

## what's next

## theatre

The Citadel's 77-78 season opens at the Shoctor Theatre October 12. Featured is Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*, a production of the National Theatre of Great Britain. Dame Peggy Ascroft and John Neville play opposing roles in the play, which is directed by Sir Peter Hall. Citadel season's tickets are still available and further information can be obtained from the Citadel Box Office, phone 425-1820.

Starting October 11 at the Walterdale Playhouse, 10322 - 83 Ave. is *The Children's Hour*. The play, written by Lillian Hellman and directed by Ron Wigmore opens the Walterdale season. Tickets for the 8:30 p.m. evening performances and the Sunday matinees at 2:30 p.m. go on sale today at the Bay Box Office, phone 424-0121.

Thursday sees the opening of the Northern Light Theatre season with the musical collage *Ten Lost Years*, based on the book by Canadian journalist Barry Broadfoot. The play is directed by Scott Swan with musical direction by Angela Gann and design by Lee Livingstone. Performances scheduled to allow for either one-act of full-length viewing run as follows: Tuesdays at 12:10 p.m. — part one (The Farm), Wednesdays at 12:10 p.m. — part two (The City and the Jungle). Thursdays and Fridays parts one and two run consecutively at 12:10 p.m. and 1:10 p.m. respectively, and Saturday features a continuous performance starting at 7:30 p.m. All performances are in the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre, and tickets are available at The Bay, the Northern Light Theatre

Office and at the door.

## music

The Gary Burton Quartet featuring vibrophonist Gary Burton, guitarist John Scofield, bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Joe LaBarbara will appear at SUB Theatre Wednesday, Oct. 5 at 8 and 10 p.m. Tickets cost six dollars and are available at the Students' Union Box Office (HUB), Woodward's, Mike's and at the door.

## art

Two showings currently run at the Edmonton Art Gallery. *The Fauve Heritage* examines twentieth century art as influenced by the Fauvist orientation to color. The exhibition contrasts works by Fauvists Marquet, Derain and Vlaminck with twentieth century artists Bush, Noland, Louis, Frankenthaler and others. Color and Abstract Painting, a didactic subset of the show, will run concurrently and deal with the subject of color theory.

The influential and controversial art critic Mr. Clement Greenberg is scheduled to give a lecture at the Gallery on Wednesday, Sept. 28 at 9:00 p.m. Greenberg's reputation is based on his support for such American abstract painters as Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline and Helen Frankenthaler.

## Annie Hall a summer highlight

by Gordon Turtle

For those who did not waste their time this summer repeatedly taking "Star Wars", there were a few excellent movies shown in Edmonton in the last four months. It will never cease to amaze me how a seemingly intelligent public got caught up in mindless hype and propaganda for a movie that has little to offer its viewers other than status in the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Art Society. This society, whose name is almost as pretentious as "Star Wars" itself, has apparently chosen the characters and setting of the movie as a sort of backdrop for their own activities. While one has to admit that the special effects in "Star Wars" were interesting, special effects have little to do with the quality or importance of a film. In the 1970's, special effects need reflect little cinematic ability or originality to attract the viewer's fancy - what counts today is content and form, not cute techniques.

The movies I consider to be the highlights of the summer past are each rich in content and creative in form and presentation. No doubt, the best movie of the summer was Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*, is simply a brilliant, perfect movie. Much has been written about the film, but no review or column can capture the multi-faceted breadth and impact of Allen's and longtime associate Marshall Brickman's screen play. Allen's and Diane Keaton's sensitive and emotional performances, and Allen's constantly surprising and witty direction.

The basic theme of *Annie Hall* (if a single theme may be extracted), is summed up in the film by a little old lady on the street, who offers the view that "love fades". And these two words become the essence of *Annie Hall* as the film documents the rise and fall of the love affair between Alvy Singer, a comedian, and nightclub singer, Annie Hall. Apparently, one cannot be incorrect in drawing parallels between the Singer/Hall affair and the Keaton/Allen affair of a few years ago. In *Annie Hall* Woody Allen lets all of his formidable defense down, and presents to the audience both sides of the story. From the title alone, one can see that Annie Hall will not play a subordinate role to Allen's usual front and centre position in his movies. When Annie Hall finally rejects Alvy, though one feels sympathy for Singer, he can also understand and perhaps even empathize with Annie and her reasons for leaving.

*Annie Hall* has been called a "love story for the Seventies", but I think it is much more than that. It is, probably, the movie of the Seventies, for it presents the follies of modern America in a sharp satirical light. But the satirical and comedic parts of the movie also serve as a backdrop for *Annie Hall's* main theme, Annie Hall. Diane Keaton is flawless in her portrayal of pretty, confused, honest, and absolutely lovable Annie. The film will probably win no Academy

Awards next spring, mainly because Woody Allen is not a servile member of the Hollywood elite. *Annie Hall*, however, deserves almost every major award.

