Pawn in fight with faculty

Student's career in balance

By HEATHER CONN

A former UBC post graduate student is currently the pawn in a battle of principles with the engineering faculty which he thinks could seriously alter the future of his career.

"The stealing of someone's research is a serious allegation. I could be fired from jobs in the future," Subhash Sharma said Thursday.

Sharma was referring to a paper from his PhD thesis which he submitted to a scientific journal for publication. He named his former supervisor, professor Vinod Modi, as the article's co-author, after Modi obtained Sharma's research grant.

Modi charged that the article was unethical because he was named a joint writer without being consulted.

Modi wrote a letter to Scientific Publications Sept. 14 requesting the article's withdrawal because the paper was submitted without his "knowledge, consultation or approval."

He claimed in the letter that he was the one who had proposed the project topic and had done the major creative work. Modi added that he had financed the project entirely with a research grant.

But Sharma said Modi was lying.

"All charges in the letter are false. The research was partially funded by Dr. Modi from the National Research Council and partly funded by my student loans."

Sharma said the entire paper contained portions of his own thesis which had earlier been openly distributed within the engineering department and contained his own original ideas.

But Modi said professional ethics had been violated in his being listed as co-author and added that these ethics needed to be emphasized.

"We discussed it with him (Sharma) patiently for days together on what is right and what is wrong. But he still went ahead and did it anyway. What can you do at this stage? It reflects on my reputation."

But Sharma said he has strong evidence that Modi is not telling the whole truth.

"I went to Modi's office Aug. 30 and told him the article was going to the publisher's. I asked him if anything needed to be edited, and he said 'no.' He kept quiet."

Sharma said Modi heard him present his paper orally at a conference

See page 8: STUDENT

SHARMA . . . left in lurch

THE UBYSSEY

Vol. LXI, No. 27 VANCOUVER, B.C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1978 48 228-2301

Union backs CUPE exec

Members of UBC's local 116 of the Canadian Union of Public Employees voted almost unanimous support for their executive in its battle with the union's national office.

The vote, taken at a Wednesday night meeting attended by over 300 union members, was in response to a CUPE national office order for four local executive officers to vacate their positions.

"The attack (by the national office) has strengthened the determination of this local to look after its own affairs," one member said at the meeting.

In a surprise move, the national office dismissed local president Ken Andrews and three other local officials last week and replaced them with regional director Ray Mercer and national representative Mike Kramer.

Andrews said Thursday he was encouraged by the local's overwhelming support for their executive.

"They (the national office) have to recognize the fact that our executive has broad support among the members," he said.

"The membership is concerned with the democratic rights and autonomy of the local."

Andrews said the order from the national office arose because of fears about the local's independent attitude.

Andrews has said local 116 is a member of the "western caucus," a group of self-servicing locals unhappy with national servicing.

"It would appear that the national had the fear that our local would break away from CUPE."

He said the local executive would continue to serve despite the national office's order.

"We are still acting in our elected capacities."

Local 116 represents 1,600 UBC employees.

Andrews refused to comment when asked if further conflict was possible in the union dispute.

"That's a difficult question to answer without causing more trouble," he said.

Other senior members of the local were also reluctant to comment on the dispute and representatives of the national office refused to speak to The Ubyssey.

CUPE is Canada's largest union, representing mainly blue collar workers in civic governments and public institutions.

—thomas chan photo/graphic art

UBC HOUSING ENFORCER K. Kong rips apart Gage Towers Thursday afternoon in search for disco duck who terrorized hapless residents by playing Boogie Oogie Oogie 58 consecutive times on quadrasonic stereo system. Gorilla was last seen turning Pit disco night into own version of Monster Mash. Housing spokesman said Kong, an animal sciences student, goes ape whenever Travolta imitators crank up stax of wax with top of pops disco shit. Needless to say Kong came to UBC from banana republic.

Socreds 'taking care of business'

Governments should not participate in business because that places private companies in an unfair position, B.C.'s agricultural minister said Thursday.

"The government should not be competing in the private market," Jim Hewitt said. "It has a competitive advantage over another company in the industry that has to pay income tax.

"You should not have a government competing with private interests," Hewitt told 170 people in a campus speech organized by the agriculture undergraduate society.

He said the Social Credit government sold Panco Poultries, a money-making enterprise which had been bought by the previous NDP government, for purely philosophic reasons.

But Hewitt added public utilities like B.C. Hydro should not be sold to private interests.

"B.C. Hydro runs the lights in this building," he said. "It is a utility, as opposed to a company that processes chicken. There's a difference."

Hewitt, an industrial accountant, said during a question period that former government employee Fred Reed was forced to resign because he criticized the goverment.

"I think Fred Reed is a lot happier without the restraints of his job."

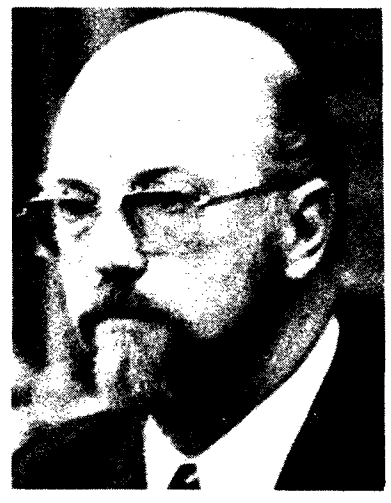
(Reed was an employee of the land commission who publicly criticized the government for taking land out of farm reserves.)

"It was an employer-employee relationship. Reed had publicly criticized his employer. I recognize it's a free country, but that's like saying the student body can tell the faculty how to teach," Hewitt said.

He also said profits are necessary for a healthy economy.

"Today's profits are tomorrow's jobs. We often complain about big profits of companies, but in this country those profits are reinvested to make jobs."

But Hewitt admitted many profits go out of the country and are not always used to create jobs in Canada.



HEWITT . . . no hanky-Panco

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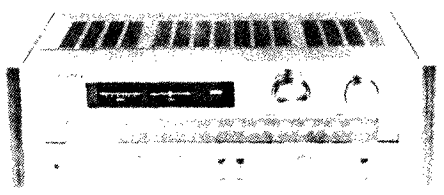

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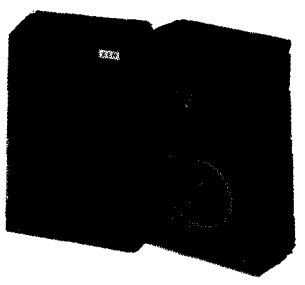

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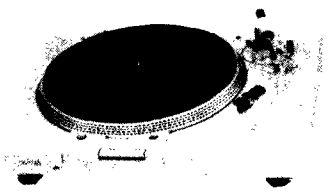

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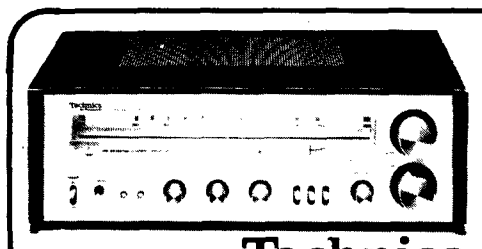

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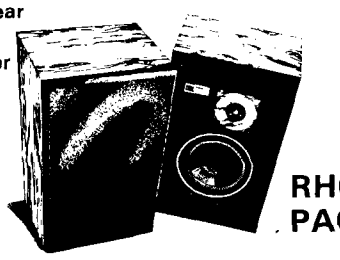

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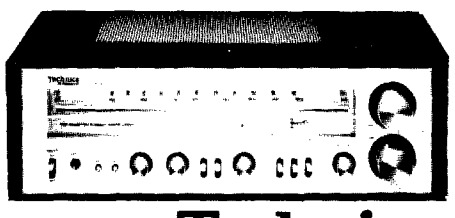

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—peter menyasz photo

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT, Canadian Union of Public Employees member follows new procedure ordered by national office and rakes trees, while leaves pile up on ground. Leaves are less of problem for union than takeover move by national office (see story page 1). Reasons for action have not been made public, as union proves more secretive than UBC administration.

'Munich' act will cause war

By PETER STOCKLAND

The leaders of China feel the attitude of western nations will inevitably lead to a third world war, a UBC professor said Thursday.

"The Chinese feel that the western nations are displaying a 'Munich' attitude towards the Soviet Union that is doing nothing to deter its aggressiveness in world affairs," Rene Goldman, an assistant professor in Asian studies, told about 50 students in Buch. 320.

"Ultimately they believe this will lead to another world war."

Goldman said Chinese chairman Hua Kuo-Feng's recent visit to Yugoslavia and Rumania was intended to deliberately outrage Soviet leaders by interfering with Balkan politics, to counter Russia's growing presence in Southeast Asia.

The Chinese have also bought military helicopters from Great Britain to place along the Sino/Soviet border and recently signed a peace treaty with Japan intended to block Russian imperialism in the area, he said.

There has also been a general growth in trade between China and the non-Communist world, including "some under-handed trading with Taiwan," according to Goldman.

"There is a built in danger in all of these things, however, in that China is becoming more involved in the regional conflicts in Southeast Asia. The situation with Vietnam has become very tense, and with the discovery of oil in the South China Sea, small conflicts occuring now could become much more serious."

GOLDMAN . . . Mao means less

"There has been a realization since the death of Mao Tse-tung that you cannot feed 800 million people by waving red flags and shouting radical slogans. The new direction has been toward an ambitious program to transform China into a power equal to the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. by the end of the century," Goldman said.

"If there are no major natural catastrophes before that time, I think they'll make it."

The actions of Mao kept China

See page 7: MATERIAL

Canadian content — why bottom of barrel?

By CRAIG MacPHAIL
Canadian University Press

'Something that's Canadian is small potatoes, second rate almost by definition. I think that's rubbish! But that view is still prevalent amongst our senior administrators and scholars,' — professor Thomas Symons speaking to the Ontario Arts Council, May 6, 1976.

'I have noted with wonder and horror how our own creative artists have been ignored by our own 'scholarly' institutions. They find it reasonable to study, analyze, annotate the work of contemporary American, English, French and Russian composers, but not our own. It that being Canadian, or just foolish?

Maybe our composers are not yet masters. Maybe they don't deserve to be iconized and turned into heroes. If so, let our university scholars be among those who tell us so. They study our music in Arkansas but not Ontario,' —a musician speaking to the Commission on Canadian Studies.

There is a lack of Canadian content in the courses offered in Canadian post-secondary institutions. Not simply a lack of in-depth study of the Canadian arts or society but a lack of course content concerning basic Canadian characteristics.

More than any other developed country in the world Canada lacks Canadian content in its educational programs.

To attempt to answer this neglect of Canadian studies the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada set up the Commission on Canadian Studies in 1972. It was chaired by professor Thomas Symons, the founding president of Trent University in Peterborough.

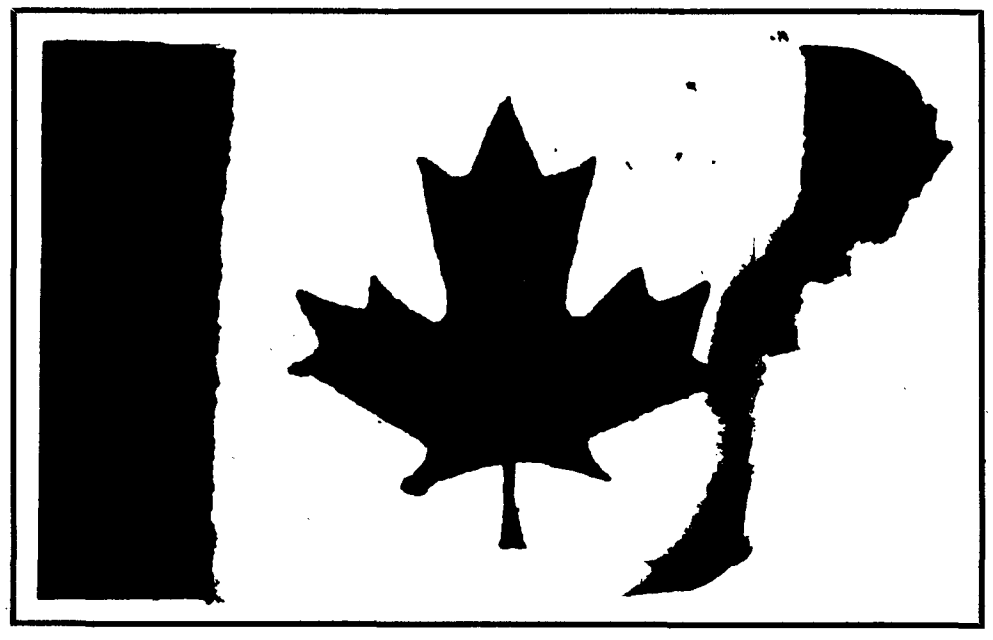
The commission worked with representatives from the AUCC's 65 member institutions with an advisory board and research assistants. The first two volumes of its report were released in March 1976 under the title To Know Ourselves and a condensed version was recently released in paperback as The Symons Report.

The commission worked in more than 40 communities and heard from more than 2,500 people, received more than 1,000 briefs and met with about 200 academic, social and cultural agencies.

One dean of graduate studies at a major university reported that Canadian students have little or no knowledge of Canada and its institutions. He stated that it is difficult, even dangerous, for students to proceed further for academic or professional qualifications if they don't know the society in which they will use their specialized knowledge.

In nearly every discipline the commission found a lack of focus on its Canadian aspects. In many cases the commission found that students were more enthusiastic about Canadian studies than the instructors were.

In English literature courses the commission found a lack of courses offered in Canadian literature. From a survey that was conducted in 1972-73, 49 departments of English literature offered more than 1,400 undergraduate courses, only eight per cent of these courses dealt with Canadian literature.



Many universities gave the students the opportunity to study major Russian British or American writers but only recently have courses on Canadian writers been offered. One particular school offered more than 60 graduate courses in English literature, but only one in Canadian literature.

The reason for this lack was put to a dominance in some departments of non-Canadian faculty who were not interested in Canadian literature. Also the commission was told that some senior Canadian faculty discouraged younger teachers against emphasizing Canadian literature because this might be detrimental to their advancement.

'Until very recently,' one correspondent to the commission noted, 'Canadian literature has been denigrated — as a swamp into which the serious scholar ventured at his (economic) peril.'

Recently the attitudes that Canadian literature is naturally inferior have fallen by the wayside. The commission noted that largely through the input of students interested in Canadian writers many departments have upgraded their programs.

A tremendous neglect of Canadian content was found in the social sciences. Only recently social science departments in universities were developed.

From 1937 until 1970 only 30 doctorates in sociology were awarded in Canada, a similar situation existed in anthropology. To handle the dramatic expansion of these departments universities had to rely on faculty from outside the country to develop the programs.

The faculty members were familiar with an academic tradition outside Canada: many used foreign testbooks, published in foreign journals and used foreign research. The result, the commission stated, was a lack of focus on problems that are specific to Canada.

They note the neglect in academic study of the North, of Canada's Indians and Canada's particular problems with trying to maintain a bilingual and multicultural society.

The training for professions tend towards having a North American attitude to their profession than a Canadian view, the report pointed out, even in law training. One representative at a commission hearing objected to the entrance requirements of Canadian law schools. They require students seeking admission to write a test designed and administered in the United States.

"My objections are two," he stated. "First, the qualities for which it tests and second, the content. The test, three and a half hours of multiple choice questions, can only be done at flat-out speed. It favors the clever over the reflective, the glib over the thoughtful, the machine minded and the technical-oriented over the literate and perceptive."

"In short, it embodies all that is objectionable in the American corporate ideal."

The list of examples the commission found goes on and on but the response to the final report was tremendous. Most universities in Canada have established committees to examine and recommend action on matters of Canadian studies.

The National Research Council has established a new program of national interest grants to encourage and assist scientists at Canadian universities to undertake research specifically related to problems of national importance.

The commission maintains that it doesn't want to increase Canadian content on patriotic or political grounds. The commission believes that a society, like an individual, needs to know its context in the world.

"Canadian studies. . .," the report states, "must be based on nothing less that the urgent need for self knowledge: to know who we are, what we want at this time and in this place, where we have been, where we are going, how we can get from one to the other, what, as a people, we have and what we need, what our responsibilities are to ourselves and to each other."

Bad dream

It was the dream of the future, a sparkling example of the application of pure scientific knowledge into a practical objective of benefit to mankind.

Now the dream of nuclear energy has become the beginning of a terrifying nightmare, as evidence attesting to the dangers of atomic power continues to mount.

The nuclear industry, spawned in the Cold War period when technology came before people, has proven to be one of the most corrupt and deceitful forms of monopoly capitalism to mutate from the free enterprise system.

In case after case, from the uranium miners of Denison Mines' Elliot Lake operation to the workers in nuclear power plants across Europe and North America, medical studies have revealed what the giant nuclear industry corporations have tried to hide for years — that all aspects of the industry have highly detrimental effects on the health of workers and the public.

As was pointed out in the first of a series of articles on the nuclear industry, run in Thursday's Ubyssey, only in recent years have the incredibly damaging effects of accidental exposure to radiation been made public.

And throughout the entire nuclear energy process, from the mining of uranium, to the concentration of the uranium ore as power plant fuel, to the actual fission action producing power and finally to the disposal of radioactive wastes, hovers the spectre of radioactive contamination of man and the environment.

