

Feverish dance show

By Alina Gildiner

The Dance Department's Spring Concert was a seasonal event. The four performances, from the eight to the tenth of the month, took their spirit from the changing season and the approaching end of yet another academic year.

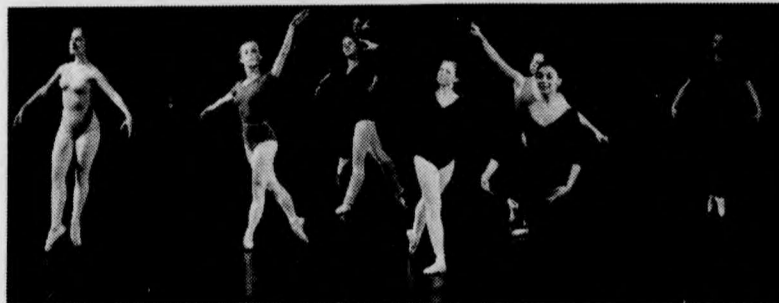
Three of the dances were choreographed by faculty members. Peggy McCann's *Atchoum* opened the two hour concert with exuberance and vitality. Only three minutes long, it was the shortest piece presented and perhaps would have been better placed later in the program when the audience was more prepared to absorb its punchy rapidity.

Set to Bach's Cello Solo No.6, Grant Strate's *Five Caprices* exhibited a flowing lyricism. Strate must be one of the most prolific choreographers in the city. He imbues his works with his own high-voltage energy, and in *Five Caprices* it re-emerges as an uplifting jubilation that carried many of the dancers through even the most difficult parts.

Besides Strate's *Caprices*, the only other ballet work was Karen Bowes-Sewell's *Glimpses of Poulenc*. Unlike Strate's intertwining, curling lines of movement, Bowes-Sewell achieved in her choreography a simplicity and clarity, creating the quality of a child's dream. Lubos Cerny, an accompanist with the Department, played Poulenc's piano improvisations in a lit alcove above the stage, making the dancing below seem like the projected visions of friendship that inspired his original compositions,

"Les Soirées de Nazelles" and "Homage à Schubert."

Peggy Smith Baker, a member of *Dancemakers*, was invited to choreograph a piece for the concert. *Terrain*, last on the program, was set to the Brandenburg Concerto No. 1. Taking off from the



music's ecstasis, Baker filled the stage with constant motion. Perhaps the only dance with a message *per se*, *Terrain* exposed an interior landscape that seemed to spring from a deep-drilled well of strength and joyousness.

The four student compositions included two solos, performed in both cases by the choreographers. Christopher House's *Timpàn Reel* contrasted slow, liquid movements with the Chieftains' lilting Irish music. Contrast became complement as the ebb and flow of the movements, set off beautifully by Linda Bandy's green twine costume that evoked seaweed and fisherman's rope, created a seaside quality in tune with at least my notions of Ireland and Canada's east coast. House also has a performing presence and control that keeps you watching as he moves.

Isabelle Depelteau's *Sangsara*

likewise exhibited strength and grace as Depelteau explored and tested weights, resistances, arriving at a sense of spatial volume that was palpable.

At Ease, by Ingrid Remkins, has a somnambulistic laziness that infected me with a feeling of well-

being and contentedness.

Who would have guessed that here at York there exist creatures who move to a New York jazz idiom? Set to Duke Ellington's music, Ginette Morel's *Ode to the Pigeons of York* treated our birds like inhabitants from *West Side Story*. Flocking, settling, dispersing, and strutting, the dancers parodied our own various communal games, reminding me particularly of Central Square. Alternately bitching and cooing, they evoked an imminent spring fever.

Lovers and Cowboys

By Ronald Ramage

On this past weekend, YUFAM hosted two projects by the students of the Department of Theater; *Lovers and Cowboys No. 2*.

The first, *Lovers*, gave a glimpse into the relationship between two, soon-to-be-married-because-they-have-to, 17 year olds, while a narrator dryly informs us of their background, home-life, and events up to and following their soon-to-occur death. We are told they drown, but the question of who-drowned-who is left begging, and our glimpse shows us that the question is a given.

Teri Austin's direction kept the actors very static, usually in prone or sitting positions touching with intimate caresses, and rising only when the play's energy rises. For Pamela Haig, playing Mag, this

was enough. Her talent shone. Her range of emotional expression powered this piece and kept it in motion. Andrew Lewarne, in his role as Joe, was adequate, but not exceptional. The narrator, Philip Hogarth, was nicely CBCish without crippling self-consciousness.

The second piece, *Cowboys No. 2*, wandered through the boundaries of reality and make-believe.

Tanit Mendes' direction gave both characters a lot of room to move within, and set high challenges upon their skill. Though Guy Babineau, as Stu, sometimes let his accent slip so that we heard it as an affectation, his acting was first rate. Jean Daigle, as Chef, was exceptionally powerful and strongly affecting when his make-believe wouldn't change the terrifying reality.

Bland Grammy awards

By Andrew C. Rowsome

The single most important television event of the 1970's has come and gone without receiving a serious amount of initial attention. I was drawn to my residence common room by the sound of Elvis Costello's *Alison*. I stayed fascinated by the 1978 Grammy Awards and what was being done.

