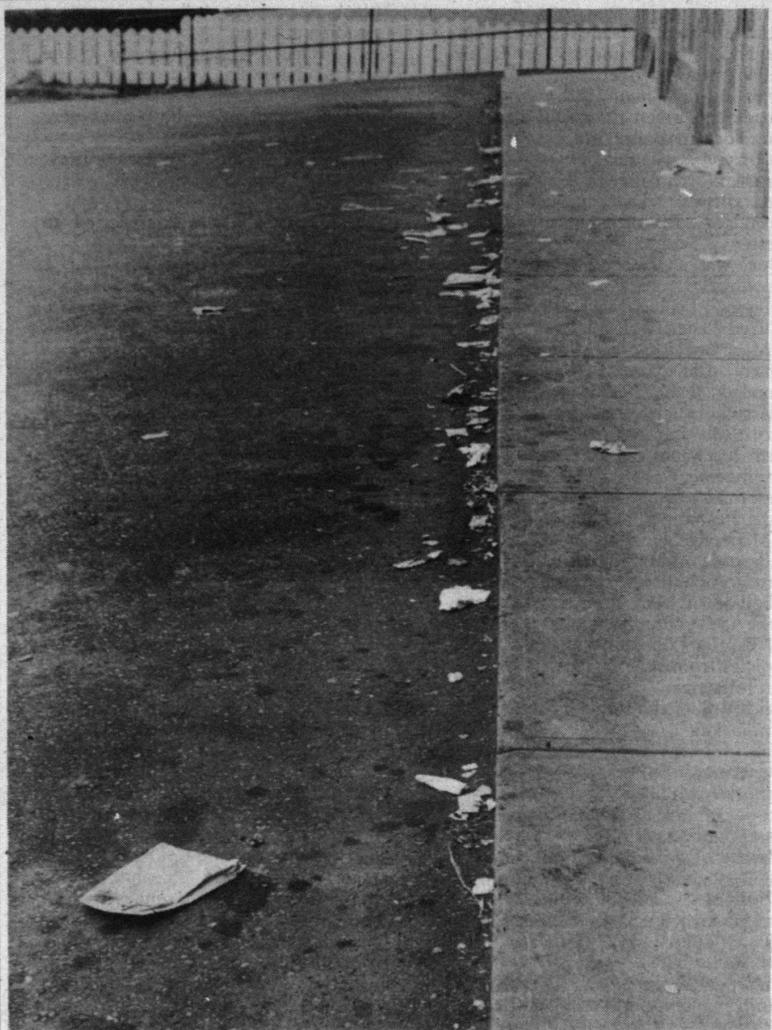


ARTS



This sculpture, created by various Edmonton street artists, is entitled "Keep Alberta Clean." Jon Crudd, 17, who contributed a Slurpee cup with a straw (which gives a nice compositional balance to the otherwise ambiguous piece), says the sculpture displays "some heavy irony, man. Like what's all this crap about keeping the place clean. Keeping? It's been a goddamn pigsty since the white man moved in. Anybody lays that kind of garbage on me, I gotta make some sort of artistic statement."

ROUNDABOUT

by Michael Skeet

Yes folks, he's back! It has only taken me two months of school to decide that this page is where I want to be, but *Roundabout* is finally ready for another term! Actually, some of the record reviews *The Gateway* has published in the past few weeks have been simply dreadful, so I've decided to get my hatchet down from the mantle again, hopefully to create something more deserving of the term 'criticism'. Only one disc this week, kiddies, but then again, one shouldn't strain oneself first time out.

Jon and Vangelis
The Friends of Mr. Cairo
Polydor PD 1-6326

I am, I admit, amused by the extent to which Edmonton's pubescents have adopted "The Friends of Mr. Cairo". If you had told me a year ago that Vangelis Papathanassiou and Jon Anderson would have a chart-topping album in 1981, I'd have laughed. Most would have asked: "What and who?"

Now, though, instant fame is showered on this rather odd pair, and for once I'm on the side of the boppers — "Friends" is a terrific tune, a delightful concoction. How many are listening to the rest of the album, though?

At least they're buying the album. The mutilated AM radio version of the title track may be attracting the juve Top 40 audience, but it's an embarrassment. In fact, it's not unlike editing all of the violent sequences in *The Roaring Twenties* together and expecting audiences to accept the result as a whole movie.

When listened to in its 12-minute entirety, "Friends" is a remarkable fusion. It is simultaneously the fantasy that was Golden Age Hollywood, and a poignant reflection on the effect that fantasy still

has. It is a tune for everyone who ever wished that life really was like the movies.

The rest of the album is of nearly the same quality; of the six songs, only "Back to School Boogie" doesn't work. Anderson's disjointed writing style sounds silly here, and it's obvious that Vangelis' musical roots do not lie in R&B.

Those familiar with either of these gentlemen will understand that this is not a particularly lively record; Anderson is for the most part introspective here, and Vangelis has always written music of a spiritual, rather than physical intensity. As such, this album is in essence a continuation from *Short Stories*, the first Anderson-Vangelis collaboration (the title track is the obvious exception). It would be nice, I think, to include at least one Anderson-penned melody next time. This would bring Anderson's rock skills, developed while in Yes, and honed in his solo career into play.

Having said that, I should make sure that Vangelis gets his due. All of the lyrics on this album are Jon Anderson's; he sings them and as such is the more highly-profiled of the duo (the vocal impressions in "Friends" are courtesy of David Coker and Sally Grace). Nevertheless, the sound of the LP belongs to Vangelis. It was he who arranged all of the tunes (besides writing the music in the first place), played most of the instruments and produced the record. That's why, Anderson's distinctive voice aside, this sounds more like a Vangelis album than a Yes album.

