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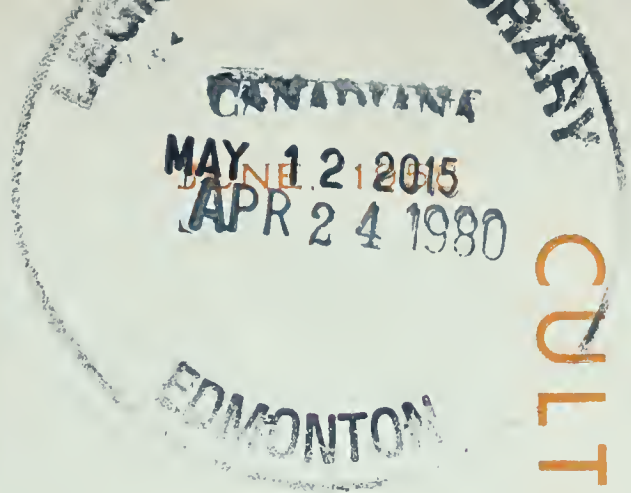
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CULTURAL ACTIVITIES MAGAZINE

Leisure





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Vol. 9, No. 2, June, 1958

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Miss Frances G. Archibald

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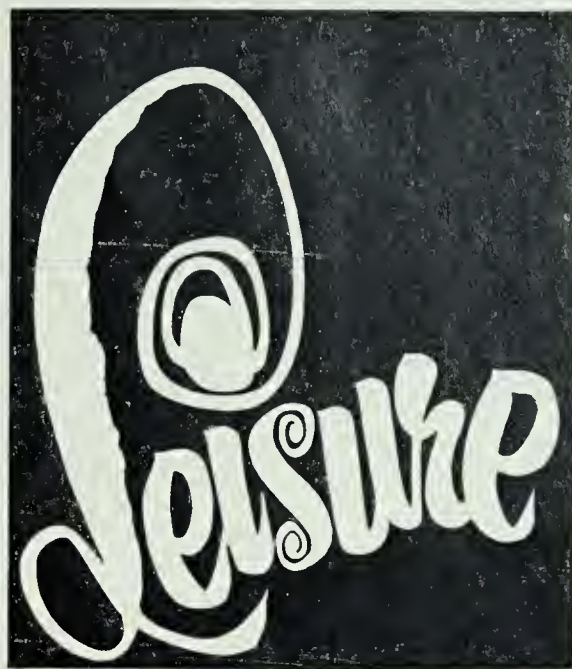
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ABSTRACTION

No stick, no stone, no blade of grass or greenery.

No tree, no fence, no scenery.

No loaf of bread, no jug of wine,

No thou.

No bough.

No flower, no bee to sting,

No any kind of anything.

No cow,

nohow!

No cloud, no shade or shine, no umbrella.

No girl — no fella.

No wishing well, nothing at all to tell.

No life, no impression,

No vastness or depression.

No thing implied, nothing descried.

No heap of bones, no stones.

No feeling or emotion.

No notion!

No mill or mountain rill.

No still.

No horse and cart, no any style of art.

No furniture or fixture—

No picture!

No Apology

No Name

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Prison scene in Die Fledermaus staged by the Alberta Opera Society.

**Enthusiastic Amateur Group
Succeeds in Doing What Some
Said Couldn't Be Done.**

Alberta Supports Unique Grand Opera Organization

By Andrew Ballantine

MEMBERS of the Alberta Opera Society have been cautious about claiming to be the first and so far the only amateur grand opera company in Canada, but the claim has gone unchallenged.

Although the Society's home town is Edmonton it did not take long to become an Alberta institution. One visit to Calgary last February and the south's opera goers were no less ready than those in Edmonton to place it not alone among Edmonton's artistic achievements but Alberta's.

But the Society is something more than an amateur opera group. Under the musical direction of Jean Letour-

neau and the drama direction of Olivia Jewsberry (besides an unseen corps of workers in backstage arts) it is virtually a school of the opera and a testing ground on which the young and opera-ambitious may gain experience.

Last month the Society made a second venture with opera in concert form, choosing as the vehicle Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana. A similar experiment had been tried in 1952, when the group was known as the

*JEAN LETOURNEAU, musical director of the
Alberta Opera Society.*



*Scene from the
Society's production
of La Traviata.*



Capital Choral Society. by a concert-form presentation of *The Magic Flute*. It was a success in all respects except financial, and the Society suspended activity until 1956 when the re-organized company presented a full scale production of *La Traviata*.

On Business Basis

It was this performance, coupled with a sounder business basis, which instantly established the Society's permanence. This position was consolidated by a presentation in March, 1957, of Guonod's *Romeo and Juliet* and a "repeat" of *La Traviata*, both under Mr. Letourneau's musical direction and drama-directed by Jack McCreath and Esther Nelson respectively.

Reassured by the success of *Traviata* in 1956, and having gained a full and overflowing measure of public confidence, the Society not only launched out upon rehearsal of *Romeo and Juliet* and a second performance of *Traviata* which had won them their laurels the previous season, but made a start on the second summer concert which was given in the Jubilee Auditorium, Edmonton.

By this time it was evident that the adventure in opera had gained perceptible momentum, and the

Society prepared to invade Calgary with Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* in English—"the sort of opera," as Joy Van Wagner wrote in *The Calgary Herald*, "they play for people who don't like grand opera." And if the audience which gathered in Calgary's Jubilee Auditorium on two nights included some who had gone to scoff and remained to applaud, they were only the counterparts of those in Edmonton who had once ventured timorously to hear and see the first courageous amateur experiment with *Traviata*.

Well Received

Now, any touring troupe, be it football team or grand opera company, which dares to invade Calgary from Edmonton (or vice versa) must not be disappointed if the reception is on the cool side. But Calgary press comment, always a safe indication of public opinion, was unrestrained. Edmonton had "out-Calgaried Calgary," said *The Herald*, "in coming up with the only amateur grand opera company in Canada, and a creditable one into the bargain."

It is admirable indeed that Edmonton is able to muster such a talented cast and find all the roles suitably and more than adequately filled.



