



Evan Adelman

Holly Dale and Janice Cole, directors of *P4W: Prison For Women* and a scene from their movie (inset).



Battling prison bars

Franca Miraglia

Nat Taylor theatre audiences received a behind the doors look at the brutal reality of the lives of women in the Kingston Penitentiary last Tuesday. The occasion was a special screening of the award-winning *P4W: Prison for Women*.

Accompanying the film were directors Holly Dale and Janice Cole. *P4W* centres on the lives of five women in prison and shows how they cope with "love and loneliness." According to the directors, both 27, it was important that the women tell their own story with minimal interference from the camera. The ideal is realized because the inmates really seem to be sharing intimate secrets with a trusted friend and not a cold camera crew.

In order to film within the prison, the two women had to struggle for four years with administrative red tape. While the battle continued, they persisted in researching the subject. "We realized it was an important film to make; besides they just kept saying 'no' and that made us even more curious."

Finally, after a three hour conversation with the warden, they were given the go-ahead. "More than likely," recalls Dale, "he looked at us and figured he had nothing to worry about — just kids playing around with toys."

The 'toy' proved to be more powerful than the warden had estimated. Three months after a screening in Ottawa an investigation was begun to examine the rehabilitation program for women prisoners.

The film was the fifth in a partnership that began in 1975 at Sheridan College. Dale grins as she points out that they did not wait around to graduate from the media arts course, and if their present success is any indication, there was certainly no need to.

Neither of the gutters consider themselves feminists. "We are filmmakers — our sex shouldn't matter. We are interested in humanity in general." It is this shared belief in humanity which binds the two women and gives their work a sensitivity and warmth.

"The point is you have to listen more than talk." A good point.

As You Like It

Play is lacking essential Will

Robyn Butt

The first thing one looks for in any production of a classic is how the director has suffused the familiar material with his personal unfamiliar vision. Ideally *As You Like It* (running at Vanier 'til Saturday) should have a 'Gary Schallenberg' stamp. Unhappily that's not the case. His

Schallenberg's *As You Like It* offers all the signposts of 'typical' Shakespeare (via Stratford 1954, via the Royal Vic): ubiquitous benches, flowing sleeves, posed speeches, and Mediaeval musak. A typical Shakespeare can still be well done; but not by students untrained to do it. They're bound to look gauche. And for the most part, they do: the real spectacle here was the spectacle the performers made of themselves.

Exploiting that fact could have made for exciting theatre. Yet Schallenberg failed to find some way of turning an unavoidable disability into an advantage. Since no one can forget the cast are neophytes, why not play it up? Suppose 'backstage' was put onstage; suppose reactions of actors in the 'wings' became as important as those of the actors beyond them; suppose each rookie also reacted to his own performance...One needn't add



Keith Kemps and Dave Cameron star in *As You Like It*

or change a line. If nothing else it would reflect on the irony of a play-within-a-play.

In its given confines though, credit is due: to all, for remembering their lines; to Val Sipos, Peter Jotkus, Dave Jorgensen and Todd Kaufman for conviction, cadence, and lyrical body movement (arising rather than bidden); and to the musicians, who played well. Kirstie Gough and Keith Kemps were miscast but probably made the best of a bad job, and

improved in Act II. J.P. Chassels, Laura Eggleston, and Dave Cameron were also engaging—although Cameron needs to understate his considerable stage presence.

Intellectually though, *As You Like It* still hulked on the same basement level as its ugly utilitarian set, ignoring the idea and meaning of theme: only the performance can make each line true: *But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides...*

Photography for today and tomorrow

Al Locke

Judging by the gallery space devoted to photography at York this week, it appears that the art form has finally come of age. The Winters Gallery is presenting the work of students in FM101—a photographic arts course. And Founders Gallery, in association with German Week, is presenting the work of professional photographer Manfred Hamm and his show *Berlin: Impressions of a city*.

While it is unfair to compare the work of amateurs and professionals, each gallery offers a unique aspect of the art form.

Upon entering the Winters Gallery, an outline of what is expected of the featured FM101 students is posted. You see the assignment—then you see the genius in how they executed it.

A further bonus for the appreciative gallery goer is that there is a competition (in 4 categories), ranging from most humorous to most controversial. While the choices are difficult, several pieces stand out.

Founders Gallery offers up the work of consummate professional, Manfred Hamm, in a cluttered,

unprofessional style. Fortunately Hamm's photographic essay on Berlin offered such contrasts and strength (romantic/crude, East/West, elite/worker, and war/peace) that a powerful overall effect survives. The viewer is left with respect for the professional and a desire to witness first-hand what the photographer saw.

