



Woman have served all these centuries as  
looking glasses possessing the power of  
reflecting the figure of man at twice its  
natural size.

—Virginia Woolf

# Chelbado

## "Best of..." albums often belie their name

It's inevitable that any recording artist who's been around for a good length of time will have at least one album of "Greatest Hits" or "The Best of..."

Such song collections have both positive and negative aspects associated with them. Most record buyers are aware of at least some of the advantages of "Best Of" albums but the disadvantages are rarely considered or discussed. The advantages seem almost overwhelming, but the disadvantages explain why such albums aren't always all they should be.

The Best Of album is usually superior to an ordinary LP simply because every cut has "merit" which, it would seem, is defined in terms of popularity. But such albums afford buyers the opportunity to enjoy an artist's music without going to the expense and without expending the time that would be involved in acquiring and wading through that artist's entire discography. That could be important when, as is so often the case, a performer has one or two albums with only a few good tracks on them. Also, one can usually make substantial savings in album purchasing, as many Best Of sets are double LP's which are offered at a reduced list price.

In order for the negative aspects to be more clearly understood one should explore the "reasons" underlying the release of Best Of's. At the root of all intentions are, of course, the pecuniary motivations of rarely altruistic record companies. The basic differences in such intentions are that they are manifested in varying degrees of exploitation. The specific possibilities are usually one of the following: 1) The artist has legitimate altruistic reasons (it rarely happens); 2) is under contract to produce a fixed number of albums and can't meet the quota — so he or the company opts for the Best Of as a quick solution; 3) leaves one record company to sing with another. The record company can usually do what it wants with the old material which happens often); 4) just has no control.

So the basic situation is the greedy record company versus the legally impotent artist. And with no input by the performers, it's no wonder that the end product suffers.

These records are usually put together from tapes, not masters, and dubs of those tapes are sent to branch plants for local mastering. This haphazard process results in

"noisy" discs that are considerably poorer in sound quality than the originals (there is a very definite "hiss" that results from the tape transfers).

Collections are often put together by some unnamed corporate designate and the criteria for inclusion are questionable, especially since many poor anthologies are turning up. In the light of this, some recent additions to the group of Best Of's can be discussed.

**Duane Allman; An Anthology, (Capricorn/WEA)**

Guitarist Duane Allman died in a motorcycle crash on October 29, 1971. "An Anthology" follows Allman's musical beginnings with the group Hourglass through songs by Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin (on which Duane was a session guitarist) to his work with the Allman Brothers Band. Complete information is provided concerning each of the 19 songs and a illustrated booklet written by harp player Tony Glover offers some insight into Duane's virtuosity and playing history.

The album, in trying to cover Duane's career is uneven in musical quality — from the plodding beginnings imitating B.B. King, into later sessions that showed his innovation in adding to someone else's sound. But the high point of the album is really in Duane's work on "Layla" with Eric Clapton. The last side is devoted to the hackneyed rock style of the Allman Brothers.

Allman comes across as a fine guitarist with a rare adeptness to inject solid joyful riffs into other's music. It's unfortunate that his voice and songwriting ability never had a chance to mature.

**More Hot Rocks, The Rolling Stones, (London) \$9.98**

Shortly after the Stones left London records and formed their own label, London released "Hot Rocks", a double LP of "hits". With this success behind them London has found a new moneymaker in "More Hot Rocks". This is an obvious exploitation disc as it becomes FIFTH Best Of LP for the Stones to be made up from their 11 original albums. Many of the songs on this double record package which range from the earliest days of "Not Fade Away" up to "Let It Bleed" were already available on the earlier Best Of's.

Side four of the album is made up of "songs never before released in the US and Canada". That's false advertising. I have a copy of an

EP (extended play record) on London that contains three of the songs — "Money", "Poison Ivy" and "Bye Bye Johnnie". In any case, these supposed previously unreleased goodies are early recordings that only give a small indication of the Stone's talents and are poorly performed and recorded. In fact, although there's no indication on the album, most songs were recorded in mono and electronically reprocessed for stereo.

This is one case where I'd recommend going back to one of the first collections like "Big Hits". As for the intentions of the record company, note the following quotations from the London Record News Letter: "Dealers of the World... Remember... The new Stones fan wants to collect all of their records and it is financial foolishness not to cater to the instinctive desire of these buyers to buy!!!" (Their emphasis and punctuation).

**Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Voll.11, (Columbia)**

This double LP is a fine Dylan collection that includes material from his earliest albums to his last one and does a good job of juxtaposing various musical periods. The early folk flavored "All I Really Want To Do", is effectively sandwiched between the countryish "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and a folk rock styled "My Back Pages".

But the album does include some material previously unreleased. This includes very good recordings of "Watching The River Flow" and "When I Paint My Masterpiece", plus popularized songs like "You

Ain't Goin' Nowhere".

The only complaint is the "hissy" sound quality.

**Anthology, Steve Miller Band, (Capitol)**

This is a strong, quality album mainly because of good material, but it was the only LP that was put together by the artist. "Anthology" was made up of Steve Miller's favorites, taken from the seven LP's cut to date. The personnel on each recording, the date and place of recording, is listed. Strangely, all but two songs of the 16 were recorded in 1969.

The cuts vary in mood from the solid rock base of "Livin In The USA", to the gentle ballad form of "Seasons". Backup musicians include the talents of Boz Scaggs, Paul McCartney, Lee Michaels, and Nicky Hopkins.

No sore spots.

**Eric Clapton At His Best, (Polydor), \$7.98**

**Clapton, (Polydor), \$5.98**

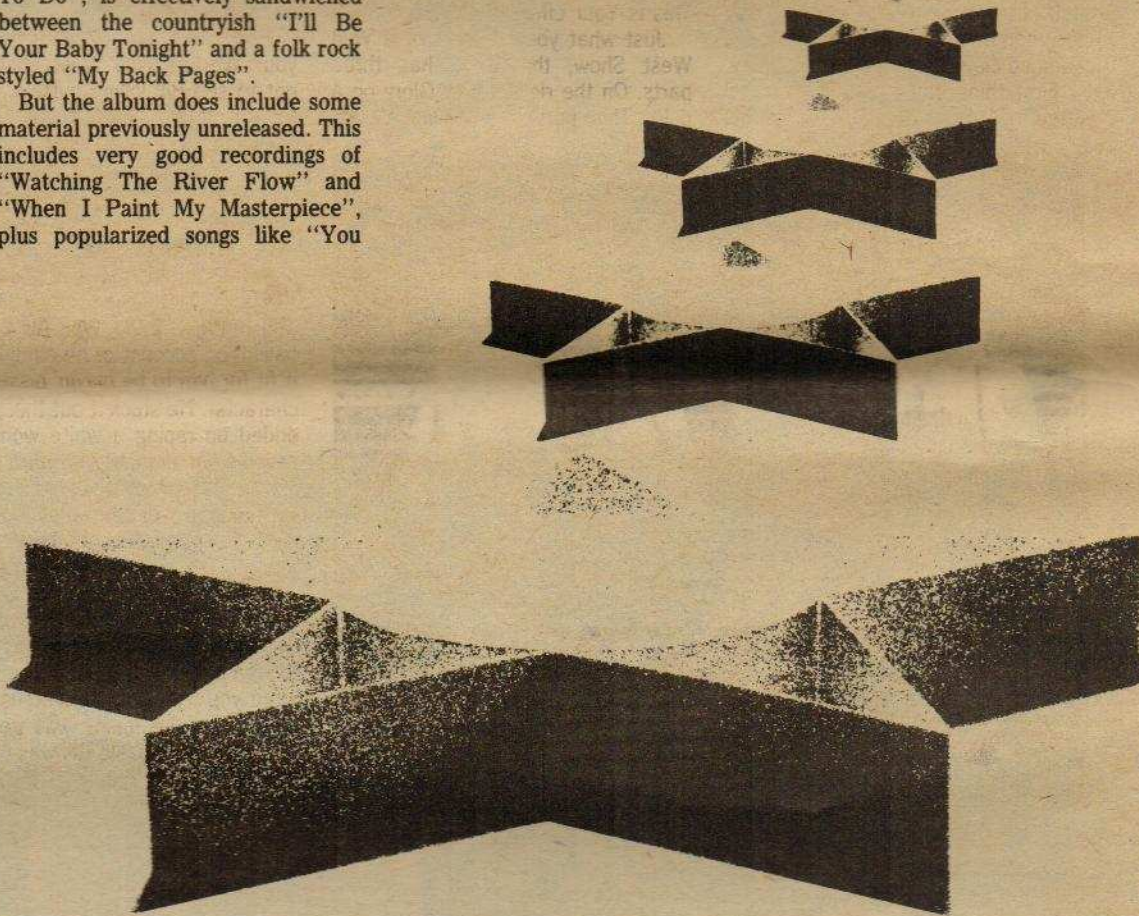
Polydor Records is playing an interesting game with record buyers and Eric Clapton. Maybe you can guess exactly how many new Eric Clapton albums they can put out which are made up of permutations

of songs on the LP's, "Layla", "Eric Clapton" and "Blind Faith". So far the number is three.

First came, "The History of E.C." and it together with the single "Layla" was an unexpected success. Then followed a group of four double LP's centred around Cream and its personnel. "E.C. at His Best" is part of that packaging concept. It's a fine collection and content-wise far superior to its historical predecessor. Tracks like "Presence of the Lord" from "Blind Faith", "Let It Rain" and "After Midnight" from "Eric Clapton" and Derek and The Dominos "Layla" are clear evidence of Clapton's most innovative guitar work, as well as representing some of his best vocals and compositions (except for After Midnight). The low list price for a double album set is another plus mark in its favour.

But the blatant exploitative nature of "Clapton" is unforgivable. Four of the eight songs come from the "Eric Clapton" LP and the others from "Layla". It doesn't stand up well on its own.

Both album sets are "hissy" and both give credit for research(?) and collation to Shelly Snow. Unfortunately, Snow's address isn't given. Allan Mandell



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# Honeymoon as plastic as society it bemoans

"And countless plastic things": That was the sub-heading given on the program of the musical called **Of Moon and June and Honeymoon**, now playing upstairs at Old Angelo's. If you've arrived at the point where a Saturday evening's entertainment consists of a table in a nightclub, then you too might find that this musical is one of the plastic things it bemoans so ridiculously.

Director Ronald Ror has taken songs of Doug Randle and devised a musical that, at least formally, reminds one of the famous Jacques Brel is **Alive and Well and Living in**

Paris. That is, we see two men and two women singing in various combinations with some suggestion of dramatic conflict and character portrayals, though no pervading plot. The performers have the vocal gifts to do justice to the revue format, but, unfortunately, a workable format does not a successful musical make. Jacques Brel and his American arranger, Mort Schuman, have the advantage of a poetic imagination, wit, and true musical inventiveness. **Of Moon and June and Honeymoon**, does not.

One basic theme of the production

is a sense of disgust and disillusionment with the wonders of a technical, corporate society. Numbers like **Coloured Plastics, Batteries Not Included**, and **The New Industrial State** are an attempt at satire, but the dissatisfaction they communicate is at best vague and diluted. The lyrics are predictable and repetitive. The social criticism, as heard in **Vive le Company**, has been much more imaginatively treated in **How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** or **What Makes Sammy Run**. Here we learn what we already know, and the cliches can't even be drown-

ed in Angelo's special Dubonnet and Vodka cocktail.

