

Letters, Letters, We Get Loads And Loads Of Letters

Man Is An Irrational Creature

To The Editor:

The appearance of the column "Reflections" is a most welcome addition to The Gateway.

However, in the column of Oct. 4, the elegant, logical superstructure used to draw the hoped-for conclusion: Man does have free will, is woven with gossamer thread—it's basic premise is false; it won't stand up.

The fallacy to which I refer is of course the premise that Man is only rational and intelligent. This premise was not stated in the column, nevertheless it is clearly implied and is basic to the argument. The argument is concisely this: If Man is only rational and intelligent but does not possess free will, then his acts will be consistent with his best interests. Therefore: Man does possess some free will.

Even science and engineering students ("bless their twisted little souls") will have to admit that Man is not a purely rational creature. He is subject to emotional drives that are fundamentally the governing basis of his actions.

Zarathustra

We're Great!

To The Editor:

Regarding the comments of the "Reflector" in your October 4 issue, I would like to ask why it is that some people seem to get a kick out of running down the human race. Presumably he's human, too, though some people might call him a louse; does it help his self-respect?

Note the conclusion he reaches: Man is the only creature that does not always act in its own best interests. I agree; I simply think you should have given some reasons for this beyond mentioning human vices. Let me point out that man is the only animal capable of making sacrifices in the interests of people not directly connected with him; the only animal ever to develop art or music; the only animal that places value on abstractions like honor, truth, or chastity. These don't serve our best interest in any way, but I personally would hate to see the human race without them; I don't think they'd really be human any more.

The "Reflector" implies that "free will" makes man different from the animals, but also worse. I can only say that when I have a choice of companions, between a man with all his vices and a cow who hasn't many of either, I pick the man every time. If the "Reflector" has different views, he's welcome to them.

Barrie Young

"Dear Diary . . ."

Milord Editor:

Up this morning and to the Lyceum and was there much surprised to see one Loretta tripping through the mud about the Mathematiques Building in the company of a young bloke who wore a red and white tunic, quite new. This fellow (who apparently styles himself as an applied scientist, and capable of building mud fences for others and grand mosaics for himself) was, I did perceive, indocrinating Miss Loretta upon the evils of corduroy clothes, stomachers, and of Fraternite clubs.

Such a blackguard need not be feared, I venture Milord, for he and his company be of little influence, and those whom they seduce, as Loretta, be of less influence, though of louder tongue, perchance.

But this, Milord, I cannot comprehend: this bloke's gaiters were of suede. Respectfully,

S. Pepys, II

Varsity, Varsity, Rah! Rah! Rah!

To The Editor:

Following is an account of the stimulating time had by all at the Pep Rally last Friday:

12:35 p.m.: Stan Kenton and Tommy Banks, obviously needing nourishment, go for dinner. I am now alone in Convocation Hall. Well, not quite. From somewhere behind stage, a violin is breathing for the haunting and halting strains of the scale in G major. From the balcony, a mournful refrain joins in: "to think I sacrificed my lunch . . ." I turn. Three pep-starved faces peer down at me . . . gaunt pale faces, white and wrinkled like the pages of some ancient manuscript from the Law Library.

"Thou shall not go hungry!" I resolve, resurrecting my copy of the Freshman's Friend from my briefcase; and despite the fact that the microphone is not turned on, and there is no band music, and no cheerleaders, encouraging us to keep time—in spite of all this WE CHEER!

We cheer so loud and so pepfully that the stage curtains flutter and a frightened violinist peeks through.

Abandoning the cheering, I take after the violinist, but return empty-handed from my wanderings among the curtains.

I eloquently remark to the still-hopeful trio in the balcony: "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

I stuff my Freshmen's Friend back into his coffin, and with tears in my eyes, I go away.

Lonely artsman.

The Sound Of Music?

To The Editor:

I attended the Stan Kenton Show! It happened five long days ago! And ever since that dreadful date My mind has slowly filled with hate—for the Students' Union. I have of late conceived of them (the powers that be) All chained within that 'concert hall magnifica' Which folks around here call the 'arena'.

