

FESTIVAL

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Who buys?

This University may be for the students, but this Festival is for everybody.

Faculty, secretaries, friends and relatives, anybody who wants a ticket. But buy them quick. Real quick! Right now they're on sale at the top of the Vanier-Founders ramp, and in the Excalibur office.

You can also get them in the Winters and Founders Coffee Shops as long as they last. But don't leave it too long.

The dance on Friday, November 8th will be open to some people who don't want to go it for the whole thing. It will cost \$1.75 a head, and \$3.00 a couple. But there won't be much room inside.

Otherwise, you'd better buy a button, and buy it quick!



Button

So now you've got your beautiful red and black festival button? Great! But did you know that it's magic? Pin it to your jacket and immediately you're carried back to the years of your childhood.

The Founders-Vanier complex suddenly becomes Denison Square, Kensington Market. The fruit-sellers bartering with the social types in broken English. The creepy dirty-faced kid. (Yes, that's you.)

There's a perfectly square patch in the ass end of your grubby jeans. Thank heavens for a conscientious mother! (She always said a stitch in time saves nine, whatever that means. All you know is in the middle of November it sure beats a frozen rear.)

At 5:20 you head for home. The Bullwinkle Show starts at 5:30. Where will Sherman and Peabody go today in their Way-back Machine? Maybe to Cuba, where they'll lead a counter-revolution with a band of hardy fighters who travel by canoe.

Then comes the big decision. Do you watch Roadrunner cartoons or do you go car-smashing with your buddies? The target for tonight is the public school principal's '58 Edsel. On the other hand, you really could use some more instruction from the Roadrunner. Every kid on the block is trying to get the proper intonation to "Beep! Beep!"

The next day provides a couple of those rare moments when school is actually fun.

First there's PT class. Yeah!

You play broomball. Miss Marshall sure looks neat with a swollen mouth.

In the afternoon the whole class troops off to Riverdale Zoo. Wow! You discover some of the weirdest animals there. One in particular you'd like to smuggle out — the amontillado or something. It looks like a living tank. Think of the hysteria if you put that thing in your older sister's room.

Wasn't it last Friday that she and her dumb friends had the entire rugby team to the house after the game. Remember, and your parents weren't home. And about 11 o'clock they began to sing. Bad scene! They completely drowned out the TV. You missed the ending of "The Curse of Frankenstein".

Just thinking about it makes you so mad you start throwing things. Hey! HEY! Not the festival button!! Oh no...

Inching your way out of the gym is a slow process. Kind of a crowd, but Lightfoot was certainly worth it. What a fantastic stage presence!

Now what to do? Finally you decide to head for Vanier Dining Hall where the Ugly Ducklings are playing. Strange, that reminds you of a story your mother read to you back in Kensington Market. Hmmm?

Never mind. It was the greatest weekend York's ever seen, even if you don't remember any of it.

THE WEEK BEFORE

Who can buy a button

Buy a button

FRIDAY

7:00 pm - Hockey game vs Queen's. Practice Arena.

9:00 pm - Five band dance. College Dining Halls, Kensington Market, Stitch in Tyme, Witness Inc., Sherman and Peabody Ltd., Amontillado.
- York Rugger Team sings. Founders Coffee Shop.

SATURDAY

11:30 am - Car Smashing Derby.

1:00 pm - Roadrunner cartoons and classic films. Lecture Halls D and F.
- Broomball game. Practice Arena. Women vs Men.

2:00 pm - Basketball game vs Carleton. Tait McKenzie Gym.

4:00 pm - Dee Higgins Combo. Founders Junior Common Room.

9:00 pm - Gord Lightfoot in Concert. Doors open at 8:15 in the Tait McKenzie Gym. Seating is first come, first served, and there will be room for all button-holders in the two-hour show.

11:00 pm - Dance with the Ugly Ducklings. Vanier Dining Hall.
- Len Udow, folksinger. Winters Junior Common Room.
- Greg Herring Quartet. McLaughlin Junior Common Room.
- More movies in Lecture Halls.

EPILOGUE

All you need is love

Definition of Festival: George Orr (VIII) and a hell of a lot of work.

Yes, George Orr is the sole organizer and coordinator and chief work-horse of the up-coming York Festival.

