

good. This he does through the use of a single individualized rebel character (there's no need to confuse things, it seems), a young man named Pedro. This benign boy wears Nikes on his feet and pulls a Baltimore Orioles cap on his head before he whips a curve ball that happens to be a grenade into a bell tower held by government soldiers. As any American male viewer knows, a kid with an arm like that can't be all bad. While there is still joy in Mudville, the shutterbug, his sweetheart, and the would-be Cy Young Award winner swagger away from the rubble. Pedro remarks, "I like the Sandinistas—and I like the Baltimore Orioles." Before the viewer can figure out that the nicest thing that can be said about the forced correspondence between the two organizations is that it is diabolical, dear Pedro is shot—by the vicious American mercenary. From that point on, grosser emotions are the keynote; the American lovers hop into bed with the revolutionaries.

Since the audience is by this time, presumably, fully on the side of the protagonists, who are on a constant sweaty run away from the soldiers who would like

to shoot them, and with good reason, the beef and cheese confections can stoop to any levels and pervert truths in any manner for the Sandinistas, who come off like a scrubby Little League team taking on (inept) pros. All aspects of the film support this stance. For example, a bus filled with explosives (a favorite deadly tool of terrorists) destroys a tank and Jerry Goldsmith's upbeat music booms out as if the audience is to leap up and perform a variation on the rumba. Finally, the state is smashed, and there's real dancing in the streets of Managua, sort of like there was in the streets of Baltimore last October. The journalist-heroes arrive on the scene to buy souvenirs—rebel flags, or pennants—then drive off in a taxi to wreak their romantic havoc in another part of the world about which they are equally ignorant. The audience leaves the theater, thinking itself entertained and enlightened about current events and foreign policy. But the images they have seen, which are free of Cuban or Soviet "advisers" (yet there is a tableaux straight out of *Che!*), are about as true to life as are the mirrors at a carnival sideshow. (SM) □

the 1960's that practiced in suburban two-car garages and played in junior high school gyms. The album is *Dead*, we think.

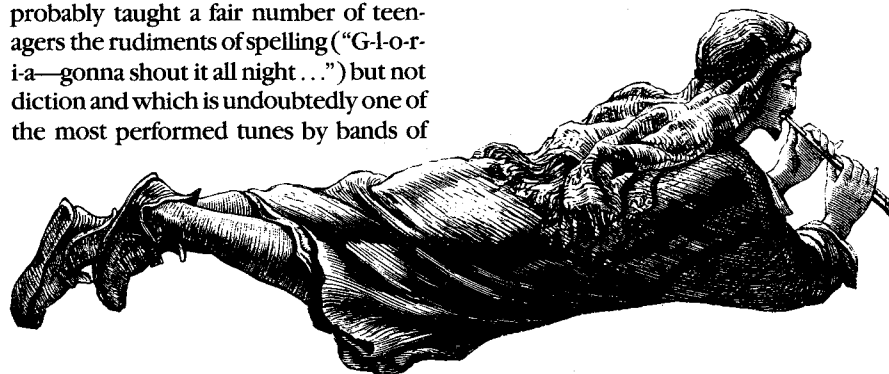
Coincident with the release of *Alive, She Cried*—though accidentally so, we suspect—Ray Manzarek, former keyboard player of The Doors, appeared with *Carmina Burana* (A&M Records), his arrangement of Carl Orff's cantata, which was first performed in 1937. Orff, as is well known by people who keep tabs on such things, based the *cantiones profane*, "Songs of Beuron, Profane Songs," on 13th-century manuscripts. In a sense, the mere idea of a man who played a Farfisa organ in a rock band performing Orff's work is outrageous, but that's only if the musicians who perform what is generally considered to be degenerated noise are thought to have leaped fully undressed from the top of a Fender amp. Many of the so-called "rock" musicians (an ill-defined epithet) had to practice, practice, practice the same things that those musicians of a similar age who now play in symphony orchestras had to endure. Manzarek is not the first keyboard player of his type who has selected a piece of music that is not based on feedback and heavily amplified bass drums; Keith Emerson, for example, has been doing it for years: witness his versions of works by Mussorgsky, Copland, and Bernstein. Actually, Manzarek's choice is more fitting than it is odd. The lyrics (which are in Latin, a language which few hear sung in these post-Vatican II days) are full of desire, decadence, decay, and drinking; Jim Morrison

## MUSIC

### Recycling

Jim Morrison is dead and buried and thriving in Paris. That is a fact, not the name of a new bit for the dinner theater circuit. Morrison—the rock singer who had his loins between his ears and pretensions of being a filmmaker (Pauline Kael admired him) and a poet (a sort of Gordon Lightfoot in leather pants)—has overcome the fickleness of the public spotlight; he has managed to become more popular more than 10 years after he died in a French bathtub than he was when he drunkenly prowled through L.A. Sales of albums by The Doors, the group Morrison headed, are high, better than ever. So it makes sense—and dollars—for Elektra to bring out *Alive, She Cried*,

an album containing live (once-upon-a-time, that is) performances by The Doors. One of the numbers featured is the standard "Gloria," the song that probably taught a fair number of teenagers the rudiments of spelling ("G-l-o-r-i-a—gonna shout it all night...") but not diction and which is undoubtedly one of the most performed tunes by bands of



wouldn't have felt odd shouting them. (Fortunately, a more conventional choral approach is employed.)

