

## This Is No Edible Woman

by Ron Norman

It seems that the Tuesday Lunch Hour Theatre has done it again. Unfortunately, the Gazette has not given as much attention to this campus crew as it most assuredly deserves. The odd article and promo has appeared and so the praise of this ingenious series has been scattered. Everyone must know by now that each Tuesday at 12:30 p.m. a short production (short in time, usually long in quality) is presented. The phenomenon is not that the productions have been very well done and most enjoyable, but that more people have not shown up for the performances, but now onward to the play which was presented last Tuesday, March 3rd.

"But What Have You Done for Me Lately" presented exactly what the program said it would. It "exploits the tools of irony, hate, fear and passion to argue one of the most volatile questions of today, that of the right of women to have an abortion "on demand. Only about twenty minutes in length, the play's theme cracks one over the head like a blunt object. Where Margaret Atwood's treatment of a similar theme was said to have been like the kick of a molotov cocktail hidden inside a perfume bottle (The Edible Woman), Myrna Lamb's play hands one the molotov cocktail - not hidden and its explodes violently, passionately. Passion, in fact, is a central feature of the play. Ray Doucette plays Alan, a man who, as the play opens, is seen in a hospital bed preparing to have a baby. Yes, that is right, Alan is pregnant! By whom? Good question! The doctor, played by Susan Monaghan (who also directed the play), has artificially impregnated Alan. The reason which is disclosed about midway through this one-act play is because Alan had a "little flirt" with

the doctor one night a long time ago. The doctor became pregnant because of it, and since in these times of strict abortion laws (this is a contemporary play) she had to proceed with the pregnancy and conceive an unwanted child. The artificial impregnation of Alan is her revenge. Susan acted well in the role of the doctor, giving the character a good dose of a cold-sensical passion. Ray, in the role of Alan, contributed the necessary frightened, angry, frustrated passion and because of it his role came off well.

The ingenious aspect of this play was that it actually incorporated two plays within it. While the frustrating debate between Alan and the doctor takes place two figures, a soldier played by John Dartt, and a beautiful girl played by Alison Masters, act out a series of movements corresponding to the dialogue between the doctor and Alan - not rough uncut movements, but very smooth, integrated actions. These silhouetting actions were very definitely

one of the best things about the play. Both Alison and John gave their actions enough theatricality to make them a very fine compliment to the doctor-Alan dialogue.

Perhaps the sole fault of the play lay with the script itself. The play seemed to be a natural development of the women's liberation movement - to let the man have the baby and see how he likes the laws. However, it gave no original dialogue and this helped to enforce the enforce the clubbing effect referred to earlier. The movement, the integration of the two background figures (the soldier and the girl) and the performances by all four actors more than made up for the bluntness of the theme.

The audience seemed to enjoy the play - I did anyway! Watch out for "First Taile", a play directed by Morris Walker which will be presented March 18th at 12:30 in Studio 1 of the Arts Center (downstairs). P.S. Try to get there on time; it's a hassle having people squeezing in after the play has begun.



Want a Cheap Thrill?

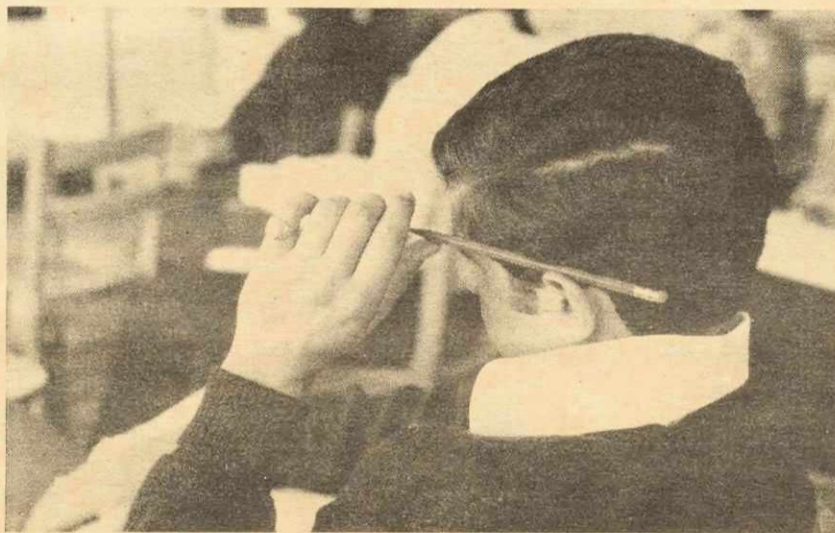
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## ATTENTION !!

Dalhousie Honour Awards nomination applications are now available at SUB Inquiry Desk. Nominations close

March 17.

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(cont'd from pge. 5 )

without casue, how often do we label people blindly?

Coming from a small western town, where locks and keys are exception and not the rule, I was unjustifiably passing judgement on a stranger labelling him a thief and Lord knows what else.

Yet today my skates were returned to the Equipment Control Center as I had asked on my Notice, with no mention of a reward. The person who returned the skates left no name, address, or phone number.

I would appreciate it if you could publish this letter -- in hopes that it will reach the person in question -- as an apology to a person I may have never met, yet, who I considered a thief, and to gratefully and sincerely extend him the accolades and respect he deserves for his honesty.

Thank You,  
Respectfully your,  
Jean R. Duperrault