

VIEWPOINT

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How're They Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Campus

The following is reprinted from *The McGill Daily*. It was prompted by a dean who told a group of McGill freshmen they must avoid falling in love this year.

by Patrick McFadden
from *The McGill Daily*

"One thing you must avoid this year is falling in love."

(The scene is the lower campus. The trees are green and the birds and squirrels are really chugging away as hard as they can. The air is pregnant with excitement. And everything. There are billboards on the trees reading "Keep off the Grass.")

Enter from stage left a beautiful young girl. Who is dressed beautifully. In sensible tweeds, which try as they may, fail to hide the lithe young. And everything. She carries, no, bears, she bears a copy of the Student Handbook, a copy of the Daily, eighteen reading lists, fourteen exercise books, four sharpened pencils, an eraser, a 700-page American textbook entitled "Canada's Economy," six sheets of Your Students Desk Blotter with the compliments of Your Life Subscription to Life. Or time. And eighteen fresh paperbacks. She is in high heels. She is in her First Year.)
Sings: "Oh, joy to little me—hee

I'm in the Arts faculty—hee (la, la)

I'm going to get a degree—hee

And the counsellor at Crumblebum High said I would command a terrific salary—hee

and have a split-level on—oops!"

(A young man enters, sunlight striking off his manly. And everything. He is dressed in quiet grey flannels and back-to-school quiet grey blazer. And this really slim tie. He is bearing everything she is bearing, with the addition of the New Yorker, Esquire, Playboy, Time Magazine with Canadian Content, five setsquares and the A to M volumes of the Golden Book of Knowledge. He has his hands in his pockets. Really non-Chalant. Okay, now then.)

He: "I'm sorry, I appear to have interrupted your—ha, ha,—song.
(He is assured, his voice is soft but strong, light but tonal. Very tonal. And he has the winning ways.)

She: "Oh nooooo, indeeeeed. Not at All, At All."
(She blushes. A flush of crimson pervades her features in a most fetching way. She crimsons, is startled, like a young fawn in its lair. Really.)

He: "Look here, how about . . .
(She looks there. And looks away again quickly.)
—having a coffee with me in the . . ."

She: "Eek, eek, eek, eek!"
(He slaps her face sharply—one, two, three and one two, one two, up and down, up and down, up and stop. Down. She giggles hysterically and then begins to sob. Great sobs shake her young frame. She continues through her sobs.)
"I'm sorry. I'm such a fool, sniff, sniff, sniff."

He: (thoughtfully) "Yes."

She: "Only—you know what we've been told, don't you At the meeting, I mean?"

He: (bitterly) "Yes."

(She drops her Political Science text. They both stoop to pick it up and their heads crack together, Rendering Them Momentarily Dizzy. They both collapse to the grass, sit up, gaze at each other, and then suddenly roll over together in helpless laughter through the Verdant Undergrowth. Music swells up into wild strings of sea music. Or seaweed music. Camera zooms to big closeup of The Three Bears.)

He: "Why don't I take you away from all this?"

She: "Oh, yes please."

He: "When, when?"

She: "To-night, now, now."

He: "Where?"

She: "I dunno. Anywhere. Verdun"

He: "Oh God! Yes, yes, yes."

(Loud voice over the P.A. system in the trees, behind the foliage. Birds and squirrels rapidly dechug. All of Nature is stilled.)

The Voice: "One thing you must avoid this year is falling in love."

Click.

(She rises slowly, her body wracked with pain, her blonde tresses drooping wantonly, brokenly, hiding her face. Then she begins the long walk down the campus, out the gates, and carefully arranging her tweeds, lies down under a Montreal Transportation Commission Bus. He, in the meantime, throws back his head and drinks a stiff vial of poison from Time Magazine. Leaves flutter down and cover his sensible grey flannels. A mean trombone moans "Careless Love" as the titles come up . . .)

Hello, Young Radicals, Wherever You Are . . .

Hello, young radicals, wherever you are . . .

We hope you're out there, in our readership. And we hope that you will make your presence felt more than your namesakes did last year. Nothing makes for a dull campus as timidity on the part of the radicals.

Last year, just about this time, *The Gateway* published a series of articles on the failures of the modern teacher-training system on this continent.

It was damaging, provocative, stirring—and with more than 1,000 teacher-training candidates on campus, it didn't seem illogical to predict that it would have produced criticism, response, debate.

It produced nothing.

For weeks, not a single education student so much as wrote a letter to the editor, to voice his dissent.

It took more articles, some of them almost patently intentionally provocative, to get even a feeble debate going, and that soon died.

The performance was repeated later, with other issues.

