked as if a CROW had dumped the ink bottle. Why did she want me? There was perfect mutuality between Maw and me . . . we hated each other. She was the arm-chair Philosopher. I can still hear her words "don't marry 'CREEPIE' before Graduation." I later learned she was right. The thought of going back to the old home town, gave me such a chill, I felt my new Chlorophyll Nylons shoot a run up my calf. I kicked the idea about in my dirty, matty blonde head, and decided . . . might as well, perhaps a gain.

Pressing through the old familiar streets, brought back no happy thoughts. The town CROWS could be seen from the streets cranking the phones off the walls. You could practically hear the CAWING in the air . . . "SNOOKS" EDDY crashed town.

While grabbing a pack of fags in the corner store, I banged into two old CROWS exchanging bad breath over a bottle of pop. "What do you think was the reason for that marriage hitting the rocks Liza?" "I think, Lotie, if they hadn't practiced birth control at University, they probably could have a child when they wanted it." Lottie's answer was hushed. I caught the idea, "rumor had it they forgot how."

That cheap talk shot another run up my calf. I faded.

There before me was the old homestead. The front door was open. I went straight to the bedroom. Upon opening the door a small child crawled across the floor. Its hand got under my heel. The crunch didn't bother me. My town had lots of kids to spare and they all had a spare hand.

The scream from the urchin didn't faze Maw. She recognized me through grey eyes, sunk a foot back in her head. Her cheeks were as close together as book pages. Her arms were a large two inches at their widest point. She extended them towards me. I heard her lips mutter faintly, "kiss me, my daughter, before I die." I refused. I thought to myself . . . what a welcome party.

She begged me to come into her arms. Again I refused. One look at her hair shook me. It stuck out in all directions. I hoped in her mind she was conducting SOMETHING.

Her throat started to wheeze. This was followed by a series of gasps. Her eyes became heavy . . . one arm dropped . . . then the other. Her eyes closed. Life has been a burden, surely death was a relief.

At last my moment had arrived. My hand shot quickly under her pillow. I grabbed her life savings . . . that sweet bag of money which she guarded so long . . . my next move . . . BACK TO CHINATOWN.

—Garry K. Braund '51.

## Liberation

She floats—the word is adequate indeed—On-stage, a saintly calm upon her face. And, one by one, her loveliness is freed Of garments, with a quite exquisite grace. And lazy and breath-taking wizardry, She bares the magic of her breasts, the first Twin-halved forbidden fruit of ecstasy For which sad Adams evermore will thirst. Her body halo'd by the Master's eye, She floats, at last, as almost nude as sin— Or naked as the truth faced with lie, According to the mood a poet's in. And flaunts her satin skin as if it were A richer wrap than any ermine fur.

—G.H.G.

## MED CORNER

With a crowd of over 150 looking on, the Law inter-fac hockey team shaded our team 2-0. For the first two periods there was no score in the game. Then late in the third period, with the play in the Law zone, Law got a three-man break and scored. Another goal was added a minute later on a defensive lapse by the Med defense.

The game was very close throughout. We had perhaps an edge in territorial play. Our passing was good but our shooting was inept. Eddie Lund played a fine game in the Meds nets, kicking aside several close-in shots. Eddie had no chance on either of the two goals. For the past three years Eddie has been our net custodian and in our opinion there is none better on the campus. If we win, we can thank Eddie; if we lose, it isn't Eddie's fault. We have yet to see him play poor hockey.

The team as a whole played good hockey but not good enough as the score will indicate. Full credit must go to a Law team which made its own breaks and capitalized on them.

Well, we finally knocked off Law in one sport. Our ping-pong team won all its matches from a Law team which is composed of beginners. Bonuik, Dimock and Bob Read took the singles matches while Presutti and Goldberg swept the doubles. The win left the team one point behind Arts and Science who won their match with Commerce by default. The ping-pong had, then, a very successful year, due in larger measure to the efforts of "Tiny" Bonuik.

There was no volleyball or basketball played last week.



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