



The Picaro

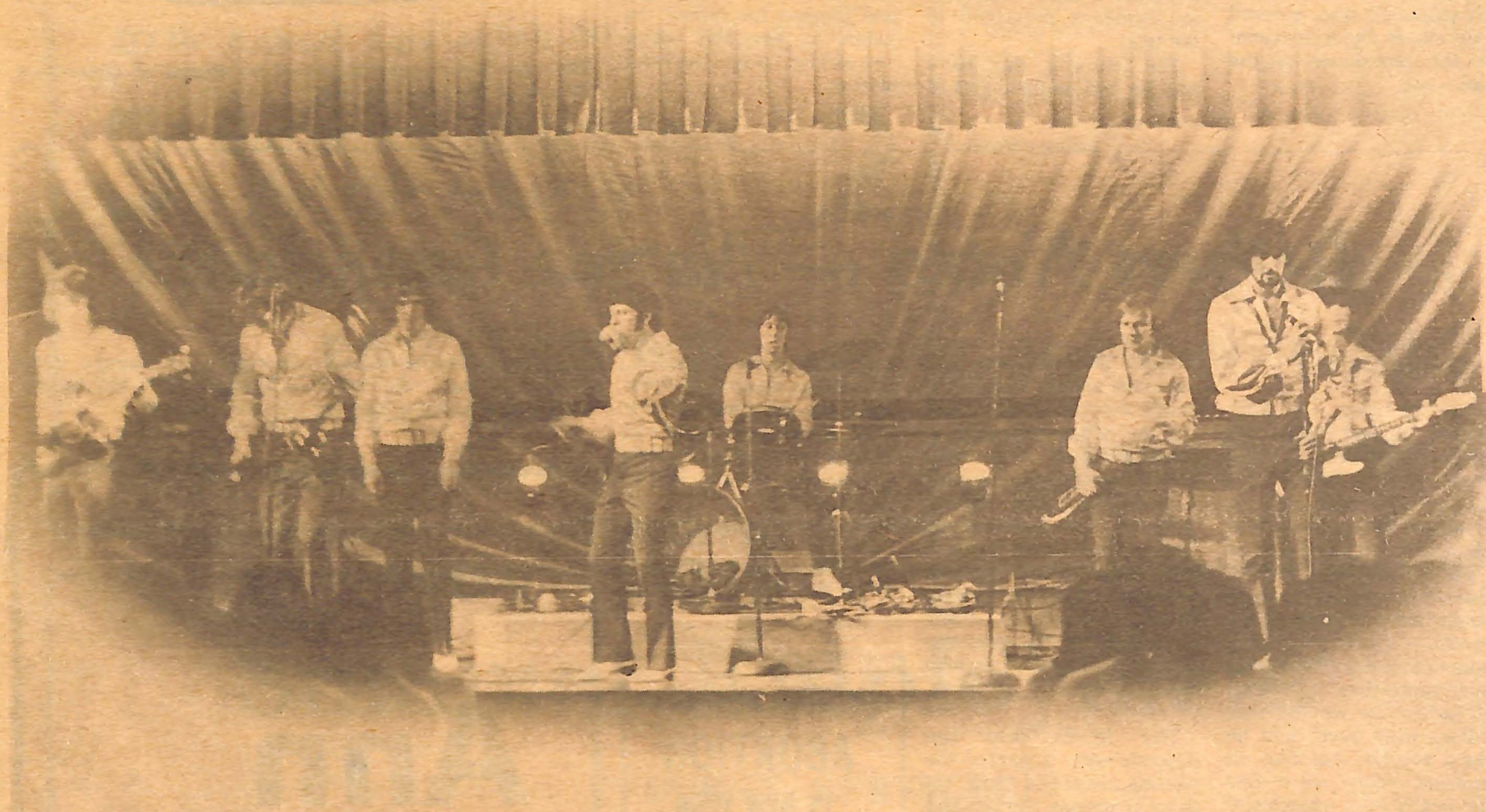
Greek
Week
March
15-19

Volume 6 No. 9

MT. ST. VINCENT UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX, N.S.

Feb. 18, 1971

Special



The Dublin Corporation

Winter Carnival Issue

Rose banned from Court

*Montreal Trials Continue
Rose Banned from Court*

In a move unprecedented in Canadian legal history, but based on the Canadian Criminal Code, Marcel Nichols February 8 barred Paul Rose from the courtroom where he will be tried on charges of kidnapping and murder.

Invoking section 557 of the criminal code, Nichols said, "the time has come when it is necessary for me to make this gesture" and ordered Rose out of the courtroom for the remainder of the trial.

The move came after Rose charged the judge and other court officials as: "the whores of the establishment. But whores at least earn their money. You others, you are simply gangsters..."

In his ruling, Nichols said the jury candidate, who admitted under questioning by Rose that he would be unfavorably disposed toward the accused, had shown he would be prepared to render a verdict based on the evidence presented to the trial.

The following day Rose said he had no apologies to

offer, and his behavior in the courtroom depended upon the judge's treatment of him. Nichols then ordered him out of the court again.

The trials of Jacques Rose and Francis Simard, charged along with Paul Rose in the kidnapping and murder of Pierre Laporte were cited for contempt and their trials postponed until the spring sessions. Jacques Rose was cited for contempt for shouting Vive Le FLQ and Simard for telling the judge to eat shit — a recently popularized phrase.



*The new Mount symbol passed by Board of Governors
Thursday, February 11, 1971.*

Robert Netro — Native Canadian

by Mary Reid

One evening in mid-winter, Robert Netro, a young native of 28, was down at the school hall playing the guitar and entertaining the teachers. The folksongs he sang floated on a sea of beautiful tradition, and lyrics tripped through the air like deer through the woods. During these moments, Robert Netro was much more than a 28-year-old Indian; he was all that Indians ever were, and he was a prophet, but like all prophets, there were few who really ever understood the message, or even dared to believe.

The next day, Robert Netro was found dead in his sleeping bag. His body was wrapped in green garbage bags and sent to Inuvik for an autopsy. The cause of death was never deter-

mined. The body was laid out in the old parish hall in a crude wooden casket made by one of the villagers. A cross of pink and white paper flowers was the only bit of color. The funeral service was meaningless. The minister went through the usual drab Anglican service while the blank faces revealed their toleration for the patterns laid on by those of us who had taught them.

The feasts and the funerals were a part of the passing life of Old Crow. On those occasions, the joy and the sorrow were intimately shared as one. At Robert's funeral, I became conscious of a fellowship that could only include those people who were a part of the history.

As whites in that village, we had come to teach new religions, new laws, and new

ways of learning about life. We seldom stopped to think about the relationships they had developed between thinking and feeling in their 10,000 years of being in that environment.

On one hand, I caught a glimpse of a culture that was warm, beautiful, fragile

and fading. On the other, I saw white man who could not feel the warmth, see the

beauty, or sense the fragility. And I felt anger. And shame.

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a vote for
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The

Picaro

**The Picaro is a bi-monthly publication
of the students of Mount Saint Vincent
University and is a member of the
Canadian University Press.**

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Business Manager
Fine Arts
Ad Manager
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Liz Mackinnon
Ann Fothergill
Paulette Henneberry
Stephen Ord

AND

Lucie, joy, Kathy, Ann, Dianne, Dawn, and
last but not least, Vina.

Devlin fails to Show

by Vi Moses

An apprehensive crowd filled McInnes Room, Dal SUB on Feb. 13 to see and hear the controversial Irish Catholic Member of the British Parliament. The cancellation of the visit of Bernadette Devlin caused many to be disappointed. There were 900 tickets sold and many sat outside the room hoping at least to get a glimpse of Miss Devlin.

Much interest was shown by both students and faculty of our University and this is a definite step in the right direction. Miss Devlin is noted for her forthright and controversial speeches and especially for her debut in the House of Commons two years ago. "The religious struggle is there, but it was artificially instigated and maintained," 23-year-old Miss Devlin told students at Buffalo State College last

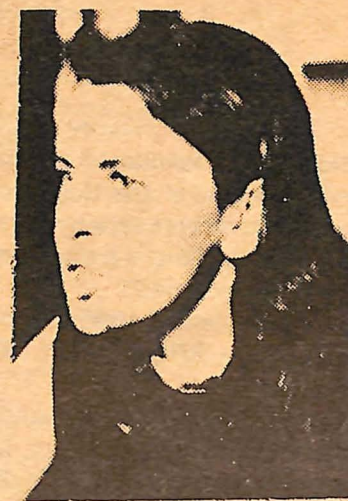
week. It was indeed unfortunate she was unable to give us an insight into the problems in Ireland as the situation seems far and remote to our way of life in Nova Scotia.

