

UP ON THE TOWER

"Not the mind alone, but the hands, the body, the morals, and the emotions also. Educate the 'whole man'."

At the National Federation of Canadian University Students' seminar in Ottawa last month there was a constant repetition of the "whole man" theme. It is a trend which is de-vitalizing our university communities by demanding of them an education so broad that it can legitimately be expected only from a totality of life's experience. The "whole man" theorists tend to forget that universities have a specialized social function which outweighs all others in importance. They should be allowed what Dr. Eric Ashley has called "undivided loyalty to the kingdom of the mind".

The "whole man" argument should be laid away. It pretends to be an enemy of one-sidedness, but in practice it so easily degenerates into an invitation to social conformity. Pre-digested morality; social copy-cutting; the shell of ideas without any meat. We are "adjusted to our environment", we are "well-rounded", we are nice guys and gals—we are pleasant idiots. The "whole man" argument becomes an apology for the status quo.

We pervert the aim of education. We should not be here to get comfortable among our cushions. Our purpose here should be to think, which was never a particularly comfortable activity. For most of us it is more or less disturbing, because it involves problems. This is what Dr. Wm. Pugsley meant when, at the NFCUS seminar, he invited students and profs to "bug each other."

Universities should be places where our best minds can grapple with the toughest problems which face mankind, where the tension between mind and mind becomes electric. This is something quite other than "adjustment."

Enlightenment comes through individuals who are often extremely mal-adjusted to their environment. Advances come because some people can not and will not live comfortably

with dullness, ignorance, inhumanity, or superficiality. Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc, Tom Dooley, Jesus, Madame Curie, Norman Bethune, Lao Tzu, Paul Gauguin, Sigmund Freud, Galileo—need we multiply examples? Scientists, humanitarians, artists: fanatics every one, lost in the service of their tyrant ideals. Some are out ahead morally, some mentally—some simply can't be bothered about conventional values, mores and traditions for they are too passionately following their stars. This editorial is to encourage star-gazing.

I have no quarrel with people who want to be snug, happy, balanced, sane and mediocre. Just so they don't insist that it is the university's responsibility to mass-produce Mr. Good-Citizen and Miss Affluent-Socialite. The university is not (or should not be) an adjustment agency or a harmony house. It should be a place of problems, a time of tensions, an attitude of strenuous out-reaching. It should be a collection of failures and frustrations, not petty failures but magnificent ones, failures which come from grabbing onto issues too hot for us, biting into questions too big for us. It should be a place for persistent, often disappointing, but gradually widening discovery.

In short, this is a plea for the Ivory Tower. It is a plea for men and women who care enough to take on problems as big as the cosmos, as old as history, as lively as modern jazz. Give us men and women who are burning inside, whose interest is passionate, whose drive is irresistible.

This should not be construed as an attack on useful skills, money, engineers, social security, etiquette, the twist, or Dr. Vant's lectures. But it is a request that mental activity take precedence: a plea, in Dr. Pugsley's words, for the "traffic in ideas."

Do we want the "whole man"? Yes—in breadth of vision. The Ivory Tower is not a retreat from reality but an eminence for a wider view.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT

A political tempest is winding up in the confines of a teapot. Here on campus, we have the radical-right Young Canadians for Freedom opposed by nameless groups on the radical left.

Activity so far has included two showings of a film, "Operation Abolition," attempted and rejected discussion, emotional arguments, and a proposed debate. An opposition meeting was scheduled to present the "true story" behind the film.

While we admire those who have found a cause, we cannot help but deplore the emotional approach taken by some followers and leaders of both groups.

We urge students to listen to the persuasive murmurings and harangues on both sides, but to remember that much of it looks like "propaganda" type publicity-seeking. For the apathetic-average, these presentations may at least provide diversion from mundane matters.

FROSH WEEK POST-MORTEM

Freshman Introduction Week 1962 is dead, and it seems that an autopsy is in order.

In the first place, Freshman Introduction Week this year was a misnomer. Originally scheduled to be over at the end of September, the "week" was extended to a full nine days this year. The last event was the admission ceremony for the frosh Monday in the Jubilee Auditorium. All students had already had a taste of classes.

One good argument has been advanced for holding the admission ceremony later than has been the case in previous years. The argument is that two days of classes will have sobered up the freshmen for the serious (as compared to other events in frosh week) admission ceremony.

