

review of

"The Misanthrope"

By JOHN TIMMINS

The spring production of the University of New Brunswick's Drama Society is an attractive production of Moliere's "The Misanthrope". Director Patrick Clarke has said the play is not one of the author's laugh-a-minute, semi-slapstick farces, but a piece in a more mellow, lighter vein of gaiety. The ironies are more gentle here, particularly the main one of a lead character (Alceste) professing violent dislike for all the hypocrisy of this Parisienne society, yet pledging undying love for a vain and self-centred socialite, Celimene. Patrick Clarke handles this humorous paradox splendidly, effectively creating Alceste as a positive norm for French vices, yet able to make us see the underlying foolishness in his infatuation with a character who epitomizes all his contempt.

Celimene, despite her vanity, is clever, and able to see the humour

inherent in this situation (as well as being able to recognize the falsity of Arsinoe's friendship). This side of her character is very well handled by Eileen Martin, and is sharply funny, as in the subtly barbed quarrel between her and Arsinoe. Celimene's vanity, however, is too facetiously portrayed, with over-reliance on a "head wag-gling" gesture that becomes monotonous. Sally Davis, as Arsinoe, makes a fine hypocrite, although the characterization needs more age and the resultant hauteur that will ruffle indignantly at her "friend's insults".

Leo La Fort's Philinte and Niki Smyth's Eliante are appropriately subdued for supporting characters, although both need a little more accentuation and enlivening. The society fools Acaste and Clitandre are properly vain and aloof as enacted by Denys Mailhoit and Rick Sharpe respectively (both of whom, by their appearances, give the only "French feel" in this production).

As the humbug sonneteer, David Ethridge gives perhaps the surest performance, and along with Lawrence Peters, (in a brief spot as an Officer of the Marshals of France) has the best delivery of lines technically-neither let so much as a vowel slur by. Alceste's servant, the clumsy, forgetful Du Bois, is handled with warmth and fun by John Lumsden; just the right edge of slapstick that makes Alceste's furious impatience, hilarious in itself, all the more humorous.

The direction (also by Mr. Clarke) keeps action (and the actors) well-paced and moving, never allowing stiffness or stage rigor mortis to set in. He has also provided a colorful, eye-catching stage design that is appropriate for the apparent updating of the play from the seventeenth century to mid-Victorian, with the valuable inclusion of a small flat behind the doors which aids immeasurably in the suggestion of an entire house beyond.

Penny or Venny: Who Cares?

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Which is Which? Which is Which?

It has come to my attention that my little brother is being blamed for this article series, which proves just two things: one, somebody is myopic; and two, someone hates ME!

I cannot understand this! I always believed that I was merely a primitive, backwood country hick, while the C.H.S.R. D.J. with the Weird Beard was a sophisticated neanderthal. How wrong I was! I, the brilliant author with a great career in T.V., movies and Playboy, am really the neanderthal, and Little Brother, the guy with the only future being Morning D.J. on W.O.L.D., is merely a hick, with a great future as a Casanova or Don Juan! I am very disappointed. To take my mind (what there is of it) off this devastation, I'll dig up a few old goodies.

Remember last fall's Ballot-stuffing? Well, we escaped it, this

time. That's BAD! It means that nobody got caught. Of all those votes cast, how many are valid? one...2...3...er... where's another?

Remember last year's streaking fad? I hear rumors that Lady Dunn is still full of it, but that's just rumor. Fact is, it's all going on in the SUB games room. They call it strip ping-pong.

Remember last week's Winter Carnival? C'mon dig around! You're bound to remember something!

There's a rumor going around that the Phantom Photog and the Mysterious Judy are one and the same! Whoopie! Also rumored are that the Alfrecoites are planning to raid the Reformed Druids and steal their elixer of health (Schooner, Moosehead). Rumor also has it that the Fag Group and the Anti-Fag group have united against a common front - Women's Lib!

The Amnesiac Society, in a recent letter, said: "er...uh... Forget it, I think."

The Procrastination Society has said, in a letter to be written sometime next century, that: "we're ready to usher in the 12th century."

My little brother, Weird Beard, is seeing a beautiful girl on the sly. Rumor has it that a little rat may change hands.

The High Priest of the Reformed Druids and a Sacrificial Virgin decided to live together for a year, to see if they had made a mistake. Only question is: "Who gets custody of the mistake?"

Rumor has it that I may be lynched by the entire student body if I continue to omit names in my dull barbs.

