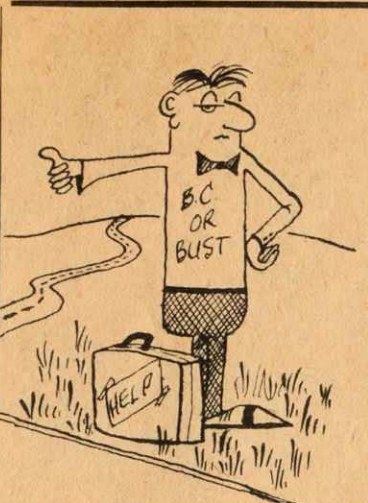


Halifax - Vancouver (Return) By Thumb

10:30 a.m., Thurs., Sept. 10.
A sunny day in Vancouver (for a change) and Dennie drives me to Port Moody for pre-arranged ride to Penticton with Bent and so its off to the east coast with Bent and soon there are mountains green to the very top with the icy white threads of mountain streams and then the mighty Fraser and into the mountains with ears popping where the air is clean and breathable and we come to the desert where the mountains are dull grey and there's sagebrush and cactus and green patches by the river and then the Okanagan, also sand and sagebrush but orchards by the river and we're in Penticton at 3:00—end of ride No. 1, goodbye to Bent and the fun begins—the natives are highly amused by my sign STUDENT HALIFAX so I steal some pears from an orchard—3 hours and 3 short rides later (all with moose hunters) am drinking beer at Peachland Motel near Ogopogo Place with 200 peach pickers from Alberta—unfortunately I must leave them to their beer and move on—soon I'm past Kelowna in a Mercedes limousine with a mad rancher who likes to drive fast and buy caterpillar tractors—9:00 and the man at Fruitland Market gives me some windfall pears as I wait for ride No. 8—soon I'm racing to Revelstoke with Dave in a Volvo—it's cold in Revelstoke at 10:30 and there's an Indian hiking farther down the road—the trucks won't stop because we're at the bottom of a long hill—Indian gives me a sandwich—I give him some raisins—no rides so he takes a bus to Golden and I sleep in a trailer court office—someone's snoring hard, Kumbaya. . . .

6:00 A.M. Friday — everything's frozen in Revelstoke and there's sun on the tops of the mountains — chicken soup break fast from the machine at a gas station and car no. 9 is just filling up with gas so I ask for a ride thru the mountains — great! — Rockies in cold early morning, they buy me breakfast in Banff — they leave me in Calgary at noon, 250 miles later and 15 pages of

my log book are filled with exclamation marks about mountains and snow and glacial streams etc. etc. (11) two more rides which are as dull as the scenery and I'm looking back at the mountains which are about 80 miles away. Ride No. 12 is a 1950 Meteor which almost hits me as I run across the road and the driver is a nurse — female type — and my only ride with a woman — unfortunately she is about 40 with a mustache and tough looking — but for 70 miles we engage in polite and enlightened (at least on her part) conversation — 3:00 and I'm in Brooks, Alberta by a drive-in-theatre and there are dry seeds and dust blowing-traffic is bad, one car every 10 minutes and there's a concrete dinosaur down the road advertising some kind of monster farm—it feels like the level top of the world with a flat horizon all around — lucky no. 13 is an Ontario car and the two guys are driving home to Milton — we're going east at 75 on a flat straight Highway no. 1 and there are antelope and grain elevators and an occasional flat yellow golf course by the road — 4:45 and we're in Saskatchewan — we're listening to the Alouettes playing the Eskimos as we go thru Swift Current and the game is just over when we come into Goose Maw — 10:00 and I'm outside Regina — a Husky truck stop eating a hamburger and at 10:30 I'm off again in a transport — the driver has been going all day and he often wanders on the road so I wake him from time to time; Indian head at midnight and another hamburger with several coffees so at least I can stay awake. 2:00 Sept. 12 and we stop in Broadview — he sleeps on the furniture pads and I try the highway — no luck so I sleep until 4:00 and then I hear the big rigs going by so I'm out by the road again — 30 degrees and dark — I can see a truck coming when he's 20 miles away and I wait — after it passes me I can watch it disappearing for another 5 miles — they weren't kidding around when they called it Broadview but its damned frustrating and also cold — coffee and chocolate to keep me alive and at



