

Record Breaker.

By MIKE HUGHSON and CHRIS HUNT

This album is a perfect example of classic music a la discoteque. Now isn't that just what the world has been waiting for???

The album is composed fifty percent of Murphy's own compositions which are passable light jazz-disco, but the real fault of the recording lies in the band's spastic attempt at improving (?) music's greats.

Flight '76 is Murphy's version of Rimsky Korsekov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee". The horns would be good for some other music types but on this piece they sound tacky. This problem is compounded by misplaced fuzz guitar and moronic drumming.

Night Fall is loosely based on Chopin's Prelude No. 4 in "E" minor. Murphy should have left well enough alone. The natural beauty of Chopin was "spiced up" with electric piano on the same boring drumming. Chopin himself would fall asleep listening to this audible garbage.

Russian Dressing is Murphy's version of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1. Once again this band has taken fine music and blunted it. The violence and flair that have become Tchaikovsky's trademark have been replaced by the "modern beat" and music is poorer for it. Tchaikovsky wouldn't crawl out of his own puke to play like that.

Without a doubt, the high crime of this LP is the title track. What Walter Murphy does to Beethoven is tantamount to sacrilege. In this arrangement, the work of the master is reduced to very boring dance music. "Death's knocking" is used to open this piece and repeated throughout ad nauseum. The rising and falling tempo of the original fifth symphony is poorly replaced by a steady, monotonous, nerve-wracking disco beat. This mutilation of Beethoven is a disgrace to fine music. This album is capable of making strong men ill.

Aerosmith - "Rocks" Columbia Records

An appropriately titled album, for this record certainly "Rocks".

This fourth LP of these young Boston rockers is uncompromisingly raunchy. More English than American sounding, they bear the legacy of the Rolling Stones, the Who, Led Zeppelin and Cream. The album burns from beginning to end.

Although Aerosmith has been accused of being a contrived and commercial band, they are definitely a cut above the bubble-gum which permeates today's "top 40". Their flash and power comes from the superbands of the '60's but the dinginess and fatalism of their songs belongs to

them. The material is all their own, most of it being written by the Steve Tyler, Joe Perry song-writing team.

The album highlights are "Back in the Saddle" and "Rats in the Cellar". Both songs demonstrate the band at its best. Joe Perry's guitar work is superb and Tom Hamilton (Bass) and Joey Kramer (Drums, percussion) give the band its solid heavy sound, but it is the lead vocals of Steve Tyler that gives Aerosmith its unique power. Tyler, who owes his image to Mick Jagger, screams out every song to the point where his lungs and vocal cords must shatter under strain.

The rest of the LP is filled with solid, violent, sexual tunes like "Get the Lead Out", "Lick and a Promise" and "Home Tonight".

For the fans of cultured heavy metal, this is an album for you.

Camel - "Moonmadness" Janus Records

In these days of funky disco, jazz-rock, and heavy metal, an album such as this one is very refreshing indeed. The music flows into your ears and through your mind rather battering your eardrums the way many types of modern music do. Camel's music cannot really be classified but for want of a better term I guess you call it progressive rock. The group uses the usual paraphernalia of electric guitars, synthesizers, keyboards, etc, but Camel's sound is nonetheless totally unique.

The album consists of seven cuts none of which could be defined as heavy although some do get quite hectic. The guitar playing of Anyd Latimer is simply amazing. English critics insist he will soon be a guitar hero on a par with Clapton and Page. In fact, although Camel are barely known in North America, they have achieved superstar status in England.

Camel rely on their music to carry their message - vocals are used sparingly and they are not vital to the group's sound. One can listen to Camel's previous album "The Snow Goose" which has not singing at all and not even notice. They are a brilliant group. Try it, you might like it.

B.T. Express - "Energy to Burn" Columbia Records

B.T. Express does have energy to burn and by the sound of this album, that is exactly what they do with it. One can almost see them hustling and bumping all over the place but as for music - I don't hear any.

Six of the eight songs are the usual formulized disco shit and it's quite difficult to tell them apart. They all consist of the usual

incessant drumming, moronic rhythm guitar, percussion and a great beat. In fact to my unskilled ears the beat sounds the same all the way through. Melody is practically non-existent and what little there is, provided by a set of very anemic horns.

There are a couple of songs with a slight jazzy flavour, "Herbs" and "Energy Level" which aren't too bad. As for the rest of the album, I had a hard time listening to it. I suppose it's great for dancing. Otherwise it is crap, unless of course you are a disco-freak in which case there's no hope for you anyway.

Jefferson Starship - "Spitfire" Grant Records

Spitfire is the third album to be put out by the Jefferson Starship. The first, Dragon Fly, presented the fact that Starship was alive. Red Octopus, the second album brought out the individual stars of the group and Spitfire is a cohesive, well-produced album.

