

"The Volume Of Mail That Comes Into A Magazine Or Newspaper Is No Index Of Anything Except That You Happen To Attract A Lot Of Idiots, Because Most People That Write Letters To Newspapers Are Fools."

H. L. Mencken.

Policies Attacked

To The Editor:

It is amazing to see within how short a time The Gateway has deteriorated from a campus paper of news and opinion to a campus paper of conjecture and bias. In your reporting of the City Hall incident, your only original contribution was the photographs of the participants, and I doubt that this added significantly to whatever else you had to say.

(1) The "news"-report, untainted by any factual information which had not already been reported more precisely by other newspapers, contained enough half-truths to present quite a false picture of the events to the student body. It would have been forgivable had The Journal reported in such a manner, but for the official student publication on this campus it is simply a sign of irresponsibility.

(2) The incoherent ramblings of your naive editorial reveal that you aren't even half aware of the issues raised by those events. While it would be unwise for me to discuss these issues here and now, I insist nevertheless, that the students have a right to be fed a somewhat more substantial diet that you are offering them in either report or editorial.

As for Adam Campbell's comments: they were short and sour indeed, in addition to being totally irrelevant. I am curious to see how many of your readers are going to quietly swallow the dribble you dare put before them.

Yours truly,
M. Rupp

Varsity Petitioners

To The Editor:

Certainly the university professors and other so called "sophisticated elite" have a responsibility to the public.

What the editor does not realize is that the men who demonstrated at city hall are acutely aware of their responsibility, and that their awareness was the cause of their action.

If we are aware of the moral issues involved in events such as the recent city election and are not willing to do something about it, what is to happen to our society?

Furthermore, how can we look ourselves in the face? In the opinions of the demonstrators, their's was not only the right but the duty to act as they did.

S. L. Dragland,
Arts IV.

UBC Weekend

To The Editor:

The Gateway article on the UBC weekend was a disappointment. Somehow The Gateway staff has failed to capture the spirit of the event. Could this oversight be due to the fact that The Gateway was unable to find a writer on its staff who had enough spirit to go? Or could it be that the writer who wrote the article is in training to write obituaries for the Edmonton Journal or Bob Lampard's biography?

The body (printed portion, not girl on the front page) of the article deserved at least front page coverage. Certainly "the biggest non faculty-intervarsity

exchange yet" deserves at least equal coverage with . . . "Record Rhubarb Crop" (front page, Gateway, Tuesday, Oct. 1). Is the Gateway vegetating these days?

It also seems that the editorial staff has passed over the UBC weekend in favor of "fine print" topics on last Friday's editorial page. Could you have possibly written an editorial on the difference between the 120 spirited people and the other 8,000-10,000 people on this campus (you can never be sure of the number—most of them are only half there)?

Or perhaps you could have commented on the orderly manner in which the partying was conducted as compared to vandalism at eastern affairs of this type. In future I hope that you will use the "facelifted" Gateway as a newspaper as opposed to its present use; a new way for Gateway staffers to gift-wrap the same old campus trivia.

Bryan Campbell
Arts II

Editor's Note: See Mencken's words at top of page.

The Mayor

To The Editor:

I always enjoy reading Mr. Campbell's Short and Sour column, chiefly because I can always rely on it. It is always wrong with an admirable consistency. He makes reference to a Biblical passage that says "And if he (thy brother) sin against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day BE CONVERTED, saying I repent: forgive him."

Surely the point that the clergymen and The Magnificent Four were trying to make is that His Worship has NOT been "converted" and, therefore, he is NOT obliged to forgive him.

But at least Adam Campbell can be credited with more intelligence and guts than the tab-collar boy who wrote the editorial entitled "Anti-Hawrelak Demonstration."

The editorial states that the demonstration has "very little hope of being effective" and then proceeds to tell us how REALLY effective it will be.

It contends that such behavior will arouse "mudslinging . . . which obscured some important issues . . ." I put it to you, sir, that this "mudslinging," if such it may be called, arose FROM these important issues and cannot properly be considered extraneous to them.

The editorial then goes on to say "It is true that university professors are entitled to some social prerogative; but this entails a sense of public responsibility as well. It is doubtful whether the city council demonstration will enhance the PUBLIC IMAGE of professors or the university."

You really let the cat out of the bag there. If this paragraph means anything, it means "Believe what you will but, for God's sake, don't ACT upon it. People may take offence." What a shameful argument against "boat rocking!"

The tone that prevails throughout the editorial is one of lofty disdain for nasty things like charges, counter charges, rancor, bitterness, and contention.

"Cover these things up," our editorialist seems to say. "They offend my sensibilities!" Does he long for the peace and quiet on a one-party system?

Thank God there are some men on this campus who are CAPABLE of feeling the prick of what Adam Campbell, in his obscene manner, calls "the well-deserved bayonet up our respective rectums!"

R. T. Kallal,
Arts 2

P.S. I would prefer that you use the pseudonym "Huckleberry" as one of the professors involved is my instructor and I'd hate his thinking that I'm apple-polishing.

About Critics

To The Editor:

There are two kinds of cancerous sores inevitably clinging to the world of Art. Both go under the name of "critic." Both appeared in The Gateway on Oct. 18.

