

The Gateway

Member of the Canadian University Press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—It's almost exam time. I say that because The Gateway staff is getting smaller, as it usually does before exams. The hardcore working types for this issue were Neil Driscoll, Geddes Wilson, Andy Rodger, Allan Husted, Pearl Christensen, Ralph Melnychuk, Sheila Ballard, Lorraine Allison, Dave Wright, Lorraine Munich, Donna Cookson, Marcia Reed, Eugene Brody, Ed Marchand, Monica Ulrich, Lee Morrison, Valerie Becker, Dave Dahl, Bill Beard, Bev Gietz, Dan Wesley, Brian Credico, Al Scarth, Mary Lou Taylor, and yours truly, Harvey (phone number 433-1155 girls) Thomgirt.

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an invitation

A faculty committee is working on plans for the new university print shop. Presumably, members of that committee have agreed this university should be in the printing business, and are now deciding whether present facilities should expand into a University of Alberta Press, capable of publishing a wide range of publications in addition to the university's regular printing needs.

Meanwhile, our cramped, old-fashioned and ill-equipped University Print Shop continues to refuse more than half the printing jobs it is offered, as it struggles to keep pace with this institution's growing printing requirements.

The shop, squeezed into a nook behind the Engineering Building, is hampered by many things. For example, two linotype machines can produce only so much type in a day, particularly when their age is aptly described by the words "beyond retirement." A hand-fed flatbed press which has served the university for a rumored forty years is in the same boat.

True, much new equipment has

been added in recent years; but there is a point at which the addition of machinery merely causes grief, by forcing employees to work under conditions closely resembling those experienced in factories about the time of Dickens.

The faculty committee, in determining this campus's future printing needs, has so far failed to consult the persons who run the present facilities. Nor have committee members visited the University Print Shop recently, and viewed the shocking working conditions there.

Inadequate lighting, moving machinery, and absence of proofreading facilities, plus dangers found in such overcrowded plants would soon move committee members to make the new print shop much larger just so that normal safety precautions can be maintained.

We also invite committee members to interview the men and women who must work in the print shop, and find out their views on the subject, instead of bringing in outside "experts" to evaluate our printing needs.

our artistic deficit

For several years, verbal sniping at campus architecture has been a favorite student sport. Students may not know much about architecture, but they know what they like.

Rather than wasting time on architecture or lack of it, students should be out with placards right now, protesting a more basic aesthetic lack.

Anyone who has visited the Banff School of Fine Arts knows of the difference between the campus atmosphere there and here.

Aside from the obvious advantage of locale, the BSFA has acquired assets which make it a storehouse of value beside which the Edmonton campus is an intellectual piggy bank.

We refer, of course, to the BSFA's extensive art collection. The walls are papered with paintings, prints and murals; students en route to classes have to dodge around exhibits of sculpture, ceramics and pottery.

At the University of Alberta, we have an Arts building with two meager bronze statues, a library with one terra cotta bust on the first floor and the absolute mini-

mum of paintings rationed painfully throughout the building.

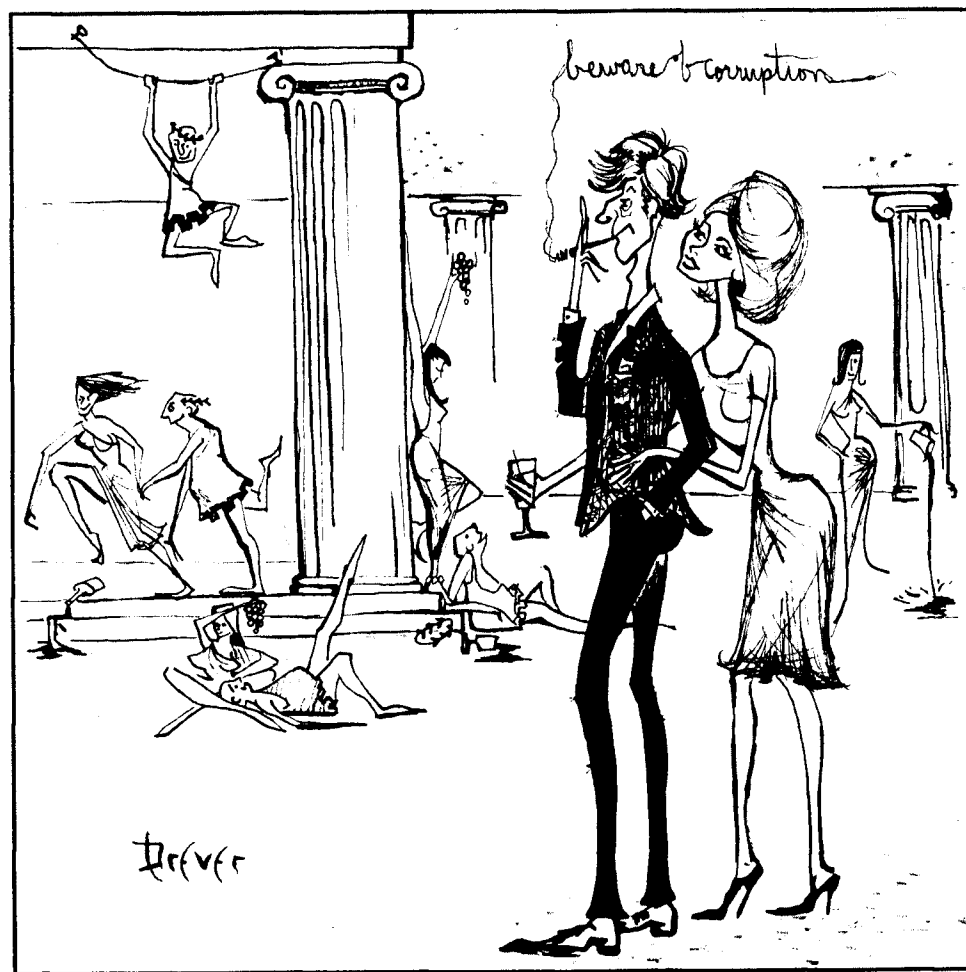
Attempts to make the wasteland flower have been well-meant, but inadequate. The campus art gallery holds its showings, and the art department has its collection; but by and large, these are away from the avenues of student trade and commerce.

