

Chelbdo



Soviets vs Canada

see page 10...

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Into desolation of
 Fat City, Houston
 breathes gentle life



The Varsity — David Lloyd

Fat City is about Stockton, California, a town full of single men in the state's central plain — drab agricultural flats a world away from the golden fringe of the coast, just a few miles west. There isn't much to dream on, but California port is cheap, and people get by somehow.

This is forbidding stuff; the desolation and dead ends are there, all right, in this superbly photographed and acted film. John Huston has salvaged something from the shards of despair. Not much, but something. There is, for instance, a resilience and a humor left in the characters; we find ourselves harboring little pockets of affection for them, hoping the movie will do them justice. The film's one great accomplishment is that it does.

Stacy Keach gives an intelligent and admirably controlled performance as Billy Tully, who once had a wife and something of a reputation as a boxer. Nowadays he drifts around town, taking a job now and then as an onion-trimmer or walnut-picker. Most of his days are idle, spent lying on his bed, sucking beer out of cans, or sitting in Stygian, clandestine barrooms. Sometimes he wanders down to his gym with vague plans for getting back into shape. His dreams of fat city are no longer bright enough to give him back his purpose.

ONE DAY DOWN AT the Y he spots a promising young boxer called Ernie Munger; easy game, thinks Tully. (There is a craven streak of the swashbuckler in Tully, which grows on alcohol.) They spar a little, Tully pulls a muscle, so Ernie can spare some flattery: "I saw you fight once."

"Did I win?" jokes Tully, beaming.

"No."

Winning (never mind how or over whom) obsesses Tully. In a comeback fight he struggles mightily to win a decision over Mexican boxer who has to go through with the fight even though he is painfully ill. "Did I win?" Tully manages to ask, his eyes puffed into slits, as the loser throws his arms wearily around Tully's neck.

THIS IS A STORY largely about men, and the lives of its women are inflected though masculine paradigms, but much of its perception is shrewd and feminine. Tully meets up with a barfly, drunk on self-pity, whose dress is zipped just as far up as she can reach, splaying sloppily the last six inches. There is a crone's attention to the bickering and ellipses of their common-law life: peas shoot across the table during one mealtime tug-of-war about nothing and Oma, desperately soused and skittering along the edge of some terrible, booze-filled abyss, butts her cigaret in her cream sherry.

Oma's role is pure, broad, burlesque, but Susan Tyrell manages to give it a wild, tatterdemalion charm, too. I'd like to see her do something else before making any judgements, but it was wonderful to watch her trying to move her bloated, glistening face through some lugubrious play of features.

The young boxer who, by virtue of his white skin becomes "Irish" Ernie Munger and who gets his nose fractured, has the most sense, the least reason for losing. It's a role without too much in it, and Jeff Bridges has played it before. He does it better here, concealing a surprising canniness in this amiable dumb guy, giving him a sense of compassion that goes beyond chumminess.

ONE NIGHT, TOO slow to slip away unseen, he is hailed by Tully. "Have a drink with me," Tully cajoles, a drunk's dare in his tone. But Ernie's got to keep in training, so they settle for a cup of coffee in a green-walled dive full of lonely card-playing men. Tully, as they sit at the counter, seems to realize that it's a waste of energy to go on deceiving himself. We see him as a sententious old codger, just thirty, muttering whiskey-scented aphorisms, trying to excuse away his life by plundering whatever folk-wisdom he can remember. Ernie squirms.

They sit a few minutes in silence. "Hey, stick around a while," Tully asks, just short of pleading. Ernie does, and the movie ends. John Gardner wrote the script from his spare, somewhat cold novel. His writing is never glib or contrived, his ear for drunk and sober dialogue is flawless. John Huston has thawed out Gardner's story a little, without letting it melt into sentimentality or pathos. He knows the

difference between humor and comedy and is chary of cheaply secured effects. The direction is underexplicit and impeccable; a sort of avuncular kindness holds this unlikely story together and turns it into something rather gentle and memorable.

IN 1941 THE Hollywood firmament flashed as if with meteors. There was of course *Citizen Kane*. Orson Welles hit the town with an earthquake and tidal wave unparalleled before or since. But not even that extravaganza could submerge another director's amazing debut: John Huston's *The Maltese Falcon*.

Kane, nowadays, tops everybody's top-ten lists, while *Falcon* has become the campy kickoff to countless Bogie festivals in neighborhood theatres where the water fountains never work. One we revere, the other we hoot at. But movie critic Pauline Kael, then a college girl, writes of the excitement of seeing this stylish, cynical thriller and of how *Kane*, after the high publicity tides, seemed shallow.

The careers of Welles' and Huston have been similar. Neither man has made a film equal to his first. Both acquired, as they moved into middle age, organ-pipe voices, Gargantuan bulks, and formidably bearded sage-faces. Increasingly these two giants lend their prestige to bit parts in juvenile, slick movies.

WELLES' DECLINE has been legendary and vertiginous, a clean slash down a sheet of graph paper. (After *Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, to be sure, he had a frightful way to fall). Huston's fortunes have been more erratic, more baffling. He never had to fight the strength-sapping, humiliating battles for cash and credit that finished Welles. But he careened through moviedom with as little purpose and discrimination as a neutron through a reactor.

Falcon, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, one or two more, are masterpieces. Under Huston's credits we can find many professional, polished entertainments like *Key Largo*, *The African Queen*, *Beat the Devil*. Then there are the others: *The Barbarian and the Geisha*, *Night of the Iguana*, *The Bible*. . . Not quite trash, but, like tunafish salad three days old, enough to make you wonder about the wisdom of fine distinctions.

Huston has never had a signature style, like Hitchcock or Ophuls, Kubrick or Antonioni. His talents have always (except, oddly, in *Falcon*) been unobtrusive. Other directors, the best of them, play around with their films, use plot as a clothesline for stringing up whiter whites and brighter brights, treat actors as ambulatory props to be wheeled here and there for setting up some classy shot. Huston's films move along with his characters, at their own pace, in their own medium.

