

ARTS

Manhattan Transfer take Edmonton with storm

by Dave Cox

The Manhattan Transfer showed great depth in a polished performance before a packed Jubilee Auditorium October 10.

The program with their old hit "Trickle Trickle", and launched rapidly into "Janine". The latter features a sax solo by the band's reed and flute player, Don Robinson.

The tempo was rapid, as the group soared through "Shaker Song" and "Route 66". The former highlighted the talents of keyboard whiz Yaron Gashovsky from Tel Aviv (who also noted as conductor and musical director).

Tim Hauser, the only remaining founding member of the ensemble, shone in the lead vocal on the group's rendition of "Java Jive".

The four singers displayed what they called "vocales" on "Body and Soul" written by Cole Hawkins and lyricized by Eddie Jefferson. Numbers flowed smoothly from "Four Brothers" to Cheryl Bentyne's smoky, sultry solo "I will miss your company".

From the "New Jersey Slop" to a couple of rhythm and blues numbers, the band kept the

audience enchanted. The first R&B tune ("one from Pittsburgh") was "I'll go my lonely way", the second was called "You are my heart's desire".

The crowd were more than willing to provide support on the hit "Boy from New York City" — "You can be our rhythm section" said Hauser. The lead was enthusiastically provided by Janice Siegel, who also has a solo album out.

The second half of the performance opened with the smashing visual effects of "Twilight Zone". The show's outstanding staging was handled by Sid Strong (Lighting), Dave Cosky (Sound) and Fiona Williams (Costume).

"That cat is high" led into "Snoopy Little Cutie", and then in a Lawrence Welk-like profusion of bubbles into "Blue Champagne".

In honor of the band's tenth anniversary, they sported some "classy-type duds" from the early days, and tried to "bring some of that feeling back into the show with an orchestra (made up of local musicians)".

After "Candy" from the first album (with a

mirror ball) and "Gimme Some Skin", Janice Siegel stayed on to do her solo. She remembered hearing a Female blues vocalist when she was young, and saying to herself "I wanna sound like th is woman — like I smoke three packs of Lucky Strike and drink a quart of Bourbon". She managed to achieve just the right intimate cocktail-lounge atmosphere.

The show then changed pace and tone with the arrival of the infamous Eldorado Caddy. Coming onstage in his multi-colored fluorescent outfit, he said "It ain't Calvin Klein!" "You cats and kiddies havin' a good time?" he asked. Assured heartily that the crowd was indeed havin' a great time, he proceeded to tell unprintable jokes, and then introduced the band and strutted off in his inimitable style.

The band, duly introduced, proceeded to strut their own stuff. An amazing bass solo by Alex Blake led off, then an instrumental break, a drum solo by Art Rodriguez (formerly with Rickie Lee Jones), a synthesizer solo by Gashovsky, and a guitar solo by Wayne Johnson wrapped up.

The vocal artists returned to do a Count Basie piece, then another called "Corner Pocket" from the album "Mecca for Moderns". A climax was hit with "Birdland", after which the band left. The crowd went wild — rather difficult to do in the Jubilee — and the band returned, saying "It's all right — we were going to come back anyway".

When even the favorites "Operator" and "Tuxedo Junction" weren't enough to satisfy the whetted appetite of the audience, the four returned to perform "Gloria".

Lead singer Allan Paul first stripped off his shirt, then tore open his muscle shirt, much to the delight of the women in the audience.

All told, if you missed this one, you should keep kicking yourself until the Manhattan Transfer return. Then go and see them.

Arts Editor's note: Yes, I realize this review is over two weeks old. Have you noticed how cramped-looking the Arts page has been for the past few weeks? Have you squinted at this tiny print we've switched to? Recessions make things tough all over. Express your dissatisfaction democratically on November 2nd.

Das Boot little more than run of the mill war movie

by Richard Watts

The war setting has long interested novelists, and movie makers.

The chance to enter into a kill or be killed situation knowing and feeling in your heart that what you are doing is right is something that only the war setting can offer.

In wartime human emotions get played out to a fuller, more complete extent than in any other situation life provides.

For this reason movies and novels taking place in a war can offer great insights into the human condition. Movies like *Patton* and *Apocalypse Now* are more than films concerning the killing of men by other men, they are brilliant exposés of a human reality to which we often blind ourselves preferring the more pleasant veneer of society.

I wish I could say the same about *Das Boot*. I was expecting some human insights that perhaps (I thought) can only be born out of being on the "losing" side: What I got instead was a standard war movie spoken in German

with no John Wayne.

All the wrong people die, everybody is scared, some men understandably crack, and others come out incredible heroes.

The film-makers paint irony onto the picture with all the skill and subtlety of a spray-bomb graffiti artist.

It is too long; it becomes boring. I read one review saying this aspect helped the viewer understand the long boring grind of a U-boat patrol.

Bullshit! Sure, try to make me understand the boredom. But don't bore me in order to do it!

There is also cornball. At one point the U-boat surfaces to view this blazing hulk, the result of their torpedoes. From bow to stern this ship is on fire, the occasional explosion is going off, the ship's back is broken, the viewer learns this ship is doomed.

But the captain decides to waste an expensive torpedo (you learn later just how expensive) to "finish it off". Sorry, I don't buy it. They torpedo the ship and there are a few

louder explosions. All of a sudden men come pouring out of this ship and jump into the water. It was beyond me where all those guys could come from, after all the ship was on fire, from end to end. But it did give the young petty officer the opportunity to shed a few tears because they couldn't help these guys.

"The other side of the War" is reduced to mere novelty and the only insight gained is that the "losers" make the same kind of war movie that us "winners" have been watching since we learned how to turn on the TV set.

