

-FAT DADDY-

Previews the Underground

In the total communication culture, words have a useful life of a few months. At the end of that time they mean the same as all the other words. Thus, 'psychedelic' has come to rest, meaning very bright or very loud or having weird designs. It has ceased to connote anything intelligible, and been rendered impotent in its power to affect communication.

The same has happened to the term 'Underground Movies'. A year ago nobody knew what to mean by it. It outlined a general area of expectation, suggested originality and a conspiracy to subvert.

In the past year it has been possible to see so much disparate material under the 'Underground' label that the term has hit the other extreme of meaninglessness.

Experimental movies, random movies, endless movies, 'psychedelic' movies, protest movies and an abundance of dull and incoherent movies. And, wrapped up in there somewhere, a handful of films which confront an audience with a radically new and exhilarating cinematic experience.

The so-called 'Underground' is in reality no more, and nothing less, than Free Cinema, a movement held together by only the loosest sense of affiliation, committed to actualizing the potentialities inherent in the film medium since its invention.

This means breaking

out of the conventional slavishness to literature, wherein films served as little more than the means of transmission for a literary or theatrical experience.

In Free Cinema the structure of the audio-visual experience is dictated by the syntax of the film medium itself. The world of events becomes material for the film-maker to break down and reconstruct into his own synthesis.

Film can do more than reproduce events; it can remake them, can even create its own events.

Starting Thursday February 1, in Room D of Lecture Hall One, a series of film programs is presenting a contemporary look at the newest cinematic events available in Canada. The program includes, from New York, Bienstock's brilliant *Nothing Happened This Morning* and Zuckerman's *Soul Trip No. 9*, both newly received in Canada. Also, Rubenstein's extraordinary hallucination *The Hyacinth Child's Bedtime Story*, completed in Toronto last summer. Shorter films by Cronenberg, Hirsh and others, plus Rita and Dundie, the only known Australian underground movie.

Later programs will feature *The Resurrection of the Body*, latest work by John Hofsess, maker of *Black Zero*, George Kuchar's *Color Me Shameless*, and *Circus Notebook* by Jonas Mekas.

LEFTOVERS

by Bill Novak

STAN GETZ, which is almost a sentence, has rescheduled his concert at Massey Hall, and will appear with the TORONTO SYMPHONY March 1.

Once there was a LITTLE MAN, walking down the street, minding his own business. He had just left his house after an argument with his BROTHER, who lived downstairs. His brother had friends, one in particular, who used to give advice on the domestic problems of the household. The advice wasn't particularly useful, but the downstairs brother was considerate enough to accept the assistance. While the first little brother was walking down the street, this BIG FRIEND of his brother walked up to him and started hitting him over the head. Stop! cried the little man, as his head was hurting, - this is no way to win an argument! -Stop resisting! -cried the big friend, and started to hit him harder.

The little man started to fight back, and the big friend got very angry and started to harm everything in the area, all the while hitting the man over the head. Stop, cried the little man! Negotiate! cried the friend. -How can I do anything while you're hitting me over the head? he replied. -That's your

problem, cried the big friend.

The big friend kept on hitting, and the little man kept on hitting, and the little man kept on resisting. Finally the big friend killed the little man, and then went on to kill the little man's friends and destroy all that he owned. The big man was so drunk with power that he started to kill the little man's brother, and his friends, and his land.

Soon he had demolished the entire household and went back to his own place. But, to his surprise, his own house wasn't there. In his absence, so many things had gone wrong that the people living there had blown up their own house. So the big man felt bad for an hour, and went to his ranch and tried to weep but he could not.

MORAL: people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties.

Ann used to be an icicle until she became a human being one day and then discovered she was pointless...

If seven thousand monkeys sat at seven thousand typewriters for many many years, what, I asked, could they produce? A wise man answered me: "GONE WITH THE WIND, perhaps, but certainly not THE BIBLE. He may have been right, but that is another story.



THE ONE-ACT PLAY FESTIVAL

1 Vanier's *Thingification* deservedly won. They're off to Lennoxville now and they just might win.

2 Glendon's *Play* (that's the real title) turned everything it got.

3 Krapp's *Last Tape* turned out to be an Excalibur production. (Liebeck, Blair, McKay, and kisses from Bohnen.)

4 The fourth play (fooled you, it's not shown) gave our entertainment editor tears. He had promised himself that if he saw one more recognition scene from *Anastasia*, he'd cry.

PHOTOS BY DAVID COOPER



YOUNG CANADIANS

CONCERT

FRANK MORPHY - oboe

KATHRYN-WUNDER - violin

musical director DR. WM. McCAULEY

MARTIN-POLACSEK - guitar

NANCY GREENWOOD - contralto

NADINE MacDONALD - piano

BURTON JAN. 28 8.30PM

\$1.50 Students

\$2.00 Staff