It must be realized, however, that by setting back the date of the freshmen's formal admission another element of phoniness has crept into the whole of Freshman Introduction Week. It brings to mind the Wauneita Society initiation—where the freshettes were this year admitted in two batches because of space difficulties. One would think that a ceremony should not be carried through on a piecemeal basis. Take them in, as a group.

And what of the Steak 'N' Stomp innovation? The Gold Key Society ceremoniously dubbed it a "barbecue." But many freshmen came to think the barbecue idea was a farce after standing in line half an hour for a piece of meat they had not seen "barbecued."

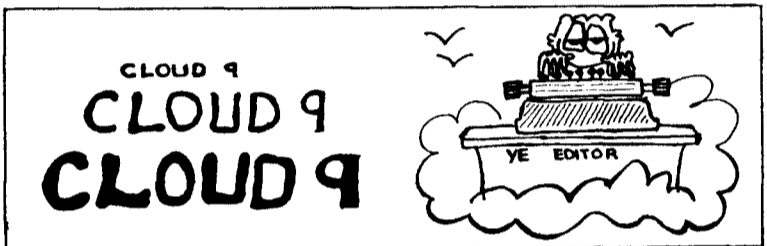
Finally, why was there a \$900 deficit this year for carrying through Freshman Introduction Week? The obvious answer given by members of the Golden Key Society is that 300 less freshmen than expected paid their fees to be initiated. It is necessary, then, to probe for the reason behind the reduced frosh registration. Could it be that freshmen think the whole week is farcical?

There is no question that freshmen enjoy most—not all, but most—of the activities of frosh week. After they have had a little time to reflect on the week, however, some may feel that the whole affair is somewhat phony. And then it is likely some of their feelings will filter back to future freshmen, who in turn may doubt the value of registering for Freshman Introduction Week.

The autopsy results in a recommendation. Get rid of the false aspects of ceremonies, or get rid of the ceremonies.



WHERE DO WE JOIN INNOCENT ADOLESCENTS FOR ANARCHY?



Editorial Policy Explained

Three years ago I'd have made a superb editor. I had some insight into the ills of the world and the weaknesses of man. Oh, I knew what was good for you—and wasn't afraid to say so.

Nowadays I am slightly more cautious. It's not so much that my head has shrunk, as that my world has expanded. The original propositions are still there but now I see a half-dozen plausible alternatives to each one. No matter what I would advocate, there is something to be said for the opposite view. And there's much more evidence—on each side—than I've had time, or wit, to gather.

So here I am to the point where there is little demon in me; jumping up and down on my liver screaming: "Let me out, let me out! Let me study for five years, or perhaps ten, and then ask me again if I am ready to edit a newspaper."

But then, I'm not so sure that ten years, or any number of years, would solve the problem. It's like the wise man said: "the trouble with education is that you can see both sides of your own argument." Looks like it gets worse, not better.

The practical outcome of this dilemma can be set down as EDITORIAL POLICY. Namely: 1. That this page, this year, shall express as many diversified ideas as possible. 2. Not that I agree with them all, but that they be worth arguing.

Example: Last Friday there was an Ivory Tower editorial. You will find in today's edit page a discussion of the Ivory Tower which differs markedly in tone, premise and conclusion.

Bless me—it seems we have a feature on the same subject. Not to mention columns and forums. Even an editor begins to wonder if we'll ever see an end of it. Wish Engineers' Week would hurry and get here.

Now is the time to climb on the "discrimination" bandwagon. UBC led the parade with a survey of off-campus residences and found 50% prejudice. University of Toronto took the legal approach and dug into anti-discrimination legislation. Gate-

way took up the chorus. So did the NFCUS congress. So did our Students' Council.

U of A at Calgary, of course, stole the whole show with an offer to transplant Mr. Meredith. So simple, so obvious! Why didn't I think of it first?

Next year's NFCUS congress will be on this campus. Being an NFCUS fan, I am happy about it. At the NFCUS seminar in Ottawa last month there were many testimonies, both public and private, to "a light turned on" in the sense of a new, vivid, personal awareness and concern for problems of universal scope. These conferences do wake young people up in a very meaningful sense. And for those who are already awake they afford an opportunity to compare values.

Our "community of scholars" will be the better for having hosted this Congress.

Big Daddy Jenkins gets bigger and better all the time. Our boy! One more step in that master plan—to take over the world!

le baron