

Poetry anthology

Lacklustre limbo

Lloyd Wasser

Just Outside of Limbo
JSF/JSU, 32 pp. \$2.00

"Strange poets in laundromats washing clothes watching them tumble dry trying to talk"

Wayne Woodman

For all the energy put into it, *Just Outside of Limbo* is amazingly empty. Its thirty-odd pages contain many words but little promise for the reader. And so, it is a lacklustre collection, though not completely without merit.

Part of the reason for *Limbo's* lack of brilliance may be due to its editorial bureaucracy. *Limbo* had four—count 'em—four editors, and, as the old adage goes, too many editors spoil the book. *Limbo* appears to be a case of chronic indecision. The book itself is well-produced but it doesn't come across in terms of entertainment value.

This shows in the selection of poetry present in the volume. Most of the writing is uneventful and unexciting. I've read more interesting cereal boxes. You read the poetry but you can't feel it. Most of the musings in *Limbo* didn't interest me, arouse me, or sadden me. Instead, I was stuck with a horrible sense of non-reaction.

There are exceptions, of

course. Nothing can be all bad. Among the rare sparks were "It Will Get Done" by Denis Stokes, a beautiful piece filled with

compassion and emotion. As well, the gothic "Hieroglyph" by Rosalind Eve Conway, affected me in a different way, bringing back memories of childhood dreams and visions I thought I'd lost forever.

The most disappointing aspect of the volume is a poem by the acclaimed Milton Acorn. His "Record Run" appears to have been used not because it was good—it isn't—but because he is Milton Acorn. If that is the case, I'm doubly disappointed with this book.

Hopefully, this compilation will fade quietly into the Twilight Zone of Bad Poetry so that better works can have space on the bookshelves. Perhaps the editors may make another go at it in the future, and, if they do, I advise them to choose more carefully and search out poets with real talent—writers who have something important to say.

It's ironic indeed that the title of this anthology should describe my feelings on it. *Just Outside of Limbo* appears to be in a limbo of its own—between what the editors hoped to create and what they eventually produced.

(Judge for yourself at the *Limbo* reading...check *Our Town* for details—ed.)

Loose Ends: 70's in a can

Paul Turrin

With the 70's dead for almost a year now, it's a wonder somebody hasn't packaged and put them on stage earlier. *Loose Ends*, which opened at the Tarragon last week, does just that, and makes a neat job of it besides.

Using a subtle balance of the heavy and the humorous, playwright Michael Weller has depicted the lives of the 60's idealists as they struggle through the cold, grey 70's, by the end of which (as we all know), they will be narcissistic hedonists, incapable of reaching each other because of the walls they have built around themselves. In order to explore the era's inanities, Director William

Lane has given the play a gently satirical touch.

Loose Ends traces a couple's journey through the decade, exploring the looseness of their relationship and of the whole era. Paul and Susan meet in 1970 on a beach in Bali, he fresh from a stint with the Peace Corps, she in the midst of a post-graduation trip. The play's eight scenes follow their lives as they move in together, marry, and pursue their separate careers, ending in a New Hampshire cabin in 1979.

Peter Dvorsky's Paul is played with appropriate understatement. He is an innocent grappling with the contradictions in his character; he is free-spirited yet possessive;

rebellious yet with middle-class instincts. His ideals clash with his desire for simple domesticity.

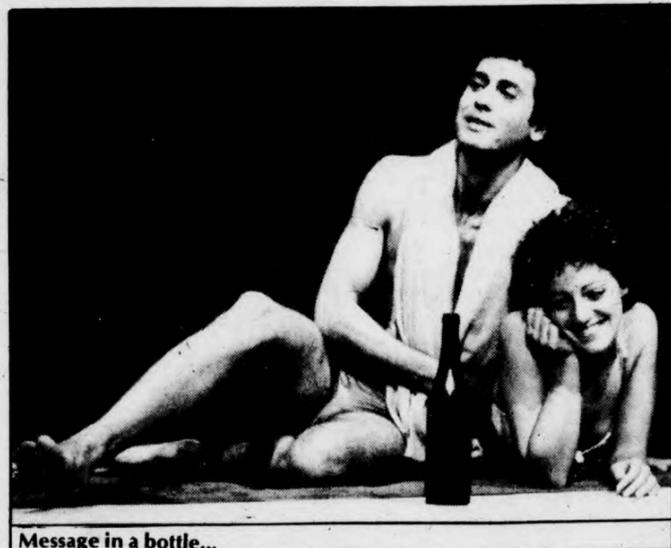
Michelle Fisk's Susan is a bona-fide New Woman. She is so sure of herself that she easily rejects having the children Paul so desperately wants in favour of her career.

