

ORCHESTRA

The University Symphony Orchestra will be getting itself together again this year on the night of Monday, September 27 from 8:00 to 10:00 in Room 142 of SUB.

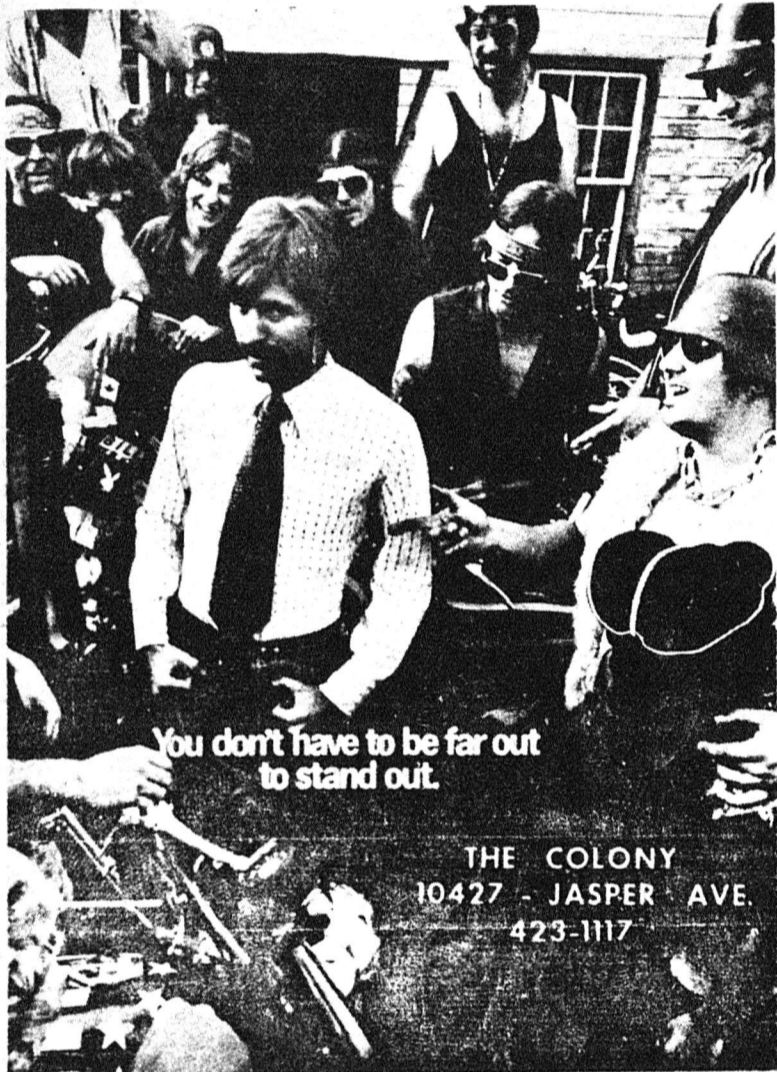
The orchestra will be run along different lines this year and its program will differ markedly from that in previous years.

For one thing, there are no concerts planned for this year—unless the membership decides otherwise. That's the keynote for the organization of the orchestra this year, what the members themselves want.

The orchestra is being set up to provide more personal enjoyment for each individual member. Members will choose whether they want the orchestra to remain or split into smaller ensembles, they will decide what music they want to play, and they will decide when they want to play it—attendance is not compulsory.

Ted Kardash will again be conducting the orchestra.

So if you're interested in orchestral music, why don't you check out the orchestra Monday night and maybe give it a try?



You don't have to be far out to stand out.

THE COLONY
10427 - JASPER AVE.
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COFFEE SPOONS

by David Schleich

They still won't believe me. Four times now I've had my eyes examined. I even had them give me more long and boring psychological examinations. They insist I'll be all right if I only try to co-operate, to see things a little more objectively.

— Take a rest, they advised. Too much strain.

For a while now I've been accepting the idea that perhaps the stuff really wasn't oil.

— Where does it happen? Dr. Sinder asked me.

— On Tuesdays in the law school cafeteria and sometimes on Fridays in the basement of Assiniboia Hall.

— But really now, oil? Are you sure it isn't honey, or perhaps some sort of clear, thick tea? Or maybe it's beer they're drinking. They could be drinking beer, you know.

— No, damn it. Not only can I see the stuff, I can smell it as well. Look. You put in a dime and the machine spits out oil. Just like Pepsi Cola if you please. Those guys chug-a-lug the stuff like they were dying of thirst or rusty hinges.

— Surely it makes them ill? Do they wretch?

