

IDA exhibit eyecatching

Kim Hartill
 Seven artists have produced a fantastic art exhibition in the IDA gallery of the Fine Arts Building here at York. These budding artists feel that not enough people from outside the Fine Art's faculty find their way into this building. Now the opportunity to look through the glass has arrived, and the timing just couldn't be better.

The exhibit combines numerous forms of visual artistic expression. George MacDonald's *'Member's Only'* is an eye-catching full scale, welded wire outline of a figure. He is mainly concerned with three dimensional art. He synthesizes sculptures and paintings to avoid people seeing any illusions about his work. MacDonald has no illusions about his chosen program either. "At York they don't design programs to set you up for a job, its just for education."

It appears that the other artists have learned their lesson well.

Mike Seto, a realist, paints with primary colours and occasionally explores the subconscious in his work. Two pieces worth seeing are *'Unconscious Jungle'*, a painting of a zebra surrounded by many hidden objects in a swirl of mauve; and *Mind Web* with 2 photo negatives of a face and a web, superimposed on each

Mike Albu

other. Chris Johnson is interested in figures that are surreal and fantastical and he says that he "would like to be known as a fantasy artist."

Jeffrey Wilkes concerns himself with landscapes that are largely abstract and painted primarily in pinks and blues. He likes these washes of colour as they create illuminosity, and because they are serene. Steve Pozel's work involves the layering and wrapping of materials to create depth, and presents an interesting series of rock sculptures. Rainer Wenzl deviates from the abstract and realist mold of the other artists. He employs photographs on their own, and also uses them in the paintings he creates. His photos are used for the exhibition's posted 'Stuffed'.

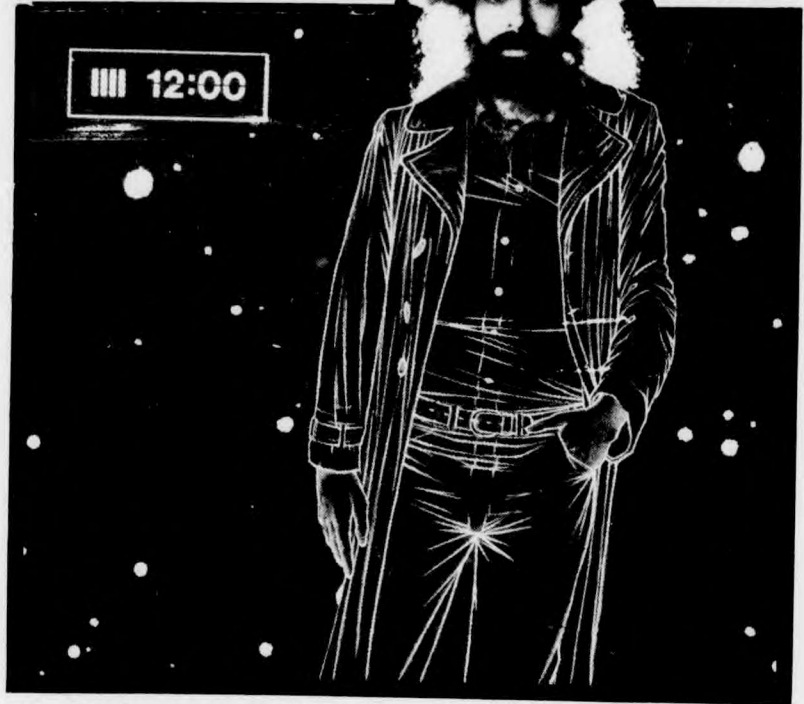
Anne Orvted is a very realistic artist. Her *'Shower Installation'* is one of the most intriguing displays at the show. It is three dimensional and uses a real shower curtain over the painted figure of a woman showering. Her displays show her wide range of interests from the realistic to the abstract.

The exhibition can be seen from January 5-8. It is open to anybody with an interest in art from 10 until 6. And if you see that perfect piece, talk to the artist, who will be happy to discuss a sale with you. Enjoy.

