

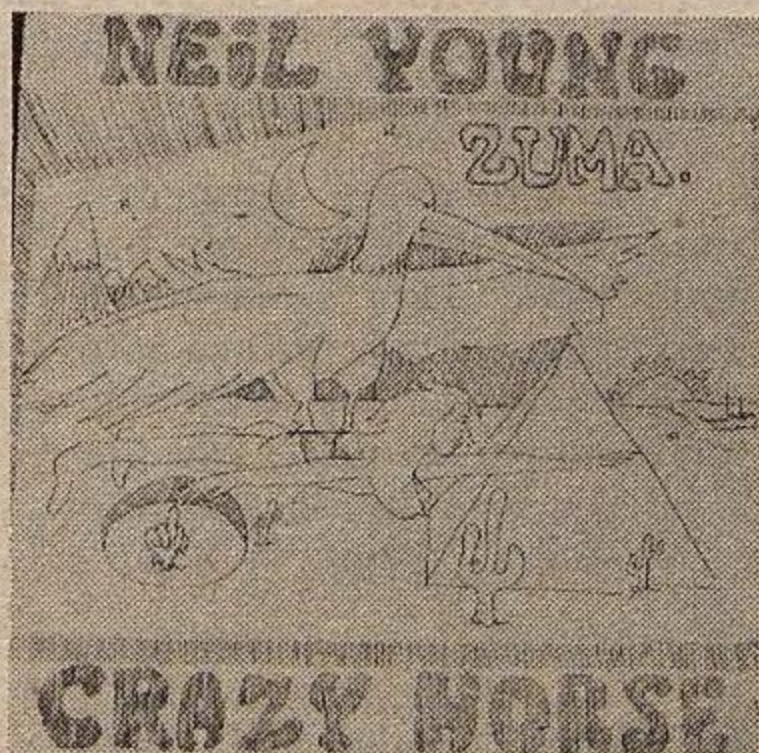


Arts & Entertainment

Neil Young's 'Zuma' Strips America Bare

BY DOUG GEBHARD

Zuma, Neil Young, Reprise [MS 2242]!!!!!!



"And that's what that album is, it's just bare beginnings. And the change between that album and the next album is really gonna blow a lot of minds." (Neil Young in *Rolling Stone* April 1970, concerning *After the Goldrush*.)

The starkness and reality of "Tonight's the Night" still has many people baffled I bet. I don't think most people can get past the roughness of the vocals or the ballsy drunken guitar playing. It's that way with most things today anyway, so why give Neil Young a fair shake.

The fact of the matter is folks don't want to know about the darker side of themselves and when ol' Neil said it, a bit too loud for them, well...oooooh, boy. Can you imagine that...the truth being screeched at you by some megalomaniac with a guitar and in black and white.

It may not be the truth of their lives, but it is the bare-naked America he exposes. The drugs and drinking that we all love about

(Continued on Page 10)

99c floating theatre

Rag Pianist 'Jazzes' It Up

(Continued from Page 5)

Education coupled with entertaining piano, the one-man show presented some interesting history through Paul's interspersed talks.

Jazz—the word—evolved from J'ass, a dirty four-letter word describing those new Dixie bands in New York City around the turn of the century.

Jazz—the music—is the history of a city, Storyville, New Orleans. The town of international trade is the only legalized Red Light District as well as the Birthplace of Jazz. Here European influence co-mingled with poor blacks in producing a true urban folk art.

Flooded with local traders, and foreigners interested in having a good time, sporting houses were created. Run by local whites, they afforded drink, dance, women and music. A piano player was hired for his cheap salary and versatility. He could play anything from a French Quadrille to an Irish Jig. Somewhere in between, creative improvisation took over. Here in the French Quarter of New Orleans, jazz piano was born.

The Storyville piano player was reincarnated last night in the form of Julliard graduate, classical genius, and historian, Paul Posnak. Bent on reviving interest in old time jazz, Posnak intellectualized the music through brief explanatory stories. A usually unwarranted transition from Jelly Roll Morton's Blues to Chopin was made feasible. The connection

Pitt Dancers Stir Imagination

BY A. IRENE SCHMDT

Imagination, more than skill, was the keynote of the Pitt Dance Ensemble's program at Stephen Foster Memorial last night. The choice of music supported a varied and entertaining series of dances that somehow fit under the title, "Dances for Wet Weather."

