

Galley

June 1, 1967

Dear Anita:

Since I am just a freshman, and not very often on campus, I found your galley most enlightening. As for myself, I must say I had never been given cause to guess the wonderful things which have been going on right here, in front of my very eyes, so to speak. It certainly has been kept a secret, hasn't it? and I for one am extremely grateful that you have had the selflessness to point out the possibilities that await (at least theoretically) all of us.

Yet what you said seemed so improbable as well as delightful that I decided to find out more about these rare privileges. In my search for the truth of the matter, I had occasion to question many of my fellow students and was disappointed to learn that what you yearn for is not really available. For instance, one of the greatest privileges of such a relationship would undoubtedly be finding out lots of interesting and noteworthy facts (academic and otherwise) about fellow students as well as faculty members, which would otherwise (most Unjustly) remain as confidential as it was intended they remain. This, however, is unheard of and to my knowledge has never been practiced. I've also been told that your ideal friend and mentor would never dream of taking time to enlighten you at the expense of other students' petty academic quests: at least no one was able to confirm it to my satisfaction. Someone also told me that you would not even get any special privileges such as not having to take certain classes, by virtue of such a relationship; at any rate, there have been no recorded cases of the occurrence of such an event.

Also, you must allow that muckraking isn't nice, especially when it concerns a touchy subject of whose very existence we have no empirical evidence. My research, as well as my observations throughout the year have led me to believe that, unfortunate as it may seem, you must be wrong in your suppositions. For something as wonderful as you envision would never be so carefully concealed from the public view, would it? And logically, if you can't see something, it doesn't exist. Everyone knows that.

Keep dreaming --

Disillusioned Freshman