



# The Dalhousie Gazette

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## Chronicle-Herald toes neo-fascist line

### Demanding Too Much

Many people, including those who fully understand the aspirations of youth and are tolerant of its impatience, will share the feelings of York University's president, Murray G. Ross, that for everyone's sake, some brake should be put on what, in modern jargon, is called "student activism."

Dr. Ross asserted that he and most of his faculty colleagues wish to give students as much liberty as possible to express their views about what is taught at universities, and how it is taught.

But he drew the line sharply at suggestions, which are being acceded to here and there, that representatives of student councils be appointed voting members of governing bodies.

It is obviously impossible, as well as undesirable, to expect that young people, who in the Western world have achieved a social and commercial importance, as an age group, undreamed of even 20 years ago, could or should be dragged back into their former state of relative quiescence and subservience to their elders.

The youthful revolution has gone too far to permit a complete return to conditions and attitudes that obtained before the last war. At the same time, while gaining so much in personal liberty and financial affluence, many young people have lost (mostly through the fault of their misguided or uninterested elders) the benefits that flow from self-discipline, whether in thought, in dress, or in deportment.

Young people have gained a great deal. It would be a tragedy if they wasted these gains by seeming to demand, arrogantly, too much, and by confusing licence with liberty.

CHRONICLE HERALD, June 12th., 1967

If one can wade through the Chronicle Herald editorial printed above, his foremost emotion is probably one of thanksgiving; one of being grateful for the fact that he has not developed the "self-discipline of thought" which produced such a pinnacle of intellectual under-achievement.

The Crux of the Herald's attitude is to be found in the second and third paragraphs. While on the one hand the editors wish to "give students as much liberty as possible to express their views about what is taught at universities, and how it is taught", they do not consider it desirable to allow their representatives to be "appointed voting members of governing bodies."

Of course, the Herald cannot be credited with the development of this type of argument. Nor, unfortunately, can Murray G. Ross.

For to some ears, the theme is very familiar. After all, it is the same one which George Wallace used when dealing with Negroes in Mississippi. It is the same one which the white racists use in explaining

their actions in Rhodesia. In fact, it is such an important argument that it should be analysed in more detail.

It is clear that the university, in its present context, serves primarily to educate the students who attend it. And it is not, therefore, totally unreasonable to assume that the decisions made by the university's governing bodies affect most particularly the university students.

Yet the students must not, supposedly, have any hand in making the decisions which determine their environment.

Why? Presumably because they are incompetent, or irresponsible.

In other contexts, no doubt, such disenfranchisement of a group as a whole, without any reference to individuals concerned, would be called either elitism or facism. So take your choice. The decision that students as a class should not be given even the slightest control over their environment is an elitist decision. It might at this point be relevant to consider the credentials of some of the lucky persons who do manage to participate in shaping the lives of our students.

In Dalhousie's case, for example, who could be better "qualified" to join the Board of Directors than a person who is also Chairman of Eastern Chartered Trust Co., Chairman Fairey Canada Ltd., Vice-President of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Director of N.S. Savings and Loan, Director Maritime Life Assurance, and Director of Eastern Canada Savings and Loan.

And what 'qualifications' for sitting on the Board could be better than those of the man, who is President of the Minas Basin Pulp and Power Co., President Canadian Keyes Fiber Co. Ltd., President Parrsboro Lumber Co. Ltd., Vice-President of Eastern Chartered Trust, Managing Director of Parrsboro Lumber Co., Director of Fraser Companies Ltd., Chairman of Dartmouth Lumber Company, Director of Canada Cement Co. Ltd., Director DOSCO, Director Crown Life Insurance Co., Director Hawker-Siddeley Canada Ltd., Director Nova Scotia Light and Power, and Director Algoma Central and Hudson's Bay Railway Co.?

If the University is conceived of as a machine which turns out executives for the Algoma Railway Co., no doubt the qualifications set out above would in fact be suitable. But there are those of us at the university who believe that it serves a function more precious than such a machine ever could. There are those of us at the university who believe its destiny includes more than producing technicians to perpetuate an already questionable society.

There are those who believe that such things as values, thought, and learning can compete with money in the search for what our society needs. Some even go so far as to say that students who have extreme difficulty raising the eighteen hundred dollars a year required to attend their university, might, conceivably, have somewhat different interests than the Vice-President of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and that these students should have some control over their living conditions and their lives. But then again, they are probably just allowing their undisciplined thoughts to go unchecked. As the Chronicle Herald says in its flawlessly reasoned practical analyses, "they are seeming to demand, arrogantly, too much," and "confusing licence with liberty."



"No Lester, it's MY deal next, Lester . . . Lester?"

