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restaurant but hardly in *Old Times*. The whole affair was disturbingly reminiscent of American college thinking and should not under any circumstances be further encouraged.

Still, when all is said and done *Old Times* was an interesting evening at the theatre. If it failed to satisfy wholly part of the blame is Pinter's. *Old Times* is a miniature from a giant and is more notable for its promise than its actuality.

Pinter has fared rather better at the Citadel. Richard Ouzoubian has directed a clean fast *Caretaker* that is probably the best thing that has been on the Citadel stage for a long time.

Pinter's play may possibly be the touchstone to his entire canon. In the *Caretaker* there are the now famous pauses and the requisite three men in a room. What they do to each other reveals the workings of modern day everyman. No one likes to be on the bottom of any heap of people no matter how few they may be. The tramp Davies is no exception. When Davies is taken in by Aston he sees a way of getting away from the people who keep putting him down in the outside world.

The problem becomes complicated when it appears that Aston does actually own the place he is living in. The place is owned by his brother Mick who is a threat to Davies continued residence in the garrot. Mick owns the property and allows Aston to stay there out of brotherly love. Aston has invited Davies to stay out of the milk of human kindness. Aston, it is eventually revealed has been subjected to electric shock therapy that has reduced him to a shadow of his former self. Aston no longer functions normally and is constantly threatened by society. In Davies he sees a kindred spirit, another person rejected and done in by a vicious society.

Davies is content to stay with Aston as long as he doesn't have to do the slightest thing to accommodate his host and soon begins to take advantage of Aston's simplicity and good nature. Davies' continued residence is threatened when Mick appears on the scene and informs Davies that he is the landlord. The two of them eventually come to an arrangement of sorts where Davies is welcome to stay if he takes on the chores of caretaker of the building. Realizing that Aston is not in full possession of his faculties, Davies soon tries to drive a wedge between Mick and his brother Aston. In doing so Davies is trying to keep himself in the middle of a hierarchy by relegating Aston to the bottom of the heap but Mick turns on him and calls him a fraud. Davies' luck runs out when even Aston rejects him having seen Davies for the obnoxious snob he is under his exterior of stink and sweaty clothes.

The cation is clear and well paced if at times damaged by a lack of attention to some of the pauses Pinter intended. The pauses are played by the cast but they are passed over in a sometimes facile manner at times. Because of this haste the occasional richness is lost but the play is more than substantial and satisfying in performance. The plot is clear and the action is relentless.

Chief delight of the evening is Walker's creation of Davies which is totally believable and polished in its depth. His

"Zone" opens Theatre Francais

The weekend past witnessed the first play of the '73-'74 season for Theatre Francais d'Edmonton. The production was, happily, a good Canadian play by Marcel Dube, *Zone*.

The play is written around the joys and miseries of impoverished youth who live within the confines of the inner city of a metropolis. Five young men and one young woman, who deal in (contraband) American cigarettes, form a camaraderie which verges on the

visionary. Such a dream is doomed from inception. Dube could easily have made the play little more than social commentary, given that setting. However, he has gone beyond the mere sociological interest and concerned himself with the larger question of tragedy. *Zone* is not epic tragedy, but it is quietly tragic. It is this fact which makes the play more than just a rehash in drama of *West Side Story*.

The members of the gang

Forst, Turgeon return home for Faust

Two major Canadian artists will appear in the Edmonton Opera production of *Faust* (November 1, 3 and 5), along with Edwardo Abares, Paul Plishka, and Doris Yarick.

Judith Forst, a mezzo soprano from the Metropolitan Opera in New York, returns to Edmonton as Siebel - one of her major roles at the Met. Miss Forst most recently sang in Edmonton in the *Tales of Hoffman* - and she continues to do a great deal of work in Canada. A graduate with a

creation is well thought out and capitalizes on every opportunity. The manner in which he responds to the sight of money is touching in its quite programmed reflex action. There is the obligatory bow and scrape and the quite obviously insincere gratitude that is expressed in his response.

I have some quibble with the characterization of Mick but am more than willing to accept the given interpretation because it is a splendid background for Miller's Aston. Diffidence is a hard trait to play and Miller does so in an uncompromising way that is quietly devastating and cumulative in its effect. Miller has a fine, fine moment when he explains how it was that he came to be so dull. His soliloquy on his electric shock therapy is chilling in its comment on how a mind can be destroyed and moving in its delivery. Unfortunately Edmonton audiences are rather boorish in their theatre behavior and dim in their perceptions of an artists work. The audience squirmed as if it were afflicted with the eminent workings of a laxative on their digestive tract. I would like to think that Miller just made them feel down right upset and they were squirming out of nervous tension but it doesn't seem likely. I hope he wasn't too insulted. Such fine work doesn't deserve such callous rejection at the hands of an audience.

Tim Waters designed an absolutely splendid set for *The Caretaker*, certainly one of the best that has graced the Citadel stage for some time. The costumes lacked originality but they were quite passable.

Ouzoubian has put together a very clever package that is well worth taking a look at. He hasn't lived up to all of Pinter's demands and he hasn't found everything that lies hidden between the lines in a Pinter script but his production is certainly far from obscure and both he and Harold Pinter are served by a very fine cast.

Bachelor of Music Degree from the University of British Columbia - Miss Forst gained recognition by winning the CBC's Cross-Canada Musical Competition.

Miss Forst has received critical acclaim from many sources. "She has tremendous talent...that rare operatic breed, a colouratura mezzo" stated the Toronto Globe and Mail. From the New York Times, "As Siebel, she looked boyish in her costume, was lithe in movement and sang very well".

