

record review

Supertramp shows versatility

By CHRIS HUNT

"Crisis? What Crisis?" - Supertramp (A&M) - Supertramp must have been somewhat stunned by the startling success of "Crime of the Century" and that feeling seems to manifest itself on "Crisis? What Crisis?" After years of relative obscurity to have an album topping the European charts for several months and making strong headway in North America would have been a bit disconcerting. Indisputably "Crime of the Century" was an excellent album - a powerful and brilliant conceptual work, although it bore some relation to the Genesis style. "Crisis? What Crisis?" lacks the conceptual power of that work but it also has a sound that is completely that of Supertramp. Overall it is not as heavy as "Crime of the Century" (but it has its moments) and is more keyboards - dominated.

The tone is set by "Easy Does It", a light acoustical piece which breaks into the powerful, throbbing "Sister Moonshine" with its fast acoustic guitar, haunting keyboards and pulsing bass. The vocals are well done and inspired and the brief but brilliant electric guitar solo adds a nice flavour to it. "Ain't Nobody But Me" is a slow, heavy rocker followed by the soft, moving and cooey satirical "A Soapbox Opera". "Another Man's Woman" is probably the most direct descendant of the "Crime of the Century" style with its slow, soft build-ups to a fast, heavy section and then back down again to an extended instrumental ending. The second side opens with the chugging "Lady", a great cut with some really fine guitar. "Poor Boy" which follows is a slow song with a steady drum-bass beat blended with woodwinds and finishing off on a very jazzy note.

"Just A Normal Day", a very dramatic and beautiful piano-dominated song, follows, containing some very moving orchestral background. A distorted machine voice asking the question, "why are we here?" opens the powerful, imploring song "The Meaning" which builds up into a rolling, heavy, chanting finish and the slow, beautifully sung "Two of Us" brings the album to a moving finale. All the songs on this album are good but none of them particularly outshine any of the others. More acoustic guitar - and keyboards - dominated, there is less of the wailing, impassionate electric guitar of "Crime of the Century". It is unfair, however to compare this album to "Crime of the Century". "Crisis? What Crisis?" is new and different and intentionally so. It is obviously meant to be a lighter, less dramatic balance to the powerful, conceptual "Crime of the Century" and it is very successful in its aim. With love songs like the bouncing "Lady" and the raucous "Another Man's Woman" blended with the satirical "A Soapbox Opera" and the bitter "The Meaning" Supertramp puts forth a musical pastiche showing their remarkable versatility and talent. Everything is in it from soaring guitar solos to gentle piano pieces but is much more of a solid group effort than "Crime of the Century" coming across with a tighter sound. Still, it's not as good as "Crime of the Century" but it is definitely very good and if you're into Supertramp you'll like it.

record review

Former 'Mothers' produce good dirty fun

By DOUG VARTY

Flo and Eddie - Illegal, Immoral and Fattening

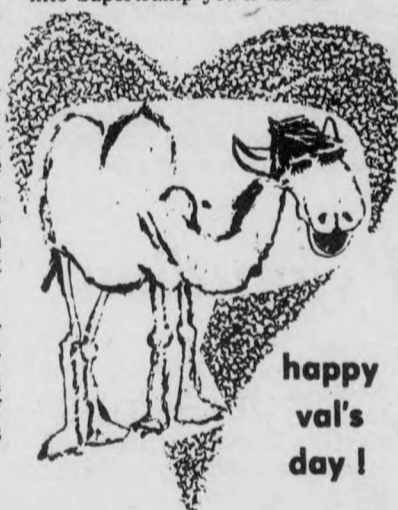
One of the opening lines from the title cut of this album goes something like this, "All the things we think are cool, they all tell us we can't do...". After listening to this album I am convinced that Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan didn't pay much heed to what they were told, but then, as former Mothers, this is not too surprising. Off on their own for some time now, these two, along with their backup band, have put together a remarkable collection of good dirty fun along with some fine songs of the rock 'n' roll variety.

Listening to this album reminds me very much of Zappa, and I am sure this is largely due to the fact that two songs, "Eddie are you kidding" and "Pop star massage unit", come virtually unchanged from the Mothers' "Live at Filmore East" concert. Despite

the common background with Zappa, Flo and Eddie differ in that they lean more toward rock 'n' roll than does Frank.