Perhaps the fact that we see four impeccably groomed, fashionably clad performers reduces our ability to believe that they do indeed feel oppressed by capitalism. Songs like **Lots of Luck Little Children** and **What Went Wrong With the World** just don't ring true. When we remember that the clientele that so warmly applauds Randle's songs is the supposed inhabitant of the stagnating society they describe.

Interspersed are songs of the sentimental variety, many of which have

very hummable melodies. Humming might be the solution, for the lyrics are at times excruciating. **Great God Almighty, I Miss You Girl, Its Best This Way, To Love You Again**. By way of a left-handed compliment, it must be said that the songs are sensitively handled by the performers, even when their content shows a flatness that is unforgivable. As in the case of the social criticism, it has all been said before, with infinitely more soul.

The second from last number is the most daring confrontation of "The System," **Who'd Be a Kid Again?** It contains a soul-searching process whereby Robert Jeffrey, the principal singer, rejects the middle-class values presented in tuneful rhymes by the other three. Verbally the number is awkward and a bit embarrassing in its accusation and bitterness. However, there is a good amount of passion in Robert Jeffrey's portrayal, enough to make the audience uncomfortable for the first time. Why, then, does this effect have to be nullified by the final company number, **My Friend**, a work of pure corn syrup?

The answer is fearfully simple. We are in a cabaret. The admission fee is four dollars per person plus drinks. And beer is not fifty cents. We have come in order to be entertained, or more precisely to be served. Or it could be we have come to serve the needs of the society mentioned so many times in Doug Randle's songs. In any case, we are supposedly expecting light entertainment, and anything too thought-provoking or too threatening is not going to ensure a healthy cabaret business. In fact, the perfect kind of entertainment for the crowd appearing at Old Angelo's is Randle's light and genuinely charming **The Man Who Wrote a Hit Song**. It makes no intellectual pretensions. It is gay and uncompromising.

**Of Moon and June and Honeymoon** is a variety show that pretends to make a point about modern life. There is not enough continuity in the production nor enough imagination in the content to make this point effectively. Slick staging, and the combined substantial talents of Robert Jeffrey, Christine Chandler, Brian McKay and Barbara Barsky cannot create a respectable whole out of an essentially two-faced production.

Eleanor Coleman

PHILIP WULTS

# Western mighty clever but too slick

On over at the TWP (Toronto Workshop Productions) the Yanks is gettin' it in the neck again for your casual genocide. Don't get me wrong now. This here ain't about the Vietnam War. I'm talkin' about what our good friends south of the border done to their injuns long about the second half of the last century. A city fella by the name Art Kopit has wrote a damned clever thing about this story.

First thing you know, Buffalo Bill hisself rides out on stage — the big

spotlight hittin' him all the while. Only thing is his pony's made of plastic and some guy keeps comin' on the PA and telling him to get off the stage. This ain't the big hero we heard about since we was kids. It turns out this whole shebang's a combination of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and This is Your Life Buffalo Bill Cody.

Just what you'd expect of a Wild West Show, the stage has three parts. On the right is Old Glory on a pole. This part is fro your Yanks:

Senators, Wild Bill Hickock, Annie Oakley and the President of the USA hisself. On the left is a bunch of poles tied together and stuck in the ground with a cattle skull on top. This side's for the Indians especially Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail and Chief Joseph. The middle part is usually for Buffalo Bill who kinda holds the show together.

But, like I already said, this ain't your average Wild West Show. You get to see Bill killing buffalo, talking to the Injuns, performing for the President, scouting for the cavalry all these incidents strung together like for a movie or a T.V. documentary. The part that come off funniest was when Buffalo Bill, Willd Bill Hickock and Jeff Braunstein was performing this here awful skit for the President and the First Lady. Wild Bill kept on balkin' on account of he dindn't think it fit for him to be playin' hisself as a character. He stuck it out though and ended up raping a white woman he saved from an injun who warn't really a injun but a high-powered Kraut actor brought over special by the President to give the greatest performance ever of your noble savage with a German accent.

Now don't get me wrong. This shebang weren't all laughs even though it was a Wild West Show. The more you watched the seriouser you got 'cause the Injuns was gettin' a raw deal and Buffalo Bill was chewin' his guts out on account he knew he helped kill 'em off and he didn't wanta die in the middle of his Show with

makeup on his face.

I gotta admit this part of the show got a bit preachy at times. Now I know the Yanks like to take progress with 'em wherever they go, so it figures the Injuns, who was unfortunate enough to live where the Yanks was movin', got a bit rolled under. But since I never killed no Injuns I felt a mite squirmy for Buffalo Bill when he delivered hisself of a Sunday-style sermon. Maybe this was 'cause he didn't really fool me into believing he was Buffalo Bill. And them Injuns didn't fool me nuther. I ain't never seen Injuns with such clean lookin' duds, such cream-white faces or fuch high-pitched, fast-movin' citified voices.

Apparently this shebang wren't put together by Bill Cody but by a slicker by the name Barry Wasman. Maybe that's how come it drug its feet. For a Wil West Show, it didn't have enough hootin' and hollerin' by a long shot Well, I got my reservations about Indians (that's what Art Kopit calls this show) but I must admit that by the end I was a mite choked up seein' as how our good neighbours south of the border acted kinda mean a century ago and seein' as how they ain't learned much in the meantime about killin' what stands in the way of progress. If you want to shed a tear for the bygone Indian race, mosey on down to Alexander Street and stop in at Bill Cody's Wild West Show.



Maja Ardal, Grant Roll, Gordon May and David McIlwraith in Indians.

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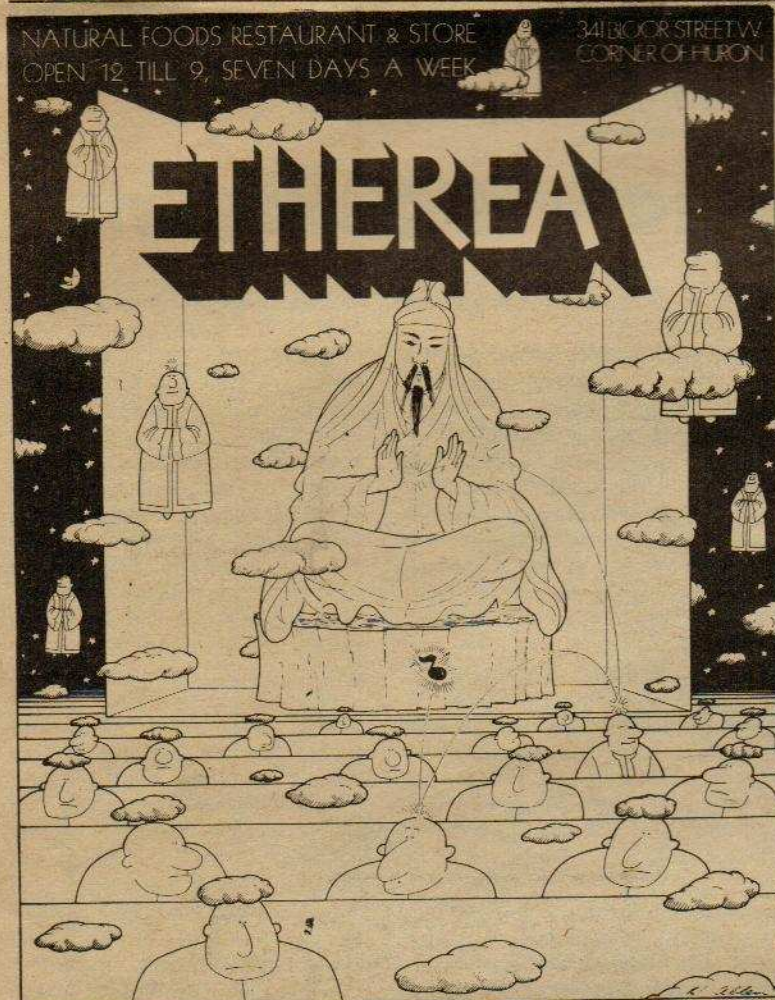
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## Contraception means: control over bodies, Third World repression

It was Thomas Malthus who first saw the possibility of human overpopulation in the early nineteenth century, but it was not until recently that the full implications of uncontrolled population growth were fully comprehended and the population panic started.

The immediate reaction of scientists and governments has been to facilitate research into, and distribution of, contraceptives. Their reasoning is that over-population can be avoided, or at least minimized, by restricting the size of future generations. Almost all literature on the problem of overpopulation is more or less a variation on this theme, although some writers can see no hope for survival at all. Bonnie Mass's pamphlet "The Political Economy of Population Control in Latin America" examines the actions, policies and people involved in population control programmes, and challenges the validity of the traditional, narrow, interpretation of population problems.

The U.S., for reasons that will become clear later, feels the threat of the population explosion most deeply. Government attitudes have undergone a complete reversal from being anti-birth control before the World War II to forcing birth control programmes onto the populations

of many Third World countries today.

Philander P. Claxton Jr., a special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of State on "population matters" voices the position taken by the different U.S. birth control agencies: "The real tragedy is for the individual family. The very quality of life is threatened by the quantity of life. Human dignity is degraded. For the vast majority of families in the LDCs (less developed countries) the possibilities of improvement of the welfare of parents and children are submerged by sheer numbers. Health of mothers is impaired by multiple births. Lives are imperilled and lost by abortions. Children suffer malnutrition and death. Education is low or impossible for many or most". A World Bank Statement of 1968 gives perhaps a more plausible reason why such huge agencies promote birth control programmes: "All such activity arises out of the concern of the bank for the way in which the rapid growth of population has become a major obstacle to social and economic development in many of our member states. Family planning programs are less costly than conventional development projects and the pattern of expenditures involved is normally very different. At the same time, we are conscious of the fact that successful programs of this kind



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will yield very high economic returns" (emphasis added).

The agencies involved — the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF), the World Bank, the Agency for International Development (AID) and many others, controlled and directed by the male capitalist elite of the U.S. now spend millions of dollars in the Third World convincing governments of the crisis, dispensing and fitting IUDs and carrying out large-scale sterilizations. Latin America received around \$18 million in 1972 from AID for population control programmes.

It has proved easy for the U.S. to "convince" Latin American governments of their population crises: Bolivia, for example, with a population density of only 4 inhabitants per kilometer, accepted birth control programmes when threatened with the withdrawal of aid.

The women of Latin America have likewise been "convinced" of the need for birth control. Bonnie Mass documents evidence of the persuasion techniques. Offers of free medical services for themselves and their children, medicine and milk, and, in some instances, lipsticks and plastic pearls, have been sufficiently convincing. In Brazil between 1965 and 1971 over a million women were sterilized. In the Dominican Republic the Ford Foundation has been known to buy out young people with offers of \$5 to \$7 a month for life in return for sterilization. AID instituted a similar programme in Costa Rica.

