

Modern play *the Centre of Gravity* falls on its face

The Centre of Gravity
Fortress theatre

review by Sour Pickles
JURNAL STAFF WRITER

It's so hard to find a good play nowadays. Especially when it's February in Edmonton, when we need good plays most.

And oh! how this city needs a dose of really good the-ay-ter. Some really experimental, ultra-pretentious stuff.

But look what the Fortress Theatre does whenever it tries to do something different. It falls flat on its face. **FLAT ON ITS NOSE!**

I just hate seeing plays like this, but I sure love bitching about them.

So bitch, bitch, bitch, I will, and you can't stop me! And I don't care about you actors who need this play to keep running, or those of you ordinary people who still want to see it; because I already saw it on my freebie passes, and I really don't care!

Anyway. The play is called *The Centre of Gravity* by Tyler Artiste, and it's about a group of young people trying to find it.

There is a lot of interesting blocking in this play: people climbing onto chairs, crawling up the walls, and fighting with pipecleaners, but on the whole it was very dull.

The play itself is rather strange. Nothing is motivated. Why the characters are complaining about a lack of gravity when they each have two feet firmly on the ground is never explained. I suppose it had something to do with the Meaning of Life, something allegorical, but I'm not going to figure it out.

The acting is energetic, but rather stagey and theatrical. I personally could not identify with their youthful angst. At times it was difficult to understand what they were saying because they were either shouting or whispering.

Symbolism went rank in this ultra-modern play. There were a few songs, accompanied by lutes. Badly sung.

Anyway, as the story goes, the people are trapped in an abandoned house while nuclear war is raging all around them. Somehow, through the magic of the group's leader Joseph (played by Yves Montagne), the house is untouched. But the radiation deprives them of gravity, and the house becomes a prison.

This is all difficult to represent onstage, and they were idiots to experiment with it.

What about a return to the old plays: Shakespeare, Moliere, Dryden? None of this pretentious garbage that our modern age has produced. I say let's get some real plays going in this city that dares to call itself a theatre centre.



Boring, pretentious, pointless, pseudo-symbolic, flat:

The angst of losing one's centre of gravity is explored in pretentious, confusing play.

Pogo Stick bouncing around in the Canadian music scene

Interview by Hellon Metal
JURNAL STAFF WRITER

Last week, the Edmonton Journal sent well-known rock fan Hellon Metal out to interview Jean-Herman Groulx and Pete Tung from the hot new Canadian band Pogo Stick Uv Luv. This is what she came back with.

HM: Well fellas, suppose you tell me what it's like to be on top of the charts with your first single *We Luv U*.

PT: (In thick English accent.) It's great.

J-H: Of course it's not our first single, it's only our first song with this band. We had *Uuu, I'm In Luv With U* when we were with *Leaning Tower Uv Luv* in '84. It went to 37 in Toronto and all the way to 29 in Dartmouth and Regina.

HM: What made you decide to quit *Leaning Tower* and start Pogo Stick?

J-H: We had a disagreement with the bongo player and he owned the rights to the name, so the rest of the band quit and started Pogo Stick without him. Me and Pete bought a bongo machine together instead.

PT: Yeah, an' it's great, too.

HM: So how many of you in Pogo Stick?

J-H: Me and Pete.

PT: An' the bongo machine.

J-H: We call the bongo machine Ringo, 'cause our last bongo player was just like Pete Best, who used to be the Beatles' drummer.

PT: 'Course Ringo used to be the Beatles' drummer too now.

J-H: But at any rate, we're better off without him. He ate too much, and the bongo machine can play better bongos.

PT: Yeah, it's great.

HM: So that's all you use the drum machine for, is bongos?

J-H: That's all it does I think. At the store we told them we wanted it set for bongos and they did, so that's all it does now I guess.

PT: Yeah, an' it works great.

HM: You're a Canadian band according to your press kit, but Pete has the heaviest accent I've ever heard. When did you come to this country?

PT: Oh, I was born here. Pedawawa, Ontario. My dad was in the forces. Both our dads were. We met in

Comox.

HM: Why the accent?

PT: I like it. It makes me sound like Mick. It's great, eh?

J-H: We both like Mick a lot. I dance just like him on stage — I hop around and flail my arms a lot.

