

Photographer captures impressive Niagara Falls

Laurie Kruk

What is there to say that's new and relevant about Niagara Falls? A magnificent monument to nature, it has been attracting artists, poets and writers for hundreds of years.

Romantics have rushed from all over the world to view, with almost religious ecstasy, this most perfect example of the "Sublime". Travellers and tourists have made it famous, and have encouraged cities on both sides of the border to exploit it as a limitless tourist attraction. It has been painted (and more recently) photographed, more than any other waterfall in the world. And because spectacular Horseshoe Falls lies on our side of the border, the whole system has long been considered an exclusive part of our nebulous "Canadian Identity".

Brian Condon is a Toronto photographer who has captured in his show, "Slowly I Turned..." — in 35 pictures taken from 1976 to 1979 — a microcosm of our society against the ever-impressive backdrop of the Falls.

In his pictures we see honeymooning couples and vacationing families, tourists from all over the world, and older couples who have time to spend together. Condon was asked what gave him the idea to do a project on such a well-documented place.

"I was going on a trip there myself — you know, just another tourist with a camera around my neck, when it occurred to me that I hadn't seen any pictures recording the public migration there. So I began collecting pictures of everything — the Falls, the people, the city itself — using just my regular camera. I went to Marineland, the Floral Clock, Circusworld — all the places tourists go. And the Maid of the Mist, too — one of my pictures was taken on board."

And how did he decide what he would photograph? "The people. The people determined my subject, because I was interested in them, and their reactions to the scene. My shots weren't meant to be picturesque, like a postcard or calendar of the Falls. Everywhere you go, you're

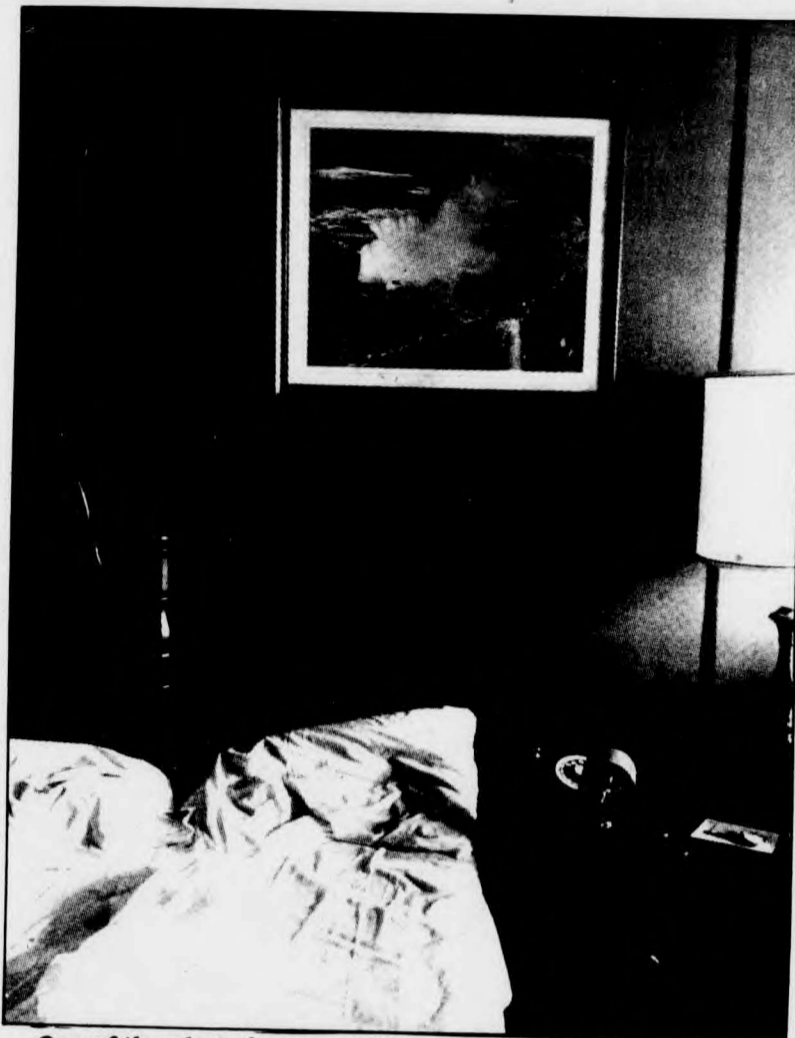
saturated with their image. One of my photographs is of a couple looking at the Falls through plastic viewfinders — the real thing was in front of them, and they were looking at an imitation!"

Someone suggested that perhaps people want some control over what they look at, and he agreed.

"I think it's a significant place. I think people feel a need to associate themselves with it, in a kind of immortal way — like the older couple, scratching "Grandpa and Grandma" into a stone wall. Niagara Falls is a vehicle, or a force, that draws people to visit it, to have their pictures taken beside it..."

And what does the title, "Slowly I Turned..." mean?

"A private joke, I guess. It refers to a skit by the three stooges — every time one of them, who had lost his girlfriend there, heard "Niagara Falls", he would go into a fit, and start to mutter, "Slowly I turned...", etc. In that way, Niagara Falls is an almost automatic image...everytime the name is dropped, we think of a tourist cult icon..."



One of the photo images of Niagara Falls by Brian Condon.

New theatre opens cinematic past and future

Mark Lewis

The Nat Taylor Theatre, a 120-seat facility for the screening of 16 and 35 mm. films in the Ross Building officially opened Friday with a wine and buffet party and the screening of Andrej Wadja's film *Man of Iron*.

