

HEADLINE

BE!
New Uses for the Human Instrument
 by Paul Reps
 Weatherhill, Tokyo

"How To" books are recent manifestations of the extended leisure time in our civilisation. Geared specially for the Joe or Zoe who is sitting there with nothing to do, and a lot of energy to do it with, they offer immersion in any kind of hobby, craft or cult you can image. "How to Garden, Play Chess, Make Wine, Make Love, Build a Beehive, Write a Book, Refinish a Chair, Bait a Bear ...". You can be anything you want, for the price of a paperback.

The "How to..." book phenomenon has reached its logical conclusion in the newest book by Paul Reps. "This book gives you your life." It is a guide, simply, to BE.

The book is organized into a series of poems and watercolor paintings. It assumes that the reader is merely existing in his present state; it offers advice on New ways to use the human instrument. So you think that this little booklet isn't for you? The fly leaf carries this rhetorical notice:

*This book gives you your life.
 "Already have it."*

Hm. A tenth of it?

Is your head on straight? Do you move against yourself? Are you out of the great rhythm?

Don't stop here.

The curious reader, devastated by this perceptive blast at the futility of his existence, turns the page. The first poem, *Primally*, talks about the essential modes of BEing: hunger, waking, sleeping, moving. "Giving our life for another is primal." We impose on ourselves tensions which are out of personal cycles. Straining against our inner rhythms, both physical and mental, is straining against ourselves. Let it be. Let your head float at your neck. Tell your neck, "Let it go". And let it.

Further poems initiate the reader into various stages of BEing. There is a constant emphasis on a man's internal rhythm; exert on the outbreath, relax on the inbreath. Our true nature, says Reps, is a present in the unrestricted release of breath, the motion of body. To impose the thousand controls and orders on ourselves, as we do each does, is to deny ourselves a thousand times a day. In relaxing and releasing,

our true nature will reveal itself. We often don't Be in spite of ourselves.

Many of the concepts in this book have their bases in the Oriental and Mystical philosophies. (*Centering* is one basic tenet of these religions.) The concept of Centering is finding the geographical physical and spiritual center of our body, and moving and resting that, rather than the tangle of arms and legs and heads. To be a united whole, to not be against yourself, is the central idea of *BE!*

The book gives exercises, experiments to help you to this end. It would be in the wrong spirit to criticise the work on the validity of some of the theories presented. Reps wants to help people feel better, do better, to be themselves. He uses spare parts from many philosophies and creeds to instruct and let you self-instruct. He is not looking for a complete program, a step-by-step Nirvanah. He is satisfied if he has given some hints to the person who wants release and peace in a physical and spiritual sense. For anyone who wants it bad enough, the book will work very well.

by Terry Butler



Jim Dunlap kindly consented to compile this schedule of plays by Theatre Francais for you.

Depechez-vous! The Theatre Francais season is half over and you're missing it. They are even now in the midst of the third play of a season of five.

I saw it Tuesday night and it's definitely funny. It's called *Black Comedy* and it was written in 1966 to play beside *Miss Julie*. Lawrence Olivier was to do both with the English National Theatre. It had its premiere in French at the Theatre Montparnasse in December of 1967. It deals with the funny situations which a group of people find themselves in when there is a blackout while they are expecting a visit from a millionaire who is interested in looking at some of our hero's sculpture. A unique idea well exploited.

Theatre Francais plays run for two weeks and have six performances, on Tuesday,

Friday and Saturday night at 8:30. They're in the auditorium of College St. Jean, which is that big building on 84th Street and 91st Avenue. You've never been there? You're kidding. Go. *Black Comedy* has five performances left on the 11th, 12th, 15th, 18th and 19th. Take your pick. Admission is \$1.50 for students and \$2.00 for adults.

The next play, which will run on the indicated days from March 14 to 25, is called *Huit Femmes*. As near as I can figure, it's psychological drama, combination comedy and detective. The eight women suspect each other of a crime and in trying to accuse each other and defend themselves reveal their characters in some depth. The whole thing is done with a satiric edge, which gives you the humour. Strange, eh? I can hardly wait to find out what

it all means.

The last play, running April 18 to 29, is really two short light comedies, *Le banc sur la route* by Felix Leclerc and *Les oiseaux de nuit* by Jean Pellerin, both

Canadian playwrights. I can't tell you much about the plots of these two, because I wasn't told much. But I'll give you a little tidbit on the second playwright. He used to own a bookstore, but

he had to sell it because he got so involved reading the books he didn't notice the "Customers" were stealing his books on him. Now a play by a guy like that has got to have something.

Are words things?

This is a misleading title, but I just couldn't resist it. On to the article.

What separate the architect from the insect is that the architect visualizes his structure before raising it in reality. Assuming this, the landscape of Victor Vasarely's mind must be simply glorious.

A mammoth collection of Vasarely's op art creations begins its showing today at the Edmonton Art Gallery. The

psychedelic implications of this announcement are overwhelming.

It is well documented that the physiological disruptions causing the "writhing retina" phenomenon often transport the victim into paroxysms of delight. Considering the nature of the art and the nature of Gateway's Art Reviewer, you should anticipate the upcoming review of it light of heart.

I could carry on in long tirades and polemics on the

extraction of geometric forms from nature and their imposition on a plane of canvass if I knew anything about it. Victor Vasarely does it, believe me.

The retrospect contains 102 works, and I am through with accolades. If you haven't decided to go yet, remember this quote from the Chairman:

"An army without culture is a dull-witted army, and a dull-witted army cannot defeat the enemy."

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