

aren't two languages for the different generations."

But language-meaning is not outside time. As Alex says himself, "Slang expressions have a way of becoming hackneyed fairly rapidly." So surely it is easy to realize that expressions used at one time change when used later. You won't get today's news out of yesterday's newspaper. So if, like me, you don't even know where "Harry Rosen's" is (that's where Alex gets the inside on language), be at peace. I think it doesn't matter.

Mr. Cramer calls us "status seekers" for coming up with new language. But after a few sentences on the topic he softens up and comes up with a few to show off himself, complete with example sentences. Of course he's not seeking status or anything.

And now, Mr. Cramer on "radical politics". He says, "I have little to say here that Godard hasn't said already in La Chinoise." But the people in La Chinoise are Europeans, not North Americans. They do not have the all-pervading electric popular culture which we have. And, in terms of wealth and comfort, they do not share our freedom from scarcity (if not need) of basic necessities. But those two main factors alone make an ocean of difference.

If Alex sees us as those in La Chinoise, there is much he doesn't understand. Beyond this, Mr. Cramer complains, if I understand him correctly, of a general wishy-washiness about "the radical students" commitment and involvement. But why does he put their interest down? To understand politics you gotta do some politics. Don't you want them to understand politics Alex? You're not afraid that, whatever fools they make of themselves, they may come to understand it better than you, I trust. If politics means something like power with a vision (as in "beautiful plan", or "dream") then it's not all that clear what the proper approach to politics is these days, is it? I can conceive of a few unavoidable mistakes getting made. Figuring it out seems to give some of the great perceptive minds such as McLuhan, Dylan, Marcuse a few problems.

So why not York students? I have a few questions for Mr. Cramer: Who has more power-with-a-vision, Ricky Nixon or rock musicians? Can one man represent 20 million men? Can one man represent one man, and if so, in what sense? Who has more power-with-a-vision, York Students' Council or Excalibur? Is John Diefenbaker comedy or politics? What's the connection between fashion and history? Is official politics superficial? What is the difference between psychological power and physical power, and who has which? The answers to these questions are not easily arrived at or agreed upon by many people. People who have not yet begun to ask them are obviously in still more of a fog. But that these questions may be asked indicates that politics, just the concept, is not well known or seen right around now. Does Alex Cramer have the answers?

There is one area of the life we are living which Mr. Cramer brings up and puts down in many of the articles he has written this year. And his "Myth of the Generation Gap" has another flog at the old dead horse. It's all about this matter of the horrible ridiculous clothing we insist upon wearing. Here's how it comes out in his present article:

"In trying to be hip you only put facades between you and others. Perhaps if we take off our bandanas, mustaches, sunglasses, and cowboy boots, we can also take off our masks."

Forget it, Alex. No amount of hollaring and insults about our clothing and props is going to convince us that you know better what's best for us to wear. They are wasted words, except that they do convey the odd bit of information about you. Don't you see how arbitrary it is? Why stop at bandanas, mustaches, sunglasses, and cowboy boots? Why not take it all off? Why not climb in a lampshade and have a Rolls-Royce sandwich? I don't care how Alex Cramer dresses I guess that's his own business. But he does wear clothes. When are you going to take off the facade, Alex? Why are my clothes a facade if yours aren't? Is there some rule to determine this? Everybody has a style, just as every content has a form. You cannot be styleless. But of course you can be so imperceptive as to not be aware of that fact. Alex Cramer's dress and appearance has a style whether he wants it or not. He wants to make rules about clothing and that sounds pretty funny from here. Is this the army? Or the business world? Or an English boarding school?

Has Mr. Cramer ever heard this phrase, quoted by Susan Sontag: "To be natural is such a very difficult pose to keep up." Or this, from Donovan, "So many different people to be that it's strange, it's very, very strange." Or this, from Oscar Wilde: "It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible." Can he understand the ideas here? If Alex saw the movie, *Negatives*, he will remember the cat who was the old English murderer and rapist, Crippen, for a while. And then on the persuasion of a sado-dyke from the fatherland he became von Richthoffen, of the Great War. But this bugs his girlfriend who finally screams, "A haircut and an aeroplane, that's all! You haven't changed! You're still Crippen!"

Is she right, Alex? That is what we're trying to find out, too. We don't know who we are, but we're not afraid to experiment with this matter. The politics are trying to find out who's running them on the outside. We're trying to find out who's running us on the inside. Note only does Mr. Cramer put us down for these investigations — which is pretty stupid — he also puts us down for avoiding "self-confrontation", which is exactly what we're up to.

To say he doesn't understand somehow seems to fall short. It is very tempting to be as personally critical and insulting of Mr. Cramer's life as he is of ours. His talk of "masks" is right out of some paranoid Russian cat in a Dostoevsky novel. Can't he see that there are probably about five people in the world without masks, and all of them levitating or what-have-you. Mr. Cramer's authoritarian bullying has no doubt set back a few of the more sensitive people around here, and I don't know what to say about that.

I have not enjoyed writing this, and I hope it has not really been necessary. I would like to have read Mr. Cramer's article, grunted, and gone on to the Sports page and everything. Unfortunately that was impossible. The point I expect to have made is that Alex Cramer's recent article, "The Myth of the Generation Gap", is shit. My motivation in writing this has been (a) to defend myself and fellow-students from the intentional (if unjustified) insults of Mr. Cramer; (b) to indirectly cause the question to be raised why Excalibur ever printed Mr. Cramer's article.

Alex says the real gap is between people, and yes I do believe it's true.

Leather

Leather is the most progressive and talented local band I have ever heard.

