



Gary Cook photo

Students rehearsing for Christmas concert.

## Lapzeson premieres at Burton

By JUDY POPIEL

The faculty and students of the dance department will hold an evening of dance tonight, tomorrow night and on Saturday at 8 p.m. in Burton auditorium.

Guest choreographer Naomi Lapzeson will be premiering her new work *Conversations Inside*, a dance of "texture, mood, a remembrance of an inside quietness," as she describes it.

Grant Strate will present a piece entitled *Encounter*. "It is a very conscious attempt to escape the tyranny which I have suffered since my early days as a choreographer," says Grant.

Musical score for *Encounter* was

written by Canadian composer Harry Freedman, and will be performed live by violinist Steven Staryk and pianist Helana Bowkun of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Other works were prepared by Jane Beach, Terill Maguire, Dianne Mimura, Sandra Neels, Danny Grossman and Keith Urban. Sandra Neels has danced with Merce Cunningham for 10 years, Danny Grossman was with Paul Taylor for a similar period, Keith Urban danced with the Toronto Dance Theatre until recently, Terill Maguire with Marie Marchowsky in California, and Jane Beach and Dianne Mimura both trained with the National Ballet School.

## Classic and modern plays compete Theatre projects inundate viewers

Everyone who saw the Winter Theatre Company's production of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* last week, seemed to catch the gist and the jest of it immediately.

*Ubu* (played by David Kirby) is content being King Wenceslas' confidential officer until Mother *Ubu* (Wendy Bruce) does a *Lady MacBeth* number on him. She convinces him to do in the King and take over the Kingdom. What ensues is more violent than the death scene from *Hamlet* repeated ten times over in all its gory glory.

But *Ubu Roi* is outrageously comic and nonsensical. The violence is not at all appalling — it is sidesplitting. *Ubu* poisons the King's relatives by feeding them potions of a toiletbowl scrub-brush at a dinner party. (You just had to be there).

The audience delighted in a small scene where two Polish peasants conversed in an absolutely perfect southern U.S. drawl.

The play is spiced with hilarious insults and vulgarisms. The exclamation "Shit." may not be intrinsically funny to the man in the street, but the audience just loved it.

The cast was versatile — most of that people are locked into their minor roles. For example, Deb Bodine, who played Queen Rosemonde, went on to give an exquisite performance as the entire Russian army. Henry Bolzan played King Wenceslas, five noblemen, the Emperor Alexis, and last but not least, a grizzly bear. David Hinkle, Pekka Hanninen, and Howie Shankman filled in the other numerous minor roles.

The cast members were all adept in their roles, and all seemed equally skilled in playing up the unique *Ubu Roi* blend of parody,

grotesquity, and burlesque. Director Candace Bullard may be credited with keeping the production together in a unity of gross absurdity and ribald hilarity.

*Ubu Roi* possesses its own special significance, however — for it seems to deliver, besides the humour, an oblique (but profound?) absurdist statement about the human condition. However subtly profound *Ubu Roi* may or may not be, it is every bit wildly and ridiculously profane.

The idea behind it all does somehow come across — the idea that people are locked into their repressive conceptions of themselves and of the world — but it's a notion better expressed in a book than on a stage.

As an acting exercise, however, *There* is valid: and Wai-lung Ho and Raymond Wray, who put on the play as part of the Theatre Department's Student Project Week, were not without a certain dexterity in their presentation.

Bill Gladstone

What can you do with no money and very little time? The answer is a student project week. Every year, York's Department of Theatre suspends all regular theatre classes and turns over all facilities to students.

The results, might be better measured in quantity, which is not,

however, to dismiss quality. About 20 plays were performed, representing the whole range from Molière and Shakespeare through to Jules Feiffer and Peter Kandke. Three efforts were put forth by students Deborah Stenard and J. Philip Adams.

There were interesting moments, dull moments, surprising moments; and regardless of whether you were a participant or an observer, these moments were crammed between tight perimeters.

