

Entertainment

"I mean—really."
-Tom Walmsley-

Mondo is mucho bueno



1984 comes to York in the form of Alan Z. Novak's *Mondo York*.

Elliott Lefko

In early November an opportunity was put forth before York's third-year filmmaking program. It seems that in this, York's 20th Anniversary year, some \$3000 was available from the President's office for a film documenting the first two decades of York.

"Everyone groaned when they heard the idea. No one wanted to make a documentary in the usual sense," says Alan Novak, 22, and an aspiring comedy filmmaker. "I took the project because I saw an opportunity to do a film about what York really was like."

Novak's film will be given its World Premiere tonight in Curtis "L", at 7:30 p.m., along with

Novak's classmates' work.

For the theme of *Mondo York*, Novak went to York's motto, *Tentanda Via*—"The way must be tried."

"The spirit of York is one of innovation," says Novak. "The key to my film is communicating the inventiveness that characterizes York's particular tradition."

As a native of Winnipeg, whose biggest dreams of glory stem from being a neighbour to Larry Zolf's sister, Novak naturally worked diligently on his film, estimating that since February, he's spent close to 60 hours a week. His efforts will be noted in the credits for he is the writer, director, editor, sound editor,

mixer, and even acted as an on camera interviewer.

Novak assembled a crew as well as a research assistant. And \$300 of their budget went to CBC for some precious comic footage of Murray Ross's installation as York's first president.

The film itself avoids all the usual talking heads reminiscing about the glory of York. It is exciting, fast-paced, and packed within a framework of mini-films including a *Cave Man* entry, a Lina Wertmuller-type foreign film spoof, plus a few shots at Mary from the censor board. And the biggest surprise, some well-acted and scripted moments from critic Elwy (SHHHH) Yost.

The President of York hasn't seen *Mondo York* yet. The curly-haired, cheerful Novak has his sprocket-holes crossed in anticipation of tonight's reception. "I like York," he confesses without any undo prodding. "I hope the film will rally people around the university."

Vital Celluloid

The York Film Department is presenting their annual screening of Senior film productions. The location for this great event is the comfortable Fine Arts Cinema, 2492 Yonge St. The date is Saturday, May 9, at 2 p.m. At this word a reception is expected to follow and parties are scheduled to go on through the nighttime.

Ya, but where's Roman with all of this excitement.

A flotilla of sarsaparilla

Ronald Ramage

The New Play Festival dragged a small parade of plays across the Atkinson stage this last weekend. By weekend's end, the opener, *Lulu's Back in Town*, by Karen Tully, and the closer, Denise Boucher's *Les Fees Ont Soif*, proved the two flagships of the flotilla.

The latter, translated as *The Fairies are Thirsty*, was superbly directed by Ron Singer and became a sable showcase for the glittering talents of Toni Loras, Janet Sears, and Mimi Zucker. Structured with a Brechtian sensibility, replete with zappy one-liners ("Women have always loved the most disgusting bastards"), the play exposes the anger and frustration of Quebecois women at being victimized into the roles of wife/mother, virgin/saint, and whore, by male manipulation and a patriarchal society's hypocrisy. Zucker won the applause in her vicious, sexy "Santa Song". Sear's singing was entrancing throughout, especially the poignant "For I Have Been Raped".

As good as *Les Fees* was, it ran out of steam before the last fade-out. The finale lacked the punch that it should've carried.

As *Les Fees* was angry and deep, *Lulu's Back in Town* was light and airy. Darlene Harrison took to the stage, double-parks you to your heart, and grins up at you, daring you to ticket her. Instead of a ticket, affable Don Martin invites her into his home.

The snappy pacing of this play suffered from continual lighting miscues. The use of slides is an interesting idea, but becomes a side-show, distracting from the play, without adding any plot or insight.

Children's theatre attracted many munchkins to Atkinson, Saturday morning with *Narnia*, Browyn Weaver's treatment of C.S. Lewis's *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe*.

Of the human children, only Stuart Hughes filled his role with the needed conviction. Many of the Narnian creatures were much more successful, especially Scott Thompson as the shaky-footed faun, and Kevin Magill as Mr. Beaver. Ric Sarabia filled the role of Aslan, the Lion, with majesty.

Because of the unevenness of the other shows it was a pretty lost weekend. Best of the downbeats



was *L'Oiseau*. Monique Verlann sits at the controls of this star vehicle and drives it into a ditch.

The author Robyn Butt, weaves a fine balance between an incredibly horrifying plot-line and the characterization of a woman's struggle to keep her sanity. Skillfully, Robyn Butt blurs the lines between memory and present, reality and imagination. Butt has created such a role, one that actresses would give their eye-teeth for, yet Verlann takes it nowhere.

Brad Wright, in *By Nature Divine*, lives out the dream of many playwrights—to star in a self-written role—and he does himself

proud. Jean Daigle also turns in a commendable work-horse performance. Debra Alwyn was either badly miscast or misdirected, for she doesn't come close to what she has shown us she is capable of in earlier roles this year.

