

Wrack n Roll

by Alex Nary

Michel Pagliaro; Pagliaro Live; RCA KXL2-5000

"Pagliaro Live" is a double-album documentary of a Michel Pagliaro concert, and gives us a good indication of what we can expect for this weekend. I don't think that I would be exaggerating in saying that the vast majority of students in River City are unaware of Pagliaro's music. Personally, I had heard one or two of his singles and had seen him on Canadian Bandstand or some other TV show, and had not been impressed. However, judging by this record, Michel is most at home, and most impressive, in concert. In the interest of objectivity, it must be said that there is little new, musically, on this album, but like the Stones Pagliaro is most interesting for the ways in which he reworks familiar themes. He has limited himself to the traditional rock forms, and acquits himself very well within those boundaries.

Apparently a typical Pagliaro concert consists of hard, Stones like rockers sung en francais, interspersed with ballads in both English and French. On the uptempo numbers Pag sounds like a less-affected Steve Marriot, and the band keeps a steady and dynamic beat behind him. The slow and middle-tempo songs reveal some nice lectures, recalling the Beatles in their Revolver Rubber Soul period, an influence which is honoured by a version of "Revolution". Towards the end of the concert the band goes into full throttle wrack n roll, jamming around for a while, and ending up with a driving "J Entends Frapper", which is great on record and would be pure dynamite in a concert situation.

A little more originality could help Michel's studio work, but on the basis of this set Pagliaro and friends are a concert act, and one well worth going to see live.

Inspiration: Smoke It!; Anonymous CT-8001 | single |

Recently I heard an amazing single being aired over our friendly neighbourhood campus radio station. Of course, I ran right up to the studio to find out what it was, and was told "Smoke It!". "Sure", I replied, and sat down to hear it again. Basically it's an African percussion-vocal jam, with some Latin influences. On hearing it for the first time, one could pick out traces of Santana, Sly Stone, Osibisa, James Brown or even Canada's own Crowbar, but it seems even more funkily exuberant than any of those artists. The lyrics, too, are good, being among the most socially significant to be heard on radio since Bobby D's "Rainy Day Women". And the production can only be described as masterful. Honestly, I haven't been this excited by a single since the first time I heard Hendrix's "Foxy Lady". I have no idea who Inspiration are, but would hazard a guess and say that it is a pseudonym for a number of "big names" and well known studio people who did it just for fun and ended up with a masterpiece. In any event I'll try to keep informed on further events with the Anonymous record people.

Pink Floyd: A Nice Pair; Harvest

Our first Essential Services Award for '74 goes out to Harvest-Capitol for reissuing some of the best of Pink Floyd's early recordings on this double album. While many people regard old P.F. stuff as "golden goodies from the age of psychedelia" it must be noted that without Barrett, Waters, Wright and Mason's early experiments bands like Yes, etc. wouldn't exist now. The material is just packed with energy, and though technically crude at times most of the music is still very viable today. Kudo: lovely plants on the cover, there, Harvest. Kick: why're the photos on the cover censored when the ads aren't? Suggestion: Syd B. needs the money, and Bowie's just covered it, so why not release "See Emily Play" as a single?

RECIPE

BAKED BEANS

beans like you've never had before

KARMA LESS BEANS

By NEIL DICKIE

There's an art to preparing Baked Beans. To achieve the proper balance between the ingredients total involvement is required - if you don't have a good recipe. This is a good recipe - arrived at over a summer of bi-weekly bean making and careful experimentation.

It's good in terms of taste - it really does come out tasting as good as grandma's - and in terms of nutrition. The result of the recipe is as close to a complete food as is possible - it contains fat, protein, carbohydrates and a wide ranging number of vitamins - most notably B and C vitamins. Karma less Beans. The recipe stuffs five. It's best eaten with wholewheat bread and good tea.

- 1 1/2 lbs. yelloweye beans
- 3/4 lb. soya beans
- 3/4 cup ketchup (Heinz)
- 1/2 large can tomatoes
- 3/4 cup table molasses
- 6 medium onions coarsely chopped
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 2 lbs. raw sugar (brown will do)
- 3/4 lb. cubed salt pork
- 2 tpsps sea salt
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

I should explain at this point that not all of these ingredients are absolutely necessary - aside from the beans and molasses and some type of fat. If you use them all the result will be beautiful and balanced - but if you miss a few the beans will still be very good. I'll explain substitutions later.

