

THE LIVING DEAD

Yesterday it had been Hong Kong. The day before it was Los Angeles, and before that, London, and Moscow. But today . . . today it was going to be New York. Yes, today he was going to watch it work, just like all the others, taking satisfaction in the consistency and smoothness of the operation.

The day began as it always did, like clockwork, but massive and ponderous, completely unyielding. Between six and eight, two million white collar workers rose from sheeted, bending, squeaking beds, groping for the cords of blinds to let in the piercing light of the morning sun. Tons and tons of chlorinated water poured from giant tubing into pipes, and taps, and basins to cleanse sweaty hands, oily faces, and gritty mouths with yellowed teeth. Grease from factory vats was smoothed on hair, there to stay until it rubbed off on stained pillows during the night to come, and coffee from Brazil and IGA boiled in blackened nickle pots. Two million sets of clothes, all of a style, were donned in haste, while glances at morning papers with blaring headlines of death and misery, gaudy pictures of bigger men, and ads produced from psychology, prepared blank minds for 10 hours of conversation.

Then out they poured, these workers, from rows of cells in apartment blocks, ten stories high, and onto paved streets and sidewalks all strewn with waste and rubbish. They shoved and clawed their way to crowded transportation, stuffing

grubby tickets down thief-proof slots, and slouched in leather seats with slashed backs. They kept their gaze from their brothers' eyes, and tried to breathe in dank, smoke-filled air, but lost the battle, and their lungs grew grayer.

The transport stopped and out they streamed, squeezing and mauling, sometimes losing their faces in a jerking head of musty hair. Once away, they half-ran, like sloppy regiments on the double, down the yawning canyons of Manhattan, their clamour changing to a monstrous grumble as it climbed to the tops of the man-made gorges. By two's and three's they reached revolving doors and thrust themselves inside their hives of concrete, steel and glass. They were whisked on claustrophobic elevators to floors from one to eighty and found their cubby-holes. There they flopped, those two million workers, behind mass-produced desks and picked up piles of papers, duplicates of last week's, and last months and last year's, to add and check and file and order. Around them, all was noise—the hum of air-conditioners, the beep of car horns in the dizzy depths below, the clickety-clackety, clickety-clackety of typing keys, and the frightened mutter of hushed voices disguised by rattling paper.

So it went from eight to four, this clock-like whirl of deathly monotony, and he seemed amused. There was no change, no rest, no variety, but for one short break at noon when four million mustard-coated sandwiches were gulped down and made their way to ulcerous guts, there to lay rumbling in unheeded protest.

At four, they broke loose again, and like determined ants without smiles they left their holes and went through it all a second time. Only worse this time, because nerves were frayed and patience lost and the stench of sweat from unclogged pores added to the atmosphere of stale smoke and grime.

They reached their cells again with ranks unchanged (not that it would have mattered if they had) and ate prefabricated meals in front of television sets.

At 5:48 p.m. the man on the screen joked and two million workers laughed, at once, the sound like rattling caps from empty bottles. At 5:49 their eyes (and minds) were glued on sex with toothpaste, and subconscious electric signals registered Colgate with pulsating glands. Thus their senses were beaten and battered with no defense until back to their beds they crawled, like baited bears after peace.

He turned his head away and laughed. The cackling sound reverberated thunderously across the vast emptiness of space, fanning suns and shaking meteorites, rocketing along the infinite stretches of eternity. His eyes shone with triumphant glee and he shouted for the universe to hear: "I've won. I've beaten Him down. they're all mine, all mine."

Far, far away, a tiny light dimmed a shade more.

FIGHTING WORDS ON D's

As Munro Day gallops closer, some anxious souls on campus are doing some rapid calculations (this is where Math 10 comes in handy) to see if they will appear in the illustrious Munro Day Lists. In short, all D-lovers are looking forward to a field-day.

The Awards Committee has recommended certain changes in the system to approach a semblance of equity, but since official adoption would require constitutional change, the Council has pointed out that interested parties should consult the Constitution, Article 16, Section 7, and act accordingly.

However, as D-day approaches, the campus is split into the traditional three groups: those who favour the D system, those who oppose it, and those who are indifferent. Below are stated the chief views of the first two groups.

