

# Studio dubbed by Quebec sentiment

O STUDIO! O STUDIO!

There were some good things about Studio Theatre's past, and preferably forgotten, production of Marcel Dube's *Time of the Lilacs*.

It was well rehearsed. Light, sound, and stage management were awake and on cue, unlike the other citadels of Broadway gymnastics in the city. Even the acting was something, particularly Ken Agrell-Smith as the sardonic artist Vincent (van Coughtry?). And Walter Kaasa, of course, managed once again to keep from being mis-cast. At this point the inventory of good must cease.

What kind of a Centennial joke was it to put on a piece of maudlin French-Canadian sentimentalism that at best looks ludicrous beside recent Quebec achievements? It was a joke in bad taste! Why make the joke worse by faking Anglified French accents? Surely not to be more authentic.

And what of the author, Marcel Dube, as playwright? If there is one person more ridiculous than an irate French-Canadian intellectual, it is a sentimental French-Canadian intellectual. How much sentimentality was (fortunately) lost in

translation should be determined by those who are willing to waste their time.

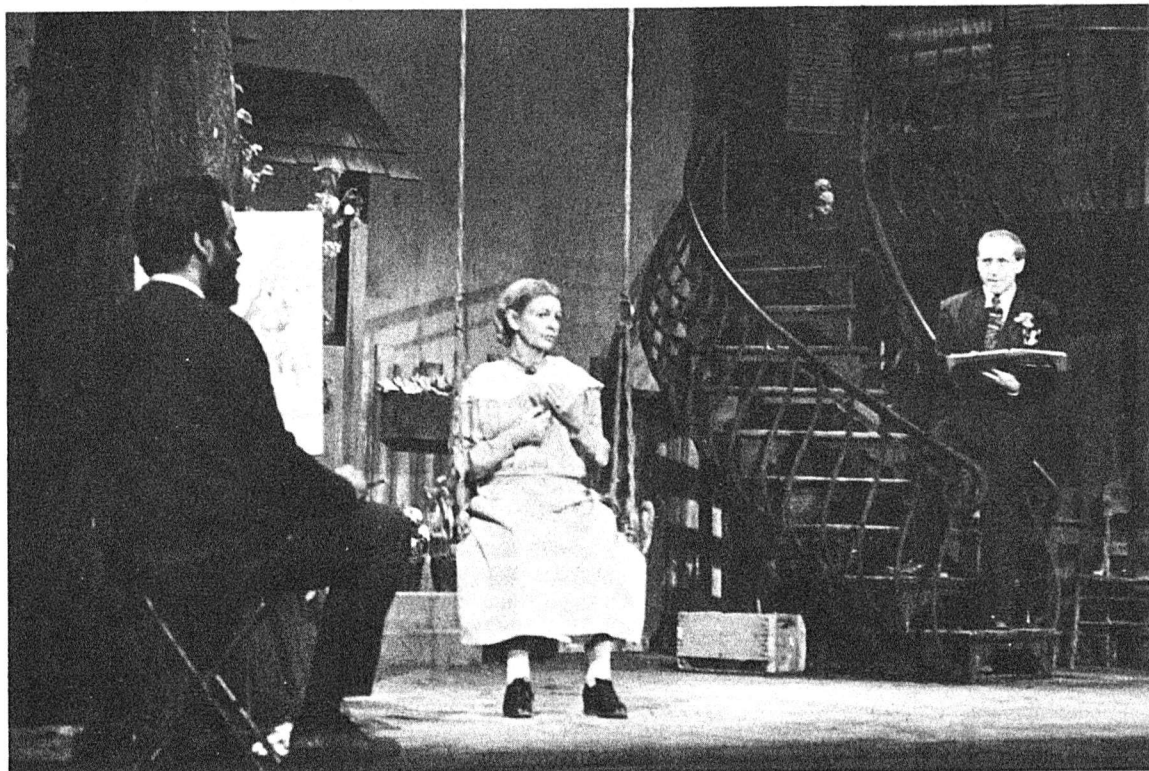
Enough! The less said about the production the better.

