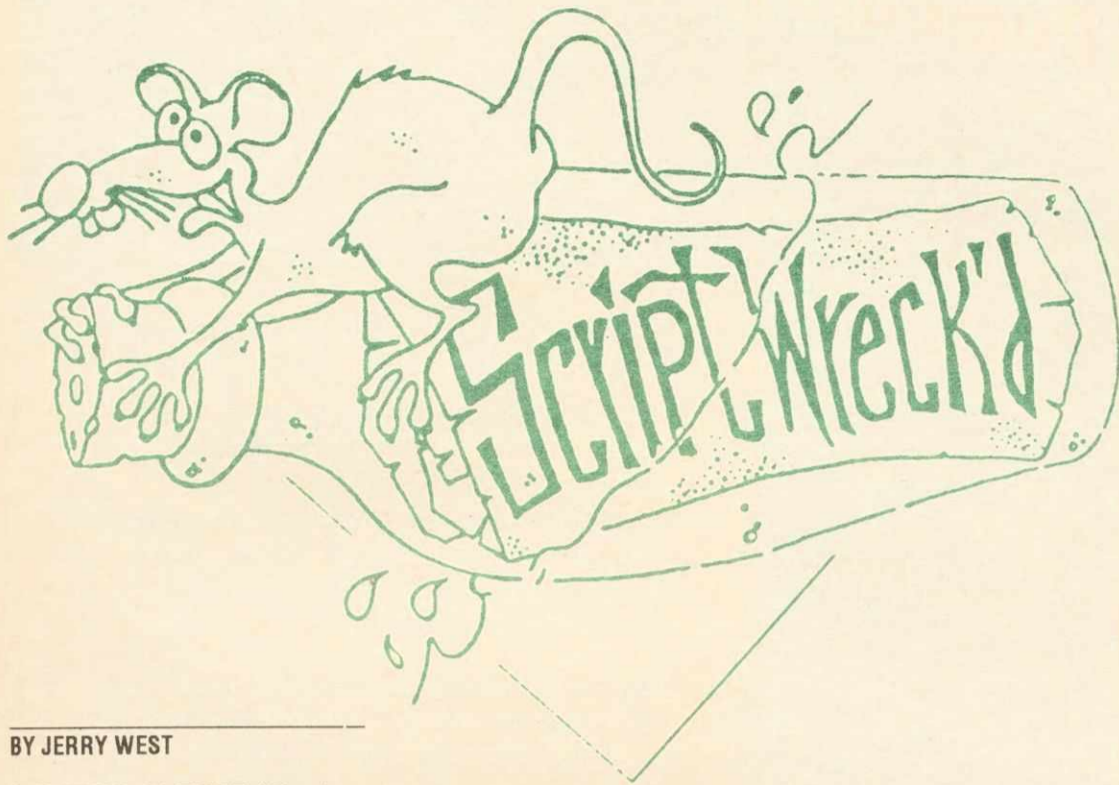


ARTS



BY JERRY WEST

EVERY SATURDAY afternoon at the Flamingo the absurd is made commonplace. Saturdays - from 4 to 6 pm - the comedy troupe Scriptwrecked take off on their improvisational flights of fancy.

THEATRE
Scriptwreck'd
Flamingo Café and Lounge

The troupe, a descendent of *Theatresports* approach their art with complete audience participation. The audience provide suggestions for settings and characters, and the actors do their best to make it interesting. Some audience members seem to delight in the obscure.

At one point, one of the performers left the room. The audience then decided on three things the other actors could try to persuade him to do, without giving him any instructions.

I must admit I was quite skeptical about their chances of making him paint a portrait, take a bath and go bungie jumping without some kind of explanation. They did. I'm still chuckling.

Later they asked a woman celebrating her birthday to describe her best one ever. From the details she provided the actors recreated a scene that brought tears to many an eye and almost made the celebrant hyperventillate. Shocked cries of "you were there!" rang through the house.