Those in Favour

The D system performs three functions. In the first place, they provide an incentive for people to fill many of the positions that are essential to a complete and organized campus. These positions might not otherwise be filled. Secondly, they are a form of recognition to those on the campus who have performed great services to student life. Lastly, they are a wonderful souvenir for those who are sentimental (and there are many) to remind them of the activities and fun of their college days when those days are long gone by. For these reasons, the D system should continue to function.

Those in Opposition

The D system sets up a false sense of values. If people enjoy doing certain work for campus groups, they will do it whether they get points or not: there is no need to entice them with such a system, for if it were abolished, campus activities would continue to function. The satisfaction of doing a job well should be reward enough. Besides, the system is grossly unfair and it is impossible to make it truly just. For these reasons, the abolition of the D system is advocated.

These are, in part at least, the opposing sides of the argument. Although the system can never be truly just, it does hold an attraction for certain human cravings, and therefore the percentage of student assent necessary for constitutional change would be extremely difficult to get. Perhaps the answer to the problem lies in our concept of for what the D's should stand. Since the offices for which points are awarded are open to all students, we might come to regard the D's as a symbol of aggressiveness rather than of merit.

At any rate, the "Gazette" is not averse to receiving controversial letters, so we ask you, the readers, to be the judges.

Carnivals Create Swinging Scenes At Acadia, UNB

The Good Time Charlies in maritime universities have been having a ball this month. Both UNB and Acadia last weekend saw Winter Carnivals of unprecedented size and originality, and the Gazette managed to get a look at both affairs.

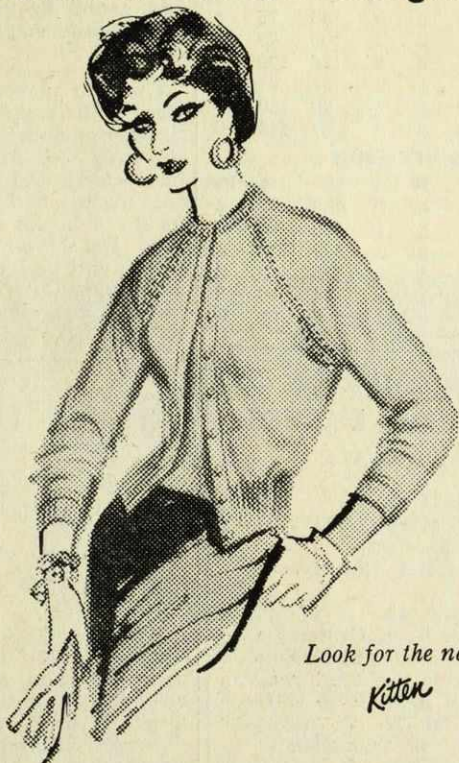
At UNB, in Fredericton, the musical "Rose Marie" played to packed houses for two nights, and events included a fireworks display, torchlight parade (we noticed a number of Foresters tramping along with arms raised and clutching fingers bearing no torches), a BIG opening night show at the rink, snow sculpture competition, intercollegiate ski, swimming, basketball and hockey competition, a hilarious hockey encounter between the tea-swilling "Gentlemen of England" and campus co-eds, a sock dance with some 2200 attending, a float parade, and three stage shows by the featured entertainers Ritchie Delamore, "Peanuts" Taylor and Martin Conliff, a talented calypso-singing trio from Nassau.

Queen of the Carnival was Nancy Ellis, attractive and stacked coed, chosen over a bevy of beautiful gals who officiated at every event. While last day plans were cut down because of poor weather conditions, indoor activities kept in full swing, as they had since the Carnival's first moments, and the Gazette's whole impression of the scene was: wow.

At Acadia, the same sort of spirit prevailed. Dalhousians attending by special train from Halifax were completely impressed by Acadia's Carnival, especially the snow sculpture competition.

The Dal-Acadia hockey game highlighted outdoor sports at the affair, and enthusiastic Dal students saw their beloved and often-becalmed Tigers slap an 8-6 licking on the powerful Acadians. Theme dances featured Huckleberry Hound and Yogi Bear. (At UNB, the Law School's snow sculpture pictured "Yogi Barrister").

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Clara Nette

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