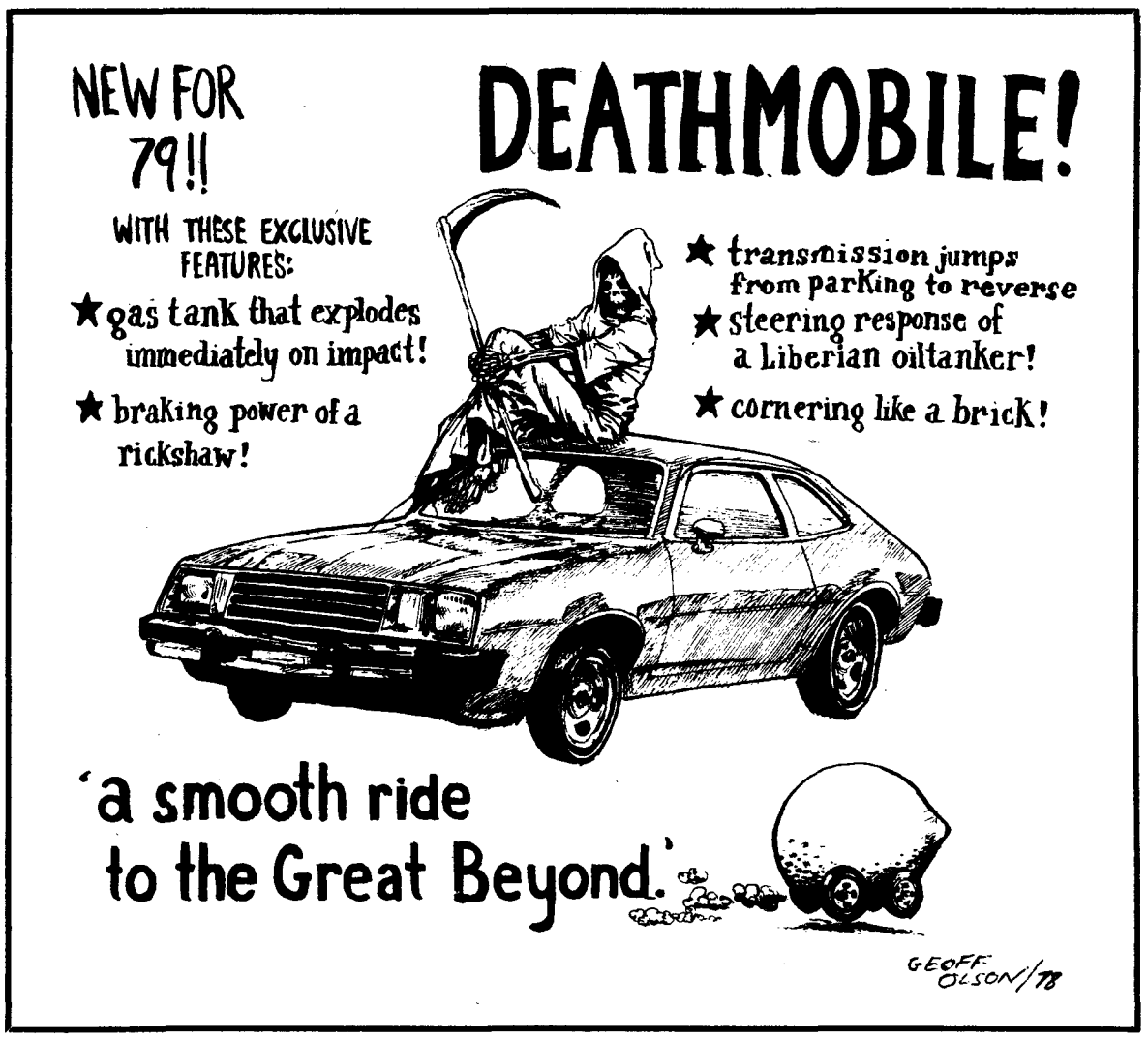
British Columbians, then, should be outraged with the recent statements from B.C. Hydro chairman Robert Bonner that nuclear power is essential for the future power need of this province.

At a time when the vast multitude of flaws in the nuclear energy proposition are being uncovered it's incredible that Bonner should make such a statement.

In a letter to The Ubyssey in today's edition, NDP environment critic Bob Skelly points out that there are good grounds to believe Hydro has already made up its corporate mind to inflict a nuclear power plant upon Vancouver Island in the near future.

The attitude of Hydro shouldn't surprise anyone after viewing that corporation's distasteful past record when it comes to "serving" the public. But what it should do is make people aware of the nuclear threat and begin organizing a broad-based opposition to such a move.

In a province which has massive coal reserves and a generous supply of developed hydroelectric power (if it didn't go south every winter) there should be no need to even consider nuclear energy. Rather, energy conservation measures and alternative forms of energy such as solar power should be promoted.



THE UBYSSEY

NOVEMBER 17, 1978

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In the aftermath of Wednesday's fateful civic elections, faithful staffers dragged themselves to the office to get out another issue. Bill Tieleman kept muttering "Tricky Dicky" under his breath while keeping a watchful eye on Mike Bocking. To relieve tension, Tom Hawthorn and Heather Conn locked in mortal combat. Glen Schaefer refereed while Greg Strong entertained the spectators with his musical stylings. John Woudzia and Gray Kyles locked themselves in the Press Club to avoid the fray, and Marcus Gee vented his frustrations on paper. Mario Lowther and Kerry Regier didn't stay long (their Volrich buttons may have had something to do with it). Tony Montague kept Doug Todd and Theo Collins amused with his folk songs while Will Wheeler smashed some furniture. Nick Tuele, Robert Jordan and Mary-Ann Brunoro looked on while Geof Wheelwright and Thomas Chan restrained Vicki Booth from putting a match to the gasoline that he was wearing for perfume. Peter Menyasz recorded the day's events for posterity while Peter Stockland hid in a corner clutching a mysterious red book.

Letters

Islanders Socred guinea pigs?

For some time it has been apparent that B.C. Hydro and the Socred government have plans to establish a nuclear power plant in B.C. sometime in the not-too-distant future. So it came as no surprise to me, that B.C. Hydro chairman Robert Bonner made newspaper headlines last week with the alarming statement, "Nuclear power plant a must for B.C."

However, what I found even more alarming was the statement by Mr. Bonner that nuclear power will be a part of our future in B.C. within 10 years, "whether people like it or not." We have been subjected to ramblings on the inevitability of nuclear power by both Mr. Bonner and former energy minister Jack Davis in the past, but I always expected that before any decision of this magnitude was made, there would be comprehensive hearings and consultations throughout the province, so that the people of B.C. would have the opportunity to express their views on any nuclear energy proposal.

I believe we have the right to participate in the determination of future energy policy for this province. Mr. Davis made the promise nearly two years ago when he announced in the legislature that the B.C. Energy Commission would be holding hearings throughout B.C. to determine future energy needs and policies. These hearings have never been held, and judging from Mr. Bonner's latest statements, the Socred government has no intention of holding any such hearings. They have already made up their minds. Their decision to go ahead with the Cheekeye-Dunsmuir transmission line to Vancouver Island, despite serious public doubts as to the necessity of the line, can be taken as an indication of their commitment to construction of a nuclear power plant on the island. I believe the transmission facilities are being established as a first step in those plans.

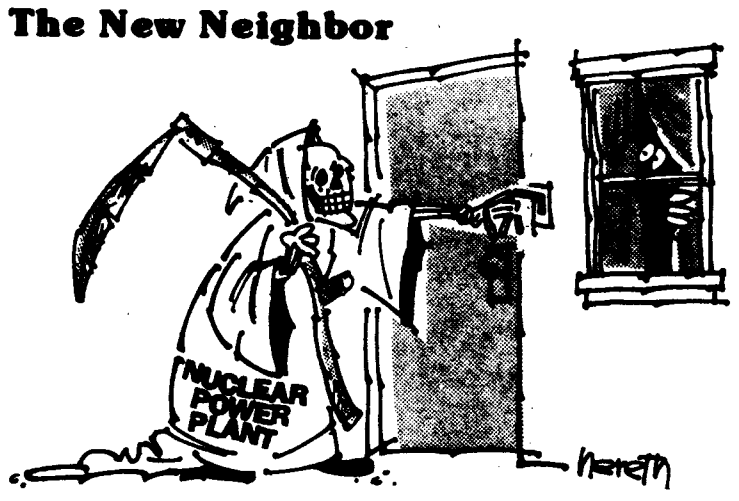
Although it is unstated by B.C. Hydro, I have no doubt that the line is designed to connect Vancouver Island to the mainland power grid for the express purpose of setting up a nuclear generating plant on the island, which will utlimately feed into the mainland system. It has no other purpose as far as I can see, since it is designed to serve three times the projected power requirements on Vancouver Island. This belief is further reinforced when I recall the statement made last year by Mr. Davis, when he was still minister of energy, that nuclear power was inevitable and the island was the first likely place to build a nuclear plant.

I have called on the premier, who is now minister of energy, to put a moratorium on the development of that transmission line for the next five years and to give Vancouver Islanders unequivocal assurance that they will not be used as guinea pigs for B.C. Hydro's nuclear experiments. We do not want nuclear power and we don't want that 500-kilowatt power line crossing Georgia Strait.

It is now apparent that we are going to have an even bigger struggle if we are going to force B.C. Hydro to show any accountability on the nuclear power issue. Mr Bonner said last week that those in favor of soft energy technologies, "don't have the big ticket answer to see us through." We must say to Mr. Bonner and the Socred government, that if nuclear power is his big ticket answer, we do not want it and we are not prepared to accept it.

Robert Skelly
MLA [NDP—Alberni]

The New Neighbor



Upper class parasites

A word of rebuttal is in order concerning two letters in your issue of Nov. 2.

The first is to a person by the name of Parker. True, many students subsidized at universities also pay back the costs of their education through taxes and the services they provide. Some do not. Students of medicine, who are subsidized even more than most other students, who leave to practice in the United States shortly after internship, can be viewed as being the worst kind of parasite. Research costs do not enter into the cost of educating such a person. True, universities do keep thousands off the labor market but someone besides the student is keeping them there by paying taxes to subsidize them.

It would be financially disastrous to most students to pay the full hospital costs should one of their members become ill. The modest premiums they pay to a public medicare insurance plan would not nearly cover the cost of a series of prolonged stays in hospital.

This brings me to the second individual who wrote. There is another group of parasites in the uppermost quintile of income earners who are subsidized by middle income earners through the generous tax breaks that Revenue Canada affords them. Mr. Prinshaw's parents would number among them from the way he writes. The services provided by the Prinshaws of this nation certainly do not warrant subsidization. The Prinshaws are still equal before the law — more than equal in fact — they can afford the high-priced legal counsel to ensure they are. Elliot Prinshaw has reminded us who the tradition political parties in this country serve — and the ungrateful parasite doesn't even evidence any gratitude. Let us be mindful of the Prinshaws when we vote in the next election.

J. Horn,
unclassifed 5

Everyone loves a good party

Civic election night in Vancouver. The three major parties are holed up in their respective election-night headquarters to watch the results. The Electors Action Movement is in the Bayshore Inn at Coal Harbor, the Non-Partisan Association is in the Four Seasons at Georgia and Howe and the Committee of Progressive Electors is at the Fisherman's Hall on Cordova near Main.

At TEAM headquarters the beautiful people, the Point Grey academic set and the Liberal mafia have gathered to watch the civic reform movement fall apart. Chanel No. 5 is in the air. Women who look like they stepped out of Vogue magazine flutter around men in three-piece suits and Gucci loafers. Men with turtleneck sweaters and leather-patch-on-the-elbow sports jackets stand stroking their beards, looking sophisticated. A few people look at the big board where the first mayoral results are coming in, but most look at each other.

By MARCUS GEE

The media luminaries are out in force. Carole Taylor wafts around the huge Bayshore ballroom looking chic. Allan Fotheringham holds court at centre stage. Meanwhile, the working press hammer at typewriters behind a curtain that separates the ballroom from TEAM's large, well-equipped press room.

Then there are the Liberals, looking successful even in defeat (for a defeat for TEAM, is a defeat for the Liberals). Paul Manning and Frank Low-Beer huddle with ambitious young party hacks. Among them is Jay Currie, a former member of the UBC young Liberals, in a very expensive pin-stripe blue suit. Moe Sihota, former student representative on the UBC board of governors and Herb Dhaliwal, former director of finance for the Alma Mater Society, also make an appearance. (Who says student government is just a launching pad for ambitious politicos?)

On the big board, a woman colors a city map of the polling areas with magic markers as each poll reports in blue for Jack Volrich, red for May Brown. Faces grow longer and the tinkle of ice cubes subsides as the blue tide spreads relentlessly across the map. Rumors spread that "May" will soon concede defeat as TEAM aldermanic candidates begin to drift down from the hotel room where she is waiting. Former alderman Bill Gibson wanders aimlessly around the room hoping someone will talk to him. No one does.

Carole Taylor wafts around the huge ballroom looking chic and Allan Fotheringham holds court at centre stage

Most knew from the beginning that "May" would lose. But as the 41st poll reports in, it is clear that she is being clobbered. People start to drift toward the exits. "Well, let's go with the winners," someone suggests. "Yeah, let's go watch the dinosaurs." We head for the Four Seasons.

At NPA headquarters the air is heavy with whiskey, gin and oil of olay. The polyester plaid set is revelling in its victory. The mayor is making his way to the podium through a crowd of overweight businessmen, all wanting to congratulate their saviour. It is heavy going but Volrich, his Brylcreemed hair glistening in the bright television lights, is enjoying himself.

The beautiful people that decorated the Bayshore ballroom are noticably absent at the Four Seasons. The NPAers are anything but beautiful. Pot-bellied men in checked sports jackets mingle with frumpy middle-aged women in evening gowns sporting elaborate coiffures. Unsightly wrinkles are hidden under layers of facial powder. Even the mayor's pre-teenage daughter has been tarted up with make-up and earrings.

There are cheers, now, as Volrich mounts the stage to deliver his victory speech. As he begins, it is immediately obvious that the mayor has been drinking. He does not slur his words, but his voice is heavy and there are long pauses. He wobbles slightly at the podium and his face is flushed.

—peter menyasz photo

A jubilant Volrich . . . drunk with success

The resemblance to Richard Nixon is astonishing. There is the heavy speech laden with stern "sincerity." There are the jowls — a recent development — and the greasy hair. Even his hand movements are Nixonesque. Any moment one expects Volrich to raise his arms in the V-for-victory salute.

There are dollar signs in the eyes of the pro-business audience as Volrich promises "growth and development" in the city. "You're a good man," says one fan, and the audience cheers its agreement.

The speech has started well, but the half-corked victor soon runs out of steam and is almost drowned out by background chatter. An aide calls for silence and Joan Kennedy, wife of Ald. Warnett Kennedy, saves the day by mounting the stage to give the mayor a hug. "Give him a kiss!" some reveller shouts, but Mrs. Kennedy demures. Whiskey breath is sooo tacky.

Volrich aides guide the mayor off the stage, perhaps fearing he will stumble in front of the T.V. cameras. He moves slowly through the crowd, stopping often to shake hands with supporters.

Using Nixon's patented two-handed shake, Volrich is all smiles. Occasionally, he stops to catch someone in a boozy embrace.

All this theatre is just too much for the senses. "I think I'm going to be sick," someone says, and we decide to move on to COPE headquarters on Cordova.

The Fisherman's Hall is a stark contrast to the broad-loomed, chandeliered opulence of the Four Seasons and the Bayshore. The atmosphere is one of a large family gathering. Food is being served. There is a huge pot of chile, kaiser buns and coffee cakes. Drinks are the cheapest in town (75 cents compared to $1.80 at NPA and $1.65 at TEAM).

The crowd is a mixture of young and old. There are the middle-aged, trade union types with pot-bellies and craggy faces. And there are the younger lefties in denims, cords, and lumber shirts. The only suits in sight are worn by Bruce Eriksen and Dave Shreck, both unsuccessful COPE candidates for aldermen.

freestyle

Harry Rankin, who topped the aldermanic polls once again, shows up in simple brown shirt and pants and gives a short, uninspiring speech. Flashbulbs pop as Rankin climbs onto the stage with Eriksen, who was second and third in the early East End polls, to raise his hand in a victory salute. Shortly later, as West Side polls come in, Eriksen drops like a stone out of the top ten. There are curses and murmurs of disbelief as the results go up on the chalk board. Rankin's wife, looking very tired, sits alone at a table at the side of the hall, taking it all in.

An air of dejection sets in as the magnitude of the NPA victory becomes obvious. People huddle around a radio and curse as results show the NPA sweeping parks board and school board.

Meanwhile, a crazy old lady with nowhere to go sits at a table slurping straight whiskey from a cup and talking to herself. She wears a dirty white fur coat and hat and her right arm is in a cast. When COPE mayoral candidate Bruce Yorke gets up to speak she rises unsteadily from her chair to holler "bullshit, bullshit." At NPA or TEAM she would have been out the door in a flash, but here a young man just pats her gently on the shoulder and asks her to be quiet.

Marcus Gee is last year's Ubyssey news editor. Freestyle is a column of opinion, analysis and humour written by Ubyssey staffers.

Prisoners remembered

A former teacher and mechanical engineer has disappeared without trace in South Yemen.

A dissident Turkmen poet has been interned in psychiatric hospital in the USSR; the exact location is unknown.

By EWA CZAYKOWSKI

A Chinese-born agricultural laborer has spent the past 28 years as a political prisoner in Taiwan; he was last reported held in isolation on Green Island off the country's east coast.

These are among the forgotten prisoners of 1978.

They are among more than 5,000 such cases in 110 countries taken up during the year by Amnesty International, the human rights movement which opposes political imprisonment, torture and execution around the world. But even this is only a small fraction of the total number of probable victims.

"For each name that is known," says A.I. Secretary General Martin Ennals, "there may be fifty or another hundred which are unknown, amounting to an unacknowledged population of prisoners of conscience scattered over the globe held in secret interrogation centres, in overcrowded prisons, in labour camps, on isolated islands."

According to Ennals, "the forgotten prisoner in 1978 may often be a member of a subjugated group or someone living in a smaller rural community. It is our experience that such people are unaware of their legal rights and are cut off from the possibility of international support when they become victims of arbitrary arrest, torture and detention."

In Africa, for example, the Sahrawi people who originate from the area of the Western Sahara face indiscriminate detention without trial in Morocco.

Peasants and the rural poor face special problems. Cut off from urban centres of communication, they are economically depressed and often come from ethnic or social groups with a history of being conquered, discriminated against or ignored by dominant forces in their societies. Rural workers and small farmers tend to suffer violations of their human rights in frequently insuperable isolation.

Precise information even about large scale massacres of campesinos (Latin American peasant farmers), Harijans (the untouchables of the Indian caste system) or tribal peoples may be virtually impossible to obtain.

Often the news will be fragmented or out of date. Frequently the authorities allege that arrests were made in response to an armed uprising or violent incident.

"Many of today's forgotten prisoners," says Ennals, "have literally disappeared after arrest. Their families — often silenced by intimidation or by the lack of financial resources — do not know whether the prisoners are alive or dead."

But the dead, also, in anonymous thousands, can become common-place, too innumerable for memory. The total of those killed by security officers during the seven years of the Amin regime in Uganda is estimated at not less than 100,000. The names of only a small number are known; the majority are "unknown" and, if the regime had its way, would be forgotten.

We should also remember the 500,000 or more African civilians who have been moved into so-called "protected villages" by the Rhodesian authorities. The villages resemble fortified encampments and have been described by Africans as "cages" designed in such a way that civilians are used as human shields to protect the officials who live in the village centre. Although the villages were ostensibly set up by the Smith government to protect African civilians against the activities of the nationalist guerillas, there is now considerable evidence to suggest that they are being used to punish Africans suspected of supporting the guerillas.

We are also asked not to forget numbers of Lebanese citizens who, like 38-year-old bricklayer Joseph Hemmaam, have been abducted from Lebanon and detained without trial in Syria. Their families often have no knowledge of their fate or location.

A striking example of this is Annasoltan Kekilova, a young Turkmen poet, arrested on Aug. 26, 1971 by the Soviet authorities and confined to a psychiatric hospital because she had written letters to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

perspectives

It is also important to remember the plight of those who are unknown and unheard of in this year, the 30th anniversary of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

There will only be something to celebrate when the killings have ceased, when those who have disappeared have been reunited with their families and when there are no longer prisoners needing to be remembered.

This perspectives column was written by Ewa Czaykowski, vice-president of the Amnesty UBC club. The Ubyssey welcomes opinion articles from anyone in the university community.

'Tween classes

TODAY

CSA
Mandarin class, noon, Angus 221.
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Women's drop-in, noon, SUB 130.
DEBATING SOCIETY
Practice debate for University of Victoria tournament, noon, SUB 211.
UBC SKYDIVING CLUB
General meeting, noon, SUB 212.
AMNESTY UBC
Letters on behalf of prisoners of conscience, noon, SUB main concourse.
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
Free reading by Canadian novelist Robert Kroetsch, noon, Buch. 204.
YOUNG ALUMNI CLUB
Happy hour, 4 to 6 p.m., Cecil Green Park.
INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
Dance to La Tropicale, 9 p.m., International House.
UBC LIBERALS
General meeting, noon, SUB 215.
GSA
Event changed to Nov. 24.

