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Creative Dancers, and three (count 'em!) living (listen to 'em breathe!) poets! The band belongs to Zen Mag-(listen to 'em

us, and plays some of the most in-teresting jazz in Edmonton. The Orchesis Creative Dancers are interested (our Dance Correspondent informs us), in the creation of free form in dance. Dance movements are adapted to

interpret music or an abstract or concrete idea. But of course (editorial bias) the most interesting part of the evening will be the readings by Wilfred Watson, Eli Mandel, and **Robin Mathews**.

Dr. Watson's book of poetry, "Friday's Child", received a great deal of critical acclaim when it appeared in 1955. Since then, Dr. Watson's style has changed radically; indeed, one is never sure what Dr. Watson will do next.

His most recent verse has been

influenced, surely, by his success in writing for the stage both of

Studio Theatre and (especially)

the Yardbird Suite. Dr. Mandel is the author of "Fuseli Poems" and, most recent-

ly, "Black and Secret Man"; a new book in preparation. Rather

a lot of his poems deal with the evil and pain inherent in the world's mystery. One wouldn't think to look at him that he is one

of Canada's most terrifying poets;

Professor Mathews has been de-

scribed by Irving Layton as "one of Canada's most useful trouble-makers". It will be nice to see him in public reading poetry rather than statements, though to

be sure the magnificent thing about his statements has always

d'ye ken con hall artswise

Kiddies! Have you ever had a faint suspicion that there's more to poetry than gets into "Crea-tive Living", that cesspool among textbooks?

Have you ever wondered about jazz? Or about Creative Dance? Or about Con Hall? (We all wonder about Con Hall.)

Well, here's your chance to swing, because as part of the First Annual Fine Arts Festival at U of A (masterminded by Tom Radford, with Rhoda Lilge, Clare Cragg, Bill Coull and Dave Emerson ably assisting) there's a big bash on tonight, with an Experi-mental Jazz Band, the Orchesis



Conversation among various illustrious composers overheard on the heights of Olympus, and transcribed by Calliope (Muse of the Steam-Organ):

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"Whatever else, poetry is free-dom", says Irving Layton. Why not strike a blow for freedom and turn up tonight at Con Hall?

(A select group of composers is standing around, munching am-Among them are Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and Fauré. Boccher-

Beethoven, and Fauré. Boccher-ini rushes in, out of breath.) Boccherini: Gee gosh, gang! Guess what! The music department of the University of Alberta is playing my Cello Concerto in their VGW Concerto Concert Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p.m. Beethoven: Is anything else of

Beethoven: Is anything else of yours ever played anywhere? Boccherini: Well, I mean, gee, gosh Ludwig, that's hardly fair.

Mozart: What else is that sterling group of musicians playing?

Boccherini: Lots and lots of your music, Wolfgang—two of your violin concertos, and your Piano Concerto K.488.

Mozart: Excellent! The violin concertos are quite charming, and that piano concerto is one of the many best things I ever wrote. I suppose student solo-ists are to be used. I was quite amazed at the quality of their performances the last time they

berformances the last time they presented a concert. Boccherini: Yes, that's right, Wolfgang. And you needn't look so glum, G.F.; they're also playing one of your organ concertos. Handel (harumphing): Well, har-umph, I mean, well damn Sir, they always have been a good

lot Beethoven: Humbug!

knobs on, Ludwig. You're just sore because you can never live down having written "Wellington's Victory". (Beethoven whistles entirety of "Der Grosse Fuge" snidely out of

the side of his mouth. An unseemly scuffle ensues.) Fauré: How common!

(Rossini strolls in, dressed as Fig-aro in "The Barber of Seville"). Rossini: Gentlemen, I'm surprised at you! Halt, desist, and/or forbear!

(Pause ensues, while halting, desisting, and /or forbearing occurs.) Rossini: Ludwig, mon vieux, have you heard? The University of Alberta Music Department is playing your B-Flat Trio at their Staff Concert Saturday

night. Beethoven (mollified): Moomph. How nice. Who's playing it?

Rossini (reading from program): "Ernest Dalwood, clarinetist; Claude Kenneson, cellist; Ross

(They all crowd 'round the pro-gram. There is a pause, then all begin to murmur.)

Handel: Harumph. They're play-ing a Walton Violin Sonata.