Manzarek's *Carmina Burana* was produced by Philip Glass and Kurt Munkacsi. Munkacsi has done a great deal of production work with Glass; he also worked with the other rock corpse that refuses to die, John Lennon. Glass is appropriate to the project. While *Carmina Burana* includes a significant number of ostinatos, it is less repetitive than Glass' work tends to be (e.g., "Etoile Polaire" on his *North Star* album [Virgin Records]).

Not only has he mastered loops, he seems to have developed a sense of how the past can be melded into the present in a workable way. As such, the synthesizers and other instruments of this generation used in *Carmina Burana* become unobtrusive, for the most part. While not an unqualified success, Manzarek's recording is a serious work. It will undoubtedly end up in the cutout racks at the youth-oriented music stores that will stock it. The Doors albums, in the same stores, of course, will become more dear. (SM) □

## ART

## Léger

**Peter de Francia: *Fernand Léger*; Yale University Press; New Haven, CT.**

During the fabulous, legendary, supreme outburst of artistic creativity that occurred during the first three decades of this century, concentrated in Europe between Vitebsk and Pyrenees and called "avant-garde" (or the School of Paris, modern abstraction, fauvism, cubism, futurism, expressionism, constructionism, suprematism, surrealism, etc., etc., etc.), Paris became the world's art capital. But the cultural phenomenon itself was overwhelmingly cosmopolitan in nature. Although there were many Frenchmen among the crowd of masters and geniuses that populated the Left Bank ateliers, the number of Spaniards, Germans, Lithuanian Jews, and Russians involved was such that to talk about the art produced in Paris during that period as "French" is to create confusion and misunderstanding. However, among all the Picassos, Chagalls, and Archipenkos, there was Fernand Léger, an arch-Frenchman, a veritable Frenchman's Frenchman. His appearance and manner were both typically French, yet he made, perhaps, the most internationalist contribution to the movement with a bulk of work that could have been painted anywhere in

the world. He always adored what he called "a concrete reality," but ended up, according to his biographer, Professor de Francia, as the conceptualist of "art as spectacle." His naive, voluminous monumentalism always flirted with playfulness of details, colors, graphic paraphernalia. He was a committed communist, but in the Stalin-Zhdanov era of socialist realism, his art was scorned as degenerated imperialist subversion by Soviet critics. His Frenchness of habits and opinionated prejudices put together with his yearning for international brotherhood was an ironic inconsistency for which he had to pay. His contribution to contemporary decorative arts—posters, murals, stage design, advertisement techniques—is immeasurable and priceless.

*Fernand Léger* itself is something of an international work—at least of the Western alliance. The author, whose name sounds Portuguese, is a professor at the Royal College of Art in London; the book was printed in Italy and carries the imprint of an American press. Prof. Francia's text has obvious informative shortcomings: for some reason, Léger's political allegiances, so important in his overall portraiture, are meagerly addressed, and even the date of his death is exceptionally hard to find. □

Letter from Canada:  
Legislating Oppression

by Kenneth McDonald

The appointment of a Parliamentary Task Force on Participation of Visible Minorities in Canadian Society was the latest in a series of attempts to persuade Canadians that their country must become a miniature United Nations in order to substantiate a political theory. The theorist is Pierre Elliott Trudeau; his theory is that "nations belong to a transitional period in world history" and that a pluralistic Canada could become "a brilliant prototype for the molding of tomorrow's civilization."

To this end, the focus of Canada's immigration policy was changed. The country's traditional sources of immigrants—the British Isles, Europe, the United States, and Australia—were given a back seat to Africa, the Middle East, Asia, Central and South America, and the West Indies. Between 1964 and 1968, 84 percent of Canada's immigrants came from its traditional sources. Ten years later, because of policies that discourage immigration from these sources while actively encouraging immigration from elsewhere, that figure had fallen to 50 percent. The objective of the government seems to be to change the character of Canada.

One of the main problems with the legislated approach is that it overlooks the fact that people are different. Conflict can arise between individuals of different origin if the people who go from a native land to live in a foreign one fail to adapt to its customs. It is their insistence upon importing and continuing to practice foreign customs that results in their being treated as foreigners. In this matter of "visible minorities" it is not individuals—natives or newcomers—who are at fault, but the government. Left to them-

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