

Even a nose bleed can't stop band from playing like pros

# Quartet better than Holly Cole

by Andria Ferlito

You know the jazz was great by watching for the number of audience members who approach the singer after a performance to tell her she's better than Holly Cole.



Well, you can't condemn some York students for not having been exposed to much more than CFNY, and indeed, you must applaud the rare occasions when they do explore further territory. And that's exactly what some of them did, savoring the sounds of Princeton and Wilson Quartet at the Grad Lounge, early November. Three days later they again brought down the house at The Absinthe Pub in Winters College.

A band with youthful, amiable members and genuine musical aptitude is sure to awaken the esteem of any audience, even if it does play

## McEwan and his crotch do reading in T.O.

by Andria Ferlito

If not for a large obstructive podium, my concentration would surely have wandered to Ian McEwan's lower regions, the general area that seems to have inspired much of his previous writing.

McEwan has further cultivated his introspective, and often witty, prose style to create his latest novel, *Black Dogs*, from which he read selections from at Harbourfront's Reading Series on November 24. Although the sexually explicit and gore are absent from *this* novel, the essence of them are regarded through closer examination of human existence.

The novel, which he introduced as a "fictional memoir," observes the

**reading**  
**Ian McEwan**  
*Black Dogs*  
Harbourfront Reading Series  
Brigante Room  
November 24

contrasting aspects of a marriage, where the narrator Jimmy's in-laws have ultimately found isolation, rather than self-actualization, in post-war Europe.

I could have sat quite contentedly through McEwan reading *Black Dogs* from cover to cover. His light, masculine English voice carried his absorbing subject matter along with intensity. His approach to such issues as the evolution of sexual ideologies and the bleak, shadowy margins of existence is illuminating, combing qualities of the dreary with the elusively romantic.

After the reading, McEwan signed books for a very pleased and enthusiastic, if not so flamboyant, audience. I still couldn't see his lower regions, now blocked by a large obstructive table.

music from another cosmos. Their repertoire included selections ranging from "Four" ("Of the wonderful things that you get out of life, there are four...") to a gorgeous version of "God Bless The Child," and an exquisite rendition of "Green Dolphin Street."

Jessica Rose Princeton, the twenty-four year old lead vocalist, scatted naturally, hummed and sang her way into the minds and souls of the audience. Her singing of "Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me" was just as remarkable as her stage

presence making the audience feel welcome and relaxed.

Most of the tunes were arranged by pianist Kimberly Wilson, whose fingers simply coasted over the keys demonstrating genuine jazz awareness. Sean Hu-A-Kam took the bass. His sound was positively smooth, with bounce in one song and cool in the next.

His intro to "Round Midnight" was sensuously appealing and contrasted well with the virtuosity of his solos in the Charlie Parker tune. John Obercian mastered the drums,

making a tight rhythm section with Hu-A-Kam. His concentration level was so high he might lose his place playing through an earthquake. Maybe. He held up amazingly well through his nose bleed, which I don't think anyone noticed. Trading eights and fours with Princeton in "Billie's Bounce" and "Don't Mean A Thing" thoroughly delighted the audience.

The York students by day and professionals by night are playing their next show at The Cameron House, tentatively scheduled the week before Christmas.



Holly Cole and her Trio - back, Back, BACK - and into the Underground. At left: Openers York Jazz Choir tries to figure their tailors out. • Photos by Wayne Todd

## Woody tests views on anarchism

by Peter DeCourcy

Here's a rhetorical question (this won't be graded): What do you know about anarchism?

If you've read Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, you probably think anarchists are bomb-toting terrorists (who tend to blow themselves up.) If you've heard the Sex Pistols, you probably think 'anarchist' rhymes with 'anti-Christ.' If you've heard the music of phranc, you know fascism isn't anarchy. Somalia has been plunged into anarchy. They pelted German leaders a few weeks ago with tomatoes. Anything else? Noam Chomsky criticizes the media and the odd one is stabbed by a Nazi in Europe.

