



Mount Martock skiers (above) gather at the starting point before heading downhill. Below, Gail Woodbury reigns as Queen of the Winter Carnival at the Roaring 20's Ball. (Photo Robert Graham)



ACADEMOCRACY SEMINAR

By Bob Baldwin
for Canadian University Press
DUBLIN, IRELAND, JAN. 19 (CUP) -- It isn't just the Iron Curtain that separates student movements in the world.

This is the conclusion that can be drawn from the political alignments of the representatives of the various national unions of students attending the First European Seminar on the Democratization of Education, co-sponsored by the International Union of Students (UIS) and the Union of Irish Students (UISI), January 17-19.

For the alignment was not the traditional East-West dichotomy. There were three factions; the East European unions, the West European non-syndicalist unions and the syndicalist unions. And from the point of view of leftness on the political spectrum, the syndicalists held the field.

The tone was set by the first paper presented, an analysis of Rylard Stemplowski of the ZSP (Poland).

The following passage was adopted almost unquestioned by all delegates except those from the NUS (Britain), the SUS (Scotland) and the USI (Ireland): "The aim of the process of democratization is to achieve a democratic education based on the following principles:

- * universality;
- * free education and economic guarantees;

Discipline

Recently the Senate Discipline Committee had occasion to deal with a student who was apprehended stealing kitchen utensils from the Dalhousie Men's Residence. As a result, the individual concerned was fined \$50 for this offence by the Senate Disciplinary Committee. Henceforth, it has been decided that any such offenses in the future will be severely dealt with.

"OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR" TO START FEBRUARY 15

By CHRIS LOBBAN
Susan Todd, says of the play, which will be put on at QEH Feb 15-17, "It's hard to describe, so come and see it." But for now, here is what the program will say about it:

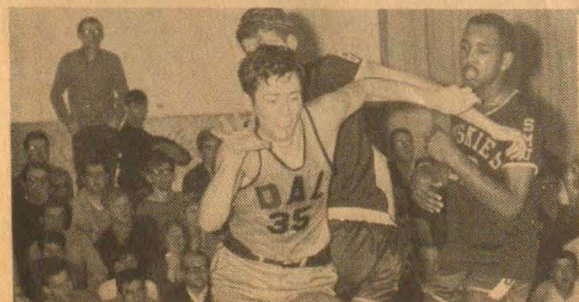
"Oh! What a Luvly War is not just one story, but many. In episodic fashion it surveys the course of World War I from the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand to the last days of fighting. Running through the play are the songs - trench songs, popular songs and the jingles. They do not replace the dialogue, in the manner of an ordinary musical, but they do contribute to the development of the play. They provide the atmosphere and the thematic

element into which the various scenes fit like a sequence of snapshots."

The play was written by Joan Littlewood and is produced by Flora Montgomery. It is a satire on all the levels of the war, from the self-advancement policies of the generals and profiteers to the dismal conditions of the trenches. It is set up as an army show such as were put on in the PX huts by the soldiers. Bob Underwood says that the music is "good" (whatever that means), and Todd says that parts are "crude, gross and even rank".

It has been seen in Toronto, London England, and at UCLA and is particularly of interest in the light of the war in Vietnam.

herein one is to find:



The Dal Tigers took an even firmer grip on first place by beating SMU February 2. For further sports, see page 5.



The Blues Magoos in concert. For comment on and pictures from this exciting event, see page 4.

BREAKS EVEN-CARNIVAL SUCCESS

By MAUREEN PHINNEY

It had to be a smooth-running success. With a well-organized entertainment program and a keen committee, 1968 Dal Winter Carnival was the best in many years.

"We haven't gotten in all the figures yet, but we're almost certain we'll break even" said Carnival Chairman Steve MacDonald.

"Our success wouldn't have been possible if it hadn't been for the people that helped us directly and indirectly. I'd like to thank them all personally for their wonderful support."

Over a thousand attended the ball, and about 250 showed up at Mount Martock.

Both Friday night concerts were sellouts, and a good crowd showed up for Tommy James and the Shondells. "A lot of people were particularly impressed with this group" commented MacDonald. "I was very pleased with the Black and Gold Review this year. We had a lot of excellent entertainment and I think everyone enjoyed themselves," he said.

A Carnival Committee member, Peter Smith, produced the winning B & G skit "Hello Dolly" for Zeta Phi Fraternity.

