

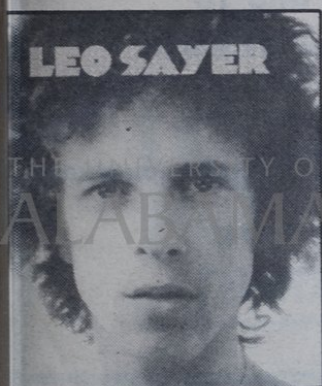
Three new album releases

Ellpees might just please

By COURTNEY HADEN
C-W Remnant

Can't trust no rocknroll critics unless they're buying their own reviewables. Did you ever wonder how the media biggies in Rolling Stone, Creem and the like would be appraising contemporary discs if the manufacturers and promoters of said discs weren't lavishing free copies on them? You can bet yon scribes and seers wouldn't be quite as lavish with the adjectives if they were putting out their own carce rubles for records.

So if it's Relevant to disclose financial information to the public, be it known by I presents that genuine and hard-to-find legal tender, however inflated, was put out



to acquire the albums herein reviewed. Are they worth it? Or should I have bought soybean futures instead?

One at a time, then. First, the new J. Geils LP Ladies Invited. From the Faye Runaway mouths on the front cover to the gang of pimps leering on the back, one figures there must be some rowdy class in the disc between. Justifiably famous for their live shows — and why hasn't the UPC gotten around to bringing that concert here? — the Geils Band has at last cap-

Izzy quizzzy,

quaintzy quaintzy

May I dare take the liberty to say "I told you so"? The Lab Theatre's presentation of Lonnie Carter's Iz She Izzy or Iz He Aintzy or Iz They Both has indeed proved to be the hit of the University Theatre season thus far.

Although the script showed some potential, almost all laudatory comments should be directed towards student director Patti McCrory. Her ability to draw fine performances from actors and actresses never before seen in a University production, as well as the attention she paid to details, large and small made for a very enjoyable and flippant hour of entertainment.

I call dibbles on a front row seat for the next show that she undertakes.

B.J.

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tured their juicy essence in the studio.

If you're scheduling a gangbang soon, then Ladies Invited is ideal mood music. Sassy, raunchy and together, the music shows off the band's individual excellence to best collective advantage. Lead vocalist Peter Wolf, once described as "a human eggbeater" onstage, takes his soul music seriously and lays it all down in incredible rivulets of endless freaking hoarse happy jive — a Master Blaster indeed. Seth Justman's keyboards sound RIGHT, the way Otis Spann's used to. Klein and Bladd, the rhythm section, are surprisingly inventive with the old blues backbeat (check our "Diddybopping" particularly). Geils himself plays the blues on guitar lovingly and unerringly. Magic Dick is one of the three contemporary white boys into blues harmonica — War's Lee Oskar and Wet Willie's Jimmy Hall are the others — adding new dimensions to the homely harp in a way that Little Walter himself would dearly admire.

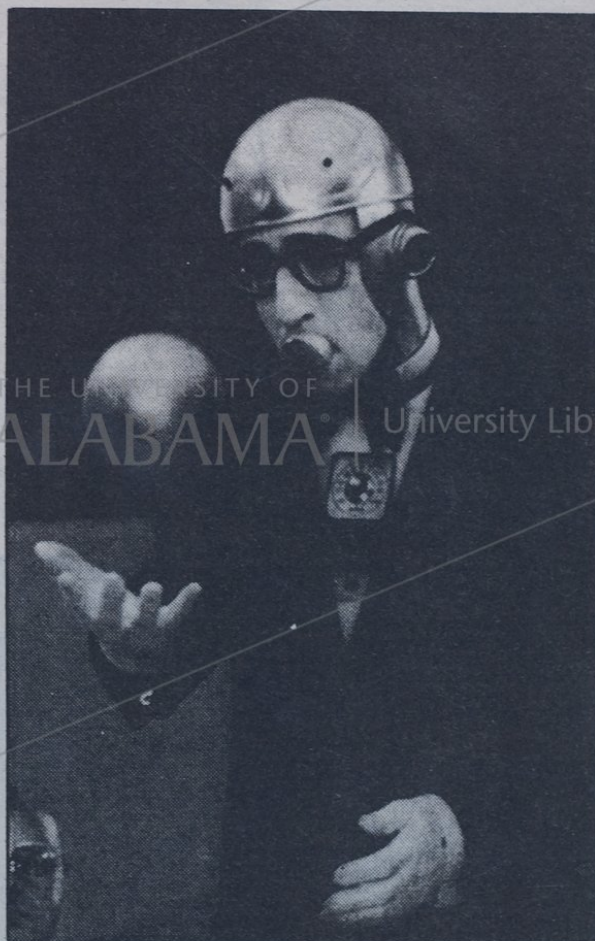
The songs are varied stylistically but uniformly excellent. And "Did You No Wrong" better be a jukebox smash, for it's merely the best rocknroll single this fallow year has heard. Bill-Deal-and-the-Rhondels intro and all.

