

# arts

## Film society announces third series

Edmonton Film Society begins a series of feature films and shorts from France on October 12 in Henry Marshall Tory Theatre, U of A. The series will range widely to cover at least one example of each significant movement embodied in the French film industry. Part of the reason for the remarkable vitality of the French film must lie in the fact that most filmmakers were allowed a free hand to make personal films from the very beginning instead of having to win this freedom by directing first a number of potboilers. The characteristic training ground for young directors was the short film, and the Film Society has scheduled a number of these to accompany the features.

Seven features will be screened, all with English subtitles. The price of the series is \$10. Tickets are now available at the HUB ticket office, and all Woodward's outlets. They will also be sold at the door before screenings.

The series begins Oct. 12 at 8 p.m. with Rene Clair's silent farce, *The Italian Straw Hat* (1927), about a man who must postpone his wedding when his horse eats a lady's straw hat. This comedy established the reputation of the man called "the most French of all filmmakers."

The other films are:

Oct. 19 *Boudou Saved From Drowning* (1932) a warm, affectionate comedy by Jean Renoir, featuring Michel Simon as a wonderfully cranky tramp who unmercifully disrupts a bourgeois household. After three years of effort in trying to obtain a print of this film, the Film Society has at last been successful.

Nov. 2 *Le Corbeau* (1943) another previously unavailable film, directed by H.G. Clouzot, it's an ingeniously suspenseful thriller about mysterious poison pen letters that scandalize a small French town,

provoking tensions and suicides.

Nov. 9 *Life Upside Down* (1963) with the "New Wave" came the reaction in French films against the smooth "classical" narrative line. One example is *Life Upside Down*, (1963) in which a young man becomes obsessed by the beauty and mystery of such objects as wrought-iron table legs or a broken egg. The alienated, mad, or ultimately sane? The film offers a complex answer.

Nov. 16 *Band of Outsiders* (1964) Jean Luc-Godard's film about two burglars and their girl friend, representing all those who retreat into fantasy worlds to save themselves from a repressive society.

Nov. 23 *Le Voleur* (1967) has another burglar-hero, this time played by Jean-Paul Belmondo. Louis Malle's account of a nihilistic young man's chronic addiction to crime is set in the late 19th century and filmed in superb color. With Genevieve Bujold.

Nov. 30 *L'Amour Fou* (1968) is a four-hour film by Jacques Rivette in which a producer and his actress-wife rehearse Racine's *Andromache* in front of TV cameras - filming a cinema-verite documentary. Through the interplay of fact and fiction, Rivette creates a demanding and fascinating film about the evanescence of human contact.



Jean-Paul Belmondo as the title character in Thief of Paris (*Le Voleur*).



## CON

by Ambrose Fierce

Immediately, the two friends were scuffling on the floor, Frederick getting the worst of it; he worried about Robert's fists and teeth, and he worried about faculty members — faculty members who might at any moment come upon this scene of carnage. Such persons, Frederick knew, deplored wrangling, unless it be in print. Frederick knew that his worrying was rendering him incapable of rebutting Robert's forceful arguments; he began worrying about his worrying, unwittingly. When he realised that he had become almost immobilized from his dreadful worry about worrying, he became frantic with worry and nearly allowed himself to be twisted into an excruciating tautology by Robert, who was also endeavoring to break Frederick's typewriting finger.

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With a grunt of rage and despair, Frederick managed to tear loose from the debate and dash, stumbling and sprawling and scrambling, from the student lounge, praying that he did not encounter some lachrymose, unpublished professor. He did not. He continued running until he reached the park, where he collapsed on a bench, cursing and sobbing. He was desolate, with reason: the prize money from the short story contest would cover his back tuition, the money for which he had lost, and allow him to graduate; he needed the money badly, but he was forced to concede that Robert had perhaps been right about his story. It did not have much zing.

An organ-grinder sat dozing at the other end of the bench and Frederick noticed that the organ-grinder's monkey was approaching him in a diffident, sidelong manner.

"Got a cigarette bud?"

Frederick, a close observer, realized that this monkey was, in reality, not a monkey, as he had supposed, but an exceptionally hairy human being, tricked out in a monkey suit and harness. This fuzzy individual extended his very long arm and accepted the cigarette.

"Thanks. People call me Longy - because of my arms, I suppose. I'm a trusty at the DuPage County Home for the Bemused an' I work nights for that old Italian fella, name of Luigi. Heh, heh. Usually there's not much work, though, 'cause he's always pretty well boozed up. Say, what's wrong? You look beat - and what's that you got in your hand?"

Frederick handed him the story with a deprecatory gesture. "Something I wrote."

"Really. Mind if I read it? Few coffee stains, but I think I can make it out, all right."

Wearily, but with some curiosity, Frederick watched this furry little fellow as he puffed on

Frederick's cigarette and read the story. After a bit, Longy began shaking his head in amused disbelief.