Roger Field

ROGER FIELD, 21, author of this hitch-hiker's log, is a native of Burlington, Upper Canada. Last autumn, he embarked on a three-week expedition that almost cost him his right pollex, travelling Halifax-Vancouver (return) by every conceivable vehicle that rides the nation's highways today. For author Field, it was a unique pre-registration respite which permitted him to gather images for an epic poem which he proposes to have published for the Centennial year. The Gazette has acquired full publishing rights for this poem, tentatively entitled A MARI USQUE AD MARE.

6:00 the temperature is 35 degrees and at 7:30 (Winnipeg time) No. 15 pulls up, a 1953 Cadillac with a young farmer and an old lady going to Winnipeg — car cuts out twice and each time needs a push to start again — 8:40 we're in Manitoba and all the way Barry gives a running commentary on the crops — ex-ample — "That's some heavy — they'd like to see it like that in Saskatchewan 1 foot swath" — gristwood and it's 100 miles since the car last broke down 10:30 and I'm 2 days and 1350 miles from Vancouver—Barry suggests I write a book — MY TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS IN A TRIP ACROSS THE NATION, 12:45 and am on Winnipeg by-pass and 4 rides get me to Richer where I buy a loaf of bread at Emils (French Canadian no less) ride No. 20 is from Illinois — bachelor in a brand new Buick, 4:00 we hit Ontario — having finally left the prairies and there are trees around, also hills and lakes and it's 300 miles to the lakehead — this driver has some strange views; hates Injuns, Niggers, Reds and fruits — he thinks he might drive to Montreal — asks me how far — I tell him 1300 miles so he decides to leave me at Longbow Corners, and goes back to the States — it'll soon be dark in Rushing River Park and hardly any cars and an OPP pulls up to find out where I'm

going — he can't have seen my sign — make up 46 new verses to Kumbaya while I'm waiting — 7:00 and a lucky break — my two Ontario friends have caught up with me (see no. 13) we pass three other hikers in the wilderness of the Patricia Region and its dark when we stop in Dryden and I play the chicken soup machine for sustenance — end of ride at 9:00 in Ignace — 10:00 and ride no. 22 in an empty car transporter heading for Oakville—driver is John — farmer in Saskatchewan sometimes drives to make some extra money — I feeling benevolent buy us each a sandwich in Sunshine — almost at Port Arthur when the gremlins attack — highway signs look like people running and lights jump around and I'm never sure if I'm asleep or awake but John doesn't notice and at 2:30 I leave him in Port Arthur as ride 23 — Dave Crossley from Queens, drives me across town on his way home from a date and it's Saturday, Sept. 13 — here on the outskirts of Port Arthur is the worst time so far — 3 freezing hours and 15 big rigs pass me — the grass is frozen and I'm slightly delirious when the sun comes up bringing ride #24 — driver is a trucking agent and tells me that they had a truck leave about 2 that morning nonstop to Halifax — that's just what I need to hear — toast and coffee for breakfast

in Nipigon — much beautiful scenery — Big Squaw River — Black Sturgeon River — Prep Plat Creek Beartrap Lake — Rainbow Falls Park and finally end of ride in Terrace Bay — view of Lake Superior — could almost be the ocean if putrid Lake Ontario — one half hour in Terrace Bay until ride #25 at 10:00 — a 1950 DeSoto from Colorado and the driver is a 68-year-old farmer who has just boarded up his old farm to go and see the world—he has 10 gallons of oil in the trunk because he thought he couldn't get any in Canada — every 60 miles we stop to add a quart to the engine — has a plastic Jesus and tells me that today is Sunday, did I go to mass yet and I say no and he looks at the plastic Jesus and it winks at him and then he asks me where's Nova Scotia and asked if the States own Nova Scotia and then when Canada is going to break away from England "lak we did" and stop sending money to support "all them kings and dukes and princes" and join the United States in a united front against integration, labour unions and other forms of creeping socialism — 12:30 — were in White River (coldest spot in Canada — 72 degrees) for gas and he says adios to the gas station kid and in an aside to me, "I doan spose he knows wot that means", meanwhile I can't sleep because I don't trust the old — and he offers me some pills — nix my friend — I'll watch the scenery — 2:00 — note in my log — "this is the most unbelievable hallucination yet — maybe I'm nuts?—2:30-bit of advice in my log—"never travel alone again, "you'll go mad," 3:00 — note in my log "My God I've never seen a worse driver in my life — at best we do 35 *Hell! more of the same through the most beautiful country in the world. I unfortunately not exactly enjoying the ride or appreciating the scenery and 5:30 finds me in Sault Ste. Marie having talked my generous driver out of going on to Sudbury because I'm such good company, relief etc. to be walking again but I must keep moving east — it's already — where is ride #26?

