

Hopping through the last pasture

Ezra Pound: Films

His hands moved swiftly and efficiently over her lithe body. His lips caressed the nape of her neck sending a shiver of ecstatic pleasure up her spine. Her moist, parted lips had just begun to nibble lovingly at his earlobe when the door swung open.

"You got that editorial on student council ready yet Mitch?"

"Sonofagun. I'll have it complete in no time Shapiro. Bring in a

typewriter. How's the mailing list situation? Tell Allport I want seventy-three copies for South Vietnam. About time we showed the Commies some biting threats. Tell Richardson I want the Acadia Annual Balling-the-Jack Tournament covered in full. Not that it's worth it. Keeps him out of the office. Did you get any dope on the student demonstration or is that over with?"

"The student demonstration

was last February. Seven engineers sat outside the legislature building and sang "We Shall Overcome". It was an abortive success."

"Look Shapiro. Do I have to do everything myself? Why didn't I hear about it? I ask you WHY?"

"You were in Moose Jaw. Remember? For the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Wheat Rust."

"By George that's right. My

memory's a little "rusty".

"Ha, ha, ha. That's funny Mitch. You're a card."

"Editors got to have a sense of humour."

As the big wooden door closed behind the weary-eyed Shapiro, the "Chief" wheeled around in his armchair. His sleeveless, tawny arms encircled her small waist again, drawing her nearer. She gasped as he tenderly bit her round shoulder. Their eyes re-

opened as the phone rang. Suave-ly, editorially, yet with an air of irritation, he lifted the receiver.

"Gazette office. Whaddya want?"

"... Naw. Not this weekend. Got too much on my mind. See ya later."

"Who was that, Mitchie?"

"Long distance from Montreal. Mom wanted to know if I was coming home for dinner."

As he spoke, his hand drew her blonde head down to his face. He forced his burning lips onto hers. His thumb caressed the back of her ear. Their half-closed eyes met. Their vice-like embrace was broken by a furious rapping on the window. Editor Guite, his curiosity somewhat aroused, turned toward the sound.

"Who's that? WHO'S THERE? Hey. Who?... What?... Whassat?... Speak... Stand ho... Who goes there?... WHO IS THERE, DAMMIT?"

The window rose slowly and a face chilled with the cold protruded through the opening.

"It's only me. Dave Day. Didn't mean to scare you. Awfully sorry. Really I am. I'll never do a terrible thing like that again. Awfully sorry. Really. Sorry."

"Whew. It's you. I thought it might have been Bill Buntain or the Shirreff Hall girls."

"No, it's only me."

"Why are you coming in the window, you coffeehiker?"

"I can't get in the door."

"Really David. You're not that tall."

"Oh, it's not that. Really it's not. It's just that there is a great multitude of angry girls blocking the entrance."

"Ohmygosh, it must be the Hall girls."

"I don't think so Mitch. These babes don't look very virginal."

"Then they must be the Pi Beta Phi girls."

"All right Dave. Get right on that. I want a story. I'd do it myself but you know how they all giggle and flee when I try to interview them. Besides, I'm working on something really big."

"But Mitch, I've got this law thesis to do..."

"Dave boy, those girls out there are waiting with pounding hearts to see you emerge with your editorial pencil, ready to take down anything they have to say. You are their 'voice to the students', Dave boy. Don't let them turn away with a sense of painful unfulfillment. They need YOU Dave boy."

"Okay you pseudo French demi-god. I'll get right on it."

The chief looked slyly over his shoulder as he secured the lock on the office window. He leaned against the filing cabinet and beckoned her. She moved with a sensuous ripple toward him, her silky arms outstretched. But he moved away, wheeling to avoid her embrace. He chuckled under

Ezra Pound's denunciation of the movies in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" is well-known: The "age demanded", chiefly a mould in plaster, Made with no loss of time, A prose khema, not, not assuredly, alabaster Or the "sculpture" of rhyme. Even his phrasing, stressing as it does the cinema's etymological heritage, cynically emphasizes the cultural breakdown of which Pound has always been so conscious. Yet there is evidence scattered through Pound's later pronouncements to indicate that his opinion in regard to films underwent a drastic revision; one might almost say "revolution", since he came to incorporate the idea of films into his Confucian ethic.

