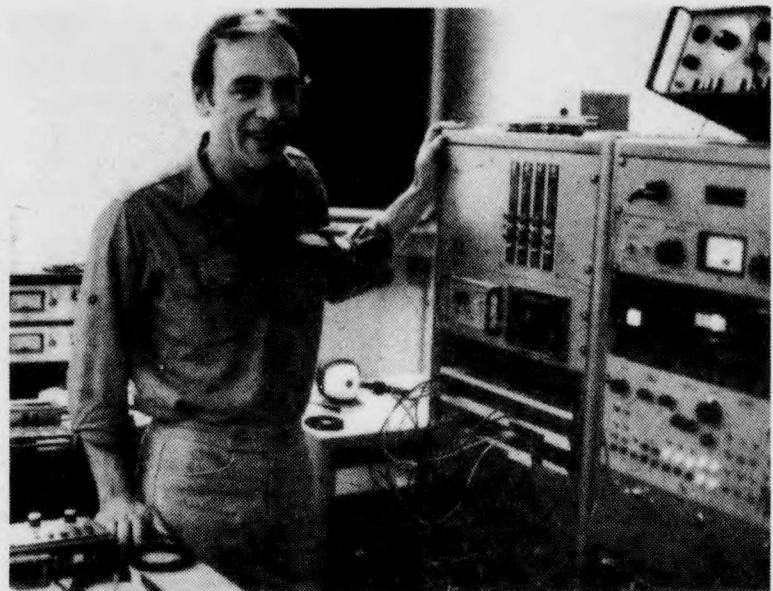


Entertainment

"Inhuman oysters are pressed against these eyes."

-Rafael Barreto-Rivera-

Mekanik musik plugs in



Phil Werren: In the moog

Bryon Johnson

Campbell Foster

"I think the ultimate goal of a creative person is to transform his whole existence as a person into a medium that's more timeless, more spiritual."

Karlheinz Stockhausen

In a room below the Steacie Science Building, 4 channels of electronic music washed over 35 to 40 people sitting together in complete darkness. **The Phase**, a 90-minute tape composition, was being played without interruption. Phil Werren, of the York Music Faculty, realized **Phases** in

1969 while Composer in Residence at Simon Fraser University. The piece is based on W.B. Yeats' **A Vision**, a book that deals with the cycles of mankind and civilization, relating archetypal images to the phases of the moon and the phases of the moon to the birth and death of civilization.

The audience listened attentively to the 3 parts, the first full of spoken text, speed changes, and cymbal-like synthesizer timbres floating and moving in what Werren calls

"Spatial Counterpoint."

Motivated by his frustration with an "over-analytical" approach to music, and his interest in timbral and spatial effects, he went from his Columbia-Princeton Graduate studies to Warsaw, Poland to continue studying electronic music.

A deep love for the tradition of Western Art music and "John Cage's revolution of the liberation of sounds" is reflected in the second part of the piece. Instrument-like sounds and text gently fade in and out of this section based on a Northern summer night, the state between waking and dream-sleep, and the effect of the full moon.

Long synthesizer sequences and massive chord tones build the 3rd section to an orchestral climax. The complex textures that arise are the product of months of mixing, splicing, and recording in the studio. Sophistication, fragmentation and the waning of the moon are dealt with here.

In teaching students electronic music at York, Werren encourages self-observation, maintaining that one must be harshly self-critical but not self-destructive. "My primary motivation as a teacher is to get people to wake up, to listen to the world of sound around them." Playing is

encouraged: "It's very important for my students to be able to 'play' with a kind of innocence in relation to the material they're working with."

A Tuesday night concert series will be given by the department in 012 Steacie featuring composers and artists from the central Toronto area performing their works. The new music group Array, Ann Southam, Marian Mozetich, Joe Petrich (a classical accordionist), and some student Dance and Music Interdepartmental concerts will be coming up.

The studio has had a tradition of ex-York students working professionally in film or video—The New Music Co-op, The Music Gallery, The Glass Orchestra have all evolved from

within the department. "This studio has a tremendous vitality and potential to consolidate and strengthen the profile of the Faculty of Fine Arts in many ways."

There is a great deal of interest in interdisciplinary work within the faculty and Werren has managed to rekindle the fires in the Dance Department and Visual Arts. People in Creative Writing are also interested in the potential of collaboration. He states directly, "To be able to play with sounds and electronic equipment, to discover sounds in the environment, to be able to put together new combinations of sounds in relation to dance or to film or to video or to whatever, can only benefit our culture."

Off York

Theatre

Terrorism—like the garbage that grows in back alleys, we often try to forget it exists. With his play **Strawberry Fields**, Stephen Poliakov makes sure we don't ignore this reality of life.

Set in present-day England, **Strawberry Fields** is the story of Charlotte, an upper-middle class girl who needs a cause, a reason to live. She fulfills this need through never clearly-defined right-wing terrorist activities. Portrayed by Lynne Griffin with great fire and intensity, Charlotte lives for her cause without quite knowing why. Andrew Gillies as Kevin, Charlotte's sidekick still lost somewhere in the sixties, is an exciting performer. Of special note is Marion Gilson who, in two supporting roles, highlights the scenes in which she appears.

