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**Yorkvue '69 good,
 but not that good**

by David Schatzky

Anyone who knows the internal workings of YUP knows that the most preplanned and organized part of their endeavours is the booze party which celebrates the end of each production. YORKVUE '69 was no exception. The champagne got raves; the rye, a standing ovation. But what went on in the theatre was less than bubbly or intoxicating, although well lit.

We were presented with a collection of easy-going, relaxed, mostly charming numbers, pre-

sented by an equally charming, if not especially disciplined group of performers. Their antics led the audience to smile constantly, laugh now and then, and applaud a few times.

In the first act, THE LOWER SLOBOVIA GYMNASIAC ENSEMBLE was successful in spoofing the typical Ed Sullivan muscle act which exerts more energy in curtain calls than it does in its calisthenic feats.

Lisa Herman, telling us what it's like to be a genuine "BEFORE" girl who transforms her-

MAUD'S COLUMN

**Open-ended college discussion on
 Iron Butterfly ends in violence**

by Richard Levine

Maud (in Founders coffee shop): R, you're making my column into a cheap record review. Why???

R: That's the college system, Maud. Academic discussion! Spontaneous combustion! You know the score.

Maud: What?
 R: I'm glad you mentioned that. The score this week is In-a-gadda-da-vida, the Iron Butterfly's newest album, on the Atco label.

Maud: R, is my mini-dress all right for an informal seminar?

R: Please, Maud. The record. The Iron Butterfly are exciting because they use ordinary rock instruments — guitar, drums, organ — in an exciting way.

In-a-gadda-da-vida is their 17 minute opus on the flop side. But to get at their style, let's investigate just the first five bars. The music starts with an organ that climbs up the scale with a flowery delicate vibrato, then back down to now! (pointing his finger) the drum goes WHACK! the bass THUMP-THUMP-THUMPS a dirty motif.



and then the lead roars in repeating the same thing, but higher. (getting carried away) As the bass guitar plays a variation on the motif, the organ freaks out on one lo-o-o-ong note.

Maud: Shhh, I'm listening.
 R: Not now, not now. Notice the bass guitar that goes thump-thump in an interesting way, not just a three-four note pattern as in simpler folk-rock.

The bass leaves the drums free to break into a primitive run that's typical of the group. The heavy lyric fits into this beautifully; In-a-gadda-da-vida, honey Don't you know that I love . . . you

In-a-gadd-da-vida, baby, Don't you know that I'll always be true.

Maud (obviously moved): Oh, oh, I can't stand it. Save me!

R (not noticing): This heaviness makes an excellent contrast to the strong, melodic organ and gutsy lead guitar that weaves in and out of the lyric and bass. (flipping the needle off) So now, Maud, you know why they're called the . . .

Maud (brightly): Purple Peanuts.

R: No, no. The Iron Butterfly . . . well, you know. It's a great sound, and it's being cop-

ied. There's a new group called the Led Zeppelin. Led for heaviness, Zeppelin for . . .

Maud: Zebra.

R (sighing): Maud, sometimes I think you just don't take this seriously. Don't you see, the Iron Butterfly are part of the current search for a vital rock sound using guitars and organ. It's the same search that led the Beatles away from the studied electronic sounds of Strawberry Fields and I'm a Walrus to their newest album.

VOICE OF THE PAST: Pardon me, sir, but the same thing happened here in Toronto a year ago, on the Paupers' album, "Magic People." On the songs "Think I Care, and "It's Your Mind", you could tell the emerging style, screaming guitars and drums. In fact, they were planning to add an organ. They might have been Toronto's Iron Butterfly, but their success was short-lived. When they come to Winter Carnival on Friday, we'll hear if they have the old magic.

R: Don't interrupt. We're discussing the here and now. Erik Brann, Lee Dorman and Ron Bushy produce a sound that pervades the whole album. Even the five songs on the flip side are not really individual hits, but tone poems, each one working out their style in a different way. The entire album celebrates the group's raison d'etre.

Bella B: Ah! Voici le Cercle Francais, n'est-ce pas? . . . du Founders? Non?

R: I'm sorry. That's a discussion group of a different colour. We're talking about "My Mirage", 4:51 sec. song on the flip side;

In my mind I see a mirage on the wall, But unfortunately it's not there at all.

The voices are good two-part harmony, and the by-play between organ and lead guitar is emphasized, but the heavy bass still makes you pulse and move even without the music being loud.

Adam Apple: It's solid pop-rock.

Maud: No, it's rock-blues.
 Claire Potite: The record looks black to me.

R (frantic): Labels! I can't stand labels!

Maud (simply): Oh, here's a label, R, "This stereo album may be played on mono . . ."

Bella B: Au secours!

Maud: R, you're losing control.
 Onlooker: My, my, what an uncouth crowd.

Friend: Yes, yes, looks like an unstructured philosophy discussion. But they'll be back, I'm sure.

