

# miscellany

by David McCaughna

Karel Reisz' film "Isadora", at the Eglinton Theatre, is a great disappointment. After Ken Russell's superb television play on Isadora made for the BBC, and taking into consideration Reisz' past credits — "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," and "Morgan" — I was expecting "Isadora" to be a good film.

Based upon the life of the legendary dancer, Isadora Duncan, Reisz' film is jerky and ridiculous. It follows Isadora from her youth in San Francisco, through her turbulent life on the Continent, to a dramatic death on the Riviera. The film rarely focuses on any one aspect of her life and wallows in pathos.

The redeeming feature of "Isadora" is Vanessa Redgrave. While she isn't much of a dancer, she is one of the finest actresses in cinema today. It is her portrayal of Isadora that just about makes the film worth sitting through.

York University Players will attempt a musical next year. Although it hasn't been selected yet, it is apparently a toss-up between "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Man From La Mancha."

The Players are fresh from losing a colossal amount on the disastrous production of "The Visit."

From a theatre review in the Times (London): "But this is not an entertainment for the seeker of cheap thrills, although the male character is totally nude most of the time and the play does end with a simulated sex act between him and his mother."

McClelland and Stewart have just published a collection of poems by a relatively unknown Canadian poet, George Bowering. Called *Rocky Mountain Foot*, it is a forerunner of its type — a book of poetry written entirely about a Canadian province. Bowering pays homage to Alberta.

This Sunday in the Burton Film Arts Series is Robert Enrico's excellent short film "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." It is based on a short story by Ambrose Bierce.

The following Sunday the Burton series will have the Glendon production of "Hamlet" directed by Michael Gregory.

PS: Mickey Mouse wears a Spiro Agnew watch.

# MAUD'S Column

## Maud talks about Beatles' double album at sock hop

R. Levine writes pop music reviews for Excalibur. He is a member of Founders College.

by R. Levine

MAUD: (dancing at Founders Rock and Roll Dance): Oh, dance, rock and bop, shoop, shoop.

R: Maud, adorable mauve-colored girl with the lace beads, are you falling for the old rock and roll?

MAUD: Of course, it's even on the Beatles' white album. The hard guitar in Back in the USSR, the fast clapping rhythm, the doo-doo-doo chorus. Anyway, I don't care. Let's dance.



Founders College has recently encouraged a sophisticated, serious appreciation of pop music origins. A few weeks ago, The Cock and Bull Coffee Shop staged a Rock and Roll revival (above), and last Friday a very successful free Rock and Roll Dance was held in the JCR till 1 a.m.

R: I can't let that go, Maud. There's clear evidence that the Beatles were not bringing back the BIG ROCK. Here's a lyric from Yer Blues: *even hate my rock and roll*; and here's a short verse that's sandwiched between two songs: *Brother can you take me back where I've been?* It means, can we go back to the days of the Shirelles and Chuck Berry. The unspoken answer is no.

MAUD: I don't believe it.

FAN DANCING HAND JIVER: Oh baby, whatever happened to the Crickets?

MAUD: You mean the insects?

R: No, he means Buddy Holly's old group. Their clear repeated chords still have musical meaning, but the sound of While My Guitar Gently Weeps (blues) has changed everything.

MAUD: I prefer chirping crickets. Anyway, the Beatles album is all mixed up.

R: Then you should listen to the songs in a different order. First the slow songs: I Will, Julia, Cry Baby Cry, Long long long. Then the fast ones. The change of pace reveals the full pressure of the driving music. The bang-bang drums, the hard repetition of chords, the fantastic melody and rhythm changes in Savoy Truffle.

MAUD: (beginning to argue): Changing the order is cheating. And then there's the worry about scratching the records.

R: Yes, yes, but it's the best way to discover how the album goes back to the basic use of three guitars and a drum. Glass Onion is not important for its references to old Beatle songs; it is really a hard-rock exercise in the use of a fuzz-bass guitar in a group format. It's comparable to Paul McCartney's fuzz bass on Think For Yourself, on the Rubber Soul album.

