

new play...

# Foxfire sets stage alight

by Irfan Mian

Neptune Theatre's latest production, *Foxfire* (by Susan Cooper and Hume Cronyn, with music composed by Johnathan Holtzman), begins with Annie Nations carving a pig's head. Throughout the play she imagines that her dead husband, Hector (played by Robert Clothier, Relic of *Beachcombers* fame), is alive. The play has many very humorous scenes which have to be seen to be fully enjoyed. (Hector, the dead man, no longer appreciates birthdays.)

The plot is the classic country-mouse-versus-city-cousin. An unprincipled developed named Prince Carpenter (Gary Vermeir) squirts sow blood on himself while trying to slice out the pig's eye for Annie. He wants to buy her land so wealthy Floridians can build costly homes on it, with barbed wire fences to keep out the hillbillies — the fate suffered by the family land of young Holly Burrell (Melissa Mullen).

Annie's country musician son

Dillard's (Boyd Norman) wife has run off but has left the children, whom he is grateful to have. He wants his mother to come live with him in the city because it is dangerous living along in the mountains of Georgia. Annie must decide whether or not to move. She has to come to terms with her husband's death.

The set, designed by Ted Roberts, is a genuine-looking and vivid scene of earth, rocks, wood, a wooden cabin and the horizon. The costumes of the country musicians and of Prince are tacky and polyester. The hillbillies wear suitable farming clothes.

Dillard and the Stoney Lonesome Boys (Greg Simm and Gordon Stobbe) provide some great stomping music with the guitar, banjo, and fiddle/violin (what a fabulous instrument). Dillard also sings some quiet and sentimental songs.

The beautiful mountains, The gorgeous sky. The fresh air. May they remain "like foxfire on rotten wood".



## Sweet Dreams

Throughout the night,  
In my dreams,  
Scenes ethereal and real,  
Sensuous curves; jagged blades,  
Blinding violet; cherry jello,  
Cold, cold, cold,  
Whoa, I likes her . . . a lot!!  
Dark and hot; levitation.,  
Violet again; F=ma,  
Faces — ugly — in my wall,  
Sweat, strain, pain,  
Floating, two-legged chairs,  
Watch out for the drags, Frank  
Warm sun; cold rain,  
Confusion, loss,  
I want to go back to line seven.  
OOOoohh YeahhhHH! That's nice.  
Chocolate cake; lime jello?!  
I don't like lime jello.  
Hey, wait a minute! No, I don't like lime jello!  
My girlfriend is possessed,  
You try sleeping next to a possessed person.  
Fuck this, I might be sleeping,  
It ain't too restful though.  
Line seven was nice though . . .

Poetry

John Hayden

## Truth Conquers

There's Hope where Tigers,  
Find their lairs,  
Despite an old man's  
Idle tears;  
Face the music,  
Play the game,  
Dalhousie,  
What's in a name,  
Growing great,  
Humanity, dignity,  
A Friend is all you need.

"Jim" Bell  
Class of '47

# Restaurant review

by Jenn Beck

If you turn right instead of left once you enter the door of 5677 Brenton Place, you'll find yourself heading downstairs to Sanford's basement, a cozy, low-ceilinged place containing the Wine Cellar Cafe. Here, the captain's chairs are grouped casually to seat 30 people around the

fireplace. A fine selection of imported beer and wine is available, as well as light snacks, salads, main fare, and desserts. The prices are pleasantly reasonable, ranging from \$2.25 for the garlic bread to \$6.50 for a main dish of seafood stew. I sampled the cheese and cracker plate (\$3.95) and enjoyed both the food and the service immeasurably — perhaps the wine had something to do with

that . . . .  
Unobtrusive background music complemented the jazz-bar feel and understated decor, creating a perfect, muted setting for a lovely evening, depending on the company you keep. Cafe hours are 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. weekdays and 3:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. weekends, with a trial brunch from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. that you should call about.



# REVEEN : amusing or dehumanizing

by Meredith Usher

He is the man they call Reveen, and for this past two weeks he has been performing at the Rebecca Cohn auditorium to near sell-out crowds. An estimated 10,000 people watched in amazement as this Australian showman demonstrated his ability to turn normal people into great actors through hypnosis.

For the volunteers, the experience can be a unique and exhilarating one. For the audience it can be a sometimes hilarious demonstration of the creativity of the human mind under the power of suggestion.

As the audience sits transfixed by the activity on stage, they can't help but be fascinated by the number of volunteers that place

their trust in this strange man who looks like Wolfman Jack and dresses like Wayne Newton. Once they are placed into the trancelike state that he called "the super conscious", they appear to have little control over their reactions to the situations he creates for them. At times, these reactions can be very amusing, but at other times it can be like watching rats in a maze, quite a dehumanizing experience.

This aspect does not seem to hinder the audience's enjoyment of the show; it probably contributes to the hilarity. It seems the audience enjoys the show on three different levels. First, they are relieved that they are not the ones making fools of themselves, and secondly they secretly envy the volunteers who had the cour-

age to place their trust in this man. Finally, the audience admires the people on stage for their ability to perform in front of such a large crowd, especially because of the sometimes embarrassing things Reveen asks them to do.

It is this blend of relief and admiration that is at the heart of the show's enduring popularity. As Reveen himself explains early in the show, the super conscious state allows one's dormant creativity to flourish without the burdens of stage fright or social inhibitions.

There is no question that these are the ingredients that have made Reveen a tremendously popular attraction in Canada for the last 25 years, and undoubtedly for many more to come.

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