

Many stories of sensational crimes

The Toronto Sun - almost two weeks old

By JOHN OUGHTON

The Toronto Sun has risen from the ashes of the Telegram and, in its second week, is selling about 125,000 copies daily. In terms of its circulation and staff, the Sun may be judged as a mild success. It has succeeded in its two apparent aims of selling newspapers and employing a number of former Tely staffers like Paul Rimstead, Peter Worthington, Lubor Zink and Douglas Fisher.

A reading of Monday's edition of the Sun indicates, however, that at present, the Sun's only real reason for existence is financial opportunism. The Sun, according to a newspaper spokesman, is largely concerned with "Metro News". The Nov. 8 issue contained 32 pages of which 10 might be loosely considered as containing "news." By far the largest proportion of items on these pages consists of news-agency fillers from sources outside Canada.

Many of these stories are concerned with mildly sensational crimes. The fact that The Sun is influenced by such journals as The Enquirer or Midnight in more areas than its format alone, is evidenced by the inclusion in the Sun's first issue, of a gruesome photograph of a man with his hand blown off by a bomb. The few items in the Nov. 8 edition

which are concerned with Toronto are largely on crimes and court cases.

This extreme scarcity of relevant Metro news is put into perspective by the fact that no less than 12 pages in the same edition are devoted to sports. Token attempts at community involvement are made with the Sun's Action Line and a column called You Be The Judge which focusses on the tragic difficulties a Toronto man has encountered with bylaws while trying to finish his "\$8,000 backyard" pool.

Unlike established newspapers, the Sun has no statement of policy on its editorial page masthead. When questioned whether this reflected anything about the newspaper's editorial approach, a Sun spokesman stated: "We're neither left nor right." However, a newspaper can have a focus or provide a community with an important service without having a specific political bias. The Sun does not seem to be any more interested in such critical Toronto problems as unemployment and long-range transit planning than are the Star and the Globe and Mail.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge any publication harshly so soon after its conception. Toronto does need a newspaper which can, as the Sun editorial puts it, "challenge the

goliaths" of local journalism. Guerilla cannot reach the majority of people in Metro who are wary of anything labelled underground. At present, it seems obvious that the Sun will not act as an agent of social change. It requires real stones and some idea of where to point your slingshot in order to vanquish journalistic Goliaths. Cute photographs of pet dogs and Sunshine girls cannot compensate for intelligent news reporting and commentary.

There is a need for a Toronto newspaper which can discuss community issues with a viewpoint distinct from that of the social elite that Toronto Life glorifies. Perhaps the Sun can sense this need on more than a superficial level and evolve to meet it. The Telegram may not have been a very good newspaper, but unlike its publisher, it pretended to care. As it now stands, the Sun is no more than a hollow gleam in a circulation manager's eyes, printing whatever seems most likely to make it sell and failing in the process to provide any viewpoint or service not already provided by the Star or The Globe and Mail. The issues which those two revered journals ignore are unlikely to get exposure from the Sun.

Working closely with authors intent

Bathurst street church conceives Theatre-In-Camera

By SANDRA SOUCHOTTE

A viable approach to the recurrent dilemma of community involvement in an arts centre has been given priority by the new Theatre-In-Camera company at 736 Bathurst St. In co-operation with the present ministry, they have taken over Bathurst United Church and are in the process of reconstructing its ample facilities to create two theatre areas; one of which will be shared with the National Ballet Workshop. They also have a liaison with George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology which hopes to give extension course in theatre arts with Theatre-In-Camera staff as instructors and with Fanshawe College (London, Ont.) which will contribute art displays. In addition the centre will retain its Sunday congregation and church affiliated activities.

An eclectic group of entrepreneurs are responsible for the formation of Theatre-In-Camera. Drawing from a wide variety of backgrounds and interests, they share a mutual enthusiasm for theatre, music and film. Their premise of operation rests on utilizing the cohesiveness of the group as an expanding community of activity rather than internalizing it into that of an esoteric commune.

The group includes Dominique Jennings as General Manager, Joe Erickson, Tony Pearce and Simon Waegemaekers in motleyed roles as directors, translators, music authorities and general carpenters, designer Tom Doherty, costume coordinator Eileen Williams and light and sound supervisor, Wayne Karlstedt.

Theatre-In-Camera seeks to deal

with performance as craft rather than pure experiment or innovation and for this reason is working with classical materials in close approximation to the author's intent. Moliere's The Miser, inaugurates the company. The play will run until

Nov. 20 and will be followed by a production of John Osborne's, Luther.

