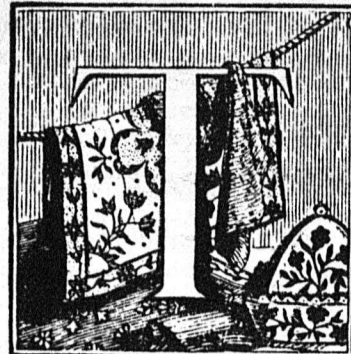


t h e



bluebeard (or bust)

Nathalie Delon bares her nipples, Joey Heatherton bares her nipples. In fact, everyone in "Bluebeard" reveals her pectoral charms - everyone, that is, except Raquel Welch. Whatta cock-tease that Raquel is! She has been in one "sexploi" film after another; initiated a wave of wet dreams in the minds of North American males - yet for all that magnificent cleavage she has shown in her sundry cinematic endeavours, movie-goers have yet to see her reveal her nipples. I am certain there are film freex who constantly seek out a Raquel Welch film in the expectation that she will finally bare all: they are caught in a pernicious web of rising expectations. Time and time again they have been disappointed: hopefully, for the sake of their own sanity, they will soon abandon Raquel in favor of having their erotic fantasies realized by another buxom starlet.

As for other aspects of "Bluebeard" let me say that it fulfills the artistic criterion of being so incredibly horrendous in intent and content that, in the final analysis, it attains a perverse quality of greatness.

There was a time when Richard Burton was considered one of film's best English-speaking actors: in "Bluebeard" he dons a Hungarian-German-Albanian-Honduran accent which provides more yuks than a - um - barrelful of monkeys. Accordingly, I can hardly wait to see and hear him as Trotsky in Joseph Losey's upcoming "Assassination of Leon Trotsky". As for Joey Heatherton, she realizes the potential she first showed on "The Dean Martin Show": her performance in "Bluebeard" is definitely of Oscar calibre. She screams especially well.

Psychologically speaking, the film explores a series of truly bizarre connections between Momism, sexual impotency and fascism. Did you know that Hitler was minus his left testicle?

Anyhow...we film critics are like shock troopers; we risk the abuse of our aesthetic sensibility by such films as "Bluebeard" in order to rescue the potential viewer from making a bad financial and time-consuming investment. In other words, avoid "Bluebeard"; in fact, run it out of town on the rails.

Jim 'Bozo' Adams



ROBERT RALPH CARMICHAEL

bob petersen concert

I first heard of Robert Petersen through my sister, who, one evening in the middle of one of the Edmonton Folk Club's wild hootenannies, where everyone was singing and having a good time, insisted that this young kid sing one of his own songs. The song he sang was a soft one, all about getting back to the land, and I really didn't like it very much.

The second time I heard him was at a country and western workshop up at RATT; once again, he didn't fit in. Then I heard him at the folk club's Canadian Songwriter's workshop. There Robert made enough of an impression on me that I thought I would go to see his concert at M.E. Lazerte High School (last Thursday night) where he is a grade 11 student.

I am now convinced that Robert Petersen, even at his young age of 15 years, may be one of the best musicians to come out of Edmonton in a long time. His songs are great-especially his melodies. They seem to go beyond the usual major or minor progressions most commonly used in popular songs-yet they are, in a sense, quite melodic. His guitar playing is very smooth, particularly when he finger picks. His piano playing is tremendous; his style is quite individualistic, in some ways resembling Bruce Cockburn's only more complex. The songs utilizing piano have several counter-melodies going on at once, all of them almost oblivious to the melody that he is singing. And some of his chord progressions-I can't think of any popular writer to even compare them with.

Some of the highlights of the M.E. Lazerte performance were Workingman Blues, Song for Billy Pilgrim (which he wrote after reading Slaughterhouse 5), a tune that started with a weird atonal piano riff, a Randy Newman tune (Memo to My Son), and, my favorite of them all, Nova Scotia Girl. Some other interesting parts of the concert were a trio for guitar, flute, and violin, that seemed to be very competently put together. Halfway through the concert he brought out a bass guitarist and a drummer (and a 2nd acoustic guitar-but he only stayed for one song)-none of whom really added that much to the performance.

If Robert Petersen were to be criticized for anything, it might be his lyrics, some of which are a bit forced. But that's something that will improve as he gets older and experiences more. More important than the quality of his lyrics, however, is the excellent way he is able to combine them with the music, so that even if they don't make great poetry, they still make good songs.

I have absolutely no doubt that if Robert Petersen keeps practicing as hard as he is, he is going to make quite an impression in the Canadian music scene.

Larry Saidman

studio theatre

Peter Ustinov's "Unknown Soldier and his Wife" is an intelligent, literate comedy, gifted with wit and sardonic humour. If there is a distinguishing virtue in Ustinov's work in general, it is his reluctance to treat serious things seriously; not because he is a frivolous man, but because he is a humane one. Dogma is rather de-humanizing, he feels; it turns Jack into not only a dull boy but a pretty inhuman creature. If Ustinov had his way, all wars would be run on a point system, with maximum points going to the last general to cross the finish-line in a three-legged race with his favourite mistress.

The play romps merrily through the pages of history, from the days of Imperial Rome, observing the recurring fact that it is always the same poor devil who gets stuck with the bill for history's wars. The culprits - the zealots and fanatics of Church and State - are treated as clowns, not criminals. As the Rebel exclaims when he surprises the Archbishop attempting to exorcise the Soldier's Wife: "It's amazing how many religious urges lie at the source of purely secular acts."

Studio Theatre's production opens Thursday, December 7th, and plays each evening, except Sunday, until Saturday, December 16th. Performances start at 8:30 p.m. There are matinees each Saturday, commencing at 2:30.

The box-office opens Thursday, November 30th, at Corbett Hall, 82 Ave. & 112 St. Tickets are free to University students; the price is \$2.50 for the general public. Phone 433-3265.

never a
dull
moment

It seems a bit useless reviewing a Rod Stewart album because no matter what one says it will sell a million by the time it reaches your local dealer anyway. This is a pity actually since "Never A Dull Moment" is Rod Stewart's least deserving effort. Certainly he is nothing short of a genius in the music he executes but with this release Rod has failed to come up with anything fresh and interesting. He knows how that he can keep the money rolling in if he remains within the "Rod Stewart Patented Plateau of Music" and doesn't stray too close to the edges. Unfortunately the edges are beginning to fray.

The best cut on the album is Rod's version of Hendrix's "Angel". Stewart is a master of taking already familiar tunes and putting his own undeniable stamp upon them. ("Country Comforts" by Elton John and Dylan's "Only A Hobo", both from "Gasoline Alley", are prime examples). With "Angel" Rod Stewart has mastered a song most musicians would have thought too big to chew.

Overall, though, the LP is an immense disappointment and if it were in my power I'd relabel the album as "Always A Dull Moment".

Lawrence Wilkie

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