

# ARTS FEATURE Film Fest

By SEAN MATTHEWS

Some of the most exceptional work of first year Film students was screened last Thursday as part of the Fine Arts Festival. Unfortunately, the show was plagued by technical difficulties (a 16 millimeter projector that works properly when it has to, is a rarity).

Apart from mechanical problems, however, the evening's slide and film show, organized by Chris Crowe and Meredith Young, was very intriguing.

The 10 slide presentations were all produced as an in-class project by first year students, noted Crowe, himself a first year representative of the Film Student's Association. The project, which involved synchronizing narrative techniques with a musical soundtrack, was last semester's major assignment for the film class.

Some students went beyond the simple story-book narrative and produced works which were not only visually interesting but also provocative.

Of particular note were "Reflections of Her" by Bonnie Bayes, "Armadillo" by Robin Smith, Sebastien Levenson and Sumer Bahatin, and "Excellent Birds," by Mike Sheasby.

"Reflections of Her" focuses on a woman moving in a full length mirror. The real figure moves fluidly while her distorted reflection represents the roles that women must take on in order to cope in society.

Bayes said that she wanted to

show "how a woman is caught within all of her definitions." These limitations are made even clearer as the woman is bound with a rope.

"Armadillo" is a visually stunning work displaying a wide array of textures. According to Levenson, the group wanted to emulate the contrasting aspects of an armadillo (hard on the outside; soft inside), by using buildings and people.

"The shots of buildings, fences, and grates showed us the hard part of civilization in contrast to the vulnerability of human beings," Levenson said. To further emphasize contrast, the man-made materials of concrete and steel were presented with soft music, while slides of humans were offset by harsh tonalities.

In "Excellent Birds" Sheasby said he wanted to show a man who suffers a "complete audio-visual hallucination." Sheasby also produced *A Study of Motion*, one of three Super 8 films that were shown.

The Film department took advantage of the work of some of its most illustrious graduates, such as Mark Forler, whose *Passion and Gasoline* won a second place award in last spring's CBC Telefest competition. The problem with screening both *Passion and Gasoline* (a 16 millimetre film) and various slide presentations in a single sitting was that they were technically impossible to manage, due to differences in equipment. (In the slide shows, for example, a tape deck had to be rigged up with the Nat Taylor sound system in order to play individual soundtracks for each piece.)

Despite these technical hitches, the Film department's screening was a tremendous undertaking which provided a valuable forum to introduce the York community to its most recent flock of aspiring filmmakers.

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## P.J. Lust

By ANDREW VANCE

Those passing by the Bearpit last Friday afternoon got a rare treat as the Fine Arts Festival wound down to the jazz tempos of the Tim Posgate Band and Penguin J. Lust.

It was the quartet composed of guitarist Posgate, bassist Darius Nargolwalla, pianist Densil Pinnock, and drummer Steve Paterson that got things underway. The band proceeded to run through a variety of material including Thelonius Monk's "Rhythming," John Coltrane's "Equinox," and two original Posgate compositions, "Can't Sleep" and "Untitled."

The musical complexity of the pieces provided ample opportunity for improvisation and the musicians (especially Posgate and Pinnock) did not disappoint their crowd, showing control and spontaneity through some difficult solos.

With the exception of drummer Paterson, a student at Humber College, all are York Music students. Each musician has his sights set in a professional music career, and if Friday's performance is any indication, the troupe seems well on its way.

Penguin J. Lust (comprised of tenor saxophonist Patricia Wheeler, guitarist Bruce Creaver, bassist James Hill, and drummer Mark Weitz) offered a similar program of jazz standards, most notably Jerome Kern's "All the things you are" and a punchy version of Monk's classic "Straight, No Chaser." The set ended with a swinging, but dissonant rendering of "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Like the Posgate group, all Penguin J. Lust selections were performed with minimal rehearsal. Yet the quality of both combos' performances must be duly commended. Jazz fans can catch Penguin J. Lust in a return engagement at the Art Gallery of York University on February 26.

## Mega-art

By BRIAN POSER

How much paint must a painter slap on a mural to make art?

This and other esoteric questions were explored during last week's Mural Contest, a highlight of the Fine Arts Festival.

Several teams were present, competing for the utmost in artistic recognition—the coveted "Golden

Cow Award." It is the prize awarded to the team who, within one and a half hours, is able to transcend all artistic limitations and create the mural of murals.

The challenge was indeed a lofty one. Yet seemingly out of nowhere there appeared last Thursday, reams of paper flooded with paint and three dimensional designs that could only be creations sponsored by the daring Fine Arts Department.

The first in view was a mysterious work by dynamic duo Adrian Windsor Norvid and Donald Scott Lawrence. "It's the imperfect synthesis of art and life," Norvid exclaimed. The mural was composed of empty picture frames hanging from string, surrounding a collage of unidentified black and white images.

It was not only an aesthetic astonishment, but a feat of physics. The two artists were confident that their piece, titled "A non-Euclidean sloop and slurp of life," would be judged as

dropped from the wall to the floor. The resulting river passed through primordial jungles, over stones, and even under a bridge before it hit the other wall. There it pooled outside the home of an ominous paper-plate, rope skipping dinosaur—purportedly the most fierce of all ancient beasts.

No doubt the piece had class, as copies of *Excalibur* were expertly deployed as stones beside the bridge which led the viewer into the heart of the mural. Nevison added her own feelings about the spacious mural. "It's a Freudian attempt to come to terms with the alligators under my bed," she said.

Suddenly a man dressed in red arrived, bearing a Yanki Doodle type feather in his cap. He was the judge, also known as the Dean of the Faculty of Fine Arts. All fell silent when the strange man asked the teams to cease, desist, and keep their tongues in their respective cheeks.



THE SHOCK OF JUDGEMENT: Praying means little in the realm of mega-art.

the best. "The Dean is our main competitor," the duo added.

The next mural was astounding by its sheer immensity. The four member team of Paul Stanley, Diane Gagné, Dale Nevison, and Nadine Norman brought their mammoth mural down one wall, across the floor, and all the way to the opposite wall.

Paul Stanley attempted an explanation of the piece while his three barefoot buddies put the finishing touches on the work. "This is a fine example of aesthetic mayhem. You see, we lost our aesthetic before we even had a chance to find it . . . I guess this is just our way of making sense of a post-modern world," he ventured.

The mural, titled "Home of the Dinosaur," featured vegetation in dark greens and yellow highlights, split by a baby-blue waterfall which

After minutes of intense conferring between the judge and his aides, a decision was reached. "Home of the Dinosaur" took first place and received the Golden Cow Award.

In second place was the "non-Euclidean sloop and slurp of life," which received the "Fake Flower Award (with bottle opener)." Third place was taken by "Solar Slut in search of Self" who received the "Second Fake Flower Award" for their Picasso imitation. All remaining competitors enjoyed one box of Smarties each.

Final comment from the winning team, perhaps because *Excalibur* played such a key role in their success, was as follows: "Home of the Dinosaur" is a mystery . . . a masterpiece . . . a visionary story of sexual awakening and of good and evil . . . a trip to another world . . ."



UNDERHILL ON TOP: Over hill and dale, zooting their horns, Richard Underhill and his Shuffle Demons returned to York last week, howling all the way.

# SAVE THE BLUES

Hill Street Blues has been a tradition for the last seven years, attracting intensely loyal viewers while singlehandedly upgrading the quality of American TV. Hill Street paved the way for shows such as *St. Elsewhere* and *L.A. Law* by proving that there was room for intelligent programming on the airwaves. But the tradition is in danger of dying because of viewer apathy and NBC's negligence.

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