Perhaps the most important question is why so few know about anarchist thought. While the left is generally marginalized in the media and in the primary and secondary schools, anarchism is rarely discussed even in university's "hotbed of radicalism." George Woodcock is respected as a poet, biographer and historian and hopefully, his collection of essays, *Anarchism and Anarchists*, will rem-

**book**  
**Anarchism and Anarchists**  
Essays by George Woodcock  
Quarry Press  
268 Pages, \$18.00

edy the lack of serious discussion about his political views.

This book should be read by those seeking an alternative to liberalism, conservatism and communism. The biographical and historical essays are general enough to be understood as an introduction to anarchist thought, while those who are well-read in the subject will find some much needed context.

*Anarchism and Anarchists* was released to coincide with Woodcock's 80th birthday. In that time, he moved in the English literary circles of George Orwell, Dylan Thomas and Herbert Read (also a poet/anarchist). He founded *Canadian Literature Magazine*. He won the Governor-General Award in 1966 for his biography of Orwell, *The Crystal Spirit*. He has published over 100 books and is a veteran of both the British and North American left, which is virtually unheard of. This is a résumé not rivaled by many Canadians alive to-

day.

Some anarchist historians have begun, quite arbitrarily, with the Taoist's complaints that when Confucians defined morality, they made immorality inevitable. Woodcock never overstates the role that anarchism has had in politics nor the length of its history (In 1840, Pierre-Joseph Proudhon in *What is Property?* first used the name "anarchism" but he is known more for influencing Marx; Karl, not Groucho). He would agree that there are analogies throughout history but it is the rise of centralized administration that made anarchism inevitable. Woodcock, above all, is a realist because he matured as a writer when it appeared after the Spanish Civil War that anarchism was dead and not revived until the rise of the New Left in the sixties.

His brilliant critique of Noam Chomsky's introduction to Daniel Guérin's *Anarchism* is worth the price of this book alone. If you want to know why anarchists are marginalized at university, read Murray Bookchin's *Post-scarcity Anarchism* and if you want its context, read Woodcock.

## Hits 'n' Bits

### Around York

The IDA Gallery in the Centre for Fine Arts Lobby is celebrating the new year with **Beyond 1992 - Outsiders Experiments in Cross Cultural Communications**. Four Chinese artists who are currently visiting scholars at York Fine Arts present an exhibition of their work: He Gong, (Chonhqing), Li Ning, Liu Xiang Ping, (Beijing) and Shen Hong Yin (Nanjing). Hours are Mon. to Fri., 9 to 5.

### Newspapers

*The Globe and Mail* ran an article claiming men's reputations had been needlessly hurt by efforts to eliminate workplace sexual harassment on the front page of the Nov. 24 *Report on Business*. The article does not quote a single instance of this happening, however, and the main source, Malcolm MacKillop, seems to be a lawyer who defends men against charges of sexual harassment (although this is not explicitly stated in the text), somebody who has a stake in undermining progress on the issue. Bad journalism? Don't be silly — in the twilight of the twentieth century, somebody has to make democracy safe for capitalism.

— Ira Nayman

### Music

If the name **Bang Tango** doesn't grab you by the boo-boo, then go to sleep right now. *Ain't No Jive...Live* is like a clean Cali sound put together in a live setting. The band may not be poetic or prophetic, but who says all bands have to be? "Dancing On Coals" may not make any sense,



but you probably never danced on coals, so you wouldn't really know. There's a cover of T-Rex's "20th century Boy" on this 5 song EP, still about some guy wanting to be a "boy toy." Love is, after all, many things to many different people. Love is the main subject here — "Someone Like You" has the line "need someone like you — need someone to take away my blues," while "Midnight Struck" asks the question, "Where were you?" Just goes to show ya, that even guys in bands dream of their special princess.

— J. B. Wiser

These guys are called **Alpha Band**. Look into their eyes. You are getting very sleepy. You are

continued on page 18