

Stupid or Lazy . . .

By Partridge

Enlightenment is Man's leaving his self-caused immaturity. Immaturity is the incapacity to use one's intelligence without the guidance of another. Such immaturity is self-caused if it is not caused by lack of intelligence, but by lack of determination and courage to use one's intelligence, without being guided by another. **SAPERE AUDE.** Have the courage to use your own intelligence, is therefore the motto of the enlightenment.

Through laziness and cowardice a large part of mankind, even after nature has freed them from alien guidance, gladly remains immature. It is because of laziness and cowardice that it is so easy for others to usurp the role of guardians. It is so comfortable to be a minor. If I have a book which provides meaning for me, a pastor who has a conscience for me, a doctor who will judge my diet for me and so on, then I do not need to exert myself. I do not have any need to think; if I can pay, others will take over the tedious job for me. The guardians who have kindly undertaken the supervision will see to it that by far the largest part of mankind, including the entire "beautiful sex," should consider the step into maturity, not only as difficult but as very dangerous. After having made their domestic animals dumb and having carefully prevented these quiet creatures from daring to take any step beyond the lead-strings to which they have fastened them, these guardians then show them the danger which threatens them, should they attempt to walk alone. Now this danger is not really so very great; for they would presumably learn to walk after some stumbling. However an example of this kind intimidates and frightens people out of all further attempts.

It is difficult for the isolated individual to work himself out of the immaturity which has become almost natural for him. He has even become fond of it and for the time being is incapable of employing his own intelligence, because he has never been allowed to make the attempt. Statutes and formulas, these natural faculties, are the ankle-chains of a continuous immaturity. Whoever threw it off would make an uncertain jump over the smallest trench because he is not accustomed to such free movement. Therefore there are only a few who have pursued a firm path and have succeeded in escaping from immaturity by their own cultivation of the mind.

Thus begins Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher of the 18th century his essay on "What is Enlightenment" and it is peculiarly adapted to those masses of young people that populate the universities at the present. There is no necessity for every student (or professor) to be enlightened, but there are any number of reasons why they should at least attempt to strive to achieve a state of "Sapere Aude", a state that is discouragingly lacking.

One can find ample reasons for this lack. One of these reasons being the educational system, wherein young people from the bottom up are taught so called "practical things", without due consideration for thought, for reflection, for philosophy. Another reason can be found in the confounding influences of radio and television, which encourage laziness by forcing easy entertainment on their audience, which entertainment needs no energy at all to be assimilated. It is almost predestined so that all the company has to do is to open the mouth and pour it in. It (radio and TV) discourages any form of intellectual activity such as reading or the discussion of subjects worthy of discussion. The editor of this journal touched on this subject in his editorial of November 13th concerning political activities on the campus.

There is in North American life, more so than in that of other parts of the world, a definite tendency to make life easy, whether it is with the push button kitchen, or the full automatic automobile. This in itself is a most laudable effort, for it reduces the necessity to be occupied with and waste time on these most trivial of occupations. That it is to say it were laudable if the time thus made available were used to advantage. That however is the only thing that is not done, for instead of turning towards advantageous occupations, more than ever before time is wasted in a manner which would be destructive to any nation. Students take courses because they are easy, or because the professor has the reputation of passing most anyone; pinball machines have their hey-day; movie theaters have large crowds to display their trash to and if the movies are too poor even for such standards they still have their chance for the TV audiences, who will sit and watch anything, no matter how bad it is.

Wake up people! Concern yourself with the world you live in, the community you are a part of! Do not wake up only when your precious security might be in danger during Suez or other crises, to resume your slumber as soon as the first excitement is over, but maintain it. Try to rediscover what your forebears considered everyday knowledge, whether it is in politics or literature, philosophy or music. Wake up to make use of those potentials which you received at birth and which have been wasted ever since. Come out of that apathetic state of "being lived" and live for yourself, without concern as to what your neighbor will say

REV. MILLER AT U.N.B.

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points (a psychological, a biological and a Christian) will be presented.

At "Open House" this Sunday Bob will speak to us on a subject which also concerns each of us: "Faith and Doubt". We cordially invite all students to come. (There will also be discussion, a singsong, refreshments, and a short devotional.) Time: 8.30 p.m. Place: George St. Baptist Church.

Mr. Miller leaves for Toronto Monday night. Let's show him by our interest that we appreciate his coming here!

On Being A Bird

By Peter Pearce and Bob Ellis

Have you ever paddled a canoe from Woodstock to Fredericton? Better yet, have you done it in November? "That's for the birds" you will say, and so last Friday fortnight we two students of ornithology strapped a canoe atop a car and drove up to Woodstock with the intention of joining our feathered friends.

Since we had determined to do this on the cheap, our first problem was to find a place to sleep. Inspection of the local stables proved that they were unsanitary, furthermore they were full of horses. An exhaustive survey of Woodstock indicated that our best prospects lay with the C.N.R. Alas for optimism. Mr. Fahrenheit, hitherto so benevolent, came down to flirt with the twenties and by 1 a.m. we were frozen out of our box car. By 3 a.m. we had been frozen out of a sand hut too and we returned to the town. The local lock up had an acute population problem. Anyway its mediaeval grill and mighty lock would have banished sleep from sensitive and sober souls like ourselves. Finally we crept in the lounge of a large hotel and slept in luxury on an assortment of furniture there.

Morning creaked and gradually broke at 6.45 a.m. It was a morning of snow, sludge and bleak winds. After his night out Mr. Fahrenheit had a monumental hangover and he did not promise to be very good company.

