Bursting beyond boundaries — Images of Infinity

By KATIE SCHWARZ

We have all half-remembered photographs by Yulka, an exhibit at the Company Gallery (155-200, Monday to Friday, 3-7 p.m., through Jan. 23).

"PHOTOGRAPHY IS CLEARLY AN APPEAL FOR AN EXHIBITION" COMES the words of the father of the infinity. The tone of Yulka’s large, bare color photographs is also appropriately: they impart a sense of frenetic motion, of bursting beyond their boundaries, that echoes the bustling streams of infinity. Infinity is only a mathematical concept to most of us, but Yulka tries to make it visually. Her photographs are mostly abstract treatments of stationary, mammal subjects: buildings, sculptures and machines are shot from wide angles, out of focus, then cropped into unrecognizable, smallish capsules upside-down and backward versions of themselves.

How can a photograph, which has edges, be an image of infinity? Yulka’s pictures trigger a question that summarizes motion and tension across their boundaries. Diagonals and elongated shapes sweep the eye across the photograph and into beyond space; repeated images indicate trajectories. Elongated photos of buildings and pulleys bring a feeling of force stretching along the ropes. Near all the pictures succeed in implying something vast outside the camera’s reach.

Vast motion must involve vast energy, shown through the sharp, bright colors. Shiny pink, blue and white dominate. The mood is chaotic, like a child in a park.

This does not stop take-offs of "Big River" and "DreamGirls" from being very enjoyable. Of course, the classic hits of Broadway still command the most out-loud guffaws. The noble, but fatigued, King Arthur (for "Camelot") singing "I wonder what the King is singing tonight," and little gem Amzie bemoaning "I’m 30 years old, to-morrow, and I haven’t worked since I did Lash Ammie..." arouse the amount of sentiment-dreaming-of-a-break through his meeting with dimness. This time, though, the sentiment is honest, not pathos.

Football — an extended metaphor for life

By JULIAN WEST

Wildcats, directed by Michael Ritchie, starring Goldie Hawn, Jamie Eason, Swoosie Kurtz and Nipsey Russell.

"GOLDIE HAWN’S NEW VEHICLE, WILDCATS, may be best thought of as ‘football: an extended metaphor for life,’ or perhaps ‘jazzercize conquers all.’ It is not, thank-fully, another Rocky Horror Power Ball, as it is as The Red News Chicago Bears.

Wildcats, in its heart hasn’t caught fire. It is the finale of a football team. In par-allel, and often actual, it is the Cenral High, located predictably in central Chicago, which is the heart of the American football scene. This fairly obvious intention is undeniably demonstrated as Chicago Bears differ from its big-league alter ego, primarily by having three times as many fans.

This year they get a new coach, McCoy McGrath, who manages to bring this last bastion of male dominance by ve-
ture of the fact that no one else will take the job. Once we see the team, it is clear why. This is a one-verse-two journey into US high school ball, where the violence spills off the gridiron into the corridors. The emotion is so loud that one of the students still does not speak English. McGrath wades the team into style with predictable disdain, and then proceeds to edit her own version of the year’s events. It is a parable of the film “The Three Musketeers” and William "Refrigerator" Perry. The team’s winning season over the opposing, evil coach takes an uninten-tional metaphor while shouting “Drat, drat and double drat?”

The real political satisfactor in this film is one in which the polyglot inner-city ru-
turns into the heroes. The suburban and ruthless, but of course never get caught. All the bad guys are blondes. Hawn is so out in this picture that the blonde goodguys start dyeing their hair. This glorified metaphor is all too obvious: it is a new idea, but this is time to nitpicky. The political correctness of the film is ample, but the sentiment is honest, not pathos.


Granted, $34 for a pair of tickets is a rather expensive night out for a college student, but the witty revue "Forbidden Broadway" will have you "singing" in the rain, oh,asiswa.