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## Campoli performed

By RODNEY COATES

Nothing can compare to the excitement of a live concert, especially when the performance is first-rate. This was very well demonstrated last Thursday night in the Playhouse by Alfredo Campoli in a recital of violin sonatas. With his associate artist, Valerie Tryon, Mr. Campoli played several sonatas spanning the baroque to the late romantic period. Beginning with the formal Bach, the program built to an emotional crescendo, ending with two exciting Paganini caprices. This recital marked the first concert in the 1973-74 Creative Arts Committee series and was well received by the UNB-STU community.

The evening began with Bach's sonata No. 3 in E major - a melodically unimpressive work; one might call it an exercise in structural perfection. Mr. Campoli developed the very mellow tones in the slow movements and one couldn't help but be impressed by his bowing technique in the fourth movement, which requires virtually perpetual motion.

A very dynamic work followed - Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op.

30, No. 2. In keeping with the Beethoven style, the piano accompaniment was molded to fit the solo part and Miss Tryon did an excellent job with this difficult part. The melodious Andante Cantabile was surrounded by the exciting passages of the Allegro con Brio of the first movement and the rondo form of the Finale. Violin and piano combined to create a very effective rendition.

For the romantics, the mood now switched to Busoni's Sonata No. 11 in E minor, Op. 26. This pianist-composer, like Beethoven, has created a sonata in which the piano and violin are interwoven to form a Brahmsian style work. Perhaps this piece is one of Campoli's favourites, because he played it extremely well. Particularly impressive was the hauntingly beautiful slow movement.

For many, the highlight was the performance of the virtuoso pieces of Paganini - Caprices No. 13 in B flat and No. 20 in D. Sounding at times like two violins, Mr. Campoli gave an astounding display of his ability to the delight of his audience. A spontaneous standing ovation prompted two short encores by Ravel and Hubay, bringing the evening to a close.

By LEE PALMER

The pub on Thursday Oct. 4, with Sandy Road, differed greatly to the previous pub in many respects. First of all, instead of having to turn people away at the doors only a little over 200 students turned up. It could be that after the last one people lost interest but I feel it was mainly due to the fact that Jessie Winchester was also appearing on campus that night. There was no lineup to speak of when it opened and every thing went smoothly. The bar was fully stocked and the people that were there seemed to be having a pretty fair time. There was a slight misunderstanding about the length of time the band was supposed to have played. It seems the band felt that they had agreed to play only from 9 til 12 while all the posters said 9 till one. So at midnight the band explained the situation and 10 minutes later came back to play to an overwhelming audience of about 50 people. The pub continued on but in actuality it was over at midnight.

The band comes from Liverpool, Nova Scotia and has gone under the name of "Sandy Road" for three years now. They practise in an old 14 room house outside

Liverpool and usually play three engagements a week. They play popular rock and play it well and as yet don't play any of their own creations.

Due to a few minor technicalities they had a hard time holding on to the audience. First of all, like most bands, they had a change in structure. The man on organ and piano has only been with them for a month which limits selection of songs drastically.

They had enough material prepared for three hours, so with that extra hour they had to repeat pieces.

The lead guitarist made the unfortunate mistake of putting a new set of strings on shortly before the pub, so due to the stretching of the strings, he had to retune his

guitar several times. The end product of these difficulties was that they lost the audience between songs while they were messing around, and when they said at midnight that they might not be playing the last hour they lost the audience almost entirely.

Everyone who was there when they played a medley of five rock and roll songs just loved it. It was performed and arranged well and I feel that after the man on the keyboards has worked with them a while longer their whole performance will go over as well as that sequence did.

I'm sure they can iron out their slight imperfections easily and I hope to see them back this way again.

Photo by Ron Ward



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## 'K C Irving - The Art of the Industrialist'

By ART DOYLE

Hundreds, if not thousands of New Brunswickers have been Irving-watchers for most of their lives. Any of them will be somewhat disappointed with the first book attempting to deal with the role of K.C. Irving in New Brunswick society. But perhaps the promise implicit in the announcement of an Irving book is too good to be true.

Not only do the authors tell us little that was not already public knowledge about his activities, but they fail to give us a fresh interpretation of his place in New Brunswick's history. Given Irving's passion for secrecy perhaps the authors can be forgiven for their sketchy account of his career. But surely the book could have added something to Senator Charles McElman's description of Irving's empire and influence.

It is trite to romanticize that "Irving is New Brunswick", that "he decides the fate of governments," and that he even "determines the direction taken by society." The book begins by elaborating on that exaggeration and, in complete awe of their task, the authors conclude "Irving's power, influence and prestige in New Brunswick and Eastern Canada is so immense and pervasive that it cannot be adequately described."

Several pages are devoted to a recitation of Irving abuses such as his refusal to allow the payroll deduction method to be used by the United Fund to collect donations from his employees. They only hurt their credibility by neglecting to point out that, as compensation for their accounting and soliciting inconvenience, Irving corporately makes a substantial contribution to the United Fund. But then why nit-pick?

Irving is described as "a dinosaur" unable to adapt and destined for extinction; undoubtedly true but hardly an original observation about self-made mil-

lionaires anywhere.

