

Poetry

Drifting Away

I dream dream dream
I shall never awake
I will sleep forever
And dream
Pleasant things
Like when your were
Good to me
So you will always be
here with me,
Not so far away
Now
I have gone to sleep
And cannot
Be
Woken.

Louann M.R. Scallion

Across The Ice

The side stern window
Has a cross in it
All of which is aluminated
From behind.

It casts a path of light
Across the ice
That stands between
The hull and the shore.

Do you remember
What used to be so warm
What used to live there
Before the storm
A mind of many
A mind of mine
A walk through the garden
In the valley of time

The icy frozen water
Between hull and shore of mind
Visions passed through the
porthole
Before every amazing crime
All of which is aluminated
From behind.

John Rosborough

Anderson alluring

by James Hrynyshyn

Laurie Anderson — *Strange Angels*

(CUP) — Twenty-six seconds into her fifth album, Laurie Anderson shocks the music industry by introducing the radical twangs of conventional guitar.

Anderson has used guitars before, but usually at the hands of ex-King Crimson maniac Adrian Belew, who prefers flexible fretboards and knife-and-fork picks. To hear a normal guitar — a sound somewhere between Mark Knopfler and Bruce Cockburn — on one of her albums is the musical equivalent of full frontal nudity on an episode of the *Cosby* Show.

Strange Angels is the most accessible offering to date from

the New York performance artist with a penchant for cryptic monologues and electronically-altered anything. But for those fond of her avant garde musings, it will be something of a disappointment. Anderson ventures further into the realm of popular music than ever before, using such surprising devices as rhyming schemes and choruses.

Many of the tracks recall her earlier efforts, proving she still has a sense of humour. The wit of "Baby Doll" echoes her last album, *Home of the Brave*.

"The Dream Before," while a bit sweet for some tastes, retains Anderson's early 80s preference for talking her way through what anyone else might put to a melody.

The storm keeps blowing the angel backwards into the future.

DeVito is vibrant

by Gurn Blasten

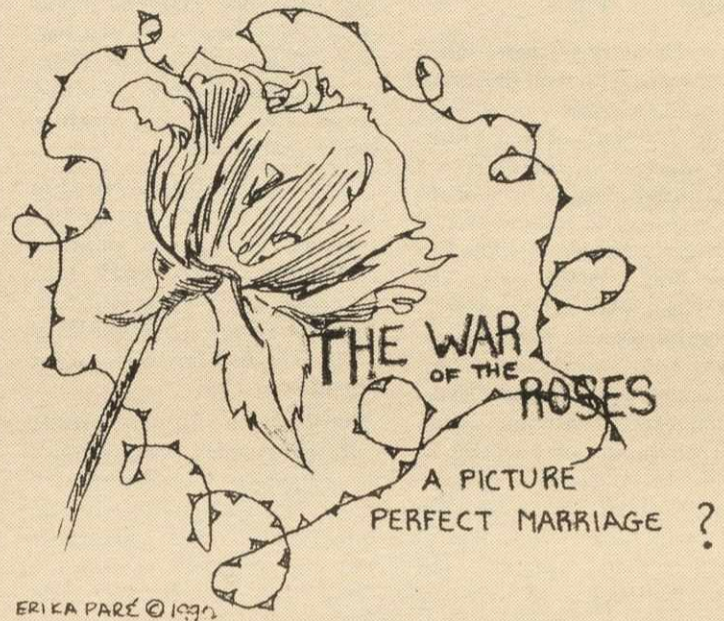
How low can human behaviour sink? How can a marriage founded on love and honesty degenerate into a war of lies and belligerence. These are the questions posed by actor/director Danny DeVito in his new film *The War of the Roses*.

What is truly amazing about DeVito is that he is not afraid of showing the base and ultimately ridiculous things humans do to each other in the name of revenge. He even manages to overcome Hollywood conventions that would dictate a happy ending for the main characters. It is this conviction that makes DeVito one of the most interesting and vibrant filmmakers today.

With a biting text to work from, the two stars excel in their roles as a married couple who, while climbing their way up the social ladder, find that love has abandoned them along the way. All of the performers, including DeVito as Douglas's divorce attorney, eagerly plunge into their juicy roles, revelling in the nastiness of their purgatorial marriage. Turner is particularly believable and gives perhaps the

And this storm, this storm is called Progress.

