

arts

hot flashes

cinema

Edmonton Art Gallery will show a film from the National Gallery Collection entitled *Painters Painting* on Sat. Feb. 19 at 2 p.m. The film traces the lives and work of 14 New York artists including Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, and others, over the 1940 to 1970 period.

Charlie Chan Series in the Central Library Theatre features *Charlie Chan in Egypt* Fri. Feb. 19 and Sat. Feb. 20 Both shows at 7:30 p.m. Admission free.

Matinee 16 presents on Thurs. Feb. 17 *The Birds*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock with Rod Taylor and Suzanne Pleshette. On Feb. 18 *Now Voyager* part of the Bette Davis series. Vintage melodrama with Bette Davis as a sheltered spinster, brought out from her shell by a psychiatrist (Claude Rains). Both shows at 7:30 p.m.

National Film Theatre Tues. Feb. 14 *Fararuv Konec*, (*End of a Road*) Czech. 1968 Part of the Eastern European series. Comedy involving a priest who lives off the generosity of the unsuspecting parishioners who are happy to have a Father at a time when most priests are on work gangs. Engl. sub. Fri. Feb. 18 *Roaring Twenties* (USA 1939) Part of the classic gangster series with James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Raoul Walsh. Shows at the Central Library Theatre starting at 8 p.m.

literature

There will be a public reading by Penny Chalmers in Humanities 103 on Fri. Feb. 18 Chalmers is a poet, playwright, and performer. She will be reading from *tranceform* liturgies to be read aloud.

dance

Mesol presents the second run of *Free Dance Images* Feb. 20 at Espace Tournesol on 11845-77 Str. Performances start at 8:00 p.m. and prices are \$2.50 for everyone. Reservations can be made by calling 474-7169.

music

Rel notes...Jazz tomorrow night with the Charlie Austin trio featuring pianist Austin, bassist John Grey and Rick Peterson on drums. Watch for Louisiana Red, Blue Labour recording direct from New York at the end of the month.

Miller kicks off another series of free jazz concerts at the Art Centre with his 16-piece big band Sat. Feb. 26. The concerts are possible by the Edmonton Musician's Association.

Fournier "The Keats of the Cello" is to perform Fri. Feb. 18 at 8:00 p.m. in the Jubilee Auditorium. He is to be accompanied by Maestro Pierre Hetu and the ESO. Tickets from \$5 each and can be procured at the ESO box office.

Borge "The clown prince of pianists" will appear with the orchestra in the second DuMaurier Pops Concert on Thurs. Feb. 24 at 8:00 p.m. Tickets available at the symphony box office or phone 474-2020.

Winchester will appear at SUB Theatre Tues. Feb. 22.

theatre

Studio Theatre's production of two one-act plays by Tom Stoppard runs until Feb. 19 at Corbett Hall. *After Magritte* and *The Real Inspector Hound* begin at 8:30 p.m. each evening with a 7:30 p.m. matinee on Sat. No performance Sunday.

Lezley Howard, the winner of the third annual Clifford E. Howard Award premiered last night at the Citadel. The play runs till Feb. 26 and tickets are available at the Citadel Box Office. phone 474-2020.

Northern Light Theatre presents *Cubistique* in the Edmonton Art Gallery at 12:10 p.m. on Tues. and Wed., and 1:10 p.m. on Thurs. and Fri., and 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday matinees. The play runs till Feb. 26.

art

Exhibition of Indo-Pakistani arts and crafts is showing at the Edmonton Arts Union art gallery until Feb. 22.

Show opens today at the University Art Gallery Ringhouse on the 1st floor. The show, *Joe Plaskett—pastels, and Items from the University Collections*, continues until March. 10.

Colors by Murray W. MacDonald and photography by Geoffrey Phillips are showing at the Edmonton Art Gallery until Feb. 28.

Stoppard confuses and amuses

by Kevin Gillese

After Magritte and *The Real Inspector Hound* by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Richard Schank. Playing at Studio Theatre until Feb. 19.

Playwright Tom Stoppard's strange mixture of surrealism, rapid repartee and comic/serious juxtaposition presents a difficult challenge for actors and directors alike. But Studio Theatre, with fluid tempo and only a few instances of faulty acting, have met the difficult challenge and succeeded in rendering Stoppard intelligible, interesting and exceedingly funny.

And that's saying a lot.