— to be continued. Roger Field.

Hopping Thru The Pasture

Authors note: Through several trying months I have patiently worked under cover to acquire these valuable and highly secret letters. After an agonizing week of endless red tape I received permission to print these personal letters in the GAZETTE, under the strict condition that they will not be read, FIGURING that nobody reads the GAZETTE anyway, I decided to print them.

Sept. 26, 1964

Dear Mom and Dad:
Checked into Shirreff Hall last night. The plane trip was great. My room mate is a real slob. Eileen Hinges is her name. I can see right away that we will not get along, so I am going to try to change rooms. She uses bad language and drinks quite a bit. She has an American accent but I think it is fake because she lives in Moncton. I promise that I will remember everything you told me about being a good girl, and I will only make friends with girls and boys who are, as you say, my type. I miss you.
Love,
Taffy.

Oct. 4, 1964

Dear Mom and Dad:
I decided to stay with my room mate (Eileen) because it is too much trouble to move, what with all my stuff. Besides, she really isn't that bad except for her drinking. I must learn to get

along with people. Speaking of getting along with people, I met a terrific fellow in 2nd year Fine Arts. He's a painter and a poet and a folksinger. His name is Howie McTool but everyone just calls him "Tool". His closest friends call him "Cool Tool". I went on a study date with him on Wed., but we really didn't get that much studying done because he was showing me how to "bar-up" on a guitar. You should hear him play "Railroad Fred". (The song is really called "Railroad Bill" but "Tool" re-wrote it.) We're going to Citadel Hill on Sat. There's a museum up there. I miss you.
Love,
Taffy.

Oct. 30, 1964

Dear Moms and Daddy-o:
Man, has this month been a blast. "Tool", Eileen, Turk (that's Eileen's boyfriend) and I cut out to a cool patch called "Peggy's Cove", and I want to lay it on Daddy-o, that I dig this place like WOW, Like, did we exist out there. "Tool" says that when he makes the scene at the Cove he feels like he wants to really, I mean really, BREATHE, Dig? Turk and Eileen took a mickey of rye and drank it. I didn't want to look like a full scam so I took a slug or two. Wild. Miss you.
Love,
Taffy-o.

Dec. 18, 1964
Dearest Mother and Father:
I realize that I have not answered one of your letters in over a month but there has been so much going on and so much has happened. I feel that I have grown up more in the last month than I have in all my 18 years. It is as though I was a blind girl when I arrived here on Sept. 26 or was it the 25th. Whatever you do, don't worry Mother and Father, do not worry a minute about me. I am completely confident about taking care of myself. Remember, I am a big girl now. I must ask you not to be angry with me after reading this next paragraph.
"Tool" and I broke up early in November. He and Eileen have been going together since then. I am engaged to Eileen's old steady, Turk. (His real name is Nigel Turkford). It's funny how things turn out but all along Nigel was for me and "Tool" was for Eileen. Please don't be angry. You must understand that I love Turk, and Turk loves me. I know what love is. Love is wanting and being wanted. I will only see you both for a few hours on Christmas Eve as Nigel and I are going to Omaha to be married. All my love, Taffy.
P.S. Don't worry about college tuition for the second term. We're staying in Omaha. Nigel has a good job. He's a professional ripcord tester. Nigel has always wanted to fly.