In a 1914 article, Pound saw the motion picture as an outgrowth of impressionist art: The logical end of impressionist art is the cinematograph. The state of mind of the impressionist tends to become cinematographical. Or, to put it another way, the cinematograph does away with the need of a lot of impressionist art. From which statement we gather that Pound was not very enthused by the impressionist school; it was not "direct treatment of the 'thing' as subject". It was pretty, and dull. Four years later, he spoke of the cinema in connection with Greek drama: The populace was paid to attend a greek drama. It would have gone to cinemas instead, had cinemas then existed. Art begins with the artist. It goes first to the very few; and next, to the few very idle. Even journalism and advertising can not reverse this law. The movies are the modern equivalent of circuses for the mob. Pound's notable lack of concern for man in the mass (as opposed to individual man or even

Barbour: Private Ear and Public Eye

By DOUGLAS BARBOUR

One harbours the (slightly unfair) wish that Peter Shaffer had expended all his energy on THE PUBLIC EYE: had created a full evening of action for Julian Christophoras; but perhaps this second play of the evening is so enjoyable BECAUSE it is not over-long. Despite the fact that it is only a one-act play, THE PRIVATE EAR is overlong. I think it's because Mr. Shaffer has created a typical angry young play, and has added nothing to the guise. He has taken a stance that has by now become a living cliché, and has fashioned it into the corpse of one. In the second play he has also dealt with a cliché

situation, but his fine ear and his (I assume) irrepressible sense of whimsy has led him to fashion it anew and to create a pure comedy that is more serious than the first serious playlet.

Newcomer William Armstrong has the one worthwhile role in THE PRIVATE EAR and he handles it well. Bob, the music loving boy from the North, whose sensitivity hurts himself most in tough city, is a cliché character, perhaps, but at least he seems more or less real. Both the parts of Ted and Doreen seem to have been written from the memory of some other play. One cannot really blame David Renton for not

putting his heart into this role of a "flashy young, pseudo, sophisticated go-getter, who knows what he wants and how to get it" Mr. Renton gives an adequate delineation of this character, and all his movements and smiles and words are there, but this is surface only; he doesn't give us any depth. Doreen is another part that is difficult, because the playwright didn't care about its reality except as an obstacle to Bob. One can't blame Dawn Greenhalgh for not giving a more than perfunctory performance. At any rate, I did not feel that it mattered very much.

The problem with this play is that the author's animus towards these latter two characters is not controlled. As a result the play is sentimental in the wrong way, and it lacks the inner coherence that should mark any well constructed artifact. Still it affords Mr. Armstrong a chance to prove himself, and he proves himself a very capable actor, in this role anyway.

Although nobody would start giving prizes to THE PUBLIC EYE, it has that coherence the first play lacks. The unity of tone in this play, the sense that the author is in control all the way stands out in contrast to the earlier play of the evening. Moreover, all three parts in this play are well conceived, and worth acting well. The story, as I have already hinted, is whimsical, the tone light, and yet the emotion the play presents is fully realized by its objective correlative within the play itself. This is an enjoyable light entertainment, the glow of which remains with one long after it's over.

A good deal of credit must go to the actors. A very pleasant surprise is the performance of Gavin Douglas as Charles, the mouldering (47 year old) husband of the young (18) and vivacious Belinda. Mr. Douglas handles this role with ease and grace. I, for one, was not prepared for it. He exudes just the right amount of stiffness, impatience and belief in his own opinions to place his characters as delightfully in the wrong compared to the other two. Miss Greenhalgh plays Belinda, and this performance is far better than her earlier one. She is light and lively, and at her best near the end when she has to pantomime everything. Miss Greenhalgh is, perhaps, becoming too aware of her voice and affecting an artificiality in her speech that does not become her. One would hate to see this artificial tone become permanent.

David Renton also returns from the previous play, and his performance as Julian, the Public Eye of the title, is the best performance of the evening recalling to us the actor who created Feste last summer. Julian is an odd-ball, a true eccentric and Mr. Renton catches the flavour of his character down to the last raised eyebrow. Some sort of congratula-

tions should be offered to wardrobe for his outfit, too; it was delightfully outlandish. Mr. Renton's every moment on stage is carefully and craftily worked out to keep the audience in a state of anticipation, which is never disappointed. The whimsy of the play, and of this character, keeps one smiling throughout, with occasional bursts of happy laughter.

What makes this play so enjoyable, however, is the sense that there are three people involved with one another on the stage, not one person versus two cardboard targets. Each of the performers has a part which could be fleshed out to human dimension by good acting and no one disappointed.

