

## Cerebral Dysentery

To The Editor:

It is of my opinion that when a highly-principled and honored organization such as the International Cultural Exchange Committee appoints a spokesman (referring to D. Cannard) that they should choose one who is capable of expressing the group's opinions rather than his own vomiting emotions.

Also, it is my opinion that good penmanship should harmonize with one's true, uncensored thought, and not his bowel movements.

I am writing in reference to that horrid residue of "cerebral dysentery" brought-up by D. Cannard which concentrates its acid flavour in The Gateway issue of December 18.

Very truly yours,  
A Plumber  
eng. 1

## Tops On Dunk List

To The Editor:

An ode to the Engineers:  
What a piece of work is an Engineer! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty, in form and moving! How express and admirable in action!! How like a god! The beauty of the world! The Paragon of animals!

I really cannot take complete credit for the above, as it was adapted from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. I think it appropriate and very fitting.

Mr. Editor, I had seriously thought of challenging all and any Engineers to a duel with loaded bed-pans at ten paces. I have since had second thoughts about this idea; I realize that I would be hopelessly outclassed in such a venture—they are so much better at slinging it than I am.

Tom Landsman  
ed. 4

P.S. I have been told that I am now Number One on the Engineers' Dunk list. I realize this is supposed to be some kind of honour, or something, but, fellows, I really must decline such recognition. Indelible blue clashes with my big brown eyes.

## Religion Mere Myth

To The Editor:

Dr. Lupul's advocacy of a department of religion at the U of A is obviously to counter claims that "religious" colleges offer something not available here at present. If a department such as you desire, Dr. Lupul, would in fact remove all differences between the publicly controlled and the privately run junior colleges, then the "religious" institutions even now offer nothing the state couldn't as well provide, and church bodies might just as well give their money to the Congo Rebels. With this I think you'll agree.

But religion, and certainly religion as studied by social scientists, is a human affair, a creation of man. The term "religion" does not, however, include the essence of the *Christian Faith*. God entering our world and our life cannot be the object of scientific research. And any lesser God can have no ultimate bearing on life. Any lesser God is better left for the amusement of sociologists and philosophers.

Human religiosity deals with mere myth. Only when man takes seriously the fact of God's revelation in Christ is his heart turned from trivial religious habits and human ornamentation, to reality. To a Lord of history who has known our human situation in all its nakedness and offers a meaningful, though not easy, way of life.

Of course, for you Dr. Lupul, one must form his own philosophy of life solely on the basis of "man's accomplishments and aspirations through the ages." If there be nothing but man's accomplishments, then there is ultimately Nothing!

On the other hand, if there be a God of Significance, his essence should be more manifest on the campus of a Christian college than in the context of a sociology class.

Let this be a challenge to all "religious" institutions as well!

In dissent,  
Doug Hendrickson

## Few purposes, no goals

# The Dilemma Of The Alienated Student

By Roger Ebert  
for

Canadian University Press  
Collegiate Press Service

The dilemma of the alienated student, important on every campus which hopes to involve its members in a community of scholars, is doubly important at a big, confusing university of today.

At this moment there are hundreds of students who have lost all contact with the world their fellows inhabit and who wander helplessly from classroom to dormitory room, not even aware they are searching desperately for a way to unlock these prison cells.

Many of these lost ones are new this semester, and will drop out in January or sooner. Others have been here for several years; they survive and even prosper in their classes, perhaps because the orderliness of classwork properly done is something to cling to when all other order seems unmasked as mockery and cant.

### DEGREES OR MATES

They are here because they were sent her, for degrees or mates or to keep up the status of their families back home in neighborhoods where personal contact is so atrophied that status is attached to public gesture. They are disorganized; they have no pride in their work; they can count no real accomplishments, but only the frustrating and self-denying pseudo-accomplishments of academic busy-work and hectic student "activities" forgotten tomorrow. They have few purposes and no goals. They drift.