It seems the purpose of this performance, some of which was recorded live at the Roxy in Los Angeles, was to satirize some of the biggest stars of the music industry, and the result is an album that is supremely funny. "Kung Fu Killer" and "Living in the Jungle" may irk many of the growing number of disco music fans, and perhaps some of them will even agree that, "This whole concert is a great big hunk of shit", however, I, for one, am left with a high regard for Flo and Eddie, both as musicians and as satyrs (or is it satirists?).

Some parting words of advice. If you like Carl Douglas, don't buy this album. If you like Joni Mitchell, don't buy this album. If you like Zappa, don't buy this album, buy two!



happy val's day!

'Woody' continued...

should be survive the duel, assured that his opponent is a deadly aim. Unfortunately, or so it seemed, Boris does not die but again emerges from the battle with death as a hero. The marriage is officiated and Boris has his dream come true, wearing mittens to bed to avoid frost bite!

The second war comes with Boris and Sophia happy at last. No one can really stay happy through a war so they decide to nip it in the bud, assassinate Napoleon. Ridiculous, the whole mess!

Assassinate Napoleon indeed!

What would the Frenchman say? This is where Boris runs into the worst of his troubles and I end.

Love & Death is a remarkably funny movie, unique. I have never known so much philosophy to be used in film before. Socrates, Plato and Descartes would most likely cringe if they saw this and I don't blame them. The movie is all in fun, reminding of the ambiguities of existence, the irrelevance of material and the phenomenon of love. A coward (Boris) had said in reference to his courage "I shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death... No, let's make that 'I shall run quickly...'".



Irish patriot's drama retold

In 1965, the remains of Irish patriot Roger Casement were disinterred from the limepit at Pentonville Prison and taken to Dublin for a state funeral. The story that led to this bizarre incident is retold on CBC Tuesday Night, Feb. 24 at 8:03 p.m. in a three-hour BBC drama titled, Cries From Casement As His Bones Are Brought to Dublin. It will be repeated on CBC-FM's Encore, Sat., Feb. 28 at 4:03 p.m.

in London for high treason. He was finally hanged as a traitor in 1916.

For the Irish, he became a patriot and martyr, hence the demand for his return of the remains to Dublin. Casement was a man of conflicting parts and the play suggests that in the disparate parts of his personality there might be a parallel with and a lesson for Ireland today.

Author David Rudkin makes full use of radio as a medium. Using straightforward narrative, dramatized reconstruction, news-style technique and an imaginary interview with Casement, he makes full use of the dramatic possibilities inherent in the story. The large cast, which includes over 100 speaking parts, is headed by Norman Rodway who plays seven different roles embodying fragments of the main character.

Born in 1864 into the Protestant gentry of Ulster, Casement entered the British Consular Service where he was eventually knighted for his services abroad. As an ardent Irish nationalist, he sought aid from the Germans for rebellion in Ireland. He was arrested on landing from a German submarine off the Irish coast, and underwent a show trial

Film Society shows 'Fear Eats the Soul'

Owing to distribution difficulties the two showings in March have had to be changed as follows: March 13 (8:00 p.m.) and March 14 (6:30 p.m. and 9:00 p.m.) in Head Hall Auditorium - Film to be Announced. March 27 (8:00 p.m.) and March 28 (6:30 p.m. and 9:00 p.m.) in Head Hall Auditorium - "Les Ordres". Subscriptions to the Second Term series are still available for \$3.50.

The UNB Film Society presents its 10th showing, February 14th (8:00 p.m.) and February 15th (6:30 p.m. and 9:00 p.m.) in Head Hall Auditorium, UNB Campus, Fredericton. The film is "Ali" or "Fear Eats the Soul" (original German title: "Angst Essen Seele Auf"). This film was produced in the Federal Republic of Germany 1974, and directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. At the 1974 Cannes Film Festival, this film won first prize of the newly established Cannes Festival's Ecumenical Jury (Prix du Jury Chretien); also, in a 50-50 split with Robert Bresson's *La Cérémonie* it won the coveted International Critics' Prize.

