

The Big Apple— A Cosmic Stew ?

by Robert Jacobson

Of all the diverse and interesting things that go in to making New York the cultural cornucopia that it is, for me the most diverting and pleasurable pastime is simply walking the streets. Here's where one can experience first hand the random energy, which makes the "Big Apple" such an exciting and provocative place.

Starting anywhere: be it the deep concrete canyons of the financial district, or the quaint, tree lined streets of Greenwich Village; pulsating Times Square, or ritzy Fifth Ave.; uptown, or downtown; East Side, or West Side, the same inexplicable feeling of intoxication sets in. The air seems charged, and one's step quickens, as the incredible maelstrom of activity, which is the daily

fare in Manhattan, takes hold. Though the whole garish spectacle may appear utterly pointless, or meaningless to the mind, it has a decidedly visceral effect on the body, and when it infects the blood, it's not easily expurged.

Plodding along; bobbing and weaving through the dense crowds, one experiences a gradual transformation, as the bonds of inertia are shed, and the imagination, propelled by the irresistible rush of euphoria, is able to break from it's moorings and soar! The ebullient soul, flushed with the victory over it's two major enemies (inertia & gravity), opens it's doors, and lies ready to receive! The mind becomes a cosmic stew; teeming with remembrances, and delightful associations!

In such a state, New York

literally flops over, like the big whore that she is, and spreads her creamy thighs, daring all and sundry, to taste her forbidden fruits, and partake of her rich ambrosia. But one must be wary in dealing with such a massive slut, for she is no ordinary temptress, and will drain the very last ounce of strength from anyone who doesn't take care, in her attempt to appease her insatiable appetite for "MORE", and who delights in watching her victims weaken, crumble, and fall by the wayside.

Needless to say, the

streets are liberally littered with her victims, who mingle indiscriminately among the rich, beautiful, famous, and not so famous, to create a merry hodge-podge of the social spectrum. Consequently, one finds every want and manner of miscreant and perversity abounding, and just as manure attracts flies, one finds a plethora of religious creeps, and "social healers", who range in style and organization from the very sophisticated, to the street corner babbler, and who descend like swarms of knats, or mosquitoes on every "inno-

cent" pedestrian, peddling the "Divine Principle", or some short cut to salvation..... Ugggggggh! Any why not? Isn't New York the Center of Western Decadence? ".... Why, I'll drink to that!..."

As a writer, and in constant pursuit of inspiration, I can now appreciate what the Sun at Arles meant to Van Gogh, and what the South Sea Islands meant to the likes of Melville and Gauguin.

As they say: ".... New York's a great place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit there....."

Guru Goulash

by Bill Jones

Having been completely a religious for six or seven years I recently decided that maybe the source of my problems was that I lacked a certain amount of faith in the existence of a spiritual world. In this spirit, I made up my mind to check out the Guru Dall - Lars, who happened to be in town that weekend. So, on a dreary Friday night (aren't they all?) I shuffled into the Guru's transcontinental mediation meeting.

I was greeted at the door by my first vision. I would say she was about five-seven, built like the proverbial brick shithouse, with eyes that melted all of my resistance. I said, "I didn't know that religion could be such fun." Her reply was to say the least, succinct, "please have a space inside. The wonderful one will arrive shortly to help you achieve inner peace and happiness. The contribution will be five dollars."

"Spoken like a true fanatic," I thought, as I parted with a fin. The scene inside was like lunch hour at Ringling Brothers. The gentle humming reminded me of a joke I once heard where a gentleman unfortunate enough to be sent to hell upon his death is given his choice of three doors and behind one door he hears a sound like hymns being sung. He of course chooses that door and finds that the souls inside are up to their chins in shit and the humming is their request not to make waves. If the analogy fits, wear it.

After about an hour of the Guru's warm up men giving us the hype on how their lives have changed since they started following him. We were ready for his arrival on a magic carpet, or whatever they usually arrive on. I thought about how it must be true about their lives changing since I read about Rennie Davis. Never-the-less, I was mentally prepared to accept his

teachings with very little scepticism. I was not prepared for what happened.

