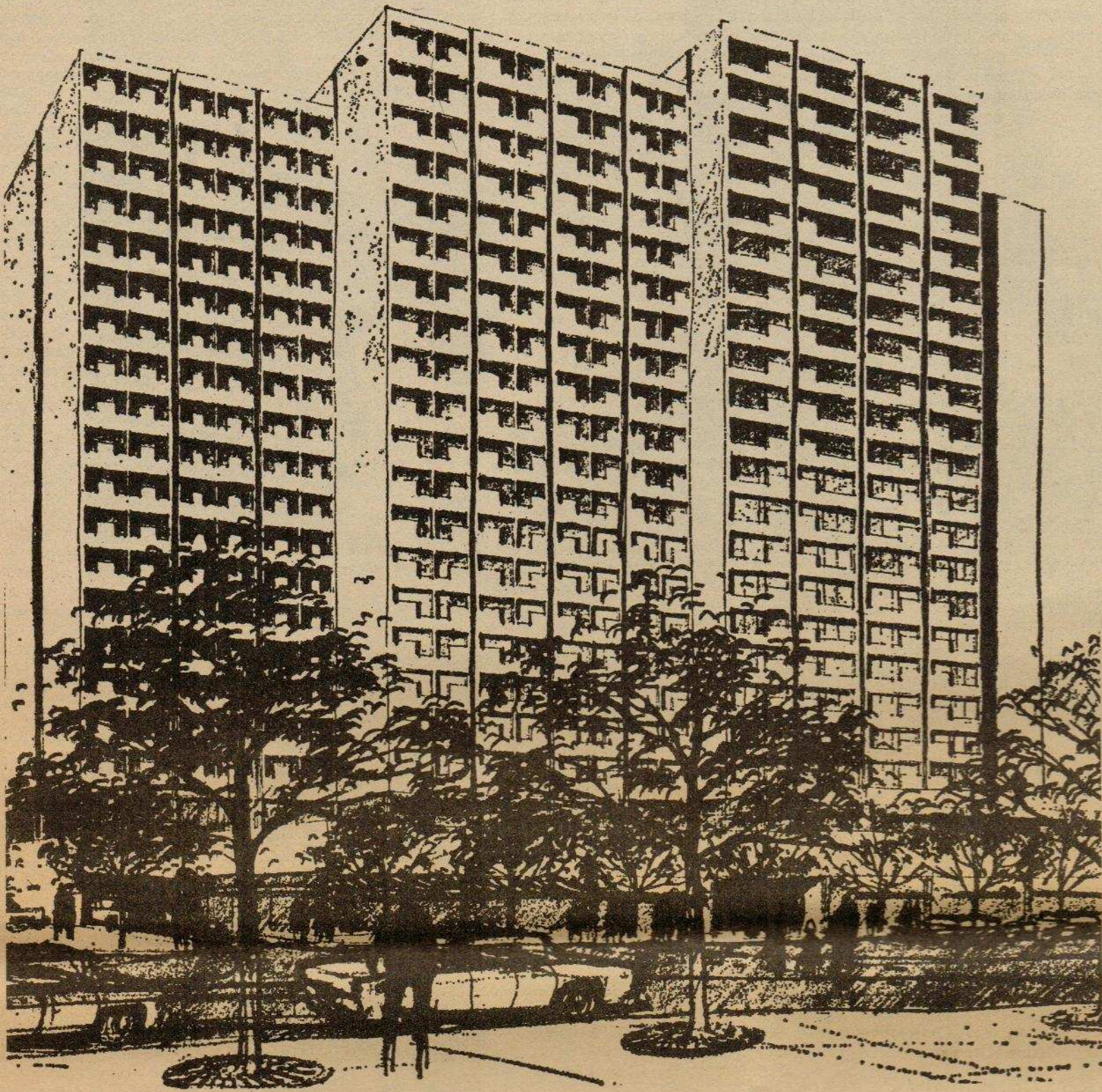


Nebo

**The law,
in all its magnificent equality
forbids the rich
as well as the poor,
to sleep under bridges,
to beg in the streets,
or to steal bread.**

Anatole France



An architect's conception of the way Rochdale would look. The reality is very different. Architect's drawings are often "idealized fairyland pictures" that sell developments.

Grass-roots cells, devil's architects defend communities

Northcote Parkinson, in his guide to the internal workings of Britain, we have a more modern companion volume: a guide to

The Householder's Guide to Bureaucratic Aggression is a guide to organizational principles and communities should use in fighting the foisted on them by unresponsive elected councils or by attention to detail, and frequently Antony Jay, the author, shows how an organization can best draw support, mobilize funds, publicize tactical initiatives in fighting, exploiting his weaknesses and

Jay advocates a cell system where each person is responsible for specific fund-raising, and publicity, as well as for organizing support on the ground. He has an 'Action Committee' at the top. Also at the top are a "campaign" "imposing institutions for the exclusion" from decision-making incompetent.

He details the various facts and figures used to support the concept of the proposed presentation of an alternative behind-the-scenes diplomatic settlements, as well as of the necessity of avoiding, wherever officials or elected representatives no face-saving way to back-focussing on differences among irrevocable commitments, he the monolithic opposition of

He indicates the most frequent up when attacking the plan:

- "Is the plan necessary to solve, or aggravate problems?"

- "Has the plan taken into thinking the most recent technologies?... examples of special glamour as well as enemy, and hard for them to

- "The criteria. Nearly certain criteria which any plan out that this plan fulfils all the planners started from the original plan. In fact, of course, it has a good planner begins to formulate complete: he then evolves the plan can be shown to meet these criteria".

- "Hidden alternative. There are three possible approaches usually turn up nine or ten

- "Factual accuracy. accurate, and try checking up. When the massive Beeching a Cheshire schoolboy thought about their figures for usage spent a day counting, and more than the report said."

- "The unmentioned suppressed a number of facts can you find them? The best which they have used for willingly disclose them, but a of an assertion will usually elicit then get to work on other convenient facts."

- "Selective deduction alternative. 'The low usage public demand. . . ' It may indicate is too high. Or that the public is so inefficiently run that pe

Jay exposes the motivation

"They have been at it for major internal rows. There are promises with other departments off was promoted half-way through. The first draft was produced by the Minister/Permanent Secretary. The committee didn't give the go-ahead deadline date, and some of the too late to do anything. The taken six years ago, and the the whole policy on a more not go through quickly it means a great deal of work and unpaid for supper, and the thought of them all nightmares."

"In their internal dissent you must do nothing that will

Jay is at his best when, for example, when discussing a

"It will be the usual idea on the road, one in the car on a bright sunny day, trees in front and the building bright and

Northcote Parkinson, in *Parkinson's Law*, gave us a biting guide to the internal workings of bureaucracies. Now, from Britain, we have a more modest and less inspired, but handy, companion volume: a guide to *fighting* bureaucracies.

The Householder's Guide to Community Defence Against Bureaucratic Aggression is a little pamphlet that outlines the organizational principles and campaign tactics that communities should use in fighting projects or developments being foisted on them by unresponsive government bodies, whether by elected councils or by civil servants. With meticulous attention to detail, and frequent resort to dry British humour, Antony Jay, the author, sketches the way in which a local organization can best draw on its community resources and support, mobilize funds, publicity, and experts on its side, and utilize tactical initiatives in fighting the bureaucratic enemy and exploiting his weaknesses and divisions.

Jay advocates a cell structure, with different cells responsible for specific functions, such as legal advice, fundraising, and publicity, as well as 'grass-roots' cells responsible for organizing support on the street level. Heading the structure he has an 'Action Committee' which co-ordinates the effort. Also at the top are a "campaign council" and "patrons" — "imposing institutions for the honour and glory of those you exclude" from decision-making posts because they are incompetent.