But what actually constitutes a population crisis or problem? A large population in itself is not a problem, the problem arises when the survival of a significant proportion of the population is at stake. Insufficient food supply and exhaustion of natural resources must be the determining factors in the definition of the problem. The assumption that there is a world shortage of food jars with the fact that Canadian farmers were recently forced into not growing wheat despite massive starvation in parts of the Third World; the fact that only one tenth of the world's total land area is under cultivation; the fact that vast areas of fertile land in the Third World are used, not for growing food, but for growing non-food crops such as coffee, to please the palates of the "haves" in the First World. (The paltry sums of money earned from such crops is insufficient to import food for the general population, let alone allowing a change over to food production. In any case, the U.S. would not allow a government that proposed to do that to take power — witness the Bay of Pigs, the invasion of the Dominican Republic in 1965, of

Guatemala in 1954, etc.)

Are we wrong then to think of overpopulation and lack of food as problems in themselves? Are they not, in fact, only symptoms of the real problem? And is not the real problem the system which divides humanity into the haves and the have nots and ensures that the former survives at the expense of the latter?

The U.S. with 6 per cent of the world's total population already consumes 55 per cent of the world's natural resources. A more equitable distribution of food and other resources would inevitably lead to a drop in the standard of living enjoyed by the bourgeoisie of North America. The presence of a large starving population in those countries from which the U.S. gets its wealth is dangerous for the U.S. and for the elites of the countries concerned. A quote by a conservative Colombian student in "The Political Economy of Population Control in Latin America" illustrates this fear: "Since it is the lower classes which are growing the fastest, and the ones that have the least to contribute to the country and who are also the most anxious for political change, I would say that population growth — that is the growth of the working class — is dangerous." If the starving demanded and obtained an equitable distribution of resources, the whole capitalist system, and the U.S. on the top of the pile, would collapse.

Now we can understand the reason why the U.S. promotes birth control as heavily as it does, and why such programmes in the Third World are aimed specifically at the poor. The U.S. is, in fact, trying to eradicate the condition of not having by controlling the numbers, and therefore the strength, of those who do not have. The threat of communism and equal sharing of resources has driven the U.S. into using economic sanctions and bribes to force sterilization and IUDs onto the masses of the Third World.

"The Political Economy of Population Control in Latin America" makes clear that for women in western society, contraceptive and sterilization techniques have given us greater control over our own bodies, and have been an important factor in our own liberation. But while we fight for control over our own bodies, we must also fight against the male elites of the USA using the same technology to control the bodies and voices of our sisters in the Third World.

Bonnie Mass, "The Political Economy of Population Control in Latin America".

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# COPSEO brilliant



Time is running out for the wonderland of liberal education.

Lewis Carroll has met his match. A government report that favours universal accessibility and human centered learning in the context of educational cutbacks and more scholar for the dollar? "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is" said Humpty Dumpty "which is to be master — thats all"

A report that recommends cutbacks in continuous education in favour of continuing education? "The open door in the learning society would not then be a revolving door but would lead onward through a lifetime of continuing or recurring education, as far as any individual's capacities and interests could carry him", the report says. "The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday — but never jam today". "It must be sometimes to jam today" Alice objected. "No it can't be" said the Queen. "It's jam every other day. Today isn't other day, you know."

A report that sees education as a necessity not a frill, yet refuses to treat it as a public utility in terms of costs? "Contrarywise", continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic".

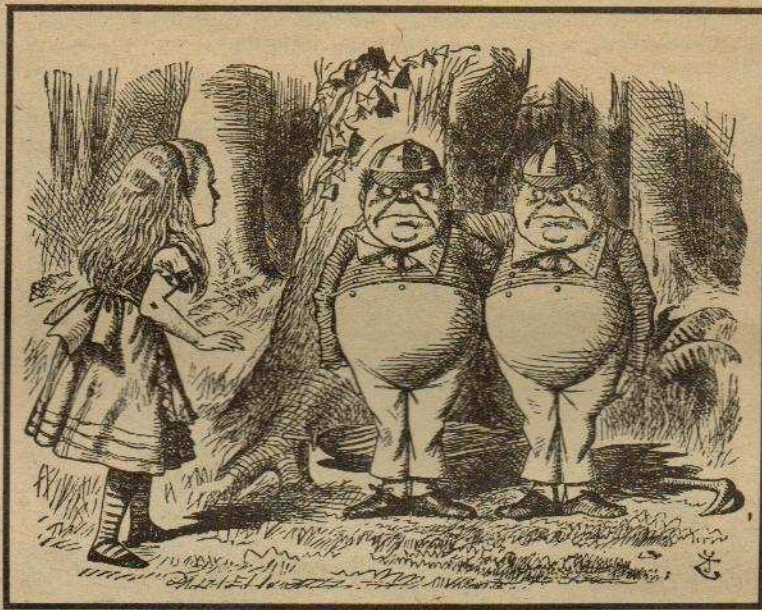
A report that predicts that "total government control of post-secondary institutions is perhaps the end to which present trends are leading us" and then proposes a board to act as a buffer? "Curiouser and curiouser."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards" the Queen remarked. Noevertheless, it might be useful to view this report, The Learning Society: Report of the Commission on Post Secondary Education in Ontario, in historical context. Commissions have been looking at education since the beginning of

the century trying to work out an appropriate relationship between the dismal sciences of economics and bureaucracy and education. The degree of continuity with the COPSEO report is high.

In the days when men were more honest, the Royal Commission into the University of Toronto in 1906 sought to resolve the conflict before them. "The universities of the new world had, in the main, been formed after the pattern of those in the Old Country. But now came the age of science and of demand for an education which should not only cultivate the mind but fit for the practical occupations, and help to the prizes of life." As they saw it; "In this new world, with great natural resources to develop, and with an ever increasing variety of material industries to attract the energies of young men, the objects of university education have been both multiplied and modified. The modern university, still cherishing the love of learning and intent upon the pursuit of knowledge, must adapt its courses of study to every phase of human progress. It must set the standard of public education. It must minister in ways hitherto deemed to lie beyond its domain, to the practical as well as to the intellectual and moral needs of the country."

To this end the Commission proposed a rash of administrative and bureaucratic reorganization to facilitate modernization. It also filed some financial proposals, in the best spirit of the new age. "Not less is it the interest of the State to devote a generous share of the public funds to the development of an institution so intimately associated with the material interests of the country. Canada must train her own sons to be her captains of industry. The agricultural, mineral and forest wealth and the waterpower of



Government and the university: an intimate partnership.

this Province call for a practical capacity and a specialized knowledge which only a modern university can supply and it is the happy function of the Legislature not only to sustain the moral influences that come from higher education but to contribute to the national prosperity by adequate votes of money for the training of youth."

The lower echelons of the educational hierarchy were also in for a revamping. Using Froebel and the new concepts of educating "the whole boy" as condiments, mass public education was served as a new meal of Education For Industrial Purposes. As John Seath, author of the report of the same name introduced his 1911 study to the Ontario government: "For a varying number of years the problem of Education for Industrial Purposes has engaged the attention of almost every country in Europe and almost every state of the Union as well as of almost every province of our own Dominion. The present importance of the problem is the result of

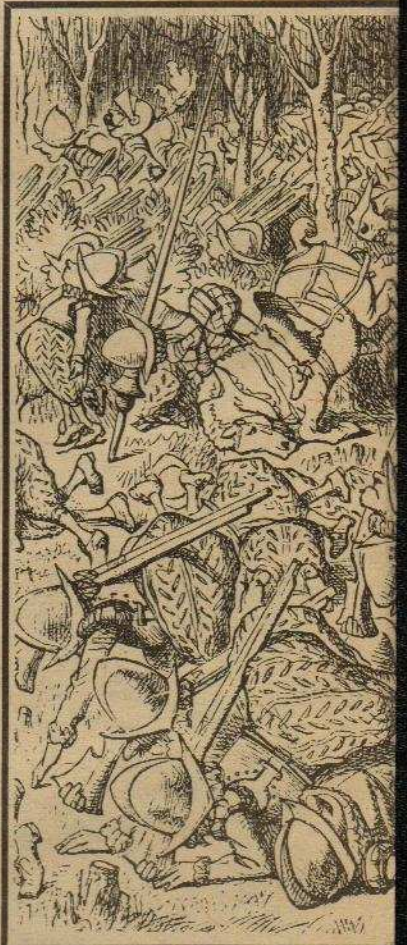
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3. The modern ex education to include cultural training maintained who public expense.

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three main causes:

1. The rivalry amongst the nations for commercial supremacy;
2. The imperfect provision for training skilled workmen; and
3. The modern extension of the scope of education to include vocational as well as cultural training, administered and maintained wholly or largely at the public expense.

"Of the foregoing causes the most potent is the keen rivalry amongst the nations for the control or at least a due share of the markets of the world — a rivalry which is continually being intensified by increasing facilities for communication and transportation. Of this rivalry the general desire for wealth is, of course, a leading cause." Even the federal government got involved in this regearing of the educational system. As their Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education saw it: "The schools in most cases have done little to

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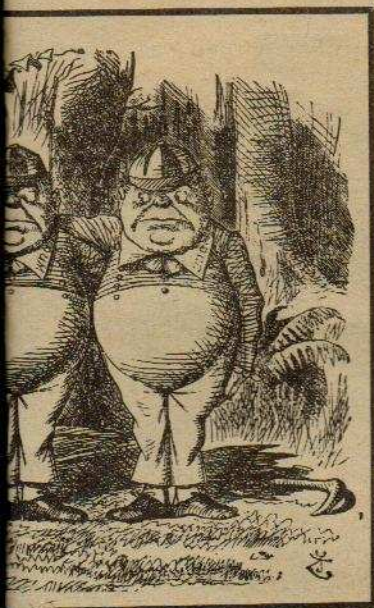
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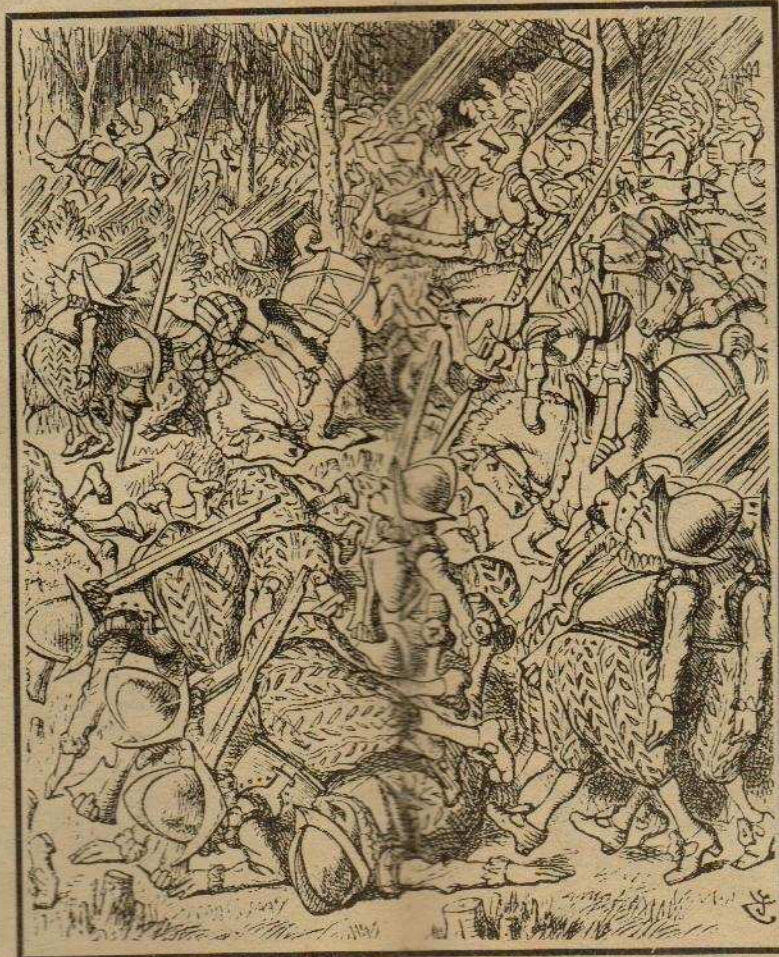
The university of the past was small, and stressed individual educational development for a small elite. The modern university is geared to providing mass education and requires a different educational philosophy.



