

Crebbdo

Inside the Toike!

See page 10



LE CAFE-THEÂÂTRE-OUVRE
le 30 NOV.
VICTORIA COLLEGE

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11 A.M. THE REV. H.L. HERTZLER

7 P.M. UNIVERSITY SERMON SERIES

Preacher: THE REV. W.N. McKEACHIE

St. John's College, Oxford University

Subject:

THE MODERN MIND AND THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

(Coffee Hour and Discussion after the service)

ALL ARE WELCOME

MILITARY TECHNOLOGY: WHERE ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

A PUBLIC LECTURE

BY

DR. G. R. LINDSEY

Chief of the Defence Research Analysis Establishment of the
 Canadian Defence Research Board, Ottawa

ON

Monday, November 27, 1972

at 8:00 p.m.

IN ROOM 3154

MEDICAL SCIENCES BUILDING

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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIES PROGRAMME

SCHOOL OF GRADUATE STUDIES DIVISIONAL MEETINGS Fall 1972

All members of the graduate faculty of each Division, and all graduate students enrolled in the departments, centres and institutes constituting the Division, may take part in these meetings, which will be held on the following dates:

The Governing Council Chamber (formerly Senate Chamber)

Thursday, November 30, 1972 at 10:15 a.m.

Division I (Humanities)

Division II (Social Sciences)

The Council Chamber, Galbraith Building

Thursday, November 30, 1972 at 2:00 p.m.

Division III (Physical Sciences)

Division IV (Life Sciences)

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- 1) Report of the Dean
- 2) Report of the Associate Dean
- 3) Other business

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Manson family horror show more than insane orgy of magic, sex, and murder

"There is no pretense that this book is the final work on the Manson family. A scientific, scholarly study, for instance, is needed on techniques of psychedelic brainwashing and criminal behaviour under complex hypnotic suggestion-patterns. Young people need to know the techniques a guru or so-called leader might use to entrap them in a web of submission so that they can keep a constant vigil against it."

— Sanders, Introduction to *The Family*.

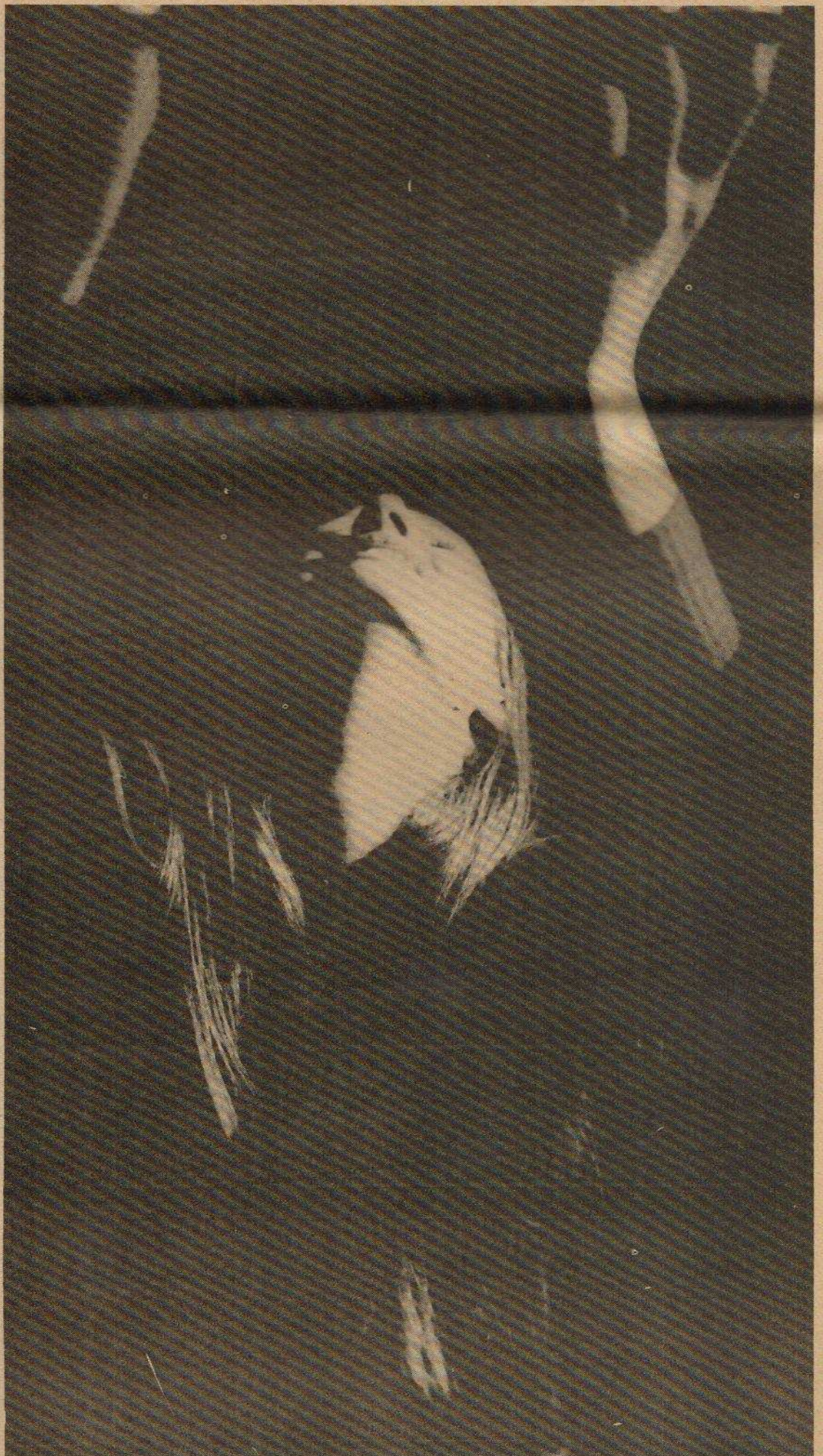
For the past few years I have paid little attention to all the media exposure of the Manson murder cases, dismissing the Manson cult as just one more of the many aberrations evident in our society. Insanity and murder, physical or psychological, is commonplace in Canadian and American society, and I find things such as the strike-breaking tactics of Canadian Driver Pool or work conditions at Eaton's more shocking and

horrifying than the sensational murder of a pretty blonde movie star. After all, we all know California is a haven for crazies.

But more and more people were seriously concerned with my astrological sign; Jesus freaks began to interrupt my strolls on Yonge Street and even to convert my friends; the media increased its coverage of witch cults. Most convincingly, I found my own mind open to supernatural suggestion, especially black magic.

When a friend sat up all night, horror-struck, reading *The Family*, I decided to take a look. When I realized the book had been written by Ed Sanders, it gained credibility, despite its sensationalist appearance.

Ed Sanders? Now in his early thirties, Sanders turned on at age thirteen, was involved in the pacifist movement, joining a continental march to Ban-The-Bomb, moved to New York's



East Village in 1964 and started a magazine called *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts*. He played and wrote for The Fugs, who were involved in the "Exorcism of the Pentagon" in 1967, who recorded their Grope-In for Peace, using public fucking as a magical weapon. Convicted on a couple of obscenity counts, he then worked (played?) with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin as they organised the Chicago demonstrations. So Sanders at that point was using mystical formulae in the political struggle against capitalism.

If Ed Sanders was concerned about Charles Manson's brand of occult, perhaps there was reason. The man had been around. Furthermore, his research for the book was extensive, with over 10,000 pages of data building a daily history of the growth of the Manson family. Sanders hired a private investigator and himself posed as a New York pornography dealer and a Satanist to get information. A few lines of investigation became too dangerous when his sources were found dead in car trunks, for Sanders says, "No book is worth permanent meditation next to a tire."

The book is clearly not written to be read by people wanting scholarly, academic analysis. It is meant for youth and counter-culture people, written in slang with Sander's emotional reactions included. Read it as if Ed was talking to you.

The Family tells the detailed story of the growth of the Manson family, Manson's growing delusions as a Christ-figure, his additions to his harem of women, culminating in the Tate murders in 1969. The story is one of interaction with counter-culture and acid, Jesus freaks (particularly the Process Church), degenerating with the demise of Haight-Ashbury into an almost hypnotic whirlwind of Satanism, pornography films involving animal and possibly human sacrifice.

Manson himself comes from the typical background of broken home and prison training grounds for 'disturbed personalities'. While in jail, he seems to have consciously developed his still unexplained powers of charisma and hypnotic suggestion.

Sanders goes to great pains to point out the many inexplicable facets of the Manson murders, from unsolved murders in the California desert to other unearthed Satanist plots to discrepancies in the position of bodies in the 'solved' Tate murders. Of course, great secrecy always surrounds the area of the occult and drug-dealing, especially when, as mentioned earlier, murder continues.