From The Bookshelf

Don't Buy Hardcover

(Adapted from Donna Mason's article in The Varsity, University of Toronto).
Patience, as the cliché say, is a virtue. But in book-buying it can be a positive money-saver.
A new book appears on the stands. It is hardcover, of course, and costs about \$6.00. Enthralled by pre-publication publicity, you have anxiously waited for it, and must have it right away. So you buy it, and ruin your budget for

a month.
What happens? Within two years, at the most, it appears in paperback. Price: no more than \$3.00, and probably much less. Almost any book you can think of is now available in paper, or is scheduled to appear shortly. It is possible to build up an excellent library — standards, even technical and reference texts — at a fraction of hardcover costs.
Paperbacks have now taken over a large percentage of the

book market, with sales running into several millions.
The all-time best-seller in the field, Dr. Spock's POCKETBOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE, has sold more than 17 million copies, since its publication in 1946.
Recent worthwhile additions to the paperback list include THE LETTER OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD (Delta-Dell, about \$3) and Eric Bentley's book on Hochhut's controversial play, STORM OVER THE DEPUTY (Grove, about 95 cents). THE DEPUTY is also available in paper now, at a comparable price.
Salinger fans can get all his books in paper, as his latest inside look at the Glass family, RAISE HIGH THE ROOFBEAM, CARPENTERS, and SEYMOUR appeared this month in a Bantam paperback at about a quarter of the hardcover price. His earlier books, NINE STORIES, THE CATCHER IN THE RYE, and FRANNY AND ZOOEY are already in softcover at about the same price.
February is also a good month for spy stories. John LeCarre's THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD is finally coming out in paper (Dell, 95 cents), and Ian Fleming's incredible MR. BOND is available everywhere.
EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM, by Hannah Arendt, is now available in paperback, and is well worth reading.
Simon and Schuster's Essans-des paperback library now includes FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN — the complete scripts from "Smiles of a Summer Night", "The Seventh Seal", "Wild Strawberries", and "The Magician".
Scheduled for publication in March are DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA by John Malcolm Brinman and THE NIGHT IN LISBON by Erich Maria Remarque. The former, an Avon book, a basically honest study, although at times unpleasant, provides insight into the life of the Welsh poet.
During the past 25 years, more than three million paperbacks have been sold in the United States, and the figures for Canada are comparable.
An interesting aspect of the booming paperback market is the recent upsurge of political pamphleteering in pocketbook form — especially in American election years.
One of these, NONE DARE CALL IT TREASON, a right-wing study of alleged communist sympathizers in high places, is a good example of this trend. The author, John Stormer, whose wife belongs to the John Birch Society, claims sales of over six million copies of this book, and similar sales are reported by J. Everts Halsey for his book, A TEXAN LOOKS AT LYNDON: A STUDY IN ILLEGITIMATE POWER.
Such books are basically campaign literature, and have appeared from all parts of the political spectrum. But few have attained the eminence of Barry Goldwater's CONSCIENCE OF A CONSERVATIVE, and many are simply unresourced propaganda.
Even President Johnson recently entered the field with the publication of MY HOPE FOR AMERICA. But in the world of political paperbacks, the real sellers are the right-wing authors, although regular publishers try to avoid extremist works, often through fear of libel suits.
These examples serve to illustrate the great diversity available in paperback reading. Any book worth reading — and too many which are not — will eventually be available in soft-cover.
So save your money. Resist temptation. Don't go into hook forever to buy Bruce Hutchinson's MR. PRIME MINISTER in the \$7.50 hardcover edition. It will be out in paper back soon — and much, much cheaper.

Gazette Reviews

See-Saw Has It's Ups And Downs

By MIKE WALTON
Gazette Feature's Editor
The Neptune Theatre's winter season began with a bang last Friday night. The series opened with TWO FOR THE SEESAW, a comedy about a lawyer and a dancer who balance their emotional and sexual ups and downs by temporarily merging their common interests.
Although the production is an excellent evening's entertainment, the play places no strain on the intellectual resources of the playgoer, nor, one suspects, on those of the playwright responsible for it. This reservation, of course (some wouldn't count it a fault), is a reflection on the script, not on the acting.
Essentially, the play itself is a distillation of THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH and THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG, with perhaps a dash of LOOK BACK IN ANGER to give it "significance". The implication is that the script is a hackneyed hodge-podge of theatrical clichés that have been exploited in popular drama over the past five or ten years — which it is. The audience, needless to say, loved it. I must admit that I enjoyed it too, but with serious reservations about the sentimental histrionics which marred a great deal of the play. I noticed one or two nearby females being moved to tears at the more poignant parts, and as-

