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AT THE MOVIES

GAIETY

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Technicolor Elvis takes mod

Europe by storm

Mon. to Wed. Feb. 26-28

Tony Curtiss

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DON'T MAKE WAVES Technicolor

APITO

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Thurs. to Sat. Feb. 22-24

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EQUIPMENT

PHYSICAL

"DOUBLE TROUBLE"

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66 Carleton St. We Clothe the Best Dressed Men You Meet

aristotle was right - maybe

by David Hallom

The play was good. Attis' Eddy couldn't be challenged by any amateur Canadian actor. He did miss his lights twice but so did Burton in New York. Attis has said, "Reviews are crap" - so officially the review ends here.



There's more. The play did disturb. In their own way, jocks and co-eds were touched/reached/contacted. A couple even cried. Co-eds not jocks. Apparently Aristotle was right. Quintessential tragedy is cathoris. In effect an emotional/ spiritual laxative and anti-flatulent. The old Greek understood. Get rid of the peon's drive with ineffectual dissipation. Blow the nose not the values of our great forefathers. Be responsible. Kleenex was invented by Adlof Hitler. It's great. No scenes, no discord. Hail unanimity. Hail democracy. The smell of RIGHT GUARD pervades throughout. With a trace of patrician 4711. MILD. RESPONSIBLE. EVISCER+ ATED. Arthur Miller as advocate of the Eunuch's Society of



Instead of play 'qua' play how about play 'qua' audience. Audience as character/player. Audience as player/actor/ danger. Audience might transcend act/c.f. play/and dangerously become playwright.

But they didn't. They saw Eddy 'realize' his very own/ mommy what's this/he's talking to me!/Wow!, dilemma. Yeah his very own apple pie and ice cream dilemma. They saw, but only SAW. Eyes right. Left being a crummy direction (parenthetically). It's like East in that sense. A big boogey, an ogre, a troll under everybody's backyard garden fishpond bridge. WATCH OUT FOR OUR MORALS.

Our dilemma is Buckley's (and Sava Bosnitch goes here too). Sophistry will be disallowed. Open your eyes left!

Sure we marched/responsible, clean, Guarded/We chanted/ in tune, level not volume/We departed/swagger stick no longer illusory/. The S.R.C./c.f. UNB Toy Department/ ordered us out. The marshalls arrived and all of a fat sudden WE



WERE THE BAD GUYS. We walked past the back of the Playhouse. The co-eds discarded Kleenex with frozen tears. We'd experienced catharsis. What a play.



Funny thing nobody crapped on the co-eds. Girls sometimes cry. But the dirty ones who stayed. Irresponsible. Outrageous. Nasty. Nasty. On the White House Lawn.

Fortunately we had the play. Decorum might not have prevailed. Some clean, well educated/c.f. ask me now no questions and I'll tell you now no lies/pre-Lapsian manwoman might have become 'caught up in the emotion and stayed behind'. What would the Gleaner say.

It's O.K. though. We all left. If the word fits: WE SPLIT Audience remained actor. The SRC remained playwright Nobody spoke words that weren't in the script. All's well. What catharsis!

Only the dirty remained. Sounds like a play title. ONLY THE DIRTY REMAINED.

One hundred yards away in the meanwhile Playhouse the

janitor wiped up the ketchup-blood. Even the janitor was clean. Catharsis!

"Something's happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones". - Bob Dylan.

Only Council knows for sure. It's their script. Aristotle was right - Maybe.



"Is Doctor X in the house?" said the stage director.