He details the various facets of the campaign: attacking the concept of the proposed development itself, as well as the facts and figures used to support it. This is accompanied by the presentation of an alternative plan. He stresses the value of behind-the-scenes diplomacy for gathering facts and achieving settlements, as well as of frontal public attacks. He points to the necessity of avoiding, wherever possible, situations which back officials or elected representatives into a corner, giving them no face-saving way to back down from the original plan. By focussing on differences among the 'enemy' and not provoking irrevocable commitments, he says, it is often possible to avoid the monolithic opposition of an aroused administration.

He indicates the most fruitful lines of inquiry to be followed up when attacking the plan:

- "Is the plan necessary at all? Will it solve the problem it sets out to solve, or aggravate it, or create other, greater problems?"

- "Has the plan taken into account all the most advanced thinking the most recent experience, the latest technologies?... examples from foreign countries have a special glamour as well as probably being unknown to the enemy, and hard for them to verify."

- "The criteria. Nearly all these plans list, very early on, certain criteria which any plan must fulfil. Miraculously, it turns out that this plan fulfils all them. You are meant to think that the planners started from the criteria and eventually arrived at the plan. In fact, of course, it happened the other way around. No good planner begins to formulate criteria until the plan is complete: he then evolves them by listing any plausible which the plan can be shown to meet. Your answer is to challenge these criteria".

- "Hidden alternatives. 'There are two alternatives'; 'There are three possible approaches';... a little reflection can usually turn up nine or ten additional alternatives".

- "Factual accuracy. Do not expect all the facts to be accurate, and try checking up on any that look questionable. When the massive Beeching plan was published by British Rail a Cheshire schoolboy thought there was something funny about their figures for usage of the line behind his house. So he spent a day counting, and found the line enormously busier than the report said."

- "The unmentioned facts. The planners will have suppressed a number of facts which damage their case. How can you find them? The best way is to go to all the sources which they have used for their information. They may not willingly disclose them, but a sharp letter denying the accuracy of an assertion will usually elicit chapter and verse, and you can then get to work on other chapters and other verses for the less convenient facts."

- "Selective deduction. Related to the hidden alternative. 'The low usage figure shows that there is little public demand...' It may indeed. But it may show that the price is too high. Or that the public does not know about it. Or that it is so inefficiently run that people can't be bothered".

Jay exposes the motivations of the men behind the plan.

"They have been at it for months. It has generated several major internal rows. There have been long-negotiated compromises with other departments. The chap who started it all off was promoted half-way through and moved to Edinburgh. The first draft was produced in a tremendous rush because the Minister/Permanent Secretary/Chairman of the Planning Committee didn't give the go-ahead till three months after the deadline date, and some of the flaws didn't show up until it was too late to do anything. The policy decision it stems from was taken six years ago, and they are now talking about rethinking the whole policy on a more comprehensive basis, so if it does not go through quickly it may never make it. It has meant a great deal of work and unpleasantness and getting home late for supper, and the thought of going back to square one gives them all nightmares."

"In their internal dissensions lie some of your best hopes; you must do nothing that will make them close ranks."

Jay is at his best when proposing tactical manoeuvres. For example, when discussing architects' drawings, he says:

"It will be the usual idealized fairyland picture — one car on the road, one in the car park, two girls in summer dresses, bright sunny day, trees in full leaf, exaggerated perspective, and the building bright and shining in all its glory. You cannot

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fight pictures with words. You must get an *architectus diaboli* to
 do an equally accurate architect's drawing with bare trees
 under a leaden sky during the rush hour, cars jamming the
 foreground, washing hanging out, with the paintwork starting to
 peel and the white stonework staining to grey in patches after a
 season or two of exposure to smoke and fog."

Or when dealing with a press reluctant to give a campaign
 event the publicity it needs: "one group of protesters used to
 get excellent coverage through a member who used to ring the
 press and television the day before in a hectoring upper-class
 voice and tell them not to cover this exhibitionist display by a
 tiny handful of trouble-makers, that it would be irresponsible to
 publicize people who opposed the rightful authority, and that
 he would make trouble if they sent their cameras and reporters
 just because the other lot were covering it."

It is important, however, to recognize the limitations of the
 approach of the *Householder's Guide*. It is a strictly defensive,
 conservative approach, useful for preserving neighbourhoods,
 but having little value for those seeking to re-structure blighted
 areas, or those wanting to organize for wider social change.
 The book is clearly conservative and middle-class in its
 orientation (witness the title). It emphasizes the polite
 organized approach of educated professionals in dealing with
 bureaucracies — efficient in some instances, but hardly suited
 to an angry working-class community aroused over basic
 social inequities.

Beyond this, it even serves to deflect activism. With its
 stress on opposition to government bureaucracies, it ignores
 the main cause for the destruction of communities: the
 imperatives of a social system based on private ownership of
 land and corporations, imperatives which compel both
 business and government leaders to act in socially destructive
 ways.

Further, it helps to spread the fallacies of community
 control, a concept which ignores the fact that power is
 organized on a wider level than the community, and not
 susceptible to 'community control', that power is often
 corporate rather than governmental, a concept which stresses
 the supposed homogeneity of the "community", rather than
 the opposing class interests within it which exist in fact.

It would be interesting to speculate, for example, how
 much social change could be achieved if the energies used in
 this type of organizing were directed to organizing against the
 capitalist system itself.

Nevertheless, on its level, it does make a contribution.
 While some of the tactical advice it proposes is well-known to
 those who have worked in election campaigns or who have
 read Saul Alinsky, a good deal of it is new, and interesting. And
 some of it could even be adapted to radical kinds of organizing.

