

maidenhead

Lumpy Gravy

a contrast in styles

by ron grant

There was once a time when blues music was exclusive property. The black men from New Orleans, Memphis and Chicago were the blues. They named it, they felt it, and they sang it. No-one disputed the fact — they were the masters of their own art form. It wasn't a popular music, but then it wasn't meant to be. They were expressing their emotion in song — with no compromises. As a result, appreciation for the music was reserved for the few who understood that music doesn't have to possess an instant mass appeal to be good.

And then suddenly, in 1964, something happened. White men started to sing the blues. Five young Englishmen under the unlikely title of the "Rolling Stones" recorded an album, with among others, tunes by Willie Dixon and Chuck Berry. These weren't the white "cover" versions of negro hits such as had happened in the past, this was grass-roots, down to earth guts music. And although the Rolling Stones have progressed into rock more than blues in the years since, they paved the way for popular blues.

Starting with John Mayall, and growing to include such groups as "The Animals", Fleetwood Mac and the Ainsly Dunbar Retaliation, the singing of the blues established itself strongly in the music of the British Isles. One of the latest to emerge from that side of the Atlantic is a young North Englisher, Joe Cocker. His latest album, "JOE COCKER" on the A & M label demonstrates that he is one of the best.

And of course the realization that the white man could sing the blues was not confined to England.

Dyed-in-the-wool American blues fans scoffed at the new pretenders, but several white musicians, notably, Janis Joplin, emerged with surprisingly authentic styles. But the latest "find" in the white blues world is a slightly-built Texan with the unlikely name of Johnny Winter. And a "find" he is indeed. For in a business where it is often conceded that a good gimmick is the shortest road to success — John Winter has the supergimmick. He is an Albino. Pale white skin, pink eyes and long scraggly white hair, for visual impact, none can match Johnny Winter. But what about music? For the uninitiated, Winter is horrible. In the manner of Janis Joplin, he screams. The first impression conjures up a picture of a tortured cat. But don't give up right away. Listen and listen again. Remember emotion is the big thing here. Sure he isn't Englebert Humperdinck;

"I'm going to the city

And I'm as horny as can be!" but that isn't the idea, is it? Emotion is present and accounted for — and regardless of what you find to criticize, you can't take that away from him.

And although I'm calling both Winter and Cocker bluesmen of the highest stature, beside Johnny, Joe could be Mr. Humperdinck. His voice is deep. Immediately, one sees a large, heavily built singer. Again, the qualification is guts and emotion, and the degree to which Joe Cocker can show this is phenomenal. In contrast to Winter, who either writes his own material or uses established blues writers, Cocker can transform anything into his "song". From Dylan through Leonard Cohen

to the Beatles, Cocker transforms their songs, by effort alone, into emotional statements. He can sing fast and he can sing slow. His style is unique but it is not stagnant — and for this reason he will last.

The other big difference I have noticed in the recordings of the two artists is the whole style of instrumentation. Winter, in keeping with the visual gimmickry, plays a chrome guitar. I'm not an expert on guitars, but to my mind his music sounds like a chrome guitar. If there is such a thing, Winter plays a cold guitar. Although his group includes a bass, the music consists of highly dominating treble-like guitar riffs, that in this case only compliment his similar vocal style.

I don't think Cocker worries about instrumentation. That's not to imply that it's bad, because it isn't. But it also isn't anything special. He has assured technical perfection by assembling talented musicians for his studio sessions, but the closely knit control that is present in Winter's music isn't here. But with Cocker it doesn't really matter.

As examples of emotional blues, both JOE COCKER! (A & M SP 4224) and SECOND WINTER (Columbia KCS 9947) are highly legitimate purchases.



POETRY

When the Englishman fondling the gear-shift of my mini said
She's got a nice box
I snickered

Can it be
that a man of my age and experience
is no different
(at bottom)

From the student who
When asked why a white hankerchief
made him think of sex

Replied
Sir,
Sex is all I think of.

Donald Cameron

It is reported of Demosthenes, the orator:
He used to go down to the seashore,
Fill his mouth full of gravel,
And shout above the noise
Of the ebb-tide's fingers
Clawing desperately on the loose shingle.

This, it is claimed
improved his elocution.
It did not
halt Philip of Macedon.
Demosthenes
is remembered as a great orator.

Alastar Howard Robertson

The Equestrian

Your smooth hard body
reminds me of a fine horse,
and I, the equestrian,
will ride you of course.

Richard Adams

The Need For A Creative Outlet

In the following article Dr. Fred Cogswell, of the English department, outlines the need for a creative outlet at the student level at this University.

Dr. Cogswell, a former UNB student and a poet of national stature, is a man fully aware of the problems and publication of creative writing. Dr. Cogswell has seen the university's literary magazine, *The Fiddlehead*, grow from mimeograph to internationality and now he manages to run a small publishing house, known affectionately as *Fiddlehead Press*.

Because of the void which Dr. Cogswell describes, *Maidenhead* was initiated, and it is hoped

will, at least temporarily satisfy this demand. *Maidenhead* is devoted to literary virginity. It will act as a sounding board for first statement and hopefully as a springboard to higher things perhaps even *Fiddlehead*.

Students are invited to submit articles and poems for publication.

There is no regular guarantee of an outlet for student writing, and for a writer to write without publishing is the same as for a track and field athlete to train without a meet. On three occasions the Arts Society sponsored a periodical, *Intervales*. Had *Intervales* been published without fail, the number of practising

writers on the campus and the level of literary activity would be much higher than it is today. Some way ought to be found by the students to encourage writing by providing a creative outlet for this worthwhile activity.

As it stands today, there are two centres I know of — and probably others — of creative writing among students: those who are focused around a group — led by Robert Gibbs, Kent Thompson, and William Bauer — who meet on Tuesday evenings to conduct a workshop. With these groups functioning, any would-be writer can obtain companionship and an oral audience at least.

My general impression over the years about student writing is that it stems from the same over-plus of glandular activity and energy that produces football, basketball and track and field. It is subject to the same coaching in fundamentals, and may recruits show surprising talent. But, lacking audience support or outlets of a conspicuous nature, writers like athletes are prone to get discouraged, to quit, and to involve themselves in other things. Only those who have staying power to work hard regardless of appreciation become true professionals. UNB has had its share of those — mainly poets — of them

all, I admire most: A.G. Bailey, Desmond Pacey, Elizabeth Brewster, Robert Gibbs, Robert Cockburn and Joseph Sherman, who have preserved, but I remember many others with equal or superior ability, who fell by the wayside and will always be lessened by this failure, however they may rationalize it. There is a place in literature for spontaneity and natural grace, but these qualities are short-lived and become monotonous after a while when displayed in the style of one individual. Other qualities have to be added to expression, and these are not possible without a maximum of work, concentration and craftsmanship.