



ARTS & CULTURE

The Queen of Dance Margie Gillis mesmerizes the Cohn

Whoever said that Margie Gillis is the "Queen of modern dance" knew exactly what they were talking about. I went to her modern dance performance with hopes of getting away from all the worries of school and, if only for an hour and a half, to forget about things and relax.

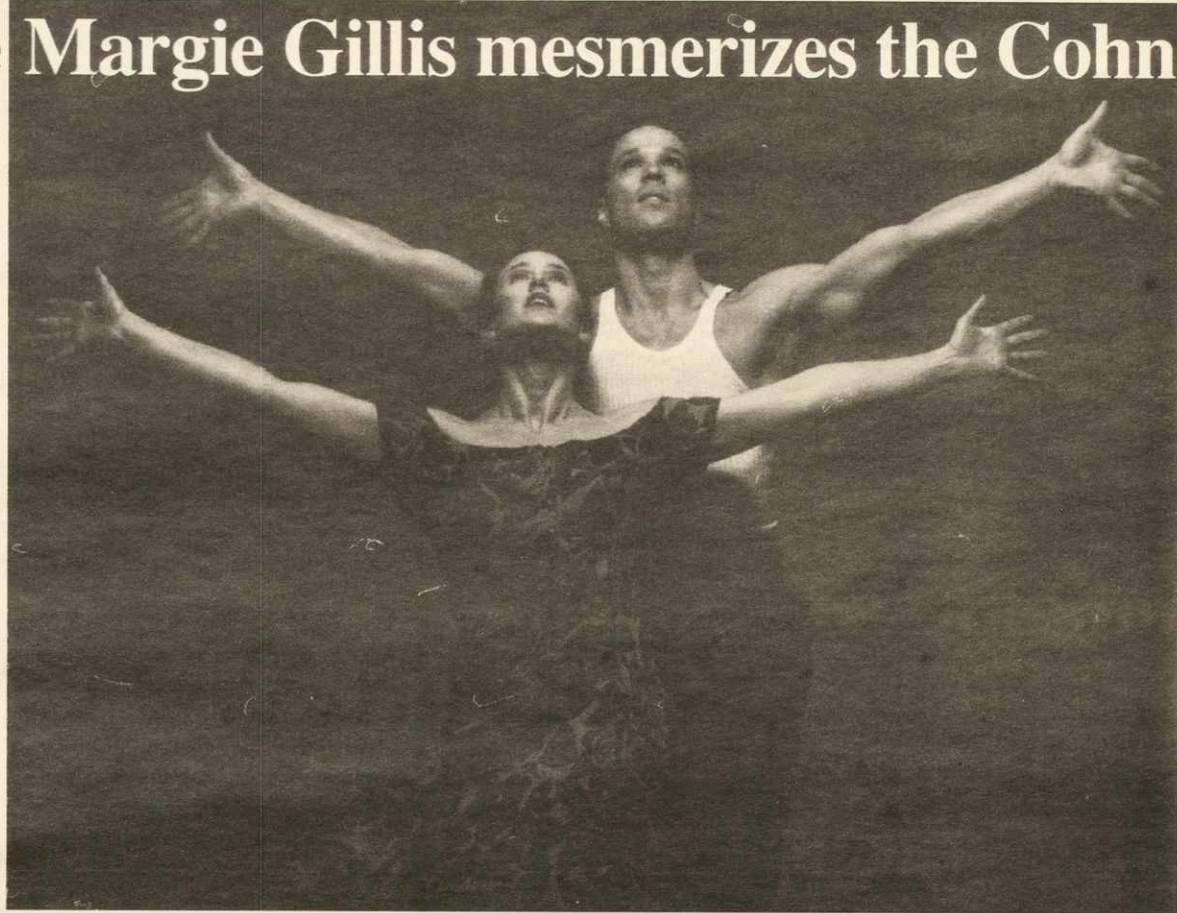
In watching her perform I achieved that, and so much more. I learned that modern dance is not just an art form but in fact a way to reach people; to reach into their souls and remind them of their innocence, passions and quite possibly make them feel alive. We could also be filled with a sense of pride in knowing that she is Canadian.

Margie Gillis was absolutely breathtaking. Her genuine, deep passion for

modern dance was extremely obvious, and at times overwhelming. She expressed herself with a sense of elegance and sensual integrity that could not easily be imitated. From the very first performance ("Variations") to the closing of the curtain, I was filled with intense emotions that changed with every move of her hand and stretch of her leg.

Gillis' ability to express herself through the works of varied musicians, ranging from Bach to Sinéad O'Connor, was best described by my friend Leita: "Never have I seen such a pure understanding and interpretation of the most diverse pieces of music ever invented. To say she was amazing would be too poor a word."

