Film is usually thought of as an "entertainment" as opposed to a work of art, as if art and entertainment were mutually exclusive or, at least, separate entities, as form and content or meaning and style were once thought to be.

But the film is an art form; an art form which establishes its own critical precepts and is in no way simply a novel or a play translated into visual terms. The film has its own techniques and its own devices for creating its total emotional-intellectual response in the audience.

To judge films as "mere entertainment" or as "didactic" is to consider them on a single dimension. One cannot, or let me say, ought not to fall into this reductionist trap. Every film can be considered as good or bad, ugly or beautiful, moral or immoral, based on a consideration, not only of what they say, but equally as important, how they say it.

Once again this year the Classic Film series at SWOCC will allow us to broaden our understanding of the film as art form while simultaneously allowing us through the selections to learn more about the human predicament. But this is not to imply that the films to be shown are stuffy, or pedantic, or boring. On the contrary the series promises to be truly entertaining, stimulating, and challenging to both the heart and the mind.

Many precautions have been taken this year by the people responsible for the series to insure the technical competence of the performance. This year we should be able to hear and understand the sound tracks, which is, of course, highly desirable.

On January 14, Bergman's Wild Strawberries will be shown in Prosper Hall at the college. Bergman's dramatic and exciting use of the camera, added to his truly superb fusion of form and content, established him as the leader in the modern black and while film. All of his works have been hailed as moving testimonies of his genius and Wild Strawberries stands near the top in any listing of his works.

The first offering of the series, Nothing But A Man, was shown after this writing but Mrs. Shirley Goldberg, the chairman of the selection committee, knows the film well and discussed it in this way: "Nothing But A Man is, above all else, an honest film. Winner of two awards from the Venice Film Festival, 1964, and the National Council of Churches Award, 1965, it has been acclaimed by critics and filmgoers for its unassuming blend of passion and restraint, and for its artistic and psychological integrity. Its theme, as the title indicates, is the dignity of man. The man happens to be a southern Negro—a young railway worker—who gives up a good job to settle down and marry the preacher's daughter, a schoolteacher. His emotional adjustment to the universal, age-old problem of accepting responsibility, earning a living, supporting a family, living in peace and dignity, is poignantly complicated because the environment is hostile.

The scene is Alabama, and he, conscious of his own worth as a man, will not accept the Uncle Tom role that the white society expects of him. A highly relevant film, it has been praised by many as the most meaningful work of art to come out of the current civil rights trauma. It out even waving a sign or intoning a message. It is relevant because it extends our understanding of man,

**By ROBERT LANE**

"Talking does not make the world or even pictures, but talking and pictures participate in 'making each other and the world as we know them.'

Nelson Goodman has pointed correctly in this statement in The Languages of Art to the inevitable association between works of art and the language used to talk about those works. In the last century, it was believed that the distinction of subject matter (allegories, people, family scenes) would disentangle the image on the canvas (or the words of a poem) from literary associations and clear the way for a direct response of the eye to optical data. The hope was to reduce art to speechlessness.

An "Art of the Real" exhibition recently at the Museum of Modern Art described its selection as chunks of raw reality totally liberated from language. "Modern art," writes one recent critic "has eliminated the verbal correlative from the canvas."

Perhaps. But if a work of today no longer has a verbal correlative, it is because its particular character has been dissolved in a sea of words. At no time in history have more words been written in defence of art, in explanation of what it "really is," in defence of its "uniqueness," in the production of manifestos of explanation and genesis. To describe a striped canvas and a striped tablecloth in the same terms is to commit an artistic faux pas of great proportion—much like the child who, because he didn't understand the rules of the game, remarked that the emperor was naked.

The language of art criticism today is a subtle and abstract means to create a conceptual framework of theories instead of in the perceptual framework of the senses.

Recently two young artists in Latin America contrived a Happening that was reported in detail in the press but never took place, so their "work of art" consisted of their own news releases and the resulting interviews, accounts, and comments. Here the "work of art" was only what was said about it. There was no "picture" only "talking."

Other "artists" are using nature as a canvas. By rearranging rocks (or grinding up bottles to cover a B.C. island) and making trenches in the dirt, they hope to show that there is no real distinction between a work of art and natural objects. But, like the child in the "Emperor's Clothes" this is to function without knowing the rules of the game. "Art" implies artifact.

Its Indo-European base is from "'art" which means to join, fit together. Certainly Goodman is right when he says that talking does not make pictures (or by extension any work of art, except, of course, in the obvious way that talking makes, e.g. oral poetry where the act of talking is the art form) but participates in making them.

One need only look at any history of art book to note the way in which words about pictures are used to classify and categorize those pictures. But the pictures are real. The works of art are there in time and space, have an existence of their own carved out of the flux of that time and space.

Talking and pictures are married, but form allows the marriage.