

# TELEPHOTO

By STEVE PATRIQUEN

Continuing from last week, the question arises; How does one create interest in a photograph?

First of all the photographer must know what part of the photo market he wants to cater to. That is, advertising, news, portrait, architectural, industrial, etc., etc. These are all commercial applications, of course, for even aspiring photographers have to eat.

There is also a very fickle market in photography as a fine art. Very good and very well-known photographers manage to exist on earnings from this type of work. Some more than manage. Some starve.

Oh well, let's not dwell on the shortcomings. There are new fields opening up in photography and still much to do in the older specialities. As examples; a quickly growing field is medical photography [not x-rays] in which photographic records of operations and other procedures can be kept, while news photography and photo-journalism are even more important today than they were fifty years ago.

People who make their living thru photography have to be able to create interest, it's their job.

While the subject matter in a display photograph can be anything, a photographer working for a news agency or company has his subject matter dictated to him. Many feel this restricts their creativity and leave to take the long, hard free-lancer's route to fame and fortune. But, no matter what road you take, to sell photos you have to interest people.

This interest may take many forms. It could be a nude, an airplane crash, or even a piece of complex machinery. Whatever, the photographer must clearly and accurately portray the event or object, unless he is free-lancing. A free-lancer's attempt to interest is often ambiguous. His photos must be better or different than a commercial professional's, but if they are too different, they lose meaning, and retain only their artistic value.

Newspapers, next to wastebaskets, are the world's largest consumers of photographs. Contrary to some people's opinions, newspapers do not run photos to fill up space. They are there mainly to support and attract interest to a story or event.

A newspaper will often run just a picture [saving a thousand words] to acknowledge events like the arrival of summer, etc., which interest people but do not warrant a detailed literary barrage.

Newspapers are also the easiest people to take pictures for. Take the Gleaner, for instance [please]. Sometimes I wonder if they have any standards to judge photos with. And I'll be kind and not comment on their reproduction quality.

So what is interest? Like happiness, different things to different people, and a photographer's job is to please all of the people, all of the time.

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The Inside section is going to the dogs.....



Photo by Steve Patriquen

## Perth County Conspiracy: alive and more than well

By JOHN LUMSDEN

Thursday night, PCC proved they were alive and more than well. With a somewhat smaller troupe than might have been expected from the advertising, they ably entertained the audience for over three hours. Cedric Smith was joined by a new member of the ever-growing Conspiracy, Sweet-Talkin Reverend Terry McJones. Together, they formed the audio portion of the show, while Peter "Pierpot" Cheyne, Mime and dance artist extraordinaire, provided the video.

The Playhouse suffered yet another severe flurry of roach burns, the audience definitely being "up" for the occasion. The show opened with a little kid coming out and treating the audience to a razz. And that,

believe it or not, was the sanest moment of the night. The audience was then beset by three hours of music, mirth and merriment, not necessarily in that order.

Some of the routines were recognizable from earlier albums, such as the Stratford number, but for the most part seemed to be new material. A couple of songs were some of Milton Acorn's poems set to music, Acorn being the patron saint and initial spark of Perth County Conspiracy. Whether his works or not, his sharp social satire was evident throughout. During the course of the night the audience received learned discourses on such diverse topics as the introduction of marijuana to Queen Victoria's court, to ants feasting on mounds of elephant semen.

At the close of the first set, a joint

was thrown on stage, and was gratefully accepted. During the whole concert, Peter Cheyne was alternately amusing and amazing the audience with seemingly endless (and tireless) mime and mime-dance.

David Woodhead, from da Cape then come on for a shorter set, between the two longer Conspiracy ones. He was excellent; that he wasn't booted off the stage by the audience was a tribute to his technical proficiency, and ample music talent.

All too soon, the concert and three encores were over. A sated audience, still reluctant to leave the scene, filed out slowly. Another Charles Zed masterpiece! But the problem remains, what is he going to do for an encore?

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## Mr. Majestyk

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

Starting out as just a story about another hard-up-on-his-luck-good-guy, this movie turned out to be pretty entertaining, although a bit redundant at times.

Vincent Majestyk (Charles Bronson) is the owner of Majestyk Melon Company of Edna, Colorado. In his refusal to accept the inadequate and unskilled pickers provided by shoddy dealer Bobby Copus, he incurs the wrath of the latter, who then attacks him only to be physically expelled in Vincent.

A charge of "assault with a deadly weapon" is filed with the local police department which then issues a warrant for Majestyk's arrest. Unable to post bail because it would mean using the money to be paid as salary to the pickers, Vincent is locked up, awaiting his trial.

A transfer from the prison to the courthouse is interrupted by an organized coup set up to allow one of the prisoners, a top hit man from Denver (Al Letteivi), to escape. The attempt is thwarted by vigilant cops but Vincent manages to hijack the bus which was carrying them and takes off with the important prize still on board.

He manages to escape the heat and heads for an old cabin where he plans to hole up until he can make a deal with the police. He finally gives in to the hit man's bargain and gives him a chance for freedom. The cost is \$3.25 and a ride to the police station which sounds too high for the felon who tries to gun him down.

Vincent narrowly escapes the attempt on his life only to become the bait in an attempt by the police authorities to arrest the elusive escaped convict.

The threatening of his employees and subsequent injurious assault on his best friend (Alejandro Ray) preceded by the destruction of part of his melon crop prompts Vincent to turn the tables around in this ridiculous cat-and-mouse game of nerves.

With the help of the determined and steel-nerved, Nancy Chavez (Linda Cristal) he manages to attract the vengeful offender back to his own lair and the hunters become the hunted in a bloody and senseless shooting match. The outcome? Well I'll let you figure that one out for yourself.

"Mr Majestyk" contains all the elements of the "hero-movie": Vincent Majestyk has an exem-

play military record complete with Silver Star and citation "bravery beyond the call of duty". He's also marred by a trumped up charge of felonious assault which has provided him with a police record, a stretch in the pen and a good reason to be harassed by the cops every time they feel like giving him a hard time. He's hard-working, hires immigrants that nobody else will and wouldn't hurt a fly unless it intervened with his main goal: picking his watermelon crop.

The "meanie" is aknowhit-man who has been charged, though not convicted, of 7 murders and who kills for the sake of it. His senseless cruelty and his insatiable lust to kill for revenge make him the perfect opponent for our hero. Who else would a "hero" gun down than someone who "deserved it"?

All in all, it's a pretty good entertainment and all you Bronson-crazed viewers will get a chance to see one hour and a half of this sexy hunk of man.

For the Bronson-lovers, hero-worshippers and entertainment seekers: it's great to good. For the others: you may just like it anyway. Try it.