

A late medieval Monday with Shaw's St. Joan

No gang, I wasn't impressed by the Hallmark Hall of Fame production of Saint Joan on Monday night.

First we had James Daly being James Daly instead of the real Dunois, that great fiery character whose very vitality brings Shaw's play alive.

Maurice Evans did a nice bit as De Stogumber, but then he was supposed to be Peter Cauchon, and it left a sort of sour taste in the mouth.

Raymond Massey was there too, being the first senile American Inquisitor in the French Catholic church of the

fifteenth century.

On top of this, as if I wasn't disillusioned enough, there was Theodore Bikel, one of the few actor-heroes I have left, playing the magnificently pompous Robert de Baudricourt like some sort of reject method actor aspiring to project the essential nature of a shrivelled fig.

The characterizations were ugly stereotypes, the direction imposed by a heavy hand, the production patchy and incapable of holding the interest.

Out of this blight came Roddy McDowall, in my opinion the most underes-

timated actor in the world today, and he brought real life to the character of the childish, petulant, somewhat fey Dauphin. He was nothing short of magnificent. In a part that easily can be overdone or caricatured, he had perfect control.

In my opinion, it is George Schaefer, the producer-director of this fiasco, who should have been excommunicated from NBC and burned as a theatrical heretic, for allowing such dramatic blasphemy to be perpetrated.

But I suppose it was worth it to find out that Genevieve Bujold can, in her own unsure way, really act.

Julie has three lovers

John Schlesinger, who directed Julie Christie in "Darling" has put her in this new film, Far From The Madding Crowd. Whether or not he directed her in this one is a matter open to debate. Sure, she still has her come-to-bed mouth, and body, and what not, but after three hours it wears a bit thin.

I can see why Alan Bates, Peter Finch and Terence Stamp were chasing her, but they only had to look at her for a third of the time that the poor movie-goer did, and they had certain other advantages, each one of which are too fierce to mention.

Julie plays a nice type of girl, who has three lovers. Typical second year student at York. As a matter of fact, the scenes with the sheep in it reminded one an awful lot of our own green pastures to the north. You just can't trust anybody these days.

This is where Schlesinger has excelled. He has brought a feeling of the country to the screen.

These people are a part of their environment, with all its particular idiosyncrasies embedded in their souls. This was Thomas Hardy's main idea, so three cheers for Mr. Schlesinger. Nobody can help the way they are. They have no control. They are torn with the way events take them and are under a power they can't hope to cope with.

By the way, Thomas Hardy is the guy who wrote the novel, just in case you were wondering. No, he's not one of the Hardy

boys grown up and turned writer. You remember Tess Of The D'Urbervilles and The Return Of The Native, about seventy-five years ago? Good.

Hardy was an architect by profession, and all his novels show the signs of solid construction. Mr. Schlesinger is a bit more of a bricklayer I'm afraid. He probably doesn't even have an Italian accent, but maybe he goes to church. Hardy didn't.

The characters are thrown into the movie, it seems, sometimes

as a side feature. Terence Stamp has been better in The Collector and Billy Budd. Alan Bates has been better in Zorba The Greek and Georgy Gird and Peter Finch is just as good as he usually is. Take that for what it's worth.

All in all, it's a nice travelogue, a sort of Sound of Music with sex. There are no mountains, nuns or kids of course. But you can't have everything, not with the British pound the way it is. But let me tell you about Julie Christie's mouth.

Madding Crowd: Three cheers for Schlesinger

Old Bo diddles with his electric soul splitter

I am not by nature or inclination a bar-hopper, and after Saturday night's excursion, I would wonder at anyone who is.

In the stuffy sardine can known as Le Coq D'Or, Bo Diddley diddled and whined on his electric

soul splitter, backed by a hot drummer, second guitar, and two girls who looked as if they were constantly shuffling off to Buffalo.

Now Bo was just fine; the girls, well, they were just innocuous enough not to detract from the

man.

"Now listen to me baby; I am going to blow your mind. It's psychedelic time, so just sit cool and welcome our psychedelic go-go girls!" (Applause, muffled by smoke.)

Three girls made their way through the red haze to astonish the crowd (inert, and muffled by smoke), with their agility, or lack of it, and exquisitely, tasteless costumes. (One had developed a very flexible hillbilly jackknife go-go that "went-went" all over the place.) Brief applause.

