



On to Saigon!



Vietnam: a short history of an almost endless war

A majority of the people of Vietnam are not old enough to remember a time when their country was not at war.

It began in the 1880's when France conquered and colonized Southeast Asia. The totalitarian process that marked the arrival of the white man's culture shattered Vietnamese society, warped the economy, and seriously damaged the ancient culture.

Repeated moves toward independence met with little success. Japan moved into the vacuum created by the French defeat during the Second World War. The Japanese kept the French colonial apparatus intact, installed a native puppet emperor, Bao Dai, at the head of it, and used it for their own ends.

But, they had not counted on the Viet Minh. By the summer of 1945, the Viet Minh resistance movement controlled large portions of the nation, especially in the north, and were able to claim *de facto* state power.

In August, the Viet Minh set up a government in Hanoi, and Bao Dai abdicated; in September, they issued a Declaration of Independence based, ironically enough, on the American declaration of 1776.

The Great Powers, who feared that the Viet Minh might be too independent, were shocked. They decided that the Japanese surrender should be taken by the British in the southern part of the country, and by the Chinese Kuomintang in the north; rather than by the Viet Minh, who would thereby have come into possession of the Japanese weapons.

In the south, the British and French actually engineered a coup against the Viet Minh government. By the end of 1945, the French had moved 50,000 troops into southern Vietnam.

In the north, however, the Viet Minh were able to acquire the weapons of the Japanese by the simple expedient of buying them from the corrupt Kuomintang troops.

The Viet Minh now began to negotiate the conditions of Vietnamese independence with the French. A first, major step was the holding of the 1946 general elections which confirmed the Viet Minh government led by Ho Chi Minh. An agreement was signed in which the French recognized Vietnam as a "free state having its own government and its parliament, its army, and its finances".

However, within a short period of time, the French reneged on

their promises, and in the tension that followed, fighting broke out that rapidly led to full-fledged guerilla warfare.

In 1949, after two and a half years of fighting, the French formed a local government of their own, headed by the former Japanese puppet and collaborator Bao Dai. This government, wrote Senator John F. Kennedy in 1951, had "no broad, general support... among the people". It was part of "the desperate effort of a French regime to hang onto the remnants of empire".

In these circumstances, it was not surprising that by 1954, when Dienbienphu fell, the Viet Minh controlled three-quarters of the country.

A peace conference was convened in Geneva. Agreement was reached providing for withdrawal of all non-Vietnamese troops from Vietnam, the prohibition of the introduction of any new foreign troops, a provisional division of the country along the 17th parallel for purposes of administering the truce, and free elections to reunify the country to be held within two years.

It is important to note that the United States officially supported the provision for the reunification elections. It is also crucial to understand that the division line along the 17th parallel was explicitly described as "provisional" in the accords. At no time did the documents refer to 'North' or 'South' Vietnam; Vietnam was one nation in the eyes of everyone.

But, the U.S. was unwilling to abide by the agreement when it became clear that Vietnam would have a communist-led government. And, of this, there was no doubt. As Eisenhower wrote in his memoirs, "Possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for Communist Ho Chi Minh".

The U.S., therefore, began to work to prevent the holding of elections, in co-operation with the new head of government in Saigon, Ngo Dinh Diem, who had been premier in Bao Dai's puppet regime under the Japanese. Between 1955 and 1959, the U.S. advanced \$1.71 billion to Diem in military aid. Diem put the aid to good use, beginning a campaign of repression against all opponents of his regime, especially former Viet Minh supporters, who had been guaranteed freedom from molestation by the Geneva Accords. At the same time, the U.S. began sealing off the south from the north and boycotting the economy of the north, again in violation of Geneva.

Despite repeated calls from Hanoi, Diem and the U.S. refused to allow the elections. Diem organized a fraudulent referendum in 1955, which he won 98 per cent of the total vote. Within three days and began to reorganize the country.

At the same time, Diem stepped up repression. Said Life magazine, "Behind a facade of slogans, there is a grim structure of repression and secret police."

In addition to political repression, Diem's economic reform was a failure. A maximum rent was set at 25 per cent less than pre-war levels. The Viet Minh had already earlier introduced land reform, giving peasants complete possession of the land. Thus, Diem's reform act was entirely opposed to the land to the deposed landlords, and the landlords and opposed by the country's small minority of European investors. The basis of support for Diem's regime was the peasants.

In the north, in 1956, meanwhile, in connection with the land reform, many landlords were condemned by popular tribunals, some were executed; the rest jailed, many died.

As repression in the south increased, the promises of political reform were meaningless in the south. The Viet Minh reached such a level that opposition groups arose in villages as village defense groups, including Vietminh supporters, to defend themselves.

It is important to realize that the Viet Minh's response to the actions of the Diem government were not, as is sometimes claimed, a gift. The Viet Minh had nothing to gain from giving Diem an excuse for not holding elections. They welcomed the holding of elections and a Viet Minh win.

Furthermore, as Philippe Devillers wrote, the Viet Minh existed before the Communists did. They were simply forced (by Diem's attacks on the Communists, the initiative did not come from the grass-roots, where the people were organizing arms in self-defence."

By stages, the resistance sprang up. The National Liberation Front (NLF) was formed. The NLF was (and is) a broad coalition of members being non-communist, but with a strong influence in the leadership. They did not label the NLF 'Viet Cong' (meaning Communist) however, they came to realize that the NLF would not harm them among the population. The Viet Minh Service organized a contest to find out if it didn't think "communism is the only way" among the country's illiterate masses.

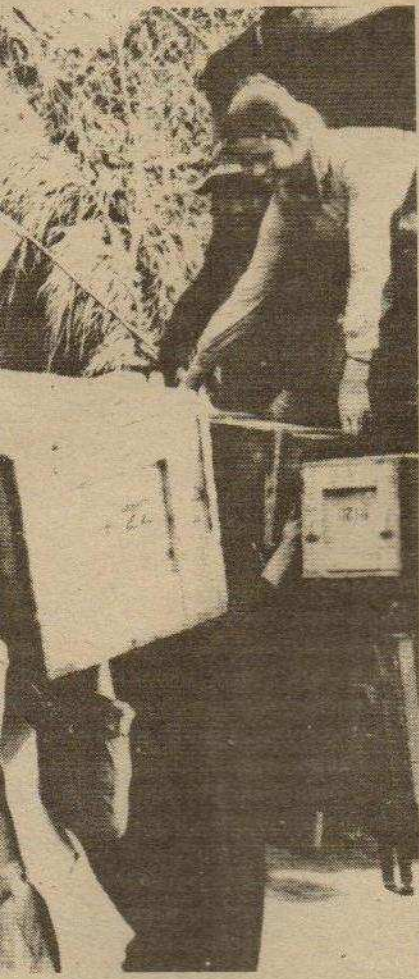
As the resistance spread and the Viet Minh deteriorated, the U.S. stepped up its aid, carrying helicopters, and napalm. The Viet Minh, enjoying widespread popularity among the people, controlled 90 per cent of the area of the south, had 80 per cent of the population.

It was clear to everyone that the Viet Minh and General Paul Harkins, head of the U.S. military in Vietnam, obviously are not being compared. Vietnam, China, or any place else. The Viet Minh weapons primarily on whatever they could get.

By 1965, in a classic Orwellian move, the U.S. claiming in a White Paper title that the Viet Minh was "the North". The White Paper attempt to show the Viet Minh being supplied from the north, although it was legitimate for the U.S. to aid the Viet Minh for Hanoi to aid the other side. Or, the Viet Minh would have been aggressive in the south since, after all, Vietnam was divided only through the presence of the Viet Minh.

