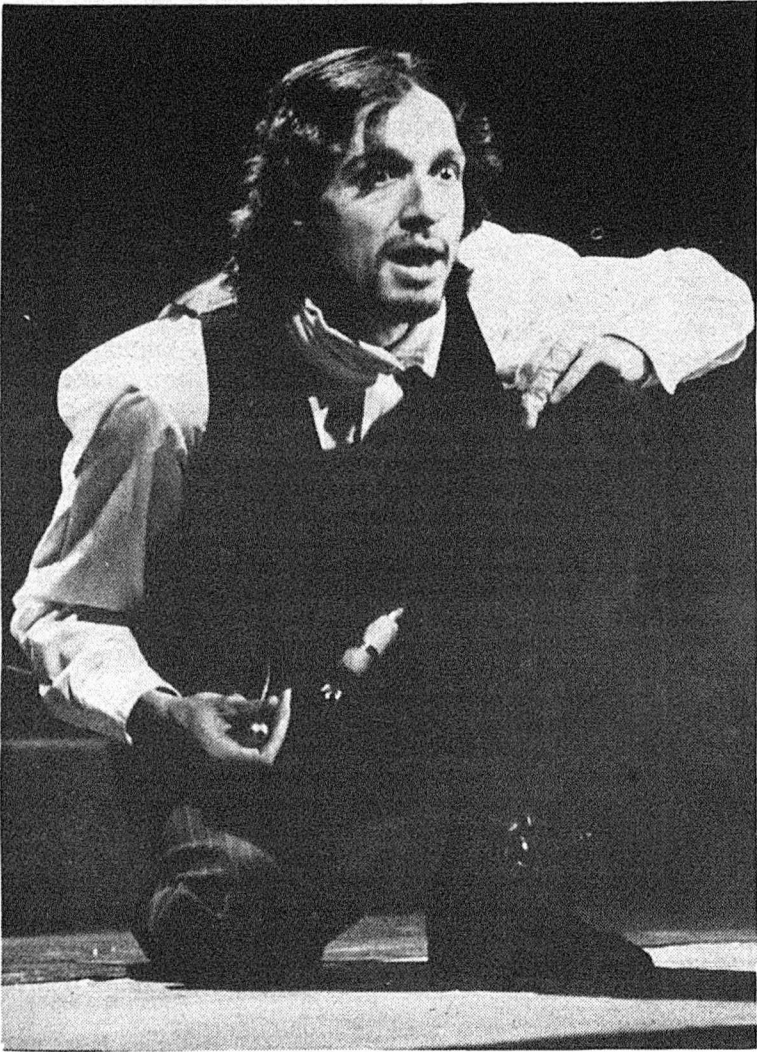


# U of A's BFA best



"Now is the winter of our discontent..."

Timothy Gosley plays Richard in Studio Theatre's *Richard III*.  
photo Don Truckey

by Kevin Gillese

*Richard III* (playing at Studio Theatre, Corbett Hall, until Nov. 6)

I've heard rumors that the U of A's B.F.A. drama program is one of the best, most professional in the country.

If *Richard III* is any indication, there's no doubt the rumor is true.

Staged by the fourth-year B.F.A. drama class, *Richard III* is the best live Shakespearian production I have seen in Edmonton. It's hard to write a review of the production without waxing eloquent and spouting superlatives over all the things that are done so well in it.

The acting is excellent - certainly of the professional calibre one generally sees in Edmonton.

The directing is superb - especially with regard to the scrupulous attention paid to all the "minor" points of the work (which actually determine whether or not the production is a success). The exits and entrances are done quickly - but with proper dramatic pause when the occasion demands it. The blocking of characters around the stage is handled extremely well - in a production that demands a great deal of movement from its players. The musical accompaniment (com-

