

MAUD'S Column

by Richard Levine

Maud: Oh, I'm so upset. My entire university education has no relevance to everyday life.

R: That's a good point, Maud, pretty mauve-colored girl. Why, only yesterday I was listening to Dr. John's first album, Gris-Gris on the Atco label.

Maud (running off) No, No! Not another weird record. Ahhhhhhhhh!

R (muttering): Now why did she do that? All I wanted to do was to put the needle here and play...

*They call me Dr. John,
known as the night tripper,
day-trippin' up and back down the bayou,
I'm the last of the best,
they call me the gris-gris man.*

Maud (wandering back): Say, who is that?

R: Oh, it's a group that uses traditional themes and music of New Orleans. The leader, John Freunx, calls himself Dr. John. Did you know that there really was a Dr. John, a well-known medicine man from New Orleans in the middle 1800's, and that Gris-gris (gree-gree) was his worst spell, a sack of peppers and fingernails and hair?

Maud: No.

R: Well, it's all in a book. The French Quarter by Herbert Asbury; Catalogue number F/379 N5/A78/1936. Proof positive, Maud, that Steacie Li-

brary enlightens everyday life. Now you know the meaning of these lyrics.

Put gris-gris on your door-step,

soon you'll be in the gutter,

melt your heart like butter,

eh,eh,eh I can make you stutter.

Maud: Oooh, that music makes me want to slink across the levee, I mean room, I'm forgetting...forgetting all about university.

R: Exactly. Their music is a combination of jazz and traditional deep South instruments — flute, bongos and tambourine. Listen to I Walk on Guilted Splinters. Listen to the Bum-rum-bum sound. That's Harold Battiste, a key member on bass guitar. Then a flute, and the strong melody introduces itself...

All the songs are low-keyed, except for the wild dance Kalinda, originating in Africa and brought to New Orleans with the slaves. Originally, at the chorus Badoom! Badoom! the dancers would leap into the air.

Maud: Well, I like the upbeat Mama Roux, sort of a love song with a cute chorus like voodoo Supremes.

R: The real question, Maud, is why the emphasis in the lyrics on black magic. It might be typical of some High Pop culture, which talks about deeply felt emotion in immediate communication. There is Electric Ladyland, Electric Havens, and now Electric Voo-

doo. The liner notes however are partly an in-joke. Maybe it's a spell. Here, I'll read them...

My group consists of Dr. Poo Pah Doo of Destine tam-bourine and Dr. Ditmus of Conga, Dr. Boudreux of funky knuckle skins, and Dr. Battiste of scorio in bass clef, Dr. McLean of Mandolin Comp. School, Dr. Mann of Bottle-neck learning Dr. Bolden of the immortal Flute Fleet...

Maud: Stop.

R: I'm frightened...

(POOF!)

There, your silly spell has turned us both into grapes, R, you have a remarkable facility for changing the subject. And it's all because of a silly record completely irrelevant to my education.

R (suddenly serious, though a grape): Listen, Maud, you've missed the point. Consider, for example the birth control books that Excalibur was selling in Founders JCR last Thursday. Did you use your university education to help decide whether to buy a copy?

Maud: Of course not. It's my affair, not York's.

R: So! My point is proven. Now to break the spell...

(POOF!)

I'll see you next week.

Dr. John
Gris-gris
ATCO SD33-234

Blues

proud of his work. Most of the numbers were from his latest album, Blues from Laurel Canyon. Ironically, despite what he said about originality, Mayall did three numbers written by Sonny Boy Williamson, J.B. Levoir, and Albert King.

Savoy Brown is another British blues group just taking off on this continent. Their music is more basic than Mayall. While they also do original material, their best work is traditional blues. Savoy Brown did very long versions of Hooker's Don't Turn Me Away From Your Door and I Want to Boogie. Their best number was Honey Bee, done only with Kevin Summord's guitar as lead and Charles Peverett's guitar playing as a soft bass.

