

# HILLIS ON THE BOUNTY

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## CARIBBEAN CRUISE

From Panama, we were faced with the short cruise through the Caribbean to New Orleans. On our first day out we met our first bad weather since leaving Vancouver. But it lasted only a couple days. Soon we were in the midst of an unbelievably blue expanse of water, completely unruffled by the slightest trace of wind. Travelling under sail alone, we could make speeds of up to thirteen knots. But now under diesel power only, the best we could do was about eight or nine knots. Gone was the creaking and groaning characteristic of the Bounty under sail. The only sound was the muffled humming of the diesels. Heat became worse than it had ever been before. The salt tablets which had appeared just after we left San Francisco came into their own. For over a week the lowest temperature we recorded was 83 degrees, and the surrounding sea water sometimes reached temperatures of 89 degrees.

After we had travelled the eighty or so miles up the Mississippi to New Orleans, we not only had the heat to contend with, but also the more land bound nuisances, mosquitoes. For the first time all summer my hay-fever acted up. None of these things stopped New Orleans from being one of the best ports we visited. Night life was, to say the least, jumping, and the hospitality was unbelievable. Here we recorded our highest daily number of visitors, over thirty-five thousand.

Some of the crew succumbed to the tattoo urge, and a local artist etched pictures of the Bounty under full sail on upper arms and fore arms. The only complaint heard from these so decorated was that the sails had a tendency to blow out when one flexed one's bicep.

At our next port of call, Miami, we went through the now quite normal gamut of being celebrities, and spending our off duty hours seeing the sights of the city. Worthy of mention in Miami is the Playboy Key Club, where we spent a very enjoyable evening as the guests of the organization.

## ALL QUESTION ANSWERED

By this time we were all becoming quite used to the questions of the visitors (we were

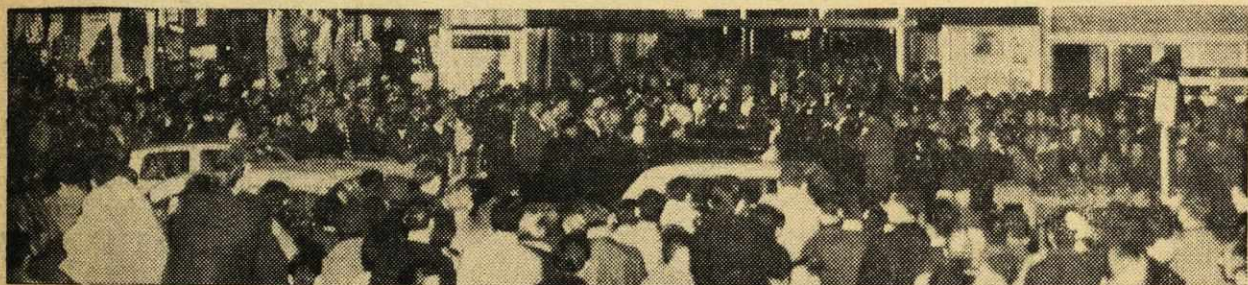
Miami, the crew was well decorated with newly acquired tattoos, beards and hair long enough to braid. Because of a genetic factor, I did not indulge in the hirsute craze, but availed myself of the other possibilities and returned home with hair down to my shoulders. I felt that I really looked the part of the 18th century sailor, until one visitor cautiously approached and asked me if I was a member of the crew. When I answered yes, the comment was "But you look so ordinary!"

## EUROPE, BUT AU REVOIR

From Miami, we journeyed on to Boston. Our next port of call was to be Calais, France and a short stay in England before returning to New York for the premiere of "Mutiny on the Bounty." However, the summer was drawing to a close, and it did not appear that I would get back soon enough to return to Dalhousie. In Boston I signed off and gave in to contemporary life by flying home.

The return home was viewed with mixed emotions: glad to be free of the gold fish bowl living of catering to 25-30,000 people a day in port and the boredom of galley work, but immensely sorry to leave the ship and the crew with which I had had so much fun. It was the experience of a life time and probably the last chance anybody will have to go to sea as one should go to sea, under sail and free from mechanized red tape of modern sea life.

Rumours of Bounty's future are varied. Plans at the moment call for her to be refitted completely as the original, tearing out modern appliances and fittings, and making her authentic below, as well as above deck. This will probably ruin her for future sailing under her own power, for these changes would probably make her unacceptable under Transport regulations. The movement among Nova Scotians seems to have died out. However, we who have had the privilege of sailing on her are hoping and praying that she will not be retired, and that someday soon we will again sail on a mutiny-less BOUNTY.



**CROWDS OF VISITORS** swarmed the Bounty crew of celebrities wherever they landed—Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Miami, Boston, Calais, London, New York.

careful not to use the term 'Tourist'). The basic questions were about the building of the ship: she was built by the Smith and Rhuland shipyards of Lunenburg at a cost of \$750,000 to MGM. Bounty carried a total of ten thousand square feet of canvas, and all the running rigging laid end to end would stretch ten miles. It was all functional. We travelled under sail usually, the diesels being used primarily to get into and out of port and to provide a constant for navigation. These and other questions concerning concrete questions concerning the ship's structure were easily answered. A little harder were the ones based on erroneous information, for example, "Where are the oarlocks, I know they used to row, so where did they put the oars?" What can you say? And by the time the summer was over we were all tired of the statement that began "I bet that Captain Bligh didn't have . . . on his ship." The blank can be filled with anything from water cooler to flush toilet.

