

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief ..... Al Scarth

managing editor ..... Ginny Bax  
news editors ..... Sid Stephen,  
Peggy Selby  
short shorts editor ..... Beth Nilsen  
sports editor ..... Bob Anderson  
layout editor ..... Joe Czajkowski  
photo editor ..... Dave Hebditch  
page forum five ..... Jim Carter

**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—The Medium is the Mess Age where Dan Jamieson who has THREE tickets to the Med Show, Elsie Ross, Ellen Nygaard who is not peach rum flavored, Jim Carter, Ginny Bax, Brian Campbell who did not get credit in Casserole for his article, "Our Schools Produce Lobotomized Dolts" and who can fill a slot as well as the next man (ho ho), Winny (V for Victory) Gereluk, Wayne Bax, Darrell Colyer, Beth Nilsen, Davey 'ebditch, Bob Blair, Beth Winteringham, Barry Nicholson, and yours truly, that lovable, fuzzy-headed, belly-buttoned Snake For All Seasons, Harvey G. Thomgirt (Note to all girls: my wife was champagne-flavored, and we produced a bubble-brain).

The Gateway is published tri-weekly by the students' union of the University of Alberta. The editor-in-chief is responsible for all material published herein. Final copy deadline for Tuesday edition—6 p.m. Monday, Advertising—noon Thursday prior; for Thursday edition—6 p.m. Wednesday, Advertising—noon Monday prior; for Friday edition—6 p.m. Thursday, Advertising—noon Tuesday prior; Casserole—copy deadline 6 p.m. Monday, Advertising—noon Friday prior. Short Shorts deadline, 3 p.m. day prior to publication. Advertising manager Percy Wickman, 432-4241. Office phones 432-5168, 432-5178. Circulation 13,000. Circulation manager Wayne Bax.

Printed by The University of Alberta Printing Services.

PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1970

## Education is futility

By staying at this university we are passing up any chances we may have of getting educated for modern global/tribal life, if we are to believe all of the wonderful things that Prof. Watson told us Thursday about environmental languages.

By staying here we are subjecting ourselves to a universe of "words" that say very little about life in the modern-day community. Instead, the things that we perceive around here are telling us about a different world, in waves of words.

On cold winter days, the cramped-in buildings on this campus groan out "depression," "emptiness" and "gloom."

Then add the professor-student relationships which say "mistrust" and "try harder," as well as the pens, notes, books and lectures that say "trivia" and "futility."

Oh yes, there are other things being said in counter-argument, but they are quiet, almost futile whispers. There are girls in mini-skirts shooting out cupid-quivers full of "love" and "togetherness," and even copies of neglected Gateways whimpering "awareness".

But more commonly, the tribalization of man is contradicted by the loud assertions of "fragmentation" which are the breaking up of classes, the separate buildings, the different courses, and the segregated washrooms.

Why are we here when McLuhan was so right?

Why don't we pick up our tuition fees, grants, spending money, i.e., all of the money that it costs to educate ourselves and head out there where the real centres of information in the modern day society are?

A bunch of us could start our education in the spring by walking on the highway between Calgary and Edmonton with a favorite book and a transistor radio, exploring life.

—W.G.

## Does McLuhan grok?

Gads! No longer can we talk in simple terms, or so it seems from what can be garnered from this McLuhan era and its prophets.

No one talks anymore, or understands one another. They participate in a dialogue composed of perception, exploration, pattern recognition, and finally, ah, at last—break-through!

Fragmentation to integration to goal seekers, creators and choosers. "The metaphor is exploration. The method is dialogue." (Watson story, page eight.)

Throw them all together in the right pattern, er, recognition, I mean if you pattern the right recognition, no, that is, recognize the right pattern, well, you cease to be a robot and become a Captain Cook, maybe even a Horatio Alger, zounds—a McLuhan!

Ah, but most exciting is, shhhh, the silent language, something presumably akin to the silent majority—it just keeps rousing you out to go somewhere you don't want to but you can't fight back because it refuses to argue.

It all seems as complicated as grokking. In that field, Robert Heinlein has something important to add about communication. Laughter, not just a smile, but that real old belly laugh is the ugliest sound in the world, he states.

