Canada's man for all the arts—as a prophet of their calamity

By MAX WYMAN

Andre Fortier is reluctant to be a proph et of doom - particularly at a time when the flowers in Canada's cultural garden are proliferating and blossoming as fast and as colorfully as if it were summer all

But facts are facts. And the fact is that from his position as director of the Canada Council -, a position that gives him a unique chance to examine the entrails of the country's body cultural - he foresees crisis and calamity for the arts in Canada well before the end of the century.

Andre Fortier is an administrator, not an artist; he was assistant director and treasurer of the Canada Council for two years in the late 1960s, and spent three years as assistant under-secretary in the secretary of state department before being appointed director of the council three years ago.

But he cares passionately about the arts, and he has devoted himself to nurturing the new artistic growth the country has recently been experiencing: he is a man who lives his job.

Yet here he is now, sitting in a room at the Bayshore Inn, arguing in effect that the very success of the council's work is going to bring about the collapse and change of much of the arts fabric of Canada as we know it. And, he says, it will not

be until the public realizes what it has lost mal in terms of the arts, and we capital-- and demands its replacement by government - that the arts will flourish

Fortier has never been this outspoken in public before: but he is expressing, as he stresses, intuitions of his own - worries that plainly affect him deeply. And because this is no ordinary civil servant, but a man of genuine commitment, he is concerned enough to question as well his own suitability for the job, his own ability to find solutions

"At the moment, there is a difficult period ahead, and I have butterflies in my stomach. I think I understand what this is about and I think I know enough about government to be able to stretch it to its limits to find solutions: as long as I feel I can do that I'll be enthused about the job.

"But at the moment I'm not sure I'm the right person at the right time. Three years ago, I thought I was. Now, I'm not so sure. It's the contraction that I can see coming that bothers me. I'm not sure I can fight it off or find solutions."

The contraction, as he sees it, is inevita-

The Canada Council was launched in 1957 as a result of recommendations from the Massey commission on national development in the arts, letters and sciences: "When we started, the situation was mini-

Initially, fewer than two dozen arts organizations were given funding. But it soon became apparent that regionalization was necessary, and by the late 1960s the council was committed to funding about 50

"Then came another wave - an explosion of artistic creativity throughout Canada of a different type from the one we had experienced in the previous 10 years and council opened the door to all kinds of

For this, more money was needed, spread more widely.

Fortier admits the country's major organizations might have grown faster if policies had been different - if the council had poured milions of dollars, for instance, into the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, "we could by now have a top-ofthe-world orchestra" - but as a matter of principle grant decisions have been related to two basic objectives: the highest possible quality, and the greatest possible

"We feel we have to maintain the earlier commitments we made - and at the same time help stimulate the new growth. But the problem is, where is this going to

Today, the council looks after 200 to 300 groups - and the \$35 million it gives away a year is simply not enough to support their continuing growth. Even with regular increases, there is not likely to be enough in the foreseeable future, either,

What is likely to come according to Fortier, is the big crunch. Followed by state

The argument, as he presents it, is persuasive and, for arts organizations across the country, chilling.

"If we got more funds we could sustain the pace, but I don't think society is prepared to make this investment. Globally, I suppose that society should be prepared to support much larger levels of activities than they do now. The fact is, I don't think they are going to do this for the foreseeable future.

"So what's to happen? No one is going to use the axe. But we will see who will break under inadequate funding.

"This is a crucial philosophical problem. I believe this society has been prepared to finance its education, libraries, archives, partly its museums - and I believe we're on the eve of a situation in which government is going to have to provide appropriate cultural services for its society.

"It may be that government is going to have to think of assuming the funding of state organizations in the performing arts, as is done in broadcasting, education, libraries; they may have to consider the

By SUSAN MERTENS

a lady wrestler."

wrassling material.

women in British Columbia

uation into the Larger World leads almost

15 years later back to the Island, Tahsis

this time, with husband, and three kids.