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towards the vocational direction of teachers, of-  
ficials, professional people and the leisure class.  
They must now adapt themselves to the needs  
and circumstances of existing society, most of  
whose members are productive or conserving  
manual workers or workers with machinery."

A major problem which both these reports  
highlighted was the inability of apprenticeship  
systems under the direction of trade unions to  
supply and 'adequate' pool of skilled labour. A  
large part of the function of the new industrial  
education was to undermine this guild monopoly,  
this "decadence of the apprentice system" and  
provide an alternate source of skilled labour.

The essentials of the educational system of  
Ontario today derive from these important  
reports. The current rash of commissions do not  
exhibit any drastically different concerns.  
Following a long period of government neglect  
(Between 1917 and 1950, university matters were  
debated in the legislature only four times, and on  
none of these occasions was a vote taken, the  
COPSEO report notes), education became a blue  
chip investment and social panacea. The pin-  
nacle of rhetoric was reached with the Hall Den-  
nis report of 1968 with the clarion calls for uni-  
versal accessibility and child-centered learning.  
Now the problems faced by the commissioners is  
that the occupational and manpower training  
needs of the economy have changed and they  
have been left with a hot bag of old rhetoric.

They are trying to overcome this handicap  
by wooing the public with the proverbial  
"something old, something new, something  
borrowed and something blue." The blue of

income is low enough. Honorable traditions are  
of course maintained to the last, too, as  
recommendation 108 calls for the complete  
removal of all vestiges of "in loco parentis". In  
this, the report reaches the apex of its liberalism  
— the individual is released from all non-market  
restraints so that he may do battle with the  
market only on the basis of his class position.

A little word juggling also handles the other  
contentious aspect of the first report, the  
problem of university 'integrity'. We return now  
to the theme of the reports at the turn  
of the century — the attack on the guild. Stu-  
dent housing and library services are to be open-  
ed to the public in a delightful gesture of  
egalitarian liberalism. Post-secondary educa-  
tion is to be more carefully plugged into  
rationalized programs of manpower training.  
The university, like its ancestors in the skilled  
guilds, is being proletarianized. The battle  
against privilege can be joined by many an odd  
corporate fellow.

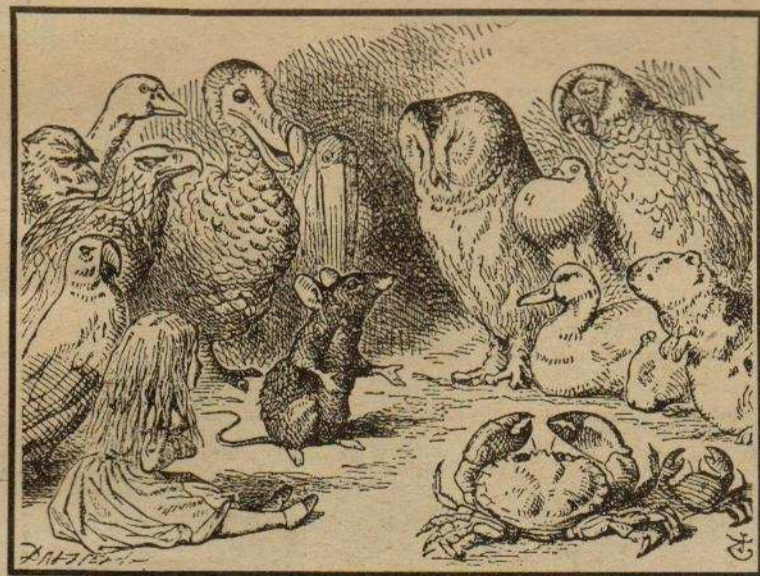
The university's students are facing total  
subordination to the needs of industry on the  
financial and structural level. In dealing with  
this, the policy of OFS and SAC are as outdated  
as the old elite university which was replaced at  
the turn of the century. We are not negotiating  
with gentlemen. We are dealing with a business  
proposition.

Ultimately the regearing of education to  
serve social rather than industrial needs, to  
serve the working people as a whole rather than  
capitalism, will require a major restructuring of  
this society's institutions. That much seems  
clear when the proposals of this report are posed  
in historical perspective. The missing link in the  
capacity of the government to carry out the cut-  
backs remains the willingness of students to  
struggle against them. "The best university  
that can be recommended to a man of ideas"  
Emerson recommended many years ago "is the  
gauntlet of the mobs." Its time to test some of  
our ideas and aspirations in struggle.

**Wayne Roberts**



small, and stressed individual  
small elite. The modern universi-  
education and requires a different



A government committee met diligently to produce COPSEO.

course is the Tory Blue Machine which is financ-  
ing all this hype. The old is the unfortunate  
rhetorical hangovers. Except for Commissioner  
Careless' reservations about the "misuse" of  
limited resources through a misplaced  
egalitarianism, they all seem to stand behind  
the Ameri-Canadian dream. The borrowings  
come from the anarchist Ivan Illich and his con-  
cept of deschooling society which has been  
brilliantly abused. The new is of course the cut-  
backs which the main purpose of this report is to  
sneak in.

The call to battle in the holy name of cost  
benefit analysis that marked the first Wright  
Report is missing from this rendition but the  
scorched earth policy of their financial  
proposals, is still there. Recommendations 109 to  
126, for those who have the patience to read that  
far, contain all the proposals necessary to pass  
the costs of education on to students while in-  
flating hopes of bursaries to come if the parental



Rapid change has left the university system in chaos.





## Presentation surpasses poems

# Press Porcepic crafts handsome books

For those of you who are wealthy aesthetes, who like little books of poetry accompanied sometimes by charming scribbles, Press Porcepic may be of interest. There is no doubting the visual quality of these four books from Erin, Ontario. The fineness of the paper and printing, the borders and illustrations are uniformly delightful. This is where poetry likes to be, between good stiff covers in a small, unimposing collection.

But the quality of the poetry itself is disappointing because it is so uneven, ranging from the utterly mediocre to clear brilliant song in some of Joe Rosenblatt's stuff. But mostly this poetry is crouching somewhere on its knees, in some literary half-embrace, unable to stand on its own two feet. It seems embarrassed by its own precociousness because the setting is so good on these beautiful pages.

Without money, one can make nothing perfect. But money cannot make everything perfect. We come to know that more and more in this grant land of Canada. A sad lesson.

There are patches of things striking home, well-stated lines, but not enough to keep the collection together, not enough to justify the prohibitive cost of these books. *Tales* and *Bumblebee Dithyramb* were by far the most pleasing to me. *Angel* I found revolting and Tim Inkster's, *The Topolobampo Poems* left me too bored to review.

Eldon Garnet has written a pretty little book of poetry about rape and death and body hatred. Another in the series of long-winded examples of that startling new art form of battered love poems by jaded young men spoilt by sex.

Its interesting to follow the passage of his successive woman images from madonna-shaped angel to single-minded whore to some semi-holy female form so pure as to not stir any violent fantasies. On the whole

Garnet's women seem to be the scum of certain John the Baptist fantasies. It is hard to imagine if Garnet held the church to be sacred that he would ever admit women to it. But this is not to say that the poet, the "I" in all the poems, the man that is set against all these women is pure. He is powerful and that is what distinguishes him above all else.

The book's last poem is about castration, the fitting end to a compulsive rapist and all the miserable poems preceding it. But why write poetry about this self-defeating poisonous experience? To shock lovers out of their reverie, to bring them down to the more real existence of compulsive sex hatred? To woo a woman, to convince her that she, above all others, is the only one that can now grant sexual salvation to a miserable sensitive poet by a single act of love?

I conjure up some picture of this poet as a small boy who after having the toilet seat cover fall down for the first time on his poor "thing", rushes to his mother and after laying it on her bed says, "Yes, mother, you were right. Take it away. It's caused me too much trouble to be worth having."

Garnet's woman hatred seems to be based on the flimsiest of evidence, as shown in "Cigar Smoke in her Eyes." The reason here seems to be her body, her tits because they have been claimed by lesser men.

tits are for virginal  
boys planning their escape from mother's bed  
tits the cheap breakfast.

Perhaps he dislikes these innocent apportionments of womanhood because they can serve a nurturing function, because they have an organic viability that he disavows entirely. Perhaps he hates them because they cannot be victimized like a cunt.

Cunt you can measure me  
with your screams.

This miserable lover-poet goes on and on, ramming women in bed. It's like looking at Freud's repetition compulsion through a sheet of cellophane. Bad dreams. There is no continuum. Sexual experience seems blunted past a certain point, the point of credible experience. Garnet describes sex as power grabbing, fame-grabbing, anything but mutual and loving.

I swear it on my masculinity  
someday  
fuck the sky  
... I will come  
to the rhythm of air  
not hips  
I will reign  
the world  
I will be worshipped  
like the fountain of youth.

Garnet does not reveal any particular facility with words. He describes that which is easy to describe. There is nothing in this book that is either delicate or moving or for that matter does it convince me of the power of the penis. There is no basis for penis envy here. As a woman described it in a movie, in a line that was later edited out or reasons known only to the CBC, "it reminds me of a piece of old rope."

Good stuff! Joe Rosenblatt has written a delightful sunny book about bumblebees and other warm, cosy things one finds on picnics, at home and abroad. Wonderful read aloud to children and cooks over mid-day dinner preparations — the suggested light reading companion to *The Voyage of the H.M.S. Beagle*. Indeed, if Darwin had been given the social go-ahead, he might have unearthed this treasure himself — the sight to see fantastically human portraits of creatures as Rosenblatt has taped so deeply. Gerald Durrell taped it amusingly.