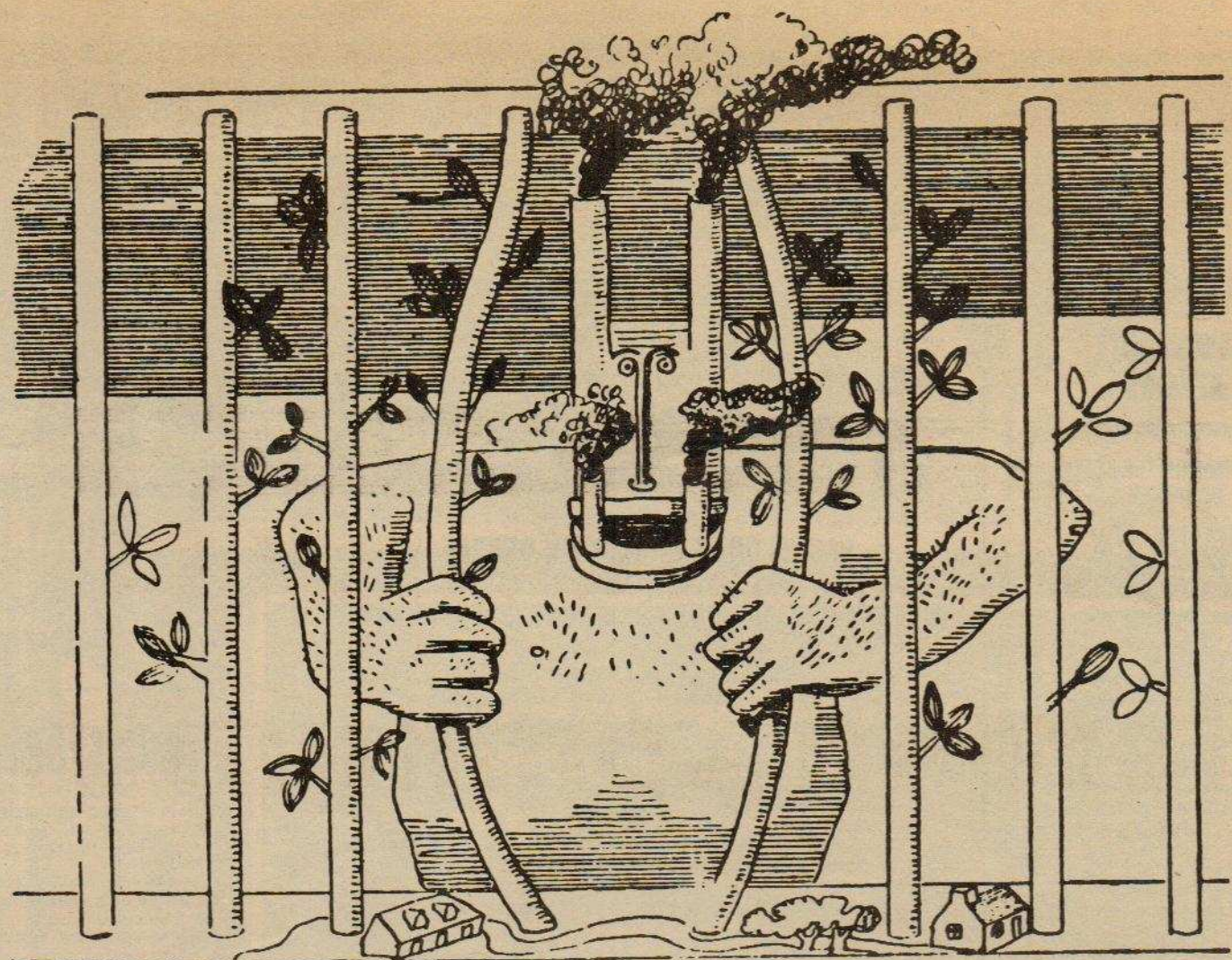
There is no alternative to the overthrow of the capitalist
 system that lies at the root of most urban problems. But
 campaigns directed at preserving neighbourhoods and trees
 have some value, since it is desirable to preserve as much of
 our urban environment as possible from being laid waste by
 corporations and their bed-fellows in government. We have to
 live in the present, after all, while organizing for the right to
 determine our futures in socialism. And, since the revolution
 isn't coming tomorrow, we're better off to at least have liveable
 neighbourhoods and shady trees.

**Antony Jay, *The Householder's Guide to Community Defence
 Against Bureaucratic Aggression*, Clarke Irwin.,**

Sarah Rothschild



Vancouver's "swinging" mayor Tom Campbell helped smash houses
 and residents' groups opposed to redevelopment plans.



"Progress" often threatens to destroy neighbourhoods. But projects portrayed as absolutely necessary turn out to be the product
 of haphazard compromises among harried bureaucrats.

Altman's slick "Images" baffles brilliantly

Robert Altman's movies *M.A.S.H.*, *Brewster McCloud*, and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, have been very, very good, but in such a trendy way that one is reluctant to rank him among the great filmmakers. So far he appears to be one of the greats, but I can't help remembering Tony Richardson and *Tom Jones*: what seemed great at the time was merely early. The tricks Richardson introduced have been done far better since. Seeing *Tom Jones* now, you're embarrassed at having been crazy about such a bad movie.

Altman's trick, and it is one of the few things connecting his movies to one another, is to blend the story into the background as if the characters were making it up and we stumbled onto it by a mix of perceptiveness and good luck. It is a conceit, of course. We know that Altman is planting what he intends to reap. But he does it with thrift: he knows that he doesn't need scenes to establish Julie Christie's affection for Warren Beatty (in *McCabe*). He just places her squarely in the background centre when the news is delivered that gunmen are after Beatty. She looks worried. So does everyone else, but everyone else is not Julie Christie, and Altman leaves the rest to inference, there being no doubt as to what we will infer. Ultimately, as movie conventions change, this demi-direction may start to appear pretty arch and contrived. But for now it works, and so well, that we project extra virtues. We find a humanism in *M.A.S.H.* that really isn't there; We allow the good bits of *Brewster McCloud* — how many different ways can persons face the problem of having to say "birdshit" — to overshadow the stuff that is just plain weird; And we hardly notice that *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* has been the classic Western (the small farmer vs the big cattle-baron. When Warren Beatty gets up from the card-table to go outside and pee, we are so grateful to find him doing that that we forget it is Altman and not biology that commanded the act.

Images, Altman's new movie opening tonight at Cinecity, is his first one that doesn't work. He has added a level and somewhere in the welter of visions — the audience's the director's, the characters', and now the mad heroine's — the whole cart topples over, spilling *Images* all over the place. It is still

a stunning movie and most of the screening audience appeared to leave the theatre upset and confused. But the upset didn't push in any direction and the confusion didn't synthesize into anything. A movie that powerful ought to do more than tease.

Susannah York plays Cathryn, a youngish, rich, attractive English wife who is cracking up. She envisions and converses with people whom other characters cannot see; she phones warnings to herself that her husband is cheating on her. At her urging, the husband takes her to an isolated country place in Ireland. He then leaves her there alone. She drifts in and out of fantasy and may or may not murder someone.

Of course plot is never central to Altman movies. In *Brewster McCloud* it didn't matter that loose ends dangled all over. The film was essentially a satirical revue with a theme, a school show of a movie, and like all school shows, it got by on verve and wit, not continuity. But Altman has the same careless attitude to plot in *Images* and this time I can't go along with him because there is nothing else solid enough to grab hold of. In *McCabe* the characters were so gritty that they carried their own story. And the lampoons, *M.A.S.H.* and *Brewster McCloud* assumed the reality of the things they made fun of. But in *Images*

we are half the time wired to the personal visions of a woman whose history we don't know and who is herself confused as to what she is seeing. The rest of the time we are following a director who is more desperately than ever trying to cover his tracks. We are at a loss as to what to think of much that goes on.

René Auberjonois, as the husband, for instance, wears gloves to the point of a Dicken-

begged question at the centre of *Images*, a card missing. Like a conversation on LSD, sentences start full of promise and energy, only to realize no conclusion. The movie is ultimately as diffuse as its title. To retain it we have to care, and to care we have to know more than we are given to work on. To be sure, there is Altman's usual bevy of clues secreted about corners of the movie, but they are clues to what is going on,

artist, a master at composition. I found myself almost completely at his mercy, being shocked when he contrived to shock, taking relief where he gave it. (At the end of a particularly gruelling thirty minutes or so, there is a shot of a lake at sunset. The whole audience exhaled.) I have quibbles: some tricks that got caught, too many prismatic, tinkly things and lurking lenses. But basically *Images* works like good Hitchcock, nothing less, but, unfortunately nothing more. And not only do we want more, but we know Altman was trying for more.

Unlike Hitchcock, Altman is more than a master craftsman and entertainer. With *Images* he obviously wanted to explore madness, possibly woman's psyche, and certainly the line between fantasy and reality. Perhaps he was bound to fail because film is such a bullishly realistic medium — the theatre is much more open to such questions. We know too much about what cameras and editing can do to jump from the ease of filming a fantasy suddenly come to life, to the horror of having it *really happen*. If this is not a failure inherent in the medium, I can think of no director better equipped to try it again. But for now, Altman bit off more than he could chew.

Bob Bossin



René Auberjonois makes begloved advances to Susannah York.

sian fetish: is this his characterization or is it his wife's fantasy? A neighbour, Hugh Millais, is monomaniacal in lusting after Cathryn. Somehow we have to read this as both how she sees him, and as the reason that she sees him as she does. It would work alright if there was other, conclusive evidence as to why Cathryn is cracking, but here the evidence and examples are one and the same. There is a

not to *How Come* it is going on. Coming out of the theatre, we wanted to talk about the film, only to find that there was not enough to talk about.

