

## Two dudes from Verona

by R. Montague

My dearest Julia!

I'm writing to you now (although I'll see you tonight) to tell you about the play I caught just by chance coming home from the university last eve. I was strolling under a full moon, thinkin' of you, and along comes that Walton guy hurrying to see a premiere. He had to write a review of the play for the student journal, and asked if I'd like to come along. For a lark I did. The play turned out to be **The Two Gentlemen of Verona** by that Bill Shakespeare guy who is all the rage in England. Anyway, we got there and boy was it something else! It wasn't even on a stage, it was put on right there in the street. There were all these crazy American tourists clumping around (one lady with a map asked me for directions, but couldn't understand Italian) and this guy gave me an ice cream cone and a newspaper, so I was set. Then the play started, without fanfare or anything, and get this: they used real women for the women's parts, and not those teenage boys that Mercutio likes. All the actors were students, of course, so I wasn't expecting too much. Was pleasantly surprised how Denise Coffey, the director, exploited her cast's energy; by the end of the play they were runnin' around with sparklers and throwing paper hearts into the audience, dancing and clapping. . . .

I wish you could have been there, Julia. If only your Dad would let you out nights (but I forgot: my Dad and your Dad don't get along so we couldn't be seen in public together anyway). It's all about love.

You see, there's these two guys Proteus and Valentine, and these two girls Julia and Sylvia, who they love, right? Mike Balsler, the one you think looks like he escaped from the Disney acting pool, does his starry-eyed young-innocent bit, but underneath he's shal-low, at least till the end. The lady next to me said with that peachy-cream complexion and blond hair who needs to act anyway? Mark Latter is Valentine, he can do things with his eyes, and really throws himself into the big fight scene he and Valentine have over Sylvia. Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you, Valentine doesn't know this Sylvia chick at the beginning yet; see, he gets sent off to the Duke of Milan's and meets Sylvia, who really bowls him over (Janet MacEwan, all in pink; she plays a mean balcony scene, but not as good as you, Julia). In the meantime, Proteus, still in love with his Julia in Verona, gets sent off to the Duke's too. And guess what? One look at Sylvia and he forgets Julia. Well, there are all sorts of intrigues of course, and the upshot is that Proteus gets exposed for the cheating dude he really is, but is forgiven by Julia and Valentine. His rehab is sudden and no one takes that kind of stuff seriously in real life, fidelity and forgiveness winning the day and all, but it made for a Happy End, if you're into Happy Ends.

Who else do you know who was in the play? I gotta mention Bob Paisley, the one you said was just too scrumptious looking cause he looks like Maximilian Schell. Well, not only does he cut quite a figure onstage, but he can act, too! He's got the timing, and

really got into playing that old duke, but I bet he'd have preferred to go after Sylvia himself! Then there was Bill MacRae, you know what a ham he is: well he played Launce the clown to the hilt,

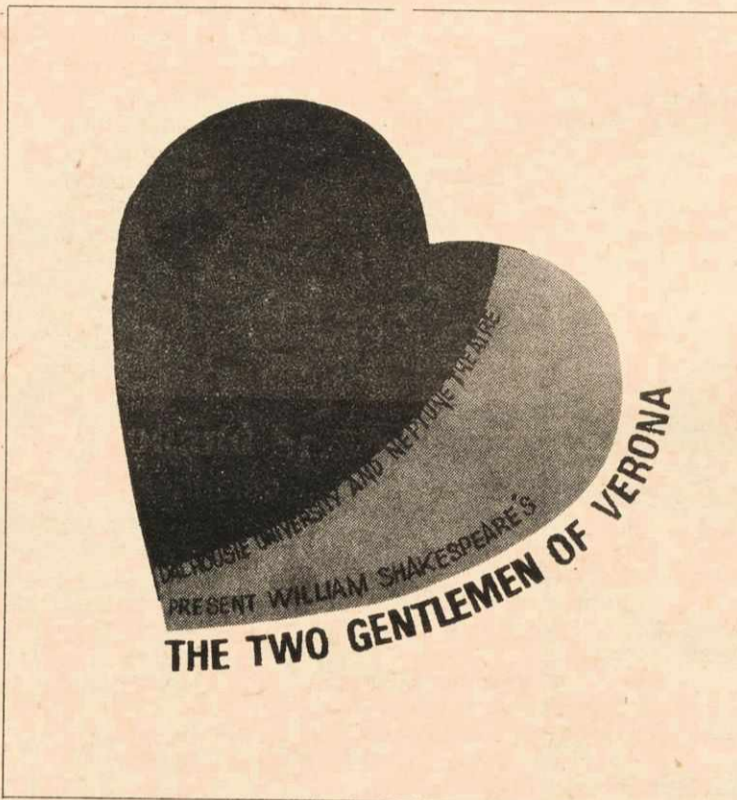
Chase got to do one of those transvestite numbers, dressing up in male drag; you're supposed to believe that Proteus doesn't recognize her when she comes after her man who's gone a courtin' this

and Betty Belmore got to do this great number with the band as a boozy bar owner. . . but God, there's so many of them to name. I'll have to tell you the rest when we meet tonight, cause I see Mercutio coming. Looks like more rumbles in the city tonight, the Duke ain't gonna like that. P.S. (later) Gotta tell you the smut that Mercutio told me. You know he's chummy with this Shakespeare guy. Appar-

ently he comes down here to Italy every now and then on the lookout for material. Well, I have it from Mercutio's mouth itself that he personally provided the story for **Two Gentlemen**, although he could never prove it. (You know how he can talk a fast one.) Anyway, he looked at me kinda funny and said there were more stories to tell here

in Verona and he was gonna tell 'em to Shakespeare next time around and then he looks at me kinda like You-know-what-I-mean like. Then he gives me some of the guy's love poetry and tells me to learn it, sayin' it'd be good for my education. (Sometimes I feel like Mercutio knows more than he lets on) I looked at it and it's like the play. Walton says that most of the students couldn't get their mouths quite around that iambic pentameter stuff, and I see what he means. But the thoughts! Like this Shakespeare knew about love, man. He **knew**. You gotta see the play, if your Dad will let you out. But here comes Tybalt and his heavies; hard to imagine my lady's got such a creep of a cousin. Gotta trot.

