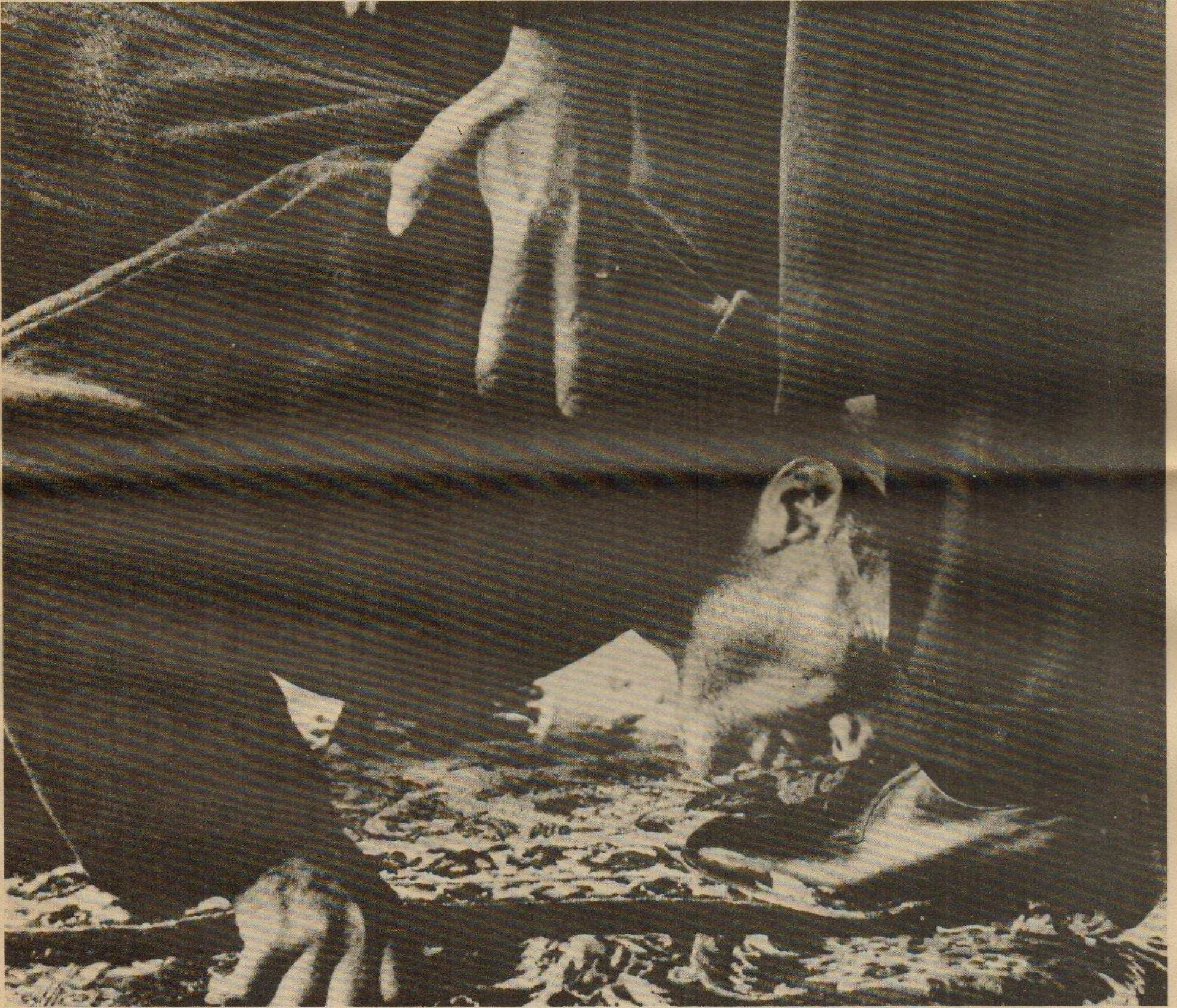


Kebedo



Those who take the meat
From the table
teach contentment.
Those for whom the taxes are destined
Demand sacrifice.
Those who eat their fill speak to the hungry
Of wonderful times to come.
Those who lead the country into the abyss
Call ruling too difficult
For ordinary men.

Bertolt Brecht



Concerning the Infanticide,

Marie Farrar

Marie Farrar, born in April,

No marks, a minor, rachitic, both parents dead,
Allegedly, up to now without police record.
Committed infanticide, it is said,
As follows: in her second month, she says,
With the aid of a barmaid she did her best
To get rid of her child with two douches,
Allegedly painful but without success.
*But you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn,
For man needs help from every creature born.*

She then paid out, she says, what was agreed
And continued to lace herself up tight.
She also drank liquor with pepper mixed in it
Which purged her but did not cure her plight.
Her body distressed her as she washed the dishes
It was swollen now quite visibly,
She herself says, for she was still a child,
She prayed to Mary most earnestly.
*But you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

Her prayers, it seemed, helped her not at all.
She longed for help. Her trouble made her falter
And faint at early mass. Often drops of sweat
Broke out in anguish as she knelt at the altar.
Yet until her time had come upon her
She still kept secret her condition.
For no one believed such a thing had happened,
That she, so unenticing, had yielded to temptation.
*But you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

And on that day, she says, when it was dawn,
As she washed the stairs it seemed a nail
Was driven into her belly. She was wrung with pain
But still she secretly endured her travail.
All day long while hanging out the laundry
She racked her brains till she got it through her
head
She had to bear the child and her heart was heavy.
It was very late when she went up to bed.
*But you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

She was sent for again as soon as she lay down:
Snow had fallen and she had to go downstairs.
It went on till eleven. It was a long day.
Only at night did she have time to bear.

And so, she says, she gave birth to a son.
The son she bore was just like all the others.
She was unlike the others but for this
There is no reason to despise this mother.
*You, too, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

Accordingly I will go on with the story
Of what happened to the son that came to be.
(She says she will hide nothing that befell)
So let it be a judgment upon both you and me.
She says she had scarcely gone to bed when she
Was overcome with sickness and she was alone.
Not knowing what would happen, yet she still
Contrived to stifle all her moans.
*And you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

With her last strength, she says, because
Her room had now grown icy cold, she then
Dragged herself to the latrine and there
Gave birth as best she could (not knowing when)
But toward morning, she says she was already
Quite distracted and could barely hold
The child for snow came into the latrine
And her fingers were half numb with cold.
*You too, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

Between the latrine and her room, she says,
Not earlier, the child began to cry until
It drove her mad so that she says
She did not cease to beat it with her fists
Blindly for some time till it was still.
And then she took the body to her bed
And kept it with her there all through the night:
When morning came she hid it in the shed.
*But you, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

Marie Farrar, born in April,
An unmarried mother, convicted, died in
The Meissen penitentiary,
She brings home to you all men's sins,
You who bear pleasantly between clean sheets
And give the name "blessed" to your womb's
weight
Must not damn the weakness of the outcast,
For her sin was black but her pain was great.
*Therefore, I beg you, check your wrath and scorn
For man needs help from every creature born.*

Technology needs a new revolution says French critic

"It hardly need be recalled that the concept and practice of self-management constitute an original answer to the problem of the socialization of the means of production posed by Marx, and that this concept and practice are unaffected by the difficulties which, since the time of Marx, have arisen with respect to authoritarian and centralized planning."

It seems that no matter how much governments, political groups, and various other groups that define goals for people mystify our social reality, the basic problem of who controls our lives remains. We are subjected to calls for an end to technology, a vulgar sort of nationalism, religious faith in the latest nut group that turns out bread, and even faith in faithlessness.

Henri Lefebvre uses the general social and political upheaval which swept over France in 1968, to put forward an analysis of revolutionary social change in the highly bureaucratized, technologized capitalist countries.

If Marx said that the urban proletariat was the class whose inherent relationships with the capitalist mode of production implied that they would be the instrument of its destruction, he did so by analyzing his concrete reality, by examining the social forces active in his time and place. There have been vast changes in the form of capitalism since his time, and later theorists and political leaders have successfully developed a new analysis and strategy corresponding to them.

Lefebvre looks at the state in France and examines its role in preserving the social order.

The spirit which brought about the rapid and unexpected events in France in May 1968 was one of a complete transformation of society, not of nationalizations, of central planning, not that which is in effect more efficient alienation of the masses. Both the revolutionary groups in 1968, as well as Lefebvre, attack the Communist Party for its essential conservatism, for its refusal to lead the huge masses of workers they have in the seizure of power. But he points out that they could not be expected to take part in a universal transformation of society: they accept as legitimate assumptions those of the absolute state power.

Lefebvre develops the notion of *contestation*, which seems very much like a phenomenon which we here on this continent have labelled as apolitical. For him it is a "refusal" to be "integrated", an "all-inclusive total rejection of experienced and anticipated forms of alienation". It is anti-specialist and anti-reductive. It examines reality qualitatively rather than quantitatively. Youth find that they are all related to the world in a similar way — does this mean that they are a 'class'? In terms of a strategy for revolution, this is not Lefebvre's view.

Although it would be silly to think that young people entering positions of ownership and control will be part of a movement of revolutionary contestation, we can no longer think of revolution, of meaningful social change, as occurring only in the factories. In Canada the post-war boom has left us with a mass of young people who have high expectations and few possibilities for action. While this has developed, the ideology of American might and John Wayne-style democracy and freedom have lost all semblance of validity.

In the end, power means material control. To achieve this, those who work must wrest it from those who own and control. This must be done on all fronts.

"Recent history is marked by old contradictions that have been poorly resolved or even become sharpened. There is a crucial contradiction between private ownership of the means of production, their management in the interests of a class, and the social (collective) character of production. Far from disappearing, this contradiction has assumed new forms. The state has been consolidated in appearance only. It has taken on economic and social functions, but has not ceased to establish its power over the entire society . . ."

Henri Lefebvre,
The Explosion,
Monthly Review Press

Ken Hanson

There is only ONE...



OFFICIAL
University of Toronto
CREST PIN
or
SIGNET RING



and
they are supplied only through

STUDENTS ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL

S.A.C. Building
or

A. EARL EDWARDS

1534 Bayview Ave.
(Office at rear, off Millwood)

Phone
483-4212

CHINA NIGHT 1973 AN EVENING OF CHINESE CULTURAL ENTERTAINMENT

TIME: Saturday
January 20, 1973.
8.00 p.m.

PLACE: Ryerson Theater,
50 Gould St.

