

## LAW AND LIBERTY

"The price of freedom is the restriction of freedom." Quoted by Tory Lecturer, Mr. Justice Samuel Freedman, October 31.

Hon. Mr. Freedman was concerned to have us realize that liberty is "not an absolute but a qualified possession of man." We agree, but we would suggest an application of the idea which is opposite to the usual one.

Mr. Freedman wanted us to realize that regulations, or "laws," are necessary to prevent us from overstepping the bounds of propriety, wherein we would infringe on the rights of others—that our freedom depends on similar restrictions on others.

This idea is based on a realistic, but partial, appraisal of human nature. And it is an inadequate formula for freedom.

We suggest that if man is ever to be really free it will be by the voluntary suspension of his proliferation of "laws" and ordinances.

Man is at liberty to make multitudinous limitations on himself and his fellows. He has the freedom to bury himself under such an avalanche of regulations that he cannot brush his teeth or trim his nails without consulting the bylaws.

We suggest that excessive use of this "freedom to prohibit" is injurious to that real liberty we seek. Freedom by prohibition is a contradiction and a delusion.

Ultimately — and ideally — regulations should be merely organizational, not prohibitive.

Ideally, our liberty should be qualified not by rules but by self-restraint—by mature, self-regulating intelligence.

And we ought to promote this kind of liberty by practising it.

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Let's be specific.

At the seminar on student housing, October 28, campus leaders discussed four different proposals for regulating residence life.

1. All students under automatic regulation.
2. All women students up to 21 years under automatic regulation.
3. All first-year students under automatic regulation. All second-year students under somewhat eased restrictions. All third-year and grad students under no restriction except their own good judgment.
4. All students under limited regulation—not automatic, but self-imposed by group choice within each unit of perhaps 50-60 students.

The first two proposals are medieval rubbish. The third and fourth are moving in the direction of sanity.

Freedom will never be more than a pious platitude except if we become self-regulating—our respect for others' rights based on maturity, not statute.

There are complications of course. One of the most obvious is illustrated by the story in this issue on expulsion for co-habitation, at Cornell.

If students are left free there will undoubtedly be mixed company in apartments: that is, more of it—and more openly—than at present. Then our professions of libertarianism are tested.

It is the purpose of this editorial neither to condemn nor to justify the student at Cornell on moral grounds. But we suggest—on grounds of honesty and humanitarianism—that if we really believe in our cherished slogan of freedom and individual responsibility we should think seriously about making them more than mere slogans.

We suggest an observation on restriction borrowed from the eastern mystics: whoever seeks to fasten a chain around the ankle of his fellow finds the other end encircling his own.

We suggest an adaption of the quotation with which we began: the price of freedom is willingness to accept and to allow freedom.

## EXPANSION AND APPOINTMENT

The Students' Union Committee on Students' Union Building Expansion is making one of its wisest moves to date in recommending the appointment of Walter Dinwoodie—presently the union's permanent business manager—as planning consultant and building director for the new SUB.

Should Students' Council act on the recommendation, Mr. Dinwoodie will be relieved of his present duties, to allow him to work with the SUB Expansion Committee on a full-time basis as planning consultant.

If the recommendation is acted upon, it will in effect be a promotion for Mr. Dinwoodie. It will also be a boon to the SUB Expansion Committee.

There are a number of reasons why Mr.

Dinwoodie is the man for the job. A few important ones should be brought out:

- Mr. Dinwoodie is a man knowledgeable in the intricacies of SUB planning and operation. Added to this, he has an understanding (locally oriented) of the whole situation.
- Mr. Dinwoodie has proven himself capable of handling problems and details of Students' Union administration for over fifteen years.
- There is the time element. If the SUB expansion program is to get on its feet, it cannot lose too much time, and time would be lost in interviewing candidates for the job. Mr. Dinwoodie's ability is known already. If Students' Council is wise, it will appoint him to the position.

## COUNCIL SHORT SHORTS

After existing for 16 years as an appendage of The Gateway, the campus literary magazine received official recognition as a Students' Union club at last Wednesday's regular Council meeting.

Originally called Stet, it was renamed March last year and was financed partly by Council and partly by the Alumni Association.

In addition to becoming a Students' Council club, it received \$900 because it could not obtain financial support from any other source.

Because of lower costs for printing and engraving, Evergreen and Gold will have an additional surplus of \$1,490 this year. E and G's surplus will be \$9,900. The money was transferred to the Grant Fund, which now has \$5,990.

Council has been forced to aban-

don the Sir George Williams University conference because of lack of publicity by The Gateway.

An official notice placed in The Gateway asking for applications by Oct. 31 was not printed.

In addition, Council objected to the lack of publicity about the Laval Conference on World Affairs, and the McGill Conference on World Affairs.

Former NFCUS Chairman Francis Saville was made Chairman of the committee organizing the 1963 NFCUS National Congress, to be held here next fall.

The previous appointment of John Lauder and Peter Sharpe as co-chairmen was rescinded, but Sharpe was re-appointed as Vice-Chairman.

The Students' Housing Committee, formed at the recent Leadership Seminar, was given recognition as a

committee of Council. The committee will study existing housing conditions for University students, and will attempt to draft a set of minimum housing standards.

The Students' Union was willed a set of yearbooks for the years 1921 to 1954, by Charles Hosford, who was employed by the University for 42 years.

Council is eagerly awaiting the annual Cairns Seminar, to be held in December. The Seminar, sponsored by Judge L. Y. Cairns, Chancellor of the University and Honorary President of Students' Council, will concern pursuits vital to all Councillors.

