

BFA grads break legs



Andrew C. Rowsome

The actual figures inspire descriptions such as 'depressing' and 'tragic'. The current unemployment rate is a very real source of severe anxiety for students preparing for jobs which are likely to already be filled by the time graduation occurs. Of all the fields acting is probably one of the most competitive. The market is filled with hopeful performers from all areas ranging from York BFA graduates to those who dropped out of high school in the hopes of discovery.

How do the York theatre students fare in comparison? While a degree from a university does not offer any advantage in

this particular career many are doing well. In fact two students still attending York are also plying their craft in their time out of school. After a dull day of classes they head downtown to appear in full-scale theatrical productions.

Sylvia Schmid is part of the cast of Theatre Plus' production of *The Night of the Iguana* at the St. Lawrence Centre. Merely working with and watching such stars as Charmion King, Alan Scarfe and Frances Hyland tackle their roles has been a rare opportunity for improving her craft. Schmid's role requires her to appear bikini-clad and she laughs over the difficulties caused by the body make-up. Not only is it difficult to remove,

but if left on it has the side effect of ruining any clothes worn over it. The solution turned out to be a shower during the last half hour of the show. While Tennessee Williams' play builds to its climax, Schmid is backstage straining to get at that last dab of grease paint between her shoulder blades. She wears a robe for her curtain call.

Mixed Company is attracting full houses by a clever combination of titillating content and slick advertising. While the lead is played by Kathy Kinchen (a recent York graduate), John Chassels plays several parts as a series of 'strangers'. Although considered a minor part, Chassels is actually onstage quite frequently and has rather a great number of lines. Not every aspiring actor gets a chance to interpret across the range from a disco-boy to a leather-man within the same evening. Chassel's scene as a 'chicken' who works as Mickey Mouse by day is one of the highlights of the entire production.

That two undergraduate performers have been chosen to appear in commercial Toronto productions offers a positive note to York's theatre programme. That graduates are also working is good news. But most of all it is a strong salute to their individual talents.

German films AGO-go!



Bruno S. portrays Kaspar Hauser.

Michael Monastyrskij

Long before *The Tin Drum* became a celebrated cause for Toronto movie buffs, German films had caught the eye of this city's audiences. The Art Gallery of Ontario has taken notice and until November will be showing a series of German films made during the 70's.

The movies being shown often take their theme from German history and life, but the problems they tackle are common to industrial society. Even in historical works such as Werner Herzog's *Aguirre: Wrath of God*, we can feel the presence of modern dilemmas.

Herzog, Fassbinder and Schlöndorff, the three stars of the German film renaissance are well represented in this collection.

Herzog is a self-taught director from Munich, who is best known in North America for his vampire film *Nosferatu*. This film as well as Murnau's original 1922 version will be screened on November 23. Earlier on October 26 the gallery will present the brilliant *Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*. This is the story of a man who spent his childhood locked in a stall. Because he was not brought up in society he begins to question many of its conventions.

Fassbinder directed *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, which along with Schlöndorff's *The Tin Drum*, is among the most successful of recent German films. It deals with the struggles of a woman in post-war West Germany. In *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven* and *Fox and His Friends* Fassbinder continues to dissect German society, concentrating respectively on left-wing politics and homosexuality.

Finally, for the few of us who don't speak German, the movies have subtitles. Here is a partial list of the films yet to be shown. Admission is \$2 for a single film, \$3 for a double bill.

September 28
2 and 7 p.m. *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven* (Fassbinder)
4 and 9 p.m. *Fox and His Friends* (Fassbinder)

October 5
2 and 7 p.m. *Stroszek* (Herzog)
4 and 9 p.m. *The American Friend* (Wenders)

October 12
1 and 7 p.m. *Germany in Autumn* (Boll, Brustellin, Cloos, Fassbinder, Kluge, Mainka, Reitz, Rupe, Schlöndorff, Sinkel, Schubert)

October 19
2 and 7 p.m. *The Second Awakening of Christa Klages* (von Trotta)

4 and 9 p.m. *Erika's Passions* (Stockl)

October 26
2 and 7 p.m. *A Free Woman* (Schlöndorff)
4 and 9 p.m. *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser* (Herzog)

So hop onto your local dashund and head to the AGO. Remember the mustard.

