McGill News

Spring 1977

McGill's theatre tradition is being threatened by archaic facilities and inadequate funds. See pp. 7-10. Also in this issue: a special look at the university art collection on pp. 23-28.

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Whether or not you can make the 1977 reunion, you are always welcome at the school. If you cannot come, let us know by mail what you are doing and feel free to ask for copies of the student newspaper, the new calendar, and other materials.

Vivian S. Sessions
Director,
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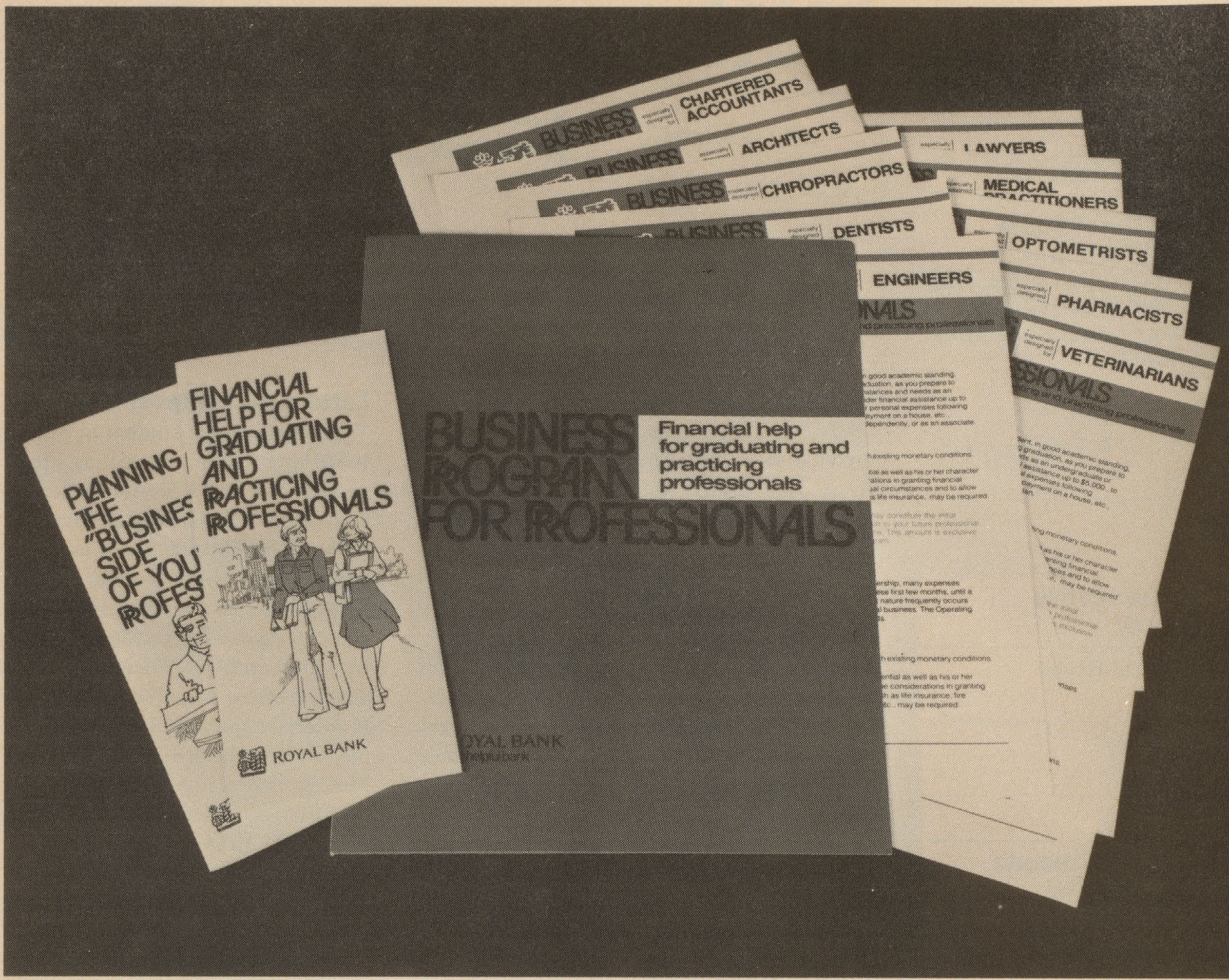
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What the Martlet hears

Fighting Words

For someone like me who must rehearse even a telephone call to the dentist's office, the confidence and fluency exhibited by debaters in an international tournament held in Montreal in late January was nothing less than awesome. So was the mental agility. Before I had barely started to sort out the intricacies of sentences like "Resolved: More revolutions are caused by conservative obstinacy than by liberal exaggeration," a combatant would be up on his feet arguing his case with logic and wit. By the time I had grasped the meaning of his opening statement, the speaker's seven minutes would be over and his opponent would be lucidly refuting his argument point by point.

The Second Annual International Speech and Debate Tournament was hosted by the McGill Debating Union under the auspices of the Canadian University Society for International Debate (CUSID) and the Trans-Atlantic Universities' Speech Association. More than fifty debaters from universities in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada came to spar individually and in pairs. The debates took place at various locations on the McGill campus and on the Loyola campus of Concordia University.

There were two main events, parliamentary debate and public speaking, and each was divided into three categories: persuasive, extemporaneous, and impromptu. The rules were strict. In the persuasive category, competitors received their topics well in advance. In the extemporaneous, they chose one of three topics on the general theme of "Canada and the World: The Last 100 Years," and were permitted fifteen minutes to prepare their remarks. In the impromptu, they were shown their topic no more than five minutes before speaking.

These two carved puppet heads are part of McGill's Rosalynde Stearn Puppet Collection. Six inches high, with glass eyes and real hair, they are of French origin and date from about 1840.

Those involved in the international tournament hoped that it would revive interest in an art that seems to be swiftly following heraldry and falconry into oblivion. But the audience turnout was disappointing. At a semi-final parliamentary debate between Ottawa and Colgate Universities, for instance, I was the sole observer of the activities of four debaters, three judges, one timekeeper, and one little brother-cum-courier who perused a copy of *Readers' Digest* when he wasn't running messages.

Stuart Logie, the McGill philosophy undergraduate who is president of CUSID, organizer of the tournament, and, needless to say, an active member of the McGill Debating Union, attributes the declining interest in debating to the skepticism with which the public now regards the spoken word. "It seems to stem from people's wanting something concrete," he says. "They want the truth, they want it hard and fast, and they want it straight. None of this mucking about with sophistry and words. It seems like an exercise in futility to them." Logie also believes that politicians have given debating a bad name.

The McGill Debating Union has a proud tradition – past presidents include statesman Sir Wilfrid Laurier and poet Leonard Cohen – but it, too, fails to attract members the way it once did. The number attending the regular Tuesday and Friday meetings drops around examination time and rises dramatically when an out-of-town tournament is in the offing. The club has, by Logie's count, a "core membership of about ten," and a "drifting, floating membership of about forty, which exists on a sheet of paper in the bottom drawer of a desk in the office." Debaters come not only from the political science and English departments, as might be expected, but also from disciplines like medicine and engineering.

It was the few dedicated McGill orators like Logie who ensured that the tournament took place and who grappled with all manner of organizational problems – mix-ups in hotel rooms, no-show timekeepers, late debaters. Even at the end there was little peace for the organizers. Just before the prize giving, it was discovered that the trophies had been locked in a safe in the University Centre, and no one knew the combination. It seemed appropriate, however, that verbal appreciation be expressed for verbal excellence, and this was done most graciously by the platform party.

Everard O'Donnell from Gray's Inn, a British law school, was probably relieved that the trophies had to be forwarded by mail. Otherwise his suitcase might have given way: he won the awards for best overall speaker and best extemporaneous speaker. He and his partner also picked up the prize for best impromptu team. The other team awards went to a pair of young men from Colgate University. McGill ranked eighth among the twenty-eight competing teams. Oh yes, the two-man team from Gray's Inn also won the John Stuart Mill Award for spouting the most nonsense, and this they accepted with touching humility, on bended knee. This prize hadn't been locked away: it was a toy whale. *Victoria Lees.*

The Charm of the Puppet

Ladies and Gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too.
Stop and hear my merry littel play;
If me make you laugh, me need not make you pay.

Prologue to Punch and Judy

Whether wooden or cardboard, refined or primitive, puppets have brought laughter and

tears to generations of children and adults alike. Charles Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, G.K. Chesterton, and Winston Churchill were all captivated by them. So was Canadian puppeteer Rosalynde Stearn. She amassed a collection of over one hundred glove and rod puppets, marionettes, shadow figures, and toy theatres, dating from as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century to as recently as the 1930s. She also built up a 600-volume library on the history and art of puppetry.

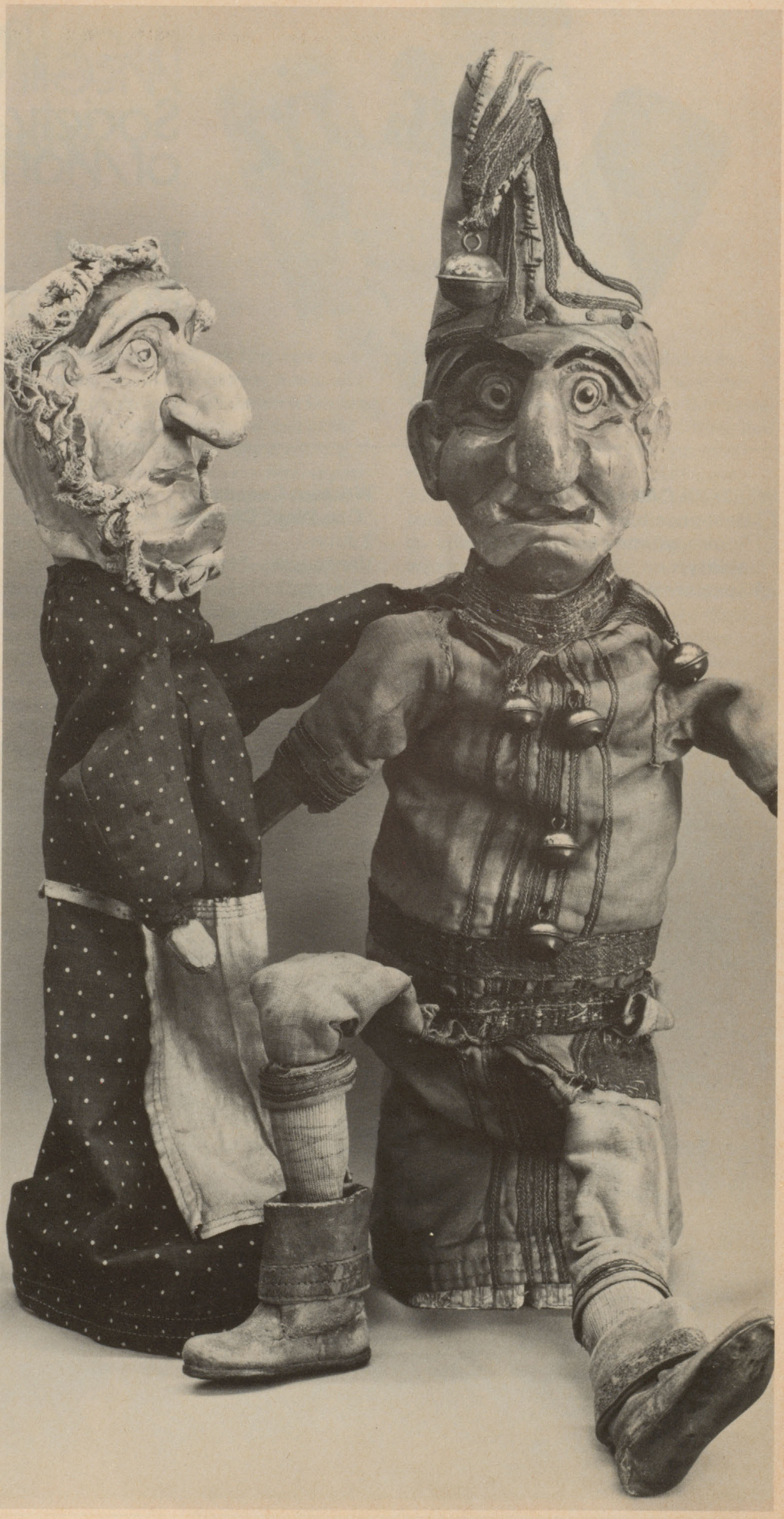
In 1951 Stearn gave both puppets and publications to McGill's department of rare books and special collections. In describing the acquisition, then-University Librarian Richard Pennington wrote in the *News* in 1954, "If anyone is so critical as to ask what a university which should be concerned with Latin, metaphysics and other useful subjects is doing with a collection of moveable dolls, let me explain . . . that the marionette is as old as human civilisation, as venerable as Punch, and as popular as the comic strip."

Today the Rosalynde Stearn Puppet Collection has over 1,575 books in numerous languages – the largest such collection in America. The puppets themselves are usually kept in storage, but they may be seen by appointment. Visitors range from puppeteers interested in antique animation to Italian literature students immersed in the *commedia dell'arte*. Recently, moreover, the university community and the general public had a chance to see a few of the finest examples from the collection in a display in the McLennan Library mounted by Rare Book Librarian Elizabeth Lewis and her staff. Montreal photographer Jennifer Harper, BA'67, made portraits for the *News* of some of the most winning puppets. Their costumes may be faded or torn, their coiffures in disarray, but their carved and painted faces are as expressive today as they were when these little figures moved across the puppet stage. ☐

Page 4, upper left: Columbina and Florindo, each seventeen inches high, are Italian wooden marionettes from the early eighteenth century.

Page 4, upper right: The Doctor, eighteen inches high, is a glove puppet of papier-mâché made by Rosalynde Stearn herself in about 1930.

Page 4, bottom: Sancho Panza, twenty-one inches high, is a wooden rod puppet made by American puppeteer Marjorie McPharlin in the 1930s.



At right: Punch, twenty-one inches high, and Judy, seventeen inches high, are English glove puppets with carved wooden heads. They date from about 1850.

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Theatre at McGill: A tragicomedy

by Victoria Lees

Despite a long tradition of theatre on the campus, McGill students and faculty are still struggling to make do with archaic facilities and inadequate funds.

McGill entered the theatre about a quarter to eight after an illuminated march through the city streets which will remain vivid in the memories of the onlookers for a long time. Inside preparations had been made. Threads had been strung across the body of the house, innumerable rolls of paper stringers, fruit, vegetables, heavy rolls of paper, live fowl, rabbits, pigeons and innumerable other products of the animal and vegetable world had been provided in a generous manner, that was only surpassed by the liberal way in which they were later used.

As regards the play itself the critic has only a very dim recollection. The greater part of the time he was busy unfurling paper stringers from his ears or picking peas from underneath his collar. And then, how could one grope for errors in delineation when hens were sedately walking under the feet of the players, cabbages were hurtling across the stage, bunches of lettuce were whizzing past his eyes, and the lady a few seats away was vainly endeavoring to extract a live lizard from her lap.

So read the comments of the *Montreal Herald* theatre critic on McGill's University Night, the predecessor of the Red and White Revue. "Twas Wild Night with M'Gill at Princess Theatre" ran the 1913 headline. " 'Glad Eye' was Closed Before Show was Half Over."

The Red and White Revue, alas, is no more. Performances of *Anniversary*, the 1973 Revue, drew houses of only thirty-odd people a night. *Nancy Grew*, the fiftieth Red and White production in 1974, was much more successful, but it was McGill's last. Theatre aficionados on campus are now mourning another loss: the two major productions usually staged by the English department. In addition, for the first time in over twenty years, the Music Faculty did not

Makeup attendant Irene Drobiasko offers guidance as Players' Club President Claire Hopkinson prepares for a performance of Noel Coward's Hay Fever.

mount a full opera this winter, although it did schedule its regular complement of evenings of operatic excerpts.

McGill's theatrical tradition rests this season largely on the shoulders of the fifty-two-year-old Players' Club and the twelve-year-old Savoy Society. Fortunately both student groups are vigorously alive and bearing up under the load. Players' Club, in addition to five major evening shows each year, stages short plays – sometimes original scripts by students – four times a week. These lunchtime productions, constituting the Sandwich Theatre, have budgets of under fifty dollars and last anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour. No admission is charged, for the Players' Club executive regards these productions as a testing ground for aspiring student directors and writers. President Claire Hopkinson, a final-year Arts student, readily admits that "some of them are going to be flops, and some of them are going to be great. You borrow costumes and props, you have a very basic set, maybe just curtains or plants, and it's very innovative and experimental. You don't have enormous production worries."

Evening presentations are considerably more elaborate. Last fall the club staged Frank Marcus's *The Killing of Sister George* (and won two awards for it at the Quebec Drama Festival) and Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*. This term the roster included *Doctors of Philosophy* by Muriel Spark as well as an evening of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, Harold Pinter, and A.R. Gurney. For the students who form the cast and crew, who direct and occasionally write the plays, the task of maintaining such a heavy schedule is prodigious.

The Savoy Society, unlike the Players' Club, has a very specific mandate: to ensure the continued appreciation and performance of Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas. Counting the full orchestra, a Savoy production calls for up to seventy-five people, and while the orchestra is composed mainly of students from the Faculty of Music, the cast is drawn from across the university. This year's operetta, *Patience,* was performed in the middle of March.

"It was horrendous."

But what has happened to the opera and the English department productions? Because of a change of conductors in the Music Faculty over the summer, there simply wasn't time to mount a full opera, an undertaking which requires months of coordinated effort. The suspension of the English department plays was also the result of unforeseen circumstances. One production was called off when the faculty member who had been scheduled to direct it suddenly resigned. And the sad accidental death of Assistant Professor of English Dr. Robert Tembeck during the summer forced cancellation of the undergraduate Theatre Laboratory course whose students staged the other annual production. The English department rallied as best it could and hastily arranged to stage several minor presentations instead.

But there are chronic problems faced by all theatre groups on campus: inadequate facilities and funds. These factors contributed to the demise of the Red and White. Underwritten by the Students' Society, the Revue had been losing money for years. The final production was $700 over budget in spite of very good turnouts, and the one before that ran up a rather alarming deficit of more than $4,000. Production organization of the Red and White was awkward: each year the Students' Council would advertise for a producer to be responsible for finding a script and music and for putting the entire show together. As there was no guaranteed continuity in executive ranks from year to year, the producer and director were all too often completely green.

When asked about the experience, David Conter, a philosophy graduate who directed the last Red and White, and George Kopp, a philosophy graduate and erstwhile campus cartoonist who wrote the script and lyrics, laugh with the camaraderie of old soldiers who once shared a foxhole. Kopp, in fact, refuses to talk much about it, hoping, it seems, to bury painful memories. Conter reminisces, but hardly nostalgically: "It was for me an absolutely flabbergasting experience. I'd never done that kind of show before. I'd directed mostly serious theatre, serious drama, straight. Nothing like this! I was not used to working with a very large cast. There were sixteen scenes and twenty-five people, and that was after we had cut the chorus by half!" Kopp adds, "There were problems scheduling rehearsals, building a set, and getting into the hall. There were conflicts because Moyse Hall belongs to the English department and it was doing a show. There were problems with personnel and getting things done on time. Amazing problems."

The script was unfinished when rehearsals began. The set designer quit less than a month before opening night, leaving behind not so much as a single drawing. One girl with a large part left because she decided that she didn't like the character she was to portray. Cast members all demanded solos. "It was horrendous," moans the lyricist. The director agrees. "It really was. The cast were driving me crazy. For people who aren't doing it for a living it is very difficult. It's unnerving and upsetting, and it makes the time approaching opening night very hectic."

Financial strictures are a source of considerable strain on everyone trying to do theatrical work at McGill. Asked how she and her husband Luciano manage to produce operas on a very tight budget, Edith Della Pergola, an assistant professor of music, replies despairingly, "Blood!" Assistant Professor Dr. Harry Anderson, director of the English department's drama program, points out that "you spend all your time trying to make do, finding alternates to the things you have to have done. Imagine trying to make twenty-five costumes with three sewing machines that keep throwing needles out – I mean dangerously – and breaking down constantly. You manage to get people to come down to work on costumes, they work ten minutes, and the machine breaks down. And then you stand around for half an hour while somebody tries to fix the machine. You get it going, it goes for twenty minutes, and it's shot again. Eventually people wander off. It's the same in every aspect. You're plagued by these minor things."

The production budget for the drama program has remained stable for several years, while the price of wood, textiles, and makeup has skyrocketed. With increased emphasis on production and performance as means of studying dramatic literature, new expenses for small classroom performances have used up money once tagged exclusively for major productions.

Archaic Facilities

To make matters worse, technical facilities on the campus are badly outdated. In Anderson's view, they are "absolutely archaic. They are disgracefully inadequate. I can't put it strongly enough." A newcomer to the drama program, Assistant Professor of English Dr. David Carnegie, recalls that he "was very impressed with the program when I visited McGill last year. But the facilities are among the worst I've seen in Canada. They are worse than the University of Victoria, which is using army huts. The facilities here are even worse than they were where I was in New Zealand – which is saying something." The only storage room for costumes is in a building so decrepit it has been condemned; rain seeps through the roof. Power tools are lost because there is no safe place to keep them. Since there is no construction area for sets, flats have to be sawed, welded, glued, and painted on the stage of Moyse Hall in the Arts Building. That means the hall can't be used for other purposes when set preparations are underway.

Probably the largest material obstacle for all types of theatrical work at McGill is the lack of an adequate theatre. At the moment McGill's dramatic activity takes place in three theatres – the Players' Theatre, Pollack Concert Hall, and Moyse Hall – which are all, to varying degrees and for varying rea-

sons, inadequate. The Players' Theatre on the third floor of the University Centre can seat 150. As there is no backstage area, the cast must either sneak through the audience to reach the stage or pull a curtain to cover its entrances. But as imperfect as this theatre may be, it is a space, and a very pleasant one, for small productions. It is booked almost continuously.

The Music Faculty uses Pollack Concert Hall in the Strathcona Music Building, which has a seating capacity of 600. Although the acoustics are acceptable for operatic productions, the auditorium was designed for concerts rather than theatre, and there are, therefore, no wings to the stage. Because of fire safety regulations, no curtain is allowed, either. Staging the tragic death scenes in which opera delights requires some ingenuity, for recently deceased tenors and sopranos must scramble to their feet and scurry offstage in full view of the audience. Despite these drawbacks, Pollack Concert Hall is in almost constant use and opera performances must be limited to one night even though audience support is strong enough to warrant longer runs.

"The acoustics are really bad."

English department plays and Savoy Society operettas are staged in the hopelessly antiquated Moyse Hall, originally designed as a convocation hall and subsequently used as a theatre for want of anything better. The hall's proscenium stage is suitable only for certain kinds of traditional productions and makes a mockery of attempts to perform plays which have grown out of the modern revolution in theatre. The hall seats 420 people and simply cannot be adapted for studio or workshop performances.

Associate Professor of English Dr. Michael Bristol, who has directed in Moyse Hall, remarks that its acoustics are technically overwhelming. "You have to have a professionally developed voice if you're going to do anything in there. Here we have these poor well-intentioned students, who perhaps do have some expressive ability, but whatever subtlety they possess is totally drowned when they get into Moyse and have to shout at the top of their lungs so they can be heard." Kopp, who has worked in the hall on Savoy productions and the Red and White Revue, agrees. "The acoustics are really bad. There's one portion near the front, extending for five or six rows, where . . . the sound just goes right over your head."

Both lighting and sound systems in Moyse

A scene from the Players' Club production of Hay Fever *in December: Shauna Cairns (centre) as Judith Bliss; Claire Hopkinson (lower right) as Sorel Bliss; and Davidson Thomson (upper left) as Simon Bliss.*

Hall are so exasperatingly deficient as to make grown men weep. Anderson details the inadequacies of the lighting: "We are in this regard, I think, the most poorly equipped theatre in Montreal. I know of no other university theatre, or even CEGEP theatre, which has a lighting system as old and inadequate as ours. We discovered for the last show that with every instrument we had going – plus sixteen rented instruments – we didn't have enough light on stage to take a picture." The sound system is equally poor. "We are in the process, I hope, of getting a sound system," Anderson says. "We have no intercom system; it's been broken for four years now. That means that there is no communication between the observation booth above the theatre and the man who is running the lights, or between the stage manager and the dressing rooms. Flags, runners, bells, you use whatever you can . . . . A theatre can't function in this way."

Moyse Hall – even a renovated Moyse Hall – is no one's idea of a good theatre. What is wanted and needed is a facility with three to five theatrical spaces, including flexible studio areas that could double as classrooms and rehearsal rooms. There are no plans afoot for such a facility, so the drama program uses what it can find. Much favoured is a large octagonal room in Morrice Hall. Associate Professor of English Dr. John Ripley explains its charm: "Everyone wants to use the studio in Morrice Hall because it is such a human space. It's a circle, and theatre teachers have discovered that everyone works better in a circle. It has a wooden floor, and we get lovely effects in there. We need more spaces of that sort." Morrice Hall is slated for interior renovation and those who teach in the drama program are guardedly optimistic that they will be able to retain some space therein.

Less Tangible Problems

McGill's drama program is plagued by problems of a less tangible nature as well. The seventies have seen a pronounced spurt in the growth of theatre as an academic discipline. New courses in dramatic theory, criticism, and history have been introduced on the campus. So have practical theatre classes. Whereas in 1968-69 there were only two taught at McGill, both of them in acting, the student today has a wide choice: from Theory and Practice of Dramatic Production to Medieval Drama Workshop. As in universities across the country, drama program instructors at McGill are pausing to question and re-evaluate the goals of theatre studies. On one point they all agree: the program is not offering professional training. McGill simply does not possess the facilities necessary for that kind of instruction. Nor can professional training, which requires three years of concentrated work on the craft at theatre schools, feasibly be combined with academic studies leading to a normal English degree.

Some drama professors, moreover, question the morality of turning out more actors than the tiny Canadian job market can absorb. Others ask whether it is the task of the Arts Faculty to offer professional training at all. Issues such as these lie behind the carefully italicized statement in the Arts Faculty calendar: *The Drama and Theatre curriculum is not designed to provide professional theatre training. Our aim is rather to permit students to explore the subject as a Liberal Arts discipline.*

In spite of this warning, students persistently ask for professional theatre training. Ripley shakes his head and says worriedly, "I don't know how we're going to get around this. We have written it down clearly. We tell students when they register. But even while they say to us, 'No, I know this is not what the program is about,' they are saying to themselves, 'I'll show him. I've got it in me.' "

Many students on campus want acting careers and, in fact, numerous McGill graduates now perform professionally in Canada and the United States. According to George Kopp, everyone who joins the Players' Club secretly longs to be a professional actor, or failing that, to work backstage. This apparently was also true of students who worked on the Red and White Revue. What the students want to learn and what the professors are prepared to teach are not always reconcilable.

