

is the
great pumpkin

McGILL DAILY

a regional
phenomenon?

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An editorial:

Abolish statutory grants

In Monday's editorial we called for abolition of the constitutionally guaranteed grants of \$1.00 per student made to each of the undergraduate societies and the Postgraduate Students' Society. Since it is our intention to propose this amendment to the Students' Society Constitution at the next open meeting of the Society, we wish to clarify our position at this time so that all students will have an opportunity to study it and express their views.

Article IV (1) (a) and (b) of the Students' Society Constitution states in essence, that every regular undergraduate (Medicine, Dentistry, Law, etc., are all undergraduate faculties) shall pay \$15.00 annual Students' Society fees. From this amount, \$1.00 is given to the undergraduate society of which he is a member, and \$14.00 to the Students' Society itself. The Post Graduates, because of their special position, pay only \$10.00, of which \$1.00 is turned over to their society and \$9.00 to the Students' Society.

Statutory grants have been jealously guarded by the undergraduate societies as guarantees of their sectional autonomy. However, the facts indicate that this "guarantee" is a very hollow one at best. There is really only one society, the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society, which benefits from the fixed grants. Because of its huge membership, the ASUS actually receives more money than it can spend, usefully or otherwise. It annually constructs most expansive budgets and still is left with surpluses; surpluses which even its own scholarship fund and high-priced newspaper cannot eat into to any great degree.

No other undergraduate society at McGill derives any benefit from the one dollar "statutory" grant, (except insofar as they can allocate, or waste, this money as they see fit, with no supervision), for they receive far less than they need. Almost every other society must annually come to the Students' Executive Council for additional grants, or levy additional fees on its members. Societies requesting additional grants are given them with some hesitation, because once the funds are allocated the SEC has no control over how they are spent.

Abolition of statutory grants would in no way hamper the operations of the undergraduate societies. On the contrary, a more equitable distribution of the money available would allow all the societies to expand their programs. We believe that, if the executives of the undergraduate societies know that their budgets will be carefully scrutinized by the SEC before any grants are made, they will be more diligent in planning their programs, and the entire student population will be better served. In short, it is our opinion that abolition of all statutory grants will have the effect of equalizing wealth, eliminating needless waste, and generally improving the financial structure of the campus.

This proposal involves a complete change in the status quo, and demands most careful thought from every student. We are confident that given the consideration it merits, this plan will be overwhelmingly approved and implemented at the forthcoming open meeting of the Students' Society.

BLUES HERE TOMORROW

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MCWA presents full program for last two days

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Dr. Culliton Dies

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— Ilona Shilov
Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski addressed the second plenary session of the McGill Conference on World Affairs last night on "Regionalism in the Soviet Bloc". The main thesis of the McGill-educated Professor of Public Law and Government at Columbia University was that the once-monolithic Soviet Bloc is breaking up from the strains of nationalism and that this would result eventually in the economic union of all Europe. For story, see page three.

Theatrical Dance and Modern Jazz

Miles Davis at Place des Arts

If you saw Arleigh Peterson walking down the street, you might think he were a football player, never the stereotype dancer. If, afterwards, you saw him dance, you would have trouble reconciling this vibrant, exciting performer with the realistic but imaginatively rich philosopher he is. Peterson is a combination of many things. His father and mother were in show business — his father, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music; his mother, a chorus dancer. Peterson and his technique have this mixture of the classical and the earthy appeal. Peterson believes "dance must move". He has evolved his own form of dance to answer his demands. The movements are West Side Story type except that Peterson's combinations have an Arleigh Peterson stamp and West Side Story has a Jerome Robbins' stamp. They are fast and modern or smooth and subtle. Mostly he uses modern jazz music with much Afro-Cuban influence.

At seven years old, Peterson began his theatre career in amateur contests in Western New York. At sixteen, he was a professional performing in what he calls "vaudeville remains". When he was twenty years old in the navy, Peterson became interested in progressing from a "hooper" or tap dancer, to a classical dancer. He used his G.I. bill to study theatre — lighting, diction, direction. Later on he concentrated on dance, taking classes in different schools from classical ballet to Katherine Dunham's West Indian folklore superimposed with modern movement from America. Peterson afterwards danced in the touring company of Carmen Jones, in Anna La-casta, in the National Company of South Pacific, in summer stock and in clubs. In Montreal he has run the gamut of clubs including the El Morocco. I heard about Peterson's choreography for the CBC and I joined his dance class. I watched him move, tried to keep up to the dynamic pace of the routines, saw him wipe the dripping sweat and I wanted to know more about the man.

Q: What do you call the type of dance you do and teach?

A: (in quick response) Theatrical Dance for the modern theatre.

Q: How does this differ from Modern Jazz Dance?

A: Actually, I coined the name Modern Jazz but then realized that it meant nothing. After all, what is "modern"?

by MERRILY KACHANOFF
The other name is more descriptive.

