

Don't Comeback, I was kidding

by Gilbert Bouchard

The movie *Comeback* should go back, I mean FARback to whatever deep dark hole spawned this mess. This boom-boom baby stars a cast of dozens muttering platitudes in mumbled monotones not seen since Bo Derek stripped down for *Tarzan*.

Andrew Lazzlo does deserve some credit, very few directors can take a story with at least some potential and turn it into such a tangled and talentless mess. He reduces the whole conflict to a dull anti-communist propaganda piece undermining what could have been a powerful movie.

The plot's sorta simple. In Laos in 1977-78 a journalist/spy, (Michael Landon) posing as a travel-folder photographer, smuggles out secret documents and nasty stories about the Laotian police state headed by Jurge (DasBoot) Prochow. Prochow, in an attempt to expose Landon's efforts, urges Moira Chen to keep tabs on Landon. She does and in doing so falls hopelessly in love with our hero (cue violins).

Then, right there, in the middle of the film Landon and Prochow have this stupid, pointless, and totally unexplained *Kick boxing match!!* After the match (?) Landon is arrested and tossed out of the country. He settles in Thailand and sets out to rescue Chen from Laos.

Edward (*Breaker Morant*) Woodward trains him to swim across the Mekong River to Laos and back to Thailand with Chen, now Prachow's mistress (how contrived).

The movie is badly paced, moves in stunted jerks and tugs, and asks that ten thousand dollar question: Who Cares??

A crew of bland one-dimensional characters is played by a cast of losers and could-have-beens. Landon gives his greatest performance since *I was a Teenage Werewolf*, Priscilla Presley plays one of the better doorstops I've seen on film, and Prochow acts like he's trying to become the next German Marlon Brando, the way he grunts and swallows his lines.

Edward Woodward provides the only credible performance in the whole mess, but putting a cherry on top of a cow pie doesn't change the fact that it's still a cow pie.

The movies uses plot simply to justify the action scenes: the love affair (the focal point of the film) was contrived, ill-developed and glossed over, human emotion trivialized. No attempt was made to aid the audience to suspend disbelief.

The movie never properly explains the characters' motivations so that the actions they undertake remain vague and confusing, appearing artificial and staged.

All in all, a really stupid movie, makes you want to slash Landon's scuba gear or at least put a few depth charges in his bathtub.

A Tribute

Silvery beaches, blue green sea
Cooling breeze, fresh and cool
Temples and palaces, tanks and paddy fields
Rivers and streams, Gems and Pearls
O' Land of Peace and eternal summer . . .!

Mangoes and Pineapples; songs of the birds,
Mountains and forests; palms and tea,
Flowers and Butterflies: warmth of the sun;
O' I am far far away . . . both snow and cold!

Missiles, Rockets, bombs and war,
Great countries, nations of today,
Leaders of the world first and second,
But you are only an island in the third world!
O my motherland...

The whole world is a tiny spot but you fill my mind
You are the sun;
You are the moon;
Pearl of the Indian ocean; Paradise of the east;
O my motherland; Beautiful Sri Lanka

A. R. Fernando

February fourth was the National Day of Sri Lanka. Mr. Fernando wrote this poem as a tribute to his homeland.

The Bald Soprano

The Bald Soprano by Eugene Ionesco
Nexus Theatre, February 1-4

by Dave Cox

Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* is a saucy, piquant play which brashly attacks the conventions of suburban bourgeois life.

Nexus Theatre's production of it is quite good, and shows promise for this newest of Edmonton's companies.

Ionesco's linguistic comedy takes on an almost Monty Pythonesque absurdity played here in a bold, farcical way as it should be.

Under director David Russell's instructions, the cast overplays the performance just enough.

Colin Murdock was fantastic as the firechief, with just the right serious whimsy for the role. Blair Wensley in nicely audacious as Mary the maid, although she could probably have leapt right into the audience for her soliloquy and aided the comedy.

Linda Pollard and Robert Morelli play Mrs and Mr Smith well, however his tone seems to be too sustainedly angry.

