

# Letter to the editor...

Last week at the Encounter sessions, a unique opportunity was presented for the interested and concerned students of Dal to confer with the people of Halifax and a dozen experts in urban affairs.

Among the many topics which could have been discussed were student housing in the community, overcrowded classrooms, and the growth of the university and its effect on the individual.

At the two meetings concerned with education which I attended, the speakers from the floor who were involved with higher edu-

cation consisted of the local leader of the NDY, who discussed the qualifications of a member of the Board of Governors; a high school teacher who spoke about a commune in Dartmouth which evidently houses university students; and an education student who pleaded for a revised approach to schooling in Nova Scotia.

The speakers were all intelligent and articulate but were they in any way representative of the student body as a whole or even a significant portion of it?

I believe not, and I wonder

why the present or the newly-elected officers of the Student Council, or the staff of the Gazette, or the founders of GERM did not involve themselves in this effort which could only change the direction of growth in Halifax-Dartmouth if they had been present to speak of the problems facing the student today.

One of the Encounter team could foresee Halifax as a cultural capital for all of Eastern Canada, largely because of the university complex, but it was said again and again that participatory management is the key to successful urban development.

Will the students of Dalhousie confirm the opinion that Halifax's scarcest resource is unity of purpose?

It was suggested that apathy can be the outward manifestation of either of two conditions — complete alienation, or satisfaction with the system. It doesn't seem that the majority of students at Dal are satisfied with the status quo, and yet we have no cause to feel totally alienated.

There are organizations that can be active in planning our future, and they can redeem their inaction of last week by meeting now with the administration and community planners.

signed,

A concerned American student

## Fourth floor shake up

# Radio reorganizes

Dal Radio is undergoing reorganization once again. The changes involve the appointment of a new director, a news director, and a technical advisor.

The new director, Cam McGillivray, was appointed at the final meeting, of the 1969-70 Student Council.

He was recommended by Derryn Crowston over Bruce Grant, the other applicant, because of his organizational ability.

Communications Secretary Andrew Cochran also disclosed at the meeting that a professional technical advisor would be appointed for the station.

He said that the advisor would probably be a part time student with

some professional experience.

When asked at the meeting who made this decision, Mr. Cochran answered it had been John Graham, student union general manager.

Mr. Graham was contacted and he states that former Dal Radio DJ Dave Smith had already taken the job. He also said that soul-brother Smith was working "about ten hours a week" and that "no salary arrangements have yet been made."

The final addition to the Dal Radio hierarchy is former Gazette staffer Don Grant. He had already taken over his post as news director. In the past, Dal Radio has had trouble with the news side of broadcasting and it is hoped that this appointment will remedy this situation.

# South of the border

I must do something. Something, anything, that will occupy my hands (for I seldom drink, and have given up the weed), and keep my mind from flying uncontrollably. Writing this account fills the bill.

Perhaps, perhaps I should begin by trying to straighten out the events of the past three days. On paper, perhaps I can achieve what is evading my mind: clarity and, maybe, even understanding. Not until I can answer my own questions will I be cool.

Let me see, the day before yesterday started normally. But then, most unusual days do. When did it become unusual? When I started crying? No, it

was before that. I guess it was in the afternoon, in the SUB cafeteria. I noticed something wrong. Gery was looking through me. I'm sure of it. He was talking to a girl beside me, and I was in the way, so he couldn't have seen her hands in her purse, yet he mentioned her switching cigarette brands! And I watched her open the package, so she had just bought it!

I dismissed it at the time, or so I thought. Perhaps he had seen her buy them, I thought. Yet it stuck. I've always been sensitive to little things, expanding them, fantasizing. I could deduce the end of the world from a discarded orange peel. But I have never suppressed my sen-

sitivity: it is the only facet of myself about which I am sure, other than my reality as a human being.

May put the cap on. May, the May everyone knows, May who knows everyone, who is involved in everyone. May. I could never quite open to May. Something in me (my sensitivity?) pushed me away from her encouragements to tell her about myself. Oh, I wanted to open. I wanted to think that she cared as much about me as she claimed. I could not.

Then, this afternoon, two days ago, I was feeling low. Maybe I was still dwelling on Gery's feat of X-Ray Vision. May met me at the door of the SUB (happenstance. I thought!), and naturally she would walk with me as far as my room, it was on her way anyway, two's company you know, and Jon, is something wrong?

That was when I started crying. Why, who can say? I never cry. We walked to my room, me sobbing, she serious and occasionally glancing at me. On my bed, cradled against her, I almost raved: about life, about happiness, and misery, about the past, and the future, and about what it was like to be alone. Yet even as I strove to open my soul, there were doors in it I would not touch: I never mentioned Gery.

Once I looked at her face, suddenly, and caught the tail-end of a smile changing into a set of straight, sad lips. I didn't look again.