ADMISSION: \$2.00 each

Tickets available at door
or at I.S.C., 33 St. George St.

CHINESE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PROFESSOR BERNARD COHN

Department of Anthropology
University of Chicago

will give a PUBLIC LECTURE:

"Is There a New Indian History?
The Uses and Abuses of Social
Science in Historical Studies"

Monday, January 22 - 4 p.m.
Room 2108, Sidney Smith Building
and a SEMINAR:

"Sovereignty and Legitimacy in the
British Raj - Legal Theory and Myth in
the Exercise of Imperial Power"

Tuesday, January 23 - 10 a.m.
Room 3050, Sidney Smith Building

Sponsored by the SOUTH ASIAN
STUDIES COMMITTEE of the Inter-
national Studies Programme

Halberstam, Vietnam foe, pens political potboiler

"It all began in the cold" sighs Arthur Schlesinger on the first page of *A Thousand Days*, his book on the Kennedy Administration which Gore Vidal called the best political novel since *Coningsby*. The novelization of history is nothing new — Tacitus was a master of the art — but examples of the genre taken from recent history have been particularly crass and cloying.

Now there is the much-touted *The Best and the Brightest* by super-journalist David Halberstam, one of the best Vietnam correspondents. This one kicks off with "After the assassination, and all the pain..." and you can almost hear the muffled drum.

But that elegaic opening is a dissonant note. Halberstam has written an historical melodrama, like Robert Graves' *I Claudius*. This is one hefty book — it took me a week of fairly diligent reading to get through it — and though I don't think it's worth the time, it does keep you going. Gossipy trash novels are so much more alluring than reverential biographies, like Schlesinger's.

This may seem a flippant way to talk about a book that's gotten the red-carpet treatment from the *New York Times* and the big newsmagazines. But *The Best and the Brightest* is just another book on the Vietnam thing, in the sense that it has nothing new to say. Except for some *Airport*-like glimpses into the workings of government councils and some startling eavesdropping, there isn't much that the alert reader wouldn't have already picked up

from ten year's reading about the war.

What Halberstam has done is run together a boxful of spiky little biographies — Johnson, Harrimen, the Bundys, MacNamara, Rusk, assorted military and state department functionaries. They are frank sketches. At a Cabinet meeting after the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, Lyndon Johnson leaned to his neighbor and said "Not only did I screw Ho Chi Minh, I cut his pecker off". Such anecdotes demonstrate not only the president's notoriously gamy language — a trait Americans find endearing in their chief executives — but the brutalizing instrument that his mind was. More often, though, the eavesdropping is little more significant than the tid-bits in a show-biz column.

After you've burrowed into this book, you begin to grow a little wary; the biographies are rolling along a little too smoothly. Each character is reduced to a single characteristic — intellectual arrogance, a poor boy's need to excel, un-human efficiency — until, in the mid-sixties, it is seen, in some minute way, to contribute to the making of the Vietnam morass. It's pure Aristotle — a man's particular excellence which becomes his tragic flaw. Ingenious, but a little too neat.

This book is thick with cynicism — in fact the author takes an almost ghoulish satisfaction in recalling how super-impeccable, supercilious McGeorge Bundy was so disastrously wrong about the most important task of his career. There is a perverse pleasure in the humiliation of all those "hard-nosed" liberals Kennedy brought to Washington, smug in their certainty that brainwork and ruthlessness would sew up Vietnam for the West in no time. But Halberstam's book, with its biographical method, entertains no other notion than that the shortcomings and arrogance of a few dozen men were the sole causes of this war. As fiction, this works. But when you file these pages under history, they do seem inadequate. Isn't it time that people opposed to the war stopped praising every damn book that does nothing more than let them gloat over their own rectitude?

The Best and the Brightest
by David Halberstam
Random House, \$11.95

Bill MacVicar

Insider exposes sizzling novel of grad-school passion

Hello, reader, I am Aziz, the virile Pakistani! Mr. MacVicar, your editor, has allowed me this opportunity to tell a little of my sexciting story (*Loving Wrongs*) to you in these pages. It is my collaborator, Mr. Moore, in truth, whose words you should read, when you want to know more fully what kind of man can satisfy four or five normal women in a single night!

Thrust! Bite! I have told to him my story, and goodness me, reader, it is instructive to see what comes of me in my affair with Judy, the flat-chested graduate student. Oh, the bitch. We could have furgled, as I had though, endlessly, but then she left me for her ridiculous husband, who could not satisfy her.

These women, dear reader; who needs them! Mr. Moore may have stretched the truth in telling of her reconciliation with the impotent fool, but then I forgive him! Because he saw that I am a beast, and know what it is to please a lady.

Let me quote you some of his passages; they would never do in a Walt Disney movie! (I think, reader, that Mr. Moore idolizes me a little; he could not find a publisher for my tale, so he paid to put it out. Isn't that flattering?) Here are the passages: "Aggressiveness on the part of Aziz provoked aggressiveness in her. And then the moment of final ecstasy came, the moment of orgasm for Judy. 'Ahhhhhhhh...' — while Aziz was still thrusting,

biting, squeezing."
"They were both facing the screen, watching the movie, along with having intercourse. Judy soon found that she had to close her eyes to find maximum pleasure out of coitus, but Aziz kept watching the movie as well. Judy spent the whole evening in his lap, though he had two consummations of two long acts of copulation. When the film was about to end, she silently wriggled out of his lap and, having nothing else to clean herself with, she used her panties for this purpose. Aziz laughed when she gave him the panties to wipe his genitals clean."

Great stuff, reader! And even more fun to experience, as I assure you I have, many times! I

should add one more little bit of information. Mr. Moore has told me that he really enjoys to listen to stories like mine, and that if someone I knew had something to show and tell, he or she should get in touch with this estimable author. Where? Oh, around this university; like me, he is a graduate student, and will be only too glad to tell your story to an eager public, for a small consideration.

Okay, reader; see you in the halls! Remeber; always wipe yourself clean!

Loving Wrongs,
by Philip Moore,
New York,
Vantage,
1971.
\$4.95.

(Ted Whittaker)

SMC FILM CLUB

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST"

— TIME MAGAZINE
NEWSWEEK



ABC PICTURES CORP. presents
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
in SAM PECKINPAH'S
"STRAW DOGS"

FRIDAY, JAN. 19 & SATURDAY, JAN. 20
7:30 & 10:00 P.M. CARR HALL \$1.00

FREE COURSE

U. of T. Computer Centre offers a course in APL — an interactive programming language. APL is a language for describing procedures in the processing of information. APL is available from UTCC Interactive Services and is accessible from any remote typewriter terminal.

The course consists of one terminal familiarization session and six lectures, to be held over a three week period, starting January 25th.

Please call Miss Simm, 928-3787, to register.



WRITE ON
7 Charles St. W.
967-1110
Open 9 to 9, M-F
11-5 Sat.

TERMPAPERS

Canada's largest library of prof-tested papers from \$1.75 per page. Also expert, custom research papers from \$3.95 PER page. Plus TRANSLATIONS, TUTORING, COMPUTERIZED BIBLIOGRAPHIES AND PROGRAMS, EDITING AND RESEARCH. 4c. XEROX FOR STUDENTS.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN

JUST SOUTH OF CAMPUS
KING ST. W. AT SIMCOE ST.
11. A.M.

DR. H. DOUGLAS STEWART

A CHURCH HOME
FOR STUDENTS
AWAY FROM HOME

Faculty dig in, Students yawn: Course unions Fight impotence



Student demands for increased power in decision-making often met with stiff faculty resistance.

A campus-wide conference on course unions held in November was able to attract less than twenty people to its deliberations. The turnout was perhaps as good a comment as any on the current state of course unions at U of T. Small, disorganized, with unclear goals and directions, they are flounderingly struggling to avoid total irrelevance.

Today, if a student is interested in becoming involved in course union activity, well-nigh the only concrete thing he or she can do is distributing and tabulating course evaluations. This has become the main function of most unions; for many, it is the only function.

Students who put them out hope to influence the faculty by showing them how students feel about course content and presentation. As well, evaluations give students — it is hoped — guidance about which courses might be worth taking.

Such a modest set of objectives is a sad comedown from the high hopes with which course unions were launched on this campus about five years ago. Once seen as a vehicle for mobilizing students against irrelevant and mystifying educational experiences and against undemocratic and alienating structures, they have become a means for marginally influencing course content, for having at least some input, however indirect, into staffing decisions.

But even this does not correspond to the actual situation. If quality of teaching were a significant factor in the hiring and firing of professors, evaluations might have some value. Unfortunately, however, this hasn't been an important consideration in the past, and doesn't seem likely to become one in the future. Staffing decisions seem to be made totally independently of any teaching ability, or lack thereof, that the professor concerned may have.

As a result, course evaluations function only as a shopping list for students. Increasingly, they are a consumer's tool, the catalogue for the buying and selling of educational products that goes on at the university.

Nor do evaluations seem to fulfil the other purpose for which they are sometimes touted — that of encouraging students to think about their course, to stimulate critical discussion, and to thereby contribute to consciousness or action.

For this, the evaluations are entirely too individualistic and personalized. The process guarantees anonymity. Evaluation sheets are handed out with a few words of introductions; students obediently and hurriedly fill out the forms and return them. The questions fit into the short-answer format of pseudo-scientific "objectivity" that is a hallmark of modern questionnaire-worship.

The results are simply published and never discussed. The professor is never actually confronted with the combined student opinions. And the evaluations are never the occasion for collective action or even discussion. They become simply a guide for choosing between existing alternatives.

Attempts at changing this state of affairs have begun at Saint Michael's College and course unions such as the Political Economy Course Union (PECU), which are considering in-class discussions.

But can course evaluations ever be improved enough to become effective while the numbers of students actively involved and interested in improving their educational experience is so insignificant? Course unions have certainly never had massive student support. In fact, one of the major flurries of activity occur with the beginning of each school year when there begins another scramble to involve a few interested students who will do enough shit-work that will make possible another year's activity in writing up course evaluations and sitting in endless committees.

There seems to be little continuity from one year to the next. The student leaders who led the fight a few years ago and who were the political inspiration to radicalize or at least liberalize the university are gone now and the ones who have taken their places are a different kettle of fish.

The purposes and directions of course unions are in a constant state of flux from year to year, with no clearly defined program or strategy, no unity of action.

Thus, some student leaders see the only purpose in their activities in course unions as trying to "increase communication with the faculty." Others who actually want to change the structure of the university, must content themselves with sitting on committees and drawing up course evaluations, having been thwarted in every attempt at actual and effective participation.

