

All Kinds Of Love In A Strange World

DAVE MARKS makes his stage debut — as a minstrel of love — and Fiona Fraser and George Jackson supply infinite variations on that theme of themes: "What Is Love?"

The venue is the Breytenbach Theatre and the fare is a revue with a difference, ideal entertainment for this season of love — love universal and love personal. Who does not want the answer — no, not one, but many answers, to the age-old question?

In a production compiled and presented by Fiona Fraser, the answers vary from the flippant or piquant to the serious or profound. Each lively scene is aptly linked by comment and song from a latter-day troubadour, a singer of simple and natural charm whose very lack of stage artifice seems part of the role of one who comments that 'tis a strange world, a very strange world we live in.

A DRAW

Who is Dave Marks? He is the young man whose song "Master Jack" has become an international hit and taken the Four Jacks and a Jill to fame; whose theme song for "Dr. Kalie" will probably become a greater draw than the film itself.

"Ah! What is love!" the poet exclaims, and we may answer with the modern that it's but a dance; we may call it dedication or renunciation; we may laugh at its foibles, cry at its tragedies, or see it as, above all, a bond of comradeship between a band of brothers . . .

"For he today that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother."

All the moods are there, from the local comedy of Her-

man Charles Bosman to the highflown sentiments of the Brownings, from the wasted, futile love so ornately expressed by Oscar Wilde to Sarah Churchill's bitter-sad farewell to her father; from the blithe comment of Patrick Dennis on modern American marriage to the wooing and taming of Shakespeare's shrew; from Housman's picture of Victoria's wooing of Albert to

Shrew"), but she also makes us want to prolong our acquaintance with the gallant, surprising Mary Kingsley. She makes us laugh, she makes us wonder.

George Jackson is a clever partner in love, mostly highly skilled; but he also takes the solo role in such a way as to command the stage. His excerpts from the Oscar Wilde story, as told in the letters to "Bosie," are not only cleverly arranged but finely presented.

FIESTA

The whole "literary revue" (and don't let that title put you off) has an air of naturalness that springs only (on the stage, anyway) from innate sophistication.

● From start to finish it all comes off quite brilliantly. It is in itself a little fiesta, an evening set aside for a special delving into the words of the wise and the not-so-wise.

P.A.K.



Fiona Fraser

the lonely love expressed by that Victorian woman extraordinary, Mary Kingsley — for that most unlikely wooer: Africa.

Dave Marks has written a number especially for this programme and called it "All Kinds of Love". That sums it up: a little froth, a lot of drama, a touch of Chekovian torment, a dash of wit, a lyricism, a burst of jealousy or joy. What more? You name it: they have it.

MOODS

It's the greatest fun — well contrasted in its scenes and moods, relaxed but never tedious, presented with dash, verve and taste. A holiday hors d'oeuvre, a foretaste of festivities, a lighting of the brightest star. I loved it: you will too. If you don't, then examine your conscience: what IS love?

Fiona Fraser shows herself versatile indeed in taking on a hundred identities and expressing as many nuances. She is cut to measure for Kate ("The Taming of



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