

Runs until Sunday

Festival of Festivals is a cinema potpourri

By EVANLEIBOVITCH

In an unassuming room in the Harbour Castle Hotel near the pool, a scene is witnessed that was only thought of in a movie: people running around like they're looking for their heads, shuffling around endless reams of paper and visitors, putting someone on hold on one phone to talk to someone else on another. The noise is loud, to be sure, but the walls have a velvet quality that manages to stifle the din. Whole boxes full of the latest copies of Variety await the newcomers, probably to kill time while waiting their turn.

On the mezzanine, a young hostess stands inside a repostered lemonade stand, wearing a brightly colored Festival windbreaker, and acting maternally to the bewildered tourists groping through the lobby.

Since the conception of the Festival of Festivals many moons ago, the planners, the P R and press folk, and the schedulers have had their hands full; mostly, to convince the public that the Festival was a significant event of international stature. Now that the Festival is here, and the offices have been swamped with people who have just realised what they ignored just weeks ago. Now, status

seekers flaunt their Festival programmes in the subway, begging for others to look subtly over their shoulders.

From the Cinesphere at Ontario

Place, to the Uptown Backstage and New Yorker at Bloor, the Festival is in full swing now. Student passes at \$25 per the screenings had long ago been sold

out. All that remained was the six dollar per day screening pass, or the \$150 ticket that allowed the bearer into the whole shooting march, which started last Monday

and runs until Sunday.

The range of films is immense, varying from "The Pearl Fisherman" (France, 1904), to "Lies my Father Told Me" (Canada, 1976).

In addition to the films, the Festival features seminars given by Martin Scorsese (Taxi Driver), Verna Fields (Jaws), and others. As well plans include and parties every night. (The \$25 and \$6 passes do not include admission to parties) Each one honors a different world film festival.

In an interview with Excalibur, Margaret Littlejohn of the Film department said that students majoring in Film have been excused from film classes in order to see the Festival, and that almost three quarters of York film students had bought passes. However, she said that film students would still be asked to attend all non-film classes.

The biggest problem encountered with the Festival of Festivals is the travel between theatres and the choice of films at the various places. Otherwise, it has proved to be a viceless, if not cheap, voyage into the never-neverland of film.



This week, the Dutch National Ballet brings their performance to the hallowed halls of the Royal Alexandra Theatre. They bring with them, the combined talents of Rudi van Dantzig, Hans van Manen, and Toer van Schayk, a trio of choreographers of world renown. They'll be here every night 'till Saturday, including a matinee on the final day.

Woody Allen goes straight in The Front

By GEORGE YOUNG

A most poignant moment in The Front is during the final scene when Howard Prince, played by Woody Allen, is being asked to denounce only one person to get himself away from the hooks of the committee investigating Communist influence. Prince's boss bends down and tells him to give Hecky Brown's name for "he is dead anyway."

Morality is the key to this movie.

Though it is set in the early fifties, during the infamous McCarthy era in the States, it does not pretend to be a cutting documentary. It is concerned more with the philosophy of the Age. Howard Prince pretends that he is the writer of television scripts being written by men who are suspected Communists (or the like). These writers have been judged guilty by a dastardly organization called

Freedom Information (FI), so they cannot get work with the obsequious TV producers. Prince is originally motivated by the ten percent he receives for each sold script, but as he begins to see the personal damage being wrought to these men and others his conscience begins to stir...

Zero Mostel plays Hecky Brown, a man who has been blacklisted simply for being in a May Day march years before. And since he was only after a woman anyway his frustration is heightened when he is blacklisted. The man from FI, in true totalitarian fashion, offers Hecky clearance if he will spy on the newcomer, Howard Prince. Hecky laughs at the suggestion, but accepts, and we see a simple man being crushed. What jobs he can get are with shysters who cheat him out of his money and his self-respect.

After a masterful suicide scene, Howard turns moral and decides to stand up to the people who have hurt his friends.

Though Howard Prince is supposed to be Woody Allen's first



Zero Mostel and Woody Allen in a scene from The Front

'serious' role, don't be surprised if you see that he has not altered his character at all. His role, as cashier turned Successful Scriptwriter, leaves much room for Allen's humorous side. It seems instead that the role was moulded around Allen and this critic judges it to be a perfect fit. Andrea Marcovicci as Florence, plays well along side

Allen. Remak Ramsay as Hennessey, of FI, is an excellent stereotype.

