

"Works in progress" become "productions"

Program in Theatre loses it's baby fat

By LYNN SLOTKIN

The Program in Theatre has finally lost its baby-fat and recovered from its case of euphemism by presenting its first two finished productions, *The Trojan Women* and Moliere's *George Dandin*.

George Dandin, a biting comedy, was a departure from the dramatic fare the program has presented over the past four years. Its success should warrant more comic productions.

Moliere has written a satire that hits hard at the aristocracy, marriage, shrewish, domineering women, and stupid, weak-willed, subservient men.

Rich *George Dandin* has married into the aristocratic Sotenville family. They wanted his money and he wanted their class. But he realizes his wife, Angelique, is having an affair with Clitandre, the dandy next door. The play revolves around *Dandin* trying to prove to her

parents that Angelique is an adultress.

Translator director David Calderisi placed the play in a colourful circus ring setting (designed by William Lord), along with flashy, bright costumes (by David Pequegnat and William Lord) and circus make-up. The mistaken identities, chasing around, and the efforts of the women to trick the men seemed proper in circus surroundings, but there was a danger that all the fun and games would make the play inconsequential, and that's something Moliere never was.

James McLoud as *George Dandin* was successful in visually conveying the idea of an older man, with his halting, painful-looking walk, but he had trouble conveying it vocally. His voice tended to grate. However, McLoud made up for this one short coming with his comic sense. He had good timing, knowing when to give a sneer or deliver a line for the best results.

James Knapp seemed to come into his own as Lubin. He was flighty, 'dizzy' and hilarious.

Dawn McGeachy was properly conniving, and falsely angelic as Angelique. James Clarkson and Penelope Gawn had fine moments as the snobbish M. and Mme de Sotenville. Paddy Campanaro was the best at presenting a phony sweet appearance while hiding a shrewish, scheming personality. Martin Doyle as the deep voiced 'elf' Colin brought the house down with his acrobatics. Howard Lende was quite proper and courtly as Clitandre, but there was one problem — his shoes, which were something like Frankenstein boots. Somehow those great, heavy, clod-hoppers spoiled his image of the well dressed lover.

Special mention should be made of Gordon Masten's percussion accompaniment. He added his own brand of humour and completed a delightful production.

The Trojan Women, translated by Sartre was a heavy war drama, and rather relevant in the light of the recent Viet Nam 'cease fire'.

The city of Troy had been sacked by the Greeks, now Hecuba and her fellow Trojan women wait for the Greeks to decide their future, if any.

Director Marion Andre set the play in a concentration camp. Drabness and gloom was all around. A wire fence caged the women in. A guard with a gun watched them from a tower. Their clothes were worn and dull, except for Helen, who wore red velvet signifying her adultery and treachery. But in Andre's efforts to simulate a concentration camp, a problem developed. At one point Cassandra, Hecuba's 'insane' daughter threatens a guard with a knife. The question arose, why didn't the guard in the tower shoot her? He saw the whole thing yet did nothing. What, then, was his purpose? If his presence was for atmosphere was it worth the cost of credibility? One thinks not.

Sara Botsford gave an admirable performance as Hecuba. She was almost beaten yet there was a consistent defiance, an ever present dignity in Botsford's portrayal of her.

Silvia Remkins seemed to force the haughtiness of Andromache, but became more comfortable in the part. She was quite touching and one felt for her as she had to watch her son go to his death.

Rosemary Dunsmore had good moments as the anguished chorus leader — one would have wished the rest of the chorus was in better time with Dunsmore instead of a split second behind.

Although Cheryl Rosen looked and sounded marvelous as Helen, her performance was a disappointment. The problem could have been direction or acting, but she wasn't wanton, self-assured or beguiling enough as one expected Helen to be.

Theatre program is growing up. It now calls its productions just that, productions, and not 'works in progress' as it did in the past. Hopefully more changes will occur. How about more comedies; or even a musical?