The direction is good throughout, but reflects the relative merits of the plays themselves. In THE PRIVATE EAR, there are places, where everything seems to fall slack, where even such a good director as Mr. Reis apparently couldn't come up with anything solid to fill the holes in the script, although he makes some imaginative attempts in THE PUBLIC EYE the direction is taut and crisp throughout, and every movement of every character seems to further the purpose of the play, good entertainment. The set designs, are, as always with the Neptune, of a very high standard.

One cannot, in all honesty, unhesitatingly recommend the whole evening. But, because the performance of William Armstrong in the first play is so good because the whole of the second play is so good, and especially David Renton's performance as Julian, I suggest that nobody interested in good theatre should miss this performance. There's too much that is worthwhile in the evening to miss it, because of the few things that are not. NOTE: Mr. Craig, in his letter of last week, missed only one major point: that I agree with him wholeheartedly. However, as a critic of productions that do appear, I feel it my duty to write the best review of which I am capable, of those productions, not of some ideal which does not yet exist. And because Halifax audiences, and especially Dalhousie ones, are slack, I feel a need to give them as much reason for going to the Neptune as I honestly can. That is, I am pro-Neptune in any single review as I can be while still remaining honest and fair in my own eyes. Finally, I wrote the article he refers to back in January, when I did not know who would be back but assumed the best I could (Miss Ringham is in fact still with the company thank God) God knows I agree Halifax needs the Neptune, and displays rank ignorance as well as lack of judgment and culture in not giving it greater support, but my admittedly jocular, hope is to do all I can in my reviews to get some of the public interested!

Symphony "Improved"

By PRENTICE GLAZIER

In some of its past concerts, the Halifax Symphony Orchestra has left much to be desired. This was not true in its most recent one at the Queen Elizabeth High School Auditorium. Under the direction of the talented Dr. Boyd Neel, the program consisted of "Italian Woman in Algiers" by Gioacchino Rossini, "Variations on a Theme of Tschaiakowsky" by Antony Arensky, "Symphony No. 97" by Haydn, and "Symphony No. 2" by Schubert.

It is much to its credit that it avoided the common mistake of offering common-place and over-performed works of a "light classical" nature. Unlike many small orchestras, it was more interested in arousing popular interest in more obscure but, nonetheless, excellent works.

The "Italian Woman in Algiers" overture to a farcical opera written in Rossini's early years, makes an excellent curtain raiser. It is not "important" music and was not intended to be. In his "Variation on a Theme of Tschaiakowsky", Antony Arensky, a little known composer living in the shadow of the great Russian master, used an entirely Tschaiakowskian theme and gave it an entirely un-Tschaiakowskian, but delightfully original treatment. The "Symphony No. 97" by Haydn is a little less prominent than certain of the other of his later works, but it is nonetheless very Classical and very typically Haydn. The "Symphony No. 2" by Schubert is a very early work of the German genius, written when he was about 17, but because of the stature of his later symphonies, it is grossly neglected. It is nevertheless excellent music. While written in a classical style, it shows a stylistic departure from Haydn and Mozart, a departure that was later to become extremely prominent in the "unfinished" and "Great" Symphonies.

Under close scrutiny, minor faults in the presentation could be detected; in the strings and violins especially, which at moments lacked the full tonal richness of accomplished instrumentalists. There were also occasional extraneous sounds while the entrances were sometimes imperfect.

However, all of this was trivial and more than compensated for by the lively, emotional performance accorded the program by the players. While it was not

of Toronto Symphony quality, it approached this level at times, especially in the Haydn work, and certainly no one could feel less than completely satisfied at the achievements of this fine orchestra.

The concert held on Sunday, January 31, at the King's Gymnasium was a most interesting one and much enjoyed by most of the people who attended. Entitled "Music for Divers Instruments", it was diverse in almost every other way as well as in forms of music used, in the composers that were represented, in the quality of the various pieces.