Because anything that really makes you laugh is something that has hurt or embarrassed someone else—another side of human "communication".

—A.S.

# The high cost of dying – university wants one last pound of flesh (\$)

January 11, 1970

Comptroller's Office  
Third Floor  
Administration Building  
University of Alberta

To Which Bureaucrat It May Concern:

Recently I received a small piece of paper purporting to be from your office (my agents are checking its veracity) which stat-

ed that I owe the U of A \$96.33 in fees. After picking myself up off the floor where I had collapsed in a fit of hysterical laughter, I thought over my unfortunate association with the U of A. In its hollow halls I had taken 15 arts and science courses resulting in an infectious B.A. in English and Sociology. Upon graduating (1969), I'd waved a tearful goodbye to my old alma mater—proud to have been part of the great mass deception—and, diploma in hand, set out into the real world.

Alas and alack, after two months I was still unemployed. My weight was down to 13 pounds and I was surviving only by crawling thru keyholes and robbing rich capitalists of their bloody profits. And then one day the light dawned—I had been cheated. The university had promised me an education and then wasted my time with a lot of irrelevant garbage. At that moment it became quite obvious that it was the university that owed ME money, not the other way around. Its debt to me is outlined below:  
Lying professors,  
Boring professors,

Inane professors,	
Stupid professors (total):	\$ 783
Lectures from 1949 notes:	\$ 178
Overcrowded classes due to enrolment of undercover agents and narcs:	\$ 122
Cafeterias resembling hospital wards:	\$ 89
Nausea:	
Wauneita Formal:	\$ 266
Ugly Buildings:	\$ 29
Obnoxious administrators:	\$ 101
Continued existence of Faculty Club:	\$ 108
Absurdity:	
Fascism:	\$1,293
Thwarted destructive urges:	\$ 112
Fraternities and other cancerous growths:	\$ 94
Alienation:	
Frustration:	\$ 809
Irrelevancy:	\$ 804
No Exit:	\$4,774
	\$9,633

Please remit this amount.

(1st Notice)

Dialectically yours,  
Dougal MacDonald

P.S. A plague upon the gray despair of your ugly lives that keeps us all from the truth we deserve.



## Editor checked: all Bears support coach McDonald

We are writing you regarding your sports editors' comments concerning the Golden Bear Hockey Team in your January 13th issue.

In stating that there is "internal strife on the club" and that "several of the veterans are upset with the unpopular McDonald", we feel that he has certainly gone beyond the definition of an "opinion".

Let us assure you that there is no such thing as "strife" on our club, or is there ever likely

to be, win or lose. Secondly and most important is that our coach is backed one-hundred percent by all the players and managers associated with this team. If we can play with the same dedication that our coach has shown us so far this season, we will promise a successful year.

As a team, we can say we are proud to have him as our coach.

Golden Bear Hockey Team,  
Players and Managers,  
69-70.



## Unwanted wilting from wretched watering

by Gerald Umbach

One of the main problems with house plants is the watering and the effects of watering. There seems to be no general rule as to the amount and frequency of watering because some plants require moist soil; others do



best when the soil is allowed to dry moderately between waterings. One of the biggest problems with plants is that people tend to overwater their plants rather than under-water them.

I have found from experience that the frequency of watering depends on the type of pot used. At my apartment, which is relatively dry, I have found that clay pots need watering more frequently than do plastic pots of the same size. This is because the clay allows the water to evaporate more quickly than do the plastic pots of the same size.

As for the method of watering, there seems to be two different ideas on the matter. The one that I have been taught and found successful is to water from the surface. This method, as does the other, requires that the pot have holes in the bottom.

The water must be slowly poured into the pot and allowed to drain out the bottom. This excess is collected and discarded. The water is allowed to drain out the bottom so that excess salts, which are in the water, are removed.

The second method uses subirrigation; the water is allowed to seep into the soil from underneath. The procedure here is to place the plant in a sink of water until the soil feels wet. At this time remove the plant to the growing area. In using this method a white crust will form on the surface of the soil. This is salt and should be removed by replacing the top layer of the soil—one-quarter inch.

As a last point it should be noted that overwatering and underwatering plants both show the same symptoms—wilted.