

REFLECTIONS

the pain comes more gently

IT IS THE BEGINNING of the fourteen-hour nights, the long twilight and the slow dawning of what is, perhaps, reality. We do not yet have the deepest winter cold that seeps into our marrow, but we have the sharp chilly harbinger.

We are as cold and lonely as the bright star that hangs above us, setting the snow aglow, on a crisp night. And all this lonely night our heart jerks and twists and our lungs feel the cutting pain that comes of retching within ourselves, and holding back tears. (We take the cure of abstention, an addict's abstention.) There is a quaking, shivering, alone-at-night child's fright that sends us reeling in our sleep or twitching in the brightness of day. But as every day passes the pain comes more gently (and when some long months wash away the hardest memories we shall turn our backs to the thoughts of a love that has made us immature, regressive, that has sapped strength and left us like a cold twist of spaghetti on a plate.)

in a plasterboard square

I AM DRUNK, gay, unfettered. Drunk, sopping up the world's pleasures.

My mind churns with a thousands new concepts. I am brim-filled with realizations of truth and God, self will, art, anarchy and love.

Before this evening everything was as taut as violin strings. Now I am unlimbered.

I have galaxies in my head, swirling and massive has suddenly centered on her face on the ceiling. Nothing else is apparent. Even I cease to exist, And I stare at her face until three in the morning.

(Until everything is sweet in sleep, within dreams . . .)

In my swirling, soon-to-sleep comfort, into the bed and turn to make the covers pile comfortably and the pillow under my cheek. I go to live in sasparrilla land.

I shall ease my body into the soothing waters, let them reach to my chin, warm me, melt me, free me.

And sleep in the arms of a mother-wife. Or her.

Concepts on goodness, beauty, love and we're all being dragged after these ideas on our hindparts and all of a sudden I become conscious of her face in a plasterboard square on the ceiling. Two dots for the eyes, a tilted nose, a happy smile.

The universe, which was

U.N. IN THE CONGO

An exercise in perversity

by Alan St. G. Abbott

Editor's Note: Mr. Abbott, a native of Southern Rhodesia, is a student of Political Science at Dal.

A recent issue of *The Dalhousie Gazette* (October 4th) carried an article depicting the United Nations as an organization which operates to the general advantage of mankind. While this may be true if certain U.N. services such as the World Health Organization, it is far from being true of the U.N. in its political role. At the same time, the *Gazette* writer, in paying tribute to the late Mr. Hammarskjold, ascribed to this itinerant architect of chaos qualities of observation and integrity which he manifestly never possessed.

Most surprising of all, perhaps, was that Mr. Hammarskjold's native Sweden should have been selected for praise as a country which has attempted to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war." How ironical that a country which did nothing to assist in the defeat of the Axis powers, which in fact connived in the extension of Nazi rule to Norway, should as the result of a long record of neutrality be endowed with an aura of international sanctity. One is entitled to ask why those who remained neutral or indifferent to the administrations of Hitler should subsequently be cast in the role of peacemaker. Is their record more worthy than those who fought to restore freedom to mankind?

While one hesitates to speak ill of those so recently dead, this writer feels impelled to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Hammarskjold's recent actions in Katanga were nothing short of disastrous. Far from being a figure of objective benevolence, Mr. Hammarskjold's record shows him to have been partial, erratic, and manifestly ineffective with re-

gard to the establishment of good order in the Congo. From the point of view of central Africa, his death could only have been more opportune had it occurred somewhat earlier, thereby lessening the chances of having half-baked schemes cooked up in New York thrust on an unwilling people.

Katanga: Order Amidst Chaos

Prior to the recent military aggression against it by U.N. forces, the province of Katanga had stood out like a rock amid the surrounding chaos in the Congo.

There alone in the whole of the Congo there had been no tribal massacres; law and order prevailed, and ordinary people, both black and white, went about their business in some confidence. Prosperity was great and widespread. Any normal person might regard such a state of affairs as fortunate - in the Congo, well nigh miraculous. Not so the U.N. and Mr. Hammarskjold.

Dr. Sture Linner, chief of the U.N. mission in the Congo had just described rumours of an impending U.N. attack as "silly nonsense" and "complete fiction," when the U.N. troops attacked. First they took steps to disarm, in the name of peace, Katanga's own forces who alone in the entire Congo had succeeded in maintaining peace. What crimes had Moise Tshombe, president of secessionist Katanga, committed to warrant such action?

