



*Brilliant attend — even this harmonious stage
And listen to those notes which charm the eye
Thus shall your taste in Sounds & Sense be shown
And Beggar's Opera ever be your own*

Photo by Ron Ward

ART 18th century england

By ALAN ANNAND

The Beaverbrook Art Gallery is hosting an exhibition of 54 prints documenting the state of the theatre in 18th Century England. English theatre, which suffered a decline in the Civil War and its aftermath, enjoyed a revival in the early 18th Century. New theatres were built to replace those destroyed and royal charters were granted to support and protect the newly emergent theatrical scene. David Garrick, a prominent actor of the period, was instrumental in the fostering of a fresh theatrical culture, particularly through his management of the new Drury Lane Theatre, to which he brought the best actors and actresses to perform current plays and the inevitable Shakespearean rep-

ertoire. This exhibition features prints of several character poses of the prominent actors and actresses of the period, as well as prints of theatrical paintings by William Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds and a number of other established painters of the time. Among these is the famous "The Beggar's Opera" by Hogarth, in which the immensely popular piece, turned down by the Drury Lane Theatre, is satirized. Included also in the exhibit are a number of poster advertisements for popular performances, as well as correspondences among theatre personalities.

The exhibit will run until October 14. Gallery hours are 12 p.m. to 7 p.m.



ARSEN EN FEE

MOVIE VALACHI PAPERS

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

Once upon a time, there was a guy named Mario Puzo and he wrote a great little book about a wonderful little organization named the Mafia. It was a heart-warming story and everybody loved it, and everybody thought, "look how they love each other, they can't be all bad!" - Maybe he was a good writer or maybe his timing was really good. Whatever the reason, it sparked a whole string of 'tell-it-like-it-is' (supposedly) scoops on the lives (and deaths) of the members of the Cosa Nostra. Then there were the Senate Committee Hearings on Organized Crime and a Mafiosi named Joseph Valachi who testified, in return for protection. Peter Maas picked up the story, wrote a book "The Valachi Papers" and got noticed. Terence Young brought it to the screen for Columbia Pictures and "The Valachi Papers" finally came to the Gaiety Theatre. And this is what this review is all about.

Charles Bronson provides a brilliant portrayal of Joseph Valachi, a small-time hoodlum who works his way into the confidence of New York's most prominent but not always respected members of the local chapter of the Cosa Nostra. On the run from an assured 'stretch in the pen' after a somewhat unsuccessful 'silk factory' job, he is taken under the wing of Dominick Petrilli and hired as chauffeur to Tony Bender and himself. Maranzano, the 'Boss of Bosses', likes Valachi's initiative and so Joe becomes a 'Soldier' and chauffeur to one of the Boss' top men who eventually gets murdered during a gun warfare. The feud is between, on one hand, Guiseppe Masseria & Lucky Luciano, and on the other, Salvatore Moranzano. And the fight is for 'control' of some very profitable 'protection' rackets. The war (like so many since) is somewhat endless blood-bath thanks to the Mafia soldiers' fanatic obsession with messing up their victims beyond recognition. A truce is finally agreed upon as Masseria and Luciano return to the fold and a new division of

'territories' is put into effect. Peace is of short duration though, as the former foes plot secretly to do away with each other, a scheme which will cost Maranzano his precious life. After the murder, Valachi & Petrilli hire on with Luciano (the Boss) and Genovese (the Underboss) as 'collectors'. However, Vito Genovese does not like the 'under' part of his title and so Lucky is picked up on a tip from an 'anonymous' informer and put away for life.

The way is now clear for 'Don Vito' who will rule the Mafia in New York for the remainder of Valachi's life. He is quite ruthless in his dealings with friends and foes alike, eliminating every possible obstacle to achieve his goals and satisfy his great ego. He will have a simple pigeon-loving man that he never met, executed for only being married to a re-headed burlesque nymphomaniac (played by Jill Ireland) he wants for himself. Leaving for Naples, when the heat gets too high for comfort, Genovese leaves behind his 'bitch-in-heat' and his second, Albert Anastasia, to look in on things for him. Anastasia quickly uses this opportunity to satisfy his cannibalistic thirst for blood and the 'direct bosses' are left each to their own initiative. Valchi buys a restaurant as a 'legit' business front and settles down to do business as usual (by this time he is married and has a young son) and Don Vito's doll goes back to the circuit.