Developmental drama, which emphasizes individual development rather than performance, is one mode that the academic drama program could pursue. A chronic stutterer could be cast in a lead role, and a student confined to a wheelchair could earn a drama degree. The most ardent advocate of developmental drama is, surprisingly enough, the staff member with the most professional experience. Ripley explains his position: "I somehow don't think that performance is of prime concern. I think the ideal is to try to create a place where anything can happen, to allow the student to explore his own voice, his own body, the act of creation in conjunction with other people, and to put things together for their own sake and not for an audience, and then to share his insights with other people in the class in an informal way. I think he gets as much benefit out of that as he would out of a major production."

But some professors feel that the university has an obligation to stage public performances and bring attention to works not usually seen in commercial theatre, such as medieval plays or experimental presentations. Dramatic performance is also viewed as an important adjunct to literary studies. Explains Bristol: "Performance has become more integrated into the teaching of literature. We no longer go into a classroom and simply interpret a play. More and more staff members are suggesting or requiring that their students become involved in a production as part of their work."

Students themselves are impatient with academic debate. They insist that if the Music Faculty can provide professional training, the drama program can, too. The Music Faculty offers three programs of study, culminating in a bachelor of music with a major in composition, performance, or school music, and students involved in the yearly opera production receive academic credit for their participation. English professors reply that it is unrealistic to expect the drama program – a stream within a department – to offer the same options as a Faculty. And so the argument continues.

Eventually the question of aims and purposes comes back to the problem of inadequate and overworked facilities. Even for developmental drama, which demands the fewest physical resources, McGill is not properly equipped. The director of the drama program is sensitive to student complaints, but finds himself hobbled by lack of funds. "I think it is possible to have a program that is a mixture of the academic and the practical, that is really satisfying to the students and very useful in terms of their learning and development right now and in terms of what they might do after they get out of school," Anderson says. " But in order to do that you have to have a minimum of financial support."

Daydreaming

At the moment even professors resort to daydreaming. Bristol indulges: "I wish some fairy godmother would come and give us the studio space we need. I think that with the right kind of facilities and the right kind of staffing, McGill could really become a leader in Canada in terms of theatre programs. I think we've done more work on certain levels than other people, but we haven't had a chance to put that into practice in detail."

Theatre on campus has left its boisterous adolescence behind. The era of "University Night" is past, and drama is now a respectable academic discipline. McGill students involved in theatre these days are very, very serious. They feel pressured by budgetary concerns while here and they feel anxious about jobs when they graduate. They want training and seek experience that will prove useful when they look for work. They hardly ever toss lizards in ladies' laps or let chickens roam on stage anymore. ☐

Victoria Lees is a doctoral student in medieval studies in the McGill English department.

Rising star

by Jack Kapica

Actress Marilyn Lightstone has served her apprenticeship. Now she is on her way to becoming a star – or as close to one as a performer can be in Canada.

In the film *Lies My Father Told Me,* Annie Herman is a woman surrounded by males. She is daughter to a man who deals in rags and bottles and cherishes old-world values; wife to a man who thinks up impractical inventions and dreams of a windfall; and mother to a little boy who feels closer to his grandfather than to his father. The actress playing Annie is Marilyn Lightstone, BA'61, and although she is upstaged by stars Len Birman, Yossi Yadin, and child actor Jeffrey Lynas, she carries her role in this quartet with the dignity of a cello in the midst of three competing violins. Her radiant performance is one of the qualities that has made *Lies My Father Told Me* a great success in the beleaguered Canadian film industry.

Since it premiered in 1975, the movie has become one of Canada's all-time box-office hits. It has grossed $8 million, even surpassing another highly popular filmed story of Jewish immigrants in Montreal, Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.* It has also made Marilyn Lightstone a star – or as close to one as a performer can be in Canada. She has not had any other exciting film offers here or tantalizing inducements from Hollywood. But she won a best actress Etrog at the Canadian Film Awards and has been acknowledged as one of the bedrock actresses in this country: dedicated, talented, and capable of breathing extraordinary life into whatever she does.

Lightstone did not always want to be an actress. In high school she groomed herself as a singer, crooning love ballads at dances in the last years of the big band era before Elvis Presley emerged and rendered everybody else obsolete. At McGill she studied English and fine arts and sang in three Red and White Revues: *Wry and Ginger, Reign or Shine,* and *Got It Made.* (She points out sardonically that these were the three revues immediately *after* the resoundingly successful *My Fur Lady.*)

It was the day Lightstone was turned down for a role in the English department's production of Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* that her acting career really began. Frustrated and curious, she headed for the old Students' Union on Sherbrooke Street and auditioned for a Players' Club presentation of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood.* "I just wanted to see if I could act," she recalls. She got the part and never looked back. She also got to know a fellow performer, a political science student named Moses Znaimer, BA'63. The two are still together, living in a turn-of-the-century stone mansion in Toronto's High Park neighbourhood, while Znaimer continues to build his remarkable CITY-TV station.

"It all seems like a zillion years ago," Lightstone says of her time at McGill. "But I enjoyed it tremendously. I had good friends and good times. The extracurricular life was the best." To finance her studies she used to moonlight as a waitress in a South Seas bar. "McGill never gave me any tuition money," she says. "I'm not bitter about that, but it doesn't make me loyal. You can look at it negatively, but I realize now that it made me a more self-reliant person. The most creative and successful people I know never did particularly well in high school or college. I'm not putting myself in that category, mind you, but I can see that those people had all that creative energy just waiting to be tapped, and the educational system can never bring that out.

Actress Marilyn Lightstone: "There's no confidence in Canadian performers, and that's discouraging."

"You can't say that McGill did anything to make me an actress. I remember Dean Fieldhouse's saying that theatre was a closet subject which should be studied as literature. I resented that at the time, but now, having worked as a professional, I realize that a university is not the place to study acting."

With a university degree and one Players' Club production to her credit, Lightstone auditioned for the newly opened National Theatre School in Montreal. "My audition pieces were by Jean Anouilh and Shakespeare," she remembers. "It was a joke – I had only seen a Shakespeare play once." The National Theatre School, however, recognized her potential and she became a full-time student. During her three-year course she worked day and night. Like the rest of the students, she did it for the sheer love of theatre – the National Theatre School never makes the promise that a graduating student will land a job. The one promise it does make is to bring in professional directors for a mass audition of final-year students.

For Lightstone that mass audition proved auspicious: Toronto's Crest Theatre offered her a role in *Brecht on Brecht*. Later she left Toronto for New York to audition for the Theatre Communications Group, which helped regional American theatre companies in the expensive search for casts. Lightstone chose a scene from *The Trojan Women* and, as luck would have it, a director from the Alley Theatre in Houston, Texas, was casting that very play. Lightstone won the part.

Immigration laws being what they are, she had to return to Canada after her Houston debut. Then started the long grind of establishing a career, pounding on directors' doors, selling herself as an aspiring professional. She performed in radio and TV dramas, including a stint with the late Pierre Mercure on a bilingual multi-media TV show called "Toi or Loving."

The Crest Theatre also called her back for the Theatre Hour Touring Company. Touring is tough for a performer – the hours are impossible, filled with constant packing and unpacking, waiting in train and bus stations, and smiling through endless receptions in tiny towns. The worst part is the knowledge that, while you may achieve instant fame among miners in Sudbury, your name temporarily drops from the currency of the "big time," even if the big time is Toronto, which only recently developed into the second-busiest theatre city in North America.

Despite the demands of touring, Lightstone has warm memories of that period. "It was the most gratifying thing I've ever done," she says. "We toured 220,000 miles in six months. Even today, an airline clerk will recognize my name when I'm phoning in a reservation. It's a wonderful feeling. We were breaking virgin territory, playing mining towns like Red Deer, Sudbury, Timmins, Dryden. There'd be a piper to pipe us onto the bus after shows, tea with the ladies' auxiliary, and dinner with the nuns."

In 1967 Lightstone went to the theatre mecca of Canada – Stratford. Following the rough road of all young actors, she understudied several female leads while playing the minor role of Iris in *Antony and Cleopatra*. And she managed to reach centre-stage when star Frances Hyland lost her voice during the third week of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Lightstone continued at Stratford the next season, with parts in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*.

Stratford director John Hirsch thought so highly of Lightstone that, when he heard New York's Lincoln Center was planning to do *King Lear,* he recommended her for the role of Goneril opposite Lee J. Cobb, and even arranged to release her from the rest of her Stratford contract. She got the part and also understudied Anne Bancroft in Bill Gibson's *A Cry of Players*. When Bancroft took ill, Lightstone ended up in another lead role in New York.

Rave Reviews

As she moved from show to show, Lightstone continued to build the reputation that rules an actor's destiny. Then in 1972 came the offer from Academy-award-winning Czech film director Jan Kadar for the female lead in *Lies My Father Told Me,* written by Montrealer Ted Allan. The film was beset by problems – funds ran dry at least once and the disappointing music score was scrapped and a new one commissioned – and it was four years in the making. On release, however, it met with rave reviews.

In the meantime, Lightstone had received an offer from the Charlottetown Festival, which produces only Canadian musicals and is famous for its version of *Anne of Green Gables*. She won the title role in *Mary* (about Mary, Queen of Scots), a successful production which ran for two summers. But because she did not dance, she missed the chance to be a permanent member of the Charlottetown troupe.

Lightstone's most recent splash has been in Toronto, where Znaimer, who believes in her more than anyone else, produced a one-woman show for her called *Miss Margarida*. Despite mixed reviews, the show drew good audiences and broke even financially – virtually unheard of in government-subsidized climates like Canada's. It had to close after a two-week run because the theatre had been booked by another company. But Znaimer is now talking about staging it again, even in the knowledge that Lightstone's constitution may not stand up to the pace – she lost two pounds a night while performing her two-hour, two-act monologue. "Doing *Mary* at Charlottetown was tough," she says. "But doing *Miss Margarida* was so tough I lost my appetite, which had never happened before, and I love food."

None of this has made Lightstone a rich woman. At thirty-six she has reached that stage in her career where she wants to pick and choose her roles with care. To make money, she performs in television commercials. Canadians have seen her, or heard her on voice-overs, extolling the virtues of products like Easy-off and Campbell Soup.

"Last year I spent three-quarters of my time on stage and one-quarter on commercials," she points out. "But I received one-quarter of my income from the stage and three-quarters from the ads. Ads give you the freedom to do what you want, like *Miss Margarida*. I don't consider it work to do commercials; it's just not as challenging as theatre. But commercials are a craft, a skill, and for an actress they're not a worthless pastime. Besides, they allow me to buy nice things and I like nice things.

"I hope my career has been a steady progression but I often wonder if that's the best one could ask for in this country. It all seems to come to a dead halt – it's just the nature of Canada and how we treat our own. It's not an axe I wish to grind at this particular moment, but let me give you an example: I did one film, *Lies,* which was an astounding success. When I went to Los Angeles with it, I got the feeling that I could stay there and it would lead to other movies. But in Canada films are still being made with foreign money, and foreign money needs a foreign star.

"It's great that an actress like Maggie Smith can play at Stratford, but most of our other imports are third- and fourth-rate. There's no confidence in Canadian performers, and that's discouraging. It just might make me pick up and go one day, unless something happens and this country begins to treat its performers well. There's no sense of entrepreneurship here, no gamblers. It's a great battle not to become disillusioned."

Nevertheless, Lightstone continues to find new challenges. Last summer she performed in a play by Ted Allan, *For Whom The Horses Run,* about the boy from *Lies My Father Told Me* a decade later. It was filmed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) for the "Front Row Centre" television series early this year. "It was great fun," Lightstone says. "The CBC gave me a great body for it – they built up my hips, and gave me a Carol Lombard wig and an overripe bosom."

Then, of course, there are more TV commercials in the offing and the possibility of repeating *Miss Margarida*. "Maybe I'll do *Miss Margarida* again, maybe not," Lightstone says with a sigh. "It's not a casual decision. I don't want to lose all that energy again. But I would like to do films. After treading the boards for twelve years, I'd like to develop my craft a little more.

"If someone came along with a great role for the stage, I'd do it, but I don't want to spend the rest of my life doing roles that are merely nice. So it would have to be a film or an extraordinary role in a play. And if that doesn't come along, I'll just sit at home, tend my plants, and cook." ☐

Jack Kapica, BA'69, MA'72, is an arts writer for the Toronto Globe and Mail.

The pause that refreshes

by Judy Rasminsky

After a year and a half of study and deliberation, McGill has finally developed a clearly delineated policy to govern that professorial perquisite – the sabbatical.

What do university professors have that the rest of us would like?

It's not their ivory tower or their academic slouch that we covet, but their flexible timetables, their long vacations, and their relative autonomy in their work – perks that ordinary people in ordinary jobs might prefer to expense-account lunches and the odd trip to Calgary. But by far the most mouth-watering of all is the sabbatical leave, one full year out of every seven during which faculty members are free to do what they please while drawing partial or even full salaries.

Green with envy, we of the general public may spitefully call such a leave a swindle or racket. At our most magnanimous we may label it a holiday. (Even McGill principals, for whom sabbaticals may never have been convenient or possible, have been known to use the latter term.) But that is a mistake, academics remind us, for the sabbatical leave was designed for the good of the university.

The idea originated in ancient Judea, where Mosaic law prescribed a sabbath, or rest, for the land every seventh year. It was believed that if the fields were left untilled they would be revitalized and their fertility restored. In 1880 Harvard University decided the same principle might profitably be applied to its faculty, and sabbaticals have been around ever since.

Clearly delineated sabbatical leave policies, however, have been developed only recently. In 1967 the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) drafted guidelines, and universities across the country began to seriously examine the issue. Three years later a committee was appointed at McGill by Principal Dr. Robert Bell and chaired by then-Vice-Principal (Academic) Dr. Michael Oliver. The purpose of sabbatical leaves, according to the committee's final report, is "to permit the teaching staff to pursue and further their studies in any way that is beneficial to the staff members and the university." Professors must indicate how they intend to spend their time, and departmental chairmen, Faculty deans, and the academic and administrative vice-principals must approve their plans. But the report strongly urged that "no obstacles . . . be placed in the way of a sabbatical leave when no replacement costs are involved."

The Oliver Report, as it became known, drew on advice and recommendations not only from CAUT, but also from the McGill Association of University Teachers and the Conference of Rectors and Principals of Quebec universities (which had developed its own guidelines earlier that year). Nonetheless, the five-page document now appears oversimplified. Reflecting an era when the university looked upon itself as a community of gentlemen, it contained no grandiloquent rationalizations for sabbaticals. It assumed that reasonable professors would propose and carry out acceptable projects with beneficial results.

The guidelines that the Oliver Report embodied were approved in principle by the McGill Board of Governors. But in 1975 Vice-Principal (Administration) Dr. Leo Yaffe independently convened a new committee to draft a more comprehensive sabbatical leave policy. Its final report was tabled in Senate in February of 1976. Almost two of its nineteen pages are devoted to a strident justification of sabbatical leave itself as "the pursuit of scholarship and . . . intellectual renewal."

The Case for Sabbatical Leave

There are three facets to a university professor's job: teaching, research, and administration. It is on the second, though, that a faculty member's competence and contribution to the university are heavily judged. He has been hired because he is a scholar at the forefront of his field. But while he is busy teaching and serving on university committees, the frontiers of knowledge are moving on. He doesn't have enough time to pursue the research and writing that made him desirable in the first place. A sabbatical year enables him to keep up, renew his excitement about his subject, and make new scholarly contributions.

At different times research funds have been more or less difficult to come by, publishing has had more or less relevance to academic survival, and university bureaucracy has been more or less formidable. But the case for sabbatical leave really hasn't changed much since 1880. Why, then, did a committee at McGill look into the issue once again? Are there lingering doubts that sabbaticals don't always have the tonic effects ascribed to them?

Dr. Charles Pascal, an associate professor in McGill's Faculty of Education and Centre for Learning and Development, points out one reason why sabbaticals can fail. "Having a year to do something for yourself professionally," he says, "is not something that many people know how to do well. . . . When you're in a job where you're responding to committees and classes and research grants, you get used to responding to people and things around you. It then becomes hard to work on an open-ended schedule. . . . Independent, self-managed behaviour doesn't come naturally to many people."

Last year Pascal himself spent a highly productive sabbatical going around the world, alternating visits to institutions comparable to the Centre for Learning and Development with stops for writing. He stayed a month in Bali, for instance, to document the research he had done during the previous four months at the Australian National University.

Since his return, numerous colleagues have asked Pascal how he organized his trip, and he has conceived the idea of running an in-service seminar on planning sabbaticals – an idea which fits into the Centre for Learning and Development's mandate of improving collegial instruction. Explains Pascal: "It would bring people who've done it well together with people who are just about to do it. . . . Why shouldn't someone be secure enough to say, 'I've never done this before. What are the problems and what are the solutions?' "

Dr. John Ripley, an associate professor of English and former director of drama for the department, chose to spend his sabbatical last year in a fairly traditional way. For a decade he had been working on a book during the summers. He was determined to finish it when he became eligible for his first McGill sabbatical. Moving with his wife and young daughter to England, he spent six months in London libraries completing his research. For the next six months he sat in the study of his house in suburban Rickmansworth writing steadily. Six hundred pages – seven revised chapters and five new chapters – of *A Stage History of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar 1599-1972* eventually emerged.

Because Ripley regards himself "first of all as a teacher," he ensures that students receive his maximal attention during the comparatively short academic year. The summer months, of course, allow him some time to undertake research, which, he says, "helps my teaching and satisfies my need to search and fulfil myself in a scholarly way." But only a sabbatical can provide a sustained, distraction-free working period. "Engaging in creative activity with students for hours at a time is uniquely draining," he points out. "It's terribly important to get an adequate amount of rest from it and to find some renewal. Then you can come back without frustrations and give your time to the students."

New Faces, New Issues

Like Ripley, Dr. Philip Salzman, an associate professor of anthropology, used most of his first sabbatical to draft a book. He had previously spent two years doing field work in Baluchistan, Iran, and his main goal in 1975-76 was to integrate his material and write a full-length ethnography of the Baluchi tribe. However, he also wanted another look at Baluchistan, so he decided to spend three months of his leave in Iran and to take the opportunity to introduce one of his graduate students to field work.

Although he did complete a major section of the ethnography on "Kin and Contract in Baluchi Herding Camps," Salzman did not progress as far in his writing as he had hoped he would: his field work took an inordinate amount of time and energy. Equipment had to be gathered, research permits obtained. "Whenever I get into the field," he quips, "I always feel I've worked so hard to get there that that should be it. But then you have the problems of language, of rapport with people who don't know who the hell you are and who can't imagine what you're doing there, and of survival out in the desert in a tent."

But Salzman's field trip was worth the trouble. His graduate student got established and Salzman gleaned valuable new material. "I knew what I was after," he says, "and in addition to all that, I no sooner got there than the Baluchis started to put on all kinds of events – not for me, but they might as well have been for me. . . . It gives me depth in areas of social life that are a matter of considerable dispute now in anthropological literature. . . . I don't feel sorry for the way that the sabbatical developed."

Salzman is adamant about the necessity for time off. In his view, one year in seven is not enough. "A first-rate research university should minimally expect its people to be away one out of every three years. There is a very high positive correlation between the amount of time a staff member spends on leave and the quality of the university as defined by its reputation, the status of its staff members, and the importance of their publications." Salzman plans to take an unpaid leave before his next sabbatical and would like to see his own department employ more full-time staff on the assumption that several will be away during any given year.

For Dr. Peter Holland, a plant geographer with wanderlust, last year's sabbatical meant field work. "I still get most of my ideas from plants, rather than from things I read," the associate professor says. During an earlier stay at the University of Nairobi in Kenya, where McGill's Centre for Developing Area Studies had an assistance program, Holland developed an interest in African plant geography. On his sabbatical he returned to South Africa to study some of the richest flora in the world.

The University of Capetown offered him an honorary visiting scholar's position, which included office space and access to computer facilities, a herbarium, and a library. In return, Holland helped out the university's small new geography department by giving tutorials and seminars to graduate students and supervising their field work. "I made a point of going to a little-known school," he explains. "I'm writing papers with people I met there. I got help from them in the field in ways that one does not and, I think, cannot at McGill. . . . I have never in a short period had so much of the right sort of stimulus."

Dr. Barbara Haskel, an assistant professor of political science who specializes in Scandinavian politics and sneaks in visits to Scandinavia during vacations, also encountered new faces, new issues, and a highly stimulating environment when she spent her sabbatical last year at the Center of European Studies at Harvard. Moreover, she did what she could not normally find time for: she enrolled in some courses outside her own field, among them economics. She had used economic reasoning in the past and hoped the classes would give her new tools for analyzing political questions.

Biology Professor Dr. Barid Mukherjee went even further out on a limb during his 1972-73 sabbatical. Trained as a geneticist, he had been conducting research in human cytogenetics – the study of human chromosomes – when he reached an impasse. He was drawn to the related yet quite different problem of oncogenic transformation – the way normal cells become cancerous – and decided to use his sabbatical for retraining. He went from being a full professor at McGill to being a postgraduate student under Dr. George Todaro at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland. He devoted his days to learning new techniques in the laboratory, his evenings to studying. While some of his colleagues were skeptical about his ability to change fields at an advanced stage in his career, Mukherjee "took it as a challenge. I didn't want to stay in an area where I wouldn't be productive."

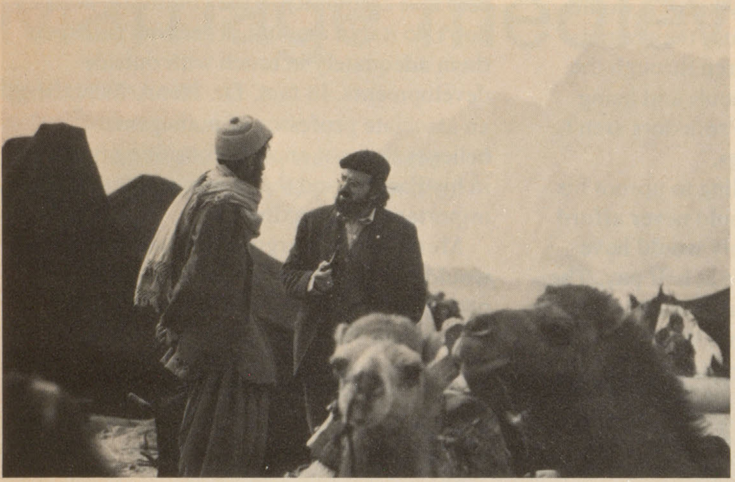
When he returned to McGill, Mukherjee launched research in a different direction. His department chairman helped him acquire new equipment, and he gradually began to take on graduate students again. His undergraduate course still carries its old title – the Molecular Biology of Somatic Cells – but its content has changed, and enrolment trebled.

Mukherjee's papers are again beginning to appear in prestigious journals. But the Medical Research Council, which always used to award him three-year research grants, remains to be won over: after Mukherjee's year in Bethesda, it put him on an annual-grant basis. "That was the most difficult part," Mukherjee confesses. "I was completely new, and a different committee reviewed my application. . . . I wrote to ask why, and the main comments were, 'Dr. Mukherjee was internationally known in cytogenetics, but we'll have to wait and see whether or not he can do the same thing in the new area.' "

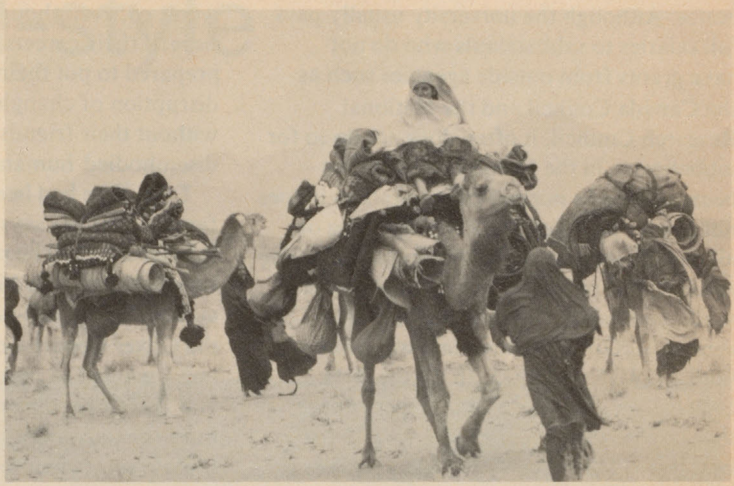
"I could never afford it."

After a sabbatical year in France, Dr. Richard Ogilvie, director of the division of clinical pharmacology and toxicology at the Montreal General Hospital, has a similarly disgruntled view of the Medical Research Council. With the present funding system, which is based on annual applications or progress reports for grants of more than one year's duration, a sabbatical can jeopardize a physician's research. Notes Ogilvie: "The chances of having a terminal grant following your sabbatical are extremely high. You go into competition with everybody else during the year that you're away, and unless you pick a research problem that's directly applicable to your grant, you have no progress for the year."

Whenever anthropologist Dr. Philip Salzman is on sabbatical or leave of absence from McGill, he heads for Iran to continue a research study in an area known as Baluchistan. At right are a few of the nine hundred photos he has taken for pedagogical purposes during his three field trips. All show members of the nomadic Shah Nawazi tribe.



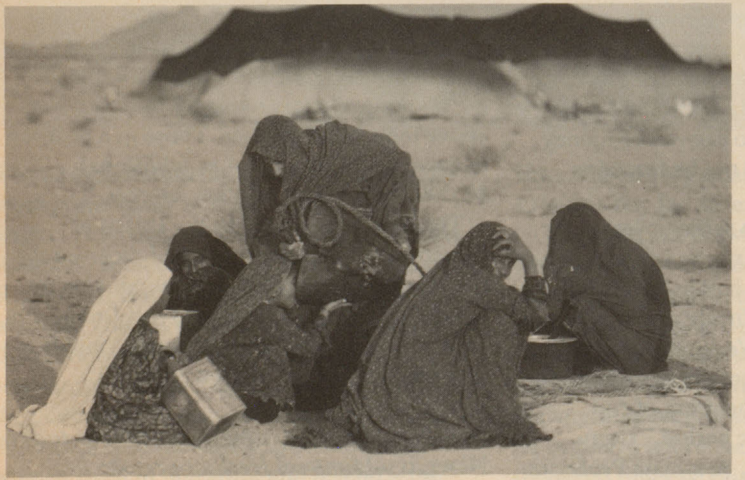
On the highland plateau, Anthropologist Dr. Philip Salzman chats with Esau Rahmatzai, son-in-law of the Dadolzai kin group.



