

# MAUD'S COLUMN - this week R., despite Maud's protests, interviews the fantastic Adam Apple

by Richard Levine

R: Maud, lissome girl with candy mauve hair who never crosses her legs when she sits down, do you want anything else?

MAUD (not listening): . . . and I want a bigger picture. And I want a purple birthday cake. And a green mini-skirt. And my name in bigger letters. Because I am a girl, and girls deserve all the credit (even though I don't do anything).

R: Sure you do. You promised to introduce our surprise guest. He can sing, too. We'll talk about something different this week. There won't be any record review. By the way, did you know our many well-wishers have even suggested other improvements in the column?

MAUD: Like what?

R: Destroy it.

MAUD: Oh, that's terrible. Oh, R . . . baby-doll, face up to it. You try so hard, but you'll never get ANYONE to understand our conversations.

R: This whole business is depressing.



GIRLS, TOO?

I like this column, and it's a sad blow when someone knocks something you like.

MAUD (smiling): Girls, too? (apologetically) I'm sorry, R . . . I'll read Alice in Wonderland from now on.

R: That trash? Well, never mind. I'll have to do this without you. Cough, cough. The topic of discussion to-day is TERM TESTS.

MAUD: Am I very beautiful?

R: don't be impolite. We have with us to-day and ace reporter from Excalibur. May I introduce, Mr. Adam Apple.

CROWDS (rising from their seats, cheering wildly): Cheer, cheer, cheer.

A.A.: Thanks, good to be here.

R: Sir, I understand that you have devoted yourself to York's special liberal education, and in uncovering their revolutionary and highly secret methods of studying it.

A.A.: Watch the big words, buddy. Yes, it was a damn hard job, but, by gees, I found out the goods.

R: How?

A.A.: I had to read 500 English 101 essays. I figure the ONLY way to write

the way they do is to learn to read backwards. I mean, real backwards, like uuuurgh, uuuurrrgh, marb.

R: Fascinating. How about Hum courses.

A.A.: That was easy, son. They memorize every date from 750 B.C. to 1919.

R: You mean, the important dates.

A.A.: Wrong again, Dum-Dum. I mean every date. 750, 751, 752, 753. Lemme see, now . . . uh . . . 754. January, February, March . . .

R: I'm afraid to ask about Modes.

A.A.: Memory, sheer memory. They learn every number from one to ten

zillions. Fractions, too.

R: And Socsci?

A.A.: They psychoanalyze their profs.

Man, what a bunch of wierdos. I tried it once. Better than Mary Jane. Blew my mind right out.

R: Can you form any conceivable theory, Mr. Apple, why they study these subjects?

A.A.: The big words again. Watch it, buddy. I tell you, the Priesthood and the military are behind it. My ace reporter nose tracked down a General Ed Course, but I couldn't pin him

down to a statement. Listen, I went straight to Top Dog about this. Dr. Murray Ross, I said to him, I looked him straight in the eye. What do a poor knock-eyed freshie do to pass his life at this high-class U? Well, he kicked me out. Student activist, he called me.

Student Nigger. Claimed I was another plot to get 50 students on the Senate! Then he started crying.

R: That poor man, sometimes I think he's almost human.

A.A.: Perceptive. Very perceptive.

R: Well, thank you, Adam Apple.

A.A.: Wait. This is a record column, isn't it? I gotta sing yet.

I don't get no satisfaction, I don't get no girlie action.

Oh funky Broadway, what you do to me.

Sock it to me, sock it to me.

BELLA B: Another reject from the York Choir.

R (waving a finger): Please, let's retain at least a SEMBLANCE OF REALITY around here.

MAUD (shaking her head): See you next week.

## LEFTOVERS

by Bill Novak

Besides having a good art gallery, and a few odd places where you might find good people, Buffalo also has the advantage of getting most movies before we do in this city. So, if you have a good and trustworthy friend in Buffalo who loves to go to the movies, you'll know just what to see when the same picture finally gets to Toronto. Well trust me, friends, 'cause I've got something big to tell you about.

You may already have heard about THE GRADUATE. You may already know that the star is a young man played by Dustin Hoffman, and that he is seduced by a fairly convincing Ann Bancroft (and who wouldn't be?). But you don't know, I would imagine, why you're going to love this film. And what makes it even more difficult, you probably won't even know after you've seen it why you did get so involved.

Dustin Hoffman is the answer. As a study in character, his portrayal of Benjamin is neither deep nor complex. But somehow it strikes a note in everyone. We know so little about the main character--although we certainly like what we know--that we're almost forced to identify with him. And as a freshly graduated college man, his problems are predictable, obvious, and yet very real.

