

entertainment

"Fiddler" Out of Tune by Anne Dublin

It is little wonder that "Fiddler on the Roof", recently at the O'Keefe Centre, was such a popular production. It had witty jokes, fresh lyrical songs, wonderful choreography, and loads of sentiment. Unfortunately, it never rose above the level of "fair" to something more.

The production was uneven-- it seems that in choosing this touring company, the producer placed more emphasis upon acting than on singing. The opening number, "Tradition", was quite effective, with good singing and dancing. But soon after, Paul Lipson (Tevye) gave a stiff rendition of "If I Were a Rich Man". With his raspy voice, it was agony to listen him. And so the performance progressed, with varying degrees of quality.

We would get a lively, exuberant "To Life" followed by David Garfield's (Motel) poorly-sung "Miracle of Miracles". Or the too-too sweet "Sunrise, Sunset" followed by the more down-to-earth, vibrant, "Wedding Dance" and the humorous "Do You Love Me?" Variety in mood and tone in a play is fine; variety in quality of performance is another matter.

That is not to say that there were no good parts in this production. Dolores Wilson's portrayal of Golde, Tevye's wife, was excellent, for she is a good actress and fine singer. Joseph Masiell (Perchik the Student), Felice Camargo (Tzeitel, one of Tevye's daughters), and Ruth Jaroslow (Yente the Matchmaker) also played their roles more than well. And the Fiddler (Al De Sio) united the entire play, for he was present at all the emotional crises that occurred, a whimsical, fantastical character -- a Yiddish Puck.

Choreography by Jerome Robbins was excellent, and gave us the true flavour of the town and its people. Costumes by Patricia Zipprodt were authentic, but not terribly outstanding. Through their own poor quality, the sets by Boris Aronson gave us the idea of the poverty of the village.

It is regrettable that its uneven quality had to mar this production, for otherwise it would have been an excellent one. At least it achieved its purpose of being entertaining, and that in itself is valid. Too bad it wasn't something more.

Royal Hunt Has Student Appeal

by Frank Liebeck

The Christian God is a murderer who loots and snarls with a hypocritical sneer. That is what the Incas saw when Pizarro and his merry men stomped through their empire and to this creature the priests demanded that the Incas pay homage. They called him a God of love and scoffed at so-called "pagan" views. "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" is at the O'Keefe Centre until November 26th and I wish it would stay for more than just the week. It may cause some people to retreat back to wherever they came from but them we don't need and they'd be better off staying home and watching "Betwitched".

The grandeur and significance of Pizarro's conquest of Peru is brought before the audience on a high plateau of drama and pain. Pizarro growls and stomps across the stage while the ruler of the Incas walks like a bird of paradise and speaks with the gentleness of a child. W.B. Brydon and Clayton Corbin pose stark contrasts as the two

leaders. Brydon's Pizarro is a sick and bitter man while Corbin's Atahualpa is a magnificent being. At times the director fails to completely cash in on a dramatic moment when human relations are traded in for spectacle, but if one is awake it will nevertheless hit home.

The eeriness of the Inca world is brilliantly brought forth. The sounds and cries of the jungle and its people make the cold outside seem unrealistic. The dances and movements of the natives help create this exotic atmosphere and the set designed to represent the Inca world constantly looms over the play.

The producer, Theodore Mann, brought the play to Broadway from England where Olivier's National Theatre Company performed it. He's a man who doesn't like plays where the characters are artificial creations which exist only in comic books. The reason he wants students to come especially is because we can identify with it, perhaps more than others. Well, students, you're supposed to be the country's intellects so drag yourselves away from the hockey game and go downtown and see it. I felt so glorious after the show, do you know what I did? I'll tell you what I did. I went outside and in wild abandon I tore up my parking ticket.

It's Happening

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FRIDAY NOVEMBER 25

Actors!! Auditions for University Centennial Players. Please submit name, college and year to Founders or Vanier Council Room by Friday 3:00 p.m.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 26

York Colleges' Drama Festival, 8:00 p.m. Burton Auditorium. Admission 50 cents. Founders College: "The Lover" by Harold Pinter; Glendon College: "I'm Dreaming, But Am I?" by Luigi Pirandello; Vanier College: "A Bedtime Story" by Sean O'Casey; Atkinson College: "The Funeral Parlor" by Len McColl.

9:00 p.m. Coffee House MONDO PLUS FOUR 50 cents.

MARDI GRAS--Vanier Dining Hall

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27

Every Sunday at York. 8:30 p.m. Burton Auditorium--"Kanal". Admission: \$1.50 Public, \$1.25 Faculty & Staff, \$0.75 Student.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30

John Riddell, Editor of Young Socialist Form, candidate for Toronto Board of Education, will speak on: A SOCIALIST PROGRAM FOR EDUCATION. 1:00 p.m. Founders Coffee House.

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