The musical selections, from the waltzes of Johannes Brahms to the ragtime of Scott Joplin to the national dances of Israel, carried the Ensemble over the program's weak spots and accentuated its strengths.

The Ensemble was enhanced by the choreography and dancing of Dan Wagoner, head of a New York dance company and presently the affiliated artist with the Pittsburgh Dance Council. In addition to doing choreography for the third dance, *Dan's Run's Penny Supper*, Wagoner performed two short solos, both self-choreographed.

The first solo, *Rag Dances*, was a visualization of a Joplin composition. It came across as a perfect example of Wagoner's freeness on the stage and his ability to project



with simple movements. Despite the intensity of his features, which bring to mind a rather intelligent and good-looking Cro-Magnon man, Wagoner combined the comedy of a Charlie Chaplin dance with the inherent grace of a trained ballet dancer. In effect, it was the

perfect ballet—a visualization of music, down to the finest nuance.

The second solo was less effective, simply because it left the audience rather bewildered. Wagoner's forte is modern dance, and *A Pavane* was just that. It consisted of Wagoner dancing, sitting in a chair to scribble on note paper, getting up to dance again, writing, dancing and then tearing up the paper and throwing it into a wastebasket. Deep. Too deep, it seems.

Dan's Run's Penny Supper refers to a fund-raising dinner at a West Virginia church, according to the program. The accompaniment consisted of taped traditional and country-western music, highlighted by old favorites such as "Whiskey Took My Daddy Away"



and "Amazing Grace" sung by a senile baritone. However, several movements stood out, characterized by excellent solo dances.

Susan Gillis, a teaching assistant, and Margaret Skriner, a dance instructor at Pitt, were especially noteworthy. Gillis and Edward Rupert also danced several perfectly executed pas de deux.

One reappearing element was a series of Marceau-like pantomime movements. In *Penny Supper*, it was noticeable in a simultaneous Simon Says dance.

The program's weakest selection was unfortunately the first, *Brahm's Waltzes*, 16 waltzes in 16

minutes. Although the dancers tried, the one short week of rehearsal necessitated by the services of a New York choreographer took its toll on the final production.

In addition, the dance suffered from its staging. For such a serious performance, the audience is simply too close to the stage in



Stephen Foster. In a dance like this, the performers must be bodies, not people. Seeing the dancer's expressions, the slight missteps and the involuntary trembling in a strained pose is almost embarrassing.

The movements in *Brahms' Waltzes* also seemed somehow incongruous. Some seem to be derived from classical ballet, some from black dance, some from such dances as the minuet. Together, they were jarring, adding to the lack of continuity that characterized the entire piece.

In contrast, the evening's last selection, *Holiday in Israel*, was beautifully choreographed. The music was interrupted by the voice of the narrator, who explained that each dance was the contribution of various nationality groups in Israel to the ancient Festival of the Fruits.

Costuming (Heidi Hollman Pribam) and lighting (Dick Knowles and Vickie Paal) were excellent, climaxing with the performance of the national dance of Israel, the Hora. The dancers whirled in a large circle, dark figures illuminated only by occasional flashlights, silhouetted against a slowly darkening blue background.

The dancing was good, but the music was better. Dance can be one of the most accurate illustrations of music. Perhaps the music was just too good—it's not easy to surpass the best.

Conductor Rates Fair

BY PAMELA EUSI

James Levine, a major American conductor, was supposed to take dual roles as soloist and conductor in this weekend's Pittsburgh Symphony concert. I say was supposed to because for some unknown reason he didn't, and a mediocre concert (instead of a great one) resulted. Donald Johanos, the Symphony's associate conductor, and Robert de Gaetano filled Levine's shoes. They tried.

Two of the program's pieces came off quite well in spite of Johanos' conducting. But the first work, Bach's *Concerto in d minor for Piano and Orchestra*, left a lot to be desired.

