

# Hebdo



**Wonderful things inside**



## Preset care blocks development

# Mentally handicapped children need freedom

Often, the presence of a mentally handicapped person in a family is a source of embarrassment and shame, a matter to be mentioned as little as possible. The affected person may often be shunted into an institution by his family.

In an effort to meet the needs and acute problems of mentally handicapped persons in a fundamentally different way, a group of activists in Winnipeg set up, a year ago, a "Sisters and Brothers Collective" which attempts to link change in this sphere with an overall societal struggle for liberation. The name of the collective signifies participation by blood sisters and brothers of the handicapped people. It also indicates participation by socialist sisters and brothers who actively identify with the nascent liberation struggle of mentally and physically handicapped persons, their families and associates.

So far the collective's main accomplishment has been involvement in the establishment and running of a bi-weekly Saturday afternoon program for people with severe mental and physical handicaps. The idea is to provide enjoyable recreation and wholesome refreshments while promoting greater social awareness among those enrolled and providing relief for their families.

There are now 28 people enrolled, mostly ranging from 9 to eighteen years and coming from all over Winnipeg. The program is unique in Winnipeg in that it is geared primarily to serving families with the most difficult problems. It is also unique in providing one (volunteer) staff member for each person enrolled

as well as free transportation for participants. The program is supported by the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR). It is run in a school made available by the Winnipeg Parks and Recreation Board. Six of the program's staff are collective members. Most of the others are Faculty of

related to the mentally handicapped.

An in-thing these days is "operant conditioning" or "behavioural modification". It is applied at institutions and taught in university psychology departments, as well as being promoted at various conferences for educators.

which it is becoming a fetish.

The way it is applied to mentally handicapped (including autistic) people is the same as it has long been applied in training animals. Favoured behaviour is rewarded with treats, pats on the head, hugs, smiles and compliments. Undesired activity results in withdrawal of attention,

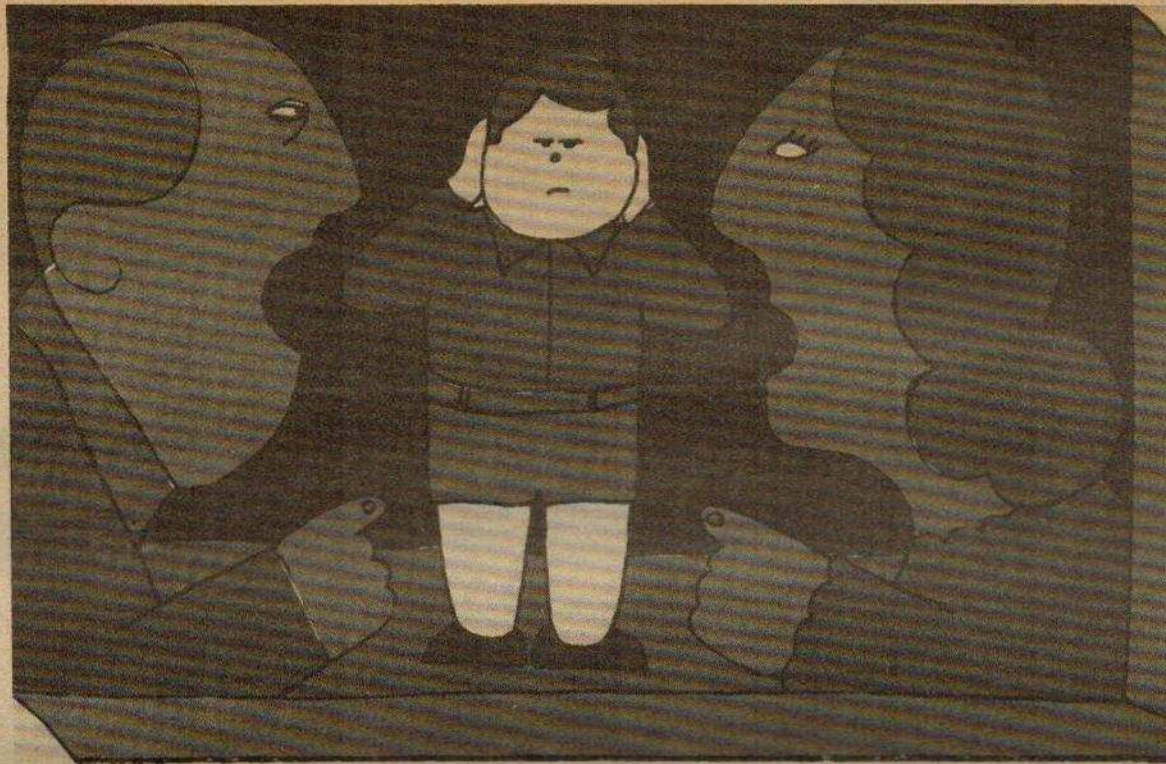
dergoing training.

"Operant conditioning" is used to make recipients fit in or conform to obviously inadequate surroundings. Its appeal is high in typical, crowded impersonal institutions and in common, strained family situations caused by the pathetic lack of community facilities useful to the mentally and physically handicapped. "Operant conditioning" does not come anywhere close to the source of the problem. It is simply more sophisticated, liberal, humane, and successful than the brutal traditional forms of dealing with mentally handicapped persons. It lends itself, for example, not only to the teaching of good hygiene, but equally easily (and commonly) to the training of handicapped persons as a cheap and docile supply of labour.

"Operant conditioning" appears to be ideal for training people to more comfortably adjusting to basically degrading or exploitative situations. A massive assault on isolated, overcrowded, understaffed institutions centered around demands for decentralized, community-integrated facilities would be the alternative. The reply to such suggestions, however, when made to those in the field, tends to be "But that's not our job as psychologists; we are simply offering a professional service."

The lack of community facilities geared to handicapped people discriminates particularly heavily against working class families with limited time and resources.

A sharp alternative to emphasis on "operant conditioning" would be emphasis on the development of social appreciation through imaginative



Education students preparing to teach "Special Education" courses.

The collective intends to investigate the history of institutions, agencies and programs dealing with mentally handicapped persons in Manitoba. Some contemporary themes are becoming apparent as a result of analysis of various conferences and programs

The basic theory underlying this approach is the idea that people respond to rewards and punishment. When someone receives an unpleasant response to an action, she or he will tend to be discouraged from repeating it, while if a favourable response is gained the action will be encouraged. What is questionable is the exaggerated way the theory is being applied and the way in

scoldings, slaps, solitary confinement, or withholding of treats. Desired behaviour is broken down into many successive steps with "operant conditioning", "reinforcing" each progressive step, in order, until it is habit. As in the regular school system and places of work of capitalist society, "desired behaviour" is externally imposed rather than being determined by those un-

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games and environments where enjoyment is dependent on co-operation. Creating situations where people can build affection and trust for others adds to their all-round level of social responsibility and self-confidence. This in turn should lead to greater initiative and self-reliance. In contrast, exaggerated behavioural modification may generally reinforce inhibitions and dampen experimentation and the overall learning process.

In keeping with its philosophy, the Winnipeg Sisters and Brothers Collective has broadened its interests to include groups with over-lapping or similar concerns as those of families with mentally handicapped members. This has brought it into contact with a group of parents with children on "Doman-Delacato" programs (despite a complete lack of support from local doctors). These programs have been developed at the Institute for the Achievement of Human Potential in Philadelphia. The supporting theory rests on the idea that brain cells pattern themselves in response to external stimuli and the development of muscular functions. Practitioners are thus concerned with treating the brain just as one attempts to cure a disease or non-neurological injury, rather than helping the handicapped to adjust to their handicap.

The programs generally involve many hours a day, so that when positive results appear it is often asked if the key to success was the method or simply the heavy amount of special attention; there does not appear to be a conclusive answer at this point. In any event, families are offered hope by the program and considerable numbers have

benefitted while in it. Many families using the Doman-Delacato are doing so after being told by the medical profession that nothing can be done to reduce the handicap which the affected member of the family faces.

In addition to facing different theoretical and applied approaches to working with handicapped persons, the Sisters and Brothers Collective has

develop mentally just as well as can "ordinary" persons.

Even worse, the term "mentally retarded" now connotes acceptance of a fixed, low stage of mental development and carries the stigma of being "dumb". As a result of this outlook the "mentally retarded" regularly are not taken seriously and are consequently discouraged from developing their mental capacities. This is in many ways

are not very far removed from the ideas associated with the totally dehumanizing reference, so common among children, but by no means only among children (where did they learn the attitude?) to handicapped people as "mental" or "retarded".

Such a patronizing, and dehumanizing attitude, makes it easy for 'liberals' to identify the "mentally retarded" as misfortunates needing help, just as missionaries thought (and still think) of "saving" the "poor people of India" or the inhabitants of reservations in Canada. In practice, such an attitude leads easily to complicity in the oppression of "the less fortunate".

The pitying, charity mentality is nauseatingly displayed in the "Flowers of Hope" campaign in which packets of flower seeds are sold to raise money for the CAMR.

The annual meeting of the CAMR in 1972 was opened with an "Official Retarded Children's Prayer". Printed in blue on a white card, it was distributed with the annual report:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we who share a common concern for the mentally retarded, bring our desires and hopes for them in confidence to Thee.

"Help us to grow in understanding of Thy plan for all Thy children, so we may fully serve Thee in leading them along paths to happiness.

"Make us sensitive to their inner struggles. Give us eagerness to serve, and consistency in our hopes for every child of Thy love. Grant wisdom and patience to all engaged in teaching, research, family care, and auxiliary services. Fill us with Thy grace that we may have fresh

hope and undaunted faith as we aid others in the fulfilment of their lives.

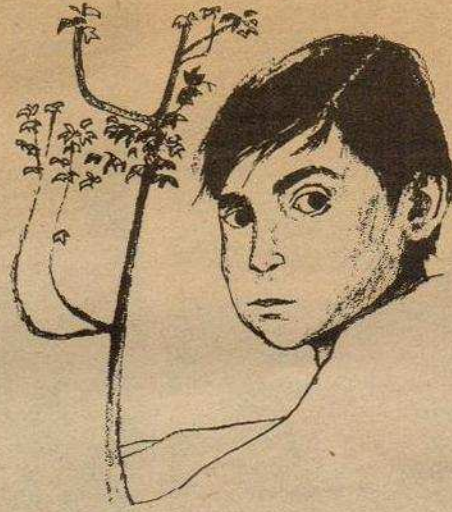
AMEN."

