

Random cultural events

Yes indeed. It seems that the *Gateway's* annual Rookie Night is this night, or rather, tonight. There can be little doubt that it will again be the cultural event of the decade, just like last year, what with the cool drinks and the pleasant company of my colleagues. Please feel free to drop by if you're one with literary aspirations and especially if your interests lie in the arts. If none of the above is applicable or seems too decadent, why not attend the ALCC rally on Saturday, Oct. 1. The ALCC urges you to bring your own placards and to change the law, not break the law. OK? P.S: *The Prophet* will appear Tuesday.

what's next

art

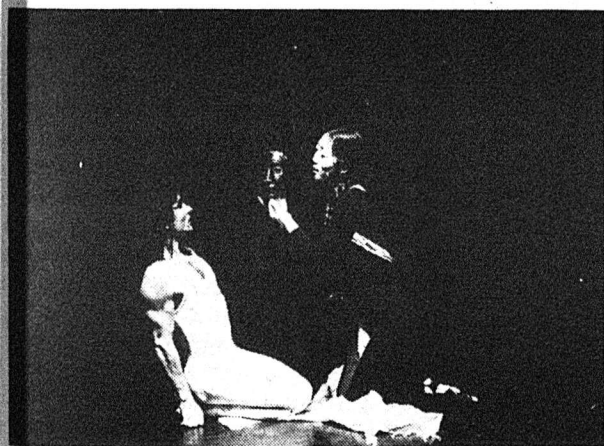
Two showings currently run at the Edmonton Art Gallery. *The Fauve Heritage* examines twentieth century art as influenced by the Fauvist orientation to color. The exhibition contrasts works by Fauvists Marquet, Derain and Vlaminck with twentieth century artists Bush, Noland, Louis, Frankenthaler and 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 Greenburg is scheduled to give a lecture at the Gallery on Wednesday, Sept. 28 at 9:00 p.m. Greenburg's reputation is based on his support for such American abstract painters as Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline and Helen Frankenthaler.

theatre

The Northern Light Theatre begins its eight season starting Sept. 29 with the production of *Ten Lost Years*. The work is a musical collage by Canadian journalist Barry Broadfoot performed by eight musicians and actors. Compiled so that it may be viewed in either one act or full length form, the play has a special performance schedule which follows: Tues. 12:10 p.m. — Part One (The Farm); Wed. 12:10 p.m. — Part Two (The City and the Jungle). Thursdays and Fridays Parts One and Two run consecutively at 12:10 and 1:10 p.m. and on Saturday evenings (7 p.m.) both parts are shown. Tickets are on sale at Bay Ticket Offices or the Northern Light Theatre office. All performances will be held in the Edmonton Art Gallery Theatre.

dance

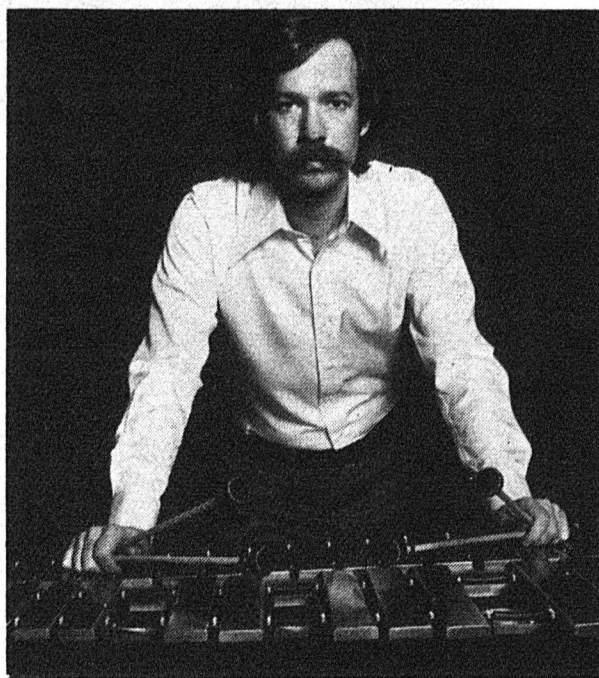


Carole and Ernst Eder's third cross-Canada tour comes to Edmonton October 4 through 9. The couple comprise the Edmonton-based *Tournesol*, Canada's smallest dance company. The Eders will perform *Separation*, a dance theatre production, which played here in August. Performances will be held at 8:30 p.m. each night at Espace Tournesol 11845 - 77 St. Tickets are \$3.00 advance and \$3.50 at the door with advance tickets at Mike's and the Bay.

cinema

The Community Programs Section of the Library is presenting a series of feature-length monster movies every Saturday and Sunday until Oct. 15 and 16. The showings are at the Central Library Theatre and admission will be granted by showing your library card. This weekend's movie is *The Creature Walks Among Us* (USA 1956), the final sequel to *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Both showings start at 2 p.m.

On Sunday, Sept. 25 at 8 p.m., the National Film Theatre presents *Profumo di Donna* (Italy 1974) directed by Dino Risi. Bittorio Gassman's performance of a disabled army captain with unique perceptual abilities won him the Grand Prix for best male actor at the 1975 Cannes Film Festival. To be shown at the Citadel's Zeidler Theatre.



