

## Godspell: an enlightening change from Sunday School



By JOHN LUMSDEN TNB has tried an energetic version of J.C. Superstar's light-hearted stepson, Godspell. It's a colourful musical, depicting its own "True" interpretation of Jesus, a compassionate clown, instead of the proverbial heavy. A

few parables were treated with a slightly different twist than your Grade 4 Sunday School teacher gave you. The word, gospel, was actually derived from a shortening of the earlier term, Godspell.

The play opens with The Tower of Babbie, a procession of dour philosophers dressed in solemn gray expounding their various views on the current moral condition of mankind. When the resulting mixture dissolves into a cacophony of isms, Apostle John comes to spread the true word. Jesus makes his triumphant entrance in a pair of divinity red boxing shorts, and is baptized by John. After a brief parley, the assembled multitude returns to the stage, now a flock of gleeful converts, dressed in their Sunday's gaudiest. An hour of undisciplined joy and praise then ensues.

Extensive use was made of the actors appearing in the aisles, trying to break down the formal line between audience-actor. In the same tone, various males were verbally ravished during a solo, Bring Back Oh Man and the first

three rows were treated to an instantaneous baptism by means of a flung sponge. The audience was then invited to share some wine on stage during intermission.

The musical backup was solid, if not unspectacular. The chorus and solos were all finely done. A lot of material seems to be rewritten, or added, with plentiful references to Mr. Nixon, and one to our very own

Malcolm Bricklin. The dialogue was well paced and funny, but without losing its punch where it was needed.

The vaudevillian slapstick faded away as the last supper and crucifixion approached. The finest musical effort was during the crucifixion and some excellent pathos was evoked through the whole last supper. However the play ended on a triumphal note. The audience was up on their feet, clapping through the encore, which just shows what can happen when a fine bit of gospel fever hits Fredericton worthies.

## 'Threater' delighted audience through imagination and emotion



By DUC DOHERTY

Threater, a travelling acting company which operates primarily on a New England circuit, appeared for a one-nighter on campus this Wednesday. Comprising the group are three artists: Peter Crockett, professional musician and actor; Marsha Stackman with experience in acting as well as directing and Gordon

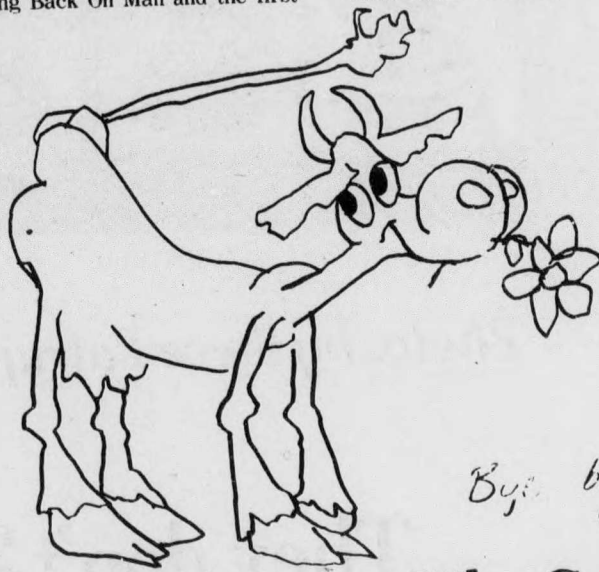
Talley who holds a degree in directing.

A high level of improvisational technique was achieved in their performance and they were well received by the people who took the time to view this unusual spectacle. They manipulated the T.V.-conditioned audience very well into responding emotionally to their efforts.

The three actors produced many

lively episodes, which were highly humorous and a delight to witness.

In short, I found well developed talent in a very difficult and demanding field of entertainment that commands keen perception on the part of the actors and an audience that can appreciate a medium which vitalizes only human movements and the powers of the imagination.



Bye bye

## Penny or Venny- Who Cares? Summer's Here, Give a Cheer!

Actually, it isn't, but the staff of the Bruns is quitting early, so I've got to make my final lecture for the year and be done with it.

It's time for all good little college students to go out and get jobs! C'mon, you know what a job is: a lot of working fingers, toes, or butts to the bone just for a few dollars. That would be O.K. if tuition, books, SRC dues, and rent cost just a few dollars. They don't. The average college student is anywhere from \$3,000 to \$10,000 in debt at the final date, graduation.

What bugs me, personally, is that the government doesn't give a tinker's fuddle duddle for students, moneywise. We have to be poverty-stricken to qualify for student loans, and then be millionaires to pay them back. Then, parents have to send money all the time for things the loans don't cover. It costs me, as an example, \$1,700 to go the UNB for one year. What's my student loan worth? \$440.

I don't mean to sound editorial, but this is a touchy subject.

Getting to lighter things, I'm going to puff myself up with wind and boast about my win of a week ago Wednesday. I got second place in a variety show. Problem was, a little fellow of 14 imitated Stompin' Tom and won first prize over my Hank Snow! I can't even STAND Stompin' Tom!

Anyone get caught in the blizzard last weekend? I did, and loved it! The snow is piling up so deep in Victoria County that I'm expecting a big flood here in Fredericton in early April. As I have to stay until April 24 for an English 1,000 exam, I'll be around to help bail out the Legislature building when it floods, or maybe skindive for paintings in the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. If the Lincoln Road floods, I might even paddle a mobile home down the river to Saint John. If we're very, very lucky, Premier Hatfield may be floated away with the Legislature. Oh well, nobody's perfect. Eat your heart out, Noah!

P.R. Penny, Esq.,  
Poverty Stricken  
UNB Student  
(and Part-time Dog Catcher.)

Photo by Jerome Kashinsky