Looking through a glass on-ion, Oh yeah, oh yeah, yeah, yeah. Savoy Truffle is the same thing. It's not at all like the virtuosic performance of Jack Bruce or Jimi Hendrix.

MAUD: OK, now let's dance the Jailhouse Rock.

R (turning around): Oh, Mr. DJ, please play Why Don't We Do It in the Road, and Wild Honey Pie. I want to show Maud the musical quality of the Beatles' voices. The swooping voice changes and the musical screams are just as important as the suggestive nuances.

DJ: You a head, buddy? You sober?

CROWD: Stop! Play Richie Valens. Turn back the clock.

MAUD: Suggestive? No, not the Beatles. They were once so beautiful. They were so innocent. Oh John, John, what did you see in Yoko Ono? Boohooohoo.

R: There, there, Maud, Let's dance.

MAUD (sniffing): No. I prefer the Rolling Stones now.

R: Say. That's a good comparison. Just remember the difference is not that the Stones sing Street Fighting Man while the Beatles cop out with Revolution No. 1. It's that the Stones are jazz musicians. The music is disorganized, freer. The Beatles are more ordered. It's fantastic the way they add small fillips of non-pop instruments in a clear precise way — flute, oboe, viol — in a clear, precise way.

MAUD: What you mean is, the Beatles love music. Now let's dance.

DJ. Sorry, miss. The music's over.

The Beatles  
Apple Records  
SWBO 101

# Fox trot Fox trot Fox trot Fox trot Fox trot Fox

Dennis Brennan, second year Vanier Student, plans to write a weekly column under the title, *The Wednesday Dance Lesson*. His article reflects his unusual ideas about style and prose.

# THE WEDNESDAY DANCE LESSON

by Dennis Brennan

We are starting this week with the fox trot. It's a nice step and it gets people together. I shall try to provide some background and related information concerning the fox as we go along, since the actual dance-step is a little hard to get at verbally.

At first it was thought to have you dance with the newspaper itself, to incorporate active participation. But someone pointed out that newspapers have a tendency to lead people on, so that idea was canned and is available only in supermarkets. The label reads, "Canned Newspaper and You Foxtrot Idea, 2 for 39." Due to clumsiness, I regret that as we go to press I'm not altogether clear on the fox trot myself. It's an elusive step. I've been tracking it for several weeks, but to date have only come up with some nebulous clues. On Friday I almost saw it, only to lose it in the cerebral reducing valve. Here's how the fox trot hunt has been shaping up:

## Foxtrot Personified

The trustworthies in our land got in a bicycle fight. Adrian Pencil got it down in rock for posterity. Adrian drives a D9 bulldozer and scoops our history in rockmounds he shapes like letters. Ours is a very heavy history. Posterity comes by manoseconds later high in a DC9 and gets the message from the air.

On bad days Adrian sometimes has trouble thinking of just the right word and gets behind. And, then impatient high-flying posterity gets the message scrambled, so that occasionally when we sit down to the family dinner news we can tell that Adrian's been getting too much behind. That's why the trustworthies' bicycle fight story got scrambled. Mr. Foxtrot came home from a hard day at the big dance and said to Mrs. Foxtrot, "What's for family dinner news, hon?" And she said, "Scrambled trustworthy bicycle fight." That did it. Mr. Foxtrot said, "That does it."

The nutmeg junky did his thesis on media. He had the wildest theories you've ever heard. Melticrapnor Foxtrot was doing it one night at the nutmeg junky's.

"Media's food for thought," the nutmeg junkie said. He was making a media pie—one cup of staples, a dash of shredded muff, 55 photographic interpretations, some hot running lawnmower, half a . . .

"Hold it," Mr. Foxtrot said, "you putting your toe-nail clippings in there?"

Recipe calls for nutmeg junk" the nutmeg junky said, "Media is us even, and bigger than us. How bout that Adrian Pencil turning this continent into a frontpage rockmound? Now let me get on with my pie." He opened a closet and out poured a thick multitude of contraptionry, covering the floor ankle-deep.

"What zat?" Mr. Foxtrot yelled. "Oh, scientific breakthroughs," the nutmeg junky said, "dance with them if you want."

