

Theater

God
By Woody Allen
Oregon Repertory Theatre

The only thing sad about Woody Allen's play *God* is that it only lasts about an hour.

Like all good things in life, the good times the Oregon Repertory Theatre delivers in their production of Allen's comedy/farce are over before they should be. Or before you'd like them to be. But every one of the sixty or so minutes of the play are an absolute gas — dynamic theatre at its best.

God is perfectly suited for ORT's Midnight Mafia series. Director Hans Christofferson has tailored several parts of the play to fit a Eugenean sense of humor like a broken-in pair of Birkenstocks. It almost seems as if Allen had lived in Eugene when he wrote it.

There's no real point to talk about such things as *plot* and *theme* in the play. It's not that they don't exist, or that they are poorly conceived and drawn out, it's just that those things seem irrelevant in light of the rest of the *God* experience. And *God* is an outrageous theatrical experience, for both audience and actors alike.

The play's extremely loose-knit setting begins in ancient Greece, and then quickly jumps to present-day Eugene, then back to Greece and then Eugene again — thus establishing a pattern that continues throughout the play. This oscillation keeps things moving at a thundering pace.

Diabetes is an ancient Greek playwright who is in search of the perfect ending to his most recent play. (Ripples of laughter shoot through the audience every time his name

and that of his leading actor, Hepatitis, is mentioned.) As Diabetes and Hepatitis discuss the matter, Diabetes is struck with the sudden realization that there is an audience watching his every move, hearing his every word. The search for an ending unfolds into an existential search for *ultimate meaning*, and in this the Woody Allen element of the play is clearly recognized.

The fact that Diabetes eventually does find an ending to his play — God comes down from heaven and saves Hepatitis' life at the last minute — is all but lost in the hilarious uproar created by the actors and audience. Not only is the audience laughing at the actors, but they're laughing at *themselves* as well. Each of the four sections has its own part in the play, and this participation makes the entire production a helluva lot of fun



Photo by Jimmi Harris

ORT's Midnight Mafia selection, *God*, runs through Feb. 7. Call 485-1946 for information.

for everyone. This writer, who is known to laugh as much as the next hyena, had, for example, more laughs during *God* than in all his classes this term combined.

God continues through Feb.

7. Shows are at 9 p.m. each night, with additional midnight showings Friday and Saturday. Tickets are \$2.50. Call the ORT for reservations, 485-1946.

By Kirk Knighton

Battle of the tastebuds

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happiness in a Truckstop breakfast — ne'er to be equaled in our entire tour. We waddled happily home, reminding each other of the next day's rendezvous with destiny: McDonald's.

"Now, if you guys are going to that place," our editor-boss had told us at the beginning of our breakfast tour, referring to the Truckstop, "then you gotta go to Mac's. To provide our readers with a glimpse of the opposite poles."

Gaib whined, and Kirk grimaced. But it was no use. It was either eat at McDonald's or let someone else eat the breakfasts and write the story. Snuffing our pride, we said we'd do it. "And make sure you eat the food when you go there," he added as we shuffled out of his office, check in hand.

Breakfast at McDonald's (1417 Villard St.) turned out to be something of a comic extravaganza. It was hard to take our assignment seriously — almost as hard to take as the food. (Okay, okay. Let's not go overboard with these

verbal attacks. Be *objective* — that's the trademark of good journalism, you know.)

Having *three* entrees to choose from, and there being only two of us, we abstained from the Egg McMuffin (both of us having eaten our share of them in the rather distant past) and ordered the other two choices — Scrambled Eggs 'n Sausage, and Hotcakes 'n Sausage. We assumed the former, at \$1.70, to be their most sophisticated breakfast offering. It's the most expensive one, anyway. We ordered coffee, orange juice and a hot danish to compliment our meal. Service was, as always at Mac's, prompt, cheerful, and young.

Sitting down at a table, with a portrait of Him (Ronald Mac Himself) gawking at us from the wall, we noticed that *everything* we had ordered — save for the drinks — was encased in bomb-proof-looking styrofoam containers. Opening up all of them at the same time produced a chorus of cat-like screeches. Looking around, and feeling somewhat embarrassed we realized that everyone else was doing

the same thing — wrestling with their breakfast containers, making their own cat-howls. It seemed to be the thing to do in this place.

With plastic-ware in hand, we dug in. Gaib took a bite of hotcake and slowly worked it down. "Pretty bad," he said. "Looky here," I said, "try it with some of this stuff."

From my pocket I produced a bottle of Joanne's Pure Maple Syrup, from Vermont. Gaib's eyes lit up, his mouth (I supposed) watered. And with a healthy application of the maple syrup the hotcakes were speedily eaten. Unfortunately we had no cure-all for the other things on our trays. We managed a couple of bites of the rubbery, circular-thing we supposed was meant to be the sausage. Cutting into them brought more rounds of cat-howls as the plastic knife dug into the styrofoam underneath.

The scrambled eggs weren't too bad — scrambled eggs being by their nature nearly impossible to ruin. But the accompanying "hashbrowns" suffered our palates only a brief visitation before

being shoved back into their containers. If "hashbrowns" was McDonald's middle name, the place would have gone under long ago.

At our hostess' recommendation we had ordered a raspberry danish for desert. In taste as well as consistency it resembled what warm toothpaste on a piece of steamy William's bread might be like. One bite was all we could do to ourselves.

The feast was over in a matter of minutes. It felt awkward to bring our trays to the cavernous garbage cubicle: everything they give you gets tossed out at this place. "Shame on them," we thought, "for being so damn wasteful."

But this is a review, not a damning.

Okay folks: McDonald's is quick, cheap, and, fortunately, farther away from campus than most other breakfast places. Save walking time and eat someplace else. Your feet and stomach — and this country of finite resources — will be glad you did.

Story by Kirk Knighton
and Gabriel Boehmer
Photos by Kirk Knighton

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