music:

By Charles Marx

November has marked the opening of a new rock club, Boston, the Pe-Nut Gallery at 1300 Boylston. It probably has the ideal size and atmosphere for music to be played in; it seats less than 100 people and the sound system is perfectly suited for such an intimate audience. The décor is rather dimly lit bar and club is somewhat of a cross between an English pub and a coral, minus the Cockney acccents and the sense of ale and spirit. A&M Records seems quite rapt of Stonehege, on the North Shore in Ipswich.

To help the Pe-Nut Gallery get rolling, they have bro-thers/Reprise and A&M records and a few other friends to debut at the new club. The first to arrive was Jesse Fred-erick, the 23 year old from Maryland is definitely someone to keep your eye on. His music ranges from the quiet, acoustic voice to a rocking three or four man electrified-back up. He has a de-finitely interesting voice that grows on you, somewhere between a velvet crooner and a rock man, with a bit of a Band vocal thrown in. Jesse Frederick is a very pleasant listening; "Victoria Anoreo" is a simply beautiful song.

A&M followed in with Jim Carroll last week, whose musical sound comes from somewhere to raucously rock music is much the same as Frederick's. His voice is also distinctly different in a very dif-ferent sense. While Frederick's is a very husky base, Carroll's is quite high pitched, somewhat thin. But at times he uses it most effectively. On a song such as "Save Me" or "On your Own" it is alluring and haunting by his voice. decidedly.

Carroll's album is also worth listening to. At the Pe-Nut Gallery, Jesse Frederick was the more impres- sive. His backing band suffers from over-orchestration which is definitely an unfortunate live. As Frederick learns more heavily on the music, the fact that his backing band is not very tight and competent only enhanced his set. On the other hand, Carroll's backing band is a bit crispier of the two, but live, his voice is occasionally unveryarist David Spinnoza, was poor, and detracted from Carroll and his music.

All in all, Carroll, Frederick, and some simple way with their encouraging initial efforts, bode well for the future.

By Neal Vitale

November has struck Boston, bringing its usual share of winds and frigid temperatures. But it seems, as if to thaw out the populace, the record com-panies and promotional agencies have swapped the area with major acts and new record releases to keep those amplifiers and electric guitars and turn-bables sizzling.

Unfortunately, a deeper chill was thrown on the month by the death of Duane Allman in a motorcycle crash in Macon, Georgia. He was one of the premier musicians. It's rock, in his capacity as sometime-studio gui-tarist (he was master of the slide guitar), sometime-Dominico and Derek, but mostly as leader of what might have been the best band around - the Allman Brothers. The tragedy of his death is all the more poignant because his group was finally coming into its own with such fine recordings as At Fillmore East and Idlewild South.

The Last Picture Show

By Emanuel Goldman

At a press conference with Peter Bogdanovich, Phoenix Boxing Club. Kramer took out a portable tape recorder and placed it on the floor. "Do you mind?" Kramer asked. "Not at all," replied Bogdanovich. The conference continued as Kramer started the tape. Sever-al minutes later, Bogdanovich stopped and started the tape. "I'm so used to making picture, you know, it's just like yecing out 'Why bother to keep on talking?" That's the kind of person Bogdanovich is: a film person, through and through. He tends to write about film, including several highly respected books and a film critic for the New York Post, Ford, Howard Hawkes, Orson Welles, etc. (a close confidant of Bogdanovich) and Alfred Hitch-cock. But he is not his first love. "I'm too lonely, I'm a social fellow," he explains. Nevertheless, starting in January, he will write a film column for Esquire, "on anything but re-vue, though, please." His interest is in making a movie of the novel The Last Picture Show. Bogdanovich was not surprised by the success of the book. "I'm going to make a movie of the book and the title. Sure, the notion of depicting the falling apart, the decay of a town, as reflected by its theatre, also caught his interest. Doing a period picture was somewhat of a challenge, due to the difficulty of obtain-ing authentic clothes and other items of that time; but it was also, he adds, "a lot of fun, because you're in complete con-trol of everything in the frame, can go more so than in a film set in the current time."

Precisely because the film is so much more than a period piece, it has been widely labeled a "period piece." The Last Picture Show transcends its specific setting to become a universal story of the human condition. This is why Bogdanovich insisted on shoot-ing in black and white, despite the generous pressure in Holly-wood these days to make every-thing in color. "Color has this tendency to romanticize, to glorify," Bogdanovich ex-plains. On the other hand, he adds "Black and white is not reality and I like it better." True enough, the film is not reality - it's something more than that: a work of art. Al-though Bogdanovich refuses to watch the film, in the classics aesthetics question as to whether art should imitate reality or reality should imitate art. Bogdanovich speaks for him. It is structured as a perfect cycle - beginning and ending with the same series of shots, the same atmosphere, even some of the same lines. And yet, things are not the same in Anarene, Texas. Nature may have come full circle over the course of a year, but the people are irrevocably changed. Some are dead, some have left, and the protagon-ist, Sonny, just out of high school, has learned. Just how much he has learned is revealed in a scene with his former mis-tees, the wife of the high school coach. He had treated her in-credibly summarily, even in the wake of tragedy, he comes to her. She loves her temper and screams "You shouldn't have hit me, Sonny, you're just like it." He is unable to speak, but simply takes her hands. She, seeing the expression in his eyes, suddenly realizes that he has caught up to her in his life experience, in his knowledge of the pain of the human condi-tion. "Never you mind. Never you mind," she says quietly.

In addition to the careful structure and characterizations, the film uses symbolism in a highly refined way. One of the duos, boys, gives his girlfriend an expensive watch as a present. But she, planning to break up with him, forgets that she is wearing it at a slippery dancing party which she went to with a different boy. The watch is ruined by the water. Later, Sonny, who has been rejected by the girlfriend (the boys) for having been present during a callous trick to a deaf-mate, has smashed into Sam's diner and ordered a cheeseburger. Sam returns just as the Food is ready. Sonny stays to leave, but Sam says "You're brother's gettin' cold. Sonny sits down to eat, knowing that the food signals his reconciliation with Sam. And finally, the movie theatre itself becomes a symbol of the town's last bit of vitality, a life force incarnate in Sam, who owns the theatre. When Sam dies, the theatre soon closes down - with obvious impli-cations about the condition of the town.

This is Bogdanovich's second film. His previous one, Targets, with Bert I. Cashdell, is certainly something of an underground classic among film cultists, and is well worth going out of your way to see when it comes to the film humorous in a campy, Canadian theatre. The Last Picture Show, of course, will present no diffi-culty in being found for quite some time to come, for it is destined to be regarded as one of the great American films.

at the Abbey Cinema