

# Deep Purple delusions

by Herbert Hilderley

SHADES OF DEEP PURPLE by The Deep Purple (Polydor)

The self-named avant garde groups in popular music today tend to be either a colossal put-on or are deluded enough to believe themselves truly creative and on the verge of musical genius. I believe that The Deep Purple lie within the scope of this second category. They claim to have "combined the talents of five young men to create realms of musical colour such as have never been heard before on record in **Shades of Deep Purple.**" Are they for real?

Intrinsically their only merit is their ability to arrange other musicians works into more pleasing forms and then play them in this new style. They are built around the ability of their organist, Jon Hord, who is both the focal point and foundation of the group. He plays an incessantly differing pattern of notes and rhythms within the context of each melody displaying both the improvisational ability of a jazz pianist and yet the composure of a classical musician.

The best song on the album is their arrangement of Lennon and McCartney's Help. They do a down-tempo rendition in a style not unlike the Vanilla Fudge's version of Eleanor Rigby. It features the same type of organ orgasms which taper into the quiet lyrics of the song. The vocals are subdued and feature some good three part harmony on the chorus.

The fact that Help is so good illustrates why compositions of The Deep Purple such as Love Help Me, and

One More Rainy Day fail. The Beatles are able to weave a beautiful melody within a very simple chord structure (as in Help or Hey Jude) and supplement it with appropriate, meaningful lyrics. The Deep Purple however, can neither write good melodies or lyrics. Hence Love Help Me has the kind of bopper beat of the Amboy Duke's Journey to the Centre of the Mind. One More Rainy Day uses very mundane lyrics and a melody which makes the singer sound like a hip Ricky Nelson.

The two instrumentals on **Shades of Deep Purple** are flowing compositions. Happiness begins like a Bachian Toccata which seems to indicate that the organist's sense of classical composure was learned rather than natural. This song also employs a 1955 Cliff Richard style chord progression which sounds very apt. Perhaps this reinforces the predicted return of music to early rock.

The only other songs on the album worthy of attention are Hush and Hey Joe. Their arrangement of the Billy Joe Royal tune Hush is excellent and anyone who can make a Billy Joe Royal song sound good deserves a lot of credit. Hey Joe is almost an exact duplicate of the Jimi Hendrix Experience version. Even the bass run which Noel Redding used to such effect in Hendrix's Hey Joe is the same.

It looks as if the only thing avant garde about The Deep Purple are the animal and siren noises which act as a prelude to each song and I am sceptical about any correlation they have with musical talent. The album is worth listening to on the merit of their arrangements alone.



Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in "Hot Millions."

## My God! This movie is good

by David Schatzky

Step right up, ladies and gennulmen! Here's a movie that is beyond criticism. Each role is a gem, consummately mounted. The plot is original and timely. The production is stylish, clear, and well-paced. The name of this freak? **Hot Millions.** This film was made in England by MGM and the reliable J. Arthur Rank group, and was skilfully directed by a former CBC producer of the high-brow drama programme Festival, Eric Till.

It stars that one-man-band, Peter Ustinov, as an ex-con who figures out how to make it big in the computer racket. His foil is the British Shakespearean actress Maggie Smith, who can portray almost anything. In **Hot Millions** she is near-perfect as an English-style redheaded dumb blonde of the Garson Kanin Born Yesterday school.

Also excellently cast in this witty situation comedy are Karl Malden as an ulcered executive, and Bob Newhart as his partner-in-honesty. Blustering here and there in the film is a professional Colonel Blimp, the charming Robert Morley. What more could anyone want for an evening of real entertainment!

Full marks must go to Peter Ustinov and Eli Wallach for coming up with a fresh and lively screenplay, and to Canadian Eric Till for presenting this urbane comedy of wide appeal without gimmicks. Don't get the idea that this film is so good that it's dull. It's too honestly presented for that, and one twitch of Peter Ustinov's jowl makes the whole thing worthwhile!

Also on the bill at the Hyland is an excellent multi-technique animation about a child's view of Canada called **A Child In His Country.** See them both! Get rid of the January blues early!

# The Cock & Bull

Presents typically English

STUART GRAHAM

Saturday Night  
October 12, 1968  
Open 8 p.m. till 1 p.m.

## Don't spend your coffee money here

by Richard Levine

A short time ago I bought a cheap mono album, in the hope of discovering something new. Let me, please, gently warn you against this album, **Creation**, by The Druids of Stonehedge. There are reasons against its purchase.

A deep bass and slow steady beat, with a slight melody line, typifies the cuts. The album is good coffee-house music. (This is no left-handed compliment. Some albums are atrocious.)

But no song bears close listening, none leave sweet sounds grooving in the mind, and all are too slow for good dancing. A fast number, 'Speed', is introduced by

a lively 3-chord succession, and a boompity-boompity-bum drum, but fades after ten bars. More interesting (and better known, for pity's sake) groups play similar music, and this is the damning criticism.

Do you like long slow songs, with many rests and plentiful half-notes? With sad lyrics and repetitious melodious phrasing? Then choose Bob Dylan's **Bring It All Back Home.**

This suggestion is not name-dropping. The Druids play Dylan's number, 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue,' but a heavily instrumented version that loses interest next to the simple voice over guitar of the original. The Druid version is good coffee stereo, but the original is worthy to spin again and again on the privacy of your own turntable.

The Druids comprise David Budge (vocals), Carl Hauser (guitar), Steven Tindall (drums, organ), Billy Tracy (guitar), and Tom Paine Workman (bass). Having absorbed these liner notes, I prompted myself to believe I would be buying solid rock overlain with wild organ, a favourite combination of mine. The first cut, Six Feet Down, did not disappoint.

*Day is same as night,  
Wrong is same as right,  
Without bread or wine,  
Fighting restless time,  
Six feet down.*

This death song appropriately breaks into a funeral organ solo that does credit to any group. But the Procul Haram is the

group you really want for organ-rock.

The Druids of Stonehedge do not disappoint the modern discerning pop-rock enthusiast.

But they do not impress.

Why?

The only method of answering is to compare a similar group. Enter Founders Coffee House, whose record policy is liberal, and let me play the song One, Two Brown Eyes, from Them's first album, **Here Comes The Night.** (Them was an English group current two years ago.)

*I'm going to cut you down to my size.  
You got one, you got two,  
Brown Eyes,  
That hypnotize, hypnotize.*

The music to this lyric perfectly emphasizes the emotional texture. The lead guitarist climbs straight up his guitar in a treble crescendo. Tense guitar plucking intensifies electric sex. At the end of the 2 minute 39 second song, the coffee we are drinking is hotter than ever!

If the Druids were to play this (and they don't), the coffee would remain lukewarm, for no matter how exciting their lyric, the slow steady beat and the lead guitar contribute no additional musical message.

The Druids of Stonehedge, on **Creation**, is a record to let a friend buy. Appreciate its merit on his stereo, not yours. As fate decreed, in deference to the wishes of a pert girl with a persuasive smile, I was that unfortunate friend.

### BROWER-WALKER ENTERPRISES LTD.

Presents... in Person

# DONOVAN

THURSDAY,  
OCTOBER 24th, 1968  
AT 8:00 P.M.

VARSITY INDOOR ARENA  
Tickets Available:

BOX OFFICE

- A & A RECORDS
- ROCK PILE

ADMISSION: \$3.00 - \$4.00 - \$5.00

