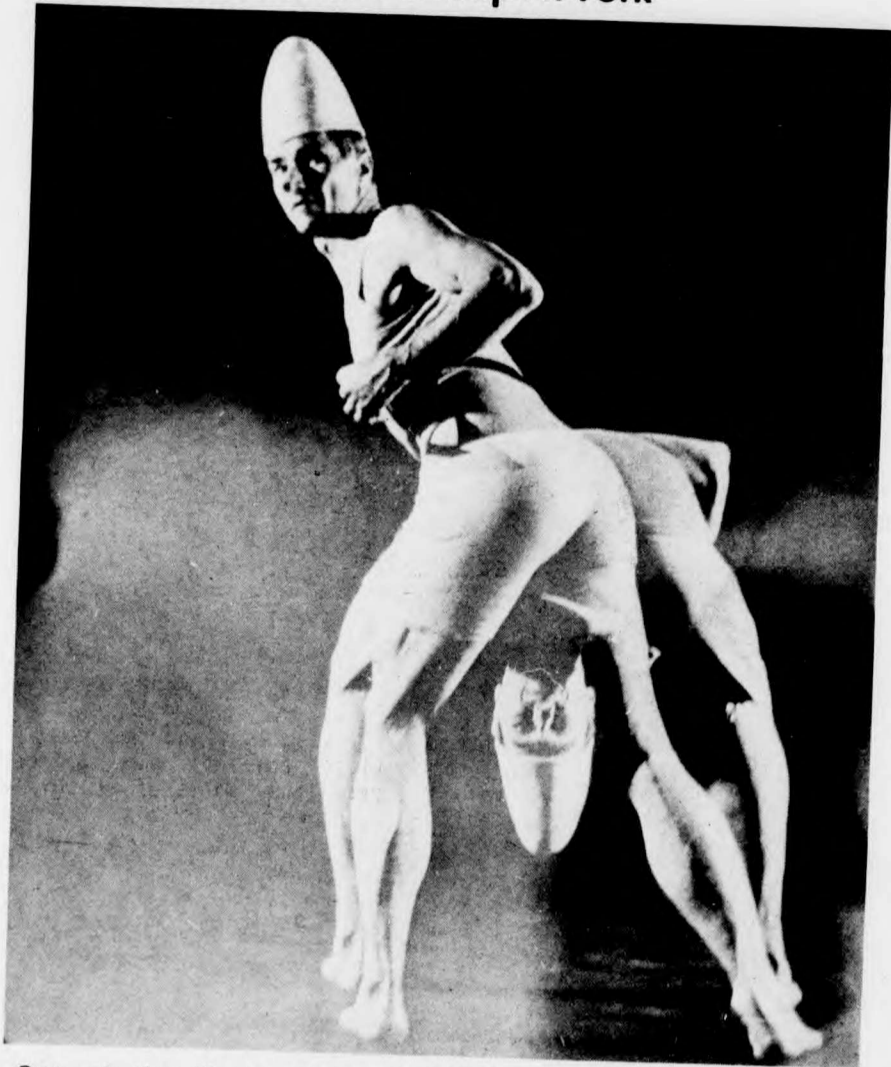


ENTERTAINMENT

Eric Hawkins Dance Group At York



One of the finest dance companies in the world will give a single performance in Toronto next week. The Eric Hawkins Dance Group, which will officially represent the United States at Expo '67, will present their unique program at the York University Theatre on Sun., November 6th at 8:30 p.m.

This performance is part of the most extensive tour of North America in the history of modern dance. The Eric Hawkins is performing in over 60 cities throughout the United States and Canada in a 20 week period.

The Hawkins company is known as the most independent and original group of artists in dance to-day. Composed of six dancers (Eric Hawkins, Dena Madole, Kelly Holt, James Tyler, Barbara Roan and Penny Shaw, the group includes the brilliantly imaginative American composer, Lucia Dlugoszewski. A composer-in-residence, Lucia Dlugoszewski, has worked in close collaboration with Hawkins since 1951, as has sculptor, Ralph Dorazio.

This fusion of arts begins with the designing of the designing of the costumes and sets where Dorazio works directly on the body of the dancer, no sketches--very much the direct approach of his sculptor's method of direct carving in wood. Then Hawkins choreographs his dance in silence and the Dorazio costume dances the Hawkins movement. Then comes the composition of the music by Lucia Dlugoszewski. The collaboration is completed when the musical score is finished and Hawkins is able to hear the new composition. It only remains for the audience to add their experience to make the theatre complete.

Photos; Clark Hill Jazz At Founders



York-types missed a terrific session Friday, when Toronto clarinetist Henry Cuesta and company played to a shamefully small but appreciative audience in Founders Dining Hall.

Cuesta, well known to local night club audiences, brought along his quintet for the occasion: Gary Benson, guitar, Charlie Rallo, piano, John MacKnight, bass, Don Vickery, drums, and Ron Peck, vibes.



