

Poets read their own on stage at Burton

by Joe Privato

All poets are not good actors or even good oral interpreters of their own poetry. Why then do they perform? The impact of the poems by having poets perform like actors all over the stage with psychodrama lighting and music?

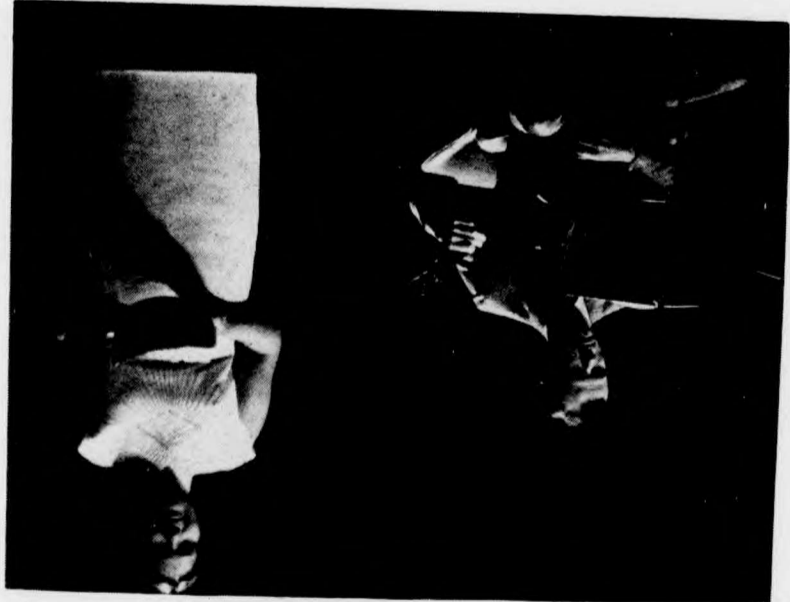
It is difficult to approach the two poetry-packed hours presented at Burton last Sunday night. The entire program was very imaginative and very entertaining. The entire program was disturbing or even stimulating. It was most effective to have dramatic lighting, music and/or some of the poets and poems-- Keith Harrison and his female voice Lyba Steinberg achieved emotionally moving presentations. But to have this done all evening with most of the poems was inappropiate--Hedi Bourou's charming French rhymes were not best presented in a dramatic way

while John Robert Colombo's lighter verse did provide some humour even though he seemed to be reading the same poem all of poems. More poems should have had a word or two of introduction, for we were listening of each poem and the individuality have revolved around the nature of each poet and rather than having poet and poem accommodate the total effect.

The whole presentation should not be reading.

The sensationalistic arrangements were not suitable for some of the more traditional and more personal poems--Eli Mandel and Miriam Waddington would have achieved greater intensity if they had had a less formal and less dramatic presentation. Both poets should have read their poetry in a more relaxed and more intimate manner, standing or sitting but definitely with a microphone and using their natural speaking voice. The power and the sincerity of their poems would have been better served by their personalities.

Poems should not have been rattled off as if one were as insignificant as the other, as they were in the "People" and "Places" segments. There should have been fewer pieces of poetry or at least more careful selection



A good Old Angelo-saxon evening...almost

by OCTOBER REVOLUTIONARY

That's right. You guessed it. It was Saturday night with the drunks at Old Angelo's to see Balduino make a crack at Stuart Hamilton about his side-whiskers, mouthing in a typically middle-class styling, "Two years in the army, that's what you need, boy!" In response a member of the audience was heard to whisper in a semi-cracked middle-aged voice, "Hear, hear." With the utmost sincerity. If this is the sort of closed-minded idiot who frequents this show then I am inclined to return to my original theory concerning audience.

World. Even at 10:30 at night people were amused! But were they impressed? I doubt it. At one point in the show, Balduino made a crack at Stuart Hamilton about his side-whiskers, mouthing in a typically middle-class styling, "Two years in the army, that's what you need, boy!" In response a member of the audience was heard to whisper in a semi-cracked middle-aged voice, "Hear, hear." With the utmost sincerity. If this is the sort of closed-minded idiot who frequents this show then I am inclined to return to my original theory concerning audience.

But 'audience' must have something in their favour when it goes for the best. If the most aged, collection of skits and anecdotes around. (Except of course for C.B.C. re-runs of old Coon Shows.)