Place both types of beans in one pot (you can get the raw sugar and soya beans at the harmony earth store on Charlotte Street near the tracks) cover the beans with about three inches of water. You'll need a five quart pot to hold all the ingredients. Soak the beans at least

eight hours (overnight is fine). After eight hours boil the beans for 20 minutes or so. It's best not to cover them - they foam over easily.

Mix everything else together and add to beans. Bake at about 275 degrees for a good eight hours. (baking overnight is a great way to do it - waking up to the aroma can be quite psychedelic). Cover the baking pot for the first 7 to 8 hours - remove cover for 1/2 hour if the top is not well browned after 8 hours.

Any pot will do - as long as it holds five quarts. An old domestic lard pail works well. The recipe can be scaled down as much as 50 percent if necessary. If all you're pots are small - split the mix between two or three pots.

Margarine or corn oil may be substituted for the salt pork although the latter sub may give you a terrible case of the shits - add more salt. Salt pork isn't hard to get though - it's 60 cents a lb. Blackstrap molasses may be used instead of the standard refined - but it's tricky because blackstrap is very strong - you may be able to offset it by using one-third cup and extra celery and raw or brown sugar. Of course whole summer tomatoes are better than canned - in the summer. Winter tomatoes tend to be pretty tasteless.

Other types of beans may be used with success - the same proportions of white (smaller) beans and Pinto beans taste o.k. Pinto beans are very good for calcium - but not as good in terms of protein as soya beans. Navy beans are supposed to be good too.

Oh yes - if your diet has been low on B vitamins you may have quite a bit of gas. Eat lots of raw celery if it gets too bad, eat well.

MOVIE REVIEW

Blume in Love

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

"Blume in Love" is my kind of movie. Maybe it's because the plot wasn't too hard to figure out. Maybe it was the bearded Segal in love with his ex, the Victorian-inspired beauty of Susan Anspach or even the no-care, easy living Elmo, so wittily portrayed by Kris Kristofferson. Maybe it was just the fact that it was not a sad movie.

George Segal is Steven Blume, an L.A. lawyer who screws up his marriage to his dream girl (Susan Anspach) by taking his secretary home for dictation one afternoon. Wife Nina blows her top and out goes Blume - why do they always call me Blume, when they're pissed off? - socks and all.

After the divorce, Nina takes up with Elmo, the pot smoking, highly spirited and easy-going dropout musician from Brownsville, Texas. Blume divides his time between a former acquaintance, his divorce cases (he's a divorce lawyer, remember?), his platonic, sphinx-like shrink and a relentless pursuit of his former wife's affection. ("If I cannot get her back, I will die. I do not want to die, therefore, I must get her back.") His

determination, if not unreal, is downright stupefying and certainly gives off an aura of "fairytale" to the already super-schnooky personality that Segal portrays so well in Steven Blume.

As Nina's ex tries to worm his way into her good graces, he seems to hit it off pretty well with Elmo, which provides him with a good excuse for his many visits to the family abode. On one such visit, he takes advantage of the fact that Elmo is gone to the movies (to see "Gone With The Wind" for the twelfth time) and mad with love for his ex and a touch uninhibited by a couple of scotch-and-water, rapes her on the floor. And it takes Kristofferson's Elmo to walk in just then to say to the couple in an even tone, "You both sure missed a good movie."

Most of the scenes above are seen in flashbacks by a now-bearded Blume who has gone to Venice - once the scene of his honeymoon. The Piazza San Marco is alive with a concert classical music and many a kind of love (older woman - younger man... old queen on the make... young loves, etc.) is dangled before him - a reminder of the love he wishes were his.

George Segal is rapidly becoming the movie world's contemporary husband symbol and he's so lovable as the schnooky Steven Blume (if you prefer determination to aggressiveness).

Susan Anspach is the skinny social worker depressed by a world she cannot change (not rapidly enough, anyway) but who finally succeeds in getting her head straight. Her voice is a bit "rocky" but that helps her character look real though she sometimes seems out of place or out of character with the "singing gypsy" portrayal of Nina.

Kris Kristofferson is the character to beat all characters. He's a natural. I can feel that he's not even trying to act. He's just there and he holds the show together as well as the Blume couple. He just sits there, with his songs about "sittin' around doin' nothin'" and his tales about Brownsville, Texas and Chester the goat, his pale scintillating eyes and his favorite line: "Nothin' to it!" and you want to walk up to him and say: Hey man, you're OK!

And now you have to see it to believe it. Interested?