THERE IS AN immense amount of fun, of course, in obtrusiveness, in the seamy-side-out artistry that made *Kane* such an enjoyable masterwork. Judging by the success of such directors as Kubrick and Hitchcock and Nichols, people prefer this ingenuous sort of movie. Huston's quiet style is a little out of fashion now, and Huston himself, in his late sixties, is no longer a young-man-on-the-make. He can do just what he wants to do, and he eschews the gimcrackery of camera angles and portentous pans and jazzy cutting.

Fat City is not a prepossessing film, not one that people will line up in the rain to see, certainly not one that will gladden the hearts of Columbia execs like *The Godfather* did over at Paramount. Yet I can't help liking it far better than, say, Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*, to which it bears a startling resemblance. You don't get that embarrassing highness of purpose in *Fat City*, that ill-concealed lust for greatness that makes you cringe. (It's a look that has become altogether too common of late.)

Yet it is inspiring to see this Hollywood veteran come out of a long drought (as Hitchcock, rather less felicitously, has done with *Frenzy*) to show the elegant young directors who write columns and fancy themselves oracles that moviemaking has not been left to them alone.

Fat City is not a great film (though it has assurance, artistry, and style) but it is unmistakably the work of a man who has — or had — greatness in him.

Bill MacVicar

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Canada-Soviet

series over...

winner in doubt

"Freedom," crowed an ecstatic Nancy Eagleson, "always wins out in the end."

Her outburst came after Paul Henderson firmly established himself as a Canadian folk hero by slipping a puck under Vladislav Tretiak in Moscow in the final minute of play last Thursday. The goal, of course, gave Team Canada a dramatic 6-5 win in the eighth and deciding game in the series against the Soviet National Team. The victory, close though it was, at least partially restored Canada's self-image, shaken by years of humiliation in international 'amateur' competition, and by defeats at the hands of the Soviets earlier in the series.

But what was involved was much, much more than a contest between two groups of superb athletes, or tremendously exciting entertainment for millions of spectators around the world, or even the pride of a small nation establishing supremacy over the Soviet goliath in at least one sphere of activity.

It was, as Nancy Eagleson, and her husband Alan, executive director of the NHL Players' Association, and spokesman for Team Canada, never lost an opportunity to point out, a highly charged, if largely symbolic, political clash between two nations on opposite sides of the Cold War, between different value systems, different attitudes to sport, and different life styles.

On the one side, there were the forces of light, the Canadians, defending their national pride, and representing the values that were billed as the keystones of Western Civilization: individualism, free enterprise, and the prestige of the National Hockey

League.

On the other side, there were the forces of darkness, the big red machine of godless communism, representing machine-like precision, iron-clad discipline, dead seriousness, and faceless teamwork. For them, too, national prestige was at stake, for sport is an important component of Soviet foreign policy in an era when the accommodation with imperialism that is legitimized with the label of peaceful co-existence has taken the place of the theories of international proletarian revolution that the Kremlin bureaucrats long ago carefully buried in Lenin's tomb.

It has long been clear, of course, despite the fantasies of the Avery Brundages, that sports and politics are inseparable. On one level, this is true because sports events, especially on the international level, have been systematically used to make political points. This is made inevitable by the very nature of international sports, where the competition is between nations, not athletes, and where the glare of publicity makes winning everything, and the development of sportsmanship and mass participation in sports, nothing.

On a more fundamental level, sports are political because they are a reflection of the societies that produce them. Different class structures, different value systems, different cultures, produce different approaches to athletics in a nation. And as well, sports play a role in the social fabric of a nation. It is no accident, for example, that the campus 'jocks' moved to attack the radicals when a student rebellion shut down

Columbia University, or that Richard Nixon uses football analogies to explain his latest move in the game of genocide he is playing in Indochina.

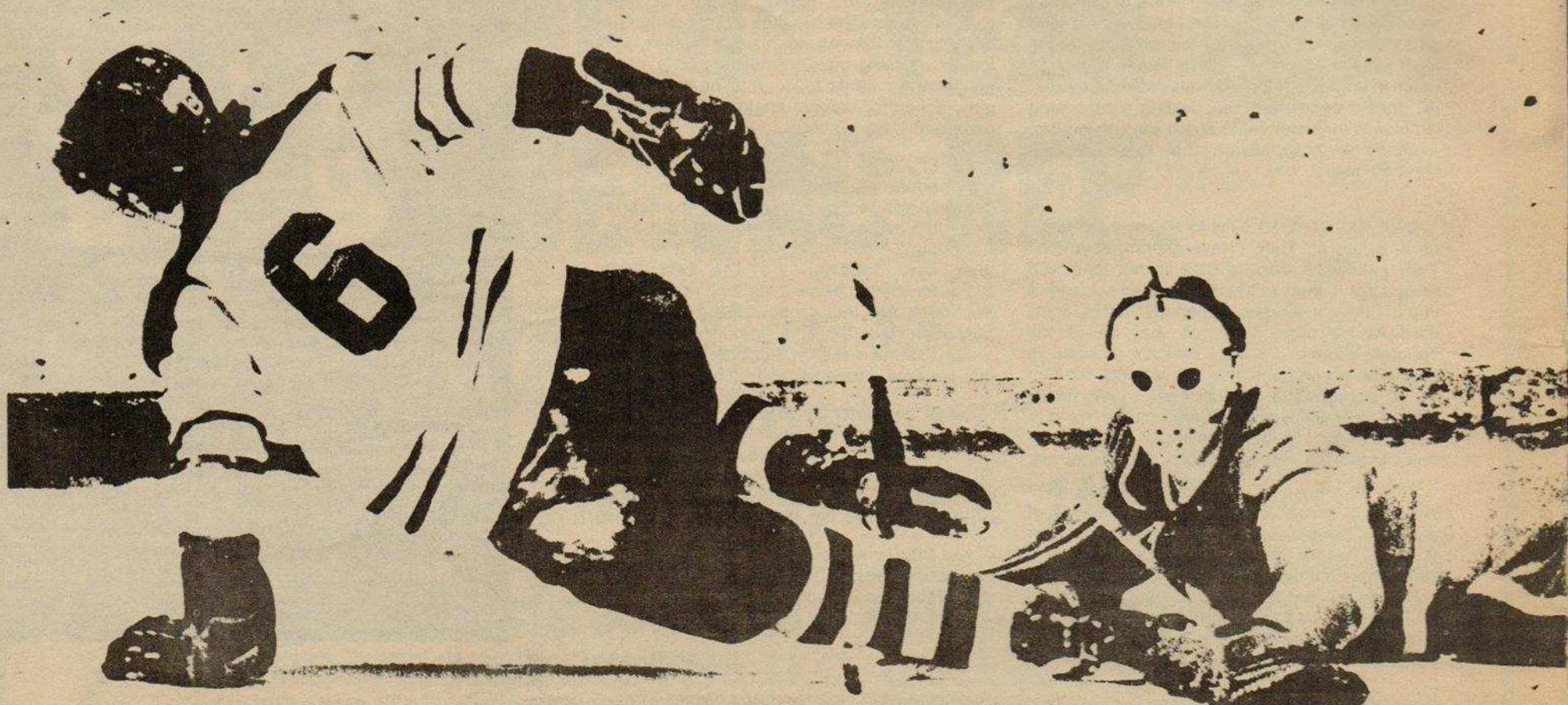
Even before the series began, politics were very much in evidence. In Canada, Bobby Hull, J.C. Tremblay, and Derek Sanderson were banned from the team because they had exercised their rights as free-enterprisers in a way that was beyond the pale — signing with the World Hockey Association. The patriotism of the NHL did not quite extend to the point of relaxing its vindictiveness towards those who were threatening its profit position. Among NHL owners, only Harold Ballard spoke in favour of going "To Russia With Hull". It is probably only coincidence that the favourable publicity he received did much to obliterate the memory of his recent fraud conviction from the public mind.