He arrived amid chants, flower throwing, but unfortunately no pie throwing as greeted Marhari Ji in Houston. The hat was passed, the ten thousand dollar mark for the year was passed, as was joyously noted by the Guru's chief follower, adviser and accountant. Sitars played, girls danced (it wasn't a total loss) and finally we were ready for pearls of wisdom to drop from Dall - Lars lips like so many gold coins falling against a cement floor. The silence was deafening. The Guru paused and waited. The assembled menagerie of wackballs grew restless yet still and then he spoke. He spoke to end all troubles. He spoke to bring peace to our hearts. He said, "don't eat the yellow snow." Marjoe Gortner was right.

Drama Competition

The Association for Native Development in the Performing Visual Arts is pleased to announce its first competition for playwrights. Entries will be accepted during the year of 1975 until September 30th. This competition is open to all people of Indian ancestry. Prizes will be monetary.

The nature of the play can be an Indian legend in dramatic form, a comedy, or a social, domestic or historical drama. The structure should be a one-act play of 30 to 40 minutes in length.

This competition is an extension of the Native Drama Festival scheduled for the month of March, 1975 and is another effort to encourage more Native people to become involved in the performing arts.

Grounds Supervisor Razed

by Chris Hart

As every student of this University knows, Dalhousie has one of the highest tuitions in any similar institution in the country. One can't help wondering where all this money goes. The obvious answer is that the monies are used to pay for faculty and staff salaries, equipment, buildings, general maintenance etc.

In the recent edition of University News there is an article on how to save money by reducing heat loss and turning off water faucets. This effort by the University staff is all fine and dandy but the problem of saving money has its roots elsewhere.

For example, a lot of funds are channeled into the maintenance and general upkeep in the university grounds. This job is

given to the "Ground Crew" as it is commonly called which is under the direct supervision of Eric Wittstock., Grounds Supervisor. I had the misfortune of meeting this individual during my short term under his employ this summer. Before I was told that my services were no longer required I managed to discover some very interesting occurrences. Such as we only worked seven and a half hours a day but were paid for eight. I like that deal!! But one thing leads to the next, which was that on Saturdays (overtime of course) everyone took off after making an appearance for an hour or so and somehow managed to get paid for the day. That was all right too at the time. I hope I have managed to convince you that the job is a fairly slack on. The duties

of a worker on the grounds crew, entailed cutting lawns, trimming along walls etc. just the usual stuff that everyone does as kids. After working for a couple of weeks I began hearing of other duties that the ground crew did, such as maintaining President Hicks personal house and once we made a trip to an obscure mansion by Chocolate Lake where I was told not to ask any questions but just do what we were supposed to do. This place got the royal treatment using special lawnmowers that collect all the grass cut. Flowers were planted, shrubs etc. As I said the super duper deluxe treatment. I asked all sorts of questions like who the hell owned this place and deserved all this fancy

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Who is Ann Smiley?



Ann Smiley for Vice-Pres

Ann Smiley, candidate for Vice-President, has had experience in both student and community activities. While taking Political Science at Dal. Ann was a member of the founding executive of the Political Science Undergraduate Society. She was on the Board of Directors of the Halifax Y.M.C.A. for four years, and served on its executive for a year. She was active on a number of committees, including the International Development Committee, and was a youth representative at regional and national conferences of the "Y".

Graduating B.A. cum laude last year, Ann entered law school this year with a Dunn Scholarship. She is currently involved in the student-faculty committee structure of the law school. As a member of the Public Services Committee, her activities have included organizing two sessions of the Thursday morning Law Hour; one on career opportunities for law students, and another on the lawyer and the environment.

Ann believes that Student Aid will be one of the most important concerns of Dalhousie students this year. Along with Bruce Russell, she will work to make more effective representation to governments for Aid review. The National Union of Students has potential to increase student participation in decision-making in this area.

Ann and Bruce believe that the Dal Student Union should endorse International Women's Year. The formation of groups such as the Union of Dalhousie Women and the Association of Women in Law show that the level of awareness and interest is increasing. Such groups should be encouraged, as they offer another source of input and participation for members of the Dalhousie community.

While continuing to work for all segments of the student population, more can be done by the Student Union to work with Dal's graduate and professional school students, particularly the Carleton campus area of the University. Problems concerning bookstores, social and office facilities must receive continued and concerted attention by all those concerned.

These are only a few of the issues currently facing the Dalhousie community. Ann Smiley can offer enthusiasm, ability and experience with student and community groups to find and implement viable solutions to meet the concerns of Dalhousie students.