Aina Sauja and Lucille Bahlay in the Opera Society's (then the Capital Choral Society) production of La Traviata, May, 1956.

And thus said The Calgary Albertan:

It is considered traitorous for a Calgarian to admit there's anything Edmonton can do better than we can, but it must be admitted "our northern suburb" showed laudable enterprise in forming an opera society and, what's more, actually producing and staging operas.

Large Audiences

Taking *Die Fledermaus* to Calgary before opening in the Society's home town may have been what the medical profession playfully calls "trying it on the dog"—seeing how it went over with an audience to whom they were strangers and providing incidentally an opportunity to rub off the rough edges if any had appeared. But two performances with an average attendance of 1,000 people at each was much more than a mammoth dress rehearsal; it was a highly polished performance. Accounts of the warmth of the Society's reception in Calgary were quick to reach the home town (where prophets are traditionally without honor), and no doubt contributed to the conversion of any surviving Phillistines.

Many a mighty oak has grown from a tiny acorn. In 1952 the Capital Choral Society was that acorn—a thought in the mind of Mr. Letourneau and some 40 singing friends. Today

Page Four

the Alberta Opera Society is a sturdy growth, gradually spreading its influence over all Alberta and who can tell how far beyond?

TV vs Bookcase

The Lethbridge Herald believes that if reading is no longer a habit it is because the bookcase has gone out of fashion as an article of living room furniture. To which it might be added that the old bookcase has probably been sold (or thrown out along with the books) to make room for the TV, and the art of reading displaced by the less fatiguing exercise of looking.

Absolving the public library from blame The Herald argues, on the contrary, that "to engage in high pressure 'selling' of the joys and benefits of reading would . . . put the library out of character. The job certainly needs doing. But by other agencies and institutions — including the schools."

You will find rest from vain fancies if you do every act in life as though it were your last.

— Marcus Aurelius.

Here are some of the arresting exhibits of Alberta handicrafts, shown at the Albertacraft '58 exhibitions in Calgary and Edmonton.



Many Visitors See This Year's Albertacraft

By Frances G. Archibald

THREE times the volume of exhibits in any former Albertacraft exhibition made "Albertacraft 1958" the best and biggest display ever to be shown by the Cultural Activities branch. As last year, the exhibition was set up in the Jubilee Auditoria at Edmonton and again in Calgary.

Exhibits from other provinces were included to add interest. These were from such places as California, Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and ranged from home-crafts of quilts, rugs and fine lace to the new look in sculpture, painting and ceramics.

Sophie Sembaliuk, ceramics instructor of the Cultural Activities branch, gave demonstrations of "throwing" pots on a small electric wheel. The art of weaving intricate designs on a 26-inch floor loom was demonstrated by Mrs. Georgina Graham, weaving instructor. Ladies of the Edmonton

Potters' Guild demonstrated weaving on a small table loom.

In Calgary four students from the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art, under the guidance of Mrs. Marion Nicoll, demonstrated their skill in copper enamelling, batik and book binding.

An interesting exhibition was the eleven scholarship winning paintings and sculpture as well as seven honorable mentions.

Outstanding Exhibits

The Edmonton Weavers' Guild was organized to provide means of contact between Edmonton and district weavers, provide opportunities to keep in touch with current trends, encourage beginners and continue study and development.

New students as well as accomplished craftsmen were represented among the exhibitors.

An unique weaving exhibit came from the Southern California Hand-

weavers' Guild — beautiful stoles, table cloths and a wall hanging length of bark and moss suggestive, not of scarcity, but of women's ingenuity with material at hand.

The Guild was organized in November, 1946, and has now a membership of about 500 weavers. Ten member-meetings are held on the first Saturday of each month with speakers on handweaving and textiles and studies of various fibres and uses of handwoven articles.

Ceramics

An interesting exhibit was that of the Edmonton Potters' Guild which meets once a week in the Victoria Composite High School, Edmonton. The first few years were spent making the acquaintance of clay; concentration is now on wheel work and design. In Edmonton, potters and weavers combine their efforts to present a useful display of the two arts.

An outstanding exhibit was a tea set including cups and saucers, tea-

pot and other dishes by Mrs. Sybil Laubenthal.

Ceramics Arts of Calgary, established by Dr. J. S. Sproule and managed by Walter Dexter, Pat Drohan and Rolf Ungstad, exhibited specimens made from clay obtained in the Cypress Hills and glazed with local clay.

Homestead Arts

Calgary branch of the Handicraft Guild displayed a variety of home-craft exhibits. Outstanding among these were rugs and quilts. Mrs. W. A. Jackson displayed a double wedding ring quilt and Mrs. F. A. Wonnacott a crocheted bedspread.

Indian, Eskimo Crafts

From patients of the Charles Cam-sell Indian Hospital, Edmonton, came a display of beaded necklaces, belts, wood carvings and Eskimo dolls. Native crafts and design are encouraged under medical supervision; occupational therapy is part of the rehabilitation programme.

Nothing, it has been said, succeeds like success. The enormous and rapid expansion of the annual Alberta-craft exhibition is undoubtedly due to the spectacular achievement of the initial experiment in 1954. What, then, of Albertcraft '59?

