

Campus isolation: will it ever change?

"If you're looking for a lovin' man—a lovin' man—well they say I am."

Twanga, twanga, twanga, chang, chang, chang. A few bars of clear horny, funk-rock guitar come out loud and clear in contrast to the deafening noise which fills the room when the stompers are laying it on the line.

The amplifiers are turned to the distort mark. A long-haired blond in revealing slacks is grinding it out on one side of the massive gym. Willowy bodies move wildly in the freedom-giving beat.

But a short freshman—you can tell him by the badge and beanie—is watching the blond. Really watching the blond. The action intrigues him, and he doesn't know her. She is probably dancing with one of her friends from high-school, because she is a freshman too, and scared.

His mind is running wild. He is all zapped out.

"You can always tell a good one by the way she does it."

"Only puritans can do it well—the others are the ones to hushle."

In residence, or over a beer, the theories are exchanged, but this is it. What now? What's her name? What's she taking? What's she like?

Gotta find out now. He's not going to find out. On the outside it's just watching and thinking. On the inside it's not much different.

Maybe someday over coffee. "Weather sure is terrible—my car won't start at all."

"Yeah, and I can't wear slacks to this class either."

"That prof must be a reject from speech therapy, 'cause he talks like his wife serves the food too hot."

"Yeah."

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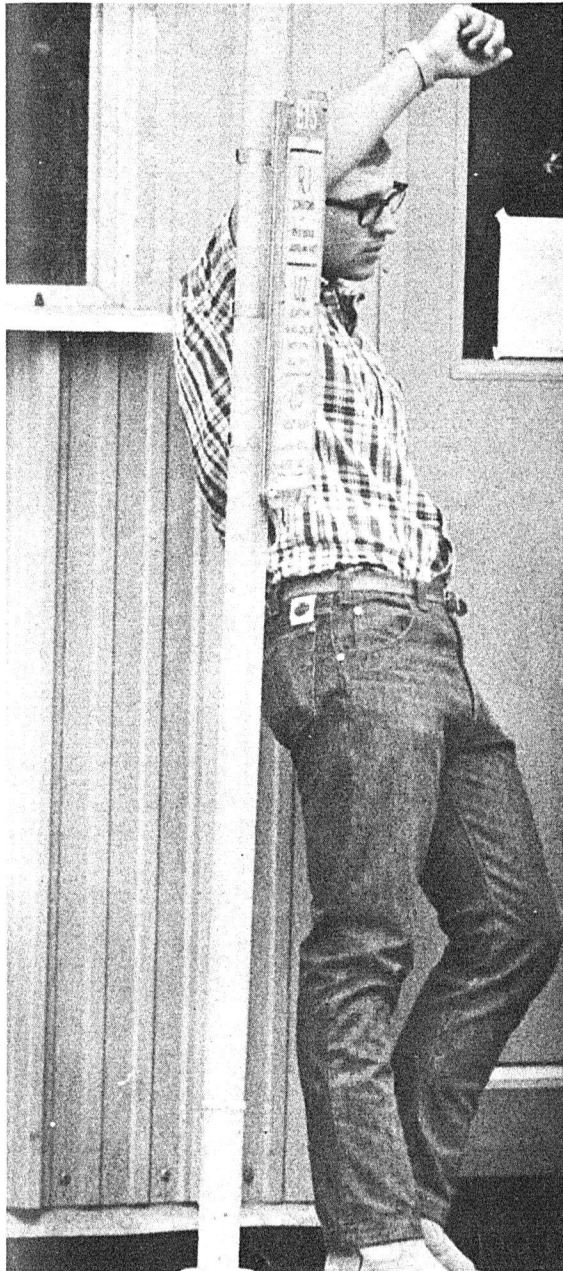
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brian campbell

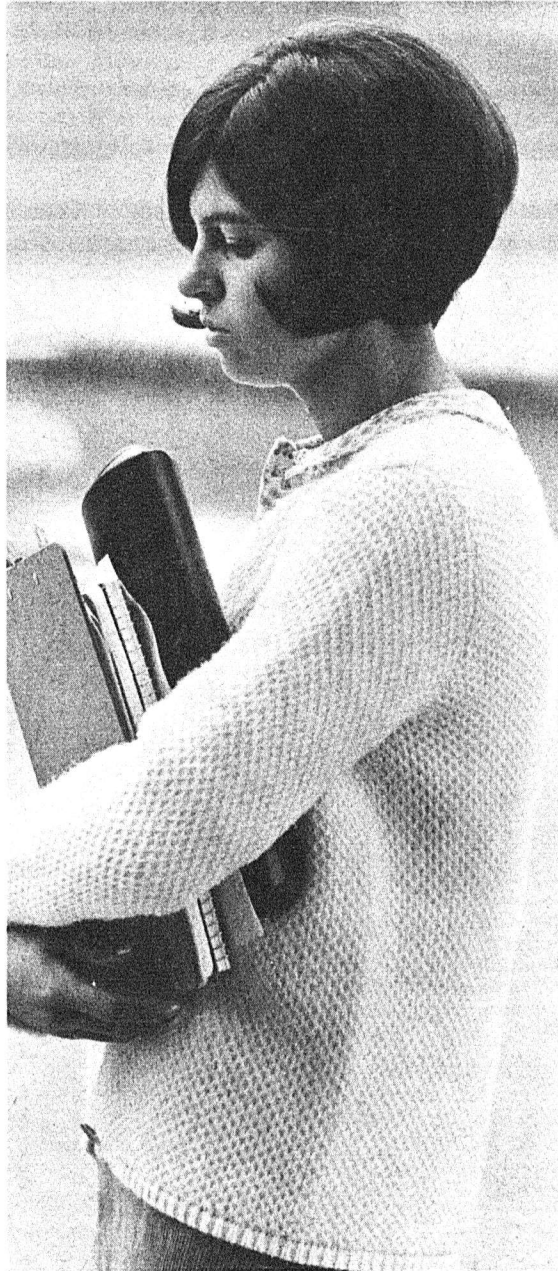
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THERE IS . . .



