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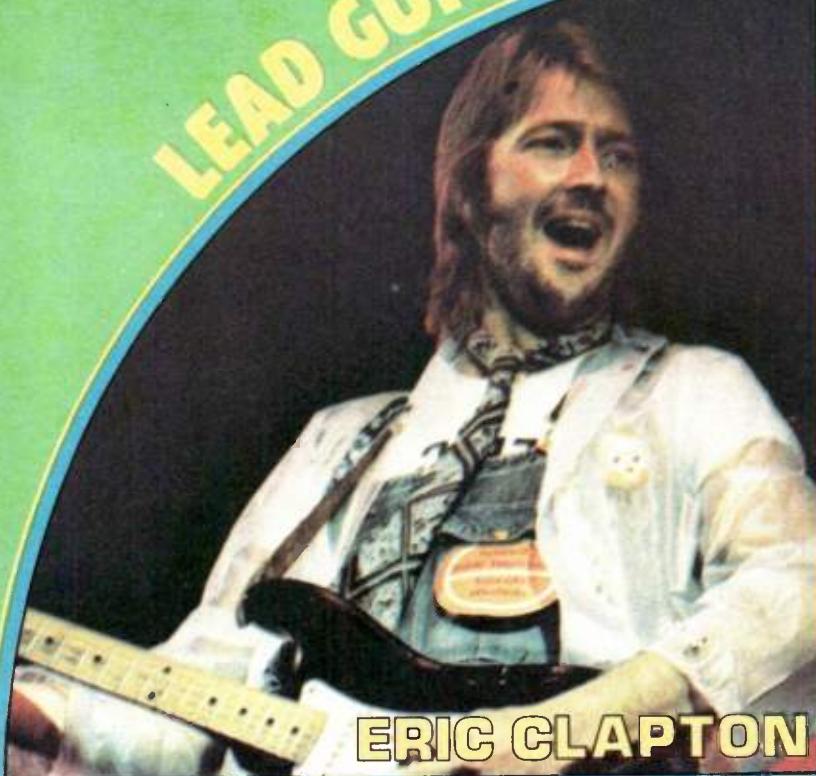
LITTLE FEAT & ROBERT PALMER: Two Sides of the Story

May 1976

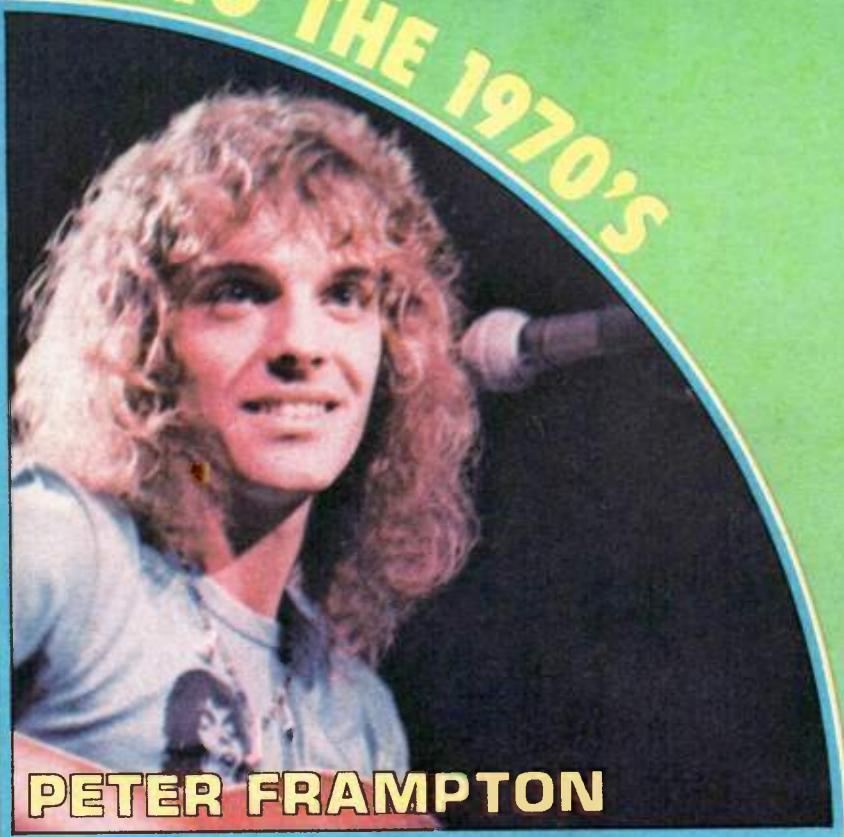
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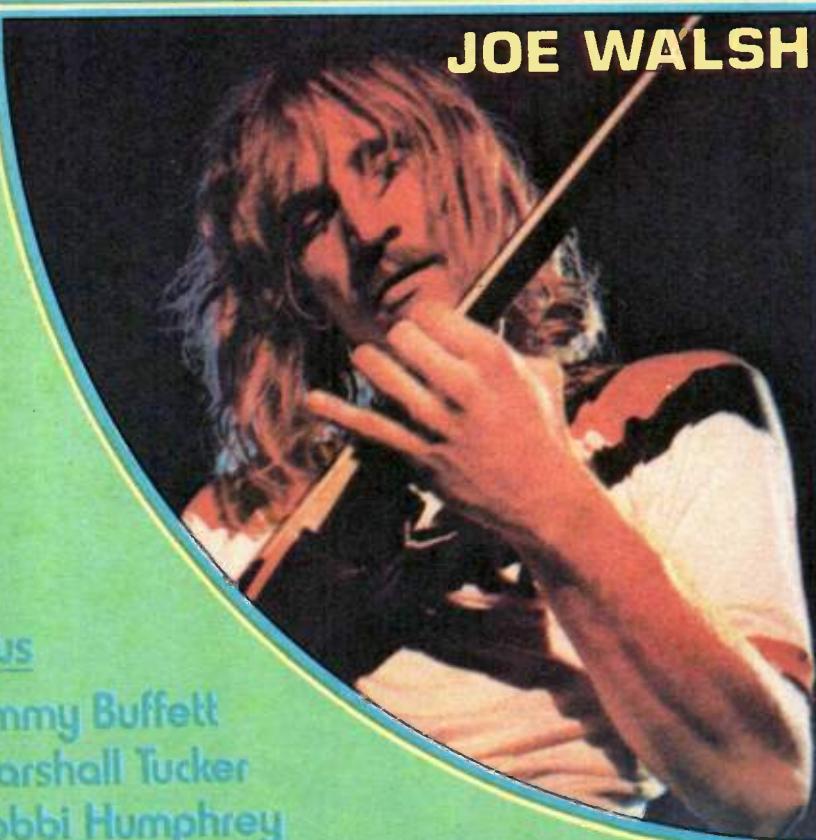
LEAD GUITAR GROWS INTO THE 1970's



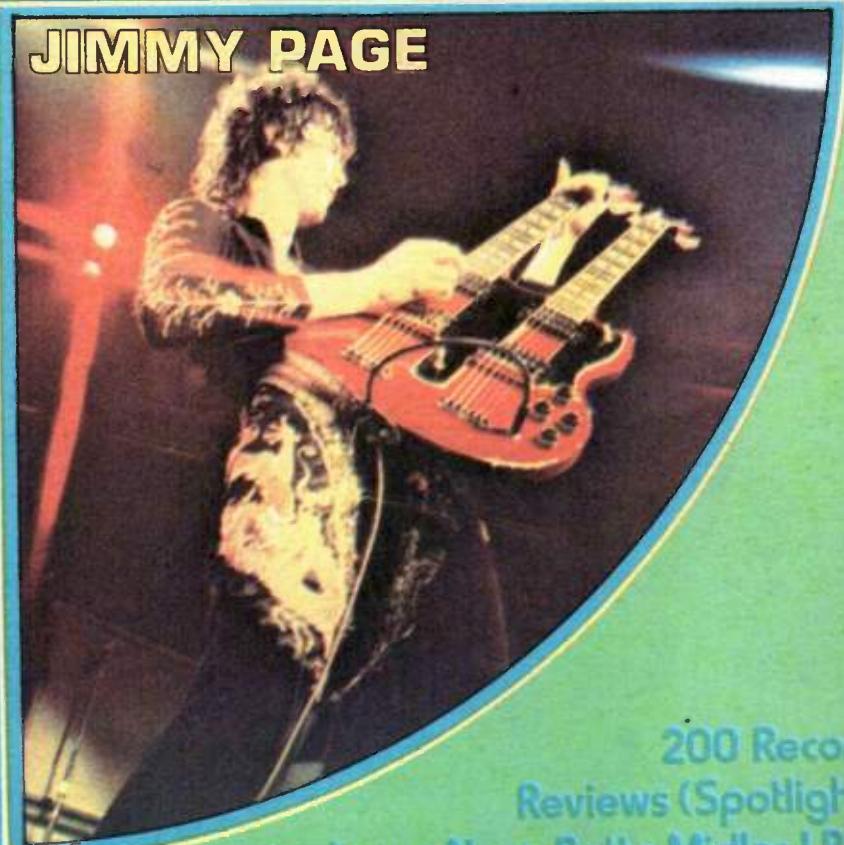
ERIC CLAPTON



PETER FRAMPTON



JOE WALSH



JIMMY PAGE

Plus

Jimmy Buffett
Marshall Tucker
Bobbi Humphrey
Pure Prairie League

200 Record
Reviews (Spotlight:
Laura Nyro, Bette Midler LP's)

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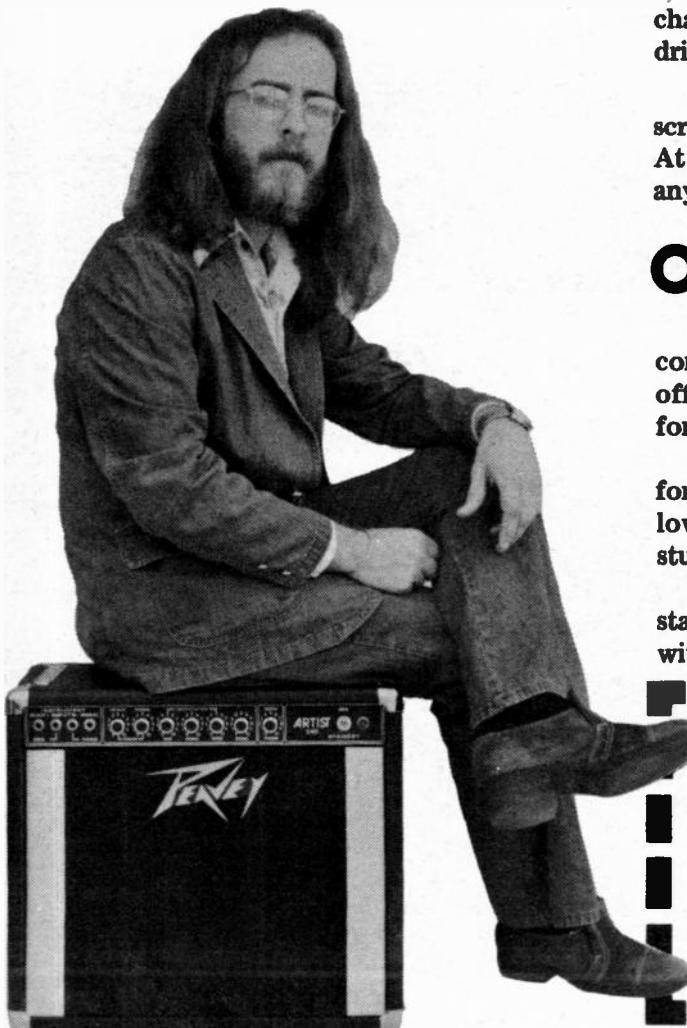
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The Magazine for the record buying public Volume 2, Number 10

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GIG would like to thank JEM records, an import record service located at P.O. Box 343, 3001 South Hadley Rd., South Plainfield, New Jersey 07080, for all of their help and cooperation in providing materials for the Reggae Section in the April Issue.

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LETTERS

To the editor:

We are writing to reply to the editorial on Joni Mitchell by Ms. Kellermann. It seems to us that Kellermann is trying to match words with Joni, a pitiful mistake. She apparently pictures herself as Marc Antony condemning Brutus. However, in this case, it perhaps shows up the assistant editor as the imposter.

It seems to us that Kellermann had deep-rooted jealousy and a feeling of inferiority when confronted with the genius of Joni Mitchell.

Strange, but when turning a few pages over to another article written by Kellermann in regard to Gail Cantor, the necessity for hypercriticism no longer seems apparent. For the present, Cantor is no threat to anyone. Could this be the reason for the smile of approval from Kellermann?

In Kellermann's article on Joni, she claims Joni has dubbed herself "Queen of the High and Mighty." However as Kellermann praises the unknowns and attacks the achievements of Rock's finest composers and artists, could it be that Kellermann would like nothing more than to be "Queen of the High and Mighty?" Long live Joni Mitchell.

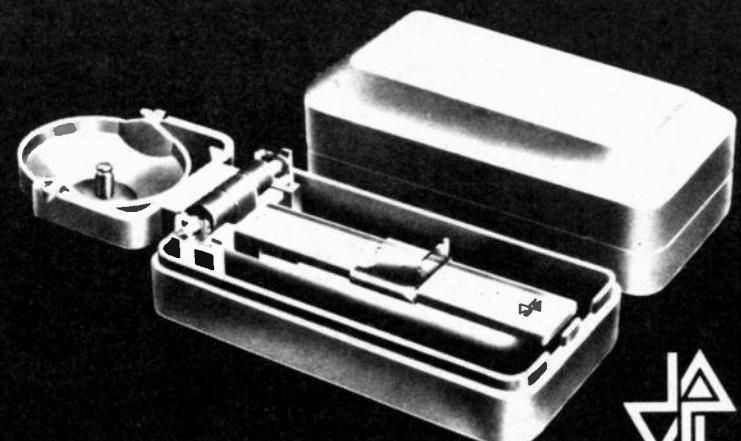
Sincerely,
Two ex-readers of The Music GIG

Dear ex-readers:

The role of the rock writer is to freely criticize wherever necessary, regardless of the artists' reputation. No doubt, Ms. Mitchell is one of our finest musicians. The statements posed in the article were not meant to offend Ms. Mitchell or any of her fans. They simply questioned the direction of her style and philosophy in retrospect to her past.

