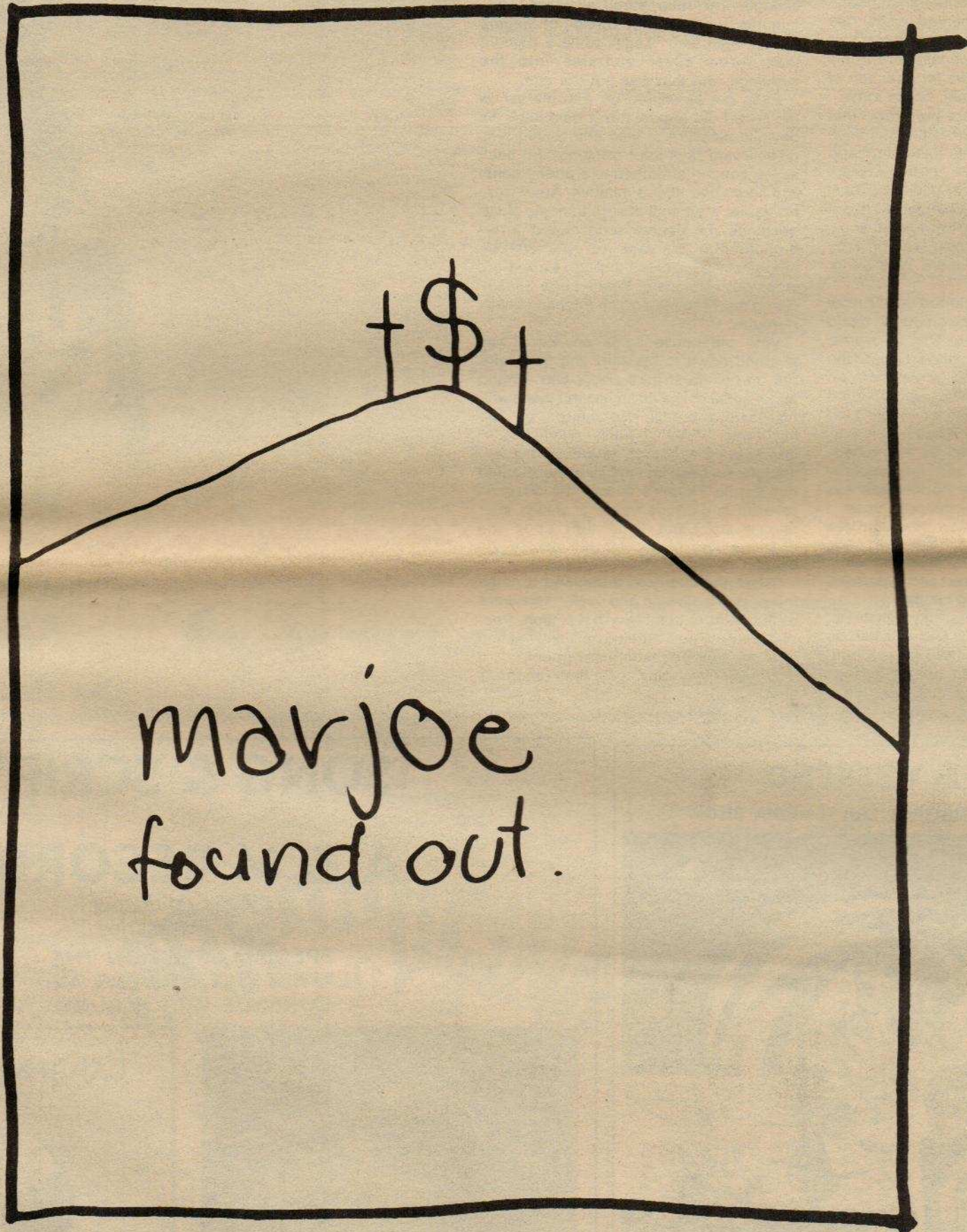


# Hebdo



**you can find out**

**what he found out...**

**see page 10**



# Elton John crackles with raw electricity at monumental concert

Elton John has always been firmly entrenched as one of my musical favorites but after his premier Toronto appearance last Thursday it's unimaginable that anyone could overtake the number one position that he so deservedly won that night.

From the moment he came on stage, in an unlikely outfit of a red, blue and silver striped and sparkled top hat and tails, with matching platform shoes, Elton John outflanked the wildest expectations of the audience of more than fifteen thousand. Seated at the keyboard of the grand piano his first two, self-accompanied songs, *Tiny Dancer* and *Daniel*, were completely juxtaposed in theme and atmosphere to his outlandish attire. With the introduction of the band complete, all hell broke loose.

As the utterly complete performer that he is, he knew exactly what the audience wanted to hear and he gave that and more. Most artists have to be coaxed, usually for the encore, to play their best known pieces. But not Elton John. He put down at least one song from each of his five albums and the crowd was, in fact, stunned when he gave them *Your Song*, so early in the concert.

His backup group, included Dee Murray on bass, Davey Johnstone on guitar, banjo and mandolin, and Nigel Olsson drums. Olsson's percussive display rivalled the exquisite gut-thumping standards on Elton's studio albums. The overall sound was remarkable, not just for Maple Leaf Gardens but for any rock hall in this city. Every instrument as well as the vocals, were sharp and clear and very expertly balanced. A number like *Rocket Man* was performed with more delicacy than I thought possible, outside of the confines of the studio. Davey Johnstone's Slide guitar was a marvel to listen to as it weaved through the crowd and heralded the chorus with a stinging clarity.

When Elton got to the rinky-tink break in *I Think I'm Going to Kill Myself*, a certain "Legs" Larry Smith, long-haired and mustachioed tap-danced onto the stage wearing a strange outfit that included a

black football helmet with a white pompon and black and white penny loafers. That song was appropriately followed by an unbelievable version of *Can I Put You On*, where Elton kicked away the piano stool and worked the crowd to a frenzy, as he ran from one side of the stage to the other and returned to pound the keyboard as he knelt before it.

The concert passed the one hour mark as the crowd thundered. Elton said he'd be back for what everyone expected would be the finale after a quick costume change. He reappeared in about two minutes to do a freaky version of *Singing In The Rain* with "Legs" while a painted lady threw silver sparkles into the audience. But that was not the end.

Elton got as caught up with his act as the crowd did and he never held back his obvious pleasure at their enthusiasm. His disbelieving fans kept bringing him back as the concert stretched to a phenomenal two hours and fifteen minutes. Apart from his earlier moments of commanding stage presence, the last few songs stood out as monumental displays of raw electric energy as he crackled through turned-on, stops-out versions of *Whole Lotta Shakin' Going on*, *Take Me To The Pilot* and finally *Hercules*.

With the house lights on, Elton was stripped down to his shirt and now wore red and white striped socks and winged boots as he broke down all inhibitions with his stange antics. His hands on the keyboard and his face contorted in grimaces of intensity, he kicked his feet straight out back into the air as he shouted out Bernie Taupin's lyrics. The Gardens revelled in glorious waves of climax after climax, as Elton John lept upon the Steinway and hurled himself across the stage.

When the last note triumphed through the air, the audience and performers were at the point of complete exhaustion. People filtered onto Carlton Street smiling and shaking their heads in amazement.

I think everyone got their money's worth.



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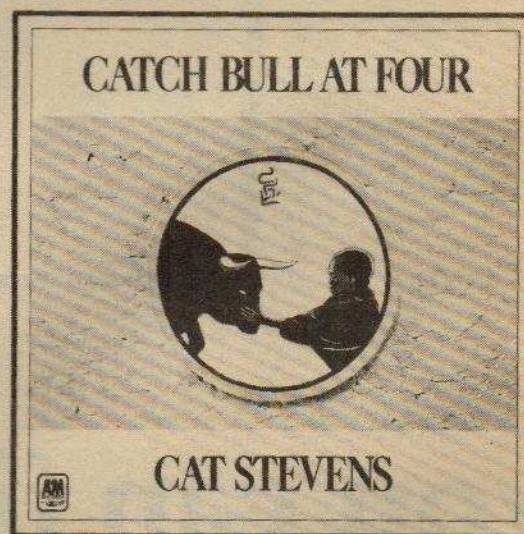
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# "Last of the Order" lacks divine inspiration

Sensitive to the Jesus movement in the streets and rock and roll religion in the musical theatre, straight dramatists are showing an increasing interest in the relationship between God and man. It is unfortunate that this interest cannot be shared by the audience in its relationship with this play.

Richard Benner's *The Last of the Order*, which opened at the Tarragon Theatre Tuesday, is a perfect example of a work that has forgotten what it was that made shows like *Godspell* successful. Their secret lay in the playing, not in the preaching. *Godspell* went light on God and heavy on spell-binding entertainment. Everyone got the message - everyone knew that anyway - not from the content of the show but from the style, which was lightning fast.