Midnight with Spiros

Al Locke
 "With regard to people; Toronto is the coldest city in Canada. Vancouver is great. St. John's Nfld., is incredible". While Torontonians' coldness to strangers might be attributed to an overabundance of street weirdos and phoneys littering the downtown core; our lack of tolerance of "unique" people is upsetting. Spiros, the Montreal "disco poet", is a unique man. Currently, he told this writer his goal is to become the most sold Canadian poet, and a possible new Rod McLuhan. In order to become the next "poet of our time" Spiros has founded his own publishing company, raised all of the capital for printing a book (without the aid of either the Canadian Arts Council or a bank). Instead he has gone to individuals and asked for money (a \$20.00 donation fetched a hardcover autographed reply). Upon completion of printing, Spiros has set out across Canada to distribute the book. "My book (*Midnight Magic*) is in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto, and St. John's. I also sell them in cafes and restaurants. One day in Vancouver I sold 20 books. That's my record. In Toronto I have sold 8 on my best day."

The book Spiros has been selling, *Midnight Magic*, a second effort (after *Very Personal*) could very well allow him to leave the street corner and place him nearer his goal. The 113 poems each capture the emotions of the moment, hence the title relating to a specific moment. As surely



as hands move around a watchface, so the "moments" travel in a circular, almost spiral pattern. Spiros has captured the Yeatsian style, inadvertently perhaps, in recalling the cyclical movements of emotions, from good times to crisis, and taken the reader with him all the way. His, *A Poem Written Right After A Girl Said: "NO"*

the birds
 And the ees
 And the bees
 are not
 flying
 in my direction
 at the moment

contrasts with a poem about police violence in Quebec, and a poem written by his Outja board, "Trees are free/because they have roots." In a simultaneous dynamic/depressing series, Spiros examines the joys of a new love, and as it sours, the depths of sorrow and regret brought by it. So successful are his words, that the reader becomes totally empathetic, in other words, depressed.

As the cycle moves upward; as the hands of a clock move toward midnight; and a truly good book must be resolved; Spiros last poem, for which the book was titled, recalls life's wonder:

Take any midnight
 And your mind
 as you did
 the first time
 you drove your 2-wheel
 bicycle an entire block
 without even almost falling
 and midnight magic
 will possess you
 and will take you
 on that special wave-length
 where all is stars and
 meteors
 and lovers and love

Midnight Magic (\$8.95) and *Very Personal* (\$6.95, both for \$15.00) are available by writing Accent Canada, P.O. Box 955, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2M9. All books purchased through this outlet are autographed by Spiros, and would be a valued part of any collection of Canadian poetry.



Mary's burning love

Mike Guy
 Historians, parents, and fans have pondered the meaning of rock 'n' roll since its beginning in the 1950s, without finding a decent answer. Mary Burns, a robust singer-songwriter from Missouri, summarizes the meaning of rock 'n' roll as simply "an attitude".

Burns' life is a symbol of this "rock 'n' roll attitude." When she was a young girl in her church choir, Burns explains, "I was asked to leave because my voice sounded too much like that of a boy's." Undaunted and like a true rock 'n' roller, she refused to allow her deep voice to become a handicap. On the contrary, for she remembers that "every time I failed, I became more determined to succeed."

Burns, with her desire to succeed is, on a smaller scale, a lot like two of her favorite performers: Elvis Presley and Janis Joplin. "I like most of Elvis' songs but the song I prefer most is 'A Fool Such As I,'" says Burns. With Joplin, Burns shares the

ability to deliver a song with sheer force. However, deeper than these superficial characteristics which Burns shares with Presley and Joplin, Burns has met the obstacles of being a female songwriter in a primarily male-dominated industry. Presley met obstacles because his music, rock 'n' roll, was considered the music of the "devil", and Joplin, because of her, then, strange way of singing and her fiery lifestyle. Yet in spite of the difficulties that these performers encountered, they still managed to leave their mark on music. By combining the musical styles of the fifties and the sixties Burns realizes that rock 'n' roll hasn't changed. It is still as it was thirty years ago.

