

What's all the Fosse about?

Movie review by Marni Stanley

Step right up Ladies and Gentlemen and welcome to the Bob Fosse memorial ego trip.

In *All That Jazz* Fosse has given us the ultimate self-indulgent fantasy — a two hour film about his own death. Not only is this the longest death scene in Hollywood since Bernhardt gasped her way to the finish in *Camille*, it is also the most exasperating.

The film tells the story of the collapse of Joe Gideon, superstar director-choreographer. Joe, it seems, has been abusing his poor body. He begins each day with a barage of chemicals and continues to chain smoke and pop amphetamines to get him through the overload of rehearsals, meetings, and sexual liaisons that constitute a normal working day. When we are not wandering with him through the eclectic circus of life we are allowed to follow him into a back stage store-room where he is carrying on word associations with the spectre of death, Jessica Lange. Eventually all that nasty self-abuse leads to collapse and we trail along after Joe into the hospital and through the fancy of a dying man.

Add the flashbacks and production numbers and you have *All That Jazz*, but it is still a silly movie. Gideon is so irritatingly offensive as a human being that frankly I don't give a damn about his demise. Not only is he a liar and an obnoxious womanizer, but he is also an ego of astonishing dimensions. And his peculiar brand of genius, like Fosse's own, is not enough to resolve the problems.

This film does have its redeeming moments. The "hospital hallucination" sequences are genuinely witty and nobody could possibly be irritated at watching Ann Reinking, as girl friend Katie, dance. Mind you, listening to Ethel Merman belt out "There's No Business Like Show Business" while they zip up the body bag I could have done without.

The show also offers a bizarre erotic dance that Gideon is rehearsing for a Broadway production number. It is interesting for what it says about current trends in "entertainment", most of it bad.

Roy Scheider deserves a great deal of credit for salvaging this film. He manages to make the obnoxious Gideon rather loveable while still being a scoundrel. Scheider has long been a considerable talent but this film allows him to show off the charm and sheer power

Fisherman poet to give reading

Kevin Roberts has been around; he isn't a 'younger' poet but he isn't yet as well known as he deserves to be considering the quality of his poetry. Hopefully his reading at 12:30 p.m. this Thursday in AVL-3 of the Humanities Centre will correct this oversight.

For many years Roberts has worked as a fisherman on the west coast, and it's out of that experience that his most recent book of poems, the superb *Deep Line*, emerges. As one critic says of *Deep Line*, these poems "move, their energy can be felt in the taut rhythms and sharp images and metaphors which emerge so naturally from the ocean life they celebrate. 'No ideas but in things.' Yes, and this stuff sings the real, the felt particularities of what occurs, what occurred to the writer to say of it."

The agony and the XTC

Concert review by Barry Lee

Thursday night in SUB Theatre, an English new-wave band from a little town called Swindon showed just how far rock music has progressed over there since the Beatles. XTC is an extremely sophisticated group, mixing off-beat and innovative music with meaningful lyrics to create something really original. And in a musical era where just about everything seems like plagiarism, seeing a band like XTC is truly exciting.

Having already released three albums, the band has a wealth of material to draw from. The concert was a good mixture of cuts from all three, but, with each different number, the sound was unmistakably XTC. Still, their versatility would not allow them to get the least bit stale, so nothing sounded at all overworked — during the evening, they moved from ultra-high energy, through Talking Heads-like stuttering cuts, to complex, spacey and intricate work, capping it all off with a raw version of "Making Plans for Nigel".

XTC started the night with two powerful songs that gave the audience a mere taste of what they could expect. "Beatown" and "Real by Reel" both employ off-key, wavering lyrics and off-beat rhythms in high-energy conglomerations that showed what new-wave is about — just music full of new, energetic ideas. Guitarist/singer/songwriter Andy Partridge never stopped clashing his guitar and vocals with Dave Gregory's lead licks, while Colin Moulding on bass added a stabilizing dimension to the sound.

XTC's music contains enough of a straight-ahead

of screen presence that he is capable of.

If you don't see it for him don't bother to see it at all. I found this a curiously depressing film but perhaps it was just the thought of not being rid of Jessica Lange

even in death....

All That Jazz is playing at the Garneau and it is probably one step better than spending a night at the disco.