The English titles of this film are several and assorted, due to the impossibility of translating the

telling form of the original pidgin-German title "Angst essen Seele auf". The words are spoken early in the movie by Ali, a young Moroccan immigrant labourer, in an effort to relieve doubts in the mind of Emmi, the 60-year-old widow who is beginning to fall in love with him. Without thinking, she corrects his grammar ("Angst isst Seelen auf") and then, not wishing to appear superior, asks if the phrase is a Moroccan saying. Ali misunderstands her question. "Yes", he says, "that's how all Moroccans speak." The sequence is a perfect example of Fassbinder's method and intentions. It's at once objective and engaged; it offers both a precise statement of the social, intellectual, experiential space between the odd couple, and a tender, non-partisan fidelity to the individual feelings of both characters. Thus, like Fassbinder's other recent imitations of life "Fear Eats the Soul" achieves a remarkable balance between stylization and realism.

The plot is an extraordinary mesh of low-key melodrama and social criticism. Emmi meets Ali when she takes shelter in a bar frequented by Moroccans, Germany's most despised immigrants.

To her surprise, her friendly overtures lead to a seduction, and, soon after, to marriage. To her dismay, she is immediately ostracised by her neighbours, her three grown-up children, local tradesmen and fellow-charwomen at work. After a while, because the relatives and neighbours need both her and Ali's household services, they come to accept the situation. Rifts then occur between Ali and Emmi due to differences in native custom, even in the matter of diet. Ali rejoins the men in the cafe and takes up again with the voracious woman bar-keeper. Ali's conscience troubles him so that he gambles and drinks. But Emmi, understanding his quandary, forgives him. Much, of course, hinges on sex. Ali is a terrific stud (Fassbinder twice shows him 'magnificently' naked) who provokes male envy and female lust, responses that the movie discovers behind nearly all the social facades. Throughout, the themes convert in the Jane Wyman - Rock Hudson relationship in "All That Heaven Allows" are made explicit and ferociously convincing. Suddenly, Ali breaks down in an agonized howl. For a moment we take this cry for an extreme sign of

contrition, but we soon learn that the strain of his work and other deprivations have induced a perforated ulcer. He will recover, says the hospital physician, but in six months his ailment will recur. Ali's case, the doctor affirms, is typical among foreign labourers. In a tenuously happy ending, Ali and Emmi are reconciled. Fassbinder's 1970 draft ended with Ali murdering Emmi in frustration and the police unable to distinguish him from the city's other Moroccans. The intervening four years - and six features plus a television series - have tempered that flip cynicism.

There is still the sense of simplicity and economy in Fassbinder's latest film. While the picture follows traditional patterns of story-telling, Fassbinder's tableau style, on the face of it so anti-dramatic, develops in the viewer a powerful, old-fashioned sense of sheer involvement. The slow-paced diction becomes a vocal camouflage; the static long takes of the anonymous onlookers, the neutral mid-shots of the principal characters, even the use of melodrama as a device for pre-serving a distance from the action - all this creates the cold

artificiality of a parable, Fassbinder's version of the 'existentialist' style created before him by Dreyer, Bresson and Straub. His approach obviously 'works': in deflecting our involvement by the deliberate distancing, artifice, elimination of 'frills' and psychological nuances, he forces the audience to analyze, to become engaged, to look at themselves without the least effect of alienation. Fassbinder's film "Fear Eats the Soul" is an extraordinary achievement in many ways: by his use of what he himself calls 'the simplest cinematic language' Fassbinder presents to the audience a contemporary social situation of broader human connotations. Despite his static style and economy, he creates a deeply affecting small masterpiece which delivers its message almost by default. The performance of the two leading actors is psychologically razor-sharp and movingly human and low-key. With his warm concern for the human race and his cook irony, Fassbinder is able to create pure art from material that in the hands of most directors would never transcend soap opera.



Avenger by Mary Ann



Durham '75 - Photo by

Li

By ALISON KING

It's an occasion for derisive snorts of laughter, tell Canadians what I expect on my arrival in Fredericton. Brought up on books "Suzannah of the Mounties" familiar only with the variety of Mounties, which tuated the myth of the gallant clip-clopping rom around the Yukon, I expect encounter the prototype of frontier-land with Nelson the star and Jack London wolves in supporting roles. Before leaving for Canada visualized Fredericton surrounded by a stockade of the bears, wolves and cougar), and full of trappers. Possibly there's a long wooden shack rep the Hudson's Bay Company. I was in for a surprise anticipating that by this Frederictonians may be little insulted, I will hasten that my surprise was pleasant one, giving fullsome letters home from beautiful houses, the mountains and the big, wide river. E disappointment - no wonder only a couple of bears around somewhere. I had much as clapped eyes of