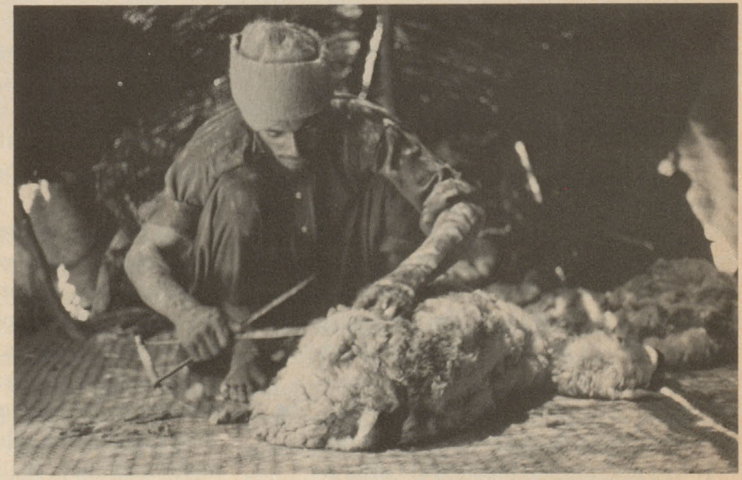
In search of better pasturage, the Dadolzai herding group migrates by camel to a new campsite.

Doost Mahmud Yarmahmudzai with his son Goolap.

Lal Malik Dadolzai.



Dadolzai women draw household water from a well on the highland plateau.



Shams A'din Dadolzai shears sheep in his tent.

In addition, a doctor must leave behind his clinical practice and the income it generates. Although the university usually pays full salaries to sabbaticants who do not have grants from outside agencies such as the Canada Council and the National Research Council, it often does not do so for sabbaticants in the Faculty of Medicine – because even in normal circumstances it does not always pay their full salaries. Some or all of their income derives from patients. The result is that relatively few physicians take sabbaticals when they are eligible: only 3 per cent of McGill's medical staff was away in both 1974-75 and 1975-76. In the Arts Faculty, on the other hand, 16 per cent of the staff was away in 1974-75 and 23 per cent in 1975-76. The university average in both years was 9 per cent.

Ogilvie chose a research problem indirectly related to his usual work on the effects of drugs, and based himself at the University of Montpellier's Faculty of Pharmacy in order to have a change from a medical milieu. The research failed to pan out, but the year offered different rewards, perhaps better ones. "The addiction to research is very hard to break," Ogilvie admits. "To extricate myself from the system took six months. . . . Once I got over the feeling that I had to 'accomplish' something, I accomplished a great deal in reevaluating my position in my work, looking at the directions of my own development, understanding not only myself but a great deal about Quebec roots."

The desire to learn French was an important factor in Ogilvie's choice of Montpellier. He is not alone. These days a large number of sabbaticants go to France. As Vice-Principal (Academic) Dr. Eigil Pedersen puts it, "A second language, which we all need around here, is double value for the money." France provides another incentive in a more tangible form, the France-Quebec exchange agreement, which finances several long-term cooperative projects. A sabbaticant who goes to France is in an excellent position to qualify for such a project.

During his sabbatical in 1969, Theoretical Physics Professor Dr. Philip Wallace met some physicists in Toulouse whose experimental interests coincided with his theoretical ones. That meeting has dominated his research activity ever since. For six weeks each year he returns to the Laboratoire de physique des solides on a France-Quebec exchange to continue the collaboration. The Laboratoire sends physicists to McGill.

It was not until eighteen years after he joined the McGill faculty, however, that Wallace took a sabbatical. With a moderate salary and children in school, he ruled out a year away as an unrealistic proposition. Pedersen points out that "young professors and older professors are very keen on sabbaticals. But that vast middle range of people who've got children in school often won't go, even though they know it would benefit their careers, because they're not prepared to put their children through the disruption of changing schools and being without their friends. . . . Professors aren't disembodied human beings."

Even if he had been willing to uproot his family, Wallace says, "I could never afford it." Before 1970 he probably would have been asked to take his leave at half pay. The authors of the full-pay principle advocated in the Oliver Report – of whom Wallace was one – wanted to make sabbaticals the norm and therefore came up with a plan to minimize the university's load. They reasoned that if faculty members agreed to take absent colleagues' teaching and administrative responsibilities and applied for outside grants for their year away, and that if the university contributed funds equivalent to 1 per cent of the salary budget for the teaching staff, full-pay sabbaticals ("very rare beasts," according to Wallace) could be instated.

With that in mind, the Oliver Report endorsed the Conference of Rectors and Principals' policy that "a sabbatical leave must result in neither financial profit nor loss to the professor." Even so, a slight loss is usually incurred, because no agency is willing to pay transportation or moving costs for families or school fees for children. But on balance professors have made the sacrifice without complaint.

A Financially Superior Policy

Some faculty members, though, have taken a different approach to the "neither profit nor loss" clause. They argue that it permits them to earn money consulting while they are on full-salary sabbaticals. According to their interpretation, for example, an engineering professor who normally earns a quarter of his income by working several hours a week for industry should not have to give up that quarter simply because he is on leave. He is not entitled to earn more money than usual, but he should not be forced to earn less.

The new committee on sabbatic leave policy was established partly to come to grips with this issue, and it has had its hands full. As in the past, its report firmly rejected the consultants' position: "We support the policy that grants or salaries from outside organizations be deducted from the grant of full salary during the sabbatic period." Committee members Wallace, Associate Professor of History Dr. Michael Maxwell, and Law Professor Dr. Donovan Waters even suggested that sabbaticants be required to disclose all outside earnings (to a maximum of their usual salaries) while they are on leave.

The case for consulting in ordinary circumstances is strong. In certain fields like engineering and management, faculty members lose credibility in the community if they don't do it. No amount of reading will keep them adequately in touch with outside developments. In fact, Dr. Henry Mintzberg, an associate professor of management, believes that not enough consulting is done in his Faculty and that a minimal level is as important as a maximal.

Moreover, it is argued, the university would not be able to attract high-quality people to its staff if it did not permit them to augment their salaries by consulting. If they are able to handle both university responsibilities and consulting under normal circumstances, why should they be prevented from doing so during sabbaticals?

Those who do not consult naturally feel somewhat cheated. If they receive a Canada Council leave grant, for instance, they are not permitted to accept any funds in excess of their regular salaries according to the terms of the award. And, Pedersen says, they sense a danger on the horizon. "More and more the provincial government regards university professors as civil servants. . . . Civil servants don't get sabbaticals, and they're jealous . . . because their salaries come from exactly the same source as the professors'. If on top of that we now ask for the right to consult during sabbaticals, we're going to be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. That's the argument, and I think there's some validity to it."

Apparently the university Senate agrees. It recently passed an amended version of Vice-Principal (Administration) Yaffe's proposed sabbatical leave policy, binding sabbaticants to declare all outside income and to deduct it from their university salaries. The main stumbling block to ratification had come in the discussion of exemptions to help cover personal sabbatical expenses. It was eventually agreed that sabbaticants receiving grant monies could, with the permission of the granting agency, retain $2,000 over and above their usual salaries. Those in a position to do so could also claim an additional $2,000 from grants or other sources.

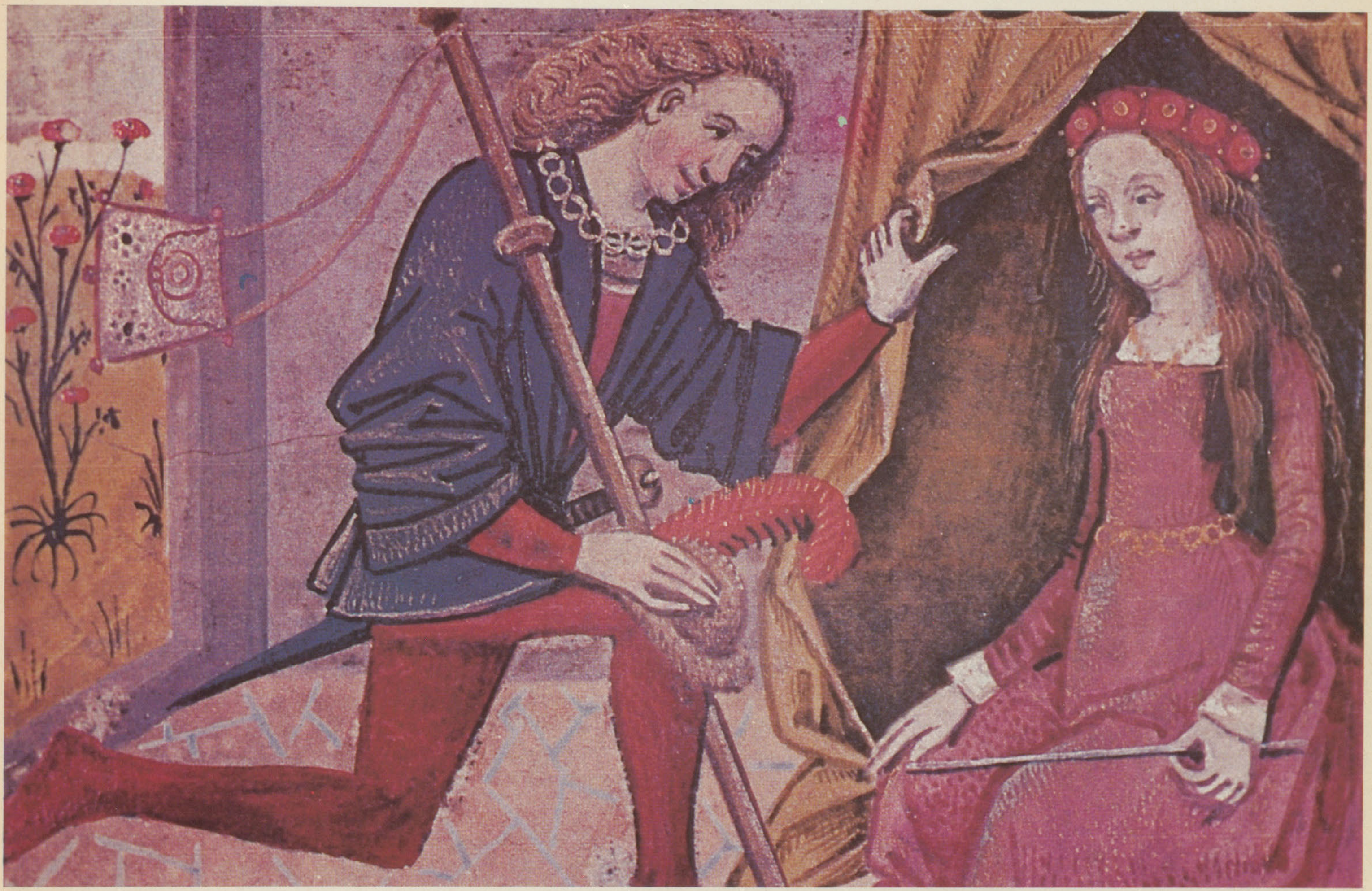
The new policy went to the Board of Governors in late February and received the final stamp of approval. It now remains for faculty members to safeguard this financially superior sabbatical policy through "intellectual renewal" of the highest order. ☐

Judy Rasminsky, a regular contributor to the News, *is a Montreal freelance researcher, writer, and editor.*

Marriage medieval-style

by Victoria Lees

During the Middle Ages, women were exalted in literature but scorned in life.



Above and on page 19, scenes from a medieval illuminated manuscript of Roman de la Rose, *depicting a woman being paid homage by a lover, and another being beaten by her husband.*

The names of illustrious men of the Middle Ages come easily to mind – Thomas à Becket, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Thomas Aquinas, John of Gaunt, Geoffrey Chaucer, Richard II. But the names of illustrious women? The list seems to begin and end with the redoubtable Eleanor of Aquitaine. A scholar, of course, might know of others, like the poetesses Christine de Pisan and Marie de France. But the best-known medieval women lived in literature and legend – the great ladies of romance, Guinevere and Isolde the Fair, and the unnamed beloveds of the troubadour poets. These were the heroines of the literature of courtly love, which idolized woman and exalted passionate love. But be very clear: this was only fiction. Life was far, far different.

The contrasts between literary representations and the reality of medieval life are startling. A French poet, for example, could wax eloquent as he described Sir Launcelot's finding a comb with strands of Queen Guinevere's hair: "Never will the eye of man see anything receive such honour as when he begins to adore these tresses. A hundred, thousand times he raises them to his eyes and mouth, to his forehead and face: he manifests his joy in every way, considering himself rich and happy now. He lays them in his bosom near his heart, between the shirt and the flesh."

But woman-worship of this kind – endearing or ridiculous, depending on one's point of view – was certainly not commonly practiced in everyday life. A French gentleman of the fourteenth century made this plain in a book of advice for his daughters. He warned them not to disagree with their husbands and described, quite matter-of-factly, a man meting out public punishment to his argumentative wife. "[He] smote her with his fiste down to the erthe, and thanne with hys fote he strake her in the uisage [visage] and broke her nose, and alle her lyff [life] after she had her nose croked, the whiche shent [spoiled] and dysfigured her uisage after, that she might not for shame shewe her uisage, it was so foule blemisshed."

Courtly literature envisioned passionate love like Launcelot and Guinevere's as an emotion beyond law and without limits. Yet within thirty years of the writing of *Morte Darthur,* an Italian visitor to England remarked: "I have never noticed anyone, either at court or among the lower orders, to be in love: whence one must conclude, either that the English are the most discreet lovers in the world, or that they are incapable of love."

Unlike the literary heroines of the time, medieval women were shown little love or respect. Indeed, they lived in a hostile emotional environment: clerics disdained them as menstruating animals, while laymen saw them as scarcely more than useful combinations of housekeeper and broodmare. The birth of a daughter was not a welcome event, and little affection was wasted on a girl. She was denied all but the most rudimentary education – enough to render her serviceable but not enough to encourage insubordination. Philippe de Navarre, author of a thirteenth-century manual, advised parents to be stern with their daughters from infancy, in word and deed, to ensure that they were always "en comendement and en subjecion." Proper training in childhood, he said, would make girls completely obedient to their husbands later on.

Marriage came early. Barely into puberty, a girl was betrothed to the highest bidder – no matter how senile or depraved he might be. The Goodman of Paris, who wrote a wife-training manual, pointed out to his own child-bride that "seldom will you see ever so old a man who will not marry a young woman." If a girl objected to her parents' choice of groom, she could simply be beaten into submission. The *Paston Letters,* a collection of family papers and letters from the fifteenth century, recorded just such a situation. A family member wrote to John Paston about his sister Elizabeth, who had balked at her proposed marriage to a man called Scrope, who was fiftyish, disfigured – and wealthy. The girl was confined to the house and forbidden to speak with anyone. "And sche hath sen Esterne," the letter explained, "the most part be betyn onys in the weke or twyes, and som tyme twyes on o day and hir hed broken in to or thre places. [And since Easter she has been beaten usually once or twice a week, sometimes twice a day, and her head has been injured in two or three places.]" The letter-writer did not appeal to have the beating stopped. He simply urged John Paston to check carefully to see that all the papers relating to the marriage and the lines of inheritance were in good order.

In the Middle Ages marriage was not a union for the satisfaction of the physical and psychological needs of two individuals. It was a procedure to ensure the continuation and aggrandizement of a family line. It was a business deal, and often a very consequential one. The bride's father provided a fixed sum as her dowry or "portion," which passed into the control of her husband. The groom's father, or the groom himself if he had inherited an estate, had to promise a property or "jointure" which would provide the wife with an annual allowance in the event of her husband's death.

The exchange of dowry and property, while of undoubted social and economic value, led to many abuses, including rampant venality. The materialistic motives in wife-hunting often surface in the *Paston Letters.* Edmund Paston, for instance, wrote to his brother William about a prospective bride. "Here is lately fallen a widow in Woorstede, which was wyff [wife] to one Bolt, a worstead [woollen] merchant, and worth a thousand pounds, and gave to his wife an 100 marc in money, stuff of household, and plate to the value of 100 marcs, and 10 pound per year in land. She is called a fayer jantylwoman [fair gentlewoman]. I will for your sake see her." Yet men were not the only ones to enter lifelong relationships with money foremost in their minds. One medieval bride wrote, "Syr I may have three hundred marcs in joyntur, and I to take the lesse when I may have the more, my ffrendes [friends] wold thenke [think] me not wyse."

Heavy responsibilities and hard work were the lot of married women. Treatises were written to teach them how to manage great estates on their own. When her husband was away, the capable Margaret Paston negotiated with farmers and judges, held court, received requests for leases and threats for lawsuits, and on occasion faced armed men while protecting her husband's interests. Even with the lord of the estate in residence and bearing a share of the responsibility, the woman's tasks were still demanding. The image of the lady of the manor dallying over her embroidery all day is, however charming, quite inaccurate. She was kept busy supervising the dairy, brewhouse, pantry, manor farm, gardens, and weaving shop, and laying away provisions for the winter.

In addition, it must be remembered that fertile women of the Middle Ages were almost continuously pregnant. In a letter written in the late Middle Ages a man told his son, "Your mother was well delivered of her tenth child upon the 20th of March (the thing is called Bridget) so that you have had three sisters in the space of 32 months. You may well think that this is not the way to grow rich."

With every pregnancy, a woman looked death in the face. In the sixteenth century, the earliest period for which figures are available, about 45 per cent of women died before reaching the age of fifty, fully one-quarter of them as a result of pregnancy or childbirth. Infant mortality was also very high. Among the ruling classes in the sixteenth century, the figure stood at 19.3 per cent.

Children who did live were often sent off at a young age to be raised on neighbouring estates. The Italian visitor who wondered whether the English ever fell in love commented on this practice as well. "The want of affection in the English is strongly manifested towards their children; for after having kept them at home til they arrive at the age of seven or nine years at the utmost, they put them out, both males and females, to hard service in the houses of other people and few are born who are exempted from this fate, for every one, however rich he may be, sends away his children into the houses of others, whilst he, in return, receives those of strangers into his own."

The parent-child relationship, therefore, provided no more emotional warmth than the husband-wife relationship. Men turned to prostitutes and mistresses to escape the aridity of arranged marriages. Nor were they looked down upon for having paramours – it was regarded quite indulgently as a normal state of affairs. But because of concern for the purity of the family line, a wife's chastity was closely guarded. The Knight of the Tower, in a book of advice for his daughters, lamented that adulteresses were no longer stoned. "In somme places," he wrote, "men kytte of theire throtes, and in somme they be heded before the peple, and in other places they be mewred or put bytwene two walles, and therefore this Example is good and prouffytable to euery good woman. For how be hit that in this Ryamme Iustyce is not done of them as in other Reames? [In some places men cut their throats, in some they are beheaded publicly, and in other places they are immured, and this example is good and profitable to every good woman. For how is it that in this realm justice is not done to them as in other realms?]" The double standard was deeply entrenched. Philippe de Navarre proclaimed, "For a woman, if she be a worthy woman of her body, all her other faults are covered and she can go with a high head wheresoever she will."

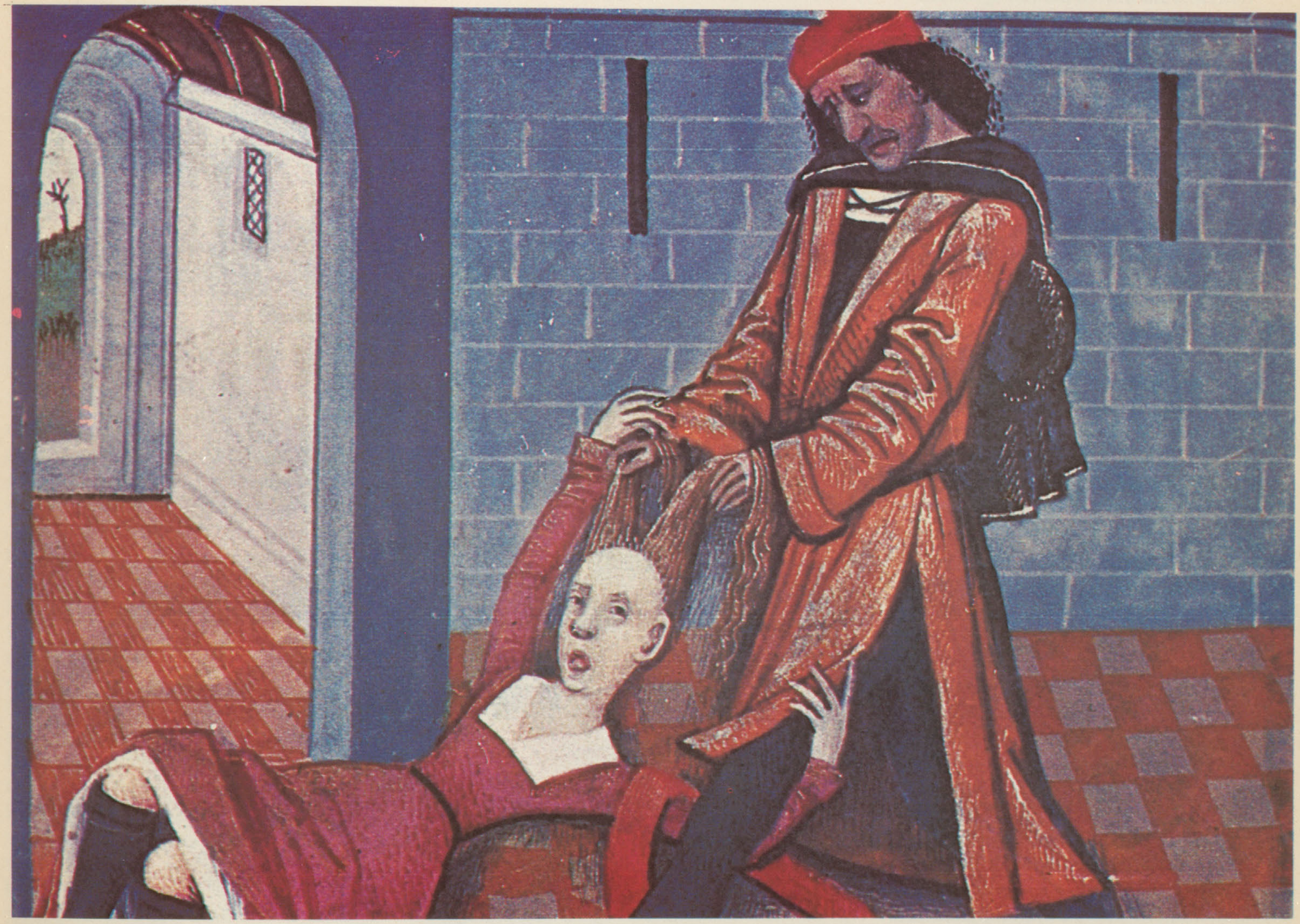
Many reasons can be suggested for why women in the Middle Ages were needed but not respected, used but not loved. Many duties and responsibilities that have since been assumed by the state fell on the shoulders of the male head of the household. Thus obedience and family solidarity were considered essential. Women may also have been held under tight rein precisely because their work was so vital. Why did they remain so extraordinarily passive in these circumstances? Wife-beating was by no means uncommon – in England a husband was legally entitled to beat his wife, although not to death – and no doubt this practice helped to keep a woman servile. Always prone to anemia, medieval women were probably affected by unbalanced diets to a greater extent than were men. They also suffered from tuberculosis because of the hours spent in cold, damp houses, and their frequent pregnancies unquestionably contributed to their listlessness.

Poorly educated, women were trained from childhood to obey, first their fathers, then their husbands, to the negation of their own personalities. As the Goodman of Paris, for example, wrote his bride, "You shall be obedient to wit to him and to his commandments whatsoe'er they be, whether they be made in earnest or in jest, or whether they be orders to do strange things, or whether they be made concerning matters of small import or of great for all things should be of great import to you, since he that shall be your husband hath bidden you to do them."

Because little happiness was expected from marriage, there was apparently little direct comment on the matrimonial state. Some arranged marriages were likely quite satisfactory, particularly among the aristocracy and landed classes. Husband and wife were seldom alone outside the bed curtains, and similarity of backgrounds, a fact assured by the arranged marriage, was probably more vital to a compatible relationship than romantic ardour. Thus in the seventeenth century, when there was a movement afoot to abolish child marriages, the Earl of Huntingdon wrote, "I myself was married when a child and could not have chosen so well myself nor been so happy in any woman I know, but because one proves well it must not begat a conclusion."

Most social historians agree, however, that the practice of arranged marriages resulted in great personal unhappiness. From the Middle Ages there is the occasional moving admission that this was so. The historian Matthew Paris recorded a verse written when a dearly loved noblewoman was forced to marry "a certain most bloodthirsty traitor."

> Law joined them, love, and the concord of
> the bed.
> What sort of law? What sort of love? What
> sort of concord?
> Law which was no law. Love which was
> hate. Concord which was discord.



In the opinion of John Stuart Mill, the greatest good to result from putting an end to the subjection of women would be an end to its perverting influence on men. For inequalities between the marriage partners hurt both husband and wife. It was to be centuries, however, before women became more highly valued, love became compatible with marriage – and the vision of the medieval poets became something more than fantasy. □

Victoria Lees, a doctoral student in McGill's English department, recently completed her thesis on the medieval concept of marriage.

Farewell to silence

by Carol Stairs

The scope of its professional training, research, and community involvement makes McGill's School of Human Communication Disorders unique in Canada.

"Oo. . .oo. . . ." Four-year-old John struggles to sustain the sound which he knows will bring the electric train closer to him.

"I can't hear you, John. Come on, louder!" his mother urges gently.

"Ooooo. . .ooooo," he sings, as the train rattles to within his grasp.

"Good for you," comes the loving, patient response.

John continues to play happily on the floor of the colourfully-decorated playroom at McGill's School of Human Communication Disorders, while his mother and master's student Muriel Moore discuss his progress. Because it was not until eighteen months after his birth that John was discovered to be profoundly deaf, he is significantly behind other children his age in speech and language skills. But he is busy making up for lost time. Fitted with special body-worn aids to maximize his residual hearing and tutored by the school's staff and graduate students as well as by his parents, he will likely speak fluently in a year or two. He will no longer be barred from the normal-hearing world.

The School of Human Communication Disorders was founded in 1963 to train audiologists and speech pathologists. It soon outgrew its original quarters in Royal Victoria Hospital and in 1970 moved into a rambling stone mansion on Pine Avenue known as Beatty Hall. Although still under the administrative wing of McGill's department of otolaryngology, the school enjoys a semi-autonomous status within the Medical Faculty.

The growth of the school has exceeded even the highest hopes of its founders. It now offers master's and doctoral programs in research, as well as master's degrees in two applied fields – human communication disorders, and auditory-oral rehabilitation and education of children with hearing impairment. Both faculty and graduate students undertake extensive research. Indeed, the scope of its professional training, research,

With the aid of a jack-in-the-box, auditory-oral rehabilitation master's student Carole Marsh teaches a hearing-impaired child to say "up".

and community involvement makes the school unique in Canada. Says Dr. Kirti Charan, an associate professor of audiology and director of the school: "We have not been tradition-bound. We have had the freedom to develop."

