

MAUD'S COLUMN-or, Super - groupie sound on Their Satanic Majesties Request

by Maud's Friend



R: I walked over to my friend A....'s house, and, as usual, found him in his dim-lit living-room with some uncouth record on the stereo. "Yes, yes, take it", he said, and, taking it, I left him pacing the room as is his wont, blissfully unaware that I had substituted Elvis Presley singing Hound Dog.

SUPER-GROUPIE? And that is how I got the ROLLING STONES' new album, THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES REQUEST, to play for Maud.

MAUD (not listening): Oh, R..., was that Adam Apple's album you borrowed?

R: Yes. The most noticeable...

MAUD: Say, isn't he still taking out Clare Potite?

R: Yes, Last night he ... Maud, what is this, your gossip column! Let's review the record!

The most noticeable feature of the album is that it retains the Stones' rhythms of the former OUT OF OUR HEADS, that involving OOM-pah-pah ooooo-PAH-pe-PAH that you can't drown out under ten feet of pink cotton candy.

The characteristic defect of the album rests in the lyrics. These are from the song 2,000

Light-Years From Home.

Sun turning round in graceful motion,
We're setting off with soft explosion,
Bound for a star fiery ocean,
It's so very lonely,
You're 100 light-years from home.

The music is of high standard: an electronic organ-rhythm guitar ensemble produce a remarkably outer-space effect. but the lyrics, well, no matter, they are not unpleasant, and the album, half-instrumental anyway, is a perfect for a party.

Just imagine playing this one - Sing All This Together (And See What Happens). It's an eight minute spectacular with drums (thump-thump-thumping, a groovy piano doing its thing on the bass notes (Pick-a-pic-a-pick) and ungodly screams (yaaaaah, aaagh). It's raw, wild, and savage.

MAUD (irresistably): Blow your mind, honey.

R: But half-way through the noise fades away, and in the distance the Stones sing:

Why don't we sing this song all to-gether,
Open your eyes, let the pictures come,
And if we close all our eyes to-gether,
Then we will see where we all come from.

This is an odd image, since it suggests that if everyone listened to the record and closed his eyes, the optical images which flit past would reveal the reason for our existence.

MAUD: Isn't this the mystic Eastern influence on the hit parade now?

R: Maud, lissome girl, you say the cutest things.

Sing All This To-gether, Citadel, and 2000 Man are three songs which follow the latest fashions in electronic wizardry: backed up by tweeter power, strong hard chords, and that unmistakable Stones' rhythm and blues beat. It's a super-groupie sound carooming off the bathroom walls.

Those who buy the album will find recurring images (citadels and circuses) and melodic phrases repeated from song to song, but these are incidental to the album's main appeal.

(aside) Several people have asked me if Maud is a real girl. Maud, are you a real girl?

MAUD: Of course not, R..., any girl who talks like I do must surely have listened to too many records. I'll see you next week.

Their Satanic Majesties Request The Rolling Stones London Records NPS-2

Deva Loka Sideshow fails as mixed media concert

by October Revolutionary

It was media. It was a concert. It was a media concert. What it certainly was not was a MIXED media concert, which it was billed as. The Deva Loka Sideshow played Cinecity last night and will be doing so again on Monday, Feb. 5, at eight-thirty.

They bill themselves as a mixed media group which is why I went there with some excitement. But there was no continuity whatsoever. They had two films, a dozen rock songs, a light show, a comic, 2 dancers, electronic music, and two temperamental strobe lights. Not once was the electronic music incorporated with the rock, not once was the rock incorporated with the second film. The electronic music was simply a fill-in between songs, and any similarity between the audio of the group and the visual of the film, Bridges-Go-Round, was through no fault of the musicians.

But this is not a put down. Each phase had its merits. The electronic music was both professional and mood oriented. The Red Henry, apart from the fact that they indulged in amplification at the sacrifice of their already weak vocals, are more than competent musicians. They work very well as a team, and, with their original material, have far greater appeal than I can claim for any home-bred group Toronto

has given us. The light show, and Grace Slick forgive me for saying this, was by far superior to the Sensifex-Headlights show at the Air-plane concerts last July. Their only problem was that the strobes (which are rarely incorporated into this sort of light show unfortunately) had a habit of falling at the

most climactic moments. The dancers, at first sight, seemed to be undernourished fourteen year-olds, but soon proved they were older and wiser than their years. Even the Bridges movie I referred to was a well made, if incidental, film.

But the grotesque error of the evening was a film en-

titled Up Tight. Out of nothing other than compassion will I mention the maker's name. (Okay, Ben?) Here was a film with a genuine, if somewhat tritely New-Leftish premise, which was destroyed by that sin of too many underground movie makers, lack of control. This film not only lacked control it lacked self-control. Once again one of our young cinematographers tried to show us how clever he was, and

once again he blew it. Montages are O.K. gang, but quadruple exposures are a bore. If you're attempting a contrast between chaos and calm, you introduce no chaos in the calm interlude, and no calm in the chaos.

The group is worth it, the light show is worth it, the girls are worth it, the electronic music is worth it, but that movie was NOT worth it, was NOT with it, was NOT in it.

LEFTOVERS

by Bill Novak

This is February, the unkindest cut, the cruellest blow of them all, when more things are to be done than in any other month. When this all becomes painfully clear, it might help to remember, as Bertrand Russel used to say, 'if I raise the bathwater one-half degree every half hour you'll never know when to scream'. But I do know that now is too early.

This certainly is the big month. The month in which you'll hear BOB DYLAN's long awaited new album. The style is that of the early Dylan, the songs are not instant winners, and require a few listenings. JUDY COLLINS, probably the most exciting performer in the entire pop field, has come out with a brand new record. This one has more songs by LEONARD COHEN- if you dig Suzanne, better hear 'Sister of Mercy'. And Cohen himself has finally come through with his first l.p. It looks good, very good.

The arrangements are interesting, to say the least.

If you really wanted to know about the University of Toronto 'Babel' Festival, you would have been there. The session on advertising was classic, the film festival was too big to flop. So it didn't.

There is an art gallery in Buffalo which makes up for the rest of the city. If indeed, the creative act is an act of dissent, then this art gallery is obviously where its at.

YSC
ELECTIONS
on
Feb. 7?
BUT THAT'S
MY
MOTHER'S
BIRTHDAY.
I
LIKE
PEANUT
BUTTER.

Classified Ads in Excalibur are this small and attract a lot of attention. Cheap, too. Just 50¢ for an ad this size. On the back page. Serious, personal, or just plain funny, there's space for you.

York Campus Beauty Salon

Rooms 113A and 112B Founders College
Residence (near Porter's Office)

Meet "Donaldo"	Students	Others
Wash & Set.....	\$2.50	\$2.75
Haircut.....	\$1.50	\$2.00
Retouch, bleach & permanent...	25% off 20% off	

Avoid the rush before the formal.
Please make your appointment now.
Phone Mr. Donaldo - - - 633-6150

IT COULD BE VERSE THAN EXCALIBUR'S POETRY CONTEST

- open to Faculty, Students (even to Excalibur staff)
- to be judged by a committee of the English Department
- all entries must be in by February 10, 1968
- deliver entries to the Excalibur office, Room 019A Founders College
- have name attached to entry on a separate sheet of paper
- address sealed envelope to: Poetry Contest, Excalibur

The best five entries will each receive:

A Pair of Tickets to **DYLAN** York University Players production of

March 1, 2, 3