

Fortune - All That Glitter - And No Gold

by The October Revolutionary

Bloody sick - that's how I feel toward my brethren in the dramatic arts who insist that, this time for sure, they're going to shock me - MAYBE.

"Come be shocked at The War Game" the ads told me, and I was impressed but bored.

"The Dirty Dozen and Bonnie and Clyde will shock you with their extreme violence" I was told, so I went and was bored.

"Privilege is a direct attack at the trends and mores in our society" - and you'll never guess what I was when I got there. Bored? You knew all the time, didn't you?

So now they bring a play to Central Library Theatre called Fortune And Men's Eyes. Now don't get me wrong. You've read the reviews and you know that the production is excellent, and that the actors range from competent to impressive in their roles, and that John Herbert shows a fine talent in the area of dramatic technique. With that much I agree.

But Nathan Cohen and Ronald Evans and just about everyone else I've been in contact with who is blessed with the faculty of speech have insisted that they were shocked, and further, have attempted to convince me that I should be shocked. Maybe these people have a right to be shocked, for they are "the older generation" and still live in the world of drawing-room comedy and romance under the moon. But they are no longer the life-blood of the theatre. The experienced and rich help to keep it going, but youth keeps it alive, and youth, I am sure will not be shocked by this play.

Sure, there's homosexuality in our prisons, Mr. Herbert, but is it really any worse than the homosexuality in our theatre itself? This sort of agonized protest against the facts of life is what killed the New Left.

We might as well admit that the theatre of social conscience is dead, for we are coming ever closer to being completely blasé about things that would have shocked Granny into a quick sortie under her bed with a shotgun.

I may be wrong, I may be too cynical or I may be spiritually dead. But I do know that this play, and all of its like, are doing nothing to my awareness, and, I suspect, little or nothing to yours.

So go if you want to. It means little or nothing to me. But if you discover it is an excellently produced, mildly amusing but totally insignificant literary effort, don't say I didn't warn you.



Slapstick Shakespearean Style

by Rick Blair

The American Classical Theatre moved into Burton on Sunday for a one night performance of William Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors".

Now everyone knows the stage at Burton was planned for Shakespeare, designed for Shakespeare, and budgeted for Shakespeare; and who doesn't know that this is the first play written by the bard ever to appear on our almighty thrust stage?

So why did they have to pick one of his worst plays for our Shakespearean premiere? These are questions the foul felons were unable to answer.

The plot of "A Comedy of Errors" is laid out in the first three minutes of the play and from that point we know what is going to happen. It's the too-old story of twin brothers, who coincidentally end up in the same town where everyone mistakes the one for the other; it's so old and so tired.

I supposed we can let Shakespeare off easy, considering this was his first effort. He was learning his trade by trial and error; fortunately he improved. Overall, the ACT production was poor.

Shakespeare didn't intend it to become a Laurel and Hardy slapstick farce. Even as slapstick, the actors didn't quite bring their parts to the full, and the result was a play which didn't satisfy my taste for comedy.

The American Classical Theatre struck me as a talented group of actors and actresses who ought to be doing "The Keystone Cops" instead of Shakespeare.

There were two or three semi-star performances. Except for a habit of garbling their lines (some

excellent puns were lost), the twin servants Dromio and Dromio, dominated the performance. Antipholus of Syracuse and his sister-in-law (and future wife) also were bright spots. It's too bad

these people couldn't have been put to better use.

As a final word on the play I must plead, PLEASE, let us move up to something like Hamlet or Henry IV, the next time Shakespearean drama comes to York. Amen!

The Folk Scene

PETER PAUL AND MARY who never seem to get tired of repeating themselves, breezed in and out of town last weekend for two Massey Hall concerts. Always on the fringe of the New Left, the group arrived in town straight from the anti-war demonstrations at the Pentagon. The concerts were fine, but lacked the excitement of something really new. The group was riding on popularity rather than creating it. Nevertheless, some of the former routines have been reworked with a few new songs, and the presentation itself was obviously more than acceptable to the capacity audiences.