At any rate, the White Paper "aggression", but its absence. The Viet Minh weapons came from the north, not merely three per cent of all weapons were communist-made. (Over 80 per cent of the Viet Minh weapons were communist-made.) The White Paper tried to show that the Viet Minh was supplied from the north. It was able to move 23, 17 tons of weapons south! Altogether, the U.S. claims to have supplied 350,000 troops into Vietnam (up from 160,000) quite a tribute to the fighting power of the Viet Minh.

As the war went on and the Viet Minh deteriorated, Diem, whom Lyndon Johnson had supported, was overthrown by a military coup. He was succeeded by a military government — 10 regimes in the



History War

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Despite repeated calls from Hanoi and from the Geneva officials, Diem and the U.S. refused to allow reunification elections. Instead, Diem organized a fraudulent referendum in the south which gave him 98 per cent of the total vote. The U.S. recognized his government within three days and began to refer to "South Vietnam" as a separate country.

At the same time, Diem stepped up his campaign of repression. Said Life magazine, "Behind a facade of photographs, flags, and slogans, there is a grim structure of decrees, 're-education' centers, and secret police."

In addition to political repression, Diem also engaged in "land reform". A maximum rent was set which amounted to about 50 per cent less than pre-war levels. The problem however, was that the Viet Minh had already earlier introduced land reforms that gave the peasants complete possession of the land and abolished rents entirely. Thus, Diem's reform actually amounted to the returning of land to the deposed landlords, and was consequently supported by the landlords and opposed by the peasants. Landlords and the country's small minority of European-oriented Catholics formed most of the basis of support for Diem's government.

In the north, in 1956, meanwhile, there were widespread troubles in connection with the land reforms of that year. Some 50,000 people were condemned by popular tribunals, of which an unknown number were executed; the rest jailed, most for short periods of time.

As repression in the south intensified, political figures began to see that the promises of political freedom made in the Geneva Accords were meaningless in South Vietnam. By 1959, repression had reached such a level that opponents of the Diem regime realized that they must take action or face extermination. Spontaneous resistance groups arose in villages as villages and political supporters of every persuasion, including Vietminh supporters, began to take up arms to defend themselves.

It is important to realize that the resistance in the south began as a response to the actions of the Diem government. Diem's dictatorial policies were not, as is sometimes believed, a response to rebellion. The Viet Minh had nothing to gain by "stirring up" trouble which might give Diem an excuse for not holding elections. Viet Minh supporters welcomed the holding of elections, which they were almost certain to win.

Furthermore, as Phillippe Devillers pointed out, "The insurrection existed before the Communists decided to take part, and... they were simply forced (by Diem's attacks on them) to join in. And, even among the Communists, the initiative did not originate in Hanoi, but from the grass-roots, where the people were literally driven by Diem to take up arms in self-defence."

By stages, the resistance spread and by late 1960 the rebels set up the National Liberation Front and began full-fledged guerilla war. The NLF was (and is) a broad coalition, with a large majority of the members being non-communist, although communists had a dominant influence in the leadership. The U.S., nevertheless, proceeded to label the NLF 'Viet Cong' (meaning Vietnamese Communists). Later, however, they came to realize that labelling the rebels communists did not harm them among the population. And, the U.S. Information Service organized a contest to find a new name for the NLF, admitting that it didn't think "communist is the type of name to inspire hatred among the country's illiterate masses".

As the resistance spread and the position of the Diem regime deteriorated, the U.S. stepped up its aid, sending in troops, rocket-carrying helicopters, and napalm. Nevertheless, by late 1962, the NLF enjoying widespread popularity among the peasants, controlled 90 per cent of the area of the south, holding 80 per cent of the population.

It was clear to everyone that the rebellion was indigenous. Said General Paul Harkins, head of the U.S. forces in Vietnam, "The guerillas obviously are not being reinforced or supplied from North Vietnam, China, or any place else... they apparently depend for weapons primarily on whatever they can capture."

By 1965, in a classic Orwellian move, the U.S. reversed itself, claiming in a White Paper title that the rebellion was "aggression from the North". The White Paper attempted to show that the guerillas were being supplied from the north, although it was never made clear why it was legitimate for the U.S. to aid one side in a civil war but illegitimate for Hanoi to aid the other side. Or, why indeed, attacks from Hanoi to the south would have been aggression even if they really had taken place since, after all, Vietnam was one country, artificially partitioned only through the presence of the U.S.

At any rate, the White Paper succeeded not in proving "aggression", but its absence. Statistics purporting to show that weapons came from the north revealed, on closer analysis, that merely three per cent of all weapons being used by the rebels were communist-made. (Over 80 per cent had been captured from the U.S.) The White Paper tried to show that infiltration had been taking place from the north. It was able to muster only 23 actual case histories, however, and of these 23, 17 turned out to have been born in the south! Altogether, the U.S. claimed, 19,550 "infiltrations" had taken place, and to counter the danger, it announced that it was moving 350,000 troops into Vietnam (upped to 550,000 within two years) — quite a tribute to the fighting power of the enemy.

As the war went on and the situation deteriorated, resistance to Diem, whom Lyndon Johnson had called the "Churchill of Asia", came to a head even among the ruling clique. And, in 1963, he was ousted by a military coup. He was succeeded by a rapid succession of governments — 10 regimes in the next 20 months alone. The present

government has been the most long-lasting. It is Thieu, who has distinguished himself by zealous opposition (for example, the man who ran second "election" — in which only government-approved candidates were allowed to run — was jailed after the vote for advocating the filling of jails with political prisoners, and the closing of the country's newspapers.

The vice-president in the present regime, General Nguyen Van Thieu, in an interview who his heroes were. "I have only one hero: Hitler."

The summer of 1964 witnessed the Gulf of Tonkin incident, in which, it was alleged that Hanoi gunboats had attacked U.S. vessels. Only several years later, with the release of the papers, was the entire affair shown to be a deliberate provocation by the U.S. As a result of the alleged incident, the president received wider powers to prosecute the war from Congress, and the fateful step of bombing the north.

It was only in response to this bombing and the violation of international law, completely illegal — aggression — that the first time moved troops south of the 17th parallel in Vietnam.

The severity of the fighting intensified, but the military regimes proved unable — and still remain unable — to win the allegiance of the population except by actual military victory. After the Tet offensive of 1968 and the campaign of escalation again and again, the Saigon-U.S. forces have seized the cities, and even some of these are held only by the NLF — now constituted as a Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) — controls much of the countryside, which has a population of 10 million.

The ceasefire now being discussed would not be enforced since the control of villages is the main issue. Saigon controls them when its troops enter, but as soon as they control reverts to the PRG.

Nevertheless, the ceasefire represents a major step towards Vietnamese liberation forces that a military stalemate, the U.S.-equipped mercenary army, when U.S. bombing continues, and when the Soviet Union and China refuse aid and support in the interests of a detente with the U.S.

But, the strategic and political goals remain the same: that the military route is not the only one to achieve reunification in Saigon and eventual reunification of the country. The struggle politically as well as militarily to achieve the goal.

