The final song on the first side is a balmy love-triangle piece which starts with an imitation Graham Nash moaning plaintively (how else do people moan, anyhow? Even while someone else is yelling they mystery in syrupy pseudo-French. The song lingers between Zappa-esque mid-air trips and a Hamble Pie white-out, somehow managing to stay on the track, although not sustained by hammering. In the real you'd be digging out your Dave Pux to counter it.

The second side begins with "Breathe Easy," reminiscence of "Mary Thyn Deed," and music with an Asian touch. To give you an idea of the delightful nurture of the Wackers, at one point they fill an entire room space in the song with some one taking in a hargful (as Alice does on "Balld of Dwyer" on the following side), the line, "like my lovely mind explode, blown up in my face," is a real explosion to my ears.

But it works. The next six songs are all blended together; in fact, it's hard, at times, to see which song you're listening to. Quality ranges from brilliant to fair with enough variety to please just about anyone.

I don't want you to think that Hot Wackers is merely a collection of clever soundscapes like the Mother's first album. On the contrary, the反, be a, a hypnotic piece of music, is being built on various themes from the White Album. To all intents and purposes, the wordy yolo's "Oh My Love" comes next, complete with coto. The mandatory Chuck Dennis intro, the rocking piano, the "I'll bet you nght it don't be late for your date" good mood, and roll, I think they call it: Mark Astolfi...