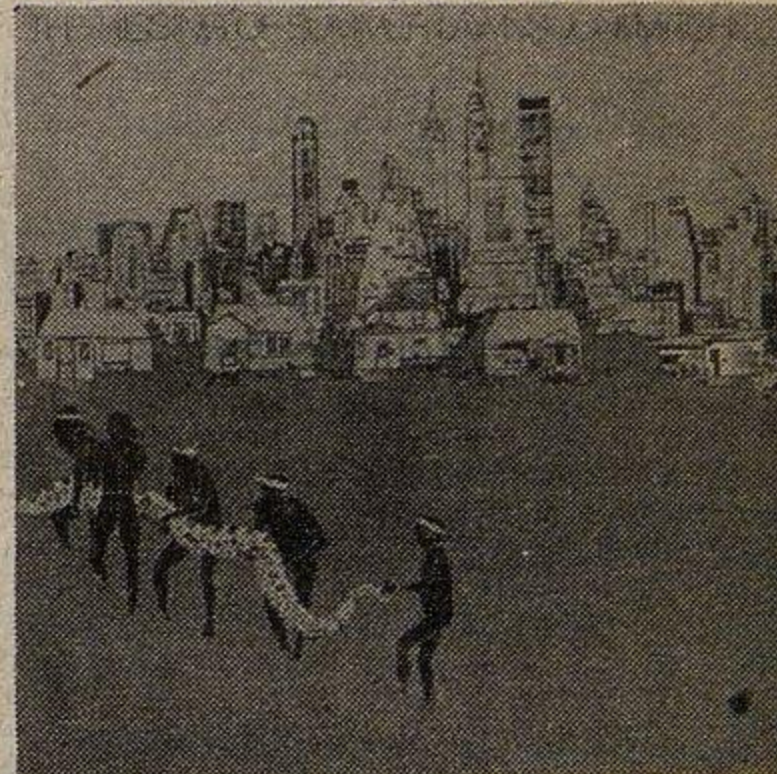
It's not that de Gaetano played badly; he did all the right things at the right times. He started out weakly and continued that way until a few intense moments near the end of the third movement.

In its Pittsburgh premiere, *Three Orchestral Pieces, Opus 6* by Alban Berg turned out to be one of the bright spots in the concert. Berg admired Gustav Mahler, and Berg's style resembled that of Arnold Schoenberg, his teacher and friend.

'Hissing' LP Is Relief for Mitchell Fans

BY TOM WASELESKI

The Hissing of Summer Lawns
Joni Mitchell
Asylum Records, 7E-1051



"You know I'd go back there tomorrow

But for the work I've taken on Stoking the star maker machinery

Behind the popular song." Joni Mitchell seemed to be making a confession in her last album that she finally was set to jump to commercial rock from her more aesthetic genre.

Highly praised by fans and nonfans alike, *Court and Spark* sold in markets that had had no use for Mitchell's music. The reason—a definite change in style.

Court and Spark was a sleek, slick album. You could whistle the songs; you could even sing them. Some, like "Help Me" and "Free Man in Paris," were suitable for recording by Ray Coniff, Johnny Mann and the like.

What was going on here? This wasn't Joni Mitchell.

Deep down, her fans feared the more traditionally structured melodies and their consequent success would point Mitchell in a more pop direction.

It's understandable why this album, *The Hissing of Summer Lawns*, was so anxiously awaited.

And the verdict as seen by this juror is that Mitchell is not out to compete with Olivia Newton-John.

Despite the initial comfort this brings, there is still much in the album that is disturbing—in a nice sort of way.

This may be a concept album—not that a concept album is (Continued on Page 10)

BUHL SHOW

"The Christmas Star," Buhl Planetarium's traditional holiday sky show, can be seen in the Theater of the Stars daily at 2:15 and 8:15 p.m. There are extra shows Saturday at 11:15 a.m. and Sunday at 4:15 p.m.

The Planetarium is in Allegheny Square. For information, call 321-4300.

The second movement is one of Beethoven's most famous. The theme is stated again and again, first by the lower strings then by all the string sections, until the entire orchestra is contributing to the weaving of this musical tapestry.

Gypsy music, ecstatic dance melodies and a brief duel between the first and second violins led to a fierce, dynamic finish.

Joni's LP Yields Contrasts

(Continued from Page 9)

something to be uneasy about, but the fact that it may and yet may not be one is what is so distressing.

The 10 songs are held together by a fine, yet ever-present, thread of references to things African. "Rousseau walks on trumpet paths, safaris to the heart of all that jazz"...And he chains me with that serpent to that Ethiopian wall"... "There's a black fly buzzing, There's a heat wave burning in her master's voice, And the hissing of summer lawns." And there are songs entitled "The Jungle Line" and "The Boho Dance."

Yet with all this tribal, tropical footnoting, the great body of the songs are stinging commentaries on suburban American life.

"In France They Kiss on Main Street" plays with the dichotomy of parent-child generations, at least as seen from the standpoint of kissing in public: "Amour, mama, not cheap display."