Not so Mr. Benner's opus. Two and a half hours, not counting intermission, is a long time to watch three characters, even if they are brilliant in a play with dialogue that cracks like a whip. Benner's whip is sometimes limp and there are long passages on the qualities of suffering and sacrifice during which one can only shuffle one's feet and wish for more pleasant things. After all, one can hear such sermons in church for free and usually at less length.

Part of the feeling of being preached to comes from the fact that the play is set in a deserted church in Mexico. The church is run by an old priest who is the last member of his religious order, the Brotherhood of the Sacred Hands. His congregation has long deserted him and he is left with only one follower, a woman he wronged long ago who nevertheless remains with him and acts as his altar boy during mass.

She is an increasingly unwilling servant as she recognizes the futility of celebrating the eucharist for a non-existent congregation. Abraham, the priest,

does not see the uselessness of it all. He has faith that some day some one will come along to be a novice and continue the work of the order. In the meantime he has sacrificed his life and all his worldly possessions in support of the poor - seemingly a very ungrateful poor for they won't even come to church to give thanks for their pastor's generosity.

Finally the old priest's prayers are answered in the form of a matador whose concept of sacrifice consists of impaling others on the end of his sword.

The concept of ultimate sacrifice that is wrapped up in Abraham's supposed martyrdom makes very questionable theology. A martyr by definition is a man who does not want to die but who, being forced, makes of his death as much of a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for his sins as it is possible for a mortal man. Abraham is just too willing to die. Having sacrificed everything, he fails to make the ultimate sacrifice which is to continue living when everything is lost. Playwright Benner unjustly murders his hero for the sake of a dramatic ending that is reminiscent of the girl *Beckett* and ends with a tableau that is a steal from a badly painted thirteenth station of the cross in which the dead Christ is mourned by his mother.

There were some light moments that provided blessed relief from the otherwise single-minded pursuit of a very heavy theme. Helen Hughes was often delightful as Abraham's earthy housekeeper, Lucy. She did house work in the middle of mass, sang silly ditties of the Jesus saves his money in the Bank of Montreal variety and brought ecclesiastical Latin to new lows in lines like "Dominus vobiscum and beat it".

J.B. Douglas occasionally brought humanity to an otherwise saintly role especially in scenes during which Lucy reminded him of his very mortal failings. Un-

fortunately his role shackled him with too much nobility and dialogue that sometimes required him to shift from earth to heaven with such rapidity that the

transition caused unintentional laughter. Ardon Bess as the mad matador had a role that was as paper-mache as the Christ above

the altar and he was understandably unable to bring it to live.

Rob Martin

## Dance program ambitious

"The modern dancer is not interested in spectacle, but in the communication of emotional experiences, intuitive perceptions, and elusive truths". This is the final statement from the quotation which appears at the head of the program given out at performances of the Toronto Dance Theatre. Judging from the first of three programs offered by the company of fourteen dancers, they do not always live up to their credo. There were moments, in fact, during the varied program of October fourth, when spectacle seemed to be replacing communication.

The most explicit of their compositions, thematically, is *The Amber Garden*. In a stylized setting which defines the space quite liberally by means of a stool, a revolving bench, and a single, suspended window—all in white—two couples become entangled in romantic intrigue. The form reminds one of Anthony Tudor's dance-melodrama, *The Lilac Garden*, a favorite with the National Ballet, but the emotional states dealt with, come closer to a choreographed version of R.D. Laing's *Knots*. Each dancer portrays a particular emotional makeup, with enough detail in the choreography to avoid boring stereotypes. There is a particularly sensitive study of the playgirl-troublemaker whose need to attract sets off an unhappy chain reaction, and who finishes alone, caught in pitiless self-examination. Milton Barnes' musical score for string ensemble suggests the intensity of the emotions throughout the changing moods of the solos, duets, ensemble numbers. Thus, if we are looking for thematic content and the communication of emotional states, *The Amber Garden* is their most successful offering.

Very interesting production-wise, though more ambiguous from a thematic point of view, was another newly choreographed work, *Boat, River, Moon*. The set consists of the boat and moon in question, again stylized constructions,

with a film sequence and electronic music to create the sensuousness of the river by night. Again we see four characters, this time stereotyped in the oriental dramatic tradition—Boatman, Warrior, Woman and Priest. They dance out a fantasy of sexual desire, temptation, struggle for power, and, inevitably, murder in the space around their boat. The content is not convincing. The choreographer doesn't live up to his exotic subject matter, and, this being the case, the aid of other media creates a "spectacle" of the genre the company seems anxious to avoid.

Their *Baroque Suite*, featuring music of Pachelbel and Corelli, suggests to us certain moods without being overly specific. David Earle, the choreographer, opens the number with a very fluid solo. In his blue silk costume, he seems to slither around the stage expressing both peace and joy. As the lights dim, he is still in eternal motion. The number which follows a lament, changes the mood to one of heaviness of spirit, thorough the slow, dragged and agonised movements of the seven women, clad in sumptuous, long gowns. A more energetic duet concludes the suite.

The least valuable work on the program was a solo performed and choreographed by Peter Randazzo—*Starscape*. A monotonous visual effect whereby the dancer moved slowly about the stage with four strings joined to his waist and stretching out towards the infinities of the stage crew above, gave us another example of "spectacle" for its own sake.

Program Three, which plays until the fourteenth, promises intriguing fare in the way of themes. *The Last Act*, and *Los Sencillos* (The Simple Ones) both deal with a play within a play, and *The Silent Feast* features Salome, John the Baptist and a host of other biblical favorites. More ambitious undertakings by a company that is learning through experimentation.

Eleanor Coleman

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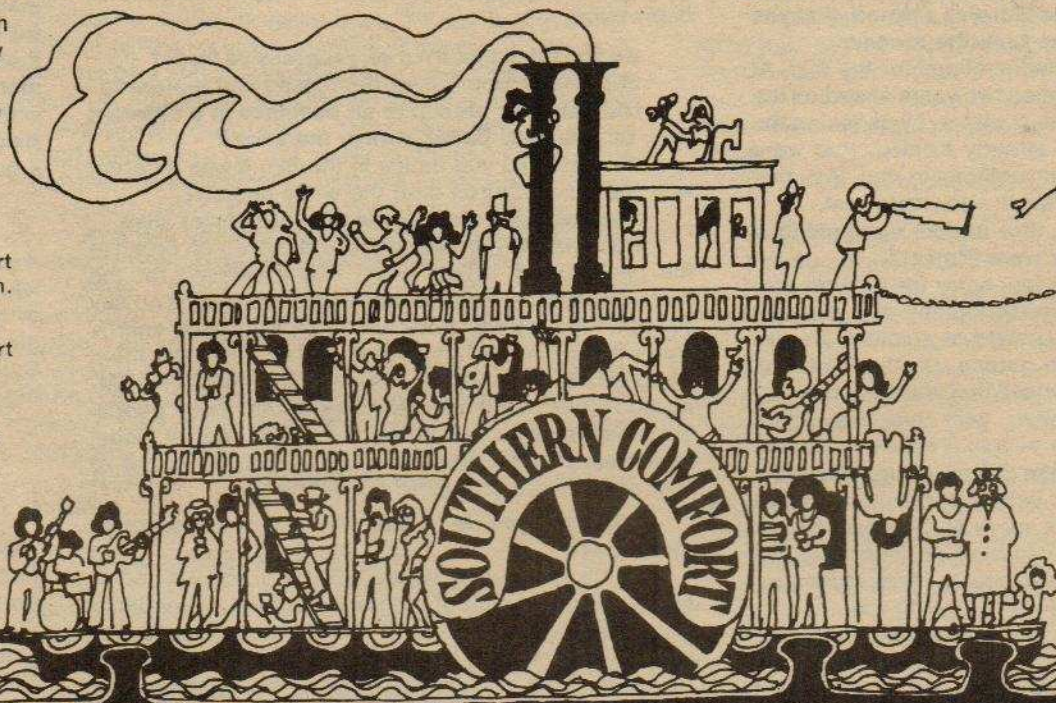
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# Making it big in the God

## a past master tells how to

Marjoe (Mary-Joseph) Gortner started his amazing career as preacher-evangelist at the age of three-and-a-half. By the age of four, he had performed his first wedding ceremony. (It wasn't until after this wedding that California law was changed to state that the legal age for ministers conducting weddings should be 21.) From four to 14, he was taken on tour throughout the States by his domineering parents, hitting the regular Bible circuit saving souls for Jesus, and collecting a sum in the region of three million dollars. At 14 he decided to quit. After a while he took up living with an older woman, subsequently married, fathered a daughter and drifted from job to job. Short of money, he returned to the circuit a couple of years back and began again to make a name for himself. He needed the money but also wanted out and the opportunity came when he met Howard Smith, a columnist from The Village Voice, who suggested a movie based on Marjoe's life and "business". He subsequently gave up Bible preaching for good and is now trying to make it as a straight actor and singer.

