

WRACK 'N ROLL

By ALEX VARTY

Mott the Hoople, Mott, Columbia KC32425

I have a feeling that this album, along with Mott's earlier opus Brian Capers, will become a rock 'n roll classic, almost on a par with, say, *Fresh Berrys* or *Let It Bleed*. That's not because either album is an excuse for expounding philosophical concepts, or for showing off amphetamine instrumental flash, but because each time out the band takes those tired old Berry three-chord riffs, and those tired new Deep Purple three-chord riffs, grinds them together and comes up with something new and exciting. Mott The Hoople fall second only to David Bowie in the assimilation of influences, and as a result their music has touches of Bowie, Beach Boys, Buffalo Springfield, Procol Harum, Stones and a certain Robert Zimmerman element too. The great thing is that if you heard any of the songs over the radio you wouldn't mistake them for any of the above artists' work, but it would be impossible to shrug them off as mere imitation. Take, for example, "Honoloochie Boogie" from Mott. Start with a general English Rock ambience, throw in some "All Right Now" guitar licks, Ziggy Stardust echo vocal, Beatles-Beach Boys non-sense chorus, Roxy Music sax and Paul Buckmaster cellos, and then mix for two minutes and 35 seconds. Result: something as catchy as pop, as forceful as heavy metal, and as interesting as anything else around. Also, if you're not a critic, the song doesn't sound like anything but Mott The Hoople, because it's so well done. That's why, if there is any justice in the music business, this album will make Ian Hunter and company household words. Of the three Hoople albums to have received any attention and publicity in Canada, Brian Capers had the best material, but the mix was so cloudy that a lot was almost inaudible; All The Young Dudes had crystalline production [Bowie] but boring material save for Bowie's title song; and Mott mixes production, performance and material in near-perfect proportion. The album is so good that every cut equals the song "All The Young Dudes" in quality. The aforementioned "Honoloochie Boogie"; the Stonesish "All The Way From Memphis"; "Ballad Of Mott", an autobiography with a great chorus; and the vocals on "I'm A Cadillac" are particularly good parts of this excellent album. Don't take my word for it, though, give it a listen.

Maria Muldaur, Maria Muldaur, Reprise MS2148

Maria Muldaur possesses an achingly clear voice of magnificent range and emotive power. On most of the numerous albums that she has appeared on, either as featured vocalist or as backup singer, her talents were used on folk or blues material, where her idiosyncratic, jazzy style garnered her a large amount of acclaim from critics and musicians. However, on this, her first solo album, Ms. Muldaur has abandoned the blues form and has recorded eleven tunes in country, pop and Dixieland styles. While the Dixieland numbers, being bluesy in nature, all come off quite well, the more formal structures of the others do not allow Maria to use her best style to advantage. As a result, her elongated syllables and vocal quaver often seem thin and ineffectual. Nonetheless, the chorus of Dolly Parton's "Tennessee Mountain Home" rings with vibrant power, the pop treatment of Ron Davies' "Long Hard Climb" is soothingly pure, and the boogie-woogie exuberance of Dan Hicks' "Walkin' One And Only" matches Dan's own recordings in wit and zest. I'm disappointed in this album, but perhaps I'm just being too picky, because the good music on the album out-weighs the bad by a considerable margin.

Bob Dylan in concert

By FORTY ONWAD

I've wanted to see Dylan for years and years. When I heard the College Hill Student Radio was organizing a trip to his Montreal concert, I decided forty dollars was nothing.

We left early Friday morning and before long people were drinking refreshments, eating chocolate bars, sharing cigarettes, and generally having a good time.

But as the day progressed the weather grew worse and worse. It was snowing heavily, and the road was very slippery. As we travelled further into Quebec we saw dozens of minor accidents - cars off the road, bumpers smashed in, that type of thing.

Finally the traffic stopped completely; nothing moved. Some people got out and walked ahead. There was an accident blocking the road. What could we do? We sat sharing cigarettes and hoping.

When they finally got the road clear, we drove on, passing dozens of wrecked cars, a couple of jack-knifed transport trucks, and a pulp truck which had spilled its load onto a car. Next morning the "Montreal Star" said it was a seventy-five car pile up, with two people dead.

Now it was three hours before the concert, and under normal conditions we were a couple of hours from Montreal. We thought we might still make it.

But the bus driver allowed himself to be distracted by the fact that it was still snowing as hard as ever, and that there had already been an accident. He didn't seem to realize we were going to see Bob Dylan. He refused to drive any farther.

What could we do now? No one had a gun to force the bastard to keep going, so that was that. No Dylan.

With the help of the local police (which didn't make anyone feel any easier) we found a place to stay. We rented the entire Hotel Guy for a hundred and twenty-eight dollars.

The Hotel Guy is a three story building. On the bottom floor is a lobby and a bar. The top two floors

are rooms, fifteen rooms for forty people. There is a bathroom on the third floor. Many of the ceilings are cracked. When you lay down on the beds, it feels like climbing into a hammoc. I felt itchy just looking at the place.

We went down to the bar and started drinking. Through the big picture windows we could see the Saint Lawrence River and the lights of Quebec City. Every now and then a train went by, four feet from the windows. There were half a dozen people there when we came in. They looked like people who might be regular customers of the bar of the Hotel Guy. They watched us closely. It seemed they were not used to drinking with a bus load of university students.

