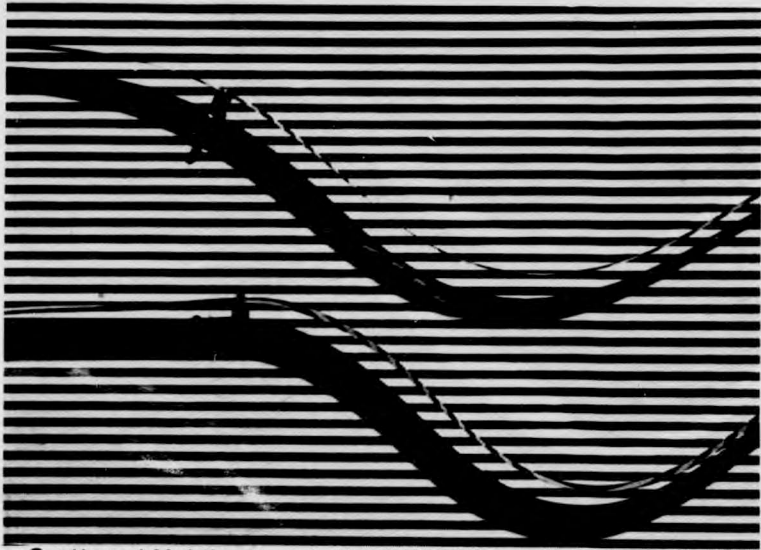


Galleries have exciting light, photo shows



Continued Mobile silver/ silver (1967) by Julio Le Pare. Harry Kitz



Lights, Camera, Action!

If the recent Cinepix release, "Love in a Four Letter World" is any indication of Canadian talent, we had all better change our citizenship to save embarrassment. A worse concoction has not been seen on Canadian screens since "Beyond The Valley of the Dolls".

The gala premiere last Thursday evening, had the cliched Hollywood build up, complete with a search light in front of the theatre and the presence of the male and female leads in the film. All Toronto's important people were in attendance. I personally saw Morton Shulman!

The plot is a cheap and unsuccessful imitation of "Joe" while the acting is just putrid. Dialogue consisted of monosyllabic grunts (goovy, right on, etc.) interspersed with Shakespearean moral messages which made it hard for the viewer to control nausea.

The production was partially financed by \$500,000 from the Canadian Film Corporation. Our tax money would have been better spent by using five thousand \$100 bills as toilet paper.

It is sad that garbage of this calibre can be allowed to be promoted as "truly Canadian". How far can the exploitation of our nationalism go?

Perhaps the best line of the evening came from my friend Barbara who joined me for the free show. She said "To see this movie for nothing is too expensive."

— By Phil Cranley

Don Shebib, who made GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD, is currently making a film in and around Toronto called RIP OFF, about four kids just out of high school, who want to be rock stars but haven't the talent, who want to be filmmakers but haven't the talent, but don't know what they want to do and are able to. Shebib calls our generation another "lost generation", unable to find a direction in a world where the Protestant work ethic is lost, where fame is valued beyond the practicality of obtaining it.

Incidentally, Peter Gross, who until recently was taking film and theatre in the Fine Arts Department, has one of the supporting roles. The inscription on the photo is no doubt partially due to Peter's being told once that he just doesn't have what it takes to work professionally as an actor.

— By Dan Merkur



By BRIAN PEARL

Serendipity lives on yet at York! Last Thursday I actually discovered something delightful quite by accident. That I should chance upon something new at York is strange, but possible, but that it should be so interesting is an amazement. I'm talking about the show, Light and Movement, currently at the York Art Gallery (in the North Tower of the Ross Bldg. on the first floor).

The showing is made up of a large and varied number of electronic devices for the stimulation of visual delight. The colours and movements of the art are thoroughly engrossing, and for more reasons than simple novelty. The motion of light and colour is one of the basic sources of information in the electronic mode; consider the stop light. It is hardly

an unexpected development that the lights of the city nebula should be aesthetically employed.

These bright artifacts move, some purposelessly in slow time, some gaily in fast tempo, others change shape and nature, constantly returning and departing from the original, yet more do amazing things with light and motion.

The show is composed of art from Canada and the world-at-large collected by the Electronic and Pollack Galleries here in Toronto. It will be running until the 12 of March. And when you do go, don't forget the delightful 'Walkonme' work just outside the Gallery beside the CYSF offices. Go, enjoy.

The Founders art gallery is the site this week of an exceptionally well-conceived collection of colour

photographs. The photographer, A.S. Lamb, seems to have a commanding understanding of both the medium of colour photography and the more secretive art of colour dark-room techniques. His photos are sometimes washed out in a single colour or have heightened contrasts for effect, or solarized or all three at once. In one stunning photo of trees by a lake the picture has been partly solarized, partly superimposed and also washed out in spots.

This small exhibition called Transformations is well worth the weary moments between classes as a lightener of experience, or a more leisurely intensive examination at a free moment. The Founders Gallery is across the hall from the Cock and Bull coffee shop, near Founders' JCR.

New musical is ordinary

A good musical firmly based on a fine play; a fine entertainment indeed. But it wasn't provocative or innovative at all. That's the problem for the theatre-goer at The Heart's a Wonder (based on the play The Playboy of the Western World by J.M. Synge), now playing at the Bayview Playhouse. Between Studio Lab's play The Brothers and The Heart's a Wonder is an entire generation of theatrical upheaval of epochal proportions. The audience at the Playhouse seems compelled to change their own dramatic appreciation and understanding for that prior type which sees lovers' duets as 'touching' or 'compellingly beautiful'.