Legality vs. Stability

Firstly, the independence of Katanga had not been recognized by the so-called "central government" of the Congo at Leopoldville. The antics of this institution have been so bizarre as to make one wonder how anyone could seriously credit it with legality. Notwithstanding this, the U.N. used force to destroy order in the name of legalism. To the mind of the U.N. - if it can be the dubious legality of the Leopoldville "parliament" was of greater importance than the actuality of good order in Katanga.

Whether Tshombe was a legal president or a separatist rebel would seem to persons of ordinary sense a minor issue, given the confusion of circumstances in the Congo. To look further into the surrounding chaos for first principles must appear as an exercise in academic sophistry to those whose stomachs and lives are directly affected by the difference between order and carnage.

"Morality" At The U.N.

However, I have heard it seriously argued by members of this university (to their lasting discredit in my eyes) that the legal position should take precedence in this matter. Such dedication to legal finesse, enmeshed in a liberal use of the word "morality", is advocated as a suitable specific for Congolese ills. Certainly the position of the U.N. is justified by its apologist on the basis of this type of intellectual arrogance.

Political Scientist and others accustomed to taking up pedagogical positions on real matters might do well to grasp the one, fundamental, central, overriding fact that Mr. Tshombe, whatever his legality, exercised the only real authority in his area. Remove him, and bloodshed must inevitably ensue. Having failed to keep law and order itself in other parts of the Congo, the U.N. denied to Mr. Tshombe the essential means of doing so in his part.

Tshombe's Sin

The second and truly great sin of Mr. Tshombe, more heinous in U.N. eyes than secessionism, and the cause of the persistent U.N. vendetta against him, stems from the fact that he has preferred his own freely chosen Belgian advisers to any of the "experts" the U.N. has wished to foist upon him. He has had the wisdom to co-operate with the ex-colonial power, thereby enabling himself to have ruled his

province without the help of the U.N.

The U.N. personnel, having produced order nowhere, for a long while standing by in pompous but helpless inactivity, watching Congolese and Belgians doing the real work, had to content themselves with composing "the Presence", as though they were somehow immortal and luminous. Or like the Swedes and Indians, while being very sensitive to criticism, they were able to revel in the double thrill of denouncing Belgian colonialism, while themselves attempting to exercise a most arrogant form of colonial authority. Recently, by use of unprovoked force, the U.N. sought to extend this authority in Katanga, to remove competent white officials chosen by Mr. Tshombe, and to replace these victims of doctrinaire U.N. racialism by men of their own choosing, no matter how inexperienced in Congolese affairs.

Last Outpost of Stability

Fortunately, the U.N. attack has so far failed in its objectives, possibly indicating as much incompetence in the military sphere as in the political. Let nobody doubt that today the U.N. is controlled by the "neutralist" bloc, consisting mainly of young, headstrong and immature states, many of whom are deficient in knowledge of world affairs and weak in judgement.

Further, they tend to have different ideas of justice and morality from those of the more experienced democracies, casting their votes not in accordance with equity or justice as they see them, but as part of a bloc, or to further their own interests. It is conceivably due to the pressure exerted by this bloc that the attitude of U.N. officials towards Katanga has been at once so fatuous and so fatal as to invite suspicion that they don't want order anywhere in the Congo.

If Katanga finally succumbs to U.N. machinations, then assuredly the last outpost of stability in the Congo will disappear, to be engulfed in the sort of chaos which in the long term can only be of benefit to communists. It is for this reason that Rhodesia's Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, has seen fit to assist Mr. Tshombe's regime both physically and morally against the U.N. thus reducing the likelihood of chaos reaching Rhodesia's border with the Congo.

Notes & Quotes

There are only two good women in the world; one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found.

German proverb

A deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple.

Danish proverb

Do not love your neighbor as yourself. If you are on good terms with yourself it is an impertinence; if on bad, an injury.

George Bernard Shaw

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can't.

Mark Twain.

The next meeting of the Legion will take place on Oct. 30.

Every man who died for his country is cordially invited to attend.

Thoughts of love

The freshman child, painfully shy,
Wistfully dreams of the sophomore guy.
The sophomore guy, head in a whirl
Boldly stares at the junior girl.
The junior girl, since school began,
Has hopefully chased the senior man.
But the senior man, handsome and wild,
Secretly longs for that freshman child.

B. A. Class of '64.

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