She never did become a wrestler, but

she has tackled an interesting variety of

situations on her way to becoming a writ-

"You have to have a job. I come from

knew you didn't make much money at

it. And I also knew I wouldn't be comfort-

able starving in a garret . . . University? Who could afford university with four kids

in the family and a year-long IWA strike

just ended? Besides, you only went to uni-

versity if you were going to be a lawyer or

something. It's only now you go to univer-

But finding a job that would keep you

fed and sheltered and in which you would

be accepted as you are - which, ac-cording to Mrs. Hubert, has always been

"something of a misfit" - wasn't all that

easy. After seven months of a two-year

course in psychiatric nursing at Essond-

ale, she quit to become a medical assis-

tant - panhandler, as they are called in

the trade - with the Canadian Air Force.

lousy Eastern winters and the fact that in

the force "things that were important to

But after 18 months the combination of

sity to find out what you want to do."

working-class people and that's the way it

is. I knew I was going to be a writer and

need to accept fuller responsibility for the large companies reaching the peaks of quality, and leave the other elements to a more diversified kind of funding."

He stresses that the crisis has not arrived yet - but it is on its way, helped along in part by a government and a society that "is quite prepared to pour money into the educational system to train people, quite prepared to spend money on preparing performers, but is not prepared to provide the structures in which these people can work. We state principles without considering the consequences."

Much of this, he says, has to do with the country's general attitude to the arts.

"The public still thinks of the arts as a frill. But I think it might reorganize its values if it were deprived of it. I think it would then demand its provision.

"We have been trained to water the flower, to grow it to its maturity. Now we may need to destroy in order to rejuvenate ourselves. Because then people will realize what they are losing - will realize they are being deprived of something important to their quality of life."

When is all this going to happen?

"Within 15 years — by 1990 — certainly by the end of the century. Business can help us in winning 10 years if they want to by getting involved in funding in a bigger way - that 10 years, in fact, may

adjusting ourselves to the idea of state art."

He shrugs, waits, lets the implications

"We've developed all this - we know the energies are there. I think the ball of growth is rolling and I don't think it can come back. But its implications are beyond the sensitization levels of government planners."

He pauses, laughs, emphasizes that he is simply airing a lot of intuitions: "We're really getting deep down into it today." He sounds surprised at himself; he begins to backtrack and retrench.

"Something must happen: we're not going to suffer a total loss. There might be a few casualties. But governments and the people involved will bounce back.

"My hope is that these reflections would begin to become a concern of many people in the arts, in government, in the public generally - and sufficient discussion will. be generated to get solutions quickly.

"These things sound far-out, yes, far-out; perhaps I'm crazy. But it's a deep concern that I've had. The arts scene in Canada, this whole thing, is a living beast. I'm relating to it all the time, I sense it, I react like it. I'm looking for ways to make it explode again. I'll find ways - some way - some day."

Be happy they're riding into the sunset

By LES WEDMAN Sun Movie Critic

"We need a man of grit," says the judge, appealing to his ex-marshall to put back his badge and bring in a gang of murderous desperadoes.

So who else would he be talking to but the man of True Grit, John Wayne, complete once more with eye patch, toupee and a limited vocabulary in the Academy Award-winning role of Rooster Cogburn.

Unfortunately, especially for the moviegoers, in Rooster Cogburn (And the Lady), Wayne is self-consciously paired with Katharine Hepburn, who has won three best-acting Oscars - more than Wayne can count up to, and more than he can handle in his limited qualifications for

In True Grit, he was coupled with Glen Campbell, which would make any actor look good. Opposite Katharine Hepburn, Wayne looks bad despite the fact that Miss Hepburn gives the absolutely worst performance she has ever given in her movie

It is a case of two dinosaurs of Hollywood being mated in the kind of movie that also should be declared extinct. It is a harmless picture, though, one of those gentle, cliched plots that have been in vogue since it was discovered that cowboys occasionally were in love with someone other than their horse.