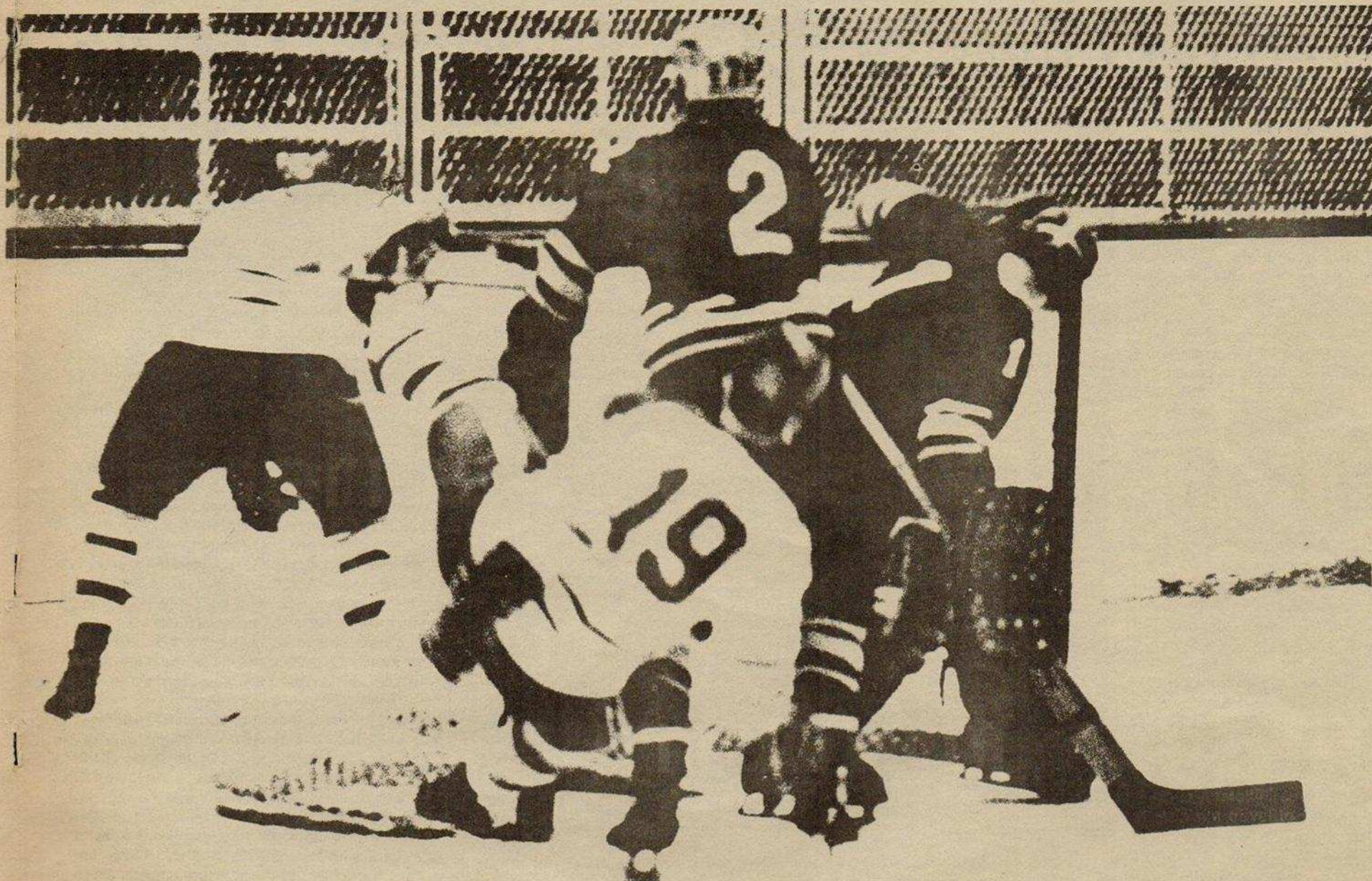
In the Soviet Union, meanwhile, Anatoli Tarasov, the man who built Russian hockey into a powerful force, was in disfavour, and excluded from any role in the series. Along with him, top Soviet stars Vitaly Davydov and Anatoli Firsov, known to be loyal to the old regime, did not travel to Canada.

Pre-series statements by the two sides were among the first contrasts that appeared. Canadian hockey writers, coaches, and assorted experts were virtually unanimous in proclaiming that Canada would win by a lop-sided margin. Team Canada, they said, had the edge in almost every department. The players were perhaps less boastfully arrogant, but all indications were that they too, for the most part, did not take the Soviets too seriously.

