## making the scene: part one

LAURENCE

ODEON

This is actually an article about an article that didn't get written.

We were sitting around meditating on the sins of omission and commission that have made the Arts Page so inimitable; and it

occurred to us that one of the things we should be doing is analyzing some of the emptier corners of the Edmonton cultural picture.

There are, of course, varieties of emptiness. There are the things that just

aren't being done. Classical music outside the standard repertory (especially 18th and 20th century works). Contemporary European drama (which is a shame because nearly all the best drama of our century has been European). Classical drama of any description. Exciting private gallery-management. Et cetera,

Then there are the things that

et cetera.

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get done but aren't worth doing, that carry emptiness inside of them. "John Brown's Body", a bad poem not old enough to be

The Edmonton Symphony's coming "Hommage à la program, which might be called "Hackneyed France' better French Favorites". The agonizingly predictable offerings of the Edmonton Professional Opera Association.

So we thought of running an

arts-calendar fantasy, with list-ings for all the things that we'd like to see done. "The Three-

penny Opera". "Boris Gudonoy". Some Gluck. Lots of Yeats. "Man and Superman". A Handel

(Don't be worried if you don't

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Gluck, by the way. The whole point of drawing up lists is that they should please some people very much, not a lot of people a little. Dream your own dreams, and pressure everybody in sight to realize them.)

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But then it occured to us (reasonable people that we are) that what stands in the way of a lot of these fabulous projects is their sheer impracticality Indeed, we imagined how one

of the items might run: "'The Edmonton Professional Opera Association announces its "Ring" this spring. Performances will be held (for greater intimacy and less rent) in Con Hall.

production, and one which will certainly be of interest on the international musical scene, is Mr. Priestman's decision to adapt Wagner's normally-gargantuan orchestral score for his welldrilled chamber ensemble . . 'Fill in the rest of this an3

further indulge but for the laws of libel.)'" And we could have carried on, imagining Edmonton productions of plays stylistically out of the

range of our local talent—Shaw, Giraudoux, Shakespeare, Strind-berg, et cetera (memo to outraged theatre people: we'd love to be proven wrong). But at this point we got cold

feet. We imagined all the letters we'd get from people who would solemnly assure us that Mr. Priestman would rather die than tamper with Wagner's scoring; not to mention those myriad hardworking cogs in the Edmonton cultural machine whose sensibilities would be injured at the least hint of lack of appreciation for their efforts.

The fact is that the Edmonton Cultural Scene is by and large geared to rather good mediocrity, and that the laws of inertia are very powerfully at work within it.

-J. O. T./W. R. B.

## previewing a man for seasons all

It is perhaps unfortunate that McCreath's production of Robert Bolt's "A Man For All Seasons" will be with us for only three days (Jan. 19-21). The whole effort, from cast to costumes, is enough to make ten Citadel Family Compacts sit up and take notice

Perhaps these words are bold, being based on the experience of witnessing only one rehearsal, but I have every confidence that the play will bear me out. Walter Kaasa in the lead role of Thomas More appears to be in his usual top condition, and Wes Stephan along with John Madill are right

up there with him. The sets designed by Phil Silvers, a man who obviously knows what he is doing, are no less commendable than the act-ing, but I'm led to believe that the costumes may outdo both.

The play itself deals with Saint (or Sir, depending where you stand) Thomas More and his relationship with the young (but well-wedded and even better-bedded) Henry VIII, as regards what Henry should or should not do about Catherine, his barren Queen. In other words, the play is an oh-so-subtly comic hangingout of England's dirty laundry.

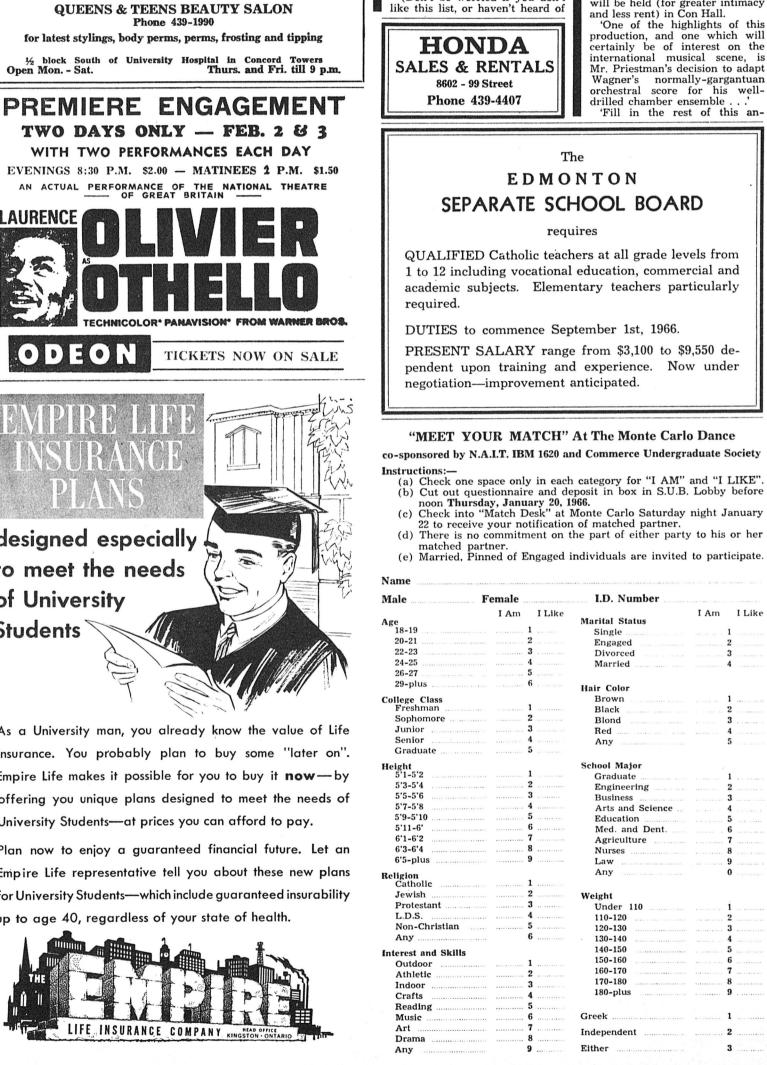
But it is far from only that. It has its tender moments, such as when More literally gets the axe, and its strange moments, usually provided by a kind of meta-physical anomaly, inanity, and inconsistency in the person of the Common Man, who is also the Boatman, and More's servant (a kind of Bobby Hull of the stage ---a golden boy of a thousand uses).

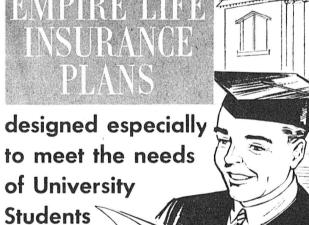
I am tempted to call the play a tragic farce, except that I don't think Robert Bolt would deserve it, since he makes no claim to hristian Christians can lower their lips on one side and raise them on the other.

But rather than label it, or pick it apart (as the director was loing, only in another way, when I attended the rehearsal), I intend to see it.

The play, by the way, is going at the Jubilee Auditorium (that wonderful marble cover-up for our brick mentality), and will move on to Red Deer Jan. 29, and early in February will assault Calgary.

-Peter Montgomery





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