

The New Christie Minstrels - "beautiful"

Hello readers. This is Your Friendly Arts Editor here. As you may or may not know, the New Christie Minstrels played with the ESO at the Jubilee Auditorium last Wednesday night. The following article is a, well, a "review" of that show.

I originally sent Harry Foont to review it, but he was so freaked out by the end of it that he ran screaming to his closet and locked himself in. He hasn't been out since.

But, he took his girlfriend, Diaspora Lumcocks, to the show with him and she graciously consented to write a review, which is probably just as well because she appeared to enjoy the show a whole lot more than poor Harry.

Anyway, now that you know the score, read on! And may this article help you to achieve enlightenment!

Hi!

Gee, it sure is exciting to be actually writing something for my college paper. I mean, like, I know I once wrote a fashion column for my high school paper (*The More Science High Weekly Blub*) and all that; but this is different. I mean, like, this is college, you know? Like, this is much bigger! But you don't want to know my background, do you. And none of your filthy jokes, either. Anyway, I'm not sure if I like this paper, you know; like, there's all these strange people running around screaming about all kinds of stuff that is just plain crazy! Oops! Sorry, hee hee, I guess that's not very objective, is it?

Anyway, two weeks ago, my boyfriend (you know, Harry Foont) said he had some free tickets to a Rock N' Roll Show and would I like to go. I'd never been to a Rock N' Roll Show, but I'd heard from my friends (who don't like Harry much) that they were pretty wild things. You know, sex and drugs and stuff. But Harry told me it was in the Jubilee Auditorium with the Edmonton Symphony so I figured it would be okay.

Then they launched into *I'd Like to Buy the World a Coke* and my head just filled with tingles. I mean, like, I really get off on love and peace and helping all the people everywhere by loving them and

like that. But he seemed really happy and he smiled and laughed a lot so I cheered up quick) and drove first for a quick root-beer at the "Dub" (Harry just sort of stared at a guy in a pick up truck across the way who was eating two hamburgers, an order of Crispy Fried Grease Globules, some slime rings and some Limp Fried Potato Peels).

After the rot-beer we drove to the "Jube" and went inside.

Gosh! is that place nice. I mean, it's so big and plush and smooth and shiny and, you know, really neat.

Anyway, we went in and sat down and Tommy Banks came on the stage. He's so cute. I love the way he smiles when he cracks a real side-splitter. Anyway, he said that someone else wasn't going to be there 'cause he was in Paris getting a Golden Disk (which sounded very strange to me, but Harry was smiling and laughing again) so in his place they had the New Christie Minstrels!

Wow! I felt like standing on my hands and screaming "All the way for Jay Eff Kay!" I mean, I was really excited. I still have all their records and though I don't listen to them that much anymore, we still play them at parties. I just love all the good old songs about ringing bells and walking on the freedom trail and all the stuff that sends shivers up and down my back.

But first the orchestra played. They did some real nice stuff including a really deep thing about black and white. I nearly cried at the end of "black" but then "white" came in and everything was okay again, if you know what I mean.

But then the New Christie Strudels came on and Wow! they were beautiful! I mean they look so nice and clean and not at all like Harry's friends (Harry was really enjoying himself now and was laughing so hard I was getting embarrassed).

And they just smiled and sang and everything seemed like the good old days again with freedom marches and Hootenannies and hay rides.

Then they launched into *I'd Like to Buy the World a Coke* and my head just filled with tingles. I mean, like, I really get off on love and peace and helping all the people everywhere by loving them and

smiling at them. I even walk for Oxfam and when I was 8 years old I sent a letter to my M.P. asking why, when there's so much grain not being sold out of Canada, were there people starving in India and Asia and places like that. My dad said he hoped I wasn't becoming political like the Rolling Stones.

Anyway, they played this beautiful, beautiful song, and people were clapping and singing and I felt great. But Harry...well...he's kind of strange and he was just sitting there looking kind of scared and

muttering something about if he could get to the doors before they saw him.

But right after that they launched into a beautiful, beautiful song where everyone sang, "I believe in Music; I believe in Love. I believe in Music; I believe in Love," just like that. It was beautiful. Harry was laughing a lot again.

