

Let's go to the beach, or, what's going on in the Vanier Think Pit

by Don McKay

Why not take Granny to the beach to die? After all we should do things like that properly. This is the basic plot of Albee's 'The Sandbox' presented by the Winter's College Players, last week. The

Winter's group, acting in the Vanier think pit, foreshadow another successful year for the various theatre groups at York.

The Sandbox, one of Albee's best one act plays, deals with his usual theme of the distorted family life that is typical in

North America. The father is an unmanly man, dominated by the bitchy overpowering mother. The most unusual character is a beachboy that becomes the angel of death at the end of the play.

Under the direction of George Mendeluk, the cast all performed well in their unusual theatre. The

think pit was well suited to this play which is meant to be very stagey.

As Mommy Susan Lacey came off very well although she could have played up the nagging and nasty side of her character more. Chuck Koven as Daddy was humorously lily-livered and patient. The Grandma, played by Gail Wiston, did not have an old enough voice, but the play is so

unrealistic that the part did not lose because of this. Grandma was still extremely funny. The Beachboy (Larry Gangbar) and the musician (Lynn Murray) both acted well, in less gratifying roles.

If they are as well directed and of the same high quality as the Sandbox, more one act plays would be a welcome attraction in the common room think pits.

Sargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album

by Billie 'fixin' a Hole' Shears

This is the fourth installment on Excalibur's greatest soap opera—the story of the Beatles greatest.

Who are the performers who dress up in Edwardian band costumes to comment on modern times?

First of all, when you talk about the Beatles, you mostly mean John Lennon and Paul McCartney, who write nearly all the words and tunes, and producer George Martin, who writes the rest of what you hear on the record.

Martin knows all the musical technique anyone will ever need. He can conjure up anything the Beatles call for, and he is responsible for many of the "wee bits" in Sgt. Pepper.

The fourth Beatle (poor Ringo,

the mascot, just doesn't create) is George Harrison, who is perhaps the main channel to the hippie movement, and thus to such sentiments as "All you need is love," which is now the main Beatle theme.

If the Beatles ever become drug bards ("Day Tripper" and so on), it may be his fault. Or not so much his fault as his dentist's, who one evening slipped some acid into the Beatles' after-dinner coffee, sending them on their first trip.

At any rate, drugs are not likely to become a Beatle obsession because, as Harrison told the Los Angeles Free Press this summer, "Acid is not the answer, definitely not the answer. It's enabled people to see a little bit more, but when you really get hip, you don't need it."



Jackie shim-sham shane

by Jane Rosenberg

Jackie Shane is now appearing at the Sapphire Tavern. So what? you may ask, and rightly so.

I went to hear Shane on the recommendation of a friend who told me the performance was exciting, terrific, super. Super! The man exploits himself to capitalize on the fact that he calls himself a homosexual. He dresses like a man, but has the face of an overly made-up woman. He gives running monologues on his favorite subject in his droning monotone voice. His repertoire seems to be pretty much limited to himself.

He is backed by a group who know about three chords. They have a real swinging routine—sway to the right, sway to the left, smile, play a chord or two, and repeat the whole procedure in unison.

If Shane had talent, he might have been a good performer despite his selection of songs. But he has nothing to offer except his philosophy of life, and that's pretty watery. Perhaps the only place for Jackie to be appreciated is in a tavern where background "music" sympathizes with each gulp.

—Oh my god, Officer, I've been screaming for the old Beatles. Is this the past for them, or will their new look prevent it?

—My dear girl, please capitalize the G on God for the sake of the student body.

leftovers

by Bill Novak

I just don't know any more, Murray. This week I've been reading Thoreau, and there's no doubt that one of us is wrong. I don't think it's Thoreau — he's having it too good. Walden is a two year weekend; I can offer nothing in return except two hundred Tuesday's. It's really absurd — all this running around, reading, writing, classes, concern, ambition and puzzlement. The ironic thing is, of course, that even with his own type of life he did come out ahead. After all, you have to be good to come out against virtually everything we do. It takes a lot of guts to say: 'I'm going away for a while'. After

all, it's hard to believe that if we disappear nobody will think twice. And the world may not even stop. Read Walden; it's tough to face, but vital to answer.

I've been trying to compare life in the U.S. and Canada. And I'm not so sure anymore that we're so much better off over here. Of course there are the obvious things: no draft, no violence, and no excitement. It's difficult for a Canadian to really appreciate the full implications of living in a country who is fighting an undeclared war. I believe the border is thicker than we realize — it's so easy to be a Canadian. And yet, there must be a positive side to America. Maybe bullets are better than boredom. Maybe one benefits from being in a place where local and international news are synonymous. Thoreau, however, would have been a Canadian. And I can't really argue with that.

Last week I did a brief review of the Hampton concert which I very much enjoyed. And then I read a review in the Varsity — a very good review. He panned the show, calling it 'the only conceivable concert where Rossini's Lone Ranger Theme could be the most substantial, musically satisfying work on the program (oh, you gasp, I can't even IMAGINE that)'. Nor can I, except that it probably was a lousy concert. And yet it was also a great show...To avoid certain death, I'm forced to tell you of the folk concert in Vanier this afternoon...Joni Mitchell will be in town next week...Somebody asked me if I enjoyed doing this column; 'hell no', I had to reply, 'but the money's great!'

YORK
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PLAYERS

AT
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THIEVES' CARNIVAL

ON
NOV. 24, 25, 26

BY
JEAN ANOUILH