

MORE LETTERS

... curfews ok? ...

Dear Kibitzer:

It has occurred to us (and probably to numerous other Shirreff Hall residents) that the present curfew system has more merits than draw-backs. Did you ever think that the co-ed, returning from a movie or frat. date at the bewitching hour would prefer to go home right away rather than to be pinioned in the back seat of some car "watching submarines" with an absolutely repulsive member of the opposite sex? True, she has not been forced to accept this date, but there is one undeniable fact:

The dashing young hero who calls for you at 7:00 is no relation whatsoever to the passionate Romeo who detains you at the door at 12:00. After a date, we want to get home, and get home fast!

For the pinned girls, the going-steady girls, a later curfew might be preferable. But surely, as soon as residence girls leave any party, the party soon breaks up? Besides, there is a limit of how long any one person can stand being at the same gay, gay party. After 3½ hours or so such gatherings have their novelty tarnished.

As two staid members of the "We believe in curfews" club, we say, "Long may they flourish."

Two indignant daughters of Eve.

Dear TIDOE:

Suspect you have fallen to the low level of using Shirreff Hall curfews to rationalize the fact that you haven't been asked to "watch submarine" often enough lately. A drowning woman scorns not even a straw. Suggest you live a little—pluck down an apple for poor Adam's sake

—The Kibitzer.

mocking ... the dead ...

Sir:

As a Dal student I should like to know just what has possessed our "Gazette" staff to allow the printing of that miserable and slanderous article about those who died in the two World Wars.

Those whose fathers and brothers died that we might live in freedom, whatever our race or creed, have now been subjected to having the dead called foul names. A mockery is made of the death of these men. It is going pretty low when we have to make stupid cracks about the dead to fill up a college newspaper. A blank page would have been more worthwhile.

I hope those responsible do not think they would be sitting in college writing such trash if the Nazis had not been opposed.

If this article, written by some misguided soul, who seems to me to be beyond help, was reprinted by you to stir up a controversy, you've got one, but at the expense it seems to me, of the reputation of the Dal Gazette.

I for one would be ashamed to have my name on the same page with such an article.

Yours in disgust,
—Bill Sommerville.

... abuse ...

Sir:

For several years now your paper has featured an article denouncing the DAAC. The latest of these annual condemnations has forced me to take exception to the opinion of the author.

I would be the first person to admit that our athletic program is not, by any standards, the ideal. If the Students Council were to give us another football field, gym, swimming pool, curling rink, and an extra \$10,000 I'm sure we could

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"Hey There! . . . You With Your Nose In The Air"

By ALBERT RORAI

I beg to differ with the views expressed in that yellow journalistic, academic article appearing in last week's issue, namely, "Why . . . What Answer Suits You." Obviously the writer is a fan of that man, Boethius, who appropriately enough was the last of the classicalists. Having read "The Comforts of Philosophy" he makes a plea for more philosophical speculation on the campus since we are "missing . . . the illuminating experiences of a deeper, more critical understanding."

On the contrary, now it is my contention that philosophy does not illuminate anybody; it confounds, perplexes, bewilders and produces an intellectually lost beat. The writer implies this himself when he states, "—it never lets him rest satisfied . . . but he must perpetually go on asking the question "Why" and "What." In the words of that distinguished American musician, Louis Armstrong, "If ya gotta ask, Man, you'll never know." Now of course if you happen to have a "philosophical bent," and you "gotta ask" to get that answer that "suits you," I suggest you ask the man who has one. Yes, you say, but who has one? May I suggest a few and you can pick one; I do warn you however they're philosophical answers.

The first beat of them all answered what and why with another question "Know thyself." He became enlightened to the extent that he made himself aware that he knew nothing, which does beg the question. I say how can you know thyself if you introspect, a characteristic foible of philosophers, all the time and do nothing; its only by something operating that you get to know it . . . Then there's Plato's idealism which intellectual connoisseurs consider quite sound, however Aristotle warns everybody that Plato is heading for skepticism just like the first beat. Greek beatism technically referred to as Greek skepticism may be the answer but then there's the moralistic answer of the Stoics and Epicureans if you prefer a mysterious answer, you know suspenseful, there is Plotinus. St. Thomas Aquinas comes along and says he knows something at least the reality of fact

is beyond question, but no, Ockham cuts him with his razor and maintains that words have no significance, hence no facts this I do not recommend since by its very essence it leads to a mix up. Renaissance skepticism is quite good if not naughty, but the Humanists don't agree, they're austere. If outright mysticism isn't appealing to you the pseudo-mysticism of Nicolaus Cusonus may "Suit You." Then come Descartes and Locke but their philosophies disintegrate into Berkeley and Mume, nature boy Rousseau says "darn it all" and comes up with another moralistic answer. That old beat Rousseau is still in vogue, particularly around Washington Square. Now Kant a most brilliant mind, mind you reads Rousseau and Co. and comes up with more idealism which in turn degenerates, I do say degenerate but one may substitute any verb, into the contemporary forms of agnosticism and of would-be mysticisms as ready and suitable shelters against spiritual despair. Perhaps one finds these answers a bit obsolescent since the current philosophical trend is fluid I suggest you wait three years because according to my calculations we're due for an ew sort of dogmatism. And then there's Brigette Bardot's sister . . .

