



FINE ARTS

Pakistani Dawn

by Bob Pounder

A haunting, beautiful film from Pakistan called "Day Shall Dawn" was shown Monday evening at the Edmonton Film Society. It is simple, leisurely and hypnotic in the same tradition as Ray's "Apu Trilogy," and reminds one especially of the first part of the trilogy, "Panther Panchali." Both films take the viewer into the heart of a small hamlet and its poor but determined inhabitants. The Pakistani picture depicts life in a tiny fishing village near Dacca in East Pakistan, where we are shown an intense fisherman, his family and the trials of their existence.

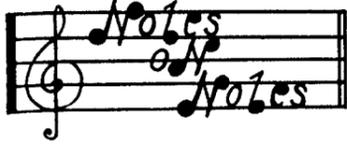
The plot is a loose-hinged affair which is altogether in keeping with the lives of the people shown, who live from day to day in the hope of bettering their lot. The fishermen of the village are under the thumb of an umbrella-carrying lout who holds the fishing contract for the area and squeezes every cent he can from those whose lives he controls.

Our hero's wife gives birth to a son, and her attractive sister is summoned from a neighboring community to assist in the household

tasks. The sister and a young fisherman fall in love. The town boss, jealous of the young man, causes trouble for the lovers and for their families, and as a result the older fisherman condemns the relationship. Then, when he is given a chance to buy the one thing which can give him a measure of independence, a boat of his own, the overlord refuses to sell it even though the entire savings of the family are mustered. The conclusion brings happiness for the young lovers and perhaps a glint of hope for the rest of the family.

The plot is therefore starkly simple and quite unexciting. But setting is much more vital than plot, and the crowded village, buzzing with the sounds of human existence, creates much of the picture's charm. Only one professional actor appears in the film, with the rest of the cast drawn from the inhabitants of an actual village.

As "Day Shall Dawn" is the first feature film produced in Pakistan, and also the first picture of its director, Aaejay Kardar, it is all the more remarkable. We can surely expect more fine work from such a fascinating country and from this talented artist.



by Elan Galper

"Notes on Notes" will this week, to the few who do read it, seem a bit more chatty than usual. While not professing to possess the terse, witty style of the regular columnist, I do share with him, however, a love for music and a rudiment of an appreciative faculty. I wish to try to give you, then, my own impression of last Sunday's symphony concert, and pray that my article will not be truncated (as usual) for lack of space. I shall not attempt a full-blown critique, for the critic's task is often unrewarding, as he might be made a caricature of by some grudging artist, as Wagner has made a vicious satirical representation of a critic called Eduard Hanslick in an opera which he probably wrote for the purpose of making fun of the critic who did not please him. That opera was *Die Meistersinger von Nuernburg*.

The first piece in the program was Brahms's First Symphony. This great work was surprisingly well rendered, with its extensive eloquence, breadth and Brahmsian expanse, echoing the Alps which Brahms loved, and the spirit of freedom which was his most basic craving (he died a bachelor). The brass section was at times, I felt, too loud, transforming an intended serene *allegretto* into a something less restrained and less *grazioso*.

Having passed through a Phallic fixation stage in the past, it is natural that the Hispanic flavour of the next piece would appeal to me. The violin soloist, Lea Foli, did an admirable job in this, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnol". He rendered in a very polished fashion what is essentially a display piece full of pyrotechnics, high notes, trills and other trappings of pseudo-gypsy music.

I considered it stupid to begin a concert with a symphony and end it with an overture: the proper was the reverse. I suspect the reason the program has been drawn up as it has, is that (to my grief!) the public has not reached the stage of aesthetic development yet where it prefers subtle nuances and delicate refinements to the atavistic, cruder and louder *ecclesia militans*. I assume for that reason the program has been made to end on a Wagnerian example of the loud bombast in the form of the Overture (Wagner styled it "a prelude") to *Die Meistersinger*. The relatively cool response to it, despite the fact that it was played in the proper august majesty, may be evidence that we are starting to develop a public that does not consider the "scraping, banging and blowing" of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture to be the acme and epitome of sublimely excellent music.

Paintings of Edmonton artists were displayed in the exhibition hall downstairs. Of the paintings, a piece by Dr. Wohlfarth of the Extension Department entitled "Die Trunkerin" has elicited much bemused commentary. I liked very much his portrait of his teacher, the great painter and poet (and the creator of Expressionism) Oskar Kokoschka.

In all, it was an enjoyable afternoon, even if it was just before exam week. You see—culture can be enjoyable too!

ARTS CALENDAR

Boris Roubakine, Three Lecture-Recitals
Cesar Franck, the Idealist—Mon., Nov. 19, 8:30 p.m.
Gabriel Faure, the Artist—Wed., Nov. 21, 8:30 p.m.
The Composers Piano—Fri., Nov. 23, 8:30 p.m.
Convocation Hall

Kenneth Nichols, pianist
Women's Musical Club
Tues., Nov. 20, 8:30 p.m.
Social Room, Jubilee Auditorium

Marionette Theatre of Peter Arnott
Volpone—Thurs. Nov. 22, 8:30 p.m.
Oedipus—Fri., Nov. 23, 8:30 p.m.
The Birds—Sat., Nov. 23, 8:30 p.m.
Studio Theatre, Education Building

Rey de la Torre, guitarist
Edmonton Classic Guitar Guild
Fri., Nov. 23, 8:15 p.m.
Victoria Composite High School Auditorium

Catapasmic Lavatory Music

TROPIC OF CANCER

A Review by Lieshman

"There are no more books to be written, thank God. This? This is not a book. This is a prolonged insult, a gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants to God, Man, Destiny, Time, Love, Beauty . . . what you will. I am going to sing for you, a little off key perhaps, but I will sing . . ."

