

# Spotlight



OH SYNTHIA DALLING, IT WAS  
SIMPLY MAAVELUS! YES EVERYONE  
WAS THERE. WHERE?



## ... Kandy-Kolored Tangerine

by Peter Rowe (CUP)

The first thing about Tom Wolfe is that he is not the Tom Wolfe who wrote long meandering novels like *Look Homeward Angel* for Scribners back in the Twenties.

That was the first Tom Wolfe. This is the second, and he isn't from the Twenties, being very much a member of the Sixties, and he doesn't write long novels but medium-length essays which are published in the *New York Herald Tribune's* *New York* magazine and *Esquire*, and then are re-published in a book called *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby*.

The second thing about Tom Wolfe is that he is not only the most imaginative and invigorating literary stylist to appear since Salinger, but also had produced the most unusual and exciting non-fiction of the year.

Wolfe not only has a catchy style, he has caught the style of the age. He's grabbed the sixties on the bounce and managed to get the 'new sensibility', as he calls it, the twenty thousand headlight-hello bob-green and yellowswirling chicago boxcar groovy - 'don't bring me down' delicious happy opulence of the age of the print.

I mean, baby, that while Andy Warhol may not be the greatest artist of all time and The Fugs may not be the greatest musicians, and Cassius Clay not the greatest poet and Tim Leary not the coolest pothead and Tom Wolfe not the best essayist, but they're all more 'The Sixties' than are certain perhaps more talented artists of their time.

Despair for the age if you wish, but before you talk of John Coltrane and W.H. Auden and George Grant and Teilhard de Chardin replying the century, grab all

these people who so beautifully reflect it.

Wolfe is no longer writing; when the best newspaper on the continent folded, he, at least temporarily, did likewise. But when he was writing, he was writing about things like 'Las Vegas (What?) Las Vegas!!!' which opens with the word 'hernia' repeated 53 times, and 'The Last American Hero' which is specifically about Junior Johnson, who was the best stock car racer in America back in 1964, and generally about stock car racing, the South, 'oleagin-breasts, trazeii bouffant hairdoes and glutei maximusfixations.

Although his subject matter is great (and I can think of no better way of re-living 1963-64 and 525 years from now than re-reading this book), it is the style which has made him famous. When most people are still writing about drag-racing, or some such phenomenon in utterly square fashion and then get their editor to box their stroy around a glossary of expressions (Poncho -- a hot Pontiac; 'hang-ten' -- to put both feet over the front of the boardard) to show that in the sub-culture they happen to be describing they are very much... in. Wolfe has the ability to write about the sub-culture as if he was a member of it and yet perfectly understands it from the outside as well.

Com'on people. Put down those grossly boring text books for a second and read this, which has the dual distinction of being both well-written and being camp. An Introduction to Economics is neither, and never will be. Put this guy Wolfe high on your supplementary reading list. Even higher than these guys Tolkien and Barth, who write long meandering novels.

### EXCALIBUR SUGGESTS:

#### Movies

Movies range from the artsy "Blow-Up" at the Towne Cinema, to the beautifully poignant "A Man For All Seasons" at the Fairlawn, to prefabricate garbage such as "Any Wednesday" at the Hollywood.

#### Plays

Toronto is relatively active this week on the live theatre scene with the much maligned "Brecht on Brecht" at the Hydro Theatre, the excellent "Tchin-Tchin" at the Central Library Theatre, and the mysterious "Happy Days" at the Colonnade.

## Excalibur

...evicted

by Anita Levine

The headline was just to get your attention so we could tell you that Excalibur, your true-blue weekly, has MOVED.

We have relinquished the closet (Room 002) to the gallant men of Y.S.A., and have taken over the old poli sci offices. The secret entrance to Cave 211A is concealed behind a bunch of book lockers in case you ever want to find us, but remember the password (created by Liquor Editor Fred Nix): BOOZE. (Whatever happened to that Mickey in your desk, Fred??)