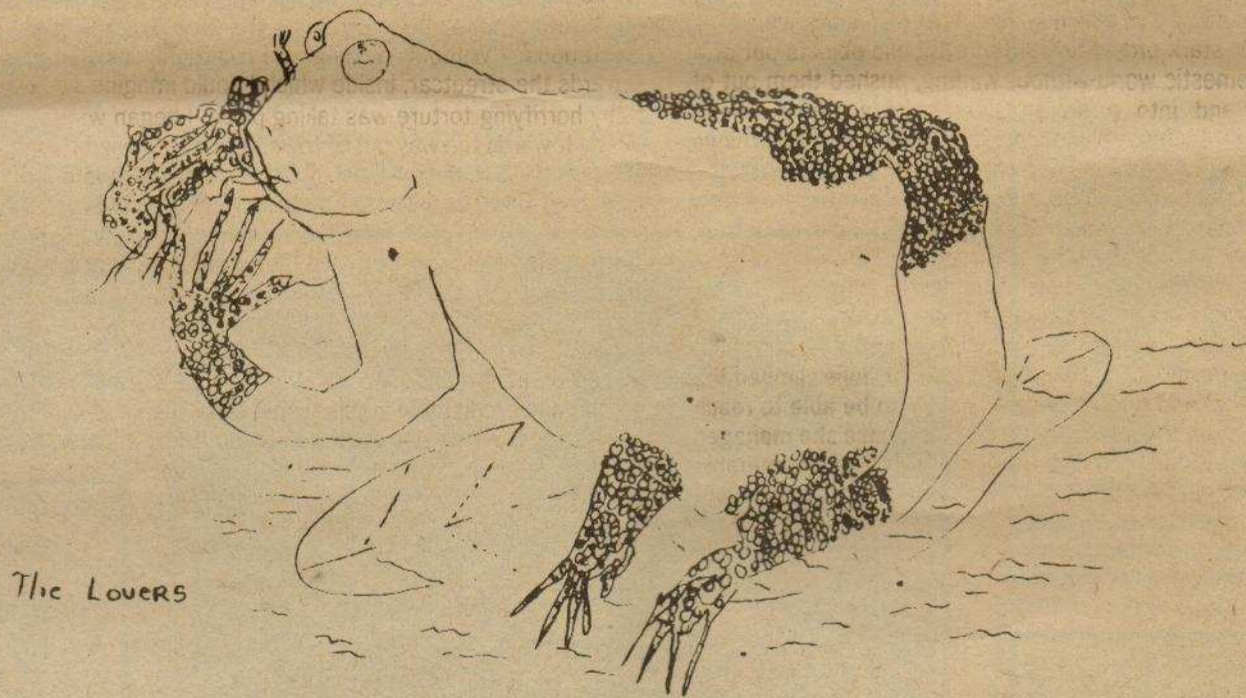
## The Funeral of the Great Bull Frog

Peter Noter went damp with tears  
with the last croak of the bull frog.  
He was quite dead when they found him  
on a lily pad.

The procession included:  
four lizards  
a chameleon who wept brilliant colours  
and a horned toad who led the ceremony.

They buried him  
at the bottom of a pond.

After the funeral  
the friends of the deceased  
held a feast of pygmy blue butterflies  
which induced a forgetfulness.



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Robert Forster, Anna Karina

sunday, 7:30

But Rosenblatt's insects are given a very personal sexual thrust; the minds of men and women on the make; being made; all the postures of humanity. Without defences or embarrassment, he looks at nature minus the crutch of original sin. A topical trespass into the perspective of man as polluter would have been easy, forgivable, but he's avoided it. Rosenblatt writes as one who partakes in the DNA embrace. The poems are examples from a gleaming sunlit life by a man who seems existentially captivated by the dance of his own sperm — carried away by the organic lushness of life.

His poetry conjures up kaleidoscopic visions of impossible colours — a man on a trip through a premature reincarnation as a bumblebee. "I'll try another flower", thinks the honey bee/ 'tast so goddamn delicious, this flower/ ummm... such O, dour & colour".

There are some good poems about humans in this book. Poems about some unfettered children of God, poems about death that curiously admit no shadows.

**"Passing by the Jewish Funeral home**

... I suddenly encounter the orbs of Mr. Z  
... Years ago Mr. Z had fitted my uncle into a walnut;"

"The Shell Game" reminds me of nothing so much as the photographs of Diane Arbus; the head-on quality of looking out on a world more beautiful than oneself with the assurance of knowing oneself too well to have to look in.

**"For twelve hundred bucks which shell is the poet under, MR. DEATH?"**

This is sharp stuff in a world where people firmly grasp the trigger of death paranoia.

For unfettered children read, "Grass Head", perhaps the most accurate description of being stoned in Canadian literature. All those space-time warps, those (whoops! almost had a bad dream) weirdies come racing back, ALIVE.

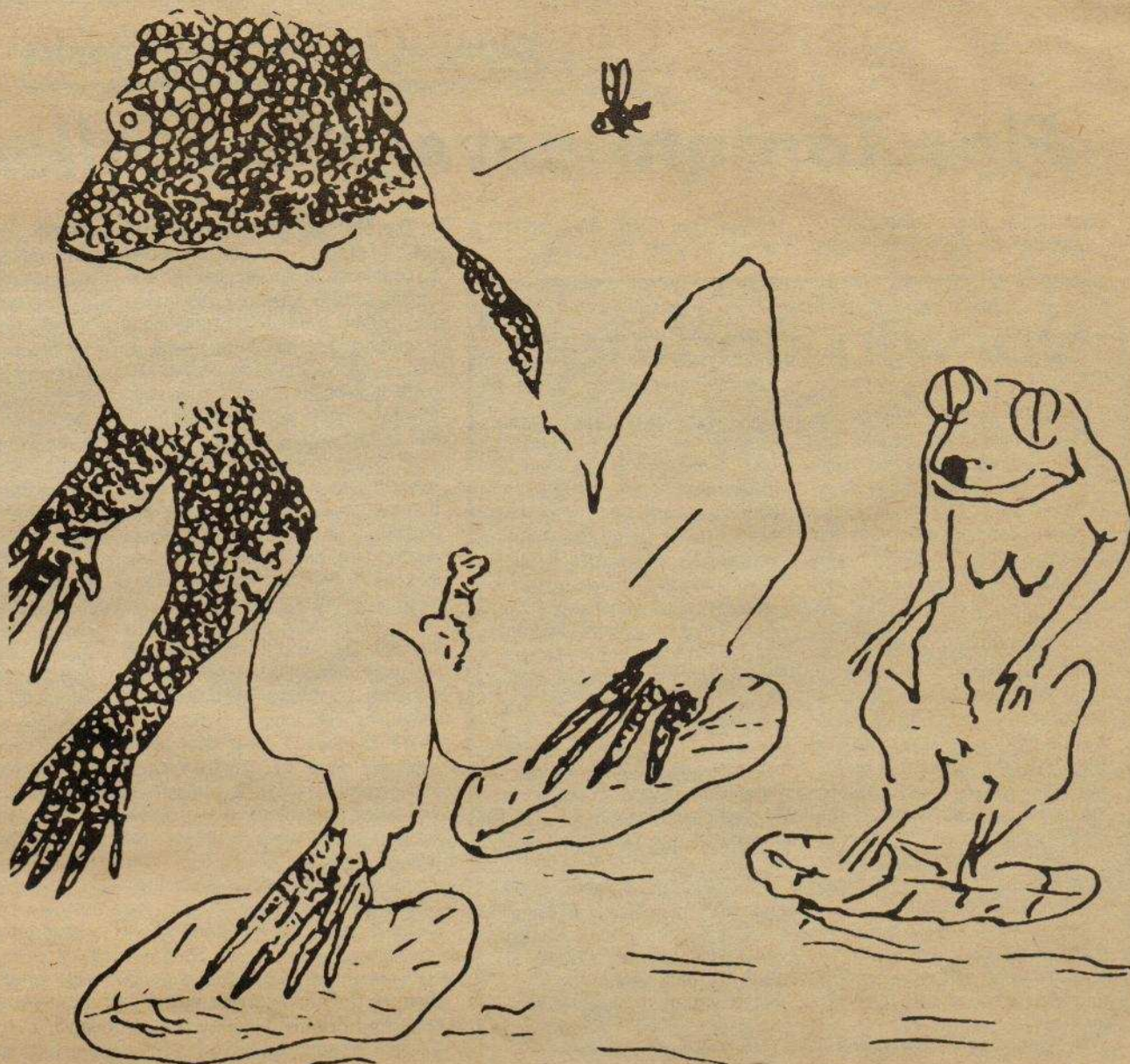
This is a good book. The word plays are excellent — geometric bundles of word repetitions. The shapes of all his BZes bring to mind the sound of bees better than a cassette would. Not to forget his drawings, superb-nice skinny tangled things. I shall probably dabble in this book before bed for months to come.

Tales is a collection of dreams, glances out the window — the stuff and temperature of the child world. Vigneault's captured the still and absolute quality of events caught in the memory, in the spider's web.

In stark prose, he's lifted symbolic objects out of a rich domestic world-without waiting, pushed them out of home and into a story. Glasses of water in cheap restaurants, black pianos, picture frames — these things have so much power, not only as sentinels who let the past be known in dribs and drabs by allowing out only those memories which reinforce the prevailing beliefs, but they also change the texture of the present. We live voluntarily blinded by past experience.

These are small stories about big people and rooms, conveying the very smell of smallness and stuffy parental interior design. "Thinking she was alone, Julie climbed the high stool and firmly perched on it as to be able to reach the book on the table. With a lot of patience she managed to open it wide. From every illustrated page innumerable little people emerged, quite plump and alive, the tallest barely two inches high and scattered in all directions."

The brown book cover helps. At least that was the prevailing colour of my childhood. I remember lots of dark skinned furniture, only slightly lighter rooms, violin rosin Rosedale dust (the closest urban kin to the rural variety). I never remember much light coming indoors, the greedy house plants taking it all as they cluttered together on the



He's after my body.

window sills. Vigneault has taped these memories.

But childhood is also fearful and bizarre and mysterious. "Without making the slightest movement towards the streetcar, inside which I could imagine some filthy horrifying torture was taking place, I began walking slowly towards the way out of town, which I guessed to be between two huge masses of green, the last available exit from this peaceful hell of calm and sweetness."

The impact of these stories is weakened by slight shifts of perspective from the deeply childish and personal to the narrative for a total effect of an autobiographical myth. I find this confusing when added to the rather obtuse enigmatic "messages" that seem tacked on at the end. The structure of the stories is too regular and predictable in this respect. For this reason the stories together do not work well towards the advantage of each individual one. They cancel each other out leaving a strong general impression but little to the stories themselves.

There are moments of delightful imaginative flights such as in the "Street Lamp", "A little girl who had her own garden had planted in it some electric bulbs in the hope (a very dim hope) that they would grow into luminous flowers or perhaps, although she wasn't quite sure which shape it would take, simply some light."

But the regularity of the stories gives me the impression that they have been ground out, dregged up from the memory and imagination. Slow and easy. Tales slow and easy.

Angel,  
by Eldon Garnet,  
Press Porcepic,  
Erin Ontario,  
1972.

Tales, sur la pointe des pieds  
by Gilles Vigneault  
Press Porcepic  
Erin Ontario  
\$7.95

Bumblebee Dithyramb,  
by Joe Rosenblatt,  
Press Porcepic,  
Erin, Ontario,  
1972  
\$6.95

Penelope Jahn Watters

Poems and drawings by Joe Rosenblatt, from Bumblebee Dithyramb.

