

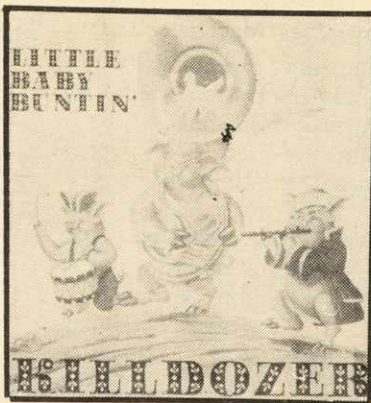
NEW REVIEWS

by Andrew M. Duke

Madison, Wisconsin's Killdozer is back with *Little Baby Buntin'* (Touch and Go), an album not to be judged by its title or cover.

"I'm Not Lisa", written by Jessi Colter (wife of Waylon Jennings), was covered on 1987's *Burl EP*, and the gem here is a wonderfully overproduced version of Neil Diamond's "I Am, I Said".

The growl of vocalist Michael Gerald, 104 lbs., is perfect for lyrics such as "Every morning, I get up/I shit, shower and shave" paired with the incessant slaggrock of a group that takes its



name from a television movie in which a possessed bulldozer destroys a construction site and the workers too. "The Puppy" ("I work in a sausage factory/it makes my clothes stink"), "Ballad of My Old Man", and "The Rub" are incredibly funny despite their rudeness. "Hi There" is brilliant, the kind of song you want to play for all of your friends/enemies, something like "Hamburger Martyr" ("you call this a hamburger?/Hell, I can make a better hamburger with my asshole") from their tribute to Mr. Ives.

Everyone should love this album, even Engelbert Humperdinck, who provided back-up vocals for "3/4" Drill Bit".

by Jayn Ritchie

Although the founding member of Shirati Jazz, Daniel Owino Missiani, could not travel to England to record this album with the rest of the band, *Benga Beat* (World Circuit Records) is a must. Shirati Jazz invented the Benga beat, and have been perfecting it

under Missiani's guidance for the last 20 years. The music has a fast beat, a punchy bassline and a guitar style heavily influenced by Zairean musician Jean Bosco Mwenda. The songs, sung in the Luo language, are all named after friends, such as "Dr. Binol" and "Mary Yar Alego". Look for this record album in the Import section.

by Scott Neily

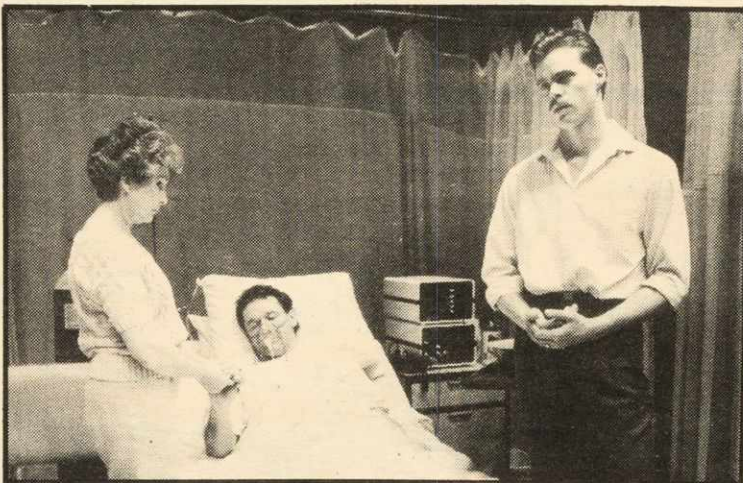
The latest release in a series of limited compilations available on CD and cassette only is *Over 60 Minutes With... Luba* (Capitol Records). Although the Canadian vocalist has only two albums out, the company obviously thought her career in enough trouble to warrant a

greatest hits album, a blatant effort to milk a few quick bucks before she fades entirely. This is not to say Luba has become a thing of the past; it's just that collections are usually released only when an artist's career is winding down. Luba is a great performer and songwriter; hopefully this is not an indication she will sing no more, but just an example of Capitolism at work.

In any case, *Over 60 Minutes with... Luba* is just that: roughly 68 minutes of music compiled from her previous albums *Secrets and Sins* and *Between the Earth and Sky*. It also includes the songs "The Best was Yet to Come" from the soundtrack to *9½ Weeks*, her 3" CD release single "When a Man Loves a Woman" and the 12" extended mix of "Let it Go". It's a great addition to a record collection if Luba's first two albums are not already owned, but other than the three isolated songs mentioned above the worthiness of the album's purchase on only those merits could be a debatable topic.



Local playwright premieres *Warm Wind in China*



Warm Wind in China: l. to r.: Joan Gregson as Elna Slater, Timothy Webber as Slater, Peter Krantz as Davis.

