

## Just one year to live!

by Don McKay

YUP has only one year to live. As of September 1969 the Fine Arts department will produce most of the major drama on campus with smaller productions originating with the college groups.

The short life of the York Players has been far from illustrious. Its first year started well with an exciting one act play festival at Glendon, followed by a financially disastrous production of the very dull play Don Juan.

Rather than moving to higher standards the next year YUP stood still. The one act play festival was a success, but the major production UBU ROI was an insult to the audience. The players let an inexcusable talk them into doing Jarry's perished highly paid director

absurd slop.

Last year YUP made some progress by expanding their program to include two major productions, a revue and a one act play festival.

Because deadlines had to be met for publicity, the first production, Thieves Carnival, was chosen quickly. The result was a play with excellence in every aspect except the script.

The only two acceptable plays in the one act play festival were Thingification from Vanier and Play from Glendon. The other plays from Winters and Founders should never have been allowed on the stage.

The Revue provided a pleasant evening.

The final production, Dylan, was excellent. Although the



Nick Ayre is the director of Y.U.P.'s productions—Dylan, J.B. and the Revue.

play was not a great piece of drama, it provided an appropriate vehicle for the talented director and the actors.

Until now YUP has achieved some important ends. They have started the amateur theatre movement on campus and they have set a very high standard of technical excellence in all productions.

So YUP what are you going to offer us this year? Early rumblings sound hopeful. At last the players have chosen a play that is worthy of a top-notch production. J.B. has the potential of being exciting and viable drama, using every aspect of the theatre's facilities. Rumour has it that the second production will be directed by a 'Big Name'. York University Players may have a triumphant demise.

## The 'Comings and Goings' experiment

by Stevan Jovanovich

Before I can review Comings and Goings which was presented at Studio Lab Theatre I should sketch in some information about the theatre. It opened on Friday, Sept. 27, and I was unfortunate enough to be there.

The theatre resembles a small barn. It has a small stage, one curtain, and fifty chairs of the folding metal variety. It is sumptuously decorated with painted aluminum foil, aluminum foil ashtrays and small orange drinks for a quarter. Opening night boasted the presence of Nathan Cohen. I watched him very carefully; he laughed at the dirty jokes.

As I said the production was called Comings and Goings. It is a theatrical experiment; a game in which the audience is involved. The show was introduced by a lanky M.C. who always smiled coyly like we were in for some kind of a joke. He was right.

This is how the game goes. Two actors and actresses are

introduced. Two sit on each side of the M.C. with their names written above their heads. Every program has a number on it and the M.C. holds in his hands little cards with (you guessed it) numbers on them. All the scenes that are presented take place between a man and a woman. Halfway through a sequence the M.C. holds up a number and blows a whistle. Then the lucky person that has that number calls out the name of an actor or actress who is seated. The big switch takes place and the scene continues. So the audience's active part consists of calling out names. Exciting eh?

Every time there was a switch, the continuity of the scene was broken. All very distracting. Besides watching the scene, you had to keep your eyes on the smiling M.C. in case your number came up. Even I was lucky enough to participate.

The technical aspects of the show were miserable. There was no lighting to speak of. Four spotlights were kept on to light the stage, otherwise there was no

lighting art involved. There was no stage setting.

Costumes were by Miss Sun Valley. Now Miss Sun Valley really deserves a lot of credit. She dressed the boys in blue jeans, ill-fitting stoves, plain button down shirts, desert boots and cowboy boots. And the girls? Wow! An A-line dress, pleated skirt, sweater, and panty-hose. Considerable thought went into this colourful ensemble. Thank you Miss Sun Valley.

I looked for make-up. It was unobtrusive. I really couldn't tell if they had any on. All their eyes and noses were in the right places so I'm going to say that make-up was O.K.

