

ARTS



photo Ray Giguere

Who put the Valium in the bomp-she-bomp?

One-size idealism fits some

Bruce Cockburn
Jubilee Auditorium
February 24

dialogue by Liz Hill and Rich Watts

Rich: "Well, I saw Bruce Cockburn the other night in the Jubilee."

"Oh really, what did you think?"

"Well, the Jube is a pretty strange place to see a concert in the first place. It's el-BORO. The crowd that turns up seems to be really old, no screaming kids, no cops searching you for drugs at the door, carpets, ushers with ties. It just doesn't feel like a concert."

"That could make some difference to the overall concert."

"You mean it could make Bruce seem more dull than he really is?"

"Well, he's not really dull, but it is true that one-size idealism does have a limited appeal."

"Last Wednesday was my first exposure to Bruce Cockburn and he was boring as shit. He sang a lot of wimpy shit with some guy sawing on an electric violin, and this vomit-appeal poem talking about 'people fading away into the white light of infinity' and other assorted transcendental poop. Is that what you mean by one-size idealism?"

"One-size idealism is this idea that life is a beautiful experience if you just let it happen au-naturel, eat granola and cry at the sight of a prairie sunset. But I had the impression from his last album, *Inner City Front*, that he had acquired a more urban perspective."

"His concert was soporific-city. When he did *Tokyo* the crowd went wild, well, not wild, calmly gleeful maybe but they were definitely glad to hear his biggest hit. Most

bands know that the audience is going to react positively to their big hits, so they milk those songs for all they are worth, it's good, it works, it's expected. Not Bruce baby though. *Tokyo* was short, fast and over much too soon. Then he went into that poem, the experiment in transcendental Canadian mysticism..."

"It's unfortunate to hear that, because I think that Bruce Cockburn is well qualified to write and sing about modern angst in a meaningful way... like *Pay Your Money and Take Your Chances*."

"Well I'm full of teenage angst and hang-ups so how come I was bored shitless? I need the screaming electric guitars, I like to see a lunatic on the drums, I want to feel the bass right through..."

Well, Bruce has never been that kind of glitzy, high-volume performer, really. When I lived in Toronto last year, he was jamming with a lot of different bands, experimenting with reggae and new wave. Rumor had it that he had abandoned the 'folk' format for a B.B. Gabor hairdo and a leather jacket."

"Yeah, well now he's turning Japanese... I really think so... he's turned in his leathers for a kimono. His backup musicians were competent, but lacked flair. There was an electric violin player. He really bummed me out; I've never been into high pitched whining. When he wasn't sawing he was plucking, and that wasn't bad but still it was wimpy."

"He's just not a high-powered performer and he is just not into massive amplification music."

"You're telling me. I think that concert was made for hard-core Bruce Cockburn fans. For uninitiated me it was a trial."

other two Tory theatres, and free daycare facilities will be provided. And the *Gateway* will be providing critiques next week from both the left and right wing vantage points.

Oh yes, one of the great films of last year's festival, the Cuban *Brigadista*, which could have been subtitled "selling the revolution with Hollywood cliches" is not returning this year, perhaps due to the scathing review that I gave it (am I developing influence among leftists???) It seems a shame, because *Brigadista* is definitely a surreal masterpiece of some kind, and highly entertaining. Maybe the Princess could be talked into resuscitating it...

McCabe and Mrs. Miller; Princess Theatre; Tuesday March 9; 9:30 p.m.

The most stunning film I have ever seen. Or heard, for that matter - the soundtrack consists of Leonard Cohen's superlative and haunting singing of "Travelling Lady" and "Stranger Song". The cinematography is simply blinding. But enough. See it for yourself and judge whether it isn't the best love story/fable-of-how-the-west-was-lost that was ever filmed.

Local composer makes good

Edmonton Symphony Orchestra
Jubilee Auditorium
February 25, 1982

Review by Beth Jacob

The Edmonton Symphony presented an interesting concert last Thursday evening, featuring the world premiere of Malcolm Forsyth's "The Salpinx." This is a work for string quartet, (guest artists were the Anore Quartet), and orchestra. A well-crafted piece featuring an abundance of interesting sonorities, the work was not wholly successful as an example of concerto form.