The school has attracted students from as far afield as Australia. Enrolment, however, remains relatively low – thirty-two graduate students in applied fields and five in research – and administrators aim to keep it that way. Of the hundreds of applicants, only eighteen are accepted annually. Limited enrolment helps ensure high-quality education. "Our main remaining difficulty," notes Dr. Donald Doehring, one of the school's six full-time staff members, "is to match up the needs of the profession with providing a training setting where students are not just overwhelmed by information." For despite the newness of the systematic study and treatment of human communication disorders – audiology became a recognized profession only after World War II – researchers have already amassed an impressive body of knowledge and produced highly sophisticated technology.

"It's like Pavlov and his dogs."

The School of Human Communication Disorders is determined to keep pace. There are two streams in the applied master's program in human communication disorders: speech and language pathology, and audiology and aural rehabilitation. Speech and language pathology students supplement their course work with weekly clinical practice sessions at local hospitals and a three-month internship during the summer prior to graduation. They learn the basics of assessing and treating problems like stuttering or abnormal language development. Of course, as the school is well aware, field work has its hazards: students may encounter disorders they have not yet studied, and the school's limited staff cannot provide the close supervision and coordination desirable. "We are trying to develop a small clinic of our own here to supplement outside facilities," explains Charan. "We have one in audiology and one in auditory-oral rehabilitation, but we don't yet have the money to hire a speech therapist." In the meantime, the school depends heavily on the goodwill of the more than fifty hospital clinicians and school teachers who volunteer their time to the program.

Audiology students take many of the same courses as their speech and language pathology classmates, but they focus on the non-medical assessment of hearing disorders and on aural rehabilitation. They, too, are given clinical exposure. In fact, Beatty Hall itself has specially-equipped sound-proof rooms where techniques are demonstrated and patients are frequently tested. Even newborn babies' responses to sound can be measured. "But we prefer to leave them till about three months when they start eye localization and six months when they start ear localization," says Dr. Daniel Ling, a professor of auditory-oral rehabilitation at the school.

Teddy bears with eyes that light up and a "puppet in the window illuminated" are two of the ingenious techniques used to test hearing levels in young children. Explains Ling: "It's like Pavlov and his dogs. You make a sound and wait for the baby to turn. Then you put up the puppet. The baby will start to associate the sound with the puppet. Then you reduce the sound until you find that the baby isn't responding."

In addition to learning how to conduct hearing tests, audiology students learn how to evaluate and fit appropriate hearing aids and train patients in their use. They are also taught how to give instruction in speechreading.

Graduates specializing in human communication disorders usually have little trouble finding work. Although more and more speech pathologists are seeking positions with public school boards or in special education facilities, they are in great demand in hospitals. So are audiologists. Otolaryngologists and neurologists need the data from audiology tests to determine whether surgery might correct or ease a hearing problem. Schools for the hearing-impaired and industries concerned about noise pollution also offer challenging posts for graduates. "There are not enough audiologists," says Charan. "They have long waiting lists of patients and are often forced to do only diagnostic testing. There may not even be time to fit an aid or provide aural rehabilitation."

The applied master's in auditory-oral rehabilitation and education of children with hearing impairment is the newest of the degree programs at the school. It is co-administered by the Faculty of Medicine and the Faculty of Education's educational psychology department. The prime forces behind the program's inception: Ling and his wife Dr. Agnes ("Nan") Hamilton-Ling, an assistant professor of auditory-oral rehabilitation.

The Lings began to work with the deaf more than twenty years ago in England. As teachers and researchers, they became convinced of the necessity for the early detection and treatment of hearing impairment. "If we miss these children in infancy, they develop a visual orientation to the world," contends Ling. "The longer you leave them, the harder it is. It's physiological and psychological. On the other hand, if we start early in life, we can often avoid abnormal adaptation. Given the right circumstances, I'd say 85 per cent will learn to talk fairly normally and integrate into regular schools. For the others, some other form of communication, like signs, would probably be appropriate."

When the Lings arrived in Canada in 1963, they found that no children under three were being tested or treated, although occasionally parents themselves had spotted hearing problems. The number of untreated infants was substantial: each year in Quebec alone, one child in every thousand – or about eighty-five children – is born with hearing so poor that he will have serious difficulties developing speech and language skills.

The Lings wanted to turn the situation around. In 1966 they received a grant from the university to set up the McGill Project for Deaf Children, under the administrative aegis of the otolaryngology department. From their off-campus office, the husband-and-wife team took referrals from pediatricians and family practitioners, improved testing methods, gathered research data, and introduced the British concept of parent involvement in teaching early language skills.

"All parents want a normal child," says Ling. "For an abnormal child to be born is like losing a loved one. They go through the grief, the denial, and eventually the adjustment. We don't talk about teaching the child, we talk about teaching the parent. There are two major aspects to helping and counselling the parents. There is the psychological part: helping them to adjust to the child's handicap, realize his needs, and help him to meet these needs. There's also the informational part: demonstrating how to work with the child, what specific techniques to use, how to check hearing aids. They have to become very competent in a number of areas to be successful."

Heated Resistance

The crux of the Lings' approach lay in maximizing whatever hearing and language potential there was as early as possible. This was what they hoped would be taught in the applied master's in auditory-oral rehabilitation which they first proposed in 1973. But there was – not entirely unexpectedly – heated resistance to their proposal. For deaf educators are split into three camps: those who believe that the deaf should be taught to communicate principally by sign (the manualists); those who believe that all education and discourse should involve only speech (the oralists); and those who favour a combined system known as Total Communication in which oral communication, signs, and finger-spelling can be used jointly or separately.

The manualists and advocates of Total Communication were opposed to a master's program which would produce oralists. They argued that graduates of the proposed program would not be suited to work in the majority of Canadian schools for the deaf. Furthermore, they said, the program failed to consider children with multiple handicaps and contradicted the wishes of the major associations for the deaf.

Ling held steady. He continued to maintain that the auditory-oral method was the most progressive in integrating the deaf into the normal-hearing community; that auditory-oral rehabilitation students would learn to deal with children with multiple handicaps during clinical sessions; and that organizations for the deaf which opposed the program did not fully appreciate the advantages of the auditory-oral method.

After weighing the pros and cons, an *ad hoc* committee appointed by the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research recommended in February of 1974 that the applied master's program be accepted, noting that "there is no reason to assert that Dr. Ling's approach is a harmful one. There is evidence that various children might profit from it. It is recognized that his program will not meet the needs of all hearing-impaired children." In late March Senate approved the program, and the School of Human Communication Disorders admitted its first auditory-oral rehabilitation students in the fall of 1975.

The Lings believe as strongly as ever in their approach and have, they point out, living, walking, and, most importantly, talking proof of its success. "We've been working since 1966, so we've got children ten years old who are really integrated into the normal community," says Ling. Children like second-grader Diane who was brought to the Lings as an infant with a ninety-decibel hearing loss. (That is roughly equivalent to being unable to hear a jackhammer ripping up the pavement a few feet away.)

After she had begun to talk, Diane went to the Montreal Oral School for the Deaf, which works in close collaboration with McGill and employs a team of integration officers to help deaf children adjust to public schools. Today the little girl attends an ordinary grade school and enjoys the same activities as her classmates. Notes Ling: "If the type of thing we're doing could be effectively implemented all over the country, and that can only be done when we have trained staff to do it, I'm sure that the number of children currently in schools for the deaf, which I think is about 4,000, could be reduced by half. This represents a tremendous saving in human potential and government spending."

The McGill Project for Deaf Children has moved several times since the Lings established it and no longer has direct ties with the university. For the past five years it has been headquartered in the Montreal Children's Hospital. But the need for clinical facilities continues to grow. In 1975, after the approval of the master's degree program in auditory-oral rehabilitation, the Lings initiated a parallel project in Beatty Hall called the McGill University Project for Hearing-Impaired Children.

The Lings at one time attempted to perform mass screenings of newborn infants but found that detection procedures were simply not reliable enough. "What we're looking for now," explains Ling, "are early referrals on parental or physician suspicion." To boost public awareness, the McGill project has launched an education campaign. Brochures which outline a baby's first listening and talking steps and advise parents of free hearing tests available through the project are being distributed in doctors' offices, local clinics, and hospital maternity wards.

The auditory-oral rehabilitation program, however, takes only a handful of the cases that come to its attention. Others are referred to outside facilities. "We don't ever plan to have very many," says Ling. "You've got to have the time to work with them." Master's students, after all, may spend a full year or even two working weekly with a child and his parents. During their pre-graduation internship, they sometimes work in clinics in cities outside Quebec as well.

Community Involvement

The School of Human Communication Disorders' community involvement extends even further than running the McGill project and coordinating student field work. Faculty members offer seminars for industrial nurses and factory safety managers, in which personnel are taught to do simple testing and are encouraged to provide ear protection to workers or push for modification of machinery to muffle excess noise. Notes Charan: "We are always being asked to give more courses."

The school has also shown concrete concern for the country's native peoples. Last September an audiologist from the school's speech and hearing clinic trained nurses from the Caughnawaga Indian Reservation near Montreal to screen patients for hearing disorders. In recent years, moreover, federally-financed teams of investigators, including Ling, Charan, and Dr. James Baxter, chairman of the otolaryngology department, have travelled to Baffin Island to study and treat hearing problems among the Eskimos. The report which Ling and Baxter issued in 1974 pinpointed chronic ear infection and the widespread use of snowmobiles and rifles as serious contributors to hearing loss. As a result of their findings, education programs have been established and ear plugs, muffs, and special helmets have been made available. It is hoped that follow-up studies will soon be possible.

Most recently, the school has offered support and space to the Hanen Early Language Program for Language-Delayed Children. The program, funded by the estate of Samuel Benjamin Hanen, is aimed at helping Montreal youngsters who are encountering severe difficulties in developing normal language skills even though they have no hearing impairment. What it does is train their parents to teach them to talk.

A speech therapist, Ayala Manolson, conceived and inaugurated the program after running a similar and highly successful pilot through the Lakeshore School Board. She used an Ohio State University project as a model, but added group sessions and videotaping. "We realized that if this was a good thing – and we honestly believed it was – we needed a resource centre to make current articles, books, and information available to everyone in the city, parents and professionals," recalls Manolson. "We also wanted the chance to teach students about the value of the early language intervention method and to test its effectiveness using scientific controls. That's how the project came to McGill."

Manolson came to McGill, too. She gave up her salaried position with the Lakeshore School Board last fall to direct the Hanen program. She meets with the same group of parents – a maximum of eight couples – every week for ten weeks. "Parents are sometimes even better than therapists in making effective changes," she points out. "They know the child and can interact in a much more direct way. And they're highly motivated – they want desperately for that child to improve."

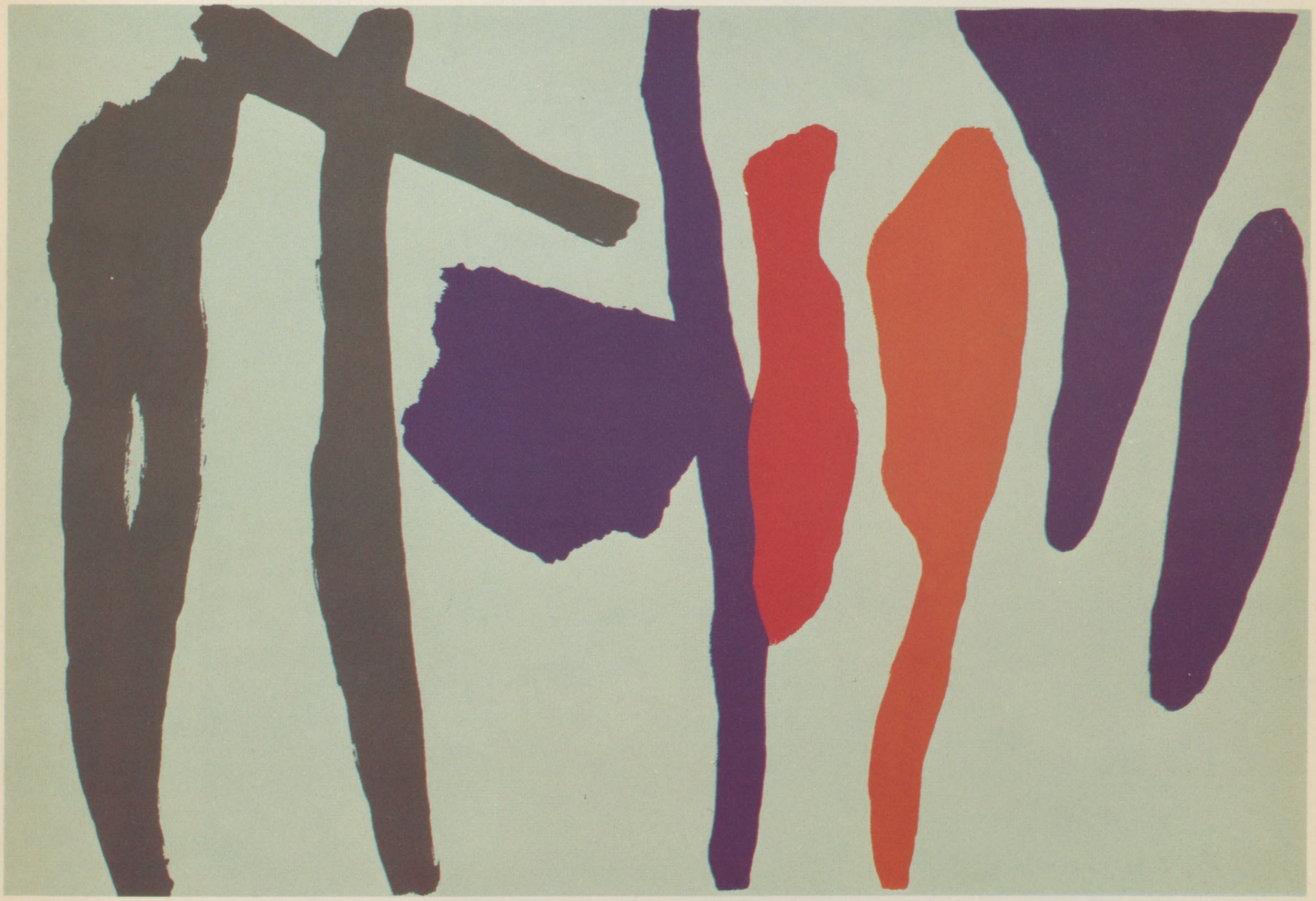
The parent training has helped children make progress in language development and has given parents new hope. Many of the couples plan to maintain group meetings, and a few parents have even considered taking up careers in speech therapy. Adds Manolson: "Our hope of establishing programs to help these children through their parents has not only reached the English community but the French community as well." The University of Montreal has adapted the program for francophone parents. And the Gaspé Regional School Board intends to set up a program, too. The School of Human Communication Disorders could not be more pleased to see its work spread ever further afield.

Meanwhile, down in the playroom, John has suddenly stopped giggling and running. He has become motionless, almost lifeless. "He doesn't like being without his aids," explains Ling, who is running some tests on them. "Without them he's shut off from the world." □

Carol Stairs is editorial assistant of the News.

A feast for the eyes

On the following pages, the *News* offers a look at some of the works in McGill's extensive art collection.

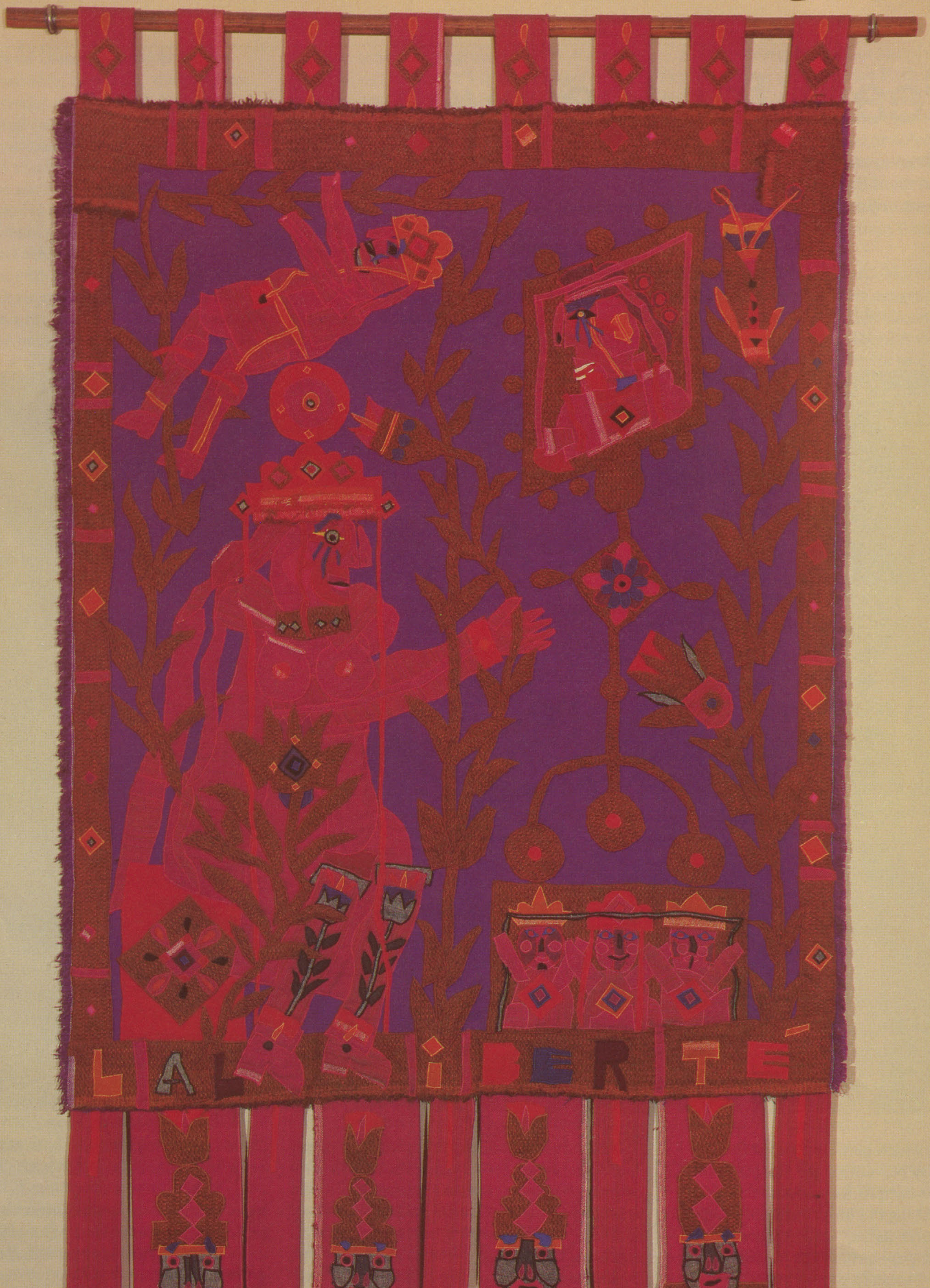


Claude Tousignant (Canadian, b. 1932), Verticales 1954, *silkscreen, 25½" × 20".*

It is a ritual which heralds the onset of winter: every November the marble fountain on the lower campus is enclosed in a wooden screen. In spring the boards are removed and the "Three Bares," as the figures in the fountain are popularly called, are revealed once more. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's fountain, a controversial gift made to McGill in 1930, is probably the best-known – if not the most distinguished – work of art around the university. But McGill has an extensive collection: more than five hundred paintings, graphics, murals, banners, mobiles, and sculptures in all.

The university collection is diverse, ranging from nineteenth-century genre scenes to twentieth-century minimal constructions. It is largely Canadian, not surprisingly, and includes blocks of work by artists as well as single examples. There is a group of portraits by nineteenth-century Prince Edward Island painter Robert Harris which is considered the finest in the country. There are also numerous oils by Bahamian-born Canadian painter Goodridge Roberts and by members of the Group of Seven – all part of Montreal businessman Sidney Dawes's bequest to the university in the early 1960s. Among the more recent acquisitions are six prints and watercolours by Newfoundlander David Blackwood and six colour etchings by another Canadian artist, Ed Bartram.

All of these works come under the watchful eye of the Visual Arts Committee. This ten-member group is a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Physical Development. Its chairman: Associate Professor of Education Martin O'Hara. When it was established in 1967, the Visual Arts Committee


LA LIBERTÉ

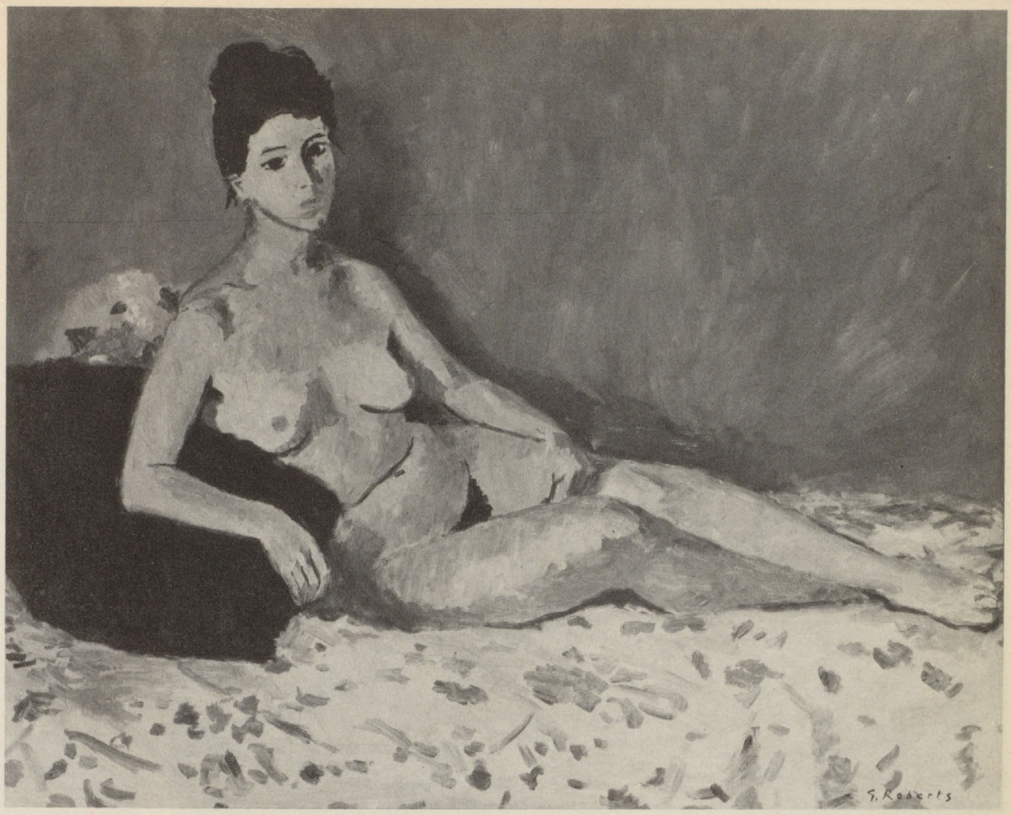
promptly set about putting the university collection in order. One of the first steps it took was to bring works into public view. Recalls O'Hara: "We had to wrest paintings from some people's offices. If it is an office that gets used for meetings fairly often, we might consider it a public place. But by and large, we like the works of art to be where students and staff can see them."

The committee occasionally has organized exhibits, like the small show of graphics held recently in the Faculty Club. But McGill has decided against having a permanent gallery to house its collection – partly because of the expense and partly because of a desire to avoid a rarified museum atmosphere. Instead, the Visual Arts Committee, according to O'Hara, "tries to find the most bleak and barren parts of the university – and there are a good many of them – and get things put there." The committee holds each of its monthly meetings in a different building in order to become aware of the site's needs.

Members themselves are often recruited to cart paintings or graphics from one place to another. But the most enjoyable and interesting part of their work is the selection of new acquisitions or rentals. The committee has not adopted a buy-Canadian policy *per se,* but because Canadian art is more accessible and less expensive, it has bought primarily Canadian art in recent years – graphics especially. "There is lots of variety," explains O'Hara, "and the quality of graphics in Canada now is very good. They are under glass and can be moved around easily."

With older, more fragile works, maintenance is a major concern. Last fall an Emily Carr oil had to be sent to the McCord Museum to be put under clamps – the panel on which it had been painted had warped because of daily exposure to strong sunlight. O'Hara intends to make sure that "it is never put in a place like that again." Theft, too, can be a worry. In the collection index kept in the Rare Book Room of McLennan Library, a note records the theft of an F.S. Coburn oil from the Arts Building in September 1975. All works are insured, however, and highly valuable ones are hung in areas like the McLennan Library which are under surveillance.

