

# ARTS

## Campus orchestra and pianist emerge victorious



Photo Cindy Ostry

One highlight of a fine evening was Schubert's Great Symphony

St. Cecilia Orchestra  
Convocation Hall  
Oct. 26

review by C.W. Oxley

Sincere congrats to Malcolm Forsyth who led the St. Cecilia Orchestra to their first victory of the season last Monday night.

The program opened with Mozart's overture, "Il Seraglio" - a piece which exhibits Mozartian classicism at its best. This prepared us for the full effect of the following piece, Francois Morel's "L'etoile Noire", a fairly recent, interpretive piece which in turn prepared us for the eye-opener: the Robert Shumann *Concerto in A Minor*. Milton Schlosser, the pianist, was well accompanied by the orchestra as he alternately thundered and caressed the piano.

The program closed with the last of Schubert's symphonies, No. 9 in C major - *the Great*. In terms of control and unison, this was probably the best piece of the

evening.

The orchestra, featuring Andreas Oppenorth (violin), as concert mistress, as well as guest professionals, all created a successful grand opening for this year. Stay tuned next time (Nov. 16) when the orchestra presents a concerto concert with soloists Kristine Clarke, John Feldberg, Ken Howe, and Murray Vaasjo.

The highlight of the St. Cecilia concert Monday was, for friends and family alike, probably the Schumann "Concerto in A minor," featuring Milton Schlosser at the piano.

For Milton, a 3rd year piano major studying under Robert Stangeland, split fingers and incessant hours in piano cell blocks paid off notably when his playing was received with a wide round of applause, and subsequently a bouquet of roses and a series of congratulatory hugs.

Way to be, Milt, and if you were any less calm and collected than you appeared to be, you had us all fooled.

## Records for punks and cowboys

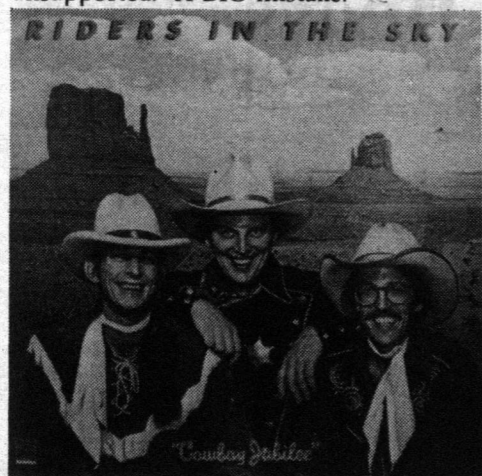
reviews by Brent Jeffery

Cowboy Jubilee  
Riders in the Sky  
LAT 1111

At first glance *Cowboy Jubilee* by Riders in the Sky is a very tacky album - one to avoid - that is until you listen to the record. With one of the most revolting album covers that I have ever seen (a horrid group picture amateurishly superimposed on a Grand Canyon type background) *Cowboy Jubilee* loses heavily on first impression, something that, in the consumer's mind, is often indicative of the overall quality of the album. That is unfortunate because the record is a good country LP.

The songs are what country was meant to be like, lively and original. "Compadres in the Old Sierra Madres", "Desperado Trail", and "Soon as the Roundup's Through" are the best of the originals. None of the above explore any new topics lyrically, each staying within the typical country mode, but all are musically sound, a credit to their writer, Woody Paul. The traditional "Red River Valley", and "Riding Alone" are terribly typical; no, make that just terrible.

One area which should have been improved upon, however, was the backing of the rhythm. The producers decided to use only percussion with no drumming at all. This tends to make the bottom end very shallow and leaves the rhythm virtually unsupported. A BIG mistake.



In a Place Like This  
Payola\$  
A & M, SP 9052

(Overheard on a street corner

If you are reading the *Gateway* promptly on Thursday, like you should, you are reminded that there are only eight (8) days left to drag your masterpieces to the *Gateway* offices for our literary supplement. Cartoons, graphics, short stories, photos, poems - in short; anything that will lay flat on a page - is acceptable. Drop your contributions off at the Arts desk, Room 282 SUB, any time during the week (Mondays and Wednesdays the Arts editor will be present to receive them personally and inundate you with gratitude).

somewhere in Edmonton.)

