

Head recital a balmy adagio

Robyn Butt

Last Friday night Teenage Head put in their annual smash appearance at York U, although less literally so than in the past. Except for the odd ice-cube, nothing got broken until after the band had left. The only riot, besides the one at the door after the tickets ran out, was an intimate affair hosted by Harry and the Bad Plaids on the dance floor when the spirit of pogo took flight. Both the enthusiasm of the capacity crowd and the energy of the band were vastly superior to last year, especially during the second half, when anticipation of Head's departure combined with despair that the beer had run out to inspire a genially frantic mood. The band even did two second encores without being asked. And if their songs still sound alike, it's vaguely comforting to know that all lyrics can be rendered roughly as "nah-nah nah-nah TEENAGE HEAD". (It makes for uncomplicated dancing bliss.) Frankie's eye make-up was also nice.

After the concert, their happy henchmen allowed a backstage interview with lead singer Frankie Venom and drummer Nick:

Why is York U. your favourite place to play?

Frankie: That's bullshit.

Do you enjoy inciting riots?

Frankie: Only when they turn out sexually profitable for myself.

What was the audience like tonight?

Frankie: All right. Good.

Nick: Just unbelievable. Phenomenal.

So did you feel inspired to put out?

Frankie: Yeah. Sure. They paid their money, they deserve it.

How was your year?

Frankie: Good. We toured the U.S. for four weeks. It was great. We opened for the Boomtown Rats.

How did you like the Rats?

Frankie: Fun. Great bunch of guys. Really good boozers.

Do you have any parting words for students returning to the grind?

Nick: Stay in school, it's better than trying to make a living with rock and roll.

Frankie: That was Vic, by the way.

Nick: It's Dick. You always introduce me as Vic.

Well, thanks a lot.

Frankie and Nick: Yeah, sure.

Dick and Frankie cordially invite you to Excal's staff meeting today at 3, in 111 Central Square.



Teen-aged Header Frankie Venom is seen here impersonating a prop from 3-D movie at this year's Festival of Festivals.

Mike Therrien

A Real-to-Reeling look at soldier girls and freaks

**Howard Shulman
Lloyd Wassser**

"The first principle of documentary film is that you forget about yesterday. The only good film is the one you are going to make tomorrow."

When John Grierson, father of the New Documentary, wrote those words in 1964, he must have been looking towards York professor John Katz's Festival of Festival documentary series, Real to Reel.

John Katz has been program-

ming this series for three years now, and his carefully-chosen selections have shown filmgoers that the documentary form, once thought of as boring and uneventful, can be an exciting and powerful film medium. To add more scope to his screenings this year, Katz has ventured outside the confines of North America for the first time to choose his film fare.

This year's productions come from as far afield as Spain, *Blood Wedding*, a behind-the-scenes

look at rehearsals of the Flamenco Ballet, The Netherlands (*The Free Life*, dealing with director Alle Wiering's hometown in Northern Holland), the U.S. (the Oscar-winning *From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China*), and Canada (*P4W: Prison for Women* and *Les Adeptes*).

Two of the finest documentaries in the series this year were Harry Rasky's *Being Different* (Canada) and Nicholas Broomfield's *Soldier Girls* (U.S.A./England).

If documentaries could win Academy Awards for realism *Being Different* would be the only choice. The film deals in depth with people usually found only in circus side-shows. Rasky has probed deeply and honestly into how they feel about themselves and others, and through their responses, discovered them to be only slightly different from ourselves. Dolly Reagan, who, at 52, has the body of a five-month-old baby, explained, "Sure I feel sorry for myself sometimes, but I'm sure

you do, too." Another interesting subject is Louise Capps. Born with no arms, she is a talented artist and devoted mother. Louise uses her feet to paint, to type, to eat, and to drive.

Being Different, which many have called Rasky's finest film, projects its message in the film's closing sequence: "if only we could love each other more."

Soldier Girls is the latest work from directors Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill, a startling vision of women in the army. This factual account of barracks life is even more bizarre than the fiction of *Private Benjamin*.

The film focuses on the

Excal exclusive...

Festival of Festivals Round-up

Georgia boot-camp experiences of four new recruits, and the brutal, often cruel life they lead during basic training. By the time the film has ended, two of the women have been sent home, unable to cope with the arduous depersonalizing training.

Soldier Girls rips away the sugarcoated promises and false expectations we are constantly exposed to in those eye-catching army advertisements, and displays the grimy, gloomy truth beneath all the glitter. This film makes true the old adage that fact is indeed stranger than fiction.

"It's been a banner year for documentaries," says John Katz. "Critically, the films were well-accepted and most of them sold out. We had to hold repeat screenings."

And what of next year? Will the Real to Reel series return with a new crop of documentary productions?

"Right now," says Katz with a wry smile, "I'm too busy recuperating from this series to even think about next year."

Turk films: This Guney's no gooney

Robyn Butt

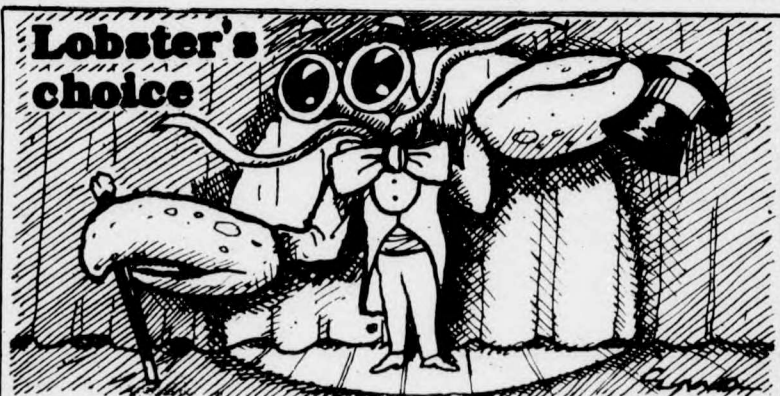
Some of the most significant screenings in this year's Festival of Festivals were the five films by Yunez Guney. He's a Turk, a former Middle-Eastern celluloid heart-throb dubbed "the Ugly King", and a leftist whose politics didn't agree with the rightist regime. As a result, he's currently serving 18 years for a murder he didn't commit. Amazingly, he continues to make films, smuggling detailed shooting-scripts out of prison to his production team.

Guney's films are about cultural, economic, and political rape reduced to the simplest human terms: an individual strives to exist with dignity

in a corrupt and degrading world. He tries to love honourably. In spite of, or perhaps because of, Guney's piercing comprehension of that corruption and degradation, all but the hero's dignity inevitably falls.

Visually, Guney's films are lyrically sad. His land and its people are treated with honesty, chagrin, and affection. There is nothing quite so haunting as a man, perfectly contained in his aloneness, who continues to reach out.

Elegy and *The Herd* typify his best. In *Elegy*, Guney himself plays the princely mountain bandit who is both saved and displaced by modernization and modern greed.



C'mon, gang. You guys'll have to do better if you want to win INCREDIBLE FREE PRIZES, like "Lucky" Alan Zarnot did. If you don't have time (sure, sure) for these contest things, then head over to Curtis L. (look for the patch on the screen) next Thursday at 9:45 for a good scare-em-up pic from Roman Polanski, *The Tenant*. This director has one of the finest christian names in all cinema. But, heh, if you're not into that, why not put away those rusty tin cans you've been banging on all your life, and see how the pros do it. Hear the Yorktones Steelband bang on their rusty tin cans Saturday nite in the Bethune grub hall. It goes from 9 in the eve to 4 in the morn, and that's a lot of banging for only three bucks. Check it out and report back, little lobsters.

RP