PHOTO: G. GEORGAKAKOS

by Rob Fadelle

Recently premiered at Dalhousie's Dunn Theatre is Neptune Theatre's production of *Warm Wind in China*. Written by Prince Edward Island native Kent Stetson, this production deals with one of today's most sensitive and controversial issues, AIDS.

Some people see AIDS as "that homosexual disease". These misinformed individuals, unfortunately not a minority, are sadly misguided. For the sad truth is that AIDS can strike anyone, homo- or heterosexual. This virus does not discriminate. Sadly, in human relationships, we do. Even if we refuse to admit to prejudice, there is always some remnant of this age-old trait present in us. After all, each individual chooses his or her friends and lovers based on a personalized set of discriminatory criteria.

Relationships are basically what *Warm Wind in China* boils down to. Kent Stetson has given

us a brutal and horrifyingly honest look at how people react with one another when placed under undeniably severe emotional strain. How elastic is the human psyche? How far can family ties be stretched? How far can one person's love and trust in another truly extend both in duration and intensity? These are just a few of the questions raised in this story.

Characterization was excellent. Slater (Timothy Webber) is the victim of the disease, society, and his father's rejection at an early age. Davis (Peter Krantz) is Slater's friend and lover. He, too, becomes a victim of society when his job as a high-school phys ed teacher comes under fire. He must take up the fight for Slater's rights when Slater becomes too weakened. Joan Gregson as Elna, Slater's mother, is a woman of strong character, willing to back up her son's final wishes regardless of possible consequences. Jack Slater (David Renton), Slater's father, appears to be immovable.

He cannot accept his son for what he is, nor can he find it in his heart to easily forgive.

One daring event that occurred, daring because Halifax seems like such a conservative town, was in Act I, when Slater and Davis engaged in a very passionate kiss. It was obvious that some members of the audience were shocked by the kiss. But the mark of a gutsy playwright is to try to achieve as much realism and honesty as possible. It is about time someone tried this in Halifax live theatre.

Another thing that really stood out was the use of a life-signs monitor next to Slater's bed. Throughout Act II one could hear a steady beep-beep-niggling away at the edges of awareness. During between-scene blackouts it seemed that the sound grew in volume. Whether that increase in volume was actual or imagined, or the audience grew quieter, it was difficult to distinguish. If it was an intended effect, hats off to both writer and director.

With such characters and such a tightly written script as Kent Stetson has developed, the intended message has to get through. Plain and simple, people are what counts. *Warm Wind in China* is definitely not a light evening at the theatre. In one of the most emotionally exhausting one and a half hours I have ever sat through, I saw people laugh (usually nervously) and cry with eyes opened by sheer honesty. See it!

Warm Wind in China, directed by Eric Steiner. Till January 23 at the Dunn Theatre.

A romp in Rome!



by Rob Fadelle

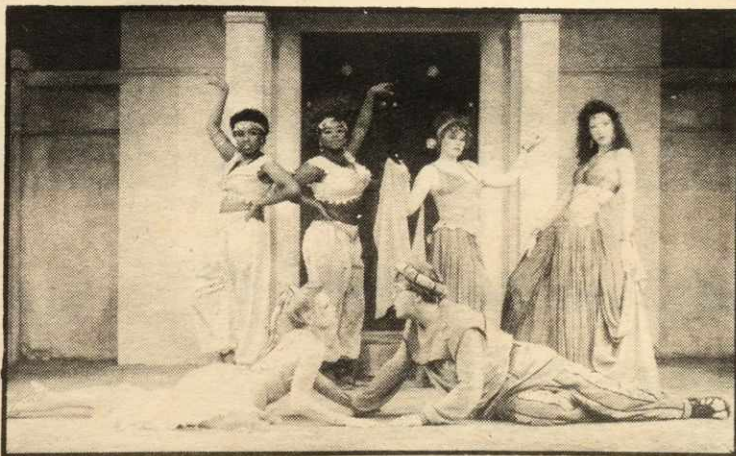
If you're tired of the standard dreck you see every time you sit down in front of the tube, then try taking a Roman holiday. If you can't afford a trip across the Pond, then simply drop into Neptune Theatre and view their current attraction, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.

The formula of the story is one that has been long tried and which runs true to this very day. For any followers of old movies or the comedies of Shakespeare or Feydeau, you'll know exactly what I mean. What we have here is a good old-fashioned comedy with all the elements of song-and-dance, slapstick humour, one-liners, sexual innuendo,

imagined infidelity, mistaken identity, and frustrated love. Sounds like a mouthful, right? But it all adds up to an evening of

high energy which is sure to provide the patron with near-uncontrollable giggles and tears.

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A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum: l. to r. (standing: Camille James as Geminae no. 1; Carrie Sparks as Geminae no. 2; Christine Glen as Femina; Caroline Schiller as Vibrata. Front: Melanie Doane as Gymnasia; Richard Ouzounian as Pseudolus.

PHOTO: G. GEORGAKAKOS