



Mother”), and with costumes by Bob
 Although the film doesn’t show you
 tire play—just bits and pieces of
 —it lets viewers who missed its
 ay run feel like they got a chance to
 it anyway, especially the joy and
 r of seeing Burnett strut her stuff.
 ne documentary also does is give ordi-
 lks the chance to witness how much
 ve and money goes into getting a play
 running, withstanding preview audi-
 nd critics, and finally getting a real,
 ying audience along the way. It’s espe-
 ascinating to see how differently the
 , playwright, producers and actors
 et what is and isn’t working in the play
 tching it all get ironed out as they
 write and drop jokes, change the stag-
 d even the timing and delivery of dia-
 One of the film’s most captivating seg-
 ven catches a technical snafu and how
 to Burnett entertaining a rapt preview
 e with her signature impromptu Q-
 (including a Tarzan yell) while back-
 crew is working feverishly to fix a bro-
 uch that controls part of the set. This
 mplishes the three things any good
 ntary must do: it entertains, informs
 otionally involves viewers in its sub-
 urnal. For Burnett fans and theatre
 t is a must-see.

—L.M.

a
Los Angeles County Museum of Art
h 21

erative effects of liberated behavior are
 uly scrutinized in Richard Lester’s
 e revolutionary 1968 drama about an
 isible kook (in one of Julie Christie’s
 roles), the divorced doctor she loves



but can’t have (effectively understated work
 by George C. Scott), and the abusive husband
 she can’t leave (a frighteningly unstable por-
 trayal by Richard Chamberlain). The frag-
 mented subconscious images and elliptical
 narrative merge into a compelling if overly
 cerebral character study that seriously ques-
 tions the 1960s values of peace and love. Of all
 the movies that have examined interpersonal
 alienation and the problems of commitment,
 “Petulia” has fresh perceptions that seem less
 dated and more immediate than most of them.
 Maybe it seemed too fashionably mod and chic
 at the time, but its unique, insightful humani-
 ty makes it seem timeless.

—Dale Winogura

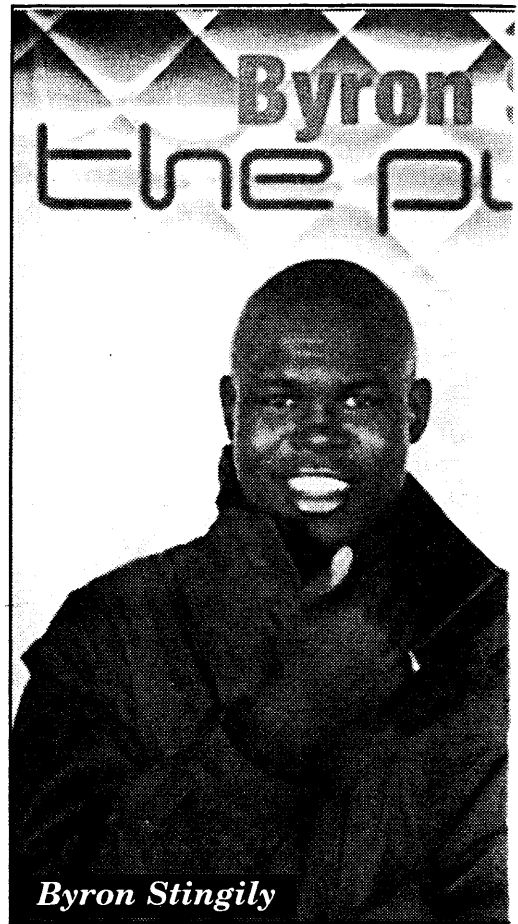
MUSIC

Spyce

“Music for Seduction, Vol. 1”

Underdog II Productions

Everyone wants to be seduced: by a poem, by
 an idea, by a lover. Music also has the power
 to seduce, and, equally, the power to repel
 (where is Anita Bryant these days, anyway?).
 Barbara McFadden (a.k.a. Spyce) is a sort of
 Earth Mother with a kinky streak: think
 Mother Theresa meets Germaine Greer.
 Inside the cover notes are her sweet observa-
 tions—some would call them platitudes—
 about treating everyone with respect, regard-
 less of race, sex, religion or “lifestyle.” It’s easy
 enough in our cynical society to write this off
 with a “Thanks Babs,” but she’s sincere in her
 beliefs and that conviction crosses over to her
 music. This wordless compilation is meant to
 entice your significant other into a state of
 ultimate and all-consuming passion. And you
 thought that’s what the wine was for, right?



Byron Stingily

The hefty dance beats propel this soundtrack
 for sex, but the ambient textures buffer the
 sharp edges usually associated with house
 and tribal music. These nine songs chart an
 evening’s worth of lovemaking, from the ini-
 tial excitement (“Dance of the Mystics”) to
 the heat of the “deed” (the bustling
 “Til the Morning Comes”), and finally, the nat-
 ural high of afterglow (“Joy” and “Lust &
 Love”). Throw in a few tracks for those drawn
 to the dark side of the sensual force (“For
 Play” and “Taboo”) and you have the perfect
 companion for a crackling fireplace, a
 bearskin rug and that special someone gazing
 at you across the pillows.

—Darren McInnes

Byron Stingily

“The Purist”

Nervous

It’s finally here, the one we’ve waited for with
 hair-curling anticipation. Byron Stingily, lead
 singer of the seminal house band, Ten City,
 has released his solo debut, “The Purist,”
 more than a year after he re-emerged with the
 massive club hit, “Get Up.” This will surely go
 down as the finest dance record of 1998, and
 one of the best this decade. All the singles are
 here, including the sweeping, string-laden
 “Flying High,” and the booming “Sing a Song.”
 Coinciding with the album’s release is the
 release of “You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real),”
 his cover of the disco classic by Sylvester, a
 singer whose soaring falsetto Stingily’s own

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