

'Photoworks' exhibit expands consciousness

By ANDREA THORSEN/SUNDBERG
For the Emerald

The Robert Miller/James Featherstone "Photoworks" exhibit being shown in Gallery 141, Lawrence Hall, is an eloquently integrated visual experience and an exercise in contrast between the two men's work. This equivoque exists both between their visual statements as well as between the processes used to make those statements. However, a mutual intent



"Farmhouse"

Photo by James Featherstone

arises to evoke our own imaginative responses to their work, yet each photographer emerges unique in his vision.

The evidence of process and its play with the final product has been sensitively addressed. The systems and methods within photography — those of search, discovery, surprise, interpretation — are embodied here by the placement of the work within the gallery space.

Each piece is regarded almost as if within the context of its own development. Photography is not a linear thing; yet, too often we find it displayed within a close, linear format which potentially weakens the otherwise powerful images.

Miller/Featherstone have created for us the potential for our own involvement in their work both physically and psychologically. Images of "reality" — rocks, ponds, ice, reeds of grass in water — are displayed symbolically as if back within their original environment. We find them at ground level. We must bend, stoop, experience, see, not just look. We become a photographer.

In others, photographic elements are torn, cut and replaced in such a way as to reduce in us a response the original image may never have been able to do.

Elsewhere, bare wall space is used to accommodate a print's spirit or "aura," if you will. We often find that small visual elements can dominate a field much larger than their own physical dimensions. This expansion phenomenon may well be one of the most powerful components of art. As in a memory, a seemingly insignificant event can expand to tremendous importance demanding a large psychological space.

By implementing "empty" wall space, and at other times by sandwiching pictures within a tight viewing area, we are made aware of the photograph's powerful ability to project its personal space out into the room and out into our interpretive psyches.

This expressive and sophisticated treatment of gallery space affirms and enhances our own perceptions of life around and within us.

As individual artists the two men and their work invite independent considerations. Robert Miller has given us a collection so real it moves toward the abstract. He shares with us black and white, the deep shadows, highlights and greys of things common, transforming them into beautiful mysteries full of a powerful evocation of spirit. His photographic technique is pure, nearly classic, in its content. It seeks neither surprise nor physical movement. It freezes what is already frozen; yet, within this subtle silence arises a life so vibrant it stirs the soul.

He has drawn from his sitters a truth and power over which none may have absolute control. The props behind which they may attempt to hide become stripped away.

It needs no props. The subjects of his other prints — adobe church, grains in wood, water reflections, rock contours — transcend their own reality, becoming for us associations to other things, perhaps to a collective reality. Miller has used his vision to take us further into our own.

Featherstone, by contrast, but perhaps ultimately for the same reasons, gives us pure abstraction. He cuts and reassembles photographic forms provocatively, imparting a design and graphic sense to his work. He has manipulated the real image to form an abstract one. In this

way he is exploring and defining boundaries and limits to photography and, perhaps, finally finding none. We must take his assemblages as links to a psychic realm; they blur the line between our physical one.

The commonality which exists between these two men's work

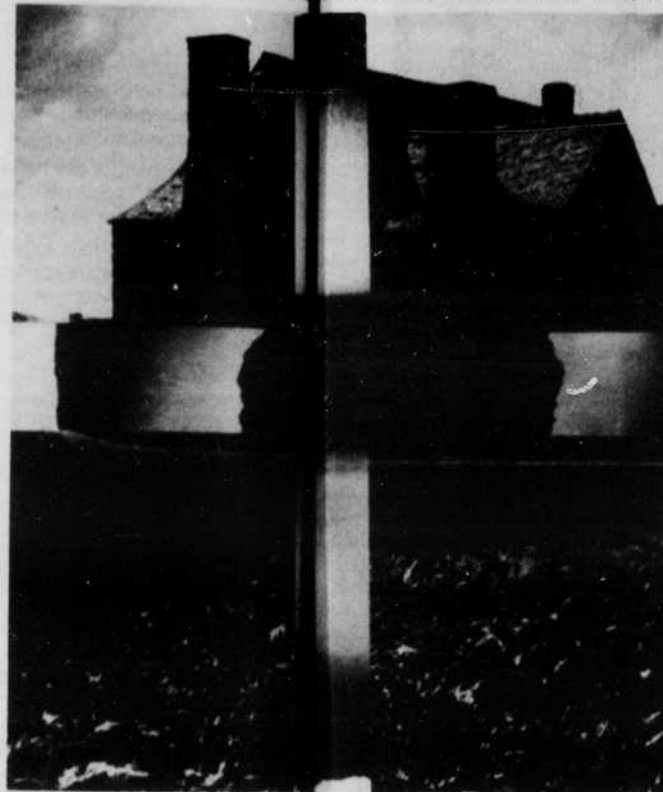


Photo by Robert Miller

"The Waters"

