

Chansonnier flips Mariposa

TORONTO (CP) — Gilles Vigneault proved that you don't need a good voice to sing well. Nor do you need to sing in the same language as your audience.

"I'll try it in English. But French is easier," he told the crowd of about 5,000 at the closing concert of the three-day Mariposa Folk Festival. But it made no difference.

The 38-year-old chansonnier from Natashquan, Que., whose voice is a foggy tenor, sang Mon Pays, danced a jig, and exuded such charm that the crowd clapped and cheered him.

Vigneault was not the only performer who caused excitement at the festival at Toronto's Centre Island.

Joni Mitchell, the lissome, 25-year-old blonde from Fort Macleod, Alta., was repeatedly called back to sing from a repertoire of more than 100 songs.

Joni, who began her professional career at the Mariposa four years ago, told the audience:

"When I first sang here, no one was much interested in me. But tonight you're a beautiful audience."

Oscar Brand of CTV's Let's Sing Out gave a tribute to the late Woody Guthrie, singing his own bawdy interpretations of songs, then comparing them

with Guthrie's protest lyrics of the 1940s and 1950s.

Tom Kluge of Ottawa, sang tunes about the Ottawa Valley and the Atlantic provinces, like the Nova Scotia ballad The Devil and the Farmer's Wife.

The afternoons were reserved for workshop sessions where musicians and folk dancers gathered and performed informally. There were seminars on poetry, gospel music, and East Indian sitar music.

More than 114 performers appeared during the weekend.



GILLES VIGNEAULT

the scene

James Bond and I

By JOHN ZYLSTRA

Sometime ago I made the final purchase. I now have a complete James Bond outfit including stirred martinis made from Russian vodka in capsule form. Add water and quicker than you can say, "Ernest Blowfeld is nasty," you have a spy's special. It's hidden in the heel of my Italian loafers.

My karate and judo is impeccable. I can speak seven languages and 14 Chinese dialects fluently. With great eagerness and hard labor I have remembered which spoon to use for soup and that asparagus is eaten using your hands. Under tutelage of Japanese monks, I have learned that the proper temperature for serving Saki is 94.8 degrees. Indeed you would marvel at my cultured personality. My suave is so suave I can charm the rope off a bag of hammers.

I wasn't always cultured, but James Bond turns me on. I was sure I could succeed you see, there's this girl and, well, I wasn't getting anywhere. Understanding my problem a friend recommended the book, "How to Win Friends and Influence Enemies," and it seemed that the author believed in the Bond method.

Naturally I mailed the coupon in the back for my culture kit to the mail order house in Chicago. In two weeks it arrived and I set about to become a new man and win my own true love. It was hard work but no matter, it was a labor of love.

Last night feeling confident because of my 007 deodorant and after-shave I took my girl to a movie. Of course it was a Bond thriller in which Jim (I always call him Jim) manages to live twice and gets all the girls in both lives. Watching Jim, my confidence rose but I decided to play it cool until the end of the movie.

When we walked out I swept into action. I opened the door to my fast foreign car and the handle came off. Keeping my cool I quipped, "88 wasn't a good year for VWs."

You understand, I had to let her in through the drivers side. She snagged her nylon on the gear shift.

On to a classy restaurant for a quick drink. A little shaken but still maintaining my suave I decided to order a martini and asparagus tips.

When the Chinese waiter came, I knew this was my chance and ordered in Chinese. The waiter looked puzzled for a minute and replied, "Can't you speak in English, Mac?"

The asparagus came. I raised my eyebrows, shook my head ever so slightly, and picked it up with my fingers. Pain racked my body. The steaming asparagus went flying and joined the olive in my girlfriend's martini. Somewhat bewildered, I ran. The heel of my Italian loafers caught in the Persian rug. The martini pill was set free and rolled into a pool of water spilled when I left my table. Someone yelled Ernest Blowfeld is . . .

When the fire department had had their fill of martinis and pumped the excess flow from the restaurant into the city sewer system, my girl friend turned to me and said, with passion: "Get lost, fink."

I'm returning one slightly used culture kit to Chicago with the following note, "Let James Bond live twice, once is too much for me."

A talk with Brandon's Allan Curtis

By KAYE ROWE
Sun Staff Writer

It took Allan Curtis of Brandon precisely four years to leap from amateur player in local children's theatre productions to the prestige of professional actor in demand for international films and an upcoming national dramatic series, "The Clients" for CTV.

Home from Vancouver and a week's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis of suite 4, at 25 Eighth Street, Allan Curtis joined us for coffee and interview in a local motel restaurant last week. "people look at me as if I were an 'unidentified foreign object,'" he complained, sinking his slender five-foot-nine frame into a chair. Despite the midsummer weather, his turtle-necked sweater created the impression of traction collar; over the wool sweater he lived in a Spanish leather jacket acquired during a Manitoba Theatre Centre studio theatre production of Lorca's "Blood Wedding."

The past 12 months exemplify something of the hectic activity of a young actor's schedules on the Canadian scene where opportunities for the gifted and the hard-working abound.

