

Churchill Square gets cornflake art

Hundreds of thousands of corn flakes were artistically strewn across Sir Winston Churchill Square last Thursday. This was not an act of vandalism, but part of the Edmonton Art Gallery's "Place and Process" exhibition.

World-famous artist Les Levine directed the eight or nine participants as they sprinkled, spread, threw and dumped the contents from 250 jumbo packages of Kellogg's Corn Flakes on the grass.

Mr. Levine explained that when he originally conceived the project he was under the misconception that it was to be performed in a corn field. He would then be planting back into the field its original produce after it had undergone technological metamorphosis. That Churchill Square is not a corn field and that a chill drizzle was falling did not seem to faze Mr. Levine and the other participants.

Another aspect of the work, said Mr. Levine, was a graphic demonstration of food being wasted while people are starving.

"Narrow White Flow", by German artist Hans Haacke, is a 36-foot-long nylon sheet that undulates along the floor inside the Gallery. Bring your seasick pills.

Air, water and liquid soap emerges in the form of bubble masses from 16 metal pails and a wash basin. These are arranged on ladders, planks and the Gallery

floor. Artist David Medella calls the cumulative effect "Cloud Canyon".

Commenting on a gadget called "Bubble Machine", the artist, John Van Saun, says, "I get a great deal of pleasure watching other people watch the Bubble Machine. There is an obvious life-death cycle in the work."

Other exhibits in the show are various inflated plastic objects, in-

cluding three "Silver Pillows" by Andy Warhol.

What is the raison d'etre of this type of art? Willoughby Sharp, organizer of Air Art, says, "Painting and static sculpture are obsolete. They no longer relate to reality. They are anachronisms because they are irrelevant to our contemporary technological situation. It's idiotic and immoral to make such objects as art now".

Tim Buckley sings bequests of vestal virgins

Happy Sad: Tim Buckley
ELEKTRA EKS 74045

Tim Buckley sings of love. All his selections seem to be bequests of vestal virgins. Buckley seems to have lost his compass in search of Utopia.

Buckley's lyrics are clichés of the folk and blues world. As I listen to him, I feel rather compelled to sit in a coffee house, downing bennies and rocking back and forth to his "caucasian" blues. The words are almost totally sublimated by the instrumentation of his more than competent group. Buckley uses the facilities of his voice more as an extra instrument than as a verbal communication.

The super electronia displayed by many groups is missing. It certainly is a relief! John Miller, on acoustic bass, uses both the pluck and the bow techniques. The lead guitar of Lee Underwood is reminiscent of Wes Montgomery. Vibes and bass marimba (David Friedman) add an overall lazy summer-afternoon touch to most selections. Tim Buckley himself plays a 12 string guitar with all the simplicity of his lyrics. The total result, with the addition of sounds of the sea, wind and fowl, is symphonic.

Although it is difficult to say much about single cuts, there are 3 of the 6 which deserve mention. *Love from Room 109 at The Islander* (On Pacific Coast Highway) places me back on the sea wall at Stanley Park . . . *Sunset . . . Female companion . . . Gypsy Woman . . .* the only piece that makes you want to get up, grunt, grind your pelvis and make love! The raw wailing and the rhythm of the conga and vibes is bound to

set your heart on fire. *Strange Feelin'* is a cold claw digging into your heart. Dig it! You've felt it.

Buckley sets the mood and throws you a few key phrases and off you go into your own private world.

By the way, Buckley will be in town on the 26th of this month.

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Close Up: Lou Rawls
CAPITOL SWBB 261

Chances are if you've been turned on to Lou Rawls before you'll snicker at the crass commercialism of this album. The *Close-Up* series is a collection series. All the cuts on this album are re-released. If you've just turned on to Lou Rawls this two-record set will definitely be a bargain as it includes all of the best of this tremendously versatile vocalist.

* * *

Unfinished Music No. 2: Life With The Lions
John Lennon & Yoko Ono
ZAPPLE ST 3357

For over 5 years the Beatles have set precedents in music. Orchestras have re-done their melodies. Many groups have tried to follow in their footsteps.

Now, marked by the famous bed-in, John and Yoko have struck out into the world of the Avant-Garde!