SATURDAY

CSA
Cantonese class, noon, Buch. 331.
Mandarin class, noon, Angus 221.
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Women's drop-in, noon, SUB 130.
CHINESE VARSITY CLUB
Disco lesson, noon, SUB 216A.
SKATE UBC
Registration for winter session, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. until Saturday, Thunderbird Winter Sports Complex gym A.

SATURDAY

CSA
Sports night, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., Thunderbird Winter Sports Complex gym A.

MONDAY

CSA
Cantonese class, noon, Buch. 331.
Mandarin class, noon, Angus 221.
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Women's drop-in, noon, SUB 130.
CHINESE VARSITY CLUB
Disco lesson, noon, SUB 216A.
SKATE UBC
Registration for winter session, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. until Saturday, Thunderbird Winter Sports Complex Skate UBC office.
KOERNER LECTURER
Informal seminar on Digital Synthesis of Musical Sounds, 4 p.m., Music building room 302.

TUESDAY

CSA
Sports night, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., Thunderbird Winter Sports Complex gym B.
WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
General meeting, noon, SUB 130.
LUTHERAN CAMPUS CENTRE
Supper and Ernest Willy speaks on Land and people, 6 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.
BAHA'I CLUB
Informal discussion, noon, SUB 113.
PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE CLUB OF B.C.
Guest speaker Vic Stephens, noon, SUB 212.

WEDNESDAY

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Lesbian drop-in, noon, SUB 130.

Hot flashes

Unemployment is not working

The Silhouettes, a '50s rock 'n roll group, had a hit song in 1958 called Get a Job. Twenty years later, it's easier said than done.

The provincial ministry of labor will be conducting faculty recruitments for summer jobs from Nov. 20 to Dec. 1 in Brock Hall room 214.

Fine arts and library sciences students meet Nov. 20, while applied science (Nov. 21), arts (Nov. 22), commerce (Nov. 23), education (Nov. 24), forestry (Nov. 27), agriculture (Nov. 28), human and social therapy (Nov. 29), law (Nov. 30), and science students (Dec. 1) will also be recruited by ministry officials.

Red (neck) Tory

Cut taxes! End bureaucratic red tape! Get the commies out of Victoria!

If you're either infuriated or these comments hit a responsive cord, then you should make sure you get to SUB 212 on Tuesday to hear provincial Progressive Conservative leader Vic (Proposition 13) Stephens speak.

Match box

TODAY

WRESTLING
Meet University of Alberta, 7:30 p.m., War Memorial Gym.

SATURDAY

WRESTLING
UBC freestyle classic, all day, War Memorial Gym.
RUGBY
'Birds tackle Old Boys, 2:30 p.m., Thunderbird Stadium.
FIELD HOCKEY
Thunderettes play Simon Fraser, 1 p.m., Trafalgar Park.
WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY
Canadian championships, all morning, Brockton Point at Stanley Park.

SUNDAY

WOMEN'S SOCCER
Thunderettes take on Blue Mountain, 10 a.m., P.E. centre field.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 18 AT 8:15 p.m. in Lecture Hall 2 WOODWARD BUILDING

Professor Mark Reutlinger of the University of Puget Sound School of Law in Tacoma, Washington, will speak with interested students about law schools and law careers in general, and about the University of Puget Sound in particular, on **Thursday, November 23, 1978 at 10:00 a.m. in room 215 of the Student Union Building.** No particular major is required for law school, and all undergraduate and graduate students are invited to attend this meeting. (U.P.S. welcomes students who intend to practice in either Canada or the U.S.)

THE CLASSIFIEDS

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Commercial — 3 lines, 1 day $2.75; additional lines 50c. Additional days $2.50 and 45c.
Classified ads are not accepted by telephone and are payable in advance.
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Publications Office, Room 241, S.U.B., UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 1W5.

5 — Coming Events

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'Material interest' gets Chinese ok

From page 3

from realizing its full potential, he said. By initiating the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution, a sense of frustration resulted from a sense of shame at the backwardness of the Chinese economy and the amount of poverty in the country, he added.

"The students were never well received by the peasants who often resented these city slickers being sent out to work on their farms. And the leaders in China are no longer afraid of students being exposed to non-Communist ideas because of the deep set patriotism among young Chinese."

The idea that there is nothing wrong with wanting a better life has also been revived by the new leaders, Goldman said.

"Material interest has been revived as a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Workers who produce more now get better wages and there is a candid admission that it is alright to supplement time rate work with piece work supplements which was previously thought to be contrary to all Communist ideals.

"Half of the population has been born since the revolution. They don't remember the exploitation by the landlords. They want a better life for themselves," he said.

Goldman said this was the result of a general depoliticization of Chinese life.

"In the past 20 years Chinese leaders have been at each others throats. Politicians were heroes one month and gangsters the next. One of the main features of life were political meetings, political study and organized demonstrations. The people in China have become tired of that. They want more time to spend on their own interests."

But Goldman cautioned against westerners becoming overly optimistic about the liberalization process in China.

"The little red book [of Mao's quotations] is being denounced and some of the victims of political repression have been rehabilitated, but a large number are still being persecuted. There were a large number of executions in 1977 that were purely politically motivated, he said.

"The overall picture is fairly bright, but the danger of totalitarianism still exists."

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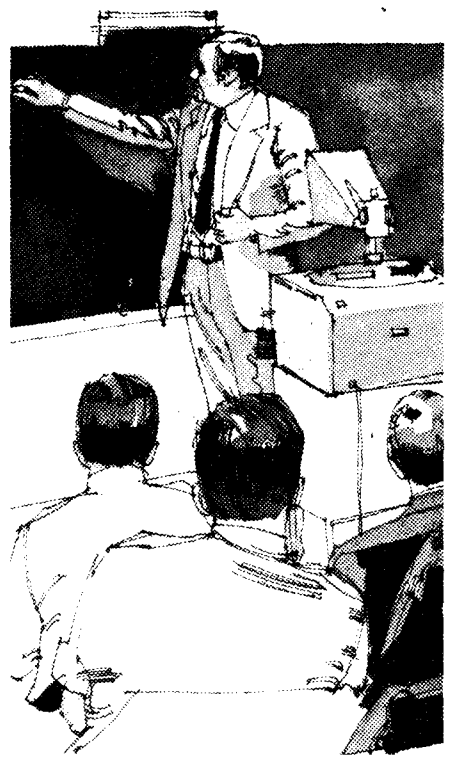

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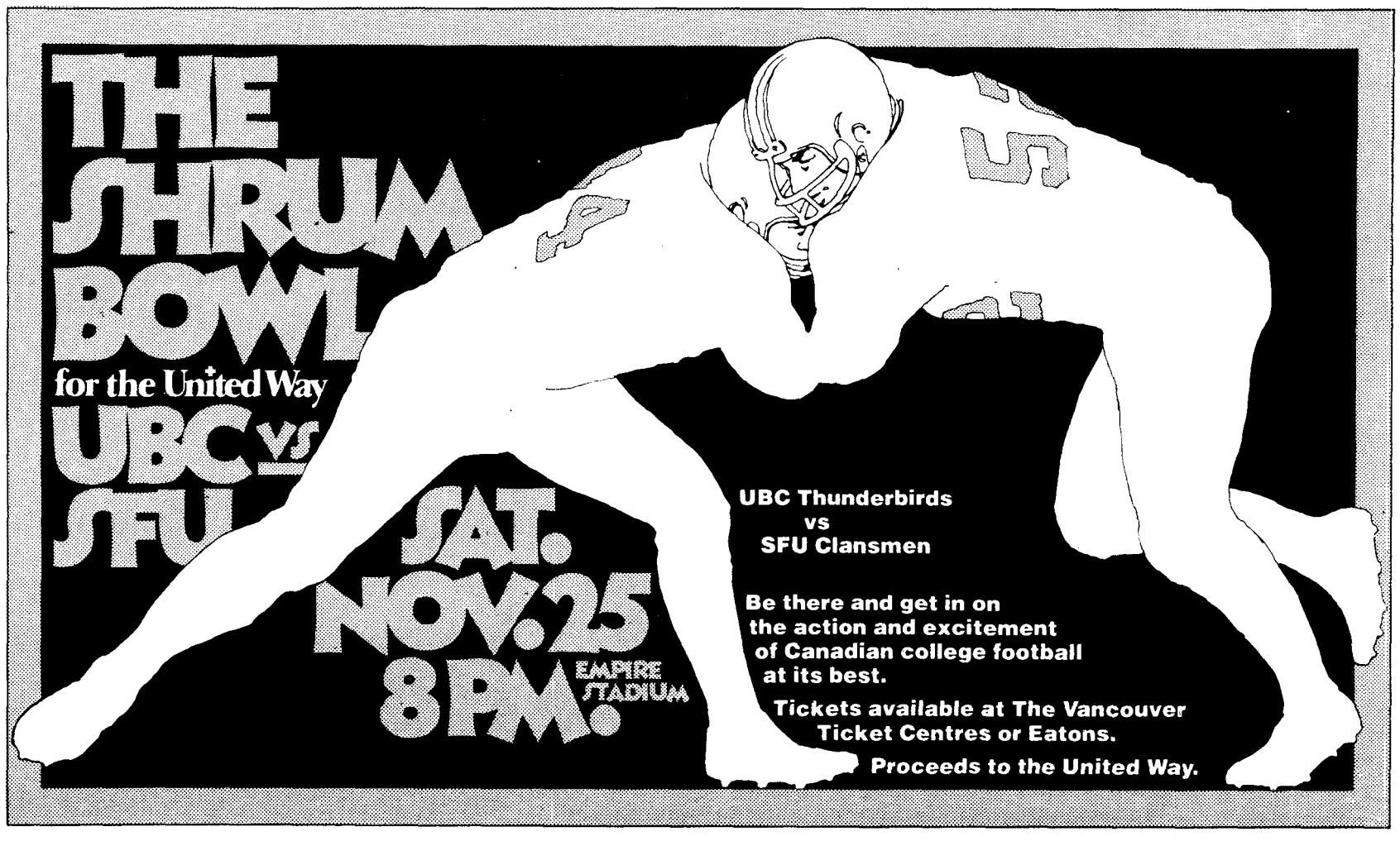

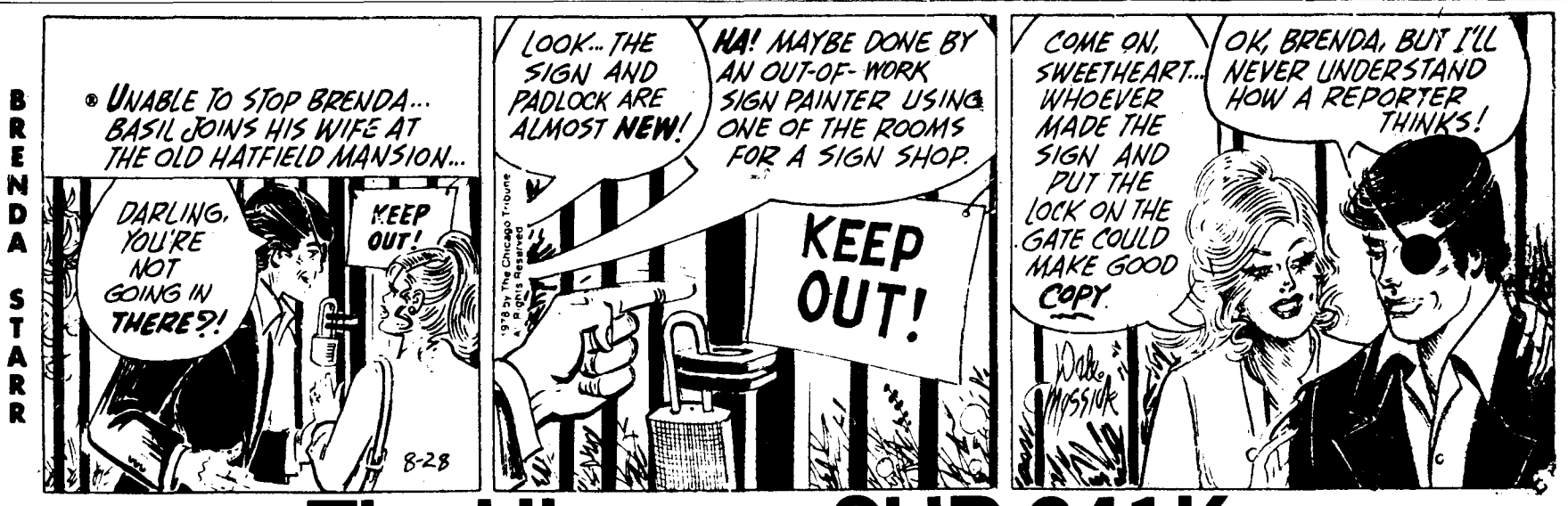

The Ubyssey. SUB 241K

Join up before the new year and avoid costly membership fees.

Student, prof fight over paper

From page 1

in August and Sharma later asked him if he had any comments.

"He said 'no, everything was okay.' At no point in time did he ask to go over the paper with me."

But Modi still charges that he was not consulted.

"He (Sharma) took it upon himself with his own knowledge without even informing me. Normally it's the thesis supervisor who submits the article. Who can use my name?"

Sharma said Modi felt so strongly about the issue that he spoke to mechanical engineer professor Philip Hill and had a job offer withdrawn four days after Sharma had been encouraged to take the position.

"Hill admitted that Modi interfered and feels very strongly about the paper. Modi stepped in," he said. "They don't like friction in that department."

But Hill denied the faculty had offered Sharma a job and said the possibility had only been discussed.

"We've tried to help him. We are concerned. We'd like to see him get a good job," he said.

"But for some reason he refused to come and see us."

Modi denied any knowledge of jobs offered to Sharma and said the faculty is trying hard to contact the graduate student to resolve the problem.

"I personally want to resolve it," he said. "Every student becomes a part of a person. He's a part of me."

Hill and Modi thought the article was not sufficient quality to stand under his name and added Sharma should approach his former supervisor, discuss the paper and make it acceptable.

Sharma said the department showed no willingness to deal with the issue and added that Hill simply told him to go and talk to Modi. Instead, Sharma approached Alma Mater Society president Paul Sandhu who has been working on the problem for six weeks with no success.

"They're all denying, lying. The university should look into this," said Sharma.

He said he wrote a letter on Oct.6 to Erich Vogt, vice president of faculty and student affairs, to request an investigation to allow publication of his research work without any hindrance.

"I expressed interest that the matter of publication be resolved." Vogt told The Ubyssey Thursday. "But the question of publication and its technical problems cannot be judged by people outside the facuty."

He said it is often difficult to unscramble internal faculty issues, but added that he talked to engineering faculty members and they were eager to solve the problem.

Sharma said he was amazed a Vogt's non-participation in the problem.

"I thought at once there'd be an investigation. All the evidence would be there. But I'm getting stuck," he said.

"Why is there such a delay? I could leave this place in 10 days and they could make an arbitrary decision behind my back. This is what the story is."

Sandhu said he has made continuous attempts to approach Vogt and the engineering faculty but no one is willing to help Shama.

"That's pretty sad on their part. They have never phoned me or Sharma on sitting down and talking with them. We've been trying to approach them for weeks.

"It's the typical knee-jerk reaction when the chips are down. They're trying to get this guy out of their hair."

Sharma said Modi had also given him problems in the past by deliberately delaying the return of his thesis.

After Modi had urged his student to quickly finish his thesis, Sharma said he worked diligently over the summer with very little money to complete it. But when he gave it to his supervisor in September, 1977, Sharma said Modi told him he was going on sabbatical and could not return the thesis until March, 1978.

"He (Modi) wrote a letter to the dean of graduate studies and made up excuses why my thesis was delayed. He said I was sick. I never saw that letter," said Sharma.

Sharma said he was unable to use his thesis to accept a position offered in the U.S. He said Modi told him the only way he would be able to get money as to do extra work.

He said Modi offered him a job at $420 a month, which was an insufficient salary to support his family.

Modi denied he had delayed Sharma's thesis and said it went through the normal procedure required for all his graduate student.

"He was my student. I still respect him. There are no allegations," he said.

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Right now you are probably thinking about the past several years and what you have to look forward to after graduation.

While you're at it, consider the personal growth and satisfactions you could experience at Procter & Gamble — a leader in the consumer products industry. We regard training and development as our most basic responsibility because we promote strictly from within Procter & Gamble. We know of no way to train people to become managers other than to have them learn by doing.

Economics, history, psychology — our managers include diverse backgrounds. More important than your specific field of study are such basics as intelligence, leadership ability, innovativeness, and a solid track record of achievement.

On November 20, 1978 at 12:30 p.m., our representatives from the advertising department will deliver a half-hour presentation on the success of one of our major brands. An informal question and answer discussion will follow.

Location: Room 415, Henry Angus Building.

Later the same day, November 20, from 4:30 to 6:00 p.m., our representatives will be available again to discuss informally opportunities in the advertising department, the marketing heart of Procter & Gamble.

Location: Room 226, Henry Angus Building.

From 5:30 to 8:00 p.m., our representatives will be downtown to give students a further chance to learn about career opportunities in the advertising department at Procter & Gamble. Refreshments will be served.

Location: Aspen Room, Four Seasons Hotel,
Georgia and Howe.

As a first step, we invite you to visit your placement office and obtain a copy of our literature. Additional information is also available in the library file in the placement office.

Plan to be at our presentation and our pre-recruiting session — no appointment necessary, drop in any time.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

500 students picket gov't cuts

TORONTO (CUP) — About 500 well-worn demonstrators staged a mass informational picket in front of the Ontario legislature Thursday protesting any future government cutbacks in post-secondary education funding.

The picket, organized by the Ontario Federation of Students, featured contingents from the University of Toronto, as well as from universities in Ottawa, Hamilton, and Guelph.

The students carried signs and chanted during the several-hour-long picket, before winding up the festivities with a parade to the U. of T.

The purpose of the demonstration, as explained by an OFS spokesperson at a press conference beforehand, was to protest a probable tuition increase and the decline in post-secondary funding.

The picket was "meant to serve notice to the government that we are capable of mounting opposition to their aggressive policies," said OFS chairwoman Miriam Edelson.

The government, she said, is getting ready to announce a further cut in university and college funding, as well as an increase in tuition fees. Edelson pointed to a report being prepared by the consulting firm P. S. Ross on the feasibility of raising tuition fees, and other sources within the Ontario ministry of colleges and universities to support her argument.