Spitfire abounds with the standard Starship trimmings - the group combines a huge stylistic span with controlled raw power to come up with a great album. The album has a very symphonic sound, enriched with striking instrumentation. This is best exemplified in "St. Charles" which takes a fairly simple melodic base, which is elaborated in a choral setting, and layered with superb guitar work by Craig Choquico. It's a shot at monumentality that comes off better than most such attempts. Other outstanding cuts are "Love, Lovely, Love" and the bluesy "Dance with the Dragon".

The medley "Song to the Sun; Ozymandias; Don't Let it Rain" is almost as good, but lacks a little unity to be on the same level as "St. Charles".

These powerful cuts are balanced by some lighter material, including "Big City," "Hot water" (with a campy vocal from Grace Slick) and "Cruisin" a tough boy-girl-car cut, rife with sheer sexual energy and superb drumming by John Barbota.

As well, there is a tune very similar to "Miracles", the major commercial success off Red Octopus. Called "With Your Love" it is almost a reprise of "Miracles", and is climbing quickly in the sales race.

The album sounds consistent and exudes an overwhelming feeling of cooperation between band members and an overall smoothness. The big surprise on the album is the extraordinary lead guitar work by Craig Choquico. Still a relative newcomer, he shows promise of being able to match the dexterity and splendour of Carlos Santana.

Bruns - papermagic

Somewhere between the hours of six and seven o'clock Thursday morning, two deaths occurred in The Brunswickan office. By the miracle of modern technology, however, the deceased were revived.

Derwin Gowan and Tom Best, two Brunns staffers were in the midst of an all nighter, when for some strange reason they both fell into a deep coma resulting in their deaths. Best's body was found upon the

news desk, while that of Gowan was discovered on a layout table. An alert janitor discovered the bodies and quickly threw on the light switch causing the bodies to awaken.



Dear Leverne

Have a personal problem? Write it down on a five, and send it to "Dear Leverne", in care of The Brunswickan, Room 35, SUB.

Dear Leverne,

My problem (as he was last year) is Norman the strawberry blond bisexual. He's got a new woman. It all started this summer when he and I had an argument about the "menages-a-trois" he insisted upon having with his friend William. That was bad enough but once he tried to get me to take part in an orgy. Frankly, I was disgusted! His "current", Jem-- a long legged blond type -- was at the orgy (in Dieppe, by the way) and I guess they got together because of their mutual interest in the bizarre. Now, however, it is strictly one-on-one. In fact they are engaged to be married!

This turn of events has crushed me completely, and William has been trying his best to comfort me and cheer me up. This involves, unfortunately, lewd and immoral advances which are not welcome, to say the least. To make matters worse, Jem recently confided in me that she is pregnant by William and won't tell Norman the truth, and where could she get an abortion?

Leverne, I'm going to have a breakdown if you don't help me -- even now as I write there is gin spilled all over the floor. You must have some words of wisdom for me.

Bette Yeras

Obviously you should forget William the Conqueror and the Norman conquest -- history's not your thing. You're on the right track with an Arts subject, however, and I'd suggest sociology. Ever read Durkheim's "Suicide"?

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Dear Leverne

I really hate to bother you but I have this desperate problem. It's my nose, it gets in the way of everything, and I do mean everything! Like last night for instance . . . on second thought I don't think I should mention that one. But I have heard that actors use certain techniques for minimizing outstanding or oversized features, like holding your thumb and middle fingers together is supposed to make you forget about your hands. What about noses?

Signed Betty

Dear Betty

If it's as big as you suggest, holding your finger on it surely will not help. The only suggestion I can offer a poverty stricken student (the price of a nose job is much too expensive) is to put a brown paper bag over your head and write "pretty" on it.

Signed Leverne

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Dear Leverne

My problem has been building up ever since the first week of September. Seeing all those great looking chicks on campus, pardon the expression makes me "horny". If I don't get it soon I'm going to explode. Please advise as there are hundreds of us in the same condition.

Signed Holding On

Dear Holding

Don't pardon the expressions I'm a liberated woman. As for your problem ever heard of chasing those chicks. If that doesn't work as the old saying goes you can always take it in hand.

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Dear Leverne

It is not a personal problem but a situation. I ran into the other day on Roach Alley. As I walked along this person asked me for the time when I turned around the guy didn't have a stitch on. I was a bit startled but went on my merry way. Can you tell me if this is a common occurrence.

Signed Have Seen It All

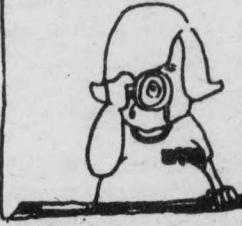
Dear Have Seen

For those readers unfamiliar with Roach Alley it is the path in the woods between the SUB parking lot and d'AvrayHall. That's one thing about Roach Alley is that it is far from common. If I had have been there I would have asked when his next private showing was. Don't get me wrong, I'm a decent girl, but like a little fun now and then.

Signed Leverne

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I HEAR
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I GUESS I LIKE TO
LIVE DANGEROUSLY...



DOONESBURY

10-22