It might be easy to dismiss the entire Manson cult as simple insanity, except for several disturbing and frightening factors.

Charles Manson established a strong control over the people in his 'family', for the most part ordinary kids, moving around California in search of lost answers. The Manson family, in and out of jail, has for the most part, still not repudiated Charlie. Despite his Christ delusions, Manson was an authoritarian and sadistic leader, with almost complete control over the people he ruled and manipulated in his mad fantasy. The women in Charlie's harem were treated, literally, worse than dogs; the dogs were fed before the women at Manson family feasts. The women were not allowed to speak English, but only gibberish, to the children, for fear of contaminating their minds, and were, of course, distributed at Charlie's word to any male, including visiting bikers. How did Charles Manson maintain this kind of control over people who seem to have been only normally messed-up?

Sanders traces the family's descent into a whirlwind of blood, sacrifice, sadism, satanism, preparing for the Armageddon of Helter Skelter (picked up from the Beatles' White album), all expressed in a mumbo-jumbo of assorted magics, including Hopi Indian mythology. Charlie predicted a Black racial revolution which would

come to the family for leadership, Blacks being obviously incapable of self-government. He also believed that the Beatles were waiting for word from him, and attempted to call them.

Cloaked in revolutionary rhetoric, this mish-mash of magic soon became a cult involved in what seems an almost addictive blood bath. The assorted forms of youth's rebellion against society had become a horror-show, a rebellion against some of man's deepest mores. It seems frighteningly easy to get caught in the dynamics of Satanic gore.

Furthermore, the connections with society on many levels which Manson and his friends had developed make one wonder just how pervasive the cult of "black magic" has become in North America. The family was involved with such people as Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, Terry Melcher, Doris Day's son, undefined underworld characters and bikers. And, Manson and/or his friends were closely connected with drug dealers from Toronto, where MDA was first marketed in 1968 or 1969. Getting a bit too close to home to dismiss as Californian madness?

There's more to come. If you walk down Yonge Street, the chances are high that you will be stopped by black-cloaked emissaries, wearing a cross and Satan badge, and asked, "Do you know about The Process?". Ed Sanders wrote that Charlie Manson knew about The Process Church of the Final Judgement. He characterized The Process as one of three "sleazo-inputs" on mystic death trips and found their influence on Manson important enough to devote a chapter to their history.

Sanders claims that The Process Church is an English occult group professing belief in Lucifer, Jehovah and Satan, and the unity of Christ and Satan, with The Process advocating violence to hasten the end of the world. The Process, naturally, are chosen people. He says that The Process involves a membership hierarchy of six levels, with the upper levels required to turn over all income to the founders, Robert and Mary Anne DeGrimston. Sanders continually makes connections of influence between Charles Manson and The Process.

However, you will not be able to read Sanders' view of The Process Church in the paperback edition. After the initial release of the hardcover book (Clarke Irwin & Co. in Canada, E.P. Dutton, U.S.A.) The Process Church of the Final Judgement sued Ed Sanders for libel. The soft cover edition omitted almost all references to The Process, and the case was settled out of court. Since 1969, The Process seems to have kept a low profile, as they say in the PR business, but Sanders left me wondering how much and what kind of influence they have in Toronto.

The Manson cult no longer seems the isolated freak out of sensationalist murder it first appeared to be. That orgy of blood and insanity generated by Nazi "black" mysticism and imperialism is only thirty years in the past. There appears to be a rise in assorted mystic beliefs, many of them pertaining to black magic. Are Americans and Canadians retreating into the mystic due to the pressures and contradictions of their societies? Man is not a rational animal, and needs some kind of faith to sustain him. But only rationality, not black magic, can save us from man-made problems such as an acute ecological crisis and the tensions which are structured into our social system, such as racism and wage slavery.

Ed Sanders, The Family: The story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion, Avon Paperback, 1972, \$1.95.

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Sex as plumbing; engineers as boors: stereotypes of the Toike Oike

At nursing school the sex education teacher told her class, "The average male penis is about five inches long when erect." One student nurse stood up and said, "My engineering boyfriend's is seven inches before he starts." The teacher snapped, "Miss Adamson, please keep quiet I'm speaking of the necessities of life, and not the luxuries!"

— Toike Joke

Lunchtime, Thursday October 6, the Med Sci cafeteria a friend and I, between forkfuls of steak and kidney pie, were pouring over the *Toike Oike* which had appeared on campus that morning. Even by that journal's well-hung standards, this issue was gamey indeed. After a few pages we laid it aside (lunchtime, even on one's best days, not really being a good time to savour the *Toike*) and munched a while in silence. Finally my companion remarked "Don't judge all the engineers by the *Toike*."

As it happens, I never did. My freshman roommate in college, an engineer, used, when I was out, to browse industriously through my books; one evening I came back to find that he had read through the *Oresteian Trilogy*. He was eager to discuss it, which was difficult for me, as I hadn't yet got around to Aeschylus; I talked about him a lot, to be sure, but actually reading him was something of a chore.

There are similar anecdotes. A professor of engineering had an apartment in my residence, to which he invited us all every week for drinks. The talk was literate and genuine, free of the pomposities that inflated conversations with students and junior profs in disciplines closer to my own. This was an internationally famous man, a Spaniard, a genial host and a collector of artifacts.

Or there's that roommate again, whose interest in Greek drama outlasted mine. As graduating seniors, we were finishing off projects. I was dashing off an honors thesis on the *Prometheus Bound*, while he was taking a humanities seminar and had chosen to write a long essay on ancient tragedy, which grandiose project I smiled at as he described it to me. An engineer, can you beat that, who didn't know a word of Greek. Soon he began to drop over to my place for advice, which was, it soon became apparent, stupid of him: his paper was infuriatingly more knowledgeable than mine, and immeasurably less pretentious.

Whatever prejudices I held about engineers, then, I soon disabused myself of; they were as unsatisfactory as all the other neat generalizations (I was pretty naive) that I had set off to college with. It was with some shock, therefore, when I arrived four years later in Toronto, to find the old stereotypes in full blossom. As I soon learned, I was an artsie. There was unceasing effort to brick the walls between faculties higher and higher. An artsie, imagine.

All this goes a long way towards explaining why my lunch partner found it

necessary explicitly to disassociate himself from the works of the *Toike*. Engineers, it seems, have not merely chosen a vocation, they have chosen an ideology, a lifestyle, a mystical and boisterous solidarity. Or so the editors of the *Toike* would have us believe... It's all somewhat reminiscent of the giddiest days of the late fifties. I remember an older cousin, a girl who had just acquired a new boyfriend, being interrogated: "What's he like?" she was asked. "Oh, he's a Phi Delt," she replied. Period. All was answered.

There is, let's face it, an archetype of an engineer. You all know it, I won't belabor the point: the hard-hatted, beer-swilling randy hulk, to be found at every home football and hockey game, (if not collapsed somewhere under the stands) somewhere on the fringes of the Lady Godiva Memorial Band, spoiling for some nasty fun.

It's not a very good archetype, and it never was. More engineers than not are probably home painting the house or doing thermodynamics problems. And the crassness at Varsity Stadium/Arena is catholic: artsie and engineer and dentistry student writhe together in a veritable orgy of Philistine hijinx.

Yet the mud sticks to the engineers; the stereotype persists. There are of course, the homecoming floats with the Labatt's Fifty flag and the Red Cap banner; with such swashbuckling standards, no wonder when we see somebody's limp frame being carted out of the stands, we're as likely as not to mutter "Hmph. Another rookie engineer who doesn't know when he's had enough." Still, it's unfair for them to bear the brunt of such comments. But there's an insidiously effective propaganda weapon that fuels such prejudices. I mean of course the *Toike Oike*, which serves the image of engineers about as well as Martha Mitchell serves the cause of enlightened conservatism.

Pa's out and Ma's out, let's talk dirt!
Pee-poh-belly-bottom-drawers.
— London Street refrain, quoted by
G. Legman in *The Rationale of the Dirty Joke*

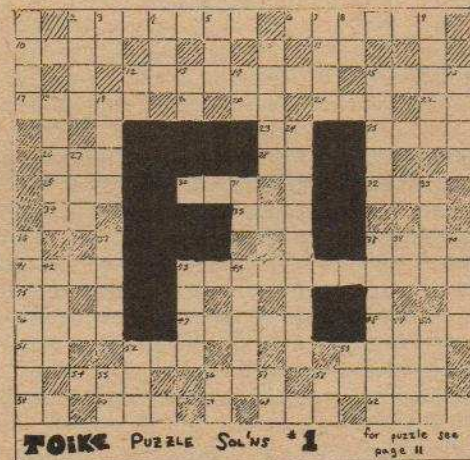
Everytime I read the *Toike* (and I pick it up compulsively, like I pick at hangnails) I think of Delvyn Boldt. (That isn't, of course, quite his name, but we'll leave it there.) He was the most universally disliked guy in the eighth grade, a fact he remained happily unaware of, seating himself staunchly at our lunchtable day after day. Now we didn't dislike Delvyn because he was fat, or a shameless suck-up, but because he was one of those misfits who sought to ingratiate himself with the boys by talking dirty. Sex talk and bathroom talk (Delvyn could never distinguish between the two) gushed from his mouth as from a gutter-pipe during a thunderstorm. The effluvia of the human body were his obsession; his red-letter days were those on which we were served the slumgullion that is a staple of in-

stitutional kitchens. He would speculate on its provenance until he had succeeded in turning the hardest stomachs. His pudgy cheeks would glisten with joy; Delvyn belonged!

