

## Toronto Dance Theatre Has Not Quite Reached It's Potential

by Sylvia Kaptein

A mixture of the good, the bad, and the indifferent characterized the Toronto Dance Theatre's performance last Friday night at the Cohn. Unfortunately, the promise of first-hand entertainment and first-rate dancing was not completely true.

While the group supposedly has "a confident awareness of what is most exciting and effective in modern dance", they didn't seem to translate their awareness enough into action, often leaving the audience wondering what was so exciting and effective about what they were seeing.

Since its formation in 1968 by Peter Randazzo and David Earle, the company has had over fifty original works crated for their repertoire as well as commissioning over thirty from Canadian composers. Four of these works were presented Friday night.

The first, called "Courances", was a pleasant, if not totally soul-stirring work created by David Earle. While the eight members of the corps performed the piece well, the two principals were sadly lacking in both technical polish and grace. The vibrant colors of the costumes deserve special note, however, as they added a certain vigor to the performance.

The next piece, "Seastill", hit rock bottom in more ways than one. Although the set, lighting, and music combined to give a convincing feeling of being on the ocean floor, one couldn't help but feel that watching real fish would have been more entertaining. This dance seemed to have nothing to say but took plenty of time saying it.

Fortunately, boredom was lifted by the comical, well performed, and thoroughly enjoyable "L'Assassin Menace". Choreographed by Peter Randazzo. "Fantômas", another piece choreographed by Randazzo was a modified version of the typical silent movie. In it, the hero Fantômas, far from being the good guy, is a diabolical criminal who constantly brews misfortune but never gets caught. For both of his accomplishments in "L'Assassin Menace", Randazzo deserves special praise.

"A Simple Melody" concluded the evening's performance. While the piece picked up a bit towards the middle, the first part, "Apéritif", almost convinced one to leave before the main course began. Performed by dancers dressed in shower curtains (yes, shower curtains!), the dance somehow lacked the chic needed to make it into a passable art form. The other selections in "A Simple Melody", performed in the style of a musical revue, were moderately enjoyable, however, and the group received many curtain calls after the grand finale.

While the Toronto Dance Theatre does have potential, it is not being fully realized at present. Perhaps by infusing its dancers with more enthusiasm, or the dances themselves with more charm, the company could give a completely captivating performance.



Toronto Dance Theatre

## '10' is genial fun

by Don Markham

Ten, starring Dudley Moore, Julie Andrews, and Bo Derek, is a pleasant adult fare. Although by no means a significant contribution to today's society, it is an enjoyable movie to sit through. It is risqué without becoming offensive, an element that few films still possess.

The script is intelligently written, with only a few digressions, and is in the same vein as the George Segal-Glenda Jackson light comedy, *A Touch of Class*.

The story is about a middle-aged composer, played by Dudley Moore, who realizes his life is slipping by. He sees a beautiful girl, Bo Derek, and decides to "go for it". When he finally meets her, however, she is not the ultimate dream, and decides that he was better off with someone his own age. He returns to Julie Andrews, and presumably they live happily ever after.

Moore steals the show. He is to Ten what Clouseau was to *The Pink Panther*. Some of the humour is carried over from the *Pink Panther*, because the movie was written and directed by Blake Edwards, who also directed the *Panther* series. Although

Edwards has a tendency to regress to slapstick, for the most part he deserves praise for his efforts.

Julie Andrews plays the supporting role as his girlfriend. Once you get over the shock of hearing her say "Piss of Sam", her character becomes more plausible. A big change from *The Sound of Music* for Julie. (Julie had an easy time gaining the part—her husband is Blake Edwards.)

Bo Derek, who plays Moore's object of desire, is used beautifully by director Edwards. She appears sparingly, and becomes the 'mystery woman', thus increasing her appeal. Her role is not big, and she really speaks only in one scene. She deserves a chance in a more meaningful role.

The physical setting is also a treat to one's eye. The action occurs among the jet-set with all their wealth and attributes.

Music is provided by Henry Mancini, another recruit from *Panther* fame. With Julie Andrews singing the theme, how could it lose?

A few technical lighting problems crop up in the early part of the film, but only film buffs will hold it against this well-done production.

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