The complexities of the two Stoppard plays the fourth-year BFA students are performing at Studio Theatre are formidable. *After Magritte* is a play based on recurring images in the work of the surrealist painter Magritte. The play concerns itself with different people's different perceptions of reality. As a friend pointed out, the significance of the title is seemingly that after the surrealism of Magritte, Stoppard is offering the totally bizarre. The result is a theatre-of-the-absurd combination of humorous situations, which implies a more serious interpretation of the surrounding world. The dialogue, as Stoppard has written it, is often convoluted and difficult to follow; only some good direction and competent acting, principally from Gregory Tuck as Inspector Foot, bring the conversations within easy grasp and allow the audience to appreciate fully Stoppard's distinctive wit.

There are a few flaws in *After Magritte*: when Faye Cohen (Thelma) undresses and moves off to the corner

wiggling her bum at the audience, there are too few spectators paying attention to the inspector's conversation with the other character. The mother, played by Wendy Harris, is not believably old—her movements and voice are those of a young woman, not an 85-year-old.

Harris, played by Dwight Dutkiewicz, has a weak voice and turns in what is likely the poorest performance of any of the actors of the two plays.

Nonetheless, one wonders whether it makes any difference in theatre of the absurd. If the mother is not believably old, neither is the play believably constructed. Still, the drawbacks do not appear to have an integral role within the play.

The Real Inspector Hound offers similar Stoppard problems for the cast; here they seem to conquer the problems easily however, and turn in an excellent performance all round. The acting is strong, the voices are well-done, the staging and the difficult middle switch from "reality" to "surreality" is handled very well. Gregory Tuck turns in another strong performance. Theresa Kryger overdoes her voice in excellent gothic style, and only Timothy Gosley (as the first Inspector Hound) seems slightly off-tempo, switching his accent three times in the space of five minutes on stage.

The end result of the two plays is a mixture of humor and puzzlement—which is likely what Stoppard intended. The cast and director have produced not only an enjoyable two hours but also two performances of professional calibre and professional interest.

With performances like this one, and others of the past year, I don't think this year's graduating class should have much trouble presenting professional qualifications to prospective employers.

Wendy Harris berates Hamish Boyd in *After Magritte*.

photo Grant Wurm



Casanova seduced by morbidity

by Dave Samuels

Casanova (Odeon 1) directed by Federico Fellini. *Casanova* has superficial similarities to Fellini's three latest works, *Americord*, *Roma*, and *Satyricon*. The stunning visual images are still present, along with the director's usual menagerie of dwarfs and other freaks. The similarities remain on this level, however.

Other characteristics of these latest works have been a virtual absence of plot, and a loose thematic organization. The viewer is asked to follow a protagonist through a community, through various adventures, but the protagonist exists as a mere focussing point for the camera rather than a character whose development is of primary interest. The actual focus is on the community itself—the wanderings of the narrator are, in general, merely a device to move the camera from place to place in that community.

The coherence in *Americord* and *Roma* derives from a sense of place; of organic rhythms—the change of seasons, the sexual attractions, the weddings and funerals, the social habits—all of which tie a community together.

Casanova is a radical departure from this sort of structure. Casanova spends most of his life as an exile. He never seems to attach himself firmly anywhere. The concentration in *Casanova* is invariably upon the character of Casanova.

The nature of this character is clear from the very beginning of the film. Casanova is an essentially sterile individual. His sexual performances are mechanical exercises conducted for gain in the pocketbook or the public estimation. His only true loves are those women who have been crystallized into ideal objects by his memory. The truest of these loves is a clock-work doll which symbolizes the static, formal perfection that Casanova's life is directed towards. The picture which finally emerges is not of a sensualist, but rather of a formalist hypnotized by his own ideal images of self and female humanity. The film ends with canals of Casanova's native Venice frozen over, with our hero locked in the arms of his mechanical doll.

The problem with the film is that Casanova's experience is insignificant relative to the amount of visual gorgeousness which is lavished upon it. The amplification of this experience and its illumination by all the multi-coloured fireworks of Fellini's creative genius is ultimately only a close-up view of decadent, mechanical sex, and of social circles devoid of genuine human attachments. *Casanova*, even with all the compelling cinematography, is an endless series of sterile repetitions. One is left with the impression that Fellini's morbid view of the pleasures of the physical world, heretofore always overwhelmed by his paradoxical attraction to these same sensual delights, has for the moment triumphed. He seems alienated from the sources which gave life to his former works.