

Orchesis-Dance Motif '82 **SUB** Theater March 4, 5

A mere preview of part of a rehearsal is somewhat shaky grounds for giving a favorable advance notice, especially when one isn't too knowledgeable about the subject one is dealing with, but in the case of this dance troupe of U of A students (now in its 16th year) I think I'll stick out my neck a little.

The pieces I saw are all expressive and dynamically interesting, and the dancing

was smooth, fluid and spirited. Even when a group was just running through a certain segment of a piece, smoothing over the rough spots, with no benefit of lighting, and a trainer calling off beats in place of the music, I still found myself intrigued by the mere motion of the bodies.

Some of the pieces were better than others of course (the one consisting of a number of stylized representations of various sports activities seemed a bit literal and prosaic) but none were downright bad. A full review of the show will appear

next Tuesday. J.A.



by Geoffrey Jackson

There is a tendency I believe for people to still regard Canadian literature as being rather nice and commendable but very limited in scope. One rarely thinks of Canadian writers tackling great, grand themes, themes that would interest a world-wide audience. Somehow that sort of stuff gets left to Russian writers with unpronouncable names. Timothy Findley's new novel, Famous Last Words shows how false this perception is.

Famous Last Words is a solid literate novel that can compare favourably with contempory fiction anywhere. It concerns itself with the fashionable intellectual fascination with fascism of the 1930's. It is all too easy to forget the number of intelligent and creative people who ad-mired and supported the fascist from 'our growing awareness of governments of Italy and Germany. The Mauberley's deepening despair as he comes issue tends to be clouded by the presence of Mussolini and Hitler; historical figures now so synomous with fascism that they obscure the fact that fascism is a concept separate from themselves. Mauberley, is an intellectual writer adrift in prewar Europe. A protege of Ezra Pound, he supports the Italian fascists until he can no longer tolerate Mussolini's brutality. After a period of directionless drifting he is approached by the "cabal".

This cabal is a secret organization that intends to replace Hitler and Mussolini with a new European Fascist State. High ranking German, Italian, and English officials belong to this society, lending their power and authority to the organization. All they lack is a figurehead to unite the warring nations of Europe. They find their leader in Edward, the Duke of Windsor, and his wife Mrs. Simpson.

This gives rise to an intriguing question: Would fascism, so intolerable under Hitler and Mussolini, have been acceptable under a romantic ex-King of England? Through this device Findley forces us to look beyond the cliches of fascism (the camps, the jackboots, the sieg heils) and consider its true nature. He wants us to ask why perfectly sincere and intelligent men supported fascist ideals.

But do not let me give you the impression that Famous Last Words is a political treatise. Findley illustrates his points by example, letting his characters teach us through their experiences. The writing is often beautiful and the people very real.

The plot creates a sense of urgency and suspense that many spy novelists could envy, yet this urgency does not arise from erley's pening to understand the moral implications of his allegiances. Findley draws a very sharp picture of his crisis, making you feel the panic So this is a book you read voraciously, The book's protagonist, Hugh Selwyn turning the pages to see what happens next. It is also a book that gives you a great deal to think about. A rare and very gratifying combination in any novel. It proves that foreign writers with unpronouncable names do not have a monopoly on quality and depth.

by Jens Andersen

THE

Well, my review of Barbara Amiel's Confessions (updated edition, with some interesting comments on the student press) is too long for this postage-stamp sized page they gave me, so here are a few odds and ends instead.

CHOPPING BLOCK

For starters, take a look at BAZ on

page three and note how the extinguished Michael Skeet spells 'gross incompetence.' You couldn't have picked a better word to mangle, Mikey (and the twist of the knife is in return for the "Jens Andersen Memorial Exhibit of Representational Kitsch" cheap shot)

the Gateway, page 9/

Mike isn't the only enemy of the English language I have encountered recently. Take, for instance, this sentence from a press release by James Lorimer and Company, Publishers: "Canada is indeed ill prepared (sic) to respond to the changing face of its population.

Undoubtedly people do respond to changing faces, but the expression is anemic and awkward. Why not, "Canada is indeed ill-prepared to deal with (or handle) the changing character of its population."

The same press release refers to an "annual GNP of at least 3.7% when it clearly means an annual growth in GNP of 3.7%

Such minor errors occur in staggering quantity in the books, magazines and press releases that cross my path and make me wonder about the truth of our 97% (or whatever it is) literacy rate.

So does the epidemic use of passive verb constructions, especially in the literature of social uplift (archetypal phrase: "the situation must be rectified"). But that is a subject for much more detailed exposition.

I took in *Shock Treatment* a few weeks ago: the film is a dud. An attack on middle-class values that wouldn't offend a Babbitt. A slick, showbiz-style attack on commercialism. A compendium of safe, cuddly grotesques. A simple moral tale in which virtue emerges triumphant (just like in real life!) If you are looking for a bracing shock, try something like Mordecai Richler's *Cocksure*, or the Firesign Theatre's *How Can You Be In Two Places At One When*

You're Not Anywhere At All, or Lenny Bruce's How To Talk Dirty and Influence People.'

A book called Enterprises of Great Pith and Moment- A Proposal for a Universal Second Language arrived in the office yesterday. The language has its own alphabet, and it is "dedicated to the promotion of politeness and consideration in all of our relationships with each other.'

Another argument against democracy.





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