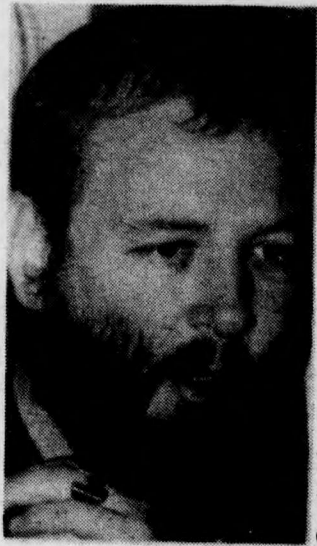


A foodist's approach to life



Gary Hershorn photos

Elliot Lefko
Those who do, they will,
Those who don't, they won't.
--Mendelson Joe

Late last Thursday, Mendelson "resident piece-of-Toronto-furniture" Joe stalked York University seeking publicity for his new album on Boot Records, **Not Homogenized**. Before opening himself up to personal examination he cautioned, "The name of the game is to listen to

the record. Music talks."

Joe has mainlined the city for the length of time it takes to be on eight different record labels, accumulating catch-phrases such as "Mr. Middle of the Road", "The Nurse Period", and his present Foodism. Says Joe: "I was without religion until I discovered food. Now I worship food. It's the most important thing. I mean: no food--you die. So I created the first idol: Fuda. It sounds whimsical to some, but it is serious to starving people."

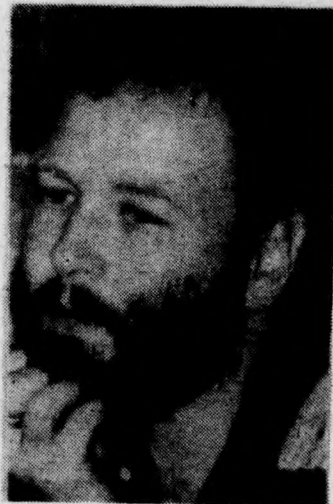
During the late sixties, Joe turned his creative imagination towards painting, which filled the void of the music game, and eliminated frustration. This month his work hangs in the Hidden Gallery on Yorkville. **Not Homogenized** conveniently displays a Mendelson Joe front cover.

The Joe approach to life includes being in the groove. For example, awareness while driving in a car. Concentration and skill, assuming nothing. Can you figure what is going to happen 10 car lengths ahead? Like a tennis game, life can be the exchange of a ball, or a deep

experience.

In a concert setting Joe appears aggressive. He believes a performance of a song is an attack. "Because my music is rooted in foot, bass, and drums, I often seem intimidating."

Mendelson music can be described as hokey-dokey-folky, waltzes and schmaltz-a-novas. He usually appears solo, with just an acoustic guitar. However, on record he is accompanied by a wealth of musical friends, including Bathurst Manor's legendary Ben Mink.



The Joe philosophy returns in a discussion of music as a reason for his existence. "I'm ready to play night or day. I try to do well at all times. At worst, you must be good."

A song by Mendelson Joe usually deals with its subject in a short and concise manner. He admits to enjoying Irving Layton for the poet's minimalistic (sic) approach to writing. "My artistry," explains Joe, "is taking a new idea and making it accessible to human ears. Knowing what I am after and attacking."

The persona of "Mr. Middle of the Road" was Joe's attempt at getting on the radio as a serious folk musician. "The public will swallow shit. But if they are given an alternative, they will choose quality. The problem is that there is too much manipulation."

A gallery of individuals lurk behind Joe's varied career. He finds that people stop growing when they reach their twenties. The U of T grad finds it a big challenge to continue to grow. "University is relative to dreams and goals. Most students have no



idea what they're doing or where they're going when they enter university. In my view, no student should go to university until he/she has served two years for their country. Not army, but civil service. If every young person spent two years cleaning the fucking highways, cleaning up the cities, making things righter, then he or she would have a better view of what life is all about and therefore what it could lead them to. As it stands now, university is no more than advanced babysitting." Practical sense from a regular Joe.

Mad about Crad

Stuart Ross

World Under Anaesthesia by Crad Kilodney, Charnel House, 1979, 40 pp., \$2.00.

Stamped inside the back cover of Crad Kilodney's second collection of short stories is: **PASSED BY BEAN CONTROL**. Thank heavens for that. It is important that **World Under Anaesthesia** be seen. A small but powerful book, it contains six short stories and a couple of hilariously terrible collages by the author. The cover is by Dick Treatment.

Kilodney's stories delight with their humor, but are at the same time satirical; snapping social criticism abounds. His targets include T.V. evangelists, the police force, censorship, and of course, suburbia.

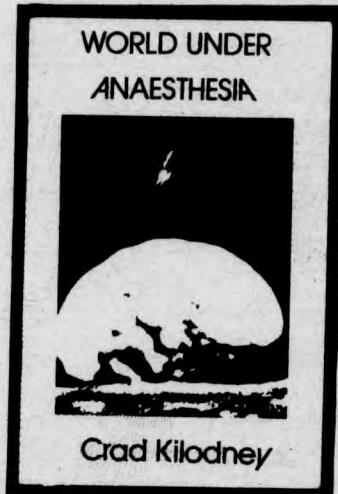
He probes our insecurities with embarrassing accuracy pinpointing our obsessions and neuroses. In "The History of the World," we pay a visit to the Historian's Asylum where various inmates explain the past in terms of shit, the colour blue, smoke, and things left under car seat cushions. "Midnight Trousers" is the story of a cable T.V. show that changes Southern Ontario. Everybody watches this bizarre, degenerate show but nobody will admit it. Not even Attorney-General Roy McNurtney as he sits in his office washroom reading *Naughty Elevator Mechanics*, a magazine which he stopped at the border.