The present situation reflects both confusion over basic objectives and failures in finding strategies that would realize objectives.

One major current in the formation of course unions was a desire to win co-management for students in the running of the university and the educational process. This was tied to a desire to bring about educational reform. Fundamentally, however, it implied an acceptance of the basic nature of the university.

Another current was represented by the revolutionary left, which saw course unions as an instrument for organizing students around common concerns against the capitalist university and bourgeois education. Student power was seen as something that could lead to "red bases" in universities, along the model of Simon Fraser University, where students in the Political Science/Sociology/Anthropology Department had, for a brief period, equal power in all aspects of the department, power which they used to turn it into a centre of radical education. In this view, course unions were an organizing tool that could lead to mass action;

co-management was seen as a dead end that resulted in the co-option and deflection of student demands, something that could not lead to fundamental change. The objectives of students were seen as basically opposed to those of the capitalist university and the academic status quo.

When course evaluations originally appeared, they were seen either as guerilla theatre, turning the grade-oriented system back on the professors themselves, or as an attack on the sanctity and exclusive power of the professor over the educational process. The shopping-list function was seen as at most a minor one, directed at enabling students to choose among bad alternatives until the educational experience itself would be transformed.

But the original conceptions were blurred in practice. In some cases, course unions were created from what had been course clubs, associations of students in various disciplines which were social in nature, and directed mainly at bettering relations with faculty through tea-and-cookie socials and the like. In other cases, there was tension between the desire to challenge the power of the faculty and administration, and the desire to share in the running of the academic establishment. Especially in a situation where a revolutionary minority were trying to involve a reformist majority, there tended to be a blurring between different conceptions of course unions.

A major problem was the fact that the co-management conception was workable with small numbers students willing to sit on committees. The revolutionary conception required, to be effective, the involvement of large numbers of students committed to confronting established power. But in a university where the allegiance or identification of students was not primarily to a single discipline — most students take courses in a number of different disciplines — course unions were not a natural focus for student organization.

An emphasis on committees allowing for the involvement of student activists, on the other hand, drew in a number of students to the activities of the course unions, giving them at least the semblance of activity. As a result, the committee-oriented, co-management bent of the unions was reinforced.

This, in turn, lessened their usefulness as agents of large-scale student involvement. Committee-sitting was not a major interest of most students, goals of party and structural reform were too abstract.

This, combined with the division of students between course unions and other levels of student involvement — SAC and the like — made it almost inevitable that course unions remain, except for times of crisis when larger numbers were temporarily drawn in over specific issues, the preserves of small cliques of activists or student bureaucrats, with little contact with their supposed constituencies.

As a result, many course union activists are relatively cynical about student desire for change. Some have more faith in the ability of professors to change than they do in that of students. But, then, they have plenty of reason for their cynicism.

For example, parity committees in Anthropology and Linguistics are often left without full student representation because few students are interested in sitting on them. These departments tend to be fairly liberal, open to student opinion, and structurally democratic. Parity on the curriculum committees was achieved with practically no effort at all on the part of the students. Other changes too have been accomplished with relative ease.

Although hiring and firing is still without student representation except in Sociology which only this week implemented parity on this committee, student leaders in the other departments show little desire to fight for it. They say they wouldn't know what to do with the power if they had it so why exert the effort?

Students in Sociology received representation with relative ease. The former chairman of the department, S.D. Clark, one ruled the department with an iron hand, not even faculty having a say in decision-making. In a strong reaction to his power, the faculty in effect voted non-confidence in him, and Clark resigned. Subsequently, a parity student-faculty committee was set up which recommended parity on every committee except hiring and firing. Thus, changes still being fought for in other departments were basically handed to students. The activities of the Sociology Students' Union were directed mainly to organizing students within these structures, seeking the establishment of better courses and the hiring of more radical faculty.

The three departments of Anthropology, Sociology, and Linguistics are unique in the university in that they have had relatively less traditionalism and authority to fight against. This however, meant that students in them had no rocks to sharpen their teeth on and consequently seem to have gone soft. Since they were given virtually everything they wanted in the way of power, they had no challenge to rise to. They have not had to develop a comprehensive analysis of their situation as students since they had no need for a long-range strategy. They seem content, for the most part (Sociology is perhaps an exception to this) with their departments the way they are and see no need for a damaging student-faculty confrontation. Some professors in these departments, in fact, would be delighted if their students took more of an interest.

In contrast to these "easy conquests" there have been the rather difficult battles of the students in the History, Political Economy and Geography departments. Their history is far more complicated and involved.

The History Course union grew out of a SAC committee in 1967 to set up course unions. The staff was strongly opposed to student participation and managed to co-opt the more determined students onto a student-staff committee which served primarily to sap energies and waste time. A student request for a single representative on the library and curriculum committees was turned down.

A course evaluation put out by the union shocked the department a bit but did little concrete to influence it.

In the fall of 1969, two ad hoc committees with equal student-faculty representation were set up to study parity. But all proposals put forward by the committees were voted down by the department.

Finally parity was achieved on all committees except the policy committee and the Department Meeting, the highest governing body which had on it only 14 students, a token representation when put against the entire faculty.

The term 1969—1970 saw the peak of the History Students Union. In order to get more students involved, the union became service-oriented, offering films and seminars. For the first and possibly the last time, elections were not for the most part a series of acclamations. Determined to press forward, the graduate students attempted to get parity on the Department Meeting as a whole. In response, the department, somewhat aghast, set up a structures committee, which, meeting through the summer became a miniature version of the Commission on University Government (CUG), in which all the issues of student power were debated.

The summer of 1969 marked the beginning of a



Course unions often find that their hard-won seats on committees remain unfilled.

faculty backlash and the decline on the History Students Union.

This year (1972—73) the union has only about 10 active members, some of whom are carryovers from last year. Gus Richardson says that he and his fellow members are spending their time going to department meetings and sitting on committees. He says the union is suffering from a lack of a cause. The goal of student parity on the department meeting has been given up as a lost cause, at least for the time being. Changes have been so scarce, in fact, that Richardson is pleased that the faculty have agreed to keep track of student ratings of professors in the chance that they will be taken into account when decisions such as those granting tenure are brought up.

PECU struggled in much the same way for representation but didn't get as far. Tom McLaughlin, PECU's former president, notes that the union ended up with only minor concessions such as allowing students to hand in essays a day late. Today, PECU is plagued by low membership and lack of enthusiasm among the students. In an attempt to get more students involved, it is planning a February referendum on priorities of the course union. Negotiations for student representation have come to a halt, having made not even the slightest progress since they were started in 1969. The union still does not officially recognize Stefan Dupre as department chairman because he was appointed without consultation with students. But nothing is done about this. Although PECU this year has an issue on which to fight, that is, the threat of extinction now facing the Political Economy branch library, this has not been enough to attract more students to activity. News letters and public lectures have been tried to make more students aware of PECU's existence but these have not had a great impact.

Today, the course unions that struggled against formidable odds to get power in departments and the unions that simply accepted what was given to them by a benevolent and concerned faculty, differ little in terms of the number of empty student seats on the various departmental committees. It may be expected that struggle might have given student leaders in the tougher departments a greater amount of political sophistication, but if that is true, it makes little difference since these students are no longer around. At any rate, the mass of the student body has remained largely unaffected.

The central student bureaucracies have made few attempts to remedy the situation. The Arts and Science union which has taken over the financing of course unions from SAC through an educational and political rebate has substantially no relevance to developments of course unions or student power. It functions merely to co-ordinate the activities of existing course unions,

college councils, and student representatives on the Faculty council. It is making no attempt to try to formulate plans for future action or to study the causes of present ills in student organization. In short, it is largely irrelevant. Unless it makes an attempt at formulating policy or strategy, the purpose of its existence is questionable. Yet its unrepresentative nature and its distance from students makes it a dubious choice for formulating policy.

Saint Michael's College has given up course unions as a lost cause and has also rejected the present student council and its strategy (or lack of it) as completely inadequate. The student council of SMC has refused to join the Arts and Science union saying that Arts and Science, as a faculty, has no relevance to students in the way that, say, the Faculty of Engineering or Medicine has to its students. They say that students in Arts and Science identify far more with their college than they do with their faculty, and even if some of them do not, it is far easier to build that sort of identity on a college level than it is in the spread-out buildings of Arts and Science.

SMC student council president Pat Redican stresses that the main purpose of his student council in running operations normally run by course unions is to work on the grass roots level to get students involved and subsequently raise their consciousness.

Redican regrets that SMC's differences with the rest of the university have forced his college into isolation. He does not think that his student council can do anything substantial if cut off from the rest of the university. But he claims that the new strategy has been well worth it. Active membership in the student council has leapt to 50 from the mere dozen or so it once was. Redican says that it the

university had a more credible SAC, with a centralized and ongoing strategy, the results might even be better.

All these unions have repeatedly come up against a common, unresolved question. Why is the student body so massively uninterested in what they are doing? This question is especially galling when it comes from hostile faculty whose arbitrary power makes even student unions look responsible and representative by comparison.

Perhaps blame could be attached to choice of issues, which are often far too abstract and structure-oriented. Parity too often means something only to aspiring student bureaucrats; it does not raise gut issues for students.

Course unions are so set up and structured that they can completely ignore or be oblivious to the students they set themselves up to serve. Unions don't have to rely on their student constituencies for existence since their money comes from the Arts and Science Union (and formerly SAC).

And again and again, struggles and energies were deflected into committee after committee which sapped commitment and enthusiasm.

It may at this time be both too late and premature to fight for power in departments as unions have spent their time in the past. What has not been won up to now probably will not be won in the foreseeable future, unless faculty or administrators choose to grant reforms for reasons of their own. Most unions seem to recognize this since it appears that the struggle has largely been given up.

The record of the past seems to make it clear that tinkering reforms in the form of demands for participation for students in the status quo, can accomplish little except legitimize the status quo. Token and minority representation on decision-making bodies is often welcomed by the department establishments precisely because it does nothing except defuse student demands.

Demands course unions have made in the past have not fundamentally challenged the educational system in its entirety. But then, such a confrontation can accomplish little if it is merely verbal, unaccompanied by power expressed through the mobilization of large numbers of students — the very thing unions seem poorly equipped to produce.

Activists in the past have failed to solve this dilemma. Unless they can do so in the future, it seems unlikely that course unions can remain a significant vehicle for bringing about change in the university.