may well reveal the meaning of each self; that ability to involve and overwhelm us to such a degree that we merge importantly as selfless creators of a collective whole rather than as selfish creators of their own small worlds.

SWOMSI stages benefit by children's theater troupe

By BOB WEBB
Of the Emerald

The Southwest Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (SWOMSI) will present Randolph's Ragtime Pick a Wish players in a benefit performance of *Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief* on Saturdays and Sundays for the next two weekends. This children's play will be held at the Roosevelt Junior High School Cafeteria at 1 p.m. and again at 3 p.m. on all four days.

The Randolph Ragtime Pick a Wish Players is a children's theater troupe that has already done several productions in the area including *Sleeping George* and *Jack Frost Saves Spring*. Or *Mother Nature's Big Sneeze*.

Rich Hertzler, who was recently seen as the Good Doctor in LCC's production of *Cabaret*, plays the part of "Happiness." Richard Seyfried, who was last seen in town as "Mr. Cat" in LCC's production of *Hotel Paradise*, plays the part of "Fitzwater." Beau Kennedy plays the part of "Sassafras," she was also in *Cabaret* and *World of Carl Sandburg*. Two actresses who have been active in

previous Pick a Wish productions, Susan Anderson and Carol Mills, play "Gay" and "Pricilla," respectively, in this production. Martha Wehmeier, who has been active in many University of Oregon productions, most notably as "Meg" in last summer's Carnival production of *Dylan*, will be playing "Brackenberry."

Although *Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief* is geared mostly to pre-school and grade school children, the producers feel it has enough in it to entertain adults as well. The 45 minute production comes complete with princess, witch, paupers, frogs and even a chase scene or two to keep things lively and moving.

The play is an original — written by Margaret Wilmut Cunningham, North Eugene High School teacher and former director of Eugene's Village Players.

Admission for *Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief* is \$1.25 for adults, 75 cents for students and 50 cents for those over 65 and under 12. Tickets will be sold at SWOMSI and at the door. Proceeds will go toward a scholarship for SWOMSI's education department.

By KRISTI TURNQUIST
Of the Emerald

Maybe movie reviewing is just a matter of whether you like it or not. Where does film scholarship, accepted aesthetic standards or highly-developed taste come into it when writing about a movie like *Slap Shot*? It's an unpretentious diversion that's not particularly good or particularly bad.

George Roy Hill, working again with Paul Newman (previous collaborations being *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *The Sting*) directs him as Reggie Dunlop, player-coach for a minor-league hockey team, The Charlestown Chiefs. The Chiefs are mediocre at best, and none too popular with the home folks. When Reggie skates out for his pre-game intro, a peevish fan shouts, "I hate you, Dunlop!" All is normally dismal for the team until word gets out the town mill is closing, and its laid-off workers are likely to lay off the Chiefs.

Hoping to boost potential buyers' interest in the Chiefs, Reggie revamps their playing style from sub-competent standard to aggravated assault and battery. Soon they're making enemies, fans, and money, sporting cartoon-style bruises for their pains.

Nancy Dowd is one of the few women screen writers around. That doesn't necessarily make her good, however. The loose structure and superficiality of her work, which would be a hindrance elsewhere, suits her perfectly to work with Hill. Both are unconcerned with plausibility and development, and together they form a perfect union.

Newman obviously likes working with Hill, and once again gives a deceptively easy-looking performance. It's too bad in a way that Newman works so well with the director, as the sleek, efficient framework Hill devises are more limiting than comfortable.