Highlight of the session was Oscar Pettiford's 'Blues In The Closet', with Cuesta wailing on sax and drummer Don Vickery's sensational solo, during which the entire group left the stand to 'take five'.

Why were so few students in attendance? Surely we have more jazz fans at York than the 30 (approx.) listeners. Bad publicity might be one answer. Would the organizers of these concerts

please stand up, and make yourselves HEARD, for York's sake!

American Nightmare

by Frank Liebeck

Ben Lennick, fresh from directing a resounding flop, namely the collegiate touring 'Glass Menagerie', has decided to make it two in a row. The spectacle can be seen at the Hydro Theatre, a building that reminds me of the gingerbread house in the evil forest. At the corner of Queen's Park and College and in the shadow of the concrete structures of University Ave. it stands shivering. I like going there.

On the program are two one-act plays, 'The Collection' and 'The American Dream' and whoever chose this combination must have been drunk at the time. The former is a drama by Harold Pinter, the Englishman who wrote 'The Caretaker' and other assorted oddities. It's about a wife (Sylvia Lennick) who tells her husband (Ben Lennick) that she had a one night spree with a handsome young man (Bruce Gray), who just happens to be a homosexual. Vernon Chapman does an excellent job as the older queer and that's the play folks. It starts off with a strange and ominous tone but director Jack Merigold lets it peter out but then the play itself is at its weakest here and the ending is pointless.

I consider Edward Albee the most brilliant playwright living today, a fact that comes through the second play through no fault of the people involved. They stomp through it with army boots and mutilate the beauty of the piece. Most of the blame must go to Carroll Patricia Brown who plays Grandma. She isn't subtle or cynical enough but just loud. My favourite line, 'I used to let you lie on top of me and bump your uglies' was completely lost. The Lennicks are a very talented couple, so maybe next time.

Fantastic Voyage

by Ann Dublin

FANTASTIC VOYAGE, now playing at the Imperial Theatre, is a brilliant display of modern photographic effects which cover poor acting and a thin plot.

This is basically an adventure story--a team of four men and a girl (beautiful, naturally) are shrunk down in size in order to remove a blood clot in the brain of a famous scientist. The team has only sixty minutes in which to reach the brain, operate, and get out. A story packed with plenty of action (those antibodies and white corpuscles are wicked little things), suspense, and of course, the necessary enemy spy. But as simple as the storyline is, the tension is sustained throughout most of the movie, and the story is even made almost believable.

The acting (if we may call it that) is another matter. The actors portrayed only stereotypes; the brave hero, the beautiful girl, the villain, the idealistic surgeon, and the good-hearted

commanders. Rarely did they break out of this pattern to show their characters as fully developed individuals. The acting was dull, with few redeeming qualities.

There is only one outstanding feature in this movie--the technical and photographic effects. We are taken into a world where no one has gone before, and the effects are glorious. Only colour could do justice to this new world of 'inner' space--the red of the corpuscles, the purples and yellows of the passages, the whiteness of the heart, the greys of the brain...an exhilarating journey through winding tunnels, surprising air currents, and deep caverns. The camera work is also very effective with exciting action shots and breathtaking scenes of the inside of the human body.

However, FANTASTIC VOYAGE aside from fascinating photography and an imaginative idea, is not really 'fantastic'.

We Comrades Three

by Ann Dublin

The first play presented last week by the APA Repertory Company is loaded with American patriotism, emotion, and high-sounding words which never quite got off the ground.

'We, Comrades Three', which Richard Baldrige threw together from Walt Whitman's poems, outlines the development of the poet's life, from the young Walt of 20 (Marco St. John) to the Walt of 40 (Sydney Walker) to the Walt Whitman we usually think of, grey beard and all (played by Will Geer). A plot as such odes not exist--Act I is concerned with Whitman's life before and during the American Civil War; Act II, with it afterwards. We see only a series of flat pictures, of scenes rarely interrelated. This is an interesting study of a man's inner conflicts, but can we call it a genuine drama?

The actors attempted to overcome an incoherent script, but were only partly successful. The roles were quite inconsistent--Helen Hayes, who made a good attempt at achieving some unity, had to jump around from part to part--wife of Whitman, mother of the States, mother of a son going to war, a nurse in a war hospital, a cynical woman in the city, and so on, until you could no longer determine what she was. The other roles were just as vague, but not as varied.

One note--Patricia Margaret Conolly, who played The Young Woman, put forth a creditable performance of a difficult role--although her movement is slightly stiff on the stage, she projects and is a capable actress.

The sets are drab and not terribly impressive, and the costumes (designed by Nancy Potts) are even worse, with greys and blues dominating.

Hopefully, Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck' (Nov 1-6) and Sheridan's 'The School for Scandal' (Nov 8-13) may demonstrate the worth of this young company which the first play failed to do.