Images does not, however, cast any doubt on Altman's talent. Such is his control that the person with whom I saw the film hated it from the first frame. Take that as a back-handed complement to a visually relentless

Workshop not up to Gogol's Inspector General

Toronto Workshop Productions has undertaken to stage the comic masterpiece of Russian theatre, *The Inspector General*. Judging from the resulting performance, this seems to have been an unfortunate move, for, despite certain original touches and some funny moments, the production does not live up to its material.

Nikolai Gogol's comic satire of provincial life in Tsarist Russia requires delicate treatment. On one hand it is wordy, requiring incredible skill in acting and directing to create an interesting variety of comic nuances in the text. On the other hand, its characters are ugly caricatures, providing numerous occasions for slapstick-type comedy. The English translation is stilted, providing the added difficulty of making a strange-sounding text

seem natural. These are the kinds of problems Stratford should tackle. This company is not ready yet.

The treatment here is heavy-handed. The mayor, a grotesque tyrant, is constantly shouting, so that we become immune to the humorous content of his outbursts. His confidences to the audience are well-staged, but there is not enough vocal variation to give them the necessary comic rhythm. The other officials in the town are not caricatured with enough conviction or physical detail to make them laughable. Only the portrayal of the twin bourgeois, Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky approaches the sublime combination of satire and slapstick intended by Gogol.

As mentioned before, there are original touches. The design is intended to promote the sense of

hysteria engendered by the arrival of the inspector. The mayor's drawing room is surrounded by a path representing the little town; it leads on one side to the inn, where the inspector is discovered, and on the other to the rest of the mayor's house. Upstage, painted backdrops depict provincial life, and a series of open corridors are available for several absurd sequences where the townspeople rush about hysterically. It is a set with interesting possibilities. The inn scene became a little irritating, though, when the path was exploited as a way of digressing before the audience. One had the feeling that the lack of economy in the blocking was an attempt to disguise a lack of faith in the text.

Khlestantov, the office-clerk turned inspector general, is given the most convincing portrait.

This tall, spindly bundle of affectations reaches his most grotesque point when he courts the mayor's daughter. Both daughter and mother are amusing characterisations in themselves, but do provide the comedy suggested by the juxtaposition of their personality differences. The caricatures have to be pushed further and the rhythm of their interchanges used more sensitively.

This is not an entirely bad production. As mentioned before, there are some funny moments. It is only disappointing that the company that has appeared so polished in contemporary productions such as *Hey Rubel!* is not up to handling a classic like *The Inspector General*.

Eleanor Coleman

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in cooperation with

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EQUALITY FOR WORKING WOMEN

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Madeleine Parent
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MODERATOR:

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Toy on target

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toys
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for the Festival of Children

that,
the market researchers said,
will doubtlessly make
an impression

It has made
a great
impression
on the whole world

If the aeroplane
had dropped the toys
a fortnight ago
and only now the bombs

my two children
thanks to your kindness
would have had something to play with
for those two weeks

—Erich Fried

(On the day of the Vietnamese 'Festival of the Children' U.S. bombers dropped toys, for a single day, on villages that were ordinarily subjected to heavy bombing. Because of the bombing, some children in the villages had no eyes with which to see the toys, or hands with which to grasp them.)

Director wants more woman film-makers

Sylvia Spring, Canada's first female feature film director, spoke Tuesday night at the Faculty of Education Auditorium, as a participant in the continuing series of lectures sponsored by the Interdisciplinary Studies Women's Course (INX 260, **Women: Oppression and Liberation**).

Spring made her first feature, *Madeleine Is*, in 1968 in Vancouver in "pre-awareness days". The film concerns a young woman who seeks escape, through a fantasy clown on a magic island, from her relationship with a domineering, egotistical, brutish pseudo-revolutionary man. The film ends with Madeleine, having rid herself of both the clown and the monster, standing alone and laughing.

Spring now works in television, and is about to start her second feature, this time with an all-women crew working collectively, rather than in the hierarchies that are normal in the film industry. Spring explained during her informal, personalized talk, that she had great hopes for women working in film, because she feels that women are more used to working co-operatively, without competition or battles of egos.

Her first film was made with an all-male crew, who were all young purists interested only in the abstract ideal of Art. Now she is questioning all her earlier assumptions about artistic standards and the relationship between politics and art.

Spring outlined the thought-processes that she had gone through when asked to lecture. She took as her model Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, asking

how it applied to her as a modern feminist and to film rather than literature.

She wondered about Woolf's ideal of "androgynous fiction" and the necessity of transcending one's sexuality, looking to films made by other women directors for examples. She concluded that women do have a special vision which combines the personal, political, and artistic, all planted firmly in a woman's point of view.

With an enthusiasm which quickly captured the audience, Spring described several films by women, and own personal responses. Mai Zetterling's *The Girls* had its audience, including Spring, shouting and waving their fists. Spring said that the film was not only deeply complex and superbly made, but obviously provided a much-needed "non-destructive" outlet for the repressed anger of the women in the audience.

Nelly Kaplan's *La fiancée du pirate* (*Dirty Mary*) also showed a woman triumphing after a life as the town slut, rising to expensive prostitution and thereby attaining both economic power and the means to revenge herself on all the people of the village who had used and despised her.

Spring noted that most of the recent films by women are *about* women, and that a surprising number end with the women heroes laughing — her own, Kaplan's, and Mireille Dansereau's *La vie revée*, which is the first feature made by a woman in Quebec, and which this year won the special jury prize in the Canadian Film Awards. Spring told of a conversation with Dansereau, who said that the films must end with women laughing, since we

are refusing to be victims any longer.

Spring mentioned her own experiences as a woman filmmaker, her troubles in raising money to make the films, her present fissles with male co-workers at CBC, and her plans for the future, which include forming her own company, Fromunder Films, to make movies with women crews.

She spoke of several other positive projects now underway with women in film and the media. Last week radio, television, and newspaper journalists met to discuss ways of combatting the negative images of women perpetuated by men (and some women) in the media.

For the last five months a group of women has been organizing a huge international festival of films by women, to be held in the St. Lawrence Centre for ten days in June, 1973. The festival will gather films from the past and the present, from all over the world, in many genres and styles, all made by women. Most of them haven't been seen in Toronto before.

Spring concluded by showing a short film that she made in 1967 as a pilot for her later feature. But just before the film began, she asked some questions, leaving them for the audience to think about.

What are our critical standards of film or any art? Where did these standards come from? Are they male-defined? Are they suitable to women? Do the sexes necessarily have the same artistic aims and ideals? Are women ready to reach the "higher reality" of pure art? Do we want to?