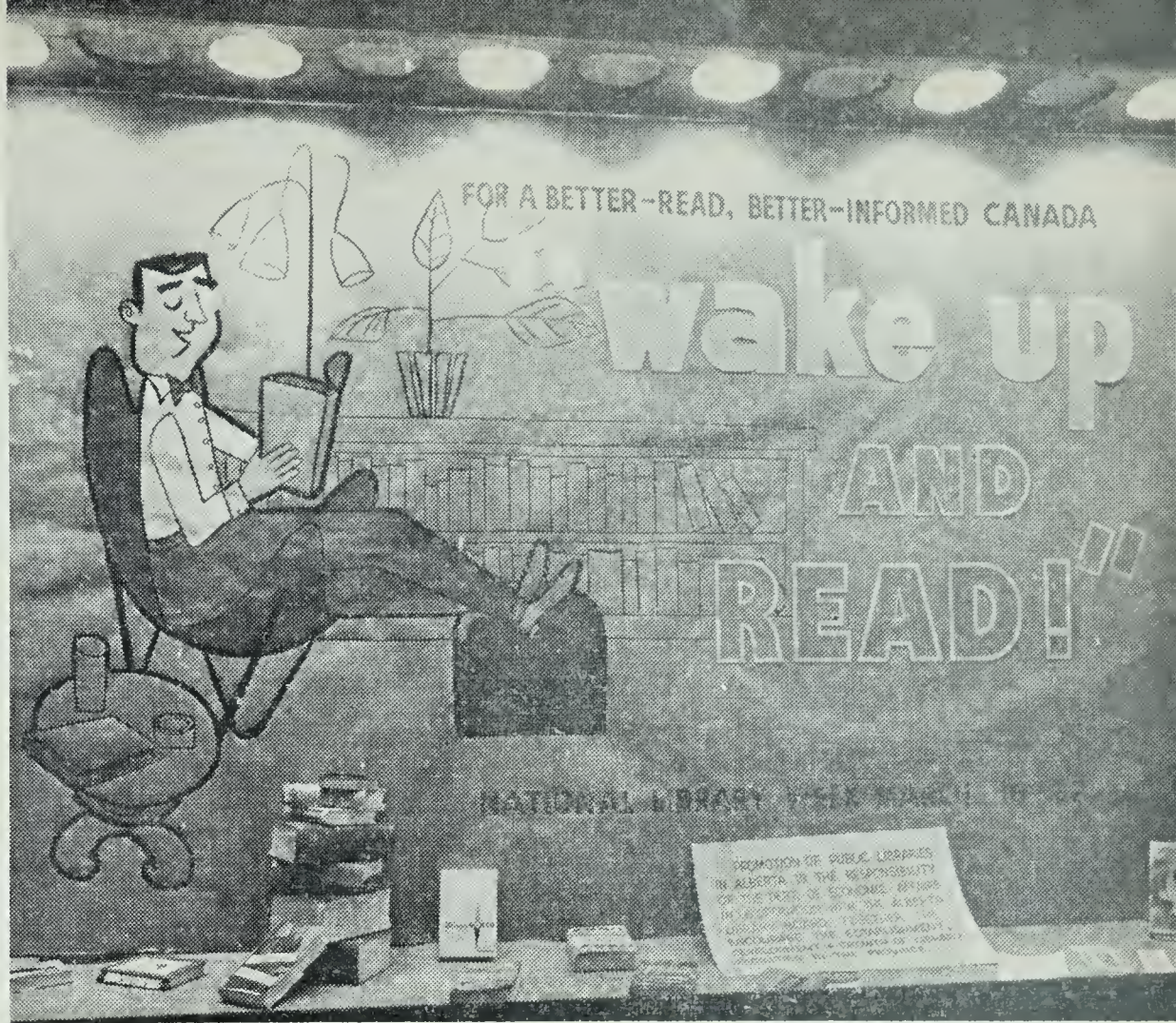
The Honourable J. J. Bowlen, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, has consented to be an honorary patron of the Allied Arts Council at Calgary.

Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone: let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for.

—*Ruskin.*



Picture is of a showcase display set up by the Cultural Activities Branch in the main rotunda of the Legislative Building in Edmonton during March 16 to 22.



**Dare You Split an
Infinitive?
"English Usage"
Says Yes,
But Only If . . .**

Have You A Grammar Problem? See Fowler

MOST of us at one time or another have had occasion to use a rather compact little volume entitled "Modern English Usage" by one H. W. Fowler. How often have we wondered when stuck on a grammatical

By E. J. HOLMGREN

point, "What does Fowler say about it?" Whereupon we reach for Fowler to settle the problem.

Who was Fowler? Henry Watson Fowler was born in England 100 years ago. He went to Oxford where he was not successful in obtaining a first class, but he became in turn a very thorough schoolmaster, a literary hermit, and finally a lexicographer. One might expect such a person to be a rather uninteresting individual. Actu-

ally Fowler was nothing of the sort. He led an energetic life; he loved to take strenuous exercise—long walks were a part of his existence. As if that were not enough he managed at the age of 57 to bluff his way into combat service in the trenches of World War I. He died in 1933.

Fowler actually produced two works in collaboration with a brother. These were "The King's English" and "Modern English Usage," the latter which he finished alone after his brother's death.

His Unique Style

What is there that has made this work so lasting? Books on grammar (and these are many) are often

(Continued on Page 18)



Mrs. Georgina Graham, author of the accompanying article, is well known all over Alberta as an instructor in her art.

An art the Egyptians understood and practised sixty centuries ago.

Weaving: More Than A Craft—An Art

By Georgina Graham

IT WAS not until Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden that Adam began to delve and Eve to spin. When Adam began to raise plants and animals for food, according to the old rhyme, his wife began to weave.

Weaving started so far back in the history of humanity that almost every people has attributed its invention to a goddess who remained the patron of the art, but its earliest history can only be glimpsed darkly and at intervals.

No one knows when the first cloth was made, but without doubt weaving was one of the earliest occupations for human hands. It was known in

Egypt five to six thousand years B.C., and no doubt originated through necessity.

The most primitive efforts were spent in the making of cord, and this was followed by the interlacing of reeds and fibres to make mats and baskets. Then, with knowledge of the possibilities of flax and wool, the first looms came into existence.

The first loom was the horizontal branch of a tree. This served to hold the warp threads straight and stones tied to the lower end held them taut. Then followed the horizontal foot loom because the hands were so over-busy.

Egyptian Fabrics

The earliest existing fabric was of linen since flax has been cultivated

in Egypt for thousands of years. These early people knew also how to handle wool, for flocks were part of every household. The softness and warmth of the thick covering of a sheep suggested the possibility of its use for clothing and its combing and matting into thread for weaving was a natural development. Cotton and silk came hundreds of years later.