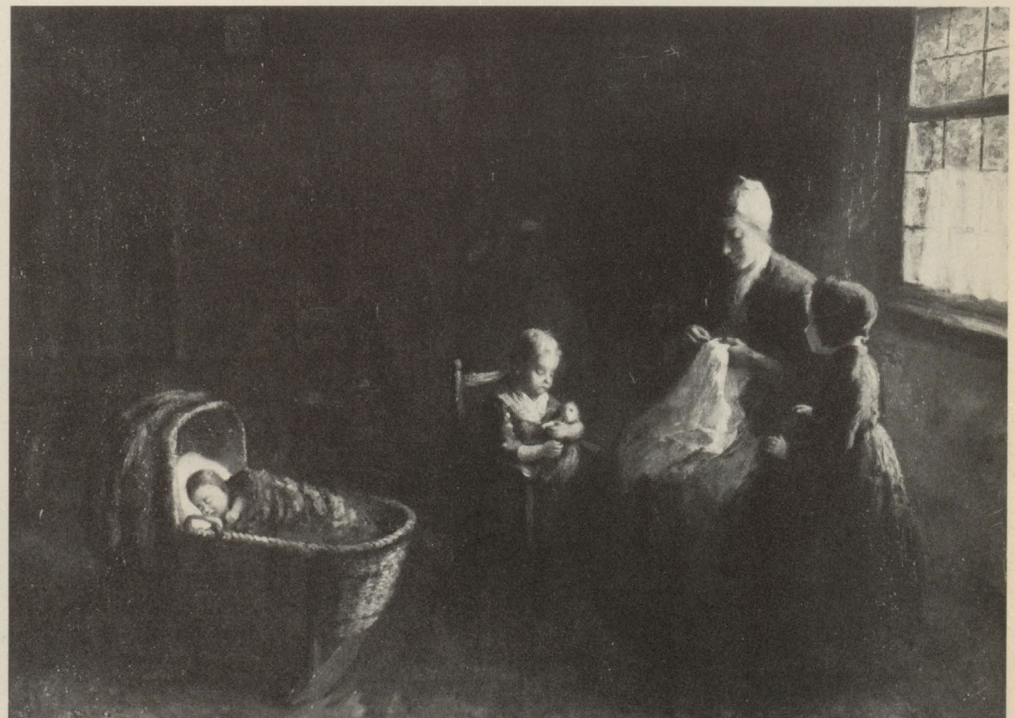
O'Hara admits that overseeing the university collection is "like housekeeping in a place that is much too large." But the effort is worth it. A letter sent by the Visual Arts Committee to all deans and building directors last spring brought a good response – and a long list of requests. "A lot of people are very conservative and want landscapes, nice trees," says O'Hara. But sometimes people will ask, as one professor did recently, for a "contemporary and startling" piece. The Visual Arts Committee has no trouble finding something to fill that bill, either. *L.A.*

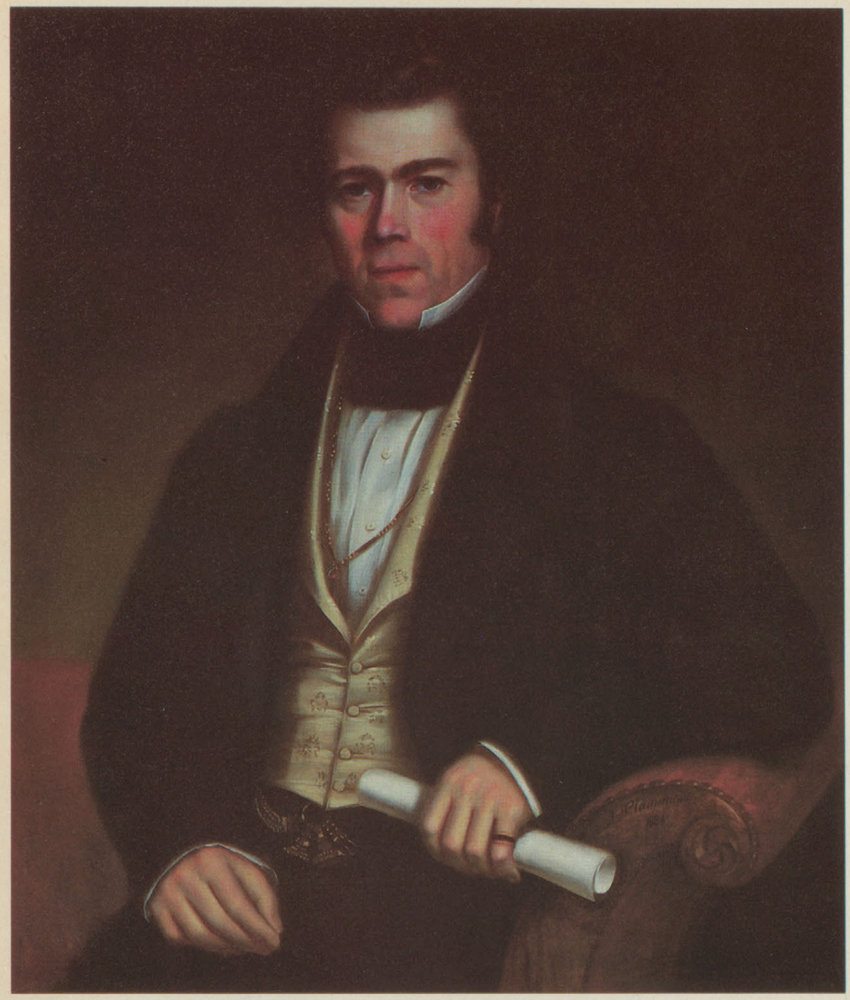


Above: Goodridge Roberts (Canadian, 1904-1974), Reclining Nude 1958 *(A. Sidney Dawes Collection), oil on canvas, 36″×29″.*

At left: Norman Laliberté (Canadian, b. 1925), Mirror, Mirror, *coloured cloth and felt banner, 5′×7′.*

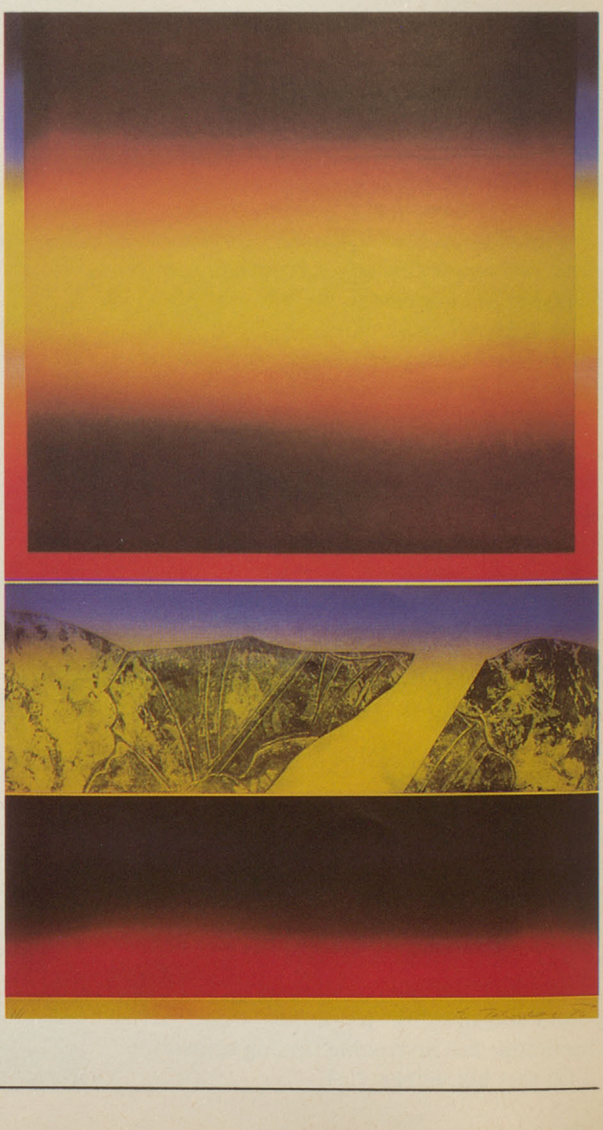
Below: Bernard de Hoog (Dutch, 1866-1943), Interior, Woman and Children, Dutch Family Scene, *oil on canvas, 42½″×34½″.*

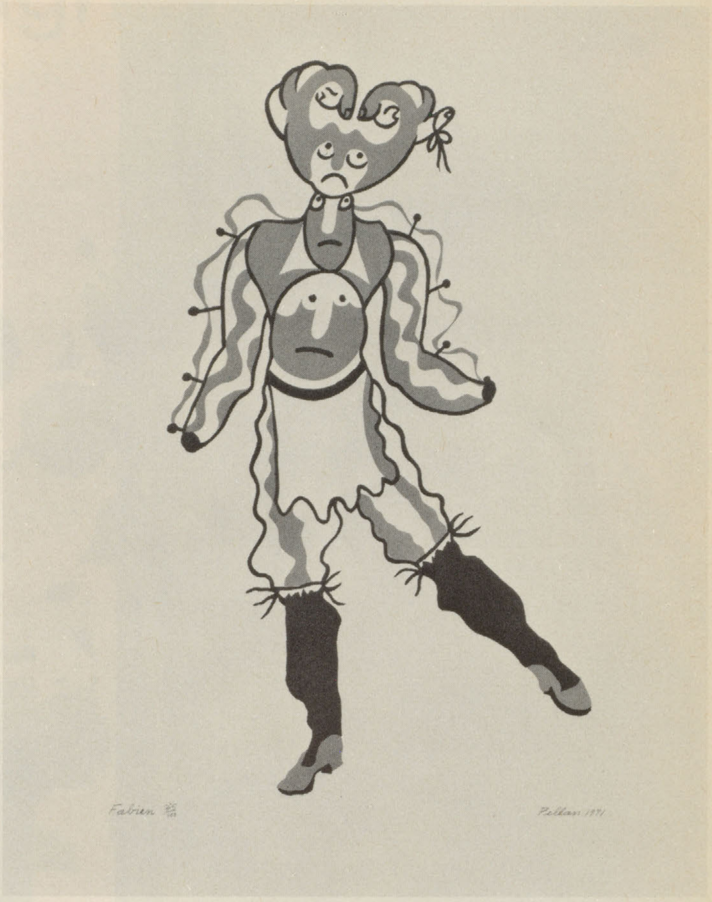


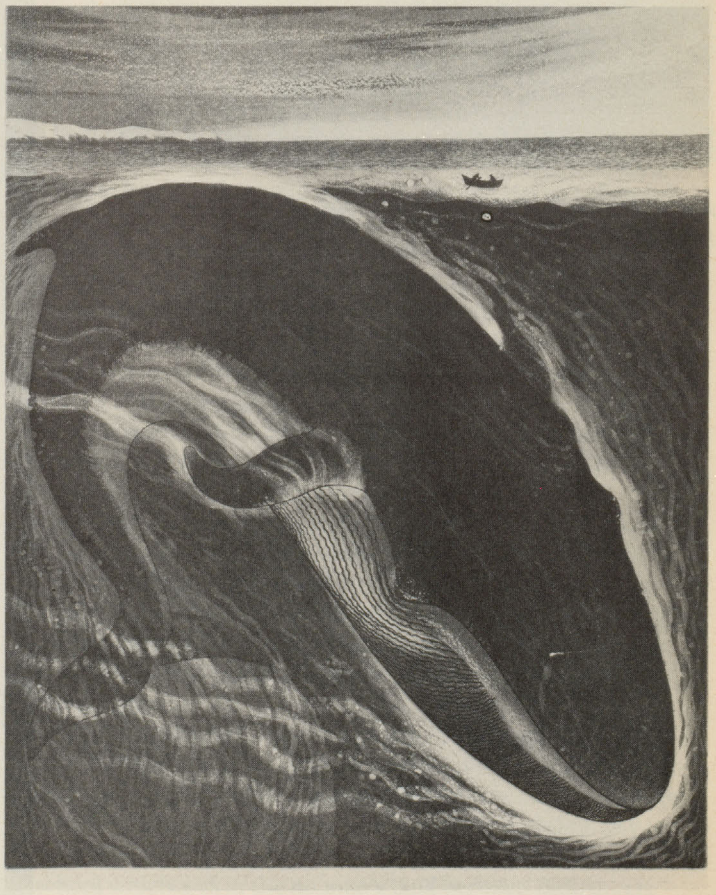


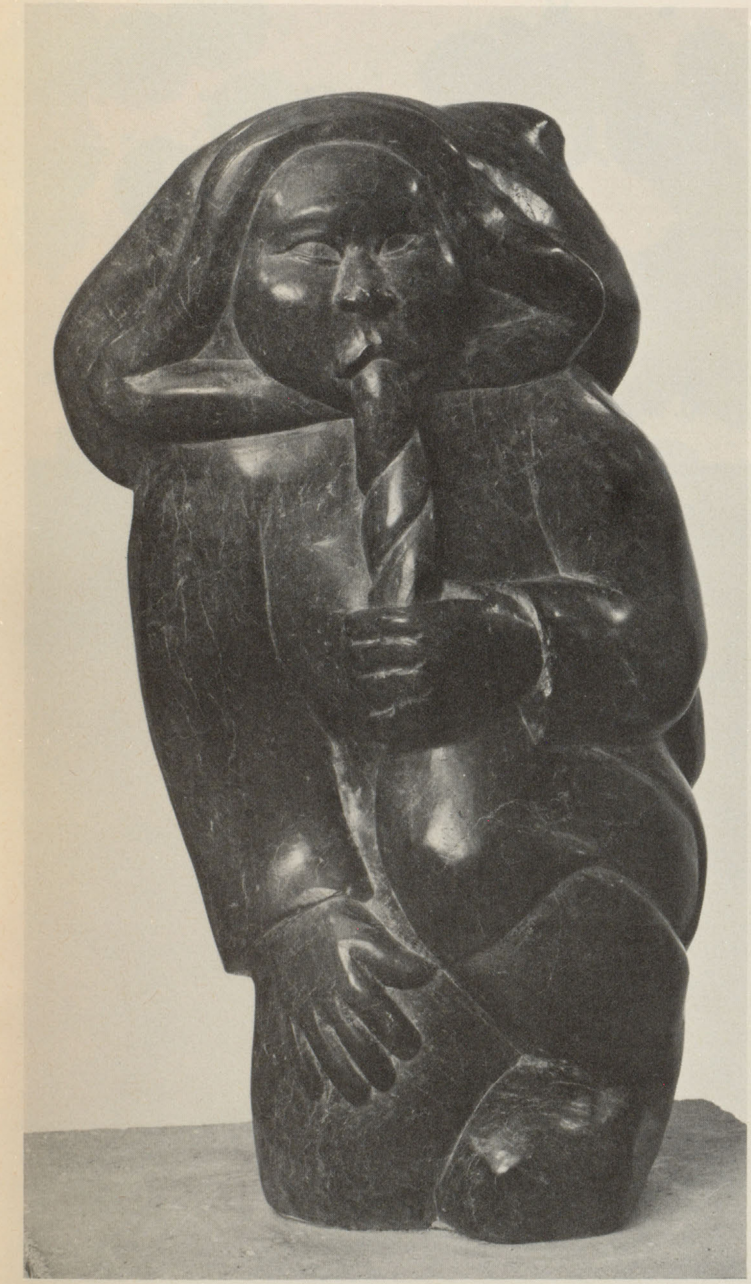
Above: Antoine Plamondon (Canadian, 1804-1895), John Redpath, *oil on canvas, 29" × 34".*

Below: Ernestine Tahedl (Canadian, b. 1940), Untitled #1, *gravure roulage, 30" × 42".*

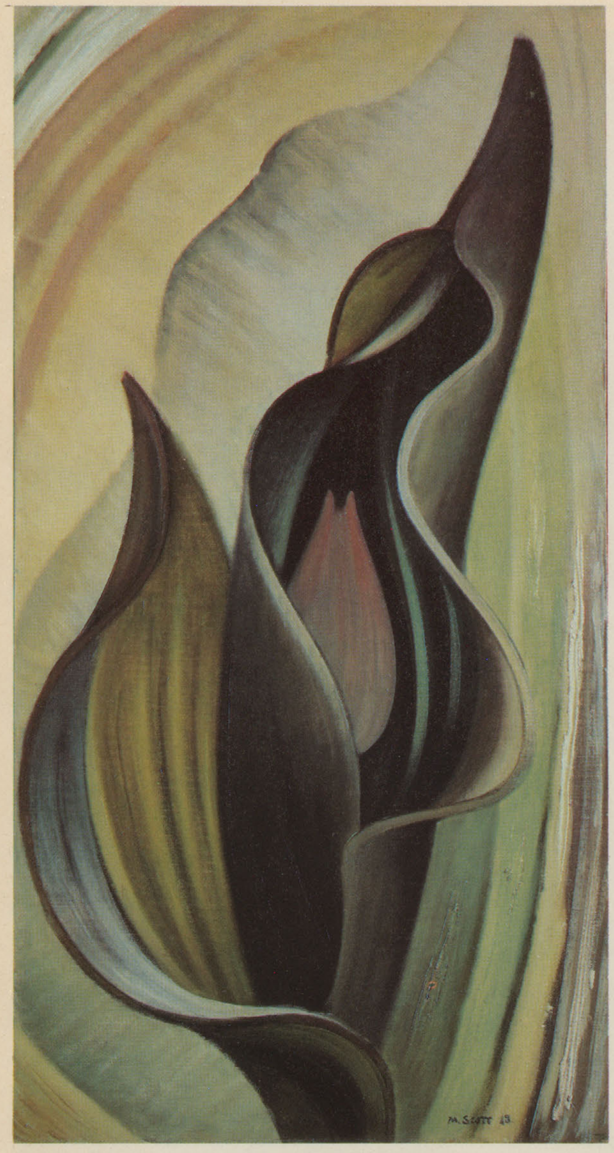






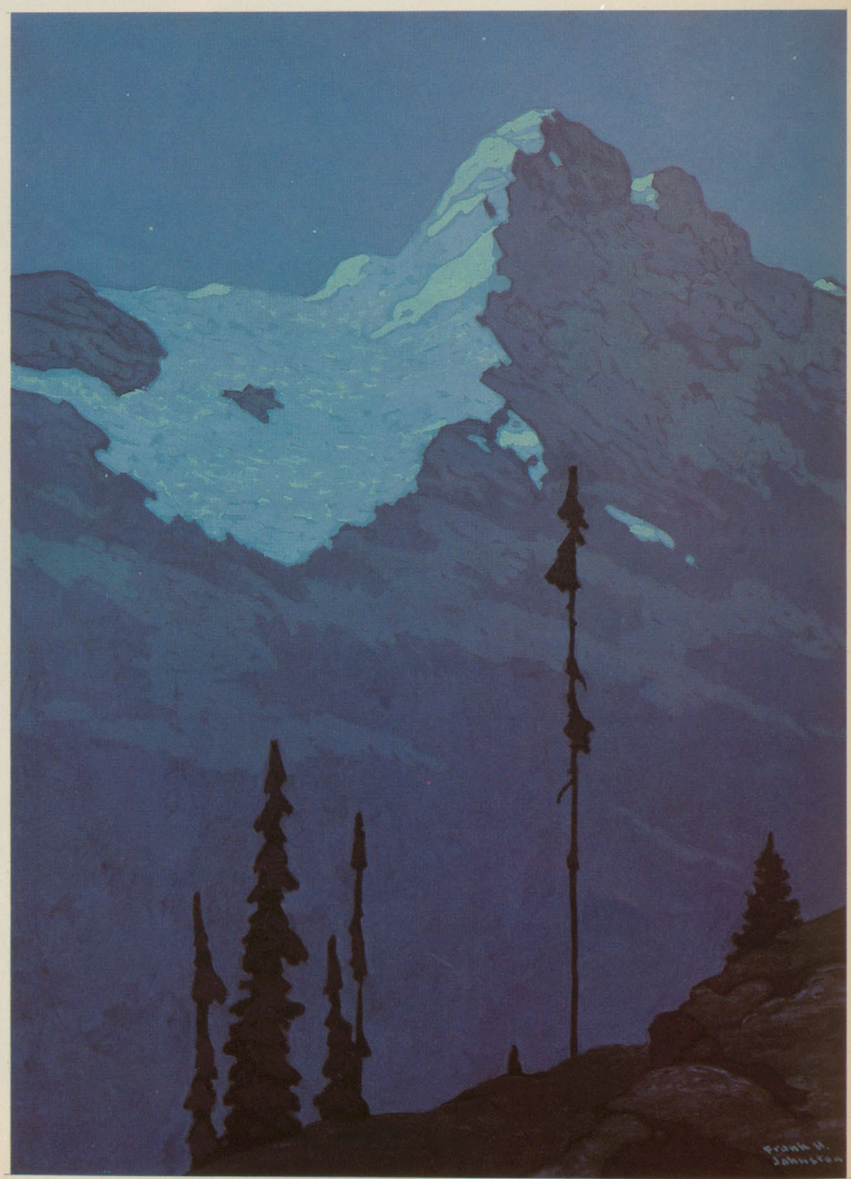


Clockwise from upper right: Alfred Pellan (Canadian, b. 1906), Fabien, *silkscreen, 9¼"×25½"; David Blackwood (Canadian, b. 1941),* The Burgeo Whale, 'A Whale for the Killing,' *aquatint, 16"×20½"; Oshaweetook (Canadian, Inuit, Cape Dorset, b. 1923),* Woman and Narwhal Tusk *(presented to the McGill University Community by the Sesquicentennial Committee of the Graduates' Society, 1971), soapstone, 10"×21".*



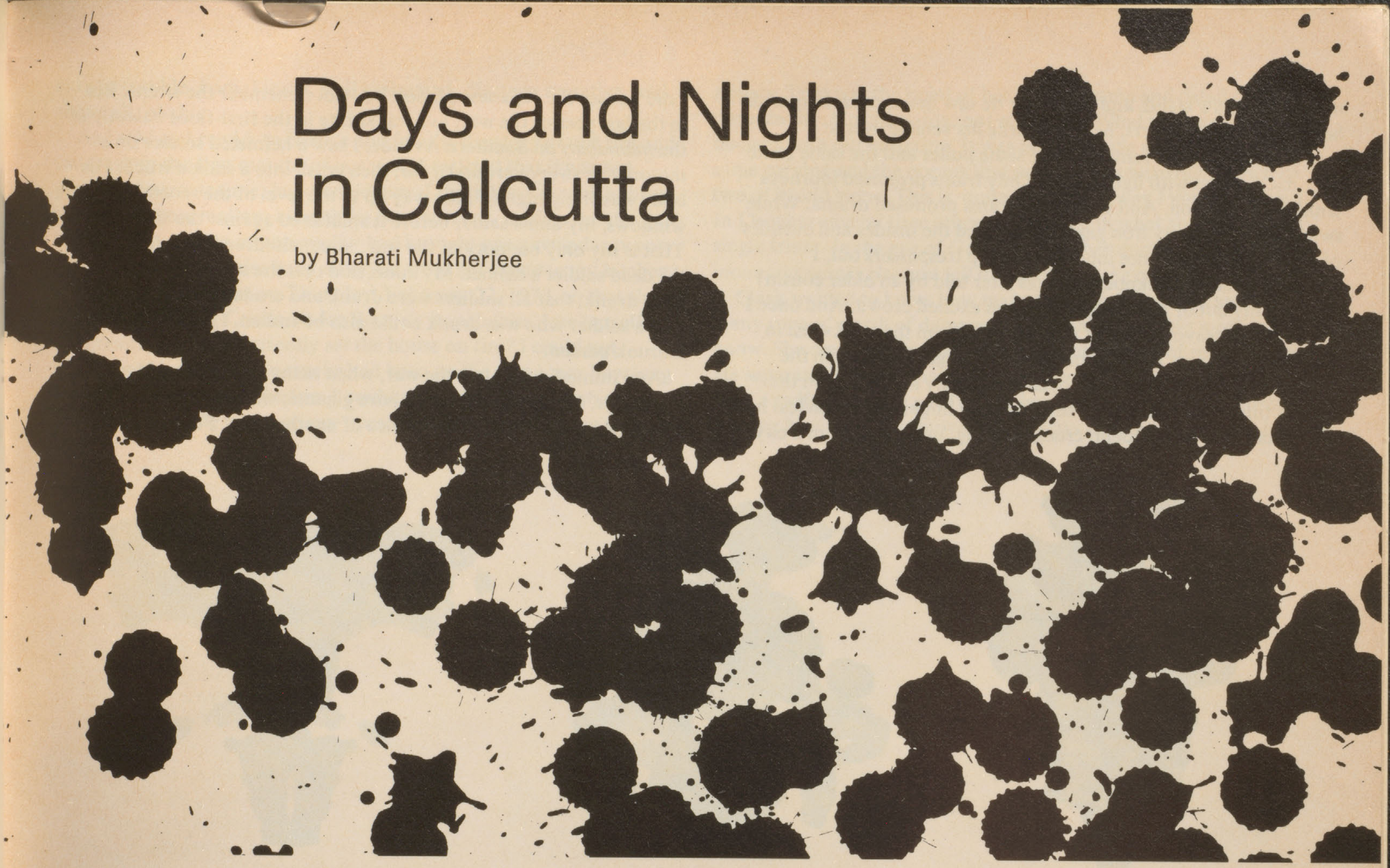
Above: Marian Scott (Canadian, b. 1906), **Tulip,** *oil on canvas, 20" × 38".*

Below: Frank H. Johnston (Canadian, 1888-1949), **Mountain Landscape** *(A. Sidney Dawes Collection), oil on canvas, 29" × 39".*



Days and Nights in Calcutta

by Bharati Mukherjee



Editor's Note: Dr. Bharati Mukherjee, an associate professor of English now on leave of absence for a year to serve as director of the Shastri Institute in New Delhi, calls herself an "accidental immigrant" to Canada. Born in Calcutta in 1940 and educated initially in Bengali, she was on scholarship at the University of Iowa's Writers Workshop when she met and later married a fellow student, Canadian author Clark Blaise. The two eventually moved to Montreal.

In recent years Mukherjee has published two novels, The Tiger's Daughter *and* Wife. *Being a Third World woman writer in North America is far from easy. "The literary world in Canada is nascent, aggressively nationalistic, and self-engrossed," Mukherjee writes. "Reviewers claim that my material deals with Indians usually in India, and because my publisher is American, my work is of no interest to Canadian writers and readers."*

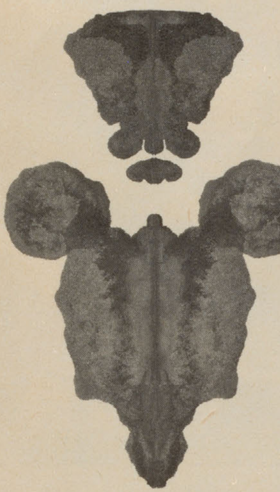
Blaise recounts an "appalling and funny" incident that occurred when Mukherjee's first novel was issued. "We'd gone down to a bookstore at the foot of our street and shown the owner a copy of the book with an approving review and a glamorous shot of the author that was appearing in the current Newsweek. *Perhaps one Montreal author per decade gets featured in the American weeklies. The owner flipped skeptically through the book, read the jacket blurb, then politely declined to stock it. 'Houghton Mifflin,' he said, reading the spine of the dust jacket. 'I'm sorry, but there are so many little outfits like this that we just can't carry them all.' "*

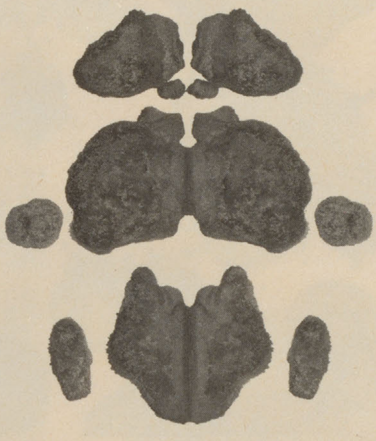
But Mukherjee is persistent and is now working on a third novel, The Motivators, *about agents paid by the Indian government to persuade men to undergo vasectomies. Moreover, she and Blaise kept journals during a year spent with their sons, Bart and Bernie, in India in 1973. The result is a joint book entitled* Days and Nights in Calcutta, *published by Doubleday in late January. The* News *offers an excerpt, a passage called* Identity. *Two Indian words that need explanation:* jethoo *refers to the eldest paternal uncle;* mamabari *to the house of the maternal uncles.*

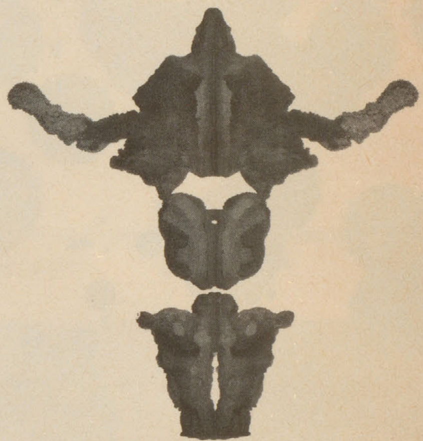
I had been away from Calcutta for fourteen years. My parents no longer lived there and I had never written letters, nor even sent birthday cards, to friends and relatives during this period. Yet after all these years, their first question invariably was: "Has Calcutta changed very much?" And my response was what I knew they wanted to hear: "No, it's just the way I remember it." Then it was their turn to smile benevolently at me and whisper: "You know, you might have a Canadian husband and kids, but you haven't changed much either." I was not lying, merely simplifying, when I agreed with friends I had not seen since our missionary school days that nothing had changed. Because in Calcutta, "change" implies decline and catastrophe; friendship is rooted in the retention of simplicity. The fact that after fourteen years away I was still judged "simple" was the greatest compliment my friends and relatives could bestow.