Good chap, Walton. Mozart: And a trio of your, Fauré. (Fauré glows.)

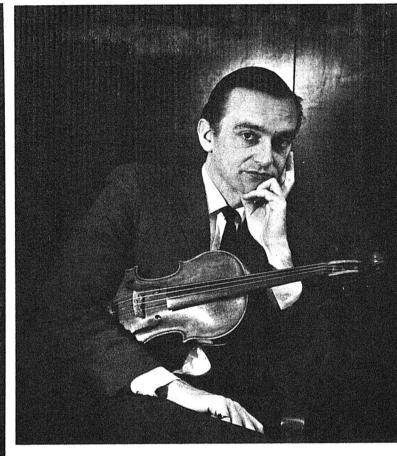
Boccherini: And a Fantasis for Cello and Piano by Kodaly. That fellow's music isn't bad, albeit no-one writes for the

cello as well as I did. Fauré: Oh, do be quiet, Luigi, or we'll get Papa Haydn to thrash

Boccherini (sullenly): Well anyways, I bet you don't know that they're also presenting a B.

Mus.-student recital, Saturday morning. Mozart: Oh really? What are

they playing?



-Al Scarth photo

THE PENSIVE PAGANINI POSE-Professor Thomas Rolston of the U of A music department suppresses his natural vivacity to muse for a moment on the First Annual Fine Arts Festival, an exciting new feature of VGW. Professor Rolston will be playing in the Faculty Recital Saturday night in Con Hall, and directing the Chamber Orchestra Concerto that afternoon, same place.

Beethoven: The mind boggles. Haydn walks in. He has heard Beethoven's last remark.)
Haydn: Maybe yours does, Ludwig, my boy. Heh, heh.
(Beethoven scowls. At this point, Johann Sebastian Bach totters in with his 23 children. They all with his 23 children. They all gather 'round him.) 23 Children (loudly): Can we pa-

pa? Can we please, papa?? J.S. Bach: Can you what, my little ones?

23 Children: Can we go and listen to Mr. Wagner tell us all about when he was in the Revolution

of 1848? of 1848? (J. S. Bach frowns, but before he can answer, the whole group is overrun and trampled by a rush of people consisting of Wagner and a troop of pugnacious helden-tenors, hotly pursued by George Bernard Shaw and Ernest New-man man.)

Fauré (propping himself up on his elbow): What about Alsace-Lorraine? eh? What about Alsace-Lorraine?

Wagner (jumping up on down on him): Götterdämerung!! Fauré (weakly): You cad! No gentleman would use a word like that! (23 Bach Children throw them-

selves into the fray, while Shaw stands back with a look of scorn on his face. Someone on the ground siezes Shaw's ankle, and pulls him down. Utter chaos pre-vails, and the whole scene is enveloped in clouds of dust. In fact, it is all rather like Varsity Guest Weekend.)

## art letter from the new world

Dear Ferdinand,

Things are every bit as excit-ing over here in the New World as Christopher promised. I wish you were here. Really, you don't know what you're missing.

Like for instance, this week-end, in conjunction with VGW (sort of a ritual-initiation among the natives) we will see the First Annual Festival of the Fine Arts. Nice to be in on the ground floor! Lots is going on; HAPPENING,

even. What's a happening? Want your groin shaved? That's a happening.) Failing that, Bob Game has promised to run amok twice daily

And not only that! The Fine Arts Gallery, due east of the Arts Building on 112 Street, is exhibiting the work of the senior painting class. None of this Old-World-fruit-bowl stuff; these paintings

swing Gallery hours are: Friday, 12 noon to 9 p.m.; Sunday, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

The Arts Building is showing second-and senior-year drawings on its second and third floors re-

spectively. The Ed rotunda is housing a painting exhibit by three Edmonton artists, as well as a display of projects by the design students. A sculpture show by a local artist will be on exhibit at the Jubilee Auditorium.

So you see, Ferdinand, the New World is quite an exciting place. Optimistic, too; notice: "Annual Festival . . ." provided we don't get blown up, or annexed, or whatever else we happen to be anxious about. You know how it

Too bad about your friend Gib; I hear he went down kicking. Love, Isabelle

## fine arts festival Painting and sculpture exhibits in the Arts Building, Education Building, and Fine Arts Gallery.

but he is.