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Diary of amateur abortionist

# Fine Toronto novel limns alienation - lightly

Dave Collins, the medical part of Toronto Free Clinic, has written a team that ran the recently closed remarkably good short novel.

The Mending Man is the diary-in-retrospect of a pseudo-naturopath turned amateur abortionist. His continuing trouble appears to be that he very terribly wants to be someone or something, but has been unable to find anyone willing to agree that he's made it. Even his attempt at an abortion fails, since, as he explains, "... I had trouble getting all the geography right. You're looking at a picture and trying to see something that is solid, that has depth as well as length and breadth." His preparation consists of reading seventeen books in one day, during his first and only visit to a medical library.

We never learn the name of the Mending Man, and he limps through his diary without a face, although someone comments that he looks something like John L. Lewis.

We do learn a great deal about him, and since the whole thing is first-person, the style, which is excruciatingly consistent and obsessively precise, does a lot of the telling.

Our man is hooked on Numerology, Health and Vibrations — and the capitals are his. He has worked as a foundry apprentice, carnie hand and slaughterhouse helper. He explains that he doesn't enjoy chaining up cows so the knife-man can do his job, but that it helps pay the bills for his

Health Enterprise. In the Health Enterprise, which is the front part of his one-man apartment, he "rents" glass jars of nutrition supplements to avoid any charge of dispensing medicines. He also builds some machinery to test Vibrations and get them in Harmony. His description of the equipment is vague, but it seems to be a cross between a stethoscope and a milking machine.

Our man grew up on a mixture of Shakespeare, James Fenimore Cooper, and Flash Gordon. About Don Winslow of the Navy, Renfrew of the Mounted, and the Lone Ranger, he muses, "... I always thought, there should be more talking between them. I always wanted them to sit down by the fire some place out there where they did all their adventures and have a good talk about different things, but they didn't." He tries desperately to get close to someone, anyone — to touch — and it is this overwhelming need that finally contributes to his willingness to perform the abortion.

What it's all about is the aloneness of being human in these "scientific" times. Our man is not so much a freak as a quite reasonable, if irrational, product, of these oh-so-rational, but quite unreasonable, years. Just when you think he's at his most freakish, you nod and say, "Hell, I did (or

thought) something just like that!"

He's very sensitive to the pain and enjoyment of others, this Mending Man. Working on one of the carnie rides, and watching the smaller kids, he says, "... they would climb in the little airplanes and go round and round, with their eyes as big as saucers, never saying a word. Just living those couple of minutes up there all of eight feet off the ground. It was like there was some kind of poetry around that the kids were listening to, and you couldn't hear it, but you could watch their faces and see them enjoying it."

There may be a few who will dismiss **The Mending Man** as one more unnecessary salient into the no-man's-land of alienation. But it's a more human book than most, and one in which the author has consistently remained within the mind and style of the personality he is helping us to experience. And we'd better experience him, because he believes man is broken and lives by mending — and he means to be part of the glue. He's determined to help, somehow, to try it again when they let him out of jail.

**THE MENDING MAN;**  
**DAVID M. COLLINS.**  
COACH HOUSE PRESS  
CLIF BENNETT

## Darwin updated

In these uncertain times when religious bookstores appear and disappear with bewildering rapidity, what can a family man do to keep his shit together? Questions of this magnitude flit about the brainbox, induced by the glib grimness of Margaret Atwood's book. True, underwear is necessary in Ontario and people have been known to sweat to death in Louisiana. I am reminded of a story told by The Hawg of Downchild Blues Band during a recent performance. Describing a friend, he said "Hank is the kind of guy when you ask him a question he faints thinking about the answer."

Can you imagine a new development in West Bramalea called Rolling Survival?

So to survive the immediate deathlike effects of the use of the word 'survival' you have to split your head in two and stop thinking

about saving paperclips, or your thoughts.

At certain points survival is 'imagination'; at others it is habit. There is a new species of red worm in Lake Ontario that eats garbage. An imaginative natural response on the part of creation.

The key to understanding the variability of survival is the concept of homeostasis, harmony within a body. Maybe there isn't a picture that will contain all this, but we can study images — animals, hand gestures, chants that sound like water. We must study them actively — in the sense of being receptive to the influence of whatever it is we wish to know about.

Survival is the marriage of habit and imagination. Come and hear Donna & Teena & the Churlettes Sing Wedding in the Chapel at SURVIVAL next week.

Doug Watters

**"THE BEST AND MOST ORIGINAL AMERICAN COMEDY OF 1972."**

—Vincent Canby of The New York Times

**"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST!"**

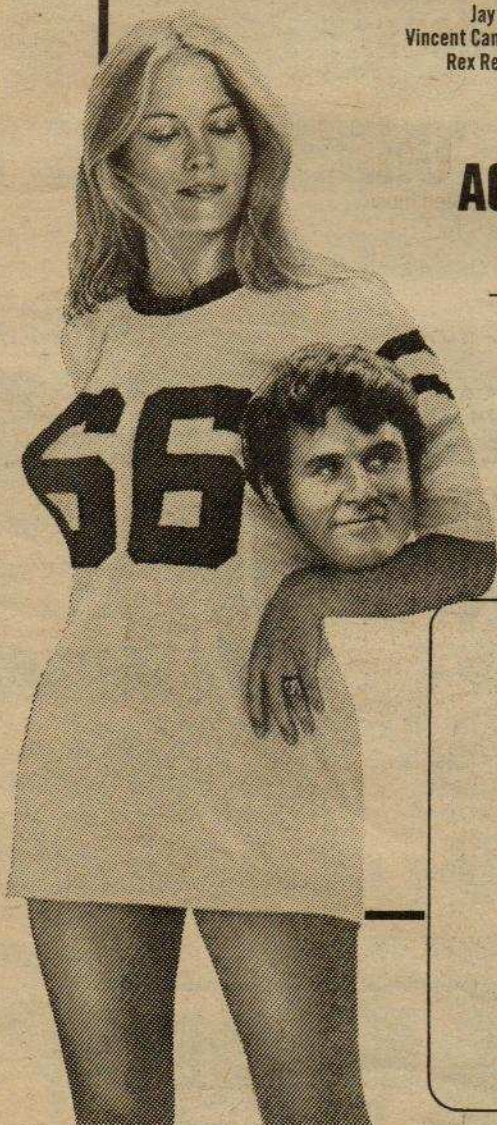
Jay Cocks, Time Magazine; Paul D. Zimmerman, Newsweek; Vincent Canby, New York Times; Wanda Hale, New York Daily News; Rex Reed, New York Daily News; Penelope Gilliatt, New Yorker

**"BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS OF THE YEAR — JEANNIE BERLIN."**

—New York Film Critics/National Society of Film Critics

**"BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR OF THE YEAR — EDDIE ALBERT."**

—National Society of Film Critics



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# Anthony & Eleanor Paine exhibit cyclopes, batiks

Anthony Paine and Eleanor Paine, husband and wife, have a combined exhibition at Hart House until March 30. Anthony Paine was born in England and has taught on the east coast. His drawings and prints indicate that he is obsessed in a mild way with the Cyclops, which figures in most of the pieces. His drawings have titles like "Holy Cycloptics Descending" and "Western Cycloptic Family". As he says, they

are like cartoons and rely on careful shading for their contours.

The statements the drawings make seem to be primarily social, rather than artistic or technical. He could not tell me what he really had in mind in blending Western garb with the figures of the Cyclops, which he limns sparsely rather than grotesquely as you might expect. The prints are in series and tell a story: a

cycloptic romance continuing through marriage and child-bearing.

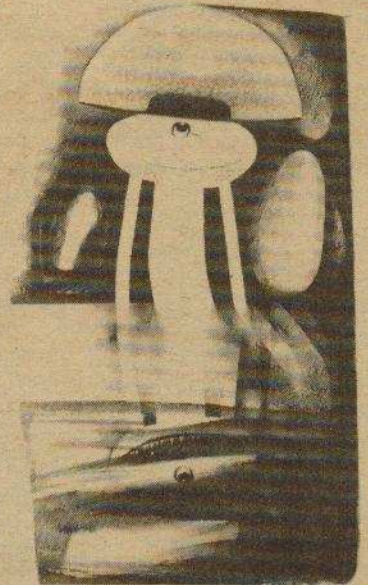
I like his two drawings, "Rain Clouds" 1 and 2 the best, and this is what he is doing now. The shading is elegant, the content primarily technical. This is also true of "Near Cambri" which seems an exercise in perspective. There is nothing to push you over in this exhibit, though expert handling of media mark the pieces although the effect is more of a veneer of good draftsmanship than a depth of artistic eloquence.

His wife Eleanor was born in Singapore and she bases her work on the Javanese batik. Batik technique is simply as follows: a cloth is painted with a mixture of molten wax and dye. The wax is then removed by chemical treatment (in this case, dry-cleaning) and the dye remains. Eleanor claims that her result differs from traditional batik in that the latter is usually decorative and does not require much skill: abstract designs come about by rather casual application of the wax-dye mixture. Eleanor's pictures are carefully stylized reminiscences of medieval illuminated manuscripts. The most original one is titled "International General Bullsup" which is a directly frontal view of a huge, square-shouldered, bald il duce — it reminds me of some of Ben Shahn's anti-facist pictures.

Each batik has its own carefully graduated colour scheme and I believe this is the most beautiful aspect of her work, although she must be given credit for the mammoth technical achievement involved in her version of batik. She has some gouaches of vegetables and

other plant life as well using a magnifying glass to achieve a surrealist effect.

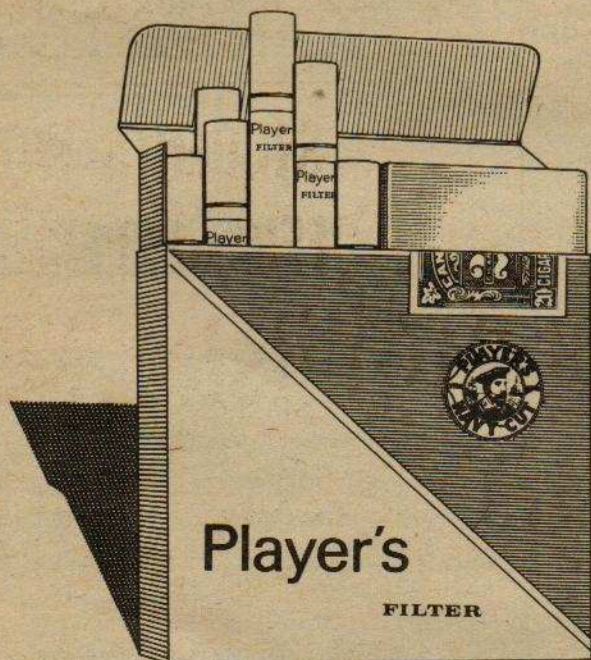
Generally, the two artists do not complement each other, and none of the work here seems major to me except in a very technical



sense — in the sense that is, of fine workmanship. This is enough to make the exhibit fascinating and educational, but the feeling of "I never expected this" doesn't open your eyes wide with amazement — something I regrettably feel like saying about many Hart House exhibits this year.

