

KNIFE NOT DULL

Film Society Review
By Robert Kerr

The intrinsic objectivity of the motion picture medium presents any director intending to portray intense subjectivity with a critical problem in selecting his approach. Since a film's objectivity derives basically from the essential realism of simple photography, the normal subjective approach is to abandon realism, substituting obvious impressionism. Unfortunately the box office, which keeps the reels of the film industry turning, is not always generous to such films.

Rademakers' "The Knife", except for a minor dream sequence, uses only a much milder device to impress its subjectivity — personal narration. Yet it views its subjects as subjectively as such abstract productions as the TV play "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" or the impressionistic assembly of stills and short takes of Bardot in "A Very Private Affair". The distortions of reality which result can be very disconcerting as we tend to take such personal views; for example, the intense cruelty of the Falcons in the eyes of the one bearing the brunt of their jibes; at their full face value.

The transition of Thomas from a child at home to one leaving for the relative independence of boarding school is one of the internal struggles of childhood with which we, on this continent of the free public school tradition, are somewhat unfamiliar. Rade-

makers has treated it eloquently, with appropriate contrast between the acts of independence which both symbolize and cause the break leading to boarding school and the efforts to cling to the symbols of earlier childhood.

The only jarring factor is that the point of view of Thomas seems somewhat adult. While the acts — such as the theft of the knife and the entry to the Falcons' campground — are those of a child, and other aspects — the characters, for instance — are seen through the bewildered eyes of the child, the overall attitude is too adultly wise. While some of the manifestations of this — for example, the comment "They are a pair" — might be chalked up to a normal mimicking of the adult world, the film as a whole fails to capture the real simplicity of childhood reasoning as well as, for instance, "Whistle Down the Wind", or the British children's films in general.

"The Knife" can fairly be classed as another of the numerous earnest and successful efforts at a modern film art that have come from Europe in recent years, either produced directly by, or stimulated indirectly by, the "new wave".
PREVIEW: This Sunday the Film Society is screening French director Jacques Becker's last film "Le Trou". It portrays an attempted escape from a Paris prison with a vivid blend of action, character, and atmosphere.

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IN REVIEW:

BAROQUE TRIO

by W. Stewart

To-night, Wednesday the 23rd, is a milestone in my existence; for, risking censure, ostracism, and a stoning at the hands of my fellow residents, I attended the performance of the Baroque Trio.

Memorial Hall was, I believe, well filled with mostly professional and retired school teacher types, together with a few undergraduates, most of whom were well initiated into the literary circles. These people sat quietly, in spite of the Memorial Hall chairs, (which defy the spine), and listened attentively to the ensuing entertainment.

The music was, to my untrained ear, well interpreted, and played with a sensitivity that would have greatly pleased the composers. It was by no means flawless, however, and this may be attributed to the fact that the Musicians were "on the road", and could not, no doubt, find sufficient time to practise and keep themselves in "concert shape".

I think that it is about time that the UNB students in general gave up the idea that classical music is "for the birds," and tried listening to some. For, as one observer remarked, "It is important to expose oneself to that which he dislikes, to see why, and in fact, if, he really dislikes it."

Anyway, after an hour and one half of pure enjoyment, I returned to my residence, where I was received by sulen groups of students, who were armed with stones and jagged pieces of glass, determined not to be outsmarted by this "danged city-slicker who goes to these here smart-alecky intellectshoal-type things."



THE FAN

by ART ALLAN

One of the closest things to the heart of a student is a holiday. No matter what the reason may be, a day off is always a pleasant break. It is for this reason that we hesitated in writing this article, but a grave injustice is in the process of taking place. We speak of the failure of the Administration to recognize Remembrance Day. This injustice is not to the student body, but to the persons to whom this special day was consecrated.

On the 11th day of November, 1918, at eleven o'clock, the great war had come to an end. For the four years preceding right up to the very minute, Europe had been enveloped in a giant blood bath. To perpetuate the memory of those who gave their lives, we Canadians, both English and French, decided to pause at the eleventh day of the eleventh month, to think of the great debt which we all owe to our fallen.

Since 1918, Canada has been involved in two wars, "World War II" and the "Korean Conflict". Canada and Canadians sustained many losses during these hostilities. In 1931 the representation of the Canadian in Parliament, realizing the debt owed, passed "An act respecting Remembrance Day" (R.S.C., c. 237). In this Remembrance Day Act, the Parliament decided that the eleventh of November "shall be a holiday, and shall be kept and observed as much under the name of Remembrance Day". Although this was passed before W.W.I and Korea, it has stood for all wars. The Government of New Brunswick makes the eleventh a holiday each year by an order in council.

There are many students who lost grandfathers, fathers, brothers, close friends and relatives in our wars. Are two minutes in a Chem. Lab or a history lecture sufficient payment of recognition for such a great debt? "People" argue that all this is part of the past and a part that should be forgotten. (God forbid that we ever forget it). This argument of forgetting the past doesn't seem consistent as our glorious Loyalist past is ever being brought to our attention.

In this university we have classes cancelled for a lecture by "a not so famous son" of a very famous father, an afternoon off for a political rally at "Convocation" and for Founders' day and a whole day off for Winter Carnival and we would venture to say that if Beaverbrook Day (May 25) fell on a day during term well you can imagine what would happen Are these days as important to us or to the University as next Monday. It should not be just a question of what people have done and will do for us materially, but who are the most deserving.

Of course there is the argument that if the morning were given, everybody would take the opportunity to get some more sleep. Well how many students attend Founders' Day and Fall Convocation? Whether the eleventh is made a holiday for us or not, there will be at least two hundred students at the cenotaph on Monday, the majority of them in uniform.

It would seem that this failure to recognize other days of less importance shows a questionable sense of values on the part of the powers that be. We hope that the students of UNB haven't forgotten holiday or no holiday. . . .

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