The Excalibur music staff, which is always searching for new and unknown talent, discovered this group playing for a paltry sum in a hole that calls itself Club El Patio.

Leather performs strictly original material that borrows from classical and jazz forms. Philip Mandel, pianist and chief writer, says, "We are attempting to express the same mood as classical music, but through different modes."

Singer Orpheus gets completely swept up in the tornado of sound emanating from bassist Bob Fleming, lead guitarist Paul Naumann, drummer Rick Lyon, and Mandel. Often, Orpheus resorts unconsciously to hysterical laughing and screaming. Otherwise, he has a rich, powerful voice.

With the talent Leather possesses, they will undoubtedly be very successful internationally within a year. Even Bernie Finkelstein, who has had productive results with the Paupers and Kensington Market, has recognized their potential by becoming their manager.



Photo by Jeff Plewman

Leather's two groovy guitarists: Bob Fleming on bass and Paul Naumann on lead.

Poetry for the people

by David McCaughna

If you should happen to be wandering up Yonge Street, right above Bloor, any time in the next week or so chances are that you will see a rather strange billboard in the parking lot across from the Isaacs Gallery.

This billboard isn't your ordinary Coke or new car ad. This billboard isn't trying to get you to buy anything, or listen to any particular radio station, or read any paper.

This billboard is a poem. Five lines of a poem, to be exact, signed by Michael Segal.

Michael Segal is a first-year Founders student who writes poems and wants people to read them. And what better way to get your poetry read than by putting it up on a billboard on the busiest street in Toronto??

"I've been writing poetry for four or five years," explains Segal, "and people are always saying 'Why don't you publish it'. But it is such a big hassle to go through the printing bit. And, anyway, I'm sick of the book form for poetry. I'm sort of experimenting with the printed word."

Segal, with the help of friends, was able to raise \$150 to rent the billboard from the E. L. Ruddy Billboard Co. It will only be up for two weeks, but in that time Segal will be able to test the reactions of passers-by.

"The idea came to me while riding the subway," he says. "I was reading the ads and the idea came to me that this would be a good way for me to get across what I want to do."

Surprisingly, the E. L. Ruddy Co. was extremely interested in Segal's idea and gave him a great deal of help. John Weir, their creative director, spent hours of time explaining to the poet how his poem would go on public view.

Segal feels that his type of poetry is well suited to billboard display. "I write primarily in imagery; almost in pure imagery and this lends itself well to the billboard. At the moment I'm experimenting in what can be done with taking poetry out of the book form and making it physical."

"The kind of work I do seems to leave people with a feeling rather than an idea. I don't write poems of the usual genre... like love poetry or protest poetry. I'm sick of the protest stuff. The 'I'm f.ked up, the world is f.ked up' sort of thing. My poetry leaves people with a picture in their minds."

Segal has been giving poetry reading in high schools recently and is now planning his next move.

"If this one billboard goes off I have planned a whole series of billboards throughout the city and I will provide people with a map which will allow them to move from one billboard to another. I would like to rent a helicopter this summer and fly lines of poetry all over the city. You could even call what I'm doing a campaign to beautify Toronto."

Segal admits that he wants to make a name for himself and feels that his direct approach of bringing poetry out into the open is a much more realistic and stimulating way than publishing in obscure journals and books.

"I'm thinking in terms of involvement," he says. "I'm providing the materials and allowing people to make the poem themselves."

Segal has grand and unique ideas on how to bring poetry into the fresh air. He spoke of taking a huge skyscraper, like the Toronto-Dominion Centre, and having it papered and then putting his poetry and drawings on it. He has also considered renting a billboard and just putting a mirror on it and also of some type of musical billboard.

"I think my poetry is fun. I think that poetry can be a helluva lot of fun. But money is my main problem in allowing me to do what I want to do."

Already, since the poem went up on the billboard last weekend, Segal has been getting reactions from people who stop and read it. One man copied the poem down, explaining that he wanted to take it back to the USA with him and show his friends because "There isn't anything like this down there."

One woman equated the poem with the experience of pregnancy while another turned down Segal's offer to sell the billboard to her for \$300 because she didn't care for the colour the poem was in.

"The most important thing about poetry," says Segal, "is not to give a message or to try and tell people how to r their lives. The most important thing is to be able to give people a feeling... for people to be aware of themselves a the world in their own terms. If I do ever publish a book my poetry it will be a book of photographs of the bi boards."

Pretty poison, yet another 'undiscovered' movie

by Roy Skule

When *Pretty Poison* was released, it was casually dismissed by many critics as just another "B" movie with a flashy title and an empty plot. Only a few critics looked, thought and then praised.

But that's all been changed now. The reviews are getting warmer and more frequent as the critics realize that this low-budget film has more intelligence and significance than it seems.

The plot is deceptively simple. A young man takes a job in a small town. He meets a beautiful student who carries the flag in her school band. They date, they kiss, they fall in love. Sweet.

Then the game begins. The handsome young man demolishes his factory's bridge. The beautiful student calmly beats in the night watchman's head, then, as an extra precaution, holds his struggling body under water.

The lover suddenly realizes that his sweetheart is a paranoid monster. "Kill the watchman" turns into "Let's Murder Mama". The game ends with "How to Dump the Corpse".

Tony Perkins, as the frustrated prisoner on parole, acts with sensitivity and control. Tuesday Weld is horrifyingly effective as the "nice girl."

Director Noel Black jabs skillfully at the morality of American society. Willingness to accept only the seemingly obvious is the rule. But the pretty poison remains unnoticed. It lurks under a smooth facade, constantly sucking in fresh victims.

The message is fired with precision and control. The point is short, but it does sting.