



gallery

The famed Rosenthal Design Studio known for its high standards of excellence in household objects, has commissioned a group of internationally known artists to experiment with fine porcelain as material for sculptural reliefs. The artists include Henry Moore, Victor Vasarely, Lucio Fontana and Fritz Koenig, and works cover a great range of styles and techniques. The exhibition has toured many countries and will go to Australia after its Canadian showings. (Showing at the Edmonton Art Gallery until March 28)

D.T. Chester and Douglas Bentham, two young Western Canadian artists, are exhibiting recent works at the Edmonton Art Gallery from March 1-April 1. Chester's paintings combine lush, delicate colour with rough texture and vigorous brushwork, while Bentham's welded steel sculpture manipulates space in unexpected ways. Although both artists retain deep affection for their native prairies, their work is international in intent. The Gallery has chosen to exhibit them at the same time because they share common attitudes about their own and other work, and because it affords a unique opportunity to assess them together.

woody allen isn't afraid to ask

Woody Allen's latest escapade, "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex But Were Afraid To Ask", now playing at the Rialto, treads delicately the fine line between sublime madness and dreary boredom. Usually he errs on the side of laughter but it is not always

enough to be witty. It is necessary to have sufficient wit to avoid using too much of it. Allen has a quirky vision of our society which takes delight in puncturing pomposity with low level wit which in this case is aimed below our collective belt. Allen has always refused to take anything in our society seriously, least of all sex, sex being the number one taboo in our repressive society that keeps the porno movie houses in boffo box office business these days.

Dr. Reuben was the man who wrote the best seller which provided the springboard from which this movie takes off. Reuben worked from the assumption that a lot of us were ignorant about sexual matters and were afraid to ask questions about them. Allen proceeds from the premise that we're actually intelligent to know the answers already, it's just that we're too hung up to talk about them except in the guise of a dirty joke. Proceeding on this assumption he has outrageously burlesqued sexual situations by parodying them almost beyond recognition.

This is a movie that parodies other movies. As a whole it is a parody of the porno movies. Pornography is

ridiculed by keeping the language on a poo-poo and pee-pee level which reveals the essential absurdity of the sexual euphemisms in our everyday speech. We use them every day. Allen makes us recognize how silly we are by making them appear ridiculous. Relying on the knowledge inherent in an audience inundated by media genre forms, Allen parodies entertainment formats by using chapter divisions to examine different questions which Reuben assumed we were too afraid to ask.

In answering the question, do aphrodisiacs work, Allen has zeroed in on *Hamlet* by setting his sketch in a pre-Renaissance castle peopled by an attendant court. In dealing with frigidity he burlesques Italian movies by offering us an Antoniesque panorama of frustrated lovers in an episode where the dialogue is conveyed in English subtitles. Here he revels in the filter system of a language barrier which tends to remove us from the primary frustrations involved. Distanced from the characters we do not empathize but rather grasp the essential absurdity of the situation as it deteriorates into an ever more bizarre denouncement. One of the most biting sarcastic commentaries is the duplication of a T.V. panel show which deals with the question of perversion. The dead pan approach of the panelists trying to guess the pet perversion of a guest is a masterpiece of penetrating satire. Science fiction movies

ary pricked with kinky barbs as the mechanics of ejaculation are investigated in a vision that might have been subtitled *A Voyage to the Interior of a Genital Tract*.

Everyone will have their favourite chapter amongst this potpourri of parody since there is a fair choice amongst this kaleidoscopic collection of burlesques. There are few hang-ups that are left unspurned. A large cast of "name" actors reminiscent of historical spectaculars laden with cameo appearances provide some acutely devastating caricatures. Not the least of these come from Allen himself in a number of appearances. Gene Wilder provides what must be one of the greatest double takes ever filmed as he fumbles with the question of (oh my God) sodomy (I don't believe this is happening to me) with a sheep. (No less.)

Allen's humour is innocently ribald but may not necessarily be everyone's idea of comedy. Playing to a large audience everyone of Allen's plethora of one-liners will win some response and that is enough to keep the comedy happening. In a sparsely populated theatre there is every chance that it might bomb. One recognizes that the last laugh is Allen's since he simply makes us laugh at ourselves. His wit is a kind of safety valve which works at releasing repressed responses to our societal taboos. Allen's right about one thing though, if you're hung up about something maybe you're just taking it all too seriously. His medicine is a damn sight better cure than any sex manual, be it Reuben's, Ann Lander's, or Master's and Johnson's.