Q: In what way is it more descriptive?

A: The aim of my technique is to produce a well-rounded dancer capable of performing in any phase of the theatre, from ballet concerts to night-clubs. I want eclecticism in dance. My dancers must communicate and entertain.

Q: How do you train your dancers?

A: I use primitive movements, like contraction and release, and I teach the dancers to use each part of the body distinctly and with control. It is necessary that my pupils take classical ballet technique simultaneously with my training.

Q: In your classes you tell us the names of the muscles we use, also the history of the movements you teach. Like the "camel walk" being an old, old jazz movement. Where did you learn these facts?

A: I like to think of myself as a student of life and its many facets. I've been around theatre long enough to know the history of dance. I went to school with some of Broadway's most prominent choreographers and I was performing in Chicago twelve years ago when the dance world was struggling to give American dance a face of its own. As for muscle names, I took a course at New York University in anatomy.

Q: Why did you come to Montreal?

A: I came to Canada expressly to work in French television. I find that there is more artistic latitude in French television. More imaginative dances are accepted. The French temperament moves within a world of poetic imagery. I, therefore, am free to create. There is not the same agency interference or concern with sponsors as in the States. I've been choreographing for CBC since 1957.

Q: Is there anything current we could watch to see your work?

A: I choreograph for Bras Dessus every Monday, 9 o'clock on Channel 2. Also, sometime in December, I'm doing a show on Negro Spirituals, in French.

Q: Why don't you have the proverbial problem of the artist in finding work?

A: Aggression. I never lack for work. I don't sit patroniz-

ingly waiting for the world to call on me.

Q: Do you think dance, as an art, is on the upsurge?

A: On the contrary. The day of the dancer, per se, is finished. Modern Dance has virtually died out because it did not communicate with the paying customers. There was a good deal of pseudo-intellectuality in Modern Dance. Anyway, the market for serious dance is limited. On Broadway, dancers are being incorporated. Producers are looking for cast members who sing, dance, and act. Dance on its own cannot support itself.

Q: Do you think there is any hope that dance will become recognized again as an entity?

A: The old ballets are always commercial. But a dance form that will have wide audience appeal is of the essence. An evaluation is necessary. I've proved to myself that my technique is the answer. If you are too literal, you have pantomime, too arty and you can't be understood. My dancers are in between. They can communicate and entertain.

The Public Eye and The Public Ear

A weekly column of capsule critiques, compiled and edited by the staff of Panorama.

Irma la Douce: Billy Wilder suffers a very funny fit of francophilia. The result is an amusing American farce, starring Shirley MacLaine as a greenstocking from Les Halles and Jack Lemmon as flic, mec, sugardaddy, convict, and finally (within several seconds of each other), father and bridegroom. Maurice Chevalier, surprisingly enough, never makes an appearance.

The L-Shaped Room: Leslie Caron, as a French girl who isn't called Fifi, and Tom Bell as the rawboned, sensitive, stubborn, and unsuccessful writer who falls in love with her, in a slice-of-life movie that never quite gets cooked. The other tenants of their rooming-house, including Mavis, the vaudeville male impersonator who is just as butch offstage, and Brock Peters as a West Indian jazz musician, are considerably more poignant than the pregnant Miss Caron.

The Great Escape: Steve McQueen as the best damn' motorcyclist in cinema history plays on the side of the Allies in an insanely amusing new version of the old game of cops and robbers. The action centres around the determined efforts of RAF officer Richard Attenborough ("Big X") to spring some 250 Allied flyers from the "perfect" German prison camp. The cops, who in this case are the Germans, round up almost everybody in the end, but they have a hard time doing it. And everybody else has a ball.

Murder at the Gallop: Margaret Rutherford as a delightfully dotty old busy-body who manages to trip over at least two corpses in the first twenty minutes of a movie which makes murder seem as charmingly British as an olde English hunting print. Amateur detectress Miss Marple's taste for "murder most foul" doesn't extend to hunting, however; she disapproves of blood sports.

The Miles Davis Quintet in concert at la Grande Salle of the Place des Arts, Saturday, October 26, sponsored by Jazz Productions.

It is well nigh impossible nowadays for a Miles Davis concert (or recording) to be bad; one may only be better or worse than other Miles Davis performances. Approaching Saturday evening's concert with such an attitude, one may conclude that, while the present group does not meet the standard set by past Davis ensembles, Miles himself is greater than ever.

Ernie Wilkins once advised young musicians to forget about the licks and just "practise long notes". Davis' employment of pure, soaring long notes, bridged by occasional bop phrases, is his expression not only of ultimate technical mastery, but also of a serene, almost metaphysical striving towards a vision of order in a musical form lacking classical standards. Not incidentally, it is also his private form of insurgence against the tyranny of bop. The unusual ranges which Miles achieved on his horn during this performance (especially on the slower numbers) serve the same purpose. He was all over his instrument and running the gamut of emotions from the stark yet full-blooded lyricism of *Old Folks* and *My Funny Valentine* to the introspective humour of *All of Me* and *No Blues* to the crisp, driving exuberance of all the up-tempo tunes. One gets the impression that in the person of Miles Davis jazz has spawned a Shakespeare of the horn — a musician with a world vision.