The next set of questions usually concerned your own personal connection with the ship. If you said that you were not in the movie, you got into the endless series of questions about why, so it was easier to say yes, and the visitor would just leave, an expression of awe on his face. Sometimes, they stayed long enough to ask my personal position.

Was I an Albe Seaman?

No.

Well what was I then?

The messboy.

This usually guaranteed an end to the interrogation.

We had all become quite taken with the part we had to play for the visitors. Hence by

# COMMENT

By JOSEPH CLARK

J. Frank Willis, familiar for "Close-Up", was on a CBC radio program reading and discussing citizen letters about the CBC. Not unusually, two of the critical letters referred to the television program "Quest". One of these from a "ladies' church group in the Maritimes" and applied such ladies' church group objectives as "trash" to a "Quest" interview with Playboy magazine magnate Hugh Hefner. The other more moderately asked if the description "'adult' need necessarily be synonymous with 'unwholesome.'"

Mr. Willis has answers, answers familiar to anyone who has thought, or argued, about censorship and expression; (1) artistic tastes are as various as individuals, and what is "trash" to Charles might be treasure to Chuck; (2) the "Quest" plays and programs are not immoral or unwholesome in themselves, but merely at times portray or report an immorality, or degeneracy, or difference that is a fact of life in our world; and (3) anyway, "Quest" is shown at an hour when malleable children should be in bed, and can be banished from an offended living room by the flick of a switch.

These are all acceptable arguments when related to an off-Broadway play, or a book privately published. But do they apply with equal force to such a medium as the CBC, which is maintained by public funds?

This element of enforced public support can be held to qualify the role and the freedom of the CBC in at least two respects. First, it perhaps imposes a responsibility to respect the more fundamental taboos of the society which is paying the shot. To do so, certainly, is a restriction of freedom; perhaps it is a denial of the motive force of art and thought. It is doubtful that one can seek whatsoever things are true while honoring taboos. But taboos are a part of Canada, an important part to those who hold them, and one of the rights our society must believe in is that of each individual to select and relish his own taboos.

What is pertinent, in relation to "Quest" and the CBC, is the question: has a Canadian citizen the right to expect that a public medium he helps pay for will not attack the standards he believes in? That should not be answered academically or ideologically, for operating the CBC is a problem neither abstract nor, to any but a radical few, ideologic. Practically, it is impossible to operate a network that does not deeply offend someone. And it is foolish to assume that the public would long endure so complete an assault on what are called taboos as a continuous prime-time pitch for communism or atheism. It is impossible to be either completely free or completely inoffensive. What acceptable ground lies between?

It depends upon one's interpretation of the role of publicly-supported broadcasting. Is it to be an aggressive agent of Education and Culture, sweeping ballet to the boondocks and Crawling Arnold to the Bible Belt? Or should it but entertain and inform in the limited sense that news broadcasts informs?

Here is raised the second potential qualification of the freedom of the CBC. To say the CBC exists to educate is to say (1) that there is a public good to be served by spreading, to every Canadian, Culture, in the sense of appreciation of "good" music and "good" drama, and Awareness, in the form of knowledge that however happy you are somewhere in the world are homosexuals, persecutions and starving children; and (2) that the State should undertake this dissemination. Many Canadians would disagree with that first statement, and very many more with the second.

The alternative role is that of Entertainer and Informer, with CBC doing what private broadcasters can't or won't, catering to that minority who already appreciate "good" music, "good" drama, or interviews with Norman Mailer. This minority has rights as valid as those of the prairie Baptist, who has a fundamental aversion to homosexuality in her living room.

The distinction between roles of Education and Entertainment has practical significance, which is as well seen in regard to "Quest" as anywhere. If a network's purpose is Education, it will unblinkingly run a show attacking monogamy or the Roman Catholic church. If the purpose is merely Entertainment, it may reject a theme predictably repulsive to many potential viewers, on the ground that Entertainment of one minority does not justify agitation of another.

# MOVIES

## THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS

review by Barry G. T. Mills

Peter Sellers has added another character to his gallery of portraits in comedy. A retired general with a wandering eye for any female in a bustle is not an original theme but Sellers with his comic art manages to create something special (indeed without him the film would be a guaranteed flop). Co-starring Dany Roman (not at all unpleasing to the eye), Margaret Leighton and John Fraser. The film, set at the turn of the century, is based on the play by Jean Anouilh.

The story opens on the day of General Fitz-Johns retirement, and on that day too, the French lady to whom he has laid a long siege of seventeen years, in final desperation crosses the channel to present herself for the capture. But the general is already married and has two daughters. ("My God, They're ugly", he says.)

None-the-less, the Mademoiselle has even provided ammunition for the general in the form of compromising love letters from his wife to a lover. Thus the battle of the sexes begins.

The resulting scenes are masterpieces in continuity of effect, an art in which the British have no equal. Pure farce is about as difficult to maintain in flight as a lead balloon but levity in this film is promoted by following one scene with another equally as amusing and usually with an unexpected turn.