

# Monday night at the movies, "Cuckoo's" cleans up

I completely gave up on the Academy Awards the year Francis Ford Coppola's brilliant movie *The Conversation* did not win every award possible. Accepting the fact that the entire fiasco is a complete commercial farce, and that the quality of the movies is only of secondary concern, I still cannot imagine any group in the public eye, as the Motion Picture Academy of the U.S.A. is, not rewarding Coppola for the finest picture made in the U.S.A. since *Citizen Kane*.

Nonetheless, like most every movie buff, I sold out and watched the 1975 version of the televised Academy Awards on Monday night. There were no real surprises for me, as the politics of the situation demanded that *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* sweep away with almost all the major awards; but there were many disappointments.

The highlight of the evening was Keith Carradine's well-deserved winning of the Best Original Song award. *I'm Easy*,

the award winning song, is a pleasant change from the terrible Burt Bacharach schmaltz that usually waltzes away with the award. From Robert Altman's *Nashville*, the song is a memorable one and the fact that Carradine won is perhaps indicative of a rumoured swing in policy of the Academy.

It must be somewhat disappointing and even disgusting for Hollywood movie directors to work for years on a movie, only to have all the big awards go to one movie, as they did this year. Without a doubt, *Cuckoo's Nest* is a fine film, but certainly not overwhelmingly better than *Dog Day Afternoon* or *Nashville*. I will never be convinced that Nicholson was more deserving than Al Pacino or Max Schell, both of whom performed brilliantly in *Dog Day Afternoon* and *The Man In The Glass Booth* respectively. (Interestingly enough, the man who wrote the original screenplay for *The Man In The Glass Booth* was none other than Robert Shaw, the snarly sea captain named Quint

in *Jaws*.) However, it seems the powers-that-be decided to reward Nicholson partially because of his past track record, which, to this reviewer, is mediocre at best. (The fact that Nicholson was even nominated last year for his over-rated performance in *Chinatown* indicates the poor quality of movies in general last year.)

Of no surprise was *Barry Lyndon's* fate last Monday night; it won the only two it deserved, Costumes and Cinematography. Poor old Stanley Kubrick will probably spend a few million dollars again this year and still end up with the drippy awards, when, of all current directors in the U.S.A., he is the most creative.

The other token award given out was to George Burns for his supporting role in *The Sunshine Boys*. Sal, in *Dog Day Afternoon* obviously deserved this award, and he wasn't even nominated! Oh well, at his age, George Burns will probably never have another chance to

get an Oscar.

Although my personal choice for best-everything was *Dog Day Afternoon*, I must admit that the quality of movies and actors nominated this year was much higher than it's been for a long time, and director Sidney Lumet shouldn't feel too bad about losing the big apples. It's not often that the movies and actors nominated all deserve to win, let alone one of them.

Next year, Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, starring the great Robert DeNiro, will be

up for awards, and let's hope justice prevails and this movie wins. We can also expect something from Coppola, (hopefully, anyway) that would make the event interesting. So, even though I hate myself for it, I'll be wired to my television next March for yet another uproarious evening of comedy with the "Academy Awards."

N.B. Would someone please tell Gene Kelly that Mary Pickford seems to have died four years ago?

by Gordon Turtle

## NEW orchestra gives first concert

The newly-formed Edmonton Philharmonic Orchestra, under its permanent conductor Eric Hanson, will give a concert in the auditorium of the Provincial Museum, April 4 at 7:30 p.m.

The program will feature: Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*, *Opus 84*; Weber's *Concerto No. 2 in E flat for Clarinet and Orchestra*; Bizet's *Symphony in C*.

The soloist in the Weber concerto will be John Mann, a

final-year music student at the U of A. The Edmonton Philharmonic Orchestra was founded in September 1974, and began regular rehearsals at that time under the direct of Dr. Manus Sasonkin of the U of A. Eric Hanson took up the baton in the fall of 1975, and under his direction the Orchestra made its debut on November 29, 1975.

The Orchestra operates on an entirely non-profit basis, and it is the hope of those involved that it will continue to grow in

the spirit of the original Edmonton Philharmonic Orchestra, which served Edmonton's music community until the mid-50's.

Admission to the concert is free.

The Edmonton French Theatre presents J. B. Priestley's breathtaking suspense, *Un Inspecteur Vous Demande* (*A Detective Would Like to See You*). Performances will be Apr. 2, 3, 4, 7, and 8 at 8:30 p.m. and Apr. 11 at 2:30 p.m. at College St. Jean's auditorium, 8406-91 St. For further information, phone 469-0829.



