

THE MUSIC GIG

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RARE IN DEPTH INTERVIEW
JONI MITCHELL
New Album--New Philosophy

THE WHO
Played Out
In The Mid-Seventies

JAZZ ROCK:
New Free-Form Music
A Powerful
Commercial Force

SCIENTOLOGY
& The New
Armageddon

Danny Fields
Talks With
LOU REED

**ALICE
COOPER**
Stuffed In Tahoe

**THE EMERGING
SONGWRITERS**
Eric Kaz, Joel Zoss,
Chris Smither

Plus

Betty Davis
George Carlin
The Dudes
David Ruffin

200 Record Reviews (Spotlight: New Dylan, Frampton lp's)



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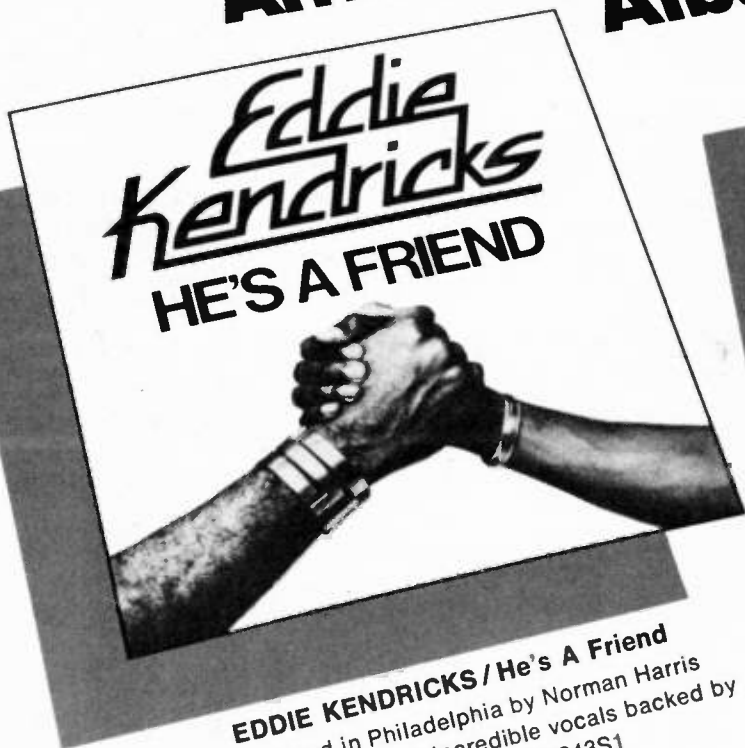
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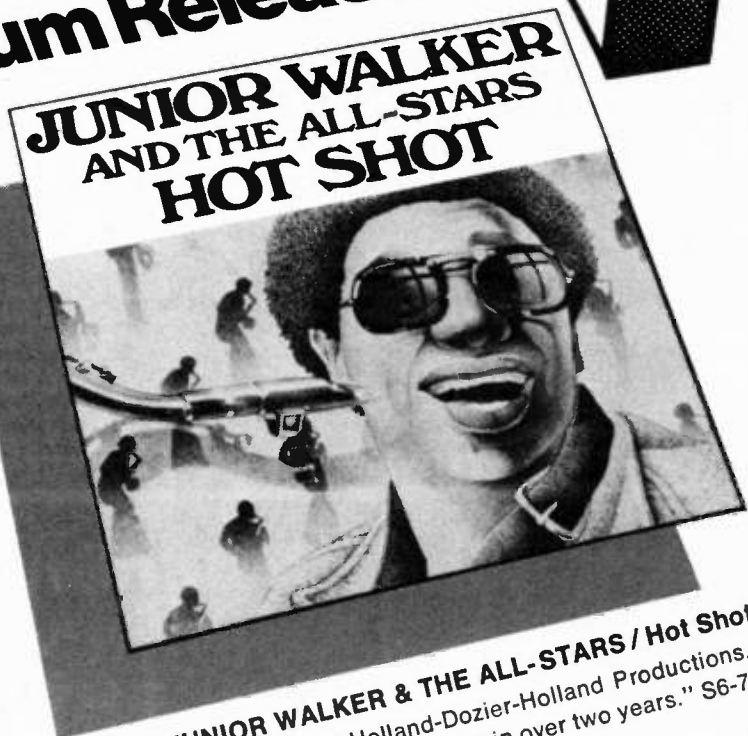


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THE MUSIC GIG

The Magazine for the record buying public Volume 2, Number 8

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

As we turn the corner into the second half of the "dreary" seventies, there seems to be some light at the end of the tunnel. Perhaps it's all part of a generational cycle since 1966 marked the beginning of a socio/cultural up-swing in the last decade. At this point, we would be foolish to expect that "experimental" and/or naive quality of life to re-appear, but we can hopefully expect a lighter overall mood at the very least.

Picking up on this almost imperceptible change for the better, we at the Music GIG hope to translate it onto the pages of the magazine. After all, this has definitely been the "year of the comeback," with artists like Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Jefferson Starship, and Jeff Beck coming back strong into the fore-front of the contemporary music scene. More importantly, artists like Queen, 10cc, Steely Dan, Patti Smith, Roxy Music, Bruce Springsteen, Little Feat, Television, The Ramones, and ELO just to name a few—are showing us that rock can still be a springboard for vital and innovative music. Like it or not, disco music has gotten everybody moving on the dance floor once again—albeit in a very stylized way—and, when artists like Earth Wind & Fire and Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes record singles that fall into that category, it is obvious that this re-energizing "craze" cannot be totally ignored. Proponents of the new fusion music or "jazz rock" like Chick Corea, John McLaughlin, Stanley Clarke, Larry Coryell, The Breckers, and Billy Cobham are bringing a new level of sophistication in terms of musicianship to the young listening audiences.

So, instead of despairing over the slow deterioration of many of our fifties and sixties "faves," we can look to the future of music with some hope in our hearts, minds and ears. If the GIG can synthesize this up-surge both editorially and graphically, we will have succeeded far beyond our wildest hopes and dreams.

Jean Charles Costa

Jean Charles Costa

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1975 Pazz & Jop Critics Poll

Siren #11—Village Voice, poll of 38 critics

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"A swell album, direct, romantic and imaginative."

—Hit Parader



Roxy Music. "Siren."
On Atco Records and Tapes.

JONI MITCHELL

Soft Shades of Green and Delicate Layers

by Dagmar



She sings of clouds and hissing summer lawns. Her favorite color is green, a soft shade of green, and her hobby, painting, inspired by Picasso. She takes beautiful photographs, defying all rules, coming up with delicate images in melting colors, which she then superimposes to create new pictures, reminiscent of her paintings.

Joni Mitchell is a very special lady of many talents. The words to her songs are not just that — words — but poetry, strong, haunting and sometimes vaguely disturbing. Her songs are actually musical poems, so much so, that a critic in a recent review of her latest album advises his readers to "read the album first, then listen to it". Joni has reached an awe-inspiring "semi-goddess" status in the music world. Shrouded in mysteries, protected, rarely visible, she scares people a little. Is there a living person behind all that? Well, there is.



I met Joni last summer while she was working on the "Lawns" album. She is very much alive, loves to talk, to laugh, to sleep late in the mornings and work all night. She is a true nightbird. Henry Lewy, the sound technician, who has been with her for years, knows that she never stops before 3 a.m. when they are recording. Joni is intense and knows what she wants and she doesn't relax until she gets it. Maybe being a Scorpio has something to do with it?

We are watching her through the soundproof glass window of the recording room. She is alone on the other



side, singing into a microphone, eyes closed, moving to the beat of the music, looking fragile underneath oversized ear-phones. "Let's do that again" she says and turns to a piano by her side, trying out a few sound combinations, then singing them. Joni is doing all the voices on the album, sometimes three and four overdubs on a certain part of a song.

Then she comes in to listen to the track, concentrated, sipping a little red wine from a styrofoam cup, taking a puff from a cigarette, putting her head together with Henry's to discuss a technical detail.

There is a knock on the door and in walks George Harrison, who is recording in the studio next door (it's the A&M studio complex on La Brea Avenue in Hollywood). "I just wanted to say hello" he says and then a strange thing happens. Joni is suddenly shy and this

shyness seems to be catching. George seems at a loss for anything else to say. They smile at each other, he listens to the track, then sort of invites her to come to studio and check out the last cut before he exits. What happened? Were they in awe of each other? Nobody else in the room said anything. And because the atmosphere was so strange, I didn't even dare ask to take a photo of the two... Which I regret now, looking back. It might have broken the spell.

The next day Joni invites me to her house in Bel Aire. It's a dream house—Spanish style, overlooking Los Angeles, with a big dark-blue pool, flowers and plants everywhere. Chinese Paper-dragon-fish hang by the doors, moving lightly in the breeze and real goldfish swim in a pond with water-lilies. Muhammad Ali, the small white Persian cat, is circling the edge of the pond, craning his neck. "He got his name, because he is always boxing the flowers" Joni explains, then calls out "Hey, get away from there, or you'll fall in again!"—We had to fish him out last week. I wonder if it's really the raccoons who decimate my fish population..." she muses. Joni is proud to show me something she has learned from a Chinese man: she turns a little wheel of bells, standing by the side of the pond and all the fish immediately congregate. "It's not really their feeding time now, but I can't disappoint them," she says as she sprinkles some food into the water.

We wander through the garden—Joni stops to pick a few lemons off her tree—and down to the swimming pool, which perfectly reflects house and sky, all white and blue.

Joni, who grew up in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, thinks that this will now be her permanent home. "If nothing happens..." she smiles. Her second house is in Canada, hidden away by a lovely secluded bay, but featuring every comfort imaginable. Her hide-out—she personally helped build it and supervised the construction and interior decoration. Lady of many talents, indeed.

When she talks about her life, it sounds like poetry again: "When I was two feet above the ground, I collected grass and cats. When I was three feet above, I drew animals and forest fires. One foot later I discovered boys and bicycles. When I was five feet, I came to know rock'n'roll and began to sing the Top Ten of the Hit parade and vulgar military songs around campfires. Miles Davis appeared in my field of vision and later many others, including Bob Dylan. Church choir, piano lessons, art studies, a marriage, runs in my stockings and always romance—that was my life. Extreme temperatures and mirages.



Joni is tall and very slim. When she speaks or sings, she uses her hands to emphasize or accentuate. Her big green eyes can see infinity. She is a poetess who loves harmony, beauty, romanticism. Yet, both her feet are firmly planted on the ground of reality. "I had to take piano lessons, when I was 6 she reminisces. "That killed my interest in music for the first... later I played Ukulele. Grades didn't mean a thing to me. In my work fantasy was always more important to me than technique."

Joni taught herself to play guitar when she was 19. "By ear and totally without a system" which resulted in the phenomenon that she could play, but other musicians, who had tuned their instruments according to conventional methods, couldn't play with her. "It was much later that I finally learned how to read music" she confessed. "I use notes like colors, I paint with music to create a certain mood" Joni explains. She writes about personal experiences, happenings, moments, that trigger a series of images. "When I know that I have to write a song for an album, I walk around with eyes and ears wide open, totally set on reception. Often it is a minor event that gives me the inspiration for complicated stories. My imagination gets a little push and everything else happens by itself."

We are pausing under a bougainvillea bush, covered in pretty purple-pink blossoms. Joni sits on a stone wall, dangling her legs. "I'd like to write a film script sometime," she says. "When I was younger, I used to write fairy tales. About the kingdom Fanta-Real, for example, where fantasy and reality bordered on each other. I love contrasts. I used to be more superstitious, more mystical, but now I live in and with reality." "In 1968 somebody in the Village (Joni spent one year in New York) prophesied that I would one day be very famous. I thought he just wanted to be nice to me. I thanked him but didn't believe a word." She laughs. "Meanwhile my life has totally re-oriented itself around one center: music. It is in me and around me, always. I couldn't even have children (do I detect a wistful knot in her voice?) because it would interfere with my work..."



She doesn't say anything for a moment, playing with the little beads she has worked into a knit vest, in greens and greys, representing the beach and the little things you encounter on it: bottles, shells, stones.

"There are so many songs as yet unwritten..."

Her boyfriend John Guerin (who plays drums in Tom Scott's band) appears and lovingly puts an arm around Joni, leading her away. "Enough talk" he says, "you promised me a 'revanche' game of backgammon! Then we'll have a nice cozy dinner before I let you go back to the studio." He winks at me. "She is so independent that she sometimes likes a strong hand". Joni says nothing, cuddles up to him and smiles. She is still smiling as they sit down at the backgammon table in front of the French window in the living room and John makes the first cast of the die.

PHOTOS BY DAGMAR

JONI MITCHELL

A Hiss of Resignation

by Lynn Kellermann

On the power and the glory
Just when you're getting a taste for worship
they start bringing out the hammers
and the boards and the nails

Perhaps it was all inevitable. Joni—her incredible prolificacy striking our anxious and adoring ears with the consistency of a beautiful sunrise— a literate virtuoso, her contemplative lyric surfaced much of the pain, suffering and awkwardness that accompanies growth and self-awareness. Joni's introspective nature was haunting; like a bitter contagion, it caught us offguard at our weakest moments.

All good dreamers pass this way someday
Hiding behind bottles in dark cafes.

Here was a universal autobiography of life itself. And so, we awaited each fresh new masterpiece like mental invalids seeking verbal panacea in her verse.

Joni—the painter of words, the saint-like songstress, immersed in her own sense of mortal panic, she learned how to cope with and understand it like an aesthetic scientist.

But, realistically how long could it last, this unwavering, unadulterated genius? All artists grow up someday and Joni Mitchell is no exception to the rule. The genius is still as strong, still phenomenal, but it's of a different sort, rooted in anger and a smug sense of self-righteousness.

The beauty and authenticity in Mitchell was her public vulnerability. Children of the 60's that many of us were, we saw her music as a reflection of our own pain, latching on to her every revelation, her succinct prophecies, none of them especially unique, but exceptional in their accessibility to those who needed a poetic spokesman.

Blue here is a song for you
Inside you'll hear a sigh
A foggy lullaby
Here is my song for you.

Now Mitchell seems to seek freedom from the public's parasitic grip. No longer a spokesman, she has become more of a poetic politician, condemning ideals, standing at a safe distance from self-criticism; no longer empathetic toward her anti-heroes and heroines, she suffers from the same sickness.

The fault, if it is one, seems two-fold; stemming from an overly-dependent public and Joni's voluntary departure from the flawed and largely-confused human race.

Going back over the peak years of Joni Mitchell's career, the transformation she's made seems ineluctable. Before 1967, she had released two albums, *Joni Mitchell* and *Clouds*, both innocently expressing the emotions of a young, inexperienced woman with an innate gift for self-expression. Leaving the hills of Alberta for brighter lights, she carried with her a guitar, a ragged suitcase and dreams of becoming a rock & roll lady.

The ethereal quality of her music was pervasive and biting. Even in her voice, there were tinges of dreamy naivete. Her soft, echo-ey soprano was hidden somewhat under an overbearing acoustic guitar and a celestial multitude of backing harmonies. The underlying breathiness, the full tone was not yet realized.

In 1968, with the releases of *Ladies Of The Canyon* and *Blue*, the unassuming poetess began developing into a social and philosophical commentator. With *Ladies*, a part of Joni still craved the canyons of Canada; but signs of sophistication were prevalent. The dichotomy that appeared in her life was frustrating. The need for musical satiation through public recognition juxtaposed with the relentless cold the city offered her. The fragile earth mother felt somehow misplaced in the dead of the night, indirectly attaching herself to the lonely faces, the street musicians, their melodies meshed into the empty sidewalks, hidden under the city's noisy impersonality.

I was standing on a noisy corner
Waiting for the walking green
Across the street he stood
and he played real good
On his clarinet for free.

The sterile, cubby-holed buildings left her no solace, only visions of credit card existences, 9-5 monotony, computerized emotion.

You could have been more than a name
on the door
On the 33rd floor in the air
More than a credit card swimming pool
in the backyard.

Joni's need for change and proper perspective brought her to Laurel Canyon, near Los Angeles, the up and coming mecca for a new form of music.

1968 was a time of restlessness, protest and a new, sort of earthy rock & roll, exhibited in the styles of The Byrds and Buffalo Springfield. It was during this period that Joni, inspired by the new generation of spiritual revisionists, searching for peace of mind amid the chaos, wrote her generational masterpiece, *Woodstock*.

We are stardust, we are golden
We are billion year old carbon
And we've got to get ourselves
back to the garden.



ILLUSTRATION BY HEATHER

A revolutionary of sorts, Mitchell became, as Linda Ronstadt put it "the first woman to match any man on his own terms as a songwriter, guitar player or as an incredible, magnetic human being." She offered a new freedom for women and a new direction for men, mis-understood by women, who'd been forfeiting their own needs in order to live up to some supposed unflagging virility:

You criticize and you flatter
Imitate the best and the rest you memorize
You know the time you impress me most
Is the time when you don't try

The voice became sensual, freed from past uncertainty; the piano added forcefulness and unique style.

Overriding and recurrent in Joni's statements were the struggle for freedom and success in the face of love. One could hear the conflict in her phrasing. The jumps from low to high register suggested restlessness, confusion. Yet, it consequently broke the wall that held her incredible soprano back. She discovered a whole new consciousness as to where her voice could go.

Isolation and the return to self-affirmation, separating the need to be alone from loneliness, Joni wrote:

She will love them when she sees them
They will lose her if they follow
And she only means to please them
And her heart is full and hollow
Like a cactus tree
And she's too busy being free.

Blue, a very private album, is the study of a woman, torn between that unfettered freedom and traditional love, seeking perspective once more on foreign shores. It was first total lapse into self-scrutiny, staged before the public eye.

Will you take me as I am?
Strung out on another man
California I'm coming home

Despite *Blue's* intimacy, Mitchell was so perfect in her lyric, so vivid in her universal portrayal of desperate love, (perhaps feeling safe from ridicule in a foreign land), that she never once detached the listener. If anything, the feeling was almost sinful, intrusive, the sensation one would get from reading someone's personal diary and relating it to their own lives.

For The Roses was the next logical step toward maturation. Mitchell tackles more wordly subjects; *Cold Blue Steel Sweet Fire* traces the excessiveness of the junkie's world. *For The Roses* scorns the selfless superstar, the manufactured god who once "used to sit and make up his tunes for love." Now "he's seen on giant screens and at parties for the press."

Each tune flowed smoothly into the other, the concept complete, the introduction of jazz influence making it all the more intriguing, but never alienating.

With *Court An Spark* came the final fruition. Love like all other empirical ideas, is handled as realistically as possible. Joni is no longer the magical princess but the practicing existentialist; looking at her life in retrospect, placing love on the shelf of intangibles, not forsaking it, only accepting its elusiveness.

Still I sent out my prayer
Wondering who was there to hear
With the millions of the lost
and lonely ones I call out
to be released

Caught in my struggle
for higher achievements
And my search for love
that don't seem to cease

The "same situation," the essence of Joni's philosophy in this period. Can those intangibles be attained? Can love in its truest sense be achieved without conflict? Joni once commented that: "the maintenance of individuality is so necessary to what we call a true or lasting love," and calls love a "very fragile plant," hard to keep alive.

With *The Hissing Of Summer Lawns* it is difficult to recover the artist of old among lines and lines of self-congratulatory, grandiose statements of upper-class complacency and suburban mediocrity. Joni constantly evades the reason for her anger and impatience—her own submission to the societal disease her characters have already succumbed to.

No longer the sensitive soul who fumbles "deaf, dumb and blind" at parties of confused people, Mitchell stands aloof, smug in her pseudo-existential appraisal of people, baptized into her own self-made religion, intolerant of hypocrisy, yet sucked into it by her own self-indulgence.

She would like us to think she's no longer vulnerable, that she's surpassed the mundane search for "higher achievements" and love that "don't seem to cease." Writing of "paper wives and paper kids and paper walls to keep their gut reactions hid," there's disdain where there was once understanding. She denies any connection with their plight, nor does she wish to be a "subterranean" romantic, disgusted with anything that is less than pure sensuality. Joni is a misfit in both worlds:

Nothing is capsulized in me
On either side of town
The streets were never really mine
Not mine these glamour gowns

The sermon-like "impersonal third" echoes over track upon track of incessant, mostly forgettable melody (with the exception of *The Boho Zone*, *Scarlet Conquering*, *Harry's House-Centerpiece* and *Don't Interrupt The Sorrow*, all thoughtful, well-constructed pieces), the instrumentation precise and professional as always, but gutless and formulized. Joni's voice, like a far-off ghost in a seance, loses its fullness and "talky" vibrance—reminiscent of her beginnings when her records were filled with uncertainty. It's come back again. She no longer talks to us but safely above us.

In *Shadows and Light* Mitchell deliberates on the forces of good and evil, with the authoritarian tone of god on earth; the divine Arp-Farfisa perfecting the deliberately religious effects. Joni excels far beyond these contrasting forces, accepting the force that governs us all with a sense of total despair.

Is the self-portrait finished? Over the years, Mitchell has consistently added more color, depth and dimension to her own image. As the portrait was studied the illumination grew. For every experience we brought to it, we came away with so much more.

But now the lines of age have begun to show, the crevices abundant from over-exposure, the colors dulled from changing priorities and shifting philosophies, the beauty no longer as vital. The concept is missing, the canvas attacked haphazardly leaving only a faded sketch of what was. Joni even admits in her liner notes that: "the record is a total work, conceived, graphically, musically, lyrically and accidentally as a whole."

And so many who once "worshipped" Joni Mitchell feel somehow slighted, taken aback by her indignation and coldness. Yet she purposely seems to be painting her myth to prove she too only "guesses at most" about life's essence, according to what "each set of time and change is touching." She speaks to us on vinyl, after all, not on the Holy Bible.

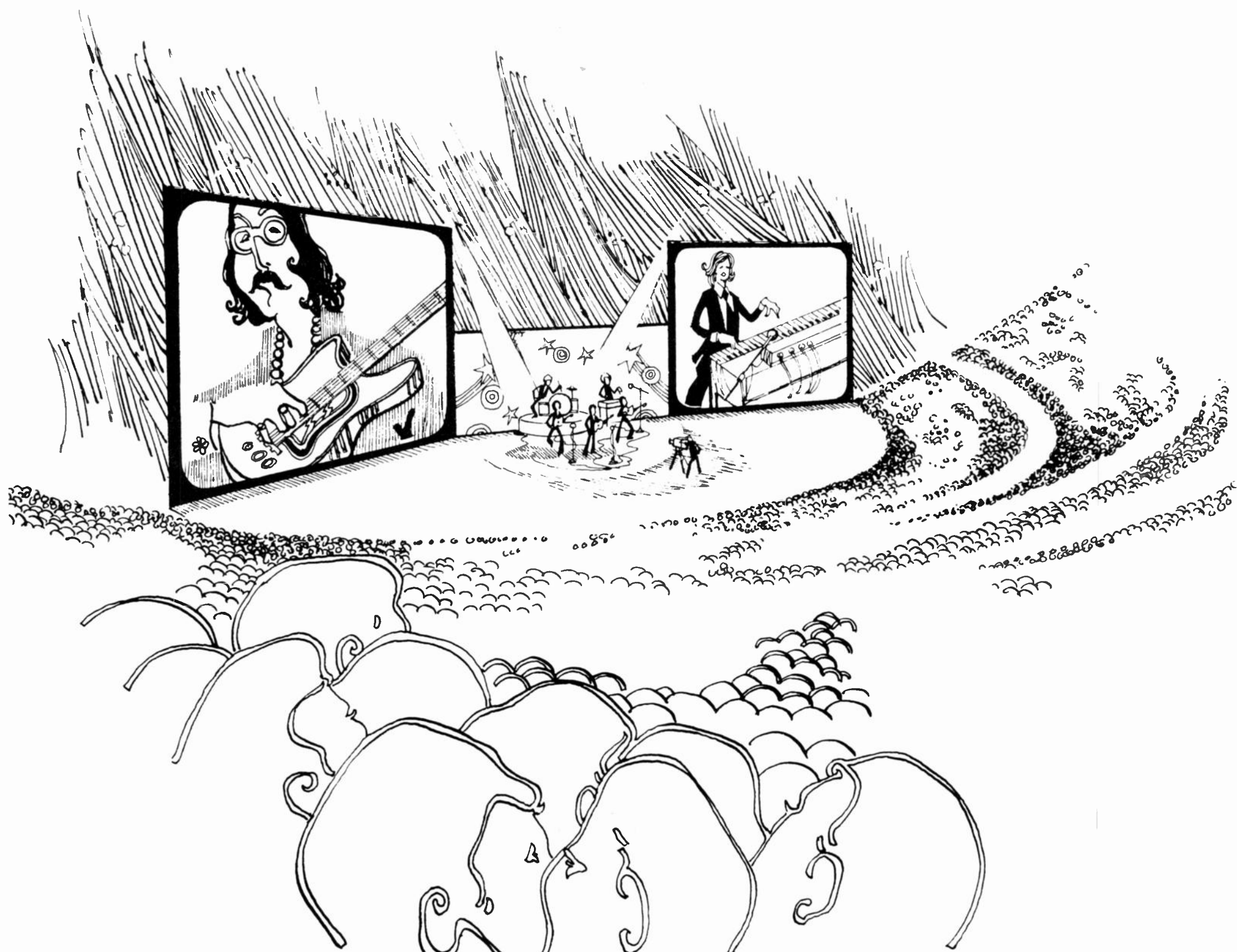
Since we are makers of the myth, often the catalysts of exploitation, we must suffer the consequences of disillusionment. Joni, no longer a critic of societal fakery and a representative of human pain, has grown too proud, a neophyte in the exclusive circle of musical demi-gods.

Denouncing romanticism, ("Don't you get sensitive on me cause I know you're just too proud. You couldn't step outside the Boho dance now even if good fortune allowed.") she's convinced herself that the ever-frustrating void between material conquest and blind idealism, romantic love and spiritual union has been filled. . . . by the abandonment of all of them.

Instead, she embraces a higher, almost nihilistic order of things. Stepping out from the cellar in the "BohoZone," a symbol of her philosophical beginnings where she once sought "sweet inspiration," she sighs, 'oh well,' sublimating her once undying lust for life and admitting that:

Even on the scuffles
The cleaner's crease was in my jeans
And any eye for detail
Caught a little lace along the seams.

No longer the woman of "heart and mind," the heart is now obliterated, anger and cynicism replacing it; the mind over-worked, mysterious and boggling. The honesty is still there, but it's hard candor to accept. Joni no longer seeks self-affirmation, afraid of confronting her own reflection. And so she's dubbed herself queen of the high and mighty. She's defeated the gloom before. Let's hope she's not too high on her pedestal to mistake her present gloom for infinite knowledge.



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JAZZ/ROCK

A Composite View Of The Powerful New Musical Force

RANDY BRECKER

by Lynn Kellermann



PHOTO BY JACKI MERRI MEYER

Performer/producer Randy Brecker nestled comfortable but fatigued at the CBS studio control boards, struggling through the last sprint of a seemingly endless mixing session for *Skyking*, his latest production venture.

"I've been at this non-stop since 6 a.m.," Randy signed, deep in the shadows of the 5 o'clock "dismals," which felt more like midnight for him. But Randy wasn't complaining by any means. At this point he's accepted and is thoroughly enjoying the havoc that makes up his life.

Trumpeter/flugelhornist Randy and sax player Michael have certainly paid their dues behind the sound-proofed walls of an innumerable amount of New York studios, and, within a relatively short period of time, have climbed to the top of the "demand" list for proficient session men. Included in an almost endless list of superstars they've either performed or recorded with are: Billy Cobham, James Brown, Larry Coryell, Stevie Wonder, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Average White Band, Deodato, Gladys Knight and Aretha Franklin.

Now it's their turn to stand in the spotlight. From expert studio men to upfront performers, they've finally reached what they consider the "summit of musicianship": to write, record and perform their own material. With their first LP, *The Brecker Brothers*, making a substantial mark on the charts and a new one on the way, they can now approach their band with total dedication.

Born and raised in Philadelphia, the sons of a keyboard-playing father, the Breckers quickly became submerged in the rhythm and blues culture around them, playing local bars, spending their summers on camp stages, and absorbing the be-bop "big band" sound into their souls.

Both temporary students at Indiana University, The Breckers spent most of their academic life playing in various combos, finally forfeiting their college diplomas for the shaky profession of music.

The brothers came to New York a little less than a decade ago, both individually and jointly gigging with Blood, Sweat & Tears, Larry Coryell, Horace Silver and Billy Cobham.

"My time with B, S & T was unfortunately premature," Randy explained. "I was sort of a jazz snob at the time, bored with the same routines 6 nights a week. What did I know of Al Kooper? I wanted to stretch out on my trumpet and there wasn't enough room for it in an outfit writing big band style. That's why I joined up with Horace Silver. But what I really wanted was the complete freedom of my own band."

Thus, the band *Dreams* was formed in

1970, with both Breckers on trumpet and sax, Billy Cobham on drums and John Abercrombie on guitar. *Dreams* was virtually the first band of its kind, influenced by the complex textures of the jazz masters, but heavily influenced by rock as well. The time was obviously not ripe enough for such progressiveness. In a period when conformity to one style was the rule, *Dreams* lacked a definitive direction. "I guess we weren't close enough to perfection," Randy speculated. "After all, soon after we disbanded, John McLaughlin came along with the Mahavishnu Orchestra and it all clicked. He was doing the ultimate of what we tried to get across, except he had the perfect material and the top musicians. The public couldn't ignore them."

Sessions

Though the Breckers never lived out their reverie with *Dreams*, it did open many studio doors to them. Because of their proven professionalism and innovativeness, they became highly respected as recording artists. "It's really a discipline," Randy commented, discussing session work. "You have to be really flexible and make simple arrangements sound spontaneous. You have to be ready to do everything from movie soundtracks to Kinney shoe commercials and we've done them all."

"We've always done back-up on a lot of rock and r&b records but never really full time. We've been out on the road just as much. It's just the records we gig on seem to sell." The backstage truth about studio musicianship is that, very often, different cliques of instrumentalists participate on all the same records while the audience seldom realizes it. (Unless they're into reading the fine lines on the album credits.) "One night I was at this disco," Randy mentioned, "and within an hour I heard 5 tunes with Michael, myself and David (Sanborn) on all of them, everything from Gladys Knight to Sha na na. It's funny. Everyone thinks we're collecting a mint on all of them. But unless you've got a hit of your own, you don't see a dollar past studio fees."

Consequently, after a year or so of touring with "super" drummer Billy Cobham (in another attempt to make the message of *Dreams* come true), The Breckers signed with Arista Records. "It was great playing with Billy," Randy said. "He captivated the audience every time. But we didn't have enough inside flack. We wanted to build ourselves up as something other than anonymous back-up men."

Now, finally on their own, The Breckers can be found on the front of the album covers for a change. *Sneakin' Up Behind*

You, a single from their last LP, was a disco smash, with heavy FM-radio play. Reminiscent of an Average White Band tune, with less vocalizing and a heavier horn arrangement, it was the only cut that filtered down to the masses. The rest of the album was too sharp and complicated for its own commercial good.

The dazzling solos were impressive to jazz lovers but, hardly stood up to the consistent, hard-driving and simplistic rhythm & vocal formula that makes a disc a commercial hit. "I guess it wasn't white enough," Randy commented. "You never know about these things. Our next LP is much more commercial. We've got a few cuts on there that are definitely potential hit singles. Will Lee, our vocalist, is used a lot more on this one with much more over-dubbing."

Security v. Art

Abandoning the luxury of studio life is a major obstacle in keeping the Brecker band cohesive. In addition, adhering to a somewhat structured style is frustrating for musicians with such unlimited expertise and creativity. With Bob Mann on guitar, Harvey Mason on drums, Will Lee on bass and vocals, Don Grolnick on keyboards, and Dave Sanborn on sax, it's often like trying to satiate the intellectual drive of a bunch of Shakespeares by offering them coloring books.

Stick-to-it-iveness

"Constant touring and stick-to-it-iveness is hard for a lot of these guys," Randy explained. "At this point we don't have the financial stability to make going on the road worthwhile. There are so many unanticipated bills to pay." "It's also hard to keep the energy equalized," Randy continued. David really gets passionate on his sax, which is all beautiful, but we have to keep it tight. The whole concept of the band has become a real challenge to me."

The Brecker's new LP, *Back To Back*, includes an equal amount of compositions by all the band members, which will prove to be more lucrative for everyone. As Randy, who now plays the triple role of performer/producer/leader, has dipped more into the business end of the industry, he's had less time to compose the majority of the material, which is a plus as far as he's concerned. Being on the other side of the control board has given him a greater sense of what must be done for the sake of public recognition.

Forging An Identity

But The Breckers don't ever have to worry about being assimilated into the ever-expanding category of jazz/rock. Though they've been forced to "standardize" their style to some extent, the music is unmistakably tasteful and authentic and never seems to cramp them. A hybrid of Ellington, Miles Davis and Mingus in the sophisticated horn scoring, their sound simultaneously emulates the catchy poly-rhythms of James Brown, Stevie Wonder and Junior Walker. The end-result is a beautiful alliance of forms, all-encompassing and skillful, far beyond the limited terrain many white funky jazz bands are floundering around in.

"I don't think we're compromising our talents at all," Randy explained. "There's got to be a structure in order for it to work. I for one have gotten over my hang-up about being strictly 'this' kind of musician or 'that.' Coltrane has been a great influence on me, but so has James Brown. We've played with black musicians all our lives so it's in our blood. I think we're close to reaching a perfect balance."

After missing the boat in the past, this crew of ingenious musicians are swimming safely above water. Everyone should experience this musical delicacy that is The Brecker Brothers, before they're forced to dive head-first back into the studios. But there doesn't seem to be much chance of that happening. As Randy puts it, "At this point there's no turning back. The Brecker Band is here to stay, even if it means changing members around. I'm determined to keep us out there."

DAVE SANBORN

by Lynn Kellermann

David Sanborn was lost in the "Adventures of King Kong" when I walked through the curiously wide-open door of his west side apartment. Television is a luxury he rarely has a chance to indulge in, but this was the beginning of a long-awaited vacation, and he seemed a bit uncomfortable with all that time on his hands.

Sanborn's hunger and insatiable love for music makes his mastery of the saxophone all the more impressive. A writer once called his style one of "passionate control," an accurate description indeed. On stage he caresses his sax with an undying intimacy, screaming, whining his way to ecstatic heights in the upper horn register, but always laying back enough to return to some kind of structured reality.

Background

The amiable reed man attributes most of his influences to the great rhythm and bluesmen: David Fathead Newman, Ray Charles and his "main man" Hank Crawford. As a young boy in St. Louis he was forced to look beyond his family circle for musical inspiration. "My exposure to music through my parents was limited to Mantovani and Eddie Duchin," Dave explained. "So I listened to the radio a lot, to cats like Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry."

Playing in his hometown with artists like Albert King and Little Milton he became steeped in rhythm and blues. "There was a golden age of jazz music in St. Louis that I just missed when I came on the scene," Sanborn explained. "So basically my primary influences were rhythm and blues. The jazz came later, after I left the midwest."

In 1967 Sanborn traveled to L.A. and joined with The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, his "first break in show biz." The timing was perfect, as Butterfield was just beginning to expand his style with the addition of brass.

Following his affiliation with Butterfield, Sanborn moved on into heavy studio work, simultaneously touring with Stevie Wonder, David Bowie, Gil Evans and just recently, Paul Simon. Presently, he is also the third horn man in the Brecker Brothers band.

A Solo Career

In April of last year, Sanborn debuted as a solo artist on Warner Brothers with his *Taking Off* LP, which as Dave puts it, was only "an evolution in my musical growing process, not the pinnacle," a refreshing attitude in a business so geared to the financial rewards of recording.

"I don't particularly like playing studios," Sanborn explained. "I've only been into it heavily this past year. After awhile it gets bad. You start to lose your identity, your focus and your freshness. Very often the record people want you to

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Dave Sanborn

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play what they have in their minds, filtered through you. So I've become choosy about my sessions by charging a lot. It's often a one-way street, with little exchange. At times, when I hear myself on the radio, I cringe. I don't want to cringe, I want to feel good about what I play, instead of giving out my blood."

Sanborn is an incredibly sensitive human being as well as an emotional musician. He seeks a perfect balance in his life: going on the road, doing sessions and always setting aside time to pursue his musical studies. "I'm still learning," Sanborn said with a boyish look on his face. "The most important instrument to learn is the keyboard. That's what separates a lot of so-called jazz musicians from rock or pop guys. Jazz musicians, if they're good or proficient at their instrument have an intellectual, intuitive understanding of keyboard and chord functions, because it's the key to understanding western music."

That yearning for knowledge explains Sanborn's energetic appetite for performance. Often unconsciously, he grabs the spotlight, taking chances at experimentation when he can, while constantly captivating his audience. "I've just reached an impasse in my playing where I hear something different in my head than what my fingers are playing. I want to grab for that. But it gets shaky on stage when you're dealing with someone who's stifling you from exploring with your instrument. They're happy because whatever you do works, but it's not satisfying for me."

Taking advantage of the growing synthesis of musical forms exploding on the commercial market, Sanborn feels that until recently his direction has been

narrowed too much by rock & roll. "I'm not a purist by any means," Sanborn commented. "I think the cross pollination that's happening in music today is positive. And it's always happened. It's just that this country is more music-conscious now than it was before the Beatles came around. There's a lot of record company bucks involved. Now we have everything from superstar roadies to superstar engineers!"

The Search For Perfection

"It's a logical step to take when rock musicians get into jazz," Sanborn continued. "If a rock cat knows his instrument, after awhile he's gonna hear more and stretch accordingly. It works the other way as well. Jazz people realize now there's emotion in rock music. The great rule of all musicians is to understand complexity but simplify it, making the least amount possible work for you —like Miles Davis does. It's kind of getting back to your roots. Stravinsky listened to jazz and wrote for Benny Goodman, Deodato arranged Shubert. Whatever, it's all people's music."

Less than satisfied with the results of his last album, Sanborn will be back in the studio for another attempt in March. "I felt I compromised a little too much the last time around. I was thinking about what would sell so I did a lot of 'tunes' instead of concepts. It's also really frightening to be the upfront man, everyone relies on you to make it come off."

Though *Taking Off* is far from a masterpiece, it does include some memorable playing from The Breckers, Steve Kahn on guitar and Howard Johnson on baritone. Essentially, it marks the beginning of a prosperous career for a conscientious musician, in love with his instrument, who's been hot on the coals for a long time.

JEAN-LUC PONTY

by Steve Weitzman



PHOTO BY STEVE WEITZMAN

If Jean-Luc Ponty is to be believed, the soft-spoken jazz violinist began his all-encompassing love affair with the instrument at age three. When his father (who also was a violinist) had chamber music rehearsals in their village home in Northern France, the younger Ponty was impressed. "I have pictures," he smiles, "where I'm three years old and I have sticks of wood imitating a violinist."

While no full-score concertos leapt from the kid's quill at that age, he did, however, retain his interest over the ensuing years practicing "five to six hours a day" from age fourteen to eighteen. Following a three year residency with a symphony orchestra, he sought out the Paris jazz scene and played bebop, improvising for the first time. Ponty lists as his first two musical influences in that direction, the unlikely combination of Benny Goodman and Stephane Grapelli.

"Then," he says, "I listened to white jazz like Dave Brubeck and coming from classical music, it's easier to get into that because the approach of sounds is much more conservative and closer to the European tradition. Therefore, for a classical musician, it doesn't hurt his sense of aesthetics."

He was subsequently introduced to the free-form cosmic reaches of Miles Davis, and if it hurt, it didn't last too long since Ponty notes, "That's when I became in love with jazz. And when I really got into it and got rid of what I was taught, I discovered how rich and how innovative was the approach of music by black musicians and that's a great thing about America; it's a phenomenon which happened because of the exchange of cultures. The approach of aesthetics is so different—that's why it takes a little time to understand that but once I got into it I was listening exclusively to black musicians for awhile and that has been a big influence on my career, as much as Stravinsky or Debussy."

Ponty formed his own improvisational unit, the Experience, and in his travels during the late sixties, he met keyboardist George Duke. He then "broke up the Experience and played with Tony Williams and Stanley Clarke because I wanted to come back to a more earthy music and play with tremendous instrumentalists and I realized that in America that type of music was possible to do." He did a short U.S. tour in '69 backed by the George Duke Trio and the album which came out of that (*Live at the Experience with George Duke*) remains his favorite disc. He met Frank Zappa that year (Zappa producing *King Kong* for Ponty) and actually was responsible for introducing Duke to Frank during the sessions. He returned to Europe, reformed the Experience for a series of tours, remaining there, for the most part, until 1972. But again he grew tired of "the snobbishness and elitist attitude about playing free form music in Europe. Frank Zappa heard I wanted to move to the States and he called me to make a

band with George Duke, Ian Underwood and Aynsley Dunbar. And I wanted to play that type of rock and roll because I knew Zappa's music and that his show involves a lot of different material from modern classical music to cocktail. It was a very interesting experience."

