

CHUM

PRESENTS

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Hollywood cuteness makes Oliver candy floss!

by David Schatzky

OLIVER!

I've waited a long time for the screen version of OLIVER! It's a Broadway musical which originated in London's West End, about the only one coming from there to make it big. Lionel Bart wrote the book, lyrics and music, using Dickens' *Oliver Twist* as his source. He created a stage play with character, atmosphere and sparkle. He was criticized, of course, for tampering with Dickens' rather uncompromising social consciousness, and rendering the bittersweet Victorian contrasts into candy floss, but the brilliant sombreness of the B'way sets and lighting managed to offset the sentimentality. Unfortunately, the film is not quite so balanced.

The music is delightful as ever. As Long as He Needs Me, Consider Yourself at Home, I'm Reviewing the Situation, Who Will Buy, Where is Love, You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two, I'd Do Anything, all these and more are all sung and staged with zip and enthusiasm and tremendously intricately co-ordinated choreography.

Also, the performances of most of the principals are very fine and entertaining. As Fagin, Ron Moody steals not only handkerchiefs and jewels, but the show. His right hand boy is The Artful Dodger, and the youngster portraying him is as skilful as any Music Hall veteran of the Gay Nineties. Hugh Griffiths is inebriated, as usual, in a hilarious cameo of a confused magistrate. Shani Wallace, Nancy, is so-so in the ear-

ly part of the film, but later develops the guts and hardness needed to identify her as a low-life character. It's a pity, but the most that can be said for Oliver himself is that he's cute. He lacks the spontaneity necessary to make his role or situation plausible, and no matter what situation he finds himself in, he approximates a shy grin.

As pure entertainment OLIVER! succeeds absolutely. It is picturesque, fast-paced, cheerful, teary, sweet and awe-full. It is artistically superior to MARY POPPINS, and more meaningful than THE SOUND OF MUSIC.

Despite all that is enjoyable in the film, one must blame Sir Carol Reed for contriving production numbers that echo GOLD DIGGERS of 1933 or a Nelson Eddy epic. I can live

without London Bobbies in ballet slippers.

Sir Carol's strength has always been the controlled dramatic line and the simple camera technique. It's a shame he decided to abandon that in favour of Hollywood cuteness. If properly handled, the scene in which Nancy is killed would make even the most hard-hearted member of the audience cry. If well done, our hearts would be in our mouths when Oliver has to work for the undertaker. If made more realistic, the Workhouse would seem more Hellish than Hell. But always the director has substituted whimsy and caricature for candour and portraiture. For a slice of life, see FACES; but what the dickens, for a sugary romp, revel in OLIVER!

Argh! Mac's coffee shop opens

by Richard Levine

Argh, McLaughlin's new coffee shop opened a week ago, with an Argh Coffee Shop Official Reception and Opening. Since this was the perfect opportunity to speak to its student managers a quietly anonymous Excalibur crew was there.

Argh is near the Mac JCR, in 51 McLaughlin basement. Once, it was an ordinary room with white walls and a mauve carpet. That's all been changed now. An emergency exit and the kitchen off to one side, have been hidden by burnt-orange hangings. The other walls are covered by floating white and black curtains, and square wooden tables with good, solid chairs fill the central area of the room.

Argh was designed for versatility, according to manager Don Cole (MII). "While it is a student-run coffee shop, I see no reason why it can't cater to small faculty dinners, or, during the summer months, supply a service for conferences. It's a coffee and donuts operation now,

layout# 65. Actually we are really quite human around here. Claire P. even got disgusted with sports, Tony takes advice, and the other one (B.) is smiling. A few notes: Don McKay is back. Also, the reason the design of the front page changes is that we are experimenting. Any suggestions? Send to Excalibur layout dept. P.S. Staff meeting Monday at 5:00 p.m.

but with an infra-red cooking unit in the kitchen area (behind those curtains) we could be on our way.

"By the way, Argh means 'to hesitate'" (Ed. note. Don is wrong. Oxford English Dictionary lists current meanings as "cowardly, timid" or "inert, sluggish". Oh, well)

Leaving Don to replenish his energy at the cheese counter, this reporter bumped into Elisabeth Miller and Leon Wagshal (entertainment and music managers). "We plan to have more than just pop-rock. There'll be Aretha Franklin, Bach and even Ravi Shankar. It will all be on tapes and played back — quietly."

Incidentally, anyone who wants to work at Argh is welcome, but Bill Boyle (staff manager) says "honest" help only need apply. Free coffee and donuts given to friends often means a large financial loss. Bill is also determined to keep Argh clean from the very beginning.

Bev Spencer (food manager) and Peter Magnus (business) complete the operation.

For those interested in technical details, all Argh profits are ploughed back into the operation, but for those interested in pouncing on illicit and scandalous college graft, forget it. McLaughlin Council can order the books

opened if it wants.

Dr. Tatham, Master of McLaughlin, was at the reception, along with college council presidents, Mac Fellows, friends, etc., to pay homage to the months of work that went into Argh, and to celebrate another successful York enterprise.

ADDENDUM: This reporter, with a pretty girl in tow, made a flying check of Argh just before press time. Appearance? Attention to detail noted. No numerals on clock (oh, missed that). Coffee? good. Crowded? no, about 15 students and faculty (it was 3 pm.) Clean? yes, and the staff (ie Bill) regularly cleaned the tables. Music? quiet. Faults? judgement suspended for now.

