

arts...

hot flashes

music

The Richard Eaton Singers celebrate their 20th anniversary this year with a presentation of *Elijah* by Mendelssohn, at All Saint's Cathedral, 10035-103 St. on Saturday and Sunday, April 16th and 17th, at 8 p.m. Conductor will be Larry Cook of the U of A music dept. Tickets available at Mike's U of A music dept. and at the door.

The Stringband, Canada's leading exponent of home-made music, will be playing at the Provincial Museum Theatre located at 12845-102 Ave. on Fri. Apr. 15 at 8 p.m.

Bruce Cockburn will appear in concert at SUB Theatre on Fri. May 6, Sat. May 7 and Sun. May 8 at 8 p.m. on Friday and Saturday and at 7:30 p.m. on Sun.

The Edmonton Jazz Society will present two concerts this month, the first being the Bobby Hales Big Band Sat. Apr. 23 at the Provincial Museum and Archives at 8:30 p.m. The second features Oregon in concert at the Hovel on the 29th and 30th of April.

Ensemble vocal Michel Gervais will appear in concert performing the music of Canada, Spain, England, France, Hungary and the US on Wed. Apr. 13 at Vic. Comp. High School at 8:30 p.m. Tickets on sale at LeCarrefour, the Bay, Dept of music, U of A.

Free jazz will be presented at the Edmonton Art Gallery Sat. April 9 with Bill Emes, an edmonton jazz pianist. Music at the Edmonton Art Gallery is presented with the assistance of the Edmonton Musicians Associations.

cinema

The National Film Theatre presents another Harold Lloyd Comedy next Tuesday (Apr. 12 at 8 p.m. *Speedy* (USA 1928) was Lloyd's last silent work involving his efforts to save the horse-drawn streetcar.

Next Mondays ACA presentations at the Hovel 10907-Jasper Ave. are at 7 p.m. *The Rules of the Game* (France 1939) and at 9 p.m. Bergman's *Stardust and Tinsel/The Naked Night*.

theatre

Theatre 3's *Far as the Eye Can See* premieres April 12 and runs through April 23 at 10426-95 St. Produced by Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille, in association with Edmonton's Theatre 3 the play is written by Rudy Wiebe in collaboration with Theatre Passe Muraille.

Theatre francais d'Edmonton presentera *Je Veux Voir Mioussov* un comedie en deux actes de Valentin Katalev au Rice Theatre du Citadel le 15, 16, 22 et 23 avril a 20h et 17 et 24 avril a 15h. Billets sont en vent au guichet du Citadel 425-1820.

Bethune is currently running at the Citadel. Directed by Keith Digby, the presentation stars John Neville, the Citadel's Theatre Director. Tickets are at the Citadel Box Office 425-1820.

The Walterdale Theatre's production of *The Boys in the Band* runs April 5-16 inclusive at the Walterdale Playhouse 10322-83 Ave. Performances begin at 8:30 p.m.

art

The Edmonton Art Gallery will present free films documenting the works of Matisse April 9 and April 16. The first presentation documents the development of the idyllic quality of Matisse's works, the second the growth of the painter who affirmed the use of color above all and carried his vision to the farthest possible limits. Both showings are at 1 p.m.

Richard Chenier's official opening at the Edmonton Art Gallery will take place on April 6 at 8:30 p.m.



Oregon

Oregon, featuring guitarist Ralph Towner, are an April presentation of the Edmonton Jazz Society. The band will appear on the 29th and 30th of next month at the Hovel.

Towner is receiving ever-more recognition both for his own efforts and those in the context of Oregon. Numerous albums on the ECM record label of Germany have featured Towner in solo contexts, with top-flight jazz musicians such as Gary Burton, and recently with other members of Oregon.

Oregon includes Paul McCandless—oboe and English Horn, Glenn Moore—bass and flute, as well as Colin Walcott—sitar and percussion. They have numerous recordings out on the Vanguard label which expose the exquisite blendings of old and new idioms which yield the vital, innovative style.

Country boy meets the post-industrial

disco review by Mildred Campbell

Any characters in the following article bearing any resemblance to characters living or dead is purely coincidental and if you want to argue this you should pursue a career in the lucrative field of literary criticism.

Well, last Thursday I was walking down Hub Mall after my existential philosophy class and who should I run into but old Edna Snipe from Thorsby. She was in a real rush to get to her Home Ec. class — but she managed to stuff my hand with a bunch of free tickets to Lucifers. I'm sure she had an evil glint in her eye when she did.

Well I decided to make a night of it and called Thrumbo, Parseghian, the Greek foreign student and Alice, my remedial English prof., and last (but not least) good old Irma. I figured by taking her out on a classy night out on the town might have been just the kinda thing that woulda got her to talk to me, real serious, like about what the year has done for her and whether she still likes me after all those things and strange ideas got stuffed down her head in university. She said, "Sure I'll go, Milf."

