

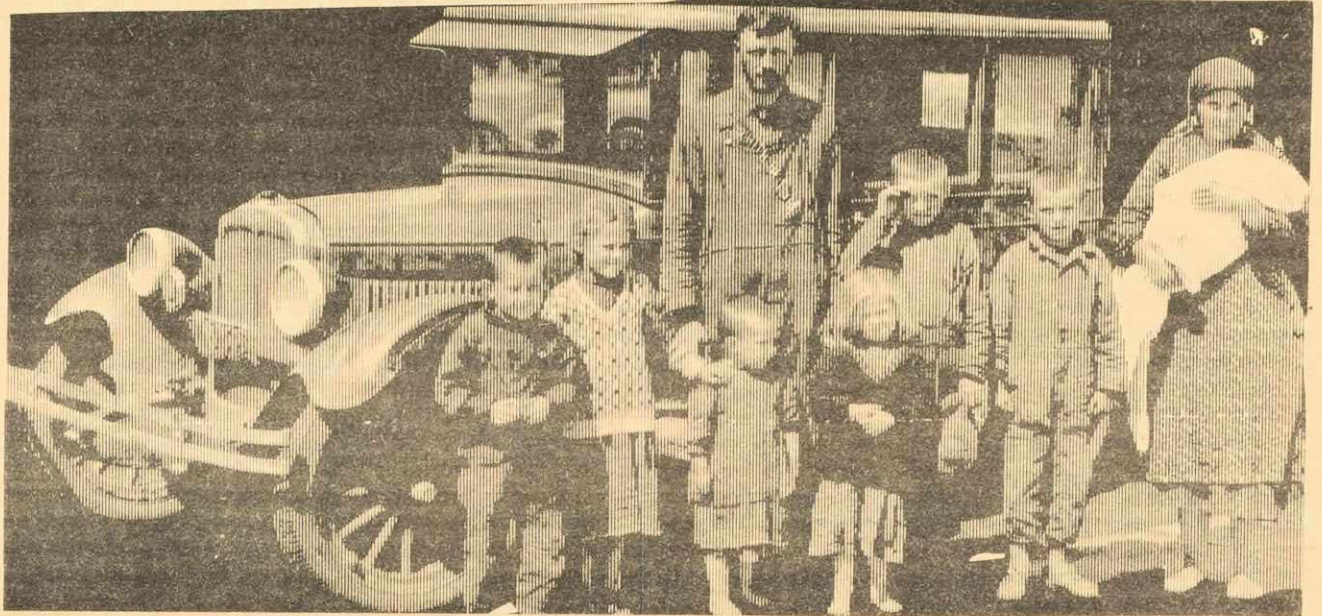
# Ten Lost Years lasted too long

By D. Moulton

The view most of us have of the great depression is one that has been sketched in black and white and bound between the covers of a history text. Others are left with memories which they have shelved along with the other tragedies of life. "Ten Lost Years" revives these memories and goes one step farther by painting the picture in vivid colors enabling those at us who were fortunate enough not to live through it to at least transpose ourselves momentarily and feel its horror.

"Ten Lost Years," based on the novel by Barry Broadfoot, is just dialogue, dialogue representative of the conditions, experiences, and emotions evoked by the Great Depression. The binding factors which combine to unite the pieces of dialogue are music - banjo, violin, guitar, and spoons, plus their own original sound effects and symbolic pantomime. Often as a speech is being ended by one character the remaining actors begin to sing, continuing along the same theme, adding force and effect to the dialogue.

This play does not depict only the emotional upheaval that is synonymous with the Depression but shows the effect of this upheaval on human nature. The dollar sign is the only sign, men are more than cruel in their treatment of fellow men, often because their job dictates that this must be so and they can't afford to lose their job. As one of the songs succinctly says, "Cold, cold, money runs this town." Living was existing and as the various



character sketches showed it was not much of an existence. "In those days the law of the jungle was in force."

There were two central themes around which the play pivoted. 1) You were defeated before you even began. "Go west young man" and you will find life just as debasing and unbearable as down east. In every available job as the work load increased the salary decreased. It was inevitable and intolerable. 2) The government refused to help. "No one is starving in Canada," is the fallacy upon which this refusal was based. Bennett was not a stagnant force, he had power and he used it - to the common man's disadvantage. The characters spoke of government with a loathing derived from hate, hunger, and

disgust.

The Toronto Workshop performance was one that went deeper than acting, it entered the realm of feeling. The opening line indicated the direction the remainder of the play would take, "The words you are about to hear are the words of Canadians - of those who survived it." The words the audience heard were not the words of hysterics or depressants, they were the words of people who lived despite the conditions and now just want to remember infrequently and with the composure that saw them through the "Dirty Thirties."

