


THE YELLOW WASTELAND
Based on the short story by Charlotte Perkins Gilman



AT THE THEATRE CENTRE
Formerly the "Salon"
656 King Street West
Phone: 922-0858

with
Mary Vingoe
music by
Marsha Coffey
designed by
Patsy Lang
directed by
Cynthia Grant

NIGHTWOOD THEATRE

October 1 to 18, 1981
8:30 p.m. Admission \$5.00
Students \$4.00

CHEAP BOOKS


BOOKS .25¢ - \$1.00

BOOK CLEARANCE


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Tuesday October 6

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LORD STANLEY'S FEAST
26 LOMBARD ST. RESERVATIONS 363-8561

Records  **And in Waxville... Elk's Crotch rocks**

Rancho Banano
Joe Hall and the Continental Drift (Posterity)
●●●

There's a girl in a pretty dress, I'll run her over - she'll be impressed. Baby watch me spin my wheels. You like the way my big stick feels? Sick, really sick. What kind of sub-moronic sub-intellect would come up with noisome sub-lyrics like these and then actually have the gall to record them? What kind of deviant would say things like "I excrete my own jelly of joy - again, and again, and again", and write appallingly puerile songs about jackhammers and vampire beavers, threatening all the while to out-bad-taste the Psychedelic Stooges and The Fugs in one fell degenerate swoop? A cretinous mooncalf like Joe Hall and his merry band of rubber-room rejects, that's who.

I suppose I'll have to give this growth-stunted underwit credit for coming out and confessing his problems to the world. It's not everyday that a struggling musician in search of the right image admits that he's a pervert: "Every second Thursday I get to have my fun/My friends and I wear dresses and pinch each other's bums/And I get as bitchy as I can...". You've got to admire Joe Hall for his honesty. Still, I question what place such autobiographical unpleasanties have in the living rooms of the nation's youth.

At one point on the album, there is what seems to be a glimmer of hope for this wanton weirdo. You almost think that Hall has seen the error of his ways when he sings: "Power, money, these things fade." But then he reaches new depths in decadence: "You want meat from the seventh grade./All in all, there ain't nothing much finer/Than contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

Looking at the cover, it's easy to see that the band members are every bit as offensive as their leader (the blind leading the blind leading the), and judging from the putrid variety of "rockin' roll" that they play, they might be worse. I have been told however, that bass player Paul

Quarrington is an author (he was a contestant in Pulp Press's recent 3-Day Novel Contest—ed.), but if his books are anything like his music, I wouldn't want to go near them.

Don't get me wrong, I like rock music as much as the next guy — Lesley Gore is one of my favourites — but this is going too far. This kind of repulsive self-analysis posing as music belongs back where (according to the cover) some of Hall's friends who sang on the album are from: The Elks Crotch Institute for the Criminally Insane. Take this record and the whole bunch of pre-embryonic imbeciles and commit them for life. Then at least they'll be able to play this crap for an appreciative audience.

Roman Pawlyszyn

Partial Surrender
Dan Hill
(Epic/CBS)
●● ½

Dan Hill is a nice guy. And a nice guy from Don Mills, too. Who can dislike this romantic young man who wears his sensitivity like a red badge of courage? *Partial Surrender* is a collection of nice love songs of generally light fare, with his characteristic mildly intelligent lyrics.

The album begins on an optimistic note with the melodic "I'm Just A Man", but re-hashed cliches soon surface in tunes like "All I Want Is You" and "Don't Give Up On Love".

Aside from the sappy "Pray That It's Love", the rest (especially "Pandora's Song") is much closer to the sensitivity with which he dissected human relationships in his killer hit, "Sometimes When We Touch". And there's a welcome bit of social comment here, too, to break up the monotony of all this tenderness. From "Something's Wrong": "Everybody wants to know what you do/They don't wanna know who you are/It's just a little too white/Just a little too pure/Just a little too avant-garde."