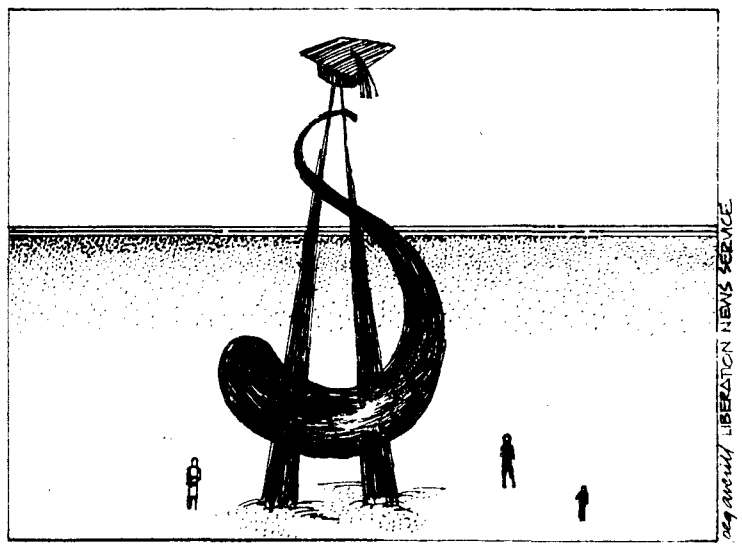
OFS calls for the elimination of tuition in the long term and a freeze on tuition increases in the short term, she said.

She said the effect of higher tuition and restricted access to student aid has been, and will continue to be, a disincentive for people from low and middle-income families to get an education, something she said should be a right for all.

The combined factors of high student unemployment, already high tuition, and restrictive student aid have already led to declining enrolment, Edelson said, despite the fact that the number of people of university age will not seriously decline until 1982.

OFS representative Colin d'Eca said that cutbacks are having serious long-term effects on research and development in Canada, a function now carried out almost exclusively by universities.

The quality of education is also hard-hit, he said, as class sizes are increased and an ever-decreasing number of graduate assistants are being hired.



NOTICE OF ELECTION

Student Representatives to serve on the Board of Governors and the Senate.

This notice is a call for nominations for **full-time** students to run for election for the following positions:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS — TWO students

SENATE — SEVENTEEN students (five at-large and one from each faculty)

Nomination forms giving full details of the requirements of nomination are available in the Registrar's Office, the A.M.S. Office (Room 266 S.U.B.) and in the offices of the Student Undergraduate Societies and the Graduate Student Association.

Nominations must be in the hands of the Registrar no later than 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday, December 20, 1978.

It happens only once a year

The UBC Bookstore
BROCK BOOK EVENT

OUR BIG BARGAIN BOOK BONANZA
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BROCK HALL
Nov. 20—Dec. 1st

Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

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$1,200 tuition?

TORONTO (CUP) — Students at Ontario universities could face drastic tuition fee increases if the Ontario government accepts the recommendations of a consulting firm hired to study the question.

Fees could reach $1,157 a year for the average student at the University of Toronto, up from the current average of $725. Similar fee increases could be imposed at other Ontario universities.

The consulting firm, P.S. Ross and Associates, is due to report its findings later this month. According to the Ontario Federation of Students, the report will recommend "unpegging" of tuition fees, allowing universities the autonomy to set their own rates.

The rates are currently determined by the Ontario ministry of colleges and universities.

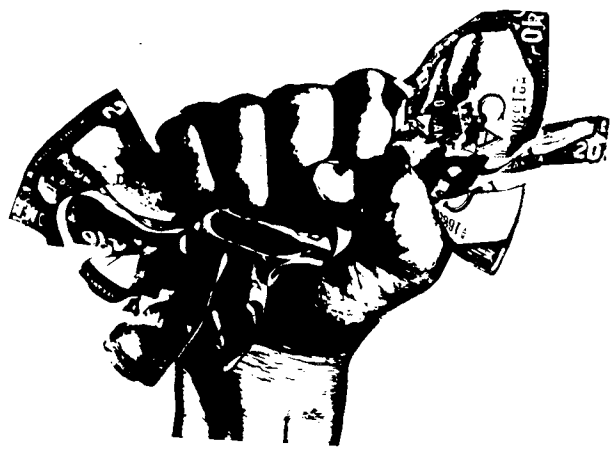
In a public statement Nov. 6, U of T president James Ham gave practical indication of what this move might mean when he said he favored requiring students to pay 20 per cent of the cost of their education.

Requiring this level of payment would result in average tuition fees of $1,157, $400 more than any other institution in Canada.

Using the same criteria, medical students would be faced with tuition of $2,656 (currently $900), a masters program in science would run to $2,071 (currently $840), and a Phd would mean a yearly tab of $3,100 (currently $750).

According to OFS, an increase of this kind, coupled with disqualification from student aid, would "wipe away the dream of higher education for many."

Unpegging of tuition fee levels would also present a major crisis for smaller universities. They would be faced with a "catch-22": keep tuition levels down and fall behind other schools in their capacity to recruit teachers and improve facilities, or raise fees and lose students.



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Spruce it up with a great price on a fine stereo component from Sound Plus. Prices are rising constantly — these are the best bargains we know of:

Speakers (each)		
KOSS	530	199.00
	1010	245.00
EPI	100	130.00
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DUAL	1241	185.00
	504	195.00
SONY	PST 1	129.00
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	PSX 40	265.00

These are only examples —

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Quantities Are Limited — Act Fast!

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HILLEL WEEKEND SPECIAL

HILLEL SHABBAT MINYAN

FRI. 17 NOV. — 6:30 p.m.

Service and Vegetarian Pot Luck Supper

SAT. NOV. 18 — 10:00 a.m.

Service and Pot Luck Lunch

STUDENTS MAY BRING WINE AND FRUIT

HILLEL HOUSE PARTY II

LIVE JAZZ AND SWING

MACCABEE LOUNGE
BETH ISRAEL

8:30 p.m. — SAT. 18 NOV.

$2.00/person

"NEW IMPORTED LITER"

Liter White Magic — Magic Flute!

© JOSEF MILZ INTERNATIONAL LTD. 1978

Once, Claire believed she had the greatest job in the world.

Square Claire, her friends tease her, and Claire is the first to agree.

She's never fancied a career.

Liberation is not her style.

The only fulfillment she ever wanted was to marry the man she loved and raise a happy family.

You wouldn't think of Claire as a candidate for a drinking problem— but you'd be wrong.

The trouble began with her husband's success. The more demanding his work became, the less time he had for Claire.

Now it's the children. Suddenly they're independent young adults, eager to be off on their own.

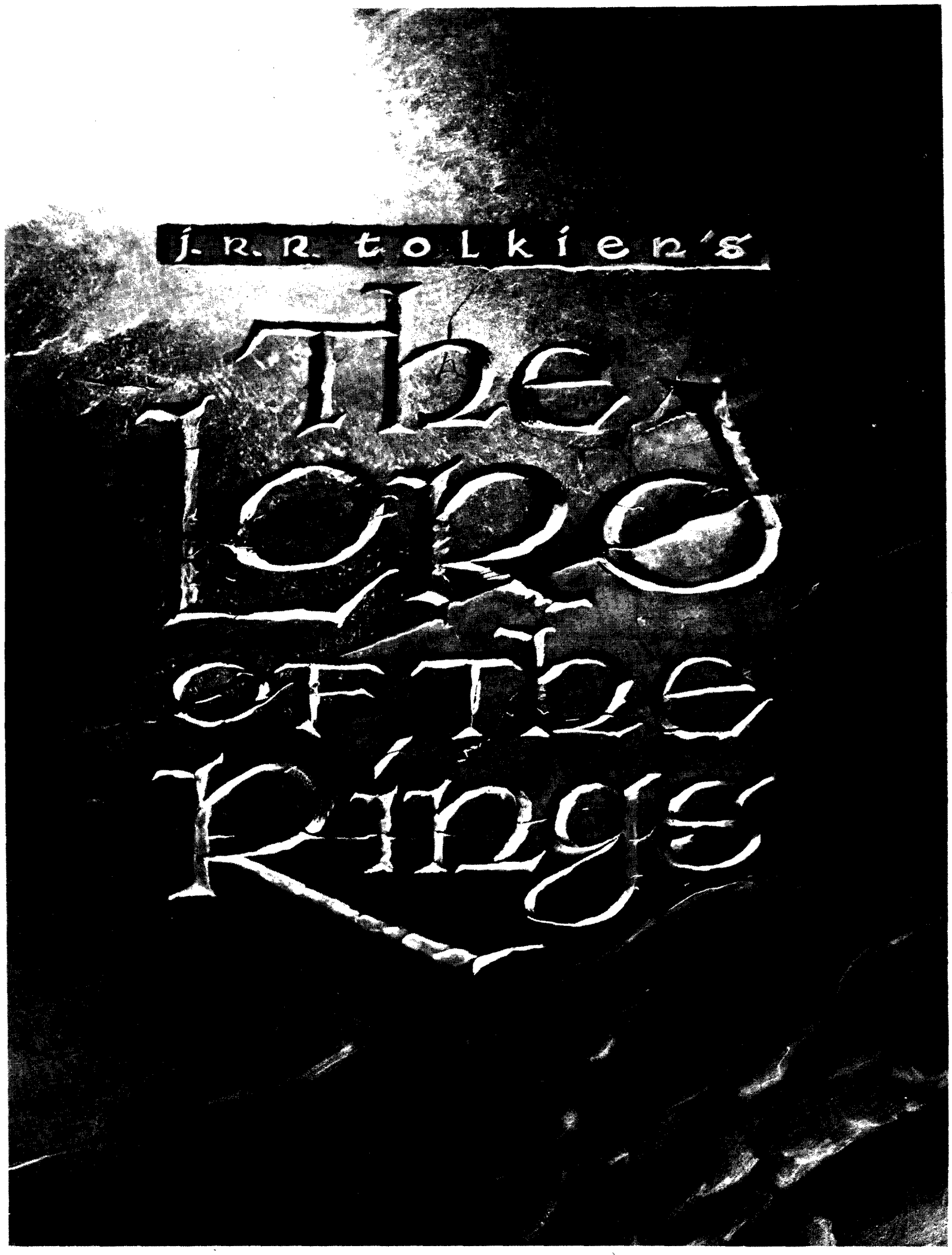
Claire feels lost and no longer needed. Alone at home, she's started drinking to pass the time, hoping that would somehow solve things.

Of course, it won't. There isn't a beer, a wine or a spirit made that can cure loneliness or, indeed, any unhappy situation. Qualified professional help is what Claire should trust to get out from under her problem.

The wisdom of enjoying a drink sensibly is easy enough to accept when things are going well. But it's when the going gets rough that moderation is even more vital to remember.

Seagram

PAGE FRIDAY



INSIDE PAGE FRIDAY

- **LORD OF THE RINGS**— the surprises in the Bakshi film
- **PHILLIPS EXHIBITION** — an influential Canadian painter
- **PARADISE ALLEY** — Stallone attempts to repeat earlier success
- **DAYS OF HEAVEN** — overview of a film scene
- **BOB DYLAN** — two perspectives on a legend
- **CLASSICAL MUSIC** — the recent concerts in town
- **OVER THE PINCHI HILLS** — a lyrical fiction piece
- **BILLY JOEL** — a warm performer to his fans
- **THE WEDDING** — Altman's wicked satire
- **VISTA** — our weekly entertainment column

Bakshi lacks Tolkien's magic

By GRAY KYLES

Well, it's been done. The Lord of the Rings is finally a movie. Those years of waiting are over, the big moment has arrived and there are no surprises.

The Lord of the Rings
Directed by Ralph Bakshi
Playing at the Vancouver Centre Theatre

Ralph Bakshi's adaptation of the Tolkien masterpiece doesn't quite make it, but then everyone should have expected that. Perhaps the only surprise is that he comes as close as he does.

Bakshi's Lord of the Rings is not a bad film. In fact it's quite a good one. The only problem is that it is not the Rings I love and I doubt it's the one you love either.-

The movie rights for the novel were sold almost 20 years ago and since then many talented filmmakers have been stymied in their attempts to bring the story to the screen.

The Walt Disney Sudios held the rights for 10 years but could never decide how to handle the project. Should they animate it or should they film it live? Should they play it straight or should they give it the Snow White treatment, singing dwarfs and all.

Eventually the powers at the studio decided to leave the project alone and in 1968 sold the rights to United Artists.

During the next few years both Stanley Kubrick and John Boorman tried to put together suitable scripts. Kubrick's version probably would have been interesting but overblown. Boorman, whose last project was the Exorcist Part II, would have totally destroyed the story.

Several times during the years when United Artists was trying to figure out what they should do with the book Ralph Bakshi approached them about doing an animated version.

He argued that to try to create Middle Earth on a soundstage was ludicrous, that anything "real" would detract from the fantasy of the story.

Finally the studio accepted his arguments and commissioned the young director of Fritz the Cat and Heavy Traffic to make the movie.

And so Bakshi had his chance to make cinematic history by making an important film that would last for a long time.

It is difficult to believe that this movie, which tells only the first half of the story by the way, will ever achieve anything like the legendary status of the book. It will be a hit for sure, but in 10 years time may be simply a curiosity item.

One of the two major problems with the film is the very way in which Bakshi and his two scriptwriters Chris Conkling and Peter S. Beagle have condensed it.

Conkling is a well-known Tolkien scholar and Beagle a fantasy writer himself. Both are as qualified as anyone to write the screenplay and they've done a fairly good job. They have maintained and captured the essence of the story, but there have been some travesties.

Tom Bombadil lovers take note, the wise and magical balladeer does not make an appearance, which is of course an unforgivable omission.

The terror of the Dark Riders, which Tolkien developed so brilliantly, is completely undermined by the script's inept characterization of them. And the entire opening segment in the Shire lacks the humour, background and foreboding of the original.

And perhaps the greatest travesty of all is Bakshi's depiction of Treebeard. He looks like a reject from every Disney cartoon ever made. Many Treebeard fans in the audience were outraged when the mighty Ent lumbered onto the scene.

Many great episodes from the book are reduced almost to the point of non-existence while others are sensibly condensed. But one crucial scene, Frodo's flight from the Dark Riders and his rescue at Rivendell is elongated and dragged out to the point of absurdity.

What should have been a fast, terrifying moment becomes a long and boring standoff.

The other major problem with The Lord of the Rings is the uneven quality of the animation.

For the past three years Bakshi has had more than 150 artists and animators at work on his project. It has been a mammoth undertaking, the biggest animation project ever.

But it should have been even bigger. After more than 20 years of waiting I'm sure the 20 million people who have purchased the book and the countless millions more who have read it could have waited two or three years longer for a really brilliant movie.

But Bakshi was impatient, he was anxious to get his film before audiences. The result is unfortunate.

The Lord of the Rings features the best animated characters and backgrounds ever, but only for about one third of the time.

The rest consists of fairly standard cartoon backgrounds and a disastrous attempt at combining live action with animation.

In Wizards, Bakshi's Lord of the Rings runthrough, the director experimented with using stock footage of live action events which were then run through various lab and animation techniques to create a new kind of image.

Bakshi has refined that process in The Lord of the Rings. The only problem is it doesn't work.

The characters themselves are brilliantly conceived, although they can't match everyone's pre-conceived notions of what they should look like.

They were all created through the rotoscoping technique. Bakshi filmed actors going through the motions. These films were then projected and his animators traced the figures onto cels. Later they were coloured in and embellished and then photographed again.

As a result the movements and physical features are more realistic than in any other animated technique.

Where the problem arises is in the large epic scenes where Bakshi cheats, probably in order to speed up the production of the film. The loser is the audience.

Battle scenes, longshots of groups and scenes involving large numbers of characters are actually live action scenes which were filmed in California and Spain, which have been tinted, and had colors removed and replaced by others. And things such as horns and fangs have been added on.

Although it is an interesting process and one which obviously fascinates Bakshi it is, in the end, distracting and hurts the film. The viewer is constantly aware of the shift from animation to live action and it is annoying.

And it is a cheat. Bakshi claims that the film is a breakthrough in animation. But in many ways its simply a rush job.

Now after all this negative reaction and bitching, does Bakshi's Lord of the Rings have any good points? It sure does.

GANDALF . . . his imprisonment by Sa

The really good animated sequences, suc as Saruman's imprisonment of Gandalf an any involving Gollum are amongst the be ever done.

And despite its many weaknesses the scrip is better than many would expect. Beagle an Conkling have shown great care an understanding in their adaptation and can really be faulted for not possessing the genit of Tolkien.

The greatest strength of the script is th emphasis of developing the character c Frodo. Although many fine elements ar missing the screenwriters have been wis enough to focus on the strength and uni queness of Frodo. He alone is the onl character in Middle Earth with the strengt to withstand the corrupting influence of th Ring. This comes across well in the movi

Ralph Bakshi is going to take an awful lo of heat for his film from the millions o Tolkien fans who wouldn't be satisfied witl anything less than a scene by scene, word b word re-creation of the book.

THE NINE COMPANIONS AND GOLLUM . . . best animated characters ever — yet bound to disappoint

Choir soars

By KERRY REGIER

Benjamin Britten's War Requiem formed magnificent Remembrance Day program fo the Vancouver Bach Choir last week. Wit soloists Benjamin Luxon, Martyn Hill an Alexandra Browning, and supported by th Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, all unde the baton of Simon Streatfeild, they gave moving performance of this powerful work

Britten composed this requiem as an occa sional piece for the 1962 opening of the ne St. Michael's Cathedral in Coventry whic replaced the famous Coventry Cathedra destroyed by bombing in W.W. II. It is grand piece, with massive orchestration, full choir and soloists.

For the text Britten used the ancient Lati of the Requiem Mass for the Dead, and in terspersed poems by Wilfred Owen in it Owen was killed in action just before Ar mistice in 1918, and left behind a few bar poems concerned with the pity of war fo which he is remembered as one of Britain' greatest modern poets.

In setting these words to music, Britte turned to his genius as an operatic composer and developed an intensely dramatic work highly suggestive of its stage origins.

n is a highlight of Ralph Bakshi's film

He deserves a lot of credit. He resisted the urge to cutesy the thing up with songs and adorable little creatures. And he also had the good sense that the story has to be told in two films. Unfortunately no one is telling audiences that they're only going to see part one so the abrupt ending comes as something of a rude surprise.

It is to be hoped that those who haven't read the book but do see the movie won't be put off the book by the skimpiness of the picture. Bakshi, who is a great Tolkien fan, not just a smoothy Hollywood producer after the big bucks, hopes that his film will turn people on to the book. It should succeed in doing that.

In the final analysis Bakshi's Lord of the Rings is a good, sometimes great film that is seriously flawed but well worth seeing. While no Tolkien fan will be satisfied he or she will certainly enjoy the picture even while finding it frustrating.

But deep down I think most will admit that they wish he'd never made the picture. We all wanted too much from it, more than anyone could ever give us.

Phillips enriches our heritage

By NICHOLAS C. TUELE

The Walter J. Phillips exhibition at the UBC Fine Arts Gallery is didactic, aesthetic and historical. Once again Glenn Allison of the Gallery presents us with a stimulating exhibition.

"Walter J. Phillips: Selection of his Works"
At the UBC Fine Arts Gallery
Until November 30, 1978.

This travelling collection, of one of Canada's outstanding artists was prepared by Michael J. Gribbon, curatorial assistant of the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. He also wrote the well detailed monograph accompanying the eighty works of art.

Gallery goers will be amply rewarded for their visit to see this well conceived and clearly presented exhibition. The carefully selected drawings, paintings and prints demonstrate Phillips' working methods.

Rough sketches have been juxtaposed with finished watercolours, which are transposed into colour wood-cut prints. This allows the viewer to examine each stage of the artistic process.

