

OCTOBER 12, 1973

SPINNING DISCS

By RICK BASTON

After last year's disappointing "Exile On Main Street" the Rolling Stones have managed to show they're still the world's number one band. Their new album "Goat's Head Soup" is a shot in the arm that can cheer up a reviewer's day, in a year when so many poor albums are out.

There is energy and enthusiasm in this album that seemed so lacking in "Exile On Main Street". There is a retreat to the Stones roots. Songs that have the influence of Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, etc; and the lyrics are some of the best I've heard in some time. There is variety and dancibility on this album, with songs like "Dancing With Mr. D", to the soft and mournful "Angie". I could write a whole column on this album, but I can't. All I can say is buy it, you won't be disappointed.

In contrast to the Stones new album is an album by Lee Michaels. It is a live album and should serve as an example of a bad live album. To begin with, you hear Michaels pleading several times for them to turn up the microphones and when they do you wish they hadn't.

Lee starts out okay on the first song "Hold On To Freedom", but this long cut gets awful monotonous after about five minutes. "The Killer" though is Lee's version of "Stormy Monday Blues". He begins with organ riffs that seem more appropriate for a dramatic moment on a soap opera than a live album then lurches into the song. It's all right, but it gets very tiring and Lee's screams to break the monotony sure don't help matters any.

The thing that really bothered me about the album was the fact that there's only Lee on organ and a drum and no one else. I realize that the object of all groups is to create a unique sound, but do we have to be driven crazy by a whining organ and drumming that sounds like one of those drumming machines that you buy for \$99.95.

The songs are a throw back to the "let's take over the world" days. In a way I'm glad Lee is worrying about things like freedom and war, I haven't got the time. Perhaps Lee is really leading a nostalgia trip back to the 60's.

The third album for this week is "Can You Feel It", the new Lighthouse album. This album constitutes a major change in Lighthouse's style as vocalist Bob McBride is no longer with them. The vocals are now handled by Skip Prokop and Ralph Cole and the change is a pleasure. The vocals are much lighter, with some good harmonies and sound excellent after four albums of gravel. The horns have been toned down considerably, so that one doesn't hear the compulsory horn riff every twenty seconds.

The songs were penned almost entirely by Prokop and Cole. Each song has a good beat to it with "Pretty Lady" being the best of the lot. It is similar to many of the Lighthouse singles, but the vocals are softer than before and everything is more restrained than in the old 'blast 'em to death' days.

To sum up this album is worth every penny you pay for it.

The records this week are from two sources. "Goat's Head Soup" and "Lee Michaels Live" are courtesy of RADIOLAND in the Fredericton Mall and "Can You Feel It" is courtesy of the UNB Bookstore.

Hypnotist REVEEN intriguing

By JOHN TIMMINS

What can one say about Reveen in the way of a review? The last time I saw his show I left aching with laughter, and "the wonder from down under" hasn't changed a bit.

He started the show last night, however, on a rather weak note, with his memorization feat. With the use of two blackboards facing the audience, Reveen memorized sixteen different articles while simultaneously working out a "magic square" on the other, so that every group of four numbers totalled a number given from the audience. If he had taken the time to prove every group instead of whizzing through like a furious math professor, then the length of the feat would have been worth it.

But that is nit-picking compared with the rest of the evening. Once the audience group on stage was whittled down to those suitable for hypnotic suggestion, the performance hit high gear and stayed there.

Briefly, he had the subjects believing they were going through time, with stops at the Garden of Eden, the Spanish Inquisition, a lengthy stop in Veronese Italy with five Romeos and four Juliets, the castle of Count Dracula, the battle of Waterloo, and the Roaring Twenties. The second half began with a Mr. and Mrs. America Contest, then the future ambitions of each subject were acted out. Finally, after giving them different roles in a "concert of the Centuries" (Confucius, Henry VIII, Cleopatra, etc.), Reveen ended with a display of post-hypnotic suggestion. The subjects

were awakened and sent back to their seats, but not before he had given them an idea to act out (one built sandcastles, one held back the sea to save Holland, one saw an elephant and so on).

As a gift to those who partake in his show, besides a free pass to future shows, the Australian hypnotist gave each the post-hypnotic suggestion of freedom from nervous tension and headaches, the ability to fall asleep at will, and stronger self-confidence "within the bounds of common sense."

