

casserole

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It's not so much that this university is encasing every-one's head and brain in a cotton padded prison, that brought this issue about, but the fact that no one seems to realize it.

Watch the robots plot to their eight o'clock classes.

Watch the walking dead in their lecture halls, in their offices and their corridors.

And then look at yourself and this campus.

"Quaecumque vera" indeed!

This university, and all that stands behind it, is an insatiable monster that takes real live (and already partially processed) PEOPLE and turns them into little automatons who spend the rest of their lives with the vague suspicion that something isn't quite right. And they're right.

Read on . . .

—dc

Blame it on the first 12 years—

Our schools produce lobotomized dolts

You see it's like this. Dan Carrol, the lanky, frizzy-haired freak who runs this rag, comes up and says he wants 110 lines on alienation. Perhaps I rank as some sort of expert because I wrote several weepy columns about alienation (really, that word is starting to make me sick) during the last few years. Back when those things were getting a lot of ink, I used to fool myself into thinking they would actually accomplish something. They accomplished nothing.

It's not even like beating a dead horse anymore, because as I write this there seem to be maggots coming out of the roller. When I was writing the stuff, I actually thought there was someone listening, but just looking around this fluorescent prison of an office, it is obvious no one was. Sure there's soul, but it is so small and so far behind the skin that you'll never feel it, even in a crowd. You swim in it and never recognize it.

Are you separated from yourself? Are you depressed? Do you work with your mind turned off? Are you faking more and enjoying it less?

Don't ask what you've got.

What they do is simple. Just take a human being between the ages of five and six and insert it in a classroom with five rows of desks, with five (or maybe six) in each row. Add a blackboard, a ruler, a few pencils, paper, and an authority figure. The authority figure usually comes skirted and sexually frustrated at this stage. Later, there are variations; but even though some authority figures are human, there are others who ruin anything they do. Next, stuff the object in the desk with 12 years of education. Make sure that nothing is relevant to anything it is doing outside the school. Never respect any opinions it might have. It gets all its knowledge from the Authority Figure. Never teach it how to deal with its problems itself.

Make it shuffle a lot. It should know how to step-and-fetchit. Turn it off. If it starts looking for an outlet where it can plug in, kick it, jail it, dispose of it. When it starts to grunt it is ready to be eaten. When it is ready it will look like other its. It will not look. It will be blank.

Now take the finished it and insert it in a job. It will work blankly eight hours a day, and when the boss passes it will salute (if it's been properly trained). At night the it will watch television where other its who have been specially trained to look alive will look alive. Their skin will flex in alive ways on commercials, and it will go out and buy, hoping to look alive. It won't do any good—an it is an it. With few outlets, and there are fewer every day, it may forget it has a plug. It may even join the social credit league. When the police pass it will shuffle, when a politician speaks it will say "sir," when an election happens it will grunt.

What I've been trying to say is this. The schools produce fascists. The schools produce people who cannot think. The schools produce people who cannot read or write. The schools produce lobotomized dolts. The schools produce grist for the mill. The teachers ride the students into the ground. Most have no minds by the time they've finished grade twelve. Most of them never will have minds.

The system is designed to turn you off. The system has already turned the teachers off, and they, in their turn perpetuate the system. The system lives off itself. The system eats your mind. The first thing to do is burn the schools to the ground and start over again. That, of course, is impossible. That will never happen.

The quality of education is clear. Teachers only strike for pay. They will not strike for better schools. Teachers will not strike for better libraries, better educational materials, more in-service training, more educational research. Teachers are pigs.

The Silent Majority is silent because all they ever learned to do is grunt.

They will teach you to grunt too, if they haven't done it already.

That's about it. You have to live with it—I have to live with it. Someday we may come together and be alive. Maybe someday soon.

I'm not optimistic.

Student Handbook '68-69

If Dr. Tory and Premier Rutherford could see their university today, they would probably be proud—and not a little astonished—at what they had started to build 60 years ago.

The University Motto

The University motto, *Quaecumque vera*, is taken from the Latin Vulgate, version of the Bible, the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians, Chapter 4, Verse 8:

De cetero, fratres, quaecumque sunt vera, quaecumque pudica, quaecumque justa, quaecumque amabilia, quaecumque bonae fama, si qua virtus, si qua laus disciplinae, haec cogitate.

The same passage, from the King James version, is:

Finally brethren, *whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

Special Regulations of the Board of Governors

Conduct and discipline. When a student enters the university, he is expected to apply himself to his studies and conduct himself with propriety. Should a student fail to live up to these expectations, the university reserves the right to take such action as, in its opinion, his case warrants. The penalty of expulsion may be applied.

Dr. R. C. Lindberg

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