

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

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STAFF THIS ISSUE—This the week that wasn't. But a few people crawled through the blood, guts and apathy and tried to make something out of it. Among the sinful sensationalizers found laboureres of such brilliant stature as: Robert (the red) Blair, aesthetic Irene Harvey, Brian (the blusterer) Campbell, Beth (the sex goddess of BS) Winteringham, Chris (afraid of revival meetings) Gardiner, Winston (the wild) Gereluk, Beth (whose short shorts finally got her into the mast), Elaine (the arthritic) Verbicky, Ron (who will never) Ternoway (from a crock), and your friendly, sensationalized worm, Harvey G. (for God man, can't you make it any more interesting) Thomgirt.

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PAGE FOUR THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1969

Thanksgiving american style

That great American spirit that saw the white man steal North America from the natives and give thanks to God for it, was displayed once again Friday as the United States observed their day of thanksgiving.

As usual, it was a day of excess and officially heralded the beginning of a greater festival of excess, Christmas.

In Vietnam, where Nixon and corporate America are sacrificing American men and money to preserve the Vietnamese people's "freedom," Thanksgiving was observed by flying and helicoptering in turkey dinners for the American soldiers.

Did the U.S. also feed the natives whose agricultural production has been decimated by U.S. military activity and whose economy has been ruined by inflation as a result of the war?

No, because the malnutrition and miserable lives of the Americans' allies don't matter as long as they are "free."

And while the U.S. soldiers were eating turkey, the South Vietnamese soldiers—the ones who are supposed to carry the burden of the Vietnamization—supplemented their meagre rations with snakes, birds and any other wildlife they could find.

For the U.S. is running the war in Vietnam no differently than the corporations run their businesses at home—the worker gets paid as little as possible.

To quote a newspaper enterprise association dispatch from South Vietnam, the drafted infantryman is "the lowest-ranking, highest-exposed, longest-running and shortest-lived warrior of the war."

The infantryman gets a fixed salary of \$20 a month, of which half goes to pay for his rations, and daily rising costs quickly take the rest. Casualty rates are more than twice as high among South Vietnamese soldiers as Americans.

The only thing that keeps the desertion rate down around the current rate of 20 to 25 per cent is the fact that while infantry life may be terrible, the jail is much worse if they are caught deserting.

And while the Americans were munching on their drumsticks and mouthing platitudes about God having given them freedom and a good life, the undernourished Vietnamese could only ask, freedom and abundance for whom?

—from The Chevron

Clytemnestra was exercise in futility heaved onto an unwitting audience

I feel compelled to complain publicly of the recent shameful squandering of resources heaved onto an unwitting audience in the name of theatre. The late production in the Studio Theatre of Wilfred Watson's "Let's Murder Clytemnestra According to the Principles of Marshall MacLuhan" was an exercise in futility—the futility of performing the mental droppings of a Reputation.

Mr. Watson, I understand, has a Reputation. Hence, his recommendation is his name. From whence this Reputation is derived I know not—and I am not interested. A play is its own recommendation, and the most elementary discrimination applied to this play would have decided against its performance.

I say this with the greatest apprehension since it is likely to be misinterpreted both by those who live by the theatre and those who are contemptuous of it. There are those in the theatre who insist that no play can be judged until it is performed, that a "script" is merely an atomy which must be embodied, and that therefore we should make every effort to produce "unknown" playwrights, and esoteric plays without regard to commercial return.

Indeed, we must commit ourselves to producing new plays, but for both practical and theoretical reasons we cannot produce every play offered to the theatre. Regardless of the degree of social commitment to the theatre the resources available to the theatre will always be finite, whereas the

profusion of plays is infinite. Some selection will always have to be made. The criteria for selection of plays for production is at bottom what determines the vitality of the theatre. What value if talent abounds in the theatre yet spends itself on nothing? It exhausts itself. The theatre artist as much needs the greatness of life in a play as the play requires greatness of artistry for life.

Can a disarticulated anatomy have body?

I believe deeply in the necessity of theatre. So I am deeply disturbed. There are truths to be found only in the theatre. I have a right to find those truths in the theatre! All those who enter the theatre are responsible—we, actors, designers, playwrights and audience, actively depend on our

coming-together, for it is here, in the theatre, that we assess the quality of our lives. The theatre is political!

