

Wrack 'n Roll

by Alex Varty

I'm sure that quite a few of the survivors of last winter's campus carnage can remember the two concerts given by Jesse Winchester. I made it to both of them, and while true that the music was at times rough or "unprofessional", I certainly did enjoy myself. Winchester writes great sing-along country rock tunes, which he features in his live shows, and also does some very beautiful ballads, usually about his native southern U.S.A.

Jesse's third album [LEARN TO LOVE IT] [Bearsville BR6953] is the most eclectic of his three issues to date. Besides the ballads and rockers, he includes a couple of tunes sung in French [with a Tennessee accent!], a gospel spoof, an acappella piece and a plug for Pierre Trudeau which turns a rather listenable traditional number into crap. Other than that cut, though, the record is just the thing to close those late nights everyone's been keeping lately. Oh yeah, "THIRD RATE ROMANCE" is the best sleazy motel song since "Heartbreak Hotel."

All the Allman Brothers fiends around Fredsville might be interested in Elvin Bishop's LET IT FLOW album. Bishop used to play lead with Paul Butterfield way back when the Butter band was exciting. Elvin still acquits himself well on lead and slide: LET IT FLOW may not be fantastic but it's a good party record and contains one great number, "Travelin' Shoes". Dickie Betts steps in for a few riffs, and naturally the cut just soars. However, Bishop should really restrict himself to covering other people's songs. The lyrics for his own tunes are TERRIBLE. I guess that it takes a Randy Newman to write an original blues lyric these days, so the best procedure is just to forget the words and dance.

Finally, if you're more interested in sophisticated words and difficult rhythms than in 4-4 funk, Sparks has a new record out. A few words of caution: listen to the record about four times before making any decisions on its aesthetic values. On first hearing I was disappointed, the second hearing got my attention to the vocals and lyrics, now I find "KIMONO MY HOUSE" to be almost as challenging as, say, any of Zappa's better works.

Immediate comparisons are in order with David Bowie and amped-up Marlene Dietrich; the closest parallel seems to be Rony Musics enchanting insanity. Ron Mael is a more concise lyricist than Bryan Ferry [no mean feat] and little brother Russell has the original castrato-rock voice.

Any of the reviewers who've been knocking this band's vocal abilities should listen carefully to the choral parts on "Talent is an Asset". The music runs between Bowie and Yes; that is; complex but quite rocking. But again, you have to be both patient and quick to appreciate this record. I'm going to be playing it again and again just to decipher the words.

In local musical scenes, Valdy with Bruce Miller and Soma with Nasonworth will be featured at the Playhouse [on the 9th and 12th respectively] and a number of excellent groups are making the rounds on the club circuit. Some time this month I'll get around to reviewing all the local groups, but for now that's enough, OK!?



Atwood's reading was slick

By KATHY LEWIS

Appearing at U.N.B. last Friday evening was Margaret Atwood, one of Canada's most published poets. She gave a reading of her newest, as well as some of her more established poems, in Memorial Hall.

Audience turnout was much greater than expected - so great in fact that the Arts Centre Studio was soon overpacked and the audience moved to the auditorium. This too was quickly filled, including the extra seats in the balcony.

Atwood's reading was slick. She has been there before and showed very little enthusiasm for either her poems or her audience. Curt comments on the incidental

absence of a well-functioning microphone and a glass of water, "the only things I require for my readings" as she put it, did not help to establish a sympathetic rapport with her large audience.

The reading was short, under an hour long. Atwood complained of the heat and that trying to project her voice to the back of the auditorium with out a mike was "killing" her.

She admitted, during the brief question period following the reading, that she is not an "actor" and belongs rather to the school of poetry readers whose main intent is to get the "words" across and let the listener reconstruct the poem in his or her own mind.

This is what Friday evening's audience did, for the poems she

read, especially the two "cheerfully" ironic pieces from *Power Politics*, were well received.

Aside from these, and several selections with appropriate Maritime overtones, most of the poems read were from her latest collection entitled *You Are Happy*. She was not.

Margaret Atwood's reading was the first in this year's Atlantic Universities Reading Council Series sponsored at U.N.B. by the Creative Arts Committee. The second in the series will be a reading by Al Purdy and will take place at 8:00 p.m. on Friday, November 18th at the Arts Centre, Memorial Hall. Three further readings by touring Canadian poets, yet to be announced, are foreseen second term to complete the 1974-75 series.

