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Desmond Pacy's book reviewed

Administrators aren't all bad

By FORREST ORSER

Waken Lords and Ladies Gay: Selected Stories of Desmond Pacy, edited by Frank M. Tierney; University of Ottawa Press, 118 pages, \$4.80. This book is available at the Campus Bookstore.

One thing university might learn from this book is that at least some university administrators are humans.

In general I don't like university administrators. I admit that I know none of them well, and that a few of the ones I have met seemed to be decent enough people. But on the other hand many of them are fat old men who like to say things such as, "I'd like to help you, son,

but I'm tied up today." (Please get out of my office.)

I have never met Desmond Pacy, so I have no way of knowing if he fits the bigoted stereotype which exists in my head. But I was surprised to find myself enjoying many of the stories in this book.

As Frank Tierney points out in his introduction to this book, all the stories have rural settings. They are not about the often nerve shredding existence many of us live in cities, but about a quieter, generally more peaceful life in the country.

As Tierney also observes, most of the stories centre on children, and a child's simpler and more honest outlook on life.

For example in the story "Aunt Polly," while the narrator, a young

nephew of Aunt Polly, is saddened and baffled by the woman's death, the adults of the family argue over who should get her furniture.

The stories which deal mainly with adults are often about sensitive and perceptive people - a man who finds it difficult to cope with his mother's death, or a man whose self consciousness and insecurity makes some social occasions pure agony.

Waken Lords and Ladies Gay is, in short, a book of enjoyable, readable short stories, which gives the reader a look at a world which is in many ways much more peaceful and satisfying than the one we often find ourselves living in. And that must say something about Pacy, even if he is a university administrator.

W.O. Mitchell to give reading



Author W.O. Mitchell, best known for his radio series *Jake and the Kid*, will be reading in

Fredericton at the University of New Brunswick Tuesday, March 18, at 8 p.m. in Room 102 Tilley Hall.

Hall.

Born in Saskatchewan in 1914, Mr. Mitchell worked as a lifeguard, deckhand, salesman and high school principal before publishing his first novel, *Who Has Seen the Wind*, in 1947.

Mr. Mitchell was writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta in 1969 and at the University of Toronto in 1973-74. In October 1973 he was made an Officer of the Order of Canada.

Mr. Mitchell's most recent book, *The Vanishing Point*, was published in 1974.

Sponsored by the creative arts committee, Mr. Mitchell's prose reading is open to all interested members of the public.

movie review

"The Tamarind Seed"

By JOHN TIMMINS

Julie's back and the Red's have got her - again. In her first film since "Darling Lili", Julie Andrews is reliving the fray with Communism she underwent with Paul Newman and Alfred Hitchcock in "Torn Curtain", back in

1966. This time the hero is Omar Sharif, and the communism is not a great festering doubt in the heroine's mind, but a rather amiable spur for chit-chat ("I look awful in red") as the couple meet

in Barbados. She's high in London's Home Office, he's high in the Soviet Embassy, she has two mental blocks - a late husband and an uncommitted lover, - he has a metallic wife in Russia, and still

love conquers all (against the Canadian wilds, yet!) The remainder concerns the various scrapes each is plunged into with their respective governments, in addition to the resolving of Andrew's sexual skittishness. Fine. Except that the reduction of politics - even politics as absurd as this - to a Transatlantic game of "Catch me, catch me" seems a wee bit simple-minded.

In "Torn Curtain", the splendidly drawn suspense drew attention away from the grotesque Communist caricatures. Here, what suspense might have occurred is hopelessly diluted by the exclu-

siveness of the rather foolish love story: the governmental stickiness is just a screenplay ploy to give the pair that age-old necessity - conflict. Mother Britain and Mother Russia are just "The Other Woman" in national guise.

And the performances are not outstanding enough to redeem. The wit and elegance of her character are predictably well handled by Julie Andrews; the drama, however, - such as it is - is far too crisply done, with even an occasional rushed line. In addition, Andrews has cultivated several

stock gestures that are becoming invalid through familiarity: arms on hips, arms behind back and (during the explosion), hands on head. Omar Sharif is playing

nothing different from his standard, glamorous seducer role, but he still manages to make it humorous and truthful without being over-charming.

