

# Indigo Girls create songs with substance

by Jenn Beck

Some people argue that music is a luxury item and not a necessity of life; you are better off saving your money for the essentials — clothes, food, beer, etc.

In defiance to this theory comes *Indigo Girls*, an album that succeeds in earning a position among the breathtaking things that make life worthwhile: fresh air, the fall of the Berlin Wall, special coffees, really good comic books, and fine leather goods.

Even as we find ways to spend money on such life-supporting essentials as these so we should *definitely* find money for *Indigo Girls*.

Side one beats side two all hollow, with tracks "so good they drive you crazy" appearing in descending order of quality.

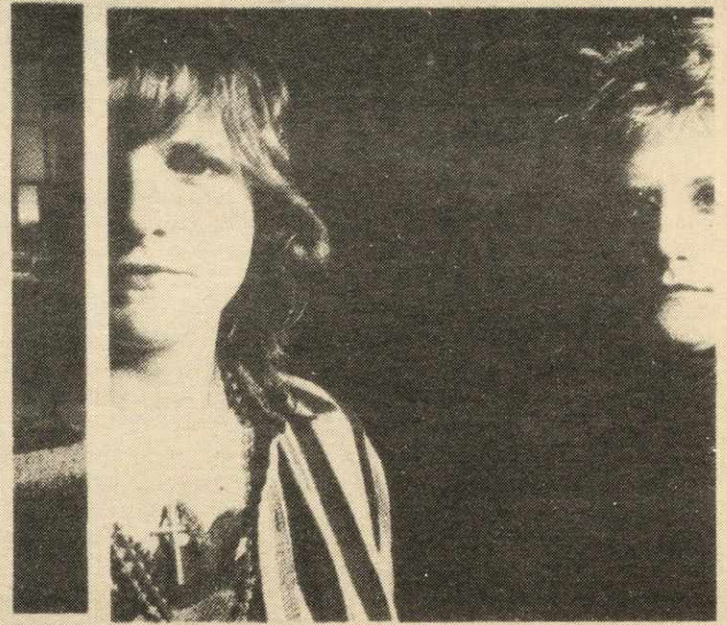
"Closer to Fine," the first tune, is amazing. "Bittersweet" is way too hackneyed to even come close. But how about poignant? Insightful? Blended, harmonic, moving, powerful, perfect? Listen for the verse about "the

Doctor of Philosophy" — you can't attend university without sharing the sentiment.

I've only had the album for about a month and I've played it so constantly that it protests now during playback. I've worn the music right off it.

The Indigo Girls are Amy Ray and Emily Saliers, two Georgia women who had the good taste to team up with Hothouse Flowers on this album, which gives me a jolt of Canadian pride (ping!).

Last word — BUY IT.



i n d i g o g i r l s

## Wormwood's presents 'Let's Get Lost' The rocky road of fame

by Scott Randall

"Don't you believe in football?"

The host of Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Theatre jokingly asks the audience why they haven't joined that large notable segment of the population who were home watching the Superbowl.

He goes on to say that he hadn't seen *Let's Get Lost* yet and that he doesn't know what the film is like. A few people walked out of the theatre on Friday night, he says, though Saturday night's crowd seemed pleased. He closes by saying that we have until 30 minutes into the film to get our money back and after that it was tough luck.

After an intro like that, I wasn't sure what to expect from the film.

*Let's Get Lost* is a candid biography of the life of jazz trumpeter and singer Chet Baker, who began his career in Charlie Parker's band in the early fifties. This career would yield over 900 songs on record with many critically acclaimed performances in the United States and Europe. He

is described as a natural talent who had the power to move people with his music in tones and textures that no one else could seem to produce so effortlessly.

Director and producer Bruce Weber (photographer for the Calvin Klein "Obsession" ads) has a very stylistic portrait of the man that is both unconventional and vivid, that has a lot to do with the black and white cinematography. I really don't think this effect could have been captured in colour, especially with the historical subject of the film.

The film seems to dwell mostly on the darker side of Baker's life with his friends, ex-wives, relatives, and even his children relating what they admired about the man. They also described his drug use, the tricks he played on people and any other self-destructive characteristics they may have experienced. Weber's film certainly portrays Baker as a tragic figure, a true-life story that few fiction writers could top.

The film is candid to such an extreme that some would delight at the in-depth look at the personality revealed before them. Others would be disgusted by the film

and feel sympathy for the poor old man whose life seems to be dissected in the film, using testimony from people who supposedly loved him.

The film shifts from those who admired Baker to those who portray him as a lovable stinker. His wives described his allure that seemed to emanate from both his music and his good looks, but ultimately, their expectations fell short. One went so far as to say that he seemed like a Greek god on the stage.

Baker's success continued until 1968 when he was attacked by thugs who pulled out all of his teeth one by one in a deliberate attempt to ruin his career. He then worked pumping gas to earn a living, the customers oblivious to his former fame. Baker vowed to return to playing the trumpet and the film shows the man, by then in his late fifties, working in the studio and giving the occasional performance to many people who had never before heard his magic.

The film ends when Chet Baker dies in 1988 in Amsterdam, signifying the end to an era in jazz music.



Indigo Girls Amy Ray and Emily Saliers

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