

**Best Wishes for
Christmas &
the New Year**
to all at
York University
from
**Campus
House of Beauty**
in Central Square

Men dance at Seneca

By MARILYN M. BOUMA
Men dancing on point in delicate pink ballet shoes and white tutus? Can this be serious? Yes, perfectly serious, it's the Ballet Trockadero de Monte Carlo held at Seneca's Minkler Auditorium.
Trockadero is an all cast male ballet company which specializes in performing the ballet classics. And yes, the men do dance the female roles. To consider it an unusual phenomenon is an understatement. The images that arise in one's mind when one thinking of men dancing female roles can be absurd and hilarious. And the company does indeed succeed in bringing a humorous and new

approach to the old ballet classics. While glancing through the programme I noticed that the dancers had made their transition complete, for they had each dubbed themselves with an absurd take-off name from the Russian language. Olga Tchikaboumskaya, Ida Neversayneva, and Zamarina Zamarkova were a few of the most obviously witty creations.

The evening commenced with the classic of classics, Swan Lake or Le Lac de Synes. A spidery, cape-clad, evil magician, Von Rothbart sinuously weaves his way over the stage to develop a magical and sinister atmosphere set against a magnificent backdrop. A cloudy, moonlit sky silhouettes a house on top of a night-blackened mountain. The rich bluish grey sky in contrast to the brilliance of the moon created an irresistible urge to focus on the stage. Following their exit, Benno, a friend and confidant of Prince Siegfried, lopingly strides on stage with his bow and arrow searching for game, the swans. His hat is overly endowed with brim and plumes which sort of bounces in rhythm to his stride. Prince Siegfried appears and is true to his tradition by being the charming, handsome prince.

Peter Anastos dances his role of Odette the Swan Queen superbly, with just enough finesse and wit to keep the audience not only in stitches but also impressed by the technique of his dancing. Besides, knobby knees and hairy arms do not exactly go with white tutus and ethereal arm movements. The facial make-up exaggerated the obvious beauty points of a swan queen and appeared ridiculous but fitting to the quality of humor which emanated from the piece. Anastos timed his facial expressions at the most appropriate moments to cause a roar of laughter from the audience.

The swan corps fluttered, galloped, hopped and preened their way through the performance. One particularly hilarious scene occurred as the magician was chasing his swans and each swan lost their graceful dignity and just got down to the functional action of running to escape. Flailing arms and heel-toe foot action replaced the usual tip-toed scuttling across the stage.

Then came the intensely dramatic and heart-rendering scene of the Dying Swan. A brilliant spotlight flashes on stage... and there is no dying swan. The spotlight puzzlingly and then more frantically searches the entire stage for its swan. And then it catches sight of a hand peeking timidly from behind the curtain. And to everyone's relief she appears. She had not died yet. She will do her dance to her death. The dance is convincingly serious and lyrical but the shedding of a few feathers here and there conjures the image of a plucked chicken. That broke up the audience totally.

Phaedra or Monotonous N. 1148 displayed the company's ability to dance in a modern style but also proved to be a humorous and stirical comment on age old concept: "Que l'art? Que vivre? Que l'amour?"

Eugenia Repelski attempted an answer in the mode of dance that inspires knowing nods and back spasms. The gestures were overtly passionate and despairing. The dance consisted of sharp angular, jarring movements which were performed with a precision and synchrony.

As the evening progressed, my mind became increasingly adjusted to seeing men dance as women, and it no longer held the same absurdity as it did in the beginning. During the final two works my concentration focused on the dancing and choreography.

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Cheap Shots

Cabaret hit us with a fast lately; they ran one last week, Fingernails on Slate, and They have one planned for this week, too. Called Love in the Dark, it promises to be not quite as raunchy as Fingernails, but is two short plays of slightly ridiculous romance. As always, two slows tonight and two tomorrow (9 and 10-30) in McLaughlin Hall, and the admission is free. E.L.

Cheers!

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