Full details of the seminar have not yet been disclosed, but a preliminary agenda portends a pleasant evening.



featurette

## Annieism And Americanus Modernus

by C. Dudley Evans

London, England:

The Bunch of Grapes is a nice, friendly pub, not known for harboring belligerents or those disposed to overthrow the government by force or other means. My step-brother and I frequented it on occasion, there to revel in jollity, camaraderie, Goode Fellowship, but . . . thank God . . . brotherhood. One exchanged pleasantly subdued conversation in pleasantly subdued tones with pleasantly subdued Englishmen. That is why I almost gagged on my Guinness at the outburst that suddenly regurgitated from the table directly behind ours.

"Dirty Commie Rats!"

"News from America," I thought shuddering.

The source of the exclamation was a thick-jowled, owl-bespectacled man wearing tattered tweeds and an ugly expression. He bent with black brow to his reading, and his mouth formed four-letter words as he scanned the page in front of him.

I leaned over to get a look at the learned journal that had provoked him to cry out in such pain.

It was Little Orphan Annie.

His eyes raised themselves from the paper and met mine. Our eyes shook hands. Polite, reserved. "Something for you?" he asked, polite, reserved.

"Little Orphan Annie," I observed, "Looks the same upside down as right side up."

"Yes," he agreed, quite amiably I thought, "It looks the same in 1962 as it did in 1942 and no doubt will in 1982."

### A PARODY OF ALL THINGS AMERICAN

There followed a brief exchange of cigarettes and pleasantly subdued pleasantries, in which I denied that I was any relation to Tom Mix and he denied that he was either George Orwell or Jesus Christ. I joined him at table.

The following is the text of his conversation:

"Little Orphan Annie is a parody of all things American. It is a grotesque political cartoon, although I doubt that it is intended as such. It is, in fact, the quintessence of Americanus Modernus. It is the painless medium by which the—pardon me—faith and—excuse me—the philosophy of Barry Goldwater and maybe even the John Birch Society are transmitted in pill form to the masses who swallow it without any unpleasant side effects. They read it with eyes as blank and lifeless as those of Annie and her Friends."

"That awful red dress . . .", I began.

"Ah!" he said, "I was getting to that. But let me finish the introduction before we look at the characters. Mind you, there's no need to look at the plot. There is none, except the classic theme running through the comic. For sheer Contemporary American Scene, this strip has got it all over Steve Canyon and even Terry and the Pirates. This strip depicts a Way of Life with hormones . . . Just Plain Folks who 'got where they got on their own two feet' by themselves by golly and if they got help from their neighbours well land sakes a body can't be too grateful and must count our blessin's but a body should keep proud and it's those Dirty

Commie Rats who are trying to destroy the Goode Life and Lord Knows we ain't got much yet we're allus willin' to share with those who are less fortunate. Right Sandy? Arf! Gosh-gollikers, Yiiii!"

I nodded and "arfed" in sober agreement.

"Annie," he said, "Annie is sugar and spice and all things nice, the epitome of purity, the essence of sincerity, the true Independent of the Declaration of Independence, the pursuer of happiness, the enemy of Dirty Commie Rats, the original horrible example of stick-to-it-iveness and stiff-upper-lip-ness. Annie makes me sick. He barfed politely under the table.

"That awful red dress . . .", I began.

"Yes, it's red, but decidedly not un-American," he quoth, after wiping off his mouth with a large white handkerchief. "After all, Just Plain Folks or Plain Just Folks like us can't afford to buy frivolous things like clothes . . . nor do we wish to. Arf!"

Again, I noded in sober agreement.

### DON'T FORGET THE DIRTY COMMIE RATS

"Now take Daddy Warbucks. He is the Benevolent Capitalist. The richest man in the world, but for all that, a heart of pure Gold to match his wallet. And do you know something? He can't be killed. No matter how they try (whoever THEY are) they can not kill Daddy Warbucks. And he is so good to Annie . . . but he doesn't do anything for her. Significant, I should say."

"Then there are the people Annie meets in her travels. The Young Men of purpose who are going to do the Job, and the Young Women of Devotion and Pride who are going to help them no matter what, and the Old People of Suffering who stand by, always there. And they are all so basically good, and all God's chillun got a robe. And the Dirty Commie Rats . . . don't forget the Dirty Commie Rats."

"Amen," I said, "Down with the Dirty Commie Rats."

"Asp and Punjab are the guardians of Democratic Capitalism in the person of Daddy. They could be called Steve Canyon and Terry. They're always in the right place at the right time . . . did you notice?"

I nodded. I had noticed.

### "LITTLE ORPHAN LOLITA"

He finished his bitter. "Horrible, isn't it?"

I sighed, "Look," I said, "Do you think there's anything . . . like . . . well . . . between Annie and Daddy Warbucks. I mean, Sex?"

"Not a chance," he declared ruefully, "Bloody fresh-faced American puritan presbyterianism everywhere and not a hope of correct moral salvation. No, there's regrettably nothing unhealthy about Little Orphan Annie."

"So much for Little Orphan Lolita," I said.

"Every sequence begins with a pious old maxim or a sanctimonious quotation. And the author makes a Clever Comment, too."

"Like 'Dirty Commie Rats,'" I said.

"Yes," he smiled, "Like 'Dirty Commie Rats.'"

We shook hands and took our leave. One finds human beings even in London.