Paul and Susan think they need each other. What they actually need is someone to inflate their own egos while keeping at a safe distance. She has an abortion without telling him. He is the victim of his own liberalism.

This is not to say that *Loose Ends* works best as a sociological study. With the narcissism of the "me generation" now a universally accepted fact, it's too easy to just take potshots at these admittedly vulnerable targets.

The satirical characters of the supporting cast offset the solipsistic worlds of Paul and Susan; Doug (Booth Savage) is all gruff maleness; Maraya (Robin Crag) is his ever-pregnant wife; Paul's brother Ben (John Evans) is a particularly good characterization of everyone's older brother.

The play develops a sense of rhythm as the action swings back and forth between the self-absorbed world of Paul and Susan, and these other tragically comic figures. It is the clash between these two attitudes which jars the audience out of any illusions that the problems of these people are significant, or their insights profound.



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Entertainment

"I don't mind being shot."
-Lionel Douglas-

Soviet satire

Elliott Lefko

B.B. Gabor, the man who wrote "Nyet Nyet Soviet/Soviet Jewellery", breathed some life into an iglooish York last night with a fine demonstration of his risky, Rusky folk.

"Listen York," said the British-accented, Hungarian-born Gabor in an interview before his York show, "I love playing for university audiences, in fact I prefer it to clubs. I get on an energy level with my audience. It's really expressive."

Gabor's current popularity stems from his debut album, *B.B. Gabor (Anthem)* which included the British pop favourite "Soviet Jewellery": "I said No, They said Yes! They snapped the Soviet Jewellery around my wrists." Written a few years ago, when the punks were swimming around in the Toronto music bog, Gabor recalls the frenzied song to be "too blatant. It was tongue-in-cheek, a gimmick song."

Currently Gabor leans to jazz for inspiration, a direction he shares with Joni Mitchell, one of his big influences. "I love the direction she's going in. I see myself working in the same direction."

In concert one sees the



Zsa Zsa Gabor perfects that wonderful tan.

Renuka De Silva

influences blending into a cohesive presentation. The influences become the launching ground for his own musical ideas. "I follow my feelings, and the

music becomes the expression. It's not a question of following a blueprint. I do songs because I want to, not because I should."

Si, si, B.B.

Kant imagine



Eddie Spinoza

Songs about famous philosophers (and York philosophy professors) are not often heard these days, particularly in the so-called 'new wave' of rock music. People looking for some more meaning in their new wave diet are advised to check out Sebastian, a local trio led by guitarist Sebastian Agnello.

Agnello, who writes the words and music of the group's songs rejects the escapism that today's audiences seem to crave and instead stresses awareness and social consciousness. Although some of the songs the group performs are highly political, Agnello says he belongs to no political parties. "I like to speak

my mind. When I'm on stage I'm not there to preach."

Sebastian admits that the controversial nature of the band's songs is more widely accepted in Europe and particularly England where he says it is irrelevant whether a group is good or bad—sincerity and social consciousness are what matters there.

Sebastian, rounded out by bassman Joe Agnello and drummer Jim Hall, has a unique stage act that includes monologues by Sebastian A. Their first E.P., *Urbemensch*, should be available this month and their next Toronto appearance is on November 27 at the Cabana Room of the Spadina Hotel.

Das flick



Exal's own Hooker & Goystein called *Enigma of Kaspar Hauser* and *American Friend* two of the best flicks ever. See for yourself next Thurs., 7:30, Curtis L. \$2.75.

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