"Ten Lost Years" climaxed at the end of the first act. An hour and a half after the performance began intermission was called. People were tired and restless by this time,

they knew what was coming next, they'd already seen it in the opening act. The second act only served to make the audience more fidgety and the continuing dialogue anticlimatic.

The war ended the Depression: a tale of a mother losing her son in the war ended "Ten Lost Years". It was an ending that only served to detract from what was otherwise a composed portrayal of hell on earth. The last scene left you with the feeling that after all this time there should have been something else, something just a little more relevant to the action in act one. Act two could have negated the emotion evoked by act one if the latter had not been so successfully and earnestly performed.

## Victor Borge charms just about everyone

by Mike Greenfield

She was wearing a long silky white gown. Diamond studded earrings hung from her perfectly formed ear lobes. Her hands spread out as she sang one of the most beautiful arias ever written. The man at the piano was wearing a black dinner jacket, black tie, and grey flannel pants. Around him was strapped a blue-grey seatbelt; leaning back on the bench he was playing the black concert piano with the heel of his left foot. The audience, dressed mostly in smart sport jackets or mink stoles was laughing hard.

Although most of Victor Borge's performance was not such slapstick comedy it kept the audience delighted for the entire 2 and 1/2 hours he was on the Rebecca Cohn stage last Thursday.

He played to one of the largest

crowds ever in attendance for a Rebecca Cohn concert. About 50 folding chairs were set up onstage, in a semi-circle behind the piano. However the performer accommodated himself very easily to the new seating arrangement. When he first came out he turned to those on the stage and asked them if they had brought their instruments!

Victor Borge has a reputation for never completing a piece. Although he did manage to complete a few pieces that night the entire first half consisted of a collage of comedic monologue and keyboard tomfoolery. He made jokes about music, with music, about politics, the audience and the lightman.

However, although the first half was funny, it was merely funny. Victor Borge's experience and professionalism after 30 years

probably would not allow him to be anything less than funny.

However, the second half of his show dispelled any doubts that Victor Borge is an ordinary comedian. For most of the second half Marilyn Mulgrade attempted to sing. But Victor would simply not let her finish a song. With a wrong note, a snide comment, or merely the lifting of his eyebrows he sent not only the audience but Ms. Mulgrade into hysterics. The atmosphere of comedy was strong enough so that often when Ms. Mulgrade would start to sing simply the knowledge that Victor Borge was at the keyboard, ready to let loose a wave of laughter, would dissolve her singing into tittering and finally full blown laughter.

When Marilyn Mulgrade was left to sing an aria all the way through she showed why she had won the International Singing Competition conducted by the Metropolitan

Opera.

Finally Victor Borge got down to a little serious piano playing. Expressing excellent touch he played through some classical pieces and then had the audience humming along in a medley of traditional favorites ending with "Rock a Bye Baby." And although the atmosphere in the auditorium hearkened to a different era, rapport between performer and audience was universal.

For an encore Victor performed one of his best loved and most inventive routines, phonetic punctuation. Reciting a story with punctuation added, by assigning each punctuation mark a different sound. A truly classic routine.

Victor Borge's assets lie in his exuberant character, phenomenal comedic timing, and musical talent. He has combined these into a show that has grown in popularity over 3 decades.

## Antigone refreshing

by Ron Norman

The first major Theatre Department production of this term proved genuinely refreshing. Last year at this time it was unfortunately necessary to qualify one's review with the stipulation that the Theatre Department's presentations were student efforts, and though one might unconsciously expect professional smartness, one should not look for it. With the staging of Jean Anouilh's Antigone that problem, for the most part, disappeared.

Antigone, staged last week in the Dunn Theatre, was a modern transformation from the classical play of the same name by Sophocles. Anouilh retains the basic timeless concepts embodied in the Greek version, yet successfully manages to expand much of what Sophocles left understated and unsaid. Still, the play's strength lies

in the figure of Antigone and her refusal to capitulate to the demands of the king - Creon.

Pretty well everyone in the play acted well. Mary Vingoe as the Chorus was especially engaging. Her movements were controlled and fluid, and her tone and voice were faultless.

Equally excellent was Ewa Jachimowicz as Antigone. Self confident and intense, Ms. Jachimowicz portrayed the equivocal behaviour of Antigone: sometimes frightened, sometimes courageous.

Ian Carkner, as Creon, was the third very strong performer in the production. His Creon was a difficult role, one more difficult than the role which Sophocles had assigned to the character, yet Mr. Carkner proved very capable in his handling of it.

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