



Alice Cooper: "Eighteen" sung with Drag-Queen Bravado.

Rockroll Beefheart, Alice and The Ig by mif

Safe As Milk (Buddah); Strictly Personal (Blue Thumb); Trout Mask Replica (Straight); Lick My Decals Off, Baby (Straight) Mirror Man (Buddah) - Captain Beefheart & his Magic Band.

Pretties For You; Easy Action; Love It To Death (Straight) - Alice Cooper.

The Stooges; Fun House (Elektra) - Iggy Pop & The Stooges.

"The only performance that really makes it, makes it all the way, is that which achieves madness." - Turner, in the film "Performance".

If you're one of those old-time rock 'n' rollies, you may recall a song from the early Sixties (or late Fifties) called "Surfin' Bird," by the infamous Trashmen. Although not considered an artistic or aesthetic classic, it is one of the more instantly memorable "Moldie Oldies" to cross the airwaves. "Surfin' Bird" is a crazy song, a wildly bizarre song, a song that, unlike so many from that same period, is immediately recognizable and distinct, if only because it is so grossly unusual.

Few rock and roll records have ever had as insane a persona (yes, rock records do have personnas) as this one. "Surfin' Bird" didn't talk about high-school and the prom, or teen angels and railroads, or hound dogs or Venus (in bluejeans); "Surfin' Bird" was direct, to the point, the medium definitely being the message: "A-well-a everybody's heard about the bird-bird bird-bird. The bird's the word - A-well-a bird bird bird." And of course, the chorus: "PAPA-OOMA-OOMA-OOMA-OOMA-OOMA-MA-MOW." Who were we to dispute that?

Iggy and Alice

I'm not altogether certain why I dig the above-mentioned records. Two years ago, in the midst of my Byrds-Sweetheart of the Rodeo period, I would have scoffed at, no banished the likes of Iggy Pop and Alice Cooper from earsight. Now, I find their music interesting, amusing and essential. Maybe it's the world we live in.

Films

Wuthering Heights

The task of making a motion picture of WUTHERING HEIGHTS is depressingly formidable. Emily Bronte's classic novel of moorland passions contains so much plot material that a comprehensive treatment would certainly require much more running time than would seem practical.

The new American-International version of WUTHERING HEIGHTS seals the story off about halfway with a trumped-up Hollywood ending. I suppose this is the fault of screenplay's author, Patrick Tilley. Too bad Tilley did not redeem himself with better dialogue and stronger

First things first: the five Captain Beefheart lps listed constitute the major body of work by one of America's most creative, perceptive and unbalanced rock musicians, Don Van Vliet (alias Captain Beefheart). His music is an unreal combination of Mississippi delta blues, rock and roll, and Third World Jazz, all mixed up, assimilated, and equalling one mind-blowing brand of musical dadism (almost). From Safe As Milk through Lick My Decals Off, Baby, (and then picking up with the recently released Mirror Man), Beefheart and his band display an amazing unawareness of trends and fads in music and an incredible improvisational ability. They play free, unpretentious music that flows out with a sense of wit and inventiveness that is so natural and honest that it seems totally subconscious.

On Trout Mask Replica especially, Beefheart's organic comedy reaches classic proportions. The double-album is filled with songs, half-songs and non-songs that defy description. They are flashes of insanity, word games and incongruous incidents, which blaze past us and are gone - leaving us speechless and not a little disoriented.

Some people can't listen to Beefheart. At first, he does sound offensive. But don't give up until you've really listened and don't listen until you've really given up. And remember, Bob Dylan sounded like a drunken cowhand the first time around (and wonderfully, he still does).

Alice Cooper is one of Frank Zappa's finds. Alice Cooper is a man, the lead singer. Alice Cooper used to kill (real, live) chickens on stage. That was a drag and so was the group's first lp.

But Easy Action is more tolerable (listenable). It even has a nice bit where the boys in the band do a little "West Side Story" riff . . . hence, "Easy Action." Not a bad lp at all.

