

ENTERTAINMENT

Winter Dance: birth of a modern tradition

By G.M.R.

Newcomers to dance audiences have voiced the criticism that what they are viewing is not dance but rather, everyday movement put to music. They feel cheated if the performance does not include the pas de deux from Swan Lake, the love scene from Romeo and Juliet, or at least a bar or two of Tchaikovsky. The modern dance movement has certainly done well to suffer through the misconceptions spirited by our

classical ballet heritage. Winter Dance No. 2, performed at the Sir James Dunn Theatre last weekend embodied this growing enthusiasm.

In February 1980, the Dalhousie Theatre Department and faculty member Patricia Richards launched the first all-student performance of Winter Dance. The programme consisted of a number of pieces choreographed by Richards and danced by a group of students from the university community

The show was such a success that Winter Dance No. 2 was put on, drawing dance-lovers and newcomers alike for another enjoyable evening of creative indulgence.

Once again, the programme embraced a variety of moods and themes. From the almost-true-to-life rendition of "Down the Gaspereau" which featured the dancers frolicking in tubes on coasters, to the lyrical dream-like quality of "Reflections in a Crystal Pool", each

number exemplified the energy which is characteristic of Richards' technique.

Richards is to be commended for assembling a group of students, many who have never had formal dance training, to perform her original works. The students-cum-dancers hail from a variety of academic backgrounds, and for some, this performance was a first.

The costumes and scenography, conceived by students of the Theatre Department, were

novel and unquestionably professional. The backdrop for the entire performance was a two-dimensional screen of mirror-like material, mounted at a 45 degree angle to the stage. Its dimensionality appeared to alter with the lighting.

The broad community interest shown in this university production should ensure the establishment of Winter Dance as an annual entertainment highlight.

Cut out the sophistication and see the art

By Alan MacDonald

It disturbs me greatly that you have seen fit to reprint Stewart Cunningham's negative assessment of the John Lennon murder. Admittedly, it was inevitable that some commentator should take the view that Lennon's work was basically ephemeral, and shake the o-sophisticated, yet pitying finger at those who would get so up-

set over the shooting death of a mere celebrity.

Henry Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre, Oscar Kikoscha, Katharine Ann Porter, and Kenneth Tynan: All of these people worked in a sector of the arts that had long been accepted as Art (that's with a capital "A", gentlemen). The art of Music in western culture has always been characterized by economic elitism necessary to expensive ensembles of musicians and performers, and

required the resources of a moneyed aristocracy and church for its development. Never in their wildest dreams could Henry Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre, Oscar Kikoscha, Katharine Ann Porter, and Kenneth Tynan have imagined the tremendous artistic development, achievement, and sheer communication, not just the existence of, for example, "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", but the phenomenon of

that incredible work being the chosen art of a popular mass.

In the early seventeenth century in London, England, one could step into a popular theatre and see, performed for the first time before a breathless audience, William Shakespeare's "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark", the product of a long and successful career in the London theatre. In 1967, anywhere in the United States of America or Canada, one could turn on a commercial radio station and hear "A Day In The Life". That is Great Art, and that is John Lennon's greatness, which eclipses that of Henry Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre, Katharine Ann Porter, Oscar Kikoscha, and Kenneth Tynan,

who merely walked in paths that were walked before. Lennon, along with the other Beatles, lifted new life and form up from the dust. We have lost a Euripides. If this were the sixteen-hundreds, Mr. Cunningham would be complaining about the waste of time spent on inquiring into the murder of Christopher Marlowe. O well — as the poet has put it — "How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people?/How often have you been there? Often enough to know./What did you see when you were there?/Nothing that doesn't show."

Henry Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre, Katharine Ann Porter, Oscar Kikoscha, and Kenneth Tynan. Baby, you're a rich man...

Double Nickels have full value

Movie Review: Double Nickels

by Michael McCarthy

By God! This is a man's movie, something with balls. Action! Cars! Cops! Broads! Country Songs! Cars! Illegal Money! Cars! Trucks! and Automobiles, too!!!! There are at least eleven vehicle chase scenes in this "movie", of varying lengths. Police chasing motorcycles, car owners chasing car stealers, chasing dune buggies up dunes, cars down flights of stairs, and police cars through sewer aqueducts. You can't get much more masculine than that! Or can you? It turns out that the motorcyclist who never gets caught is really a highway patrolman himself! Wow! Ballsy, eh! And get this!! When he stops a guy for speeding, he lets him go because he's got a nice car. And then he gets a job from him, "repossessing" unpaid for cars. Only it turns out he's really stealing them! Boy!

But there's more! The cop stops a girl on the highway, and gets a date by claiming she aggravated an old football injury! Hey, hey, hey! This is really something. Then he lies to her, gets her to iron his uniform every day, and calls her "Babe".