Leading jazz vibraphonist to appear



This column appeared in this year's first issue of the *Gateway*. Part of a continued story it fell by the wayside in the past three issues, and no doubt, was missed by many both in the first issue and in the interim. So, for continuity's sake, here it is again. To be continued next week.

My name is Ambrose Fierce. Last year was my first at this university. I was, by and large, a pleasant time, during which It began this column — for money. Less pleasant was the intervening summer, which I passed in a prison cell having gotten five-to-ten for accounting "fraud" (for "fraud" read "creativity"), ninety days of which I actually had to serve.

Prison food.

I could go on and on about prison food.

"Haven't you ever heard of Adelle Davis?"

"Yeah," said the cook, a morally enervate person, "an look what happened to her."

Expostulation was of course useless. Starch, starch and more starch. My complexion is ruined, and the rest of me, always on the chunky side, is now grossly fat. None of my last years' clothes fit, of course, so I am obliged to wear my prison garb to classes, the Slipsticks Club, the *Gateway* offices — everywhere. The situation is humiliating. And the absurd notion that stripes are slimming is a tale of an old spouseper-son.

Which reminds me, Bertha Kupfernagle (*Bertha! Come back! I'll go straight — become a C.A.!*) has left me for good.

And so on. But for all the pain and sorrow and bitterness of my term as a jail bird — *innocent*, I swear before all that's holy, because I was *framed*, and totally *not guilty* — one good thing came of this horrible period of servitude: I worked, and sweated, *slaved*, and turned myself into an author. My work appears subacently, for the delectation of my numerous literary friends, (mostly suicides, now that I think of it), and for anyone else with an appreciation for beautiful letters. It is my maiden effort, a tender and sensitive short story — take heed *Gasoline Rainbow* editors — entitled, simply

The Short Story.

"A real grabber of an opening sentence — that's imperative. A unified, absorbing plot structure and a satisfying culmination of the action — that's what a story needs, and that's exactly what yours lacks. Oh, it's dull, dull, dull."

Gary Burton will appear in SUB Theatre in 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. concerts on Wednesday, Oct. 5. Gary will be appearing with top notch musicians John Scofield (guitar), Steve Swallow (bass) and Joe La Barbara (drums).

Gary has changed the world's concept of the technical and musical possibilities of the vibes; his four-mallet mastery of the instrument has literally set a new standard of performance. He has been recognized by the polls of all the trade magazines as the top performer on the vibes and is one of the most outstanding young talents in contemporary jazz on any instrument.

Gary's professional debut came in 1960, uncharacteristically in Nashville, and his work there with country musicians such as Chet Atkins led to a recording contract with RCA Records. An eight-year association with RCA produced an impressive list of award-winning albums. Early Burton can also be found on George Shearing and Stan Getz recordings from the 60s. Memorable albums on the Atlantic label included collaborations with pianist Keith Jarrett and venerable French violinist Stephane Grappelli, plus the remarkable *Alone At Last*, an album composed entirely of solos which was awarded a Grammy Award in 1972.

Gary now records on the German ECM label, which is distributed in the United States by Polydor. Current albums include *Crystal Silence*, *The New Quartet*, *Seven Songs for Quartet and Chamber Orchestra*, *Ring*, *Hotel Hello* and *Matchbook*.

CON by Ambrose Fierce

Frederick and Robert were comparing their short stories on the even of the contest deadline, and Robert was giving a rather severe appraisal of Frederick's literary capabilities. Robert was an earnest young collegiate whose sparse, straggly beard made him look like a spider had caught him in a chin lock. He was dressed in shorts, a sweatshirt encrusted with fraternity devices, and rimless spectacles. Frederick, although he is the main character in this story, did not differ from Robert in any respect sufficiently to warrant the trouble and space of a separate characterization, except that he had no rimless spectacles. To remedy this lack he had taped wire ear-pieces to his contact lenses; Frederick was a loser.

As the two men sat hunched around their coffee, their bodies writhed and rippled with the intensity of their aesthetic convictions and with their almost total inability to formulate and articulate these convictions. They passionately believed that they should be passionately *concerned* with literature, and, as evidence of their fervor it will be noted that although neither of them was competent to disagree with anyone over any phase of letters, they were doing so. Their moist, fleshy faces contorted, changed hue, and shook with powerful emotion. They urged each other to keep to the point, although neither knew what the point was and for this reason felt obliged to bluster more and more menacingly; they were both losers, although Frederick was the more successful loser. He lost consistently and thoroughly. One of Frederick's friends had bet him his entire fourth-year tuition that Frederick could not spell 'illiterate.' Frederick had lost.

"You'll never win with that thing, Freddy. You gotta toss in lotsa Martians, monsters, mistaken identities, and comic absurdities, like I did."

"Bob, that thing of yours wouldn't keep a six-year old busy on a rainy day — it's so contrived, it's ridiculous."

"Fred, you're a phlegmatic, hidebound, garden slug of a lukewarm, unimaginative, blah pedant."

"Yeah? Well you're a harebrained, amateurish hack."

"Pompous ass!"

"Fatuous nitwit!"

"Bastard!"

"Motherf—" Perhaps Frederick would have said more, but Robert indicated that their literary discussion was at an end by dashing his scalding coffee in Frederick's face.