At a recent discussion of "recreational Opportunities for the Mentally Retarded", a panelist exclaimed "the most important gift you can give a retarded child is acceptance. All too plain is the analogy to similar comments that it is time to acknowledge Indians, black people, or women as human beings. The total inadequacy of such an outlook should be apparent, yet it seems to be the root of the CAMR campaigns.

This is what their widely shown film, "Hi, Look Me Over", is all about. The central feature of the film is the parading of mentally handicapped people in front of the general public to be looked over as candidates for compassion and "acceptance as persons". The handicapped children shown are in what is considered by the producers of the film to be attractive form. The film centres on the "Special Olympics" held in Toronto for the top mentally handicapped athletes from across Canada. And those portrayed as most successful are those who have been most completely moulded into conformity with values glorifying individualistic competition.

Of course, liberals sincerely believe that they are doing the most wonderful thing in the world when trying to get "the retarded" accepted as people rather than as monsters and demons. What they are really doing, however, is helping to replace an outlook based on rank bigotry and fear with one based on pity. The liberation of the mentally handicapped however, requires much more.

Russ Rothney



become increasingly familiar with the paternalistic, charity approach which engulfs organizations such as the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded.

The very expression "mentally retarded" is unscientific and prejudicial in that it implies that mental development is being delayed or can no longer proceed. In fact, however, persons relatively handicapped because of brain injury or genetic characteristics can

analogous to what happens to other sectors of the population that are oppressed with the label of inferiority: women, children, racial minorities, workers, the unemployed, welfare recipients, rural people, and the physically handicapped. In the case of mentally handicapped people this is even more serious because of their more critical need to maximize their rate of mental development. Ideas associated with the term "mentally retarded"

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# Arendt's keen analysis of political crises ignores class interests

**Crises of the Republic**  
by Hannah Arendt  
Longmans  
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"I'm going to Saigon next week," said the driver, a geologist for Imperial Oil.

There's oil in Vietnam then?  
"Oh sure. The country's floating on it."

Right. Thanks for the ride. Another casual bit of information picked up in the course of hitchhiking down Yonge St.

But the amazing thing about this tid-bit, was not the fact of oil exploration in South-east Asia — that's been documented before. Rather it was that this fact, although still diligently ignored by the Time-Life-Star axis, is on its way to becoming common knowledge on Yonge Street.

Enter Hannah Arendt (stage centre).

To Arendt, the Vietnam war is a moral abomination. And this book, a collection of four essays, zeroes in again and again on the war as an illustration of fundamental weaknesses in the American policy.

The Pentagon Papers don't provide any new information. Arendt suggests in "Lying in Politics". Rather, they show the extent to which the U.S. administration ignored actual information prepared by its own intelligence services. Even as the Central Intelligence Agency reports that bombing the north will have little effect on Vietnamese morale, the bombs begin to fall.

In trying to figure out why this could happen, Arendt uses the image-reality analysis. The technocrats have a problem (pacifying Vietnam); they create a model to provide the solution (brush-fire wars, limited bombing, limited incursions, etc.). As their models become more complicated, the technocrats' interest in them become more vested. The image of what should be happening in Vietnam splits from the reality of what is happening; to reconcile this split, the technocrats suppress or twist information, causing the credibility gap (or in Arendt's blunter language — the lie).

So the technocrats become the real villains in Arendt's conception of the war, continuing the conflict for the sake of an image.

"The ultimate aim (of the war) was neither power nor profit...the goal was now the image itself."

It's an attractive theory to suppose a major war is the doing of a mystified and mystifying bureaucracy, because it lets everyone else off the hook. But blaming the problem-solvers begs the question — who

decided which problems should be solved.

And it denies what is common knowledge on Yonge Street — the existence of powerful economic forces that have an interest in the U.S. presence in Vietnam. These include not only those companies interested in actual resource extraction, like oil, but the corporations who have boomed since the second world war on the manufacture of war and war-related materials. And in the *Politics of Heroin in South-east Asia*, Alfred W. McCoy suggests another high-profit commodity that may account for an economic interest in Vietnam.

Notice that the latest peace plans contain a provision for heavy American aid to both northern and southern Vietnam. A cynic might conclude from this that the same companies subsidized by the American taxpayer to destroy Vietnam will now be subsidized to rebuild the country. Or in an economist's terms, Nixon's willingness to make peace may simply prove we are at the point where the marginal rate of profit on destruction has diminished to equal the marginal rate of profit on construction.

In short, there is enough evidence to strongly suggest that the U.S. interest in Vietnam has been tied to economic interests of a specific class.

American economist Paul Sweezy is one writer who has integrated this data with analytic theory. "The defence of the U.S. empire, alias the 'free world' is literally a life and death matter for a large number of the biggest corporations," he writes in *Modern Capitalism and Other Essays*. "And for the entire ruling class, massive (and growing) government spending on the war machine is the only acceptable form of surplus utilization on the scale required to keep the U.S. economy from sinking back into the kind of stagnation and mass unemployment which characterized the years of the Great Depression."

Yet Arendt chooses neither to refute or support the theory of a war dominated by class interests and ignores the evidence, insisting instead that "the goals pursued by the United States government were almost exclusively psychologic".

Why she does this is not clear. Arendt is certainly not ignorant of materialist theory. Perhaps it is her reaction against Marxism which causes her to neglect economic factors.

The problem with the Marxist analysis, she says in "Thoughts on Politics and Revolution", (an

interview with German writer Adelbert Reif), is that it fails to provide for political and legal institutions that are independent of the economic base.

"What protects freedom is the division between governmental and economic power, or to put it in Marxian language, the fact that the state and its constitution are not superstructures."

And Marxian ideologies, she says in "Civil Disobedience", are actually counter-productive, especially in their tendency to dissolve and split the student movement. She can downplay ideology because she does not perceive the movement to be working for radical political change. Instead she sees the anti-war activists simply as inheritors of the pluralist tradition of voluntary associations.

And as part of the pluralist tradition, would it not be possible, she asks, to find a "niche" for civil disobedience in the institutions of government?

In one of the more blatant suggestions for co-option, Arendt seriously talks of giving civil disobedience groups (draft dodgers, draft card burners, Black Panthers, Weathermen??) the legal status of Congressional lobbyists.

Excuse me Senator — Mr. Rubin and 3000 associates are waiting outside to discuss American imperialism.)

Yet Arendt's practised eye does pinpoint weaknesses in the North American student movement (or what is left of it), particularly what she describes as its "theoretical and analytical dullness".

Arendt is at her best, in this collection, in her interview with writer Reif. As the pair range over topics from socialism to student power in Germany and America, the theorist spells out her position more concretely than in her specific topic essays.

Civil liberty is her major passion, and Arendt justifiably chides the left for tending to dismiss freedom of speech and assembly as "bourgeois freedoms".

Her answer to an immoral administration is the creation of a federated system of councils to govern a nation, a constitution based on voluntary associations. Councils would consist of small groups of interested citizens, chosen through a "self-selective process". Those wishing to participate would do so, the rest wouldn't bother.

It's all very nice, except that Arendt's council system is premised on true equality of opportunity, which historically has never been able to evolve in an



economic system dominated by an inequality of wealth.

In her effort to escape historical determinism, Arendt neglects the empirical connections between economic and political power, presenting us instead with a concept of salvation through constitutionalism.

Two post-scripts: One of the four essays is a reprint of "On Violence", the others have appeared in the *New York Review of Books* and the *New Yorker*.

But for those unfortunate enough not to be steeped in those periodicals of culture, and who are considering buying the book, here is a point about mystification. The price listed on the book reads "\$2.95 — slightly higher in Canada". Actually, the price listed by the Canadian distributor is \$3.75, a whopping 27 per cent higher. Which is sort of like saying the new Robarts Library is "slightly higher" than Sidney Smith Hall.

Tom Walkom

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# Lasalle plays great fugue of late Beethoven

If all art aspires to the condition of music, as Pater said, then all late Beethoven aspires to the condition of the fugue. I really don't know if I want to defend this stately aphorism. I don't think Pater ever intended to defend his pronouncement (although he did explain it) when he plunked it squarely in the middle of his essay "School of Giorgione". It was an otherworldly feeling he and the other Oscar Wildes of the era had about art — all art — that it constantly strives to alchemize its matter into form, its narrative thrust into pure dramatic thrust.

Well, Beethoven was trying to do something similar with his matter too. It was somehow too volatile and querulous merely to be poured into an eighteenth century mold. It was not at home there and always tugged or pushed at the walls. We needn't sound the clarion call of the revolution, either, in saying that it "aspired" to something freer, but not slicker or easier. On the contrary — tougher and more exacting, as when a chess fiend's game-appetite is whetted finding himself in an impossible situation fabricated by an incomparable opponent.

And, for deaf Beethoven, his health dribbling away, that "situation" was the fugue. I say this flatly and disdain argument. In fact I invoke Sir Donald Tovey and what I'm sure he would have said had he lived to write his analysis of Beethoven's fugal style beyond the first paragraph. The Great Tovey was always (and perhaps the first to do so) finding unbelievably apt items from Beethoven's canon with which to sell his lively theories. So I take as the perfect illustration of my point, Beethoven's quartet in B flat major, opus 130. And not by chance: The well-known Lasalle

quartet obliged with a recital of this and two other works November 2 at the Town Hall, as the first part in the International Quartet Series. And what they had to say about Ludwig's fugal style, by means of their playing, was eloquent and telling — Beethovenian, in short.

The first movement is an adagio ma non troppo characterized by a fast, downward fragment which unzips the slow, inward-turning surrounding melody. Beethoven, with this type of contrast, is nudging the fugue. This is followed by a snappy n'er-look-back presto, and then an andante. Here there are two groups: While one tosses up and athletically twirls the melody, the other plays with a version of the same, or runs off briefly in its own little melodic games. The Lasalle brought off this back and forth intimacy very clearly — I found my eyes and ears going from ensemble to ensemble, depending on who had the musical "ball". Again Beethoven is toying with the fugue.