Bernard Turgeon, from Edmonton, will be the Valentin. Turgeon is an artist in whom Edmontonians have justifiable pride - as his career has established him as an artist of international stature. To cite two examples of his recent career accomplishments - Mr. Turgeon has met with phenomenal success in several Russian cities - including the Bolshoi in Moscow. In Canada, Mr. Turgeon created the title role of Louis Riel on stage and television - in the most successful Canadian opera ever produced.

At the present time, Mr. Turgeon is an Assistant Professor in the Department of Music at the University of Alberta, and he is also continuing to perform in Canada and internationally.

Student tickets are available at half price one hour before concert time. Best seats are for Monday night.

are presented to us in the first act, Moineau, played well and convincingly by Robert Tremblay, is the sensitive and humble musician. It is unfortunate that his character remains little more than a type in the play, for much could be done in terms of the artist and tragedy. The rival to the leader, and traitor to the gang, *Passé-Partout* was cockily played by Rene Aubin.

Simon Doucette is quite good as Ciboulette. It was she as much as Tarzan who carried the dream of the group. The difficult scheme in which Ciboulette faints from a 'crisis of honour' is very well done. It could easily have become farcical but Mlle. Doucette does not allow it to be so.

Taryan, the leader of the gang was well played by Andre Roy. It was astonishing to realize that this man also carried the lead in the Molure production, *La Malade Imaginaire*. This is a tribute to M. Roy's acting ability. Never once is he out of step or out of character. The final scene in which Taryan flings himself off the roof of the shack and into Ciboulette's arms is too melodramatic and fantastic. Laughter is the immediate response of the audience, but Mlle. Doucette and M. Roy have such a firm command of the stage that the audience is quickly controlled.

The second act is difficult to play. The scene is the police

captain's office where each member of the gang is interrogated and brow-beaten. The act is a series of mini-climaxes which must be tightly controlled so that the final climax, the breakdown of Taryan remains the central, dramatic climax. Morneau is the humble, and perhaps weak, first victim. His honour is not tarnished, though, as it is with *Passé-Partout* who shows himself to be a grovelling coward as well as a traitor. The gang's destruction is completed when Taryan is morally dispirited by the police. On the whole the act is presented well, though there are instances of hesitation and fumbled lines which mar the mood of the scenes.

The third act computes the tragedy of the play. There is a double sense of tragedy because both the gang, as people living life generally, and Taryan are destroyed. The gang represents that modern view of tragedy as the inevitable struggle of daily life.

The use of the two types of tragedy is a good recommendation of the play. The production is not brilliant, but it is good. As well, it is a serious effort to support Canadian talent. In this case, that support is deserved.

Zone will again be presented this weekend, November 2, 3, and 4, at College St. Jean.

Maureen Forbes

Canadian writers series continues

Michel Ondaatje, who won the 1970 Governor-General's Award for the *Collected Works of Billy the Kid*, will be at Grant MacEwan Community College Friday, November 2.

Mr. Ondaatje will deliver the fourth in a series of public readings by outstanding Canadian writers being sponsored by the College in cooperation with the Canada Council.

Born in Sri Lanka (then Ceylon) in 1943, Mr. Ondaatje was raised and educated in Canada. He has attended Bishop's University, Queen's

University and the University of Toronto.

Mr. Michael Sowdon, of Coach House Press, the Toronto publishers who have handled Mr. Ondaatje's works since 1967, calls him "the most vital and forceful of young Canadian writers".

Mr. Ondaatje has also written *The Dainty Monsters*, *The Man with Seven Toes* and *Rat Jelly*.

The reading will be presented at 8 p.m. in Room 117 of Grant MacEwan Community College's Cromdale Campus, 8020 - 118 Avenue. There is no admission charge.



POETRY READING

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5 4 p.m. SUB ART GALLERY
Admission is free.

Joe Rosenblatt AND Leona Gom

Toronto-born Joe Rosenblatt has been a grave digger, a plumber's helper, a Civil Servant, and a "Railway Express misanthrope", but he has also written much poetry, having produced, among other publications,

The LSD Leacock,

Winter of the Luna Moth, and

Blind Photographer.

He is, in the words of reviewer Norman Snider, "A miniaturist in his sensibility, his poems are minute and exquisite observations of the tiny phenoma of nature. His head space is more or less unique: the best articulation yet of what one might call the health food store vision of nature."

THE BLACK FLOWER

It is a black flower
a flower without fragrance
detached like Death--
that small limbed girl
with silver hair
who in cosmetic consciousness resides--
arctic limboed in a glacial world.

I extend perception, perceive
aesthetic organism spinning
geodesic lines--filaments of love--
until, caught in a swoon of sensitive labour,
the spider lies exhausted on it back
and changes to that special flower
with eight tall stamen legs.
from *Winter of the Luna Moth*

Born on a farm in Northern Alberta, Leona Gom gained a B.Ed. and M.A. from the University of Alberta, and subsequently taught Canadian literature here for two years. She has published widely in Canadian literary journals, and has produced a book of poems.

THE SINGLETREE

the air like glass,
i remember,
and thinking the breaths of the horses
were fogging it up
as my own breath
whitened the window
where i watched my father
harnessing the team,
and one of them suddenly,
why i could not see,
kicked violently
at the lifted singletree,
and it cracked
and fell from my father's hands,
and he stood very still,
looking at it,
even when the horse was clam again,
he only stood there,
looking at it,
heavy in the snow,
and i may have wanted to cry,
and his breath bled white and vanishing
around the shards of air,
across the backs of the horses
from 39 Below

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