Walter Plinge

James Woodford:

the violating vision moves north

the red pony

The Red Pony, John Steinbeck's classic story of a farming family facing hard times at the turn of the century, and the son's love for a colt, will receive its World Premiere on the CTV Network, Sunday March 11, 7:30-9:30 p.m.

The two hour special is being sponsored by MacMillan Bloedel, Canada's largest forest products company, which sponsored the record-breaking television series "The Six Wives of Henry VIII", and such excellent productions as "Heidi", "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night".

MacMillan Bloedel's latest venture "The Red Pony" will be seen in theatres after only two television performances, the first in Canada and the second in the United States.

This heartwarming story stars some of America's greats, Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara, Ben Johnson, Jack Elam and Clint Howard.

Sunday, March 11th, 7:30-9:30 p.m., the CTV Television Network presents "The Red Pony", a unique motion picture adaptation of the great novel by John Steinbeck. (Above) Clint Howard portrays Jody, a defiant and bewildered boy fighting to save the life of his pony. Jody braves the elements in a desperate search for his friend Gitano, played by Julian Rivero.

North Americans share at least two visions of "Success": the social Darwinianism of "rags to riches" and the revolutionary idealism of pioneering. Most of us waver ambiguously between the two attitudes, simultaneously greedy for wealth and yearning for harmony.

We can no longer afford the luxury of indecision. For as James Woodford warns in his book *The Violated Vision*, unless there is a "revolution in policies, programs and personnel" northern Canada will be just one more offering to the "Gross National Greed."

While Woodford's book is not a new release (it came out last year), it is still not widely read and discussed. Have people not heard of it? Or are we really nonchalant about the probable destruction of one of the last major wilderness areas in the world?

Can we really be unconcerned that an oil spill in the Arctic would not only kill animals and birds, and persist for years because of slow decomposition rates, but would probably also cause climate changes in the entire northern hemisphere because of the melting of ice?

Or that sulphur dioxide, a common pollutant in the oil industry, degrades the chlorophyll of lichens which form between 30 and 90% of the vegetation in the North? And that temperature inversions and ice fogs, which would aggravate the problem,

are common there?

Perhaps only money speaks to us—then how do we as tax payers (or potential tax payers) respond to the fact that the government has "invested" \$9 million in Panarctic Oil, employer of 6 territorial residents and engineer of two blowouts, one of which caught fire?

And surely none of us can be unmoved by the plight of the people of Sachs Harbour whose centuries-old culture has been disrupted by oil exploration on Banks Island.

With the guidance of Jean Chretien, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development the Canadian government has remained placidly unperturbed.

The Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act, designed to protect those organisms "useful" to man, and the Northern Inland Waters Act were passed in 1970 but neither has been "proclaimed"; they are just pieces of paper. The Territorial Land Use Regulations, proposed in 1969, are still under review, but the draft version was rejected by conservationists who were on the government's own advisory committee. An Act to regulate northern mineral exploration and mining was withdrawn for "further study" in 1972.

There has been no apparent progress towards settlements of aboriginal land

claims in the North.

Meanwhile, Jean Chretien has been assuring industrialists that he is "acutely aware of the economic realities of operating in the North and will ensure that we do not go to extremes" in making regulations.

How do his statements differ from those of Imperial Oil chairman W.O. Twaits who protested that industry in the North "simply cannot carry unduly heavy burdens of regulation and taxation."

Or of L.C. Morrisore, president of Cadillac Explorations Limited, who explained, "We're not really all that interested in the scenery and the animals. What we want to do is make some money out of it."

Edmonton is historically, geographically and economically linked to the North; collectively we have a loud voice; morally and rationally, we have a responsibility to use it.

Woodford wryly laments: "When threatened the beaver doesn't bite. It slaps its tail on the water, which makes a big noise. Then it hides."

The least we can do is make the big noise. Now.

Write to Chretien, to Trudeau, to your M.P., to Davis, the Minister of the Environment, to Stanfield, to Lewis. And talk your friends and neighbours into writing too.

Then start honing your teeth.

Candace Savage