

"East of Eden" to show

James Dean

The name alone was sufficient to cause young women in the fifties to go all starry-eyed and young men to swagger in imitation. James Dean died tragically in a car crash at the age of twenty four. His early death, combined with his three major film appearances, combined to create an "idol-image" said to be rivalled only by that of Rudolf Vanentino. Dean was chided, in a New York Times review on release of this film, for acting too much like the early Marlon Brando; as if that was so bad.

He might have gone on the achieve the same success as Brando; here's your chance to evaluate his potential. In this, his first major film role, the persona that he fine-tuned in "Rebel Without A Cause" is clearly present.

"East of Eden," made in 1955, is adapted from John Steinbeck's novel of the same name. The story concerns the conflict between Adam Trask (Raymond Massey), a farmer, and his son, Cal (James Dean). Cal is obsessed with his own "badness" and his jealousy of his brother, Aron, who is much loved by their father. Love-

hate relationships abound in this film, which is only partly faithful to the novel. Cal goes off on a search for his mother whose unexplained absence heightens the drama early in the film. Another source of tension is the attraction between Cal and his brother's sweetheart, played by Julie Harris; she decides that Cal is more exciting and that she can help in his "salvation".

Eliz Kazan, perhaps best known for "Streetcar Named Desire," does a masterful job directing this film. His use of the camera and of color in capturing both the expanse and mood of the California countryside is magnificent. The beauty and tranquility of the set often provide a stark contrast with the turmoil being experienced by the characters.

Overall, this is a beautiful, intense film. Cal is the prototypical James Dean character. Kazan coaxes fine performances from Raymond Massey as the father and from Burl Ives as a philosophical sheriff as well as from the rest of the cast.

Folk Collective offers variety

By LESLIE CUTHBERSON

The Folk collective is a group of energetic people who go about organizing a variety of musical events to please the palates of most appreciators of fine music. We're a non-profit organization. Our motive is simply the fun and good times had by all; our method: incredible energy and positive vibrations!

Our most recent show occurred last Saturday, October 20, when we hosted a variety of Folk, Classical, Jazz, and Ragime music, all performed by local artists. Our shows are complimented with what is now the traditional Folk Collective atmosphere: Candlelight, home backed decadent goodies and coffee, tea or cider. This blends well with the intimate setting provided by Memorial Hall -where it all happens!

For our next show, the Fredericton Folk Collective will host three well known Newfoundland musicians: Kelly Russell, Jim Payne, and Rufus Guinchard, on Saturday, November 10, 8:30 p.m. at UNB Memorial Hall. The trio will perform that traditional Newfoundland style of music derived from the early Irish, English, French, and Scottish settlers of Newfoundland. So come out and tap your toes to the fiddles and Mandolins. We guarantee an evening you won't forget!

Man & Myth

By MORGAN JEREMY

Behind innumerable myths of the origin of death lies an urgent need to account for man's immortality. It seems that life, despite its trials and tribulations, was too good to be true and the idea of death despite its tranquil peace, too ghastly to be true.

Tolstoy's *War and Peace* tells us:

"When seeing a dying animal, a man feels a sense of horror, substance similar to his own perishing before his eyes. But when it is a beloved intimate human being that is dying, beside this horror of the extinction of life, there is a severance, a spiritual wound, which like a physical wound is sometimes fatal and is sometimes healed but always aches and shrinks at any external irritating touch."

It has often been suggested that the refusal to talk about death is due to a psychological resistance to the most painful and universal reality of human existence. Epicurus, an ancient philosopher, observes that since when a person exists, death is absent, and that when the person dies, they cease to be and hence there can be no experience of death because the two, self and death, can never co-exist. What cause then can there be for fear? But few have found any comfort in this argument, for it is precisely this loss of personal identity that comes as an unwelcomed, feared event.

