

Whodunnit

PANDEMONIUM

This paper is founded by your Student Union for your enjoyment and as a medium of dialogue and information. We

are looking for contributions, so, if you want to write or do anything connected with the paper, please, please, drop into the Student Union Office.

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Our Cover Lovely

Hummmmmmm . . .

If you've ever been to Acapulco, in body or in smoke, you may have caught a glimpse of this month's lovely Pandemonium-fun-in-the-Danish-shoe-shine-girl-hummmmmmm. But appears as it may, lovely Loreta Raco Raco is not all fun and sun. She's right at home upstairs too, as you'll find out if you put your pesos out to pasture at her place.

Currently, Loreta is starring in Butch Kneigo's latest film *extra-vaganza, Fun on an Aztec Altar*. (What's an Aztec Altar? Anything he can get his hands on!) "In this cinematic gem," says Loreta, "I portray Quetzalcoatl's concubine who returns after an absence of 600 years to find an American Express Office where our pleasure pit once had been. It is in this moment of despair, this perception of the instant, which causes a 90 minute flash-back to some of Mexico's least artistic stag films."

But be that as it may, Loreta hopes to make a career in chartered accountancy. "I think this is the way for a woman to be truly liberated and yet make herself truly liberated too," she says. The winner of many beauty contests, Loreta finds that this does not conflict with her views on women's liberation because, "honestly, I couldn't think my way out of a wet telephone booth." And the state of some of Mexico's telephone booths supports this contention. "I am," Loreta says, "pleased and proud to be this month's lovely Condominium-find-in-the-sand-shoe-sin-girl-hymn because of the great need in the world for love. My two heros are the President of the United States and my father, who ever they may be."

PANDEMONIUM

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Why pay more for less?

On Friday, November 27th, Harry Parrott, Minister of Colleges and Universities, stood on his perch in Queen's Park and announced with confidence and a clear conscience that starting next September University tuition in Ontario would go up \$100.00, and College fees would go up \$75.00. Following this anticipated announcement, statistics were thrown around to justify the increase; promises were made; opposition leaders mumbled and yawned and then every one went to lunch.

If you are getting the old "wool over the eyes" feeling you're probably on the right track. Next September when you're digging deeper into your jeans to pay the \$365.00 tuition to enter the Hallowed Halls of Humber College, or when you're laying in your bed next December dreaming about your student Loan that has yet to come in—think about some of these facts.

While Colleges will receive \$20.00 million more in Operating Grants next year the actual percentage increase is only 8.6%. Your \$75.00 increase amounts to a 30% change. What happened to the A.I.B. guide lines?

Another little goodie is the promise that an extra 13 million dollars will be pumped into the OSAP system to help students pay for this tuition increase. What was not mentioned by Mr. Parrott were the following facts; 1] not all students qualify for OSAP assistance and therefore many will have to bear the full \$75.00 increase themselves.

2] OSAP regulations require a student to contribute a percentage of his summer earnings to help pay for the school year. It doesn't seem to matter to the government if you could not find one of those rare well-paying jobs last summer that allowed you to save



No more pocket money for students.

Paul Till

money for college as a fictitious money amount is still charged against your potential OSAP assistance.

3] OSAP is an open-ended programme. How much is passed around to students is determined by regulations, not by publicly announced figures (remember the generous announcement of 13 million for next year). Even though the awards have come close to the publicly announced figure during the last two years, in the last five years the OSAP allocation has been underspent by 29 million

dollars.

One last point: You will be paying \$75.00 more next September in tuition fees but will you be getting \$75.00 more in academic services? Will your class sizes be smaller? Will your teachers be better skilled to teach you? Will your labs and workshops be better equipped? Will the library have the books and journals you need? Will food areas or lounge areas be improved? You will be paying \$75.00 more next year. Will you be paying more for less?

Christmas terror

By Paul Till

Some aeronautical buffs out there might recognise the aircraft featured dropping a bomb on Toyland as a Stuka. This machine was used by an unpleasant group of people known as Nazis to entertain crowds in such hot spots as Guernica, Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry and sundry points east, about forty years ago. The continued popularity of Stukas in Toronto can only be attributed to the fact that they were unable to play any engagements in the Americas in those hectic and thrilling days.



Paul Till



Paul Till

You can't have your cake and talk too

As crowds of joyous Christmas shoppers flitted to and fro, purchasing superior wares at the Photo Students' Print Sale, a tower of sugar and plywood was erected. As I observed the perils and anxieties of its construction by vast hordes of workers, (well maybe five), my mind wandered to that storehouse of all knowledge and wisdom, The Bible. On returning to my humble abode I speedily scanned the pages of the sacred book. Yes, there it was, right between two huge bunches of begatting. "...let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven;... And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one; and they have all one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand each other's speech."

Now this huge tower in the concourse hardly seemed the technological triumph of the age, but I began to get a bit worried, anyhow. After all, was it not a fact that immediately after the completion of the CN Tower I had had difficulty in getting a gentleman on Yonge Street to understand that I did not wish to purchase one of his despicable publications? This being the case, I rushed back to the base of the Humber Tower and, as the cold light of the setting sun blinded my eyes, asked one of the towers' builders his views on the subject. "I'm sorry, I don't speak Babylonian," he replied. Theiosiehd eisdhfeiohf rekk rekk rekk. "ethei theiodjfw iwprof," ki doid. "Ha ha ha ah fiheoahefe....."

Shorties: Is the disease worse than the cures?



Who are those two sinister shorties sneaking up on that nice tall person?

Note: In a continuing effort to investigate racism here, there and everywhere, Pandemonium prints this article which was written after questions were raised regarding the number of Chinese students studying at the U of T medical school. The article exposes Canada's number one people problem.

As I have wandered about the Medical Sciences Building I have wondered who all these shorties in white coats were. Imagine my horror when I discovered that they were medical students, the doctors of tomorrow!!! Well, you may ask what's wrong with these shorties? PLENTY! First of all they bring the doctoring trade into disrepute because when they want to look into a regular person's ears or mouth they have to either make him bend down, which is embarrassing for him, or the shortie has to stand on a little stool, which is embarrassing for the whole medical profession. And another thing—shorties live longer than longer people. Just read the Guinness Book of World Records if you don't believe me. (Hell, read another article if you don't believe me!!) Is this because shorties are na-

turally healthier than tall people? Bull Doody!