P.R.P. Ed. 2
Editor, U.N.B. Plaster Rock
Gossip Column

DOG'S BEST FRIEND



Only "May 12" improves on the studio version, but it's also nice to have a recording of "Stranger In Blue Suede Shoes." Island should issue the superb original version here to spark more interest in the album.

As an introductory album JUNE 1, 1974 has its flaws, but for confirmed fans like myself it's a welcome treat.

Wrack n Roll

by Alexary

ENO, "Taking Tiger Mountain [By Strategy]", Island 9309.

AYERS-CALE-NICO-ENO, "June 1, 1974", Island 9291.

Brian de la Salle Eno. Beefheart fans denounce his music as being too erratic. Syd Barrett addicts deem his records unprofessional. I am impressed and intrigued.

The man played synthesizer and tape machines with Roxy Music - the definitive seventies band. Taught art courses before that, and writes avant-garde poetry. Minimum I.Q. estimate is one hundred and sixty. Probably closer to two hundred plus.

First solo album - HERE COME THE WARM VETS. Fifties sound caught in a compromising position with trendy sexual warp and technological woof. I.E. the now famous lines of "he'll set the sheets on fire; barbecue your mittened penis; just another mother lover." Bizarre? Decadent? Rather.

Recorded duet album with King Crimson's Robert Fripp. NO PUSSYFOOTING. Atlantic refuses to release it here - no commercial potential, apparently. I'd buy a copy.

New album just out - TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN [BY STRATEGY]. Concept China. In a way, anyway there's more London than Peking, though.

Assisted by Roxy's amazing Phil Manzanera and Cindy Mackay and ex-Soft Machine drummer Robert Wyatt, Eno covers politics, sex, drugs, and general wierdness. Best freak-out record since Zappa decided he was a jazzman, best psychedelia since Barrett decided he was a gardener.

To put this in plain, rational, everyday language, TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN has been on my stereo constantly since I got it and I doubt if it will come off for any sustained period until COUNTRY LIFE arrives. Part of the fun is trying to decipher just what the hell he's saying (even when the vocals are entirely audible the meanings are somewhat obscure); part is just in listening to spaced-out noise-for-noise's-sake a la "Interstellar Overdrive," only better recorded.

Eno's the only artist continuing the acid-laced tradition of the early Pink Floyd. People like Mike Oldfield and E.L.P. are about as psychedelic as cornflakes, yet they're always considered in the cutting-edge of rock. Eno is the real vanguard, representing as he does imagination let loose with no holds barred. The music demands concentration and consideration of its theoretical and artistic basis. The lyrics are thrown off in a casual and jaded manner which befits their stream-of-consciousness origins - it's the depth and angular contortions of the stream which amaze. Only a closed mind can escape Eno's manic charm.

Eno also puts in an appearance on Island's recording of the June 1, 1974 concert at London's Rainbow Theatre. He performs a ragged "Driving Me Backwards" and an inspired "Baby's on Fire." Somehow on the latter the electric basses begin to sound like cellos, turning a minor performance into a masterpiece. Eno's obviously more at home in the studio, though.

John Cale does an ingenious adaptation of "Heartbreak Hotel," and Nico closes Side One with a suicidal still-life version of "The End."

Kevin Ayers has all Side Two to himself, and does a personable if somewhat muffled set. Ollie Halsall [from Patto] contributes his jazzy lead playing and Rabbit Bundrick textures the sound with his keyboards. After the rather apocalyptic first side Kevin sounds extremely commercial and relaxed.

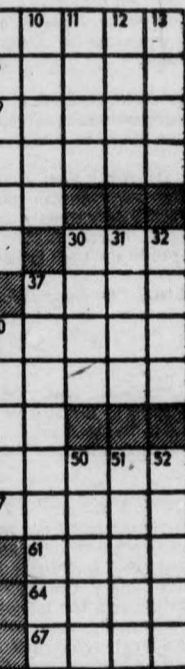
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LUCK ON YOUR GAME, SIRE!



arker and Johnny hart



Beaverbrook Art Gallery Music Program

Following is the revised Music Programme schedule for the Beaverbrook Art Gallery noonhour concerts for the spring season of 1975.

Schedule:

February 19, 1975; 12:30; Mozart Quartet (to be announced); Quartet in C min. Op. 18, No. 4 - L. Beethoven.

March 17, 1975; 12:30 p.m.; Mozart Quartet (to be announced); Quartet in A maj. Op. 18, No. 5 - L. Beethoven.

April 16, 1975; 12:30 p.m.; Mozart Quartet (to be announced); Quartet in B flat maj. Op. 18, No. 6-L. Beethoven.