BRIANNE JOHNSTON



Gabrielle Reece book an overall disappointment

Big Girl in the Middle
Gabrielle Reece & Karen
Karbo
Crown

Gabrielle Reece is arguably the best female volleyball player on the planet. Karen Karbo is an infamous novelist and contributing editor for *Condé Nast Sports for Women* who has also submitted articles to various notable magazines and newspapers. *Big Girl in the Middle* is a semi-autobiographical effort, interchanging Karen Karbo's narrative with Reece's own personal reflections.

Big Girl in the Middle is essentially a book about beach volleyball. Karbo follows Reece and her Team Nike teammates from court to court across the United States. She does not attempt to glorify the sport, nor does she present Reece as an infallible beach babe. On the contrary, Karbo makes reference to the difficulties in getting Team Nike to gel and win more than a handful of games, and how Reece makes very little effort to spend time with her teammates when they are travelling. Reece's "man" (according to Karbo, 'boyfriend' is too much of a wishy-washy term for their relationship), surfer Laird Hamilton, is a permanent fixture on the scene and Reece spends her spare time with him.

In turn, Reece does not make excuses for the way she is. She recognizes her physical beauty, and treats her modelling career as easy money to finance what she really wants to do.

The book also delves into Reece's upbringing.

Hers was not a two-point-four-children, white-picket-fence childhood, but she does not consider herself the unfortunate victim. Her early years may not have been the best, but Reece has accepted that and moved on, recognizing it is that which has made her strong.

Karbo trivializes Reece's mental and physical strength by harping on about how the men's game receives a great deal more attention, at the same time contradicting herself when she emphasizes that players like Reece play only for the love of the game. Reece does not appear to be terribly bothered by it, taking the sponsorships better than she takes her losses.

Overall, *Big Girl in the Middle* could have been a better book. Karbo's writing is like reading a long-winded, repetitive article on the female beach volleyball circuit. Her apparent inability to grasp the fundamental basics of the English language only emphasizes her tediousness. She also makes very little effort

to explain what it is about Gabrielle Reece that separates her from the Kim Odens and Liane Satos of the sport. Reece

has put too much work into herself, her game and her sport to be summarized by a novelist. She deserves better. Karbo

should stick to writing novels and articles for *Entertainment Weekly*.

EUGENIA BAYADA

- CD REVIEW SPECIAL -

Fush Yu Mang
Smash Mouth
Interscope

Another bunch of trendys jumping on the English/California punk/Ska bandwagon. Smash Mouth has mixed up all three in a not-so-amazing medley.

Their first song sounds like the Bosstones, the second song sort of like Sublime minus the wit, and the third song a poor rendition of Goldfinger. It degenerates from there into repetitive four-note baselines.

They say in their press release that they are not trying to be cool, but I think the lines "I've been thinking about my self/ and about my health/ then I say what the hell/ Fuck it, let's rock" are part of the 'I'm cool, I don't care' fad.

The next song is full of grammatically incorrect lines about how much it sucks to respect other people's rights. My heart pours out to them.

Okay, so they don't sound too bad if you don't listen to the lyrics; they are, after all, ripping off your favourite bands. But the bands they imitate have better lyrics and have perfected their particular styles.

Don't buy these guys till you own everything ever written by their mentors.

TAMARA BOND

Time Out of Mind
Bob Dylan
Sony Music

It's no big secret that Bob Dylan's voice leaves much to be desired. The popularity of the 60s icon's music has its roots in its melodic, folksy and political appeal. Without that appeal, all the listener is left with is Dylan's lacklustre voice. Dylan's most recent album, *Time Out of Mind*, is a perfect example. Lacking the traditional folk status, the album's songs are all blues tunes and love songs from one of North

remains that *Time Out of Mind*, like Dylan's voice, leaves much to be desired.

If all you fans of easy listening and sappy love songs are looking for a CD to buy, look no further. However, if an old-school, traditional, folksy Bob Dylan is what you are looking for, you will no doubt be disappointed.

JEFF MYERS



Fuzz
Junkhouse
Sony

After a period of soul searching and experimentation, Junkhouse has re-emerged with a new full-length album, *Fuzz*. Although this album could be seen as a move away from Junkhouse's typical bare-bones rock n' roll, it still contains the same in-your-face lyrics and testosterone driven sound.

Also, with the addition of Colin Cripps (Crash Vegas), the band has gained experience and a fresh artistic vision. This vision shines through in one of the slower songs, "Fuzz", which is based on all the bullshit that comes with being human (something most of us can relate to). The delivery on the song is amazingly relevant, allowing listeners to feel the despair of a fuzz-filled existence.

The album is littered with several symbols and analogies.

continued on page 14...