It is hard to realize that the art of weaving had reached perfection in Egypt some 6,000 years ago. At that time they were able to weave, for entombment of the dead, cloth as fine as has ever been known. Mummy cloths, sometimes five feet wide and sixty feet long, were made of exquisite linen. One such was known to have 540 warp threads to the inch; until a few years ago the finest warp ever made by modern machinery was 350 warp threads per inch, and that was not considered practical.

We can thank the burial customs of these ancient people, for without their sealed tombs and their belief in the necessity for taking material things into the next world we could never have had such accurate knowledge of the glories of ancient Egypt.

Silk Is Discovered

Silk was discovered 3,000 years B.C. in China by the lovely Empress

Si-Ling-Chi, who is credited with the making of the first looms. Realizing the value of their discovery, the Chinese guarded the secret of silk so jealously that it was 2,000 years before definite knowledge of it was carried out of the country. Then it travelled to Japan, but did not reach England until some centuries later.

In the seventeenth century England was noted for its wool, and the art of weaving was carried to America by early colonists.

From 1840 to 1870 hand-weaving was at its height in Canada. Then came the Machine Age when looms were stored away in attics and from 1880 until 1926 home-weaving was at a standstill. In 1929 it made a sweeping comeback, revived by Oscar Bereau of Quebec.

The value of a native popular art can never be estimated. Every normal human being has the desire for self-expression. Weaving is indeed a noble craft, bringing pleasure and an invaluable sense of accomplishment. Everyone, it seems, carries an inborn creative urge all through life, and weaving seems to satisfy that instinct in more people, from more diverse walks of life, than any other craft.

Thus we find weavers from sailors to doctors, from housewives to actresses, from bankers to dentists. Weaving stimulates creative imagination and the technical competence which today are the standards of Good Craftsmanship.

A modern weaver at her work, with a loom not essentially different in principle from that used by the women of ancient Egypt.



What Do You Know?

DR. LESLIE BELL has come up with a fine collection of "boners" said (as all such collections are) to be authentic. Here are some cullings as they appear in *The Canadian Music Journal*.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony suggests Kate knocking at the door.

Rameau was the hero of Shakespeare's play *Rameau and Juliet*.

Bach had three musical periods—the first, the second and the third.

The melodic minor is one of those Welsh choral singers.

Mascagni was the composer of *Leoncavallo Rusticana*.

A viola player is called a violator.

There are two kinds of rhapsodies—the blue and the second Hungarian.

Agnus Dei was a woman composer, famous for her church music.

A mandolin was a high official in ancient China.

The supertonic is advertised a lot on television. It prevents dandruff.

Ambroise Thomas wrote a famous opera called *Filet Mignon*.

D.C. means Don't Clap.

Caruso was a famous Italian tenor who lived on an island. His first name was Robinson.

A requiem is a mass meeting of the dead.

The national instrument of Spain is the cascavets.

When Handel was a little boy he used to sneak up to the attic and play on an old spinster.

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ONE OF THOSE THINGS

The editors would like to point out two typographical errors on page 85 of Issue Four.

Line 30: "defeated" should read "determined."

Line 35: "manure" should read "nature."

We regret the misconstruction thus inadvertently placed both on Mr. Irving Layton's poetry and on Mr. Norman Endicott's judgment of it.

—*Tamarack Review*

SCIENCE FICTION INVADES PROVINCE OF GRAND OPERA

Word from Stockholm is that the literary form known to Mr. Van Vogt and his kind as SF has proved irresistible now to at least one composer of grand opera.

"Aniara," an opera based on the lyrical story by Harry Martinson with a score by the Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl, and treating the story of a space ship and its passengers, is reported to have awakened great interest in musical circles all over the world.

The work is scheduled to have its premiere at the Stockholm Royal Opera this fall. A German publishing house is now translating the libretto into that language.

A humble man can do great things with an uncommon perfection because he is no longer concerned about accidentals, like his own interests and his own reputation, and therefore he no longer needs to waste his efforts in defending them. —Thomas Merton.

**More leisure creates need
for organized leadership
in recreation.**

By JACK RIDDEL



Volunteer Workers in the Recreation Field

A NEIGHBORHOOD will be just as alive and stimulating or as dead and depressing as citizens are prepared to make it.

The majority of community projects are started by volunteers. But when a worthwhile thing catches on it soon reaches beyond the capabilities of part-time leadership. And so public recreation departments have developed.

An English philosopher, L. P. Jacks, has said: "We have two major problems to solve. One is labor and one is leisure. Of the two, leisure is by far the greater."

Dr. Earle Zeigler, University of Western Ontario, has shown how a typical person who has reached the

age of 70 has spent 23 years in sleep, 19 years in work, six in eating, six travelling, four in illness, two dressing, one year in religious work and nine in amusement.

But what happens if the scale of 19 hours of work to nine years of amusement tips the other way—as it is tipping?

In Recreation departments there is the huge problem of finance, but volunteers can offer leadership in many activities. Can we get the right person on the right job keeping in mind such attributes as adaptability, personal integrity, willingness to work with others, readiness to benefit by training and constructive criticism, emotional stability, workmanlike approach?

Bill of Rights

Certain problems have prompted someone to suggest a bill of rights for the volunteer. He should have the right:

1. To expect a continuous programme of help, encouragement and training in order to serve more competently;

2. To have his task limited to a definite period so that he may have the satisfaction of a job well done;

3. To have the opportunity to advance the programme by suggesting new ideas, offering service and sharing in the achievement;

4. To understand the time and place at which the service is to be performed, the duration of the assignment, the nature of the duties to be carried out, the individual to whom he is to report, the type of records to be kept or the materials to be provided;

5. To be made to feel there is a genuine need for the work he is asked to do. The assigned tasks must be adjusted to his abilities, definite and preferably in writing;

6. To see the relationship of his task to the objectives and functions of the department;

7. To be given a properly maintained place to work in which his associates are sociable and congenial.

Ten-Point Programme

We now have recreation and the leader. How do we set up a recreation body. Here is a ten-point programme:

1. Know your community and the plan. (Character, topography, interests, needs, problems, resources.)

2. Pool your resources—Manpower, facilities and the co-operation of all public and private agencies.

3. Check your legislation—the proper channel, legalized binding.

4. Established a local managing board.

5. Set good leadership.

6. Make the most of existing facilities.

7. Budget.

8. See your programme is community-wide.

9. Publicity and public partnership, using all available media.

10. Plan for the future in programme, land and money.

Serving your fellow man is indeed a high calling. You are investing in the future welfare of people. And who of us can comprehend the far-reaching effect our advice and counselling may have?

