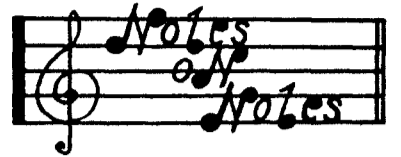




FINE ARTS



by Ross Rudolph

Today I plan to take steps to preclude my being subsumed under the heading of "the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone, all centuries but this, and every country but his own." I want especially to praise some local yokels who have recently provided some enjoyable musical moments.

Those who regularly attend JMC recitals know the thrill of discovering a new and genuine talent. Andrew Dawes may well fit into that category, as only future development can tell; the judges of the second National Musical Competition of JMC equivocally awarded him the Second Prize while no first prize was granted. Without having heard his opponents, one can readily see the justness of the division, for Mr. Dawes' assets now are more in the realm of potentiality than actuality.

If there is one quality that the young violinist does not lack it is courage. The Brahms Sonata No. 3 in D Minor (op. 108) is a man-eating work, for which reason one suspects, as is the case with all four of this composer's concerti, that he hears proportionally so few palpably bad performances. As D. F. Tovey has remarked about the Beethoven "Hammerklavier", its difficulties are so obvious and formidable, that only the most serious and sincere executants will risk them. In recent years, Edmonton audiences have heard this gargantuan Brahms work interpreted not only by the immensely gifted young Turkish violinist Ayla Erduran, but also by the formidable Oistrakh junior, Prince Igor, son of King David. About the late work, I find little of the "autumnal" quality regularly noted in the same composer's Clarinet Quintet (op. 115) and the Four Serious Songs (op. 121). It is a serious work, an ardent one. One can hardly recognize the aging bachelor in it.

For myself, I find a youthful and passionate approach the most satisfying, and in my recollections Miss Erduran's brilliantly unfeminine realization was the most gripping. Oistrakh played dispassionately and objectively, holding the work at arm's length. Mr. Dawes played with all the requisite ardor, but was hard pressed to produce the necessary tone for the opening of the finale, or the bellicose dialogue with the piano in the opening Allegro.

According to the programme, the artist is also prepared to discourse on Bach's E Major Partita for Violin Unaccompanied and the Debussy Sonata. From among others, he chose to perform (unimpeachably) a sonata by Tartini and Trois Caprices by Jean Papineau-Couture. Any remarks about rhythmic flaws would be caviling, because of the quality of the evident control. A word about M. Papineau-Couture's addition to the violinist's repertoire. One might expect more from one of Canada's most distinguished composer's than another vapid virtuoso piece. Nothing fizzles quite so spectacularly on and off the violin as moist fire-works.

I heartily urge all those who profess an interest in music to attend the concert of the Edmonton Symphony this Sunday, afternoon or evening. The program will include the Brahms C Minor Symphony, Lalo's Symphonie espagnole and the overture to the first act of Wagner's Die Meistersinger. I don't go in for prognostication. I know that the music is enjoyable. I don't know whether the playing will be good or bad; in any case, it will be spectacular.

"The Sparks Fly

"The poet is more than his poems." After meeting Irving Layton, we are inclined to agree. This week—the last installment of our "heart of the poet" series. B.G.

by Jon Whyte

Why do you write poetry?

I write poetry because next to lovemaking it is the most enjoyable thing I know.

Do you have a definition of poetry?

Poetry, for me, is simply the most effective and the most colorful way, as well as the most concentrated way of saying something that you want to say. It is also for me the celebration of life and of life's potentialities.

You see then a relationship between you, life, and your poetry?

Most of the poetry I have written has come out of the life that I have led. I would say that I have written my biography in my poems. There's hardly an experience I have not exploited, either of my own, or of my friends, my relatives, or my enemies. In one of the poems that I wrote called *The Sparks Fly* I put it this way:

I go about making trouble
for myself
The sparks fly
I gather each one and start a
poem,

and that is literally and exactly true. I have stirred up events, stirred up passions and emotions deliberately in order to be able to skim off the top, so to speak, and to put it into a poem. I have even exaggerated animosities because, after all, the Canadian poet is in the patria position. He hasn't got what Victor Hugo had, let us say, a Napoleon III against whom to storm. So I've got to create my bogies. There aren't any bogies and monsters in Canada. I have to set about creating them and I do a fairly good job of doing that. And then I write my poems. Otherwise how is a Canadian poet going to write about anger, disgust, loathing, you see? There isn't anything here in the landscape to evoke those feelings. So you have to go ahead and manufacture them.

You mentioned critics. What do you think is the relationship between the poet, the critic and the audience?

There's altogether too much of the critics. My feeling has always been

that the critic does not talk to the creator, does not talk to the poet; he does talk to the audience, and his job is to remove any obstacles there might be in the understanding by the reader of the creator's work. That's his function. He does not talk to the poet, he does not talk to the creator. This kind of legislative critic which you find during the Elizabethan period is out and has been out since Dryden's day. The function of the critic today is to extricate the poems before the lay reader. But he doesn't talk to the poet. The poet would be a damn fool if he were to take any critic seriously.

You were here for a reading. Do you think that the present trend which has the poet read his own works is for the good of the poet? Do you think it does him good to have regained his voice?

