

Films

Lost Sex (at the Roxy) is an unexpectedly pleasant film, though nowhere near as high-powered as that other recent gift from Japan, *Woman in the Dunes*.

I went to *Lost Sex* with misgivings about its director, Shindo, two of whose films have previously found their way to Edmonton—*The Island* (seen several years ago at Film Society) and *Onibaba* (presented two summers ago at the Garneau in a godawfully dubbed version).

Both of these were crudely effective, but the effect tended to wear off while the crudity stuck in my mind.

My spirits weren't raised once I got to the Roxy by seeing the bills outside the theatre, quoting selected New York critics on how terribly sensitive the film was, how it handled a delicate subject with compassion, and so forth.

When I saw the subject of the film was the rendering impotent of a man by the bombing of Hiroshima, my heart really sank. Shindo just isn't very sensitive, and I feared he'd spread on the agonies with a trowel.

The film opens as if it might be like that. But it soon shakes down into a modest, good-humoured, bittersweet story with only the faintest trace of Hiroshima-angst, and that trace smiled at by the film itself.

Shindo's hero is a middle-aged, self-indulgent man, very much absorbed by his disability, who moons around the mountain resort area in which he owns a chalet, watching young lovers do their thing.

This gives Shindo excellent opportunities to exploit the Japanese taste for voyeur scenes. The camera also lingers on many a scenic beauty which could have been lifted from any mid-fifties product of our own beloved National Film Board.

Things cheer up as the hero's middle-aged housekeeper, widowed in the war, emerges as a major character; she is earthy and uncomplaining, and refuses to play up to hero's self-pity.

Eventually he confesses to her, and she conspires to cure him.

Sensitive, subtle? Hardly; but a good story well acted, rising to sublimity at one point: hero, cured, goes into a classical Noh-play routine, and as we watch him we forget the whole vulgarity of modern rootless Japan (yes, I'm afraid it's yet another modern-rootless-Japan movie), carried back to the mystery and potency of the past.

An aside: On buying your ticket at the Roxy you'll be told, "This is a Japanese movie with English subtitles"—a praiseworthy piece of frankness on the Roxy's part, eliminating the distracting mumbles of functional illiterates once they find they actually are going to have to read.

But as I stood watching the ticket-office before the performance, I saw eight or ten patrons turn away once they were warned.

This sort of thing is bound to depress the management of the Roxy, and a depressed management is prone to be reluctant to bring in foreign films except in (ugh!) dubbed versions.

So let's cheer up the good guys at the Roxy! Let's smile broadly when the girl apologizes, and go to the trouble of expressing our pleasure at seeing films properly sub-titled. It may make a difference.

Returning to American fare, we find a new Peter Sellers film at the Capitol, rather awkwardly known as *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*.

Alice B. is evoked not in her capacity as Gertrude Stein's pleasant, self-effacing girl-friend, but as the author of a cookbook containing, as well as more standard recipes, directions for making marijuana brownies.

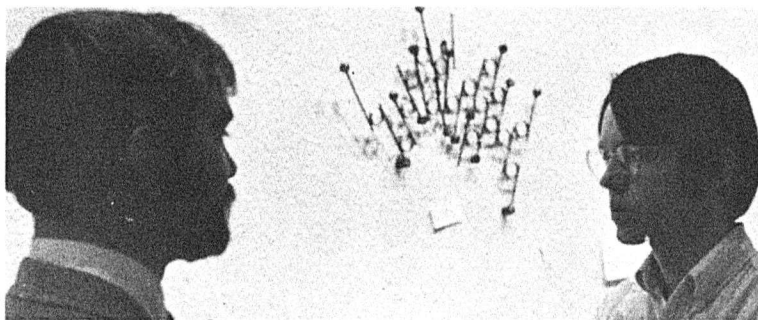
Sellers plays (splendidly) a middle-aged lawyer who bounces between square life and hip life, finding both about equally dead.

Unfortunately (especially since some of the jokes are really good) the film gets hopelessly confused using hip to beat square and vice-versa, until not even the beauty of the girl who plays Sellers' hippie chick can cheer us up.

