

You win some, you lose some

Masquers were more enjoyable than the pros

By LYNN SLOTKIN

It was hard deciding what was most deplorable about the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre performance in Burton last Monday, the shoddy presentation or the company's disregard for the audience's intelligence.

The show was called An Evening of Stravinsky and it's a good thing he's dead because he would have become a very sick man if he saw what 'accompanied' his music.

The word to best describe the first offering, Renard (fox), a barnyard tale, and 'infantile'; it can be applied not only to Kipnis' staging, but also to his opinion of the audience. It wasn't enough that the programme identified the animals involved. It wasn't enough that the costumes depicted those animals. Kipnis deemed it necessary to have the performers tell the audience and what animals they played. The performances were shoddy, except for Rita Nachtmann who was graceful as the Cat, and vocalizing didn't help.

Interlude was an ordinary presentation, in mine, of a circus show. Kipnis did display some dexterity as a weightlifter; too bad the dexterity didn't last all evening.

The main piece was Histoire Du Soldat, an allegorical tale of man's search for happiness and his never-ending battle with temptation and the devil. Again, words were needed to tell the story, mime wasn't enough. Narrator Rudy Benda

described a soldier carrying a heavy pack as he walked home from war. One would expect to see a stooped, trudging soldier. But one saw Doug Day (the soldier) miming and walking at a fair clip, standing upright. At times he tried to synchroize playing the violin with the music most of the time he was out of "synch." A redeeming feature was hard to find, but it might have been Chris Swing's (the Princess) carefree dance.

The Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre performance wasn't the worst effort seen in Burton, but it certainly was vying for the title.

SISTER GEORGE — EXCELLENT
On the other hand, the York Masquers had great success with their production of The Killing of Sister George by Frank Marcus.

The play, a tragedy with laughs, was about two women, June and Alice, and their lesbian relationship. June, a radio actress, was being fired from her job (she played a nurse named Sister George) because of an indiscretion. She attacked two nuns in a cab while in a drunken stupor.

Marcus' play examined lesbianism stereotypically. June was the more dominant, the stereotyped male. She smoked cigars; was crude; and swaggered when she walked. Alice was the stereotyped woman. She was feminine; subservient and child-like, hence her nick-name, Childie.

But Marcus seemed to waiver in his approach with Childie. He made her a stereotype to a point, but not all the way. Even though she preferred women, she seemed to be attracted to men; she had a child when she was 18, she had an affair with a married man, she went away for the weekend with another. Childie seemed to be the weak point in the play.

The acting and directing definitely were not weak. Esterlee Sabbeth was quite convincing as June. She was ungainly, tough, and forceful. There were times, however, when she overacted a bit too much, but that was probably attributed to opening night jitters.

Roni Feldman as Childie was graceful, pouty, whiney, young looking, and credible as the 'fluffy', feminine Childie. Her make-up could have been toned down, however. It made her look a bit too sophisticated.

Cheryl Ann Cox was prim, proper, and confident as Mrs. Croft. Erika Rosenfeld did an excellent job with the meaty part of Madame Xenia. She had a marvellous Russian accent that never waivered, and an easy comic manner.

Director Richard Winnick did an admirable job of bringing out and clarifying the various relationships.

The Killing of Sister George played only last week-end, a shame. Their next production will be The Baccae, and it will be presented in the early spring.



Roni Feldman as Childie (on top) and Esterlee Sabbeth as Sister George (on the bottom) have 'a go at it' in The Killing of Sister George, which was presented by the York Masquers in the Stong Theatre, last week-end.

"Listen" tries to appeal to all, comes off "faddish" as a result

By JOHN OUGHTON

Homer Hogan, editor of the "Poetry of relevance" song-and-poem anthologies of a year ago, has come up with another lucrative idea.

The U. of Guelph professor, with help from his wife Dorothy, set out to find out "the Canadian songs and poems that really speak to Canada's

young people. According to Hogan, "the result is the book", Listen!

The concept of the book draws from three sources: the lyrics for songs by Canadian stars Who Have Made It; and poems on vaguely similar themes by Canadian poets with some reputation, or by students still in school. With photos of the

music people, and of Canadian images in general, the book should be a sure-fire seller to high school and university humanities courses anxious to 'get with it' before all their students disappear. If Hogan had kept to the simple framework outlined by him in the introduction, the book might also make enjoyable reading.

Unfortunately, Hogan felt compelled to make critical comments about the contents which obscure the real raison d'etre of Listen! Thus, the eminently forgettable lyrics of the Guess Who are considered worthy of three inclusions (the Band only gets one, and hardly their best song at that.) Not only is the reader confronted with such gems as the lines from Bus Rider "Doesn't matter what you do you've got nothing to lose I'm so awful goddamn glad I'm not in your shoes Bus Rider" but he is expected to swallow the editor's estimation that "the Guess Who is one of the leaders of the new Rock Revolution — the musical protest of the human organism against all those forces in modern society that try to manipulate, mechanize and mutilate it." Listen! appears to be neither a realistic reflection of young people's tastes nor a first-rate critical anthology. It does contain some fine songs and poems — the lyrics by Joni Mitchell, Neil Young and Cohen read particularly well as texts. Every major Canadian poet, and a number of talented lesser-knowns, are represented in the anthology. The Hogans also deserve commendation for their initiative in finding 13,000 poems by Canadian high school writers, and their efforts in reading and selecting from them.

The trouble with the book is that it tries to appeal to too many markets at once. As a result it is not free from the taint of faddism, of both the nationalist and the rock-scholastic varieties.