We see the initial stimulus which provoked the artist's imagination and can trace the evolution of that image to its final form. There is an added benefit in seeing the unique qualities of each medium used.

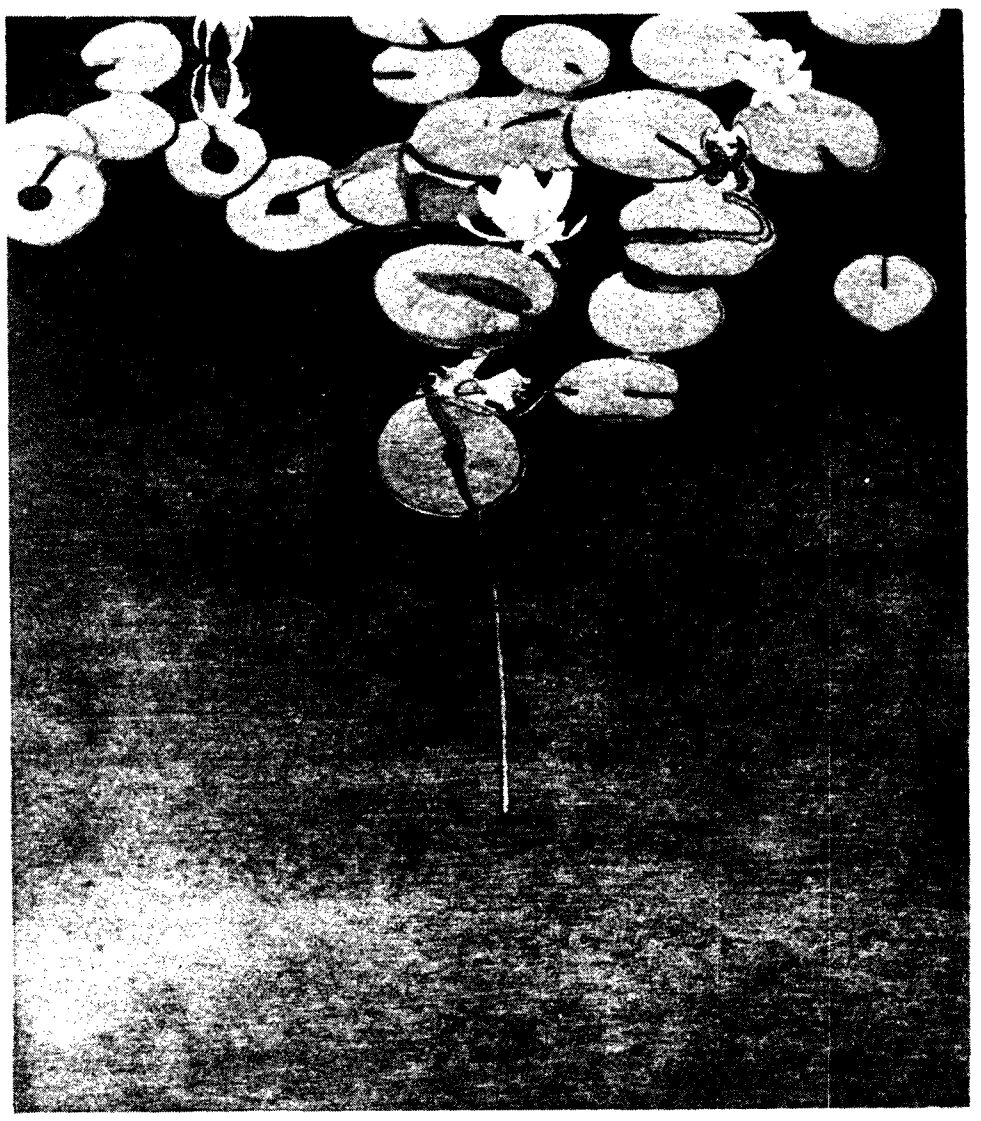
For example, Red River Road, catalogue no. 9, is a graphite sketch of a landscape. The same scene is treated three more times with three different media. Catalogue no. 10 is an etching, no. 11 is a watercolour painting, and no. 12 is a colour wood-cut print.

The graphite sketch is characterized by a rather flat tone with a good "short hand" description of the landscape. The etching is much more expressive and has a rich, velvety texture. the watercolour demonstrates the cool, restrained qualities of this medium and no. 12 shows the inherent elements of the colour wood-cut print line and pure flat colour with very little sense of three dimensionality or "painterly" quality.

Phillips excells in his wood colour prints and one feels that the teacher in him would have approved of this didactic presentation of his work.

"Phillips was not obsessed by any desire to express an emotional, nationalistic interpretation of the Canadian landscape, or by any need to create a truly Canadian School" says Gribbon.

And Phillips interprets the landscape with clarity and a focused concentration. The cool flat tones in his prints are the ideal counter point to his highly charged lines. These charged lines are so carefully considered that the resulting tightness of compostion demonstrates the mastery of his medium for which he was known nationally and abroad.



POND LILIES by WALTER J. PHILLIPS

"As far back as I can remember I wanted to be an artist," said Phillips on an occasion. And his long dedication to his art is evident in his outstanding colour wood-cut print Karlukwees, B.C., 1929, catalogue no. 56. He conveys a direct and powerful understanding of the landscape. The subtle simplicity underscores an immutable, gripping quality which cannot be ignored.

Phillips was born in Lincolnshire, England in 1884. After his schooling he worked in South Africa for five years. Things did not go well for him and he returned to England to teach art from 1908 until 1913. At twenty nine he and his wife decided to move to Canada and they arrived in Winnipeg in June, 1913.

He was instrumental in the early formation of a number of artists associations in Canada and was made an Associate member of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1921.

He taught art in Winnipeg, Calgary and Banff, found time to continue with his own artisitic effort and even wrote a definitive book on colour wood-cut printing in 1926. Phillips died in Victoria in 1963.

Exhibitions like this one at the Fine Arts Gallery are of particular value in bringing some of the range and scope of Canadian art history to the public's attention. Certainly most of us have encountered Emily Carr and the Group of Seven. But we remain blithely ignorant of many others. How unfortunate when one considers the solid international achievements of Canadian artists who are soon forgotten after their deaths.

There is no intrinsic value in being able to rattle off a list of litttle known Canadian artists. However, we can be more individually aware of the richness of Canadian art history than is presently the case and exhibitions like this will help.

with War Requiem Mass

For example, one of the most obvious effects is in the Dies Irae, or Day of Wrath, a favorite section of the requiem with composers. This part describes the last trumpet and the crumbling of the earth at Judgement Day.

Britten's flashing bugle calls lead into an immensely powerful climax which develops as an agonized plea for help, sparse and alien in nature, wih faint oboes suggesting the past fanfares.

The finale is the deepest and most striking section of the Requiem. It is here that a dead soldier meets the man he has killed in battle, and is forgiven. Owen's poem is interspersed with the final words of the Mass, the Libera Me, a prayer for delivery from the pain of death.

Britten's War Requiem was given a memorable performance by all concerned. It might be easy to become carried away with the noise and smoke of the work, but Streatfeild never allowed this to occur and kept all the mighty forces under tight control at all times. Even the Dies Irae with its raging climax which could quickly sink into mere noise, was as sharply defined as a sword blade flashing in the sun.

All the soloists were richly moving, though Alexandra Browning ocasionally faltered in her attack on certain wide leaps in a difficult solo in the Dies Irae.

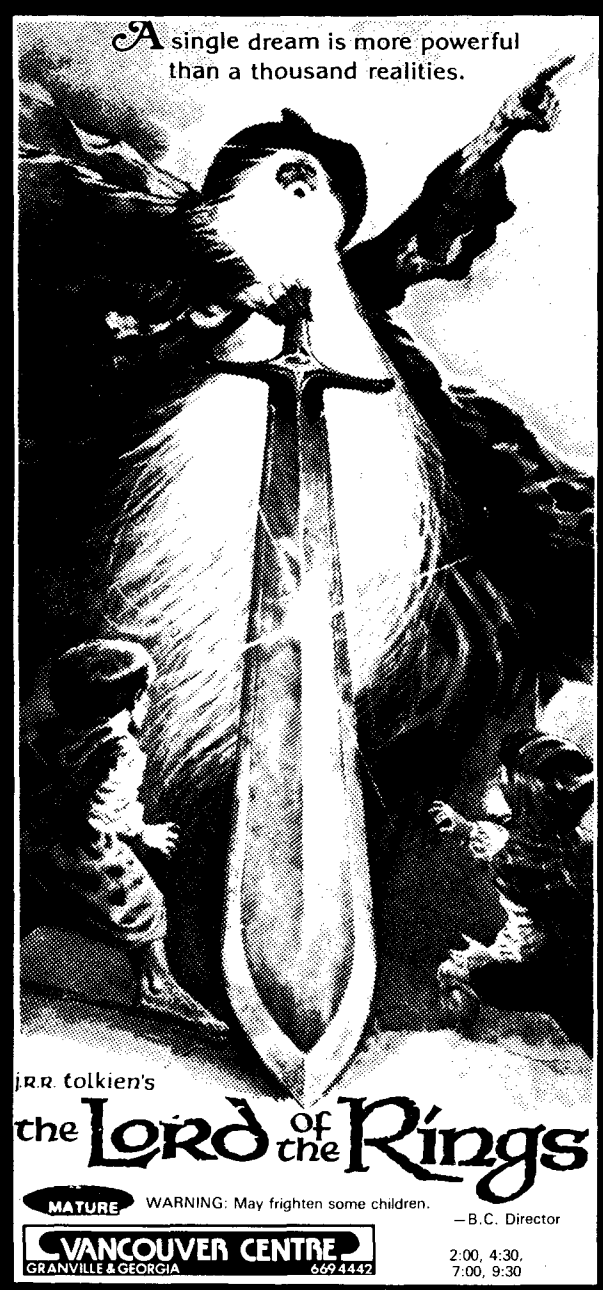
In the Libera Me, tenor Martyn Hill descends into the land of the dead, and discovers the enemy he killed is there to greet him. Together they converse, and with Benjamin Luxon singing the other soldier, the skein of sound struck powerfully at the listener.

Luxon especially, with his rich resonant voice, was unforgettable as the second soldier as he mourned the futility and the pity of war in a highly emotional peformance.

The orchestra excelled themselves and even the usually blaring VSO brass managed to keep a warm balance which was never overpowering in the big climaxes.

In a last tribute to the gripping emotional power of this music, the audience was totally silent for a long moment after the end. A deathly stillness wrapped the theatre. Finally a torrent of applause roared from the audience, which even the unfortunate smallness of the crowd failed to diminish.

JOHNSON'S CREEK by WALTER J. PHILLIPS



j.r.r. tolkien's
the Lord of the Rings

MATURE WARNING: May frighten some children. —B.C. Director

VANCOUVER CENTRE
GRANVILLE & GEORGIA 669 4442

2:00, 4:30, 7:00, 9:30

FAMOUS PLAYERS theatres

EFFECTIVE NOV. 17-23

24-Hr. Showtime Information 681-4255

JACK NICHOLSON IN
Goin' South

1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30

WARNING: Some coarse language —B.C. Director

MATURE

CAPITOL 6
820 GRANVILLE MALL 669 6000

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL

2:45, 4:55, 7:05, 9:20

LESTHALTER

WARNING: Some gory scenes. —B.C. Director

CAPITOL 6
820 GRANVILLE MALL 669 6000

3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?
A Delicious Mystery

CAPITOL 6
820 GRANVILLE MALL 669 6000

MATURE

Park Royal 7:30, 9:30
MATS. SAT. only 2:00
Columbia 7:30, 9:30
MATS. SAT. SUN. 2:00
Richmond 7:00, 9:00
MATS. SAT. SUN. 2:00

GOIN' COCONUTS

PARK ROYAL
WEST VANCOUVER 922 9174

COLUMBIA
NEW WESTMINSTER 521 0830

RICHMOND SQUARE
NUMBER THREE ROAD 273 4474

DONNY OSMOND and MARIE OSMOND

Slow Dancing In The Big City

A JOHN G. AVILDSEN FILM
"SLOW DANCING IN THE BIG CITY"
PAUL SORVINO INTRODUCING ANNE DITCHBURN

7:30, 9:30 — MATS. SAT. SUN. 2:00

DENMAN PLACE
1737 COMOX 683 4647

Added Feature
CAPRICORN ONE

HOOPER

MATURE WARNING: Occasional coarse language. B.C. Director

LOUGHEED DR-IN
BROADWAY E. of BOUNDRY 294 2991

Gates 7:00—Show 7:30

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY ONLY
GATES 7:30 SHOW 8:00

MATURE WARNING: Some nudity, coarse language and violence —B.C. Director

Message from Space

DELTA DR-IN
1/2 mi. W. of KNIGHT ST. BR. 278 2710

Plus "CONVOY"

MATURE
Foul Play

VANCOUVER CENTRE
GRANVILLE & GEORGIA 669 4442

Van Centre 1:25, 3:30, 5:35, 7:45, 9:55

GUILDFORD
GUILFORD TOWN CENTRE 581 1716

Guildford 7:00, 9:10
Mat. Sat. only 2:00

BAY Hot Wax 7:30
Grease 9:15
COLUMBIA 7:00, 9:00
MATS. SAT. SUN. 2:00

GREASE

THE BAY
DENMAN at BARCLAY 685 9822

COLUMBIA
NEW WESTMINSTER 521 0830

Added Feature at the Bay "AMERICAN HOT WAX"

MATURE

JAMES CAAN JANE FONDA JASON ROBARDS
Comes a Horseman

MATURE WARNING: Some violence — B.C. Director

LOUGHEED MALL
BURNABY 937 3461

7:00, 9:05
MAT. SUN ONLY 2:00

A WEDDING

MATURE WARNING: Occasional Suggestive Scenes & Dialogue—B.C. Director

CAPITOL 6
820 GRANVILLE MALL 669 6000

3:00, 5:15, 7:30, 9:50

RICHMOND—7:30, 9:30
MAT. SAT. only 2:00
LOUGHEED DR. IN
GATES—7:00 SHOW—7:30

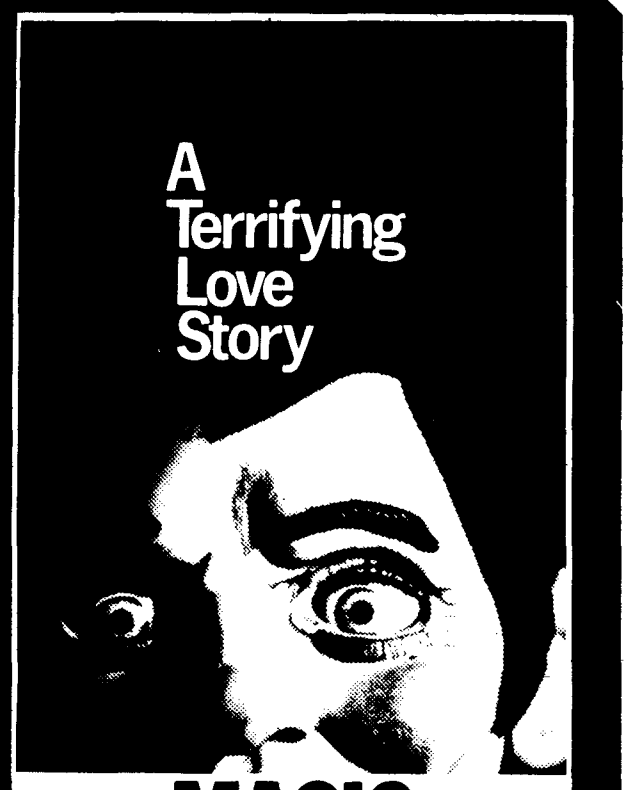
HOOPER

RICHMOND SQUARE
NUMBER THREE ROAD 273 4474

LOUGHEED DR-IN
BROADWAY E of BOUNDRY 294 2991

WARNING: Occasional coarse language. —B.C. Director

MATURE



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MATURE

Altman exposes empty marriage ritual

By DOUG TODD

A Wedding takes you through one ghastly afternoon of a highclass wedding. It is complex, insightful and often extremely funny. But it does not make you feel good and Altman doesn't want it to.

"A Wedding"
Directed by Robert Altman
Now showing at Capitol Six

Like Nashville, Altman's latest is built mainly on the investigation of character. This time it is a bewildering collection of soon-to-be relatives; one side a southern family rich from a trucking business, the other side an established northern family rich from inheritance. It is a terrifically potent collision of worlds.

There is a relentless drive to this film. So much so that we feel relieved near the end when the scene switches to a few souls who have retreated from the madness inside the reception mansion to calmly puff pot in the back garden. Their simple camaraderie and pleasure contrasts sharply with the painful banality and intrigue of the events within.

Altman reveals the decadence and coarseness of the gathered clans in a comic, almost bizarre way. The wedding presents are protected by hired security agents in black, and the northerners have an exact replica of their favorite restaurant in Italy in the basement. The mother of the groom slips away to discretely inject heroine. Everyone is coupling with everyone they're not supposed to. And the bride and groom spend more time clutching at their old girlfriend and boyfriend then they do each other.

The wedding ceremony and reception is co-ordinated by an officious, hired, closet-lesbian, Geraldine Chaplin who has the traditional show organized to perfection. But only one guest shows up and there are several hundred 'regrets' and none of the family really cares less anyway. Everyone is too involved in their own secretive and cloying lives to try and give the event that is taking place any distinction.

Altman has undertaken an adventurous experiment. He does not use normal dramatic conventions but directs this film from his own often brilliant instincts. This time he has dropped us into a wedding and made us feel like participants. The film covers only three or four hours of one afternoon. We notice very little plot. And because we are not given the usual safe overview there is much that is unresolved and we are left a little staggered.

A WEDDING . . . giant cast spoofs matrimony

What we get is a bubbling brew of insights into the ongoing lives of over 40 coarse, towdry and thanks to Altman, fascinating individuals. The world they inhabit often seems outlandish but the satire on social facade still hits home hard.

At times the film is hilarious. At least at first. Then the grin on your face starts to weaken and is overtaken by sadness. The sordidness increases. Insanity, disease, adultery, violent death and an aura of dread take over. There is not the fun music and occasional good-time feeling of Nashville to provide an emotional release.

The finely-acted shallowness of most of the 48 characters is relieved by only a few figures who are meant to gain our respect. The old godmother figure, Lillian Gish gains it by dying a stately death. The Italian immigrant husband of the junky mother, Vittoria Gassmann gains it be deciding, after 22 years of enslavement, to head back to Italy. The southern mother of the bride, magnificently played by Carol Burnett gains it by not running off with her romantic northern admirer.

Altman has brought his microscope to a traditional North American ritual. The close-up he gets finds little dignity in those who are responsible for it. It is a biting, challenging film. And if you are one of those people looking hard for more than just entertainment these days, this is a rare film you should not miss.

Malick directs perennial love triangle

By THIERRY BRUN

The other day I glanced at the overview of the current film scene in town in the new local paper, The Express. It was with surprise that I found films such as Foul Play, an unequivocally bad "comic-thriller" and the Sound of Music, your sugar-coated, family entertainment musical under the **What's Good** category. Under the **What's Left** classification, I found Kurosawa's Seven Samurai, The Lacemaker, Interiors, An Unmarried Woman, A Clockwork Orange.....

