



The mark of a professional politician is the ability to campaign well. Campaigning does not necessarily involve the presentation of the candidates' talents and abilities—if he has any—but involves rather the ability to stab the opposition candidate(s) in the back through mud-slinging, rumor or insinuation.

McMaster University saw the injection of the calculated smear into its Students' Council elections. One of two candidates for the presidency had his campaign posters defaced, his character slandered, and his sanity questioned by a rumor that he was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Campaigns at U of A take a slightly different turn. Instead of the traditional mud-slinging, etc., we use spectacular innovation, the kick line.

Look fellas, I wouldn't mind you parading all these young honeys (?) around campus in their tights and such, if certain ones did not, after they have delivered what they think is a particularly effective wiggle, turn and smile as if to say, "Look at me!"

Just noticed something odd in the masthead of *The Silhouette* of McMaster University. Under department staffers is this: "Stimulations: Pam Zimmerman." Sometimes one wonders about these CUP papers.

A controversy arose recently over the naming of a new University in Regina. Officially, the University was to be known as the University of Southern Saskatchewan at Regina. Immediately patriotic Canadians objected to the name, as it had a certain implication. Apparently some people would hate to send their kids to the USSR for an education.

How much is a professor worth? Not a hell of a lot, apparently. One professor was sold at auction at Manitoba for \$140, and another was sold for \$82.



This is the way Huxley said it would be! Even at University they campaign by the Brave New Formula of mass hypnopædia—62,400 repetitions make one truth—and we're too enraptured to protest.

Even if you prove that it "gets the votes" I am not quite satisfied that it is the most intelligent approach to elections. If we are the nation's intelligentsia it doesn't speak well for us that our candidates must yet appeal to our mass-instincts before our minds. Candidates—I don't mind you asking me to vote for you, but you needn't beat me over the head with it. Thirty-three posters for one candidate, in one lecture room, is an attempt to beat me over the head. I prefer not to see you everywhere I turn; I took a good long look the first time around.

If you are running for publicity chairman a variety and profusion of posters will be evidence of your ability, but if you are running for president they are beside the point. I am not interested in how much you can spend for posters or how many square feet of wall you can splash on, but only that you are running, and why, and what are your qualifications.

Perhaps at University you could experiment with maximum-information-at-minimum-expenditure techniques. To attract my vote you need only one (1) poster per building, on a central bulletin board. In-

dicating who you are and have a picture; I want to be able to identify you. Indicate why I should vote for you; I want intelligent reasons, not catch-slogans or generalities, and if you state your reasons in some detail I will read them. I am interested enough to learn the facts of my own free will. All I ask is that you make them available in a dozen key places across campus.

If you go beyond this and try for the third-grade votes with your bright colors, bright phrases, and lots of them, I will appreciate it for

# BABBLE BABBLE BABBLE

## FINKS LASH OUT

To The Editor:  
With reference to the letter in *The Gateway* Friday, Feb. 24 from the campus Ballet club, I think it is a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Ballet dancers have some of the ugliest legs to be seen.

In any case what difference does it make. The figure skating team does a good job and certainly are more alive on this campus than the Ballet Club. How can they have the nerve to call them finks? The whole thing is a lot of nonsense.

May be if the dancers could dance as well as the skaters can skate they would have qualms about being so petty. Brighten up Ballet group.

The *Gateway* should be reprimanded for printing such trash!  
Janet Walker

## CULTURE

After viewing the extravagant and near professional production of "The Merchant of Venice", I decided to take a tour of the building which was used to produce the spectacle.

To begin with, the auditorium is filled with permanent seats and if one is real lucky, a beautiful soft old chair can be found. I have never enjoyed a play in a hard wooden seat. From the auditorium one proceeds to a stage which has been

widened to allow for an air conditioner which was left out when the stage was first constructed. In my opinion the only part of the building suitable for the theatre at all is the stage. Backstage there is no place for storage and all properties for the production, I learned, were kept in the halls, next to lockers of the education students.

Proceeding downstairs, I can to the women's dressing room. This room, supposed to hold six people comfortably with costumes, was jam packed with actresses from the play and I learned that twelve girls had been made up in this "Black Hole of Calcutta".

The men's dressing room is exactly the opposite. A large room where flats are made with electrical equipment to cut these flats. Potatoes and onions are also stored here for the Cafeteria. The boiler room is used to store flats. This of course does not assist the janitors in any way.

