

ARTS

& Entertainment

A good time at Myron's?

By Luke Leunes

Last Monday Nov.. 4, Myrons along with Belvedere Rocks hosted a 2 set show featuring 2 well known Canadian bands *The Headstones* and *The Grandharvas*.

After a couple rounds of pool, the Grandharvas took the stage to entertain a dancing crowd of 12. For the most part the audience was in the background with a beer in hand.

Paul Jogo (lead singer) by mid show pulled out three huge tomato soup cans and started a drum beat on them. The rest of the band played a long with a lot of guitar effect and slap bass lines.

Paul also started to sing like Perry Farrell for one song. I heard a lot of influences, including the Pixies and Jane's Addiction.

They played the latest "Down Time" single pretty much the same as you would hear it on the radio or TV, but they changed "First Day of Spring" with an up-beat guitar and drums. I felt that they pleased my senses and I had a good time.

Now *The Headstones* were a different style altogether. They had their own stage presence to give. To me, they come off as an old school punk bad who hate the audience. The drummer, bassest, and guitarist played what you would call an opening for *Hugh Dillon* (lead singer/ movie star) to make a big entrance. He ran on stage and took the mic with a vicious grab. *Hugh* being the show man he is did the shooting the imaginary rifle into the crowd.

They played a slightly heavy set to the full dance floor. Some people wanted to hear there old song *Cemetery*. They thought they would be left with out that song when the band left the stage but they came back for a three song encore finishing with *Cemetery*.

In all I really liked both bands and it was well worth the five dollars.

Foreign film review

By David Macdonald

Swept Away is an Italian film made in 1974, and the plot in short deals mainly with the conflicts, both political and romantic, between a capitalist woman and the communist deckhand who works in the yacht that the woman's husband owns. One evening, the woman orders the worker to take her out for a swim just as sunset is approaching. Of course as fate would have it, the small motorboat that he uses to take her out to sea breaks down and they are left floating further and further out to sea until they land in a small deserted island. Over time they create an almost primitive way of life, away from the trappings of capitalism until they are rescued.

This is the short version of the review. The long version begins with the fact that this film is the work of an at least slightly unhinged mind, whose owner is none other than the director Lina Wertmuller. This is quite a nasty, and undesirable little film, and it's quite creepy when you realize there is a woman sitting in the director's chair: the point of this movie seems to be that capitalism is corrupt (of course) and the woman is represented as nothing more than self-centered, whiny, and intellectually and sexually filthy, despite (again, of course) her stunning good looks. So of course on this island she gets what's coming to her. Oh boy, does she ever!!! All those TV-movies that deal with domestic abuse have nothing on this display. Throughout the entire deserted island sequence, she gets slapped, she gets her hair pulled, she almost gets raped, and so on and so forth, all for the sake of "teaching" her that capitalism has made her into some sort of amoral freak! Okay!!

I suppose that I was supposed to be doubled over in laughter because after all this abuse, after being insulted for everything from using "big words" to having apparently extensive sexual knowledge, she couldn't take it anymore and let herself be reduced to washing his underwear and praising him as if he were a god. Well, I was doubling over: in the process of nausea.

Well, I suppose this was sort of a novelty of sorts in 1974, which is where the Academy Award comes in. And, no, that last sentence is not the work of a supremely bad editing job. Lina Wertmuller was the very first (and until Jane Campion for *The Piano*, the ONLY) woman ever to be nominated in the Best Director category. I suppose the fact that a woman dared to make films like this was enough to merit nominations at the time, although in hindsight it was perhaps a bit too hasty, and that also goes for the Leonard Maltin video guide, which still gives this film the classic rating. Interesting, since besides being mean, it is overbearing and one-dimensional to the max. Really, there were only two good things about this: the Italian scenery was great, and that the woman does indeed have stunning good looks. But of course the whole film treats her like crap, so even that is not a recommendation, so therefore, one good thing equals one star.

By the way, if you don't believe a film regarded as a classic could be this nasty, both That's Entertainment locations have a copy. Don't say I didn't warn you. Rating:*

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