

gingers

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Music, Merriment, Great Food And Beer



Hollis at Morris

Monday Nite: Party
Tues. Nite: Open Mike (Bring your own guitar)
Saturday Aft.: Party 2 p.m.-7 p.m.

Festival 82 celebrates Women's Art

by M. Lynn Briand

Women and celebration: the two are well complemented.

Women participating in the performing arts will have an opportunity to celebrate their many accomplishments this fall.

Festival '82, originally conceived by members of Womenspirit Art Research and Research Centre in London, Ontario, was to be a nationwide festival of women's art. Nova Scotia visual artist Charlotte Hammond and Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery Exhibition Officer Lorraine Chisholm returned from the Festival '82 national meeting in September, 1980, bent on salvaging an idea already floundering financially.

As a direct offshoot, since last

March, the Women in the Arts Committee has generated enthusiasm throughout the province and has experienced a steady growth. However, the unavoidable fact remains: women are underrepresented in the art world. They are shown less, heard seldom, seen occasionally and rarely commissioned. Women in the Arts plans to meet that challenge head on.

MIRRORINGS, an exhibition by women in the Atlantic Provinces created by Avis Lang Rosenberg, starts in September at MSVU Art Gallery. The National Museums of Canada has loaned Mirrorings a grant to tour Canada with the show.

To coincide with Mirrorings,

Festival '82 will present new works in writing, dance, theatre, music and performance art. Women in the Arts encourages the development of imaginative options and creative ideas from women in Nova Scotia.

The deadline for submissions to Festival '82 is February 13. Drop us a line at the Women and the Arts, c/o Vans, P.O. Box 3306, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 3J1, or drop by at our meeting with Avis Lang Rosenberg Feb. 11, 6:30 p.m. at the Centre for Art Tapes, 1671 Argyle. Bring along a bite to eat.

Inspired?... Or simply curious? As a coalition funded by your ideas it will happen: a celebration of the Arts by and about women. We'll be expecting you.

What goes on

film

Well, you'll all be pleased to know that I'm doing this in a rush and don't have much time for the usual irrelevant smart-assing. So, the mad dash to the end of the column shall now begin.

Obviously thrilled with the response that **It Came From Outer Space** generated at Dalhousie, The Cove's booked a real live 3-D movie, in colour, no less, and so **Comin' At Ya!** will be doing what its title suggests next week. It was one of the last year's biggest surprise hits down stateside, so maybe it is genuine fun (unlike what dropped in from outer space). In da field of literary adaptations, **10 Days Which Shook the World** mee-raculously becomes **Reds** at the Scotia Square Cinema, and John Steinbeck's **Cannery Row** makes itself apparent at the Paramount One. Add one to that and you've got **Arthur** at the Paramount Two. The only real mall action to speak of is shakin' down t'he Penhorn One, where Milos Forman's mucho talked-about **Ragtime** gets stuck, much to its (and my) displeasure.

Ah! At long last the Casino gets a film at least seeming of half-decent quality - **The Border**, with Jack Nicholson, Harvey Keitel, Valerie Perrine and a coupla others. A drama set on the Mexican/American border it is, and has the possibilities to let Jack Nicholson give his traditional "Jack Nicholson" performance. **Absence of Malice** still has malice towards reporters at the Oxford, and the Hyland is still placing **On Golden Pond** up on its screen for those unfortunate enough to be subjected to its calculated sentimentality.

Wormwood's has a strong coupla films set for the weekend, along with the usual pair of **I Claudius's** showing Wed. to Fri. afternoon & Thursday night. An oldie by Rene Clair (from '35) called **The Ghost Goes West** is Friday fare (and should be funny fare, at that), and what does the Cat drag in but **Eraserhead** on Saturday and Sunday (Valentine's Day, for all you romantic mutants out there). Now, I've never happened on seeing **Eraserhead** (David Lynch's first, pre-**Elephant Man**), and due to a hot date with a newspaper conference, I won't be able to see it this week either, but from all appearances, this cult film of cult films should be...interesting, at least.

And of course, speakin' of cult films, Friday at midnight or so marks the Halifax return of **The Rocky Horror Picture Show**, to the McInnes Room at the SUB. Prizes and hand-outs at the door, gang, so it looks like it might be really groovy. The Grawood churns up that froth with its pair of weekly freebies - **The**

Wanderers on Tuesday night and **1941** the next day. I thought **1941** was funny when I saw it - so there.

The Cohn's got a film-and-a-half (nah, not literally...) for all interested on Sunday - the great Australian film, **Breaker Morant**. With a complex moral question, Bruce Beresford has concocted a helluva taut film that'll entertain all those whose shoe sizes aren't three sizes too small, whatever that means.

Lastly, on the free front (no, not a new terrorist organisation), both the NFB and the Dal Art Gallery have films showing this week for which admittance is not limited to those having money (i.e., it's gratis). The killer NFB playing next Wednesday is **Gui Dao - On The Way**, a flick about a woman worker in the People's Republic of China. The Dal Art Gallery counters on the previous day (that don't sound right) with **Light in the West**, a film on photography in the American West during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Okay, now that **Annie Hall** is about to start in the Grawood, I'm off...Until the next.

- K.J.B.

television

Oh boy! If you haven't tuned in to ATV lately, you've really been missing out. That is, if you've a taste for the ultimate in ironic satire - so much so that even the show doesn't know that it's a parody. But whether they're aware of it or not, the makers of **Thrill of a Lifetime** have created the looniest show on television, beyond even something that SCTV could think up.

The show's a CTV production, and the whole point of the thing is to award a few Canadians with their "thrill of a lifetime." However, it soon becomes obvious the show's kind of... lacking in the bucks for these thrills. So most of the time the program desperately tries to make their low-budget thrills seem like the next best thing to droppin' in on Tattoo at **Fantasy Island**. They fail.

And they fail transcendently, magnificently. One woman, whose "thrill" was to go on a real live western stampede, had to settle for gittin' along on an anemic cow round-up with Jack Horner (yes, the famous suicidal Alberta Gritory). Another regular Joe, whose dream was to smash up a car, was entered in a demolition derby... wherein his car wouldn't even start. That was it. Whooh! Some thrill, eh? **Almost** being in a crash-up derby.

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