

# On records Joni's album good

by Gary Miller and Ted Claghorn

Joni Mitchell: "Blue" (Reprise MS 2038)

We have waited a long time for this album, since "Ladies of the Canyon" in fact. "Blue," Joni Mitchell's newest release is the end result of over a year of absence from the musical scene. During this period Joni made few personal appearances and recorded only "Blue," spending her time resting and thinking as the indicated in an interview with the "Rolling Stone" last spring.

"Blue" is without a doubt one of the most moving personalized records released in a long time. The songs, all personal, deal almost exclusively with people and experiences in Joni's past life. All express her sadness or loneliness due to a lost love or a mistake, yet she closes on an optimistic note in "The Last Time I Saw Richard" where Joni says:

"When you gonna get yourself back on your feet,

Oh and love can be so sweet, love so sweet." Critics could say that she is overly sentimental, but the lyrics are written and sung so emotionally that the listener cannot help but feel that he knows and feels exactly what she is trying to say. "Blue" again shows Joni's exceptional song writing talents, and her piano and voice cannot help but bring to mind Lara Nyro.

Instrumentally the album is perfect. All the songs are tight and move along easily and smoothly. Joni plays guitar and does some nice things on piano. Stephen Sills and James Taylor, two of Joni's more publicized romances, play guitar on selected songs, and without a doubt "Blue" contains songs written for them. The album is beautiful and probably one of the best of the year. Listen to "Blue." There will be a song for you.

Black Oak Arkansas: "Black Oak Arkansas" (Ateo SD 33-354)

Occasionally a new group appears on the music scene without the fanfare of some groups, and it takes a while for the good word to get around. The first "Chicago" album is an example of this as opposed to the first "Crosby, Stills, and Nash" album. You can add "Black Oak Arkansas" to that list of obscure albums.

Black Oak Arkansas needs no super-hype, their music sells themselves. The album consists largely of well arranged and executed country influenced rock 'n' roll. The most refreshing instrument on the album is the voice of Jim Mangrum, which lies somewhere in the ranch area. Mangrum's voice is just plain raw and gruff.

The best cut on the album is "I Could Love You," a funky six minute piece. The guitar presents the rhythm and invention throughout the piece. I question the authenticity of "Lord Have Mercy on My Soul," which starts with a needless soliloquy about a vision of walking through the "Halls of Krama." The album ends with a fine instrumental recorded in the studio to sound as though it was recorded live called, "When Electricity Came to Arkansas."

Black Oak Arkansas finds a preoccupation with the devil and God, referring to both lyrically throughout the album. The group seemed completely relaxed in the studio, causing the album not to come out stiff or rigid but more of a good time.

Go to your favorite record store and ask them to play Black Oak Arkansas' album. Listen to it once, that will tell you whether their music agrees with you. If it does, see if you can get out of the store without a copy.

# Leaven Cabal 'McCabe' fashionably muddled

The Western film has seen better days. It has survived the fashions and fads of several generations by adapting itself to each with a protean vitality that is the Western's strength. Indeed, the changing approaches to cinema form and subject could well be studied through the changing forms of the Western over the last forty years.

The Psychological Westerns of the '50s (the neurotic cowboy) gave way to the Violence of the '60s (the psychopathic cowboy); we are now in the '70s and the "typical" Western again reflects a new sensibility. These days, "realism" is in.

Which brings us, in a round-about-way, to "McCabe and Mrs. Miller." When insight, intelligence and a modicum of honesty are recruited to create a film which relates, even tangentially, to the real world, there is some cause for rejoicing. Yet, in spite of what too many filmmakers today would have us believe, realism is more than a four-letter word in the mouth. There has got to be some substance to a film and the profusion of physical detail that cries out to be noticed because it is "real."

This is the problem with "McCabe and Mrs. Miller." Director Robert Altman attempts to create a mood—an evocation of a time and place (Pacific Northwest in the 1890s) that resonates with the vitality of the frontier past. The sense of life is there; so is the physical detail. The dialogue is handled skillfully and with originality. The photography is occasionally exquisite and always pretty to look at. And the title characters are... well, they are Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.

Yet, the separate elements of "McCabe" somehow never mesh into a

fully coherent film. For it is also "in" today to mythologize. If myth and reality are two sides of the "in" coin, the film that calls both heads and tails is simply not playing fair with its audience. "McCabe," for instance, purports to be realistic, yet even its most "accurate" details are romantically observed. Halfway through the film the grubbiness of the town of Presbyterian Church begins to cloy. It can't be that dirty and miserable all the time — some days the sun must shine! It is the mythologic eye that sees a romance in mud, and preserves with soft-focused lens the most fully developed character in the film, the town of Presbyterian Church, as though it were an aging movie star. Any sense of "real" reality is undermined by the sentimental imposition of so-called "modern" sensibilities on the story, characters, and the comment of the camera's point of view.

The result is an interesting but fashionably muddled melodrama. Plot and sense of action become as irrelevant to the characters as they are to a 1971 audience. The title characters are poorly defined, and motivated not internally, but by the faddish wisdom of 80 years after-McCabe and Mrs. Miller are mere presences in the film, myths of the '70s in the trappings of 1890's realism.

The failure of these people to LIVE as either myth or reality reflects the basic failure of what might otherwise have been a very interesting movie.

"WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN and Why is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" might better have been titled, "How did Dustin Hoffman Get Mixed Up in This Mess?" For Herb Gardner's ("Thousand Clowns") script has all the

intelligence of an old magician's trunk. Vaudeville, comic strip, and cinema gags are indiscriminately heaped side-by-side in a film that ought to have been a crashing failure, except—except for Mr. Hoffman, America's finest actor.

