

# ARTS

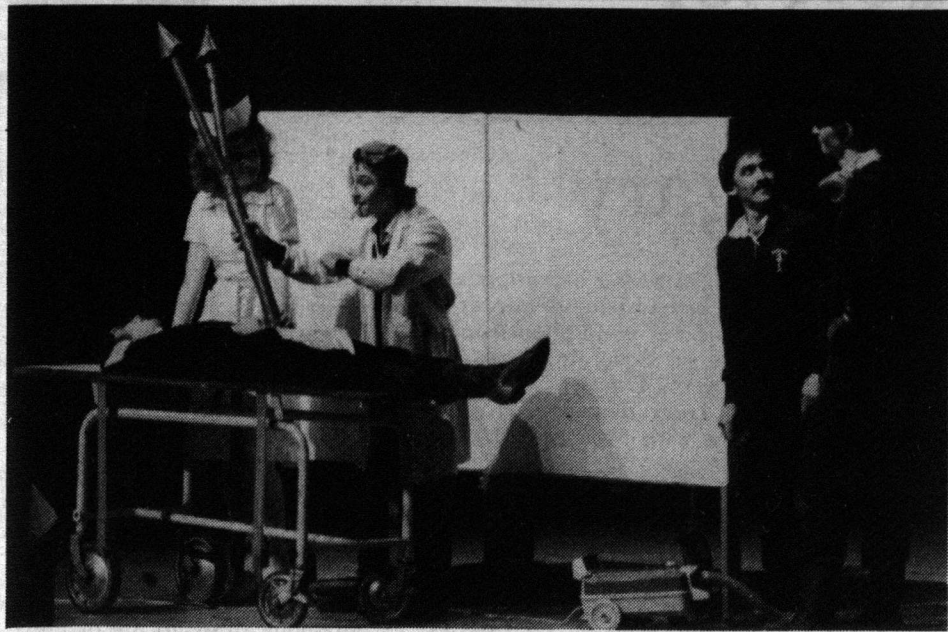


photo Ray Giguere

Med students speak with forked dong. The skit was "Star Trek" and the peculiarly outfitted fellow, of course, was Spock. It was green, too, incidentally.

## Symptoms of acute toxemia

Med Show  
SUB Theatre  
Thursday, Feb. 4

review by Peter West

Some of the women on the seventh floor of our building have been telling me for some time about just how disgusting is the annual review which the Medical Students Association puts on in SUB Theatre. I noticed that they went back every year - perhaps to check up on whether the show had improved? Anyway, this year I went myself.

Yes, it was typical undergrad humour. What is there to talk about except birth, copulation and death, as Jane Austen said, more or less. The Med Show manages to talk about all these things, with a refreshing absence of taste. I rather enjoyed it all, but found that two hours was enough, so I didn't see the final skit. John Roggeveen also left, probably because his stomach went queasy after the tampon advertisement. Andrew and Richard stayed away to do their assignments, but Sandy, Cathy and Wes were there (where was Anne?) and stayed to the bitter end. Surprisingly, I didn't spot any guys from the Sun.

Best joke of the evening:  
All the Canadian prostitutes have left for the U.S.A.  
Oh, why?  
Because the Canadian dollar isn't worth a f-

## Lively Restoration comedy

The Rivals  
Studio Theatre (Corbett Hall)  
Until Feb. 13

review by Geoffrey Jackson

Last Thursday I went and saw Studio Theatre's new production, *The Rivals* by Richard Sheridan. Greater entertainment for your dollar I can scarcely imagine. This Restoration comedy is funnier and more lively than a score of Hollywood sit-coms. The wit and humor of this play is brought across two centuries of time with a clarity and precision of performance that would put some professional companies to shame.

*The Rivals* is a classic farce, full of mistaken identities, outrageous characters, and improbable romance. The hero, Captain Jack Absolute, is wooing the all too romantic Lydia Languish. Lydia, her head stuffed with bad novels, is resolved to love only a man of low birth.

To win her the high born Captain Jack must disguise himself as a common soldier. This ruse works well until Jack's father Sir Anthony Absolute, comes to town, determined to marry Jack off to some wealthy girl, namely Lydia.

That may seem simple enough but I've only given the barest bones of the plot. As with any farce, this play has more complications that could be described in an entire press run of this paper. Yet this production hums along like a fine watch, never losing the audience once.

The cast was very entertaining, showing professional skill and quality. Space prohibits me from giving all of them the praise they're due but I must mention

Best show of the night: the Cretin Choir. The singing was good, the words were audible and funny ("Leprosy - I'm not half the man I used to be...") and the conductor was absolutely inspired. Well done, fellas.

Runner-up: The Canadian TV Show. Inevitably, "How's it Goin', eh?" was the anchor-theme of this show. But it wasn't bad, in fact it was almost as good as the original. The pace of this show was good; and the ads were funny. Trent and da boys made a neat job of the quiz show for the handicapped. No doubt this offended somebody: after all, this evening had something to offend everyone.

Best performer: Reed Hogben as a friendly Mr. Rogers, who wasn't put off by a cruel call from the balcony, "Reed's pissed".

