

**Swim Instructors Wanted**

"The Glendon College Pool requires swim instructors on Saturdays, from Apr. 3 to June 19 (9:00 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.) To qualify, interested persons must be Red Cross instructors and preference will be given to those who have taught and examined a bronze class. The pay is \$4.00/hour and for further information call Anne O'Byrne at 487-6150 (Glendon College Athletic Department)."

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Open House at New Studio  
Friday April 9, 1976, 7:30 p.m.  
**961-6978**

**PUBLIC LECTURE ON WORLD TEACHER; SRI RAMAKRISHNA**

Of great relevance to all students in literature, philosophy, history and religion is the teaching of Sri Ramakrishna, embodying essential principles for achieving total unity of human existence. This great TEACHER has been praised by eminent thinkers such as Arnold Toynbee, Mahatma Gandhi, Romain Rolland, Christopher Isherwood, Max Muller, Sri Aurobindo, Swami Bhattacharya of Chicago.

8:00 p.m. Saturday March 13  
Room 2135 Sydney Smith Building  
University of Toronto  
Admission free  
Contact: 493-0120 221-5008



**ONE FLIGHT HIGH**  
46 BLOOR WEST  
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**Forecast optimistic**

**John Cage concert storms York**

*John Cage, simply put, is a putterer. He putters around with new ideas, new ways of producing sounds, and in the process subverts our conceptions of music. He is a revolutionary. He is a musical anarchist. He is worshipped and revered, damned and ridiculed. He is a living legend. He was at York recently to conduct the premiere of a piece commissioned by the CBC to commemorate the American Bicentennial.*

By AGNES KRUCHIO

How do you talk to a living legend?

With John Cage, plain English will do.

With startling simplicity and directness he talks to students who cluster around him for hours, unconscious of the passing minutes.

He did not start making any money from music until he was past 50, he tells us. He has very little use for money, he says. "You don't have to have it, you can get along quite well without it. I can't see that it is very interesting; what with inflation and everything, it is even less interesting," he tells us.

Money, by its very absence seems to have shaped his life in a curious way.

"In the early 30s there seemed to be only two alternatives. One involved Shoenberg and 12 tonal music; the other involved Igor Stravinsky in which one studied the past, but gave it a façade called neo-classicism. Stravinsky's later intention was to imitate from the past but in a way that

was modern. I was interested in modern music and between these two I chose Shoenberg."

When Shoenberg asked him whether he could pay his price, Cage said there was no need for lessons, because he could not pay for them anyway. "And he said, 'will you devote your life to music?' I said, 'certainly'. Thus I was obliged to write music whether it made any money or not."

In other ways too, not having money affected the direction of his life.

"I happened to find a shack at the back of a house and I offered to put a roof on it in return for living in it; it had a dirt floor; and then I noticed that there were all these mushrooms growing." And since he was living in the country, he learned to gather wild foods and mushrooms.

Did he learn to listen out there, in the country? It's hard to say.

He stops the conversation dead, and makes you listen. Somewhere above in one of the hotel rooms a hammer is beating away, in tempo. Outside noises filter in, muffled traffic. Another, slow buzzing starts, and you can't tell where it comes from.

**SILENCE**

"There is no such thing as silence," Cage says.

"There is always something to hear. Silence is sounds, but not the sounds that you intended. Just ordinary world sounds."

This idea was cardinal to his perhaps best known piece, 4'33", in which the pianist (or whatever instrument was being used - Cage first used a pianist) sits at the piano and opens and closes the piano top to indicate the end of the movement. Otherwise there is dead silence. Dead?

"If we stop talking we will hear many sounds that you didn't intend. You yourself are making two sounds," he says. He discovered this in an anechoic chamber in Harvard.

"I thought there was something wrong with the room, because I thought, as you did, that there was such a thing as silence. The two sounds I heard were the functioning of the nervous system, and the sound of the blood circulating; you don't hear the beat of your own heartbeat, just the flow of the blood." He says it's a low, continuous sound.