All in all, a very amusing little lunchtime production. I hope we can look forward to more of the same from this group.

Vancouver's D.O.A. and Los Popularos coming to SUB February 10

by Dale Wiese

When a struggling rock band starts receiving unsolicited calls from hep cats in the California music biz, they can be sure they've done something right.

For Vancouver's **D.O.A.**, that "something right" is a stunning version of Edwin Starr's 1960's classic "WAR" (what is it good for?), included on their latest vinyl effort, the **War on 45** E.P. Although D.O.A. may not be ready to challenge for sales supremacy just yet, the numbers have been impressive.

Advance sales of War On 45 (available through Fringe Product in Canada), have reached 40,000 world wide, and better than 75 radio stations have playlisted the E.P. in the U.S. alone. Lofty heights indeed for a band that had only sold 30,000 records in the previous 4 years combined.

What accounts for this sudden good fortune? The raw power that is D.O.A.'s trademark, combined with the superb writing of Whitfield & Strong (authors of "War") and clear production by one Thom Wilson (Carly Simon and Simon & Garfunkel) are certainly major reasons.

Even more significant are the personnel changes that the group was forced to make last year. Gone is the original wildman of bass guitar, Randy Rampage (lover to heavy metal). His replacement? Ken Montgomery, better known as Dimwit, who Edmonton rock fans will recognize as former drummer of the **Pointed Sticks**, a Vancouver pop band that didn't quite make it.

Montgomery was forced to return to drumming in July when Chuck Biscuits (Dimwit's younger brother) quit D.O.A. to seek fame and fortune with L.A.'s notorious (but harmless) **Black Flag**. To fill the once again vacant position on bass, they recruited Brian Goebel (A.K.A. Wimpy Roy) lead vocalist of the now defunct **Subhumans**, and one time bassist of the **Skulls**, a pre-D.O.A. lineup from 1977 that also featured Dimwit and D.O.A. frontman, Joey Shithead.

With the circle now complete, D.O.A. is a cohesive, more determined unit than ever before. Dimwit's addition gives the group a level of professionalism and versatility that was lacking previously. The E.P.'s second most popular track for radio programmers is the reggae flavoured "War In The East" (Ranking Trevor). Dimwit's contribution on this song includes drums, bass, and acoustic guitar.

Also on the bill this Thursday at SUB Theatre will be **Los Popularos**.

Less overtly political than D.O.A., Los Popularos are a rock-pop outfit that sing of personal associations and conflicts. They too have a long history in Vancouver's underground scene, and feature two former Pointed Sticks, an ex-**Young Canadian**, a one-time **Active Dog**, and drummer Zippy Pinhead, who was a member of San Francisco's legendary **Dils**. (The closing track of "War on 45" is a cover of the **Dils** classic, "Class War".)

Los Popularos have also come out with a new extended play 45 entitled **Born Free**. Unlike D.O.A. theirs is a self-produced effort that lacks the sonic punch of *War On 45*. It does illustrate their growing strength as songwriters and performers, and "You Can't Come Back" could easily become a smash hit if given the Phil Spector "wall of sound" treatment.

You can meet members of both bands at S.U. Records in HUB after 3 p.m. on Thursday. Both E.P.'s will also be available. See you there and at the show.



D.O.A., a handsome band, are coming to SUB Thursday night. The one on the left is Dimwit.

If potential were everything in life, Suzanne would have it made.

All her life Suzanne has adored animals. So no one was surprised when she announced the opening of her very own Animal Shelter.

She built her business the hard way, with far more grit and discipline than money or experience. How ironic then, that just when things are going well, there's another kind of problem.

Suzanne's become quite the

social butterfly. Everything she does, she overdoes, including drinking beyond her limit too often. She doesn't realise there are equally good reasons for self-discipline now as there were when she was just starting out.

Suzanne's at the crossroads. She can protect her future by opting for a moderate lifestyle, including the sensible enjoyment of beer, wine or spirits. Or she can gamble.

If you were Suzanne, which would you choose?

Seagram

We believe in moderation and we've been saying so since 1934.

