

# arts and entertainment

## Mimists' metaphor fills gap between acting, dancing

By Kent Warneke

Paul Gaulin has a talent, a very unique talent that enables him to be, as his promotion states, a "mime extraordinaire." His Tuesday night performance at the Nebraska Union Ballroom proved that billings do indeed come true.

Gaulin could be called "an entrepreneur of the arts," for as an entertainer, he is more than anyone could ask for. He possesses the same traits when expressing

his views on the world of mime.

"Mime is not silent acting or simple charades and if it was, it would have no right to exist in the acting world," Gaulin said.

"Mime is dramatic movement, an art to fill the gap between acting and dancing."

The Paul Gaulin Mime Company (Gaulin and other performers) effectively carried out that definition at their Tuesday performance.

### Two-timing

Gaulin lived in Paris for seven years. Three of those years, he studied under Marcel Marceau and De Creaux, quite possibly the two foremost experts in the art of mime.

"I studied under both of them at the same time. I would get out of Marceau's class, and go right over to De Creaux's class, a potentially dangerous situation if one of them ever found out because there is a dislike between the two."

"Monsieur and Madame De Creaux did find out about it once and I was warned to not go back to Marceau's class," Gaulin said, "But I did anyway because I felt that I needed not only one major style, but two."

It is through Marceau and his popularity that the world has come to believe that white-face pantomime is all that mime is, when according to Gaulin, there are as many styles as people performing mime.

"Mime is not just the white face pantomime routine. There are probably 250 mime groups in North America and Canada today and each has its own variations of mime. The Mummenschanz Mime Company has its own style, Marceau does his own interpretations and so does De Creaux," Gaulin said.

### Criticism incongruous

"Marcel Marceau just recently began to receive criticism from critics as being indif-



Members of the Paul Gaulin Mime Company performed Tuesday evening in the Nebraska Union Ballroom. Photo by Mark Billingsley

ferent from what the norm of mime is believed to be," Gaulin said, "I just can't

understand that criticism because every performer is different. Marcel Marceau is a genius in many aspects and I think we have to give credit where credit is due."

Gaulin and his co-performers, Peter Smith and Niki Tilroe, strive to create an image for their audience and build ideas around illusion through their performances with the aid of music and props.

"Working with costumes and props is great for building illusions. Masks on both sides of the head, foam faces that have pimples that light up in the dark and Victorian age faces with necks that can

stretch up to five feet, work hand-in-hand with our physical attempts at creating images," Gaulin said.

Gaulin's Mime Company is in the middle of a tour that has taken them through various parts of Canada, including Toronto and will also include stops at New York, Montreal and Mexico City. While audiences have varied, Gaulin said they enjoy college audiences the most.

### Think in metaphors

Through his own perspective, Gaulin comes up with ideas for performances.

"I think in terms of metaphors when I create ideas," Gaulin said, "I first came up with the theatrical element, use the metaphors and finally convey the meaning."

"You have to be interested in arrogance or you'll never be able to survive. You also have to take humorous looks at somber things, for instance grade school was a horror story for me, the playground was a real jungle and so I reflect on that," Gaulin said.

Gaulin said he feels that the general public is becoming more and more aware of what mime really is and is accepting it.

"Mime has had the reputation of something not physical," Gaulin said, "but we do 250 shows a year and that's not delicate in the least, we really have to work. Mime is indeed physical, and I think because of that it is growing, which is really great."

## Independents are on fringes of the seamy side of life

By Pete Mason

On the sideroads of television, off the prime-time video interstates, there lies a sort of Never-Never Land. It's the land of *Leave it to Beaver*, *Mel's Matinee*, *Flash Gordon* serials, *Sgt. Bilko*, *The Honey-mooners*, *Northstar hockey*, *All-Star Wrestling*, and *Gilligan's Island*. It's a place which can only be reached by cable television.

When the Rams are up by 29 points in the first quarter on Monday night or *Saturday Night Live* is repeating one of its worst shows, I flick the magic dial and visit this peculiar habitation. On election eve I spent most of my time there.

Visiting this land is a bit like forsaking The Stork Club for the neighborhood tavern; a little like trading champagne for cheap wine; or Farrah Fawcett-Majors for an inexpensive street-walker. Switching to the alleyways of television is like taking a walk on the seamy side of town. You feel a little strange being there but sometimes it can be exciting as hell.

### Good, bad collage

The independent stations which create this environment are on the fringes of the medium. They've traded in the flash and glitter of big time, network offerings for a collage of everything good and bad television has ever had to offer. In a way these stations are anachronisms, resembling the "play-it-as-it-lies," shoestring operations of television's infancy.

When I watch fringe television I'm reminded of a Simon and Garfunkel song of the late '60s, "At the Zoo."

"Somethin' tells me it's all happenin' at the zoo."

I do believe it, I do believe it's true."

Watching from one half-hour slot to the next is like walking from cage to cage. Or perhaps going down a carnival midway from concession to concession. There is great diversity. Where else can you see *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, followed by *Star Trek*, followed by *You'll Never Get Rich*, followed by a travelogue of Norway?

"And the zookeeper is very fond of rum."

### Still possible to love

This Never-Never Land is the only place you can fall in love with women who are, in many instances, dead; dead in the real world, that is. They're still alive on the fringe. I'm in love with Jean Rogers, a

lovely, vulnerable blonde of the mid-30s who was the original Dale Arden in the *Flash Gordon* serials. When she shrinks from the claws of the evil Ming the Merciless, Conqueror of the Universe, I want to be Buster Crabbe, if only for a few seconds.

Watching some of these ancient shows can often be a sobering experience. Not only do they sometimes bluntly remind you of how many years you've suddenly and quite inexplicably put behind you, they also dredge up old memories. One Saturday morning while watching a *Monkees* rerun, I suddenly realized that the first time I saw that particular show, I had just been fired from a job, lost one of the

great loves of my life, and gotten two new pimples on my nose. Weaker souls would have refused to ever venture into Never-Never Land again, but I'm a glutton for punishment.

### Only for the brave

If you're ever tired of the safe formulas, or the chrome and shiny plastic of prime-time television and you've brave enough to walk through mean streets at midnight, fringe television may be the place for you. Visiting there is a little like cavorting with a painted lady, or taking a big swig from her beer bottle without first wiping it off on your coatsleeve, knowing full well you could catch something.

