

arts

hot flashes

cinema

National Film Theatre in the Central Library presents on Fri. Feb 18 *The Roaring Twenties* (1939) with James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Gene Kelly. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The seventh presentation of a ten-part Gangster series. Show starts at 8 p.m. Admission \$1.50 for students and senior citizens and \$2.00 for others.

Charlie Chan Series in the Central Library Theatre on Fri. Feb 19 features *Charlie Chan in Egypt* with Charles Chan and Rita Hayworth. Shows begin at 2 p.m. Admission \$1.50 for students and senior citizens and \$2.00 for others.

On Fri., Feb 19-*Now Voyager* is featured. Part of the Bette Davis series, it is a vintage melodrama with Davis as a sheltered spinster brought out of her shell by a psychiatrist (Claude Rains). Both shows at 8 p.m.

Edmonton Art Gallery will show a film from the National Gallery Collection entitled *Painters Painting* on Fri. Feb 19 at 2 p.m. The film traces the lives and work of 14 New York artists including Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, Jackson Pollock, Helen Frankenthaler and others, over the 1940-1970 period.

literature

There will be a public reading by Penny Chalmers on Fri. Feb 18 in Humanities AV L3 at 12 noon. Chalmers is a playwright and performer. She will be reading her play *Tranceform* liturgies to be sounded aloud.

dance

Esplanade presents the second run of *Free Dance* on Fri. Feb 18-20 at Espace Tournesol at 11845 77 st. Performances begin at 8:30 p.m. and prices are \$2.50 for students and \$3.00 for others. Reservations can be made by calling 474-1111.

theatre

Edmonton Theatre Three's run of *The Hostage* by Brendan Behan on Tuesday night and will continue till Feb 26. Performances begin nightly at 8:00 p.m. with two performances on Sun. Feb. 20 at 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. A performance is scheduled for Tues. Feb 22 at 12:30 p.m. Theatre Three is located at 10426-95 St.

Studio Theatre's production of Tom Stoppard's one-act plays *After Magritte* and *The Red Inspector* ends Friday. Performances start at 8:30 pm and are held in Corbett Hall.

By Lezley Havard, the winner of the third annual Clifford E. Lee Award runs 'till Feb 26 at the Citadel. Tickets are available at the Citadel box office phone 474-1111.

Northern Light Theatre presents *Cubistique* in the Edmonton Art Gallery at 12:10 p.m. on Tues. and Wed., 7:10 p.m. on Thurs. and Fri., and 7:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday evenings. The play runs till Feb. 26.

music

Novel notes... tonight's membership social at the University Art Gallery. Friday through Sunday Richard D. G. will appear along with Jim Dearden - bass. They will perform old jazz and pop standards. Doors open at 8:30, performance at 9:30.

Four: "The Keats of the cello" is to perform Friday at 8:30 p.m. in the Jubilee Auditorium. He is to be accompanied by Maestro Pierre Hetu and the ESO. Tickets from \$5 can be obtained at the ESO box office.

Miller kicks off another series of free jazz concerts at the University Art Gallery with his 16-piece big band Sat. Feb. 19. The concerts are made possible by the Edmonton Jazz Association.

Winchester will appear at SUB Theatre Tues. Feb. 20.

art

Joe Ring House Number One. The show, *Joe Ring - pastels and Items from the University Art Gallery*, continues until March 10.

Exhibition of Indo-Pakistani arts and crafts is on at the Students' Union art gallery until Feb. 22.

Colors by Murray W. MacDonald and photography by Sydney Phillips are showing at the Edmonton Art Gallery until Feb. 28.

Jill sensationalist but good

by Beno John

Jill by Lezley Havard: Directed by Sheldon Larry running at Rice Theatre (Citadel) till Feb. 26.

One wonders about the Clifford E. Lee award when confronted with the brief history of 'sensational' plays that have one this award. *Jill*, this year's winner, is no exception. It fits into the mold set by *The Injured* (which was about perversion and *The Power in the Blood* (heavy evangelism).

Jill by Lezley Havard cashes in on the psychic-and-how-it-strains-marital-relations syndrome the dry sort of idea that has been overworked by bad movies and bad television. The play becomes even more cliched by using the young-couple-from-the-city-move-out-to-farm setting. The result is a conventional plot line which unfolds through stereotyped characters, and a play that leaves the viewer with little insight, and even less real drama.

Even as escapist drama, *Jill* is faulty. The first act spends far too much time in setting up the basic conflicts of the play and far too little time in developing the suspense which is essential to the play. Consequently, the second act of the play comes across heavy handed and unfortunately, director Sheldon Larry

exploits the sensationalism of the second act by churning the dramatic action to a ludicrous degree.

