

# MEAT ARTS

## FLOAT ABOVE STAGE

Ballet British Columbia is back from a triumphant tour of eastern Canada, covered in glory and dancing in top form.

The company shone Friday in an evening of glorious dancing, with the brightest glow of all coming from Yseult Lendvai - a raven-haired Montrealer who seemed literally to flow through Reid Anderson's Music for the Eyes. Partnered in the second movement by Jay Gower Taylor and Bernard Sauve, the beautiful creature floated back and forth

between them like a piece of wind-tossed silk.

Anderson's 1986 work explores the architecture of Rachmaninov's sonata for cello and violin - and then creates its own world within the music, elaborating and improvising freely.

In Music for the Eyes, the women are frequently held by their upper arms, drawing animation from their partners. At one point, lifted high into the air, they collapse on the men's



"Ahh...that's better!" **Charlie Evans** receives some timely physiotherapy from her chums in RETURN TO THE STRANGE LAND

shoulder; resting there weightlessly while the men spin slowly off the stage.

John Alleyne created visionofflection especially for Ballet BC, which gave the piece its world premiere last night. The choreography is a series of cross currents flowing in a way that Alleyne, a principal dancer with the National Ballet of Canada, describes as "boiling just under the surface."

It is also extraordinarily

sensitive to its score, a patchwork quilt of chamber music by Hindemith and Casadesus. Alleyne is clearly an innovator, folding his dancers' bodies in unexpected ways. The women curl around the men's waists, radiating arms and legs; or double themselves over in their partners' arms.

Lendvai shone again, leading off the piece with Marc Leclerc, while the rest of the company lay coiled, two by two in little

turquoise and ivory bales. At visionofflection's end, Leclerc and Lendvai melted into one final, transcendent pose which seemed to leave them floating above the stage.

David MacGillivray was every inch Apollo, both powerfully nit and graceful. When he reached heavenward, his arms went on for ever. And when he danced, expressive and exact, he seemed to fill the stage.

# WOW!

Sitting in the second row of the Playhouse with **Darbot** on my right, I frantically looked around, hoping no one would recognize us as SuperDar, caped crusader of UNB & Pebbles, secret intelligent assistant. She and I, intrepid undercover Brunswickan reporters, had been sent here by our **Uncle Stevie** to cover **Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal**.

"We're with the **Brunswickan**," we said, flashing our camera and press cards in hopes of gaining some sort of celebrity privileges. "The what?" asked the pre-occupied **ticket lady**. "Nevermind, we'll just seat ourselves." Being celebrities in our own fantasizing minds, we strolled with heads held high to the usually roped-off second row (celebrity now, of course) and dramatically (if you can possibly call tripping dramatic) seated ourselves.

Looking over the program, I noticed that the majority of it was written in French.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed, "Is the whole show going to be in French!" "I won't under-

stand one word!" "You ninny!" exclaimed **Darbot**, alias **SuperDar**. "It's a ballet, not a play. There aren't any words!" Then she mumbled something about culture or lack thereof. Confident that I would be able to break the language barrier, I settled down to watch the men in tights.

The first thing we noticed was that here were no tights. "Why does everything have to be left to the imagination?" **Darbot** whined. "Shut-up and take pictures," I told her. "Pretend they're **Chippendales!**" She soon recaptured interest in the show.

And what a great show it was. **Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal** was formed in 1972, and consists of 11 dancers, and combines the rhythm of Jazz with the classical movement of ballet. The show was in three parts, and contained many different themes & colorful costume changes.

We made it through the rest of the show with few interruptions. Once it really got going we were so mesmerized all we could whisper to each other was "Wow! Oooh! Aaah! Ouch!"

The program stated that this dance company has toured in more than forty-five countries in five continents and has taken part in several famous international dance festivals. We believed it! We thought the Playhouse had never before been filled with so much energy, excitement, life and sweat, all at the same time.

The company's signature style is flashy and entertaining, but at the same time dignified and daring. They were so exuberant with their twirls, jumps and flips, we got worn out. We decided to take a breather at intermission, so we walked around. There were many other UNB celebs there (besides us, of course). "Luigi! What

do you think of the show so far?" "Well, I felt like I was home! Must have been those mandolins playing or something." Later, we saw someone who fit his description doing the **Tarantella** in the balcony.

We sat down, watched the rest of the show and gave a standing ovation. And that was when **EVERYBODY** noticed us. With the audience beginning to chant **SuperDar! Super-Dar!**

We knew our covers were blown. We crouched low and slowly crawled our way out the back exit. That's enough caped crusader nonsense - **Ed**. Oh well, we enjoyed the show, wrote a great review and set out on our next mission - reviewing the new art farm

# OOO!

display at Loring Bailey Hall (creepy, eh?). Till next time, we're

Pebbles & Darbot.

# MEAT

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