L.K.

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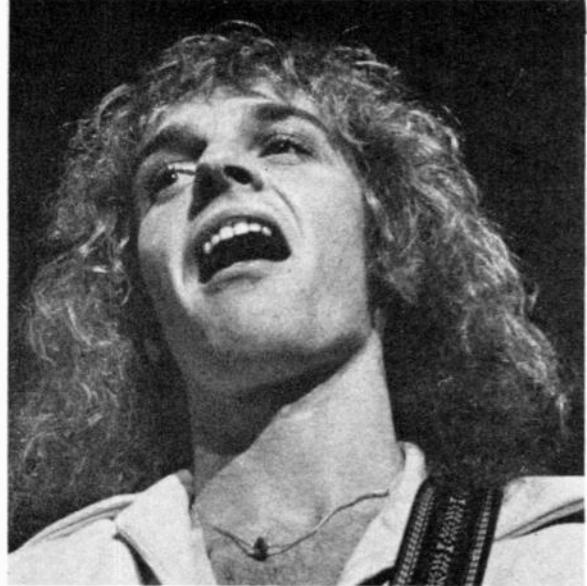
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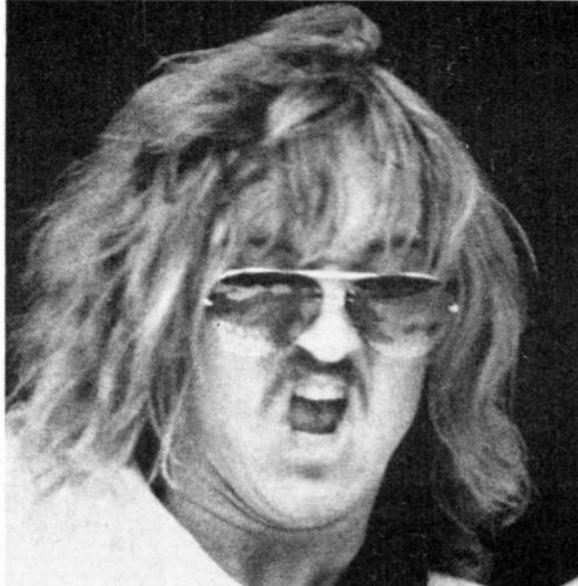
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PETER FRAMPTON



MARY ALFERT

JOE WALSH



JIMMY PAGE



"HE COULD PLAY HIS GUITAR

by Jean-Charles Costa

On the cover, you will note the presence of four top contenders (3rd and 4th Generation) in the lead guitar sweepstakes. Eric Clapton is clearly a seminal figure in the incandescent emergence of the guitar out from the dank and narrow confines of the "rhythm section," a tendency that truly blossomed in the middle-late sixties. With the classic *JOHN MAYALL & THE BLUESBREAKERS FEATURING ERIC CLAPTON* album—source point of the British Blues revival, electric version; the legendary solo flight "shoot-outs" with the prodigiously talented bassist, Jack Bruce, on the live portion of Cream's *WHEELS OF FIRE* double lp; or the powerhouse Miami collaboration with Duane Allman and the Dominoes on the sun-drenched *LAYLA*; Eric has established basic standards for young rock/blues guitarists in terms of tone, phrasing and guitar "sound." Jimmy Page, who comes to us from the same "genus" group as Eric, The Yardbirds, has also been a potent influence as lead guitarist for Led Zeppelin. He is not only a master at coming up with new variations on the "heavy metal" power riff, he is literally the "sound architect" for Zep as well as a creative innovator with electric guitar sound effects (bowing the guitar, echo-repeat effects, intelligent double-tracking). He will occasionally hit solos, i.e. *Stairway To Heaven*, that quickly become temporary classics of the genre.

As far as the new crop is concerned, Peter Frampton immediately springs to mind as a sterling example

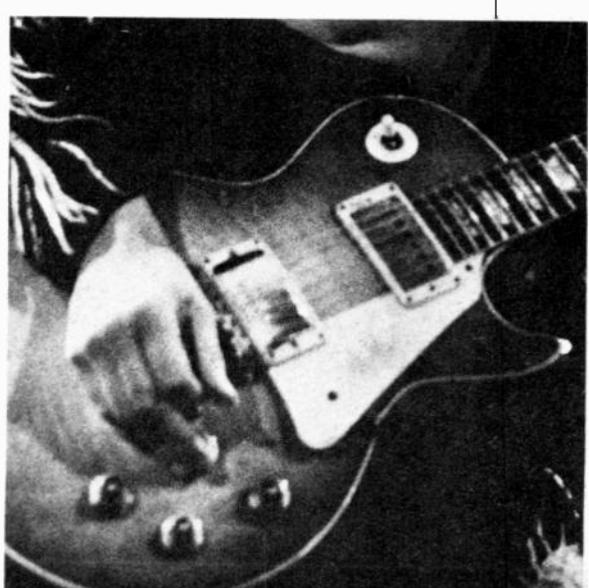
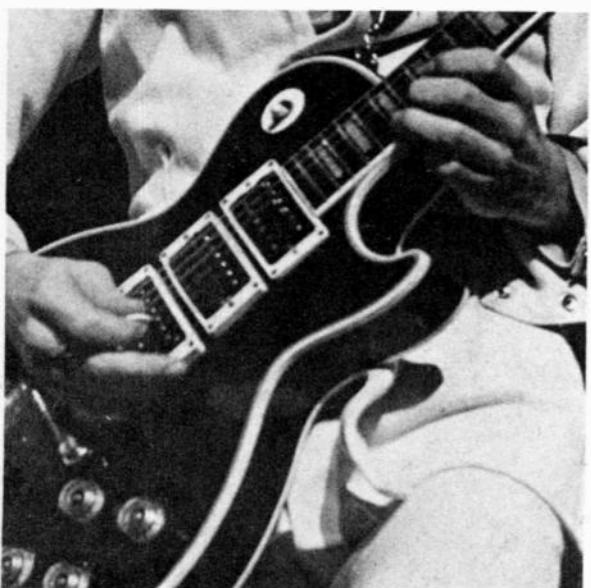
of the "compleat" guitarist. Even discounting the fact that he is an obvious "star," in the best sense of that over-used word (Good looks, the right stage moves, rapidly maturing pop songwriting talent), his intuitive rapport with the guitar, so graceful and spontaneous, is enough to put him in the vanguard of contemporary pickers. His distinctive, melodic phrasing, rhythmic sense and clever use of devices (Heil voice-box, Leslies, compressor) has given new vitality to the rock guitar format, a style that runs the continual risk of drowning in its own cliches. Joe Walsh, the only native-born son in this select, little group, has served a long and arduous apprenticeship in the rock 'n roll game and learned his lessons very well. His work with the James Gang established a number of precedents for aspiring American players, while his immaculately tasteful slide and single-note stuff plays a crucial role on his solo LP's and—currently—with the Eagles. His genius lies in the ability to get exactly the right guitar sound on stage and in the studio, an often overlooked factor which takes a long time and many painful experiences to absorb.

So many young guitarists struggle endlessly with the respective problems of the left and right hand techniques, they completely forget to concentrate on exactly what their instrument sounds like, once the sound pours forth from the amplifier. Very often it is muddy, undefined or just plain muffled, immediately nullifying the effect of whatever dazzling run they happen to be playing. All of the really "front-line" players, whether rock, R&B, or jazz, spend time grappling with the actual sound of their guitar or, as Jeff Beck puts it: "I can pick up my guitar and it'll sound like me, but I do spend a lot of time balancing it so

I've got the right duration of note when it's full on. That takes about half an hour every day of setting it just right."

Of course, because of the intensely high profile nature of the lead guitar's function in a rock band, everybody has well-defined prejudices and preferences when it comes to choosing favorites. Some faves will undoubtedly be overlooked, but the previously mentioned gentlemen meet enough of the required esthetic/commercial requirements of this business to rank fairly high on anyone's poll. From the "old school" of American rock 'n roll pioneers whose music can still be heard on record and on tour, one must consider James Burton (Rick Nelson, L.A. sessions), Scotty Moore (Elvis' original guitarist now a session man also), Steve Cropper (Producer and Memphis session stalwart), Roy Buchanan, and Lonnie Mack (disappeared for the time being), just for openers. Buchanan, not only because he is a childhood regional favorite (Wash D.C.-Md.-Va.), but mainly because of his seemingly effortless mastery of all the basic Fender Telecaster rock, country and blues possibilities—with added melodic dimensions thrown in—is a key figure. He was one of the first of the "older" players to attract long haired fans, and what was once an intensely devoted cult of young, regional talents—including Nils Logren—is now becoming a growing national following. Hopefully, his new Atlantic album will consolidate his reputation on vinyl, something he has yet to achieve with several Polydor LP's that don't come close to capturing the fire he generates on stage.

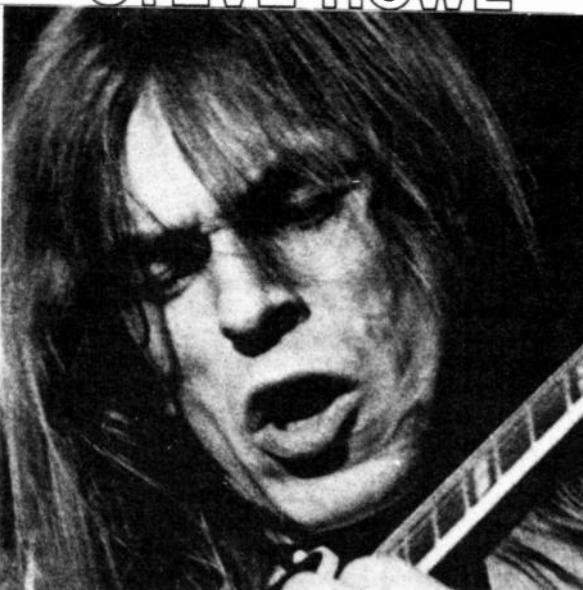
There are a lot of young American and British guitarists on the rise. With access to advancing technology (better sounding "source" records and guitar recording tech-



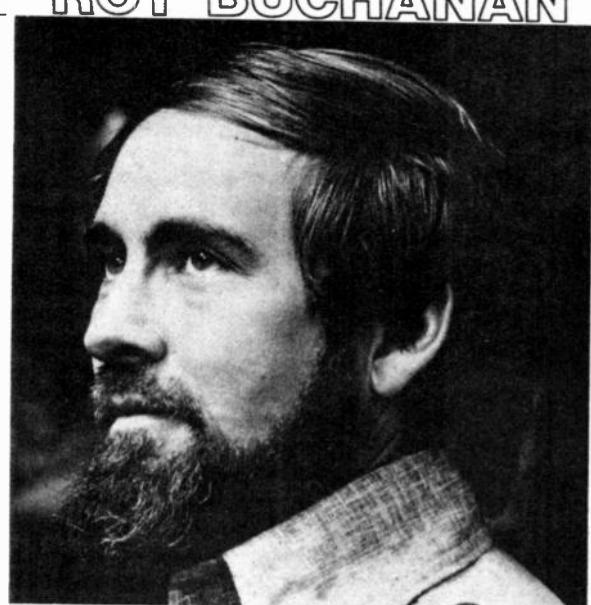
ERIC CLAPTON



STEVE HOWE



ROY BUCHANAN



JUST LIKE RINGIN' A BELL...

Johnny B. Goode
by Chuck Berry

niques) and the preponderance of "lead" guitar influences in the last decade, they are quickly leap-frogging to the top, often passing right by the very players who most influenced them. Starting with those who are actively supporting trusted rock guitar conventions, we have Robbie Robertson of the Band, Lowell George and Ry Cooder (superb slide "touches", Lowell's a bit more "modern"), Richard Betts, Toy Caldwell, and the Skynyrd guitars from the Southern school; Walsh, Steve Stills, Garcia, Donnie Dacus, Rick Roberts, Robben Ford, Jeff Baxter, Tommy Bolin, Denny Diaz and Steve Miller are just some of the entries from the west coast. Nils Lofgren, the young Fender Stratocaster prodigy, deserves to be heard, not just for his inspired playing, but also because he writes and sings some great rock tunes. Shuggie Otis, Johnny Otis' gifted son is also worth looking into. The Outlaw's Hughie Thomasson, a newer entry, shows that the hard-edged, scratchy Fender country-rock style still has some places to go. There are literally hundreds that deserve special attention but space considerations don't permit...

From England, comes Ronnie Wood, who, after stints with Jeff Beck and the Faces, is now a veritable shoo-in as a permanent member of the Rolling Stones, a singular honor. Hot on his heels are Frampton, Robin Trower (successful but he's never topped his playing with Procol Harum), Mike Oldfield (a particular case admittedly), Steve Hackett, Rory Gallagher (strictly blues), Steve Howe, Jimmy McCullagh (Wings), Phil Manzanera and a ton of others. All of these players start out working within traditional rock and blues conventions, but through ingenuity, hard work and sheer talent, they manage to continually

re-generate these tired old forms.

The focus of this piece lingers over the young, white rock guitarist, probably because it is relatively familiar ground. To trace the influence of black artists like B.B. King, Freddie King, Ellmore James, Robert Johnson, T. Bone Walker and Lightnin' Hopkins is an insurmountable task. Suffice to say that Luther Allison (blues) and George Benson (jazz) play a pivotal role in terms of stylistic direction as their generational predecessors did. Jimi Hendrix, who miraculously spanned all of the categories of electric guitar, was a certified genius, influencing virtually anybody who's picked up an electric guitar in recent years.

Ironically, as the instrumentalists improve at a phenomenal rate, progress in the instrument itself (not sound modification gizmos like phase, wah-wah, and fuzz) moves along at a snail's pace. Commenting on this perplexing state of affairs, Walter Sear, inventor of a revolutionary guitar synthesizer, says: "To me, the sound of the guitar has stagnated for the last couple of years, and, other than the wah-wah pedal, very little has happened to the electric guitar since the mid sixties. So obviously, if something radically different can happen to that sound then perhaps some progress can be made in rock and roll; it can develop into something new." Most of the guitar companies are committed to putting out decent instruments, but a tendency to synthetically re-produce the sounds of their older, "classic" models instead of plunging into the future of sound technology, is leading to a slight case of arrested development.