So The Front ends up as a fine morality play. And if you think the Bad Guys get it in the end when Howard tells them to off themselves, just wait until you see the final credits. It is only then that you see the Good Guys finally did win.

Student, staff shows goals of IDA Gallery

By ARA ROSE PARKER

IDA is a small universe of a showroom. This art gallery in the faculty of Fine arts building is interesting to browse through during lunch and afternoon breaks. The hours are 12-5, Monday through Friday, with frequent special Saturday showings, and is open to all York students.

The official definition of IDA (Instructional Display Area) is a multipurpose exhibition and performance space for the fine arts. The curator of the gallery is Susan Albergihenie who is an art connoisseur in her own right. Ms. Albergihenie, with the help of students, sets up the layout of the shows herself. Her office is in the gallery and she is very approachable to those who would like to discuss the shows with her.

There are four major aims of the gallery, one of which is to give students the opportunity to display their own work professionally. There will be a series of two man shows starting with paintings and sculptures by Joe Szilva and Tony Calzetta, two graduate students, until Monday.

Later on the IDA Gallery hopes to show undergraduate work drawn from all the applied arts. The work would be of exceptional quality, and selections will be made as the year and work progresses. Interested fine art students should procure an application form, supported by two

visual art faculty members, which is then forwarded to the advisory board.

Secondly the gallery exists to allow faculty members the opportunity to display their work. The first show was of this nature, and throughout the year there will be solo shows on campus. Nov. 8-12, an exhibit by Vera Frankel, a professor in the visual arts department will be on show. It is one from the series of women's shows at IDA. The show is entitled "The Big Book-an exploration of means by which we express ourselves", and will feature 30 collages of drawings and various media.

The third aim is to make space available for shows related to curriculum. Artwork in the IDA is for the most part Canadian and these showings will feature Eskimo and native art. Hopefully some work will be borrowed from the T.D. Bank eskimo collection in March. Corresponding with the art history courses, there will be one show of Oriental art.

As well IDA will attempt to allow visiting artists the space for their shows. Paolosoleri, the Italian futuristic architect will be conducting workshops, Jan. 24-28, Krzysztof Wodiczko, the Polish conceptual artist, has been invited from Europe by Calumet College, to come and lecture, and there will be various shows of his art on campus and in IDA from Feb. 1-11.

Ballet Cologne show was erratic

By AGNES KRUTCHIO

It is difficult to evaluate a dance company on the basis of only one evening's work, but Ballet Cologne, or Tanzforum Koln, as they are known in their native Germany, was able to give only a single performance at the CNE's Queen Elizabeth Theatre last week.

They are interesting enough for this reviewer to want to see them again. They presented three radically different pieces, with different assumptions, and different values.

Their first piece, Sinfonietta, was perhaps their most complex; set to a sinfonietta for double string orchestra by Kazimierz Serocki, with dancers in pale green, it was a fascinating amalgam of classical ballet and modern dance techniques. The result was an almost totally new genre that this

viewer found very gripping and at the same time quite difficult to intellectually comprehend.

Their next piece, the Ragtime Dance Company, was sheer delight. Set to a series of Scott Joplin tunes, such as The Entertainer, it consisted of numbers rehearsed by inhabitants of a burlesque, circa 1920. One of the premiere danseuses (pardon the term), popping gum with a studied blasé expression, would throw some very energetic cartwheels and immediately thereafter would break out in a mock birdie dance, wrists flopping limply. For the most part, however, the burlesque was too deliberate, too pronounced; the only times the humour worked well was on the few occasions when the characters assumed a more natural, personal clumsy role.

The Green Table is quite the closest to a western form of the

ritual dance that I have seen. Bald gentlemen with wrinkled faces plot over a green table: they wheel and deal and diplomatise and create war. Death appears as a Roman soldier, followed by soldiers and figures of a mother, a lover, and a bowler-hatted profiteer. Together they enact the archetypal war scenario. Death, in the end, claims them all, except for the mortician-like diplomats. Although fairly simple in design and choreography, the piece is still as powerful as it was when first presented in 1932.

The competence of the group varied from piece to piece, and there were times when they did not move together when required. Unintentioned sound effects further distracted from their performance: the air conditioning rattled throughout the tape used was faulty, and things frequently went bump backstage.