



## West Side Story

Two U of A students, Orest Semchuk and Bonnie Knowlton, have won roles in the forthcoming professional production of West Side Story, the hit musical. The play will be presented February 27, March 1 and 2 at the Jubilee Auditorium. Jerome Michael of New York is the director and choreographer

for the play, produced by Canadian Artistic Productions Ltd.

The musical was originally going to be called "East Side Story" when first conceived in 1949, but when the conflict was changed from Jewish-Catholic to Puerto Rican-American, the name was changed.

## Bowering's Mirror on the Floor shattered; lack of technical skill breaks good idea

**MIRROR ON THE FLOOR**, by George Bowering. McClelland and Stewart, 160 pp. \$2.50.

The first major prose work of George Bowering bears the heavy touch of an amateur who is out of his medium. Generally considered a poet, Bowering has moved into the realm of prose in which to exercise his skill. In some circles his poetry is held in esteem (I personally can't think of any off-hand); I don't think his prose will find the same degree of praise. On the contrary, Bowering's book is a failure in almost all its aspects.

The initial failure lies in his attempt to use a great deal of description. In this work he has over-used the adjective. The result of his description is an over-abundance of long, obtuse sentences. He becomes so caught up in the technique that he forgets that there is a story going on. In short, he loses control of the prose very easily, and it is evident that he is certainly not a master of his craft.

The descriptive prose which was probably his goal is not an undesirable form when it is handled properly; it can become a very invigorating style to read. It is a pity that Bowering failed to reach

the zenith of this technique for his basic idea of the story is not a bad one.

Bowering has handled the boy-girl hang-up story very well. The twists of his story keep the book from suffering a dismal death. They keep the events of his book from becoming a common, boring, heart-tearing, melodramatic pile of garbage; a story hung by its hang-ups and the inability to c-o-m-m-u-n-i-c-a-t-e! However, Bowering makes it interesting as he develops the movement of events between the two main characters. He uses the first person point of view with a very difficult subject matter: the personal reflection of a story.

To give the basic storyline could be an aid in appreciating the way Bowering handled his material; up to a certain degree. The story is of a very uncolorful character who falls in love with a beautiful girl, who falls in love with him to a limited state of responsibility. (His lack of color stems from the first person method of narration.) If Bowering had gone on from these with this bare start on material he might have failed miserably. Instead he created the beautiful girl in such a complex manner that the mystery of her actions make al-

lowances for other character development failures. The girl is withdrawn and on the verge of insanity. She is depressing yet still mysterious, but degrades and confuses the hero. Her problems are the result of a very unstable childhood, which were caused by her puritan mother (one must to bed, only to conceive) and her sexually frustrated father.

The hero, Bob Small, attempts to save her from herself which is the last thing she wants. He realizes the futility of trying to help her and decides that because he loves her, and because it is really the best thing for them both, they agree on the benefits of a co-operative-carnal-confectionary. She eventually tires of its all, her father dies, and she confronts Bob in an attempt to finish the affair. She slaps him, and he fists her in the mouth. She seems to come back to reality and murders her mother. It ends with Small unsurprised and somewhat in a daze. Bowering has been able to capture the pathos of the story very well without becoming hackneyed.

On the whole the story is entertaining, but clumsily written. A good re-write might have produced a better work.

—John Makowichuk

### Postgraduate and Postdoctoral Opportunities

Department of Pathological Chemistry, Banting Institute, University of Toronto

Fellowships available for graduate students to work toward an M.Sc. or Ph.D. degree with research on the basic biochemistry of renal, hepatic, metabolic or endocrine disorders. Enquiries are invited from students with a sound education in the chemical, biological or biophysical sciences or in medicine. Post-doctoral opportunities are also available leading either to academic research, or to a professional career as a clinical chemist or medical biochemist.

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## Now at the Citadel

# The Owl and the Pussycat

Jack Heller, the funniest man on stage during last season's hit production of "Luv," returns to The Citadel Theatre to star in *The Owl and the Pussycat*, which opened last Wednesday.

The comedy by Bill Manhoff, which ran for more than a year on Broadway, co-stars Marlene Warfield, a vivacious Brooklyn actress.

It is directed by Robert Glenn, with set design by Phillip Silver.

Mr. Heller plays an owlish bookstore clerk who lives in a lonely San Francisco apartment and considers himself to be a very intellectual writer and above the demands of the flesh.

His intellectual interests, however, have not prevented him from using his leisure to spy through binoculars on the amorous adventures of a shady lady in an apartment across the courtyard.

A self-righteous puritan, he has her evicted for practising her profession with the shades up.

The fun begins when the Pussycat comes to the Owl's apartment late one night, intent on scratching his eyes out for having her dispossessed. After giving him a furious calling-down, she insists that the Owl has an obligation to take her in at least for the night. He does.

The race is on as to who will educate whom—the owl is determined to convert Miss Warfield to a devotion of literature and other pleasures of the mind, and the sexy feline is intent on teaching the priggishly young man that all the joys of life aren't in books.

Mr. Heller starred in the Broadway production and the national tour of "Luv," before teaming up with Toronto's Ben and Sylvia Lennich in The Citadel's presentation of the same play last year. He also has appeared on Broadway in Dore Schary's *One by One*, and toured in *Tea and Sympathy* and *All My Sons*.

Miss Warfield came here from the Lincoln Center Repertory Touring Company in New York, where she's appeared in such productions as *Taming of the Shrew*, *Androcles and the Lion* and *Thurber's Carnival*. She was cast as *Virtue in the Off-Broadway show, "The Blacks."*

Both performers have appeared on "The Defenders" and other well-known TV programs.

*The Owl and the Pussycat* will run through to March 9, with a Saturday matinee at 2:30 p.m. on February 19. A review will appear on these pages next week.

## leftovers

Further to the problem of Emily Broadbottom's unfondled state:

Dear Emily,

Not being a native Albertan myself, I can understand your problem. It's not the boys who are different, but you, the girls. From October till April the pinchable (tee hee) twin bumpers are covered in innumerable layers of insulation (for the cold, I'm told). Now, if you consider the problem from our point of view, what fun is there in pinching three to five inches of clothing?

So, please Emily, give the natives another chance (ouch) by walking across the (ouch) quad in late spring or early summer, when the insulation has been stored.

Yours pinchingly,  
T.F.

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We have a suggestion from a pundit around The Gateway office that this column should be re-named "Table Scraps". We consider this a calumny and an unfair comment on the quality of material herein presented.

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We extend, with our fellow students, the hand of welcome to the many high-school students visiting the campus this weekend, with the usual warning not to take things as they seem.

For example, don't be fooled into thinking that our Students' Union Building is heaven on earth. It is actually part of the international conspiracy to dehydrate university students. Anyone able to find a water fountain in the building is a good searcher indeed; the vending machines give cups but no liquid (or vice versa), and the coffee in the cafeteria is reputedly distilled from remnants donated to the university by B. F. Goodrich.

We also warn you to keep a weather eye open for that sometime villain, sometime good guy, the Phantom of SUB, who wanders these halls and is rumoured to eat three teeny-boppers every morning before breakfast.

Sir:

*That is a lie.*

*The Phantom*

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**THE HUMANIZATION OF SNOOPY**—Last week's Peanuts feature cartoon on TV caused many heads to shake in this department. Little Snoopy, that affectionate dog, was made to walk consistently on two feet, and almost—not quite, but ALMOST spoke. This is horrible—Snoopy is a dog, and that's what makes him so funny . . . please, Snoopy, don't become a human . . . please . . . please . . .