At 7:15 a.m. we pushed off from the bank, fighting fit. At 7.20 a.m. we retreated before a dense snow storm and sought shelter in the local stables. There for the next hour we diverted ourselves and the grooms by cooking breakfast over the furnace. Eventually at 8.30 a.m. we really got started.

It was typical cold front weather. Ominous clouds, sharp in outline, rode continuously down from the North, lashed us with snow and wind and passed on. The river flowed smoothly and dark and, responding to the irregular shafts of sunlight, seemed curiously alive. Their thin mantle of snow gave the wooded banks and the hills behind them an appearance of unreality. The whole scene was one of strange beauty, a study in black and white.

In its ever changing facets the river is akin to the sea. We passed through wide slow pools and through turbulent narrows, ever deceptive, the current swung from side to side and the main channel was not always easy to see. Leading us toward gravel banks it would hide in a flurry of wind and then creep out unobtrusively towards the other side of the river. Frequently it would divide to embrace lozenge shaped islands, all of a uniform height. Among these islands we disturbed many wild fowl, mainly duck and occasionally a heron would freeze into gaunt immobility. At intervals the deep guttural cry of a raven came to remind us that we were not the only inhabitants of this strange world.

So we continued for eighteen miles; while gradually the wind steadied itself and began to blow with ever increasing strength from the North West. This made life a little more complicated since it ruffled the water, obscuring the presence of rocks near the surface. Some six miles above Pokiok we drew into the bank to enquire of local opinion as to the state of the river below.

We had observed elsewhere that local opinion was usually to be found dressed in thigh boots, a battered suit and a substantial coat; on his head a shaggy cap and with a knot of a tie around his neck; moreover he is usually over seventy. In this we found New Brunswick to be no exception. In common too with his brother elsewhere his advice was depressing. No, he wouldn't like to be on the river today. We were going down to Fredericton? Well if we took his advice we wouldn't. No Sir. There were bad rapids at Pokiok, not normally mind you, only just now when the river was low. Only the day we wanted to go down. Well maybe he was right and it wasn't our canoe anyway so, paying him more respect than usually accrues to his kind, we decided to haul the canoe up to the main road and hitch a lift around the rapids. The first part was accomplished after a crossing of the river, made perilous by the high wind. The second part we abandoned together with the canoe when four hours later we were still aiming our thumbs at the same spot.

Damn it! I bet we could have got through those rapids. We did not finish the marathon. We did however see

some more of the St. John River, which endorsed that which we have seen around Fredericton. It is a beautiful river, certainly the finest natural feature near here, and it is with unanimous sorrow that we note the absence of any rowing or canoe club to use it. We have heard that ice in the spring and pulpwood in the summer present hazards to navigation.

THE FUTURE?

"I am not bitter about being a faculty wife, very much, except that it is my opinion that young men who are apt to go on and become college teachers someday ought to be required to show some clearly distinguishable characteristic, or perhaps even wear a large kind of identifying badge, for the protection of innocent young girls who might in that case go on to be the contented wives of disc jockeys or even car salesmen. The way it is now, almost any girl is apt to find herself hardening slowly into a faculty wife when all she actually thought she was doing was just getting married.

The above is an excerpt from the article "On Being a Faculty Wife" which appears in the December issue of Mademoiselle. Its author is Shirley Jackson who wrote the prize-winning story "The Lottery" and is herself a faculty wife. This witty, wicked dissection should be required reading for any gal planning to back into the academic life via the marriage route.

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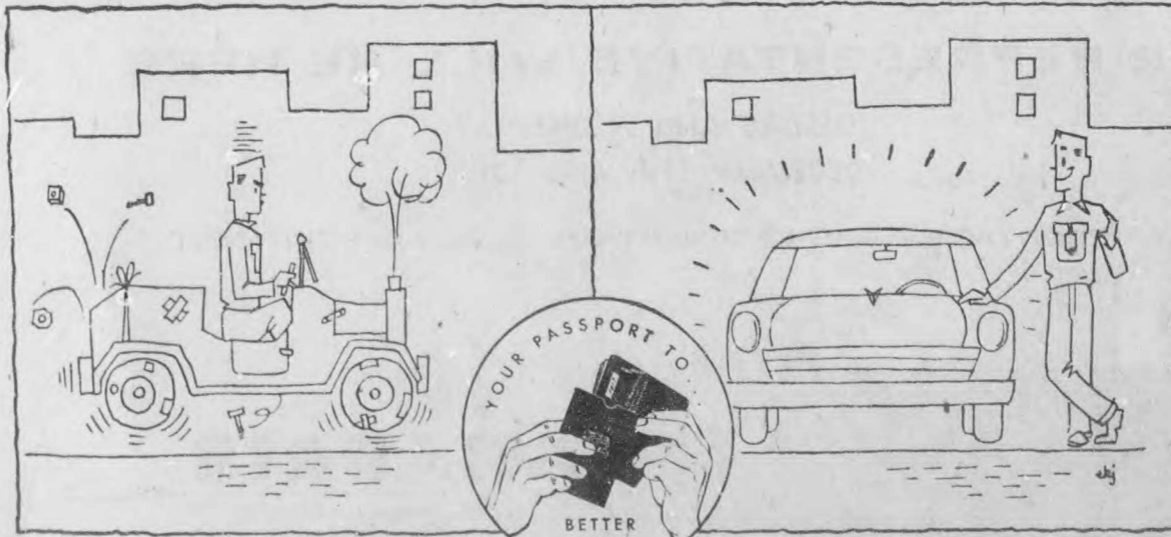
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THE HARVEY STUDIOS



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