The two leading choices for guitar players continue to be Gibson and Fender, simply because they have proven,

historical traditions behind them in the musical instrument biz. The Les Paul and the Fender Stratocaster, the most popular instruments made by these companies, are actually very different guitars despite the fact that they're both solid body electrics. Jeff Beck, who plays both, comments: "You have to be in the right frame of mind to play the Fender. Your mind has to be over the matter because they're so hard to play compared with a Les Paul or any other Gibson. The Fender is really a solid and hard instrument but you don't get the clarity of note that you get with the Les Paul. For certain very fast things though, you've gotta use the Les Paul because the Fender hasn't got fast enough action."

As far as the future of the lead guitarist is concerned it is time—pardon the expression—to either "shit or get off the pot." People like Jeff Beck and Tommy Bolin (maybe) are making definite moves toward widening the melodic scope of the blues-based styles. Too many musicians are perfectly content to sit back and re-work existing clichés and gimmicks ad nauseam. In the area of jazz-rock or "new" fusion music, it is abundantly clear that gifted fretboard artists like John McLaughlin, Larry Coryell, Al Di Meola (Return To Forever), David Sancious, Larry Carlton, Pat Martino, Jan Akkerman (still maturing but watch out!) and Philip Catherine (hot, new entry from France) are re-defining the meaning of technical expertise as it applies to the modern electric instrument. Di Meola, who has just come out with an impressive solo LP on Columbia (*LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN*), has unbelievable chops. This could be due to the fact that he used to practice twelve

continued on page 9



Before Gibson designed the S-1, Ron Wood had his guitars customized.



The guitars that Ron Wood has played with Jeff Beck, Rod Stewart & Faces and the Rolling Stones were customized to the point that the names on the pegheads were meaningless. But this isn't the case with Ron's new Gibson S-1 guitar. It's a genuine Gibson right off the production line.

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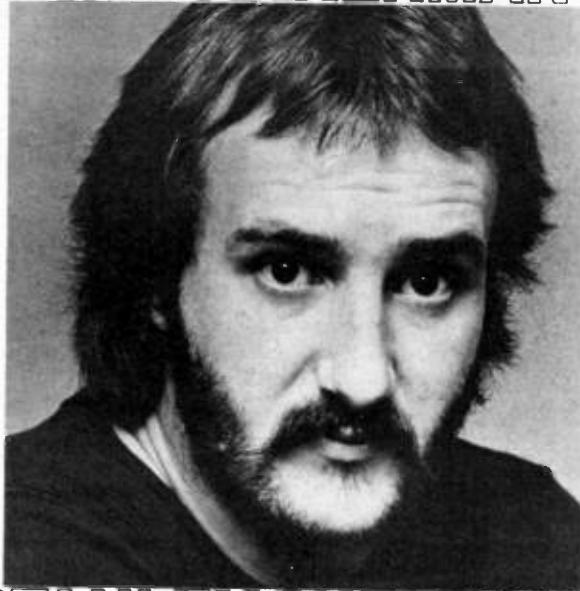
hours a day in his closet. He is an obsessive, but that is the kind of dedication and zeal that is needed to make a mark in a field already so overpopulated. Playing a lot of repetitive, "flashy" runs off of standard I-IV-V progressions doesn't even get you in the door anymore. The modern guitarist must eventually come to grips with dreaded "bugaboos" like theory, harmony, time-keeping, all the chords, attack, touch, phrasing, economy and that elusive "electric sound" of his instrument, the final signature that will distinguish him or her from the rest of the peer group.

Speaking of her, I have not consciously sought to leave women guitarists out of this discussion. Because of male musician prejudice and lack of opportunities, not too many women have emerged in the field of lead guitar. Besides Alice Stuart, Bonnie Raitt (mean slide player) and June Millington of Fanny, very few come to mind. Hopefully, that is a situation about to undergo a radical change. Frankly, male guitar players are getting a bit boring. We need to hear some other "voices."

As more and more music sinks into the comfortable assembly-line formula of disco or gets lost in the swirling wash of synthesizer noise (mainly emanating from the arch enemy—electronic keyboards) it is nice to know that the lone gunfighter of rock 'n' roll, the lead guitarist, is still gamely hanging in there. After all, the guitar still transmits the human touch, feeling. No matter what the tune, if it's rock and roll it needs the pounding, metallic crunch of the rhythm guitars with the hysterical shriek of the lead guitar soaring over and around the proceedings to make it complete.



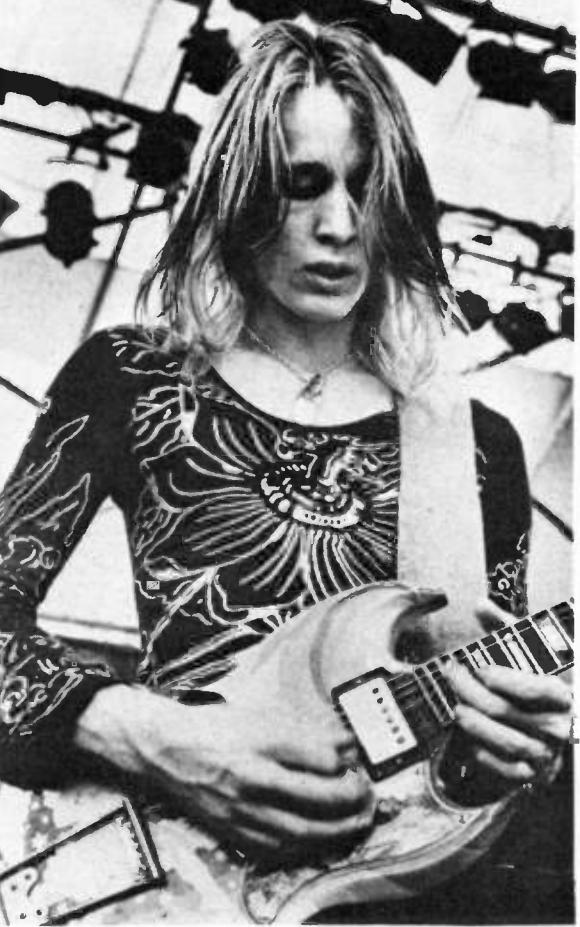
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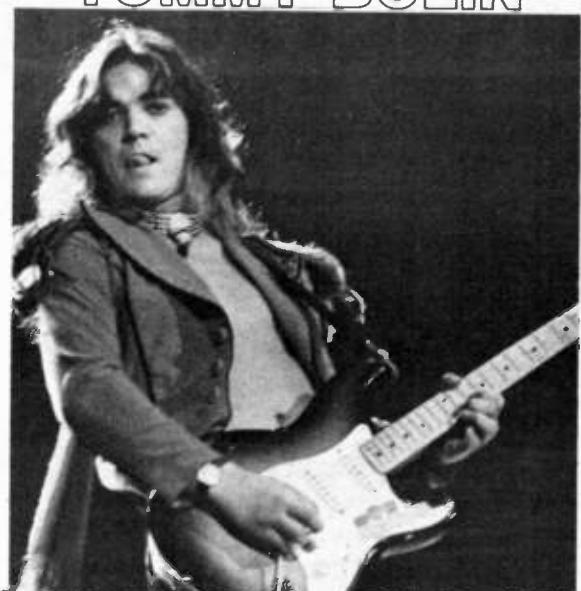
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TODD RUNDGREN



TOMMY BOLIN



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STEVE HOWE



MARY ALFIERI

RICHARD E. AARON

STEVE WEITZMAN

LOW DOWN

by Allan Earle

Elvis Presley, who has turned into a bit of a butter ball, split his pants while on stage a couple of months back. But as serendipity would have it, the audience reacted so favorably Elvis has incorporated the "accident" into his act.

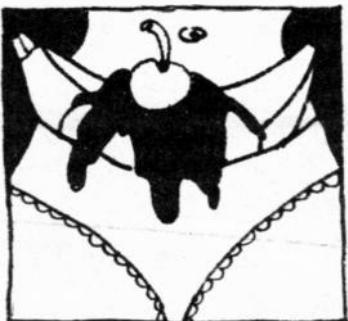
He now dons a pair of break-away pants that split apart at the appointed time in each show.



Under those break-away britches Elvis might be well advised to wear edible underwear. As featured in the last Lowdown, candy pants—real underwear made out of corn starch, food coloring and sugar so they are completely edible—are coming into vogue.

Now, R.C.A. Records reports it is rush-releasing a new *Floyd*

Cramer record called "Candy Pants." The single, produced by Chet Atkins, tells about licorice-laced men's and women's briefs which are all candy and come in three flavors—hot chocolate, banana split and wild cherry.



If the record is as well produced as the real thing, the fans will just eat it up.

Then again it might be considered junk food and like "Junk Food Junkie," the top-40 hit record by Larry Groce, get banned from the play lists of several U.S. radio stations. This boycott is due to pressure exerted by the makers of the foods which are mentioned in the song.

Warner Brother's Records reports that "Junk Food Junkie"

has been removed from some play lists after McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken allegedly complained to local programming directors about the song.

But not everyone mentioned in the song is taking the song seriously: Groce recently appeared on a Detroit radio station along with none other than James Dewar. Dewar, known in the food trade as "the father of the twinkie" is credited with inventing or perhaps "discovering," that favorite sugary cake which is being devoured at a rate of 700 million per year.

...

Another item currently being devoured is Carole King's *Tapestry*. Now that King is on her first concert tour in several years, sales are booming once again. The LP has just passed the 13,500,000 mark, making it the biggest rock and roll album ever recorded.

...

Young, would-be musicians, who haven't achieved Ms. King's notoriety, are being warned by an official of the American Federation of Musicians to beware of "unscrupulous promoters" who promise pie-in-the-sky and then walk away with the money.

The young rock musician is especially susceptible to rip-off promoters, because they know that good recordings of their music can be the road to success.

"But," said the official, "when musicians are asked to make any kind of payment in connection with recordings, watch out. Production will be inferior. Distribution and promotion will be less than poor. You won't get any additional employment. And you won't even get a royalty."

So, aspiring musicians you've been warned.

...

Lassie's co-star in the original T.V. series, Tommy Rettig, wishes he could have gotten off with just a warning. Instead, he received five and a half years in federal prison for conspiring to smuggle cocaine into the United States from Peru.

Lassie refused comment to reporters.

...

Thirty-three persons regret that Rock Star Greg Allman didn't follow Lassie's lead. Allman's recent testimony resulted in the conviction of 33 persons on cocaine charges, according to the latest *Yipster Times*.

The publication of the Youth International Party quotes reliable sources as reporting that Allman appeared for eight hours before a federal grand jury in Macon on January 13th.

Allman decided to testify in order to prevent himself and other members of Capricorn Records in Macon from facing possible indictment themselves, the Yippie publication said.

Phil Walden, the president of Capricorn and chief fund-raiser for Democratic Presidential hopeful Jimmy Carter, was allegedly scheduled to testify. However, the *Yipster Times* says, Walden's subpoena was withdrawn after Allman completed his testimony.

...

The second anti-drug abuse messages from Warner Brothers have just been released, called "Get Off It II." Among the contributing artists are Chuck Berry, America, Al Green, Dave Mason, Linda Ronstadt, Seals and Crofts, Carly Simon, James Taylor, Three Dog Night and—you're not going to believe this—Greg Allman.

workers in fields around Camp Pendleton Marine Base near San Diego. When the creature was first sighted several months ago, a number of terrified witnesses insisted that a mutant rat had grown out of proportion—and feared that it might even be planning to devour humans.

But the latest lowdown is that "Big Rat" is actually a "capybara," a harmless vegetable-eating animal from South America that somehow was imported into the U.S. and then was turned loose or escaped.

...

Plants just don't dig rock and roll. So horticulturists are buying *Music for Your Plants* like it was baby powder.

The album by Carmel Records features music by Mozart, Vivaldi and Beethoven which allegedly causes flowers and shrubs to bloom or prosper like never before.

A Colorado college research team reportedly discovered that plants exposed to hard rock keel over and die.



Accident-prone Les McKeown, the lead singer of the Bay City Rollers, will stand trial in Edinburgh, Scotland for allegedly shooting a 15-year-old girl in the head with an air pistol.

The girl, Margaret Ness, was not injured seriously. McKeown had his driver's license revoked for being in a car accident in which a woman was killed.

...

Sylvester Stewart, better known as Sly Stone, is playing himself into debt. He is currently being sued by Nevada charter firm Jet Avia, for non-payment of air flight fees.

Jet Avia wants the judge to garnishee proceeds from Sly's Hawaiian concert for \$18,858.10.

The proceeds from that concert however are already earmarked to pay off the Family Stone's cancellation of a concert date in Japan.

...

But a debt like that would be a mere drop in the bucket to Elton John. His tapes, records and shows have pulled in \$60 million over the past 14 months. That's \$142,000 a day or \$5900 every hour.

