

Steppenwolf's Migration

by Uldis Kundrats

It's only been a couple of years since the Sparrow migrated from Toronto to the more lucrative haunts of New York and points west. Rechristened Steppenwolf the group emerged from California last summer to become one of the top groups in the United States. Listening to their latest album *Steppenwolf the Second*, it isn't hard to tell why.

Combining the best elements of blues and rock, Steppenwolf's heavily electrified music is excitingly quick, performed with a kind of break-neck intricacy that never seems to falter. At the head of the group is John Kay, who besides playing guitar and harp, writes most of Steppenwolf's material. Drummer Jerry Edmonton and organist pianist Goldy McJohn

complement Kay's playing masterfully, and provide the rhythmic drive that propels the group's music.

Steppenwolf's songs are more to be felt than talked about. They are all tight, often coarse by seldom boring. On *Steppenwolf the Second*, 28, Magic Carpet Ride, and Faster Than the Speed of Life, are the best cuts, though the rest are almost as good. Kay experiments with strings on Spiritual Fantasy and some sound effects on Don't Step on the Grass, Sam, but the additions don't get in the way of the music or lyrics, as on many records these days.

Steppenwolf has arrived and made it, and if *Second* is any indication, there's much more coming, and it should be just as good.

Buddy Guy Blues

by Alex Cramer

Only about 300 people turned out to see Buddy Guy at the Rockpile on Sunday. It was a shame, but not only did Guy put on a fantastic show, but also it indicated how hung up Toronto audiences are on the "stars". It seems that this city's music cognoscenti would rather witness an indifferent Eric Clapton or Jimi Hendrix go through the motions for 45 minutes, than see an emotionally involved Buddy Guy for 2½ hours.

Backstage someone asked Guy what he thought of Clapton and the Chicago guitarist answered, tongue in cheek, "He must be good, he makes more in one night than I do in a year." Guy added facetiously that James Brown and Wilson Pickett also were good since they were so popular.

Guy's guitar screamed blues numbers like Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl, The First Time I Met the Blues, and You Don't

Love Me. It was apparent Sunday night how much Guy's guitar style had developed from before when he owed so much to B.B. King. As a tribute to his teacher, he did Sweet Sixteen and urged everyone to see B.B. when he comes to Toronto in February. Guy's sound was fairly clean, and his only concession to electronics was the infrequent use of a wah-wah pedal which he bought only the week before.

Owing to a sore throat, Guy avoided the songs in the upper ranges, and played more than he sang. In addition, his saxophonist, A.C. Reed contributed to the vocals using a nasal style similar to Jimmy Reed. (Not too surprising, since they are brothers.)

Unlike his performance at the CNE's Time Being, Buddy Guy refrained from soul music, with the exception of a funky Knock on Wood, which really owed more to the R and B style of Bobby Bland than Sam and Dave.

As he explained later, when he

heard shouts for My Time After a While and A Man and the Blues, he realized that he was playing to a blues audience. At one point, he said he wanted to do a soul number so all his musicians could cut loose, but the bluesheads in the audience shouted, "No - jam!"

The high point of the evening came with the number Mary Had a Little Lamb, which developed into a half hour instrumental spectacular, with Guy jumping off the stage and playing from all over the floor. After an intermission Guy came back for a second set and jammed with the Mainline.

If you missed Guy, you will have a chance to catch him at the Riverboat in January.

And if you pass up that in order to see The Who or Jim Morrison's leather pants, then you'll get just what you deserve: flashbulbs, glare, teenage yelps, and a muffled noise as a substitute for music.


"Scuby-Duby-Doo and 23 Sca-Doo"
Everyone is having fun at the **SPEAK-EASY**
ATTENTION All You Guys & Flappers
Come To Our Tea Party
Every Fri. — 4 to 7 P.M.
Also Join Our Dixieland
JAZZ PARTY
Every Sat. 2.30 — 5.00 P.M.
NOW APPEARING **SPEAK EASY SINGALONG JAZZ BAND**
Sandwich bar open 12:00 noon daily
Just climb the dingy steps at
529 Bloor St. W. (upstairs)
AND ENTER THE **SPEAK-EASY**
(LICENSED)
Proof of Age Required
SING ALONG




After you have blown Modes
Blow your mind at
THE CHRISTMAS BLOCKBUSTER
Featuring MGM recording artists . . .
THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM
●
THE ROCK PILE'S TRANSFUSION
AND BACKED BY THE
LIGHT SHOW CATHARSIS
●
FRIDAY DECEMBER 13
at 8.30
in MCLAUGHLIN DINING HALL
●
Admission: \$1.50 (at door)

xmas ©Anker


Lapinette




SANTA IS COMING




Lapinette demonstrates her garnished funds which she has just garnered gratefully.



2ND TERM LOAN JAZZ
tuning in, loanwise.



Lapinette mails early, but forgets easily.



bank of montreal

campus bank

put a penny a day in your TCA; have \$3.65 by next xmas!!!!

Lapinette awoke with a start. "by jingles" she said ringingly, "it is december already, which means xmas, which means gifts, which means money," thus demonstrating the value of her seminar in logic.

which means a top over to the campus bank. otherwise this ad would be paid for by a company that sells logic instead of greenbacks.

now Lapinette's supermanager was only too hoppy to help. they garnered some funds from her True Chequing account: enough to send a chocolate carrot to all her pals.

the manager then reminded lappy about her second-term loan forms. she promised to mail hers in. Won't the manager be pleased to receive a tasty chocolate carrot? Won't one of her boyfriends be surprised to receive a loan form.

keele st. & finch ave.
p.e. gunn, manager
open 10-3 Monday to thursday, 10-8 friday