

# The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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**STAFF THIS ISSUE**—No one saw any of them, but these people turned in stories. It sure would be nice if some of them came up and said hello to this old snake. Please come to me, Marg Bolton, Brian MacDonald, Lorna Cheriton, Jim McCormick, Glenn Cheriton, Ken Bailey, Al Smith, Laurie Kostek, Graham Camplin, Bob Conarroe, Randy Jankowski, and Don Carroll. Yours truly, Harvey Thomgirt.

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—7 p.m. Sunday, advertising—noon Thursday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Friday; for Thursday edition—7 p.m. Tuesday, Advertising—noon Monday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Tuesday; for Friday edition—7 p.m. Wednesday, advertising—noon Tuesday prior, Short Shorts—5 p.m. Wednesday; Casserole advertising—noon Thursday previous week. Advertising manager: Greg Berry, 432-4329. Offices phones—432-4321, 432-4322. Circulation—10,000.

Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Postage paid at Edmonton. Telex 037-2412.

Printed by The University of Alberta Printing Services.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1968

## The university system . . .

The frosh, at least 3,500 of them, are saying they don't know what the hell is going on in this place. They are wandering around the new buildings, the old buildings and some of the other buildings and, to these frosh, everything looks quite nice, thank you.

They understand these things. What they don't understand is who is who at this university. When they read about the administration being attacked and about the General Faculty Council and the Senate etc., the frosh do not know who these people are or what they are doing or why students feel they have the right to criticise them.

To clarify these bodies, we have the bible, reversed and followed to the letter, called The Universities Act. It is a 45-page booklet (without amendments) and is a bona fide

bill passed by the provincial legislature. That means it is a law—just like the no smoking signs in lecture rooms. These laws are to be obeyed. The University of Alberta follows these laws.

There are three main ruling bodies at the university—Senate, General Faculty Council and the Board of Governors. Their powers are in that order, from weakest to most powerful.

According to the act, the Senate's duty is to "inquire into any matter that might tend to enhance the usefulness of the university." It meets a couple of times each year and is allowed to make recommendations to the General Faculty Council or to the Board of Governors or both. The student body has representation on the Senate but nothing worth shouting about.

## . . . how it works

Next on the way to the top is the General Faculty Council. There are more than 60 people on this council and we have three student representatives—all voting members. The GFC, according to the act, is responsible for "the academic affairs of the university" and in particular but without restricting the generality of this, the general faculty council is empowered to do 17 other things such as determine time tables for exams, lectures and instruction, provide for the granting of degrees, make rules and regulations for for the management and conduct of the libraries, and makes rules and regulations respecting academic awards.

There are many other more important rules, but it can be safely said that GFC has a tremendous amount of power in the university—almost as much as any other body or committee.

The GFC meetings are closed to the public, the press etc. because, as president Walter Johns says "a great majority of the matters considered are not of general interest to student body at all."

Sure, they talk about the libraries, the lectures, degrees, faculty, admission requirements but these

aren't of interest to the student body.

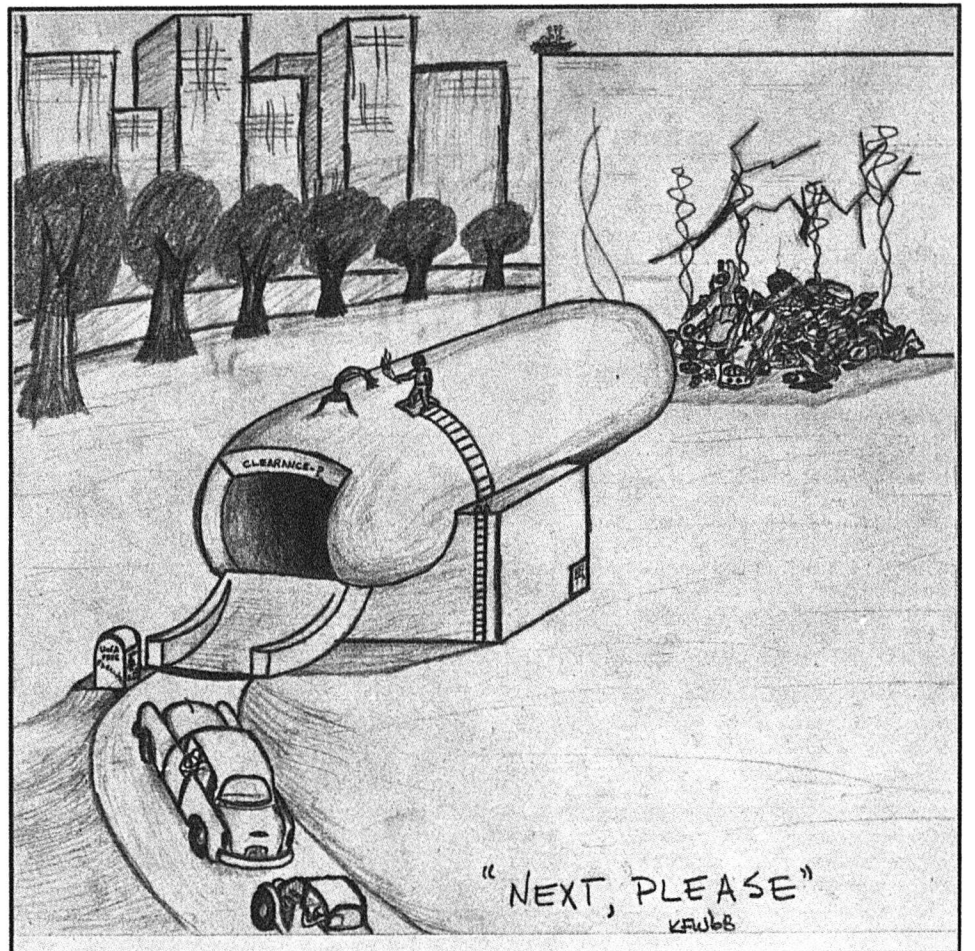
Above these are the Board of Governors and the student body has two representatives on it—they are non-voting and they are representative students, not representatives of the students. Like the GFC members, they are appointed by special student council committees. That's democracy.