The second half was just like that, too. It ended with the New Crusty Mongrels singing *This Land Is My Land*, which I thought was really nice of them, 'cause they're from the States

and all; they even sang the Canadian version which touched everyone's heart. Everyone except Harry's: he was muttering again. "Yankee imperialism" and The Tenacity of Boorgwah Values in a Changing World.

But I had a really good time and I thought the show was beautiful. I told all my friends about it and they were thrilled. But they still don't like Harry.

by Diaspora Lumcocks

Driving through a Wilderness

Howdy. Your Friendly Arts Editor here again.

You know, this strike business we've been going through lately has affected us in many interesting ways. One of the ways is that copy we had ready to run on Monday, February 13, was simply never run.

Now, some of that was fairly good copy. The following story, a review of *Ah, Wilderness* by the Village Idiot, is one of those. The play is no longer running as it was when the review was written (a pity; it was a good play), but the story serves nonetheless as a good review - after - the - fact, uh, as it were.

Anyway, that's why we're running the story, just in case you were wondering or something.

FINDING THE KEYS

Well, for goodness sake! Here I am again, all set to play sage. Today's speal is a review of *Ah, Wilderness!*, another production from the folks from Studio Theatre.

NEUTRAL

What happens when you take a solid bunch of repertory actors, all proficient acting technicians, add one poignant comedy by Eugene O'Neill, sprinkle liberally with the direction of Mark Schoenberg, and bake at medium temperature in the design work of Larry Kaldec? American apple pie? Well, partly, but at least it's funny, and quite entertaining.

FIRST GEAR

From five minutes into the first scene, it became apparent that we of the audience were to have every pent-up titter, giggle,

and guffaw milked out of us that could possibly be extracted, which was fine, except that O'Neill meant for there to be more. This author was very concerned with the dichotomy between what is said and what is left unsaid (i.e., what is seen), so my only major beef with the Studio Theatre production of *Ah, Wilderness!* is Schoenberg's seeming disregard for this vital aspect of the play. So much for big gripes.

SECOND

The acting (opening night) was generally well done. The pathetic idealist Richard, woe begotten star of the play, was carried off, sometimes easily, by Randy Maertz, but I couldn't quite believe a character who never believes what he is doing. Tom Woods carried his Mark Twainish Sid into the hearts of the audience with a series of well-cooked stage duties, as did Dorothy Haug, as Mischeivious Mildred. I hope Dorothy doesn't get into the bog of being a type-cast Prancster, even as good as she is (stunts growth y'know).

I didn't understand either of the middle-aged Victorian Lady characters in the play. In the constant throes of unrequited love, we saw the aging Lily, played by Heather Dyck, whose performance is fairly strong, if somewhat one-directional. And Mother. Good old Mother, portrayed for all us frustrated youngsters and sympathetic oldsters by Jo-Ann McIntyre. Jo Ann must have had trouble juggling motherly wisdom, motherly strength, motherly morality, and motherly neurosis in one medium-sized part. Takes one to know one, I guess.

HIGH

I've tried, in the preceding paragraph, to sketch my reactions to the acting in the play, but I've saved something important for this paragraph: there is a certain bit of magic in the acting game that happens when an actor gets all his balls and emphythy behind what he is doing, and the result is that the audience *feels* a personal involvement with the dramatic situation.

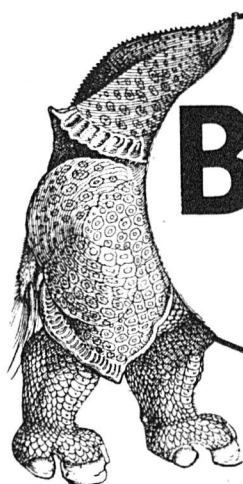
On opening night, this happened exactly once, in the last scene. Just after the wayward (but still uncorruptable) son Richard kisses his father and runs out to view the setting moon. The father, played by Mark Connors, turns to his wife and says "This time it really meant something." And you know, for the first time in the play, I felt like the speaker *really* meant it. It was a very beautiful moment. Thank you, Mark Connors.

GEARING DOWN

The play is about Love, Sex, Youth, Age, and Growth. The Studio Theatre production is a lot of fun, if a little incomplete. The sets are exactly pleasant, the acting generally good. The audience is a trip, especially at intermissions.

Oh, yes! If you go, bring your girlfriend, or boyfriend, as the case may be. You'll probably be kind of horny, in a warm way, after the last act. I was. Toodaloo.

by the Village Idiot



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