

## The Book of the Seven Lagoons

A Collaborative ecological project  
by Helen Mayer Harrison  
and Newton Harrison

January 7 - February 15

Art Gallery of York University  
N145 Ross Building, 4700 Keele St.,

For information: 736-5169

Exhibition is circulated by the Art Museum Association of America

### NEW MUSIC CONCERTS

HOLLER, KAGEL, KLEIN, MATHER



## TRIO BASSO

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1987  
8:00 pm

Premiere Dance Theatre, Harbourfront  
Illuminating Introduction at 7:15 pm

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Dinner Packages Available  
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**THE FEROCIOUS FOUR:** Sheer, unmatched determination yielded this winning mural, "Home of the Dinosaur," in last week's mural contest.

## Variety reigns in festive feast

### Sock Art

By KEN KEOBKE

Take a blindfolded dog to a post then shoot it with a rifle. The dog dies, but is it art? A few years ago, a New York artist protesting the apathy surrounding the Vietnam war made a video of the firing squad style execution of a small dog.

The parameters of art are expanding. But they have not yet expanded quite enough to include most of the trash in *The Dean Sends Her Best* show, part of the Fine Arts Festival in the IDA gallery, last week.

The first problem is that even if the show did consist of what the Dean considers the best of her painting and sculpture department, the presentation was unpardonably sloppy. Title cards were missing. Others listed what might have been the name of either the piece or the artist. Some title cards said nothing at all. One title card had the scrawled message that part of the described artwork was stolen.

The paintings were, for the most part, badly framed and several drawings were mounted with a few erratic shots of a staple gun. If these artists have so little respect for their work, how can they expect the public to take any interest?

The best pieces in the show were the sculptures, by John Notten, called *Baroque Mobile* and *Drink and be Merry*. Both showed some craftsmanship and a sense of humour—a quality often lacking in the other somber pieces. Another sculptural work, a series of painted boards, was pretty enough but lacked a meaningful context. One wonders if they were leaned up against the wall only because it was too much trouble to hang them.

Then there was the trash. Wayne Hudson's *Still Life* (a somewhat overused title) and Bill Willit's *Landscape*, were strikingly out of place with the other nouveau-trendy pieces and both would have been more at home in a tacky hotel art-sale. (This is not in any way to imply that they would be likely to sell.) Like many of the anatomical drawings, they seemed nothing more than class exercises and one wonders what desperate lack of choice caused them to be included.

In fact, the exhibition was not a show at all. It lacked any common style or theme, even with the pathetic and possibly megalomaniacal comparison to the Vatican show (*The Pope Sends His Best*). The department would have benefitted from requesting work in a contained format, such as anything you want within a nine inch cube.

The department could also probably afford to have a student tend the gallery, if theft is such a problem, or a cheaper and better alternative would be to have each exhibiting student gallery-sit, and experience how the public observes and appreciates their work.

Considering the professional stature of some of the department's art instructors, it can only be assumed that the presentation was done without their advice, by ignorant students. Perhaps faculty should get involved in this aspect of their student's education. And would it be too much to expect the Fine Arts Department to purchase, make, or borrow a few dozen stock frames into which flat artwork could be temporarily exhibited? If not the faculty, then at least the students should be looking for answers to these questions.

Art itself sometimes provides answers to life's questions, and this exhibition includes a stunning example: Have you ever spent sleepless nights wondering what happens to the socks that disappear in the wash? I now know. Artists steal them. Above the light switch at the entrance, glued in a frame, there was an athletic sock. Or perhaps it was just the Dean's best sock.

### Snow Jam

By ALEXANDRIA MARSELLAS

In an attempt to bring the artist closer to his audience, the dance and visual arts departments held events outside in the snow last week. While some came to see their fellow students' work, others attended for the warmth, cider and company.

The Wednesday lunch-hour event began with an outstanding dance display. Although the weather had its inconsistencies, the dance ensemble performed with vibrant precision which electrified the cold air.

"The Jam," choreographed by Denise Doric and Janet Johnson, featured 12 dancers performing to "movement phrases." Each dancer would verbally describe a particular dance movement which was followed through with the selected motion by the other dancers. The unique performance was sparsely attended, however.

Why such a small gathering? Considering that the piece could be watched from inside the Fine Arts building lobby, it seemed unlikely that the inclemency of the weather was to blame. A more likely reason was insufficient or inappropriate advertising.

After the half-hour performance, the ice sculpting contest began.

From the expected dozen or so participants, only two brave souls managed to maintain their artistic capabilities in the freezing cold. The two contestants were Richard Fuller and Susan Watt, co-ordinator of the Fine Arts Festival.

Watt said that all of the colleges plus the Council of York's Student Federation had been invited, but that responses were tentative. As no judge arrived on the scene, Watt was forced to cancel the contest.

The Snow Dance and Ice Sculpting Contest turned out to be not so much a challenge to the Canadian climate, as a challenge to York Student's apathy. The challenge went unheeded.

### Dance Lab

By LISA HOPKINS

There was scarcely a dull moment in the Fine Arts Building last week as students and faculty pulled all stops in their week-long celebration of York's annual Fine Arts Festival. From the first sip of Monday's breakfast to Friday's impromptu dance jam with the ever-popular Particle Zoo, Festival chairperson Sue Watt did an outstanding job of organizing the week's events.

York's Dance Department presented an in studio dance lab as part of the festivities, featuring new works from both students and faculty. A relaxed atmosphere was encouraged as the audience was invited to bring their lunches and sit on mats on the floor.

The program opened with a second year modern dance demonstration of the Martha Graham technique. The dancers' firm grasp of the class material attested to course director Patricia Fraser's fine teaching ability. Taking the audience through a stylized version of the dancer's daily training, Fraser's approach to the class demonstration was well organized and imaginatively done.

Second year student Lynne Crabtree's piece "The Sea in Shape" is a study of shape "encompassing the characteristics of flow, the feel of breath and smoothness." Given the awkward transitions in the choreography, the forms were well-executed by the dancers and their brightly colored unitards were visually appealing.

Crabtree has some interesting patterns here but needs to think of the overall shape of the piece rather than the stringing together of ideas. Juxtaposing the dreamy Vangelis score with more dynamic movement

*Dance cont'd p. 17*