

The New Folk clobber you with the cross

At eight o'clock. Sharp more or less. Only five or ten to wait and warm up. The lights go down, the curtain opens on a stage filled with drums, amps, and two tired balloons. Suddenly nine people trot on stage (trot, I mean, like coy phys ed major being dogs) and begin to sing.

Bright, very bright, and just a little bit slick and flashy. Maybe just the gloss of high polish, though. Wait and see.

Now comes our local emcee, who tells us to listen to the lyrics tonight, lyrics very important. Already listened to the lyrics and heard only rather unintelligible version of 'Jordan River' spiritual. Emcee tells bad jokes (ho ho) and introduces the New Folk.

The New Folk (brought to you by the Campus Crusade for Christ) begin to sing again. They seem to have forgotten about the Jordan River. I listen very closely to the lyrics, which is not always easy, and decide that they sing any pop song which repeats the word 'love' more than five times, but does not specifically imply sex. Also decide that the polish is really facility. The New Folk have been together on tour for three solid years, and their stiffly choreographed movements, their sloppy arrangements, and their own bad jokes make me think that they have not changed their program for the entire time.

After several very important pop songs, the New Folk give it to us straight from their silver swinging hips, and proceed to deliver singing

commercials for Pepsi, 7-up, Ban, and something called Compoz. Somehow, they fail to make it clear whether they are being sponsored by these products, or whether they are heralding a new art form. Perhaps it is both. In any case, I feel compelled to have smelly armpits for the rest of my life.

Now we are cordially and lengthily introduced to each one of these nine, which seems to include their family history, their educational programs, and their own personal bad jokes. Cordial applause and laughter from audience.

Now the pace (ha) changes, and we are modestly presented with a song written by one of the boys (Bob or Fred or Dickie, I don't know. Maybe it was Gus.) Accordingly I listen very closely to the lyrics. . . . My life is changed . . . I was born yesterday . . . They keep alluding to some monumental force which has changed their lives. What is it, I ask, what is it. What.

Finally in the last line, the vision strikes and we are clobbered with the cross. Christ did it, I think they said. Anyway, the blame was clear, even if the words were not. I don't really give a damn what people believe, but I object violently when someone couches propaganda in a sloppy corruption of a potentially good art form.

After this inspiring personal confidence, we are treated to a religious narrative (presumably of Christ's life, but no names released) which so help me God is worse than Wink Martindale in 'Deck of

