

Faith and Feminism

By BETH CUMMING

Faith Nolan is a Haligonian, now living in Toronto, who expresses her commitment to community power in her music. She gave a concert of folky-blues at Rumours on Women's Night last week.

Many people hummed and clapped along with the songs from her album, "Africville" (named after the Black community near Halifax that was flattened by Halifax city council in the late 1960's). She sings from her own experience: like working in a non-unionized factory; about people she's known like Regina, in jail for killing a man in self-defense; and about Black history in Nova Scotia and Ontario.

Faith Nolan in person is more direct than on her record. She responds to the audience that is attending. While at Rumours she did a lot of lesbian songs, on the raunchy side, including a lavender version of Janis Joplin's "Take Another Little Piece of My Heart". In a CKDU interview

with Carol Millet, she described singing "Africville" for a north end women's meeting as a very emotional experience because so many of the audience had lived through it.

Faith Nolan sees herself as a feminist with a broad concept of what that means. "You can't call yourself a feminist without battling racism, classism and sexism."

She satirized the 'trickle-down theory' of social change in a song about a well-paid social worker whose toughest problem with the job is finding a parking spot and who fantacizes about getting away from it all in Nicaragua.

Faith Nolan prefers to keep things "closer to home" and accessible. Although everyday human rights is not a fashionable topic these days, Nolan's voice is heard by the people in the communities that she sings about and to.

To quote another song: "If you've been mistreated, then you know what I'm talking about."



From the cover of Faith Nolan's "Africville" album.

Turn it off, Sam.

By SARA C. FRASER

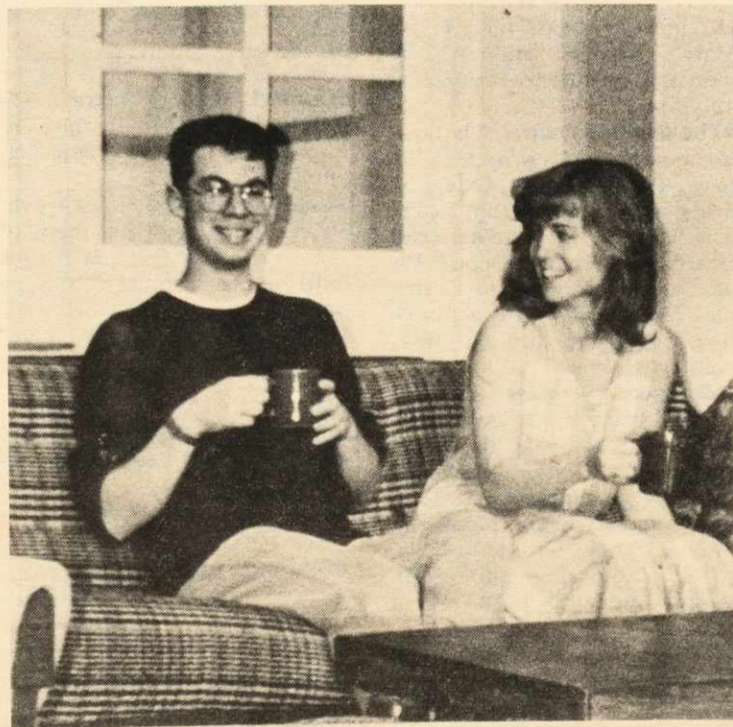
Saint Mary's University Dramatic Society (SMUDS) presented Woody Allen's "Play It Again, Sam" last week to an audience smaller than its own production staff.

This may have been due to a lack of publicity. More likely, people had heard about it and stayed away.

The play was as ruffled and disorganized as Woody Allen himself, and almost as self-deprecating. Although the script itself is very funny, the SMUDS gang didn't seem convinced of it, often downplaying the very lines and scenes that are supposed to hint at hilarity. The great thing about this script is that Allen relies on everyday situations to provide humor that feeds, sometimes bitterly, on itself.

One problem SMUDS had was place. Director and set designer Jim Spurway must be congratulated on his wonderful interpretation of the tasteless psychedelic '60's decor of the apartment of Allan Felix, the main character. But the actors had to make the best of the set for action that took place in many locations, including a rowboat, a museum and a disco.

The play, like its neurotic characters, was "a mass of symptoms". A corny Woody Allen



These actors are smiling more than our reviewer did. Maybe you should see the movie instead. Photo courtesy of SMUDS.

classic, it stars of course, the Woody Allen "character" Michael Smith haltingly portrayed Allan Felix, a twerpy intellectual who writes criticism for "Film Quarterly". He stages

scenes in his mind in which Humphrey Bogart (Richard Smith), his film hero, gives him encouragement.

His wife Nancy (Frances Schagen) has deserted him to become a

"swinger". "I'm lying in bed with her, and she's looking up lawyers in the phone book," Felix says. The role of Nancy has real humor potential, but Schagen recited her lines, not seeming to recognize their funniness.

Allan enlists his old friend Dick (J. David Erickson), who is wrapped up in his business life, and his sexy wife Linda (Jackie Farley) to help him find a suitable woman.

The two present Felix with a string of stereotypes: a tacky blonde (Sara Curleigh), a frigid sex queen (Mollie MacGregor), a fervent Catholic (Nicole Anthes), and a nonsensical art freak (Debra Maillet). Each leaves him more distraught than the last, and he works himself into a neurotic frenzy. Will he ever find the right mate?

Bogart periodically appears, giving such sage advice as "I never met one that didn't respond to a slap in the face or a slug with a .45" Richard Smith had an adequate Bogey lisp, but unfortunately bore no other resemblance, unless perhaps you were sitting

in the back row.

The answer to Allan's dilemma lies in the obvious. He turns to Linda, spurned by husband Dick, who loves her for her great "corporate image." This, supposedly, drives her crazy, but Farley handles it all too sweetly.

In a tabloid-like affair, Linda falls for the "real" Allan, and they indulge in a "night of passion" while Dick is away on what else, a business trip. All of this is supposed to teach Allan that he can be a "real man" by being himself, not Bogart.

Wouldn't you know, Dick (the most convincing player) returns to claim his love for Linda, and never suspects his nerdy friend of committing "the crime" with Linda. Of course, Allan recites the climactic speech of "Casablanca" to her as they part. I would have missed it entirely if I didn't know it was coming. The end fell flat.

It had its moments, but "Sam" itself seemed to have an inferiority complex. Oh well, in Bogey's words, it was "Nothing a little bourbon and soda couldn't heal."