Kay Armitage

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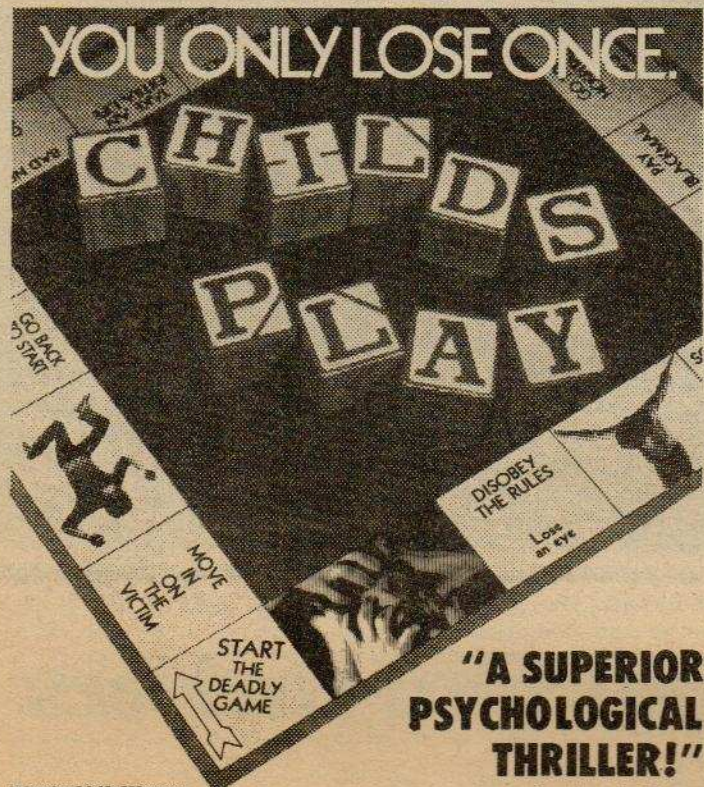


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Verdoux is offbeat

"With deep regret" wrote film critic James Agee in The Nation, "I must postpone my attempt to review Chaplain's *Monsieur Verdoux*. I cannot hope to do it justice. . . I think it is one of the best movies ever made." When Agee had composed himself enough to write three lengthy columns on this 1947 film, his enthusiasm did not flag. In comparison to "this great poet and his great poem" he asserted, "every movie since *Modern Times* and *Zero pour Conduite* is so much child's play."

These are startling comments about a film which is so obscure. You can investigate the matter further, if you wish, because *Monsieur Verdoux* is in town now, at the Eglinton. I recommend that you do.

It is an odd film. Henri Verdoux is a resourceful milquetoast of a bank clerk who, fired from his job after 30 years, devises other means to support his wife and child. He is forever darting off on journeys, and his family thinks him an entrepreneur; so, with a bracingly ironic eye, does he see himself. "Business is a ruthless business" he remarks at one point, and he conducts his own with an impeccable ruthlessness.

Verdoux's business is murdering rich, lonely women and investing their money. He seems to take particular delight, not in murder, but in the suavity and polish of his operations. When a snoop from the homicide bureau catches up with him and expects to bully the timid murderer into a confession, Verdoux dispatches him smoothly, displaying only the clipped satisfaction a riverboat gambler or stock market speculator might allow himself on bringing off a dishonest, but very neat, deal; a "killing".

A brassy, indestructible woman (Martha Raye) is his one big failure. She has as many lives as a litter of kittens, but Verdoux doggedly persists in trying to do her in. These lethal schemes supply the film's farce, and are the most sure-footed moments in the movie (Chaplain's indisputable genius being a comic one).

It's the rest of the thing that bothers people. The icy, cynical dialogue has the portentous sound of scriptwriters' aphorisms, and there are, as always in Chaplain, glutinous lumps of sentimentality. The story lurches uncertainly from the philosophical to the macabre to the boffo. There are, in short, chinks aplenty in the movie (as there are in *Cabaret*) for detractors to wedge their crowbars in and pull it apart. What is disputable is

whether *Monsieur Verdoux* merits such demolition.

My own feelings are in disarray. I enjoyed *Verdoux*, but might easily have convinced myself into thinking it wasn't a very good movie. Agee checked that, at the risk of my fabricating a weird, cryptic defense of the film as a "masterpiece". The upshot of all this is that I started looking around and under the flaws and clumsinesses to see what else *Verdoux* had to offer.

First, it offers Chaplain's most disciplined and subtle dramatic performance. It offers some inspired grotesquerie on the part of minor characters. And it offers an unobtrusively cohesive script, eloquent in its details.

None of these details is forced. In fact (Chaplain not being one to soft-peddle his

others have called them as elemental and terrifying as *Lear*. The fact is, such a razor's edge is walked that your reaction will depend almost wholly on what you expect. You might even want to turn *Verdoux* into one of those parlor games like "soul" vs "straight city" or "masscult" vs "midcult" that cleave the world neatly into two groups. Even that's OK, as long as you get out to see *Verdoux*.

A few more words about Agee. Dwight MacDonald, who claims to be a friend of Agee's, took it upon himself some years ago to explain away all that extraordinary praise. Agee had such a fine directorial sense, according to his rationale, that he remade every movie inside his head. Then he proceeded to review, not the actual film, but



Chaplain as Verdoux woos the indestructible Martha Raye.

points) I wonder whether the director realized what an allusive, tightly-knit screenplay he had produced. This, I think, is illustrative of the basic problem both with Chaplain and this movie. When he is conscious of an effect and grasps for it, he is a butcher. When he acts, or writes, or directs through his *instincts*, he is an artist.

Monsieur Verdoux is the most ambitious and most schizoid of Chaplain's films. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the ending, where Verdoux, his wife and child lost, his profession abandoned, allows himself to be captured. With bitter composure, he addresses the court, the press, even the church. He refuses the traditional cigaret on his way to the guillotine, but accepts a glass of rum. "I've never tasted rum before."

Some critics have lumped these last moments together with the disastrous soliloquies in *Limelight* and *The Great Dic-*

the much more interesting movie that existed in his imagination.

This is a curious criticism. How else does a poem, or a painting, or film become "art" but by setting off reactions within the imagination? MacDonald writes as though a film were a pattern of light and darkness on a large screen sixty feet before his eyes, caused by beaming light through treated celluloid. And this is how he reviews them, in a crabbed, mechanical way. Like John Simon's, his comments may be astute or informative, but they are mere annotations. Both men are monumentally unimaginative reviewers. Agee's writing, by contrast, like Pauline Kael's, is exciting because it strikes off so many sparks.

That is why Agee and Kael are the two best writers on film in English, critics whose opinions are a delight to read even on films never seen, or long forgotten.

Bill MacVicar

Ian & Sylvia matured

There have been a great many trends and innovations in the music of the early sixties which was the home for folkies for whom "Four Strong Winds" became something of a Canadian National anthem. Ian & Sylvia, the originators of that classic, went on the boards at Massey Hall last Sunday night to prove that their music has matured with the times. Oh they sang "Winds" alright, but saved it for one of three enthusiastically applauded encores: the main body of their concert was a rich blend of close-harmony duets, such as "Some Day Soon", and some throaty, sexy blues solos from Sylvia, such as "Time For Change".