Still more! When one of the crooked (but loveable) police-

men escapes from two other policemen, they drive into each other and smash their cars trying to catch him! Then, when the two good/bad guys are driving through the aqueducts, they make one pursuing police car go up on two wheels and turn over! Son of a bitch!!! You don't get to see that every day! And all the while, this wild and crazy music is setting the atmosphere for these two incredibly cool, heavy guys to do their thing in.

Jack Vacek wrote, directed, and starred in this great machismo escape. For some people, this would be a commendable accomplishment. For Vacek, it simply proves that he can't write, direct, or act. Neither can his technicians do their job. The sound is uneven, the voices frequently obscured, and the photography is flat and uninteresting. In fact, the only person who shows any competency at all is actor Ed Abrams (cleverly called Ed in the movie), who shows some flair for comedy. He must have a good sense of humour to be able to appear in this film. If you still like to sit in your room reviving up your toy friction cars on the floor, this is the movie for you. If you are a sane human being, prove it by avoiding this movie.

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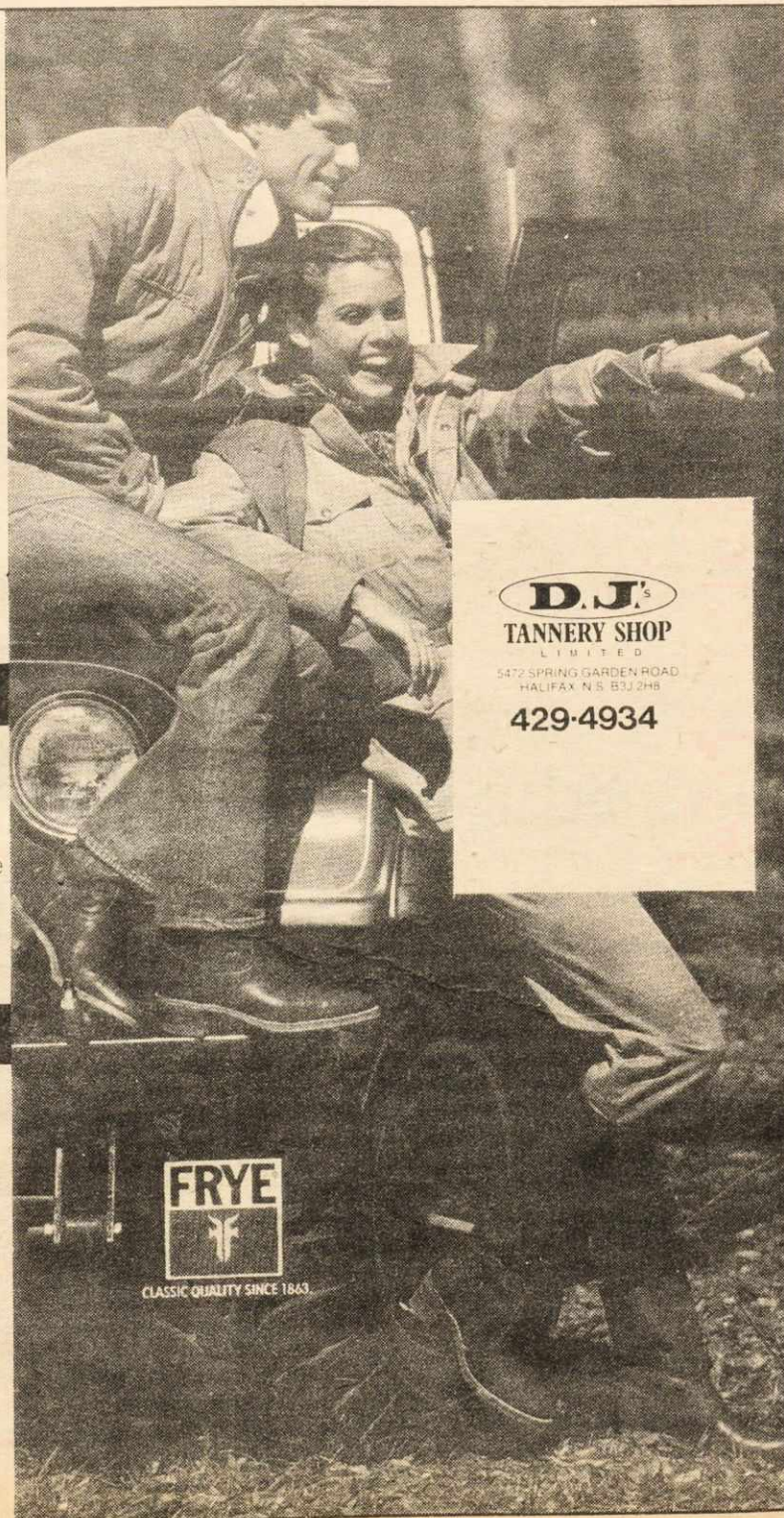
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