



Poet Allen Ginsberg will appear at York Nov. 6 in the Performing Arts Series

Ginsberg, Marceau invited for performing arts series

The Faculty of Fine Arts has started the year off in a fine manner by announcing a performing arts series that will bring to the campus some of the best people in the fields of mime, music, poetry, and theatre.

American poet Allen Ginsberg and French mime star Marcel Marceau are among those participating in the series.

The mime series is slated to commence on January 5 with a performance by Israeli mime Claude Kipnis and his company. Marcel Marceau and his troupe will give their sole performance in the Toronto area at York on February 9. The series will end with a performance by an "experimental" mime, Tony Montararo, on March 10.

Four poets who are scheduled to read from their works and then hold open question and answer sessions with the audience are Allen Ginsberg on November 6, Irving Layton on December 3, Robert Creeley on January 7, and Eli Mandel on February 4. Layton and Mandel, two of Canada's best poets, are both on the faculty at York.

The Creative Associates of Buffalo, considered to be one of North America's foremost associations of electronic composers, will launch the music series on November 4 with a concert of new works by Henri Pousseur, Istvan Anhalt, Lejaren Hiller, Kenneth Gaburo, and Lukas Foss. On December 9 India's brilliant young master of the sarod, Ashish Khan (Ravi Shankar's nephew) will give a rare public performance. On February 3 the Manitoba Consort, the nation's best ensemble of ancient string and wind instruments, will complete the music series in a special concert of early music.

The Faculty of Fine Arts will sponsor a Statue Report on The Contemporary Theatre, which will bring to York some of North America's most respected critics. Nathan Cohen, the dearly beloved critic of the Toronto Daily Star will speak on Canadian Theatre on December 2. Theodore Hoffman, professor of theatre at New York University and noted author will speak on American theatre January 14. On January 20 Henry Popkin, the North American critic for The Times of London, will speak on Canadian theatre. The Statue Report will conclude with a lecture by Richard Schechner, former editor of the Drama Review and director of New York's controversial play Dionysus in '69, who will speak March 3 on Revolutionary theatre.

This ambitious series will be topped-off by three weekends of film, each weekend dedicated to a genre. The first, to be held on December 5, 6 and 7 will feature films by W. C. Fields, Charlie Chaplin and the Marx Brothers. The second weekend will be given over to films dealing with war: Birth of a Nation, La Grande Illusion, and Dr. Strangelove. They will be shown on January 9, 10, and 11. The final weekend, February 13, 14 and 15, will be devoted to the best of Alfred Hitchcock.

'Gypsy's been knocked up by a mutt!'

By DAVID McCAUGHNA

But, of course, they were waiting for Mr. Tim. MR. TIM, mind you, not just Tiny Tim as he is known to practically everyone. They were expecting MR. TIM, saying it with that certain air, that fine, oh, so chic sense that they had an intimate relationship with greatness.

"Mr. Tim first wants to visit Maple Leaf Gardens, he's big on the Maple Leafs, you know. And then he wants to go to Lonesome George's on Markham. He's supposed to order all his comics from George, you know."

A hip, knowing laugh passed through the crowd. "He's an incredible cat, man."

It didn't really matter that Mr. Tim never showed that night for they had enough to amuse themselves . . . these jewels of the pop scene in Toronto. They were crammed together in five or six parties on five or six different floors of an appallingly elegant slab of cement in uptown Toronto called Sutton Place.

"Johnny Winter was here last night," said the pale, mousy wife of a hip editor. "And all he ever said was 'groovy scene'. Like we asked him what he thought of the blues revival and he said 'groovy scene', and we asked him what he thought of Toronto and he said 'groovy scene' and we asked how he liked the pop festival and he said 'groovy scene'. SHIIIIIT!"

One sort of thought of her as a permanent fixture at parties like these. Maybe she never left.

"Well, what can you expect from an albino from Texas. But he was really outasight tonight. The kids sure dug him," replied a thin baldish man with side-burns down to his knees.

"I must say that Winter is the best albino blues singer around." Laugh.

While the Toronto Pop Festival roared on over at Varsity Stadium to about 40,000 kids, the wheels in the local pop world held out to the parties the record companies put on at "The Place." Each company rented an identical suite on a different floor.

Same furnishings, same booze, same paintings, same people in each.

To the participants, the disc jockeys, journalists, publicists, promotion men, groupies, etc., the parties were judged not by the booze available, not by the conversation but by which pop luminaries were expected to attend.