Jeff Beck goes from blues to rock in a very easy manner. Unfortunately his show at the Electric Circus was marred by rented amps which just didn't work. The Beck group put on a very exciting show, and were good technically, but you had to imagine how they really sound when they have amps that work for them.

While Beck and his band did their best, I think that the spectators, who pay \$4 a head, deserve a better sound. If Beck is going to get a few thousand dollars for the programme, then he can afford to bring his own equipment.



Next Tues., March 18, at 1:00 p.m. there is a free concert in the McLaughlin JCR featuring the MOODS OF MAN, a unique folk duo and indeed dynamic (I am told). Catch it.

Miscellany

by David McCaughna

Peter Bunnett, who conceived of and put together Sanity Circus, has been asked by Simpsons to create a similar type of media-environment for children.

In last week's Globe magazine it is reported that Mordecai Richler is uncertain about what he will be doing next year. Currently finishing a year as writer-in-residence at Sir George Williams, Richler will remain in Canada only if he can be in Montreal or Toronto. To date his only offer has come from Carleton University in Ottawa. It seems like a fine opportunity for York to step in and offer Richler a position on the English faculty. We are getting Irving Layton next year, and there is a rumour that Herbert Marcuse may also come to York. If Mordecai Richler came, York could certainly boast of offering its students some of the most distinguished men around.

On April 4, 5, and 6 Ida Kaminska will be appearing with the Jewish Theatre Company for four performances at the Royal Alexandra. Ida Maninska is a remarkable Polish actress, who headed the Jewish State Theatre of Poland but fled Poland in the recent wave of anti-semitism. Film-goers will recall her touching performance as the old shop-keeper in the film, The Shop On Main Street.

Bantam Books has just published Protest: Man Against Society. Subtitled, An Unorthodox Anthology from the Literature of Dissent, this 95c volume includes works by Ibsen, Thoreau, Martin Luther King, Mario Savio, and Mayor Richard Daley, among others. There is a brief article by Jerry Rubin, the recent visitor to York. In it Rubin explains what he feels the world needs:

"What's needed is a new generation of nuisances, a new generation of people who are freaky, crazy, irrational, sexy, angry, irreligious, childish, and mad.
people who burn draft cards
people who burn dollar bills
people who burn MA and doctoral degrees
people who say: 'To hell with your goals'
people who lure the youth with music, pot and LSD
people who proudly carry Vietcong flags
people who re-define reality, who redefine the norm
people who wear funny costumes"

people who see property as theft
people who say 'f---' on television
people who break the status-role-title-consumer game
people who have nothing material to lose but their bodies"

If you haven't been to the Electric Circus yet and want to see it you had better go fast. Our correspondent from the pop world reports that the Circus is doing terrible business and may close soon.

Donn Pennebaker who made the film on Bob Dylan, Don't Look Back, is in the process of making one on Leonard Cohen. He has already been to Cohen's home on the Greek island of Hydra for shooting. The film will not be in the same documentary style of the Dylan one but will probably be some type of musical.

Opening this Saturday at the Art Gallery of Ontario is the massive exhibit, Rembrandt and His Pupils. It includes 120 paintings by Rembrandt and his followers and marks the 300th anniversary of the Dutch master's death. Judging from what friends who have seen this exhibit in Montreal have told me, it should be extraordinary.

Richard Nixon is going to end the war in Vietnam by uniting North and South and then redividing them into East and West Vietnam.

Stevan Jovanovich, of McLaughlin, opened his first one-man show Monday night at a private gallery in the college. Mr. Jovanovich's sculpture, Male Dancer and Female Dancer, received an enthusiastic reaction when unveiled.

Stevan Jovanovich is a second-year student who plans to take next year off to work on a novel.

Rhumba

they said in the sewer? and I said in the sewer, here, take a whiff and they snickered. It was pretty surprising to hear a snicker from a mausoleum like the Central Intelligence Library.