The movie *Marjoe*, now playing at the New Yorker, makes an impact on two obvious levels. One is the exposure of the evangelical con-game that literally takes millions from the poor and naive every year. Marjoe quite openly says that at no point in his career did he believe in God or think it a miracle that he preached. He was in it for the money — pure and simple. He believes that the majority of evangelical preachers think the same. This might shock some depending on how they feel about religion.

The second aspect of the film is more disturbing. It's the man Marjoe himself who could coldly collect the money from his congregations and treat it as if it were a mere Sunday school prank. The incredible repression and guilt which he was laying on these people is washed over with a smile and an "oh well, if I didn't do it, someone else would". The power this man had is no less frightening though on a much smaller scale, than Hitler's.

Consequently, when I went to interview Marjoe, I expected a high-powered manipulator, ready and on the defensive. Surprisingly, instead I met a tired, very relaxed, pleasant person, soft-spoken and immediately likeable. Although he was obviously fed up with interviews, Marjoe answered all questions in a sincere, straight-forward manner. He had done a lot of thinking about his past and it was definitely behind him, although he constantly slipped into the present tense when talking of his preaching days, probably due to fatigue more than anything else. He had thought of the aspect of power and repression but never went deeply into it. The basic attitude was what is past is past, so let it die.

**Do you feel the film is an honest representation of what you were doing?**

Yeah.

**Time magazine said the film was a rip-off, that you set up those meetings, then took the money.**

I didn't book any special meetings for the film. At the time of the film I was booked two years ahead on the gospel circuit. Except for the summer. I was taking the film crew to meetings that already existed, that were booked anyway. There was nothing in the film that didn't happen anyway. It was all very, very real.

**Do you feel that the film ended up making a mockery of the people you were filming?**

Absolutely not. I really feel sorry for anyone who sees it that way, because you're looking at a piece of culture. The people are in a state of ecstasy. They're having a good time; they're getting off; they're jovial; they believe. I was very surprised that when the film first opened that a sophisticated, very hip New York audience could laugh at the people. There were lots of funny things in the film, like the guy preaching about the Cadillac. But to laugh at the people per se, they're part of American culture; they're more to be observed as what they are rather than laughed at. The ones we wanted to get to were the preachers. Those guys who are using those people and doing that to them.

**What about the money that you actually collected during the film?**

What, the money counting scene on the bed? That was not my money, that was the film's money.

**The Implication was...**

Well that's something that I've done. That's a scene. I've done that with my own money. That was just a scene to show. . .

**Was there any money made during the sermons shown on the film?**

Oh, yeah.

**And what happened to that money?**

It went in my pocket.

**You don't feel...**

What about the money I made before the film? What difference does that make? I didn't collect any money 'till after it was over. You can go on. Ultimately I gave it up. If I wanted to make money I'd never made the film. People say you made the film to make money. Well that's not true. I made it for two reasons which I'll get into later. Ultimately, to make money, I'd have stayed right where I was at, baby, because I could have been into the big penthouse.

**You say you don't know what happened to that three million you made before.**

No.

**Your father did show up in the film.**

He has a church in San Diego. He will not talk about my childhood. When I ask him about it, or talk to him about it, he just says he has a heart condition. He doesn't want to relate to those years. He says he'll have a heart attack.

**Have you met anyone who was in one of your meetings and has seen the film? What are their reactions?**

I've never met anyone. I've received letters. The people who have written to me say they'll pray for me. That's too bad. There's one lady who wrote: she said that no matter what I said, that I had God in me when I preached. She'll always know that and will pray for me now that I've gone astray.

**So you've never actually met anyone who was in your meetings?**

Person to person?

Yes.

No, only through letters. The way I could do that would be to go back to the church; which I don't plan on doing.

**What are your feelings to those people now?**

What I've just said. I feel sorry for them. Not sorry for them, but it's too bad these preachers only give them this temporary high, don't give them anything as far as social issues. They don't get them to register to vote, don't get them involved in poverty programs or things to help them in their lives right now. It's always pie in the sky. When you die, by and by. So you're going to get a reward some day, you're. . . you know, everything is someday, and they keep coming back for more. I think it's too bad that that's the only thing they're getting. That keeps all middle America in the state of depression.

**So you think that it's a very repressive force?**

Suppressed, oppressed, depressed and repressed.

**Did you ever preach to an audience in a different way, or was your patter always the same?**

It varies. Did you notice in the film it was different with the black church than the white church?

**Yea, the black church was obviously more alive.**

Because they answer back and there's an organ in the background. That's why I like preaching for the black people the best, because they respond. You say yea and they say yea. Back and forth. It's a good energy type of thing. In a white church you've got to get them going more; you've got to work with the people harder, because they're not as free to begin with. Black people are loose; they're walking up the street; they're loose, more ready to go. Mid-American white you've got to give much more energy to go with you.

**What did you do in that period that you stopped preaching?**

That's the period where I really got saved, so to speak. I studied a lot of different religions; I travelled; I was an auctioneer; I worked at a boardwalk, a pin ball thing. I was involved in the antiwar thing. I did a lot of travelling. A lot of different things, that's what squared my head away from all the rest of the garbage.

**What was your purpose of making the film, that is if you had one purpose in mind?**

I had two, that's what I started to talk about. Number one, when the idea came about. . . I've always wanted. . . I've sat at these revivals, if these people only knew what was going on behind the scenes, how these preachers are. . . what the whole scene is really like, if there was just a way to tell them it would be so fantastic. But how could you do it? So I saw the film immediately as a vehicle to do that. . . the younger kids who are being caught in it, who I feel are being brainwashed, and sort of see the thing and something will trigger in their minds and they will get out. Number two, it puts the whole thing definitely behind me. It's not that easy to give something up that you've done since you were four years old. It puts the whole thing behind me; it opens an acting career so I can do something else legitimate and I don't think that's bad.

**Do you think that the evangelism game has been exposed in your film; are we seeing the whole thing, or just some cases?**

Well that's definable. There are some cases where they're down-and-out types, but there are many cases where there are a lot of these preachers who are really sincere and they believe. They believe it's right for them to have their Cadillac and to live in big houses. They work for God and when you work for God you're going to prosper. They really believe that it is right for them to do that. So it's not that they're insincere; it's just that their thinking is a little screwy.

**So not necessarily all these preachers are con-men.**

Oh no. The preachers you see in the film believe. Hey, they believe in God, they pray every night, I guarantee you. It's what they believe, the pattern of their thinking. That woman in Detroit, I bet she believes. I don't know. Only God knows. Right?

**You really did hope to reach those people you were preaching to?**

Absolutely. That's why I'm really glad it's the film showing in the south. It's showing in Texas now, in Georgia. And I'm really glad that it's down there because I know a lot of those kids; my name is fairly well known there and I know a lot of those kids will go out and see it.

**But the reactions in those letters were that you're a poor boy gone astray.**

Those were from the older people. Eighty per cent of the mail I've been receiving is positive, "it's fantastic what you did".

**What sort of critical reaction have you been getting?**

Devil-possessed. That the film is a rip-off. I made it for the money, which to me is ludicrous because the film would have to make zillions of dollars for me to make money out of it. It's not that kind of a film; I mean it will show and do well, but I'm not going to make lots of money out of it. Maybe for my career, but if it was money I wanted to make I would have stayed right where I was at, like I said before. I really think in five or six years I would have made it to the top, because I was a good preacher.

**You had that style.**

Right. I could have continued on and on; no one would have known the difference. I was at the point when making the film, of really getting into the big time or get out. I had a five storey office building that was given to me in Texas by two ladies, just handed to me. But I would have had to get into magazines or radio, the big time or get out. So that's why I knew I had to get out.

**Who do you consider the big time?**

Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard.

**Have you ever met these people?**

I've met Rex. Of course Oral Roberts was a tent preacher when I was a kid. We had bigger meetings than he had when I was small. Course then when he made his money he sort of turned on the poor people and joined the Methodist church and elevated himself. Now he's got the big university and fancy T.V. shows. But all his original income came from the really down people.



