

ARTS

Zwol gives off heat

by Jack Vernee
Two things that really depress me are (1) expensive beer and (2) head-banger music. Imagine my sinking feeling when I was asked to review Walter Zwol and the Rage at *Lacifer*... After calling a friend ("Ah, c'mon... Please? I've got free tickets... Please?"), hitting the bank and loading up on 'impramine, I felt ready.

I was right about the beer (expensive) but dead wrong about the music. From the moment Zwol, flanked by four extremely tight musicians, pranced onto the stage sporting a chrome-dome and red plastic pants, it was (as they say) professional showbusiness.

Instead of head-banger crap, the sparse Wednesday night crowd was treated to two sets of highly danceable pop-rock tunes sprinkled heavily with both R+B and new-wave influences. Dealing with topics ranging from teenage sexual angst to sarcastic pseudo-social commentary, Zwol and company served notice that they don't plant to be without a record label for long.

Musically, the group shone. The obviously athletic Zwol handled lead vocals and madman-leaps with equal skill while alternating between his new-wave-sounding synthesizer and his 60's sounding Korg organ ("C.C. Rider" was vintage Al Kooper). Keir Brownstone (bass) and Paul "Behop Jersey" Kraussman (drums)

formed a tight rhythm unit, a must for any decent band. Their rhythmic prowess was demonstrated on the group's only reggae tune "All my love". Brownstone also provided strong, consistent back-up vocals (although his lead-vocal number was the downer of the evening). Guitarist Rob Kennedy, a member of the band for only two weeks, remained in the background for most of the evening. He briefly took center stage during the encore (a positively terrifying version of Chuck Berry's "Oh, Carol") at which time his lead came across as a little too piercing, screechy, and heavy-metalish for my folk-influenced ears.

"The Man" of the evening, however, was definitely saxophonist Peter Mifsud. His frequent solos pushed the band into high gear and gave the audience something to talk about during the breaks. The perfect foil for Zwol, both musically and theatrically, Mifsud proved the spark-plug of this tight band. His vocals were there when needed and he had more than his share of stage presence. No doubt about it, this guy's an entertainer.

As a whole, this group sure gave off a lot of heat. They attacked each song energetically, despite sporadic response from the crowd, and even seemed to have fun doing it. With a little luck, I wouldn't be surprised to see these guys surface with a new label.

record deal, they'll of course get moving into a sound of their own when it comes time to make the second record. Right, guys? Let's hope so. We hardly need another Loverboy - even from Edmonton.

Gogos - Vacation
A&M/i.r.s. sp 70031

Here we go again. How you feel about this one depends very much on how you felt about *Beauty and the Beat*. *Vacation* sounds a little heavier, throws in some synthesizer, and tones down the cuteness a tad but it's basically the same sound that sent the GoGos to #1 last time around. My biggest objection to the GoGos is in principle. Think of it this way. There are two kinds of music - the kind that is created to help you deal with reality (ie: Springsteen, Townshend) and the kind that is created to help you escape it. The GoGos clearly fit



into the latter category. This album not only opens on a note of escape ("Vacation"), but it also closes on one ("Worlds Away") though in the former case the escape is physical while in the latter it is mental. Also, while the Clash seem determined to rub the bad side of life in our faces, the GoGos seem determined to deny that it even exists. Even when the lyrics are mildly unhappy (ie: "We Don't Get Along"), the unhappiness is glossed over by singing that amounts to a continuous aural smile. The lyrics themselves, of course, are not exactly the kind of thing that expands consciousness. Belinda Carlisle's talk-on *Vacation* sounds more or less like what you might hear driving your 14 year-old kid sister and her friends to the movies. And the GoGos don't play their instruments particularly well. And *Vacation* contains by far the worst song they have ever recorded ("Cool Jerk"). But none of this will make one iota of difference to GoGos fans for, at the level of catchy escape music, these gals are very good. However critically deplorable they might be, it's hard to deny that - aw chicks - the GoGos are fun. And how do you argue with that?

Library live play a winner

Counting the Ways,
by Edward Albee
directed by Karen Redford
Centennial Library Theatre
October 6, 7 & 8 at 12 noon

by Dave Cox

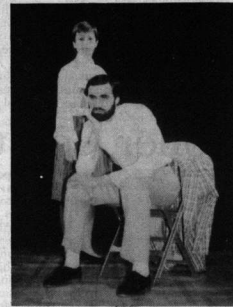
If you get a chance this week, there is a cheeky, engaging play on at the Library theatre Wednesday to Friday.

It is called "Counting the Ways", and subtitled "a vaudeville", although perhaps a comedy of married life might be more appropriate. A funny look at the changes that love passes through, the play follows a husband and wife into progressive stages of their relationship and explores the question they ask each other: "How do you know you love me?"

The husband and wife (played by David Russell and Linda Pollard) each discourse separately with the audience as well as with one another, and occasionally break in on the other's monologues. The husbands (on "premature grief") is interrupted with "Not yet!", he interrupts her with "Where's my shirt?", and in a parody of Auden says "Thousands have lived without love, but none without shirts".

The piece also looks at traditional male and female roles, and shows how essential communication is to a smooth, growing relationship. The shallow, uncutting man who tries unsuccessfully to create barriers of humor against feeling is played off by the wittier, more compassionate woman.

