

HEADQUARTERS



FOR
**YORK
JACKETS**
LEVI'S AND LEES
CRESTED SWEATSHIRTS
TEE SHIRTS



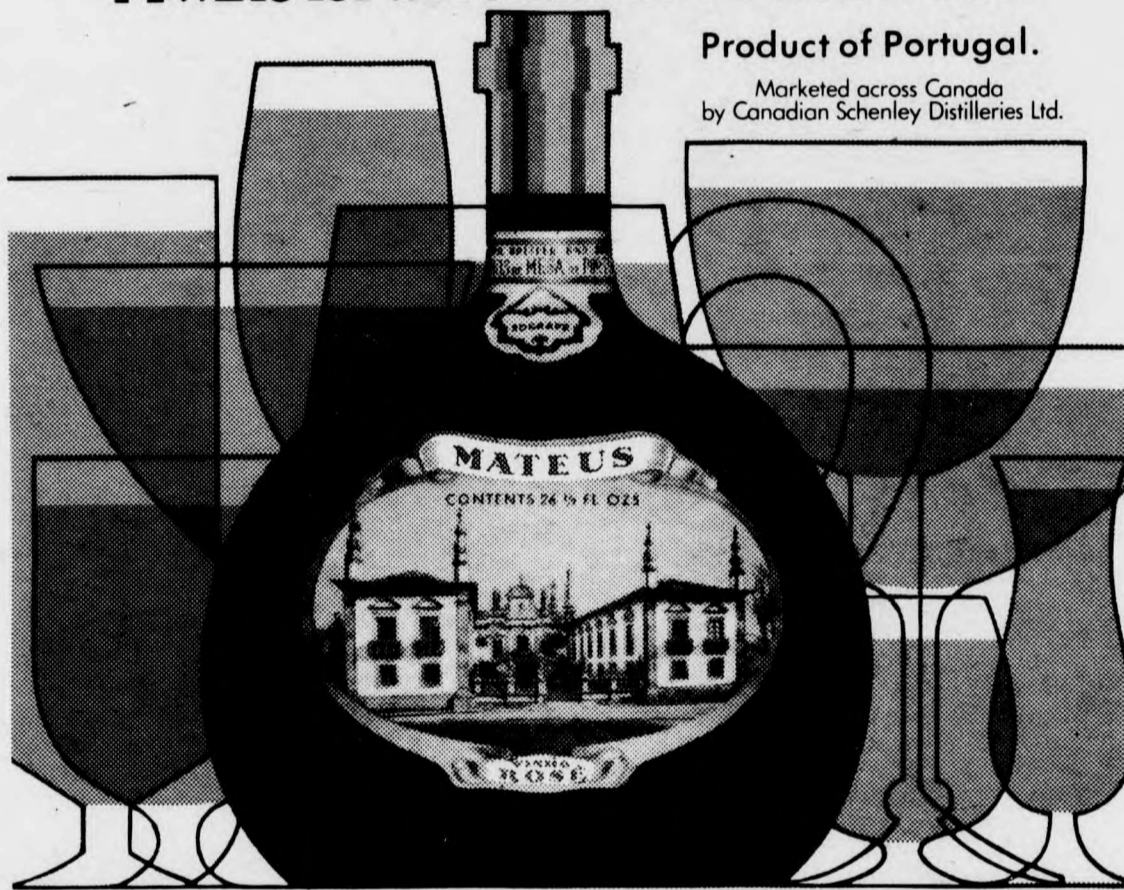
Lynn-Gold Clothes Ltd.

401 YONGE ST. (at Gerrard) TORONTO 200, ONT.
PHONE 368-7729

A wine for all reasons. Mateus Rosé.

Product of Portugal.

Marketed across Canada
by Canadian Schenley Distilleries Ltd.



science INTERNATIONAL

USING A NEW
CONTRAPTION
THAT KEEPS US
IN THE SHADE,
SPANISH
SCIENTISTS
HAVE DISCOVERED
THAT COWS EAT
MORE GRASS
AND PRODUCE
MORE MILK!



*Global's
got it.*

SAT. NIGHT 7:30
SUN. NIGHT 6:30

6 22 CABLE 3



Sir John Geilgud (standing), currently starring in Harold Pinter's "No Man's Land" at the Royal Alex, breazed into Atkinson last Thursday afternoon. Close to 150 theatre students and staff listened in awe as he described the challenges he'd met in a half century on stage.

