

# Idiot testing for psychology students

By LYDIA DOTTO

"It's enough to make any sane, normal person wonder why he ever decided to major in psychology," I said glumly.

"Yeah," agreed Helen. "It should be enough to make YOU wonder, too, why you decided to major in psychology."

"Friend," Helen continued morosely, "Friend, I've decided it's a bad deal, psychology. By a process of logical reasoning, to which I am not normally (or even abnormally) given, I realized last week

*The 'do not fold, bend or mutilate' power structure continues to classify, evaluate, digest and befuddle poor old joe student*

that the prime function of the psychologist is to devise, administer and evaluate psychological tests and to otherwise confound and confuse humanity."

"Good enough," I agreed

amiably. I didn't feel called upon to stand up for God, Country, Motherhood and Psychologists at the time.

"From there, I logically deduced that the nature of the tests is questionable, their

purpose obscure and their results incomprehensible," my good buddy Helen charged on with no encouragement from me. "This makes them food for thought to the average psychologist and totally useless to Real Human Beings."

"Ah yes," I said with wisdom and a knowing air, "and only slightly more intolerable are freshmen like ourselves, who allow themselves to be subjected to these inanities." I gave a depreciating smile that embraced us both, which Helen took care to ignore.

"Obviously," Helen observed by way of explanation, "these tests are to further the research of some poor, misguided but otherwise well-meaning grad psych student."

## MISGUIDED SOULS

"Not," I added magnanimously, "that we have anything against grad psych students, misguided though they may be."

"No, not that," Helen agreed with equal magnanimity. "But I've got two of their idiot tests here. This has to be the limit."

1. In 25 words or less, what is your name?

2. If so, why?

3. Why not?

4. Are you sure?

5. Are you illiterate?

6. If so, are you a member of The Gateway staff?

"That was the intelligence test," drawled Helen. "But if you really want to know what is too much, it's this logic test."

She threw it across the table to me.

"It's really too much," she added.

## TOO MUCH

I gathered that it was really too much. It was:

1. How many people has the SUB more than? Do you agree?

2. If not, where can we get hold of you?

3. If the Room at the Top is seven storeys high, and the Bookstore two, why can't you see the CN Tower from in front of the Tory building?

4. If it takes ten minutes to get from the Ed building to Tory and five from Tory to SUB why does it take an hour and a half to get from SUB to anywhere?

It finished with this: "We are not interested in you as individuals, except if you're a co-ed and beautiful, in which case we want names and numbers for our . . . er . . . files. If this applies to you, please include a picture, if you think it's worth it."

## FORGET IT

"Answer all questions on the IBM card, then, to release your latent frustrations, bend, fold and mutilate and consign all to the nearest trash can (which you will find thus marked in SUB). However, if you answered yes to question five of the intelligence test, forget it. We lost you long ago."

## casserole

a supplement section of the gateway

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Well, Casserole forges onward and . . . onward come hell, high water on incompetence, as it were.

It even survived the shock of acquiring a new editor in the hapless person of Dotto the Mark.

And speaking of hapless, this week we take a look at the incredible phenomenon of psychological testing on campus (C-2 and C-3).

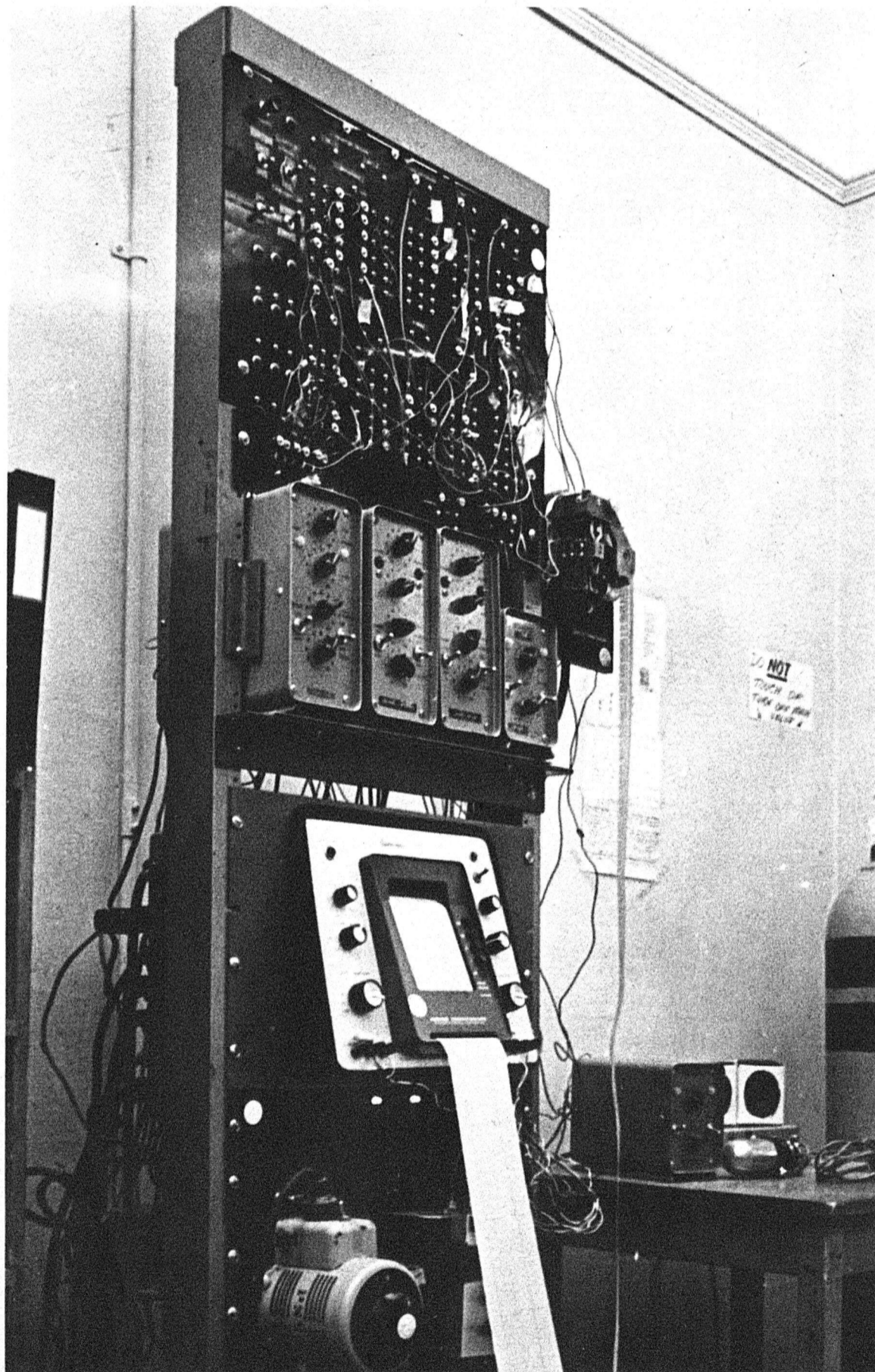
Everyone idiotic enough to submit to them knows about the trivia thrust upon freshmen during registration week. For a Casserole eye view of their relevance, see C-2.

In a more serious vein we have an article on the experiments being run by grad psychology students for which psych students act as "S's".

Dependable Rich Vivone spouts off about people who don't look where they're going and associated histrionics.

And on C-4 and C-5 he takes a look at the dance-going crowd.

In all, a truly forgettable issue.



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