

# Fission vision from p. 15

through five hours of live music without squirming, but the sheer musicianship and performing abilities of these guys made it possible. Tamblyn was the first non-local to perform and he livened up to his burgeoning reputation. His songs were strong lyrically and he has a strong sense of the universal metaphor as in the song, "Don't Let That Mountain Bring You Down." He's also very funny. His between-song monologues were as humorous as anything Arlo Guthrie, an obvious influence, ever did. One song, about an outboard maritime cowboy, contained a reference to

Howie Meeker. Tamblyn explained he had once met Meeker in the Vancouver airport at six in the morning. But, as Tamblyn noted, Meeker "doesn't say gee whiz at six in the morning."

Mendelson Joe has to be one of the most bizarre and original Canadian performers to ever pick up a guitar and paintbrush. He was dressed like a janitor complete with a ring of keys hanging from his waist. Head jerking wildly, a maniacal grin plastered to his face, stomping feet and a hand that like to fly away from the frets to snap fingers in beat, a great voice capable of breaking into a holler

or sinking to a croon, and an imagination capable of lines like, "My love for you is deeper than an Irving Layton poem" — Mendelson Joe at his best.

Joe didn't forget why he was at the festival. He read a well-prepared manifesto about the dangers of nuclear energy based upon the application of common sense. "Common sense tells me that not even advocates of nuclear energy would store wastes on their back porch."

Wiffen, by contrast, seemed reserved. It was hard not to notice a trace of bitterness in the man who has had more success writing hits for other people than

for himself. It's hard to fail with a great voice like Wiffen's though, a voice so full and low that at times it seemed as though it would sink through the floor. "Driving Wheels," "Coast to Coast Fever," "More Often Than Not" — his songs embraced the road and love, Wiffen's obsessional themes.

Titcomb was the last to appear. He started off with the "Rivers of Babylon," followed with "Sing High Sing Low," the way Ann Murray should have recorded it. He then invited requests, saying he liked all his songs and one was as good as another as far as he was concern-

ed. Titcomb is one of the few people who seem completely at home on the stage — and one of the few who have little difficulty connecting with an audience. The best song he sang was the meditative "Tibetan Bells," performed with Ma Fletcher of Edmonton on sitar.

Everyone came up in the end to sing Jimmy Cliff's "You Can Get It If You Really Want," and if there was any message during this anti-nuke benefit, this was it. Think positive. It's just too bad the organizers hadn't thought a little more positive and spread more of the word around.



Hokey-dokey folkie Mendelson Joe

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8 P.M.-MIDNIGHT

SATURDAY, MARCH 15

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## Faculty of Science

### Award for Excellent Teaching

Beginning this year, the Faculty of Science will formally recognize its outstanding teachers by conferring the 'Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching'. Only one award will be given each year, and previous recipients will be excluded from further competition. Each department, through its Chairman, may nominate one person each year. Moreover, any group of ten undergraduate students in the Faculty of Science may submit nominations for the award to the Chairman of the Award Selection Committee (Office, Dean of Science), which consists of four academic staff and four undergraduate students.

Nominations are hereby invited for this new award and should be submitted no later than March 18th, 1980. Nominees should have held a professorial appointment in the Faculty for at least ten years and should have a reputation among their colleagues and students for excellent teaching.

Rum flavoured.  
Wine dipped.

# Crack a pack of Colts along with the books.