But then they were going on little more than a report prepared by Toronto Maple Leaf coach John McLellan and scout Bob Davidson, who, with no previous experience in international hockey, spent a mere four days in the Soviet Union, and saw two games in that time. On the basis of this experience, they reported that Soviet goalie Tretiak was woefully weak (in the one game they saw him play, he allowed eight goals). They did not realize his poor play was the result of an off night produced by nervousness over his upcoming wedding the following day. And most of their other evaluations proved to be equally far from the mark. The organizers of Team Canada, with typical NHL arrogance, didn't consider it worth their while to consult with Canadians who had experience with the Russians and international hockey, such as former national team coaches David Bauer or Jackie MacLeod.

The Soviets, on the other hand, displayed a markedly different approach. They hoped, they modestly said, to be able to learn from the Canadian professionals. They did not expect to win, but they were confident that they would be able to put up a good fight. To what extent this was designed to lull the Canadians into a false confidence, and to enable the Soviets to save face if they did lose a series they really expected to win, is not clear.





It is certain, however, that they approached the series like the professionals they are, while the Canadian professional hockey establishment approached it in the most amateurish way. The Russian scouts spent two weeks in Canada watching Team Canada practice, and took copious notes on all aspects of the team's play while they were there. The questions they asked sometimes flabbergasted the Canadians: the Soviets were concerned with things that Canadian coaches had never even considered, such as recovery rates, pass completion ratios, and distance skated. But, then, all this attention was flattering for the Canadians.

The play in the series proved a number of things. It proved that the Soviets were better, a great deal better, than anyone had expected. In teamwork, in play-making, and on the power play, they were clearly superior to Team Canada. The illusions of a decade ("if only we could play our pros") were shattered by the 7-3 humiliation in the Montreal Forum, and nothing Paul Henderson and Phil Esposito could do could quite make it up.

At the same time, Team Canada's victory should not be attributed to luck. The Canadian pros showed a tremendous ability to rise to the task that faced them and to come from behind to establish themselves as the better team. For better they were, and by a larger margin than the final outcome might indicate. Playing in September, when their physical and mental conditioning was far below the level of the Soviets, who train year-round, made a major difference to the Canadians. Much of the lack of teamwork, too, should

be attributed to the fact that Team Canada was hastily thrown together from players who had never played together before, rather than to "individualism". The refereeing, of course, went "From Badder to Vorst"; it was almost as biased as it was incompetent. And finally, the presence of Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr would have made considerable difference.

But this does not diminish the tremendous strides that the Soviets have made. And more importantly, there is every reason to believe that Canadian hockey is deteriorating, or at best static, while Russian (and European) hockey is steadily improving. If Team Canada's victory is taken as grounds to maintain the smug self-satisfaction of the past, then the victory will have been pyrrhic indeed.

The reasons for this, of course, are not hard to find. In Canada, coaching techniques and approaches to the game have not significantly altered in decades. In Europe, on the other hand, the stress has necessarily been on improving what was at one time a dismally low level of play. The result has been that the Europeans are willing to learn from anyone, while Canadian coaches have seen no need to improve on their game or to learn anything. Consequently, the European (and especially the Soviet) game is in a constant process of development, always looking for more ways to improve, never satisfied with the level achieved.

The approach is decidedly scientific. Russian coaches have to pass extensive tests to become qualified. Players are given training in theory, and in physical education fundamentals, as well as in actual play. An elaborate structure that now boasts ten million registered hockey players in the Soviet Union has been built up, and on all levels, the stress is on constant improvement. And the improvement, of course, has been phenomenal. The series with Team Canada should give added impetus to the process.

In Canada, on the other hand, the commercialization of hockey, its position as an entertainment product, rather than a mass participation sport, have changed the nature of "Canada's national game".

The emphasis in Canada, even for the youngest players, is on playing games, not on learning skills and fundamentals. (And not just on playing games, but on winning them at any cost, including dirty play and no ice time for half the players.) Says Lloyd Percival, one of the few Canadian physical educationists to dissent, "the idea of development through coaching, testing and evaluation and problem solving, is, with few exceptions, given no attention."

The entire structure of hockey is a pyramid leading up to the NHL, and hockey on all levels is controlled by, and geared to the needs of, the NHL franchises. And those priorities, needless to say, have to do with the making of profits, not the development of community-oriented sports programs.

The difference can be traced to what Bruce Kidd has pointed out is the difference between commercial sport and professional sport. A professional athlete (and both the Russians and the Canadians are that) plays his game for a living. But, in commercial sport, the goal is to make profits for those who pay the athletes, and the result is the introduction of many factors

extraneous to sport. And things which are irrelevant to the making of profits, or which create competition for the NHL monopolists, such as senior hockey leagues, or the development of a Canadian national team, are ruthlessly axed.

Team Canada proved that it could rise to the challenge of changing conditions. Off the ice, the late-night drinking and partying ceased as the players took the Soviet team more seriously. On the ice, teamwork and two-way play replaced the sometimes more spectacular, but also, against the Russians, spectacularly inefficient individual virtuoso performances. In the process, Canadians learned that in team hockey, the Ellises and Parises were more valuable than the high-scoring Vic Hadfields and Richard Martins. Some, like Hadfield, responded with childish petulance, others learned the lesson. Said Harry Sinden: "If I'd gone for complete hockey players (in selecting the team) a lot of the guys from the first three all-star teams would have been missing." Canadian coaches, and Canadian fans, were finding that the Russians could teach them, as well.

But while Team Canada learned some lessons (as well as teaching some to the Russians), it was not as clear if the Canadian hockey establishment was listening. Many, it seems, have let the euphoria of the hard-won victory wipe out the memory of the scare that the Russians inflicted on them.

The series, however, represented a meeting of cultures as well as a clash of hockey teams. On one level, this was apparent in the Swedish games. The Swedes specialized in subtle spearing and melodramatic hysterics when the Canadians retaliated. When the Canadians, used to taking the law into their own hands, retaliated, they were denounced as "criminals" and "gangsters" by the Swedish press (as well as by such astute hockey observers as the Canadian ambassador to Sweden and Wilder Penfield).

