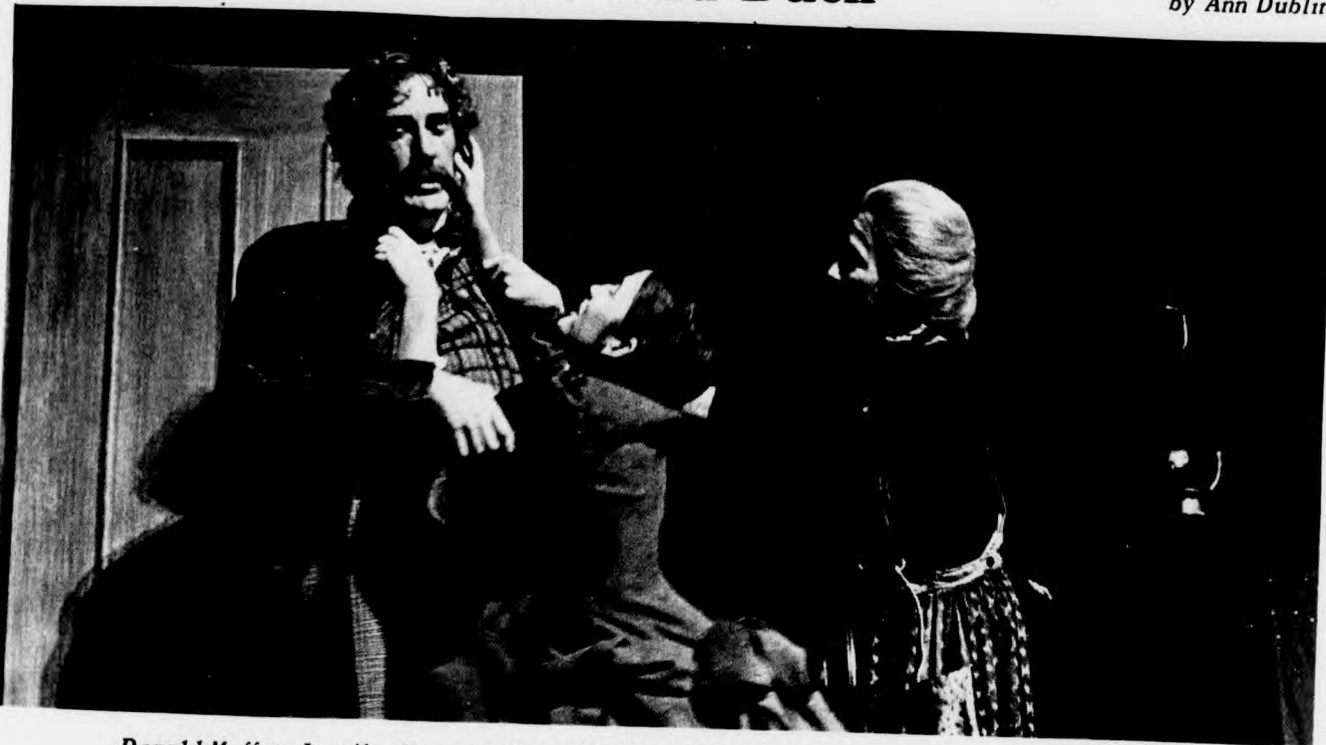


ENTERTAINMENT

THE KNACK AND HOW TO USE IT

The Wild Duck

by Ann Dublin



Donald Moffat, Jennifer Harmon, Betty Miller, in "The Wild Duck," Nov. 1-6: Royal Alex

At its best, any play by Henrik Ibsen is difficult to produce and perform. The APA Company's production of 'The Wild Duck' proved no exception.

After a slow start in the first act, the action picks up as Gregers (Clayton Corzatte) insinuates himself further into the home and life of the central figure, Hjalmer Ekdal (Donald Moffat). Hjalmer's illusions are destroyed when he finds out that his wife Gida (Betty Miller) was the mistress of Gregers' father, and that his beloved daughter Hedwig (Jennifer Harmon) may not really be his.

Hjalmer's 'basic lie' is destroyed, until all he can say is, 'My house is nothing but a mass

of ruins.' But the tragedy is really Gregers', for in his search for an ideal truth, he has ignored some of the basic needs of man. He will always be the 'thirteenth at table', the odd one left out.

An interesting theme, but does it have significance for us? There seems to be something almost archaic about Ibsen--he is sometimes far away from us in time, setting, and mood. This is what makes Ibsen so difficult to produce successfully. We look at the play sympathetically, but are not drawn into it completely.

This is not to ignore the merits of this production--the acting on the whole was good, and even outstanding in places. Sydney Walker gave a brilliant portrayal of a

ruined man, Hjalmer's father; Joseph Bird and Nicholas Martin, as a doctor and clergyman respectively, were excellent in their supporting roles. This is a long play, but after Act I, the action was rapid except for a few spots.

Scenery designed by James Tilton, and costumes by Nancy Potts were quite drab and uninteresting, especially in Act I. They did, however, give a feeling of authenticity, especially in Act I. They did, however, give a feeling of authenticity to the play, without attempting such devices as modern dress or abstract sets.

The production of the APA are getting progressively better--'School for Scandal' (Nov. 8-13) may even be good.

Hostile and aggressive, an eighteen year old boy refused the help of those trying to communicate with him. A student volunteer befriended him, and on gaining his confidence found that the reason for his blustering was his shame over not being able to read. With the volunteer's help, the boy's reading ability improved and he became more self-assured. This incident, which occurred recently in Toronto, changed both the boy's and the volunteer's attitude towards life.

