

Entertainment

"I'm independent—I'm not dependent."
—Frank Sinatra—

Passion and force

Ann Buttrick

Last Monday, fourth-year Fine Arts student David Himbara opened a show of his sculpture and photographs. It is a collection of unusual force, both as a strong human and visual statement against the disease of racism and as an eloquent expression of an idea in the medium of sculpture.

For four years now he has produced abstract works in metal admired by many students and, unbelievably, desecrated with racist slogans by others who call themselves students of art.

This year he decided to put aside this work and let his political feelings come out. He points out that in his experience political art as a creative form is not encouraged here.

Last year's literal stink in the Fine Arts building comes to mind: if a student can fasten all his week's food to a canvas for a fortnight to show the dominant culture another lifestyle, and that can be called art, then surely a cry against the oppression of the non-white man, executed in aesthetically interesting terms, is acceptable on the same basis.

His iron and cement sculptures and leg-iron chains are literal interpretations of a racist—sometimes savagely racist—world.

The word "Atlanta" inscribed on the floor in white chalk surrounds a small cement image of a child stuck in the middle with a spear shape. Headless and pregnant, a female shape expressed in rough-molded cement hangs from the ceiling, its arm broken to expose the chickenwire support.

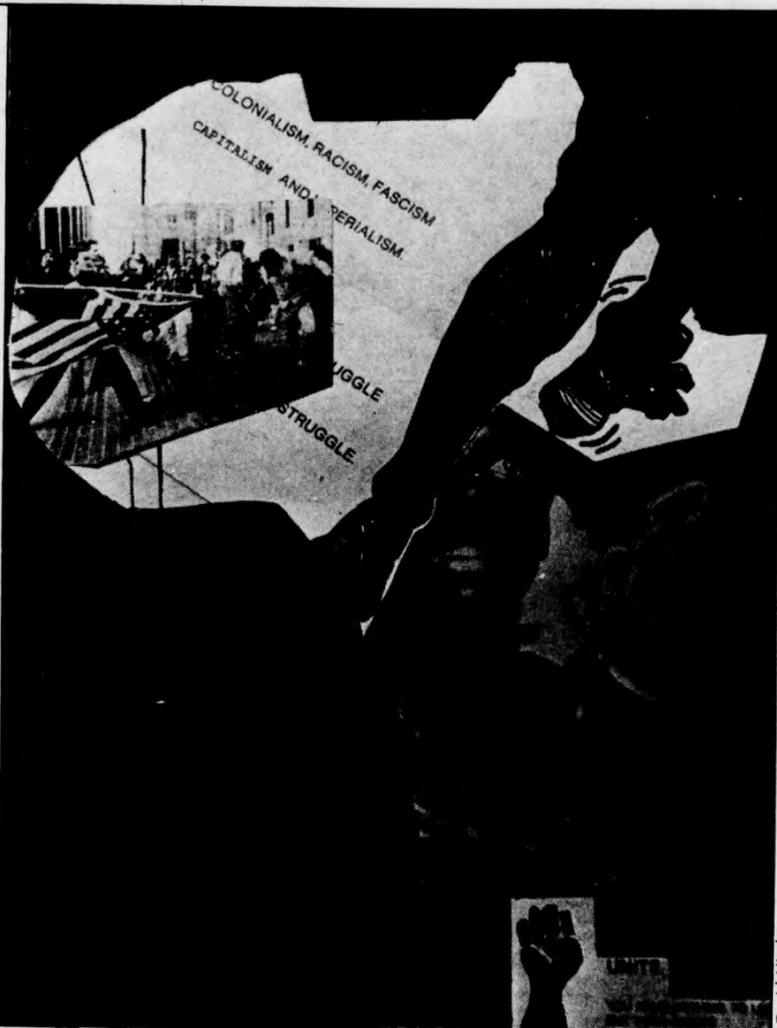
Other cement images roughly formed, but of unmistakably human shape, are pierced from behind with monumental shards of steel. These macabre, rough-hewn angels of thick steel thrust upwards through the centres of each image. Each was a target.

His sensitive photographs of poor barrios in other countries are ironically interchangeable with pictures of destitute Indian families who live at Lion's Head—a few miles from Toronto. (Himbara stayed with these families while filming them.)

The trouble is that the photographs should have been two or three times their size. Seen as they are, they seem to be a separate unit in the show instead of integrated more within the central idea: oppression of the non-white. The photos of the Indians are personal in a way that the other photographs were not.

Himbara's handling of the

David Himbara's conscientious art



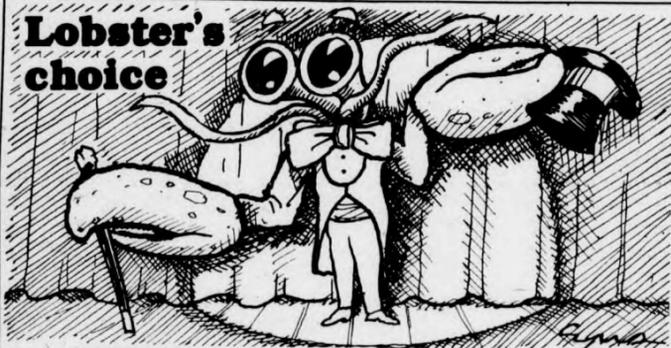
David Himbara

sculptural material is confident and skillful. He has presented his primitive shapes and icons with passion, the kind of passion very

few art students will experience here or outside. This is why most of them will never be capable of great art. It takes courage to make the

kind of art that Himbara decided he had to make, an art that has already created vital dialogue among those who've seen it.

Lobster's choice



The Lobster Man himself makes a special guest appearance at FA/FM 319 Television Screening, Wednesday at 8 in the 8th Floor Lounge, Ross. Cash bar!