More important was the contrast between Canadian and Russian society that the series illustrated. Predictably, the traditional Cold War hostility was still in evidence, especially among the Canadians. "Nyet, nyet, Soviet!" they chanted in Moscow. "The Russians," said Alan Eagleson, "have only one philosophy, only one system. That is the muscle system. I'd rather be a bum in Toronto than a major general in Russia." This, after Russian police took him into custody for jumping from his seat and knocking two of their number to the ground. Said Eagleson, "I was in their dressing room after the last game and some of them broke down and cried. I'm really sorry for them for being stuck in Russia."

But Eagleson, for all his persistent and insulting remarks about the Soviets, did not set the tone of the series.

Other indications pointed in other directions, and they predominated. There was the advertising prominently displayed on the boards of the Moscow rink. Or the scrupulous rule-consciousness of the Russians, a reflection, perhaps, of the same mentality that enabled Stalin to sell out communist-led resistance movements in Europe for the sake of keeping his side in a deal he had made with Churchill to split the continent.

Paul Mendelsohn

Toronto art offers sumptuous variety of works

A potpourri at Hart House

Diverse in style, technique, and media yet continuous as a whole: This may best describe the overall effect of the *Recent Acquisitions Exhibition 1969-72*, showing in the Hart House Art Gallery. The show offers a wide range of media, from acrylics, oils and watercolors to pencil, ink and crayon. Air brush, hard edge, and heavy impasto are used, in many of the works. The show, leaving little to the imagination, includes everything from abstraction to naturalism, and more conceptually, from fantasy to reality. For example, Albert de Kergommeaux's "A System of 12 Blue/Violet" displays the modular, Paul Emile Borduas' "Le Temps se Met au Beau" the use of tachism, Louis de Niverville's "Still Life With Love" an almost metaphysical style, and Oscar Cahen's "Ancient Throne", abstract expressionism. Accompanying these are a host of others which yield naturalistic studies either figuratively or through landscape. Of special mention are the gifts from the Douglas M. Duncan Collection, the prize possessions from which are four David Milnes. It doesn't take much concentrated looking to realize why many Canadians have so eagerly acquainted themselves with his works. Hart House has a total of 14 Milnes in its Permanent Collection including seven aquatints which have received especially high praise.

Although the gallery is filled with works of art by many different artists of varied backgrounds, the whole display presents itself as a total visual experience. Skillfully hung, the works display a pleasing interaction, with small, medium, large, and very large all harmonizing into one mosaic. The variety of colour ranges from

garish reds through blue azures to blending whites, and contributes to a vivid orchestration of hues. And while the works of more serious artists such as Jack Bush and Marcel Barbeau tend to dominate intellectually, the op and pop works by Greg Curnow and Joce Wieland offer a sense of dramatic relief. The Curnow,

Variety, then, is the key note in this exhibition, presenting a good cross-section of the quality and extent of the whole Permanent Collection. The closing date of the show is October 8, this Sunday, and Hart House is hoping that as many people as possible will make a point of seeing it. The viewer should feel en-

Olitsky's bold paints exciting

I approached the Olitski exhibit, now on display at the David Mirvish Gallery on Markham Street, with high expectations, for Jules Olitski is considered to be one of the leading Abstract painters on the art scene today. In his most famous work, layer upon layer of delicately colored acrylic paint was sprayed onto large canvases, producing exquisite atmospheric effects, and an almost mystical sensation of space.

In this show, Olitski seems to be following the recent trend towards more "painterly" surfaces, by using thicker layers of pigment, in some pieces completely abandoning the spray technique for which he is noted.

Unfortunately, the thicker paint presents certain problems for the viewer. Whereas in earlier works, the eye was able to penetrate the fragile surfaces of gently swirling pastel mists, in many of these pictures the opaque paint tends to bring the eye to a dead stop. This prevents the detail and drawing at the edge of the work from relating to the now solid, central area of color.

However, in a more successful piece, such as "Radical Love 12", the yellow paint has been worked with broad strokes, which break the surface into several facets, and allow the eye to move freely among the newly created planes. This results in a visual excitement that is further enhanced by the subtle patches of lemon paint that emanate from the rich surface. The slash of golden pigment at the top seems to force its way through this substantial mass to be magically transformed into a thin line drawn on the left. This interaction tends to further integrate the painting.

It is works such as these that assure us that our expectations are not vain, for the high quality of the paintings is evident.

Chris Ralph

Sandra Wolfe



David Milne's "Winter Clouds"

entitled "Landscape Calamity Corners", which is balanced bilaterally with a Ronald Bloore on the west wall, looks puristic from a distance, but up close, very close, one sees a message few people notice and rarely read. After that, turn to Joyce Wieland's "O Canada" which is almost as good a joke as it is a painting.

couraged to walk around Hart House at his leisure (after all, he pays for it and its upkeep) to take in the rest of the Collection which is one of the largest privately-owned collections of Canadian art anywhere.

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McGraw-Hill Ryerson.

Changing Sources of Power is an examination of some of the ways that traditional American power bases are shifting. Sudden gusts of public emotions have always worried professional politicians because they upset the most careful calculations of even the shrewdest of statisticians. However, the dislocations in political thinking today have created additional problems for those who must assess America's mood during the election year.

It is obvious that Vietnam, inflation, unemployment, unrest among whites and the young, the emergence of blacks as a political force, all are having significant and crucial effects upon voting patterns. There are, for example, signs of a serious breakdown in party loyalty. All these factors make any accurate predictions virtually impossible. The imponderables are so many that only the amateur would attempt to say just why the voters are doing what they are doing.

Frederick Dutton, an aide to Robert Kennedy in the 1968 primaries, clearly recognizes that, while there has been a shift in the power balances within America, it would be unwise to forecast what will happen later in the seventies.