Everybody knows that bigger is better! Why shorties live longer is because the short doctors kill off all the tall people. (Ever notice that life insurance agents tend to be shortish.) And where do you think all these shorties came from? Not from Paul Bunyon country you bet. Just slipped under the border when the immigration men weren't looking. And alot of these shorties are "passing", (I myself passed until grade 13, then the trouble started) with the use of escalator heels!—worming their way into positions of power! The man who holds the scalpel rules the world! Have you ever heard of a good dictator bloody murderer? Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Einstein, of Swietzer, Ho Che Mihn, Mao Tse (fatty) Tung! All shorties. And all of the apparently tall tyrants have just been one shortie standing on another shortie's shoulders.

Now some may ask if this isn't just a thinly disguised piece of racism? After all, can

shortness be made culture fair? No. Yes. I would not for example try to prove that Watusi are the smartest people in the world (because after all, I'm not as smart as they are). What I would say is that after you find the average height for a particular persuasion (i.e. The Indianapolis 500 auto Persuasion) the people who are less than average height are idiots. After all, if they were smart, they wouldn't be short. Mind you, they do have a certain low animal cunning which makes them a bit harder to deal with than higher forms like dolphins and the common cold.

Now I am not advocating any drastic measures to deal with shorties because a lot of good people like particular shorties. A lot of good people like dogs and cats too, but we don't let them become doctors (chimpanzees are a different matter). No, we keep the good ones and give them nice things to eat and flea collars and let them shit on the sidewalk and the rest we put to sleep. Good enough for dogs, good enough for shorties! That's my motto. (Ever seen a tall dog?)

story and photo by Paul Till

COMMUNITY COLLEGE TUITION FEES ACROSS CANADA [1976-77]

--From OFS Research Report, pg. 7.

QUEBEC

NEW BRUNSWICK free for students from the Maritimes [\$100 per month for non-Maritime students]

P.E.I. Holland College \$200

NOVA SCOTIA N.S. Institute of Technology, \$50 admission fee*, tuition free**

College of Cape Breton, \$50 registration fee*, tuition free**

N.S. College of Agriculture, tuition free**
N.S. Land Survey Institute, Maritime students-\$100, other Canadians-\$200***, non-Canadians-\$1000

MANITOBA Red River Community College, \$200 [per year, 2 yr programme], \$100 [1 yr programme]

Keewatin Community College, and Assiniboine Community College, \$20 per month [20 month programme]

SASKATCHEWAN \$200-\$245

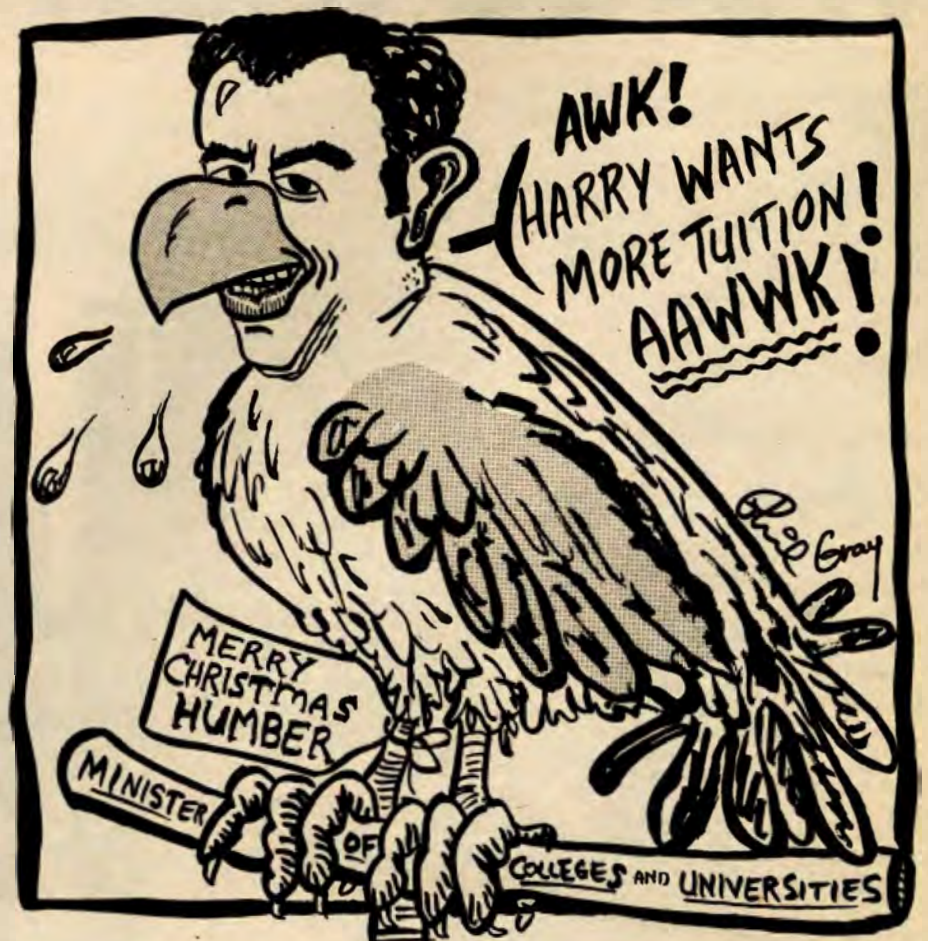
ALBERTA \$200-240 [per double term year] \$250-\$290 [per triple term year]

BRITISH COLUMBIA \$250 [average]

NEWFOUNDLAND College of Trades and Technology, and College of Fisheries, free for residents [\$500 for non-newfoundlanders]

*This is a fee charged only once, on entering the programme
**These institutes also offer undergraduate degree programmes which charge tuition in the \$550-\$650 range.
***In second year, tuition is \$100

ONTARIO \$250 INCREASE OF 30% FOR 1977-78 TO \$325



screwed

By now, I am sure you have heard that your tuition fee for next year has been increased by \$75.00. The Student Union has taken a stand against this increase for many reasons.

The main factor in making this decision is why pay more when you are receiving less. We are concerned about the over-crowded classes that many students have to put up with, the decreasing services we are receiving, the cramped facilities we now have. We have had to live with an inadequate financial aid system, an increasing summer employment figure and a diploma that is rapidly declining in value. Is all this worth a \$75.00 tuition increase? Obviously not.

Some people will say that it's the first increase in five years but look at what has happened in five years. Is our education system getting better?

Harry gives this explanation...

