

Mason Proffit play country

By RICK DERAGON

The trend in today's rock music is that no trends exist. Acid-rock, folk-rock, jazz rock have all had their times, and indeed, some examples of each still remain. But still no single type of music prevails today.

Some claim country-based music is taking a strong hold of the market, and while they say this, the unexplainable popularity of Grand Funk haunts us all. True, the country groups and country singers are enjoying a refreshing acceptance, but there is no real way to tell or predict which kind of music will become fad and start a mania working again.

In the country field, a group which has two very similar albums out is Mason Proffit. On the Happy Tiger label, the first of these two albums is nice and easy sounding but gets bogged down

with "heavy" lyrical content. The majority of the record's songs contain socio-political messages of some sort — very unfitting for the good-time sounding tunes in which they occur. From "Voice of Change":

Hey Businessman

You turn and give me a sideways glance every now and then...

But now your kind is in the papers, you got to think now friend,

How does that grab you, silent majority?

The album called "Wanted" is good, but could be much, much better. Perhaps the second L.P. will be better.

Unfortunately, the only area in which Mason Proffit "matures" is in instrumental competence, which isn't bad. However, the lyrical triteness, or words unbecoming of the particular tune, hold this album back from

making too positive an impression.

"Movin' Toward Happiness" is clearly a well thought out production. It is filled with pleasant chord progressions, tasteful pedal steel and dobro working throughout, and original arrangements. But again we get:

My name is Flying Arrow and I live in Arizona

part of what was once

a mighty nation

So you send us bits of clothing

and you send us tons of starches; but when we ask for work, you cannot hire us

A worthy enough message but completely out of place in a foot-tapping, country music mood.

These questionable lyrics are less conspicuous, though, when compared to "Wanted." Michael Dodge", "Hard Luck Woman", "Hokey Joe Pony and Ole Joe Clark" are the foot-stompers on side one, all with up-tempo feeling and basic country sounds.

On side two, "Let Me Know Where You're Goin'" is the only song similar to the fast series on

the first side. "Good Friend of Mary's" and "He Loves Them" are in an easier vein and sound very nice. The last cut is one of the protest songs. With a chant/chorus of "everybody was wrong," and words concerned with war and ecology, the tune is likewise un-country, sounding like a medium-heavy rock song with a heavy, heavy message.

The music heard on "Wanted" and "Movin' Toward Happiness" is definitely pleasing and deserves listening to, and if the listener can "overlook" the often too-much-to-take words, these two will prove to contain many enjoyable listenings.

Crosby, Stills, etc., live

By RICK DERAGON

On an especially warm August evening 6,000 people milled in and around the Los Angeles Greek Theater. We went into the small park next to the amphitheater and talked and walked and laughed until we found a nice place to spread our blanket. The lawn had just been mowed and with the surrounding eucalyptus trees' smell, it was hard to tell this was Los Angeles.

The four of us shared two loaves of shepherd's bread, four squares of imported cheeses and a gallon of wine, while the sun became lost over the hills.

Later we entered the theater and waited for Joni Mitchell to sing to us under the stars. She sang and played her melancholy and happy songs for just over an hour and disappeared behind the side curtain. She was brought back a couple of times and finally the clapping died away.

Before us now were three guitars standing behind stools. And then "they" walked out into the warm air, tuned, adjusted and burst forth with:

"It's getting to the point, where I'm no fun anymore..."

For so long they played happily together and even more together when the fourth friend was brought on. A fine and unique debut for a city from a group of friends. Altogether they would play:

"Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby..."

Paired up they would play: Guinnevere had green eyes, m'lady like yours..."

Alone they would play:

"Black Queen, don't you know, can't beat aces all in a row..."

"I am a child, I'll last awhile, you can't conceive of the pleasure in my smile..."

They joked and played and had a good time. After a short break they came back with electricity, volume and more showmanship. A 30-minute "Down By the River" ended the "star" filled night, plus 6,000 smiling screams. And all along they were setting a precedent for the other shows.

Many more shows followed, concerts resembling, if not duplicating the format of that summer night. So different and really entertaining. They caught on fast and became the year's phenomenon. Everyone knew them or knew of them.

Material grew and so did the image. Another studio representation was disappointing. Or was it? Ask the throngs. Ultimately they had to play to Los Angeles again. They played once in December but that wasn't like a summer evening under the starry sky — all cold and bundled inside UCLA's Pauley Pavillion. It had been so long. The town was starved for them.

Finally Jack Kent Cooke and his place obliged to two 20,000 fan-packed nights in June. How could that "blimp hanger" compare to the intimacy of almost a year before? Oh no.

So there everyone was. All those trillions who had picked up on this group over the months had forced them into a blimp hanger. Oh no.

Before us now were three guitars standing behind stools. And then they walked out into the air-conditioned, un intimate atmosphere, tuned, adjusted and burst forth with: "It's getting to the point, where I'm no fun anymore..."

Just like before in the summer, it was so nice. Friends. They talked more now: a little more sure of themselves, a little more polished, but still informal. The fourth "brother" was introduced and they played their newest songs.

Again they took a break to come back and electrify everyone. The impact was almost indescribable.

Gradually, the Forum roof top disappeared, as did the massive walls. I was soon in their living room, at their feet, smiling, listening, clapping. I saw the stars in a warm summer night, smelled the new mowed lawn and eucalyptus trees. I drank the wine.

It was just "Four Way Street."

Revolutionary film to be shown

"Antonio Das Mortes," a revolutionary, folk epic based on the elements of folk history, superstition and social injustice, will be presented Wednesday, May 5, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

Glauber Rocha, foremost director of Brazil's Cinema Novo, received the Best Director award of the 1969 Cannes Film Festival for this picture. Rocha clothes his revolutionary message in a remarkable visual language in which the primitivism and violence of the religious dances or the scenes of savage slaughter alternate with moments of absolute stillness.

He draws on ballads and folksongs to develop and comment on the action, and his use of color also enhances the effect of the rituals. The color sometimes matches the macabre quality of Rocha's

imagination and some critics have objected that this flamboyant operatic style conflicts with the political message.

But this is no mythical frontier of the past: Rocha's magnificent film is in fact firmly tied to the present day political and social reality of his underdeveloped homeland.

Medieval tale of Japan

Films of Japan will continue Sunday, May 2, with the screening of "The Bailiff" in 1179 Chemistry Auditorium at 8 p.m. It is a memorable film version of the medieval tale about the family of a nobleman sold into slavery to a petty bailiff and the son who finally defeats the bailiff and becomes a provincial governor able to abolish slavery in the area. It was written by the great Japanese director, Kenji

Mizoguchi, who died in 1956 after a career of 30 years.

In 1963 "The Bailiff" was presented at the New York Film Festival and ran concurrently at the Museum of Modern Art as part of its retrospective or important works not released commercially in this country.

