

# arts

## Fuzzy guitar glides into slide

by Garth Mihalcheon

Those of us who settled down in the Jubilee Auditorium last Sunday to hear some fine guitar strummin' and pickin' were certainly well rewarded by the likes of Paul Hann and Leo Kottke, both of whom proved to be a refreshing departure from the auditory assault and battery of Edmonton's rock concerts.

Mr. Hann, equipped with guitar and cockney vernacular, got things moving and soon had everyone responding to the humor and unpretentiousness of his countryish tunes. His music was not particularly profound, but with all the presumptuous nonsense on vinyl these days I was quite content to relax and enjoy myself while awaiting the featured performer.

Now I am an ardent fan of Mr. Kottke and his guitar and always expect great things from them. Hence, I was only partially satisfied with Leo's performance which gave us some of his worst but luckily much of his best.

Indeed, Leo sounded pretty

fuzzy around the edges for a while, particularly in the old Byrds song "Eight Miles High." I'm sure this wasn't his problem but after listening to his voice trying to track down all those elusive notes I had to be somewhat suspicious. So it went for the first quarter of the concert; that fine edge was definitely missing and the audience seemed to realize it.

However, much to my relief (and Mr. Kottke's, I'm sure) things began to pick up and the audience got their chance to hear some of the most beautiful twelve-string slide guitar sounds around. His old stand-bys like "June Bug," "Machine No. 2," and "Standing in my Shoes" demonstrated the amazing richness, resonance and expressiveness of his guitars. Even his singing managed to come back down to earth although I don't know if I could say the same for his entertaining but oft-times bizarre wit.

In addition to songs from previous albums much new material was evident in Kottke's presentation, some of which will,

I presume, be released on his upcoming seventh album. It featured all the intricate picking and appealing melodies so characteristic of his particular synthesis of folk, blue-grass and

country-western influences.

So, despite Leo's, ahem, shakey start, I'm certain Mr. Hann and Mr. Kottke will be welcome back here in Edmonton any time.

## Frivolous sip tea as world burns

by Wayne Kondro

*The Best Edmonton Stories* by Tony Cashman (Hurtig Publishers, 1976) \$8.95 cloth.

This one folks, is for either those who collect Hurtig releases or are interested in the cultural history and legend of Edmonton in primarily the first two decades of this century. At its best it shows remarkably deft, and at times comic handling of a situation. At its worst, and this element predominates, it is a fawning panegyric of the supposedly elegant portion of early Edmonton's population. Unfortunately, the book rarely captures the pioneering spirit and hardly establishes the foundations upon which this city was built.

*Best Edmonton Stories* is replete with elegant characters who are all too classically British and whose claim to historical and cultural fame are such feats as growing peonies and selling cabbages. Unless Mr. Cashman is being absurd (which seems improbable) the early pioneers in this city were so lighthearted and frivolous they would stop for tea in the midst of a holocaust.

When Mr. Cashman can overcome his susceptibility for unnecessary description and elegant character portrayals and begin to discuss some of the actual events in this city's history, this book becomes entertaining as well as informative. Some of the stories come alive when he uses his comic approach to simply narrate. In fact, many of the stories are redeemed solely by the mere quality of narrative. Mr. Cashman succeeds most

often with history. He falls short when dealing with the more abstract cultural history.

It could be said that Mr. Cashman was hampered by the lack of eventful cultural history in this city. Canadians have always been challenged by their lack of a culture with which to identify. This book and countless others prove otherwise. We have a

emigrated to Canada from U.S. in 1967 to avoid the move which changed his Says Winchester, "If I moved to Canada, I wouldn't be in the business. His musical ranges from countryish to bluegrass, folk and cajun. He has produced five albums. The concert will be 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$4 in advance, and \$5.00 at the door and are available at the Office and at Mikes.

wealth of culture behind us forefathers led a completely unique way of life. Perhaps we are to blame for not exploring our cultural history properly.

This book must be read with an interest in our identity as Canadians and Edmontonians. For although work is marred by meandering, it deserves credit as an attempt

## dirty linen

by Gordon Turtle

I am of the opinion that watching beach movies is what everybody would be doing if the Nazis had won the war. Obviously, Hollywood has come to this conclusion, because there certainly have not been many of those celluloid sensations in recent years. In fact, the last of the honest-to-God beach-swing movies that I can recall is *The Sweet Ride*, which was made in 1968.

*The Sweet Ride* is a terrible movie and I enjoyed it immensely. Having seen it about half a dozen times on TV, I have come to the conclusion that it should be relegated to its proper status in the heritage of Hollywood. The

movie stars Tony Franciosa as an aging tennis hustler, Michael Sarrazin as the surfer in the (wax those woodies, dude, let's slant browns), and Denver, as a down-and-out pianist who goes out with a star. The flick also introduced Jacqueline Bisset to American audiences, which is one of the few good things for it.

