

Klö: tin - tin: proteus rising

John "Shades" Molendyk

Long ago, when the ancient sea-god Proteus was happily finning around the Aegean sea impressing the sea-nymphs, his quick-changed techniques were the talk of the town. Little did he dream that his style would be mirrored scant millennia later in small Toronto pubs by a band named Klo.

Klo is an experiment: five musicians teamed up to create their own version of the new music. They describe their product as non-commercial, and instead of pandering to any one taste in music they draw upon several different styles and meld them together. The result is a clever incorporation of both old and new music into a lively and interesting blend of tunes that hovers just this side of new wave.

A more precise classification is impossible, which is just the way



Klo: Tin Pan Punk.

Klo wants it for the time being. The material is varied, ranging from seriously introspective to

mildly sardonic, and deals with themes like biochemical contamination, the oddities of

contemporary life and, on the light side, love. The music is consistently tight, with a solid rhythm section defined and accentuated by some very snaky guitar work. At their quietest, Klo offers a gently melodic piece, both lyrically sensitive and instrumentally strong. At their rauciest, the band delivers up an innovative brand of full-tilt rock reminiscent of the old Cream jams in terms of energy, while making good use of some early Yardbirds and Beatle-style riffs en route.

On the eve of a recent performance the audience was varied as the music it came to hear, and quickly came to life after an initially sluggish response. Besides artists, students and other normals there was a sprinkling of new wave people and even a couple of Nugent types. It was a point in

favor of Klo's artistry that the latter made a quick exit after only a five minute stay.

Unfortunately, the totality of Klo's performance was not greater than the sum of its parts. The directionlessness in the band's music saps the enjoyment one gets out of their individual effort and keen lyrics, to the point where you wish they would go into some tangible direction instead of swirling around in the experimental vortex. Because the band formed early this year, guitarist Alan Nagel explained that its members still had some "feeling out" to do, but that their individual styles were beginning to merge. Klo has a lot of potential, and when the musical experiment is over the result should be a better-defined and more satisfying form of expression. Sea-gods live forever, but not so Klo.



Records...

Crusading wasps

Shaun Cassidy
WASP
WEA

Some men spend their whole lives trying to free themselves of the ghosts of their past.

Shaun Cassidy is just such a man.

Having enjoyed the fruits of a teen dream success not unlike older brother David's, he's determined to avoid his fate: quick exile to teeny-bop oblivion.

Shaun wants us to know that he can do more than thrill 12 year olds. He's convinced Todd Rundgren to produce his new album, *WASP*, and all of Todd's band, *Utopia*, to play on it.

As a result, the best thing about the album is that much of it sounds like functional Rundgren material—pleasing, if unadventurous.

The worst thing about the album is that, well, Shaun's on it.

To his credit, his vocal style betrays a diverse range of influences: Jerry Vale's depth, Jack Jones' musicality, with subtlest hint of Al Martino's lyrical phrasing.

But, he's trying too hard to be like the big boys, and takes the risk of doing cover versions of Bowie's "Rebel, Rebel" and Talking Heads' "The Book I Read".

No one has ever had the courage to commit those two to vinyl again. But fools go where angels fear to tread.

Jonathan Mann

Sam Rivers
Contrasts
ECM

Pity, poor Sam they've replaced his straight sound with a frosty ECM sound. It sounds like their engineers worked hard trying to blunt his sound. Listen in contrast to Sam River's *Streams* on Impulse with Cecil McBee and Norman Connors, or an earlier album, *Contours*, or even to the famous *Wildflower* series, recorded in his N.Y. loft, which display a greater range and force. On this ECM album, Rivers has lost a lot of his "emotional" excitement and opted for a more "intellectual" softer sound. The ECM title *Contrasts* then is appropriate.

While this criticism holds for most of River's compositions, on which he stridently plays soprano, tenor saxophone and flute, there is one outstanding composition entitled "Dazzle", wherein you can hear the musicians 'cry out'. For the most part, however, his playing is reserved. I might add here that

River's style, at times, resembles the playing of Anthony Braxton and Joseph Jarman.

What is called, ironically, *Contrasts*, may be also termed progressive. But is this what post-modern jazz is all about?

Ron Mann

Crusaders
Rhapsody and Blues
MCA

A most disappointing album this one is. Once a living breathing quintet that produced fresh and interesting music, the Crusaders (now a trio supplemented by moldy studio musicians) are no longer it seems interested in creating original sounds.

On *Rhapsody and Blues*, Wilton Felder (saxes), Joe Sample (keyboards) and Stix Hooper (drums) appear to be content to stick with the proven formula that only laid back jazz sells. In the process they have created a "sweet nothing" of an album that isn't really that bad. In fact side two consists of some of the best M.O.R. sellout jazz I've heard, highlighted by some nice reedwork by Felder.

But the problem isn't that *Rhapsody and Blues* is that bad, for it isn't. But rather that musicians the calibre of the Crusaders should be turning out a more vital product.