The Board of Governors, according to the act, has "the management and control of the university and of the property, revenues, business and affairs thereof . . ."

All decisions from General Faculty Council must go to the board for ratification. The board is appointed by the lieutenant governor of the province. There are no elections involved. It is strictly appointment. The word "politics" may apply here.

The Universities Commission is a liaison body between the university and government and does a lot of research and recommendation in finance etc. They are appointed.

Then there is the government and everybody knows who they are. And there are the students. That's us. We're at the bottom of the list, not the top.



## Shakespeare in the V-wing

By AL SCARTH

Page Five in Tuesday's Gateway took a light look at one of the less desirable aspects of the lecture system—professors being forced behind cash registers.

But spontaneity has by no means bid adieu to the university amphitheatre. Witness an afternoon Shakespeare class held Wednesday in the less-than-spontaneous surroundings of a V-wing elevated classroom. You must be familiar with the usual scene. Prof enters from the rear, down and down he goes, farther and farther from his students.

In fact, students have become so frightened of personal contact with Him that they rarely, unless forced by the multitudes or cajoled by Him to do so, occupy front row seats.

Reasons: Everyone will think I'm a suckhole, I don't like people looking at the back of my head (I want to look at the backs of their heads), He won't ask me a question if He can't see me, it's easier to be snotty if you're anonymous. But these are only symptoms of alienation bred by the university itself. Basically, everybody wants to participate, be encouraged to learn, and rewarded when they have done so—not by marks but by personal contact and mutual respect between themselves and their teachers.

Well, this is no ordinary Run of the Milton English prof that bounced in Wednesday afternoon. He swung from the cuffs of his purple shirt to the top of his Beatle-Kennedy haircut. Billed by one female Casserole Editor as possessing Peter O'Toole's eyes, Richard Burton's voice and John Kennedy's hairpiece, that cat had two unadvertised qualities.

One: He added to a slightly Satanic look, the gait and manner of a mischievous Leprechaun. Sex appeal.

Two: He could make things happen. And it is number two that counts.

So he counted: "You, you and you." When he finished, six assorted students stood on the table at the front of the now transformed classroom. Never was the professor at the front. He sat comfortably ensconced near the rear with his Works of Shakespeare comfortably ensconced in his lap. This was no longer V-wing, U of A, but Public Square, Rome, as seen from the Elizabethan theatre.

These four girls and two boys—standing yet—you have to picture this—standing next to the water faucet on

the table in front of their fellows. They were now bona fide Roman Senators. The New Romans had come.

Titus Andronicus was the play. In typical Elizabethan fashion, the audience was gratified (much as in James Bond) and horrified (much as in The Green Berets) by "burning entrails perfuming the sky."

"Enter Bassianus, enter Marcus Andronicus aloft," says the Richard Burton voice. "Saturninus and Bassianus, off you go, fshhh." Saturninus and Bassianus don't exactly fshhh away in grandeur but you get the idea. "We haven't got Martius and Mutius yet. Could you, and you? Thank-you. Now the rest of the row—Titus, Aaron, other Goths, people following. Very good."

This is a switch. At least half the class is now milling about in an embarrassed yet actively attentive and involved mob at the base of the amphitheatre. Aloft (on the table), observing them are the Senators. The point: "Maybe this will give you a general idea of what the disposition of actors might have been like on an Elizabethan stage."

By this time, the Senators are getting tired leg-bones and have run out of things to do with hands that seem to hang uselessly. They are not actors. A shapely co-ed glance at the clock and shifts her position again. They are not acting (nor have they spoken a line) but they have participated and made something as dry as, who might stand where on old Rattle Lance's stage, come real.

The Leprechaun bounds to the front to sum up. Of all things, he compares the bard's notions of arrangements of action to that in Michelangelo's picture of The Last Judgement. It hangs in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The idea of a centre of attention with all sorts of things going on about it was not Michelangelo's either, he is saying. "It was the way one did things."

The next gem has nothing to do with Shakespeare.

"So the Pope says to Michelangelo: 'Fix me up a Last Judgement on that wall over there.' And Michelangelo, cursing and swearing and spitting, sets about painting the wretched thing. He hated painting."

It may not have much to do with Shakespeare but that comment and the whole previous scene went a long way in humanizing and humourizing a cumbersome lecture system.