Elaine Farragher

Peckinpah, Huston scored

Blood and machismo infect films

Movie-makers used to get rich on violence. Lately they've gotten rich on abhorring violence. The latter strikes me as slightly more despicable, but then those are the movies that I see. Last week however, I went to one of the other kind, John Huston's *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*. I found it the least fun, least useful, least interesting time I've had in a theatre since *Deliverance*.

Roy Bean is not pretentious like *Deliverance*, not so gory, so macho, or so racist, it is just dumb and immoral. It embarrasses me to be a moral critic. I'm not a prude. But it offends me to see killings and maimings still played for laughs and, even worse, glorified into mythology. There is a historical note

following the credits in *Roy Bean* about the mean life West of the Pecos. It ends on the rider, "Maybe that ain't the way it was . . . but it's the way it should've been".

Balls.

John Huston's career dates well back into the days when it was OK to kill bad guys and indians, on screen and off. Huston has made a healthy living off it. I don't deny his talent or vision, but I don't want to white-wash him either: America has learned to take its killing pretty casually, and the men who made the Westerns have been key propagandists. Nixon is a murderer, to call a spade a spade, so was Johnson, so was Kennedy. Nixon's millions of supporters are accomplices, with

rationales (alibis) forged by the grand old whores of movie-making.

Was I the only one in the Uptown Theatre the other night who watched all those merry executions and shootings and thought about Vietnam? I am not one who brings up Vietnam at the drop of a hat — not any longer — but watching the screen and listening to the laughter — less than was sought, by the way — I couldn't help recalling the total futility of almost a decade of my own efforts to make a dent in the masses of killings in South-east Asia. Huston, on the other hand, is so bloody successful. It pisses me off.

Of course, underneath the moral criticism is an aesthetic one. If the movie had been better, what it did would have slipped right by. Eliot used to say that the meaning in his lines was a sop to the mind to keep it busy while the poem did its work. When there is no meaning the mind gets restless, seeking out, and finding, cracks. Had *Deliverance* been faster or cleverer, I would have never caught it propping drowned Drew's arm back behind his head for no reason other than the salacious. I am not particularly talented at this, and friends regularly embarrass me by noticing what I miss entirely: that, in *Clockwork Orange* the aborted gang-rape in the theatre was totally gratuitous; that the heros

of M.A.S.H. were racist bullies; that the shoot-out at the end of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* was cheap and unnecessary. Within days of writing my review of *Pete 'n' Tillie*, I read Pauline Kael's, in which she pointed out how phony Carol Burnett's marriage and lifestyle really were. ("If there is such a thing as a consciousness-lowering movie, this is it"). It had gone right by me.

So Huston's failure in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* is essentially a failure to distract. Judge Bean is obviously fashioned after Butch Cassidy but he lacks Butch's charm. He can't wash a bear the way Butch could ride a bike. Butch Cassidy and Sundance were sheer anachronism, our men in the old West. They yelled "shit" when they jumped off the cliff. We liked them like we like us. *Roy Bean* is just vicious, not modern, not funny: he just doesn't have the lines. The best Paul Newman is able to do for him is make him stiff-necked and wrong-headed; the best Huston is able to do for him is people the rest of the movie with even punier characters. (Huston's treatment of women, by the way, is not much different than Sam Peckinpah's.) Only the photography gives any reminder that the same man, last time round, made *Fat City*.

Perhaps it is unfair to go after a mindless piece of fluff like this, even if it is a piece of fluff with a

shard of glass in the middle. In part my vehemence stems from shock: I went to *Bean* to be entertained, to see Butch Cassidy again. Instead I had my nose rubbed in blood, and by an expert.

On the weekend I came across an early 1969 issue of *The New Yorker* in which Pauline Kael took on a violent, forgettable pot-boiler of the day. I think her conclusion is worth reprinting:

This kind of movie can be "effective" even when it is poorly done, because it hits below the belt. And to be violently teased simply isn't enough reason to go to a movie. It is not enough for the aim of a movie to be to "grab" you and hold your attention. If that is the only aim it offends even if it succeeds, because you resent the manipulation. I resent the assumption that we are so bored and corrupt that we will be pleased whenever we are not bored. Since I am not bored outside the theatre, why should I go in to see a movie whose only purpose is to keep me from being bored? . . . I have been very harsh on this movie and perhaps this is overkill, but movies, along with the other arts, can open us up to complexities, and I don't think we should applaud this kind of infantile, primitive regression.

Bob Bossin



ESSAY SERVICES

A new and complete **TERMPAPER** service. Originality, quality, and security dictate our policy.

Phone: 961-6150
Hours 3 to 10 p.m.
7 DAYS PER WEEK
300 AVENUE ROAD

Get a new look
at life with
Contact Lenses!



Shorwey's
OPTICIANS

70 BLOOR ST. W.
924-2159

Faculty of Education
Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION DEGREE

University graduates are invited to apply for admission to the eight-month program leading to the Bachelor of Education degree and Ontario teacher certification for elementary or secondary schools. Applicants must have an undergraduate degree or be eligible for graduation by September, 1973.

FEATURES

The Faculty of Education occupies a new academic-residential complex, Duncan McArthur Hall.

The Faculty of Education's forward-looking program, in line with current and emergent educational needs, emphasizes the human dimension in education. The students have many options in course selections where, consistent with the importance of personal and professional development, evaluations are based on continuous assessment, not term examinations alone.

The students participate fully in the administration and planning of the Faculty of Education.

INFORMATION

For further information and application forms, telephone 613-547-6280 or write to:

The Registrar,
Faculty of Education,
Duncan McArthur Hall,
Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario.

Why wait for tomorrow?

If you think the Seminary is a place of study and meditation, you're right. But there is so much more.

As a Paulist you become involved from the start.

We were founded with the belief that each man has a place. Each man has a job. Sometimes, many jobs. And each contributes his own unique talents and is given the freedom and the support he needs to achieve his goals.

The Paulist is a man on the move. His mission is to people, particularly the people of North America. The issues and problems we face today— injustice, poverty, peace, war— must be the concern of the Church.

Wherever the Paulist student serves the Christian Community—in a parish or an inner city school, a youth center or a campus, or in communications, he is concerned. Involved. Right now.

When you commit yourself to the Paulists, it isn't a someday thing. It's today.

For more information write:
Father Donald C. Campbell,
Room 102CA.

Paulist Fathers.

647 Markham Street
Toronto 174, Ontario



Artist fails with Getaway

It almost seems as if Sam Peckinpah has a built in self-destruct mechanism. He achieved a modest success with *Ride the High Country* in 1962, then followed with *Major Dundee* in 1965. In 1966 the New Yorker super-critic, Pauline Kael, called him "one of the most talented young directors in Hollywood," but the Hollywood establishment would have none of him and vice versa. His forceful character, foul language and abrasive behaviour (it is reported he threw one producer into a river) led him to be effectively barred from further work. In 1969 the producers of *The Wild Bunch* took a chance on Peckinpah and hired him on as director. The film achieved wide critical success (I personally think it is the best western since John Ford's *Stagecoach*), if only a moderate financial one. So once again he was established as one of Hollywood's bright stars. He was acknowledged as a true auteur and he followed with *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, again a critical rather than financial success. In 1971 he completed *Straw Dogs*, which is, to date, his most financially successful film. It drew a lot of publicity for its scenes of violence and an ending that some people interpreted as fascist.

Seemingly Peckinpah had struck it big. His name drew top billing above Dustin Hoffman (remember those ads: a man with a deep, resounding voice saying, "Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*.... etc., etc.). He was interviewed, photographed, hated and hailed

as America's very own film genius ad nauseum. Yet, surprisingly, his next film, *Junior Bonner*, passed through Toronto practically unnoticed. Now his latest, *The Getaway*, which opened amidst the Christmas rush, is bound for the same fate of instant obscurity. Steve McQueen's name is used as the drawing card, not Peckinpah's, and when talking to people about the film, it seems that Ali McGraw's atrocious bit of non-acting is what is remembered most, not that it is a Peckinpah film.

The turning point in Peckinpah's resurrection was *Straw Dogs*. He claimed that he was told to do the film but hated the script and considered only the ending to be decent material. This has always been an easy way out for directors who want nothing more to do with a finished film, but the Hollywood system being what it is, I tend to accept this explanation. The film in many ways was no more than a well-worn western theme transplanted to the Devon countryside. Had the story been set in the mythical west during some timeless period it wouldn't have caused half the furor it did. But set, as it was, in contemporary England with a theme that was imperfectly realized, it was immediately dubbed "controversial".

Such a billing is of course the ticket to a commercial success. Witness the rise of such directors as Ken Russell and Stanley Kubrick, both of whom have made "controversial" films, but never great ones. (Works of true genius, on the other hand, seem to be passed over just because they are brilliant. Everyone knows, even if they're only marginally interested in film, that

Orson Welles is a film maker of true genius, yet I wonder how many people have seen or even know of *A Touch of Evil* as opposed to the number who praised Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. Welles is now broke and can't get backing for his films while Kubrick makes his multi-million dollar "statements on contemporary society".)

After *Straw Dogs*, Peckinpah directed *Junior Bonner*, a beautiful, well-tempered film about a down-and-out rodeo cowboy who wants to make the one final big win. A typical Peckinpah film, — opposed to the atypical *Straw Dogs* — *Bonner* revolved around the theme of encroaching modernization on the old ways of the west. If sense is to be made of Peckinpah's whoring himself on such films as *Straw Dogs*, then it must be seen in the light of enabling him to make films like *Bonner*.

The Getaway also can be seen as a result of the huge popular and financial success of *Straw Dogs*. Fed up with all the questions about the "meaning" of *Dogs* and its scenes of violence, Peckinpah vowed to make a film with no message or "social significance". With *The Getaway* he has done what he said he would — a film with a gun, a guy and a girl, nothing more or less.

Steve McQueen plays an ex-con who, with the help of his girlfriend, Ali McGraw, and a couple of other hoods plan a bank robbery. The heist goes badly and McQueen is double crossed. With money in hand and McGraw in tow he is chased across southern Texas by the "mob" and the law. The chase culminates in a shabby border hotel with a bloody shoot out,

McQueen blasting everyone in sight with a powerful shotgun. The film starts slowly, catches up during the heist and just after, falls off again during the endless chase, then moves will into the final shoot out.