*The Sweet Ride* is, however, your average beach movie. It combines the serious artistic elements of murder, suspense, and violence (in the form of a motorcycle gang), with the big surf, sparking on the beach, and hot tennis action. Anne Funicello would be grossed out by the words damn, hell, even, I think, more offensive language. Miss Bisset is beautiful, not cute, and Michael Sarrazin is horny, not attractive.

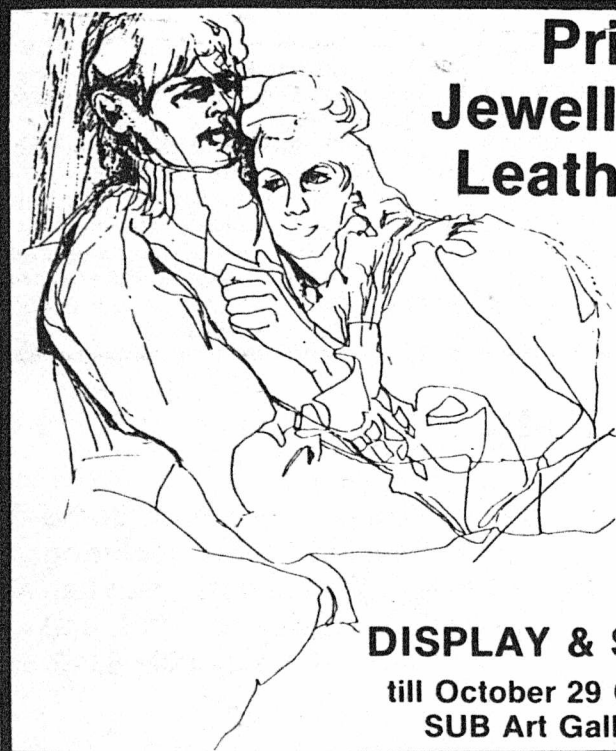
But in its essence, *The Sweet Ride* is mildly entertaining garbage that everyone should see at least three times, because it articulates a frame of mind no longer existent in our society. It did its contemporary, *Easy Rider*, a movie which will receive a link in this column at a later date.

*The Sweet Ride* was a popular movie in its time, and the song, recorded by Don Springfield was somewhat of a hit. When watching the flick, I always wind up wondering if there was ever really anything like movie portrays; when the movie concludes, I can only hope it wasn't. It is great fun though. 1968 would be a sadder without it.

Just time left to tell you about my new contest! Each week, I include three nostalgic questions. After six weeks, there is anyone who can provide the correct answers for all seven questions, he will win a r.p.m. record from the hit 1969! Free! This week's questions are:

1. Who recorded the hit "Things I'd Like to Say?"
  2. Who directed the movie, "Collector?"
  3. What is the significance of the songs alluded to in Beatles' song "Glass Onion?"
- Next week: Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

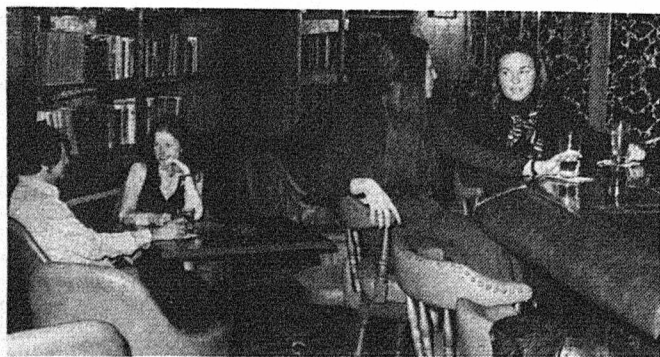
### Prints Jewellery Leathers



DISPLAY & SALE  
till October 29 ONLY  
SUB Art Gallery

Relax and Enjoy the Atmosphere

*The Library*  
Dining Room & Lounge



Canadian, French and Italian Cuisine

11113-87 Ave.

Call for Reservations  
439-4981

OPEN: Weekdays 10:30-Midnight  
Saturday 4-Midnight  
Sunday 4-10 p.m.

### The New Citadel Theatre

Part time ushers required from mid-November.  
Must be available for Wednesday afternoon matinees.

Call 429-5032, Jack Hudson.

THE remarkable true story  
lived by Corrie ten Boom

HIDING  
PLACE

Starring

JULIE HARRIS

EILEEN HECKART

ARTHUR O'CONNELL

Introducing

JEANNETTE CLIFT

"A realistic picture with immense emotional moments... Jew and Gentile ought to see this film."

-Rabbi Marc Liebhaber

AMERICAN JEWISH WORLD

"A 145 minute color spectacular... a totally new departure. Few will carp at shallowness in THE HIDING PLACE."

- TIME

MEADOWLARK CINEMA  
MEADOWLARK SHOPPING CENTER  
OCT. 29 - NOV. 11, 1976