While the costumes were a triumph of suggestion through subtlety, the white-face make-up was a mistake, pure and simply. An audience wants to see faces. To hide them behind masks, on an otherwise empty stage, robs the play of the audience's charitable empathy.

Hands, by Alan Richardson, is a fascinating story. But why is the second character (Alvaro D'Antonio) on stage if he has nothing to say? He sits like the proverbial loaded gun that the audience keeps waiting to explode and deliver the punch-line or ironic twist.

Steven Hill and Sylvia Schmid remain the best thing about *Tracks*.

If you sat through *Pair of Dice* by Larry Cox, you truly paid your dues. Despite all odds however, Shawn Zevit did deliver an incredible electric moment at the end of the show, and Cynthia Stanhope proved she's more than just another pretty face.

The nicest surprise of the weekend was Cliff Snell's voice in *By Nature Divine*.

The production staff of Atkinson Theatre deserve a bouquet for mounting so many shows so ably. Given the time of year and the size of the undertaking, it is to their credit that the seams showed as rarely as they did. However, the program typist, or proofreader should be shot for her careless misspellings and missed credits.

A nice parade, but not enough ticker tape.

Farewell, my films

As told to Vasek Taborsky

Retired detective Bill Farlow reclined in his chair. "The most bizarre case, you say? Well...oh, yes! I know. The weirdest case of my career must have been the fabulous filmnapping at York University..."

It happened in the early days of April, when the diligent film students were adding the subtle touches to their final projects. Splicing and rewinding, they dreamed their naive dreams about Hollywood-on-Humber and Burbank Studios moved to Scarborough. Suddenly, the concrete walls of the drab basement began to vibrate frighteningly under the hard strides of several boots marching. Four tall goons were approaching the secluded area where the young auteurs strove to convert the world through the sheer power of their cinematic art. The appearance of the stooges showed an utter disdain for any kind of esthetic beauty. Their leather jackets, chains, dark sunglasses, and the brutal downward twist of their mouths sent waves of terror through the basement. The

should they do? Finally, one of them came up with a brilliant idea. He called Bill Farlow. The rest is history.

The renowned detective contacted the gang's boss. The old man was insulted, it seemed, because his likeness was captured during one of the film student's innocent romps with a camera obscura in a posh shopping plaza in North York. The villain demanded nothing else but the spreading of burning napalm through the Film Department, public harikari of the cast and crew, and a subsequent apology.

Bill Farlow knew he had to narrow the scope of those horrible conditions. Hard bargaining brought the first success: The demand for an apology was dropped. In spite of this reasonable compromise, Farlow wanted more. He decided to solve the whole problem. "I'll get you the Eisenstein's numbers of the incriminating negative. The film students will not use the offending shots and will destroy the remaining negative. How about that?"

"Don't try to trick me with those funny Einstein's numbers of yours,



On set of *Desolation* with director D. Marcoux (l) and J. Steer actor.

hoodlums' violent tempers unnerved even the most cynical film students, those hardened youngsters who had survived the third-year course in Intermediate Semiology.

The gang stopped at an editing bench and the tallest of the group snatched a work print of "Quarterbeck's Room", and broke a heavy synchronizer with one swift karate chop into four asynchronous pieces. The cowering students watched on as their lifetime work disappeared with the bandits. On their way out of the Ross building, the gangsters trampled over an old professor of Advanced Apoplexy who originally mistook them for some of his former students.

The defiled filmmakers, meanwhile, were desperate. No film, no marks, no glory. What

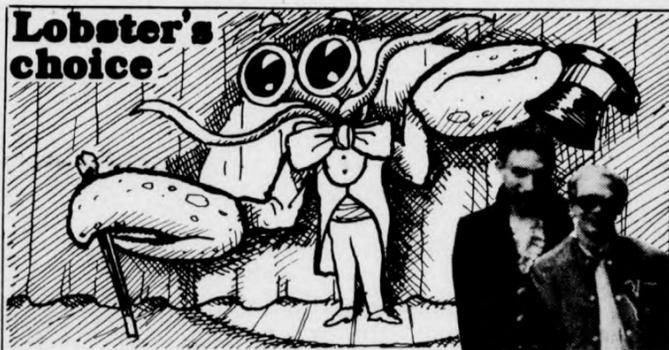
flatfoot!" growled the Goduncle.

The argument went on for hours. Finally, the Chieftain summoned his main advisor, the infamous attorney Kunsteler. The shyter approved of the plan.

And so, the negatives were destroyed, the film mutilated (nobody noticed, since it was an experimental film anyway), the gang satisfied, and the final screening of the third-year film students saved.

This is what happened, although the names, facts, titles, events and functions were somewhat changed to protect the innocents from a further revenge.

And you can see these exciting works of cinematic art at the final screening of the third-year film production in Curtis Lecture hall "L" on Thursday, April 16 (tonite) at 7:30 p.m.



**Lobster Man is
alive. Feed him.**