

# Entertainment Journal

EDITOR: CATHERINE CARSIK

## Edmonton site of new art movement

By DEKK A. DENT

It isn't just plastic, glass, concrete and oil money going up in this bustling *ville* of the prairies, the new Dallas of the North. The arts too have seen a boom of their own: witness the Citadel, the Palms Cafe, Waldens, the Coliseum and the spankingly new Java Jive School of Art. The Java Jive School of Art? What's that, you ask.

Well, it's not just a place, or a school as such; it's a *movement*, an art revolution, that's what. The Java Jive School of Art is the hottest — and as some cynics would have it, the *only* — intellectual movement that this city has spawned. Over a cup of black Vienna, any day of the week, you can see this artistic revolution taking shape right before your eyes. "It's all happening right here," says Fentworth, one of the leading proponents of the young movement, "in fact if we didn't have to eat, sleep or go to the bathroom, we could be here *all* the time.

To be a part of the movement, the artist or intellectual has to renounce all connections that art may have to the world outside of the glass and concrete structures of Fine Arts, or HUB. "For centuries we've been unable to shake off the notion that Art should *mean* something. Now, we're finally doing it — right here in Edmonton," says Corvette, a painter who recently opened a show which displays a visual study of the coffee bean with water color, acrylic, oils and prints. "I mean —" continues Corvette, "what the hell do we know about anything outside of here? Iran, Cambodia, Afghanistan, Quebec ... that's all so far from Edmonton. How can you *feel* anything about that here?"

Visual, sculptural and photographic studies of the coffee bean is a central image explored by the Java Jive movement in its attempt to define a methodology for its new aesthetic. "Art should not hurt or offend anyone. We should feel safe watching it or making it," says Corvette, who likes to dress in colors that she thinks are 'sort of new wavish.'

Pink, turquoise, yellow, maroon and indigo stripe her body in tight contours and are nicely offset with the purple-violet stretch slacks that tuck into white sneakers.

"It's a matter of style," says Fentworth. "Art should be like fashion." He points out his light beige summer tweed jacket, the fawn colored trousers (with the 'tapered' look) and calfskin Oxfords.

The Java Jive School of Art feels that their art should be pleasant enough for ordinary people to buy. "You want people to *buy* your art so that they can hang it up on their walls, blow a joint of sniff a line and not get freaked out by what it says or how it clashes with the shag rug. What you hang up on your walls should at least match the colors of your wardrobe, or your walls. The art you buy is a lot like the clothes you wear; it tells a lot about your personality," says Fentworth.

The Java Jive School of Art is producing works that are gaining increasing commercial potential because of its built in inability to provoke extreme reactions.

"We don't like extremities," says Corvette, "looking at something that bothers you is like smelly feet in someone's living room. That's why we always

Java Jive School of Art

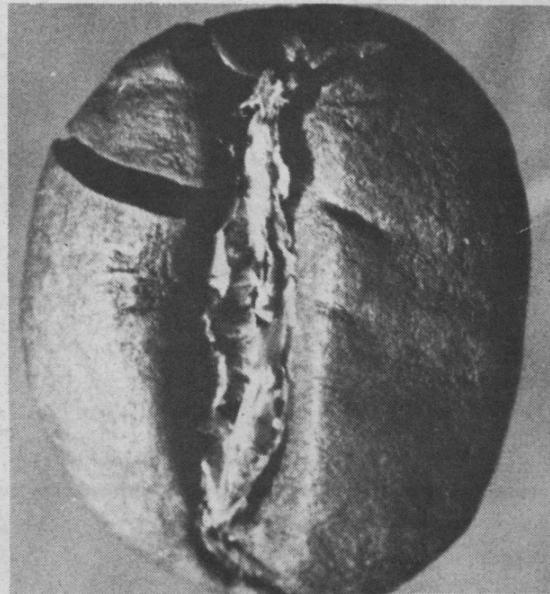
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keep our boots on."

Recently the Java Jive School has taken a bold, innovative step in marketing their art. They offer wholesale discounts on art that is bought in bulk. Contracts have been signed with the government, private business, schools and hospitals who have found bulk buying an economic way to bring art to every office, corridor and lobby. "It also makes sense for someone who's bought a new house in say — Castledowns. It'll bring the value of your house up and in a year or two — you can trade it off for a new house with a complete new set of art," says Fentworth.

