

# SPINNING DISCS

By RICK BASTON

Los Cochinos — Cheech and Chong  
Personnel — Cheech and Chong  
Rating — Why?

Comments: Hey man! Like man I know these cool cats man, and they put out these really cool albums, man. There all about hippies man, and can you dig them, man, they're hippies too, man. Man like this is their third album man and man, like man, it's just more of the same, man.

Yeah man, dig man, like there's "Man and Pedro at the drive-in" man; and it's really cool man. They got two dudes stuck in their trunk man and even though it's too long man, I still dug it man.

The best part man was "Basketball Jones", man. I mean man, it's a gas man, outta sight man. Just listening to that genuine imitation voice man it's great man. It's real soulsville man. I think Cheech and Chong are real funny man; wanna pass me that roach man; I'm comin back to earth man.

Personnel: Carole King piano, vocals; Charlie Larkey bass; David T. Walker, guitar; Harvey Mason, drums; etc.

Rating: Good  
Comments: After last year's downer of the year album, Rhymes and Reasons, Carole King has changed and given us a good solid album of easy listening music.

The one problem with this album, though, is the preachiness of it. There are songs like "Haywood" "Welfare Symphony", that try and preach the evils of junk and degrading process of welfare. There are songs like "Fantasy Beginning" and "Fantasy Ending" which try and tell us, in a very commercial way that Carole King is baring her soul to us. Nice try, Carole, but I don't buy it.

However, the whole album isn't entirely like this; there are some very excellent love songs and sad songs. These are done with all the great grace that all Carole King's songs have. Songs like "You Light Up My Life" and "Weekdays" are soft and tender.

The whole feeling of the album is one of niceness, mixed with commerciality that doesn't quite make it. Well that's the column for this week. I'd like to thank the UNB Bookstore for the Cheech and Chong album; and the Carole King album is from my collection. I'd also like to thank Keith MacManus for the loan of his typewriter, as mine is on the fritz again.

## 'Gallery Theatre' to present show

Gallery Theatre, a new and exciting venture between the visual and performing arts, has been brought about by the collaboration of Theatre New Brunswick, the Art Department of the NB Museum, and the Creative Arts Committee of UNB and STU.

Gallery Theatre is the new way of presenting drama in art galleries for the purpose of co-ordinating response from theatre goers and art gallery goers simultaneously.

On Sunday night, November 18th, Gallery Theatre will present

"Krapp's Last Tape" by Irish novelist and playwright Samuel Beckett and starring Terrence G. Ross in the UNB Art Centre in Memorial Hall at 8:00 p.m. It will also be presented in the King George VI Gallery of the NB Museum (Nov. 19th & 20th) and at the Confederation Art Gallery, Charlottetown, PEI (Nov. 21st & 22nd).

Admission is free, but seating is limited. It is hoped that in the near future Gallery Theatre will be presenting many more exciting productions in art galleries throughout the Atlantic Provinces.



# the last tango in paris

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

A Flying F... at a Rollin' Doughnut - (tentative title)  
A screwy title for a screwy movie. And you ain't seen nothin' yet.

It's strictly a movie for those of you who are presently hard up for excitement. And I mean desperately so. There wasn't two cents worth of interesting dialogue and the monologues were of even poorer taste. As for the voyeur part of it, well...ever since Playboy decided there was more to a sexy broad than curvy backs and big boobs, I think most of you can look at Maria Schneider without blinking.

It's the same ol'plot of 'boy meets girl and they screw a lot' except that the 'boy' is well over forty and not your regular 'Mister Nice Guy'. The 'girl' is just that. Barely 20, she shows the intellect of a decapitated cuckoo bird, but she does have a relatively pleasant sense of humour. As for the nitty-gritty of the relationship, you can imagine what such a combination can produce.

Who are they? Why are they here? What's their intention? Why do they keep coming back to this very drab and unfurnished washrooms, lavatories and other apartment? So many questions that are left partially unanswered.

So many acts unexplained. A strong sense of futility and despair. A waste of time.

I have to admit, at this point, that I didn't expect too much of 'Last Tango in Paris' and that I went along just out of curiosity (which is the only reason they bother with such movies these days). So anything that was even slightly interesting came across as 'good'. I'm thinking of the scene where the couple decides to 'come without touching' and sit there in their birthday gear thinking themselves to come: (she) "...it's not working!" (he) "...you're not trying hard enough, now think HARDER!". And there they are, grimacing like six year olds, and thinking very HARD. Need I say where that got (or didn't get) them?

Marlon Brando's portrayal of the frustrated and disillusioned 'old man' whose wife has recently committed suicide, leaves a bit to be desired. It's too shabby, too loose, too boring, too distasteful. He doesn't seem to be able to discourse on anything other than the kind of bodily functions, in both humans and animals, that before Brando were mostly restricted to very drab and unfurnished washrooms, lavatories and other apartment? So many questions that are left partially unanswered.

thinks otherwise.