"Edith and the Kingpin" documents a small-town gangster's nightclub ploy to pick any woman he wants.

A poignant depiction of love succumbing to the doldrums of middle age is found in "Harry's House":

"He's caught up in Chief of Staff

He drifts off into memory
Of the way she looked in school
With her body oiled and shining
At the public swimming pool..."

The lyrics overall are crisp. The music, however, is somewhat lackluster. As usual, the melodies are subtle, but perhaps a little too bereft of color, despite the multitude of tones in Mitchell's inflective voice.

Probably the strongest song on the record is "Shades of Scarlet Conquering." Much of it resembles "Down to You" from **Court and Spark** in its quiet force. Even without Mitchell's expressive vocals, this piece can stand alone on the sheer tightness of its melody.

A strange closing tune, "Shadows and Light," is sung practically a cappella; the only accompaniment is the intermittent buzz of a synthesizer. As if it were a Gregorian chant, Mitchell cantillates several lines, then responds with multiple voice trackings in unison.

Here she once more returns to primitive references: "Man of cruelty—mark of Cain, Drawn to all things. Man of delight—born again, born again. Man of the laws, the ever-broken laws, Governing wrong, wrong and right."

Even the cover lends itself to a theme, contrasting the tribal existence with that of modern

suburbia. The top half shows several suburban dwellings on the periphery of a city; in the foreground is a band of natives carrying a huge snake.

Mitchell says on the inner sleeve that the album as a whole "unfolded like a mystery," and that "it is not my intention to unravel that mystery for anyone." Whether she herself knows the intricacies behind the mystery is hard to tell. But **The Hissing of Summer Lawns**, perplexing though it may be, leaves Mitchell's fans with welcome relief, for this is obviously not the one-dimensional stuff of which Top-40 is made.

ART

The Young Adult Congregation of B'nai Israel will sponsor its annual Art Auction on Saturday and Sunday in the Barnett Davis Hall, B'nai Israel, 327 N. Negley Avenue.

Pittsburgh Artists, Inc. presents its Christmas Show of paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings and photography by many local artists in the gallery at 4535 Forbes Avenue, through January 24. The show is open to the public between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday and by appointment only on Sundays and Mondays.

Neil Young's 'Zuma' Strips America Naked

(Continued from Page 9)

our immoral destruction of our own being and those who surround us. Until this reality is accepted people aren't going to understand the rest of Neil Young.

Zuma is just another Neil Young record. It is on the same label, sounds the same as any other in your collection and will play just like the others.

There is one difference—this Neil Young record is the best since **Everybody Knows...** I put this in the position of a **Yesterday and Today**. This is the record you will look back on and see that it was Neil's revival. Like the Beatles it has the roots, the reclamation of those roots, but it also has a brand new direction to travel in.

Musically **Zuma** has the same sound as the old Crazy Horse material (they are part of this group, again with Frank Sampedro on rhythm guitar). The electric guitar and machine-gun solos are present. The extended jamming and the bounce that Crazy Horse had is again revived. It is a sound so welcome after all the garbage contemporary artists are schlocking out.