The Opera Ain't Over Till The Big Lady Sings, Mary Burns' latest album, is unequivocally an album for the eighties. It has direction: "all the tunes and lyrics go one way, making up a whole picture," says Burns. This picture, suggests the songs on the album, is one of love.

Kain caught klutzy

P.J. Todd
 It was on leaden limbs that The National Ballet of Canada heaved itself through another performance of its annual Noel ballet, *The Nutcracker*, at the O'Keefe Centre on Boxing Day. Even the effervescent smile of famed ballerina cum mineral water endorser, Karen Kain, failed to invest this ballet with sparkle or energy. And that's a real disappointment, because it is an engaging fairytale about Clara, a little girl who spends Christmas Eve in the cheery company of a tiny toy soldier turned human, flying magically around the world to the strains of Tchaikovsky's renowned *Nutcracker Suite*.

It is a ballet intended to entrance and delight; a festive extravaganza meant to sparkle like spun sugar and trip the light fantastic on gossamer wings. But with the National, at the best of times, it hovered only a few inches over the stage. The company displayed no sense of the story's magic Saturday

night; they plodded sluggishly through both acts with a weariness that kept us yawning.

Some dancers seemed more tired than others. During an Oriental number, two dancers shovelled up a third, heaved her to their shoulders, and with an effort more appropriate to the construction site, thrust her above their heads.

"They make her look as if she weighed a ton," I gasped to my companion, a dancer with Toronto's *Dancemakers*. "Maybe she does," came the pointed reply. Ah, the truths of the trade.

Perhaps the dancers over-indulged in plum pudding or drank from the punch bowl in excess, or more likely, after 17 years of annual performances, the choreography has gone a little stale. It is a tradition, of course, to trot the young folks off to this holiday ballet, but do not make the mistake of limiting yourself to this old favourite, aired once a year at jingle-bell time—it's just not good enough.

Tabby in dynamic form

Al Locke
Michael Monastyrskyj
Taborah Johnson, a beautiful black jazz singer, was in fine form Tuesday, and its too bad there was no one there to hear her.

Appearing in the virtually deserted Cafe de Copain she sang a variety of jazz and rock songs, many of which had a decidedly anti-male flavour. Her

performance was energetic and she didn't hold much back.

Although she was experimenting with a new band that at times was sloppy, (the piano player had to tell them when to stop) her deep sensuous voice made the show well worth the three dollars admission. Weekend tickets cost five dollars, but with the two extra bucks, comes a real audience, a real show and some real fun.

Tasty roaches

P.J. Todd
The Cockroach Trilogy starring the zany Alan Aldred returns to Toronto to the Young People's Theatre January 20th. The three plays, all separate entities featuring different material, comprise a satirical look at rock 'n' roll scenes - of the '60's through the eyes of a burnt out acid freak and one-time rock star. In a style likened to that of Lenny Bruce, Aldred relives, in monologue, the drug scenes and political frenzy of the free love era.

The first play of the set — **The Cockroach That Ate Cincinnati** — runs January 19-24; the second, **Return of the Cockroach**, January 26-31, and the last of the trilogy — **The Cockroach Has Landed** plays January 26-31. Tickets are \$10 weekdays and \$12 Fri and Sat, with Tues. and Sunday matinees at \$8. Call 864-9732 for reservations.

The Passing Scene, Erika Ritter's first play since her award-winning smash hit **Automatic Pilot**, opens January 6th and runs until Feb. 6th at the Tarragon Theatre.

It's a sensitive exploration of the changing relationship of two journalists as they move through the literary and political world of the seventies. Tickets are \$7 weeknights and Saturday matinee, students \$5. Friday and Saturday evenings \$9, and there is a "Pay-What-You-Can" Sunday performance at 2:30. For reservations call 536-5018.