

Films off key



The great Bill Haley rates himself on a one to 10 scale.

Salem Alaton

The "New Music" series has come and gone without leaving one with any convincing reason for its having been at all. Not only were the films not particularly original or interesting, many were far less than good in any sense whatsoever.

AC/DC: Let There Be Rock, **Blue Suede Shoes** and **Reggae Sunsplash** were familiar tedious experiences, rock concerts filmed deadpan, relying entirely on one's profound attachment to the musical content—and sometimes straining the loyalty even of those who came with such loyalty. **The Space Movie** and **DOA** were smarmy and higgelty-piggelty documentaries, respectively, both of which obstinately refused to be satisfying experiences, though certain potential was present in both cases. **The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle** was probably the best of the lot, with its cheeky humour and boisterousness, though it was overlong and somewhat self-aggrandizing (accepting, of course that its subject is self-aggrandizement). Incidentally, there were also **Cha Cha**, **Third World** and **Telephone Publique**.

Probably the most popular (or, at least, populated) series of the Festival, the "New Music" became the usual catch-all for all of us well-trained young people who will flood any spectacle connected with rock music and glut ourselves on faith, disregarding its quality. Is it possible that anyone really cares what Bon Scott (lead singer of AC/DC) thinks of the prospect of a third World War (as the ludicrous interviewer of **Let There Be Rock** asked him in a tone of great seriousness and profound concern) or recognizes Bill Haley as the mentor of rock music (he is greeted as such in **Blue Suede Shoes**)?

The conglomerate in the closet, of course, is the music industry itself, eager to nurture the present torrid business affair between it and cinema. This does not explain why the Festival of Festivals (in unsavory collusion with CHUM) should front the lumpy pablum oozing from that union as a cohesive gathering of serious films. We must have rock movies indeed, but these should either portray their subject honestly or at least make their dishonesty more effective.

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