The Minister's Logic

A brief note must be included regarding the logic used by the Minister in justifying the tuition fee increase.

The "Tuition fees as some fixed per centage of total costs" syndrome.

A favorite argument by everyone who favours an increase is that tuition fees have dropped as a % of total operating costs and the balance must be restored thus fees must go up. The only problem with this argument is that when you ask why fees should be fixed at some % of total (i.e. what is the magic of 16 or 20%) no one can give you an answer. There simply is no logic for this or that per centage being maintained.

Tuition fees and the Price of Turnips

Another favorite argument is that the Con-

sumer price Index has increased by 8.1% per year thus tuition fees should to. The fact that the Consumer Price Index reflects the costs of a basket of Consumer items such as shoe laces, turnips, roast beef and gasoline and bears no relationship whatsoever to tuition fees does not seem to phase the Minister one bit. The C.P.I. does not reflect the resources at the students disposal; the cost of running a university or the quality of education. An equally relevant indicator might be the annual rainfall index for Moose Factory, Ontario. Mind you, if one does wish to view education as a consumer's item, there is probably some merit in comparing the quality and value of a post-secondary education between 1972 and 1977.

What will I do with all of this work?

by Rick Aikins

Of late, have any of you, the students of Humber College of Applied Arts and Technology thought about what you are really doing at this apparent post-secondary baby sitting facility? It is quite obvious to see that the professional euchreors of the Humberger or the backlot of "The Sting" in the Student Union Lounge are here to upgrade their secondary vices. It is usually a simple task for a student who works at being a student to determine the range of marks for one of these people. We really should not discount their strong points though, after all they have a solid three in at least two courses; Remedian Dep-ravity and Medieval Vices. Keep up the good work!

Some people are at Humber because they see it as an extension of high school. This is fine if they are looking towards an unpressured and easy number of years at Slumber College without any substantial function. There are people paying \$145.00 per semester to "keep warm" at the expense of the instructor's motivation to teach students, and the student's environment for learning. I have heard numerous cases of students who attempt to humour their peers with witless garble, at the same time interrupting the concentration and work flow of bona fide students. Too many kiddies who attend Humber do not realize that their instructor has a need to achieve. In this case he or she is attempting to motivate the student to

learn, which is sometimes an impossible task at Humber.

Until recently, the students whose only contribution is negative, have had their efforts go unrecognized by the college administrators. Their input to the academic life of the school is now noted and rewarded with the Dean's probationary letter. This should have been in force long ago though. It was certainly a needed measure for this school. Hopefully, this attitude in the Administration will continue indefinitely.

Now is the time for the students who wish to go somewhere to formulate personal objectives. If you are here at Humber to put in time, you had better evaluate yourself and find just where it is you intend to go within the next five to ten years. People who are not doing the planning they should be doing are going to find themselves in a very uncomfortable position as far as the future is concerned. Establishing personal objectives can be money oriented or career oriented but whatever they are, it is important that you work hard at achieving these objectives. They surely will not come by themselves.

For the people who are reading this article and are not taking it very seriously, I would hope that you begin at some time in the near future to evaluate what you have been doing at Humber. The next time you are on your way to the Humberger, take a good look before you go in and ask yourself whether the atmosphere reminds you of the social scenario for a cast of fifteenth century village idiots.



What strange ritual is taking place in this room? Are cleses the scourge of the pinballing classes?

Paul Till

For your academic

by Rick Aikins

Well, it is that time of semester when you find out what you did or did not do. Some students become very dissatisfied with the final marks given to them by their instructors. Sometimes, they are justified and sometimes they are not. You usually get the mark you have earned. It has been my experience that when a student approaches me with a grading complaint, the mark the instructor gave was justified. Many students with this type of complaint fail to recognize their failure to complete the course requirements as outlined by the instructor and the college. As far as I am concerned, there is nearly nothing I can do for a person who has not completed all course requirements.

However, any students feeling that their

mark was unjustified should have the matter discussed. If you are in this position, I would recommend that you should discuss it with your instructor. If the results are not acceptable to you, you may take the matter to your Program Co-Ordinator and if it is not resolved there, to your Division Chairman. If, by chance, nothing is resolved, you should come up to the Student Union Office in D235 and talk to the Chairman of Academic Affairs.

I do stress that you should take the above mentioned course of action before lodging a grievance with the Appeals Board. Should you decide to do this it must be done within six weeks from the end of the course.

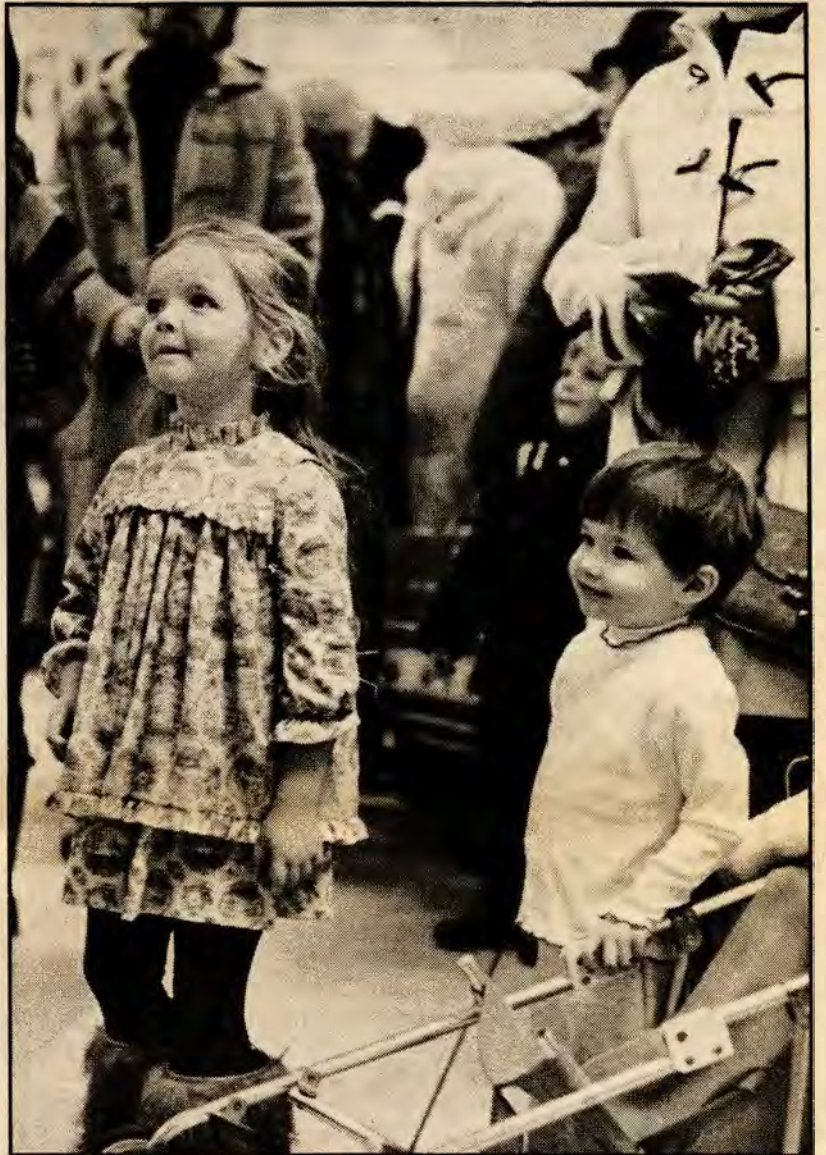
For any other information, consult your Student Handbook or come up to the Student Union Office, D235, by the Pub.

