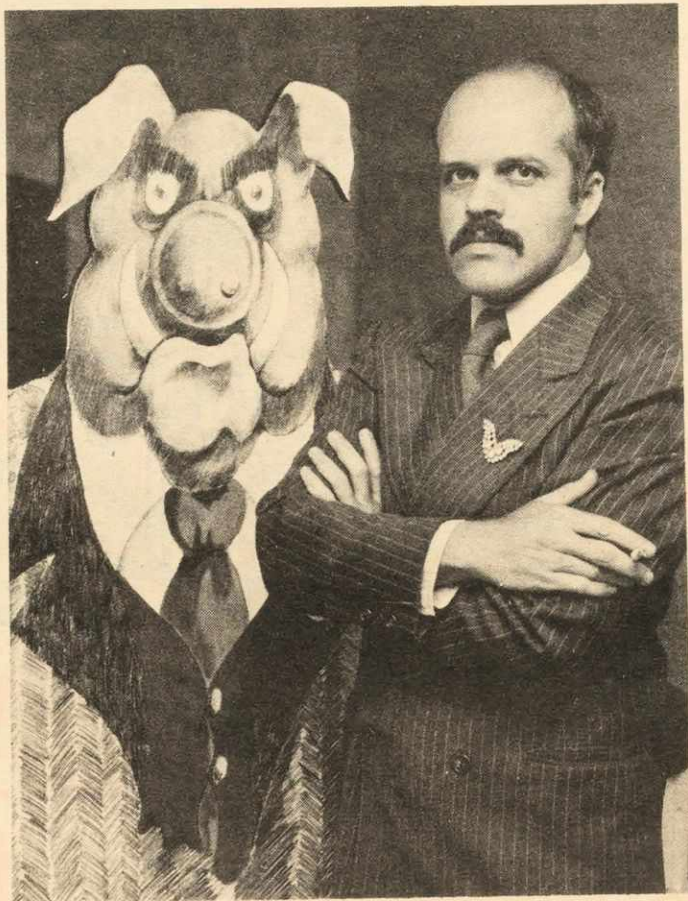


Entertainment

Hupman: Pearls Before Swine



BRENT BAMBURY

This is essentially a tale of two cities. One hovers magically over Lake Ontario and is nearly as flat, except where certain holy towers rise to profile opulence, independence and majesty of the dollar. The other metropolis squats like a cathedral on the Atlantic shores, and from its emblematic Citadel one may catch sight of the windy tunnel of Barrington Street, the Edmontonian glitz of the best disco in town, and, for perhaps a limited time only, the Halifax Harbour.

The tastes of two cities are as different as the artistry of Aislin and Emily Carr. For purposes of characterization, it would simplify matters to

equate Toronto with trends and Halifax with traditions. Unfortunately, characterizations are too confining; traditions are dying daily in Halifax. The satellite edition of the *Globe and Mail* recently crucified that paper's traditional status as the best rag in town. Another tradition ends this January as local artist and entrepreneur Roger Hupman heads west.

R. Hupman and his partner J. Matthews have for a dozen years been peddling their wares from the wrought iron fence of Halifax Public Gardens. Their first year "fencing" was one of meagre profits and huge opposition. Garden management didn't want their clutter. Art college associates snickered at their commercialism, and a primitive busi-

ness sense kept profits low. A business sense, however, is a cultivated art. The pair soon discovered printers and began to churn out a prolific biography of the residential South West End. It is difficult to imagine any long time resident of that part of the city who has not seen their house, or their neighbour's, printed and watercoloured with a spidery, jangling looseness, and slapped into a piece of real, live Bainbridge mat board.

"Eight bucks! Eight bucks!" Roger chants as he applies water colour to his prints, as he attaches the mat board to give the work the 8" x 10" dimensions that make it compatible to any standard Woolco frame. Roger Hupman is pleased with his entrepreneurship; he has survived comfortably on the income from the fence and the local Christmas craft shows. These are items carefully geared toward making a buck and this art Hupman and Matthews call "schleping the shit". The message inherent in the smugness is: don't confuse the craft with the art. And thus the basis of Roger Hupman's exodus from Halifax to Toronto.

In June of last year, Roger opened a show at Historic Properties called Pig City. There was no connection between this material and that hanging on the fence. Pig City featured eight plywood sculptures and a series of detailed watercolours. The latter boasted a Ralph Steadman-like looseness and an imaginative absurdist humour that lies between parody and bizarre juxtaposition. Orson Welles adopts the form of a pig and the scale of a zeppelin and trails his favourite toy: a mere rosebud of a sled. Hupman's sculptures were grand in scale and detail and possessed a considerable dramatic impact. And the show bombed. Pig City just wouldn't sell to Halifax. People wanted Roger Hupman to come and draw their house.