Ponty, though, wastes no time in adding that, while it was interesting, "it became frustrating after awhile because I had other goals than being one pawn in a group where I had to execute every thought of the leader." In spite of his growing desire to front a band in America he jumped from Frank Zappa to John McLaughlin. Again, Ponty's enlistment was short-lived: "I had much more freedom with Mahavishnu although my role was very much defined by him as well."

His displeasure in both cases was the resultant feeling that, "In a way, I lost time for my own career and it did harm in a way. Although I was exposed to the rock audience and the profit of it, there are people who say my music comes from Zappa or Mahavishnu. It's very strange, if I had released my album before, I don't think they could say that."

The specific album in mention here is Ponty's *Upon the Wings of Music*, musically conceived before his associations with Zappa or McLaughlin but not recorded until January, 1975. It is his sixth solo album, but first on a major label (Atlantic) with an American touring unit to support him. Ponty's post-sideman genre is—not surprisingly—jazz-rock and its direction is not entirely unique due to the deluge of other such inclined artists—the Chick Coreas, George Dukes, Billy Cobhams, Jan Hammers, Mahavishnus and Stanley Clarks who have released similarly styled albums. But where Ponty shines is onstage with his band (which includes ex-Mother of Invention bassist, Tom Fowler) where he augments his exquisite violin playing with phase shifters, ring modulators, echoplex and wah-wah to create a more assured Ponty Experience than any of his previous aggregations.

True to his free spirit he is making no commitments as to the longevity of even this band, adding quickly that, although, "I'm very, very happy with what I'm doing now but there are a lot of people I like and occasionally, I would like, just for the fun of it, to play with the people I like. I'm good friends with Chick Corea and we jam together a lot and often speak of trying to get a band together. And Larry Coryell many times has spoken to me about forming a group. I would like to play with George Duke and Billy Cobham again as well."

In a past which has seen him master Paganini etudes at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique in Paris, improvise at the "Jazz Now" festival in Munich with pianist Joachim Kuhn and rock in Cucamonga with Mother Zappa et al, one uncharted question still remains: "But can a Frenchman play the blues?" If that Frenchman is Jean-Luc Ponty, don't bet against it.

RAMSEY LEWIS

by Barney Lane



Opening night, the early show at New York's "Bottom Line." Ramsey Lewis was up for it. He had a new group behind him and they were all good and Ramsey knew it, so he came out smoking.

Sometimes, when a musician has really hit it big with an album, one feels some trepidation about going to hear him in a concert or club. Particularly with music which is electrified, you wonder if it's going to be as good in person as it was in the recording studio. There was no disappointment with Ramsey Lewis. His group is tight and they can perform everything on stage that they've done in the studio, including Ramsey's gold record, *Sun Goddess*.

In his December performance at the Bottom Line, he played the funky, disco-oriented tunes from his two most recent Columbia albums, *Sun Goddess* and *Don't It Feel Good*. It had the well-produced sound which Ramsey's records lead you to expect, but there was also a slightly looser feeling which allowed members of his group to stretch out and play around with some of the basic musical ideas in each piece. Ramsey surprised people a bit and played a lot of acoustic piano, rather than just the electric. The results were quite exciting. He played some soft material which began melodically and departed into improvisation, displaying his accomplishments as a jazz musician. He took some acoustic solos during a driving rendition of Stevie Wonder's *Living For The City*, recorded on the *Sun Goddess* album and they were among the high points of the set. They started with a funky rhythmic bass

over which he wove gospel-flavored lines and free-flowing improvisations which set Ramsey in motion all over the keyboard. The audience loved it and it was eminently clear that commercial success has not spoiled Ramsey Lewis as a good, creative jazz musician.

The Recordings

The menu is extensive, because most of Ramsey Lewis' output remains in the catalogue, thirty-five titles in all on Cadet and Columbia, dating back to the early sixties. Admittedly, some of this output is trite. The "greatest hits" are not necessarily the best of it. *The In Crowd* and *Hang On, Sloopy* did not have much to say when they were first released and now they seem severely dated, but growth is the measure of an artist and Ramsey has grown.

His latest album, *Don't It Feel Good* does not quite measure up to its predecessor, *Sun Goddess*, but *Sun Goddess* is a tough act to follow and *Don't It Feel Good* is still a good-feeling album. Best cuts are the title track, *Juaacklyn*, *Spider Man*, and *That's The Way of The World*. The title track begins with a gentle melody and then goes disco. *Juaacklyn* is the softer side of Ramsey Lewis, good to listen to, and, if you still remember how to dance cheek-to-cheek, the potential is here. *Spider Man* is pure disco-funk. *That's The Way of The World*, written by some of Lewis' earlier sidemen, is destined to become a jazz and pop standard. It has already been recorded by Roy Ayers' Ubiquity and Stanley Turrentine and others will certainly take a crack at it. Done by Ramsey, it has a mild disco flavor and makes good listening music as well, which cannot be said for all disco music.

Ramsey Lewis' two previous albums on Columbia were *Solid Ivory* and *Solar Wind*, in that order. Neither of them sold like *Sun Goddess* and *Don't It Feel Good*, but they are worth going back to. They are for listening, not for dancing, and display Ramsey's work as a jazz-rock performer prior to his disco boom.

Broader Horizons

Ramsey Lewis has never been acknowledged by the jazz purists for most of his work and may never be. Nevertheless, back in the early and mid-sixties, when it was nearly impossible to get any kind of instrumental side on the charts, Ramsey was doing it. He has been and continues to be influential in bringing a new, young audience into the jazz and jazz-rock fold. This makes him a key part of a healthy movement which is expanding the horizons of pop-jazz-rock music and the audiences which listen to it.

STANLEY CLARK

by Stephen Garber

If the name Stanley Clarke doesn't ring a bell by now, it certainly will in the near future. He has been voted the best bassist in readers' and critics' polls alike, and is currently being referred to as "the fast bass player on the planet". Besides performing and recording with the progressive jazz-rock group, *Return To Forever* (featuring renowned keyboardist Chick Corea), Clarke is gaining recognition as a solo artist in his own right, with two successful albums, *Stanley Clarke* and his most recent, *Journey To Love*. His music cuts across the boundaries of rock, jazz, Rhythm and Blues, and even the classics, bringing him into contact with such greats as Stan Getz, Jeff Beck, Aretha Franklin, George Duke, and countless others. Greater recognition for himself is at hand. His individual style of playing is setting a new standard of expertise.

Warm and friendly Stanley Clarke greeted me at the door of his long island home, garbed in an intricately-embroidered kimono. Once in the living room, I admitted to him that I wasn't a real jazz buff. "Neither am I," he confessed and laughed. Then he began to relate his musical background.

"I started out at the age of 13 in Philadelphia. I was in junior high then, playing the violin, but it didn't work out too well because my hands were so big. I played the cello, and then eventually the bass. I also studied piano and started singing too. I went to a music college in Philadelphia called the Philadelphia Academy of Music, for three and a half years. Later, I left Philly, went to New York and started playing with various groups, and for a period of a year I was a studio musician, playing with whoever wanted my services. I'd meet musicians and they'd call me. I did very well as a studio musician with sessions everyday. I made a lot of money doing that. I made more money then than I do now! (Laughs) I used to do commercials, TV commercials. One that still rings a bell was one I did for Armour sausage... myself and a banjo player. I'll never forget that! Great! I also did Campbell soup commercials. Then I did some actual records with people, records with a lot of jazz artists like Stan Getz, Pharoah Saunders, Aretha Franklin, Chick (Corea), Carlos Santana, even Paul Simon."

I asked him about his involvement with jazz. "JAZZ IS A VERY UNDEFINED WORD. What is jazz? To some people, jazz is music that was put together by Black people. There are various meanings and there is no specific definition for the word, but it's a little too general. Take *Return to Forever*, the group that I play in; it wouldn't be totally true to say we're a jazz group. If you really listen to our music and know our backgrounds. There are a lot of influences, classical influences, Chick used to play with Latin bands. Myself, I have a classical influence, rock influence, jazz influence."

"Whom did you used to listen to?"

"It varied. I used to listen to the hits on the radio, a lot of vocal groups, the

Beatles, the Rolling Stones. I listened to a little wider spectrum though. I remember when my parents bought a new stereo system. What came along with it was demonstration record which had different types of music on it. There was some Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton on it. I never heard anything like it. No voice! An instrumental! I listened to that and grew to like it. I tried to play along with the record."

"How did you get connected with Chick Corea?"

"Actually, I met Chick four or five years ago. We were playing at a club in Philadelphia with a saxophone player named Joe Henderson. We started playing and it was one of those relationships that just clicked. We dug each other as people, first of all, and we liked playing together. Chick said, 'I'm putting this new band together. Do you want to come?' I said, 'Yeah.' This was in late '70."

"What was the band like then?"

"Back then the original RTF was totally different. It was Chick, myself, a singer named Flora Purim, a percussionist named Airo (her husband), and a saxophonist named Joe Farrell. No guitar at that time. It was like Brazilian music. Strange! Airo and Flora left and Bill Connors (a guitarist) came in. We met Billy in San Francisco, when Chick and myself and Lenny White were playing, just the three of us. Bill sat in with a percussionist named Ringo Lewis who used to play with Santana. Billy came in, and it totally changed our whole mock-up; we started writing different music with guitar. It changed our whole thing."

"What do the early *Return to Forever* albums sound like?"

They sound like Sergio Mendez on acid!"

"So the album, *Hymn of the Seventh Galaxy* was your new sound?"

"It was our first electric music. I think a good word is 'jazz-rock'. It narrows it down to something that you can grab onto. Using the word 'jazz' explains that there is improvisation. The beats are rock rhythms. The melodies are rock, and the bass lines are rock but melodic. There is a basic beat in our music."

"Why are people looking into this type of music now?"

"People are generally looking for a higher form of communication. Music is a form of communication. If no one is around to talk to, the easiest thing to have around that could communicate to you easily is music. Music comes right at you! It's not like a chair! Music is sensual."

People, over the years, have been looking for a higher form of communication. You can only listen to a group like the Rolling Stones just so much. After a while, it gets boring. You look for something else. I experience kids coming up to us and saying 'I've never heard your music before but I really like it.' Why do they like it? It's something different. They experience different things. There's a lot of 'space' in our music. The basic thing in our music is pretty melodies, pretty flowing melodies. A person can get off on the 'spaciness' of it."

"Who played it at first?"

"It was very underground. There was music that can be considered jazz-rock that was recorded years ago, like Ramsey



Lewis' *The Crowd*. Years later, the Mahavishnu Orchestra came out, and this was really jazz-rock. The first stations that took to it were certain underground stations. When their records first came out, the tracks weren't played because they were so long. There was a real underground following, by word of mouth."

"Did the Mahavishnu Orchestra pave the way for your group?"

"It sure helped! They paved the way for a lot of groups, like Yes for instance. It's funny, but a lot of our fans are old Yes fans. Our biggest audience is the 'heavy' jazz fan. I remember when we changed over to electric music. Some of our fans really got pissed-off. 'You sold out!' Guys would come up to us backstage after concerts and say, 'What are you doing?' I liked it though."

"Then you get off more on electric music?"

"Oh yeah, there's more to deal with. When I first started with Chick, I was just playing an upright bass. There wasn't enough room for creativity. It was a limited form of music. Now we have a lot of sophisticated equipment to change the sound. It's great; I love it!"

"How do you write a piece?"

"A piece is written in my music room. I sit down at the piano and just start writing something. Usually what I do is get into my head who I'm really writing for. I write a little bit differently for my own solo projects as opposed to writing for *Return To Forever*. If I'm writing for them, I get the guys in my mind and think about how they play, and I'd write something

that would fit. We do a lot of 'question and answer' things. The basic melodies are written. It looks like a structure with spaces left open for improvisation."

"How are your solo albums different?"

"I wrote for a lot of brass and strings and for voices. I'm more daring in the area of singing than the rest of the guys! (Laughs) Just recently we began singing. I wrote some vocal music on my new album. There's really not any vocal music on the earlier *Return To Forever* albums, outside of Flora Purim."

"Why are you beginning to make it now?"

"There's a difference between our band and any other jazz band on this planet. Basically, my previous answer was kind of general, a higher form of communication. What people are getting into is a technical expertise. My style is very wide. It's even hard for me to say it's a style. It's a combination of all my repertoire. People get off on the technical expertise even though they don't understand the act technically. Its speed, the actual tightness; four guys playing at 90 miles an hour is unusual!"

"Then this is a new direction for music?"

"Audiences are on the inflow of new music. Many musicians want to put out a higher form of communication. Jeff Beck is one, Carlos Santana is another."

Yet another musician wanting to put out this higher form of communication is Stanley Clarke, whose influential bass-improvisation technique will place him in the upper echelon of jazz-rock greats.

Lonnie Liston Smith

by Arnold J. Smith

A crossover in high fidelity terms is a series of condensers that allow sound to be dispersed between a woofer (lows) and a tweeter (highs) in a multi-speaker system. A "crossover" in the record business makes the charts in more than one category. Lonnie Liston Smith was a jazz artist until his album *Expansions* (Flying Dutchman BDL 10934) caught the public's ears. Now he is Lonnie Liston Smith, musician, for the LP made Billboard's pop, r&b and jazz lists, rare indeed.

Until April, 1975, the release date of *Expansions*, Lonnie had played with Miles Davis, Pharoah Sanders and was part of a house rhythm section for Bob Thiele's Flying Dutchman company. "He did not have a hit record, nor a manager," Elliot Horne of RCA stated. "He was well-respected among his peers and well-represented on records, but not until *Expansions* did he catch on."

"Catch on" is understating the situation. With brother Donald's vocal, the recording took off like doves at an Olympic Games opening. Currently, Lonnie is riding high with the follow-up *Visions of A New World* that has been sucked up in the vacuum left by the fast-rising earlier recording.

Flying Dutchman is an RCA subsidiary



and its distribution and press arms have aided him immeasurably. "I'm finding out more about this industry because of all that," Lonnie said recently. "I thought all you had to do was just play. Wherever the band is playing there are RCA's staff

ready to welcome us. They'll get us on radio shows, have press down to the club, or whatever. It's a warm feeling when you get into a strange town and they're there."

Lonnie plays what has become known as keyboards. That ubiquitous term indicates acoustic and electric piano, clavinet, perhaps a synthesizer or two, an Arp String Ensemble, and various and sundry instruments that are played with the use of keys like a piano's.

"I was doing a date with Pharoah Sanders in L.A., when I noticed a Fender-Rhodes sitting in the corner. While the other guys were setting up I started to finger and noodle. I liked the touch."

That was the beginning, but Lonnie intends to keep acoustic piano in the foreground. "It can take a lot of energy; electronic instruments can be very delicate, they may not be able to take too much pounding. But you can bend notes like a horn on electric, something you cannot do on acoustic."

Musical Space

The Smith experience is ethereal, "spatial," Lonnie calls it. "I like to deal with space; time is busy, busy, running out of it, filling it in. With electronics you can deal with spatial aspects, coloring it as necessary. I write a good deal of the material you hear from me. ('Visions' contains six originals.) I don't write for any

one instrument, but for ideas to fill in later as the notes hang out there in space. When I was with Miles Davis we had the opportunity to do some of that. He left so much room for his sidemen. There was rarely any organized format to the concerts."

Born of a musical family in Richmond, Virginia, Liston Smith started as a singer. "My father was a singer and he also played guitar and stride piano. He had all kinds of goodies in the house like Art Tatum, Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson. For me Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown (piano and bass, respectively) said it all. For two pieces they sounded like a whole bunch. But it was Charlie Parker's *Just Friends*, with the strings that did it to me. He made me aware of improvisation."

A BS degree in music came from Morgan State which led to a stage band gig, but that lacked the developmental potential he desired. The Cosmic Echoes, the name of his group, originally contained burgeoning giants in the nimble fingers of Stanley Clarke (bass), Mtume (percussion), Norman Connors (drums) and Charles Sullivan (trumpet). "Now, Donald's flute and vocals take the lead with a lot of electronic colors behind," Lonnie explained.

The Echoes are getting good exposure under the deft guidance of Joe Fontana,

Continue on next page

Catching Up With: Billy Cobham, Lenny White, Larry Coryell, and Jan Hammer

by Jean Charles Costa

Introduction: In essence, two drummers, a guitarist and a keyboard master. More specifically, four "complete" musicians who, after paying an ample share of dues with a multiplicity of groups (straight, jazz, funk, progressive rock and latin), are now busy forging ahead as the "electronic" vanguard of the new jazz. They have all mastered their instruments to the point where technique is no longer a vital consideration. They seek a balance in their music—the simple accessibility of commercial "soul/disco" music to make the people move to their sound, set against more "serious", bop-oriented compositions that are a necessary continuation of a tradition handed down from masters like Armstrong, Ellington, Parker, Miles Davis and John Coltrane. For the first time they are putting "jazz" music high up on the record charts. Live concerts featuring Cobham, Coryell's 11th House and Return To Forever are drawing huge audiences of young, enthusiastic listeners who are more than willing to forego glitter and smoke bombs for more sophisticated musicianship and group interaction as well as an implied higher level of consciousness.

For anyone who has been keeping their ears open for the last few years, these men don't really need extensive introductions. As drummer for many post-bop jazz units, the promising but ill-fated group Dreams, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and his recent formations, Billy Cobham has risen to the top of the polls as the premier percussion man of the day. His multi-faceted drumming style mixes sheer power, speed, articulation and a subtle sense of shading into a cohesive propulsive force that has become one of the most distinctive rhythm signatures in recent memory. He is rapidly developing into an excellent writer, arranger and producer, giving substance and depth to the overall impact of his music.

Larry Coryell, originally from Seattle, Washington, started pursuing the elusive ideal of the jazz guitar at an early age. He studied with Joe Pass on the West Coast, coming east to New York to record a series of trend-setting LPs for Vanguard. He was also involved with one of the first legit attempts at a jazz-rock fusion, the Free Spirits, the avant-garde rage of New York in the early-middle sixties. His phenomenal and wide-ranging fingerboard technique always in evidence—sometimes to the detriment of his music—he has constantly pushed for a perfect synthesis of rock 'n' roll fire and jazz intelligence. His latest group vehicle, the 11th House, including John Lee (bass), Gerry Brown (drums), Terimasa Hino (trumpet), and Danny Toan (guitar), should do much to help him achieve that blend.

With a new solo album on Nemperor Records, Lenny White, the effervescent drummer for the highly popular Return To Forever (Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Al DiMeola), has finally emerged to the forefront where he belongs. After playing with several groups including San Francisco's rock-latin hybrid, Azteca, White finally has the freedom to fully express his musical tendencies in a recorded context. "Venusian Summer" not only demonstrates his burgeoning compositional talents and a deft sense for picking the right arrangements and musicians to play them, there is a strong undercurrent of humor running through the proceedings—a welcome change from the aura of seriousness that looms over music of this type.

Jan Hammer emigrated over here from Czechoslovakia with a reputation as one of the brightest instrumental hopes of the European scene. He blended right into the American scene, eventually ending up as featured keyboard soloist with John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra. After leaving the band, he teamed up with violinist Jerry Goodman for an interesting solo excursion. Now he is busy rehearsing his own band which includes Steve Kindler (violin), Fernando Saunders (bass), and Tony Smith (drums). An album of original group material and a tour are in the works.

Since all of these men are difficult to pin down for long interview sorties, we "caught up with them" over the phone and in passing, to get an indication of what was on their minds at this particular point in time.



Billy Cobham: Billy has just finished his "first profitable tour" with his new four piece band. Featuring George Duke on keyboards, John Scofield on guitar and Alfonso Johnson on bass, the band comes closer to the desired synthesis of technique and "feeling" than any of the other Cobham units. George Duke, who is very much in demand as a session player, plays a variety of keyboard instru-

ments with a soulfulness that is an integral part of his emotional heritage. Billy feels that his own drumming style is becoming more simplified and emotionally accessible. Although he says it's hard for "a technical player to narrow down," he feels that with some slight changes he has been able to successfully master the simple drive of R&B rhythmic textures.

In fact, Billy would like to record a disco single, "just to see if he could do it." He is very interested in breaking down hard-line categorization between rock and jazz, a fact proved by his use of players like Tommy Bolin (Deep Purple)—"he doesn't profess to be a reader, but he's got a great ear"—and Doug Rauch, formerly of Santana. Although he "catches a lot of heat from the old-guard" of the jazz establishment, Billy isn't phased for a moment, "I just care about what I'm doing right at the moment, I don't want to be honored after I'm gone."

Billy's new album, due out in early March, is entitled "Life & Times" and he feels that "by far it equals his best effort of the past, 'Total Eclipse'." Produced by Arif Mardin, the album features more vocals than ever before as well as musicians like Doug Rauch who provides a funky, dance-oriented bass sound that finds its origins in players like Chuck Rainey and Sly. John Scofield is a "Tal Farlow style

guitarist who studied at the Berklee school in Boston." This month, Cobham will be recording some more music in San Francisco and is looking forward to a possible collaboration with the gifted French violinist, Jean-Luc Ponty. His band will tour again in late February and April.

Billy feels that today's up and coming musician has to be able to "sell his wares", becoming a hybrid "business/artist." For this reason, original material is a vital concern nowadays, extensive "covers" of certain tunes can guarantee survival. This harsh reality of the contemporary record business scene is one of the main reasons why most of these musicians in different bands don't get together to "jam" on "standards" in live performance like their generational predecessors. As far as polls are concerned, Billy feels "that they just rate the effectiveness of certain players who've had the opportunity to gig throughout the country." Drumming LPs have obviously evolved beyond mere exercises in percussive virtuosity, drummers must "coordinate the whole sound on the album, over-reacting to situations to get something happening." Cobham is proving, with every new record and tour, that he can handle this "responsibility" with deceptive ease.



PHOTO BY LINDA DESSIO

Lenny White: After playing with Miles Davis at age 19—"Bitches Brew"—, Freddie Hubbard, Santana, Jackie McLean, Azteca, and more recently, the highly popular Return To Forever, one might think that Lenny White would feel happy with the progress of his career.

Well, in point of fact, it's only with the release of his first solo album, *Venusian Summer*, that he has begun to realize his full potential. He is vitally interested in being known as more than just a gifted drummer, he needs the outlets provided by composition, arranging, and production. His album more than showcases all of these talents, touching a wide variety of stylistic bases that includes the earthy funk of *Chicken-Fried Steak* and *Away Go Troubles Down The Drain* as well as grandiose conceptual pieces like *The Venusian Summer Suite* and *Prince Of The Sea*.

Musically, Lenny is interested in "whatever communicates." Whether it is wearing huge, oversized glasses and Mickey Mouse feet on stage with RTF or practicing every day, he is always doing his best to make the music "more accessible." Influenced by people like Philly Joe Jones, Max Roach, Elvin Jones and Art Blakey, he is forging a new, "hybrid mu-

sic that combines rock and roll energy with the finesse of the harmonic structures of jazz." Being basically shy, he likes to make people laugh, a fact that is borne out by the subtle humor that runs through certain embellishments on the LP. The album's material was written in bits and pieces, with Lenny choosing different players for every track. He feels that it is "an honest effort" and that he "resisted effects wherever possible." This, despite the fact that the *Suite*, inspired by Japan's Isao Tomita, contains 150 overdubbed synthesizer orchestral tracks. He is not interested in being the "world's best drummer." Although there is a competitive edge to his field, he is only "competing with himself." His main desire is to keep "a sense of ethics toward other people." He has achieved the position of being a "leader, a trend-setter—one of the pioneers in his field whose ideas are respected." Watch for his future.



Larry Coryell: Coryell's band, the 11th House—the social or Aquarian house—has gone through a number of permutations and combinations in the last year.

With the most recent line-up: John Lee (bass) and Gerry Brown (drums), Mike Mandel (keyboards), Terimasa Hino (trumpet), and newcomer Danny Toan (guitar). Larry feels that he has finally achieved "a successful marriage of contemporary funk and be-bop." He has been listening intently to the "competition," trying to see if he has missed anything in his search for a truly innovative blend of "futuristic funk." He wants a "consistency" in his recordings, balancing "serious" compositions like Mandel's "Lady Of Truth & Future" against "funky counterpoint" tunes written by John and Gerry.

As Larry puts it in his inimitable, straightforward way: "we want to smash 'em over the head with good taste." He wants to hit a unique sound that "will make people feel something right away." Realizing that some of his music in the past has suffered from being overly abstract or too convoluted technically, he is glad to have Randy Brecker—"a friend"—

producing his next album. Randy helps to simplify the sound and make it much more immediately appealing. The new LP, which is just being recorded as this goes to press, should offer final proof as to whether or not Larry is going to reach that great commercial/aesthetic mean in the sky.

Lonnie Liston Smith

continued from page 11

their manager. Recent appearances prove that New York City music is as diverse as its neighborhoods. A live WRVR-FM date at the Village Gate shared with Larry Coryell, was followed by a Fisher Hall program opposite Billy Cobham. Then a week of the Apollo with Main Ingredient, Esther Phillips and Faith, Hope and Charity, all of which goes to prove that Lonnie's music is more eclectic than can be gathered from just a cursory listening.

Striving For Unity

"My whole thing right now is that there is a oneness running through life. I want to bridge the gaps through music. The idea that people say, 'I don't want to hear this, or that,' is not what I'm into. The idea that *Expansions* hit all those charts excites me. It makes me feel that I've reached so many more people than if I stayed in one category. The artist has a responsibility to the people. I want to cover the whole field without losing the artistic part of it. I need some good 'roadies,' more electronic instruments and to play concerts that are conducive to my music, acoustic as well. Later I may branch out to movie scores, or whatever. But right now the music is what's important. Too much all at once brings ego into it. Ego will trip you right up. Keep your head on your neck at all times."



PHOTO BY R.E. ARON

Jan Hammer: Jan Hammer is currently rehearsing his band—a first—and he seems highly enthused about the prospects. He's found the "perfect" drummer, Tony Smith (Azteca, Malo) as well as two other superb musicians, Steven Kindler (violin) and Fernando Saunders (bass). All of them play keyboards and sing, giving the band a certain elasticity in terms of variety and material. They are hard at work on an album, with a national tour to follow in February. Kindler, formerly of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, is a "classical player who improvises" and who, at 19, is one of the most accomplished musicians on the current scene. Everyone contributes to the group's material and there "is a sense of family" evolving around the band that bodes well for the future and for our collective ears.

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THE WHO: On Tour 1975

by Kris Nicholson

Last time the Who played the Spectrum—Fall 1973—the audience was over-enthusiastic to a point where being there seemed more important than listening. If, by luck your tickets placed you in one of the orchestra's first 20 rows, your qualms about surviving evaporated once the concert began. It was all a body could do to keep the band in sight much less listen to what was going down. Human pyramids were constructed in hopes that they would afford better vision. But, human bodies are not steadfast foundations. Every five minutes arms and legs would grasp and grope for something to hold on to as gravity took its toll.

It was impossible to evaluate audience reaction as anything less than hungry, rambunctious passion. The Who do tend to attract "addict" fans, always desperate for a glimpse of their heroes. Years of absence had driven the audience crazy with this particular craving.

Looking back, the images of the Who—the group—were jumbled, the impact left by their music is still clear. They were definitive English rock, as pure and easy as they were powerfully riotous. They dealt in musical dynamics—sparked by the fireworks of ideals and goals clashing. More "punk" than the Stones, less gut-oriented than Led Zeppelin, they presented rock and roll with brash assurance of simple intelligence.

Bringing It Up To Date

This year's Concert painted a more vivid individualized picture. Pete Townshend's intuitive genius bounced off Daltrey's senseless "macho" prancing. His ideas are sifted through Daltrey's voice, his words strong enough to weather the transition. In time, Townshend has grown wise while Daltrey hasn't grown at all. It is perhaps through his contempt for a struggle to out-do Townshend that Daltrey is able to brew enough feeling to voice Peter's lyrics effectively. Keith Moon and John Entwistle are manipulated easily enough to become worthy material for Townshend's craft—Entwistle having more of a mind of his own (as seen in his songwriting) than that pounding robot of Cockney spoofery—Moon.

This year the audience's passivity changed the mood of the concert from one of ecstatic turbulence to a restrained worship of ritual. On the whole, the people were mentally numb and emotionally spongy. The kids—and that's what made up most of the crowd—settled for standing on the floor instead of each other. They sat during the quiet moments and rose to the emotionally-charged identifiable images and familiar anthem: i.e. *My Generation*—once a rebellious proclamation, now a sign of defeat blown to smithereens by realities like *Quadrophonia*—and *Won't Get Fooled Again* the hymn of a group whose glory peaked on the brim of an age of promise.

Then there are those who aren't in touch with these sentiments at all. It would be a rare 16 or even 18 year old who could know in '75 what the Who meant in '69. The energy of then is channeled through the experience of now. Something is lost in the transition. The motivation of memory recalls but cannot regenerate. When Townshend—through Daltrey—sings "We're all wasted," one can't help but feel that the crowd is jumping to its feet for all the wrong reasons. It's subconscious, but it stings with the wound of truth. The people are creating their own self-parody. Like it or not, they are the victims of the wasteland, they're its sustenance.

What's worse is knowing that things probably won't change. Having been fed hand-to-mouth for so long, weakness and laziness are bound to set in. Rock groups sing our dreams and futures to us. We live our lives inside the music rather than according to it. There are no new leaders to arouse action, only misplaced leaders of the past to arouse nostalgic reaction.

Those younger than us are suppressed by our defeat. The Who have grown up and seen their dreams laid to waste. What's left to do but relive the past when you're a rebel whose cause is lost, a rebel with no vision to start a new revolution, a rebel who has been burned once and is not about to be fooled again.

All this pessimism seems an unavoidable product of the 70's. The Who, like the American Dream, are suffering from the attitudes and depressions of the day. There aren't any answers yet and no one seems to be looking. There are just momentary allusions to peace of mind via escape. The Who are one of these means of escape. They don't take you anywhere you haven't been before. Like escape, they evade time. (We could be busy trying to make things better, instead we try to forget how bad they are.)

The Show

The Who opened with *I Can't Explain*, sounding somewhat indistinct musically and totally inaudible vocally. Townshend looked serene. Daltrey whimsically shook his golden "Shirely Temple" locks. His motion was perpetual. A huge bulge in his second-skin leather clingers tempted snide thoughts about seeing that sock fall out of his pants. Buried 'neath a thousand drums was Keith Moon, who in turn buried the music beneath all his heavy artillery. Entwistle stood dark and mysteriously motionless save for the minimal movement of his bass-occupied hands. He rounded the sound out with fat rhythmic patterns—exhibiting his prowess as one of rock's more inventive bassists. *Substitute* extended the barrage of sound to provide evidence for the theory: "You don't have to be good to be rock stars." Not that the Who isn't instrument-

ally competent, just that it wouldn't make any difference. In songs like this, one sound can barely be distinguished from another.

After Entwistle sang *My Wife*, gazes became fixed and the crowd's collective adrenalin rushed to the tension of Barbra O'Riley's first notes. Townshend's fierce rhythms sounded like several guitars. If such a thing as simultaneous lead/rhythm exists, Townshend's got it patented. All the while Daltrey is in another world screaming, swinging his mike, and strutting to and fro. His motions are all silly and boring by this time.

Next, *Squeeze Box*, a carelessly offensive treatise on the ins and outs of woman as sex object. It is the Who's latest single. A hard and fast rock beat assures that it is obviously not commercial enough to be a hit. But then, the Who's hits never made it because they were "Commercial."

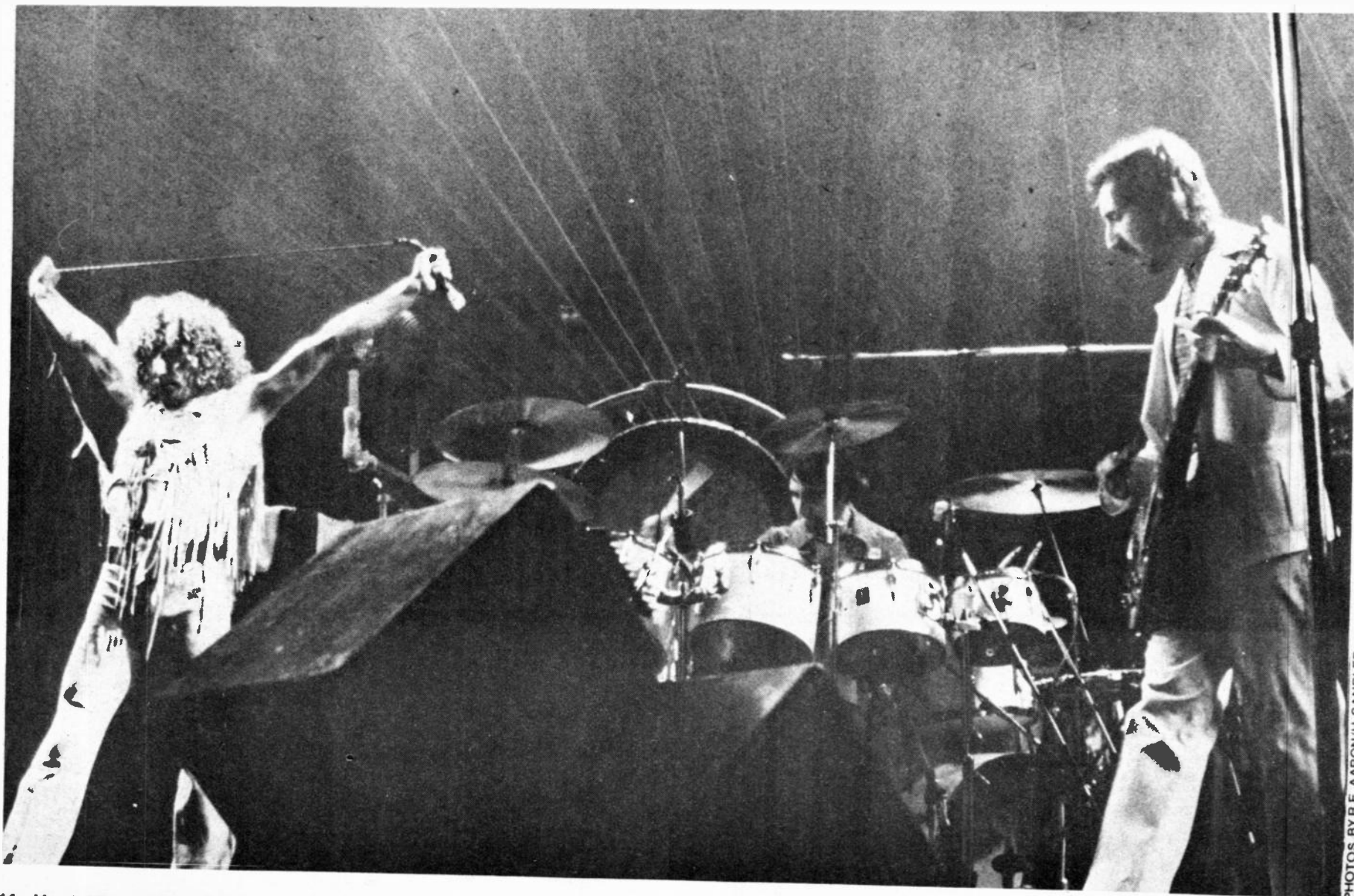
Behind Blue Eyes was followed by the raucous *Dreaming From The Waist*, another new one. Daltrey had yet to give testimony to his singing abilities—not that he'd be heard—and Townshend was beginning to look pained with his playing. His lack of enthusiasm was not counteracted by several half-hearted leaps into the air. It made me wonder if, after all these years, he still enjoys what he's doing. In concert and on stage his role has changed very little over the years. He'd probably be content just writing and recording. I had no way of knowing for sure, I could only assume from the impression given by his on-stage appearance.

Boris The Spider snapped back to the Who's lighter side, Entwistle growling and squealing, "Creepy, crawly, creepy, crawly." *Magic Bus* was fired with a Townshend tantrum as he shed his guitar, raised it above his head, smashed it and immediately slid on a new pair of strings.

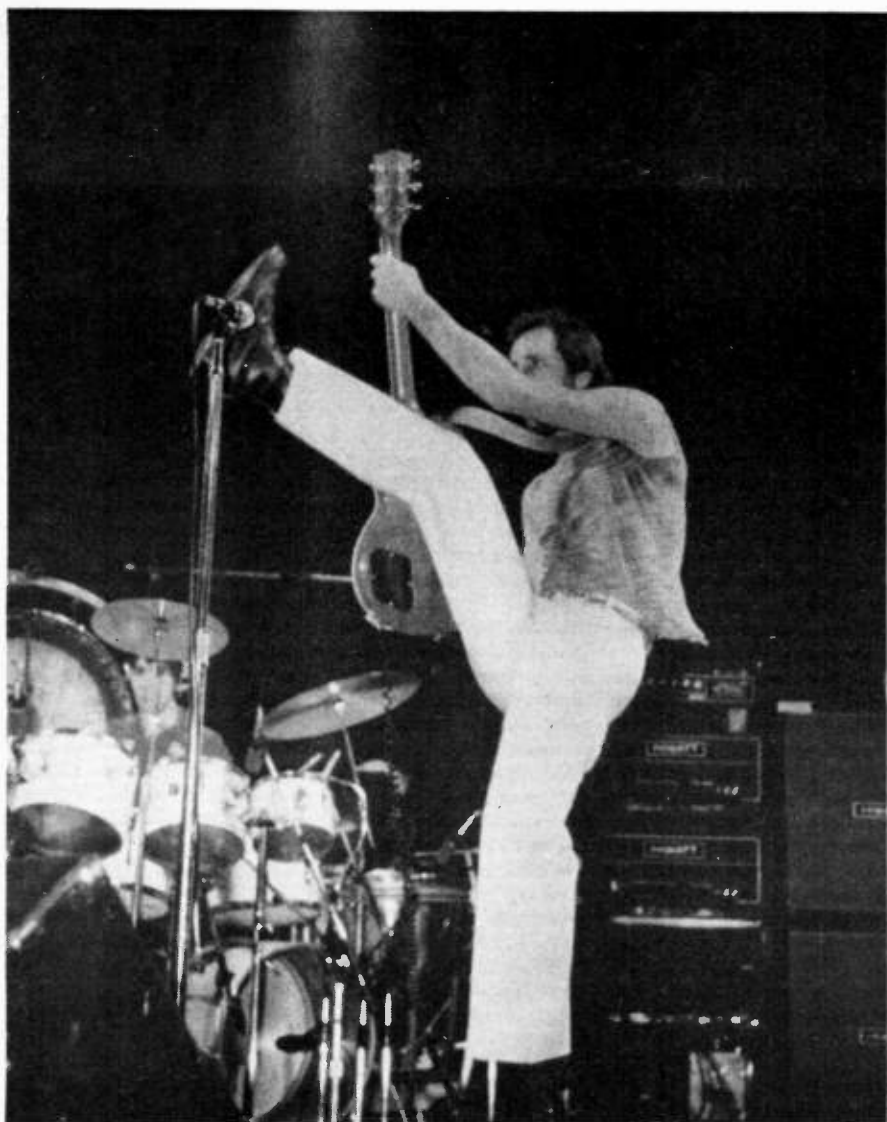
Tommy Again?

Upon recognizing instrumental excerpts from *Tommy*, the crowd stood in ovation. *Amazing Journey* was coated with succinct harmonies and threatening rhythms. *Acid Queen* saw our beloved "blond haired beauty" running in circles—big wheel style. Madman Moon followed with an awkward, off-key rendition of *Fiddle About*.

I'm Free, *Tommy's Holiday Camp*, and *We're Not Gonna Take It* followed in sequence. "I'm Free" was boldly fresh and at the command of Townshend's rhythmic momentum. *We're Not Gonna Take It* put Daltrey to a test he was finally able to pass. Clearly fragile, or tough and imposing, his voice was where it needed to be when it had to be there. During this number's last verses, pin-stripe rays of white, red, and green lazer crept from the stage to a point at the rear of the Spectrum's ceiling. Everyone stood, moved by its effect. Visuals tend to make the music sound better,



PHOTOS BY R. AARON/H. SANDLER



if only because they offer pleasant distractions.