A documentary film was made of BOB DYLAN'S tour of England in 1965. It is called DON'T LOOK BACK and has now started playing as a commercial film. Let me establish right off that Dylan is one of my favorites. And let me establish in the same breath that this is simply a very bad film - we see Dylan singing in concerts, we see him backstage with less personality than a dishrag. We meet other people too - like Albert Grossman, his fat and vulgar manager, Donovan, an inane British pseudo-Dylan figure, Joan Baez, who never stops smiling at Bob and teenage girls who constantly chase him. There is only about one good scene in the film, when Dylan is interviewed by a reporter from TIME magazine, who takes a real beating as does the publication he works for. But both my friends and yours can also put down TIME, and this might save you the price of admission.

HOWIE SPRING is president of the Folk and Blues club, which meets in or near the Vanier Coffee House. If you read this column you really ought to join. For more details, bug Howie at 782-7720.

...A French Folk Music club has also been started. For more details, call 635-7718 - ask for Susan... PHIL OCHS has a new album out - "Pleasures of the Harbour". One of these weeks I'll get around to reviewing it. As a surface remark I can tell you that it contains relatively new songs, of the non-protest variety... THE PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND will give a concert at Massey Hall - November 9... PENNY LANG (whoever she is) is at the Riverboat until the 29th... LEN CHANDLER, one of the most exciting people on the new folk scene will be there from the 31st of October until November 5... LIONEL HAMPTON plays with the Toronto symphony Orchestra on November 4th.

You Can't Take It With You

The APA-PHOENIX Repertory Company now at the Royal Alexandra chose YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU for their opening performance. It is an extremely amusing play of manners written by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.

The time the middle thirties when the unconventional people were thought to be basically beautiful spirits.

The setting is the home of Martin Vanderhof, played by Donald Moffat, the patriarch of this zany family. A typical happening in the Vanderhof household is an impromptu adoption of a relatively unknown milkman into the family unit. And when the nameless milkman dies Vanderhof gives him his own name with which to be buried.

From the moment the curtain rises a parade of delightful, eccentric characters passes over the threshold to make the aud-

ience beam outwardly and inwardly.

The major situation is actually an instrument to clearly point out the moral of the story. One of the Vanderhof's grand-daughters, Alice Sycamore, wants to marry a man from an entirely different background and class. He is from the distinctly upper bracket. This point is made clear by the introduction of his parents (two very powerful types, sophisticated and superficial) to Alice's family.

The families do not hit it off socially because of their different attitudes to life. However, by the end, the proposed father-in-law is shown that life is short and the pursuit of total enjoyment, love and happiness are more important than making money.

This rather trite message is conveyed in a very innocent manner. The characters are all types; their postures are all poses; and

their speech is for the most part exaggerated than the normal comic lines. However, director Ellis Rabb made these exaggerations even more evident as the artistic conventions of the play are from an earlier period.

Most of the actors performed well. Dee Victor, as Alice's mother and Christine Pickles and Nat Simmons a colored couple living with the Vanderhof family were all excellent. Unfortunately Moffat, as the grandfather was distractingly young-looking for the part of the old man, even though he did enact it very well.

The other plays being presented are RIGHT YOU ARE by Pirandello, PANTAGLEIZE by Ghelderode, THE SHOW-OFF by G. Kelly, and EXIT THE KING by Ionesco. If they are as well done as this one the APA will certainly have provided a very profitable experience to the Toronto theatre.

Insomniacs Cinema

The CBC plans some very interesting old movies on its late night Sunday slot, Cinema Six. The schedule includes "My Little Chickadee" and "The Police Dick" (W.C. Fields), "The Magician" and "Double Deception" (Bergman), "Battleship Potemkin", Ivan the Terrible (parts I and II), "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and "A Pocketful of Miracles."

Cinema Six is at 11:35 pm. every Sunday, on Channel Six.

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SATURDAY NIGHT UNDERGROUND

tickets on sale - 11.30 p.m.
doors open - 11.30 p.m.
October 28 \$1.50

Buffalo Airport Visions
by Peter Rowe
Atmosfear
by Tom Dewitt
Uptight, Los Angeles is
Burning.....Shit
by Ben Van Meter
Headgear
by Shelby Kennedy
Vinyl by Andy Warhol

cinacity
YONGE AT CHARLES 922 9055

Also at Cinacity: Godard's
PIERROT LE FOU with
Jean-Paul Belmondo.
for showtimes-922-9055