Waiter appears as part of this very bad trip, jangling glasses, change, and nerves. Bo breaks for five, then brings on the stimulating climax.

Like a patient prepared for the knife, a pigtailed, double-jointed wonder girl stepped out again frocked in a pink minismock which deserted her for the slipper film of colored lights that played hallucogenic measles on her back, then front.

Gold pasties and G-string moved awkwardly in time to the music. Restrained and restricted by law, she waved her arms like a spastic Salome, dutifully non-suggestive. What a very boring and maudlin scene!

Few people paid attention—they'd seen it before, heard it before. They sat, drank, moved only to hand over money, talked about trips to Bermuda (would you like to come along?), floated in and around to the rhythm of the traffic cop disguised as a maitre d'.

Then Bo broke again. We left. The cop screamed as we made our way.

"Idiot, let them through," and the waiter let us through, past the anxious line-ups at the door of Diddley Devotees, and out into the pace of Yonge Street on a Saturday night.

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Meditate with Maharishi, and it's tax-deductible

"I used to be so neurotic I wouldn't even come out of my room," replied Jerry Stovey to a question inquiring what Transcendental Meditation had done for him. "Now I'm able to speak in public to people like you."

Mr. Stovey was the main speaker and the chairman of a panel answering questions from the audience. Approximately one hundred people had turned up for the public lecture on Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's transcendental meditation November 15.

Transcendental meditation has become the latest fad since the Beatles became disciples of Maharishi earlier this summer. Other well knowns to join the cult include Donovan, Mia Farrow and members of the Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, Grateful Dead and the Rolling Stones.

Mr. Stovey explained that the human mind was capable of various forms of thought, from the gross process of ordinary thinking to the much finer processes of subconscious thought.

Beyond this, however, lies the source of pure creative existence or Being. Being is considered to be much finer than energy and therefore, the building blocks of the universe.

The purpose of meditation is to bring the mind into contact with the blissful consciousness of Being, and expand the mind.

It causes the mind to retreat into Being and return to the surface bringing the energy produced by Being and therefore enable people to realize their full mental potential.

This is achieved by various techniques which adapted to the individual, in order that he may obtain maximum benefits. Instruction in meditation techniques requires a donation (tax deductible) of \$15 for students (\$35 in the U.S.) and three days pay for a working person (One week's pay in the U.S. and Britain).

The techniques are to be practised twice daily for approximately fifteen minutes. Meditation periods of longer than one hour are frowned upon as mind-straining.

Each contact with the Being brings it closer to the consciousness and it is believed that continued practise will eventually put a person's desires in tune with nature and in accordance with the flow of creation.

Immediate benefits are described as improved health, greater happiness and more creative intelligence.

Maharishi believes that activation of the subtler areas of the mind will tend to cure the 80% of disease that is believed to be psychosomatic.

He also believes that since being is the source of 'pure creative intelligence' contact with this absolute by the mind will naturally produce happiness.

Though being is at the source of all living things, only man's nervous system is well enough developed to enable him to meditate transcendently.

The nervous system also achieves a state of restful alertness which stabilizes the increased energy level.

Maharishi denies that transcendental meditation is a religion thought he does believe that Christ and Buddha taught the technique.

Maharishi's master was Guru Dev.

Guru Dev had lived alone in the forest for sixty years. Myths grew about animals living peacefully around him and as a result he was asked to take the northern seat, Shanharasharia Jotter Mar, the highest religious seat in India. Guru Dev died at the age of 84.

Maharishi, a student in graduate physics, saw Guru Dev in a religious parade and asked to be his disciple. He was, however, refused permission until he had finished school.

During his 13 years at Dev's feet he learned the simplified systems of transcendental meditation and set himself the goal of getting 10% of the world's population meditating in 12 years (by 1971).

Though the Beatles praise of this system has advanced him considerably toward his goal, many students especially, are aggravated by Maharishi's lack of concern in such matters as the war in Vietnam.

He has also called for respect of existing authority, and admits that most of his North American organizations are run by members of the upper middle class. Though Maharishi claims that through transcendental meditation "the youth of this age has a tool in his hand whereby he can shape this wretched world into a golden world", in the eyes of many activists he appears to be more interested in providing blissful contentment for the establishment.

Such powerful influences as the Beatles will shape the destiny of the forces unleashed through transcendental meditation.