The ensuing alla danza tedesco has but one texture and we won't push a fugue into it. The adagio which precedes the Grosse Fuge (and it is a full-fledged fugue) is a melancholy, almost despairing song. As someone said of Bruckner's sixth symphony, it is fatal to listen to when already depressed because then it could only drive one to drink.

Beethoven seems to sense he has said something very true but also very sad because he follows it with the drunken exorbitance of the most famous fugue ever written, in name at least — the Grosse Fuge. Excepting the choral Kyrie of Bach's B minor Mass, it is also probably the best



one ever written. And the Lasalle Quartet made the most of it, attacking its angular rhythms with furious bows — and I mean furious. I don't think I've ever heard horsehair spit and growl more menacingly than in the Lasalle's playing of this movement. And that is alright, because for this work the furioso fugue is Beethoven's answer to what has gone before: The first five movements, each in their own way, are feeling for an "increasingly spiritualized, dematerialized" ground. They are trying to say the most abstract but meaningful thing possible in musical notes. I suppose you can say it takes the fugue to finally set the musical idea free, so that it bobs and sways unpredictably like a kite.

But you never lose sight of where the music is going, which is the fun of listening to a fugue — to see whether the free rein of the theme and the strictures the form imposes can get along, like father and son. The Lasalle, even in the heat of the imbrogio, managed to keep the voices individual,

making entrances with vigour and staccato precision. They rightly capitalized on the near insanity of the movement's frenetic self-absorption.

I feel I really owe my more-favourable-than-ever appreciation of the opus 130 to the Lasalle Quartet for having so daringly combined a very refined, ingenuous reading of the earlier narcotic and serene passages with a spit and fire attack of the fugue. They certainly presented it in all its delirious glory, and I was happy about their approach, if others might fear it was too raging and perhaps even tonally ragged.

It is so easy to get caught up in the enthusiasm which Beethoven applied to his tremendous work, that we forget two other works were part of the same concert. Mozart's D minor quartet opened the evening. I really don't know what the Lasalle was thinking of when they planned their interpretation of this fragile, tractable piece of Mozartian Revelation. I suppose it is alright to do what they did to it, that is draw out

Mozart's rather lyrical phrases into expansive Brahmsian sighs. (But, gee pop, it sure sounded diff'rnt.) And the funny thing is, just as you sometimes think Brahms is going to fall off his horse when the broad rhythm of his canter runs up against tonal and harmonic fences, so too I squirmed in my seat as the Lasalle's lazy leaning into the piece very nearly led to total collapse of forces at the beginning. I think things picked up in the allegretto, and I really wanted to ask them to play it again.

The second work was Gyorgy Ligeti's second quartet written in 1968. It is a tour de force of sound effects, as was his eerie contribution to the movie 2001: A Space Odyssey; (no, not the blue Danube). The third movement exploits plucking of the strings, especially near the bridge of the stringed instruments, and even between the bridge and string holder (as on a guitar) where the notes are crystal-clear high frequency "pings". The ensemble work here was first-rate. The bizarre and in their own way touching effects of this movement seemed to be exacted effortlessly by the players from their instruments. This is not always so in the piece. For example, some sustained high-pitched notes are impossible to intone smoothly and correctly, so amateurish squeaks will be unavoidable, and were in this performance. A small quibble, perhaps.

Legeti places rests before and after movements and the players studiously followed directions, their bows suspended in mid-air over their instruments for some seconds. I think these (reminiscent of Cage) silences were very effective.

But again tough, hard playing characterized the Lasalle's overall approach to the piece, which I think demands aggressiveness. They know only too well what they are doing when they play modern music, and it's too bad other ensembles can't at least be as adventurous — if not as expert. Various and ingenious approaches to modern music could very easily sell it, as they have the classics. After all, the Budapest Quartet was famous, not for its dedication to classicism, but for the singularity of its style in playing the old warhorses. Until we have other approaches for comparison, those of the Lasalle and a few other quartets will become definitive and wear the pieces thin.

There are five more to go in the series. The St. Lawrence Centre is again being very good to music lovers this year. **Ian Scott**

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# America at the Apocalypse, or, Yes, Virginia, there is a ruling ideology

Writing on the 1961 trial of Adolph Eichmann in Jerusalem, Hannah Arendt reflected on what she called the "banality of evil". The phrase was a reference to the matter-of-fact, mildly puzzled way in which the meek former bureaucrat explained his role in organizing the murder of six million of his fellow human beings. The man in the prisoner's dock during that trial was no monster, grotesquely deformed morally, but a terrifyingly normal product of the middle classes of one of the most civilized nations on earth. His regret was not for his acts, but for the fact that the failure of the Nazis had exposed him to the vengeance of others.

It was the "banality of evil" that came vividly to mind when Richard Nixon, the uprooted used-car salesman from middle America came onto the television screens on Tuesday night. There was an obvious, almost touching desire on his part that Americans listen to and believe the vacuous platitudes about freedom and democracy and peace that he was speaking, a sincerity that not even the ill-concealed, self-satisfied smirk on his face could quite erase. And, of course, Americans did believe him. That day, they had swarmed to the polls to overwhelmingly elect him over McGovern, the anti-war liberal, who, never radical to begin with, and only too willing to compromise his policy platforms for the sake of power, had nevertheless been stigmatized as something of an extremist. On Tuesday night, when America rejected the only-too-moderate Democrat in favour of the clearly right-wing Richard Nixon, in spite of the endless string of broken promises, in spite of the Pentagon papers and the Watergate affair, in spite of abundant evidence of corruption in Washington, in spite of the murder of countless Vietnamese, it was only too clear why the German people were able to elect the government they did in 1933.

Perhaps the most galling thing for American liberals in these

post-election days has been the comparison of Nixon's landslide victory to that of Roosevelt in 1936. That Nixon, the unsavouriness of whose record is perhaps unmatched among holders of the Presidency (or is it just that it has been more publicized?), should be compared to FDR, almost a saint to many who see themselves as being in the tradition of progressive American liberalism — well, it is infuriating.

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**I sat at my desk and got on with my job. — Adolph Eichmann**

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The grounds for their anger, however, are largely illusory. For while American voters have been casting their ballots, and while the vast majority of American intellectuals have been acting as apologists for the American power structure, and for the ideological tradition that nourishes them, a new breed of American historians has emerged. And they have systematically, and thoroughly, cut the ground away from under all the accepted interpretations of American history. The old clichés are no longer valid.

A new generation of American revisionist and New Left historians (although they remain a minority, of course, even among their peers) has dedicated itself to demolishing the dominant myths of the United States. Historians and critics such as Gabriel and Joyce Kolko (*The Triumph of Conservatism, The Roots of American Foreign Policy, The Politics of War, and The Limits of Power*), David Horowitz (*From Yalta to Vietnam, Empire and Revolution, Containment and Revolution, Corporations and the Cold War*), Walter LaFeber (*America, Russia, and the Cold War*), Gar Alperovitz (*Atomic Diplomacy*), Barton Bernstein (*Towards a New Past*), Marvin Gettleman and David Mermelstein (*The Failure of American Liberalism*), Noam Chomsky (*American Power and the New Mandarins, At War With Asia*), Harry



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Magdoff (*The Age of Imperialism*), William A. Williams (*The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*, *The Contours of American History*), William Domhoff (*The Higher Circles*), Lloyd Gardner (*Economic Aspects of New Deal Diplomacy*), James Weinstein (*The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State and For a New America*) and others have done high-calibre, painstakingly researched and documented studies of the nature of the American state. Their impact on established scholarship has been devastating.

Among the latest of these works is a collection of essays, published under the title of *A New History Of Leviathan*, and co-edited, interestingly enough, by a New Left revolutionary socialist, Ronald Radosh, and by a right-wing libertarian, Murray Rothbard. In a preface, the co-editors explain their collaboration by stating that they both reject the dominant liberal ideology and concepts of America, and are thus able to "transcend the ideological myths that enable large corporations to mask their hegemony over American society."

And the statement turns out to be not in the least pretentious. The essays in the book, covering the period of the rise of the American corporate state, the era from Wilson to the New Deal, in which American liberal capitalism made a tremendous adjustment to changing conditions, — while keeping its basic features intact — drive yet another nail into the intellectual coffin that liberalism has become.

As well, the book maintains a high level of scholarship, something shared by most of the revisionist historians writing in the last decade, and in marked contrast to an earlier tradition of American "marxist" and radical historiography, — a combination of moralism and economic determinism — which proceeded by means of sweeping generalizations and faulty documentation, and in the process helped to discredit the left both intellectually and politically.

The main focus is U.S. domestic policy during this period. The authors show that 'corporate welfare capitalism', with its stress on Keynesian economics, on state intervention in the economy and state regulation of corporations, its acceptance of trade unions, the involvement of the government in welfare and social security, and all the rest, is not something that emerged in complete opposition to the old 'laissez-faire' business liberalism, something that had to be imposed by reformers against the united opposition of the business community. Rather, the new corporate state emerges as something that, while clearly a major adjustment of capitalism, one that did not get established without difficulties and opposition, developed gradually and logically from the old order, supported most strongly precisely by the dominant political and corporate leaders of the nation. The differences, it becomes clear, were for the most part those of degree, of detail, or between the far-sighted and near-sighted members of the ruling classes. Decisively refuted is the dominant fallacy of U.S. liberals, that, in Arthur Schlesinger's words, "Liberalism in America has been ordinarily the movement on the part of the other sections of society to restrain the power of the business community." The conflicts, it is made clear, were within liberalism. "Liberalism has been the ideology of the dominant business groups and... these groups have consistently favored state intervention in the economy in order to regulate and cartelize business activity." Both 'populist', 'progressive' Democrats and 'pro-business' Republicans have always consistently accepted and supported all the basic assumptions of liberal corporate capitalism.