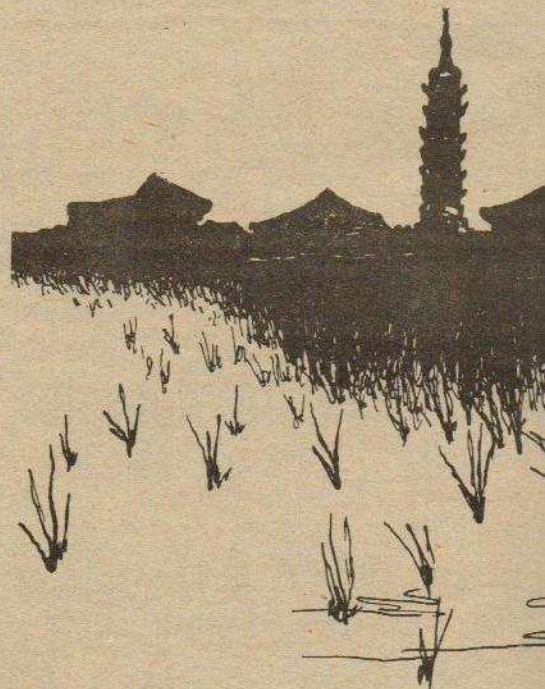
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Intensified, political figures began to demand freedom made in the Geneva Accords in Vietnam. By 1959, repression had increased. The Diem regime realized that the situation was untenable. Spontaneous resistance and political supporters of every group began to take up arms to

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and by late 1960 the rebels set up a government and began full-fledged guerilla war. The situation, with a large majority of the population, although communists had a dominant position in the U.S., nevertheless, proceeded to support the Vietnamese Communists). Later, the government, labelling the rebels communists did not have a political solution. And, the U.S. information was that the rebels were a new name for the NIF, admitting the type of name to inspire hatred among the peasants".

the position of the Diem regime was untenable. The U.S. aid, sending in troops, rocket-planes, etc. Nevertheless, by late 1962, the NIF was in control among the peasants, controlled 90 per cent of the population. The rebellion was indigenous. Said the U.S. forces in Vietnam, "The rebels are reinforced or supplied from North Vietnam. They apparently depend for their success on the U.S. aid they can capture."

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government has been the most long-lasting. It is headed by General Thieu, who has distinguished himself by zealous persecution of all opposition (for example, the man who ran second to him in the last "election" — in which only government-approved candidates were allowed to run — was jailed after the vote for advocating a cease-fire), the filling of jails with political prisoners, and the closing down of most of the country's newspapers.

The vice-president in the present regime, General Ky, was asked in an interview who his heroes were. "I have only one," he replied. "Hitler."

The summer of 1964 witnessed the Gulf of Tonkin incident, in which, it was alleged that Hanoi gunboats had attacked American vessels. Only several years later, with the release of secret Pentagon papers, was the entire affair shown to be a deliberate fabrication by the U.S. As a result of the alleged incident, president Johnson received wider powers to prosecute the war from Congress and took the fateful step of bombing the north.

It was only in response to this bombing and deliberate — and, under international law, completely illegal — aggression that Hanoi for the first time moved troops south of the 17th parallel, into "South" Vietnam.

The severity of the fighting intensified, but the U.S. and Saigon regimes proved unable — and still remain unable — to hold the allegiance of the population except by actual military occupation. As the Tet offensive of 1968 and the campaign of early this year showed again and again, the Saigon-U.S. forces have secure control only of the cities, and even some of these are held only very tenuously. The NIF — now constituted as a provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) — controls much of the countryside, which contains most of the population.

The ceasefire now being discussed would be a difficult one to enforce since the control of villages is the main issue of contention. Saigon controls them when its troops enter, but as soon as they leave, control reverts to the PRG.

Nevertheless, the ceasefire represents a recognition by the Vietnamese liberation forces that a military victory cannot be immediately achieved in the present stalemate, when Saigon has a U.S.-equipped mercenary army, when U.S. bombing missions are continuing, and when the Soviet Union and China are slackening their aid and support in the interests of a *detente* with the U.S.

But, the strategic and political goals remain. The PRG realizes that the military route is not the only one to government power in Saigon and eventual reunification of the country. It is willing to struggle politically as well as militarily to achieve its objectives.

Ultimately he can still count on the support of the population of Vietnam. For the war has been for the support of the Vietnamese people and the revolutionaries have always relied on it, whereas Saigon has relied on the military resources provided by the U.S.

By 1963, for example, eight million villages had been burned, transformed into "strategic hamlets" — a euphemism for what were in effect concentration camps behind barbed wire, under police

control, with no elections even on the local level, and with intensive indoctrination. The use of these "strategic hamlets" was justified on the grounds that the Vietnamese had to be protected from communism, and the use of force to get them to go into the hamlets was, of course, justified on the grounds that the villagers wouldn't go voluntarily.

"It is certainly an ironic way to protect the peasant masses from communism — to herd them behind barbed wire walls under police control, to subject them to intensive indoctrination, to burn their villages," exiled leader of the anti-communist Vietnamese Democratic Party Tran Van Tung commented. Even the U.S. admitted publicly that the "strategic hamlets" were "concentration camps" built by "forced labour", but defended their necessity nonetheless.

Similar policies have been carried on by the Thieu government. Thieu has answered charges that his jailing of all opposition and the closing of critical newspapers are undemocratic by saying that "the spirit of oriental democracy is not the same as the spirit of occidental democracy".

The results have been predictable. As Nguyen Thai Binh, another Vietnamese anti-communist put it, "The people cannot follow the strange logic which decrees that they should be shot or imprisoned in the name of freedom. Offered the very finest facilities for forced labour, they rebel; installed in the newest concentration camps, they protest. Showered with napalm bombs, they are so ungrateful as to think in terms of a new government." The indiscriminate bombing of villages in the south (on the grounds that some communists may live there) has hardened resistance to the U.S. As Bertrand Russell put it, "In spite of the slaughter of their children, the peasants, incredible as it may seem, still dislike the Americans."

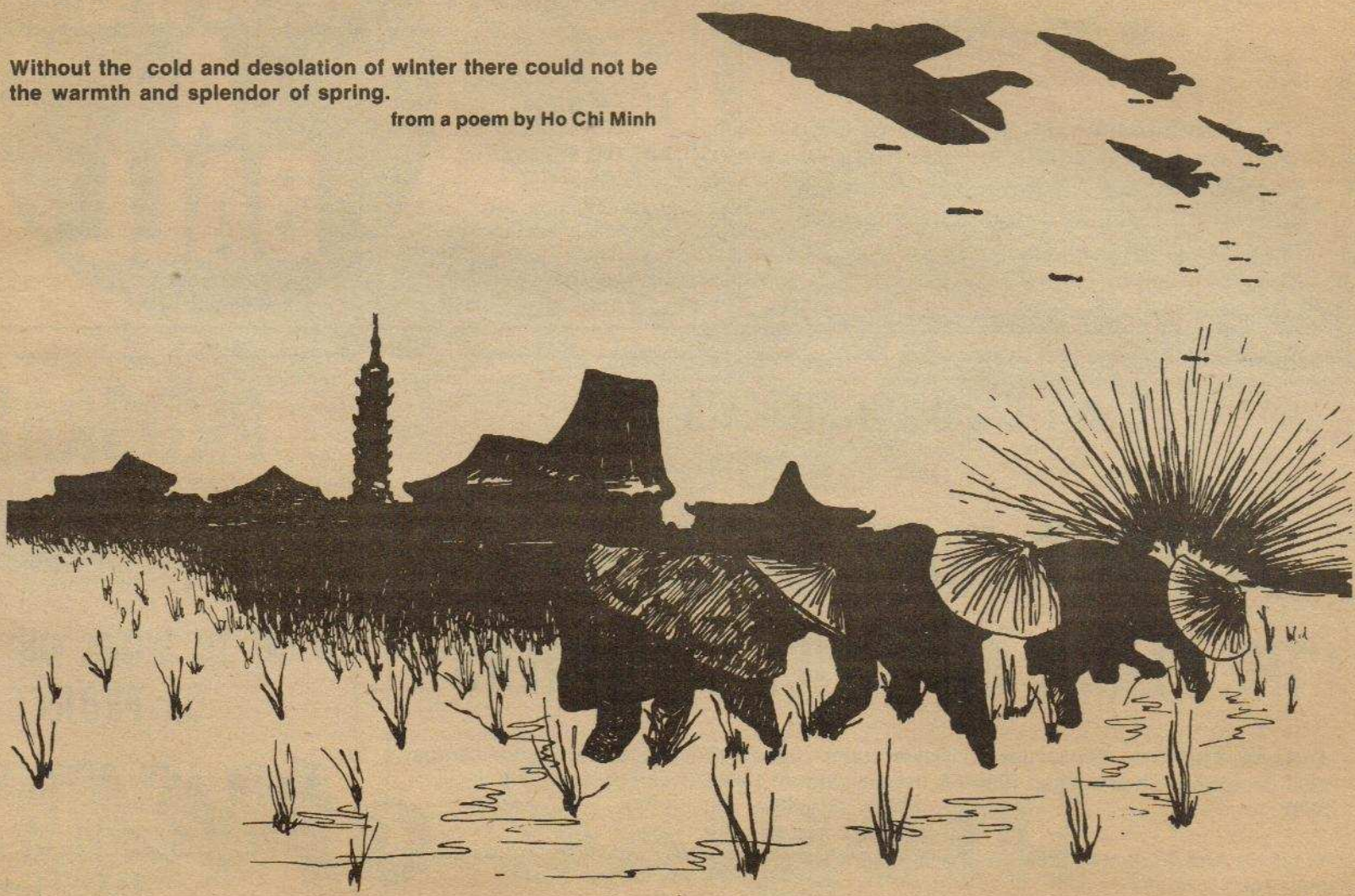
This bombing, as well as the more recent bombing of dikes in North Vietnam, are completely illegal under international law. German military men convicted for similar acts in the Second World War were sentenced to death at Nuremberg.