All this from a guy who scored 4 on a psychology introvert-extrovert test. That makes him the biggest introvert on campus. (The next lowest score was 19.)

In addition to being the life source of Festival, George keeps Excalibur functioning. Without his invaluable assistance in comment, sports, news, layout, and photos, Excalibur would never make it to the printers. Even Editor Ross must agree with that.

Officially though, George's Excalibur title is Assistant News Editor.

One day George, hereafter called Super-George, bounced into the office with an extra-super idea.

"Hey, we're going to have a Homecoming!" he announced.

The staff enthusiastically replied, "Sure George," and returned to scribbling copy on pink paper.

Two days later, Super-George again bounced into the office, this time to announce, "Hey, we're going to have a Festival!" — that's because he couldn't find a football game.

Anyway, soon after, Super-George once more appeared before the skeptical staff. This time he was clutching a dozen or so contracts for various rock and jazz groups, thousands of posters (red and yellow in colour), and a precious few red and black Festival buttons.

"Wow!" echoes the staff. "Those certainly are groovy buttons you designed."

"Yeah", said Ross. "But we can't pay for all that!"

With that, Super-George, whipped out a great long statement about proof of financial reliability of one George Orr.

Festival was on its way.

But Festival is not the only activity of the multi-talented Super-George.

He is a third year psychology student in his spare time.

He is an expert on rock music and president of One Man's Way Inc., an advertising, record, film, and promotion company. (The red and yellow posters are designs of this company.)

Travelling is his forte. Super-George has even prospected for gold in the North-West Territories.

There's a new folk and jazz club and art gallery in the making downtown. Super-George will be proprietor of that.

Super-George is also a collector of weird antiques, like a picture of Toronto's first rugger team.

But in addition to all these exciting things, Super-George is a walking computer. At any given moment he can instantly provide exact figures on the sale of Festival buttons.

It's no wonder that Super-George has already started his autobiography. At the rate he's going, it'll fill six volumes.

5 band dance

The best part about going to good old York U. is the swell dances, right? You'd better believe it!

And the York Festival is going to have two, count 'em, two dances. Friday night is the big one, complete with five bands and god-knows-what-else.

Top of the list is the Kensington Market, Toronto's top group. Their first album, "Avenue Road" is one of the best of its type around, and well worth buying. Kieth McKie, lead singer, is well worth watching. Wow! They write much of their own stuff, and thus are much better than average at what they do.

The Stitch In Tyme are the most popular group in the city, because they put on a good show, and everybody knows they won't go any farther than the edge of town. But they play solid stuff as well, and are also well worth seeing, even if it is for the sixth time.

The Witness Inc. were here back in early October, and bombed, mainly because there were only sixty people there. But they come from Saskatoon, and who can argue with success like that, eh?

Sherman and Peabody Ltd. were once upon a time the Mushroom Castle, and as such have been here before. They stage one of the most way-out rock shows in the city. It has been told to this reporter on good authority that the lead singer has one of the cutest rearends in the business. But their music is good in the vein of true traditional acid-rock, and we love them.

The Amontillado are an unknown quantity. They will be backing up the Kensington Market, and have promised a good time. But nobody knows anything about them, except that they have all played in other local groups before. So come prepared for anything.

The dance starts Friday night at about 9:00, just after the hockey game against Queen's, and will last until around midnight. Then if you're still bored, that's tough. Unless you've got something better to do, why don't you get a good book and start reading.

Nobody is saying anything about the refreshment situation, and nothing will be said except that nobody knows what goes on in those residences when the lights go out, do they?



Lightfoot

Back in the early '60's when folk music was at its peak, a new name began to appear on the albums of such renowned artists as Peter, Paul, and Mary, Judy Collins, and Mr. H. Belefonte.

Man, with that name being 'Lightfoot' everybody thought it was great that an Indian finally made it big. Everybody, that is, except us Canadians.

To us, the name 'Lightfoot' was a shining star in our quest to be something other than "those people who live just north of the U.S.A." Lightfoot gave us something to be proud of, especially when we heard the heroes of the folk-era paying tribute to him.

I doubt they thought of it as a tribute, but more as a sure way to make money. But to us it was a tribute, because we took it as a tribute to both him and us.

