

arts

ESO plays "Smoke On the Water"

The view from far left centre

Symphony experience by Milfred Campbell

"Beethoven's the *Deep Purple* of classical music," snorts Wenton Stoupworth, Alice's Marxist, Sociology professor friend, "I'm just here to listen to Britten." "But he was a grand old republican," I sez trying to appeal to the socialist in him, but Wenton's lost in the last minute shuffle of corduroy, fur, pipesmoke and *Yardley* cologne.

"Don't take him seriously," sez Alice as she drags me to our seat.

The show started off real funny. The audience clapped at the violinist who was supposed to get the players tuned up. They all thought it was Hetu coming out, but rather than acknowledge their mistake they kept clapping. But I'm disappointed reading the program. Beethoven's 9th is going to be the last piece which means the Colombo will wear out by then.

"This is not a Citadel production," whispers Alice, "you don't need anything to help you enjoy Beethoven." But Alice doesn't know like I know. Back in Thorsby when Elmgrin, Thrumbo Stub Sterby and me would come into the city to buy dope, Stub Serby would have his tape deck poiounding out the second and

fourth movements of the 9th while we watched the prairie sky turn pink and orange; Sterby, meanwhile, flooring his brand new *Charger* so that we could beat the Friday night line ups at the Ambassador Hotel.

The opening piece *Scherzo* by Canadian composer Dela was strange, and over before you could get a chance to figure it out. But the Britten piece, *Four Seas Interlude* was something the ear could get a little hold on (with a little help). The arrangement, as Alice pointed out, was excellent. It's an eiree piece; the bass and horns rumbling like distant thunder throughout each movement, while the violins sigh, then scream high, so high that you get the goose bumps. The climax was the last movement aptly called *Storm*. Although not quite like a Beethoven's or a King Lear's storm, Britten's is like a mid July summer storm which builds swiftly and darkly on the horizon, tumbles over you with thunder, lightning and cool rain and then is simply gone.

I become concious of someone shouting in my ear. "Milfred. *Milfred*, get a hold of yourself," Alice is shouting.

"What?"

"You can't shout 'Go for it Hetu.' This is not the *Palms Cafe*."

Intermission.

"Look," sez Frau Alice, "there's Schiller!"

"Standing right next to Metternich. And *Talleyrand!*"

"How ironic," sez Alice, "I don't think they're being very nice to him."

"You don't think they'll hold off the concert?"

"No," sez Frau Alice, "they'll have a riot on their hands if they do."

To our great relief intermission is over as scheduled and we are ushered to our seats. The 250 voice mixed choir takes its place dressed in pastel pink, deep blue, and black and white. Also noticeable are the police guard who file quietly into the auditorium. The soloists take their chairs as well as the master who sits reading the score with his face turned towards the symphony and the choir.

The tempo is signaled discreetly and Hetu lightly prods the elephantine assembly before him into action. Sound, beautiful dark sound lumbers into life lightly. The bass grumbles ominously while the horns state their purpose. We can't believe that this is a deaf man's mind. Hetu carefully oversees this brewing storm, navigating his cumbersome machine through light and

dark, with whispers, then thunder like no tape deck can match.

Hetu's touch is deft except for one surly, belligerent trumpet which not only goes high consistently, but insists on advertising the mistake loudly. But the master's presence is reassuring; the notes in his deaf mind are perfect. The Colombo, long gone, isn't missed; there's too much energy expended in riding along with this surging, unpredictable tempest.

"This is where Lear's heath exists," whispers Alice into my ear.

The third movement is pretty well honey, blue skies, and birds chirping, but just the master's way of easing things off. Pleasant.

The last movement starts with a deceptive calm. The ideas that have been 'discussed' so far are listed and played around with in an abbreviated manner. Slowly a tension, a sort of impatience is obvious. Then a bar or two before the baritone's recitative, 250 bodies rise in unison, pink, blue, black and white a rippling curtain of color.

Then one voice—the baritone's (Allan Mouk)—which was clear and assured and *human*. At that point not even the master would chide Hetu for the 250 voices which finally broke free and bounded ahead of the orchestra, but soon came back under his control.

250 human voices filled every corner of the auditorium with their sound; *that* was the deaf man's connection to his world. Which made us almost overlook the soprano's (Clarice Carson) uncontrolled, off key voice which overpowered the Mezzo (Gabrielle Lavigne). Then we were given the master's characteristic ending—which never wants to end—and the crowd burst into loud applause.

Vienna's finest were in the middle of the audience immediately, trying to restrain the wildly enthusiastic. At that point, the Mezzo, tears falling from her face assisted the master, Beethoven, who, oblivious to the applause, was still brooding over the score. That second wave of applause caused the nearest thing to a riot I've seen in a reactionary Vienna of late. Metternich must have been squirming in his seat to see such a display of republican spirit. Alice put the whole thing better with her favorite quote from King Lear.

*Who alone suffers, suffers i' th' mind,
leaving free things and happy shows behind
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship*
King Lear Act III, Sc. 6

Honky-Tonkin'

A guide to what's going down

MUSIC

SUB Theatre

Well-known pop-folk singer Jesse Winchester will perform in SUB Theatre this Friday evening, (that's tonight), with shows at 7 and 9:45 pm, as well as on Saturday night. Tickets available at HUB Box Office. Winchester will be performing along with his new band, *Midnight Bus*. (NB: Saturday night's show is sold-out.)