Before you buy...
be sure of the color.
You'll have this Conga
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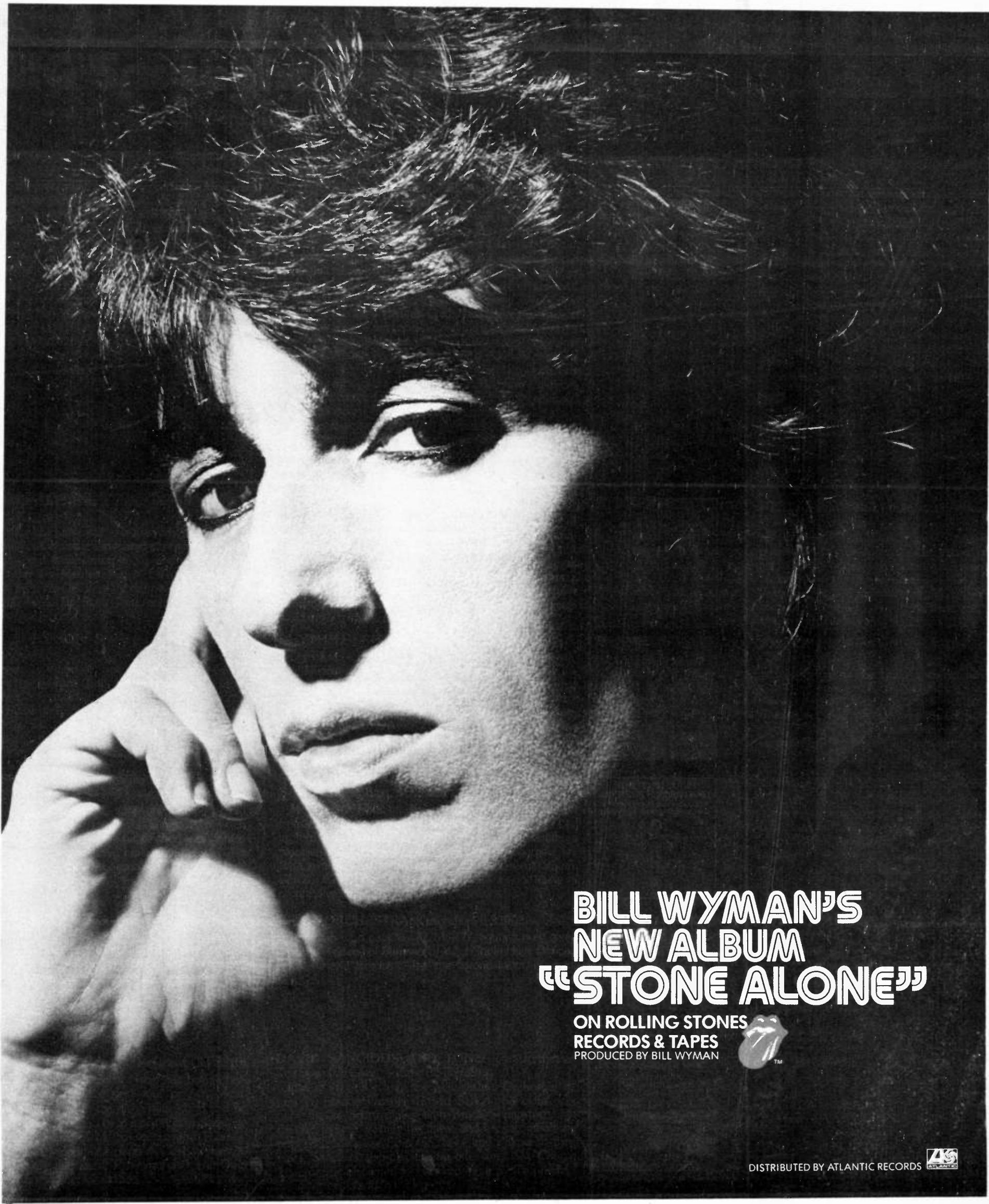
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FLORA PURIM

"Flora's 6 octave, passionate voice is awe-inspiring, assimilating the music around it like a skilled painter absorbs a beautiful landscape on canvas."

by Lynn Kellermann

Flora Purim is not merely a singer or songwriter, but a total instrument from which wordless sounds and colors flow freely and with mercurial sensuality. Her 6 octave, passionate voice is awe-inspiring, assimilating the music around it like a skilled painter absorbs a beautiful landscape on canvas. All "externals" are potential music to Purim's ear: a distant foghorn, car horns blaring and sirens sounding all become notes and rhythms with which she connects her own attuned consciousness. As Purim puts it: "The voice is the first instrument invented in life. You carry it with you always. All other instruments only seek to emulate it; guitars, saxophones, keyboards. The closer one comes to imitating it, the better musician he is. He's got to say something with his hands or through a horn and when he does, you know he cooks."

A native Brazilian, Flora grew up in a middle-class Jewish family in Rio. Both her parents were sensitive amateur musicians and Flora picked up on jazz greats like Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughn, Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith from her mother's turntable. She took to the streets for improvisational inspiration, absorbing the African and Brazilian vibrations of the city.

Coming to the U.S. in 1968, Flora did gigs with Duke Pearson and Stan Getz, utilizing her bossa-nova expertise. Following that she worked with Gil Evans and finally earned a place in Chick Corea's unforgettable Return To Forever band. "I wanted to sing jazz, but since I was white AND foreign it was hard to break in. Fortunately, Chick trusted me with more; to communicate rather than simply regurgitate my music, not to build walls, not to be afraid to maybe miss a note here and there in order to soar the heights and take some chances on the way."

Two major influences have directed Flora down her present musical path from the forceful, yet overly controlled bossa-nova singer to the innovator of the "wordless vocalise." Super percussionist and husband Airto Moreira worked along side his wife in Return To Forever and, shortly after, the two formed a group called Fingers. Hermeto Pascoal inspired her to overcome her trepidations about going beyond scat singing and on into her unclassified vocal technique. Flora released one album in 1973, *BUTTERFLY DREAMS*, which won her Down Beat's prestigious top jazz vocalist award, (never before achieved by a white vocalist), and then followed up with *STORIES TO TELL*, exemplifying once again her unfathomable genuinity, rooted in an uninhibited authenticity.

Unfortunately for all of us, calamity struck in 1971, an incident which haunted Purim for three years until she was finally forced to serve time at California's Terminal Island

on a cocaine charge. She claims to this day that she was innocent, but the courts could not be convinced.

Now on parole after serving 10 months of her 3 year sentence, Flora appreciates her freedom more than ever, manifesting it in both introspective lyric and a freeform musical amalgam. "Before Chick I couldn't sing entirely with emotion. I was so intent on reaching technical perfection. Now I'm reorienting my singing everyday, abandoning security and venturing to new spaces. You've got to reach a larger number of people, share and exchange with them. That's what Chick tried to do when he got out of avant-garde music and started composing tunes that could be more easily duplicated. Lyrics aren't necessary for this. You have no fear of mis-interpretation with pure music. People can take it however they want to."

Even behind bars Flora found the inner resources to pursue her music, perhaps even more intensely. She would stay awake at night, mesmerized by what some considered the incessant noise beyond the prison walls. What may have been annoying to the untrained ear, was beauty to Flora: "I remember one time, a fellow friend and inmate complained of insomnia because she was bothered by the foghorns. 'How do you sleep?' she asked me. So I told her to simply listen harder, to concentrate and that beneath the sound there were three notes present. It could soothe her if she concentrated. The next day she came in and thanked me for her sound sleep."

The pain of prison was alleviated somewhat by Flora's enrollment in a prison relief program where she was given the opportunity to study at Long Beach University. During this time Purim did some recording and studied with a fine arranger, John Prince. "Of course I was an exception to the rule at Terminal Island, one of only 10 prisoners allowed to travel outside the prison perimeters. And I speak only of minimum security systems when I say they do try to be more productive and inspire creativity where it's found. I had that benefit because I was who I was. Nevertheless, I had a hard time adjusting to the confinement as I was always used to luxurious living since childhood. It's a jungle in there, no matter how you look at it. But if you try, you can come out with more stamina."

A great believer in Scientology, Purim attributes much of her development to its basic theories. "It's a totally individual idea that has been misunderstood as a belief system. You can make it into one if you want to, but to me it's more of a life-style orientation. I used to have to get high to enjoy my music. Now I experience ecstasy naturally because I have the discipline to be undisciplined and fearless. Chick (Corea) on the other hand, like Zappa, has more rigidity. He goes out from within himself and creates his atmosphere. He'll allow no drugs around him. He uses that Scientological power more forcefully. That's O.K. if

everyone goes along with it, if they sacrifice these diversions to maintain a positive communication, which is what Scientology is about, a communication devoid of material stimulation. I'm no martyr, I indulge once in awhile but I found that with drugs, like everyone, I'd have these tremendous creative revelations that would disappear quickly when I came down. Now it's a constant."

Flora's new LP, *OPEN YOUR EYES YOU CAN FLY* is a definite step in her career. It accentuates her wordless, indefatigable voice, juxtaposed and counterpointed by synthesizers, percussion and keyboard. "I scat sing, in that I do talk to the instruments. The musicians are sensitive enough to give me the right back-up. I absorb their feeling, grasp what they need to produce the greatest good in terms of sound. I fill that phrase and they feed me back harmonies. It's totally conceptual. I think most contemporary singers bypass that spontaneity."

That's precisely what separates Purim from the monotonous masses. She remains the first and only singer to match and go beyond the forerunners of the 30's. "That period was very strong and valid. I have an affinity with all of them in what they tried to do, not necessarily because of their style. The blues are deep within me, but my voice is too high and erratic to stay put. I've done that you see, imitated them, and now I've created my own force. I feel stifled by lyrics that set up the subject. The melody, the scales, the jumps to falsetto and slides put out the message just fine and make the audiences more receptive. The music becomes an intimate part of all of us. I think my daughter, Diana (who lives in Long Beach with Airto) brings that point home. She is my greatest imitator. What seems insurmountable to some professional singers is natural to her, because she's free of the inhibitions that stop her from being her. Too bad we're not all children."

OPEN YOUR EYES capsulizes Flora's new-found freedom. One cut entitled *Conversation* is a heavily instrumental piece where Flora musically interprets a phone call to a close friend, explaining the tribulations of imprisonment and hopes for the future. The Arp string ensemble and moog synthesizer serve as a chorus of liaisons between the music and the message beneath it. This blend of instrumentation and vocals has never before been so perfect, as Flora stretches beyond the traditional boundaries of musical segregation. To her, music must be experienced "en masse," as should life itself. The dinginess of the prison cell and desperate confinement of the impenetrable prison walls have brought her to the realization—that security can be stifling and that bars or no bars, we create our own obstacle course.

Cast away the chains of doubt
Have the courage to be free
Open your eyes, you can fly.



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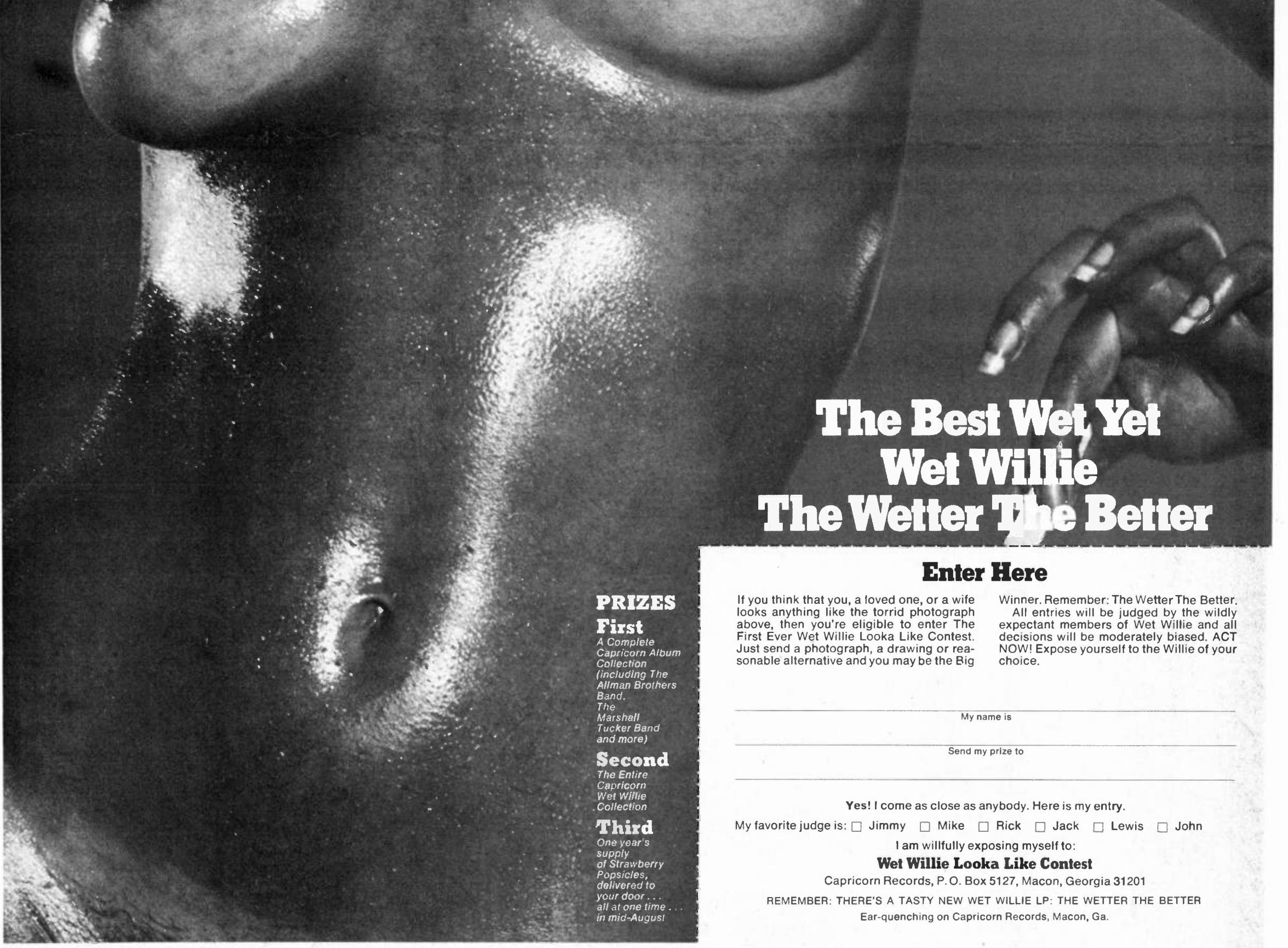
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BLUES WOMEN



Billie Holiday



"Bessie"

by Kris Di Lorenzo



Ma Rainey



Koko Taylor

One can trace a clear lineage from Ma Rainey . . . through Bessie Smith . . . to Victoria Spivey. Billie Holiday, who seems to represent the blues to the most people, was a transitional singer, blending the blues with a softer jazz style

"I ain't Bessie. But you know, there's a whole lot of Bessie in me." With these words Linda Hopkins, star of *Me and Bessie*, begins the nightly recreation onstage of the world and music of Bessie Smith, Empress of the Blues.

It's a long way from Manhattan's Edison Theater in 1976 back to the tent shows and clubs that were Bessie's domain in the 20's and 30's, but singer Linda Hopkins seems to have been destined to make that musical and spiritual journey from the first time she heard Bessie sing. Linda brings to the American public of the 70's the heritage most of us are too young to have experienced—the same heritage Janis Joplin re-introduced during the 60's.

