

Films continued

mistress-cum-landlady, their struggle to find a meaningful relationship, and their ultimate failure, amid the world of professional sport, and all its sordid glamour.

Short: **O DREAMLAND** (1954) also by Lindsay Anderson, one of his first. Another Free-Cinema documentary, of the aimless diversion of people at a seaside amusement park.

November 24th. **PRIVILEGE** (1967). The British WILD IN THE STREETS? A latter day 1984, in which the Pop Singer is Big Brother teamed up with government and 'religion' to hold sway over the youth. A shocking extension of today's culture, by Peter Watkins, director of **THE WAR GAME**.

Shorts: **HISTORY OF NOTHING**, by Eduardo Paolozzi—a surrealist nightmare, starring machines from out-of-date trade catalogues. **THE BIRTH OF THE ROBOT**, 1935. A real historical item, the first British effort at colour animation, by Humphrey Jennings and Len Lye—calls to mind the work of the Czech puppet film maker, Jiri Trinka.

December 1st. The film **MODESTY BLAISE** (1966). A Losey travelogue, complete with female James Bond, satirising the power-and-violence fantasies of the spy-cult films. Complete with sado-masochistic, vario-sexual overtones and a murder scene that has never been beaten. Short: **LONDON TO BRIGHTON IN 4 MINUTES** (1952). Jordan Belson put a camera on the front of a train from London to Brighton, a 60 minute journey, and sped it up to 4 minutes that makes an apparent speed of 700 miles per hour! The film is not edited in any fashion.

The *Third Series, Part Two* is not yet finalized. It will begin in February and will include, hopefully, five Eastern European films not seen by a great many people in Edmonton. Some possibilities include: **BARRIER** by Skolimowski; **BED AND SOFA** by Abram Room; **DESTINY OF A MAN** by Bondarchuk; **THE GENERAL LINE (OLD AND NEW)** by Eisenstein; **A BLOND IN LOVE** by Forman; **REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS** by Nemec; **THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT** by Has. And, a rarely seen Czech film, **VALLEY OF THE BEES**.

Membership to the Edmonton Film Society is on a season basis limited to persons 18 years of age and over. All the foreign language films have English subtitles. To apply for membership by mail, PRINT the names and addresses of those wishing season tickets on a piece of paper. Indicate the series desired (Main, Classic, Third-Part one, Third-Part two).

Enclose check or money order payable to the Edmonton Film Society (All series tickets are now \$8.00 except Third-\$5.00). Send the application to Membership Secretary, Edmonton Film Society, +C 10518-82 Avenue, Edmonton.

The Edmonton Film Society is strictly non-political and non-profit.

-Stephen Scobie and David Schleich

BEEFHEART

Hot Damn! That Captain Beefheart really knows his stuff. And sorry Ladies and Gentlemen, there are just no two ways about it: Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band were definitely the stars of Saturday night's concert at the Edmonton Gardens.

The Magic Band started the set off just right with Ed Marimba (instrumental stylist on the instrument that bears his name) zooting the crowd with a little green plastic zoot gun. Then Drumbo (the main drummer) came out and the two of 'em messed around on stage for a while until Drumbo started playing what my friends tell me was the drum solo from Inagadadaveda (I haven't got the slightest idea where the hyphens go) and the rest of the Magic Band kind of oozed on stage.

After the Band had played about two minutes (a really fine piece with truly strange harmonic intervals and progressions; one of their favorite tricks is to have the lead guitar and bass playing harmonically opposing, lines that are rhythmically identical) the Captain himself walked on stage. He toyed with some electronic gadgetry on his saxophone and finally put it to his lips.

ZAP! That is the closest I can come to describe what then transpired. Suddenly, on stage in the Edmonton Gardens right here in the town of Big E we had a virtuoso — a genius; a real honest-to-God genius. Beefheart commenced to peel off passages on his saxophone the way a truly skilled chef peels an orange. It was so complete and so sure and so incredibly right. And was it fast.

And perhaps best of all, the Captain has managed to break out of the scales and intervals that shell even the finest blues players in the traditional vien. The shock of hearing new notes in places where we have been conditioned to accept only certain combinations was, I fear too great for some erstwhile blues fans to take and I saw many sitting transfixed in states of obvious shock.

But hang tradition, it sounded good.

And it really didn't matter because the traditional blues fans got more than their own back later on when Beefheart soloed on harmonica and voice. Bending the notes to shape around his feelings, Beefheart literally wove a solid wall of emotion, not violent or euphoric or anything heroic like that, just blues, real blues. And he did it with just the harmonica and his own voice.

What a voice! (You must forgive me if I appear to be exclaiming a lot but so help me it's warranted.) They're right when they say if he wanted to Beefheart could be the greatest living white blues singer (and I'm not so sure I'd even limit it to white blues singers). His voice seems to somehow bypass the microphone and the amplifiers and all that stuff and just come out of his throat, spreading out to fill the whole of the Edmonton Gardens leaving no room at all for any other sound no matter how loud. His voice is irresistible like your mother's womb.

Other highlights of the Beefheart set included a couple of bass solos by Rockette Morton, who must be close to being the best bass player alive. He played

things on his bass that I have never heard played anywhere else and they were clear and infinitely listenable. He teamed up at one point with Zoot Horn Rollo, the guitarist, and played a piece of such complexity and musical exactness that a friend of mine went into a state of cultural semi-shock.

That's really the key to the Captain. He presents you with things you never really thought of and then sort of smiles and maybe winks and says, "How about that." And in every case what he presents is worth hearing. It's the type of thing such that when, after he completed his 1½ hour set and left the stage, I was thinkin', "but he's only played for about 15 minutes!"

It is perhaps unfortunate that, in comparison with Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band, both Velvet Underground and Quicksilver Messenger Service came off looking basically dull.

The Underground did a set that would have fit in well at the Fillmore East in about 1967. But it's old now. We've found other things, better things. Jungle rhythms on the drums just don't make it anymore.

As with the Underground, Quicksilver were too loud and too long. It was all the same. Same thumping bass lines, same wailing lead guitar, same chord breaks on the organ. Ho hum.

I believe special attention should be paid to Quicksilver's last number, "What About Me?". If this is the kind of garbled, self-centred nonsense on which we're going to build a revolution, then I humbly suggest we go back to our respective sandboxes and start again. Along with any kind of activity in any revolution goes the responsibility of knowing what's going on. I will not be so presumptuous as to say that I know what's going on, but these guys sure don't either.



G. Drohomirecki Photo

Oh yes. I talked to the Captain backstage after his set and he said he was very pleased with the audience reaction and he wants to come back soon. Good work, freaks.

by Ross Harvey

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