It was not the unexpectedly clearcut anti-cultural bias of the overview that annoyed me. There is a great deal of pretentiousness in film appreciation these days; moreover, I have avidly enjoyed "bad" films. It was more the fact that this paper is one of the only current local sources of information and opinion; what's more, such print carries with it an aura of authority which if unfavorable, is likely to unduly hurt films made by relatively unknown directors, casting names that you probably never heard before.

Terrence Malick's Days of Heaven is a case in point. Set in 1916 it places us amidst workers who end up in the Texas panhandle to harvest a young landowner's wheat crop.

"Days of Heaven".
Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard.
Written and directed by Terrence Malick.

We come to register a contrast between, on the one hand a threesome including a healthy young man, his lover, both workers and his somewhat younger adolexcent sister and on the other hand, the landowner. In spite of the hardships of exhausting physical labor, the disappointment that accompanies the realization of the virtual lack of chance for a better life and the uncertainty of their futures, an image of resigned serenity surrounds the threesome. The reasonable wealthy landowner obviously enjoys the comforts of his station: a house, a car, a certain social respectability etc ... At the same time, he has become through habit resignedly lonely. To top that off, we find along with the male member of the workers that he is suffering from a terminal disease.

The contrast is not meant in a crude moralistic sense to turn poverty into a ticket to contentment and wealth into a passport to stoically endured misery. We all know that there are happier farmers and more emotionally miserable workers. It is meant to serve the plot while at the same time subtly blending objective situation and character.

The woman refers to her lover as her brother. The lovers have agreed to present themselves as brother and sister in order to prevent people from talking.

The sheer precariousness of these as of all resignations becomes evident. The landowner declares his attraction to the woman near the end of the harvest and proposes that they stay on. And, in time, the woman and her lover, seeing a way out of the exacting trials of a nomadic existence and facing the prospect of material security, at least for a while decide to remain on the farm.

In fact, her lover persuades her to enjoy the landowner's money for a while. We are left speculating about their motives. Are they swindlers? Is she motivated in part by an attraction to the landowner? Are they compromising something precious by deciding to stay?

She marries the landowner while carrying on her relationship with her "brother". Again a new delicate equilibrium is maintained with all parties relatively content. At one point, the husband becomes suspicious and the "brother-lover" leaves only to return a season later as a changed man. He has discovered his real feelings for the woman, regrets his foolhardiness but blames only himself.

But the inevitable happens, announced by a spectacular plague of locusts setting out to destroy the crop just as the husband becomes aware of his wife's affair with her "brother." Notice the biblical symbolism.

A tragedy of errors begins. The brother who was about to leave the farm stays on to help the landowner destroy the locusts. The husband, so far a model of self-restraint, its the "lover-brother" with his fire torch, at the same time, semi-deliberately setting fire to his own savaged fields. The brother leaves. The landowner sets out to find him, gun in hand. In the ensuing scene, the lover stabs the husband in self-defence. We are left wondering whether or not the husband who clearly could have shot the lover was impelled by some kind of death-wish.

We then see the original threesome fleeing the scene of death and destruction in a boat. Once they are afloat, the film resumes its former pace. The memorable interlude on the farm with its tragic outcome slowly gives way to the charm of the natural Albertan landscape and a return to the tranquility of their former days. The woman aspires to stay out of future trouble and to lead a "good" life.

Unfortunately, the police catch up with them and shoot the lover. At the end the woman places the adolescent sister in a boarding school. The woman is seen leaving on a train with a soldier. The film ends with the escape of the sister from her school, out on the road again.

This summary of the plot only travels some distance in conveying an appreciation of Days of Heaven. After all, told in this manner, this tragedy about the perennial love triangle appears as only one decent one among many, and some are better.

Here the old truism that films are perceived and not merely though

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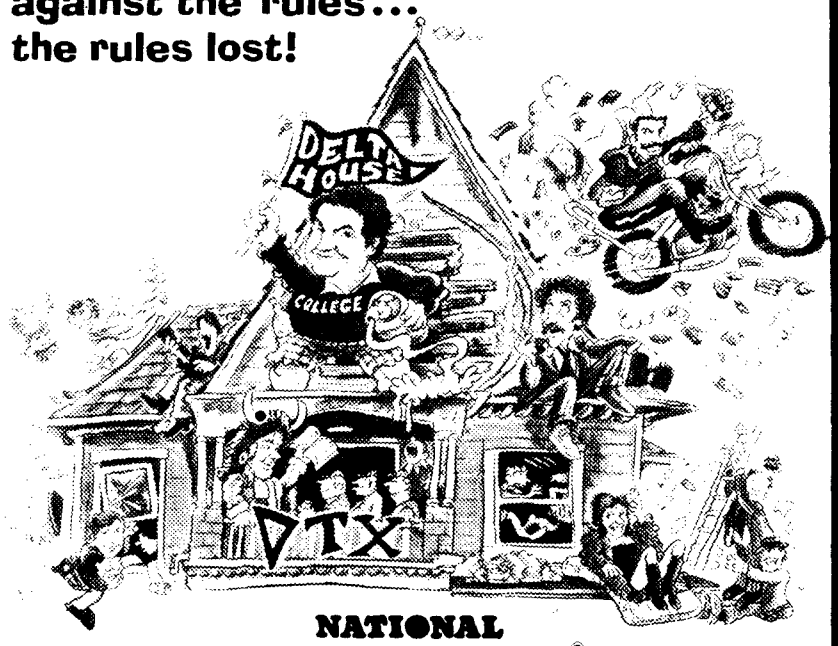

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MATURE

Warning: Occasional nudity & suggestive scenes, coarse language throughout. —B.C. Dir.

SHOW TIMES: Coronet 12:10, 2:05, 4:05, 6:05, 8:05, 10:05
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Broadway, Dolphin 7:30, 9:30
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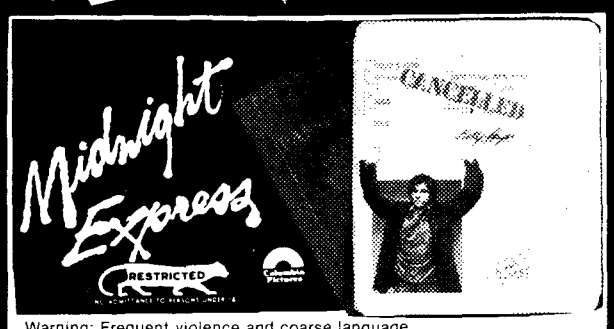

Warning: Frequent violence and coarse language —B.C. Dir.
Shows: Vogue 12:15, 2:35, 5:00, 7:25, 9:55
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PAGE FRIDAY
BLACK AFRICA ISSUE

Critical gods displeased with Bacchae

By THEO COLLINS

Donald Soule's production of the Bacchae fails because the audience has the impossible task of figuring out why the tragic hero is being sacrificed.

Directed by Donald Soule
At the Freddy Wood
Until November 18th

After a while a person yearns for a straight-forward drama, something with a little less flash and tinsel, or with more plot and character development. Of course, the tragedies of the ancient Greeks are not necessarily good places to look for such things.

They are not constructed after the manner of most modern plays. Their impact depends on the force of ritual, the chanting of choruses and the ceremonial sacrifice of the tragic heroes. In Greek theatre there is sense of catharsis where the death or downfall of a person of great stature redeems the community. Euripedes' The Bacchae features such a downfall.

Just as a quick reading of Aesop's Fables leaves the reader with the overall lesson to beware of foxes, Donald Soule's The Bacchae tells the audience not to mess with the gods. This is not a profound statement, nor is it one with any particular relevance to modern audiences.

Nowadays, the Greek gods have come to be regarded as a rather amusing troupe of bickering clowns who happened to have their fingers in the cosmic pie. We don't worry about offending them anymore.

Hence this production, even with all the seriousness of Soule's approach, doesn't reach us. The message appears to be too trivial.

Well, myths have their underlying meanings and Soule failed to treat adequately with the meaning of the myth the play deals with.

The Bacchae tells the story of the god Bacchus, how he came to establish his sect among the people of Thebes, the resistance he met there and how he dealt with that resistance. On the surface it is a simple and brutal story which has the protagonist Pentheus literally torn apart by his own mother for daring to oppose and deny the existence of the god. But the mythic significance of the story has little to do with whether Bacchus existed or not.

Bacchus was the god of wine and most of us are aware of what the word bacchanal means. The bacchanalian festivals of the ancient Greeks were important festivals, relating to the fertility rites of other peoples but having a meaning of their own. They were an expression of the animalistic nature of man.

The Greeks believed that man had a higher and lower nature and they thought of these festivals as an outlet, an escape valve for the release of man's less rational impulses.

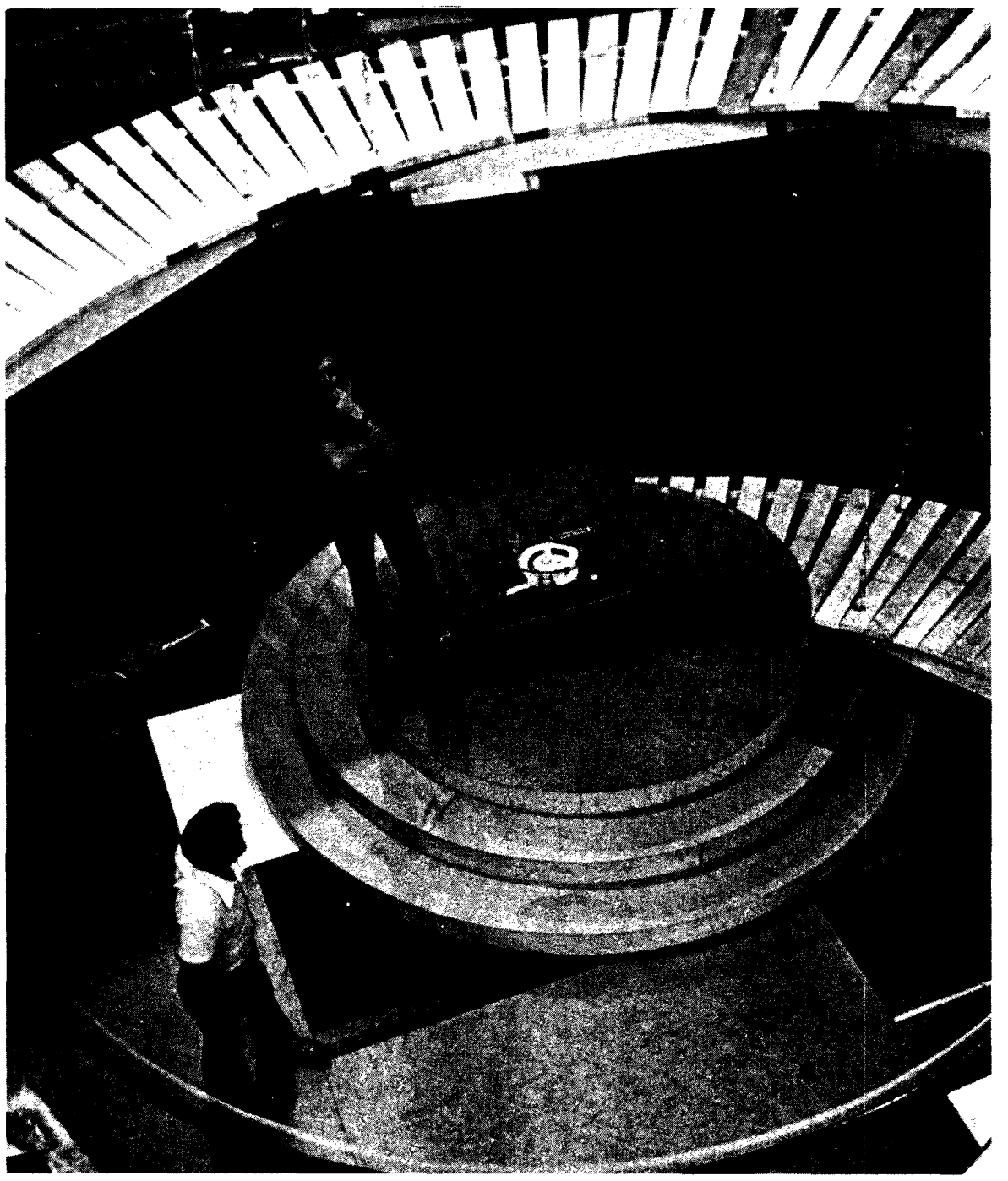
Once these impulses had been let free, then a man could continue unemcumbered by them. If these impulses were not allowed an expression, they they would assert themselves at some other time, often to great harm. This is the lesson of the myth of Bacchus. Pentheus and his mother denied their lower natures and were destroyed.

Why does Soule fail to get this message to us? Mainly, it's through an introduction of a spurious feminism into the story. The first converts to the new sect are women. It is the women who act as the agents of the god in the destruction of Pentheus.

The representative or priest of Bacchus, supposedly a feminine man, is actually played by a woman and a conspicuously feminine and attractive one.

But what Soule glossed over in the script or de-emphasized, was that the female converts to Bacchus were driven to it by the god himself as a punishment for denying him. Their state was described as akin to madness. This is hardly an argument for a feminist viewpoint.

The information that Bacchus also intended to punish the women is important for an understanding of the ending. Blinded by the god, Pentheus' mother is one of his murderers.



—richard schreiner photo

THE BACCHAE . . . technicians work in the empty space of a spurious performance

If we interpret this from the feminist viewpoint as laid out in the context of this production, then we can conclude almost nothing except what I mentioned before. Don't mess with the gods and don't mess with carousing women.

But if we return to the standard interpretation of the myth, then we realize that The Bacchae is merely an example of what happens when men and women repress their darker natures. They are driven mad and bring destruction on themselves and others. This is much more satisfying as a message. It's a pity it's so far from the one Soule conveys to us.

Stallone writes and stars in fighting flop

By DOUG TODD

Paradise Alley is occasionally funny and moving, but more often cliche and clumsy. It attempts to show that although becoming a winner can cause you some trouble, it is still what life is all about.

"Paradise Alley"
Written, directed, and starring Sylvester Stallone. At the Westminster Mall.

Sylvester Stallone seems to want to prove to the world that he's not naive. After Rocky became a hit by showing that a winning mentality makes your whole life better, Stallone has made Paradise Alley to show us that he really does know that a winning mentality can have bad affects too.

Paradise Alley is about a man's world of muscles, danger and making it. It is a world headed by Sylvester Stallone, who wrote, directed, starred in, and sang the theme song for this shaky tribute to his own ego.

Stallone as Cosmo Carboni is one of three brothers growing up in 1946 in the New York slum called Hell's Kitchen. He plays a mouthy, overconfident, entrepreneur who wants to manage his dense but muscley brother, Lee Canalito, as a wrestler.

However, the brainy and crippled brother, Armand Assante, gets involved and leaves his undertaker's job to become the really vicious business mind. So begins the struggle of the brother with mouth against the brother with brains over the ethics of using the brother with muscle as their ticket out of Hell's Kitchen.

The film is riddled with stereotypes. Amongst other things the cause of women in this film is flattened as they are beaten, overdependant, and taken for granted. This might have been done in the name of the 40's realism but one gets the feeling that Stallone likes to keep his women reserved mainly to the bedroom, anyways.

There is also supposed to be a lot of authentic off-hand street jargon but most of it comes off badly: as if the actors are so unsure about the lines they have to say that they are trying to get them over with quickly.

In fact, a lot of the movie seems cartoon-like, and at times one wonders if Stallone meant to do a parody of 40's movie cliches. But there are a few genuinely funny and also moving scenes that ruin this theory. Like the one in which a black wrestler Cosmo has befriended commits suicide because on their one drunken night on the town he was happy, and he wants to die happy.

And another of the better scenes arises from Stallone's fascination with brutal confrontations. This time it is a grueling arm-wrestling match. In this novel sequence the focused tension of the wrenching match is handled beautifully.

But one of the worst scenes is also a fight. It is a ridiculous wrestling version of the climatic boxing fight in Rocky. This match has no rules and no time limit. It is done indoors but with an open roof under a rainy sky with great pools of water on the mat. Would you believe it, there is thunder and lightning to provide cosmic relevance. At times like this we realize Stallone is out to titillate audiences, not make good movies.

The dense brother wins this big fight which is a definite crowd pleaser and the expected deeper analysis of the mythology of winning becomes muddled. It appears that Stallone wanted to go beyond Rocky's "find something to win" message and show some of the ambiguities of winning.

However, even though some of the characters lose friends, use people and become possessed by success, in the end Stallone cops out and leaves his audience happy with the message that winning is still what its all about.

As we see Stallone build his own artistic empire it becomes apparent that he too has a certain obsession with winning. He would be doing everyone a favour if he were to let his considerable talents be formed and controlled by other directors, writers, and actors. His brainy brother speaks for many of us when he says to him "Don't you ever lay off?"

STALLONE . . . an egoist living in movieland

Joel's friendly performance wins fans

By JOHN WOUDZIA

The last time Billy Joel came to Vancouver he had to be content with performing before less than a sold out house at the Queen Elizabeth theatre. The concert went by as quickly and as unnoticed as did its somewhat obscure star. Joel was an obvious contender but didn't possess enough flash to outdraw a heavyweight like Rod Stewart who was prancing footloose at the Coliseum on the same evening.

Disillusioned by his small and exclusive following, Joel went home and proceeded to make some musical changes in hopes of making his sound more readily accessible. The Piano Man's music hadn't exactly reached outstanding heights with only one major hit to his credit after four successive albums.

Joel's absence paid off. With a year of hard training and a subsequent hit album under his belt, Joel returned to Vancouver last Wednesday night and proved undeniably this time round that he's the main attraction. Joel possessed all the right instincts as both musician and performer.

From the very first notes of The Stranger, the evening's performance saw Joel engaging his crowd in an array of movement, sentiment, easy good times and celebration.

Joel's style is distinctive and difficult to pin down. Whereas rock and roll is aggressive, Billy Joel is almost totally reflective, drawing on past experiences and subtly incorporating them into the context of his works.

Such an example was New York State of Mind, easily one of the ing's best songs. While a theatrical backdrop projecting a condensed image of urban New York established the atmosphere, Joel presented a warm and memorable visage of his beloved home town.

Also impressive and worthy of mention were Joel's tender and moving love ballads. While the innocuous ambience of the Coliseum threatened to scoop out their depth and leave us with only the surface, Joel expressed an intimacy with his songs that enabled the audience to accept their honesty without reservation.

Although many of Joel's songs such as The Stranger, Ballad of Billy the Kid, and Angry Young Man reflect his empathy for the social outcast, Joel can be seen as much as a victim as he is the master of the various personae he embraces.

Songs like The Entertainer tend to contain certain elements of self-parody on one hand and subtle egotism on the other. Likewise, while the song Piano Man is largely responsible for generating the following that has made Billy Joel such a present day success, it is a statement of past failure and futility.

However, Joel's ability to temper cynicism with sensitivity and maintain a warm, unaffected sense of humour are the factors that have made him such a contending force on today's pop-rock scene.

The evening was also highlighted by a number of newer tunes from most recent album 52nd Street. The most obvious standout was Bigshot which had Joel engaging in a total manic physical excess, running around the stage with cordless microphone, challenging and making mock gestures to the crowd.

