

# Emmy winner looks at us and laments our modesty

By STAN FISCHLER  
Special to The Star

NEW YORK  
Bill Greaves' love affair with Canada lasted about 10 years, which is not bad as marriages go these days. While working in Montreal and Ottawa from 1952 through 1962, the black filmmaker perfected his art to a remarkably high degree. He recently won an Emmy award for his Black Journal television production. His documentary film, *In the Company of Men*, has won five awards, the most recent being a gold medal from the Atlanta Film Festival last week.

The Harlem-born producer-director insists that he didn't leave Canada because of any discrimination he encountered. "Racially, there were bad scenes for me in Canada," he said while placing his feet on his remarkably neat desk. "But I find it hard to remember specifics because I'm blocking them out. Still, the professional black in Canada doesn't have the pressures of the black person here 15 years ago."

## HE LOATHED IT

Greaves moved to Canada in 1952 to work for the National Film Board after a seemingly successful Broadway acting and song-writing career. He nevertheless loathed the American theatre scene.

"I became infuriated by the racially degrading stereotypes of black people that white film producers threw up on American screens," he said, opening a wrapper of sour-orange chewing gum. "I was also fed up with attempts to cast me in Uncle Tom parts and I wanted to get into the production side of films."

At the film board he briskly climbed the ladder, from assistant director to assistant editor, sound editor, editor, chief editor, writer and director.

His mentor was executive producer Tom Daley. According to Greaves, Daley

"towers above anybody else I've worked with" and paradoxically, is an example of what's wrong with Canadians.

Greaves is convinced that if Daley worked in the United States he would be lionized and weighed down with dozens of awards from Emmy to Oscar.

"The Canadians practically ignore him," said Greaves, "and that's why Canadians are such a pain; they don't appreciate the greats among them. Which also explains why so many of their good people leave and become heroes in the States."

"The classic is Marshall McLuhan. The guy is a towering brain and was recognized for that down here but I don't know if he means anything to Canadians, even now."

Ten years of Canadian-watching—he calls them "the funniest people in the world"—moved Greaves to some interesting conclusions.

## DIFFERENT ROOTS

"Americans and Canadians differ," he said, "because of the historical roots. The Canadians were the more conservative of the colonial peoples. When the challenge to the king's authority came, the Americans revolted but the Canadians only grumbled a little."

They kept stretching the umbilical cord while the Americans broke it right off.

"Children who challenge their parents become mature faster. Canadians became dependent on Great Britain and France. They looked at the Americans and marvelled at their nerve."

## AIR OF GENTILITY

A pleasant, dynamic type, Greaves contends that one of the benefits to Canada of the kinship with England, has been the courteousness and air of gentility betrayed by many Canadians compared with Americans, but the disadvantages, in his eyes, are great.

"The Canadians don't quite have a feeling of inadequacy," he explained, "but rather one of 'Gee, we're not really that good because, if we were that good long ago we'd have told England to go jump in the lake.'"

His reservations about it notwithstanding, Greaves still regards Canada as "a kind of second home" and talks about buying a farm in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. His first feature film, *Symbiopsycho-taxiplasm-Take One*, which currently is being edited, was financed by a Montreal investment group.



EMMY AWARD WINNER Bill Greaves worked in Canada for 10 years before returning to the U.S. and eventually the prize-winning *Black Journal* television production. He calls his Canadian experience

invaluable for a filmmaker but thinks there is something wrong with Canadians for not recognizing the greatness in some of their own. He says there is subtle racism in Canada but this didn't force him out.

## Record reviews

# Joni Mitchell has matured

By JIM BEEBE  
Star staff writer

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The old rambling folk lyrics are gone (except for her oft-recorded song, *The Circle Game*), replaced by a more sophisticated, compressed and direct poetry reminiscent of Leonard Cohen's. The words and melodies are oddly syncretized rather than obvious.

Many of the songs are melancholy, though leaning more toward resignation than sadness. And the lyrics are occasionally about such unlikely subjects as executives and cocktail lounges. With her piano playing on several songs, there is more than a passing resemblance to Laura Nyro.

There is also the colorful title track, *Ladies of the Canyon*; a song called *Big Yellow Taxi*, signed with a laugh, and her original recording of *Woodstock* on which she's as heavy with just her voice and electric piano as the entire Crosby Stills Nash and Young super-group is on their version.

*Ladies of the Canyon* is an adventurous album by Joni Mitchell's standards, though she hasn't lost her uniquely gentle touch. In addition to playing piano on several tracks, she has often double-tracked her voice imaginatively and added a few other choruses and touches of instrumental color.