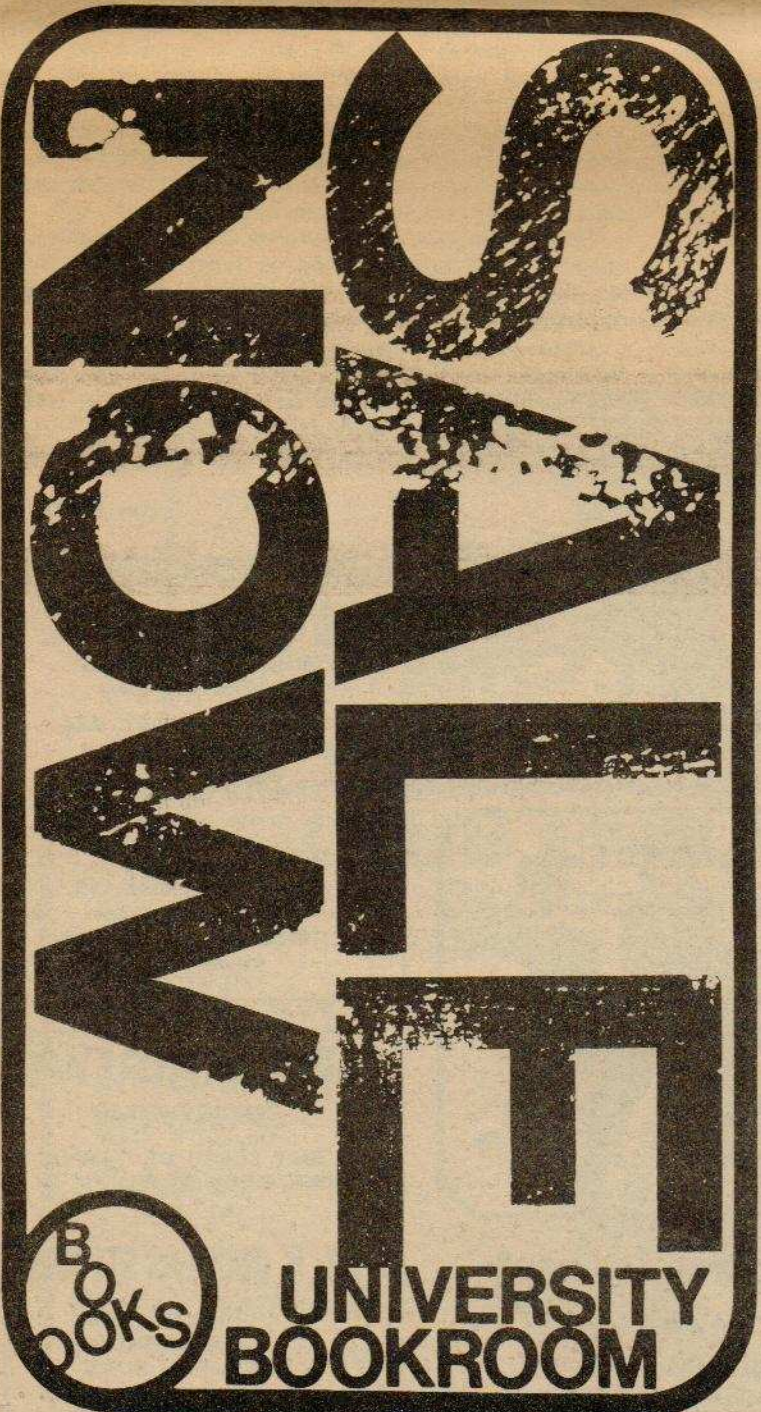
Sylvia's style diverged considerably from the accustomed wispy delivery of Baez-folky voicings, with her cocktail torch-blues version of "Losing Is An Easy Game" — a tune on which lead guitarist David Wilcox earned an ovation to signify approval of his excellent licks as he led the Great Speckled Bird to an uninspired, but

adequate back-up performance.

Interspersed with Ian & Sylvia material that an almost capacity audience seemed to know and love, were such songs as the "line-out" religious folk-song "Amazing Grace", and a new Canadian epic Ian is composing in parts on the current coast-to-coast tour — "The Grand Canadian Tour". Ian's introduction of close friend Adam Mitchell — a former rock musician — opened the second half of the concert, and Mitchell surprised the crowd with his own songs which were inventive and above all humorous in a Roger Miller kind of way.

Probably the most critical thing a purist Ian & Sylvia fan might remark regarding this concert was that its brevity — slightly under the two and a half hour accepted time limit — was not correspondingly marked by any reduction from the normal concert prices.

Dick Loney



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Falstaff surpasses flaws

It took a great deal of persuasion on the part of librettist Arrigo Boito to get the aged Verdi to write one last opera. That opera, *Falstaff*, was first performed in 1813 in Verdi's 80th year, setting to music a skillful libretto for which Boito drew heavily on Shakespeare's comedy *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The mainstay of Boito's persuasive arguments is the libretto itself. Gone are the maudlin plots, the melodramatic exaggerations of *Aida* and *Trovatore*; *Falstaff* is a tightly woven comic opera where music and action are inextricably intermeshed and characters are painted with both words and notes.

Its completeness and self-sufficiency make *Falstaff* a difficult opera to stage. The University of Toronto Opera Department did a generally splendid job in this regard, when they performed Verdi's comic masterpiece at the MacMillan Theater, January 24 to 29.

Vocally, the production was strong, especially the two male leads, Avo Kittask (*Falstaff*) and Glyn Evans (*Fenton*). Kittask, who sang this role in the *Falstaff* fragment presented in 1971 has a powerful voice and fine comic timing. As he lumbered on stage in Act III, his bald dome festooned with stag's antlers, he resembled some grotesquely rotund Wotan, the classic everyman, cuckolded by the world. Of the merry wives, Jill Pert as Dame Quickly made the most of this well-written comic role, with much gesturing and mugging. The major problem confronting some of the singers was that an excessively loud and brassy orchestra

(this is a chamber opera) forced them to strain, thus exaggerating the discrepancies between their strong and weak registers. In Act II, Ford's big aria was constantly in danger of being swamped by the trumpet accompaniment, actually fading to inaudibility in the lower registers. This is not to fault the singers but rather the orchestra for the lack of sensitivity by which such vocal shortcomings are usually bridged.

The orchestral tempi were generally good, both stage and pit skilfully commanded by Maestro Barbini. The brass sounds of the score were quite strong, and unequally matched by the required contrast of quick soft string notes. Violins were at fault here, with sloppy phrase endings and a general lack of finesse, especially in accompanying the "patter-songs" in Act I. Verdi's writing here has been compared by some to Wagner; yet Verdi takes Wagner's upward sweeping chromatic storms, turns them upside down and serves them softly, with détaché phrasing. Unlike some of Verdi's operas, where the orchestra merely serves as an amorphous setting for opulent ariatic jewels, *Falstaff* requires perfection of every intricate detail both on stage and in the pit to put the production across.

Stage direction was difficult to judge in Act I, since the cast seemed a little tired of the slapstick shenanigans required. Added to this was an unusually somnolent audience, January 29, resulting in a visually flat beginning. The pace picked up in Acts II and III, and the fairy scene at the end was a delight. Considering the economy of set changes, the sets designed by Ed Kotanen were rather drab in colour and contour while the doorways and platforms often seemed to obstruct the flow of movement. The colourful and imaginative costumes (including a Dr. Cajus dressed as the perfect Elizabethan fop, complete with Walter Raleigh's collar, hat and beard) were a delightful contrast and great credit to Suzanne Mess, the designer.

Much has been said about the inferiority of Act III in comparison to the rest of the opera. It is static in action, and musically Verdi (who is said to have drawn considerably on Beethoven for inspiration) almost capsizes the boat with his own version of the *Grosse Fuge*. Whatever the answer to these problems, it is not in the dancers who appeared *ex machina* in this act to gesticulate in an uncoordinated fashion during Nanetta's one big aria. While dancing is "traditional" in operas, this is no traditional opera, and must be treated with consideration.

Tony Jahn



Avo Kittask sings as the great Falstaff.

Mahler, Chopin fill discs

I do not believe Gustav Mahler's seventh symphony is anywhere near as good as his fifth, sixth or ninth symphonies, but it does pack a wallop and emerges filled with Mahler's customary brilliant instrumental flourishes, and long elegant melodic lines. A more or less recent recording by Raphael Kubelick and his Bavarian Radio Symphony (from his integral set) has stiff competition with the also recently released version of Solti and the Chicago Symphony, which some consider among the three best orchestras in the world.

Kubelick has a fine feeling for detail (as does Solti), and the lyrical line of a piece. The *Andante amoroso* receives an especially gracious and fluent reading. Consequently, this seventh is idiomatically accented and nicely outlined. Like Solti at times, though, he does not fully enhance the tone, but rather leaves the strings to decide their own power output — an undemanding conductor is like a low-power amplifier. Depending on the listener, this is a good or bad thing. It is not Bernstein's way, and if it is not your way you should turn to his version of the seventh.