"Hey Arthur, have you heard that new album by the Payola\$?"

"No, I haven't, Frankie. What's it like?"

"Well, I guess it's best described as new wave. Yah, real good new wave, man."

"Oh, oh. They must be degenerates with safety pins through their cheeks playing buzz saw guitars and have all the musical intricacy and talent of my neighbor's three year old, right?"

"No, no. They're not like that at all. These guss write intelligent, rocking songs. Their music is really good. Why, there's even a song about capitalists moving into China, about alcoholism, about rich brats. It's great!"

"Oh, I see. They're something like the Cars?"

"Arrghh! The Cars!? Forget the

## Mortifee needs material

Ann Mortifee  
SUB Theatre  
Oct 27

review by Jens Andersen

One person in the audience was transported to such ecstasy by Ann Mortifee's singing, that he threatened (facetiously, I hope) to tear out my face if I wrote anything less than an enthusiastic review.

Another person, halfway through the singer's opening number, heatedly informed me, "I hate Ann Mortifee."

Most of the audience, judging by their applause and their clamoring for an encore, were closer to the first opinion.

Myself, I felt a bit more than lukewarm, but a lot less than enthusiastic. Mortifee has a splendid voice and it was featured prominently. Also her band was trim and played like a precision instrument. The real problem was her material.

Most of it ranged from innocuously romantic to completely melodramatic, with heavy lyrics like, "Life- it just keeps changing," or, "Our lives are nought but sand," or, "To know life is to taste it all." A notable exception was "The Companion", with it's genuinely spooky arrangement. It was undermined, however, with its ridiculously pompous lines like "A thousand centuries of suns," etc. The musical settings, it should be stressed, were somewhat better than the forgettable lyrics, but they were still a bit flat.

If you could ignore the lyrics (not too difficult) and overlook the merely fair to middling arrangements (not so easy) there was still Mortifee's voice swooping marvelously up and down the register and the impeccable musicianship of the band. Together, they produced a few inspired moments during the evening, and a few

%%## Cars, the Payola\$ are where it's at. The Cars don't have near the song writing strength these Payola guys have.

"Hmmm, do they write songs similar to "My Sharona", "Money", or "Staying Alive?" Those songs are really right on man. Well, do they?"

"Arthur, you jerk! Haven't you been listening to me? These guys don't write schlock pap music, they write social music. They've written a song that is such an antithesis to any of your average pop tunes, yet which still makes such an enormous comment on middle-class lifestyles that no others even compare. Wake up you shithead, this is *real* music!"

"Well, I think I'll stick with my BeeGees and Abba albums, Frankie. They really have taste, you know."

"Maybe, Arthur, but you sure don't."

## Arts Editor lays egg

Tuesday's *Up and Coming* column reported that the Subhumans and X will be coming to Dinwoodie this Saturday with tickets at HUB for \$4.00 and \$5.00 at the door. In reality the groups are coming *next* Saturday, Nov. 7, with tickets \$7.50 at HUB, \$8.00 at BASS outlets and \$8.50 at the door (if there are any tickets left for door sales.)

This week Dinwoodie features Berlin, with tickers \$5.00 at HUB, and \$6.00 at the door.

Also, this week Joan MacIsaac comes to RATT, Thursday through Saturday. Go and hear her sing "I'm going to flush you down the toilet of my heart."

Which reminds me, Alex: When are you going to bring in Don Freed for us? Hmm?



photo Ray Giguere

A good voice, a good band, and a lot of platitudes about life.

more pleasant ones.

But when I want a female vocalist who will absolutely floor me with a song, I guess

I will have to resort to The Jefferson Airplane's "Somebody to Love" or Nico's "All That is My Own."