Mike Nichols is responsible for the tremendously high level of humour that this film manages to attain: there is a real human comedy that shows up in the people, the dialogue, the situations, the entire plot. And speaking of plot, it is, ironically dangerously close to being both corny and trite, but escapes instead into the realm of the moving and the significant.

Stanley Kauffman, writing in the New Republic, has pointed out that one reason this film is a milestone is because of the moral position taken by the audience. American films have always been more cautious in the personal outlook than have novels, and it is perhaps unusual for the sympathies of the audience to be with a young man who wants to marry a girl after spending dozens of nights in bed with her mother.

The film is making a profound statement in its superb and biting portrayal of a very real picture of modern America. It is thin on the surface, as we've heard it so often. But as is readily apparent from *The Graduate*--it is humanity that wins out in this world. God bless it.

## Hendrix explosion great, Paupers bomb

by October Revolutionary

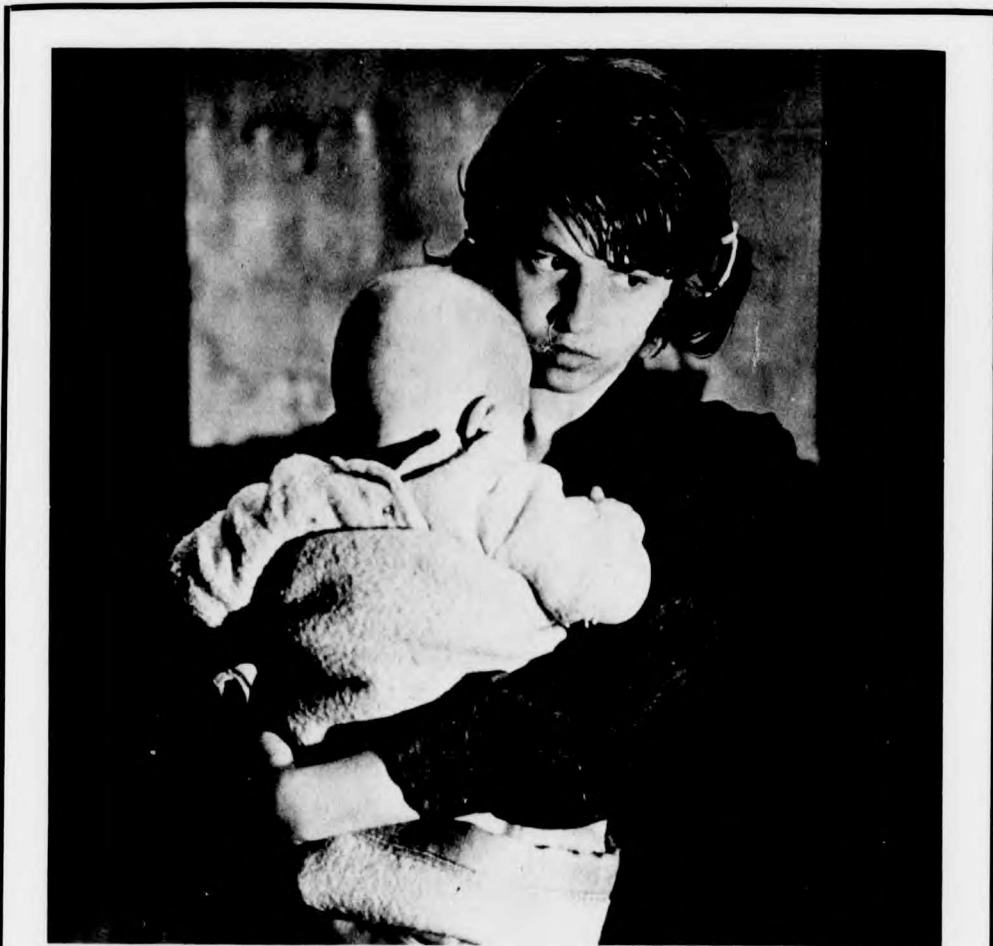
I'm certainly glad Jimi Hendrix came because the Paupers were awful. They sang off-key and used that boring feedback effect, their drums were especially obnoxious, and they did nothing

either original or stimulating. The cuts they did were the Magic People album all over again, except for such minor variations as flat notes.