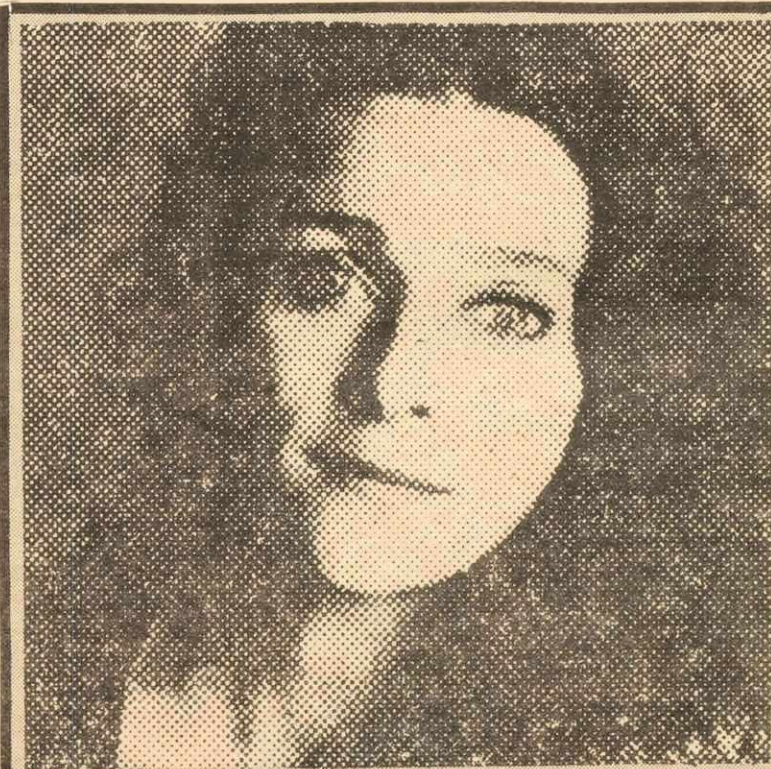
An explanation is hard to come by. Perhaps the work is too unorthodox to warrant a serious consideration by the Halifax patron. Or perhaps the artist has been too well defined by his business. Wherever the faults in Pig City may lie, Roger is not chancing further rejection of the work he knows is good. And this, combined with that itch famil-

iar to those who have spent too long a time in the same place, prompts his move to Canada's Big Apple.

Whatever happens to Roger in Toronto will depend on the quality of his new ideas. He speaks guardedly now, but when he does talk, he speaks of airbrush, neon, mechanical sculpture and sound. He now feels no need to pander to the dictates of economics. "Schleping the shit" has become too easy. It's a trap—like smoking. Toronto is a bigger Pig city, with a larger population and therefore a greater proportion of well fed swine. Taking a chance in that environment becomes less of a risk and more of a necessity. Pig City has proven that Roger Hupman is not afraid of taking chances. The quality of his work proves that he need not worry about having his quiche and eating it too.

Roger says good-bye to Halifax this week with the exhibition and sale of 140 watercolour drawings of the older part of the city. These works are being shown at the exhibition room of the TUNS School of Architecture on Spring Garden Road. It is an important collection, documenting an era with flair, ingenuity and of course, characteristic quirky humour. As of January, however, home for Roger is home for Harold Ballard, Harold Town and other emblems of Canadiana not necessarily named Harold. It is an expansion of horizon for Roger; it is a time for Halifax to consider the extra expanse of wrought iron this spring at the Garden Gates.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."



Judy Collins

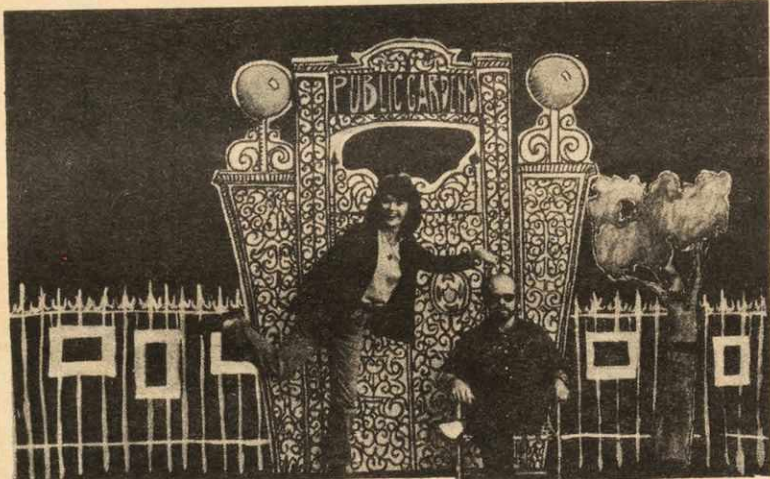
by Glenn Walton

First Don MacLean in February, and now Judy Collins in December; how lucky can you get!? For the second time this year, a Cohn audience has welcomed a major popular singing star, and once again, the concert was a knockout. Judy Collins opened her month to sing last Saturday night, and the effect was, well, magic.

There she was, direct from Carnegie Hall the night before, the former Protest Generation singer who is an integral part of our musical and social history, on stage in flowing sequins, her long reddish-brown hair tumbling down over a surprisingly frail body. The band, which had filed onstage quietly before the spot went on, wore suits. I mention these trivial details because we

must remember that Judy Collins is in her late 30s and we are no longer what we were. If the show-biz veneer rattled some of the purer-of-heart in the all-ages audience, too bad. Her appearance was as irrelevant as the fact that at one point she forgot a line, and that her voice caught once or twice during the performance. What mattered was that Judy Collins has matured, and most happily of all: so has her voice.

What an instrument! How do you express in words its pureness of tone, its expressive range, its effect on a concert audience? Collins is even better live than on record, and that's saying a lot: her recordings, particularly her version of Stephen Sondheim's 'Send in the Clowns', are elegant models of musical craftsmanship, and



R. Hupman