The Eskimo children in the accompanying picture are T.B. Victims in a Toronto hospital. Away from their families and homes (in Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island) they need the love provided by the volunteers who come to play with them for a few hours each week.

But volunteer work is not limited to these two examples. Volunteers help people of all ages: reading to and playing with Nursery school-aged children neglected at home; teaching a variety of sports, arts, and crafts at Y's; working with delinquent teenagers; visiting the aged, the blind, and the mentally ill.

York's Social Planning Committee has been formed under the auspices of the department of External Affairs of the S.R.C. to interest students in the possibilities of volunteer work in their communities. According to Chairman Jackie Arsenault, the aim of the committee is to find work for those who are interested. This is done in cooperation with the Social Planning Centre of Metropolitan Toronto.

The Social Planning Centre keeps files of job descriptions of all available volunteer positions. An interested student will be referred to a director of the Social Planning Centre who will help him co-ordinate time, capabilities and a job to his satisfaction.

Students with a knack for working with people, students who plan a future in social work, students who want to make a positive contribution to the betterment of their community, all find volunteering both rewarding and good training. Volunteer work can often teach students more about themselves and about others than can ever be found in text books or learned from lectures.



Candy Floss Theatre

by Frank Liebeck

Marigold Charlesworth has left town and I don't blame her. Theatre in Toronto has been given a drink of hemlock and who cares. Not the people who stand in line to see "Fiddler On The Roof" or the architect students who spit at Moore's "Archer" because they can't conceive something new, yet simultaneously disregard an institution three thousand years old. Last year's big movie was "The Sound of Music". This year's big movie is "The Sound of Music" and how can you argue with tastes like that. Unfortunately it's these appetites that dictate what shows will fold or flourish.

The Canadian Players have dissolved after a season that fal-

sely suggested a future of standing audiences. One of their finest presentations was "The Firebugs" which naturally had the least number of performances. It was pure brilliance and was only overshadowed by a production that entered the Central Library in June. It was "Infanticide in the House of Fred Ginger" and I'll never get over it. Its mild success didn't nearly get the enthusiastic ovation from Toronto's glorious multitude that it deserved. Even worse, "After the Fall" at the O'Keefe collapsed thoroughly through neglect some years back. It was highly praised, but nobody listened.

Now, the Crest is gone and is being turned into a movie house,

and the Poor Alex is showing a film on Africa this week. But things are not as gruesome as I've painted them. One type of theatre does well in Toronto, usually regardless of calibre, and that is the musicals and comedies. Even then, the comedy only thrives if superficial gaiety dominates it. This doesn't mean the particular comedy isn't a good play. It may very well be. Take "The Knack" which played at the Collonade. This is a very clever and lively piece of writing, but the production was terrible. It played for five weeks, which is pretty good for Toronto.

It should have closed after one night. 'The Odd Couple' received strained reviews, yet enough people flocked to the Royal Alex to have it held over for several weeks.

What causes this perverted situation? Mostly it's due to a large section of the audience which maintains that they come to the theatre to be entertained, not stirred. Thoughts tire them, they claim, because all day they've had it tough and at night they wish to see something flighty. The sad thing is, this group contains the intellectuals as well as the cretins. Isn't it wonderful the rest of us lead an anesthetic life filled with candy floss and root beer. Well, I've got problems too, but the beauty of significance never fails to thrill me.

So here we are. I can cry and bite my nails, but I won't. I'm going to see Phil Ochs this weekend and that's that. While I'm down there, think I'll have a look at the planned site of the St. Lawrence Centre for the Performing Arts and maybe laugh a little bit. Maybe.

Why Eric Hawkins?

by Don McKay

The Eric Hawkins was billed as a 'fusion of the arts', the result was rather a destructive diversion of the arts.

Except for 'John Brown--a Passion Play' each dance was a study in form, motion, and sound. The form and motion were beautiful. Each dancer moved with grace through the original choreography, which could have been very moving.

'John Brown' must be dealt with separately. It was truly beautiful even though the point and story were too obvious. The twelve-tone music by Charles Mills effectively added to the tragedy as did the three scenic sculptures by Isamu Noguchi.

The costumes for the other three studies (created by sculptor Ralph Dorazio) were bathing suits plastered with appliques of coloured felt. They lacked any signs of originality.

The music was played by the composer, Lucia Dlugoszewski, on comical instruments of her own design. The sound, produced on wooden boxes, bamboo sticks, bells and a fixed piano, was somewhat akin to the noise produced when a child gets into his mothers pots and pans.

Why, Eric Hawkins, did you let your art be spoiled by the drabness of uninspired costumes and the clammer of so-called music?

THIS WEEKEND AT BURTON...
Saturday Nov. 12, 8:30 p.m.
Blithe Spirit by Noel Coward
starring Ted Follows
students: \$1.50
Sunday Nov. 13, 8:30 p.m.
Film - Red Desert

ATTENTION ALL MUSICIANS!
The YORK CONCERT BAND needs YOU, THEREFORE: If you want to contribute your talents to OUR FIRST RATE BAND then COME OUT next Monday night, Nov. 14, to the Music Room at Glendon Hall at 7:30 p.m. Don't worry if you haven't got your own instrument--this can be taken care of. If we get enough interest from this campus, practices will be held in Founders'. For additional information see Chuck Andrews F302.