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**The money people were giving to you, you were asking for big bills at one point. Do you think these people were taking from their savings or kids?**

To a degree maybe so, yeah. I try to justify. . . I just took once in a night. Sometimes I'd be in town for a week; I'd take one big collection, or two or whatever. I'd justify that in my own head by saying that a lot of preachers took four or five in one night. I never asked anyone to give up their coats or anything. But I took offerings of course. But again if I just preached and didn't take an offering and ask for those bills. . . people are taught to give when they receive a blessing; that's the way the Christian thing is; the donation, actually them giving is a part of the release of their final orgasm.

**So it's part of the show?**

Yeah, yeah.

**When you were doing your preaching, did you believe it was a therapy for the people?**

In a way. It was a way for some very hostile people to get it off actually. A lot of them who are sick were healed; their sickness was psychosomatic and they were healed and that was very good. I mean to see someone come down to say I'm better, I'm well made me feel fantastic. And their sickness was real, but I just knew it wasn't God or Jesus but just the energy in believing. . . strong enough at the moment. I was saying before that that's such a beautiful quality because if you had a headache or backache now and were complaining and I said to you that I'd pray for you and it would go away, you'd probably say "are you kidding". And you'd sit there for the whole rest of the day with your backache, but if you were a believer I could pray for you and you'd believe that it would go away because you'd believe it; you'd conquer it with your own mind. So that's a far out quality to have.

**Did you employ other gimmicks besides those shown in the film?**

Oh, such things as pray hankies, miracle oil, like blessing water — used to keep that in a coke bottle. That's about it.

**You said that you copied styles like Mick Jagger and others.**

Yeah, that's been taken way out of context in the movie though. It's not that I really copied but I really said is that certain rock performers, what they do and perform is very much like the preaching. I would think a lot of time being on stage. . . the more I would jump and run the aisles the more people would say, God is really blessing him tonight. . . the way he is running it has to be God. And I would be thinking in my head, those very same people, let them watch Mick Jagger or Alice Cooper or someone like that and they would say the devil is possessing that man, that's the devil. And I would be doing that and that's God, although the movements are much the same.

**Do you see that as a correlation between your act and someone like Mick Jagger?**

I see it in terms of a performance it's the same, yeah. It's strange, those kids, they can dance and fall out in the aisles and that's the Holy Ghost; that's beautiful. Let them dance at a rock concert and they're demon-possessed. The whole thing's strange.

**So they're related but. . .**

Yeah, on different levels. Another statement. I think a Billy Graham crusade is the same as what I do on a more intellectual level. The people don't dance; they don't run down the aisles but I sort of see it as a hype. They come down and give their hearts to Jesus and get promised eternal life. But it's more low-keyed, more professional level. But I don't think ultimately they get the help they need. He should speak out and say something about the war or talk about racism or poverty or that. He could do so much more than he does.

**Did you ever feel that you could have done that yourself?**

I tried to. I went back and tried to do it, but it didn't go over. When I went preaching, I didn't go back to do a show, but I went back because I was in the anti-war thing. I went to preach sermons relating Christ as a revolutionary character who changed things in his times and people who are good Christians should want to do the same. I wrote all this, what I thought were beautiful philosophical sermons, getting people involved in



The Varsity—Michael Cowger

today, but relating to the Bible. But it bombed. I went down to thirty people one night from a crowd of five hundred. The minister cancelled me out. I was booked for two weeks, shut me down in five nights. I made no money; and he said when are you going to preach on hell; when are you going to preach on fire and brimstone; we don't want to hear political speeches in church, we don't worry about the world because we're going to heaven some day.

**You found this the attitude of most of the people who ran the churches?**

Yeah. The kids were receptive. They came up and said "Wow! I would like to hear more of that" but it was put down by the ministers who ran the church and the older people in the congregation. So after about three months of doing that, and falling miserably at it I said well what they want is a performance and a show and I changed and started doing the other things and started to get successful at it.

**Do you think that you can get successful at this sort of thing through your recording and future acting?**

I'm not trying to now. Strange thing, when a person tries to be a spiritual leader or preacher or whatever and his income has to come from it I think that's very bad because sooner or later you have to say something that cops yourself out or you sell out. Remember when meditation came along, a long time ago. It was a beautiful thing. Then all-of-a-sudden it was very commercialized and he was in a Rolls-Royce making millions of dollars and it was a big business. A lot of people say, why don't you go out now and say what you do believe because people would listen because of the movie and everything. Yeah, they would listen, but promoters would get a hold of it and I would be sold and it would be very commercialized. But I think if I wait a couple of years and income comes in from film or records whatever happens and I want to speak out on an issue because I believe it and I'll say it, just say it, and there'll be no ulterior motive and someone wants to pick up on it and it helps them fine. I don't have to come back to collect or sell tickets to hear me give my philosophical viewpoints. I mean say things in songs that I believe but I'm not trying to. I mean I'm more or less into the performance of it and have people have a good time, not trying to communicate spiritually.

**Was this attitude deliberately left out of the film, because there is no mention of these things?**

Right. Again in 88 minutes you can't put everything. The movie covers pretty much a broad range. You see the element for what it is. I was mainly interested in the movie and people seeing that element of Americana, what those preachers are like, how much control they have over the people. That's what's important. My own personal thoughts are not so.

**What sort of audience was it? A low income group?**

Middle to lower class.

**Mostly black or mostly white?**

In my meetings it was about 70 per cent black. I was one of the few white preachers who was accepted in black churches. I preached in a lot of all black churches. I carry papers of The Church of God in Christ which is an all-black denominational. I sort of preach that style so they just accept it.

**What about children, were there a lot in the audience?**

Yeah, younger kids, that's the depressing part. Younger kids being brainwashed into that, hearing that night after night after night.

**Like you were presumably?**

As a kid, yeah, but I was on the other side of the table watching the money come in.

**What do you think of the recent Jesus craze?**

I think it's really horrible. In a way. That's a rash statement really. I'm getting tired. I think if a person gets off heroin or hard drugs through Jesus, fantastic. No matter what it be, because that's a drag. Hard drugs are really bad. What is bad is the guys who are running the Jesus movement right now. The guys who are running it at the top are the same bigoted, red-necked, biased guys who seven years ago would take a person with long hair and throw them out of church. Would say it's ungodly to come into church like that "this is a house of God; go clean yourself up, then get saved". Then all-of-a-sudden church business was going down. All the denominations were off. The missionaries in Africa and Haiti had worn out. So the new thing was "let's reach the hippies". And so they started getting in millions of dollars to evangelize the hippies in the streets. So these preachers grew their hair a little bit and instead of saying "hallelujah", they'd say "far-out". That's where it's at. And these Jesus kids will come up to you on the streets; it's really sad; they're being duped in the same way. . . the philosophy, the belief, no sex before marriage, you're going to go to Heaven or to Hell. Don't worry about the world now; just win the people to Jesus because we're all going to the sky. Same trip.

**Do you equate what you've done to the straight preachers as well? Catholic or Protestant?**

Yeah.

**Do you think they're the same?**

On a different level. I'm not trying to put them in the same bag, but it is the same type of hype. The Catholic church does get involved in more social things but I think they've done more to screw up people than any other denomination. I accept parts from different religions.

**So you're not totally disillusioned with religion per se?**

I'm not disillusioned.

**You sound pretty bitter.**

Bitter? I'm bitter towards organizations. Why did they take so long to come out against the war? Imagine if six years ago Billy Graham had come out and said, that God told him, spoke to his heart that every God-fearing American would write to his congressman protesting this war, if he'd done that six years ago I think that would have helped, or might at least have started something. But that's organizations. Otherwise I say whatever works. Like if in the Catholic church someone is happy, then, great, I wouldn't tear that down. If you're happy in that and feel content and at one with yourself, I don't put that down, I think that's great. I think different things can work for different people. A person should ultimately find themselves because you are God; I think every person is God. They should elevate themselves to the highest level they can.

Wynham Wise



# Pauline Kael goes muckraking in expose of Kane

**The Citizen Kane Book; Little-Brown, \$15 hardcover, \$5.95 paper.**

You don't hear too often anymore the old canard that research or close analysis somehow spoil our enjoyment of a poem or symphony or novel — it's an old, romantic notion, and quite unrespectable. Film buffs, however, are still liable to come out with statements of this sort, and it's easy to give their arguments an indulgent ear. Movies, after all, are the most entertaining art (if the most erratic and adolescent) and it is ludicrous to think of trundling a knowledge of American fiction or Hemingway's novels to a showing of Howard Hawks' *To Have and Have Not*, or to puzzle out the implausibilities in *Strangers on a Train*.

The *Citizen Kane Book* will convince any scoffers. Here is a volume (I'm going to add, solemnly, that overused epithet "indispensable") that makes watching the movie an even greater pleasure. *Citizen Kane* has a huge following; whenever it comes to a revival house here, the lines start curling around themselves hours in advance.