The heat was on and *Summertime Blues* was fed the fuel of this fire. For the first and only time all night their music aimed and hit below the belt. It had been leading up to this, teasing more with violence than provocative lure. It brought exhilarating relief.

Finale

The ultimate optimistic conclusion would have been *My Generation*. Direct, unabashed, and brave, it must have been the closing number of their concerts, at one time. Now, *Won't Get Fooled Again* followed it, sounding like a warning of "take it from me" defeat. The energy of "Generation" was sapped by *Won't Get Fooled Again*. Was Townshend telling us he's giving up, or summoning us to prepare for the future? Maybe he wasn't saying anything—that's what I'm afraid of.

Effortlessly, the group feigned destruction of their equipment. I was always told that this would be the most moving moment at a Who concert, this time it didn't look real when Townshend smashed his guitar—he didn't look as if he meant it. He appeared tired, bored, or maybe just aware of the senselessness of it all.

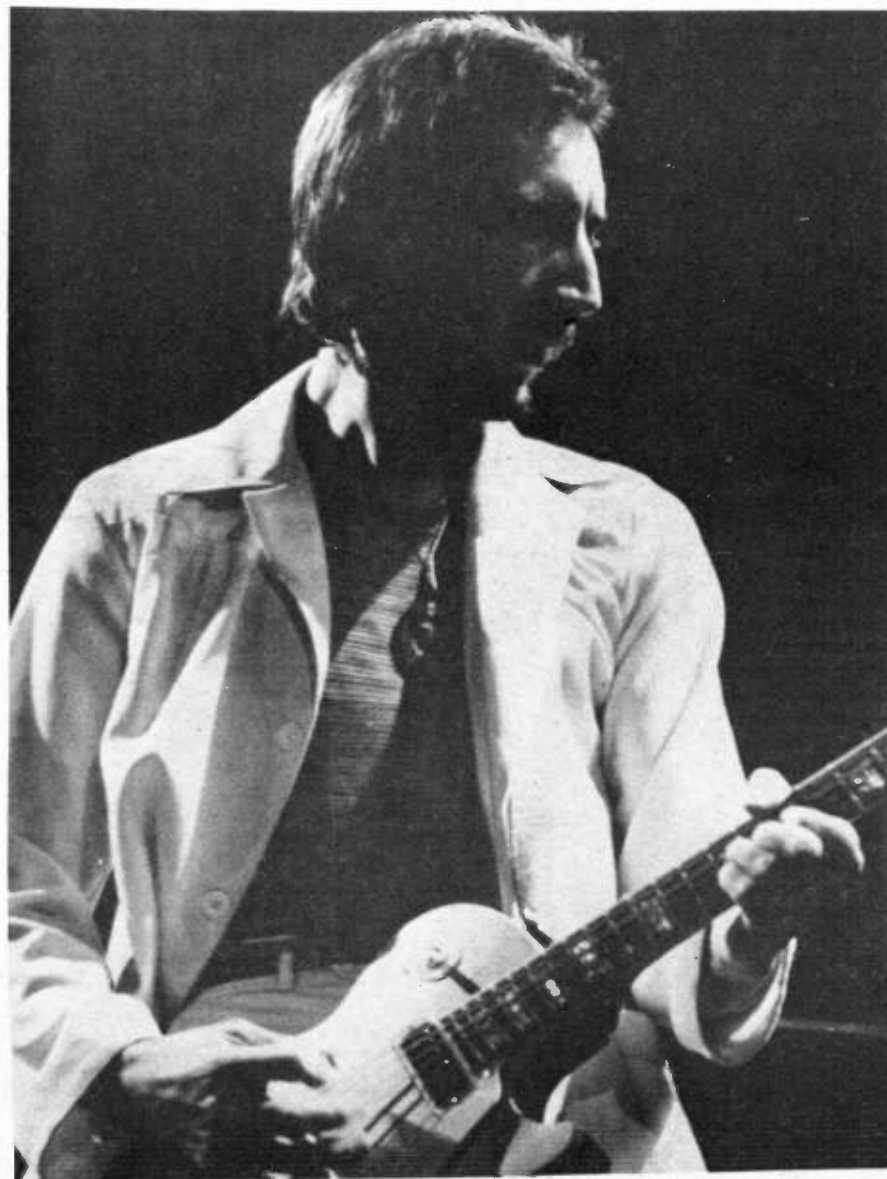
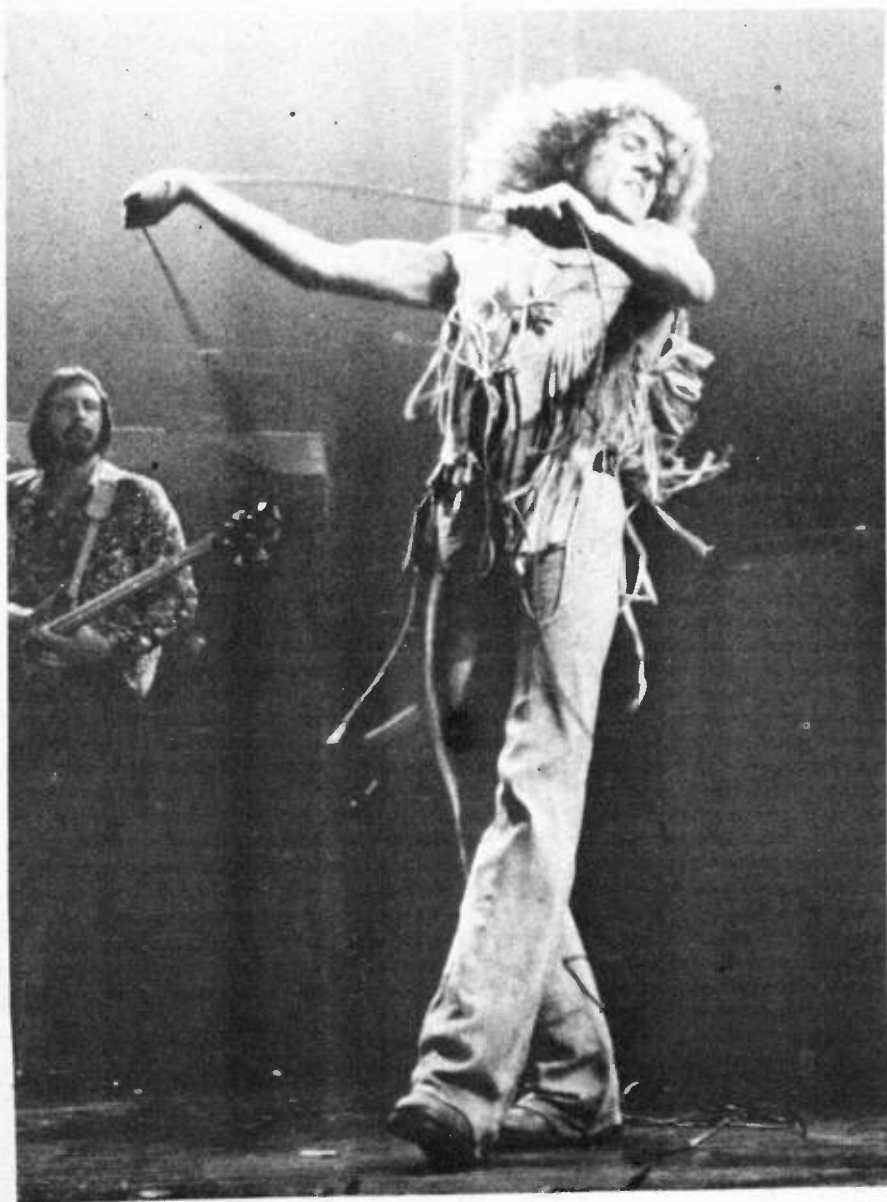
The question is no longer where have the Who been, but where are they now and where are they going? Despite a thoroughly invigorating performance, The Who aren't at their best. The energy is recycled. Their past holds more important landmarks than the present. Material from Townshend's most recent triumph, *Quadrophenia*, was conspicuously absent from the set, suggesting problems not of audience acceptance—there were numerous shouts for *Quad* songs—but of Townshend relating to his own work. He seems unsure of his direction. Since *Tommy* he's appeared to be confined to the task of re-producing a masterpiece that can't be outdone. This is a burden he's placed on himself and though *Quadrophenia* proved that he was capable of conceiving an equally inventive total work, he doesn't appear to be satisfied.

The Who By Numbers' complete departure from *Quadrophenia*'s ambitious reach suggests that Townshend's approach has shifted from competing with himself to a bold attempt not to compete with himself. It's doubtful that ideas will cease to develop within Townshend's intuitive grasp. When all his inhibitive trying is over perhaps he can get back to the business of making music for its own sake.

Daltrey is another case of self-centered drive—only his deals with pure ego. He seeks physical evidence of attention to compensate for his lack of contribution to the Who's music. The vehicle for this worship is an acting career. So far it's been effective in putting Daltrey's face upon movie screens and magazine covers, but this rock star-gone-Hollywood image is a sell-out. Daltrey looks too comfortable to feel his music. His stereotyped glamour detracts from the Who's stance of rugged individualism.

Whether or not Daltrey and Townshend are on friendly terms, it's unlikely that the Who's music can continue its traditions considering the diverse directions of the singer and his song. And, they just can't ride on the energetic visions of the past. If we learned from our mistakes—maybe—but we don't.

Once it was a daring "People try to put me down," now Townshend seems to have abandoned the fight. "Hope I die before I get old," is no longer relevant now that age has witnessed the predicted death of youth's energy and dreams. What's left to do but hope to get old before we die?...perhaps hope for strength enough to inspire some one new to pick up the pieces. Who's next?



PHOTOS BY REAARON/H. SANDLER

BETTY DAVIS

Is She Really A Nasty Gal or Just Nasty Reality?

by Frederick Douglas Murphy

Sexy songstress Betty Davis steps across the stage as though she has just slid out of the sack. Wearing a brief black negligee, fishnet stockings, flaming red high heels and lips to match, she struts, kicks, bumps and stoops to reveal the closest to a "beaver" shot this side of burlesque. Her projection is unmistakable. As the perspiration drips, the nightie clings, her thighs glisten and she crouches and groans, "I ain't nothin but a nasty gal/naw a hey hey." She emits raw, raunchy sex as she belts out her sassy lyrics, punctuating them with a long wet tongue that looks deadlier than a python's bite. "You said I was a bitch now," she challengingly slurs as the audience looks on in horror and glee. The title from her latest album sums it up; she is truly a *Nasty Gal* (Island Records) and that's no hype or gimmick, on stage or off. "Betty is Bitch of the Week," chuckles her ex-husband Miles Davis, "52 times a year. And she's got more talent and guts than any single bitch out there."

To say the least, Betty Davis' stage presence is overwhelming. Either you love her or hate her. There are no middle of the road emotions which is evident in the extensive press coverage she has received and comments from the public at large. She knows this and takes it all in stride. Some of her reviews have been scathing. Her response to one in particular, written by a black woman whose only positive comment was that Betty had a nice set of legs, is... "quote me on this—that chick really wants to fuck me and it's a shame because she couldn't handle any kind of sexual reality and that's what I'm all about." Betty feels that a lot of women come to see her "because they like to get into my lyrics and into me on an intellectual level." I wonder if she has really seen their expressions that reflect a bit more than something that is intellectually stimulating. And of course the men in the audience are either obsessed, leering or just plain disgusted, probably for a lot of reasons.

Giving Her All

Betty has her own ideas about what turns people on and off about her. She believes that her "reality" is what brings about the gut reaction. "Everybody has two sides. The side of me that people see on a creative level is the side that most people suppress and hide. I'm a very total person. Very few people strive for totality. The majority of us settle. We settle on social and business levels. When I am on stage I want to take all of my energy and totally focus it and give everything I've got to the audience. The less I wear on stage, the better I feel. If I have to stand up there in a long gown with feathers, I start feeling selfconscious about what I'm wearing. I have to give my whole 100%. If I have to worry about something, then you are only getting a fraction of what I can give you. Lets face it, whether you like me or not, I am going to do it to death because you paid your money to see me."

But the entire audience does not always pay just to see Betty and

she is aware of this too. She usually opens the show for the likes of B. B. King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, and Freddie King, who play to SRO audiences all over the world. A blues audience is as discriminating as a jazz audience. They are both aware of the social taboos that have stigmatized the music and musicians as well. They have a certain amount of respect if not appreciation for what Betty does because her "vehicle," as she refers to her act, has its own stigmas.

Firming Up Her Role

With the exception of possibly Tina Turner, most female singers have always projected a passive role on stage. Their attitude is 'come and take, I'm sexy.' On the other hand, Betty Davis has taken the active role with the attitude that she has as much right to take what she wants sexually as a man has. She demands rather than offers sex. She does not come on as a receptive person, making her body available to a man to fulfill his fantasies. She is going to fulfill his and hers. *He Was A Big Freak* is the title of one of her earlier records; "I used to beat him with my turquoise chain," she moans. "You have to get past that role-playing stuff of man and woman," she laments. "We are both human beings with the same needs."

The sexual aggressiveness that she projects has never been accepted socially or even as a part of "legitimate" entertainment before and she realizes this also. She's a maverick, yet she is compared to women who have definite categories. "I don't like to speak in terms of color, but why compare me to Patti Smith or Bonnie Raitt? Those women are white and have a nice big middle-class audience that relates to them on their own cultural level. Tina Turner is doing her thing but she does it with a certain aesthetic quality. Consequently, people can relate to her better than they can to me. By that I mean she has a routine; the hair movement, the back-up group choreography, the stage tightness, a slickness that the majority of black acts have always had. But with me, all of a sudden there I am, alone, and you have to deal with what's there. You don't have to imagine anything. I mean I am a woman and I do look the way I look. People aren't used to all of that totality coming at them all at once. What annoys me is that people, or I should say writers, never get past my vehicle and into my music. When they do, they are positive about me."

Betty's backup musicians are fantastic, a fact which is even more evident on the album. However, she is one of the strongest, most compelling visual performers of the seventies, like Labelle. In both cases, it's difficult to get beyond their "vehicles" to pay attention to the musicians. With Betty, you are constantly watching to see what she is going to do next. You listen for clues—which she dramatically acts out—all of which lie within her scorching lyrics. Her lines are readily assumed to be autobiographical, although she says she never writes subjectively, "but sometimes 25% of my material is some form of personal expression." One tune in particular from the album seems to express a bit of her philosophy. It's entitled *Dedicated To The Press* and some of it says: "...extra extra, do you

understand me/well if you don't don't reprimand me/well they say I stick out my tongue quite lecherously/well I really don't know what/they're talking about/I just can't seem to keep my tongue in my mouth/thats all folks/it ain't nothin but some music/it ain't nothin but some fun/and if I make you uptight/thats cause you don't know where/I'm coming from/and ain't nothin that heavy..."

And Then There's Miles

The sweetest tune on the album is *You And I*, a collaboration between Betty and Miles Davis but she swears it's not about either of them. "Lyrically I had started working on that song alone. At the time, Miles was trying to teach me how to play drums and the piano. He played something I just loved and the next thing I knew we had this song done in ten minutes. But it really isn't about him or me, so to speak. Creatively, Miles is really into what I am doing which is more of a security blanket than anything else. We get along better now than we did when we were married. I told him that I shouldn't have married him, that marriage was our downfall and we both laughed." According to Miles: "She wanted to be out there but she wanted to be out there without people saying she was my wife and riding off that." "When you have some body like Bobby Blue Bland and Miles coming at you and telling you to go ahead with what you are doing despite the odds, then you have to sit up and listen," says Betty. "But its going to be hard 'and I realize it because it hasn't been easy yet."

Betty's convictions don't make her life any easier as an artist. But she is determined to succeed, despite the obvious ambiguities. "Right now I'm in a sort of creative limbo. I'm pushed into a position which is not what I consider making a substantial living. I have always been quite





PHOTO BY PETER LERMAN

self-sufficient. Right now I am working totally within the realm of what I'm doing creatively and my living still has to be made. Yes, I am suffering financially but I'll get over it." She is not making a great deal of money because she is just not commercial enough for the general public on stage or on records. Naturally she wants to make money but she refuses to. . . "sell out and put strings to my music, wear a gown and all of that commercial shit which to me would be like trying to polish up what Bessie Smith stood for." — "If she had on the wrong shoes, wrong dress and wore a big wig, the press would probably rave about her," says Miles. "Nobody is going to say she is just a downright sexy bitch."

It is almost impossible to work in New York City without a hit record and this bothers Betty: "I am going to have to make that commercial hit record. I want to be a producer in this business and they are trying their damndest not to let me or any other female do this. If I don't cut a hit record, none of the stuff that I have done will be valid unless I die first. They are not going to kill me like they did Billie Holiday just because she was ahead of her time."

Ironically, Betty Davis is totally accepted by the same kind of audiences that initially believed in Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith. These are the inner-city southern blacks throughout Maryland, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, New Jersey, and the Carolinas. This audience is her hole card. "My music is raw and unsophisticated. I call it 'progressive blues.' Consequently, a lot of Bourgeois blacks and middle-class whites find me offensive. I can understand it because the blues to us is like drinking water. We grew up on it and many of us grew away from it for various reasons. So we really don't respect B.B. King or the others like we should. I work in predominantly black areas. They really come out to see me. You can't bullshit blacks about what I'm doing. If there wasn't any validity to me, they would be the first one not to support me. If I was just another pretty face, they wouldn't come. You know what happens to black girls that are just pretty. They don't get past amateur night at the Apollo. Sirens go off the audience yells and they are yanked off the stage. So it's more than my looks."

Precocious And Talented

Betty Davis has never had a low profile. When she was eight years old, she wrote a song called *The Cake Of Love* which wasn't exactly typical of little eight year old girls on the farm in North Carolina. Instead of the traditional gospel background, she was weened on B.B. King, Jimmy Reed, Elmore James and a host of unknown blues artists. At age 16 she was living in New York City, managing her own club on Manhattan's upper west side. The night spot was a gift from a sugar daddy. She never got too far from her writing urges. She wrote *Uptown To Harlem* when she was about 20 which became a very big hit single for the Chambers Brothers. During this time she also attended

Fashion Institute of Technology to study clothing design and was hired to model instead. She appeared in *Seventeen*, *Glamour* and *Ebony* magazines, as well as on posters and billboards. Shortly thereafter she met Miles Davis who married her and brought her into the recording studio.

Betty sang on five sides that were cut with Herbie Hancock, John McLaughlin, and Billy Cobham, while Wayne Shorter wrote the charts. It didn't work. She had to do her thing on her own terms. "I just did not want to get lost in the shadow of Miles' reputation," she recalls. She also turned down Eric Clapton's offer to produce her. After the Miles Davis marriage ended, Betty was news in practically every rock and movie magazine, romantically linked with Santana's drummer, Jimi Hendrix, members of Sly's group and countless other rock heavies of the late sixties. "My grandmother reads all of that stuff and it makes me laugh. I never knew Sly that well but some of his people played on my first album, as well as some of Santana's original group, the Pointer Sisters, Buddy Miles and others. Jimi and I were just platonic friends," she adds with an expression that mocks 'cross my heart and hope to die'. "And if I was going to be any-body's groupie, you can bet your ass it would have been Jimi's."

Success?

The real question is, can she survive and make it. Or will it take her death, forty years, and the flash of a seventies nostalgia fad to establish her in the eyes of the public. "She will," says Miles, "if she stays away from those negative reviews and concentrates. It's the same old story. White people can't write about niggers and some niggers can't either. People will catch up to her. Fuck the reviews. I stopped reading mine years ago and I still get SRO and the negative rap."

Whether she is a vanguard of a new era or just a flash in the pan remains to be seen. In the meanwhile she is definitely a switch from the over abundance of predictable female artists.



Alice in Tahoe

by Cynthia Spector

LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA—It should have been a celebration. It could have been an historic event, but somehow through a series of incredible "gaffes" and glorious gaucheries, Alice Cooper's opening in a casino—billed as the 'first rock attraction to open in a Nevada casino' (does no one remember a skinny Elvis?)—had a lot less going for it than met the ear.

Coop Goes Legit

The invitations—a xombination of Art Deco and American-International—had gone out, and a strange thing suddenly became evident. Those of us who had covered Coop for years were not invited. In the "rock makes strange bedfellows" syndrome; the foreign press, the gay press, the "underground" press, and even—for this occasion only—the Village Voice, were all left home, as the incessant assimilation of Alice Cooper into the "mainstream" was continued. We weren't invited; but the publishers of the trade papers, the syndicated columnists, and the "celebrities" were. It was obvious that we had lost Alice. He doesn't want front covers of rock mags anymore, it's those Las Vegas columnists who will be covering the "Grand Guignol" of rock now, and the head ghoul was saying "Goodbye."

However, the rock people assigned to cover this event are all old hands at crashing "backstage off-limits" signs, and in the early days of the counter-culture press, you weren't considered worthy of your hire if you couldn't beg, borrow or steal your way into everything. One representative of each neglected group was challenged to get there, and ever one of us made it. There were some mumbles of us being really invited at a later time. But for now it was "con" time.

The post private airplane (owned by Bobby Sherman, late of the teen covers) Starship was hired as a winged chariot for the representative media people, and as count-down time approached, it suddenly became easier for everyone to bring guests. The reason: the first in the series of miscalculations. The Starship was scheduled to fly (at \$5,000 per hour) at almost the same time Frank Sinatra was to begin his 60th birthday party, and being a syndicated columnist, you knew where you should be in case "Ol' Blue Eyes" called, and it certainly wasn't on the Starship.

The Journey North

The Starship lifted off with three working journalists, Flo Eddie, Dick Clark, Jimmy Webb, an Academy Award-nominated actor (who remains nameless because he proved to have the best dope on the plane) and two dogs. (The dogs at least were celebrities; the beagle who barked



on *Billion Dollar Babies* and has her own Grammy for it; and Won-Ton-Ton, the *Dog Who Saved Hollywood*, soon to be seen in the picture of the same name.) I don't count myself in the journalist category, I was hiding out as one step removed from a stowaway, posing as the wife of an unmarried journalist friend. Fortunately, no one recognized me 'till the plane was airborne. I get the distinct impression my rear end would have been airborne if we hadn't been at 30,000 feet. However, the Alice people have always been known for their graciousness, and they can usually appreciate a little hustling, so after a little initial stiffness everything was fine.

Arrival at the hotel was a phantasmagorical flash. The rest of the uninvited journalists (including the Voice's intrepid R. Meizer) were standing in the lobby, expecting to be taken care of. The eyes of the old lechers customarily at the baccarat tables were turned day-glo red by the sight of all those 12 year old groupies running about. It looked like a sleazy junior high convention. The help, never too happy in Tahoe, was downright surly. The reason for their surliness became apparent instantly. As one bellhop said, "none of us have had a tip all day or all night". Children don't tip.

Changing The Vegas Audience?

The point of this whole booking by Gary Naseef was to see if young adults could be brought into casinos to gamble. The older star on the Vegas circuit just don't draw the way they once did. In fact, a current evening in Vegas showed a stellar lineup with not one of the stars having a current record contract, and it was time to see and do something new. The constant rumors of the Rolling Stones playing the Grand Hotel were dusted off again, and it was felt that "Alice in Tahoe," on a pre-ski season weekend when there wasn't much happening, would be a great test. Naseef had great success with Blood, Sweat & Tears earlier, and thought this show would really do it. Time for Gaffe no. 2: Anyone who has attended a concert given by Alice Cooper in the past two years or so would be able to tell you that Alice's audience has gotten

progressively younger, and since you can't use the gaming tables till you are 21, Naseef has a problem.

Alice Gets Serious...

At the stroke of midnight however, the Sahara Tahoe turned into a pumpkin and Alice Cooper came on stage with *Welcome To My Nightmare*. Vincent Price was there to narrate live, and it seemed for a while that Alice was there to perform—dead. The exuberant humor and sexiness that made this whow so entertaining seemed to be mission. The raunch seemed to have disappeared with Alice's ghouliness. The blazing guitar duel was not included, and everything seemed a bit glossy. Even the beautiful *Only Women Bleed* number seemed a bit more tender than usual. (There proved to be a reason for this. Cindy Lang, Alice's longtime ladyfriend has been replaced by the lady who dances with Alice in the "bleed" number. Her name is Cheryl and she, like Vince Fournier aka Alice, is a minister's child.) Alice only came to life in the white tie and tails number. The kids, however, loved it. The top was \$15.00 per person and there was more 7-Up served in that casino than ever before.

The evening finally ended with a party, beautifully put together, but it seemed no one knew each other. Alice back-up band wandered about and finally withdrew to the black-jack tables, which at three in the morning, usually the biggest time for "real" gamblers, were empty of any but Alice's people and the few journalists who had money. Needless to say, the help got even surlier.

"Cleaned Out" In Tahoe

The final chapter of this story is the biggest gaffe of all and utterly incomprehensible to anyone who has watched the "Alice Cooper" business machine. One day, several years ago on a broiling hot outdoor concert day in Rockingham, N.C., Shep Gordon (Alice's manager) and I found ourselves in the promoter's office. I was checking the attendance figures for a story and Shep was right behind me. Finally I asked why, and he told me his group never went on 'till he had personally counted the gate and had every dime his group earned up front. Since this particular festival involved a percentage of the gate, this had to be checked too before he told Alice to put his costume on. Finally approving the count, he got up and said, "We'll be on stage in 15 minutes". The point of this past anecdote is put simple, Alice was not paid for his Sahara engagement. He got "stiffed" just like the help. Gary Naseef, it is strongly rumored, took Alice's money and paid it off on a long-standing debt to Three Dog Night. Indeed, a night of rock history, or The Night Alice Went To The Dogs.



PHOTOS BY R. ARON/H. SANDLER

Pioneer's new High Polymer Molecular transducer technology will alter the course of high fidelity.

There's a significant new development in high fidelity that is destined to play a vital role in sound reproduction. It is intimately tied in with the piezoelectric principle.

The piezoelectric effect deals with certain crystal devices that flex when voltages are applied to them. Now, Pioneer has discovered a totally new application of the piezoelectric effect by applying the principle to ultra-thin aluminum coated high polymer film.

By employing this film as a low-mass diaphragm and applying audio signal voltages, the material expands and contracts uniformly generating acoustic energy. For the first time it becomes possible to transform electrical energy to an accurate acoustical equivalent. Such thin-film diaphragms properly mounted are capable of reproducing all music frequencies by means of an incredible "breathing" effect. The ramifications of this unique refinement of the piezoelectric principle are far reaching. Consider such immediate applications as microphones, cartridges, speaker systems and headphones — in fact, any type of electromechanical transducer requiring resonance-free performance.

There have been many attempts to create sound using diaphragm motion. For example, electrostatic speakers and headphones. But in contrast to the electrostatic principle, the new application of the High Polymer Molecular principle as discovered and perfected by Pioneer, requires no dangerous, high polarizing voltages.

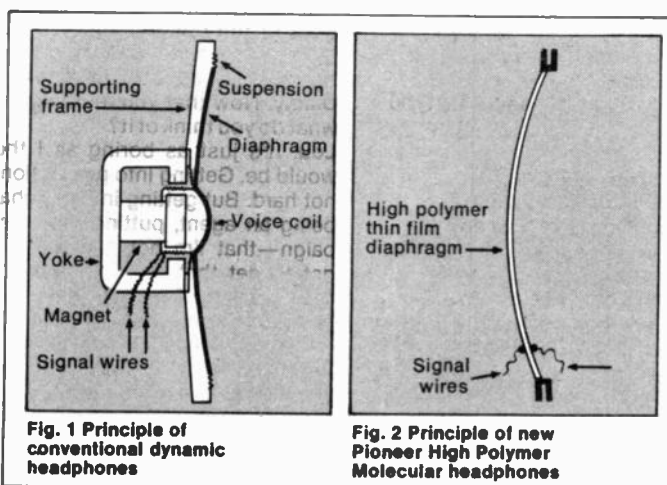


Fig. 1 Principle of conventional dynamic headphones

Fig. 2 Principle of new Pioneer High Polymer Molecular headphones

The first totally new concept in headphones in over a decade.

Pioneer has successfully incorporated the High Polymer Molecular transducer principle in two new headphones that are unlike any others. Conventionally designed headphones use moving coils, miniature loudspeaker elements and other mechanical parts — as shown in Figure 1 — all of which come between you and your music. Pioneer's new SE-700 and SE-500 headphones don't. They employ a single thin-film high polymer piezoelectric diaphragm that reproduces sound directly, as shown in Figure 2. Only the diaphragm moves air — and moves it accurately, in exact conformance with the electrical signal applied directly to it. The accurate, low-distortion signals available from any standard headphone jack on your receiver or amplifier are directly translated to equally precise, low-distortion sound by the action of the high polymer film diaphragm. Nothing, absolutely nothing comes

between you and the original sound.

Even though you may now own a pair of headphones, you owe it to yourself to hear these new piezoelectric high polymer transducer headphones. In fact, compare them with other types. You'll find a lower level of distortion-free sound than has ever been achieved — even at unprecedented volume levels. The experience of listening with these new

Pioneer headphones is a revelation. In addition, the open-back design, light weight and soft, snug fitting earpieces permit hours of comfortable, private listening. You'll come away from your Pioneer dealer thoroughly convinced that Pioneer has altered the course of high fidelity.

SE-700, under \$80*; SE-500, under \$50*. Both come with a 9 3/4 foot connecting cable, standard phone plug and storage case.

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STEREO REVIEW

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A Conversation With Lou Reed

by Danny Fields

Lou Reed—musician, composer, lyricist and historical figure had just completed recording his latest RCA album, *"Coney Island Baby,"* when this interview took place. The setting was Lou's apartment on New York's fashionable Upper East Side.

Danny: Are you rich?

Lou: Are you serious?

Danny: People think you're rich.

Danny: If you were, would things be different.

Lou: Immeasurably. But I've always thought rich, because I was brought up rich. I don't have any conception of money—that's why I'm so easy to rip off. Danny: What about being rich in your own right, as opposed to inheriting it?

Lou: It's all the same, because I'll end up rich anyway no matter what. There are all these companies. Danny: You're fighting your way out of a very complex legal situation with your former managers and producers, aren't you?

Lou: I don't see it as fighting. It's all just business. It depends on how shrewd you are, and if you're able to really spot what's happening. Anyhow, the music business is not the big interest in my life.

Danny: What is?

Lou: I'm tired of records. Movies, television, advertising—particularly advertising, I'm really interested in that.

Danny: What would you like to do in advertising?

Lou: Commercials, the whole thing—packaging, filming, scoring, jingles. Because that removes you from it entirely, and I don't have to express any so-called opinions. People always confuse me with the songs, but if I'm writing about *Ajax*, there's no way. And business is really out of this whole interesting thing. If there's anything I've gotten out of this whole wretched trip, it's that the most fascinating people are the heads of things, the "suit and tie people", that's what I'm really interested in.

Danny: What do you find so fascinating about them?

Lou: I want to know what they do with all that power. They decided very early to play according to the rules, and got the same haircut as everybody else, and you don't ever know what they really look like, they just change according to whatever is going on. I don't think there's that much to think about except playing games. Getting popular is a game, and it was definitely the time for me to get involved or to get lost.

Danny: What was the time?

Lou: What went down now. I was ready to walk away from it all.

Danny: What was the time?

Lou: Oh, just out of music.

Danny: And taken up crafts?

Lou: I'm really good at selling myself, I think. Once you get used to the idea of being a product, and you get through with the nonsense of expressing yourself, you realize that you just don't automatically get played, and customers don't just automatically order your record, and you're not automatically fascinating. You're not just there to play your music and to pay attention to nothing else. You've got to understand what the media are about, and what you're doing, and if you don't understand that, you should get out. There's a responsibility when you accept money from a record company not to just putz around. It's business. How could you not know it's business? Take a big business?

Danny: What do you mean? That it's a big business, or that you're a big business?

Lou: It's a big business, and I'm a big business within that business. People would say to me, "You gotta remember, you're Lou Reed." And I'd try to remember who the fuck Lou Reed was, and which one they were talking about. Different people know different ones.

Danny: If you left the music business now, what would you look back on as your proudest moment in it?

Lou: Getting out.

Danny: Before getting out.

Lou: That would have been it—to have been smart enough to get the fuck out of there.

Danny: Let me put it another way. What would your artistic legacy be if you were squashed to death by a truck tomorrow morning?

Lou: All of it was fabulous.

Danny: Don't you love any particular thing? What if the time capsule could only hold one thing?

Lou: All of it. I can listen to any one thing, and I know exactly what was going on, and why I did it. They're all bullshit—except for *"Metal Machine Music."* That was my supreme act. If I left a legacy, that would be it. That contains all my feelings for the whole music industry and everything connected with it. I love that fucking thing, I don't give a shit what they say. How do you like my new apartment?

Danny: It's beautiful.

Lou: Yeah, it's great, but I can't make any noise. They've already called.

Danny: What kind of noise can't you make?

Lou: Oh, the record player, the guitar. I don't have any carpets yet, and the guy's ceiling underneath must be a horror what with the great bass response on these speakers. I've been looking into soundproofing, but what soundproofing does is to keep noise out rather than to keep it in. So I wouldn't hear anything from outside, but outside they'd still hear me loud and clear.

Danny: What kind of schedule do you keep?

Lou: Night.

Danny: When do you get up?

Lou: It depends if I went to sleep.

Danny: You don't have a 24 hour day.

Lou: Sometimes.

Danny: Do you have a seven-day week?

Lou: I have a 13-day week sometimes, or a one-day week. Sometimes I do have a 7-day week, but I can't remember when the last one was.

Danny: What music have you been listening to lately?

Lou: I love Neil Young's new album.

Danny: What else?

Lou: Rory Gallagher, Ted Nugent, Aerosmith.

Danny: Do you think Ted Nugent is one of the great guitarists of the world?

Lou: Absolutely. He's got every cliché and standard riff that everybody uses all in a row, and he doesn't make any bones about it. It reminds me of psychedelia in 1968. You want any of this stuff?

Danny: What is it?

Lou: Advocaat—it's a Dutch liqueur.

Danny: It looks like kaopectate.

Lou: It's very interesting stuff.

Danny: It tastes like eggnog!

Lou: It's a very special kind—it's fabulous.

Danny: It smells good too.

Lou: You know, if I had not been able to extricate myself from this legal situation and get into the studio, it really would have been a defeat, and it would have bothered me tremendously when all was said and done to have gone down so ignominiously.

Danny: This is delicious.

Lou: Isn't it great? \$4.99.

Danny: What's the proof?

Lou: It's very low proof, but it really does it to you. And if you throw a little Scotch in it, it's really devastating.

Danny: You were saying?

Lou: Oh, it would have really been ignominious to have been ripped off like that, beached like a whale. But instead I did what I had to do and wanted to do.

Danny: What was that?

Lou: To make a great rock and roll record—*"Coney Island Baby."*

Danny: What do you want to do after that?

Lou: I'd like to make another great rock and roll record, of course. I thought *"Metal Machine Music"* was a great rock and roll record, even though that's not the kind of thing I'd want to do every week, or that I think people would want to listen to it that often either. Very few people want to listen to it at all. The main thing I like is just doing nice little songs, playing with the board.

Danny: Do you find you're being more responsible lately?

Lou: I've kind of dodged that forever, because of my background, I suppose. Like not to have anything to do with the business end—and that's how I set myself up for rip offs. "I just wanna play my guitar and you take care of everything."

You're giving somebody so much power and so much access to things, and you're totally satisfied just to drift around. That had to stop—so I put an end to it, and the bottom line became *me*. I was responsible for all the decisions. People have to come to me for an answer, and



PHOTO BY R.E. AARON/H. SANDLER

I have to approve things. I was having a lot of fun doing it the other way, but it was becoming sort of grim towards the end, so I had to take control.

Danny: Now that you're doing that stuff, what do you think of it?

Lou: It's just as boring as I thought it would be. Getting into production—that's not hard. But getting into merchandising, being an agent, putting together a campaign—that I'm not capable of, so I've got to get that covered. Because that's the one thing I haven't done—get really popular. For the benefit of all, including the public, because they've only gotten dribs and drabs. As long as they're interested and they've been shelling out money anyway, they might as well get a better product.

You know what's funny? When *"Sally Can't Dance"* became popular, it was incredible. I could barely stay away through that session. The most wretched album I've ever been associated with, and it went Top Ten. It wasn't reviewed by Rolling Stone, it didn't have a hit single. I thought, "This is fantastic, the worse I am the more it sells—if I just wasn't on the record at all the next time around, it would probably go number one." I don't think they even needed me. I wasn't being petulant, but it's like I constructed a *Lou Reed* and anybody could kind of fill out that things, and put a voice on it and call it mine. And since they destroyed the songs along the way, anybody could write it. I was imitating me. So many other people were imitating me, and so was I. They really didn't need to have me around, I thought. So then I put out *"Metal Machine Music,"* which didn't have me on it vocally, anyway.

Danny: And they missed you.

Lou: Yeah, they missed me. Especially when they saw there was no money coming in, they really missed me. I was so hurt, and what I was going through was making me so crazy, and I was just waiting for some great Lou Reed fan or Velvet fan or anything to say, "You poor thing, stop quivering like that, look what it's doing to your nerves, your looks are awful, you've got bags under your eyes, you need some soup and some sleep. I'm taking you to Arizona to get you away from all these bad people. Look what New York is doing to you." And it didn't happen. All that happened was that there I was, making a record again, and I really didn't know what kind of record I was supposed to make, or even why, outside of the fact that I was paying off Saks and American Express.

Danny: So what was the reason?

Lou: They said I could do anything I wanted in the studio. They gave me a lot of money and all those toys and no supervision. They left me alone, and I'm stricter with myself than anybody else could possibly be with me. People think I have a lunatic approach, but it's much more close to the "vest and conservative" than they realize. And that's how I made *"Coney Island Baby."*

Danny: Do you ever miss the people who are gone?

Lou: I don't miss them, I just felt said when they went, the way you feel when somebody dies. It's like everytime I got back from Europe, I expected to be told that X died or Y died, and when I'd call them and hear a recording saying, "This phone has been disconnected," and I know they hadn't moved, I'd just assume

"Ah, well..." Then I'd be surprised, I'd be walking down the street and somebody would yell at me, and it would be somebody I thought was dead, only it turns out they're alive! Like, I gained three people within the last month—out of ten dead, three turned out to be actually alive.

But the other night I was down at the Locale, and I heard that this person Kirk had died. Someone pushed him out a window, and he broke his neck and died. See, Kirk looked like a chick, but he liked chicks, so he would dress up as a Lesbian. He was really good, you'd meet him and you'd think, "What an act this one has!" He looked just like a dyke. If you ever said that somebody looked like a dyke, you'd have to pick Kirk. He didn't make it as a fag, he didn't make it straight, he didn't make it as a chick, but he was a great dyke, and he'd come on to chicks that way. I always wondered what would happen when they found out. Anyway, someone pushed him off the eighth floor.

Danny: Probably someone who found out. Have you heard from Nico?

Lou: No.

Danny: Me neither. But I read about her all the time in European rock magazines. She's very big in Spain.

Lou: Me too.

Danny: Do you think there are people now like there were then?

Lou: No, or if there are, they're so well hidden that I can't find them.

Danny: Why did people seem more fabulous then?

Lou: Oh, because it was a very strange time, unlike any other, in which a lot of different technological things were happening, and a lot of different sociological things were happening. It was an incredible period of flux, and there was a great openness and mobility, and people of different stratas really had access to each other. There were no class boundaries or financial boundaries. In a short amount of time, everybody was meeting. For whatever reason, there was a breakdown of the barriers which have since been put up again. There's no place to get together, there's no factory, there aren't those great changes going on in music and film. You know, it's over.

It happened and it's over, and now it's just chugging along, going wherever it's going, but that period of change when everything was breaking down and reforming is over. There were all these people who were fabulous, and one of the reasons they were fabulous is that they were in public, and you just had access to all these incredible people. And now you don't. The people may be just as fabulous, but you don't get a chance to know them.

Danny: Do you regret the passing of that?

Lou: Yes and no. I don't think I could take it again. Once was definitely enough. I think anybody who missed it really missed something, but I'm sure there will be more fabulous times.

Danny: Look, here's a whole issue of *Vibraciones* devoted to you. You are big in Spain.

Lou: If only I could read Spanish.

Danny: It's not hard to find people in New York who know Spanish.

Lou: That you'd let into your apartment?

Danny: Well, you could do it in a restaurant.

Lou: I have a cassette translation of it. I had RCA translate it, and they put it on a cassette for me. It says I used to sleep in Central Park in the winter, and wake up after a trip and find dead negroes on the ground next to me, frozen stiff. They're so serious in Europe. They put everything on such a level of pomposity. Danny: Can I look around? Oh, your kitchen has a window.

