

Spotlight

ARTS FESTIVAL

Leonard Cohen, and Things

by Frank Liebeck

Q. So, Mr. John Smith, this Performing Arts Festival was your idea.

A. Why, er, yes. (He looked at me with defensive suspicion.)

Leonard Cohen crept onto the Burton stage and quietly informed us that the City Muffin Boys had finked out. I had only heard of them the week before when they didn't show for the U. of T.'s Psychfest and didn't care to see them anyways. Cohen was the man everyone came to listen to. For him the house was packed.

He uses no showy gimmicks, his voice and guitar playing leave much to be desired, but his songs are beautiful. He plays them with calm assurance and all ears were upon him.

Q. Mr. Smith, what did you think of the turnout for the Festival.
A. I was amazed so many people turned up. Most people involved in arts in Toronto believe if you go north of Lawrence Ave., you drop off the end of the world.

At one time in the evening, this scruffy folk singer came down to the stage and asked Mr. Cohen if he could sing a song or two. He wasn't bad, but not many were in the mood for his colourless style.

Q. What was your reaction to the second interruption, Mr. Smith? You know, the drunk who read the bad poetry.

A. He was a banana.

Cohen interspersed poetry with his music. He kept the place entertained for over two hours. He read through the intermission, which was fine because a break would have just destroyed the atmosphere created. Leonard Cohen won out, even though he had to hitch-hike back to his hotel.

Q. Did you think the Arts Festival was a success?

A. It was a safe start.

Arnold Eagle



The young and lively Joffrey Ballet at the Royal Alex.

Sunday

Afternoon

Underground

by Frank Liebeck

I didn't know what the Underground Films were going to be like. I expected anything from dirty stag movies to obscure arty-type films. To my surprise they all had a definite purpose and were all well done.

Redpath 25, with its wild colours and music had a sensuality all its own. The slow movements, the fast music and the hot red shades focusing in and out provided the atmosphere of a Bombay brothel. Revival was quite a contrast to Redpath. It was nutty and bizarre, frantic and sad, and very entertaining.

Portrait of Lydia came to us after winning a handful of awards. It flowed along with a strong rhythm and with its skeleton head and picture of daddy combined opposite elements (I think) to form some sort of effect. Don't ask me what. I believe love wins out at the end though. Oddballs and Marco Polo I found tedious at times and no further comment is necessary.

Chinese Ball Game deserves a paragraph all to itself. Not because it was especially good or that it was a premiere or something, but it probably caused the greatest reaction amongst our suburban set. It was very sinister and the ending made everyone cringe and put one leg over the other. It reminded me in one way of the movie "Repulsion". Both were well done and both left me with a bad taste in my mouth. You know, like you get after drinking a cup of hemlock.

Bravo Joffrey Ballet

by Anne Dublin

On the stage of the Royal Alexandra last week the City Center Joffrey Ballet came to Toronto with a vitality and freshness, and demonstrated why it is now "the youngest of the major ballets."

Its broad repertoire ranges from such twentieth-century classics as Kurt Jooss' satire on diplomacy and war, "The Green Table" and Ruthanna Boris' delightfully humorous "Cakewalk" to more contemporary ballets by the company's resident choreographer, Gerald Arpino: the super-athletic, all-male, "Olympics", the haunting pas de deux "Sea Shadow", the terrifying "Ropes".

There were certain moments which I remember especially: Death (Maximiliano Zomosa) in "The Green Table" conducting his puppet-like victims in an eternal line across the stage--the Young Man, the Old Woman, the Young Girl, the Profiteer; the girl (Earbara Remington) entangled in the "Ropes" after she has been raped by a group of men--an age-old theme, but still extremely powerful; the immortal sea nymph (Lisa Bradley)



Arnold Eagle

becoming at the end the shadow of the mortal man--perhaps a fairy-tale, but still a believable and honest portrayal.

This is a young company, but it possesses the Bolshoi's clean, modern approach. A synthesis of these elements, plus the originality and drive of Joffrey and Arpino, make this company one of already notable achievement, and of great promise for the future.

UBU ROI

The York University Players (yes, they really do exist) have done it again. After last year's successful production of "Don Juan", the Players have come out with this year's fantastic (we hope) play--this time it's "Ubu Roi", being presented March 3rd (that's tonight), 4th, and 5th at our own Burton Auditorium.

"Ubu Roi" was written in 1896 by Alfred Jarry, and promises to be a very funny play. It should even be good--Tim Bond, a veteran of the Canadian Players (may they rest in peace), Stratford, and other drama groups, is the director, while the stars are Peter Stephens and Ellen Green, two York students who have had previous experience in the theatre. Nick Ayre will be the technical director, in charge of lights, props, costumes, etc., etc.

With such a great line-up, the production can't help but be a smashing success. Come on, York Students, buy your tickets (only \$1.50 cheap) and support the major student production of the year.

by Anne Dublin

King Turd, which is the illiterate's translation of Ubu Roi, places its regal stamp on the stage floor of Burton Auditorium this weekend. It stars Peter Stephens and rumour has it that the entire population of Latvia is putting in a voluntary appearance if York supplies the tramp steamer. It is very difficult nowadays to find a tramp steamer and unfortunately this is the only vehicle the average Latvian will travel in for a great distance. If things get tough we will have to ask the rowing team for assistance.

Mad and funny things happen in this play, mainly because it has mad and funny people in it and it is a mad and funny play. The director, Tim Bond, is also mad and funny but this might be due to the fact that the play has diversely affected him. It should be glorious to see with its unique insights of utter anarchy and other items well known to today's students of political science. It promises to be great fun, whether you're drunk or sober, high or low, or in whatever condition you step out in on weekends.

by Frank Liebeck

Allen-Ward Trio

by Carol Etkin

Last Friday night despite the bitter cold, I went down to the village in order to see the Allen-Ward Trio currently appearing at the Penny Farthing on Yorkville Ave. Expecting to hear the Trio of last year I was very surprised to hear that they have gone electric. As a result they unfortunately now have a folk-rock sound which is due to the electric guitars rather than to their material.

The original members of the Trio were Lynn and Robin Ward (brother and sister) and Craig Allen (who writes and arranges much of their material.). Recently Lynn left the group to go into television work and a new girl Donna-Marie DeBolt is her replacement. Although she has a basically fair voice, her sense of pitch is poor and she is a poor soloist. In addition her stage presence leaves much to be desired. Instead of livening up the act she seems to have a deadening effect on the whole group. To offset this is the good material content of the group. They do some Lightfoot and Hamilton Camp songs very well. One song which impresses me is Camp's "The Rubyat". It is worth while going to hear them just for this lovely, haunting song.

On the whole the Trio gives a polished, professional performance although I feel that the recent changes in the character to the group have reduced much of their former fresh appeal.



spotlight
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mother asking Ward to endorse her version of 'O Canada' with lines of alternating French and English.

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EXCALIBUR: What does the future hold for Doug Ward?

WARD: God only knows! I live one year at a time. After my term as CUS president I believe I would like to re-enter university administrative work. There is a lot of work to be done in that area.