As can be expected in two hours of improvisation, there were times when the action flagged and the silly became downright ludicrous. In a scene where one actor was

supposed to be a spy he became, through a series of misconstrued lines, part of an invading force of chickens. Thankfully it didn't last long.

The Flamingo was fullish, and many people there seemed to be regulars at Scriptwrecked. As regular as one can be at a show that has been running for only three weeks. For the few neophytes in the crowd (apparently only me), the troupe had one word of advice, "Come back and have your mind filled with interesting things for us to do."

I just might do that.

In all, *Scriptwrecked* was the best two dollars I have spent in a long time.

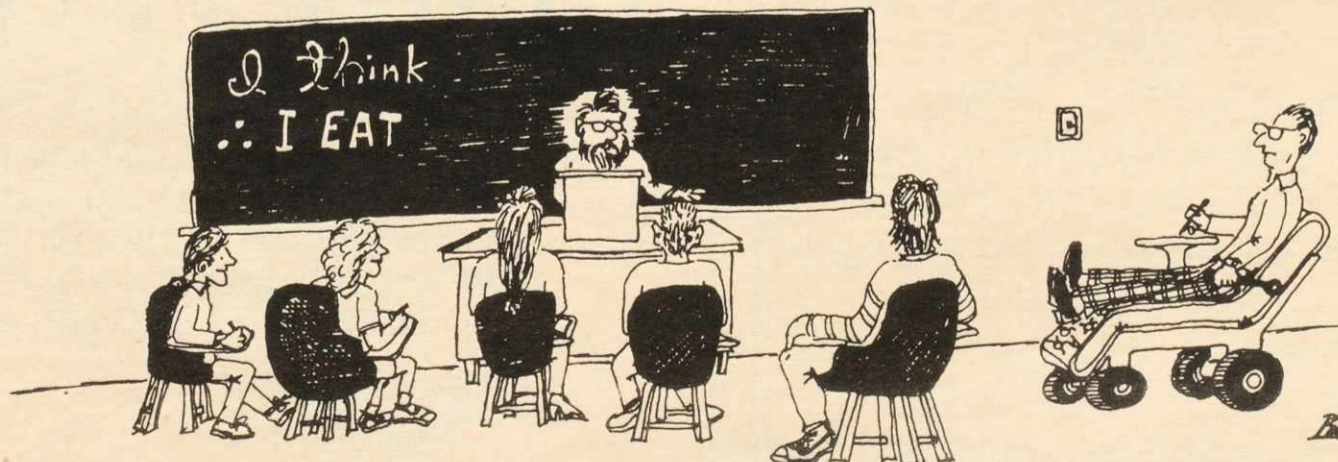
THE GAZETTE needs thoughtful, literate, warm-blooded people to write creative, enthusiastic, insightful, fascinating articles for the ARTS section. Have you read any good books lately? Let us know. Do you have creative urges that may be dangerous to express unless channelled into a less destructive outlet? We're here for you. Would you just die if your diary full of poem fragments ever fell into the wrong hands? Trust us. The ARTS section is user-friendly, relaxed, laid-back, hip and happening. So's the rest of *THE GAZETTE*, and there's free coffee, too! Music! Laughs! Extra-large pizzas on layout night (Tuesday)! Please come on up to the third floor of the SUB and wade through the mess (don't tell the fire marshall). Press some flesh, and maybe cheer up this guy (he's only sleeping, really).



BERNIE™

Oh John, John
You crazy con
Your job gone
But your caricatures
live on
Through thick and
thin, you kept on
'til you resigned.

Though the RCMP
cleared his arrest he
Couldn't escape the
press and Michael
Zareski
Not a lot of words
rhyme with Zareski...
Oh John, we need
you baby!



BERNIE FELT THAT BRINGING HIS CRAFT-MATIC BED TO CLASS WOULD ENHANCE THE QUALITY OF HIS EDUCATION