Thus, Woodrow Wilson, so often portrayed as the idealistic man of peace, the spokesman for the individual, emerges as a figure in whom high ideals and practical shrewdness were merged in a consistent pattern of thought. As William Jennings Bryan, his Secretary of State, said in explaining Wilson's ideas, "The doctrine of universal brotherhood is not sentimentalism — it is practical philosophy." For Wilson, it meant a world rationally ordered and at peace.

**Will you never learn the fact that you do not make governments by theories? You accommodate theories to the circumstances.** — Woodrow Wilson

In such a world, peace would contribute to the well-being of all people, and, as well, would provide an optimum climate for the trade the America must engage in.

And Wilson accepted the American business system, in which the large corporation was dominant. What he was concerned with was that the U.S. had not adjusted to the changing times. "We shall never return to the old order of individual competition," he said. "Our laws are still meant for business done by individuals, they have not been satisfactorily adjusted to business done by great combinations, and we have got to adjust them." When he expressed concern for the "little man", it was in the context of wanting to assure him some role within the corporate order.

The Wilsonian era, then, saw a continuation of the trends of the early years of the century, which, as Gabriel Kolko argues, saw the development of the control of major economic interests over politics, "rather than political regulation of the economy."

The administrations of Harding and Coolidge in the twenties saw no significant changes in the nature and direction of the American political economy. The basic structures as they existed in the time of Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson remained intact.

Then came the election of Hoover and the onset of the Depression. The accepted interpretation of Hoover's four years is that Hoover, unwilling to abandon laissez-faire, sat back and desperately hoped that the Depression would naturally disappear of itself.

The truth, however, as Rothbard shows, is far different. Hoover, he says, "far from being an advocate of laissez-faire, was in every the precursor of Roosevelt and the New Deal... he was one of the major leaders of the twentieth-century shift from relatively laissez-faire capitalism to the modern corporate state." Almost as soon as the stock market crashed, Hoover moved into action, establishing government-business planning, fixing prices and wage rates, creating public-works programs, incurring a deficit of almost sixty per cent of the budget. It amounted to massive, unprecedented state intervention in the economy, and none of the rhetoric he used to oppose Roosevelt in the election of 1932 could cloak that fact.

Roosevelt and the New Deal, the revisionists argue, merely continued the already established trends on a much larger scale than before. With the New Deal, the government openly accepted responsibility for prosperity and the proper functioning of the economy; "laissez-faire" and the "free market" were qualified. While not wholly abandoning the belief that it was degrading and destructive of initiative to be on relief, the administration recognized its responsibility to ensure that all citizens received some income.

SKEPTICS DO NOT BUILD SOCIETIES. THE IDEALISTS ARE THE BUILDERS.



AND MEETING THE NEEDS OF OUR PEOPLE AT HOME.

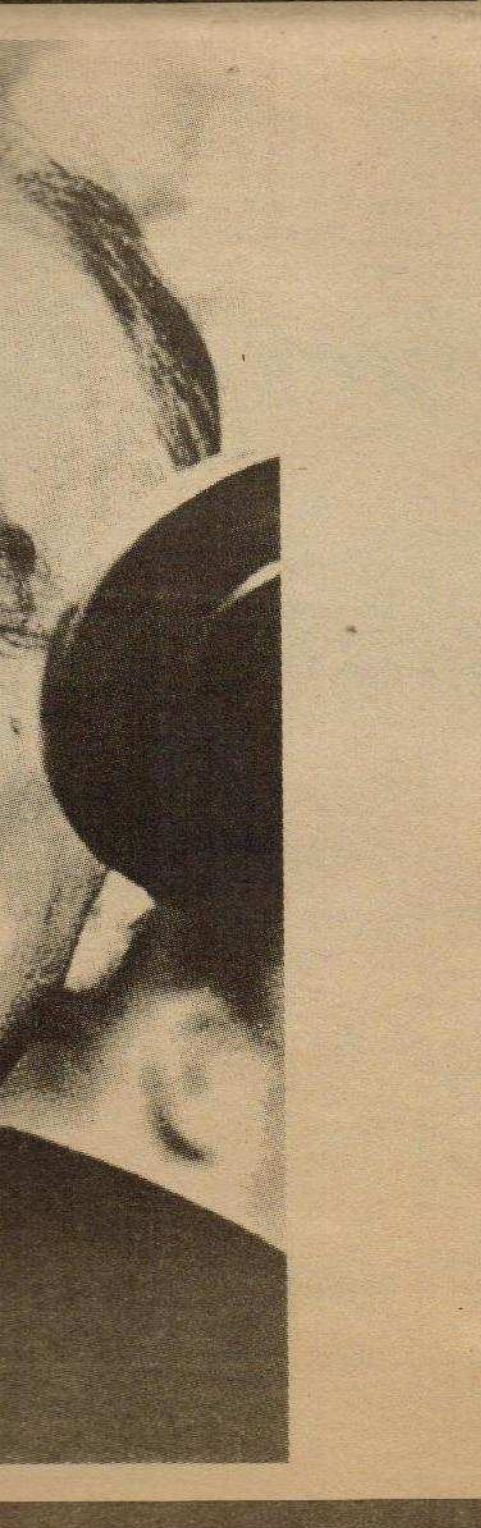


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And the effect was to save America's greatest crisis. As Barton Bernstein states, the New Deal did not transform the American protected American corporate capitalism into parts of threatening programs. There was a concentration of power in American society, only organized groups...

What the New Deal represented was the evolution of American liberalism to fit the American political and economic order. Liberalism which corresponded to the governing classes during the era of capitalism came into existence as a progressive reform government which survived from feudalism. Laissez-faire made possible the accumulation of capital when the government interfered least in the economy. In this period, the government mediated between business interests, making competition were not transgressed.

Competitive laissez-faire capitalism came to an end by the end of the nineteenth century. The ideology of free competition and less to the facts, although for a time, more myths than reality, were both used for power, and firmly believed in by them. Nothing else, that marked acceptance of the process, however, over the decades.

**The executive of the modern state is managing the affairs of the whole.**

Perhaps one of the most enlightening Rothbard book is the one discussing the man who was a Communist in the 1930's, on the right, and who argued in his *Managerial Revolution* period, that the repugnant features of capitalism made obsolete by the separation of ownership from control. Now, Burnham and other corporations were controlled by men for the welfare, not profit.

On one level, the thesis has been shown that ownership and management are tied in corporations, and that at any time it is imperative that corporations try to maximize profit. It is clear why radicals such as Burnham and other society consolidated by the New Deal anarchy of competition and the market produced. What they advocated was an unregulated market, stronger labour, and state regulation of, and participation associated with left-wing ideology. But now being demanded by the leading reform system. Capitalism, it seemed was still seemed, and all without the excesses of the Union! A new social order, neither capitalism was coming into existence. Thus the only way to win the adherence of many of those who were the harshest critics. Liberalism claimed it.

In the field of foreign policy, as well, the New Deal fundamentally re-interpreted American policy. The U.S. has a history of expansion, particularly since its earliest days. It is only the field that differed.

Thus, in the 1890's, the Open Door policy was an opposition to European imperialism, and the U.S. to break into markets controlled by other powers. The rhetoric that accompanied it was deeply and since the American quite obviously included the American business wanted to go.

**My department is your department. My ministers and consuls are all your ministers and consuls after your interests and to guard them.** — William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State





# The politics of housework: oppression and liberation through struggle at home.



Women find that they are trapped in their homes by housework, unable to get out and lead lives of their own.

Housework. What? You say this is all trivial? Wonderful! That's what I thought. It seems perfectly reasonable. We both had careers, both had to work a couple of days a week to earn enough to live on, so why shouldn't we share the housework? So I suggested it to my mate and he agreed — most men are too hip to turn you down flat. You're right, he said. It's only fair.

Then an interesting thing happened. I can only explain it by stating that we women have been brainwashed more than even we imagine. Probably too many years of seeing media-women coming over their shiny waxed floors or breaking down over their dirty shirt collars. Men have no such conditioning. They recognize the essential fact of housework right from the very beginning. Which is that it stinks.

Here's my list of dirty chores: buying groceries, carting them home and putting them away; cooking meals and washing dishes and pots; doing the laundry; digging out the place when things get out of control; washing floors. The list could go on but the sheer necessities are bad enough. All of us have to do these jobs, or get someone else to do them for us. The longer my husband contemplated these chores, the more repulsed he became, and so proceeded the change from the normally sweet considerate Dr. Jekyll into the crafty Mr. Hyde who would stop at nothing to avoid the horrors of — housework. As he felt himself backed into a corner laden with dirty dishes, brooms, mops and reeking garbage, his front teeth grew longer and pointier, his fingernails haggled and his eyes grew wild. Housework trivial? Not on your life! Just try to share the burden.

So ensued a dialogue that's been going on for several years. Here are some of the high points.

'I don't mind sharing the housework, but I don't do it very well. We should each do the things we're best at.'

**Meaning:** Unfortunately I'm no good at things like washing dishes or cooking. What I do best is a little light carpentry, changing light bulbs, moving furniture. (How often do you move furniture?)

**Also meaning:** Historically the lower classes (Blacks and women) have had hundreds of years doing menial jobs. It would be a waste of manpower to train someone else to do them now.

**Also meaning:** I don't like the dull stupid boring jobs, so you should do them.

'I don't mind sharing the work, but you'll have to show me how to do it.'

**Meaning:** I ask a lot of questions and you'll have to show me everything, everytime I do it because I don't remember so good. Also, don't try to sit down and read while I'm doing my jobs because I'm going to annoy hell out of you until it's easier to do them yourself.

'We used to be happy!' (Said whenever it was his turn to do something.)

**Meaning:** I used to be so happy.

**Also meaning:** Life without housework is bliss. No quarrel here. Perfect agreement.

'We have different standards, and why should I have to work to your standards. That's unfair.'

**Meaning:** If I begin to get bugged by the dirt and crap, I will say 'This place sure is a sty' or 'How can anyone live like this?' and wait for your reaction. I know that all women have a sore called guilt over a messy house or

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housework is ultimately my responsibility. If I rub this sore long and hard enough it'll bleed and you'll do the work. I can outwait you.

