

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - Rich Vivone

managing

editor Ronald Yakimchuk

casserole

editor Elaine Verbicky

news editor Miriam McClellan

sports editor Bill Kankewitt

photo editor Chuck Lyall

STAFF THIS ISSUE—There is only one way to describe our feelings when we get a new front page story at midnight . . . !& "Z! ???z!!!, or . . . But, that is the newspaper business. And helping us vent our feelings were John Mahon, Gwen Burkin, Elaine Gaetz, Ina van Nieuwkerk, Lorna Cheriton, Elizabeth O'Donoghue, Margaret Hergot, Daryl Walton, Ken Bailey, Randy Jankowski, Bev Bayer, Jim Muller, Joe Czajkowski, John Blackwell, and your (I swear) 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.

PAGE FOUR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1968

Take a look at today

If we forget about student power, student riots, revolution etc. for a minute, the material problems confronting the university are apparent.

The university is growing in size. The freshman enrolment is expected to hit 3,500. There is an increase in graduate students, in faculty and in university staff.

Consequently, there is need for more buildings, more space to locate these buildings. The proposed expansion into north Garneau area is a long range program and there still has been no definite commitment as to how much will be used and what will be built.

Administrators, however, before plunging headlong into the thick of it should look back at what has happened on campus in the past. They should take a long hard look at the students' union building which is just two years old. Already, the cafeteria is too small. Students wanting to bring lunch from home and eat friends in the cafeteria are finding there just isn't enough space in the place.

These students are overflowing into the lounges and to the various offices on second floor. Some even move into the theatre. Assuming there is another bulk registration of frosh next year, there will be no place to put the great majority of students during the mealtimes.

Had the campus bosses not relented and decided to let Tuck Shop stay, the food problem at this university right now would be overwhelming and the cafeteria could not possibly accommodate a small portion of them. It is too bad they

did not foresee such a problem two years ago when they changed Hot Caf into the Boreal Institute.

The campus hasn't been the same without Hot Caf and its intellectual atmosphere and those who purchased meals there were shoved into the students' union building which can't handle them.

The problem becomes more acute when we consider the parking problem. Garneau has only so much land. If buildings, are erected, the newly-created parking lots will have to go. And there isn't enough space to park cars already. Possibly a cross-town rapid transit system could alleviate the situation.

Or maybe we should do as one Japanese city did. That city refused to let anyone purchase a car unless they could prove they had a place to park it.

The cycle goes on and on. More people, need for more space, need for more buildings, need for more faculty, need for more everything.

And it the architects have any time at all, they should consider the Tory Building before planning more lecture theatres. Tory has a great number of rooms with no windows. It has twists and turns in its halls and this, as you have discovered in the past few days, prevents easy entrance and exit. The basement is very poorly designed which is evident during class changes every day.

These things have be done and it is to too late to make any significant changes.

But the campus planners should seriously study their past errors or we may be holding lectures on the football field.

The course guide

The course guide, the first of its kind for this campus, is not a bad piece of information. It says it provides representative comments on a number of profs and even lists the good ones on a special page.

Which is fine. Except there is no way on this campus a freshman or any student in a general program can discover in advance which prof will be teaching which course. The timetables passed out at regis-

tration gives all the courses but it fails to give names of the profs teaching each.

So it doesn't matter what you know about any prof, there is no guarantee you will either avoid one or get another.

Until the university lists in advance the profs and the courses taught by each, the course guide, for all its merits, is virtually useless to the average student.



An ad agency to market education?

By PATRICK MacFADDEN

Automation of the learning process goes on apace. Its latest manifestation is the tape-recorded lecture. This system, which apparently has been in use at the Sorbonne for some years, is now becoming popular in North America and we may expect it at Alberta in the near future. Essentially the idea is that when you have missed, either by good luck or by deliberate omission, the nine o'clock collected thoughts of Professor Tombstone, you may submit a small fee to the university and, by return of post, you can have taped Tombstone right in your very living room.

On the surface, this development appears trivial. It seems to us, however, that the implications are endless. Consider, for example, the effect of such a measure on the content of the average lecture: live Tombstone under studio conditions is surely going to be different. No longer may he expect to pass muster with that peculiar melange of hums and haws, comatose whimsy, sneezes and non-sequiturs, rhetorical meanderings and banal musings that in the past he was pleased to consider as The Lecture; nor will he be allowed to indulge his favorite pastime of whiling away the hour in an esoteric exchange with that dreadful girl in the front row who has already read the textbook fourteen times—and knows it—while the rest of us build up hate and turn—this is the measure of our despair—to The Gateway. No, from here on in Tombstone is for posterity, caught, as it were, in the act, his pathetic mumbblings, his desperate attempts at gaiety, his terrifying lack of rapport, all held in a frozen moment of truth, by the chilling winds of technology.

Later, in the cold evenings, at the winter solstice, at Christmas time, to the echoing nutcracker around the family hearth, when the children have become bored with Monopoly, Tombstone will be dusted off, his middle pierced by the ubiquitous Grundig, and to sounds of raucous laughter and brandy hiccups, he will regale suburbia with a totally misleading account of the Tudor Constitution. The ultimate in entertainment has been reached. The flesh becomes Word. Tombstone, at last, is Living Presence.

It would be a mistake to presuppose that those who wish to avail themselves

of postal education will remain in a minority. There is no particular reason why ten thousand students should not save the busfare and invest in tape. Thus, in one fell swoop, will be solved the teacher shortage, the building shortage, and the traffic problem.

Nor will it be necessary to ask an embarrassed professor to tape a lecture in front of seven hundred empty seats. Certainly not. Tombstone may deliver his lecture in his apartment, beholding the bright countenance of truth down among the bacon rinds and the marmalade, and send it off to a clearing house for dispatch. This will solve the further problem of academic qualifications. Obviously since the entire operation is carried on in private, no one will know that the lecture is being read straight from the textbook.

It may, of course, be necessary to hire an advertising agency to market the product. This should present no difficulty. The tape can be given a dry run, preferably somewhere in Northern Ontario, random samples may be taken and the whole thing attractively packaged for the home market. Later on anthology may be issued under the title, "The Best of Tombstone," or "Tombstone — The Vintage Years," with erudite notes on the sleeve and printed inserts for the aficionado; later again, subdued academic-type applause may be dubbed and released under the heading, "Tombstone At The Hungry I." And a monaural version will be readily available for those who require Student Aid.

There is, we feel, great merit in the new approach. Private enterprises, in the shape of admen, recording companies and public relations officers, will receive a much-needed shot in the arm; the free play of market forces will guarantee, as always, the improved quality of the product; lecturer and student need no longer meet; the entire community, educators and educated, for the future may remain in their concrete boxes, thus ensuring the triumph of that encapsulated alienation deemed correct for a property-owning democracy; and, finally, a method of distribution will have been found which will cut out the middle man. On this last point, we have to admit there are difficulties. For the middle-man, in this case, is The University of Alberta.