I then began to speak with people connected with the production. I learned from them that the huts which they were proud of were removed for a nine million dollar building to further science, and they took what they could get, which was their present local. Speaking with the heads of the department I learned the Jubilee Auditorium cost six

million dollars, but a new building for drama on campus would cost but \$500,000.

This figure may seem a lot for drama, but we must think that nine million dollars for a science building is no small figure.

Canada needs her own culture. If the University of Alberta is known for the best productions in theatre, should it also be known for the worst facilities? With better facilities we shall have better productions and help build a Canadian culture.

I realize Canada needs scientific advancement but she also needs cultural advancement. The University of Alberta is known for its bad theatrical facilities, even worse than campuses which do not have drama as a course.

Shall culture (the theatre in particular) suffer in Canada and mainly Alberta? I hope not.

Disappointed Patron,  
Al Blevis (Arts 1)

## RE-RUN

To The Editor:

I was pleased to again be made aware of the points that the CUCND panel members were trying to make; the first time was in *Edmonton's* other newspaper, but I cannot say they were apparent at the panel

MORE ON P. 6

# The Merchant Of Venice

## By Doug Chalmers

Studio Theatre's Merchant of Venice production is first-rate. Those who went home to avoid the gaping crowds of VGW will be well rewarded by seeing this "tragi-comedy" in the Education Building this weekend.

The simple set, with floor-level doors and two levels on stage, combined the Elizabethan theatre's use of imagination (as Tyrone Guthrie has done at Stratford) with modern simplicity (Wilder, Brecht).

Among those who excelled in their parts were Bernard Havard (Gratiano), Kenneth Welsh (Lancelot) and Walter Kaasa (Shylock). Mr. Havard's diction was perhaps the best in the play and he got into the part well, speaking "an infinite deal of nothing" in his merry way.

Always in character as Gratiano, he was one of the few who could stand naturally on stage when not speaking. (At one point half a dozen actors were seen in an identical stance.)

As Gratiano and Nerissa are a lesser parallel to Bassanio and Portia they behaved accordingly, as when their men return from the trial. Esther Norville's Nerissa was

quick-witted; facial expressions and her tendency to begin a sentence high in pitch emphasized her youth and excitable character in contrast to her stately mistress.

Her mistress, Portia (Karen Austin), was at times too stately, as in yawns which apparently came from the ballet repertoire. Miss Austin had good composure, speech and smiles and, while weak in the trial scene (being neither pompous nor prankish), she conveyed well the dual character of Portia as a noble-minded lady ("the poor rude world hath not her fellow") who also is extremely high-spirited.

Robert Mumford as Lorenzo spoke in a rough, healthy voice. Hutchison Shandro (Antonio) and Garry Mitchell (Bassanio) also did well, being respectively vain and windy where the script required it. Jessica puzzles one: Beverley Barnhouse's lines and actions came out well, but the part seemed to lack something. Perhaps she was miscast.

Much of the difficulty involved in playing Shylock comes from an audience's conception of him as the stereotype of a Jew. Shakespeare's first audiences probably saw him as the portrait of a typical Jewish money-lender, and 60 years ago Sir Henry Irving acted him as the just man being persecuted. But is Shylock a type or an individual? If he is a type, he is central to the play. Director Peacock in a pro-

gram note explained why he chose to regard Shylock as an individual.

Walter Kaasa as Shylock started slowly, and in the scene with Antonio (1, 3 in modern editions) his manner was mild compared to his angry words, but he warmed up and was magnificent in his scene with Salarino ("Hath not a Jew eyes?") and the trial. The trial utterly broke Shylock and Mr. Kaasa's exit (with a Samson motif) was shattering.

Kenneth Welsh came close to stealing parts of the show as Lancelot Gobbo. He has a great talent for theatre and he interpreted his part as broad comedy, as when he asked for his father's blessing, assumes a Yogi Bear accent or competes for Bassanio's attention.

Other parts of the play were taken as farce, such as the maiden's circling around Morocco with their caskets or the courtesies (to put it mildly) of Arragon.

Studio Theatre's production presents both the amusing and serious parts of the play well. Credit for this should go to Director Gordon Peacock who saw it, not as a play about Shylock, but as simply a romantic comedy with the added excitement of menace.

The Merchant of Venice will be presented again at 8:30 p.m. tonight and Saturday. Tickets may be reserved by phoning the Box Office at GE 3-3265.

the sake of entertainment, and no more. And you will want to be sure it is entertaining, not annoying.

Emphatically dominating the front of my 9:30 a.m. lecture room are 18 identical faces of one of our handsome candidates. I am not thereby convinced that he is the best man for the job.

—HI LYTEN

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