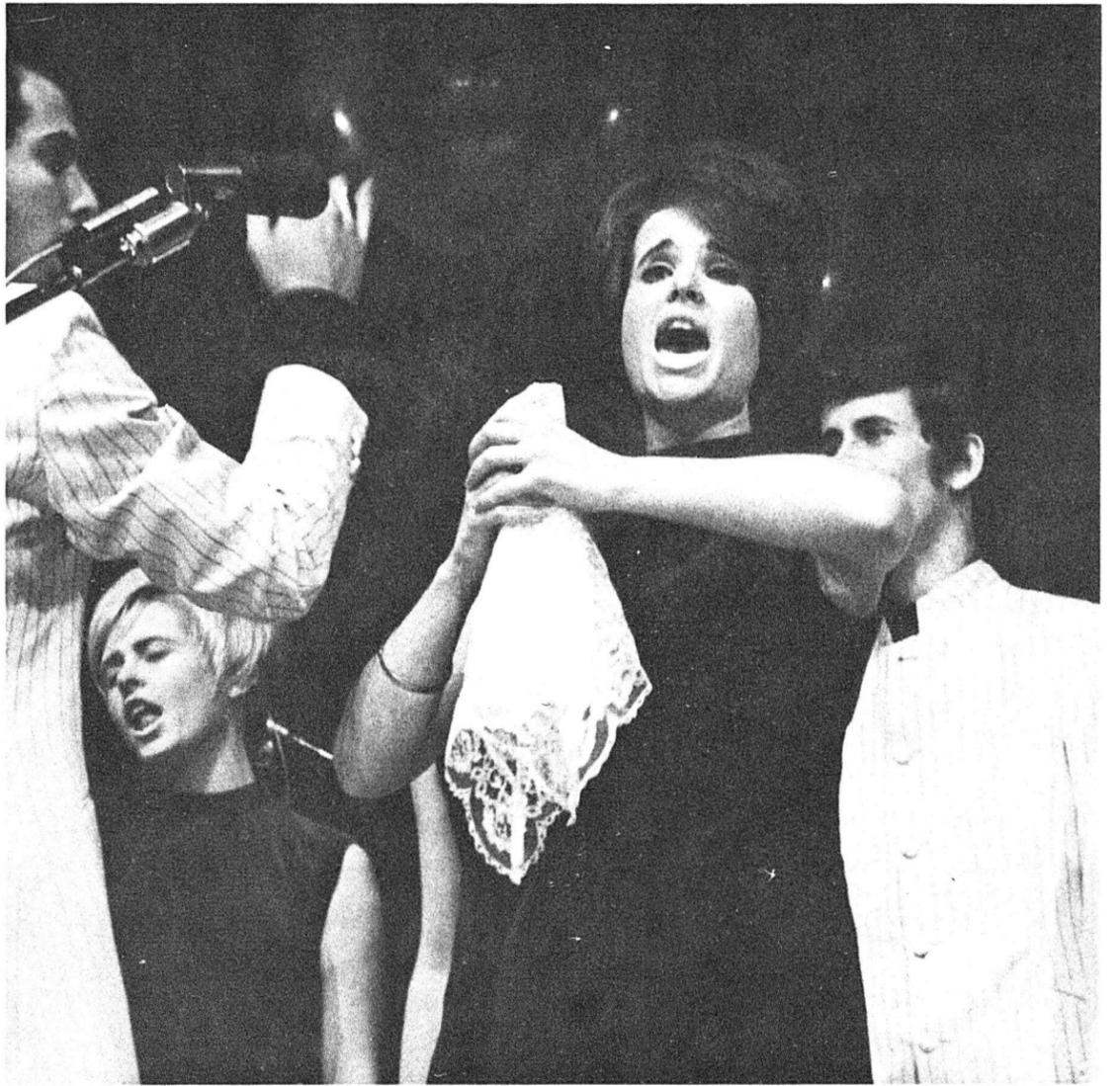


photo by Joseph Boi

THE NEW FOLK IN SUB . . .

slouching toward Bethlehem

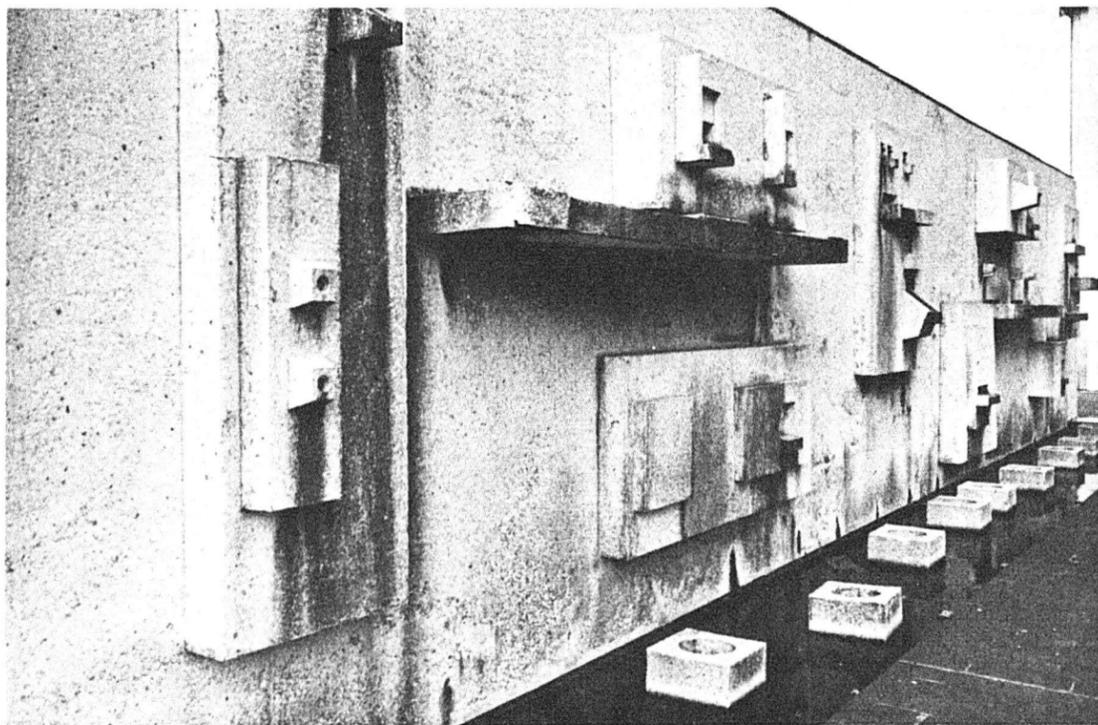
Cards'. This is followed by a short sermon, complete with quotes from the gospels of Pascal, Rousseau, and Byron, and a request that we shake