Gradually contemporary performers and audiences are reawakening to the roots of native American music, the blues that developed from African chants and southern field hollers in the earliest days of slavery. Artists like Joplin focused attention on Bessie, the best known blues stylist, but there remains a wealth of obscure or neglected women blues singers and musicians whose fame faded, with the popularity of the blues, in the pre-World War Two era. Somehow these women, including Bessie's predecessor Gertrude "Ma" Rainey, were forgotten or overlooked by white audiences as the Jazz Age gave way to the rock'n'roll of the 50's, 60's and 70's.

During the past five years, however, some of the most original and greatest blues artists have resurfaced, spreading a rejuvenated blues message to a younger, racially mixed audience (a far cry from the days when records by black blues artists were called "race records"). Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, and BB King are among those who are now familiar to fans of Eric Clapton, Johnny Winter, and Bob Dylan.

But what about the women? Many singers suffered the fate of Janis Joplin, wiped out by drugs, sexism, alcohol. Mental illness cut off some careers, auto accidents claimed the lives of others, including Bessie and Bertha "Chippie" Hill, who was still performing in 1950. Still other women "retired," victims of financial fraud, racism, or even the rise of the electric guitar. Memphis Minnie McCoy was one pioneering guitar stylist who adapted to electric even before the war and managed to continue performing through the 40's, but except for a few pianists, another guitarist or two, and a lone clarinetist, women were predominantly singer/soloists.

A great number of these performers are to be found only on rare blues anthologies; sometimes they aren't even acknowledged—the liner notes focus on their famous accompanists instead. For example, Ida Cox, "the sepia Mae West," appears on one album called "The Great Blues Men!" Careless record companies sometimes confused artists thinking such errors insignificant in the area of "race records". "Memphis Minnie" McCoy is listed as Mamie Smith on one set of recordings. There was a Mamie Smith—she was the 1st black singer to record a performance and some thought she had a prettier voice than Bessie. The list of talented and nearly-buried blues-women is huge; it recalls the practice of contemporary rock bands who use female singers and choruses to the utmost and don't bother to credit them (can anyone name the incredible woman soloist featured on Pink Floyd's *DARK SIDE OF THE MOON* album?)

One can trace a clear lineage from Ma Rainey, the "Mother of The Blues," through Bessie ("The Empress") to Victoria Spivey, "The Black Queen of the Blues." Only Spivey is still alive and active, running her own record company from her home in Brooklyn, secluded except for a few appearances and lectures during the year (she is a regular at the Philadelphia Folk Festival). Musicians from Memphis Slim to Dylan to John Hammond, Jr. and Big Joe Williams come from all over to pay their respects and jam with Victoria and her friends. Victoria now has at least 19 "children" (including this writer)—admirers and musicians she has "adopted" in lieu of the sons and daughters she didn't have; she teases, scolds, preaches, drinks, and jokes with them, and most of them call her "Ma." Spivey is the last of the originals, a friend of Memphis Minnie, Bessie Smith, and other greats ("We was just like sisters"). As owner of Spivey Records, she was responsible for Dylan's first recording, as well as the redis-

covery and recording of the "first ladies of the blues"—Hannah Sylvester, Alberta Hunter, and Lucille Hegamin. As a singer, Victoria was accompanied by some of the greatest names in musical history, many of them the same ones Bessie used, including Louis Armstrong, and Porter Grainger. To make the royal blues progression still clearer, most of Bessie's musicians were veterans of Ma Rainey's bands.

Big Maybelle and Big Mama Thornton are two of the most important middle-period artists whose names are still remembered outside the blues. Thornton's gospel-oriented recordings are more difficult to find than Maybelle's blues, possibly because the latter made a successful transition from pure blues to bluesrock. Her *Gabbin' Blues*, on Columbia's *STARS OF THE APOLLO LP* is a stunning example of Maybelle's rich, gutsy voice in her prime; Winnie Widow Brown, on another collection, displays her facility with the new rock-blues genre.

ple, but if one listens to the blues of the 20's and 30's, it is obvious that Billie was a transitional singer, blending the blues with a softer style of jazz, a smoother delivery, different phrasing and material. Those singers influenced by Billie are numerous: Sarah Vaughn and Mabel Mercer are two of the best. Another great difference between the blues and Billie is her use of big bands rather than the stride pianists, duos, trios, and quartets who played with most of the blues singers.

What about the blues today? Other than Koko Taylor, Victoria Spivey, Linda Hopkins, and Helen Humes, are the artists carrying on the tradition. Is there any future for it? Linda Hopkins thinks so, or she wouldn't be investing her heart in *ME AND BESSIE*, "I think they're not realizing now that people are really ready for the blues . . . I think if . . . all the old blues singers who really know the blues were to get together and get back on the track, or if some young person can come along and step into their shoes, they will find that the blues is ready to be accepted. See, at one time, the blues was only accepted around the blacks. Now, it's not that way any more. You know,

the blues is ready now—is open to the public—and more of it needs to be heard so that the people could know what it's all about. See, there's so many people that don't know what the blues is about yet, because they're not being presented with the blues. And I just think it's high time now that people do.

In Linda's opinion, Stephanie Mills, the young star of *The Wiz*, has the big voice needed to sing the blues, and she hopes that Stephanie will become the great young blues singer she has the potential to be. Other people pinned their hopes on Phoebe Snow, until her material began to lean more toward a soft jazzy style; Snow's voice with its innate bluesy quality and incredibly slow vibrato, would be a perfect blues instrument. Janis Joplin, of course, was considered by her fans the white queen of white blues, a dubious title, and Janis was also a rock singer; either way, she never reached full potential before her death.

There are quite a few female rock singers whose voices could easily lend themselves to the blues, but for



"Bessie"

Bessie Smith had a small blues dynasty which carried on the classic blues tradition: Clara, her sister, sang with her occasionally and also recorded with Louis Armstrong. Ruby (Walker) Smith, her adopted niece, was part of Bessie's act, and finally made her singing debut in the mid-30's. There are other Smiths, but none related to the same clan—Trixie Smith, a cabaret singer, recorded with Fletcher Henderson, one of Bessie's favorite sidemen; Hazel Smith recorded with King Oliver, and Iva Smith appears on *RARE BLUES OF THE 30's*. (See Discography)

There are several women who were blues singers, jazz singers, r&b singers, and even pop singers with roots in the blues; Ethel Waters was once competition for Bessie Smith; Dinah Washington remains a unique stylist; Koko Taylor, Chicago blues veteran, just released an album on Alligator Records; Aretha Franklin, of course needs no introduction; the sweet-voiced Helen Humes has resumed her recording career with Columbia Records after a long hiatus and Esther Phillips has released *CONFESSIN' THE BLUES*, a fine example of her feeling for the blues.

Billie Holiday is the other name which, along with Bessie Smith, seems to represent the blues to most peo-



Linda Hopkins

commercial reasons or for fear of taking artistic risks, most of them don't explore the blues genre. Maggie Bell, Bonnie Bramlett, Elkie Brooks (ex-Vinegar Joe), Kathi McDonald, Merry Clayton, Christine McVie (Fleetwood Mac); all may have sung the blues in the past and have continued on next page

What about the blues today? . . . Victoria Spivey . . . Linda Hopkins . . . Aretha . . . Tracy Nelson . . . are living proof that there is a market for it, especially among those to whom the blues is a new experience.

continued from preceding page



Tracy Nelson

one performer, forsaken that music for other sounds. Tracy Nelson is one though, who has not forgotten her roots. She started out to imitate Ma Rainey perfectly — an astonishing task—developing a powerful, passionate style, but did not go on to become a blues singer in the pure sense of the word.

Tracy had this to say about her growth from blues imitator to personal stylist: "I used to listen to her (Ma Rainey) and just tried to imitate her completely, and I still catch myself doing things that are involved with having imitated her—her vocal style was real laid back, she really dragged out her phrases. She liked to take one word and make a lick out of it; you figured she'd just never get to the end of the line in time, but she always did. I often don't—haven't mastered it the way she did. I think that between her and Mavis Staples . . . I still catch myself doing things I used to do when I was trying to imitate them. Probably she was the first big influence, and for a good long time, I just listened to nothing but those old records. I tried my damndest to imitate 'em but I never got even close. Then I became aware of and got more into pop—

Aretha Franklin and the new rhythm & blues singers, their material. I stopped trying to be quite so imitative. Most singers start something and imitate it note for note, and hopefully go on to do other stuff."

For Tracy Nelson there is a sacredness about the blues that can't be transmitted through a white performer, no matter how serious or in tune with the blues she is. "Like with everything else, you know, people are leaning towards a more simple lifestyle, getting away from the city life and the humdrum 'blah blah blah'. You know this whole phase young people are going through; they went through blues the same way. You see, for a young white middle class person it's utterly pretentious to latch on to and steal that music, take it from somebody else's experience. It's beautiful to listen to, but I think most of us have passed that into something that's more personal to us. The appeal came from the desire to get away from all the complicated stuff we were into. I think that's the appeal of what the old blues was; is that simple, beautiful, moving music.

The blues, in Nelson's eyes, is more than a style, it's what it says—a cultural phenomenon rather than just a musical one. For many young people there is no basis to sing the blues from. "In the sense that you have the blues, then there's still a lot of music currently relevant, that is very much of today," Tracy says; you sing 'cause you 'got the blues.'"

One white performer today who is indeed singing the blues is Britisher JoAnn Kelly, who sings in a down-home, pure style and plays a mean slide guitar. JoAnn, however,



JoAnn Kelly

refuses to go "big time"; she plays small clubs and colleges, mostly in the U.K., occasionally in America. She released one album on Epic, and one on Blue Goose (accompanied by John Fahey), and appears on an anthology called *UNDERGROUND GOLD*. Besides JoAnn, the only other contemporary blues performer who has surfaced so far is Diane Davidson, a regular at the Philadelphia Folk Festival and a classy young singer.

Bonnie Raitt is one woman in the bluesy category whose roots are clearly old blues; her mentor, Sippie (Thomas) Wallace, recorded with Clara Smith, Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and her sister, Hociel Thomas. Both women played piano, and Sippie is still alive and kicking in Detroit; her friend Victoria Spivey talks about her warmly as a performer and a "sister," and Bonnie's last Rolling Stone interview devoted much space to Sippie's influence on Raitt.

In 1976 it appears that the field is wide open for a blues singer to come along and turn heads and hearts the same way Janis Joplin did in 1967 and Bessie Smith did

40 odd years before. Some people say it can never happen again; others predict that the current wave of nostalgia represented by Bette Midler, Manhattan Transfer, etc. will inevitably give birth to a revival of the blues. Victoria Spivey, Koko Taylor, Linda Hopkins, and the other who are still playing and singing the blues are living proof that there is a market for it, especially among those to whom the blues is a new experience.

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Bonnie Raitt

FLORA PURIM



ONE OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT
SINGERS OF OUR
DECADE
AND
ONE OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT
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Milestone

PRODUCER PROFILE: BOB CREWE

By Ellis Nassour

Is there anything Bob Crewe hasn't done? Some think not. In his 40-odd years, Crewe has earned a living as a model, interior decorator, painter and sculptor. He has handled millions as president of his own record company, but is probably best known as a singer, songwriter, and record producer. He came from the bottom to the top, hitting the highest pinnacles of success, then plummeting to the bottom. Now he is back riding high.

"Music has been most of my life," said Crewe. "It's something that's always been inside me—something that I've just got to use. The only time I've had problems is when I've been egotistical and tried to change the natural flow of what's really happening. I'm sticking to what I know—writing and producing. For a while there I tried to do it all, and I lost many, many millions. But instead of crying and throwing in the towel, I just said 'What the hell' and picked up the pieces and started over again."

Crewe helped make Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons the hottest act on the American recording scene in the early 60s. With partner Bob Gaudio, he wrote the group's biggest hits. Then he discovered Oliver, a 22-year-old from Raleigh, North Carolina, and recorded him. They had two super chart smashes, *Good Morning, Star Shine* and *Jean*. Then Crewe and his brother Dan formed Crewe Records in 1969 to showcase Oliver and other artists.

"That's where I made my mistake," admits Crewe. "I'm older and wiser. I should have stayed out of the business end of distribution and you-name-it. It was a big step at the wrong time, and I bit off more than I could chew. But I learned a lot! We lost so much that when we got to \$20-million I just stopped counting."

What went wrong? "My God! that's an easy question! Everything! You name it. Today, I'm amused at the knowledge I have," he said, regally holding court at a party he was hosting with 20th Century Records during Billboard's discotheque convention. "I don't ever intend to misuse it again. I never should have formed my own label with only one artist and myself (Oliver and the Bob Crewe Generation) to go on. I needed more. It was an important part of my development and an expensive lesson."

In Los Angeles Crewe joined the A&R department at Motown, which was attempting to expand into the "white" sound. "It was a good association since it brought me back together with Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, but little else was accomplished. Almost everything I did ended up sitting in the can. I recorded what were to be the last tunes for my dear friend Bobby Darin. We were the first to cut Paul Williams' *I Can't Last A Day Without You*. Bobby's rendition was unbelievable. He was in his peak! During this period I was doing some tunes in partnership with Kenny Nolan, too."

In late 1973 Crewe cut eight new sides on Valli as a solo. Motown was not impressed with the sessions, as a matter of fact, according to a close source, "they were downright puzzled at what Crewe had gone and done." When his contract came to an end, Crewe offered to buy the master tapes on the condition he could place them elsewhere. Motown agreed. Crewe went to good friend Larry Utall, former president of



Bob Crewe (right) with Frankie Valli (left), Frankie's wife Maryann and 4 Seasons member, Joey Long, at recording session at Media Sound Studios in New York.

Bell Records who was forming his Private Stock label. Utall, long an admirer of Crewe, jumped at the chance.

The rest is, of course, history. One of the songs that sat in the can at Motown for one full year was *My Eyes Adored You*, another was *Swearin' To God*, and still another was *In My Eyes*. Crewe says that the most important thing to happen was the amazing rebirth of Valli and the Four Seasons, an act many thought of as has-beens and who had been relegated to playing "Rock 'n' Roll Revival" gigs.

