



Harold Stein photo

## Up, up and away

Phase 11, affectionately known as 'The Spaceship' will open this summer. This newest addition to the York complex will house the Fine Arts Student Programmes, the Office of the Dean of Fine Arts, the Program in Dance and the program in Visual Arts. The building, designed by Architect Raymond Morayama who also designed

the Ontario Science Centre, has a rare feature, as York buildings go — windows! One side of the building is slanted glass from the ground to the roof. And for those skeptics who think the snow will cave the windows in forget it — there is a built in heating system that melts the snow.

### Two dimes for a nickel?

## Pauline was too superficial

By LYNN SLOTKIN

You feel short-changed when you see Pauline at Theatre Passe Muraille.

Even though the poetry reading in play form was about Canadian poet (Emily) Pauline Johnson, you never really got to know very much about

her. The meagre information one learned was that she was a Mohawk princess who wrote poetry; she teamed up with a vaudeville-type performer named Walter McRaye; she toured England and Canada; and she died of cancer.

One has to go to reference books to

find that she lived from 1861 to 1913; that she was the youngest of four children born to Chief Johnson of the Mohawks and Emily Howells of Bristol England. Her education consisted of two years of instruction by a governess; three years at an Indian school; and two years at Central School in Brantford.

Still one wanted to know more about her. What was she like? Was she temperamental or easy to get along with? Director Paul Thompson and scenarist Carol Bolt were at fault for this lack of character development rather than Anne Anglin (as Pauline).

The only glimpses into her character came at the end of the play when Pauline showed her fatigue because of travelling, and frustration that she didn't accomplish more with her life.

The time before these brief scenes was taken up with Anglin mechanically moving from one area of the stage to another suggesting Pauline's constant travel. There was no change in her personality with the several people she met along the way, not even when she stripped from her Canadian clothes to Indian garb. Anglin was impassioned when she recited Johnson's poetry but at no other time except towards the end. Again, the fault was not with Anglin so much as with the lack of direction and personality revealing dialogue.

Janet Amos, on the other hand, had more material to work with in that she represented the various people Pauline met along the way. At one point she was a busy-body housewife; at another a shy admiring fan; at another an absent-minded concert organizer; but each time she was completely different

Peter Kunder had some fine comic moments as Walter McRaye.

Still, one couldn't escape the fact that Passe Muraille slacked off on this one.

## Cultural Briefs

### Montreal artist to display work

Joan Pattee, a Montreal artist and student of Arthur Lismer, one of the Group of Seven, will have a showing at Saint-Louis-de-France, 1415 Don Mills Road April 4 (8-10 p.m.) and April 5-6 (1-10 p.m.) Admission is free.

### Paintings at Glendon gallery

Vera Frenkel will have a showing of her paintings in the gallery at Glendon College, (B-Wing of York Hall) until April 6. Hours are weekdays 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. and evenings (except Friday) 7-10 p.m. Admission is free.

### Rugger choir club will perform

The Rugger Choir Club, (can you believe it?) will be performing bawdy ballads and dirty ditties in the Stong cafeteria, tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. Admission is \$ .50.

### Factory Theatre lab's last production

Factory Theatre Lab is presenting, what may be its last production, Bagdad Saloon, by George Walker. The production is directed by Eric Steiner who also directed Esker Mike and His Wife Agiluk. Performances are Tuesday to Sunday at 8:30 p.m. Admission is \$3.50 (adults) \$2.50 (students).

### Annual print sale at Ryerson

Ryerson will hold its third annual print sale of student work today, tomorrow and Saturday at the Photographic Arts Centre, 122 Bond St. Toronto. Hours are today and tomorrow, 6-10 p.m. and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

## Student poets put together "Anvil Blood"

By JOHN OUGHTON

Irving Layton's 1972-73 poetry workshop has put together an anthology of the year's work entitled *Anvil Blood*.

The collection offers seventeen student poets, plus two poems and a four-page introduction by Layton. Less polemical than Layton's ordinary prefatory style, the introduction offers a four-part classification of contemporary Canadian poets into "Loyalists, Indians, Frygidians, and cosmopolite Jews".

Layton's major comment on the student poets concerns the sexual frankness of some of the women writers included. Indeed, the women in the rather curiously titled book supply some of the strongest poetry, easily surpassing the level of "second-rate lab technicians." Miche Tremblay's *Remnants* supplies a sort of autobiography of her sexual history in sharp, ironic language, ending with the image of a forest fire raging in her unsatisfied genitalia.