**Also meaning:** I can provoke innumerable scenes over the housework issue. Eventually, doing all the housework yourself will be less painful to you than trying to get me to do half.

'I've got nothing against sharing the housework, but you can't make me do it on your schedule.'

**Meaning:** passive resistance. I'll do it when I damn well please, if at all. If my job is doing dishes it's easier to do them once a week. If taking out laundry, once a month. If washing the floors, once a year. If you don't like it, do it yourself oftener, and then I won't do it at all.

'I hate it more than you. You don't mind it so much.'

**Meaning:** Housework is shitwork. It's the worst crap I've ever done. It's degrading and humiliating for someone of my intelligence to do it. But for someone of your intelligence...

'Housework is too trivial to even talk about.'

**Meaning:** It's even more trivial to do. Housework is beneath my status. My purpose in life is to deal with matters of significance. Yours is to deal with matters of insignificance. You should do the housework.

'In animal societies, wolves, for example, the top animal is usually a male even where he is not chosen for brute strength but on the basis of cunning and intelligence. Isn't that interesting?'

**Meaning:** I have historical, psychological, anthropological and biological justification for keeping you down. How can you ask the top wolf to be equal?'

'Women's Liberation isn't really a political movement.'

**Meaning:** The Revolution is coming too close to home.

**Also meaning:** I am only interested in how I am oppressed, not how I oppress others. Therefore, the war and the university are political. Women's Liberation is not.

'Man's accomplishments have always depended on getting help from other people, mostly women. What great man would

have accomplished what he did if he had to do his own housework?'

**Meaning:** Oppression is built into the system and I as the male receive the benefits of this system. I don't want to give them up.

**POSTSCRIPTS**

Participatory democracy begins at home. If you are planning to implement your politics there are certain things to remember.

1. He is feeling it more than you. He's losing some leisure and you're gaining it. The measure of your oppression is his resistance.

2. It is a traumatizing experience for someone who has always thought of himself as being against any oppression or exploitation of one human being by another to realize that in his daily life he has been accepting and implementing (and benefiting from) this exploitation;

that his rationalization is little different from that of the racist who says 'Niggers don't feel pain' (women don't mind doing the shitwork), and that the oldest form of oppression in history has been the oppression of 50 per cent of the population by the other 50 per cent.

3. Arm yourself with some knowledge of the psychology of oppressed peoples everywhere and a few facts about the animal kingdom. I admit playing top wolf or who runs the gorillas is silly but as a last resort men bring it up all the time. Talk about bees. If you feel really hostile, bring up the sex life of spiders. After sex, she bites off his head.

The psychology of oppressed peoples is not silly. Blacks, women, and immigrants have all employed the same psychological mechanisms to survive. Admiring the oppressor, glorifying the oppressor, wanting

to be like the oppressor, wanting the oppressor to like them.

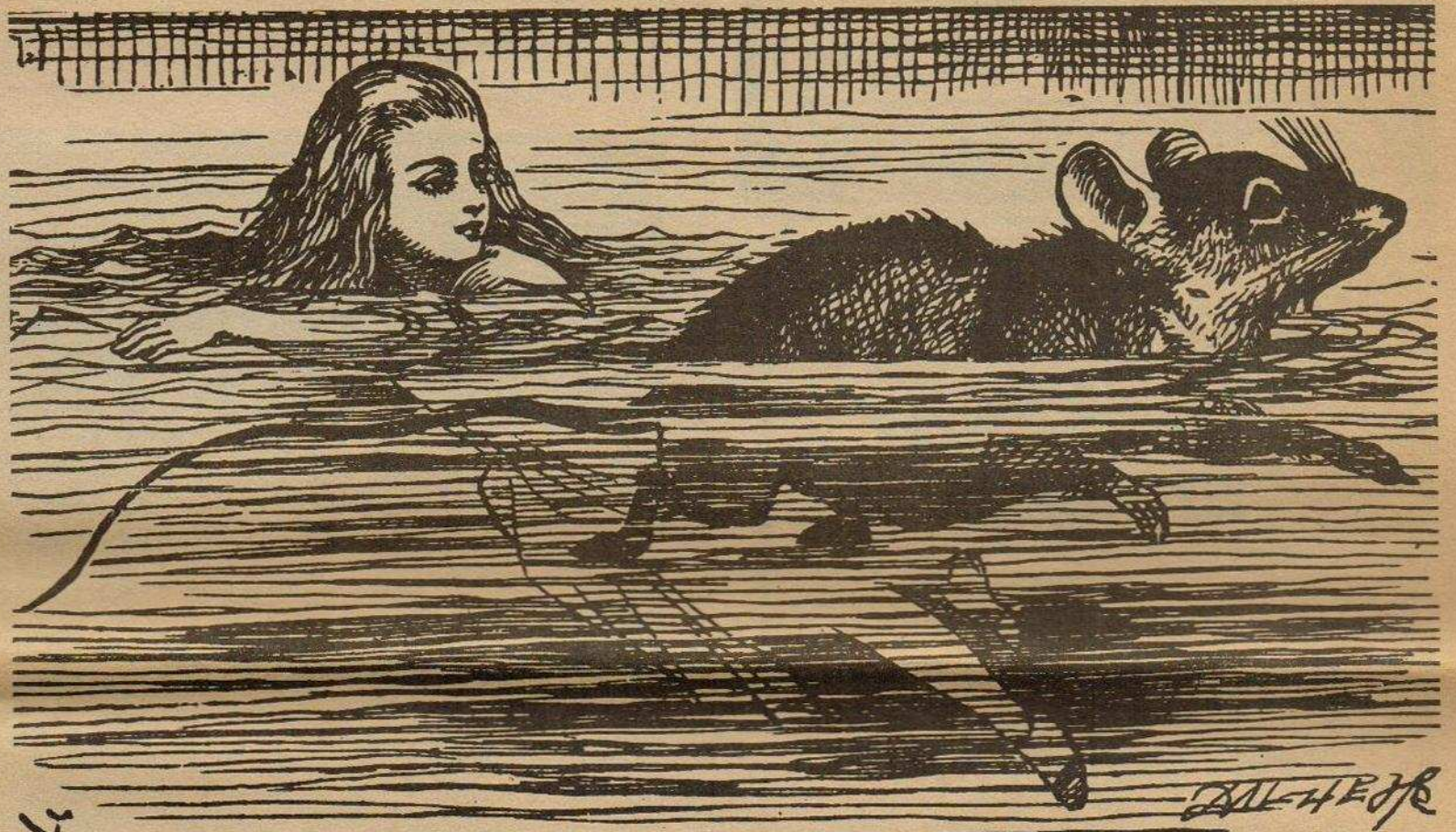
4. Keep checking up. Periodically consider who's actually doing the jobs. These things have a way of backsliding so that a year later once again the woman is doing everything. Use timesheets if necessary. Also bear in mind what the worst jobs are, namely the ones that have to be done every day or several times a day. Also the ones that are dirty — it's more pleasant to pick up books, newspapers, etc., than to wash dishes. Alternate the bad jobs. It's the daily rigid grind that gets you down. Also make sure that you don't have the responsibility for the housework with occasional help from him. 'I'll cook dinner for you tonight' implies that it's really your job and isn't he a nice guy to do some of it for you.

5. Most men had a bachelor life during which they did not starve

or become encrusted with crud or buried under the litter. There is a taboo that says that women mustn't strain themselves in the presence of men — we haul around fifty pounds of groceries if we have to but aren't allowed to open a jar if there is someone around to do it for us. The reverse side of the coin is that men aren't supposed to be able to take care of themselves without a woman. Both are excuses for making women do the housework.

6. Beware of the double whammy. He won't do the little things he always did because you're now a 'Liberated Woman', right? Of course, he won't do anything else either...

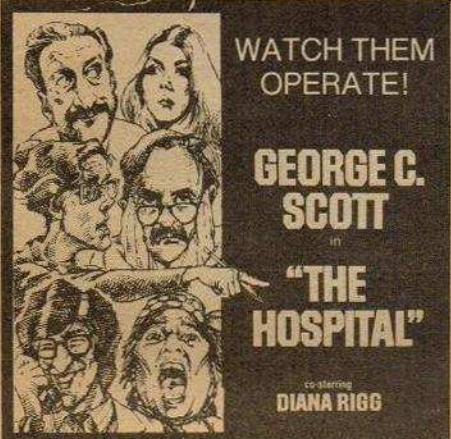
I was just finishing this when my husband came in and asked what I was doing. Writing a paper on housework. Housework? he said. Housework? Oh my god how trivial can you get. A paper on housework. **Pat Malnardi**



Men and women both have trouble staying afloat in the sea of troubles that capitalism engulfs them in. At the same time, however, women are doubly oppressed, by men.

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## A vibrant view of Kafka's universe stuns senses in Kurt Reis' Trial

"Sure, I read *The Trial*," a friend remarked to me, after I told her I would be seeing the adaptation of the novel by Franz Kafka now playing at the St. Lawrence Centre. "I never finished it, actually. . . ." she added sheepishly. We then compared notes, for I, too, had to admit that I had abandoned the protagonist Joseph K. in some corridor before his final demise.

There was no temptation to abandon Joseph K. as he was presented Tuesday night at the St. Lawrence Centre. The production of Kurt Reis assaulted the senses, titillated the imagination, and was thus, in every sense of the word, a work exploiting the potentials of the theatrical medium.

Its text, a translation of the dramatization by Andre Gide and Jean-Louis Barrault, gives quite a direct, unadorned impression of Joseph K.'s "arrest" and journey into the nightmare of bureaucracy, corruption, cruelty, suffering and, above all, illogic, from which he is destined never to escape. It would be interesting to learn how precise the directions for actors and designers were, in fact, for only then could we attempt to measure the ingenuity found in this

production apart from the dialogue. Faced with a new production of a translation of an adaptation of a novel which had an incredible impact on the literary world (whew!), it is probably best to close the door to this Kafka-like maze of preconceptions and concentrate on the stage during the two-and-one-half hour play.