In Rooster Cogburn (And the Lady), an exploitive sequel to True Grit, there is no heart-thumping relationship between Wavne and Miss Hepburn, merely a growing friendship developed from a first-sight

The movie has Wayne in another go at the role he created in True Grit, only this time he plays it like a rerun of any of



WAYNE AS ROOSTER . . . nothing to crow about

Wallace Beery's late characterizations. Miss Hepburn, on the other hand, seems to be aboard The African Queen again, playing a missionary school teacher in Indian country who is as dead set against "ardent spirits" as she is against other mor-

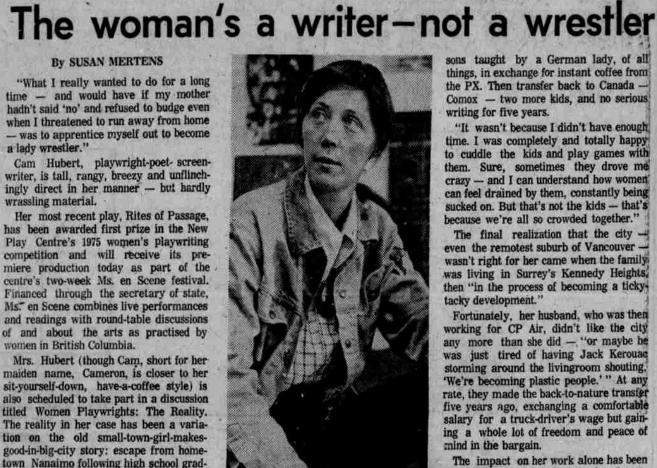
Sinewy Miss Hepburn, with no regard for feminine make-up, rides with Marshall Wayne - much to his regret - to find the outlaw leader who murdered her preacher pa. Naturally, they have to achieve their mission, taking just enough time to establish a fond rapport instead of the loggerhead relationship with which they started.

Except for a few action-filled scenes, predictable but necessary to liven up the movie and get rid of a villainous good guy called Anthony Zerbe, Rooster Cogburn (And the Lady) is a duologue of folksy humor, Biblical quotations and manwoman bickering.

Miss Hepburn does her dialogue in a quavering Bryn Mawr accent that, irritatingly, is all she has going for her in this picture. Wayne makes the most of such lines as this: "If I had my druthers I'd pull a cork with you and jaw all night." An Indian youth, whose family has been wiped out in a massacre, rides along to keep peace between the two, and, in perfect English (American), holds out the only hope that future lawmen will be an improvement on Rooster Cogburn's type of shoot-first hardhead.

You really can't get mad at a nothing entertainment like Rooster Cogburn (And the Lady). For those who don't see many westerns, it's like the good old days. John Wayne fans will love him as always. Katharine Hepburn's followers, though, will get the equivalent of saddle sores watching her demean herself.

The movie is at The Odean today and Thursday. After that let us hope that it will disappear into the sunset as a dusty example of what happens when Hollywood tries to cash in on what wasn't even a good thing to begin with.



CAM HUBERT . . . judge for yourself

me didn't seem important to anyone else" brought this episode to an abrupt close as

"I went to Montreal and hung around for almost a year doing all the sweet and sinful things one does in Montreal - then I just wanted to go home."

A short stint working at the local hospital in Nanaimo and then marriage to a French-Canadian who, "after 17 years, is still the best friend I've ever had." Almost immediately, he was transferred to France for two years with the Canadian Air Force. The poetry writing continued ("What have I done with it? Well, it fits nicely into a Sunkist orange box") and work began on yet another Great Canadian Novel ("Jesus, it was bad. I can't even remember what it was about - the eter-

nal search for truth, no doubt.") There was a baby, too, and French lessons taught by a German lady, of all things, in exchange for instant coffee from the PX. Then transfer back to Canada -Comox - two more kids, and no serious writing for five years.

"It wasn't because I didn't have enough time. I was completely and totally happy to cuddle the kids and play games with them. Sure, sometimes they drove me crazy - and I can understand how women can feel drained by them, constantly being sucked on. But that's not the kids - that's because we're all so crowded together."