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POCO. The remnants of the Buffalo Springfield continue the tradition of light-hearted good-natured rock. Richie Furay and Jim Messina aren't the songwriters that Steve Stills and Neil Young were, but everything on POCO is good, solid and imminently enjoyable—less ambitious but consistently more satisfying than *Deja Vu*.

Most of the tracks have a thoughtfully woven tapestry of fine guitar-work. There is also a lot of finely synced organ and wah-wah guitar, especially on the long-ish instrumental *El Tonto de Nadie*, *Regresa*, which covers most of side two. And—a rare occasion in rock—the drumming is never obnoxious.

TAOS. Good, ingenious groups seem to be coming out of the woodwork these days. Taos takes its name and background from the centre of the "back to the land" commune activity in New Mexico.

Country music techniques are pervading pop and there's a touch of them in Taos, but mostly it's medium-heavy rock. Many of the vocals are done as harmonies, and the spirit is all sunshine, much like that Mother Tucker's *Yellow Duck* is doing up here. Exceptionally infectious tracks are *Everybody's Movin'* (in the sunshine), *Putting My Faith in You* and *Climbing Up the Mountain*.

SOUTHERN COMFORT. Southern Comfort is yet another new group of more than passing interest. These six experienced San Francisco musicians (rock quartet plus trumpet and saxophone) play a hearty blues-rock that might have been called *Blues Project West*.

The horns aren't that strong but the vocals, keyboards, guitar and drumming are. A couple of the slow blues ballads don't work nor does *Get Back* as an instrumental, but there are half a dozen outstanding original upbeat numbers.

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Still, the two Beatie songs deserve special mention. Let It Be has a gospel soul that far transcends Paul McCartney's humble efforts, that cries out in true anguish and conviction. *Eleanor Rigby* has a heavily syncopated rhythm and a strengthened spirit that gives the song a whole new driving, compelling life.

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SINGER JONI MITCHELL  
Rambling folk lyrics are gone

# Riches mellow that Angry Young Man

By CLIVE RUSSELL  
Special to The Star

## LONDON

"Damn you England... there is nothing I should not give for your blood on my head. But all I can offer you is my hatred. You shall be untouched for that because you are untouchable. Untouchable, unteachable and impregnable."

The rhetoric: Characteristically vehement. The sentiments: Unmistakably vintage *Angry Young Man* stuff.

The writer: John Osborne.

The reaction to the blasting of his country in a magazine article in 1961 was predictable. His emotional prose and uncompromising views created as much rage and fervor as his earlier and equally ardent criticism of royalty as that "fatuous industry."

Following the phenomenal success of his play, *Look Back in Anger*, in May 1956, a play that was to revolutionize the British theatre and be performed in almost every country in the world, Osborne's public damnings of all that was sacred to the establishment trussed him with the label *Angry Young Man* and made him a cult hero.

## ANGER DOESN'T LAST

But the trouble is, the anger of young men seems to last only as long as they are young.

They tend to be softened by the riches of rebellion, mellowed by the tinkle of royalties and finally slip into the affluent establish-

ment trap that they so despised.

Certainly putting into dramatic words the frustrations of his generation has made Osborne a wealthy man as well as a celebrity.

Today, at 40, he lives in a superb house in the Garden of England county, Kent. He is surrounded by 25 acres of ground, floral gardens, trout-fishing streams and a lake. His wife, actress Jill Bennett, rides and stables her horse in the neighboring Chartwell estate which belonged to Sir Winston Churchill.

## NO SURPRISE

So it came as no great surprise when Osborne recently wrote to the Times to say that it was "some relief to be... alive and well and living in England".

A relief to such an extent that he would like to see "this whole hideous, head-long rush into the 20th century halted a bit." He insists that he hasn't changed. "When people say that I've mellowed, they really mean that they've got used to me. What has changed is that I've learned to conserve my energies, to pinpoint them, to use them more effectively."

A dozen plays in almost as many working years have established his staying power and consolidated his position as the leader of the new wave dramatists. But many critics feel that his finest work may be yet to come and so does Osborne, who hasn't often seen eye to eye with theatre critics.

"I intend to go on writing until I'm 80," he says. "I believe I've never been better. I'm going from strength



THE ORIGINAL *Angry Young Man*, British playwright John Osborne, is now rich, famous and 40 years old and these things have mellowed him although he denies it.

to strength. I believe other people can't do what I do well. I hope it doesn't sound arrogant, but I believe that some people are better than others.

"And when the gift of tongues deserts me altogether, I'd like to direct Shakespeare. The theatre has been very good to me in every way. A sort of home, a source of friendship and sustenance and comfort."