sume that most of the males present were as intrigued as I was when Roberta Maxwell took her dress off. It was presumably the latter point of interest, along with such spicy dialogue as "sonofabitch" "goddam" and "did he lay you?" that prompted the warning "Recommended for Adults Only" in the program notes. Nevertheless, I cannot imagine the sensibilities of even the most tender-minded Halifax kiddy being perverted by anything in this play.
The presentation of the play reflects a great deal of credit on everyone concerned, with the exception of playwright William Gibson. It is an especially difficult project, in that the whole action is sustained by only two characters. Roberta Maxwell as Gittel Mosca, a motherly, semi-employed dancer who can't dance, and Ted Follows, as Jerry Ryan, lawyer licking his wounds in New York after botching a humiliating marriage in Nebraska, give performances which almost mitigate the thinness of the script with which they are working. Their characterizations are almost above reproach, except that Miss Maxwell's Bronx accent lapses occasionally, a fault hardly worth mentioning. Miss Maxwell has the better part (she gets most of the laughs); Mr. Follows does an astonishingly good job with his

(after all, it would be hard to imagine a less promising background than that of a Nebraska lawyer if you were going out of your way to create a dull character).
One virtue of the play is its incisive study of a kind of simultaneous self-deception and deception of others, a phenomenon which though common, usually goes unnoticed in the real world. Surely this process of isolating an aspect of human nature and presenting it for the inspection of the audience is one distinction of good drama. Unfortunately, TWO FOR THE SEESAW only manages to do this once, at least to my satisfaction; the point at which this occurs is early in the play when Gittel exposes Jerry Ryan's unwitting manipulation of others for his own ends. In this case, it is a play to get into bed with Gittel, but her clever observations on Jerry's tactics make him realize that this sort of manoeuvring has determined the pattern of his whole life.
The worst point of the play occurs where Jerry has a tantrum when on the telephone with his wife: ". . . you've got your hand in my BOWELS . . ." (deep shuddering sob, trying manfully to pull himself together). I'd feel sorry for any actor who had to tackle lines like this, and can only conclude

that since Mr. Follows does an impeccable job, playwright Gibson is at fault. Miss Maxwell's lines were for the most part much better (she had most of the funny ones), although their effectiveness depended largely on her handling of them. Even her "Yah, hallo . . ." when answering the telephone is hilariously funny. Her part is also enhanced by her husky voice and sexy good looks.
The set used in this play certainly helps to make a successful production from an indifferent script. The action takes place entirely in Gittel's flat and Jerry's room; each location occupies about half the stage, so that a telephone conversation takes place with both parties on the stage at the same time. The handling of properties ingeniously reflects the action (such as it is) for instance in the way the decorations in Jerry's room correspond to the state of his relationship with Gittel as the play progresses.
I am surprised that the Neptune did not select a better play with which to initiate the winter season; nevertheless, the fact that its production of TWO FOR THE SEESAW is such good entertainment reflects nothing but credit to the company, and augurs well for the plays to follow.

Bar-Illah "Front Rank" At Dartmouth

By BRYCE MORRISON
Gazette Music Editor
Mr. David Bar-Illan, the distinguished young Israeli pianist, gave a recital at the Dartmouth Music Club, choosing works by Rameau, Beethoven, Paul Ben-Haim, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt. Mr. Bar-Illan made it quite plain within a few bars of Rameau's Cavotte and variations that his playing is of the front rank in terms of technique. The profusions of Baroque decoration characteristic of this highly ingenious work, (a refreshing change from the strange grandiosity of that most improbable hyphenation Rameau-Godowsky) were turned to perfection, and stylistically the playing was as lucid and elegant as could be wished. The pianist's cool limp-

