



FILL 'ER UP!!

by J. Campbell Moriarity

Running On Empty is a very suitable title for Jackson Browne's newest album, the story of a travelling band, set to music. Surprisingly enough, this record displays few of the major characteristics of such previous Browne releases as *The Pretender* and *Late For The Sky*. In place of his usual soul-searching lyrics and somewhat morose melodies are tunes that are upbeat and pleasantly rambling.

The primary reason for this departure from his usual style is his increased dependence on other songwriters' material. The album includes Danny O'Keefe's "The Road," and a Maurice (Earth, Wind & Fire) Williams composition, "Stay." "Running On Empty" is also Browne's first live album (although only part was done in front of an audience, the rest having been recorded "live" in hotel rooms and on the band bus), and this also contributes to the different texture of the album.

The title song is well done rock & roll, but it is also quite certainly Jackson Browne, sporting David Lindley's excellent fiddle and

Browne's unmistakable lyrics. ("...I look around for the friends I used to turn to/To pull me through/Looking into their eyes I see them running too...") "Love Needs A Heart" is a bittersweet, melancholy love song capturing the essence of being forced to walk away from love.

On "Rosie," Browne shows himself to be more than competent on the piano, with which he provides the only accompaniment to the song. Browne is also the sole vocalist on "Rosie," except for a light harmony on the chorus. It is an outstanding song, both musically and lyrically.

Unfortunately, **Running On Empty** suffers from a decided excess of filler, including an almost obligatory CB song called "Shakey Town" ("Now that's a big ten-four/From your back door/Just put the hammer down"), and a distinctly disappointing "The Load Out."

With these two exceptions, **Running On Empty** is an accomplished and relatively diverse album. Although it takes new stylistic directions, it unquestionably bears Jackson Browne's personal stamp, and is ultimately a fine album.

by Kevin J. Nolan

Joni Mitchell's not a little girl any longer. The days when she'd giggle self-consciously while warbling about paradise and parking lots are as far behind her as the childhood of any adult. Similarly, her artistic adolescence is also behind her; the whistful, breathy vocal tones that were the hallmark of "Blue" and "For The Roses" have mellowed into a smoky, self-confident voice that could only be described as mature. Mitchell is still fascinated with love lost and found, but her perspective on the subject has wholly shifted from naive confusion to an attitude that is somewhat tired and often a bit jaded.

The Hissing of Summer Lawns began the transition. Coming on the Heels of *Court and Spark* and a live set, her two most commercially accessible efforts, hissing was something of a shock. The smiling, wide-eyed, gosh-I-just-love-you-all Joni her fans had all known had become cool and distant, wrapped in a cloak of petulance and brooding. The trend continued with *Hejira*. Less musically complex, it still portrayed Mitchell as a rich, slightly faded socialite who'd come to view life with a decided bitter streak. By this time, she had also become the ideal metaphor for the end of the sixties; goodbye to San Francisco and hello to Hollywood. The Summer of Love was over, and its participants were virtually obligated to embrace the values of a society they'd hoped to obliterate.

Don Juan's Reckless Daughter is the culmination of all that is good, and all that is bad, about the "new" Joni Mitchell. And appropriately, its dominant theme is that of looking back to her past. Not looking back longingly, nor with any great nostalgia, it is more analytical than anything else. She's not yearning to go back, nor is she terribly sorry it's over. She merely wants to step aside and have a look at it.

The album's strongest point is its instrumentation. Backed mostly by veteran jazzmen (Jaco Pastorius' bass is essential to the album's sound, and Larry Carlton, Wayne Shorter and Aierto also contribute), the album takes the basic churning guitars,

Boston-Boston

by Don Nathan

It's funny. If you took away the mirror balls and hissing cymbals, it could have been a late 60's psychedelic experience. But it is 1978, and Boston-Boston is most certainly the epitome, if not the culmination, of the disco scene.

Wednesday night was a special night at Boston-Boston, located at 15 Landsdowne Street, sight of several aborted efforts at discos. The famous Meco Cantina Band, which gave unto us the Star Wars theme and the music from *Close Encounters*, was to perform, so the press was invited to the spectacle. And a spectacle it was.

After digging up some clothes that might be suitable for the "fashionable attire" requirement of Boston-Boston, we set off through the rain and lakes that used to be the streets of Boston. As soon as you enter the front door of Boston-Boston, you know you're in the right place. A foyer bathed in pink and purple light. The music vibrating in the floors, despite being a goodly distance from the dance floor. Lots of guys in black pants and expensive haircuts. And, from around the corner, swirling multi-colored lights dancing off the curved walls. After checking our coats (for a fee of \$.50-incidental but unnecessary), we entered the main room, passing by the Omelette Room, which is dominated by tape recorded bird chirpings.

Before seeing the actual dance floor, we were met by a gigantic mirror ball suspended overhead. It was about six feet in diameter, and an object that I would never like to have land on my head. Continuing past this shimmering globe, we at last reached the dance floor.

