"Some Slick" reaches great heights



from CKDU's Tom Ozere

I've just seen the Mummers' new production Some Slick, and I came away more than favourably impressed. I waxed and trumpeted, blustered and soliloquized while words like "brilliant" and "scintillating" rumbled like angry stormtroopers through my mind. no longer writhe in my bed at night in the throes of adolesMahler, Kant, and the state of the arts. The Mummers' performance finally made me see the sheer linear beauty inherent in Jean Jacque Rousseau's concept of the natural state, when we shall all roam as beasts in the field, defecating and copulating at will.

Some Slick is a musical; a

mas Oratoria. As the Reverend (or revered) Charles M. Young once said: "You don't need a Julliard degree to know that this is great music." The string section is marvellously balanced, the horns are clarion clear, and this all offers brilliant counterpoint with the music of the oil drums which each member of the group bangs with great technical dexterity. Basic Yin and Yang my dear readers.

Some Slick is also a comedy and as such it reaches its greatest heights. Those quaint Newfoundland accents are always a sure laugh getter, and here they're used to maximum effect. Nothing convulses me quite so much as Maureen McTeer jokes, and the visciously witty Joe "Who" stabs found me literally rolling in the aisles. Also the Mummers, like so many great humourists before them, obviously believe that the 'pun' is the finest form of wit, and the performance is peppered with fine examples. One such pun that sticks in the mind is one of the character's names: Mr. Frank D. Saster. The jubilation that greeted this sly

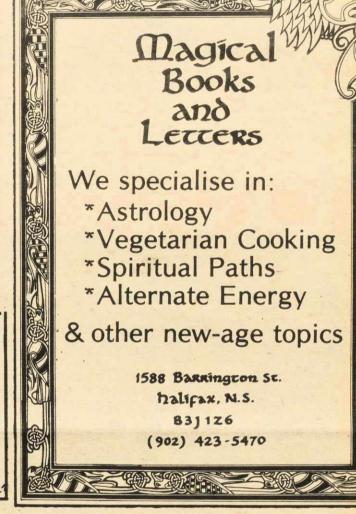
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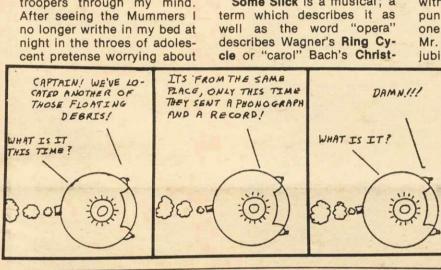
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PLASTIC COVERING

nod to the audience was matched only by the time when Sir Anthony Eden created an uproar in the British parliament (and reduced Sir Winston Churchill to simpering hysterics) with his Shit on Wall by 'Who flung Dung' witticism. There were many other such instances that had me falling out of my chair with

Some Slick is a terrific production albeit a bit derivitive, I caught more than one echo of Moliere's L'Huile mon Oeil. These instances, however, are only incidental and by no means detract from the visual sturm und drang, the quick almost juvenalian rapier thrusts of satire. I left the theatre a better person.







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