

# ARTS



From "Porky's": some teenagers approaching the wrong man for hints about sex.

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Well, Clark thought that there were and cited "Wendy" (Kaki Hunter) as one. There followed further questions about the social impact of the film, which elicited two general types of answers: a) that the film simply reflected American consciousness (or lack thereof) in the early fifties, and b) the reflection was necessarily distorted and exaggerated since the film was pure farce. On the bus back to the hotel for lunch a journalist rehashed all the social evils in the film to a Fox representative, and said he thought most of the delegates had disliked it (probably true). The Fox representative, himself a proud veteran of the radical sixties, replied that while the charges were valid, the film still served to show just how good *Quest for Fire* was (!), and, at any rate, the sort of people who watched a film like this didn't read critics anyway. End of conversation.

During the afternoon we were supposed to talk to *Los Angeles Times* critic Charles Champlin, but for some perverse reason I decided to sit in with some others on a talk with Jean Jacques Arnaud, director

of *Quest for Fire*, who had insisted the night before that he wanted to talk some more about his film.

In two hours he proved he could drop names like Resnais and Godard with ease, and bandy about anthropological theories with alacrity, thus proving, to me at least, that he is a phony as well as a competent director of utter trash. I only asked one question, regarding his hypothesis that courting patterns among humans are significantly different from those of apes, a central point in a film where primitive man evolves in the space of a week from crude dog-style humping to schmalzy Hollywood-style romantic foreplay.

Arnaud held his ground, and I didn't have the heart to press the point that human mating patterns are extremely close to those of the higher apes, or to ask embarrassing questions about aggressive behaviour in shy herbivorous animals like, say, woolly mammoths.

*(This account continues on the Arts Page Tuesday, including a review of Making Love which, to my surprise, turned out to be a rather good film).*



by Geoffrey Jackson

Greeks, Turks, and rebellion, that's what today's column's about. No, I haven't gone off the rails and become a history major, I'm talking about Nikos Kazantzakis's novel, *Freedom or Death*.

Nikos Kazantzakis is virtually the only modern Greek writer to become famous in this century. Like his homeland, his books are filled with broad strokes of colour and temperament, describing robust characters with great vitality. Yet, and this too is a Grecian trait, Kazantzakis is capable of philosophical subtlety. Whenever I read one of his novels I find myself fascinated by the moral questions he raises while at the same time enjoying, at a gut level, the blood and thunder of the work.

*Freedom or Death* is a modern epic concerning itself with the rebellion of the Greek Christians of Crete against their Turkish overlords. From the outset it is made very clear that the Greeks have no chance of winning; not that this matters very much. For them the uprising is a fatalistic expression of tradition. Their grandfathers died in rebellion and so must they.

Such patriotism is completely alien to us. What Canadian could respond to the banner cry, "Freedom or Death!" with more than a raised eyebrow? Despite this Kazantzakis gets you right in with these men: eating and drinking with them, listening to their proud boasting, watching them remove the rifles, yet again, from their hiding places.

The Greek hero is Captain Michales, a man described as, "...with sudden rages, his

deep, dark eyes, his short, stubborn neck and jutting jaw,....like a wild boar rearing for the spring." He is the captain of the village of Megalokastro, and is as notorious for his temper as he is famous for his courage.