The first half of the play communicates in a variety of ways the world of average, successful businessman Joseph K. as it is gradually being invaded by irrational forces beyond his control. We see him wake up to the music of a clock radio and perform an incredibly "normal" toilette before an imaginary mirror that happens to be the audience. The inane "mood music" that emerges at different times contrasts the jarring bells and electronic sounds that suggest the trial that alters the normal course of his life.

Brian Petchey stresses the petty vanity of the young executive in a burlesque style of acting which is echoed in his relations with others. This exaggerated comic interpretation is found above all in the sexual encounters. We meet the lecherous landlady, Mrs. Grubach (Jennifer Phipps) whose eager arms are aban-



The Czech writer Franz Kafka stands against Prague, the inspiration for his tales of despair.

## SAC Forum

MUNICIPAL ELECTION

DAVID CROMBIE JACKIE HENDERSON  
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done for the frustrated arms of Miss Burstner (Vivian Reis). In both cases, the protagonist is the object of passion rather than the aggressor, with comic results.

He is the passive victim, as well, in the initial arrest and questioning, which seem a game for which he has not been prepared. In his busy office, admirably represented by a stream of mechanized, gray-clad bureaucrats scurrying through the different levels of the stage, he knows the rules of the game. The unexplained arrest, at this point only a psychological and not a physical fact, leaves him in helpless agitation.

Joseph K.'s trial becomes an increasingly large part of his existence, until he loses his bravado in the second act, and admits that perhaps he didn't take it seriously enough at first. The atmosphere changes from one of bizarre comedy to grotesque horror. Leni, webbed-fingered nymphomaniac (where "accused men" are concerned), scurries back and forth like a little rodent at the residence of the decrepit lawyer, Huld, (Claude Bede). Huld is also tended upon by an ancient, blind chief clerk and a repulsive, accused man called Block (Ronald Bishop) whose chief occupation is kissing Huld's feet. The sense of strangulation and repugnance felt by the protagonist crescendo during his encounter with the homosexual portraitist, Titorelli, and his hoard of clinging, taunting brats. The artist is owned by the law, as

is the chaplain who finally convinces K. that he has no hope of escape.

The performances are first-rate. From the haunting chorus of the accused to the non-speaking roles there is an amazing unity of style in this production. Brian Petchey above all, carries his role sensitively, evolving from a buffoonish victim of the system he incarnates to a pathetic wreck left to die "like a dog".

Multilevel platforms, multipurpose metal crate-like constructions with wooden tops serving as furnishings, a few long staircases, and a rising underground level all contributed to the impression of a labyrinth of the mind. Lighting effectively defines the areas of the stage being used, and makes transitions and rapports among the various levels an eloquent aspect of the play.

Kurt Reis has given a vibrant view of Kafka's universe, and it makes for powerful theatre. Orson Welles treated the same theme in film, and with the obvious advantage of film techniques to distort reality, created a much less human and engaging interpretation. He gave far less emphasis to the sexual themes, and his Joseph K. seemed obviously repressed and guilt-ridden.

The *Trial* will probably inspire more interpretations to come, but for sheer appreciation of effective theatre, I recommend this one.

Eleanor Coleman

## French groups on campus explore possibilities of more Quebec works

There we were, Danielle, Michel et moi, (and myself, I mean), sitting in a crowded Honey-Dew restaurant, incongruous setting for a discussion of French cultural activities on campus. Danielle Zanna, instructor at Victoria College, and Michael Macina, a fourth year French major from St. Michael's are each directing productions that together form the *Soirée Poétique* now seen at the UC Playhouse.

The two first described to me the content of *Soiree*. It is delightful, cabaret-style entertainment. Macina's production of *Christoph Colomb* by the late Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode is a light, humorous work, and Mademoiselle Zanna's Troupe Café-Theatre presents a series of sketches, songs, poems, and a one-act play by Jean Tardieu. The atmosphere during the performance of these modern works is warm and informal; the result is fun for audience and performers alike.

Danielle, shaking her lioness coiffure, and giving me the impression of a Barbra Streisand "a la française" explained the philosophy behind the choice of material.

Danielle — Why should French theatre in a university setting always be restricted to the classics? Moliere is so overdone and complicated to produce, whereas the new works... (She looks down suddenly at her order of chicken-in-a-basket)... My God! How do they expect me to eat this? I've got to get a plate! (Rapid sortie)

moi — Where do you find your actors? Aren't there language problems — intonation and pronunciation, for example?

Michel — We get people from all the colleges. Mostly those specializing in French, of course. (He looks thoughtful for a moment). Sure, there's a fair amount of difficulty with the text sometimes. You need to coach them...

Danielle — (in between mouthfuls of chicken) Yes, but you know... in the past year of the Troupe (the tone of voice and rolled "r" seem to capitalise it), the members improved their French fantastically. Its the way to learn the language... We work alot on phonetics... Listen, I

have to have an *express*. Otherwise I will sleep. Let's go, O.K.? (Michel helps Danielle slink into her enormous sheep-skin coat. I don my leather jacket, declining his offer of assistance. Ten minutes later we are "a table" in the Jack and Jill cafe).

moi — Have you considered working with French-Canadian materials, Danielle?

Danielle — Oh yes, of course. I want to look into the literature of Quebec, but to find the kind of thing the Cafe-Theatre needs requires some time... The Glendon campus has a large body of Quebecois, both students and professors. They are very unresponsive to French culture there. Everything has to be *pure Quebecois*, you know. But I am very open to material from French Canada...

moi — (delicately) There really could be more happening on campus in the way of French and Québecois culture, you probably agree... Do you see any possibility of the various French clubs getting together?

Michel — That's what should happen. The clubs are incredibly isolated... Cathy Sumer (president of the University College *Cercle Français*) thinks that uniting the clubs would be a good idea. Nothing has been done on it for this year, though.

Danielle — The Café Théâtre performed at the first meeting of the *Cercle Français* you know. Oh, yes! And I nearly forgot to tell you. We will have a special place in Victoria College from now on. Its a room next to the language laboratory, and we will decorate with posters... *Moulin Rouge*, you know... and flowers and pink lights. It will be called Le Café Théâtre. We'll perform there in early December, I think. Oh, God! What time is it? (Michael and I are immediately on our feet).

Later on I was walking along Yonge Street, trying to remember what John Evans (president of U of T) had mentioned on the subject of cooperation rather than competition among the colleges. I couldn't think straight, though. I kept hearing the melody *Heure Exquise*.