You know, Do Not Speak Above a Whisper, Do Not Create Or Destroy A Disturbance, No Loud Neckties or Socks, Do Not Wiggle Your Ears, No Smoking. ... Now here they were almost cracking up at nothing.

"Hey," I said, "No Smoking an all that, remember?" And they said, "How dijoo know?" And I said, "Oh, I can just smell." That changed the subject as it should.

They said, "A Cuban-Caribbean dance." I said, "What sort of beat does it have?" They said, "It has quite a beat." I said, "What time is it?" They said, "Two-four time." We were getting very businesslike — a bad sign — so I said, "Are you sure we're talking about the same thing?" Then they told me. "Well, you had it spelt wrong, it's r-u-m-b-a. There's no h in rhumba."

Rhumba

Said goodbye to that library pretty fast. I knew we weren't talking about the same thing. If you can't agree about the words you're using, how you gonna communicate?

MEANWHILE IN THE RHUMBA OF THE SUBWAY STATION —

a mouse lives under the traintrack at the Lansdowne subway station we've seen him so we know it's true of course it's the kind of living arrangement

a mouse would really rather avoid but Some Mouse Has To Do It and there you are.

Ricky Nixon ordered one padded peanut butter samich and a bottle of cream soda and turned to Kurt Kiesinger and said, "But some mouse has to do it, and here I am." Address all queries to Mouse, President, Lansdowne Subway Station.

HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY — We ueta jump in our Automatic Follow-Throughs an pop across the border of a friday-saturday night, do some serious high school drinking and get into a rhumba or two;

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bricks, bottles an chains. Sometimes get carried away, find ourselves in a yankee jail.

The rich kid'd hafta phone up his old snapdragon father for the bail and he'd always put his shirt over the mouthpiece. We were serious high school drinkers at the time. He was worried the old snapdragon might get a whiff of his breath. Because that old snapdragon wasn't exactly a flower about money.

Well, we're all older now, don't do much drinking at all strangely enough, and can't even keep our high-school history straight. Gzample: Alexander Graham Smell invented the smellephone. Now smells can be communicated around the world and up yer block. The globular village.

Ricky Mouse Nixon said, Kurtly, "I was communicating with Hanoi last week, and frankly, I don't like the smell of it. We are very suspicious of their position." As the old bird from kitchen fiction (to be discussed next week) says: "I'm neither hawk nor dove

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but tell me. Howcum is it we gotta get inna gange rhumba whiff de Orient?"

THE ATTITUDE IN A LAUNDROMAT — Mairsy Saucerfaucet headed over to the Down Home Laundromat to clean up her attitude as a front to find out what she could about the rhumbian h. The Philosophy Departman was in there washing his knowledge by acquaintance and description. Some tramp was spinning out in a dryer, round and round, not getting anywhere and a funny dog kept putting more dimes in. Everybody stared at him through the dryer window and, not knowing anybody, the tramp just rolled over his eyes at them.

The old plumber fiddled with the knob: "Is zis th' only channel we can get?" The President walked in, disappeared into the Change machine, and a mouse popped out and ran to catch his subway. Miss Saucerfaucet asked the Philofophy Departman, "Is there an h in whumba?" He said, "What the h are you talking

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about?" "Yes," she said, "is there one?"

But his washing was done. He didn't have to use the dryer. The knowledge by description was dry as a peanut butter samich in a mausoleum, and the knowledge by acquaintance — what there was of it — was only a little damp behind the fears.

Just then a rhumba started and someone yelled, "Would you kindly get your nasty Province of Nova Scotia off my statistics?!" There were bent numbers all over the floor. A gentleman seemed to have dropped his laundry trying to load it into a washer. "Don't talk that way about Down Home, buddy!" he said. Mairsy Saucerfaucet had to leave.

THE RHUMBA GOES UNTAUGHT

Unfortunately, this week's lesson seems to have bogged down in a question of spelling or something. So while it would be premature to urge that you put some rhumba in your life, I would urge you to at least put it in your dictionary.