"People have this misconception that artists are somehow subversive," says Corvette. "But we'll change that. We are quite ordinary you know. We don't carry slogans or spit on things like some people who think they're artists do around here. We are here to serve. We can make anything you want. I can even paint houses — say that in your review. Daddy just gives me money for the winter session so I gotta do something for the summer."

Fentworth summarizes the Java Jive School's philosophy when he says "forget the world. Don't let anyone tell you about the world except for the one we can see and feel in front of you. The rest doesn't exist, despite what some people would like to think. Because



The Bean: a study in acrylic (1979).

of this philosophy, I think there is a great deal in store for our movement. Java Jive Art is safe enough to wear, hang, eat, drink and sleep on. What more could you ask for?"

## Crapola finally comes up shining

By JOHN DUD

*Ed. Note: For too long, Edmonton reviewers have ignored the kind of cultural events which appeal to the man in the street. We refer, of course, to Studio 82's remarkable repertoire of bump 'n' grind classics. Fortunately, we are not a family rag, so we can get away with offending everybody. And, believe me, these movies are offensive in every sense of the word!*

This amusing little flick exposes the activities of a bunch of happy-go-lucky college football players, all members of the Nashville Nads, currently flailing in the gutter of their Ivy League division. For some strange reason, however, the movie completely ignores football except for the first 38 seconds (just sufficient time to roll the credits). Instead, this film is a stunning look at the biggest set of jugs this side of 10.

The rather haphazard plot centers on the activities of Peter Hangwell, the very offensive guard of the Nads. His sensitive portrayal of a mindless stud has never been equalled by any of the so-called great actors of our time — Nick Nolte at his most loutish could not even approach this touching characterization of a well-meaning but depraved young man on the make.

Although the cinematography is slightly below the standards of such movies as *1900* and *Days of Heaven*, it at least avoids the pretentiousness of these highly-overrated films. Not for these guys arty shots of

Go Nads Go!

Studio 82

prairie flowers waving in the sunset (which in any case would have exceeded the film's estimated \$2500 budget). Instead, the camera zooms straight in on the subject at hand, and, aside from occasional lens fogging, the action shots clearly stimulated the appreciative audience.

First time actress Holly Goodhead may have been somewhat lacking in verbal skills, yet she demonstrated an amazing command of visual technique. At times, the audience's passion for this movie abated, but Ms. Goodhead always managed to bring their interest back to a peak.

In a shocking departure from his previous works, director Francis Ford Crapola has turned the movie industry on its head, and quashed any remaining doubts about his talent. Avoiding the pitfalls of the amateurish *Apocalypse When?*, Crapola gives the moviegoer what he truly desires (and deserves — for \$4.50), an intense and satisfying ending, one which leaves the viewer emotionally and physically drained.

After this film, his next effort can only be anticlimactic.

## More fun with food

As a culinary critic I am often sought out by people in an attempt to answer their many questions about the fascinating world of food. Of course, people are always concerned about the four Ws of eating (what, where, why, when), but, recently, the subject most often brought up has been regurgitation.

That's right, regurgitation. Or, as we at *The University Journal* like to call it, doing a Ron Cholesterol. You know, throwing up, talking to Ralph, woofing the cookies, tickling the tonsils, taking a technicolor yawn — it's all the same, so why be euphemistic about something that can be joyfully creative and liberating?

But why should a food critic speak of bringing up the same old hash? Shouldn't that be better left to Terry Jonestown or *The Journal* editorial writers? Well, no. Edmonton restaurants, especially the university's classier establishments, have made me somewhat of an expert on the subject. Eating out is becoming more and more popular these days but this often leads to tension and over-stimulation. Remember, despite what the moralists say, talking on the great white telephone is nature's way of providing safe and fast-acting relief.

In spite of the liberal age we live in, centuries of taboos have given rise to much myth and misinformation about the sensual art of barfing. People often ask me questions like: "Am I the only one doing it? Will I go blind? Should I really worry about performance? How many times can I do it



Nancy Egg

before I lose my self-respect and (my favorite), is it the same as Montezuma's revenge?" Well, the answers to all these questions is an emphatic yes and no. Spilling the beans is as natural as sniffing your socks or leaving boogers on the underarms of friends' furniture. Everyone does it at one time to another, so don't feel guilty.

There are, however, some social conventions that are best respected. In most Edmonton circles, spewing on or in the vicinity of your host on a first dinner date is not generally regarded as being in good taste. If you feel a flush coming on and the juices starting to flow, then by all means consider it *apropos* to excuse yourself. That's what rest rooms are for.

Next week I'll be talking about technique, so until then, don't put anything larger than an elbow in your throat.

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