



—Bayer photos  
**RON EMMONS**

## Barefoot in the park mugged!

Simon says "do this", but Citadel crew fails to bring it off

Edmonton's Citadel Theatre has opened its third season with a winner. *Barefoot in the Park* by Neil Simon is everything that a hilarious comedy should be. I might even go so far as to say that in a certain indefinable sense it has a touch of genius.

Out of a nothing plot about a pair of newlyweds learning to adjust to each other, to mother-in-law, and to a gay blade of a neighbour comes a series of delightful moments that builds to a climax of extreme sentimental humour.

However, most of the applause must be for the playwright, and, unfortunately, only a very little for the Citadel production. *Barefoot* is a hard play to do badly, yet this is no excuse for not doing the best job that present circumstances would allow.

As far as the production goes there are only two highlights, in the persons of two actors who are really worth noticing. Miss Holly Turner as Corie Bratter, the bride of six days, brings to her role all the charm, youthful energy, sparkle and enthusiasm which the role demands.

There can be no doubt about this actress's talent and potential for success. Her only limitation in the production is the apparent refusal or inability of the other actors to give her and themselves anything to work with.

The other highlight is Wes Stefan, a local actor, who, in the very minor role of the telephone repairman, provides two of the brightest moments in the show, and proves himself as good as any of the best foreign actors that have appeared on the Citadel stage.

Ron Emmons as the young husband, and Ruth Gregory as the mother of the bride, seem totally unaware of the richness of their roles. Arn Weiner as the amorous neighbour does try to do things, but these are for the most part the wrong things. Strangely enough, Mr. Weiner should realize, ham doesn't work in funny situations.

Had these three actors been on top of their roles the effect would have been to give the Citadel its best comedy production yet, and consequently a piece of advertising more valuable than all the sage words with which executive producer Joe Shocter has built his theatre.

Perhaps Edmonton does not deserve the best these actors can give (upper-middle-class audiences are easily duped into enjoying themselves, especially in bush-league country like Edmonton) but these actors—any actors—owe it to their own development and future to do the best job possible at all times.

If you do see fit to attend the play (and you will enjoy yourself in spite of all) you probably should take your sunglasses with you. I found myself involuntarily in tears at the end of the second act because of the eyestraining effect of a glaring set which has been both improperly coloured and much too heavily and amateurishly lighted.

It's too bad that Citadel lost Paul Staheli, a man who really knew what he was doing when it came to set design. Perhaps when the present set and lighting designer, Phillip Silvers, has been broken into the work of professional theatre he will learn to control himself and stop acting like a child with a new toy.

So the Citadel has a commercial success on its hands, even if that success is an artistic (I use the word loosely, like most artists) failure. The Citadel, like the Army and Navy, is a confessed crassly commercial outlet; and, although artistic success is not a prerequisite for making money, such success is necessary for the good of theatre in Edmonton.

So far in its three-year career, the Citadel has done little good for Edmonton theatre. By all means let the Citadel do all the upper-middle-class plays it wants to, but at least let it do them as well as possible.

—Peter Montgomery



**HOLLY TURNER**

## Can a man find happiness with two women? Yes, but first he has to marry them both

**THE REBELLION OF YALE MARRATT**, by Robert Rimmer.

Rebellion, that well-known and much maligned adolescent phenomenon, is skillfully if not always believably handled in this book by Robert Rimmer.

Marratt is one that breed of anti-heros currently so popular. He sets himself up against the morals, mores and pursuits of society in general and his parents in particular.

Yale Marratt isn't a camp hero. In fact, he's one of the most uncamp guys you'd want to run across. He reads a lot, doesn't play football (doesn't even like it) and likes a girl because she stimulates his mind.

The book traces the life and fortunes of this erstwhile anti-hero, who somehow never loses his youthful enthusiasm. Early in life, he sees the futility of his father's existence and tells Marratt senior that he prefers to find his own answer.

His own answer, in this rather typical situation, is characteristically un-typical. He becomes a bigamist, unwittingly at first. Then, discovering his mistake (I

won't tell you how he made a mistake like that—find out for yourself), he decides it isn't such a bad situation after all since he loves both women equally. So they all agree to live together in happy harmony until their self-righteous society decides differently.

Rimmer, incredibly, not only makes you believe his story, he also manages to build his anti-hero into a decidedly sympathetic character. In the meantime, he advances his own particular theory of love.

What Rimmer proposes, through Marratt, is a new kind of love and a revolution in the sexual mores of North American society. This revolution is so complete a departure from existing standards, it is hardly expected to get very far.

With almost hippie-like fervor, Rimmer alias Marratt proposes the creed "Love everyone." He seeks to enoble sex by coupling it with an empathy of spirit between two people.

Anyway, like that of the hippies, his message falls on deaf ears and he's not even allowed to love his two wives in peace.

His society and his father see to

it that, like all good anti-heros, he suffers. The rest of his family sense with a vague uneasiness that Marratt wins out in the end anyway, and they continue their shallow pointless little lives with this apprehension hanging over them.

Perhaps the biggest fault of the book is that the ugliness it portrays is very real, very concrete, very believable. Somehow, regrettably, the beauty and the love don't quite make the grade with the same convincingness.

—Lydia Dotto

**Dr. P. J. Gaudet**  
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