

# ARTS review by Alex Jablanczy

## Takao Tanabe Exhibition

Takao Tanabe has come to Fredericton to only six months and the highly disciplined, and the first station of the Maritime circuit of his by occidentals inemulable, calligraphic oriental one man show. The paintings displayed show art, is not his field.

But rather the *raison d'être* of his art is the roughly four stage of his evolution. The earliest ones are the predominantly black depersonalization and dejapanization of his flat abstract expressionist canvasses with self; so instead of a master uniting two great touches of colour and window-like openings. traditions and modes of expression, here we Later he moved to a synthesis or a juxtaposition have a supercanadianised artist of Japanese of flat, unexpressive, untextured monochromes origin.

Yet honesty to himself is more important than with translucent, tachistic surfaces suggestive of organic, vegetative tendrils. An interim whether he feels Canadian or Eastern; he paints period in his art is the more spacious and light- what he paints. Unfortunately I could not talk er Japanese-inspired quick finger exercises. to him at great lengths for he does like talking His latest period to date is the geometrical, about art, what makes it work, and on the life opaque formalism of his summer scapes. Here a of the artist.

He feels he gets too involved with his stu- fine Harris type modulation of grey tones clash- dents as a professor and must make a choice es with the op and pop art reds, oranges, and between teaching and painting. He must live yellows. In these he seeks to eliminate depth with himself to create time.

As opposed to the editorial view of *Arts* Tanabe protests violently against classifica- Canada, Tanabe believes that Canadian art does tion; he does not consider himself a West Coast exist, but there is no separate West Coast, scene artist nor admit any label or influence except or Toronto or Montreal school and this Canart the vague term "New York School," but he pro- is part of the North American school of art which tests mostly against being pigeon-holed as a means the New York school.

Go and see the exhibition at Memorial Hall Japanese artist. and see the exhibition at Memorial Hall

He points out that he stayed in Japan for in the Art Centre.

## Relevance Is In - Out Goes The Yearbook

This year relevance is in and tradition is out. In the student mood vocabulary of 1967 sacred cows are being slaughtered with little or no consideration going to the old and the mouldy. First symbol to get the axe on many campuses is the traditional college yearbook.

As a record of the year, a catalogue of what happened on and off campus, as a spur to memories graduated twenty years, the old school yearbook is shaking in its foundations.

"It's not relevant," says the activist. "It's a waste of money."

"The students want," screams the grad class rep. They like to see their pictures and names in it."

"It never comes out on time."

"But it's a timeless document. In twenty years you'll leaf through it and remember . . ."

"Rubbish!"

The University of Manitoba has axed its yearbook. So has Sir George Williams University, University of Toronto and University of British Columbia.

Others are itching to follow suit. McGill, Glendon College, St. Francis Xavier, and UNB have all debated the idea, but have decided not to abolish the book because of pressures from exasperated at the vagaries of yearbook produc- the graduates who like to see their pictures in it.

In many cases the book simply fails to ap- pear. All the material is packed off to the print- er, usually in some faraway place, and . . . silence. After some investigation it is discovered that all odd-numbered pages from 43 to 79 were mysteriously lost, causing the delay.

This is the case with Sir George, Mariana- polis, York University and others across the country.

With inflated enrolments at many universitie- yearbooks are, for reasons of economy, forced to lay out grad pictures in true grid fashion. In the most recent University of Saskatchewan yearbook there are one hundred and eight grad photos, with names, crammed into one page.

Such a feat of photographic expertise surely does away with any possible feeling of nostal- gia on the part of the reader.

In many cases yearbooks contain photos of club executives, students doing silly things at winter carnival, and shots of groups of up to a hundred, in which any possibility of identifying an individual is lost in the distance.

Yearbooks can run away with cost. The cheapest hardcover yearbook in any college would cost \$5,000. But with embossed covers, color photo spreads, and thick paper there is no limit.

The '65-'66 U. of Saskatchewan Greystone cost \$34,000 (U.S.) for printing alone. To this must be added the cost of film, developing, editorial costs, and in some cases mailing.

What makes the whole thing objectionable to the activist is that in most cases the levy for the book is automatic — the book does not stand on its merits in the free enterprise market.