— No! That's what makes me scared. They go sit down with the stuff and slurp! it's gone. They get up, all at once and then, single file, out the door. The smell of oil is left everywhere.

Even Dr. Sinder laughed. Gave me some pills.

Finally I went to see old Dr. Fangel, the head of the psychiatric wing at the hospital. I came early. He didn't seem to mind. Everything was very relaxed. He sent for his secretary. We had been talking for about an hour when she came into his office.

— Some coffee for this young man Miss Threinwun.

— And for you sir, she asked the Doctor?

— The usual, he answered. Is it time?

— Yes sir, she answered, and flowed out of the room.

— Now, where were we, he continued. Oh yes . . .

and we talked for some time before the secretary came back carrying a tray, two cups, both steaming hot.

The phone rang. Doctor Fangel spoke for a moment and then left the office. I could see he was talking to his secretary. Then another man came into the outer office. They shook hands and began talking. I turned to my coffee absently. It was then that I noticed the strange colour of the Doctor's coffee. The odd smell lured me closer. I picked the cup up. Clear, hot, thick, greasy, yellowish — smelled like oil! But I wasn't absolutely convinced. I sipped at it. OIL! Hot, thick, three-in-one oil.

I ran wildly, madly, confused, lonely, desperate from the Doctor's office. When I picked myself up after running into the secretary near her desk I turned only for a second, long enough to see that she was on the floor, hurt or something, smoking at the mouth, sparks from her nose sprinkling all over the carpet.

LENNON

With the release of his first album, *Plastic Ono Band*, Lennon had little difficulty in surpassing the premiere solo efforts of the other ex-Beatles. And again with his new release, *Imagine*, he seems to be en route to a second round victory.

Whether it is coincidence or not, the timely releasing of his recordings has been effective. An enclosed photo of Lennon grasping the ears of a pig leaves no doubt that it is a put-down of Paul McCartney's *Ram* LP. His distaste for Paul is not concealed in the material either, as in the cut "How Do You Sleep?"

There is good variation in the music as more care has been used to produce a more earnest attempt. Nicky Hopkins' fluent piano supplements Lennon's own and George Harrison contributes with guitar. A string section backs up the group on many cuts — a device made popular by the Beatles — and this has varied effectiveness.

The lyrics are basically simple yet they are very powerful. Poetry is a word which well describes Lennon's style of writing. The overall impression of the lyrics leaves me feeling that Lennon has stepped down a bit from his personal tower of martyrdom to one where he issues more generalized but still venomous statements. Many songs are excellent ("Crippled Inside", "Gimme Some Truth", "How Do You Sleep?") and confirm the once-held concept that Lennon was the Beatles. Only a couple could use more polish ("It's So Hard", "Jealous Guy") but all together, the performance is very good.

The opinion as to why Lennon's first album did not "go" is varied, but certainly *Imagine* should gain its due recognition. If you have always liked John Lennon's work, both with the Beatles and solo, then you are sure to enjoy this album.

— Sandy Campbell

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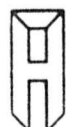
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TAKE TWO

In the total absence of any new films in town worth talking about, I'd like to make some further comments on two of my previous reviews: a response perhaps to some of those who have looked at me with bewilderment and said, "Scobie, we haven't been seeing the same film!"

Incidentally, I might point out that it is a bit odd that Edmonton theatres should have brought together two films about which I have such extreme views, one way and the other, as *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Carnal Knowledge*. I don't normally go around touting films as "America's greatest", and I am fully aware that this kind of rave review often raises an audience's expectations so high that they are bound to be disappointed. This is especially true of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, which in some ways does not really open out its splendours until at least a second viewing.

That is one of the dangers of reviewing. Another is that, for reasons of space, some passages get cut out of your reviews. I'd like to take this opportunity to

restore a few lines which had to be dropped from the middle of my review of *Carnal Knowledge*.

"What is most puzzling about Nichols' success with the present generation is that his films are all based upon a hatred and loathing of human sexuality. He has never been able to present a convincing female character. As soon as the situation develops to the point where further development would mean an effort of sympathetic emotional understanding, Nichols abandons his characters and retreats into making slick, shallow satirical points. This is clearly illustrated by his treatment of Mrs. Robinson in *The Graduate*, and again by his cynical abandonment of all the main female characters in *Carnal Knowledge*."

This passage may be in part an answer to the argument that Nichols' characters, although certainly disgusting, are realistic, and that Nichols is doing a good job in presenting them. I would like to make two responses to this argument, both of which evoke

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