The failure of *Strange Angels* lies in Anderson's inability to steer clear of normality. Some compositions are just too predictable and her vocals have lost — how do you say — the edge. Anderson has admitted taking singing lessons, an incomprehensible move considering the disarming innocence of her former voice is a major reason for her success off the performance



best and most venomous performance of her career.

The actors notwithstanding, it is DeVito's mastery of mood that makes *The War of the Roses* such a fascinating film. With his excellent use of lighting and strange camera angles, DeVito creates a suitably dark and ominous

stage.

Fortunately, the woman is still thinking and her lyrics are as alluring as ever. Her latest stage show, "Empty Places," deals primarily with poverty and homelessness. A few pieces have made it onto *Strange Angels* and the album prospers from the inclusion.

Anderson recently told the *Christian Science Monitor* that "it's not the artist's responsibility to point to politics any more than

atmosphere. Considering this is only his second directorial feature, it is remarkable that he has found such a unique cinematic style. Although so far he seems interested solely in dark comedies, it is perhaps through his unnerving eyes that we will see the 1990s and the true nature of the beast called humanity.

for politicians — as is currently happening — to decide things about art."

Chances are she doesn't really believe it, but that's the beauty of Laurie Anderson — you're never quite sure what she's getting at.

Last night I saw a host of angels and they were all singing different songs. And it sounded like a lot of lawnmowers mowing down my lawn.

To that extent, *Strange Angels* upholds the tradition.

Archbishop murdered as mayor watches from aisle

by David Deaton

It's not every screening at Wormwood's that the mayor of Dartmouth introduces the film.

The occasion last Friday was a benefit showing of *Romero*, sponsored by Oxfam-DEVERIC, Tools For Peace, and the Salvadorean community of Halifax. Proceeds will go to Emergency Aid for the people of El Salvador.

Mayor John Savage added his own eloquent testimony to the violence and injustice still gripping this tiny Central American country.

The murder of six Jesuit priests by a military death squad last November caps a decade of atrocity in which more than 60,000 Salvadoreans have perished.

Archbishop Oscar Romero, who was assassinated in 1980, is the best known of the victims. In

the film about his brief tenure as archbishop of El Salvador, he comes indeed to represent a martyred people.

Romero, convincingly portrayed by Raul Julia, at first seems an unlikely hero. Bookish, ailing, a church functionary with patrician tastes, he undergoes a remarkable transformation once he has been appointed spiritual leader of El Salvador.

Romero takes his job seriously. Soon, he not merely identifies with the poor and oppressed, he champions them in a decidedly political context.

"You are the Church. You are the people of God," he tells his persecuted parishioners. "Jesus is crucified again in you."

Not surprisingly, Romero's advocacy does not sit well with the ruling class whose puppet they expected him to be. Even his

own council of bishops — looking like a board of directors minus the pinstripes — warn him that he is "aggravating the situation."

Romero does not ignore such implicit death threats, he accepts them. Refusing to bless the latest presidential stooge, it is made clear to him that he is living on borrowed time.

Instead of being cowed, Romero becomes personally liberated. He tells the president to his face that democracy in El Salvador is a farce. In his nationwide radio broadcasts he asks the President of the United States to suspend further aid to his country, aid which he says only lines the pockets of murderers.

At the same time that Romero denounces the military, he stops short of blessing armed struggle against it. To the bitter end he

remains a pacifist. It is better to die than to kill, he declares.

To one of his priests-turned-revolutionary he exclaims, "You are not defending, you are attacking! And you'll lose God just as they have."

It's a grave accusation. Not since the films of Costa-Gavras has the military been so portrayed as sheer, unmitigated evil. In nightmarish sequences of torture and massacre, this evil exultantly triumphs.

Romero doesn't escape melodrama at times, especially at the inevitable finale. When death comes for the Archbishop, it comes in slow motion, the chalice taking forever to fall to the floor. It's a gratuitous touch in a film that naturally evokes pity, horror, and outrage.

Life in some countries may, however, have the moral crudity

of cinema. The Salvadorean government continues to show that it will do literally anything to stay in power — with American acquiescence! One million dollars a day still goes to a regime that alone would keep Amnesty International busy.

Those fortunate enough to see *Romero*, now ending its run at Wormwood's, were reminded that good and evil — not "left" and "right" — are the forces ultimately at work in the world. *Romero* suggests that none of us can escape choosing. Watching the life of this good and gentle man should help one in the choice.

Oh, yes, the benefit screening was a great success. A full house! Let it be noted that in the full-to-overflowing audience Mayor John Savage contentedly sat in the aisle.