The use of terror has played a similar role in hardening resistance. The reason that the Saigon government and the U.S. engage in indiscriminate terror is that it is only through fear that it can maintain any semblance of control over the countryside. The NIF, however, must be careful not to alienate the peasants, for they can survive only as long as they have their support. Therefore, they engage in very selective terror. It assassinates only those persons who are identified as enemies of the people: government officials, landlords, military personnel, tax collectors. This tends to win them support among the population, not alienate it.

The U.S. seems to have recognized that the war is unwinnable and is now moving to withdraw, to seek what gains it can at the conference table. In the short run, it may be successful in preventing the establishment of a communist government in the south part of Vietnam. But in the long run, rule based merely on military force, by a fascist government opposed by the bulk of the population, cannot survive. And the Vietnamese liberation forces are aware that this is the case and are planning their strategy accordingly. **Ullrich Diemer**

Without the cold and desolation of winter there could not be the warmth and splendor of spring.

from a poem by Ho Chi Minh



Robertson Davies conjures up another dazzling Canadian novel

The Manticore
by Robertson Davies
Macmillan — \$6.95

"Among the Ethiopians" writes Borges, quoting the ancients, "there is an animal found. . . the Manticore; it has a triple row of teeth, which fit into each other like those of a comb, the face and ears of a man, and azure eyes; is of the colour of blood, has the body of a lion, and a tail ending in a sting, like that of the scorpion. Its voice resembles the union of the sound of the flute and the trumpet; it is of excessive swiftness, and is particularly fond of human flesh."

David Staunton dreams of himself in the unlikely guise of this mythical beast. Son of the illustrious Boy Staunton (friend of Edward, Prince of Wales, philanthropist, Lieutenant-Governor designate of Ontario) David is coming apart. Small wonder. From his childhood he had been occluded by his father's gigantic shadow; even the solitary night of sex which he enjoyed (Boxing Day, 1945) was discreetly arranged by his father, and that with one of the old gentleman's discarded mistresses. Now, a barrister specializing in criminal law, impressively rich and entering middle age, he holds his life together with alcohol. But one November night Boy Staunton's Cadillac is found at the bottom of Toronto Harbour, and its drowned occupant was found holding a small pink stone in his mouth. This notorious death — suicide? misadventure? murder? — throws David's delicate structure of accommodations into chaos. One night, on a Brobdingagian bender, he shouts from the balcony of the Royal Alex "Who killed Boy Staunton?" while Magnus Eisengrim is presenting his modishly malicious *Soiree of Illusions*. There is an uproar (during which an old family friend, Dunstan Ramsay, suffers a heart attack) and, belatedly, David hies himself off to Switzerland for a bout of Jungian analysis.

Transcripts and a diary of that analysis constitute the text of *The Manticore*. Readers of Robertson Davies will recognize this as a sequel to his last, unmeekly praised novel *Fifth Business*. (Indeed, much of it is a retelling of the prior book from the last page of its precursor, and the characters are by and large the same, though with a different pecking order: David was barely

more than a name in *Fifth Business*, and Magnus Eisengrim, so vital to the earlier story, here hovers somewhat bafflingly backstage.

The two novels are similarly structured — as autobiographies of a sort. *Fifth Business* was the memoir, from boyhood to retirement, of Dunstable Ramsay, the war-wounded schoolmaster with an eccentric (and decidedly un-Protestant) bent for saints and mystics. David Staunton's soul-searching is just as perceptive and undeluded, just as fully the record of a man's life. And it is utterly fascinating, as was *Fifth Business*.

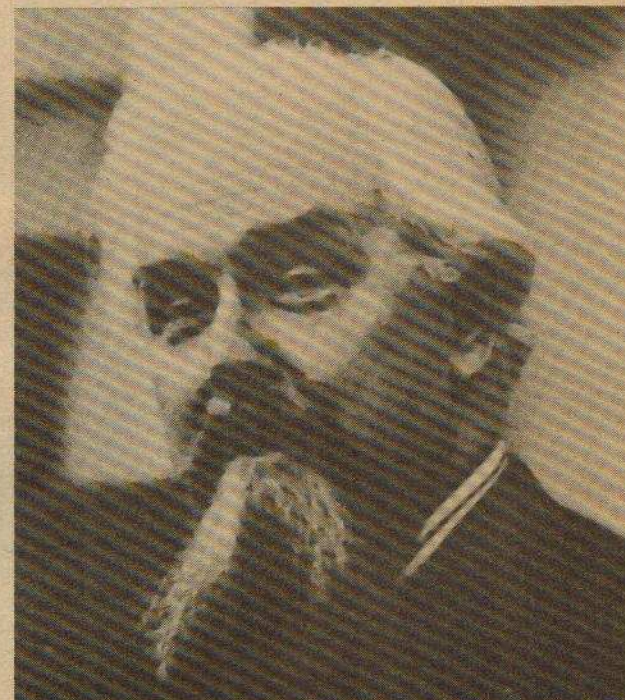
It is usually only high-grade trash — sagas of glamorous enterprises, thrillers, comic potboilers — that absorbs me to the extent that *The Manticore* did. It is, most decidedly, *not* trash, and I am perplexed (but delighted) at the book's irresistibility.

Davies' calm, perspicuous prose (a paragon of Dunstan Ramsay's plain style) doesn't lure us the way Nabokov's or Mailer's does, with flashy metaphors and outrageous comparisons. Clarity is its watermark, in the most basic sense: through his writing we see the events themselves as if through a glass so scrupulously polished we are unaware of it. Nor does Davies regale us with peppery sex or extravagant hijinx (though there is a disastrous attempt by his wife to take a death-mask of Boy Staunton described as wickedly as the seduction in *Fifth Business* of Ramsay by Liesl Vitzliputzli — which curious couple, by the way, seem quite domesticated in *The Manticore*).

What is usually described as "dry" humour is usually nothing of the kind, just the same old blunt and contrived ripostes delivered with a careless slouch. The wit that crackles through Davies' novels is truly astringent — unobtrusive, racy apt comments on the manners and morals of the people of the Dominion. Though of Maritime stock, I am a new Canadian, and I'm sure that I blithely passed over much spiky observation; Davies has a jeweller's eye for a species of North American which, though endangered, can still be tracked down. (He seems not to have heard of the pine-tree and fishing-village utopia which has been, rather patronizingly, created in recent Canadian letters.) Davies has it all down: the hero-worshipping Anglophilia, David Staun-

ton's arriviste stepmother, the stifling smalltown Protestantism, that peculiar Canadian diffidence wedged between American brashness and British vainglory.