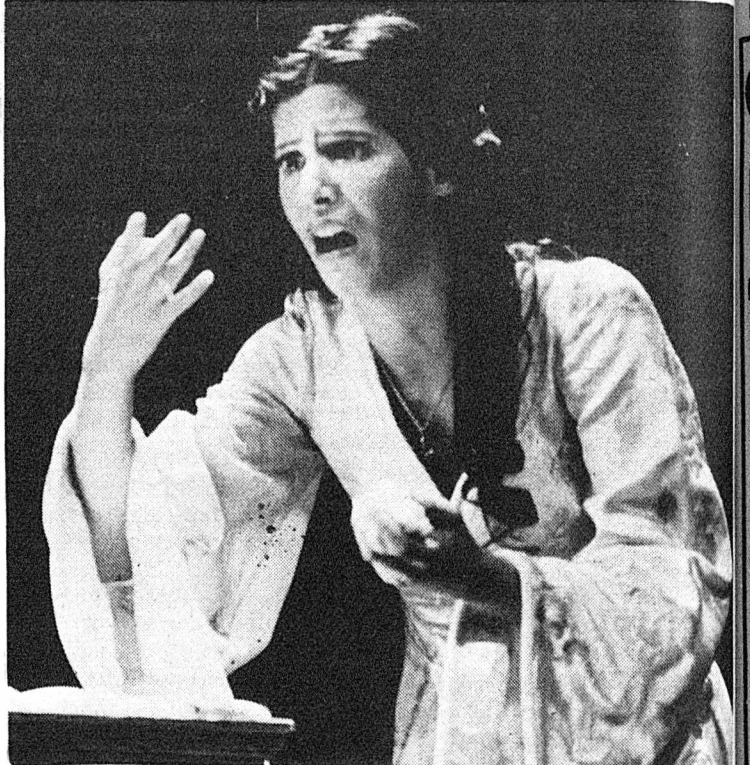
posed and conducted by Allan Bell) is excellent. The lighting and special effects (especially the use of highlights and macabre blood-letting) are done very well. The costuming, using Victorian upper-class British apparel) is used well and even the setting of stage props is executed with precision.

But of course, not everything in the production was perfect.

One of the actors, Bob Buxton, who plays Lord Rivers is glaringly out of place and seems appallingly bad in comparison to the rest of the cast. Buxton is artificial, lacks a sense of dramatic impact (and thus ends up shouting every second word in his death scene in order to gain

audience and drew titters when Richard launched into his famous soliloquy before the battle on the plains of Salisbury. However, one of the most outstanding performances in the play was when Richard (played by Timothy Gosley) managed to draw his audience back into the play in the soliloquy scene without paying attention to some people's more drawn out and childish giggles.

Very fine acting from the female leads - particularly Queen Margaret (Theresa Krygier) - and male leads - particularly Clarence (Hamish Boyd) - balanced the play's outstanding lead performance from Gosley. All told, *Richard III* is



Faye Cohen as Ann.

impact), forces his voice, is awkward on stage and even managed to miss his opening line completely in Saturday's production.

The two child actors - playing the Prince of Wales and the Prince of York - are poor, although they would have been adequate in a lesser production.

One of the props used to produce smoke for Richard's famous dream scene produced a very-obvious, very-smelly cloud of smoke that drifted into the

superb production - and there is no need to qualify that commendation with the adjective "staid" before performance. The action, intrigues and thrilling aspect of Shakespeare's history are used to their fullest, even while his insights into human nature are clarified by the performance.

This is a play, I think a university students - especially those who believe Shakespeare is a bore - should see. They soon change their minds.

## It was a Caesarian

by Colin Ross

*The Story of O* is a very puzzling movie. There were about twenty or twenty-five people at our showing, but no skulking dirty old men and no mod swingers, just ordinary people. The very first scene set the tone of the movie. But what was that tone? That is what's so puzzling. You can't tell what appeal the movie is making. It certainly isn't pornography, not in the dirty postcard tradition. The difficulty is that you can't decide what the director is assuming in his audience: at times you wonder if the film was made by human beings.

There is nothing in the least bit shocking about *The Story of O*. Almost every scene, except those set in O's apartment, takes place in ludicrously over-ornate rooms, piled high with antiques. Half the film is spent in a chateau which resembles a boarding school, except that women go there voluntarily to be sexual slaves. In one scene two men are seated in chairs in front of the fire, as the camera looks in over the flames. One is reading a newspaper. They are perfectly ordinary middle-class people. Casually, one man puts down his paper, tells a woman who happens to be standing nearby to lie down, and they fornicate for thirty seconds. The woman is shown making ridiculous screams and moans, then it's over. It reminds you of dogs on the sidewalk.

Another puzzling aspect of the movie is the narrator, who we never see. She is a middle-aged, Ann Landers figure, but five times as sugary-sweet, with an affinity for words like "enthralled." The ten or twelve whipping scenes are glossed over and rendered un-

realistic by the narrator's voice. Like the dialogue and the stilted acting, the whipping scenes are completely phoney. They're make believe, much more so than the phoniest spaghetti western. The whip limply floats over and lightly brush O's buttocks, then CRACK!! comes the sound effect.