After a while, I lay exhausted. She had spoken little. One thing

## Mills on Media

# Cinema and the censors

by Stephen R. Mills

(A) The Nova Scotia Board Censors has three full-time members and one full-time inspector. Within the last six months, the Board has banned no movies. In fact, the chairman of the Board cannot remember the last time a movie was banned by the Board.

(B) Within the past six months the movie-going audience in Nova Scotia has been offered some of the most inane, obscene, and repulsive cinema in the history of the "silver screen."

**CONCLUSION:** The Board of Censors is not doing its job.

## Charge!

# Retreat!

"We knew what we wanted. We went and we did it. We're ready to begin" commented DA Campbell on her return from the retreat of the new council at Martock.

Councillors were generally pleased with the weekend. Saturday and most of Sunday were spent in getting to know one another in a relaxed atmosphere. Late Sunday afternoon, talking began in earnest.

"We talked Sunday night from four until one thirty. We had melted the ice and we could really talk to one another. We could tell where each others' hangups were" said DA.

The new council established a list of priorities to provide definite goals and objectives throughout the year to insure that something will be accomplished.

"Community interaction and student participation was our overall theme. We also discussed spreading our various means of communication throughout the campus to get rid of the centrality of the SUB. The topics we deemed most important were housing and communication" commented Pat Warren. She went on to say "Parking is important but it will be damn hard to do anything about it because we can't make space where there isn't any. We could set up a system of preferential parking according to need and distance from campus".

Councillors Rod Germaine, Steve Aronson, Susan MacNeil and Rick Hughes expressed general satisfaction with the retreat.

DA concluded: "Last year, I was on the council retreat and, believe me, there's no comparison". Pat Warren felt that Council was ready to tackle the Union's many problems.

"I think, in essence, what we did was find ourselves. We started together, we've established our goals so we'll end the year together, and we know how to get there."

I remember her saying: a strangled "No!" In answer to me? I don't know what I said just before that, but cannot think of anything that she could have answered thus.

She left, and I fell asleep. Maybe nothing would have come of any of the day's occurrences, if I hadn't wakened before dawn yesterday. I lay still, and the disturbing murmur sounded louder. Quietly I set my ear to the wall. Climbing out of bed. I tried the other wall, then the floor. Two voices were in the hall below me. Gery and May.

I caught Gery's voice: "Is this really necessary?"

May answered by shushing him, then, "Come on, we've been over it. We've got to do something." There was heavy emphasis on the "something".

Is this conclusion the correct one? No, it isn't. The Board of Censors has not failed; it is the audience which is at fault.

To understand why, one must understand the purpose of the Board and one must understand the audience. Neither is easy to do but both are necessary if the Board is to survive and if the movie-going audience is to benefit from its services.

First of all, what is the purpose of the Board of Censors? Is it to dictate to the public what it should see (what is "good") or what you should not see (what is "bad")? Surely, it is not; you can do this for yourself. Rather, a Board of Censors should keep from the screen, not movies they consider 'obscene', but movies they feel are below anyone's consideration; that is, movies that are neither "good" nor "bad" but are so obviously pornographic or violent in nature that they can be of benefit to no one and therefore should be banned. In this context, banned does not mean prohibited but not worthy of your consideration.

But it still seems that the Board has still failed. Most of the obscene flicks we are offered would be considered bannable in this sense. This is not the case, however, for just as we must keep in mind the purpose of the Board when judging it, the Board must keep in mind audience reaction (i.e. attendance) when passing judgment on the films it reviews.

Please bear in mind that when I say attendance, I do not mean that the Board passes movies because a lot of people will attend them.

What I mean is that a huge attendance at a film must be considered as indication that the audience feels they can pass judgment on a film. They can call it wonderful or they can call it horrible but at least, they feel that there is something on the screen worthy of their classification. This is where the Board is mistaken for this is where the movie-goers of Nova Scotia have failed; this is where the audiences have let themselves down by rendering their Board of Censors ineffective.

You see, there can be no conclusion but that NS audiences have not the intelligence or the conscientiousness to know whether a movie is worthy of consideration or not. This must be the case for attendances soar and the Board receives few, if any, complaints.

It is you, not the Board, that has failed — that's why you get so many worthless films and so few excellent ones. I'd like to see this situation change; that's why I'm taking the time to write this; that's why I phoned the chairman of the Board of Censors. If you're concerned, why not do the same. Give the Board (and yourselves) a break?

"Okay, let's go. He's asleep, it will be a complete surprise. He'll never know what hit him."

I ran, then, quietly, grabbing clothes, out the back door, down the rear flight, and out to the park across the street. I dressed, fled to the bitti and hitched. I'm almost five hundred miles south now, almost to the border. Tomorrow, I'll be over it.

But will they stop there? I don't know how badly they want me. They're trying to break my nerve. I saw an ad today in the Personals: "Jon? — May and Gery". Anyone can see it means "May and Gery are after Jon," if they know how to read it. How many are in 'on it? Who are they notifying?

But I'll win. I'm alone, but I'll win. I have to win — for everyone's sake.