Bernadette is the third child in a family of six children whose father died when she was nine, and mother when she was 19. To go into parliament and to be the youngest Member ever,

Bernadette interrupted her University studies. She is outspokenly contemptuous of parliamentary democracy, and prefers action to legislation.

In this modern so-called civilized world, this religious struggle appears to be out of context. But, religious conflicts seem destined to last.

It would be interesting to have heard from someone who likes to help and who is spending her life in the pursuit of answers. Many of us are strong on opinions, but in the final analysis would back away from even a strong verbal defence of these same opinions. Miss Devlin is adamant in her view and is showing what can be done if one cares to assert oneself.



Bernadette Devlin

We are informed by those in the know from Dal SUB that it is possible Miss Devlin will be here within a month. Let us all attend and enlighten ourselves!!!

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pictures available
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- (3) Type and number of students required
- (4) Length of project
- (5) Budget estimates
- (6) Facilities required
- (7) Relevance of project
- (8) Possible organizational sponsors

BOTH FUNDS AND MANAGEMENT WILL BE PROVIDED AS REQUIRED.

PROPOSALS ARE TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE FOLLOWING BY FEB. 28/ 71.

Bourque, Phil 1138 Barrington St.	Architecture	432-3433
Campbell, D. A. 1460 Edward St.	Nursing	422-2784
Dunphy, John 1094 Wellington Apt. 401	Physical Education	425-3975
Holt, Ralph 6065 South St.	Psychology	429-7845
Kane, Doug 1265 Seymour St.	Sociology	422-7200

MacEachern, Robt. 1119 Tower Rd. Apt. 97	Engineering	423-5054
Purdy, Dave 5483 Spring Garden Rd. Apt. 4	Engineering	422-4986
Ranson, Diana 2190 Armcrest. Ea.	Science	429-1254
Sarty, Derek 2521 Westmount	Education	454-6719

Sime, Bob 2743 Dublin	Commerce	455-6083
Sommers, Jack 1878 Vernon	Medicine	432-1764
Thompson, Walter 702 Franklin	Law	429-2875
Underwood, John 1215 LeMarchant	Science	425-5413

NOTE: Any projects can overlap in different faculties.

Fetuses human? Only Some!

by tamara moscoe (velvet fist)

However passionately one favors or opposes the legalization of abortion, there is one question that should receive serious consideration by both sides — is the fetus a human being who deserves society's protection?

The completely affirmative position can be summed up in the words of Father Robert F. Drinan:

"The integrity, the untouchableness, the inviolability of every human life by any other human being has been the cardinal principle and the centerpiece of the legal institutions of the English-speaking world, and to a large extent of every system or law devised by man."

This position is supported by what has been termed the "genetic view" of humanity:

"Microgenetics seems to have demonstrated . . . the human individual comes into existence first as a minute information speck, drawn at random from many other minute informational specks his parents possessed out of the common human gene pool. This took place at the moment of impregnation."

However, it can be argued that "many of the biological qualities exist in the sperm and ovum before fertilization" and indeed, that the fetus' many generations of ancestors bore the potential for its life within them. Seen in this light it is difficult to see the destruction of a fertilized egg as being very different from the expulsion of an unfertilized egg during a normal menstrual cycle or from the natural death of millions of sperm.

The "developmental school" sees the fetus as acquiring its humanity sometime during intrauterine life:

"The attributes of form and function that designates the living system as a human individual are acquired at various times during development . . . The fetus late in development is obviously a living human individual in form and function. The single cell stage, early in development, does not possess many of the at-

tributes of biological form and function that are associated with the human individual."

This is sometimes interpreted to mean that the fetus becomes a human being around seven months, when it is capable of living outside the uterus. The trouble with this theory when applied to abortion is that it leaves doubts as to when in fetal life abortion ceases to be permissible, since the exact length of gestation necessary for the maintenance of life depends on the circumstances of birth as well as on the technology available to aid the life processes of the premature.

A third view maintains that there is no reason to suppose that a fetus is a human being whose life must be protected. Apart from biological considerations such as the inability to maintain life outside the uterus, society simply does not react to the death of a fetus as it does to the death of a child. No death certificate is required for a fetus and no disposal laws exist. Indeed, the Criminal Code seems to support this view. If the life of a fetus could really be equated with the life of a child, abortion would not be allowed for any reason. After all, the law does not allow the killing of a child simply because its existence threatens the life or health of its mother.

However, this view is not completely rational. Simply to say that a state of affairs exists is not an argument for its rightness. Thus to say that society or existing laws don't regard fetuses as humans doesn't say anything about how they should be regarded.

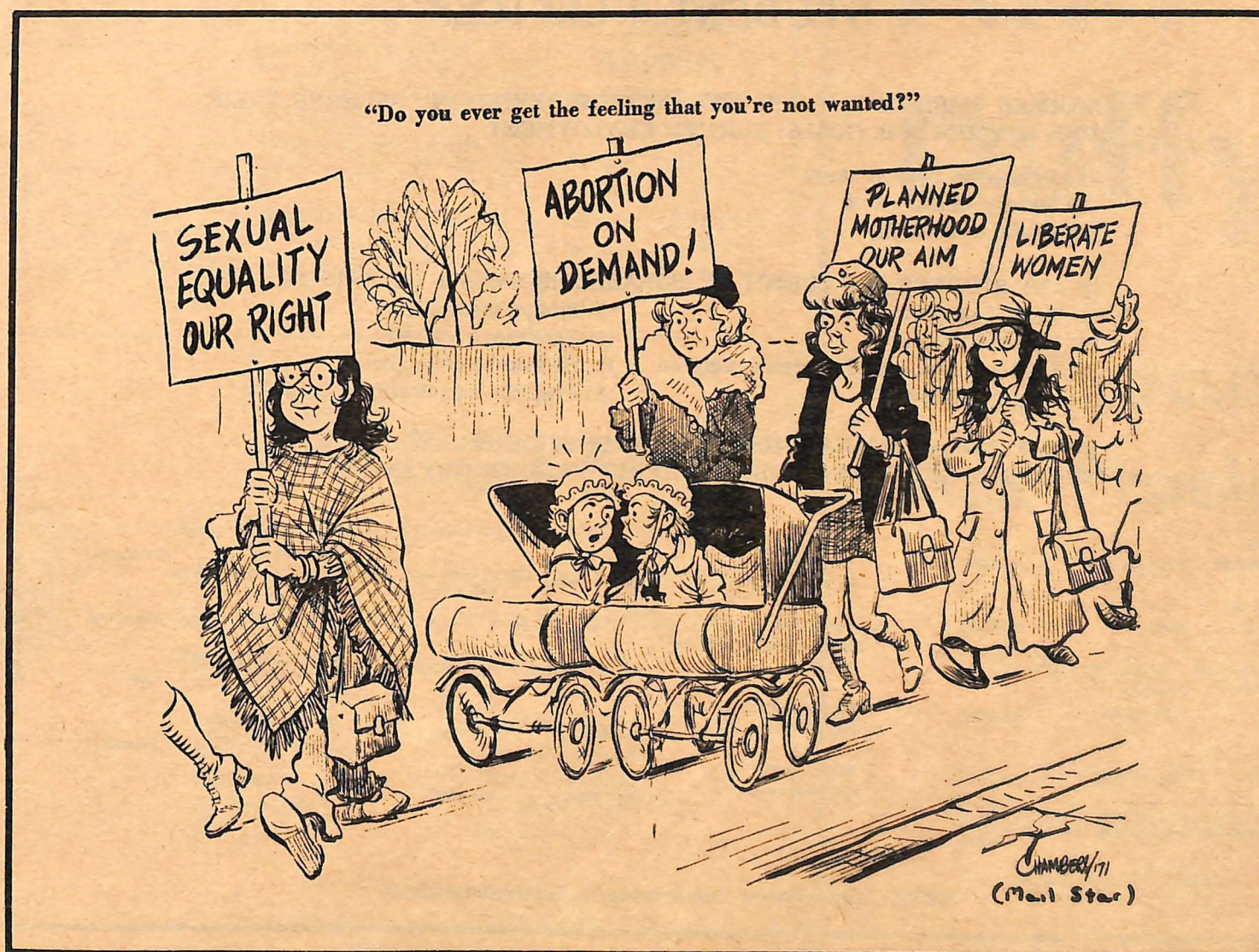
The dilemmas are not easily solved. If the view that fetuses are human is accepted, then abortion should be completely forbidden, even to save the life of the mother. If the view that fetuses are not human is accepted, then abortion should be completely removed from the statutes. Since neither side has yet proven the views satisfactorily, the solution becomes less simple. It amounts to choosing the more moral of two courses — unrestricted abortion or absolutely no abortion.

