

Kennedy does for York



Brought to Burton by Paul Kennedy, The Art Ensemble of Chicago sit and ponder Kennedy's future.

Ronald Ramage

Paul Kennedy is a busy man. He performs three jobs at York: manager of EDGES, manager of Burton Auditorium and production manager for the *Canadian Theatre Review*.

Kennedy was hired in May, 1979, to revive the original concept behind the Performing Arts Series and to pull it out of the decline it was diving into.

"In the late 60's and early 70's," Kennedy stated, "York would bring in events that just wouldn't happen in Toronto if they didn't bring them in. Great poetry sessions with Alan Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a concert with Jerry Rubin, and Phil Ochs. It went into a slide in the seventies because downtown began to offer a lot of that kind of material."

Plastic letters

Frank McGee

How about a theatrical romance based on actual letters from 12th-century France? Vanier College and Vanier College Council presented just such a play last week: *Adelard and Heloise*.

It was both successful and entertaining. An atmosphere of impending doom was felt in the hall during the two-hour performance due to the dim lighting and dark, omnipresent set. York visual arts student Randy Finnerby greatly improved upon the bland church facade with attractive and ingenious bas-reliefs.

The costumes, designed by Evan Ayotte, costume master of Young People's Theatre, were practical and enhanced the characterizations, especially that of Heloise. But I'm certain that Ayotte could have been more innovative than using the hip "Chinese" slippers worn by the entire cast.

The star of the show was unquestionably Cam Gourley who played the role of Peter Abelard. Gourley, a non-theatre student, was relaxed and dynamic in his portrayal of a man confused between the love for God and the love for a woman. The various facets of Abelard's character, renowned theologian, star-crossed lover, and defeated, emasculated man, were played with an effective

subtlety.

Judy Siblin performed well as Heloise. Her strengths were at the highly-dramatic beginning and conclusion when the character reveals her lack of love for God which is replaced by the feelings she has for Abelard. She glowed in the first act as the fresh and charming Heloise but failed to completely make the transition to the distraught and fated lover of Abelard.

Intensity and precision shown by the chorus of monks and nuns is a credit to the performers, and to the direction of Fred Thury, a freelance director in Toronto.

At some points, the blocking was awkward, such as the entrance of the Abbess; inexcusable for a stage that size.

New Customers

A few weeks ago, dropping into a favourite haunt, *The Turning Point*, I noticed a small audience of about 20 rocking to a brand-new band *The Customers*. Sitting down for a beer, I was immediately hooked by a version of "Can't Explain." The group's rhythm and blues was tight and vigorous. Their fresh sound and unique image provided for an enjoyable evening that shook the crowd out of a lethargic Tuesday eve. Keep an eye peeled for The

Customers, they may just come to your hometown!

Billy Livingston

Rat chat

Screen. It's a pop musical about Hollywood in the '30s. Stong "Cabaret" presents their next fantastic production on Feb. 14 and 15 at 9 and 10:30 pm in the Stong Common Room. Of course it's licensed. The lights are on.

Cine—plexed

Elliott Lefko

The Consequence, a German film scheduled to open at Cineplex tomorrow has had serious scissors work, courtesy of the Ontario Censor Board, *Excalibur* learned yesterday.

A gay film dealing with the relationship between a 30-year-old convicted pedophile and a 20-year-old youth was shown uncut during a press screening last week. The major cut was of a heterosexual sex scene, a porno film watched by three of the film's characters.

A number of smaller cuts were also made.

A spokesperson for Cineplex, who wished to remain anonymous, said: "We don't have any complaints with the censor board. We follow their rules. We appreciate what they do. Really."

The incident brings up the question, why did Cineplex book a film that they knew would be cut? Do they feel it's acceptable to watch a mutilated version of a film? Don Sims and the censor board are touchy when it comes to heavy human contact. If you're going to distribute films, at least know your limits.



A film by Wolfgang Petersen

Innocuous dance

Paul Le Forestier

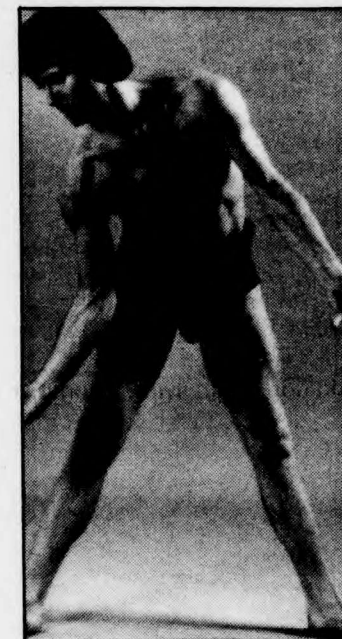
Designed to please, and offend no one, *The Contemporary Dancers of Winnipeg* were a calculated Burtonian success Monday evening. They provided no surprises, no controversy, and above all no overwhelming achievement, artistic or otherwise. The artistic direction of the company clearly dictates that it will tread nowhere that has not been thoroughly tested for popular markets.

Utilizing the time-honoured music of Bach and Ravel was sure to please, but in using Andre Gagnon's formula for successful muzak, their motives became absurdly obvious.

In keeping with their system, the choreography was neither balletic or contemporary, rather a rare breed of the two disciplines. This compromise often left the dancers unsure of their motivation, the form of ballet, or the emotion of modern dance. This dilemma did not go by without being capitalized on by the dancers as pure farce, though most of the time it was sadly out of control.

Celebration, the first piece presented.

In general the dancing was pure, lyrical, and technically performed with unquestionable competence. Danced by Kenneth Lipite and Shelly Ziebel, the final pas de deux in *Diary* was



surely the finest moment of the evening. The corps of the company certainly had the ability to make a few new inroads into dance. However, the powers that reign (survival instincts) are blatantly intimidating them from stepping on anyone's toes.

How would you finish a program that was designed to please everyone? Of course, North America's favorite pastime—a piece of jogging and square dancing. Guaranteed to please, right? Right!



What other safe ground was there left to tread? Balanchine kept creeping in throughout the evening. I thought I recognized, some of the more sentimental moments of *Solitaire*, in

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