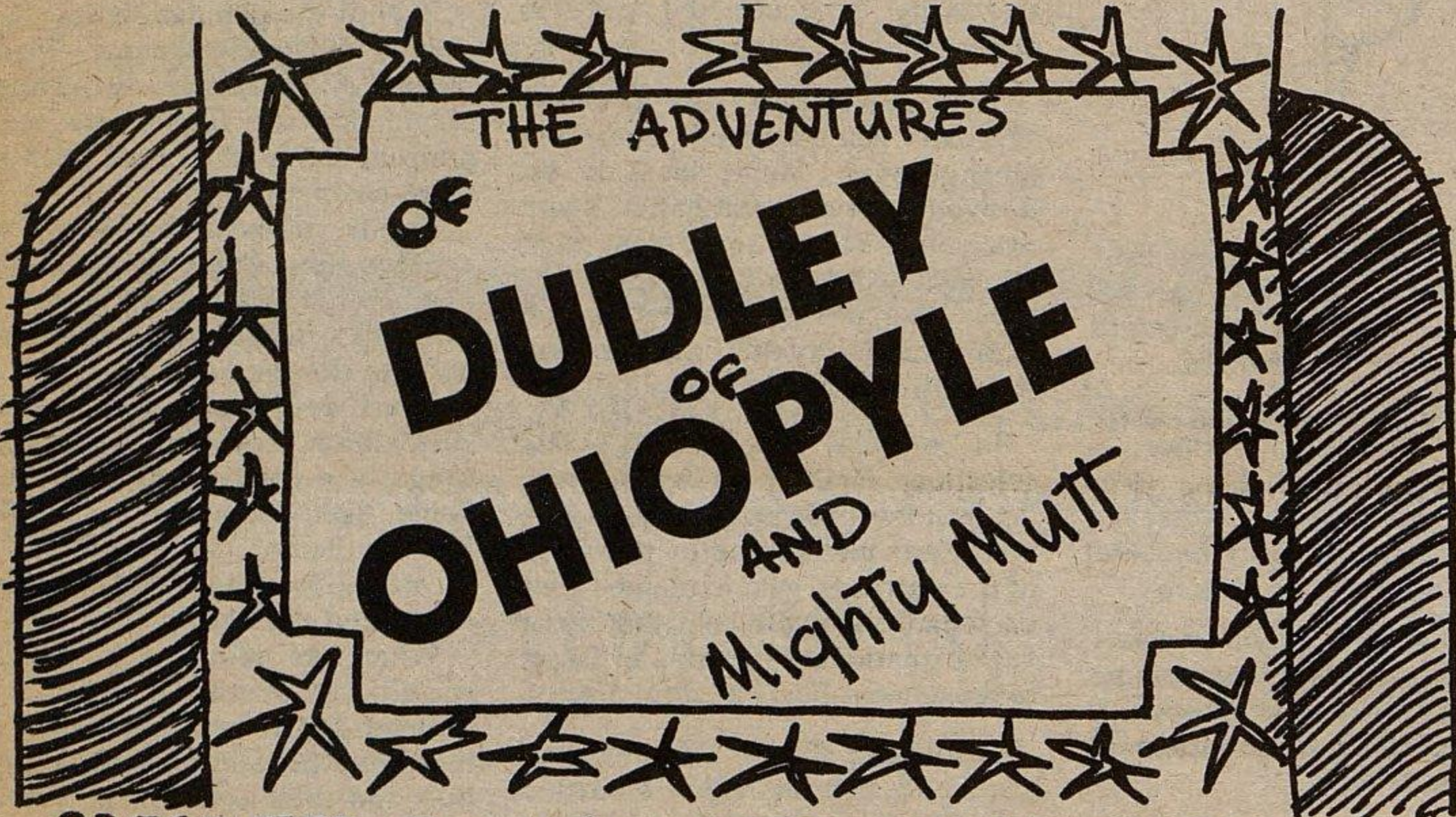
The songs' lyrics are shattering to the emotions; his shocking

introspection, which everybody thought might be gone with **Tonight** because of his pointing out style, is as penetrating as ever.