The Getaway neither has the continuity of *Bonner*, nor the gripping power of *The Wild Bunch*, but it does have fine moments. In an attempt to elude the law, McQueen and McGraw hide in one of those huge garbage containers only to be lifted into a truck and subsequently spend the night buried under a couple of tons of garbage. In the morning the truck unloads its contents, and them, in a dump miles from anywhere. Miraculously they survive and spend the next few minutes contemplating their fate, sitting atop the pile of garbage. Images of Beckett and Godard come immediately to mind, but, understandably, what this scene comes closest to is another like it in *The Wild Bunch*.

The outlaws, having chosen sanctuary of a dead end Mexican village as their only refuge in a world that wants no more of them, decide to face the army of

Mexican rebels and certain death rather than continue to live in the shit and garbage that are the only remains of their shattered dreams. Similarly, McQueen and McGraw, atop the pile of garbage, decide to stick it out together as the only means of survival. In Peckinpah's romantic world, the loner and outsider, shat upon by the rest of the world, would rather take his fate in his own hands and stick it out to the end rather than give up. In *The Wild Bunch* this works better because it's out as slightly corny because there is no unified whole.

The Getaway is a good film by any standards, its got lots of action and Steve McQueen, but Peckinpah, in his self-defeating manner, has substituted commercialism for art. There seems to be a pattern emerging in Peckinpah's work. He is alternating between quality and commercialism. *Cable Hogue* was excellent, then came *Straw Dogs*. *Junior Bonner* equalled *Hogue*, now it's *The Getaway*. His next film, if the pattern holds, should be worth the wait.

Wyndham Wise



Discover the freedom of


CONTACT LENSES



BRADDOCK OPTICAL

170 St. George St. 925-8720
2917 Bloor St. W. 233-2611
Centenary Plaza 282-2030
Bayview Village Centre 222-5791

12 OPTICAL STORES
THROUGHOUT METRO
CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES



Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama
HART HOUSE THEATRE

HAMLET

Directed by Martin Hunter

January 25 - February 3 at 8:30

(No performances on Sunday or Monday)

Tickets \$2.50
Students \$1.25

Box Office 928-8668
10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.

CLUB EMBASSY

Bloor and Bellair



NOW APPEARING:

VON RYON'S EXPRESS

NEXT WEEK:
FOOT IN COLD WATER

TORONTO'S LOWEST PRICED NIGHT CLUB

THE 72-73 BOB REVUE

BY SCOTT WILLOWS

The Last Resort



Jan. 18, 19, 20 New Vic Theatre

Tickets at the door or VUSAC Office

THURS.—75¢

FRIDAY & SAT.—\$1.00

THE CAMPUS LEGAL ASSISTANCE CENTRE

welcomes students and people in the community to drop in with their legal problems, be they large or small. The Centre is open 11-5, Mon.-Fri.

Call 928-6447, or come to 44 St. George St.

BENSON & HEDGES 100'S

PRO SKI CLASSIC



**Spider Sabich.
Jean Claude Killy.
Peter Duncan.**

And you.

For the first time in Canada, professional dual slalom skiing. See the world's best skiers competing against each other for total prize money of \$20,000.00. The Benson & Hedges 100's Pro Ski Classic at Blue Mountain Park, Collingwood, Jan. 26, 27 and 28. First round eliminations start Saturday and Sunday at 10:00 am. Admission for adults is \$2.00, good for all 3 days. Children under 12 are admitted free with adult. Tickets are available at Collegiate Sports Co. Ltd., Margesson's Co. Ltd., Norwegian Ski Shops, Streeter and Quarles Ltd., Harry B. Kennedy Ltd., and Young's Sporting Goods.



**BENSON & HEDGES 100'S PRO SKI CLASSIC.
Blue Mountain Park, Collingwood.
January 26, 27 and 28.**

Poco, Raspberries, America: good stuff

The long-awaited album from Poco substantiates the notion that this country-rock, good-timing collection of pickers easily retain their position of authority atop the fast-growing ranks of country-flavoured rock groups. Latest result of Richie Furay's five man assault on the market first activated by the long extinct Buffalo Springfield is a gathering of nine balanced tunes, one of which is the title tune of the Poco release *A Good Feelin' To Know*.

It's been two albums now since Jimmy Messina departed for the companionship of Ken Loggins, but his replacement, Paul Cotton, has displayed that he fits in fine — three of the tunes are Paul's, and he's now tailored his style away from the harder rock of his alma mater group, the Illinois Speed Press, into

for nostalgia's sake some of the songs included on *Ridge Top* capture the Youngblood magic of yesteryear. "Dreamboat" features J.C.'s voice as it should be, and a notable addition here is a closely orchestrated horn section working with the always solid Banana and the bunch. "Speedo" is an experimental number which goes for several minutes on voice mixes before the instruments are phased in. It rocks, as does the treatment of McCartney's "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" by Banana.

Revivals are the large part of this collection, including Richie Valen's old mexi-rocker, "La Bamba" and the flip that classic single, "Donna". Also given the Youngblood's treatment are Dylan's "I Shall Be Released",



Raspberries.

the happier, easy-picking style of Poco. From Paul there's the toe-tapper "Keeper of the Fire", and "Ride the Country", one of the best cuts on the set. "Early Times" is a slower tune about a band whose right hand man "took to trippin'", with the expected result.

Richie Furay puts out a trio of songs as well, with Tim Schmit checking in with two, plus there's a revival of the Stills-Springfield classic done up Poco fashion — "Go And Say Goodbye". A balance is achieved between the two more plaintive compositions from Tim Schmit, and the up-tempo pair from Richie — the title tune, and "And Settlin' Down" (which Poco performed on the recent late-night TV pilot for ABC).

The news of the split-up of Jesse Colin Young from his namesake Youngbloods marks the end of one of those groups which never skyrocketed into the big time, but which commanded a cult-like following — particularly on the American West Coast, and in Boston where Jesse played the old Unicorn Club in the early years of the past decade. Youngblood fans have, by all indications, just two final albums awaiting their throbbing ears — the second last collection, *High On A Ridge Top*, has recently been released, with one more taping being held for what will likely be the last of the Youngbloods.

Internal problems associated with choice of material prompted Jesse C. to seek out a new set of musicians, abandoning Banana, Joe Bauer and Mike Kane; but

as well as Johnny Preston's novelty vehicle "Running Bear" — all of which are treated straight, without any clowning, except for the narration by Jess in "Donna" which is reminiscent of the type of word play kibitzing of the Youngblood's stage act. Banana and the bunch will in all probability continue to record, and word has it that Jesse's already picked up three musicians (some of whom played on his *Together* album), so the prospects of a new Young-centred corporation of sound are favourable.

The album is titled *Fables* and it's by England Dan and John Ford Coley. Not exactly two names which set the music business afire, to be sure, but England Dan and John Ford Coley have one of the most tuneful, impeccable albums to be heard. Aided by some heavyweight studio talents such as pianist Larry Knechtel (of Bread), Jim Gordon on drums (who works with them all, from Presley to Cocker), as well as everybody's drummer Hal Blaine, Dan and John fill in with their own rhythm guitar backings, all the while singing some very close harmony on nine of their own songs. "What I'm Doing", features a vocal mix faintly reminiscent of early Seals and Crofts, while "Simone" and "Casey" present first Dan and then John on lead vocal, displaying the individual voices which are blended throughout this extremely impressive, yet sadly obscure collection.

It's a bit paradoxical that album sales on the two

America albums have perhaps been hampered by the selections chosen for introductions to the sound of the group on AM radio markets. Listeners to either *America* or their latest, *Homecoming*, realize that "Horse With No Name" and "Venture Highway" are certainly not the premier cuts on either collection. *Homecoming* is perhaps typified by the circular repetition of the melody line of "To Each His Own", with its slight connections with "I Need You" from album one. Some of America's compositions manage to call up memories of portions of Neil Young's work — on such tunes as "Moon Song", or even "Only In Your Heart" there is a faint touch of the Neil Young mood on his *Harvest* album.

The soft opening on "Till The Sun Comes Up Again" builds into a soft-rocker which intrinsically an entire side of the sound that America has developed, incorporating that rich acoustic guitar flow laid on electric guitar, and occasionally some electric piano. One significant change on this second LP from the first America release is that whereas on it all songs except "A Horse With No Name" were recorded at Trident Studios in London, England, *Homecoming* is a Californian product with perennial studio adjuncts Hal Blaine and Joe Osborne sitting in on drums and bass respectively. As usual, all guitars are handled by the three members of America — Dan Peek, Gerry Beckley, and Dewey Bunnell.

It's hard to imagine a group like Bread becoming any better than they are. But to look back one album to their *Baby I'm A Want You* release, they added as full-time member one of the most truly versatile of all studio musicians in the business. The advent of Larry Knechtel taking on the Bread-wrappers, so to speak, meant that this group had surely arrived. Now, the latest album *Guitar Man*, incorporates the Knechtel sound into that of the former dynamic trio of David Gates, James Griffin and Mike Botts. The new gathering of twelve Bread offerings, including two hits — "Guitar Man" and "Sweet Surrender" — is a perfect blend of tempo-pacing and hard and soft rock sounds as were prevalent on the previous four Bread albums. If anything, however, Bread is at its best in the softer rock disciplines of the title tune, or the beautiful "Aubrey" or "Didn't Even Know Her Name", with that high baritone that David Gates utilized on "If" and "It Don't Matter To Me". This is a well-paced, creative, and meticulously produced album, and it may just be the right combination that vaults Bread out of the soft-rock underground status into full, and deserved recognition at long last.

Cleveland Ohio, that mid-American urban bastion, has never actually been identified as the rock music centre of North America — but, if the recent emanations of a musical nature from that hub

continue to evolve, Cleveland may just be the North American Liverpool, disguised and reclining in its halycon days before the big shock. From Cleveland has come the group named Raspberries, and in case the name doesn't jolt you, think back about three or four months to that AM Radio goodie that had that haunting presence commonly called the Early Beatle Sound — Raspberries hit it big with "Go All The Way", (complete with oo-oo's, and a bridge styled on the "Please Please Me" classic from 1964), which was tucked away on their first Capitol LP called, strangely enough, *Raspberries*.

Now, with a new set of ten songs, one of which has been culled for constant air-play (I Wanna Be With You), Raspberries latest release is titled *Fresh*. Despite derogatory claimants that their sound is reminiscent of the Fab Four, there are certainly many other groups to whom it would be far more injurious to be compared. *Fresh* is just that — a fresh, inventive selection of sixties style Beatle-oriented rock and roll which is more than redeemed by the infectious arrangements which are predicated on some excellent vocal harmonies and blends.