Southside Folk Club

The Club will present well-known singer-songwriter Bob Carpenter in concert with Vancouver singer Vera Johnston in a show on Saturday, March 31, at 8 pm. The program will be held in the Orange Hall, 104 St. and 84 Ave. Member and guest tickets are \$3.00, and for ticket information, call 475-1042.

The Department of Music

The Department of Music will present the following student recitals in Convocation Hall, free of admission. Those who wish to attend are asked to contact the department office, 432-3263, as the schedule is subject to change.

April 2, 8 pm. The Saint Cecilia Orchestra will perform.

April 3, 8 pm. Warren Mack, organist.

April 4, 8 pm. Mardene Francis, soprano.

April 5, 5 pm. Cathy Janakis, pianist. 8 pm. Sheila Gow, soprano.

April 6, 8 pm. A concert of music by student composers will be performed.

April 7, 8 pm. The University of Alberta Student Brass Quintet will perform.

Aurora

The music ensemble *Otherwise*, (avant garde improvisational) and the sound poetry group *Re: Sounding* present an evening of music and sound poetry. Works by Douglas Barbour, Bela Bartok, Reinhard Berg, Oliver Batar, Stephen Scobie and Karlheinz Stockhausen will be performed. The show is on Sunday, April 1 at 8 pm in room I23 of the Fine Arts Bldg. Admission is free.

THEATER

Studio Theatre

Studio's interpretation of Henrik Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* runs until April 7 on the stage in Corbett Hall. Tickets are free to card-carrying students and are available at the Drama Office in the Fine Arts Bldg.

Northern Light Theatre

Northern Light's stage adaptation of Barry Broadfoot's *Six War Years* continues until Saturday night in the Central Library Theatre. In April, the production moves to the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre for performances on April 7, 8, 14, 15, 21, and 22 at 7:30 pm. There will be one special matinee for the public on Good Friday at 12:10 pm. Tickets are on sale at the Bay, and the HUB Box Office, as well as at Northern Light.

FILM

Cinematheque 16

Tonight, Cinematheque presents Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, starring Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. This movie will conclude the society's Brando series. Showtime: 7:30 pm. On Sunday at 2 pm, the 3-D classic *Creature From the Black Lagoon* will be shown, and 3-D glasses will be provided. The movies will be screened in the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre.

USA scene of latest crime



Supertramp
"Breakfast In America"
Record review by Rick Dembicki

It must be spring. I saw my first muscle car yesterday. The chrome was all a'glinting and the rear end was lifted about three feet higher off the ground than the engineers in Detroit could have possibly intended. And from the stereo was (at a quite audible level), *The Stranger* by Billy Joel.

But Billy Joel is 1978. I mean, any street racer worth his salt will not play 1978 music. The summer of '79 is approaching fast and what they need is something new. Enter *Breakfast In America* by Supertramp. A well organized effort designed with one thing in mind; to provide cruising music for the good times ahead.

Do I sound flippant? I hope not, because what I say is true. Past summers of The Doobie Brothers, Boston, Boz Scaggs, et al, have all proved memorable. The main ingredient in their music was 'fun', in a simple and easy-to-love package.

So while there are candidates for this summer's album, *Breakfast In America* is the only real choice. Take heed. It's been three years now since Supertramp

last graced us with *Even In The Quietest Moments*. Since that time the public was mobbed with a host of new rock bands, a large number of which have subsequently become deceased. The reason was a confusing array of too many new sounds, none of which was familiar to the ear. Blissfully, *Breakfast In America* will be no stranger to many of Supertramp's old fans.

John Helliwell is still there with a terrific saxophone, and Rick Davies' vocals are excellent as usual. In fact, the whole band performs as well as on any of their previous LPs. The piano is crisp and clean, being actively featured throughout. And this is a distinctive trademark of Supertramp — competent vocals, piano backing, and a good story to tell.

Breakfast speaks from the embittered, yet hopeful voice of a person who has been wronged one too many times. Still, in tales of looking for dreams in California, and creeps in Hollywood, I can't help but draw the parallel between Supertramp themselves and the characters from the album. Not many years ago, full house crowds awaited Supertramp in Edmonton. But across the border they suffered nearly the same fate as Joe Who? did upon his disastrous entrance to federal politics. And face it, nobody likes to see anything like that happen. So Supertramp plodded along, releasing one bravura after another. Finally, now that they have conquered the North American market and are now recording in Los Angeles, one can readily sense their feelings from the tone of the album. *Yes we've made it. But what took you so long to find us?*

There is no need for us to apologize, for we Canadians have long been friends of the band. Let Supertramp take their cracks at the Americans — along with Yassar Arafat, Ayatollah Khomeini, the entire population of Mexico, and so on. Foreign affairs diplomats already have their hands full; a vigilante rock group shouldn't add much to the burden.

But enough about politics, because I sound like an anchorman for *The National*. *Breakfast In America* is excellent; the ideology it represents makes it superb. The best cruising album to come along in years.