

arts

dirty
linen

by Gordon Turtle

One warm evening this summer, I found myself at a party, (shall we say), which consisted largely of youths who had just finished high school in the previous spring. Now, this party reminded me of a long lineup for the big roller-coaster at Klondike Days, and, owing to the fact that I had little else to do, a friend and I decided to informally poll the lively bunch on their knowledge of contemporary music.

Well, my senses are still reeling. Do you believe that out of thirty eighteen and nineteen year olds, there was not one single solitary soul who could name the four Beatles? Ye Gods! the mind boggles! Less than two years older than these people, I can remember in minute detail the first appearance of the Beatles on television; in fact, it ranks right up there with where I was when John Kennedy was killed and the names of the members of the Apollo XI crew.

It was this shocking event which led me to the conclusion that a column of nostalgia-oriented content would prove

invaluable to *the Gateway*. Albeit wandering a bit, I will mostly concern myself with the years 1966-1971, and will attempt to provide enlightenment and jog memories about the arts during this half-decade.

Before my column begins in earnest, I think it wise to perhaps acquaint you with my tastes. Briefly, my favourite film directors of the period are Francois Truffaut, Lindsay Anderson, and, (of course) Bernardo Bertolucci; admired novelists include John Fowles, John Barth, and Mordecai Richler, my favourite actors are such notables as Terence Stamp, (what self-respecting student doesn't like Terence Stamp?), and Jean-Pierre Leaud; actresses I love are Genevieve Bujold, Julie Christie, and Dominique Sanda.

My list of important musicians would go on indefinitely, so I shall resist the urge: my leanings will become apparent in a matter of a few weeks.

Now that the nature of this column has been explained, prepare yourself for my next treatise: The Beatles.



Black Oak "symbol of virility," blast away metallic thunder to yielding audiences.

Black Oak Arkansas
blister thru setsby Rob Sokil
& Bruce Cline

On Thursday, September 30, the Kinsmen Fieldhouse was the stage for what promised to be a night of blasting rock and roll, with Styx, Montrose, and the headliners, Black Oak Arkansas. A crowd of just over 3,000 were on hand to witness some excellent hard-driving music from all three groups.

Chicago-based Styx were number three on the bill, and opened the show with a style that reflected a fusion between the heavy metal and pop factions within the group. Styx, with good harmonies from the vocalists, strong keyboard work from Dennis Deyoung, and fast and flashy lead playing from J.Y. Young, came out ready to rock the house down. However, even their most valiant attempts at inspiring the masses failed, and Styx seemed to be able to do little with the unresponsive audience that confronted them.

Bad acoustics, an innate difficulty with the Fieldhouse structure, wrought havoc on Showco, the sound crew from Dallas, Texas, and the opening songs of Styx were quite distorted. When Styx got around to "Lorelei," one of the few numbers recognized by the audience, the

sound problems seemed to be sorted out, and the live rendition of this hit single did justice to its studio counterpart. Styx finally did get the crowd to their feet with their closing song, "Midnight Riser."

Montrose were next to appear onstage, led by Ronnie Montrose, and minus bass player Alan Fitzgerald. In an interview after the concert, Montrose explained that he was used to working with four-man ensembles, and he was forced to drop the member of the group who seemed most expendable, in terms of retaining the original sound of the group. The band is very dependent upon Ronnie's lead work and writing ability for its impetus, and his dominance was in great evidence during their set, as Montrose returned the attention the crowd gave him by weaving some very intricate metal images laced with good acoustic guitar work (an area that Montrose mentioned that the band was trying to emphasize more in their recent album).

Although the people seemed to be enjoying the concert, they seemed somewhat reluctant to get involved with the groups onstage, remaining passive and indifferent towards the performances of the two warm-up bands. Sound problems were also in evidence at the beginning

of the Montrose act, but again the show progressed to its acoustics and sound system were analyzed and rectified.

Finally the backdrop was lowered, revealing a large, stylized array of the letters "B", "O", and "A", and out strutted Black Oak Arkansas. The crowd went on their feet for opening tune, Jim "Dandy" Mangrum, lead singer for Black Oak, who proceeded to display machismo seldom seen on a stage, prancing and cavorting about the stage with his chromed washboard in one hand, a microphone in the other. As Jim Dandy himself proclaimed, Black Oak "are the symbol of virility rock and roll," dealing with raw emotions of violence and "hot and nasty" sex. The crowd was brought to the brink of 'musical orgasm' time and time again, as Black Oak excited the with gravelly vocals and thundering guitar chords.

The band set a blistering pace of heavy metal rock early in the show, and kept it up to the very end, with every member contributing to the action that took place onstage. Ruby Starr, member of the Black Oak "family," and a very good singer in her own right, added her sensual appeal to the scene, and slowed down the pace with her version of Paul McCartney's *Maybe I'm Amazed*. Taking their cue from Ruby, the audience sat down and relaxed for a moment, until Jim Dandy appeared once more to generate his own brand of excitement with a tune, appropriately entitled *Jim Dandy to the Rescue*, and again the band exploded with more high energy rock.

The excellent musicianship of Black Oak has thrust it into superstar class in the field of music; Pat "Dirty" Daugherty on bass, Stanley "Goober" Knight on lead guitar and organ, Rick "Ricochet" Reynolds on rhythm guitar, Tommy "Don" Aldridge on drums, and "Little Jimmy" Henderson on lead guitar, all combine to give the group a strong instrumental base.

Two encores later the crowd filtered out of the smoke-filled Fieldhouse, relieved of the tensions and musically satiated by the gang from lil' ol' Black Oak Arkansas.

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