

# arts

## Not a rosy night for ESO and Leonard Rose

On Saturday evening at the Jubilee Auditorium, the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, with resident-conductor Pierre Hetu presiding, presented a concert containing three well-known concert favorites by Rossini, Copland, and Dvorak - in what could potentially have been an extremely enjoyable evening. Such, however, was not the case.

A rather dispirited interpretation of the overture to Rossini's opera *Semiramide* opened the concert. Tempi at times seemed hectic; the woodwinds sounded forced and insecure. The horns, notably in the *Andantino* section, sounded podgy and notey, with an insufficient sense of legato phrasing. The string sound, although unusually clean, somehow lacked the sparkle, vitality, and verve which one usually associates with Rossini. Generally speaking, the overture did not seem to be flexible in its treatment of dynamics. The fact is that Rossini orchestrated many crescendos into his music merely through the gradual addition of instruments to the texture; somehow Mr. Hetu undermined that effect with his inflexible approach to dynamics.

In fact, one of my major dissatisfactions with Mr. Hetu's conducting lies in this area: dynamic definition. This problem was more than apparent in Aaron Copland's ballet score *Appalachian Spring*. Here Mr. Hetu again proved himself incapable of distinguishing between *piano* and *forte* in a given context. Perhaps he regards the majority of dynamic subtleties with which a composer clutters his score as being purely decorative and therefore dispensable; but whatever his views, the result was for the

most part monochromatic. Although he did achieve and sustain a ravishing *pianissimo* in the concluding pages of the score which were flawed only by the unintentionally staggered final entries of the harp and glockenspiel.

*Appalachian Spring* sounded smooth, polished, controlled and generally well-rehearsed; but for a ballet score, the rhythms sounded overly deliberate - even counted - rather than experienced and confident. Mr. Hetu's approach was essentially non-terpsichorean; tempi were occasionally too fast, and rhythmic figures, although accurately performed, had little of the implied impact, and they lacked definition.

Dvorak's unique Cello Concerto in B minor Opus 104, with its passionate opening movement, hauntingly

beautiful slow movement, and spirited finale, concluded the program. This is the ravishing concerto which prompted Johannes Brahms to exclaim - upon reading the score - "Why on earth didn't I know that one could write a violincello concerto like this? If I had only known, I would have written one long ago!" But whatever qualities in the concerto incited Brahms to express such uncommonly enthusiastic praise, were rather maliciously undermined by all parties involved in the adventure.

The soloist was Leonard Rose, who was either experiencing an off-night or was affected by the hesitancy displayed by the orchestra. He, like Mr. Hetu, failed to make much distinction between dynamic levels, his tone lacked the richness and expressiveness

that the concerto requires, and the sound that he created often failed to sing. The concerto was certainly within his grasp technically, in all other respects it eluded him totally.

The orchestra was, for the most part, ineffectual, displaying glaring flaws in ensemble and intonation (especially in the winds). There was not sufficient sweep or breadth either in concept or in execution, with the results sounding uneven, hesitant, and uncongealed. Although Mr. Hetu brought out a number of details in the score which are frequently overlooked or covered, he also allowed balances to be distorted: brasses were extremely prominent and the cello section could rarely be heard.

F.N. Crory

## Illuminations not enlightening

*Illuminations* by Turiya Alice Coltrane and Devadip Carlos Santana.

I was in an adventurous mood when I purchased the *Illuminations* album by Turiya Alice Coltrane and Devadip Carlos Santana. You know - the one with the colorful album cover that looks as if it should be hanging in a gallery or sitting in the back of some deluxe issue of a Bible. After listening to it several times, I am now in a charred mood as in 'I was burned.'

Coltrane and Santana's music is in the same vein as Chick Corea's and John McLaughlin's stuff but much more anaemic. The first side comes off as something between a symphony orchestra's warm-up and the

soundtrack for a 1943 Italian movie about the Romans fighting off hordes of awful barbarians. These 'songs' written by Santana and Coltrane, along with the album's pianist, Tom Coster, have simple melodies and are based upon the over-orchestration and repetition of a single scale line. With various instruments over-lapping and sustaining the final notes in these lines, the whole first side sounds like a late evening fog coming across a rocky shoreline and settling over a meadow. I'm all for fog music but I find that the click from my turntable after the first side's twenty minutes is never enough to wake me up.

While the first side lacks guts and rhythmic organization, the second side starts off with some pretty good up tempo solos by guitarist Santana, organist Coster and saxophonist Jules Broussard. However, the thrust of all the solos and albums second side evaporates into a much too atonal cacaphony for my ears. While the second side has more basic rhythms, the drumming of Jack deJonnette fails to maintain any constant and related beats and near the end of the

second side's major cut 'Angel of Sunlight', there is a lot of disrupting noise in the guise of percussion.

Other musicians on the album do seem pretty competent but are entrapped in some silly, pretentious and boring arrangements and songs. Perhaps a major weakness of the album is the fine but subtle acoustic bass lines of David Holland which do nothing to bring together some powerful string arrangements.

The small bits of harp work presented by Alice Coltrane are beautifully clear and melodic but her introduction and over arranging of a twenty man string section only adds to the perhaps unintentional pretentious failure of the album to live up to its supposed Eastern mystical theme. The music of Santana and Coltrane falls disappointingly short of all the album and liner hype about angels, illumination, bliss and the marvellous Turiya and Devadip. I think these people are sincerely into their mystical beliefs. If they weren't, I call the album an obscene rip-off. Instead, I just pass it off as a boring and burning dud.