information.

Christmas is still for children



Photos by
Bonnie Lee Murray





W.C.R. "World Christmas Removal"
Their mission is hopeful



Apathy has set in at all major department stores.

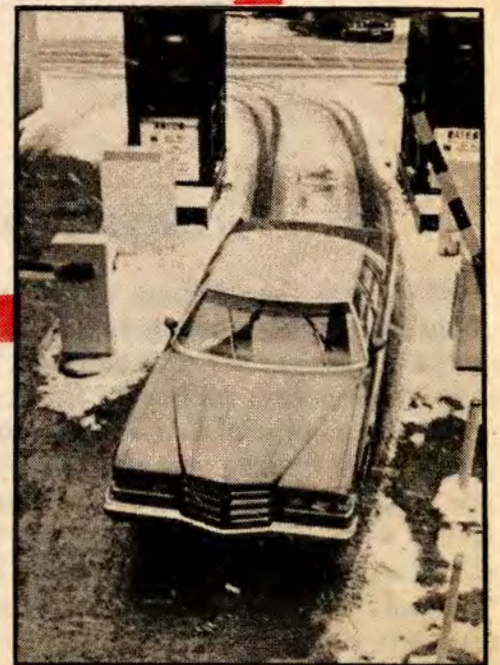
The Last Christmas Story



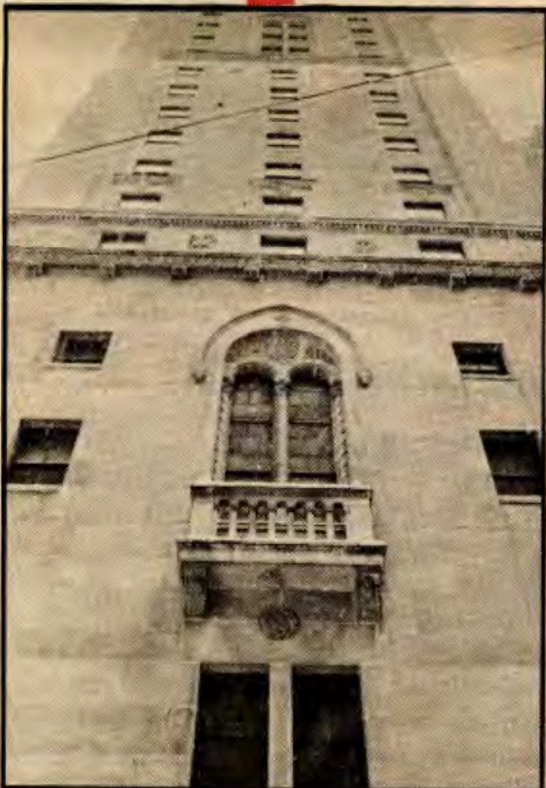
Feeble attempts to sell the surplus of Santa's "Sacks" continue.



No comment.



Well-wishers bring the Christmas packages that fuel the tower's engines to its base.



Mary and Joe's living quarters until their transfer to the tower. Their farewell speech has been scheduled for 10:30 am December 26th.



Maximum security ID cards made of 14 kt. gold.



Santa hopes the new world will accept him.



Tracking of the tower will be done by CN telecommunications.

Story and photos by Keith Penner

Well, as you all know, there are only 11 shopping days left until Christmas. Enjoy them, for sad but true, this 25th of December will be the last official Christmas.

So far, CN officials say it's been quite busy filling the mammoth, hollow legs of the CN tower with all the Christmas packages that have been donated. CN is an abbreviation for Christ Nee, which is quite appropriate for this rebirth of the 2,000 year old Christmas tradition.

Joe tells us that Mary is very excited about the upcoming flight, but that he is a little concerned about whether the lift-off will have any ill effect on her unborn child.

The tower will land upright on the distant planet's surface, and a light at the top will glow at night, giving the appearance of the famed star of Bethlehem. If all goes well, the planet's inhabitants will accept this rebirth of Christ as Kosher, and Christmas will live anew, saved from the commercialism and insanity of Earth.

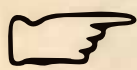
New Year's Day and Easter will not be affected by World Christmas Removal.



Daily animal sacrifices are being performed by Christmas lovers to protest World Christmas Removal.

DO IT TO IT with the great

PANDEMONIUM



!! CONTEST !!



As a part of a continuing effort to involve the students in Pandemonium (as if there isn't enough pandemonium around anyway, what with the Christmas rush and all), Pandemonium is pleased to announce three contests which are open to all students and staff of Humber College. The first prize in each contest is a something—it isn't much I'll admit, but it's better than five years in prison for arson and chicken theft.

CONTEST NUMBER ONE

Above are the pictures of two rip-off artists, but the thing about one of these people is that he hasn't really affected you. I would venture to say that there isn't one person at Humber College who was ever robbed by Jessie James. But there is one person in the picture who, if you're returning to college next year, is going to be ripping you off. Money from your pockets—money you could go to movies with, or drink beer with, or buy prophylactics with. Who is this man? All the clues are in this issue of Pandemonium (No, it's not me you fool). As there's probably five or six of you out there who are bright enough to figure this one out, the prize is an electronic shriek whistle, defender of women, purchased at Humber College Bookstore. It won't stop the robbery but you might meet some interesting people.