Drag-Queen Bravado

Love It To Death is a killer. Included, of course, is that lovely

"Metallo, Ten-Cent Monster"

by Jon Thompson

It is becoming unnecessarily impossible to purchase anything from the vending machines in the Commons Building. Those nine automated bunko artists are rapidly learning how to 'bilk the customer' and have been anxiously practicing this skill on every and anyone gullible enough to fall for their innocent gleaming exteriors.

Doubtless there isn't a student on campus who hasn't lost some money to those fiendish contraptions. Naturally! A person has more chance of getting the jackpot off a one-armed bandit than he has of receiving a carton of milk from that hulking metal blob. Lately, the trapdoor on the 'Dairyland Delight' machine (or whatever it's called) was broken

opus "Eighteen" (" . . . and I LIKE it, LOVE it"), sung with all kinds of drag-queen bravado by Alice herself and super-punk rock and roll backup. The lp is far better than anything the group ever imagined it could do (they came along with the first wave of psychedelia), and by contemporary standards, it's some of the best rock being played.

And finally, we have Iggy . . . Iggy Pop, that is, the darling boy himself. The Stooges are a frightfully heavy band who jus' wanna sock it to ya . . . relentlessly. The Ig screams and wails and cries and moans and carries on so and he's just so Oh My, I can't begin to tell ya. Critics have ripped the Stooges apart, calling them 'loathesome,' 'disgusting' and 'perverted,' which they are. But they also play that good old rock and roll with the same frenzied lunatic spirit that made "Surfin' Bird" the ah . . . interesting experience it was.

Oh My!

The Stooges is good, hard rock, with an absolutely brilliant production job by John Cale. Fun House strikes with the power of a bullet square in the gut. The kind of music that drives you to the brink of . . .

Oh My! What a far-out record! Perhaps it's unfair to link these groups together. But it's the spirit of the music they play which is the issue at hand, not the fact that Beefheart is sooo weird, or that Alice kills chickens, or that Iggy is sooo Oh My! These groups play loud, explosive rock and roll (a mite unusual). They play it as freely and as openly as anyone ever did and I think that's healthy.

These are indeed strange times. Maybe it's the nature of the world that makes this stuff appealing; maybe it's the nature of where rock has been and is going. But when you think about it, isn't "Eighteen," no matter how much it might quiver your backbone, just about the most provocative, interesting song on AM radio since "Surfin' Bird." Don't ya just wanna . . . when ya hear it? I mean, doesn't Alice Cooper sound just so . . . Oh My!

by Alexander March

original and she certainly looks the part of Cathy. Aside from a couple of small supporting players, the other acting is of no importance.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS has a slick music score and fair camera work, (although the lighting is the best I've seen in a color film for a long time).

All in all, not a complete bomb (especially when one considers what they COULD have done to it). I am anxious to view other American-International "Classics" which will include A TALE OF TWO CITIES, THE SCARLET LETTER, THE HOUSE OF THE 7 GABLES, and LES MISERABLES.

off and the bastard was laid to rest. But he wasn't the only offender. His brothers in sin 'The Coke Machine' and the 'Candy Dispenser' are also vicious thieves in their own way. Each has a cheap trick that works time and time again. The Coke Machine will refuse over and over to take a coin, thus driving a potential customer to the very brink of hysteria. Then, without warning, it will swallow up the quarter or dime and sit happily content as the maddened purchasee pounds the selection buttons to no avail and collapses

in a sobbing heap.

The Candy Dispenser has its own tricks. It mixes up the selections. If a 'Fudgy Bar' is ordered, a Peanut Butter Cup is delivered. A desire for an 'Almond Stick' brings forth a Marshmallow Block (I have never met anyone with a craving for an Almond Stick satisfied by a Marshmallow Block!).

Whatever horrible force is controlling these demons of steel, whoever brought the armor plated terrors into existence, I hope he's satisfied . . . (click) satisfied (click) satisfied . . .

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He was vaccinated with a gramophone needle, said Jenny.

The nurse turned to Dardin, and handed him a book.

Thinking that you are are Catholic, Father Reece suggested that I give you this. It's a treasury of devotion.

On the outside, said Dardin, and it's FOREVER AMBER on the inside. Have you got any swinging drugs?

Jenny left. The nurse showed her out.