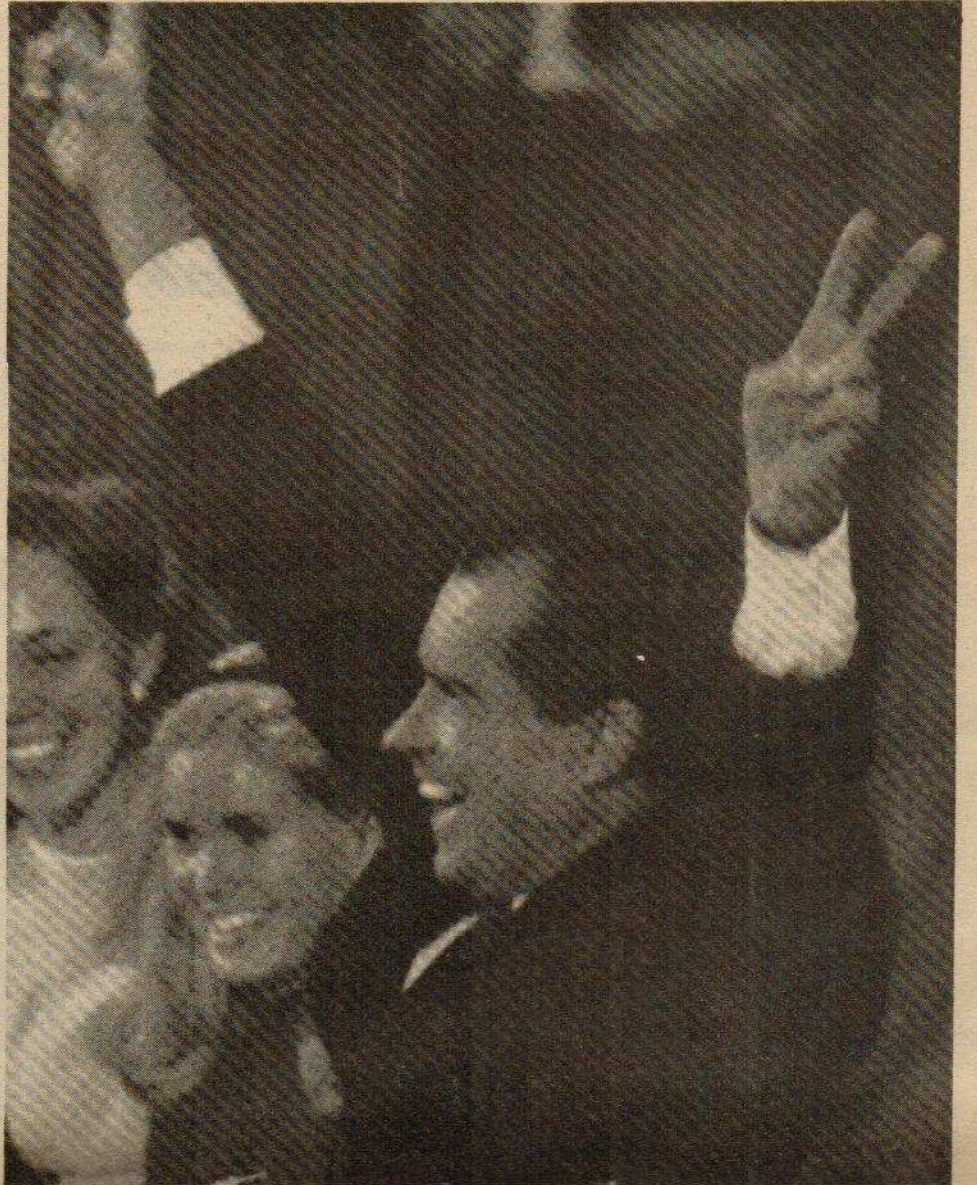
He is careful not to do so. He surveys the changes in public thinking, however, and, although he doesn't reach any major conclusions, gathers supporting evidence to justify the title of his book. *Changing Sources of Power* is worth reading for its grasp of the possible reactions of a seriously disturbed nation and the effects both internal and external stresses are having on the two party-system.

It is historically accurate to say that the broad center has usually decided elections in the States, even though the center itself has moved time and again. Dutton

does not dismiss this theory but he cites considerable evidence to prove that the past is not a reliable guide to the future. A third and perhaps a fourth major party, each with strong constituent support, may lie ahead and may be strong enough to break the hold of the Democrats and Republicans. Of the newly enfranchised young voters Dutton writes:

"The potential impact of all the young people coming of age in the 1970's lies not in just their numbers but in the distinctiveness of much about them ...These young people know the Depression, World War II, and most of the cold war as only episodes in the history textbooks. They have been shaped instead by the greatest material outpouring for almost an entire society that the world has ever seen, capped in the 1960's by the longest-sustained prosperity this country has yet had. And so the conditioning and the expectations they bring into the electorate are as different from the Depression rooted attitudes and insecurities as the ICBM is from the Model T."

Women, too, have taken a greater interest in and are more involved now than they ever were in the political process. Organized labor, with all its money and manpower resources, is a vital factor, despite the rank-and-file's split on foreign policy. Union leadership is not only of the older generation but was conditioned by the events preceding WWII and the aggrandizement of the Soviet Union in the years that followed it. The so-called "military-industrial" complex is more accurately identified, Dutton insists, as the "industrial-military-organized labor-scientific-higher education-coalition.....Roughly ten per cent of the entire labor force has come to owe its paychecks directly to defense spending, and practically all of that group is unionized. It provides a firm buttress for the AFL-CIO's hard-line foreign policy stance."
Edward Reed



FASHION

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Watsup

pop

Cheech and Chong's debut album was a comedic bomb and a commercial success. So with nowhere to go but up, the pair has made a more realistic effort at provoking laughter in this era of uncertainty with **Big Bambu** (A & M). As in the previous LP much of the material centres on the drug culture, but unlike its predecessor, **Big Bambu** doesn't get into three or four minutes of boring dialogue aiming at a thin punchline.

Not all the cuts work but most of them are at least interesting. **Ralph and Herbie** offers a particularly funny look into a canine world. The conception is innovative and well performed. The T.V. parody, **Let's Make a Dope Deal** is another piece of right on humour.

In keeping with their image Tommy Chong and Richard Cheech have put their record in a cover designed like a package of cigarette (?) papers and have even included one super-sized paper. It's still a comedy-novelty album and like all the others, the jokes lose their sparkle after the initial listening.

I'm told that much of the humour is visual. You have a chance to find out for yourself on Oct. 10 when C. & C. are slated to appear at Massey Hall.

