

Documentary exposes Neo-Nazism

By James S. Greer

The Truth Shall Make Us Free is a documentary produced by TV Ontario as part of their "Human Edge" series.

German filmmaker Michael Schmidt's work is about the rise of the Neo-Nazi movement in Germany. Schmidt spent three years playing a deadly game uncovering the secret players of the fascist party and the rapid growth of the Nazi organization. The documentary takes you through a macabre world in which violence be-

tv **Human Edge: The Truth Shall Make Us Free**
Produced by Michael Schmidt
Airs Tuesday Nov. 24 at 10 pm

comes both a means and an end in itself.

Both party leaders and their potential victims are interviewed by Schmidt, creating a dynamic tension throughout the film. Not only are the "secret gatherers" brought to light by Schmidt but a deeply disturbing look at the followers is offered to the viewers for they might easily be mistaken

as one's next door neighbour, with the exception of their frightful dream.

Footage from covert survival training sessions along with mind numbing propaganda pieces are shown to the viewer to lay bare the fantastic organization of the party. The most alarming issue is the associations Schmidt draws with key members of the fascist party and leading officials of our purported open society.

There is, however, a perspective available to the viewer which is often overlooked due to the force of the

naked hatred which usually accompanies this type of topic matter. Schmidt provides insight to the different fears of the victim and the oppressor. Young neo-nazis are afraid of losing power and aging Auschwitz survivors fear the disastrous consequences of neo-Nazi violence.

The film leaves you with a powerful dilemma: We have a responsibility to support free speech in our society while at the same time confronting intolerable groups intent on spreading fear and hatred.

La La La Human Steps an erie barrage of dance

by M. Glaister

It was Halloween, and safe to say I wouldn't be getting any tricks or treats this year so I went to the O'Keefe Centre and checked out La La La Human Steps. With a title like *Infante-C'est Destroy* it couldn't be all that bad. Never heard of these guys till a few weeks ago.

(Brainchild of one Edouard Lock, in the midst of a world tour etc.)

I was wondering if they would be a more choreographed version of *le cirque Archaos*, that wonderful band of misfits that rolled through town last year. Master of contemporary dance - that's me. I had the intelligence to reserve a seat the night be-

dance **Infante-C'est Destroy**
La La La Human Steps
O'Keefe Centre
Oct. 31

fore.

God bless VISA, amen.

Ah, look dear reader, the cursed long lineup. I'm enjoying myself already. Tried to speed up getting my ticket. Think I pissed off three very rich people; ah, they won't remember me. So, they can bite it.

There were media personalities all around the place but I only recognized a couple who had their share of ticket problems. Daniel Richler is in the line to my right, his wife is in the line on my left (Hee hee - Yo Dan,

nice hair, nice boots!)

"Look under Richler..."

The show had just begun when I was looking for my seat (Excuse me, excuse me, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'M VERY SORRY.) Hey, I'll step on this lady's toes! Oh yeah! That felt good! I'm having an orgasm.

The seats were nice. Left my friggin telescope at home damn it. (Look ma! The Enterprise!)

And now, for la "review proper":

My first sight is of dancers clad in black skin tights moving to pre-recorded music by Einsturzende Neubaten, David Van Tieghem and Skinny Puppy, among others. The music rips. After the first number a video screen slides down. Lead dancer Louise Lecavalier appears falling, naked.

Jolt! QUOI!? NUDITÉ!? Oh excuse me (they're from Montreal).

Video screen: Later, on her feet, she begins to bleed from her face. Death? Rape? She drags her feet in a pool of blood. ("...first film shows a falling body. We see blood, but it is the natural blood that comes with birth, that accompanies one's passage into the world in original nakedness." - Edouard Lock, interview by Aline Gelinas in *Voir*.)

Lacavalier is joined by Sarah Williams on screen and on stage. *Left my friggin telescope at home damn it.* Oui, plus de nudité. A few moments (and clothes) later the men join the women on stage. I note that Lecavalier stands out from the rest of the dancers. She's an imposing figure, to say the least.

The performance slows down a little a third of the way in. After a beginning like that? Not a surprise. But it was kept alive by guitarist Sylvain Provost and an awesome performance by drummer (percussionist-excuse me) Jackie Gallant. She wears a microphone attached to her chest, which picks up her heartbeat ("the faster her heartbeat, faster the drums...least that's the theory" - Lecavalier).

Edouard Lock, the artistic director appears on stage, has vocals accompanied by background music and video screen in an audio-visual assault ("penetration...the knife, the sword, the spear." - Lock). Again I'm hit by the sexual line more in tune with rape than birth. I have a one track mind.

("A sword may be seen as a social and sexual symbol; gives rise to blood of the fight and struggle." - Lock)

Screen: images of Lecavalier in Joan of Arc mode, armor and chainmail. She is stabbed with a sword. ("This work has a wild aspect to it." - Lock). Do tell.