The years have mellowed me a bit, and now I can understand poor Dell a little better. He was sex-obsessed but neuter, and the only fun he could see there being in sex was to use his imaginatively foul mouth to out-gross the rest of us, then guffaw at our discomfiture. It's a peculiarly warped conception of virility, this, the equation of squeamishness with femininity, of sex with plumbing.

Two items from the *Toike* come to mind as I write this. First, *The Ballad of Eskimo Nell*, a piece of doggerel so scabrous that, if you read it, it's undoubtedly ripe in your memory. Let's leave it there. The second is a cartoon printed late last year. A scrawny man stands naked, his just-spent penis coiling (yes, coiling — such are the fantasies of the *Toike* staff) on the ground. Nearby sits an obese, scrofulous woman, rubbing her great bushy twat with ecstasy, as Henry Miller would say: That's my boy! she coos.

Well. Someone might point out that the faisandé, the tained and the downright raunchy are explored on the other end of



the sexual continuum, too, by the jaded, the masochistic, the epicene. I know, I know, but the *Toike's* verse is hardly spawned by Rimbaud, nor its graphic art by George Grosz. The true inspiration for the *Toike* is the high school frat, the beer-blast, the dare-you-to-do-it spree: Dropping trou for passersby, slipping some pressed ham against the car window at traffic lights. (In fact, on one occasion — December 18, 1970 — the paper ran a photo of the Skule swim team throwing a collective moon at the camera.) All this is forgivable when the hormones are new and heady, at about age 14, but most of us get over it by early manhood. The *Toike* seems to have jammed somewhere just after the voice-breaking stage, bang in the full bloom of acne. What's hard to take is that they seem so damn proud of it.

Brigid Brophy once wrote that to her "the two most fascinating things on earth are sex and the eighteenth century". I disagree with her choice of century, but otherwise the sentiment is forthright and agreeable. I record that just to clear the decks of any suspicion that there's some

kind of pecksniffery afoot, that I'm dropping these sour little scruples because I find the *Toike* objectionable on grounds of old-fashioned moral turpitude — what they used to fire high school teachers for — or because it outrages some fey, genteel sensibilities of mine.

Decidedly not. The best thing about the *Toike* is the robust bawdiness it brings, (a welcome bracer) to this often drab campus. Everybody looks for the jokes, or used to, before it became apparent that most of them were filched from *Playboy* and an odd, salty compendium called *The Rationale of the Dirty Joke*. But bawdiness, however extravagant, is one thing, rancidity is something else.

Do the *Toike* editors, I wonder, realize just how offensive they can be? And not just to the squeamish. Jibes at pious, horny spinsters have been around for centuries, and may be amusing or not, but when you single out a specific institution, Loretto College, and ascribe to it the house-rule "Lights out by ten, candles out by eleven" you are being patronizing and vicious in a way the basic joke itself isn't. Or when you ring obscene changes on the name Ceta Ramkhalawansingh because you disagree with her politics and think she has a funny name anyway, you're verging into personal invective of an unforgivable sort. And when you compare something disagreeable to "the inside of a Hindu's jockstrap" — which, believe it or not, was the "in" epithet for a while — you've said something brutally racist.

Things like this are not funny, not at all. We can accept the fact that the *Toike* seems to be printed on presses loaded with estrogen rather than ink; we can skip over the thousand-and-one dreary permutations along the theme sliderule — penis. If we can stomach it, even when that paper gleefully plumbs the lower sexual depths, it doesn't bother us the way their thoughtless vituperation does. (Much of this, of course, is on the Delvyn Boldt level. Their reference to my co-editor and me in *The Varsity* was that we were to "imitate an elephant after a breakfast of beans". Out of the mouths of eighth-grade boys trenchant quips cascade.)

It seems never to dawn on the editors that, if you transgress certain boundaries of taste and distance too often, you are open to consequent charges. Sexism for one, which probably doesn't worry the *Toike* too much, despite the fact that it's sexism of an almost feudal primitiveness. Racism for another, which, I hope does bother them. (A note here about their targets. What they write about the peoples of the Middle East and Asia (still stamped with the stereotype of docility as blacks once were) they would hardly dare to write about blacks.)

Hell, we're not supposed to take this seriously (I can hear them saying) we're supposed to go along with the joke. "Don't take it personally" is the last refuge of the wise-ass. It's a pretty transparent defense mechanism, whipped out when something unforgivable has been said or done. It should be emblazoned on the *Toike's* masthead.



Pavlov's dogs? No, just the annual engineer's slave auction with some light entertainment. (All engineers, however, do not drool.)

WHY DOES A WOMAN PREFER AN ENGINEER

Because,
 He plans his course of action
 To give her total satisfaction
 The circumference of the hole
 To the thickness of his pole
 With plenty of time
 Using tangents and cosine
 He calculates the angle
 To prevent a mis-tangle
 Using the sliding friction
 For insertion without restriction
 He calculates the maximum strain
 To prevent unnecessary pain
 And considering the minimum stress
 He gives enough — no more, no less
 All work is in fact energy
 So using discretion lightly
 He gives and gets total enjoyment
 For a minimum loss of strength
 Energy dissipates into heat
 Due to the work between the meat
 Such heat women treasure
 Because it is converted to pleasure
 Remembering an ENGINEER is always in prime
 At the end he's ready for the next time.

COMPARE TO AN artsie:
 An artsie man is really a sissy
 And starts things in a great hurry
 Knowing nothing about stress and strain
 He will cause a mess and considerable pain
 And if the tender hole is not at stake
 The artsie pole will surely break
 Why it is indeed no wonder
 An artsie only causes a blunder
 And a woman always prefers an ENGINEER!

By Nurse Sally
 — wisdom from *The Toike*

So what? So a clique of randy pranksters, with a Boeotian sense of humour, see fit to commit their scribbles to newsprint? Big deal. But why should *The Varsity* waste its newsprint in reply, unless spurred on by wounded pride. The answer must be that they were so gravelled by the barbs aimed at them in that low burlesque, *The Varshity*, they were moved to counterattack, right? Certainly, by the dim lights of the *Toike's* editors, there could be no other reason — anything else is rationalization.

But what in the *Toike* is there for *The Varsity* to feel threatened by? At peak efficiency, they put out one issue to every nine of *The Varsity*. Right there, any claim to serious rivalry is laid to rest. (So they chide *The Varsity* for making so many mistakes, on the grounds that we get so much more practice than we do; with all the time the *Toike* has to put together an issue, it should be as impeccably edited as the air-brushed glossies in their beloved *Playboy*.) But still, the editors can't spend all their time with blue pencils, what with fluid mechanics labs and all. What counts is what they do with their scant opportunities.

Not much, alas. There's the cover, usually some coy ithyphallic logo, the plagiarized jokes, a couple of (porno) graphic cartoons, and some long, pointless sex-yarn told, wittily, in technological jargon. One never knows what else might drift in; once there was a straight article about crystals; no one was more startled than the engineers I know.

In all fairness, the *Toike* has made efforts to make itself respectable. There have been good columns by somebody named Spearchucker, and a plea even went out this year for serious material. Of course we haven't seen much of it — respectable prose sits as uneasily on the pages of the *Toike* as a Mormon in a whorehouse.

It's really too bad. The *Toike Oike*, let's face it, is virtually the only rival to the campus newspaper; every copy disappears soon after publication. Far from denigrating its aspirations to compete, *The Varsity* deplores the way it squanders what influence it has. Competition, in important areas, could only raise the quality of both papers. Surely the editors of the *Toike* (and those close to its

philosophical heart) find things to disagree with in *The Varsity* (I do, god knows), have differing opinions on campus, community or national issues. You'd never know it, though, by reading their paper, but you'd soon discover, in the brusquest terms, what they thought of *The Varsity*.