A short review of bananas



By FORREST ORSER
SAINT JOHN CORRESPONDENT

Bananas are usually yellow, unless they're some other colour, such as green from being very ripe, black from being far too ripe or blue from being dipped in ink.

They are usually shaped something like a half moon, if you look at them from the proper angle. Due to lack of space, I will not be able to elaborate on other possible shapes of bananas, but for those who are interested, any good book on bananas should prove very useful. It may be that some readers are failing to grasp the seriousness of this review. That undoubtedly is due to the fact that they have little idea how a newspaper is put together.

The possibility of a shortage of material for this week's BRUNSWICKAN Inside section was observed Wednesday night by Inside Editor Miss Sheryl Wright. "I've only got one story," Miss Wright said, "and Wrack 'n Roll." Asked how many empty pages there were for this issue's Inside, Miss Wright replied that there was one.

To the observation by this reporter, that he could write something to fill up the space, Miss Wright said, "Oh, could you Forrest?"

Sure I could. Truthfully, I get pretty sick of writing news stories. "He said." "She said." "But you can very well say, "I said." And why not? Most of the dingbats I interview don't have much to say anyway.

But of course, as you all know, it is not considered proper news style to express any personal opinion, or comment on the story. The good reporter must always be objective - news stories must not end: "I think Prime Minister Trudeau is a jackass."

Personal comments are not for news stories. We have editorials for that. Just ask any editor.

And while we're on the subject, pin ball is one of the most neglected arts of our time.

While many consider it a waste of time and money, those who have considered the subject in a serious manner realize that it in fact is a

complex metaphor for the true nature of human reality.

If you are one of those who feel a pinball's flashing lights, buzzing buzzers, powerful bouncing bumpers, - to say nothing of drop targets - are not a reflection of the way we live in the Twentieth Century, look around you the next time you're downtown during rush hour.

But enough of all this, Miss Wright wants to get through early tonight so she can go home and watch "Oliver" on Channel 9. She likes musicals, for some reason. So the sooner I get this thing done, the sooner she can get home.

At least she can't fire me. Not that it was ever very probable any reporter would get fired for less than defecating on the publisher's desk. At least that's what I am hoping. If simple incompetence would do it, I don't know how long I'd last.

It's been my experience that newspapers are usually too understaffed to fire anyone, even if they can't spell "comming."

Now, concerning bananas, they are a favourite food of monkeys, apes, and similar animals. Some humans are also fond of them. In fact the current demand for bananas is so great that many banana plantations have had to expand their acreage to supply banana lovers with this yellow, quarter moon shaped food. And more workers have often been hired at harvest time to help dig them out of the ground.

Paid by the barrel, these banana diggers work from dawn to dusk in the hot sun, digging constantly, filling barrel after barrel, to supply the world with bananas.

I don't really like bananas much. They give me gas.

Another factor involved in the creation of this review, is the fact that I've been writing obituaries and rewriting press releases for about a month now, even getting paid for it (not much like the old BRUNS). I've also done a dozen or so stories, and haven't got a byline yet. Which I guess is the normal situation, but I personally have a great fondness for bylines. "By Forrest Orser" - looks good doesn't it? Well whether it does or not, I'm

a hopeless egotist, with enough courage to admit it. And why not? If I'm not going to be egotistical, no one else is going to do it for me.

Does anyone know why people smoke cigarettes? If so, please write me care of the BRUNS. I'll get your letter sooner or later. I figure if I can figure out why I smoke, I'll be able to quit.

I think I'd like to quit smoking; I've done it a number of times. Aside from saving my lungs, I'd save a lot on money. And the less money you spend, the less you have to work. Which is another thing I'd like to quit.

But I do like going down to the press room to get the papers for the news room, right after the press starts. That press is really something - great big mother, rolling in paper and churning out newspapers, going faster and faster, sounding like the S. S. Enterprise on "Star Trek" going into warp 10. Only instead of going farther into outer space, it's running off thousands of obituaries and rewrites. But you can't have everything.

In conclusion I'd like to say that bananas are alright if you like them. They are a very complex subject, but I've tried to cover the important points in this review. If you have any other questions on the subject, any good book on bananas should prove very useful.

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