The plot of The Heart's a Wonder, is the story of a young man who runs away after striking his father down, believing him dead. Then he comes to a small country inn where he is admired for the bravery and 'daring' of his faraway act by both the men and the women. Among the bevy of attracted girls are the primary contestants for the attentions of Christy; the innkeeper's daughter Pegeen (played prettily by Barbara Kyle) and the Widow Quin (played mightily by veteran Ann O'Dwyer). In the ensuing competition, the formerly weak-kneed lad finds his balls and when his father finally shows up, this confrontation is much more violent than the last. Christy (played with taste and handsomely by Michael Burgess) clubs his father again, but instead of lionizing him once more, the neighbours get ready to lynch him, led by the girl he has chosen and shared the sentiments of love with, Pegeen. Disillusioned, yet chastened into a new, proud man, Christy retreats with his father in tow (the old man has more resurrections than you-know-who).

The cast and direction called the Irish Theatre Society, manage to supply all the enthusiasm and 99 per cent of the talent necessary to get a light musical off the ground and keep it there for the necessary length of time. The director Alan Lund is a thorough and talented professional: The dances he stages are well produced the songs are gently applied to the play, and the acting is suitably affected in each role; each character appropriate. As a whole, the play is entertaining, often funny and diverting, sometimes energetic and diverting but it misses when the heavy moments gather onstage like dramatic fog, grounding the cast. They just can't manage that delicate mixture of moralism and humour Synge writes into the last scene when Christy is nearly hung by his paramour and his formerly adoring public. This kind of gray humour (it isn't quite dark enough to be black humour) is beyond the dramatic scope of the production.

The added songs are designed to be gentle and unobtrusive, rather pretty at best, but they rarely explain or cast brighter light on a dramatic situation by musical expression, something I think a song should always do. The dances are as diverting as the songs and go with them quite well but only superior choreography keeps the dances from intruding awkwardly into the play.

In the end, it must be acknowledged that The Heart's a Wonder is fine entertainment, well presented and conscientiously produced. Tickets range in price from three dollars at matinees to the usual four to six dollars at the weekend, which is normal. And The Heart's a Wonder is a normal play.

Classical Rock being born?

"Roll over Beethoven and tell Tschaikevsky the news."

In 1965, a soul group from Philadelphia, the Toys, turned a Brahms lullaby into a number one selling record. It was Lover's Concerto. Hardly an exceptional recording, it did usher in a trend that didn't really gain momentum until 1968 when Procul Harum recorded a Bach piano exercise against a surrealistic verse. This was A Whiter Shade of Pale. Fortunately, everyone didn't jump on this bandwagon as they have everything else (I can see Wilson Pickett doing a "soulful" Blue Danube). With Procul Harum, a few groups delved into the classics including the Moody Blues (successful monetarily) and the New York Rock Ensemble (who have since left Bach behind).

This form, which became known as classic-rock for lack of a, then, better name, came to the forefront with a British trio called the Nice. Led by the brilliant Keith Emerson on keyboards, the Nice fused Sibelius and Jerry Lee Lewis into a very exciting extension of rock and roll. In one of Emerson's exhilarating solos you could pick out traces of Brubeck, Meade Lux Lewis, Bach, and Little Richard.

The Nice have since broken up and have left their Canadian audience two outstanding L.P.s Ars Longa Vita Brevis and Everything As Nice As Mother Makes It. Their farewell album was never released here but it is worth mentioning. Five Bridges Suite was composed by Emerson to be played by a group and a full symphony orchestra. Recorded live in late October '69 before an appreciative audience, Five Bridges was a noble task. Emerson is a fine classical composer as well as organist, but Five Bridges fails horribly. As Deep Purple have also proven, an orchestra and group playing the classics just doesn't work. The orchestra by itself is very moving but when the group crashes in, the mood is completely ruined. An interesting album, though unsuccessful, it is available in the States on Mercury (Next time you're in Buffalo drinking, you can pick up a copy).

Emerson, Lake, and Palmer (Atlantic) is probably

the most musically advanced rock album to be released in the last fifteen years. Emerson is joined by ex-King Crimson bassist Greg Lake and Arthur Brown's dynamite drummer, Carl Palmer, to make a debut L.P. that leaves the competition miles behind. Switching from pipe organ to Moog to piano to Hammond and back again, Keith Emerson shows what can be done. The man is a genius! At times ultra-heavy and others, straight jazz, ELP demands to be listened to. Lake as a vocalist cannot be touched, and Palmer is a very adept drummer, and both give a good solid base from which Emerson rocks the eighty-eights. I swear he could make even Louie Louie sound great! Just an incredible recording....

Salisbury by Uriah Heep (Mercury) is garbage. Yet another one of those dime-a-dozen "heavies", Heep try to do what ELP have succeeded with. With this, their second L.P., they have tried to upgrade their music, but when there's nothing there to begin with.... This album will probably be very popular, especially with the kids over at Seer and all of you who really grooved on Jesus Christ: Superstar.

Yes also have two albums. A-Time and A Word is their second, and stands out among the year's latest releases. Using the now standard line-up of organ-guitar-bass-drums-singer, Yes are expanded with the addition of a full symphony orchestra. Unlike Five Bridges, the orchestra is an integral part of the arrangements, adding expressive flourishes to the music. (?) The album has been beautifully recorded in stereo, and when the group and orchestra are playing together, it really is quite breath-taking. Highlights include Astral Traveller, The Prophet, Everyday (from the Springfield), as well as the title cut. A special note should be given to their bassist, Chris Squires, who is probably the most original bassist around since the old Jack Bruce days. Any fledglings should give a listen. As well, drummer Bill Bruford has been given the nod from the incomparable Buddy Rich. Don't underestimate Yes.