In-a-gadda-da-vida, The Iron Butterfly SD33-250 (Atco).

self into an "AFTER", but who still has to do what you shouldn't do on a first date just to get a first date, was priceless.

As a "helpful" motorist, picking up an unsuspecting York student, Lorne Frohman, a la Schreiber and Burns, was dead on and convulsing. In the second act, he and Miss Herman again showed fine skill and timing in (yet another) Hamlet take-off.

The producer of YORKVUE '69, and treasurer of YUP, Bill Schyven, seemed determined to start a career at the ST. Charles. His endless parade of fags, transvestites, queens and Prime Ministers were too, too sweet.

Rick Blair was at his best as the typical, conservative establishment figure, pompous and hypocritical.

A highlight for Jayney Probert was her hip Neanderthal girl. Sue Lacey provided solid support with her straight lines, and also added pleasing musical moments.

Sherri Bergman was most effective as a sinuous co-ed and other femme fatales. Definitely the best buttock-control in the whole show, not to mention an intense sincerity in the serious numbers.

Nadine Gorelick in her first "reely big shew", showed potential and promise in all that she did. As a dumb blonde, of the Goldie Hawn vintage. She was controlled, not allowing the characterization to run away with the material. As she develops more vocal polish, and that elusive quality, authority, she'll be popular on the York stage in the future.

In a quiet but creative way, Bob Young scored by being a good ensemble player, obviously someone with whom the other performers could easily work. He delineated a memorable bugged Beethoven.

The music, under the able direction of pianist/organist and surprisingly good singer Gary Arbour, with guitarist Howie Spring, pianist Bill Maud, bass guitarist Brian O'Hara and Jay Alter pounding the drums, was more than competent. The jazz number opening the second act, in fact, was first rate, professional and a high spot.

Right now, you're probably asking yourself why there was such a snarky opening to this review of the revue if I liked everyone so much. Simple, my dear. There's a large gap between the excellence, say, of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore of BEYOND THE FRINGE, or even Peter Mews of SPRING THAW, and the average member of YORKVUE '69. And the professional comics don't have to work with mediocre material and impossible rehearsal schedules.

As a reviewer, I must admit I was impressed that so much could be accomplished with so little in so short a time. It was an acceptable show. Nick Ayre must be congratulated for coordinating with competence and patience the sort of show which depends on looking polished. What the show lacked in originality, zip, belly laughs, style and uniformly devastating comic portrayals, it made up in charm, relaxation and sincerity.

Is this enough for a university?

Muddy Waters, et. al.

Rock Pile last Saturday

by Pat (prevert) Kutney

Toronto music critics labelled Muddy Waters performance at the Rockpile last Saturday as unexciting.

True. But Muddy Waters' playing isn't in the class of the screaming raw blues performer. Instead, he relies on subtleties in his music which must be listened to closely, to be appreciated.

Waters, whose greatest influences were Mississippi Delta performers Son House and Robert Johnson, has in turn influenced the style of many of the new generation of bluesmen, such as Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, and many of the white artists.

From Johnson and House, Waters picked up the Delta 'bottleneck' guitar style in which a bottleneck (or any hollow cylindrical object) is worn on one finger of the left hand and used for some of the fretting. This makes a very distinctive whining sound, and enables the player to slide from one note to another. (Now the style is usually called "slide guitar", and it's used by Al Wilson of Canned Heat and many other young guitarists as well as by the oldtimers.) You've heard it on the Stones "Little Red Rooster."

Waters used the bottleneck in a subtle way for rich vibrato on single notes as well as for slides between notes. Few people realize that Waters is the only musician who can effectively play slide guitar with the addition of a bridge on the neck.

Muddy did not have to resort to screams and shouts to involve his audience, instead, he uses his full rich voice to get the blues across.

Similarly, Otis Spann on organ always plays in an unexciting manner. He does not employ the usual soul pattern of repetitive chords and notes, but instead relies on constantly changing patterns. Spann is still the most-respected organist there is in blues.

Muddy Waters isn't a sensational, physical artiste. He just plays the blues in his own unpretentious way.

Something must be said about two upcoming Toronto groups. One, Mary Lou Horner, is the new house band at the Rockpile, replacing the local musical giants, the McKenna Mendelson Mainline and Transfusion. MLH, though they have a very fine lead guitarist and bassist, lack polished professionalism. They have no stage presentation and play a very straight bland kind of blues. There is no involvement and no attempt to get the audience involved. Mary Lou Horner have some interesting approaches to the few country and western numbers they perform.

The other band was It's All Meat, who appeared with Muddy Waters. They play long, original material that revolves around the excellent drumming of Rick McKim. McKim has worked some unusual drum patterns and varied time signatures into individual songs. For instance, in Moments of Truth, the band plays in 7/4, 3/4 and finally 5/4. Unfortunately their singing and harmonizing are disappointing. If It's All Meat progresses an appreciable amount in the next few months, they should be able to break through with their far-reaching able ideas.

In any case, these two groups are of sufficient musical worth at present, to merit some attention.