These two jolly-looking fellows are Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy. The actor-singer-song-maker-wits will appear in concert, Sunday, Apr. 4 at 8 p.m. at the SUB Theatre. Tickets are available at Mike's or the SU Box Office.

## Walterdale cancels play

Walterdale Theatre has had a change of plans. *Of the Fields Lately*, originally scheduled as its spring production, has been cancelled.

Instead the next show (Apr 20 - May 1) will be *Accommodations* by Nick Hall. It's a 'laugh a minute' comedy that explores today's young people... their lifestyles, their attitudes, their insecurities, sure to

delight audiences and at the same time, touch them.

Director Eric Candy has cast Troy Sprende, John Chalmers, Ray Hunt and Pauline LaBel to deliver the fun, while Marty Gordon will design the elaborate costumes required for this contemporary play. Watch for further announcements in early April with regard to ticket sales.

## Paul Hann just keeps getting better

The first time I saw Paul Hann perform at RATT several years ago, when the strongest thing you could order was a cup of tea, and the people actually listened to the music.

For most of the night Hann played solo and I was immediately impressed by the strong, original material, the expressive voice and the fine guitar-playing. Since then I have seen Hann perform several times and he just keeps getting better.

After years of paying his dues, playing in the small folk clubs across Canada, Hann is now an accomplished, polished performer. Hann was, and is, a folkie; if BTO is your bag, you need read no further. If on the other hand, you are one who appreciates good music sensitively played, then by all means rush out and purchase Paul Hann's latest album, *Another Tumbleweed*.

This album, Hann's second, has already been touted as evidence of the singer's conversion from folk to country music. It is hardly that. Hann's music has always had a country flavor and in *Another Tumbleweed* this fact finds full expression

Songs like "Fire Line", "These Thousand Good-byes" and "Another Tumbleweed" are particularly western in mood and lyric; the closest thing to prairie music that Hann has ever recorded. In these songs we see that paradox of "The Cockney Cowboy" that is Paul-Hann-the-Englishman turned westerner; influenced by, and influencing, our music.

But to my mind Hann is still at his best when performing the gentle folk songs he and his co-writer Pete White are so good at creating. On this album, "I Almost Fell Into Her Eyes" and "Salvation Annie" are the standard-bearers of the folk idiom which Hann has served to enrich.

White's lyrics, like Hann's music, are extremely eclectic; they range from the gently serious to the comically raunchy. One of his preoccupations seems to be with the simple country girl who is sent to redeem the corrupted city boy, as in "Salvation Annie." *Let's have a drink to Salvation Annie/Her face is the face I've been waiting to see/She says that she'll take me to her home in the mountains/And love all the city out of me.*

But he can as easily write

about the mishaps of a workingman alcoholic, as in "Paycheck Charlie." *Him and staggering Stan were standing in the can/Leaning up against the wall/He just got it out about the time he passed out/And he thought he heard Maybelle call.*

To all these songs Hann's smooth and sincere voice is well-suited. As a singer of folk songs Hann ranks with Lightfoot as one of Canada's best. As a musician, particularly on twelve-string guitar, Hann approaches the virtuosity of a Bruce Cockburn. In fact, one complaint I have about this album is that Hann's finger-picking is not highlighted to the degree that it might have been.

Paul Hann has now recorded two fine albums. His previous record, *A Fine White Thread*, was largely ignored. Hann's problem is simply that he is produced and promoted from outside the eastern music establishment. Hann is western-based, (worse than that, Edmonton-based) and for this he unfairly suffers. *Another Tumbleweed* was recorded in Edmonton at Tommy Banks' Century II Studios, features predominantly Canadian musicians, and was produced by an Edmontonian, Holger Petersen. It is an example of just how good purely Canadian music can be.

So if you have a chance to see Paul Hann perform at the Hovel or at SUB Theatre in the near future, I would strongly recommend that you do so. If not, I would still advise you to pick up Hann's two albums when the summer paycheques start coming in; they are among the best ever recorded in Canada.

by Brian Bergman

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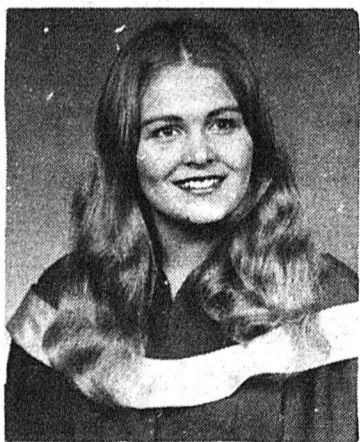
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