I think the poet should, as in my own case, read his own poems if he can read them effectively. Not all poets can read their own poems well. I don't even know how well I read my own poetry, and I'm sure that others could read my poetry much better. In fact I know that is so because I've heard some people read my own poems.

But the poet is more than his poems. The poet is also a kind of personality and I think the good thing today is the poet IS appearing with his poems and people have a chance to see him as a kind of figure, as a kind of archetype, that he's on the scene, as much as the politico or the supersalesman, or the professor. That I think is a good thing. It's an archetype, it's an archetype which is needed, and necessary in any society. To that extent I welcome it. On the other hand it might be a bad thing for young poets reading, say in the coffee houses where there's the attempt to make an easy appeal, to evoke an instantaneous reaction and therefore there isn't sufficient concern with the poem itself. Between these two things the poet has to steer somehow.

NO NAME SONNET

by #4352771

Trembled tumbled crumbled crushed dust
from green passed gold gone grey come.
No vein or cast of thought or shape. Or numb.
A pale and sticky rack of-damned by-rust
impaled upon an ice-slice-slivered gust.
No fingers picked a harsher chord to strum
than rattling snares upon a drum, a drum;
establish fade and echo as it must.
Although they cannot tell the times a bell
has told nor know their zero hour of night-
imbedded black will never strike they die
that they might live to live to die as well
as they have dies before and then the cry
by night they heard before is heard by light.

Barranca Blasted

by Andy Brook

Edmonton culture has borne a play. It managed but a feeble kick and a garbled squeak and then it died. Presented by Theatre Associates, Barranca was written, directed and staged by Jack McCreath. The title, Spanish for a deep, steep, canyon, suggests the sole (and badly) overworked, thought of the play—the separation of one human being from another.

The Edmonton author built his play around the eternal and echo triangle, designed to give the idea that time and things go on and that life really is not different although one character, mistakenly of course, states everything changes.

The play itself seems a poor adaptation of a drawing room novelette. In places it was as enthralling as a serialized television play but never did it reach the power of that standard bill of fare, the *Feelies*. As for its being serious, dramatic literature—well, it simply was not.

The actors gave one the impression that they had seen the script for the first time yesterday and that they had almost—just about—learned their lines. Though they were not given much to work with, the performance of Johnny Tayler as Buzz Schultz gave the audience an indication of what a skilled and sensitive person could do with even this. And in spite of such insipid lines as, "You are more beautiful than I ever remember you being", "If I was to go on living, I had to come back," and the best and most profound thought of the evening, "What a terrible God he is."

There was also some fine repartee interspersed. Buzz says, "You have a fine looking son, Sylvia," and she replies, "Yes, I'm proud of him." The total effect of the script and the acting was really quite nostalgic—I have not heard most of these clichés since Ma Perkins left the air.

With all this Mr. Tayler still managed to give a believable performance as a guilt-ridden and tortured man. Strangely, at his best his own authentic portrayal drew some quite human responses from the rest of the cast and this inspired the best moments in the play.

Basically the play operates very weakly on exactly one level, that of the most painfully

obvious. There is no symbolism, higher meaning, attempt at personal understanding—or anything. The only honest way to consider this play is in terms of the qualities it lacks. It seems the playwright had no control of his medium of expression.

Technically, the production was acceptable. It was skillfully staged, as one would expect of Mr. McCreath, who has directed a number of good musicals. The lighting was correct and the set was passable. The sound was less than fitting in places and as is usual in Edmonton theatre, it was handled sloppily.

"You manage to forget that they are acting once in a while," was the highest praise I heard, and this was indeed faint. One is left with the impression that this is a group of amateurs with a bad play that they have not worked at hard enough to make presentable. The comment, "Silly Freddy," (and he was silly!) sums up the whole play well.

WRITERS! ARISE!

March, the University of Alberta's literary magazine, having been granted an ample budget of \$900, will be published towards the end of February, 1963. The editors solicit poems, short stories, essays, and graphics for publication in the magazine. Manuscripts, should conform to usual standards, with the author's name on every page.

Contributions should be left in the Gateway office, the office of the English Department, or with any of the following; Paul Upton, Sharon Lee Richman, Manfred Rupp, Wolfe Kirchmeir.

The criteria of publication are largely personal, depending on the tastes of the editors. Merit and interest will be the chief considerations.

Deadline for contributions is January 15, 1963.

ARTS CALENDAR

Annie Get Your Gun

Light Opera of Edmonton
Jubilee Auditorium—8:30 p.m.
Wed., Nov. 7—Sat., Nov. 10

Gregory Butler, pianist

Canadian Federation of Music Teachers
Alberta College Auditorium, Nov. 10

Symphony Concert

Russell Stanger, conductor—Lea Foli, violin soloist
3:00 and 9:00 p.m. Jubilee Auditorium, Nov. 11

Exhibition of paintings

Alberta Society of Artists
Through to Dec. 15. Jubilee Auditorium

Edmonton Film Society

Day Shall Dawn (Pakistan 1959)
Mon., Nov. 12, Jubilee Auditorium—8:15 p.m.

Studio Theatre

Hermann und Dorothea—by Goethe
In German, by Westdeutsches Tourneetheater
Monday, Nov. 12

Byron Janis, pianist—Celebrity Series

Tues., Nov. 13
Jubilee Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.