

ZZ Top at the Gardens

Zapped with rock 'n roll boogie

Brian Hayes

Some folks value their hearing. Then there are the smarter ones who don't, and who were at Maple Leaf Gardens last Tuesday night to see the Texas-based trio, ZZ Top, unleash their foot-stompin', whiskey-chuggin' brand of "Southern" rock and roll.

Since the early Seventies, when the Allman Brothers whitened, electrified and expanded the black man's blues, American Southern music has become an institution.

Thanks to bands like Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Marshall Tucker Band, The Charlie Daniels Band and of course, the Allman Bros., southern music is now an immortal type of sound.

That sound being a combination of blues (The Allman Bros.), country and western (The Marshall Tucker Band) and "metal" rock and roll (Lynyrd Skynyrd), is now as "southern" as a fat Georgia peach.

But alas, nothing lasts forever. The Allman Bros. lost their principal

member, Duane Allman in a motorcycle accident and have had various feuds within the band. They still record albums but will never regain the originality and vitality they had years ago.

Similarly, a plane crash ended a very promising career for Lynyrd Skynyrd; Charlie Daniels has appeared on the Merv Griffin show; and who the hell listens to the Marshall Tucker Band anymore?

However, lurking in the shadows of these musical giants was a small ensemble with a big, "kick-ass" sound. ZZ Top were the same three-man band they are today when they toured with the Allman Bros. when Duane Allman was alive, well and causing tidal waves in the slide guitar community. ZZ's staying power was very evident on Tuesday night.

Although *El Loco*, their most recent LP sounds like a cross between Elmore James and Tangerine dream with all its studio razzle-dazzle, their concert sound is loud, clear rock and roll boogie.

They exploded out of the darkness into their opening number, *Groovy Little Hippie Pad*; revealing a wide-open, clean stage, refreshingly void of the cluttered pretentiousness of the opening act. 38 special displayed.

and Dusty Hill (bass and vocals), looking like overgrown "Yosemite Sams" with guitars replacing six-guns, developed a great rapport with the crowd of 12,000 and immediately had the entire Gardens singing and bobbing to their set of old and new compositions.

Songs like, *I Thank You Pearl Necklace*, *Waitin' For The Bus* and of course, the closing number *Tush* with Gibbons' screeching slide guitar teasing the audience, highlighted one of the most pleasing concerts Toronto has seen in years.

MODERN PROBLEMS

I'm a few years older than my boyfriend. Our plan is to marry and while I work, he will continue school. When he's through, we'll have children and I'll stop working. Am I taking a big chance?

Once, quite a long time ago, I was consulted by a young woman who put her husband through a professional school and had their five children. Then she had two more while he was still apprenticing. Then he left her.

Of course, they are not all like that, but it doesn't take much psychology to see why you always bite the hand that feeds you. Even nations do that to each other. You grow to hate the person to whom you're bound by obligations. He becomes a sort of jailor. Secondly, being a few years older, whatever that is, as well as keeping him, smacks of the "mother's role". It's quite all right for a man to marry a mother figure, but not a woman who actually plays the role. This would re-inforce that Oedipal situation. It may well work out in the end, but too often the worm turns; there's a flipover and the man finds himself in a neurotic coupling.

Yes, you're taking a large risk. And the outcome will depend on the quality of the love bond and its intrinsic (healthy) nature. But I would reduce your plan to one semester at a time and perhaps suggest co-habitation only.

My husband is a part-time student in this city and a part-time temporary worker, but I've been offered a permanent managerial position on the coast. Would he feel emasculated if I suggested that he should break tradition and follow me?

Whether or not he'd feel emasculated by your proposal depends, of course, on how masculine he was in the first place. All things being unequal in this case, because you have both career and economics in your favour, there should be no question that you should pop the question to your love partner. The subsequent discussion ought to be highly illuminating for you.

Dr. Daniel Cappon, author of *COUPLING--the chemistry of intimacy*, St. Martin's Press, New York 1982 and a Jungian-Trained therapist.

Dr. Daniel Cappon is a professor of Environmental Studies at York University. Letters for Dr. Cappon should be sent to him c/o Excalibur, Rm. 111 Central Square, Ross Building. All correspondents' names are confidential.

Through this column, Excalibur hopes to stimulate discussion, and we encourage people with different opinions to write to the newspaper.

The chilly scenes of our discontent

Bryan Bruce

It would be difficult to find a more invigorating, innovative commercial American film than Joan Macklin Silver's *Chilly Scenes of Winter*. Originally released a few years ago under the misleading title *Head Over Heels*, this re-edited, alternatively ended version comes closer than any other recent American film to capturing the new alienation and backlash (or perhaps whiplash) of the sixties.

