

rock...

New Julie Driscoll album is really a bunch of oldies

Whoever is responsible for *Jools and Brian* should hang his head in shame. This album is as disappointing as possible, but the fault doesn't rest with Jools and Auger themselves—we know from *Open*, their first album, how good they really are.

Apparently, somebody at Capitol Records thought it would be a good idea to slap together some ancient tapes done years ago by Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity into an album, since they are a good band and reasonably successful. Do not, however, mistake this piece of trash for an honest picture of Jools and the Trinity today. The tracks must have been recorded long before the sessions for *Open*, which was on Atco.

The opening song, "I Know You Love Me Not," sounds for all the world like an over-produced Barbra Streisand. There are no rough edges on Jools at all, and her voice without rough edges is like tequila without the salt and slice of lemon. Nowhere in this song, "I Didn't Want to Have to Do It," or any of the others, does Jools cut loose like she did on "Tramp" or "Season of the Witch." She is an utter drag.

Auger is a big zero too. "Green Onions" is treated with an assault bordering on butchery, with none of the light sparseness of the original Booker T. and the MG's version. "Fool Killer" has an awful vocal by Auger, nowhere near "Black Cat" (from *Open*). It's of passing interest to note how bad a great group might have sounded long ago, but that's all.

Lousy as this record is, there is a grand total of two (2) songs worth hearing more than once. "Don't Do It No More," which may have been the group's first recording, shows a little bit of the tough wailing kind of singing that is Jool's trademark today. "Oh Baby Won't You Come Back Home to Croydon Where Everybody Beedle an' Bo's," is a beer-hall rocker—not what's

expected, but enjoyable just the same.

It's sad that Capitol tried to deceive the record-buying public with this collection of antiquated tapes. *Open*, for which the basic tracks were cut in a grand total of five hours, was maybe the meanest album we had all year. Now *Jools and Auger* is an attempt to cash in on the small but dedicated following the Trinity has deservedly acquired. It is enough of a fraud to persuade people to avoid the next Trinity album, which by all rights should be fantastic.

(Brian Auger, David Ambrose, and Clive Thacker have recently cut an album without Julie Driscoll. It's called *Definitely What!*, on Atco, and it shows the Trinity without Jools there to cover up their inadequacies. Well, a lot of inadequacies do shine through, a lot more than did on the first (instrumental) side of *Open*. The title song alone prevents this album from deserving the title *Brian Auger and the Trinity Play the Young Sound of Today*. *Definitely What!* is a nice *tour de force* for each man to get it on. It has a lot of the flavor of "Goodbye Jungle Telegraph," and it isn't really as good, but that is surely a very faint damn. The one annoying thing is Clive Thacker's tendency to hit his sticks together accidentally during what is otherwise an exceptionally fine drum solo—he does it at least five times.)

movie...

Poor Godard is still far from bad

By Robert Fourer

Director Jean-Luc Godard has commented on *Pierrot le Fou*: "Two days before I began I had nothing, absolutely nothing. Oh well, I did have the book. And a certain number of locations." The book wasn't much, either—a cheap novel (*Obsession*, by Lionel White) about a married, out of work executive who falls for a seventeen-year-old baby-sitter, and wakes up to find a corpse in her flat the next morning. Fearing arrest, he flees with her across the country, his ramblings and delusion forming most of the story. It eventually ends as a cliché tragedy.

This should be enough to disinterest anyone, unless he knows something of Godard—one of the most respected and most innovative of modern filmmakers. As always, the novel is just a loose framework for his improvisations, and it contributes no more to the movie's substance than it does to American literature. Godard has moved the scene to his own country (France), peopled it with his own cast (Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo, who are superb in their own right), and added his own ideas. Thus, in a party at the beginning, he mocks modern society by having everyone speak in advertising slogans; and there are wry comments throughout on political matters, often in particular the Vietnam

war (the film was made in 1965, though it's only recently reached this country).

Interest lags

But his intent, apparently, was neither to tell a story nor to comment on society. He states "life is the subject, with 'Scope and colour as its attributes. . . Life on its own as I would like to capture it, using pan shots on nature, *plans fixes* on death, brief shots, long takes, soft and loud sounds, the movements of Anna or Jean-Paul." The "certain number of locations" he started out with served as a framework just as important as the book, especially in the second half; and, with the help of Raoul Coutard's photography, this aim is at times strikingly realized. However, it's not enough to carry the whole movie, and neither is there enough of a plot to keep much interest in character development. As a result, toward the end it becomes increasingly hard to keep interest. Admittedly, none of Godard's films is notably breathtaking, but this one appears in general unusually dull; even thinking back on it afterwards produces less of a sum effect.

Still, even unexceptional Godard is quite interesting. His films carry his own unmistakable style, unlike many today that seem to adopt a certain style because it's the only one in existence; so if you've seen several, you can compare them and watch the progress in his ideas—like one would do with a good novelist. (The psychology of cars, for instance, plays a minor role much like the major one it has later in *Weekend*.) In this context, *Pierrot le Fou* is even more fascinating. On the other hand, if you've seen nothing by Godard before, while you may still enjoy it, you might prefer to see a couple of his more successful films first. Though they seldom get much commercial distribution, they often turn up at colleges in the area; even LSC showed *Le Mepris* last term.

Pierrot le Fou is playing at the Orson Welles Cinema, which, at 1001 Mass. Ave., is only a 20-minute walk from MIT. The atmosphere's fresher than the average Boston movie house, the prices are lower, and, so far at least, the movies are better.

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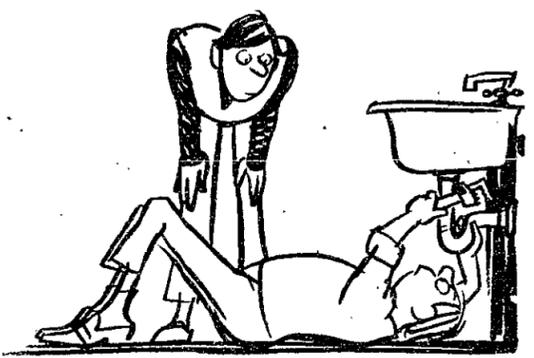


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1. Pipe broken?

No, I'm trying to find where I stashed some dough.



2. That's where you keep your money?

Sometimes I put the flower pot.



3. What's wrong with the bank?

I'd only take it right out again.



4. But that's what you're doing now.

Not quite. The beauty of my system is that I usually can't find where I put it.



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I wonder if it could be with the french fries?

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