Another interesting piece was Until The Night which provided strident reflections of the reality of life in the streets, but was so similar to Bruce Springsteen's style that it came across as a deliberate rip-off.

Although Joel's new music is impressionable in concert, it fails to show signs or take hold of any new conceptual foothold. His fixation with the themes of struggle and survival continue to dominate his works.

His trouble is that after five subsequent albums, his framework is all too recognizable and the newer tunes come across as entirely mannered and derivative. In fact this fixed pool of song ideas is Joel's most serious limitation as a performer-musician.

As a result, newer tunes peformed during the evening such as the title cut and My Life tended to lack the overall vision they implied and created an unnatural distance between Joel and his audience.

The overall concert suffered little by these momentary setbacks as the crowd responded both favorably and frantically to the more familiar tunes all night long.

Perhaps Joel's greatest attribute is his honest effort to eliminate that frequently erected barrier that separates an immortalized rock star from the common audience.

Joel was busy teasing, taunting and shaking hands with the hordes of star struck females in the front rows by the end of the evening's formance. He mocked the behavior of the camera happy fans by pulling out a polaroid of his own and snapping off a roll of film before sprinting back to his piano.

Joel's first encore consisted of an old acapella styled tune entitled Get It Right The First Time which was followed by a breathtaking rendition of Streetlife Serenade's Say Good-bye To Hollywood. As Joel was leaving the stage, he left the audience with one last bit of advice.

"Don't take no shit from nobody," he said as the crowd cheered him admirably.

Not settling for second best is the secret behind the success story of Billy Joel, and refusing to take any shit along the way is what brought him back to the people of Vancouver last Wednesday night. This entertainer is bound to be around for quite some time with uncompromising attitudes like those.

Christie's mystery set among the mummies

By TERRY THOMAS

Death on the Nile
a movie directed by Jack Cardiff
at the Capitol 6

Death on the Nile is a movie that keeps you in mystery although the characters have little sensitivity or even real life. The plot is intriguing and it leads you with wonder to each new discovery. It's a story of murder on a Nile steamer and that paddle wheel journey is filled with death and hidden motives.

Like most Agatha Christie stories, her logic leaves the plot sleek and finely composed. The suspense and the impulsive deductions that shape it, all serve to push you into the plot.

A young heiress is shot in her cabin and the passengers on the ship become suspects. The Belgian detective, Monsieur Poirot, played by Peter Ustinov, follows the maze of motives, of secrets and concealed frauds until you see the ultimate betrayal.

Ustinov delivers the story with humor. He contributes most of its entertaining edge. He gives a fluency to the scenes and actions in Death on the Nile and one that Anthony Shaffer's screenplay lacks.

The dialogue wavered from powerful and believable, to weak and inconsistent. The music in the film like the dialogue was also misplaced and feeble at times.

But any impotency in the beginning of the movie was overcome by the novelty of the Egyptian landscape and the introduction of Ustinov, and David Niven as his collaborator.

Still, there were often scenes placed in the film merely for post card effects. These intrusions which director Jack Cardiff must have felt were aesthetically useful, only confused the flow of the film and any sequence. The movie surged, was suddenly still and then running again.

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NOVEMBER 23, 1978

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Dylan reworks his classic 60's material

By MARIO LOWTHER

How do you review a Bob Dylan concert?

A review is a critical analysis, but does anybody really have the power or the right to walk up to the man and tap him on the shoulder?

"About the show, Mr. Dylan, you shouldn't have done this and this because that and that would have been better"? Who in rock music can rightfully fill Bob Dylan's shoes? Lennon? Jagger? McGuinn? Young? Hendrix? No matter how you look at it, he's in a class by himself. He showed that class to over 18,000 people last Saturday night at the Pacific Coliseum.

I suppose I had created some sort of predetermined idea as to how Dylan would present himself in concert, sombre, dignified, unsmiling, stepping back from the microphone only to keep a watchful eye on the fretboard, ensuring that every note is played according to the arrangements.

Yet, from the moment he joined his band on stage after the opening instrumental version of My Back Pages to the encore of Changing Of The Guards from the latest LP, Street Legal, Dylan seemed to be having fun.

He rocked and rolled, swung his guitar around, talked with the musicians and sang to the patrons behind the stage who had better seats than they were given credit for. For Ballad of A Thin Man, he left his Fender in its stand and mike in hand, strolled, jived and shuffled about the stage, a hand on a hip or a finger in the air for emphasis. Dylan as Bowie.

One can forgive these excesses. They were overemphasized. The music was the main concern.

He was in good voice for the show, though miked up so much his band was sometimes inaudible. He still sings like a truck driver with a bad cold, but that's the magic of the man because nobody else sounds like that. Even though he may be no more than a rather large dot playing an electric toothpick a full Coliseum away, you know exactly who that dot is when he opens his mouth.

His set was dated of course. All the material was over ten years old, consisting of tunes from the early sixties when Dylan racked up six straight classic albums between 1963 and 1966.

Many of the songs were re-worked which add a certain freshness to the classics. An ethereal Mr. Tambourine Man had its lines split in half, sounding awkward at first until you realized Dylan's plaintive roar was sending a chill up and down your spine. Maggie's Farm was served as a revved-up boogie feast and It's Alright Ma was absolutely murderous, built upon scorching guitars and pounding drums.

"It's about time we got some rock and roll," Dylan explained.

Surprisingly enough, the show was almost totally rock and roll, or at least electrified. Only one song was acoustic, a lone blue spotlight framing Dylan against the darkness as he sang It Ain't Me Babe.

When in doubt, his harmonica carried him through many a solo. The roar of familiarity when Dylan blew his harp reminded me of a night three years ago when Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson first produced his flute to the audience, brandishing it high above his head as a spotlight hit it, shooting beams of brilliant light in every direction.

Dylan's band was a tight, cohesive group that performed well and missed none of their cues. Guitarist Billy Cross, late of Topaz, was particularly nasty on Masters Of War, Ian Wallace's drumming provided the frenzy on It's Alright Ma and Alan Pasqua on the keyboards was the success of Mr. Tambourine Man.

The man on the sax and flute, Steve Douglas, was simply excellent. In many songs, his solos were the best of all. Bobbye Hall shone on percussion. As for bassist Jerry Scheff and all bassists in general, I just hope that someday in my life I will go to a concert where the bass is not trying to drill itself into my dental plate.

On stage he may be solid, but off stage Dylan is always subject to never-ending second guessing. Since the turn of the decade, he has released twelve albums, only two of which are really worth your money, Before The Flood and Blood On The Tracks, compared with the eight or nine albums of the sixties.

Dylan has been falling on hard times. The general concensus is that his current exhaustive tour is to recoup his losses after an expensive divorce and the equally expensive movie, Renaldo and Clara.

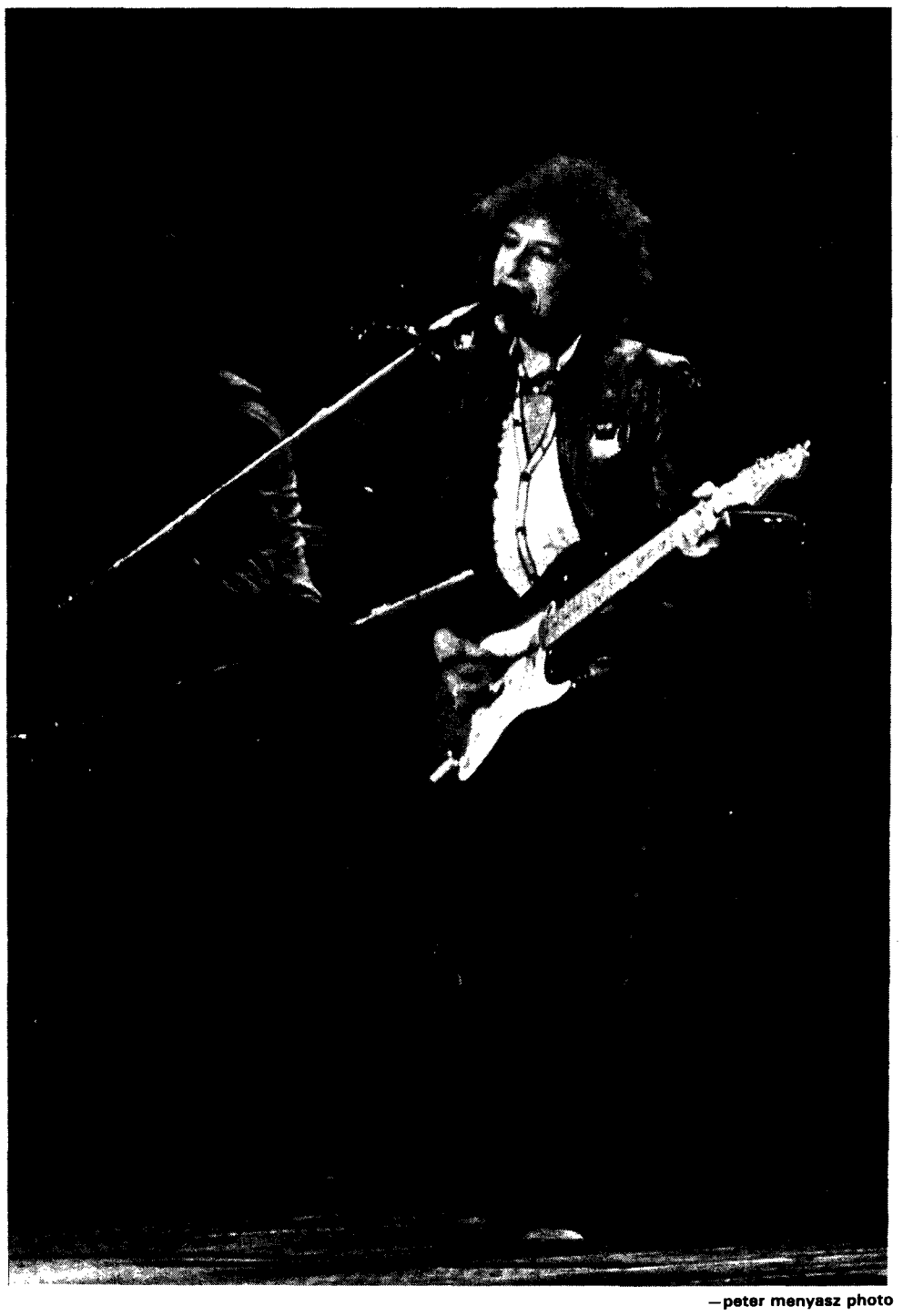
Think about it. Dylan toured in 1974 because he was with the Band and it was a major happening. He held the Rolling Thunder Tour in 1976 to support Ruben Carter's cause.

Why is he touring now except to stand himself up again financially? If he wasn't sure his name alone could sell out any major hall or stadium in the country or the world would he follow such a demanding schedule and tour places like Vancouver? There's no saying a man must stay poor to look better, but I wish the man would come right out and explain his position instead of hiding under his fedora.

But these criticisms are really for cynics. I enjoyed the show and enjoyed seeing this legendary artist. I've enjoyed his music for years so why should his egotism or rumored sell out bother me. I don't know the man personally, so how can I judge him? He's an artist and he's changed with the times.

—peter menyasz photo

DYLAN . . . kept the band tight and cohesive



—peter menyasz photo

DYLAN . . . voice strained to its limits

Exceptional musicians give Dylan new image

By TONY MONTAGUE

Dylan and his new band played for two and three-quarter hours on Saturday evening at the Coliseum and although there were some in the audience who felt cheated, some disappointed or baffled, there were many thousands of delighted people.

The cheated were those who had paid for a seat behind the stage, or where the sound swirled and echoed around walls and roof. The promoters should have charged far less money for these seats and while Dylan cannot be held personally responsible for the sale of tickets he could have shown himself to the people behind the stage.

The disappointed or baffled were those who came and unwisely expected Dylan to sound as he did on previous albums or other occasions. As he changes the music alters accordingly, often too fast for people to keep pace. Dylan is at present playing with a large electric band, performing new material and creatively reworking many of his well-known songs. The music is mainly loud, hard and pounding and Dylan's voice has acquired a corresponding edge to deal with it.

Nearing the end of a two month tour of North America, Dylan has been on tour almost non-stop since March. After maybe sixty to eighty concerts it's too much to expect a man to establish a casual relationship with yet another audience along the road and start chatting about himself or his songs as some people seem to demand of him.

Dylan was not impersonal or ungiving. He was clearly wholly involved in the performance and the songs, keeping the large band together, introducing them and certain numbers, congratualting fine solos.

But he did seem tired, his voice was sometimes strained as if pushed to its very limits. Yet at other moments it was back-swooping, cutting and curling sensitively around the words as in the only acoustic number, It Ain't Me, Babe.

The revelation of the evening was the new band, without doubt one of the most exciting talented and original combos to be heard. They are noticeably tighter, more relaxed, more confident than when touring earlier this summer and the guitar playing of Billy Cross has developed particularly to a distinctive, tough wailing sound.

His performance on a powerhouse Masters of War was devastating as he tore notes from his guitar, giving a new-wave desperation to one of Dylan's oldest and most bitter protest songs. Similarly David Mansfield on violin carried the simple but menacing melodic structure of All Along the Watchtower to the wild edge the lyrics point to and ended by flinging his bow in the air to the audience behind.

Cross and Mansfield were joined on "lead" by saxophone player Steve Douglas, rhythm was excellently provided by drummer Ian Wallace and black percussionist Bobbye Hall. Jerry Scheff played the requisite rock-solid bass and Alan Pasqua on organ/piano & Steven Soles on acoustic guitar gave chordal accompaniment.

My only reservations are with regard to the three back-up singers who add a fine gospel feel to the new sound at times, but in some songs, as Blowin In the Wind, their rather slick harmonies felt out of place. "Bob Dylan & the Dylanettes" as a friend commented.

On Saturday Dylan and the band performed some 30 numbers and there were two instrumentals as introductions to each set. I noted that Dylan was choosing new material and tracks from the recent 'Street Legal' on the one hand, and, on the other hand, songs mainly from his mid-sixties period.

Over half were from the albums between Another Side and Blonde on Blonde, indicating a concern with innovatively reworking the complex love and protest songs. Dylan left out the more commerical tracks from 'Street Legal' in favour of the tougher, denser numbers reserving Changing of the Guards for the encore.

Most songs were given the full band treatment which was especially successful with rock classics such as Maggie's Farm, a completely new version and Like a Rolling Stone. Elsewhere he pared the band down

Turn to PF 12

Ensemble misses own musical potential

By KERRY REGIER

Sadly out of form last Friday, the Cecilian ensemble gave a performance far below the standards they have set in the past. None of their freshness of approach and technical mastery was in the long and boring program.

Carlo Novi's violin playing previously the highlight of this group was painful to listen to. Where was the lovely tone and imaginative ornamentation he used to give us?

Stumbling and fudging his way through the first works, he finally ended the concert in a performance of Bach's E major sonata that was sloppy and rushed as if he wanted to get the ordeal over with.

All through the concert he produced loud and positively offensive harmonics, high-pitched squealings for which no excuse could be made.

Poor bow control was evident, particularly in the last dotted quarter of the Bach piece, in which his bow bounced totally out of control across the strings.

The penultimate work, a pair of sonatas by Biber representing the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, were embarrassingly dull. The audience shifted and coughed and it was not until Novi had actually left the stage that anyone realized the work had ended and the applause began.

Patrick Wedd provided the keyboard continuo, organ in the Biber and harpsichord in the other works. Normally a fascinating performer, Wedd seemed infected with this same dullness although perhaps to a lesser degree.

This was particularly evident in the Adagio of the Bach sonata. The first twelve bars are primarily a series of chords in the harpsichord part, and Wedd unfalteringly arpeggiated the first and last chord of each bar.

This would have been a fine device had there been some purpose to it, such as rhythmic pointing or highlighting a key change. Unfortunately, Weed dragged it into a mechanical repetition of the figure, which became distracting in much the same way as a dripping faucet.

There is a brighter side, though. Susan Napper's gamba playing was throughout delightful though even she was not unaffected by the other two's distractions. Only occasionally did she falter in her fingering and at all times she was ardent and energetic in her playing.

A duet for two gambas by St. Colombe was easily the finest presentation of the evening. With Nan Mackie playing the other gamba, the two provided music of a deeply subtle and beautifully fragile nature.

This work is a brief little suite illustrating feelings of mourning, perhaps on the passing of a friend. Fascinating imitations and canons, and many coloristic contrasts, especially in the upper and lower registers of the instruments, were woven into a spider-web tracery of sound that made the listener forget his environment altogether lifted into a different, higher plane of perfect beauty.

Would that the rest of the concert had been this marvellous! I spoke with others at the concert about these things, and there was general agreement, in that this must have been a rough night for the players, especially Novi.

—kerry regier photo

CECILIAN ENSEMBLE . . . talented musicians playing under unlucky stars

Heaven

From PF 5

must be invoked. In this film you will find some of cinema's best, most distinctive features.

First of all, I am alluding here to the lush, rare beauty of the shots and the mastery of their composition. This does not imply that Days Of Heaven is an album of pretty pictures in the fashion of Dr. Zhivago, for example. Malicks visual brilliance is revealed mostly through the practically perfect rhythm of his film.

The film also derives much of its power from the director's masterful use of the art of suggestion. For the most part, we are not told what impelled the characters to behave as they did. We do not penetrate into the intimacy of their thoughts and feelings. The characters are portrayed from the outside, so to speak, with the camera revealing them by primarily focussing on their deeds. The result is rather powerful leaving us to our own conjectures about the mixed motives of the protagonists.

While the economy of shots, dialogue and narration makes for this powerful suggestibility, it is also in a sense one of the film's weaknesses. It gives the tragedy a certain austerity. Contrast this to the workers and landowners of Bertolucci's grand failure, 1900, in which tragedy and joviality are successfully blended.

However in spite of its shortcomings, Days Of Heaven remains a welcomed event in recent American cinema. What emerges from it with peculiar force is the power of the visual to convey a great ty of motives, situations, and also to get under your skin.

VSO oversells musical skills

By ROBERT JORDAN

Four works provided most enjoyable listening for VSO concert goers last Monday night. The orchestra was conducted by Kazuyoshi Akiyama, the opening piece was Mozart's Symphony No. 38, the Prague symphony.

On the international scale, the VSO's publicity department would have us believe that the orchestra is actually in serious contention with the world's great "internationally recognized" orchestras.

Our ears however have a different tale to tell. On an international scale, compared to the Berlin Philharmonic, the VSO is mediocre, even outright dismal. Why the VSO Publicity insists on perpetrating .this blatantly exaggerated hype is a mystery. Gullible listeners are only going to be disappointed when they find out what the orchestra really does sound like.

It would be more sensible then, would be to judge the orchestra on its own level, namely that of a minor North American orchestra with no particular claims to greatness or "international recognition" at all.

On that level the VSO's rendition of Mozart's Prague symphony was about as good as any it has ever done. One could prognosticate it was a good as any the orchestra is likely to do for some time to come.

Sheer wrong notes aside, the orchestra did have life, lilt and joie de vivre, all so essential to good Mozart interpretation. In fact, the major blemishes were merely technical and intonational.