Cambridge 1969 gives all the intimate feeling of a complaining, unfortunate oriental, constipated by long grain rice and matzo balls. Yoko just wails on and on and on.

Radio Play: Twelve minutes and thirty-five seconds of radio distortion.

Two Minutes Silence: Which is just what the name implies, is the only cut worth mentioning. But at the going rate of five dollars per album, I'm sure I'll be able to get those two minutes less expensively.

If the time spent on this album is devoted to art, then so is all the time I spend in the men's room.

—W. Broersma



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Films

The two theatres close to the university campus have two different and long-standing policies: the Garneau, apparently pegging the main interest of university students as prurient interest in the female bosom, specializes in foreign skin flicks, while the Varscona deals exclusively in long, long playing musical road shows. Occasionally, it would appear by accident, both theatres come up with something worth seeing; and when the planets are in the proper conjunction, perhaps once in five years, both theatres at the same time offer us delicious movie fare.

Such a time is now. You are prepared for *Belle de Jour*, at the Garneau, by a newly-finished lobby done in passionate red. Sit in the scarlet splendour of this room for a few moments, and your hormones are ready for anything. Then, suffer through a fifteen-year-old and simply horrible short feature (another long-standing tradition at the Garneau), a cartoon, and a preview of the next "Italian style" pot-boiler, and your emotions are in a suitably confused state for what follows.

What follows is this: Severine (Catherine Deneuve, who can't act worth a damn but has a very pretty face which is perpetually locked in the expression of self-pity and sexual repression necessary in her films) is married to Pierre, a nice young man who is successful, rich, handsome, understanding, and—well, let's face it—not much of sexual fireball. Catherine is, in a word, up tight about sleeping with her husband (after seeing her in *Repulsion*, I'm beginning to think that Deneuve is destined to be the Doris Day of the foreign film)—she seeks brutalization, and imagines herself being used by sadists and necrophiles.

At last, acting on the suggestion of her husband's friend, she signs up at the local brothel. Madame Anais, the pleasant but ruthless proprietor, gives Catherine the name "Belle de Jour": because, she explains, "you only come during the day." And so, Belle de Jour until five o'clock and Severine thereafter, Catherine leads her double life, growing closer and closer to her husband as she is subjected to one physical humiliation after another at the bordello. (And if anyone can tell me just what that Chinese has in his little box, I'd be pleased to know—I can't find it in Kraft-Ebbing.)

Catherine is close to the ultimate fulfilment when Marcel, a slimy young tough who raises the money for his visits by rolling little old men in elevators, offers her enough non-understanding, non-gentleness and non-handsomeness to counteract the unwholesome influence of Pierre the husband. But he spoils things by wanting to enjoy Belle de Jour after hours, and poor old Pierre, who never knew that any of this was happening, gets shot.

Catherine's fantasies have taken on the image of a coach bearing her to one humiliation after another. Now, when her husband has been told of everything by his friend (see above)—that is, when Catherine has been subjected to more than physical humiliation—she sees the coach for the last time—empty. Her husband is paralysed and blind, but at least Catherine has worked out her problems.

Director Luis Bunuel has done a skilful job of weaving together the elegant and the sordid, the modern and the Gothic, in this study of the psychology of eros. Erotic the film is, not in terms of throbbing bosoms and quivering thighs, but in its exploration of the desires of the modern woman. For, as Pierre's friend remarks, there are not many like Pierre left—the Gothic perversion, perhaps, is replacing the well-balanced approach to life.

* * *

If it's wholesomeness you're after, you'll find it at the Varscona, in *Oliver!* This musical version of Dickens' *Oliver Twist* is not only a fair representation of the novel (except, of course, for the heavy satire in Dickens' work), but a delightful film in itself. Much has been borrowed from the fine old "straight" movie version, which featured Alec Guinness as Fagin, and much has been added by way of expert music and dance.

There is enough saccharine in the film to keep the calory-conscious *Sound of Music* fans happy, but happily the exposure given to young Oliver (who looks like somebody's catamite) is kept to a minimum, while all those wonderfully naughty criminals are used to the fullest. It's worth the price.

—Terry Donnelly