Ian Scott

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## Film dwarfs triumphs of play

# Sleuth a sampler-box of Olivier's dazzling gifts

There are people who like nothing better than a good practical joke; others who find them, if not downright stupid, a waste of ingenuity and time. **Sleuth** is similar, a sort of elaborate practical joke on its audience, and, no matter how lavish and dramatically sharp you make it, you can't disguise that fact. It will delight some, bore others — its appeal is so largely a matter of tastes.

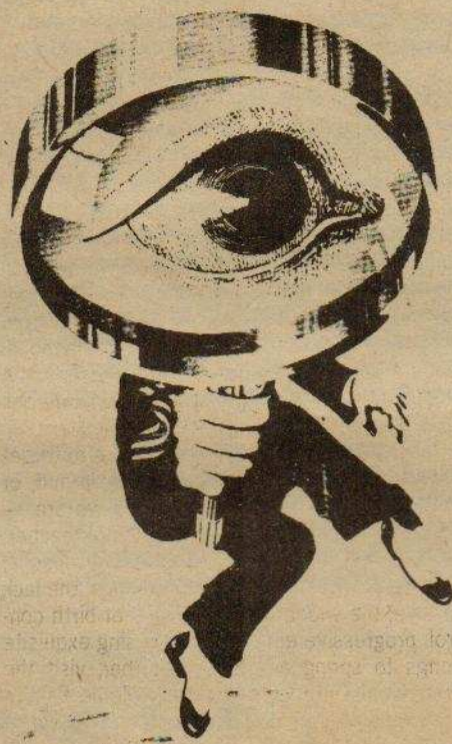
**Sleuth's** a joke that was custom-built for the theatre. Anthony Schaeffer's thriller, still running in London and New York, was a cunningly wrought piece of theatrics, a wind-up toy that exploited all the resources of the stage to spring its trap. By no means was it great drama but, granted the peculiar goals it set itself, **Sleuth** was a brilliant success.

Properties as hot as this are picked up by the big studios soon after opening night, but **Sleuth** has made it from Broadway to Hollywood in what must be record time. Joseph Mankiewicz directed the movie version, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine as its stars. Not surprisingly, the translation to film of such a studied, brittle theatre-piece has not been a complete success, but it has resulted, despite the problems, in an even splashier entertainment.

Now that sounds like a film buff's unfathomable paradox, but movies and theatre engage our imaginations in different ways. When we go to the theatre, it's to be impressed. Any bamboozling the actors or playwright try to put over on us is done with our complicity. We overlook, even relish, the artifice of the stage.

Movies are something else. Whenever a stunt is brought off on film, though it may startle or amuse, vague suspicions lurk in the back of our minds. We remember all the film-cutters,

the make-up artists, the special-effects men and set designers who can work extravagant wonders. It's just not the same as having it done right in front of our eyes by actors who have no outside help, no second chance. So



what was daring and triumphant on stage may look laborious or trivial on film. It's just too easy for them to work up this sort of shell-game to hoodwink the audience.

The particular stage-gems in **Sleuth** that have grown a little rusty on film I could describe only at the risk of jeopardizing the plot, hence the generalities. But there is one major change in the film version that tells against it: there is no intermission.

That may seem a quibble. But the intermission is one of the most eloquent passages of Schaeffer's script. The first act, which is supposed, after all, to set us up for the climax, culminated with an event so unexpected that it seemed the play had nowhere else to go. A good part of the fun was speculating about what could possibly happen now, scrutinizing the program for possible clues, and eavesdropping on the theories of other bewildered theatregoers. The movie, though it preserves the shock intact, just doesn't afford such a delicious stop, smack at the most maddening point in the action.

Since I had seen **Sleuth** already, I wasn't preoccupied with negotiating all the hairpin turns of the plot. **Sleuth** with foreknowledge is like a jack-in-the-box the second time it springs at you. Either you find it silly, or you go critical, and start examining the workmanship.

During stretches that were inevitably dull second time around I was prepared to amuse myself with the ingeniously detailed set, with Schaeffer's rather precious wit. (There are some interminable doldrums when Inspector Doppler is plodding around clue-hunting; this is Alex Cawthone's first movie role, and I suspect it will be his last). But I wasn't ready for Olivier, and all at once I was glad there were no surprises to distract me from watching him.

He plays Andrew Wyke, best-selling creator of St. John Lord Merridew, a portly fictional snoop. Wyke invites to his fusty manor house Milo Tindall, ("whose hairy chest in summer is matted with suntan oil"), a London hairdresser who has been servicing Wyke's wife. Things take off from there.

Wyke's is a broad role, a deliberate cliché, and Olivier can do what he couldn't do with Hamlet or Archie Rice or even Richard III: he can pull out all the stops. Those of us who haven't seen much Olivier before, or know only his rather eccentric Shakespeare (about which we are liable to have our own opinions) can glut ourselves on this a sample box of his talents. For the space of five or six priceless words, in dialect, he becomes a completely different character; he throws out Schaeffer's epigrams with a pitcher's curve; he slides his eye a quarter-inch, and it's a stroke of comic genius. Only toward the end, when he gives Wyke a bit more tragic grandeur than this rarefied play can support, can he be faulted.

For the rest, a few words. Caine is fine, but who, frankly, cares with Olivier there. The set has just the right cluttered detail, with Wyke's leering penny-arcade gadgetry in every corner. But there is just too calculated a use of trap-pings dear to upper-middle-class America, like booze bottles with recognizably affluent labels.

As a mystery tour-de-force, **Sleuth** ranks with Agatha Christie's **The Murder of Roger Ackroyd**, so if you have any sympathy for that sort of thing at all, you'll appreciate this specimen. If you've seen the play already and have decided, understandably, to pass up the movie, be advised: Olivier makes an insubstantial confection like **Sleuth** more satisfying than you could have imagined.

Bill MacVicar

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AND NOWS

## THE SCHEDULE SO FAR:

### MONDAY:

4 pm Rise & Fall of the Great Lakes  
Film, Rm 3154, Med. Sci.

8 pm Living Arrangements  
New College, Wilson Hall

10 pm Killaloe Mountain Band

### TUESDAY:

2 pm The Politics of Food,  
SSR, Hart House

3 pm Mr. Pasen, Thuna Herbalists  
North Sitting Room, Hart House

4 pm Bethune Documentary  
Film, Rm. 3154, Med. Sci.

4 pm Cooking Class, SSR, Hart House

8 pm The City & the Neighbourhood  
New College, Wilson Hall  
Music, James Hartley Band

### WEDNESDAY:

10 am Chandra's Breakfast

Featuring: Wilf Pelletier, Tuli Kupferberg,  
Jim Harding, Duncan & June Blewett,  
Ted Tolchinski, Ted Poole,  
Jan Duktza, Joe Rosenblatt  
Ernest Tootosis, Joyce Wieland,  
Shelly Wagner, Sara Bowser,  
Revoltng Theatre, Killaloe  
Mountain Band, Adelle Davis,  
Baba Ram Dass, Tarzan, Bob  
Bossin, Jewel Ornament &  
George

Bossin Room, Innis College

noon Revoltng Theatre: Sid Smith, 2135

2 pm Architecture without Architects, ISC

2 pm Assorted Survivors, Adv. Bureau

4 pm FRAP St. Jacques Clinic  
Film, Rm 3154, Med. Sci.

8 pm Survival and the Body-Doctors+Nurses  
+People Music Room, Hart House

10 pm String Band  
Music Room, Hart House

### THURSDAY:

2 pm Quebec-Gothic City Survival  
ISC, Pendarves Lounge

2 pm Practicum: Community Clinics  
South Sitting Rm, Hart House

4 pm Assorted Survivors: "How to Survive  
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2 pm Assorted Survivors: Adv. Bureau

4 pm Songwriter's Workshop

South Sitting Rm, Hart House

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## Neglected work of an old-fashioned craftsman

# Humanness of Canada informs Reaney's poetry

James Reaney's (collected) Poems don't fit the pattern carved by some of the more recent critics of Canadian literature, who talk a lot about victimization, and about how cold it is out there, and how cold we are in here. True, Reaney has been linked to Frye's theories of mythopoiesis; but it may not have been mentioned often enough that he is also one of a rare sort of Canadian literary heretic — I group with him Robertson Davies and Stephen Leacock, and there may be more — that looks at the country genially, and from that cast of mind sees that it is, above all, a human place.

Reaney is less a poet who has to say something than one who has something to say. GOOD MANNERS! Reaney is a masterly and traditional technician; further, he has a lot of respect for his readers, and doesn't mislead them. The formal elegance of his verses, since he began to write publishable poems in the mid-40s, has usually been like a warm hand in which we sit. Here are a few lines from "A Suit of Nettles". Branwell, the melancholic goose, opposes his friend Mopsus, who counsels detachment:

...I want offspring summerson autumnman  
wintersage  
And tricklerrain thawwind panetap uleaf  
windrage  
Plow and seed and hoe, green, suckepig,  
yellowripe,  
sicklestraw and all such glamourie.

Al Purdy, in the Globe and Mail, worried about Reaney's nostalgia. It's there, but it isn't as important to notice in any of Reaney's works about childhood, birds, animals, small towns and their eccentrics, clichés, birth-copulation-and-death, whatever, as is his amazing richness of expression. Purdy's poems and his readings of them (this is ad hominem criticism, but it makes the point) look and sound so casual that it's hard to tell if he worked on them at all; I always suspect that Reaney's poems are finished, that they bear the mark of his goodwill upon them. There has obviously been a collaboration between the tradition and an individual talent. Very few of his poems have been, or appear to

have been, swatted out of the air like flies, and just pinned on the page.

And for a citation I keep returning to "A Suit of Nettles", by far the most articulate set of the poems in this collection. Here's the eloquent Mopsus, telling how his father subdued the owl Melancholy:

...It made all life seem edgeless, blurred  
And sat upon his head  
Fouling his shoulders and his hair,  
Raising its young in that strange lair  
And vomiting up the dead.  
He never stirred to shoo it off  
But waited late and long enough  
Until it sank from sight.  
Soft answered did its wrath dissolve  
And sink into the gay revolve  
Of his thoughts so light.

One thing Reaney's humour and ease with the demands of language present the reader with is a sometimes deceptive lessening of tension when he talks about death. This book includes the sequence, "The Dance of Death at London, Ontario", statements by various representative inhabitants of the town, and replies to them by Death. All the poems are amiable, understated quatrains, macabre in their offhanded stillness. No anguish, just a measured insistence on what comes to us all. This is ever Reaney's way.

The Bride & the Bridegroom  
SHE: Mother & Father have spared no expense.

Is that someone's foot on my train?  
HE: I bet I remember this moment  
Again & again & again.  
DEATH:

There go the bride and the bridegroom!  
They'll stay at our hostelry.  
To its luscious bridal chamber  
We've devised an ancient key."

Reaney's vision is essentially comic; the form taken in these poems by his denunciations of what he dislikes is mildly satiric, at its most severe. He doesn't get savagely polemical or ironic. In his early poems there is Death also, a big, hollow puzzle. But later, in the "Dance of

Death" series, and in "Eight Christmas Cards", we are fed the Word made Flesh. The baby defies Death's Dance; he admits to being "one of your things", but bears Death no dread, for I know a Holy One who some day will Shut up thy book with the hands of Life."