Claudio Arrau was the pianist in the next two works. They were Weber's Konzertstuck, Op. 79 and Richard Strauss' Burleske in D minor.

Arrau, venerable gentlemen of 75 years that is is, displayed surprising fleetness of finger in the Weber. It really is a cheap, flashy bit of trash, easier than it sounds, but then it does sound difficult. One would expect it to be an ideal vehicle for a young, immature, show-off of a pianist with at least ten fingers on each hand.

It was lovely to hear Arrau play it with all the dignity and deftness of touch that only someone with his years and wealth of musicianship could bring to it. Bravura passages sparkled, tender moments flowed in short if the piece has any depth at all, Arrau found it. And he was accompanied by an almost irreproachable VSO to boot.

The evening's surprisingly cough-free audience, let us give credit where it is due, was then presented with the Strauss Burleske.

Strauss was a strapping youth of only 22 summers when his Burleske was completed and as such it is an astounding accomplishment. Arraus' performance again was superb, the work of the consummate artist he always is.

The orchestral accomplishment also was handled in exemplary fashion Tympanist Don Adams had a field day, his crisp rythms and bang-on tuning at the close of the work being a delight to hear. This was a most enjoyable performance of a work which in many ways foreshadows the flatulent, overblown Strauss of years to come.

The gaudy Weber and the youthful ebullient Strauss were surprising choices of music for a pianist of Arrau's years. It was wonderful to hear a perfomer of such depth of artistry still retain so much youth and vitality in his playing when the occassion called for it. He is deservedly one of the world's all time favorite pianists who has brought so many golden hours to so many ears.

Kodaly's Peacock Variations closed the concert. It consists of sixteen variations on a rather wistful, melancholy Hungarian folk tune.

The piece is only slightly too long and Kodaly's subdued orchestrational style suits the character of the music perfectly. Commendations are in order for this piece being played. Like many others, it is not heard as often as it could and should be.

The typically thunderous brass, pared by a tuba, was appropriately restrained. Wind and string balance and blend were a joy to hear. Any sense of the piece being just a bit too long was the fault of Kodaly in bringing it to a number of potentially ideal culminations before the final one. This renders the listener vaguely baffled, wondering just when Kodaly is eventually going to conclude.

There were a large number of empty seats at the Monday night concert. With rare wisdom and consideration, the coughers apparently stayed at home. This afforded the concert goers who did attend the opportunity to hear, in relative peace and quiet, some extremely enjoyable music played as well as they are ever likely to hear it played by the VSO. Arrau, in a class of his own was, as always, absolutely superb. It was well worth braving the elements to hear him.

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Over the Pinchi Hills

by JAMES BEARDSLY

Nirmal Sidhu is a graduate of the UBC Department of English. He was raised in Vancouver, but born in northern India in the district of Ludhianna which was the subject of his poem, "Ludhianna Rail Crossing", published in Page Friday's special Fine Arts issue in February, 1976. According to him, the setting for "Over the Pinchi Hills" is a native village in northern British Columbia.

By NIRMAL SIDHU
For AVI

Birds are piping in the trees, shaking the leaves. Awakening to the bark of village dogs and the rush of a distant creek, I stay in bed, feeling the window breeze, listening to the song. Outside, the streets are dumb. There is no complaining traffic voice. There is heart in the lyrics of the wild. The music penetrates my ears, shivers in my skin. I dress and go outside. The people of Pinchi are asleep as the sun expands into the sky. I stretch my arms, pull a face and set out for an early morning walk.

I wander through town towards the creek. Portable clapboard homes shade the street. The houses of Pinchi are permanent temporary dwellings, part of a miner's dreams, a miner who thought he could move whole communities through the hills in search of gold. But the natives didn't like the mines which were too small and too dark, so they left the mines to work the mills. And now, all that's left of the miner's dreams are empty pits and tunnels, water troughs running the ridges, broken boards and mountain trails. But the houses of Pinchi became part of yet another dream, slaves of a dream, chained together by the mills. I try to sing about the sun and freedom. My voice cracks. The notes hurt, for these are old slaves waiting to die.

Sunshine O Sunshine
free the mountains from your dreams
free the slaves of Pinchi . . .

The creek drowns all audible thought, washes the mind. I cross the bridge and head into the hills.

After their morning cry, whiskey-jacks and jaybirds flash in the trees. Halfway up the hill the creek becomes a whisper in the pine. Near the top I see a cabin in the fir and realize that I have never travelled this path. A rooster halloohs as I burst into his yard. Zebra hens squawk. The cabin has a lazy, weathered face. Cedar walls look like red skin. Windows are steamed with breath. The rooster leads me around the house where the road declines into a settlement in the woods.

A range of shanties, one or two room shacks, stand in the hollow. A stream of smoke rising from pipe chimneys drifts into the hills. I walk into the narrow street, where an aged lab with heavy tits wags. Her nipples are chapped and raw. Her master follows her to his cabin. He has a slight build with strong native cheekbones, laughing eyes set in wrinkled brow. His face is marked like sedimentary rock in the hills. A sleepy face exposed to many dreams; dark miner dreams, loud sawmill dreams, drunk dreams, dreams of winter and the north wind. He has been up all night at a party. Our eyes meet, we grin foolishly. His smile seems to go around his head and back.

The ribs of his shanty are cracked and daylight passes through the bones. The Indian penetrates blue dark and makes exit with a fresh case of beer. His smile is a slender moon moving back to the party night. The lab wanders over to me as her master crosses the street to the cabin from which he first appeared. On his way he points to the bitch, holds three fingers in the air, grins and through old teeth and shouts, "Three!" I shake my head, pat the dusty bulk and laugh at her eternal sex. He hurries back to his friends with the spirits.

Three boys break from the same door. Faces painted with streaks of red, they dance circles in the street. Dizzy in the morning air, they fall to the earth and scramble into the sky, where the sun lies behind smoky clouds. The youngest is naked except for green rubber boots. The others are slightly older, dressed in dirty underclothes. One pulls at the youngest boy's penis as they run, laughing. They are free from sleep, free to run. Laughter fills the air like the purl of water. They disappear in the tribe hovel.

In a dream where children laugh and waters rush, I walk past their cabin. It is alive with people, drunk with many hours of wakefulness, drunk with wine and beer. I can hear a real Millie laughing, then, the huge wave of a frantic radio voice breaks through the laughter. I feel the warm stare of the boys behind me as I pause in the street. "Sinners of the flesh!" cries the preacher. "The wages of sin is death." It's Sunday, I think. Millie laughs, bottles tinkle.

Folk artists play Quebec an' Irish music

By TONY MONTAGUE

On Monday evening the Vancouver East Cultural Centre hosted the second of a series of three concerts promoted by the Vancouver Folk Festival. It was a sell-out show featuring two acts with the time divided equally between Alain Lamontagne and No Comhaile.

Lamontangne is a young musician who plays both his own compositions and interpretations of traditional material from the Quebecois nation. He combines the accomplishments of a virtuoso harmonica player with 'clogging', that uniquely Quebecois tradition whereby the singer seated and wearing clogs, proceeds to use floor and feet as drum and drumstick to beat out a powerful rhythmic accompaniment.

The performance was both entertaining and energetic. Lamontagne established an engagingly off-hand rapport with the largely francophone audience which highlighted the abandon of his playing.

A pattern emerged in the songs of Lamontagne. Standing, presenting a subdued and even mournful introduction, sometimes "mouth-music" or "diddling," followed by a bluesy harmonica/vocal passage and finally sitting down and kicking out superb, driving, rhythms with his clogs.

The changes of pace were frequent, agile and usually sudden. Yet for all their energy I found the harmonica riffs very repetitious. There was little variation between the songs, most of which were lengthy personal compositions.

Most impressive was a number called 'Hammer and Sickle' essentially a Quebecois 'blues' rendition of a Russian air — quite a cultural blend! I felt that Lamontagne was more interesting on the few traditional songs and tunes he played, because less repetitive. But he certainly worked hard, and the audience responded to his exertions. Apparently he will be back in Vancouver next April at a "Soiree francophone."

The second act of the evening, No Comhaile were a strong contrast. Their name means "No nonsense" in Irish Gaelic, or as Lamontagne introduced them "No Bullshit". A four-piece band from Seattle who play Irish tunes and a few Scottish songs.

No comhaile wield a variety of instruments two fiddles, guitar, banjo, wooden flute, tin whistle and bodhran, Irish drums. They are clearly accomplished musicians and their performance was tastefully arranged and varied. Yet they lacked a certain 'attack' or verve in their playing which is essential to the best Gaelic music.

A fiddle tune, the difficult Donegal reel 'The Pinch of Snuff' was well rendered, yet the zest and lift that marks Sean Keene's performance on the latest Chieftans Live LP was absent. The music did not come fully alive despite their undoubted musical skills.

But the choice of material, the reels, jigs and slip jigs, was excellent, presenting both classic pieces such as The Foxhunter's Reel and little known tunes.

Judging by the audience's enthusiasm for Alan Lamontagne and No Comhaile, folk is gaining popularity in the Vancouver area as people are looking for their musical roots.

Dylan surprises

From PF 9

to organ, saxophone and himself on guitar to sing slow 'torch-ballad' style versions of Tangled up in blue, altered to a third-person narrative, Mr. Tambourine Man and a beautiful Girl from the North Country with skillful, sensitive fretwork and vocals.

Dylan finished with a possibly over-paced It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding following by Forever Young which he introduced as having been "written for one of my babies." It was a typical contrast that highlighted two opposite sides of the prismatic artist.

It seems extraordinary that so many people react so vehemently to Dylan, casting him in the assorted roles of prophet, traitor, ruthless "breadhead," genius and cliche-monger. They want to pin him down, to mythologise him, or dismiss him out of hand and deny the complexity of his creative personality.

Those who revile Dylan for earning so much, should look further and analyze the whole music industry and its marketing methods, rather than spitting on successful individuals who are scarcely in control of the machinery.

Some of Dylan's changes are hard to accept at first, and he's open to his share of flak. But at least he's still experimenting, exploring new sounds with his band and has the guts to turn people's favourite songs upside down and risk the consequences, instead of the safe and saccharine approach of say Paul McCartney who performs Yesterday and Blackbird exactly as he knows everyone wants to hear them, as they were originally recorded. But Bob Dylan takes risks, he changes things. He's "an artist, he don't look back."

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

1978 FALL LECTURES
BY VISITING PROFESSORS

Richard Meier

A professor of environmental design at the University of California at Berkeley, Richard Meier was educated as a chemist. He was exposed to policy planning as a member of a group concerned with advanced weapons policies following World War II. From there he has evolved into one of the foremost urban planners in North America. His concern with resource-conserving urbanism and the relationship between technology and development have taken him all over the globe.

THE CONSERVER CITY — SOCIAL EFFECTS OF NEW TECHNOLOGY
Saturday, November 18 In Lecture Hall 2, Woodward Instructional Resources Centre, at 8:15 p.m. (A Vancouver Institute Lecture)

THE FUTURE OF ASIAN CITIES
Tuesday, November 21 In Room 106, Buchanan Building, at 12:30 p.m.

COMMUNITY ECOLOGY AND THE URBANIZATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
Thursday, November 23 In Room 106, Buchanan Building, at 12:30 p.m.

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VISTA

By MARY-ANN BRUNORO

Finishing off term papers and preparing for Christmas exams leaves students with little time or energy for Christmas shopping. However, imaginative and inexpensive gifts may be found at local craft markets which are being organized now especially for the holiday season.

At the **Burnaby Arts Centre,** Gilpin and Canada Way, this Sunday, Nov. 19, and continuing for the next two Sundays, is the **Burnaby Craft Market.** Going into its eighth year, the market displays pottery, jewelry, toys, macrame, and one-of-a-kind creations, works of some 40 craftspeople. Admission is free and the hours from 11 A.M.-5 P.M.

The **Aberthau Cultural Centre,** 4397 W. 2nd Ave., will hold a **Pottery Sale** this Sunday only from 2 to 4 P.M. A wide assortment of handcrafted pottery, all the work of the local Potter's Club will be for sale. Though the **New Westminster Farmer's Market,** 1051 Columbia St., sells mainly meat and produce, one can find many displays of handicrafts. Hours: Fri., 6 A.M.-1 P.M., Sat., 7 A.M.-12 P.M.

Billy Bishop Goes to War is showing at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre,** 1895 Venables St., until Dec. 2. Through music, songs and script is told the story of Canada's greatest flying ace, the farm boy who became at age 23 the most decorated Allied pilot of World War One. Tues.-Sat., 8:30 P.M. Tickets are 4 or 5 dollars.

Appearing at the **Vancouver East Cultural Centre** on Mon., Nov. 20, all the way from New Orleans, is **Roosevelt Sykes.** Also known as **The Honeydigger,** Sykes has been one of the major influences on Blues piano and is one of the Blues giants still performing. Tickets are $5.00.

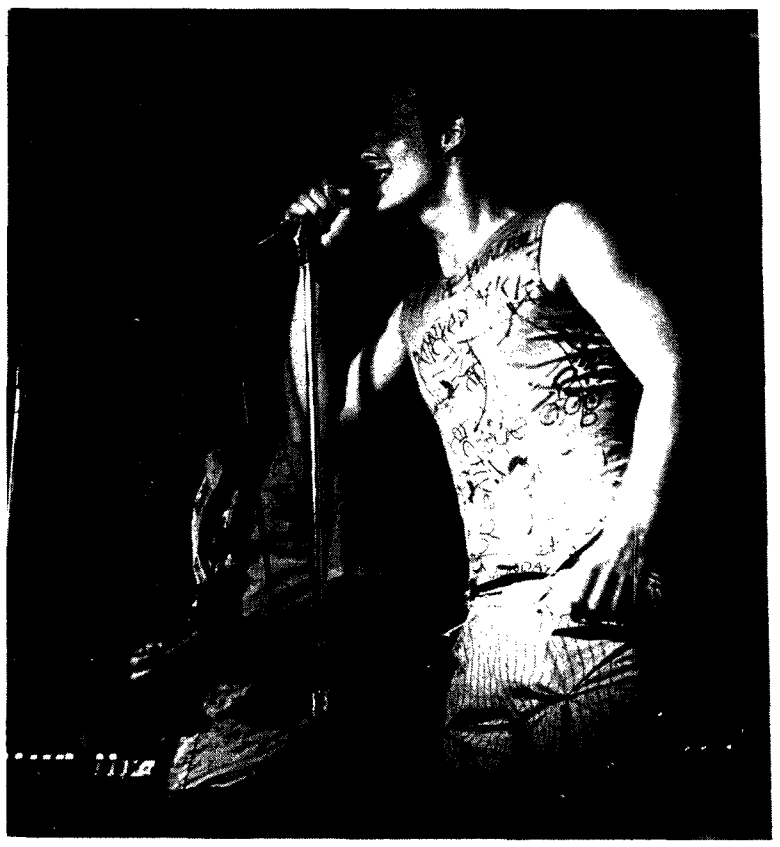
The **Vancouver Planetarium,** 1100 Chestnut St., is still showing **Magic Circles Under The Sun,** a comprehensive look at Stonehenge and the mystery of the medicine wheels found on the prairies of Saskatchewan and Wyoming. Shows are daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 8 P.M. Admission: afternoons,$1, evenings, $2.

The planetarium also presents **Music Under The Stars,** an opportunity to listen to great music in a unique setting with a superb omnistereophonic sound system. This Mon., Nov. 20, will feature Mahler's **Symphony No. 5** and Prokofiev's **Romeo and Juliet.** Admission is $1 and the show starts at 8 P.M.

Not to be forgotten is our own UBC talent. On display until Nov. 24 in the Sub Art Gallery are paintings and prints by UBC students.

The Vancouver Bach Choir will be presenting Handel's Messiah in the Orpheum at 8 P.M. on Dec. 5, 6, 7, and 8. They will be supported by the Vancouver Symphony and soloists Lynn Channing, Marjorie Biggar, Bruce Pullan and Vancouver's own Donald Bell. Simon Streatfeild will be conducting this event.

Mstislav Rostropovich, will give a recital at the Orpheum on Nov. 22 at 8 P.M. Tickets are available at all Famous Artists offices in Bay stores.



BILL SHIRT AND JOHN ARMSTRONG OF ACTIVE DOG

Though many people think that "punk" or "new wave' is a dying fad, there are indications to the contrary. Vancouver musicians have been quietly, or not so quietly, going about the task of gaining audiences and improving their technique. Page Friday has learned that a punk event of major importance will be taking place this Sunday, November 19. Headlined as A New Wave Showcase, the event promises to be a day of fun and frolic for all concerned.

These are the bands that will be there, The Pointed Sticks, DOA, Dee Dee and the Dish Rags, Active Dog, Tim Ray and A/V, and Cax. During the breaks there will be a fashion show and imported movies.

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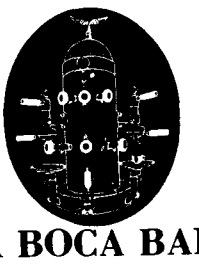
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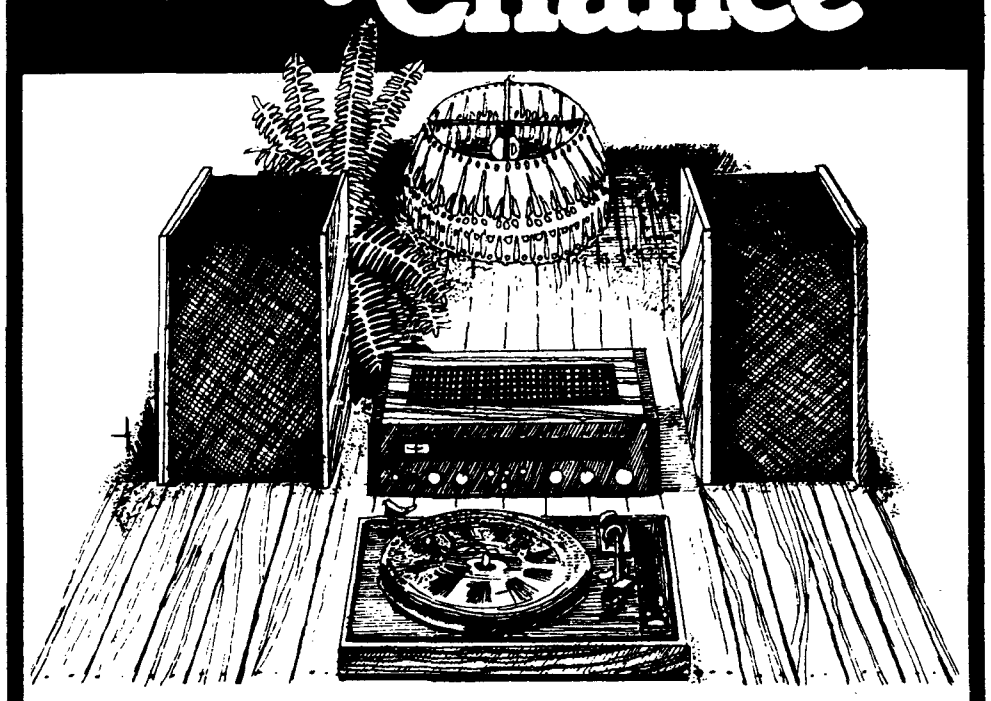

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