



The Kipnis Mime Theatre will appear at York Jan. 5.

Marcel Marceau on Feb. 9

Mimists coming to Burton

By DAVID McCaUGHNA

Mime has never been a very popular art form in North America, but we will be getting a wide exposure to this ancient diversion with the Fine Arts Performing Arts Series, The Art of Mime.

There will be three evenings of mime at Burton, one of them being with the greatest living mime of all, Marcel Marceau. Meanwhile, the newly-formed Canadian Mime Theatre, the second established troupe in North America, is currently performing at the Central Library Theatre.

Mime is an exceedingly difficult art to master for it is purely silent. The actor must convey his meaning by gesture, movement and expression. He has to get his thought and emotion across to the audience so they will never be conscious of the lack of the spoken word. Modern mime often has a musical accompaniment which is coordinated with every movement and expression of the actor. Props may be used, as they are in the spoken play, but they are usually left to the imagination of the audience stimulated by the actor's art. Every actor finds it essential to have a knowledge and understanding of the art. Aside from Mar-

ceau, the greatest exponents of mime in this century have been Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton.

The three evenings of mime to be presented at York will show various facets of the art. Claude Kipnic and his troupe, who come from Israel where mime is very popular, will appear on Jan. 5. Marcel Marceau will perform on Feb. 9. Marceau is responsible more than anyone else for the current and growing popularity of mime. Marceau's performance in the film *Les Enfants de Paradis* is undoubtedly the greatest creation of modern mime. The final mime,

Tony Montanaro from New York, will appear on March 10.

The Canadian Mime Theatre, a very excellent to the Canadian theatre scene, will be performing through this Saturday at the Central Library Theatre. There are student tickets for two dollars. The Canadian Mime Theatre completed a successful summer at the Shaw Festival where Nathan Cohen described their performance as "a joy to watch." Anyone wishing to get a good general idea of what mime is all about should attend a performance for the CMT incorporates all variations of mime into their repertoire.

Old Bob Dylan is dead, but Zimmerman lives

By MARTIN LABA

The soft Tennessee sun plays upon the strands of hair curling about his ears. A big black hat casts a shadow on his wide, wrinkled smile, and his eyes peer down at you, dark but distinct. A meager beard darkens his chin and jaw. He holds out his hat proudly and tips his hat at you. And the sounds of fiddles and steel guitars permeate the air about him. He's Robert Zimmerman, and he's finally come through, as himself.

Dylan has put on a whole lot of people for a whole lot of years. That is, not to say that he hasn't been sincere; for he has been quiet and obscure, and loud and ostentatious, and often all at the same time, but always believing in what he wrote and sang and said, though often enough he crucified us with his cynicism and moroseness.

He has been through it all and started it all. What can one say? A prophet? A revolutionary? A philosopher? Or perhaps, as some might say, a morass of bullshit. But he has shown us our desolation row and has castrated Mr. Jones. Poor old Mr. Jones. He has been castrated a million times since.

But that Dylan is dead. He died in the near-fatal motorcycle accident, and was resurrected two years after. But John Wesley Harding was a hybrid affair. He hadn't entirely broken away from his acoustic-folk, electric-folk, and anti-folk periods, and yet he had acquired a new element in his music; an acquiescent quality.

Well, time passed by and so did the hybrid Dylan. When he emerged for the second time from mysterious obscurity, gone were all the folk influences. Instead that acquiescent quality flourished, and under the influence of his Woodstock home, The Band, Nashville, and Johnny Cash, Dylan came on as a simple, friendly, passive and contained country boy.

The songs on Nashville Skyline are beautiful in their simplicity (simplicity in their thoughts and themes and not necessarily technical simplicity). This is finally Dylan. This is the man as himself. He has been through the protest, folk, electric and drug crap. He has had enough of it. The complexity and manifold nature of things weighed heavily upon him. The characteristic Dylan drawl, and his characteristic guitar and harmonica methods are no longer characteristic. There is no longer the put on. Dylan is Dylan. Zimmerman is Zimmerman.

Nashville Skyline knocks you over with its passiveness. Dylan is actually settled and content and you can feel it in Nashville Skyline. His lyrics and music are sincere and simple, and give off an intangible rustic charm. It's not pure country and western; it's Dylanized, and the results are phenomenal. Dylan has taken the same country music, with its steel guitars and fiddles that was despised and condemned by sophisticated pop music audiences, Dylanized it, and has made those same audiences love it and praise it.

