

# La Boheme - another opinion

by Unanimous

Went ta see yer op'ry, La Bumhum, t'other night. Took the wife, too. We rather quite liked it, though it ain't near so good as yer grand old op'ry from Nashville. Sort of a differnt type of musik, y'know? It don't quite have that git-up-and-go to it, if ya know what I mean.

Ethel kept telling me all along it weren't by Charlie Pride nor Hank Snow, but we figured we'd go and see it anyhow. And she was right. It

was by some feller name of Zuccinni. It was all about these poor fellers who was livin in this shack without any 'lectric heat. They kept gittin' cold and the lights kept goin out all over the place, so's they finely left. All except this one feller name of Rudolf, that is. And it's a pretty good thing he staid, too, because this poor gal name of Meme come in to git her candle lit so she could go back and shack up at

her place wich din't have no lectric heat neither. Then the lights went out and they fell in love. That's when I realized we was at a musical soap op'ry, like the one Ethel watches on the T.V., The Hedge of Night. Only thing strange about it was, y'see, they kept singin in between the songs like they didn't wanna stop. Why, they never stopped singin once till the end when she died! But I'll git to that later.

Anywho, seein how it was Christmas Eve, they went up to the local tavern an had themselves a bash, they and all ther friends. And they was jist a goin at it, an a hootin an a hoolerin and a ravin when in comes this local woman all dressed up to kill with some hoity-toity duke feller. But they got rid of him and they all left. That was about it for the first half. When ever'body got up I thought it was all over so's it was a good thing I brought Ethel along or I woulda left. Then ter was a recession so's the singers could all go get changed and all the ladies wearin fur coats could all git out and give theirselves a airin.

When they come back on, it was about two years later. In the story that is. This Meme gal was supposed ta be kinda sick an thin like by this time, but she was

pretty plump and spritely lookin if ya axe me. But anyway, she was sick and she ended up dyin, like I said. You shoulda seen old Ethel ballin away. She just gits goin like that sometimes a ya just cain't stop her nohow.

Like I said, it was pretty strange that nobody ever talked nothin cept at the end when they was all too sad to sing on account of that Meme gal dyin on em. And another thing was that they all sang kinda funny like they was all constipated or something. Ethel told me after it was probly cause it was in a forn language or something. But about the singing though, to tell the truth, I don't much care so long as it's roughly on key.

Ethel says she hopes fer ta hear this op'ry about the barber of slivers by this Mozarella feller. I'd rather see yer Carmel by George Bizzit. I hear that's got a lot of bull to it.

P.S. The reason I ain't puttin my name on this here is because I don't think everybody need ta know who done it. Some people allus likes ta let ever'body know about it when they done somethin. Take my wife, Ethel Therton, here. If she'd a written this she'd a slapped her her name down as fast as it'd come outta the pen. But not me, boy, No sir!

## Israeli concert 'energizing'

by Mike Greenfield

On Tuesday evening November 25 the Israel Chassidic Festival presented a two hour show at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Basically, their music is a fusion of traditional Hebrew prayers with modern Israeli pop-rock music.

The Chassid is a deeply religious jew who enjoys singing and dancing in praise to his Lord. Annually a festival is held in Israel and this group is evidently composed of some of Israel's prime singers performing the most popular works the festival produces.

In the grasp of eight singers and an eight piece band this type of music exhibited a vibrant and joyous quality that pleased the audience despite the fact that the lyrics were in hebrew.

The female voices were clear and high pitched but with a modulation that gives the voice a rich texture, found most commonly in the singers of the Middle East and the opera. The male voices were less distinctive but had the power and competence necessary to complement their female counterparts.

Interspersed between the songs a narrator stepped onstage to talk about Chassidism and Chassids (the philosophy and its practitioners). He did so in the traditional Chassidic manner, in the form of parables. His style of storytelling

employed an overly theatrical, exaggerated manner but the interesting content of the stories generally was quite entertaining.

Perhaps the least professional aspect of the Israel Chassidic Festival was the choreography that at times worked well but often seemed awkward. The singers tried to act out a "scene" relevant to their singing. However, they proved to be much better singers and dancers than actors.

It was an entertaining and energizing experience to hear their voices fill the Cohn. Despite the language barrier one was caught up in the festive spirit and bounce of the music. However one must not be tempted to feel that he knows much about real Chassidism. The show was a slick and glossy representation of one aspect of Chassidic life.

It was one of the parables that perhaps gave us a glimpse of the Chassidic nature. A Chassid passed away and his soul went to paradise. There he saw many Chassids dancing and singing. "This is paradise, on earth we can dance and sing too". The voice of God came down from above and spoke to the Chassid "You misunderstand, these Chassids are not in paradise, paradise is in these Chassids."

## German festival

The German Club announces their annual "Weihnachtsfest" am 5. Dezember. It's going to be a real German evening with free "Glühwein" and "Süssigkeiten" being served. Advance tickets are on sale for \$1.00 at the German House, 1355 LeMarchant St., Basement.

on Mon. - Fri.	12:30 - 1:30
Mon.	3:30 - 5:00
Wed.	2:00 - 3:00
Thurs.	2:30 - 5:30

PLUS:

Tickets will be sold at the door on Dec. 5, but the price of admission will be \$1.50

The German Club would also like to publish a monthly newsletter but in

order to do so we need contributions (in German, of course) of all kinds. You can drop your articles, stories or comments at the German House or give them to any German professor. We'll even take jokes, so please feel free to express yourself in German. The deadline for contributions is Dec. 1 so that we can get the newsletter out by Dec. 5. There's one more thing. Our newsletter has no name. If you can come up with the most original one you will win two free tickets to the Xmas party as well as a year's subscription to the newsletter. Give it a try all you Germans and German students out there! It's worth it!



so good  
so many  
ways ...



**Tia Skia**  
Hot Doggers, Downhill Racers and Cross Country Buffs will appreciate this exciting new apres ski idea that's almost as pure as the driven snow.

**Tia Skia:**  
Add 1 1/2 ounces of delicious Tia Maria to nature's most perfect food, hot milk.

**world's most delicious coffee liqueur**