We owe more to chance than to logic for the advancement of art and science.—Bacon.

The age old question of which comes first, the chicken or the egg, is equally applicable to arts councils and arts centres. Calgary was fortunate in having a civic white elephant in the form of Coste House, but communities can organize an Arts Council without real estate. That can, and will, come later if the cultural societies of the community can band together for a common purpose in the manner of Calgary's Arts Council.

The Calgary Allied Arts Council can make available to Alberta communities the services of their managing director, Archie Key, to assist in organizing arts councils at no expense to the community.

*Lake Berg, the mile-high sheet of water which
reposes in the bosom of Mount Robson.*

—Photo courtesy Canadian
National Railways.

**For the fortunate ones whose
vacations are still to come,
here's a stimulant for dreams.**



A Mountain Memory

By Olive G. Care

TRAVELLERS from the world over journey every year to Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper. But less than sixty miles west of Jasper there is an un-

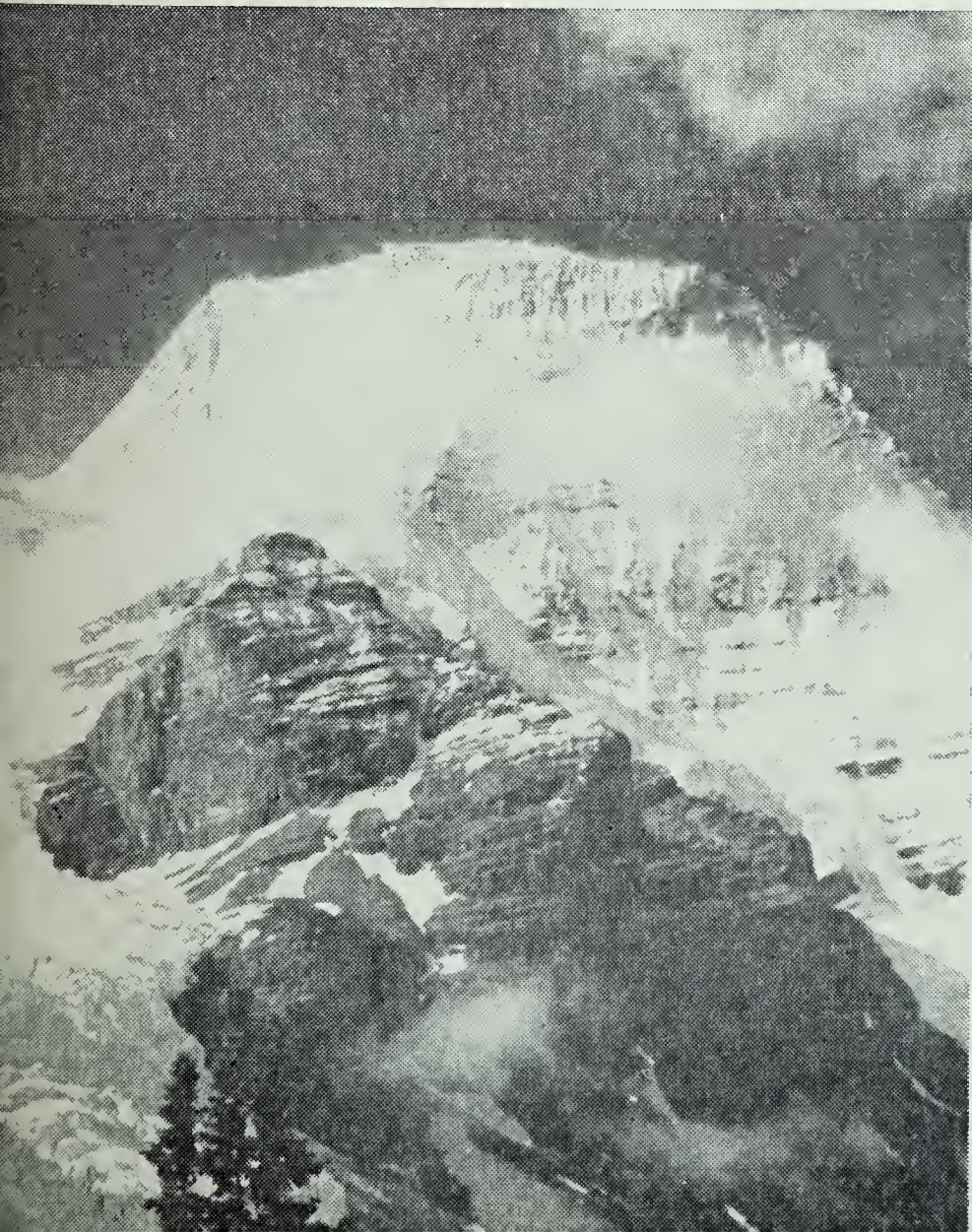
spoilt wilderness of incomparable grandeur not often visited by tourists. Mrs. Glynn Ward and Colonel Frank S. Smythe have described this lovely spot, set in the high hills, to which a rugged trail gives access.

At tiny Mount Robson station the trains stop to allow passengers a view of the Monarch of the Canadian Rockies, about twenty miles to the north.

Slender aspen poplar trees lace the snowy brows of the great mountain, one of the most beautiful in North America as well as the highest peak (12,972 ft.) in the Canadian Rockies. Its huge south face dominates the valley; dense forests fringe each side with meadows and pastures that stretch on either bank of the Fraser.

*Mount Robson, highest peak in
the Canadian Rockies, about
whose snowy head this tale is
told.*

—Photo courtesy Canadian
National Railways.