Poetry and things

Saul Mandelsohn and Robin Beckwith will read their poetry Wednesday, Oct. 15. It's at 719 Yonge St. 1/2 block south of Bloor. Come at 8:30 PM.

Come the next Wednesday too.

And the week after that. Because someone new will be reading poetry every Wednesday, same time, same place. On Oct. 29 it may be you, because on Oct. 29 there will be an open reading.

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Toronto's Galaxii doesn't deserve people like James Cotton

By HOWARD GLADSTONE

Don't ever let it be said that the Central Canada Exhibition, like Toronto itself, does not keep up with the times.

Everybody knows that youth is what's happening, so the old Automotive Building has been converted into a youth pavilion, called Galaxii.

Galaxii is hippiedom as portrayed by Madison Avenue. It has about as much connection with the way most people think as does television with real life. The inanity and stupidity of the displays is an insult to the intelligence of anyone over the age of 12.

Beads, posters, records, cosmetics, and groovy garb abound, set up on nifty displays according to the best principles of marketing. Add to this the accumulated noise of about 11 different hi-fi systems going full volume simultaneously, and you have some idea of the headache potential at this place offers.

James Cotton and his Blues Band were booked to play Galaxii.

I went down to interview him, and was almost driven crazy by the noise and stuffiness of the building. He hadn't shown up yet, so I sat and talked to the teen-aged security guard at the door. He had been wearing a pair of headphones to keep out the noise as we approached.

Finally Cotton showed up and agreed to the interview. He answered openly and

honestly, and wasn't evasive like many pop stars who would fit quite nicely into a scene like Galaxii.

Just being in a place like Galaxii, where only the surface counts, prompted me to ask him how he felt about the success of groups like Cream or Led Zeppelin who had become instant successes, when someone like Muddy Waters or B. B. King struggled for years just to make a living. Cotton wasn't bitter, and I knew that he would speak as he did:

"I feel that some groups get a better break than others. And I guess that everybody needs money for their survival. But I play because it gives me a good feeling for myself — something gets to my soul."

Such a declaration of artistic purity seemed far out of place in Galaxii. It was almost like fresh air in the hot and stuffy building, if one insists on being poetic. It is interesting to me that no colored blues performer that I have spoken to mentions that color has anything to do with the success of these white bands. I can understand it — they hardly know the white person they are talking to, and heaven only knows what he may say or write.

I ask Cotton about his background. "Well, I'm from Mississippi, and I used to listen at this radio station, KFFA, in Alma, Arkansas. Sonny Boy (Williamson) used to broadcast every day at 12:15. I started to listen to that and heard him

play the harp, and said 'wow, this is the thing I want to do,' you know? So I started then to play the harp, when I was seven or eight years old. So when I was nine years old, I left home and went over to Alma, and told Sonny Boy I'd come over to play with him.

"He stood there and looked at me like I was crazy or something. I went down there again the next day and finally convinced him I didn't have no people. I lived with him and his wife and that's how I started playing. I started listening to everything he did, and lived with him from nine 'til I was 17."

I asked him about his connection with Paul Butterfield, one of the best harpists around:

"Well, I should say that I'm somewhat responsible for Butterfield. He and I lived together for two years and I taught him most of what he knows about the harp."

How did he feel about playing for this kind of audience, composed mainly of 15 or 16 year old kids?

"I think it's a beautiful thing for the kids. Some of them, I don't think, have ever heard this kind of thing before. And it's a thing that will open their minds to all that other stuff that they have — like hard rock and some of that stuff. All that had foundations from the blues."

I had to agree with him, of course, but didn't he know that after the kids heard

him they would still go out and buy Led Zeppelin or Creedence Clearwater records, not his own or Muddy's? I didn't ask him that.

His opinion of the modern music scene: "There's more music now than I think there's ever been. And I hope it keeps on coming. There's so many good people out today. I got 7,000 LP's, and when I get two or three days I just sit in the middle of them and listen to everything."

After the interview, I went out front and watched the set. Cotton and the band were sweating and wailing. His harmonica was clear and beautiful, and meant everything it said. The kids just sat there politely and indifferently. They weren't too impressed by the simplicity and sincerity of Cotton's blues. That wasn't hard to understand when you realized in what kind of a place he was forced to perform. The blues don't belong in a converted automotive building — they belong to people. I left before the set was through.

The kids would have the capacity to really expand, if only they were not sold such trash as Galaxii. The city as a whole could be said to be an enlarged copy of this abomination, but perhaps that might be a little too severe. If only things could be different we would not have to put up the absurdity of James Cotton playing to scarecrows dressed in latest styles, with frozen smiles, to keep love away.