

# Yuk-Yuks troupe touches mirth bases

*Yuk-Yuk's Komedy Kabaret  
Princess Theatre*

By LASHA MORNINGSTAR

Being strafed by five standup comics is a staggering experience. Just ask anyone at the Yuk-Yuk's Komedy Kabaret at the Princess Theatre last night.

These giggle purveyers' assault on the audience's sensibilities makes Gen. George S. Patton's strategy skills tumble to kindergarten sandbox level.

Lights dim and the national anthem squeaks over the sound system. A voice growls, "Stand for the national anthem you shmucks!" The first few rows obey and the rest giggle while the standing shmucks fidget through the tinny tribute.

Enter Tony Molesworth. Seems an inoffensive sort. It's Molesworth's lot to introduce each comic, plus meld the show with his soddering of patter, juggling and ventriloquism.

A few balls fly through the air, a few jokes, a few smiles and it's only when he starts flipping three razor-

dull machetes with wild abandon that you begin to wonder ... and with a flip of the knife, he introduces Larry Horowitz.

Horowitz's humor takes the form of an affable Carson monologue. Except with Horowitz, the compassion and caring is there.

Looking at the game shows, Horowitz wonders how we can compete when the "capitalist U.S." offers prizes such as a trip for two, non-stop by Transvestite Airlines and the best Canucks can offer are matching pillow cases to the couple from Saskatoon.

And a few questions he raises consider what the car manufacturers will name their different models once the present exotic animals become extinct (The Ford Pig — a fat, pink station wagon that oink-honks) or why anyone would buy a Timex when all the commercials see the watch in places like the bottom of the lake, making you wonder about the quality of the watch band.

Molesworth again. Delighting over the word "goofy," this alleged master of ceremonies enacts a baby-sitting scenario using no props, save an assortment of sound effects. Devastatingly funny, despite the

black, punk humor.

Next act up is Lawrence Morgenstern. He appeals to the Poor Soul side of all our beings. He too, turns to television for his satire, taking swipes at the real oldies — The Twilight Zone, Gilligan's Island. And it's with Leave It To Beaver, that Morgenstern makes points as an impressionist and humorist.

Molesworth returns, this time juggling in slow motion. How? Balloons of course. And he slips away.

Lou Dinos moves with street-savvy ease to centre stage.

Lou's the guy who sat in the back of your class. Too big for the desk, Lou never had his homework done. Didn't care. And when the teacher threw one of her screaming fits, Lou cracked a funny that even made the prissy little brat in the front row break up.

Dinos works from his Greek heritage, enacting with an economy of gesture that garners a maximum effect. So we see-hear Lou's mother, brand new to the country, and her outrage when a transit conductor challenges her transfer.

"What! You crazy or something? I use this transfer for six months and now you tell me it's no good."

Dinos' street-view is as penetrating

as vodka on loneliness. He questions the word 'phonetic.'

"It means to spell things as they sound. But look at the way it spelled."

And a lazy grin creeps over his face as the realization ripples through the accepting crowd.

Dinos' eye contact with the audience is masterful. Just like his connection with his reality to theirs.

Molesworth and Jake take over now. Jake is a talking tennis ball that bounces retorts faster than Jimmy Connors could ever whack him.

Final comic for the night. Mike MacDonald. Now here's a humorist. Not that everything is funny. Many times, MacDonald's perception is a sardonic one, hitting your gut with football spikes, grinding the truth into, and out of you.

High energy. Technique honed by maturity. MacDonald takes you back down memory lane to when your Dad pushed you off on your first two-wheeler ... and you fell ... and scabbed. Or when your acid trip sent a mail box chasing you home. Or when your parents caught you alone in your bedroom, acting out your fantasy.

Powerful to the point of purging. A myriad of mirth-bases touched.