Their existence is increasingly in shadowy terms. To their parents, they were once children, and what was something, but now they are often only subjects of dream-fulfillment because Dad Never Went to School. To the University, they are all-too-interchangeable parts, and one student I know who is taking a half-load and working full-time was asked if he realized he was "taking the place" of a potential full-time student (as if a real person could "take the place" of a statistical one!). To their friends, they are objects for conversation, witness to each other's infinitely boring autobiographies. To the people they date, they are companions but no lovers, because they are afraid to lower barriers and give of themselves.

The most urgent, crying need of these lost ones is to be given an opportunity to exist as individuals working toward some meaningful, self-fulfilling goal. It is an indictment of the university that the treadmill toward a diploma, with all of its manipulation of infinitesimal grade points, no longer seems an important goal on any level more noble than simple survival. Paul Goodman writes of students who "do" New Trier to "make" M.I.T. and "do" M.I.T. to "make" Westinghouse. But many of the wiser students perceive that this is an ironic deadend, because there is nothing else to "do" Westinghouse for, not in the society we have made for each other. There are no more noble goals, and so nobility perishes.

Some of my friends in the Administration tell me that there comes a time when there are no more honest reasons "why" a discouraged and defeated student should stay in college. Yet they know that the student who leaves the educational production line will be a "drop out" in a profound sense, a part of those dismal government statistics about the relationship between education and income. Often this confusion stems from a failure of both the student and his teachers to recognize that the subject matter is ABOUT something, and is neither an end in itself nor simply a means to job security and \$20,000 a year.

### LUCKY ONES BREAK DOWN

The unlucky ones survive this system. The lucky ones break down, and are sent to Counseling to be treated as human beings. It takes a physical or mental collapse to attract urgently needed sympathy in this and the other Institutions which fit themselves—but not always their members—into the Great Society. Mononucleosis is as often caused by a loss of meaning as any loss of sleep.

Efforts are made by the Administration to organize and order the chaos, but they are entirely the wrong efforts. While students seek smaller communities within the disintegrating whole, those concerned with the problem urge an "identification" wrongly based on the total campus and its most easily administered subdivisions, the housing groups. Unadmitted, in the back of every mind, is the realization that this campus is too

large to continue as a single unit, and that efforts to hold it together only intensify the pressure on its parts.

### EMPTY SPIRITS

Pathetic attempts are made to instill a sense of community in those who pathetically desire it. Hundreds of empty spirits cry out for comradeship, and are unanswered with the bureaucratic inadequacy of served meals, compulsory house meetings, exchanges and bulletin boards for every floor. These are ritual activities which bring no human understanding and serve only to consume time, increase frustration, and build within their victims a sense of vast inadequacy.

Yet no voice cries out that the king has no clothes. Real estate is expensive, and so the University reveals plans for more skyscraper dormitories, giant residence hotels with dining halls as intimate as automats. They will do to house customers for Conrad Hilton, but not students for a community of scholars. The spirits of their residents are crushed glass and stainless steel and the soft, dead breath of the ventilation equipment.

### GREEKS NO BETTER

The Greek houses are no better. Once, perhaps, it was possible to be brotherly to 40 friends, but now the houses have grown to 60 or 80 "brothers," and new wings are announced monthly by proud alumni who are destroying the comradeship they remember gratefully. The sororities expand more slowly, but their applicants increase in number yearly, until a rushee gladly subordinates her personality to an image she holds of the sisters, and the sisters artfully strive to develop themselves in the image the rushees expect. It is all training for the vicious, genteel, competitive hell they will all create in the suburbs next year while their husbands forage in the city for money.

There are still a few places you can go, still a few independent rooming houses where they can find a foundation for the thoughtful construction of an integrated, directed life as a real student with loyal friends. But these little houses are being torn down, year by year, to make room for the Baby Boom, and in a decade there may be nothing on this campus but the silent scream of loneliness, the efficient click of brisk sorting machines, and the breathing of the buildings.

