



—Hiro Saka photo

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE—Two Monique Leyracs? Ah, but one was more than enough last week when the lively French Canadian songstress packed the SUB Theatre and charmed the audience with her beautiful renditions of songs in French and English.

Mrs. Peel, you're needed — to cover the entertainment scene

This year, as in the past, the Gateway is striving to give as complete coverage as possible to cultural events both on and off campus. In order to do this, we need people who are interested in and reasonably knowledgeable about some aspect of the arts.

In particular demand are those who want to write about symphony music, opera, and the graphic arts.

No commitment need be made to the Gateway other than a fairly

regular handing in of copy. Free tickets for reviewers are often made available by the organizations concerned.

There is also room for freelance coverage of books, records, non-regular theatre, and many other aspects of the arts and entertainment scene.

Anyone interested in participating in the fun and excitement of working with the Arts Page is urged to drop up to Room 232 of SUB and talk to Terry Donnelly.

Arts calendar

Suddenly it's all so dramatic

Isabelle Foord still needs FROGS!

For her production of Aristophanes' ribald comedy of that name, she's especially looking for girlfriends. If you'd like to get in on this, the first full-scale drama to be offered in the new swamp—er, SUB—theatre, come round to Room 280A New Sub at 8 p.m. this Sunday.

* * *

It's a big week for theatre all over. Jack McCreath's production of Christopher Frye's *A Sleep of Prisoners* is on at the Walterdale Playhouse, and the Citadel opens its new season with *Barefoot in the Park* next Wednesday evening, October 11. This pleasant, slick, basically silly comedy by Neil Simon will run until November 4.

But the supercolossal theatrical offering of the week is of course the touring British National Theatre's production of Congreve's *Love for Love*, next Monday and Tuesday at the Jubilee.

Nobody should miss this opportunity for boring his grandchildren in years to come with tales of How I Saw Sir Lawrence Olivier In Person When I Was A Mere Strippling. Any remaining tickets will be available in Room 414 of the Legislative Building (phone 229-3124).

Topping it all off, there's an experiment going on at the Centennial Library theatre—a play for teenagers called *Raiders On the Wind*, a homegrown effort about the Blackfeet.

"Only teenagers will be admitted", says a noted local critic writing it up in a noted local newspaper; so turn up looking young, October 10-14 at 7:30 p.m.

* * *

Edmonton Symphony blasts off Saturday and Sunday (8:30 and 3 p.m. respectively in the Jubilee) with Garry Fraffman Rachmaninoffing through the *Variations on a Theme by Paganini*. The other main items on the program are Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra and Delius, *The Walk to the Paradise Garden*.

Sunday evening in Con Hall at 8:30 p.m. Bernard Diamant, who has been conducting a vocal workshop here, will present a program accompanied by Sandra Munn.

And at 8:15 p.m. Tuesday in the Centennial Library Theatre violinist Thomas Williams and pianist David Sagert, winners of this year's Young Artists auditions in Alberta, will present a joint program.

—John Thompson

films

As a crime thriller, *In the Heat of the Night* unwinds from the reel like a roll of old toilet paper—the same stupid cops, the sex-'n-violence, the unsolvable murder, and the hero who solves it—you get the feeling it has been used before.

Fortunately, it has two-ply strength in the performances of Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger, who guarantee its quality. They are cast adrift in a hopelessly contrived plot, and it is left to them to make something of the movie.

And how do they go about doing this?

Well, first of all, they are elected to the duty by acclamation. They are the only characters in the movie. The rest of the mob is a stereotyped nightmare which serves only as a background for the development of their relationship. However, its use is effective, and the development of this relationship, while being far from soul-searching, is astonishingly good.

The setting is deep in the heart of KKK country: Sparta, Mississippi. The movie starts off with a boring string of anti-climatic events which are apparently designed to put the viewer in a receptive mood for the big event. There is a sigh of relief when the body is finally discovered.

State Trooper Sam Wood, who has not been clued in that there are exciting events to follow, responds with a gasp of horror when he realizes that the victim is a rich Chicago businessman who was planning to build a factory in Sparta. (It is later explained that the factory is going to bring great benefits to the town, so . . .)

He arrests Poitier in the train station for the murder, and insists on putting his greasy hands on Poitier's clean white shirt while hauling him down to the station.

Sheriff Gillispie (Steiger) is a delightfully revolting human being, who articulates a series of Cro-magnon grunts around a wad of chewing gum. Under this clever cross-examination, Poitier breaks down and admits that he is Virgil Tibbs.

"Virgil?" Gillispie cries in mocking disbelief.

With even greater disbelief, he discovers that Virgil is the top homicide expert on the Philadelphia Police Force. Tibbs is ordered to stay in Mississippi and help solve the murder. His insertion of some scientific crime-detection methods into the backward machinery of small town justice results in loud cries from grinding prejudices. Most of the noise is to insure that no one misses the social significance of the movie.

Gillispie's association with Tibbs is one of reluctant necessity. To the people of the town, his authority is taken as a pretentious affront to their superiority, and they are anxious to have him depart.

The victim's widow, however, has threatened not to build the factory unless Tibbs is kept on the case. Gillispie is forced to reconcile these two forces.

The suspense occasionally stumbles as he alternately puts Tibbs on the train and then begs him to stay. But true to his patriotic sense of duty, Tibbs consents.

The movie is not intolerable as a whole, and does not attempt to do more than is implicit in the story. Unfortunately, it does a whole lot less.

The inferior plot repeatedly raises its hydra head distracting from any consistent direction or depth the conflict between Steiger and Poitier could have been made to follow.

The movie comes to a terrific conclusion. Gillispie's admiration for Tibbs has cracked a few of his prejudices, but one realizes that they will probably mend in time. The question is whether it was worth sitting through the whole movie for one illuminating scene.

The social implications, even though they are not explored in great depth, are clearly stated. It is a superficial examination of a delicate subject, and is a good movie if not too much is demanded of it.

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