These fans, I suppose, have some inkling of who William Randolph Hearst was, and may realize that Orson Welles arrived in Hollywood, at twenty-five an enfant terrible, determined, against some very nasty opposition, to make the greatest movie, ever. But there is so much in the film, and in the furor that surrounded it, that has slipped away from us, that is no longer part of the equipment we carry with us to the film. *Kane* is stupendous enough to succeed even without decoding, but it's even better the more we know about it.

The shooting script, by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles, is printed, along with extensive stills from almost every scene in the film. Except for a few passages truncated or suppressed, the script is a faithful and easily read narrative. (What with Welles' overlapping dialogue and various levels of sound, some of the brittlest dialogue can escape us even on the second or third viewing;

this book clears up any muddy parts.)

Rather unusually, the cutting continuity is reproduced as well. This is a stenographic record of the print of the film, giving footage information, a brief account of what is on the screen, and the dialogue or other sounds on the sound track. It's an irritating, choppy, demanding document, chock-a-block with technical information, but with its help it's possible to track down some particularly daring use of intersecting dialogue, some virtuoso piece of cutting.

The introduction (misleading word — it constitutes most of the text and a great deal of the excitement of this volume) was supplied by Pauline Kael. Devoted fans of

before working on a portrait of Hearst called simply *American*.

Late in the thirties, Little Orson Annie, the prodigy whom old Hollywood despised and mocked, arrived. Welles and Mankiewicz drifted together, two formidable men each who thought he could handle the other. They settled on the Hearst project, assembled some extraordinary acting and technical talent and went to work. Despite a cloak of secrecy, word got out what they were up to.

It's hard now, when we hear of how Hearst did everything he could to get *Kane* stopped, (and pursued his vendetta years after the film's release), to think of this as anything but a pompous old man's vanity

along with or be laughed at.)

The script of *Kane* stops just short of libel, but earlier versions were apparently astoundingly blunt. Mankiewicz's alcoholism had made him a pariah, he had never done anything remotely in Kane's class before, and he must have known he would never get a chance this good again. Understandably, with absolutely nothing to lose, he refused to dilute or veil his writing a bit — it was to be as hard and cutting as a diamond, and Hearst-Kane would be fragmented brilliantly through the screenplay. It wasn't revenge, it wasn't even healthy spleen (he was quite fond of Marion Davies, for instance, who was Susan Alexander Kane's prototype), it was a madman's determination not to compromise on this one job. He even went so far as to include incidents that were embarrassing to himself — Jed Leland, in a drunken slumber over the typewriter that held a cutthroat notice on Susan Kane's debut, is lifted almost intact from Mankiewicz's own days as drama critic on the New York Times. It was just too good to pass up.

Peter Bogdanovich, the sycophant, has recently attacked Kael's apportioning of the script's credit. Welles did everything, shrieks Bogdanovich, except maybe for the crumbs of credit he casts out in moods or of largess. It's really impossible to choose intelligently between their versions; both Kael and Bogdanovich rely, of necessity, on people's recollections. *Kane* is over thirty years old, and no memories are more tendentious and self-serving than Hollywood memories. Kael's reconstruction has a plausibility about it I would be reluctant to challenge — but you pay your money and you take your choice.

Kael may be wrong about a few facts, she may be wrong-headed about certain issues. Her account remains one of the most fascinating, richly detailed, and intellectually substantial accounts of Hollywood yet published. It is a "prismatic" biography of a great, maybe the greatest, movie. It is controversial, it has axes to grind, and it is almost as much fun as *Kane* itself.

Bill MacVicar



this extraordinary critic would almost rather read her writing than go to movies. Her long essay *Raising Kane* is not an academic critique, but in the spirit of *Kane* itself, is a gossipy, muck-raking investigative report of how this unlikely film came to be made.

She starts with the talented newspapermen in the thirties who went west to become screenwriters and alcoholics, among them Mankiewicz — accident-prone, fired from all the major studios, cynically brilliant. It had been his dream for a long time to do a "prismatic" study of a public figure (John Dillinger and Aimee Semple McPherson were rejected)

pushing him to ridiculous lengths. Kane, after all, was not portrayed as a pervert, or fascist, or even a particularly dislikeable man (current rumours were far darker than anything the movie contained — there were even whispers of murder). But Kael's digging around in the past proves just how malicious Mankiewicz's script was. The writer was on the fringes of the Hearst-Marion Davies coterie at San Simeon, and he had an insider's details about scandals or and embarrassing episodes that he could not resist incorporating into his screenplay. (There were pointed and humiliating references to Welles, too, that the director had to go

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# Cheap thrills

*Deliverance* is a repulsive movie. Teeth are jiggled around in a corpse's mouth, a man's leg is torn open and the muscles push out like delicate pink barnacles. These and equally grisly moments are "what *did* happen on the Cahulawassee River", as the ad teases. While it is a bit unethical to give it away as baldly as this, I wish that I had been forewarned. Instead, I went to *Deliverance* innocently, a volunteer, and I've come back a veteran pacifist, with the veteran pacifist's message, "Don't go".

It is not just that I am squeamish, or that *Deliverance* is a violent picture, it is that *Deliverance* is a dishonest violent picture.

Since bloodshed has become the staple at the Hollywood and the Uptown (as it has always been at the Downtown and the Biltmore), it has become possible (and necessary) for the Uptown audience to develop some of the Downtown audience's discrimination for horror. We apply our home aesthetics to a love scene and squirm or laugh if it rings false, but we don't distinguish between an honest and a phony beating, since it isn't something we really want to linger on. A friend pointed out that the violence in *A Clockwork Orange* "wasn't really so bad", and it wasn't, because Kubrick made it that way, by cropping, long shots, music, caricature victims. *Clockwork* was biased for Alex as the wartime Hollywood movies were for the French Resistance.

*Deliverance* takes the opposite approach and where Kubrick offered sensational sex, John Boorman gives sensational violence. (There are no women's roles in *Deliverance*.) The killed die slowly and graphically. I will spare the examples.

Nor does Boorman have Kubrick's moral squint, hypocritical though it can be at times. His hero, an aging young businessman on a weekend canoe trip, has even less moral choice than Sam Peckinpah's besieged mathematician in *Straw Dogs*. Dustin Hoffman at least had the option of giving up the fugitive he was harbouring. For John Voight it is kill or be killed, which leaves scant room for consideration, his or ours.

Boorman also shares with Peckinpah a faith in the currency of the old-time Hollywood villain. The hillbillies who assail innocent John Voight (whom, as we have been shown, can't even shoot a deer — and thank God for that) are such goons that hanging is too good for them, as it used to be put. That they are hillbillies is crucial: as poor



John Voight, as a soft businessman on a weekend canoe trip, is menaced by a sadistic hillbilly.

southern whites ("white trash") they are as ominous and fearsome to an urban audience as drum-beating jungle tribes, war-painted Indians, large-penis blacks or shiv-carrying Puerto-Ricans. White savages avoid the accusation of racism while retaining all racism's emotional advantages.

It is this corner-cutting, automatic shock that makes *Deliverance* so effective and so short-lived. The clutching hands of the dead, the prolonged showdown (straight out of *Vera Cruz*), the camera drawing back from the hero and dollying through the woods, lingering behind a tree just that extra moment (is there someone watching?), the water-logged hand rising out of the river, only afterwards revealed as a dream — these are stock tricks, as standard as a shadow that turns out to be cast by a house-cat. They work, but they don't build. They affect like pornography.

There might have been a purpose in *Deliverance*. The businessmen seek deliverance from their fears and inadequacies by escaping to the wilderness, at least for the weekend. The wilderness people, on the other hand, are trapped in their poverty and self-reliance, any hope of deliverance gone with their teeth. There are traces of this, of dignity in other words, in peripheral scenes: around a boardinghouse dinner-table, in James Dickey's portrayal of a local sheriff, in a blank-faced child's

rejection of a city-man's handshake. But these are just traces, lost in a sea of cheap thrills.

Since there is no moral point to *Deliverance*, except the unintentional anti-poor white racism, any justification must be in the characters and relations of the four canoe-trippers. But, while it is true that they are not matinee stereotypes (loyal and oblivious), they are still stereotypes, just more *au courant*. So Burt Reynolds' machismo is cold and uninviting — but why is he like that? Where does he draw his energy from? Reynolds performs with an incredible stiffness, but then he is given little reason to do otherwise.

Movie-making, more than any other art, is a corporate medium, so that it is difficult to individualize credit and blame. Somewhere in the background of *Deliverance* there was genius. We catch glimpses of it before and after the plot gets going, in enticingly jumbled dialogue, in snatches of vernacular poetry. (Reynolds roars ahead of a local guide to find the Cahulawassee River, driving at break-neck speed into a garbage dump. He drives back to the main road where the locals chide "it's only the biggest damn river in the state". Reynolds roars off.)