. . . NO COMMUNICATION

Principles

from page 8

The other thing bothering me about withdrawal is the financial condition of the students' union, not CUS.

Business manager Brian Clark has said the union is entering a period of restricted spending. The new SUB will cut the resources of the union drastically.

Programs like course evaluation and teaching affairs studies cost money. They do not cost hundreds of dollars, or thousands of dollars, but tens of thousands of dollars.

If we become isolated from other campuses—and it will be a tough

fight not to—we lose contact. If withdrawal remains in force after the March referendum a new council will have a tough time finding out what is happening.

They may never find out.

When council loses contact it will lose interest. If they lose interest, they will not spend money, and U of A will remain the backward campus it always has been.

I agree with the McGill thinking, as expressed by council, that CUS has no right to represent students in other than university affairs, but there is another question council has to deal with.

How much time does CUS spend on these things?

Very little, according to Marilyn Pilkington.

"The priorities of CUS are the priorities we think are important—university and student affairs," she said.

So U of A says CUS has no right to take stands for students on Vietnam and Indians and water pollution, and CUS disagrees.

Is that all?

If it is, then the best place for U of A to start reforming CUS is inside the organization.

And maybe CUS will help reform U of A.

Silence. Nothing. There is no exchange—no meeting.

At the dance the communication is visual, and although it is the best some people ever get, it is not enough.

At least there is an excuse this time, conversation is impossible over the stompers on stage.

That grand old man of North American porno, D. H. Lawrence, said: "Dancing is making love to music." Everyone knows how bad love is.

I mean, Dr. Vant, who can't, has told every girl it can spoil her career if she has a hang-up on campus.

Wauneita is determined to teach every girl to hold that tea-cup right and have upper-middle class emotions about the poor kids who get presents from the white gift party.

The one thing they are determined to avoid is communication. It's embarrassing.

And all there is is the wailing, soul-sound of the band blasting out the message. Saying the things no one wants to say. Making love, communicating, and almost existing through music.

"I got a heart, heart, full o' soul." Potential people listen and understand.

Dropping names is something I hate, but maybe this is what Marshall McLuhan means when he says the medium is the message.

The outsider at the frosh dance is just the start of another year.

How to say it. Don't blow your

cool. God, she moves nice—beautiful. Fantastic things . . . to talk about. How do you Talk? It's me and I'm for real. Are there other people out there or am I the only one in the room?

Guts move as the electric bass lays down the hard line. Move, move, move. Gotta get with it. Can't stand here all evening. What happens at 12? Can I last until 12?

It's hot and sweat trickles off the outsider as his feet move anxiously with the beat.

It may be the beat of insanity, but the room is fuggy too.

It is a tense, but beautiful, scene on the outside.

Go to the psychiatrist and get adjusted. Man, be sane and on the real inside.

Get drunk and detached from the beautiful things. See the beat and see the room sway and laugh because you aren't with it.

Or live it and maybe wind up in the sanatorium. But living is only for those with guts.

Don't break the system — it throws people.

"I like you, and I like your bod —let's go somewhere and talk. You interest me."

Tilt, zap, zonk. It's like telling the truth, and they know it. Bad news kid.

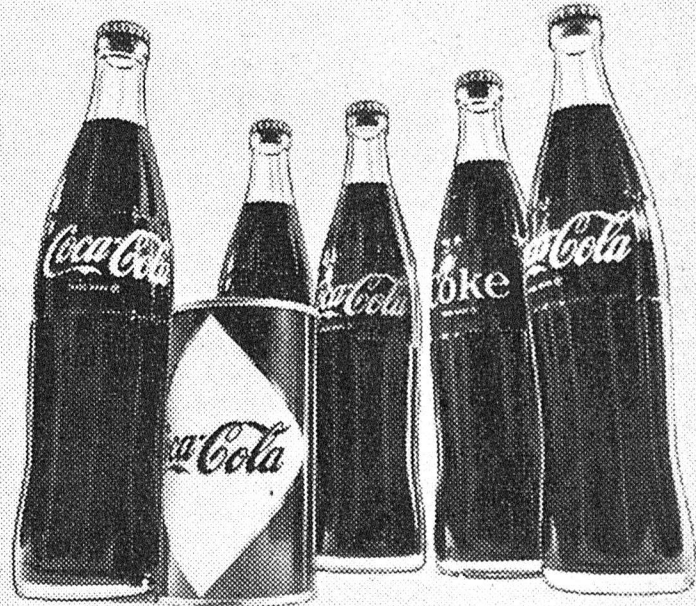
Don't. Keep putting people on. It's good for the system. It may even be good for people, if they work at it hard enough.

Whatever Things Are True—crap. The motto for this place is

Be Prepared—to be somebody else.

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