I was born in Ballygunge, a very middle-class neighborhood of Calcutta, and lived the first eight years of my life in a ground-floor flat on a wide street sliced in half by shiny tram tracks. The flat is still rented by my *jethoo;* the tram tracks still shine through the mangy blades of grass in the center of the street; and the trams are still owned by British shareholders most of whom have never seen Calcutta. Ballygunge remains, in these small, personal terms, a stable society. Wars with China and Pakistan, refugee influxes from Assam, Tibet, Bangla Desh, and Bihar, Naxalite political agitations: Nothing has wrenched out of recognizable shape the contours of the block where I grew up.

In those first eight years, though I rarely left Ballygunge, I could not escape the intimations of a complex world just beyond our neighborhood. I saw the sleek white trams (perhaps never sleek nor white) and I associated them with glamour and incredible mobility. My own travelling was limited to trips to the *mamabari* a few blocks away, and to school which was in the no man's land between Ballygunge and the European quarters. These trips we accomplished by rickshaw. My mother had a tacit agreement with one of the pullers at the nearby rickshaw stand, and whenever he saw her approaching with her three little daughters, he would drag his vehicle over at a trot. Rickshaws were familiar – the same puller and the same route over back streets with light traffic. Only trams promised journeys without destination. And sometimes trams promised drama. While swinging on the rusty iron gate that marked the insides and outsides of properties but was not intended to keep trespassers out, I had seen a man (a pickpocket, I was later told by an older cousin) flung bodily out of a moving tram by an excited crowd. And once I had seen the heaving body of a run-over cow on the tracks just in front of our house. The cow had drawn a larger crowd than the pickpocket. The head had not been completely severed from the body; I think now that a fully severed head might have been less horrible. I saw it as an accident, cruel, thrilling, unnecessary, in a city where accidents were common.







I saw processions of beggars at our front door, even Muslim ones, and it was often the job of us small children to scoop out a measure of rice from a huge drum in my widowed grandmother's vegetarian kitchen and pour it into the beggars' pots. I was too little to lean over the edge of the drum and fill the scoop, and for that I was grateful. The beggars terrified me. I would wait for them to cluster at our front door, but when they were actually there, I would hide behind my older cousin Tulu (now a geneticist in Hamburg), who would issue efficient commands to the beggars to stop fighting among themselves and to hold out their sacks and pots. It is merely a smell that I now recall, not the hungry faces but the smell of starvation and of dying. Later, my mother, a powerful storyteller, told me how millions had died in the 1943 Bengal famine – she did not care about precise statistics, only about passion – and how my father had personally organized a rice-gruel kitchen in our flat. I had no concept of famine; I only knew that beggars were ugly and that my father was a hero.

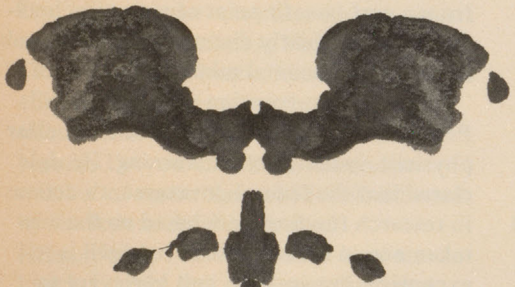
As a child in Ballygunge, I did not completely escape World War II. My mother told me later, especially after we had been to war movies at the Metro Cinema, that there had been periodic air-raid sirens in the fields just beyond the landlord's palm trees, and that my father had set aside a small room as air-raid shelter for the forty-odd people who were living at the flat at the time. She remembered the tins of imported crackers, the earthenware pitchers of water, the bedrolls, and the complaints of the younger uncles who felt that tea made on a hot plate in the shelter did not taste as good as tea made on the regular open stove. She said she had not been frightened at all during the raids, not even after the bombing of the Kidderpore docks, and that sometimes instead of rushing to the shelter at the first wail of the siren, she had settled us in, then raced to the street to admire beautiful formations of the Japanese planes. The Japanese, she insisted, meant us Indians no harm. She talked of prewar Japanese hawkers who had come to the front gate with their toys and silks. I did not see the Japanese planes. I do not remember the sirens. But in the last year of the war, as I was sitting in the first-floor balcony of the *mamabari* on Southern Avenue, I saw a helmeted soldier on a motorcycle swerve around a car, then crash into a stalled truck. His body was flung high (all the way up to the level of the second-floor windows, my aunts said), before it splattered against the sidewalk. That is my only memory of the war: street children scurrying after the dead soldier's helmet. My aunts said that the soldier must have been drunk, that all soldiers were drunk and crude. I was shocked that a soldier who was drunk could also be Indian. I had never seen a drunk person.

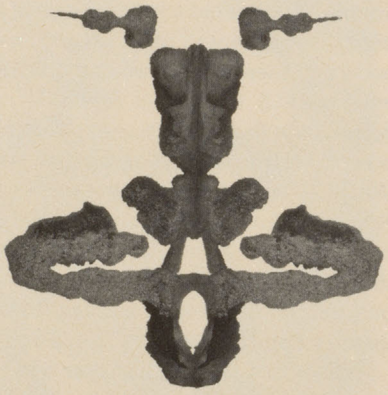
And immediately after the war, when many British-owned Wolseleys, Rovers, and Austins bore gigantic white V's on their hoods, I became aware of signs of violence of another sort. Funeral processions for teen-age freedom fighters passed our house. At the head of these processions were bullet-ridden bodies laid out on string beds and covered over with flowers. In those days, we thought of them as freedom fighters and martyrs but called them "anarchists" and "terrorists," for we had accepted the terminology of the British without ever understanding or sharing their emotions. Later still, during the communal riots between Hindus and Muslims at the time of Partition, I saw from the roof (where we always rushed at the first signal of a possible invasion of our block) giggling young men loot a store and carry off radios and table fans. This was comic, but I knew that in other parts of the city, looters were vandalizing households and murdering everyone in sight. A week later, my father and the workers in his pharmaceutical plant were besieged by a Muslim group and had to be rescued by troops. The event might have been tragic for our family – and in fact, three workers were killed by the rioters before the troops arrived – but my father delivered the account with so much elegance and wit that I have never been able to picture it as a riot.

It is that Ballygunge which has not changed. It is still possible for my parents' separate families to continue renting the flats they have lived in since I was born, to conduct discreet and fairly stable middle-class lives, although each year the periphery of violence draws a little closer to the center.

I cannot claim that same stability in Montreal. In the last ten years I have moved at least five times, perhaps more. The few women I claim to know have undergone several image changes. They seem to have tired of drugs, of radical politics, of women's movements. Two have taken lesbian lovers. Two others have discarded their lesbian lovers. One rents a high school boy. To me they seem marvelously flamboyant. I envy them their nervous breakdowns, their violent self-absorption, their confident attempts to remake themselves. Having been born in pre-Independence India, and having watched my homeland change shape and color on schoolroom maps, then having discarded that homeland for another, I know excess of passion leads only to trouble. I am, I insist, well mannered, discreet, secretive, and above all, pliable.

As I told and retold, to friends and family, the story of our fire and car crash in the first months of our visit, I realized that it was not plot that fascinated me, but coincidence. I think there is such a thing as a Hindu imagination; everything is a causeless, endless middle. What oddity of fate or personality had brought one particular twenty-six-year-old Québecoise baby-sitter far from her home to my kitchen in English Westmount on Thursday, February 22, 1973, so that she could start heating Crisco oil for Bernie's french fries, lose herself in daydreams, and inadvertently set the house on fire? I could not remember how many fire trucks had been on the scene, nor how long it had taken to put out the fire. I could remember the squelch and crackle of freezing water on our queen-sized mattress, frozen cedar shavings in a smoke-blackened gerbil cage, the sticky black mess where the kitchen telephone had hung, and sticky white messes where the stove and refrigerator had stood.





What mysterious design had trapped me, safety belt unfastened, in the passenger seat of our Volvo on Thursday, April 4, so that a housewife in a station wagon, missing a stop sign, could cause me to crack the windshield with my head? Those few details spread out in my imagination, obliterating everything else. But there was no regret. A strange acceptance and then relief at the swift disposal of sentimental baggage acquired over almost ten years; I was pained only by what neighbors must have thought of us; we were careless young people playing at professions. We couldn't afford competent help, and we paid the price.

But my mother, from whom I learned very early the persuasiveness of oral literature, has a more communal Hindu imagination. On the first night Clark and I spent in Chembur in 1973, after the children had finally fatigued themselves to sleep in strange hot beds, and after we had told all we could about the fire and collision, my mother gave us her version of the story of our fire.

She told us that she had had premonitions. Did I remember that she was given to premonitions? So, my mother continued, she had had premonitions of danger and had worried herself sick over our well-being. And a week prior to receiving news of our fire, there had been a fire in Chembur, a colossal fire at the nearby Esso refinery. Plans had been made to evacuate everyone from the general neighborhood, including my parents and other residents of Calico Colony. And my mother had stood at the open windows of her bedroom overlooking the crazy distant flames, and she had panicked. Not because she had been afraid for herself, for at fifty-odd years she had long been preparing to die, but because she felt *we* were in danger, that we in Montreal were vastly unhappy. And in a week our letter had explained the mystery. She had sensed our danger through mental telepathy. Though we had been oceans apart, she had shared our misery. That was the point of her story. Drama and detail did not concern her. Nor causality, nor sequence: What mattered was her oneness with our suffering. It was as though we were figures in the same carving and the oceans that separated us were but an inch or two of placid stone. This is, quite simply, the way I perceive as well. In Deoghar several time sequences coexist in what appears to be a single frieze. *In the eye of God,* runs another quote from Zimmer, *mountain ranges rise and fall like waves on the ocean.*

Clark wanted to know how many tanks had exploded and how many rupees' worth of damage had been assessed. My mother did not know. She could not respond to his logical method of reconstruction. He separated the peripheral elements from the central, then forced such a swift, dramatic pace on the haphazard event of our fire that hearing him recount it moved me in ways that the event itself had not.

And, unlike me, my mother did not isolate details for their metaphoric content. For her the incident was indivisible from the general functioning of the universe; mental telepathy was possible in a world that fused serpent and God without self-destructing.

I often thought back to that story of mental telepathy when I later heard other Hindus – barristers, bank managers, sports writers, businessmen – confide to Clark and me that though they considered themselves rational, modern men, they believed in healers, palmistry, astrology, and miracles. Our talks with these men inevitably concluded with a reference to Sai Baba, the young South Indian saint, who, we heard, produced holy ash, vermilion powder, lockets, and even diamond rings out of thin air. For the West, the educated Hindu's belief in telepathy and psychokinetic energy may seem intellectually dishonest. But I am convinced that such beliefs have more to do with radically different ways of telling a story than with underdeveloped logic. Hindus entrust much less of the universe to logical explanation – and dismissal – than do Europeans. Belief in magic, miracles, and myth still causes very little conflict, even among successful scientists and businessmen.

On that first night in Chembur, I did not dispute my mother's claim of mental telepathy. I heard it as a call from a portion of my brain that I thought had long ago been stilled. But because talk of miracles, magic, and telepathy made me uncomfortable, I tried to deflect the mood; I chattered instead about the charred percale sheets and towels, the waterlogged suitcases full of my silk saris and photographs from my decade-long married life.

"At least I didn't have to worry too much about packing," I joked as my father poured me my second gin and lime cordial. ☐

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What future for research?

by Linda Feldman

Faced with a federal government funding freeze, researchers at McGill have had to learn to get along with less – and less.

During the 1950s and 60s everyone loved the scientist. He was the revered figure in the white coat, the latter-day miracle worker and purveyor of a utopic future. His alchemy had conquered polio, his equations the moon. Small wonder that the public looked upon him with blind trust and that governments reached into taxpayers' pockets to provide for his needs.

But public expectations of the scientist were unrealistic and it was inevitable that the love affair would start to sour. By the beginning of the 1970s, people were questioning the value of scientific and medical research. Here in Canada politicians began to tighten the drawstrings on the public purse. They raised grants for research just marginally each year – as inflation galloped on. It was a subtle action, designed not to incur the wrath of anyone but the relatively small number of unorganized scientists.

"Disastrous," "catastrophic," "inexplicable": how else can Canadian researchers describe their plight? Between 1970 and 1974 the Consumer Price Index in Canada jumped 29 per cent, the Gross National Product (GNP), 49 per cent. Inflation upped equipment costs and technicians' salaries by as much as 30 per cent annually in some fields. But in the same period support for the National Research Council (NRC) and the Medical Research Council (MRC) – the country's two major granting agencies for basic scientific and medical research – rose only 5.8 per cent and 20.7 per cent respectively, which in real dollars meant a severe reduction. Nor has the situation improved in the past two years. In May of 1976 a last-minute two-million-dollar supplementary grant made by Marc Lalonde, federal minister of health and welfare, barely managed to keep last year's MRC funding at 1975 levels.

The freeze on research funding announced by the federal government in December 1975 was vigorously advocated by C.M. ("Bud") Drury, until last spring federal minister of state for science and technology. Drury told the press that it was illogical to spend large sums of money on research that had little practical application. Research, he implied, should be justified by a rigorous cost-benefit analysis. Although Canada ranks eighth among Western industrial nations in its per capita investment in research and development and spends less than one-quarter of what the U.S. spends per capita, Drury pointed out that it still outstrips one hundred other countries, including those in the Third World. When he learned that the Senate Special Committee on Science Policy chaired by Maurice Lamontagne had recommended that Canada spend 2.5 per cent of the GNP on research and development by 1980, he dismissed the objective as "just a number."

What Canada spent last year was 1.26 per cent of the GNP. That amounted to $81.7 million for the NRC and $50.8 million for the MRC – $9 million less than the scientists had hoped for. The researchers on the NRC and MRC committees responsible for grant allocations found their chore even more difficult than usual. New research proposals were sharply curtailed, while budgets for ongoing projects had to be pared to the bone.

"A Growing Sense of Unease"

McGill researchers have become increasingly alarmed at the turn of events. McGill, after all, was built on the bedrock of science and medicine. Yet NRC grants to campus researchers in 1975-76 were approximately the same as they were in 1972-73, while MRC grants were only 22.4 per cent higher. "There is around us a growing sense of unease among the younger scientists upon whom our future depends," three McGill scientists wrote in a letter to the Montreal *Gazette* in 1974. "And this unease can develop into despair. Among the senior scientists there is either a cynical acceptance or less often a grim defiance."

Like colleagues before and since, the three correspondents rejected the use of a cost-benefit analysis. They argued that research is not only vital for the acquisition of knowledge, but also that it leads to conceptual associations that form the basis of technology. "But when they will occur, to whom, and in what form is a mystery," they said. "This is why it is impossible to identify either the extent or the timing of the ultimate benefits of scientific research. It is also why, from a cost-benefit point of view, 'Technology' must be clearly distinguished in the public and governmental mind from 'Science.' "

In a 1976 convocation address, McGill Principal Dr. Robert Bell, himself a nuclear physicist, issued another warning. He declared that the federal government's actions in research funding were based on the mistaken notion that Canadian research is expensive, low-quality, and irrelevant to public needs. He recalled a pronouncement made in 1971 by the then-energy minister that Canada had enough fuel reserves to last for centuries – and pointed out that the country had, in fact, lost its energy self-sufficiency by 1974. "It would be hard to find a better example of the need for independent research," he concluded.

Although Canadians now appear to be rallying behind the scientists in favour of stepped-up support for research – the volume of mail received by the prime minister's office on the subject is second only to that on the issue of bilingualism – the federal government has maintained its stance. Thus researchers at McGill, like those at universities across the country, have had to learn to get along with less – and less.

"Getting along" is a complex art. It means recycling solvents, using less-expensive – and less-appropriate – animals for experiments, and, in some cases, even eliminating animals altogether and resorting to the test tube. Getting along also means not investing in new equipment and not investigating "spin-offs" – by-products of research which themselves show development potential. It can even mean taking money from your own pocket to keep your project alive.

Cutting back on personnel hurts researchers most of all. It slows the progress and restricts the scope of a project. Highly skilled scientists have to take over work that their graduate students used to do. Delays of months can occur. Meanwhile, the rest of the international scientific community moves forward at its usual pace, and researchers here begin to feel the lag.

The all-important grant application becomes a yearly ordeal. "You don't end up in the lab anymore," Dr. Leonard Greenberg, an assistant professor of surgical research, explains with chagrin. "You're coping with paperwork." Indeed, as Greenberg points out, in a calendar year a researcher enjoys only a few months of security concerning the future of his research project. The rest of the time the possibility of losing some or all of his grant weighs heavily on him.

Greenberg estimates that he personally spends two months on paperwork for his annual grant application. He currently has a budget of $14,000. In April he expects to receive $18,000 – $2,000 less than what he requested and what he needs "to keep constant" in face of skyrocketing costs. Greenberg's medical research on stress ulcers is relatively inexpensive – and highly relevant. Stress ulcers, which can occur after operations or car accidents, are fatal in 85 per cent of the cases. New detection techniques have shown that they are much more common than formerly thought. The investigation being conducted by Greenberg and two colleagues is aimed at finding drugs to prevent these ulcers from forming. The researchers are also developing new methods by which to study stomach functions.

Dr. Bernard Belleau, a professor in the chemistry department, is another example of the many McGill researchers involved in highly relevant scientific studies whose progress has been hampered by funding cutbacks. He is examining drug receptor sites in the body and the synthesis of non-narcotic analgesics. His research achievements have repeatedly won international recognition – his latest honour, the 1976 American Chemical Society award in medicinal chemistry.

Walter Hitschfeld on the Record

One of those most concerned about research on the campus is Vice-Principal (Research) Dr. Walter Hitschfeld. The editor of the *News* recently spoke to him about the researchers' plight.

News: Do you have statistics on the number of researchers at McGill affected by the federal funding freeze?

Hitschfeld: I don't have the hard statistics. I doubt that they exist, but what does exist is a shortage without just cause. It has been a gradual erosion over the last few years.

News: You must be very worried about the situation.

Hitschfeld: I am worried for the following reason: there is a bill now before the House of Commons about the reorganization of the [National Research, Medical Research, and Canada] Councils, but I have great difficulty believing that it will provide an adequate correction for the hump of inflation. The bill has been given first reading, but it is now lingering in committee. It is not a bill of tremendously high priority in the political scheme of things, obviously.

It's interesting that Canada has by far the largest effort on a per capita basis of science policy worrying. Since about 1963 we've had one major government report after another. We've had books published on the subject. There are offices of science policy formation in every province now. I think we're spending a larger fraction of our national income on science policy than most other countries of the western world.

News: On policy, but not on research.

Hitschfeld: Precisely.

News: Could you tell me about the report which was issued by the Senate Special Committee on Science Policy?

Hitschfeld: Yes, it's a multi-volume affair. The first volume came out in 1970, then it took some time for the other two to mature. Even without the report's being adopted formally, the chairman of this committee, Senator Maurice Lamontagne, achieved a great deal because the press listened eagerly to what he had to say. He's a good comunicator. There was never any open discussion in government. But there were all sorts of discussions in the popular press and on radio, and some of the scientific societies expressed themselves pro and con the various issues.

What Senator Lamontagne was concerned about – and what I think we all need to be concerned about – is how the fruit of scientific research becomes useable, useful, and valid, either in the economy or the cultural life of the country. I quite agree that this is a primary point. Having said that, I personally know there is a big difference between science and technology. You've got to have the science and you've got to have the structures for applying the science in a helpful, useful way. I think the Senate report spoke a great deal about the second part of what I've just said and assumed that the science would take care of itself.

We've got to be reasonably careful that every link in this chain is sufficiently nurtured. We are in trouble at the moment, I think, because the science side, which is largely carried on in the universities, has been neglected.

News: Has McGill as a university responded to the crisis?

Hitschfeld: Yes, we've made representations on many different occasions, including to Maurice Lamontagne. We addressed the Senate-House of Commons Committee on Constitutional Arrangements in 1971. We have also made representations through various societies of which individuals in the university are members. I think we have contributed our share.

News: Where does the provincial government stand on the issue of funding?

Hitschfeld: Well, the provinces are moving into this area, and I think that in our constitutional framework they indeed should. The Quebec government has done this with considerable generosity for several years and has, in fact, compensated in some measure for the stagnation in Ottawa. We now have a program administered by the Ministry of Education which provides about $8 million annually. That's a lot in the Quebec context.

News: What other directions can researchers go in to find sufficient funding?

Hitschfeld: Quite frankly, we have to promote some of our activities a little harder than we have done. In dealing with the research councils, you didn't have to promote your work. They had acquired a knowledge of the capacities of individual researchers over the years.

In dealing with other bodies, you have to sell yourself in a way that my academic colleagues find a little distasteful and sometimes difficult. I'm not much of a promoter myself, but I think that is what has to happen. We're very interested in Canadian private industry because it is terribly short of research capability. In the last few years our contracts volume has increased from $1 to $2 million per annum. I think that's the trend that has to continue – getting money from sources other than the councils. But we'll need a frank debate on this subject. ☐

"Dr. Belleau is one of the people I feel most bitter about," says Chemistry Department Chairman Dr. John Harrod. "He's a modest man with modest needs. He's not a money-grabber. Yet he has to run around trying to pinch pennies. In the United States he might have had ten postdoctoral fellows, even more graduate students, and a grant of $250,000. Here he has only two fellows, one technician, a few students, and $50,000." The worry becomes plain as Harrod considers the future of Belleau and others in his predicament. "These are the people we're going to lose – the people at the top end of the scale. The more untenable life gets here, the more probable it is that people will leave."

Still, hundreds of researchers in Canada would rather fight than switch. "We used to have a joke," one McGill scientist recalls. "We said that if the researchers ever went on strike, no one would notice." The past three years have changed that situation. Groups like the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation have vigorously campaigned for adoption of a stable, long-term federal science policy to replace erratic, short-sighted actions. A new organization, Canadians for Health Research (CHR), joined the fray last spring. It was founded by a small group of concerned individuals, both medical professionals and laymen. Most were on staff at McGill or its teaching hospitals, including Associate Professor of Pediatrics Dr. Hyman Goldman and Pediatrics Professor Dr. Charles Scriver. "A good part of the fight for money and a new science policy has always come from McGill," notes Greenberg, who acts as information officer for CHR.

The year-old organization has taken the researchers' case to the media and to the government through a seemingly endless series of letters and telephone calls. The most important – and gratifying – result has been the keen support and participation of the public at large. CHR has already established fourteen chapters across the country and has a membership of close to one hundred thousand, since many other volunteer groups have joined en bloc.

Scarcely one month after its founding, CHR members travelled to Ottawa to demonstrate their support for a stable medical research policy. Five hundred people gathered at the Carleton Towers Hotel to listen to addresses by scientists like Canadian Nobel Prize Laureate Dr. Gerhard Herzberg. More than two hundred later carried placards during a march on Parliament Hill, and a petition was presented to a representative from the prime minister's office.

Evidently the government was taking notice of these unprecedented developments. Just a day and a half before the demonstration, Health and Welfare Minister Lalonde had announced the two-million-dollar increase in grant support for the MRC. And a member of the CHR executive was invited to appear before the Senate Special Committee on Science Policy.

In September 1976 Hugh Faulkner, previously secretary of state, was appointed federal minister of state for science and technology. The surprising appointment has left researchers guardedly optimistic. Faulkner has promised a greater government commitment to research, more research money, close federal-provincial liaison in funding allocation, and tighter control of research through a national system of peer review based on government-university collaboration. He also introduced a bill now before the House of Commons to reorganize the Canada Council, the MRC, and the NRC (which would cede its granting function to the proposed Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council). "After a long period of reexamination," Faulkner told the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation in January, "the university research aspect of science policy in Canada is beginning to take on a new sense of purpose and direction." But there is a snag: improvements will be "marginal," according to the minister, until the government's fiscal position changes.

Grave Implications

The crisis continues to have grave implications for universities like McGill and indeed for the country as a whole. "The future of science looks bleak," Harrod says. "You can't have a Western-type mixed economy without developing your own technology. Bud Drury said we do not need basic science in Canada, and there isn't much indication that Hugh Faulkner thinks differently. What this means is that we are going to buy or borrow technology."

As things stand, Harrod points out, Canada must turn to the United States for its technology. "This trend puts Canada in the position of being a kept woman," he says only half-jokingly. "Which is nice as long as the man provides. If the U.S. border were closed tomorrow, it would take years to develop the technology we use in our lives." Even worse, the nation's raw materials could be depleted in twenty or thirty years, leaving Canada in the position of a Third World country.

Not unexpectedly, the financial dilemma may have discouraged potential applications for postgraduate scientific and medical research training. Although statistics are hard to come by, researchers contend that a greater number of talented young people are opting for more secure careers or looking south of the border. McGill does not appear to have been as hard hit as some universities. Dr. Pierre Beaudry, the associate dean of graduate studies and research in McGill's Faculty of Medicine, points out that the number of researchers applying for and obtaining first grants from the MRC and the Conseil de la Recherche en Santé du Québec remains steady. But the Royal Victoria Hospital received only one application for medical research fellowship training last year, in comparison with ten three years ago. And Beaudry warns that "the on and off funding has been very disconcerting. If the funding situation goes through another convulsion, it is bound to have an effect on the number of people entering this field." Researchers fear that a continued brain drain will widen the gap between Canada and the other Western nations, eventually eroding the quality of teaching in Canadian science faculties and medical schools and the level of health care in Canadian hospitals.

Some private organizations have attempted to offset NRC and MRC budget freezes. The Canadian Cancer Society, the Kidney Foundation of Canada, the Heart Foundation, the Cystic Fibrosis Association, and the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation all provided researchers with more money last year. And in some cases at McGill, university assistance has helped to keep projects afloat. But the university cannot support every project financially, and even if it could, it would be an impermanent, stop-gap measure.

Are there no bright spots on the horizon? The election of the strongly nationalist Parti Québécois in November may well signal the start of a drive to develop an indigenous science and technology. But whether that will happen, and whether Quebec universities will benefit by it, is still unknown.

Private industry has given no sign of increasing its funding of university research, and, for several reasons, it probably won't. Many large firms in Canada are not Canadian and depend heavily on research done in their home countries. Moreover, research in industry is basically oriented towards technology. Industry adapts theoretical principles for commercial use but it doesn't formulate them. That function is still carried out by the university.

Failing a dramatic turnaround in government policy, the only source of substantial support may be the Canadian public, which of late has shown a greater willingness and enthusiasm to contribute to research funding. But even if more money were to come through tomorrow, an ominous question remains: Will researchers be able to pick up where they left off? □

Linda Feldman, BA'71, is completing a master's degree in German and a teaching diploma program at McGill.