Look after her, said Dardin to Klein as he got up, look after her. She's ill...very, very ill. I'll be out in the morning. Are they asking for me in the park?

What was the mental-pen like? asked Lomas when Klein came back to Jason's after his visit with Dardin.

No different from any other place, said Klein. No different from schools, police stations, prisons...normalcy on its uppers.

Lomas stared into his glass. They all lie at the end of one grimy definition. But why did they put Dardin in there?

Because he likes going there, said Clapp.

But they don't know that, said Lomas. They put you in the madhouse under a twenty-eight day observation order to test your awareness of reality, only they call it a hospital to suggest that some corner of reality has been captured for it and...

Ah, shut up. He enjoyed the place, said Freddie Klein. It's material for the park.

Lomas turned to Clapp. What did they say to him in there? Clapp asked.

They said that if he went on with his drugs he'd overtax his metabolism and his brain cells would burn out.

There you see, said Clapp. They were only trying to help him.

D. & P. Cont'd From P. 1

directives were issued after nearly two full weeks of rehearsals.

There are, obviously, many more sides to this story, with far more detail than could be remembered or printed.

But what is really at stake here? Not just a production of "Uncle Vanya," not just a much-needed "lay-it-on-the-line" statement from the D & P Dept., but in actuality, the very quality and caliber of this institution.

The differences in the disagreements between Pollock and Boys are difficult. Both take positions that are understandable, if not likeable.

In conversations with Pollock, it seems that he feels that Boys isn't facing the realities of the situation, that he is being an idealist when the facts call for absolute realism.

Censorship

Boys agrees that he is being an idealist. But, he argues, that because of this situation - and who imposed the situation is at the present not important - he has had enforced upon him a kind of artistic censorship. In his first answer to Pollock, he wrote: "But - when the 'criteria' laid down in such an arbitrary manner in and of themselves militate against the creativity of the artist, the intentions of the playwright and the needs of the students, I must protest in the

What did he do all the time he was in there? said Lomas.

He made jokes, said Klein, but he did do a piece of writing, "Dust to Dust." I have it with me somewhere...

Read it for us, said Lomas getting up (for Jason's was getting ready to close).

Here it is. He wrote it in the Occupational Therapy room. "Dust to Dust," by Bobby Dardin.

"The street of silent night echoed its longing for quiet. These people who live with death and not life, die before learning how to live. And a man kissed a girl and stopped because of me. (I would not have stopped for him.) The girl smiled knowingly. And they passed on and were swallowed in the roar of one of the numerous midnight mad motor cycles. And still the maddening roar denied my street the sleep it was due. My longing for food made me energetic and lent wings to my flattering feet. As my nothingness became all things, the vibrations grew less and less frequent; the street began to doze in a peaceful repose. For the day had been long and the foot steps many. Now I had become the street, and because I worried, the worries of the street were transferred to me. For I, the street, a man-made thing of burnt muck, am made of dust like you. And the street was made to uplift man while it remains downtrodden. Then, if all things be made of dust, pray then who are you, to tell a man who is the street, what he must and must not do?"

The last part of it rhymes, said Klein when he had finished reading it.

Yes, said Lomas. Yes...interesting... There is a secret Dardin that we don't see in the park.

To Be Continued

strongest terms against what amounts to no less an evil than creative censorship."

And Boys further feels that Pollock is, in fact, not being a realist when he refuses to see the situation of the Drama Dept. and the school for what it is.

His arguments are not so much against the realities (or practicalities of the moment) as they are against an institution that continues to call itself a training ground for professionals in the face of what, in his opinion, is staggering evidence to the contrary. What Boys asks for - and really what all of us are asking for - is a better situation, the kind of situation where this kind of petty nonsense would not be allowed to interfere with the process of creation.

The point is, however, that both men state points which should be well taken. We can't dismiss facts, nor can we go on pretending. And worse, we cannot promise a level of competence and deliver something far less.

But hopefully, something positive will come out of this. Hopefully, those who need to know will finally be made aware of the dangerous direction this school is taking. And hopefully, perhaps we will all finally learn the real reality: that great and long distance between glittering product and that which has substance.