In these days when, besides a fur coat and sun tan, one must know all the latest disco steps in order to feel that one might actually have a right to be in Central Square, many are turning off the disco mentality as a reactionary measure. There is new music around, lots of it and it is exciting. Punk, new wave, power pop, whatever you like to call it harkens back to the roots of popular music and tries desperately to resuscitate an artistically dead medium. The raw form and undertone of violence are necessary; in a very real sense the idea is revolutionary.

What made the Grammy's so intriguing is the fact that they

virtually ignored any modern popular music. Sure Elvis Costello was nominated but was never really considered a serious contender.

The Grammy Awards manufacture instant camp. Decades from now television scholars, having elevated *Laverne and Shirley* and *Mork and Mindy* to art status, will discover the tapes for the 1978 Grammy Awards. They will chuckle and proclaim it camp; a Busby Berkeley episode from the 1970's.

And the highlight? My favorite television moment; the 70's in a nutshell: a bland, inoffensive nontalent host surrounded by a bevy of bland, mechanical dancers performing the latest bland, mechanical disco steps all to a bland tune by a bouncy, bland group. Whoever organized John Denver's *Saturday Night Fever* routine deserves an Emmy Award for the most outrageously funny moment in any medium.

I wish the 80's would hurry up...



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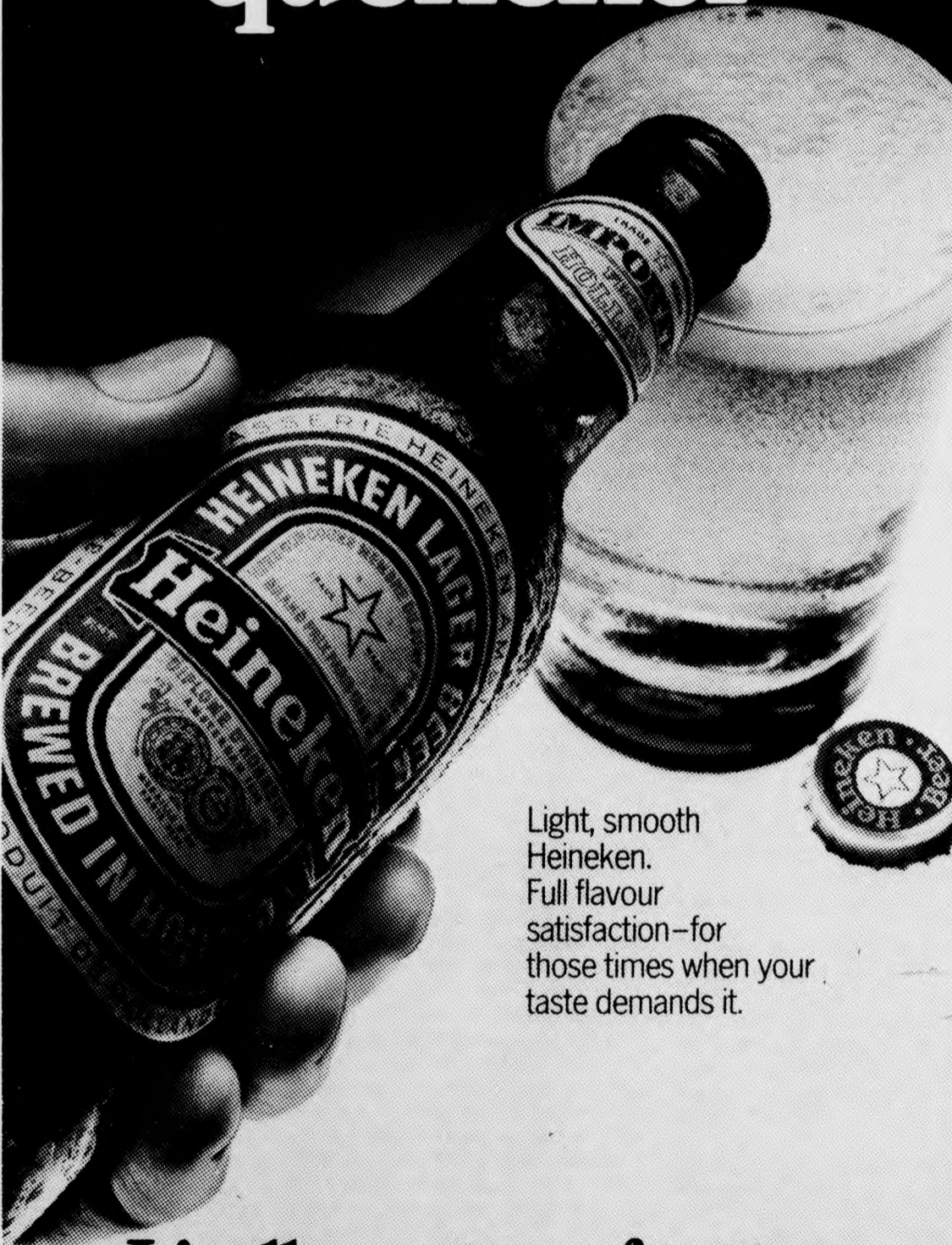
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