★ AND NOW ★
BOYS & GIRLS, ★



CONTEST NUMBER TWO

Name the Country Contest. What with the election of the PDQ or is it the PQ, in Quebec, and their promise to hold a referendum on the question of Quebec leaving Confederation, there looms a terrible question mark in Canada's future. Indeed, few people, in Quebec or the rest of Canada, have given serious thought to the monumental consequences of Quebec's separation. What are we going to call these two new nations of the world? We could be strictly mathematical and call the bigger bit Canada minus Quebec plus some bits of Westmount equals the true north strong and free, or Quebec equals Canada minus everything else. We'll leave the rest to you.

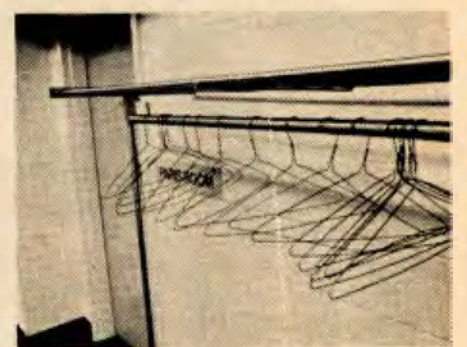
CONTEST NUMBER THREE

Where will your Department be Next Year Contest.

If you were at Humber last year you may have been a bit disoriented (even if you weren't Chinese to start with) when you returned to school this September. One could almost hear Donovan singing in the background: "First there is a classroom then there is no classroom, then there is a hallway then there is no hallway." Anyway, the objective of this contest is to guess which walls are going down, what rooms are going up or where your department will be next year. The first prize will go to the most improbable (and therefore, the most likely, and if you think that's a paradox, you're right and you're wrong and that's another paradox). A special prize will go to anyone who guesses with any accuracy changes that do transpire. This prize will consist of a brick or other pieces of building refuse from the demolition, with an original photograph on the theme of idiocy drymounted



The gaming tables of Monte Carlo.



I love Paris in the hangers

Paul Till

to it. This prize may take a while but give us an address and I will personally mail you the prize in the summer. (I'm counting on nobody getting the answer right, but it sounds like a good way to get five bucks out of the Student Union). To wet your mind, as if you don't already wet it five nights a week anyhow, we include pictures of two of Humber's recent additions, I love Paris in the coathangers and the Gaming Tables of Monte Carlo. If you haven't taken an elective in a different country you haven't lived!

St. Vincent hearing aid project

Under the auspices of Project School-to-School, Humber College is twinned with the Caribbean Island of St. Vincent. One of the results of this project is Humber's involvement with the St. Vincent Hearing Aid Project.

The idea originated with George Mason, co-ordinator of special projects with the educational exchange branch of the Ontario Ministry of Education, who learned of the problems of the deaf in St. Vincent during a field trip, three years ago.

The following summer, Ann Nixon, chief of speech pathology at the Thistle-town Regional Centre was recruited to help. She was provided with an honorarium by the Ministry of Education and after spending the summer testing children for hearing, discovered that many of them could be helped with hearing aids.

George Mason appealed through the school system in Canada and the newspapers for free hearing aids, and more than 500 aids were collected. It was at this point that the project nearly bogged down, because a source of funding was needed to finance a program to get the St. Vincent children fitted with hearing aids that would suit their individual needs. The hearing aids sat in a warehouse for two years while an answer to the problem was sought.

George Kerr, an instructor at Humber College, heard about the problem and volunteered to help. Among his students were 22 from St. Vincent. Mr. Kerr wondered if they could be trained in Canada to help out with the problems of the deaf when they returned to St. Vincent. Mrs. Nixon gave some of the students instruction on how to stimulate interest in speech, one night a week.

Dr. Donald Hood, head of Audiology at the Hospital for Sick Children, gave one of the St. Vincent students, a graduate in electronics, special training on the hospital audiology equipment and also helped the student learn to repair hearing aids.

Dr. Hood and his wife Nancy, a teacher of the deaf, Mrs. Nixon and Mr. Kerr, travelled to St. Vincent July 27, 1976, for two weeks of testing people with hearing problems and fitting hearing aids. Clinics were set up in Kingstown, Georgetown and on the island of



l to r: George Kerr, Nancy Hood, Dr. Donald Hood, George Kerr, Doreen Kerr

Bequia. The necessary funding came from the Humber College St. Vincent Educational Fund. Patients were tested and, if it was determined that a hearing aid would help, a mold was made of the ear. Every evening the molds were drilled and a preservative applied. The hearing aid suited for that person was selected from the supply carried from Canada. The following day the patient

returned to the clinic to be fitted with the aid, given instruction in the care and operation of the aid and receive a supply of batteries. The three professional members of the team provided educational advice to those who would be working with the hearing impaired.

Several Vincentians, some recent graduates of Humber, were given instruction in making ear molds, and in



Hearing for the first time

Gordon Kerr

the care and operation of the hearing aids. Those Vincentians who received speech training while at Humber, were given names of people whom the specialists felt could benefit from speech therapy.

The project is an on-going one because batteries have to be replaced, additional hearing aids and cords are required, repairs have to be made, new ear molds have to be made and educational advice has to be given. In addition, the speech therapy program must, of necessity, be a continuing one. But by September of this year most of the problems were solved. In August, an appeal for used hearing aids was sent to all weekly newspapers across Canada by Mr. Mason. These aids will be turned over to the Humber College Project where they will be tested at the Hospital for Sick Children, and graded according to degree of amplification.

Mackie Browne, a Vincentian student, who recently graduated from the electronics program at Humber College, has been testing and repairing hearing aids for a number of months. He has returned to St. Vincent, and has volunteered to be responsible for repairs to the aids and to maintain the supply of additional aids and cords.

While a great deal of the project relies on contributions of hearing aids, batteries, equipment and people's time, there are things such as travel, accommodation and supplies which can only be obtained with cash. Funding for this project is currently being provided by Humber College St. Vincent Educational Fund. This Fund also ships books and other materials to St. Vincent, and provides scholarships for Vincentians to further their education at Humber College. It is hoped that the Humber College Hearing Project will attract the interest of public and service clubs. Financing of the project is estimated at \$5,000.00 per year and contributions can be made to Humber College Hearing Project and mailed to:

Gordon Kerr,
Co-Ordinator of Hearing
c/o Humber College Box 1900
Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5L7

This article is condensed, in part from an article in the Toronto Daily Star May 5th 1976.