"Yes, I notice they seem to be sort, of, eeaughh, wiggling, said Mr. Foxtrot, going into his famous fox, graceful as you please.

"Well yes they still have a few bugs in them," the nutmeg junky said. Mr. Foxtrot danced with the wiggling scientific breakthroughs while the nutmeg junky made media pie, when suddenly from below came a spine-jingling, haircurdling scream.

"That does it," sweated Mr. Foxtrot, "what the hell's that!?" The nutmeg junky mashed three pieplates into the pie, "Oh that's a wild theory I got caged up in the cellar." Mr. Foxtrot made his way to the door, "Man you're not kiddin. That is the wildest theory I've ever heard."

## Floxophy

Aretha Franklin bounced into the quad at Oxford University and asked a passing Philosophy Department, "Which way to All Souls, funky funky?"

He said, "Hmmm. You have some points there, can I show you my fox?"

"Oh you rhetorical gadfly, I wasn't thinking of that obtuse angle," she said, "but okay." And they did the fox right there in the rotting shadow of Oriel.

It did him a world of good. He tripped and fell up, saying, "We can't know the secret of the universe because we can't talk about it. And the reason we can't talk about it is because it's a secret."

## The Foxtrot Subject Changes Clothes

She said marriage seems a little pathological, but I see no reason why we shouldn't share the same roll of toilet paper. Eyebink. Often she looked up at the trees hoping to see a big fat bird sitting up there, just grooving on the various day.

Once I camped in the Land of Twelve Owls by the hourly railroad track. In a cold greased morning I woke, fried fish, and down the stream through the mystery trees in the vatley I saw the twelve chalk-grey owls lift from their dream into the electric aerodawn in a siletflap of 24 two-foot wings.

And I almost saw a fox trot by.

## A Glimpse of the Too Old West

Why did the Lone Ranger and Tonto always prefer to camp in the nearby hills? And why did their campfire awees have that funxy smell to it? They belong to a secret organization with members fanned out across the encroaching wasteland.

Their foxy mission? To blow up bulldozers, unused in the night. The masked man said, we shall eradicate every bulldozer on this continent, and then demuster to a reserve guard with the regular task of filling in each new bulldozer born into the world.

Don't tell Adrian Pencil, but sometimes they hide out in my attic.

## Dreaming the Fox

Everyone has seen the cat step across the roof as if out of a continual bath, and press its back to an old storm window lying cockeyed there, and everyone has seen the cat fall back and lay out and lift its warm-ball head to the sun to take up the conversation again where they left off last dusk, when the sun had places to be.

Dreama new dance under the sun: the cat-walk. There is some old knowldge we have left behind. It is the thought that the animals were put here to show man how to live in holiness. And that's the gods truth. They used to think that.

## A Mystery Poem (Foxes Dig Poultry)

(definition: a family dog is a fox who has sold out.)

The family dog  
Sits on the family lawn  
Before the family house  
When  
Down the family drive  
Comes the family car  
And out comes the famous family—  
But  
From the car or the house?

## Leading To

The thing to remember about the fox trot is that it was discovered by a lapsing member of the Audubon Society who was something of a label-reader. I seen him, on good days, burn up 3 Loblaws in a single housewife morning. Usually runs 4-5 supermarkets a day.

Made the fatal mistake of specializing. Went into the army, got into Supply. Started reading those labels: 'Guns To Use On Yellow People', 'Chantilly Mace for Happy People', 'Instant Sliced Death For Free People', 'One Huge Vacant Lot to Hit the WorldWith. In Case We Don't Like It Any-more'. Even the best label-readers have only so much moxie. He took out his big hanky and blew his mind.

Stepped into the Audubon thing and discovered the fox trot right off. He showed it around and everybody said, "Of course. Why that's the very thing." Mr. Foxtrot yelled, "That does it, get me outa this microscope."

## And So—

That's as far as I got on the fox trot hunt. Now don't you feel that everyone needs some fox in their life? What you do roughly is count to four and hug somebody. As Mr. Foxtrot says, "That does it." Next week—the rhumba. Homework—read chapter two of Flashlight Batteries. And stay brushed up on your fox.