

# Super stick shiny soul singers steal success

by Alex Cramer

Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush and Magic Sam are all young Chicago bluesmen in their 30's. These men are inheritors of the tradition created by such greats as Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf and John Lee Hooker.

Today young Negroes are ashamed to admit to liking the blues. Somehow it smacks too much of the country and the ghetto. The young blacks are more impressed with the slick soul singers, who with their shiny suits and easy dance steps project an image of confidence and success.

However the young bluesmen I mentioned couldn't care less about James Brown and Wilson Pickett.

They stick to the traditional blues and the public be damned. For Otis Rush and Magic Sam, this stubbornness means relative obscurity; they play mostly to the poor negroes in the Chicago ghettos. However

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells have achieved some measure of popularity among white college students, no doubt as a result of the efforts of their manager Dick Waterman and record producer Sam Charters.

Coming at You is Junior Wells' second Vanguard album and is just as good as his first one. Once again he has the excellent Buddy Guy backing him on lead

guitar. While Guy's guitar can make me weep, I'm also very much impressed with guitarist Walter 'Lefty' Williams. Unfortunately Williams is relegated to the role of rhythm guitarist and so we don't get a chance to hear what he can really do.

When I saw Wells at the Riverboat last summer Williams really knocked me out. Now I understand he is no longer with the group, having quit when Wells fired his brother, Woody Williams, a mediocre soul singer.

On the album, there are two numbers by Sonny Boy Williamson which serve as a sort of tribute to the late harp player, who taught Junior Wells.

Wells does Eddie Boyd's Five Long Years which, while good, comes nowhere near Hooker's or B.B. King's version. The Mystery Train is a little slower than Butterfield but it is fair nonetheless.

The second side of this album is better. It includes Little by Little, a collaboration between Mel London, a white record producer, and Junior Wells.

Hoochie Coochie Man, at 2:40 is just too short to develop into a devastating number. When you hear Wells do Tobacco Road, you'd never believe that it was written by a white commercial country singer (CFGM type).

The best song on the album is undoubtedly You Don't Love Me. Wells did this song on his Delmark

album, but then he didn't have the benefit of a brass section.

Which brings me to the point that the brass on this album is fairly well restrained. In his previous albums Wells had only a small band of three supporting musicians. Now with the horns he has extended his range and yet they don't detract from the vocals.

The Guy guitar, as on his Vanguard album is very clear and thin. His solos are good but too short to get going. But then we must remember that Guy isn't a member of the Wells band, but only a musician sitting in.

Another Wells record which has just been released, You're Tuff Enough (Mercury) is a disaster. It is Wells pretending to be a soul singer. Since that's not his bag, Wells comes off pretty bland, and you can tell his heart isn't in it.

Does this record mark a change in Wells' development? Not really, for this record consists of old tapes Wells did when he was desperate. Now Mercury is trying to cash in on his popularity. What is really misleading, of course, is the current photos of Wells on the cover, which gives the impression that he did this record recently. This seems a bit unethical to me. It is as if someone got a hold of tapes Dylan did when he was thirteen and then stuck them in a dust jacket that depicted the mature Dylan.

by 'Quintullius'

We Bombed in New Haven a play by Joseph Heller, Random House \$5.50

As a game war just doesn't make it. A guy could get killed playing it. Joseph Heller in his play **We Bombed in New Haven** presents us with this game, which only commanders-in-chief can enjoy. While doing so he sends us through the hoop of reality letting his actors tell us that the whole thing is a fake, that this is really only a play and then forces on us the discovery that the play is real and the actors are going to be killed.

Well that is nice. The 'real' always provides a bit of fascination on a rainy day. Unfortunately, we know that this is only a play, that everything will be all right afterwards, that the dead actors will get up off the floor and go home. Heller, of course, has tried his damndest to convince us that he really is dead. Behind the jokes and foolishness he presents the band of idiots who always obey orders and play basketball so eagerly, the officers who chew on baby pacifiers are Heller's tragic vision of mankind systematically destroying itself. We are meant to take the whole thing seriously much as the gloom of 'A Day in the Life' appears as the ultimate message of the Beatles' otherwise humorous 'Sgt. Pepper Album.'

Heller's chief problem is the media itself. He wants so very much to put across the fact that people really do die, that behind the play, as behind the game of war, is tragic reality. Yet it does no good to throw the horror of war in our faces. Heller seems doomed to being yet another voice crying Stop! Stop! Stop! His failure is not unique.

Ultimately we are faced with the banal revelation that war does go on, regardless of all the clever plays, TV documentaries, previous wars, personal experience, etc. But perhaps that realization is a start.

# Coogan's Bluff bombs as James Bond-style western

by Bob Koledin

A Clint Eastwood movie is a Clint Eastwood movie, is a Clint Eastwood movie . . . that is the first impression one gets from "COOGAN'S BLUFF" currently at the Odeon Carlton theatre that by coincidence or not, has shown all the other Clint Eastwood flicks.

The first three, for you fans who are not too hip on the recent westerns, were Italian, of the non-sense-action kind. They may loosely have been referred to as the "James Bond" type of westerns, where the action and the suspense were drawn from instinctive action by the hero.

\*\*\*\*\*E Plaudits this week to Tony Koch and Claire ('nasty') Shreiner. Only they know why. Plaudits to Headline Henne (Olga), big editors for keeping their tempers, Scott McMaster for his phoney election, and new Monday photog Mike Snook. This week's moral: If this paper is to continue, there must be fewer insults. Remember not to insult fellow staff member in public. Stew, Rhonda, and George, you need to learn some manners.

These Italian westerns were a box-office success, and by this time Clint Eastwood seemed to have gained favour in Hollywood. His next film ("Hang 'em High") was released on a similar format to the one the Italians found successful.

Needless to say, this last film lacked some of the "believable fantasy" pervading the three Italian efforts.

Well, Clint Eastwood is back, same format, similar type of music score as previously, only this time with an anachronistic twist — Coogan is a Clint-Eastwood type cowboy in New York

to-day, boots ten-gallon hat, from Arizona and all. He comes to New York to take a wanted man back to Arizona, the man clobbers him, escapes, and what the cowboy does for the rest of the story can easily be deduced.

However the film, aside from the simple plot, comes off pretty well. The hero's image misplaced image in the story's environment makes a fairly good source of humour.

All in all, taken for what it is COOGAN'S BLUFF is good entertainment. An intellectually stimulating film it certainly is not, nor is it intended to be.

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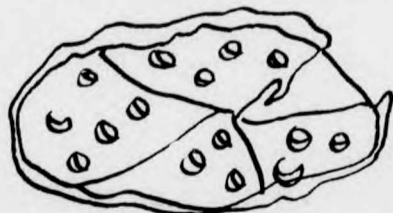
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