The Riverboat, (922-6216), 134 Yorkville, is featuring the super blues duo **Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee** tonight through October 22. Admission is \$3.50 and the first set starts about 9 pm.

Fiddlers Green, near Yonge and Eglinton (489-3001), presents contemporary folk artist **Jack Schechtman** tonight and **Chris Rawlins** on Tuesday night.

Canadian jazz guitarist **Lenny Breau** can be heard at **Grumbles**, 71 Jarvis above King (368-0796), tonight and tomorrow. Next week, beginning on Monday is the **'Honky Tonk Angel'**, **Ellen McIlwaine**. Admission is down to \$2.50.

Thirsty rock-fiends can content themselves at the **El Mocambo Tavern**, Spadina at College (961-2558), with **April Wine** this weekend and **King Biscuit Boy** beginning Monday. No cover is required but beer prices go up a bit when the band goes on.

Starting on Sunday, October 8 at 3:03 pm, CBC-AM Radio begins a special 13-week series of one-hour programs entitled **The Beatles Story**. Having taken over a year to produce by the BBC, the series promises to present many fresh interviews and a lot of music, including some extremely rare recordings in tracing the rise and fall of the Beatles.

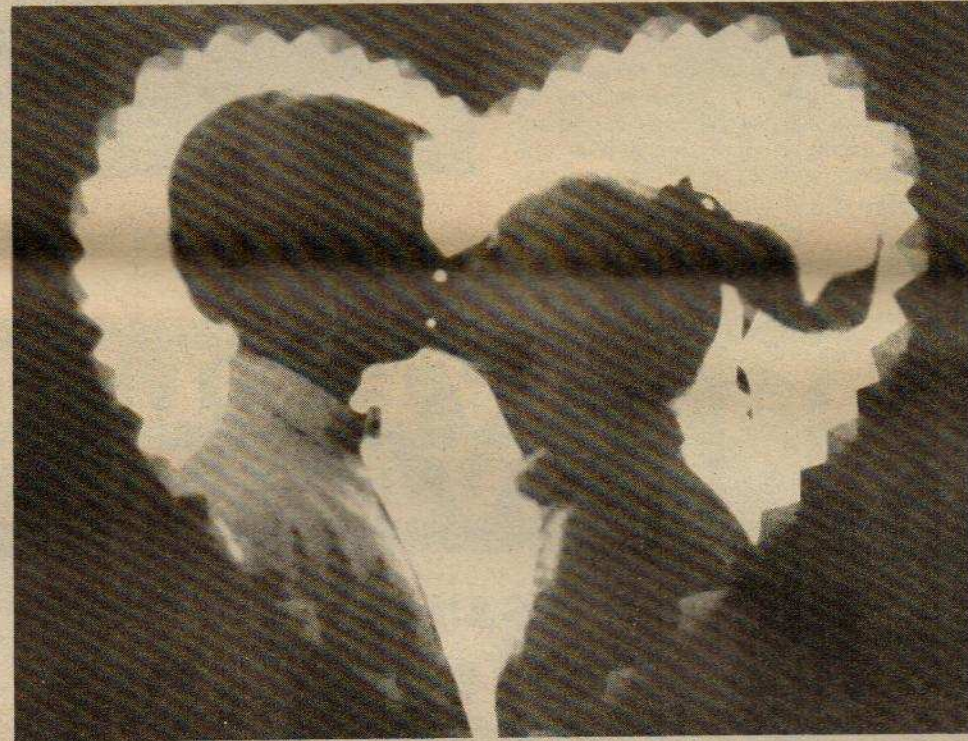
A plethora of new releases should be arriving in the record stores today. WEA Music has promised me you can find the following: Gordon Lightfoot's **Old Dan's Records**, the Jethro Tull double live album **Livin' in the Past**, John Prine's **Diamonds in the Rough**, a double set from Deep Purple entitled **Passage**, John Hartford's **Morning Bugle**, and a new Yes effort, **Closer to the Edge**. Yes will also be in concert on Oct. 31 at Maple Leaf Gardens.

music

Just a few years ago, a determined record buyer could, with luck, find six or seven recordings of Mahler symphonies. Today, there are over ninety available. To appreciate just how much work these records represent, consider what goes into recording a symphony. If the work being recorded is by, for example, Mozart, a day or two is needed, and some twenty to seventy players are involved, depending on the wishes of the conductor. Compare this to Mahler's greatest achievement, the eighth, popularly called the "Symphony of A Thousand". This involves two full choruses, a children's choir, a brass choir at the back of the hall, piano, organ,

harmonium, eight vocal soloists, four harps, and a nearly double-size orchestra. Add to this the tremendous length, complexity, and intensity it possesses and you are faced with a gigantic recording project. Yet in spite of this, there are six recordings of this work available, five of which have been recorded in the past four years!

Certainly the most popular recording of a Mahler symphony available today is the Third, as conducted by Jascha Horenstein. This is a top-selling, superb album, mixed using the Dolby noise reduction system, which makes for an almost noise-free recording. The symphony itself is a six-movement sonic orgy, with the ending of the first movement more than enough for the kinkiest stereo buff. This movement is a panorama of summer "marching in", with blaring horns, mystical themes, a riotous march, and percussion everywhere. The other five movements, while less muscular, are no less magnificent. Every trick in the Mahlerian symphonic bag is here, from the children's choir to the big choral



movement to the faraway post-horn solo. The third and fourth movements feature the Ambrosian Singers, the Wadsworth Children's Choir, and the gifted contralto Norma Proctor. The London Symphony Orchestra plays superbly and with great love for the music throughout, making this the ideal way to get a start with Mahler. There are several other excellent recordings of the third available, but none of them feature this set's price: just \$5.39 for two lp's.

If you think you'd like to take the plunge, the complete edition worth getting is the one on Deutsche Grammophon, conducted by Rafael Kubelik. The fourteen discs in this set are near-perfect both musically and sonically, and right now A&A's on Yonge has it at \$29.00 (usually \$56). Other symphonies worth the money are the Second, conducted by Bruno Walter, the Sixth, by George Szell, the previously mentioned Eighth led by George Solti and the Ninth, with Leonard Bernstein, (Dave Baskin)

The Canadian Opera Company will not give up and **La Boheme** will be staged tonight at 8:15, **Eugene Onegin** tomorrow at 2 pm, **Tosca** at 8:15 pm and again on Monday same time, **Eugene Onegin** on Tuesday at 8:15 and **Aida** on Wednesday at 8:15.

