

MAUD'S COLUMN -

by Maud's Friend

-Well, Maud, for some strange reason we still have a lot of Friday afternoon readers.

MAUD: That's my doing. Everyone loves to speak to me, and see me, and look at me, and ...don't interrupt!



MAUD?

-I dragged her downtown on the holidays to protect me from hordes of shoppers queuing along Yonge Street for all those record sales on Boxing Day. She made me put my money where my mouth is, and the cashier grabbed the change. So here I am beside my record player with the PINK FLOYD album, The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn, in my hand.

MAUD: Oh beautiful loser, don't stand there lecturing. Let's listen to them.

-Maudness, you don't even know what they sound like. Like the PAUPERS in the drumming department but with more guitar feedback and an organ.

Like the YARDBIRDS on their Rave Up album, with the emphasis on technical excellence. They produce a similar jazzy sound with hit parade rhythms, but with a cleanly added electronic improvisation.

MAUD (brightly): A sort of electrified SWINGLE SINGERS!

-(I smile knowingly) No, not quite. They're an English group: Syd Barrett on lead guitar, Roger Waters on bass guitar, Rick Wright on organ, and Nicky Mason on drums.

Believe it or not, the record starts with sputnik bleeps and a missile countdown. Then, crash! a clear treble crescendo of wavy sound, held together by a continuously pounding drum with a hollow bass sound.

Cymbals crash on the first beat of every bar, back and forth. The lyrics turn up only intermittently and deal with astrology.

Floating down the sound
resounds around the icy waters
Underground.
Neptune, Titan, stars can
Frighten you.

That song was called Astronomy Dominé.

MAUD: Good. Not stop talking and let's hear it already!

-Be quiet. I'm talking.

The original feature of the Pink Floyd is how they electronically modulate their voices. In Flaming they use whooshing sounds produced by breathing, extend vowel sounds ('room' becomes 'roohooohoom'), and change the volume in mid-word to produce a quavering. All these sounds at various times are blended with classical organ music. The effect is fantastic and somewhat child-like, pot references aside.

Watching buttercups come to life,
Sleeping on a dandelion,
Too much I won't touch you
But then I might.

or, a mad review of the Pink Floyd

All right, Maud, lissome girl with mauve hair, you're fidgetting so much I'll play the album.

Notice how the album is half instrumental, but the lyrics deserve attention. At first they seem to be from the world of fantasy. (The singing is sometimes deliberately childish.)

Listen to Bike, whose slightly self-mocking lyrics touch the real world in an unusual way.

I know a room
Of musical tunes,
Some rhymes, some (?).
most of them are awkward.
Let's go into the other
Room and
Make
Them
Work.

And so they get up and go. (You can hear them clip-clopping). Then from the distance you hear squeaks, feeble crashes, and tweets, then aquawking geese, and the record ends on this note. (Note?)

MAUD: Sum it up. Interstellar Overdrive, a nine-minute mixed-up instrumental on the second side, is their only failure.

-Their song, Lucifer Sam, is on the hit parade now. If you like electronic pop, you'll like this album in your collection. The stereo version makes a difference.

MAUD: Exclusive interview with PAUPER'S road manager, Grant Spence, next week.

The Power Game

I poisoned my wife my wife poisoned her husband

by Frank Liebeck

The Power Game. That's what it is. The world the political scientist creates is one of fantasy devoid of flesh. The Power Game. Ideologies are used by the individuals striving to conquer. The Power Game. Today the Communist is in France, tomorrow in Portugal, the Public Prosecutor used to work in a brothel. The government is corrupt. Where does Locke fit in? Or Marx? It's all a front. It's all a game. The Power Game.

Anastasia is the woman in the middle of the power game. She is played by Johanna Von Koczian with a certain Brechtian detachment. For that matter, we don't get any closer to the other characters, but they are kept far away, struggling.



Johanna displays one of her many racets in the Power Game.