Lou: Isn't that nice?

Danny: It's really nice when kitchens have windows, and especially bathrooms. This is the cutest apartment.

Lou: Yeah, look at the bedroom. This is an antique Chinese trunk—Rachel says they saw me coming. It says in the lease I have to have 80% of this place carpeted. Danny: It really does?

Lou: Oh, they're very fussy. They don't bother telling me who's downstairs, but they're fussy about carpets.

Danny: They didn't announce me, and I know I looked a little sinister. (Doorbell rings) Here's someone else they didn't announce. I bet it's not Betty Ford.

Lou: Don't be so sure.

The Emerging Songwriters

by Lynn Kellermann

It's been speculated that with the onslaught of instrumental music and the abandonment of "individual" performance, the singer/songwriter era has had its day. Despite this theory, many of our finest writers today are surfacing as performers and recording artists. At mid-decade, this is perhaps a predictable circumstance to find ourselves in. With pure rock & roll boring itself out of the mainstream, we've established a sort of "anything goes" attitude, and with such a loosely structured definition, can experience a variety of musical forms, en masse.

Among many writers addressing themselves to this musical freedom are: Eric Kaz, a well-respected Woodstockian writer with an illustrious record of sensitive songs, among them *Love Has No Pride*; Joel Zoss, an author turned songwriter with a passionate spirituality about him and a gift for haunting, contemplative melodies; and Chris Smither, a Boston-based musician, who, like Kaz and Zoss has written extensively for Bonnie Raitt and other prominent female performers. They all reflect the many layers of American life in their lyric, and thus, their music is timeless.

Kaz, Zoss and Smither have all had their share of reckoning with the public, recording albums that quickly faded into the endless stacks of forgotten records, as well as suffering the dead-end drudgery of the club circuit. During the late 60s, they, like many writers, became frustrated working behind closed doors, locked

out of the limelight, over-shadowed by their interpreters. The vicarious pleasure they drew from hearing other artists popularize their creations slowly diminished.

Some succeeded at playing the dual role of performer/songwriter at the end of the last decade; artists like Joni Mitchell, Tim Buckley, Jackson Browne, all of whom had a tremendous ability for words as well as a knack for delivery. Still, others made the shift too late, lost in the scuffle of the exploding rock scene. They were quickly rejected by the newly-drugged generation.

After making awkward attempts in the studio, wading through various bands, most of them short-lived, they fell short in their search for a satisfying alternative to pure composition and their desire to document their work.

Now they ask us to recognize them once more. Both Eric and Chris are going back in the studios soon, and Joel has just recently released his first LP on Arista Records.

Whether recording and performing will work for these writers is questionable, based primarily on what their aspirations are. If they ask for superstardom, the odds are very much against them, as only a tiny percentage of the over-crowded category of singer/songwriters have achieved that. After speaking with all three writers, I found their observations on the industry and their musical motivations were quite interesting and surprisingly varied. They all have one important thing in common—the desire to be the weavers as well as the wearers of their music.

JOEL ZOSS

Joel Zoss is a product of a somewhat rootless upbringing, manifested in his incredibly diverse melodic and lyrical themes. Spending most of his summers on Martha's Vineyard, he became friendly with James Taylor during his Flying Machine days, and performed with him often. Zoss still spends a good deal of time there. "I sleep in tents in the spring and summer, wherever I happen to be, but in the winter I need a house with a fire, someplace where I can have solace from the cold."

Zoss's musical themes never suffer from sameness. His biblical imagery in *Too Long At The Fair*, *Bend Down Low* and *The End Of My Road* and his universal love lament in songs like *Sara's Song*, *I Waited For You*, and *I Gave My Love A Candle* cover a wide expanse of emotions. Zoss's authenticity can be greatly attributed to his years spent traveling through North Africa and Spain. "I didn't write anything while I was abroad, but I drew my inspiration from the stars and the primitive existence around me. I held it all inside me until I came back here. Then it all began to flow."

Zoss considers himself a prose writer as well as a composer of song. His material, which he calls "fantastic fiction," has appeared in a journal called "New Worlds," and a new piece entitled "Chronical" is soon to be published by Jonathan Cape in England.

Like a character from Hawthorne, Zoss accepts his own mortal destiny, but its imminence never leads him down the road of lyrical despair. He gambles constantly with life's paradoxes, sucking the juice out of each experience before it escapes his grasp. The final sentencing holds no doom for him, rather salvation. Believing in no one god, he grapples with the bodiless forces that control our lives.

The essence of a romantic, Zoss envisions a blessed end for all of us, yet selfishly seeks to understand life's finality:

The end of my road it shines like diamonds
And it's so hard to see
I just can't keep from crying
tell me how long can it be

In Zoss's *The 41st* he preaches that our own acknowledged fate will alleviate frustration and life's imperfections, and that our apocalyptic journey is not far off:

We're gonna walk on the river of glory
We're gonna sing in the firey storm
Come on people listen to my story
The prince of light has yet to come

"Religion is promiscuous," Zoss told me. "I don't kneel to any god that charges money. That way you know it's a sham. The religious imagery in my songs represents different things to everybody, I guess. To some my 'prince of light' is Jehovah, or Jesus. Whatever purpose it serves is O.K. It comes to me from an all-encompassing source. I believe I'm only a vehicle through which energy passes."

"We're all blessed," Zoss whispers as he walks on stage. Opening the set with a transliteration of a North African folksong, Zoss introduces his gimbri, a 3-stringed moroccan lute, one of many primitive instruments in his collection. When asked about the hidden meaning behind his introductory statement, he answered: "I believe everyone has a great, untapped potential. We can all write great songs. It's just a matter of being in the right place at the right time for the spirit to surround us. I think *Charlie's Friends* (Zoss's most captivating tune on his new record) was meant to be written by Dylan. Somehow it passed through him to me when I was standing in the kitchen one day. Songs are entities, they belong to no one."

Running Mouth A Chinese man in the
Commodore Hotel
We was singing and dancing the night the
city fell
I rode all night from Mexico my eyes they
feel the sun
Horses kicking dust behind me tell me
what I've done



PHOTO BY JACK BESHEARS

At first, Zoss appears to be uncomfortable on stage, monotonic in his song delivery, redundant in his imperatibility. Yet with further study, it becomes clear that Zoss performs as if he's in a spiritual trance of some kind. Raising his hands to his face between instrumental breaks, he stands almost transfixed, perhaps seeking some sort of revitalization from his intimate cosmic contacts. On one level then, it is a beautiful monotony, one submerged in intense concentration, although on a superficial level, it deadens the many colors that exist in his melodies. "I have different voices in my head, facets of myself I've yet to reveal. It sometimes happens on stage. I've seen miracles performed. I step into past lives with my instruments and my voice."

There is a mystical darkness in Zoss. The quality of his voice becomes secondary to the message beneath the sound. Completely at peace with himself, this is sometimes disconcerting to the listener. Transforming his strangely familiar folksongs into eerie, philosophical meditations on life, he plays the part of a psychic musical medium, through which ghosts of past, present and future express themselves. The outward reticence in his performance stems from an inward sense of communion

with the supernatural.

Zoss's first album, produced by his friends and co-musicians, John Seigler and Ralph Shuckett, was recorded under somewhat taxing circumstances. Joel had been suffering from an infected cheekbone, making it quite painful to sing. Immediately after the album's completion, Zoss spent a month recovering in the hospital. "I'm glad it's all over. And I'm looking forward to trying it again under better circumstances. The studio is so awesome at first. I was fortunate to have so much backing, especially Clive (Davis) who took a lot of chances signing me on and letting my friends produce." With John Hall on guitar, Dave Sanborn on drums, it's an admirable first attempt.

"I don't want to become an idol and I know that's unreal anyway. I'm doing this for myself. There's a tightrope between artistry and integrity I don't want to walk. It gets too sticky."

Zoss has an interesting attitude toward the interpreters of his songs. "I love listening to how others hear my songs. We all have a different oral consciousness. My way of doing it isn't the end-all, it's only the start of an endless flow of words and phrasing."

ERIC KAZ



Eric Kaz, is one of the most prolific ballad writers of the decade. In the late 60s he performed with and wrote for The Blues Magoos and Happy and Artie Traum. Back in the early 70s he recorded two albums on Atlantic, *If You're Lonely* and *Cul-de-Sac*. Some of the many back-up performers appearing on his records were Bonnie Raitt, Deodato, Tracey Nelson and Jim Keltner on drums.

"I met Bonnie when she was doing *Give It Up* in Woodstock. She wanted to use my song, *Love Has No Pride*, for one of the cuts and I thought it was made for her. I guess she did too!"

"It was fashionable to be a singer/songwriter in the early 70s," Eric explained. I think I was kind of forced into the whole record-making hype. My goal has always been to make enough money to write songs, for the sheer love of it, nothing else."

"I've always found it difficult to interact with other musicians in the studio and performance. I've gone through my share of bands. Most of them were pretty inconsistent with my karma. Besides that, I find musicians are generally fuss-pots, too temperamental to be sane."

Nevertheless, Eric is in love with the studio and the challenge it invokes. He feels he's learned enough from past mistakes to try again. "I really enjoy watching a tune develop to fruition. I don't do it for the end-product—to sell, but only for the immediate pleasure." Eric's latest venture is a band called "American Flyer," includ-

ing Craig Fuller (former singer for Pure Prairie League), Steve Katz (an original Blood, Sweat & Tears member) and Doug Yule (former guitarist for Velvet Underground). The band plans to go to L.A. in early spring to collaborate their efforts on record.

"I feel I disappointed the record companies last time around. Everyone worked so hard and I was miserable. I couldn't cut it. I felt the records suffered too much of me; it was too tilted and heavy. This new band is pretty equalized though, and I'm getting into some more light, uptempo stuff."

Eric is aware that much of what he writes is derived from a woman's perspective. He believes it's easier to perceive love in retrospect from the woman's angle. "Whatever my fantasy or my imagination is, becomes the same as a woman might feel. There's something gutsy in a woman, something universal, maybe the fact that she's not afraid to express pain."

Why is love so prevalent in Kaz's themes? "It's a combination of things I guess. I've always had some misguided notion that rock songs had to be about love and only love. I guess it's not true. More important than that, love defines the human condition. We're all helpless, and you have more insight into sad things. With all the hell you experience you feel better in the long run."

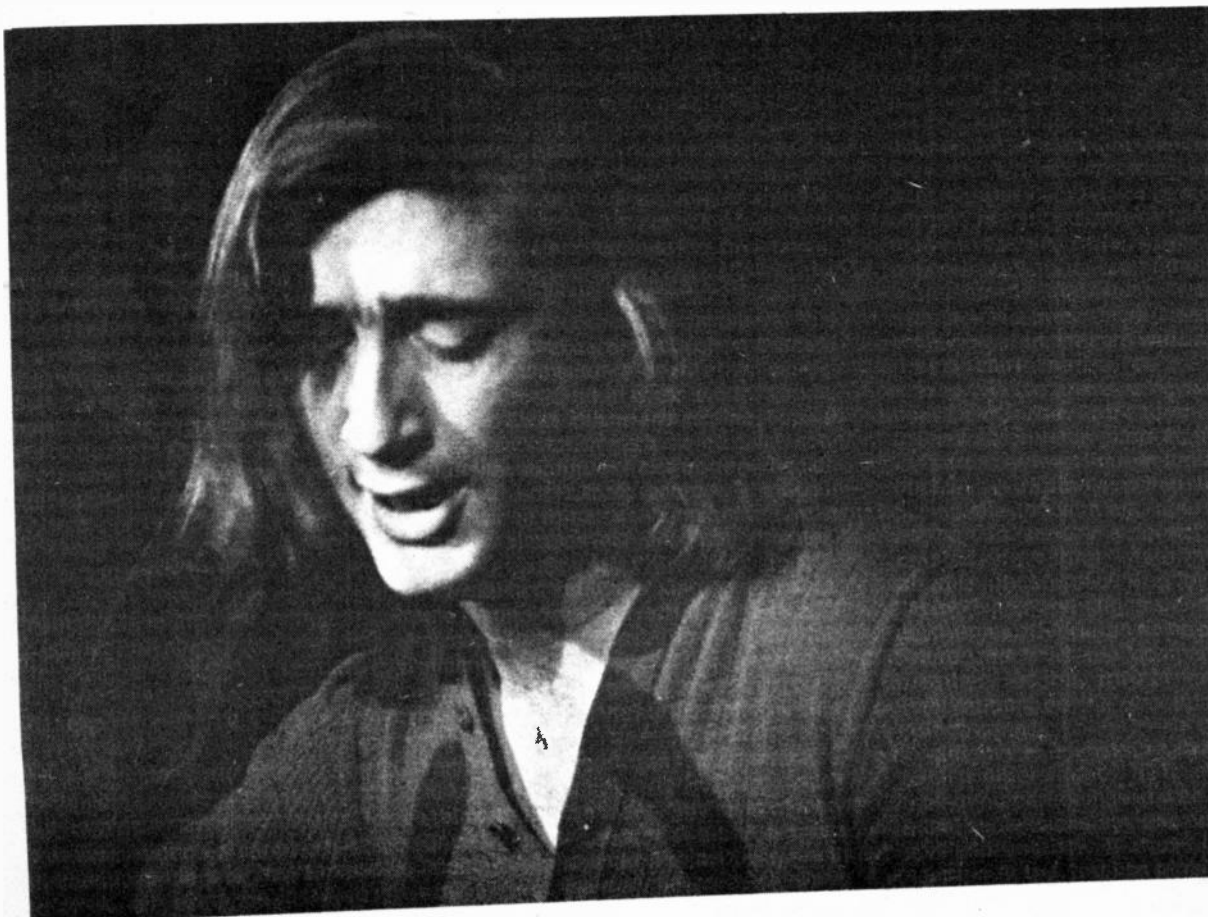
Blowin' Away, a tune recorded by Bonnie Raitt on her last record, *Home Plate*, was written specifically with Bonnie in mind. "She was always complaining about

how she's been charmed and bought out by all these record company chumps. She never had time to get her shit together on the road and lost her inner resources."

I've been romanced and dined and danced
Crazy nights and wild times
But life has lost its mystery
And love is blind and cannot find me

Eric lives a somewhat reclusive existence in Woodstock. He feels it's a necessary life-style, if he wants to maintain continuity in his work. "I rarely sleep, I don't want to get stale or lose my matter. I've often given in, gone to bed and woke up empty." Keeping mainly to himself, Eric takes an occasional break with a game of pinball, a drink in a neighborhood tavern, or by simply screaming his brains out in the privacy of his home.

Realistic about the transience of the record business, Eric is numb from disillusionment and wants no part of the often disastrous success syndrome. "Musical stardom is so illusive. I hate to see people disappointed and losing their individuality under all the band blandness. You're literally idolized one day, and gone the next. Who wants to cope with that nonsense? Sly Stone said we're all stars no matter what we do. It's safer to be a songwriter. You can sit in the audience and get off on seeing something productive done with your material. Most of all you're safe from ridicule. No one shoots a songwriter!"



CHRIS SMITHERS

Growing up in New Orleans, Chris Smithers settled in the Northeast about 10 years ago, with little southern musical influence to speak of. He's always considered himself a pure folk-singer.

5 years ago Chris recorded an LP on the now-defunct Poppy label called *I'm A Stranger Too*. When Poppy switched from RCA to United Artists a year later, Chris released another LP, *Don't It Drag On*. His third record, *Honey-Suckle Dog*, is yet to be released. "That was over two years ago and it's still in the can," Chris explained. "There wasn't enough financial backing to release it. U.A. had a cut-off line on artist releases and I was at the bottom of the barrel."

"Being in the studio is like taking a final exam. I know how well I've scored, according to how many gigs I get in the process. Usually it works well for me. Performance is my main concern, so it's important that I advertise myself on records."

Unlike Kaz and Zoss, Chris is very self-assured on stage, and finds it more pleasurable than any other aspect of his music. "I've always managed to survive playing the club circuit and that's all I care about. I never grow tired of showing my stuff on stage, as long as I keep the material flowing and my repertoire changing. I've never considered myself primarily a songwriter, although I'm constantly at it. You can't get away with doing second-hand material anymore."

"Writing songs in my mind is like rolling a tire down a street with no planned direction. All you can do is run along side it and hope to keep up. Like a tire, the song eventually leads you to the right place."

PHOTO BY STEVEN WEITZMAN

GEORGE CARLIN

by Cynthia Spector

The German philosopher Immanuel Kant said in the 1700s, "Incongruity is the basis of all humor" — Late in 1975, George Carlin says much the same thing. Ripping the filter off his cigarette and looking as T-shirted, but somehow older than he does on television, he says the main basis of humor is, "a break in the normal order of events."

Nowhere is incongruity more represented than in Carlin himself. Now the best-selling, and as a fast look at the charts points out, the most successful practitioner of what can only be called the comedy of "smoke and coke," Carlin himself has quit everything totally, and in fact hasn't had a toke for over six months. "The reasons for it, my quitting are really deeply personal, so I just can't go into them, just say it had to do with my family, but now, it's as if I don't need anything any more. I've found my life such a paradise that I don't need or want anything, but what's there. First, it was marijuana that opened me up, then it was coke, and now, it's just nothing at all. But I really needed to open my eyes to myself. Maybe, I could have done it by myself ultimately, but I really think all those things were an aid to being able to reach where I am now."

Where Carlin is now is—the only comic on the album lists. He can pick and choose whatever engagements appeal to him. "I turn down a lot more than I take. I enjoy doing those college shows, and it seems to be the same people who liked me when I wore the suits, and the new people, and little old ladies with blue hair who sit in the front rows and laugh at all my "Bodily Function" jokes after they make a face first, or course."

On his new album Carlin says that "anything we all do and no one talks about is funny." Under this heading are the bodily function jokes he uses to such great effect in live concerts and on records. Criticism of this phase of his humor doesn't bother Carlin. "It's not sophomoric. Everything I do is carefully placed and thought out. It's sophomoric to think it's offensive." Carlin realizes that it does turn some people off, and has recently been soft-pedaling that aspect of his comedy, getting into semantics and a more gentle type of fun.

This new softening may be related to Carlin's newest career goal. Yes, after all this time and all those offers he's turned down, he'd like to try another weekly series. On his terms, of course. A pop of a beer can later, he says, "Yes, I think now I could do it. Things have changed a great deal since I was on and my hosting of NBC's 'Saturday Night' showed the medium has grown up a great deal. I didn't think they'd let me do my 'God Is Not Perfect' routine, they did. And guess who the first call was from? Cardinal Cooke, of all people, congratulating me. I don't think that would have happened before. I think the only problem series TV has for me as well as anyone else is the way it eats up writers and since I do a lot of my own, it's tremendously hard on me. The only way I would or could do it, is if they agreed to hire outside writers, sort of contributing people. This way, no one would get burned out so fast, and we'd always be fresh. This all is up in the air at the minute, you understand."

Carlin describes himself as one who's open to the things that surprise and delight, "I like contemplating the silliness," he says. His *Class Clown* album is based on truth. George, says of his younger days, "I was always the observer in life, a mimic and a loner. And I think being a loner is what makes people into critics of the life around them." Born in New York City in what he describes as a "comfortable lower middle class background", he managed to survive and joined the Army in Louisiana, where he also worked as a disc jockey. A fellow D.J. on the station was Jack Burns, currently of Burns and Schreiber, then of Carlin and Burns. The comedy team formed, then they headed to L.A. Two years of radio, coffee shops, touring and pushing followed. They finally decided to go it alone, and Carlin's solo exposure on television led to a lucrative contract for Las Vegas showrooms. It didn't take long for Carlin to become angry and frustrated. "All those moronic conventioners, laughing and talking and drinking

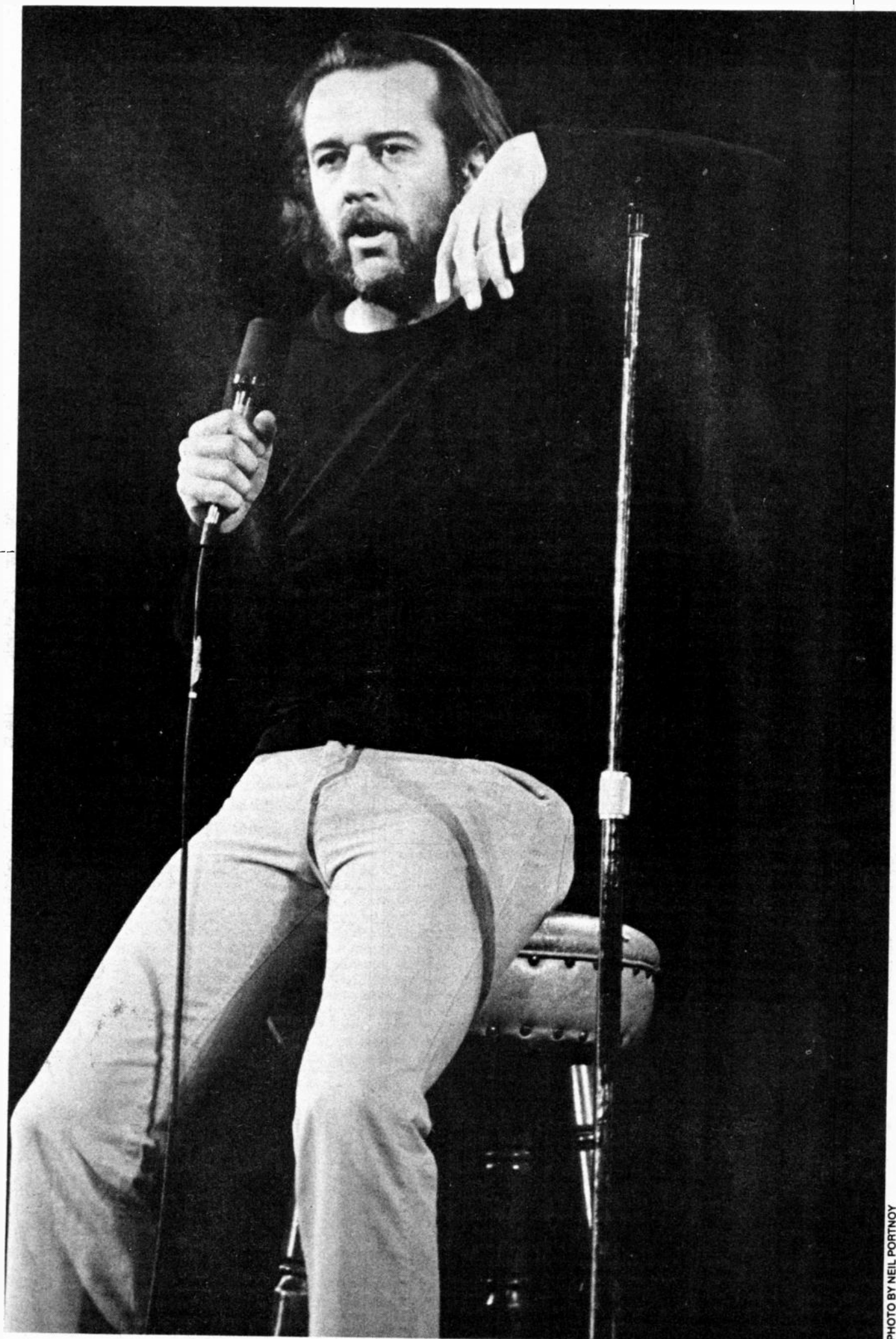


PHOTO BY NEIL PORTNOY

and eating. I just couldn't hack it any more. Standing up there in a dumb tuxedo, trying to entertain those morons. Finally, I told them off from the stage, walked out and haven't been back since. Oh, they've asked me, but all they get is a straight 'no'." He walked out of that night at the Frontier, came home and told Brenda, his wife, "never again." He was going back to where he belonged.

"Brenda has always been most supportive of me, but that night she got just a little nervous. I told her why, and how I had to get in touch with the real me again. I was always a rapper, a coffee-house comic, and here I was being this plastic dummy in a tuxedo, she said she understood, and we've hardly ever discussed it since. That's something people don't know about, much. I don't like to have pictures of our house and our kids

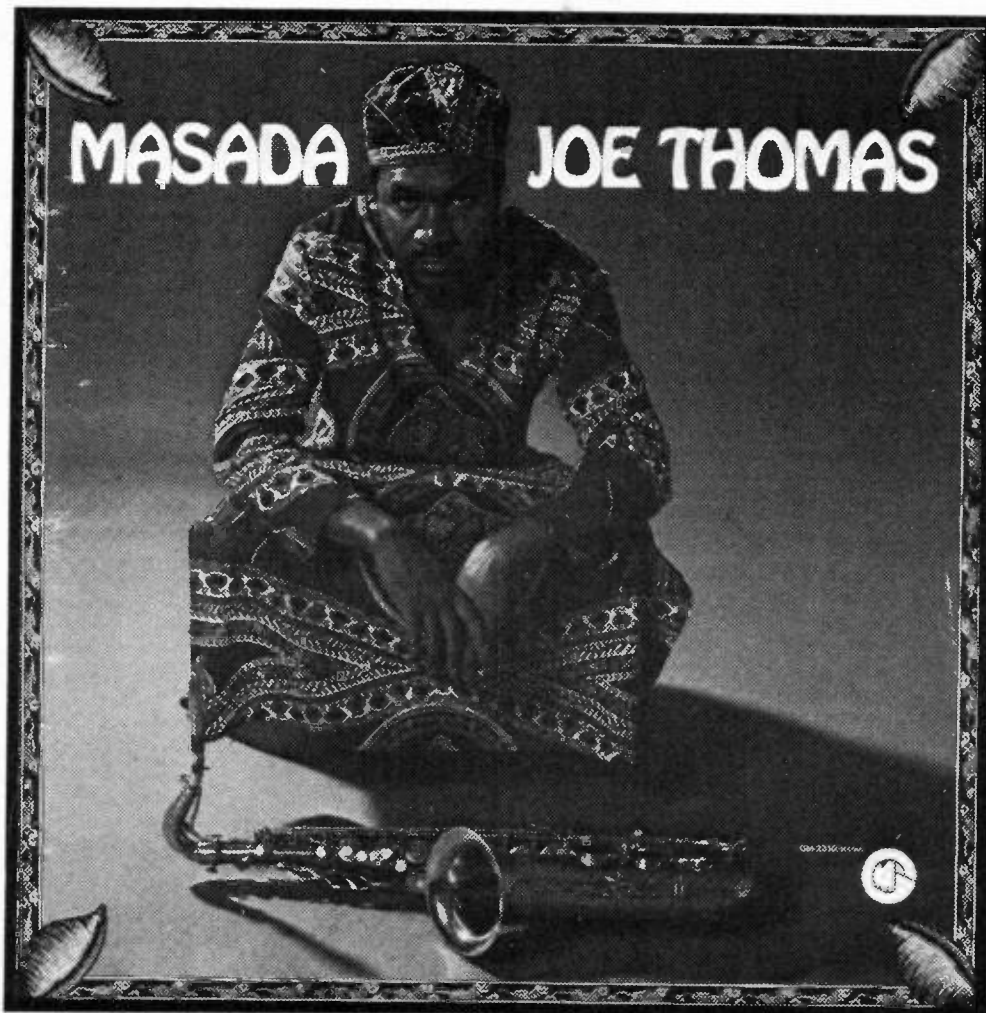
published, there's a lot of nuts around, you know, but my family is the most important thing in my life and Brenda has been with me every inch of the way."

For the future, it's getting all those notes he writes on the backs of things into some semblance of order so he can fulfill the book contracts he has. "The sheer discipline of writing is hard for me. I have boxes of things with notes to myself on them. Some of my favorite mail is from English professors who use my 'words' segments as classroom exercises. Now, I have to be really on my toes with those segments. Professors are listening to me. On my break, I'll have to listen to all those tapes with notes on them, and see what I was talking about, I sit around in airports waiting for planes and try to write, but all I have now is bits and pieces. I'll tie it together, though."

Carlin would also really—along with comedy and writing—like to act. He has a vision of himself as a "Sam Peckinpah" Western character actor, and his face has grown into it. This, despite an earlier movie, "With Six, You Get Eggo!", in which he found he was incapable of walking down a stair, drinking a cup of coffee, thinking and talking simultaneously. "I was in a panic through that whole movie. And just as I thought I had it together, they would print what I would think was my worst take."

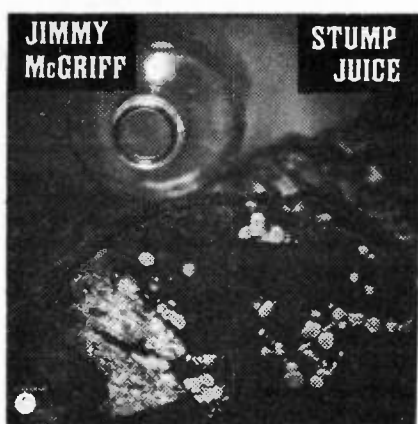
One of the books Carlin is planning is advice to young comics, while he is using all his tips himself, he does have one sentence that he feels sums up the whole matter. Carlin on being a comic—"The main attributes of a comic should be energy, curiosity and innocence." Not a bad definition of George Carlin.

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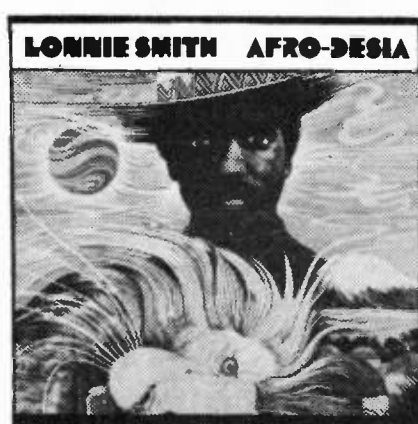


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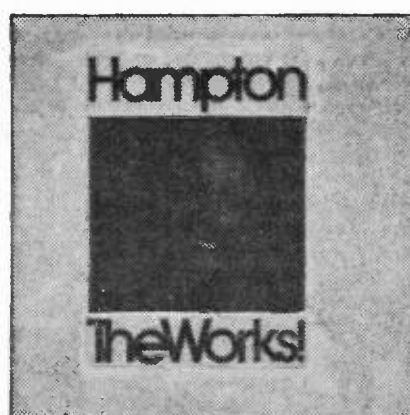


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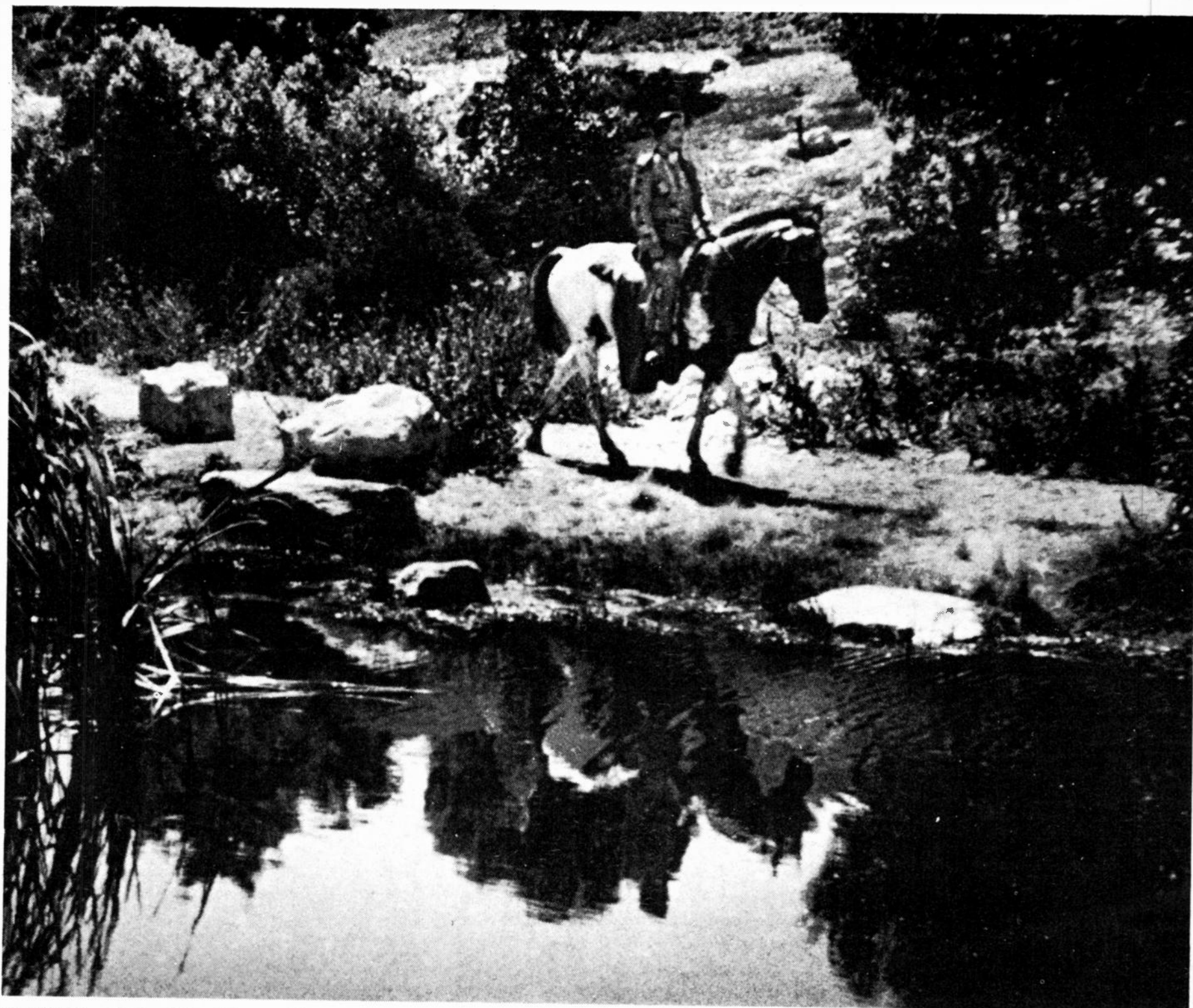
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THE GREAT COMPROMISE

by John Prine

I knew a girl who was almost a lady
She had a way with all the men in her life
Every inch of her blossomed in beauty
And she was born on the fourth of July
Well she lived in an aluminum house trailer
And she worked in a juke box saloon
And she spent all the money I give her
Just to see the old man in the moon

Chorus:

I used to sleep at the foot of Old Glory
And awake in the dawn's early light
But much to my surprise
When I opened my eyes
I was a victim of a great compromise
Well we'd go out on Saturday evenings
To the drive-in on Route 41
And it was there that I first suspected
That she was doin' what she'd already done
She said "Johnny won't you get me some popcorn"
And she knew I had to walk pretty far
And as soon as I passed through the moonlight
She hopped into a foreign sports car

(Repeat chorus)

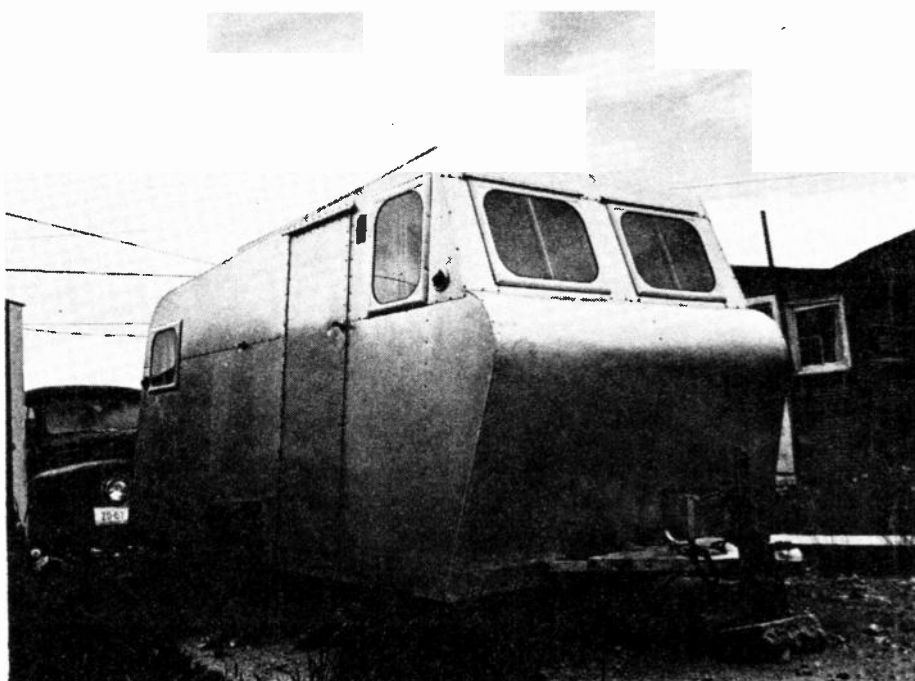
Well you know I could have beat up that fellow
But it was her that had hopped into his car
Many times I'd fought to protect her
But this time she was goin' too far
Now some folks they call me a coward
'Cause I left her at the drive-in that night
But I'd druther have names thrown at me
Than to fight for a thing that ain't right

(Repeat chorus)

Now she writes all the fellows love letters
Saying "Greetings, come and see me real soon"
And they go and line up in the barroom
And spend the night in that sick woman's room
But sometimes I get awful lonesome
And I wish she was my girl instead
But she won't let me live with her
And she makes me live in my head

(Repeat chorus)

John Prine © 1972 by Cotillion Music, Inc. Used by permission.



PHOTOS BY JOPHES VASTA





The Now Religions Set the Stage for Armageddon

by Allan Earle

"Death to the weakly, wealth to the strong..." decrees Black Pope Anton LaVey in his *Satanic Bible*.

This is the professed credo of a growing number of violent counterculture religions that have attracted literally millions of followers within the last decade. These religions were started in the '60s by self-acclaimed prophets of God Almighty and are flourishing in the '70s at an alarming rate.

Now, in our Bi-Centennial year, we are no longer "One nation under God." America is polytheistic, worshiping many gods. Although it is encouraging that the religion power structure is being decentralized, there are doctrines inherent in each of these "macho" religions that instills in you the fear of their particular brand of God.

"Hate your enemies with a whole heart," wrote LaVey, who is purportedly inspired by the "King of Hell," "and if a man smite you on one cheek, SMASH him on the other!; smite him hip and thigh, for self-preservation is the highest law! Give blow for blow," continued LaVey, a former carnival organ grinder, "scorn for scorn, doom for doom with compound interest liberally added thereonto. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, aye four-fold, a hundred-fold.

Church Of Satan

These are laws within the Satanic Church of San Francisco, which started as an intellectual forum, dedicated to the investigation and application of the Black Arts. It has since expanded into an international philosophical movement of the first magnitude. Their doctrine viciously attacks the Christian ethic: "I dip my forefinger in the watery blood of your impotent mad redeemer, and write over his thorn-torn brow: The TRUE prince of evil—king of the slaves!... I gaze into the glassy eye of your fearsome Jehovah, and pluck him by the beard; I uplift a broad-axe, and split open his worm-eaten skull!"

These may seem like innocuous ravings. Unfortunately, LaVey's influence has manifest itself at least in one former member, the infamous Susan Atkins. She left the church to join Charles Manson's Family and became chief executioner in the Family slayings, after which she would taste the blood of victims she had just savagely stabbed to death.

Her psychiatrist, during the Manson trials, testified that "she entered into what she now calls her Satanic period when she became involved with Anton LaVey."

Manson's Family was another cult religion not unlike the variety of other violent religious groups that started about the same time. In fact, there is reason to believe that the Family is a splinter group of The Process which in turn is a splinter group of Scientology. All three continue to expand.

Manson, The Process & The Long Way Down

The Process launched a major recruiting drive in Los Angeles in May and June of 1969 in the area where Manson resided at the time. Both Manson and The Process preached an imminent, violent Armageddon, in which all but the chosen few would be destroyed. Both founded this on predictions in the *Book of Revelation*. Both believed that the motorcycle gangs, such as the Hell's Angels, would be the shock troops to their side. The three gods of the universe according to The Process, were Jehovah, Lucifer, and Satan, with Christ as the ultimate unifier who reconciles all three. Manson had a simpler duality; he was known to his followers as both Satan and Christ, a not unusual belief, except in their interpretation of it. According to a Process pamphlet: "Through Love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and come together for the End: Christ to Judge, Satan to execute the Judgement." When Christ returned this time, Manson reportedly said, it would be the Romans, i.e. the establishment, who went up on the cross.

One former Process member, being interrogated by the Los Angeles Police Department in connection with two motorcycle gang slayings (neither of which was connected with The Process), said of the cult, "They don't like anybody they can't indoctrinate or anybody that is not with them. They are just totally against what they call the 'grey forces,' the rich establishment or Negroes?"