Crewe has been making it happen for The Four Seasons from the very beginning. For years he and Gaudio were called "the Fifth and Sixth Seasons." In the midst of an amazing string of hits—*Lucky Ladybug* and *La De Dah* by Billy and Lillie, *Silhouettes* and *Daddy Cool* by the Silhouettes, and *Tallahassee Lassie* by Freddie Cannon—Crewe met Frankie Love, nee Castelluccio, and his band. They were calling themselves The Four Lovers. They cut a record for Crewe called *I Go Ape*, modeled after an expression of the late 50s. Nothing hap-

pened with the tune but Crewe used the group in the studio as musicians and back-up singers on records he was producing.

"The guys played a lot of club dates," Crewe recalled, "And one weekend I was down on the Jersey shore to catch their show. Frankie did something unbelievable in his act. He did an imitation of Rose Murphy, a popular black 40s pianist who sang in a high-pitched voice. It flipped me. I got a hold of Bob (Gaudio) and told him about it. We had been trying to write something for the group and I said That's the hook. Look, get the guys and have Frankie do anything. Just get him to do an octave jump with that high falsetto voice and we'll have a hit. That was 1962. Bob worked on it for a week and wrote *Sherry*. Take it from there. It was one hit after another. They just got bigger and bigger."

The track record was amazing and the songs are considered pop standards: *Big Girls Don't Cry*, *Walk Like A Man*, *Dawn (Go Away)*, *Bye, Bye, Baby*, *Let's Hang On*, *Save It For Me*, *Ronnie*, *Rag Doll*, and *Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You*.

There were other hits for Freddy Cannon, Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels, Diane Renay, and Oliver. And more recently, In the disco vein, *Go' Dancin'* and *I Wanna Dance Wit' Choo* by Disco Tex (Monti Rock III), *Lady Marmalade* by Labelle, *Hollywood Hot* for 11th Hour (Bob's studio group), and *Street Talk* for B.C.G. (Bob Crewe Generation), which he hopes will rekindle the success of earlier years.

Crewe and Gaudio have gone "our separate ways. He's busy doing his thing, and I'm busy doing mine. I am writing and producing on my own and co-writing with some very exciting people. I'm also becoming a recording artist again. At the moment I am negotiating with a major label. In the old days—with *The Wiffenpoof Song* and *Crazy In the Heart*—I never liked the way I sang, but I've made an important discovery. It always bothered me that I didn't sound like anyone else. But now I realize that's what makes you a standout. I've become a friend to myself—finally."

The poor kid from Newark, New Jersey, who wanted to grow up and be an architect, and the writer/producer ensconced high above Central Park amidst the Fifth Avenue swells has come a long, long way—the hard way.

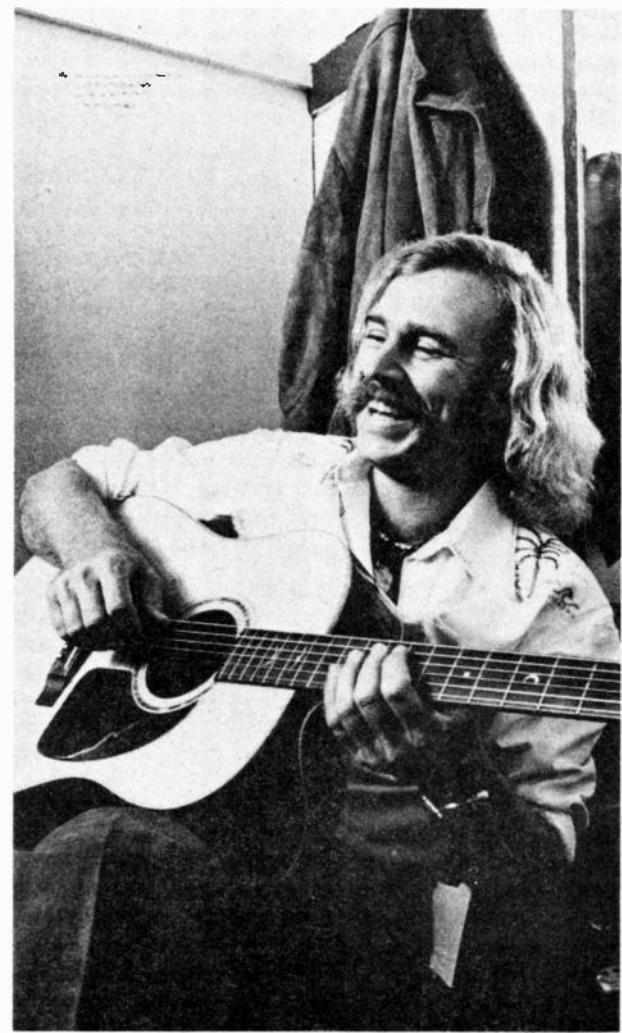
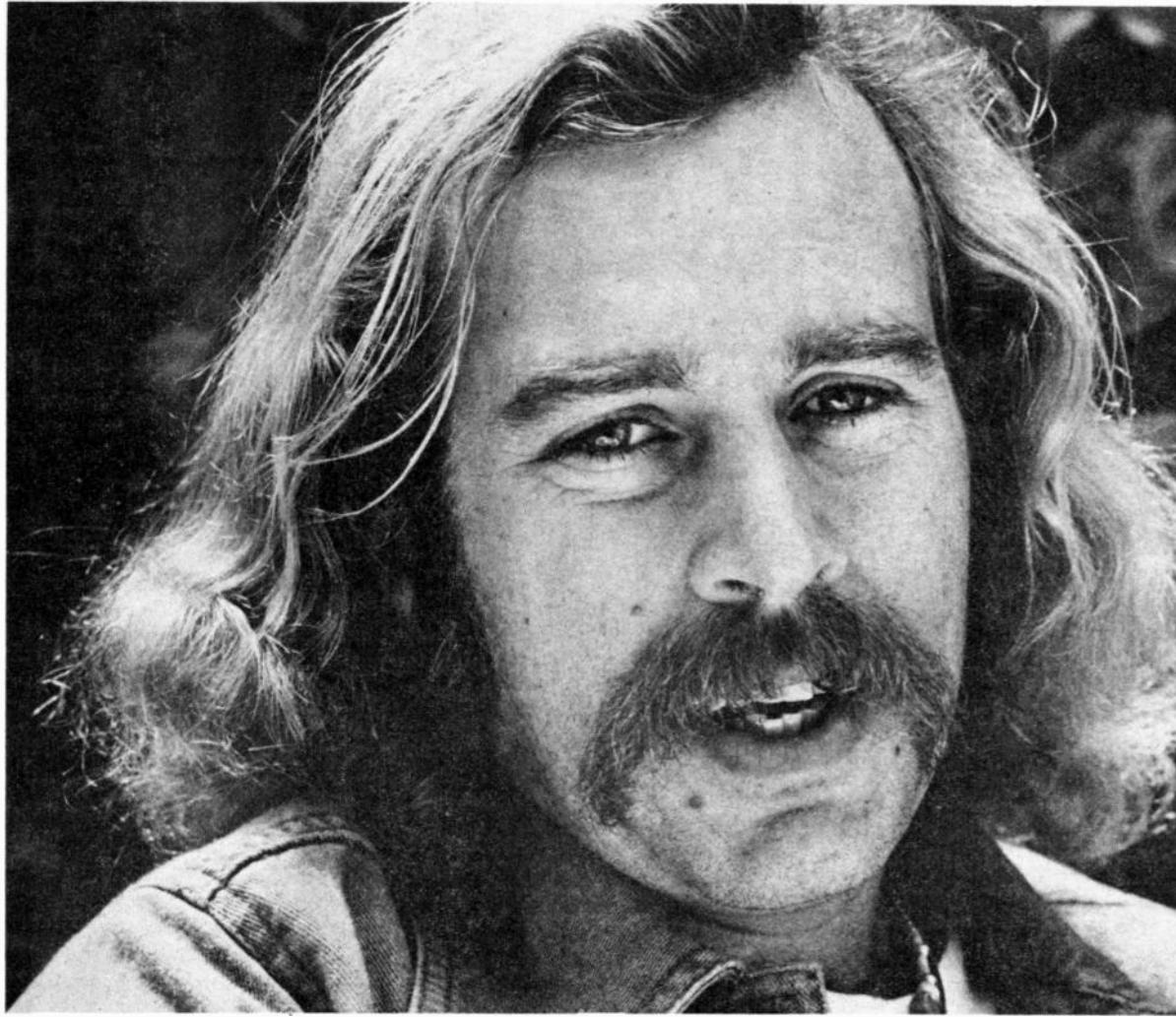
"I wouldn't trade my experiences for anything, though," laughed Crewe, puffing on a cigarette and waving to friends he has not seen in years. "I divide my time between the Coast and New York. I come and go a lot. Always on the move. Trying to keep up with things. And boy how they've changed! I've seen it all, and the basic difference between today and the 50s is that the texture and quality of music is technically superior. Music has become a belt to hold up our culture pants—it's a tapestry. But music is not as fun-loving as it was in the 50s."

"The nicest change," continued Crewe, "is that a guy can make it big even if he's over 20—30 is not over the hill anymore. You don't have to be a teenie bopper to have a teenie bopper following. We'll always have Shirley Temples coming up over the music horizons. They have an audience—all those 12 and 13-year-olds on the *Good Ship Lollipop*."



Disco D.J. Tony Miller presenting Bob Crewe with "King of the Discos" award.

JIMMY BUFFETT



Life as "A Tire Swing"

by Penelope Ross

Jimmy Buffett once wrote a song called *Life Is Just A Tire Swing*. Now, Jimmy Buffett is no fool, and he knows that nothing is quite as simple as that. But if there is one overriding philosophy to his life, it is his determination to stay sane and happy in a crazy business. To do that, he is constantly making an effort to keep his life from turning into a one-way ticket to the funny farm.

Buffett is a composer/performer with five albums to his credit, the latest being *HAVANA DAYDREAMIN'*. If his music belongs to a genre, and is so diversified that it is hard to categorize, it fits into the realm of country sub-species maverick. This leads inevitably to the one thing country musicians do more of than practically anyone—touring. Touring, as anyone who has been on the road for more than two days can tell you, is a fine way to go nuts. Buffett has refused to let that happen. He came close in the days when he was touring with just one accompanist, lead guitarist Roger Bartlett, and going from date to date by plane. But, instead of letting the madness close in on him, he acquired a band and a bus.

As Buffett recalled it, "When we started getting recognition, it got really intense. It was just Roger and I, and there are certain places you just can't work like that without it driving you totally crazy. So, I got the band, and it's a relaxed feeling to know that if ever there's a bad situation or a bad crowd, you can lay back on the band and don't have to carry the whole load yourself. It's the only way I could have done it, even though I get criticized a lot for selling out. Between that and switching from flying to the bus increased the longevity of being on the road by about 50% for me. Flying around was just a pain in the ass and when you start doing that with 11 people, it got

to be a double pain in the ass. So we went to the bus, which is a much more relaxed way."

Although touring usually interferes with his writing, Buffett has found that it also gives him material for his songs (which he likes to say are "90% true"). A classic example is the yet unrecorded *Why Don't You Take Your Drunken 15 Year Old Girl Friend Home?* inspired by an incident in a club. "There is this phenomenon of attracting young audiences which we are starting to do now. We still get older people who just come to enjoy the music, but I can tell that there are now tennyboppers in the audience. And there was this one little girl sitting in a club in Atlanta and she was just polluted out of her mind. Somehow or another, she got back to the dressing room. I was talking to her and had no other intentions, because I knew she was bad news. Her boyfriend came up and was real macho and said, I bet you don't know how old this little girl is but you can get in a lot of trouble. And I thought, these people are really idiots to be making a scene. And I went back and wrote a song about it and it was real loose and we played it the last night of the gig." The song has become an audience favorite and will finally be included in Buffett's next album, recorded live, to capture its full flavor.

Girl Friend is in many ways typical of much of Buffett's music, which in turn reflects his personality. The songs are low-keyed, charming and often funny with an eye for accurate detail and an ear for the apt word or phrase to describe it. One on the current album, called *CLICHES*, is, he admits, about himself: "to a degree. Some is me and some is the band. It's just some observations about habits, such as my strong addiction to Pepperidge Farm cookies and *Star Trek*." Another, devoted to "Let's Make A Deal," is called *My Whole World Lies Waiting Behind Door Number 3* (co-written with Steve Goodman) and was the

outcome of watching the show and seeing "the reactions and how greedy everyone can get."

The funny songs are audience favorites. Buffett's own choices tend to be more serious material, such as *The Captain and the Kid*, newly recorded but written several years ago in memory of his grandfather. Whichever, the songs are grounded in a kind of reality that is easily recognizable to audiences inside and out of the country category. This summer Buffett is taking two months away from touring to sail alone to the Caribbean. "I'll just sail around the islands and hang out, because I am running out of stories. It's a good place to do it. The only timetable I follow is doing one album a year. That gives me just enough time to write 10 or 11 good tunes. So far it's worked out and I haven't come up short."

Buffett wants to do other things besides writing songs. He's working on a screenplay, and doing more work as a film composer appeals to him even though his first experience, the score for "Rancho Deluxe," was less than perfect. "The artistic people are fine; Frank Perry (the director) was a real pleasure to work with. But the experiences with the front office were terrible. Unbelievably horrible things went wrong that the producer was responsible for. He made me realize that the people in the music business were weird, but the movies are doubly weird. Now I know how to handle things if it happens again. On My terms."

The experience may have been bad, but Buffett talked about it quietly. He has learned to take it in his stride as he has other unhappy events. "You just have to start over at intervals. I guess the thing is just to do it and have a good time and try to get out of it with sanity and a little longevity and something for the kids, so your grandchildren won't have to work." In other words, life can be "a tire swing," if you're careful to keep it that way.

Hot Off The Shelf

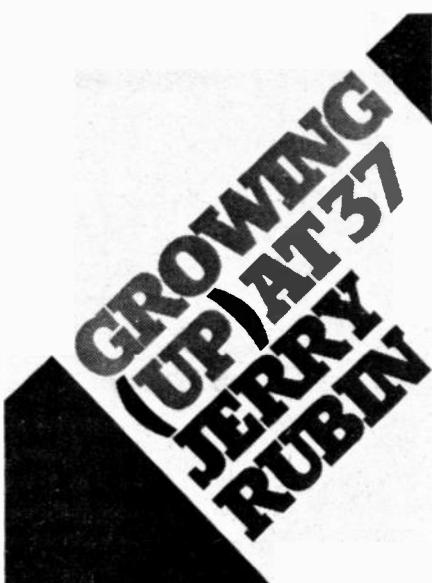
by Toby Goldstein

GROWING (UP) AT 37: Jerry Rubin, (Evans, \$7.95)
MY SEARCH FOR PATTY HEARST: Steven Weed, (Crown, \$8.95)

A couple of years ago Andy Warhol stated that, in some rapidly approaching future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes. He was closer to a target date than he knew, as we see shadow figures made glorious, hideous, or merely memorable on the late news. There's always the option to forget them the following day, as new "min-celebs" rise to take their places.