York gets worldly

Paul Turrin

Caught up in the festival fever which swept Toronto over the past few weeks, the Dept. of Languages, Literature, and Linguistics has seen fit to sponsor the Multicultural Film Festival at York as part of the 20th anniversary celebrations. It's a series of some 12 films representing 9 of the ethnic groups who make up the Canadian mosaic.

The films, each chosen by its own language department, were selected on the basis of the contemporary artistic views of their societies, and were designed to give people an opportunity to get interested in the various cultures. Each film will be accompanied by a speaker or panel discussion relating it to the festival's theme. The opening four films of the series (all in their native language with English subtitles), are as follows:

Italy's *Cristo si è fermato a Eboli*. (Christ Stopped at Eboli), 1979 film based on the novel by Carlo Levi and directed by Francesco Rosi, which 'recaptures the poverty and suffering of the southern Italian peasant during the fascist regime' opens on October 1; *El Super*, (The Superintendent), a 1979 Spanish film directed by Manuel Arce plays on October 8. The film centres around a middle-aged Cuban superintendent who looks after an upper west side tenement; on October 15, 1964's *Tini zabutykh predkiv*, (Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors), a Ukrainian film directed by S. Paradzhanov, a romantic story of 19th century peasants of the Carpathians mountains, (and which was banned in the U.S.S.R. as 'nationalistic'); and on October 22 Russia's *Andrei Rublev*, a 1964 film directed by Andrei Tarkovsky and concerning a 14th century monk living outside of Moscow.

All of the films are to be shown in Curtis Lecture Hall "L" at 7:30 p.m. Best of all admission is free, amigo.

Salem Shlocks

Salem Alaton

Russ Meyers has mellowed to a kind of grandfatherly bemusement ribbing himself as much as anything else. *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*, the latest of a long line of 'Vixen' films, is a *Mad* magazine ramble of lightweight jokes about small town U.S.A., Christianity Texas-style, and the etceteras of the familiar American libido. The satire is dated and punchless (a caricature gay dentist, a Negro with white blood, a buxom faith healer, etc.) but the comedy works almost as cozy family

fare—at least for everyone in the family over fourteen. There is probably a certain amount of graphic sexual interplay in the film but, for one thing, we'll never see most of it (the version now in Toronto is riddled with those annoying hiccups that indicate the censor's work) and for another, Meyers has never been much of an 'erotic' filmmaker anyway (let alone a pornographer). Satire/comedy has always been the keynote of his movies; at the time of his *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, nearly ten years ago, it even made some telling points.



Theresa Russell loves the sound of breaking glass.

...and talks

Salem Alaton

Director Nicholas Roeg can't control the convolutions in *Bad Timing*. Psychological conundrums were pushed to the limit in his *Performance*; so was it with the possibilities of story-telling pivoting on ambience in *Don't Look Now*. Both elements meet superbly in *Walkabout* and *The Man who Fell to Earth*. But in his new film, Roeg has strained their limits.

Complex without richness, *Bad Timing's* morose love story between a repressed American psychiatrist and his confused, high-spirited paramour culls cinematic detail relentlessly—and sometimes pointlessly.

Freud and Vienna, the mental and environmental elements of the film which are laid on with a trowel, oppressed not only the screen's characters but also the capacity of its viewers to relate to them. Roeg seems to be perpetually talking out of both sides of his mouth—neither the labyrinthine tale nor the restless, demanding visuals will shut up

for a moment. Uncharacteristically, the director leans on clanging juxtapositions here, jumping from lovemaking to ambulances and police inquiries, slamming doors during the entrances.

None of this is aided by Artie Garfunkel in the leading role, a personality whose ingenu quality sufficed in *Carnal Knowledge*, but who flails impotently at the rigorous demands of *Bad Timing*. Harvey "I forgot how to act" Keitel, yet to fully demonstrate his range anyway, is quite hopelessly straight-jacketed as a quirky Austrian detective. Only Theresa Russell, a relative newcomer, has the freedom and presence for a performance of substance.

Despite everything, finally, Roeg is to be admired. A number of film's present generation of artists have displayed their talents convincingly, but not many have been as ambitious and far-seeking as Roeg; certain kinds of failure cannot be resented.



MASsive attack

Carolyn Mas has attracted attention with two albums and a reputation for dynamic concerts. This Monday she plays Founders Dining Hall. Shows are at 8 and 11. Tickets are 5 bucks and you really ought to head down there. The joint'll jump.