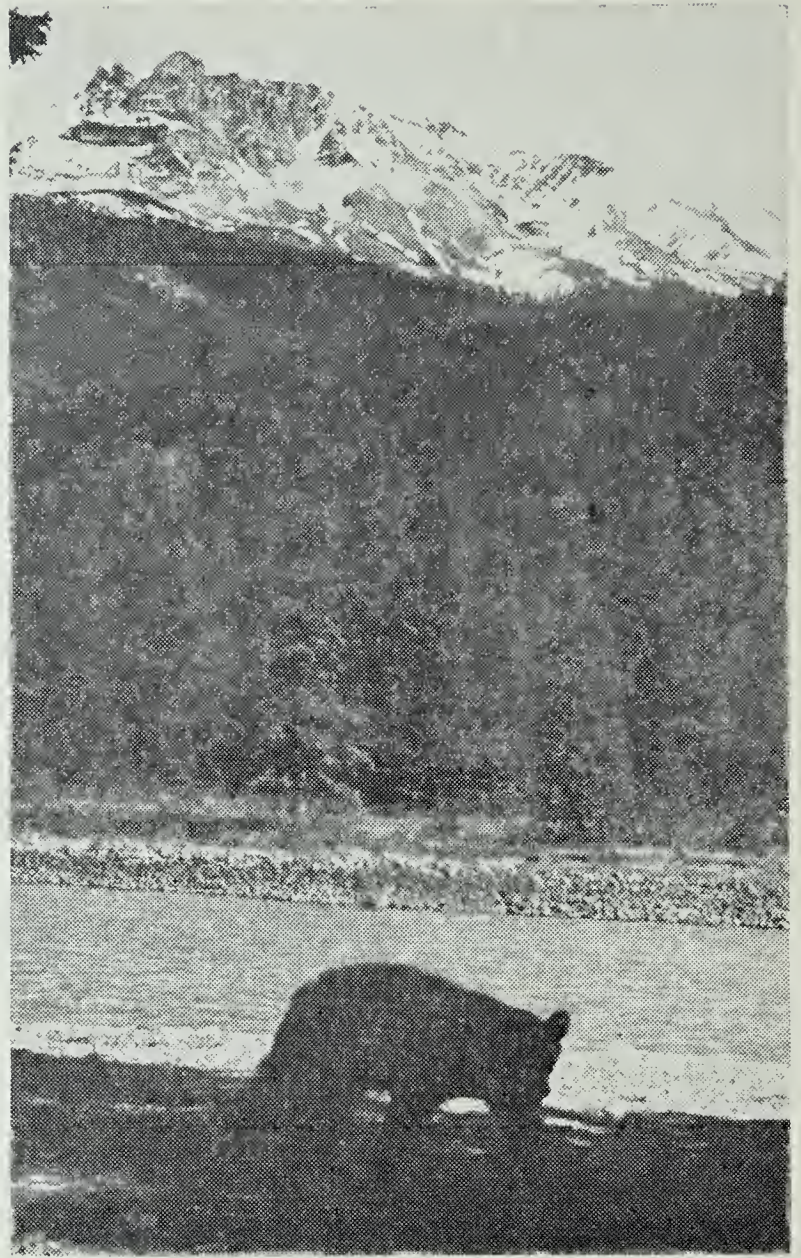
*There's b'ars in
them tha'r hills.*

Mile High Lake

From this valley the ascent is made to Berg Lake camp. Berg Lake is a three-mile sheet of blue-green glacial water, lying in the bosom of Mount Robson at 5,500 feet. From this placid lake the Monarch of the Rockies rises some 8,000 to 10,000 feet in massive grandeur. This north face of Mount Robson, with perpetual ice engraved on its razor-edged crest, and snow and ice lying along its "fluted" escarpments, is a constant challenge to mountaineers. It was first scaled in 1913 by W. W. Foster, and the great Austrian alpinist, Conrad Kain. Since that time few have made the ascent, though many have attempted it including the famous Himalayan climber, the late Colonel Frank S. Smythe.

Draped across the north-east shoulder of the mountain is the awe-inspiring Tumbling Glacier which, as its name implies, silently but continuously pushes huge blocks of ice into the little lake at its feet. Sometimes one of these chunks falls into the water with a swish and thud that seems to shake the air and disturbs the peaceful solitude of the high valley. The only other sounds in the region are the ever-recurring roar of rock avalanches hurtling down the ravines, the quiet lapping of wavelets on the lake-shore gravel, and the rustle of spruce branches in the wind.

Squirrels, swamp robins and perhaps a bear or two may be seen around the camp. But for evidence of man and his so-called civilizing



influences you will look in vain. The supreme majesty of Mount Robson is unchanged from the days of long ago.

Primitive Life

All supplies must still be carried by packhorses; you must still fill the pitcher in your bedroom from the nearby creek and light your way to your camp-cot and sleeping bag with the homely candle or oil lamp.

To reach this lovely sanctuary you must get into a Western saddle and ride from 2,700 feet above sea level at the Lower Camp, following your guide upwards through wet British Columbia forests, lush with bracken and "devil's glub," wild berries and a tangled mass of undergrowth and fallen trees. You must be prepared to ford swift-flowing creeks on your

Mount Edith Cavell, another majestic peak of the Canadian Rockies, named after a martyred heroine of World War I.

—Alberta Govt. photo.

horse and along muddy trails in the deep pinewoods. Sometimes your guide will ask you to dismount, for there are spots where even the sure-footed animal cannot risk your weight as he negotiates rocks, steepness and height. Far below you see the wild glory of Emperor Falls, cascading down the side of Mount Robson into Robson Creek.

"The Valley of a Thousand Falls" is well named. Some of the waterfalls are mere tricklets down the precipitous limestone cliffs, whereon goats leap from ledge to ledge with incredible agility. Others may be foaming, bubbling torrents, tumbling with such speed, and from such heights, that on a day of intermittent sun and shower you may see small rainbows in the air.

You ride on, and finally emerge on the gravelly shore of Lake Berg, mirror-like and green, smiling up at the snowy mountains above it—Robson, Whitehorn, Resplendent, and Mumm Peak.