Poco, *A Good Feelin' To Know*, Columbia
England Dan and John Ford Coley, *Fables*, A & M
America, *Homecoming*, WEA
Bread, *Guitar Man*, WEA
Raspberries, *Fresh*, Capitol
Dick Loney

MARTIN ONROT & U. OF T. SAC PRESENTS:
THE
MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA

featuring
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
William Cobham, Jerry Goodman, Ian Hammer, Rick Laird
Fri. Jan. 26 8 p.m. Convocation Hall U. of T.
Tickets \$5. Available at Sam's downtown
Eaton's A.T.O., Amherst Pharmacy, SAC Office.
FOR U. OF T. STUDENTS — LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS
AT \$4.00 AVAILABLE AT SAC OFFICE
AN ENCORE DONALD K. DONALD PRODUCTION

JESUS ON TRIAL
Dr. Leighton Ford
Speaks

Convocation Hall
1:00 - 2:00 P.M.

Wed. 24 Jan.
Thurs. 25 Jan.
Fri. 26 Jan.

"What then shall I do
with Jesus who is
called Christ?"

**virginal
player**

(or sackbut specialist)

If you are a virginal player or a sackbut specialist a lover of beckett or balzac a freudian cartesian or keynesian if you are turned on by spenser or toynbee sausages or sauerkraut einstein eisenstein skinner or shaw miller marcuse muller or marx if your bag is limnology ornithology or campanology if you are an existentialist dadaist or hedonist male female hermaphrodite or hobbit any or all of these we would like to talk to you somewhere sometime

you may think we are putting you on that its out of the paradiso into the inferno that we will pour you into pin stripes and pack you into a suburban box for your nightly death or that we will hedge you in with corporate controls management theory rubber plants or daily dogma well you may get a plant but forget the rest

at least give us a chance to tell you more we dont care what subjects you studied or what your marks were whether you can start in the spring or want an indefinite holiday first whether you turn up to interviews in your best suit only suit or no suit if you want a chance a challenge a stimulus a highly charged and demanding environment problems to solve and people to motivate then talk to us and tell us we will be on your campus for interviews

and we will hope to see you but if you cant or wont make it why not call mike polley at 928-4345 area code 416 and arrange to meet us sometime at our toronto head office the manufacturers life insurance company 200 bloor street east toronto 5 for further details of our campus visit contact your placement centre or career counselling service

Maggie hams up as "Aunt"

Travels with My Aunt is one of those life-is-a-banquet-and-most-poor-sons-of-bitches-are-starving stories. Such movies are justly popular bits of escapism as well as marvellous showpieces for veteran actresses to sashay through. When I heard that Maggie Smith would play the lead in this film of Graham Greene's book, I expected a superior, offbeat comedy, an *Auntie Mame* with real style. Ever since *Hot Millions*, I've thought Smith was terrific; the last thing I expected was that she would ruin *Travels with my Aunt*.

Travels satisfies the requirements of the genre. Alex McCowan plays the poor, life-starved schnook — a bachelor whose passion is cultivating dahlias — who meets up with his black-sheep-aunt Augusta at his mother's funeral. Within hours, needless to say, his life is turned topsy-turvy, what with loose sex, grass-puffing, foreign intrigue, and the discovery that he is a bastard (literally). George Cukor, whose last film was *My Fair Lady*, directed, so the extravagant plot is propped up with terribly chic sets and what the writers take to be terribly arch dialogue. All in all, I suppose, this is a reasonably entertaining movie, though everything about it is second-rate.

Aunt Augusta's old age, for instance, consists of a henna rinse through her hair and a set of permanent-press wrinkles. She speaks constantly as though her lips were starched. The make-up artists and set designers seem to have been assigned to tell us such facts as "this is a vain old woman" and "this

is a posh hotel".

Maggie Smith is allowed to overact outrageously. Granted, the part is not one for subtleties — a 70 year old former courtesan and Modigliani model who keeps a black man around to "supply her wants". Now, this is a frivolous eccentric created for maximum splash, and so lacks any ballast, any groundings in reality, that might give Smith some clues as to how to play her. Miss Jean Brodie, another madcap, was a psychologically detailed character whose eccentricities covered

very specific weaknesses.

There are, in fact, whole stretches of this movie when I wondered if I had strolled into "Mother of Miss Brodie" or some other attempt at a sequel. The speech cadences, the worldly put-downs, even the tearful reveries — all are lifted wholesale from Smith's

Oscarwinning role. It's understandable that Smith, at first, would want to stick to a winning combination. But it's a mystery why an old hand like Cukor let Maggie Smith get away with this hamming.

Bill MacVicar

Neil Young reaches bottom

A hangup with customs that resulted in Neil Young's Monday evening concert starting an hour and a half late was the beginning of an off-night for the return of Scott Young's son to Toronto.

The concert opened with Young alone on stage accompanying himself first on acoustic guitar and then on piano. The tunes delivered were a mixture of old and new, including *On The Way Home*, "Tell Me Why", "Journey Through The Past" and a 1968 song called "L.A."

The most consistent feature of the performance was Young's inconsistency. At regular intervals he would cloud a seemingly fine effort with sloppy guitar work or vocals, being particularly careless on his instrumental introductions. The first half of the program was reasonably balanced at a tolerable volume with Neil's voice booming clearly across the Grdens. But the later rock portion was

sustained at a deafening level that encouraged Young to overcome his accompaniment by screaming out of tune. It was one of the worst shows of any major star in Toronto in the las few months.

There was a continual feeling of laziness exhibited by Young in reaching for the higher notes (which resulted in their being broken or flat) or articulating the ends or words to save breath. "Southern Man" proved to be a painful conclusion to the show. Young's guitar playing was empty and mechanical and the singing (lead and background) was blatantly out of tune and uncontrolled.

Neil Young just isn't a visual showman. He needs the intimacy and acoustics of Massey Hall, not the vastness of the Grdens. So if you missed Neil Young this time because you couldn't get the tickets, time or money, don't feel bad, because you didn't miss anything.

Allan Mandell

Violin outdoes piano at Town Hall

Irreproachably programmed concert disappoints

I have to retrace my critical steps here a bit, because I have elsewhere sneezed at the relatively spiceless programming of some recent concerts. For the Faculty of Music's Sunday Scholarship concert, as I confess is always the case, was irreproachably programmed: Franck's *quintet in F minor* and Dvorak's *opus 81 A major quintet*. The first is a demonic thing, condensing lifetimes of Byronic energy into forty minutes, and leaving you and your senses emotionally spent. The latter is a catchy fluid piece, with not quite enough of anything, coming after the Franck.

Pierre Souvairan on piano played with honesty and lots of involvement. Unfortunately, I did not hear him all the time because the quartet rather played on their own — after all, they're sitting in front of the piano. I say this tongue in cheek, of course. Generally I was pleased with the dynamic level of the quartet — David Zafer and Victor Martin, violins, Kathy Wunder, viola and Vladimir Orloff, cello. I think the tumultuous emotional level of the Franck demanded plenty of bitter attack. At the same time, Souvairan was very well-paced and runs came off as impeccable ripples. I still wonder how the problem of dynamic balance between the two "instrumental colours" might have been solved without sacrificing either the passion of the strings or Souvairan's gentle and precise phrasing.

Victor Martin allowed his violin a strong singing tone, while David Zafer was generally unimpressive, especially when he took over the lead from Martin for the Dvorak. He looked bored, his

tone was boring and I suppose he wished he wasn't missing the Superbowl.

Kathy Wund, a first-rate scholarship student, was splendid on her viola. The Franck calls for much chordal lashing of the viola, and she proved her strength here. She played with confidence and got what anyone would want from her instrument — a rich, swelling tone.

Dvorak, perhaps because he was partial to the cello, gave the lion's share of the string portion to this instrument, and both it and the piano begin lyrically the first movement. Vladimir Orloff guided his instrument with sternness and mature tone through the whole piece.

Both quintets set the instruments on their own individual ways, and so balance can be a difficulty. But everyone seemed to know where the other was going, so their paths crossed at just the right moments, and they saw each other off accurately and with professional ease. This was especially noticeable and delightful in the Franck, first movement, when the piano lyrically re-works the matter the strings have passionately torn limb from limb.

This is the kind of concert I like most of all: one that tells an exciting and meaningful story in a keen voice and eloquent style.

It has been voiced before, but the St. Lawrence Centre's "Young Canadian Performer's" Second concert last Friday is reason enough to reiterate the dissatisfaction with much programming of current local concerts. Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano in C minor, the first work,

was a fine choice because it is Beethoven, not often played and suitable for a duo, such as that of Andrew Dawes, violinist, and Jean-Paul Sevilla, pianist, the performers for the evening. Robert Schumann's piano sonata, as Chopin's preludes or Schubert's sonatas, has a relatively select and content following, but because I am not part of it, I was indifferent to the programming of the early G. minor. Murray Adaskin's *sonatine baroque* for solo violin is eloquent and brief — which means so, unfortunately, was our enjoyment of the only unaccompanied piece Andrew Dawes performed. Maurice Ravel's *sonatine* for solo piano is spiritless, trashy and brief. On the other hand, his *sonate pour violon et piano* is a wealth of interesting violinistic effects and rhythmic tricks. It is important Ravel, but on the larger historical canvas, a tableau of technical but marginal significance.

That's not an awful program, but it left me with a hankering after something more central and imposing. Andrew Dawes played so beautifully, I wish (as with Adele Armin last season) he had chosen a Bach unaccompanied sonata or partita. These six monoliths, as grandiosely sculpted as anything Bach wrote, are at once the test of, and stunt arena for, a great violinist.

But to take them as they were played, the Beethoven came off spectacularly. Andrew Dawes has his bow so well-trained that its tone melts from the harshest, fiercest growl to a lambent intimacy with the ease of a volume control. And Ludwig is generous to talent of this level in his ripping finale.

Jean-Paul Sevilla is a modest virtuoso as he showed in the Beethoven, and except for an ounce or two of over-peddalling, offered fine accompaniment. He was obviously diligent and even

stylish with the Schumann, but the piece escapes me, as does the Ravel *sonatine*, also finely played, so I don't feel encouraged to do anything but apologize to enthusiasts for my curtness towards these works and the renditions they received.

