



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

I WAS A STUDENT COUNCILLOR FOR THE SPC

I had always been a good lawman. That's why I can't speak to my friends. My enemies throw rocks at me. Even my family thinks I'm a dirty Council member. But, really, I'm a good lawman.

Each Tuesday, when I go to our little S.C. cell meeting, I shudder to think of what could happen to the campus if these diabolical, fanatic, greedy, cheating, etc., etc., people ever really took over.

But I am trapped. It began 16 days ago, when comrade Lila (real name withheld) came up to me one morning in the dark, shadowed canteen and breathed, "Hello Comrade Petrov" — (God! If we only had women like that!) . . . I returned her burning gaze with my silent, cold eyes. In a flat monotone I answered, "Good morning, Comrade." (God, what a woman!)

She (What a woman!) slunk up to me and put her arms around my neck—but I wasn't interested. I knew she (What a woman!) was working for the Councillors, and now she was just a Party girl (What a woman!), so I wasn't interested.

While she gently whispered into my left ear, which accounts for why my hair is singled on that side, she asked me to come to the big wheel council meeting that night. Still in my flat monotone (I wasn't interested, but I had decided to play along), I snapped, "Meeting? Sounds like fun." It's not what I meant to say, but I didn't want her to think I was wise—yet.

"Mmmm, you're so nice, Comrade," she murmured. (I had her eating out of my hand.) Without taking her cigarette out of her mouth she planted another burning kiss on my forehead—but I wasn't interested.

Lila that night took me to the Arts building and led me to a back room, which was full of people, but I wasn't interested anyway. Scores of stonemason Comrades sat around a scarred oaken table silently. The tough guy at the end of the table, Comrade Cudmore I think they called him, looked at Lila, then at me, then back at Lila. He spoke. "Ah, Lila, I see you have brought Comrade Petrov. Is he ready to undertake operation X?"

I nodded in a dull monotone, not letting on that I wanted them to think that I didn't know what plan X was.

"Yes . . ." he murmured, "Operation X. Elimination of Outsiders from Gymnasium rallies. They are dangerous to our cause."

I left. Now Lila would know that I knew. "They have to go, honey," she said. She tried to kiss me again, but I wasn't interested.

"O.K. But where do I fit in?" Perhaps it was best to ignore her.

"Your job is to get O'Brien, tell him the score, provide him with ammunition. We'll do the rest." Somehow, when she said it, it sounded all right.

"O.K." I was repeating myself. With Lila in hot, hot pursuit, I set out to find O'Brien. I knew his usual haunts; I checked the girls' residence, the canteen, his office, finally found him on the steps of the Science Building.

"Comrade Butski," I snapped. I handed him the holsters, the twin 38's, the money belt. He slid into the shadows and was gone.

Plan X was complete. Lila congratulated me for several hours, but I wasn't interested. I got up and went back to the council.

The councillors were still chuckling over what they had thought was a suicide mission. I broke into the room and in the sudden quiet I reported plan X. Lila wanted to congratulate me again, but there were too many people around, and anyway, I wasn't interested.

A wad of bills was pressed into my hand. I didn't look back as I slipped from the building. Lila's car was waiting. She (God, What a woman!) shifted into second and we took off. "You were wonderful," she said. I smiled at her with my pepsodent teeth but no my cold, fishy eyes; I knew what was coming. She held me on her lap while I made my report, with my unsmiling eyes fixed on her.

Lila turned out to be a nurse in disguise, and although I am still not interested, we are getting married tomorrow.

Yes, the council had found my weakness.

* By the way, S.P.C. means Special Privileges Committee, a little-known group, which explains Lila.

OVER MY SHOULDER

by SUE HERMAN

"Senior Class Meeting at 12 Noon" . . . the mere sight of such a notice causes a surge of self-satisfaction to well up in one of who has, at last, reached this blissful state.

This sense of power had its foundations laid at registration. To be able to reply, "1961", albeit with fingers crossed, when asked what year graduation is expected; to wear, for the graduation picture, the gown previously so far beyond the reach of presumptuous students; the talk of Europe; the plans for a career or marriage; all of these are constant reminders that no longer is the working world an alien shore; Soon it will be, of necessity, home.

With the nasty jolt of a surprise exam comes the realization: You don't want to leave! Angrily you shut the thought away. Rationalizations flow through your mind. This is simply a panic reaction, revealing you: immaturity, you tell yourself. At the moment, you regrets are many. Conflicts between dreams and regrets will occur until the final day when your degree is conferred. From that time, there will be no looking back.

Intruding upon your reflections is the chatter of a group of students sauntering past. Looking at them, with the bitterness of an outsider, you think, "They are not seniors". Apparently this cheerful group seems too naive, lacking a savoir-faire that supposedly marks one who almost has a degree.

Thoughts travel back to high school, where a "best friend" was a compulsory object in your little universe. No one else, even parents, could be so innocently stupid when defending you, or so ingeniously capable of overestimating your abilities. No one else put up with your apparent idiocy, your record smashing tantrums, your befuddled parents, AND (if your manoeuvring had been correct) your boy or girl friend.)

Suddenly you are convinced that some intangible thing has been irrevocably lost in the past three years. Just as swiftly comes the secure knowledge that, however large the loss, the gain has been far greater. Now, each course introduces you to new people. Each class taken not only broadens your knowledge, but increases your contacts with your fellow man. These acquaintances, incidentally, are the backbone of coffee-table discussions. Nowhere else but over a steaming cup of coffee are so many varying dissertations heard, or, short of a public debate, are so many spirited arguments raised.

