

the ARTS

Goat's Head Soup

Thanks to foreign correspondent, Don Hunt, we were able to get the new Rolling Stone album, *Goat's Head Soup*, before its Canadian release. Recorded in Jamaica, this album has been influenced by the Kingston culture. Side one has evidence of voodoo incantations, especially in the opening cut, *Dancing With Mr. D.* 'D' as in death. This track is surrounded by a cloud of gloom, the rhythm is pounding, accompanied by a haunting, repetitive chorus of "dancing, dancing, dancing." The lyrics are very pessimistic ("He never smiles, His mouth never twists, The breath in my lungs is clammy and thick.")

100 Years Ago, the next song is entirely different in its mood, from the former. While the first is gloomy, the second has almost bittersweet overtones. It speaks of a better world, a world that "smelled sweet and strange." They question growing up, "isn't it sometimes wiser not to grow up?" Jagger's vocals are raspy, singing in a way calculated to send chills down your spine; towards the end we are graced with a driving Richards' solo and sledgehammer drumming by Watts.

Coming Down Again, is a boring country-musical piece, except for the sax interlude by Bobby Keys and Jim Price, which is tastefully done.

Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker), is a proto-type Stones song. With the machine gun blast of bass lines and guitar supplied with punchy vocals, not forgetting the dual horns of Keys/Price with the chorus touching the upper levels of heaven; this song is an accomplished rocker.

The album's only move to a classic is *Angie*. The song is written about David Bowie's wife, Angie. Richard unfurls a slow beautiful, opening pick which sets the tempo for the remainder of the song. *Angie* is a beautiful song, both lyrically and melodically. Nicky Hopkins is on piano, with lulling vocals by Jagger. It displays a guitar side of the Stones which we have not seen since the days of *Wild Horses*.

Opening side two, *Silver Train* yanks you into its locomotion full tilt and never lets up from there. Richard's solos get tighter and cleaner with each lick he plays.

Hide Your Love, is a well disguised blues tune, which contains a mellow but not quiet side of the band.

The next song, we find the Stone's interpretation of *Winter*. The dreary lyrics, backed by nothing more than adequate instrumentation results in a drawn out, monotonous, knock-down, drag-em-out song and a generally poor musical interpretation of the season.

Star Star is a great rock'n roll track. The band here is good with Jagger again in the spotlight. His performance here is among the finest he's graced us in a long time. Once again we find, that almost infamous Stone trademark...their chorus. In *Star Star*, Mick J. and Keith harmonize on the chorus (Starfucker, Starfucker, Star!).

Goat's Head Soup is a great album. The show is all Mick's, spreading the guts of his voice all over your ear. Watts' drumming is superlative. As for Keith, Bill and Mick T., their performance comes off as subdued. Wyman and Mick T. have never been front men, but they fulfill their supporting roles admirably. As for Keith, with the exceptions of a few slashing solos and lethal chord progressions, he remains in the background. Together, the five are dynamite. There's going to be some songs you like and some songs you don't like, but overall *Goat's Head Soup* is a refreshing album. Long live the greatest rock'n roll band ever!

P.S. We thank Judy for her spiritual guidance on this review.

Scott Ballentine
Kent Richardson



Bob Chelmick, Tommy Banks and Pierre Hetu (left to right) participate in Forum Friday night.

Forty carats is a rich rhinestone

Forty Carats is a light-hearted, feather-brained, French Boulevard comedy which was originally concocted by two Frenchmen by the names of Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy. By the time adapter Jay Presson Allen had finished tampering with it, *Forty Carats* was as American as the *Dick Van Dyke Show*.

The plot as is usual with light comedy, is all highly improbable. A forty-year old career woman meets a twenty-two year old boy on a Greek island and is persuaded by the powers and promise of youth to indulge in a brief romantic fling. After having returned to her business in New York she is shattered to find her young lover is dating her seventeen year old daughter. The earlier flame comes back to full blaze and the young man determines to marry the mother. The daughter meanwhile becomes enamored of a forty-five year old client of her mothers and they want to marry. Between this jumble of lovers comes a character in the role of ex-husband. He is still hanging around, is still captivating, and presumably still is in love. After some brief flustering about whatever would people say, the marriages proceed in the best fairy tale manner.

Miss Allen's script consists of a barrage of episodic scenes, each of which culminates with impossible gag-lines. The action is all very canned and improbable. The characters are made up of pure plasticene.

In spite of all these problems *Walterdale* still manages to come up with a pleasant evening's entertainment. Chief among the reasons for this was the general gusto level of the company. The play opened on a slightly hysterical note but this was soon rectified once the characters had been introduced and the main action of the play got underway. The cast proved adept at coping with the plays scatter-gun episodic pattern. They were not nearly so successful in handling some of the rather pathetic curtain lines like: "Would you like to move a little further out of town...? Like Cleveland!"

Sherril DeMarco tackled the trying part of Ann Stanley, the forty carats of the title. Ms. DeMarco found at times a precision of expression which perfectly captured the forty-year old woman who is well-preserved, an accomplished business woman, twice divorced, and the mother of an adventuresome seventeen year old daughter. At those times when Ms. DeMarco did not succeed the plasticity of the authors creation came shining through. One of the things that makes the role of Ann Stanley difficult to play is that the part has been created to serve the jokes which have been so lovingly strung together by the authors. Its not surprising Ms. DeMarco has her bad moments, there are a lot of bad lines and very little help is to be had from the plot. Her characterization begins to lose its warmth and wholeness towards the end as

the resolution continues to evolve ever further into the realm of improbability.