There is, however, one place where credit is unmistakably due and that is with cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller*). **Bob Bossin**

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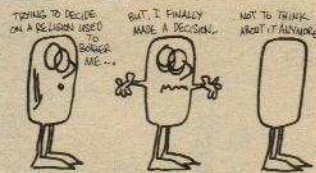
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# the child i was

What was important? I'm somewhere deep and long ago this week because my father is in the hospital and, for a while, I thought he was dying. "Smell the air," he would say after a rain. "Look at the stars." "Listen to that wind." "See how the little tree is growing." "There's a bee's nest in the lilac bush. Come and listen." It was a world where I was free enough to feel things, and I was grateful for that. But it was also a world in which my father and my mother were still fearful. Full of the Depression. Hollow fear. The fear of hard-working people who were careful with their feelings, because that's the way they knew how to survive. Thrift, politeness, morality, discipline. When my father punished us it was always "something that had to be done." No one wanted it; it was out of his control. No one asked "Says who?" or "Why?"

School was like that too. An unpleasant necessity. The important things were the other kids. Tapping maple trees. Picking wildflowers. Collecting tadpoles. Having recess. Going home for lunch. Skipping. Marbles. Boyfriends. We went to school in a four-room brick schoolhouse, where the principal was authoritarian and worshipped brains and gave the strap. But he also believed in children learning all they could take, which was nice for me. . . in the beginning at least. Because I liked to learn, and I was eager for everything. Eventually the reward became important too, and about the fourth grade I grew anxious to learn. Not eager, anxious. My parents' fear got to me too.

But it didn't get to me thoroughly, and I began what I thought at the time was a pretty liveable double life. Polite, quiet, smart at school and at home, I was smart-alecky, seductive and daring with my

peers. I was terrified of getting the strap and terrified of failing in school. But in the schoolyard and the backyard, I bullied the little kids, wrote blatantly provocative notes to the boys I liked, led daring snowball attacks on the tough kids everyone else was afraid of, read forbidden books behind the chesterfield, and introduced my friends to the delights of the senses.

I was eleven years old when I started high school. I turned twelve at the end of September. I was also very small for my age. I had no breasts at all, only tenderness where I ardently expected them to be. I knew what being in love was like and I thought about boys and my



physical self and sex most of the time. That was nothing new. It had been going on for years. But that last summer before high school I remember vividly. It was the last of something. Something I lost trying to be a member of society, and something I'm trying to get back to.

I grew up in a little village on the outskirts of Ottawa. Until I was fifteen or sixteen that village hardly changed. My friends stayed the same, and when we moved that summer when I was eleven, we moved two blocks away.

There was a river we walked to barefoot at least three times a day all summer.

There was a railway track with a path running along beside it through deep grass, which we used as a short cut from school in the daytime and where we flirted outrageously with the boys in the evenings.

I played dolls with my friends quite passionately. That was a strange changing time. We moved easily and naturally, and just as passionately, from dolls and making little dresses for them and playing house to dressing like teen-agers with Veronica Lake hairdos, shoulder purses filled with used lipsticks, combs and empty cigarette boxes. . . to paper dolls that wore the most suggestive clothing, that dressed and undressed each other,

postured and finally fucked. . . to erotic, quite realistic drawings of people screwing and saying lewd things to each other complete with gigantic penises and marvelously hairy cunts. . . to hot afternoons in a friend's attic wearing the wild costumes from her mother's theatrical trunk, painting our lips and our little nipples with bright red greasepaint, blueing our eyes and taking turns dancing, discussing each dance and its power to excite and seduce, matching breasts and counting pubic hairs and talking about how we would treat our husbands when we were married.

To all outward appearances we were gangly, freckled little girls. We even wore pigtails and bows occasionally. But our playing and even our playing house had taken a quite different turn from our appearance. Our fantasies included boys or "husbands." And our games slid back and forth from pretend to reality. We fought once because two of us wanted the same real boy for the same pretend husband. The boys were never there, understand. Only in the evenings were they really there, but in our games we were playing to them. We looked forward to growing up. Because it would mean all those things which were so important to us, which we desired constantly and talked about so openly—sex and having babies, wearing seductive clothes and perfume, and so on.

We had one place where we sometimes shared these feelings with two or three of the boys we had grown up with. We used to meet spontaneously in a little patch of scrub and bush in plain sight of several houses and two streets. We sat under one very large, tangly bush and talked and displayed ourselves and handled each other quite seriously. I remember our seriousness with amazement, and our honesty. "How does that feel?" we would often say. "Do you like that?" and an honest answer would follow and we would try something else. We didn't attempt to make love. We knew all about it, but we weren't too sure about babies and anyway the boys we felt comfortable with sort of put us off that way. They were too familiar.

What got killed, of course, was our honesty. We already led a double life in relation to our parents and our school teachers. Some of our drawings got found, and we acted out being abashed and ashamed while our mothers acted out being horrified and stern. They actually had a good laugh over them, I could tell, and perhaps there was even a hint of admiration in their faces when they lectured us. But for a short time we kids were straight with each other. About what we wanted. About what we felt. About what



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things had nothing to do with school or jobs. For the girls, being desired was important. Being beautiful. And touchingly enough, we were certain that we were beautiful. We weren't shy about our bodies or our looks. We expected to be movie

there. We knew their names and their faces and their weaknesses, and they didn't change or move away. Gardens and fields remained just that, day after day, and houses were always there the next morning.

ched.

My high school was on the outskirts of Ottawa, the city, and I had to leave my familiar village to go to it. On the terrifying brink of being judged and judging myself as a potential woman, I found myself completely alone and friendless in a huge, confusing building filled with hundreds of strangers—non of whom were eleven years old, four feet, eleven inches tall and/or flat-chested.

I was not prepared for this devastating change in my life. Nor did anyone around me appear to understand it. I was terrified. Literally. My heart pounded, and my hands and knees shook. I didn't know where the auditorium was. I sat in the wrong section of seats. The teachers and the principal sitting stiffly on the stage were a far cry from Miss Davis and Mr. Stiles winding a gay march out of the old victrola in the main hall as we filed by. Nobody smiled at me. And the glamorous older students who knew where to sit and what to do breezed by and wouldn't be caught dead speaking to a ninth grader. Of course, there was a morning ritual in assembly, and by the time it was done and no one had explained it to me, and I had stood up and sat down at all the wrong times and gotten lost again on the way to my home room I felt immeasurably guilty. I dared to peep around me only after I found a seat and discovered one of my brotherly loves of the house in the bushes. We had seen, stroked and discoursed on each other's genitals, but now we only nodded to each other distantly. The class was silent. The teacher talked at us. We copied our timetable from the board. He told us we were class 9A, vaguely where to go next, what his name was, read ours from a list, and ticked us off unsmilingly as we acknowledged our own presence. There were about twenty-five of us. From that day on, we spent all day, every day, together for a year, moving from class to class. We had English together, Math together, History, French, Latin, Music, Home Economics or "Shop" together, Phys. Ed. together. We undressed in the same room, smelled each other's sweat, used each other's combs, ate each other's lunches, but we never talked to each other. Never as a group and only rarely one-to-one while we were at school. And we separated when the school day was over. We had no desire to be together. We never got to know each other. I spent five years with at least ten of those same young people and didn't feel any more comfortable with them five years later than I did the first day of school.

The most important things, according to the adults in my life, were attendance, marks, what I was going to do when I "got out" of high school, whether I talked in class or not, whether or not I did my homework, whether or not I was late for school, whether or not I could "do" Math, History, English, Latin, Science, Music,

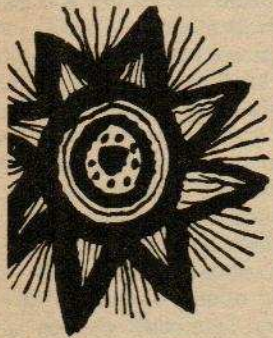
# the child

Home Ec. and Phys. Ed. and get good marks.