up our neighbors by telling them I love you. I am lucky. I am on an aisle, with no one beside me.

Finally, after a protracted

and soggy spiritual, it is time for intermission. The nine New Folk trot off, the lights come up, and I run out.

—Bill Pasnak



PUZZLE PIC CONTEST NO. 314 (FOR FIRST TERM SURVIVORS)—This chunky goody was deposited in our editor's stocking sometime during the holidays. After he sobered up, he found he was unable to identify it. Suggestions have ranged from Rich Vivone's belly-button to a telephone booth for nudists and the nude left. However, we feel that the answer must be hidden among the student body, so we are having our first official contest of the year. If you can tell us what it is, you can have it (if you can find it).

Insanity — enough to last a lifetime

The Edmonton Opera Association's second production of the 1968-69 season will be Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The opera, under the artistic direction of Irving Guttman, will be performed at the Jubilee Auditorium on January 22, 24, and 25. Beverly Sills, currently one of the top three prima donnas in the world today, will make her Canadian Opera debut, playing in the title role. Others in the cast include: Ermano Mauro, formerly of Edmonton, now at Covent Garden, Cornelius Ophof, and Maurice Brown, both of the Canadian Opera company. John Crosby, Director of the Santa Fe Opera, will conduct. Phil Silvers has designed the sets.

Lucia di Lammermoor is based on Scott's novel "The Bride of Lammermoor." This romance is founded on an actual tragedy which took place in Scotland in 1669, when Janet Dalrymple (Lucia in the opera) attacked her bridegroom (Arturo in the opera), whom her father, Viscount Stair (her brother Ashton in the opera) insisted she marry, rather than her beloved and secretly betrothed Lord Rutherford (Edgardo in opera). In real life, Janet died in-

sane less than a month later. Her husband lived on for about twelve more years, and Dunbar left the country. In Scott's novel, the process was reversed, the husband leaving forever, and the lover dying at home. With a sense of operatic appropriateness, Donizetti and his librettist Salvatore Cammarano present the result of the murderous attack as fatal to both.

Lucia di Lammermoor is Donizetti's masterpiece. Its melodies are fresh, and though simple, possess genuine beauty. The music runs the gamut of emotions from happiness and ecstasy to bewilderment, melancholy, despair and madness. It is noted for the famous 'sextet' in Act II and for the 'mad scene' in Act III, often used as a vehicle for the display of emotion, technique, and sheer voice of a soprano. It is interesting to note that Donizetti, a master in his portrayal of the insane, for the last three years of his life was himself in that state.

Tickets are on sale at the Opera Box Office, lower floor at Heintzman's on Jasper Avenue. Students can go for half price.

—Anita Satanove