Art should surround and envelop the campus. Art should be in the halls, the lunchrooms, even in the classrooms where students can see and appreciate it, not as an exclusive and esoteric department of life; but as a day-to-day source of pleasure.

How to do this? Paintings do not grow on trees, to coin a phrase.

We do not have to get original masterpieces. Student art adorns the halls of the BSFA, and student art can be bought for use here. Photographic reproductions of masterworks are suitable also.

In other words, let us not delay for reasons of cost, difficulty, or the other dour things which occur to student councillors. The Students' Union or the Administration must begin now to correct the artistic deficit that has so long pauperized the University of Alberta.



"And Hooke thinks WE are immoral!"

tangier

by doug walker

Hey! Hey meester — you wanna buy keef? Such is the traveller's inevitable introduction to Morocco. From the white-washed but superficial cleanliness of Tetuan to the back alleys of Casablanca, the question—Do you want some marijuana?—constantly arises. But it is in Tangier that the evidence of marijuana is most noticeable.

Sitting at a side-walk cafe in the Soco Chico, the small square in the center of the Casbah, you see its effect paraded before your eyes. There is the twenty-four-year-old writer from New York who, pupils dilated and hands shaking, asks you for a cigarette. He has been here four years on an allowance from home, and he hasn't written anything yet.

Or there is the young Moroccan, twisting and turning, bouncing down the street with a bed spring balanced on his head.

Or the numerous little rooms off the narrow streets, rooms closed to Europeans, where the Moroccan men gather to smoke their pipe of marijuana and to converse.

Later, a handsome Moroccan in expensive Western clothing sits down at your table and starts a conversation. He is self-impressed, proud of his knowledge of English and of his worldly ways. "I could even let you have a thousand kilos," he says. How you would fit twenty-two hundred pounds of marijuana into your pack, he fails to mention.

In his next breath, he condemns a Moroccan woman in Western dress as disgusting. They shouldn't be allowed to dress like that. There's too

much Western influence here, he says.

Tangier does have a modern, European-looking business section, yet these streets seem sparsely populated. The life, the heart of the city is the old, run-down, narrow and twisting network of streets that form the Arab quarter. You feel there are few things you couldn't see or do here.

In fact, this is probably true. Long renowned as the world smuggling capital, Tangier now seems to have lost the title to larger, busier cities such as Barcelona. Yet the Casbah has retained its somewhat sinister character.

There are the children, some blind or crippled, who attach themselves to you, pleading for money. And the stares you draw, simply because you are foreign. There is the street carnival with the same successful sucker games, and the flea market with the same cheap merchandise displayed in ramshackle huts. At the proper hours, there is the eerie wail of the muezzin as he calls the Moslems to worship.

And always, there are the people who accost you in the streets. If they can't sell you marijuana, they will sell you the cheap trinkets they manufacture as a livelihood. If they can't sell you anything, they will buy your clothes, especially sweaters or blue jeans. If everything else fails, they ask for the inevitable handout. And they make up in persistence what they lack in tact.

If you were asked to name the most striking thing about the city, it would be the way of life, the hand-to-mouth, day-to-day existence of almost everyone you see. You wonder how they manage to survive.

You will never forget your visit.