Moonlit Mountain

For my first day it rained intermittently and the great peak was sheathed in mist and clouds almost half-way to its base. During the next night a strong north-west wind blew down the valley. I had gone to bed early, but at four in the morning the



full moon was shining so brightly it awoke me. I went to the window.

There, with the soft filigree light of the moon etching the summit ridge of the mountain against a gray northern sky, rose Mount Robson, gentler and more feminine in the soft silver light, and yet still majestic with an almost unearthly beauty. I had a sudden impulse to fall on my knees. The vexing problems of everyday life seemed to become trivial. I seemed to be face to face with eternal verities as the Queen of the Rockies shone in solitary and ageless splendour. The only thought which held my mind was that expressed by the psalmist: "When I consider . . . the work of Thy fingers . . . what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

Broadway Comes to Alberta

By J. T. McCreath

THE first big professional Broadway show to play in Edmonton in recent years, played a two-night run at the Auditorium in May. It was a Broadway farce called "No Time for Sergeants." It had no pretensions to art and no important message for anyone, but it was entertainment of a high order from curtain-up to curtain-down.



It had a slickness and a polish to it and a technical proficiency that was the American commercial theatre at its best, and in addition to the slickness, fast pace, the superb projection, the endless sets that looked clean and new, even though the show had been on the road for twelve months, it was heart-warming to see the energy, the charm and the good humor, which the leads were still bringing to their parts, even though many of them had played these roles for over five hundred performances.

Granted, the prices were high and the entertainment money in anyone's wallet will only go so far, but compared to the prices asked and the shoddy presentation too frequently offered by the Canadian Players on their last tour West, I did not feel these prices were out of line. However, if you pay your money you have the right to criticize and I heard quite a bit of it about "No Time for Sergeants" a good bit of it from theatre people.

Lessons to Learn

Yet, how many of these people came away from the show saying: "How do my performances compare with what I saw tonight? Of course, I am only an amateur and these people are professionals, but could my voice be heard in the last row in the balcony the way every one of these voices was? Could I pick up my cues as fast as these people? Would I be able to give as much energy to a performance and sustain it over a two-hour period night after night? How does my timing compare? How do my sets compare for imagination and ingenuity? How do my shows compare for speed and pace?"

This show was no masterpiece, but it was the best professional theatre we have seen for some time. Considering it was a touring show, it had retained a remarkable freshness and a high standard of performance. I am wondering how many of us who saw the show, observed and learned anything from it, for there was much for any amateur to learn and the chances to compare our local efforts with Broadway standards are rare, indeed.

Glancing Back

A lot of people seem to be going around with frowns on their faces these days, deploring the low state of theatre in Alberta this season, particularly in Edmonton. And yet, in retrospect, the Edmonton theatre season has been a very healthy one. We have seen performed such fine plays as "The Chalk Garden," "Inherit the

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The Making of Musicians

NOTHING in the field of education could be more timely—here in Alberta or elsewhere in Canada—than the discussion of Music in Education to which the spring number of the Canadian Music Journal is dedicated. The Journal, now in the second year of its publication, is the official organ of The Canadian Music Council.

It has been and is a much discussed topic here in Alberta, mostly from the standpoint of the elementary level. But this reviewer is pleased to note that the editors have given front page position to Sir Ernest MacMillan's article on Music in Canadian Universities. This is followed by Arnold Walter's Elementary Music Education: the European Approach.

Between these two there might have been room for a full dress discussion of the training of a proficient amateur. Admitting that there are many non-professional performers of high calibre, the reference here is to the larger number of dilettanti composers and musicologists who imagine themselves to be natural-born geniuses requiring no training but who have no hesitation about crashing the gates of temples in which only the greats of today and yesterday have dared to tread.

Need for Technique

As Sir Ernest MacMillan reminds us here, "even Shelley's skylark had to learn the use of his wings before leaving the ground." And, he adds, "great art demands craftsmanship, the development of a technique so perfect that to enable the artist to forget it is a long and arduous process."

Sir Ernest invites us to imagine

. . . the effect on our medical profession if students were permitted to select their own courses . . . Yet this is precisely what happens in the case of at least nine music students out of ten.

Dr. Walter introduces us to "the European approach" whose partisans, he says, are "devoted to active music making and declared enemies of any kind of music appreciation which rightly or wrongly they regard as a sham, a fraud and an abomination." To him "it seems obvious that much of our teaching of small children shows serious defects. It has been taken out of the play-sphere . . . it is altogether too conscious, too technical, too mechanical . . . How can children be expected to master difficult instruments (the piano or the violin) before they have experienced music?"

Listening Habits

Dr Leslie Bell then takes up the theme of Music Appreciation to reach the conclusion that, in spite of the "grossly inadequate time allowed the music teacher in our schools" music will be in the child's blood if intelligent listening habits have been established.

With characteristic good humor Dr. Bell deprecates too much talking by the teacher before the pupil has had a chance to hear what is to be heard—putting, as he says, the cart before the horse.

The teacher announces that the youngster is about to enjoy the privilege of hearing a great work, and after several minutes of sales talk, he plays a record. The fact that the youngster, who couldn't care less, does not contradict the teacher's opinion . . . is taken as an indication that he has been won over, whereas the truth is that he has been intimidated by the teacher's eloquence and does not feel in a position to argue.

This Dr. Bell calls another example of the 'tell them what is good for them' approach, and suggests it would be better if the record were played without comment and, afterward, "the youngster" invited to state his reaction to it.

In the "Perspectives" department of the Journal, an un-bylined article describes the work of the International Society For Music Education of which the General Assembly will meet in Copenhagen in August. At this conference special committees will concern themselves with the training of school music teachers, of private teachers and with school music curricula.

Music lovers who do not receive The Canadian Music Journal regularly (and music teachers in particular should not miss the Spring issue) may find it helpful to know that it is published at the University of Toronto Press, 33 St. George Street, Toronto 5.