STUDENT UNION MOVIES FOR THE WINTER SEMESTER '77

january

- 5- a separate peace
- 12- the andromeda strain
- 19- lady sings the blues
- 26- wrath of god, fistfull of dollars

february

- 2- funny girl, funny lady
- 9- the omen
- 16- butch cassidy and the sundance kid
- 23- in the heat of the night

march

- 2- anne of a thousand days
- 9- juggernaut
- 16- the bad news bears
- 23- soylent green
- 30- romeo and juliet

april

- 6- the magic christian
- 13- sometimes a great notion
- 20- the way we were

in concert

Robert Palmer at QE Theatre

by Paul Malon

Robert Palmer is not Boz Scaggs.

While both have blue eyes and both perform in the soul/rhythm and blues category of music, they are about as diametrically opposed as two artists can be and stay within the same style.

Scaggs makes elegant, disco-oriented, slightly slick music. Palmer creates what Bill Graham would refer to as, "hot-tar-in-the-streets-funk", it cooks. In trying to be specific, I'd say his style is somewhere in between the diversified, demanding funk of Little Feat and the lean, driving rhythms of the Meters, with some Reggae thrown in.

One thing Scaggs and Palmer share is a taste for a posh wardrobe. But for Palmer, this elegant exterior is at odds with his rough edged voice and the entire style of his music, as demonstrated in his concert at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

He managed to give a good show, despite a pack of problems. His lighting equipment and most of his sound equipment was stopped at the border by Canadian Customs. So the light show was literally what one gets at a public school Christmas pageant, and the sound was hurt by the hall's poor acoustics. The soundman said, it was like "trying to work inside a giant marshmallow."

All that aside, Palmer also had troubles with his band. When they played together, all seven instrumentalists came off as a very hot rhythm section. But when they stopped merely backing up Palmer and trying solos or lead lines, they fell flat, simply because, outside of Steve York on harmonica none seemed to have the talent to perform them.

Thus, when they kept in their place as a side band, Palmer was able to impressively build up his poorer pieces (notably "Riverboat" and "What Can You Bring Me") into churnin' burnin' bits of funk.

But when they launched into his better material, which demands lead guitar, keyboard or drum lines, they couldn't supply them. "Pressure Drop" suffered from the pianist's painfully bad imitation of Bill Payne's original work, "Sailing Shoes", from the guitarist's inept attempts to duplicate Lowell George's guitar and "Sneakin' Sally Through the Alley" from the drummer's bassist's pianist's/rhythm/guitarist's efforts to reproduce the inimitable sound of the Meters.

Still, it was a well paced show



Robert Palmer

Debbie Bain

that displayed flashes of the excitement that illuminated about half of Palmer's recorded material. That was all it took, along with his fine singing—his voice was in fine form—to get a great audience response.

This was not a typical Toronto reaction. Before he came on

stage there was plenty of cheering and calls for various of his "better known works". These could not be the same people that sat like dead fish between each of Nils Lofgren's songs a while back at the New Yorker. Could it have been that Palmer's audience was relishing its "cult" role? Or was

it simply that they welcomed a man who would provide an alternative to all the mass produced Silver Conventionalized crap that passes for Soul, Rhythm and Blues. Whatever, Robert Palmer has the right ideas and the talent, even if it flows erratically, to put them into music.

in concert

Dizzy Gillespie

by Dunstan Morey

Let it be known that the spirit of bebop is alive and well, and residing in the person of one Dizzy Gillespie. A living legend, he remains one of the driving forces of jazz - as his recent engagement at the Colonial downtown amply demonstrated.

Mind you, I said the *spirit* of bebop is alive and well. This does not mean that Diz is blowing the same old stuff from 30 years ago. In fact, it means the exact opposite.

Although the word 'bebop', like the word 'beatnik', is hopelessly dated, Diz remains completely spontaneous and uninhabited by convention. So whether you call his current style of music 'bop' or 'funk' or just 'jazz', it's unmistakable in one respect—it's pure 'Diz'.

Everything about Gillespie is unique. The way his cheeks balloon out when blowing his horn, looking like he shoved a couple of apples into his mouth. The way the bell of his trumpet sticks out at a rakish 45 degree angle. The way he stops in the middle of a solo to wipe his mouthpiece and think a bit before continuing. Or the way he starts entertaining before the group is even on stage.

For example, when he noticed the PA wasn't on, rather than quietly ask one of the waiters to do something about it, he simply bellowed out his request at top volume.

The whole evening was that zany. Later on, he announced that his good friend, former heavyweight boxing champion Joe Frazier, was in the audience. Pointing to the corner, he said, "Stand up and take a bow, Joe. C'mon, stand up!" Then, affecting a double-take, "Oh, pardon me, lady!!", he proceeded to wipe his glasses.

Gillespie's flamboyant sense of humour never lets up. Whether he's getting the audience to sing along,

or playing congas, or blowing a fast, exciting, melodic line, the same good humour and love of life come through.

Another good example of this is his inimitable vocal style. Unlike normal 'scat' singing, which uses a limited set of syllables, Dizzy constructs long, intricate sentences of nonsensical words which seem to take on meaning as he throws in a real word or two.

Despite the free feeling in Gillespie's material, the band is obviously well-rehearsed. The tunes have a well-defined structure, and with all Gillespie's good humour, he can no doubt be an exacting leader. He has only to wave his hand, and the band immediately drops to half-volume.

The other band members include Mickey Roker on drums, Benjamin Franklin Brown on base, and Rodney Jones on guitar. All outstanding soloists, they work together well as a unit.

The important unifying element in Gillespie's life and music is the Baha'i Faith. A Baha'i for ten years, he finds a direct co-relation between his music and his Faith. He strongly advocates the unity of all races and religions. Of particular significance is the Baha'i belief in religion as a stimulus for an ever-advancing civilization.

"It's like this. The Manifestation (ie. Prophet of God) is like a relay runner. He talks civilization up to a certain point, and then Passes the job on to the next one. Well, it's the same in music. One man develops an idea as far as he can, then it's up to the next guy. That's where I fit in", he explains.

Some purists complain that Diz spends too much time horsing around instead of just blowing his horn. But they miss the point. Whatever medium he uses, he's saying the same thing in his inimitable way. Why complain that you don't have to be versed in the esoteric nuances of jazz to enjoy his music? Surely the best music far from being exclusive, can be enjoyed by everyone.

