

entertainment

The Battered Wives go to school

By Stuart Ross

The furor over their name has died, but the Battered Wives live on. And that certainly says something.

The English half, John Gibb and Toby Swann were here last week, plastering their stickers all over the walls, raving about Graham Parker, and talking about the band and their work. They, along with Canadians Pat Mooney and "Jasper", are busy these days, working most every night at clubs and schools. They're ready to play York, so whoever books bands on campus, take heed.

Is there anything really serious that you're trying to get across?

John: No real serious message, except that in some of the songs, the lyrics reflect the times we're living in.

Toby: Lyrics are always going to do that, 'cause they're coming

from your subconscious, we're not consciously trying to go out and say, "Live your life this way and listen to this", but obviously if we're making a joke, there's a reason behind that joke.

What kind of mail you guys getting lately?

John: Oh, we don't get any hate mail, we're getting good mail, fan mail, from both girls and guys.

Toby: Yes, John gets most of the stuff from the guys.

John: Fuck off. (larfter) Do you have much of a following in England?

John: Yeah, we do, it's building all the time, 'cause we're being played on the radio over there, now. Our record's on import at this point.

Toby: But we're half English and half Canadian. Now that we've made one album in Canada, we'd like to make the second one in



Toby Swann and John Gibb

England, to get other influences out. The musical atmosphere over there is so totally different. We're very frustrated with Canadian

attitudes, especially radio station attitudes.

The very last thing on your album is a sort of Dr.

Strangelove explosion, and that being your last comment on the album —

John: That was just an idea. I wrote the song Freedom Fighters, not because I sympathize with terrorists, but I'm sure that some of the groups are unfairly labeled. The word terrorist strikes fear in the heart of everybody that reads it, but some people in some countries fight against the way they're being oppressed, and yet they're still labeled terrorists, but in some cases, I think, they're freedom fighters. The bomb on the end was just done as a joke at the studio. But there's no big comment that we want to blow the world up or anything (larfter). We laugh at everything. You can't take it seriously.

Toby: We laugh at ourselves, too. You gotta be able to laugh at yourself.

Bethune's jazzy Wednesday afternoon break

By Elliott Lefko

Jazz has always had a nighttime attraction. In smoky clubs throughout the world, musicians and audiences get together to explore the music of their fancy. This year Bethune College has attempted to change that. Early last fall they began bringing in name jazz personalities from the Toronto area, for lunch time concerts. These musicians usually are called upon to back up touring musicians that come into the city

for week long engagements. So when the opportunity comes to play on their own, to play compositions they have been working on in rehearsal, it's quickly jumped at.

The concert series takes place in the Bethune J.C.R. The room is comfortable, not bad for hearing and is at the centre of Bethune's music classrooms. The atmosphere is conducive to catching the heady waves thrown out by the capable artists.

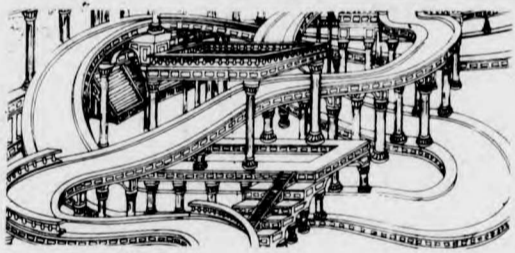
Previous concerts scheduled attracted small but enthusiastic audiences. Memorable highlights have included Elvin Jones' saxophonist, Michael Stuart, The Wray Downes-Dave Young duo as well as the Doug Riley trio. Two Wednesdays ago, the small but rabid audience turned into a demanding crowd. Ed Bickert, Toronto's well known and highly

ranked guitarist was on tap for two hours of laid back, swinging jazz.

Yesterday the common room accompanied the second saxophonist from Elvin Jones' band, Pat Labarbera. One of three Labarbera brothers, Pat is the opposite to Bickert's cool precision jazz. Taking his cue from the late, great, John Coltrane, Labarbera bears no holds on his playing.

The concert series continues next Wednesday at noon with the Kathryn Moses quartet. This show promises to be the highlight of the concerts presented thus far. Moses has one album out on the CBC label and a second one due shortly on the PM label. Hopefully the quartet will include the Piltch brothers, Dave and Rob, and Terry Clarke on drums.

Off York



Film

At last! A movie dealing with the concept of the supernatural, which does not use the blood, gore and primal scream tactics found in most recent films of this kind. *The Last Wave*, an Australian production, starring Richard Chamberlain and Olivia Hamnett, opened recently at the University theatre. Chamberlain plays the part of a corporate lawyer who becomes involved in an Aborigine murder case. What appears on the surface to be simple soon becomes far more complex as he delves into the Aborigines' mystical beliefs all based upon a concept they call the *Dreamtime*. Director Peter Weir's tactics to generate fear, horror and suspense are of a subtle nature. A great deal of emphasis is also placed on faces. They stony, silent looks of the Aborigines as they refuse to tell their secret and the shock and wonder on Chamberlain's face as he discovers yet another clue.