Also of note this summer are two related movies: Robert Altman's *Three Women* and *Welcome to L.A.*. Although he did not direct the latter, Altman was the driving force behind both films, which are satirical indictments of Southern California, and its position in the Seventies. Sissy Spacek proves herself to be a premiere actress in both movies, clearing her name from attacks made upon her abilities for her role in *Carrie*. Though I cannot even pretend to have fully understood either movie, both films certainly serve as showcases for the talents of Robert Altman and his permanent troupe of actors.

The biggest surprise of this summer for me was Anthony Page's *I Never Promised You A Rose Garden*. I had the opportunity to see this movie twice in mid-August, and I strongly recommend it for those who did not see it last weekend, its first in Edmonton. Expecting a movie of *The Other Side of the Mountain* calibre, I saw instead one of the most achingly real acting performances in recent memory. Young Kathleen Quinlan, who portrays sixteen-year old Deborah, a schizophrenic patient in a mental ward of the 1950's, is unequivocally brilliant. Her performance is so real, her delivery of lines so sensitive, that as a member of the audience, I found myself cringing when she felt pain, feeling fear when she was afraid, and becoming overwhelmed when she was happy. Kathleen Quinlan's superb performance overshadows many of the film's weaker areas, and her tremendous abilities prevent many scenes from becoming a bit shlocky. During the movie as Debbie's bitterness turns to hope, Director Page also provides audiences with a glimpse of a mental ward that is at least as effective as was Milos Forman's sterile *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

In a minor highlight of this summer's movies was Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York*. Though the story itself was pathetically weak, Robert DeNiro and Liza Minelli provided the film with substance. Scorsese's direction, always difficult to criticize, manages to coax a winning performance from Minelli, and DeNiro, of course, needs no coaxing. Scorsese also manages to recreate postwar New York with a great sense of whimsical love. New York in this movie is tinsel and glamour. Musically, *New York, New York* is the best of the year.

Summers are usually poor times for movie buffs, as they are usually treated to "B" movies, reruns, and De Laurentis flicks. This summer, though, with *Annie Hall* running throughout the summer months, I, for one, was never in a position where there was not a good movie to see.

## Dialectics and You

by Thaddeus "Bongo" Watkins.

(A column, the frequency of which is directly proportionate to its appearance of frequency. The author refuses to accept responsibility for any damaged or stolen property resultant.)

We meet again, you eviscerated filberts, but on this occasion the bearer of good tidings I certainly am not. You might recall that a particular remonstrative eruption had been stored in a chili-crusted pressure cooker for the purpose of deciphering such that the world-at-large, in spite of its concupiscence, could see in a legible, communicative, neatly spaced format what Bongo Watkins really sees in his moments of monumental lucidity. Well, a funny thing happened on the way to the Forum.

It was Thursday night. I was about to impute privileged status to a certain greasy spoon operation whose dinner special my gastro-intestinal tract was the process of digesting when my consciousness was brushed by the impersonally personal eye shadow of this victim-of-her-own-creation who walked past me. Automatically my thoughts turned to the smoke filled cavern I frequent during the autumn months, departed for it immediately, pressure cooker under arm.

Pushing aside the heavy door revealed the usual assortment of serpiginous vermin contemplating the aesthetics of death. A jazz group was about to treat to a barrage of terroristic admonitions. I took a table to a dark corner, placing the pressure cooker carefully beneath it, out of sight.

The saxophone player had too much edge, like an ant attempting to carry away a thick slice of Western bread from a middle-class campsite. I've heard it said that an ant can't see colors anyway, no matter how nervous its glance. Proctor rotary head speed turned evening wore on. A ferret faced pianist joined me for some cool drinks, insisting at the same time, repeating incessantly, "My grandmother could touch her nose with her tongue."

The pressure cooker seemed intact when I made a move for the lavatory to rid myself of what felt like kidney tension. It was. I started to make my way back. Started I say, for no sooner had I oriented my path of vision such that it was in line with my destination, the table with the pressure cooker beneath it, when an immeasurable force gripped my waist and threw me into a whirling vortex of cyclopean domination habitatively gulping clean ruffles and blessed zigzags into neon exploding, licking, coughing, echoing coxswainical shouts upon blue cloudless vistas reflecting brilliant whiteness lumped into the cleavage of an electrical socket.

My head came to rest against the base of the table. Spilled beer drooled over its edges onto my checkered patterned vibrating egg linoleum shirt. The pressure cooker was gone. A note inscribed: "Reason is bound to argue against itself and to contradict itself, if used beyond possible experience" was all that was left sitting in the vague impression created on the carpet by the pressure cooker. What does this mean?

## City Winter Street

She walks the almost  
deserted streets  
slowly, like a blind person  
in a strange house  
letting the rain  
straighten her hair into gleaming stalactites

The few people rushing  
to and from the shelter  
of doorways  
glance at her for an instant  
thinking she must be crazy  
to walk without an umbrella

But she knows  
in the greyness  
of watersoaked streets  
tears are invisible

Doug Turner