There is also a pure-Hollywood boating scene. We are shown O and Sir Stephan, her lover, rowing on a misty lake. O laughs and splashes water on him, a la *Love Story*, then later they walk arm in arm, laughing young lovers, but Sir Stephan is about 50 years old. Rene, O's earlier lover, is one of those effete figures out of a mod men's clothing shop, without a drop of character or intelligence. His emotions are spoiled-boyish and he walks around with a deadpan expression. O is quite good looking, but her feelings are very very conventionalized, within an inane convention.

The audience just didn't know how to respond. It's not that the senses are disordered or that one is stunned, as it says in the advertisement. The film is monotonous. It is not art. You couldn't call it entertainment. The sex is so unsexual, make-believe, and misty-romanticized that it can't be pornography. There is no physical consciousness expressed in the movie, neither is there any satire. The characters mill around pointlessly, jabbing each other occasionally with various anatomical protuberances. Pointless: that's the upshot of the movie.

*The Story of O* is not "bizarre." The camera work is monotonous, the scenery and the interiors monotonously unvaried. The dialogue is more artificial than an afternoon televi-

sion serial. Yet there is an industry which thrives on this stuff, in film and magazine. The public to which it caters must be very sick, but not because of sexual perversion. The supposed perversions are bland and innocuous though grandmothers are meant to be "stunned" by them. *The Story of O* is a sick movie because it is completely out of touch with the reality of the human body, with the physical world, and with human sex. *The Story of O* is not shocking, just puzzling: what strange people there must be in New York, or Paris, or somewhere, who consider such movies very daring, liberated and avant-garde.

*The Story of O* is playing at the Roxy Cinema

## Film Festival

The Varscona Theatre will be presenting a festival of international films from Nov. 5 to Nov. 11:

Friday, Nov. 5 8:00 p.m. *La Tete de Normande St. Orange*, France; Sat. Nov. 6, 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. *Lost Honor of Catherine Blum*, England; Sun. Nov. 7, 2 & 8 p.m., *Salut L'Artiste*, Director Yves Robert, Starring Marcello Mastroianni, France; Mon. Nov. 8, 8:00 p.m. *Sinbad*, Director: Zoltan Huszarik, Hungary; Tues. Nov. 9, 8:00 p.m. *Fox and His Friends*, Directed by and Starring Werner Fassbinder, Germany, Wed. Nov. 10 8:00 p.m. *Belladonna*, Director: Eiichi Yamamoto, Japan, Thurs. Nov. 11 - p.m., *Sunday Woman*, Canada.

Advance tickets available at the Odeon Theatre daily and evenings only at the Varscona Theatre - no reserved seats.

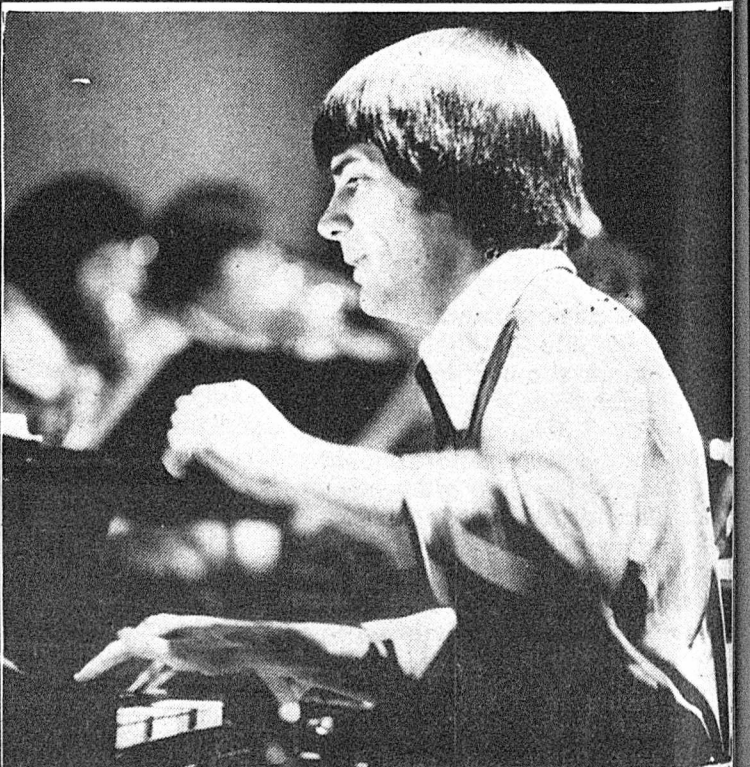


photo Brian Gavriloff

Jim Hodgekinson glides over the ivory keys during the University Stage Band's performance in the SUB Theatre Oct. 27.