The first movement suffered the most in this respect. Mr. Forsyth stated in his program notes that his conception of the concerto grosso was that of a dialogue. In this instance it appeared that the two parties had little if anything to say to one another. The attractive flourish which opened the movement was not developed further. Instead the movement alternated between a pithy eighth-note statement for the quartet and occasional interjections by the orchestra. The two ideas seemed mutually independent, there was no interplay between them, nor was there any growth towards a climactic point of confrontation or mediation which would have given the movement a sense of shape.

The second movement opened with gorgeous shifting harmonies with enough tonal implications to satisfy even hardcore conservatives. The quartet's opening passage was equally beautiful but again the two parts didn't mesh for form a cohesive

whole. The overlapping technique used here was more effective than the first movement's juxtaposition, but it wasn't until the third movement that the music really seemed to fit the concerto form.

This movement demonstrated a real sense of dialogue between the various instruments. Ideas were banded about, particularly between the horns and the quartet. The orchestra was used more liberally in this movement, covering a wide palette of instrumental colours and demonstrating the composer's keen ear for new and interesting spacings and sonorities. Despite the few flaws, definitely a work worth hearing again.

The concert also included Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" (yawn) and Tchaikovsky's "Symphony Pathétique." This symphony is the ultimate in subjective Romanticism; the first and fourth movements especially are great music to wallow in on cold winter nights. There were occasional rough spots in the orchestra's performance: The woodwinds sometimes out of tune, the brass maybe a shade too loud, but on the whole a very satisfying reading. Particularly nice was the mellow brass at the end of the fourth movement.

One false note to the evening was the extremely poor attendance, less than half the auditorium was full. I only hope this can be attributed to the return of cold weather or to Reading Week, not to the prominence of a major 20th century work on the program.



photo Ray Giguere

More Air Guitar Contest:

Musical instruments?

Who needs musical instruments?

Up and Coming

FILM

The Second Annual Third World Film Festival; Tory Turtle; Saturday and Sunday March 6, 7; 1:30 to 10:00 p.m.; admission free.

The festival will have two theatres showing feature films simultaneously all weekend, over twenty films in all, on subjects ranging from the El Salvador revolution to the ins and outs of the cotton industry. I will repeat my suspicion, mentioned last year, that there is a good deal of left-wing baloney among the films (in my fascist opinion) but I should stress that there is probably some good, and at any rate I think the bad stuff is probably much more educational. In short, I highly recommend the festival, especially to the sceptical.

Discussion will also be held, in the

READINGS AND SPEAKERS

Leona Gom; Humanities Av L-3; Wednesday March 3; 12 Noon; admission free.

Land of the Peace, Gom's third book, won the Canadian Author's Association Award as the best book of poetry published in Canada in 1980.

Sharon Thesen; Humanities AV L-3; Tuesday March 9; 12:30 Noon; admission free.

MUSIC

Musician's Chamber Music Appreciation Society; McDougall Church, Tuesday March 2; 8:00 p.m.; tickets \$4.00; students \$2.00.

The bill of fare includes Handel's Concerto Grosso Opus 6, Copland's "Quiet City", the "Adagietto" from Mahler's 5th symphony, Rakavastava for strings by Sibelius, and Debussy's Danse Sacred and Profane for Harp.

You can become a famous writer!

This year's second literary supplement is back by popular demand (of writers, not readers). It is planned for late March, so if you drag your poem, short story, essay or formless avant-garde work over to our offices before March 19 (Friday) we will do our best to make you immortal. (See note).

The supplement will be only two pages long this time (a 50% reduction) so remember: brevity is the soul of wit, and it also improves your odds of getting printed. An absolute maximum of two submissions per person will be accepted.

Graphics, cartoons and artistic photos to leaven the printed word will be greeted avec plaisir.

(Note: *Gateway* assumes no liability to any contributor who fails to win the Nobel Prize or any lesser award.)