"Our whole notion of the fundamental nature of rhythm in music is simply a jump from the flow of the blood to the beat of the heart; and more essential than the beat is the flow."

He showed an example of a current composition, a piece for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It's a sheet with drawings on it resembling curiously vegetables, separated by light strokes of his pen.

He is in the middle of instrumenting his new piece, he says. The drawings are from Thoreau's journal, which he has been preoccupied with since 1967. He leaves the conductor and the musician to determine just what he will make of what is in front of him and he will make his own decision on a particular sound at the last minute. As he talks, he disclaims that the nature of the figures is important, although it intrigues me that some of the shapes look remarkably like particular vegetables. I'm dying to find out what a carrot sound like.

He laughs. "How does a carrot sound?" It's an interesting question, but technology is not there yet. We will have to wait to find out what a particular carrot sounds like, he says. I can hardly wait.



John Cage, gathering mushrooms at home.

**Expatriate Americans aim lecture at bicentennial**

By STUART SHEPHERD

North America? Chatter chatter: liberty, equality, fraternity, love, honour, patriotism and what-have-you...

Let us look at ourselves if we can bear to and see what is becoming of us. First, we must face that unexpected revelation, that striptease of our humanism. There you can see it, quite naked, and it's not a pretty sight. It was nothing but an ideology of lies, a perfect justification for pillage; honeyed words, it's affection of sensibility were only alibis for our aggression." (Jean-Paul Sartre).

When I was little, my parents took me to the United Church in our neighbourhood almost every Sunday. I can remember being absorbed in the ritual of the service, austere as it was in traditional protestant surroundings. Much of the proceedings consisted of readings from enlightened texts or speeches based on them; they were given by one or more men from the congregation. I recall dimly perceiving even at an early age that these gentlemen, however incomprehensible they rendered their material, were nonetheless able to conjure up in me an awareness of something universal.

**RARE OCCASIONS**

On rare occasions, however, the children were allowed to stay upstairs for the whole service. Such times were special because the concluding ceremonies contained the most dramatic musical event, choral anthems and organ voluntaries. I have vivid recollection of the rushes of power which went up my back from the base of my spine as the organist kicked out thunder. The brief visits to that timeless musical architecture were the most vital experiences of my childhood.

**BACK IN CHURCH**

My church experience was brought back recently by a performance by John Cage. The work called A Lecture on the Weather, embodied an attempt by Cage to remind his countrymen that certain social and political problems persist in America despite a long history of good advice on how to

eliminate them.

In a preface read to the audience before each performance, Cage advised Americans to cease interfering in the affairs of other nations, and expressed the hope that the USA may become "just another part of the world, no more no less". Whether this particular message was communicated to the audience by the performances that night is difficult to determine.

**LARGE BUT SIMPLE**

The execution of the performance was simple if rather large in scale. Twelve expatriate American males read selections from the works of American anarchist philosopher Henry David Thoreau. These had been selected by coin throwing operations of the I Ching and organized by each performer.

Line drawings vocally and instrumentally interpreted by each performer were interspersed with text. Each performer had an individual mike and public address system, the tone control for which was continually altered during performance by Cage according to measurements derived by I Ching chance operations.

To all of this was added a soundtrack of thunder and rain obtained from natural sources by composer Maryanne Amacher and visual lightning flashes created by Louis Frangella from Thoreau line drawings.

A great contrast in sonic dimensions was possible with these resources, from a serene postillistic murmur to a din more overwhelming than nature could have produced. At the highest pitch of sonic activity one had the sensation of sharing the eye of a hurricane with a huge herd of sealions.

**IMPRESSIONS**

And it was this sort of impression one had of the work overall; after the meteorological histrionics had concluded, the forecast remained optimistic: the murmurs of reason persisted as the din subsided. We have sat in the eye if a hurricane, witness to its wildest fury, hopefully transformed yet nonetheless undamaged. Let us hope that America will be quicker to take the advice of Cage than it has been to take that of Thoreau.

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