The final realization that the city even the remotest suburb of Vancouver wasn't right for her came when the family was living in Surrey's Kennedy Heights, then "in the process of becoming a tickytacky development."

Fortunately, her husband, who was then working for CP Air, didn't like the city any more than she did - "or maybe he was just tired of having Jack Kerouac storming around the livingroom shouting. 'We're becoming plastic people.' " At any rate, they made the back-to-nature transfer five years ago, exchanging a comfortable salary for a truck-driver's wage but gaining a whole lot of freedom and peace of mind in the bargain.

The impact on her work alone has been undeniable: two or three (she has forgotten which) major awards in the Alberta poetry competition; a special award for a B.C. Centennial celebrations (designed for performance by the Indians at Matsqui prison); and, recently, the successful sale of a few screenplays. As well, she and her husband were the original founders of Tillicum Theatre.

What is interesting is that, after her early declaration that "you have to have a her writing has finally filled that

"The money comes in dribs and drabs. Sometimes I feel like saying, 'Okay J. P. Getty, move over.' Then there'll be nothing for ages . . . I think it was really my first Canada Council grant that made it possible for me to make the switch from a hobby to a profession. I mean just to do research or to make contacts. The cost of boat tickets and babysitters was unreal. Yet I have mixed feelings about the grant mentality. I still maintain in some cases the greatest creativity goes into writing the grant application.

You can judge for yourself where the bulk of Mrs. Hubert's creative energies have been directed today and Thursday at 8 p.m. at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. The play will continue next Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.

cafe. Talk about cultural imperialism

. . . J. V. Clyne, the former board chair-

man and chief executive officer of MacMil-

Gabrieli Quartet: in a word, modest

By LLOYD DYKK

The Gabrieli String Quartet of England, which made its first appearance with Friends of Chamber Music Tuesday night at Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, presented a program of mainly modest interests, modestly executed.

Violinists Kenneth Sillito and Brendan O'Reilly, violist Ian Jewel and cellist Keith Harvey have been playing together 10 years, apparently, and have achieved a definite feeling of ensemble. but they are far from certain in technique.

Sillito, in the most prominent position, seemed to be having a particularly off off-day, the hair of his bow repeatedly failing to grip the strings. But, even so, such things as fast passages of sixteenths would be run off uncleanly and at questionable pitch, and, at the top, his tone could be harsh. Jewel proved himself a gem of a

violist and was given the advantage uncommon in chamber music of a sizeable role in each of the three works on the program - Haydn's Quartet in G, Op. 77, No. 1; Britten's little-known 1931 quartet, and Dvorak's Quartet in A-flat, Op. 105.

Only one of these is a superb edification of the string quartet form - the late Haydn work, which, though it is one that fondly lavishes most of its attention on the first violin, seamlessly binds all four in some of the most consummate music ever

The players' musicality was certainly evident from their rarified playing of the unforgettable slow movement in which Haydn probes the universe of known harmonies. But, elsewhere, Sillito did not take full advantage of his licence, and unison passages in the first movement betrayed less than precise pitch and rhythm. Britten's 1931 quartet has only been

played in public three times, each by the Gabrieli players. Written at age 18 but apparently recently revised to some extent by the composer, it reveals Britten's crafty formal touch, aside from its awkward solos and a tiresomely long pizzicato passage. Not being of much substantial interest, it gives the impression of a little bit of egg-white worked into a big whip.

As for Dvorak's quartet, there was too much consciousness of effort among some of the players to off-set the malaise imparted by this over-long but occasionally gratifying work.