In the final Ravel sonata, for violin and piano, Andrew Dawes again played the sun after a dismal and dull drizzle, (i.e. the Ravel *sonatine*). Nippy *pizzicati* and nervous itching of the strings were impeccably bowed. The truncated and clambering rhythms, especially the "Blues" second movement, saw maintained the accuracy of their written-in drunkenness, thanks to great ensemble work. These two musicians obviously complement one another very well.

So, all in all, mediocre fare served in Ritz-Carlton fashion.

by Ian Scott

Machiavelli's play "Mandrake" dies in Colonnade production

The mandrake is a very strange hermaphroditic plant credited with the powers of an aphrodisiac or of death-dealing. It is said to utter a human shriek when pulled out of the earth. *The Mandrake* is also the title of a Machiavelli play currently in production at the Colonnade Theatre.

With such an aura surrounding it, the play, considered one of the greatest works of the Italian Renaissance, has the potential for equal measures of eroticism and degeneracy. But weighted down by the playwright's opportunistic expectation of man, it is a joyless comedy dealing with a far-fetched plot to seduce the virtuous young wife of an aging lawyer, Messer Nicia. Demonstrating Machiavelli's preoccupation with corruption, both

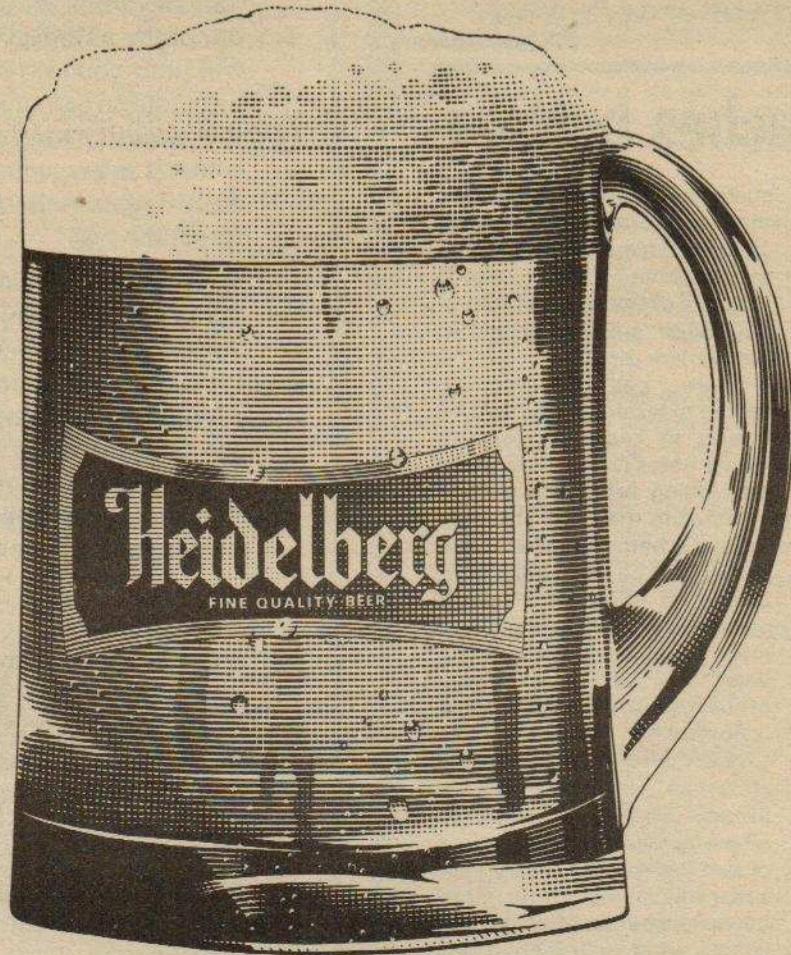
secular and religious, mother, priest, false doctor, lover and husband all conspire to bring about the seduction. Against such odds virtue naturally wilts and joins the unregenerate.

The conclusion is long foreseen, the characterizations are studied and confined (as is the staging) and the comedy bolstered by false spirit. It is however what could be called an adequate production and gives us a glimpse of yet another seldom seen "classic". Although this presentation does not develop either a sinister or decadent, a ribald or mirthful atmosphere to any extent, it has a few cagey moments and tells the story with brevity and occasional bravado.

Sandra Souchotte

Heidelberg

Brewed from pure spring water.



And that's the truth!

- 100% whole wheat bread
- a delicious health loaf
- the original wheatdonut
- birthday and special cakes

(conventional or liberated)
and other good things from

Harbord Bakery

(NEAR MAJOR)

922-5767

TORONTO'S UNIQUE PAPERBACK Bookstore

ON
TWO

LEVELS

classified
by subject.
well-informed
helpful
staff



CLASSIC
BOOKSHOPS

707 YONGE ST.
Below Bloor
923-3551



The Varsity—Kris Sosnowski

Lowell Jones exhibits his paintings at Hart House

Lowell Jones is a young American artist who last year set up a lithography workshop with some Eskimos in Cape Dorsett, Baffin Island, in the North West Territories. He is now exhibiting some of his paintings, lithographs and drawings at Hart House. It is hard to see how his subjects might interest even the most

technologized Eskimos, except for the more abstract and lyrical drawings and prints. The most fanciful paintings are lightly toned with spray paint in a somewhat Cubist fashion, but they are by no means abstracts. The predominating figure, repositioned and blown up in a different

shape from picture to picture, is a fleshy female from the forties, presiding over, diving into, playing around with or doing something in, amidst, or over, of all things, a cow herd. It is really quite cleverly done, and in one style of today's op — perverse but homely. Its style is its amusing content, so if you like line and amorphous

abstraction, you'll want to turn to the fewer-tone prints and drawings, which are not exactly establishing any new frontiers, but are very good nonetheless. I did not get a chance to ask Jones about his technique in these drawings or prints but it looks as if his methods are varied and meticulous.

Ian Scott

WANTED

by Arts & Science Student Union:

PAID PERSONNEL

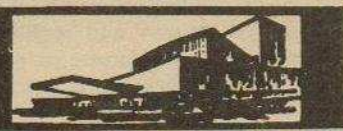
Applications are now being received by the Arts and Science Students' Union for paid full-time and part-time position. The position entails research and organizational work in the following areas: course unions, faculty council and colleges. Salaries will be reasonable and concomitant with the responsibilities assumed. No experience in this kind of work is necessary, though some familiarity with the ASSU and the faculty in general would be desirable. The term of employment begins February 1 and ends April 30, 1973. Application in writing should indicate convenient times for an interview. Applications can be mailed to:

ASSU

c/o Mike Scott
Rm 2097
Sidney Smith Hall
University of Toronto
100 St. George St.
Toronto 5, Ontario

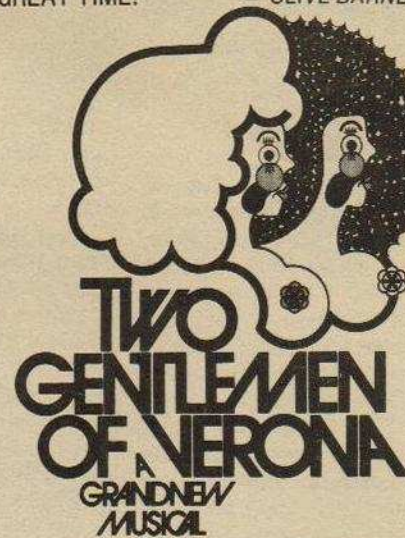
The Original **New York Pizza House** 925-1736
 WINNER: 1970 1ST ANNUAL TORONTO PIZZA AWARD MORNING AFTER SHOW CBC STAR WEEK'S JUNE 71 PIZZA CONTEST
 Dining Room OPEN 11 AM-1 AM MON-SAT SUN 3 PM-1 AM TAKE-OUT AND DELIVERY DELIVERY FROM 5 PM-1 AM

O'KEEFE CENTRE
FRONT & YONGE 363-6633



JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 10

"HILARIOUS AND LOVELY POP MUSICAL!"
I HAD A GREAT TIME!" — CLIVE BARNES, N.Y. TIMES



LOW PRICED SPECIAL PREVIEW SAT. JAN. 20

SAT. JAN. 20 8:30 P.M.	\$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.50
MON-THURS. 8:30 P.M.	\$7.50, \$6.00, \$4.50, \$3.50
FRI. & SAT. 8:30 P.M.	\$8.50, \$7.00, \$5.00, \$3.50
WED. MAT. 2:00 P.M.	\$6.00, \$4.50, \$3.50, \$3.00
SAT. MAT. 2:00 P.M.	\$6.50, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.00

BOX OFFICE OPEN 11 A.M.—9 P.M.

Half prices for students, this applies to matinee performances only. This offer may be discontinued at any time as a limited number of seats is available.

Watsup

theatre

The third and final production of the season of the Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama opens at Hart House Theatre this Thursday. **Hamlet**, directed by Martin Hunter, will run for eight evenings until February 3, with no performance January 28 and 29.

If you haven't managed to see **Hey Rube** at Toronto Workshop Productions, tonight and tomorrow night will be your last chance for a long time. It was first produced in 1961, and played again in 1967 with even more success. It is a brilliantly entertaining show. Humour and pathos are partners in the well-paced sequences portraying the on-stage and off-stage tribulations of a dying circus troupe. In the beginning I was wary of clichés about those grand people in show business; in fact, I was quite prepared to be irritated. **Hey Rubel** swept me along all the same with its colour and confusion. As for the performances, sometimes I felt there was too much theatrical yelling. In general, though, the whole production is so well balanced that certain less inspiring moments are absorbed and easily forgiven.

Come and find out about Survival Theatre at the UC Playhouse. It is based on the premise that the performer has the freedom to act as he pleases in the theatre. The audience may come and go as it wishes. The group which has been working on this concept of theatre invites you to come to their rehearsals (for lack of a better word; they are not shows) around 8 pm January 19, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27 or the afternoon of the 21st or 27th.

Two Gentlemen of Verona opens at the O'keefe Centre Saturday night. The award-winning Shakespearean musical has its musical score composed by Galt McDermott (**Hair**). Student matinees are half-price.

Prices are not so reasonable for **Henry IV** by Luigi Pirandello. Rex Harrison is the Royal Alexandra Theatre's crowd-drawer this time. Pirandello is a modern Italian playwright who was tortured by life's intermingling of fantasy and reality. He is rarely performed in Toronto, a pity considering the relevance of his works.

religion

"The Soul can be watered so that it will grow divinely — free from the thorns of lust."