Perhaps it doesn't all matter anyway another Frenchman, Etienne Gilson says the first law to be inferred from philosophical experience is: "Philosophy always buries its undertakers." So where does that leave us? Let's say in some bistro on Beau Mich where you can always utilize it as a conversation piece. Quite disconcerting stuff, this philosophy.

"What" and "Why," they find philosophy superfluous since they get the answers by intuition.

If you do study philosophy and find yourself "as on a darkling plain where intellects clash by night" try listening to music. An eminent professor on the campus, whose name discretion forbids me to disclose, gets his "What's" and "Whys" in this I believe, very efficient and pleasant manner. Illumination comes easier using this method if . . .

I cite a few pieces of music composed especially for philosophical illumination: "I Wonder Why," "I get Ideas," "Don't Be That Way," "Under the Bridges of Paris" and "Anything" by Sarah Vaughn. Wagner's "Faust" should be heard while probing Schopenhauer's Will. I also hear that Debussy helps give an insight into Bergson's Creative Duration. Then there "Un Bel Di Vedremmo . . .

Mr. Wright may have a point when he says that philosophy is rewarding but again only from the hedonistic point of view. It is true that asking "what" and "why" do frequently provide intellectual thrills, it's as much the same effect as good Scotch and then it gives you that superiority feeling if you studied philosophy you know what I mean, you know I'm more confused than he or she is." Really, it does wonders for the ego. If you suffer from an inferiority complex, take some Hegel.

So . . . if you do happen to get an answer to "suit you", remember to ask the epistemological question "how do I know that I know" . . . you know what I mean Jack . . . like what do I mean? . . . like fried shoes!

200 YEARS AFTER (AND ALL THAT)

In October, 1759, the British General, Wolfe, finally found Wolfe's Cove — which he had been looking for all summer long. He dragged his troops up the hill at the Cove to the heights of Quebec where, with the help of the planes of Abraham, he managed to overthrow the French in a famous battle. Wolfe had wanted to write Gray's EFFIGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, but instead he became one.

The British soldiers wore red coats and the French soldiers wore blue coats or coats "Faits en Bleu." After the war, these men having nothing to do (since they were defeated), formed a group of carousers. Time has so corrupted their name that today their group is known in Montreal as the Faisan Bleu by all night-clubbers.

The red coats were actually away. Luckily, they were inspired by Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous remark that the Devil had been the first Red, so they formed a liberal group with a capital "L" and became known as Les Rouges, which they still are. Once in a while, Les Rouges got political control of the Quebec government. Their last term in office was 1939-1944, or the War Years. Luckily, they were booted out of office quickly so that a peace might be made. Ever since, they have been called the Rogues.

Today, Quebec is a prosperous province and has many contented Conservatives. After the French Revolution the French Catholics

realized that their rights were better guarded with the English Protestants than with the French, so they became Disaffected with the French and Happy in the British Empire as long as they could be "Different." They became so disaffected with the French that they now claim that proper French is spoken only in Quebec, and that the French have drifted into a modern patois. This is called the Continental Drift Theory.

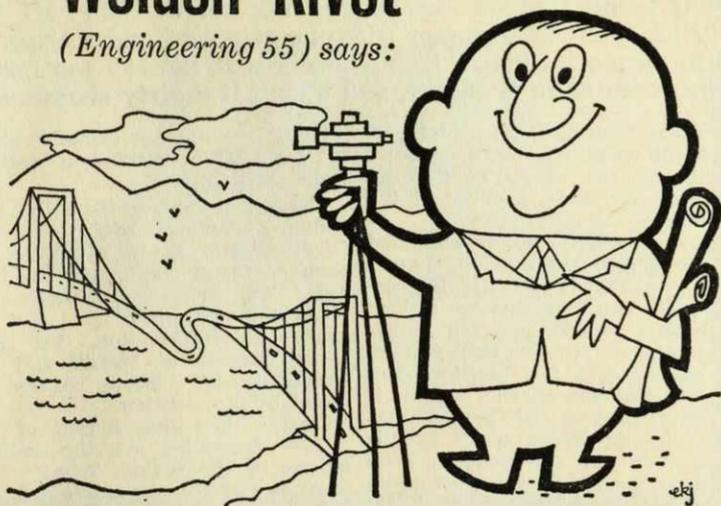
Politics have become the people's game in Quebec. The purpose of the game is to get jobs for as many of your relatives as you can. This is done by making tempting promises to the voters and each party tries to outdo the others. An example of this was the election which resulted in the construction of the Honore Mercier Bridge. Quebec political analysts liberally translated this as "We're Honoured voters, Thanks for voting, and here's your Bridge. (French, of course, is more compact than English.)

Since insurance rates are so high in Quebec, college students can't drive cars and play Chicken. However they couldn't let this inspired game go to waste so they instituted La Poule de la Presse or College newspaper Chicken. The object of this game is to see which university editor can write the most controversial trash in his newspaper without being expelled. Some editors, those of Laval especially, seem to have rotten luck, but this doesn't deter them.

Yes, 200 years have changed many superficial aspects of Quebec life, but they are still fighting "les Anglais." Quebecers have been crusading to prove that they are "Different" from the rest of the Canadians. Unfortunately, the other peoples of Canada are beginning to think that the Quebecers aren't so odd after all. It appears that in 1959, 200 years later the Quebecers, with the demise of a prominent leader, are losing another less dramatic to "les Anglais."

Welden Rivet

(Engineering 55) says:



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