Eleven pieces were performed. Vivaldi's "Concerto in A Minor for Bassoon and Harpsichord" was brilliantly performed but because it is impossible to adjust the volume of the Harpsichord, the bassoon was disproportionately loud and tended to drown out the harpsichord. Three songs arranged for bass viol proved somewhat unsatisfactory as the instrument, because of its tone, is usually used for accompaniment purposes only in an orchestra and is not easily adapted to solo performances. In Handel's G-minor Sonata for Oboe and Harpsichord, the preceding difficulties were not present. Again the work was very well done. Two more pieces for doublebass brought the same results as before. Mozart's Woodwind trio was well played and evenly balanced, certainly played as Mozart had intended. "Three Pieces for Unaccompanied Clarinet" was very typically Stravinsky, but few would doubt that it was good Stravinsky. Two more pieces for Double bass were given. These, composed by the undeniably excellent Russian composer, Prokofiev, should have overcome previous difficulties that surrounded the instrument but the amateurish and ill-practised players butchered this one so badly that one could barely sense their potential excellence. Ibert's "Cinq Pieces on Trio" was a fine offering and was consistent with the excellent rendition of the Mozart work.

The concert as a whole was thoroughly deserving of the attention of any person who likes music and all of it except the Prokofiev works, was well-played.

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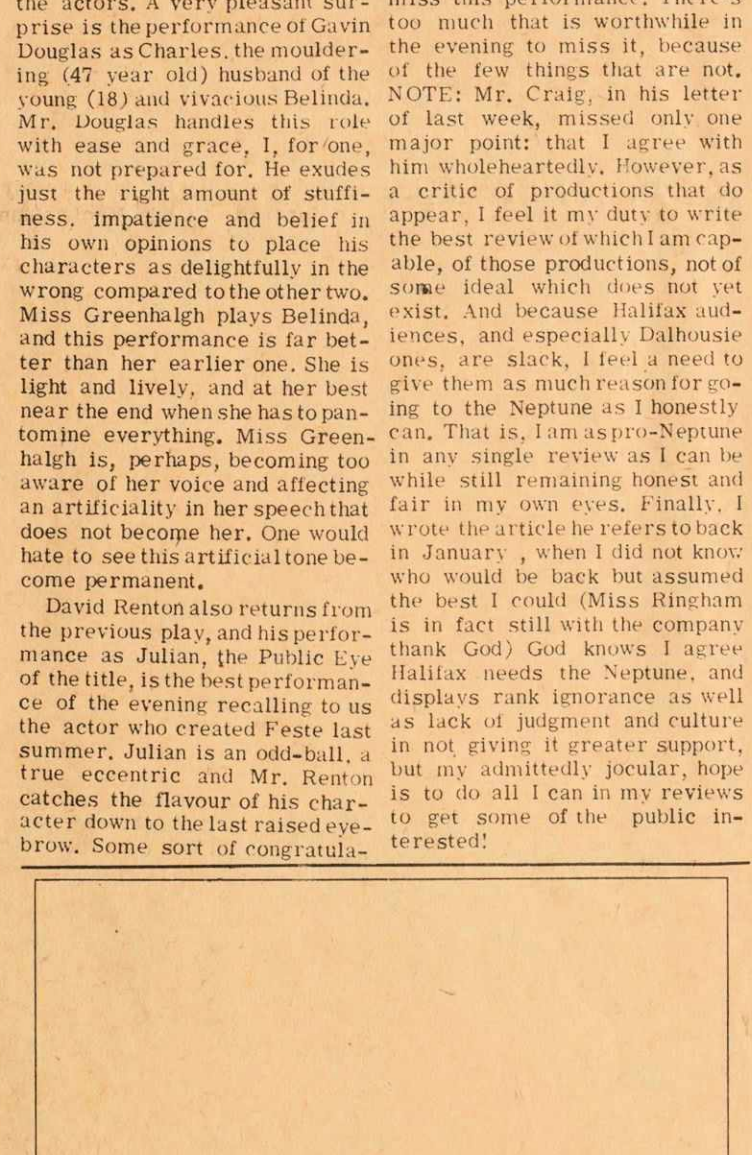
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Get right on that editorial!

"Get right on that editorial!"

"Okay Mitch."

The Chief smiled a warm yet devilish grin as he advanced on her rounded form, curled like a cat on the chair. His breath, still humid and hot, flowed from his half-open mouth past her ear. As he buried his flushed face in her neck, the telephone rang. The shrill piercing ring demanded an answer. The Chief ignored the demand. His demands were greater. However, the man-made device won out. In a fit of submission, the Chief wrenched the receiver from the cradle.

"Gazette office, Whaddya want? Oh hi Mike. Your wife? Sure. You wanna speak to her. Just a sec".

He leaned back in his chair. A story seethed in his brain. A paper was being born.

"I could be editor next year."

