



rape-counseling services. (SS)
The Jack Oakes Theater, 2820 NE Sandy Blvd., 963-4504. 8 pm Friday-Saturday. Closes March 22. \$15.

wasn't disappointed. Yes, there were a few minor problems (occasional pacing hitches) and one major one at the very top of the show. Corbett utters Winnie's first line, "Another heavenly day" with

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passing judgment: a look at last week's art events

ART International Arts Group Exposition To bring a dozen of the world's most active arts groups into the Laurelhurst Theater for a night of show and tell is a feat that cements Portland as a major indie-art center. That being said, the works featured in this expo careened from insipid to inspired—and back to insipid. *Creating a Legacy*, a short by New York City's NINE group, tried to address the theme of personal identity but suffered from sloppy conception and technique. The novel visual conceit of Sam Gould's *Click Track* was negated completely by its live accompaniment, Ad-Hoc Collective's squalling clarinets and saxophones. Harrell Fletcher's droning explanation of his and Miranda July's conceptual project—reaching its nadir with an eternal and artless home video of a kid eating French fries—excelled only as a sleeping aid. Two redeemers were the NYC Surveillance Camera Players, whose pantomime staging of Orwell's 1984 illustrated Americans' ever-dwindling privacy, and Gabriel Mindel Saloman's paranoid cultural commentary, which proved that a man behind a lectern saying interesting things can engage an audience far more completely than most post-avant-garde *Sturm und Drang*. (Richard Speer)

Laurelhurst Theater, Thursday, March 13.

DANCE Lucy Guerin Australian choreographer Lucy Guerin shared her own inimitable body language (as well as fresh accents in video and use of physical space) in the temperamental *Melt* and profoundly goofy *The Ends of Things*. Guerin's starkly demarcated bodies chitter, grasp and fracture into new puzzles of human interaction with the speed of a super-computer. When danced by the intense quartet of Ros Warby, Stephanie Lake, Byron Pery and the very minimalist Trevor Patrick, her processes only gain in meaning—a stream of delicate ciphers that push unlikely emotional buttons in its viewers. *Ends* lent a darkly comic view of the realms of solitary and group confinement while the duet *Melt* used media panels to alternately obscure and reveal the extremes of temperature. A much-needed movement tonic. (KNC)

Newmark Theatre, Portland Center for the Performing Arts, Friday, March 14.

CLASSICAL Pavarotti I drove to Luciano Pavarotti's concert with more than a little trepidation—not to mention a good deal of the sort of morbid curiosity we all feel when passing violent freeway collisions. I don't know about the other 8,000 listeners crammed into the bleachers, but my first impression on seeing the large singer emerge tentatively from a black tent and advance slowly toward a sort of freestanding padded brace, into which he settled with notable unease, was not full of much hope. Nor did this improve when he launched into "Tra voi belle," from Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, with strained upper range and several far-a-field notes. It didn't help matters that the orchestra, led with supple grace by conductor Leone Magiera, was lopsidedly miked, with a non-soloing clarinet or throbbing bass pizzicato suddenly standing out in naked relief while the violins sank into sonic gloom. But by the time Pavarotti was joined by statuesque and stunning-voiced soprano Cynthia Lawrence in the Act I scene from *La Bohème*, something magical began to happen. It wasn't just in Pavarotti's voice, though this once-stentorian instrument seemed to strengthen in control and refinement as the evening's second half approached. It was a whole-body transformation, ignited by Lawrence's emotionally committed presence and her ringing yet silkily subtle voice. Once the program was over and he could splash around in the crowd-pleasing Spanish and Italian rep that makes up his usual encore list, the generosity, charm and—dare one say it—star quality was too good to resist. (Grant Menzies)

The Rose Garden Arena at the Rose Quarter, Friday, March 14.

NEW REVIEW

Between Two Worlds

WWW PICK Mark Levenson's adaptation of Ansky's famous *The Dybbuk* is fairly leaden. But then no one ever goes to *Tears of Joy* for its scripts. More is the pity, for if the company ever did find someone who could lead them to better writing ToJ might become unstoppable. Yet there are four...well, make that three and a half...reasons to seek out this production that is geared more toward a mature audience. First, there are the puppets themselves, which are the finest I've seen from ToJ. There are moments when these wooden people truly seem to be as infused with outside spirits as Ansky's characters. Second, the performers are all first-rate. Led by artistic director Nancy Aldrich, the other three puppeteers, Kris Bluett, Brian Keith and Lance Woolen, work marvelously together and overcome the other ToJ curse of utilizing too few performers. The "half" reason is supplied by the original score by Jack Falk and Leroy Critcher, who produce some very haunting melodies but who occasionally fall back into kiddie-show tune-smithing. It is all brought together, however, under Reg Bradley's crisp direction. Worth seeking out. (SS)
Tears of Joy Theatre at the Winningstad Theatre, Portland Center for the Performing Arts, 1111 SW Broadway, 248-0557. 8 pm Saturday, March 22. \$10-\$14.

ILVRS

STAGE WHISPERS

ons for the **Portland Civic Guild's 2003 Mary Brand** e now available. The ird will go to a local the-pany, with the winner ounced at the 2003 Awards in June. ons must be postmarked 30 for consideration. Call i for more information.

VG

Legs ames directs a mafia y Tom Dulack, with Baxter, Harold Phillips Friendly.

ss Act Dinner Theatre, 5115 NE .. 288-6828. 8 pm Thursdays-1 and 7 pm Sundays. Opens \$33.95-\$28.95 (with dinner).

Room st company in town, the 1 Box Theatre Company, its life here with this Ira athtrap) mystery. The grad founders—Kerry rnius Pierce—star with joy's Nancy Aldrich and ry's young theater scribe, nders. ord Box Theatre Company at Company, 2512 SE Gladstone 67. 10 pm Fridays-Saturdays. h 21. \$10.

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