It always pointed to one thing: our campus lacks radicals, lacks people of firm convictions and courage, willing to speak.

That was last year. This year, with our provision in these pages of plenty of opportunity to take issues with either *The Gateway* or with general student-faculty opinion (besides the *Varsity Voices* section *The Gateway* asks for longer articles to be published on page five, the Viewpoint page), perhaps things will change.

Impressions

The Day Goldwater Came To Madison

Bentley Le Baron is a graduate student in political science at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. A former editor of *The Gateway*, Le Baron records his impressions of a recent visit of Barry Goldwater to Madison.

MADISON, WISCONSIN—Involuntarily, I found myself in an anti-Goldwater demonstration, submerged in signs saying "Bury Goldwater;" "Think—Vote LBP;" and "Goldwater's Inaugural Address: 10, 9, 8 . . ."

Goldwater may not draw votes but he draws listeners. And demonstrators.

It was a full hour before the man-of-principle was scheduled to speak from the capitol steps; I had gone early because I knew from the amount of talk on campus through the past week that there would be a crowd. The crowd was there. Fifty thousand, a policeman estimated afterward.

The "anti-extremists" (as the demonstrators called themselves) already had formed a moving column completely around the capitol square. I marched with them for a way, then weaseled into the thick part of the crowd, directly in front of the platform.

Surprisingly, the hour wait was more interesting than its climax. This is partly because Goldwater types are so aggressively vociferous in supporting their man. "Barry's Boys." They actually do call themselves that.

Judging by the signs immediately around me I supposed the crowd to be about evenly divided. That was before the shouting began—then we knew it was

Barry's crowd.

But if the pro's hollered loudest, the anti's carried the most imaginative signs. Like "In Your Heart You Know He's Wrong"—this in answer to a favorite Republican slogan. Another, a pic of the Beatles followed by "You Think Your Kids Are Far Out—Look Who Some of Their Parents Dig" followed by pic of Goldwater. The best was a blown up reproduction of a Maudlin cartoon showing a battered and bewildered Barry surveying the wreckage of a nice beautiful world (mushroom cloud in the background) with the caption: "But That's Not What I Meant . . ."

Then there was a huge banner pleading: "Bring The Bomb Back, Barry" I hope it was meant as satire.

This emphasis on the bomb is probably not quite fair, but it is certainly dramatic. The signs attempting to make Goldwater out a Nazi, on the other hand, are just plain ugly.

The Goldwaterites answered with at least one good jibe of their own: "The Beats Are All Washed Up For Barry." This is something of an inside joke—that is to say, local. Because U of W has a noticeable hard core of left-leaning "intellectuals" who do tend to look a bit shaggy and unkempt.

"Goldwater's Girls" (I do NOT know if they call themselves that) project the cowboy image, and there were plenty of Goldwater pics showing the All-American smile from under a ten gallon hat; the All-American wave from horseback.

It became impossible to take notes in the jam; we were pressed too tight. There was some shoving. A fellow behind me muttered: "Don't worry; he'll disperse us with a low yield bomb."

There were "Young Americans for Freedom" signs.

Just ahead of me a minor but nasty scuffle broke out when pro's jerked an objectionable anti sign away from a fellow, and

ripped it up. The police moved in swiftly.

U of W (and probably the county, but not the state) will go Democrat. But still I wonder if LBJ would draw this sort of crowd here. Or stir this sort of feeling.

There was a flurry of hard-hitting warm-up speeches by state and local dignitaries. Then our man was behind the microphone; the main event was on. A girl's voice beside me—"There he is! He exists."

He waited at least ten minutes for the noise to die; it didn't; so he started his speech anyhow. And the noise was not ALL admiration.

He started off in a low key, calm and quiet, which contrasted with what had gone before and with the popular stereotype. I was surprised and gratified by his demeanor and delivery.

And suddenly—incongruously—he had finished and the show was over. He spoke for perhaps ten minutes, maybe fifteen.

What did he say?

Too much power in Washington! Goldwater would restore it to the states. On his showing, "the people" are gradually losing their rights and their freedom to big government, Like Germany and Italy Did Under Hitler and Mussolini.

"When I am President . . ." (Thunderous shouting.) The interpretive powers of the supreme court—and the judiciary in general—must be curtailed because judges must make decisions "not by what they think ought to be, but by what the constitution says."

What else?

Well, he praised our university, and encouraged us to beat Notre Dame on Saturday. O, we loved that!

O yes—one more thing. Just once he put an edge on his voice—in reminding us of our obviously bad manners.

"We learn," he suggested, "by studying the issues—not by shouting and screaming."