Lock again appears onstage, singing, sounds Bowiesque (as in David). In the last portion of the perfor-



Margaret Illmann, principal dancer of the National Ballet of Canada • taken from the 1993 Ballet of Canada calendar

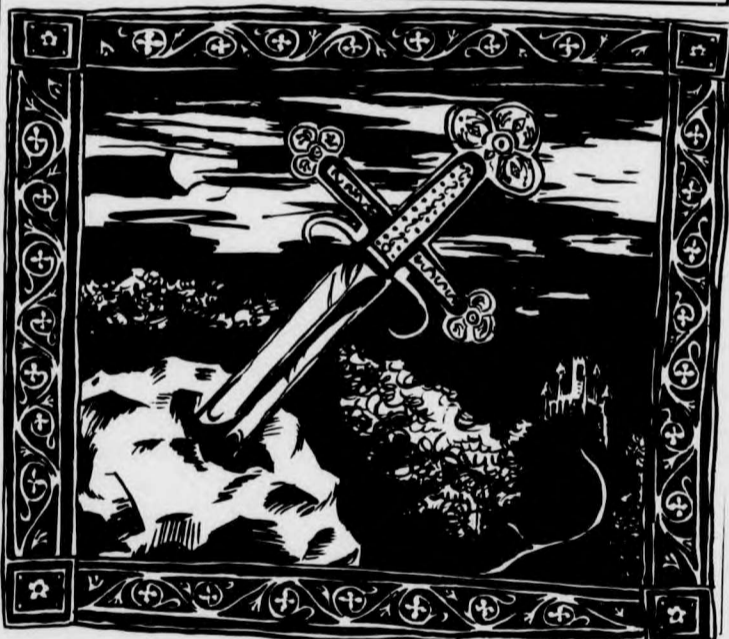
mance Lecavalier once again outshines the rest of the dancers. There is one point where she is on stage but separate from the other dancers - to let her catch her breath (she spends the most time on stage). She quickly rejoins the rest of the cast.

There is a cool sex scene, but you scholars wouldn't want to know about that, would you.

The finale lends an air of doubt and/or fear: two figures dance to the most eerie version of *Somewhere* ("there's a place for us") that is as hilarious as it is disturbing.

After an hour and a half of sound and vision battery I tried to put it all together. A bunch of Halloween partygoers walk by singing: *We're off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz.* Naturally I could not, but I look forward to La La La Human Steps's next performance.

What's in Excalibur's name and what's it to ya anyway?



graphic by Claudia Davila

by Lilac Caña

What's in a name, you say. York University's Community Newspaper is called *excalibur*. Not "the" Excalibur, just *excalibur*. And note the lower case spelling, too. What's it mean? Who thought of tacking it to this rag and why?

A clue might be found in our first compiled volume (1966-1967), which contains a short excerpt from a poem by Tennyson, titled, cryptically enough, "Idylls of the King."

There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it—rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt
Bewildering hand and eye—the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it—on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world
Take me, But turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face

Taking it, but old Merlin counsel'd him,
Take Thou and strike! The time to cast away
is yet far-off.' So this great brand the king
Took, and by this will beat this foemen down!

The name goes back centuries to the Arthurian legends, *Malory* (also written as Excalibor, Calibor, Caliburn.) Western tradition has pumped up quite the myth and now we're stuck with it.

The sword Excalibur has traditionally symbolized the masculine drive to forge new paths ("to boldly go where no one has gone before"); it's the supernaturally destructive force which strikes at vague untruths (a literal tool of *deconstruction?*), and it's always used for the side of "good." Of course, tradition stresses its effectiveness would be nil without the stabilizing feminine Scabbard, into which Excalibur rests after the fight. We could think of a couple of other uses for it but that goes without saying.

More Hits 'n' Bits

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ceptable, it shouldn't be left to police itself.

- Ira Nayman

COMEDY

North of the Downsview parallel: a comedy club with style. **Challenger's Comedy On Cue** has been around for 3 years in Richmond Hill, and boasts an elegant billiard hall separated by glass from its main lounge. The welcoming atmosphere attracts men and women of all ages; both the games' leisurely setup and the interesting roster of comedians - female and male - provide for an environment refreshingly different from that of more brutal sacrificial altars as Yuk Yuk's (although, who's to say what's great "comedy" or not). Special student prices are available too. Phone 882-2306 for more info.

- Lilac Caña

TELEVISION

Codeco's back! And for "a laugh-starved Canadian public, IT'S BETTER THAN TELEVISION." It'll be on Wednesdays



Codeco's zanies at it again

at 11pm on CBC (tonight's the season premiere). Regular characters in this savage half-hour satire include closet hairdressers, "the Queen's Counsellors," Marg at the Mental, and the hosts of Newfoundland Indoors. This 13-week season will introduce new characters and impersonations such as Erica Ehm, Loud Feminists, Sad Catholics and the crew of *Stak Trek*, *The Next Generation*.

Gone are the days when the concept of **TV Ontario** equalled titillating sneaks at near-extinct wildlife and tundra. Really, if you have the time at all, there are a couple of shows worth a couple of hours off your dreamtime. **Daniel Richler's Imprint** focuses on the evolution the crime/mystery fiction genre on Monday, Nov. 16, 10pm (also on Tuesday, Nov. 17 at 11pm and Sunday, Nov. 22 at 11pm). Among the guests in this special will be **Single White Female** author John Lutz and Sara Paretsky, creator of the female private investigator V.I. Warshawski.

ALSO: Camille Paglia

("Leaving sex to the feminists is like letting your dog vacation at the taxidermist's") is the featured guest on Nov. 15 at 11pm on - if you can get it - La Chaine, TVO's French-language network. This irritating but highly entertaining "renegade" feminist will discuss her latest book, **Sex, Art, and American Culture**.

- Lilac Caña