The show plays until Saturday, and will be changed for Friday and Saturday evenings and once more for the Saturday Matinee. He made a strong closing point of saying there are still tickets available.

cinema reviews

By JOHN TIMMINS

with apologies to Buck Owens: "High Plains Drifter"

Clint Eastwood behind the camera can be a very good director, as his one previous product showed. "Play Misty For Me," in which he also starred - superbly - was one of the most smoothly made, most cohesive and most palatable psycho-murder films (in spite of Jessica Walters) that I've seen in quite some time. This second time he has directed himself is not quite so impressive. "High Plains Drifter" is a mediocre Western strongly evocative of his spaghetti Westerns in the past - and just about as pretentious.

A dead little town is disrupted one day when a tall dark stranger rides in out of the smoky distance. After demonstrating his downright orneryness by casually gunning down three harassing yokel-gunfighters, he is propositioned to take their place by staying on and defending the town against a group of newly released bandits who have a vengeance against the place. Fine. Except in a series of flashbacks we discover that the stranger has an equally nasty ulterior motive for being there and once he's given full rein of Lago, he doesn't have much trouble "razing Hell".

The script (by Ernest Tidyman, who has given us such soul stirring cinema as "Shaft" and "The French Connection") is cloudy and muddy, with cardboard characterizations (the phony preacher, the cold blooded villain) and undeveloped motivation. The stranger never does work out his venom,

except by leaving the town stranded at the gangsters' hands, and his reasons for interfering in the place's terrorization is equally unfathomable.

Eastwood's overdone direction makes the rare moments of power only silly and pretentious - the flashbacks and his whipping of the gang are so hyped up (with the aid of Dee Barton's raucous, noisy score) that you end up giggling, quite a ways from the original intention, I think. His acting is mostly non-existent and with the exception of a very funny barber, Verna Bloom, and a few of the more believable townspeople, the rest of the cast is likewise.

Bruce Surtees, who photographed "Misty", superbly, does a fine job here, making the plains of the title biting and diamond-hard brilliant, and would have succeeded in making the surreal segments really ghostly except for the aforementioned hyper-kinetic editing and music.

Richard Schickel in "Time" said that the title "High Plains Drifter" is doubly significant in that "seldom are Westerns allowed to drift around on such a highfalutin' plane." Nuff said.

At the Capitol, for the first of this week was a double feature, "The Todd Killings" and "Cat O' Nine Tails". The former is a semi-serious set-up about a compulsive lady killer, which pretends to be a study of his motives, but which quickly goes the route of many others in this genre - a few "big" scenes sandwiched between a rambling and incoherent script, with quasi-psychological reasons tossed in at regular intervals.

High Plains Drifter.

The Todd Killings

Cat O' Nine Tails

Acting-wise, the film isn't too bad. Robert F. Lyons, as Skipper Todd, doesn't have much character to deal with - mostly Paul Newman cockiness, but he carries off those "big" scenes well; Holly Near and Belinda Montgomery as his girlfriends are good and fair, in that order; Edward Asner, Mary Tyler Moore's scene stealing so-star is quietly malevolent as an undefined villain, and Barbara Bel Geddes, the saving grace of a thousand mediocre pictures in the '50's and '60's is exactly that here, along with Gloria Grahame's short but powerful performance as the bereaved mother of one of Skipper's "friends". Richard Thomas, however, (one of the finest actors in television) is unpleasantly mannered here, as a reform school graduate on the make.

The second bill, though, is a dazzlingly well made mystery from Italy, "Cat O' Nine Tails" by Dario Argento. True, it has the somewhat worn standard ingredients - evidence leading to several wrong suspects, and a plot that ties itself up in knots sometimes (even a short resume is impossible) - but director Argento sails over these hum-drum requirements easily and gives the film a jagged edge of suspense that, for just about the first time in my memory, justifies its elaborate slogans. "Cat" is not drenched in blood, but the usage of it is so secure and apt and - well, good - that you can cringe quietly without vomiting.

James Franciscus conquers his usual stoniness. Karl Malden does fine as a blind man, and Catherine Spaak, despite some ghoulish make-up, shows more than a pretty face (talent-wise and otherwise).

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