"RCA on the 12th floor, let me see now, they've got Charlebois. Oh, no, I mean Blood, Sweat and Tears, or are they Columbia?"

"What about the Bonzo Dog Band?" inquired an English-accented CBC reporter with tape-recorder in hand and groovy chick at his side.

"Haven't you heard? They cancelled."

"Ahhh Christ. They were the only ones I wanted to get, really."

But they were not with Warner Brothers because, who really knows, Mr. Tim might make the scene any moment.

"I just called his manager and Tim missed the six o'clock plane from LA. Like he had his reservation all set but he just didn't show. He could arrive anytime. We've had people at the airport since five."

Hells bells. It was a good excuse to stay. In the meantime there was booze and bright, cool, and fashionably witty talk.

A girl with short blonde hair, her round little body in an uncomfortable looking pants suit, laughed loudly at the jokes record executives told her. One understood she had some vague connection with the music world. She said she'd seen Englebert Humperdinck at the O'Keefe and thought he was great, oh, well, she knew when to laugh and THAT is terribly important.

"Ohhhhoohh, haaaaa, ha, hooohhh," and 10,000 white teeth gleamed around that cute little pink tongue.

It was getting late. The action over at the stadium would be ending soon and even more people would be coming. The bartender, who had been standing stiffly in the corner for hours, went for more food and drink.

The husband of the pale, mousy girl slammed down the phone after calling home . . . "FUCK! GYPSY'S BEEN KNOCKED UP BY A BLACK MUTT!"

"I told them to keep her in," said the wife.

"That's \$300 down the drain. I had her lined up with the stud service for Friday. Shit."

Just think of poor little Gypsy sneaking out of the house to her black mutt lover. It was all utterly hilarious.

A lean and tender young man, in a white see-through shirt and blue and white striped bells, was telling the Englebert Humperdinck blonde a funny, funny story. She went into hysterics and spilled her drink. Ooops!

In another corner: "I hear Blood, Sweat and Tears are getting 18 thou for their set tomorrow night."

"That's a big hunk of bread."

In the bedroom a pop-columnist for one of the papers was thrashing about on the bed with a girl friend. Everyone glanced at them sheepishly as they went through to the washroom.

"Chuck Berry really knocked 'em out this afternoon, huh?"

"Man, that guy is too much."

"I see this big rock revival coming. Like music has gone just about as far as it can go now and we're gonna go back to cats like Berry and Little Richard. They're gonna be big stars again. The kids are gonna start buying their records."

The kids . . . those docile sweet things spoken of so often. When they say "kids" there is a reverence in their

voices. I mean, after all where would all these disc jockeys, journalists, record execs, etc. be without the kids.

"Do you smoke?"

"No thanks. Not tobacco."

"Of course."

"We're splitting for London on the ninth floor. Heard there's some action up there."

"See ya."

The pale mousy wife was explaining that they lived in a communal but it was in a straight neighborhood and they were getting hassled by the neighbors.

"I suppose we'll end up in the Spadina area. It's good over there."

Sly and The Family Stone arrived. They are a friendly soul group from San Francisco who had finished off the day to the stadium. No one seemed to know exactly which one was Sly but it didn't make any difference.

"Man, I gotta tell you, there's this cut on the second side of the new Mothers album you gotta put out as a single," a male groupie was telling a record executive.

"Oh, yeah. That Mothers album is selling like hot cakes."

There wasn't any dope about. Well, really, this wasn't the right place, what with the bartender standing in the corner watching everyone.

"He's probably a hotel dick."

"This Festival, woowowww. It's the greatest thing that ever happened on the music scene in this city. It's never gonna be the same again," an underground disc-jockey was telling a promotion man.

"Yeah, I heard everything went smooth over there today."

"There hasn't been one hassle with the cops so far."

It must have been getting on towards two when word spread that things were happening up on the 14th floor in the Phonodisc suite. So they collected themselves and made for the 14th floor, drinks in hand. The pop-columnist and his girl from the bedroom even came.

At the 14th floor a fierce hotel security guard greeted them.

"It's all over now."

WHAT THE HELL . . .

They filled the elevators again and went back to the suite they'd just left. But, horrors, here was another security guard.

So there they were, about two o'clock on a Saturday night, the quintessence of Toronto hipdom, like, I mean THE Beautiful Ones Themselves, stuck, in limbo, not knowing where it's at. Can you just imagine it? If anyone should know where the action is they should . . . but, alas, on the golden weekend of the local pop scene they were lost. Forgetting the fate that befell Gypsy and not even caring anymore if Mr. Tim made it or not, they went.