

Art is anything you can get away with

Frenkel and Perrin show lacks involvement

By ROBIN BECKWITH

What is the purpose of art? How is art presently a part of our lives? In what way is each of us responsible for the quality and meaningfulness of any aspect of art which touches our lives? Such questions could have occurred to someone at St. Lawrence Hall on February 11th, during Vera Frenkel's and Peter Perrin's Word/Music/Movement Evening.

Vera Frenkel's three contributions were the most likely to stimulate serious thought. Retinue consisted of performers dressed as medieval royalty who solemnly paraded up to and sat in the balcony throughout the entire performance. Slowly these anachronistic onlookers changed from courtly royalty to white-painted ghosts.

Every so often one's attention would be jolted from the piece being performed on stage to the silent representatives of a far distant age sitting at chandelier level behind us. What were they thinking? Did what they were seeing hold in it the richness of hundreds of years of artistic exploration? Or were they seeing people on the threshold of something vitally new, as they had been in their own time?

Such reflectiveness was carried over into Kill Poetry, in which we

saw the symbolic re-emergence of Poetry from death to a state of infantilism. Much of the impact of this piece was lost through its slow pace. This apparently was partially due to a missed sound cue. However, the existing material could have stood some cutting in order that the interaction and force of the actor and

symbols could have been seen and felt with greater clarity.

Frenkel's other piece, Masks/Barriers, though intended to be ritualistic, lost the starkness of its importance by being too drawn-out.

Many York students were involved in the Frenkel pieces. Considering the short time they rehearsed, the

group displayed good co-ordination. What they lacked, however, was a deep personal involvement in their particular parts.

There were six musical compositions from Peter Perrin. Among the performers were many well-known Toronto musicians, such as Karen Keiser, Tom Dowling, Monica

Gaylord and Peter Schenkman.

Perrin chose tasteful combinations of instruments. His pieces were well-constructed; sounds were well-juxtaposed. Perrin's sound, however, seemed to have been produced by an adept musical technician which communicated little emotional depth.

The last comment of the evening, made by a member of the Retinue piece, was an appropriate summation of the evening's experience: "This is not avant-garde, this is important." How it was important was left for each performer and audience-member to discover.

Jones' Hey Marilyn is tuneless trial

By WARREN CLEMENTS

Absolutely ghastly. For weeks, CBC-Radio had been promoting Hey Marilyn, a special

Duddy's director at York today

Ted Kotcheff, a successful Canadian director whose last feature, The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz is one of the biggest Canadian moneymakers, will be on campus today. Two of his previous films will be shown today: Two Gentlemen Sharing, at 2 p.m. in CLH I, and Outback, which will be on at 7 p.m., in CLH L. The director will be available for questions after both films. It's free.

two-hour musical biography of Marilyn Monroe written by Toronto composer Cliff Jones. His 32 songs, sung by the likes of Beverly D'Angelo, were aired two weekends ago.

Imagine, if you can, a series of tuneless, witless, mediocre songs about such subjects as Marilyn Monroe's dog Tippy being shot by a neighbour. The chorus, badly sung and infected with execrable metre and rhyme, consisted of the line, "Get that damn dog out of my garden."

Another selection ran, "I'm a big

boy now, I'm fighting for my baby. He's a big boy now, and he don't mean maybe."

Oh yes. And the show-stopper, Hey Marilyn, asked the thrilling musical question, "Hey Marilyn, do you know where you're going, girl?"

You might get the same effect by scraping up some embarrassing poetry from your childhood and singing it slightly off-key with a tin orchestra behind you. But only if you suppressed any vestige of talent, hidden or otherwise.

Absolutely ghastly.

Bethune blazes

Bethune Films will set CLH L 'on fire' this Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 p.m. when they present Mel Brooks' classic, Blazing Saddles. Brooks in this film explodes the whole myth of the American western, in a farcical manner. Admission \$1.50 (with university I.D.), \$1.25 with Bethune I.D.).

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