

Dabblings by J.A.M.

The Midway:

As of now, this section for films and books. By MEN, this review: No so recent, but timely, is the interesting tale from behind Tibetan frontiers. Lowell Thomas, jr., in **OUT OF THIS WORLD**, tells of a 1949 trip made with his father, into this fabulous, mystic, mountain kingdom, where no wheels are permitted, and travel over the passes is by caravan, and only the thousands of prayer wheels along the way prevent the travellers from plunging into the gloomy chasms. It is a fascinating travelogue, including everything from a private audience with the Dalai Lama, to a list of necessities if one is contemplating a trek to Tibet.

Out of Hollywood, and hot on the trail for honours, is this: **A Streetcar Named Desire**: To her sister in a New Orleans slum area, battered on humid summer evenings by more humid Dixieland Jazz from nearby Cafes, came Vivien Leigh, leaving behind the residue of a Southern Estate, gone for cash like the wind; and also a reputation that even impressed the management of an ill-reputed hotel. In the person of M. Brendo, red lust and drunken passion stormed, and calmed, stalked and lingered, in the courtyard, in the rooms, in the sultry atmosphere. Brute force and primitive desire, and a moral sex and psychiatric perversion, walked hand in hand down the anquished corridors of Leigh's madness. The spectre of a shameful past filled well with illicit corruption of youths, finally caught up with her under catalyst Brando, precipitating her insanity. More to be pitied than censured, she collapsed at last in the madness of her illusions of grandeur. A sordid piece of realism, hardly delicate, but undoubtedly true, and as such bids well for unparalleled artistic interpretation of a lower form of life. **Streetcar** will not be easily forgotten, thus establishing author Tennessee Williams as an important contemporary literary figure.

Wax Tracks:

Lately on wax, and necessary for any record collection that wants to be complete: **The Four Knights**, **The Story of Love**, an excellent version of a flawless melody; **Mindy Carson** on Showboat's immortal **Bill**, sung with more than the usual lusty gusto of her set. Stan (the man) Kenton offers brassy background in 1941's **Daddy** between which bursts of chromatic dischord, vocalist June Christie, warbles off key as usual, like a strangled canary. Gene Krupa gives a solid beat to swing-classic **No Name Jive** and happily avoids turning it into a Congo ceremonial war dance.

Miscellany:

Unstatic statistics: In 1939 1 out of 108 of America's eligible population went to College. 1951: 1 out of every 61. Despite the increase in educated people their ignorance of Canada is appalling. In a recent check some couldn't guess at our population; others thought the late W. L. Mackenzie King was a hockey player!

The idiocy of amateur football leagues in the Maritimes was well brought out last week when UNB claimed the Canadian Football title for the East. This is what's known as empty victory. Could they beat Dal? "Of course not".

The reward for such eye-popping pulchritude is to be a week in New York City. The sponsor for such a male-attractive scheme is the Grandmere Knitting Co., makers of most tantalizing sweaters, which, incidentally, grandmere's times never knew. The scheme: a National Sweater Queen, enticingly labelled "Smoothie", for Canada in 1952. To be judged by famous artists and illustrators who certainly should have figures down cold. Apparently all are eligible and from our own ranks we could recommend—see our hesitant **Post Script**. Among other obvious requisites the applicants should possess two main qualifications: be feminine by sex; and be between 18 and 24 (years of age). The **post script**: That someone apply to get the handsome prize and of course, certain national renown.

All Our Yesterdays:

As of now, concerning people, legends and events for posterity's sake (and anyone else's sake you care to mention):

The Thinker: In a world that prides itself on its high degree of literacy, culture, freedom and education, we see almost daily efforts by societies who have assumed hilariously a role of censure, as if by said assumption they were automatically endowed with the ability to judge what is good for the public soul. Without prejudice we condemn the Legion of Decency, and anyone else who tries it, of undemocratic tactics, for condemning the sexy film **La Ronde** and their preparation to blast the "low moral tone" of **Streetcar Named Desire** and the compassionately tender **Place in the Sun**. But another example of trying to fetter Art, which to be true, must be free to reflect accurately beauty or sordidness as the case may be. Appropo to this illusion of 'decency' is what Wilde said of certain books: "The books that the world calls shameful are the ones that show the world its own shame".

The Tiger Smiles:

Opened, amid the pomp and ceremony customary to such events and in pursuance of man's lust for pageantry, the new Arts-Admin building, beyond whose imposing pillars and awesome portals, lies the future of Dalhousie. Among the celebrities: Premier Macdonald, Ambassador Douglas and Pres. Kerr (also one indifferent spaniel), for whom dinners and receptions were tossed around at a breath-taking rate.

