

Halifax presents

Stage

by Jennifer Seamone

A BRUTAL BEATING, a re-evaluation of eight lives, and in the end redemption. It does not sound like much of a plot line, but if the passion and energy of guest director Susan Wright comes through in the upcoming Dalhousie Theatre Production of Sam Sheppard's "A Lie of the Mind", it will be a great success.

With twenty-three years of acting experience across Canada, in theatre, radio and television, including the role of Lorraine in "A

Lie of the Mind", Susan is eager and enthused about directing at Dalhousie. "The play speaks to twenty-two year olds as much or more than to forty-two year olds," explains Susan. "And for that reason the theatre students seem to have an amazing feel for it."

But don't come expecting just a nice evening. "A Lie of the Mind" will be a thought-provoking experience, it will make you laugh, and then you will wonder why, it will make you cry, and some may find it offensive. Susan wants to take her audience off guard. "Don't look too deep for the political significance," says Susan. "It is about feeling and relating... and the humour is personal... it strikes close to home... people don't laugh if it doesn't touch them somehow."

The play can be considered a mystery or a psychological thriller, and there are many other things it could be, explains its electric yet soft spoken director. "It's full of poetry, and beautifully-written with potent emotions that are totally universal and verge on the spiritual... Something good comes out of all the bad in the end." But, admits Susan, this may be an optimistic interpretation.

"A Lie of the Mind" is thoroughly Susan Wright's play. It's the director's job to bring out of a script their image of what the play is. "None of it is like what's in the script," she says, "because that's part of the creativity of being able to do it."

Never having expected or wanted fame, Susan chooses plays

for herself, scripts that enrich and satisfy her artistic ambition, and she is very pleased to add "A Lie of the Mind" to her directing credits, which include "The Rainmaker", "Taming of the Shrew" and "Liars".

Running from Feb. 13-16, "A Lie of the Mind" promises to be an intriguing and fascinating experience, and one more powerful because it is the young playing the young for the young and more.



Poetry

by Jenn Beck

I NHERIT THE MEDIAN Strip by Laura Borealis is a sensual, provocative collection of interludes, or visions, that could either be products of pure fantasy or of creative description. The pieces are stirring and startling, sexual but never vulgar, probing but not intrusive. Little snippets of advice pepper the collection:

If I bite my lip too hard I will break it and it will be useless.

There is an innocence and awareness in these tidbits that allows them to escape triteness, and every piece has the quality of confession that arouses empathy and recognition in the reader. There are cryptic entries:

About five times a day, really, it could be anything.

And whimsical ones:

A capitol G looks like an arrow if you look at it right.

Mark Twain would have approved of this entry from the section entitled "Statement of Intent":

You can take long breaks between pages. You can also use this book as a colouring book. Feel free to draw on the pages or add things if you think there's stuff missing. Also you can cross things out if you think they are unnecessary. It's your book.

Many of the stream-of-consciousness interludes are trying to tell us and have us understand something. Laura Borealis is interested in having the reader acknowledge something, something we know already but perhaps of which we have lost sight. The episodes travel from the wistful to the forceful to the erotic, evoking dimly remembered sensations with more punch than nostalgia, making them real and almost tangible all over again. There is no escapism here; pain as well as pleasure becomes tactile. If you're not afraid to take a wild ride, contact the Anna Leonowens Gallery 3 for your personal travelogue.

Opera

by Paul Webster

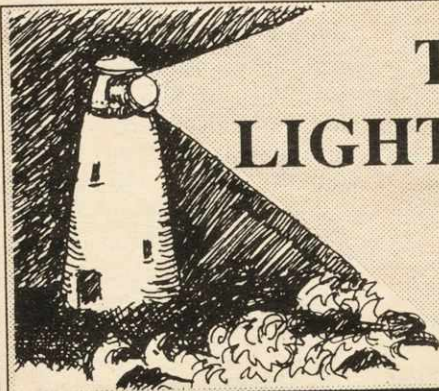
Opera lovers in Toronto might have found some reassurance last Friday night at the Dalhousie Arts Centre when the Music Department's Opera Workshop production of Mozart's *Così fan tutti* proved that excellent opera can be performed even without the benefit of a \$200 million opera house.

The Workshop's English-language production of the last of Mozart's comic opera buffa featured a six-person rotating cast accompanied by Michelle Beaton's solo-piano interpretation of a score originally intended for a full symphony. Lighting and sets were minimized to virtually symbolic suggestions, with costumes providing almost the only hints of splendour customarily associated with opera.

Given the production's physical sparsity, timing, voice and acting were thrown into relief. Dan Grantham, in the role of the cuckold Don Alfonso, and Kristin Kuttner as the sarcastic chambermaid Despina gave strong performances as comic foils, delighting the audience as they led the cast through a plot which gets progressively sillier with every turn.

Paula Phillips and Elizabeth Rigney as the aristocratic 18th century sisters Fordiligi and Dorabella managed to deliver performances strong enough to overcome the plot's abnegation of female physical and creative fibre.

Emmanuel Serra and Alan Porter, as Guglielmo and Ferrando, the two officers betrothed to the sisters, managed to convey the impression that Lorenzo du Ponte's intention in writing the libretto was not to suggest that "women are all 'like that'", but rather that men, no matter how well they play their roles, are absurd.



THE LIGHTHOUSE

Why do hotdog buns come in sets of eight while hotdogs themselves are sold in packages of twelve?

—Time On My Hands

Well, first of all, to make bucks of course; it forces you to buy two packs o' buns. This age-old marketing ploy might prove beneficial in the long run. Save the extra bread, and eventually you won't have to buy any buns. ie- the bun to weiner ratio will soon even out.

Why do we drive on the parkway and park in the driveway?

—B. Nicholovsky

Good question comrade. We took this perplexing problem to our trivia Guru - Tito, sitting high atop the SUB in the ever-so-contemplative lotus position. He suggests that maybe you should avoid the busy parkways and just walk. We think this semantic problem may be the result of an ancient tribe of dyslexic engineers.

Why, when people drop food on the floor, do they blow on it and then deem it acceptable to eat?

—Sasha Gross

do you do this? Man, lets hope you don't scrape foreign gum off the sidewalk and chew it too. This must be a definite social faux pas in most circles. Of course, we at the lighthouse have seen it happen time and time again at our own table. The only explanation we can give is that when you blow on food, it gets rid of the obvious dust, regardless of the fact that it adds ten times as many bacterial factors to the problem. Our expertise inclines us to suggest that you do not eat off the floor. However, if it is that crucial last bite - we understand.

Enveloped, perplexed, scraped, or otherwise battered by those bothersome barnacles of life? Perhaps we can show you the light. Please send all quizitive correspondence to:

"The Lighthouse" c/o Dal Gazette, 3rd floor SUB.
Note: Overly sensitive or easily offended individuals need not apply.