All of them I do see Writhing, trying to get free From this deep tract of Hell! For all about these piteous souls The sound of music??? grows and grows

Until, by God, their senses close. But hard! they are not able thus To shuffle off his mortal coil For they are doomed, and lasting pain Torments them. Then Cilex groans—

"If this be music in reality Then music is a hateful substantiality— And we, the Students' Union must seem appalling To have had Kenton come a calling."

Sincerely
"Music Lover"

ED. NOTE: Usually The Gateway refrains from printing anything poetic. This is the first poetry to appear in The Gateway in at least three years—another first.

From The Fan Club

To The Editor:

I take great pleasure in informing one Larry Ewashin that I have meticulously ripped to shreds his letter to the Editor, soaked it in acid, set it afire, and buried the remains in the City dump.

ED. NOTE: If Larry Ewashin wishes to pick up the unprintable fanmail which was a result of his letter to the Editor, he may find it in The Gateway office. There was such a flood of mail we could not print it all.

Never Again

To The Editor:

I might pay five dollars to see and hear Stan Kenton perform again in the Jubilee Auditorium or Convocation Hall. But I would not pay fifty cents to see and hear (?) him again in the new Ice arena echo chamber.

Sincerely,
Garry B. Gibson, dent 3

Snappy Course, Med

To The Editor:

I became rather concerned upon reading the editorial of Oct. 7 on the grading of marks for scholarships. I do not see how such differences could exist between the courses on campus. Certainly no-one, unless he is an overly bright student "has coasted through a year of sociology" and obtained seconds. High marks are not obtained in any pattern without a considerable amount of work. Possibly the editorial was merely to continue friendly campus rivalry. Why then attack a relatively inconspicuous group like the psychology and sociology students? Incidentally I am not in either of those patterns.

Anyway a student's devotion to a toilsome course should counter-balance the supposed difficulty. Furthermore, if the editorial writer was correct, he made a poor selection for a tough course (medicine). Surely it is slightly less troublesome to memorize chemical formulas or learn the systems to solve science problems than it is to slave a month, or maybe two on 3,000 to 5,000 word essays. A more formidable task is to obtain 80 per cent though essays drawn from many books and the blue sky than through scientific problems with specific solutions. Perhaps I have a biased opinion, but don't we all?

Kenneth Landry
(Arts III)

ED. NOTE: The point of the editorial, for those who are not overly bright, is that in some courses even the overly bright student through much toil, trouble, and tiresome devotion can only make seconds.

Echo Chamber

To The Editor:

The University of Alberta has always been infamous for the amount of student apathy. Last Thursday and Friday nights it hit an all time low (as the Students' Union bank account probably will show), after the disgraceful turnout at the Stan Kenton Show. But before we cry more about the poor attendance—what about the unfortunate few that did attend? Not that the music was poor—for it would have been undoubtedly good—if you could have heard it clearly. Loud enough, yes, but it sounded like a hodge-podge of deafening sounds, as it reverberated off the walls and ceiling. Why may I ask, should the Students' Council pay around \$11,000 to bring a celebrity here and have the oversight to force him to perform under such terrible conditions? After Activity Night it should have been clear to everybody that the sound was horrible—could it not have been remedied in time?

We can be very proud of our new buildings at U of A: our long promised, but non-existent residences; our hideous masterpiece, the Math and Physics Building; a swimming pool that leaks; and now an arena with a faulty sound system! But we are only students here, what have we to worry—or to say.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Angel, Arts 3
Dave Thompson, Arts 3

"Come Along With Me, Lucille"

To The Editor:

To whom it may concern, or, to everybody who thinks owning your own car is mad, gay fun.

Not long ago, dear old Dad, Good Heart that he is, invested a bundle of moola in a vehicle of transportation for his darling daughter. So commenced the riot. Good spirits abounding. Yea team! He even supplies the petrol.

However, it wasn't long before the good news spread to the urban outposts from whence came cries of desperation to the chauffeur of the Year. Me. Being a mad, gay type myself, I did not object to a bit of harmless gashing about the city in my souped-up, super-ventilated automobile. But this was before University. I leave it to the imagination of you-all, the rest of my sordid tale.

Naturally, I became Darling of the Day to any and all who needed a ride. This I don't mind. Much.

