

Candy Mountain: Romantic, lonely, anxious and warm

Candy Mountain
Princess Theatre
September 16 - 21

review by Kevin Law

Julius wants to be a rock star, but his initial ambition is not as honest as his dream. He wants it all the easy way. It is not by hard work, but by hustling that he lands himself a contract with some heavy-hitter in the New York music scene. His assignment is to find a legendary guitar maker named Elmore Silk and entice him to return to the big apple with his talent and his priceless guitars.

So begins this quirky, off beat film from counterculture heroes Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer. Frank, most notably famous for his 1972 Rolling Stones documentary *Cocksucker Blues* (which the Stones themselves had banned for a too frank depiction of their lifestyle) and Wurlitzer's screenplays include *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* and *Coming Home*.

The two have combined to produce a sparsely poetic film about a young man's search for the elusive Silk which ultimately becomes a voyage of self-discovery for the would-be musician.

The road Julius travels is populated

with the eccentric human remnants left in the wake of Silk's life, yet the film is so low key in both its humor, pace, and plot that it would have failed were it not for the richly colourful cameo appearances by an assortment of cult music figures.

Picture Tom Waits as Silk's polyester, golf-garbed brother, or Dr. John in a wheelchair, married to Silk's sister. The scenes of their marital battles are priceless. David Johansen is good as the arrogant New York musician who wants Silk returned at any cost, and Joe Strummer's brief appearance as a cop cum musician hits its peak when Strummer, refusing to

Strummer...points his gun at him saying, "We're creating, so shove off."

return a guitar borrowed from Julius, points his gun at him saying, "We're creating, so shove off."

In effect, this film is actually a series of vignettes strung together by the search for Silk, and there is a gritty realism to the cinematography and mise-en-scene as Julius finds himself richer in spirit with each encounter that prepares him for the disillusionment of his final encounter with Silk.

"Candy Mountain" is not typical Hollywood ostentatiousness; rather it is a down to earth low budget film that is romantic, lonely, anxious, and warm. It won't leap out and grab you, but it will make you smile.

Makeba and Masekela enchant Jube audience

Miriam Makeba with Hugh Masekela
Jubilee Auditorium
September 13, 1988

review by Scott Gordon

The tickets and posters billed this as "An Evening With..." and that is what it was. No one, however, mentioned anything about being taken to another world or another dimension of music.

Song names and musical stylings just did not matter since the concert, as a whole, cannot be described in those terms. It was an experience. It was something else. It just simply was.

Arriving late was the biggest mistake, but once there, the sound and the mood washed over me and took me on a journey into a world where percussion and trumpet, voice and guitar, are what matters. The lyrics of both Makeba's and Masekela's songs were awesome, and majestic. The music drove the listener not because of its rhythm, but because of its rhythm and emotion. It is very difficult to describe what went on Tuesday because the emotions stirred up were, and are, so strong, that mere words cannot do justice to the evening. You had to be there. A cliché, true, but clichés, for the most part, are totally true.

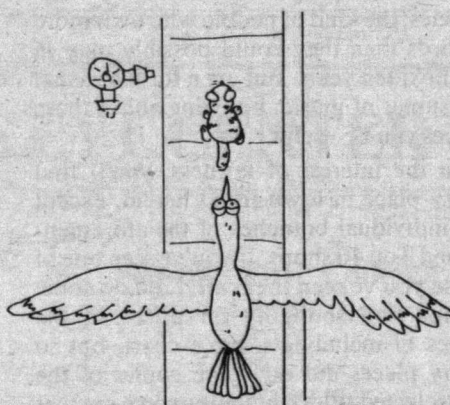
All that I can say, is that South African exiles Makeba and Masekela brought to Edmonton a musical experience that will not be seen, or felt again, until they return with their music and their protest of what is happening in their tortured country. The

Edmonton Folk Music Festival and CBC cannot be applauded loudly enough or long enough in bringing this duo to Edmonton. The packed (and dancing)

It was an experience. It was something else. It simply was.

the two co-sponsors can work in harmony and bring another experience such as Makeba and Masekela into this town of heavy metal, it would be something not to miss, and perhaps, by then, I can find the words to describe Tuesday evening. Protest and emotion never sounded so good.

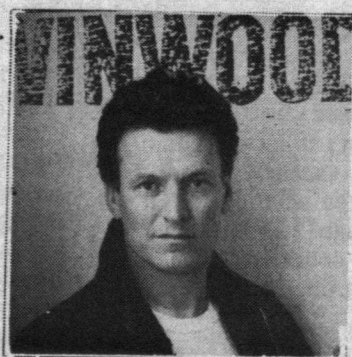
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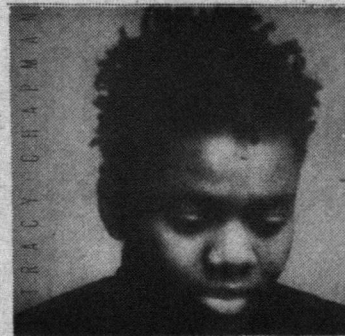
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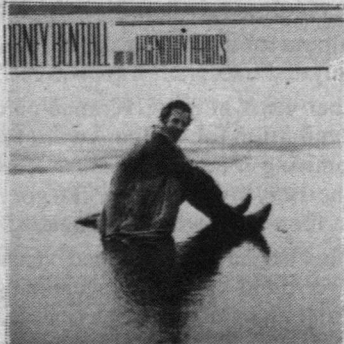
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