The most important things to me and to the other kids were still basically the same. More painful maybe and more secret, but the same. How we looked. What the other kids thought of us. But there were important differences too. How we looked the year before had concerned my face, my hair, and my naked body. How we looked now became a little more dishonest. It was how we dressed. We didn't agonize much about whether or not we knew the countries of Europe or the date of the American War of Independence, until it came to exams and marks and then we agonized a little. What we were constantly tortured about, however, what we were anxious about all those hours of this and that, was how we looked. Whether or not our stocking seams were straight. Whether or not our clothes were "right". Whether or not our skirts were tight enough or our hair in place. Whether or not Bill Dickson was looking and liked me and would he ever ask me for a date. Would I ever have breasts like Elizabeth Purdy? They sort of turned up at the points. Did she fuck? The boys seemed to think she did. And even the male teachers allowed a gust of whistles and suggestive laughter when she walked up to the front. There were dirty girls and girls who weren't. Mary White, for instance, fainted in Home Ec. and some of the girls were laughing afterwards. Was she pregnant? And what about Neil? He never speaks to me any more. Has he told the other boys about us sitting in the little house in the bushes showing ourselves to each other? My stomach would shrivel at the thought. Sex was all-powerful, most important, blatant in everything we laughed at, were afraid of, in every motion and gesture of the class but never acknowledged openly.

We cared desperately day after day what the others thought of us. We never thought to ask. Asking was unheard of. Talking was unheard of too. Particularly about sex, about ourselves. We became more and more afraid of each other sexually. And sex became a weapon. I was used to boys and liked boys, but simple horseplay or joking or any kind of open courtship was a source of laughter. Of course, we laughed away our own fears and our own desires, our uneasiness. But then, and by then, we didn't know what we were about, nor that there was any other way to be or to feel.

We created rules of behavior as we went along. Oh, there were already rules imposed on us. No talking. Ask to leave the room. No chewing gum or swearing. No horseplay. No physical affection displayed in the halls or the classrooms. But



stars someday.

I don't think we were wrong. I don't think we had a mistaken idea of reality. We were reality.

It had something to do with growing up, our childhood. We all had a lot of freedom. Freedom of space. Freedom to play and to be with each other without the interference of adults. But the adults were

But that summer when I was eleven and a child, alive and growing, it changed for me. I went away too soon, too fast. And "everybody," the adults, egged me on. Nobody stopped me as I went to High School.

Being a teen-ager was terrible. Especially one that was only eleven years old, four feet, eleven inches tall and flat-

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# i was

our own rules were tighter and fiercer. They had to be, and the punishment more devastating.

We judged each other by the clothing we wore. We loved by the rules of dress and rejected by the same rules. We classed and labelled each other by dress. I realize now that it was the only way we had of judging, of making contact. Visual contact was allowed. No other form of interaction was. Significantly enough, the desirables in terms of dress were the cleanest, the neatest, the most conventional, and the least sexual.

Gone were my dreams of Veronica Lake hairdos and sensual shrugs and tossings of my long, silky hair. If I wanted to be where it was at, some changes would have to be made. God knows I tried. By the beginning of my third year I looked just like everybody else. I even had breasts. But I knew it was a lie even if nobody else did; and I could never quite bring it off—being bright, and clean, and sterile.

I now led a double life even in terms of clothing. Banished to utter privacy about my feelings, not daring to share with any friend who might use my sexual honesty against me, I painted provocative faces on myself in the bathroom mirror, postured nakedly (not without guilt) before the long mirror in the hall when my parents were out and wore red blouses with deep V-necks. I also did not have dates, was not desirable socially, and had no one to ask about it, and because of this I began to suffer severe doubts, about ever being loved or even liked.

The feeling of separation was immense. In terms of where I am now in the present I know it was not just because I started out too young. I wasn't the only person I knew who felt alone. But I can't remember witnessing one expression on the face of any teen-ager I knew of love, fear, anger, loneliness, though we suffered these

things all the time. It wasn't allowed. Not anywhere. Not at home, not at school, not even two by two.

We had an accepted language that we spoke, derisive about our own feelings as well as the object of them. I don't remember daring to be visibly moved by anyone or anything past the age of eleven, unless it was death.

On most things we exaggerated our feelings to the point of being ludicrous. "Isn't he cute!" Sigh! Sigh! A dialogue out of a comic book, but it was standard, acceptable behavior. And the boys, though I would have to guess at their dialogues, postured and derided in much the same way. Didn't we all fall heart-breakingly in love, and blush and stutter when the beloved walked by? You'd never know it to hear it. Or see it? Poetry was mush, handholding was a signal for loud hoots and hollers, desire was a dirty joke, and we avoided being alone. The girls protected themselves with a gaggle of girls and the boys were sternly guarded by boys.

So afraid were we of our bodies and our desires, we were vulnerable to and hounded by the most deadly feelings of embarrassment.

Far from being understood, or reassured by the adults in our lives, our fears and our vulnerability to embarrassment, both physically and emotionally, were used to manipulate us to perform intellectually. There was no worse threat than being singled out in a class by a teacher who "joked." The jokes were always derisive, always pertaining to physical appearance or affectionate behavior. We accepted it. We even liked the teachers who "joked" the best. At least we could laugh and relieve some of the tension. We accepted the most outrageous ridicule and violations of our self-respect as our due. No wonder we practiced the same disrespect on ourselves and each other.

Feeling it out, how it was back there, I wonder how on earth the whole school didn't explode. So much violence and

love. Such a force of brand-new sexual feeling. The intellectual activity, the charade of learning, was paper-thin. So many dreary hours of sitting in rooms with dreary people to talk to us about dreary subjects. While we lived in deep fantasy, not allowed a richer, more real outlet, and all that violence and love burnt itself out. Worse still, we never knew. No one ever told us we were brave, or honest, or creative, or beautiful. And we didn't dare to tell each other. Either we were smart, or we weren't. And we racked our heads and hearts at the ages of thirteen and fourteen with what "we would do" when we finished school. That counted. Every year we made decisions affecting "what we would do" and every year the fateful day got closer. We didn't get a chance to practice any of the activities we were choosing as our "vocation" or talk to anyone involved in those activities. It seems incredible now that so much pressure was put on us at that time to clearly decide what we would spend a life-time doing. With so little information to go on and with so much of real importance was denied us. Like the simple opportunity of talking to each other. Or of just being.

The pressure we put on ourselves to perform socially was just as incredible. Somehow we knew there was a real world to reckon with. It appeared to be a place where having a "vocation" and having someone to love you and be loved were of tremendous importance. It began with having "dates." Having "dates" was more important than how you felt about the person you went out with or how he made you feel. The person didn't exist. Clothes did, or looks, or intellectual or physical prowess, and the real catch was the one who had them all. We simply bought and sold each other.

A teen-age dance was like being up for auction. It was also the first step out of the gaggle and away from the guardians. Oh, they were there, but no longer offering safety or protection. I wanted to be wanted. I wanted to dance, but I felt like a robot and somebody had lost the key. I

wanted to be asked, but I didn't have the answer. I wasn't even sure I had a voice. And the moment I stepped out of it, the gaggle would pronounce judgment on me.

I wore lipstick and powder, and my hair fell accidentally over one eye, and my sweater bumped out where it was supposed to and it was the right shade of blue. The room was dark, and sexual expectation dense. If you danced, you would kiss. If you kissed, you would pet. You had physical contact before you exchanged names. Nervous and sweaty and ungainly as hell I danced and flirted with boys I didn't know, might never see again, and found physically repulsive. I allowed them to touch me, hold me, press their faces into my hair, and I came back to the gaggle a heroine. My soul rebelled. (My soul always rebelled.) It rebelled against the humiliation of standing along the wall, of looking eager, of acting eager in the first place, let alone being handled by someone I didn't know. And how many souls rebelled along with me? But I never dared to express it and neither did they. And I never dared to stay away or refuse. Neither did they. We all came home from dances and from frantic dates with stomach-aches, bragging about the wonderful time we had.

The next step out of the gaggle was the group of four or six couples, and more rigid sexual and social expectation. The movement from the group to a one-to-one relationship was a jump. There was no courtship; it wasn't allowed. There was no space or time to explore ourselves. We made our love choices visually and jumped. When we got there we hugged and kissed and petted. What else could we do? Love and desire were still dirty jokes unless you were married, engaged or going steady. We were obliged to "fall in love" before we were allowed the questionable relief of declaring our affections openly. Hopefully we still had some feelings left to express.

Gail Ashby  
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Rev. R. McMurray, Professor of Philosophy, University of Guelph - 22 October

**Hints of Transcendence and Rumours of Angels in the Analysis of Culture**  
Rev. B.S. Alton, Professor of Religious Studies, Trinity College - 29 October

**God in the Third World**  
Rev. C.H. Powles, Professor of Church History, Trinity College - 5 November

**The Christian and Politics**  
Rev. R.F. Stackhouse, Professor of Philosophy of Religion, Wycliffe College - 12 November

**The Sensuous Community**  
Rev. E. J. Reed, Professor of Pastoral Theology, Trinity College - 19 November

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Rev. W.N. McKeachie, St John's College, Oxford University - 26 November

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# Watsup

## theatre

**HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES:** At a time when everyone seems to be trying to lay some heavy message on your mind, it's a pleasant relief to watch Robert Morley at the Royal Alex playing a man who is completely out of his mind and couldn't care less about the problems of the world. How the Other Half Loves is a farce, pure and simple. There is sex since that is the principle motivation of people who are not hungry but the affair that starts the plot rolling has occurred before the curtain rises and what we see are the resultant complications.

