

Underattainment

Editor: Worn Comments

Hundreds see romp In the Hay

Borden makes audience forget she's a cow

By AGGIE EXCRUCIO

In their never-ending quest to bring heightened realism to the theatre, following the example of avant-garde graphic artists, directors Joseph Merlin and Steve Lancelot have come up with a startlingly simple, yet enormously dramatic way of portraying the idyll of the pastoral way of life.

Their new play *Mayhem*, subtitled *In the Hay*, starring Elsie Borden, the well known cow, is a modern rendition of the tranquil concepts originating with Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Performed for the first time in the Pastures Theatre at Oakville-on-Avon last Thursday before a gala crowd, the piece made a resounding hit with the diamond-studded audience, members of whom had paid up to \$20 for a well-placed knoll.

The mood threatened to grow ugly, however, when Elsie failed to return

for curtain call. "It's Elsie's nap-time," announced the producer, but this lame excuse failed to appease the annoyed throng.

Even as they elbowed their way back to the crowded parking lot, murmurs were heard of "sour milk" and "bovine ego". And long into the night, while armed forces helicopters parachuted emergency supplies to the starving hundreds trapped on the pasture, one could still hear a plaintive voice or two whispering, "It's mainly because of the meat."

Lost, perhaps, in this somewhat embarrassing over-reaction, was the fact that Elsie turned in her best performance to date, perhaps the best Oakville-on-Avon has ever witnessed. It almost made one forget momentarily that she was in fact a cow.

There is little that even a jaded, soured drama critic like myself can say in the face of such perfection.



Elsie Borden in a lighter moment, awaiting the arrival of the make-up crew.

Poverty strikes Sludge, heartless Moss melts vinyl



Sludge on skid row

By JOHN A. STAPLETON
with RUBART SWAYNE

In this generation of easy affluence and instant potatoes, the high-rolling rock star has come to characterize success incarnate.

But there's another side to the story: those deserving but down-trodden groups who fail to reach the fiery pinnacles of that fickle ferris wheel of fate. What happens when the groupies stop groping and the tinsel starts to tarnish?

"It's been a lean year. Ahh, let's face it, guys. We don't know a dollar from a hole in our pockets."

Uttering a world-weary sigh, Lightning Lemmon, lead guitarist of the Spastic Sludge, Toronto's underground sensation of last year, continued pacing the creaking floorboards of the coldwater flat. In a corner, drummer Booker Ross shifted uneasily under his blanket of IGA Dollar Days circulars, fingered his newly-born brush-cut, and took a swig from

his bottle of Old Sailor Sherry.

In another part of the room, Dynamite C. Strange was practicing his new vocation of rock critic, engrossed in the writing of what he claimed would be the definitive review of Andre Kostelanetz Plays the Carpenters.

Grinding his teeth, Spider Clean read yet another whopping invoice from the Piano-of-the-Month Club, an incongruous reminder of the days when his weekly earnings could have bought enough spray deodorant to keep Owen Sound dry for a decade. Downstairs, Catfish Hughes was sleeping it off in the washroom of the International Grill, as old Rosie prodded him with her broomstick and shook her head in wistful wonderment.

SO TO BED

Fame and poverty make strange bedfellows in a society in which Sam Ervin can cut a record and Eddie Shack is still allowed to play hockey. Like Mozart and the Strawberry Alarm Clock, the Sludge were peniless again; where had they gone wrong?

"It all started with the energy crisis," Lemmon explained. "They needed that vinyl and ours was the first to go."

Moss Records had cut the Sludge from their roster, melting down the entire stock of Sludge waxings to make room for a new polka platter from Frank Yankovich and the Yanks.

"We have our priorities," an executive had said.

Times grow hard now, and jobs even more scarce, as the Sludge drift from pillar to post in their quest for an identity as "the thinking man's bonzo band."

Timber Wolf lets down avid fans

By BRECK RINSE

The latest NFB extravaganza, *The World of the Timber Wolf* (now showing at the Imperial, Hollywood and all Kresge's and Woolworth's stores) is a sorry disappointment.

Director Michael Hobbit, producer of such memorable classics as *Canada's Paper Products* and *Moose Jaw: Fact or Fiction*, has yet to make a venture as intrinsically rewarding as his second film, *Alligators of Peru*. (His first, the ill-fated *Leprechauns of Time* — "you can float down the Nile, but there are no icebergs in Egypt" — is best left in the CBC files, where it is run for filler every Wednesday between *Take Thirty* and *Love of Liver*.)

World of the Timber Wolf is a superficial, pretentious version of what might have been a penetrating, in-depth study of a society not unlike our own. Hobbit's direction is erratic (he has been barred from the urinals in North Bay), and as a result, the timber wolf and his habits remain an enigma.

Animal lover

The York film department is bringing to Curtis LH-L one of the world's finest animal impersonators, Dr. Jorge Luis Fernando, Sunday night at 10 p.m.