This is the message of a book which, according to its own introduction, was dictated by Almighty God to Eugene Changey. Changey, who identifies himself as God's son, explains the process, which produced the book, **From Thy Creator: with Love**, as follows: "I try to keep my mind a total blank. My Father's Voice is heard above a void. My Father speaks very rapidly. I write His Holy Words as fast as I can. Thus we have a new concept in the publication of this Holy Book."

A dedication seems to provide a clue as to why the book appeared mysteriously and possibly miraculously on **L'Hebdo's** review table: "As Almighty GOD, I dedicate this Holy Book to the Editors and Publishers in the newspaper industry."

In a biographical sketch on the back cover, Mr. Changey is identified as "a bachelor all his life" who "with a mere Junior High School education, . . . has a Master's Degree in learning from Letters and Books dictated to him by his Father, Almighty GOD." No further information is

provided about the other Author, nor is it made clear why Mr. Changey and Mr. God have different surnames.

However, the book itself contains more information from Mr. God about his son Eugene, who evidently functions as His secretary as well: "Man . . . must have the companionship of a Savior (sic). That Savior (sic) is My Son, Eugene, in whom I Am well pleased. My blessed Son, Eugene, is really Jesus. Though he says does not want the responsibility, he will believe Me when he has left his earthly domain." (p.14)

While the book, despite Mr. Changey's Master's Degree, suffers from numerous grammatical errors, it does contain interesting passages. Beginning with a statement that "As Almighty GOD, I welcome you to Our latest Book", it continues with philosophical observations and advice, some evidently for the general public, but some seemingly only for Mr. Changey. Thus, statements such as "The Grace of Love is not denied fruitlessness, if it is endangered by the Hope of selfishness" and "Holiness is next to cleanliness and a sinner shall not go unpunished" are clearly of wider interest. But, they are interspersed with advice to Mr. Changey such as "Honesty is the best policy, Son" (cf. Lord Chesterfield, Letters to his Son). (This evident reprimand, incidentally, is more than made up by the fact that Mr. Changey's degree is awarded in the course of this book: "A Master's Degree in learning is yours, My Son." (P. 18)).

Nevertheless, the overall quality of the book is somewhat uneven. (This may be attributable to Mr. Changey's work; a previous book by Mr. God, **The Bible**, dictated to a committee of prophets, was much better-written. Mr. God himself writes only in Hebrew, although he speaks other languages.) Is it possible that the shortcomings Mr. Changey displays could be attributable to problems which seem to be hinted at in a rather cryptic piece of advice from his father: "The Soul is want for gain but the ardor of romance dulls a keen-witted brain"?

From Thy Creator: With Love; by Almighty God, as told to Eugene Changey; Carlton Press, New York; 1972; 23pp.

—u. d.

music

Festival of Hits - Mahler (DGG 2538 188.) Mahler's loneliness, his isolation and his spaciousness are admirably captured in this sampler. In his Symphony Number 1 there is a heritage of folk melodies as in Beethoven's Sixth. In his Fifth and Eighth there is a breakdown of the normal partitions of a symphony as well as passionate contrasts in the best Romantic tradition. To initiate a listener to Mahler, this is a very satisfactory disc.

Festival of Hits - Brahms (DGG 2538 189.) Although he is considered to be a very serious composer, Brahms did have a lighter side — witness the Academic Festival Overture composed of German beer-hall drinking songs. Here also are the Intermezzo in A Major, The Ballade in G minor, String Quartet no. 2 and the Serenade for Orchestra no. 2; unfortunately, this disc was marred by several annoying blips on the second side — an occurrence rare with DGG records. A worthwhile investment nevertheless.

Dougal Fraser

Everything seemed to happen last week and caught me rather unprepared — two important quartets went unannounced. Verdi's important opera **Falstaff** is to be presented by the Opera Department here on January 24, 26, 27 and 29. It looks as if the last three dates are your best bet, and

Monday the 29th, your bestest. Student tickets are \$1.50. On January 25 there is a 2:10 lecture by Rudolph Bing, past General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, New York. The title is "Opera in the United States". No tickets, no charge, in the concert hall. There are two student recitals on Tuesday, at 5:15 and 8:15 — no tickets, no charge, but confirm on the day. Deborah Taylor, soprano and Maurice Pelletier, violin, are the two performers. Another student recital is on Friday, Mary Halpenny, cello and Hilary Everett, piano.

The recent Jacqueline du Pré Toronto Symphony Concert is on CBL-FM this Sunday at 2:03 pm. Furtwangler's **Die Walkure** (Act III) and **Siegfried** (Act I) of the Radio Italiana is on Opera Theatre at 7 pm Sunday. Judy Loman performs in a CBC Radio Celebrity Recital on February 1 at 8:03. On Wednesday January 31 Maurice Bejart, founder of the Ballet of the Twentieth Century, presents his **Messe pour le Temps Present**, at 9:30 pm on channel 5 (cable 6) CBC.

movies

Pauline Kael (this is her fourth mention in today's *l'hebdo*) called **Straw Dogs** the first fascist work of art. I can't quarrel about its fascism, but I haven't an inkling why so many people respect it like they do. It's the story of a mathematician who finds his manhood by killing a gang of working-class nasties, and of his wife who gets what she deserves, and wanted all along. Life according to Sam Peckinpah. Somewhat sanguine. At St. Mike's tonight and tomorrow, \$1.

Also tonight, **La Vraie Nature de Bernadette**, the highly regarded Quebec film, opens at Cinemalumiere. Monday at the Roxy, it's Eisenstein and Prokofiev's classic **Alexandre Nevsky**. 99c.

For lovers of MGM musicals of the early fifties, **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** shows at the Science Centre, Wednesday at 8. Saul Chaplin, music director at MGM during that period will be there to discuss it.

There may be other good things showing at the Revue or the Kensington, but they haven't sent us their lists, so to Hell with them.

Next week, by the way, Max Ophul's great documentary about life in occupied France, **The Sorrow and the Pity** will be screened twice at the Science Centre, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Definitely worth the 4½ hours.

CONTEST: Our first two contests averaged four entries each. Then the complimentary tickets donated by Famous Players turned out to have a 50c per person "service" charge, which sounds to me like an outright rip-off. To Hell with them.

None of the three entries guessed the true nature of art, although Marie-Lynn Hammond deserves honorable mention for "Art is when you hear things in Chinese restaurants and such like and put 'em in reviews and such like, like they were your very own." However, she was disqualified for beginning a definition with when. Of the remaining two entries, one was too serious and the other was lost. A settlement concerning the latter will be made privately when it is found.

pop

This is a relatively sparse weekend for good live music. One of the better possibilities is the **Perth County Conspiracy** concert at convocation Hall tonight at 8:30 pm. Tickets for this benefit to raise money for their lighting man in jail in Morocco, are \$2 or \$2.50 available at SAC or at the door. Perth County last gave a concert in Convocation Hall almost exactly one year ago. If you don't want to jeopardize the use of the hall in the future, it is strongly recommended that you don't light matches during the performance.

Bluesman **Buddy Guy** and his band are in town at the Le Coq d'Or on Yonge Street. Cover charge is \$1.50 and beer is \$3.10 a mug. Guy is one of the best blues guitarists around and shouldn't be missed if you have the cash to sustain yourself on "the strip".

Fingerwood will be playing at the Meet Market, downstairs from the Colonial, this and the following two weeks.

art

At Erindale College is an exhibit of illuminated Manuscripts from the fifteenth century. The big attraction is the famed **Book of Hours of Jean, Duke of Berry**, a beautiful paradigm of the late Gothic style. This is until January 26. Also at Erindale until February 10 is **Tom Lapierre's** surrealist paintings. At the Art Gallery of Ontario the planned exhibit of **Toys by Artists** is cancelled.

tv

"And now, Jack . . . is back," shrilled Peggy Cass. And, so was launched the most heralded comeback in television history. You'd think Shakespeare's ghost had returned to dramaturgy, the way the entertainment writers were trumpeting the news: After an eight year absence, **Jack Paar** had returned to kick off ABC's latest nighttime venture.

Trouble is, the press has a shrewd eye for how things will go, but they tend to confuse prognosis with criticism. The prognosis on this one is that, discounting Paar's severe one-week-a-month handicap, Paar will out-draw Carson. The king is dead, long live the king.

They're probably right. Dick Cavett once called Paar the most fascinating man on television. When the original Tonight show was on, back in the early 60's my father wouldn't miss Paar, while my mother couldn't stand the man. The mark of a hot property is that the engenders extreme reactions.

I looked forward to Paar's second debut. Last time around, I wasn't big on chatter in the wee small hours, but I remembered a couple of Paar's shows as just about the only interesting thing on television back then.

Things have changed. Watching Paar last week was like being at a party where one person has had much too much to drink and is making a fool of himself. You squirm with embarrassment.

A large part of that first show centred around Paar's constant remarks about how small Goldie Hawn's breasts were. Then, there were home movies. Granted, his home movies are better than mine or maybe even yours, but still.

Wednesday, Paar wheeled out a Broadway starlet who stood at his side giggling while he conducted a five-minute monologue on the enormity of *her* breasts. "You don't need a brassiere, you need a cargo net."

It's as if the last decade never happened. I couldn't believe that this poor woman was standing there, pathetically grateful to be ogled like something in a sideshow.

But this, it seems, is Paar's secret. He is going to pretend that the 60's never happened. All week, those old faces with old names from the old show flashed on our screen: Jonathan Winters, Genvieve, Mimi Hines (a cabaret singer who does Bugs Bunny imitations). Films of young Jack Kennedy. Jokes about long-haired men and big bosoms ("or is it bazooms?").

They were cozy times, then, when Paar used to get moody and raunchy and often brilliant in our living rooms. If that's Paar's tack, taking us back to the golden age, put my money on him. His desultory, heart-on-his-sleeve shows have that odd, cozy kind of appeal. If the talk shows were in prime-time, I think the ratings would be significantly different. But, Paar fits into those sleepy, quiet hours in a way that the gelid, intellectual Cavett, or Carson, with his high-voltage hijinx, just don't. Paar can be an appalling man, yes, but he has an uncanny feel for his hour and his audience.

—mac

Editor	Ulli Diemer
Assoc. Editor	Bill Macvicar
theatre	eleanor coleman
movies	bob bossin
pop	allan mandell
art	ian scott
music	ian scott
books	bill macvicar