Jill is disappointing only because Lezley Havard displays a fine talent as a playwright which *could* be realized if she were to free it from the constraints of convention and commercial appeal. Ms. Havard exhibits a good knowledge of the stage. Her technique shows authority and control which are both impressive.

Except for the direction, this production came across smoothly. Verna Bloom as Jennifer Crawford, the 'possessed' central character, showed incredible range in her acting. Daana Service, a grade six student from Stony Plain should be singled out for her well executed portrayal of Jill - I really think she stole the show. The supportive roles in this production were acted in a strong, professional manner, but the limited characterization in the text prevented these actors from displaying the more full and versatile aspects of their craft which I'm sure they are all capable of doing.

The theme music for *Jill* added a nice touch to the production by setting the tone for scene shifts.

Jill marks the emergence of a playwright who shows promise, even though in this play some of her talent has been compromised for commercial appeal. But it's still a play worth paying two bucks to see.

Verna Bloom as Jennifer Crawford in *Jill*.

photo Grant Wurm



Reaction to a recent "poetic" review of five books of poetry sent our reviewer back to his desk to polish his verse. Judge for yourself whether this second effort is better or not...

John Robert Colombo, *the great San Francisco earthquake and fire* (Fredericton: Fiddlehead, 1971); William Snyder, *The Battle Hymn of the Dominion and Other Poems* (Red Deer College Press, 1975); Nellie McClung, ed., *Pomegranate: A Selected Anthology of Vancouver Poetry* (Vancouver: Intermedia, 1975); James Reaney, *Selected Longer Poems* (Don Mills: Musson, 1976); Maxine Gadd, *Westerns* (Vancouver: AIR, 1975).

What's this!—our meager patience to exhaust? Within these books lurks "poetry" that's "found." Why can't it instantly again be lost? Because these little folk are "ego bound." Then why review such crud, ourselves amerce? It's symptomatic: ignorance applauds itself. And should a poet publish verse, He goes unrecognized among the frauds, This host of versifiers clamoring For recognition, honor, fame, applause: A giftless bardlet gagger yammering, "Review my book! It's wonderful because... I wrote it!" Very well, who'll be the first— Who'll be the first to show what he can do? God knows who's indisputably the worst, Our mother tongue most zealously to screw— Our mother: a millennium of grace, And stunning beauty, majesty, and power; A language grand and subtle, keeping pace With all our thoughts and passions. Here's the flower Of that great speech, deep-rooted round the world:

All through the day
It was much like night
On account of the smoke.

Colombo, graceless, hints at least three things: That headwise he's at verse's stone wall hurled (Yes: "On account of the"—good God. He flings Himself at what he never could have scaled); And that his muse official forms requires, An accident investigator failed— Colombo; third and last, the quakes and fires That devastated San Francisco then Can still, in John's prosaic prosody, And even after three-score years and ten, Engender keen aesthetic agony. But Snyder's worse; he thinks that he's a wit, And trowels on his ragged, smirky prose.

Poetry Review

by F.J. Logan

Resoundingly CANADIAN, he's writ His key word, "propoganda," with two o's. The book seems scribbled in response to the Great Crisis of Identity so dull, Got up by sloganeering Ottawa, By hacks belabored; Snyder, go to Hull. But, mercifully, crisp and clever verse Appears in Ms. McClung's anthology— There's Ford and Rappaport and Fertig terse— Thus, some of it needs no apology. And Reaney's "Dance of Death's" not bad at all, But his "Two Chapters from an Emblem Book" Is cute: just pauper thought and childish scrawl And gall—it doesn't rate a second look. Strange. Reaney wouldn't ever write "pre-empted"— A hateful word and doubly so in verse— As John Colombo does, but John's attempted Much more than Snyder, snider and far worse Than any poetaster yet discussed. But none is half as bad as Maxine Gadd, Whose reader(s), full of pity and disgust, Notes letters big and letters and small and gad-Ding letters over all. No skill. No plan. And if the pictures have some sense, it's hard— Oh, Canada! Oh, Canada! Oh, can A dull, tenth-rate at best, Dominion bard Relentlessly intent on "reputation," Maniacally hacking out a "name," Can he believe he's bringing to his nation Anything but mockery and shame? A pious, self-indulgent marionette, He's flip, and glib, and preciously opaque; A sweetly solipsistic patriotette— *Excelsior*: it's Art for Artists' sake. We're to admire his sensibilities Exquisite. Though of craft and brains bereft, Extrudes he, daily, pounds of verse with ease. His Mom might buy some, but the rest gets left.