



3

## CAMEL'S BACK

by October Revolutionary

You know, it doesn't really bother me that Fortune And Men's Eyes, being the bucket of 'dreck' that it is, is touted as the greatest drama Canada has ever produced. I don't even mind that Bosley Crowther and I are the only two people in the world who thought Bonnie and Clyde was a mediocre movie. So what if Martin Knelman looks like a guy I used to know. You think I care?

It doesn't even matter that Michael Gregory was the only good act I saw on Saturday night (except maybe for most of the people in the lobby).

If Wilson Pickett didn't show up on Friday and was re-

placed by Andres Segovia, I still wouldn't get all hung up. Sidney Poitier is going to win an Oscar for playing a Negro, and that Oscar should have gone to Sir Laurence Olivier, but I don't think the pain will kill me.

The Sound of Muzak has been running for 3 years, but I don't mind because it keeps the minds of the masses off revolution.

Unlike Patrick Scott, I'm not hung up either on Peg La Centra or Julie Andrews' glass eye.

BUT WHEN THEY PRE-EMPTED "THE AVENGERS" FOR A HOCKEY GAME THAT WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE..

## Film true to Camus' Stranger

by Jane Rosenberg

The film adaptation of Camus', 'The Stranger' is the only film I have seen that does not destroy its original literary source. It is amazing to see how easily the scenes Camus painted verbally can be projected visually.

The mood of man's feeling of separation from society and its obligations and responsibilities, is a common element in today's films.

However, because of the excellent source for the script, this film expresses the alienation in a superior way.

Marcello Mastroianni, who portrays the protagonist, seems to actually become Mersault. His understanding of Mersault's disillusionment with love, life, and death is profound, perhaps because there is a part of each person that feels in this same way at various times.

The photography also clearly describes this alienation. The colour always appears to be in slightly modified tones of reality.

The many shots of the common people seem to be caricatures of reality, especially in the court scene. The expressions on people's faces are all held for a moment, to achieve their full impact on the audience's imagination.

The music, too, effectively helps to set the tone. It is romantic at times, but it carries the emotions along with its flow, and at critical moments, its silence. Low sounds eventually predominate, to stress Mersault's disillusion.

Probably for the full unravelling of the emotions in the story, the length of the film is perfect. However, after the first half, in which most of the physical action takes place, it does become a bit tedious.

## Don't Look Back, you might just see Dylan

by Alex Cramer

Though the ads give the impression that Don't Look Back is a musical Dylan film, it is actually a documentary. And that means poor sound, grainy film and out of focus shots.

It is perhaps for this reason that many Dylan fans are disappointed with it, because it is not a vehicle for their idol, although there are large chunks of singing.

If one accepts the film as a documentary, with all the limitations that it implies, then it is a superb film. It doesn't get at the truth and unmask the pop façade as does Godard's Masculin-Feminine. Still the Dylan film is good because it exposes in a clear light, the first layers of illusions weaved by the publicists.

The audience sees not the mythical Dylan of the fan magazines, but Robert Zimmerman, a middle-class Jewish boy on the make.

When he speaks, it's the voice of an ordinary city youth, and not of the rural, semi-literate hobo, that we hear. If reporters ask him inanelly profound questions, Dylan answers them in a profoundly inane manner.

I suppose the film's highlight comes when Baez answers that she doesn't know how to pose, and then proceeds to assume a series of her famous madonna-like postures.

Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, has a distinguished graying mane and very intellectual-looking glasses.

In fact, he tries to appear exactly like somebody his mother always wanted him to be: an impresario of concert musicians.

But when he speaks, he sounds exactly like all the astute and vulgar managers who smoke cigars and read Variety.

It's these contrasts, ap-

pearing all through the film, that explode the myths surrounding the cult heroes of our time.

The beauty of Don't Look Back is that we see today's heroes acting out their public roles. The question is, will the spectator interpret this as acting or the "real" Dylan and Baez.