It immediately becomes clear why there are so many familiar faces making the author's tour on the talk-show circuit. Books are still the only way to make a permanent imprint and have the product come out under one's control. So it's no surprise that Jerry Rubin, a true media child, has written a new book, is promoting it with a vengeance, and by so doing asks us to believe that he's still the controversial and newsworthy cultural landmark he laid claim to being in the 1960s. I say, no deal.

Growing (Up) at 37 is a smorgasbord of the mental, physical, social, emotional and psychological trips which Rubin has undergone since the collapse of the Yippie movement. Rubin faces out of the book's back cover with a clean-shaven countenance, short hair and sincere smile, illustrating an absolute reversal since his long-haired, full-bearded revolutionary days. Beneath the neatly trimmed (dis)guise, however, is a head filled with as many consciousness-altering processes as it used to be crammed with ways of driving right-wing America nuts. How do est, rolfing, psychic therapy, yoga and sex therapy co-exist in the same set of brain cells? With great difficulty and more than a bit of confusion.



After Rubin's way of doing political business dropped out from under him, he was faced with the person left behind, and decided that a shakeup was in order. As with many other 60's radicals the "know thyself" route became appealing and has consumed the past five years of Rubin's life, leaving him where he is today. But where is he? Not underground like his friend and colleague Abbie Hoffman, not in jail, on the farm or running a business—some of the alternate paths taken by other former radicals. Rather, Rubin is where he is, waiting to lead again and, in the meantime, grabbing at his one continual trademark, fame.

"Fame is addictive. It is my mainline. I need attention from the outside, a platform, recognition as an outlet for my energy. I made myself famous because I believed that people needed a reason to notice me. I was trying to get from the outside what I felt on the inside.

My Search for Patty Hearst

Steven Weed

with Scott Swanton



"I no longer get a kick out of seeing my name in the paper... Someone asked me not too long ago what I do for a living. I thought about it for a moment, then replied, 'I'm famous. That's my job.' For a person to make such absolutely contradictory statements on the same page of his supposedly enlightened book only proves that his 'job' rightfully belongs to others. Forget this book.

Far from seeking fame, Steven Weed actively avoided it. The course of his three year relationship with Patty Hearst ran smoothly, as far away from the Hearst family money and the revolutionary currents in their Berkeley neighborhood as privacy would allow. Weed's main business in life was teaching, working with Patty to build a home for themselves, and trying not to let friends' teasing that he was older and more experienced than Patty bother him. That entire world changed when Patty

Hearst was taken from their apartment a little over two years ago by the SLA and Weed became the focus of a worldwide probe which poked its nose into every corner of his existence. Notoriety was forced upon Weed, who, now that he's gained some distance from the whirlwind, has written of his life with the private Patty Hearst, and his attempts to aid in finding the public one.

This book has been subject to a lot of suspicion from a variety of people who distrust Weed's sincerity in writing about his former fiancee. Obviously, he stands to make a lot of money from the book, which has already been widely excerpted and is sure to do well in paperback sales. Yet *My Search for Patty Hearst* is current events, a book which belongs to its time; while the voices on the SLA communiques are still fresh in the mind and it's easy to remember that poster of Tania, holding her rifle before the seven-headed cobra. Patty Hearst, her family, the SLA and Steven Weed are 1970's cultural indicators, and any attempt at understanding the cast of characters is a welcome one.

Weed writes in a straightforward, anecdotal manner about his relationship with Patty, from their first meeting at her private school to the point where she renounces him as an "ageist, sexist pig" on tape. He never answers her rejections with bitterness, only with a very honest sorrow and confusion. Realizing that things might never be as they were is a fact which hits him hard, and he travels across the country, meeting with psychologists, radical leaders, quacks and brainwash experts, all in an attempt at understanding. Weed painfully uses his involuntary exposure to fame as a vehicle to reclaim the privacy he cherishes, knowing all the time that his life has been permanently altered.



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BAD CO.

by Donna Goldsmith

In the never-never land of rock and roll politics, when a well established money tree hands you some seeds and says that with the proper attention and nursing, the seeds will grow into another money tree, you listen.

Examine the seeds. Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs, Simon Kirke and Boz Burrell. Rodgers and Kirke both got an excellent jump in the music world with the almost-success of Free. It was here that Rodgers gained recognition as the most talented and resonant rock vocalist on the scene, but little did they know at the time that Rodgers is like a vintage wine whose voice thickens with quality as he ages. Strangely, it seems Rodgers and Kirke got the best end of the whip when Free split, all of the talk about the group aroused curiosity. When they finally returned to the concert mania, it was to a slew of already devout fans who were eagerly waiting to see what had come of the two who ghosted out of the spotlight. Mick Ralphs, of course, filled in all the flamboyant guitar licks of Mott The Hoople at the start of their career. Matter of fact, if you care to think about it, it's odd that the group did not last long after Ralphs left. But that's a whole different tree. This is Bad Company and they have all the proper credentials. The group members are ripe and ready candidates for "The God Of The Year Rock Star Contest," and with all these odds for them, possibilities become probabilities quickly.

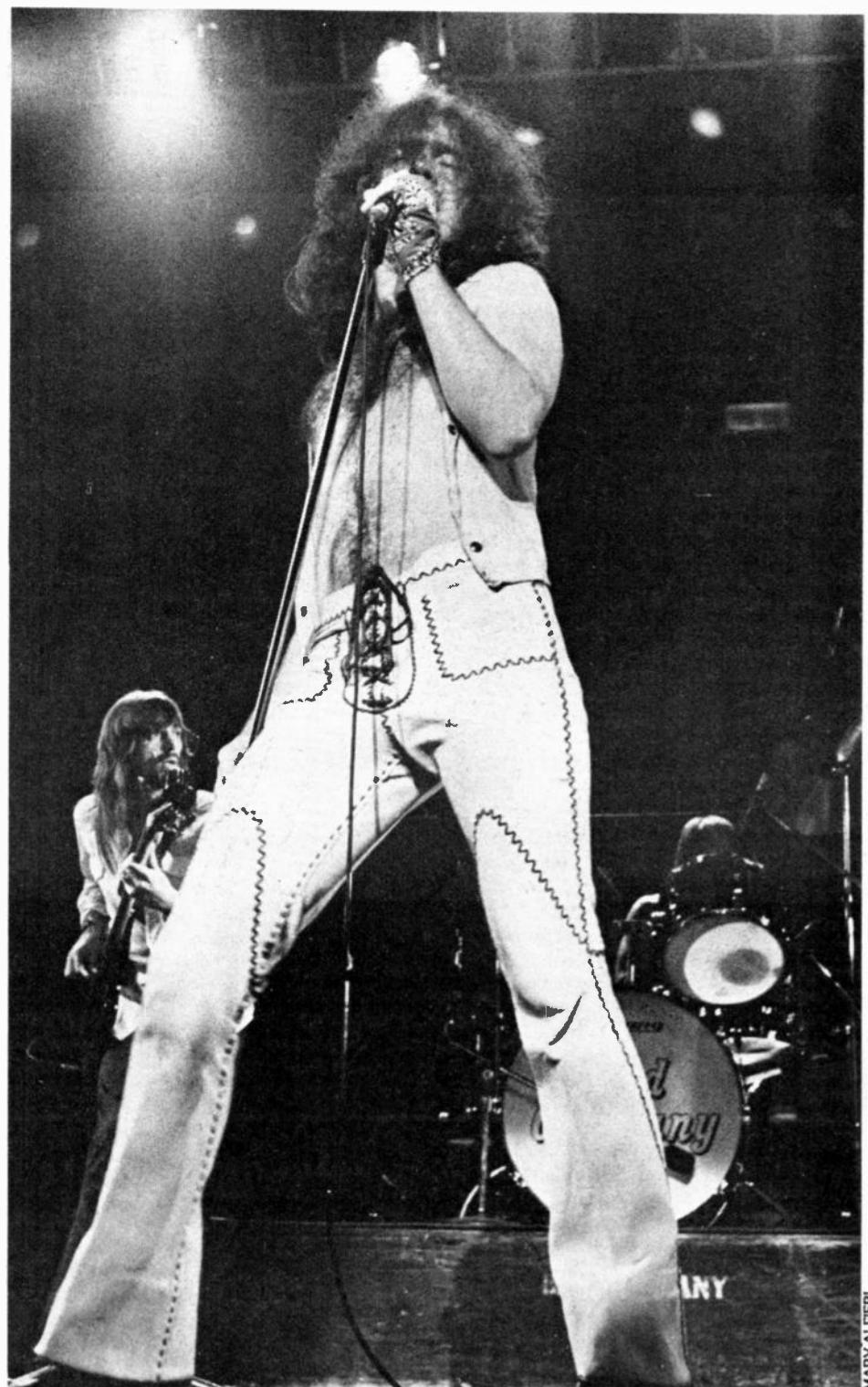
It's almost easy for a good group to glide up the rock escalator if it has the right people to gently slide it into place. After a certain point, managers, record companies, album producers and publicists can do only so much. Take all that away, and you're left with the basics; a band and an audience. The tree may be growing, but can it make it through the storm?

Last January, when Bad Company headlined the four day "Great British Music Festival," at the Olympia in London (which holds 9000), they pulled off their set with such ease that it was curious. One wonders what would happen if each group member really put their all into it. The fact that they are now selling out huge venues (particularly in England) is impressive, and the groups' brash and blatant approach comes across well in cavernous halls. They played a tight set, including all of their hits and some material from *RUN WITH THE PACK*, to a tantalized crowd of young rockers. But somehow Bad Co.'s enthusiasm did not match that of their spectators. All of the right elements were there, everyone was in tune and on cue, but they seemed a bit lackadaisical. Come on, Rogers. Be hot and nasty for the girls, not mellifluous and flowing. Smile and expose not a boyish grin, but that gapping hole in the upper row of teeth. Allow whomever desires to fantasize about pub brawls and sexual animalism. Rogers, whose distinctive raspy voice that chafes and intonates in just the right places, allows his orgasmic, electromagnetic field to carry him through a night's work. It's effective enough anyhow, with the rest of the band in close unison.

Bassist Boz Burrell, who seemingly materialized from nowhere to Bad Co., puts on a lively performance, his natural flair and knowledge of the bass guitar adds some tasty dimensions to the overall show. As time wears on, Boz is emerging rapidly as an imaginative bassist, and though still no Trevor Burton, he came through this night with some amazing whirls and runs unheard on recordings.

Mick Ralphs is also expanding musically, but strangely enough, he is sounding more and more like ex-Free guitarist Paul Kossoff. This is as evident when he performs live as it is on *RUN WITH THE PACK*. The technique of injecting the high pitched slides and whines keeps Ralphs quietly concentrating throughout the set, in direct contrast to drummer Simon Kirke who seems to take great delight smashing away on his drum kit.

All of the elements are there, all right. Everything has run with suspicious simplicity. Based on the substructure given to them, Bad Company has blossomed into an intercontinental super-group with virtually no effort. This is perhaps why that effortless attitude comes across onstage. Sometimes hard knocks are a blessing. The overall feeling surrounding Bad Company today touches on boredom, since the group stated their case completely with their first album. Because it is a direct, forthright and uncomplicated statement, it leaves nothing to expound upon. Onstage Bad Company is comfortable, rehearsed, very relaxed. The group falls together easily, has the internal facilities to continue creating simple, uptempo tunes. Until now, it has been one of those gloriously romantic success stories. Only time will tell how sturdy the tree has really grown to be, and if it will branch out to accommodate the ever changing rock trends.



MARY ALFIERI



Boz, Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs, Simon Kirke

TOM WAITS

SLUMMING ON AMERICA'S MAINSTREET

by Robert Kemnitz

"There's a rose-red cocktail sign coming through the Venetian blinds and an ancient pin-ball blinking. . . . a dead rubber tree, a lonesome cigarette machine, Kessler's whisky, Jim Beam, Jack Daniels, Old Crow. The drinks are still only a buck apiece. There's a lonely divorcee at the bar, smoking Parliaments, drinking Budweiser and clutching her white vinyl purse, her swizzle-stick legs stuffed into white vinyl boots."

That is how Tom Waits described the scene of this "interview" at the bar of the San Moritz Hotel, a "colorful" little establishment located right off the Sunset Boulevard off-ramp of the Hollywood freeway. It's just up the street from Discreet Studios, the recording facility that he and Frank Zappa use to press their musical visions into vinyl. Just barely out of Los Angeles proper and into Hollywood by name only, the San Moritz exudes the decaying glamour of those bygone days in much the same way as ancient starlets who still prowl the same boulevards they first wiggled down some fifty years or so ago. Now, they rely only on the shaky support of their sequined gold wedges to support their even shakier dreams of Theda Bara-like stardom. Hollywood is lousy with all those Norma Desmond type wackos who never believe their mirrors and continue to totter off to auditions everytime central casting calls for a "lovely young ingenue" type.

In the "film-noir" darkness of the San Moritz bar, Waits is polishing off a Budweiser and ordering a Planters Punch almost simultaneously. It's early afternoon and the place is not quite filled with its usual cast of characters. Waits wants to be sure his perspective is properly adjusted for their arrival. He looks up and slyly watches as the lonely divorcee slinks over to the Wurlitzer to play a quarter's worth of the blues. She's a major character in the loose and lonely late night world of Waits' musical and poetic vision, the type whose makeup is thicker than her skin and who sports a mercilessly teased bee-hive hairdo that must have taken at least two cans of Aquanet hairspray to perfect.