The first type is the apologist, who always insists the work of art he is examining is GOOD. No. GREAT. It is GREAT because: it is supposed to be great; because the author is supposed to be great; because it is produced by local talent; because there is a lot of money spent on it; because there is a large cast augmented perhaps by an even larger orchestra; because it is staged in the Jubilee Auditorium.

"Madama Butterfly" was booted from the stage when first produced. Time has not improved it. Such a tedious, insipid, ineffectual, inconsequential, sentimental, inept, excuse for a work of Art should rightly be committed to the flames. Our local opera company did a creditable job; the orchestra outdid itself.

But the hour-long acts filled with musical fluffery and the very worst of drama defeated any bid for real Art the company might have had. "But the music is great," you might say. Dramatic music without the drama is like saying, "That is a beautiful fish when in the water, but how unlike a fish it is when sitting here boiled on my plate."

Anybody from Gershwin to Beethoven can churn out melodies; the melodies do not become music, however, until placed in the proper context. The music from "Madama Butterfly" is much like boiled fish, since it reflects the plotless plot from which it takes its origins.

Puccini is not always great because he is Puccini (he IS great in "Tosca"); like all artists he is only great some of the time (and often very bad as in "Madama Butterfly"). Let us not apologize, even in The Gateway, for anti-art.

The other type of critic is the person so intent on finding technical faults he misses the truth of the Art. Madama Butterfly was good technically, but evinced no truth. The Danish String Quartet were almost perfect technically, and evinced nothing but truth.

Our Gateway critic Michael Massey was so busy with "rhythmic irregularities" he did not hear the Danish Quartet, four gentlemen who played emotionally in tune not only with the

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work at hand but also with each other. I ask Mr. Massey, was their sole aim a technical tour de force? This was nearly the only thing he examined.

It is hardly apropos for one to agree with Mr. Massey that it was generally a "rather disappointing" evening simply because our learned critic disagreed with the tone coloring of the first violin. There was more to the New Danish String Quartet than that.

I do hope The Gateway will unyoke themselves from these two types of nincompoops this year, or, if this is not possible, at least have the conscientiousness to refrain entirely from reviewing concerts and shows. A critic should be concerned with what IS, not what should be, and should not be singularly aimed at parading his great personal wealth of knowledge at the cost of both the performing artist and the weary reader, as did Mr. Massey.

Bad reviews are the worst type of newspaper copy, and it is better to be mutely neutral than hopelessly negative. Silence on the part of The Gateway would have been much preferable to the reviews of Madama Butterfly and the New Danish String Quartet.

Critic
B.Mus. 1

Forsaken Road

To The Editor:

Why has the City of Edmonton forsaken Emily Murphy road?

This cratered imitation of a motor-way is used by many students, and it causes them more pain and frustration than dry rushing. One's spine is re-adjusted by shocks ordinarily experienced only in a springless ox-cart travelling over fallen logs.

Recently one fellow stopped on the way up to examine his car for signs of square wheels. My car pool charges extra for the extra distance travelled up and down the bumps.

City engineers have once or twice attempted to solve the problem, but after the second grader was lost with all hands in one of the potholes, they let Nature have her way.

I suggest that, in order to increase the velocity of metropolitan vehicular locomotion, we should encourage the correct application of scarifying, regrading, and resurfacing to the appropriate thoroughfare.

In short, to get Edmonton rolling again, let's get Emily Murphy road rolled!

Yours,
Macadam II

Richard McDowall's Musings



A few years ago I wandered into the Rutherford Library through the brown front doors. Looking around at all the people with neat little stacks of books under their arms I had to agree with myself that a Library is certainly a worthwhile building to have on campus.

I walked up to the first floor and went in behind the stacks. There, shelf after shelf, row after row lay thousands of books, some yet to be opened. Not many people around back there.

I left and continued my non-planned investigation of the building. Arriving on the second floor I turned right and wandered down the hall to a room at the west side. I entered.

This can't be the library, I thought—there are no books here, no librarians and last of all no people. I mused that the reason there were no people was because there were only paintings here.

I left, but instead of turning left down the stairs I kept on going to the end of the hall. There to my right was another door. Opening it I heard the sound of music coming from within. I didn't recognize the music but I did recognize several friends of mine who were slouched in their chairs eating their noon-day lunches.

Looking around I noticed at the front of the room a middle-aged lady who went over to the turntable and flipped over the record. First an art gallery and now a music listening room—surely I could not be in the right building.

Yesterday I looked out of the west window on the fifth floor of the Engineering Building at two residence boys playing catch with a football. Suddenly my view was diverted to below on the sidewalk where students were going and coming, to and from classes. It reminded me of a busy hive of bees preparing for winter. Hordes of people crowded the sidewalk. I thought surely they don't all just go to their respective rooms in the various buildings and then leave to another.

Watching these people brought back the memory of my first walk through the library. How many of our students see nothing more than cement before their eyes? How many students take a tour through our buildings in their spare time?

There is a lot to see here at our campus. The grounds are crowded with buildings and in each and every one is something new and different.

I wonder how many students have been through our new Education Building, our "Atom Smasher" building, our Agriculture Building, our Physical Education Building, our hospital, our Math Physics Building, our Arts Building?

I could go on at some length. This is why I think an examination of our million-dollar complex here at the university should be one of the facts of our education, of our stay here.