Choosing a "middle course" does not solve the dilemmas. Allowing abortion only under certain circumstances, even if these circumstances are interpreted as broadly as they are in the Scandinavian countries, is not reconcilable with either view of the fetus. The only possible argument in favor of a "middle way" is that it is politically expedient: a compromise that will allow the gradual introduction of more liberal abortion laws until the make-up of Parliament is such that those laws can be completely repealed.

It is also doubtful if the motives of the lawmakers up to the present have been concerned only with the noble purpose of saving life. After all, abortion is already allowed in some cases. Are the "lives" of these fetuses less important than those of others? It is possible that other concerns, such as the fear of alienating certain blocs of voters, are operating. Also, when there is talk of reforming abortion legislation, there are always plenty of references to the "morals of young people". In addition, since the House of Commons is dominated by men, one suspects that an additional motive might be "to keep women in their place" and to make them "suffer the consequences of their acts."

It is significant that the only woman M.P. in the present House, Grace McNinis, is preparing a liberalized bill and that Judy LaMarsh, while she was Secretary of State, took the negative side in a University of Toronto debate on liberalization because she favored complete removal of abortion from the Criminal Code.

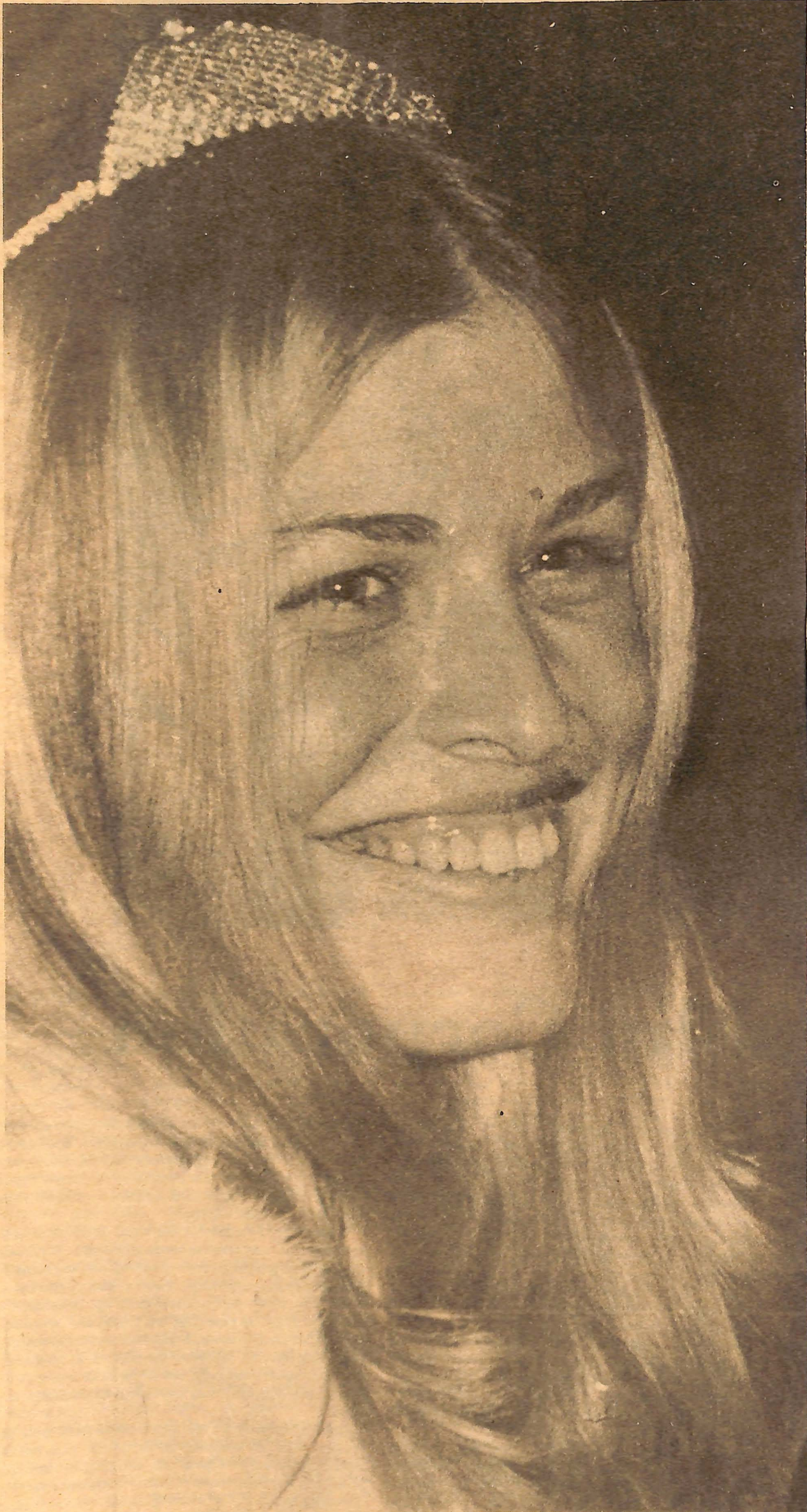
In the final analysis, a law must serve the people. If it goes against their interests, it will be unenforceable and will only cause contempt for itself and for those responsible for enforcing it, no matter how lofty the motives for drafting the law were. The most moral solution may be to repeal the present law and give individuals the opportunity to solve the question of abortion according to their own consciences. There are overwhelming benefits both for humankind and for individuals in doing so.



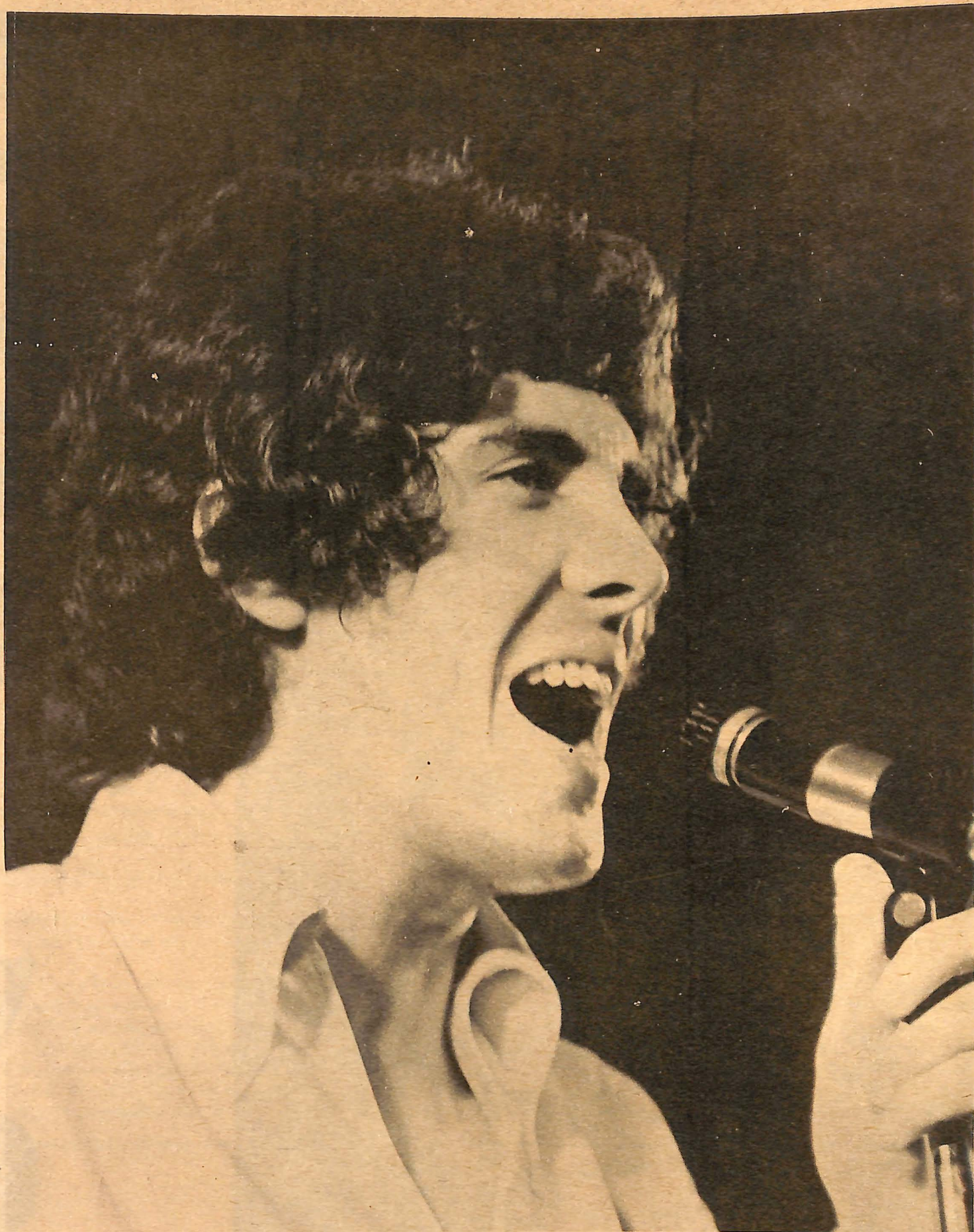
Winter

Carnival

'71



Carnival Queen Kim Brushett (MSVU)



