



Play Clay's name is mud

Al Locke

The first visible mark of an "incomplete" playwright is the titling of a work that is open to innumerable corruptions. It is with this trepidation that one should approach *Clay*, a one-act presentation written by York Alumnus Lawrence Jeffrey.

While it is impolite to crucify one's fellow graduands, it is a greater crime to hoodwink them. To call *Clay* a play, is the same as calling a Pinto a Porsche.

Factory Lab Theatre, the venue for this crime offers a welcome to new plays from new playwrights. Perhaps it is a vindictive nature that possesses them to present *Clay* during the theatre's deadest season (February — April), hot on the heels of the highly acclaimed *Theatre of the Film Notr.*

Just plain awful

As such, Lawrence Jeffrey, with this, his first play, must have operated at a handicap. The theatre's personnel must have been uncooperative: the directing, acting, and lighting were just plain awful.

First, the play was messed with numerous, cumbersome silences. Was this the fault of the director, or did the actors forget their lines?

Secondly, there were numerous stretches of darkness; was that part of the stage mechanism, or was the lighting director asleep?

These and many other questions must forcibly be restrained. What is left is pity for Lawrence Jeffrey.



No, this is not the audience reaction to Clay.

It is the young writer-artist's first production, and it is seriously flawed, though there are a couple of widely spaced displays of real theatre humor. In these moments, the audience was laughing with him, rather than at him. There is talent in Mr. Jeffrey, but it still has to mature fully. Now is not the time,

and Clay should never have been staged.

One shouldn't be surprised if resident playwright Bryan Wade

swoops in and saves the play with something "he just whipped off, but had the idea for months."

Miss Clay, and watch for the bravado.



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