This is director Karen Redford's first off-campus directing effort, and she says, "I'm quite excited about it - it's a new step for me". When asked about the play's content she replies "Is it a feminist play?"



No, I'd say more of an honest play. The character of the wife is just more sensitive."

Linda Pollard, who plays the wife, says "I love the role - it's got everything in it. There's humor, bitterness, poignancy - it's a very human role". She adds "It's one of my favorites, actually."

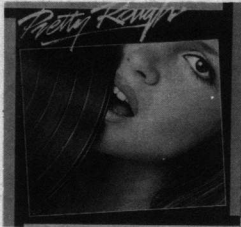
Her husband, David Russell, says of his role as the husband in the play "It's a fun role to do, and means a lot to me personally. I think (playwright) Albee's really hit on something there. Asked if he thought that having a not-completely-sympathetic role made the job of acting more difficult, his reply was "People have to play Iago, too. It makes you look at yourself more clearly."

The play's title refers to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's line "How do I love thee, let me count the ways", and also to the husband's counting the petals of a rose (She loves me, she loves me not), and then eating it as he recognizes the audience watching him.

Go and see this - take your lunch along - to munch, that's the idea - it breaks up an average day's monotony quite nicely.

ROUNDOABOUT

by Nate LaRoi



Pretty Rough - Pretty Rough
RCA NKL 1-0456

A visitor from outer space comes down and lands in Edmonton. "What do you humans do for kicks?", he asks. You think for a second and then ask "Have you ever heard of rock and roll?" "Of course I've heard of rock and roll!", he responds, "I get K77 by satellite! Foreigner... REO Speedwagon... AC/DC... Journey... Earth music... great stuff!" So what do you do? You take him to go see Pretty Rough.

I really wanted to give Pretty Rough a good review. Honest I did. I just couldn't do it. Yes, these fellas are from Edmonton (though the record was recorded in Calgary). And, yes, they do have an international recording contract, something almost unheard of for an Edmonton band. But how did they get it? By producing exactly the sort of music the Canadian record industry wants, by presenting themselves as sound-alikes to Loverboy, Aldo Nova and Streetheart. I don't deny that Pretty Rough covers that general territory quite well. "Johnny" and "Say Goodbye", two of the better songs here, are competitive with much of what Loverboy sells millions of albums with. But Pretty Rough is so explicitly derivative it gets very tiresome after a while. The vocals sound so much like Steyr at times it's amazing while the music merely trots out one heavy metal cliché after another. The two slow songs here, though rather trite themselves, are practically refreshing because they at least offer a break from the hard rock bluster everywhere else. Looking on the positive side, Pretty Rough do write all their own material and do have an excellent sense of what sells these days. Group leader and lead guitarist Terry Reeves, in fact, worked in a record store for three years - which could have something to do with it. In any case, now that Pretty Rough does have a big

Arts Quiz

by Rusty Toro

1) Who wrote "God's Odd Look"?

- a) Gail Fox
- b) Susan Musgrave
- c) Phyllis Webb
- d) Barbara Adams

2) The name of the author of "The Inanna Poems" is:

- a) Linda Pyke wrote which of the following books:
- b) Death on Skidgate Narrows
- c) Bush Poems
- d) Bear
- e) Prisoner

4) Nobody Danced With Miss Rodeo was written by:

- a) Sid Marry
- b) Matt Cohen
- c) John Davies
- d) Fred Davey

the feed bag

la Boheme
Cafe Galerie
6727 - 112 Ave.

by Wesley Oginiski

As French music filtered through the restaurant over the various conversations, we found the spirit of the French bistro alive and well in east Edmonton.

A friend and I went to La Boheme (6727 - 112 Ave.) after an evening at the theatre. We were a little uncertain about entering the restaurant. It is set up in the former location of the now defunct Interface magazine, an older three story building, yet the interior proved quite warm and comfortable and the food is delicious.

La Boheme serves a lunch menu, a dinner menu and an evening a la carte menu. The dinner menu is fixed to one full-

course meal between five and ten p.m. The lunch menu serves another a la carte ensemble. The evening a la carte is served from ten 'til one.

We arrived for the evening menu and were seated immediately. Eventually we both ordered from the selection which included a variety of salads, steaks, veal, fish, omelettes, desserts, wines and coffees in an affordable price range. I selected a cheese omelette and a cappuccino while my companion had the mushroom omelette.

The restaurant itself was not crowded but the patrons were enjoying themselves in the amiable surroundings of plants, fans and pictures.

About fifteen minutes later our omelettes and my cappuccino arrived. The tender, fluffy omelettes were accompanied by mouth-watering vegetables, and melted in our mouths. My omelette's filling of parmesan cheese and my companion's fresh mushrooms completed the repast.

We did think the time lag was a bit much for service, but the food was still good enough to stay through dessert. I ordered another cappuccino and a chocolate rum cake, while my companion was content to sit and digest. The cake had a delightful rum tang.

When the waiter delivered our bill, we were pleasantly surprised to find it under sixteen dollars. Our only complaint was that the service lacked some promptness.

Otherwise, La Boheme is an enjoyable dining experience, and distinctly worth a visit.