

Nothing beats Lava live



Bolero Lava
(Self-Titled EP)
Modamu

review by David Jordan

Bolero Lava have been together for a year and a half, but they got their first break last spring, when they were named "best new band in Vancouver" in a contest sponsored by CITR radio. The grand prize was 24 hours of recording time at Vancouver's Little Mountain Studios, and the result is this two-song EP.

Bolero Lava's five members are Vancouver born-and-bred, with the exception of Laurel Thackaray, who is originally from Calgary. No, the band's name was not inspired by a Bo Derek movie; it comes from a combination of syllables in band member's names: Barbara, Laurel, Lorraine, Phaedra, and Vanessa.

ing, and are hardly destined to raise the apathetic from their armchairs.

No, not all female bands have to be compared to the Go Go's — Bolero Lava could just as well be compared to the B52's, or any of the 60's revival bands that were so popular just a few years back. The bongo beat and the electric organ rhythm in both these songs are clearly in the same vein. It was funny for a few months back in 1979, but isn't it time bands began to look forward for new directions, rather than back to the happy days of "My Boy Lollipop?"

Reviews from Vancouver suggest that Bolero Lava are much better live. Their spontaneous energy is obviously squashed in the recording studio — and their weak lyrics are of course brought painfully to the foreground on a record. The sterile production of this EP doesn't help; voices are so perfectly harmonized that they blend into a syrupy mush, and instruments are surgically lifted to the foreground for neat little five-second solos.

The talent is obviously there, and I hope that as Bolero Lava get over their growing pains they will transcend adolescent paranoia and 60's throwbacks to develop a style of their own.

While not outstanding, this EP is a creditable debut recording, and I'm anxious to see if their potential begins to break through on their next release. You could probably live without this EP, but their live show is a must. Edmontonians will have the rare opportunity to catch Bolero Lava live this Saturday night at the Yardbird Suite, 10203 86 Ave.

Their debut recording puts Bolero Lava somewhere between The Clash and the Go Go's. Both songs on this EP have a distinctly rebellious flavour, but unlike The Clash, Bolero Lava have no clear target in their sights. For example, on "Inevitable," lines like: "Architects of fear/With their vision oh so clear/Using scarecrows to draw us near/I look the other way/I cannot hear" have a

familiar note of protest, but who are these "architects?"

In "Click of the Clock," Bolero Lava narrow their sights by naming a few names: "Take your Coca Cola Atari Nestle's Quick and run/ But, ah ha ... Karma catches up with everyone." These vague references to the big Corporate Evil lack any sound foot-

Just the two of us...

All of Me
Towne Cinema

review by Ross Gordon

Roger Cobb, played by Steve Martin, is a trendy young lawyer by day, and moody jazz guitarist by night. He's just turned 38 and is at a major crossroad in his life. If he wants to go any farther in his profession and become a partner, he must quite his beloved jazz and get serious about divorce cases and liability suits. With life passing him by he prepares for the plunge into respectability by asking the boss's daughter to commit the 'm' word with him.

Enter Edwina Cutwater (Lily Tomlin), the super-rich, caustic and nearly dead client of his future father-in-law's firm. She has spent her life in isolation and her heart is too weak to allow any outside stimulation. Now, close to death, she has made a deal with the help of an Indian Guru to transfer her soul to the body of the stable man's healthy young daughter. Roger's job is to draw up a will leaving all Edwina's wealth to the beautiful young woman but he takes an instant disliking to Miss Cutwater, and almost loses his job.

Of course a mishap occurs; her spirit enters

his body by accident, and we are treated to a lot of zany laughs and sight gags as Roger and Edwina fight for control of his body. She has the right side, he the left and the only time they speak face to face is when her image looks back from a mirror. The possibilities are endless for comical situations, and director Carl Reiner explores them well, but with some taste and restraint. Their first joint trip to the men's room is for her traumatic and for him quite painful. His sex life is slowed when she fills his imagination with images of Clark Gable, etc. etc. They could go on *ad nauseum*, but an actual plot is followed, and the characters grow together, eventually becoming fond of one another.

Coming on the tail of that super spirit spoof, *Ghostbusters*, this film has the potential to be another big hit — not just because of its popular concept, but because the characters are genuinely likable. By sharing one body, Edwina finally overcomes her loneliness and cruelty that have left her empty and alone; Roger stands up and faces the choices he has to make to live for himself instead of for others. As Edwina pointed out to him early in the movie from her bed-ridden state: "What's your handicap?"



Ross, Rodger, Anne, Clifford and Trish, formerly of Hub Mall, welcome you to discover

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