PT: An' I dance like Peter Wolf from used-to-be-J. Geils.

HM: That sounds interesting. Do you tour a lot?

PT: Yeah, it's great.

J-H: I hate it — the drunks and hotels and stuff are ok, but I get real nervous onstage and sweat a lot, and my make-up runs and it tastes awful.

PT: Yeah, and not enough groupies. I mean we're already at number 17 on Muchmuzak, and there aren't any chicks. It sucks.

J-H: Hey! You're a chick! Wanna come up to our hotel room and see our bongo machine Ringo?

PT: Yeah, it's a great bongo machine.

HM: Maybe later. It sounds like you guys are pretty heavily influenced by traditional rockers like the Stones and J. Geils.

J-H: Definitely. On our album we're going to do *Wild Thing* by Hendrix, you know? Except I'm going to play the lead on my electric fiddle, and Pete will play the bass parts on synthesizer.

PT: An' Ringo plays the bongo part. It's great, you should hear it.

HM: I can't wait. Any other influences?

J-H: Adam Ant.

PT: Great costumes.

HM: Any last words from the band for your fans?

J-H: Buy lots of stuff, and our EP *I Luv To Luv Your Tung* is out, and we'll be in Calgary on the third.

HM: But I'm from the Edmonton Journal.

PT: Edmonton? That's just outside of Griesbach isn't it?

J-H: Well anyways, that doesn't matter. Just come to our show and buy our t-shirts and stuff.

PT: Yeah, rock on. Party hearty, y'know? Great, it's great. Wanna come to our room now?

J-H: We got beer an' stuff.

HM: Can I meet Ringo?

At this point Ms. Metal ran out of tape.

Commie Killer's American revenge against KGB is real Dull

Commie Killer: Defender of Freedom
to stars

by BARK SPORTON
JURNAL STAFF WRITER

Anybody going to see *Commie Killer: Defender of Freedom*, expecting to see a high-quality film like *Rambo*, is going to be disappointed.

I know I was.

Real disappointed. I expected the director of *American Avenger* to have done a better job than this.

The plot is real obvious, and real dull, because it's real obvious.

It starts with these two guys. They are assigned by the CIA and the FBA to kill big-wheel porno king Guido Gangolotta, who has sold out to the KGB and is going to give away all their secrets.

Needless to say, the Mafia gets involved in this, I hardly need to say. So these two guys who speak in grunts are going after this big guy in Moscow. But they're being followed by this other hunky guy who's Russian and from the KGB, who's onto the two guys.

Oh yeah, the two good/American guys' names are Jimbo and Joe, played by two guys who look like a cross between Sly Stallone and Charles Bronson. I forget their names. The KGB hunk/bad guy is called Boris Bolshevik and he looks like a cross between



Standing alone, the American takes on the mafia and the KGB — and wins

Arnold Schwarzenegger and Rutger Hauer.

I hardly need mention that the KGB guy has a real gorgeous girl working with him too. She's played by a girl with a long Russian name who doesn't really look like anyone, but maybe like Janet from *Three's Company* if you squint up your eyes.

It's real obvious to see how this girl, Lena, manages to seduce at least one of the American joes, Joe, and that's when the trouble starts.

Of course.

The plot goes on from there.

Lots of fast car chases and a bloody murder in (appropriately) the Red Square in Moscow, were the highlights.

Although, personally, the sex scenes didn't turn me on.

You're just beginning to get real bored with all the shoot-em-down scenes and the blood and guts when the Mafia steps in.

The Mafia kingpin, big-wheel chief Guiseppe Fellatio steps in and kills one of the American guys. The other American guy therefore swears revenge and vengeance on the Mafia. And the KGB.

So he takes them both on all alone, head-on, solo.

And wins.

This is all real obvious.

And dull.

Dumb.

Everything is really confused for a while until order comes with the American Marines who restore order. They take over Russia and the last scene shows Russian peasants waving — guess what?! — American flags.

This is all real obvious, and predictable.

The acting is real bad. So is the directing. The cinematography is real bad too. It's just all really bad.

On a scale between *Death Without Dishonour* and *Rambo II*, I would place this film between *Red Dawn* and *Bears Versus Eagles*.

So much for that.