

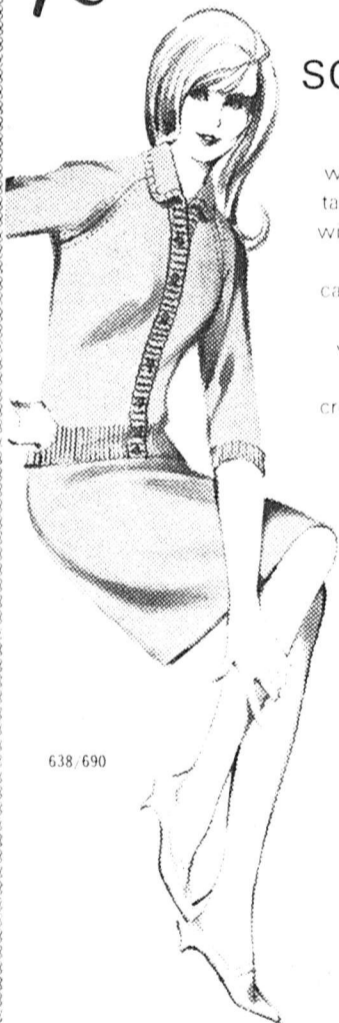


—Ken Hutchinson photo

AN' A ONE, AN' A TWO . . .—Soloists Anne-Marie Swanson, Claire Jacobsen, Robert Hummer and Franklyn Giffen respond enthusiastically to conductor R. S. Eaton's every whim at a concert of the U of A Mixed Chorus last weekend.

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Choral concert voluptuous

Surely perfection has been, is now, and ever shall be the trademark of the Mixed Chorus. No matter how one hears them, whether with the Centennial Festival Orchestra, with an impressive Ken Murdoch at the piano, or just singing by themselves, one can only say: "They make beautiful music together".

ONLY PRAISE

It is difficult to keep praising without sounding insincere, but I can find little to criticize except the small audiences which try to fill the auditorium. It is a shame that a group which has publicized the University of Alberta to such an extent should have to sing to a loosely scattered main-floor audience rather than fight off the crowds.

WELL-BALANCED

The program the Chorus presented to the audience last week was a well-balanced mixture of lively, solemn, frivolous, and grandiose pieces. *The Last Words of David* I found very impressive, and the two sections of the second portion of the program were definitely well done.

Hugh Stacey gave a very commendable presentation of the Beethoven First Piano Concerto. His execution and stage composure were admirable. The Mozart *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* was very good. It is hard to believe that one as slender as Marilyn Simonson could have such a big voice.

EXTRA, EXTRA

The three "extras" sung by the chorus—that is, a repeat of *Two Prayers from the Ark*, the Valse from Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, and the Varsity Cheer Song, were truly great. All things considered, the only thing left to say about the Chorus's presentation is that they really swing.

The Centennial Festival Orchestra also deserves praise for its performance. I found its playing very flexible and very good.

—Sue Hyl-Dombey

films

THE GREAT CANADIAN FILM: MATERIALS TOWARD A SCENARIO—

(Yes, you're right; I'm caught without a movie to review this week. I suppose I could have gone to see *Murderer's Row*, but I keep hoping it will just go away. Speaking of going away, I'm told that's what *The Sound of Music* will do sometime in March, to be replaced for three or four years by *Hawaii*. My cup runneth over.)

(And before getting down to business: I've been challenged regarding my account of Chiquita's death in *The Professionals*, the most interesting movie in Edmonton for the nonce, at the Paramount. I assumed that when Chiquita, fatally wounded and embraced by Burt Lancaster on the Mexican desert, clicks her gun, she is replacing the safety-catch, having decided she couldn't kill so sexy an adversary. Mr. Raymond Grapentine suggests that the click merely means she's out of bullets. He's probably right, and the scene loses some of its perversity as a result. Still plenty perverse though.)

The Great Canadian Film will begin, like all good NFB documentaries, with a shot of the sun streaming through the Douglas firs. Absolutely rotten music by Robert Fleming or Maurice Blackburn will attempt to recreate the emotions associated with this noble country of trees and lakes and rocks.

After thirty minutes of exquisite forest scenery, a strange noise is heard; moments later (cf. *That Man from Rio*), a bulldozer emerges from the underbrush.

It is driven by a hard-faced man in nineteenth-century costume. This is William Lyon Mackenzie. The closer he comes, the more moth-eaten his clothes are seen to be.

If this were a Japanese movie, his face would be a mass of rotting flesh; Canada doesn't need this sort of sensationalism to suggest decay.

Mackenzie is being pursued by Griselda, a six-foot-two but alarmingly beautiful eighteen-year-old girl who got into the RCMP by claiming to be a horse. She has risen rapidly, and is now on the most dangerous assignment of her career: the capture, by whatever means, of the ghost of W. L. Mackenzie King.

Unfortunately, she is chasing the wrong ghost at the moment. Furthermore, Mackenzie, unlike his namesake, is openly fierce. In fact he wheels his bulldozer around, and is about to render Griselda as flat as Saskatchewan when a strange creature emerges from the woods, uttering a blood-curdling cry.

It's Pierre the Mad Trapper.

Pierre, having spent the last forty years alone in his cabin, is full of Uncontrollable Urges. But the very isolation which has driven him to desperation has rendered him just a mite confused. Hence instead of leaping at Griselda (whom, in her uniform, he associates with Authority) he makes a run at Mackenzie, his grizzled face afire with lust

Quick cut to Rideau Hall, where the Governor-General (by the time this movie actually gets made, the G.-G. will probably be Branny Schepanovich) is entertaining a select party of distinguished public figures.

The otherwise staid occasion is enlivened by the Prime Minister's daughter Mynx, who to everyone's surprise performs an elaborate striptease on the beaverskin rug which involves the shedding of ten veils cut to the shape of maple leaves.

The Prime Minister stands apart, aloof and preoccupied. He's being driven mad by nightly visitations from the ghost of Mackenzie King, who keeps writing letters to his mother on the P.M.'s bed-sheets. (This is why Griselda is supposed to catch the ghost.)

As his daughter, clad in nothing but three tiny maple leaves discretely positioned, nuzzles up to the Leader of the Opposition, the Prime Minister's fine sensitive face registers profound yet somehow deeply Canadian pain

Well, it's a start. Of course, the big dramatic scenes are yet to come. Pierre facing the Prime Minister across a maddened House of Commons . . . Mynx and Griselda fighting for the soul of our Hero (whom we haven't even introduced, but who'll be a young millionaire nephew of Dr. Norman Bethune) . . . Three hours of shots of the Calgary Stampede . . . Any other suggestions?

—John Thompson

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