

casserole

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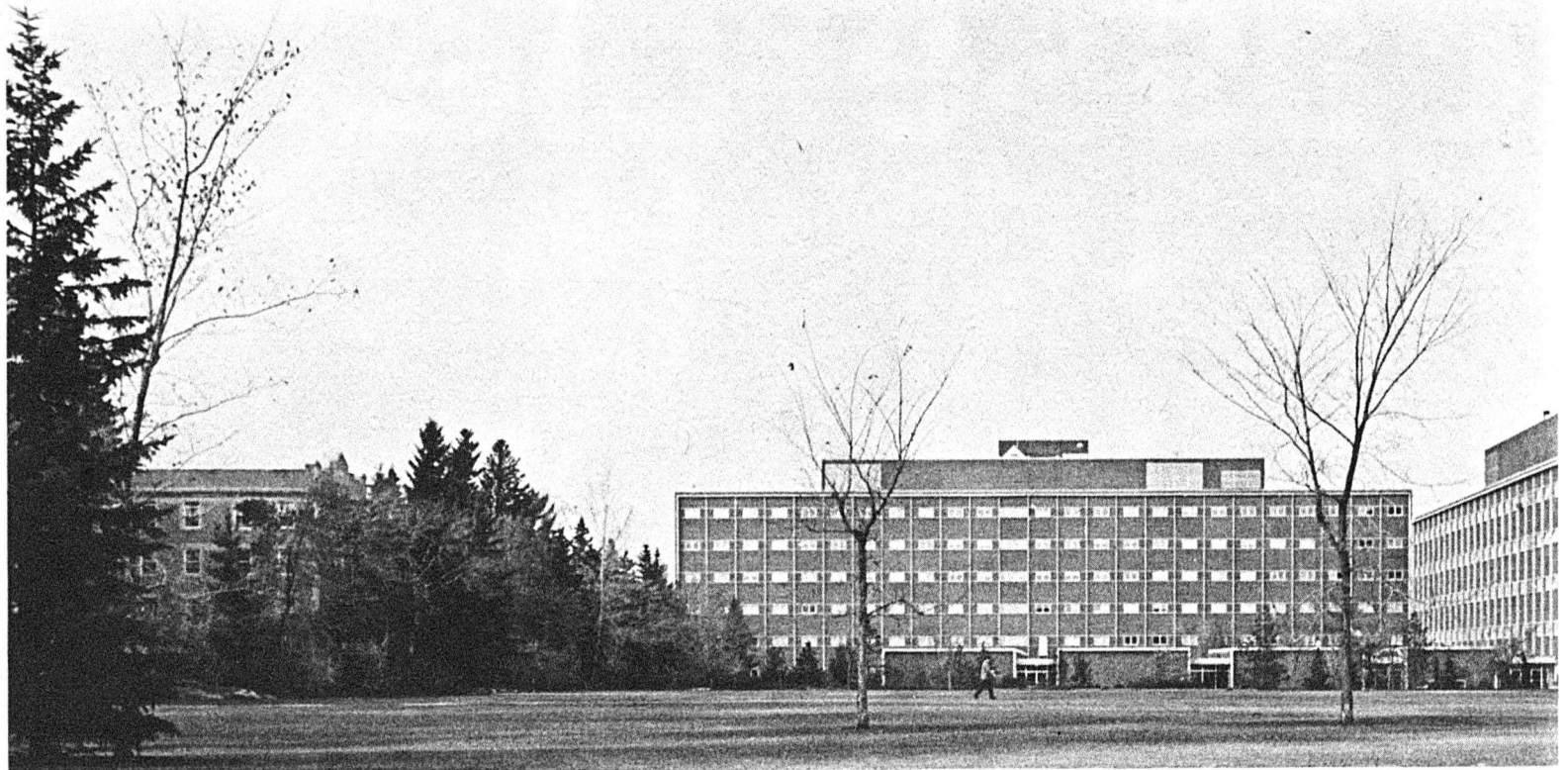
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IT'S A BIG, LONELY PLACE

... with a big, big appetite for people

Loneliness and the impersonal campus

By LYDIA DOTTO

The Room at the Top is one of the more beautiful places on campus. At night, with the city stretched out at your feet, it's the kind of place that sets you thinking.

A person goes there with somebody special or when he's alone. The Room at the Top is ideal for people who are alone.

But there are two kinds of lonely people. We look at both breeds this week on C-2.

Rich Vivone has a thing about stupidity. It seems he saw an example of same running around loose and he's letting everyone know about it on C-5. His reflections for a rainy day can be found on C-2.

For students whose educational horizons are limited, geographically at least, to the U of A, we have two features on C-3 comparing this campus to two others: one in America and the other in Britain. They were written by students currently studying here who attended these other universities in past years.

At the same time, we picture a contrast that exists right here on campus. The difference between the old and the new is exemplified by the artwork on both Students' Union Buildings.

Our centre page spread this week is a diatribe on how everyone (well, almost everyone) doesn't think Political Realignment will work. That seems to be the only point on which the campus parties will align—they've agreed to disagree.

It's a big place. Bigger than anything you've been used to.