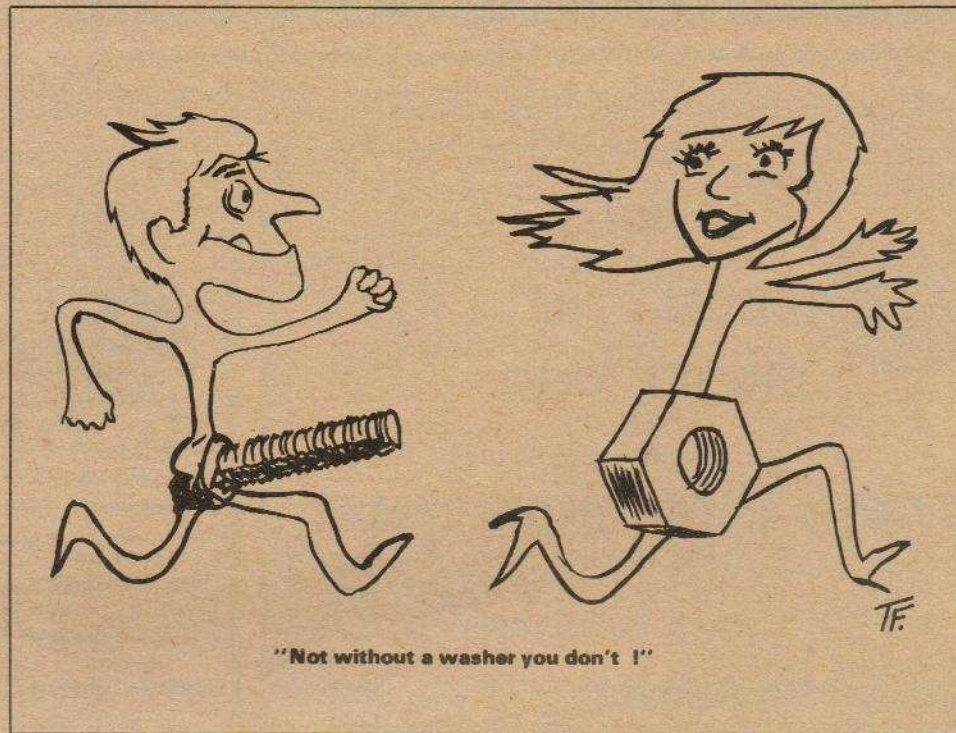
Maybe the *Toike* has no opposition to its "rival" on any substantial ground; maybe it never dawned on the staff that there is a true rivalry waiting to be utilized. Instead, they carry on a dumb, football-league sort of rivalry, jeering, making faces, shrieking dirty names. They could, of course, shake things up by scooping *The Varsity*, or proving it wrong on the facts of a news story, or publishing a cohesive refutation of a feature or editorial. (The closest they came was to send somebody toddling across the street to question a police chief about the guides to law and to drugs in *L'Hebdo's* community guide issue, only to discover that all the information was quite correct and legitimate.) Did it ever occur to them that they might do reviews of books, movies, or pop music? Engineer emeritus Norman Mailer's book *Of A Fire on the Moon*

(never-reviewed in *The Varsity*) was a natural for somebody on the *Toike*; but not a thing was done about it.

All that takes work, of course, and thought and research and rewriting and follow-through. Instead, you can turn out a burlesque as insipid and wrong-headed as *The Varshity* (they parodied *Watsup* by calling it *Catsup* — missing the point altogether that *Catsup* was the original joke, never a very good one. Calling it *Mustard* would have at least been true parody).

Why bother? Why do anything more ambitious when everybody picks up the *Toike* anyhow? They've got their readers, for a few minutes a month anyway, so why rock the boat? Just keep shovelling out the rancid sex and sexism; the appallingly witless attempts at satire; the Billingsgate aimed at *The Varsity*, at Catholic girls, at virgins, at homosexuals, at artsies, at Orientals, at whatever else strikes their warped fancy. Everybody loves it, don't they? And why be scrupulous when you can save yourself a lot of trouble by being scurrilous?

Bill MacVicar



Feldbrill conducts students

Orchestra slurs way through Beethoven

I will not comment upon the University of Toronto's playing of Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, which along with three other works took place last Saturday, November 18, in the Macmillan Theatre. I heard the overture, but only through the doors to the lobby.

The second work is called *Floating Clouds* and it is by David M.Y. Liang. Supposedly an attempt to combine Chinese and Western idioms, it is a fine if derivative piece. The orchestra gave it a handsome reading, the strings especially applying just the right amount of varnish to the long sustained notes. But either the piece is very easy, or they gave their all in playing it, because the next piece, Carlos Chavez' *Sinfonia India*, was chased to death by the relentless hounding of loud strings and raucous brass. Part of the fault is with the music. It is one of those flashy Hispanic pieces, lurid and volcanic like Mexican food. Like Yonge Street, it advertises itself quite blatantly: "I am lively and delightful entertainment" it seems to flash. All the same, its final 6/8 tempo is hard to keep pace with, and the orchestra did not often fall behind or allow its separate forces to trip over each other. They certainly did a lot of noise-making though. After all, this is music, and those are violins. Mr. Feldbrill, the conductor, would have done well if he had more forcefully reminded his musician-students of these facts.

After intermission, came Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, the Pastoral. We are generally faced with two approaches to this work: the Mozartian trip-lightly approach and the more massive and teutonic approach.

Both can work depending upon the conductor. Diseased versions of these ways of tackling the work are deadly — we end up with one of two extremes: weak-tea Beethoven, or viscous, treakly Beethoven.

I'm afraid the orchestra served us the latter. One could tell right from the beginning. The opening notes should be barely audible, ushering us into the woods with hushed whispers as it were. Instead we were led in peremptorily. The climaxes and *pianos* were not well-modulated. The episodic nature of the movement demands that attention be paid to small changes, especially in dynamics. I found climaxes and rhetorical arpeggios or quick tripping phrases smashing into smoother, quieter passages, which should have been limpid and free-flowing but were limping and constricted. The movement simply waddled along.

I don't think this is merely a function of the musicians being amateurs and orchestral novices. You can allow for the wrong note, the missed cue, because these things happen by chance within a group not used to acting like a group. But if sound is turgid and loudly monotone, then remedying that sick sound should be first priority of the conductor. In the playing of the first movement, I heard no evidence that this orchestra was becoming more articulate the way a public speaker becomes more articulate the more he practices what he has already committed to memory.

The second movement was a happier affair, I thought. Again it lacked subtle inflection but it moved quite evenly and surely through the miniature dance of

the *andante molto moto*. The bird calls were well-played by both strings and brass, notably the flute, in fact as well as on some professional recordings I have heard.

The third movement *allegro* can be the most fiery, ominous part of the symphony if tautly and powerfully played. Perhaps the orchestra realized they could not do it justice because they mercifully omitted repeats in their rushed, unconsidered reading of it. The fourth movement *allegro*, a storm, was no storm at all, because again climaxes weren't well-focused — they were mushy and sprawling — and *pianos* and crescendoes were all of one middle-range voice. There were no icy storm-swept peaks, no hushed quavering whispers. Just the sound of mediocrity between the two.

The fifth movement *allegretto* is the tuiest part of the symphony. It also has the longest, most deeply-breathing phrases. The orchestra simply swamped it with damp, turgid playing. There did not seem to be alacrity in any bow, and here as much as anywhere I began to wonder if there wasn't the misapprehension afloat that this was a concerto for double-basses. The movement simply drowned itself out, like feedback from an over-loud loudspeaker.

Altogether, the playing was like a tedious essay which uses the right words in all the wrong ways. The orchestra could play the notes well enough, for the most part and together at that, but never snappily or hauntingly — just ploddingly. I feel they can do better and, if lack of rehearsal is a problem, it still should not be assumed that Beethoven can endure any amount of misplaying just because he is Beethoven.

Ian Scott

Love triangle sets Rosmersholm's dark moods

Ibsen wrote *Rosmersholm* in 1886 — a play which paved the way for Chekov and, later, Shaw. It is being presented at Hart House in a new production of David

Gardner's. I first met Gardner in 1961 when he was adjudicating the BC Regional of the DDF. Since then he has successfully worked as the artistic director of the

Vancouver Playhouse and Theatre Officer for the Canada Council. He is now an MA student at U of T. A few days before opening, I talked with him about the production.

"This play is rarely done, and what may seem like repetition is rather the interaction of traditional devices. The only difference between a student and an adult cast is experience, and my main interest as a director is not to create a few star performances but to bring everyone up to an adequate standard — which is quite difficult as we have had no solid rehearsal times. We've had to work around commitments. We've rehearsed about four weeks, for three-and-a-half hours a night, which, considering the complexity of the play, is more realistically only two weeks of rehearsal.

"This is the third play I have directed at Hart House, the others being *Look Back in Anger* and *The Father*. I have never done Ibsen before, although I have done Strindberg and Chekov.

