

# A dude and his ballet slippers: *Naked came Polonsky*

Unaccustomed as I am to writing movie reviews, I do feel a certain obligation to be the first critic, to inform my many and varied readers (which apparently if all put together in a single line would stretch all the way from Winters Music Room to the staff-only washroom on second floor Founders) of an exciting and highly unusual flick which in a few weeks will be flickering about the golden screen in downtown Toronto, courtesy of Warner Brothers.

In an attempt to explore the mind of the young campus revolutionary Mike Nichols has produced a film concentrating on a radical cowboy who rode the range back in the days of old Doc Holliday and Hoss Cartwright. The name of this "Dustin Hoffman gets a six shooter" type of cinema verité is *A Dude and his Ballet Slippers*.

The movie opens with a faded out close-up of James Arness and Fred Astaire moseying up a dusty road, with the strains of Simon and Garfunkle singing Hava Negela in the background. James Arness is wearing a COCHISE LIVES button on the frame of his big archtype cowboy hat. By the way, there is something you should realize about James Arness. You see he is a radical bounty hunter and as is only fitting with any sort of radical bounty hunter, he is also a transvestite.

After five minutes of moseying, James and Fred Astaire feel like a draught and come upon a bar in the middle of some cactus weed. The bar is called Grossman's Saloon and Shoot-Out. James and Fred

slink into the saloon. Or should I say James slinks into the saloon. Appropriately enough, Fred waltzes in. Playing bar tender is Jon Voight. Serving the brew is Kate Millett, your friendly buxom bar maid.

Kate recognizes James and Fred as the two old cowhands who had set up a cowboy commune on a small stretch of land in West Virginia. But the commune hit bad times. Apparently a large manufacturing plant had needed that particular piece of land, it had a creek running through it, in order to build a bugey making plant. The commune was duly expropriated. Kate, realizing that James and Fred were left penniless by this venture, and instilled with the Western Ethic of "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need" gave the two cowpokes two brews for the price of one.

Voight the Bartender, upon seeing this brazen act of charity directed towards a known transvestite with his toe-tapping fag dancer friend, all toe-tapping dancers are fags, told Kate that she was finished at Grossmans and that she should hang up her garter. He then took back the two jugs of draught.

"Indian-giver!" yelled Kate. "Wench!" retorted Voight as he pinched Kate on the bum.

James incensed by the actions of this bum chauvinist whipped out his pistol and dechavuinised Voight with one bullet.

An uneasy air spread throughout the bar. The sheriff was beckoned to the scene of the crime. And in

struts John Wayne, grand marshall of the state of West Virginia and the only lay man in the country with a sheriff's badge in the form of an Oscar. He stares at the crowd.

"Howdy friends and neighbours. My name is John Wayne and I won the Academy Award. Make no mistake about that! I did win the Academy Award. And I say there must be law and order. And I will punch anyone who tries to stop me."

As with most political criminals,

the two desperadoes headed south for the Mexican border. Soon afterwards John Wayne and five hundred deputies (apparently the two political desperadoes constituted quite a threat to the state, and hence the big posse) arrived at the border.

"Say boss," muttered one of the deputies being played by Woody Allen, "It is against the law for us to go into Mexico."

"You are telling me what's law," gasped John "Why it is for Latin America's sake that we are

breaking the law. We will trample every inch of this great Latin America with our 2,004 hoofbeats if we have to. We must save beautiful Latin America from the grip of violent, anarchistic cowboys."

Well, it is at this point in the story that I shall leave you. After all, if you are going to wait in line for a half hour, and pay \$2.25 the least you should get is a surprise ending. This Mike Nichols extravaganza is fittingly enough, required viewing for Soc.Sc. 172 and Pol.Sc. 300C and 306. Do go see this flick. It is socially relevant.

## Canadian sports share culture

During the current debate on EXCALIBUR's stand on the Americanization issue Edwin Rothschild, graduate sociology, criticized EXCALIBUR for its coverage of Canadian issues. He concluded by saying: "These (American Imperialism, sex, sports, entertainment) are crucial relevant issues, but somehow they reek of America."

This reporter feels that Mr. Rothschild's comments on the coverage of Canadian issues is valid. However, the comment on sports is an indication of what the news pages of this paper have been saying: that new American professors and others from other nations are ignorant of Canadian culture.

