

French fits faust

By The Gateway's Drama Critic

The Alberta Opera Society Friday presented Gounod's "Faust" to an audience of 900 in the Jubilee Auditorium. Based on Goethe's "Tragedy of Faust," the libretto was sung in French, as written by Jules Babier and Michel Carré.

Efforts of the production committee were evident in the appropriate costumes and set designs, and particularly in the skilful lighting effects by Harold Zavitz.

The audience's response to the performance varied from spontaneous enthusiasm to tired boredom.

Maurice Lorieau's attempts to carry the lead role under the stress of a cold were pathetic, and definitely weakened the opera in general. From the time of his entry in Act II until the closing of the final act, Faust showed confidence and strength only with the support Marguerite in the love scene of Act II. His extreme nervousness did not appear to be limited to the condition of his voice, but was evident in apparent unfamiliarity with his role. He scarcely took his eyes off the director throughout the opera.

DEVIL CREDITED

Mephistopheles, as played by Lucien Lorieu, convinced his audience that he could sing and laugh with the power and manner of the devil, but lacked the natural grace and flourish of action demanded by his part. However, credit for holding the opera together goes to Mephistopheles and the enlivening chorus, whether in song or dance.

It was Marguerite Byrne who won the hearts of the audience and highlighted the performance, with a

strong but well controlled voice, and the charm and conviction of her acting. She was outstanding in each act, particularly in the more difficult scenes of the fourth act, where the intensity of her distress and the feeling of the chorus upon the death of Valentine, reached the audience. She scored again in the chapel scene. This was also where Mephistopheles proved most impressive, appearing only as the looming shadow of a vision-like figure.

PLEASING SOPRANO

Soprano Elise Cartrand - Dery pleased her audience with a convincing performance of unforced drama and song as Marguerite's youthful lover.

The volume of the 23-piece orchestra was for the most part appropriately subdued throughout, but proved disappointing in Gounod's famous "Soldier's Chorus," where the only zest was provided by the male chorus.

At their best in the final moments, the orchestra responded to the conducting of music director Jean Létourneau, in a resounding grande finale.

Galileo ends saturday

By Richard Kupsch

A simple but effective stage, a brilliant play, and an extremely competent and polished cast combined to make Studio Theatre's production of Bertold Brecht's Galileo an outstanding success both as drama and entertainment.

The play is connected with the conflict and disruption generated in a tradition oriented society by the introduction of new ideas. Galileo, through his brilliant calculations and remarkable discoveries, figuratively and literally "disturbed the order of the universe."

A society as reactionary as the Europe of Galileo's time will, to defend the existing order, remove or destroy those elements that try to change the old arrangement of things and the old ideas. Because of this, Galileo spent the last years of his life under restricted conditions imposed by the religious authorities.

Walter Kaasa in the role of Galileo gave an able interpretation of the part, bringing to the play a sense of cohesion that its disjointed arrangement of time sequence required. The supporting cast showed a remarkable amount of ability. Ken Welsh, in particular, demonstrated a great deal of versatility and accomplishment.

But, after seeing D. Ivor Roberts in a number of plays, one is left wondering whether the resources of

talents in this city are so poor that he deserves a part in any production. Fortunately his parts are small, and do not affect the over-all excellence of the play.

The play will be performed tonight and tomorrow, and is well worth seeing.

RCAF works under woods

By The Gateway's Music Critic

The Tactical Air Command Band under the baton of F/O Woods gave its annual university concert in Con Hall Nov. 29.

Except for the surprising number of Air Force students, the attendance consisted of a "very select audience of music lovers."

The program offered a wide variety, combining brisk marches with Broadway show music.

One of the most interesting selections was a piece entitled **Yellowstone Suite**. Although the theme was a bit corny the piece illustrated some good descriptive music and was well played.

It was a thrill to hear the national anthem played as no other musical organization in Edmonton plays it, brisk, precise and almost blood-stirring.