The Dublin Corporation

by Ann 'n' Ann

It's 7:30 — half an hour early — but you feel you must go in anyway. Subdued lights illuminate a stage where a band set-up waits, and there's an indefinable hush in the air despite the expectant chatter throughout the room. You choose your seat, thinking since it's the first of three performances you'll stay about midway back to get the full impact of the music. Then suddenly, it's 8:15, and a rhythmic clapping fills the auditorium requesting the start of the show. But you don't really mind the wait, and late comers are still arriving when the lights go down and eight young men walk on stage to a thundering swell of applause that grows as they swing into a tremendous rendition of Lucretia McEvil...

They were here for one brief week, seven short days. And yet, in that time, The Dublin Corporation swept the entire student population of Halifax off their collective feet. It all began on Wednesday, February 3. Or perhaps it was much earlier?

Two and one half years ago in Ireland, eight friends, namely Peter Law, Sean Fagan, Shay Curran, Paddy Reynolds, Harry Parker, Davey Murphy, Ozzie Halpin and Marty Fanning, pooled their musical resources to

form The Pacific Showband from an older group nucleus, and began to play Irish pub and dance hall gigs in and around their native Dublin. This, in Peter's words, "cramped our style, because people were looking for dance music and weren't interested in what was happening on stage. But this is part of our show. Besides, work was irregular, playing a lot of one-nighters — drive out and drive back — which is really hectic."

So, about one year ago, The Pacific Showband decided to give North America a try. "It was still pretty hectic on the road, but it was when we came to Canada that we finally started to tighten up as a group. We found people willing to sit down and listen, and we could do anything — older material, our own originals, as well as popular stuff. In Ireland, the audiences were only willing to listen to current chart hits. Anything off the charts for a month was too old."

Most engagements came by chance. For example, Dal discovered the Showband through Memorial University in Newfoundland. "We were an unknown quantity," said Sean. "Dalhousie took us on a blind chance from Memorial to play during Orientation in September. They'd never even heard us play until the first dance." The Pacifics played two dances that

weekend, and became an instant hit. Thus, when Carnival went into planning, it was decided to ask them back for a three-night engagement. Armed with a new name (The Dublin Corporation), a new home (Peterborough, Ontario), and a first-rate record (*The Melting Pot*), they returned.

Wednesday, February 3, the night of the first concert, was the most tense according to Sean. "We knew that a lot of people had been saying we were really good, and to go see the show. And you worry, you know, about how much you've been built up, because the audience might be expecting too much, and we didn't want to let anyone down. I was so nervous backstage that I was shaking, but when we walked on stage and everyone started clapping, and we hadn't even begun, I started to loosen up. It only took about three minutes to relax."

There's certainly no argument about how well the concert went. If audience participation can be the indicator, the gasps of pleasure, clapping in time and prolonged applause made it a smashing success. The crowning event of the evening though was a spontaneous standing ovation, justly earned with a magnificent performance.

Thursday, February 4, marked the Corporation's



second appearance, and first dance this visit. Since it was a barn dance, the group demonstrated their remarkable versatility by alternating much of their concert music with country and western pieces, which really pleased the spectators. For indeed there were spectators — in fact, about half those present in the room were content to sit and listen rather than dance. Strikingly, each number was heartily applauded, something which rarely happens at any dance. At the end of the third and last set, as the group finished *Aquarius* (known to be their closing piece) as many of the audience as could fit joined the band on stage while everyone else stood, and all finished the song and dance together. Certainly this was a jubilant moment for the Corporation.

Saturday, February 6, found a new and totally different milieu with the second dance — a formal ball. Again the group adapted their style, using the favourites of their concert and dance music in a continuous stream, thoroughly charming their audience. Although the floor was constantly crowded with dancers, a good proportion of the crowd "sat out" at the tables scattered around the room and indulged in pleasurable listening. Again, the applause was startling, both during and at the end of the evening. This event was to have been the last appearance of The Dublin Corporation, but due to their tremendous appeal and popularity, a second concert was scheduled.

Monday night, February 8, was one of the most miserable Halifax has ever seen. Mild weather, coupled with rain and snow, conspired to leave puddles inches deep in the streets. Glare ice was creating

extremely hazardous driving conditions, and yet, warm and dry at Dal, the McInnis room was packed. And in the estimation of all who attended, it was well worth the effort. This concert was the most sparkling performance of the week. The Corporation was in high good humour, clowning often upstaging the music. During a couple of numbers Shay, Paddy, Peter and Sean came down to dance with several people from the front row of seats. Chatter was tossed back and forth on stage. The whole mood was one of communication between kindred spirits, with the fullest possible participation from the audience — and the audience was what made the evening. "Despite the weather", said Sean, "despite the fact it was the fourth performance, a Monday night, and everyone was broke from Carnival, they came, and they filled the place. We were tired but we felt great. Everyone was wonderful, just wonderful. It makes the whole effort worthwhile. I could have gone on singing for another two hours or more and never minded it at all." As the concert drew to a close, a deep sigh drifted through the air, to be quickly checked by a high spirited repeat of *Aquarius*. This evoked another standing ovation with prolonged applause which could only be satisfied with an encore of *The Melting Pot* one last time. Then, it was all over, and the crowd slowly melted away, taking with them long lasting memories, and autographs, of a group of truly professional entertainers.

For those who didn't manage to sort out exactly who's who — Peter Law is the Corporation's lead singer. With a voice that recalls the vocalizations of David Clayton-Thomas, and a stage presence

reflecting Tony Newley, his style is still ultimately his own — coming over strong in such numbers as *Fire and Rain*, *Spinning Wheel*, and *Cracklin' Rosie*. Although Peter plays no instrument on stage, he uses a guitar to compose original material such as *Rolling Common* (the flip side of *Melting Pot*) for the group. He's an idealistic thinker who has great feeling for music like *Melting Pot*. "It would be great if you could really do that. Like, wrap everybody up together and come out with a sort of world citizen. People would live together in peace. *He's Not Heavy* is like that too. A song with great feeling. We like music with a genuine message — not fake emotional stuff."

Although Sean Fagan tends to be remembered by his size, since he's the shortest member of the band, it's the many other aspects of the man that have endeared him to Halifax audiences. He shares the limelight with Peter in the vocal division; his powerful, rich velvet voice rounding out the group's repertoire with such beautiful ballads as *Rainbow*, *Unchained Melody* and *Close To You*. Putting his heart and soul into every number he does, he has moved more than one person to tears with his version of *The Dying Rebel*. Aside from the trumpet he plays on stage, he also plays trombone and guitar, and does some amateur photography on the side. Intelligent and articulate, he's an extremely interesting conversationist with a friendly and outgoing personality.

Paddy Reynolds is the spokesman for the group on stage. A natural clown, he builds instant rapport with his audience through a stream of unrehearsed conversational chatter in his charming Irish brogue. Says



Peter, "We believe that to laugh at ourselves is the best way to relieve tension. We never rehearse anything we do — it just happens, and can't ever really be reproduced. We never know what Paddy is going to say; even Paddy doesn't know what he's going to say. Sometimes he'll come out with something and we'll all stand back thinking 'Oh...', but it always sounds good." Paddy does some vocals too — background and Irish folk music — but mostly he sticks to playing saxophone and clarinet. One of the gems of any evening is his jazz version of *Over The Waves*, straight instrumental with the rest of the band.

