

Requirements

Knowledge is not something for the weak and dull. Only the strong, sensitive, and imaginative can handle the mercurial quality of knowledge in order that it may be turned into something useful and not destructive, and that it might not die a dusty death in the corners into which only the sensitive have insight, and which the imaginative can illuminate.

Strength is needed to control the desire to flaunt knowledge, or to brag about it. For before knowledge can come must come humility. Man must first discover for himself that he is not the centre of the cosmos, and that neither creation nor the human race revolves around him, in order that he might see into creation and his fellow man.

Sensitivity is needed to see the glimmer of truth in the humble idea that is overpowered by the brightness of the great established concepts; sensitivity to handle that idea, which

like a fine piece of china would not be given to oafs, fools or children. An oaf will smash the piece through clumsiness, a fool through not caring, and child because he doesn't understand.

Imagination is needed to work the glimmer into a confident shine that can stand gleaming among the other truths; imagination to make it bright enough to not be dulled by the oaf, worthy enough to make the fool care, and simple enough for the child to understand.

The University surrounds its students with the undiscovered glimmers of ideas, and provides them with the tools for the search, but without these three—strength, sensitivity, and imagination—the search will never begin.

Today's student marks these three low on his list of University entrance requirements, but he should never enter University without searching his soul to determine if they are there.

Shet Those Doahs

Edmonton audiences are among the most noted in Canada . . . noted for being among Canada's worst.

They are also among Canada's tardiest theatre-goers, although not entirely to blame in this respect. They arrive at institutions like the Northern Alberta Jubilee Auditorium seemingly with a notion, probably pulled from some love story in a slick magazine, or a Hollywood movie, that it is "smart" to be late.

Shows in the auditorium have had to stop in order to be heard above the racket of late arrivers "smartly" letting an annoyed audience know they had arrived.

Turning off the stream of late-comers is as simple as slamming the doors in their faces—like every other major North American theatre does. The auditorium is unique in letting people through the doors after a performance has begun. Most other theatres are so strict

about the "come late—wait till intermission" rule, or their patrons so condemn late-comers, that tardy customers don't dare ask or make entrance after performances begin.

Edmonton audiences are often as sensitive as a brick chimney to performers' efforts. When the performer throws some "let's all join in" bait to Edmonton audiences, they react like mackerals—cold ones. Often, when a performer pauses (for instance, between symphonic movements) he is forced to wait for the ill-timed applause to die down before continuing. The applause doesn't arise from a desire to show appreciation, but because Edmonton audiences don't know any better, else they wouldn't have started clapping in the first place.

A combination of theatre management that will shut doors, and an "enlightened" Edmonton audience might make big-time operations, like the Jubilee Auditorium, look a little less hick.

Crossing Over

Last term the powers that be had the audacity to have a neat white crosswalk painted across 112 St. in front of Tuck Shop. The University of Alberta's intrepid students rightfully chose to ignore the crosswalk. With their noses proudly thrust skyward, sniffing the nectar of independent thought, they continued the age-old U of A custom of walking across the intersection kitty-corner and helter-skelter. Soon,

Wauneitas were red under their thin veneer of warpaint when their bonfire backfired and smoked them out of their wigwam into the more civilized confines of West Lounge. Perhaps fire-building should be included in next year's program.

this upholding of student rights was made clear for all to see when a bogus crosswalk was painted kitty-corner across the intersection.

Yet, inexplicably, this fall crosswalks have appeared again — and not just at one intersection. And to heap horror upon horror, many misguided students are using them.

Most of the crosswalk-users are dull, insipid, uninspired frosh. It is usually advisable to simply let frosh wallow on in their morass of ignorance — but in this case they could become conditioned and continue to cross-walk for the rest of their lives.

This cannot be. It is sacrilege of the independence and maturity of University students to force them to cross intersections in conformist-reeking ruts. Students can stay on the sidewalk along streets but when they come to an intersection on the campus they have an inherent right to cross it with impunity. How can individual freedom exist on a crosswalk covered campus?

Sound the rally cry. Rise in violent protest. Uninhibited crosswalks must be painted in late night skirmishes at all campus intersections. Engineers arise. Remember Hungary!