## Voice of the student

### All that Socialist Crap

This article is dedicated to the mature, logical thinkers on this campus. To those of you who are well versed in the national and international issues of the day, and who understand the cultural revolution and its effects on the Sociological and Religious Revolutions, this article will come as a pleasant whiff of mental exercise in a gale of otherwise verbal diarrhea and mental constipation. To those of you who don't read TIME, forget - it!

In the past few years we have been bombarded with stories and pictures comparing Capitalism with collective systems. In developing countries and maturing minds, Capitalism is still regarded as an economic system which exploits labour and depresses wages below the level of subsistence. The uninformed still cling to the fiction that the largest part of our national income flows to the owners of capital, as rent, as interest, or as dividends. Who has not

heard the old ditty: "The rich get rich and the poor get poorer."? Official data show that dividends account for 3.4% of national income, while dividends, interest, and rent combined barely total 10%.

"What about profits?" you reply! The belief that profit accounts for a large part of the sales dollar is equally ill-founded. The latest official estimates of the U.S. Department of Commerce show that AFTER TAXES profits amount to only 3.3% of all sales. Income and wealth are no longer concentrated among the lucky few. The middle classes are now receiving the major share of all income through an unparalleled redistribution of income.

In the midst of the new and much criticized "War on Poverty", and "Great Society" schemes, it is well to recall that this very same free Market mechanism and the use of the "cruel" profit incentive have helped raise the remaining four fifths of this nation's population

to levels of living unmatched in history.

What about this redistribution of income? Few developments have been of greater consequence in the evolution of modern day capitalism than the "bloodless" income revolution. The great upheaval may be explained by the rise in wage rates by the upgrading in the education and skills of the labor force or by the shift from agriculture and low value-added industries to secondary industries. It might also be explained by the increase in wives paychecks.

In the early forties 39 per cent of the population earned less than \$2000; in the mid fifties 23 per cent and in the early sixties 20 per cent (1965 dollars). As higher rungs in the income ladder are reached new horizons of goods and services and of cultural and educational outlets become available to a mounting proportion of the population. Platitude or truth?

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

c/o The Sociology Dept.,  
Dalhousie University,  
Sept. 22nd., 1967

The Editor,  
The Dalhousie Gazette

Dear Sir:

Regarding the present student housing crisis:

1. the university has made several urgent appeals to local

houseowners to let accommodation to students;

2. the university owns several houses in the neighbourhood of the university which are not presently used by the university. An instance of this is 1356 Seymour St., a furnished house bought by Dalhousie approximately a year ago. At that time it housed students, but after purchase all students were evicted, and the house rented to private families;

3. one of the present writers went to the Business Manager and asked for the rational of this action, and was informed that it was not university policy to let rooms, apartments, or houses to students.

Such a house as this could have easily been rented by Dalhousie following perhaps such a system as in the official university residences, housing a limited population of responsible students (perhaps graduate students), with a monitor in charge, or following the University of Toronto co-operative system. (Surely Nova Scotian students are as responsible as their Upper Canadian equivalents?).

However, while understanding the university's natural abhorrence for students, and their desire for wider parking spaces, we feel this policy inconsistent with the spirit of the present appeal for local home owners to

linda gillingwater

## Campus parking-life in your hands

Be the first on your block to play the new game at Dal - Walsh. (So named in fitting tribute to Dal's first enforcer - Mr. Walsh.)  
Step One: Park your car on campus without a sticker.

Step Two: Wait.  
This won't entitle you to pass go or to collect two hundred dollars but it will give you a chance to see Halifax as few people do. Wicked Walsh will whisk your car away to Halifax's garbage dump - home of Twin City Towing.

Step Three: Drive over the rutted roads. Approach the steel gates with caution. (Rumour has it that they are wired as effectively as the Wall in Germany.) You will meet with some difficulty while approaching the out-house (sometimes known as the office to people who aren't fooled by its shitty appearance). In the true medieval tradition a series of obstacles have to be faced. The most formidable of these is the starving German shepherd. If, by some remote chance, he doesn't tear your leg off before you can make a mad dash into the "office" proceed to step four.

Step four: This is a crucial point. Do not be distracted by the nudes adorning the walls.

Do not be intimidated by the Al Capone heavies. Ask for a cheque to pay your fine. This is the signal. The bouncers immediately arrange themselves in a semi circle around you (more or less - most are too stupid to grasp the concept of patterned movement.)

The big boy barks: Cash only. The action now breaks. (Sorry it couldn't be in step three as is the case with all "well made" plays). Your suspicion that this is your denouement is about to be confirmed.

"Step in the back lady and I'll show you ---" YOU FREEZE!  
One of two things will now happen: Concrete blocks will be attached to your legs and you will be dumped into the waters of our beautiful Bedford basin or he will finish his sentence by pointing out that "I have three thousand dollars worth of phony checks just sitting in here."