Shay Curran is another versatile instrumentalist, playing flute and trombone. He also does some vocal work, most notably, the lead with Peter in *The Melting Pot*. Onstage he plays straight to the audience, mugging and clowning with the rest. Offstage, he's one of the quieter members of the group, saving his words for when they'll mean the most. He collects and listens to Big Band music in his off hours.

Harry Parker plays bass and handles sound arrangements wherever the group travels. Davey Murphy, who plays lead guitar, is their arranger. Ozzie Halpin supplies a second trumpet and a very romping Irish vocal. He likes reading poetry. Last, but certainly not least, Marty Fanning is the drummer whose beat paces the band.

Together, these eight young men constitute a formidable musical force. Their approach to every song is young and vital and professional — a total experience. The personality they project onstage has a complex quality — there is warmth and humour, and a genuine

personal kind of love that carries the audience away at each performance. The greatest asset they have is their tremendous versatility. In the course of a two-hour concert, no musical stone is left unturned as popular, folk, rock, country and western, jazz and semi-classical are mixed and mingled in an effort to please every taste. For, to them, the broadest musical horizons are the best, and total audience participation, their biggest goal.

According to Tony (Flip) Wilson, a journalist from the Dublin Evening Herald who is travelling with the group, "their musical ability is abetted by their coherence, which stems from an intrinsic belief in one another; not only as musicians, but also as people. You'd go a long way before you would find another group of guys who get along so well. They're so close that they've even set up their own government in which each is a Minister. "Peter is the Minister of Government and Blankets because he leads the group, and sees to the blanket which Marty uses to muffle his drum. Shay is the Minister of Post and Telegraph because he is an inveterate letter writer. Paddy covers Agriculture and Transport because, according to rumour, he can call the cows better than anyone in Dublin. Ozzie is in charge of Vice and Taverns because that's where he reportedly spends much of his time. Harry's Minister of Reading and Sleeping because... he reads and sleeps a lot. Sean has jurisdiction over Wisdom and Common Sense because he is the intellectual of the group. Marty covers Films, because if he's seen a movie, no one else needs to. Quite fittingly last, Dave is Minister of Doddering, because he's

always the last to do anything or go anywhere.

"They're the greatest guys," Tony said, and all those who met them agreed! Unlike many other groups in today's dog eat dog entertainment world, they have no illusions of grandeur, but they do have dreams. "We'd be the first Irish band to make it to the top in Canada and that would be grand," said Peter, "but it matters how you do it."

The Dublin Corporation is headed for the top. Their record *The Melting Pot* (written by Cook and Greenaway from London and released on the Franklin label) has generated much excitement where it has been played and heard. It's currently heading the charts in Winnipeg and climbing in Edmonton. Bob Cooke, musical director at CHNS, said, "The Dublin Corporation are fantastic! I handle music all day and music of every kind. I must say I am most impressed with these guys. Although we do not as yet have *The Melting Pot*, we have been getting a lot of requests for it". Danny Roman, musical director at CJCH radio, said it was "good, and we are getting some requests".

What with *The Melting Pot*, bookings in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe upcoming, and Boston, New York and Chicago in the past, The Dublin Corporation is certainly a group to watch.

(Many thanks must go to the entire Dublin Corporation, especially Sean, Peter and Shay, as well as Jim and Tony for the co-operation and consideration that made this story possible.)



Mount'n Do

by Kathleen Roach

The major part played by Mount St. Vincent for 1971 Winter Carnival was a huge success. The afternoon and evening held an exuberant effect for all who attended the Mashmakhan concert and (or) 'Country Frolics'.

The concert was held in Evaristus Gym where students gathered, some to witness Mashmakhan for the first time others coming to see them for a second, third or fourth performance. There was a general relaxed, and free feeling

between all. We were free to roam between the bar and gym, with the Campus police who were very fair about the whole thing — just making sure there was no smoking in the gym area.

Although the concert started 'a bit' late the groups performance started and continued with strength and intensity although it just didn't come off.

Afterwards, everyone was in an agreeable mood for a party. The art gallery contained fun

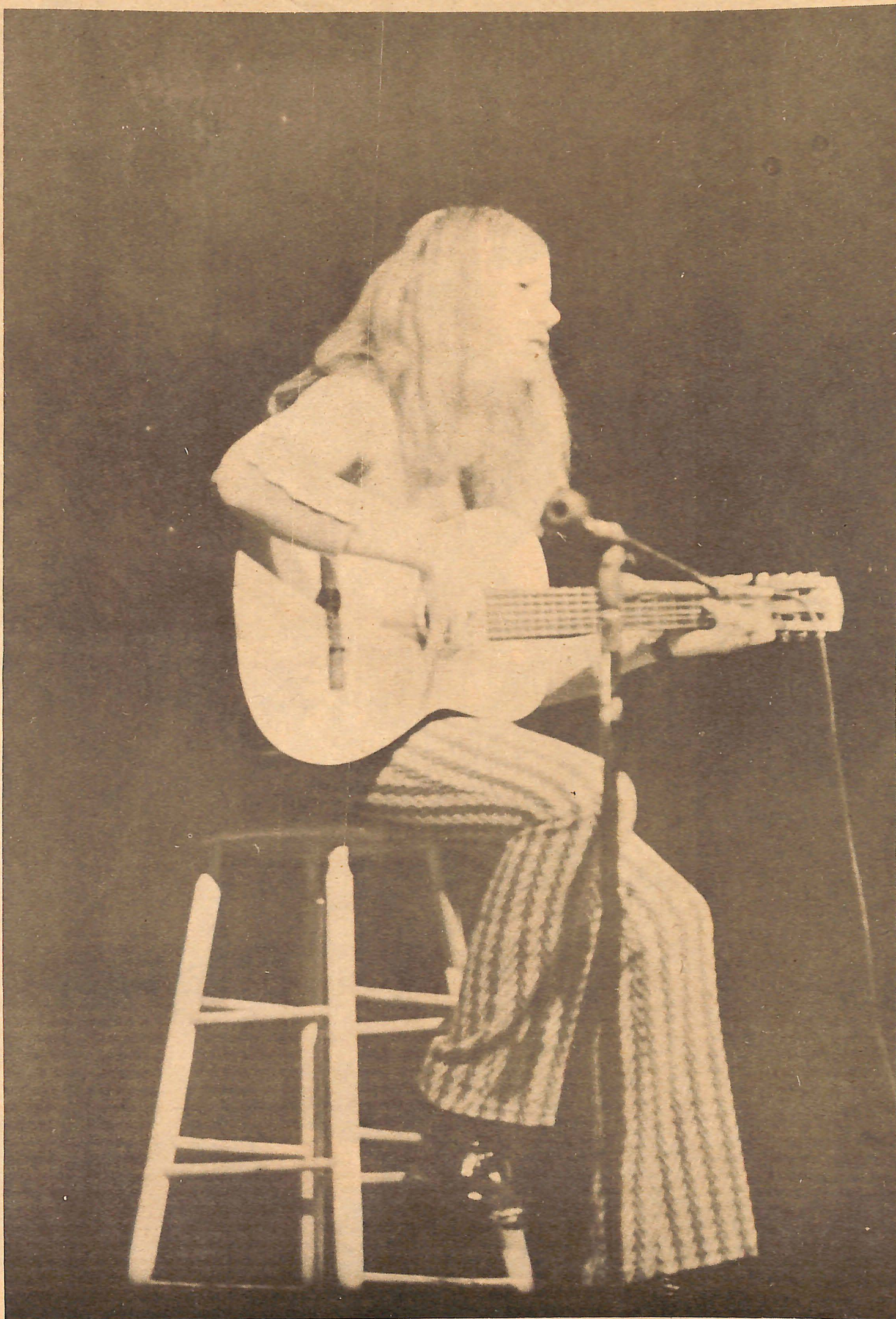
for all with 'play money' obtained at the entrance, paying for your gambling ventures and kissing powers at the kissing booth.

In the cafeteria, music was playing that set you in a buoyant tempo. The music was the type that put you in a good mood with a little help, of course, from beer that was generously distributed!

All in all, the afternoon and evening at Mountain'Do went off as a Master triumph.

Blue

B l a c k & G o l d



Martha Anne Williamson

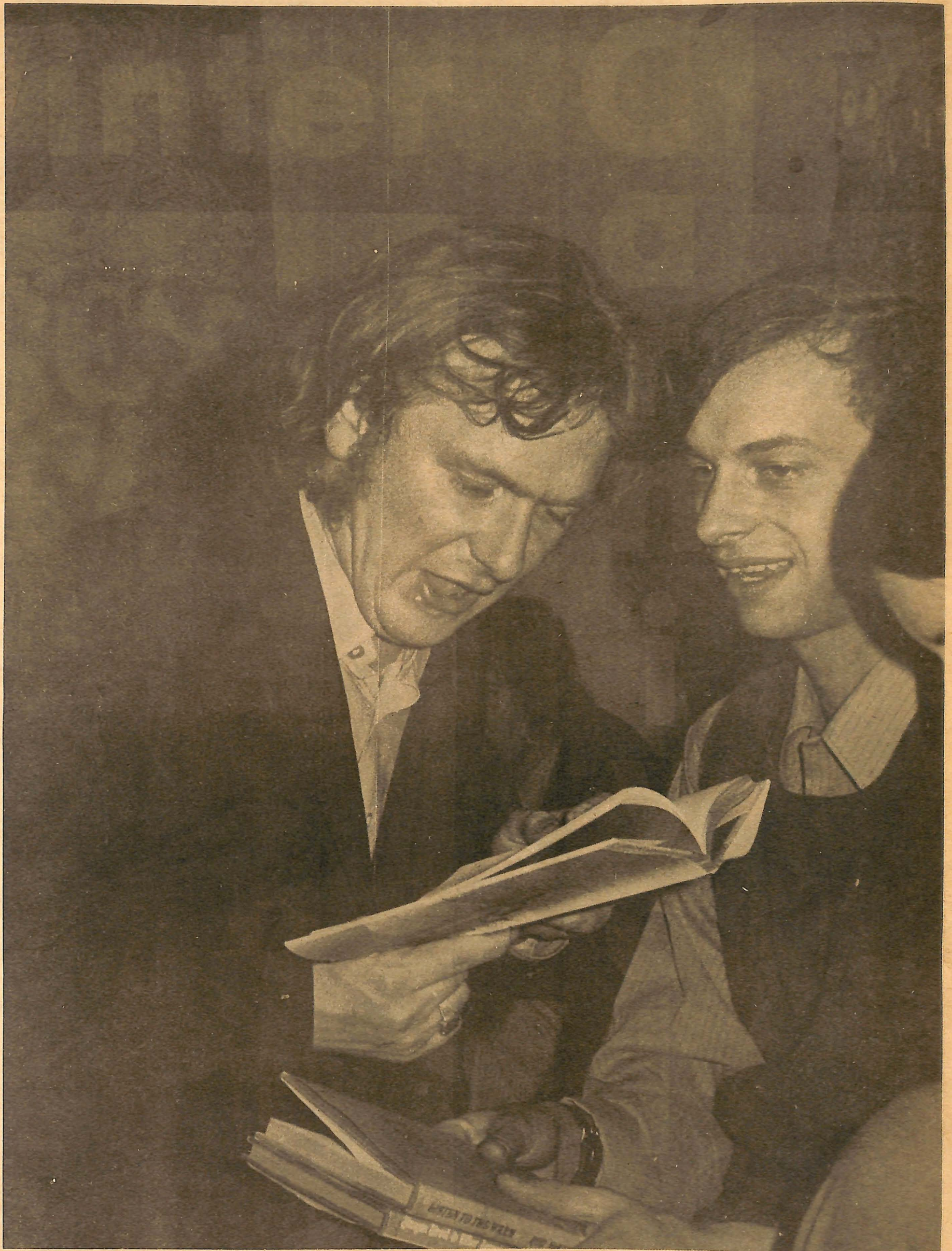
1 st prize to Lola (Dal)

2nd to Nancy & Kim (MSVU)



Stompin' Tom

Lumberjack's Brawl



At the end
some even found
energy for parties
— like Ozzie here.

**Photograph
Reprints**
Available — see Stephen

Dean's list

(Newsletter)

One sign of academic excellence is the attainment of the *Dean's List*. To attain this honor, a student must achieve an average of 80% or better in *five* credit subjects. Within the academic standing listed above, a student may receive First or Second Class Honors. *First Class Honors* is achieved by those students who have obtained 90% in five subjects, with no subject below 70%. *Second Class Honors* is achieved by those students who have obtained an average of 85% in five subjects with no subject below 70%.

Janet Kline '71	88.6
Sister Cathleen Dunne '71	87.4
Kathryn Bevans '73	87.0
Linda Jacobs '71	85.8
Deborah Legay '72	85.2
Rebecca Branch '73	85.0

Ardith Spinney '72	84.8
Cornelia Kraal '73	84.6
Karen Rogers '71	84.6
Estella Clayton '72	84.4
Shirley Sangster '71	84.4
Ann Marie Gardener '74	83.8
Sister Irene Humbach '71	83.8
Sandra Wong '73	83.8
Brenda Calnen '72	83.6
Margaret During '72	83.6
Louise Boudreau '73	83.4
Imelda MacDonald '74	83.2
Mary Frances Moriarty '73	83.2
Nancy Stone '74	83.2
Donna Fraser '73	82.8
Sharon Barkhouse '73	82.6
Maura MacMillan '72	82.6
Denise Gauvin '73	82.4
Annette Hachey '74	82.4
Judith Himmelman '72	82.4
Elaine Sharpe '73	82.2
Katherine Robertson '74	82.0
Jessica Selkridge '73	82.0
Wendy Turner '74	82.0
Elizabeth Nearing '73	81.8
Helen Vaagen '72	81.8
Sheila Clyburne '71	81.6
Katherine Dodson '72	81.6
Brenda Goff '74	81.6
Patrice Thomas '74	81.6
Sarah Skinner '74	81.0
Elizabeth King '72	80.8
Paulette Ozere '73	80.8
Beverley Ritcey '71	80.8
Pamela Steeves '73	80.8
Diana Warner '72	80.8
Carolyn Draper '73	80.6
Shirley Haynes '73	80.6
Linda Dean '72	80.4
Marilyn Marvin '72	80.4
Carmel Touesnard '71	80.4
Valarie Eiseinhauer	80.2
Sister Peter Douglas '71	80.0
Sister Mary Purcell '71	80.0
Diane Richard '72	80.0

Solitudes

by Robert Gagnon

Regarde — toi dans le miroir de ce pays,
Esprit étroit à travers ses horizons.
Tu aimes accuser l'inconnu,
Pour te sentir plus fort....
Tu te crois Don Juan
A ta manière, avec ta langue...
Ou as — tu pris ton pouvoir
Pour juger autrui?
Si tu aimes parler dans la foule
Trop souvent, te ne peux te raisonner...
Tu marches parmi les vents,
Sans savoir sa direction,
Tu coures toujours et
Tu risques de buter sur ton ombre.
De lui avoir donné des droits
Me dis-tu?
Tu navigues entre deux solitudes,
Qui te soupirent leurs délices en te suivant.
Ta carcasse respire autant que la mienne,
Pour te voir vainqueur, il te faut vaincre.
Des frontières disparaissent,
Tandis que tu en sèmes d'autres...
Les glas sonnent a toute volée,
En dispersant des valeurs...
Perdu ou épuisé...
Est-ce toi ou moi?
Ta plume voyage
En autant que t'en a dans la tête
Tu es Dieu... ou Diable...
En autant que tu es homme ou,
Que tu crois l'être.

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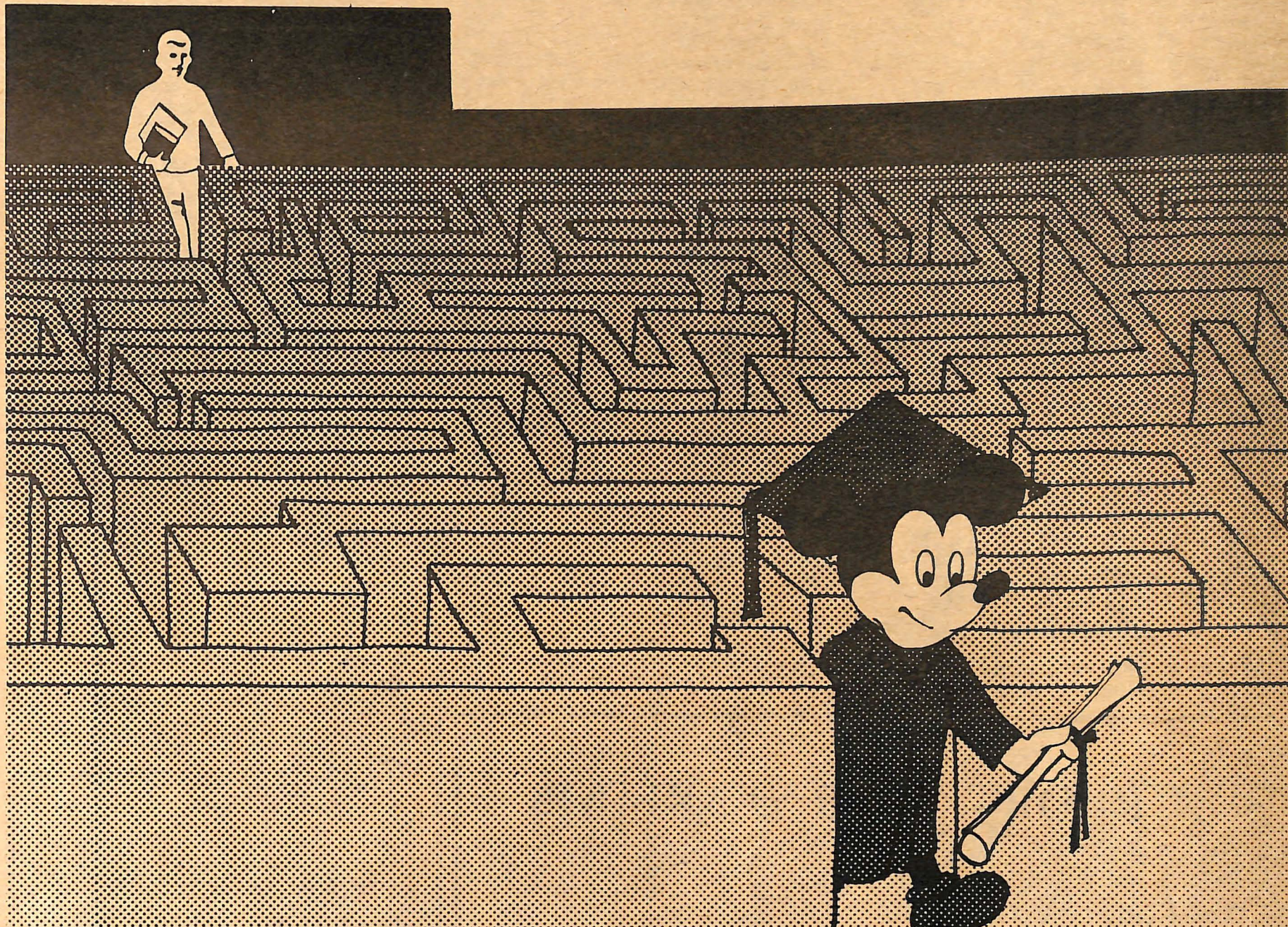
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University Education

— A Great Social Disaster



Larry J. Fisk

Part I

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION — A GREAT SOCIAL DISASTER?

Higher education in Canada caught in the right light might be seen as the height of modern man's foolishness, if not an outright crime. Its degree seeking participants could as easily pass for fools or criminals who uncaringly step over and on the "less-educated", who selfishly grab at status and monied professions, who specialize knowledge beyond the reach even of their fellow "learners", who unwittingly cheat themselves of their own real learning about life and who, when all things are considered, and if you will pardon the pun, grow more unbearable by degrees.

This university teacher has been spending a number of sleepless nights of late (this is written at 3 a.m.) pondering the writings of one Ivan Illich, rebel priest and founder of CIDOC (the exciting Center for Intercultural Documentation) in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Illich argues that man's natural hunger to learn ought to be met by a society and by social and educational struc-

tures which are completely open to that hunger. University structures as they exist in most areas of the world are anything but open doors to learning. Quite to the contrary, they serve as solid road-blocks that stand in the way of man's inborn desire to learn about life and how to live or cope with it. And to say that universities are road-blocks may be gross understatement.

It is increasingly the case that for anything one wants to learn, be it the wiring of a tape recorder or the religious perspective of modern secular man, one must "take a course". In a recent issue of *The New Yorker* a commentator discusses New York's Barnard College and its plans to offer a course requiring communal living. The commentary speculates humorously on making a course out of "Life". Yet that may be just what university trained persons are prone to do: make everything in life into a course.

'Taking a course' involves listening to a certified expert who is carefully trained to

convince the would-be learner that the language, methodology and conceptualization of the subject or discipline is more important than the knowledge of doing and living that the novice learner had reason to expect was the substance of university education.

'Taking a course' does not mean, unfortunately, answering troubling questions to one's own satisfaction (in fact most serious academics openly disparage solutions) nor most certainly does it mean discovering larger questions and problems leading on from where one started. Rather, 'taking a course' means: firstly, faithful attendance; secondly, compliance to set procedures, methodologies and conceptualizations in carefully circumscribed subject areas, (such areas are delineated at great pains by those who spend their entire professional lives defining the boundaries of their disciplines); thirdly, 'taking a course' means shaping the motivation of the learner so that he seeks higher marks instead of greater understanding and completed papers and exams

instead of matters learned; fourthly, it means clothing the denuded 'learner' with the promise of degrees and certification as the end reward rather than more complete understandings; and fifthly, organizing all of life's learning experiences into seven-month or six-week products (what I must call the "academization of life".)

One has only to look at the so-called *departments* of universities, even our own, to see that the vast majority of attenders are there to learn a vocation or profession: law, medicine, engineering, and closer to home, business, nursing, home economics, and even education. And learning a profession if it does nothing else assures the 'learner' of a healthy income, of social prestige and status, and of a generally secure style of life.

Even with the ever-increasing numbers of those who attend university, it must still be viewed as a privilege not granted to the majority. A study by CUS (the now defunct Canadian University Students) indicated, for example, that lower income persons made up 54.1% of the Canadian population but only 28% of Canada's university population. Twenty-five per cent of the student respondents of 1965 came from families with incomes over \$10,000, whereas only 6.1% of the total Canadian population had such a level of income.

It takes money to get money and it costs plenty of it to learn in our society. Those who have money or at least the time and space that only money can buy can take the "risk" even in terms of further borrowing to get a university education. But those who already lack money cannot afford the risk of embarking on a university career (look at how few sizeable loans exist for first and second-year students) even if they could meet entrance standards. One of the chief reasons most citizens are unable to meet university entrance requirements is because their standard and style of living has not given them the money, time, space and general conditions which most people require in order to obtain the mastery of prerequisite training.

The form of the standards themselves discriminate in favor of already monied and well-established minorities. How many universities will accept as language requirements Cree and Eskimo, or even Hungarian or Italian? One can find courses, and in fact earn degrees studying, in French Canadian and English-Canadian culture, but no Canadian university has a department of Northern Studies, or a course of studies on "Living in Poverty" or citizenship and participation.

So, money still decides who will reside in the university residences. University standards still systematically exclude most of Canada's most impoverished minorities. Courses of study still favor the already well-endowed.

But money and entrance standards are not the only road-blocks to open learning in our society. The specialization of knowledge forces those would-be learners who get beyond the peripheral "monetary" and "standard" hurdles to content themselves with a myopic look at the knowledge and learning they originally desired. Increasingly Canadian universities offer and press for honours B.A.'s which require heavy specialization in one subject. Contemporary crises like environmental pollution may force universities to re-examine their chaotic departmentalization of knowledge but at the same time such problems point to the futility of our search for disciplinary boundaries. Life is non-departmental and the most serious problems cannot be contained by a single discipline; but you would never believe it by looking at the organization of our Canadian universities.

Examination and certification both savagely limit the learning potential of a society's citizenry. To learn is not the same thing as passing an exam. Whether that examination be written, oral, or simply based on class attendance and participation it exists as an entity separate from the learning experience itself.

Some form of evaluating one's learning experience is likely inevitable, but such forms are probably best discovered by the learner himself since it is he or she who must do the learning and be assured of the knowing. Most formal examinations do not really assure the student that he knows a subject even at the best of times. The student is convinced she knows only as she searches her own thoughts and skills. The examination *proves* nothing.

Certification may be necessary to practice medicine; it may not be so necessary to teach (or better, share with) others what one knows about automobiles, art, music, electronics, family life, politics, architecture, psychology, religion, philosophy, and even home economics or education. (I personally take some pride in not having taken even so much as a half-course in education.)

