Roch Carrier

Literary victory

Michael Monastyrskyj

When Canadian writer Roch Carrier invited the small audience at U of T's Hart House to ask him questions, he assured them that they were free to speak in English, the chance to hear his "charming accent".

None of the listeners, most of whom were students and teachers from the University's French Department, took up the offer, but instead let fly with a number of questions in French. Carrier managed to be charming even without his French-tinged English, speaking slowly and softly, with obvious sincerity.

La Guerre, Yes Sir!, Carrier's bestknown novel has been translated into a number of languages and the author himself has adapted it for theatre. The play, which deals with conflicts between English and French Canadians during World War II, opened during the 1970 October Crisis and Carrier hinted



that this might have led to its original success.

His powerful short story, "The Hockey Sweater", has proved so popular that the National Film Board made it into an animated short film which was recently nominated for a Genie award. Carrier prefaced his reading of the story by asking us if the Eaton's catalogue and Maurice Richard

meant anything to us. As everyone nodded, he remarked, "Good, we belong to the same culture."

Overtime: The film "Hockey

Sweater" will be screened on Wednesday, March 4 at Harbourfront, 7:30 p.m. It's free, so put on your shoulder pads and skate on

adding that that would give them Emile de Antonio ter or pi

The Sixties returned in a big way recently when the York Film Department and the Festival Cinema brought American radical filmmaker Emile de Antonio to Toronto for a discussion and film screenings.

The evening was a great excuse for the assemblence of various elements of political Toronto. You know-Marxists, Trotskyites and Maoists. The kind of crowd that found the courage in the dark anonymity of a public gathering to laugh (very loudly) everytime the words "pig", "capitalism" or "Kissinger" were mentioned and suddenly, sombrely and knowingly nod their heads to the tune of

Rivalling the audience for attention, though, was de Antonio, the night's attraction. The burly 'de' boomed an introduction to the audience in which he criticized about as much of democracy (as we know it) as is possible in two minutes. With no eruptions, he taunted, "You mean, I haven't offended anyone?"

Don't despair. The audience was soon excited enough to ask questions, many being open invitations for de to spout his Marxist philosophy. At one point, after being challenged that the making of one of his films screened that evening, Painter's Painting, compromised on his politics, he argued that the documentary film,

world of the U.S.A., featuring such notables as Frank Stella and Andy Warhol, is a subject which has always interested him.

Free of political statement, Painters Painting, is a glimpse of these artists at work and play. Such one-liners were quipped as Hans Hoffman's "Aesthetics is for me what ornithology must be like for the birds," or Robert Rauschenberg's "My paintings are invitations to look somewhere else." Such typical footage and further unfavourable portrayals of art collectors and critics left one to contemplate whether this modern art has not become the biggest bourgeois rip-off going. Eh, de?

de Antonio's second film shown, Underground, features interviews with the fugitive members of the revolutionary Weather Underground move-ment, responsible for some 20 bombings of public places in the U.S. between 1969 and 1975. Filmed through a screen or a mirror (so that we see only their backs) the Weathermen seem to be rational, intelligent and sometimes thoughtful people. Yet, even de Antonio admitted that his portrayal took work, as much editing was required to exclude the rhetoric and jargon that they are very prone to.

It was a challenging night, one that left you thinking about revolution in America to art.

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