I'm certainly glad Jimi Hendrix showed up because the Soft Machine proved a great disappointment. Every time an underground group gets good publicity it turns out to be a snow-job. I went to the show expecting them to be the best act, but like the Grateful Dead at last year's Airplane concerts, they had no best to give me. Eighteen minute electronic ragas are best left to musicians, because, in the hands of butchers like these, they invariably get butchered. Tell the Doors not to worry, mother, it was all a bad joke.

I'm relieved that Jimi Hendrix decided to attend because the light show, while brilliant in conception, was tedious in execution. This light show displayed the most imaginative ideas in that area I have ever seen, but it was spoiled by unimaginative handling. With reflective walls, a white floor and an audience of 7,000 to play the lights on, all we got was a tiny screen behind the performers on which the effect was wasted. It is much like the boring old Judaic tradition of sacrificing a lamb on a tiny altar, when any black mass cultist would smear its blood and entrails on the wall for a maximum in descriptive detail. It is sad that such good ideas go to waste simply because of an inability to follow through.

I'm especially glad that Jimi Hendrix showed up because he showed me that I was wrong. (Yes, I can be wrong.) I was wrong in believing that he was mediocre, because he's something more than that. His group are instrumentally nowhere near the Doors or the Mothers of Invention, but they have a good, loud, rhythmic and violent effect which is enhanced by 15 amplifiers they use. Vocally he is neither polished like Otis Redding nor unbelievably rough like Dylan, but somewhere in between there lies a mean which compliments the instrumental in his 'psychedelic soul' sound. And visually he is 'somethin' else'. His act is sexual, but not in a mouth-behind-the-hand, if-mommy-knew-she'd-kill-me manner like Wilson Pickett. Hendrix is a showman and he displays, as well as sexuality, violence, anger, sadness or humour as the moment requires.



Watch Mouchette get raped. Just how easy IS Mouchette?

—FILM PRODUCTION GUILD—

## Interested in making film?

So many who love cinema suffer from a total ignorance of the nature and technique of film-making. The recently formed Film Production Guild is attempting to remedy this--while providing a good opportunity for art of film production to gain practical experience.

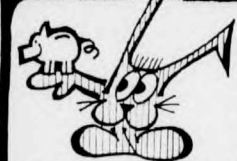
Under the guiding hand of Art Knowles, director of the Audio-Visual Department at York, the Guild is currently having bi-weekly workshop sessions covering all aspects of lighting, visual effects, sound recording, editing and the writing and planning of a film--these are among the topics being dealt with.

Professional film-makers are coming to discuss the ways of film production. Many are expected to show their own films and to discuss them with guild members.

The Film Production Guild is expecting a grant from the University soon and hopes to be actually making films by the end of this year or early next year.

All those interested in the art of film production are invited to join the Guild. The workshops are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 4:30 to 6. The location varies and can be confirmed by checking the notice board in Vanier common room.

## APINETTE



Lappy ponders a placid pecuniary porker.



Lappy envisaged the delivery system as a private deal.



We hope that she is not overly upset by our proposed modification.



bank of montreal

did we ever tell you the story of how our lapinary compatriot tried to talk us into a special delivery system?

well, lapinette likes the idea of piggy-banks, because there is something human about a piggy. so she proposed an arrangement where we would mail your cancelled True Chequing Account cheques back in pigs.

kind of a homey touch we had to admit.

well, goodness knows, we try. so we have decided to give it the old campusbank run-it-into-an-account-and-see-if-it-earns-any-interest.

but we have to modify it a bit, because there aren't enough pigbanks to do justice to lappy's scheme. but if our plan works out, you can sort of pretend.

but it all hinges on our succeeding in talking the royal mail into painting their trucks pink.

**campusbank**  
HOME FOR WANTED MONIES & LOANS

Keele St. & Finch Ave. branch  
open 10-8 Friday - 10-5 Monday to Thursday  
P.C. Gunn, manager

there are 90 branches in Toronto, all of them very friendly

## First Toronto Appearance

### THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW

(ARC Recording Stars)

Canada's Kings of Satire Singing their big hits:

The Pill, The Canada Goose, etc.

## MASSEY HALL

Sunday March 3 8 p.m.

Tickets on sale at Massey Hall  
box office: \$4.50, \$3.50, \$2.50

**SPECIAL STUDENT DISCOUNT**

**2 for 1**

WE DID IT AGAIN

Our drunken Layout Editor switched bylines last issue. David McCaughna is not a schizophrenic and really wrote the Assassination Generation review, while the October Revolutionary did not obtain a soft heart and in reality reviewed 'Little Murders.'