

Audience eats at Citadel trough

When the Citadel opened five years ago, it raised all sorts of hopes and expectations. It was regarded as a major step forward in Edmonton's cultural development. Students of drama hoped it would increase the theatrical scope of the city, previously limited to the productions of Studio Theatre and the Walterdale Playhouse. After one year of operation, the Canada Council felt the Citadel was promising enough to receive a grant, a grant which has been repeated every since then.

Now, at the opening of the fifth season with the production *There's a Girl in my Soup*, it becomes evident that economics have won out over esthetics. To put it bluntly, the Citadel is more interested in making money than art.

There's a Girl in my Soup, described in the program as a

'light little confection', which more or less says it, records the events which occur when a middle aged playboy tries to make a nineteen year old girl who is less than awed by him. The play is really a masterpiece of equivocation, because, despite the cataclysmic nature of this conflict, neither side really loses.

The strength of the play, if you can call it that, lies in the assumption that sex is funny. Unfortunately, comedy doesn't work like that. Anything can be funny, if it is handled properly, but nothing is funny in itself. If you talk about anal functions to a four year old, he will dissolve in giggles, but this does not mean that what you have said is funny. The result of this misconception is a long string of double entendres and sly jibes at the sex life of the middle aged. The audience

ate it up, and I think my analogy proves out.

For those who feel that I am being too autocratic in this review, I will admit that the play is a popular one, and will probably produce record breaking attendance at the Citadel. If popularity appeals to you, by all means, go and see it, but remember that 5,000 Citadel patrons can be wrong.

The sad thing about this production is that the fault is not entirely with the play, which does contain some wit, in spite of obvious obstacles. Sean Mulcahy and his actors have given us what amounts to a bad production of a poor play. The production is overstated, over-directed and over-acted. There is no sense of unity or co-operation between the players. Perhaps they didn't feel the play was worth the effort.

—Bill Pasnak

Post-war Japan seeks new identity

A Personal Matter, by Kenzaburo Oë is one of the most exciting novels I have read in a number of years. Set in contemporary Japan, it is a rough yet eloquent story which deals with the events that befall a young man and his reaction to them.

Bird, the hero, grew up in post-war Japan. And, like many other Japanese he has been deprived of his ethnical inheritance by post-war social changes.

The values that regulated life in the world he knew as a child were blown to bits at the end of the war. The hole that remained is a hole still, despite the imported filler, democracy. It is the emptiness of such a world, and the frightening absence of continuity, which drives Kenzaburo Oë's hero beyond the frontiers of respectability in a jungle of sex, violence, and political fanaticism. He tries in this way to find a solution to the gaping void within himself.

A Personal Matter is Kenzaburo Oë's first novel to be translated into English, although it is his fifth fictional work. His most recent novel is *Football in the First Year of Mannen*, currently the most talked about book in Japan, for which he won the 1967 Tanizaki Prize, one of the highest literary awards in the country. His popularity in Japan is phenomenal; the key to this popularity is his sensitivity to the very special predicament of the postwar generation; the problem of finding an identity in post-war Japanese society. The language matches his theme — wild, unresolved, and never less than vital.

Oë's importance to his fellow Japanese is that he has provided for them a hero. This novel is extraordinary in its understanding of young post-war Japanese and Japan. It just may move the occident and the orient closer to one another.

—Dennis Zomerschoe

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What's new?

FRIDAY: Student Cinema presents that great love story of Dick and Liz, *Cleopatra*, a thoroughly bad movie which film addicts should see for its technical ingenuity.

WEDNESDAY: Noon Hour Films in SUB will screen five short movies from the NFB, *Notes on a Triangle*, *Phoebe*, *In a Box*, *Stars and Stripes*, and *What on Earth*. Free.

The Edmonton Chamber Music Society begins its subscription series with the Philadelphia String Quartet. Full-time students may become members for \$4.

Thursday: The electric, electric Murray Louis Dance Company comes to Jubilee with a program of dance suggested by the nature of man and his responses to his environment. Tickets at the Bay Celebrity Box Office.

The Virgil Hammock show continues in SUB Art Gallery, complemented by a collection of graphic works by B.C. Artists.

leftovers

We have just heard through the grapevine that Bachelor of Music students were not entirely pleased with some of the music reviews that found their way into the arts pages last year.

But they didn't tell the editor. How come? Too busy?

If you busy busy music students have enough time to "discuss" the music reviews among yourselves, why don't you have time to write a letter to the object of your vehemence i.e., the fine arts editor c/o The Gateway.

Don't say you don't think it's worthwhile. Anything that warrants reading and then crabbing about is worth at least a phone call to the editor.

If you're still energized after venting your complaints why don't you write a review or two? Don't think The Gateway is exclusive. Anything that's relevant and worth printing (ay, there's the rub) will be printed.

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And while we're at it, what is relevant to the arts pages? With the help of some old and wise colleagues, it has been decided that the purpose of these pages should be to comment, intelligently we hope, on the art in our environment.

That means original works (which we have been receiving a lot of lately) have little place on these pages. To do justice to the creative scene, we would have to use all our space and more just printing it, and all critical opinion would fall by the wayside. For those of you who are looking for an audience, we offer two suggestions: *Inside* and *Pluck*. *Inside* is a Students' Union publication intended as a medium for undergraduate work, and they are always hungry for art work and literature of all kinds. *Pluck* is a literary magazine put out by the people who live in Assiniboia Hall, and they too are glad to receive work. If you want to bring your masterpieces to us, we will gladly comment on them, but we just can not print them.

* * *

Anyone who wasn't too stoned to see on Friday night may have noticed an interesting contrast of events. It was, of course, Homecoming. We have never been certain just what Homecoming is all about, but as near as we can make out, it is a time for past graduates to come back to their Alma Mater and marvel at all the progress being made in education, and (presumably) realize how much money they should be contributing to the Alumni Association. On Friday night, a little over two hundred alumni enjoyed a quiet drink in the theatre lobby, and then listened politely, if somewhat distantly, to the polished performances of Johnny Kerr and The Circle Widens, while twice as many students froze their asses off in the quad, listening to local bands.

We're not too sure what it all means, but we wonder if either group noticed the other.

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We regret that we do not have enough room to reprint the article in full, but the Ubysey recently reprinted an article from the Berkeley Barb, entitled "Do You Ball to Music?"

The gist of this little gem is that if you ball to music, your sense of rhythm is both dazzled and delighted. (For callow freshmen, balling is not something you are likely to learn in first year phys ed. Think of it as a crucial and intimate exercise in understanding and communication.) We were disappointed that the article did not pursue this idea in depth, but it did recommend some sure fire music.

Surprisingly, at the top of the list is Ravel's Bolero. And Eric Clapton doesn't rate at all. Our editorial staff have found the evaluations fairly reliable, and anyone who wants to see the rest of the article (and discuss it) can come up to the Gateway anytime.

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