

Editorial

Welcome, Frosh, to a keen machine...

Welcome Frosh. My god you're lucky. It's not everyone who gets to come to university.

But now that you're here a few words from Big Brother.

It's a really groovy place here. That is, everyone is in a groove. Sometimes they try to crawl out, but they never really make it. Because the grooves are pretty deep.

You're going to find out sooner or later, so we might as well disillusion you now. It will save you the trauma that we went through, and that's the way we want it isn't it, saving everybody as many traumas as possible? We hate to see people have traumas in public.

When we arrived here, you see, we actually believed all of those incredible stories that we heard about university - you know, the ones about freedom, about the university being a place for unhindered intellectual development, the right to argue with and criticize your profs, you know, things like that. Believe us. It just isn't so.

All of this probably sounds pretty unbelievable when you consider the fact that people keep coming back here year after year, and pay through the nose to do it. But they most likely have personal reasons, like the fact that you simply can't get to be a manager these days without your pinky stamps, and everybody wants to be a manager, don't they.

As time goes on, you'll find that your reasons for finishing university will almost definitely be the same as they were for finishing high school. And you'll say, well, it isn't so bad, all I have to do is get into graduate school and I'll be free to study what interests me. Then you'll get into graduate school, and some professor will put you to work doing unpaid research that he'll write a paper about, and get more money and status for, and after a year or so of that you'll say that all you have to do is get to be a professor and then finally you'll be free. At last.

But by that time, you won't have time to do the research that you've always been interested in, because, you see, you'll be so busy cramming the stuff you're interested in down your students differently interested throats and publishing the papers that they're researching, and marking the examinations that they're writing so that they can meet with your approval, that while you're almost at the end of side one, you're still just as far in the groove as you were when you jumped in it in the first place.

No traumas, now; it isn't as bad as it sounds. You'll be well paid, secure, happy. Look around you: how many professors do you see who look unhappy - we mean really unhappy? How many prof's kids do you see who are rat-mangled? It could be worse.

You're probably wondering why this place is the way we've described it. But you know, it's pretty hard to diagnose. The governing body of this university,

for instance, is composed almost entirely of people from outside the campus (businessmen, executives, anyone that the university can wring money out of in sufficiently large quantities) and after all, how can they be expected to know what those of us at the university today really want? We really feel sorry for them - they have a pretty awesome job.

And the professors, who meet in what is called the "Senate", must have a pretty hard job too, figuring out what to do about keeping all the younger professors out of their organization, and living in perpetual fear of what the three students who sit on the approximately eighty-

man body might do . . . you know.

And as for the student council, well, they're pretty busy thinking about what to do with our new building, and we can't really expect them to do much about the situation, really, can we?

Sounds pretty depressing in a certain way, perhaps, but don't worry, and by all means don't rush anybody. Don't rock the boat. Everybody here for some reason is practically insane already. Traumas, you know.

But anyway, welcome Frosh.

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