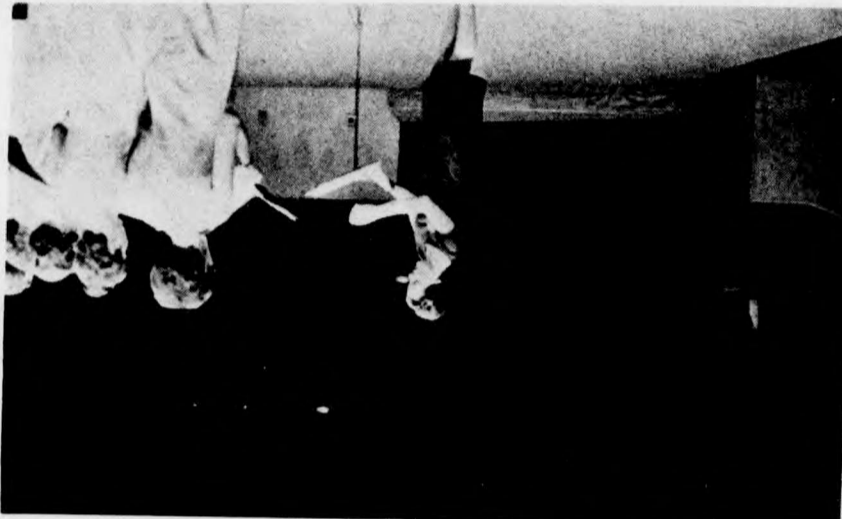
Beyond the Fringe is a funny, well-performed show well worth the exorbitant prices. Barry Balduino and Don Cullen, the masterminds of the old Village performances. Roy Wordsworth and Stuart Hamilton (he's the one with the mutton-chop whiskers) do excellent impressions of Don Cullen and Barry Balduino. "Something for everyone" the old pitchman used to say. So we have the broad humour of the maining skit and the esoteric stylings of one of the most miraculous send-ups of Kurt Well in the

SATURDAY NIGHT UNDERGROUND
 tickets on sale 10:30 pm
 doors open 11:30 pm
NOVEMBER 18
 \$1.50
 The Hyacinth Child's Bedtime Story
 - Rubenstein
 Match Girl - by Meyer
 Sins of the Flashpoids - by M. Kuchar
 Restricted to persons 18 or over.
 YONGE AT CHAMBERS 922-9055
PIERROT LE FOU with Jean-Paul Belmondo
 Also at Cinecity: Godard's
 Phone for showtimes

Workshop dresses for Captain of Kopenick

by Frank Liebeck

Kaiser times were tough times. Poor Uncle Willy. Uncle Willy has a problem. Uncle Willy is a convict and a mild mannered shoe-maker. But Uncle Willy can't get a job nowhere. The old boy can't get a job unless he has a police permit and he cannot get a police permit unless he has a job. What do you mean "Kaiser Times"? The captain tries on his new uniform, but the back buttons are a half centimetre too far apart. Alter it. But in the meantime the captain gets caught in a den of vice. He feels disgraced and must leave the army. The tailor gets stuck with the uniform. What does he do with it? Sell it. The young lieutenant can't fit into it. So who buys it? Right. Uncle Willy. With this uniform he becomes a dignified form of authority and arrests the mayor of Kopenick even. Satire? Right. At the Toronto Workshop at 47 Fraser Street. You can't miss it. It's the only neon light (flashing yet) for miles. But don't try walking over the seats in a tight dress. People stare and whistle and bang their shoes. She loved every minute of it. The play has a fairy-tale aura. The soldiers march like the tin girl dies. That's real, isn't it?



Let me spell it out for you. Satire is a device by which the follies and ironies of human existence are presented to us, not only to amuse, but to enlighten. We are supposed to leave with an increased awareness of self. Where does that leave the poor satirist, if an audience merely uses his satire to lend weight to their middle-class prejudices, as in the instance I have cited? If you will excuse me, I have to go weep for my generation. Would any of you who bothered to finish reading this article, and understood what I was trying to say, care to join me?

The Burton Auditorium is a lonely place when it is nearly empty. I felt lonely and I was with some friends. I'm sure I'll ensemble vocal under the direction of Chantal Masson next night. There were approximately ninety people out to see this excellent choir from I'Univ'ersite Laval. They sang a varied programme with a sprinkling of Canadian folk songs, plus works by lesser known French composers.

The twenty-two voice choir were directed with skill and spirit. Although they were unaccompanied, they were always perfectly in tune. The tenor and bass sections of the choir were particularly impressive as the seven members of these sections sang with the power of twice as many people. The choir was not only technically perfect, but they sang with some emotion so that the audience at least understood the sentiment of the songs. York students violently resent being called suburban, but when the staccatoes out draw an excellent group such as this, I'll support C. Wellington Webb and MacCleans any day.

Lonliness and Chantal Masson
 by Don McKay