Everyone told you it would be and you said you believed them. Yet you never really believed them until you saw it.

You don't know much about it. Oh, you've read the booklets and all the other drum-thumping paraphernalia, but you aren't quite naive enough to believe it's all true.

Besides, the few people you know have told you that it's all up to you—nobody's going to give you anything. You've got to learn to take it—in both senses of the word.

But you're not sure you know how. You're not even sure you want to.

So, like every coin and every story, this particular experience

has two sides to it—two choices. When you get to university, you go one of two ways: backwards or forwards. There's no such thing as static anymore, except the kind you get when you can't make up your mind.

Going forward means gathering all your faltering confidence in your hands, and plunging in where angels fear to tread. And you know what that makes you.

But at least you'll get into the feel of the university. It's irrelevant what activity you go into—it doesn't even matter if you decided to concentrate on working.

The point is, you've got to belong. Or rather, you've got to feel you belong, whether you do or not.

This belonging does not fall into the category of "conforming" as I

visualize the purists now scaming. By belonging, I mean a feeling of having command of the situation, and a general idea of where and who you are, and where you're going.

Even if your only conclusion is that you're not too damn sure on these points, at least you have some direction in your life—you may say, like Socrates, that you don't know anything but that you know you don't know.

From there, you can learn to know.

Everyone knows that it takes a certain amount of guts to adapt to the first year of university. Everyone, to one extent or another, goes through it, and although callous, experience-hardened upperclassmen won't let on, they probably remember a time when

they weren't condescending and cynical. They can remember that they faced this dilemma once too.

It's the kids who don't adapt that we're talking about now—the kids who figure they've got an easy way out of the dilemma. They don't realize they've got nothing.

These are the "lonely" ones you hear about—the ones who level the "too big and impersonal" accusation at the university. They come upon this earth-shattering discovery in one of two ways.

There are the clingers and there are the misinformed.

The clingers hang around with their high school crowd. It's a negative kind of security, and the smarter ones realize that. It doesn't make any difference. And so they run around in the same little rut they thought university would get them out of and they wonder, with an undefined apprehension, why they aren't enjoying themselves.

The misinformed at least have the sense to break some of the dependence they have on high school life. But they're in as unrewarding a bag as the clingers anyway.

They're waiting until the university comes to them and begs them to make use of their talents. Of course, the university never does. It could care less.

WANDER AIMLESSLY

And so the misinformed wander aimlessly down the halls of SUB idly wondering if or when they're going to run into someone they can say "hi" to, and not much caring who it is.

The girl watches a guy going by, wishing she could meet him, and he, if the girl is pretty enough, is wishing he could meet her. They never meet. There's no way.

At least, not where the clingers and the misinformed are concerned.

It's these two types of people that end up looking out of the Room at the Top at night. Alone. The clinger has nobody he wants to go up there with, and the misinformed has nobody period.

They stand there side by side, the two of them.

And they look out.

And they won't say a word, because even if they did, it wouldn't be the right word.

And the next day, they go quietly back to their little rut.

Rich Vivone

Reflections for a frosty Friday

A guy walks around and sees many things. He likes some and doesn't like others. And when he has a spare day, he reflects on them. These are some of the reflections.

I don't like people who flunk a course one year and snicker the next year when the professor belabors a simple point for the benefit of students taking the subject for the first time.

A guy is really in orbit (you may prefer 'square') if he reads the stories in Playboy magazine before looking at the pictures.

It is impossible for a guy to look even minutely important if he carries a row of silver-topped pens in his breast pocket.

I don't know anyone brave enough to eat the canned cabbage rolls that can be purchased in a vending machine in the education cafeteria.

I don't like girls who wear short skirts and then give a guy a dirty look when she catches him peeking at them. Girls with thick legs should not wear short skirts.

What will the phys ed students do now that they don't have their own special table in the new SUB cafeteria?

Why are people who say 'you won't remember me' insulted when you agree?

Never again will I offer my seat on a bus to a woman after one refused the seat last week on a trip downtown.

Any girl that is not afraid to crack her makeup with a smile is much more attractive than a pretty

girl who will not smile.

I know of six English students who refused to take English 373 until Dr. Rose returned.

If you tell a guy "he only did what he thought was right" chances are you think he was wrong.

I don't believe anyone who says they never heard of Petula Clark.

People don't care what you print about them in newspapers as long as their name is spelled right.

Tell the waiter the glass is dirty and I'll lay odds he looks at the glass through the light before bringing another one.

Anyone who drinks his booze straight knows how to drink. I don't like vodka drinkers because they give the impression they distaste real whiskey.

A girl is really trying when she'll share a rare steak with her fella when actually she prefers the steak well done.

I've never met a radio announcer who looked vaguely like he was pictured after a guy heard his voice.

I'm waiting for someone to fall into that space between the wall and the landing on the steps leading to second floor of SUB. They'll fall and break their leg.

Every man wants to die in bed—but not alone.

A sign on a city bus says 'more a man in Pen-nan's'. Ever try to make love with your shorts on?

People think those that write for newspapers are glorified publicity agents.