idity of texture extended into Beethoven's notoriously treacherous C Major Sonata, Opus 2, Number 3. The opening double thirds, the bane of so many pianists, were negotiated with the greatest ease, and the Adagio was an eloquent, and again faultlessly controlled outpouring. The Scherzo was as witty as one could wish. (Mr. Bar-Illan mischievously stressing the deliberately misplaced accentuation), and the difficulties of the finale simply disappeared in playing of such confidence, and accomplishment. It may be as well to remark that the pianist's style kept the date of the work well in mind, and never resorted to an inflation alien to its strictly formal, yet exuberant proportions. Paul Ben-Haim's suite Opus 34 sub-titled

"My Native Land", proved to be superbly pianistic writing, in style some way between the impressionism of Debussy, and the toughness of Bartok. The final Toccata gave Mr. Bar-Illan a glorious opportunity to exhibit a wealth of tonal colour, and dazzlingly executed rapid repeated note figuration.
Schumann's G. Minor Sonata, Opus 22, showed the pianist at his very best. Here the coolness already noted gave way to fiery impetuosity, and this glorious work swept forward with all the required impetus (as well as with a ravishing cantilena in the Andante).
Chopin's D Flat Nocturn on the other hand, showed a different side to Mr. Bar-Illan, of a rather less pleasant nature, namely a simulation of real warmth and sensitivity, and an "applied" type of expressiveness. The playing was much too "effect" making, too self-consciously sophisticated and mannered, though the rubato too willful (tactics later repeated with even more uncomfortable results in the C sharp minor waltz, played as an encore). But the pianist returned to more obvious home territory in Liszt's Funerailles. Here he could freely indulge his hitherto unsuspected strain of theatricality and he hurtled through his extravagant bravura with con-

siderable aplomb. He attacked Liszt's 15th Rhapsody with all the noise and energy that befell so lamentably trite a work, again revelling in the opportunity for glittering roudades of interlocked octaves, and high-speed pyrotechnics.
Mr. Bar-Illan therefore appears to be formidably armed. His technique is dazzling, his tone pungent, (though without stridency) and his sensitivity often considerable. But there still seems to be a flaw in his artistic make-up. His confidence (as demonstrated in Chopin) borders on the slap-dash, and sometimes he seems to be playing with a sort of external criterion in mind. Of course, he is a "professional" in the polish and facility of all that he does, but this could become a failing as well as a virtue. Results arrived at too easily nearly always bear the hallmarks of a certain glibness, laconicism, and lack of reflection. The audience it may be added, were provided with out-sized programs that expended the maximum space on Halifax's shopping facilities, and the minimum space on the music. These they used (when not applauding) the movements of the Beethoven Sonata, to rustle, with results that alarmingly suggested that one was sitting inside a sort of nightmarish paper house.

- ART:
February 2 - 15
Norwegian Stave Churches — This exhibition of reproductions important in the development of Gothic art is part of the Unesco World Art Series, devoted to the rare masterpieces of the world. On display in the Men's Residence Library.
February 15 - 27
Paintings and Drawings by Miller Brittain, in the Dalhousie Art Gallery.

- ART FILMS:
February 19 - Art Treasures in Great Museums:
— Art Heritage
— Your National Gallery
— Wallace Art Collection
— Chinese Shadow Play
DAL FILM SOCIETY (German Series):
February 10 - 11 (8:00 p.m., Physics Theatre)
— The Love of Jeanne Ney
— February 17 - 18
— Triumph of the Will
— February 24 - 25
— Nosteratu

- MUSIC: There will be five more concerts in this series. (King's Gym, 3:00 p.m.)
February 14 MUSIC OF THE RENAISSANCE AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND.
Nell Chisholm, soprano The Renaissance Singers
Robert Crouse, harpsichord The Dalhousie Recorder Consort
The Dalhousie Chamber Choir David Wilson, director
Vocal and instrumental music from France, Germany, Italy, and England.
February 21 MUSIC FOR ORCHESTRA
The Halifax Symphony Orchestra
John Fenwick, conductor
Serenade: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" Mozart
Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 5 in Bb major Schubert
Suite: "Folksongs from Somerset" Vaughan Williams

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