"Kellerman" is the story of George Soloway (Hoffman), who has never learned to love himself. After seven years on the couch, he finds that someone named Harry Kellerman has begun bad-mouthing him to all his friends and girls. Hence, George asks the epic question of the title. The answer is a bit too pat to hang a two-hour movie on, but I won't reveal it.

Like too many recent films "Kellerman" has difficulties with plot; with having one, that is. Scriptwriters and directors apparently find spinning off endless variations on a theme far easier than keeping a consecutive story line going. And George's problem is particularly fertile ground, for he compulsively remembers, muses, and

hallucinates—while the camera follows him like a dog. Yet, after two hours of remembered or imagined comedies and dramas, we're no closer to understanding George than we were at the start.

But what to say about Hoffman. In a film that all-too-often seems to be mumbling to itself, his performance is beautiful and alive. When the subjective camera displaces him, his voice becomes a presence on the screen. When he begs his wife to come out on the patio and read her paper in the sunshine, his expression, gestures and tone communicate a complexity of feeling—exasperation, confusion, need to be loved, desire to love—which many of us have perhaps experienced before without understanding.

"Harry Kellerman" is a modish, unsuccessful film that ought to have been a failure. Yet Dustin Hoffman's performance is so expressively human that it makes the film come alive. Merely as Hoffman's vehicle, "Harry Kellerman" should be seen.

## Union classes beginning soon

Bowling league tryouts, bridge lessons, and yoga lessons are being sponsored by the Carolina Union recreation committee.

Anyone interested in learning bridge can sign up now at the Union information desk for the beginning bridge lessons that will start September 29 and continue for eight weeks, according to recreation chairman Alan Mann.

The Wednesday night lessons are to be taught by a certified Goren instructor, Mrs. Phil Jackson. Classes will last from 7:30 - 9 p.m. and will cost the participants \$2 for the entire set of lessons.

At Scopp's Kundalini yoga classes have already begun, but are still open to new applicants. Mann said the class is a "very specialized kind of yoga" involving breathing, massage, and chanting.

Tryouts for the UNC bowling team are being held this Wednesday night at 7 p.m. Two other bowling groups are organizing, a student-faculty mixed league that began last night and a men's handicap league that will begin Thursday night.



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### Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- 1 Soaks up
  - 2 Part of fireplace
  - 3 Enemy
  - 12 Merit
  - 13 Comfort
  - 14 Guido's high note
  - 15 Body of soldiers
  - 17 Tennis game
  - 19 Brags
  - 21 Booby
  - 22 Succor
  - 24 Hebrew letter
  - 25 Writing implement
  - 26 Beverage
  - 27 Instruction
  - 29 College degree (abbr.)
  - 31 Male sheep
  - 32 Babylonian deity
  - 33 Conjunction
  - 34 Algonquian Indian
  - 35 Printer's measure
  - 36 Recluse
  - 38 Metal
  - 39 Armed conflict
  - 40 Man's nickname
  - 41 Detest
  - 42 Bad
  - 44 Title of respect
  - 46 Deprived of office
  - 48 Consumed
  - 51 Anger
  - 52 Part of foot
  - 54 Nerve network
  - 55 Youngster
  - 56 Sicilian volcano
  - 57 Colorless
- DOWN
- 1 Deposit
  - 2 Paddle

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

G	O	T	L	A	S	H	P	O	T
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A	M	E	R	S	P	I	N	N	E
M	E	T	I	T	S	L	O	T	
E	S	A	U	S	E	T	T	E	N
I	S	M	M	O	R	D	O	E	
L	I	G	E	A	S	I	E	S	T
A	N	T	Y	E	T	I	R	K	
P	U	R	E	W	E	B	V	E	L
T	I	R	E	S	O	T	Y	O	
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## Photo classes open

Free lance photographer, film editor, and photojournalist Eduardo Nunez will be teaching the Carolina Union's photography classes which will begin this Wednesday.

Two series of 12 lessons will be taught, one for beginners and one for advanced photographers. The beginning class is for those who are unfamiliar with darkroom techniques and the advanced class is for those with at least some knowledge of the darkroom. The beginners class will meet at 7 p.m. on Wednesdays and the advanced class meets at 8:30 p.m.

The lessons will cost the participants \$15, payable at application, and each of the two classes will be limited to 15 students. Sign-up sheets are at the Union information desk.

Nunez did motion picture work, television commercials, and magazine editorial work in Buenos Aires before coming to New York where he worked

## Duo playing tonight in Tuesday series

The Music Department continues its Tuesday Evening Concert Series tonight with a Violin and Piano Recital given by Dr. Edgar Alden and Fedora Horowitz.

The concert, the second in the year's series, will be presented in Hill Hall at 8 p.m.

The program consists of three violin sonatas, two from the classical era and one from the romantic. The duo will open with J.S. Bach's Sonata in E major, followed by Mozart's Sonata in E-flat major and Cesar Franck's Sonata in A major.

Alden, just elected as the new Music Department chairman, was born in Ohio and educated at Oberlin and at UNC. He


has had a strong interest in chamber music since he was at college.

He is a founding member of the North Carolina String Quartet, and has soloed with several orchestras in the state.

Fedora Horowitz was born in Romania and studied initially at the Conservatoire in Bucharest. In 1958, she moved to Israel where she took up a teaching post at the Rubin Academy of Music in Jerusalem. While in Israel, she gave many recitals and extensive broadcasts.

She moved to Chapel Hill in 1969 where her husband is connected with the psychology department, and she has taught and played here since then.

456  
West Franklin



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