"Somebody's gotta build the %?*ç&! dam"

photos by Martin Lyons

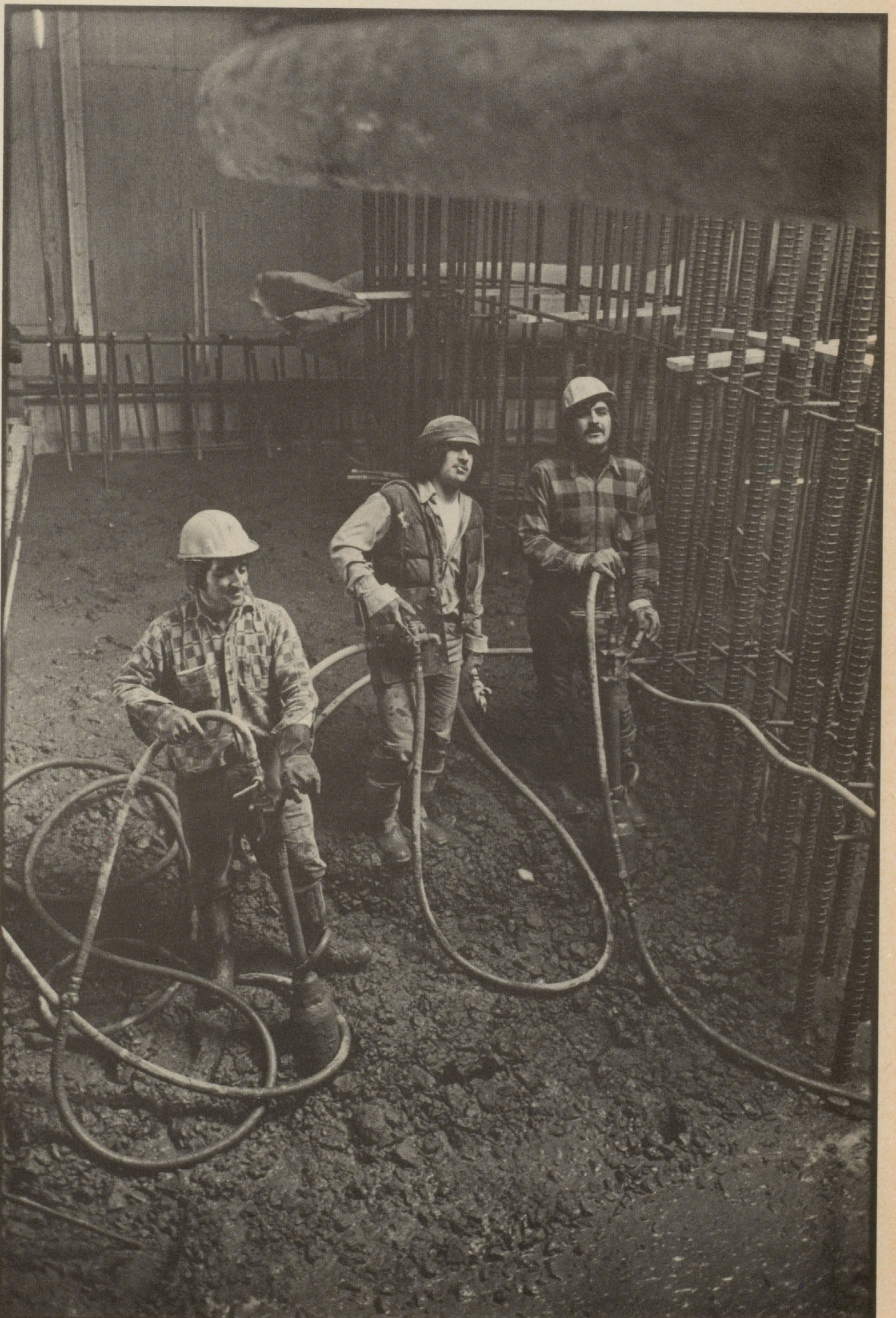
The Notman Archives of McGill's McCord Museum not only houses the finest collection of historic photographs in Canada, but also collects and gives periodic showings of contemporary documentary photography. The most recent such exhibition: "Somebody's Gotta Build the %?*ç&! Dam," a series of black-and-white photographs taken by Dublin-born, Montreal-based photographer Martin Lyons at the construction site of a dam in northern Manitoba.

When Lyons set out for Long Spruce Rapids in 1974, he had no plans to document life at the isolated work camp whose population is almost exclusively male. He simply wanted to finance photographic travels abroad and, like the hundreds of other Canadian and foreign construction labourers at the dam site, was drawn by the prospect of quick, if not always easy, money. For eight months he worked on the grouting crew, endured temperatures as low as eighty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and, when he was able, took pictures with his compact Leica cameras.

Lyons caught the rough-and-ready camaraderie of the men on the job and during the off hours. The cranes, the jackhammers, the liquor bottles, the card games, the pinup girls, the graffiti are all there. So are the power and grandeur of the dam itself and what one Montreal critic called the "sullied yet magnificent wilderness."

Stanley Triggs, the curator of the Notman Archives, says that Lyons's photographs derive their strength from a combination of starkness and warmth. "They reveal the artist's reaction to his physical and social environment. Martin wasn't an outside photojournalist. The men accepted him. He drank with them, he froze to death with them. He was one of their buddies."

The *News* offers a sampling of the thirty-two photographs which were on display. The captions were written by Lyons himself. *L.A.*



"Concrete crew in power house bay no. 7. The guy in the middle has a bucket-breaker hook-up – he opens the bucket gradually. The other two guys have eighty-five-pound concrete vibrators."

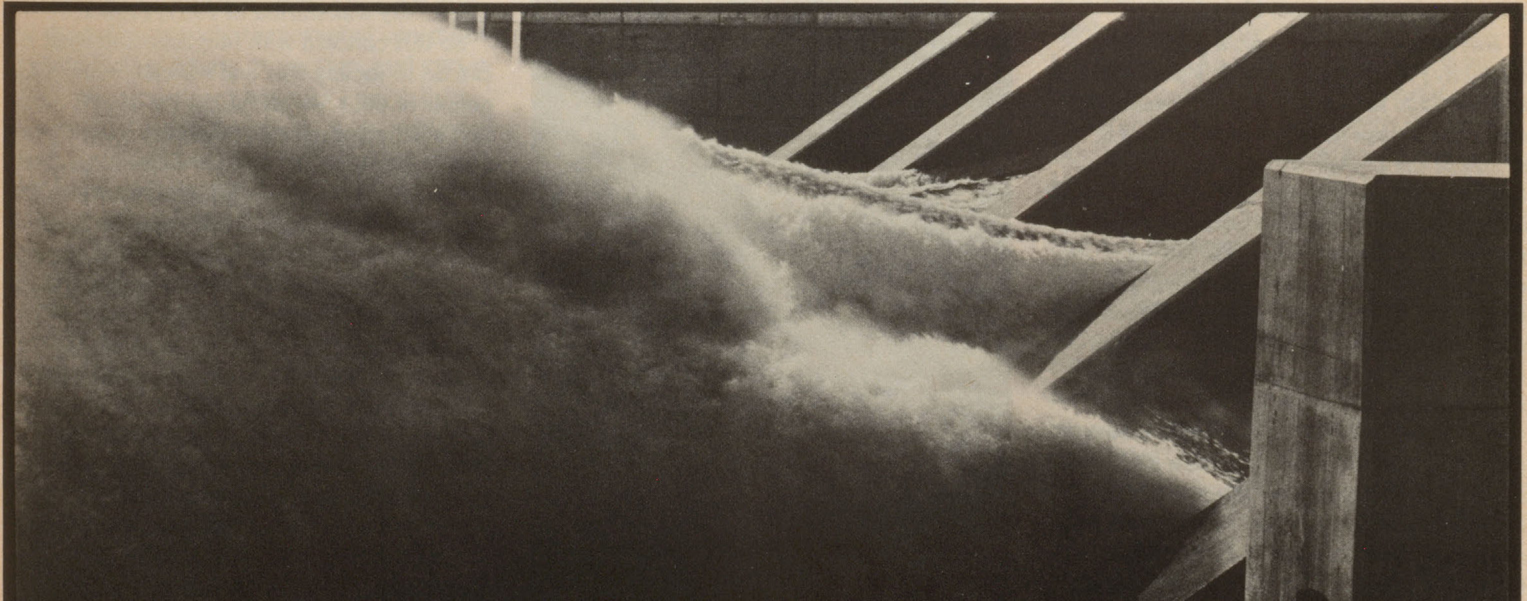
ISHE

Page 36, above: "Joe Drafi, blacksmith and welder. He was a blacksmith in Hungary. It was a pleasure to watch him sharpen points for the air drills."

Page 36, below: "Cement finishers at work on C wall – powerhouse and downstream side."

At right: "Two French-Canadian brothers, rodmen for G&H Steel."

Below: "Spillway at Kettle."



S.I.Hayakawa:
Semanticist turned politician

In the 1960s, S.I. ("Sam") Hayakawa was a hero to some, a villain to others, as a hardline college president. Now he is developing a new image: freshman U.S. senator.

Editor's Note: In the American electoral race of last November, Samuel Ichiyé Hayakawa, a Republican candidate with no political experience, surprised oddsmakers by winning a seat in the United States Senate. He narrowly defeated the incumbent California senator, Democrat John Tunney, and became, at seventy, the country's oldest freshman senator. But this is not the first time that Hayakawa has been in the public eye. In the late sixties, he won praise – and censure – for the hard line he took in combatting violence on the campus of San Francisco State College. On his first day as acting president, he scrambled atop a sound truck being operated by protesters and silenced it by ripping out the wires.

Hayakawa has always been a forceful, distinctive individual. Born in Vancouver, he was raised in numerous western Canadian cities. He earned his undergraduate Arts degree at the University of Manitoba in 1927, his master's degree in English literature at McGill in 1928 (as an aspiring poet, he was active in literary circles on the campus), and his doctorate in English literature at the University of Wisconsin in 1935. He taught at Wisconsin and two other American universities before joining the faculty of San Francisco State College in 1955.

Hayakawa early in his academic career gained an international reputation as a semanticist and educator. His book Language in Action, *published in 1941 and later revised as* Language in Thought and Action, *has been translated into ten languages and remains a classroom classic. His latest publication,* Through the Communication Barrier: Speaking, Listening, Understanding, *will appear this spring. But Hayakawa has not confined himself to academia. He has been active in physical pursuits ranging from fencing to tap-dancing, and lists African art, jazz, and gourmet cooking among his interests.*

In late December the News *spoke with Hayakawa in San Francisco. He was every bit as candid and colourful as we had been led to imagine. Our only disappointment was that the tam-o'-shanter that has become his sartorial trademark was nowhere in sight.*

News: When did you first become interested in semantics?

Hayakawa: My interest in semantics developed as a result of my excitement about the rise of Hitler in the 1930s. He was the first political leader to rise to power with radio.

A large number of educators and writers got excited about the possibility of a fascist takeover by a really clever radio demagogue, as Hitler was. This concern was indicated by Sinclair Lewis's novel called *It Can't Happen Here,* which came out in 1935. The novel is about how it does happen here – the rise of fascism in America. Stuart Chase wrote a book, *The Tyranny of Words,* in 1938. And the Institute of Propaganda at Columbia University was started in 1937, I think.

So this concern with language and what it can do to society was one which a number of people besides myself had in the 1930s. And that's what got me into semantics after my PhD. I studied with Count Alfred Korzybski in Chicago. He was one of the big authors in the field. I did a lot of work based on Korzybski, [Charles] Ogden, [Ivor] Richards, and the anthropologist [Bronislaw] Malinowski. I wandered all over looking for material.

I wrote my first draft of *Language in Action* in 1939 and it was published in 1941. It became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection just before Pearl Harbour. *Language in Action* was written as a freshman English textbook. But essentially it was also a political act, asserting my belief in a rational society as opposed to a Nazi society where people go crazy over slogans, incantations, and torchlight marches. It was written so that young people could learn to be wary of propaganda.

News: In a sense, then, that was your initial involvement in the political world.

Hayakawa: Yes, it was. And to make a long jump from 1941 to 1968, I saw the student movement of the 1960s as a repetition of Nazism. It was equally idealistic. People don't recall that Nazism was very idealistic in one sense: it called for a greater Germany and a purification of corrupt morality, ignoring the fact that it was a corrupt, immoral system itself. But the most important thing was that the Nazis shut off all freedom of dissent. That was exactly what the student radicals of the 1960s did. If you disagreed with them about Vietnam, about ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corps], or whatever, you didn't have any freedom of speech. And not only that, they wanted to stop the educational process.

News: Could you describe the events which led to your becoming president of San Francisco State College in late 1968.

Hayakawa: Well, they were very simple. Students and a number of agitators who came from off campus altogether had repeatedly shut down classes. They made all kinds of non-negotiable demands and threatened to blow the college up if they didn't get what they wanted. By the time I came along, there had been arson, beatings, classroom disruption – an actual cessation of the educational process. My predecessor suddenly resigned after less than six months in office. So I was appointed in an emergency situation.

News: Wasn't one of the issues black studies?

Hayakawa: The black students demanded black studies, but the newspapers never reported adequately that San Francisco State was the first university in the whole country to offer black studies. We had twenty-two courses *before* we had a single strike. But what the black students wanted was not just black studies as such; they wanted control of budget, hiring, firing, promotion, and curriculum. No department has that, especially in the hands of undergraduates. They made extreme demands and tried to spread the idea that I was fighting black studies. They destroyed the courses in black studies that they had. Since they couldn't control them, they insisted that they be dropped. Black studies exist there today, but this is eight years later.

News: How did it happen that you were chosen to be acting president and then president of San Francisco State?

Hayakawa: I had given a couple of speeches in which I had said that what was happening to the universities was a disgrace. And when I was asked to be acting president, I remember distinctly saying, well, may I keep the college open using whatever police necessary. I think that a university is entitled to police protection just as much as a railroad station, an airport, a supermarket, or a motel. The trustees decided that was exactly the kind of thing they wanted to hear. I was appointed over the telephone without even an interview.

I consulted with the city police, who were trained in riot control, about tactics involving absolute minimum violence. I wanted very, very much to avoid use of the National Guard because they weren't trained in tactics for the control of civil disorder. The day the school opened under my administration, December 2, 1968, there were eight cops at the entrances of every classroom building. And off campus, a few blocks away, there were another two hundred standing by ready for any disturbance.

News: How long did police surveillance of the campus go on?

Hayakawa: There was a major confrontation on January 25 or thereabouts. I had warned students repeatedly that demonstrations were illegal and that no sound equipment should be used because it was examination time. We had the police surrounding the campus. We had them on top of the administration building with a huge loudspeaker, telling students to go to their classes, their laboratories, the library, but not to mill around central campus or they would be subject to arrest.

Well, some of the students defied all that and decided to have a demonstration right in the middle of the campus. We repeated the warning two or three times. The students shook their fists and I don't have to tell you what they said. Some of the students were smart enough to get off the campus. But a bunch of them decided to continue their demonstration. The police surrounded all the demonstrating students and arrested them, four hundred and sixty or so, all in one swoop. It took them all afternoon to book them. They brought buses and paddywagons, and took them all off to jail.

They were tried, the whole darn bunch. Some of them were acquitted, some were put on probation, some served time in jail.

News: What were the students demonstrating for or against on January 25?

Hayakawa: It doesn't matter. It wasn't black studies anymore. As a matter of fact, the black students had been smart enough to get out of it by that time. Abolish ROTC. Subject matter was totally irrelevant. There was a power struggle.

News: Had you hoped to be able to use rational strategies with the radical students?

Hayakawa: Of course you are always hoping for that. I have devoted my whole life to creating rational people in a rational world.

News: How did you feel about bringing in police to a university campus?

Hayakawa: I had to. Most college administrators were obeying the old medieval separation of church and state and treating the university like a monastery into which it was wrong for any police or military to go. This is a tradition that still exists to some extent in Latin America. But if tactics from the outside world are brought into the university, then you have to bring the police in with them.

I had visited other campuses the previous spring and summer. I had visited Columbia University and seen that great, great institution destroyed and radical students occupying the president's office. To me, the university is as near as possible a sacred place for the life of thought. And here these people were destroying it. I was mad. I didn't care how many cops I used.

Other administrators brought in the police half-heartedly after the uproar was out of hand. That was always a failure. I had them there first, all day long. And therefore it was successful, completely successful.

The leadership was less than fifty, and there were 18,000 students. At the most generous guess, the following of that leadership was 500. So 17,500 students who wanted to continue their studies were having their education interrupted. The liberals said I fought the students. Hell, I fought the non-students who were interfering with the students. A large number of the leaders were not students at all.

News: Did the police roundup end the radical protest movement on the campus?

Hayakawa: No, but it certainly quietened it down. By March it had ended. There was sputtering discontent for the rest of the year and the following academic year.

News: Did your colleagues at the university support your actions?

Hayakawa: More than half of the faculty supported me but a whole bunch of them were on the other side.

News: How did the press treat you?

Hayakawa: An awful lot of the press people were siding completely with the radical students, and some gave me a pretty bad time. But the public was entirely on my side. I got bushels of fan mail, literally bushels. Do you know that my political campaign in 1976 was based at the beginning on answering the fan mail of '68 and '69 and saying, I'm running for the Senate, will you please help. About 60 to 65 per cent of the letters got through – a lot of people had moved by that time – and people sent in money for my campaign.

News: When did you retire from San Francisco State?

Hayakawa: In 1973. I found administration something of a bore, so I'm just as glad to have gotten out of it.

News: When did you first start to think of running for the Senate?

Hayakawa: In 1969 I was such a popular hero that people were urging me to run for governor, senator, president, anything. Tokyo was having the same kind of uproar with students. Paris and London were having their problems, and the University of Berlin was torn up. So what I did had come to the notice of pretty much the whole world. I was amazed.

In 1974 I tried to run against Senator [Alan] Cranston, but the court wouldn't let me because I hadn't been a Republican long enough. You have to be a member of a given party for a year. I switched from being a Democrat to a Republican in 1973.

News: It's interesting that you joined the Republican party at a time when others were abandoning it. What made you switch?

Hayakawa: I was very tired of the Democrats. I laid my career on the line in defence of education and in defence of all the students in the world who wanted to study. The Democratic party was trying to be popular and do the fashionable thing. To sympathize with the radical students, to read *The Greening of America,* to be against the establishment was to be groovy, to be with it.

The Democrats were trying to be groovy and they really fought me. I believed and still believe in defending education, and it wasn't being defended at that time. I didn't think it was a Democratic or Republican issue, I thought it was everybody's issue.

News: When you ran for the Senate this year, at what point were you confident that you would win?

Hayakawa: Right from the beginning or else I wouldn't have gone into it.

News: So you didn't perceive your age and very modest campaign funds as handicaps?

Hayakawa: I saw them as problems, but not as insuperable problems.

News: I understand that when people raised the issue of your age, you made an analogy to a Japanese tradition. Could you explain it.

Hayakawa: I said that in Japan there had been a long tradition of elder statesmen. But throughout the 1930s these sensible elder statesmen got assassinated, one after another. By 1941 all you had left were the damn fools who wanted to attack Pearl Harbour. So I said a country needs elder statesmen. Another crack I used to make was . . . people worry about the fact that I'm seventy, but after three terms in the United States Senate I'll only be eighty-eight. My mother is alive and well at ninety-two!

News: I was surprised to read that you were given a reprimand not long ago by the Japanese-American Citizens' League.

Hayakawa: I'll tell you what that was about. They were taking the position that the war relocation was totally, totally wicked and racist. I've taken the position that it was unjust, quite cruel, but I said that some unplanned and unexpected good came out of it. The good was that the Japanese who were huddled together on the west coast were spread all over the United States. It hastened their Americanization and helped their absorption into the rest of society.

The Japanese-Americans, I maintain, achieved Americanization in one generation after immigration, which is a record for any non-English-speaking immigrant group of any colour. And I say that was valuable. Some people in the Japanese-American Citizens' League attacked me for that.

News: Not all Japanese-Americans were interned, were they?

Hayakawa: It was very specifically fear of Japanese attack or subversion in the west coast war industries. Japanese living east of the Rockies were not interned.

News: How did you feel about moving to a state where there had been so much anti-Japanese sentiment?

Hayakawa: I was hesitant about moving to California, but the most important thing I have got to say about the United States is that whatever injustice may prevail at any one time, ten years later it's changing, and twenty years later it *has* changed.

If you had said in 1946 that in thirty years California would send a Japanese-American to the United States Senate, people would have said, you're nuts, we don't want any damn Japs. They can't possibly represent us in the United States Senate and we wouldn't elect one dog-catcher. In 1946, when the Japanese came back from relocation, they had a hell of a time getting jobs.

News: But you obviously don't bear any grudges.

Hayakawa: No.

News: Did you move to California because you received an offer from San Francisco State?

Hayakawa: That's the only reason. But not only that, the offer was repeated three years in a row before I came out.

News: What made you decide to move to the States permanently and become an American citizen in 1954?

Hayakawa: Well, in the first place, I didn't intend to stay. Canada didn't offer a PhD in English then, so I said, well, when I get my PhD I'll go back to Canada. By that time it was 1935 – fat chance I had of getting a job in Canada. An English department to a Canadian was the epitome of the British Anglo-Saxon culture. It took a long time to have a Jew as a professor of English at any Canadian university. But to have a Japanese as a professor of English was even more unthinkable. I wouldn't call it racism but a hell of a hard idea to get used to. The United States got past that earlier than Canada, although it wasn't easy to get a chance here, either.

News: Could you explain the differences between being junior senator, as you are, and senior senator.

Hayakawa: A senior senator has prerogatives that the junior senator doesn't have. All sorts of things are assigned on the basis of seniority. What's really tough about my situation right now is that not only am I the junior senator, but I'm the senator of a minority party which is not the president's party. So long as Ford was president, we were the minority party but we had the presidency and so we had access to certain power.

News: What are some of the concerns that you would like to see brought to the attention of the Senate?

Hayakawa: I'm terribly concerned about the frustrations of young men and women reaching biological maturity but excluded from social maturity. Social maturity starts with getting jobs. The enormous crime wave in Detroit right now, for example, is due to the fact that fourteen- to eighteen-year-olds, young men especially, cannot work because the unions, the child labour laws, the minimum-wage laws won't let them. At the same time, if they're not interested in school, what the hell are they going to do? They take drugs, snatch purses, steal cars, kill people.

One of the real problems of an affluent society is the prolongation of adolescence. At seventeen, you are biologically an adult and that is why you have all these teenagers getting pregnant in high schools all over the country. Other people agree with me on this, especially young people. But the liberal press says that I want to restore the old exploitation of child labour and the sweat shops. They either don't want to understand or can't understand what I'm saying. I want to save those black kids in Detroit from a life of frustration, crime, and despair.

News: Do you feel that you have been misrepresented by the media?

Hayakawa: Well, I'm completely thick-skinned about a lot of these things. This extremely conservative image that has been made of me seems to be absurd. I reject the terms liberal and conservative as being meaningless. I believe in the free-enterprise system, but so do a lot of liberals. I am very much concerned about the small businessman.

I also want to help California agriculture and would like to be on the agricultural committee. California is the richest agricultural state in the nation but also so highly urbanized that Californians themselves don't understand how important agriculture is to them.

News: The U.S. has been through a lot of turmoil in the past few years. What are your feelings about its future?

Hayakawa: I am very optimistic about the future of the United States. Many children of immigrants like this country very much and have had very satisfying, rewarding careers here. If they had stayed in the old country they wouldn't be where they are. Once an immigrant group gets fat, prosperous, and complacent, another immigrant group comes along, hungry, ambitious, starry-eyed, and hard-working. The whole idea of a land of opportunity and an open society is built into the constitution. ☐

This interview was conducted by Louise Abbott, editor of the News.

Where they are **and** **what** they're doing

'35
S. DELBERT CLARK, MA'35, educator, author, and sociologist, is a visiting professor at the University of Guelph, Ontario.

'38
LLOYD HAWBOLDT, BSc(Agr)'38, MSc'46, has retired after thirty-five years of forestry work with the Nova Scotia government.

'39
GERALD M. COOPER, BA'39, has been appointed vice-president and secretary of Canadian National, Montreal.
KATHLEEN (ROCHESTER) HOBBS, BSc'39, MLS'76, is a reference librarian in the Science and Engineering Library of Concordia University, Montreal.

'40
ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, BSc'40, has been named president and chief executive officer of the American Institute of Chemists, Washington, D.C.
GEORGE FLOWER, BA'40, MA'49, dean of McGill's Faculty of Education, has been elected vice-president of the Canadian Foundation for Economic Education.
ROBERT J.A. FRICKER, BEng'40, has been named vice-chairman of Dominion Bridge Co. Ltd.

'41
CLARENCE SCHNEIDERMAN, BSc'39, MD'41, is president-elect of the Canadian Urological Association.

'42
FRANCES (SELYE) DREW, MD'42, is associate dean of student affairs at the School of Medicine, University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
WALTER G. WARD, BEng'42, has been elected chairman of the board of Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd.

'43
BERNARD J. SHAPIRO, BSc'42, MD'43, has been promoted to the rank of full professor in the department of radiology at the University of Toronto, Ontario.

'47
BARBARA KRAFT, BA'43, MD'47, a general practitioner and certified anaesthetist, has joined the staff of the Douglas Hospital, Montreal.

'48
CYRILLE DUFRESNE, MSc'48, PhD'52, has been appointed president of Sidbec-Normines Inc.
VAL L. FITCH, BEng'48, is the recipient of a John Price Wetherill Medal of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., for his contributions in the field of the physical sciences.

'49
KENNETH S. BARCLAY, BCom'49, has become chairman and chief executive officer of Dominion Bridge Co. Ltd., and its American subsidiary, AMCA International Corp.
ROBERT E. CORRIGAN, BCom'49, has been appointed commodity manager, petrochemical producers, for CP Rail, Montreal.
MYLES MacDONALD, BSW'49, MSW'53, executive director of the Metropolitan Council for Community Services Inc., Chattanooga, Tenn., has been named a Fellow of Britain's Royal Society of Health.

'50
GEORGE BEKEFI, MSc'50, PhD'52, is editor of *Principles of Laser Plasmas* (John Wiley and Sons Inc.).
WILLIAM E. BEMBRIDGE, BSc'50, has been named president of G.D. Searle and Co. of Canada Ltd., Ontario.
HERBERT BLADES, PhD'50, has been awarded a John Price Wetherill Medal by the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., for his research on textile fibres.
W. ROBERT EMOND, BCom'50, DipM&BA'57, is president and general manager of Mohawk Data Sciences Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
LORD STRATHCONA (DONALD EWAN PALMER HOWARD), BSc'50, has been appointed a Deputy Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, London, England.
G. BURTON RUITER, BEng'50, has become manager of Chrysler Corp.'s assembly plant at Hamtramck, Mich.