"Someone once described *Rosmersholm* as a magnetic field; the fortunes shift constantly to an existential ending, an aquarian ending. It has great subtlety, like a detective story. It moves forward and backward at the same time — an effect of mirrors.

"It is a difficult and diabolical play, with realistic and expressionistic overtones. I have no desire to imprint my own image on the play. It has a sculptural quality, like the set, which is the complimentary setting for the jewel of the play. All the parts are eminently actable: Rebecca has been done by Duse, Ashcroft and Dame Edith, Rosmer by Scofield and Porter, and Brendel (a symbolic cross of Don Quixote and Cyrano) by George Arliss.

"The play is set in a country manse overlooking a small town on a Norwegian fjord. Beside the house there is a stream and an abandoned mill race. For Ibsen the sound of running water is very evocative and it is a *leit motif* in the play. The house has just finished being in mourning for John Rosmer's wife, Beata — a name very connotive here. Also living in the house is a young emancipated lady, Rebecca West, who nursed Beata in her last illness. Beata committed suicide, and the reasons for this and the motives become clear as we go through. Also, the relationship between Rosmer and Rebecca is subject to town gossip. In fact it is essentially a love triangle of Rosmer and the two women in his life — the one with him now and the other now dead.

"All this is set against a very real Norwegian political situation in the 1880's — personified by an ultra-right-wing character, Dr. Kroll (trolls) who is the principal of the local high school and a young radical left-wing newspaper editor, Peter Mortensgaard, leader of the party in power. The key to understanding this play is that Norway was not then independent of Sweden, with problems like many emerging nations have today. The theme of liberation echoes through the play, which combines the elements of a conversational detective story and a Victorian ghost hunt."

Does this production succeed? A qualified yes. The performances vary from heavy-handed and rather pedestrian efforts to some delightful pieces of acting, such as Rod Beattie's Ulrik. Basically this production has broad sketches which lack finer detail, but the ending is a real fillip. Gardner is a master of moods.

D.A. Fraser



Ray Conlogue as Rosmer and Marita Robinson as Rebecca in Ibsen drama.

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Tremblay intertwines present and past

Forever Yours, Marie-Lou is a jewel of a play, there is no doubt. Yet Michel Tremblay's penetrating vision of a Québec family finds such sensitive treatment in its first English production now at the Tarragon Theatre, that one wonders just where to direct one's enthusiasm first.

Entering the already darkened theatre, one sees the play's four characters in their habitual activities. Marie-Louise, the mother, is sitting in her living-room chair, knitting. Her husband, Leopold, is seated on the opposite side of the stage, contemplating the several beers on the table before him. This couple, dead now for ten years, has been placed, in Tremblay's words, "where they had been happiest in life". They are still a living presence for their daughter Manon, who sits in a rocking chair centre stage, mechanically fingering her rosary. She is obsessed by the past. Only Carmen, her sister, is mobile during the play, having returned to visit Manon and convince her to at last put all the "shit" of their childhood behind her.

Tremblay presents two parallel conversations — one between the sisters whose lifestyles contrast so sharply, and the other between the parents, who never seem to have exchanged a tender word during Carmen and Manon's devastating childhood. This latter conversation uncovers the tortured married life of Leopold and Marie-Louise from the naive optimism of their courtship ("forever yours, Marie-Lou", she had signed on her photograph) through the reality of her disgust for sex and his resulting "brutality", the struggle to support the family God imposed on them, and the morbid delights of taunting one another as they await deliverance from death or insanity.

Carmen and Manon tune in on their exchanges from time to time, becoming suddenly the two little girls who overhear their parents arguing. Immediately afterwards, Carmen returns to her present surprisingly mature perspective, whereas Manon remains psychologically the child stimulated by the violent scenes.

The two dialogues reach a sublime level that often borders on the poetic. When Marie-Louise mentions having read that a family is a living cell, and then protests that it is more of a prison cell, one is moved not only by the richness of the image but by the sight of Manon in her rocking chair ten years later, a true prisoner of her family's past. At one point, both conversations are concerning "peace", and it becomes evident that these estranged individuals share universally human agonies. Four individuals unable to communicate present points of view that, again in the words of Tremblay, "merge, blend, and intermingle to the point of becoming just one".

How does one stage a play that is based on psychological states expressed through words and not action? Won't it need some livening up? After all, Tremblay has not written a radio play. Incredibly (and I don't think the word is too strong), I found no problem of visual boredom, even though Carmen (June M. Keevil) is the only person who stands and walks during the uninterrupted two hours (with a single exception I won't reveal). Her physical ease in filling the space of the tiny kitchen is in dramatic contrast to the other members of her family who sit glued to their chairs as they are to their attitudes. The distance between Leopold (George Sperdakos) and Marie-Louise (Patricia Hamilton) and the fact that they face the audience as they address each other are two stimulating visual factors. One becomes highly sensitive to changes in the positions of gestures of the seated characters. Manon (Toby Tarnow) marks time in her rocking-chair with such relentlessness that when she leans forward and stops suddenly, an immediate tension is created. Lighting helps define the transitions from past to present as well as emphasizing the isolation of the parents and children.

In brief, Bill Glassco's production has drawn on the wealth of psychological interest found in Tremblay's play without having to go beyond it. He has four gifted actors with whom to create a stunning dramatic counterpoint. He seems to have favoured certain humorous moments, like a debate over the economic advantages of "smooth peanut butter" over "crunchy". Once or twice I sensed in Leopold the bellowing style of Ralph Cramden (remember "The Honeymooners"?) which may indicate that in some instances Glassco has gone too far. Both Tremblay and Glassco understand the relation between the comic and pathetic, at any rate.

Criticisms? Well, sometimes Carmen sounded more like she had taken an introductory course in psychology than she did a singer at rodeos. I can't think of anything else. When all sorts of new productions are making sensational and often futile efforts to "involve" the spectator, and one comes across a production which is engaging by virtue of being a genuinely human experience, does one have to complain?

Eleanor Coleman



Toby Tarnow and June Keevil in *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou* at the Tarragon Theatre.

Rich, intimate tone of Smetana Quartet a welcome change from cold perfection

After 27 years of ensemble playing, the Smetana Quartet has acquired a reputation for a kind of intimate excellence that is quite in contrast with the cold perfection, of many American quartets. On Thursday last week they played an afternoon concert at Eaton's Auditorium, which by my conservative estimate will have been about the three thousandth time they have publicly performed. The program consisted of quartets by Beethoven, Janacek and Smetana.

One of the glorious mysteries of music is the way that musicians will continue to discover new beauty and pleasure in a composition which has been their close companion for a life time. Just as their instruments have become their voices, so the quartets have become their thoughts to be expressed on the stage. It was an awesome experience to see the four musicians appear on stage, carrying no music except that within them, solemn like four priests about to celebrate mass. And because the music came from within and not off the printed page, one had the feeling that with the "input" half of the pathway eliminated, all thought and energy was directed outward, towards the listener.

I found it interesting that the Beethoven Quartet Op.95 showed an almost Slavic persuasion, especially in the lilting phrasing of the last movement. Yet the work was no less Beethoven for

this, rather a new side to the music, previously hidden but now coaxed forth by kindred spirits. The Janacek Quartet No. 1 is a short work which opens with a sequence of rugged recitatives across all four instruments. The dynamics of the instruments ran the full range but never for the sake of contrast only. After all, coherence in music is not due to the abrupt juxtaposition of extremes of the dynamic range (as some quartets would have us believe) but rather to the invisible threads that link these and that enmesh the whole performance.

The last work, Bedrick Smetana's Quartet No. 1, subtitled "From My Life" begins with the viola in dramatic declamation against a shimmering tapestry of sustained minor chords in the three other instruments. The quartet's unique approach to this work became apparent in their flexible tempos, especially in the Polka and the Largo. At times the instruments would softly merge, as if the strings were of one source, only arbitrarily drawn up on four separate instruments. The music would precipitate the listener into the dizzying whirlwind of the dance, then caress him with a gently turned phrase. I felt not that the performers were following the music, but rather that both performers and music were pursuing the golden thread of Smetana's creative thread woven through the notes.