Thursday night's repertoire included five plays interspersed with zen anecdotes by Piper Parson and Wai-Lung Ho. The general feeling that came across was a lack of serious intent on the one hand, and a certain amount of ineptitude on the other.

For example, Molière's *The Physician in Spite of Himself* was rattled off as if it was a joke, with a "what the hell feeling". The *Falcon*, written and directed by Deborah Stenard, was minimally interesting and poorly directed. It dragged and its dramatic import was unclear.

Friday night was unusual. Peter Handke's *Offending the Audience* succeeded in doing just that. Much of what was offensive, however, was the barren acting and confused direction. Nevertheless the action provoked many members of the audience to gather boldly on stage.

Discussion followed to offend the director; Double Greenberg countered with an insult at the theatre department, saying that it prepares you for show biz and not art. He also felt that the theatre's graduate programme P.E.A.K., was being generally ignored at the university simply because it did not fall into conventional categories.

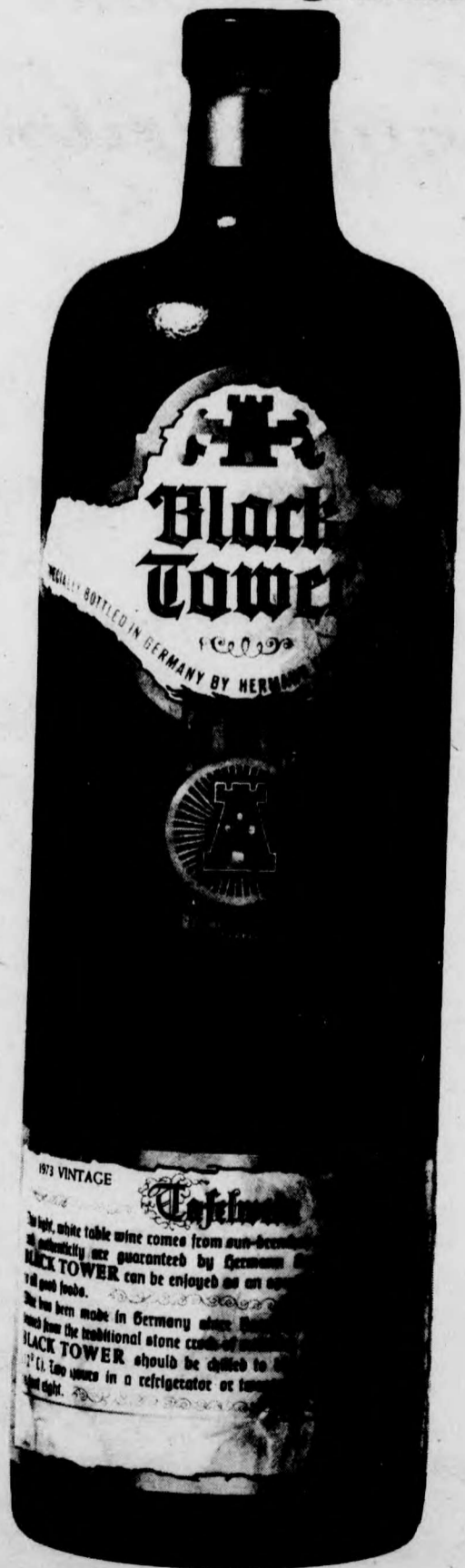
The other two plays of the evening were Feiffer's *People* (by Jules Feiffer) and *Little Malcolm & His Struggles Against the Eunuchs*, by David Holloway. The former provided lots of room for fun and games. The production of the latter proved to be half-assed and silly.

Saturday night was interesting. The level of acting seemed to move up a notch. A lot of good things were happening. *Overtures* (by Alice Gertensberg) was four women doing a take-off on T.V. commercials and a skit that satirized a woman-to-woman chat. The direction was strong and the acting, pleasing. Again, the evening was long and the better moments were substantially increased.

Sunday afternoon drowned one with 5 completely different plays. Indeed, at this point, as strictly a member of the audience, I felt overloaded with too many presentations.

Risha Gotlibowicz

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