But, dear old Dad began to put his dear old foot down. Hence forth I must omit from my goodwill list of passengers all except the most in need of a ride. Such as boys. Fun and Games. I shall become a social outcast, no longer the best-loved Campus Co-ed, friend in need. My friends who count on me for a ride will desert me. And they say that a car means freedom of the road. (Pause for a sarcastic chuckle.)

However I must steel myself against the cries of my heart to relent. Capitulation now would be disastrous. I would again return to the ranks of the commuters. Horrible thought.

So, good friends, sympathize with me and all those like me. This car is small thing, but mine own, and I intend to keep it that way.

Carol

"I Don't Dance . . ."

To The Editor:

Even though the Black Stork issued a few cutting remarks to the female population and to the University dances, a couple, unfortunately, were quite accurate. The truth, they say, hurts.

One point that I absolutely agree with is this unsightly tendency of couples to "latch" onto each other for the entire evening. Variety is supposed to be the spice of life. Both the young man and woman could benefit by frequent changes of partners, for in that way, they can get to know different types of people, their ideas and interests.

People of our parents' generation frequently mention the "good old dances" in which a boy danced the first couple of dances with his date, the ones before and after intermission and the final one. Or, if a fellow went "stag" he played the field all evening. These methods serve two purposes: first, both partners increase their circle of friends; and secondly, both would not have much of a chance to get absolutely bored with dancing only with one person.

As much as I would like to blame one party, I can't—they are both guilty. Where has the pride of the independent, self-confident "stag" of the dance gone? Seeing a fellow cling to one girl all evening makes me think that he has just mustered enough courage to ask the first girl in sight, then when she accepted, felt he hadn't enough strength to ask another. He need not feel "stuck". Just after the set, bring her back to her place and thank her for the dance. Easy, isn't it?

Let's go back to the old-fashioned method of sets of dances and having many partners during the evening. Be Brave! Be different! Chances are you will have a much better time. This is a challenge and rather hard to do sometimes, but isn't that what life really is?

Niki

Good Show, Wauneita

Dear Mr. Scrabbler,
"Payuk uche crakerjack."
Take a look at our lounge.
It's packed!

The Wauneita Councillors

How Nasty

To The Editor:

Not only are some of the buildings at the University of Alberta ugly, but so are some of the people.

I was sitting in a local pizzeria with some friends one night last week, when a group of five came in. The restaurant was filling up with people from a movie which had just gotten out, and the lone waitress was scurrying frantically about, trying to fill everyone's order.

The quintet in question entered, seated themselves, and noisily began demanding service. They began by ordering milkshakes all around, and pizzas.

Now, milkshakes are very fine things, nutritious, and good for the teeth and bones and all that, but, with a full restaurant and one waitress, they certainly consume more than their fair share of a waitress' attention.

Because the restaurant had filled quickly, the kitchen was rather slow filling orders, and our heroes became impatient. They began harassing the waitress in rude tones and demanding their pizzas immediately.

Eventually, these products of higher education could wait no longer. They stood up, slapped down change for their milkshakes, and cancelled the order of pizza. Then they stomped out laughing.

However, one of these champions of justice and right was not in as much of a hurry as the other. Oh no, not he. He paused briefly, just long enough to empty the contents of the sugar-bowl into his pockets.

Sir, I am disgusted with these, mine peers. One had hoped that an University education would make some sort of difference.

Boojum

Knit One Pearl Two

The Students' Wives club will hold their first meeting at 8 p.m. in the Wauneita Lounge, SUB. Registration will precede the meeting at 7:45.

The purpose of the Students' Wives club is to provide a means of social contact for out-of-town and local women, married to University students, who would like to meet other students' wives. Later during the year, the club will be divided into several small special interest groups, which will be practising the domestic arts, such as knitting and sewing.

Cross Country Runs Saturday In Victoria Park

Cross country runners from Edmonton and Calgary will compete at Victoria Park, adjacent to the Edmonton Municipal Golf Course, this Saturday.

Beginning at 2 p.m., runners from the University of Alberta, and from Calgary will run a course extending along the river bank, and ending in the park.

The race is the first of the season, a pre-amble to the intra-mural race next Saturday.

Watch for BB Oct. 17-24.

She's a gasser!