And finally, the song we've been waiting for since 1970, "Class of '69": "We traded in our protest songs/And

our Yamaha guitars/For upward mobility/And air-conditioned cars." So where does that leave the class of '81?

And where does that leave Dan Hill? With another album sure to find a home in Hitsville, U.S.A. And the financial freedom to record as many love songs as he likes.

Laurie Kruk

IN ONE EAR...

●●● James Cotton/My Foundation (Jackal). The veteran Chicago bluesman has assembled a band of other veteran Chicago bluesmen (Pinetop Perkins, Sammy Lay) and recorded some of his favourite numbers by people like Elmore James, Howlin' Wolf, Otis Spann, and Muddy Waters. Cotton's rich, leathery voice is in great shape here and his harmonica playing is stout and really yowls. RP

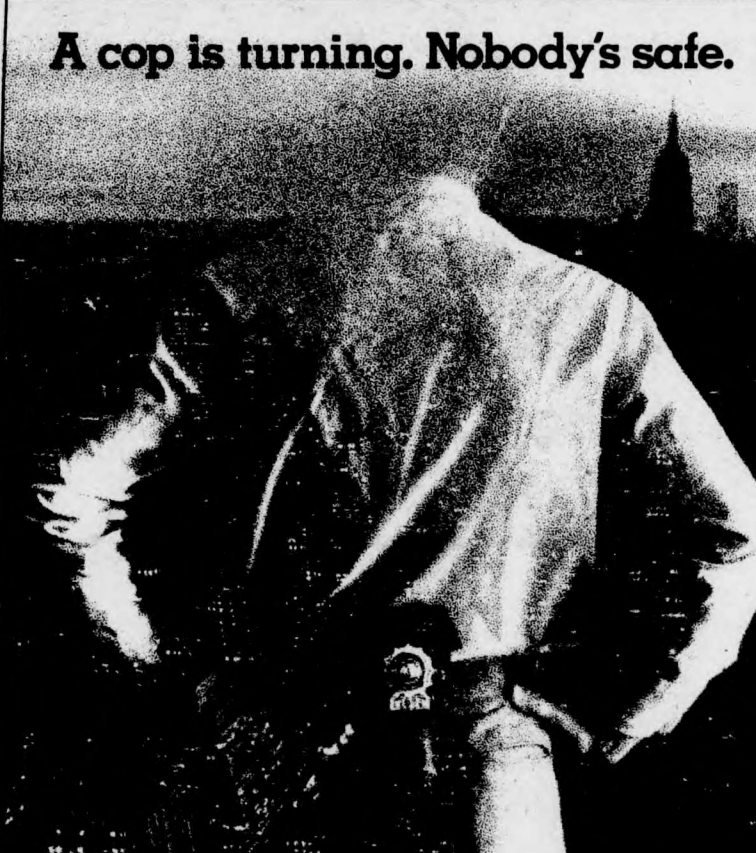
● ½ Plasmatics/Beyond the Valley of 1984 (Attic). If these youths, led by former stripper Wendy O. Williams would only realize that they're about three years too late and direct their talents to more—bzzzzzzzzzzzz—now put down that chain-saw Wendy, I was only kidding. For you, four stars. SR

●● ½ Graham Shaw/Good Manners In The 1980's (Truc North/CBS). Likable, beautifully-crafted pop music, co-produced by ex-Cockburn/McLauchlan man Gene Martynec. A punchy, jazz-tinged instrumental called "Penatus" nearly degrooves the stylus. RP

RATINGS

- Nirvana
- Cat's Pajamas
- Could be worse
- Worse
- Phlegm

A cop is turning. Nobody's safe.



PRINCE OF THE CITY

"PRINCE OF THE CITY"
Starring TREAT WILLIAMS
Executive Producer JAY PRESSON ALLEN Produced by BURTT HARRIS
Screenplay by JAY PRESSON ALLEN and SIDNEY LUMET
Based on the Book by ROBERT DALEY
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET

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