Beginning tonight and continuing 'til Saturday, the York Theatre Dept. presents the New Play Festival in the Atkinson Studio. Admission for all productions is absolutely free.

Thursday at 7, Karen Tully's

Lulu's Back in Town and Larry Cox's *Pair of Dice*.

Friday at 7, Jennifer L. Hayglass will try to patch up *Tracks*, reviewed on p. 11. Also *Nature Divine* by Brad Wright.

Saturday at 11 a.m., Bronwyn Weaver's *Narnia* and rowdy Don Munro's *Shortages*.

Finally, Saturday at 7 p.m., Alan Richardson's *Hands*, Denise Boucher's *Les Fees Ont Soif*, and good ol' Robin Butt's *Oiseau*.

Opt for the top

Malone Diez

It coughed, limped, crawled, and for a while there, we thought that it had actually died. And now, there's definitely a pulse.

Only *Paper Today*, the art/literary tabloid created by Vic d'Or, is back on the shelves again. The editorship, however, has been handed down by d'Or to two young writers, novelist Martin Avery and street poet Stuart Ross.

Ross, currently co-editor of *Excalibur's* Entertainment section, say that aside from the change in editors, "We're going through lots of other changes. We're using a magazine format now, and we have a lot of new writers. Also, we're now charging for OPT. It used to be distributed free, but that wasn't very good business—it almost went down the drain."

"Besides," adds the perpetually-grinning Avery, "people should be willing to pay for literature. It's like everything else."

The issue on the stands now includes work by the notorious

Crad Kilodney, local comedian Sheila Gostick, an interview with *Go-Boy!* author Roger Caron, and more, including Brad Harley's brilliant comic, "The True Story of Charlie Parker".

"There'll be some even weirder stuff in future issues," hints Ross, sticking his gum under a desk. "We aren't going to stagnate, like so many other magazines. And personally, I'd like to see Renaissance International thrown to the pigshit," he adds cryptically.

"We're trying to be as sensible about this as possible," explains Avery, placing an ashtray on his head. "With Vic's guidance, and Gary Shilling's production abilities, we can't go wrong. We're just going to get better and better. If we don't, we fold. But we won't fold. Got it?"

Avery and Ross also invite submissions from York students. Send anything but poetry to OPT, Box 789, Station F, Toronto M4Y 2N7. And check it out in the York bookstore.

Praise the chord

Hacker, Goldstein and Leiko

David Friesen and John Stowell have got a message they'd like to share. It's a simple but potent one. "Forgiveness is an important commodity."

The two American musicians passed through Toronto last week, stopping for a busy hour's worth of music, some quick hellos, and a short interview.

Along with drummer Gary Hobbs, Friesen and Stowell concocted a music that embraces many forms including some fast fret fusion, some landscape-type



patterns, and some familiar sounding melodies stretched out to accommodate some introspective solos.

Friesen, 40, has worked in a wide variety of jazz settings during the course of his twenty odd years as a recording jazz artist. He met Stowell awhile back and the two have since come to share musical and philosophical beliefs. "The great thing about our relationship



is that we can forgive each other," says Friesen.

Friesen has recorded five

albums that bear his name, two albums with Stowell, and participated on Stowell's solo album *Golden Delicious*.

Stowell is a low-keyed individual who enjoys travelling around to different cities and different clubs meeting people and playing the type of music he enjoys. "I'm still amazed that people pay for what I like to do anyways. The key thing is to be thankful for the little bit we've been given."

Friesen echoes Stowell's feelings when he says "I believe in Christ. He's the Lord. However that doesn't mean I believe in the tradition. It's a personal faith that I practise daily, not just on Sundays."

He says that Christ has provided a purpose to his life. "Before, I was floundering. I was concerned with my ego, and in being a show off. Christ has touched me, he's moved me, and has alleviated my purposelessness."

"As far as I'm concerned the music I'm playing is for the glory of



the Lord," he says. "It's a celebration of being alive."

Their faith was recently tested when a van they were travelling in skidded on an icy road one recent night, and they rolled over three times. Fortunately, only Friesen's bass, and the van were ruined. There were no injuries.

The gig in Toronto, at The Edge, was their first in the city, but they hope to come back and play before more than the handful who were on hand recently.

Off the Tracks

Ronald Ramage

Tracks, written and directed by Jennifer Hayglass, is a melodramatic potboiler that touches base with every contemporary issue facing the Modern Woman.

Unfortunately, this stew is under-cooked. Much of the dialogue has the raw-flour flavour of a first-time reading, nowhere near that of a polished performance. And it's sad, for it hides what might be a very good play, supported by what might be a very strong cast.

In the lead role, Siobhan McCormick is the weakest link in this cast, rarely more than a cardboard characterization. Much better is Steven Hill as her husband who sometimes creates a presence we can believe in.

The supporting cast add their own strong clear flavours. Sylvia Schmid shines as Bridget, the best friend, and Debbie Tompkins is properly arch as the barracuda bitch.

Alvaro D'Antonio's brief comic cameo appearance as the Macho Pizza Man highlights the play's strengths and weaknesses. As a writer, Hayglass creates an exquisite moment, and for a brief bit of time, our attention is riveted, listening to the words that define characters and their relationships. Immediately past that, when we look for movement and action, to show us how the characters are reacting to each other, Hayglass the director doesn't supply any, and the moment dies. Similarly she leaves the lead role, which needs the strongest definition, without the necessary action.

Should've stayed a couple more weeks on the back burner.

Tracks, at Sam Beckett Theatre in Stong, tonight at 8:00 p.m., Friday night in Atkinson Theatre as part of the New Play Festival, starts at 7:00 p.m.