Of the making of books on music, as on most other things, there is literally no end, but this reviewer has been more than ordinarily fascinated (he even went to the extravagance of buying a review copy) by The Social Psychology of Music by Paul R. Farnsworth (New York: The Dryden Press: Distributed in Canada by Macmillans, Toronto.) Here in 300 pages are discussed such little recognized aspects of music as its applications to therapy and industry, language of the emotions, music and the social sciences. It is a work to be recommended not only to musicians but equally to social workers, scientists, psychiatrists and such folk.

A. C. B.

A Grammar Problem

(Continued from Page 7)

thought to be dry and uninteresting. Not so Fowler. His style has made his work endure. He is concise, he writes with gusto, at times irony, and a rather wry humour. Sometimes he seems dictatorial and arbitrary, yet he is more willing than at first seems apparent to acknowledge the views of others.

The articles in this work (which, incidentally, is in dictionary form) vary from a few lines to veritable essays. The one on split infinitives is a classic and Fowler here is surprisingly lenient with offenders in this regard arguing, in effect, that if splitting the infinitive serves to make the meaning more explicit, it is permissible. This article is written in Fowler's usual style.

Elsewhere, Fowler is not always so merciful. He attacks certain words savagely. For example he says about the word "Normalcy" (which is not infrequently used for normality) that it is a "hybrid deviation of the spurious hybrid class" and he adds that there is nothing to justify it. The word concept, he says, came originally from the terminology of the philosophers and thither it should be returned. It is clear that he has no use for what we call "gobbledygook."

And so it goes. Fowler's ice cold logic convinces the reader that there is, after all, a right way and a wrong way to express oneself. But on the other hand he does help us over the rough spots and out of quandaries. His book is a reference work but if the reader decides to explore it further he will find it not only useful but, at times, highly entertaining.

David Peterkin Joins Cultural Activities As Music Supervisor

DAVID PETERKIN, an established Edmonton musician, has joined the Cultural Activities branch, as Music Supervisor.

He was born in Scotland and received his early musical education at home and later at Glasgow University and the Royal Scottish Academy of music.

His final year at the Academy was



interrupted by the war, during which he served with the British VIII Army in the Western desert. Toward the end of the war he became a member of the VIII Army band and the Middle East Symphony Orchestra.

On demobilization Mr. Peterkin completed his course at the Scottish Academy and, with the aid of a scholarship, studied for a year at the Royal College of Music, London.

In 1947 he became a member of the BBC Welsh Orchestra and played clarinet there for five years, taking part in some 2,000 broadcasts. In 1952 he came to Canada and joined the RCAF band in Edmonton as clarinetist and music arranger.

In 1956 he helped form the Edmonton Choral Society of which he was appointed chorusmaster the following year. The society is known for its annual performances of Handel's "Messiah" and, more recently, of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha."

Broadway Comes to Alberta

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Wind," "Outward Bound," "The Lady's Not for Burning" and "The Matchmaker." All these had something to commend them and some of them a great deal more. Musically, we have heard "Die Fledermaus" and enjoyed "Pajama Game" and professionally we have seen "No Time For Sergeants," the National Ballet and American Ballet Theatre.

It has been a season in which we have seen healthy new drama groups formed in Grande Prairie and Banff and this was the season in which the smallest community ever to be invited to the Dominion Drama Festival—Coaldale, came from Alberta.

Other parts of the Province have been very active, and, while the Regional Drama Festival in Calgary in March left something to be desired in terms of quality, there have been more people attending theatre in Calgary this season than in many years past.

So, away with the frowns! Let us take a positive look at things and our theatrical future is bright with promise.

For me there have never been several arts: only one. Music, painting and literature differ only as to their means of expression. So there are not various kinds of artists, only various kinds of specialists.

—Ravel.

African Opportunities

There are good opportunities in Africa for physical education teachers, says Mary Hendrickson, writing in *The Bond*, mouthpiece of the University of Alberta's Physical Education Undergraduate Society.

Miss Hendrickson, who recently visited the once-called "dark" continent, adds a note about the non-permanency of such jobs due to the very natural trend to replacing foreigners by native teachers. But she adds also that Canadians command a great deal of respect and that the travel experience is "one of a lifetime."

Apparently she has seen the primitive and the modern join hands in native dances for all occasions—weddings, funerals, family reunions. "Other dances tell stories—of great battles, of war heroes, of tragedy and the struggle for existence. But," she emphasizes, "the most striking aspect of the so-called 'primitive' dance is its close relationship to our modern dance.

Rhythm, commonly supposed to be the most primitive form of music, seems to be among the fine arts, turning out whole families of drummers. It must be admitted that beating a different rhythm with each hand is not a feat which Western rhythmists would care to tackle."

"Soccer enjoys the most participation and spectator appeal. And the calibre is much better than we would see on a playground here," Miss Hendrickson tells us. "The fact that they play the game in bare feet does not prevent their kicking the ball with great gusto." She observes the British

Canadian Culture

Extracts from an editorial feature by "The Observer" in The Family Herald, Montreal.

. . . a large Canadian City, when asked to vote on several money by-laws, were all for such material improvements as extra traffic lights, hard-surfacing of alleys, new fire halls and grants to the municipal hospital. They turned down just one proposal—the least costly of the lot—an additional library. Now I think I understand why Canadians do not brag about their culture; why they take a back seat to other countries when it comes to promoting their art and drama, music and literature.

Who are the ignorant ones? We Canadians who have so much and yet begrudge spending a few extra pennies to improve our minds and souls? Or those Europeans, so much poorer in worldly goods, to whom education is the one distinguishing hallmark of the better class?

So I look at the voice of the voters in that Canadian city, and I shake my head. Their traffic lights will cost them thousands of dollars a year to maintain. In time the strong shoots of weeds will push through their asphalt pavement. Had they built that library one young and hungry mind might have been motivated to struggle onward and find the cure for cancer.

influence also in horse racing, boxing and tennis.

At Accra, in Ghana, there is an active Y.W.C.A. and a large community centre. As to the climate, Miss Hendrickson tells of her arrival at Lagos, in Nigeria, in June, at eight in the morning, the sun still behind clouds and the temperature 85.

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