The long introduction is followed by a 43 page account (almost a quarter of the book) of Irving's successful efforts to obtain exclusive bus franchises, particularly in Saint John. The main point seems to have been that Irving was a persistent man who had lots of competition and frustrations when dealing with city hall.

The book relates Irving's entry into the lumber industry and the "tremendous profits" made in his veneer plant during the war when he paid very small property taxes and faced bitter wartime labour disputes. The authors come to the sweeping conclusion that the veneer plants' war profits largely enable Irving "to finance the astonishing expansion of his empire between the end of the war and the sixties," an expansion requiring at least one or two hundred million dollars. It is hardly a sound conclusion when one is only left with his imagination to estimate the profits of the veneer plant on Winter St. in Saint John. After all Irving did have a few other irons in the fire to help him along with his expansions over the years.

Their illuminating description of Irving's success in exacting absurd property tax and water rate concessions should make some former Saint John city fathers, blush with shame. But it is hardly a new revelation.

Throughout his career Irving has played poker with industry-hungry governments. He has held out the promise of industrial expansion and the bluff of relocating elsewhere. To realize the promise and in fear of the bluff, governments have generously dolled out, tax concessions, financial aid, expropriation rights, etc. The authors effectively make this point with vivid examples.

The most revealing chapter in the book deals with Irving's relationship with Louis Robich-

aud's government and the development of Brunswick Mining and Smelting Limited. It is a highly plausible, though undocumented account of the roots of the Irving Robichaud feud and is the most genuine contribution that the book makes to New Brunswick's recent history. Many readers will no doubt surmise that Robichaud's former executive assistant Senator Charles McElman was the source of much of the author's information. Robichaud's initiatives with Rothesay Paper Corporation, South Nelson Forest Products Ltd., Westmorland Chemical Park, and ultimately with Brunswick Mining and Smelting Ltd. served to complicate and frustrate Irving's own plans. The threat of the consequences of the Program of Equal Opportunity was only one more bitter confrontation between the master politician and the industrial giant. As the authors point out, neither side won.

The reader learns little, if anything, to further his understanding of the complex issues surrounding the newspaper hearings and trial involving the Irving-owned press. Of course there is a monopoly of the English Speaking Daily newspapers in New Brunswick; and one is logically led to the regretful conclusion that it will continue for some time.

Most Irving-watchers either view the man as having had a detrimental effect on the province or as a positive force in an economically depressed society. It is unlikely that Hunt and Campbell will alter their opinions.

The book is worth reading but don't expect too much for your \$8.95. The real story of K.C. Irving still remains to be told.

K.C. Irving - "The Art of the Industrialist" by Russell Hunt and Robert Campbell McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. \$8.95. 196 pages.

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## A decade of Bobak

By ALAN ANNAND

Bruno Bobak, who has been resident artist at UNB since 1960, was born in Poland in 1923 but has lived in Canada since infancy. He studied art in Toronto and London. During the war he served with the Canadian Army in Europe as an official war artist, returning to Canada to work as a designer for the Government Exhibition Commission in Ottawa and then to teach at the Vancouver School of Art. In 1957 he visited Europe again under a Canadian Government Overseas Senior Fellowship. Bobak has shown in group and solo exhibitions in Canada and in many other countries of the world between 1956 and the present. He is represented in public collections in Canada, England and Norway and in many private collections.

Unlike the living-room material of the landscape sketches featured in the Fine Art room of the library last week, the current exhibit of Bobak paintings in the Memorial Hall Art Centre is of a gallery calibre. Bobak's earlier interest in landscape has gradually shifted to the human figure and in these nineteen works he reveals the lyrical and unashamedly romantic vision with which he views his subject matter. Drawing from personal experiences which are subsequently registered in moods ranging from depressive and oppressive to the enchanting and humorous, Bobak employs distortion and exaggeration and a strongly emotive use of colour to express his complicated and intensely felt views on life.

"Two Figures", produced in a period of depression, portrays the

two possibilities for the artist's existence: as a living or a dead man. "Minto Miners" carries with it the weight of an existence over-burdened with monotonous physical labour. "Blue Ribbons", a portrait of a young girl, is both charming and ominous. "Three Men in a Shower" is a portrait of three overweight businessmen in a health club: the representation is at once humorous and grotesque. Bobak's lovers, caught in compassionate embraces, blend one with the other, temporarily banishing loneliness and despair, but even so there is often a hint of cynicism which appears to emerge from the casual compositions.

Although Bobak's works often have the appearance of a rough and rapid execution, it takes him, in fact, months to complete a canvas, in which time he often completely reworks or redesigns the figurative parts, slowly building up layer after layer of paint. His compositions are kept formal and uncluttered, and with his exuberant use of colour executed with a forceful, luscious brushwork, he achieves intensely individualized graphic images that establish a positive immediacy on canvas.

Bobak cannot be fairly labelled a regional artist, for he has travelled widely and painted in England, Mallorca and Greece. He feels, however, that the quietness of Fredericton is conducive to his work, that he can paint here with few interruptions and little fuss. For those Canadians who feel that the Maritimes are relatively lifeless, a viewing of Bobak's representative works might well serve to alter their opinions.