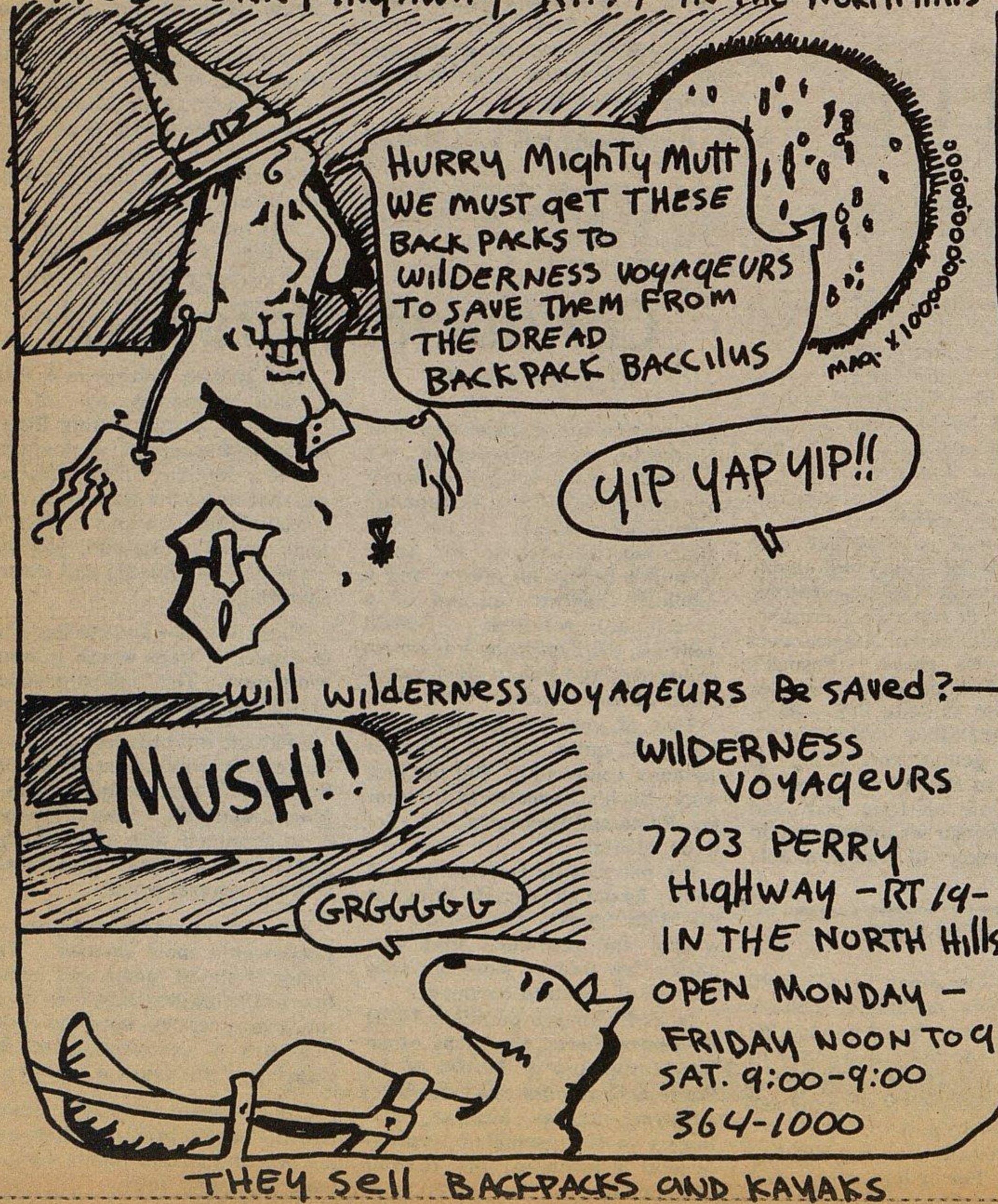
"Cortez the Killer" is about Zuma. "On the shore lay Montezuma/With his coca leaves and pearls/In his halls he often wondered/with the secrets of the worlds" is a historic song for a people who have no history...us. This country is so new and young and we think we are so mature. "But they built up with their bare hands/What we still can't do today."

Needless to say I feel this album is an important one not only for Neil Young but for the musical world. The screeching guitar and matching voice of Neil Young has lost many folks. This is not music for everybody. You who are into disco will not like it. You who enjoy jazz (or should I say Jazz) will not like it. If you own Starship for the song "Miracles," forget it kids.

This album is for those of you who know what being bummed out is like. Who know what sadness is and can relate to it in songs with Neil Young singing them. This album is for...well, it's for me, that's for sure.



PRESENTED BY WILDERNESS VOYAGEURS
7703 PERRY HIGHWAY - RT. 19 - IN THE NORTH HILLS



Will WILDERNESS VOYAGEURS Be saved?

MUSH!!

GRGGRGGR

WILDERNESS VOYAGEURS
7703 PERRY HIGHWAY - RT 19 - IN THE NORTH HILLS
OPEN MONDAY - FRIDAY NOON TO 9
SAT. 9:00-9:00
364-1000

THEY SELL BACKPACKS AND KAMAKS

RESIDENT ASSISTANT APPLICATIONS

Are Now Available for the

1976-77 Academic Year

They Can Be Picked Up in the Office of Residence Life, Tower C Lobby

Deadline for Returning Applications:

January 9, 1976

Student Special

WITH PURCHASE OF FIRST PAIR OF GLASSES GET A SECOND PAIR AT 1/2 PRICE

GLASSES

CONTACT LENSES

JAMES T. MORRIS,
Optician

- ★ HUNTING
- ★ SHOOTING
- ★ SKIING
- ★ NIGHT DRIVING
- ★ SUN GLASSES
- ★ OR JUST A SPARE

PAUL EDWARDS
Optician

Frames Repaired - Optical Stylists - Professional Fit

4117 Main St., Munhall
462-5212