

Clumsy bungling theatre

by Cheryl Downton

Monday's performance by the New York Dance Theatre had been eagerly awaited by a dance starved Halifax audience. At long last, dancers—artists of unparalleled litheness and flexibility of movement—were to grace the Cohn stage. One could have gotten more fluidity and grace from a Saturday afternoon viewing of International Wrestling.

The New York Dance Theatre, a relatively new company based in Syracuse, danced with leaden limbs. The faults were not entirely of the dancers' making, but they made no real effort to throw off the weightiness which seemed to envelop everything in a shroud of

clumsy bungling.

The musical selections, ranging from Handel and Tchaikovsky to Gershwin, sounded distant and fuzzy—as if they had been recorded through oceans of keenex or cotton wool. The choreography was barely adequate and grossly inconsistent; the dancers seldom appeared to be interpreting the same music the audience was hearing. There seemed to be more emphasis placed on feats of strength and individual athletics than on the finer art of interpreting the music and transforming the written notes into fluid movement.

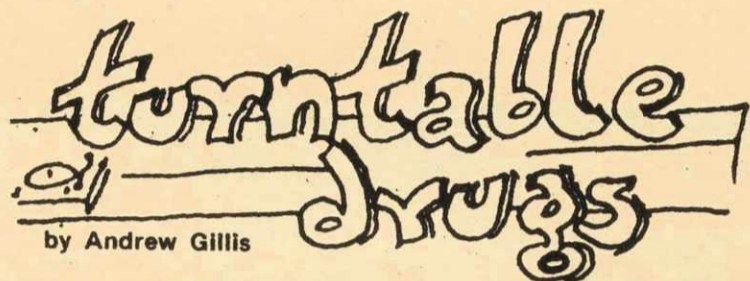
The costumes were colorful and for the most part appropriate. The main flaw was that they were ill

fitting which caused unnecessary embarrassment. At one point an appendage was exposed and none too hastily covered in an awkward and highly visible manner. Adornments and costume accents which should have enhanced the visual picture detracted from the total look, as one after another became 'undone' and flew across the stage. These rather minor difficulties served to give the company's performance a rather sloppy and unprofessional air.

The dancers were not in tune. They were out of step with the music, their partners, the rest of the company, and themselves. Individual routines finished ahead or behind the musical accompani-

ment; steps which demanded total unity and co-ordination looked like an out of step chorus line; basic hand movements were stiff and made one think there was a holdup in progress; the dancers not physically participating in certain parts of a specific number looked like they were standing around waiting for a bus. The almost total lack of cohesiveness and smoothness of movement was unforgivable for any group of artists who call themselves dancers.

One can only hope that if the New York Dance Theatre pays Halifax another visit they give a performance, not a first run through or rehearsal.



by Andrew Gillis

Anarchy Through Anonymity The Unknown Candidates/B&D

Anarchy Through Anonymity: a disgustingly new album by two announced candidates in the upcoming Dal student council elections. **The Unknown Candidates** have thrown their bags into the ring for the March 14 elections. Both have said they are hoping for a severe beating at the polls.

"No question—we are not the people."

Let's take a closer look at the Unknown Candidates' platform: "First off, jerk, it's not a platform. We haven't got no platform. We got a shelf," one of the candidates said at a raw fish luncheon sponsored by supporters Monday. "We got no platform—we're keeping our campaign private."



Guest speaker at the luncheon was the mother of one of the unknown candidates. She disputed the candidate's claim that they had never been inoculated. One of the unknowns gave her a Roxy Music album covered in animal saliva, and she left contented.

"The platforms some of the other candidates are using are pretty shoddy politics," the Unknowns remarked after the speech. "First off, most of the candidates are conducting their campaigns in perfectly intelligible English. I don't think we have to comment on that. That's pretty low tactics when you're running against us."

Both candidates have sworn that if they should be elected—and thus denied a beating at the polls—they

will conduct council proceedings in an invented language. "That way there will be no question about our intentions as leaders of this government."

A press conference after the luncheon was cut short when Unknown Candidate number one regurgitated some spare typewriter parts. Candidate two quipped, "solder my teeth to a pay telephone", and the meeting adjourned.



The Unknowns' new album: "Tyranny Through Anonymity." Both candidates confessed to newsmen though that their favourite album is "Funk Beyond The Call Of

Duty" by Johnny Guitar Watson.

"It's the only thing we've heard that's clearly worse than our album," one said. "But that's consistent with our desire for no publicity. Like, if what I'm saying here is going in some newspaper, or something, I'd like to say we're not stealing any more forks from the cafeteria. We've got enough, about 285 of them, and that's about the last of our campaign. We said when we began our campaign that we would only take 118 forks. We've well surpassed that goal now. We feel we haven't accomplished anything."

"That's the way we want it," the larger of the two Unknowns said. Asked to speculate on the election outcome, he said both he and his running mate will lie on Hollis Street until run over by a green imported car, as long as it is carrying a woman to the hospital to have a baby.

Greatest Hits Charity Brown/A & M

Charity Brown released a greatest hits album on A & M last year, and amazing how many of the 12 songs on it were actually AM hits. It seemed to me that a greatest hits album for such a new star was a bit of a rush job, rather like 20 All-Time Greats by Jack McDaniel, CNCP Telecommunications.

Charity Brown has a strong voice for her size and can belt out "Take Me In Your Arms", a song which

rocks quite unobtrusively, exactly the way everything that ever rocks on CJCH or CHNS does rock. Charity Brown, unlike a lot of Canadian artists, can't be turned down on the radio anytime at all.

Singles are production jobs. In Canada, producers have only recently learned the art of equalizing the frequency register on singles so that once the tunes are on the radio, they have punch. Charity Brown's production is pure Motown, so she can't miss too often. I have never heard another artist who can rip off Diana Ross so coolly. "Saving All My Love", "Hold On Baby" and the classic "Playboy" are super. See her at Zapata's and dance holes into the floor.




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