## Only Your Druggist Knows For Sure

# The Hallmark Relationship: From Amorous Introduction To Acrimonious Rupture

By Ed Schwartz  
for  
Canadian University Press  
Collegiate Press Service

The Hallmark Company, whose millions have been amassed in providing aphorisms "for every occasion," recently has expanded its scope of operations.

Added to the list of Hallmark "occasions," which now include such notable events as not writing home, is the modern relationship. These cards are designed to cover all phases of contemporary love life, from amorous introduction to acrimonious rupture.

One need not see the other—all you require are a few cards and postage stamps. To explain the system fully, we shall construct a sample relationship, using cards on display in any well-stocked drug store.

### Characters:

Jack—Contemporary jeune homme, studying law at New York University.

Jill—Modern Emancipated Young Lady, reduced to typist for a New York publishing house, after graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Mt. Holyoke.

Jack and Jill meet in the New York Public Library one Sunday afternoon. They talk, and he pays her subway fare up to 113th St. He returns to his flat in the village.

### FAN FLAMES

November 1: Jack, anxious to fan the flames of romance, sends Jill the Introductory, "There's no excuse for a card like this—except to say hello," card.

November 7: Eager to display both her intelligence and affection, Jill counters with "To put it quite frankly, I've been indulging in some enjoyable calisthenics lately, triggered off by an exciting stimulus. In other words . . . I've been thinking of you."

November 11: Aggressively, Jack consolidates his gains: "How to keep the wolf from your door . . . Invite him in."

November 14: By now, Jill is feeling those pangs discovered to be an indication of adrenalin secretions. Unwilling to open up completely, she offers: "Either I love you . . . or I'm sick."

November 16: Jack is sure now. Seeing no point of restraining himself any longer, he happily proclaims: "I'm yours forever . . . You'll have to pay to have me hauled away."

November 18: Confident, Jill decides to get coy: "You're the best there is . . . And I deserve nothing but the best."

### FEMININE EGOTISM

November 21: Annoyed at this flaunting of feminine egotism, Jack decides to put Jill in her place: "Let me call you sweetheart . . . I keep forgetting your name." He compounds the insult by failing to include her Zip Code Number on the envelope.

November 27: Jill is hurt. She scours the racks of the drug store and procures a card the first three

sides of which are adorned only with fingers pointing to the back. There is written: "I have nothing to say to you."

December 1: Realizing that he has overstepped proper bounds, Jack tries to repent: "Okay, so I goofed. But you must remember how temperamental I am . . . 90% Temper. 10% mental."

### BEEBLE OFF

December 6: Jill is unconvinced. She sends a card which displays a large beetle on the first flap and reads, "You bug me," inside.

December 8: Panicked, Jack again tries to renew the relationship. He mails a card with a picture of a man ironing on the front, and the plea, "Let's iron out things between us," incrimbed within.

December 13: Jill will have none of it. She wants to convey her disgust as emphatically as she can. Her trump card presents a nude body with a large lipstick imprint completely covering her posterior on the first fold and the

stopper: "I still won't forgive you," on the second.

### BID ADIEU

December 17: Jack, resigned to Love's Labour Lost, bids adieu with: "Life . . . is empty without you."

Even this partial sampling of cards represents an admirable collection for any modern relationship, and these are just a few. To be sure, yet to be produced are the, "You're sweet but . . . I don't want to get involved," card, or the, "By the way . . . Are you Jewish?" model, but these will come in time.

In fact, there is no reason to stop with relationships. Soon we should see marriage cards, capturing moments like "Hi dear . . . How was work today," and ultimately Life cards with comments like: "I'll have a cheese sandwich . . . And a Coke," or "Did the Yankees . . . win again today?"

O yes, and a card which reads: "Hold up your card . . . I can't see what you're saying."