



NAVEL ENCOUNTER—
... Amaviva and Bartolo in friendly discussion

Barber of Seville marred by little shavers

The comic opera *The Barber of Seville* last week at the Jubilee Auditorium made for a well-spent evening indeed.

The action takes place in Seville in the seventeenth century, based on the boy-meets-girls theme with the common extenuating circumstance of a "bad-guy" guardian keeping the lovers apart.

Helen Vanni of the Met as Rosina (the heroine), Perry Price of the Canadian Opera Company as Count Amaviva (the lover), and Alexander Gray of the same company as Figaro all came on strong and clear. Rosina and the Count, however, must take second place when compared to Figaro, the boisterous and jovial jack-of-all-trades, whose role was extremely well sung by Gray.

Napoleon Bisson as Dr. Bartolo, the guardian of Rosina, was equally convincing, and was backed up well by Maurice Brown as Don Basilio, a schemer who aids Bartolo in his quest for Rosina's affections. Brown was perfect in the role of "playing it from both ends".

The chorus, doomed to a minor part, was

effective in costume and spirit; this, with the sets, had a happy effect on the mood of the opera.

There is little more one can say after the fact, except that it was very good indeed. But one suggestion can perhaps be given the Edmonton Opera Association in regards to the "student performance" held on Wednesday night.

Colour the audience eight years old, wriggling, squirming, giggling, and most annoying to anyone interested in concentrating on the Opera. This behaviour was lauded as "spontaneous" and as "applause from their hearts" by the Edmonton Journal—a rationalization on its part.

Granted, some children may have enjoyed the performance immensely. However, I believe that in the majority of cases it was the extension of bedtime that was the appealing factor to the younger members of the audience. A Saturday matinee at the movie house would provide a parallel to the hubub in the Auditorium nicely. This had a definite marring effect on the performance.

—Valerie Richter

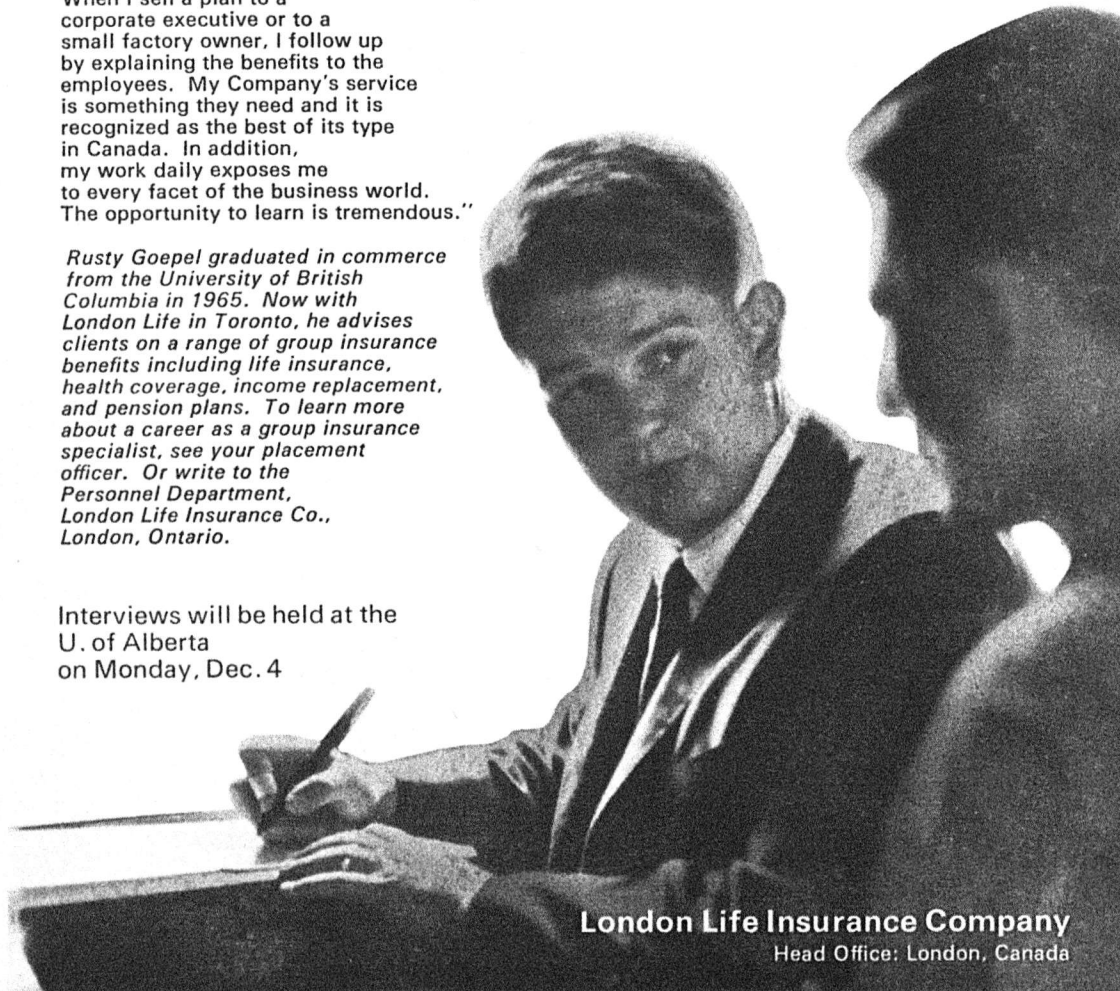
'I like to help people and I like to get involved.'

