

"Printed Matter"

"Printed Matter", an exhibition of Contemporary Canadian prints mounted by the Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, will be shown at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery from December 1, 1974 through January 15, 1975. They 47 work exhibition was selected by a jury from over 400 submissions by Canadian printmakers. Consequently, the exhibition affords the viewer an approximate idea of the areas and types of recent Canadian Printmaking activity.

In addition to choosing the works for inclusion in the exhibition, the jury also recommended the

purchase of thirteen (13) prints from the exhibition to become part of an already strong permanent collection of Contemporary Canadian Graphics at the Owens Art Gallery in Sackville.

The printing techniques employed by those artists whose works were selected include intaglio, silkscreen, etching, lithograph and a large number of photo silkscreens. The biographical notes contained in the illustrated catalogue which accompanies the exhibition shows that the majority of the successful entrants are under thirty (30), a fact that indicated the tremendous interest

the young artist in Canada has in the print medium, especially in the employment of photographic transfer with one of the more established printing techniques. Along with the many young artists exhibiting, several well-known major Canadian artists, such as Jacques Hurtubise, Toni Onley, David Samila, and Harry Kiyooka are included in "Printed Matter."

The work of three New Brunswick artists, Francis Coutellier and Pavel Skalnik, both of Moncton, and Paul Gilbert of Sackville, N.B., are also included in this exhibition.

Craft display and sale to open

The opening of Christmas Choice, an annual exhibit and sale of work by local artists and craftsmen, is set for Sunday, Dec. 1st at the UNB arts center.

Craft displays have been concentrated on two Sundays, Dec. 1st and 15th, from 2 until 5 p.m. The exhibition will also be open Monday to Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. until Dec. 17th.

Forty-three artists and craftsmen from the Fredericton area have contributed pieces of work, including pewter, jewelry, pottery, paintings and prints, weaving, sculpture, fabrics, and leather goods.

Representative pieces of craft-work will also be shown in the Arts Center display case throughout the exhibition.

Craft display and sale to open

Art Center Singers to perform

Fredericton's Art Centre Singers will present five Christmas songs and the Skeleton Poems put to music by Jean Berger for their annual fall performance at UNB's Memorial Hall.

The group will perform Sunday, December 1, at 3:30 p.m. under the direction of Douglas V. Start, UNB supervisor of music.

Composed of 36 members including UNB faculty and students as well as other members of the Fredericton community, the Art Centre Singers will be accompanied by James Manchip on piano.

The seasonal selections include two songs by Praetorius, "Sing Beloved Christians Sing" and "Psallite", as well as "Hodie Christus Natus Est" by Sweelinck, "In Dulci Jubilo" by Pearsall and "Cantique de Noel" by Gevaert.

The group was formed five years ago when the Madrigal Singers, a faculty and townfold group, amalgamated with a student glee club. They perform twice yearly. A spring concert is tentatively scheduled for April 6.

Art Center Singers to perform



Liz Chown and Debbie Darkis in a scene from "After Magritte".

Photo by Bev Hills

Workshop Production's plays reviewed:

Smashing, spunky and absurd

By ANDY RITCHIE

How can I explain plays which are inexplicable? Indigo lines, Sahara bleached? Or, "Who is to say that this play is absurd?" Ah, theme to a couple of plays in Mem. Hall on Wed., Nov. 27 and again on Thurs., Nov. 28.

Not so much the surprise of getting called at 7:15 (although I'm not a staffer), as the delight, that since I'd intended to go anyway, I'd been asked to do something when I was there.

English 3150 is a class that gets together on its own and puts together drama presentations. This year, two far out 'theatre of the absurd' plays by Tom Stoppard, called "After Magritte" and "The Real Inspector Hound."

This year, the cast did quite a few outstanding performances which really can be known to only those who saw them.

The first, about a cop who got himself involved by mistake in a crime that never happened, called "After Magritte", was smaller and more efficiently directed by Wendy Reevey (who, after a few beers in the Social Club agrees with everything I say). The latter, "The Real Inspector Hound", directed by Denise Golembaski, who unfortunately was kept away from her smash hit, was a longer, bigger, and accompanied-by-taller-props type of play.

Mother, Debbie Darkis, who did a fabulous job on costumes wasn't so crazy as she played the tuba. (After Magritte) Of Course, Jim Dodge had it in the bag all along as Inspector Foot; his mistake, but

amazing presence of theatre of the absurd. Exceptional Liz Chown as Thelma, and Norman Merry as Harris, could dance their way to stardom in the face of such constabular mistakes if it wasn't for Murray Eden (who made a lousy constable but did what constables do about the walls, and saved his career by pretending to show up at the window late) as Constable Holmes.