He was born in Fulham, London, in 1929, the son of an unemployed commercial artist and a barmaid. During the hard years of

unemployment after the war he acted in twice nightly repertory theatre in the north of England for \$5 a week and doggedly wrote five plays before *Look Back in Anger* in 1955. Two were produced and he earned \$13 from one and can't remember how much he got from the other.

"There were a series of disappointments. It was one long continuous disappointment in a way. I was really not expecting very much when *Look Back in Anger* was produced. It had been rejected by every commercial management in London."

It was not immediately hailed as a success and at first only Kenneth Tynan roared approval. But that was the first spark of a fire that raised Osborne as the high priest of the new wave, a movement christened the *Angry Young Men* — a label he detests.

"It became extremely irksome. You became an object rather than a human being."

Osborne reckons he made \$2,500 in the year following his West End opening and at the time it seemed like a fortune.

## REAL BIG MONEY

But the real big money was to come later from plays like *The Entertainer*, (in which Sir Laurence Olivier asked to play the leading role) and *Luther* (it launched Albert Finney), both of which were filmed. And then he hit the jackpot with the award-winning screenplay for the movie based on Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

It takes him between nine and 17 days to write a play. *Look Back in Anger* took nine. *The Entertainer* took 12.

"When the writing's on me I can take nine or 10 hours at a stretch until I'm absolutely exhausted."

## HIS FILM DEBUT

Osborne hasn't forsaken his acting entirely for writing. He has appeared in television plays in Britain and early this year made his film debut, starring in the leading role of a movie based on *Turgenev's First Love*, a film which was shot entirely in Hungary.

## Ethnic outings

# Bargains from Italy and Hungary

Without question, a lot of the charm of eating in ethnic restaurants comes from the surroundings.

Where would The Balkan be without its tent-like ceiling or The Bagel without its Jewish-mother waitresses? A Hungarian restaurant without trembling violins and dithered ladies can be pretty dull. But if we take that Hungarian restaurant and drop the price of a big pot of goulash to \$1.45, suddenly it gets interesting again.

The Goulash Pot is an unlikely entry for any list of ethnic eateries. First of all, it's on Yonge St. just south of Bloor, which is hardly an ethnic neighborhood. From the outside, it looks like all the hamburger places that surround it. From the inside, too, if you order a cheeseburger or steak on a bun.

You can order those things at The Goulash Pot, but don't. The Hungarian

dishes are cheap, delicious, filling and, according to my Hungarian spies, very authentic.

The goulash comes loaded with big chunks of beef, vegetables and dumplings. The stroganoff has dumplings on the side and peas. The peas, by the way, taste like peas. They haven't lived on the steam table all day. The dumplings are properly ungluey (gluey dumplings are also a problem these days).

The lady ordered "fresh orange juice" like it said on the menu. She's a fanatic and was prepared to be disappointed as she usually is. But no, it was real fresh orange juice, recently squeezed from a real fresh orange.

The whole tab at this point comes to less than \$5,

so splurge a little on dessert.

For 75 cents apiece, you can treat yourselves to *palacsinta* a la apricot. These are Hungarian crepes. The pancake part is limper and the stuffing more finely mashed up than in a French crepe and they're a great treat. You can also get them stuffed with cottage cheese, or—if you ask nicely—one of each. Now, who needs trembling violins?

The Lido to the north and The Coliseum to the south are both pleasanter places for Italian food, but Dino's is a better place when you want to be a short walk from the Odeon Carlton or Maple Leaf Gardens or the Eaton Auditorium or Toronto Workshop Theatre.

The best deal is the daily special. You get one of the entrees from the a-la-carte menu and for an extra 10 or 15 cents they add soup, salad, ice cream and coffee. All but one of the entrees run less than \$3. They're the usual Italian variations on veal and chicken and all seem to be properly done. Actually, *osso buco* isn't

candle. The lighting at Dino's is, if anything, a little too bright.

One of the things Dino's really has going for it is its location. Except for the Westbury across the street (which is just a little pricey), it's the only dinner place worth considering between Wellesley and Gerrard.

Portions are large. Most Italian restaurants serve too much and Dino's is no exception. But save some room for cassata. That's a scoop of ice cream with a rum-soaked ball of pastry in the middle and some bits of fruit.

Service at Dino's is adequate, but no more than that.

The Goulash Pot, 727 Yonge St., 920-1705. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. No cards. Dino's, 478 Yonge St., 923-8463. Daily, noon to 1 a.m. Sunday, 4:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Cards: AE, Cgr, DC.



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