The Manticore, like its predecessor, is up to a lot more than a summary of its plot suggests. Robertson Davies, like his conjuror Magnus Eisengrim, has the knack of crafting the most tempting enigmas. I make no pretense of having puzzled them out, or even of having determined whether the big questions — Boy Staunton's death, David's bizarre descent into a hallowed cave, the dream of the manticore — are really anything more substantial than the illusions of a literary prestidigitator.



U of T's own literary superstar, Robertson Davies.

And a couple of things bother me. I wonder how this novel would read to someone unfamiliar with the strange tale unfolded in *Fifth Business*; more importantly, I wonder how *that* novel has been compromised by the new (and somewhat startling) developments in its sequel.

But all I can say is that several friends, in Canada and outside, have picked up *Fifth Business* not expecting much and have put it down astounded. They will be expecting a lot more from *The Manticore* and, as far as I'm concerned, Robertson Davies has demonstrated that *Fifth Business* is not a solitary masterpiece.

Bill MacVicar

INSTITUTE FOR THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

"The Development of Science Policy in Canada" by O. M. Solandt, Former Chairman Science Council of Canada. 4:10 p.m., Room 2117, Sidney Smith. Sponsored by the Varsity Fund.

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PRESENTS

AVRAAM SHIFRIN

"THE PLIGHT OF SOVIET DISSENTERS"

AVRAAM SHIFRIN, a Soviet Jewish lawyer, was an inmate of Soviet concentration camps 1954-64; exiled to Kazakhstan 1964-66; lived in Odessa 1966-70; emigrated to Israel 1970.

All faculty and students of History, Political Science and Slavic departments are particularly urged to attend.

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Yepes masterfully strums classical guitar

Victor Martin and Spanish guitarist-friend Narciso Yepes dreamed up a terrific idea for a concert.

The Chamber Players are probably the most enticing group of musicians in the city. The reason is that their small size lends itself to the performance of all sorts of tantalizing tidbits from the baroque and rococo smorgasbord, as well as to that of classical entrées of Mozart and Haydn. The first work of the concert was perhaps an example of the type of twentieth century music which suits the little orchestra: Joaquin Turina's "La Oracion Del Torero". It is a strange little piece for strings alone, and it draws on many early-twentieth century styles. Most important of all, its easy rhythms and mellow legatos are right down the chamber musicians' line. They have not yet got the finesse and sharp edge of say, *I Musici*, or Britten's BBC Chamber Orchestra, but their full, warm tone is at home in this piece.

Signor Yepes followed with four solo pieces. The first was "Two Pavanas" by Luis Milan, a Spanish Renaissance composer. It is a quiet piece, blending Spanish idiomatic touches with Bull and Byrd. One realized from the playing of this piece that Yepes is no more interested in digital gymnastics for their own sake than Walter Gieseking was or than Julian Bream is. Both this and the next piece, Alonso de Mudarra's "Fantasia" are epigrammatic, almost directionless pieces, but they allow Yepes to play as Debussy would want — that is, to read between the notes. Each note is given a carefully defined, scintillating life of its own, and this the guitar in the hands of a master can give generously and elegantly. As

Yepes played the slow parts, including Adrien's Le Roy's "Passamezzo and Branle", he seemed to be deliberating over, contemplating each note, as if each were itself a work of art.

Bach's "Suite in E minor" to my mind is not suited to the guitar. The dramatic bass runs lose their power on the guitar which has neither the depth nor the resonance of the piano or harpsichord. Even Yepes' augmented ten-string guitar did not prevent the fantasy-like runs

at the beginning from sounding hollow and purposeless. Yet Yepes has so mastered contrapuntal technique on the guitar that I have rarely heard such scrupulous and clearly-defined counterpoint.

The Chamber Players returned with Yepes to play Antonio Vivaldi's concerto in D major. In the middle movement, Yepes lingered over each reverberating note, as if he were dipping pebbles in a pond to create bare-

ly perceptible concentric circles of waves. This piece was followed by Rodrigo's well-known "Fantasio Per Un Gentilhombre". The brass joined in, and were a grateful tonal variation. But the imperious shrieking of Robert Aitkins flute was out of place and I found it embarrassing along side of Yepes' muted tone. And even here Yepes did not bother with technical fireworks. The orchestra had carefully thought out the balance and ensemble work beforehand I'm sure, so that

they were able to juggle entrances and counterpointed asides with the dexterity of a first-rate string quartet.

Yepes' encore was a carefully modulated and delicately inflected folk song improvisation. In some ways the whole concert was too subtle to appreciate in one hearing; something great and complex has zoomed past us and we have only caught it out of the corner of our eye.

Ian Scott

Industrial Q-decking metamorphosed into art

Robert Murray is unquestionably one of Canada's finest sculptors. His current exhibition at the David Mirvish Gallery provides us with the opportunity to see not only his more recent works, but some of the masterful sculptures from 1969.

Murray works on a grand scale, and this reflects the influence of the industrial sites where he fabricates the sculptures. The implications of factory as studio are fully manifested in his choice of materials, his ease of handling the heavy sheets of painted steel, and the incorporation of ready-made industrially produced Q-decking in his composition, which allows him to play with a unique element of corrugated rigidity.

For example, "Chilcotin 1969" is a huge yellow table with one sawhorse leg, an L-shaped bridge, and post supports. When seen from a distance, the Q-decking which forms the table top presents an impenetrable barrier to the viewer, and the whole sculpture seems ponderous and awkward. But as one moves towards the piece, the play of light on the huge field of uniform ribs produces discrete

modulations of color, from lemon yellow to a deep ochre. This horizontal plane also begins to undulate in a soft curve, due to the large scale which creates a visual phenomena similar to the parallax of a camera. As we view

the sculpture from differing perspectives, there is a constant interplay between the solid planes and the more fluid curves into which they dissolve.

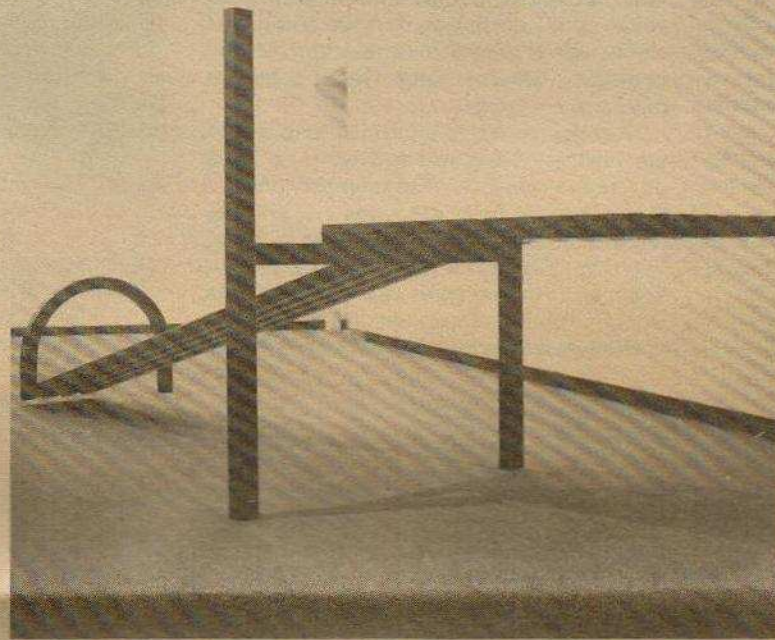
In "Capilano 1969", the Q-decking is cut into a narrow strip,

which seems to leap up from its semi-circular base over the H shape which is its main support, to remain delicately poised in a plane, parallel to the floor. This diagonal thrust is contained by both a horizontal extension of the decking at the top of the H-bar, and the slight downward displacement to the left where it is attached to the base. One has the feeling of tremendous opposing forces which are only brought to rest by Murray's superb sense of balance.