This arresting and misleading quotation is from *Tropic of Cancer*—a bitter autobiographical ballad, an obscene dithyrambic ditty relating the sex and hunger of an American expatriate's low life in Paris during the early Thirties. The book is also the testament of a liberated MAN, and "Hymn to Joy" . . .

"Cancer's first publication in 1934 predictably shocked up a tropic storm of outrage in Paris but at the same time evoked acclaim for its art from such perspicacious lions as T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. The first American edition, appearing (1961) after 27 years of censored exile, precipitated inane orgies of cultural chauvinism among its sympathetic reviewers, curt dismissals ("Phallus worship") from *TIME* magazine—that delightfully witty bastion of upper-bourgeois complacency—and interminable screeds of puritanical protest ("Pornographer!" "Sex cultist!") from the Grundyian opposition. "Paff, paff, paff!"

The "primitive honesty" of this

bohemian record and the frequent obscenity of its images were intended to shock, but had more serious purposes. Miller's treatment of sex is usually hilariously comic, though sometimes metaphorical and (when he himself is involved) sincerely beautiful in the Lawrentian tradition.

The basis of the comedy is that the characters (except hero Miller) are reduced to subhuman but tragically lifelike caricatures whose bizarre bed-antics are always symbolically futile: they never grow into love. This higher use of sex precludes the possibility of pornography or salacity; compared to the perverse, unmolested bestsellings of the emetic Metalious-Robbins school of commercial nonwriting, "Cancer" is incredibly wholesome.

Miller's prose is spasmodically brilliant, at its height in the surrealistic visions and reveries and least enthralling in the flat, barren stretches of didactic philosophizing. The style is usually blunt, headlong, predominantly Masculine. This is the art not of a man of pure and patient invention but that of a man of truth who writes only of himself.

The book is as complex in diversity of meanings as Proust is in his architecture. It contains the usual American expatriate's attack on his homeland, but with uncommon

energy and extravagance. Miller inveighs against all the chances and assorted evils of a mechanized society, from its ugly industrial superstructure to its crushed human spirit, false sense of progress, Momistic males, and pervasive lovelessness. For him the practice of "promiscuity without liberation" epitomized the American "futilitarian society" of human automatons. This social criticism, the functional inheritance which has inundated much Beat art, may sound dated but it is not obsolete, even after 27 years.

Miller is most original in his philosophy. In an age when it is fashionable to write from a cesspool of existential despair, he refuses to waver in his stance as the "Happy Rock," adopting an oriental attitude of acceptance: "Life is to be lived, not endured."

He identifies with every dreamer, visionary and mad saint the world has produced. He is an anti-intellectual. Secreting and excreting almost at random a massive Wisdom literature proclaiming the supremacy of the individual human spirit.

When Lord Keyserling read the newly-published *Tropic of Cancer* he wired its author: "I salute a great free spirit." I recommended the book to the perusal of all Young Canadians for Freedom that they might see wherein they are truly oppressed.

Lilt And Lyrics At Yardbird

by Beverley Gietz

Margaret Turner may be a competent folk singer, but she will never be great.

Last Saturday night at the Yardbird Suite, she and guitarist Frank Gay gave a most charitable audience their interpretations of musical selections running the gamut from Tom Dooly to the Hungarian Rhapsody. Both artists are native Edmontonians.

It is not that Miss Turner can't sing. She can. Her clear soprano possesses the lilt and cadence that characterize good folk music. She hits the right notes. Her lyrics—even in French—are clear and pleasant.

What Miss Turner lacks is that nebulous quality so vital to folk singing; the ability to achieve a rapport with the audience, immerse them in melody and mood, and bring them up singing with herself. Although she seemed to warm to the music as the evening progressed, Miss Turner's performance for the most part lacked intensity and spontaneity. Since the appeal of folk music lies in the emotional impact of the lyrics and melody more than interest of musical structure, the folk singer must know how to weep and laugh. He must "live" his music. He must be something of a dramatist. Miss Turner was not.

Frank Gay's accompaniment was effective. Indeed he often demonstrated a greater sensitivity than did the artist he was backing.

His solos, while not technically perfect, were impressive. Ranging from classical to hill-billy on both the guitar and the lute, Mr. Gay bolstered his moderate proficiency with versatility.

Miss Turner, who day-times is an Edmonton school-teacher, has long studied singing. Only recently, however, has she delved into folk music, which she maintains offers as much challenge as classical. Frank Gay teaches guitar and has performed for radio in the past. The pair were sponsored at the Yardbird by the local Folk Music Society. On Dec. 8 they will be appearing with the CBC on Producer's Choice. Perhaps on radio, showmanship won't count so much. Turner and Gay may even be impressive.

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