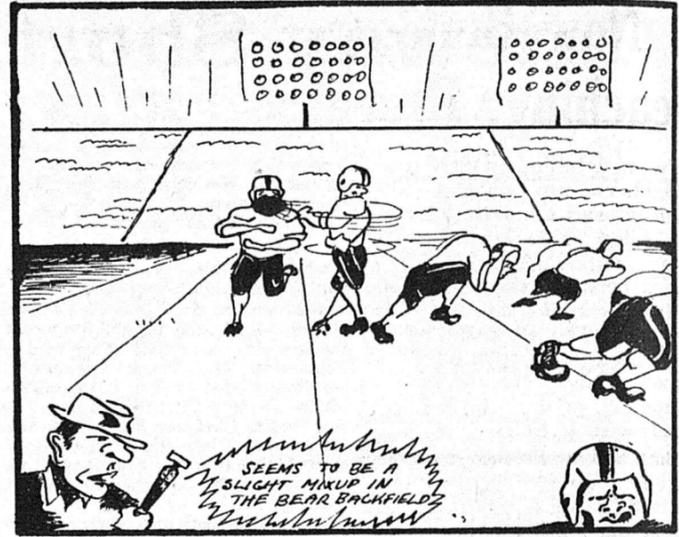
Remember, it may be school patrols next.

Wet Paint

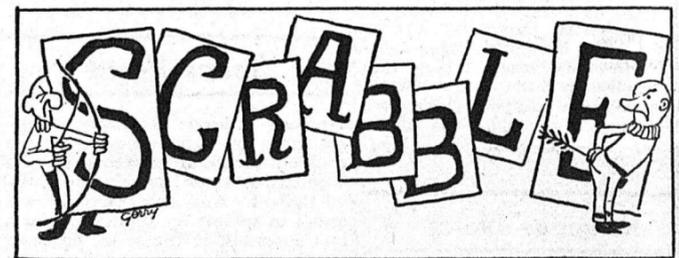
Painters spattered the inside and the outside of the Students' Union Building all spring and summer. Somewhere in between coffee breaks, they neglected to paint the fence east of SUB, or perhaps they felt the pressure of a paint brush would have pushed it over.

The new swimming-pool is beautiful. They tell us that it's the best indoor pool in any Canadian University. It has everything—including underwater observation windows. It's Olympic-size. It's internally illuminated. It's housed in a \$2,500,000 building.

. . . Too bad it leaks!



Season Beginning



By Chris Evans

Curses on the Administration! Last year, when I first started to write this (echhh) column (nobody has ever had the good sense to ban it) I suggested that it might be a good idea for the powers-that-be to give harrassed registering students those ghastly cardboard triplicate forms in thinner paper complete with carbons. Naturally they didn't listen to me. Nobody ever listens to me. One must accept those things, what? The thing that really pecks at my cerebellum is the thought of a second year Arts student telling the first year Law types how to fill out th forms line by line, like a professor lecturing to Junior E's. Join the movement, Frosh. Stamp out Arts and Science!

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There is enough mud around the new Math-Physics building to sink the Bismarck. Of course, the place looks like a lop-sided battleship anyway. If we wish hard enough, it may sink out of sight.

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Radsoc is liable to do exceptionally well this year, mainly because all last year's newly-elected executive flunked out.

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The Gold Key set (GKS) are handing out summonses to the delinquent variety of Frosh under the auspices of Chief Justice Rose, Lord High Poo-bah. Also, these summonses are being handed out to overzealous upperclassmen if they haze the "little dears" too much. These summonses are not worth the paper they are printed on, and are not refundable. Take it from me. I have a brother on Council.

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Message to Wauneita: when you are running around with all the other little Indians, throw a faggot in the fire for me. Don't take any wooden rituals. Payuk Uche Crackerjack!

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As I sit here, typing, my fangs paganda and stir!

dripping vitriol, it occurs to me that perhaps I have lost my sense of direction (whatever that is), perhaps I am too disrespectful. Who am I to ape hallowed University institutions like Wauneita, Gold Key, Radsoc, the Ballet Club, and other famous names? What right have I to conduct this terrible wrong, what reason have I for writing this drivel with such a forked pen. After all, I'm not getting paid for it.

Should I reform? Should I become a monk? NOT BLOODLY LIKELY! If you, wretched reader, have any pet dislikes you would like to see in print, do not hesitate to send same in to This Is My Target Contest, c/o The Gateway, 25 words or less, two box tops from Rice Crisbys (Now in Stereo!), this side up and use no hooks.

Late Flash: The latest from our Great Neighbours to the South . . . Instant nationalism . . . add pro-

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