His speech, as usual, is slurred-plus-plus, except when he screams (a scene that cannot go unnoticed). He cannot convince because he believes in his own justification. He doesn't owe any explanations because there aren't any. Fine for him, I say, but it does not make for very good audience participation. It makes for a Rip-off movie as indeed it was.

As for Maria Schneider, all I can say for her is that she wasn't given much of a script to work with and that she did manage to pull off a half decent portrayal of the childish-but-not-so-innocent bed-mate of the aggressively horny 'old man'. The accent, the chubby, pixie face, the thick mane of very red curly hair, the bohemian-type clothes and the over-ripe, sensuous but not sexy, body - she knew how to use them and she did so with sufficient good taste. A good point in her favour.

An odd couple, no story (just another series of events), a lot of brutal and selfish sex, a truckload of foul language and generally meaningless and useless 'dialogue' that's all there was to that movie that 'everyone' is talking about. A Flying F... at a Rollin' Doughnut Too Bad!

# Wrack and Roll

record reviews

By ALEX VARTY

Berlin, the third solo album from Lou Reed, is a perplexing but satisfying work. It is not, as RCA advertises, the "Sgt. Pepper of the seventies", but it is a complex album, with some of Reed's most powerful lyrics and vocals yet recorded. Berlin is a concept album of a kind, sort of an aural Warhol film of love, death and depravity expressed in ten connected but individual songs. Lyrically, the album reeks of Reed's obsessions with speed, paranoia and sado-masochism. As usual, some of the lyrics are immensely evocative and others merely sound out of place. However, that's part of Lou's vocal persona, and to make up for these irregularities he sings rather more musically than before. He's still not exactly Ian Matthews, though, but his chords do an effective job...

...Musically, the album is somber, lacking much of the raunch and, ahem, gaiety, that characterized Transformer. In the case of Berlin, though, somber does not mean dull, for Bob Ezrin's arrangements are both creatively lush and biting at the same time. Strings, brass and chorus are played off against ranging guitars and fervent rhythm work. Special credit must be given to Jack Bruce, whose savage bass provides much of the power of several cuts, and to Aynsley Dunbar, who must be one of the two or three best rock drummers ever. Side one is truly excellent throughout, especially Caroline Says and How Do You Think It Feels. Side two is very depressing, not because of any slackness of lyric or music, but because a mood of grief is sustained throughout...

...I'd definitely recommend this album to anyone who cares about

contemporary music, but with the caution that it should never ever be played at parties or gatherings of people with suicidal tendencies...

...On the other hand, the Marshall Tucker Band, like many new groups from the southern U.S., have a very pleasant and happy style of playing blues and country music, in the same sort of vein popularized by the Allman Brothers. Their debut album, on Capricorn records, displays their talents in a solid recording which, while not startling or tremendously innovative, can be played over and over again with sustained interest.

Pretty fine guitar and vocal work, plus some excellent keyboard and synthesizer work from session man Paul Hornsby. I'd recommend it for Allman fans and people who enjoy loud but flowing rock.

Usually the same people... One of the finest records that's come my way in the past two months has been Kevin Ayres' Bananamour. I got my copy from England, and I don't think that the album has been released here, but it's getting a lot of airplay in the States, so there's hope. Anyway, if you see it, buy it.

Suffice it to say that it contains some of the most amazing production that I've ever heard (better than Bowie!!), very interesting lyrics with just the right touch of levity, very professional and very English progressive rock, a delightfully raunchy parody of Joe Cocker, and a song about Syd Barrett. Not to mention the cover artwork and photo, which are both completely appropriate to the album and very amusing in their own right...

...In our Antiques and Curios department, we have a copy of Syd Barrett's first solo effort, The Madcap Laughs. For those of you

who don't know; shame on you; Syd founded Pink Floyd, led the band for Peter At The Gates of Dawn and some of A Saucerful of Secrets, and was then confined to an institution for a while. Look up the October issue of CREEM for more details. Anyway, I obtained this released-only-in-England album through very devious means (actually it came from Sam's in T.O.) and have been playing it daily for the past three weeks. Two or three cuts are godawfully bad, three or four cuts are amazing, and the rest are all quite fine. The record always leaves me with a mild sense of euphoria, a vague feeling of disconnection from reality, and reddish eyeballs...

...Look out for new records by David Bowie, J. Geils, Rick Derringer, Grateful Dead, Brian (Roxy Music) Ferry, and Loudon Wainwright. Sounds like fun... Thanks and heartfelt appreciations to Karen for The Madcap Laughs and Berlin, to Phil and Sub Towne for The Marshall Tucker Band, and to the Bruns, of course...

...Alex Varty will be reviewing records on a weekly basis after Christmas.

