

The Gateway fine arts

a fond final goombye

Editing the Arts Page has been a chillingly beautiful experience, though at time of writing (1:10 a.m.) I'm not completely sure I'd do it again.

I landed the job in rather an odd way. Last term, sometime in March, I went to see "Mary Poppins". I was enthralled, and noticed the strangest correspondences between it and Ezra Pound's "Cantos".

I was an extremely obnoxious freshman.

Fired by my new insight, I dashed off a letter to the Gateway outlining my discovery and incidentally deploring the Gateway's lack of movie reviews.

The next morning, Bill Winship, the then Sun King, phoned me and suggested I edit next year's Arts Page. What could I say? Destiny had knocked and I opened the door.

Needless to say, once in power I reneged my one promise and didn't print any downtown movie reviews, there simply not being sufficient space to do a good job of it. (Cynical laughter from my staff as they read this over my shoulder.)

Otherwise, I've blundered through as best I could.

Fortunately, heaven delivered unto me a superlative second-in-command in the person of Bill Beard, whom I soon conned into doing most of the work on Sunday nights, which is to say most of the work, period.

Marcia Reed became the official Arts Page Demon, scarcely less invaluable than Mr. Beard.

The others whom I browbeat into contributing to the Page, did I think, a magnificent job. Let the name Nick Riebeck, Bob Mumford, Peter Montgomery, Bruce Ferrier, Elan Galper (whom I didn't use enough), and Beverley Gietz (though I don't agree about "The Music Room") stand forever among those immortals as should those names I have (it being 1:50 a.m.) forgotten.

Especial thanks must go to Isabelle Foord, who started out the year as Jackie Foord but remained indefatigably original, witty, and profound under both names; to Shirley Neuman, who could invariably be counted on to work her head off if need be, to Andy Rodger, the office's greasy eminence, and to Jon Whyte, il miglior fabbro, who was responsible for the most obscure review to appear on the Page and for the most am-

using evening I have spent in my life.

I hardly think we proved anything. It would be nice to think we were responsible for the odd valuable sentence, but the odds are against it.

Our only justification, surely, is that the discussion of art can be entertaining, and may lead to some useful soul-searching and/or fights.

I turn the whole business over to Beard, who looks to being Arts Editor in the fabulous new weekly supplement being plotted by Brian Campbell.

In the words of Bernard Shaw, "I'm off-duty forever; and I am going to sleep".

P.S. I hope to be editing "Inside" magazine next year, which as of the current guideline budget doesn't exist. . . .

There are changes to be made, and things to be done, and I wish anybody interested (especially those who the magazine currently infuriates) would get in touch with me. I'm in the Student Directory.

—John Thompson

testing testing testing

The Arts Page is nothing if not an educational medium. Hence it behooves us to finish off the year with a short examination, to see if you've been paying attention properly.

The first three sets of correct answers turned in to the deserted Gateway office will win those submitting them free copies of any novel by Ayn Rand they may care to name.

1. You have a choice of sitting at home, attending "John Brown's Body," and painting anarchist slogans on the Henry Marshall Tory Building fence. Which of the alternates should you choose, bearing in mind your obligations to the cause of:

(a) Liberty (consider Abraham Lincoln, in various lights. Or not. As you Please.)

(b) Equality (consider yourself lucky).

(c) Fraternity (consider the Alpha Nile Delta).

2. You have been caught red-handed surreptitiously pilfering pickled pilkingtons from a Students' Council meeting. Your only ways of avoiding punishment are to:

(a) apply for chairmanship of DIEC

(b) impersonate Provost Ryan

(c) deliver an impassioned speech on student apathy

(d) deliver an apathetic speech on student passion

Order these alternatives, using as criteria ease, effectiveness, and the International Sterling Situation.