I find "Massassauga 1971" the most exciting of the more recent sculptures. This work relates to one of his earlier pieces, "Breaker" in which two interlocking, reflecting shapes seemed to evolve out of one another. In this sculpture, two interlocking open V shapes pull against each other in a horizontal direction, and a beautiful harmony is maintained between the single jutting solid column of one V and the more lateral shape in the Q-decking of the other.

The show will be on until November 25. It is well worth seeing.

Sandra Wolfe



One of Robert Murray's grand-scale works at Mirvish gallery.



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Murky sexuality broods through Genet's play

Les Bonnes (The Maids), by Jean Genet is an intimate sort of horror tale. The action takes place in the boudoir of "Madame", where two sisters, the maids in the title, act out the consuming hatred they have for their mistress. Fantasy, above all in the form of role-playing, mingles with themes of murder and self-destruction to create a psychological torture chamber for the two principal characters.

The intimacy of the tiny Theatre du P'tit Bonheur is a definite advantage in this production. As a spectator, I found myself present in the boudoir, a sort of voyeur to the strange ceremony performed by Claire and Solange. The properties suggest rather than depict the sumptuous life-style of Madame by means of a large bed covered with a silky material and surrounded by a translucent curtain and a few other pieces of furniture, among these a dressing table, the mirror which is transparent and faces the audience (giving the two-way mirror effect used to observe criminals and psychiatric cases). It is an austere set, perhaps less in keeping with the luxury and femininity suggested in Genet's notes on how to play *Les Bonnes* than one would wish.

The plot is largely a framework for the sado-masochistic relationship of Claire and Solange. That the two are involved sexually is specified by Genet in his notes, and this emerges quite clearly in the *mise en scene* of Michel Gelinas. This sexual aspect is one expression of their battle for dominance over one another.

Solange (Carmelle Le Gal-Brodeur), is the physically imposing, bullying type. She depends a good deal on her seniority to establish authority over Claire, and feigns

a maternal attitude towards her sister. When frustrated, she bellows out her aggression in a long tirade. Claire (Michelle La Barre) is interpreted as more subtle, more profoundly sadistic, and, above all, more lucid. It is perhaps this pitilessly lucid vision she has of their situation that makes her appear more haggard than Solange, and which makes her take on the death of Madame through the final sado-masochistic act of the play.

The performances held the audience interest, and there were some particularly fine moments. One occurred when Solange returns breathless from having "searched for a taxi for Madame", actually a ploy to give Claire time to commit the murder. Their victim having escaped, she describes with exasperation how she avoided the droves of taxis that she encountered on the street. It was one of the few humorous moments, and the audience relieved its tension through laughter.

There were times, however, when I felt the situation was potentially electric, and the potential was not fully realized. The final moments, where Solange and Claire find themselves caught in their own web, seem rather drab. I didn't have enough of an impression of the destruction of two monsters, which is what Genet calls the maids in his notes.

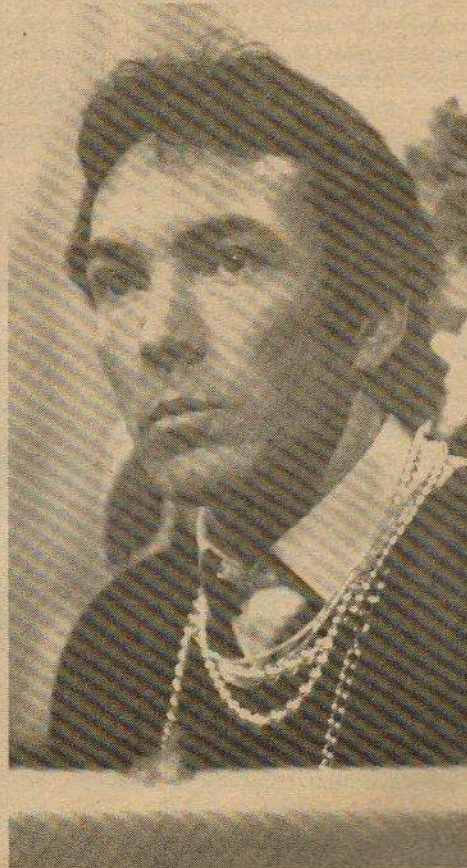
Madame is not only an abstraction of the world of Solange and Claire. She is a physical presence, represented here in the masculine form of Hugues Sabri. It is not a directorial whim that a male is being used to portray a female role; Genet specified three males for playing *Les Bonnes*. What is intriguing is the fact that

Madame, the most feminine of the three characters, is the only one played by an actor. I had concluded by the end of the performance that this difference of sex emphasized the class differences between mistress and servant, and also that the two maids reacted not to Madame as she was,

but to everything that Madame symbolized, so that actual appearances were unimportant.

Speaking to Michel Gelinas after the performance, I learned that his object was to ignore sexual differences, and stress that the characters were not men or women particularly, but human beings. Gelinas assured me, though, that one could find one's own interpretation of the play on the basis of the production. He admitted that his *mise en scene* was much more of a personal experience based on a text, than an interpretation of Genet. In which case, I maintain that his use of a single actor with two actresses emphasized sexuality rather than ignoring it.

Another element supplied by the director was the framing of Genet's play with a brief mime, whereby the actors, disguised as clowns, dressed the set in the beginning, and redonned their clown apparel at the end. The effect, in one sense, is to nullify the tragedy particular to Solange and Claire. However, the idea it communicates of a never-ending theatre of which the two maids are only a small part, has its basis in other works of Genet. In *The Blacks*, a more colourful, poetic work, Genet presents a complex ritual whereby blacks impersonate white symbols of colonial power, and explore their situation through a series of violent enactments. In the world of Genet, reality has many levels, its primary expression being through fantasy. What I see in the mime sequence is a reminder of this "fantastic" universe, which has obviously captivated the director.



Hugues Sabri plays "Madame".

Eleanor Coleman

Ugo Betti's mixed bag spirals dully downward

More than anything else, *Goat Island*, the newest drama at the Poor Alex, is a study in mixed genres. It touches briefly upon the sultry melodrama of Tennessee Williams, the understated implication of modern existentialist drama and the atmospheric tension of classical drama. But alighting nowhere it becomes the victim of its own over-reach.

Ugo Betti, the playwright, is considered one of the motivating forces in the post-Pirandello generation of Italian drama. One can only conclude that his work has suffered drastically in translation. The play is constructed as a vehicle for classic tragedy, heavily weighted with mythic symbolism. Three women, one strange and darkly widowed, one brazen, the third young and virginal (but knowing), are set against the character of Angelo, an archetypal intruder/seducer come to claim his place in their household.

Victoria Mitchell as the widow

Agata has a certain interesting stoicism and Irene Hogan as Pla is convincing as the frustrated, somewhat scattered sister. Marcella Lustig as the corrupted virgin is just too chunky and ungraceful to play a role which suggests a delicate flower-like purity. It is not the interpretation of the roles as such which makes

each of these characters so forced and cliché-ridden but rather their lack of interaction.

The main fault lies with the character of Angelo who supposedly acts upon each of these women and yet plays to none of them. Laurence Rau, as this central motivating character, is too loose and youthfully exuberant to

add dimension to the concept of moral guilt with which Betti is concerned. Fluctuating between different poses, but bringing strength to none of them, he alternates as a kind of weak Christ, light-hearted devil and wandering satyr. His implausible seductions of the women hardly merit the trauma which the play

demand; nor does his death deserve Agata's lifelong penance. It is probably only the naturalistic environment of Stephen Katz's nicely-planned set which gives this character any reality at all. But none of the people in this play have any deeply felt actuality.