There are three couples involved. One half of each of the first two couples has been involved in a dalliance with each other and the third, completely innocent couple is, of course, blamed for all the hanky panky.

The dialogue is frequently very witty and the actors fill in those necessary but possibly dull narrative sections with some excellent mugging. Our only objection was that the cast frequently allowed insufficient time for laughter to subside so that whole paragraphs were lost.

Playwright Alan Ayckbourn's basic conceit of combining the homes of the two major couples, thus providing simultaneous coverage of both guilty party's attempts to cover up their guilt, is both original and highly successful. After a very brief period during which the convention is accepted, the constant contrast between the two life styles presented — upper crust and lower class — provides many visual laughs in addition to the dialogue. (Rob Martin)

**BACKDOOR THEATRE WORKSHOP:** Two original Canadian one act plays by Eugene Benson are the current fare. **Joan of Arc's Violin** is a squawky piece that says little and does a poor job saying it. **The Gunner's Rope** is a longer, more complex and generally superior play in which two tramps discuss which one will die so the other may receive the extra pension money. It's all very Waiting for Godot except that these two have given up waiting. (Lilian Mershein)

**GODSPELL:** Summer is long gone but Godspell lingers on at the Playhouse. Victor Garber, the original Toronto Jesus clown, has left to do the film version, but most of the original cast remains and incredibly enough, appear to be able to maintain the high voltage energy level required by the rather demanding production. (Sandra Souchette)

**AND THEN THERE'S:** Hart House Theatre opens its season Thursday with Moliere's **The Misanthrope Mirandolina** by Carlo Goldoni is at the Colonnade Theatre.

## pop

**Grumbles**, 71 Jarvis above King (368-0796), is presenting **Ellen McIlwaine** tonight and tomorrow. She's Nashville born and was raised in Japan till the age of fifteen. During her college years in the States she developed the unique guitar and singing style which she boasts today. Her music touches on folk and rock with jazz overtones. Accompanying herself on an acoustic Guild with a pick-up, her guitar playing relies strongly on tunings and an aggressive rhythmic style. Her voice is powerful and gruff with gentle overtones, sounding much like Julie Driscoll. Ellen also has an interesting album out called **Honky Tonk Angel**

(Polydor). One side is live, and more intense than the other, studio, side. She especially shines on Isaac Hayes' **Toe Hold**, Hendrix's **Up From The Skies**, and **Wade In The Water**.

Next week at Grumbles will be **The Good Brothers** and **La Troupe Grotesque** Admission is still \$2.50 and coffee and other drinks are cheap at 25¢.

**Fiddler's Green Coffeehouse**, near Yonge and Eglinton (489-3001), has folksinger **David Levine** tonight. The Tuesday night set with **Gordon Bok** is already sold out.

**The Riverboat**, 134 Yorkville (922-6216), features **Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee** till Sunday night. Next week beginning Tuesday you can see Canadian folkie **Murray McLauchlan**.

**King Biscuit Boy** is at the **El Mocambo Tavern**, Spadina below College (961-2558), tonight and tomorrow. **Grease Ball Boogie** and **Flying Circus** take over next week.

**Alice Cooper's** pre-recording days were made up of concert dates that were unusual, to say the least. Cooper and the 'boys' were usually dressed and made up so as to put their sexual genders in question and their act included bombarding the audience with live chickens, feathers and even watermelons. They had a loyal but small group of fans and worried about the transition of their music and spirit to record. However, they never succeeded in preserving their original theatrical flavour.

## movies

It's a good week for films, among them **Souder** at the Hollywood South. **Today** is the last day for the Canadian film awards showings at the St. Lawrence Centre. A mixed bag of movies all day long, but you had best phone and make sure there are seats empty. Also tonight Olivier's **Othello** shows at Cinema Lumiere. The film features Frank Finlay's definitive Iago, generally agreed to be the best Iago of the century. Still tonight, the Roxy is offering six hours of the Russian **War and Peace** for just 99¢. And as if that wasn't enough, St. Mike's is running Truffaut's fine, civilized **The Wild Child** tonight and tomorrow.

**Monday** you can choose between **Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion** at Cinema Lumiere and a sleeper called **Pretty Poison** at the Roxy.

**Wednesday**, Losey and Pinter's brooding, meticulous **Accident** plays the Roxy.

**Thursday**, **Murmur of the Heart** is at Cinema Lumiere. Louis Malle's film is gentle and joyous, one of the best ever.

**Jerry McNab** of the Toronto Film-makers Co-op offers their monthly film calendar as a remedy to keeping track of the many film showings we complained of not having room to list. The calendar hasn't got them all, notably missing campus showings, but it is a great help. You can order it from the co-op, room 201, Rochdale, 341 Bloor Street West. It will cost about five dollars to cover a year's printing and postage. You can also join the co-op, if you like.

**Frenzy:** Alfred Hitchcock, in the full flower of his malice, returns to ply his own brand of affectionate sadism. He lets the film just stop, and you squirm; he races through a cadenza of cutting and camera angles, and you squirm. Hitch is less interested in his characters' actions than in his audiences' reactions. This one is about a sex-murderer, an aspiring gourmet cook, some rather foolish women, and the City of London. At the Hyland; \$2.75.

**Cabaret** is good, though not quite as good as its notices. It promises to be subtler than it really is, and Liza Minelli played the role before in **The Sterile Cuckoo**. But it's a stunningly nasty musical — the first one, ever. At the Glendale; \$2.75.

## music

**The Canadian Opera Company** finishes up its season this week with **Tosca** tonight



Ellen McIlwaine sings at Grumbles.

at 8:15 and **La Boheme** tomorrow at 2 pm and **Aida** at 8:15 pm.

The Faculty of Music's artist in residence, **Katharine Wolpe** (Anton Kuerti is away this year) gives a free concert, no tickets required, this Wednesday at 8:30 pm. Her concert is an interesting and varied one: **Drei Klavierstücke** by Schubert and three more piano pieces by Schumann; **Sechs Klänge, op. 19, the opus 11 and opus 23**. Schumann's popular **Kreisleriana** (from E.T.A. Hoffman's wizard) is the last work on her program.

**The Festival Singers** are at Lawrence Park Community Church at 8:30 pm (the same day and time as the Wolpe unfortunately — just another example of the increasingly blasé attitude of concert schedulers to the already fixed dates of other important concerts in the city).

**Zubin Mehta** is conducting the Israel Philharmonic at Massey Hall this Thursday, October 19. The last word is that there are still a few tickets at \$3 and \$5. The program comprises **symphony no. 2** by Tchaikovsky, Ravel's **Daphne and Chloe Suite**, no. 2 and Dvorak's masterpiece **symphony no. 7** (the old no. 2). The latter has everything to offer that the ninth does except its very expendable familiarity.

The Faculty of Music is hosting a lecture in the Concert Hall this Thursday at 2 pm: **"On the 100th Birthday of Vaughan Williams"** by Doctor Derek Homan, no tickets, no charge.

## art

**Art Gallery of Ontario:** To complement the coming exhibit, **Toronto Painting 1953-1965**, the gallery is hosting five lectures. The one this week, October 19, is given by Clare Bice, on the influence of artistic organizations and institutions on the developing arts in Canada. The lecture begins at 8:30 pm.

**Erindale College:** In addition to the shows mentioned here last week, an exhibit of **John Mattar's** paintings, drawings

and prints will begin October 16.

**Carmen Lamanna Gallery:** Robin Collyer, Phil Mosowitz, **"Tube Tuk"**, until October 26.

**Arterio:** A project of the Ontario Arts Council is sponsoring a 21-piece extravaganza by Canadian artists. Duplications of each piece will go to make up 500 shows across Canada, one of which will be at Trinity Square daily from noon on.

**Hart House:** William J. Wood Retrospective, until October 29.

**Isaac Gallery:** William Kurelek, paintings, to October 30.

**Roberts Gallery:** William Roberts, an exhibit of water colours on paper and acrylics on canvas or board. Until October 21.

**Picture Loan Gallery:** George Rackus, **Aluchrome:** recent works in anodized aluminum, until October 26.

**Shaw-Rimington Gallery:** John Street, recent serigraphs. Until October 29.

**Photo Gallery:** "Fever" by Shin.

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