If Spyro Gyra and Chuck Mangione are positive ingredients in your listening diet, this is an album for you. On the other hand, if to you jazz is a musical continuum from Louis Armstrong to Cecil Taylor, then *Rhapsody and Blues* is one album you'll hate - with a passion.

Goldstein & Hacker, Inc.

Supertramp
A&M
Paris

Whereas a number of groups explore the depths where skeletons and demons lurk all too few musicians address themselves, with any eloquence, to socially imposed, screaming, desperate madness. The latter category must include Ray Davies, Gilmore Waters and allegedly Gentle Giant. Supertramp sing the acute, paranoid, schizophrenic blues with all the necessary conviction of someone who is living their day to day and prefers that life to the cold, logical, clinical, calculating, rigidity of that world out there.

There are others who do feed alternate structures of experience. Ferry, Fripp and the boys use shock therapy to take us on this trip. All too often unfortu-

nately, they are used by an elitist crowd as a claim to rebellion. Supertramp reject this elitism and are able to appeal to everyone who has to lead a day to day existence.

This is basically a greatest hits collection played largely according to the formula of studio recordings, although these cuts come across with much more vitality and through the album one is able to feel their enthusiasm to communicate. They do open up and soar especially through Fool's Overture. It is unfortunate that they didn't include some fine material from their two earliest albums, but their unique harmonies used this time do make up for it.

So if you feel lifeless and depressed listen to Supertramp and find out you're not the only one. Guess I'll just have to be living in an inner fantasy from now on.

Gary Gilmore

So someone decided to bring *Eraserhead* to York. This film is probably one of the wierdest efforts produced in the United States. It stars a man whose head looks like an Eraserhead, the one at the end of a pencil. His kid is a goat head, who continually brings up. People watch this film as a measure of their intelligence. Sat 8:30 p.m. in Curtis L. It's too beery.

The Multicultural Film Festival has four more weeks to run; films are every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in Curtis L. This week: Poland with *Man of Marble*, and *The Barrier*, November 12; Hebrew with *The Policeman and The Dybbuk*, November 19; Chinese with *Havoc in Heaven*, and on November 26; Japanese with *Ugetsu*, and Documentary: Japan: *Pacific Neighbour*. Time will stand still.

written while listening to a lecture on Bertrand Russell

Organic malignancies protruding from Holow frames presented before, Demanding a reaction from my person, Not allowing for decision on my part, Only pleasing them for fear of being Contaminated.

Robert Fabes
Sept. '80

Poetry burns

Nadine Raciunas

Despite the fact that Susan Musgrave quit high school because she couldn't stand listening to people who bored her," she followed her own anxious energy and has now, at 29, published nine volumes of poetry and a recent novel, *The Charcoal Burners*. Musgrave recalls her high school in B.C. with strong emotions: "I couldn't stand having to be somewhere, when I didn't want to be; I was very willful that way. I was just too anxious—I couldn't stand it!"

But "back in the 60s things were different. Today there aren't as many opportunities" without formal education. And even though she never associated herself with the hippie movement, she "had this feeling we could all survive. People would take you in in certain areas, but now people aren't like that. It's cold—each person to their self."

a tight heart/errupts in your voice-flow/self demands/each death be alone

A lot of her inspiration comes from poets Sylvia Plath and Allen Ginsberg. "They were big influences for me. They posed an amazing freedom from traditional poets, until I learned these too were tight structures in which you don't just put down any old thought that comes to you."

Music is another influence for Musgrave; mainly contemporary music. A song from Warren Zevon, "Werewolves of London", triggered something once. And Joni Mitchell. I see some of my poems even picking up on her kind of rhythms.

shoulders/body strung/words tumble out/fall out over ages of height/into pool-night

Musgrave's been described as being an 'underground' person with "things connected with the earth, early civilizations and

primitive religions interesting her. "But it's more a way of life," she says. "The places I like are connected with elemental forces." Her views on writing reflect this elemental, subconscious hemisphere: "It seems you have a knowledge that goes beyond what you know when you're writing poetry."

Musgrave isn't totally consumed by her poetry. "There's more to the world than writing. The check-out girl in Safeway is never going to care if I don't write another poem; she never knows I've written one anyway. The fact that if I can get on with her and buy my groceries, smiles and makes small-talk means more than if I've had ten books published."

your face is in motion/i see the expansion/behind your eyes/your lips/sharp carved doors to enter/only the elemental can numb, reduce my body temperature, given me icy fingers; love does this, yet, weight of love and its long cold spans of breath chill and numb, desensitize my body; Musgrave's light turning touch does this with slow cold breath exhaling in my face. Hot liquid running down my throat does little to warm my body in elemental-hypnosis: the shock of cold wind with hot, hot sun on face.

Poetry points: With the performance of Susan Musgrave at Harbourfront, and the recent reading given by Tom Robbins Toronto literary fans are getting first-rate entertainment. Organizers at Harbourfront are to be commended for their imagination and interest in the condition of literature in this city. It will be interesting to see how they continue to mix both Canadian and foreign authors in their series. One thing is for sure as long as they keep coming in, I'll keep coming out.