3. Do you shave every morning? If so, why not? If not, why so? Not so, if why? (Be brief.)

4. You Are There. Using compass and straight edge, find your way back to:

(a) Trinidad

(b) the womb

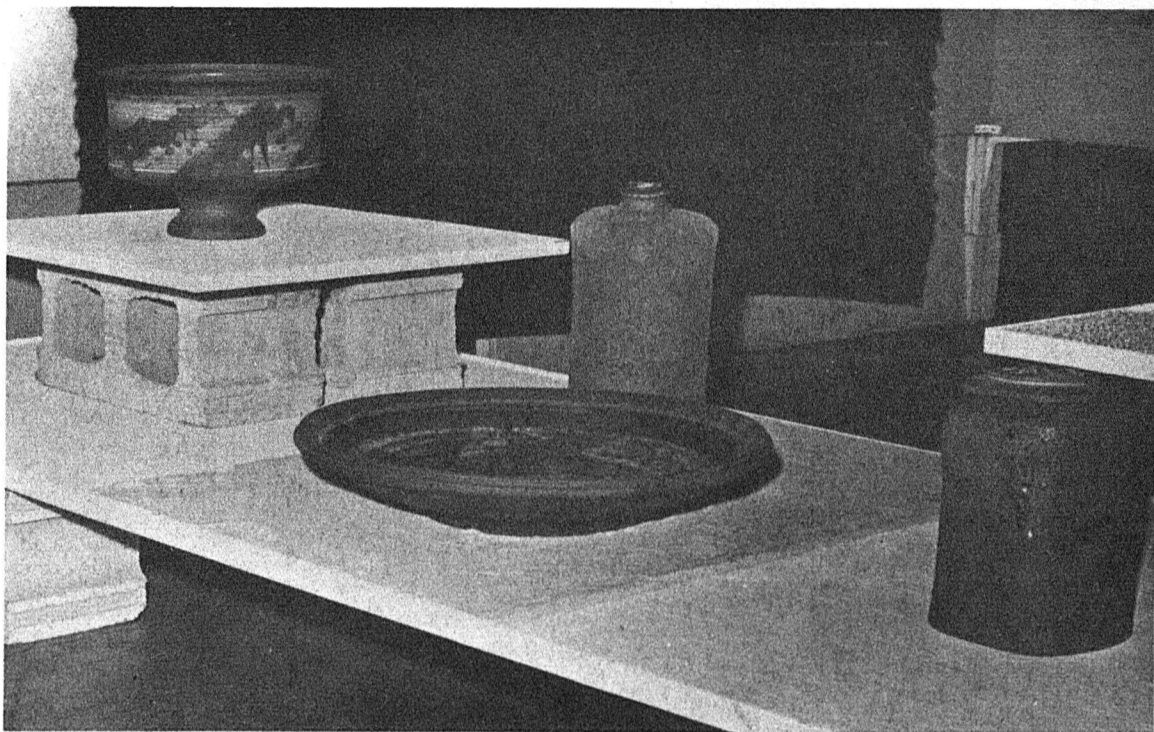
(c) Go (do not collect \$200)

5. You have discovered an amazing coincidence—that New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large. Should you:

(a) inform the police

(b) reconvene the Vatican Council

(c) write a sonnet on the subject



—Neil Driscoll photo

POTPOURRI—From left to right, Miss Celia Pietà Hushgren Mr. Jenson Phrobosmoth, Mr. Roderick Trowlerward Frooble, and Mrs. Grundy (known as Mistress Flurry to the police of four continents) are assembled to view the current exhibition of people at the Fine Arts Gallery.

and submit it to "Inside"

6. Compare and contrast:

(a) Brünnhilde and Siegfried (bear in mind the line "Das ist kein Mann")

(b) the Medes and the Persians

(c) us and Them (or, alternatively, we and They)

7. You are God. Prove to the satisfaction of the examiners that You:

(a) exist

(b) are Love

(c) are ex machina (mention the problem of automation in your answer)

8. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. Discuss this in the light of:

(a) Keynesian economics

(b) the danger of inflation (i.e. gilding the lily)

(c) the light of the silvery moon

9. "I am in my fiftieth week. People keep looking at me. I seem to be morbidly fascinating. My psychiatrist tells me it's because I'm just chock-full of innocent sentiments and hilarity. Edelweiss keep growing in my ears. Who am I, and what should I do?"

10. You are on the road to Damascus; you are blinded by a great light and thrown from your horse. This happens because:

(a) a roadside photographer has taken a flash photo of you

(b) you have encountered Diogenes looking for an honest man

(c) the Son also rises

11. Spell the name of the present president of the Students' Council. Spell it backwards. Spell it backwards and forwards simultaneously at a rapid rate. Then spell it correctly. Then go immediately to bed.

