

The Four-Cornered Couch

By **BRIAN HERRELL**

This weekend ACT (A Community Theatre) premiered their latest production at the Carrefour theatre. The *Four-Cornered Couch*, written by Henry Slesar and directed by Ed Rashed.

The play starred Kirk MacKinnon and Shelley Murphy as Grover and Shirley Allenby, a couple seeking happiness in a strained marriage. Lindsay Kyte played Darleen Nightingale, Grover's sometimes-mistress and attempted psychoanalyst. In the play, Grover takes Darleen as his mistress after a friend of his takes her to Grover's party and she forgets her purse. To continue seeing her he tells his wife that he is seeing an analyst. After seeing how happy her husband is, Shirley decides that it would be best if she saw

an analyst as well, and approaches Darleen.

This causes Darleen to start taking her supposed role as a psychoanalyst seriously, much to Grover's chagrin. This play is full of conversations about love, fidelity, and confusion that keep the audience interested.

MacKinnon played the role of Grover well. He mastered the child-like qualities of Grover and made the role his own. With MacKinnon's performance, the audience had no trouble believing that his character throws tantrums and has an Oedipus complex.

Kyte's portrayal of what is, in her words, "the dumb mistress," was impeccable. She smoothly changed from the confused blonde bimbo that we saw at the beginning of the play, to the role of the con-

cerned analyst by the end of the performance.

Comic relief was high in this play, due in no small part to a great supporting cast of characters, including a homosexual bellhop, a sleazy desk clerk at a hotel, and a snobby waiter, played by Jonathan C. Stewart, Gregory Stapleton, and Ben Kindler, respectively.

Kudos must be given to Rashed who was able to stretch one set to portray several different locations. Despite the single set, there were scene changes every ten minutes, giving the play a choppy feel that one struggled to come to terms with.

Overall, I would say that the play was a great success, and a good addition to ACT's resume. I'm not sure about the \$10 price tag, but I enjoyed the show.

Strawberry return

By **KAREN RAWLINES**

It's been a while since Charlottetown was last delivered Strawberry's melodic brand of infrapop. Still, those who made the stop at the Barn on Saturday, October 24 were not disappointed by their homecoming, which came one night after a stop in Halifax to launch their beautiful new album, *Brokeheart Audio*.

The show was a late bloomer: arrangements were made hastily, and that didn't leave much time to the few Charlottetonians who are still aware of its music. It seems that pubcrawling and tv watching in the lounge are still the reigning activities for weekend indulgences. The event seemed to ache with the results of the old rule of 17+ers only.

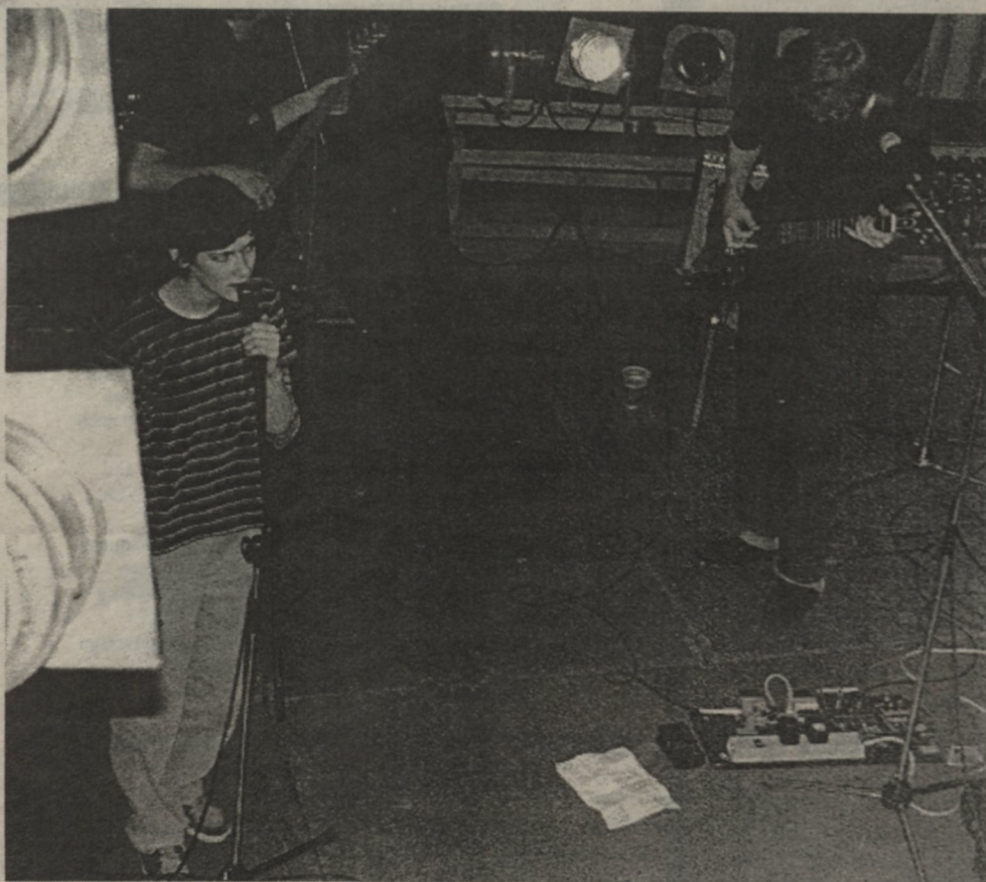
Horton's Choice began the festivities with their usual fluent charm. The three-piece offered a tasty stirfry of originals and covers of their favourite songs with a purity not unlike *The Sound of Music*. They began with their new single, which begat applause. Dan, Steven and Julie proved that there is music beyond the Metamedia beyond the posters, and that we should like to hear it.

Next, our listening pleasure melded with the Dynamites subtle rock-posturing. An impressive presence, they infected the minions with dance, and nailed between song stage banter down with a wooden stake. A special dedication to "everybody" was especially appreciated. Their set was tight, with Jason's restlessly delivered vocals smoothing well with bassist Kelly's harmony and rock-kicks and drummer Mike's creative rimshots.

And then there was Strawberry.

A fifth element (Anthony's guitar) was introduced to their already lush symphony, which appears to be nothing the better for it. Each member of the union contributed to their own private gallery: Scott's arsenal of pedals made his guitar sing to the strong bass thread added by Brian; Jon (drums) played the solid timekeep, and Deidre's voice of air and seraphim breathes with more presence than ever. The set consisted of their album's new, beautiful material, which has put more voice duties on Scott's capable vocal cords. Their army of two guitars has an incredibly hypnotic power, and is backed by a low end that can only heighten the fever. It appears that they have also learned to move on stage, stirring a restrained commotion.

The show was a sparsely attended, but seemingly important event. We forget what commodities come from our own space.



Strawberry's new record *Brokeheart Audio* is available now from the kind folks at No Records. E-mail <melissa@norecords.ca> for more info. - Photo Richard Haines

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