## DRUMMER BOY DISASTER

by Alex Cramer

If The Drummer Boy is the harbinger of the Toronto drama season, it looks like it's going to be a cold winter.

It was admirable that Clifford Williams should choose a Canadian play, obviously a gesture towards the Centennial Year, to open Theatre Toronto's season.

But the Drummer Boy is such a hopeless disaster that this may very well be the first and last performance.

The theme of the play is so naive that I wonder what could have possessed the dramatist to write it. It concerns a drummer boy who violates a 11-year-old girl. (Why is it that drummers always get the girl?) He is given the choice of being hanged or becoming the executioner.

At first, the drummer boy refuses and so he is thrown into the cell with about a dozen other prisoners, all of whom seem to be perverts of some kind or other.

Jean Basile, the playwright, must have reasoned

that if a play like Fortune and Men's Eyes can use homosexuality and sexual perversion to shock the squares, then he could do the same.

These prisoners speak so articulately that they sound exactly like actors reciting lines. Either that or they are literate aristocrats incarcerated for their sex crimes.

The only thing distinguishing these actors from amateurs, is that the former deliver their lines quicker.

One gets the impression they are anxious to call it a day. Such lightning precision. God help the unlucky actor who misses his cue. He is liable to send the play into a crisis.

The decor is stark, which is to say non-existent, except for a few chairs and desks.

The lighting consists solely of whites, which leads me to conclude that the man at the panel must be color blind.

Honest Ed is going to have to sell a lot of underwear to recoup his losses from this bomb.

## MAUD'S COLUMN - or, what Maud's friend found out about Canada's top Paupers

by Maud's Friend

R: The York Socialist Club ends duplicity; I end duplicity. My name is R...

MAUD: Stop! We agreed that if I let you talk seriously about records, then I could have my beautiful name and picture, with my hair all properly combed (the dream of every girl) in the paper. Now, how about that exclusive interview at the Winter Carnival Dance.

R: It was lucky we managed it. The scene was a madhouse, straight out of A Hard Day's Night. Hustled backstage, we came face to face with Grant Spence, road manager of the Paupers.

MAUD?

Meanwhile, newsmen from CKFH and bleary-eyed teenyboppers were running all over the place, and he was holding the Paupers' \$1,000

Smother Brothers.

Spence complained about their last album, Magic People, saying the sound engineers had ruined it and left out piano and trombone accompaniments. They plan to get a producer in the future to avoid such mishaps.

It's too bad that Spence couldn't arrange a personal interview.

MAUD (giggling): Well, I said if he did I would be NICE to him.

R: That was ridiculous. Where did you pick up such ideas.

MAUD: Forgive me, I saw Darling.

R: Anyway, we left the interview and listened to the next set and realized that the Paupers really have it to be successful. But they need a demanding group of fans who won't let them get away with a messy live sound.

MAUD (brightly): Even I knew what was wrong. The bass was too loud, and it drowned out the vocal harmonies, and distorted the melody line of the lead guitar. But I loved them all the same.

R: How come you know all the technicalities?

MAUD: You're not so smart. See you next week.

fee, in small bills, (we later found out) stuffed in an envelope.

The four Paupers are lead singer Adam Mitchell, Chuck Beal on lead guitar (who produces some wild screaming guitar noises), Skip Prokop on drums, and bassist Brad Campbell, formerly of the Last Words, replacing virtuoso Dennis Gerrard.

The Paupers play interesting music with a fun-to-dance-to-beat.

MAUD: Except when you step on my feet.

R: Well, next time don't wear a purple mini-skirt.

Asked if they would change their sound and go psychedelic, Spence said no, but maybe they would add an organ. Or write more folk-songs, since Adam Mitchell used to be a folk-singer on the university circuit.

Their future plans include a new album in March. (Cumulus Impressions, a jazzy melody with fantastic drumming by Prokop, was played at the dance and will be recorded.) Also a stint on New York's Bitter End Show with Richie Havens and a possible appearance with the