



Vicar's Whore



VW 37

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Last week Kate was invited to take up where James left off by being the first to arrive at rehearsals. Despite her best efforts, Geoff had gotten off work early and was already past the garlic soup by the time she reached Hajkova. The only other way to continue the legacy was by disagreeing with the director and she did that in abundance with her interpretation of Sally. The high-strung tomboy had suddenly become an astute young woman with an almost coquettish way of handling firearms. It did have its positive points but we're far too committed to the tomboy version to switch gears at this late stage, especially with the premier a little over a month away. Sally has to be a force in herself, what Scarlett might have been like if she were ten years younger when the war broke out.

After Kate left to take care of other business, Katka took on the role and showed that Sally could be more than just force. She was an absolute hurricane as she stomped and pounded and whirled about the other characters, a regular little Amazon for the South's last stand. It made for some great theatre and had the added benefit of elevating Ivana's Mrs. George Carter to more than just a passive whiner. You could feel the energy of two women competing with each other, a true catfight in the spirit of take-no-prisoners. There was, however, one drawback. The more they worked themselves up on stage, the faster they were delivering their lines. Even English speakers in the audience would find it difficult to keep up with their furious pace. One way to



For the last time...no more dissent!

slow down might be to imitate a real Georgian accent, which is something akin to a Prague drawl in terms of speed and twang. There are lots of films that take place in the South, probably the most familiar in these parts being *Forrest Gump*. A better choice would be *The Last Picture Show*, about a small town in Texas during the 1950s, with Cybill Shepherd playing a temptress with fewer scruples than Scarlett. She ain't lying when she tells her mother, another man-eater, that she's "just giving the boys a ride." This mother and daughter team consumes every man in their path. Our Sally and Mrs. Carter have no time for men. There's a war going on in case you haven't heard. Their call to arms is Scarlett's fist-pumping defiance in the face of only more radishes to eat (or, in our case, more turnips). "As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again!"