



Expanded cinema: five different images flashing on the screen — four slide shows and a movie — stretched perceptions to the pain threshold. —Globe and Mail, Dennis Robinson

Expanded Cinema rocks Gallery

By MARILYN BEKER

A girl in a pink leotard, orange flower pinned to her back, rang a bell. A strobe-light flashed. Eight musicians ground out sound, and a woman in a purple dress held her ears.

It was Joyce Wieland's Expanded Cinema in the Art Gallery of Ontario sculpture court last night, and it was good—if you could stand it.

Four months ago Miss Wieland devised a total-environment evening for Cinécity centering around her original film called *Bill's Hat*, and the production was ragged. Last night, the same show, in its third performance, was practically perfect.

Miss Wieland's idea was to involve the audience completely in sound and visual effects; and the audience was involved, to the point where nobody scarcely moved a muscle for an hour.

Snack in front of the audience sat a huge white plastic altar covered with pots of flowers and 100 burning candles. Behind that was a movie screen flanked by four white

plastic sheets matching the altar.

Miss Wieland handed out incense while the 25th Hour, a teen-age group, played rock, and Stu Broomers' Kinetic Ensemble played something bordering on raga.

The teen-agers wore turtle-neck sweaters. Broomer wore a shiny third-eye disc on his forehead and a huge orange paper flower on his lapel.

Both groups provided a writhing welter of sound backed by a pre-recorded tape of electronic music. This, together with five different images flashing on the screens—four slide shows and the 50 minute movie—stretched one's perceptions to just below the pain threshold.

But there were gentle mo-

ments, too. At the beginning of the film, a group of children in gowns frolicked in a woodland setting. This was beautifully handled in slow motion, while persons in the audience ring bells and the sculpture court fountain splashed.

This scene was supposed to represent the birth of Bill's hat, a shaggy raccoon monstrosity. As the film progressed, scores of different persons were shown wearing the hat: Timothy Leary, A. Y. Jackson, Judy LaMarsh tried it on as the music built to a crashing roar.

Supposedly, people should have danced in the aisles when the music reached the highest peak. Some of them should even have gone wild.

But the girls in long hair and furry coats kept their eyes glued to the screen. The boys in long hair and flowered shirts didn't stir. And when two girls walked around the room projecting images on the knees of dumfounded persons, nobody watched.

And then, halfway through the show, someone passed around an orange sign saying, "Dear anyone, please kiss somebody nice."

Nobody moved.