Eleanor Coleman

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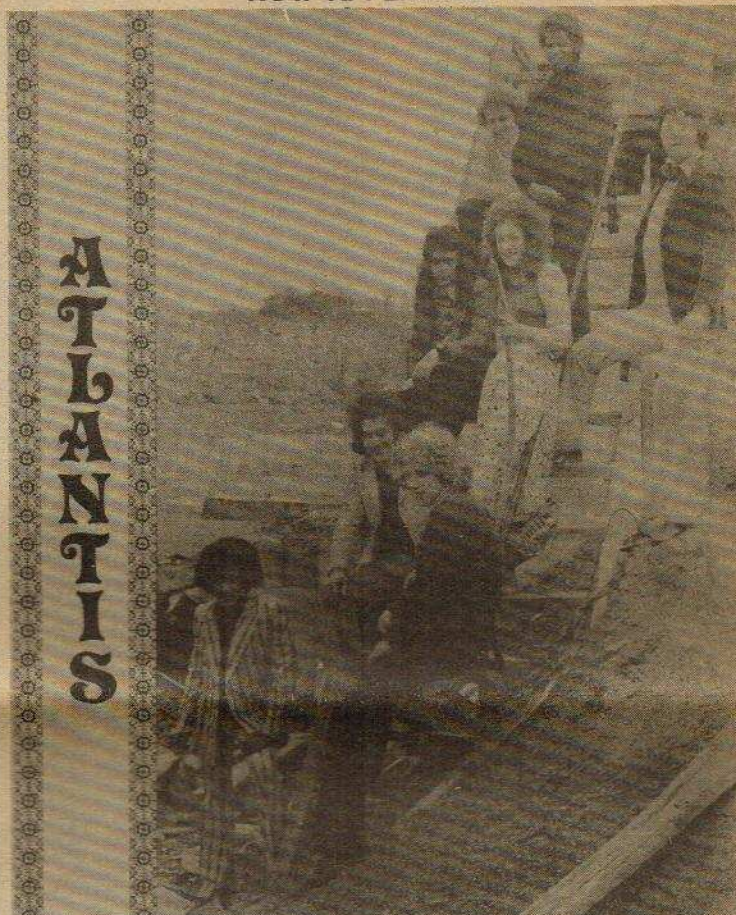
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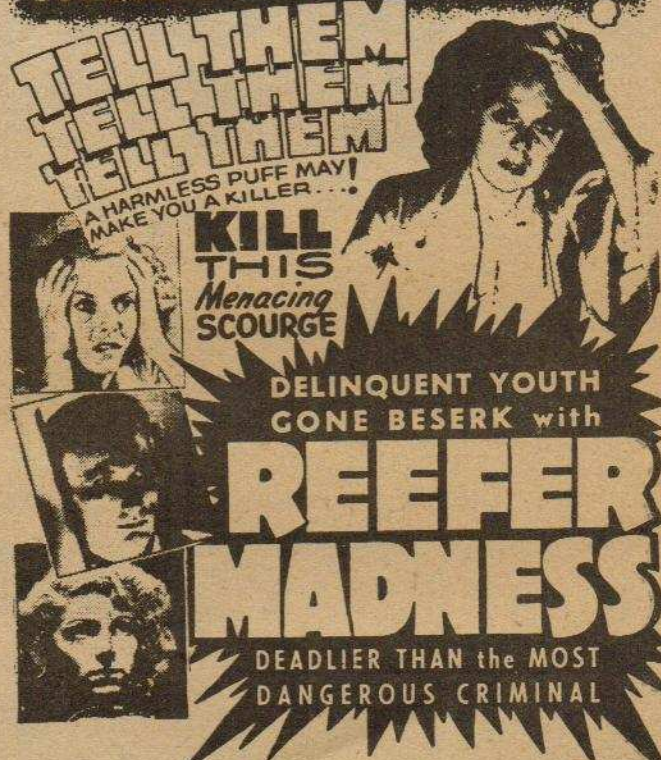
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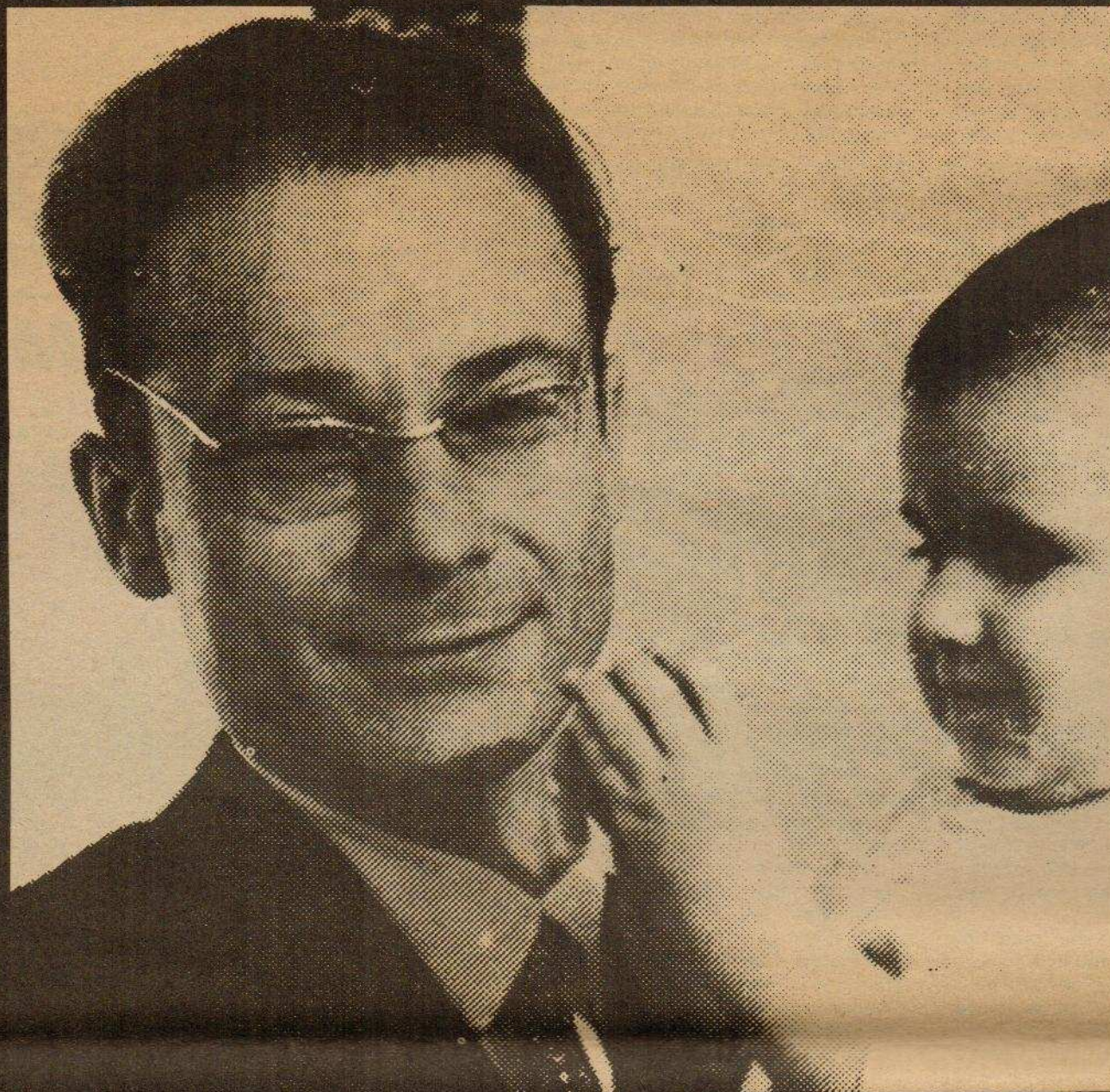
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# THIS MAN IS GUILTY BY BIRTH



Yuriy Shukhevych and his 2 year old son, 1972

**Yuriy Shukhevych, Age 39. Ukrainian political prisoner. Since the age of 15, he has spent 20 years in Soviet concentration camps. Yuriy's guilt: being the son of a man who led the Ukrainian Resistance against Hitler and Stalin during World War II.**

*"... They continue to persecute my mother. Many people continue to suffer imprisonment. All this happens under the resounding declarations about justice and legality... I turn to you because it may happen that in a few months time a new crime will be committed against me: they will again fabricate a new case to get me sentenced for the third time..."*

Yuriy Shukhevych, 28th July, 1967  
Camp 17, Ozerny, Mordovian ASSR.

On September 12, 1972, Shukhevych was again sentenced at a secret trial to 10 years in hard labour camps and 5 years exile.

## WHAT CAN HIS SON EXPECT?

# Arlo, son of Woodie, returns to T-town

The first time Arlo Guthrie appeared in Toronto was in 1967 at the age of 20. Having just begun his professional career, the booking at the now defunct (and then out-of-the-way) coffeehouse, The Seven of Clubs, was hoped to attract audiences who wanted to see the son of the legendary folk hero, Woody Guthrie. Something must have clicked, 'cause Arlo was soon back in Toronto at the Riverboat, and there were rumblings about his performance of a hilarious half-hour-long song.

Arlo cut his first album in the summer of that same year and it featured his 18 minute version *Alice's Restaurant* on side one. There were few rock FM radio stations around at the time (CHUM-FM didn't change to a rock format until a year later) and AM stations wouldn't touch a song of that length. There was, however, a progressive station in Boston that did play the entire song and it soon developed a large underground following. *Alice's Restaurant* hit the Toronto airwaves through the Ryerson station CJRT-FM on the Joe Lewis Saturday folk show. But by then most radio stations were beginning to accept the reality of longer album cuts, and criticism of the US draft system and the Vietnam war was no longer taboo. So Arlo's song even made the CKFH playlist, although usually in two parts.

It took quite a while, but *Alice's Restaurant* became a runaway hit. The humorous story line attracted the attention of director Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde* and *Little Big Man*) who put the ironical tale of Arlo's rejection from army service on film. All the principals in Arlo's real life drama were in the movie, including officer Obee, Alice and of course Arlo himself. The success of the 1969 film, again boosted sales of the album so one

would think Arlo could retire by now.

But Woody's kid was really interested in music, not the green stuff, and continued writing and singing. His second album, *Arlo*, featured self-penned material and a couple of humouristic-musical pieces in the *Alice's Restaurant* vein. The third album was a break from the past though. *Running Down The Road* contained straight songs — comedy was out. And besides Arlo's own songs, which were clearly several cuts above those on the premier album, he showed his hand at musical interpretation of several other artists' material. It's a likeable album even now, but there were a couple of thin spots. Unfortunately few record buyers knew or cared that it existed.

Interest in Arlo Guthrie was renewed to some extent by his appearance in the Woodstock movie and LP, which gave exposure to his dope smuggling song, *Coming Into Los Angeles*. Washington County, released about a year and a half ago, was a melodically mature collection of Guthrie compositions augmented by a few other tunes. It really proved that Arlo was a serious, very capable songwriter.

The latest album, *Hobo's Lullaby*, is aimed in a new direction not musically but structurally. Arlo has concentrated on performing and interpreting and has significantly dimmed the spotlight on his composing talents by trimming the number of his own songs to two. Musicianship is most certainly maintained at a high level with the backup talents of numerable well knowns including, Ry Cooder, Hoyt Axton, Jim Keltner (Harrison's percussion man on Bangla Desh), Fritz Richmond, and Linda Ronstadt. The sound is contemporary folk with some soft country undercurrents and sets the background for hobo journeys



Arlo Guthrie, star and writer of song and movie *Alice's Restaurant*.

through train yards, union halls, bars, and prisons.

As he's done on the last three albums, Arlo sings one of Woody's songs. The 1913 *Massacre* is one of the elder Guthrie's more melodic pieces. Arlo phrases with conviction and reverence recounting the harassment of copper miners and their families at a Christmas celebration, by "scabs" and "copper boss thug men" that leads to the death of 73 children. The simple arrangement and fresh vocal quality in Dylan's *When the Ship Comes In* makes that song too, billow and come alive with a relevant vigor.

Arlo's own tunes are good as any he's written. *Days are Short* is a quiet lyrical reflection that gets driven along by Ry Cooder's subtle slide guitar complements. But it's strangely a Steve Goodman composition, *The City of New Orleans*, that attracts a lot of attention on the album. The song has become familiar to AM listeners and brought Arlo into the Top 40.

*Hobo's Lullaby* grows on you and a few careful listenings are most rewarding. If you can get into it, you might note that Arlo is slated to appear at O'Keefe Centre next week.

Allan Mandell

## A LETTER FROM AVRAAM SHIFRIN

(Russian-born Avraam Shifrin settled in Israel in 1970. From 1952 to 1962 he was an inmate of Soviet concentration camps.)

People! You who live in cozy apartments, who eat three meals a day. You who don't know the terrors of arrest and the distress for those who are left behind - family and children. You who express your indignation about the persecution of Manolis Glesos and Angela Davis.

I want to shout to your faces: where is your conscience?

Once again arrests are being conducted in the USSR, once again people are being thrown into jails, and yet you remain silent. Your governments want "friendly relations" with criminals who tyrannize over their own people. "We do not get involved in internal affairs." How convenient! Let them oppress and murder the Czechs, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Jews and dozens of other nations - your conscience sleeps. Yet, all the Glesoses and Davises can shout and you hear them - the press and TV are at their beck and call.

Whereas, in the USSR, my friend, Yuriy Shukhevych has just been arrested and he can't shout - they've sealed his lips.

I sat with Yuriy in the same concentration camp, and he had been there for 20 years. And now he has been arrested again. Again the persecution of his family, again his children without bread.

The sole "crime" of the Ukrainian, Yuriy Shukhevych, consists in the fact that he is the son of General Shukhevych, who courageously fought against the enslavement of the Ukrainians. The sole "crime" of Yuriy consists in the fact that he loves his country - and in Ukraine one cannot be a Ukrainian. And so, after 20 years of prison, Yura is once again in jail.

