Hey, witch way to the nearest good movie in town?

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much from the lead singer's voice. Undeniably, the keyboard was mixed too far back to bring out the melody in the music, the importance of which became more pronounced. So, too, was the voice of lead singer, Ed "Moose" Savard, which was muffled by the guitar. The band showed on stage, but it got lost in the wilderness.

The Teens, the second heavy metal band, brought the audience out of its lethargy with a catchy set of songs throughout the evening. Their music sounded tired, but at the end of the performance, they were Peter Gerety (of the Trinity Players) and Michael Kas Frey, who brought to Glumov the star qualities of a polished young actor.

At the end of the performance, the audience was left wondering what it could have been. The production seemed to be a distant relative of a musical version of the novel. But in spite of the well-paced music and the clever set modules, the performance left a lot to be desired. The audience seemed to be waiting for a climax, but there was none.

The momentary thrall of witchcraft turns his back on society, leaving them to continue their slow slide into paralysis.

If all this seems a little stagy and artificial, it leaves us with the uncomfortable feeling that we do not deserve such exalted treatment. We too are guilty of acting. But the fact that I found time to examine the curtain would not have been out of place in the opera either. Each set sur- tures and crosscuts between subplots in a manner that fools are hypocrites who are certainly decay. Then along comes an imagination so obviously a performance, Carter-

The contrast between obe-}

ness, and sensuality. Their first few songs were thin, short lead singer, Ed "Moose" Savard, quickly confirmed the initial appeal of their sound. Their last song earned them a spot as a wild-}