

# LOOK

THE KINSMEN CLUB  
of  
BAY RIDGES INC.  
PRESENTS



## KINFEST '75

SHERIDAN MALL — LOWER CONCOURSE  
HIGHWAY NO. 2 — LIVERPOOL ROAD

**SATURDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1975**

MUSIC BY 'THE PACERS' 8:00 PM to 1:00 AM

FEATURING POLKA CONTEST & CHUG-A-LUG CONTEST

ADMISSION: \$2.00 (INCLUDES FREE STEIN)

FOR TICKET INFORMATION

839-4132 CALL 839-2047

## Father and son art exhibit



Conrad F. Bonk displays works

This week, Sheridan Mall is presenting an exhibition by two local artists who are well known to many of the residents of this area.

Mr. Conrad F. Bonk of Bay Ridges, paints, with tempera and utilizes spray painting. He paints portraits with a larger than life reality of people with an eye for the diversity of human existence.

His father, Konrad Bonk, of Pickering Village, specializes in mixed media (mainly acrylics).

This is perhaps the first time an opportunity has existed to see an exhibition by father and son in recent years and to examine their varied approach to problems that create the much talked about generation gap.

There are many questioning why Conrad Bonk has agreed to exhibit some of his paintings in the Sheridan Mall - and between those who scorn it because it couldn't be 'Art' and those who avoid it because it is, chances are no-one is going to find out.

"As a serious artist, I am taking my life in my hands exhibiting in a Mall" which is associated with hardly anything better than the most crass and vulgar art of mass appeal, slinking its way across black velvet and horribly physically aberrated landscapes.

To our great shame, ever since we "claimed" art from being the exclusive privilege of the secular and holy wealthy, we have either tried to have the cake without paying the baker, or decided we don't really want it anyway. There is more rigmarole and nonsense written and chanted about art by its devotees and hurled against it in self-conscious defence by the

what's-it-got-to-with-me's than just about anything else in our muddled view of life. But there is a sad equaliser to those on both sides of the fence (and I may as well throw in those sitting on it as well) - we have all forced our artists into almost untenable positions.

I don't intend this to be a "What is Art" launching pad - its never having been fully resolved may have something to do with the total stupidity of the question. Art doesn't have to be rigorously defined for us to see its relevance and value in our lives - even our most basic fellows in the animal kingdom know instinctively what constitutes the fundamentals of their life.

But that doesn't mean art can be put anywhere. Despite the alacrity with which we are learning to abuse ourselves and our lives, there are still things in life that we still manage to value with respect - and art should be one of them. After all, there are some places I don't even like to see people having to be.

But certainly, art doesn't belong in tidy corners of an artist's studio, or in marvellous (ly) expensive Art Galleries. Although I see nothing wrong per se with putting art in galleries, it's more reasonable than putting it between the carrots and onions in Loblaws. But far too many galleries seem merely to preserve the intellectual and social chic of something too many believe to be a privilege for a minority. The capacity of art to add to our lives is enormous - and art should be where people can see it, and share it. But the average man wandering about the suburbs or up and down Yonge Street generally feels, if he gives it any thought at all, that it has little or nothing to do with

him. I think part of the reason for this is that instead of being something to be prized, art has become something "precious", and in our zeal to preserve its quality as something finer than our disposable diversions we have succeeded rather better in keeping it apart from our lives rather than a part.

One of the greatest difficulties confronting the artist is to make his work relevant and meaningful to as many people as possible without reducing it to the lowest common denominator of appreciation, or "selling out" for reciprocation (and often survival) to the most popular bid. The struggle to maintain one's integrity demands that the artist be constantly alert, and one appreciates the problems constantly to be faced and resolved when the opportunity to exhibit is presented - it is not good enough, for the artist, art, or the viewer, to place on show anywhere, just to have it displayed.

Conrad Bonk is a painter of very high ideals and integrity, concerned far more with what he is doing than for what it can do for him. He was one of the most active participants in the Chandoo Gallery (one of the best young galleries I have seen in Toronto and one that, after two years finally accepted defeat from the overwhelming problems of survival against the lassitude and indifference not only of the public but of those supposedly dedicated to the very things for which the gallery was founded). He exhibited there several times, and his work was probably among the most creative and resourceful I have seen there, and for that matter in the greater part of our Toronto galleries.

# maher



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