The only carnival event that wasn't entirely successful was the Saturday afternoon snow frolic. "This wasn't due to any fault of its organizer (Graham Pye) emphasized MacDonald. "It was a really great idea, and would have come off if it hadn't been for the wet weather. We even had twenty-five snowmobiles rented for it. I think, though, it's an idea that they can use successfully next year."

The snow sculptures met with the same fate. "Wet weather cut down on the number of entries," MacDonald said. Commerce Faculty won prize, for best sculpture, and Drama won most original. "The fact that the Carnival was financially successful isn't the

most important thing about it" stated MacDonald. "What is important is that we got good participation, everyone enjoyed themselves, and everything went smoothly."



The winning snow sculpture judged on Saturday was this car, modelled by the boys from Commerce.

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DRAMA DIVISION PLAYS UNEVENLY SUCCESSFUL

By LINDA GILLINGWATER, B.A.

A faulty play combined with inexperienced actors and unevenly good direction made Chamber Music the least successful of the three plays presented in the Studio Theatre last weekend.

Arthur Kopit is still an undisciplined playwright. Although widely acclaimed as one of the foremost playwrights in America today, his dramatic inexperience seriously handicaps his writing. In the play Kopit strongly attacks the pseudo-cultural busyness of the typical woman's group. The members decide to attack the men's ward, the supposed source of the alleged threat to their lives. Admittedly the plan isn't, as the woman who plays music points out, strictly kosher meat, but they decide the extra men who are killed can be wrapped up and eaten later. This plan is subsequently rejected. No attack will even be launched, they conclude, if the women show their strength. They decide to sacrifice a woman and send the body over to the men's camp. The only member who had tried to resist the trivia which characterized the group is killed. She had retained her individuality and knew that she was Amelia Earhart (a person) as distinct from the label which the rest wear (secretary, safari hunter etc.) She has been the source of constant irritation to them. She demands to know how the rest assume that the men's ward is going to attack. Most importantly she suggests that if the women are in danger the problem stems from something other than the men: "It's due to someone, or someplace else."

Kopit's criticism of the sterility of women's clubs is valid. But his text has serious flaws. Many of his literary illusions smack of pretension and are not justified by the work. They are, I think,



Hilary Kitz and Alan Andrews discuss everything but marriage in Chekov's "Proposal". (Photo by Archibald)

thrown in only to make the audience aware that he is widely read. Little Gertrude Stein rhymes stud the play. They add nothing to it however. Their inclusion is forced and artificial. It is not enough to suggest that they point up the superficiality of the women's cultural pursuits. Kopit here is superficial himself. Tasty tidbits about F. Scott Fitzgerald and Bach are also thrown in arbitrarily. The author is, it strikes me, just trying too hard. His ending is tacked on and smacks of a medieval morality play. An assistant comes on, closes the windows and, in a long monologue, suggests that the women no longer need clocks. How obvious and how trite. The windows are closed because the women are isolated and sterile. The club room has become a tomb in which they grow older and finally die. Time, for them, is static. The women do not change or progress. Any real experience lies in the past. The monologue is an insult to the audience.

The ritual nature of the killing was exciting. Amelia's growing awareness of her fate and the progressively more frenzied action of the women were excellent. Most of the actresses had no prior stage experience. Working with such a large number of novices must have posed enormous difficulties. Stronger actresses were not there to bring the others along. Their performances were unevenly successful. The woman who played records set a nice tone for the opening scene and sustained her part quite well throughout. Amelia understood her part and played it competently. The president of

the group, both because of the director's excellent choice of costume, and because of her delivery immediately took charge of the group and brought them (and the play to some extent) to order. Considering the tremendous problems that faced the director the play was a competent, if not completely exciting, piece of theatre.

THE PROPOSAL

Chekov's play "The Proposal" couldn't fail. Professor Lawrence, an experienced actor and director himself, had an almost completely professional cast. This is an obvious added advantage.

Everyone knew what to do and they did it. The text and actions served to reinforce each other at every point. Natalya says that she wants to have nothing further to do with her as-yet unannounced fiancé. She passes him back his hat and considers the matter closed. Ivan emphatically states that the lands which she claims belong to her certainly do not lie within her domain and flips his tails to make his point. In their continued confrontations Natalya slams the matches back into their holder; he angrily gulps water to pinpoint his displeasure. It is obvious from the outset that the two will never be reconciled irrespectively of any marriage vows that they might exchange. (This, when Ivan expresses his delight at the end he quite rightly doesn't even look at her. It would have been quite easy for Ivan to overplay the "Oh I'm going to collapse at any moment from a thousand dire diseases." He didn't. Just the right proportions were achieved by Andrews and by all the cast.