Perhaps that in itself is an insight, but I would have thought it would have been a foregone conclusion for an intelligent individual. Perhaps I expected too much.

For the sake of ending on a positive note I'll say what I did like, my girlfriend may have hated it but there were a few things in the film that excited me.

For a start I've always been a sea story fan. Hornblower, Maclean's *HMS Ulysses*, Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea*; I get a real charge out of

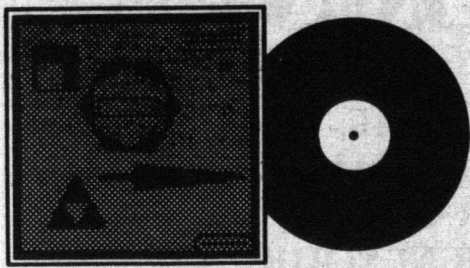
that stuff.

So for me it was a real buzz to see the inside of a U-boat. The film does portray the throat-clutching claustrophobia of the interior of a submarine very well.

The diving drills where all the crew thunder forward to the bow to weight the nose down is fantastic. The camera hurtles the viewer through the close confines of the submarine at breakneck speed, and this is through bulk-head doors no taller than a man's waist, past pipes and other obstacles and it is all done to the sound of ringing bells and raucous German curses.

There is also some incredible imagery when two U-boats meet in a heavy sea. And the scenes where the U-boat is trying to elude British destroyers are painfully harrowing.

But that is what *Das Boot* is all about. It is the German version of *In Which We Serve* (The British version of *Das Boot*). *Das Boot* is a 'war at sea movie', if you're looking for something more, don't go.



DIRECT DRIVE

by James L. Stevens

Pornography

THE CURE

Fiction/A&M Records (SP 4902)

by James L. Stevens

The Cure is a three piece band that creates a "wall of sound" in the studio, giving their music a rich, heavy texture. *Pornography* is their fourth album and follows the style and form set down in the three previous releases. The music is of a slower tempo, but has such a strong underlying energy that it manages to avoid becoming some sort of a musical endurance test, a trait that many similarly styled bands have. This slower tempo lends itself to ideas and moods that are not achievable in a faster paced material. And The Cure take full advantage of their chosen pace. They have made an art of their less hectic style, and their dedication to this is evident with this exceptional release.

The Cure have created an eerie atmosphere throughout the album, and to good effect. It is especially prominent on the cuts "A Short Term Effect", "The Figurehead", and the title cut "Pornography". The latter of these tunes also features an impressive array of studio effects and innovative guitar/keyboard work. The drumming on the album as a whole is outstanding — almost deadly — from the opening cut to the final chord on the last song. In fact, I found the entire album to be somewhat of a showcase of inventive and creative music, vocals, and production.

The tracks "The Hanging Garden" and "Pornography" are my favorites. The first is a driving, compelling piece that nearly stands the hair up on the back of your neck. The latter grabbed my attention with its incredible mural of sounds, vocals, and instrumental blurs all blended together to form an overwhelming effect — it is a truly original work, the album too!

Songs Of The Free

GANG OF FOUR

Warner Bros. Records (92 36831)

Songs Of The Free is the third full length album to be released by Gang Of Four, and it is by far the most listenable work they have produced. This album is a couple of degrees more upbeat than any of their previous works, with the band writing material that is more coherent. The abrasive dischords and abrupt rhythm changes are now all but non-existent. This is not to say that Gang Of Four have sold out to a mainstream sound, but only that their style on this album is not as hollow nor as choppy as on their *Entertainment* and *Sold Gold* albums.

The music on this record is still very much off the beaten path, and can readily be identified as (or at least associated with) Gang Of Four; sparse and biting guitar work, punchy and solid percussion, and vocals that range from whispered harmonies to strained shouts. Added to this, their traditional sound, are the unmistakable emittances of synthesizers and keyboards. And it is this addition which makes *Songs Of The Free* more attainable to the casual music listener. Many Gang Of Four fans may not be too happy with the more lush music, but I feel that these additions enhance their unique musical styling and should gain the band a larger audience.

One thing that remained true to form on this L.P. are the lyrics: negative, anti-capitalistic, pessimistic. Although the album is titled *Songs Of The Free*, it seems the lyricists (Andrew Gill and Jon King) offer little hope for anyone to be truly free: "We live as we dream, alone. Everybody is in too many pieces, no man's land surrounds me!" And from the cut "Muscle For Brains": "Morality's used as a tool, The poor are told to be contented, But in this life they've no choice at all". With all the complaining in their songs, I was hoping Gang Of Four would offer some form of an answer or alternative. But neither materializes, each song is just another comment on and against western society. It is too easy to just dump on something and not to offer an alternative. Gang Of Four need to assess their situation and position, and then come back to us with an idea for change.

Of the nine cuts on this album, I thought the opening tune on side 1, "Call Me Up", was the strongest all-round piece. It is only surpassed by "I Like A Man In A Uniform" for having the least aggressive lyrics. The rest of the album is prime alternative music material that should arrest the attention of anyone who has enjoyed their earlier work. If you are unfamiliar with Gang Of Four, and feel like trying something that is not on the radio playlists, *Songs Of The Free* is a good choice.

by Mark Roppel

What's round, flat, and has a knob on the top? No, it doesn't involve whipped cream, it is a celestial space ship.

The Celestials — complete with satin tunics, spandex tights, tacky belts and cowboy boots — are the bad guys in that 1959 sci-fi classic "Plan 9 From Outer Space" which the Princess presented last Wednesday as part of its science fiction series.

Dialogue like "If it's murder, then somebody must be responsible" and "It's hard to find something when you don't know what you're looking for" combine with wooden acting, ridiculous sets, incredible inconsistencies and impoverished special effects to create the worst movie ever made. (It makes "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" look like "Ben Hur".)

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