If you liked Roger Daltrey's solo effort of last year, then you'll be favorably titillated by Leo Sayer's Silverbird LP. Sayer was the lyricist for that decidedly non-Who album, and his own solo features the same musicians and production techniques. The style is eclectic; a sprig of Who, a dash of ELO, a little of most aspects of Seventies English rock, professionally if unobtrusively gathered and performed. Sayer's voice ranges from High Bowie to Low Elton, and the cover indicates that Sayer onstage leans toward the theatrical, made up rather like Pierrot. All in all, strictly an acquired taste.

The world's favorite acquired taste is back with her yearly offering, too: Joni Mitchell. The album is called Court and Spark, and it may be her best yet. Undeniably her most diverse, this album brings her music to the focal point of attention her lyrics have commanded previously. Court and Spark — the title refers to ancient rituals, which Mitchell places in new contexts. She does not sing exclusively of love; more exactly she sings of the vain space between men and women, as in "Down to you": "You go down to the pickup station Craving warmth and beauty You settle for less than fascination A few drinks later you're not so choosy When the closing lights trip off the shadows On the strange new flesh you've found Clutching the night to you like a fig leaf You hurry To the blackness And the blankets To lay down an impression And your loneliness."

Musically, she swings from deep jazz to an elegant, upholstered rocknroll, the textures of which are beautifully laid down by Tom Scott and his L.A. Express, along with the usual quota of superstars, from Cheech y Chong to Robbie Robertson. Her three-octave vocal range is displayed most effectively on her own multi-tracked backup harmonies; and her singing is perhaps the most fluid of her career.

Joni Mitchell's songs are the most literate in rock, richly evoking themes of love by superimposing their episodes over seamy showbiz scenes. And to what avail? She sings in "The same situation", "Still I send up my prayer Wondering who was there to hear I said 'Send me somebody who's strong and somewhat sincere' With the millions of lost and lonely ones I called out to be released Caught in my struggle for higher achievement And my search for love That don't seem to cease."



"Sleeper" wide awake

By BETH JOST
C-W Entertainment Editor

It's set in the year 2173, but Woody Allen's latest, *Sleeper*, in no way resembles a *Star Trek* or a *Lost in Space*. More than a futuristic science fiction piece for those who despise regulation sci fi, it is a movie for those who love Woody Allen. And for the folks who have yet to be initiated into the fascinating looney mind, *Sleeper* is a must, as much for educational purposes as for the new laugh lines it'll decorate your face with. Both the wrinkles and Allen are full of character.

As well as directing the film and co-authoring the script, Allen stars as the owner of a Greenwich Village health food store who went into St. Vincent's Hospital for a peptic ulcer in 1973. Little did he realize that his treatment would flub up, that he'd be cryogenically preserved and unfrozen two hundred years later. Not just any doctors do the thawing out; they're members of tomorrow's American underground. They attempt to keep the 235-year-old alien a secret from the government and the spook is fully underway.

Diane Keaton, whose character happily shared more than her share of neuroses with Allen in *Play It Again Sam*, portrays his *Sleeper* partner in adventure and romance.

In a daring escape from the military police, who want to cleanse the alien's brain, Allen disguises himself as a mechanical man. Predictably, robots are the nation's servants and he gets delivered to Miss Keaton just in time for an artsy-class party. At college she majored in oral sex and now writes poems which show the definite influence of Rod McKuen. All of her friends have similar afflictions.

After the party (where everyone sits around fondling what looks like a silver softball, obviously getting high from the handling), the duo's party begins. Allen isn't a robot: she can't get his head

changed. Fear turns to contempt on her part, which turns to curiosity which turns to interest which turns to friendship. Which turns to love. Allen doesn't believe in politics, religion or science, so what else is left?

Nothing ever changes and he knows it. The populace trucks in super modern vehicles to McDonald's for a lunch of burgers; the security police appear as buffoons, successfully muffing every mission; a two hundred year old Volkswagon, found rusting in a cave starts on the very first try. Once, upon entering the home of some nellie strangers, the homosexual's automatically begin hiding the addicting silver ball which they had been passing around. Allen takes his cue, "It's okay. I'm cool."

The alien is asked to identify some artifacts which the underground supposes are remnants from his generation, and here current events are good for a few chuckles. A film of Nixon making a TV speech is shown: "We think that this man may have once been a president of the United States, but all records about him have apparently been destroyed." Film clips of Howard Cosell: "Our theory has it that criminals were forced to watch this as punishment." The alien, identifying a picture of Billy Graham: "He was a personal friend of God. They used to double date a lot."

But attempts to quote lines from *Sleeper* or give any type of synopsis of its zany plot might as well be shot to hell by a faulty ray gun. It's a very clever movie without being coy or pompous. The script, with every one of its jokes and jabs, is hilarious. Allen and Keaton are superb. The visual gags are brilliant, but also impossible to verbally describe.

So see it, see it, see it. You'll either love *Sleeper* or hate it: Allen's a genius. You may not come away more sane, but I'll bet you a good night's sleep that you'll be a little more intelligently mad.