According to Vincent Bugliosi, Manson's prosecutor and author of *Helter Skelter*, the actual interrogation went something like this:

Q. "Why don't they like Negroes?"

A. "I don't know. They just don't."

Q. "They have a natural hate for the Negro?"

A. "They have a natural hate, but they would also like to use the Negro as a whole to begin some kind of

militant thing... They are really good at picking out angry people."

Allegedly Manson's motive for sending his clan to kill was to start a race war by blaming the murders on the Black Panthers. Manson was to eventually assume leadership. Still, the unanswered question is how did Manson get such a stronghold on his followers that they would murder strangers at Manson's request, even though he did participate. They killed for the same reason that others have killed in the bloodiest wars in the history of humankind, in the name of God. Theocracy, rule by religion, has always been a Ruler's greatest weapon to control the masses. In the name of God no request is ever too great, not even genocide—i.e., in the battle of Jericho, from the *Old Testament*, every man woman and child was murdered in the name of Jehovah for no aggressive act on their part.

The proverbial aphorism, "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," can best be applied to religion. There is no power so complete as that of a religious leader over his followers. Manson was manipulated by this power and in turn he made his followers commit butchery. This is a lesson prospective members and leaders of counterculture religions should not take lightly. Manson first became indoctrinated in the "now religion" while still in jail. Scientologists have an evangelistic program called Narconon. Members are allowed to enter prisons to lead religious services. Through these sessions Manson became "clear" or an "operating Thaten" which is the highest level a Scientologist can achieve.

Clear?

Another Scientologist to become "clear" was Robert DeGrimston. DeGrimston, referred to as the "Oracle" or "God" by followers, founded The Process after reaching a prominent position at Scientology headquarters in Sussex, England. This is where L. Ron Hubbard resides, when he's not floating around the Mediterranean in his gigantic yacht.

Hubbard, former pulp science-fiction writer, created Scientology in the mid '50s with a best seller he wrote called *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. Since then Scientology has expanded to 19 churches and 90 missions in this country, with 300 active clergymen and 6 million members, growing at a rate of 400 percent annually.

Scientology seems no less violent than the others. For example, Hubbard issued a *Fair Game Law* in 1967 declaring that people found in a "condition of enemy"... may be deprived of property or injured by a Scientologist without discipline of the Scientologist... may be tricked, sued or lied to or destroyed."

Auditing process R2-45 is another example of their violent tendencies. Readily accessible Scientology literature states that "R2-45 is an enormously effective process for exteriorization, but its use is frowned upon by society at this time."

An article in *Maclean's*, Canada's largest magazine, on Scientology suggests that R2-45 is "shooting the patient in the brain with a 45-calibre pistol." On a Canadian radio show in Vancouver B.C., a cornered Scientology public relations man allegedly offered this explanation: "R2-45 is not an auditing process. It is simply a name given in jest by Mr. Hubbard in his writings. If a person is killed he'll leave the body... R2-45 is someone being killed and leaving the body."

Muffled...

That this is currently being practiced has not been proven. Yet Scientology at one point became an international outlaw in such countries as England, Australia and New Zealand, after a thorough investigation was conducted. To curb these findings from being spread by the news media, Hubbard chose to attack the press. In his words, "the defense for anything is untenable. The only way to defend is to attack."

Although freedom of the press is obviously stifled in the process, Hubbard asserts, "We do not want Scientology to be reported in the press anywhere but on the religion page of newspapers. It is destructive of word of mouth to permit public press to express their biased and badly reported sensationalism. Therefore we should be alert to sue for slander at the slightest chance so as to discourage the public press mentioning Scientology." Scientologists claim they have filed \$75 million worth of suits.

Not only do publications which talk down Scientology get tied up in the courts, but Scientologists go so far as

to attack book stores and libraries for carrying such books as a *Scandal of Scientology*, *Mind Benders*, *Masters of the Occult* and *Scientology: The Now Religion*. None of these books can be obtained in New York libraries. They've all been stolen. Even the publishers won't give you a copy. Paulette Cooper, author of *The Scandal of Scientology* told *Gig* that "Scientologists have worked out a deal with my publisher whereby he agreed never to release a copy of my book to anyone."

If Scientology hadn't already grown to such an enormous size, they'd save themselves a lot of trouble and bad press by changing their name and feigning dissolution as so many other counterculture religions have, including The Process and Bo and Peep, the UFO cult that went underground with their flock last October after drawing the attention of every major news publication in the U.S.

Alpha And Omega

But even more representative of the hundreds of religious sects that have been sprouting all over the U.S. and Canada, is the Alpha and Omega Foundation, which started in the late 60s and allegedly folded. In British Columbia where I was editing an alternative weekly newspaper three months ago, a freelance writer called to report that he had inadvertently interrupted an Alpha and Omega kidnapping. "As I was crossing an alley a car drove up," he said, "some men got out and grabbed this kid who looked about 15 or 16 years old, right in front of me." As the kid yelled and struggled to keep from being stuffed in the car, he blurted out that these were A and O members trying to take him back to their church. "I tried to talk them into letting him go while they struggled back and forth." "Luckily," the freelancer said, "a cop cruised by and the kid scrambled out of their reach." It was the first time the cult has surfaced in two years after receiving bad press about their violent nature, which they tried to hide behind the high walls and barbed wire that surround their small mansion.

I assigned a staff writer, Ken Fabok, to write a feature story on the groups. On the day the story was due Fabok failed to show up for work. He has never been heard from since.

Innocent Victims

Because these cults effectively avoid detection, it is impossible to determine how fast they are multiplying. Periodically however, they leave tracks. One set of tracks, for instance, is the cattle slaughters that appear in the press now and again. Victims have had organs and lips sliced off, one eye removed, strips of facial and belly hide cut off, and ears, tongues and udders taken out. These are the salient characteristics of the mysterious rash of Mau Mau-style killings, leaving a macabre trail of several hundred dead cattle. Each carcass bears an identical mutilation mark left by a scalpel-sharp instrument. In no circumstance has the source of fatal wound been pinpointed despite autopsies and chemical tests.

"Devil worshippers," says Undersheriff Garry Gibbs of El Paso County, Colorado, the hardest hit state to date with 91 reported mutilations. The killers leave no clues, and Gibbs believes, on the basis of several sightings, that they may descend on ranges in a helicopter.

The essential reason it is believed that the killings are part of a religious ceremony is the condition of the carcass: "There's no blood, no nothing," says Gunnison County Sheriff, David Ellis another baffled lawman. "The cattle are as limber as you and I." Normally, rigor mortis would set in within one hour after death. And stranger still, none of the cattle found in Colorado have been touched by carrion hunters, varmints or coyotes. "Nothing will eat them," says Ellis. Not even maggots appear in the dead animals after they've been in the hot sun for days.

Cheerful Vistas For The Future

Meanwhile, investigators are going only on early reports from informants in federal prisons. The informants tied the mutilations to cult activity—and they warned that the cultists may eventually branch out into human murder.

These are just a few of the signs that there exists a growing rash of violent religions. And this fact lends credence to their own prediction that the battle of Armageddon may be unfolding according to plan.

Any of the organizations mentioned in this article will be allowed editorial space in this magazine for a serious, official response. Ed.

REGIONAL.

ATLANTA/MACON UPDATE

by Jim Pettigrew

Stability is perhas the best term to describe the Atlanta/Macon music scene in its current state. While in the past, Atlanta has witnessed some rather violent upheavals in trends along with a whirlwind of short-lived outlets, this state of flux has apparently receded. In place now is a more solid entertainment locality that has successfully withstood the buffeting winds of a pinched economy.

Club Scenes

The club scene here has remained virtually unchanged throughout the past year. At the summit is Alex Cooley's Electric Ballroom, a mammoth 1,100 seater downtown. This "superclub" with its quad p.a. and giant stage, is prospering with a mainstream of hard and heavy rock, including the likes of Kansas, Eric Carmen, and Patti Smith.

Farther uptown, the Great Southeast Music Hall, after a troubled infancy filled with struggles to remain open, has finally come into its own. The plush 500-seat "listening room" enjoyed an increasingly healthy year in 1975, boasting plenty of SRO audiences for folk, country, and country-rock headliners, among them Doug Kershaw, Pure Prairie League, and Doc Watson.



The Bistro, which completes Atlanta's triad of contemporary music venues and is by far the longest-running area club, is now booking local and regional talent only. Living up to its stated purpose of serving as a showcase for developing local acts, the small downtown facility has served successfully as a springboard for several groups.

The Hahavishnu Orchestra?

Over the last few months, some of these bands have attracted quite a bit of attention and made larger and larger publicity waves. The most notable in this milieu is Darryl Rhodes and the Hahavishnu Orchestra, a satire/rock act specializing in the biting sarcasm, at-times vicious humor of vintage Fugs combined with the keen musical attack of Zappa. Led by Rhodes, an accomplished percussionist and prolific songwriter, the Orchestra (a varied membership, including dancers and backup vocalists) blasts away merrily and unmercifully at every entertainment mainstay from Gregg Allman to the Jaws syndrome, poking hilarious fun at Women's Lib, Helen Reddy, disco-music, etc. By the year's end, they have convulsed (and revolted) enough people locally to achieve the status of a full-blown "cult band," and more than one label possibility has been rumored at this writing.

Thermos Greenwood & the Colored People are another act in the hottest vanguard of Atlanta's new talent. Also sporting an original repertoire which tends to be avant-garde-rock, this ultra-tight band brandishes strange and bizarre costumes onstage, with members' faces painted various hues of orange, purple, and green—hence the tag "Colored People". They're also reported close to a recording deal.

Macon

In Macon/Capricorn country, while the Allman Brothers Band are out touring through the end of January, there is a hubbub of activity concerning new and soon-to-come lp releases. At the moment, much of it concerns Dobie Gray's debut for the label, *New Ray of Sunshine*. "Let me tell you," Capricorn's inimitable publicist Mike Hyland said enthusiastically over the phone, "that one is going to be a killer!" The crown pleasing Elvin Bishop will also



have a new album early in the year, as will the Wet Willie band, to be titled *The Wetter The Better*. Sources close to the company have hinted that the WW release will show something of a "new sound". There's also a lot of talk floating around the area about the T.S.S. band, a new Capricorn group featuring ex-Cowboy guitarist Tommy Talton, producer/musician Johnny Sandlin, and drummer Bill Stewart. A late-winter release by them is seemingly a possibility. Both Bonnie Bramlett and Bobby Whitlock are currently completing new albums, probably for release in the spring.

Concerts

A move back indoors characterizes the area's concert ambience. Most major touring acts are opting for the 18,000 seat Omni, or the ancient, much smaller Atlanta Auditorium. For most of the 1975 concert season, the beautiful 3,900 seat Fox Theatre, with its elegant Moorish architecture and ideal atmosphere for music shows, sat empty and awaiting destruction; it had been purchased by Southern Bell and a new office complex was planned for the site. Public outcry, however, combined with the intervention of Atlanta Landmarks, has apparently spared the grand structure and it is once again hosting shows, from ballet to rock.

Janet Caldwell, in Alex Cooley's office (which now has an effective monopoly on all quality rock shows in the city), spoke about the building's fate, positive but guarded: "I just hope that Atlanta Landmarks has the hard-nosed business guts that it's going to take to save the Fox. We're booking lots of goodies in there for the season."

LOS ANGELES UPDATE

by Cynthia Spector

Trends in California tend to last as long as the Santa Ana winds blow some clear air into the smog, and minds, of the Los Angelenos. The disco-trend, for example, lasted for about a minute and a half before being abandoned to the gay bars and the Marina Del Rey pick-up bars. One reason advanced for the lack of success of this trend, as good as any other, is distance.

Disco Flop

"In New York", one observer who has business meetings on both coasts, "you can walk down the street and fall into three discos. Whereas, here you have to get in your car, drive twenty miles, and then get up and dance. I just don't think it can work". Plans to make the Whiskey and the Classic Cat strip joint into discos have been abandoned, with the Whiskey containing a long-run "Let My People Come", and The Classic Cat still bumping and grinding its way into the night.

Return To The Theater

The Whiskey's booking of the show and tell, "*Let My People Come*", preceded by a long run of "*El Grande de Coca-Cola*" seems to point up a new trend for California. People are going back to the theatre. Not the traditional musical revivals of the Los Angeles Opera Company (with a third-rate "*Camelot*"), but the Mark Taper Forum with a first-rate Linda Hopkins in "*Me and Bessie*". "*Are You Now, or Have You Ever Been?*", the small stage version of the H.U.A.C. activities, Hollywood's darkest hour, has had an unprecedented two-year run, and the audience is full of people you would normally see at rock concerts.

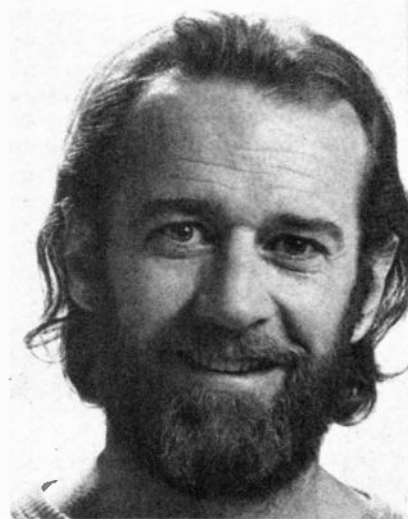
The Vanguard Is Alive And Well

The so-called "Southern California sound" is still holding on, with the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt and Jackson Browne knocking them out everywhere, and the Beach Boys still can cause chaos. But a massive promotional blitz on Emmylou Harris, who seems to appear every Tuesday and Thursday, has not moved her into that big-time company, so it looks the ranks of that particular genre are closed.



Frankie Valli, a very astute observer, feels the older rock stars have to go play Vegas, the stars there now are "dead wood," and by this time, older stars are past thirty and it gets to be a drag doing all those one night

stands carrying around your wife, kids, nurses and teachers. George Carlin, not your usual teeny-bopper, loves the Kinks and would like to appear with them in concert. And there are starting to be a few empty seats at those ballyhooed concerts for the elders of rock 'n roll.



The New Breed

But for filled seats, all you have to do is book the derivative and imitative Aerosmith. This "copy" of the Rolling Stones, seen only two years ago at the Whiskey, filled the giant 18,500-seat Forum with people begging for more seats. A monster bill of Ted Nugent, Kansas, and Blue Oyster Cult filled Long Beach Arena with lit matches, smoke bombs and the "deja vu" feeling you see in a Nazi youth rally. Sandy Periman, eminence gris of the Cult, says "Watch us. We're going to have a top ten single next time. We'll be accepted." And if the concert is any indication, he's right. Nugent, a brilliant guitarist, who has been around for years, is being pushed unmercifully to stardom. He's being greeted with the lighted matches of an idol, and with his macho, "street punk" persona he's going to make it this time around.

Macho Returns

That brings us to the latest trend. To put it somewhat bluntly, but the somewhat androgynous, sexually ambivalent music and performances of the day seem to be waning a bit. Bruce Springsteen, swaggering on stage as strongly as he did, helped. Patti Smith, feminine and as



macho as they come in her music did it too. Strangely enough, two performers always associated with the "rogue set" also seem to have changed their images. David Bowie with his new suits and, strangest of all, Bette Midler, whose Divine persona seems to have taken a back seat to a comic lady who sings divinely, rather than camps divinely.

It's going to be an interesting new period of time. Perhaps the most successful of the recording entrepreneurs David Geffen really wants to get into film and seems to have had it with his music business. A friend is in an EST class with Geffen and says he stands up night after night screaming how he hates the music business. Cat Stevens sold out two concerts in 40 minutes to people who are too young to remember his songs, and Alice Cooper has turned "establishment." What's new? Who knows. We'll just wait for those Santa Ana winds to blow again.

MIAMI UPDATE

by Jon Marlowe

As the "Miami Sound" continues to spread everywhere from T.K. Studios in Hialeah, Florida, it's beginning to look like T.K. President Henry Stone's promise to "Funk Up The World" has become a reality. An update on the studio's current activities looks this way:

UPDATES

K.C. Comes Home

K.C. and the Sunshine Band returned home to Miami Dec. 28 for a Gala Homecoming Concert before a Standing Room Only crowd of 6500. The group has now taken itself off the road until the Spring to begin work in five new album projects: a vocal K.C. and the Sunshine Band album, a K.C. and the Sunshine Band instrumental album, producing George McCrae's next album, producing Jimmy "Bo" Horne's album (for who the boys wrote his 'Gimme Some'), and an album by a female vocal trio named Fire. Fire is comprised of Beverly Champion, Margaret Reynolds, and Jeanette Wright (Betty Wright's sister).



Steve Alaimo, T.K. Vice-President, is now in the studio producing Clarence Reid's new album: Clarence being the author of "Clean-Up Woman." Gwen McCrae is also in working on a new single called "Love Cradle" which Alaimo is also producing.

T.K. writer-producer Willie Clarke is at work on the new Little Beaver project along with lending a hand to Betty Wright's new LP.

New groups in the studio working on vinyl product are Foxy and the Saxton Karl Orchestra.

And At Criteria?

Meanwhile, across town at Mac Emmerson's Criteria Studios, the Outlaws are finishing up their second LP. Joe Cocker was also in, bringing a motorcycle along with him to use for sound effects on one cut. J. Gells and Joe Walsh and Elvin Bishop have also been seen using the facilities recently.

The Michael Stanley Band just finished their new LP there under the production guidance of Bill Szymczyk. Title is *Ladies Choice* and a *Listening Party* held after the completed sessions reveals this one to be the LP that will finally push them across.

Causing a lot of "next star" talk is Rick Roberts, he of "Colorado" and ex-Flying Burritos Brothers fame, who's currently at work in Criteria with his new group Firefall.

Combined Forces?

Also in the Miami wind is a proposed merger between T.K. Studios and Criteria. Everything is still in the negotiating stages but proposed plans call for the two studios to form their own record label with the main impetus to be developing new acts.

NASHVILLE UPDATE

by Al Cooley

NASHVILLE — Kinky Friedman turned down Bob Dylan's offer to join him on the Rolling Thunder Revue's spring tour, fearing he would get lost on the stage with all the other big names. However, Dylan doesn't give up that easy, offering the Texas Jewboy a deal which would make Kinky and his band the opening act for the tour. Kinky is currently thinking it over. Meanwhile, Kinky's new LP is set for immediate release on ABC and more than a few officials of that record company are worried over the material. Produced by Huey Meaux at his Sugar Hill Studios in Texas, the package features such material as *Asshole From El Paso* (a takeoff on *Okie From Muskogee*); *Dear Abbie* (dedicated to Abbie Hoffman) and something called *Men's Room L.A.* which features our hero contemplating using a picture of Jesus instead of a roll of Charmin. Possible single is Kinky's remake of Ray Stevens' *Ahab The Arab*. . . Willie Nelson set to record his next album at the Caribou Ranch with Bob Johnston producing in January. Meanwhile Columbia plans to release *Troublemaker*, a gospel album Willie recorded for Atlantic some time ago in New York. Product will be released on Columbia with Willie's new Lone Star logo. . . Mickey Newbury putting the finishing touches on his next Elektra album. Mickey says it'll be his last. He plans to devote more time in the future to songwriting, in between playing 18 holes of golf a day. . . Look for an *Outlaw* album set for release in late January on RCA featuring Waylon, Willie, Jessi Colter and Tompall Glaser. . . Waylon recently finished the soundtrack for Roy Rogers'

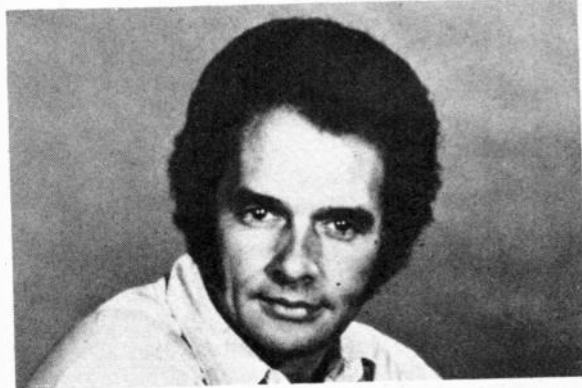


comeback film, *T.J. & McIntosh*. Besides some original material, also used Billy Joe Shaver's *Ride Me Down Easy*, Jack Ruth's *All Around Cowboy* and snatches of Gene Autrey's "Back In The Saddle". . . Shel Silverstein recording at Pete Drake's, and Tampall Glaser's next on M.G.M. is another collection of Shel's songs produced by Ron Haffkine. . . Donnie Fritts, known as the "Elegant Alabama Leaning Man," takes writing credits for Jerry Lewis' latest, *My Life Would Make A Damn Good Country Song*. Fritts says he wrote the song on a puke bag on a flight from L.A. to Nashville and emphasizes that his life "would make a damn good R&B song". . . Whatever happened to Mac Gayden's debut ABC album??? Dennis Linde's debut Monument single is a rock and roll song about flying saucers and why the government doesn't tell us all they know entitled *Under The Eye*. . . Dennis and Chip Young are set to produce Chet Atkins' next sessions. They hope to cut Don McLeans *Vincent* as a single. . . Larry Jon Wilson recording his second Monument album at Buzz Cason's Creative Workshop with Rob Galbraith and Bruce Dees co-producing. Possible single is *I'll Sing My Song For You*. . . Booker T. and Priscilla Jones are in town recording. . . Billy Swan working on his next album at Chip Young's "Young 'Un Sound" in Murfreesboro. . . Terry Bradshaw completed four sides at Mercury with Jerry Kennedy handling production. Titles include *Four Walls* and *Burning Bridges*. . . David Allen Coe seen in front of Columbia driving a brand-new Cadillac and towing another. "David just wants everyone to know he bought two of 'em" said one insider who should know. . . Bobby and James Purify (remember "I'm Your Puppet?") cutting again with Papa Don Schroeder. . . Cher in town for Allman Brothers concert at Municipal



Auditorium, ducked reporters but met—for the first time—Gregg's grandmother, who said of Cher—"she's a wonderful lady". . . Jerry Reed hanging out with Bert Reynolds who's in town looking for a label deal. He'll probably record with Buddy Killan at the control board. . . New artist Mel McDaniel, recently signed by Capitol, sounds like Kris Kristofferson would sound if Kris could sing. McDaniel, who wrote Commander Cody's latest *Roll Your Own*, says his first single should be *Have A Dream On Me* produced by Johnny ("Dog") McCrae. . . Tommy Roe cutting with Elvis's producer Felton Jarvis and Jay Black set to record with Bob Montgomery at the Sound Shop. . . Music Row folks still aren't used to the

new street names given to them by the city of Nashville. 16th and 17th Avenues South were changed by the city fathers to Music Square East, West, North and South and nobody can figure out why. Reckon they're trying to tell the music business something. . . Jerry "Swampdog" Williams, an R&B producer from New York, in town talking about a possible label deal with Monument's Fred Foster. . . Clifford Currie could have the first bona-fide disco hit from this town—signed by Buddah, the company plans to release *The Body Shop* in February. Track was produced by Alan Rush and Randy Cullers, who, when they're not working with Clifford, record for RCA under the name of *The Radio Flyers*. . . Jim Mundy's latest single, *I'm A White Boy* was written, but never recorded, by Merle Haggard. Song has picked up im-



mediate airplay in the area, but was taken off two stations when the switch boards lit up with complaints. Mundy says the song isn't offensive, but that might depend what side of the fence you're sitting on. . . Tragedy struck Bobby Bare when his 15 year old daughter Carl died of a rare lung disease in Boston's General Hospital. A last minute chance for a lung transplant faded when the next of kin of a possible donor refused to grant permission. Miss Bare worked concerts with her dad last summer and appeared on the *Singing In The Kitchen* LP. . . Guy Clark's wife Susanna is the writer of Dotty's RCA hit *I'll Be Your San Antone Rose*. . . Grafitti on a Nashville men's room—"Will Rogers never met Larry Gatlin". Gatlin meanwhile cutting at the Royal Amalgamated Tuneshop (a.k.a. Rats) with Fred Foster producing. . . Tony Joe White just signed with 20th Century Records and should have an album out sometime in February. The single they're looking to is *Southern Man*. . . Kris Kristofferson's next film, *A Star Is Born* with Barbara



Streisand, has a four month shooting schedule and is budgeted at 5 million. Kris is working on original music for the film. . . Tommy Overstreet seen riding around town in his newly purchased 1958 Rolls Royce. Tommy says his next album could be a two-record concept package "but I can't tell you anything about it yet because I'm not sure if my label is gonna go for the idea." . . New publishing company in town is Frank and Nancy Publishing. Owned by the Sinatra family, it's managed by arranger Billy Strange. . . George Jones and Tammy Wynette



seen performing recently at George's "Possum Holer" lounge, say they will record together in the future but as far as re-marrying, they are "just going steady." . . Charlie Rich completed a gospel album with Billy Sherill producing, of course. . . Sherill set to work again with Freddy Weller, whose back on Columbia after a brief stint with ABC. . . Tanya Tucker's next was produced by Jan Gruthfield and the stand-out track is Maryann Duve's *My Old Cowboy's Getting Old*. . .

Between Songs

by Danny Fields

It's the beginning of 1976 as I write this, and at the beginning of any year it's traditional to speculate about what's going to be happening in the months and seasons ahead. So here goes.

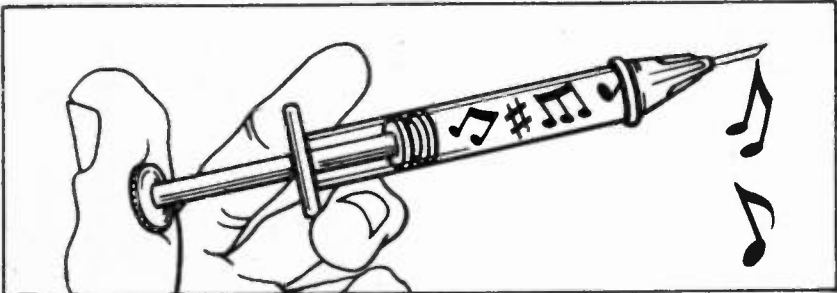
I could be cold and businesslike. I do know, for example, that—as usual—large amounts of money are being invested in certain artists, and that as a result of this “support”, plus the worthiness of the acts themselves, these artists will be among those who “break out” in the near future.

Take DR. FEELGOOD. A “back-to-basics” British band, Feelgood is a sensation in Europe. In the economics of the music business, a fair amount of money can be made in Europe, but to be really successful (i.e. rich), you've got to be popular in America. Of course, the group will have to prove itself here, but it has very definite advantages to begin with.

Number one—it's already big over there. They must be doing something right.

Number two—news travels. I'll bet you'll have heard about this group before you hear the music. And I bet this isn't the first time you've heard of the band either.

Number three—Comunbia records is big and powerful and is the group's American label. Columbia will certainly give full support to Feelgood's first American tour. Their record will be on the radio, ads will be in the papers, etc. All the band has to do is be as good as everyone expects it to be, and it's a sure thing.



That's nice—no doubt Dr. Feelgood will deserve the popularity it earns here, and I don't mean to imply that this popularity is being bought, or is even guaranteed. But who couldn't predict that Dr. Feelgood will be a big hit in America?—anyone in or near the music business will tell you the same thing. On the other hand, let me tell you about some acts that I hope will make it—either this year or next year or the year after that. All of them have little else but talent going for them now, but I've always believed that if you've got that, plus some sticking power and professionalism, then you're going to get there sooner or later.

These are some of my candidates for future stardom. I hope you will realize that this list is oriented towards the New York-New England area; this is where I live and so this is where I see most new acts—I'm sure there are great things going on in other places as well.

ORCHESTRA LUNA—a not totally satisfying album on Epic is already in this boston-based group's past, but in its future is the formidable genius of Richard Kinscherf, who writes the songs, and—with Peter Barrett—adds that very special touch of “lunacy” that makes a live performance by this group something fantastic. The “Luna Band” part of the orchestra (bass, drums, guitar) has changed since the record, so expect them to sound unlike anything you've ever heard, which come to think of it, they always did anyhow.

TELEVISION—led by a living star named Tom Verlaine, Television takes your breath away with their uncompromising explorations of the possibilities of modern hard rock. Verlaine is a prolific songwriter, an astonishing guitarist and one of Patti Smith's great inspirations. The music is steamy, disturbing, explosive, incredible and not for your typical CSNY fan. Unfortunately, they are so good they go right over the heads of many record-company types, but the world will come around in time. Everyone tells them not to worry, and they don't.

THE RAMONES—from Forest Hills, a middle-class suburb of New York, come four childhood friends who have, according to many rock writers, given new life to the basic form of rock and roll. Their short, punchy, tuneful songs are delivered with enough energy to light a city, and the listener feels himself inside a throbbing engine where everything shines like a diamond and nothing is wasted. The lead singer, Joey, would be from another planet were he not from Forest Hills. This winter and spring, the Ramones venture forth for the first time from their home base at CBGB's in Manhattan.

JONATHAN RICHMAN—former leader of the Modern Lovers, and whatever he's doing now, I'm sure it's interesting. Beserkley Records is releasing, via Playboy Records, the Modern Lovers album which John Cale produced almost three years ago for Warners, but which was never let out of the can until now. Soon, you'll be able to hear for yourself such classic songs as “Road Runner” and “Government Center,” and you'll know why the Modern Lovers were the hottest thing around for a couple of months back in 1972. Jonathan became a semi-soloist and sometimes bills himself and whoever might be with him as the Modern Lovers. They might turn up anywhere, anytime, so be on the alert for him and that album.

WAYNE COUNTY—in many ways the funniest, most savage, most dangerous performer in contemporary rock. In his bizarre and imaginative “drag,” Wayne is the toughest broad around, and his songs cut everything you ever thought about sex in half, and then in half again. It takes a man like Wayne to be a woman like Wayne, and as you might have guessed, the record companies have found this potato a bit too hot to handle. But you can't keep a talent like Wayne's down, and he will emerge, platinum tresses piled high, daring the world to pay attention. My guess is that they will.

Already I feel guilty about leaving out dozens of really talented people, but that's my pantheon of un-famous geniuses as we slide into the late 70s. From time to time, I'll fill you in on their progress.



DESIGNED BY RON LIEBERMAN

DAVID RUFFIN

A Talent Persists

by Cynthia Kirk



At the age of 17, David Ruffin came to Detroit, a young gospel singer intent on “Making it.” He made it, alright, as one-fifth of Motown's biggest and some feel best vocal group, The Temptations. But seven years ago Ruffin left the group, saying his farewells to Motown as well. After three years of “eating bologna,” as he describes his years away from the label, Ruffin returned.

Three albums later, he has another smash hit—“Walk Away From Love”—and a renewed enthusiasm for the music which has filled his life since childhood.

“I thought about quitting a lot of times,” says David, his ultrahushed speaking voice barely carrying the few feet necessary to reach the ears of the interviewer. “I've felt that way—what am I doing it for, you know—and then when I would really think about it, I'd go back all the way to Mississippi, when I used to sing with my father, and my brother, and my sister and my older brother as The Ruffin Family.

“And everytime I'd feel that way back then, like I didn't want to rehearse with my family, they'd start singing and I would get up off the back porch and go around to the front and start singin'. I don't think that I'd ever give it up; it's been so much a part of me.”

Raised by his minister-father and step-mother, David inherited a serious heart murmur from his mother, who died when he was only 11 months old. Today, David calmly notes that “I'm not even supposed to be alive today; I was supposed to die before I turned 12,” and his acceptance of that fact perhaps explains his underlying calm about the various turns, both lucky and unlucky, his life has taken.

Reverse-Crossover

“Walk Away From Love,” from Ruffin's “Who I Am” LP, is an R&B rarity: a record which first “broke,” or in other words, got its first radio play, on white, Top 40 station. Most Black artists find Top 40 stations wait to see if a record gains soul stations acceptance before they decide to play it, but Ruffin's record went straight on three of this nation's most influential top 40 stations—KHJ in Los Angeles, CKLW in Detroit and WRKO in Boston.

Produced by disco king Van McCoy, the result so pleases Ruffin that a second McCoy-Ruffin collaboration is being planned for February, with recording of the new LP to take place in New York. As Ruffin tells it, the partnership was just that, in the truest sense of the word.

“Doing the album was very comfortable, it was a natural,” says Ruffin. “I don't think that he's changed my style of singing. I think it's just that his music has complimented what I enjoy, because in the studio, he was never there when I was recording. It was the only time I

had to conduct my own sessions. That was our choice, because after I've been singing for 24 years . . . how can you keep telling a person what to sing after he's sung 2,000 different songs?”

Home Music

And speaking of sessions, Ruffin has the start of a very exciting collection of his own basement tapes, featuring some of the biggest names in music. About three years ago, Ruffin began inviting musicians passing through his home town of Detroit to drop by his house. In the basement are the makings of a rudimentary recording studio, and using his two eight-track recorders, a dozen or so instruments and a few sound-baffle partitions, Ruffin has written and recorded songs with stars like Rod Stewart, Bobby Womack, Mick Jagger and Ron Wood.

There are no plans to release those studio tapes commercially at present, however, and in fact Ruffin is hesitant about even disclosing such details as the name of the Stewart-Ruffin song.

R&B to Disco to Films

The McCoy-Ruffin success is a source of great happiness to Ruffin, who says his ultimate goal at present is to become a discostar.

“I pray every day, every day, that that happens,” says Ruffin. “Some soul singers don't like dancing when they're singing, but it makes me feel good when I get on stage and I can see people dancing. Basically what I want to do now is try to reach that crowd that has come along in the last seven years since I've been away from The Temptations. It really surprises me that some five-year-olds even know about David Ruffin, but in bringing out this record with Van, maybe the kids can relate. . . .”

When he isn't rehearsing with his five man band, The Ruff-Riders—“I think I rehearse probably more than anybody in Detroit, at least four hours a day,” he observes—Ruffin is riding his motor-cycled, playing with his three daughters and young son by a former marriage, or studying acting. Motown's motion picture division—which brought us “Lady Sings the Blues” and “Mahogany”—may offer Ruffin some parts in the future, much as the company did for members of his former group, The Temptations, on the upcoming feature, “Bingo Long.”

“singing is something like a script, but it is different too,” he muses. “I think the acting part comes in with a different facial expressions you use during a personal appearance. That can bring some acting out. But you can close your eyes and sing a song. . . .”

DUDES

Just Some Friendly American Delinquents from Montreal

by Dan Bottstein

The Dudes take the stage with defiant diffidence. They're here to have a good time, and they expect you will. But they're not going to force you — no "sing-along-with-the-band," no "jump-up-and-boogie" blandishments to the audience. The Dudes, after a little over a year, have gotten their act together. They're professionals, which is more than evidenced by their live performance.

Opening with *Lylee Lady*, from their initial Columbia LP, Bob Segarini (lead vocal, guitars) and David Henman (lead vocals, guitars) bump hips in cap conceit. A lyric from the tune, *My Love is Like a Killer Whale*, conjures up 19th-century French surrealist poetry. Are the Dudes so linear that they can relate to the mysterious Count de Leautremont's hallucinatory poem about a man who wishes to make love to a lady shark?

No matter. The message is the music. Henman introduces what the six-man group calls its "punk-disco song," *Dancin' Shoes*, also on the album. The Dudes' movements generate images of disco dancers in rude abandon: "Dance on the tables, dance on the floors/Dance 'til the neighbors come knocking' at your door."

The literacy of the Dudes is most aptly illustrated by *Teenage Love*. Listen: "I don't want no shapely lady who isn't into rhythm and blues, I just want the dew-eyed daughter of a father that was born to lose."

Musically, the Dudes are hard knockers, but you're not totally deaf after you leave the concert. "We're all from completely different backgrounds and it's a joy to play together," said Segarini, who acts as spokesman for the group. "It's a constant kick to play in this band, because we listen to each other. We don't hang out a lot together, so there's a little excitement when we play."

Segarini related an anecdote to show how the Dudes prepare themselves for a performance. "The band is very spontaneous."

he said. "We spent \$1,200 for a barn in Montreal and used it for three hours of woodshedding. 'We're not very good at rehearsing,' admitted Segarini. 'We like to rehearse in front of an audience.'"

Is there the normal friction that usually exists in a band in close quarters? "We don't have rave-ups," replied Segarini. "Everybody's very concerned about the music, because when it's good, it's great. We have very high standards. When we don't hit those high standards, we're disappointed."

Complex Geneology

The family tree of the Dudes began literally, with a band called The Family Tree. It consisted of Segarini and "Kootch" Trochim (bass, vocals). When The Family Tree fell, Segarini joined Randy Bishop and formed Roxy (no relation to the British group Roxy Music). Roxy recorded one album on Elektra before evolving into The Wackers, who subsequently cut four LP's for Elektra, three of which were released. They were critically acclaimed but did not sell.

One Wackers single, *"Day and Night,"* was the probable turning point for the current Dudes. The record was so successful in Quebec that Segarini and Trochim settled in Montreal, where they teamed up with a new drummer Wayne Cullen, who also sings lead vocals for the Dudes. At this point, the Wackers dissolved.

But the Canadian history of the Dudes continued. Henman and his brother Ritchie (drums, vocals) were rocking Canada with a group called April Wine. Later, when the pair left yet another group called Silver to join the Dudes, the group was practically pieced together. The final member was Brian Greenway (lead vocals, guitars), who had been the guitarist for Mashmakhan.



2nd American Debut

When the Dudes made their American debut at the Bottom Line in New York, they found the crowds friendly and appreciative. "I loved that audience," said Segarini. "They brought us up."

About audiences in general, Segarini said, "There are places on the planet where people don't know how to be an audience. The audience is our entertainment. The audience is the other side of the band."

Are the dudes looking to branch out in the entertainment industry? "Definitely," answered Segarini. "Kootch" and Segarini both appeared as musicians in a Canadian film, *"Chanson pour Julie."* And, said Segarini, "Individually we've done a lot of TV."

The juvenile delinquent image of the



PHOTO BY JACKIE MERRI MEYER

Dudes is hardly a threatening one, although one deejay was frightened away from their song *Juvenile Delinquent* because it brought back shades of "Blackboard Jungle" to him. The tune is actually a playful, good natured statement saying "we're all juvenile delinquents. That's what we all are."

"Everybody wants to kick garbage cans and dogs," said Segarini. "That's all we're saying. We're not into violence."

The Dudes are into fun, and lots of it. Live, they are vastly appealing. Their first album, *We're No Angels*, does not really capture their engaging, "bump-de-bump" buoyance. Said Segarini: "The album is a sampling of our wealth of material. We have a second one coming out — *Gotta Have Pop*."

As far as the Dudes are concerned ya really gotta.



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Reelin In The Years

by Neil Hershberg

The Rock and Roll Revivals Revisited

Many of the songs associated with rock and roll's infancy have been the subject of considerable derisive scorn by critics of the contemporary music scene. Certainly when compared to the songs of a Dylan or a Paul Simon, the songs of the fifties and early sixties lack both insight and vision. The "do-run-run" and "shana-na" lyrics, representative of many songs written and recorded during rock's fledgling era, offer little in the way of social comment. Instead, the lyrics were more in tune with the simplicity of the times. Ecology, consumerism, the energy crisis are all issues that wouldn't raise an eyebrow much less the "ire" of an irate citizenry.

The Tide Turns

But the socio-political complacency of the Eisenhower years was soon to disappear. The Kennedy years and later the controversial administration of Lyndon Johnson were in the shadows of a new, more complex, dimension in music that ranged from simple protest songs to acid rock at the decade's end. But in the midst of this move to more abstract forms there was a sizeable percentage of individuals who wished to return to the simplicity of rock's infancy and this need was soon translated to a burgeoning new industry... the "pre-packaged rock and roll revival."

Auto-Nostalgia

The rock and roll revivals. We're all familiar with them. Acts long since dead were resurrected and asked to perform before sell-out audiences. Groups like the El Dorados, the Nut Megs, the Turbans and the Earle. Groups whose contribu-

tions to music are often called into question by the more cynical among us. But lo and behold, these groups were being cheered by thousands of appreciative fans, often times given standing ovations with chants of "more, more, more" filling countless arenas and auditoriums throughout the country. All of which leads us to question our original premise, that songs of the fifties and early sixties lacked both insight and vision. After all, wasn't it Danny and the Juniors who once prophetically recorded the following:

Rock and Roll is here to stay
It will never die
It was meant to be that way
Though I don't know why
I don't care what the people say
Rock and Roll is here to stay

Rock and roll is here to stay, in all its various shapes and sizes. Its marketability, its reach, its appeal is only limited by confines inherent in the laws of mathematical probability. There will always be a market for music of the fifties and sixties but, by many promoters' own admission, the market has been steadily declining in the past few years.