Interesting film for anyone keen on charting America's collapse; but it left me feeling depressed. The case to be made against the two worlds it pretends to represent is so much more complex than it recognizes. (Compare, for instance, Dylan's "Dear Landlord. . .")

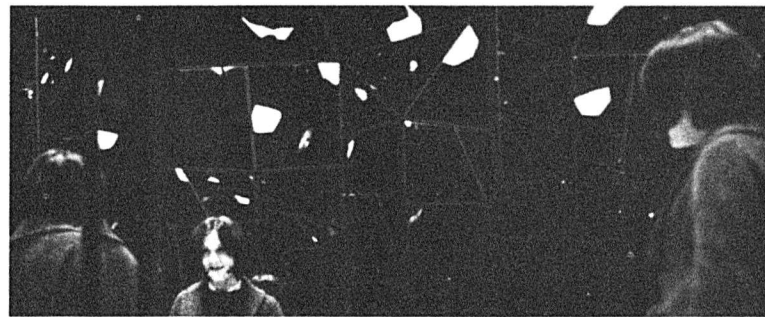
—John Thompson

Gallery overshadows Art Mart



Displays ranged across a very wide spectrum

The work shown was not always as exciting as its environment



Last Friday night, the Edmonton Public Art gallery opened what should prove to be a long and fruitful career. The first public showing in the gallery was an Art Mart, a sort of bazaar featuring the work of local artists.

The evening was significant in two respects. To begin with, it gave the common gallery-goer a fairly accurate picture of the variety and extent of artistic activity in and around the city. Secondly, and this was more exciting I thought, it was the public's first introduction to the gallery itself.

In browsing through this market, I was continually impressed by the tremendous diversity of the Edmonton artists. Nor were we confronted with the same few familiar names. Displays ranged across a very broad spectrum, from the intriguing mathematical op-art of Ihor Dimytruk to a collection of baskets and ceramic buttons by Elsie Kostash. The mart was somehow fitting for the gallery opening, providing a definitive statement on Edmonton's cultural position.

Unfortunately, the work shown was not always as exciting as its environment. All of the contributing artists had reached an acceptable standard of technical competence, but often there was little more than this to recommend their work. Barbara Roe Hicklin seemed particularly guilty of this, but she was not alone. Two notable exceptions to this were the afore mentioned Mr. Dimytruk and Terry Wilson, whose work showed great awareness of the medium. I was also quite delighted with the copper enamelling of Mr. and Mrs. Frugte.

I do not have enough space to comment on all the artists that contributed, and it would be pointless to do so, as the Art Mart was only a one night stand. However, I would like to make a few points about the gallery itself, which I think stole the show anyway.

Edmonton now has an excellent art gallery. Its facilities include at least six separate galleries (there may be more not yet open), some lined with wool carpeting, a theatre, provisions for a coffee house, a children's gallery, and a teacher's room.


The gallery unfortunately is not yet finished. They have no furniture, no clocks, some of the galleries are not finished. The theatre has not seats. The only hand rails for the open staircase are fir two by sixes. The gallery can't afford these things.

If there are any millionaires reading this article, which I doubt, I have a question for them: are you supporting the gallery? If not, why not?

encore!

Lapinette


the advertising bunrab. by Thompson



Lapinette, illustrating her short hop technique.

One day our lapinary friend was busy making a short hop across campus when she espied a truck transporting copious quantities of carrot cupcakes.


but such culinary consummations call for capital.



Lapinette, demonstrating her desire for carrotic cupcakitude.

and capital, kiddies, means like banks.


funny we should mention that.



little lappy, showing a propensity for pecuniosity and velocity simultaneously.

now lappy was short of cash. this isn't surprising, because we would be hard put to advertise this way if she weren't.

so she romped over to the Campus Bank, which was nearby, natch, and garnered a few pfennigs therefrom.



the drawback...

and she still had time to catch the cupcake vendor and blow the lot before he was out of sight.

so we have a happy lappy.

but one problem.

at this rate we'll soon have the fattest rabbit in town.

why not hop over?

bank of montreal

campus bank

a capital place. 112th St. and 87th Ave.