



## ORACLES

### visions

Dorothy Knowles. Oil and acrylic paintings, watercolours and drawings.  
Whynona Yates. Wall hangings and woven sculpture.  
Edmonton Art Gallery. Sir Winston Churchill Square.

### for the ears

John Mayall. At the Jubilee. Tuesday, September 11.  
Heat Wave. Rock at the Hovel, 10907 Jasper Ave. September 13.  
Procul Harem. In town September 28.

### film fare

Aparajito (The Unvanquished) by Satyajit Ray.  
September 13, 7:00 p.m., Southgate Library.  
September 14, 7:00 p.m., Centennial Library.

## Jethro Tull's A Passion Play

Even though (Creem, Rolling Stone music critic), Lester Bang's it, we love it. With the same line up of musicians used on their former album. Tull has given us their finest masterpiece yet. In the same vein as *Thick as a Brick*, *Passion Play* is a 40-minute suite (if *Judy Blue Eyes* qualifies as one, so does this).

The beginning of this play deals with the self-description of a young English lad's funeral. The main character of the play is atheist Ronnie Pilgrim. Ronnie is taken through Purgatory and Hell, where he experiences a movie re-run of his life. Included is a short but very well-punned verse narrative, *The Hare Who Lost His Spectacles*, which in an allegory of Ronnie Pilgrim's life.

Musically this is Jethro Tull's finest effort to date. Ian Anderson's vocals, though still distinctive, have mellowed somewhat since the days of *Cross-Eyed Mary*. The few flute solos are deceptively intricate. They have that same, but to a lesser degree, Charlie Parker effect. They leave you stranded with your mouth open, listening to the bank cook.

There is more group interaction here than on previous albums as evidenced by Ian Anderson's acoustic guitar complementing John Even's keyboard. On this album they reveal much the same interaction they have achieved on stage.

Bassist Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond has proven himself more than a charity case as was first thought in the trade papers when Anderson fired Cornick to make room for his friend-cum-bass player. Lead guitarist Martin Barre once again provides flawless workmanship.

On percussion is Barriemore Barlow, who styles his drumming after King Crimson drummer Bill Bruford. The above players comprise Jethro Tull, certainly one of the tightest bands today.

In closing let us remember the words of Lenny Bruce, "there is only what is." So let us leave those people crying for their new Beatles and new Dylans where they belong; in the sixties. There is only what is and what is is all we've got. So buy this album and let the seventies grow on you. Scott Ballentine  
Kent Richardson

## the ARTS

### Apu trilogy

The National Film Theatre in co-sponsorship with the Edmonton Public Library will be completing their showing of Satyajit Ray's famous *Apu Trilogy* this month. *Aparajito* will be shown at the Southgate Library Theatre on September 13 and at the Centennial Library on September 14.

*Pather Panchali* will be at Southgate on September 20 and at the Centennial Library on September 21. All programs start at seven p.m. The films are in Bengali with English subtitles.

At present admission to these films is free as the National Film Theatre is still awaiting a decision from the Minister of Culture in regard to censorship exemptions. It may become necessary to charge a \$2.00 membership fee in the future which will be good for the whole series of twelve programs.

Ray's excellent trilogy shows the influence on his art by the Italian neo-realists. The National Film Theatre will be showing some of these Italian films later in the year. One of

the best examples will be Vittorio de Sica's *Umberto D.*

In November the Film Theatre will be presenting *Jalsaghar*, another of Ray's films but one done in another entirely different style.

In the meantime you can still catch parts two and three to Ray's trilogy free but keep in mind that the Southgate Library Theatre has very limited facilities. Last time they played to a capacity audience so go early if you want to get in.



Jubilee Auditorium rumbled with laughter Saturday evening when Cheech and Chong entertained with skits as "UnAmerican Bandstand" (above).

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## Sinning with a dash of class

Doing a good business upstairs at the recently opened Odeon 2 is the scintillating comedy *A Touch of Class* with George Segal and Glenda Jackson.

The movie is hardly a cinematic masterpiece but it has a regrettably brisk and humorous script. George Segal plays an amorous rogue given to indulging in short-lived affairs.

He finds himself involved beyond his depth with available divorcee, Glenda Jackson. What starts as an innocuous week-long fling in sunny Malaga soon turns into a gilded trap. As is usual in romantic comedies Segal and Jackson have a hard time getting together in the opening round.

After the introductions have been made they engage like sparring partners in a battle of wit over alleged sexual inadequacies. Eventually love triumphs and the frenzied action slows to a desperate waltz.

With the demise of the week-long fling comes the reality that an attachment has grown that both are reluctant to sever. Jackson agrees to being installed in a Soho love nest as Segal's mistress. This arrangement

eventually sours as Segal frantically tries to keep wife, children, and mistress with the embrace of his loving arms.

Ultimately the affair must end and so it does, with the traditional kick-in-the-teeth. It isn't the one originally engineered but it suffices to round things off with the minimum of discomfort which is obligatory for such comic affairs of the heart.

*A Touch of Class* is a romantic comedy which is uncommonly distinguished in that it has just that: a touch of class.

The script sparkles with the bitter barbs of such sin as adultery affords and the tiny painful poignancies of reality. Writers Melvin Frank and Jack Rose refuse to take the situation too seriously. They concentrate instead on the verbal exchanges and rely, thankfully, on a minimum of visual slap-stick.

The plot is hardly an original one but their handling of the potentialities of such dallying is crisp and sure-handed. Romance is an endlessly rich vein for comedy but this is as

close as any have come to the real gold in recent memory.

George Segal handles his part with a perfect combination of dash and vulnerability. He is exceptionally on key as the victim of his own extra-curricular machinations. Glenda Jackson is not exactly the kind of woman the movies usually present as an inducement to adultery. Perhaps that is why she seems so real: all woman and part-time siren and totally believable as both.

Together Jackson and Segal produce some truly comic moments that elevates a tired plot to a point that falls only slightly short of inspired delight.

Melvin Frank's direction is clean and business-like, accomplished with a minimum of fuss. He concentrates, wisely, on Segal and Jackson because that's where the class is. If he had concentrated anywhere else he might have failed miserably. As it is he has produced a delightful entertainment with a touch of class. It isn't overwhelming cinema but it is definitely entertaining.

—Walter Plinge