Oboe, flute give concert tonight

The Committee for the Performing Arts (no relation to the Community Center for the Performing Arts, WOW Hall) will present Rachel Aldrich, oboist, and Pamela Birrell, flutist, in concert tonight in Gerlinger Hall. The recital will begin at 8 p.m. A reception honoring the artists will follow the program. No tickets will be sold, but contributions made at the door will be deposited in a fund for procurement of a grand piano when a local performance hall is built.

The Committee for the Performing Arts (also known as CFPA) presents local artists in public performances in order to encourage and promote them and foster the continuance of the performing arts.

'Slap Shot' entertains without any aesthetic considerations

Nevertheless, Newman's a joy to watch here.

His Reggie is a middle-aged kid who clings to his team for lack of anything else. His wife (Jennifer Warren, miscast) has left him, yet he can't understand her liberation and offers her unnecessary money and aid even as she's very confidently leaving town alone. The only real relationship he has is with his sadsack team, who adore him.

This byplay with the team and the fluid handling of their beer-drinking, head-crunching, small-town lives is the best thing in *Slap Shot*. Hill and Dowd are evidently

not up to the job, so it's futile to wish they had stayed on the character-study side. Nevertheless, the one-dimensional bits that do come through are treated so loosely (the team on the bus; taverns, actively participating with TV soap operas; lounging around the town drugstore), aided by Dede Allen's clever editing, that they take on some flavor.

The movie gets into trouble when it fools around with the violence bit. Nobody seems to know what is intended: Are the Chiefs brainless apes, happiest when bashing opposing players? Or are

the angry townspeople and testy Ned Braden (Michael Ontkean, in dour performance, as the team rebel), right in condemning brutality?

Confusion reigns at movie's end. The Chiefs, on Reggie's advice, swear off their mauling tactics, and win the championship by a fluke. Braden joins the carnival atmosphere by performing a graceful strip-tease on the ice, and appears one with his rough-neck teammates. Reggie is hired by another team, and he plans to bring the Chiefs with him. Are we supposed to be happy? Why did Braden change so suddenly? Will Reggie continue his bruiser-hockey, or revert permanently to "old-fashioned" style? Does Hill have any idea, and more important, does he give a damn?

Slap Shot is well-made, likeable in a non-challenging way (to put it mildly) and features Paul Newman in a well-played role. These accomplishments are far from negligible, but it refuses to answer its own questions.

Next week LCC's romantic comedy debuts

The Lady's Not for Burning, a romantic comedy by Christopher Fry, will be presented by the Department of Performing Arts at Lane Community College on April 29, 30 and May 1, 6, 7. Curtain is 8 p.m. — except Sunday, May 1, when the performance will begin at 5 p.m., a new day and time option for LCC theatre patrons.

The play is directed by Stan Elbertson and designed by David Sherman. The cast includes Todd Crump, Darrell Gray, Aseneth Jurgenson ("The Lady"), Richard Lehman, Thomas Major, Dan Mayes, Sheri Merrick, John Mithen, Jerry Paulsen, Helen Robinson, and Steve Springston. Rehearsals began some eight weeks ago.

Set in fifteenth-century Europe, *The Lady's Not for Burning* is about a bright, beautiful, and free-spirited young woman who, unjustly sentenced to be burned as a witch, falls in love with a world-weary ex-soldier who insists on being hanged for crimes he didn't commit. The lady persuades him to live, to love, and to liberate her — a process that is full of wit and whimsy, wisdom and fun that comes to a pleasing conclusion. The play's language is unusually rich.

All seats are reserved at \$3. The LCC performing arts box office is open Monday through Friday, noon until 4:30.