An imaginative set, intriguing plot, and music ranging from the Beatles to Buffalo Springfield, combine with good performances to make **Strawberry Fields** a thrilling, yet thought-provoking evening.

Now playing at Toronto Free Theatre, 26 Berkeley St.

Brian Nagle

Shootout at O.K. choral

Andrew C. Rowsome

It is a full-scale frontal assault on that tender organ known as the eardrum.

Above the chatter a speaker belches forth static-stricken versions of monolithic/archaic heavy-metal courtesy of Radio York. An eight-track player donated by a well-dressed loungeer oozes disco syrup onto the floor. A deservedly obscure FM station emits the current top 40 like so much excess gas. But every Thursday night from 6 to 8 just beyond the disaster zone known as Central Square, real music lives.

The York Choir is stronger this year than ever before; larger than ever with 65 voices lending it a powerful, full sound. The voices blend, stretch and fly forth with an energy that causes sympathetic vibrations in the grand piano. Casual strollers stop to listen; several have even been moved to stay and join. Nick Kaehler, the able conductor of the last few seasons, smiles and everyone stands to sing again.



There is an unfortunate stigma arbitrarily attached to any choral group that it takes an actual performance to destroy. Yes, the choir does sing that "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah stuff" but listen to the passion behind it. The music has a strength, a thrust of its own that is moving far beyond your individual opinion of the words. Even a simple Christmas carol is imbued with a rare quality/drama when sung by 65

voices. An obscure Canadian folk song becomes an anthem guaranteed to warm even le coeur de M. Levesque.

The sound is bolstered and supported by a new accompanist, Ruth Watson-Henderson, formerly with "The Festival Singers." Not only is she an accomplished pianist but an arranger and composer of the first rank. One of the highlights of

the choir's spring performance last year was a rousing rendition of Ms. Watson-Henderson's arrangement of "Les Raftsmen." She is a very welcome addition.

For everyone who wishes to partake of this particular musical pleasure, this year's first concert will take place on Tuesday, December 4 at 8:00 in the Scott Religious Centre. Admission is free.

Porkless poems

Stuart Ross

Droppings from Heaven by Irving Layton, M&S, 1979, 111 pp., \$7.95.

Another Mouth by George Bowering, M&S, 1979, 96 pp., \$7.95.

Well, the Immaculate Circumcision is back with his forty-something book, and Canadian poetry isn't any better for it. With **Droppings from Heaven**, Irving Layton repeats all his old crusades in the same formulaic poems he's been cranking out for years. Much of the poetry is simply bad—filler to make up a new volume. But that's O.K. since anything he writes will be automatically published. In all his Messianic glory, Layton is still a Canadian institution. As much as M&S claims to be promoting new talent, they still publish (at outrageous prices!) some real kangaroo spleen from El Rancho Establisho.

But let's return now to the pompous pork-hater. I certainly admire him for his guts. He's a dedicated man of action. But his strength is no longer as a poet—it's as a social critic. However, he carries out one important element of art (which even the

Dadas would envy): Layton is outrageous. And offensive. Just go into a bookstore and read the preface to **Droppings**.

Another M&S offering is George Bowering's **Another Mouth**. Bowering comes off as a sharply cynical nice-guy. His poetry isn't great, but much of it is good. And sometimes outrageously funny. He is the poet of the common man. He laughs at Canadian Literary Nationalist Fanatics (the plague of our country) and he laughs at the role of the poet. In style and tone, he's something of a New York Poet, and he has a bit of David McFadden about him. Listen: "Come over here/atomic holocaust//I want to/stick it in you//Ah, yes/that feels so good//do it again/like that, funnyface". **Another Mouth** also contains "A TransCanada Poetry Quiz with No Questions about Snow" and the comic gem, "Poem for Highschool Anthologies." The preface is a Bowering-penned interview between himself and Canadian Tradition.

Bowering doesn't set out to be spectacular, and he's not. He's entertaining.



Music

In the new album by Don Sebesky, **Three Works for Jazz Soloists and Symphony Orchestra**, the noted arranger and pianist has enlisted the talents of a number of the finest young musicians around today. One song title, **Bird and Bela in B**, is a musical account of an imaginary meeting between Charlie 'Bird' Parker and Bela Bartok. Red Garland's latest **Feelin' Red** is a marvellous introduction to a man who "plays the piano with the tough and graceful muscularity of a master boxer." Garland played with Miles Davis during the fifties. He also jammed around with Charlie Parker and John Coltrane. In 1947 Garland wanted to imitate Dizzy Gillespie, so he dyed his hair reddish-brown. "It cost me \$4.95. It was not cheap! Then some of my musician friends started calling me 'Red.'" Both albums are distributed through Trend Records and are available at Sam's Downtown and the Jazz and Blues Centre.

Elliott Lefko

Ibsen beware !

Dr. Rat

Smooth Truth productions is running a play-writing competition open to all York students. Entries must be one act in length (45 min. max.) and submitted by 5pm on Jan. 15, 1980. And there's \$5 in it for the winners: 1st prize is

50 clams & production, 2nd prize is 25 clams & production. Deliver to Smooth Truth, c/o Student Liaison Officer, 120 Calumet College. For further info contact Konrad or John at 667-3487 or drop by 134 Calumet. Ready? Write!