

SHEEP NEED GOAT

In reply to an Editorial—"Yellow Birds—no squawk"

To The Editor:

Your Editorial ("Yellow Birds—no Squawk") in the December 8 issue of your paper dealt briefly with student pacifism in respect to such incidents as were connected with the toll gates and the library smoking room. Granted, there is good sense behind them.

But you seem to advocate some watered down version of a revolution.. A wild mob of engineers, education students, and as many other obscure species could make a lot of noise. This would be good for University Spirit; but what else?

The students (or sheep) of this university have formed what is called a Students Union. It is the duty of the executive of this organization to represent the student body in such affairs. Have they tried? If they have not tried what are their reasons?

If they have tried and failed why then have they not asked for the support of the student body? Such modern inventions as the protest march should prove very efficient. But it must be inspired by the leaders; by the executive.

In every herd of sheep there is a goat with a bell around his neck. When a person assumes a position of leadership on this campus he becomes that goat. And where he leads the herd follows. If he keeps out of contact with the wants of the herd; he is useless. If he does not move he is a handicap and should be replaced.

We sheep are not moving. In the legal, democratic process (after all this is a democracy, isn't it) we are waiting for the Goat to move.

What in Hell is he doing?
"Quaestio"

DAMN SICK FUN

To The Editor:

On Sunday, Dec. 10, shortly after 4 a.m. a group of imbeciles, possibly from men's residence, but most likely from the campus at large, pulled one of the most assinine stunts that I have ever witnessed. Somebody, (indications are that it was a group), pulled a fire alarm in Assiniboia Hall.

I hope these juveniles are happy because it had the intended results, sending over 150 students tumbling out of bed into the 18 below zero weather. Many, in their alarm and grogginess from sleep stumbled out onto the ice-cold cement sidewalk in their bare feet with the result being frosted feet. If this is their idea of fun they are sick, damn sick.

Within six minutes several rigs from the city fire department were here. They have much better things to do than to chase after false alarms. While they were here they could have been needed elsewhere for a fire. The turning in of false alarms costs a stiff fine if one is caught doing it.

However, these blockheads in their thoughtlessness (or drunkenness) may have achieved far more than befits their stupidity. Many people have professed that if the fire alarm ever goes at this time of the night again, and it is as cold out, they will lie there and probably go back to sleep. If it is for real there will be no time to lie around as these old dry buildings will go about as fast as dynamite. If there is a fire, and I hope that there never may be one in these old buildings, there may be many lives lost because of some pranksters' lack of brains. If this happens I hope these pranksters of last Sunday have as small a conscience as they have brains because it would be hell to go through life with this on one's conscience.

Yours truly,
Men's house committee.
Gerry Mears, treasurer,

GIRL LIKES KUPSCH

Dear "Little Richard":

Well, at least we know that there is one real man left on this campus, someone who can actually see through the inch-thick muck by Max Factor or Relena Hubenstein and see what a good many of the girls on campus really are (this does not mean all the girls): husband hunters!

What gives with the rest of you fellows anyway? What has happened to the real man who didn't melt at the sight of a pair of eyes laden with mascara and eyeshadow? You guys don't even seem to have to be challenged. You just fall one by one like dumb bunnies into a pit. How about showing a little fight; why don't you do some of the chasing? You all have about as much spine as a bottle of perfume.

How many of you have sat in the coffee room of the library and really seen what comes through that door? A sweet, sophisticated young thing? Uh, uh honey, you're blind; It's a claw, a left-hand claw with fourth finger daintily outstretched. What do the owners of the claws discuss? The guy in the green sweater sitting at the table to the right and "give me a week to wear down his resistance."

A week later, guess who comes through the door triumphantly leading the guy in the green sweater on an invisible chain? If you're getting any wiser fellows, by now you'll have guessed that it's "The Claw."

And if you really want to see how well-organized operators work, take a couple of books to the main circulation library upstairs and seat yourself. There, one may see Miss Co-ed, a major in manhunting and a minor in English or Psychology, table-hopping from fraternity man to fraternity brother (and the shape of the pin doesn't matter fellows, one is as good as the other).

Now that there is talk of closing the smoking room, panic will likely set in. A new place of operation will have to be established or else the main circulation library may become a battle ground for an increasing number of competing females. It's

up to you, guys. It's your chance to prove whether you are real men or just a bunch of easy knockovers.

Let girls again be ladies and you boys be men.

A traitor of the girls

BOY HATES KUPSCH

To The Editor:

In his review of "Galileo," published in the Dec. 8 edition of The Gateway, Richard Kupsch included a value judgement of D. Ivor Roberts. The only reason advanced for his criticism was dismay that Mr. Roberts should have appeared in a number of Studio Theatre productions. If this is a fault, Walter Kaasa and Ken Welsh have also gravely sinned.

A critic has the right to condemn an actor's performance, but he is under obligation to state his reasons. The presentation of unsupported private bias is both a violation of responsibility and a reflection on the critical ability of the reviewer.

Mr. Kupsch's disparaging remarks about Ivor Roberts were petty and vindictive. In making them, he revealed more about his own character than he did about Mr. Roberts' performance.

Edwin Turner
Grad Studies

KUPSCH'S FATUITIES

To The Editor:

Generally speaking, a critic has a right to his opinions; Mr. Kupsch is a distinguished exception to this rule. It makes no difference that your music critic is musically illiterate (though if he finds Granados incomprehensible, what will he do if some rash person plays Bartok or Stravinsky at him?)—his remarks would in any case go unnoticed by professionals. The Studio Theatre is, however, a university group, and as such it deserves better of The Gateway than Mr. Kupsch's fatuities, whether friendly or hostile.

