

ENTERTAINMENT

Sponsorship was much needed

York Winds get chance to show their crafts

By DEBBIE PEKILIS

The York Winds Quintet, artists-in-residence at York University, will be touring northwestern Ontario starting today. The tour includes concerts in Timmins, Chapleau, Geraldton, and a concert and workshop in Thunder Bay.

Costa Pilavachi, the group's assistant manager, said the

group's travel costs will be partly subsidized by the Canada Council touring office, which assists all such touring groups in Canada.

The York Winds Quintet is "Canada's only full-time, fully professional wind quintet," said Pilavachi. Although the group first came together in 1972, they were forced by insufficient finances to be only part-time chamber

musicians, supplementing their income by teaching chamber music and playing in orchestras and symphonies. Since last September, they have been sponsored by York University, the Canada Council, and the Ontario Arts Council. He estimated the grants to be between \$15-20,000 from each agency.

The five members of the quintet (Douglas Stewart, flute, Lawrence Cherney, oboe, Paul Grice, clarinet, James MacDonald, Horn, and James McKay, bassoon) came together because "they like chamber music", Pilavachi said. Only in chamber music each individual member's work as important, while in a large orchestra individual performances may get lost. Before 1972, each member played individually in orchestras and symphonies.

"The York Winds Quintet finds chamber music to be the most exacting but also the most exciting form of music because of the specific challenges of this type of music," said Pilavachi. He said chamber music is very difficult because the blending together of five different instruments with different tonal qualities requires a "high degree of discipline and co-operation" from the members. They must have long hours of rehearsal just to learn to play the repertoire.

"Residency has allowed them the long hours of rehearsal that they couldn't have before. The coming together of the three funding agencies allowed them to devote all their time to attain musical excellence. They are able to rehearse five hours a day, four days a week," Pilavachi said. They spend the fifth day teaching student chamber groups in York's



The York Winds beam here because they can at long last rehearse to their hearts' content.

Music Department. James McKay is an assistant professor of music at York.

"The York Winds have performed at most major Canadian centres since 1972, including Eaton Auditorium and the St. Lawrence Centre in Toronto," said Pilavachi. They have also appeared at the Shaw Festival, the major Ontario and Quebec Universities, and radio and television.

The group's activities at York this year includes several free concerts at York and Glendon, the last of which will be on March 22.

According to Pilavachi, they have been "well attended and very well received by the students." Attendance went up from 120 at the beginning of the year to 200 at the January concert.

Pilavachi said the group plans to tour Western Canada next fall, including Winnipeg, Saskatoon, several small towns, and ending up in British Columbia. They also hope to perform in Chicago next year, as well as in Montreal and Ottawa. "We are trying to set up workshops, tours, concerts in Canada and abroad," he said.

A note from underground explains students' blues

By JAMES ORR

For a medium that deals with illusion, the realities of film production figure prominently in the lives of film production students. There are no jobs; the film industry in Canada is chronically depressed and so are film students. It is at this illusion - reality interface that severe depression sets in.

A terrible thing, this depression: a scourge that manifests itself in dandruff and torn sprockets; in halitosis and underexposures; in headaches and fogged film. Mortality is everywhere; obsolescence is the creeping cancer.

"There is something sinister about film. Film is a phenomenon whose resemblance to death has been ignored for too long," so Norman Mailer tells us. Tasting their own mortality, film production students walk like zombies through the rituals of their craft.

Umbilically linked to the reality of machines and electricity, yet in-

timate with allegory and metaphor, film students go without sound sleep and adhere to no-known earthly diet. God knows what condition their lower tracts are in.

Those professors are filmmakers themselves, who have taken refuge in the academic forum: and although they despise it for its built-in mediocrity, it offers security and a certain sliver of a dream of potential artistic harmony. They've neatly avoided the grim reality of an inactive film industry, but we've got little else to look forward to.

We love them though, we really do. And we love each other. We huddle together, over the fifth straight scotch, shivering ever so slightly, sharing horror stories, offering pity to one another...and to ourselves.

I'm painting a bleak picture but the scene is chillingly grey. Imagine the existential horror when you discover that a film into which you've poured your very soul doesn't really count for much in the grand design, except as a kind of admission ticket to the next production year.

Imagine the agony when sub-standard equipment chews your celluloid opus into confetti and sprinkles your squeaky-clean sound tracks with electronic noise combustion.

Imagine the brain spasms at the news that film production in "the real world" is so inert that one of this country's major equipment rental houses has gone out of business.

Is it any wonder we're psychically scarred neurotics? We spend up to 18 hours a day in the dry, cold nether catacombs of the Ross building. Our lives outside the department are either atrophied or already dead. And we do all of this willingly.

We're possessed. We're driven by a suicidal spirit. And are confronted by a murderous reality.

There is something sinister about film, alright.

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Whereine much meritorious minute factes see the lighte of daye.

Hurray, Winters Art Gallery has reopened... this week there is a "first solo show" of paintings and prints by Alison Brannen... film students are casting 'round for tall, well-built males to play guards and prisoners... check in room 009 Ross...all day this Saturday, as a We-love-you-anyway St. Valentine Day's prize, the St. Lawrence Centre is running films for kids, adults and such... in the afternoon, students' films will get a viewing, and at night, films made by 'independents'... the Gasworks features some good syncopated rock by Crack the Sky... Dan Hill's coming...

a.k.

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