SWAN SONG

A similar balance was struck by Sidsy Clark in Swan Song. The borderline of sentimentality was very close to being crossed at several points, but it never was. Delivery of such a long monologue is very difficult. Blocking was effective and the tension between feeling that his life is finished and has meant nothing and his rallying of courage again when he decides that age can never destroy genius is captured perfectly. I found this the most exciting (perhaps because it was the most difficult for an individual performer) play of the evening.

Although the night was an enjoyable one it was not thrilling. Theatre can be. The Chekov play is one that Neptune could have done. This, in itself, is not a criticism but there are other areas that should be explored by the department, areas which Neptune will never attack. Admittedly the demands of the students have to be met, the facilities in the department are limited, and time is at a premium. All these are real problems. But if theatre has any right to survive its only rationale is that it puts us into communication with pure forces and with basic problems. Everything else is fun, perhaps partly valid, but not germane to theatre as it should be redefined. When are we going to be "gotten where we live?"

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Those Friday Night BLUES



You may remember that for two weeks CJCH consistently asked, "Are YOU ready for them?" In hindsight, may I truthfully say, "No I was not."

It started not with a bang or a whimper, but with a burp. In full, electrified, high fidelity sound, the general disturbance was shared with the quarter of the audience that had already entered the hall; Halifax had been introduced to the Blue Magoos.

Luckily, our re-acquaintance was not made for another hour. The pleasant diversion which the Left Banke was supposed to be gave us a few minutes of respite.

This year's Dalhousie Winter Carnival Concert was appropriately held in the natural habitat of over half of its audience. Besides being poorly ventilated and the resting place of a giant wooden Union Jack, the QEH auditorium just didn't seem to offer the Concert's performers the type of atmosphere which they required. But then again, where else can you accommodate enough high school students to make the entertainment pay for itself?

Small difficulties aside, though, because larger ones were in abundance.

The Left Banke was intended to be the come-on group. They were supposed to take a cold Halifax audience and warm them to the point that not a note of The Blue Magoos music could escape appreciation. Unfortunately, nothing in the world could have accomplished this, although the Left Banke tried hard enough, and in part succeeded.

In their first number, Pretty Ballerina, the Banke's lead guitar was discernably flat. This was thankfully rectified before the second offering was attempted, and by the time song three or four rolled around, the band had attained some sort of unity, and was playing, for the first time, with the precision which separated it from our local counterparts.

Their precision did not extend into their humour. Their stage manners and presence simply did not exist. Their most hilarious lines were their slightly potted comments on Halifax, and their proposal that Canada is a peaceful country.

I've Got Something On My Mind and Shadows Breaking Over My Head were presented without a hitch, but the great unhitching came during Under My Thumb, when the lead guitarist, recognizing that he had inflicted something unbelievable upon his audience, pulled a string.

He succeeded remarkably well in filling time with Norwegian Wood, however, and a disaster was glossed over, even if it did take three more songs before the string had stretched enough to allow the band to return somewhat to normal.

The Banke was particularly good at imitating the Beatles, and used this ability to good advantage in A Day In The Life, and Going To Get You Into My Life.

I found myself wishing that the Left Banke had more body, in fact, more sound. I also wished that a particularly sloppy band could appear alongside the Left Banke so that the audience could regain its perspective in evaluating them. Ten minutes later, I found my second wish fulfilled, and decided that it is better to have too little body than too much.

There are few words which could describe the Blue Magoos first number. It would not be difficult to believe the rumors that the organist and drummer were high, or even the whispers that they were being slowly electrified by their flashing neon suits (a vain wish, as it turned out). It took four numbers before the members of the Magoos discovered that they were not giving solo performances. The organists wrong cues could not possibly all have been flukes.

And even the songs which they did do well, such as Learn To Live Each Day One By One, Sometimes I Think About, There's A Chance That We Might Come Together, and Wet Dream, were almost destroyed by the pseudo-psychedelic lighting which was so forced that it almost took your attention away from the man in the white T-shirt, who kept jumping up on stage, and probably paid the forty children who mobbed the Blues in a scene which could only have been stolen from The Ten Commandments.

