



Records

Meanwhile, in the vinyl world...

Jaco threatens to outfuzz Jimi



Pastorius: "I sold my chin for the big-band sound."

Word of Mouth
Jaco Pastorius
(WEA)
●●½

Jaco Pastorius, Weather Report's nimble-fingered bassist, has come up with a record that is quite a departure from both the Weather Report sound, and his previous solo album. *Word of Mouth* is an arranger's album—it's short on solos (especially bass solos) and long on large-band arrangements. I can just hear the hordes of young Jaco-imitating bassists raise their collective voice in protest...

The album opens with 'Crisis', a tense free-form number that reflects its title well. The song consists of interplay between woodwinds and piano, overlaid on a continuous 5:17 of what one sticky critic recently called Pastorius' 'machine-gun bass-playing.' It is the album's highlight.

'Three Views of a Secret' is a very different version of the tune that first appeared on Weather Report's *Night Passage* LP. Where the original had a nice airy small-band arrangement, this version gets the big-dollar treatment—strings, horns, and voices. With the harmonica and the Ben Hur 'ah's it all sounds very Muzak-y to my ears. Theme music for an elevator.

The trio of songs that opens side 2 comprises the solo section that Pastorius played on Weather Report's 1980 tour, although here they are orchestrated. First comes an adaptation of J.S. Bach's 'Chromatic Fantasy', then Lennon/McCartney's 'Blackbird', which is done here as a bass/harmonica duet (bass taking the melody). Next, on the title cut, he turns in a bass solo which threatens

to outfuzz Hendrix.

'Liberty City' is the tune closest to a conventional big-band sound, but the ostinato bass section with superimposed steel drums and harmonica is anything if not unconventional. Jaco may be heading for the big band sound, but there's no way he could ever be accused of being mainstream. *Word of Mouth* is Pastorius' own brand of fusion.

Roman Pawlyszyn

Mad About The Wrong Boy
The Attractions
(Attic)
●●½

Doing a far better job than The Rumour, The Attractions have proven that if their fuerher, Ethel Costello, died in a car accident (or got beat up by Ray Charles), their careers would go on. And even if nothing happens to Four-Eyes, they can still run a lucrative side-business, cleverly hatching hefty stews like this.

Admittedly, *Mad About The Wrong Boy* does seem to have made some concessions in the names of democracy (to be discussed later), but it also is an intelligent, funny, listenable disc with plenty in the way of musical jokes, twists, and subtleties.

The best material here is written by Steve Nieve (keyboards) and Brain & Hart (actually Nieve and his girlfriend, the press kit tells us). Songs like 'On the Third Stroke', 'Single Girl', and the title cut are great little pop songs in the true Lowe/Costello tradition.

The remaining cuts are by Bruce and Pete (bass and drums), Mrs. Thomas' boys. The best of these

superfluous circumambages is a sharp tune called 'Little Misunderstanding'. It may be the most inane lyric on the LP, but it's irresistible in an enticingly mindless sort of way. And in 'Motorworld', otherwise mediocre, they sing, 'You can have my car 'cos its always going wrong/ Don't wanna be a Numan I'm too fast a human.'

It's what you'd hope for, almost expect, from your Favourite Boy's backing band.

Stuart Ross

As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls
Pat Metheny and Lyle Mays
(ECM)
●●●

It isn't easy to pin down Pat Metheny. Just when he had released his most commercial album and jazz people had written him off as a sell-out, he turned around and recorded *80/81*, his most uncompromisingly jazzy album ever. Now, with *Wichita Falls* she throws another wrench into the works. Here's an album that explores textures and shadings more than it does harmony or melody, an album on which Metheny takes only one guitar solo, a restrained, tasteful

album that brims with what *Varsity* reviewer Sam 'Goopy' Guha has called 'emotional intensity'.

Much of the record belongs more to keyboardist Lyle Mays than it does to Metheny, particularly on the title tune. Taking up the entire first side, this track is a display of the orchestral capabilities of Mays' various synthesizers and keyboards. It is not always successful, but the pastoral section near the end is sublime, with its lush sustained synthesizer tones. Also moving is a segment in which Mays plays an ominous melody on the autoharp while Metheny accompanies sympathetically on a pellucid electric 12-string guitar.

'September Fifteenth' is a change for Metheny in that he plays the classical guitar instead of his usual electric. A plaintive ballad dedicated to the late Bill Evans, it sounds unlike anything Metheny's done before. It's gripping.

Metheny turns in his lone solo on 'It's For You', and it's a strong one. He spends the rest of the time maintaining an unobtrusive backing role to Mays' outstanding keyboard playing—Mays has quite a career ahead of him. Brazilianian

percussionist Nana Vasconcelos helps to pull things together throughout and is featured on one track, 'Estupenda Graca'. This music soars. Buy now.

RP

RATINGS

- A must-own.
- Real good.
- Hotsy-totsy.
- Donny & Marte.
- Arf.

Your big chance to win a crummy album. See 'Lobster's Choice' page 17

Filumena, Filippo, Phipps

Italian script blends well

Michelle Rosenzweig

The Theatre Plus production of *Filumena* is one of those extinct occasions where all the fine details blend together into a well-structured, enjoyable evening.

This Italian comic-drama about an ex-prostitute who tricks her man into marrying her after having lived together for 25 years is touching and often funny.

Everything here works — the cast, script, set, even the music preceding each scene and closing the production. Director Malcolm Black has brought us a well-orchestrated version of Eduardo De Filippo's 1946 play.

The cast work well together as an ensemble, each understanding their own character and interacting with one another quite naturally.

Doris Petrie as Rosalia, Filumena's maid and confidant, particularly seems to enjoy her role. Gillie Fenwick too, makes the most of his too few lines. Filumena's sons, each unaware

of the other's existence, have developed magnetic and distinct personalities. The brash, young tailor, Riccardo (Reg Tupper); a plumber (or 'sanitation engineer' as Rosalia calls him) Michael, the family man, played by Lee J. Campbell; and the intellectual-strange-accountant, Umberto (Brian Taylor).

They're complete opposites, yet, when it comes down to it, they manage to reach across lifetime separation and join together to become a family.

The person who bridges the gap is their mother, Filumena, the true star of the show. Her burning intelligence, strength and passion shines through in Jennifer Phipps' performance — once she gets going you cannot help but watch her constantly. Even if Malcolm Black had directed the cast to turn cartwheels instead of freezing during the riveting revelation scene it is doubtful that the audience's focus would have strayed from Ms. Phipps.

Her match in the play is her lover/husband Don Domenico Soriano, competently played by John MacKay. Wanting to relive his past greatness, he feels that he is losing control and growing old — neither of which he wants to accept. Though a bit blustery in the beginning, he comes down as the play progresses and indeed, his silent moments are actually his best.

The rest of the cast also play their roles well. Marianne McIsaac as Diana, the 'other women' (half child — all chest, actually); York graduate Jane Heeley in the part of Lucia, the pretty maid, the waiters...they are all good.

At one point in the play Filumena explains that she has never cried, "for in order to cry one must first know happiness". By the end, Filumena is in tears and the audience — satisfied.

Filumena is at the St. Lawrence Centre till September 26.



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