Rocked, the student council Wed. night, regardless of unquestionable presumptions of law, over the City's accusation that Pep Rally-frenzied students lifted Public Gardens sign. Shouted Mingo: "Let them prove guilt!" Muttered Goode: "We'll pay." Pleaded Kinsman: "Order!" Quoth the raven: "Nevermore!"

Trumpets the Daily (5c per copy) Bugle, proving that empty vessels make the most noise, last week, about great revival expectations for English rugger next year. Blind are the die-hards to the march of time and this fact: N. S. can maintain but one major Fall sport, i.e., Canadian football. The English game went out with buttoned shoes. Besides, there's only one resurrection from the grave on record that ever succeeded.

... Aspired skyward, Saturday, with visions of roast-stuffed eagle, athletic John Nichols and news-hawk Fred Hollett, up the tower where, with as yet undetermined success, shivering Bob Williams photographed them in an indisputably unique pose.

To those whose blood-shot eyes ponder tediously this Column in search of scandal or other amusement, on the last appearance of same this term and year, on behalf of the Staff, this message: a merry Xmas; a merrier Exam schedule; a merriest of liquified New Year's Eves, i.e., "Mabel! Your hair is my drink!" "Thash awright, honey, it needs washin'!"

The Mystic

It was absolutely the last straw. It was not to be expected by anyone, that his soul, strained to the limits of its capacity, could withstand this new attack.

She was constantly nagging, nagging at him, like a fly buzzing in his ear, Agatha, she was an eternal sting on his consciousness. She refused to be shut out of his solitude, intruding into his deepest meditations. No rest, never any rest from that fatiguing voice.

... and today, when he had finally begun to scale the heights of the mystic cult, when he had just discovered how to project his soul into space (think of the possibilities which such an occurrence would bring about: through all the long ages, there had been only a handful of men, selected by the Gods, fortunate enough to conquer the mysteries of this phenomena, melt away the barriers of time, penetrate the mystic wonders of the universe, and destroy the bondage of the soul) she had burst upon him in the full strength of her incomprehension, destroying his communion with the spirit world. She would not understand; she belonged to that other world, a world which he had come to hate because of her. She gave him no peace; there was no escape from her incessant scolding, and above all, he had to have quiet for his divinations.

How and why he had ever married her, ever permitted that odious woman to attach herself like a lamphrey to his soul, he could hardly remember. Affairs such as that, that bore such little meaning for him seemed to be shrouded in the hazy web of the past. But one thing presented itself to him: Agatha must be got rid of...

He was learned in the mystic cult. He knew almost every magic, miraculous, and psychical manifestation of the spirit world. How was he to bring about her death, in such a way that there would be trace or clue to incriminate him? He had to free himself of her for all time, but how...

Many years before he had spent some time in a forgotten village deep in the interior of Africa, where the white man had never been. There he had discovered and mastered the secrets of Voodoo; and even now in his supboard, he had several little dolls—images of people over whom he wished to have power, and among these there was an ugly, scowling miniature of Agatha. It was exact, to the very last detail, (it had to be or else the charm would be of no avail), even to the left leg slightly shorter and sparer than the right, the tight lips pressed together, the large bony hands, caricature of a woman.

He picked up the little doll, and laughed long and uproariously, a long, hollow, mirthless laugh. She would know nothing. A mere prick of a pin, in the doll's heart, and Agatha would be dead; nobody would ever know, nobody would even suspect foul play...

Suddenly there was a noise outside the door, a sound of voices and heavy footsteps, and two men entered: "This is where you'll be working, Dr. Barnabus", said a young man in a short, starched, white tunic, to an older man in similar dress; "these ones here", and he made a sweeping motion with his hand that took in a large room where several old men in various stages of decline and senility lay about reclining in chairs, staring vacantly out the window, or talking in little groups, "well there's not much hope for these cases, although most of them are pretty harmless", and with that the two men walked out into the long, bare, whitewashed corridor. R. B.

Letter To The Editor—

(Continued from Page Two) vice and can only wish that it had come at a time when it would have been of more practical value. Such changes as Mr. Janigan has suggested should, we think, be definite considerations for next year. Here we have only merely stated the facts in order to give a clearer picture of the present situation.

The Executive,
Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society.

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Too Late

For Yesterday
There are only Tears;
For Tomorrow,
Only Dreams:
And tonight I am lonely.

The rustling pines
And the sighing sea
Weep with me.

As a single star
in the midnight sky
shatters eternity,
So a single kiss
stolen from life
transcends divinity.
As a candle lit from another flame
glows brightly before it dies,
So will one love inflamed by another
gleam 'til immersed in sighs.

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