Despite this remarkable creative and technical discipline, there was a note of falseness in the frequent affectation of a casual air which was more careless than deliberate understatement — most notably on more familiar tunes (e.g. *Autumn Leaves*, *Round Midnight*, *No Blues*), but also on recent additions to the Davis repertoire (like *Seven Steps to Heaven*). The lack of synchronisation on the head of the latter number as well as the sloppy coda to "Round Midnight" resulted from a slick attempt to take these at faster than their normal tempo.

17-year-old Anthony Williams was the undisputed center of attention for his phenomenally spirited drumming. The other rhythm men were much of the time travelling in different directions during their comping — pianist Herbie Hancock struggling to fill in with arpeggios and pecking chords in his right hand (to compensate either for a rhythmic inadequacy or for the failure of the microphone to pick up his left-hand chordings), and Ron Carter, who was steady but usually restrained (but sound also suffered from poor amplification). There were rare moments (e.g.

Striptease: The kind of ingénue who usually turns out to be Jean Seberg, but isn't in this case, starts to strip for her supper and makes a big hit with the Parisian *haute société* — but not as a daughter-in-law. So she picks up her ballet slippers and drops her fan for good. Dany Saval is diverting as a *boite-owner's* mistress, and various *filles* named, for instance, *Cherry Liberty* and *Poupée La-Rose*, expose large portions of their anatomy, but the general effect is anti-sex.

on *So What* & *Seven Steps*) when the section cooked heatedly, largely through the inspiration of Williams' inventive and compellingly passionate percussive work. One important shortcoming of this *Wunderkind* to be noted, however: He has gained his reputation from his work on the New York session of the *Seven Steps* album, which produced exclusively up-tempo numbers — precisely because these are the only tunes which bring his genius to the fore. Thus it was a surprise to all when Williams appeared at a loss on the ballads (espe-



MILES DAVIS

cially for bass solos), as if he were embarrassed by tranquillity. Evidently, then, the development of a lyrical sense in this musician is something to be watched for in the future.

George Coleman was on the whole not up to his usual standard of soloing. In the process of breaking out of his Coltrane bag, he has allowed all sorts of avant-garde influences to creep into his style, with the result that insecurity is expressed in a rather jumbled sound — sometimes choppy, sometimes formlessly oriental — saved from complete chaos only by a sober Hank Mobley attachment. But he nevertheless achieved surprisingly logical solos on *Joshua* and *Valentine*. Other excellent solos were Hancock's on *No Blues*, Carter's on *Valentine*, and Williams' on *Seven Steps* (a crowd-pleaser).

One thread which seemed to run through all solos by the sidemen was their intricacy. Miles Davis has always surrounded himself with musicians whose styles in some way contrast with his own. The effect of contrast between legato, predominantly theory-based phrasing on the part of the sidemen and the appealing melodic phrasing of Davis' horn placed in the foreground is still one of his most effective devices. (Witness the Coltrane-like runs of Coleman on *Flamenco-Sketches* and the studied voicing of Hancock on *Old Folks* fitting in so pleasantly with the leader's playing).

Essentially, the Miles of the Place des Arts concert is the same Miles as on the historic '57 Quintet recording — with the same swing-generating tricks of tag endings and empty spaces (although the effect of the latter is weakened somewhat by Hancock's unsympathetic, bop-oriented rhythmic approach. From the concert, however, emerges the inescapable suggestion that Miles is at last too big for any possible ensemble.

— Rick Kitzelf.

The funniest woman

Anna Russell is funny. She is very funny. She is very, very funny. Perhaps she is the funniest woman in the world but a critic must abhor superlatives and suppress his mirth and talk about style and material in relation to the Essence of Comedy.

Her material is musical satire. Satire on music, that is: satire on Gilbert & Sullivan (a complete operetta) satire on Wagner (the complete *Ring of the Niebelungen*), satire on pianists, on singers, on German, French, Spanish, and English singing. It is all very acute and accurate and hilarious.

The wit, however, is occasionally somewhat obvious and only

she could bring it off. Of course, it is the material best suited to her style, because both have evolved together. So perfectly are they blended, that old material has lost little of its freshness.

Most important are her timing and imitative talents; she has about ten different voices (operatic to folk) immensely helpful for singing quartets by herself; she plays piano, castanets and an imaginary harp; she can also mime a last dissolute cigarette, weld her face into many characters (vertical-mouthed choirboy to limp torch-singer) and dances a pretty good flamenco.

J.D. Francis