Considering the skill required to handle the rapid repartee, quick action and verbal innuendo of Moliere's farce, a novice company

would do well to steer away from the demands of such a play. Theatre-In-Camera aimed high and fell short in their production. The first performance was indubitably flat except for the refreshing zest of Keith Mills as Master Jaques, Harpagon's

cook and coachman and occasional sparks from Allan Whiteley as Harpagon, the Miser. The scenery also, had an amateurish dullness about it, not in keeping with the potential extravagance of the play. In this case, though, I am inclined to think that opening night is far from the definitive word.

Running uncomfortably behind schedule, some of the actors were still painting scenery until just before the audience were admitted and the usual stock-in-trade, behind-the-scenes chaos appears to have been particularly unnerving. This, of course, does not excuse a bad production but I returned to the theatre a few days after the performance and was amazed to see a drastic transformation of the set, rather belatedly approaching its artistic intention. Subsequent conversation with members of the company led me to believe that the performance has been correspondingly revitalized. The painful lessons of opening night are often invaluable but whether or not they are reversible is for you to decide.

It is hard to believe that a group of committed, resourceful and talented individuals, such as these, could not contribute something to the expansion and improvement of Toronto's artistic community. If our concerns include community involvement not just as performers, students or production assistants but also as audience, then I suggest we be malleable to the process until our critical faculties produce conclusive evidence that experiments such as Theatre-In-Camera are no longer valid.

Doesn't project to audience
Bruce Cockburn - better on record

By BRIAN PEARL

One of the best ways to enjoy music is to pick some new singer or group that you like from the start and watch as talent becomes art and potential turns to genius. Four years ago a lonely-looking folksinger held a crowd of 5,000 people enthralled at Mariposa. Bruce Cockburn, after the breakup of Three's a Crowd, brought his own intensely personal material to Mariposa and all of us were moved by this gentle, unassuming talent of his for writing good poetry and good music in a clear and honest style.

Cockburn's first album was released after the Mariposa appearance and followed that same style. I began to enjoy telling friends about him and finding others who also knew Cockburn and liked his songs. Other recordings of Cockburn songs began to turn up. Going To the Country was done by several groups that were aiming for a "country" sound. Cockburn himself isn't a 'country' music singer.

Appearing at the Riverboat early last year, Cockburn showed assurance and an expanded interest in the instrumental side of folk music. He sang songs from his first album and spoke about his intentions for the next — painstaking preparations and careful studio work on each cut until the songs are just right. When he was at York last Fall he sang some of the new songs from the album he had worked on for over a year already and added to the impression I had of him as a poet-musician.

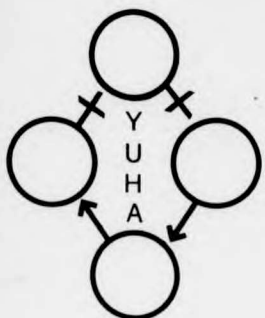
One of the ways his music has evolved is in the use of the guitar or dulcimer or piano accompaniment. Cockburn is practically a virtuoso on guitar, plays piano in a honky-tonk style and uses the dulcimer to make songs

that sound classical. The Naglers, who accompany him on the new album and who run the Canadian Folklore Centre, help him learn one new instrument each year. This year he learned the banjo (in three lessons, he said, and played a beautiful tune he wrote for banjo).

Bruce Cockburn's second album arrived this summer. Called High Winds, White Sky, it's packaged in a fine black-and-white envelope with a booklet of photos and lyrics that complements the music better than any album package I've ever seen. The new album is deeper and richer than the first and lacks none of the clarity and honesty or expressiveness. Cockburn has the knack of self-expression without depending on impact but delicacy; he still prefers faking the trumpet solo with his mouth and uses overdubbing sparingly in the album. There is a gentle instrumental near the end of the album that seems almost oriental in influence as it flows and unfolds. But the experience of listening to High Winds, White Sky defies criticism. Listen, enjoy.

Cockburn appeared at the Riverboat the week before last. His personality seemed to keep him from feeling open with the group in the coffeehouse. When he sings, he appears to sing to himself, which is great for the songs but alienates the audience. He was looser for the second set but still closed his eyes and drifted off when he sang the songs. Cockburn, I guess, can't get used to showing off to a live audience and is reluctant to share the songs with anyone in any way but through recording.

As a recording artist, Cockburn is improving constantly, but as a live performer he doesn't seem to be able to project his presence to the audience. He prefers instead to project himself into the songs, a strategy that simply doesn't work.



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