The actual production was crap. The writer for the show is a moron and plagiarist. Most of the jokes seemed to be taken from such brilliant publications as Party Gags and Laff. Let me favour you with a few lines. She: All I want is a minute's peace. He: That's all I want. Ha! Ha! A man screams at his wife. You're so sloppy your snatch needs a permanent. Guffaw! Roar! Lines such as these endeared me to the young lady sitting beside me I'm sure. Rusty Warren and Woody Woodbury would have enjoyed some parts of the show.

The justification for the game method and the audience involvement is to show how versatile the actors are and to change the mood. No such thing happened.

Each of the actors played a

specific type of role. Dini Baker always played in foreign accents. Ann Stephens was the passionate type. Wayne Robson was always the old man and Rudi LaValle was either a lover or a queer.

E.J. Schwarz, the artistic director??? of the show, says, "Comings and Goings should be around for a long time before all its possibilities are explored." Mr. Schwarz there is no way!

## Hollywood fails again

by Mel Aronoff

The Secret Life of an American Wife, now playing at the Cinema, is a Hollywood attempt to show the sexual hangups of the middle-class American matron. A seductress in her early exploration, Anne Jackson, the wife of a p.r. man, played by Walter Matthau, is now in the rut of housekeeping and child-raising. She yearns to prove her sexual prowess again.

The movie, however, fails in its every attempt to be meaningful. It's simply a big bore. It's just another failure in the series of Hollywood attempts at message comedy.

The movie obviously capitalizes on the box-office draw of Walter Matthau. But, I think, Matthau will regret his association with this fiasco. George Axelrod's screenplay never allows Matthau to display the comic expertise he portrayed in The Odd Couple.

Axelrod's device of having Anne Jackson narrate the entire story leaves the audience with a rather vacant and disgusting impression of the American middleclass woman.

Anne Jackson's becoming a call girl for Walter Matthau is faintly reminiscent of Catherine Devereux's exploit in Belle de Jour. However American Wife has none of the charm or subtlety of Brunel's masterpiece. If this is Hollywood's attempt to enlighten us about an American wife's sexual life then it should have been kept a secret.

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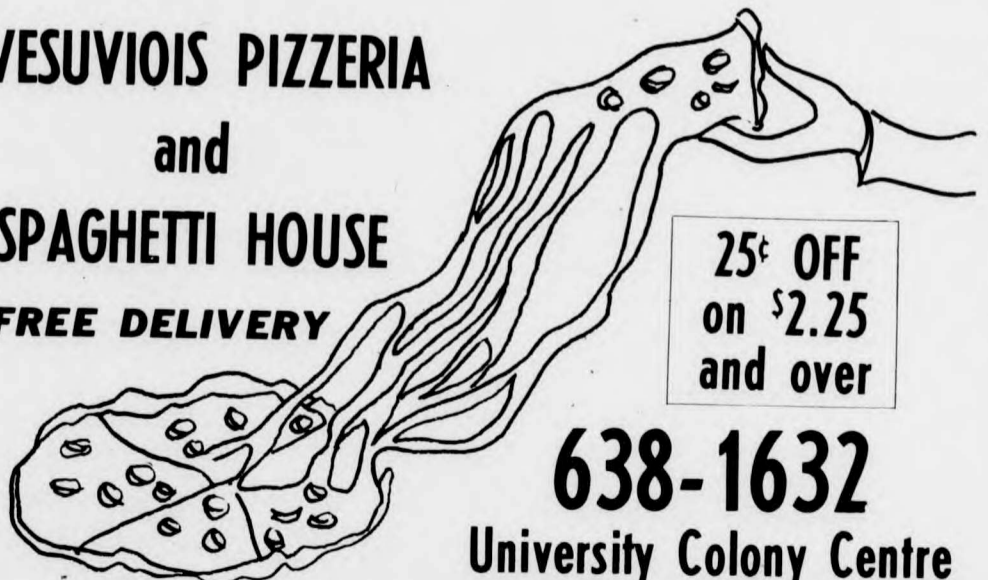
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