Mr. Watson, the playwright, has relinquished his responsibility and this otherwise personal failure has been allowed to mature into a serious artistic collapse in the Studio Theatre. The masturbatory emission made public during the last two weeks runs to waste. Does the playwright really expect us to marvel at his metabolism with the intensity of satisfaction which he is able to receive from his own processes?

De profundis . . . ! All power to the poor theatre—poverty informs the spirit. Honesty! Love! Most of all—love.

Howard Beckman
drama

Tower of London is still here— why not keep Rutherford House?

I would like to add my two-bits worth to the B of G's decision to tear down Rutherford House.

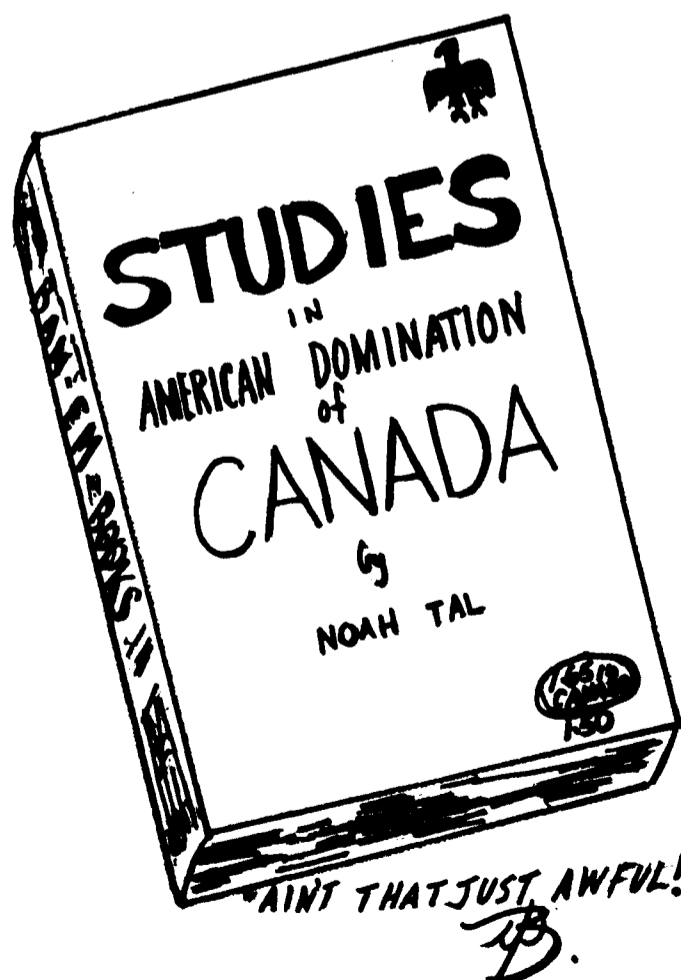
It seems interesting to me that the arts faculty who supposedly revere the historic, the classical, and the cultural should want to remove this building which played such a key role in the history of Alberta to replace it with a shiny new multi-storey structure just

like every other building in this city.

To say that keeping Rutherford House is uneconomical is rather weak. I'm sure the Greeks find the Coliseum rather a waste of space, and why not tear down the Tower of London, it's old and dirty, and no longer fulfills the use for which it was built.

Linda Walton
sci 3

The student's reply to "On the Teach-In" or the triumph of the shrill



The professor has misinterpreted the lesson,
With passion bordering on chauvinism:
His love of his flag,
History and Capitol—
Have bound him . . . and kept him emotional.

The unwillingness to recognize American imperialism,
Even while living in the midst of the colony,
Has forced the good doctor
To misinterpret the speaker.
And place the guilt in our laps.

Dr. Matthews did not call for Canadian Armageddon,
Nor the heads of all foreign academicians.
But like Oliver Twist
He politely begged this:
Administrators, consider your own children!

In Canada we produce many scholars
As capable as was their instruction by foreigners.
Because this is so
We just want to know
Why can't we have jobs like the others?

Frances Cruchley
pol sci