Kubelick is probably more at home in the serene Mahler, like the sixth, and the fact that his old Brahms Fourth is one of the best in the catalogue supports this notion. The DGG sound is fine, although the trumpet was slightly distorted throughout. A concluding remark might be that if you like (and of course

you should — the point is if you're a nut on) inner voices of the orchestra, Kubelick gives each one opera diva attention. **Mahler's Seventh Symphony, Kubelick and the Bavarian Radio Symphony, DGG. list \$13.96.**

There are many solo piano Chopin discs coming out these days, and of course "that's what we want" chorus Chopin buffs. Ivan Davis is a relative newcomer to the international concert stage and one of his first recordings is an all-Chopin effort. The pieces include the *Fantasia Impromptu* in C sharp minor, a *Barcarole* in F sharp minor and the famous *Valse* in C sharp minor. Davis' tone in these works is comparatively unpoetic, although it is rounded and at times eloquently understated when the notes demand, as in the opus 10 *Etude*. His choice of phrasing seems often dictated by the difficulties of the score rather than by his mastery of those difficulties. In other words, certain passages sound the way they do because he might not be able to play them articulately any other way. But we can only make judgements like this because we have Rubinsteins and Rachmaninoffs who have done as they pleased, and superlatively. There was a nice ruminative delicacy in the first *Ballade*, and in general much fine playing. So the record may well serve as an introduction to Chopin for initiates as well as to Ivan Davis for Chopin buffs hitherto unacquainted with his

playing. Either Davis or the engineers muted the sound — it is deep but shy on highs.

Piano Music of Chopin, Ivan Davis, SPC 21071, list \$6.29. London Four Phase.

Here is more Chopin, but by a resident master (residing in this century, that is). Vladimir Ashkenazy is not too keen on recording these days, but he did agree to do two concerts before cameras for *Allegro Films* and both sound tracks are being sold separately on London discs. Side One is devoted to the *Funeral March* sonata (no.2) and is as finely architected as any recently making its entry into the catalogue. And since we can take his proficiency for granted, it is nice to be lulled through the nocturnes (nos.1 and 2 of opus 15) without biting our nails over how he will manage with the *Grand Valse* at the end of the second side. The other work on side 2 is the *A flat mazurka*.

The sound, unlike the Phase Four disc reviewed above, is sharp, natural, as well as amply resonant. Part of the credit can go to the *Allegro* taping engineers. (*Allegro Films*, by the way, is a non-avant-garde yet extremely enterprising producer of art films, which both the CBC, channel 19 and NET are wisely picking up.) The televised concert will be seen sometime in the near future.

Chopin Recital, Vladimir Ashkenazy, London CS 6794. List price, \$6.29.

Ian Scott

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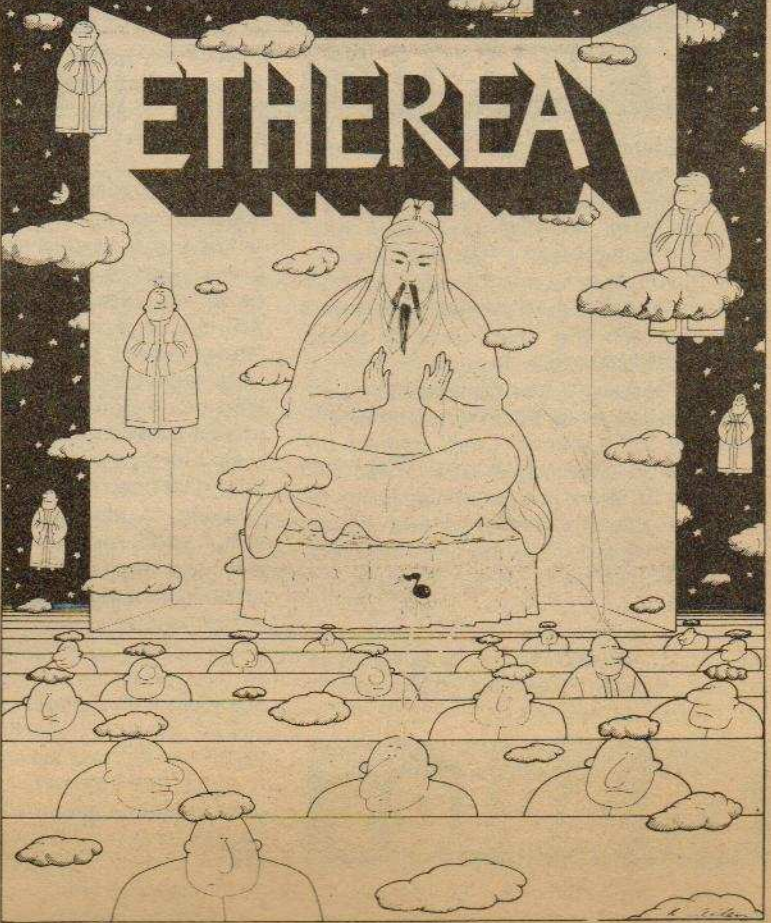
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EDITOR THE VARSITY



The Varsity Board of Directors invites applications for the position of Editor-in-Chief of The Varsity for the 1973-74 academic year. The Editor is responsible to the Board in all matters affecting the newspaper. As the job carries considerable authority, applicants should submit detailed proposals for the management of the paper. These may include proposed changes in the current format, editorial policy, or internal structure, and names of prospective staff. The amount available for production staff salaries in recent years has ranged from \$7,500 to \$10,800 per publishing year, including a salary of \$3,150 for a full time editor.

Applicants will be interviewed both by the current Varsity staff and the Board of Directors, with the Board making the final decision. The editor may be removed from his or her post only by concurrent decision of The Varsity staff and the Board.

Address written applications to:

Jack Gray
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91 St. George St.
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Closing date for submission
5 p.m., Wednesday, February 14, 1973

Watsup

women

The women's studies course in the Interdisciplinary Studies department is continuing its series of lectures in the second term, through February and March. The lectures, which are open to men, take place every Tuesday at 7:30 pm in the auditorium of the College of Education (on the south side of Bloor between Spadina and Huron.)

This Tuesday, a film on 'Sexuality and Communication' is being presented. On February 20, Lorenne Clark speaks on male roles and male sexuality. On February 27, there is a panel discussion of radical lesbianism. Welfare and single parent families are the topic on March 6, followed on March 13 by a panel on women in the penal system. The March 20 lecture is on communal living and day care, and the final one, on March 27, has Abigail Hoffman speaking on women in the athletic profession.

movies

Friday and Saturday St. Mike's is running Arthur Penn's crack at the Great American Western Epic, **Little Big Man**. It isn't the Great Epic, but there is plenty of entertaining stuff along the way and some that is quite sensitive, particularly in comparison to other entries in the G.A.W.E. sweepstakes. With Dustin Hoffman and Chief Dan George. \$1. Also Friday **The Battle of Algiers** plays the 99c Roxy. It's a moving, deeply angry movie that retains its political commitment without idealizing the Resistance or caricaturing the French.

Sunday night, the SMC Sunday series continues with Welles' **The Magnificent Ambersons**, one of Bill MacVicar's alltime favourites.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Emile de Antonio will be on display at the Roxy along with his films: Tuesday, **In the Year of the Pig and Millhouse**, Wednesday, **Point of Order and Millhouse**, and Thursday, his new film **Painters**. 99c.

All week, **La Vraie Nature de Bernadette**, the most praised Quebec film since **Mon Oncle Antoine**, continues at Cinemalumiere. Haven't seen it. \$2. I think. And the Avenue Cinema is reviving **Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice**. I wonder how it looks in retrospect. If you go, be sure to avoid **Getting Straight**, the companion feature. I think it is the worst movie I ever saw.

pop

The Stanley Steamer coffeehouse is in danger of ending operation. It will be open only tonight this weekend, and needs all the support it can get. **String Band**, featuring Bob Bossin, can be heard for only \$1. The Steamer is located in the basement of Neill-Wycik College on Gerrard Street, east of Yonge.