Last week, the Studio presented Galileo, giving Edmonton its first look at the work of a remarkable and highly influential playwright. It was a valuable project, and very badly executed; Mr. Kupsch didn't notice. Above all, it was sensationally boring—when I fled at intermission, many wiser souls had preceded me.

If any future Brecht production is to attract an audience, it needs to be explained now that the dreariness of Galileo was the fault of the producer, not of the author. It is not a matter of opinion that Galileo is a fast-moving, satirical play of ideas, ideas passionately held and argued. In the Studio production, the scene-breaks—after two months of rehearsals—rivalled the length of the scenes, and were protracted by music which was both ugly and grotesquely unsuitable; the ideological lines (those which hadn't been cut) were given the weight due to "Another cup of tea, please;" and Mr. Kaasa's Galileo announced his discovery that

the moon shines by reflected light with all the excitement of a man finding a lump in his porridge.

These things escaped Mr. Kupsch, who instead bumbled about Galileo's "reactionary" society (was the Renaissance reactionary? Brecht's attack is on conservative authority, not on "society") and the play's "disjointed time-sequence" (which is strictly chronological, and labelled as such for the benefit of people like your critic). And slipping a poisonous attack on an individual actor into five paragraphs of benevolent vagueness does not raise a review to the level of serious criticism.

It didn't in the case of Touch of the Poet, either, when your critic accused the leading actress of—among other things—failing to reach the "heights of sarcasm," as one might complain that someone's King Lear failed to reach the "heights of pique" or an Oedipus that "depths of embarrassment."

This sort of thing is neither intelligent or responsible. You owe the Studio—and your readers—something better.

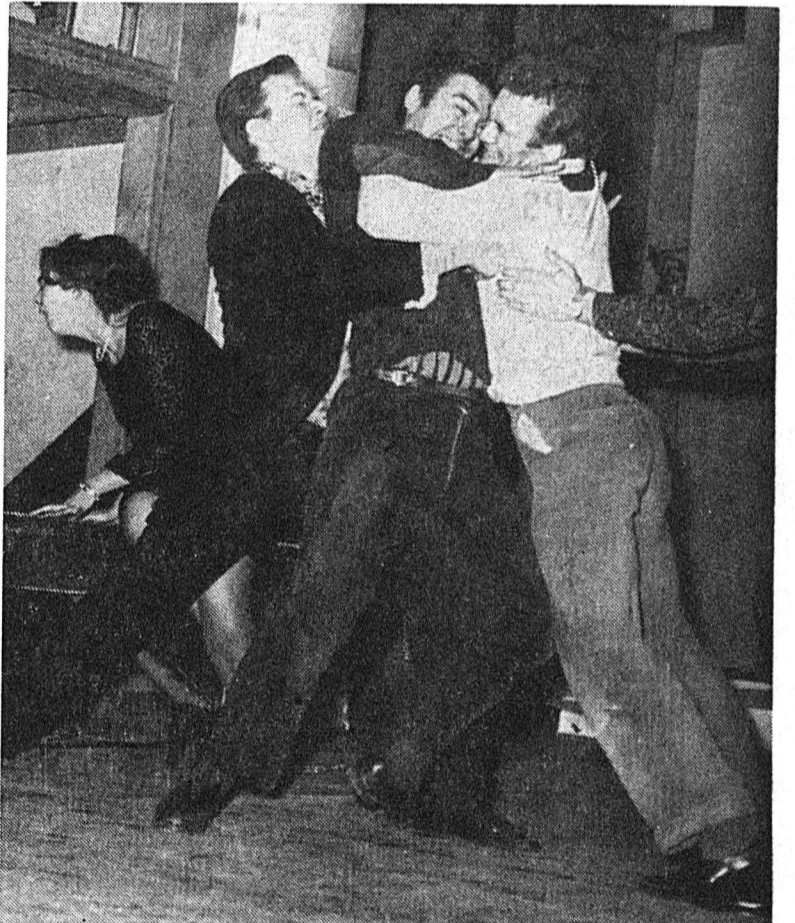
David Murray

Ed. Note: For years, the culturally inclined segment of the population of Edmonton has bemoaned the dearth of critiques in the city's greatest daily newspaper. Reviews consist of a re-listing of portions of the program, coupled with a few watery cliches.

The Gateway, on the other hand, has attempted to provide what those in the dramatic and musical fields cry for: comments and the reviewer's reaction to what he has seen and heard. Readers can look upon the assessment as one man's opinion—and perhaps go to see the production to see if the praise or condemnation is justified.

Or would those who appear in and engineer these productions prefer to do so according only to their own ideas and whims, disregarding the effect upon the audience? Certainly not.

Our Mr. Kupsch may be blunt. But he is not afraid to speak out where others might fear reprisal. Those who complain can remedy the situation simply by coming in and competing with him for the job. He has a machine gun installed atop his typewriter, so bring several plastic bombs with you.



WET RUSHING was not blamed for the scene above—it all took place in a play being presented tonight and tomorrow night by U of A Drama Society in the Inter-Faculty Drama Festival. The play is "The Purification", by Tennessee Williams, and deals with incest and poetry. The above scene may not look much like poetry, but it looks like something else again from incest... (Photo by Con Stenton)