Kilodney's style is unique, and there is no end to his inventiveness and originality. At times he is absurd, at times surreal. In "Forget That Grapefruit; Here Come the Midgets," there are shades of French prose-poet Max Jacob, whose life changed when he saw Christ on his bedroom wall. Kilodney creates similar visions.

The weaknesses are few. There are slight, but irritating grammatical ambiguities and the choice of stories could have been better. These sort of problems

could be overcome if a big commercial publisher would take a chance with Kilodney.

His first book, **Mental Cases**, was in some ways better, certainly more accessible, but his new work is more challenging.



Anaesthesia makes the reader think and it rewards with subtleties.

"Midnight Trousers" is the perfect kick-off, and "My Work as a Hole" is an apocalyptic finish. The scream of a writer who wishes he was something else, just to make life easier. A writer who has lost his faith in the reading public.

From "Midnight Trousers": "We know what we are at the stroke of midnight. Neither the beep of the censor, nor the bellow of the righteous, nor the hammer of law can keep the hands of the clock from coming together as ineluctably as a prayer."

(Available at the York bookstore or from Crad Kilodney, 134 Haddington Ave., Toronto M5M 2P6)

Kinetic art

Lydia Pawlenko

By failing to step on the inconspicuous rubber mats in front of Craig Tandy's sculptures, one may very well stand awed by the colours, dimensions and light interplay apparent in their static state. When pressed, however, the footmats spark the motion that is part of Tandy's own natural order.

Revealing an ingenious union of technology and the visual, the artist attempts to create a relationship with natural motion.

His sculptures are extensions of his interest in graphic geometry. "My methods are the traction, propulsion, tension, compression and suspension of materials such as Lexon, acrylics, aluminum and steel," he explains. "The allusions to motion are ever present whether or not, in reality, a piece moves."

Beside each sculpture hang blueprints--movements precisely calculated on graphic paper which might seem the more appropriate on an engineer's drafting table.

The works create their own space in the gallery. Five strips of Lexon waver in gradual hues of yellow, orange and red in a sculptural piece entitled "Fall" (1974). His work "Ringz" (1974) consists of five polished aluminum tubular rings hung from a polished aluminum rod containing a fluorescent tube. His intention is to create the illusion of the suspension of these rings by a light energy emission from the central core.

Craig Tandy succeeds in approaching kinetic sculpture with a sense of humour. His works are alive, conveying a joy which the artist appreciates in movement.

Off York

Film

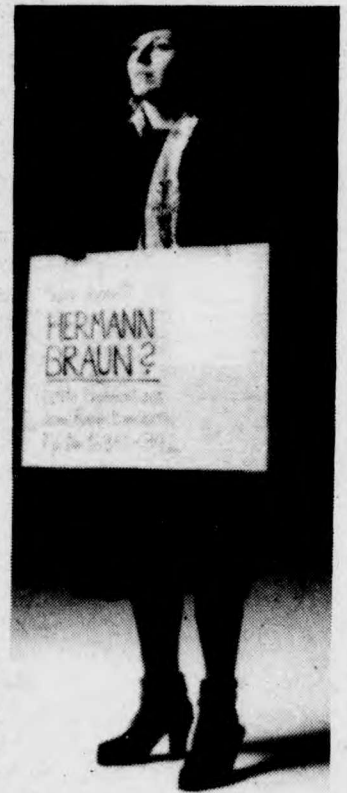
The 70's have produced two movies that will long be remembered for definitive portrayals of what the Second World War did to Germany. In **Cabaret** we saw the decay of a society through the fast moves of Liza Minelli's legs taking their orders from Joel Grey's yellow teeth. The eerie feeling that grew throughout that movie ended right where **The Marriage of Maria Braun** begins. The opening scene is the marriage, in a church that is being demolished by bombs.

Maria is married for a day and a half before her husband is sent to the Russian front at a time when the Germans knew that the war was lost for them. She soon learns mistakenly that her husband is dead and begins to work for survival. One day, when Maria is in the arms of an American soldier, her husband reappears. Unable to bear the look on his face, she murders the soldier and in court her husband assumes the responsibility. Her rise during the reconstruction of Germany takes place while her husband is in jail and she is in her sexual prime.

Maria Braun is played by the stunning Hanna Schygella, an actress familiar to followers of contemporary German cinema. Director Rainer Fassbinder's camera seems to get lost in close-ups of her face and the result is breathtaking. Her wardrobe is made up predominantly of soft blues and golds that look devastatingly rich.

She is the personification of the regrowth of Germany just as Liza was its decay. Two entirely different ladies reflecting two entirely different societies, both used to near perfection in films that will not soon fade from the minds of those who see them.

Ron Justein



Att: artistes

Dr. Rat

Calumet College's *Smooth Truth Productions* is setting up an exciting series of art happenings. Organizers John Mays, Konrad Doerrecker and Chris Dutton are looking for actors, musicians, dancers and others interested in

performing or helping out.

And for you voyeurs out there, watch for the events, which will take place in Calumet, the Bearpit and the Fine Arts Building. For more info, contact Konrad at 242-2735.