Jack WASSERMAN

THE GABRIELI . . . Jewel, O'Reilly, Harvey, Sillito (front)

THE WHEEL SQUEAL - Local retail executive Ross Watson turned up the other day as scheduled for his appointment at the North Van ICBC centre, also known as mud-puddle heaven. His car had been rear-ended on Sept. 3, when it was being driven by a member of the family. Watson's luck is something like mine. In the 12-week interval between the first accident and his Oct. 31 appointment, his car was rear-ended a second time. That left a second dent in the back of his car. When he finally met one of the adjusters — the new kings of the road? — he pointed out the additional damage, which was about 24 inches from the first damage. The adjuster said he was sorry but he couldn't look at the second dent. Watson would require another appointment in about three weeks. When the motorist protested, he was told that the adjuster had a schedule and he had to keep to it. In an effort to keep calm, Watson started counting. He counted 22 interview booths, nine visible staff members, and three clients on the premises. He asked to talk to a supervisor. There wasn't one available. And I thought these things only happened to me.

ICKY BICKY BLUES - A tiny sidelight

in the foregoing story about Watson's double jeopardy is the fact that he was told on Friday that there would be a threeweek waiting period for an appointment. The same day, I was told the waiting period was between three and five weeks. When I was trying to get to the bottom of the situation with ICBC's helpful Ben Penhall, he double-checked and told me I'd been given the wrong information. He was told there was only a 10-day waiting period at North Van. Confusing? You bet! . . . A young friend of mine had the misfortune to wipe out his sports car a few months ago. He was given an appointment to come in and discuss the matter four weeks later. He arrived on schedule. But the adjuster who was handling his file was off that day. Nobody else could handle the case. He was given another appointment three weeks down the road . . . The chaos that followed the lengthy ICBC strike was understandable, and easily predictable. The Insurance Agents Association of B.C., which was in negotiations with ICBC for the coming year's contract, offered to fill part of the void. The agents volunteered to handle fender-bender claims under a value of \$500, requiring their clients to sign an affidavit. Their self-interest was obvious, but it coincided with the public interest.

The claim could have been accompanied by a photograph of the minor damage. But ICBC officials weren't having any part of it ... Several dozen former residents of Saskatchewan responded rather negatively to our suggestion that a Saskatchewan boondocks mentality was part of the ICBC problem. My own Saskatchewan forbears would have understood. Most ICBC problems are a matter of scale. From its own statistics, ICBC admits that there are more accidents annually in the West End Vancouver than in the entire province of Saskatchewan. And I doubt that it's necessary to put a large sign on a milliondollar claim centre in Moose Jaw. Everyone for miles around would know about that big new building.

again weather has been just perfect for the visiting ABC movie people. They had rain when they needed it and sunsh when they needed it for the made-for-TV movies starring Ray Danton. But the weather has been too much for Danton. He's fled to California for three weeks in an effort to recover from a throat infection. The first pic Dead on Target, was. The second feature, Ultimatum, has gone into a temporary hiatus with the local cast on half salary while waiting for the star's recovery . . . Jeff Barnett received word from Okayama that the third Pizza Patio outlet in Japan opened Saturday, their time. The manager cabled Jeff: "Serve 800 customers in first two days. We believe it will go well." That's not bad for a 28-seat

QUICKNIKS - Our in-out, off-again-on-

lan Bloedel, is back in action after a lengthy European holiday. The difference between being retired and working full time? "Now that I'm retired, I go to the office only five days a week, instead of six, and I usually leave at 6 p.m., instead of at 7," he says . . : On CBC's Take 30 Tuesday, Clyne told Toronto interviewer Paul Soles that there was a good possibility that Premier Dave Barrett would win re-election but he added, "I wish to assure you that observation does not mean that I am going to vote for Mr. Barrett." Surprise? . . . Drew Burns has mentioned that he wouldn't mind selling his Commodore Cabaret operation for half a million dollars. At that price, he might even throw in his stereo, his car and his dog . . . When the ambassador of the Federal Republic of West Germany, Max Count von Podewits, was a guest at a reception held by the new consul-general, Peter Uland, local members of the consular corps were apologizing for the deluge. The ambassador is a diplomat. "I must say that after 18 years in extremely warm climates that whether it rains here or snows in Ottawa, from a weather standpoint, this is the cushiest assignment I've ever had.

WASSERMANIA - Overheard at the B.C. Fed Convention: "I asked my wife to stop going to all those sales. We're just not rich enough to have money."