Selling at about \$4, it will be of the greatest value to people who have little acquaintance with either Canadian music or poetry. Any book that prints both Beverly Glenn-Copeland and Stompin' Tom Connors can't be all bad, but this one could be better. Methuen 166

Book raises Meszaros to level of his mentor

By CARL STIERENS

The ecological crisis is no mere accident of industrial society; neither are wild-cat strikes. Instead, both are products of an internal crisis in modern capitalism.

A basic conflict between the profit motive of corporations and the social needs of the community is the source of this crisis. The result is a breakdown in the social control formerly held over society by employers and corporate liberal intellectuals.

This view of modern society, so clearly stated by Istvan Meszaros in his book, The Necessity of Social Control, provides a glimpse at the original thought of the man who may yet teach in York's Graduate Department of Social Science next year. This short book, together with his latest work, Lukacs' Concept of Dialectic, gives us a fascinating insight into the influence and relevance of modern intellectuals from Walt Rostow to Vladimir Lenin and Thomas Mann.

In Meszaros' book on social control, we learn of Walt Rostow's dismissal of Marxists as "hopeless ideologists" and Rostow's own plans for "easy take-off" areas in the third world which would be modelled after the U.S. and would result in complete depletion of the world's resources. In Meszaros' work on Lukacs, we see, by contrast, Central European intellectuals like Thomas Mann, Lukacs, Karl Meininger, and others whose efforts were directed at the transformation of their society into one controlled by the masses.

Meszaros himself was most widely known as the student and assistant of the dissident Marxist philosopher and critic, Georg Lukacs. The author has, however, now transcended the thinking of his mentor and has criticised several of Lukacs' errors as well.

One such error by Lukacs was in judging the significance of the merger in 1919 between the Hungarian Social-Democratic Party and the Hungarian Communist Party. Lukacs saw this as a morally necessary synthesis, combined this with the growing material power of the proletariat and came up with a hodge-podge of half-idealist, half-materialist philosophy. The defeat of the short-lived Hungarian Soviet Republic, which followed shortly after the merger, showed that the material force of the Hungarian masses in 1919 was not what Lukacs thought it would be.

Nevertheless, after four decades, Lukacs' seminal work, History and Class Consciousness, holds up as one of the greatest works of the twentieth century.

Lukacs was not without company in his pioneer studies in social philosophy and literary criticism. In a group modestly called the "Sunday Circle", there met in Budapest around 1917 some of the intellectual giants of all Europe: Arnold Hauser, the famous art historian; Karl Mannheim, pioneer in the sociology of knowledge; the great Hungarian composers Bela Bartok and Zoltan Kodaly, and, of course, Lukacs himself. And despite their political differences, both Thomas Mann and Max Weber dined at the Lukacs home in Budapest in the early 1920's. Lukacs was later to praise Thomas Mann's "dialectical and artistic power of 'seeing the connection between all things' "as Meszaros puts it.

Anyone interested in social philosophy and political thought should not miss these books. Istvan Meszaros, The Necessity of Social Control. London: The Merlin Press, 1971, 70 pp. \$2.65. Istvan Meszaros, Lukacs' Concept of Dialectic. London: The Merlin Press, 1972, 211 pp. \$3.30.



Good Eats

Hot Treats

By HARRY STINSON

Seeing as you are most likely thoroughly depressed by the season's anti-climactic bleakness, nothing seems more timely than a compendium of simple, deliciously sinfully useless desserts in which to wallow and drown your sorrows, and distract your potentially destructive depressed impulses.

Familiar and ever popular is Apple Crisp. Wash, core, peel and slice a whole bunch of apples, stuffing them into a greased baking dish or pan until it's full. Sprinkle with lemon juice and vinegar. Pop in the oven for 5 or 10 minutes while you whip up the crust.

This can be composed of flour, brown sugar, and butter or margarine in the proportions of roughly 1:2:1, with some bread-crumbs, and or oatmeal thrown in, and seasoned with salt, cinnamon, and allspice. Bake at 350 until the apples are soft, but not mushy.

Honey Doughnuts — Combine 1 tbsp. soft shortening, 2 tbsp. sugar, ¼ cup liquid honey, an egg, and a tsp. vanilla, beating until well-blended. Stir in ¾ cup milk. Sift together 3 cups sifted cake flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, tsp. nutmeg, and ½ tsp. salt. Then stir-blend into the wet stuff. Chill two hours. (Meanwhile heat deep frying oil to 375). Roll dough to ½ inch thickness on lightly floured dough (it'll be sort of soft, but try not to get more dough into it). Cut with a doughnut cutter. Twist into figure-8. Drop into hot oil and fry until nicely browned on all sides. Drain on paper towelling and dip into Honey Glaze to coat both sides (while still warm). Or you can sift icing sugar over them, or both!

Honey Glaze — Heat 2/3 cup liquid honey, and 2 tbsp. water, until boiling. Put 2 cups sifted icing sugar into a broad flat dish. Blend in the hot honey mixture, stirring until smooth.

Gingerbread Men — Heat oven to 350. Blend 'til creamy ¼ cup butter, and ½ cup white or brown sugar, then beat in ½ cup dark molasses. Mix 3½ cups all-purpose flour, tsp. baking soda, ¼ tsp. cloves, ½ tsp. cinnamon, tsp. ginger, ½ tsp. salt, and add to first mixture in 3 parts (alternately with ¼ cup water). Roll out the dough to desired thickness on the greased bottom of a baking sheet, and cut out whatever shapes you had in mind. A cutter or sharp knife is the best idea. Decorate (with raisins, nuts, candied fruits and peel. Bake about 8 minutes for ¼ inch thickness.

Then press lightly with your fingers, if it springs back, it's trying to tell you something, so remove and cool. Muck together about ¼ cup icing sugar with a few drops light cream, and use to make decorations on your creations.

Now go and run around the block a couple of times.