A finished production at last from the Program in Theatre! James McLoud as *George Dandin* and Dawn McGeachy as Angelique, rehearse a scene from Moliere's *George Dandin*, one of the plays the program presented over the week-end.



Good Eats Rise and shine

By HARRY STINSON

Rising and shining becomes increasingly difficult this time of year: shining in particular having deteriorated to about the level of a poor joke.

There is, however, one quite often successful home remedy, and that is to awake to the intoxicating aroma of fresh baking and with the knowledge that it can be yours if you show the energy to make the long trek to the source, (the only basic problem with this corny little scheme is that someone must have arisen under bleaker conditions to get the whole ball rolling). With this in mind, the only further helpful bit of assistance I shall benevolently provide is a disjuncted but I hope somewhat differently delicious collection of recipes to ponder and leave pointedly around for some martyric soul.

Soya Applesauce Bread: Sift together 1½ cups whole wheat flour, ¾ cup soya flour, ½ cup powdered skim milk (not instant), 1 tsp. (sea) salt, 2 tsp. cinnamon. Cream ½ cup dark brown sugar, ½ cup oil, and 4 eggs, then mix the dry with ½ cup wheatgerm, add finally to the rest alternately with ¾ cup applesauce (and some raisins if you want). Beat well, and bake for about ¾ hour in really greasy pans at 350. For this, use two small loaf pans (cool one loaf, wrap in foil and freeze it).

Crunchy Coffee Cake: Beat together ¾ cup dark brown sugar, ¼ cup oil, an egg and a tsp. vanilla, with ½ cup milk. Then sift in a dry mixture of 1½ cups unbleached flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, and ½ tsp. sea salt. Spread half the batter in a greased 9-inch pan, sprinkle with topping (½ cup dark brown sugar, ½ cup unbleached flour, 2 tbsp. soft unsalted butter, and a cup of some crunchy 'health cereal'), cover with the rest of the batter, then the rest of the topping. (30 minutes at 375).

Orange Date Loaf: Juice a big fat orange into a single cup measuring cup. Fill the rest of the way with hot water, and pour over a cup of chopped dates. While this is cooling, grind or grate the rind, cream 2 tbsp. oil and a cup honey, blend in a beaten egg, then a sifted dry mix of 2 cups whole wheat flour, a tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. soda and the ubiquitous ½ tsp. of sea salt. Mix the whole alternately with the date goo. Mush in the ground orange rind and a tsp. vanilla. Plop into two greasy loaf pans, and bake at 325 until done (supposedly an hour and twenty).

Wheat germ muffins: Mix a cup of milk and a well-beaten egg thoroughly, then add cup of wheat germ. Allow to stand momentarily whilst the germ absorbs some moo juice. Sift in a cup whole wheat flour, ¾ tsp. sea salt, and 4 tbsp. brown sugar. Mix thoroughly, toss in 2 tbsp. oil, and stir again. Fill the muffin tins only ¾ full, and bake at 400 for 20-25 minutes.

The preceding recipes came mostly from a unique little paperback called *Earth and Sun and High-Rise* recipes for singles (by Pauline Rhind, Heritage Press). It's a fascinating and easily read compendium of tasty and unusual recipes, uncommon folk lore, novel hints and ideas, philosophy and artwork. My only major criticism would be that its present price tag of \$2.50 is, though I'm not sure of its economic justification, an unfortunate deterrent.

To most people bread baking means either whole wheat or the old favourite Banana bread.