Perhaps Reaney means Christ, perhaps the Poet, who, according to Blake (and here Blake's identities are likely valid, because of Reaney's identification with Northrop Frye's ideas) is Christ anyway, the Honest Man who speaks his mind. In a sense the Holy One is all of us, or could be, if we would stop the habit of wanting our own death by wanting that of others.

The complexity of Reaney's poems peaks with "A Suit of Nettles" (1958), a group of eclogues following a year in the lives of some all-too-human geese on an Ontario farm. (Reaney has apparently collected no ordinary poems since 1965; he's a prolific dramatist, and this large book ends with a few Patchen-like poemdrawings, and some lyrics from Reaney's plays, 1953-71.) The English model for "A Suit of Nettles" is Spenser's "A Shepherd's Calendar", and there are numerous others in earlier European literature. Here we see the geese (who talk, provoking us to forget who they are, and lest, become too proud, or because we have become so, who we are — how often did your elementary school teacher, or a sentimental lover, call you a "silly goose?") argue over the bringing up of goslings, the lack of love, the wisdom or foolishness of birth control, progressive education. They sing exquisite songs to spring and to each other, visit the archetypal Ontario fall hooraw, Mome Fair (a microcosm — the topical and cultural allusions in these eclogues are sometimes trained, and Reaney provides footnotes); also, we witness their deaths, as they go to serve the farm family, becoming roast geese and goose feathers, goosegrease and toothpicks, plucked geese for market sale.

The structure of the poem is circular and it slides in and out of the pastoral mode, implying again and again that Reaney sees the universe as having a real meaning, that there is human

or goosey order round about. Despite the despair before death of Branwell Goose, who can't see a path that leads between one's Head & one's body, there is always an old goose like Kezia, who escapes the chopping block. Sad only perhaps, she nevertheless goes on laying "all the possible eggs inside her".

A few words about the physical package in which these poems come. The colophon is gigantic by contemporary trade standards — four paragraphs. Handset titles, with major headers set in wood type, the kind old circus posters used to be made of. Tim Inkster of Press Porcépic got Reaney's Alphabet press when that magazine bit the dust, and he pulled the proofs for the titles, and with Mike McDonald designed and printed the entire book. So much for background information. The offwhite paper feels opulent and heavy, but the whole inking job is grey, and many pages are so full of print as to be really uncomely. I don't know how it happened, but an entire one-page poem has been set upsidedown. The title, page number, and line numbers, and likely the illustration opposite (the mistake is on page 189) are right side up. The mistake comes in the middle of a signature, and there isn't any excuse for such a hilarious pasteur error.

I am a little ashamed to confess that James Reaney is a Canadian poet of whose work, until I had undertaken to read this large book of his (281 pages), I had known only by a couple of lines from a couple of lyrics in A.J.M. Smith's Oxford anthology of Canadian poems. I shouldn't have waited so long, although I have loved the lines I have carried with me. The editor of this volume, Germaine Warkentin, of Victoria College, provides an informative & unpretentious essay to introduce Reaney's writing to the persevering reader. If this review drives a few more people to look at his poems (and plays), then it will have done its job.

Poems,  
by James Reaney (ed. Germaine Warkentin),  
New Press, \$12.95.

Ted Whittaker

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# Watsup

## art

The **Albert White Gallery** has another African art exhibit: "The Ivory Coast and Sierra Leone", until March 29. At the **Shaw-Rimington Gallery** until March 30 is a photograph exhibit by Neil Newton: "Durham County: People and Countryside." **Gallery Seventy Six** has an exhibit "Stuffed Painting and Drawings" by Karen Viva K. Haynes. Until March 25. Beginning March 22 Irving Grossman, an architect, exhibits some of his work at the Faculty of Architecture building at 230 College Street.

Beginning March 24 the Art Gallery of Ontario hosts an exhibit of original drawings and proof sheets surveying the history of the American comic strip. The exhibit includes Rudolph Dirk's **The Katzenjammer Kids**, 1903, Frank O. King's **Gasoline Alley**, 1921, R.F. Outcault's **Buster Brown**, 1923, Pat Sullivan's **Felix the Cat**, 1935, Charles Schulz's **Peanuts**, 1951, and Walt Kelly's **Pogo**, 1954.

## theatre

**Gallow's Humour** by Jack Richardson is The Drama Centre's most recent production. It will open next Wednesday, play until the 24th, and then the following week from the 28th to 31st. To be seen, free of charge, at the Studio Theatre.

**Circus**, a creation of Mark Manson, also plays from March 21 to 24, at UC Playhouse, 79a St. George St.

Toronto Workshop Productions began its run of **Indians** last night. It plays Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30 pm. See today's review, partner.

Elizabeth Swerdlow's musical, **The Big Apple**, also opened last night at the Goyal Village. It runs Tuesday through Saturday evening. It is the story of a dancer's struggle to live her art

without outside restrictions, told through dance, song and spoken word.

The Factory Theatre, which called itself, "the home of the Canadian playwright" is closing down due to lack of funds. Its recent local initiatives program application was turned down due to its recent dispute with Actor's Equity over **Works**, the Factory Short Play Festival. According to the artistic director, Ken Gass, the lack of funds would have seriously affected the artistic quality of their planned production of **Bagdad Saloon** by resident playwright George Walker. Apparently the Factory staff has been working without salary since December 20.

By making the Canadian identity of the playwright a prime factor in producing its plays, Factory provided a sympathetic atmosphere for young unknowns. Most of the over one hundred productions will fade back into obscurity, but some, such as **Creeps** and **Battering Ram** by David Freeman, and **Esker Mike and His Wife Agiluk** by Herschel Hardin will receive more attention both in Toronto and in the rest of the country.

Innis College, 63 St. George Street, is sponsoring something called **The Revolting Theatre** Wednesday at noon and Friday evening. Come and find out.

For classical farce at its most impetuous, try **Les Precieuses Ridicules**, playing weekends at the Theatre du P'tit Bonheur.

You can still see **Electra** at the St. Lawrence Centre, **Battering Ram** at the Tarragon Theatre, **The Master** at Theatre Passe Mureille, and **Tommy Steele's London Palladium Show** with dozens of dancing girls.

## music

At the Faculty of Music on March 16, 19, 20, 21, and 22 there are student recitals. Phone 928-3744 for info and confirmation on the day of the concert. March 22, for the Thursday Afternoon Series, **Arne Nordheim** gives a lec-

ture: **Colorazione**, a play on time, colour and space. This is at 2:10 pm in the Concert Hall. On March 16 and 17 the **Early Music Group** and **Poculi Ludique Societas** of U of T will repeat their successful re-enactment of the Coronation of Henry V at 8 pm. No tickets, no admission charge.

At the St. Lawrence Centre tomorrow night (March 16 at 8:30 pm) **Ann Chornodolska** gives a recital as the fifth recitalist in the series Young Canadian Performers. This soprano will sing works by Cesti, Mozart, Schubert, Spohr, Dvorak, Fuare; John Rapson clarinet and John Newmark piano accompany.

On March 25 from 3 to 4 pm in the Sculpture Court of the Art Gallery of Ontario is a concert of works by Beethoven, Schumann and Martinu performed by **Jennifer Jahn**, cello, **Anne Rapson**, violin and **Beverley Cavanaugh**, piano. No admission charge.

On March 25 on CBC-TV at 3 pm Stravinsky's **A Soldier's Tale** is being televised. Stravinsky's witty piece may be acted or narrated and the production is from England.

## pop

The Survival Conference Spring Festival (see Survival section in Watsup) is putting on some fine music all next week, all free. Monday at 10 pm it's **Luke Gibson** and the **Killaloe Mountain Band** at Innis College, 63 Harbord St. Tuesday, same time, same place it will be **The James Hartley Band**. Wednesday at 10 pm, with the location shifting to the Hart House Music Room, it's **String Band**. And Friday at 4 pm, back at Innis, there will be a song-writers workshop with **Tuli Kupferberg** (of the Fugs), **Luke Gibson** and others to be announced. The one festival event for which there will be a charge is Thursday's benefit for the Quebec-Gothic Residents' Association. The price is \$2 in advance, \$2.50 at the door, for a concert by **Bill King**, **Beverly Glenn-Copeland**, **Horn**, **Bruce Miller** and **John Lyle**. 8 pm, Convocation Hall.

Survival will be presenting other music at various times. For that information call the Survival office 928-2738 or 928-2697.

**Murray McLaughlan** is at the Riverboat, on Yorkville (922-6216), tonight through Sunday displaying that puckish grin so reminiscent of Michael J. Pollard, that graces the cover of this month's McLean's. Murray's doing many of the tunes from his first two True North albums and his guitar playing is stronger than ever. That flat picking style of his seems to be giving him access to more notes these days and a lot of neat tricky riffs are in evidence. Dennis Pendrith (formerly of Simon Caine) is helping out on bass and Murray's even using the piano for a few songs. The keyboards are a good idea since they force Murray to alter his vocal phrasings a bit. Also there are a sprinkling of new songs with one for the best, being "You Need a New Lover Now" which gives Murray's voice a challenge which he meets quite well.

When you use the word "big" with the **Downchild Blues Band** it refers to the added brass section not the weight of the band. That "big" version is at the El Mocambo tonight and tomorrow. Check the cost of beer and the cover charge by calling 961-2558. **Fats Domino** opens on Monday.

**Kenny Loggins** and **Jim Messina** represent some of the finest elements of the composing-production-performing sphere of rock music. They'll be at Massey Hall on Sunday.

## survival

If you've survived the university well enough to have any time these days, next week's rather underpublicized **Survival Conference** and **Spring Festival** is worth dallying at. The "survival" of the title means everything: individual survival (what are you going to do when you don't find a job?), neighbourhood (where are you going to live?), cultural (how are you going to live), ecological (on what?) and psychic (why and with whom?).

The week begins with Canadian Indian philosopher Wilfred Pelletier leading off a session on living arrangements, at 8 pm Monday in the Wilson Hall lounge, New College. From then on the conference is an incredible hodge-podge: artist Joyce Weiland talking about the plugging up of James Bay, once-Fug Tuli Kupferberg leading sing-songs, Quebec-Gothic people discussing their urban resistance campaign (and putting on a big music benefit), Joe Rosenblatt talking and reading his poetry, Dr. Duncan Blewett suggesting consciousness exercises. There will be sessions on food (politics, nutrition, herbalism, cooking), architecture without architects, dome-building, song-writing. (For a partial music list see Watsup music section.) And a number of survivors will talk about how they have done it, among them Cree medicine-man Ernest Toutousis and Sara Bowser (How to Survive with Whiskey and Work). It's all open-microphone, very informal, and free, with the exception of Thursday's Quebec-Gothic benefit concert.

As there is no Varsity on Monday, you might clip our the Survival schedule elsewhere in today's Varsity. The meetings are also included in Here and Now, in a slightly more up-to-date version. All next week the Advisory Bureau at Harbord and Spadina (above the bank) will be an open-house conference head-quarters. Ever-expanding schedules will be available there or at the SAC office. For information call 928-2738, 928-2697.

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Hugues Sakri, Michelle Lakarre and Daniele Zaua in *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.