Sports are an important part of both American and Canadian cultures; they are a part of the culture of every group on this globe. Sports are a vital part of campus life in both the United States and Canada — but there is a great difference between the American attitude to sport and the Canadian attitude to sport.

A frightening report on how far American sport has fallen with the malaise in the United States appears in an article by James Toback, Longhorns and Longhairs, in the November 1970 issue of Harpers.

Toback's picture of the University of Texas football team shows how the U.S. right has taken football as a symbol.

In the University of Texas there is everything that is symptomatic of U.S. problems — the racism toward the black footballer, longhaired quarterback, Darrell Royal, a disciplinarian coach against long hair and Frank Erwin a member of the UT Board of Regents who called the police when students and faculty demonstrated against the cutting down of trees when the university planned to expand the football stadium.

All the hate, all the fear, all the wrongs of the U.S. are seen, in miniature, on the gridiron of the University of Texas and for this to happen in sports is frightening to a Canadian.

This microcosm of America on the football field comes because of the place of sports in American culture. Baseball, basketball and football are symbols of the American way. Joe Namath, the small town boy who made good as quarterback of the New York Jets is a modern hero.

The gridder is called All-American; up to 90,000 attend college football games which are covered by television, radio and press. Middle Americans, characterize the athlete as upstanding; radicals characterize him, often unfairly, as a 'jock'.

Canadians, who are easy going, have an easy going attitude toward sports. Its not a national institution, its recreation for the player and spectator.

Canada invented football. The first game was played between McGill and British troops in 1865; the first college game was played between McGill and Harvard in 1874. (The overpublicized Princeton-Rutgers match in 1869 was a game of soccer, called sleepy by the Harvard Magenta in comparison to our game.)

Frank Shaugnassy, the coach of McGill, who did as much to build Canadian football as Knut Rockne did for the U.S. at Notre Dame, is almost forgotten today. Our hockey heroes, Bobby Hull, Gordie Howe and Bobby Orr are not heroes in the same way as Babe Ruth or Mickey Mantle are demi-gods in the U.S. Heroes, yes, but in subtly different way.

Sports to most Canadians are simply games for fun. The York sports programme is geared to all the students who care to try and participate. On the football team, the hockey team, the basketball team there is that difference in attitude of players and fans that separates them from their American counterparts.

Mr. Rothschild's comments on Americanization, as an American, are a valuable and relevant view of the issue from one angle.

Mr. Rothschild and others, however, should refrain from throwing out criticism on things they know nothing about.

Robin Rowland  
EXCALIBUR, sports

have you heard about the *Bargain Barn?*

THE STORE WITH THE DIFFERENCE and THE DIFFERENCE IS *PRICE!*

WHAT WILL YOU FIND AT THE *Bargain Barn?*

CO-ORDINATED SPORTSWEAR, DRESSES, SUITS, JEWELLERY AND FASHION ACCESSORIES. BRAND NAME 1st. QUALITY MERCHANDISE AT THE FOLLOWING SAVINGS:

Fall outdoor PANTS SUITS  
Reg. \$40.00  
**\$28.00**

Assorted Wool and Corduroy Solid or striped FLARED HIPSTERS  
Reg. \$15.00 to \$20.00  
**\$10.99 to \$13.99**

Assorted brand names DOUBLE KNIT PANT SUITS  
Reg. \$40.00 to \$60.00  
**\$25.00 to \$36.00**

Acrylic PULLOVERS  
Reg. \$10.00  
**\$4.99**

BLOUSES Assorted colours  
Reg. \$14.00  
**\$5.99 to \$9.99**

All Wool Fringed in assorted colours PONCHOS  
Reg. up to \$30.00  
**\$12.00 to \$15.00**

NO SECONDS unless STATED as SUCH!

Our two locations: *Bargain Barn*  
1178 KENNEDY ROAD (1 Block North of Lawrence)  
Telephone 757-4660  
Mon. - Fri. 12-9 Sat. 10-6

756 WILSON AVENUE (2 Blocks West of Dufferin)  
Telephone 636-5312  
Mon. - Fri. 12-9 Sat. 9-4