On the positive side of both is

their age: neither are young enough for the plastic-glamour style, thank God, but they are both attractive, and combined with their somewhat weathered maturity and each's inherent charm, they lend conviction to several of the less silly love scenes that the writing does not always provide.

There is nice support from Anthony Quayle - convincing without being too loud - and Daniel O'Herlihy, who, as a homosexual

British minister, gives unpretentious dignity to a key role that easily could have been grotesque. As head of the Soviet Embassy, Oskar Homolka is Oskar Homolka.

Writer-director Blake Edwards needs most of the flogging, regrettably. The same talent that made 1961's "Experiment in Terror" just that - so tight the reels

should have snapped - and which managed no little wit in "Darling Lili", (ditto flair, in "The Carey Treatment") has here gone soft.

And what with Andrews running to greet Sharif, perfectly framed against those Canadian mountains for a fade-out, maybe that should read "rancid".

Wrack 'n Roll

by Alexarty

AFTER THE KESWICK MANNER

Ah, excuse me. I was down in the basement, mixing up some medicine, but Joeboy has just reminded me that it is Tuesday, and I must make some sort of emission tonight, to skirt the possibility of a grave omission in this Brunswickan.

Yes I need inspiration, ah, say a brandy, five fingers thank you I feel much better now and why don't you grab a hookah from the merest streetcorner if you please Joe old chap. Sometimes its damn difficult to write a good column every week and since I like total spontaneity that's why I haven't this year. I try though...

A lot of people think that WRACK 'N' ROLL is just a forum for me to talk about my relationship to music and sometimes just a vehicle propelled by the excess steam which must be let out occasionally. They're right of course. The same people also think that I am overly concerned with decadent and perverse rock 'n roll, and once again I concede this is true. What do you expect from a person who would consider calling a band SANTA FEY? Even if that's only so that the album can be called SANTA FEY RIEN? And if Miz N will come back up for back up vocals I might even change it to SANTA FEY N with the appropriate cover and a little reggae tune of the same name. Dream on, fans. Certainly no more farfetched than MATCHING MOLE which Francophone space-rock buffs will have a field day with.

It's only in-jokes, asides, so that the five people who know what I'm talking about won't stop reading from sheer boredom. Everyone else thinks I ramble on about the most obscure and irrelevant topics, but there must be some of you out there who enjoy standing on that razorblade in the fringe where fact and fancy are totally unconnected to anything and everyone is transubstantiated into the great green jade or void of all social and political content. Right.

That this cosmik babble and totally blank mutter actually emanates from a rational being who stands a full six feet straight with his head in the air may be a source of wonder to you, but Stevie's never met me and furthermore has not the slightest inclination to do so, although he's one of the few soul performers I will listen to without being force fed. I'd much rather listen to David Allen's Gong, or-Henry Cow - mental titillation - is far more interesting than the prosaic rituals of social dancing caused by an overdose of chicka-chicka, my onomatopoeia referring to the tinny guitar sound that's sweeping the campus.

Staid? Not I, though I have stayed here far too long. But I never have rigged the necessary support that's needed here for the kind of music which I prefer. It's really sad to see and hear so much good music passed over in favor of "commercial" drivel. Take some time out during the summer; listen to some Coltrane, or Ornette, and Ayler Beefheart, Cooder, Davis, Eno, Fahey; in other words broaden your musical horizons and come back to UNB prepared for variety and inventiveness in what you hear here and hear about here. See here, it says right here that you should hear as much different music as you're willing to. In other words don't turn off your radio or bang on the roof when strange sounds are being played [hi Geoff!] but give them a chance. Next year I hope to really advance this column into the thick of the avant-garde, leaving the nursery-rhymes to other scribes. In the meantime remember; if you take me or anyone else too seriously you're a fool, and April's just a quick March away. Say hi and stay high; goodbye.