

# casserole

a supplement section  
of the gateway

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GOOD IDEAS? JUNK? ANYTHING GOES

... into a Casserole

Have you ever felt that your most eloquent invective has been wasted on the rabble?

Consider said invective. Multiply it by 10,000. Now picture it being read by the intellectual masses.

Sound good? Then join Casserole!

Casserole is the melting pot of the University complex, the podium for student ideas and ideals, a common ground for revolutionists, thinkers, men about campus and Charlie Browns.

Casserole is your paper, your voice, the common ground for the disputes and delights of the students.

So come down to room 282 SUB and put your noise in print.

This first issue of the year comes to you from a very few people.

We're kind of proud of the cover shot, courtesy of Bev Bayer and Al Scarth. If you didn't notice the cattle drive through Con Hall during registration, the system must have really been getting to you.

C-2 carries a manifesto hot from the oven.

A lot of C-3 is unreal.

And C-4 and C-5 are downright revolting.

Check the arts pages for a review of Hurtig's chef d'oeuvre, *The New Romans*. Get acquainted with Luv, and have a helping of Leftovers.

Anything can go into a Casserole.

It has to be cooked up on a gut instinct of what people hunger for.

A good Casserole is difficult to make, and more difficult to judge since no two ever come out of the oven the same. But if one ever makes its readers feel very good or very bad or very thoughtful, chances are it came out as the cooks hoped it would.

Casserole is the weekly supplement to The Gateway.

Every Monday, the staff (whoever happens to be in the office at the time) starts with a few basic ingredients; eight blank pieces of paper, one cover photo, four pages worth of fulminations which can roughly be termed news features, three pages worth of fine arts material, some generous cuts of photography and graphics, and a helping of Leftovers to bottom it all off.

In the mixing process, some necessary spices are added by our complete editorial freedom, and a team of writers with lush minds of a beer-and-champagne make-up varying in proportions with the individual.

We never know for sure what is going into the issue each week. Anybody with a good idea can come into the office and change the recipe, since the editor is a woman who says yes to just about anything.

But we do know a few of

the big things Casserole is going to look at this year.

The biggest thing is you. You the student, you the human being, you registration number 68524-and-a-half. If Casserole doesn't write about you and what is important to you, it might as well be thrown on a used Gateway and carried out to the garbage can.

Are you afraid to track mud through the administration building? Do you get a feeling of satisfaction when you step on the name on the SUB cornerstone in the courtyard sidewalk? Have you ever had coffee, or even a telephone chat, with University of Alberta President Dr. Walter H. Johns?

Casserole will be wondering why or why not, just like the psychological tests.

If the university is a community of scholars, as everyone says, and if a community is something within which your basic human needs are satisfied, as some sociologists say, then a university must satisfy your basic human needs as scholars.

Does is? Casserole will wonder.

And Casserole will print articles by thoughtful people who believe a university of the North American brand does not satisfy our human needs.

These people say our universities are not communities, but multiversities, and not

even too full of honest scholars and scholarship.

Casserole might make a little noise about the difference between human dignity and professorial dignity.

Human dignity derives from relationships between human beings who respect each other as rational, sensitive men.

Professorial dignity would seem to derive from the relationship between a human being and certain non-rational, non-sensitive furniture: desks, lecterns, lecture notes, audio-visual aids, and—oh, yes—a group of receiving sets somewhere out in the darkness.

We will take a look at the right of the receiving sets to give static.

Student unionism, student syndicalism and student power—there's a set of words Casserole will analyze and attempt to define. Better read than dead.

Right now students in places like l'Universite de Montreal and Laval are saying "the student" is a collectivity, not a individual.

Since the dead-end March march on the provincial legislature to protest the recent tuition fee hike, Casserole has been wondering how much of a collectivity you have to be to collect. Or connect.

Casserole will run something special for people who think a student's home is a castle.

Our "Home and Grass Plot" issue will spotlight the abode of Morty Freeble, arts 5. He lives in inner Garneau in a lower-level (basement) suite, and has amassed the finest collection of furnishings of Early 97th Street period ever to be found in the university area.

Look for articles which will cop out of the ivory tower into the society so far below us (cough).

Not many people from Hobbema, Calling Lake or Lac La Biche—Indian and Metis settlements close to Edmonton—ever come to good ol' U of A. Casserole will ask why the place is left to us immigrants.

Following our philosophy of political realism, Casserole will print pictures of Pierre Elliott Trudeau for you to hang on your wall. We will dare to babble about the B.N.A. Act.

Our pages will estimate how many people push acid around here and why that many people push acid.

We will try to find out if fees are going up again.

As a matter of fact, we will try everything.

Casserole.

You can rock it, talk it or sock it. Just don't knock it.

And if you can't stomach the main dish, there's always Leftovers.

## The Casserole Manifesto