



"I've called the family together to announce that, because of inflation, I'm going to have to let two of you go."

Rosenblatt & Gilded Stein are not dead yet!

by david gutnick

We were to Mount Saint Vincent University last week to do two things actually: Joe Rosenblatt was to read and we wanted a closer look at this poet, and, as well, we wanted to see the exhibit *Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century*. The happenings were brilliant enough that one could not begin to question the individual importance of each. Together we met the forces that have driven Hebrew culture forward for over three thousand years.

Some bright faces will remember Rosenblatt as the rum-drinking poet who outshone the heavies of CANLIT (sic) in their appearances on this campus last year. Both

Irving Layton and Louis Dudek stood like tarnished statues to Rosenblatt's living verse. While Dudek fiddled with epigrams and Layton with naked ladies, Rosenblatt held our attention with Bumblebee Dithyrambs.

Laugh you may! At first Rosenblatt does come on as a burned out friend of too many living poets. We have heard tell of this all too many times, words uttered from the lips of people we would rather not name. This is not the real Joe.

When Rosenblatt drones one can hear and feel the incessant activity of all human life.

We ask: Is comparing downtown Toronto with a beehive "packing in the pollen" really such an ill-

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contrived metaphor? We would hardly get our diploma arguing the positive. Why stand on the corner of Bloor and Young if you felt omnipotent to the fact!

Rosenblatt is a Jew. And bloody hell if we did not see his vigorous activity reflected in the paintings and sculpture lining the gallery walls. Jews have suffered incredibly in this century. Knowing that they were tortured by fascists throughout the world, we can hardly not admire the fact of their perseverance. As a religious group, as a culture, they have given to this world more than they have ever received.

The *Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century* is more than a delightful exhibit, a collection of aesthetic decorations dead in a handsome building. Rather it is a tale of struggle for understanding, emotion one can see and touch. Like the poetry of Rosenblatt, the exhibit is everyday life, buzzing around our all too often deaf ears.

It is a pity though, that so many people missed it.

SEXUAL LIBERATION

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Neither nor;
or;
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by Gregory Larsen



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