

# Varsity Voices

## Books and Fines

To The Editor:

I noticed in a recent article of your newspaper that the library is planning to institute a system of fines when the new Donald Ewing Cameron Library opens.

I am sure Mr. B. Peel has good reasons for attempting to institute this policy and I hope he is willing to state them through your newspaper.

My first reaction to this announcement is that it is an infringement on the freedom of the student body. It limits the student to a two-week period in which to prepare a term paper or thesis. Otherwise the student must carry his stack of books back to the library every two weeks for renewal.

Certainly Mr. Peel is not trying to regiment the student population to a bi-monthly visit to his domain, but is in fact trying to provide better service for all students by having books returned promptly when the student has finished with them.

A general policy of fines for every overdue book will, to a great extent, alleviate this problem. This policy will however add needless restrictions to students working in an area of specialization where the books are not in demand by the general student body.

I would therefore like to propose that fines be instituted only where notification that a book is required by another student is ignored.

Mr. Peel, could you clarify your policy?

Yours truly,  
Barry Bragg  
Arts 4

## Madame Butterfly

To The Editor:

At the risk of being labelled a quibbler, I should like to take issue with parts of your reporter's coverage of "Madame Butterfly." In his over-all assessment, I concur with him; however, there were faults in the performance.

First, with regards to the statement, "the stage setting was ravishing in its Japanese, tamed, prettiness; the costumes were colorful, attractive, and authentic."

The sets were well executed, but badly thought out. Japanese houses of traditional design do not customarily have 16-foot ceilings, wicker chairs in the garden, or lamps in Danish Oriental from the House of Modern.

As for the costuming, the kimonos for the large part were flamboyantly tasteless. The formal kimono and obi are badly approximated by Paisley bathrobes and green organdy sashes such as Butterfly wore. Authenticity was not the dominant note.

I should like, as well, from the point of view of a dilettante, and not that of a musician, to say that I doubt that this opera is a work "full of daring experiment in harmony, tonality, and rhythm." "Butterfly" is a warhorse; enjoyable, tuneful, but hardly daring or experimental.

These may be small points, but please be observant, and not quite so unstinting in your praise, Mr. Reporter.

A. Meech  
Arts IV

## Apathy

To The Editor:

THE CAMPUS REEKS WITH APATHY . . . and no bloody wonder.

Take football for example. Everyone sits on their hands quietly getting stewed and completely ignoring the game.

Even worse are the cheers. This is not the fault of the cheerleaders who are as well-assembled as one can reasonably expect a U of A female to be.

Consider:

- go team go . . . . . (old)
- fight team fight . . . (repetitive)

- go bear go . . . . . (Freudian)
- rah rah rah . . . . . (reeks of Ross Shep)
- we've got spirit . . . (mundane)
- SEE?

Our cheers should be a little more mature, i.e.:

- maintain that meridian, fellows.
- arrest the vacillating kinetic energy of our adversaries
- enfranchise the oblate spheroid
- affray tenaciously
- cause our antagonists debasement
- instigate their apathy
- violate their terminal territory, thereby increasing the tabulation of our achievement.

Yours,  
Pseudonym

## Repartee

To The Editor:

"Polemia's letter in the Friday issue of The Gateway was truly biting and personal, but it was also a lot of hot air.

He or she had a wonderful time attacking our buildings and planners, but offered no solution to the problem (if there is one). What is your idea of an ideal campus, Polemia?

Change cannot occur without criticism, but if criticism is made, it should be more strongly defended. Our university officials are not doing this to insult us, no matter what Polemia may feel.

sjg

## Richard McDowall's Musings



Jasper Park was beautiful last weekend. The wind had been kind enough to leave most of the leaves on the trees and the myriad of greens, golds, and reds reminded me of one of Grandma's quilts. The lodge and its surroundings were rich in bold greens as was the beautiful golf course.

After enjoying a day of walking and golfing, we crossed the river to the townsite. Driving down the quiet river road, we met a group of boys on bicycles wandering aimlessly over the two-lane road. Noticing how carefree they looked, I remarked on what an enjoyable way to travel it was. Bicycles are made for beautiful days like that. In Jasper, itself, many people were riding bicycles and, high on a mountain trail, we saw a bicycle leaning against a spruce tree.