"Sure. I think it's a great idea. If you think you can take on the acute responsibility, the burden of constant toil, the never-ending bites of criticism, the tiring, weary hours of editorial labour, and the unbending necessity of student well-being, then I think you are an apt person to follow in my footsteps."

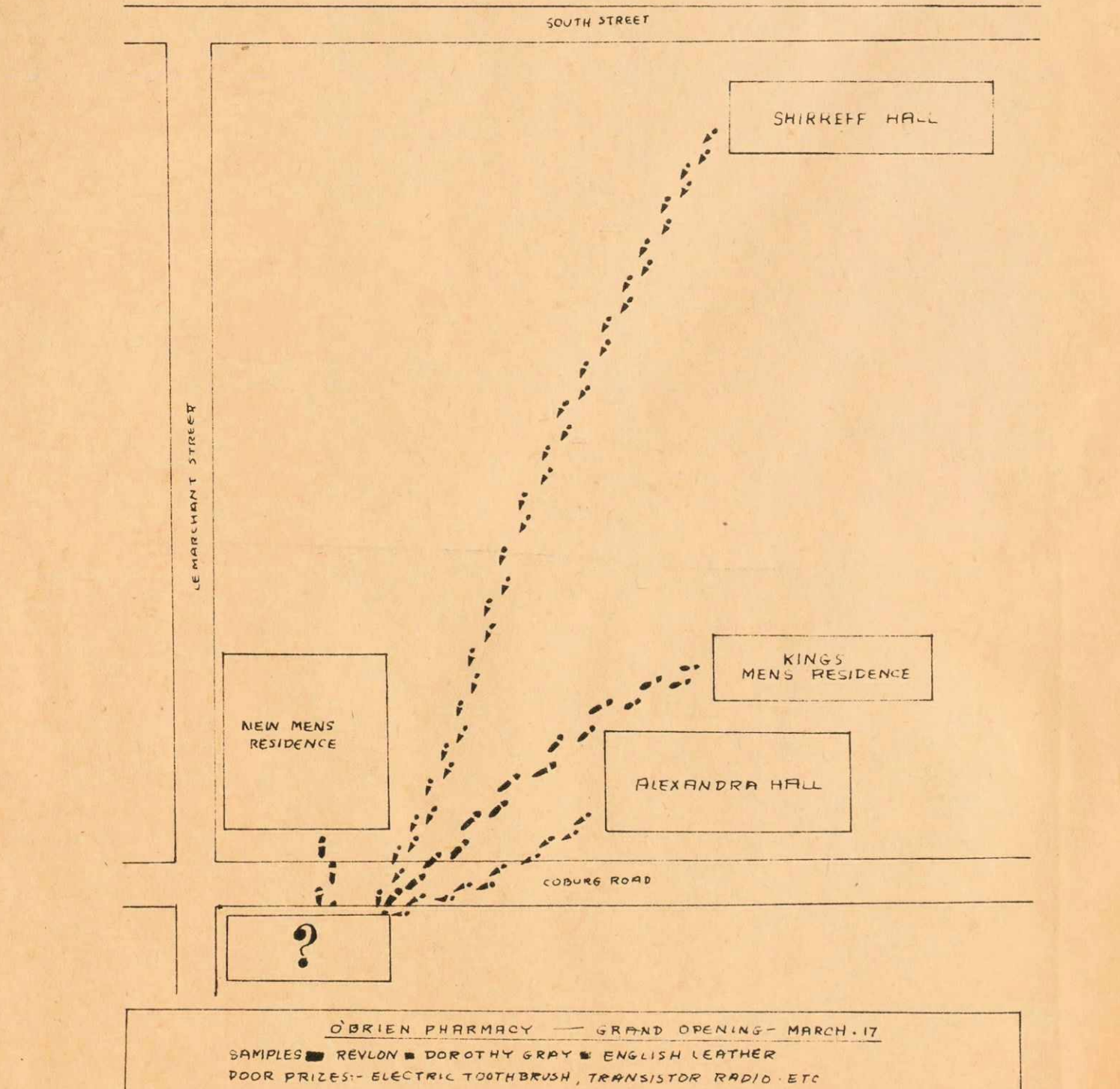
"Got your editorial done, Mitch?"

"I was thinking quite seriously of letting YOU do the editorial."

"But I did the editorial last week, and the week before."

"Y'see all the valuable experience you are grabbing, Terry boy? Keep it up. Don't bend under the pressure now kid. I know what it's like. A firm will-power, Morley."

"Okay Mitch."



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