

CO-OPERATIVE: Marked by a willingness and ability to work with others.

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Only one of the two buildings scheduled to be open in September has been opened, with the opening date for the other yet undetermined. People are already starting to feel the bind of co-operative living.

If the new Co-ops survive, then true co-operation must exist. Students have been sitting around commenting that it would be nice if people could get along with each other instead of fighting stupid wars. This is the chance for all of us now to put some of our good intentions to work.

Students at UNB aren't ready for such co-operation. There hasn't been the necessary training provided to the students, to prove that anyone is ready to accept the responsibility for such an adventure.

The danger of the buildings turning into another Rochdale is highly unlikely as we are sure that the Co-op officials have more fore-sight than to allow that to happen, but unless people realize what they have committed themselves to, it may be a very unpleasant place to live.

For most of the students here it will be an experiment in a whole new way of living, and not all experiments have good results.

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There they are folks . . . the staff this issue.

High Spink.

(Carol, thanks for the gift, we all loved it.)

In reference to the alleged policy of Winter Carnival this year (1969-70) several perplexing questions come to mind. Firstly, and most important, (notwithstanding slanted news releases), what the Hell is going on?

Secondly, does the SRC plan to continue its bizarre policy of previous financial arrangements for such an event? Who, if anyone is going to audit the books resulting from this fabulous \$55-per-individual impending disaster? Will it be arranged in the same manner as the juke box located in the coffee shop? By the way, who does the financial records for that machine — the owner?

One would think it advisable that a more precise statement of SRC policy towards the above be published, if indeed, such a policy exists.

R.A. Goodwin, A III

The UNB Chorus is not a very widely publicised organization. This is indicated by the fact that there were only about forty people in attendance at our Christmas concert. The attendance was not bolstered by the fact that the extremely efficient staff of our newspaper saw fit, on November 28, to publish the wrong times in "Where It's At" for the concert, and saw fit, on December 5, to announce that there will be a concert on December 2, featuring the UNB Chorus.

At any rate, those who attended our December 2 concert, enjoyed it immensely.

Our Chorus of about twenty-five members is under the very capable direction of Mr. D.V. Start, Director of Music at UNB. We practise on Monday nights from 8:30 to 10:00 p.m. in the Creative Arts Room at Memorial Hall. We sing a wide variety of music, ranging from religious works, through madrigals and classics, to contemporary songs.

We would like to extend an invitation to all students and faculty members of UNB, STU, and TC, to join us. One can do so much more with additional voices than one can with a chorus whose numbers are limited.

We will be staging another concert on Campus towards the end of the winter term, for which we are starting to practice immediately. We also plan to perform at several other functions during the winter, including Founders' Day. Join us *this* Monday night at Mem. Hall at 8:30.

Robert M. Taylor

FREE ADVICE
In response to my letter which will be published in tomorrow's paper I wish to clarify several questions which I posed in response to the numerous answers which were raised in certain esoteric circles over the growing trend towards youthful banality and analytic fixations.

In recent years I have tread the mobius strip of life, in constant fear that the forces of good and evil would come face to face and implode in a devastating flash of apathy. I wish to reiterate the fact that it is neither here nor over there

whether or not I find the straight and narrow path along the undulating path towards a sexual denouement. What is important is my unwavering belief in the indoctrination of ultimate sin in all men's minds, and the economic creed of hypocrisy relating to the "cogito ergo sum". The world must choose a course of action which goes beyond the petty pinko politics of yesteryear. This infinitely important decision must enable mankind to transcend the everpresent ubiquitous plight of ethereal evil and still maintain a delicate balance which will not discriminate against any Indians in the group.

The task is not an easy one, for even now the indelible stain of gluttony has been etched on the brain of every hedonistic moralist throughout the entire kingdom of heirarchy. How long will it take . . . ten, twenty, a score or more, nay sire, in truth I speak to you, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men will ever again play a simple but indolent game of mumbly pegs without incurring the wrath of smut jaded iconoclasts the world over. How well I remember my inaugural redress before the bureau of friends and relations in which I echoed the words of that immortal naturalist Thomas Bentham "Life holds no orchestration for me unless it is kindled by the platitude of love."

I hope that I have been able to be of some assistance to your readers.

Iipse dix it too
ARTS