Personally, I would like to see more university students on bicycles. Not only is it faster than walking and good exercise, but it is relatively inexpensive.

Perhaps we think that bicycles were invented for children and since we are adults we ought to drive automobiles. However, the student car population has greatly increased while the bicycle population has remained fairly static. Bicycles might be the answer to the complaints of students who walk to class and who complain of the great distances and danger of lateness.

# Edge: A Review

By Chayal

An angular, maniacal figure screams blue murder from the cover of the new periodical *Edge*. He shores his cranium with his hands to keep it from bursting.

What generates the terror in his eyes, compels the shrieks? Perhaps he is rocking back before an atomic blast. Where is he? He is at the edge, says the editor Henry Beissel, on the periphery viewing the centres of democracy.

What is he doing there? A suggestion comes from a quotation in one of the articles: "The only thing for non-enraptured man to do is to move to the edge, lose contact with the machines of organization . . ." And then? Perhaps cry, comment, and create from that vantage point, as this magazine suggests.

## LIFE IN ALBERTA

*Edge* criticizes the experience of life in Alberta. It does so directly, for it is a political magazine, political in the widest sense, concerned with polity. It is independent, non party-line, for neither university nor government subsidize it; popular advertisers do not appear in its pages and therefore have little influence over it.

It has chosen not to gather rosebuds in walled-in English gardens, to publish literature that flourishes only in the artificial atmosphere of a hothouse.

If you wish to know of the political schizophrenia that cripples people in this province, read John Milner's article on Alberta Social Credit. Want to know about the sterilized education that stunts Alberta minds, read Ted Kemp's article (a usurping lighted sepulchre towering into the Edmonton sky).

The very footnotes to the editorial are worth the price of the issue.

## BEST WRITING

The best imaginative writing in the magazine embraces three pieces.

Edward Rose's scintillating and rambling mind explores various qualities of Henry Miller's outlook in an article relevant to this area: Miller comes to terms with disorganized populations, industrial ugliness, mechanized chaos.

Henry Kreisel finely creates and dissects the mood of guilt among exiles still terrorized by the European war experience in his episode from an unpublished novel.

## ONE READING INADEQUATE

Jim Salt's verse play is perhaps the most imaginative piece in the periodical. The mixture of risible, often ludicrous episodes and despair is uncanny. The fascinating symbolism assures one that a first reading marks but the beginning of understanding.

Look at some of the characters: Yehl the artist (how to react in an unreceptive society); Miss Ism (mind forg'd manacles) the librarian (the miasma is official); the people of Edmonton (with a vengeance—to even suggest unity); Mayor Manipula (just with a vengeance); the Worm (certainly a central Western Civilization character).

## TEST OF CULTURE

If poetry is the litmus paper to test the health of the culture of a community, we're in trouble, *Edge* is in trouble, the poets are in trouble. The poetry in *Edge* is disappointing. For the most part it communicates only on the intellectual plane and is therefore inadequate as poetry.

If poetry is the most concentrated form of language, it should have the most meaning for the fewest words, the highest pressure per square inch, the blazing heat and light as in an electric arc. It should appeal to the whole man—the imagination, the senses, the intellect.

## SHOT ON SIGHT

It seems that poets will be shot on sight if found in this city. Because they are despised, some defend themselves by obscurantism, eclecticism, isolationism; hence the north-western school of autoerotic poetry, or mental self-abuse.

They do not communicate. The recondite voyages and symbolism are too personal. Other poets engage the enemy, but are at a disadvantage because they fight on the enemy's terms—with only the intellect.

Thus they cry, "You need the poet!" Or they create only on the abstract level, perhaps believing that their acceptance will be contingent on showing how dry and reasonable they are.

## TOUCH OF LAYTON

Too much of *Edge's* poetry is of such a nature. But then one poet at least has the name of Layton on his tongue. Another writes a poem called "In Winter, The Prairie," and we get the shock of high voltage; and we turn mental somersaults. The image and feeling and idea send us reeling; we cry bravo! We want love poetry, sensuous, moving, the kernel of passion, and here is a flicker. But only a flicker in this cold city where it is still open season on any poet who tries to live from the neck down as well.

*Edge?* Get it. Are you afraid to face a knife?