Ronee Blakely

by Lee Rickwood

A dim red light illuminates the stage; clinging ivy and yellow chrysanthemums surround, protect the singer, as she stares at her piano. The atmosphere is tense, expectant, fearful. Ronee Blakely is recalling her past, rambling on, oblivious to the crowd. If you

saw her in Nashville, if you recall Barbara Jean's breakdown on stage, you know how it felt to watch her opening night at the Riverboat.

Unfortunately, the kind of show you get from Ronee Blakely depends on when you see her: her performances are so unique, so ephemeral, that any given show will reveal different facets of her personality:

**"I live for the moment, it passes away,
And I'm glad..."**

(Need a New Sun Risin')

If all goes well, her set revolves around songs from her most recent album, "Welcome", released last year. On it appear twelve original songs, most in country-blues mood, beckoning the listener into the evocative world of Ronee Blakely:

**"Honey, come over and be with me,
You know you're always welcome here."**

(Welcome)

I sat enthralled as she opened her first set at the Riverboat with 'Bluebird'; a song she wrote for, but did not sing in, Nashville, director Robert Altman's vision of the country music capital. Ronee played the queen of country music, Barbara Jean, with the same remarkable presence she displayed in concert.

Even though 'Nobody's Bride' and 'If I Saw You in the Morning', among others in the show, are not faithful to the recorded versions, their effect is magnified through Miss Blakely's passionate, almost painful delivery:

**"She loves her tenderness, but her bitterness
won't be denied..."**

(Nobody's Bride)

Near the end of Thursday's final set, Ronee, with accompanist/confidant Linda Webb providing soft, high harmonies, vamped her way through 'My Idaho Home' with little regard for lyrics or melody, seemingly lost in her own imagery:

**"Momma and Daddy raised me with love and care,
they sacrificed so I could have a better share..."**

(My Idaho Home)

Several new songs are being introduced in concert, perhaps in anticipation of a new album. 'Memphis' and 'Marksman' have a rambling, almost scattered feel. Personal and political images are hung on subtle, elusive melodies; the songs have more than a slight Dylanesque quality, perhaps the result of Ronee's work with the Rolling Thunder Revue.

Ronee Blakely sang here last December, with Dylan at the Gardens, before almost 15,000 people, but her character and her music were much more accessible in the Riverboat.

I left with the image of a speeding train flashing by: I'm not sure who's on it, or where it came from, or where it's going, but I know it's a thrill to watch.

record reviews

by Paul Malon

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)

Well, everyone and their uncle has had a live album released this year, so why not Lynyrd Skynyrd. It worked for Peter Frampton, didn't it? So Led Zeppelin, Rush, Deep Purple, Roxy Music, Bob Marley and the Wailers, Elton John, Bob Dylan and a slew of others have followed suit. Not that 'live' albums have never before been popular. No, no, no. Everyone, it seems has released one. It's just that now that records cost so much, and so many albums are constantly being shot at us, many people will buy a "live" set because on "One Specially Priced Double LP" a greatest hits package of sorts will often be found.

Anyway, Skynyrd has one out too, and it's OK but that's all. As far as Southern boogie goes, they are the best. It's too bad they sound just like all other bands that play the same style. Wet Willie, Hydra, Grinderswitch, et al. They all possess the same screaming three guitar attacks, whiskey soaked vocals, and stomping rhythms. Of course, as this LP shows, Lynyrd Skynyrd is the best of them all.

The thing that bugs me about the music here is that it all sounds the same. Really good rockers like "Saturday Night Special"

and "Sweet Home Alabama" are given so-so treatments, making them virtually indistinguishable from lesser tracks like "The Needle and the Spoon". Each time I've listened to this album, all that sticks out are three songs - "Give Me Three Steps" (a nifty bit of honky tonk) "Gone" (quite a good ballad), and "Free Bird" (with its irritating dragged out, one note end) - and bits of songs they've plagiarized from the Stones, Led Zeppelin, and Bad Company/Free.

It's all well played, and very well sung, but all a bit boring alongside their studio work.

But it was a good accounting move to put it out wasn't it?

NO REASON TO CRY Eric Clapton [RSO]

Can it be that with the help of such luminaries as Bob Dylan, Ron Wood, Jesse Ed Davis, Billy Preston, and members of the Band, that this new album of Clapton's is only 'fairly good', when it should deserve superlatives?

Could it be that he's too nice a guy to stop such illustrious people from taking the album off in a swarm of different directions, without ever really developing any of them. I guess it would be hard for anyone to turn down a song from Dylan, and an appearance from Mr. D too boot, even if the song isn't all that hot and your vocal style doesn't really go with his. But that's how "Sign Language" came about.

The same thing applies to our hero's friendly collaborations with

members of the Band. The songs are "nice", the playing is tasteful and skillful, but we never hear the type of interchange that one would have hoped for between such good guitarists-song writers. It was just that sort of creative exchange that makes "Layla" the LP it is, and the lack of it that makes "No Reason to Cry" sterile.

There are good tracks here, particularly the two blues numbers "Double Trouble" and "Country Jail Blues" and "Hungry", on which he really shows his ability on the guitar. But over all it isn't as good as his last effort, the live collection of blues called "E.C. Was Here".

CRYSTAL BALL Styx [A&M]

Why would this up-and-coming band with aspirations to magnificence choose to place a song as stupid as "Put Me On" on their new LP "Crystal Ball" especially as it is supposed to solidify the popularity they gained from the year old "Equinox" album, and hit single "Lorelie".

But there it is, sitting proudly as the first cut on an otherwise alright album. "Put Me On" is not only poor musically, but is also offensive lyrically.

The first verse goes like so:

*Put Me On I'm Your Brand New
Record Album,
Side one cut one listen to the songs
Play me loud don't worry 'bout your
neighbours
Hope I make you happy all day long
All day long.*

A bit coy and cutesy, eh?

Their current single, "Mademoiselle", is a vast improvement, as is the title track "Shooz", and "Clair de Lune/Ballerina... I think it's a better album than "Equinox" even though the compositions are only at the same so-so level. It's a better album because it's less trebly sounding. Maybe that's the result of adding Alabama native Tommy Shaw on second lead guitar, or just due to better production work. Anyway, "Crystal Ball" isn't really interesting enough to gain them new fans, but it should satisfy their old ones.

