January 23, 1975 Excalibur 11

Entertainment

Editor: Agnes Kruchio 667-3201

Fourth Cosmicon barrels into Winters

Fantasy convention can rattle unwary nerves

By WARREN CLEMENTS Only three things in life are certain: death, taxes and Cosmicon.

Every year since the spring of 1972, the behemoth known as the Winters Cosmic Convention has taken over the campus for a weekend of films, panels, comic books and anything else that can bear the vague label of fantasy. Like a demonic merry-go-round, the festival arranges to have your favourite artist lecturing in the dining hall, your favourite movie showing in the common room, and your favourite personality showing slides in yet another room — all at the same time.

The only way to avoid the insanity of such turbulent affairs is to latch onto a programme at the entrance, circle the events you absolutely must see, and stick by that list.

This year boasts an impressive guest list, including Marvel comics editor Stan Lee (the man who wrote all those comments like "nuff said" at the bottom of the Fantastic Four comics); Jerry DeFuccio of Mad magazine; artists like Neal Adams and Berni Wrightson; and P.J. O'Rourke of the National Lampoon. As well, Barry Allan Richmond, who's trying to revive the macabre tradition of Grand Guignol theatre in San Francisco, will be on hand to give a talk. Michelle Urry, Playboy's cartoon editor, may show up. And Captain George Henderson, who runs the fantastic Memory Lane poster and comic store in the Markham Village, will be "fan guest of honour".

The films, as usual, run non-stop. Zardoz, Westworld (with Yul Brynner as a robot), The Other, The Haunting, The Innocents (based on Henry James' Turn of the Screw), Sisters (with Margot Kidder), Tomb of Ligeia, and The Fall of the House of Usher will meet Barbarella, The War Game and The War of the Worlds.

The Con begins tomorrow at noon in Winters College, and races through until it arrives, breathless, at midnight Sunday. Admission is \$5 in advance, \$8 at the door for a three-day pass, or \$3.50 for one day.

Phone organizer (and erstwhile CYSF president) Anne Scotton at 667-3627 for details.

Cardew's choral ideology teeters on brink of tedium

By IAN BALFOUR

Cornelius Cardew, a young British composer described by music department head Austin Clarkson as one of the "leading lights" among contemporary composers, was a welcome guest of the music department last Wednesday.

With the aid of 30 or so music students and professors, Cardew conducted, for lack of a better word, a performance of the first half of a lengthy work entitled The Great Learning. The second half of the work, which is based on a text of Confucius, will be performed in mid-March.

Cornelius Cardew is a socialist composer. So what, you say. But Cardew is convinced that the ideological quality of music is a very important one.

People in western society tend to regard their own music as absolute. North Americans were somewhat taken aback by the revolt against western "capitalistic" music which has been going on since the cultural revolution in China. Perhaps the

Jeremiah and Liv

Robert Redford in Jeremiah Johnson and John Wayne and co. in Rio Bravo double up this Saturday at 8 p.m. in CLH-L, while on Sunday, Ingmar Bergman's Cries and Whispers with Liv Ullmann can be seen at 8:30 p.m., same place. The Bethune-produced showing costs \$1.50 with general ID, \$1.25 with Bethune ID. Chinese hear things that we do not. Though Cardew stressed the ideological qualities inherent in every musical work, upon being questioned he conceded that the same musical devices could be used for very different purposes, and with this concession most of the force of his argument went by the boards.

The lengthy one-and-a-half hour work performed by Cardew and company was in two parts, the first for choir and the second for choir and a variety of instruments.

The choral part consisted of seizing upon a word or phrase such as "trash" or "swept away" and varying the length of the syllables and the volume of the output. Notes were sustained as long as the singers could hold them, which resulted in a droning effect, at first eerie and captivating, but verging on the tedious after the initial half hour.

After being joined by the instruments, the group divided into four groups and each improvised still using the Confucius text as a departure point. Though the result was often cacophony, it was clear that the performers themselves were enjoying it tremendously and much of their enthusiasm was contagious. What Cardew's very free type of music lacks in terms of making musical sense, it compensates for with the liberated and liberating spirit that it communicates.

It is doubtful that Cardew's music will go a long way towards reversing the social order, but it at least represents a breath of fresh air in contemporary music.



A malevolent Vincent Price unpeels Elizabeth Shepherd's leg in Roger Corman's musical comedy Tomb of Ligeia, based on a grocery list by Edgar

Allan Poe. Shepherd, appearing in Toronto in Solzhenitsyn's play Article 58, may attend Winters' Cosmicon Sunday afternoon.