Nostalgia. Nostalgia is the keystone to any revival, any resurgence in interest in music of an earlier era. But nostalgia has one basic weakness, a vulnerability which cannot be ignored. It is another product of our society, a society characterized by dynamic obsolescence. It is born with the knowledge that it is of limited duration, having fulfilled the basic needs of the masses it is to be returned to its relative obscurity.

Music is an expression of a time. Just as a time can never return, neither can

its music. Of course it might return temporarily, as a fad, a means of escape, as a diversion, but, just like the time period which bore it originally, it can never return as a permanent entity.

Music of the late fifties and early sixties is not as popular as it was a few years ago. It was the victim of over-exposure, with many promoters seeking a share of the pie and leading to a saturation of the "revival" market. Promoter Richard Nader, who originated the revival concept, makes the following analogy:

"It's like buying a comedy album. The first time you hear it it's great. The second time you hear it you listen to selected parts. After the third and fourth playings of the album you get tired of it."

The Value Of The Past

That is not to say that many worthwhile groups were not reborn during the revival fad because in fact many deserving acts were reunited as a result. Tony Williams and the Platters was one. In addition, I once saw the late Clyde McPhatter generate pure electricity on the same stage with the original Drifters. Another worthwhile act was the singing return of Arlene Smith and the Chantels. But the one act I was particularly impressed with, and I must have viewed close to twenty revivals in the past six years, was that of Chubby Checker.

Go ahead, smile, even snicker if you must, Chubby Checker is pure dynamite as a performer and a sure delight to watch. When I recently saw him at New York's Radio City Music Hall he whipped the audience into a frenzy with his piston-like movements. I've seen both Wilson Pickett and James Brown perform but for my money, Chubby Checker puts on just as good if not a better show that is guaranteed to leave you breathless as you boogie to the beat. Whether doing the Twist, the Fly or even the Hucklebuck, Chubby is a joy to watch and should certainly not be missed if you are afforded the opportunity of seeing him perform live.

Other performers who are audience favorites include Chuck Berry, Jay and the Americans, the Shirelles and Little Richard. These acts are relatively unaffected by fluctuations in the rock and roll revival market and have little trouble, if any, of getting bookings throughout the year.

Richard Nader related an interesting story to me recently that should do much to eradicate a popular public misconception about the infamous "Garden Party" several years ago at Madison Square Garden. The incident of course involved Rick Nelson whose fans still thought of him as Ricky, that cute teenager on the Ozzie and Harriet show. It is popularly thought that Rick was booed off stage and in fact, up until recently, even Rick thought the boos were directed at him. Rick capitalized on the incident to record "Garden Party," a general indictment of 1950s nostalgia and a song that went on to become one of his biggest hits ever. But according to Richard Nader, the entire incident was based entirely on a misunderstanding on Rick's part, a miscue that proved to be quite profitable for Rick Nelson, a performer struggling to find his own identity and liberation.

As Nader tells the story, Rick had just finished *Honky Tonk Woman* which met with enthusiastic applause. Rick then went to change instruments, from piano to guitar. At the same time the audience spotted a Garden security cop removing an agitator from the audience and greeted the event with a resounding Bronx cheer. Rick, who had not performed before such a large audience in years, was a bit unsure of himself and said he wasn't sure of what to play next. He thought the boos were directed at him and quickly became flustered. He quickly performed two numbers and hurriedly left the stage. The boos were not meant for Rick who left that evening before a standing ovation of his admirers. Richard Nader still receives letters from fans asking him when Rick will appear at another revival.

Past, Present & Future?

Don McLean once wrote that every road we've traveled leads us to where we are. Where are we and what is the music of the seventies? That of course, is the subject of another column. The music of the fifties and sixties will always satisfy a certain segment of the listening audience. But for the majority, music is a reflection of society and society is always subject to change. The thought of becoming fixed to a certain musical form is equated by many to stagnancy. But for others, they will gladly accept stagnancy, it means a return to simplicity.

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LONG HAIR for LONG HAIRS

by Claus Meyer

"It's a bastard art form." "It's the most sublime expression of humanity in art." These two quotes deal with the same thing—OPERA. Opera is possibly the most controversial of all art forms. Actually it incorporates many different forms of art: Music, Ballet, Literature, Drama, and Stagecraft just to mention a few. Opera is at once the most accessible and the most forbidding form of music for the uninitiated, but even the opera buff feels that controversy is very much-a-part of his favorite form of music.

The Origins

The origins of opera or music drama are lost in antiquity. Perhaps the Greek drama with its chorus is one of the roots. The earliest opera of "recent" history is generally accepted to be *L'Orfeo* by the Italian composer Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643), a work for chorus and soloists that utilized instruments only as a rudimentary accompaniment. A superb recording of the work may be found on (Telefunken 3635020). At almost the same time another Italian, Pier Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676), wrote music dramas with more ambitious accompaniments such as *Egisto* (Eurodisc 87120 XGK) published in the year of Monteverdi's death, and *L'Ormindo*, which is available on (ARGO ZNF 8-10) with the case of the Glyndebourne Festival.

A century later, many of the great composers realized that this was an artform that permitted the greatest possible scope of expression. Operas were composed and performed at many courts throughout Europe. National identities frequently became blurred. The composer Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787) composed operas in both French and Italian — sometimes the same opera in each language. His operas are even now performed regularly by many of the world's leading opera houses. Gluck's *Orfeo de Euridice* is a towering masterpiece that includes ballet and symphonic interludes. There are, several fine recordings of this work.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart who lived but thirty-five years from 1756 to 1791 was possibly the most sublimely gifted com-



poser who ever lived. His Italian operas such as *Don Giovanni* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, and his German operas such as the *Abduction From the Seraglio* and the *Magic Flute* are considered to this day as being without peer. Even Ludwig Von Beethoven — that supreme instrumental composer — wrote the opera *Fidelio* in which he gave expression to the subject that may have been closest to his heart: marital fidelity.

Starting with the nineteenth century, music was performed less at royal courts and more in public concert halls. There have been few great composers who

could resist the enticements of opera. In fact, there developed opera composers who embraced this medium and neglected almost all other forms of composition by that time, definite national trends of opera composition had evolved.

Built-In Advantages Of Opera Recordings

The record collector is indeed fortunate in that he can build his own opera house, as it were. Not only that, but he can select his own "highlights" from any opera he owns. The newcomer to opera will no doubt be surprised by the many familiar favorites he will find. Who doesn't know Mozart's Minuet, the *Figaro Song* of Rossini, the *Toreador Song* from Bizet's *Carmen*, the *Grand March* from Verdi's *Aida* to name just a few. Soon, the newcomer will be an opera buff himself, and will be unable to understand how he could ever have found opera so forbidding. Before long he will become embroiled in the same controversy that makes opera lovers such a special breed. He will say that tenor X is much better than tenor Y in a given role, and when a real old timer comes up with a memorable performance that is not readily available on records, or a new friend will put on a recording that he is fond of and will be unable to understand how anyone could have sung a particular aria "better than that."

Sometimes when we have been at the opera house at a particular gala occasion that we remember fondly, we feel that nothing — recorded or live — could equal that performance. We wonder then if our memory doesn't play tricks on us. Again we "audiophiles" are lucky. This correspondent remembers two particular performances at the old Metropolitan Opera House in the 1940s. Recently someone found pirated recordings of these very occasions. Well memory did not play tricks, the performances were even better than remembered. Not all performances are great, needless to say, and a dull one can be deadly, especially since most operas take a good long while. In this connection an anecdote comes to mind by Sir Thomas Beecham. Beecham was known for his wit no less than for his

conducting. The scene with the grand march included camels and elephants. One of the latter turned his back to the audience and relieved himself, whereupon Beecham was to have said: "Atrocious manners. . . but what a critic."

Introductory Sampling

This brief historical introduction to opera is by no means complete, but is meant to whet the appetite of those who have thought they might like to try an operatic recording or two. Some new releases in this field have come to our attention recently, and should be mentioned. The composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who is perhaps best known for his motion picture scores, wrote an opera called *Die Tote Stadt* (The Dead City), which was recently revived in New York. RCA Victor had issued this set with Carol Neblett and Hermann Prey among others under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf (ARL 3-1199). This is immediately appealing music and will make friends of many a first listener. The same may be said of a more familiar work, the *Bartered Bride* of Bedrich Smetana. Imported here by Eurodisc 89036 XGR with Teresa Stratas and Rene Kolo and Walter Berry. Another album has come to the attention of this department, an opera named *Bank Ban* by the Hungarian composer Ferenc Erkel who was born early in this century. Both the work and composer were previously unknown to us but we found it well worth a listen. It is beautifully sung and played, very Hungarian in character, so if there's some gypsy in your soul you might try it. Then there is a recording of *Carmen*, (Erato STU 70900/2) with Regine Crespin, Crespin's *Carmen* is this writer's idea of what a *Carmen* should be, and I for one will compare any other *Carmen* recorded or live to it, henceforth. Finally, there is a set that we frankly approached with some trepidation: Richard Wagner's *Siegfried* recorded live at a Sadler's Wells performance (EMI SLS 875) and sung in English (the reason for the trepidations). The spontaneity of a live performance is quite apparent and this might truly serve as the perfect introduction for those who have never ventured into Wagnerian opera.

GIG CLASSICAL REVIEWS

SIR EDWARD ELGAR — The Kingdom (Oratorio) (Conn. Soc. CS 2089—2 Records)

Sir Adrian Boult cond. London Philharmonic with Margaret Price, Yvonne Minton, John Shirley-Quirk, Alexander Young

The only recorded performance of one of two Elgar oratorios, done with deep insight and affection by specialists for this type of music. The work is eminently worth listening to. Connoisseur Society, which invariably gives us masterfully engineered recordings, has outdone itself here. The reason may be the fact that the recording was done in Kingsway Hall, London, one of the truly great auditoriums.

FRANZ SCHUBERT — Die Schoene Muellerin — (DGG 2530 544)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau with Gerald Moore

This is the art of German Lieder singing epitomized. Any quarrel with any part of this recording has to come under the heading of nit-picking. This music has been done by this great artist several times before, but there are no signs of age, except possibly in the vocal timbre. The accompaniment is worthy of the vocal art.

FRANZ LISZT — Die Legende von der Heiligen Elisabeth The Legend of St. Elizabeth Hungaroton — (SLPX 11650/52)

Janos Ferencsik cond. the Slovak Philharmonic Orchestra, Choirs and soloists.

This rarely heard oratorio was performed by the New York Philharmonic last season. And this is the only existing recording of the sort and has been honored with the Grand Prix du Disque. The recording is first rate as is the performance, and the set is a well worthwhile item for all Lisztomanes.

CHARLES IVES — Holidays Symphony — (RCA Victor ARL 1-1249)

Eugene Ormandy cond. the Philadelphia Orchestra Temple Univ. Choir

This symphony, compiled from four separate pieces composed for American holidays, makes a perfect bicentennial record. Ives is continuing to receive the recognition he richly deserves as one of America's foremost composers of serious music. Ormandy's version bids well to be the definitive one for some time to come and the beautiful tone of the Philadelphia is, as always, a sheer joy.

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG — Cabaret Songs, Nine Early Songs— (RCA Victor ARL 1-1231)

Marni Nixon, Soprano accompanied by Leonard Stein

These songs were written for the Berlin cabaret a generation before the Brecht-Weill period. They are of a genre not usually associated with this pioneer composer or atonal music, but are pleasant and appealing and lovingly done by the artists.

JOHANNES BRAHMS — Hungarian Dances (complete) — (Conn. Soc. CS 2083)

Michael Beroff and Jean-Philippe Collard, Pianists

Here are two piano virtuosos giving us an ever-fresh reading of this music. Some of these dances are old friends, while the less familiar ones will doubtless soon become new ones. Again note Connoisseur Society's unequalled recording technique.

GUSTAV MAHLER — Symphony No. 2 "The Resurrection" — (RCA Victor ARL 2-0852)

Leopold Stokowski cond. the London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus Brigitte Fassbaender and Margaret Prices, soloists. (2 Records)

Leopold Stokowski, now well up in his nineties, has long had a special affection for this work. His reading of this symphony is very individualistic, but well worth hearing. From the early days of his recording career he has always insisted on fine recording of the luscious tone that he produces. This is very much in evidence on this set.

GRAND GALA — Opera Excerpts — (Eurodisc 86 324 KR-2 Records)

Opera Arias and duets sung by Anna Moffo, Christa Ludwig, James King, Thomas Stewart and Karl Ridderbusch.

This record contains music by Richard Wagner, Giuseppe Verdi, Giacomo Puccini and Camille Saint-Saens and, because of its wide variety, is a fine introduction to operatic music. Note the excerpts from Saint-Saens' *Samson and Delila*, beautifully sung by the great mezzo soprano Christa Ludwig.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART — Chamber Music for Winds and Strings

Czech Philharmonic Wind Ensemble and other members of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra — (Supraphone 1 11 1671/2 - 2 Records)

This unheralded set is a real gem. The instrumentalists, largely unknown on this side of the Atlantic play this lovely music for all it is worth. We can not say any more than that. Whether you are just beginning to dabble in serious music, or if the selections here are familiar to you, this is a set not to be missed.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN — Symphony No. 2 and Overture to the Creatures of Prometheus — (DGG 2530 448)

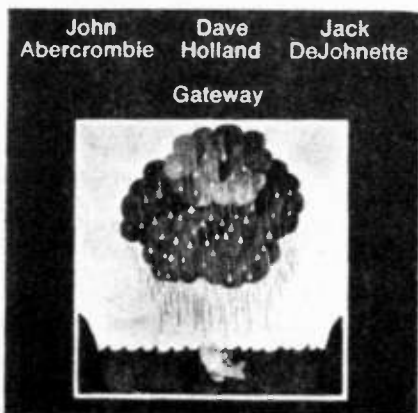
Karl Boehm Conducting the Vienna Philharmonic

Boehm's Beethoven is always a treat and so is the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Boehm, a conductor of the old school, gives us this music the way this department likes it. The Prometheus overture is a special bonus. It contains some of the music that Beethoven is said to have preferred over most of his other.

GIG JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS

GIG Spotlight Reviews

by Richard Weitzer



OREGON: In Concert (Vanguard VSD 79358)

Oregon reaches for a synthesis of musical expressions that is not composed or thought out, as much as acted out. That is why this live album suits them so well and begins to capture the stage presence.

They are four virtuosos from diverse genres of jazz, classical and Indian music. They incorporate these strains, but the connections are more biological than cultural. Much like the trance music of

Phillip Glass, Oregon's music is designed to be felt rather than analyzed, which might explain why some jazz purists consider them lightweight.

They stress the fact that there is no one leader to their group, but undoubtedly guitarist Ralph Towner has emerged as the most prolific composer. His composition 'Yet To Be' shows the influence of Keith Jarrett in his piano playing, but he doesn't fall into any of Jarrett's instant clichés.

CARLOS GARNETT: Let This Melody Ring On (Muse MR 5079)

As jazz becomes more popular, more money is allowed for the production of the album. So many black jazz artists, who before could only afford to take his quartet or quintet into the studio for a day or two, can now employ practically an orchestra and work extensively on arrangements.

Carlos Garnett, known for his playing

with Miles, Pharoah, and Gary Bartz, among others, uses this freedom to create a dense and beautiful picture of his musical visions. From a homage to his homeland 'Panama Roots' to other Latin influenced tunes like 'Samba Serenade', Garnett establishes himself as a unique saxophone player and a very special composer/arranger.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE/DAVE HOLLAND/JACK DeJOHNETTE — (Gateway 1061)

With his second ECM album as a featured soloist, John Abercrombie has fully emerged from the shadows of the studios to take his rightful place as the most important contemporary guitarist. He has the speed and ire that makes him a logical successor to John McLaughlin, but he also has a bluesy feeling in his

long, drawn-out, bent-out-of-shape solos.

Dave Holland, who was featured on his own ECM album — *Conference of the Birds*, is the bassist and main composer here. He is so unobtrusive that often you forget he is here, but upon closer inspection you find that his contributions are great. And Jack DeJohnette fits perfectly into anyone's session. Here, as always, he plays with his unequaled sense of timing and taste.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: The Japanese Concerts (Milestone M-47029)

Get ready for a flood of Cannonball albums that will deluge the record stores this year. Already we have seen three or four in as many months. All these tunes are heard on other albums and all but five in this two-record set are available elsewhere in identical versions. However, this might be a perfect two-fer for the uninitiated to start on, featuring one of Cannonball's strongest groups.

PATRICE RUSHEN: Before The Dawn (Prestige P-10098)

A confusing album from a woman who seemed to be a logical successor to George Duke as session-person of the year. But the urge to be a star can hit anyone. The album veers sharply from soul to jazz, back to vocals and even a little disco. Not as rewarding as her first album, but her touch on piano manages to salvage this second album from The "Bin of Sameness" that had infected so much of commercial jazz lately.

BUSTER WILLIAMS: Pinnacle (Muse MR 5080)

This is Williams' first album as a leader, although he is well known for his bass work with McCoy Tyner, Herbie Hancock and Miles. And he strays not too far from that tradition, perhaps leaning a bit more towards McCoy (he also employs Sonny Fortune on soprano). Buster wisely stays away from stark bass solos that often mar bassists' albums. An excellent performance for the first time out.

HERMETO: (Muse MR 5086)

From the Brazilian percussive tradition of Airtó, Sivuca and Dom Um Romão comes Hermeto. This re-release of his only available Cobblestone album, produced by Airtó and Flora Purim, employs a fuller orchestration than many of his compatriots, in the manner of Gil Evans, yet he retains the basic Brazilian simplicity in his melodies.

ERIC KLOSS: Bodies Warmth (Muse MR 5077)

Eric Kloss is one of the older musicians in a generation who came up on rock and hence plays tighter, more economically. But he can also play outside as evidenced with the tune *Headin' Out* on this album. 'Joni' dedicated to Ms. Mitchell, owes as much to Jarrett's *All I Want* than to any of Mitchell's work, but is the first thing that non-jazz listeners might want to fix onto.

LUCKY THOMPSON: Dancing Sunbeam (ABC-Impulse 9307-2)

A much neglected and underrated tenor player who got lost in the post-pop struggle for freer musical expression. Yet these sessions recorded in 1956 and just now released, demonstrate his unique tone and melodic phrasings.

GATO BARBIERI: El Gato (Flying Dutchman BDLI-d1147)

Most of these songs predate Gato's *Chapter One* days, when his playing felt fresher and less repetitive. But as usual on his own dates, his strong improvisational tenor is weakened by a lack of conceptual direction. But this is not the case on the title cut composed by the recently deceased Oliver Nelson, who gives Gato the necessary intellectual structure that his animalistic ravings need.

JOHNNY HAMMOND: Gears (Milestone M-9062)

Surprising Johnny Hammond, long the man of organ funk. He is still funky and adds that annoying string synthesizer hum that goes along with disco music these days, yet his music is surprisingly vital. It churns, delights and goes through many more changes than is necessary for a simple funk album. If all jazz musicians were forced to record a disco album (which is more likely than you think) then this is what they should sound like.

SONNY FORTUNE: Awakening (Horizon SP 704)

Fortune was the force that kept McCoy Tyner group of a few years ago from sinking under its own weight in heavy chords. His sweet soprano heard in that group and later with Miles, has been dropped in favor of his alto and it is a disappointment. He makes it all worth it, though, by shining on flute on the title cut.

TERRY PLUMARI: He Who Lives Many Places (Airborne ARG 1)

A very spare, almost melancholy album from bassist Terry Plumeri who plays, and sometimes composes, like Dave Holland. When this was recorded four years ago, it no doubt appeared too unstructured to be commercial, but now it fits right in the flow of the post-Miles electric music. Sidemen such as Herbie Hancock, John Abercrombie and Eric Gravatt make substantial contributions.

CHARLIE BYRD: Top Hat (Fantasy F-9496)

More Spanish doodlings from guitarist Charlie Byrd, music that is more pleasant than challenging. Nat Adderley, cornetist brother of the late Cannonball may have found a home in this group. But the music, paced by an alarmingly simple bass line, just fails to excite.

SONNY ROLLINS: Nucleus (Milestone M-9064)

It is inconceivable that Sonny Rollins is playing to the disco market, so he must be after something else; but what? Using such rock-oriented sidemen as Bennie Maupink, George Duke, Blackbird and Chuck Rainey, Rollins alternates between today's funk and yesterday's Rollins, with the latter taking the honors. Rollins' tone is richer, fuller and deeper than almost any other tenor player, so he tends to sound funky while not really trying to.

ANTHONY BRAXTON AND DEREK BAILEY: Duo 1 and Duo 2 (Emanem Records)

Braxton does not make it easier for us, as he did on his Arista dates. He is (one even hesitates to use the word) an intellectual, but that does not mean that he is lacking in emotion. Still, these reed and guitar improvisations of Braxton and Bailey are not for everyone, but rewarding for those who try.

JIM HALL: Jim Hall Live (Horizon SP 705)

Hall is an unchanging standard by which to judge other jazz guitarists. While he doesn't have the fluidity of Jerry Hahn or the inspirations of John McLaughlin, he stays in a straight ahead groove and rarely falters. But don't look here for fiery chords or distorted phrasings, just a pleasant trio.

ELVIN JONES: New Agenda (Vanguard VSD 79362)

Jones is not only one of the most consistently brilliant drummers around, he manages to surround himself with the most talented musicians of the day. From his early, and most famous, association with Coltrane, he plays here with such sterling reedmen as Joe Farrell, Azar Lawrence and the yet-to-be-truly-discovered Steve Grossman. One mustn't forget pianists Kenny Barron and Gene Perla.

WRVR IN NEW YORK...

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THE PROUD SOUND
OF AMERICAN MUSIC

THE HELLO PEOPLE

Music, Makeup and Mime

by Susan Ahrens



PHOTO BY MARY ALFIERI

The Hello People are the first mimes in history to achieve notoriety for their singing. You might have seen them on the Tonight Show when it was still being broadcast from New York, or on the Smothers Brothers show when it was still funny. They've been through a lot in nine years together as a group, and have weathered many problems other groups never encounter. One of the original members spent two and a half years in Leavenworth for writing their anti-war song *Antham*. Starting over again years later in a time when audiences harden toward any glint of Max Factor, the Hello People sing out *Just One Victory* with a bit more conviction than most.

The interview had the definite atmosphere of an old Beatle press conference, but instead of four spunky lads from Liverpool, I spoke with four just as lively stripe-shirted mimes. The spokesman for the group is Ohio-born N.D. Smart II, the tall, shaggy ex-drummer for Mountain. He explains the breakdown of duties within the group: "Greg Geddes plays guitar and soprano sax, and also takes care of all the electronics and equipment for the group. Bob Sedita plays bass, sings lead vocals and manages the Hello People Ltd. corporation. Larry Tasse is on keyboards and heads the music publishing end of Hello People Ltd."

Once the introductions and preliminary shenanigans were over, we all settled down to talk about who the Hello People were, are and are trying to become.

Origins Of An Idea

"We met in Greenwich Village. This manager had seen that movie *Blow Up* and I'm not sure if he thought of it, or if he got the idea from somebody else. There are two stories—one says he saw the movie *Blow Up* and its tennis scene at the end, and he said, 'Wouldn't it be cool if musicians could do this?'" The other story is this big record mogul was saying to him, "Boy if a band could do mime and music at the same time, that would be a great concert." So this manager kind of hand-picked everybody in the band.

Mime

"We were musicians before we got into mime, but the minute you joined the group, you had to be a mime. We started with Bob Tucker in New York, and now we study with one of DeCroix's students, Richmond Sheppard. We've watched Marcel Marceau, but to us, Jean Louis Barrault was the greatest mime that ever lived. He is superior to Marceau. We learned by rote, by watching these guys and then studying formally. It's taken us eight years to become proficient at mime. If you're going to put his stuff on your face, you gotta back it up, or they're going to scream 'Gimmick!'"

For a group that has been together for almost nine years, spending seven of

them *in absentia* from the music scene is not such a hot idea. "We had to stay away for awhile because this manager had us in an ironclad contract where he told us everything we had to do and we had to do it or else. His thing was 'If you don't do what I tell you, I'll get some other crazy and throw the makeup on him. I'll just replace your ass.'" So we got to the point of saying, "We don't care what happens, we're leaving you." We went through three years of not being able to work because he had injunctions against us. So we worked in a quiet way. We did educational stuff, we taught mime at California high schools and gave small concerts."

"Doing benefits for Abbie Hoffman, going on T.V. singing antiwar stuff and doing more benefits for Democratic candidates really hurt us. We were working out of New York for over three years, but then we left that manager. We went around to other big time managers and they said, 'Oh, we'd love to handle you, but...'" Larry breaks in with a grin, "That's all they wanted to handle. Our butts."

"Nobody would sign us. They would say, 'You can't put mime on a record. Goodbye fellas.'" So we de-emphasized the fact that we were a mime group and submitted some tapes saying, "Forget the concept and just listen to us." This guy at ABC really put his job on the line and we signed."

Makeup To Music

Combining mime with music sounds almost contradictory in terms, but Gary explains the process involved. "You change when you put the makeup on. These other groups, all they do is put the makeup on and start acting weird. It's not quite the same thing in depth. There is an abstract character there once you put the makeup on. We'd like to refine the act so that it wouldn't be such a collage, but instead be a show with a story line and characters and different moods. We're still doing sets, we're into rock and roll. It's a collage of piece after piece."

The music of the Hello People is an interesting blend of an acapella past with an electronic future. "We're like jugglers. We'll be working away on our music and then we'll realize our mime is starting to slip. Then we'll go work real hard on the mime and we'll say, the music is beginning to slip." We'll get those two together and then the vocals will begin to slip. We're constantly trying to stay in balance."

"Mime is a classic traditional thing that we're trying to do a good job at, but I think in terms of modern media, mime has a lot of potential. We haven't had the finances, the time, or the years behind us to explore all the avenues, and there's bound to be a lot of thing to do." Greg smiles, tips back his bowler, and says, "If they're buying it now, wait'll we're good."

GIG ROCK & POP ALBUMS

GIG Spotlight Reviews



BOB DYLAN: *Desire* (Columbia PC 33893)

First impressions are important, but ultimately subject to change. Then there are the obvious factors that time can't cultivate.

The greatest disappointment is that none of this album was recorded live. If you saw the Rolling Thunder Review you know the live versions of *Hurricane*, *Romance in Durango*, *Isis*, *One More Cup of Coffee*, *Oh Sister*, and *Sara* were far superior both in spirit and energy. It's hard to accept the transitional let-down. Familiarity breeds discontent.

Musically and lyrically, *Desire* lacks the voluptuous immediacy of appeal that *Blood On The Tracks* offered through stunning melody: *You're A Big Girl Now*, the articulate pangs of *Idiot*, *Wind's* verbal flagellation, and flashes of instinct

in "Buckets of Rain," — "Life is a bust/ all you can do is do what you must."

My objective curiosity stammers, groping for the missing link. No single factor appears as the chainbreaker. Maybe Jacques Levy is the oil on the water. Perhaps Dylan's voice speaks to a destination no one else has the direction to. Or, it could be the songs' repetitive tendencies killing with their emphasis, i.e. Scarlet Rivera's violin remains static throughout. At best it reinforces *Sara's* humble suffering as Dylan grasps at release. "You must forgive me, my unworthiness," and is tortured with desire, "Sara, Oh, Sara/Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow... Don't ever leave me, don't ever go." In *Joey* the violin sounds like the muffled wine of a buzz-saw amidst the funeral dirge tempo of what should've been the robust / vainglorious/roman-

ticization of an outlaw.

Kudos go to Mr. Dylan for doing some of the best singing/phrasing he's ever done—for the imagery of "Hot-chili peppers in the blistering sun," and rhyming with fandango, though I'll side with Allen Ginsberg's liner notes that point out one of the all time greats: "Blowing like a circle round your skull/From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol."

It could be that Dylan's creative sensibilities were violated by the exposure to all of this summer's socializing. The art seems to vanish in pursuit of something it can't catch. Except for *Sara*, *Isis*, and maybe *Hurricane*, the songs sound more like tired yearning than desire. Substance is exchanged for the shadow, "As the stars fell down the fields burned away." *Desire* lacks desire.

Kris Nicholson



QUEEN: *A Night At The Opera* (Elektra 7E-1053)

The British rockers are at it again, this time with a bizarre synthesizer—spiced new edition. Queen fans will enjoy this one. The production is superb and there is more than enough variety to sustain interest. It might be a bit too slick, somewhat contrived in spots, but track for track, you come away with a good feeling. A lot of work went into this one.

Freddie Mercury's vocals are well above average and Brian May's guitar does far more than punctuate rhythm. The more you listen to this the more you realize that Queen was vitally concerned about the final product. This is evident by the noticeable care and control that went into the album.

Looking back on past efforts, Queen knows it is not all that difficult to put an album together. You don't even need that much material to start with. What you don't have on paper can be created,

adapted, expanded and moulded right in the studio. I am happy to say that this is not the case here. This is definitely not a patch job.

With each album they seem to be getting just a little bit closer to actually saying something musically. In the past, the primary goal was turning in a finished product that sounded good and that generated sales. Now they're down to business.

A few of the more interesting tracks include, *I'm In Love With My Car*, *Lazing on a Sunday Afternoon*, and *Seaside Rendezvous*. The heaving, slowly accelerating motion of *I'm In Love With My Car*, shows the group has a sense of humor. Presented with backup harmonies, the ultra serious presentation against droll subject matter indicates the band has something up their collective sleeve.

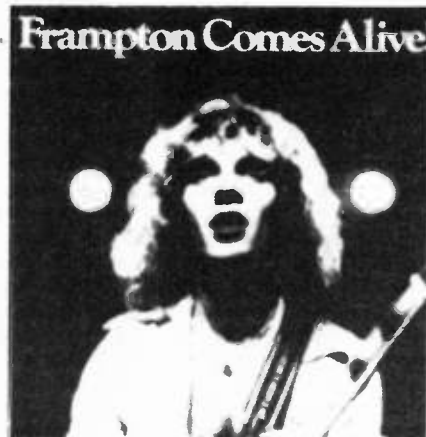
Brian May has a good voice and on the ballad, '39 he is particularly convincing. He steps away from the mike just a bit to fervently deliver this folksy, semi-

patriotic tune. Vocally, the band has a reservoir of possibilities.

After having achieved some degree of success, the band seems to have rediscovered itself all over again. It might be an ass-backwards way of doing things, but in the long run it should work to their advantage. A look at the endless stream of British rockers who bolted to the summits of success and oblivion within the space of a 12 month period proves that instantaneous success doesn't always mean anything.

Musically they're putting it together. Lyrically they've got to work a bit harder, but the band is cooking and that's more than you can say for 75% of the bands currently jetting about the globe. I venture to say their next album will be even better, possibly tighter, and a more cohesive unit of group expression.

Robert V. Weinstein



FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE: (A&M SP 3703)

Talk about an aptly-titled album. This two-record live set, recorded at Winterland in San Francisco and at various gigs in New York, brings Peter Frampton's varied and prodigious talents into full focus, creating an undeniable argument for his position as the prototypical 3rd generation British rock star. For those of us who have been Frampton addicts since the early days of the Herd and Humble Pie, this LP serves as mere frosting for the cake of prior knowledge. For the nit-pickers who shied away from Peter's occasionally tremulous vocals and the solid "catchy-hook" pop format that is the basis for much of his material, *Frampton Comes Alive* offers a much more vigorous and well-rounded view of what Frampton has to offer as singer, lead guitarist, composer, arranger, and on-stage "sparkplug."

From the very first measures of *Some-*

thing's Happening, the blockbuster show-opener, there is an "up" feeling that pervades each track. Not just in terms of chemical/mechanical speed-up, a genre pioneered by the Stones' classic *Got Live If You Want It*, but, more specifically, a genuine enthusiasm and willingness to communicate his music to the listening audience. He really takes the time and effort to delve deeply into each song—the beautiful ballad *Lines On My Face* is a prime example—coaxing out a series of sinuous and perfectly constructed guitar solos that provide a delicate counterpoint to his sensitive vocals. Frampton is already a master at building his sets—alternating thickly-textured hard rockers like *Plain Shame* and *You Give Me Money* with subtle little acoustic gems like *Nassau* to keep an already enthused audience on the edge of their seats throughout the whole show—no mean feat for the jaded 70s. He saves classic audience participation/recogni-

tion numbers like *Do You Feel Like We Do* and *Jumpin Jack Flash* for the end of the set, guaranteeing a dynamic finale.

It should come as no great surprise that Frampton has been a legitimate rock 'n roll star since the age of fifteen. In those days, when his band—The Herd—had several singles cresting on top of the top of the pop charts in England, he couldn't even go out of the house without being mobbed. After all, he was voted "face of '68" by Melody Maker. But the real point is the fact that Frampton has already been through all the phases of the aspiring British musician and mastered them completely. His extraordinary musicianship, singing, stage presence and his innate talent for writing bear ample testimony to the fact that Frampton is a "prima-facie" case of rock stardom as manifest destiny.

Jean Charles Costa

GIG ROCK & POP ALBUMS

by Robert V. Weinstein



ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST Original Soundtrack— (Fantasy F-9500)

This is a well produced soundtrack, better than most in fact. The film is sensational, and Jack Nitzsche's music adds another whole dimension to the film. But by itself, I am sorry to say, it falls flat on the ears. The bland, saccharine predictability of the music and its lapse into haunting dissonance work beautifully, even contrapuntally within the film, but on the turntable it fails to sustain interest. It lacks the impact of an "On The Water Front," the maudlin melodies of a "Breakfast at Tiffany's" or the avant-garde brilliance of a "Blowup." It's not easy to score with film music.



LYNSEY DE PAUL: Love Bomb — (Mercury SRM 1-1055)

Lynsey De Paul has a nice voice, sweet and unobtrusive. It's got a sensuous quality about it, the kind that is just right for those moody, syrupy, and longing tones that one hears sailing up and down in elevators. Ms. De Paul plays a little bit too much on voice quality, an not enough on the quality of her songs. There is an annoying amount of repetition here, despite the welcome up-tempoed intrusion of the title song, "Love Bomb." Next time round, some more thought should be given to balancing material, as well as achieving a more definitive sound texture.



THE HINDENBURG: Music From the Motion Picture Soundtrack — (MCA 2090)

Music is certainly a major part of the film, but I can't think of one good reason for buying this film score. It is an interesting pastiche of assorted sounds (varied orchestral textures, a dissonant fugue and many other varied motifs), but without the film in the background it is less than meaningless. Why do record companies feel obliged to unleash these soundtracks on the public. Like most of the mediocre scores released over the past couple of years, this one is hopelessly grounded to the film.

THE SMALL FACES: The Immediate Story — (Sire Sash—3709-2)

This re-issue turns another page in the history of British rock. Back in the mid-60s, the Small Faces chalked up an impressive discography. The singles, "Sha-La-La-Lee," "All Or Nothing," and "Itchycoo" were big smashes. In 1969 lead singer Steve Marriott left the group to form Humble Pie, and Small Faces became a memory. They had a competent sound—a pot pourri of rhythm and blues, yet there was nothing terribly distinctive to propel them into the next decade. Nostalgia neurotics and self-proclaimed critics of the pop genre love to decry the death of these once popular groups. Small Faces were memorable in their heyday. They deserve a place in history, because they, along with the myriad British and American groups, served to fuel rock and roll's self-perpetuating, ephemeral fires.

SUPERTRAMP: Crisis? What Crisis? — (A&M SP 4560)

This British group has attracted a growing following. Much of the praise is deserved, but there is a lot of gloss, studio fixing, and musical posturing here. In short, it's cluttered, too cluttered. The individual parts are stronger than the whole. This band should stay clear of the controls on the engineer's console, or better yet, they should try putting together an album that is sparsely produced. They're a talented band who should give some thought to honing in on their strong points. More feeling less technique, might be the answer.

JAMES COTTON BAND: High Energy — (Buddah BDS 5650)

James Cotton has backed off just a smidgeon from his roots. His powerhouse, bristling blues lines rise and fall as he sees fit. Cotton is still one of Chicago's most gifted harp players. A decade ago his steaming harp solos dominated any studio session, now he is more concerned with balancing harp against voice and backup instruments. The most intriguing thing about this latest effort is the equilibrium he establishes throughout. Cotton doesn't have to assert himself as much as he did in those early days with Muddy Waters. The anger is still there, but now, after successfully striking out on his own, he can easily express a multitude of moods, styles, and tempi. On *High Energy* he has done just that. A must.

ROGER GLOVER AND GUESTS: The Butterfly Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast—(UK Records UKL 56k00)

Roger Glover, David Coverdale, and Glenn Hughes, formerly of Deep Purple, Ronnie Dio, formerly of Blackmore's Rainbow, and Eddie Hardin and Ray Fenwick, formerly of the Spencer Davis Group, have concocted some really nice music around this captivating fairy tale text. I expected an overbearing sound and was pleasantly surprised. It's a solid effort, finely structured and shaded, with no upstaging of music over text. Glover produced it and did a first-rate job in holding the reins and balancing the sound. The more you listen to it the better it gets.

PAUL WILLIAMS: Ordinary Fools — (A&M SP 4550)

It's a sing-along "happy go lucky" new edition by Paul Williams. Williams is not only prolific, but consistent as well. Unfailingly, he turns out pleasant, well-crafted concoctions that play on the saleable virtues of rock, theatre, cabaret, Las Vegas schmaltz, and MOR radio. Williams can, however, write pretty tunes as demonstrated by the alternating tempo breaks in *Lone Star*, *Even Better Than I Know Myself*, and second side's *Soul Rest*. If you're a Paul Williams fan, why not?

THE NICE: The Immediate Story — (Sire 3710-2)

Do you remember the Nice? Well, here they are in all their glory with Keith Emerson (Emerson, Lake and Palmer), Brian Davison, Lee Jackson and David O'List. The Nice broke up in late 1970. The music on this two record set spans the group's first few years. It's fresh, vital, semi-improvised music featuring some technically interesting keyboard work by Emerson and some offbeat drumming by Brian 'Blinky' Davison. If you want to feel and understand the roots and evolution of ELP's unique approach, here it is. Emerson was just taking off and the progression of events is indeed extraordinary. After listening to them again, you can appreciate the fact that they were far ahead of their time in successfully melding baroque, classical, jazz and rock into a convincing hybrid synthesis.

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: Head on — (Mercury—SRM 1-1067)

Half way through this one, you get the distinct feeling that Mr. B and T have said it all before. In the past I thought they weren't too bad at what they did. They had something different, a new sound, if you will. But that special ingredient has surfaced again and again, and methinks they should find something else to say musically or take a long vacation... maybe the Caribbean. With a bit of rest BTO might learn that there are a variety of chord changes that effectively can be used in a song, and that guitars can be played in varying styles and at different levels. There's a whole big wide wonderful world out there Randy and C.F. why not try it?

SKYHOOK: Ego Is Not A Dirty Word — (Mercury SRM 1-1066)

Not so here. These Australians might try TM. They may find the answer to their musical problems and others as well. Pretentious is the word that jogged my brain as I listlessly watched this one spin around, and around, and around on the turntable. They may have a large following back home, but I'm afraid there is nothing here to move a seasoned stateside audience. The lyrics are dismal and banal, and the music is as flat as a week-old open bottle of Budweiser. Doesn't this band listen to what the rest of the world is playing?

CARMEN: The Gypsies — (Mercury SRM 1-1047)

The best part about this album is the cover. That's about it. Carmen is a Spanish rock band that has grafted myriad Spanish accoutrements (castenets, Flamenco and modal textures) to a rock and roll format. In short, Spanish rock and roll. Granted, Flamenco rhythms are lovely, hypnotic and self-sustaining, but the cumbersome addition of rock hardware and an expanded sound has led to clutter, not a revolutionary new concept in rock music. I'm afraid this music is just not as clever as it was intended to be. Complexity and technology are not always the answer. Carmen might do better working in smaller, more confined musical parameters.

BAREFOOT JERRY: Barefoot Jerry's Grocery (Monument PZG 33909)

There are some good harmonies throughout this four record set, but not enough substance to warrant four sides. Enough of the bucolic imagery. This kind of writing was suppose to have gone the way of all flesh five years ago. Here the impetus is the Smoky mountains. It would matter little if it was the Appalachians, or the White Mountains. The imagery is tired. The plaintive sighs, and the "wish you were here" folderol has been done to death. I dare say a good part of this material could have been inspired by a good hot bath... indoors.

