

**Still King of the Blues**

**John Lee Hooker lights crowd's fire - again**



By BETTY HUTTON

A typical blues crowd showed up for the John Lee Hooker concert in Winter's Dining Hall last Friday night.

They would remind you of the jean-clad beatniks from the sixties or even the early hippies who preached relentlessly about peace love and happiness. Now they were here to see one of the survivors of that era whose name still lives on.

When finally the lights went out, the show began with a three piece bluegrass folk ensemble called Hero. They put on a polished performance to shouts of "more" from the audience. As second number, John Lee's back-up, Coast to Coast Blues Band gave Hero stiff competition with a tight, professional rhythm and blues set before the man himself came on-stage.

The crowd howled when the king of the blues made his much awaited appearance. No one was

talking and all heads were up while John Lee played the instrument that has made him famous.

The crowd changed from a noisy drinking bunch to a group of people that appreciated good sounds. As the night wore on, they almost turned their love for the blues into an idol worship of the man who made the blues what it is today.

After two encores, Hooker finally made his exit, despite the fact that the crowd stamped feet and tables for some twenty minutes after the show ended demanding that he come back to turn their souls on once more. It was quite an incredible sight.

**Books**

By OAKLAND ROSS

The amateur stripper trembles on the stage and, with slow, halting movements, sheds her clothes. As each garment falls to the floor, she seems on the point of changing her mind or losing her nerve. Finally, after all the secrets have been uncovered, she stands amid the lights and hungry eyes and is... what? A vision of truth?

Judith Fitzgerald's first volume of poems, entitled *Victory*, is partly a tribute to the now deceased

I had the opportunity to talk to John Lee after the show.

Q. Who influenced you to get into music?

A. My stepfather taught me to play the guitar when I was about thirteen.

Q. Do you think that there's such a thing as overnight success?

A. Sure, you can call it luck, or born talent or even stars — but getting a "break" is what gives you the chance at real success.

Q. The way the crowd reacted tonight, they didn't seem to think of you as simply a musician anymore, it was like you were something unreal to them. They'd probably be interested in knowing what toothpaste you use! (Laugh-

ter.)

A. Well, I use Gleem. Ha, Ha! No, I'm very simple in my lifestyle. I watch TV when I'm at home, and I don't do anything unusual. I like common ordinary people, I'm only a common person myself.

Q. How do you feel about being referred to as the "King of the Blues?"

A. I feel alright, it's just a name I'm proud of that people gave me. I feel honoured, but I figure that I earned it. It doesn't excite me anymore. At first I was excited because I didn't think that they'd give me that honour and I was surprised. It all started when I was in Canned Heat and I really

felt good, but now I don't think of it as much.

Q. Are you going to be touring or recording in the next little while?

A. I really love touring, so I guess I'll be doing that more than anything else. When I'm sitting at home, I get bored after a while, and then I know it's time to get moving again. I'll be recording another album next year. I'm not into making singles anymore. I've established myself, and I'm happy with what I'm doing now.

So there he is, the man who made the blues. At 58, he still gives so much of himself and still makes everyone happy with his outstanding performances. It was a good show.

**Victory: much fumbling and much pausing**

Victory Burlesque. It is also, writes Fitzgerald, the result of "a vicarious need for me to strip with a Capital 'S' instead of with a small".

Fitzgerald, an English student at York, wrote this book the way a maiden stripper sheds clothes. With much fumbling, pausing and casting downward of the eyes. Each poem is a spasm of an arm or leg; there is no coordination and little form. If the stripper is reluctant, so are these poems.

Much of the awkwardness is deliberate. In mood and movement, the poetry parallels the performance of a maiden stripper (which becomes a metaphor for the private discovery, and public exposure, of

the self). The basic need to know is everywhere mingled with the "vicarious need" to show. The stripper vacillates between eagerness, stage-fright and fear of the self. For Fitzgerald, as for the maiden stripper, the medium is the muddle.

It is not surprising, then, that the poems are a confused and disjointed lot. Nevertheless, it is vaguely dissatisfying. One doesn't know quite what one expected, but one doesn't get it. The finest parts of the book are the brief prose sketches of her childhood which Fitzgerald intersperses with the poems. All these sketches concern invisibility: her father (whom she calls "uncle daddy") disappears; her aunt refuses to take her in; she runs away from the Children's

Aid but no one notices: Ricky Rose promises to walk her home from school but doesn't show up.

It is this very invisibility that the poems set out to resolve. The narrator announces, "i am specifying myself in defiance". In defiance of what? In defiance, one supposes, of a universe in which specification is next to impossible.

But the maiden stripper dissimulates so much that it's annoying.

