

Global Village develops a cataract

The ineptness of the production was blinding

By LYNN SLOTKIN

Take one badly written play, some almost non-existent direction and a cast ranging in talent from mediocre to bad and you have the awful production *Eyes*, at the Global Village Theatre.

Larry Fineberg's confusing play is about a mixed-up girl named Lisa, her rather unpleasant family and assorted friends. Lisa can't cope with the recent death of her lover Paul and her mother. She 'wills herself into insanity' according to her father, Alex. But while she's on her way to the grey world of the crazy one is subjected to her countless recallings of her dreams and imaginings, usually done in song. Not to be outdone, her father, his friend Lee and her sister, Ginny,

get into the act with their retelling of their dreams.

The main problem with the production is Leonard McHardy's direction — he does not clarify the script, indeed, if anything, McHardy's direction only adds to the confusion.

He set the play in the Victorian era. Peter Wood's set design and Tom Taggart's costumes are true to the period, yet the conception makes the script anachronistic, with its references to MG cars, the use of filter tipped cigarettes and 20th century profanity.

McHardy's reasoning is that he wants to show that the theme — disintegration into insanity — is timeless. It appears McHardy wants us to believe time begins with the

Victorians.

With direction like this there is really no place the cast could go but down, and since it's a poor one, the trip is made in double time.

Pam MacDonald as Lisa, has a lovely voice but she can't act. Cheryl Crawford as her sister Ginny never conveys emotion either. Her dubious claims to notoriety in the show are her walk; her hips get to where she is going before the rest of her, and her manner of singing; every song is done choir style, that is to say hands clenched in front of her held waist high. It looks ridiculous when she does a totally out of place rousing blues number. Bob Arron's performance as Lee is someone's idea of suave. It doesn't work. With his ill-fitting suit and wig, his per-

manently knitted eyebrows and the constant pose with a cigarette, he looks like Peter Lorre doing an impersonation of Peter Lawford.

Alison Allan as Claire and Rob Galbraith as Alec say their lines as if the script is in front of them. Cheryl Atkin as Marie shows glimmers of

emotion but there is no director to make her develop them into a credible performance.

Bruce Bailey's music is pleasant at times but repetitive.

On opening night the lights didn't work when the cast took its bow. Somehow it was a fitting ending to a dreadful evening.

Cultural Briefs

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