

LETTERS

was that--like Marx's state--the administration as a supervisory level over students and teachers would "wither away". I need hardly point out that quite the contrary has happened at UPEI since 1969!

There is no doubt that the Curriculum Proposal C is the only one of the three that has any merit, but it still falls short of the person-centered learning program that is needed at a "people's university." Back to the drawing boards, gentlemen!

Yours truly,
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Dear Editor,

It is with deep sorrow that I pen this letter to you. It is the knowledge that this very day, the day to follow and the days afterward that a death is taking place. Slowly, but relentlessly Canadians have been losing their will to survive as a distinct international people. The passing, though unnoticed by most; is saddening to some and heart breaking to myself. Nationalism, you may tell me, is still alive, indeed at a high point but that is only the last shiver of a body mortally wounded and now falling to darkness. Even death might be fine for death brings the possibility of going on to heaven. Canada will not go to heaven. It will only go to the United States.

I write, however, not to lament the cession of our Dominion to the corrupt cesspool that haunts us to the south but rather of two examples that have deeply disheartened this student of Canada.

As a student living in residence at Memorial Hall I enjoy access to the electric media of the television. Having grown up in an environment in which one could pick and choose programs shown by the "idiot box" I developed a taste for some documentaries; Canadian documentaries. Thus on November 11 (Remembrance Day) I hurried to the television room to watch a fine documentary series presented by the CBC, entitled something to the effect of "The Days Before Yesterday". It was not being watched. Instead, MacMillan & Wife had captivated the intellectual minds of my well educated cohorts. Without despair I raced over to first Marion, then Bernadine Halls, only to find that every set in those bastions of

higher learning was attuned to the heavy socio-cultural examination of life in San Francisco. I was discouraged.

Last Sunday night I was enjoying the premier Canadian documentary W5. Half way through the show, which by the way had shown features on the debate of JFK's assassination and on an African tribe headed by a white man, a number of fellow residents filtered in to watch their weekly dosage of Hawaii 5-0. I knew what they wanted and being a meek, gentle person, was ready to leave when I thought better of the matter. As an experiment (and perhaps with a martyr complex) I decided to quietly hold my ground. (Besides Carole Taylor was on and what better supplement can there be to a man's courage than her patriotic charm?) As each entrant sat down he would indignantly inquire as to why Hawaii 5-0 was not on "I'm watching this." I would answer. Silence. Building frustration. I must compliment the gentlemen on their polite acceptance of one man's madness. Deliberating upon this dilemma however, it was only a matter of time until one would revert to that old American tradition of maj-

ority rule. I had held my post for ten, maybe fifteen minutes but submission was at hand and easily given into. I never have been a good martyr.

Perhaps I am not guiltless myself. I too have watched American documentaries or movies when Canadian shows were being presented. But I felt saddened for my people and sorry for myself. Even the CBC had helped engineer our defeat by injecting the popular American shows into our bloodstreams. Is there no justice?

These examples are small but probably significant. The Canadian search for ourselves has succumbed to the American obsession with violence. That night a horrible vision fraught my dreams. Sam McGarrett was tracking me down as an anti-American for not watching his shows. In the darkness he shot purpose-

fully at my heart. Waking in terror I searched my pillow for blood. I found only tears.

Don Pridmore