Most tasteless skit of the evening (and it had a lot of competition): the appeal for blood in the tampon commercial. I knew he'd drink the V8 juice, but I still had to fight my supper back down.

And finally, the best comment of the evening: A middle-aged couple sat behind me in the sixth row, rather dazed by it all. At intermission, their deceptively innocent, fair-haired son appeared, to ask them how they liked his act (!) The lady replied, "The singing was nice, dear, but some of the actions were really gross".

You summed it all up, Mom.

the leads. Ed Lyszkiewicz did a very fine job in what I think must be a very difficult role of Captain Jack Absolute. Jack is a character with a subtle, underplayed sort of humour and he could grow wooden and dull amongst such eccentric company as the play provides. Certainly Lyszkiewicz never allows this to happen, keeping Jack in the limelight despite all the gaudy competition.

Speaking of gaudy competition, Jill Dyck, as the old nasty she-dragon, Mrs. Malaprop, would distract anyone's attention. This is the sort of role that actresses kill for. Mrs. Malaprop struts about the stage, her face a mask of rouge and powder, doing indescribable things to the English language. Jill Dyck's performance was wonderful.

Marianne Copithorne give us a Lydia Languish so sweetly empty-headed that you'd almost like to box her ears. She's all blond curls, wide eyes, and pouting lips; as English as crumpet and tea. David Savoy, as Sir Anthony Absolute, is a pillar of Old English eccentric thinking. Bradley C. Rudy as Faulkland (Jack's friend), is a highly amusing romantically minded Englishman.

The set, designed by Daniel Van Heyst, was elegant and professional, and the set changes were done with polished finesse by the crew. The costumes by Barbara Devonshire, featuring yards of sumptuous silk, gave the actors a rich and handsome appearance that suited the play well.

In short this play fulfilled all the requirements of good theatre with fine acting, handsome production, and intelligent interpretation of the script.

## ESO lightning strikes twice

Edmonton Symphony Orchestra  
Jubilee Auditorium  
February 3 and 6, 1982

review by Beth Jacob

The ESO presented us with another double bill last week; this time however both concerts were worth staying for.

Wednesday's concert was the second in the 30th Anniversary Festival series. The program consisted entirely of works by Verdi and Rossini with guest artist Soprano Leslie Allison. The first half featured three arias by Miss Allison and three overtures by the orchestra. The overtures were from Rossini's *Barber of Seville* (which I will always associate with the Bugs Bunny cartoon version where I first heard the piece), and Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani" and "La Forza del Destino". The three works provided a good contrast to each other. The Rossini was light and playful, "I Vespri Siciliani" of a more dramatic character, suffering a little because of that, particularly in the slow opening, and "La Forza del Destino", a very brooding work, which was characterized nicely by the brass with the chorale section particularly well done.

Miss Allison has a lovely voice, warm and full, with a sense of ease of production. She only once sounded strained in the upper register in the closing moments of Verdi's "Ah fors'è lui" from *La Traviata*. Her first aria, Rossini's "Una voce poco fa" from *The Barber of Seville*, is one of the most famous mezzo arias, often appropriated by sopranos. (The somewhat disgruntled note stems from my amateur standing as a mezzo.) Though the lower register was occasionally lost beneath the orchestra, there was generally a good tone throughout, with liberties taken with the ornamentation to artfully display the singer's upper register. Verdi's "Caro Nome" from *Rigoletto*, provided a change of pace. There was beautiful controlled singing with a concentration on purity of tone and line throughout. The lovely piano opening and the lack of bombast in the upper register allowed the gentle nature of

the aria to come through.

The second half of the concert consisted of Rossini's one-act ballet *La Boutique Fantasque*, a story about the proprietor of a toy shop. Seldom performed, this work provided a frothy divertimento with lots of percussion, many colourful effects in the orchestra, and lively dance tunes particularly the saucy cancan. Well done on all parts.

Saturday's concert was part of the continuing Master Series. The highlight of the evening was the Mendelssohn "Violin Concerto" performed admirably by guest artist Cho-Liang Lin. This young musician, only 21 years old, demonstrated an incredible technique, and more impressively, a mature musicianship in his impassioned playing. Particularly beautiful was the emotive solo line which opens the slow second movement. At the end of his sparkling performance, the audience actually leapt to their feet, shouting "Bravo". (I thought that only happened in the movies.) Mr. Lin certainly deserved each of the half dozen curtain calls he received. He is an incredible artist, especially for one so young.

The concert opened with Violet Archer's (Professor Emeritus at the U of A) "Fanfare and Passacaglia" for orchestra. The opening for brass and timpani was particularly compelling and my only complaint with the work was that it was too short.

The program concluded with Vaughn Williams' "Symphony No. 8". A brilliant and colourful work, the addition of parts for the celeste and harp contributing along with the full use of the percussion section to the exotic tone of the piece. It is nice to see Uri Mayer including 20th century works in the orchestra's repertoire, and he and the symphony players did justice to both works in Saturday's concert. Let us hope they keep up the good work.

Barry McKinnon (poet); AV L-3 Humanities Centre; Thursday Feb. 11; 12:30 p.m.; admission free.

McKinnon has published a book entitled *The The*.

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