See you later, babe. You ever-lovin' Romeo



even managing to avoid being totally upstaged by the mutt that accompanied him the entire time (you see, he's true to his dog, which makes him better than Proteus, get it?). Talk about timing; that dog had every scratch and roll down. Rick Naylor was great as the repulsive suitor Thrio, after Sylvia's money. Michelle

other lady. Mike Howell really pleased the crowd as a dumb waiter, especially when the whole neighbourhood goes crazy over this music that Thurio has performed for Sylvia. Paulina Gillis giggled energetically through her part as Julia's maid Lucetta. I liked Peter Hawkins as Eglamour,

## Humanoids have ripping good time

by Michael McCarthy

**Humanoids from the Deep** is a slightly above run-of-the-mill horror movie which provides a reasonable number of thrills and chills, with a little unintentional laughter. The basic premise is not very winning, but the way it is put into effect generally balances out the flaws in conception.

At the film's centre is a believable conflict between progress (a cannery moving into a small fishing town) and conservation (the Indian natives who fear the cannery will destroy the ecology and ruin the area). Tension builds, there are some loud words and a few fights. Amidst all this, some dogs are mysteriously killed; tracks of slime turn up in odd places; something tears a hole in a fishing net. A boy and some teenagers are ripped to pieces, and it is discovered that humanoid fish creatures, which can come onto land and attack, are lurking.

It evolves that the creatures are genetically speeded-up mutations of fish, appearing

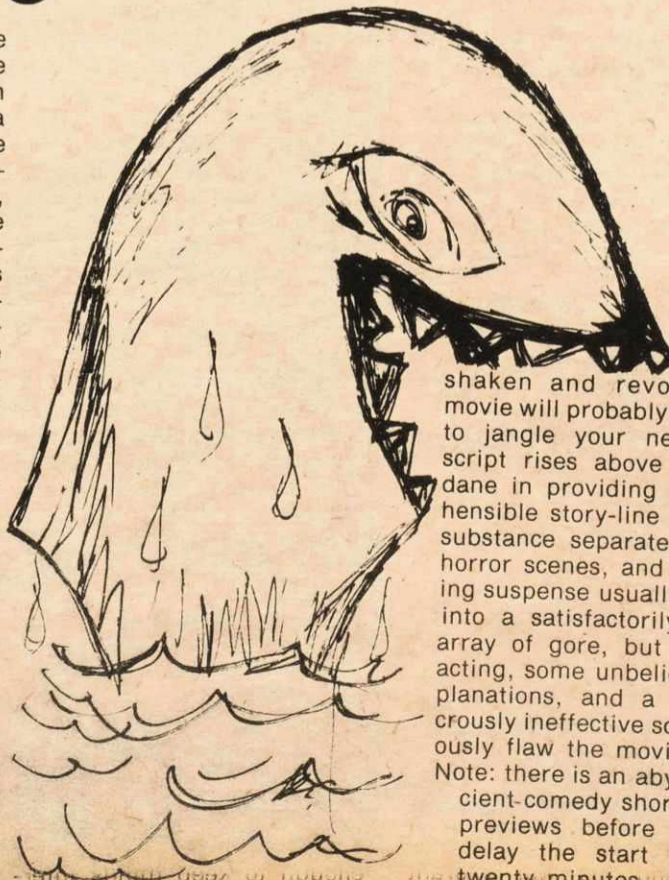
after the cannery accidentally jettisoned a special type of DNA (intended to increase the growth rate of salmon) into the water (there's a neat little biology film shown to explain this). The humanoids consider man a competitor for food. Unfortunately for credibility and the tone of the movie, they rape females of the human species in an attempt to advance their evolution, which tends to be a pretty funny sight (although one can imagine that it wouldn't be terribly amusing for the victims). The movie climaxes with a horde of the creatures attacking a sea-side dance/carnival, raping and pillaging, resulting in mass panic, fierce life-and-death struggling, and a lot of blood.

The acting in this movie, led by once-dashing-now-slobbish Doug McClure, is forgettable, except for one woman who defends her baby and home against a couple of the creatures, and a female scientist who is too incompetent an actress to be forgotten. The

dialogue is uninspiring. The suspenseful builds are quite effective, however, even though very familiar, and a few comic characters give occasional relief to the tension. The explosions, fires, blood and mangled bodies are realistic enough, but the humanoids themselves are less than terror-inspiring in appearance, and their rape-attacks are not very believable in concept or in action (although they provide for the exposure of several lovely female bodies, which will likely please the males in the audience).

The damage the creatures cause to property and human frames is certainly convincing, though, what with faces being ripped away, flesh raked and torn, ribs crushed and blood gushing freely amid a wreckage of glass and wooden walls. The final scene, in fact, is one of the grisliest events you could hope to witness (or avoid witnessing, if you're squeamish) on film.

If you want to be a bit



shaken and revolted, this movie will probably be enough to jangle your nerves. The script rises above the mundane in providing a comprehensible story-line with some substance separate from the horror scenes, and the building suspense usually explodes into a satisfactorily gripping array of gore, but the weak acting, some unbelievable explanations, and a few ludicrously ineffective scenes seriously flaw the movie.

Note: there is an abysmal, ancient-comedy short and two previews before the film, delay the start by about twenty minutes.