Anastasia is the hobby of dream of yet a third. The one man, the dutiful wife of Communist takes her, the another, and the elusive good Christian doctor loses

her. Of course it's a joke. So is the power game.

Kurt Hoffmann has brought Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi, to the viewer's eye with not only a tongue-in-cheek quality, but with an underlying truth. Cinecity has a fine film on its hands.

O.E. Hasse is a plausible fanatic of a public prosecutor, by the name of Mississippi. He speaks to an assembly of prison inmates demanding a return to the law of Moses, under which even robbers and adulterers were executed. You can image the reaction.

At the end he reaches in-

sanity, and in this state speaks two truths. One about his life, and one about Life itself. But the people who have believed and swallowed every conceivable lie ignore him here. He is being committed and screams out, 'I poisoned my wife, my wife poisoned her husband.'

Yes, he's telling the truth.

Yes, they are laughing.

In the asylum under the astute eyes of a gallery of doctors who are studying him, he is left alone, raving. They shake their heads. He is led out as he mutters, 'The world must be changed. The world must be changed.' And so he exists, muttering... muttering...muttering.

REJOYING at Hart House

by The October Revolutionary

It's not so much a drama as a cultist's dream. I'm speaking of Night Boat From Dublin, the James Joyce Society's latest effort which you can catch, if you've a mind to, at Hart House today, Friday, for one buck, at 8:30 p.m.

But as I said, it's pure cult worship. But what cult worship. Allan Stebbings does a creditable job of portraying Joyce, and is well backed up by Mel Samuels and David Rowe, while Treasa O'Driscoll characterizes a most fetching Nora Joyce and a most comely Anna Livia Plurabella. The unedited production may be a bit tedious at times but rarely boring.

However, I see that some of you are a little lost and suggest that you go on to read something else, for from here on in I will probably only be understood by Joyceans, by those weird underground creatures who collect recordings of James

Joyce and Joseph Campbell reading excerpts from Finnegans Wake, or of Siobhan McKenna doing the Molly Bloom soliloquy.

And to these creatures I say go see this journal of Joyce's life and work from its embryonic frustrations with Stephen Hero to the weariness of the 17 year project which became the Wake.

It's not great drama, it's not even entertaining theatre, but then the excitement of seeing Joyce come alive is enough to please us cultists now, isn't it? The evening in itself will probably tell you nothing new about Joyce, but has its value in that one feels as if one is visiting with an old friend.

But again I caution you Joycian hangers-on. It's not for you kids, so go see Camelot. However, I expect everyone who pretends to a knowledge of Joyce to be there or else. Just remember. It's not so much a drama as a cultist's dream.

Spitty Moran surveys the Spadina strippers

by Paul Perlove

'If Ted Mack had amateurs like those he'd start swallowing his own geratol.'

This bit of astuteness was bequeathed to humanity by one Alphonso 'Spitty' Moran, upon surveying the cavortings of the 'amateurs' presented at the Victory Burlesque during amateur night recently.

Mr. Moran, is a balding, round chap of the Runyonesque mold, who dangles a black, drooping cigar from his mouth like it was part of his tongue.

Said Mr. Moran, cigar dangling and watery emphasis on p's and s's, 'You know, it's terrific, this world we live in. Here I am, an ordinary sport on the street, sees a sign says amateurs. So what the hell, I've never seen an amateur take off her clothes before—except my wife—and she's so much of an amateur it's sickening.

'The first broad was introduced as 'a little school-girl from Carleton University.' The MC says be nice to her cause it's her first time and she's nervous.

'A real amateur. This broad was so big her pasties could have covered the infield at Fenway Park.'

'The next chick was nice-looking with dark hair. She had legs like a discus-thrower though, and walked like she was trying to cover them up. The MC said she worked as an undercover girl, which was another bad move because a guy yelled up: 'Ya, but under whose covers'.

At this pint, or point rather, in his dissertation, Mr. Moran was becoming totally incoherent, using the belting side of his mouth more than the other.

We're still trying to find out who won the amateur contest.