Whole wheat: Mix 3 cups warm water, ¾ cup honey, 2-3 pkg. yeast in large bowl, let stand 5 minutes or more, add 5 cups whole wheat flour, scant tbsp. salt, and ¼ cup oil, butter, or soft margarine (optional). Beat by hand at least 100 strokes, or 7 min. electrically (at low). Add 2-3 cups more whole wheat and mix well (to make a stiff dough ... more flour if necessary). Knead on well-floured board until smooth and elastic. Pop in a greased bowl, smooth side down, flip the oiled side up, cover and let rise in a warm place until double (an hour). Punch back down to original size (this is the fun part of bread making), cover and let it struggle back up to double again. But alas, all in vain ... knead it back down to original size once more. This will then fill 3-1 lb. loaf tins, (or 2-1½ pounders). So divide dough accordingly and shape into loaves. Pans should be greased with lard, butter or margarine. In any case, let rise until dough reaches top of pans, slide into a 350 degree oven until well-browned (50 min. for 1 lb. tins; 70 min. for 1½ lb. tins). Brush with cream, butter or margarine while still hot if you like them crisp!

Banana: Last but not least, a simple scheme for getting rid of disreputable bananas. Just mush 3 to 4 of them together with 1½ cups flour, 1 cup sugar, a shake of salt, a tsp. or more baking soda, one-third cup shortening, and a handful of oatmeal, until you get a stiff goo. Dump it into a pan (well-greased) and bake for about ¾ to an hour. You can add nuts and raisins if you want.

Woody Allen won't bust your guts

By WOLFGANG LAMERS

Woody Allen's new album 'The Night Club Years, United Artists 1964 - 1968' is a re-issuing of his first three hard to get albums released in 1964, 1965, and 1968.

The jokes and monologues are very witty but won't cause tear jerking laughter. Going to a party as a road map because you have varicose veins is a classic, and having the wrong life pass in front of you when you have two minutes to live probably occurs everyday. His early comic genius can be heard as the script to his later films. Obviously different mediums don't change his style, but the films capture the Woody world quicker than the album does.

Toronto Union Station... Will this book save it?

By ROBERT GREGOIRE

Toronto Union Station an impressive Beaux-Arts monument born in controversy only 50 years ago, is suffering a slow death.

At best, it may remain in dismembered, purposeless form. Why — "The building is not what it used to be; railway travel is in decline; we can get a much better return on our dollar."

The Open Gate, Toronto Union Station is a collection of essays by noted Torontonians. Their basic purpose is to portray the building's qualities, and to dramatize the need for preservation. Each essay presents an individual view, certain to be of interest to a wide cross-section of readers; the total is skillfully edited by Richard Bebout, an interested new Canadian.

In his essay, Pierre Berton remembers his own arrival as an unknown westerner. He describes the building's soul, the maturity it has acquired through the people that have passed its doors. Berton pleads for a piece of architecture, but also for a part of the nation's history.

Ron Haggart, renegade journalist, describes the difficult politics that have always been a part of Union Station's existence. He illustrates how much the railways have profited with little return for the city. Although duplicating some of this political intrigue, Robert McMann, a railway enthusiast, presents Union Station in the context of Toronto's railway history.

However, to most people, Union Station will be recalled by the

images of John Robert Colombo's found poem. Depicting the building's many activities, one realizes through the poetry how wrong it would be to alter it in any way. The great hall is most impressive, even to uneducated eyes, and Douglas Richardson confirms any suspicions of the building's grandeur or architectural significance. Richardson explores its antecedents, drawing comparisons to its American and European counterparts. It is a temple of the people, a reminder of when values were more than economically measurable. Richardson states that the building is one of the few and best remaining examples of what the architectural historian, Vincent Scully calls the Beaux-Arts "blessed sense of civic excess".

So what is the station's future? Richard Bebout outlines a compromise — something between total demolition and preserving only the great hall; the wings would be torn off, displaced by Metro Centre's anonymous office towers. As Bebout outlines this moderate tack, one realizes the basic issue. It is left to William Kilbourn's conclusion to underscore the truth; it disgusts him that our culture will only preserve city halls and other monuments. Yet he believes impossibilities like Trinity church and Stop — Spadina give hope to buildings and neighbourhoods of less stature. Cynically, Kilbourn pleads for the preservation of the Toronto-Dominion Centre.

The Open Gate — Toronto Union Station Peter Martin Associates \$12.95.