Three expatriates from the U.S., who reside in England, make up the soft rock group, **America**. Their sound is dominated by acoustic guitars and Crosby-Stills-Nash-type harmonies. America is at Massey Hall tonight.

Luke Gibson and the Killalo Mountain Band is at Etherea Restaurant in Rochdale, tonight and tomorrow. The set starts at 10 p.m. and admission is \$2.50.

John Allan Cameron, a fine country-folk fiddler hailing from Cape Breton, is at the Riverboat Coffeehouse, 134 Yorkville, until Sunday. Call 922-6216 for information.

The **War-Tower of Power** concert slated for Thursday has been cancelled. One of the members of War is Canadian and would not be able to return to the US until his working papers were approved. The concert may be rescheduled in March.

If you're ever browsed through a well stocked record store, you've probably noticed the myriad of new albums by groups you've never heard (an probably never will, thank to the restricted playlist policy of Toronto's only so-called "progressive" radio station, CHUM-FM). Until recently, I used to wonder about the kind of music that was hidden under the plastic-covered jackets, destined to remain unheard unless I risked the cash. But lately I've been afforded the pleasure (?) of listening to stacks of unplayed records and I soon reached the conclusion that they are almost all garbage. The main reason that I'm telling you this is that even though 95 per cent of it is trash (compared to about 70 percent of the things that do get played) there is still a lot of truly great music that is overlooked.

Two albums in particular have caught my ear in the last few months and I've yet to hear them on any radio station. The best is the second LP by a four-man English group called Caravan. **Waterloo Lilly (London)** is a well-produced blend of intelligent rock with strong jazz overtones. The flowing melodic shifts led by Steve Miller's (not the guitar player) beautiful electric piano and Pye Hasting's guitar are reminiscent of Stevie Winwood and Dave Mason at their best. A twelve-minute melange of tunes beginning with "The Love in Your Eyes" really deserves to be heard. The song begins in the style of the Moody Blues and quickly shifts into traffic type music featuring piano, flute and guitar.

The other interesting album is **Introducing The Iceman's Band (Mercury)**. The LP features the instrumental work of Jerry Butler's back-up quartet and intersperses a Few Female, background vocals. The music is mostly original and well arranged and owes a lot to Isaac Hayes (and maybe even Herbie Mann) for its funky sound.

theatre

The Drama Centre presents **The Intruder**, a play by Maurice Maeterlinck, February 7, 8, 9, 10 at 8:30 pm. Maeterlinck was called a mystic and his plays were termed symbolic. People like to define silence and examine stillness. Maeterlinck believed he wrote plays. **The Intruder** is the second he wrote. **Richard Sholchet** Playing at the Studio Theatre, 4 Glen Morris Street. Admission free.

Global Village premieres yet another musical on February 8, with low price previews February 6 and 7. This time it's **Eyes**, "a gothic musical", described as a "blend of Gothic sensibility and contemporary emotions set to music." It runs Tuesday through Saturday with regular seats \$3.50, students and seniors, \$2.00 and rush seats \$1.50.

The U of T **Troupe Cafe Theatre** brings to life its cabaret in the sub-basement of the Pratt Library on February 8 at 8:30 with an evening called **Tardlesquement le votre**.

Two interesting openings will take place on February 6. Toronto Free Theatre will feature **Gabe**, a "serio-comic play" dealing with the myth of Louis Riel and his general, Gabriel Dumont. The theatre is located at 24 Berkeley Street, near Front and Parliament. At the Tarragon Theatre, you can see another play by David Freeman, the author of **Creeps**, (a successful work dealing with the lives of cerebral palsy victims). This one is called **Battering Ram**.

Nikolai Gogol's **The Inspector General** opened a Toronto Workshop Productions last week. It plays Tuesdays through Sundays. For more information, see today's review.

Juno and the Paycock opened Tuesday night at the Irish Arts Theatre, West Park Shool. Sean O'Casey's classic runs until February 18. **A Touch of the Poet** continues at the St. Lawrence Centre (see today's review), as does **Two Gentlemen of Verona** at the O'Keefe Centre.

Once **Hamlet** has completed its run at Hart House this weekend, **Little Me**, a Neil Simon musical will take its place. Victoria College Music Club will present it from February 6 to 10 at 8:30 pm. Tickets are \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Tonight and tomorrow night you can see **The Landlord and Tenant Act** a comedy by Randy Brown (who very well may be a student but we are not certain). This will take place in Room 3 of Victoria College at 8:30 pm. Admission is fifty cents.

play works by Newsidler, Bach, Becker, Sor, Busotti, Haubenstock Ramati, Luciano Berio, McCabe. He is accompanied by his wife, Claudia Brodzinska. The concert is free and guitar maniacs should flock to the concert (not to mention regular music freaks).

The **Toronto Symphony** will be conducted by the popular Spanish conductor, **Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos** in a performance of Haydn's second or third best symphony, the 88th. Furtwangler fans will be listening with ears attuned to the register of the Berlin Philharmonic in the performance of this work, which is otherwise under-represented in the current catalogue. Other works in this concert are Bruch's dispensable violin concerto, but perhaps made not so by the playing of Pinchas Zukerman, violinist and De Falla's much-played but yet much-loved Three-Cornered Hat ballet suite. (We apologize to all Mozart enthusiasts for our unfortunate neglect of the Mozart Requiem played last week.)



The Varsity—Harriet Kideckel

art

Gallery Seventy Six is hosting students **Pat Morley** and **Brian Neal** until February 4. At the **Shaw-Rimington Gallery**, which is closed Mondays, the **Society of Canadian Artists** has an exhibition until February 16. Beginning Saturday until the 25 at the **Art Gallery of Ontario** is an exhibition of paintings and sculptures of Dutch artist **Karel Appel**. There is a public tour the first day at 2:30 and others on the 7, 8 and 10.

music

The **University of Toronto Concert Band** presents the second performance of its tenth anniversary season on Sunday, February 4 at 3 pm in the MacMillan Theatre of the Edward Johnson Building, playing music by Shostakovich, Gustav Holst, the E flat trumpet concerto of Hummel and Bartok's Petite Suite. Soloist in the Hummel is Stephen Chenette, new faculty member, and Melvin Berman conducts. No admission charge, no tickets required.

On February 4 at 3:30 pm at the Meeting Place on the Scarborough campus, the famous guitarist **Siegfried Behrend** will

The Bartok Quartet has come and gone, and on February 9 the **Orford Quartet** will play at the St. Lawrence Centre at 8:30 pm. This notice is really for the ten or fifteen ambitious melomanes who will wait who knows how long for the returned tickets for this sold-out concert of works by Prokofiev (quartet no.2) and Elliot Carter (no.2 — nice to see this composer on this quartet's program). Paul Armin, viola, joins the foursome after intermission for Ludwig Van B.'s string quintet in opus 29 in C major. This work is less delightful than the piano quartets and of course the early quartets, but in its Mozartian (very Mozartian) rigour, it has much to say worth listening to.

At the Edward Johnson Building this week there is: Harold Clarkson, cello at 8:15 in the Concert Hall, Marilyn Anthony, French horn, at 5:15 February 5, Patricia Wait, clarinet, at 8:15 pm on February 7. All these are free. On Thursday, February 8 Richard Bunker delivers a lecture-cum-illustration entitled "History of the Avant-Garde at 2:10 in the concert Hall. Also free, no tickets required.

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