Melville Cook never gives up either, and I wonder when CBC-FM's **Organist in Recital** series will take note of this fact again. He's about due for the series and there have been all these recent opportunities, for example last Monday, or this Monday at 8:30 pm. Students pay \$1. At Metro United Church.

The Faculty of Music's season of Thursday Evening Concerts opens with **An Entertainment For Elizabeth**, a "production with a cast of 24" which "celebrates the unity of poetry, song, music and dance which made the

Elizabethan court the wonder of its age." John Hollander provides the lyrics (they will be good, he is a first-rate poet and scholar) and the New York Pro Musica the music. It's in the MacMillan Theatre, at 8:30 pm, and \$2 student tickets are available at the box office, although these are in short supply.

An exhibition honouring the late Healey Willan has been set up in the Alumni Common Room, second floor, Med Sciences Building until December 3. Memorabilia, pictures, scores, recordings of his music and the composer's awards are included in the exhibit.

movies

Neon Palace. Nostalgia is a sweet pleasure, but it's one-shot, which is why **Neon Palace** can draw spontaneous applause at the very point that I am thinking of leaving if it doesn't perk up. It was in 1967 that I re-began singing Peggy Sue and found it sprang out of uncontrollable memory, perfect to the dotted quarter-note. It was 1968 when good old Dave Harding dispelled the Cuban boredom with **Catch a Falling Star** and Put it in Your Pocket, 1970 when Al Mattes laid me out with the (old) news that the thing she was looking for, that took her life that night, was a high school ring. Etc. But it palls, and now, in 1972, there are few touchstones that remain unturned. "We had a quarrel..." begins the quavery, oh my God, familiar tenor, and I shoot backwards, once more desperately in love with Joky Vink, and fully re-integrated in time to add "a teenage quarrel..."

But that was the only such moment for me

(until October 29) and **Toronto Painting 1953-1965** (coming in November). I mention the latter a month ahead of time because the gallery plans a series of five lectures to complement this and the **Ontario Society** exhibit; unfortunately, information concerning the lectures reached us a bit late and the first lecture was yesterday, entitled **Parties and Pastimes a Century Ago**. (Psychologists tell us we are edified to find out what we missed.) The next lecture is October 12, so you will have to wait until next Friday to pick up this week-old paper to find out what you missed. It is entitled **Toronto: No Mean City** to be delivered by Eric Arthur.

As a timely salute to **A. Y. Jackson** who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on Tuesday, the gallery has set up a special exhibition which includes a selection of Jackson's oil paintings, sketches and water colours from the AGO Collection, as well as a number of books illustrated by the artist. It runs until October 24.

Erindale College: There will be as many as three shows running at various times in the next week: until October 21 is **Graham Cantieni's** large lyrical canvases. The young painter is from Quebec and he exhibited last season at the New Brunswick Museum. To the 25th is **3000 Years of Chinese Art**, which is a colour photograph exhibit of the ROM's extensive collection, considered one of the best in North America. Starting next Thursday will be a one-man show by young Toronto painter **William T. Kort**.

Craft Gallery, on Prince Arthur: **Stephen Hogbin**, Canadian Design Award winner, has a show here until October 28.

Cedarbrae District Library: Pedro R. Leon exhibits his prints at the Scarborough branch on Markham Road until November 10, and the exhibit starts Monday.

Press Porcepic: **Joe Rosenblatt**, a poet and artist, is exhibiting 100 drawings at 102 Bloor West, 15th floor until October 17.

Morris Gallery: The Romantic Century: 19th Century European Drawings and Small Paintings. This is their second show of this kind, included in which are a few oil paints from the School of Fontainebleau — Diaz, Daubigny, Harpegnies. The drawings cover the whole period from neoclassicism to art nouveau. It closes October 14.

Victoria College: Douglas Martin exhibits his paintings until October 20.

Show-Rimington Gallery: (Bunny, so they tell me) **Wilson** and **Jack Joel** are exhibiting paintings, sculptures, constructions and serigraph until October 15.

theatre

HENDRY'S DOUBLE HEADER: Canadian playwright Tom Hendry has two one acts at the Theatre in the Dell, a bar that normally presents musical revues. One good thing about the Dell is the fact that you can drink during the performance and this is essential during the first play, **Seance**. It's a silly little wedding night farce about a ghost who balls up the nuptials. It was a good idea in Hendry's head but it bombs on the boards. Since they won't serve during the show stock up on drinks beforehand to keep up your spirits. **You Smell Good to Me**, the second play on the bill is much better; perhaps even good enough to sit through sober but by then it may be too late. The piece is all about an unhappy hooker with a heart of gold who humanizes a computer programmer's digital brain. Reservations, 368-5309.

POOR OLD WORLD, WE LOVE YOU ANYWAY. This schlock monster about a group of North American dope-fiend kids who learn what real life is like on a kibbutz in Israel will make the worst tripe you ever saw in high school look like a Tony award winner. At the TWP Playhouse. 925-8640.

CANADIAN MIME THEATRE is presenting two shows in repertory through Oct. 28 at the Central Library Theatre. The first is **Visual Delights '72**, a series of skits and sketches that is much better than its stupid title. The second show is **The Vagabonds**, a sentimental tale about two bums who help a down-and-out girl on her way to fame and fortune. The plot is trite but very well executed by the company of four. 924-8950.

art

Aggregation Gallery — gallery one, major works by Gallery Artists in a wide variety of media: gallery two, David Barnett, **Soft Focus Realism** is the focus of his acrylics on canvas. Both are to October 21.

Albert White Gallery — As far as we know, **Primitive Art of Nigeria** should still be there for a while yet.

Art Gallery of Ontario: French Master Drawings of the 17th and 18th Centuries in North American Collections, until October 15. And **Ontario Society of Artists: 100 Years**

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