

At the Colonnade—a tale, or two, or six

by Frank Liebeck

Six Tales of Canterbury are enjoying rare success at the Colonnade and my English teacher told me to go and see them and I listened to her because she's beautiful and wears mini skirts.

It's a good thing for her that it was a good production. As a matter of fact, you can be a crazy French student, and still like it. Universality is good for you and conquers nations.

The entire cast is first rate. Montgomery Davis plays Chaucer with a smile and a twinkle and a quiet wit that allows his intellect to shine through.

In the Pardoner's Tale he is jocular as the drunk and stupid 2nd Roisterer who discovers money is the root of all evil.

This is the sort of part that could easily be overacted but Mr. Davis holds it back just enough, so that we don't lose our sense of intelligence.

In the end, as the lights dim, he is left alone on the stage with only a single spot on him, and as he goes to write down the tales he has just heard, he emits a sly chuckle, signifying the fun and satire that will be handed

down the long vista of years as students ponder old Geoffrey.

Stan Ross is especially rowdy and base as the Miller who tells the dirtiest tale of them all. The director, Kenneth Dight, has effectively brought out the atmosphere of a 14th century English tavern.

Lusty and lively and full of good cheer, with a wench or two on the side is this inn. It was so authentic that I felt like running down and joining them for a mug of that English ale.

Much of the credit must also

be given to Donna Jean Arnold who adapted the tales from the weird English to today's vernacular without shedding the vigor and feeling of Chaucer's original stories.

If you find you can't get in to see 'Thoroughly Modern Millie', stroll across the street and try a bit of flavor. And don't mind the rude character who answers the telephone. He only looks like Rod Steiger.

'Here is ended the tales of Caunterbury, compiled by Geoffrey Chaucer, of whos soule Jhesu Crist have mercy. Amen.'

leftovers

by Bill Novak

First of all, for those who read this column regularly, I'd like to tell you both that in last week's edition, all proper names of people were originally capitalized...

I was publicizing Saturday's Toronto Symphony - Lionel Hampton concert so much that I took my own advice and saw the show.

It's old news by now, and if you really cared you would have been there too, but it was a superb evening.

Totally different, I would say, from anything the TS has ever done...their half of the concert was given over to 'fun' music, climaxed by the King David Suite, with composer Hampton on vibes.

The whole orchestra from Ozawa to the flute soloist demonstrated a wonderful lack of formality and pressure.

Hampton's octet carried the second half, and although one got the impression that they were playing down to the audience with a host of pop tunes not totally suited to jazz, the music was good, the act was fun, the crowd was with it.

A beautiful evening, and, indeed, a noble precedent for the next five concerts.

I have a friend at Scarborough College, who says the set-up is so impersonal that in order to get a lecture schedule he had to buy a TV guide... Richie Havens is finishing his stay at the Riverboat, where Joni Mitchell, of Circle Game fame, will be appearing later this month...There is, I am told, a new album on the way by Bob Dylan...The Vanier Folk and Blues Club is planning a concert November 17, performers to come from the University...there is also talk of bringing in Pete Seeger later in the school year...From here I can see for miles and miles and miles; what the hell, on a clear day, I can see forever.

Saturday Night Underground

tickets on sale 10:30 p.m.
doors open 11:30 p.m.

November 11—\$1.50
MOMENT IN LOVE—Shirley Clarke

HAMFAT ASAR—L. Jordan VALL, witch of Positano—
by Sheldon Rochlin

Restricted to persons 18 years of age and over.

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YONGE AT CHARLES - 922-9055

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PIERROT LE FOU with
Jean-Paul Belmondo
Phone for showtimes

An evening of poetry

with

Archibald

MacLeish

by Jane Rosenberg

Saturday night the audience at Burton Auditorium had the pleasure of Archibald MacLeish's presence. He is poet, teacher, humanitarian among other possibly more important occupations.

After a sincere and warm introduction by Dr. Conway, Mr. MacLeish humbly approached the podium. His soft vocal tone, quiet facial expressions and honesty created an atmosphere of calm which was communicated to each member of the audience.

He began with a 'non-lecture' on poetry, its importance to our modern world, and its relation to life.

He is a poet of the romantic tradition. He believes the poet has the capacity to be prophet for a world rapidly losing sight of Man's emotional needs.

While reading his poems he seemed to withdraw into the original emotions that inspired him. As a result, he read them with passion that was underplayed and unpretentious. Humility seemed to be a breath in each word he spoke.

The evening was a learning experience. We learned not only because we were exposed to poetry which perhaps many had not read before, but because we saw a man who has experienced a long life, and who is capable of teaching us compassion and understanding simply by his presence.

Sgt. Pepper

next week



Battle of Algiers for the Avenue Road Maoists

by Alex Cramer

The revolutionary flag is now up at the New Yorker cinema. It should be there for quite a while, since the film the Battle of Algiers, is going to appeal to all the local armchair Gueveras.

That should amount to a considerable figure when it is so easy to participate vicariously in a revolution from the comfort of your neighbourhood art theatre. Naturally the newspaper film critics, freedom fighters to a man, will just eat this up.

The Battle of Algiers is an Italo-Algerian co-production depicting the FLN campaign just before Algeria won independence from the French.

The film is made to appear as a documentary by the use of untrained actors, little dialogue, and a lot of action.

It even has the grainy texture of film shot by a 16 mm camera. Actually it was made in 35, but the director has used every device to create the illusion that the film is a newsreel.

The camera is often hand held, the exposure is sometimes poor, and the sound is recorded as it comes, with little regard to professional standards.

As an imitation of Italian

post-war neo-realism, the film is only 20 years behind the times. Still that doesn't bother the film critics who call it 'new-wave'.

The trouble with neo-realism or cinéma-vérité, depending on which generation you belong to is that it relies on tricks to create a sense of realism. Antonioni and Fellini managed to leave neo-realism and move to higher levels of reality.

The documentary technique, rather than being an honest depiction of reality is more often a distortion of it; witness the TV commercials which use cinéma-vérité methods to inject a believable 'realism' in half-truths and exaggerated claims.

Yet for all the attempts to re-create the revolutionary fighting, the film fails miserably as an historical document, and as art it is merely a poor propaganda film. The FLN guerrillas are presented as the heroes, while the French paras are depicted as brutal sadists.

The reason the film is bad is that it is an oversimplification of the Algerian conflict. No mention is made of the rival terrorist groups which duelled with one another as

much as with the French.

In its facile condonement of violence, the film only adds to the brutalization of the human sensibility. This is especially true because the Battle of Algiers is so realistic in its depiction of terror. The violence of Hollywood films, like Bonnie and Clyde, is tolerable because nobody above the age of 12 takes it seriously.

The Battle of Algiers, ignores, of course, the fact that the revolution, for all its ideals, has had no effect on the Algerian people. The revolution only replaced the French ruling class with an Arab elite. The class structure has not changed and the people are as poor as ever.

Only the Avenue Road Maoists, secure in their bourgeois cocoons of radical illusions, can possibly see this film as a blow for freedom. Today Aden, one year before independence is going through the same process of terror directed against the British and between rival groups. I'm sure that if somebody like Peter Watkins or Allan King were to make a film of this, we'd get a propaganda film like the Battle of Algiers.