Few things can fill the terrible hole that is the Canadian ego. Lightfoot did.

Today, Peter, Paul, and Mary are still big with those who refuse to grow old, and who still believe that Puff the Magic Dragon was the story of a boy and his dog.

Yet today, Lightfoot is just reaching those heights from which a personality, which is what he is, has to look a long way down to get a glimpse of us common folk.

He has put out three albums, all of which have sold extremely well in Canada. The last two went over remarkably well in the States, and he is now in great demand in all the American universities.

It is kind of odd that we can sit here in Canada criticizing every move the U.S. makes, and yet find pride in the fact that when Canada is mentioned on an American TV show, or when a Canadian artist is featured, our hearts swell.

Regardless, Lightfoot has made it, and we are proud of that fact. He is a star with all the mystique and ability to inspire the awe reserved for such greats as Dylan and Irving Snelman.

Now kiddies, let's examine this strange occurrence. All about a Canadian that made it big, and really big at that. The name even rang a bell when I mentioned it to Murray Ross. Unfortunately, he thought I was talking about Cal Lightfoot, local produce distributor extraordinaire.

Does Lightfoot the singer provide something all Canadians can identify with? He isn't just the 'big-city music man', because he draws his audience from all Canadians, rural and urban. In fact, he comes from Orillia, and you can't get much more rural than that.

One possible explanation of his success is that he provides a welcome relief from the hard-driving rock that we of the ear-plug set have been raised on.

It could be that he generally chooses to sing about things such as love and loneliness and beauty, while others are singing talking, and arguing about hate, and conformity, and the mess of war.

Of course everybody is concerned with the state of the damn world, but for Christ sakes do we have to worry about it all the time?

When Lightfoot rushes onto the stage, a form of antique magic sweeps the auditorium. Before the audience finishes clapping, he is doing his thing, and sockin' it to us, and every other cliché that one could possibly think of to describe something hot and vital.

When you have drummed them all up, you may have possibly come close to describing what Lightfoot is, and what he becomes to those who watch him. He is life for two hours.

For a long time, I wondered if all these high-principled types like Dylan, Farina, and Lightfoot (and I believe he now deserves to be billed among such names as these) could possibly live the codes they write and sing about.

Then one day as I was hanging from one of the rafters in Founders dining hall, putting up a Festival poster, I realized that it wasn't important whether or not they believed their beautiful philosophies.

All that matters is that I did, and so do many others. Even if Lightfoot the writer and Lightfoot the singer could never find real love, it would not in any way lessen the impact of his love songs.

The importance of Lightfoot is that he can impart his feelings and emotions to others, whether it be in an auditorium of 3,000, or on record. This is what makes him great — an artist.

As you must know by now, Gord Lightfoot will be here at York to wind up the Fall Festival Weekend. He will be performing in the Tait McKenzie Gym. And he will be good. I have guaranteed it with a fortune in sound equipment. He will be worth every little penny you put out for him.

And if you want it, a short explanation as to why you poor types can't see Lightfoot alone, without also having to pay to see all those other juvenile activities scheduled for the weekend.

It's really very simple. This Festival is an effort on the part of a few students on campus to do something for the university and not just for you. There are too many people around here who won't get off their well-cushioned asses. And if they won't help themselves, nobody will.

Especially us! This effort is for the university!

More Dances

The Saturday night dance is for the overflow crowd after Gord Lightfoot has laid it on you. The Ugly Ducklings are featured, (a polite way of saying that there is only one band) along with Len Udow and his brand of folk in Winters, and the Greg Herring Quartet in Mac.

The Ducks will be in Vanier dining hall, just waiting for 11:00, to start. So there's lots of variety in music. Let's just hope there's lots of people going.

Greg Herring

The Greg Herring Quartet plays music — their music. It's for listening, it's for dancing; but mostly, it's for feeling. It is not only difficult, but irrelevant as well, to try to describe the structure of their music. The important thing is to listen, with mind and body as well as ears. The Greg Herring Quartet is four people making music for themselves first, and sometimes only incidentally for the audience. At any rate, for good listening, basically relaxing, but sometimes disturbing, find your way to McLaughlin J.C.R. at 11:00 P.M. after the Lightfoot concert. You won't be disappointed.