I suppose that everyone knew that it was our first visit to Boston-Boston, from the way two sets of eyes popped out and two jaws hit the floor. Every kind of light and

flying bass and subtle percussions of *Hejira* and makes them less monotonous, more textured. On *Hejira*, each song was given the same basic rhythms, distinguished by a single, slight touch; Neil Young's harping or "Furry Sings the Blues," or Larry Carlton's ethereal guitar on "A Strange Boy." **Don Juan's Reckless Daughter**, on the other hand, displays a greater instrumental versatility without sacrificing the essence of the sound. Mitchell's guitar is sparser. Pastorius' bass more complex and unpredictable, highlighting the dreamlike haze through which Mitchell views her past. The album has been lushly produced, and the sound is rich and vibrant, but subtle just

More Disco Inferno

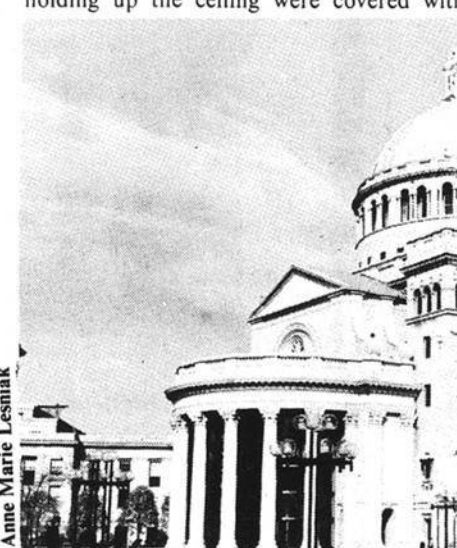
feet, knees, and any other part of your body that happens to be within 40 feet of the speakers.

After strolling around the place for a while, ogling at the sights, it was deemed time to put down some vodka in the true BC style. At \$1.75 a drink, I was not about to become roaring drunk. The bartenders were all made up in white makeup with blue

Will this
become
the new
Boston
disco
palace?

eyebrows, stars and other markings. (Presumably in honor of the Star Wars evening).

I talked to one of the bartenders, Mykal, who said he got his job at Boston-Boston because he needed a night job, but did not want to be as subservient as a waiter. He also wanted "a little flash." He got it. One of the cashiers got her job because she used to go dancing there all the time and when there was an opening, she took it. It gets "packed like sardines" all the time, she said,



mirrors, which were in turn enveloped by rings of neon, which got progressively larger as they climbed towards the roof. And, at the creme de la creme, a fog descending over the floor, although it created more of a haze than anything else.

The pride and joy of Boston-Boston however, is their sound system. And, as my ear drums will readily attest, their claims of "best on the coast" is quite justified. The closest thing I have ever heard to those speakers is when a 35mm cannon went off in my ear. The bass comes through your ears



word of God. Mitchell is a skilled poetess to be sure; it was, in fact, her dawning awareness of this on *For the Roses* that first suggested her change in stylistic direction. But she has come to regard herself so highly as a writer that she now seems convinced that every thought that occurs to her is laden with profundity. "Talk To Me," for example, turns out to be nothing more than the ramblings of a silly, drunk girl hanging off the arm of a guy probably about to punch her in the teeth to shut her up. Real cute. The idea undoubtedly struck her as terribly funny, but the listener gets the feeling that you had to be there.

So it goes with most of **Reckless Daughter**. Mitchell always had a talent for giving common thoughts and feelings a unique life with her words, but the ideas behind much of **Reckless Daughter** are just too ordinary to hold much attention. This self-indulgence occasionally works its way into the instrumentation as well; the seven-minute percussion party, "The Tenth World," must have been gangs of fun for Joni and Co. to do, but the energy level that is reached by the climax of the track is hardly worth waiting for. Surprisingly, the track which would be most likely to prove over-introspective actually works rather well. "Paprika Plains," Mitchell's first attempt at an epic is hampered by its length (over 16 minutes) and by its use of the American Indian as a rather predictable metaphor for the lost innocence of Earlier Times. But with a large portion of the original lyrics left unsung, supplanted by a flowing instrumental bridge that nicely avoids being tedious, the piece winds up being quite effective, and, in fact, one of the most satisfying pieces of the album.

There is a lot to like about **Don Juan's Reckless Daughter**. It is an entertaining and well thought-out album, beautiful to listen to, at least casually. But it is an extremely private album, and leaves its audience particularly those who expect it to be thought-provoking too much on the outside. Joni Mitchell will be in some trouble if she does not remember by her next album that she is still playing for people.

NEW JERSEY

Next week, the Heights Revue will be publishing an in-depth look at the strange phenomenon that is called New Jersey. Many prominent local social analysts will be contributing, as well as the foremost psychologist in the area. In an effort to get a feel for the student body's opinion on this matter, we ask you to complete the questionnaire below, and drop it off in the Heights office, McElroy 113.

Are you in favor of New Jersey?

☐ Yes

☐ No



despite the large size dance floor.

Due to a pair of 9:00 classes, we were unable to remain at the Disco Wonderland for very long. So, after polishing off the drinks and taking a spin on the dance floor, we retrieved our coats, with the strains of the BeeGees pounding into the heads of everyone within miles, while visions of John Travolta danced in their heads.

Obviously, there is a great segment of the BC population that ranks disco with such things as mud, dog spleens, and other atrocities. While labelling disco a crime against humanity is a bit much, it has never been one of my favorite genres of music. However, Boston-Boston goes beyond being a place to go disco-dancing. It is worth going there just to see and experience the lights, sounds and effects. You come out remembering the drug films that showed you what an LSD trip was...only this is legal and has no harmful side effects.

Max & Co.



by Dornenburg

Dornenburg