Fernando, a graduate in anthropology and animal husbandry, will deliver unerringly accurate impersonations of pigs, goats and rabbits as well as the hard-to-master Irish setter.

Fernando, best known for his starring roles in *Gentle Ben*, *Mr. Ed* and *Flipper*, is currently employed as a watchdog at the Cobourg health farm. Admission to the evening is \$1.50

The viewer cannot properly identify with the protagonist, and what is left is a shifting, unstable 28 minutes of mediocrity.

One can only hope that Hobbit's next work, *The National Drip*, a history of Niagara Falls, will restore the director's good name.

Silt and Sand

Last Ditch means Fine Tobacco

Calamine Movies prevents the last in a series of old Don Knotts movies, *I Walk the Afternoon Sun Come Up Many Moons Pass Water*. Admission is 29 cents, in a last ditch effort to get somebody to show up. Courtesy of Last Ditch productions. In the Calumet common room, if Calumet still has it. If not, go and play pinball. No skin off our teeth.

Sting Oscars stolen, graffiti found

Spittoon Movies brings another whopper to Curtis LH-G Saturday and Sunday. *Last Tango in Paris*, with Marlon Brando, will be screened at 8:30 p.m., for \$1.25 general, \$1.50 Bethune. Unfortunately, due to contractual problems, only the third reel is available. But a furry little fellow in a derby will read a synopsis of the butter scene in a husky voice, and the audience is invited to whistle the musical score. Admission is a dead penguin.

Immortal Pooh meets Godzilla

Celebrations for the birthday of Winnie-the-Pooh will be held in the Behavioral Sciences building tomorrow night. Electronic musician David Tulipblast has composed a memorial piece running 19 hours, but says he will have no trouble remembering the tune, since there is none. "Only two notes," he grinned. Admission is by invitation only.

Bobbsey Twins go to the bathroom

Witless Movies tosses off another turkey tomorrow and Sunday night, at 8 p.m. *Mickey Mouse Picks His Nose*, in technicolour, doubles with *Pluto Eats Goofy*, for a rollicking laugh-packed evening. There won't be a dry eye in the house. Admission is \$2 general, in 8 mm. with a Don Knotts feature beforehand. Don't believe a word of this.

Events for On Compost should be edited to incoherence and sent to Cotton Batten, Department of Implications and Provocations

On Compost

SPECIAL LECTURES

Thursday 4 p.m. — Guest Speaker (Ontology Society) Professor Arfaeague from the University of Dirtsneakers will speak on *What is a Fact: the Place of the Freudian Theory of Vascular Cohesion in the Metaphysics of a Perfect Universe* — question period will be held before the speech. Admission \$2 — \$130 Ross.

7:30 p.m. — 10:30 p.m. — E.G.O. Faculty (Centre for Continuing Education) "The World is an Oyster". Champagne extra. Champignons half-price.

9:45 p.m. — Poetry Reading (Faculty of Funny Arts) featuring Elsie Borden, star of the recent hit *In the Hay*, making a dramatic presentation of *Mayhem*. In lieu of cash, she will accept grass.

Friday 7 p.m. — The local chapters of the Western Guard and the Jewish Defence League will hold their annual showdown potato-sack race by the pond after sunset. Winner gets to be the

dominant race for a year.

FILM, ENTERTAINMENT

Thursday 9 and 10:30 p.m. — Vanier's Open End Cabaret presents its year-end show, featuring a cast of thousands in a faithful re-enactment of Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*. Performance begins promptly; no stragglers admitted. In view of the brisk trade in hamburger in the campus cafeterias, the cast will be reduced to riding dogs.

1 p.m. — Radio York's Bearpit will close off with a bang today. Invited guest Nit Redneck talks about himself: "Why I am the way I am." He's a real killer. Substitute is Bobo the Bus.

Friday 12 noon — Le Cercle Francais, in conjunction with the Sino-Japanese Association, will be serving a special final luncheon at the end of the rainbow, on the third floor foyer of Ross. On the menu will be such rare delicacies as frog-legs foo yung, crepes salamander, chocolate covered wasps, and snails sweet and sour. All you can eat.

Monday 10:00 a.m. — Chloe in the afternoon has been cancelled due to a conflict in time.

MISCELLANEOUS

Friday 3:0 a.m. — Self-abuse seminar to be held in the third floor washroom of Scott Library. Only those with circles under the eyes, calloused fingernails, stooped posture, flabby muscles and back pains admitted.

Monday 12 noon — Circles under the eyes? Calloused fingernails? Stooped posture? Flabby muscles? Empty pockets? The tank for strung-out pinball addicts provides a padded cell without any bells of flashing lights and aims to do reality shock therapy. If you think you have contracted p.d. (pinball dependence), walk, don't run to the barn near Steeles. We'll do our best to contain the post-p.d. d.t.s.

Wednesday 7:30 a.m. — Benefit garage sale. Auction of running shoes of retired streakers in parking lot M. Proceeds to the Rheumatism and Arthritis Assn. of Canada.