Tony John

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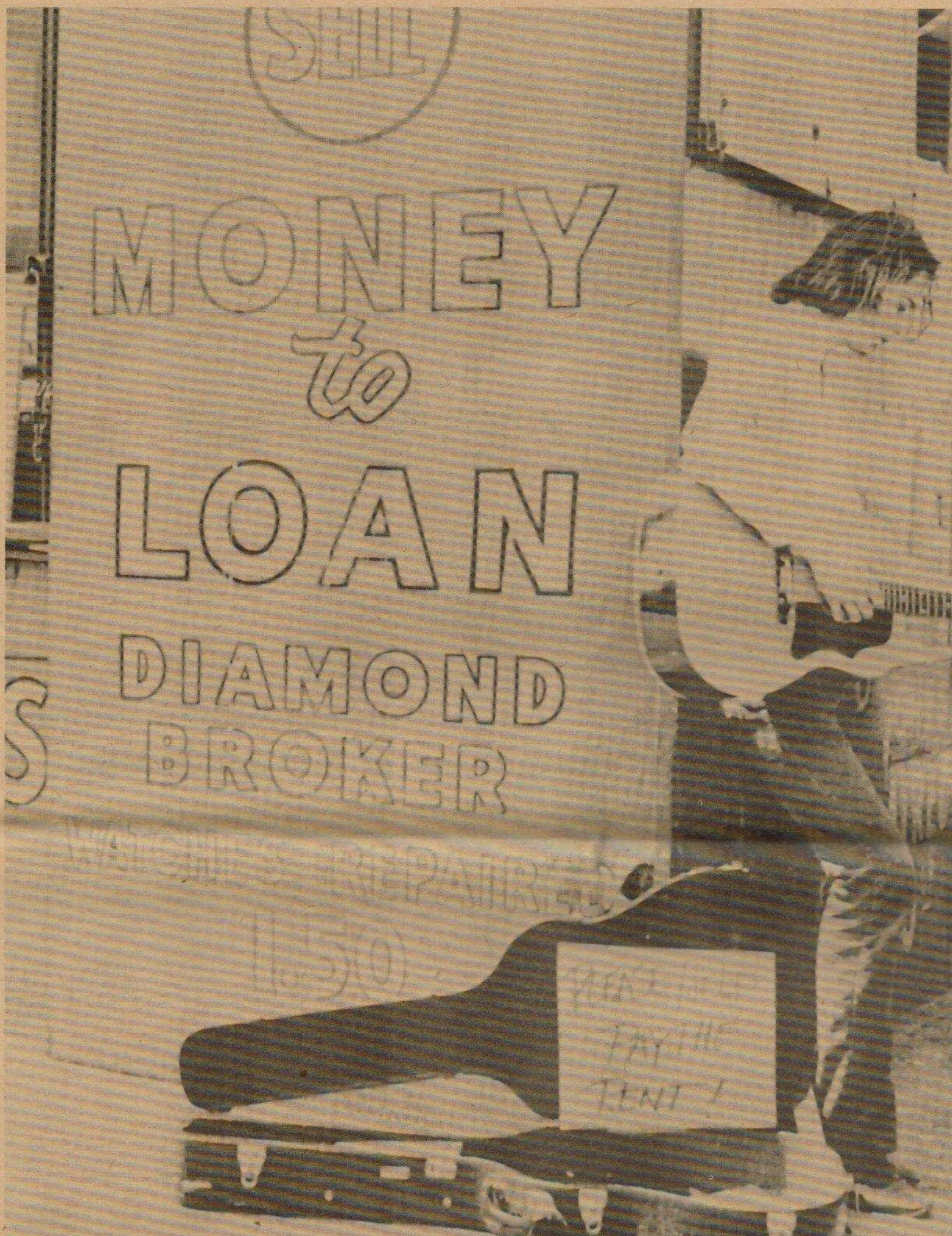
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Poet-performers strive for meaning in songs



The thing that links John Prine, Jackson Browne, Tom Rush, John Hartford, Jennifer, Dory Previn, Jim Messina and Kenny Loggins is the importance they give their words. Not that they always make it into poetry, but they are at least looking that way, while most pop/rock/folk settles for sixties variants on moon and June.

Clocks and spoons and empty rooms

**It's raining out tonight
What a way to end a day
By turning out the light**
John Prine

Introducing John Prine at Mariposa, Shelley Posen recalled first hearing Prine's record. "At last", Posen said, "Someone has done it, recorded thirteen perfect songs." Prine draws a lot of that kind of praise. One hopes it doesn't kill him.

I don't hear either of Prine's albums *John Prine* (WEA) and *Diamonds in the Rough* (WEA) as perfect, but they each have more poetry than one could reasonably expect. Prine writes in the plain hard-times style of Woody Guthrie or early Bob Dylan, and sings just as naturally (or badly). The voice, melodies and arrangements could drift out of any Toronto country and western bar. But not the lyrics: *if dreams were lightning, and thunder was desire, this old house would have burnt down a long time ago*. Not the images: *make me an angel that flies from Montgomery*. Prine sings ordinary songs about ordinary people but without the ordinary cliches. He ought to be played on CFGM, although he probably isn't.

It's heartening to find that *Diamonds in the Rough* is not all that different from the first album. It takes a strong writer not to be bled and confused by his own success. Prine so far has managed it.

**Say, I'll sing you a song
about Vegas town
and Poor Old Howard Hughes,
Locked up in his hotel suite,
trying to find his shoes,
Got so much to lose,
Poor Old Howard Hughes,
And all of his blues.**

— John Hartford

John Hartford's new album *Morning Bugle* (WEA) is a let down after his last *Aereo-plain*, but then that is like *Magical Mystery Tour* not measuring up to *Sergeant Pepper*. *Aereo-plain* was incomparable: four virtuoso musicians — Hartford on banjo, Norman Blake on guitar, Vassar Clemens on fiddle and old Tut Taylor on dobro —; impeccable production (by David Bromberg); and Hartford's simple but un-



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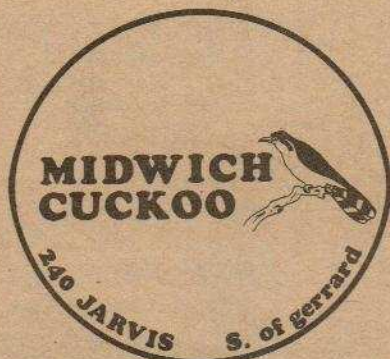
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predictable composition and hip, suburban poetry. (Hartford is one of the only three full-time poets in American pop music, Paul Simon and James Taylor being the others.)

Clemens and Tut Taylor are gone from *Morning Bugle* and missed, as if the songs, though good, were still in rehearsal waiting for the rest of the parts to be figured out. The record is relaxed and Blake and Hartford's musicianship is impeccable, but like the post-Beatles solo albums, the ghosts of the others are loud in their absence. We have been spoiled.

The wind on the water can't go very far

**Just 'round this world forever
The way that I love you can't last long**

Just 'til this life is over

— Tom Rush

Tom Rush is now writing most of his own material, which is a bit of a disappointment since his taste in others' was always so reliable. Not that his own songs are bad: Wind on the Water (on

his first album after switching labels, *Tom Rush*) is a fine simple love song. One just wishes that he would limit himself to one or two of his best as he did with Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Jackson Browne or Murray McLauglan.

Rush has always been equally comfortable in folk or rock, and likes to shunt tempo and style from one song to the next. This is hard on more biased people like myself, so I wind up playing Rush albums less often than their parts call for. *Tom Rush* (Columbia) is no exception. Still it's tasty and includes Jackson Browne's *Jamaica*, *Say You Will* and a haunting folksong called *Gypsy Boy* by Bob Carpenter.

Don't confront me with my failures,

I've not forgotten them.

— Jackson Browne

Jackson Browne is another song-writer's song-writer. *Shadow*, *Dream Song*, *Jamaica* *Say You Will* and *These Days* are all Browne songs, not hits but appreciated over the last four or five years. Word had it that

Browne himself didn't record for so long because he couldn't sing. There is still a husky, flat quality in his voice that gives credence to the rumour, although Browne is polished by comparison to John Prine.

Browne's album (on WEA), put out by star-manager Dave Geffin (Joni Mitchell, David Crosby, Graham Nash) is a disappointment. *Jamaica* is on it, and another sad-beautiful piece called *Something Fine*, but there is nothing in the rest that reveals a poet's control or daring. Browne is never short of ideas, always sensitive, but here his stuff comes out too bare of image, unarresting, too explanatory, as if he hasn't quite survived the move from folk to rock.

**Going home is such a ride,
Going home is such a ride,
Going home is such a low and lonely ride.**

— Dory Previn

Between bar stools is Dory Previn. Her singing is in the supper-club, Streisand mould, all

control and theatre, but her words are anything but "Easy Listening". I can't imagine where she is played. Dory Previn sings *angst*: family betrayal, making love and getting fucked (literally), being used and used up. Therapy songs. The music, the ideas and the lyrics are all tricky and clever, a little too clever for my taste, but it is nice to know that Streisand music is being sabotaged just as Prine is doing it to C and W. *Mythical Kings and Iguanas* is a little more disciplined than her more recent album, *Reflections in a Mud Puddle*.

**And now you're slow and now you're sweet,
and still I'll turn you down.**

— Jennifer

Jennifer (Warren) is known more on the West coast than here. She was part of the Los Angeles Hair company, and then took off on her own, on the strength of a flower-child manner and husky, Lauren Bacallish voice. *Jennifer*, the album, is like many other first records, over-arranged. And Jennifer

mumbles. But like Tom Rush, she has a good ear for a new song (Donovan's *Sand and Foam*, Jim Webb's *P. F. Sloan*). The record has grown on me.