We get free time but no Senators

A one-hour "free" period will be included in next year's timetable, following a decision by the University Senate last Thursday.

The one-hour period will be free for all members of the university, for use of clubs, societies and councils to hold special or regular meetings without interfering with classes. The motion was introduced by Student Senator David King (VIV), who said he hoped the hour will be permitted at a time when most of the York students are on the campus.

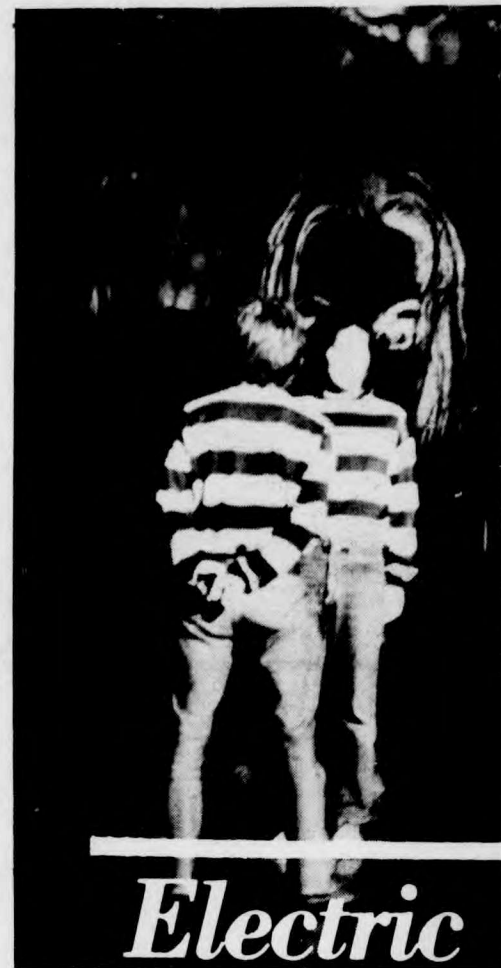
The motion met opposition from Vice-president W. Small, who said the addition of the one hour to the timetable will mean continued use of Burton Auditorium and Atkinson College, and a possible extension of the classroom day beyond 5 p.m.

At the same meeting, King's request for five more students on the senate was avoided, and a committee asked to report.

King had introduced a motion on the basis that there are five additional committees on Senate which are directly important to students, but lack any student membership.

Considerable opposition to King's motion was voiced in several sections of the senate after student senator Sue Himmer told the senate "the five are needed now, but our eventual aim is for one third students on the senate, and the other two thirds to be faculty and administration."

The possibility of additional student senators will be studied by a senate sub-committee on the Duff-Berdal report.



Electric

by Patrick Kutney and Jeff Plewman

Perhaps it would be best if the Electric Circus really was a circus and it could pack up and move out of town when all of Toronto has had enough of it. It is obvious that the Circus will not make it in Toronto, for at the official opening Friday night about 1,000 curious people showed up, less than half of the capacity.

Your two romping reporters have been down to the Circus every week since December and the excitement of the place being built was a hell of a lot greater than the actual product.

To curious fun-seekers, the element of discovery is lost in about a half-hour. Having a psychedelic play-pen is one thing, but when all the toys are manipulated for you, you tend to feel your reactions are manipulated also.

There are things at the Circus, however, that make it worthwhile. As for the dancing, there is nothing like it. There is a stereo sound system forever increasing in volume until one is completely lost in sound. The light show is worthwhile in that it is totally involving. Thirty-five slide projectors, six strobe lights, and two ultra-violet beams create unique effects on the monstrous curved walls. The lights and the music create an atmosphere so total that most people just stand back in awe.

There are a lot of conflicting factors that spell the downfall of

Jacques Brel

by Frank Liebeck

What can you say about a show that's been praised by just about every critic from here to there? Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris, still packing them into the Playhouse over on Bayview Avenue, merits its critical and box office success that Toronto so rarely gives to anyone. It seems a bit like closing the barn door after the horse has escaped, only with an opposite connotation.

Judy Lander is the girl with the beautiful hair, who wears a loose fitting blouse for obvious reasons. She puts the greatest amount of "self" into her songs, and impressed me the most. She's the girl singing the sad songs, and the mad songs. I'm sure she cries real tears. Some of the audience almost did.

Stan Porter has an excellent operatic voice, but might turn into another Robert Goulet if he doesn't watch it. Arlene Meadows and Bob Jeffrey rounded out the cast, each of them adding their own bright vigour and talent to the show.

No one is as yet tired or bored with their parts, regardless of the number of weeks that the show has been running. Enthusiasm still abounds.

What it is, is a collection of songs by Jacques Brel, with only a minimum of dialogue. There is no plot, no climax, no continuous theme. Don't expect to be torn in two. There is no such intention involved. You will go there, enjoy it, and next day you will have forgotten three-quarters of it. It has little staying power. It is transient. Two weeks from now, someone will ask what you did that Saturday night, and you will not remember. Maybe you'll hear a Jacques Brel song on the radio and say, "I remember that," and it will all come back to you. But don't count on it.