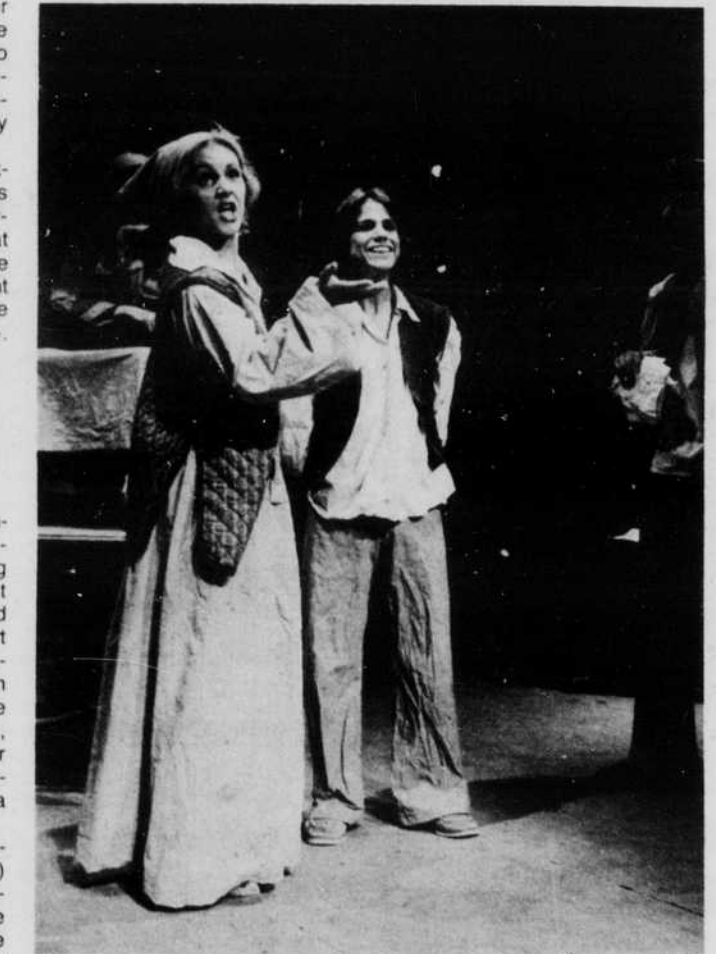


Photo by Tonya Houg



Stallion by Stallion
1977 Casablanca Records
NBLP 1040
Produced by Dik Darnell

By MARK ROWE
Of the Emerald

Stallion is a good example of the old adage that total anonymity can be an asset. This five man electrical band has had two moderate hits getting a lot of FM airplay in the area; real toe tappers. They are the kind of song that is just there; walk into a crowded

room and you walk in right in the middle of one of these two songs by Stallion: "Something Just Told Me," and "Old Fashioned Boy (You're The One)."

Anonymity does not always mean that no names appear on the album; Stallion is there for all to see; Wally Darnick plays keyboards and sings; Jorg Gonzalez is the bassist; Danny O'Neil plays guitar, mandolin,

and sings (by now the reader should be getting the idea that this is another harmony group where everyone sings); drums and percussion are handled by Larry Thompson; and Buddy Stephens sings and adds some extra percussion. No, anonymity doesn't mean no names; it means no sound identity.

There are ten tunes on Stallion and all of them sound the same; and one of them could have been done by any of a score of equally unknown rock and rollers and no one would have noticed the difference. The point here is Jerry Garcia just wouldn't make it singing "Sympathy For The Devil"; it's not his style. Stallion is another group in search of a sound, they do not yet possess a firm base from which to venture out into the musical jungle. At this stage of the game they are still trying things out; if they survive they will eventually set-

tle down into a pattern of their own.

Musically they are pleasant. Harmless is another adjective readily applicable, they do not endanger anyone else's success. Sometimes they seem like a very, very vocal oriented band with most of the instruments buried in the background in the best tradition of low-profile studio help, but at other times the keyboards or guitars really punch through. There is a certain inconsistency in their material, just as there is a certain sophomoric simplicity to some of the tunes, "Fancy Francie" for instance.

On the strength of "Something Just Told Me," and another tune on the first side, "Magic of the Music," which throws in a relaxed funk impression, Stallion could parlay their talent into something good. The majority of their first album, though, is an exercise in anonymous appellation.

U OF O BOOKSTORE BOARD FACULTY POSITION AVAILABLE

There is an immediate vacancy on the Board of Directors of the University of Oregon Bookstore. The vacancy is a faculty position and the term of office will be for one (1) year which ends June 1978. For purpose of membership on the Board of Directors, a faculty member is defined as a professor, associate professor, assistant professor or full-time instructor employed as a teacher on the Eugene campus.

All interested faculty members or anyone wishing to nominate a faculty person should come to the main office of the Bookstore. Anyone having questions regarding the duties of this position should contact Jim Williams at the Bookstore. Applications will be taken until 5:00 p.m. Friday, April 22, 1977.

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