Genovese returns unexpectedly from Naples and flies into a destructive rage as he notices how disorganized the whole outfit has become. Heads start rolling and more disappearances are reported as Don Vito decides to clean up his organization and free it from parasites and undesirables. He is later arrested on a charge of 'possession of narcotics' and end up behind bars swearing to get revenge on Tony Bender and Joseph Valachi, who he believes to be responsible for the drug plant. After Bender disappears mysteriously, Valachi appeals unsuccessfully to Don Vito for his life and finally turns to the police

for protection. In return for the safety of his wife and child, he agrees to testify before the Senate Committee investigating organized Crime. And that, in a nutshell, was the story of Joseph Valachi as told by Peter Maas in "The Valachi Papers".

A stomach-turning bloodbath, the movie offers little, if any, entertainment, and that's a pity. It's a real story for the most part and I guess reality is not always a pleasant sight. But I must protest at the quantity and quality of 'action' offered to the viewers in this publicity-hungry cop-out. I'm thinking right now of the scene in which a close friend of Valachi arrives at his restaurant, on the run from Don Vito's boys (he has been playing around with the boss' dame). When he is finally discovered by the 'execution team', he is castrated in a scene befitting "The Clockwork Orange" and then left to bleed to death. But Valachi succumbs to the pleadings of his friend and finally shoots him, supposedly out of pity. I truly don't believe such a scene needed the coverage it received, if sensationalism was not the main objective of the director. I believe that those who are responsible for the quality of entertainment offered on the screen these days and those who have a say in what scripts are going to be brought to the screen should distinguish between realism and tasteless, revolting barbarity. I admit that life is not all roses in sight or in smell but I refuse to be on the receiving end of somebody's sadistic idea of how a 'real' story should be put to celluloid. Diarrhoea and vomituration are also a very 'real' part of life, as those of you who have experienced either or both do know, but I don't think it should be spread across the screen for sensationalism's sake. And that's what killed "The Valachi Papers", a movie that could have been better if someone had remembered to leave something to the imagination. It started as an interesting an engrossing piece of film and it turned out as another cheap violence and horror-filled 'true story'. Pity. Restricted to sadist-minded thrill seekers.

BOOK CANAJAN EH?

By DERWIN GOWAN

In this book of Canada, Mark M. Orkin wittily and brilliantly illustrates some of Canada's most talked about and laughed about institutions, people, "nash null he rows", and "hiss tree". He says it's simple to spot a "Canajan", even amongst "Mare Cans", by simply listening. If you listen carefully, you will discover "Canajan" is different from American and English, the language telling alot about customs, history, and culture of "Canajans".

Take, for example, "the great Canajan monosyllable — eh", and its twenty different uses described by Orkin, not to mention historical figures such as "Sham Plane" and "Sir John Eh", and "paul tishuns" like the "Soak Reds" — all irreverently illustrated by Isaac Bickerstaff.

Orkin is well fitted to expound

French and English Canadian ways, being that he is at home in both languages. He was born in Winnipeg, brought up in Ottawa, where he worked for the department of External Affairs. He is now a lawyer in Toronto. He is the author of "Speaking Canadian English" and "Speaking Canadian French". A Queen's Counsel, the holder of several law degrees, including Master of Law and Doctor of Jurisprudence, Orkin has also lectured and written on legal subjects.

Isaac Bickerstaff is the pen-name of Don Evans, the Toronto illustrator whose works appear in "Canajan, Eh?", as well as other Canadian publications. He was born in Toronto in 1936 and was educated at the University of Western Ontario. In 1963, he was awarded the Ottawa Journal Trophy for best editorial cartoons in a Canadian university student newspaper.



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