God, you wonder, is this what they meant in English 100 by falling action as you are hurled onto the floor, trammelled forthwith, and relieved of eight dollars cash.

Bruised and broken you wend your weary way back to your car. Bump back over the rutted roads.

You are now properly initiated. For the rest of the year you are allowed to mutter Walsh's witty: I am only doing my job.  
Variations on the game:  
Buy a Mercedes Bwnz.  
Lock the doors.

Close the windows. Now, when the tow truck arrives all attempts to remove the car will be thwarted. After a frustrating frontal approach every attempt will be made to ravish you from the rear. New trucks will be called (confirming Julian Bond, president of SNCC's hypothesis that force and numbers are the only avenues to power.) In two or three hours they will be coordinated enough to open your car; in the interim however you will have released copious amounts of air from any two tires on the trucks.

President Hicks will be outraged. Some comptroller or other will have left his important business to quell the latest campus outbursts (the last murmur of protest was heard one hundred and fifty years ago; Versa Foods was canteen caterer. Apparently some student (probably a freshman who didn't understand that unsanitary conditions were company policy) mildly commented that the egg that was dripping

down his "clean" fork didn't go with the spaghetti he had ordered. The outraged cook took revenge. He attacked the protester with a hamburger. Ordinarily this wouldn't have been fatal. At noon the hamburgers are greasy and skinny. Unfortunately it is now three; they had shrivelled up into tiny pellets. The freshman dies - of burger fracture.

But back to the tiresome truckers. Some vice president or other will come tripping over to maintain the dignity of the campus and preserve its image in world circles. Student Council, with its long tradition of irrelevant action, calls a meeting. After an all night session a brief is presented in triplicate to the administration. All concur that students show be allowed a rebate on parking fees if you are unable to find a place to park on campus. Walsh's jurisdiction is limited to campus so there will be no problem unless you DO find a place to park on the grounds. A special vote of thanks should be extended to council for effectively grappling with and solving another serious non-problem.

Without them no Walsh game is complete.

## Eric Hawkins Concert

By Colette Malo

Fantastic! This was the general consensus of opinion following the performance of the Erick Hawkins Dance Company.

The audience sat amazed, enthralled, and maybe even a bit shocked as it began to understand what Erick Hawkins meant by "movement for movement's sake."

The company which had just returned from an engagement at Expo '67 gave us four dance numbers that boasted excellent dancing, beautiful choreography, and certainly a most unique musical score.

"Early Floating", the first and most complex number, held me completely spellbound. The variety of feelings translated into movement left one with the impression of watching one's mind performing on stage and going through the different emotions of love, hatred, light-heartedness and despair.

The decor and costumes were appropriate yet tastefully played down to allow maximum emphasis on movement.

The music for "Early Floating" is for "Timbre piano" of which Lucia Dlugoszewski is the inventor. The effect is a sound that can be both raucous and shrill.

"Geography of Noon", a metaphor of butterflies, prided itself on its beautiful sincerity. Four colorful butterflies winged their way onto the stage portraying graceful agility and fragile beauty.

But the viewer's attention was divided between the dancers: Dena Madole, Kelly Holt, Penelope Shaw, and Erick Hawkins and the musician, Lucia Dlugoszewski. Miss Dlugoszewski played percussive instruments which she invented. These were composed of various boxes and jars which she pounded, shook and fingered. The result was baffling.

The second part of the show was in no way comparable to the first. "John Brown: A Passion Play" attempted to incorporate a medium in which the company was not competent -- drama. The Hawkins company is a dance troupe. They translate feelings into movement; they do this well. Why, for this number, didn't dancing suffice?

Erick Hawkins and Kelly Holt doomed the number the minute they opened their mouths. They made John Brown into a melodramatic character who muttered such poetic lines as: "They can't hang my soul"; "Our hero has to die. . . But never fear, 'the truth goes on.'" And as Lucia pounds "John Brown's Body" on the piano, we are left to recover from an advanced state of shock.

"Cantiliver," was the last number. This dance paid homage to the new art of architecture and was light, subtle, strong and inspiring. Again we found the simplicity and beauty of the movements coinciding in a bizarre way to the sounds extracted from the keyboard piano.

On the whole it was a unique adventure, yet something to be taken in small doses. Active participation from the audience was obviously required and it left the viewer exhausted. The individual could be the only one to interpret the dances. He judged from his past experiences, his feelings and his state of mind. And, although he may have left the room a nervous wreck, he will have enjoyed it.

throw open their residences to homeless students.

Yours faithfully,  
John Cove  
James MacPherson