"Real Inspector Hound", a lunar little deal, which integrated itself into the audience before the word "go", has spunk.

It says on the program: "What you see may not BE what you see. (If you see what I mean)". Those are their parentheses and Margaret Barber and Norman Merry did the publicity.

Bruce Oliver and Brock Peterson, as Moon, and Birdboot, are with us in the audience as a couple of critics until their lechery and refusal gets them mixed up in the story.

The story (which I won't try to make you believe) is in the middle of a foggy swamp, at the top of a cliff in England and accessible only to the outside. The phone even gets disconnected.

Sparkling and dynamic Valdivia Huyghebaert as Cynthia and Margaret Barber, who brought the players into their characters romanced the first Simon, John Isenman, (who works more than he plays) into the spectators box with the Real Inspector Hound, Allan Sears.

Linda Wood is promising as Mrs. Drudge, the maid, to pick up the phone, say the right words, and

hang tough for a part that might have disappeared had it been written on this side of the Atlantic.

Denys Mailhot, as Major Magnus, reappeared for better than ever (after wheelchairs and trips upstairs to oil his gun) to jump up in mountie pants and reclaim his faithful wife. Just in time, Moon and Birdboot drop dead on stage to spazz the whole thing.

Paul Haining's sound, "Don't be a madman, turn yourself in!" was radio-like along with the sets. Lots of house-like chairs; and I really liked the walls. Yellow and red stripes in the first one, and tall early-somethings in the latter.

Lights and set production by Paul LeButt and Pat O'Brien. Props and a great pitch-in and let's get it done on the old stage by Sherill Watt, who might still be carrying a gun, and Debbie Darkis and J.J. Albert for Make-up and costumes.

Alex Ferrey said something about phones and if it wasn't for a great job as stage manager, I couldn't know what she was talking about.

Nancy Draper, who now has producer in her blood, and doesn't come to enough parties, got her name at the top of the last page by putting a hell of a lot of work into two fine plays that have to be seen to be believed.

The cast drinks a lot of beer and says a lot of strangely enthusiastic things. They deserve it. A lot of right now players in front of two obviously-written-by-the-same-guy plays, and excellent props and sets which have been keeping people on the rug, at home.

If porcupines said sharp words I'd stagger in disbelief.

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Wiseman's heroine is Hoda, a whore who is ignorant and grotesque. By virtue of being alive, she endures, and survives, after a sort and attains some dignity as a woman trapped inside a body and mind not of her own determining. Like Elsa in "Drought" by R. E. Rashley she is able to observe: "Her flesh crawled up the memory. Eden! Paradise! The pot of gold! God damn you, God, she whispered But no bolt came from the blue."

This author, like Ross, also works her narrative well. Her problem is more difficult as she must show us a woman who never really understands herself and yet attains a dignity by persisting. She does this by giving us a voice "that runs the gamut from earthy Yiddishisms to rolling, almost sedate Victorian periods."

The plot will perhaps show, even in brief outline, the dimensions of this fine novel.

Hoda's father Danile is blind, her mother hunchbacked. She was born of a union which had taken place in an Old Country graveyard ceremony arranged by superstitious villagers to fight off the plague. Hoda grows up in Winnipeg during the first World War and she was, as Geoffrey James describes her, "a fat, eager, big-voiced girl 'taught by alien Anglo-Saxons. Having been paid for her first sexual encounter, she moves naturally into prostitution to support her blind father. When she has a child, she leaves it at a nearby Jewish orphanage."

The first time that she meets her child again is when he comes

to visit her with his friends, in her professional capacity. He returns again and again, not knowing who she is. For money, of course, Hoda offers him advice and favours. Eventually he leaves for another city and Hoda finds a new man, Lazar, with a different past and little future.

From this sordid tale, Wiseman tells a story which melds myth and reality, hope and despair, injustice and joy. The book jacket for once is not far off. "Often buffeted by forces beyond her control, Hoda nevertheless asserts her human right to make crucial choices. She makes her life of mingled pain...a celebration of the flawed and damaged, but gloriously holy world to which she belongs. Hoda...is brought to life...in the only type of novel that could contain her—a novel with humour as hearty as Hoda's laugh, a richly textured novel, resonant with myth, superstition and reality, echoing and re-echoing over the years, lit by the same divine spark that Hoda years so earnestly to share with the world."

Two new books, just in time for Christmas and worth the giving. Canadian literature can be proud of both Sinclair Ross and Adele Wiseman. They are old friends come back after too long an absence.



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