God (alias Ron Graham, alias Lord Grum of Fleet) now has his own office at the end of the corridor, crammed with Peggy photos and old date squares. The angels (MZ, Hoss and Enery), are close by in case of trouble in paradise but God assures us there is no sweat.

Layout has moved upstairs too, and are very busy laying out in their luxurious domain with interior design by Mr. Rolly.

Nix has moved his supply into the new news office, and no news is definitely good news, especially when Frances is there to keep him company. Right now, Jim and Rob are busy laying in a stock for his Nixship, who will be holding housewarming for the next six months.

Wonder-Boy Warga is holding court as usual in everybody's office. Gary and Don have to share premises and share Anita who is just thrilled about the arrangement, especially now that GG has made her assistant features editor!

Charlie is back on staff as adman -- just couldn't resist the lure of the bigtime. Clark is still lonely down there in the darkroom, but comes up for air every once in awhile--like to pick up assignments?

The Kid Margel is still number one kibitzer, but Gary Woodill is number two--in fact, we may have to put him on staff permanently as Vandoo Spy.

So much for the idylls of the Excalibur idols. Will someone tell Ken Johnston we have a package for him. It goes tick, tock, tick, tock....

## A Fist Full of Dollars

by Dave Warga

If you like a thick plot, romance, and brilliant characters, this movie isn't it. If you are one of those pseudo-intellectuals who looks for symbolism or appreciates the new psychological, moral-packing and not gun-packing western--forget it. But if you are a kid at heart, uninterested in romance, but in rough, tough horse opera, this is for you.

Although the picture is titled "A Fist Full of Dollars" it could easily be retitled "How to Fill Boot Hill". The best acting, or at least the most acting, is done by the deadmen. Death, torture, and red-blooded men (literally) is what this is all about. The hero, advertised as The Man with No Name, kills 16 men with his gun and one with a machete (a brilliant touch of diversification). There is also a wagon train of dead American soldiers, and the machine-gunning of a troupe of Mexican soldiers. Why our hero

even hides in a coffin to escape being killed (would you believe?)!

Let's come back to our hero. Picture an unshaven, crudely-dressed, bullet-hole-in-hat "pistolero" who rides into an adobe Mexican town on his faithful mule. Wait it gets even better. He certainly is not the typical good-guy. He plays both companies of bad-guys against each other and he "cleans up". He is not infallible for on one occasion he has ordered three coffins but discovers he has to kill four men. Ah well "Sorry about that Chief"! Our man is not completely without compassion. He helps the wife of a young peon who has been forced to live with a bully because he threatens to kill her son. Well he sets them free and sends them off "Because I knew a woman like you once."

## Edward II - A Sad Case

by Frank Liebeck

Did you have to dig up Marlowe again? Did you? Was he bothering you that much? Did he hate pigeons or kill squirrels? You've wasted a fine cast, director, and set designer on rambling tedium. The play has fine moments, but they are few and far between. About one every hour. The director, Leon Major, has tried to bring drama and the human element into the production and as a result he bit the dust. The actors at times forget they were playing people and started giving us a poetry reading.

The Queen loves the King and the King is sad which seems rather incongruous until you find out that the King is queer and has eyes for this chap Gaveston. The nobles are sad because the king is sad and is letting the kingdom go to pot and the Queen is sexually frustrated. She finally hits the hay with Mortimer, the King's number one rival and it goes on and on and on. Angela Fusco read the part of the Queen and James Bradford bellowed out the part of Edward II. He didn't at any time show any real feeling and love for Gaveston. Love is not shown by shrieking and hollering for it is silent. Mr. Bradford should know that.

Visually the play is first rate, but people make a play and it was difficult to keep up emotional involvement for almost three hours. The height of absurdity came when Mortimer was beheaded. This attendant comes prancing on holding this doll's head like a box of Corn Flakes. I couldn't believe it! The audience burst out laughing which killed any feeling of tragedy that accidentally survived the evening. You know, some people say Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays. Take my word for it, he didn't.



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