

# 'Birdbath' not average love story

by Sylvia Kaptein

The posters promised "a chilling love story" and that is what Theatre 1707 delivered to its audiences last week. "Birdbath", a one act play directed by B.J. Parker, played from February 13 to 17 in their theatre on Brunswick Street.

The story opens in a small restaurant around closing time. Frankie Basta (played by Garfield Allen) is the newly-hired cashier and is sitting by the cash reading. Velma Sparrow, a waitress, enters and attempts to strike up a conversation with Frankie.

Velma (played by Nancy Ellen Whyte) is a nervous, simple, rather homely woman of twenty-six who is obsessed with talking about her mother. While a certain amount of compassion forces Frankie to listen, he would much rather read his book.

After closing time, Velma waits for Frankie, attracted to him because he does listen to her. He invites her up to his apartment for some coffee and, after she vehemently declares she has never been

alone with a man before (the audience can easily believe this), she follows him.

Once in the apartment, Frankie immediately proceeds to down a bottle of Martini. He is often rude to Velma and is very moody.

Velma sits anxiously on the bed and rattles on about her mother, how intelligent Frankie is, and how she has never received a Valentine in her life (it is the day before Valentine's Day). Frankie, however, has more earthy intentions which are, of course, nervously rebuffed by Velma.

The story then takes a dramatic turn of events. Frankie backs Velma into a corner in an attempt to give her a hug. Terrified, she pulls a knife out of her pocket—a knife still dripping with blood.

Then the horrible truth unfolds. That morning, Velma's mother announced that she would be going on a trip in order to find a husband, since her own had deserted her twenty years back.

Velma was told that she could not come along because

she might ruin her mother's chances with her homeliness. Velma, apparently driven over the brink of insanity, murdered her mother right then and there.

Frankie, although stunned, offers to help Velma and the play closes with Velma sobbing on the bed and Frankie writing her a macabre poem, which is to be her first Valentine.

Both actors played their parts well. Nancy Ellen Whyte deserves special praise as hers was not an easy part to play. She did, however, do so strongly and convincingly.

The sets were realistic and surprisingly elaborate for a production of that size. The lighting was also realistic, with no harsh spotlights on the scene in Frankie's apartment, only those lights one would expect to see in an apartment.

The only disappointment was the shortness of the play. Since it lasted only one hour, it might have been nice to have shown another play or some other entertainment to make an evening out of it.



John Cox

# 'Citizen Kane'.. enduring classic

by Larry Brown

It's always harder to write critiques of good movies than bad ones, and this one is no exception. Citizen Kane is a film classic; written and directed by Orson Welles in 1941 when he was only 24 years old. Yet it is hard to decide why it is so good. I fear so much has been lost over the forty years since it was made that it has to be termed a classic and accepted with the few faults that one can see from today's standards.

It's corny in some parts, but representative of the time. Less forgivable is the poor, almost satirical acting in one of the early scenes before Orson Welles enters the picture. But apart from these

criticisms, which I am uneasy in levying because of the god-like reputation of the film, one can see why it has earned its prestige.

Orson Welles gives a superlative performance in his portrayal of a newspaper giant based on the life of Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate who was Patty Hearst's grandfather. Welles portrays Citizen Kane from his inception into newspapers until his death many years later. With make-up and fine acting, Welles changes from a radical young man into an unhappy old man.

The story starts with the death of Citizen Kane, and then proceeds on a retrospective look at his life. The glue holding these glimpses of

Kane together is a newspaperman who is seeking to find out more about Kane's death-bed remark. We have snatches of Kane and his psyche, finally deciding that Kane never knew how to love; money was his clutch. The significance of the deathbed utterance is revealed at the very end of the movie, but there are clues in numerous scenes. It is the subtleness of the clues that make the ending rewarding, and gives one the desire to see the film again.

The cinematography is not appreciated nowadays, but when the movie was made it was acclaimed for its innovativeness. Since its release, the

practices it uses have become routine and are indistinguishable in the film.

I don't think that the enduring quality in this movie can be appreciated until one sees some of the other films of the period. If one does, the writing of Citizen Kane will truly be esteemed. Many of the lines are still fresh, and still hold importance.

Citizen Kane is a classic, and must be viewed as such. It does not have the power of a modern film. It does not stand up to Kramer vs. Kramer. But let us wait forty more years and then look again. My money rests on the enduring strength of Citizen Kane.



## crypto

by Kate Lewis

JTOXVCQR OXT AFZE ZDOX BGDOTRO ODD JSWX

—RXFQRBTFGT

PSQVL OWT PCXXL

—OWQWDZQRP

PCQ OVX SZ BVBV

—MBM VSMX

PQ SOLMT PQ ACRXAVBA UDCAVESBSQQ

—PBBS OFFPUUCST

J QV JL PZMMPV LRZMO

—DZDPV

EXAMPLE—QWR ETU DE IOPR, QWRAR SAR FG

VOGPZE

THE SKY IS BLUE, THERE ARE NO CLOUDS. THE CRYPTOQUOTE CLUE LETTER MAY NOT BE THE SAME AS THE ANSWER LETTER. E.G. "TRV" MAY NOT BE "THE", TRY "AND".

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