FLEETWOOD MAC: Fleetwood Mac in Chicago — (Sire 3715-2)

Here's a two-record set worth having, if you don't have the Blue Horizon edition. Fleetwood Mac visits Chicago with some of the South Side's greatest—Otis Spann, Willie Dixon, Shkey Horton, J.T. Brown, Guitar Buddy, Honeyboy Edwards and S.P. Leary. Production-wise, it is better than the Blue Horizon edition. Producers Mike Vernon and Marshall Chess know what the blues should sound like. This is evident in crystal-clear instrumental lines and clean separation of voice and instrument, i.e. W. Horton's harp in "South Indiana 1 & 2, and Otis Spann's piano licks on side 2. Also, spontaneous effects of studio chatter from producer and engineer work well. Authentic blues, and recommended.



ROCK & POP SINGLES GIG

by Bob Grossweiner

THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND: Birmingham Blues (Kama Sutra 606)

With the drive of the Allmans of yesteryear, this spiralling rocker features stinging guitar lines, fine honky-tonk piano runs, and crisp vocals as Daniels' scenarios are always interesting. The CDB is easily the best out of the South!

HERBIE HANCOCK: Hang Up Your Hang Ups (Columbia 3-10239)

A funky, syncopated instrumental that's only a tease of the longer lp track, but the editing is too fragmented—destroying the substance of the entity. Still, it's a good introduction to this premier jazz-rock keyboardist whose albums have skyrocketed in the last few years.

BILL WITHERS: Make Love to Your Mind (Columbia 3-10255)

A slight hustle feel coupled with Bill's alluring lyrics equal a sensual masterpiece from the soul-folkie. "Before I make love to your body/I want to make love to your mind." Yeah!

TED NUGENT: Where Have You Been All My Life (Epic 8-50172)

A bone crusher with distinctive but obvious lyrics featuring penetrating, piercing guitar (by Ted, of course) over a sturdy, hard-rockin' rhythm section. Nugent's best single to date.

SPARKS: The Wedding of Jacqueline Kennedy to Russell Mael (Island 043)

The flip of the clever "Looks, Looks, Looks" is a kooky marriage ceremony that's priceless and not on any album—for collectors and novelty lovers.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN: Just As You Are (Mam 3645)

Gilbert's silly and childlike but his subtle humor shines although this novelty single is at times annoying. His pop mentality is rare as his moods are refreshing and unique.

DAVID ESSEX: Hold Me Close (Columbia 3-10256)

Essex is a master of the pop single—Classic hooks, especially his use of horns, strings, and choral effects, combining with a charismatic voice that seduces the listener. He's #1 in his native England, and the star of "Stardust" will make it in the U.S., be it this single or the next ones.

JANIS IAN: In the Winter (Columbia 3-10228)

A chilling story of loneliness that we all experience at some time or another done in Janis' unique, folksy style with strings and minimal instrumentation. Especially relevant for urban folk.

B.B. KING: When I'm Wrong (ABC 12158)

A nice slow, ethereal blues with B.B.'s twangy guitar and his preachy pipes—another of his lessons in proper ways of love and life—heightened by heavy orchestration. A fine blues 45.

PENNY McLEAN: Lady Bump (Atco 45-7038)

That Silver Convention ("Save me," "Fly, Robin, Fly") lady sours on a solo outing with a similar "hustlin'" underbelly turning into a fine "bump." Her vocals are strong and stirring, but the SC magic is lacking a teeny bit. Still, I like it!

TOM JANS: Struggle in Darkness (Columbia 3-10257)

Singer/songwriter Jans writes depressing lyrics but augments them with refreshing arrangements; a strange juxtaposition but nonetheless song poems yearning to be heard. About real struggles in urban life from the man who wrote "Lovin' Arms" and "Out of Hand." (A few words are censored, differentiating this from the album cut.)

BEE GEES: Fanny (Be Tender With My Love) (RSO 519)

Another smash from the *Main Course* LP, this lush pop tune again features all their sweeteners—sensuously orchestrated—with their harmonies never sounding better.

QUEEN: Bohemian Rhapsody (Elektra 45297)

This six minute cut is typical Queen: a majestic, highly dramatic arrangement that soars momentarily. Not as much in changing tempos or volume as in substance, as Freddie Mercury's vocals are crisp and clear. Another example of their excellent production. The lush flip "I'm in Love With My Car" is quite appealing too.

JOHNNY MATHIS: Stardust (Columbia 3-10250)

Mathis takes another classic by Hoagy Charmichael and churns out a magical, lovely reading—for all lovers.

ANDY WILLIAMS: Tell It Like It Is (Columbia 3-10263)

Tell it like it is, okay: Andy's attempt to go a bit progressive is a total failure due to the constantly changing tempos, misplaced guitar tracks, and a muddy mix that sounds like he's in a wringer washer.

CATES BROS.: Union Man (Asylum E-45294)

An appealing chugging western with a subtle backing and strong vocals heightened by some stirring instrumental breaks—a sleeper.

AEROSMITH: You See Me Crying (Columbia 3-10253)

Primarily a hard rock album group, this Boston quintet has come up with a grating, too-busy sound that fails to come across effectively on a 45; they need the context of a longplayer for more unifying results.

DEL SHANNON: Cry Baby Cry (Island 038)

Del's comeback continues through another collaboration with ELO's Jeff Lynne, but the result is marred a bit by a distracting chorus that only rarely intensifies the overall impact. Shannon's voice and early rock roots are still intact, but the countrified flip "In My Arms Again" may be Del's calling card for the '70s.

SUZI QUATRO: Can the Can (Big Tree 16053)

This Chinn-Chapman tune sold over two million copies world wide when released two years ago but never caught on in the States. Suzi's re-releasing it now as she changes record companies and hopefully will get more ears into her irresistible rhythm and arresting lyrics. Quatro is a boss basswoman.

ROBERT PALMER: Give Me an Inch (Island 049)

An exotic ballad with a funky underpinning, strings, and flutes from one of the premier newcomers; a white r&b singer with Little Feat backing him on the sessions. Palmer's pleasing voice is as convincing as this romantic come-on.

KING BISCUIT BOY: New Orleans (Epic 8-50129)

Canada's King Biscuit Boy (Richard Newell) is one of the best spiralling blues harpists—who loves '50s rock and roll. This is a barrelhouse cruiser with a slight Fats Domino mood.

THE MASQUERADERS: (Call Me) The Travelling Man (ABC 12157)

Five soul stylists supreme who care more for sweet, sensual harmonies than funk even though Isaac Hayes produced and his Movement supplies the instrumentation. However, the flip "Sweet Sweetning" is orchestrated funk and how sweet it is.

BOB DYLAN: Hurricane (Columbia 3-10245)

Possibly Dylan's most important tune to date—much stronger than "George Jackson"—relating the story of a possible frame up of the famed boxing contender. It's long (8:34) but power packed as Bob spews forth a convincing plea to free the imprisoned boxer, and now the government is moving in that direction. Scarlet Rivera's violin is the cohesive axe here so look for the fiddle to be used by many this way in the coming months. This tune inspired the Rolling Thunder Revue and has brought Dylan back to the forefront of America's collective consciousness.

DAVID BOWIE: Golden Years (RCA 10441)

Bowie churns out another of his r&b "carbon copy" formats, but the backing and David's overdubbed vocals distract rather than enhance like they did on "Young Americans." The flip "Can You Hear Me" is a sleepy ballad.

EAGLES: Take It to the Limit (Asylum 45293)

Anything these guys touch turn to gold which should push this otherwise lackluster, same old story to the top. They've done so much better, but it's lets-milk-the-lp-for-every-possible-single syndrome again.

ROXY MUSIC: Love Is the Drug (Atco 45-7042)

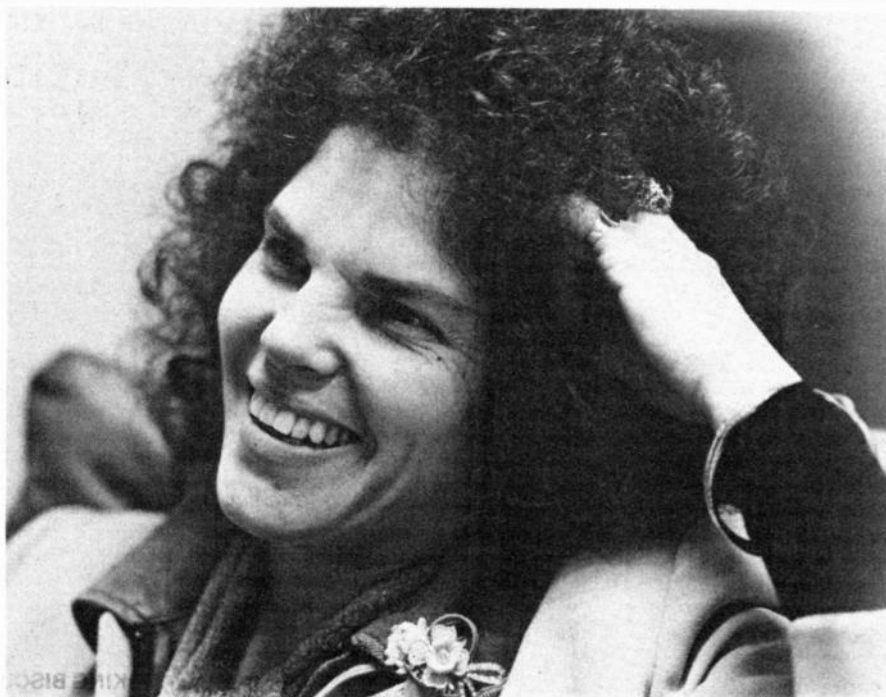
They're elegant and sophisticated, putting themselves above too many people. This, however, is their most accessible single, even surpassing "Virginia Plain." A true pulsating rocker with Bryan Ferry's choppy vocalizations somehow hooking the listener into demanding more. And besides, love is a good addiction.

The Emergence of TERRY GARTHWAITE

by Cynthia Spector

The adjective "eclectic" has been used and misused for so long in the music business that when something finally is eclectic, it almost passes you by. Take Terry Garthwaite's new album, entitled *Terry*, and that one lady singing in almost a different style on every cut is indeed eclectic, exciting and totally Terry Garthwaite. Opening for Eric Carmen in concert at the Roxy, she so charmed everyone that Carmen was overshadowed, and the following night's booking for Fanny went down very badly in comparison. The Los Angeles Times critic put it bluntly, "Fanny does not show one-quarter the power and passion of being women musicians, women or musicians, that Terry Garthwaite does."

It's the day before that triumph however, and Terry is doing a round of interviews, promotional pushes, and just plain "meeting the people." She hasn't done it for a long time. In fact, this is the first time she's done it by herself, and she's gracious but tired. This album is her pride and joy. "Every song is just as perfect as I could make it. The material is pretty varied, and I think that's why people think I sound different on every cut. The songs are so different from each other. I've spent a lot of time hanging



around the jazz clubs and getting up and singing, singing all the time, and I think my voice has changed, just a little bit. The traditional music is still there, but my voice I think is a bit more rhythmic, fragments are more musical."

Expanding

The Bay Area, Terry's permanent home abounds in small clubs where people can hone their talents, and that's just what she's been doing. "Joy of Cooking was over. You can't just keep thinking about the past. You have to keep growing and going. I've always kept my eyes and ears open to what other people were doing, and I think this all shows up in the album."

You get the distinct impression with Terry, although she is open and friendly, that there is something deeper there. For lack of a better word, one might call it reserve. This is not true when she performs. When she's on-stage, the smile that shows up so infrequently when she talks appears regularly.

A New Label

Hand-picked for Clive Davis' Arista

tual problems, and meanwhile there sits that great album." Told the release was a problem because of the vinyl shortage, Terry doesn't believe it for one minute.

Although this is the first time she's been solo on stage, it doesn't bother her as much as it could. "The way 'Joy' was arranged, I was out front by myself. Toni Brown, of course, was co-featured, but she was a keyboard person and had to sit behind all that equipment. So, I usually was out front by myself. I've a great band with me and that helps too."

A New Life

Terry, in the forefront of the women's movement without ever belonging to it is mellowing out a bit now. She's really happy, learning to play different guitar riffs and enjoying her home. She has a brand new producer, David Robinson, who has always wanted to work with her, and now it's a developing part of her life.

"I listen a lot to the Boswell Sisters, Joe Pass. Anyone I can learn anything from. You know Bobby Womack and his brother's group, the Valentinos sang back-up on my album on a couple of cuts. They really have a sound." Eclecticism, excitement, or entertainment, it's time for Terry.



PHOTOS BY NEAL ZLOZOWER

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TOP L.P.S and TAPE SALES

The Music GIG's record charts are the compilation of sales figures from various record stores across the country.

rock and pop

- 1 **THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWNS** JONI MITCHELL (Asylum 7E 1051)
- 2 **AMERICA'S GREATEST HITS** AMERICA (Warner Bros. BS 2894)
- 3 **HELEN REDDY'S GREATEST HITS** HELEN REDDY (Capitol ST 11487)
- 4 **SEALS & CROFTS—GREATEST HITS** SEALS & CROFTS (Warner Brothers BS 2886)
- GIG 5 **CHICAGO IX (CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS)** CHICAGO (Columbia PC 33900)
- 6 **GRATITUDE** EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia PG 33694)
- GIG 7 **STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS** PAUL SIMON (Columbia PC 33540)
- 8 **WINDSONG** JOHN DENVER (RCA APL 1 1183)
- 9 **BREAKAWAY** ART GARFUNKEL (Columbia PC 33700)
- GIG 10 **ALIVE!** KISS (Casablanca NBLP 7020)
- 11 **NUMBERS** CAT STEVENS (A&M SP 4555)
- 12 **RED OCTOPUS** JEFFERSON STARSHIP (Gruny BFL 1 0999)
- 13 **THE HUNGRY YEARS** NEIL SEDAKA (Rocket PIG 2157)
- 14 **TRYIN' TO GET THE FEELIN'** BARRY MANILOW (Arista AL 4080)
- 15 **LET'S DO IT AGAIN /ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK** STAPLE SINGERS w/ CURTIS MAYFIELD (Curtom CU 5005)
- 16 **THE BEST OF CARLY SIMON** CARLY SIMON (Elektra 7E 1048)
- 17 **MAHOGANY/ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK** DIANA ROSS (Motown M6 858 S1)
- 18 **ONE OF THESE NIGHTS** EAGLES (Asylum 7E 1039)
- 19 **BAY CITY ROLLERS** BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista AL 4049)
- 20 **RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN** RUFUS (ABC ABCD 909)
- GIG 21 **ZUMA** NEIL YOUNG WITH CRAZY HORSE (Reprise MS 2242)
- 22 **THE WHO BY NUMBERS** THE WHO (MCA 2161)
- 23 **AN EVENING WITH WALLY LONDO FEATURING BILL SLASZO** GEORGE CARLIN (Little David LD 1008)
- 24 **BLAST FROM THE PAST** RINGO STARR (Apple SW 3422)
- 25 **GORD'S GOLD** GORDON LIGHTFOOT (Reprise 2RS 2237)
- GIG 26 **ROCK OF THE WESTIES** ELTON JOHN (MCA 2183)
- 27 **NORTHERN LIGHTS—SOUTHERN CROSS** THE BAND (Capitol ST 11440)
- 28 **MAIN COURSE** BEE GEES (RSO SO 4807)
- 29 **COME TASTE THE BAND** DEEP PURPLE (Deep Purple PR 2895)
- 30 **SPINNERS LIVE!** SPINNERS (Atlantic SD 2 910)
- 31 **SWANS AGAINST THE SUN** MICHAEL MURPHY (Epic PE 33851)
- 32 **WHO LOVES YOU** FOUR SEASONS (Warner Bros. BS 2900)
- 33 **THE ROAD GOES ON FOREVER** ALLMAN BROTHERS (Capricorn 2CP 0164)
- 34 **BORN TO RUN** BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (Columbia PC 33795)
- 35 **WIND ON THE WATER** DAVID CROSBY/GRAHAM NASH (ABC ABCD 902)
- 36 **TIMES OF YOUR LIFE** PAUL ANKA (United Artists UALA589 G)
- 37 **DIAMONDS & RUST** JOAN BAEZ (A&M SP 4517)
- 38 **CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?** SUPERTRAMP (A&M SP 4580)
- GIG 39 **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA** QUEEN (Elektra 7E 1053)

The GIGlet denotes upward movement.

- 40 **TOYS IN THE ATTIC** AEROSMITH (Columbia PC 33479)
- 41 **THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD** EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia PC 33280)
- 42 **FLEETWOOD MAC** FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Brothers BS 2225)
- 43 **LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER** THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE (A&M SP 3405)
- 44 **SIREN** ROXY MUSIC (Atco 36 127)
- 45 **HORSES** PATTI SMITH (Arista AL 4086)
- 46 **BACHMAN-TURNER OVER—DRIVE** HEAD ON (Mercury SRM 1 1087)
- 47 **RHINESTONE COWBOY** GLEN CAMPBELL (Capitol SW 11430)
- 48 **SCHOOLBOYS IN DISGRACE** THE KINKS (RCA LPL 1 5102)
- 49 **BEGINNINGS** STEVE HOWE (Atlantic SD 18154)
- 50 **SKY HIGH** JIGSAW (Chelsea CHR 509)

soul-disco

- 1 **WHO I AM** DAVID RUFFIN (Motown M6 849 S1)
- 2 **WAKE UP EVERYBODY** HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES (Phila. Int'l. PZ 33808)
- GIG 3 **GRATITUDE** EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia PG 33694)
- GIG 4 **FAMILY REUNION** O'JAYS (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33807)
- 5 **LET'S DO IT AGAIN /ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK** STAPLE SINGERS w/ CURTIS MAYFIELD (Curtom CU 5005)
- 6 **PLACES AND SPACES** DONALD BYRD (Blue Note BNLA 549G)
- 7 **LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY** DONNA SUMMER (Oasis OCLP 5003)
- 8 **YOU** ARETHA FRANKLIN (Atlantic SD 18151)
- 9 **SAVE ME** SILVER CONVENTION (Midland Int'l. BKL 111 29)
- GIG 10 **SPINNERS LIVE!** SPINNERS (Atlantic SD 2 910)
- 11 **MAKING MUSIC** BILL WITHERS (Columbia PC 33704)
- 12 **MAHOGANY /ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK** DIANA ROSS (Motown MC858 S1)
- 13 **CITY LIFE** BLACKBYRDS (Fantasy F 9490)
- 14 **WHEN LOVE IS NEW** BILLY PAUL (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33843)
- 15 **2nd ANNIVERSARY** GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS (Buddah BDS 5639)
- 16 **PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM** MFSB (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33845)
- 17 **HOUSE PARTY** TEMPTATIONS (Gordy GE 97381)
- 18 **RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN** RUFUS (ABC ABCD 909)
- 19 **FEELS SO GOOD** GROVER WASHINGTON JR. (Kudu 24 S1)
- 20 **KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND** KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 803)
- GIG 21 **HONEY** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury SRM 1 1038)
- 22 **INSEPARABLE** NATALIE COLE (Capitol ST 11429)
- 23 **FANCY DANCER** BOBBI HUMPHREY (Blue Note BNLA 550 G)
- 24 **TRACK OF THE CAT** DIONNE WARWICK (Warner Bros. BS 2893)
- 25 **SHAME ON THE WORLD** THE MAIN INGREDIENT (RCA APL 1 1003)
- GIG 26 **THE SALSOUL ORCHESTRA** THE SALSOUL ORCHESTRA (Salsoul SZS 5501)
- 27 **RATTLESNAKE** OHIO PLAYERS (20th Century/Westbound W 211)
- 28 **NEW YORK CONNECTION** TOM SCOTT (Ode SP 77033)
- 29 **THAT NIGGER'S CRAZY** RICHARD PRYOR (Reprise MS 2241)
- 30 **KICKIN'** MIGHT CLOUDS OF JOY (ABC/Peacock ABCD 889)
- 31 **ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS** ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS (TSOP PZ 33844)
- 32 **SOUTH SHORE COMMISSION** SOUTH SHORE COMMISSION (Wand WDS 6100)

- 33 **THREE DEGREES LIVE** THREE DEGREES (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33840)
- 34 **SAFETY ZONE** BOBBY WOMACK (United Artists UALA 544 G)
- GIG 35 **MOVIN' ON** COMMODORES (Motown M6 848 S1)
- 36 **TELLIN'** ANN PEEBLES (Hi HSL 32901)
- 37 **TOGETHER** GEORGE & GWEN McCRAE (Cat 2606)
- 38 **YOU GOTTA WASH YOUR ASS** RED FOX (Atlantic SD 18157)
- 39 **HUSTLE TO SURVIVE** LES McCANN (Atlantic SD 1679)
- 40 **DON CORNELIUS PRESENTS THE SOUL TRAIN GANG** SOUL TRAIN GANG (Soul Train BVLI 1278)
- 41 **LUCILLE TALKS BACK** B.B. KING (ABC ABCD 898)
- 42 **GREATEST HITS** BARRY WHITE (20th Century T 493)
- 43 **JOURNEY TO LOVE** STANLEY CLARKE (Nemperor NE 433)
- 44 **WE GOTTA GET OUR THING TOGETHER** DELLS (Mercury SRM 1 1059)
- 45 **YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL** STYLISTICS (Avco AV 69010)
- 46 **LOVE ON DELIVERY** REFLECTIONS (Capitol ST 11480)
- GIG 47 **FUNKADELIC** FUNKADELIC (20th Century/Westbound W 216)
- 48 **STRATOSONIC NUANCES** BLUE MITCHELL (MCA APL 1 1109)
- 49 **NEXUS** GENE HARRIS (Blue Note BNLA 519 G)
- 50 **FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SOUTH CAROLINA** GIL SCOTT-HERON & BRIAN JACKSON (Arista AL 4044)

jazz

- 1 **PLACES AND SPACES** DONALD BYRD (Blue Note BNLA 549 G)
- 2 **DON'T IT FEEL GOOD** RAMSEY LEWIS (Columbia PC 33800)
- GIG 3 **CITY LIFE** BLACKBYRDS (Fantasy F 9490)
- 4 **VISIONS OF A NEW WORLD** LONNIE LISTON-SMITH & THE COSMIC ECHOES (Flying Dutchman BDL 1 1198)
- 5 **JOURNEY TO LOVE** STANLEY CLARKE (Nemperor NE 433)
- 6 **MAN-CHILD** HERBIE HANCOCK (Columbia PC 33812)
- 7 **FEELS SO GOOD** GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. (Kudu KU 24S1)
- GIG 8 **HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE TRAIN** STANLEY CLARKE (Nemperor NE 433)
- 9 **FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SOUTH CAROLINA** GIL SCOTT-HERON & BRIAN JACKSON (Arista 4044)
- 10 **A FUNKY THIDE OF SINGS** BILLY COBHAM (Atlantic SD 18149)

country

- 1 **ROCKY** DICKEY LEE (RCA APL 1 1243)
- GIG 2 **NIGHT THINGS** RONNIE MILSAP (RCA APL 1 1223)
- 3 **REDHEADED STRANGER** WILLIE NELSON (Columbia PC 33482)
- 4 **ARE YOU READY FOR FREDDY** FREDDY FENDER (ABC/Dot DOSD 2044)
- 5 **BEFORE THE NEXT TEAR-DROP FALLS** FREDDY FENDER (ABC/Dot DOSD 2020)
- 6 **BLACK BEAR ROAD** C.W. McCALL (MGM 5008)
- 7 **THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING YOU** CHARLEY PRIDE (RCA APL 1 1241)
- 8 **STACKED DECK** AMAZING RHYTHM ACES (ABC ABCD 913)
- GIG 9 **THE FIRST TIME** FREDDIE HART (Capitol ST 11449)
- 10 **GREATEST HITS** DON WILLIAMS (ABC/Dot DOSD 2035)

TOP SINGLES SALES

rock and pop

- 1 I LOVE MUSIC (PART 1)
O'JAYS (Phil. Int'l. 8 3577)
- GIG** 2 I WRITE THE SONGS
BARRY MANILOW (Arista 0157)
- 3 SATURDAY NIGHT
BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista 0149)
- 4 CONVOY
C.W. McCALL (MGM 14839)
- 5 LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY
DONNA SUMMER (Oasis 401)
- 6 TIMES OF YOUR LIFE
PAUL ANKA (United Artists 737)
- 7 WALK AWAY FROM LOVE
DAVID RUFFIN (Motown 1376)
- 8 COUNTRY BOY (YOU GOT YOUR FEET IN L.A.)
GLEN CAMPBELL (Capitol 4155)
- 9 LOVE ROLLERCOASTER
OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73734)
- 10 THEME FROM "MAHOGANY" (DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO)
DIANA ROSS (Motown 1377)
- 11 LET'S DO IT AGAIN
STAPLE SINGERS (Curtom 0109)
- GIG** 12 FOX ON THE RUN
SWEET (Capitol 4157)
- 13 SING A SONG
EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia 3 10251)
- 14 YOU SEXY THING
HOT CHOCOLATE (Big Tree 16047)
- 15 EVIL WOMAN
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA (United Artists 729)
- 16 LOVE MACHINE PT. 1
MIRACLES (Tamla 54262)
- 17 OVER MY HEAD
FLEETWOOD MAC (Reprise 1339)
- 18 LOVE HURTS
NAZARETH (A&M 1671)
- GIG** 19 WINNERS AND LOSERS
HAMILTON, JOE FRANK & REYNOLDS (Playboy 6054)
- 20 BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO
NEIL SEDAKA (Rocket 40500)
- 21 WAKE UP EVERYBODY (PART 1)
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES (Phil. Int'l. 3579)
- GIG** 22 SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT
HELEN REDDY (Capitol 4192)
- 23 BABY FACE
THE WING & A PRAYER FIFE & DRUM CORPS (Atlantic 103)
- 24 50 WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER
PAUL SIMON (Columbia 3 10270)
- 25 HURRICANE (PART 1)
BOB DYLAN (Columbia 3 10245)
- 26 LET IT SHINE/HE AINT HEAVY ... HE'S MY BROTHER
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN (MCA 40495)
- 27 SQUEEZE BOX
WHO (MCA 40475)
- 28 PALOMA BEACH
GEORGE BAKER SELECTION (Warner Bros. 8115)
- 29 DOWN TO THE LINE
BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE (Mercury 73724)
- 30 GOLDEN YEARS
DAVID BOWIE (RCA 10441)
- 31 SLOW RIDE
FOGHAT (Bearsville 0306)
- 32 THEME FROM "S.W.A.T."
RHYTHM HERITAGE (ABC 12135)
- 33 TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT
EAGLES (Asylum 45293)
- 34 ALL BY MYSELF
ERIC CARMEN (Arista 0165)
- 35 DEEP PURPLE
DONNY & MARIE OSMOND (Kolob 14840)
- 36 LET THE MUSIC PLAY
BARRY WHITE (20th Century 2265)
- 37 TRACKS OF MY TEARS
LINDA RONSTADT (Asylum 45295)
- 38 FANNY (BE TENDER WITH MY LOVE)
BEE GEES (RSO 519)

- 39 LOVE OR LEAVE
SPINNERS (Atlantic 3309)
- 40 THE HOMECOMING
HAGOOD HARDY (Capitol 4156)
- 41 FOR A DANCER
PRELUDE (Pye 71045)
- 42 BREAKAWAY
ART GARFUNKEL (Columbia 3 10273)
- 43 BACK TO THE ISLAND
LEON RUSSELL (Shelter 40483)
- 44 I CHEAT THE HANGMAN
DOOBIE BROTHERS (Warner Bros. 8161)
- 45 BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
QUEEN (Elektra 45279)
- 46 SWEET THING
RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12149)
- 47 LOVE IS THE THING
ROXY MUSIC (Atco 7042)
- 48 DON'T CRY JONI
CONWAY TWITTY (MCA 40407)
- 49 THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU
ANDREW GOLD (Asylum 45286)
- 50 ONLY SIXTEEN
DR. HOOK (Capitol 4171)

soul-disco

- 1 YOU SEXY THING
HOT CHOCOLATE (Big Tree 16047)
- GIG** 2 LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY
DONNA SUMMER (Oasis 5003)
- 3 FREE RIDE
TAVARES (Capitol 4184)
- 4 ONCE YOU HIT THE ROAD
DIONNE WARWICKE (Warner Bros. 8154)
- 5 SING A SONG
EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia 3 10251)
- 6 WAKE UP EVERYBODY (PART 1)
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES (Phil. Int'l. 3579)
- 7 WALK AWAY FROM LOVE
DAVID RUFFIN (Motown 1376)
- GIG** 8 INSEPARABLE
NATALIE COLE (Capitol 4193)
- 9 LOVE ROLLERCOASTER
OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73734)
- 10 LOVE MACHINE PART 1
MIRACLES (Tamla 54262)
- 11 FULL OF FIRE
AL GREEN (Hi 2300)
- 12 WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY
BOBBY WOMACK (United Artists 735)
- 13 MAKE LOVE TO YOUR MIND
BILL WITHERS (Columbia 3 10255)
- 14 TURNING POINT
TYRONE DAVIS (Dakar 4550)
- 15 THEME FROM "S.W.A.T."
RHYTHM HERITAGE (ABC 12135)
- 16 SLIP AND DO IT
BETTY WRIGHT (Alston 3718)
- 17 LOVE OR LEAVE
SPINNERS (Atlantic 3309)
- 18 SHAME ON THE WORLD
MAIN INGREDIENT (RCA 10431)
- 19 EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART
CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR (Delite 1575)
- 20 LET'S DO THE LATIN HUSTLE
EDDIE DRENNON & B.B.S. UNLIMITED (Friends & Co. 124)
- 21 THEME FROM "MAHOGANY" (DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' TO)
DIANA ROSS (Motown 1377)
- 22 LOVING POWER
IMPRESSIONS (Curtom 0110)
- 23 I GOT OVER LOVE
MAJOR HARRIS (Atlantic 45 3303)
- 24 (ARE YOU READY) DO THE BUS STOP
THE FATBACK BAND (Event 227)
- 25 HOLD BACK THE NIGHT
TRAMMPS (Buddah 507)
- 26 SWEET LOVE
COMMODORES (Motown 1381)
- 27 QUIET STORM
SMOKEY ROBINSON (Tamla 54265)

- 28 PUTTIN' IT DOWN TO YOU
JACKIE MOORE (Kayvette 5124)
- 29 BOOGIE FEVER
SYLVERS (Capitol 4179)
- 30 WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS FUNK (SPIDER MAN)
RAMSEY LEWIS (Columbia 3 10235)
- 31 NURSERY RHYMES (PART 1)
PEOPLE'S CHOICE (TSOP 8 4773)
- 32 BABY FACE
WING & A PRAYER FIFE & DRUM CORPS (Atlantic 103)
- 33 SWEET THINGS
RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12149)
- 34 DISCO SAX/FOR THE LOVE OF YOU
HOUSTON PERSON (20th Century/Westbound 5015)
- 35 THE SOUL CITY WALK
ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS (TSOP 8 4774)
- 36 I'M NEEDING YOU, WANTING YOU
CHUCK JACKSON (All Platinum 2360)
- 37 LET THE MUSIC PLAY
BARRY WHITE (20th Century 2265)
- 38 LOVE STEALING
BOBBY SHEEN (Chelsea 3034)
- 39 YOU'RE FOOLING YOU
DRAMATICS (ABC 12150)
- 40 ALWAYS THERE
RONNIE LAWS AND PRESSURE (Blue Note 738)
- GIG** 41 DO IT WHILE YOU CAN
BILLY PRESTON (A&M 1768)
- 42 IN LOVE FOREVER
WHISPERS (Soul Train 10430)
- 43 HONEY I
GEORGE McCRAE
- 44 I DESTROYED YOUR LOVE
SPECIAL DELIVERY (Mainstream 5573)
- 45 ABYSSINIA JONES
EDWIN STARR (Granite 532)
- 46 YOU
ARETHA FRANKLIN (Atlantic 3311)
- 47 HEART BE STILL
CARL GRAVES (A&M 1757)
- 48 I NEED YOU, YOU NEED ME
JOE SIMON (Spring 163)
- 49 I HAD A LOVE
BEN E. KING (Atlantic 3308)
- 50 LE LO LI
SLY STONE (Epic 8 50175)

country

- 1 THE BLIND MAN IN THE BLEACHERS
KENNY STARR (MCA 40474)
- GIG** 2 THIS TIME I'VE HURT HER MORE THAN SHE LOVES ME
CONWAY TWITTY (MCA 40492)
- 3 LET IT SHINE
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN (MCA 40495)
- 4 OVERNIGHT SENSATION
MICKEY GILLEY (Playboy 6055)
- 5 SOMETIMES I TALK IN MY SLEEP
RANDY CORNOR (ABC/Dot 17592)
- 6 ME AND OLE C.B.
DAVE DUDLEY (United Artists 722)
- 7 THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING YOU
CHARLEY PRIDE (RCA 10455)
- GIG** 8 SOMETIMES
BILL ANDERSON & MARY LOU TURNER (MCA 40488)
- 9 AMAZING GRACE (USED TO BE HER FAVORITE SONG)
AMAZING RHYTHM ACES (ABC 12142)
- 10 I'LL BE YOUR SAN ANTOINE ROSE
DOTTSY (RCA 10423)
- 11 MAMMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS
ED BRUCE (United Artists 732)
- 12 DON'T BELIEVE MY HEART CAN STAND ANOTHER YOU
TANYA TUCKER (MCA 40497)
- 13 FLY AWAY
JOHN DENVER (RCA 10517)
- 14 SOMEBODY LOVES YOU
CRYSTAL GAYLE (United Artists 740)
- 15 SOMEBODY HOLD ME (UNTIL SHE PASSES BY)
NARVEL FELTS (ABC/Dot 17598)

The GIGlet denotes upward movement.

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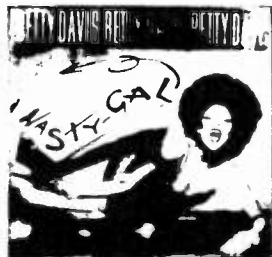
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GIG SOUL ALBUMS

GIG Spotlight Reviews

By Ron Finkelstein



BETTY DAVIS: *Nasty Gal* (Island Records 9329)

To say that sex is the main theme here is the understatement of the year. And it's not just the voice. The lyrics are unabashedly sexual in nature, and in fact so is Betty. But that does not make a good record. Hardly. Even with musical direction from Miles, *Nasty Gal* suffers from sameness that eventually borders on somnambulism. Betty sings with the same inflections on nearly every song.

But then every song has essentially the

same content. It's understandable that she seems to be sleepwalking through most of them, even though the intensity of the music is as raunchy as the material.

This is a strange record. Betty seems wholly intent on singing, and making the best of it, but her selling point is misdirected. She would be better off with a wider range of material than she has written for herself, and with a more varied vocal style. Best cuts are *Nasty Gal* and *You And I* where she finally does sing in what sounds to be her "natural" voice.

ACE SPECTRUM: *Low Rent Rendezvous* (Atlantic)

An album of surprising variety in vocal techniques and good, well picked material.

Keep Holding On is a ready made disco hit at 8:41. Throughout the harmonies are beautifully recorded, and the leads are strong and well sung. Truly the group does not hit a bad note on the entire album. There is some filler, but when the group gets tight it attracts your attention immediately, bringing you back to a very fine album. A versatile group who'd rather charm you than bomb you.

HERBIE MANN: *Waterbed* (Atlantic)

Even a Jean-Pierre Rampal nut would have to admit that Herbie Hancock is doing with the flute today some very beautiful things. He's surrounded himself with some very adroit players such as Steve Gadd, Jerry Friedman, Jeff Mironov and others you can read about on the back cover. It's not that he's progressed, or changed much from the "Hijack" sound, but there's magic in that flute.

The single is, I believe, *Waterbed*, and the key is that it's as good in the tub as on the dance floor. You'll like the entire album so let's not be silly discussing various cuts. It's really the sound of the instrument that embraces you.

HOT CHOCOLATE: *Hot Chocolate* (Atlantic)

You Sexy Thing is a funky little hit song but the substance here is rather weak.

The material is certainly nothing you haven't heard before, but the group is a semi-solid entry into the field of disco. There are better and worse. And there is always coffee to keep you awake.

ESTHER PHILLIPS: *Confessin' The Blues* (Atlantic)

In many ways Esther is a more accessible blues singer than Billie or Bessie. Her reach is further and she seems to come a little closer to the old heartstrings, her inflections bending with each lyric, her throaty voice captivating. Side one has her fronting the arrangements of a seventeen piece band, singing the title song, *Romance in the Dark*, and *C.C. Rider*.

Side two sees the Cole Porter tune *I Love Paris*, *Bye Bye Blackbird* and *Blow Top Blues* by Leonard Feather, who wrote excellent liner notes for this classic album of never before released material.

If you were turned on for the first time by *What A Difference A Day Makes*, it might be, as Feather says "a blues class about to be called to order."

ARETHA: *You* (Atlantic SD 18151)

Of course there's no need to discuss the talent involved in this record. Aretha obviously possesses a national treasure in her voice.

And just as apparent is the fact that she really hasn't gained the type of mass popularity that pushes her singles immediately to the top, although a particularly good one (Mr. DJ) exists on this record.

The rest of the material is unexceptional. As always the musicians are top drawer. After all who would you rather play with?

The Sha-La Bandit is the other single oriented song on *You*. The title song is a tribute to her audience and fans and it's leagues beyond the rest of the album in terms of emotional output. But even this has been done with greater effectiveness on her "Live at the Fillmore" album.

Aretha can never be bad. And her mediocrity which is exhibited on *You* is still the best around. But she has yet to make an album commensurate with her talent.

The question is, can we really expect miracles from this extraordinary gospel-trained singer?

ARCHIE BELL AND THE DRELLS: *Dance Your Troubles Away* (TSOP)

The new label has a real hit disco album on its hands. Already two hits have emerged—*Soul City Walk* and the title tune.

There's also the beautifully arranged *I Won't Leave You Honey, Never*.

This album is as smooth, as energetic and vital as anything that has come out under the Philly umbrella. Archie Bell may not have the most hellified voice (he's no Eddie Lavert, for instance) but as far as party music, or disco sounds go, this is the one, bar none.

BILL WITHERS: *Making Music* (Columbia)

Despite disappearing for a while Withers has come back to establish himself as the most prolific and distinctly musical force in black music.

Perhaps the most uncompromising figure in the so-called R&B spectrum, it's questionable whether or not he can pulloff another hit single in this disco crazy world. But in his case it hardly matters. Although the personal opinion here is that *Grandma's Hands* was the best song he's ever written, there are several here that almost reach that mark: *Make Love To Your Mind*, *Family Table Sometimes A Song*, *Paint Your Pretty Picture*. This is a superb album.

JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH FEATURING THE EVERYTHING MAN: *Supersound* (Atlantic)

Jimmy is the Everything Man, which means he can take full credit for this dive.

Really, although on *Bom Bom* the band starts to cook (and in a couple of other spots) no one song really puts it all together. Let there be no doubt, however, that Castor is a very talented fellow. But this business with *King Kong* which is the hit single and the *Everything Men* is strictly for the kids. More of the instrumental *Drifting* and the softer *What's Best* would make Castor a more respectable artist. He is capable of it.

GIG SOUL SINGLES

FREDDIE NORTH: *Cuss the Wind* (Mankind M-12022)

One of the few records released this year with an incredible soul vocal performance, unhampered by the fact that it is not a dance record. On the order of Major Harris' "Love Won't Let Me Wait." Terrific.

RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12149)

"Sweet Thing" is just that. A sweet love song, well produced and showcasing Chaka's voice to its best advantage, but still a solid group effort that would go to the top.

RETTA YOUNG: *You Beat Me To The Punch* (All Platinum 2361)

A mediocre cover of a classic song. Written by Ronald White and Smokey Robinson and originally recorded by Mary Wells, it is not improved upon by Miss Young. A rather perfunctory performance. An artist like Gloria Gaynor should grab this tune.

BILL WITHERS: *Make Love To Your Mind* (Columbia 3-10255)

Withers' stark vocal style is backed with strings and horns, and they complement the performance. His records have always come from left field, growing on you until you realize the deft and originality of his music. Withers' subject matter is also high above the rest of the field.

OLYMPIC RUNNERS: *Dump the Bump* (London 5N-227)

The faster they run the better.

TUXEDO: *If You Can't Please Your Woman* (Hi 5N-2296)

A real mis-mash. Heavy percussion, nice horn bits, and a nifty guitar but the production seems rushed. More time in the studio could have made a difference. The raw goods are there.

