

Barricade coffee house shuts down



"The Dragons" playing at the Barricade during happier times last year

The Barricade Coffee House is dying. The last bastion of peaceful atmosphere, good folk music and "Honest-to-God relaxation" has been stormed and massacred by the people who held the power.

According to Lawry Beach, who along with John Foley created the house, "they're not capitalists, they're not liberals, they're opportunist motherfuckers."

The culprits in this tangled web of intrigue and petty politics are members of Barricade's "advisory board". The board, which was agreed on from the beginning by both sides, is made up of two people each from St George's Anglican Church, the Student Christian Movement, the staff of the coffee house, and from the church where the Barricade is located.

The trouble started when the advisory representatives began to take "leadership incentives", says Beach. The SCM called a special meeting of the sponsoring bodies from which the staff were excluded. It was decided that, instead of regular local talent nights at the first of the week, (\$0.50 admission, half of which went to the performers) there would be no admission Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and no bookings Thursday night.

"It's not a bad idea," Lawry says, "but it's unrealistic. Our intentions were to get performers self-reliant through their playing. A coffee house must develop

local acts for the purpose of long-term survival". The Barricade was forced into the position of heavy importing of talent, with the increased cost involved.

Apparently, the church had raised at least \$350 to have the kitchen legalized (stainless steel sinks, etc.) The board did not release this money to the staff, and the Board of Health shut the kitchen down. Consequently these last few weeks they have been unable to serve the usual fine repas consisting of seven kinds of tea and healthy sandwiches. This had attracted local pensioners, one of whom described restaurant food as "poisonous and bad for him".

The crux of the whole thing is that SCM saw Barricade grow for a year, liked it, and wanted to get into it to the exclusion of the actual staff, so they are moving out. They are closing now rather than later so they can devote all their energy toward a new club. "As a corporate entity we're still solvent," says Ian Konig who did the last performance, "but there's a big hole where the house was".

They are currently registering a feverish plea for ideas for location. If, in your boundless compassion, you can help these people in their hour of need, contact Lawry Beach, because remember: "Coffee houses are good for people. They make them grow big and strong."

By Harry Schweitzer

The highway as metaphor

A Poem As Long As The Highway
a book of poetry
by Douglas Barbour

In the last five years, the highway has become a fashionable metaphor in art. Man in all ages has seen travel and journey as archetypal symbolism; has recognised the similarities between journey and life; the incessant need for moving on, growth, knowledge has viewed the eventful road as life itself. From the *Odyssey* to Walt Whitman, the road has been translated from symbol into art. It's power to work on the subconscious has been reduced; the apex of the art, Stienbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* marks the death of the true vitality of the metaphor. Subdued now, it has become fodder for the counter culture, to symbolize its restlessness. It has been realized commercially by hundreds in the last few years. Top Forty songs: Cohen, McKuen, Movies: *Two lane Blacktop*, *Easy rider*,

All of this is to explain the initial fear of 'A poem as long as the highway.' Another epic rip-off in the series? No, an original treatment by Douglas Barbour of asphalt and it related experience that puts the current crop to shame.

What is the highway? How can such alien structures be paths to truth? Barbour realizes the contradictions; man's handiwork

being the gateway to nature. Can the essence of this country still be captured beneath the gloss and tarnish of civilization. The life, tempo and style, the sights and how they get into you; and you into them. From the slag-heaps of Sudbury to the Rockies near Banff; how people and past and sky and trees and friends (inevitable) motels loom ahead, grow, whiz by the window, receding in the rear view mirror. And what was acquired and what was lost in that instant of passing.

Barbour knows that driving past through everything is driving into it, assimilating it. Each experience diverts our attention from ourselves. 'Speed gathering everything within it'. The loss of self in great beauty. It is poetry of the Canadian landscape; roads and highways on the flatlands, curving in a mountain's folds, or edging on a Pacific bay.

The words are free on the page. Barbour uses the proximity and arrangement of his language to pace and guide the reading. Yet he does not abandon the sentence unit. This gives a measured flow to his work, while removing the hazards of excessive non-linear poetry (cumings). His vision relies on a few devices. An apt parallel or humble metaphor delivers the goods while establishing a respectful distance between the poet and subject. This distance

enables the reader to ease up to the poet and share his sight.

One might have thought, judging by the current crop of poetry, that colour-adjectives are dead. Barbour thinks not. He uses them in strips, here, rather than searching for the obscure, precise, colour he settles for lines of black, brown, green, grey. The subject may be nothing more noble than a mud-bank; but the adjectives are left clear to work with and upon each other; the tone resonates and heightens, and is surprisingly effective.

There is an inexplicable excitement reading an eloquent and intelligent poet struggling with and occasionally capturing this land. Perhaps it is that he is Canadian, certainly the reader's familiarity with the earth described is essential to the appreciation. Having seen many a prairie sunset in the Rockies, there is a simple and satisfying joy in another's description of it. His discussion of how that sight works on his imagination clarifies just how my sunset worked on mine. The experience of such sights day out, on the road, is less familiar but equally interesting to me. This bit of poetry is from Quarry Press, and costs two dollars. It has a silver cover. If you see it in a bookstore, don't resist.

By Terry Butler

Alberta Trio draws mixed reaction in second concert

The Edmonton Music Society, proud as punch that one of their scholarship winners (Michael Massey) has made good, and that the group they were sponsoring was going to cut records, presented the Alberta Trio in concert Friday evening.

There was a mixed reaction to the performance, ranging from those who didn't listen too closely by admired the flowers on stage, and wondered aloud about "who these Music Society people are, anyway", to those who listened carefully, applauded energetically and called it 'delightful'. (Edmonton Journal)

Leaning my ear into a few small groups, however, I heard a more dissatisfied opinion from those who play music, have some acquaintance with both the performers and the music they were playing.

Generally agreed upon was that Charles Dobias' fiddling was much too harsh. There is a large difference between playing as a concert master and playing as a trio member, and Mr. Dobias

seldom stepped out of the muscular concert master role throughout the concert. The leads he gave were large, loud and distracting to the listeners, his phrasing unsubtle. He worked so hard and attacked some passages so fiercely that much tone quality was lost and on one occasion in the Schumann, he completely lost control of his bow.

Peter Worrall, the cellist, who gave me the impression of a haughty horse, quite out-played Dobias, both by getting a most lush tone out of what appears to be an excellent instrument, and by having accuracy in a loose and 'wristy' bow arm.

I have heard much too little of Michael Massey who's piano playing was most expressive and artistic when given a chance.

The trio seemed to get it together better in the Beethoven No III Opus I, but generally they did not catch my interest, though I enjoyed watching them. Performers in tails are always impressive.

Terry Sefton