I suspect that those who know the difference are glad it exists. Those who don't, or could care less, should just forget about it, forget about dancing, forget about even moving, get into a good space, and experience a pretty clever disc.

Next Week: I try to get John Koch mad at me.

Aabuaehaer!

A remembrance of war

A War Story
SUB Theatre
Nov. 6

Review by Peter Michalyszyn

If Ben Wheeler had not found himself a doctor in the Second World War in charge of a Japanese prison hospital with 1000 British PoW's as his patients; if, after graduating from the University of Alberta as a physician Ben Wheeler had settled down into practice, or into teaching, he may well have remained an ordinary individual.

As it turned out, Wheeler was extraordinary. For some two years, in a Formosan (Taiwan) copper mining PoW camp perched on a desolate hillside, he represented hope for a thousand wretched, starving, despairing men. At times, he played God, deciding which should live, or which were so miserable that they could miss a day's or a week's work (only to recover and be sent back to the mine). No doubt he would have preferred to be elsewhere.

The tale is well-told in the National Film Board release, *A War Story*, based on his diaries. It premiered in SUB Theatre last Friday, and will be screened at the Citadel's Zeidler Hall at 7:30 and 9:00 p.m. this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

The film begins with a muted, mumbling voice of narrator Donald Sutherland, sounding as if he were Wheeler reading under his breath (which is confusing but lends intimacy) while writing in the diary which the Japanese thought was a medical record. Wheeler is portrayed silently by David Edney, whether he is staring at a disturbing photograph of his wife and child, or attending to patients from the mine.

Much of the film is in black and white, a combination of archive photographs and re-created footage of the prison camp, some actually filmed in Taiwan. These stark scenes contrast with color interviews with Wheeler's former patients or campmates. The interviewer, film producer, director, and writer of *A War Story*, is Wheeler's own daughter, Anne.

Anne Wheeler was 17 when her father died from a heart-attack in Edmonton. She didn't read the diaries until she was 31, long after her interests in film had burgeoned into a full time career. *A War Story* is her first full length documentary. It has so far been well-received.

It is a highly personal film. Donald Sutherland's reading and the black and white footage make it intense. But the interviews by Anne Wheeler emphasize not so much the suffering loneliness for

home and loved ones of the PoW's (as might be expected), but rather the singular role Wheeler played as camp doctor.

"We would have fallen to pieces without him," one former PoW said. "I sometimes wonder how he survived."

Wheeler in his diary admitted humbly: "I suppose one does some good that way...the men have confidence in me."

He said disinclinitus — a inclination not to live anymore, was the major cause of death at the camp. Thus he saw his role not to cure the men overcome with starvation, worms, and dysentery, but to infuse them with hope.

Wheeler is portrayed as incurably optimistic. He performs surgery with only a razor blade, drains a kidney abscess with a piece of tire tubing, helps a man paralyzed with a broken back walk again by encouraging fellow patients to massage the man's legs constantly, keeping the muscles supple and the blood flowing.

He in effect helped create a radical communal state.



Ben Wheeler, a Canadian doctor.

Said one PoW later: "It was the ultimate in living. We thought first of survival. It was a personal tragedy everytime one died. They were like family, they were closer than family."

"I used to think I would become bone-lazy..." Wheeler wrote. Of course, from necessity and by his remarkable human spirit he wasn't. It is an extremely optimistic, almost inspirational film in this sense, in that Wheeler was an individual who refused to succumb to an impossible situation. The fact it's true doesn't hurt either. As a Remembrance Day reminder it is memorable.

LOCAL RECREATION

The Back Alley John Revue, Thursday to Saturday; RATT; 8 PM; No cover charge Thursday, \$2.00 Friday and Saturday. "Cool the blues away."

Slash and the Bleeding Hearts; Saturday; Dinwoodie; 8 PM; Tickets - \$5.00 at HUB, \$6.00 at the door.

St. John's Social; Nov. 13; 11024-82 Ave.; Tickets at the door (semi-formal); \$5.00 non-members, \$3.00 members.

The band "Mountain Ash" will be performing.

GALLERIES

MacEachran Collection: Oriental Drawings; until Nov. 20; Ring House Gallery; weekdays 11-4 PM; Thursdays 11-9 PM; Sunday 2-5 PM; Free Admission.

DANCE

Theatre Ballet of Canada; Nov. 12-13; SUB Theatre; 8 PM; Tickets - \$7.50-\$10.50 individually, \$36.50-\$57.50 for six *Dancin' 81* series tickets, available at all BASS outlets.

Bayanihan Dance Troupe; Nov. 12; Jubilee Auditorium; 8 PM; Tickets at Mike's and all BASS outlets.

The groups' repertoire is made up of dances drawn from the Hispanic, Muslim, and rustic culture of the Phillipines.

Up and Coming

MUSIC

The McCalmans; Nov. 14; Provincial Museum Theatre; 8 PM; Tickets - \$8.00 at Mike's or HUB, \$9.00 at the door.

The press release says: "The trio, along with the Corries, were at the forefront of the folk revival in Scotland during the mid sixties."



John Allan Cameron; Nov. 14, SUB Theatre; 8 PM; Tickets - \$8.00 at HUB, Mike's or West Den.

Nova Scotia's gift to folk music.