**Tell her she's the kind of a woman,
Who sends you home,
Knowin' that you really been loved.**

— Loggins-Messina

Loggins and Messina produce unadulterated, big, studio rock, a genre that usually strikes these ears as dehumanized. Not on *Sittin' In* (Columbia). The lyrics are sensitive and smart (a hard thing to be in that medium), and Messina, as producer, has put them well out front, safe from the intricacies of horn section entries and rhythm changes. The music is so tight and charged that it works even on someone who finds Delaney and Bonney a loud bore. While it is a bit like a cyclist's choice of gasolines, Loggins and Messina are the nicest rock I've heard since Crosby, Stills and Nash's first record. **Bob Bossin**

Right-on records rate recognition, raves rock reviewer

Many of the groups which rode the crest of British popularity in 1964 are no longer with us some eight years later. As with the Beatles, many musical combos perished for a variety of reasons. Had the Hollies not been the stable, yet refreshingly dynamic collection of talents that persisted to evolve their inimitable style, the departure of Graham Nash might have spelled finis to one of the princeling groups in British rock's hierarchy.

While the departure of one of the Brothers Fogerty from Creedance ultimately doomed that band Nash's defection to sunny California was merely a stage in the Hollies' development as rock innovators supreme.

It was a Creedance-style tune, *Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress*, which spiralled the Hollies into the focal highlight of the all-important play-lists of the Top-40-market radio stations. While departing from the high harmonics and lyrically-crisp five and six-part vocals that identified the Hollies as originators of such classics as *Bus Stop*, *Carrie-Ann* and *Look Through Any Window*, it managed to epitomize the experimentation which went into the last three or four Hollies collections. Since the success of *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother*, as a single and as an album, the Hollies became more and more oriented toward what could almost be called a symphonic flair in their arrangements of their own material.

On *Distant Light*, (Columbia) as on *Moving Finger*, their last album, Ron Richards, the Hollies producer shapes many of the songs around some exquisite piano and organ work by Bernie Calvert, and fits the harmony in with lead vocalist Allan Clarke's more than adequate voice. Such a song as *Look What We've Got*, which begins with a gentle piano introduction, works in a late-fifties sax solo and some powerful syncopation through Bobby Elliot's drums.

Hold On is an out-and-out rocker in the manner of *Long Cool Woman*, which changes tempo at the mid-way point to bring in a typical Hollies touch evoked by a driving acoustic guitar bridge. Plunging into a Beach Boys opening on *Promised Land*, the vocal strength of

the Hollies is made manifest, while again the lead guitar filters in over that solid acoustic guitar framework that is almost as much a trademark for this groups as their tight vocalizing. Having taken their early vocal style right out of the Everly Brothers Songbook and then tripled it, the Hollies continue to evoke memories of the halcyon days of rock (before the psychedelic perversions of the late sixties), when vocal agility counted for more than a Marshall amplifier deafening the first thirty rows of a Grand Funk concert.

If, as with modern poetry, pop music lyrics should reflect the kind of society we live in today, then the songs of Harry Chapin on *Sniper and Other Love Songs* (WEA), are, as they say, "right on"! For example, how much more contemporaneous can you get than a song about the weirdo who mounted the tower down in Texas and played sniper until he had gunned down a collection of victims that wandered into his psychopathic sights? Harry's testament to that madman is an imaginatively contrived ten-minute song which probes the usual reasons for such schizoid erratic behaviour—girlfriend problems, paranoia, and parental rejection—not with the convoluted prose of a psychiatrist's report, but with changing melodies, tempos, and intensities of modern rock music of the city.

There are other "love songs" included—*Sunday Morning Sunshine* has all of the happy bounce of a show-tune such as "Mame" or "Hello Dolly" — *And The Baby Never Cries* tells of a guitar-player's solace in the arms of a young mother deserted by her "old man" who "just took off for the coast", and as the title implies, the child is never much of an impediment. *Burning Herself* sounds like something right out of Harry's Haight-Ashbury Handbook — all about a woman who gets off by putting lit cigarettes against her skin.

The trio of musicians who worked so well with Harry at his recent Riverboat appearance are good enough to withstand being replaced by studio cats in this session.

There's Tim Scott who plays the best rock cello since McCartney's "Yesterday"; Ron Palmer is on lead guitar and harmony vocals; long-time friend and boy soprano with a falsetto that just won't quit is John Wallace, who thumps the electric bass. In addition to these three who join with Chapin's guitar to produce their unique stage-sound, the album gains not a little from the keyboard and string arrangements of Steve Chapin and the percussion of Russ Kunkel (whose work with James Taylor and Carole King placed him in high esteem).

Listening to the "love song" *Woman Child* — a moving tale about "a two-hundred dollar mishap", one gets the feeling that Chapin could make a beautiful song about the carnage of a Hanoi fire-bomb raid. Imagine how beautifully Chapin can make a conventional song of autumn and approaching winter chills unfold against an acoustic guitar and Tim Scott's subtle cello scales and you have the poignant *Winter Song*.

Shredder (WEA), one of those albums that has flashes of greatness comes via the Montreal-based Wackers—five guys who compose and sing their own imaginative, yet hauntingly familiar songs. At times through the harsh, grinding guitar solos of J. P. Lauzon, the Kinks seem to be lurking in the musical shadows, as on *Puttin' Myself to Sleep*; on the acoustic-dominated unorthodox harmonies and chord patters of *I'll Believe In You*, the Beatlemania-album era of the Liverpool sound is called up; perhaps the closest one comes to pinpointing the Wacker's sound would be to point out that *Eventually has all of the earmarks of a Badfinger number with all of the inventiveness that Pete Ham and company utilize on their best efforts*.

Not that the Wackers are merely imitative—the vocal of Robert Segarin, backed by Randy Bishop's vocals on *Coming Apart* is proof of the quintet's claim to recognition. The Wackers give every indication that they have the stuff of success—you may be hearing a lot more from them. **Dick Loney**

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THIS WEEKEND!

**BROTHER
JACK MCDUFF
QUINTET**

NEXT WEEK:

CHARLES LLOYD

Watsup

movies

I drove straight from **The Go-Between** to my farm where I raved to everybody about this rare and beautiful film. They all went to see it and hated it to a man.

I concede that **The Go-Between** is flawed, but it is still a masterpiece, the product of two mature artists, writer Harold Pinter and director, Joseph Losey. Pinter can turn a round of formal introductions into a mechanical minuet by human figurines screwed to some great social Swiss clock. At the same time he creates a boy who faces the mysteries of sex with the sweaty fear of a real flesh-and-blood person (in contrast to the **Summer of '42** kids who were strictly the whimsical anecdotes of defensive old men). Leo, the boy, may not know, but he knows he doesn't know, and Pinter never belittles his incomplete wisdom.

Hurrahing Joseph Losey is more dangerous. His is a grand, formalistic, mannered style that makes an awful splash when it flops. But, when it succeeds, it is spectacular. His cricket match is a master's cadenza. So is the moment when Margaret Leighton answers her daughter's request to go shopping with a "yes" inflected like a head-of-state's declaration of war. In this one second close-up, the plot advances half an hour. With Alan Bates (once more the worthy peasant) and Julie Christie (as ever, the girl above his station). Roxy, 99c.

Science fiction lacks character, I say. Even its superior practitioners seem to blow their load on fantastic new technologies, leaving the people dwarfed — rudimentary bourgeoisie in turtle-neck suits. A friend, however, says I have seen the wrong sci-fi, and that some of the best, most socially conscious writers hid there through the cold war, producing brilliant political allegory. He cites **Invasion of the Body Snatchers**.

I like the theory, even if it isn't true. **Body Snatchers**, **Seconds**, **Alphaville**, **War of the Worlds**, **The Incredible Shrinking Man**, and **Je t'aime, Je t'aime** are among the sci-fi classics being shown at the Revue in an all weekend binge, starting tonight. \$5 for a weekend pass. Call 535-4100 for times.

Also this week: Tonight and Saturday at St. Mike's, **Mon Oncle Antoine**, Claude Jutra's little classic about our neighbours to the north-east. Canada's only all-time great movie.

Thursday at the Roxy, another of Truffaut's greatest hits, **The 400 Blows**.