Before dealing with other individual poets and poems, the difficulties of reviewing an anthology like this should be mentioned. It is hard to review each poet specifically, considering the limitations of space and the incomplete idea of a poet's style which three or four poems create. Some general comments can be made, however. Like all student anthologies, *Anvil Blood* contains some strong poems and some obviously apprentice efforts. Making use of overly prosaic language and overworked poetic themes are two of the most common faults. The "blood" pointed to by the title is one of the later subjects; the attempt to make a poem contemporary, in the Atwood-Ondaatje-Nowlan vein, by

inserting references to violence can lead to a feeling of forcedness in the poem. Which is why pieces like Bill Sipprell's *Room* fall a bit flat. Most of the poets also have to learn how to better condense their forms, to concentrate the energy that too many adjectives or successive clauses dissipate.

There are of course dangers in generalizing like this; *Anvil Blood* contains a wide range of approaches to poetry. Bruce Wilson, for example, is concerned with myths and mysticism while James L. Donoghue and Ed Abramovitch are more after the music in words, sometimes exhibiting an almost stoned sensibility to syntax. Lynda Pyke's carefully phrased brief poems are reminiscent of early Atwood at times, and David Toole shows some Cohen influence. Lillian Rosenthal and S. Davey offer quick, cutting perceptions.

Most of the poets are working in shorter forms — there are only a few attempts at extended poems. This brevity can be used very effectively; Ken Myron and Bill Sipprell, in *Return Visit* and *Time Zones* respectively, do this well. Conciseness is employed by Anat Brink to add mystery — by not saying too much she sometimes says more.

It's generally a varied and interesting collection. Hopefully none of the contributors will be antagonized by comments either made or not made about them here, but it's assumed that the purpose of a book like *Anvil Blood* is to invite comment. Modestly priced, and about 65 pages in length, it should be out about April 5 in the bookstore. Collectors of Layton memorabilia might note that this is the first time he has printed poems in a workshop collection under his own name, having previously appeared as Hy Jinks and Ona Bender.



## — Good Eats —

### The final touch

By HARRY STINSON

As the academic year limps undramatically to its mournful conclusion for the isolated few still huddling amidst the barren ruins of York, and Excalibur grinds out its shrill last gasp please find a disjointed collection of some successful offerings.

**Soup first** — for an unusual and relatively economical meal starter try Bermudan Orange Consomme, which is simply a mixture of stock (beef or chicken) and orange juice concentrate, seasoned with gingery black pepper, onion salt, thyme, and bay leaf. Simmer it a while, and make it as sweet or sharp as you want by varying the amount of orange juice (you could also pop in some lemon juice, and and some sugar if desired). If you want to blunt their appetites use the old *pea coup* routine — split peas, stock, onion salt, pepper, thyme, garlic, soy sauce and perhaps some savory and or oregano. But to give it that crucial extra touch, add finely chopped or sliced onions and grated carrots.

**Salad.** If you can cajole people into something different, make a bean salad of green beans (cooked not too long please), corn (niblet), chick peas, lima beans, kidney beans, chopped red onions, (and green onions if desired possible), yellow wax beans if you can get them, perhaps some bean sprouts, and mushrooms in a dressing of oil, cider or wine vinegar, ketchup, soy sauce, garlic, pepper, onion salt, touch of ginger, and oregano. Mix well, and let marinate awhile.

Or try a mixture of chopped unpeeled apples, cabbage, sesame seed, cubed celery, with mayonnaise, cider vinegar or apple juice, brown sugar, salt, pepper (little of each), lemon juice, and curry.

The all-time main course champ has got to be lasagna. First, boil up a sauce of fried hamburger or chuck, or mushrooms, to which are added tomatoes (canned) and tomato paste in a ratio of about 3:2. plus some beef stock, soy sauce, lots of garlic, oregano, onions, onion salt, and less pepper, basil, sage, savory, thyme, and marjoram. Simmer and mix well. Meanwhile boil up a lot of lasagna noodles; and slice cheese in thin wide strips (mozzarella, gruyere, swiss, emmenthaler, or mild havarti-something not too sharp); and mash together a concoction of raw egg, cottage cheese, parsley, basil, onion salt, pepper, and grated cheese (parmesan, or some other old sharpie). Now . . . layer (in a greased casserole) first the noodles, then the cottage cheese goo, the slabs of cheese, all topped with sauce . . . and again . . . then decorate top with strip of cheese, and bake at about 350, at least ½ hour.

For dessert, perplex them with a **coconut-apple-cottage cheese pie** (what?). Just stick together a simple crust of oatmeal, brown sugar, shortening, salt, crumbs, flour. Line a pie dish with half the crust mix. Bake the crust, golden brown, pour in a filling of finely chopped apples, cottage cheese, coconut and corn syrup. Top with remaining crust (just crumble it over) and bake until the aroma proves too much to resist . . . it's really good . . . but I shall never reveal the sacred. With that, good luck, and thanks.