Wanda Paszkowski



Richard Chamberlain in *The Last Wave*

Theatre

Factory Theatre Lab (207 Adelaide Street) presents *33 1/3 Double Live*: The show runs Tuesday thru Saturday at 8:00 p.m. with a late night show Saturday at 11:00 p.m. *Double Live* is two shows about work and unity. It is *The Beauty and the Beast Thing*: One day in the life of three maverick wheeler dealers hungry for success in the recording industry. It is *The Sunset Strippers Show*: One night at the Lido; a comic and two strippers are faced with the prospect of working in "the cellar".

Music

Tomorrow night at Glendon College in the cafeteria there will be a dance featuring the music of an unusual band. *Max Mouse and the Gorillas* are from bountiful Bowmanville. They have performed around America meeting the Stiff Record people at a Stiff showcase in New York. They have recorded two albums on their own Jungle Jukebox records. Watch for their strange *Poodle Dance*.

Elliott Lefko

Walker's inadequate vehicle

By Gay Walsh

His plays are being produced in both London and New York; and rumors are spreading that George F. Walker is developing into a good Canadian playwright. Now, in general, the problem with rumors, is simply that they are difficult to take seriously, as evidence is rarely founded. And the problem with pinning the label "good" on a playwright comes in the inherent subjectivity within the word. So as far as measuring and judging Walker's writing ability, what does that leave me with? It leaves me with Toronto Free Theatre's latest production of George F. Walker's latest attempt at playwrighting—*Filthy Rich*. And this attempt has left me with a queasy, quasi-nauseous feeling, juxtaposed by two sentiments — boredom and confusion.

The story is not sufficiently interesting to motivate the construction, from clue to clue, of a mystery-thriller. Scene upon scene rolls onward, building a linear, one dimensional, skinny plot. There is just not enough meat sticking to the bone of Walker's play. No red herrings, no mistaken identities, no dead end clues, no 180 degree turns when you least expect it — in short, absolutely no progressions and diversions within the plot, consequently, very little suspense to carry one point of action to another. This is what lies at the center of Toronto Free Theatre's vapid and often times boring production. Any subsequent problems arising within the actual production lie at the heart of this thrill-less, and therefore, care-less fabrication of action.

William Lane's direction is a case in point. Lane has translated Walker's superfluous thought and action into superfluous movement.

The actors, in turn, obliged to do their part, have perpetuated this sense of superfluity as shown in

their choice of motivation. In one scene Henry "Pig" Duvall (Steven Bush) throws himself into Power's office, revolver in hand, ready to attack Power. Bush dashes from one end of the office, jumping on the sofa, swinging himself a few steps over to the desk, all the while looking for Power who is obviously not there; he then wildly rages twice around the desk. In all of this movement, Bush purports to be looking for Power, however, one quick gaze around the small office would have supplied the information. This is, of course, a rare instant in the play (all of the

scenes were not so ostentatiously awkward), but nonetheless, it exemplifies the lack of economized movement which Lane employed.

I am curious to know if the selection of *Filthy Rich* was determined by the comparative quality of other plays looked at, or by the author's new found notoriety, or, perhaps even, the comradeship which he might share with Toronto Free Theatre's staff? Whatever the case I found the selection of *Filthy Rich* a cumbersome, inadequate vehicle for fully utilizing the skills of the actors involved.

York Art York Art

By Leslie Wasserman

Last week, in conjunction with the Encounter Canada program the junior common room in Vanier College played host to a photography show by Jim Steele.

Steele, a graduate of Ryerson's photographic Arts program, received his initial training in photography with the Royal Canadian Air Force. In the past he has travelled throughout the world on numerous photographic assignments.



Steele's 12 photographs show a deep understanding and respect for Native Indians. Each portrait depicts the Indian proudly and with a great spiritual understanding.

One of his portraits, a picture of an Indian Chief, reminds us of the character of Chief Dan George, as portrayed in Arthur Penn's *Little Big Man*. The photograph alludes to a great man, full of wisdom and experience. The picture captures the inherent beauty of the man.

Steele's Indian portraits are very humanistic and natural. Two of the exhibits were extremely haunting. Both were very extreme close-ups of a warrior. The face seemed to emerge in a ghost-like way from the shadows of the background. The illumination was only seen on the highlights of the bone structure of the warrior's face. These two pictures were the most powerful of Steele's show.