The play flounders in its own lack of conviction, and the dramatic poverty of lines like, "You'll get yours" and "I've had it", reduce some moments to the purely ridiculous. It verges on becoming a spoof of itself. Had the acting been just a little worse, it might have turned into a rather witty mock tragedy.

As it is, the actors have sufficient intervals of honest and sustained effort to convince us of their seriousness. Had director Jace Van Der Veen not allowed it to dissipate through the isolating overplay of all of the roles, the play could have sustained interest. Instead it spirals downward in a plummet of lost energy.

Sandra Souchotte



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Polanski gives us graphic Macbeth

The first thing that occurred to me when I heard that Roman Polanski was directing the movie Macbeth, now showing at Cinecity, and especially after I saw it, was "Why Macbeth?" Many serious artists, both actors and directors, want at some time to try their own interpretation of Shakespeare the great. But Macbeth has to be one of Shakespeare's plays that is most littered with blood and bodies and witchcraft — consistently Polanski themes (*Rosemary's Baby*, *Repulsion*, *Knife in Water*).

But after the horrific butchery of his wife (Sharon Tate) and friends, one would think Polanski would want to leave blood and guts and the occult alone for awhile. After all, according to Ed Saunders, Tate had been marginally involved in witchcraft during the filming of *Fearless Vampire Killers*, directed by and co-starring Polanski. And Tate was killed by people heavily involved in satanism and mysticism.

It seems like more than strange coincidence. Yet Polanski still dabbles in what has been called the macabre, particularly in *Macbeth*, a movie about witches and spells and lots of killing. In true Polanski style, there is lots of gore, but, admittedly, the artistry is superb, if you can stand the blood.

Strangely enough, in a *Playboy* interview (which, in retrospect, smacks slightly of commercial promotion, since *Playboy* put up the money for Macbeth's production) Polanski flatly denied that he subscribed to superstition or the occult in any form.

"I'm not preoccupied with the macabre — I'm rather more interested in the behavior of people under stress, when they are no longer in comfortable, everyday situations where they can afford to respect the conventional rules and

morals of society," Polanski told *Playboy* interviewer Larry Dubois, last December.

But why then do his "people under stress" always become involved in mysticism and the occult? Why *Rosemary's Baby* and *Fearless Vampire Killers*?

"You don't have to be superstitious to enjoy a fantasy. If you are around me for long you will see that I have no belief in the supernatural of any kind. It's just a fashionable distraction for people seeking easy explanations to certain phenomena they are otherwise incapable of understanding," says Polanski.

"Myself, I am down to earth in my philosophy of life," he continues, "very rationally and materialistically oriented, with no interest in the occult. The only obsession that compelled me to make that film (*Rosemary's Baby*) was my liking for good cinema.

"If you make a film about a murder, you have to show the murder, or do a film about something else. If you use the screen as a medium, then what you tell has to be told by visual means.... When you're telling a story about a man who kills a head of state to take his place, you are absolutely obligated to show the act that is the culmination of the whole play."

Macbeth certainly does not scrimp on the horrible death scenes, scenes not included in Shakespeare's original. But then Shakespeare didn't have the techniques of modern film. Polanski uses his medium to the utmost. The direction is most obviously skillful in the filming techniques — while Macbeth and Lady Macbeth plot the murder of King Duncan, the king himself approaches, the shadow of his crown falling on Lady M's face.

The hallucination scenes, where Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo at the dinner party, or the "Is this a dagger I see



Macbeth (Jon Finch) holds Macduff (Terrence Bayler) at sword's point.

before me" scene, are excellently done.

Macbeth is somewhat of a witchy horror story and Polanski capitalizes on that fact. But he adds some of his own interpretation to the Shakespearean original as well.

Macbeth has usually been portrayed as an elder statesman; however, Polanski interprets the vitality and strong ambition as characteristics of a much younger man — and Jon Finch as Macbeth conveys the image of a man not only young in years, perhaps mid-twenties, but also young in experience.

Francesca Annis, as Lady Macbeth, also plays a different role from the classic dominant and ambitious Lady. True to the play, she must coax her husband into the first murder — the king — so that he fulfil his own ambitions as well as the witches' prophecy. But thereafter, Macbeth takes the initiative. He really gets into killing without feeling — except for extreme paranoia. Polanski's Lady M. seems weaker than Shakespeare's and his Macbeth is madder. Even though the actual script has not been changed, the portrayal is certainly different from what I learned in high school.

If you don't recognize the names Jon Finch and Francesca Annis, it's no wonder. Polanski didn't want big names to upstage the play itself. Most of the actors have had other experience. (Annis has been with an English Shakespearean company); their talents are obvious in this movie. Finch has already played in Hitchcock's *Frenzy*.

Without a doubt, though, the true "star" of this film is Polanski, whose perfectionism and artistry have created a superb version of the Bard's play.

His blood and guts only embellish on the Shakespearean allusions to them.

In response to critics who say that all this gore and violence on the screen results in more in the streets, Polanski says, "They are full of shit."

"They should ask little children on the street what causes violence and they would become more enlightened," Polanski states. "For me, when I see something violent happening on the screen, I react against it; I think this is most people's reaction," Polanski states.

I have to agree; I had to turn away in some of the butchered body scenes in Macbeth. The rolling heads and bloody bodies were enough to turn any but the maniacal away from bloody violence.

It's all part of the Polanski touch. Whether or not he is involved in witchcraft and the occult; whether Saunders allegations or Polanski's denials are true or real — who knows?

Macbeth is a markedly Polanski movie. The little Polanski (definitely not Shakespeare) twist at the end proves it. After Macbeth has been slain and Malcom, King Duncan's son, is crowned the new king, the scene switches to the rainy hillside where Macbeth first met the witches. Donalbain, Malcom's brother, is returning from England and unwittingly takes shelter by the witches' den. When he hears their moaning-singing, much the same as Macbeth and Banquo did, he goes to see who and what they are. There the movie ends. It gives the feeling of the constant presence of evil forces — quite a change from Shakespeare's tidy morality play.

Harriet Kldeckel



Macbeth lies in bed telling Lady Macbeth (Francesca Annis) of the murder plans.

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The incredible fact of the Canadian Pacific Railway was that it was completed at all. In the face of angry doubts over the necessity of having a united Canada, the international financial finaglings which left all the backers mortgaged to their rooftops and the unbelievably frightful conditions under which the line was built, the attempt was made and succeeded.

After confederation, Canada outside of Ontario and Quebec was merely a series of isolated communities. The threat of American dominance prompted Sir John A. Macdonald to foster the idea of a united Canada — Pacific wedded to Atlantic and sealed by a band of steel. In spite of monumental difficulties, it was also proposed that the line be entirely within Canada.

Sir Hugh Alan was the first choice of Macdonald's to build the railway, but that choice was made untenable owing to overly-zealous political patronage; Alan was disgraced and Macdonald's government dismissed. It was unfortunate for Alexander Mackenzie's administration that it bracketed a time of depression where no progress could be made on the railway — Sir John was returned to office.

At about this time several men came to the fore with both capital and experience from building railways in the states. Construction began. Cries of "Monopoly!" sounded in the Commons. The CPR was granted millions of acres of land and millions of dollars in subsidies. The estimates of the cost, however, fell far short of the actual expense, and subsequent grants had to be forced through a reluctant, sometimes hostile Commons.