The hour-long film, "The Chase" was sponsored by Simon Fraser University and will shortly be released for television through Screen Gems. The story is set in Columbia, South America but was shot in and around Vancouver using backgrounds familiar to many westerners. Backgrounds included street scenes on Granville and Powell, the Aztec-like enclosed areas of Simon Fraser U., a stretch of beach below UBC and a suburban cemetery. Allan Curtis plays Angelo, a young revolutionary. "He's one of the two who escapes; the others are shot," said Allan with a Latin shrug and a flip of his pencil-slim fingers.

Two other films, a Canwest commercial educational short and a CBC film ("A Bucket of Tears for a Pound of Jam") provided further experience. The latter 30-minute show boasted another personality familiar to local audiences, Don Williams, formerly of the CKX-TV and an "original" with Brandon New World Theatre.

Film work has its fascination and problems. "I learned a great deal from 'The Chase,'" he says. For example, one post-funeral scene involving four people walking down a road and speaking exactly three short sentences took from 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. in rain and sleet to shoot. On the screen, the scene was wrapped up in precisely 11 seconds.

The CTV series, "The Clients" cast Allan Curtis in the role of a probation officer's son. The series begins Saturday, Oct. 12 in the popular time-slot of 9:40 p.m. Full information on the series will be released by the distributors early next month.

Four years ago as a Brandon school boy, Allan Curtis began a career with a minor role in Fantasy (Children's) Theatre first show, "The Three Pigs," moved immediately into lead roles in Hansel and Gretel, Pinocchio and Rumpelstiltskin. The venture, directed by Wayne Fines with Doreen Fines as business manager, toured northwestern Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and areas of North Da-

kota. Two summers at Banff School of Fine Arts brought Allan roles in a Restoration comedy ("The Beaux Stratagem"), in Albee's American Dream, Ionesco's Bald Soprano and Arthur Miller's The Crucible, a multigatway of roles which aided his rapid maturity. In two of the productions, he went on post-school tours, became an old hand at touring before he was 16.

A woman of exceptional perception and understanding, Miss Joy Coghill the kingpin of Vancouver's Holiday Theatre, recognized Allan Curtis' potential, gave him important professional roles in two children's theatre plays, "The Pied Piper" and a charming translation from the French, "The Magic Donkey." His success in these West Coast plays opened doors to further opportunities.

On the immediate horizon is a contract to do serious theatre on the educational level in the province of Nova Scotia. The offer came via a long-distance call from his first director, Wayne

Fines. The latter has been given a contract to produce three touring theatre-in-the-round shows for adults beginning January 6 through to March 10. Mr. Fines has been working with a "union" studio group in Toronto for the past year. The N.S. venture will probably re-unite another Brandon actor—Michael Higgins—with his former associates of Fantasy Theatre.

He hiked off to watch one of the final rehearsals of the Murray Schisgal plays at Brandon University. We watched him go, a lean youth but recently grown into an unfamiliar framework of larger bone structure, his head covered in a cap of dark hair, a young man worth watching.



ALLAN CURTIS
... a young man worth watching

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CHUM-FM goes acid

Bach or the Moby Grape in Toronto?

By MARC ZWELLING
TORONTO (CP) — Will the Mothers of Invention ever replace Bach?

They have. Nothing caused so much static in the radio industry here in five years as the decision by a local FM (frequency modulation) station to discontinue its serious-music format.

At the beginning of July, station CHUM-FM turned off its classical and "good music" sound after nearly five years and turned on, as the swingers say.

The "new groove," as CHUM's publicity department calls it, is acid rock, long the stock-in-trade of the station's regular AM (amplitude modulation) programming.

CHUM says it is still too early to determine whether the "new groove" is a success. But station people say Toronto's swingers "are all switching to CHUM-FM."

"The phone calls have been coming in the thousands," says CHUM's program director, Larry Solway. "And they're four to one in favor of the new sound."

The "new groove" grinds 24 hours a day, stopping only a half-dozen times or so—"we're still experimenting," says a CHUM programmer—for newcasts.

For the devoted listeners of CHUM-FM's good-music format, well they just wouldn't hear of it.

Toronto newspapers were deluged with letters to the editor protesting the changes at CHUM.

One woman wrote: "We are to be bombarded over the airwaves with yet more psychedelic garbage."

"Surely this clear loss cannot be in the public interest," said another letter-writer.

Fred Oliver, director of FM radio for All-Canada Radio and Television Ltd., which represents stations to advertisers, says only two of the city's commercial FM stations are making money.

"The advertisers want numbers," he said.

"CHUM couldn't give it to them. They may have had a good audience for an advertiser even at 50,000. But the advertisers wouldn't buy."

"People who like serious music are in the minority. It seemed that CHUM was trying to make the public take classical music."

Why was CHUM-FM unable to attract a large enough audience to make money?

In Mr. Hughes's opinion, the reason was format.

"CHUM-FM just played the music," he says. "They just jammed on the records with no thought to organization by period or composer the way CBC-FM does."

"A classical-music lover is discriminating. He doesn't necessarily like all forms of classical music."

Through the controversy, however, CHUM's imperturbable Mr. Solway, who opposed the station's going all classical on its FM outlet in 1963, thinks at last he has the audience on his side.

"FM's new and constantly getting bigger," he says with

excitement. "It's selective, popular sound? It's what's happening."

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