

UNIVERSITY & COLLEGE STUDENTS

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For further information, please call: 922-2847

WANTED

Editor for Manus

by the Council of the York Student Federation

APPLY TO:

David Kelly Room 105 Central Square

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS:

Noon, Thursday April 15, 1982

SPATS presents

April 12, 14 April 15, 16 April 17

Platinum Blonde Teenage Head

> Advance tickets on sale at the club



The Ascot Inn **534 Rexdale Boulevard** 675-3101

GALLERYSGALLERYSGALLERYSGALLE

Al Locke

The Samuel Zacks Gallery in Stong College is currently presenting the exhuburant work of Brent McIntosh and Tim des Clouds. To call the work a celebration of life would almost be an understatement.



McIntosh's work includes an immense 18 foot long cucumber floating on a huge canvas. It is McIntosh's contention that in presenting the huge vegetable he is "blowing the banal up to idol size." On another part of the cucumber dominated room are eighteen foot squares. Each has an object presented on a graphic background ranging from a car (of dubious vintage) to a brilliant coloured pumpkin. They are household objects, every day things, idolized like the huge cucumber. On another part of the wall are 12 squares with "weighted meanings". Painted in primary colours, the single object presented is symbolic in what it connotes, with subjects ranging from "guns" to the number "12."

Balancing the huge cucumber, are Tim des Clouds womb symbol paintings. The womb is central to life, where the violence of birth is positive and beautiful. Aside from the cyclical movement of Menses, des Clouds represents the pubic area as an inverted triangle. "In geometry the triangle is natures strongest shape. Inverted is it vulnerable," des Cloud's continues, pointing

to one painting of his series, which shows the vulnerability and abuse of the female through the ages.

From the black/white and pink/blue triangle borders, des Clouds shows the stability of the unity of contrast. The work is life-affirming, bright, positive and colourful. There is energy in the Zacks exhibit, capable of chasing winter greys away, and promoting the colours of springtime and growth. A nice

place to escape. The Founder's Gallery in contrast, is offering a mixed media presentation of the work of Sylvia Martin.

The show takes place in "La La's Room", she has O.D.'d in the centre of the sphere of life's experiences. Colour balloons of dreams surround the body, but inside the torso they are blackened and dead.

The air is filled with a "funeral dirge" — the sounds of voices labouring in contrast torment. One wall shows the baby La La a collage of events before and during birth. Included is the

electric colours of painted Indian beads and plaster teddy bear. It is a joyous time, bright, happy. but just a memory.

As you move around the walls, you see La La's life change: her expectations destroyed. De Demourat Youth Kid effects La La: it contains a photo of Trudeau, a plastic rose and black armbands, clowns' face and a loaded gun. Immediately after the "kit". La La's tombstone 1958-81. Another wasted youth, a body destroyed.

Four "friends" in grey look pensively at their exploded friend. La La gone, her dreams destroyed, the hobbyhorse of her childhood becomes simply a skeleton of black wire. It's Beckett time "...we are born outside the grave...'

A final piece, a graphic entitled "Exhausted", manages in its dreary panels to show the expectations of life. From formation to pain, to pain to death. La La is just a person of many faces, many masks and her epitaph can only read: 1958-



Delirium and violence on TWP stage

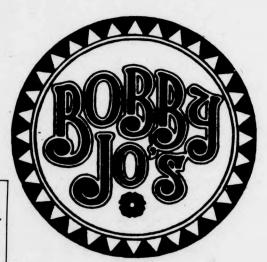
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All of this we feel growing under the action, which itself is constantly exploding in hysteria, delirium, and violence, from one level to the next of the multi-level set. Each platform of the ingenious set exists as a separate scene (a bedroom, street alley, neon doughnut counter) and scenes change as quickly as the performers can move amongst them.

With the honesty of the language and action, Crackwalker's humanity sucks us in, shakes us up with its merciless truth, its love, joy, and horror, and spits us out with pity, for we, too, are human.

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