After having heard the Banke, I asked myself if there could possibly be a stage show with worse humour than the one I had just seen. The Blue Magoos convinced me that yes, in fact, there was. But the atrocity of the night award (which has more than relative value) surely has to go to Charles P. Rodney Chandler, Junior, who was intriguing in the sense that never before have I seen a man melt in front of an audience of hundreds.

It seems that even though less original, the Left Banke outdid the Blue Magoos, battery packs and all. What this means, however, is another question.



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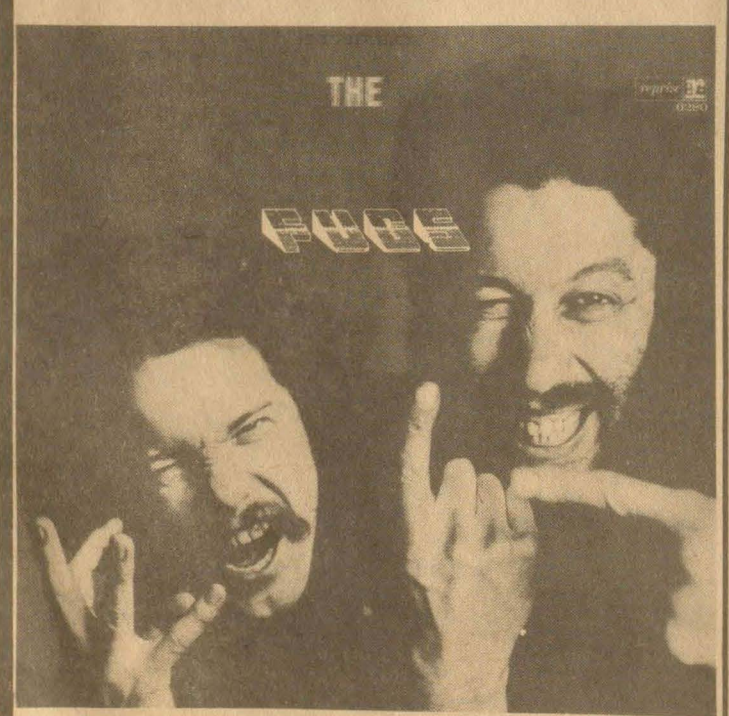
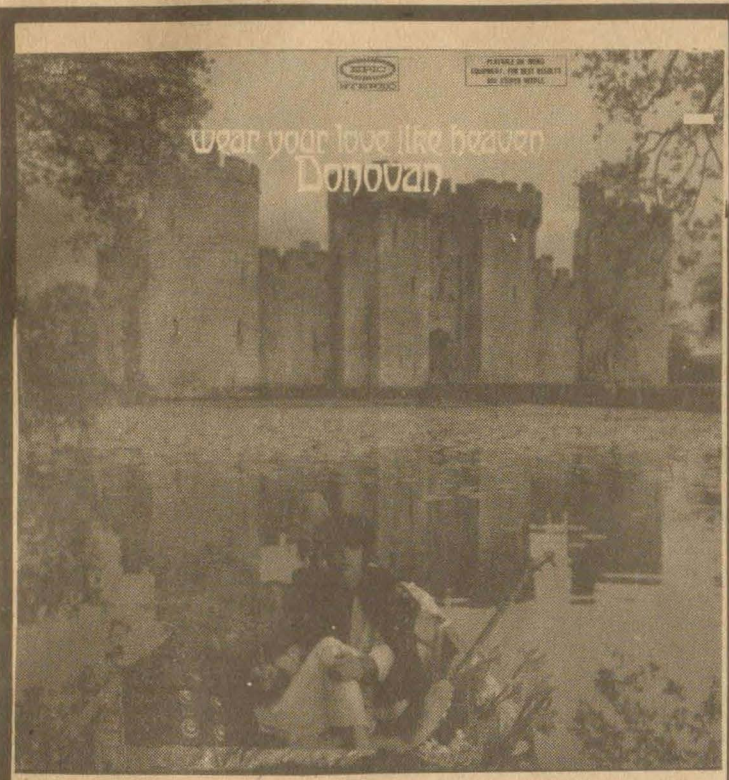
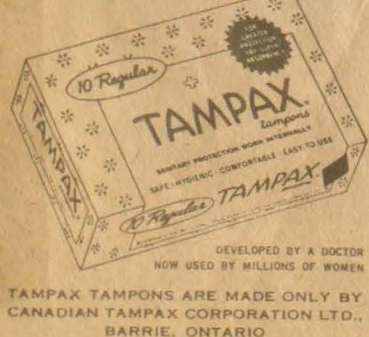
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