Death, in our society, is a repelled topic, and as seen in stories, from all over the world, is an intruder to be feared. Very frequently, he arrives as the result of a mistake, or of a message wrongly delivered and sometimes he is a punishment upon mankind for disobedience, ungratitude or sheer stupidity. The point is death is a cruel finale that is difficult to accept and understand.

One of the most imaginative myths of the origin of death comes from the Wintern Indians of western North America. It tells the story of Ollebis, in the process of creating man sent two buzzards, brothers, to build a stone stairway between earth and heaven, at the top of which would be two springs, one for purification, and the other for drinking ("the fountain of youth") Sedit the coyote, a mischievous creator, came upon the labouring buzzards and tempted them. Is all their hard work really worth it? Will men and women, he asks, want to go on climbing and returning to earth, endlessly repeating their lives? The joy of birth and grief of death is better, he persuades, for these mean love. The brothers fall for his ploy and destroy the stairway in the process saying that Sedit too must live by his own advice and die. In a frenzy of terror Sedit attempts to fly to heaven with handmade wings, but these wither and he falls. Ollebis says his own words condemned him and hereafter men will die.

As suggested in this story death can be looked upon in a positive light. Let's take a look at the world and what it would be like if death was non-existent. First of all, we would rapidly fill the available space for living making it impossible, only at the hand of increasing suffering, for more to be born. Mankind would then no longer need a vehicle for reproduction and sex would be eventually lost in evolution to produce a new race of Neuters, totally eradicating courtship and marriage. The joy of watching our youth mature would be lost. Education would become obsolete, and our ivory halls would wither away, once the youth were educated. We could say, goodbye to religion, for how are we going to get to these places called heaven, hell or purgatory? Farewell too, to wars, and doctors because without death they would be meaningless. And what if you finally became weary of living, what a state of condemnation—something like *The Myth of Sisyphus*, who was condemned by the gods of the Underworld, for his disobedience, to a perpetual life of rolling a stone up the mountainside only to reach the summit and have to watch the stone fall back down.

So, in essence, death becomes a blessing in disguise, a process for change and discovery. You would not be enjoying your life if those before you had refused to leave. We should concentrate on becoming more aware accepting of it.

One of the strangest and most romantic stories of death that I know comes to mind, as told by the natural historian Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy. While in the subantarctic he observed that in a community of Johnny Penguins, the dead bodies of adults were never to be seen. One day, atop a coastal hills discovered the reason. He came upon a little transparent lake, fed solely by the snow. Around its periphery stood a silent, somber group of sickly Johnnys, some alone, some droopy, apparently exhausted from the toilsome trek up the hill. After watching a few enter the lake without returning, he approached the lake's edge and peered in. There, on that icy blue bottom, with their flippers outstretched, were hundreds, possibly thousands of Johnny penguins that had made their last weary climb to reach their final peaceful rest; safe from their predators and the harsh elements of their world.

"...For we who grew up tall and proud
In the shadow of the Mushroom Cloud
Convinced our voices can't be heard
We just wanna scream it louder and louder...
...You just got time to say your prayers
While you're waiting for the Hammer to Fall."

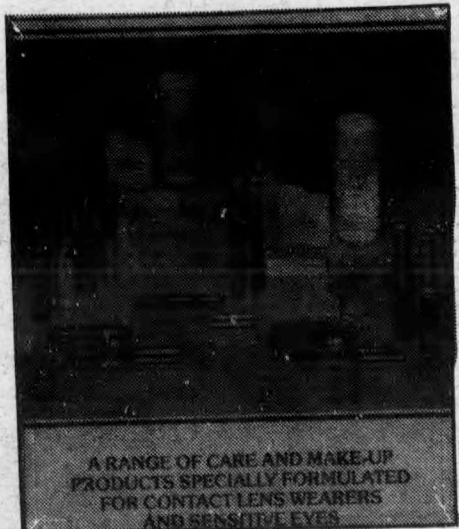
F. Mercury, 1984

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