The Riel rebellion happened to be a powerful motivation for the completion of the railway. VanHorne Troops were rushed from the East in a matter of days, and there was a sudden interest in creating a true nation out of this vast territory. Berton's work is a significant account of an event which changed the idea of Canada from a parochial province to a Dominion, from a wilderness to a civilized state, from the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

The text of this volume, of course, is a rehash and abridgement of Berton's two-volume opus *The National Dream*. For readers who are not passionate railroad buffs, this might be the more readable volume. Its main recommendation, however, and a substantial one, lies in the collection of sepia prints which appear on virtually every page of the volume — the prairie capitals when they were little more than muddy roads with shacks along both sides, for instance. It is a sumptuous, well-presented volume, well worth the price to people who like to browse through Canadian history.

Dougal Fraser

pop

It is a real down to play to a house of six people, two of whom are friends. But even so, **David Wiffen** took it badly. He played well enough, and his songs, at least some of them (**The Blues is the Name of the Song, Driving Wheel, As Often as Not**) are among the best being written. I had never heard his voice before. It is strong and throaty like a sober Jerry Jeff Walker.

But we still left at the end of the first set because we don't like being talked to like that. It wasn't our fault that it snowed, or that people don't want to pay \$3 for folksingers who aren't famous. It's not our fault people didn't come. We came. We didn't deserve to be thanked mechanically at the end of each song, as if we were a dead microphone.

I remember playing one night, as a matter of fact, several nights, where we out-numbered the audience. We took a couple deep breaths, introduced everybody to one another, dropped the PA and the clapping convention played and talked and made the best of it. David Wiffen, remember what Thumper's mother said, if you ain't got nothin' nice to say, don't say nothin' at all.

Tonight is David Wiffen's last night. Even if he is not personalbe in the face of



adversity, he is one of the better singer-song-writers around. At the Riverboat.

Bob Bossin

There isn't much going on musically in Toronto these days and it'll probably stay this way until January. Quite a few interesting people were slated to appear but have since cancelled out. The Riverboat has some good singer songwriters, **Steve Goodman** and **John Hartford** coming up in a few weeks. Beyond there are a few possibilities, one being the El Mocombo where **Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels** are appearing tonight and tomorrow. There's a cover charge and beer is comparatively high priced.

The next few weeks should see the release of a lot of new records just in time for the Christmas rush. **Joni Mitchell's** first one in a year and a half will be most welcome.

theatre

Count Dracula rises each evening at the UC Playhouse until Saturday night. David Rotenberg's adaptation gives an old theme a new sense of life — and death. Doctor Van Helsing (Bernard Tellez) is well balanced against the powerful Dracula interpreted by Jack Wetherall, an import from Stratford. The Sirens are captivating, but somewhat anemic. Patient Renfield (Stan Lesk) holds the key to both worlds. You can catch a midnight show on Friday and Saturday if 8:30 seems too early. (**Dan Lyus**)

The Victoria College Drama Club is

presenting **Felffer's People** at the New Vic Theatre also until Saturday night. This show, according to its director Bruce King, is a series of sketches and observations by Jules Feiffer, who is best known for his brilliant cartoons, although he has also written another play **Little Murders** and the screenplay for **Carnal Knowledge**. Decor seems to be an intriguing aspect of this production.

Rosmersholm will open next Thursday evening at Hart House. Tickets will be \$1.25. More details on David Gardiner's production next week.

Also beginning November 23 at the Firehall Theatre, **Le Temps Sauvage**, by Anne Hebert. John (or is it Jean?) Van Burek has already given an indication of his considerable sensitivity to the work of Quebec playwrights. The experience of this production will most likely be well worth the \$2 for students (Tuesdays until Thursdays, otherwise \$3). The Firehall Theatre is located at 70 Berkeley Street at Adelaide. Reservations 364-4170.

Another English-language premiere of a French-Canadian play, **Forever Yours Mary-Lou** by Michel Tremblay is playing at the Tarragon Theatre, Tuesdays through Sunday at 8:30, with a Sunday matinee at 2:30.

The Poor Alex continues its run of Ugo Betti's **Goat Island**. See this week's review for details.

For Toronto's francophone audience, **Les Bonnes (The Maids)** residing at the Theatre du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth Avenue. (Exit at Broadview Station, and it

an underlying, shared sense of decency at the same time as they rely on a cup or two of fun violence to entertain. (In the Bogie films the morality came with the character's "code"; in the new films the characters don't hold with codes, so the decency comes in with scenes of the grotesque suffering of being killed. Like sex not long ago, bloodshed can be grooved on and abhorred at the same time.) These films somehow are all things to all people. They are artistically respectable, morally defensible and can be fully enjoyed by the officials who order police to open fire on hi-jacked airplanes.

Don't construe this too heavily: you'll like **Bad Company**. I liked it and **M.A.S.H.**, **The Candidate**, and **Butch Cassidy** too.

art

Marjorie Pigott's watercolours will be on view at the Roberts Gallery beginning November 22. The Albert White Gallery opens an exhibit of Northwest coast Indian carvings, featuring the work of **Amos Wallace** and **Frank Mercer**, on November 18. The Art Gallery of Ontario continues with its **Toronto Painting: 1953-1965** exhibit. The second lecture complementing the exhibit is to be next Thursday, November 27 at 8:30 pm, tickets 75c; **Luke Rombout** of the Canada Council Art Bank in Ottawa gives it, entitled A Report from the Bank Manager. Gallery Seventy-Six hosts **Hank Lem's** paintings until November 25. **Dennis Burton** will be at the Isaacs Gallery until December 4. **Robert Mackenzie's** paintings are on view at Carmen Lamanna Gallery from this Saturday to December 7.

music

The **National Youth Orchestra** is looking for musicians for its 1973 season. Audition application forms are available from the NYO office at 76 Charles Street West, Toronto 181. Submission deadline is November 30. Last year 419 students were heard and 110 chosen to make the group larger than the New York Philharmonic (but only larger).

On November 19 the **Concord Singers** directed by Peter McCoppin will perform at Scarborough works by Purcell, Morley, Byrd, Palestrina, Stravinsky, Nysted and also J.S. Bach's "Lobet den Herrn". Free admission, time 3:30. This Saturday **Victor Feldbrill** leads the U of T Symphony Orchestra in a concert of works by Weber and Beethoven (his sixth). Two other works will be Dy Lang's Floating Clouds and Carlos Chavez' Sinfonia India.

The famous Spanish soprano **Victoria De Los Angeles** performs this Wednesday, November 22, at 8 pm at Massey Hall as part of the International Artists Series. Minimum price for a ticket is \$3. She will sing songs by Wolf, Strauss, Hahn, Roderigo, among others, and arias from Lully and Gluck.

On CBC-FM this week, listen for the CBC Vancouver Chamber Orchestra conducted by **John Avison** in works by Mehul, Pleyel and Dvorak. On Tuesday the New Israel Quartet plays Schumann's quartet in A minor, opus 41, at 11 pm. On Wednesday at 6:30 pm **Mireille Lagace** plays Franck's chorale no. 2, Schumann's fugue on B.A.C.H., Schumann's and Bach's and Marcel Dupre's prelude and fugue in B major, on the 1858 three-manual tracker organ in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Montreal. Tune in at 7 the same evening for Part II of Handel's **Samson** (at the end of the last episode, we left our hero...).

movies

Bad Company, Uptown II, \$2.50. "And I", announces a senatorian old buffalo of an outlaw, with great elan, "am the oldest whore on the block". It is a lovely moment even if it comes with a dotted line around it for handy extraction. Benton and Newman, the writers of **Bad Company** and previously of **Bonnie and Clyde**, presumably had in mind the old prospector who led **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid** through the Andes. ("When you're up here this long, ya gets... colourful.") This isn't a put-down, really: that **Bad Company** is pretty derivative doesn't affect its enjoyment. It's rollicking even if it's a bit unrespectable.

Pictures like **Bad Company**, **Butch Cassidy** and **M.A.S.H.** are a genre, the seventies equivalent to the forties Bogart movies. They are cleverly written, well-made, teasingly sophisticated, inconsistently tongue-in-cheek. They imply

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