Winters Gallery is located on the first floor of Winters College. The hours are 3:00 to 8:00 p.m. Founders Gallery is located on the second floor of Founders College. It's hours are 10:00 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Un-Caging James Joyce's spirit

Lisa Kates

At Convocation Hall last weekend, American improvising artist John Cage performed two concerts as part of the "New Music Concert" series. The first show began with *RThird Construction*, a brilliant piece of percussive music with a definite tribal beat. *Third Construction* employed the use of American and Indian instruments such as quijadas, cricket callers and conch shells.

In his second piece *Rotario*, Cage broke down the conformity that is usually associated with concerts in Toronto. He explained the endless listening comprehension possibilities associated with his music and encouraged listeners to float around the hall if they wished to experience the full potential of each sound being emitted. Cage dedicated *Rotario* to James Joyce's *Finnigans Wake*.

Cage's music is characterized as being innovative, experimental and electronic in nature. A conglomeration of sounds are on tape (human shrieks, animal calls, machines, planes, trains...). These are mixed with Cages musicians from Ireland performing on native Irish instruments. Such sounds caused a variety of emotions among the listeners.

Cage's music evokes many stages of consciousness. He teases one by inspiring an Irish green dream, but the frantic screaming machine-like sounds grounded any such hallucinations.

As a musician well established in his field, Cage, age seventy,

claims his artistic expressions have been most greatly influenced through his study of Zen Buddhism and the piano playing of Eric Satie. Cage writes: "that the purpose of music...is to sober and quiet the mind, thus making it suggestible to divine influences".

Fringe theatre and the dramatist's dilemma

Robyn Butt

Samuel Beckett Theatre under the direction of Ric Sarabia has established itself as the only place on campus where you can find innovative theatre.

Traditionally, it is the place called the "fringe": exploring the incompletely explored, the individual or group in *Life-Now*. Last week's *Tears on the Mattress*, a play by Tom "Harry" King, video shorts, and live

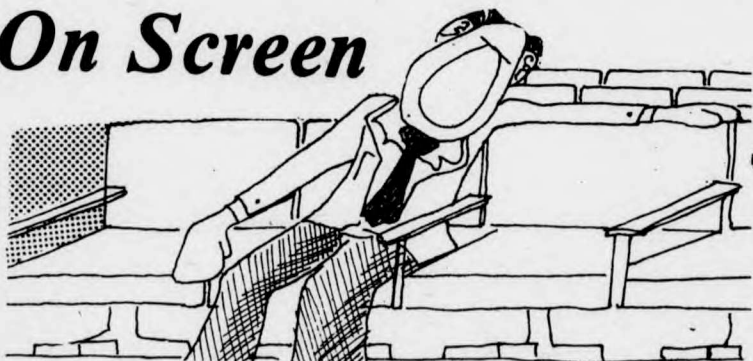


Tom King self portrait

music by Sarabia's satiric band The Pablums. This pastiche was too short — no one however green gets points for being tentative because they know they're green — but it was utterly engaging and hilarious. King's is an assured vision of verbal absurdity which addresses both the dramatist's dilemma of appropriate stage-language (use and meaning) and the disintegration of meaning between people. His only error was the final cut to a video, proving it a nightmare within a nightmare. All nightmares should stand. Otherwise the videos were another devastating layer. And the finale by The Pablums ("Go down on Lady Di...", *Tainted Love*), with Sarabia dressed and cavorting like the seamiest rockster alive, beyond its own drugged freneticism became an ironic love-hate statement on themselves, the audience, and all the previous offerings: Sarabia's awful singing voice put to perfect use.

February 4, 1982 *Excalbur* 11

On Screen



Here is the schedule for a film series sponsored by the York University Film Students Association:

Feb. 3: The Silent Film (Part I: USA). *The Crowd* by King Vidor (7:30) and *Sherlock Jr.* by Buster Keaton (9:30).

Feb. 17: The Silent Film (Part II: Germany). *Metropolis* by Fritz Lang (7:00).

March 3: The NFB: Fact and Fiction. *The Light Fantastic*, an NFB documentary on animators (7:30) and *Nobody Waved Goodbye* by Don Owens (9:00).

March 17: The Avant Garde: Surrealism. *Un Chien Andalou* by Bunuel and Dalí (7:30) and *Blood of the Poet* by Jean Cocteau (8:30).

March 31: The Best of York Student Film-Making. The showings start at 7:30 and include, *Nomads*, *Heh*, *Where's Everybody Going*, *Against The River*, *The Man From Zodiak*, *Streecry*, *Hot Splices*, *Chrysalis*, *Performances* and *Mondo York*.

All showings will be held in the Film Library in Scott on Wednesday nights. All films are free.