Representatives of the film industry and York's film faculty were there to celebrate both the opening of the theatre and the man whose contributions made its building possible, Mr. N.A. Taylor. Since his beginnings in the Canadian film industry in

1918, Mr. Taylor has been instrumental in furthering the industry's development as an internationally viable and respected force in the world motion picture community. Approached by former Film Department Chairman Stan Fox about the possibility of sponsoring the theatre that bears his name, Mr. Taylor agreed because he felt York to be the foremost film education centre in Canada, offering outstanding courses in all aspects of the medium. (Its reputation and high quality can be attested to by the fact that of the 900 applicants to the Department in 1981, only 60 students were chosen, 55 of

whom had accumulated a secondary school average of over 80%).

In addition to the theatre, Mr. Taylor has donated equipment and supplies to the Film Department, has set up a film scholarship fund, and has promised to promote York's final year student projects by screening them before features in the commercial theatres in Canada of which he is a part. His gift to the University amounts to about \$100,000; an expression of love, he has said, for Cinema and its future in Canada.

As well as honouring Mr. Taylor's generosity by naming the theatre after him, acting Film Chairman Evan Cameron

announced at the dedication that a week-long lectureship in Mr. Taylor's name will be held every October, bringing together industry representatives, and York students and faculty to forge stronger ties between the present and the future of Canadian film.

York President Ian Macdonald, in his speech praising the Department and its reputation, expressed the problems York and other universities are facing due to funding cutbacks by the government. The only hope for improvement in education and its facilities in the future, he implied, will be the generosity of private institutions and men like Mr. Taylor.



The Bailey Brothers plus three equals The Equators.

Equators go global

Alt & Morowitz

They're young, they're hot, and they're shooting for the top. When asked about the future of the Equators, lead vocalist, Donald Bailey, knew what he was after: "we just want to sell a million albums."

Commercial may be a dirty word in the music business, but not if you're the Equators, who share a bill with the Villains in a Reggae-Ska Festival November 6 at the Concert Hall. Cause that means their style of reggae is moving in the right direction. "Why do you think we're called the Equators," Bailey explains. "It's a global view of things, right around the world. We hope to conquer it one day. Reggae's always been there, but it's going to be much, much bigger. And the Equators want to be a part of it; otherwise we wouldn't be doing it."

The 6-man Birmingham outfit, which incidentally includes three Bailey brothers and 2 half-brothers, is steeped in the reggae tradition. They write it, perform it, promote it and live with it day to day. It's in the roots and it's part of the life for the Baileys: "Our grandfather was a musician, a violinist in Jamaica. So

the reggae runs in our blood. We were brought up on it."

Being brought up in England leaves its mark too when you're young and black. That's why "Rescue Me", a classic off *Hot*, the Equators' latest release, has a special meaning for Bailey: "It's just being in England, being in the system. That's life. You learn to live with it, just something that happens...but sometimes you just want to be taken away, to be rescued."

Listeners must throw away any pre-conceptions about reggae when you deal with the Equators. There's not a hint of politicizing, philosophizing or criticizing. *Hot* is fast and infectious, with killer beat. But it's not without substance.

"We're aware politically but that's not the only thing. Our reggae is supplied by what's going on, but we don't want to get caught up in the political system."

And what can you expect to see tomorrow night at the Music Hall? The bopping pork pie of lead vocalist, Donald Bailey, six musicians who love centre stage, and an audience who can't sit still. It's the kind of rescue we all need once in a while.

Bad Taste savours heroes and hysteria

Robert Fabes

"It's important for the writer to direct or be at the first production of their play," says Robyn Butt, writer and director of *Bad Taste*. Since a play is written primarily to be performed, she feels that it is very important for the writer to take an active role in its production.

"The actor," Butt says, "can give the writer new insights into the characters." It's a rare privilege to be able to work with a group of actors. As rehearsals progress, the play changes as she and the actors find better ways to convey the ideas of the play.

Bad Taste is about people who want, and need, to love and to be loved. On another level, though, the play is about heroes. Butt feels that we need heroes but that these heroes are only cardboard media figures.

"A mass hysteria develops," she states, "resulting in a false sentiment inspired by the cheapest sentimentality." Butt wants us to remember that these heroes also lead normal lives that we are not shown.

James Dean and Terry Fox are two of *Bad Taste's* heroes. The play's characters are revealed to us as they follow Fox's run while travelling in a limousine. "The

play isn't about Fox or Dean," says Butt, "but about heroes and hero-worship in general. "It is the characters' experiences that are most important for Butt and it is this hysteria that the play focuses on."

The play gets its title from a bad taste party given in a suitcase by one of the characters. This and other trends are examined.

Kennedy's Children: a static look at the 60's

Robyn Butt

Kennedy's Children is a strange choice for an independent student production. Its subject matter—60's America—and its sentiment—earnest—belong to nostalgia crazes, where things profound or surprising rarely get said. The play is difficult without being too much fun because the characters give running monologues but never interact. All this adds up to dangerous odds of losing your audience.

The audience at Tuesday's opening was never lost, which under the circumstances is a credit to cast and director. But they were also not excited. General reaction seemed to match the play's general feel: flat. Most of this came down to the

in the play. "I'm very trendy," she admits but hastens to add, "I always remember what I'm involved in." Butt hates the mob mentality where there's no room for individuality. "It's an hysterical movement filled with false emotion."

Bad Taste will be at the Sam Beckett Theatre November 12, 13, 14. Free admission.

fact that the stage is not the page. Monologues need animation by action to manipulate an audience's focus. The motion itself also has to progress eloquently: non-particularized smoking and drinking aren't quite enough. You can't paint a portrait with a wallpaper brush.

There was also a bit too much addressing the audience, which turns a monologue into a speech.

In the end *Kennedy's Children* should probably be retitled *Kennedy's Posed Children*. The central image, although satirically introduced, is still *Camelot*, and the characters, although superficially jaded, are still noble. This production perpetuates that duplicity.