He is silent. You won't hear him. But I, a Jew, (who is) proud of being a nationalist, appeal to you, citizens of the free world: Help Yuriy Shukhevych. Demand that the Soviet authorities let him go.

Jerusalem  
May 18, 1972

Avraam Shifrin

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# Watsup

## movies

Last week **Giant** was on TV and I watched as much as I could stand of that fat, boring, stupid movie. The one thing that kept me going was James Dean: his part was just as dumb as the rest but he had a presence so real that it hasn't dated a bit. His myth may have been preserved by his death, but it wasn't created by it: he was great. If you get channel 29, **Rebel Without a Cause** is on tonight. If you are of my vintage it should provide not only nostalgia, but proof that we were right about James Dean. Incidentally, had Dean lived, he would now be in his forties.

It's an interesting week at the Roxy: tonight there's Peter Brook's **King Lear**. Brook is perhaps the most brilliant theatre person alive, but many found his Lear austere to the point of boredom. I don't like Shakespeare, so I didn't go. Saturday there's **Sacco and Vanzetti**, not so good a movie, but good political history, of the kind that has been almost universally suppressed by the movies. Monday is **One (long) Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch**. Despite lovely little Solzhenitzyn absurdities (Ivan's sentence to Siberia is for 3653 days, the extra three days being for leap years) the film is too excruciatingly close to the real thing. Tom Courtney is too convincing for pleasure. Tuesday there is Pasolini's much considered **Teorema**. I liked thinking back on it better than sitting through it. And Wednesday it's the greatest movie ever, Truffaut's **Jules and Jim**. All showings at 7:30 and 10, \$.99. Sunday night at St. Mike's it's Hitchcock's classic **Strangers on a Train**, and that afternoon at the Revue it's Max Ophul's **Lola Montez**. Max Ophul's is Marcel Ophul's (**The Sorrow and the Pity**) father.

The Kensington Cinema (65 565 College at Manning) is having a Rolling Stones Festival this weekend. On Sunday you can catch, from 3:30 pm on, **Ned Kelly, T.A.M.I., Performance, and Gimme Shelter**, 99¢ a throw.

A few weeks ago we asked plaintively, is there anybody out there? A. Brody is, and wrote to confirm our criticism of OISE as no place to go to a movie.

## music

This Sunday's **Music to See** on CBC at 5 pm features a concert of renaissance music, songs and dances presented by the noted Huggett Family. Selections will be by Jacob Obrecht, Ockegem, Herman Schein and Byrd. Over thirty performers are to be involved in the production.

At Scarborough College on November 12, the **Canadian Wind Consort** will perform serenades and marches for oboes, horns and bassoon with Christopher Weait, Eugene Rittich and Melvin Berman. The works are by Handel, J. C. Bach and his brother, C. P. E. Bach. A work by Keith Bissell receives its premiere at the concert.

The first concert in the Faculty of Music's Sunday Afternoon Series features duo-pianists **Elyakim Taussig** and **Kathryn Root**. The concert is at 3 pm and is \$2 for students. The thing is supposed to be something of a free-for-all, with snatches from Merodach, Elizabethan virginal duets, Reger, Brahms, Brant, Paganini.

**Narciso Yepes** will perform with the **Chamber Players** on November 13 at the Town Hall. The chamber group will first play Joaquin Turina's **La Oracion De Torero**, followed by the famous guitarist

playing works by Milan, de Mudarra, Le Roy and J. S. Bach. The second half of the concert will be made up of Vivaldi's concerto in D major and Rodrigo's **Fantasia Per Un Gentilhombre**. Tickets are \$3.50 and \$4.50, and the performance begins, as for all Town Hall concerts, at 8:30 pm. The same day at 5:05 pm Janet MacFarlane will perform organ works accompanied by Alison Melville on recorder, at Convocation Hall. It's free.

On November 15, the **Collegium Musicum** along with **Sharon Tuttle**, harpsichord, and **Robert Bick**, flute, will play works by Bach, Blavet, Couperin, Handel, Domenico Scarlatti and others at Trinity Square at 8:30 pm. Single tickets are \$2.50, although you can get this and two other concerts left in the season for \$6.

There will be a Hart House Noon Hour Concert in the East Common Room on November 16, 1 pm, with **Angela McWilliams** and her flute.

On CBC-FM, watch for **Symphony Hall** this Sunday at 2:03 pm. Victor Feldbrill conducts the Toronto Symphony in Beethoven's fourth piano concerto, and Sibelius' most popular symphony, the second. Opera Theatre at 7 pm the same day features Herbert von Karajan's version of Mozart's **La Nozze di Figaro**, with Teresa Berganza and the Vienna Philharmonic. Brace yourself, and tune into Afternoon Concert on Monday at 1 pm. Pretend you don't hear the ever-affable hosts and just listen to Bruckner's greatest symphony, his sixth (hopefully the Klemperer performance with the Philharmonia), and music by Heinrich Schutz, the pre-Bachian baroque master. Guitar fans should tune into the **Classical Guitar** program on Tuesday at 6:30. I'm afraid you will have to suffer the hosts of Afternoon Concert again on Wednesday to hear **Charles Ives** sonic tour de force, his second symphony. That evening at seven, Choral Concert features part I of Handel's **Samson**, with Karl Richter and the Munich Bach-Choir and Orchestra. This is a must for baroque choral music fans, unless you already have the recording.

Professor Richard Halsey of this university has just completed a computerized study to find out what the most popular and highly regarded works of "classical" music are. He discusses the

implications of Professor Halsey's new book for the average music lover. Should prove interesting. Musicscope on Friday at 8 features **Lois Marshall** and **Maureen Forrester** in a CBC Celebrity Recital.

## pop

The friend with whom I saw **Tom Rush** says Rush has American legs. The nice thing about the Riverboat is that you can come to conclusions like that. Even if you are in the 60 per cent of the house that can't see his legs, you can touch him as he goes by or at least conceive of it. Massey Hall is so reverential.

Tom Rush, back at the Riverboat, is as relaxed and aware as he used to be before that stuff got swallowed in the concert halls. Monday night he played mostly his old songs: Galveston Flood, Who Do You Love, Panama Ltd., which is like the Beatles playing Twist and Shout. It was nice to hear them again, and he played them well, particularly Panama Ltd., his old show-stopper. (People used to request it all the time.) Panama is a train blues with all sorts of flashy guitar effects, but Rush, this time more than any I can remember, caught the sadness. After ten years he was right into the meat of the song like a good actor, not coasting a bit. The trouble with the Riverboat demi-concert policy is that what you gain in intimacy you lose in length: 35 to 50 minutes for \$3 to \$3.50. It is as if the performers didn't realize that the house turned over after each session. Rush and his band of loyal Canadians seemed to hit stride and disappear at the same time. That they were cooking made the abrupt exit more unsatisfying. I felt teased. (bob bossin)

Tomorrow night at 8 pm **Tom Rush** will be appearing (at length!) at The Meeting Place in Scarborough College. Tickets, reasonably priced at \$3, are available at SAC and Scarborough College Student Society offices, and Sherman's Music Centre.

There is a special event of sorts at Fiddler's Green Coffeehouse (489-3001) on Tuesday. **Hamish Imlach** — a sort of Scottish Ledbelly — will be making one of his very rare North American appearances. Imlach is a brilliant humourist and a fine guitar player whose style ranges from blues to Scottish folk songs. The Toronto Area Bluegrass people are bringing in **Cliff Waldren and The New Shades of Grass** for a special concert tomorrow. **Joe Grant** will be in singing French Canadian songs tonight. Admission is \$1 as always.

Grumbles continues its parade of Canadian talent this week with the **Hear-taches Razz Band** tonight and **Alex Zelkin** tomorrow. **David Ackles**, a singer-songwriter of note, who composed Road to Cairo (recorded by Julie Driscoll), will be in next week.

File under "I told you so": Both the **Cat**

**Stevens** concerts at Massey Hall scheduled for Saturday and Sunday were sold out early on the first morning that tickets went on sale.

The distance between Stockbridge, Massachusetts and The City of New Orleans is more than a few hundred miles for **Arlo Guthrie**. Arlo will be in Toronto on Thursday, November 16 to perform a solo concert at O'Keefe Centre. Tickets are priced from \$3.50 to \$5.50.

## art

The Aggregation gallery features Carl Ray's legends of the Sandy Lake Cree drawings beginning November 14 in gallery one. Gabriele Abel's recent paintings and drawings will be in gallery two. **The Merton Gallery** is showing paintings by Joe Rosenthal from November 14 to December 2. His Leonardo and photo-technique approach is interesting. Saul Field's engravings based on Ulysses and Finnegan's Wake are still showing at **Scarborough**. Fran Hollander is at **Erindale** beginning November 13 exhibiting ceramics until December 16. **Shaw-Rimington Gallery** is showing Hanni Rothschild's macramé wallhangings and new ceramic sculptures, from November 13 to November 26. Helen de Lilaghi opens an exhibit titled "Transcendental Art Forms — Through Astral Projections" at the **Church of the Redeemer**, at Bloor and Avenue Road. Classes in etching and silkscreen will be held from November 21 through December 14 at the **Open Studio**. Contact someone at 368-8238 or 964-1513.

## theatre

Continuing this week at the St. Lawrence Town Hall, the Multi-Cultural Drama Festival, where you can hear Estonian, Latvian, Italian, Polish, and even a play in English called **How to Divorce an Armenian** (November 17)! Don't forget **Les Bonnes** by Jean Genet at the Theatre du P'tit Bonheur and Ugo Betti's **Goat Island** at the Poor Alex. The Central Library Theatre has a production by the York Centennial Players of **The Diary of Anne Frank**, and the Colonnade Theatre is featuring Ibsen's **Hedda Gabler**. The Factory Lab Theatre continues with **Esker Mike and His Wife Agiluk**. Kafka's or more appropriately Kurt Reis' **The Trial** lives at the St. Lawrence Centre since Tuesday.

|               |                 |
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Truffaut's **Jules and Jim** plays Wednesday.