Lawrence Wargrave, Jr.

## Women in Love with Sleuth this week at SU Cinema

The first of two Ken Russell films to be shown during S.U. Cinema's Wednesday January Special Series will be featured this Wednesday, January 15. The film is *Women in Love*, starring Allen Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson and Jennie Linden.

Directed by Ken Russell and produced by Ray Baird, Russell demonstrates his greatness in this screen version of D.H. Lawrence's novel. The story is an exceedingly powerful drama, and it was this film that established Glenda Jackson, Allen Bates and Oliver Reed as international stars. Glenda Jackson went on to such films as 'Mary Queen of Scots', 'The Music Lovers' (S.U. Cinema, Jan. 27) and 'A Touch of Class'. Allen Bates played the leading role in 'The Fixer', 'The Go-Between' and 'Far

From the Madding Crowd'. Oliver Reed then starred in 'The Devils' and 'Oliver'.

On Thursday and Friday, S.U. Cinema features *Sleuth* which was directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz ('Cleopatra', 'Julius Caesar', 'Harold and Maude'). *Sleuth* stars Sir Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. This marks Olivier's return to the screen, his last appearance being in 'Khartoum' (1966). Michael Caine's most recent film is 'The Ipcress File'; he has also starred and appeared in 'Alfie', 'The Battle of Britain', and 'The Magus'.

Without giving *Sleuth's* plot away, it is best described as a suspense thriller. It was first written and performed on stage and is really 'made' by the superb almost virtuous acting of Sir Olivier and Caine. Show times are 6:05 and 9:05, features at 6:30 and 9:30.

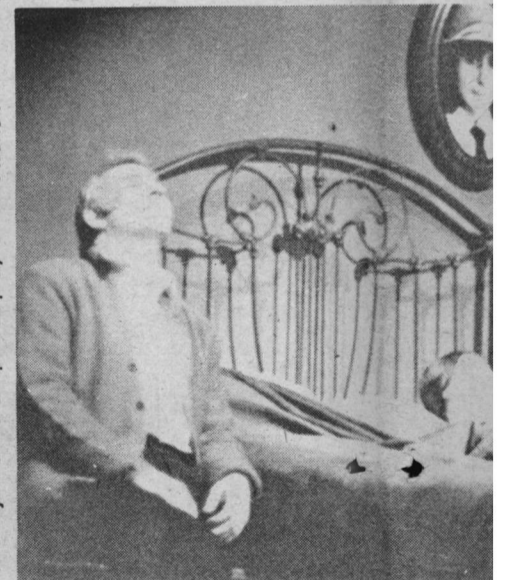
## Studio Theatre Wo

After seeing *The Injured*, I left Studio Theatre with a feeling of mental exhaustion. This closely knit play both demands and receives a high level of involvement and empathy from its audience. *The Injured* forces the audience to look it full in the face and acknowledge its message. It is a powerful play with a distinct message. The deep interplay of human emotion revealed in the script brings about feelings of both pity and revulsion towards its warped characters.

Tom Grainger weaves his story around a news item he once read of a fourteen year old girl who was committed to an institution because she was pregnant, and was not released until some thirty years later. *The Injured* concerns a couple in this situation who, although free from the institution are nevertheless trapped by their deep feelings of guilt, shame and fear. Judd and Sarah Slater have been irreparably damaged by the harsh treatment they received at the hands of society. Theirs was a childhood deprived of all natural, healthy influences. *The Injured* is a revelation of what life can be like to two people so maimed that they can only relate in an abnormal and perverse manner.

A well written, compact script coupled with a high quality performance give the production a powerful impact. Michael Forrest as Judd is exceptional in his role. He displays an understanding of his character that reveals the hopelessness and tragedy of his situation. Forrest's performance leaves one with the impression that one is actually watching the character portrayed rather than watching an actor portray a character. He lends a sense of verity to the production which is a major contribution to the impact the play has.

Janet Daverne as Sarah was just as convincing in her role. She ably reveals the



The Injured - 'a deep interplay of emotions'.

## Gateway as a work of art? -Only the clas

That this newspaper can reach the height of artistic excellence may be denied by some. But torn into bits, but, shaped, pasted and painted over it does so spectacularly.

*Classified and Unclassified* is the name of Harry Wohlfarth's one man exhibit at Latitude 53, its central theme being the incorporation or transformation of newsprint into art. Pages from the Gateway, as well as black and white photographs and

fragments from Arabic, Japanese, Ukrainian and German newspapers are used in a variety of ways to produce different effects. Sometimes the pattern and intensity of the lettering itself is an intrinsic part of the total arrangement, as is demonstrated in *Liz on Black* and sometimes it is selected for its suitability as a background for a number of superbly drawn nude figures such as *Anne on Gateway*. Harmony between subject and

medium is achieved in *Geisha* in which Japanese lettering becomes the head and shoulders of a Japanese woman.

Not to be neglected are four landscapes in oil, which provide an interesting contrast to the newsprint pictures. *Pilot Mountain* is my favorite, with strong emphasis on surface pattern and the decorative function of color.

Wohlfarth's ability to integrate texture and color