Charles, the lovably nihilistic hero (played with remarkable intelligence by John Heard), falls in love--something that just doesn't seem to happen to an average guy like him anymore. He belongs to that silent majority who, as the film points out, didn't go to Woodstock, but could have. His younger sister knows from the movie that Woodstock was just a place where everybody walked around in the mud looking for a place to pee. Charles and his sister live in the same house and get along

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BOOKMARKS

Capitalist Affection (Coach House Press)
Review by Fausto Bedoya

Oppenheimer looked for a sun hat in the shops of Los Alamos. Hess typed requisitions for the Auschwitz furnaces. I watched Tarzan throw back his head & tug his knife from the corpse of the evil leopard. Jane detached her bra from its claws. All weekend they struck poses on the first page asking me to believe in the Sunday Comics.

Frank Davey, well-known literary critic, poet, founder and editor of the influential *Open Letter* magazine now offers his most recent collection of poems entitled *Capitalistic Affection*. Davey has been at the forefront of the literary avant garde for the past twenty years. Through his own critical writings and through his controversial journal, *Open Letter*, he has done a great deal to advance serious critical recognition of other writers such as Daphne Marlatt, George Bowering, Victor Coleman, Sheila Watson and Gwendolyn McEwan to name but a few. In the past, he has explored Arthurian legend, developed the long-poem form and pioneered computer-related on-going writing projects.

Capitalistic Affection gives a first person account of life in Western Canada during, and shortly after, the second world war. The narrator is an adult reminiscing about his childhood intrigue with comic strips. The youngster's fanciful and distorted view of the world collides with the speaker's broader and perhaps more cynical perspective. This collision results in a variety of penetrating insights and bizarre situations. We learn about the "special relationship" that exists between Tonto and the Lone Ranger; discover the sexual encounters that Blondie and Dagwood have between the comic strip panels; witness the Prime Minister falling victim to an alluring sorceress.

Though the subject matter may include the heroines and heroes of comicdom, Davey feels that this collection has serious literary significance. He explains: "I see comics as the unofficial scripture of the culture." This becomes more apparent once we realize that Tarzan, Superman, Alley Oop and the others are in reality, masks for the narrator. While dealing with the complicated issues of love and hate, egoism and egotism, and the ultimate triumph of good over evil, Davey laces his writing with elements of violence, sado-masochism, bondage and discipline. There is a strong undercurrent of sexuality throughout. Ultimately, the poems make pointed comments on the questionable attitudes of men toward both themselves and women. Though this is indeed serious subject matter, Davey's light-handed delivery and his wry sense of humour render the collection a refreshing experience, particularly for those who have enjoyed comics and perhaps fantasized about Man and Superman, late-night encounters with the Dragon Lady or the compelling mystic power of Narda's invisible spells.

Winter Apples

Poems by Don Summerhayes
61 pages, *The Studio Press*
Available in York Bookstore.

A first glance at the titled collection of poems by York professor Don Summerhayes offers the reader an important clue. There is a harmonious juxtaposition of two opposites--winter and summer, as in *Winter Apples*. This delicate balance of imagery is a theme continued throughout the whole of this personal, but appealing work. In the first poem, the poet exhorts us to *Speak the ordinary/words clearly/without insistence/choosing to say/some common thing/we have needed to hear/over and over* ("aide-memoire") and that is exactly the attitude Summerhayes takes in the following thirty poems; speaking of ordinary, not earth-shaking, events--but in such a clear and delicate way that he brings us back, happily, to the familiar places, people and experiences of our lives, as Summerhayes explores his own. He writes with honest emotion about his children, his wife, his dying father, his grandparents, a young cousin who died too soon, and even his dog. He looks with loving understanding at his relatives; their lives, their deaths:

Father, I do not/forget, I do not/forgive./You died a bitter season./You suffered months of pain./you were aspare, taciturn./unloving man. ("Tecoluth: Third Person Singular")

Though Summerhayes is most poignantly vivid when describing a human drama--visiting the fallen tombstone of a child long dead in "A Graveyard in Sharon" for example--his descriptive poems (of Mayan ruins, zoo visits and an old Ontario farmhouse, to name just a few) are excellently crafted and sharply captured--perhaps due as much to his photographer's eye as his poet's interest.

Summerhayes' honesty and simplicity of style is refreshing to the reader of these poems. He writes of life with unaffected feeling for it. But there lurks no deep, hidden message in his poems--unless it is the benign one hinted at in the title poem, "Winter Apples":

They seemed patient, tactful, elder-/tart remainders of some mild design/artless virtuosi of the apple shape:/a gift, a kind of gift/not ours but ours.

Don Summerhayes' Winter Apples is 'a kind of gift' given greedily to the reader fully involved with living and loving in this occasionally beautiful world.

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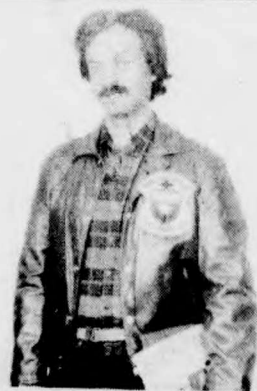
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