TROUBADOUR J.J. Cale [Shelter]

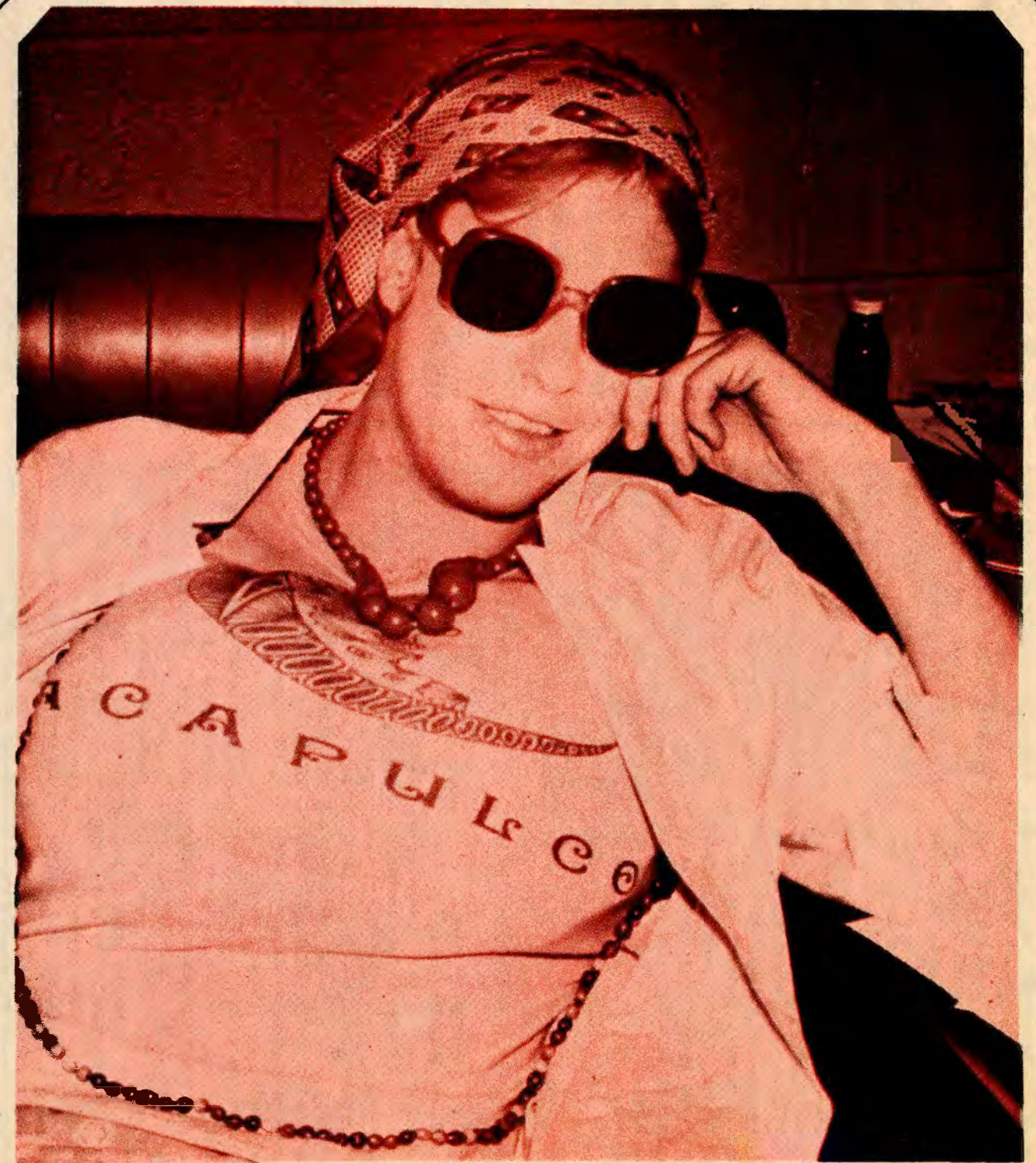
Low key is the best way to describe J.J. Cale's music. Cale, an acoustic and electric guitarist from Leon Russell's hometown of Tulsa, Oklahoma, performs quiet little songs which consist of only a few simple chords, played in an enjoyably mellow manner. The chief interest in all his music is the variety of subtly shifting sounds he coaxes from his instruments. These give his music the audio equivalent of molasses—it's rich, earthy and slow.

So far so good. The songs sound good, but because of the basic nature of the composing, they never really grab, much less hold, one's attention. There is one exception on this album, and that is "Cocaine", where Cale lets some electricity flow through the music via some tasty electric guitar work.

But, other than that, "Troubadour" is only made up of mood music, albeit superior mood music.

14 december 1976

PANDEMONIUM



Paul TILL

Christmas messages from around the world

**Mao Tse Tung, Chairman of the Central
Committee of the Communist Party of China**
[deceased]

Being dead, I don't suppose I'll get any-
thing nice for Christmas. Too bad.

Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia

Alright, I may have my back to the wall,
and be about to hand over power to the so-
called "country's black majority", but if you
think I'm going to take one more joke about
"I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"
you've got another thing coming.

Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, just
like the ones I used to know...

Elizabeth II, Queen of England

My husband and I, being of sound mind
and body, and knowing that not one of you
can possibly be listening after staying up half
the night, trying to keep the kids in bed while
constructing one of Japan's most ingenious
pieces of beer-can recycling, or drinking
enough alcohol to kill enough ground-hogs,
so that if laid end to end they would stretch
from Norm's Open Kitchen to a point just
south of Hawksville, are pleased to tell view-
ers here in the British Isles and in the great
Commonwealth of Nations, to stuff it where
the sun never shines.

**Jimmy Carter, President-elect of the United
States**

OK you all, you can make fun of the Prime
Minister of some country that we don't even
recognize, even though we do buy chromium
from them in the face of United Nations' re-
solutions, but if you think you're going to
make some cheap peanut joke about me,
President-elect of the world's most powerful
nation, with a huge nuclear arsenal and hun-
dreds of thousands of soldiers under my di-
rect command, anyone of whom would be
only too pleased to put a steam of hot lead
through your body, you've got another thing
coming.

**Jimmy Carter, President-elect of the United
States**

Well, I or rather ah, ah, ah, cashew!

**Jerry Ford, Lame Duck President of the
United States**

Gesundheit! And if you think you're going
to make some cheap shot about chewing gum
and walking straight, let me remind you that
this lame duck can make dead ducks of all of
you with one push of this little red but....