12. Aimez-vous P.D.Q. Bach?

13. You are a tree. Would you prefer to:

(a) press your leafy mouth upon the earth's sweet-flowing breast

(b) be spared by a Woodman

(c) fall on Joyce Kilmer

14. You are caught like a rat in a trap.

15. Jack, Samuel and Tom are men at the Edmonton Symphony Concert at which the 1812 Overture is played. Jack's hearing-aid refuses to function once the level of sound reaches 80 decibels. Samuel is a pacifist. Tom is a music-lover. Which man leaves the Jubilee Auditorium first?

16. Life is:

(a) an eternally recurring manifestation of the Zeitgeist

(b) a magazine in the Luce chain (If this answer is chosen discuss the Great Chain Gang of Being.)

(c) just a bowl of cherries.

17. Using 1929 constant dollars, how much is the Threepenny Opera worth? (Ignore Hitler)

18. How much wood can a woodchuck chuck if:

(a) the Woodman spares that tree

(b) the woodchuck is on the new SUB planning commission

(c) the proletariat rises

19. Are you in favor of a bell toll? For whom?

20. Truffles give you Muffles! (Paid advertisement)

21. You are discovered in the company of the Frumious Bandersnatch.

(a) What will your wife say?

(b) Do you think it will work out in the long run?

(c) In which religion will the children be brought up?

22. Which side of your mouth are you laughing out of now?

23. Which of these domestic novels do you prefer:

(a) "Little Women"

(b) "The Brothers Karamazov"

(c) "The Naked Lunch"

24. If you had it all to do over again, which of these philosophical-moral problems would you weigh most heavily:

(a) Electricity and Its Uses

(b) "Why was I not born a girl?"

(c) Milton's blindness ("They also serve who stand and weigh")

25. How much is that doggie in the window?

(a) \$19.84

(b) Two for a quarter

(c) More than Fell, Hunger, Anguish, or The Sea

26. When was your last medical checkup? If so, did you show signs of:

(a) pedunculus primae

(b) le vice quebecois

(c) joie de vivre

27. On a mad impulse while riding a merry-go-round at Coney Island, you reach into your pocket, and there discover an English-German German-English dictionary (Cassell's unabridged). You:

(a) look up the German word for Ferlinghetti

(b) look up the English word for "Deutschgrammaphongesellschaft"

(c) find that "Jalousie" means "venetian blind" in German

28. You are unprovokedly assaulted in the street by a ravishingly beautiful female student. You:

(a) call for help

(b) ask to inspect her passport

(c) denounce her to DIEC

29. While sitting "in vacant or in pensive mood", which of the following would you prefer to burst in upon you:

(a) Daffodils

(b) the man from U.N.C.L.E.

(c) the Girl from Pussycat

(d) the Third Man

30. Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

(a) They both say "Nevermore!"

(b) They both look like President Johnson

(c) "For everything that lives is holy"

Orrelling them in the aisles

Last weekend, at the Yardbird Suite, John Orrell's play "Escape" was performed by Robbie Newton and Vic Sutton under the direction of Bud D'Amur.

Except possibly for Citadel Theatre's production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" last fall, the evening at the Yardbird was the most perfectly enjoyable evening of Edmonton theatre so far this season.

The evening began with Saroyan's "Hello Out There", as performed by the Ross Sheppard drama group which couldn't get the slightest encouragement at Ross Shep and had to come to Bud D'Amur for rehearsal facilities.

Ross Shep is obviously run by a bunch of philistine lunkheads. The students' performance was almost better than the play deserved. If the general level of high school performance is this high, why can't Studio Theatre do Chekhov properly?

But enough of carping. "Carpe diem" is a fine motto, translatable as "sufficient unto the day is the carping thereof." So on to Dr. Orrell's play.

"The Escape" is a comedy about failure, and about the mysteriously effective adjustments to it we all make.

It strikes me as a better play than either half of Peter Shaffer's highly-touted double-bill "The Private Ear and the Public Eye", which it somewhat resembles (perhaps only because Robbie Newton has appeared in both works).

The play's humor is never cruel, but at the same time Dr. Orrell refuses to become sentimental about his characters. The distance between their pathos and their absurdity is consistently calculated to a hair's breadth.

Vic Sutton and Robbie Newton work together brilliantly as the two failed Anglo-Canadians whose encounters form the play's substance.

There's a chance that the play will be put on again sometime in the first part of April.