So we weren't going to see Dylan, and we were going to spend the night in the Hotel Guy. We were unhappy.

But at this time phone calls were being made to CHSR and Montreal, and after a while it was announced that we would be able to exchange our tickets for tickets to the Saturday night show. Even the regular customers smiled as they watched us jumping and yelling with joy.

We spent the rest of the night celebrating. If you want a quart of Labatt's Fifty from a bar tender who speaks only French, say, "Cinquante grosse". It's surprising how quickly you can pick up a language when you have to. Around midnight the Hotel Guy didn't seem too bad at all. I went up stairs, found a room with a rug, and went to sleep on the floor.

The next morning we drove on to Montreal. The bus lost a retread from one of its tires, and its generator wasn't working properly but we got there in time to claim our tickets and wander around for a few hours.

In Quebec you get seven ounces of draught beer for only twenty cents.

I have had people try to tell me that Dylan can't sing. What fools! Dylan's voice is like his lyrics. His lyrics are not what you expect song lyrics to be, but once you listen to them, you know they are often fine poetry. His voice is not the type of voice you expect to hear singing songs, but if you listen, you soon

realize he is an incredible singer. Saturday night, in Montreal, Dylan was singing as well as he ever has. He did a lot of his old songs: "Just Like A Woman," "Ballad of a Thin Man," (with Dylan on piano) "Blowin' in the wind." He did some of his new ones too. They sounded good, but it takes a few listenings, at least for me, to fully appreciate a Dylan song.

The Band sounded really good too - they're more rock and roll lately, and Dylan fitted right in there.

At one point Dylan went off stage, and the Band did some of their own songs. They were better than I've ever heard them on record, but before long people were yelling for Dylan. It was inconsiderate, but understandable. I wanted Dylan back too.

After the intermission he came back by himself and snapped on his acoustic guitar. Everyone went wild. He put on his harmonica holder and everyone went wild again. It was Dylan, all by himself.

He did "Gates of Eden," "It's alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)," a half dozen in all. Truthfully I didn't think his harp playing was up to usual, but aside from that he was as good as ever. On the line "Even the president of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked" the crowd cheered.

After that the Band came back on, and the played more of his songs together. On the last number, "Like a Rolling Stone," they turned on the lights and everyone sang along on the chorus - twenty thousand people singing, clapping, and dancing in the isles. And did "Most Likely You'll Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine," the song they had started the concert with. And then they were gone and no amount of clapping, stomping, cheering, and chanting would bring them back.

The concert ran from about eight thirty till a little after eleven, and all Dylan said was "We're going to do a love song," before "It Aint Me Babe," and "We be right back, don't go away," before the intermission. Dylan is a quiet guy but then he does sing.

EXECUTIVE ACTION

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

"Ten years ago - on Friday, November 22, 1963, at 12:30 p.m. - President John F. Kennedy rode in an open limousine through the streets of Dallas. At a place known as Dealey Plaza, he was shot to death."

The "who done it?" question still hasn't been satisfactorily answered and arguments for and against The Warren Commission Report are still raging. Executive Action offers an opinion on how a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy could have taken place. It's a film of fiction - based on facts. (If you have any doubts, you should try to get your hands on an eight-page tabloid distributed by movie theatres and entitled "Executive Action - Facts behind the making of this film.")

The format of the movie is quite disturbing at times as it come across as a documentary heavy. Even though it deals with only limited aspects of the assassination of JFK, the amount of "facts" and details thrown at the audience in the span of 80 minutes or so tends to produce a "news

program" of the whole scheme. However, if you can keep up with the staggering pace of the events, the implications that loom from the whole plot will make your skin crawl. Just thinking about the conspirators, their personal reasons for obliterating the president of the US, the cool, calculated plotting of the assassination and subsequent elimination of incriminating evidences as well as the "mysterious" series of deaths in the four succeeding years - the chills that run up your spine have nothing to do with the sub-zero temperature we have to contend with at this time of the year.

There is no outstanding performers as the plot itself holds most of the interest. Burt Lancaster is the detail specialist. In his own cool way he is the man who hires the professional sharpshooters, finds the suitable patsy (Lee Harvey Oswald), a lookalike to incriminate him in the assassination of JFK and the phony secret service agents. He also chooses Dealey Plaza as the spot where the shooting is to take place and arranges for quick

dissipation of all hired accomplices.

Robert Ryan is the man with all the "right" connections and Will Geer is the "Old Money" financing chairman. They're a pretty determined bunch of businessmen, efficiency is their motto and if there's any amount of truth to this story they're pretty good at it.

It's the kind of movie that ought to get some people thinking and it's guaranteed not to leave the viewer indifferent. Ask yourself now: "Do I still believe that one man alone could have assassinated President Kennedy?" The answer you get may chill you to the bones. A "creepy" movie for sure.

WARNING - I hope those of you who have seen "Jesus Christ Superstar" will have warned your friends who haven't. If the Gaiety Theatre's Sound System is even half-decent you may enjoy it so much you'll want to see it again (and again and again?) The lineups may be long and you may have to return night after night until you get a chance to see the super-production but you will not regret it.