Rusty Goepel, a London Life group insurance specialist in Toronto

"Ever since I can remember I've wanted the sort of job where I could meet people and help them with their problems. As a London Life group insurance salesman, I can do this. I help Toronto businessmen provide comprehensive protection for their employees. When I sell a plan to a corporate executive or to a small factory owner, I follow up by explaining the benefits to the employees. My Company's service is something they need and it is recognized as the best of its type in Canada. In addition, my work daily exposes me to every facet of the business world. The opportunity to learn is tremendous."

Rusty Goepel graduated in commerce from the University of British Columbia in 1965. Now with London Life in Toronto, he advises clients on a range of group insurance benefits including life insurance, health coverage, income replacement, and pension plans. To learn more about a career as a group insurance specialist, see your placement officer. Or write to the Personnel Department, London Life Insurance Co., London, Ontario.

Interviews will be held at the U. of Alberta on Monday, Dec. 4



London Life Insurance Company
Head Office: London, Canada

leftovers

The word "couth" has become a favorite in campus circles these days, due largely to the fact that we have become more aware that words like "uncouth" must have root words. This leads to further speculation: is there a word "chalant" from which we get "non-chalant"? Is the opposite of "inept", "ept"? Is "November" the opposite of "ember"? Food for thought, that.

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The Phantom of SUB reports:
Hello again!

The other night I went into the TV lounge after closing time to watch the late movie (it was a horror movie, of course), and was a little disconcerted to find the room bathed in darkness, with heavy breathing coming from the direction of the several couches in the room.

This has happened before. I'm beginning to think that we should call in a scientist (there must be several of them on this campus) to examine the amazing phenomenon of the breathing couches.

I've heard of living bras and singing beef ravioli like we see on TV, but breathing couches must be an as-yet-unresearched thing.

Anyway, having beat a hasty retreat from the TV room, I despaired of watching the commercial channels and decided to go watch the sets hung on the ceiling at several points through the building. Well, that was a disappointment—I stood and watched for upwards of two hours, and nothing came on but the same picture—something about "Today's Events".

Do you suppose I could ask the students' council to vote me a television set of my own, so I could watch all my favorite programs?

The Phantom of SUB

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It is a real pleasure to walk down Jasper Avenue on a Saturday afternoon these days, accosted as we are with the cries of those who are selling "The Ryce Street Fysh Markete". Different, indeed, from the taciturn old gentlemen who sit beside the Journal newstands and sell the paper without even trying.

The Fysh Markete, for those who have never run across it, is a little newspaper put out by a little group of entrepreneurs who are quite insistent that they are not hippies.

It is more or less typical of the "underground" newspapers which have sprung up around the country of late—filled with San Francisco-type artwork and "think" articles.

It is a pretty poor effort at the moment, but we hope to see it grow and improve.