Ramones bring their grease rock to town

By PAUL LUKE

The New York band of punk-rockers, The Ramones, took the stage of the New Yorker on Saturday night just as a preview for "Texas Chainsaw Massacre" was finishing. The ad for this film provided an appropriately violent context for the horrors of the Ramones' performance. One hysterical set and a couple of grisly encores later and the audience, comatose with fright, be-stirred themselves and fled the theatre. Once at home they would lie anxiously awake, sweating in remembered terror of songs of grim perversity and dread.

No, not really. Rather than rigid with fright perhaps a greater part of the sold-out crowd was stiff with boredom. The question which the Ramones' three Toronto shows raise might run something like: Is punk machismo an ample compensation for lack of musical skill, or are the Ramones worth further attention at all? Again, one might be tempted to comment, no, not really, but having said this the idea of the Ramones is neat to fart around with.

It's because they are infatuated with the idea of a group of resolute anti-intellectuals, that a number of leading American rock critics (including Creem's Lester Bangs and Rolling Stone's Paul Nelson) have chosen to proselytize for the Ramones. But for many lay rock aficionados no amount of prattle about their minimalist intentions or intriguing exploitation of misogyny can salvage a sound whose exaggerated simplicity and homogeneity of tempo renders much of the Ramones' material indistinguishable. The Ramones would respond that within a new style of music it is initially difficult to perceive distinctions (some people still maintain that the Stones always sound the same). But it is also axiomatic that some styles have more range and versatility than others and the Ramones have yet to progress beyond an orientation which permits no solos and keeps everything under three minutes and three chords. Certainly nobody can accuse them of being eclectic.

IMITATION BRYLCREAM

While the Ramones lack the pretensions incumbent upon instrumental virtuosity and compositional facility, their glue-sniffing, girl-beating, gay-baiting subject matter is contrived to attract an audience by being shocking and repelling (yawn). Again, lest their calculated greaser pose comes on like too much imitation Brylcream, we might quote Stravinsky that "Most artists are sincere and most art is bad, though some insincere (sincerely insincere) works can be quite good."

We might strew some more intellectual loose change by observing that the Ramones represent an experiment in musical form, which is a logical extension of some of Keith Richard's and Robbie Robertson's comments on

the superfluity of guitar solos.

It's easy to feel sensitive and self-righteous about these slope-browed underdogs but the final criterion for evaluation is this: Are they fun? Yes, they were somewhat so on Saturday's concert but you've got to have a high tolerance for monotony, however highly charged it is.

The New Yorker has since announced that they're going to have similar live shows every two weeks. Tentative plans include Nils Lofgren, a veteran performer of Ramones style macho-rock.

CHEAP SHOTS

Sunday at brunch, I was conversing with Gerry Gilbert-Gray, co-editor of *Directions*, that noted literary and graphic magazine based at 006 Founders (2208). As it passed, he noted *Excalibur* is in antipathy towards his joint effort with David Jorgenson. Last year, the only coverage received had been either lackluster or incorrect and that was too little.

To try to repent for previous wrongdoings, let it be known that *Directions* is interested in receiving short stories, graphics, literary criticism (but no reviews), and poetry. In addition, tonight at 8 pm in the McLaughlin Common Room, *Directions* and Mac Council co-present "Songs of a Sourdough", a one man show by Hank Stinson, based on the work of Robert Service about the Klondike Goldrush. Admission is \$1.50, and the show will be licensed.... This Saturday at Atkinson's convocation in front of Scott Library, honorary degrees will be presented to Beland Honderich, Publisher of the Toronto Star, and to J. Shutherland Boggs, former director of the National Gallery of Canada... The *Canadian Theatre Review* for 1975, "Canada on Stage", is available now through the CTR office, 222 Admin. Studies... Hours of the Sam Zacks Gallery show, "Man-Machine Encounter" are Wednesday-Sunday from 2-8 pm... Early European household utensils, some dating back to the 17th Century, will be on exhibit at Glendon's Art Gallery until October 13... When the Climax Jazz Band played for a packed Vanier Dining Hall two or so weeks ago, the announced admission price was 50 cents, but most of the concertgoers, including myself, encountered nobody at the door. The food was good, the band, "which hates to be called Dixieland", was superb, and the draft was a quarter... Two shows running in parallel are the Truck Theatre's production of *The Royal Hunt for the Sun*, a story of the conquest of the Peruvian Incas, and *Gold for the Gods*, a display of artifacts dating to 200 B.C., some of which have never been out of Peru before.