"The narrator is lying," she confesses. "i don't even want to be in this anymore". And one can envision the metaphor in a way that Fitzgerald doesn't quite intend: the maiden stripper freezing on the stage, covering her breasts, refusing to go further. "Oh, god," moans the audience as it slumps back into its chairs and puffs its cigars. "This had better be worth it."

In the end, *Victory* isn't quite worth it. The narrator finally confronts a stripper on the stairs and fuses fingers and eyes with her. We are to understand from this that the narrator has found her naked self and is finally able to communicate openly.

But how was this resolution effected? By accident? With mirrors? It isn't clear. The most that one can say is that it has something to do with surrendering oneself to the twin gods of change and guilt. Pretty hazy stuff.

There are moments of great promise in the book; it is impressive, especially as a first volume. Yet, there is a lack of substance, a dissatisfying flimsiness to the imagery which is never resolved.

It is as if the maiden stripper, after much fuss and bother, finally manages to take it all off — and there is nothing there to see.

**Classes now forming for an  
LSAT**

**WEEKEND REVIEW COURSE**

- \* intensive preparation for the separate parts of the test by specialists in each area
- \* seminar classes (max. 20 students)
- \* proven curriculum (exclusive rights to the AMITY TESTING INSTITUTE's program)
- \* be prepared when you write the Dec. 6th LSAT

**CALL 532-7700 (24 hrs.)**

**THE LAW BOARD REVIEW CENTRE**  
The 1st Canadian Review Centre

**\$33,500,000  
Unclaimed  
Scholarships**

Over \$33,500,000 unclaimed scholarships, grants, aids, and fellowships ranging from \$50 to \$10,000. Current list of these sources researched and compiled as of Sept. 15, 1975.

**UNCLAIMED SCHOLARSHIPS**

11275 Massachusetts Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

I am enclosing \$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

**PLEASE RUSH YOUR CURRENT LIST OF  
UNCLAIMED SCHOLARSHIPS SOURCES TO:**

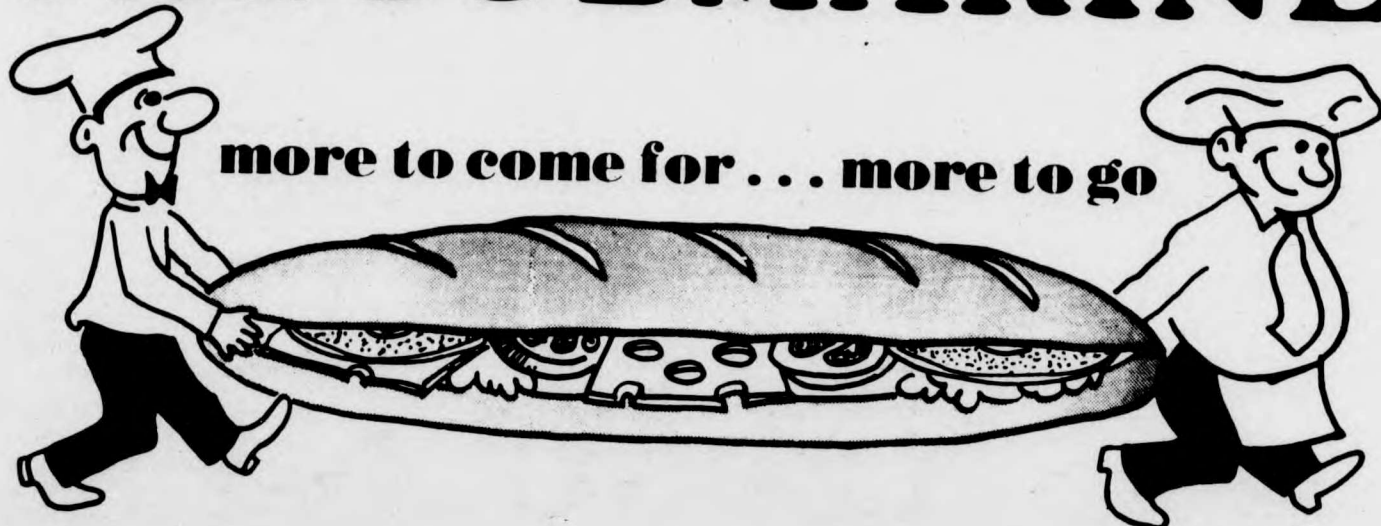
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(California residents please add 6% sales tax.)

**MR. SUBMARINE**



**Everything  
You always  
wanted to  
know about  
Jesus\***

**\*BUT WERE AFRAID  
TO ASK\***

**\*YOUR RABBI.**

BETH SAR SHALOM B.O. BOX 3004  
WILLOWDALE TEL.: 635-6837