HILLEL PRESENTS

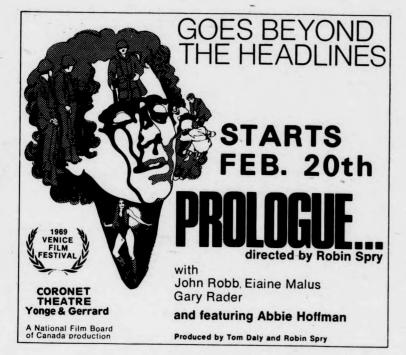
THE NEIL SIMON MUSICAL

"LITTLE ME"

HART HOUSE THEATRE

All Seats \$2.00 Box Office 928-8668 for Reservations

Wed. Feb. 18 Thurs. Feb. 19 8:30 Sat. Feb. 21 6:30 Sat. Feb. 21







Show a study in white racism

"Kumquat, it's fun." Yes, fun for white middle class students, but humiliation for the black people of the York community.

This half-baked, mediocre performance was indeed a slap in the face for us. The history of the black experience in North America was again re-acted for the pleasure of a white bourgeois audience.

The imagery of the show was symptomatic of a whole continuum of historical events; ranging from Southern lynchings to Canadian tokenism.

Having a black male in a beauty contest of white women symbolized the psychological castration—the actual "de-balling" which he has suffered and continues to suffer at your hands.

Moreover, it was quite tokenistic of you to allow him a part among your bevy of uglies. Thanks very much.

Then came your most racist scene — the Klu Klux Klan scene, in which you reiterated quite blatantly your utter disregard for human suffering.

Don't you motherfuckers know what the Klu Klux Klan is all about?

Putting a black male in a beauty contest was more than enough, but using him as a member of the Klu Klux Klan was a downright FUCKERY.

Remember, you bastards, that the Klan is alive and well today; but not Malcolm X, Medgar Evers,

Martin Luther King, and 22 Beautiful Black Brothers of the Black Panther Party.

Think about that for 40 seconds.

The Brother, easily the best dancer and actor of the entire cast, was used; was had; and was taken; for your viewing and listening pleasure.

We are well aware of the fact that you would uphold the show as a study in social satire. Well, that's your aesthetic bag.

In ours, it is white racism and white decadence. However, we promise you that such a performance would not take place again because:

We are unfair, and unfair, We are black magicians, black art s we make in black labs of the heart

The fair are fair, and death ly white.

The day will not save them (you) And we own the night.

Horace Campbell, co-ordinator, Randy (Owula Lumumba) McIntosh, Secretary

Black People's Movement

York Players' review delicious

By ANNA JOVANOVITCH

On Feb. 6, 7 and 8, York University Players' review, Kumquat, and success became synonymous. True to definition, the presentation consisted of both a sweet rend and an acid pulp, with variations of sheer slapstick and satirical extremes

Among the endless subjects doomed as victims of parody were Versafood, residence, diet-fiends, the race for space, the wizard of York (Murray G. Ross (who?)), beauty pageants, registration, finding yourself, highjacking planes, detective fictions, student radicals and parking.

Choreography played a major role in several skits, especially one accompanied by the song "We Can Work It Out", dealing with powerful forces violently opposing love, being overwhelmed after internal struggles. Approximately 10 musical-dance numbers were performed in a high school setting, among which "Tekila, Oh Donna, Chantilly, I are, and You ain't Nothing but a hound dog" ruled supreme.

A delightful contrast to light entertainment was "Fool on a Hill" sung by Barbara Marshall, Helen Baner and Laurie Rockman.

Credit is due to the band which provided animated accompaniment and interludes with pieces such as "Sunshine of your Love" and I can't get no satisfaction. Howard Spring playing guitar also filled the role of musical director quite admirably.

A minimum of props was incorporated in the production - meager items such as stools, chairs, a

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Co-ordinated by Solnicki, Gord &

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APOSTLES

blanket, and a magazine rack — thus focusing one's entire attention upon the actors' ability. A phantasmagoria of colors pervaded the costumes, adding to the aura of gaiety.

My major criticism is that voice projection at times was inadequate to penetrate the capacity-filled theatre, often because the players performed only to the immediate centre area.

The closing number "It's turkey-turkey time" left something to be desired, being a Christmas song concerning nothing which preceded.

However, the review as a whole was a display of many talents, impressing me so much Friday night that I returned for a second dose Saturday.

Special mention is due to Lorne Frohman who skillfully directed the production and to Dennis Simpson and Stephen Norris whose artistic donations highlighted the evening.

I also extend sincere congratulations to the writers Mark Sarner, Stephen Norris, Steve Witkin and Lorne Frohman, for their originality and creativity in choice of materials. Bev Blucher on lighting control deserves thanks for the expert way in which she alone handled a six-handed task.

Although I haven't mentioned the entire cast, they are all worthy of acclaim, having rehearsed strenuously for a month, and providing the audience with a most entertaining evening. All in all, sales superque.



