

Lewd lunchers amused

In terms of audience size and laughs per minute, debating is at a height probably never seen before on this campus. But it is paying the price.

University debating has traditionally connoted a level of academic skill associated with few other activities open to students. Politicians, academicians, and other "leaders" in our society remember debating as a worthwhile experience both from the aspect of public speaking and the knowledge gained in preparing topics.

The debating now being exhibited on campus is a different matter. Future graduates will look back on their university debating as simply episodes where trivial topics were discussed superficially for the benefit of insipid rows of bag lunchers, stolidly chewing soggy sandwich after soggy sandwich.

The audience is lured by provocative topics like "resolved that chastity is outmoded," or "resolved that Pembina (a women's residence) is a passion pit." The munchers expect a few "funny" sexual comments with every half sandwich. Should one of the debaters be

a girl, cheese sandwiches may pause in their maw-ward journey so that the resulting embarrassment may be better observed.

No longer do debaters prepare their addresses with a view to crushing their opponents with sheer brilliance of thought and analysis. Instead, they compose "gag lines" and carefully intersperse them through their pointless prattlings. There is more to debating than telling clever little jokes or making the girls in the front row blush.

Another manifestation of the change in debating at U of A is the recent rash of challenges. Political, service, and religious organizations are using the podium to propagate their causes. Challenges are tossed out, with the intention of shaming the opposition into responding.

Audiences are important to debating, even munching audiences. But if the audience becomes so important that topics are prostituted and speeches become entertainment by amateur comedians, it may be time to move the Huggills back into dank rooms in the arts and science building.

Persistent participation pays

It is possible that there may never be any solution to the problem of getting everybody out for intramural sports.

The problem, of course, isn't to get everybody on campus in intramurals—it's problem enough just getting people, who have agreed to play, out for games.

Time after time referees show up for games only to find there is no game to judge: their duty consists in awarding the game to the team which didn't default.

Or in cases where both teams defaulted by having too few or even no players for a game, the referee can only shrug and nip his lip over the study time he has lost.

Granted that university students are sometimes busy people. But for the most part it can be more safely said that they are disorganized and inconsistent people.

The annual intramural sports program fumbles its way through the year and the annual winners are more often the more persistent teams than the best teams.

The situation is not so dismal that intramural programs should be scrapped, however. What is really needed is more effort on the part of sports representatives and team captains to make sure individual players know when and where they are supposed to play, and understand that if they don't play nobody wins.

Clap-trap philistines

The plague on juke boxes! Music is the soul of any age, and perhaps our contemporary music is an all too graphic sketch of our tail-finned, beer-and-TV age. But how is one to escape this rot, even if he wishes to?

Rock and roll dances are the word of the hour for university functions; Tuck Shop's juke box is saturated with this junk; only two Edmonton radio stations are not engulfed with the disease. Wherever one goes, it is foisted on him—even at university. Are the philistines completely in control here too?

Kudos for radio society, for the mixed chorus, the male chorus, the university sym-

phony, the Edmonton symphony, the Yardbird Suite, the CBC, CKUA. Kudos for all those who have the sensitivity to feel, the intellect to perceive what is and what is not good music. Fie on philistines.

Have you ever noticed that generally the only persons to play the clap-trap on Tuck Shop's dime machine are those intellectual scions, the waitresses and drug store clerks, plus a few blue-jeaned students whom we feel sorry for?

The only good things that have ever happened to Tuck's musical decore are a deafening Frosh Week mob and a power failure. Their music is second only to their food.



"A man who's proud of what he is doing will never fail," but sometimes, I get the craziest feeling I'm talking to myself.

Triple entente makes memorable sunday concert

By Ross Rudolph

ESO Nov. 26, 1961—

Symphony No. 29	Mozart
'Cello Concerto	Elgar
Danse Villagoise	Champagne
Capriccio Espagnol	Rimsky-Korsakov

The conjunction of generally fine music, an aristocratic conductor, and our orchestra in its best form made for a memorable symphony concert last Sunday.

In the Mozart an interesting question arose. Why is the orchestra seated in its present fashion? Not only did the second violins and violas play timidly and with a certain rhythmic flaccidity, but their delightful colloquy with the first was completely lost. We have a laudable 'cello section; how I wish for an audible viola section.

concerto of Dvorak. That I deny emphatically! It is diffuse, prolix, and almost continuously boring. It favors syrupy orchestration characteristic of this composer at his worst. I suggest the author (a cellist) examine the roughly contemporaneous Schelomo of Ernst Bolch and the recent and towering concerto of Shostakovich, a man I acknowledge no more inherently gifted than Elgar.

Thus Malcolm Tait's gift for expression was denied outlet because of his vehicle. His singing tone sounded to advantage in the attractive slow movement. M. Leduc partnered the soloist sympathetically.

PRaise DUE

Roland Leduc, our well known guest conductor, is to be congratulated not only on his invariably agreeable tempi (the fluidity of the symphony's andante was perfection itself) but for maintaining them within the general framework of the excellent performances he elicited from the ensemble. Dealing with specifics, the cadentia chords punctuating the conclusion of the first movement were really inadequate. The minuet, Heaven be praised, was not performed as the "stately dance" that the notes would have us think it to be. The finale ended vigorously.

JOB GOOD; WORK POOR

The next work though given what did not evoke undue enthusiasm must be a definitive performance which is consistent with its real worth. As a work it seems more estimable than the few piano compositions of this composer that I know.

The final ersatz Spanish caprice was done rousingly. It is difficult but like the good virtuoso piece it is, it sounds more difficult than it is. One will rarely hear more shmalzy zigeunerism than from Mr. Rolston, but even his final harmonic words on the subject were eloquent. Without exception the solos were excellent, and my warmest congratulations to the French horns on their best behavior. Bravo, gentlemen—or should I say Ole! I defy anyone to detect the difference between this performance and the best by Eastern Canadian professional groups. But why can't we have this all the time with a good permanent conductor?

This is the kind of music our orchestra plays so well. Why in future may we not be treated to less hackneyed works of this calibre, such as the J. C. Bach op. 19 Sinfonias, Haydn Symphonies Nos. 91, 96, 99 or the very great 88, Mozart of the "little G minor," the number 31 or any of a catalogue of similar aesthetic delights?

Instead we hear the Elgar 'Cello Concerto, described in our notes as "the most outstanding work for 'cello solo and orchestra since the

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