

Groovy things for groovy people to do for Christmas

Beginning this week The Playhouse Theatre which is presenting the highly praised musical "Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" will be offering special rates for students. From Monday through Thursday students will be able to purchase tickets for a mere \$2.00.

There are a multitude of films descending upon Toronto over the next three weeks. Many will be trashy but those which should be worth seeing are John Frankenheimer's film of Malamud's novel *The Fixer* with Alan Bates,

and The Beatles cartoon "Yellow Submarine" which has been playing to enthusiastic audiences in London for many months.

The Greek Tragedy Theatre, Piraikon Theatron, will be at O'Keefe Centre for a week. Although they will be performing in Greek, this company is excellent and is fascinating to watch. They will be performing "Hippolytus", "Orestia", and "Iphigenia in Aulis". Inexpensively priced seats can be had for every performance.

A Final List of Things For Groovy People To Do

- read Hesse's *Steppenwolf* (the 'in' book this year)
- send a Christmas card to Richard Nixon
- buy The Beatles great new album
- look in The Salvation Army for an old fur coat
- start saving your pennies for the Andres Segovia
- go and turn-on at The Electric Circus
- and, if you are feeling in a particularly masochistic mood, read the last thirteen issues of Excalibur.

"The future certainly cries out for the collaboration of the three major art forms — architecture, paintings, sculpture."

- Fernand Leger

Art in architecture at York

by David McCaughna

Architecture is undoubtedly the most important and functional art around. In it we live, work, and pass most of our free time.

Architecture, by virtue of its being so utterly functional in nature must strive to appeal to the mind and aesthetic senses of those who utilise it. Beyond the realm of the actual physical structure, this is accomplished through a synthesis of architecture, painting and sculpture.

It is through the synthesis of these three art forms that architecture, the most human of the arts as it only is an integral part of the human life, can achieve a truly elevated position.

Few would be so foolish as to deny the great social importance of the visual environment in which man lives. It is one of the most significant factors in the formation of the individual. Modern architecture, more than any ever before it, is going to

great efforts to ensure, for man, surroundings with fresh air, sunshine and vegetation.

Yet, much modern architecture has sadly overlooked the fact that man has spiritual and aesthetic needs as well. Take a glance at practically any recently built office building or apartment in Toronto and this can easily be seen. There are lots of windows, good ventilation, lush plants growing in the lobbies, yet the buildings remain, essentially sterile and dull.

Or, closer to home, look at York.

The buildings from the outside are boring. Uninteresting slabs of brick and mortar that have an institutional air. There is no colour, nothing to break the cold monotony of concrete uniformity.

From the inside things are no better. There is little display of imagination in the design of York. Everywhere are linoleum halls and brick walls. York has suffered from the ill that plagues so much modern architecture: standardization, and the inhuman rules of mass production, has made the slightest individual expression difficult. Paintings, a bit of sculpture, are stuck about to brighten things up but fails in the long run. For the university was obviously not designed with the idea of meshing painting and sculpture in with it. So what there is seems tacked on; not an integral part of the buildings. Except for the Calder marquette in Winters College courtyard, there is not one piece of art work on the campus that is at all striking. From the Harold Towne abomination in Winters JCR

The Bubble Scene

by Judith A. Snow

Saturday night, 8:30, Channel Seven, is the time and the place to groove with the Lawrence Welk scene. Integrity is the word for this show. Welk hits (?) across his Champagne Style all the way.

This was a first trip for me, and so I was too overwhelmed to catch the names of all the acts. I guess a real head would know and groove to the personality of every performer. Welk believes in the need for interaction in any worthwhile relationship, so for every second or third act, the "Champagne Orchestra" makes with a little soul, and the audience is invited to dance. Many do, and you can see that the music really moves them as they jiggle around the floor.

Welk imparted unity by using a central theme, as any good show leader should. This particular one took us back to the early part of this century, pre-World War I days. Our minds were lifted by innocent dreams of girls and boys sleigh-riding together, or a fella taking his gal out in one of the first cars. The party continued at an early century hotel where the desk clerk serenaded the cleaning-lady with "Oh You Beautiful Doll". One young lady and gent sang and held hands by candlelight on the balcony and Welk didn't forget to let tap-dance lovers see their own thing.

But, as I said before, integrity was the soul of this show. Everyone from Welk on down loves it, and they let you know it. Every toothbrush smile on every happy face lets you know that the bubble scene grooves to their souls.

The Champagne style loses a lot of its momentum, however, on the commercials. It's hard to stay on a natural high, while someone croons to you about Geritol, Sominex, or Serutan bulk laxative. Welk should guard his image more carefully in this area also. His aura of integrity becomes loose when he tells us that one teaspoon of Serutan gives you bulk equal to seven apples.

The Bubble Scene, better known as the Lawrence Welk Show, can really effervesce your mind. If the pure beauty of its simplicity gets to you, and just blows your mind too high, well, do as I did, and turn over to the hockey game. It's a real cool way to come down from a high, to watch a couple of guys bash each other's heads in with hockey sticks.

Where have you seen



1 INTRUSION by Brian Fisher (1965); Found in Winters' J.C.R. Perfect symmetry.

2 FATE CURTAIN by Harold Towne, owned by CKEY; Found in Winters' J.C.R. Reminiscing of all the stale donuts?

3 NAMELESS (as far as we know); Found in Vanier's bottom stair well. Try walking around this sculpture. It's guaranteed to do something to you.

to the little glassed-in paintings around Vanier, one feels that these were put up without consideration or thought. And the recently erected Villaincourt 'sculpture' between the lecture halls and Farquarson doesn't even warrant consideration.

Perhaps if Toronto is fortunate enough to receive the multitude of Henry Moore sculptures that has been men-

tioned, a few will be placed in strategic locations around York.

Architecture is the reflection of a philosophy of life. And those who use the buildings are an intimate part of that philosophy. If we are to be satisfied with an architecture that is wholly functional perhaps it is because all spiritual values seem superfluous to us.