"Oh, my goodness."

"What's so darn funny?" Frederick was nettled.

"Well, I hardly like to say it -"

"Say what?"

Longy knit his brows and expelled twin jets of smoke from his flaring nostrils. "Bad choice of words, bud." He took the cigarette from his mouth and punctuated his remarks to Frederick with little poking motions. "You're striving for effect (poke) and you're not making it (poke) - not by a mile (poke, poke)." Angrily, Frederick tried to retrieve his manuscript, but his hand, as he reached out, encountered instead the coil of Longy's cigarette at the nadir of one of its emphatic little arcs. He was painfully burned. Keening to himself, hunched over and kissing his hand, he asked Longy in a muffled whine why he was not 'making it'.

"You're not making it, bud, because you're trying too hard - plain and simple. Show ya what I mean: here, on page three, you describe the girl's hair as 'refulgent corona', for Chrissake." Longy indicated the passage in question, burning a small hole in it. "That's tumid, buddyboo, which is another word for ridiculous. I've never read such drivel in my life - hahahahahahaha!" Longy abandoned himself to a fit of hysterical laughter; he clasped his middle so vigorously that his hands met behind him and his fingers intertwined in ecstatic glee; he threw back his head and roared, blood vessels cantilevering from his sloping brow. "Refulgent corona! Oh, hahaha -"

Again, Frederick attempted to recover his story, succeeded this time, and smashed Longy in the mouth, injuring his burned hand extensively on Longy's fangs. With a snarl, Longy sprang at Frederick, forgetting his leash, which was attached to the organ, which was, in turn, cradled in the arms of the besotted Italian. Luigi gave a start, then hung on, terrified, as he was dragged off the bench and through the park. The combatants' progress back and forth over lawns and through flower beds was accompanied by a steady stream of insane Italian squeaks and wrathful simian bellowings. On a tight corner, Luigi was rolled from his back to his stomach and was hauled along Commanche-style, with his face in the grass, for the rest of the trip; in this position he dared not open his mouth to shout for fear of raising divots. As the men were circling the conservatory for the third time they encountered a police officer, who advised them to stop in the name of the law and was trampled, first by Frederick, then by Longy; as the organ and then Luigi jounced over him, the policeman managed to grab the organ grinder's large handlebar moustache, causing Luigi to begin screaming again. The furrow dug by Luigi's lower jaw produced a certain amount of drag which, coupled with the policeman's additional weight, enabled Frederick to gradually outdistance Longy and his adherents.

Frederick wandered for hours in the seedier sections of town, flattening himself in doorways at the slightest sound and craftily doubling back over his route to elude his tormentors should they still, somehow, be following him. It was totally dark, and the contest deadline was very dark.

to be continued

## what's next

### opera

The Edmonton Opera Association presents the *Mikado* tonight at the Jubilee Auditorium. Performances are also scheduled for October 1-3 and the 5th, which is a student matinee. Featured performer is James Billings of the New York City Opera.

### dance

*Separation*, a work by John Juliani, will be performed by Tournesol, Carole and Ernst Eder, October 4-9. Performances start at 8:30 p.m. nightly (with a Sunday matinee at 2:00 p.m.) and take place at Espace Tournesol, 11845 - 77 St. Reservations are advised and can be had by phoning 474-7169, or advance tickets can be had at the Bay, Mike's and Espace Tournesol.

### art

The Edmonton Art Gallery's showing of Stanley Boxer's work runs Oct. 7-30. The one-man show includes recent paintings and not-so-recent paintings reflecting his use of texture and color in abstract composition.

Also at the gallery; *The Fauve Heritage* examines twentieth century art as influenced by the fauvist orientation to color. The exhibition contrasts works by fauvists Marquet Derain and Vlaminck with twentieth century artist Bush, Noland, Louis, Frankenthaler and others. *Color and Abstract painting*, a didactic subset of the show, will run concurrently and deal with the subject of color theory. The shows run till October 30.

### music

Very important jazz vibrophonist Gary Burton leads a quartet composed of musicians of similar stature Wed., October 5 at SUB Theatre. Along with Burton, John Scofield; guitar, Steve Swallow; bass, and Joe LaBarbara; drums will appear. As important as the Keith Jarrett concert of two years ago, the tickets are \$6 and there will be two shows, one at 8 p.m. and one at 10 p.m.

### theatre

Northern Light Theatre's production of *Ten lost Years* opened today at the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre. A musical collage in two parts, it is staged so that viewers can see one or both parts. Performances run as follows: Tuesday, 12:10 p.m. part 1 (The Farm), Wednesday 12:10 part 2 (The City and the Jungle), Thursdays and Fridays at 12:10 and 1:10 p.m. parts 1 and 2 run consecutively and on Saturday evening at 7:30 p.m. both parts are again staged. The play runs till the 21st of October.