It is difficult to tell, especially since the introduction of the new Studio funny-money system, how much responsibility said theatre has to the students of this university, or the people of Edmonton as a (w)hole.

It seems, however, that since Studio is playing around with the English language and Edmonton sensibility (or lack of it), that Studio should at least refrain from helping said language and sensibility to continue in their course of degeneration. This can not be done unless said theatre is willing to take on works of greater challenge, and to produce them in its own style, not that of Broadway thirty years ago, or that of London one hundred and thirty years ago.

We await with bared fangs and twitching tail the coming of Nicolò Macchiavelli's *Mandragola*. This indeed is a work worthy of university attention, but perhaps not this university's. We shall see . . .

—Peter Montgomery



—Sutherland photo

**PLOUFFE FAMILY ROBINSON?**—No, actually it's a swinging scene from Studio Theatre's recent production of *Time of the Lilacs*, by Marcel Dube. See Peter Montgomery's review this page for a really nasty report.

## THE STOCKS BOX

My telly-memory still smoulders when I remember how that Filthy lousy God BBG, in a most unfair battle, cruelly slaughtered the Phoebus of Tellyland, the Noble Bright Lord THH7D.

OH!!!! Forever I will remember how THH7D donned his glittering crown for an hour every week. Oh how he controlled His Chariot of Fire—sometimes tenderly, sometimes roughly, but always passionately and effectively—as it shuttered over Tellyland. For it was the Great God THH7D who gave us passionate warmth and light, in an otherwise impotent, unproductive land.

And then, by Zeus, following that horrid battle that ended THH7D, our land became desolate; no truth-showing-light filtered down to the filthy-feeble multitudes.

Thus have we suffered until two weeks ago when the Dreaded God, BBG, announced that it had created a replacement for our Phoebus, our THH7D. This offspring of the great THH7D, this Phaethon to his Great Father, was to be called SUNDAY, and was to appear drawing his father's old Chariot. "Light and truth were again to be seen over the Waste-Telly-Land," we were told.

And on the Sun's Day we waited, and waited, and waited. Where was the brilliance? Where was the show of Fire?? Little did we know the driver, panic-stricken, had forgotten the reins and knew nothing of the road. Wildly mounting, the team had grazed the remotest heights of the sky and scorched the unknown regions of the air.

But then!! Was the old brightness returning?? OH, at last!! But no! for it was getting too hot. The chariot had come too close to Tellyland; the Earth burst into flame. The light that was ready to make the rocky soil of Tellyland productive was scorching it instead. Surely darkness eas preferable to this!! Tellyland would perish within its walls. What to do??

In the myth of the great God, Phoebus, Mother Earth (to avoid the return of the Chaos of the Beginning) called on Jove the Almighty Father to preserve the Universe, to save from the flames what remained. He smashed the Chariot with His thunderbolt, and the world was made whole.

By Jove, let us do the same!! To save our Tellyland, let us wing our desires to our immortal father, the great BBG, and beg him to shatter the uncontrolled Chariot that is SUNDAY.

—Bill Stocks

## New works

In celebration of Canadian Music Week, the newly organized Student Composers' Forum will present a recital next Monday noon in Con Hall, as part of the regular series of noon concerts sponsored by the Department of Music.

The works to be performed, all by U of A student composers, will include "Same" and a Trio by Ann Mazur, "Renunciation" and a Chorale Prelude by John Lewis, a Suite and a Sonatina by Reinhard Berg, "Essay" by Rhoda Lilje, "Meditation" by Vernon Murgatroyd (a B.Mus. graduate), a Trio by Georgianna Ritter, and a Song by James Whittle.

The composers are students of Violet Archer, Associate Professor of Music and Chairman of the Division of Theory and History in the Music Department, and faculty sponsor of the Student Composers' Forum. The officers of the Forum are John Lewis (president) and Rhoda Lilje (secretary). Admission is free.

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