The concert was a definite success. Those few that attended really caught the spirit of an excellent military and concert band.

pianist ireland performs for musical women

By The Gateway's Music Critic

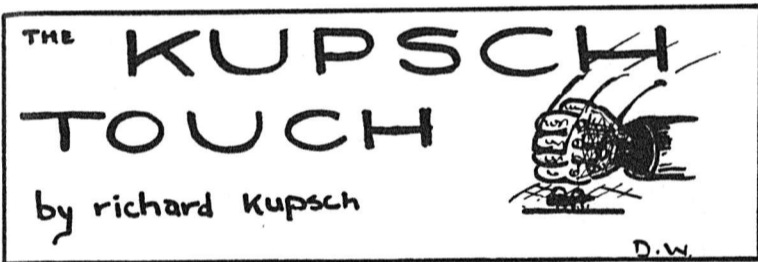
Margaret Ann Ireland, pianist, performed in Con Hall Nov. 28 for the ladies of the Women's Musical Club.

Miss Ireland played the well-known Beethoven 'Pathétique' sonata. Her interpretation gave the work an unusual sound. The Adagio lost much of its gracefulness because the notes were often broken and unrelated. The Rondo was played far slower than is usual but the melodies were not spoiled as a result.

The sonata was given a cool reception by the audience probably because it was not phrased the way that most listeners are used to hearing it, and not because it was not played well.

Miss Ireland also played three pieces from a Suite by Granados. These pieces were beyond the comprehension of this writer and sounded like nothing more than a disjointed mish-mash of notes and chords.

A selection of Chopin Etudes brought the program to a close. This was the most listenable portion of the program and Miss Ireland played the romantic music with all the warmth and feeling written into it.



University women are the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth.

The pure and innocent females who inhabit the various areas of this campus where men can be found, are the source of a great deal of joy or sorrow or other things to the men of this campus, from impotent engineer to neurotic intellectual.

Sore - of - eye

(Continued from page 5)

collections of eyesores, but despite my prayers, they succeeded!

At present, the music room has been commandeered as the show place of the most atrocious JUNK, arranged in the ugliest manner possible. Supposedly it is a display of ceramics, but the only way this exhibit could be praiseworthy would be that it had been manufactured by two year olds or pre-stoneage man! In fact, it would be better if it were Pre-stone Age, since if it were it would be in bits and pieces.

As for the display tables, burlap sacking, undecorated plywood, and cracked cement blocks, art (?) fully littered the room. All in all, the effect is that of a poorly planned emporium for the general distribution of fourth hand cast-offs.

If this is Art, death to artists! Down with art! Long live functional but so-called ugly creations.

Completely sore-of-eye
W.A.G.
Arts and Science 1

Letters to The Gateway's editor are gleefully received. They will be published over a pseudonym only when the writer's own name and address are included, however.

If a writer requires complete anonymity, his signed letter must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor and marked "confidential."

Of what is the typical university female composed? Of sugar and spice and the rest of that garbage? What specifically?

First, women have been laying claim to some weird and wonderful attribute called intuition. This apparently is the ability to sense or divine certain facts or characteristics or problems that belong to some individual or thing. Their intuition, so the argument goes, makes women more understanding and romantic and willing to rely on emotions to make decisions.

But, women on this campus are not intuitive, but rather are full of vanity and indifference. They spend the majority of their waking hours in search of eligible young bachelors, intent on modifying that status. Some women, however, do not require that a male be eligible, nor young. Nor, for that matter, a bachelor.

Women try to pass themselves off as unfathomable creatures, creatures who are enigmas wrapped up in riddles inside puzzles. Their very incomprehensibility supposedly makes them so much more intriguing and interesting.

But, how can a person be intrigued with some frail little thing (weighing in at 140 plus) to whom an engagement ring is merely a trophy? What is so fascinating about a woman who has during her brief or protracted stay on campus acquired a thin veneer of pseudo-sophistication, and tries to impress everyone with it?

Oh, well, women may not be much, but they are the best other sex we men have.