

Entertainment

Club misses mark

Parachute Club

by Dragos Ruiu and Sherri Ritchie

Those who went to the Convention Centre Saturday night hoping to see the Parachute Club we've grown to know and love may have been in for a slight disappointment. There's no disputing the fact that the band displayed unbounded energy and this did make for an entertaining show, but playing the Convention Centre was a bad idea. It was too big, too empty, and discouraged people from getting up and getting crazy.

The Partland Brothers were a good enough opening act — what they do, they do well. Unfortunately, it all sounded the same, and none too exciting. Their one hit "Soul City" got a couple of people up, but that's all. Towards the end, their performance tended to get a bit self-indulgent with the "I'm a rocker and man am I hot!" attitude, which they are not quite big enough or successful enough for yet.

The Parachute Club started off with material from their recent album *Small Victories* to little audience response and when they moved into their earlier "Feet of the Moon", some of the crowd — what little there was — got up and started having a good time. The new-found energy died off as soon as the band returned to their new stuff — the crowd up front seemed a bit lost.

While the Parachute Club switched back and forth from album to album, it became obvious that they enjoyed playing their

older music much more. Both the band and the audience responded with incredible energy to the raw rhythmic sound that was once the distinguishing feature of the Club. Unfortunately, they've sacrificed the original sound that was all their own for the sake of commercial progress with a tighter more polished sound.

They tried to reflect the new tighter sound with a slicker stage show and, unfortunately, fell short. To the crowd in front, it was a panorama of dynamic action, but from the back it looked all the more like Plain Jane choreography. Segato and Masi joked and danced around the stage, while the men hung back and played their music. The fans in front definitely had the advantage of feeling a part of the action on stage while the rest had to settle for the feeling of watching a rock video.

Musically, they achieved things that other bands could only hope to do in a studio. With seven members and a multitude of instruments and sounds, they were able to set up elaborate rhythms and melodies and execute them with crisp precision.

Besides some interesting concert mixes (especially "The Feet of the Moon") and psychedelic lighting, the highlight of the entire show had to have been the encore. They fired up the crowd with "Sexual Intelligence" and without as much as a breath, launched into the Latin rhythms of "Hot Hot Hot", finally getting the ENTIRE crowd involved in the concert. Then they left. The crowd, finally warmed up, were left saying "You're leaving NOW!?"

Nexus play is just cricket

Cricket on the Hearth
Nexus Theatre
til December 20

review by Dean Bennett

Cricket on the Hearth — adapted by Michael D.C. McKinlay from a Charles Dickens short story — is an enjoyable heartwarming presentation perfectly suited to the holiday season.

Cricket is the story of John Peerybingle (Steven Hilton). John is a salt of the earth type guy with a bit of an inferiority complex. He sometimes can't understand what his pretty, outgoing — and much younger — wife Dot (Ellen Kennedy) sees in him.

The events of the play take place over a period of days during the Peerybingle's first wedding anniversary. We meet Gruff Tackleton (Ray Hunt) — the story's answer to Scrooge — who is to be married to Dot's old school friend May (Tammy Benta). There is Caleb Plumber (Tony Eyamie), his blind daughter Bertha (Maureen Rooney) and a stranger of undetermined looks and origin (Jeff Haslam) who comes to live with

the Peerybingles.

The plot is tight and filled with a number of surprise twists. The Characters' misreading of events and people lead them to some interesting confrontations and revelations.

The setting is quite innovative. Set Designer Morris Ertman uses two flats as backdrops and when there is a scene change the flats, mounted on poles, are simply swung 180 degrees — the shoestring budget Nexus gets two sets for the price of one.

The cast of seven, unusually large for a Nexus play, all perform well. Hilton in particular is memorable for the outwardly happy yet secretly insecure and self-doubting Peerybingle. Hunt's Tackleton was a little larger than life but not so much that he fell into the Scrooge stereotype.

If you're into having a Christmas that resembles a Norman Rockwell print (chestnuts over the open fire et. al.) then *Cricket* should be in your holiday plans. Although the sentimentality of the play might make you gag in July, it's perfectly suited for the Yuletide season.



photo Leif Stout



photo Dragos Ruiu

Rumours of musical ripoffs

Don't Stand So Close To Me '86
The Police
A&M Records

Night Heat
Domenic Troiano with Roy Kenner on vocals
A&M Records

record reviews by Scott Gordon

Not one, not two, not three, but FOUR versions of 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' appear on this bizarre twelve-inch single designed solely to rip off the consumer and get even more money to pile up in the record companies' coffers. Why? I don't know. Some full length albums are now \$11.99, but the record companies aren't satisfied with that; they want the true Police fan to rush out and buy this thing.

I'm not a great Police fan and this thing has pushed me to the edge of mild, yet smoldering, hatred. The four versions, which really aren't all that different, but are just altered enough to begin differently (Wow! Some kinda producing and mixing job, eh?) are: the Dance Mix (cash in on the dance music craze, guys!); the '86 version (I guess music any older than six months has to be revamped for today's now crows. I'm surprised they didn't release all the old Police albums as Golden Oldies, Next year.); the original version (maybe they *did* release this as a Golden Oldie); and last, thankfully, the live version (this cut is especially designed to make the Police fan buy this thing since it is unavailable elsewhere).

I think you get the picture — just another record scam. If you must buy it just for ONE song, then you must believe that Sting should have won an Oscar for *The Bride*.

Refer back to the first paragraph, but change the song title to "Night Heat" by Domenic Troiano and Co. The four versions here are: the Extended mix (dance, dance, kiddies); the acapella version (with music? (Not my idea of acapella); the single version (speaks for itself); and the Instrumental version (with singing? Not my idea of an instrumental).

The four versions make the song boring after listening to it. I would not recommend this at all because "Night Heat" is a rocking little song from ex-Guess Who guitarist Domenic Troiano. The beat is fast the feel is watered down heavy, and the whole song cruises along quite merrily, driving ones little feet to tap.

My advice is just to buy the 45 since it's the best version of this fine example of Canadian music and talent. Don't fall for the record company's crap.

Vicious Rumours
Timex Social Club
A&M Records

record review by Scott Gordon

Grab your platform shoes and gold lame buttonless shirts; this is boogie music! This is funk. This is dance. And this album gets boring.

Actually, I like this album. It has just the right amount of tack and glitz to make it appealing, but it does wear a bit thin. Party music? You bet, but even then it still wears thin. Nothing special about the songs, but they get you dancing, or shuffling along depending on your alcohol intake level. "Rumours" and "Vicious Rumours (Euromix)" (What exactly is a Euromix, anyway?) are the best cuts on the album with "360 Degrees" coming on strong.

This is your basic 'back to funk' sort of album and it is good. However, save it for parties and 'no-bounce' aerobics.