Contest: Send your name and phone number and a list of your favourite movies to CONTEST, the Varsity, 91 St. George St. (Campus mail is free.) The prize is a pair of tickets to more-or-less any movie in town. The winner will be chosen on the basis of correctness (your list checked against one made up by the heads of English departments of four Metro high schools). Or on the basis of whimsey. You may annotate your list, or otherwise try to please me. It might work. My authority in this matter is absolute. Entries should be in by Wednesday. Intimates of the film-editor ineligible for prize.

music

The second **East York Symphony** concert will take place at Leaside High School Auditorium on November 24 at 8:30 pm, and at the Church of the Holy Trinity, November 26, at 8:30 pm. The program is Morawetz, Ravell, Britten and Brahms, his symphony no. 4. Minimum price is \$2.

Tomorrow, November 25, is the final day of the **Contemporary Music Showcase**, which is a week-long "festival" of contests to promote new music for teaching and performance, capped by a workshop, which is tomorrow. The works which the student contestants played have been scrupulously selected from all over the Western world, and are distinguished by their high value as listening entertainment as well as by their didactic usefulness. The booklet of works played is to be used as a handbook for music teachers. For outsiders, the highlight of the showcase will probably be the workshop which is subtitled **New Techniques for Performing New Music**. **Lukas Foss**, that exuberant, knowledgeable and imaginative pianist-conductor-composer, will deliver the key-note address at 9:30 am. Music Publishers' exhibits will be on view from 10:30 to 11, and from 11 to 12



The Pollock Gallery hosts Cathy Senitt-Harblson and Louis Stokes until December 7. The former presents her small paintings and "Chairs". Stokes

noon there will be discussion and/or performance arising from the keynote address—which implies, we all hope, Lukas Foss will talk about and play some of his own compositions. At 2 pm, slides and tapes will be shown and played respectively, followed by, or intermixed with, commentary by **Samuel Dolin**, **Harry Freedman**, **Lothar Klein** and **Harry Somers**. At 3:30 quite young students will play a commissioned work by **Gerhard Wuensch**, "Six Disguises", illustrating a variety of contemporary techniques possible for student performers. At 8 pm there will be a concert by the contest scholarship winners. I advise you take in this workshop selectively, giving preference to the Lukas Foss address and the panel presentation.

The **University of Toronto Concert Band** gives a concert this Sunday afternoon at 3 pm in the MacMillan Theatre. Works played are by Alfred Reed, Gordon Jacob, Vaughan Williams, Paul Creston, Percy Grainger, Brahms and Smetana. It is free and no tickets are required.

The same day, November 26, at, believe it or not, the same time the **Toronto Mendelssohn Choir** and the **National Arts Centre Orchestra**, fresh from Britain, will present Handel's **Solomon**. Elmer Iseler conducts, with Don Garrard (bass) as Solomon, Charles Bressler (tenor) as Zadok, Lois Marshall (soprano) as the Queen of Sheba, Ricki Turofsky (soprano) as Solomon's Queen, Stephanie Bogle and Roxolano Roslak. (both sopranos). Contact at Massey Hall 363-7301 for price info, discounts for students. Tickets also available at Eaton's Attractions ticket offices. All who can, go to this concert.

Yet again, the same day, November 26, sees another concert presented, at Scarborough at 3:30. **Norma Lewicki Tetreau** (soprano) and **Frank Tetreau** (piano) perform in a recital of arias by Handel, songs by Brahmas and Britten, and of works by Haydn and Liszt. It is free as usual.

We are here as on a darkling plain where ignorant concert programmers clash by night. Or so it seems, as there is another concert programmed for this Sunday. It is at 8 pm, but who wants to rush from three hours at Massey Hall to have dinner and sit through two hours of Schumann works, however felicitously played. Anyways, for those who want to, or for those who intend to go to this concert (heaven forbid), Kathryn Root, performs a heavily researched Schumannera — which involves playing the man's works and reading from his love letters among other things.

The Faculty of Music in conjunction with the Goethe Institute is hosting **Professor Christoph Wolff** of Columbia University on Monday, November 17 at 8 pm in the Concert Hall. He will give a lecture titled "Seculi Sui Musicus Excellentissimus — Critical Reflections On An Epitaph for Heinrich Schutz". This will be followed by a program of works by Schutz performed by the **Faculty of Music Collegium Musicum**, directed by Prof. Greta Kraus. No tickets, no charge.

The **University of Toronto Concert Choir**, conductor Lloyd Bradshaw, presents a concert of works by Holman, Britten, Schafer, Somers, Ravel and others, on November 29 at 8:30 pm. No tickets, no charge.

shows his stainless steel and monochrome fibreglass sculptures. **Hart House** hosts **James B. Spencer** in an exhibit entitled "Waves".

theatre

Ibsen's **Rosmersholm** marks the second Hart House production of the season. (See article.) Prices are \$2.50 and \$1.25 for students.

Erindale is presenting something lively, it seems—**The Hamlet Show**, "starring Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Ophelia, Claudius, Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, the gravediggers, the Ghost, Polonius, Laertes, Poor Yorrick and others." Performances until Saturday night at 8:30, and there is a Saturday matinee at 3 pm. Buses are available between St. George and Erindale campus. Free.

St. Michael's College is presently inhabiting the U.C. Playhouse with **You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running**. Go and find out what it is about. (Then tell us.)

La Troupe Cafe-Theatre, which was seen at the UC Playhouse November 8-11, has found its permanent niche in the sub-basement of the E.J. Pratt Library. The grand opening will take place on Thursday, November 30, at 8:30 pm. You can see the best of the UC show plus a one act play, **Edouard et Agrippine**. Refreshments on hand.

Still playing to a full house is **Forever Yours, Marie-Lou**, at the Tarragon Theatre, 30 Bridgman. Tuesdays through Sunday at 8:30. Sunday matinee at 2:30. Also, **Les Bonnes** has its last two performances this weekend at the Theatre du P'tit Bonheur, 95 Danforth. **Goat Island** is into its final week at the Poor Alex, 296

Brunswick Avenue.

The little known Firehall Theatre is featuring Anne Hebert's work, **Le Temps Sauvage**, in its first English translation. The theatre is located one block west of Parliament at Adelaide, 70 Berkely St. Students \$2, Tuesday to Thursday.

Rats, (that's the name of the production), "an unaccompanied musical by the author and composer of Justine" is participatory in the full sense of the word. The audience will be requested to help the actors build the set. Global Village, 17 St. Nicholas St. Tuesdays through Saturdays until December 9.

The Theatre Passe Muraille open **Pilk's Madhouse** on November 29. For the benefit of those students unable to attend theatre regularly during this burdened time of the year, this is the only production which has an indefinite run.

pop

The Band is a well rehearsed, tight-knit group that has until now tried to reproduce album arrangements to the finest detail in concert. Exacting use of LP arrangement is fine for concert goers whose enjoyment is reinforced by the visual performance but on record the same songs would seem to lack spontaneity and excitement while the studio versions offer inevitably better sound quality. So the Band has tried to save something for the album audience by deviating from their usual concert format on their latest LP, **Rock of Ages** (Capitol), recorded live in New York City.

The vehicle for generating listener attention is the novel addition of brass.

A five-man horn section was brought in under the direction of Allen Toussaint (who arranged the brass on **Cahoots**) to freshen up some of the songs and The Band occasionally shifted around a few arrangements to accommodate the extras. The new sound works well on some of the songs, especially Holland-Dozier-Holland's "Don't Do It" and the old favorites, "Caledonia Mission" and "W. S. Walcott". On "Chest Fever" Robbie Robertson has even gone so far as to change the vocal phrasings and rhythms to make full use of the brass. But there are too many times when The Band ignores the other five men on stage. "King Harvest" is an example of the horns sounding as though they were thrown in as an afterthought to the already coherent arrangement. The brass embellishments in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" in fact, serves to burden it with flippant horn passages rather than rejuvenate it.

The musicianship is generally of excellent quality and The Band's own production is as succinct as their studio efforts. But a few annoying mistakes managed to pop up in the course of the hour-and-a-half session. Those that stood out most were: Garth Hudson's wrong note in the organ introduction to "Chest Fever" and the flat horn in the intro to "Life Is A Carnival". The trumpet was also blurring when it should have had brilliance.

If you're a Band fanatic you'll probably want the album, if not, listen to the first three LP's again because **Rock of Ages** is basically a sampler with no important new songs.

String Band, fronted by the down-home voice and magic fingers of l'Hebdo's own Bob Bossin can be heard on Tuesday night at Fiddler's Green Coffeehouse, which is located behind the YMCA on Eglinton east of Yonge (across from the York Theatres). Bob and the band have been rehearsing diligently since their last well-received appearance in the city at the Guy Fawkes celebration, so try and get out and see them. Admission is a paltry \$1.

Cedric Smith, formerly of Perth County Conspiracy and his Canadian poet mentor Milton Acorn, are bringing "The Spirit of 1837 Festival" to the OCE auditorium tomorrow at 8 pm. Advance tickets at \$2 are available at SAC and Round Records while admission at the door is \$2.50.

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