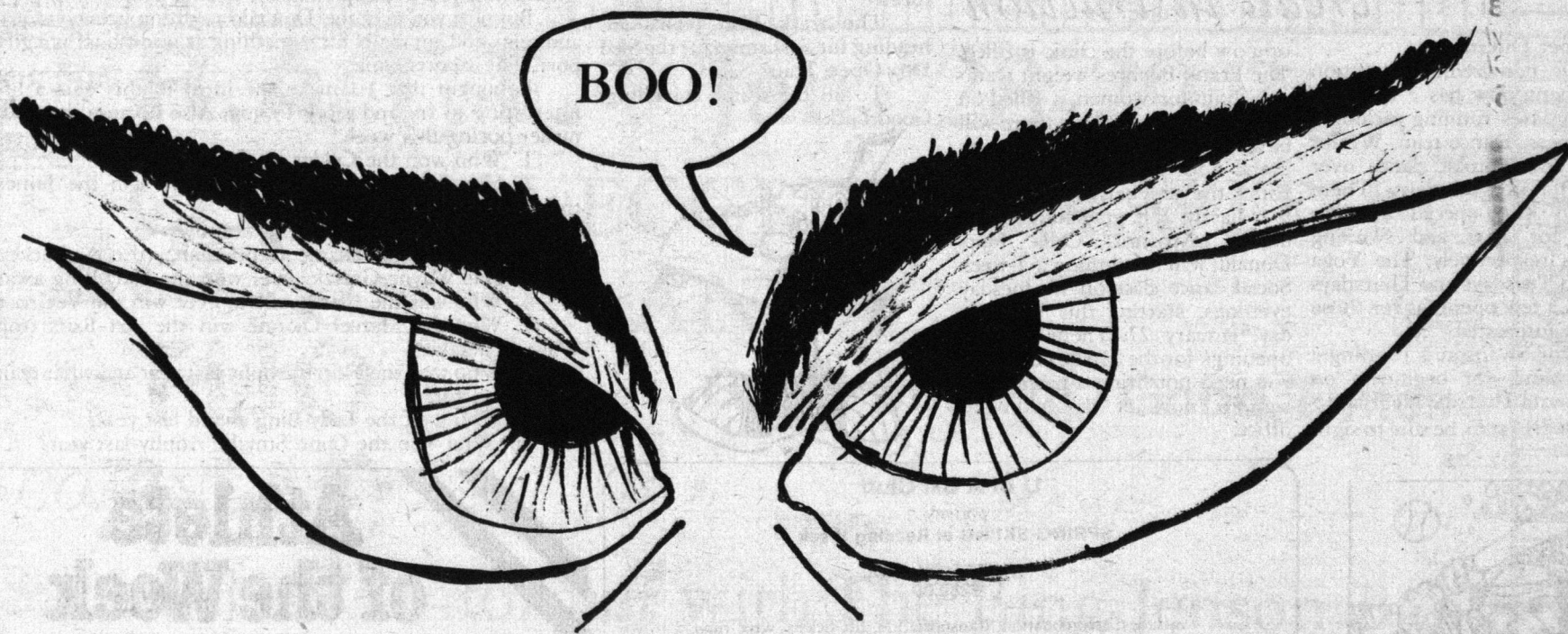
Set against him is the handsome Turk, Nuri Bey. As the leader of the ruling Turks he is a fair and just man. This last point is important. The Turks are not wicked oppressors. They leave the Greeks alone and Crete is peaceful for years. Then a surge of patriotic fever strikes. The Greeks rise up and take the Turkish quarter. Then, inevitably, the Turkish army comes and puts down the insurrection. This bloody pattern repeats with every generation.

Nuri Bey wants to avoid such strife but when he attempts parlay with Captain Michales he runs into a wall of tradition and hatred. The antagonism is made more complex by the tight linking of the two figures. Captain Michales and Nuri Bey grew up together in the village, and even came to be so close as to become blood brothers. That two such friends can be divided by diverging loyalties is tragic, and gives the book greater depth. Their masculine sense of dignity and honour drives the novel along.

Kazantzakis draws us into this world with vivid language, that captures the heat of the dusty streets, the sharp taste of warm wine, the sweaty faces of fighting men. It is as if the burning sun of the Mediterranean has enflamed the passions of all involved, giving the scene a touch of noble madness. No one acts sensibly but everyone acts gloriously.

One of the key images in the book is that of an old man being taught how to write by his great-grandson. Having learned this rudimentary skill, the old and sick patriarch climbs a ladder, paints a defiant "Freedom or Death" upon the wall, and dies happy. That sort of patriotic fervor fills the novel, coming across with the intensity of the noon sun searing the rocky hills of Crete.

*Freedom or Death* is available from Touchstone Books and is well worth whatever price is being asked for it.



## The eyes haven't got it

Dreamweaver  
SUB Theatre, Jan. 27

review by Diana Taschuk  
and Colette Charest

*Dreamweaver*, a musical slide presentation, is the story of Rick, a young man who is looking for meaning in his life. Rick is very happy until a road accident results in the death of his wife. He tries to escape from the pain through alcohol and drugs. He wanders drunkenly into another accident that places him on the brink of

death.

Here he has visions of hell and the devil, and realizes that something is missing in his life. Eventually Rick finds truth in the Bible.

All ends well for Rick, and the audience is left feeling very happy for him.

However, the frightening stereotypes of the devil used in the presentation are simply scare tactics to "bring one to Christ". This method is not convincing, and is offensive. The recurrence of dark, evil eyes, skeletons, devilish apparitions,

and spine-chilling sound effects are simplistic attempts to manipulate emotions. These apparitions prey on fears of the unknown like hell, life after death, and the devil. Apparently, only being "Born Again" provides an escape from all these horrors.

This is the message and it proved to be the solution for Rick. Even so, we were disheartened by the view that there is no hope in any other way of life. You are given no choice, and there appears to be little room left for discussion.

Either you believe in God, or you go to hell.

It is unfortunate that the excellent photography and musical score was not used for something other than unrelenting and incessant propaganda to convert anyone who was willing pay three dollars to see the show.