

True confessions of a film freak

by Ken Burke

Well, this week I don't particularly feel like writing about something that's wrong in the wonderful world of Entertainment. Instead, I'd rather exercise one of the better privileges that writing for this newspaper allows, and take this space to tell of a hidden treat that's out there for anyone who loves film.

It's called Radio Canada, but you might just know it as the French channel on T.V., the one you flip past on your way to a football game or something, when you should really be doing that term paper that's due tomorrow.

What's special about the CBC French network, besides the fact that they have the silliest commercials in the western world, is that whoever picks the films that play late at night has spectacularly good taste. If a film fan is willing to stay up to a ridiculous time of night, they could see anything from a Buster Keaton silent classic to the latest film by any of Europe's best directors, years before they'll come to Halifax.

The only problem is, naturally the language. If you can understand French, well, you're one up on me. I just follow the flow

and catch what dialogue I can understand. With the best films, you can still understand everything, and with some films, like **Citizen Kane**, they're so visually beautiful that somehow the language difference doesn't matter.

Other than that, they have fewer commercial interruptions than their English T.V. counterparts. To find out what's on, only a good knowledge of foreign film titles will keep you updated by glancing at the TV guide. An always safe bet is Sunday night, however. **Cine-Club** is the name of the program, and they regularly do things like show collections of films by famous directors - at one point they had about 12 weeks of Bergman films; another time they ran through the Bunuel and Rainer Werner Fassbinder careers - or show obscure or neglected films by just about anybody you could think of, or would never hear of. Watching these films every week is almost the equivalent of taking a top-notch film course.

So how did I get involved in watching these movies? Ah, um, you see, it's like this: Playing hockey in your early teens introduces you to all kinds of interesting stuff. In the locker room, the hot word was that

there were these flicks on late at night - FRENCH (nudge, nudge, know wot I mean) - and they showed EVERYTHING! Well, being a hot-blooded boy of twelve who didn't know shit from sexism, I began staying up late to ogle and do what no kid

ever admits doing 'till they reach that age where you show off your physical oddities. BUT...then I began to really watch the movies: to pick out the good from the bad. I realized that the best were miles above the movies I had seen (**Song of**

Norway, Breakout, Airport '75), and that, sports fans, was how I became a film freak. In the interim, though, I did some pretty strange things while watching some of the best movies ever made. Ah, such are the pleasures of art...

Gilt lends justice to energy rock

by Walter G. Speirs

When I watched **Gilt** do their sound check, the first thing I noticed was that lead singer, **Shane Moore**, exuded fresh musical energy and projected it to every part of the room. During the rest of the night he bounced and strutted, singing with all the enthusiasm, humour and feeling that makes this band a rising star on the Canadian rock scene.

Gilt is from Montreal and also has four other members: **Mark Delahanty** on lead guitar, who has a faint resemblance to Rod Stewart, **Kim Moore** (Shane's older brother) on drums, **Luc Guerin** on bass, and on keyboards class **Berkeley Taylor** who seemed to have some girls mesmerized with his "David Bowie" look and robot antics.

Their entourage also includes Justin, Pierre and Ray, the road crew.

Gilt is high energy, new wave rock; their music is all about us, "by us." "Designer Dilemma" is about a guy who is infatuated by girls "with a name on the back of her ass." "The Vultures" warns you of guys who are into devouring the next guy's girlfriend. **Gilt** writes from experience. Some people in a small western Ontario bar were the stimulus for a song called "The Clone Boys." Male chauvinism is the theme behind "My Little Robot" and female chauvinism is found in "How Come You're So Skinny?"

Today's pessimism is alive and well in **Gilt's** original material. Solid pulsating drumming,

smooth, almost demure clavinet (keyboards) and a sharp, crisp lead guitar have sparked interest in the band by various record labels. Their show also includes credible executions of songs by Rough Trade, The Police (Sting likes **Gilt**), Elvis Costello, Split Enz, The Cars, The Monks, and others.

Gilt has been together for about two and a half years and has received a "tres bien" reception here in the East, most recently at St. F.X. and Saint Mary's. They continue their "university tour" at UPEI and Acadia before arriving here at Dalhousie on Saturday. After that they return to Montreal to prepare for their first tour out west in the spring. So... if you are **Gilty**, be at the Super Sub this Saturday night.

Christmas Notes

By Gisele Marie Baxter

Sometimes I ask myself what's the use of criticism. Why write about arts and entertainment when the evening news assaults you with images of strife and violence, poverty and suffering, the threats offered as our "future" -- shouldn't our diversions serve only to keep our minds off these images for a while, without someone trying to interpret them?

Maybe. But films and books and music can serve crucial roles in our lives as members of the audience, as they do for those who create them. At best, they can represent a three-way communication, between artist and audience and the great scheme of things. They can alter or expand our field of vision, giving warning and hope. Whether created for the many, or for smaller circles, works motivated by passion and vision live with us forever -- and no matter how tragic in implication they are, they're still affirmations, not the hate-driven venom of destroyers, those who would teach us bigotry.

Of course, we're each unique -- we have our own preferences, but too often we tend to use that as an excuse for dismissing those of others. There's absolutely no law saying we have to like everything; that would make it all pretty dull, anyway. But we

shouldn't be so afraid of diversity. After all, there are strong validities in so much: in something like a Beethoven symphony or a Gregorian chant, in a play like Shakespeare's **King Lear**, in a film like **Treasure of the Sierra Madre**, a poem like Yeat's "Sailing to Byzantium," a song like Pete Townsend's "Won't Be Fooled Again," which is as powerful in his acoustic

version as in the Who's rock style...

Passion and vision. Writing about entertainment and the arts is exciting, for me at least, because sometimes it can make you feel as if you're part of something very important -- somebody has a valid message to get across, and you have the chance to interpret it, to help share it. Maybe that's pretentious, and there is a great deal of mediocrity to be dealt with, but it all becomes part of a larger perspective: music or drama or whatever you're writing about is part of something quite overwhelming; part of the world you have to confront.

Christmas can be a season of hope and wonder; a season of believing in the light. Even as we watch the nuclear arms build-up escalate, the political strife in countries like Poland and El Salvador and Ireland, and the poverty and suffering of the Third World, we can't allow ourselves to become soured cynics. The people who are victims of this tragedy and violence are people, just as we are -- for their sake and ours, we have to remember that, and desire peace with passion. The artists whose works live forever with us are those who affirm what's best in the human spirit. There is no bright future promised for this world if we're not willing to believe in it, and work for it, learning the lessons of past and present.

I'd like to thank everyone who contributed entertainment copy during my editorship this semester; I'd especially like to thank my Assistant Entertainment Editor, Ken Burke, for his help, his film reviews, and his ideas. To all these people, and to all of you, I wish all the best in this season.

