

Boogie woogie grease night

Rhode and Boogie take chill out of cool eve



The one and only Greaseball Boogie Band displayed their usual fine form at the orientation event organized by CYSF last Saturday night. The

Greaseballs have abandoned their biker image and adopted a new style in the Bugsy Segal tradition; the language remains the same.

Spell of the Yukon honours anniversary of Robert Service



Victor Sutton reads Service poems.

By RICHARD ANDREANSKY

The Spell of the Yukon, a collection of Robert Service poems, has been transformed into a jovial play onstage at the Poor Alex Theatre.

Robert Service, often called the poet of the Yukon or the Canadian Kipling, is best known for such poems as The Cremation of Sam McGee, the Ballad of the Ice Worm Cocktail and The Shooting of Dan McGrew.

In a solo performance, Victor Sutton, remembered for his role as Pete in the play Creeps, skillfully enacts several of Service's poems and sings a few bar songs from the 1890s in a very appealing way.

Sutton opens the show by reciting some of Service's less interesting poems, and the small audience present at the performance I attended was initially unreceptive. But as the poems improved, so did the audience.

Sutton brought to life The Ballad of the Ice Worm Cocktail, a poem poking fun at the typical English

speculator in the Yukon, and the play ended appropriately just as the audience's interest was at its peak.

The recent interest in Robert Service springs from the fact that this is the poet's 100th anniversary, and the play is a good way to honour him. However, the poems might have

been selected from different periods in his writing career to add variety.

In fact, not everyone in the production agreed on the way Service's poems should be presented. According to the play's current stage manager, Theatre Passe Muraille originally sponsored and supplied the play's director and staff, but withdrew its support when disagreements arose.

Passe Muraille was reluctant, for example, to include some of the humorous songs of the '90s, preferring to present Service's poems in a serious manner.

In any case, the Yukon bar melodies of the 1890s provide the show with comic relief, and create a feeling for the times.

The play runs until this Saturday. Tomorrow, in line with the 100th anniversary, Seneca College is presenting a Klondike Night, part of a 17-day Robert Service festival.

Sight and Sound

Pacino slips into Serpico

An undercover cop with a difference. Al Pacino of Godfather fame dons beard and a dose of cool to become Serpico, in (surprisingly enough) Serpico. Bethune's offering costs \$1.25 general, \$1 for Bethune students in Curtis LH-L, Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 p.m. Next week: Daisy Miller.

Bloom slips out of Doll's House

The doll leaves home. Ibsen's Doll's House makes it to the Winters scene in Curtis LH-I this Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m., with Claire Bloom as Nora. Cost is \$1.25 general, \$1 for Winters students.

An hour late and suffering from the cold, Rhode Apple Red kicked off the first university-wide social event of the year Saturday night, presented free of charge by CYSF.

Perched on a large stage parked near the amphitheatre atop Central Square, the five-member band played to a massive crowd assembled on the amphitheatre steps and dressed in sundry garments to withstand the chilly evening temperatures.

The turnover was substantial, as many revellers went downstairs to the licensed Square cafeteria for a transfusion of beer. Those who remained aloft clapped to the spirited sounds of bass saxophone, trombone, guitar, drums and voice.

There were numerous problems. The concert, scheduled to begin at 8:30 p.m., didn't start until 9:30 p.m.; kids milled around restlessly while the stand was set up against the library and the band, who had not been informed the concert would be outdoors, were initially loathe to go on.

Even after the music began, and in spite of inspired and earth-shaking work by trombonist David Norris-Elye, few people became sufficiently caught up in the flow of things to get up and dance. One of the reasons might have been the notable lack of women; groups of gangly youths gawked at the few available specimens.

Downstairs, meanwhile, disgruntled patrons found that the bottled beer would not be sold until the draught beer had been consumed; the policy was enacted after it was

noticed that some turkey had tapped all the draught kegs, thus preventing their re-use in the event that the crowd failed to polish them off.

The first set ended at 10:30 p.m., and following another half hour of preparation, the big Greaseball Boogie Band showed up — no longer resplendent in their traditional brylcreem hairdos, but sporting fedoras and sunglasses, 30s gangster-style, and setting their mouths for their normal chauvinist-obscenity routine.

The audience, warmed by the brew from downstairs and the previous band, became much more responsive to this act, and even attempted a few original variations on the jive. (To judge from some of the calisthenics in front of the stage, members of the dance department were increasingly manifest.)

The conversation from the stage was studded with comments about the lead singer's well-built girlfriend and other tid-bits of similarly delicate conversation. The audience lapped it up.

The group played mainly blues at the beginning, but after two girls from Vancouver joined the dynamic sextet it turned towards oldies like Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy, Glenn Miller's In the Mood, and a grand finale in which the crowd gathered together for a hand-clapping, foot-stomping (it was . . . cold) roaring of Let the Good Times Roll.

So they did, and if only the order for warmer weather had not been tied up in some red tape tangle with higher authorities, it would have been an even finer bash.



Stringband hits Calumet College.

Stringband incredible

By TED MUMFORD

Many Calumet students say their college is smaller but nicer. This is also true of a fine group of musical people who played at the Calumet dining hall last Wednesday night.

Bob Bossin and Marie Lynn Hammond, the ringleaders of Stringband, have been turned down more than once in the music business, and still come out on top.

For example, when no record company would sign them up, they made a "homemade" album called Canadian Sunset as a sort of small scale Christmas thing for their friends. The album caught on, and now 3,000 copies have been sold, all through the efforts of the members of the band (they sold half a dozen Wednesday night). A second album is now in the works.

In another instance, Stringband asked for permission to play at Mariposa and were turned down. Now they have two major concerts at Convocation Hall in October, one

with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and another their "practical idols" Fairport Convention. They also played at the Winnipeg Folk Festival this summer.

Now to deal with the concert. Hammond and Bossin write and sing most of the group's material, and between them they play banjo, guitar, and autoharp. The other members are Mark Lams (who has played with Tony Kosinec, and in productions of Hair and Godspell) on bass, and Ben Mink (credentials: Ian Tyson, Valdy, Chris Kearney and Kosinec) on fiddle and mandolin.

In addition to their own material they played Randy Newman's My Old Kentucky Home and Bruce Miller's Anna Marie. Most of their original songs are in a traditional folk vein — French, American, and British — all of it delivered with humour, flair and energy.

If they keep playing as well as they did at Calumet, Stringband is bound to make certain record companies regret not giving them a contract.