With respect to canteen discussions, the average highschool girl is extremely ill at ease the first time the word "sex" is mentioned loudly enough for the surrounding tables to hear. No less embarrassing is the listening, ears burning, as a professor of English discourses on the rules of courtly love. This phase also passes, until a tolerant acceptance of life replaces the illusions of man's complete goodness.

Part of the shock to a girl's system is the constant exposure to the multitude of men which overruns the campus. This group of ordinary mor-

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I'M STUCK ON A HOMEWORK PROBLEM, FREDA, - COULD I STOP BY AND SEE YOU FOR ABOUT 15 MINUTES?"

tals argue furiously on topics ranging from sex, to religion, to liquor, and dream of becoming immoral, inebriated atheists. They smoke, drink swear, love women, dimly-lit rooms, stereo, pornographic literature, and yet embarrass easily. They dislike hypocrites, extreme cheaters, dumb girls, English classes, and do not really believe in the equality of the feminine gender. They are rather fascinated by love sonnets, but would sooner die than admit it (This excepts the brave few who intelligently believe that there must be a reason why poetry has existed this long.) They hate the now old Men's Residence, would live at Shirreff Hall if possible, and haunt the Capitol Theatre, either alone, with a date, or in packs.

The general public has a different opinion from the student body, however. The Engineers vie with the

Commerce men (misplaced Fuller Brush Salesmen) for honours as the rowdiest group on the campus. To the teenagers, the Arts boys are simply stalling for time until Dad has an opening in his firm. To high-schoolers, there is no sense in taking Science because a graduate will only be forced to begin again to discover what was learned while he was learning. Simply because the Law students hibernate in a building which almost LOOKS stagnated is no reason for strangers to suppose them aloof. Finally, the brave cut-ups in Med school are not really cruel—they are a group of stout-

\$260,000 Keeps Dal In Trim

Have you ever wondered how many men and women are employed at Dalhousie for the sole purpose of maintenance? It is the unending task of 31 men and 17 women to both maintain and improve the face of the campus.

This year witnesses the completion of two new edifices on campus: the Sir James Dunn Science Building and the new men's residence. Seen from the maintenance point of view, these two new buildings represent an increase of \$60,000 per year in the operation costs of the university, bringing the present maintenance costs of \$260,000.

The university owns no heavy equipment. For all trucking, carpentry, plumbing, and electrical work, Dalhousie contracts with construction firms in the city.

Heating is another facet of maintenance. Last year, 243,000 gallons of oil were required by the university for heating purposes. In addition to this, 444 tons of coal were used to keep the girls at Shirreff Hall cozy and contented.

John R. MacLeod, A. Sampson, Joe "Butsy" O'Brien form the core of Dalhousie's maintenance system. All have long records of faithful service to the university.

The maintenance crew is not beset by many serious problems, according to Dr. Chisholm, the University Engineer. An extreme case arose last year when a steeple-jack had to be employed to remove a Soviet flag from the top of the flag pole.

Although little seen and perhaps not fully appreciated, the maintenance crew performs an indispensable service for the university.

NEW THEATRE PAMPERS CAMPUS THESBIANS

by ANNE MASON

Fortified with Dr. Sprott's reported statement that "an interesting trend in drama today is towards smaller theatres and more intimate relations with the audience", I proceeded down to the Engineer's former habitat, the shack, to take a look at the new Education Department theatre.

Located in the far wing of the shack bordering on Coburg Road, the new theatre was constructed this summer, and serves a dual purpose—the students in pharmacy and education use it as their common room during the day. Built for the Education Department, it is a manifestation of the increased role dramatic plays in the extra-curricular life of high schools and colleges. The Department hopes to offer a course in dramatics in the near future to aspiring teachers and other Dalhousians; meanwhile, this innovation is a concrete form of encouragement to this and next year's education classes.

The new theatre is available to Dalhousie student groups. The Connolly Shield will be held there on November 1-3. Prof. Moir hopes that it will become the home of the Connolly Shield permanently. The French, English and Classics Departments have requested its use,

and education students are putting on a play independently of the Shield competition next term.

Built with an eye to the future, the theatre contains the latest in space saving devices. The stage is slightly smaller than that of Room 21, while the potential audience capacity of the theatre is cut to a third, giving a cozy and intimate atmosphere. Curtains at the side of the stage, two sets of portable steps, and adequate dressing rooms make possible maximum use of stage space. A large workroom in the main part of the shack, next to the theatre, may be used for costumes and makeup. There is even a pop machine for aspiring actors and actresses who may be thirsty.

The spectator? He will be seated in a semi-circular arrangement, not too close to the stage. Underneath the stage is a 'dolly', which rolls out and contains 100 blue and grey chairs like those in the gym. The theatre can hold 125 people comfort-

ably, and there are adequate parking facilities just outside. Lighting can be controlled from back of the audience or from behind the stage. The six white spots behind the front curtains can be dimmed appropriately, and the four coloured spots at the back of the theatre are a tremendous improvement over the lighting facilities in Room 21. Recessed lights on stage further demonstrates the thought and planning which has gone into this lovely new theatre for Dal.

So the cigarette butts, coffee cups and the engineer's conversation about last weekend's doings have disappeared—here, at any rate. Instead, Dal has a new theatre that is available to anyone who wants to take advantage of its facilities, provided they contact Prof. Carmen Moir first. Let's hope that the future years will see increased use of these modern facilities by Dalhousians.



EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES