

Bring Philosophy out of the Classroom

By the Fifth Year Class of the Department of Philosophy, Fudan University, Shanghai

In April last year, our class went to the Shanghai Bicycle Factory to do a stint of productive work at the grass-roots level. During our two and a half months' stay there, we studied Chairman Mao's works with a view to solving the practical problems we came across; at the same time, we helped the workers organize their study of Mao Tse-tung's works and served as their instructors. We felt we gained a great deal both ideologically and in rectifying our attitude towards study, inasmuch as we learned the classroom.

DO AS CHAIRMAN MAO TEACHES

Was it necessary for us to go to the factory? On this question we had differing views at first. Some said, "We should spend more time on books. Such a long period of manual labour will have an adverse effect on our studies, and is not worth it." Some of those from worker or peasant families said, "We've been used to manual labour since childhood, so there is no need to correct it now."

To find the correct answer, many of us carefully studied articles by Chairman Mao such as "The Orientation of the Youth Movement", "The May 4th Movement and Reform Our Study" and thought over his teaching:

In the final analysis, the dividing line between revolutionary intellectuals and non-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary intellectuals is whether or not they are willing to identify themselves with the workers and peasants and actually do so. (The May 4th Movement)

After serious discussion we came to see the truth of this statement. In the history of the Chinese revolution many intellectuals had to risk their lives to take the revolutionary path of uniting with the workers and peasants. Today, when the revolution has become victorious, conditions are extremely favourable for our development. Yet if we do not conscientiously strive to identify ourselves with the workers and

the hardest and "dirtiest" jobs. All this won the approval of the workers, who said that university students today were different from those of the past. Many of them put up posters praising us as socialist-minded and well educated labourers.

We also learned much from the workers' wholehearted devotion to their work and high sense of responsibility in performing their daily tasks.

We re-read Chairman Mao's article "In Memory of Norman Bethune" in which he said that a man's ability may be great or small, but if only he has the spirit of doing everything for the benefit of others and nothing for his own, he can be useful to the people. This became clearer to us now than ever before. "The function of a screw is seen from the performance of the entire machine, and the role of a man is decided by the needs of the whole country." We determined to free ourselves of the sense of superiority so common among intellectuals, and to serve as a "rust-proof screw" of the Lei Feng* type.

STUDYING PHILOSOPHY WITH THE WORKERS

In the course of our factory work we observed that the workers had not only strong class feeling but also rich experience in actual struggle. They were good at grasping the main contradiction, or, in their own words,

with the workers what problems we wanted to solve through the study of that article. Since our return to our university, we have been going back every Sunday to the Shanghai Bicycle Factory to continue our studies with the workers. Today this group boasts more than seventy groups studying Mao Tse-tung's works.

COMBINING THEORY WITH PRACTICE

We were deeply impressed by the workers-of-fact way in which the workers combined theory with practice in studying Chairman Mao's works. A typical example is what they did after studying "In Memory of Norman Bethune".

In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching that Chinese Communist Party members should learn from Bethune's* internationalist spirit, some of the workers pledged to step up production so as to render more support to the revolutionary struggles of oppressed nations and peoples.

Looking up to Bethune's strong sense of responsibility towards work, his profound love for his comrades and the people and his ceaseless efforts to perfect his professional skill, the workers earnestly examined their own work and modestly learned from other factories, subsequently raising the quality of their products.



Me in Peking? That's more ridiculous than Stanfield in Ottawa.

of some of these articles, each time we re-read them with this new approach we learnt something new and found that there were points which we had not thoroughly understood before.

Our experience of factory work further convinced us of what Chairman Mao said in "On Practice":

If you want to know the theory and methods of revolution, you must take part in revolution.

So if we really want to grasp Marxist-Leninist philosophy, we must join the working people in all their practical struggles and learn in these struggles. We must learn philosophy outside the classroom.

I am an irresponsible and illiterate examination invigilator. Furthermore, your campus newspaper has called on my responsibility to produce an article on how I interpret my job. how it is interpreted by my "superiors," and equally important, how many students have been caught at what sort of cheating in the exam room, and to expose what has been done to them.

I know that exams are a farce. They fail to adequately evaluate even the most lethargic student. From my experience as an academic, and from more or less sharing the professors' viewpoint, I have heard exams described rather as excuses for a fellow professors' own laziness, and have at times seen fellow teachers laughing gleefully at a student's mistakes, before presenting a failing mark of 45 or 46 perhaps marking the difference between returning to University, or leaving to a life of probable intellectual vacancy.

I am not going to discuss failures in the educational system - your readers are adequate proof of that. Perhaps more relevant than my own comments on watching these terrified parrots entering the Memorial Rink, are my suggestions as to what the successful cheater should know to complete final examinations with a minimum of effort.

We are engaging in a sport, and it is unfair for we invigilators to take advantage of poor students without their understanding the rules. Perhaps like hunting, if we both understand what the other is doing, then, I for one can freely drag out the cheater who makes himself obvious, and respectfully allow his more intelligent contemporaries to make the Dean's list, complete their honours degrees, and go on to become the scholars of tomorrow.

It is relevant here to state that in nine years as a University student, I was unable, even when knowing the exam questions one week before hand, to complete an entire paper without examining someone else's answers perhaps only to see whether they were right, or to check how much time they were wasting on the wrong answers.

Surely if I had been caught by an invigilator, I would have hotly denied any suggestion of cheating. It is probably for this reason that as an invigilator today, I have been told that nearly every student actually cheats, and most, if caught, terrify neighbouring students by being hauled to the back of their class to finish. (I have

never seen a student expelled from the exam room, even for blatantly using three fully open and clearly marked text-books).

We are told, as invigilators, to do our best, to look meaning. The best proof of our effectiveness, is the many times I have stood, with fellow watchmen, in the back of a class, and witnessed a terrified cheater, realizing that his whole three minutes, trembling at the possibilities of hearing the heavy steps of my scholarly shoes (for such occasions I wear my heaviest Brogues) as his papers tremble, and he pretends to be shielding his eyes from the sun, and quickly darts his eyes to a paper three feet away.

The point that I am trying to make is that, while I could list stories of cheaters for thousands of column inches, I cannot continue to let cheaters slip through my fingers, any more, I am, luckily for you, at least, three years ahead of the fellow invigilators. Even the freshman have a full degree of cheating before them, and since I will be the only one looking for them in a room of three hundred, if they know the rules of the game their chances are pretty good. The most important one is that if you can't cheat well, you don't deserve to pass.



"see no evil..."

Remember that the invigilator is just as reluctant to catch the cheater as is the cheater to be caught. Remember that unless you are making a fool of the invigilator, i. e. unless he knew all along that you were cheating, and you suddenly make it painfully obvious, then chances are that he will not want to bother all the less obvious cheaters around you. Remember also that generally the worst that can happen to you is embarrassment, and quietly being put in the back of the room with the seven or eight equally oblivious, and equally tiresome students, and remember finally, that any invigilator under 65 years old considers the entire thing a rather dull and unfair sport... why not for a change give us a real hunt to worry about?

SGW Drip Condemns Backwash

MONTREAL (CUP) - A Sir George Williams university student last week took a sixty-hour dousing to claim the new record for the world's longest shower bath.

Campbell Mussells, a second year engineering student, entered a shower at 10.30 a. m. Jan. 28 and emerged two and a half days later. During his ordeal he left the shower for a total of 25 minutes, once because of a nose bleed, once for treatment of a swollen foot and once for a medical examination.

The natent champion, who slept, ate and listened to the radio while showering, had a word of advice for others with the same idea - "Don't."

The previous world's record, claimed by a student at King's College, Halifax, was 53 hours. The shower had, which originated at the American International

College in Springfield, Mass., has inspired a number of new international records.

While two Acadian students survived a 50-hour shower Jan. 19-21, another endured a molar-polishing marathon of 31 and a half hours to smash a previous

world record for toothbrushing by more than 20 hours.

Not to be outdone, two Acadia co-eds tossed their way to a new national record for ice cube trowing: 1,316 tosses of a single ice cube of standard size, at room temperature.

Saints are Nation's Best

The national hockey and basketball rankings relatively unchanged over the past week as none of the top positions changed hands. In hockey St. Dunstan's of Charlottetown posted a couple of top-sided wins to remain on top followed by Manitoba who also posted two victories. Montreal remained in third spot while the always powerful University of Toronto Blued in held fourth with a 12-1 record.

In basketball the only change in the top five was Carleton trading places with McMaster moving into fourth spot. The University of Windsor Lancers remained (as per usual) on top followed by Acadia and Edmonton who appear to the class of the west.

BASKETBALL:

1. Windsor
2. Acadia
3. Edmonton
4. Carleton
5. McMaster
6. Calgary
7. Waterloo Lutheran
8. St. Mary's
9. St. Francis
10. Toronto

HOCKEY:

1. St. Dunstan's
2. Manitoba
3. Montreal
4. Toronto
5. St. Francis
6. Ottawa
7. Laurentian
8. Edmonton
9. Western
10. U.N.B.

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peasants it is still impossible for us to become the theoreticians they need, nor can we persist in the revolution to the end. To be a revolutionary theoretician one must first of all be a revolutionary who is resolved to become one with the workers and peasants.

With this understanding we left for the factory in high spirits, each taking with him a set of the "Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung" and a plan for self-remoulding in the factory.

BECOMING ONE WITH THE WORKERS

We lived in the workers' dormitories with a view to ridding ourselves of the arrogant airs of intellectuals, remoulding our thoughts and feelings and becoming one with the workers. We also made up our minds to pass the test of physical labour. We ached after the first day's work. But we were encouraged by an old worker who told us, "In the old society labour was a painful thing because we were exploited and oppressed by the imperialists and bureaucrat-compradors. But in the new society we workers are our own masters. We are working for socialism and for the well-being of the people. We feel bad if we can't work nowadays." We were deeply impressed by the workers' responsible attitude. Eager to learn from them, we started work half an hour earlier than usual every day to clean up the workshops and help the workers prepare for the day's production. Every one volunteered to do

"tackling the key problem" in production.

Once the key was found, the problem was readily solved. In their practical work and in assessing output, the workers knew how to apply such philosophical principles as the relationship between balance and imbalance or between quality and quantity. This enabled us to see more clearly that philosophy actually comes from the revolutionary practice of millions upon millions of labouring people, and that by taking part in productive labour we can learn a great deal of living philosophical truths from the workers. At the same time it struck us that if the workers were armed with Mao Tse-tung's thinking and their practical experience was raised to the theoretical plane, they could play a still more conscious role in the three great revolutionary movements - class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. We saw that many workers were eager to study Chairman Mao's works. So we talked over the matter with them and organized a study group with the help of the factory's Party committee. Together with the workers we studied "Serve the People", "In Memory of Norman Bethune", "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed The Mountains", "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society", "On The Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People" and other articles. To achieve practical results, before reading an article we always discussed

scholarly sweat shops

MONTREAL (CUP) - Sports is all the rage south of the border. Americans have the time, the money and the inclination to follow and participate in more sports than any people in history.

Canada probably will never be this sports-oriented; she can't be. There are too many obstacles to overcome. Nor should she necessarily strive to be; there are other areas in which to excel. Yet sport is making a worthwhile contribution to Canadian life - one that is growing yearly and adding spark and economic stimulus to the life of the country. The nation's universities do well to hitch their wagon to the sporting boom, both to enhance student life and to encourage

public subsidy.

Sport in Canada faces a number of natural obstacles which will probably not be overcome for generations. One is climate. The country has to make use of what it has; a cold, six-month winter.

Another obstacle is tradition. In hockey, the nation's forte, Canada's turns out the world's best athletes. But she is unlikely to turn out as many fine football, baseball or basketball players. Imported sports are naturally less popular with Canadians than sports which have originated or grown up in Canada.

A third reason is the size and character of the fan market. There are fewer Canadians than Americans - with less money, less time and more pressing matters than sport to think of. In Eastern Canada there is a cultural division among the fans as well, and French Canadians have less of a sporting tradition than English Canadians.

Only hockey captures the imagination of the nation's youth, and attracts its support. The other sports haven't the glamour to attract a big following and are not well developed on the lower levels. The quality of play is poor in most sports as a result. Yet quality is seldom a large factor in the popularity of a sport. Balanced leagues, traditional rivalries, outstanding athletes, glamour and excitement draw fans at all levels of sport. The Canadian Football League has learned how to draw the fans and the lesson is paying a healthy dividend.

Harry Griffiths, McGill's present Athletics Director and formerly Manager of the University of Toronto's Varsity Stadium, indicates that things weren't always so. "Ten years ago," says Mr. Griffiths, "the Blues were out-drawing the Toronto Argonauts two to one. Then they were eating humble pie. Now it's the other way around."

Competition from the pros has certainly hurt big-time college sports in Canada. Yet many American schools (e.g. Harvard) draw big crowds despite competition from as many as four big league pro teams.

In the States the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) has led the way in promoting college athletics. The NCAA has built a big-time aura into college sports and has organized them into balanced, exciting leagues.

The infant Canadian Intercol-

P.H. slides again.....

P.H. emerged from his duplex, split-level, urban apartment house and proceeded toward his automobile. He was quick reflexes noticed that he was being followed by a short, blonde female with a noticeable bulge in her sweater. He slowed his pace and, as the blonde passed him by, belted her. The girl was laid out. J. knelt down, kissing the girl on her luscious red lips, "Tell SCAT they'll have to think up some better weapon than what you have behind that sweater of yours, honey." The girl sighed, SCAT (Society of Criminals, Arsonists and other Traitorous fellows), as everyone knows, is H's and CRATCH's (Confraternity of Researchers Against Traitors and other Carniverous Hedonistic Sadists) chief enemy. H looked, at all times, be on the lookout for these deceitful villains, while, at the same time, keeping a cool indifferent air about him.



H. entered his car (A super-horsepower, Gran Turismo, Volkswagon) and drove down the Interstate Parkway. H's VW looked like any automobile but was, in actuality, an arsenal on wheels. Every possible weapon that could be found was fitted into the cramped vehicle by CRATCH's ingenious scientists. H. cruised down the Interstate, doing his customary 95 MPH, when he noticed in his carefully hidden rear-view mirror a police car, apparently (as H's over-sensitive ears picked up) sounding his siren. The squad car pulled parallel with H. and the trooper inside the car waved our hero over.

H. to the redhead who happened to be at his side. "State cops don't have crew-cuts and this one does." H. coolly opened his glove compartment and pushed the button marked "GRENADE LAUNCHER," sending a grenade up the trooper's tail-pipe. "That'll fix the b-----d," said H. 068, indifferently. "Ah," said the redhead. GREENTHUMB H. drove up to 300 the Waterman Administration building at the world renowned University of Vermont, having received a call on his wrist-watch radio from

head of CRATCH. He entered R's office, greeted by "Ooo's" and "Ahhh's" from R's secretaries. "Something's come up," said R, "the notorious Greenthumb has been on campus and we think we know what he's up to."

H. was noticeably disinterested. "We think," said R., "he plans to blow up the IBM machine." H. stared at R, "I don't see the point," said 068. "The IBM machine, man." "So what?" "Don't fool with me 068," said R. "The IBM machine controls us and you know it. It is the symbol of all controlled society. If Greenthumb and his oriental buddies succeed in their plot, our whole society, as we know it, will be destroyed. The University will lose its control over its students and all of our faculty will leave. And H.

"Yes." "If you fail, you will be replaced by 070 and you know what that means."

H. was disinterested. He got up to leave. "...068," said R. "Yes."

"Be careful," H. smiled indifferently. He left the office and walked into the anteroom.

"Oh, H.," said the pert, cute brunette secretary at the door. "Yes." "Is there any hope for me?" H. reached for the secretary and carried her over her desk into his arms. He kissed her passionately. Shivers went up down the girl's spine. "No," he said indifferently, dropping her to the floor.