'51
VINCENT CORRIVEAU, BEng'51, has been named president and chief executive officer of Simard-Beaudry Inc., Quebec.
HAROLD G. FAIRHEAD, BA'51, has been appointed vice-president and director of the Symons Cos., Montreal.
PETER A. FORSYTH, PhD'51, has been selected as director of the National Research Council's Space Science Coordination Office.
DONALD HILLMAN, BSc'49, MD'51, PhD'65, has become professor and chairman of pediatrics in the Faculty of Medicine, Memorial University of Newfoundland, and chief of pediatrics at the Janeway Child Health Centre, St. John's.
HARRY W. HOPKINS, BEng'51, has become town engineer for Pictou, N.S.
MARY MORROW, BSc'49, MD'51, is a psychiatrist at LaSalle Clinic and the Douglas Hospital, Montreal.

'53
DONALD M. MURDOCH, BEng'53, runs his own printing company in Venise-en-Québec, Que.
MAURICE E. TASCHEREAU, BEng'53, has been elected president and chief executive officer of Asbestos Corp. Ltd., Quebec.

'54
S. ELAINE (BROOKS) PETRIE, BSc'54, has been selected a Fellow of the American Physical Society in recognition of her work on the thermal properties of polymers.
ALEX SOPHIANOPOULOS, BEng'54, is technical coordinator for Bell-Northern Research Ltd.'s share of an innovative project in telemedecine, which links medical facilities in London, Ont., with those in northern Canada.

'55
LOUIS MUNTHER AZZARIA, BSc'55, a geochemist, is coauthor of *Dossier Mercure, de Minimata à Matagami,* which analyzes the dangers of mercury pollution.
PETER G. GLOCKNER, BEng'55, has been appointed head of the department of mechanical engineering at the University of Calgary, Alberta.
G. ANDRE PINAULT, BEng'55, has been named manager of Price Co. Ltd.'s Kenogami Newsprint Mill in Jonquière, Que.

'56
RONALD T. RILEY, BEng'56, has become vice-president, administration, for Canadian Pacific Ltd., Montreal.

'57
BRIAN M. BLAKELY, BCom'57, has been appointed president of Facelle Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
ANDRE J. BOUTIN, BEng'57, has become vice-president, cable, of Northern Telecom Ltd., Lachine, Que.

’58

DAVID COHEN, BEng’58, has been appointed manager, marketing communications, of Aerospace Research Inc., Boston, Mass.

’59

H. BRIAN HALL, BArch’59, has begun a one-year term as president of the Santa Barbara chapter of the American Institute of Architects, California.

’60

ANNE (WESTAWAY) PHILIPP, BA’60, has graduated in community planning from Mohawk College’s Fennell campus, Hamilton, Ont., and is working as a planning technician for the region of Haldimand-Norfolk.

’61

THOMAS J. ASHE, DDS’61, has been appointed chief of the dental staff at Ludlow Hospital, Ludlow, Mass.

DAVID L. RIMOIN, BSc’57, MD’61, MSc’61, has received an E. Mead Johnson Award for his pediatric research.

’63

SAUL LEVINE, BSc’59, MD’63, has become a professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto, Ontario.

FRED SELIGMAN, BSc’59, MD’63, associate professor of pediatrics and psychiatry at the University of Miami School of Medicine, Florida, has been presented with the Young Maternal and Child Health Professional Award by the American Public Health Association.

’64

SUSAN (GOODMAN) CAMPBELL, BA’64, MSc(A)’66, PhD’69, has joined the clinical psychology faculty at the University of Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOEL PAUL ROY, BA’64, has been appointed acting head of the department of economics at Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John’s.

JOHN M. SICHEL, BSc’64, PhD’68, has been promoted to associate professor of chemistry at the University of Moncton, New Brunswick.

’65

MAURICE J. COLSON, MBA’65, has joined the Montreal office of Hickling-Johnston Ltd. as a principal of the firm.

MARILYN HEATHER LIGHT, BSc(Agr)’65, MSc’67, has written and illustrated a book entitled *Non-Flowering Plants of Barbados* (Barbados Government Printery).

MAUREEN A.M. POWERS, BN’65, is director of nursing at the Children’s Hospital of Eastern Ontario, Ottawa.

’66

BERNARD C. MOSCOVITZ, BA’66, has become account supervisor in the Montreal office of Doyle Dane Bernbach.

’67

GREGORY R. LATREMOILLE, BSc’67, has been appointed vice-president, investment and exchange, for Mercantile Bank’s Ontario region.

JUDITH I. MITTON, BN’67, MSc(A)’75, is an assistant professor in the Faculty of Nursing at the University of Toronto, Ontario.

68

CHRISTOPHER JURCZYNSKI, BA’68, has completed his master’s degree in business administration at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, and is working with Transport Canada’s Railway Directorate, Ottawa, Ont. “I am involved in the program for the revitalization of rail passenger services,” he writes.

P. JAMES LEVINS, BEng’68, has been appointed marketing manager, Atlantic region, of Imperial Oil Ltd., Halifax, N.S.

MORTY B. LOBER, BCom’68, has become controller of North American Van Lines Canada Ltd., Whitby, Ont.

DOUGLAS E. LOUSLEY, BSc(Agr)’68, has been named Agriculture Canada’s supervisor for exhibitions and stockyards.

JOHN M. SADLER, MSc’68, is conducting research on soil and crop management at the Charlottetown Research Station, Prince Edward Island.

SAMUEL E.D. SHORT, BA’68, who is currently studying medicine at St. Stephen’s Hospital, London, England, has published *The Search for an Ideal* (University of Toronto Press), a study of six Canadian intellectuals.

’70

MURRAY CLAMEN, BEng’70, has been appointed assistant chief engineer to the International Joint Commission, Ottawa, Ont.

PATRICK COLEMAN, BA’70, has received his PhD from Yale University, New Haven, Conn., and is assistant professor of French at the University of California, Los Angeles.

FRASER MacLENNAN KEITH, BEng’70, has completed his MD degree at Queen’s University, Kingston, Ont.

JOHANNES VAN DORP, BA’70, has received a doctor of medicine degree from the University of Western Ontario, London.

EDDY YEE-MAN WONG, BSc’70, has graduated from the University of Western Ontario, London, with a DDS degree.

ROBERT YOUNG, BA’70, MA’74, a graduate student at Oxford University, England, is currently living in Sussex, N.B., where he is preparing his doctoral thesis on New Brunswick politics, 1945-1975.

’71

HUGH ROSS ROBERT BAIN, BEng’71, is practising law with Merrick, Young, Merrick and Cannings, Toronto, Ont.

REV. JOHN BUTTARS, MA’71, has become minister of Harcourt Memorial United Church, Guelph, Ont.

’72

RAYMOND JAMES GOLDIE, MSc’72, has completed his doctorate in geological sciences at Queen’s University, Kingston, Ont.

DR. JAMES MACOOL, BSc’72, is a resident in family practice in Florida.

R. DAVID NEILSON, BSc(Agr)’72, is an agriculture resource planner working on the regional plan for Saint John, N.B.

ROBERT JOSEPH PILON, BA’72, has received his PhD in psychology from Queen’s University, Kingston, Ont.

LINDA (SHRIRO) SCHENCK, BSc’72, writes that she is “finishing medical school at the State University of New York at Buffalo. I married a classmate and both of us will be residents in psychiatry at the University of Minnesota Medical Center, Minneapolis, in a few months.”

DR. GEORGE TOUFEXIS, BSc’72, is interning at Millard Fillmore Hospital, Buffalo, N.Y.

ALAN WHITE, BEng’72, has been named a lecturer in the School of Administration at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.

DAVID WHITE, BSc’72, has been elected an alderman on Toronto Council, Ontario.

’73

JAK ALMALEH, BCL’73, has joined the Montreal legal firm of Howard, McDougall, Ewasew, Graham and Stocks as an associate.

CONRAD BLACK, MA’73, has published *Duplessis* (McClelland and Stewart Ltd.). “I didn’t whitewash anything, but I liked the old guy,” says the biographer of the late Quebec premier.

ANGELA (SPILIOTOPOULOS) HOULD, BA’73, is manager of personnel services for Avis Transport of Canada Ltd., Montreal.

HELEN LEPINE, BA’73, recently spent ten months in Moscow tutoring English-speaking children in Russian and French. She is presently teaching French at McGill.

LEONARD T. LIBRANDE, MA’73, has been named assistant professor of religion at Carleton University, Ottawa, Ont.

’74

JAMES BOURGEOIS, BSc(Agr)’74, keeps busy raising game birds which, he writes, “are very game.” Included in the menagerie at St. Canut, Que., are “twenty thousand pheasants, fifteen thousand quails, three thousand guinea fowl, and several thousand ducks.”

MAURICE R. CHASSE, BSc(Agr)’74, is a credit advisor for Farm Credit Corp., Grand Falls, N.B.

JENNIFER GARNHAM, BSc’74, a graduate student at the University of Guelph, Ontario, has assisted in the development of a more rapid test for rabies detection.

CHARLES W. HOCK, MD’74, has opened a family practice in Ailsa Craig, Ont.

BERNARD KUNZ, BSc’74, has received a master’s degree in biology from Brock University, St. Catharines, Ont., and is studying towards his doctorate at York University, Downsview.

ROSLYN MENDELSON, BA’74, has completed a PhD in psychology at Queen’s University, Kingston, Ont.

PHILIPPE SAVOIE, BSc(Agr)’74, is teaching agricultural engineering in the newly established department of agriculture at the Université Nationale du Rwanda, Butare. He is working under the auspices of the Canadian International Development Agency.

GARRY ALEXANDER SCOTT, BA’74, has received a PhD in economics from Queen’s University, Kingston, Ont.

KERRY STRATTON, BMus’74, is music director of the Eastern Ontario Concert Orchestra and resides in Belleville, Ont.

'75
REV. RODERICK A. FERGUSON, BTh'75, has been named minister of St. Timothy's Presbyterian Church, Ajax, Ont.
ALLAN SHAW, BSc(Agr)'75, is a swine specialist in the livestock services branch of the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture.

'76
JUDY CONQUERGOOD, BN'76, has joined the staff of the psychiatric unit at Misericordia General Hospital, Winnipeg, Man.
NANCY ELIZABETH DALE, BA'76, is studying towards her master of social work degree at Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo, Ont.
JUDITH LIFSHITZ, BA'76, has been awarded a National Program Scholarship by the McGill Faculty of Law.
BARRY L. MIGICOVSKY, BSc'76, has entered first-year medicine at the University of Grenoble, France.
NEIL WIENER, BA'76, has won a McGill Law Faculty National Program Scholarship for 1976-77.

Deaths

'03
GEORGE GORDON GALE, BSc'03, BSc'04, MSc'05, at Ottawa, Ont., on Jan. 6, 1977.

'11
FRANK S. GRISDALE, BSA'11, at Olds, Alta., on Dec. 29, 1976.
ELIE MAUER, BSc'11, on Jan. 12, 1977.

'14
EDWARD HALTON MASON, MD'14, at Montreal, on Dec. 22, 1976.

'15
PETER BURTON BUCKLEY, BSc'15, at Smiths Falls, Ont., on Oct. 15, 1976.
FRANCIS HENRY S. WARNEFORD, BSc'15, in Antigua, W.I., on Nov. 5, 1976.

'17
MICHAEL GARBER, BA'14, BCL'17, at Montreal, on Jan. 20, 1977.
H.T. JOST, MD'17, on Nov. 16, 1976.
BESSIE (FERGUSON) OLIVER, DipPE'17, on May 27, 1976.

'18
LESLIE STEWART HENRY, BA'18, BSc'20, at Montreal, on Jan. 25, 1977.

'22
WILFRID S. ARTHUR, MD'22, at Sudbury, Ont., on Nov. 18, 1976.
ROY HOLMES FOSS, BSc'22, at Montreal, on Jan. 18, 1977.
BRIG. HAROLD E. TABER, BSc'22, on May 7, 1976.

'23
RICHARD M. HORSEY, BSc'23, at Montreal, on Nov. 24, 1976.
ERNEST EDWARD SCHARFE, MD'23, at Montreal, on Dec. 14, 1976.

'24
SELIM AGGIMAN, BCom'24, at Toronto, Ont., on Dec. 17, 1976.
FRANCIS GILBERT FERRABEE, BSc'24, at Montreal, on Dec. 29, 1976.
ALLISTER M. McLELLAN, MD'24, in January 1977.

'25
PIERRE C. AMOS, BArch'25, at Montreal, on Nov. 26, 1976.
MARGARET J. (LOUGH) BELL, BA'25, on Dec. 16, 1976.
HARRY WALTON BLUNT, BCom'25, at Cowansville, Que., on Dec. 17, 1976.
WILLIAM S. BUTLER, MD'25, on Sept. 19, 1976.
MINNIE C. SILVERMAN, BA'25, on Jan. 3, 1977.

'27
REV. JOHN W. CLAXTON, MA'27, at St. Petersburg, Fla., on Oct. 3, 1976.
HERBERT B. TATLEY, BSc'27, in 1975.
AIR VICE-MARSHAL FRANK G. WAIT, BSc'27, at Ottawa, Ont., on Nov. 28, 1976.

'28
HOWARD CHARLES LINLEY RANSOM, BSc'28, at Victoria, B.C., on Dec. 28, 1976.
MICHAEL RUBINSTEIN, BA'28, at Montreal, on Jan. 17, 1977.
DORIS (MACKAY) WALES, LibSc'28, at Vancouver, B.C., on Sept. 27, 1976.

'29
CARMAN (CODE) CROZIER, BA'29, at Wilbraham, Mass., on April 8, 1975.

'30
EARL E. LeSAGE, MD'30, at Montreal, on Nov. 26, 1976.

'31
HAROLD EMBERSON CUNNINGHAM, BSc'31, on Jan. 13, 1977.
ROBERT ALEXANDER GREGORY, MD'31, at Saint John, N.B., on Dec. 18, 1976.

'33
GERTRUDE (GRIFFITH) PEARSON, BA'29, MD'33, at Sherbrooke, Que., on Dec. 16, 1976.
LT. COL. A. GORDON SANGSTER, BEng'33, at Tucson, Ariz., on Jan. 8, 1977.

'35
JOSEPH EDWARDS, PhD'35, on June 12, 1976.
MARGOT VAIL (SEELY) FREW, BA'35, BLS'38, MLS'73, on Dec. 26, 1976.
KENNETH LEIGH MacFADYEN, BA'35, on Dec. 15, 1976.
WILBUR E. WATSON, MD'35, at Seattle, Wash., on Dec. 30, 1976.

'37
JAMES L. DAVIS, BA'37, on Nov. 28, 1976.
A. VICTOR LOFTUS, BCom'37, on April 23, 1976.
BRIG.-GEN. JOHN S. McCANNEL, MD'37, at Rock Island, Que., on Dec. 10, 1976.

'38
NORMAN E. FOSTER, MD'38, in Saskatchewan, on Oct. 11, 1976.

'39
REV. JOHN M. MacQUEEN, BA'39, on April 15, 1976.

'40
GEORGE WILLIAM FITCHETT, BCom'40, at Toronto, Ont., on Jan. 18, 1977.
ROBERT L. MILNER, PhD'40, on Sept. 6, 1975.

'42
LORAINE BARBARA CURRIE, BA'42, at Campbell River, B.C., on Dec. 9, 1976.

'43
NORMAN L. FORTIER, MD'43, in July 1976.
ABRAHAM ISAAC GORDON, BEng'43, at Montreal, on Dec. 13, 1976.

'45
JAMES McCUTCHEON, BA'42, DDS'45, at Edmonton, Alta., on Dec. 20, 1976.

'47
HELEN (ROBB) JOHNSON, BA'47, MA'55, at Calgary, Alta., on Dec. 11, 1976.

'48
W.H. JOHNSTON, BCom'48, on Oct. 16, 1976.

'49
RICHARD F. HIGHAM, BEng'49, on June 4, 1976.
ALLAN ROBERT RAMSAY, DDS'49, at Montreal, on Dec. 2, 1976.

'51
RALPH J. DiCICCO, BEng'51, at Montreal, on Nov. 27, 1976.

'52
ROY GRIFFITHS, BEng'52, at Ottawa, Ont., on June 8, 1976.
CHRISTINA C. SINCLAIR, BN'52, on Aug. 8, 1976.

'58
JAMES MOORE HOGG, BSc'58, in January 1977.

'59
TASHOMA HAILE-MARIAM, BCL'59, in 1975.

'67
THOMAS EDWARD PATTERSON, BSc(Agr)'67, at Dartmouth, N.S., on Nov. 2, 1976.

'68
RICHARD STUART SCULLY, BCom'68, at Montreal, on Dec. 23, 1976.

'75
JUDITH IRMA (WALDRON) GEMMELL, BN'75, on Dec. 10, 1976.

Society activities

by Tom Thompson

Douglas Bourke, BEng'49, is the seventy-fourth alumnus to head the McGill Graduates' Society since its incorporation in 1880.

When Douglas Bourke, BEng'49, was appointed vice-president of the Graduates' Society four years ago, he knew that he was being groomed for the presidency. Last September at the Society's Annual General Meeting, his nomination was endorsed and he became the seventy-fourth alumnus to head the Society since its incorporation in 1880. The *News* recently spoke to Bourke at his office in Lachine where he is president and chief executive officer of the engineering firm of Drummond McCall and Company. Some of his thoughts on the role and future of the Graduates' Society:

"The number of graduates has escalated considerably within the last ten or fifteen years. I believe that 50 per cent of the total graduate body have graduated since 1965. That's a rather astounding statistic. But those graduates have shown a very keen interest in McGill, even though they are just starting in their careers. I think our job is to try and maintain their interest in the university as time goes on.

"In the past a student was closely identified with a class. Now, with the credit system, there are three different graduating times each year, and people can accelerate their way through university. It seems people don't know very many other graduates. But then they get involved in their lifetime work and run into all kinds of people who graduated from McGill. There is a common bond – very definitely.

"We have a lot of ideas that we would like to see implemented, but unfortunately many of them cost money, and money is our main constraint. I guess it's just a matter of designing our programs to fit our budget. We certainly want to see a more active branch program. There can be some assistance from the staff at Martlet House [the Graduates' Society's Mountain Street headquarters], but I feel that the emphasis should be on the graduates in their individual areas to organize their own programs.

"We have discovered that what graduates in cities quite a distance from Montreal want is to have representatives from the university going to their branch meetings to tell them what is happening at McGill today. I guess if we had more money in our travel budget, it would really improve the image of the university. The personal contact is so important.

Graduates' Society President Douglas Bourke: Designing the program to fit the budget.

"Reunions are getting more popular all the time, although the emphasis seems to have changed. Fifteen years ago, graduates were interested in football. Now other things are taking its place. I really think that the great success of reunion is the combination of returning to McGill and visiting former classmates and of staying in one of the most interesting cities in the country.

"McGill's best days are ahead. Maybe McGill's best role is yet to come."

Branching Out

In recent months seventeen receptions for McGill College and Schools Liaison Office representatives have been held at Graduates' Society branches across Canada. Not only have graduates and potential students had the opportunity of receiving up-to-date admissions information, but they were also able to see the latest film on McGill, "The Way It Is". . . . The McGill Men of Toronto's Molson's Party is traditionally a stag event. But in February a female graduate joined over 150 male graduates in the celebrations. . . . Boston alumni recently enjoyed a meeting at the Harvard Club. Among the visitors on hand were Director of Development and Communication David Bourke and McGill Fund Office staff members Elizabeth ("Betty") McNab, Gavin Ross, and Paul Heyman . . . . Canadian Ambassador to the United States Jake Warren was special guest at the McGill-University of Toronto dinner held by the Washington-Baltimore branch in March. Warren was presented with an honorary membership in the McGill Society of Washington . . . . Vice-Principal (Planning) Dr. Edward ("Ted") Stansbury spoke to graduates in Philadelphia about "McGill Today," while one of his colleagues, Vice-Principal (Academic) Dr. Eigil Pedersen, visited the McGill Society of Barbados and toured the Bellairs Institute. Pedersen later paid a call on the McGill Society of the Bahamas in Nassau . . . . In early April graduates in Los Angeles joined other Canadian university alumni for a "town and gown" event coordinated by the Canadian Consul General in Los Angeles . . . . Several branches have already announced plans for coming months. In mid-April Kingston-based graduates will attend a special McGill-Queen's event. And on June 8, there will be a reception at the World Trade Center for alumni living in New York. ☐

Tom Thompson is director of alumni relations.

If potential were everything in life, Suzanne would have it made.

When Suzanne's parents gave her the collie she wanted for her twelfth birthday, they also gave her her first thoughts of becoming

Suzanne's become quite the social butterfly. Everything she does, she overdoes, including drinking beyond her limit too often. She doesn't realize here are equally good reasons for self-liscipline now as there were when she vas a student.

Suzanne's at the crossroads. She an protect her future by opting for a noderate lifestyle, including the sensible njoyment of beer, wine or spirits. r she can gamble.

If you were Suzanne, which ould you choose?

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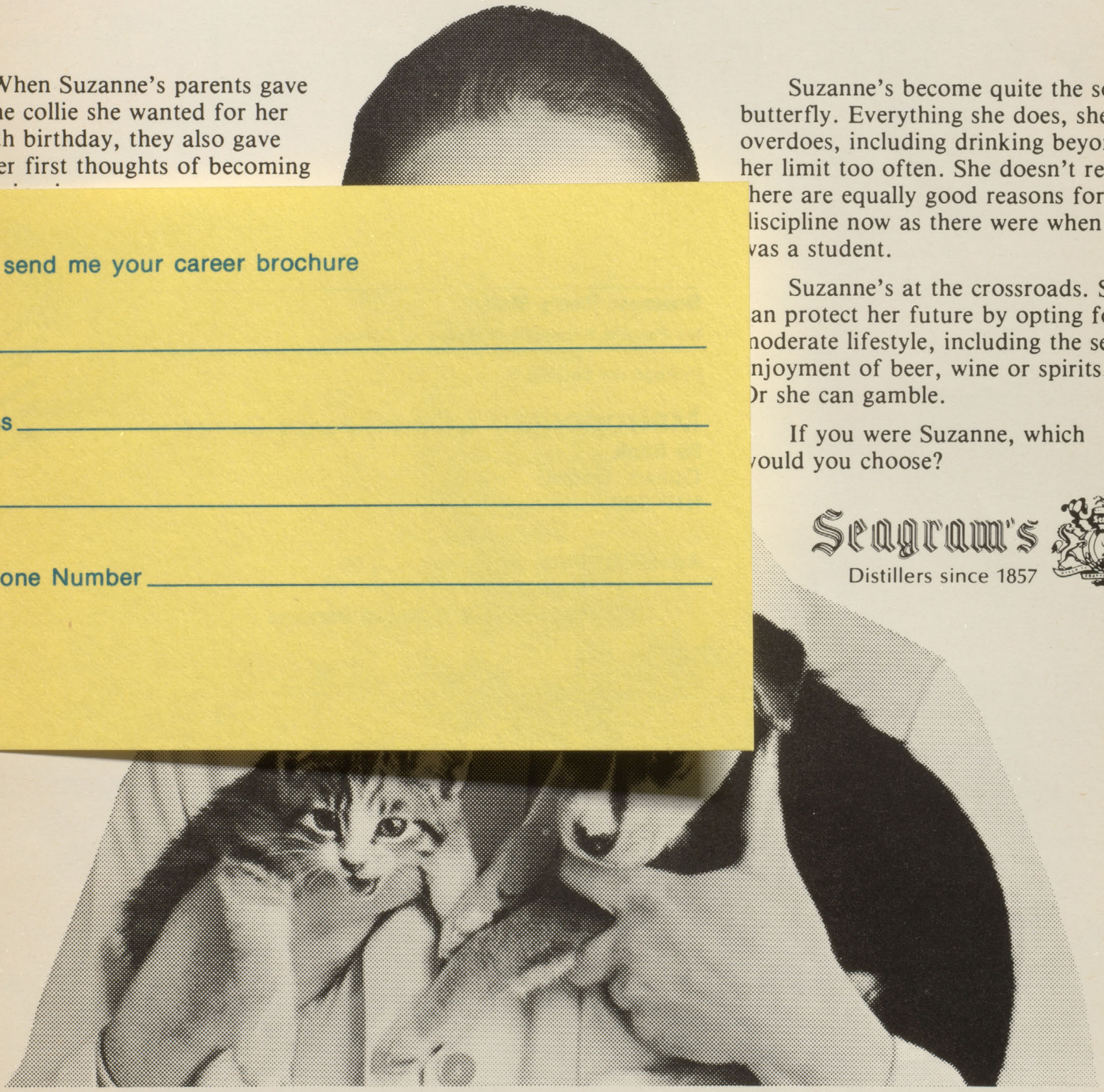
Distillers since 1857



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Society activities

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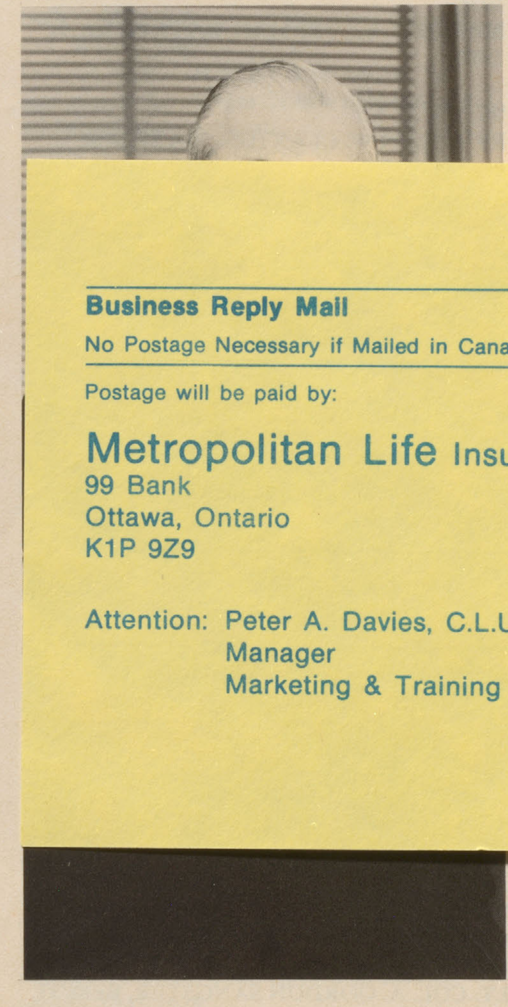

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When Suzanne's parents gave her the collie she wanted for her twelfth birthday, they also gave her her first thoughts of becoming a veterinarian.

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Suzanne's become quite the social butterfly. Everything she does, she overdoes, including drinking beyond her limit too often. She doesn't realize there are equally good reasons for self-discipline now as there were when she was a student.

Suzanne's at the crossroads. She can protect her future by opting for a moderate lifestyle, including the sensible enjoyment of beer, wine or spirits. Or she can gamble.

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