Cog comes for campus coffee

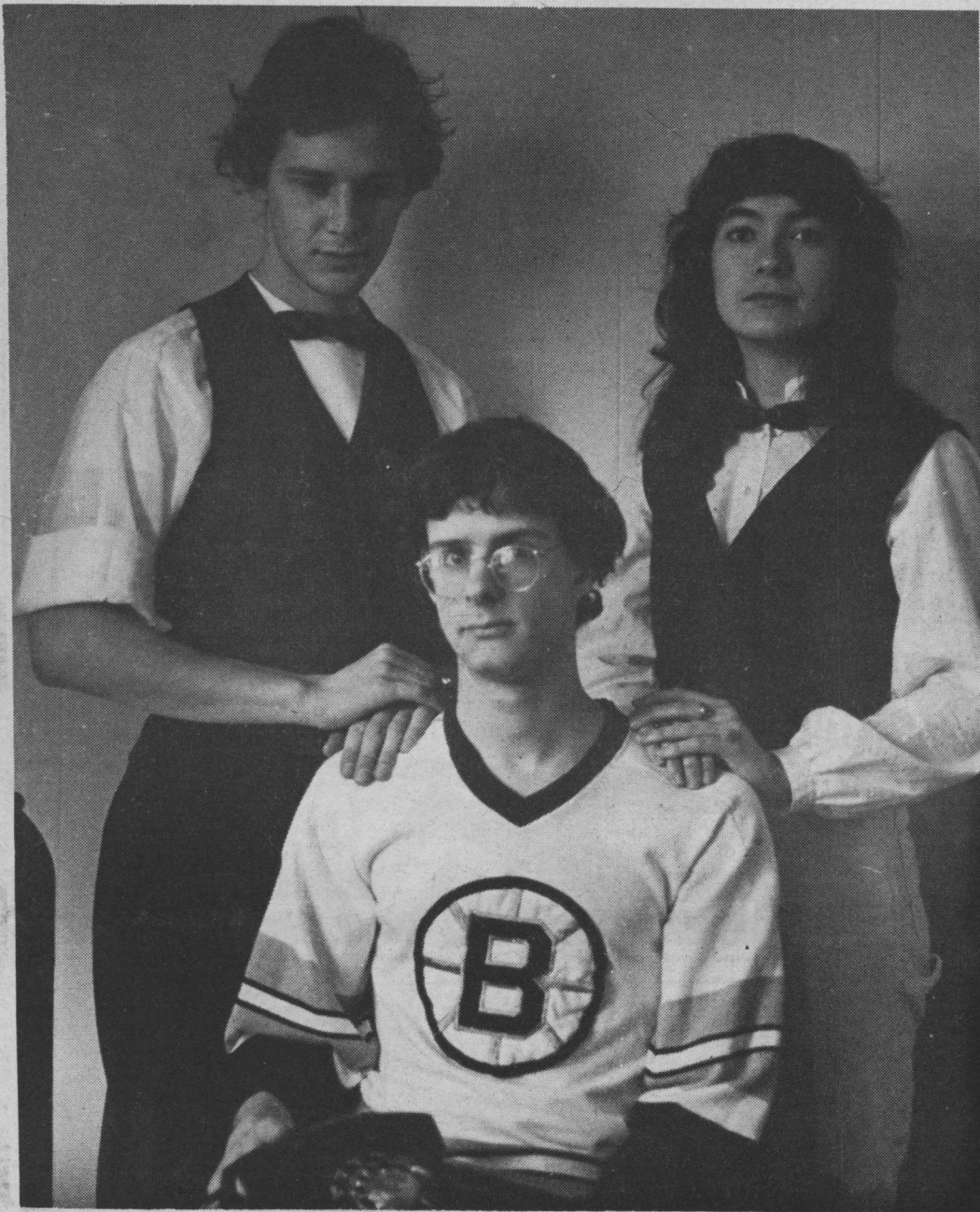


photo Hollis Brown

Jay Kuchinsky, Chris Corrigan and Barb Meyer: Comely Cog

Traditional and contemporary British folk music is coming to L'Express Coffee Shop in SUB on Thursday afternoon.

Comely Cog, a three-piece Edmonton folk band, will make their first campus appearance in almost three years at the coffee shop beginning at 12 noon and continuing until 2:00 p.m.

Formerly called Caribou Two Step, the band has reduced itself to a three member group, featuring Barb

Meyer (vocals, percussion), Chris Corrigan (guitar, mandolin, fiddle, vocals), and Jay Kuchinsky (fiddle, banjo).

Comely Cog performs an interesting blend of traditional ballads, lively jigs and dance tunes, and contemporary folk and folkish compositions. As well, the band will play a few of its own songs.

L'Express charges no admission for their noon hour concerts.

rock quality to satisfy just about the most uneducated fan, but songs like "When You're Near Me I Have Difficulty" and "Complicated Game" demonstrated a complexity usually found in only Mingus-like jazz. Thus, there were those members of the crowd who obviously failed to understand the musical, much less the lyrical accomplishment of the "Complicated Game":

A little boy asked me should he put his vote upon the left, no.

A little boy asked me should he put his vote upon the right, no.

I said it really doesn't matter where you put your vote

Someone else will come along and move it

And it's always been the same

It's just a complicated game.

Unfortunately, for opening act The Young Canadians (formerly Vancouver's K-Tels), the majority of their vocals got lost somewhere in the mix, making their display of rather loud music sound fairly unpolished, like they were running on seven cylinders. Even with this, drummer Barry Taylor became one of the highlights of the evening, showing a frantic but very clean style.

The only frequent complaint heard about the concert had to do with the decibel level. Call me old and tell me I just can't take it anymore, but when the ears are still ringing two days later, you know it was unnecessarily loud. . . .

