

The poster poems of a very stone house

howse the very stone howse is fairy stoney fairly stoned

in deed

in debt

in dead

and alls the walls that are covered with the pretty pictures

posters

pastures

postures

posed

word against

world against

ward against

war against

what against

hurt hart art old century

a bitter mind watching

itself

on the wall

jame's juice was sweeter

The moon is nearly at the full.
A heron calls in the reeds.
I have replenished the goblet.
I will share it with you.
The heron calls
Its young answer.
This is the affection of
the inmost heart.

Water over the lake

Things cannot be forever separate:
Heaven and earth have their
limitations
Thus the four seasons of the year
arise
It furthers one to create
number and measure
To set limits even to the waters
of the lake.

Lakes resting one on the other
The image of the joyous
What is not weighed
Is at peace
What is at peace
Possesses inner truth
Even pigs and fishes
Share in this good fortune.

Lanque d'oc is

losing out but

what the hell

I think it sells

especially on

the colored paper

of a subcompetent

mind And then

I say hoho again

—and so does Bill Pasmak



The escape of the soul
Brings about change.
Return to the beginning
And pursue to the end,
Thus can be known
The condition of the outgoing
And returning spirit.
Satisfaction with this knowledge
Leads to the practice of love.

A wild goose gradually draws near the shore.
A crane calls it to the shade.
Ten pairs of tortoises cannot oppose them.
They have come to share the generous goblet
Which the woman offers.
The oxen have halted.
The man's hair and nose being cut off
He rolls his eyes,
The wagon wheels are broken,
The spokes fly saunder,
Not a good beginning
But at the lake shore
A good end.



—Copyright by Marya Fiamengo

Films

I don't know if *Candy* will still be around by the time you read this; the Strand used to have a sensible short-run policy, and by now surely everybody who wants to see Terry Southern's heroine on the big screen has done so.

For the record, let me say this. *Candy* doesn't work, because the film lacks a center. In the book *Candy* herself underwent her vicissitudes hardly batting an eyelash; in the movie this amiable dumb-blondenness somehow is translated into a zombie-like torpor. Consequently nothing holds together, and all the film's satire is undercut by the lack of a norm against which the abnormal can shine.

The pursuit of *Candy* and her family by three Mexican girls on motorcycles wearing gorgeous kinky Goyaesque outfits is practically worth the price of the film. And the ending, desultory imitation of *8½* though it is, radiates a curious calm, as *Candy* finds the entire cast on a wide field set up in loose encampments, each beneath an inscrutable banner.

The scene does nothing in particular for the film, but undeniably has a glow of its own.

Otherwise, the film confirms one thing we've known for some time—James Coburn is a lot of fun—and tells us something new, to wit that Marlon Brando with long hair looks like Elizabeth Taylor.

• • •

Meanwhile, the Roxy has been hosting *The Oldest Profession*, advertised as starring that belated daughter of the early 'fifties Miss Raquel Welch.

Actually, this turns out to be a six-part Franco-Italian compilation, three parts of which are directed by people I've not heard of, for reasons which, having seen their segments, I understand.

One of these is a competently carried-through romp set in Ancient Rome; the remaining two are the dregs. The latter of these involves Miss Welch, if "involves" is the right word.

That leaves three episodes directed by more-or-less well-known French directors. Two of these are pleasant and negligible. Claude Autant-Lara contributes a vignette about Parisian prostitutes operating out of automobiles. Philippe de Broca proves that a Frenchman can make a film set in the 1789 Revolution with absolutely no political point; he shows off Jeanne Moreau very prettily.

Which leaves the reason I went to the Roxy in the first place: the final episode, directed by Jean-Luc Godard.

It is the Godard of *Alphaville*; a traveller arrives at an airport in the future (good old Orly, natch), and is given a woman for his pleasure as a matter of course.

She does not satisfy the traveller, who demands and gets a replacement. The replacement turns out to be Anna Karina, Godard's ex-wife, in what must be about her last appearance in a Godard film, looking unbelievably stunning.

I won't reveal the film's punch-line. It's only a slight sketch, but the hand of the Master is evident; all Godard aficionados should grin and bear the rest of the show to see it; or perhaps they should just arrive very late.

• • •

At the Roxy I was handed a brochure promoting the Joseph Losey film coming to the Rialto, *Secret Ceremony*, with Mia Farrow and Elizabeth Taylor.

If you are handed such a brochure, DO NOT READ IT!

But save it, treasure it, because after you've seen the film it ought to strike you as the funniest thing since Spiro Agnew.

I saw *Secret Ceremony* in Vancouver this Christmas; it is rather a splendid film in its own ornate way, and it deserves better than the ham-handed treatment the studio publicity boys are apparently determined to give it.

—John Thompson

Dr. R. C. Lindberg

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