"As an artist I am a member of the impatient vice squad of outraged world citizens."

Alex Grey

While an interesting sculpture exhibit is being presented inside the Hayden Gallery, it's the Infinity corridor exhibit "Dadakin," on display through March 28, that really want to catch. I've never seen so many people, scurrying on the "long route" (rather than the "cold route"), take in the Infinity corridor, stop to take in a corridor exhibit. And that's because this one is so arresting; it's impossible to walk by these disturbing and often explosive images without arresting further. Twenty-eight artists from the Boston region offer interpretations of contemporary reality, reflecting, as the title suggests, the same patterns of disruption as Dada, as well as specifically late 20th century delimitations. As for the Dadaists of the early part of this century, these artists hirare combinations (a Durer angel and a Shure microphone) are as significant as the depiction of odd events (a toaster marked "Duck!" hurries through a window at an amused family) in reassessing accepted representations of the world.

Insofar as Dada itself has become something of an institution, and therefore a conventionalism, there is a need to challenge, to a greater extent, the medium by which the message is conveyed. The art has a "public" quality in form, design, and execution — xerography, postcards, etc. The materials belong to the commercial not the (traditional) artistic palette.

Furthermore, in our communications saturated society in which words (especially headlines and advertising copy) play as important a role as images, the whole aspect of written communication must be questioned as well. Consider Ken Winokur's "What's Next?" (reprinted in the defunct Real Paper) where both the image and the words appear in indiscriminate context, or Holly Anderson's "Stories" in which the language is fragmented and the image is fixed, simultane- ously their style. As Exhibit Curator Gary Garrels writes, "Through these artists' work, the status quo of experience is thrown open to critical reconsideration."

Objectives aside, much of the work is simply engaging, humorous, and irreverent: Rohin Winter's "Rejection Looks Like A Shot" seems like the ultimate expansion of that situation. Like Oberst's humorously cynical "Modern Sex Unus,", and excerpts from Boston's legendary Slack Pity Magazine — a hodge-podge, cooperative magazine featuring drawing, xerography, and assorted commentary from local artists.

While important aspects of the same movement — dance, music, performance art, sculpture — are not represented, because of space limitations, "Dadakin" offers a good cross-section of local, current, didactic work.

Sheena

One From the Heart, starring Frederic Forrest and Teri Garr, directed by Francis Ford Coppola. Now at the Arch Charlestown.

Frank Ford Coppola likes to do it big. In The Godfather and Apocalypse Now he spent big money to turn big issues into big movies. Now he brings us the story of Hank and Franny, who broke up for a couple of days and then got back together, small, very small. And unlike those previous films which were expensive facades for Coppola's moral profundity, One From the Heart does not go deeper than the two dimensional sets and tired plot.

Frederic Forrest assumed a pot-belly for the role, is a basic junkyard operator who fancies himself a connoisseur of women and muses on his friend, played by Teri Garr, wants to dance under the moonlight with a white knight. Inevitably, domestic friction ensues and Hank finds solace in the arms of Nastoria (Sheena), while Franny falls for a Latin lounge lizard.

Coppola undermines his cast by calling for a deliberately sappy script and then relying on songs and garish effects for emotion. Tom Waits' soundtrack sets the initial bluesy mood and is the only low-key facet of this production, but eventually it grates on the nerves as each dramatic turn is interrupted by a raspy little voiceover that is bluesy mood and is the only low-key facet of this production, but eventually it grates on the nerves as each dramatic turn is interrupted by a raspy little voiceover that is...