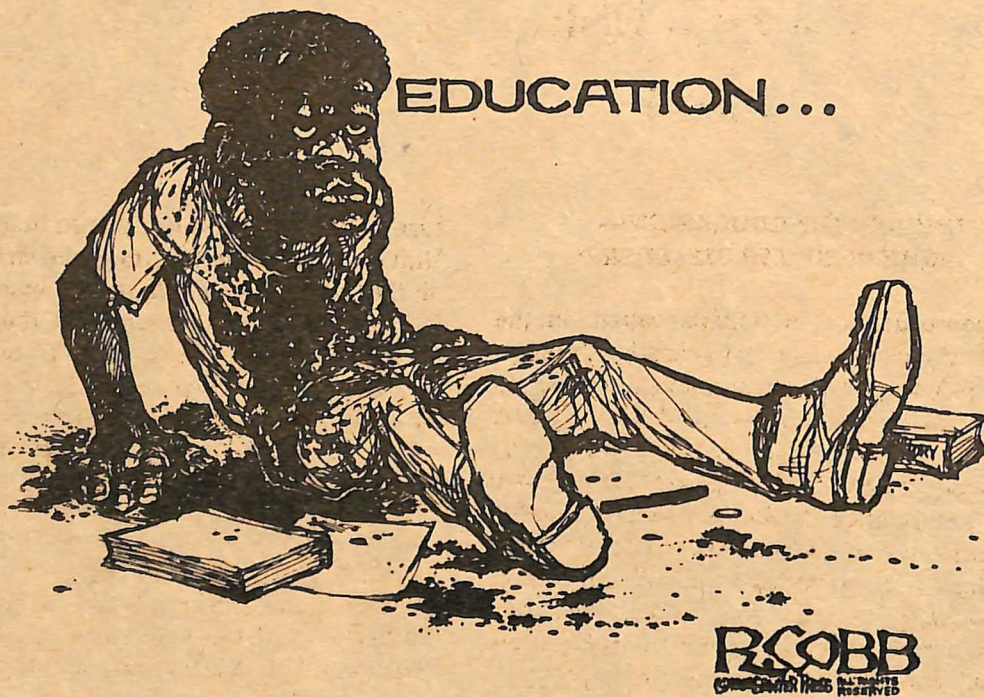
Ivan Illich looks forward to a society that opens storefronts to learners and makes every learner a non-certified sharer of what he has already learned. Certification was designed as a protection for the learner so that what he would receive from the certified teacher was truth and not fiction, well-tested theories and not half-baked hypotheses. But modern certification at the highest levels of education assures us only that a given teacher has taken "x" number of courses with all that those courses demand in terms of attendance, compliance to very particular methodologies and discipline myths, and motivations for learning now obscured by professional goals and exam-writing.

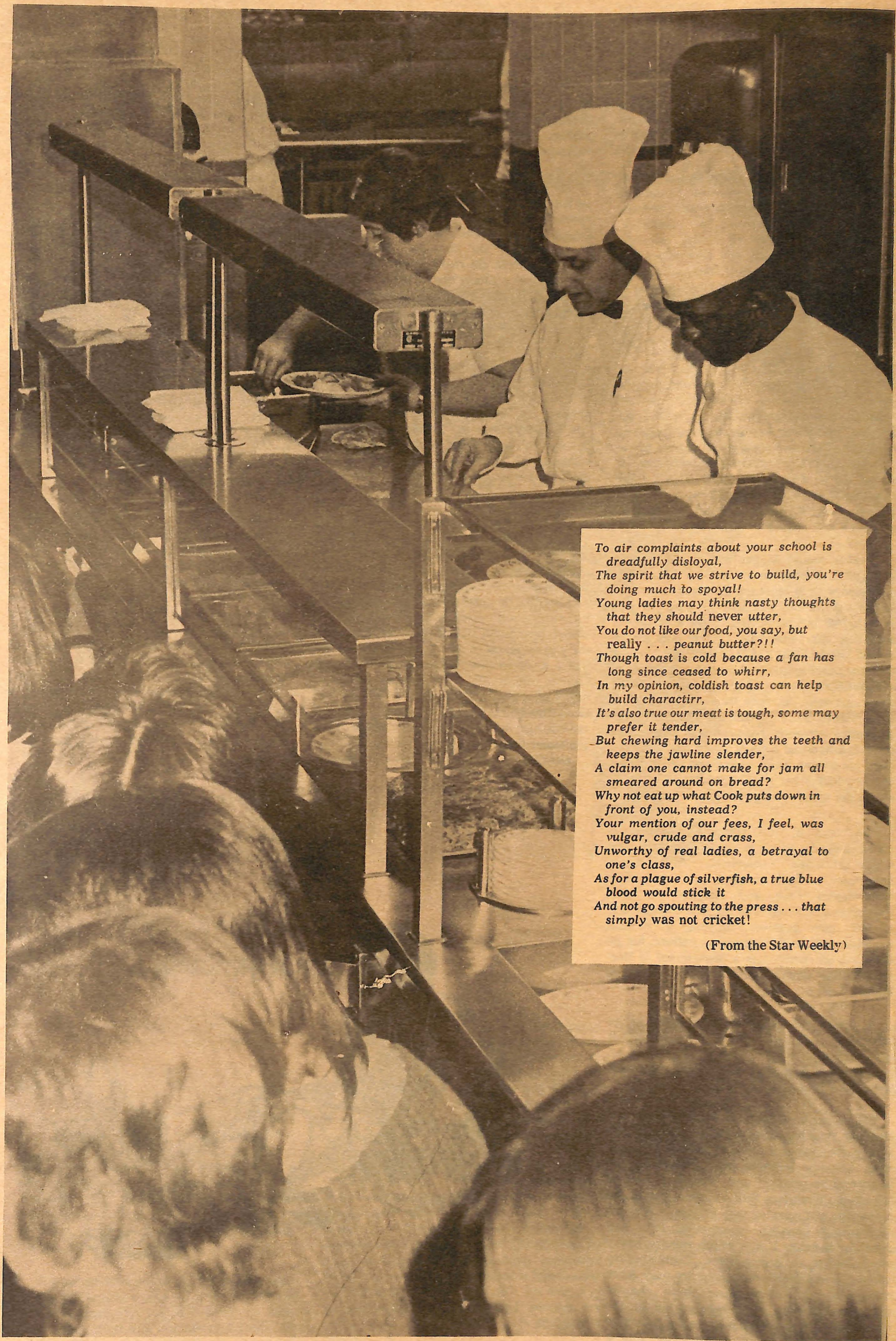
Certification also assures us that the teacher

has successfully circumscribed his total view of life and knowledge by focusing on a particular approach or discipline with its essential procedures, standards and mythology. In addition certification assures us that the teacher has been duly approved by his like-minded superiors and has probably written a Ph.D. dissertation fully acceptable to their world-view and incorporating a discussion relevant to the growth of the specialization of the discipline. As a corollary the same piece of writing is therefore usually irrelevant to the total understanding of life and a renewal of man's wholeness in learning and living.

In the "highest" form of education in our society (the university) we wise doctors seduce new learners to accept our discipline's problems as more important than those which the learner brings inside his own questioning soul. We entice the learner to welcome the "acceptable" ways of learning and doing — not so that he is better able to tackle what he wants to do but so that he will do what the discipline requires that he do or so that he may become another *major* in our department. And all this without so much as a half-course in teaching others, not that it would have helped.

Finally, we come to the most foolish of the universities functions, what I have already referred to as the academization of life. We live in a technological-consumer society in which things are produced for us but not by us and with our full knowledge. Education has become another commodity. With ever fewer persons to turn to who know how to cook, sew, build, repair, think or perhaps even experience as independent persons, we rush to the institution that gobbles up what once were the common man's gifts. Karl Marx and Erich Fromm have argued that men give credit to God for everything that is theirs and then move into a stance of praying for or begging for what they had unwittingly surrendered.





To air complaints about your school is
dreadfully disloyal,
The spirit that we strive to build, you're
doing much to spoyal!
Young ladies may think nasty thoughts
that they should never utter,
You do not like our food, you say, but
really . . . peanut butter?!!
Though toast is cold because a fan has
long since ceased to whirr,
In my opinion, coldish toast can help
build charactirr,
It's also true our meat is tough, some may
prefer it tender,
But chewing hard improves the teeth and
keeps the jawline slender,
A claim one cannot make for jam all
smeared around on bread?
Why not eat up what Cook puts down in
front of you, instead?
Your mention of our fees, I feel, was
vulgar, crude and crass,
Unworthy of real ladies, a betrayal to
one's class,
As for a plague of silverfish, a true blue
blood would stick it
And not go spouting to the press . . . that
simply was not cricket!

(From the Star Weekly)