Bryan Westerman is a nice, pleasant person as Peter Latham but is rather dull. His enthusiasm is rather subdued and not enough to convince one that he would be good enough to persuade a forty year old woman to marry him. The nature of his sophistication is that he is stuffy but casual. He has the careful polish of a private school veneer. Hardly the man of the world type. As Peter he was touched with a little too much humility. This is no great quibble since the plots essential improbabilities do not make this humility a liability. Mr. Westerman carries on with a cool confidence which serves him well enough.

Jim Dougal as Billy Boylan, the actor ex-husband, offers the most polished performance of the evening. At times the actor's personality is too postured and too much of a Miami Beach talk show circuit cliché, but there is a redeeming pinnacle about the character which makes the most of every line. There is a vaudevillian liveliness to Dougal's Boylan which gives an essentially plasticene portrait some unexpected life.

Freda de Branscoville is strangely charming as Granny Maud. There is at times a grating hysterical note about her performance which is nonetheless quite spirited and jovial for all that.

Shirley Bedry turns in a near perfect Eileen Heckart imitation as Margolin, the secretary with the iron-plated heart of gold. Shelly Superstien is as much as anyone would need in the part of Trina Stanley. She is there simply to provoke reactionary comment from the plays older generation. This she does with abandon.

Joe Vassos has wrung a good deal of simple fun from a rather creaky comedy. He has been able to do this by approaching the play from an unpretentious point of view. Having accepted the limits of the play he has concentrated on making it live up to its promise. Vassos keeps the pace brisk and the action uncluttered. He has underlined every joke, feeble as they may be, and not tried to manufacture visual slap-stick to compensate for the play's inadequacies. Vassos has obviously spent a good deal of time with the actors in the smaller parts since most are performed with a higher than usual calibre of completeness.

The set and costumes for this production are rather remarkable for their apparent lavishness. The episodic nature of the play is smartly underlined by a constant fashion parade of costume changes. The decor bespeaks what one would call a well-appointed apartment which still doesn't reek of money.

Walterdale's production of *Forty Carats* runs until October 13. The play is not a work of art but as a labor of community love it is a worthwhile evening's pleasant entertainment. The production is a cut above the general level of amateur performances. I'm looking forward to their upcoming production of *Joe Egg* which will be opening on November 13. It's best to get your tickets early. Walterdale does a good business in spite of its awkward location.

Pepusch-mime artist

Studio Theatre takes pleasure in announcing a single performance by the celebrated mime, PEPUSCH, at the Studio Theatre in Corbett Hall, Saturday, October 13th, at 8:30. Since 1966, this original and engaging artist has undertaken one-man-tours throughout practically every country in Europe. He has made television

appearances in seven countries, and German television recently produced a portrait dedicated to his work, with film-clips from his programs. He is a perfectionist, with an amazing musical flow to his mime. His themes are perennial and universal, but he sets them in contemporary contexts. His concern with modern problems, transmitted through this ancient art, is of particular interest to young people. PEPUSCH is currently on a North American tour.

Born in Heidelberg in 1941, PEPUSCH performed at local fairs until 1962 when he began studying stage-direction at the Folkwanghochschule in Essen, and mime with Jacques Lecoq in Paris. In addition to spending several months of each year touring, he is also a well-known teacher of mime, and director of the principal theatre in Gottingen, Germany. In the autumn of 1969, he made his first African tour under the auspices of the Goethe-Institute of Munich, visiting 14 countries of Central, West and East Africa, including Nigeria, Togo, Zaire, Ghana, Senegal, Niger and the Ivory Coast.

Tickets, priced at \$2.50 (or \$1.50 to University students), are available in Room 3-146 of the Fine Arts Centre, on the University campus at 112 St. & 89 Ave. Reservations by calling 432-1495, weekdays from 9 to 12 and 1 to 4.

Harry in Your Pocket

The thought of *Harry in Your Pocket* having left the Rialto is hardly sufficient to induce melancholia but it was a curious film which possibly deserved a little more serious attention than it managed to garner.

Ostensibly an adventure into the world of the pickpocket it nonetheless espoused some old fashioned craftsman laments. It seems that even the quality of today's pickpockets has gone down desperately. Today's dips are a mere shadow of the former

legendary greats in the pickpocket pantheon. Its hard for an up and coming young thief to get a good education in his chosen profession. There are so few of the old ones left to pass the tradition on. The old lament that the new generation just doesn't have the patience or the burning ambition to become a great cannon, a number one pickpocket.

Michael Sarrazin and Trish Van deVere form an uneasy alliance with old pros Walter Pidgeon and James Coburn.

Pidgeon and Coburn set up a cozy little team. Pidgeon pin points the mark with the big money and Coburn's deft fingers relieve the mark of an unsightly bulge in his pocket. Coburn then passes the spoils to Sarrazin or Pidgeon thus fulfilling Harry's Law: Harry never holds. Van deVere works as the stall. She displays herself in an appropriate manner to provide a distraction to the marks. The marks are subjected to painless surgery. They smile all the way to the poorhouse.

The elder partners undertake the education of Sarrazin and Van deVere and soon generate a couple of accomplished thieves. After a while mere competence is not enough and Sarrazin persuades Pidgeon to give him what might be called masters class lessons. Sarrazin begins to eye the moment when he will take the girl and strike off on his own as a master of the craft of dipping.

Harry In Your Pocket simply chronicles the rise and fall of some talented thieves.

The driving idea of the film seems to be based on the peculiar notion that having your pocket picked is an amusing thing. A gang gets together and by pooling their talents and the fruits of experience with the eagerness and natural dexterity of youth they form a highly profitable and comfortable enterprise. It is not until the excitement of big time pocket picking wears off and Van

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