So we gets down there and what happens? These guys dressed in black suits and white ties tell us that the free tickets mean fuck all — we can get in free sure enough, but we can have only two drinks and then we gotta order a fourbuck meal. So we all stand there deliberating. Thrumbo's girlfriend, Thelma, says she's just finished a whole frying pan full of cabbage rolls and pyrogy. Parseghian is pissed on Ouzo and doesn't really give a hoot, and Irma says, "I thought you were just taking me dancing." Thrumbo says (he's studying to be a systems analyst) why don't we just go in, have our two drinks and decide later.

So we go down. But old Irma laces into me from the start while I'm trying to figger this place out. It's pretty strange...what they call a dance floor are a pair of these circular stages set lower than the rest of the place and they are situated on either side of the big stage on which the band performs, and Christ let me tell you, they gotta be the worst band I ever heard in my life. They were all dressed in white, one piece outfits that were too tight around their asses and their crotches. It sorta reminded me of the steer riding competition at the Annual Thorsby Rodeo. (That was an example of an allusion for my remedial English prof., Alice).

Well, old Irma laces into me right away. She asks me if the last review I wrote for the *Gateway* had anything to do with her. She says, "Some of my friends think that you were writing about me — especially that remark about me taking a sex roles course."

"That ain't true, Irma," I says, "sure, a writer should just talk about what he lives — but that doesn't mean that you gotta write about people that you actually know. (I have to thank Alice for that quote too, she said that's what Hemingway said.)"

Rainbows at last

magazine review by Elmgrin Symes

After weeks of promises the U of A Literary Society's publication *Gasoline Rainbow* will be available on the stands by the end of this week. This 48-page magazine, consisting of ten short stories and a liberal smattering of poetry and photography, on first glance appears well thought out and laid out.

Closer inspection, however, reveals some inconsistencies. The most noticeable one is the fact that three of the members sitting on the editorial board have their stories in the magazine. In spite of this incestuousness however, I found the stories are of merit and deserve inclusion with some of the really fine writing that appears in this magazine. There is a short story by noted Canadian poet Gary Geddes which displays a rich use of language, as does English prof. Greg Hollingshead's *I Love Dragon-Lady*. The nice thing about this magazine is that the stories and poetry selected vary a great deal in style and temperament. They range from the hilarity of Don Truckey's *Revelation* to the light, realistic treatment of a country and western band in Bob Park's *A Versatile Group*. They range from Eleanor Verbicky's artful poem *Old Lovers* to Peter McGuire's desolate poem, *Bent Tramp*. The photography in this magazine is of excellent quality — most notably Virginia Kimmetts', though the temperament of all of the photography is pretty bleak.

But the most important thing *Gasoline Rainbow* has done is to provide a showcase for some of the exceptional writing and photography that is happening on this campus. It is certainly worth a mere \$1.50, and certainly is a magazine worth preserving. But it is unfortunate that the magazine was so late in coming out because it is basically appealing to a university market. So do go out and buy yourself your very own copy of *Gasoline Rainbow*.

"You were making fun of me, weren't you?" Irma says.

"No-no-no," I says, "the people I write about are actually composite characterizations of everyone I know."

"I'm going home," she says.

"But you haven't even had your second drink," says.

"This is a lousy goddamn band," she says, and know you meant me in that last review."

So she ups and leaves on me even though I says to her, "so what if this band don't sound like the real Ne Sedaka, there's still a lot of people here and we can have a good time."

I wish Irma had taken that remedial English course

Stuck with nothin to do, me and Parseghian decided to try out the Old Bailey upstairs.

It was a damn good thing we did because we found old Alice up there listening to the jazz band they got up there. And the other nice thing was that beer cost only ninety cents a bottle while it cost a buck forty in Lucifers. So me, Parseghian and Alice worked out a little routine where we'd go down to dance and go up to drink. That way I figger we got a little bit of hell and heaven at the same time.

Thelma wouldn't dance with me because she was spittin mad at Thrumbo. I guess old Thrumbo was tryin too hard to be polite (He was wearing a suit) and was spending most of his time talkin to Alice and Parseghian while Thelma wanted to dance and Thelma got really pissed off when Thrumbo said he wouldn't dance the waltz with her.

Me and Alice and Parseghian did a fine job of dancin — everybody else on the dance floor was dancin disco style. Alice said people who dance like that are dancin like that because they don't want to mess up their FarrahFawcett hairstyles or rip the seams on their tight-assed pants.

About the decent thing about Lucifer's is the good deal they _ food — for four bucks you can get a big meal. I had a heaping plate of chicken-teriyakke (somethin Japanese like that) and Alice had a steak. The French dressing was a little tangy and the french fries a bit soggy — but everything else was pretty good. We decided to have two bottles of *Labatts Blue* (1977) with our meal. We felt pretty good after that.

Alice was pretty good to me too, she said, "Milk, the one thing you have to realize is that to be a writer you will probably end up alienating some of your dearest friends — even though you and I know that the people writers write about don't really exist except in a larger, more universal sense."

I guess she's right, but I hope Irma will still be talking to me after this one.