Too short to forget

Loud noises for a blank generation is experimental theatre about the street scene in downtown T.O. From anorexic punks to dulls from Scarberia. Theatre Passe Muraille, 18-28, 8 p.m. Reviews next week.

Carmen Coppolla who wrote the score for Napoleon and Godfather I hosts a seminar this Saturday at 11 a.m. Danforth Music Hall. \$5.00.

ABII's super show, directed by Mikhail Baryshnikov continues until Saturday. Ryerson Theatre. "Don't miss" — J. Brett Abbey. York Fine Arts end of year dance program will take place April 2. Excal's William Hurst offers more details next week.

Don't forget about the return of fave ex-Fug Ed Sanders on March 30 & 31 at the Hotel Isabella's Lower East Side. 9:00 p.m.

Feast For Maggots unveils major talent

Robyn Butt

Bemused lush with vague memories of guilt: Claudius. Opportunistic hooker (AC/DC): Rosencrantz. Wan sensualist who prefers hooker to lush: Gertrude. Camp Vincent Price troubled by patriarchy: ghost of Hamlet's father. Fabricating swooner: Ophelia. Psychological wimp/latent Southern Baptist: Hamlet. The court of Denmark is a grave these tattered corpses try to animate with melodrama and paper hats. Winners: the demented grave-digger and her tape measure. Also the worms.

A Feast for Maggots, "an adaptation of Hamlet" which ran last week at Sam Beckett, was the kind of theatre you wait for so long you almost don't believe it when it finally happens. It's director Laurie Steven's vehicle, a reworked Shakespeare, cut, spliced, rearranged, rearticulated: a product of the type of clever profligate liberties every director should take with classics. Her only mistake was to let conviction falter at the PR stage and not bill the play simply as "Hamlet". From beginning (in Hamlet's dream cadavers fire at him his own soliloquy to Yorick's skull) to end (Hamlet hands his sword to someone in the front row and gets stabbed in the back

proceeded with wit, sarcasm, laughter and surprises. The "feast" is Hamlet himself, a prey created by and for the self-seeking interests of his maggoty friends and family. These in turn are waste from the worms of Hollywood escapism, male-dominant social structures, soap opera, fuzzy sex roles, and T.V. evangelism. Their only purity is imparted by greed.

Visuals, by Climie and Bates, combined ooze with Pasolini for an atmosphere of celebratory decay: performances matched the set. Although the cast were almost entirely first-year students, Steven's meld of irony and melodrama ideally suited their abilities: Brian Martell's Hamlet had a spectrum of shadings and still developed with blind inevitability, Carey Meltz's Pricey ghost slipped between postures with easy schizophrenia, Dave Jorgensen's quizzical Claudius teetered on scene-theft. Flood's Gertrude was diffuse and creepy, McQuay's Polonius doddering and fish-mongery, Lamberson's Ophelia was kitsch and cat, Arndt Holtzendorff — pulled up by the socks from Zastrozzi - a



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