JOEY WELZ THE KEYBOARD WIZARD: *Rollerballin* (Disco Go 302)

This record was "inspired" by the film "Rollerball," and it's real skating music. So if you can skate to it, you certainly can dance to it, maybe at the same time.

SOUL ON DELIVERY: *Hustle* (Dance of the Day) (London 5N-1063)

Hustle records are still coming out like hotcakes. This will do nothing to prolong the craze for which it was intended, but it is a well produced record. And it does include every cliché in the book.

THE O'JAYS: *I Love Music* (Philadelphia International ASZ 168)

#1 record from the #1 group produced by #1 producers Gamble & Huff. The steadiest and worthiest of the soul groups with more to offer than the rest of the pack. This is one of their best, although they've been better.

CAROLYN CRAWFORD: *Good and Plenty* (Philadelphia International Z383580)

A new voice from the G&H stable and a song built around the old pink and white candies. Plenty good.

THE DRAMATICS: *You're Fooling You* (ABC 12150)

Well produced record with all the ingredients, including the strong voice of Ron Banks. Making a good showing on the charts, but really no crossover potential.

REDD FOX: *You Gotta Wash Your Ass* (Atlantic SD18157)

When Redd Fox grew up, he says, funky had nothing to do with music. Funky was funky. This single, taken from a 1975 New York performance is funky in the truest sense. And funny in the truest sense, too.

THE SENSATIONAL WILLIAMS BROTHERS: *Somebody Needs You Lord* (Nashboro Records NA 1031)

It's debatable if a genuine gospel record can make it but there is some mighty good singing here if you care to listen.

JOE SIMON: *I Need You, You Need Me* (Spring 163)

One of America's premier vocal stylists follows his last hit with another supreme effort. Nothing too unusual, but Simon comes across everytime with more class than most anyone.

CASH McCALL: *I Dig You* (Columbia 3-10243)

A great ballad that sinks in with every listening. Interesting background vocals enhance an already pleasing record.

THE SOFTONES: *That Old Black Magic* (Avco 4663)

A fun version of Johnny Mercer's classic done with a hustle beat. Performed well.

THE EARLS: *Goin Uptown* (Columbia AS 163)

Re-mem-mem-re-mem-mem-mem-ber. Now that was a song. This is a flimsy attempt to cash in on disco—which should be forever banned.

BILLY JONES: *Groovy Day* (Vibration VI-541)

This song cuts a nice groove with a pleasant build aided by a strong vocal from Mr. Jones who also produced this potential hit.

MAXINE NIGHTINGALE: *Right Back Where We Started From* (UA XW 752-Y)

Real strong disco record that jumps right out and holds its own with any of the current big hits. Maxine is unrestrained and sings with gusto.

What They're Saying



During the recent and renowned Rolling Thunder Revue benefit at Clinton Institution (where Rubin "Hurricane" Carter is serving time) Joan Baez took some time out to strut a bit of her stuff. Joking and dancing with the inmates, she was cheered on by 250 prisoners as she sensually and suggestively bumped with a 26-year old inmate. Keep on shakin' Joanie!



Stephanie Mills, the 16-year old star who plays Dorothy in Broadway's *The Wiz*, is not half as impressed with her sudden stardom as she is with her autograph book. The pages are filled with the best wishes from such celebrities as Stevie Wonder, Liza Minelli, Diana Ross, Ray Bolger (the original scarecrow), and the list goes on. What else could a kid ask for?



Dolly Parton will be given a chance to display her many talents and other obvious attributes on TV, with a new variety program scheduled for a fall premiere on the CBS Networks. The show, with Dolly as hostess, will be shot in various Nashville locations as well as the famous Opryland auditorium. Linda Ronstadt and Ray Charles are two artists scheduled to share the stage with the multi-talented Dolly.



Commander Cody And His Lost Planet Airmen have blessed the screen as well as the concert stage with their film debut in *The Starlets*. "It was a pleasure working

with such beautiful girls," the Commander said with a smirk on his face. Let's hope all those leggy women didn't divert the band too much from the business at hand!



The legendary Little Richard can be heard banging the old 88's on Bachman-Turner Overdrive's latest Mercury release, *Head On*. "We needed a piano on a couple of cuts," Bachman explained. "Can you think of somebody better?"

Even operatic composers like Wagner would be impressed by the piercing high note, an e flat above high C to be exact, featured on Roy Wood's *Mustard* album. The mystery vocalist? Annie Haslam of Renaissance. With this remarkable feat behind her, Annie has broken the rock LP record for hitting such ecstatic heights.

UP AND COMING LP'S

ROCK & POP

Steely Dan—ABC
 Pointer Sisters—ABC
 Melissa Manchester—Arista
 Soundtrack From *Lucky Lady*—Arista
 The Brecker Brothers—Arista
 David Pomeranz—Arista
 Outlaws—Arista
 The Bay City Rollers—Arista
 Rick Anderson—Arista
 Steve Miller—Capitol
 Michel Polnareff—Atlantic
 Black Oak Arkansas—Atlantic
 The Best Of Crosby & Nash—Atlantic
 Bad Company—Atlantic
 Manhattan Transfer—Atlantic
 King Crimson—Atlantic
 Wishbone Ash—Atlantic
 Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Atlantic
 Peter Townsend—MCA
 Bernie Taupin—MCA
 Ki-Ki Dee—MCA
 Dwight Twilley Band/Shelter
 Leon Russell—Shelter
 Chick Corea—Polydor
 Soundtrack From *Barry Lyndon*—Warner Brothers
 Rod McKuen—Warner Brothers
 Elvin Bishop—Capricorn
 Best Of Jethro Tull—Chrysalis
 Best Of Faces—Warner Brothers
 Doobie Brothers—Warner Brothers
 Black Sabbath—Warner Brothers
 Seals & Crofts—Warner Brothers
 Dory Previn—Warner Brothers
 James Taylor—Warner Brothers
 Maria Muldare—Reprise
 Paul Butterfield—Bearsville
 Bo Diddley—20th Anniversary of Rock & Roll—RCA
 Lou Reed—RCA
 David Bowie—RCA
 Jose Feliciano—RCA
 Harry Nilsson—RCA

Hall & Oates—RCA
 Brain Auger's *Oblivion Express Vol. 11B*—RCA
 David Cassidy—RCA
 National Lampoon—Epic
 Aztec Two-Step—RCA
 10cc—Mercury
 Poco—Epic
 Dave Loggins—Epic
 Dantana—Columbia
 Lee Michaels—Columbia
 Laura Nyro—Columbia
 Phoebe Snow—Columbia
 Boz Scaggs—Columbia
 Creedence's *Greatest Hits*—Fantasy

SOUL

Major Harris—Atlantic
 Junior Walker And The All Stars—Motown
 Stevie Wonder—Motown
 Motown Discotheque 111—Motown
 Chocolate Milk—RCA
 Tymes—RCA
 Weldon Irvine—RCA
 Dobie Gray—Capricorn
 Margie Joseph And Blue Magic—Atlantic
 Imaginations—20th Century
 Harold Melvin & The Bluenotes—Columbia
 The Isley Brothers—Epic
 Billy Paul—Epic
 Soul Children—Epic

JAZZ

Human Arts Ensemble—Arista
 Andrew Hill—Arista
 Cecil Taylor—Arista
 Marion Browne—Arista
 Esther Phillips—Atlantic
 Eddie Harris—Atlantic
 Billy Cobham—Atlantic
 Dave Brubeck—Atlantic
 Alice Coltrane—Warner Bros.
 David "FaTHEAD" Newman—Warner Bros.
 Pat Martino—Warner Bros.
 The World Jazz Association—Warner Bros.
 Gil Evans—RCA
 Miles Davis—Columbia
 Herbie Hancock—Columbia
 Les Dudak—Columbia
 Mahavishnu Orchestra—Columbia
 Stan Getz—Columbia
 Maynard Ferguson—Columbia
 Duke Ellington—Columbia
 Linda Hopkins Sings Selections From
Me & Bessie—Columbia
 Cal Tjader—Fantasy
 Bill Evans Trio—Fantasy
 Joe Henderson—Milestone
 Flora Purim—Milestone
 Merle Saunders—Fantasy

CONCERT SPOTLIGHTS

JOE SAVAGE & THE LAST DAYS OF THE BLUE ANGEL

Joe Savage is a cabaret performer whose music could best be classified as 'middle of the road' (MOR). Andy Williams and Tony Bennett also sing MOR tunes, but not the way Joe Savage does. Dividing his show into three hour-long segments, Savage first sings straight club favorites; *Those Were the Days*, *Look What They've Done To My Song*, *Cabaret*; etc. Savage, who looks like a much younger Telly Savalas, entered with top hat and cane and proceeded to dance through the first few numbers. During the second set, he interfused impressions of Alice Cooper, Frank Zappa, and Mick Jagger, creating a unified theatrical concept. Now, wearing a silver sequined wet suit, Joe strutted about 'a la Mick', gyrating around thousands of strobes bouncing off his glitter. Then, the Alice Cooper in him surfaced, and he became the Marquis de Sade. Enough theatrical production for ten Broadway shows accompanied him as this segment reached a climax.

The third and final part is like a horror flick, complete with fire, smoke, and, of course, the devil—all the trappings of a hellish nightmare. Those with latent ophidiophobia were terrified when Savage introduced his 24 foot boa constrictor, wrapping itself around his neck while he sang the last number. When finished, Joe had made no less than 15 costume changes—from space man to Satan. However, all this over-production is unnecessary. Joe Savage doesn't really need supertheatricals, he already has a great voice.

Aftermath At The Blue Angel

Borrowing its name from an earlier New York club, the Blue Angel opened in 1973 amid Manhattan's fashionable east side. Catering to unconventional tastes, the Blue Angel presented female impersonators and transvestite performers along with straight acts, aiming to emulate the exciting craziness of the Paris cabaret, 'Alcazar.'

Unfortunately, on December 18, a terrible conflagration reduced the Blue Angel to ash and rubble. Panic resulting from inadequate fire protection caused at least seven deaths. An investigation is currently underway. Let us hope club owners might correct any fire hazards so that prospective patrons won't have to fear for their lives.

Lewis R. Eklund



Dr. John and his 'Rizzum and Blues Revue' at the Bottom Line, December 4.

Making a house call in New York, Dr. John brought along his fantastic medicine in a successful attempt to make us feel good. Wearing a crimson fedora and a bespangled smoking jacket, the good doctor proceeded to operate, showering the audience with a silver stardust. The 'Rizzum and Blues Revue,' complete with a pair of dazzling funky ladies, began with a tune about the 'man' himself. Then the hits rolled off: *Iko Iko*, *Such a Night* and *Right Place, Wrong Time*.

Between songs, Dr. John made several comments, barely distinguishable because of his genuine 'bayou' dialect. Born in New Orleans, he has the drawling 'Creole' accent which pervades his music. Influenced by Sam Cooke and Allan Toussaint, the doctor has combined Mississippi Delta rhythms together with New Orleans funk, concocting his own refreshingly original sound.

Lewis R. Eklund



KINKS /Steve Harley at Beacon Theater Nov. 28, 1975

The clown prince of rock, Master Ray Davies, and his band of merry men returned to their ever-faithful New York following on Friday night, Nov. 28 at the Beacon Theater, and the faithful were not disappointed.

The Kinks performed their newest theatrical rock presentation, *Schoolboys In Disgrace*, (from the album of the same name), after a brief set of popular Kinks oldies. *Schoolboys* had the audience howling and cheering at the Kinks' antics as they musically reconstructed the childhood days of Flash (Preservation's villain) and his buddies. Davies has concocted another set of winning characters: Jack the Idiot Duncie, the ferocious Headmaster, and himself as the energetically pubescent Flash—in grey flannel short pants, school blazer, and knee socks. Some of the new tunes merely beat dead horses. Regardless of the performance's ups and downs, one fact remains perfectly clear, that Ray Davies rapsca-lion is a genius.

Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel opened the show; his band is not equal to Harley's talent for psychodrama, cranking out pedestrian shock-rock rather than enhancing Harley's stylized performing. If he ever gets a better back-up band together, Harley might become as big a star in America as he is in England.

Kris DiLorenzo

GAIL KANTOR

Gail Kantor is one hell of a singer, as proven in her tumultuous, rip-roaring performance at New York's Reno Sweeney during a 4-day engagement. An ex-Harlett in Bette Midler's band and an experienced jingle singer as well, Kantor is well-versed in studio technique. She displays her proficiency beautifully on stage with a highly-controlled vibrato and fresh, colorful intonation.

Gail's unpredictability keeps her audience enthralled. Starting off sensually mellow, she often drives full-force into hard-core rock drama, and her voice slides smoothly with each shift.

In the last two and a half years, Gail has been writing a lot of original material, and has finally built up enough confidence to test it out in public. Judging from the audience's response at Sweeney's she's got nothing to worry about. All Gail's songs have substance and variety, rooted heavily in the pop/rock vein, with enough spicy spirituality to stand on their own merits.

Chalk It Up To Love, Gail's opening tune, is an introspective piece, cool and collected in the beginning. Gail deliberately sets a ballad-like atmosphere for her audience, then turns around in the chorus with a rhythmic belt-out session that would make Aretha proud.

She handles serenity just as well with old classics like *Moonlight In Vermont* as well as her own *Fantasy To Ride* and *Emeralds, Diamonds and Pearls*.

The back-up band, including Ralph Shuckett on piano, Bob Rose on guitar, John Siegler on bass and John Wilcox on drums, couldn't be more attuned to Gail's wavelength, complementing her eclectic yet disciplined voice.

Unlike many female singers who emerge on the stage with total emotion and little technique, Gail's got both the heart and the mind to make it all work for her. As a stylist, singer and 70s songwriter, she serenades us with relevant, moving themes, and a vibrant delivery to go with it.

Lynn Kellermann



NEWS ITEM

Disco Special

Taping for "Bruce Morrow's Disco," the first disco music special for television, was done live at "Wednesday's," a popular New York discotheque. Featuring some of the best disco talent in America, the hour-long show will be aired nationally and internationally in the near future. The guests included: B.T. Express, the Crown Heights Affair, the Gloria Gaynor Experience, Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, Melissa Manchester and Ben Vereen.

"Wednesday's" was chosen for its unusual interior which looks like a Hollywood set. A real cobblestone street (the dance floor) is lined with quaint shops suggesting a European flavor, complete with a cafe. Bruce Morrow, popularly known as Cousin Brucie on the radio, is one of the most famous N.Y. radio personalities of the last two decades. Another special produced by Morrow, 'Nashville: Music City, U.S.A.,' will also be shown soon.

Disco in



the Moonlight



I enjoyed myself last night with a well-preserved platinum blonde of forty-three—dressed to kill. Guzzling Shirley Temples and dragging a long cigarette from her lips, she was conducting the Walk better than any teeny-bopper I've danced with.

The club was 12 West, a private membership club which manufactures an atmosphere of sparkle and plenty of fancy glitter. A dark, sophisticated, and gay west side village waterfront top-drawer paradise where celebrities and the very well-to-do drop in for a night of fun.

The Walk

We were all lined up—short, tall, fat, and thin in a long, perfectly parallel ex-

tending line of 70 and a row of 10 wide including that well-preserved platinum blonde. All of us doing a simple choreographed four-step—turn to the right and turn to the left. It's causing thousands of straight and gay dance floors around the nation to burn out before the disc jockey's equipment does.

It's all a fabulous mesmerizing collage, a high-rise carbon copy kaleidoscope of the Rockettes—done with perfect timing and precision. The only thing missing is the girls' famous "countless kick" number that steals the show at Radio City.

This new dance has a history of chic names—The Roach, The Line, and the Chicago Bus Stop. New York identifies it as the Walk, simply because for two to three hours all we were doing was walking.

People are saying that it's like watching an actual Broadway revue. With lots of fancy kicks and turns and snazzy walking techniques and an audience looking straight at you, you can't help but feel you're in some kind of show.

Even though it's taken over like a plague, it has a barrel of good points. Number one, for the majority of disco freaks it starts off as a mild challenge and then becomes an obsession. There's no touching, no verbal communication (a smile and a holler once in a while) and no competition among other line dancers.

It's just a lot of fun, like skipping double-dutch. A great deal of exercise and a wonderful way of getting loose. Another factor about its popularity is that anyone can easily scotch-tape himself into it and stick for as long as he or she likes. Everyone's doing it and everyone's loving it.

Tom Savarese

He's stormy and vainly defiant with a tablespoon of volatile creative temperament. He's 12 West's one and only established national institution and my best friend—D.J. Tom Savarese. The only D.J. I know who gets a standing ovation every Friday and Saturday night.

What makes him unique is his chemistry of blending records, making disco freaks scream and sweat as they stay glued to the dance floor. His selective library of unique rock, pop, mood albums and singles—every night is different, every record is somehow different. Whether it's an ultimate trip with the fabulous high-heel sneakers of the 70's, the Pointer Sisters, *Chainey Do* from their new LP *Steppin'* which blended beautifully right after Eddie Kendrick's *Girl You Need A Change Of Mind* gives the six minute rhythmic appeal of an over-powering Brazilian milkshake. Or the famous *Give It Up Or Turn It Loose*, a high price margarine by James Brown, has discos everywhere climbing the walls. Unfortunately, not only is the LP out of print, so is Mr. Brown himself (one

who has alot appeal and direction as a performer since his late 60's song releases)—a case of pure laziness.

Cleveland Eaton's *Chi-Town Theme* ("Plenty Good Eaton"—Black Jazz 20) rolls across the dance floor like an egg-beater out of control; humping and bumping with elastic contractions—leaving you weak but begging for more.

The Divine Miss M. (Bette Midler) is back with an overflowing canvas of tutti-frutti camp. A curtain call of glamour and downright rich imagination. Her newest adventure, *Songs For The New Depression* is a time machine of lusty, romantic songs of the 30's and 50's. A zany frolic of Betty Grable's *Marihuana* straight from the late-late show to an unbelievable "snap-crackle-pop" disco version of Frank Sinatra's *Strangers In The Night* that caused a second Hindenburg on the dance floor at 12 West.

Isaac Hayes is back—this time with *Disco Connection* from the Isaac Hayes Movement which pin-points pure direction and flow in every form. He brought out the neglected Barnaby Bye's *Can't Live This Way*, a jumping moog-rock-soul grasshopper composition filled with crickets and synthesizer effects that go way beyond the sound of rock.

I could write a book on Mr. Savarese's playing alone, but this is an article not a novel, so take my suggestion and your dancing feet to 12 West and check Tommy out.

DISCO SINGLES

MARGO THUNDER: Don't You Have Any Love In Your Heart (Haven 7018)

A full time junior high school student of 14 years old sets thousands of disco dance floors on fire. Every week I dedicate my column to let the public (disco freaks) be aware of positive, exciting talent. This record carries a blend of congas and temperature-rising, church-preaching music coming off like a grown-up Shirley Temple. In a 8-9 week period the N.Y., Long Island and New Jersey D.J.'s have praised the formula of this fantastic composition. Triple red-hot congas set off a volcanic World War III pep pill. Ms. Thunder's voice is more powerful and direct than (Wiz Kid) Stephanie Mills. In my opinion she is the most promising young female vocalist to come out this year. A disco phenomenon without air play.

BARRY WHITE: Let The Music Play (20th Century 2265) No, ladies and gentlemen, Barry White is not dead. He's back again. But this time with an exciting, familiar composition of his own. To the disco audience he has become absolutely repetitious with everything he does. Check out this new one of White's. It's got a new bounce and it's very tasteful. Highly recommended.

LIZ TORRES: Hustle Latino (RCA 10519) Spanish omelette Liz Torres plays a game of double-dutch with the disco scene. This bitch does more screaming and gives more baffling directions here than in anything I've ever heard. Surprisingly enough, her garrulous vocal action packs dance floors. The composition on the whole is cute and fabulous (but she gives me a headache.) It's a stapled, commercially balanced latin instrumental that climbs like an over-charged roller coaster and sinks like the Titanic, with a handsome choral department that blends into a perfect marriage. Ms. Torres is the female Monti Rock (Get Dancin') of the disco scene. Both are always wearing the rag.

CHARLES RANDOLPH: Star Trek The theme song from the popular T.V. show, which is running re-runs each week. A dramatic space-age composition re-vamped and disco-tized to add glamour and positive disco play. I like it a lot, it's got character, but I don't think disco freaks will appreciate it—maybe in New York. The B-side is extremely Kosher—excellent!

BROOKLYN PEOPLE: Boogie Man (Cheri 504) I'm absolutely shocked that Brooklyn People could put such a piece of crap like this on the disco market. Their last record, *Peace and Love* was a gigantic New York smash in every disco in town.

JIMMY NORMAN: I Wanna MAke Love To You (Buddah 504) Ladies, if you're sick of Barry White or you want a change of pace, let Mr. Norman turn you on. This over-powering ballad and sexual masterpiece is enough to send you on that glorious path of matrimony. A record you'll want to dance to or just make love to, hundreds of times a day.

CHUCK JACKSON: I'm Needing You, Wanting You (All Platinum 2360)

Another man with sex on his mind pours out the sex appeal like a high price toothpaste. Excellent vocal department for lovers everywhere. Gives the direct message of sexual desire and honest lust with appeal. Beautifully done.

BIDDU ORCHESTRA: I Could Have Danced All Night (Epic 50173)

A beautiful song known by millions, will be known all over again, only this time by millions of disco freaks. Biddu has been driving the discos bananas with a brilliant re-make of "Summer of 42," and now he's put a 200-watt light bulb into the most spectacular re-make of them all.

THE STRINGFIELD FAMILY: Stringfield Hustle (Stringfield 58X77)

Even though everyone is sick to death of disco records labeled hustle this or hustle that, this family has mesmerized a perfect disco record that builds and educates the mind and body. A fine, unique production with all the trimmings of an over-powering disco giant.

MILTON HAMILTON CRYSTALIZED: My Love Supreme (TR 129)

The brilliant vocal team who disco-tized Bobby Hebb's *Sunny* have decided to let loose. A disco hustle waltz with a lot of zest. The composition itself is a carbon copy of "Sunny" but very tasteful, with a tiger-tail length, bell ringing break department that has the power of travel—a travel that should be lengthened in more than one spot. Credit should go to writer, producer and arranger and lead singer Milton Hamilton.

FREDDIE AND HENCHI: Cartoon People (DJM 1002)

A galloping, tick shooting, slip slap, sarcophagous disco goody with a stick. It has a zany, taut-walking, marching, skip- and- hop disco flavor to it. A trailblazing adventure with an exciting future behind it. Unfortunately the length of this composition is a lanky 2:49. It needs a longer track and a producer with faith and a fat wallet. Simply means: don't let this great piece of work rot on the shelf.

JUGGY GONES: Inside America (Pt. 1-2) (Jupiter 902)

Accordian music fit for the dead—traveling whirlwinds of floating energetic curtain calls—Twelve-inch platform shoes and a horny man playing a mean fiddle — Pop goes the Wizzle—skating atop an icy layer of ketchup. Scream and ask your wife for a divorce. A combination of cross-current battery and electrically insane instrumentals that make you want to stay glued to the dance floor. Absolutely the most original and fantastic disco instrumental this month.

DIONNE WARWICK: Once You Hit The Road (Warner Bros. 8154)

A lady who's been moving all kinds of audiences. She can sing anything with class and style. Warwick is by no means a disco-oriented lady. *Take It From Me*, a sleeper and then a powerful-selling disco number, has put Dionne on the path of this fine piece. She's a wonderland of stimulated Christmas goodies. Relax and enjoy her. Taken from *Track Of The Cat*.

PAUL ORTIZ YLA ORCHESTRA: Para Que Gozen Los Pollos (Mango 5009)

Strong, hard-core Latin samba with no commercial flavoring—totally original, totally salsa, with a hot tamale in its tank. No matter what nationality, your feet will be forever reminiscing those hot nights on the dance floor. You don't have to be latin to appreciate this number. Rotten promotion keeps this dynamite record under lock and key.

DAVID BOWIE: Golden Years (RCA PB 10441)

He's a trip and a slap in the face. He's a man with a merry-go-round of wild, interesting ways of keeping your feet on the dance floor. Nothing like his gold record, *Fame*, but it's quite tasty. It dares you to enter its web of future dance compositions. Either to dance or to listen to him is enough to hypnotize you.

RETTA YOUNG: You Beat Me To The Punch (All Platinum 2361)

Mary Wells carved her name into this memorable oldie. Disco action on this single has been very poor. It has to grow on you. Needs a better production or something I can't put my finger on.

ASTOR & THE POTENTIALS: Give Me What I Want (Aristo 105)

Satellite of wild changes with a guitar section that knows it business. They've stolen that magic guitar section from Harold Melvin's "Bad Luck" and left a trail of home-made jelly donuts and other goodies too hard to resist. A jam-packed roller coaster ride up & down 42nd Street. Valuable piece of top-notch dance material with an unforgettable Pt. 2. A winner and a must to add to your collection.

BARBRA STREISAND: Shake Me, Wake Me (When It's Over) (Columbia 10272)

A letter to thousands of DJ's across the country from Barbra, thanking them for building up the excitement that this tremendous record has caused plus her own personal excitement attached is just one of the reactions this history-making record has caused. The Oscar winning rabbit has more magic than the *Wizard of Oz*. A tremendous volcanic response everywhere.

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Are We Listening To Sound or Music?

by Robert V. Weinstein

It all started with the invention of electricity. If Ben Franklin had known better, he would have kept his findings to himself. Hot for fame and fortune, he had to tell the world. It didn't stop there. There was Edison, the man responsible for inventing the phonograph in 1877. That's when the real trouble began. Basically a good man, he didn't really know what the future would bring. All he wanted was to bring a little music into everyone's home. He did just that. He didn't realize at the time that he had spawned a mutant, more complicated than the laser beam and bionic man all rolled into one. With his invention, an industry was born. Music lovers worldwide were happy.

Music first put on cylinders, then heavy breakable 78 rpm, which were soon to be replaced by light, unbreakable long playing 33 1/3 rpm discs. Music lovers had found their god. But it was only the beginning. American industry was working feverishly in the background. It saw beyond the moment, and was already grappling with the future. It was about to mold something even bigger for the listener, something that would turn his ears on to sound dimensions Edison couldn't even contemplate. The changes came fast and furious: improved recording techniques, Hi-Fi, stereo, and in the late sixties-early seventies, quadraphonic sound. Somewhere between stereo and quad, high technology created a new species of listener, the "sound freak." It was not a quick metamorphosis, but one that was created and nurtured by corporate dictates. Somewhere along the line our music lover changed. No longer satisfied with just listening to music for music's sake, he became immersed in sound for sound's sake. He thought not in musical terms, but in waves of sound, distortion, phase relationships, reverberations, equalizers, parameters, and God only knows what else. His components were the primary consideration. They were more important to him than his dog, kids, wife and pillow.

Sultry Stereo And The Big Push

The consumer couldn't resist stereo. And why not? Two distinct channels of

sound were certainly better than having all the sound push through one speaker. The consumer was hooked. He was at the mercy of the audio industry. Sales increased and manufacturers unleashed newer and more advanced sound-enhancing gimmicks on to the public. At predictable intervals, new lines were strategically introduced, replacing outdated systems that might have been no more than 12 to 18 months out of the factory. Each new edition was offered as the answer to the consumer's wildest sound fantasies. What if it did cost a bit more money? No matter, the consumer reasoned, look at the ultra-sensitive tuning, the range, and the highly developed filters capable of filtering out noises a dog couldn't even hear.

A staggering proportion of once-ardent music lovers became equipment freaks overnight. Where they were once motivated by the uncomplicated desire to listen to music, they were now obsessed with sound. Certain records became anachronisms because they didn't measure up to the standards of the audio equipment, and new ones were chosen because they glorified the equipment's untapped potential.

There are equipment maniacs who spend up to 25 minutes adjusting their sets. If you have a few thousand dollars invested in audio equipment, how does it look if you just go over to the set, turn it on and leave? That's not too impressive, is it? The astute audiophile slowly ambles over to his set, admires all the fine craftsmanship, stares at the dials, and then sits down to man the controls. He touches them lovingly, caressingly. He wonders what it would be like to be intimate with all that wattage. Then he diagnoses the situation. What type of record is he about to play? That's an important factor in coming up with the right levels. Is the record old or new? Adjustments have to be made to filter out all that bad stuff if he plans to play an old record pressed about a decade ago. Is it rock, classical or jazz? That's important too. No self-respecting audiophile is going to play both rock and classical music at the same levels.

The Downfall Of Tom L.

Take Tom L. for instance, Single, 28, above-average looking, he was relatively normal before he bought his first stereo rig. He was a man who took his music seriously. He had a fine collection of classical, blues, rhythm and blues and jazz. A discerning listener, he was a man who enjoyed the finer things in life. A lot of thought went into that stereo.

Tom was not the kind of man who threw his money around recklessly. For months he studied consumer reports and the leading audio mags. Then he did it. He walked into a recommended equipment store, asked to hear a Crown Pre-amp and amp, a Thorens turntable, Audio Technica cartridge, a Heath tuner, a Revox Tape deck and two JBL 200 speakers. Tom and the audio salesman became fast friends. When the salesman turned on this noble array of components, Tom could hardly contain himself. Immediately transported to another world, he kept time with his feet and he could hardly keep his body from jerking into motion.

"You see these dials and filters," said the salesman, beaming an all-knowing smile. "This gives you the oomph you want from rock music; you know, a mighty bass response, and you feel the music right here (points to his stomach) in your gut."

As he unleashed more watts—bass, cymbals, and snare drum jumped out of the bottom half of the JBLs and almost knocked Tom L. clear across the room. The salesman wasn't through either. "Now this is what happens when you play compatible stereo and quad discs. The effect is striking."

"Really something," signed Tom.

Crystal clear, biting sound belched from the speakers.

"And there is power to spare. Why I haven't even turned this set on," laughed the salesman.

"That's some sound," whistled Tom through the crack in his two lower front teeth.

That was the first time he ever used the word *sound* in that context and also marked the very beginning of his obsession with sound. In an instant he was converted, hooked, a sound addict who wouldn't stop until he took in more decibel power than his psyche could tolerate.

Tom told him to wrap it up and deliver it. He was a new man, a convert. And the price for all those slick dials and wattage—close to \$5,000. Price was no object for

Tom. He could afford it and he was ready to experience the musical spectrum through his new gadgets.

And Harry P.

Harry P. was a late convert to the sound revolution. At age 42, he held onto an old Pilot all-in-one set. An intelligent man, he made a face every time someone mentioned stereophonic sound. "Who needs it," said Harry. "It's all a lot of bleep. Anyway, my old Pilot gives me excellent sound." But, it was just a matter of time before Harry was hooked. It's a wonder he got to age 42 still holding onto archaic ideas about music and sound.

One day Harry visited a friend who just happened to have \$8,000 invested in audio equipment. Every room in his friend's house had another piece of audio equipment. At first Harry thought the whole thing was silly. "Frivolity," said Harry to himself as he walked through a labyrinth of wires, speakers and slick control panels. Even the bathroom had small outdoor speakers. You couldn't escape it.

Harry couldn't admit it to his friend, but at one unguarded moment during that day he was bitten by the equipment bug. It happened when he was reading *Playboy*, while sound swirled around him in all directions. He couldn't help thinking how delicious the sound was. The topper was when his friend disintegrated four wine glasses with excessive dosages of volume. His friend shouted, "how's that for power," as each glass successively shattered. And without even realizing it, Harry applauded when the last glass died. That was it.

A month later Harry carted his Pilot down to his basement, the last resting place. Then he went out and joined the seventies equipment explosion and dropped a few grand on some new equipment. Six months after it was installed, he was tampering with Bach, Vivaldi and even Beethoven. Every day he found new ways to expand, contract, change and "improve the sound of the old masters. "What did they know about sound," said Harry to himself with a smug self-satisfied grin.

Et Tu?

Ask yourself, are you more tuned into sound than music? Many of us are not even aware of the fact that we are latent sound freaks. Once you're ensconced in sound for sound's sake, the experts say there is no returning. You are doomed to be at the beck and call of every major innovation that comes down the pike.

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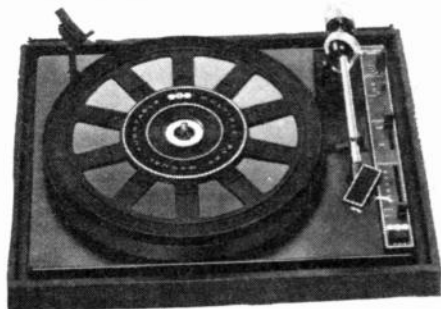


amplifications



Model RS-625US stereo cassette deck combines the Technics by Panasonic "Specification Guarantee," and the Dolby noise reduction with superior performance and durability of the exclusive HPF (hot-pressed ferrite) heads for wide frequency response with low noise and distortion. In addition, it features separate input and output level controls, a lockable pause control, memory rewind (conjunction with its digital tape counter), two illuminated db meters with selectable peak-reading function, tape-run indicators, full autostop, a headphone jack, and two microphone inputs with MIC selector switch. The Technics by Panasonic RS625US deck is guaranteed to meet its specifications on wow/flutter, frequency response, signal/noise ratio, overall distortion and speed accuracy.

It has a suggested retail price of \$299.95



B.I.C. offers a Multiple Play Manual Turntable, comparable in performance with the best turntables now available... and which incorporates automatic and multiple play features without sacrificing performance.

It is a belt drive turntable... belt drive being a simple, quiet, wow-free method of turning the platter and isolating it from the motor.

It incorporates a program panel which allows the turntable to be operated in 3 modes: 1) as a single-play manual, 2) as a single-play automatic in which the turntable cycles and shuts off at the touch of a button and will play one selection as many as 6 times automatically, 3) as a multiple-play turntable that will play as many as 6 records in sequence.



The STATICMASTER MODEL 3C500 is a unique record cleaning brush. It contains an active element which neutralizes static charges on the surface of any record. These charges are largely responsible for the attraction of dust to records, their neutralization frees the dust for easy removal by Staticmaster's integral, natural-bristle brush. Regular Staticmaster treatment keeps clean records clean—without build-up of any kind—thereby extending stylus and record life and reducing surface noise.

Suggested retail price for the Staticmaster 3C500 is \$14.95



The Discwasher fluid and brush were designed to remove not only the obvious dust particles, but also the chemicals and detergents used in pressing records. The new fabric is directional for dust pick up which made Discwasher famous from the beginning. With its finer pile and softer backing, it is significantly more absorbent than the older fabric. This means that the record is easier to clean because the new pad maintains a moist leading edge very easily.

Audio For Non-Audiophiles

by Robert Green

Last month we gave you a description of the basic functions of the receiver, the central unit of your projected high fidelity system. We mentioned, too, that the main determining factor in choosing a receiver is adequate power output to properly drive the loudspeakers you decide on. Let's go on from there, then, with some more suggestions on picking out the right receiver for you.

Space Considerations

Although the first point isn't concerned with quality, and may seem obvious, it can be pretty troublesome if you don't anticipate it: don't forget to measure the space you have available! Receivers are fairly sizeable pieces of equipment, and their appearance lined up on a store shelf is deceptive. No matter how great the quality, a nineteen inch long chassis won't fit into fifteen inches of shelf space. And be especially careful of depth, front-to-back. Allow at least two inches behind the unit for plugs and wiring. And you should know about the AM antenna; it's in the form of a bar mounted on the back of the set (although it looks like one, it is *not* a carrying handle) that swings out on pivots for proper orientation. You may have to allow eight to ten inches for this if you're going to be using the AM section of the receiver without an external antenna.

As we stated last month, the differences between units in a given price category will be relatively slight. It's possible that space considerations will limit your choice; or perhaps you'll want to decide on the basis of physical appearance. While neither instance would prove suicidal, it would be more reasonable for you to have some feelings about performance characteristics, so let's get back to that area.

The Tuner

After amplifier output power, the next consideration is the tuner section. The most important specification here is sensitivity. This term indicates the ability of the tuner to pull in signals of differing strength; the greater the sensitivity, the less signal strength necessary to hear stations clearly and without background noise. If you live near the transmitters of your favorite FM stations (and the transmitter isn't generally at the station's studio location) such as in an urban area, this becomes less critical.

Don't judge the reception at your location by use of a monophonic FM radio; good stereo reception requires a much higher signal level than mono. Furthermore, background noise is far more apparent on wide range equipment, and consequently is much more irritating.

If you live close to the transmitters, chances are any properly functioning set will bring in good signals with just the little wire antenna that comes packed with each unit (with some it's in the AC line cord rather than being separate). The point here is that you needn't pay for high sensitivity, which requires more elaborate circuitry in the set, if you don't need it. Should you live at some considerable distance from the signal resources, however, your need for sensitivity will be higher. If you're far enough away, you'll also need a roof antenna (and they, too, come in varying degrees of sensitivity). Adding an outdoor antenna has an effect similar to increasing the sensitivity of the tuner. In extreme cases both high tuner sensitivity and a large antenna are required.

Specifications

Until very recently the sensitivity rating has been shown in microvolts (abbreviated as 'uv'), and the lower the number the better. The measuring system has been revised, however, and this rating will begin showing up as a 'dbf' figure; again, the lower figures are preferable. This will make for some confusion until the old system is entirely phased out. Your dealer should be able to help you on this and to have an idea of what sensitivity will suffice in your area.

Don't waste your money paying for very high sensitivity with the thought of bringing in stations from all over the country. This doesn't work with FM the way it does with AM. FM signals, like television, go in a straight line at a tangent to the earth's curvature; 'line of sight'

rules apply so reception at any great distance is unlikely. AM signals, conversely, follow the curve of the earth so will carry very great distances at night. But don't expect the AM section of your receiver to be better at long distance reception than any other AM radio; not only are they adjusted for audio quality rather than high sensitivity (for technical reasons these are in essence mutually exclusive) but the AM portions of most AM-FM tuners are rather minimal, the emphasis being on FM. In any case, most little AM radios will pick up distant signals if they're available.

Spin The Dials

When you're actually looking at the receivers in the store, investigate the tuning dials. You want one that's well spaced and easy to read. This has nothing to do with the overall quality of the unit—it's a design rather than an engineering consideration—but a too cramped dial scale can be a pain, and in difficult reception areas will add to your problems. Also, too thick a dial pointer makes it hard to tell exactly what frequency you're on.

You can check for tuning accuracy yourself. Tune in some stations, the frequency numbers of which you know (between 88 and 108). The dial pointer should be dead on, or very nearly over the full length of the dial. An error of more than about 0.2 is too much. You may find slightly unequal accuracy at different points on the dial; that's okay so long as all of the readings are within tolerance.

Try fiddling with the controls of different brand units. You'll notice that the 'feel' will vary from brand to brand. Controls should feel smooth yet firm and free from wobble. The tuning controls in particular will vary, mainly as to how much time and effort it takes to get the dial pointer from one part of the scale to another. It isn't a race, of course, and this may or may not reflect operational quality of the set, but if you do a lot of radio listening you'll be using that tuning knob frequently and you'll eventually find a sluggish one a nuisance.

Receivers, having many functions on a single chassis, have more controls per unit than other types of equipment. Granted, the "top-of-the-line" units can give the impression that a pilot's license and a thousand hours of solo flying time would be pre-requisites for purchase—but fear not. In the lower-priced units, our main concern here, the number of controls are kept at a minimum and you'll have no trouble mastering them.

As the price of equipment rises, so does the number of features included. If you're on a budget, an assumption we feel is not unreasonable, don't let yourself be 'sold up' to expensive equipment on the basis of more features. The smaller units have everything most music listeners will require, and many of the traditional features in the high priced area aren't necessary, or even useable, in a simple installation. It's very nice, for example, to know that you can hook up two tape decks at the same time, but if you're never going to have two tape decks...

Big Is Not Necessarily Best

You'll notice that our preferences are to small, relatively low powered receivers. Please remember that small size does not imply poor quality. In combination with efficient loudspeakers, and assuming an average size room and reasonable volume levels, the unit delivering 15 or 20 watts per channel can produce fine sound. Certainly you're free to invest in high-powered, expensive equipment and, depending on how it's used, you might find it more impressive. But we want you to understand that not being able to afford powerhouse equipment doesn't begin to put you out of the game.

If you're interested in having some sounding music for the smallest investment, don't let any audiophiles put you down for not playing the game by their rules. The audiophile is frequently interested in audio equipment for its own sake, a hobby that can prove expensive and sometimes frustrating. The music listener, on the other hand, can just listen and enjoy.

5/10

A New Album
By
THE BAND
Northern Lights-Southern Cross



Left to right: Rick Danko, Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel, Robbie Robertson, Levon Helm.

(It's Been Worth The Weight)