But it will have to next year at Carleton.

The student council there decided after heated debate that the yearbook was a waste of money, and will in future be put on sale on a commercial basis, with no student government support.

Where will they spend the money ordinarily put to the yearbook? Carleton student President Bert Painter would commission studies on aspects of university education.

"This is relevance," says the activist.

Several alternatives to full yearbook produc- tion have been proposed. One campus editor, exasperated at the vagaries of yearbook produc- tion, has suggested student council pay for a grads picture book to be given to grads at con- vocation, and that council publish a full-scale yearbook every three years. Under this system the grads are happy, and every student could, during his term at the university, buy a year- book — they don't change significantly from year to year anyhow — that will give him all the nostalgia he'll ever need.

A second solution adopted by several uni- versities involved binding a complete volume of the college paper. This is particularly suitable to larger universities who have trouble making the yearbook either personal enough to appeal to the students, or economically feasible for the same reasons.

No matter what alternatives are proposed for the ailing yearbook one fact clearly presents itself — the yearbook is dead, or at least dy- ing, on Canadian campuses. For too many it represents the old guard student government which functioned to provide stale palliatives to a fun-loving college type who was uninvolved in the problems of Canadian education today.

We Shall Overcome  
We Will Overcome  
We Overcame We

by Alex Jablanczy

with the transitory seasons spring and autumn when fresh wind blows over the steppes or prairies or lowlands or when lindens maples oaks birches platans strew their leaves over the Seine Moskva Potomac Danube Elbe RedRiver Neva even the Thames the time of the shivering of elected and unelected constitutional and unconstitutional divinely and undivinely appointed tyrants has struck

1789 1820 1837 1848 1871 1918 1956 or 1967  
the barking dogs of their benign masters call you fascist in a socialist state in a western capitalist country you are a communist but you are always everywhere the same the voice of the indignation of a hunted and insulted and cajoled brain-washed humanity

to me the issues are just an objectivisation concretisation of the malaise of this miscegenated and aborted civilisation the question of liberty is always the same

the rulers are always engaged in their dirty little schemes the power is always ours we just have to take it

of course once we have it and install ourselves in power we have to begin again

revolution is permanent and inevitable

only recently do we have the slightest glimmer of hope if true love flower power could permanently destroy the power structure of taxation for the purpose of government contracts and investment into heavy industry for the production of a armaments and warheads

if we could destroy the tyranny of commerce and business by the voluntary boycott of all consumer goods

which are superfluous to a society whose immediate aim is happiness pleasure love — is there an other aim — then we would each just do our own thing and there would be no govern- ment no war no organizational imperative

so you expect me to ask you to join some peace group or radical party no you don't have to do anything it will come to pass just wait

wait it's coming a few of us every now and then have to go down and laugh into the faces of those who don't want to see whose ears are deafened by the roar of supersonic bombers whose eyes are blinded by the flash of atomic explosions who smell only tear gas and exhaust

they haven't seen the sun  
they haven't heard the laughter of eternal silences  
who haven't smellt incense  
they will

THE MARCH MARCH MARCH  
MARCH MARCH MARCH MARCH MCHRRARACHMHCRA  
CHMCMAGCH MARCH so we went down a hundred and sixty of us some say just for the ride fools it doesnt matter what your motivation is if you act you have acted this way and not that way thats all we ent to a peaceful march and we were born  
october 21 1967

we just sat down on the grass of the mall of the reflecting pool between the washington obelisque and the lincoln greek temple and listened to black people a british labour mp black people a woman black people a puerto-rican independentist a vietnamese black people a rabbi black people popsingers black people balladeers black people white people people people and

we had a moment of silence for che guevera bolivar of 67 and then as they talked the hundredthousand began to march flood stream across the potomac bridge a twohundred thousand across the parkinglot of tens of thousands of pentagon workers, but the black people went off to their own rally and we arrived at the building tyrannosaurus which we could not see for its ramp was so tall we climbed the first stone wall and some hundreds climbed the second stone wall by ropes and I thought of bastille and the green helmeted mps put their gas masks on

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