The first time I ever met Tom Waits was about two years ago in the Troubadour bar. I recognized him because he had opened a Frank Zappa concert I had attended only a few days before at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, and never have I witnessed a more hostile reception for an opening act. Because of the time involved to set up Zappa's complex equipment, a strictly solo act such as Waits either had to open or there would be no opening set at all. Since, at times, the only "instrument" Waits uses, besides an occasional turn at the piano, is the middle finger and thumb of his right hand which he snaps while he raps himself through one of his "strange and very slightly musical compositions," Waits was elected to open the show. To say the Zappa freaks wanted to see nobody but Zappa is putting it mildly. "Eat my shorts, sailor!" was what he shouted at the narrow-minded crowd before he walked off after attempting to put across a few of his songs.

Although he did write the *Ol' 55* that the

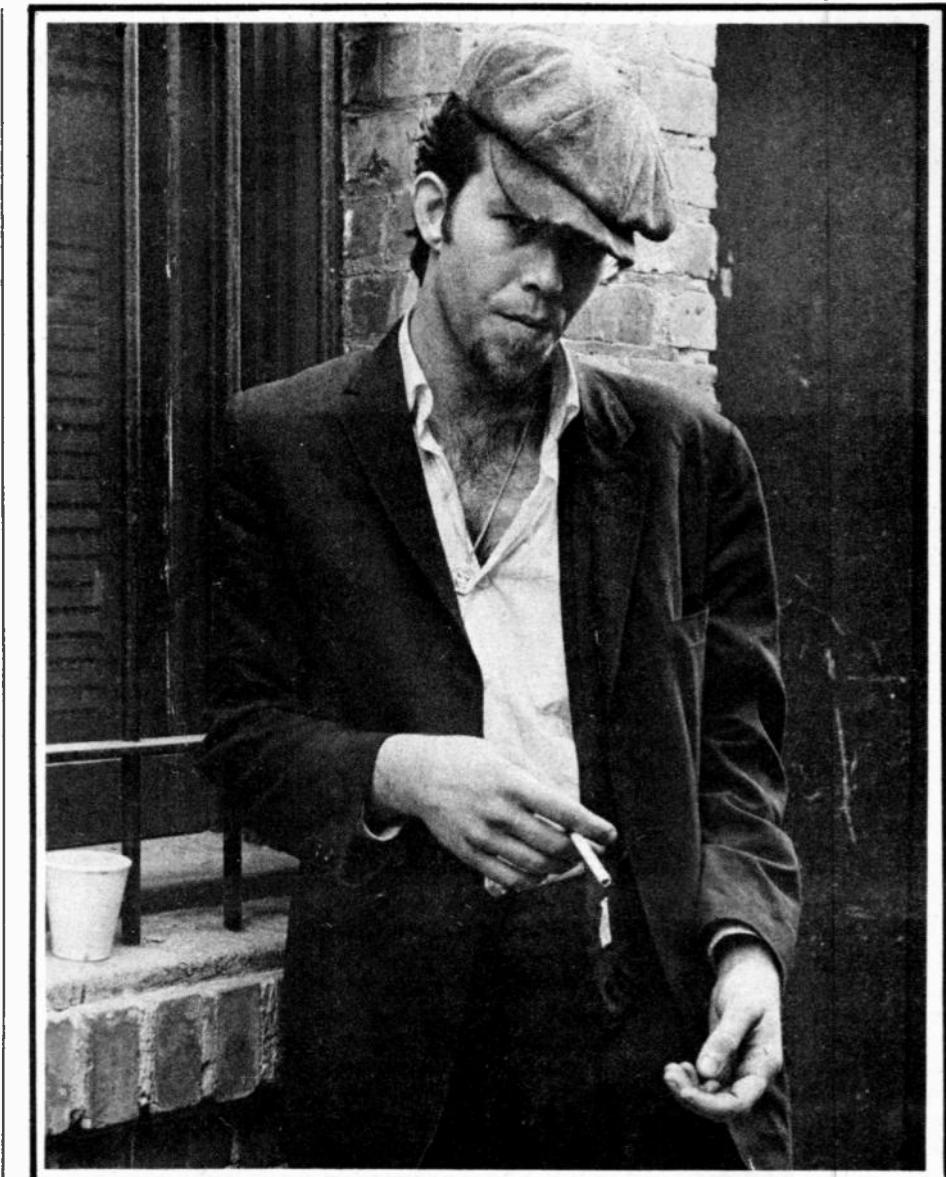
Eagles recorded, and has successfully opened shows for bona-fide rockers like Little Feat, Tom Waits could not be classified as a contemporary beatnik either. He is just one of those totally unique personalities that the seventies seems to be having great difficulty in providing profitable platforms for. Refreshingly, he doesn't profess to a pretentious passion for early rock 'n' roll and claims his favorite record album to be not *Abbey Road*, *Let it Bleed* or *Born to Run*, but one on which Steve Allen provides piano accompaniment for Jack Kerouac's narrative. Waits has a strong affinity for the "beats" like Kerouac, Ginsberg and Corso and hates to see their names get lost in the synthetic shuffle of the seventies.

Waits has recently wrapped up a successful concert tour with Bonnie Raitt. When they played the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium both artists seemed almost magically inspired, but news of the event was eclipsed by the fact that Bruce Springsteen was still at the Roxy and most of L.A.'s "influential" taste makers were not about to miss out on a single moment of something so heady as the birth of rock 'n' roll future. Despite the competition, when Waits joined Bonnie for a most desired encore, he even managed to steal the stage from the likes of Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne and J.D. Souther, a few of Bonnie's close "friends" joining her for the very special occasion.

When the bars close Waits usually heads for some all-night diner, preferably of the greasy spoon variety. Elton, Rod or Mick might prefer the escargot at L'Auberge and Liz Taylor the chili at Chasen's but Waits still prefers the gastronomical challenge of a "lethal veal cutlet" at the "Copper Penny" or a nourishing repast of "chicken catastrophe" and "eggs overwhelming" at Norms and washing it all down with a nice "tall, cold Janitor-in-a-Drum."

"For the past couple of years I have been out on the road for about eight months out of the year," Waits said as we moved into a corner booth. "I've always gone out on the road alone. I've booked my own travel, my own hotels and I did this so I could turn my back on a lot of that insulation that's built in with too many of those characters swimming around in the bowels of the music industry. They surround you with a lot of "yes" men who pat you on the back and tell you that you're the greatest thing since sliced bread. And if you start believing that you are in real trouble. It's really a fight to cut through that bureaucracy and the insulation that's there when you arrive, and it kind of grows up around us and has a tendency to pull you further and further from the things that originally were inspiring for you to write about. Being that you are essentially a commodity, you really have to go out of your way to continue your fight against compromising your own integrity and deal with the things you know most about, honestly and creatively while still maintaining a decent state of mental health."

Waits feels that since he has done so much traveling and performing in the past few years he really did not have the time to



NEIL ZLOZOWER

properly represent himself on his first two albums for Asylum. His most recent effort, *Nighthawks at the Diner*, is a two-record set and the closest representation of Waits the performer although his least musical album to date. Double albums are something that even established superstars are wary of releasing and their critical and commercial success are extreme rarities unless you're a John Denver or a Joni Mitchell.

"Getting up and performing before people is a very unnatural act," Waits said. "Poetry is a dangerous word. You mention the word in a nightclub and you usually get this strangled gasp from the audience. But the trouble with that is that there are just too many poets and not enough poetry. What I do in my act now is a sort of mixture of storytelling and songs—mainly storytelling."

After a few too many rounds of Budweiser, planters punch and those wickedly deceptive "gophers," we leave the San Moritz and head up the street to the cab stand on the fabled corner of Hollywood and Vine. Nobody recognizes the man who wrote the *Ol' 55* that the Eagles recorded, the Jim Gordon of rhythmic finger-poppers and perhaps the most unlikely looking candidate for show-biz anything, except for a role in a rock 'n' roll version of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Waits doesn't only value his anonymity, he takes it for granted: "Nobody who looks like me could possibly be anybody he seems to think the world is thinking."

We share a cab and drop Waits off at the Tropicana Motel on Santa Monica Boulevard, a clean and respectable establishment but a far cry from the Beverly Hills, Wilshires and Hiltons that most music personalities insist are the only

places worthy of the rare pleasure of their company. Waits lives in Los Angeles, in the "ultra-modest" Silverlake area, and was staying at the Tropicana because he was on an extensive tour with Bonnie Raitt and had his phone and utilities shut off for the duration. He is back home now and has probably cleared away all of those "science projects" he usually finds in his refrigerator after a long absence.

Waits has little to complain about what with those nationwide standing ovations and a successful appearance on, of all places, *The Dinah Shore Show* (which not only introduced Waits to middle America but recruited the "Lee Marvin of rock").

"There is a San Moritz Hotel in every town," Waits had said as the cab crawled down Santa Monica Boulevard toward the Tropicana. "There is a Chelsea Hotel in every town and a Lou and Irma's diner. In an urban environment there is a common street. In National City where I used to work there was, on this very same street, a Dollar Bill's E-Z Auto, an Iwo Jima Eddie's tattoo parlor, a Golden Barrel restaurant and lounge, the Westerner Club, Napoleon's pizza house, Sorenson's triumph motorcycle shop, a Mario's pizza, a Methodist church and a Phil's Porno. You can pick out any street in almost any town and find that very same street. The same kind of people hanging around, Ginsburg and Kerouac used to refer to it as the street of the world or the bus station of America or the moon of America. There's a common loneliness that just sprawls from one coast to the other, common, disjointed identity crisis. It's the dark-warm narcotic American night. It's tragic but at the same time it's very American."

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Thanks,
Elton

Marshall Tucker's TOY CALDWELL Rises To The Occasion

by Jon Marlowe

MIAMI—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—It's billed as the Second Annual Southern Music Festival and outside the Miami Baseball Stadium site the sidewalks are hardly visible beneath the broken beer bottles. The special duty ambulances are busy shuttling the drug cases back and forth between the stadium and the nearest hospital. A young girl with stringy hair and no shoes seriously hurts herself as she steps on the broken glass on her way to the \$7 ticket window. A policeman dutifully comes to her rescue but she doesn't want to be rescued. "I wanna' hear the music," she starts screaming as the policeman tries to steer her to a waiting ambulance. "I wanna' see Charlie Daniels and Marshall Tucker." Inside the stadium the 25,000 kids that have gathered here today are already beginning to move to the sounds of opening act, Grinderswitch. Tampa, Florida's Outlaws follow and halfway through their set the voices yelling "MORE" are already beginning to multiply. Charlie Daniels comes on and has them singing along to their national anthem—all

about Lynyrd Skynyrd and how the South is most definitely going to do it again—and the place is a madhouse.

In the backstage area by the trailers housing the headlining Marshall Tucker Band, leader Toy Caldwell looks out at the crowd and begins smiling: "God damn if us Southern boys don't know how to play."

The crowd is definitely primed and ready as the sun goes down and the road crew hurriedly sets up the stage lighting. By the time the Tuckers are through here tonight the only thing that is going to get them off that stage is the curfew which has already been bent a little in view of the crowd's demands and size. When the powers to be finally say "That's all," the Tuckers, along with Charlie Daniels and members of Grinderswitch, close with a rousing "Will The Circle Be Unbroken." As Tucker vocalist Doug Gray comes down the stage steps and into the trailer, he's "amazed by it all. Just amazed. We've been

in the studio working on the new album. Just finished it up. And this is our first gig in I don't know how long. We were afraid we were going to be rusty. But that crowd. Whew! They were with us from the minute we hit the stage.

He turns and as he walks away, says to no one in particular: "Ya' know, there used to be a time when we had to go out there and prove how good we were."

All three of the Marshall Tucker Band albums have now been certified gold by the RIAA.

—from a Capricorn Records
Press Release

The Marriott Hotel is a socialite's dream—with cocktail parties, proms and Valentine's Day parties in progress on every floor. The Marshall Tucker Band is sequestered here and the contrast of satin and denim is everywhere you look. Upstairs in the room of a Capricorn Records executive, Toy Caldwell sits on the edge of the bed, orders up a round of drinks from room service, and begins detailing the rise of the Tuckers from "a band known as the Toy Factory playing around in small clubs to playing support in such acts as Lou Reed and Slade.

"I don't got nothin' against nobody," says Toy. "If some guy wants to come out looking like a butterfly, well that's alright with me. What really pisses me off is when they think I'm some dumb son of a bitch. Some dumb country hick. If they just leave me alone we get along fine. But there's times, like what the hell's that guy's name, he's with Deep Purple now... Glenn Hughes. He used to be in a band called Trapeze. Shit, I put that kid in the circus. He just kept bothering the hell out of me and finally I knocked the daylights out of him. He don't say nothing more about cowboys and horses, at least not to me."

POINT OF REFERENCE: There is nobody in the Marshall Tucker Band named Marshall Tucker. The band is named after a blind old man who let the boys use his place for rehearsals.

In regards to the new album, it's called *Long Hard Ride* and it's going to have a lot more guitar pickin' on it than any of our others. Yeah, a lot of people are interested in my style of playing. I play with my thumb rather than use a pick. *Guitar Player Magazine* sent someone down to talk to me and let me tell you, that's a real honor. That's a thrill to be recognized for what you do. To set the record straight, I don't really use my thumb like a lot of people think. It's more like 1/2 my thumb and 1/2 my fingermail. I figured, if it was good enough for my father, then shit, it's good enough for me."

"We're not just confined to the South like a lot of people think. Hell, they like us everywhere. (Laughter). No, let me take that back. There's one place where they hate us and that's Detroit. You wanna be a star in Detroit, you gotta walk on stage like 'Let's Make A Deal.' You gotta come out dressed like a turnip or some such glitterer shit."

"We're at the stage now where we have control over who plays with us. We're looking for acts to help the same way the Allmans helped us. Hell, they'd be playing in front of millions of people every night and you can't buy that type of exposure. It's good to play the giant places. What we did today was good, but hell, anyone that knows me will tell you I'm happy just to get drunk and play the honky-tonks too."

"Some folks have it in their head we're an underground band. Well, let's get straight on that. This band would love to have a hit single, just love it to death. And as for being classified as a country band, that's a crock because we ain't. I mean, the real country folks don't like us. Man, I love Conway Twitty but he told me right up front he hates us. Hell, we ain't country. You wanna know what we are. We're hell-raisers. Yeah, that's what we do. We raise hell. Now let's fuck room service and go down to the bar and see what that means."

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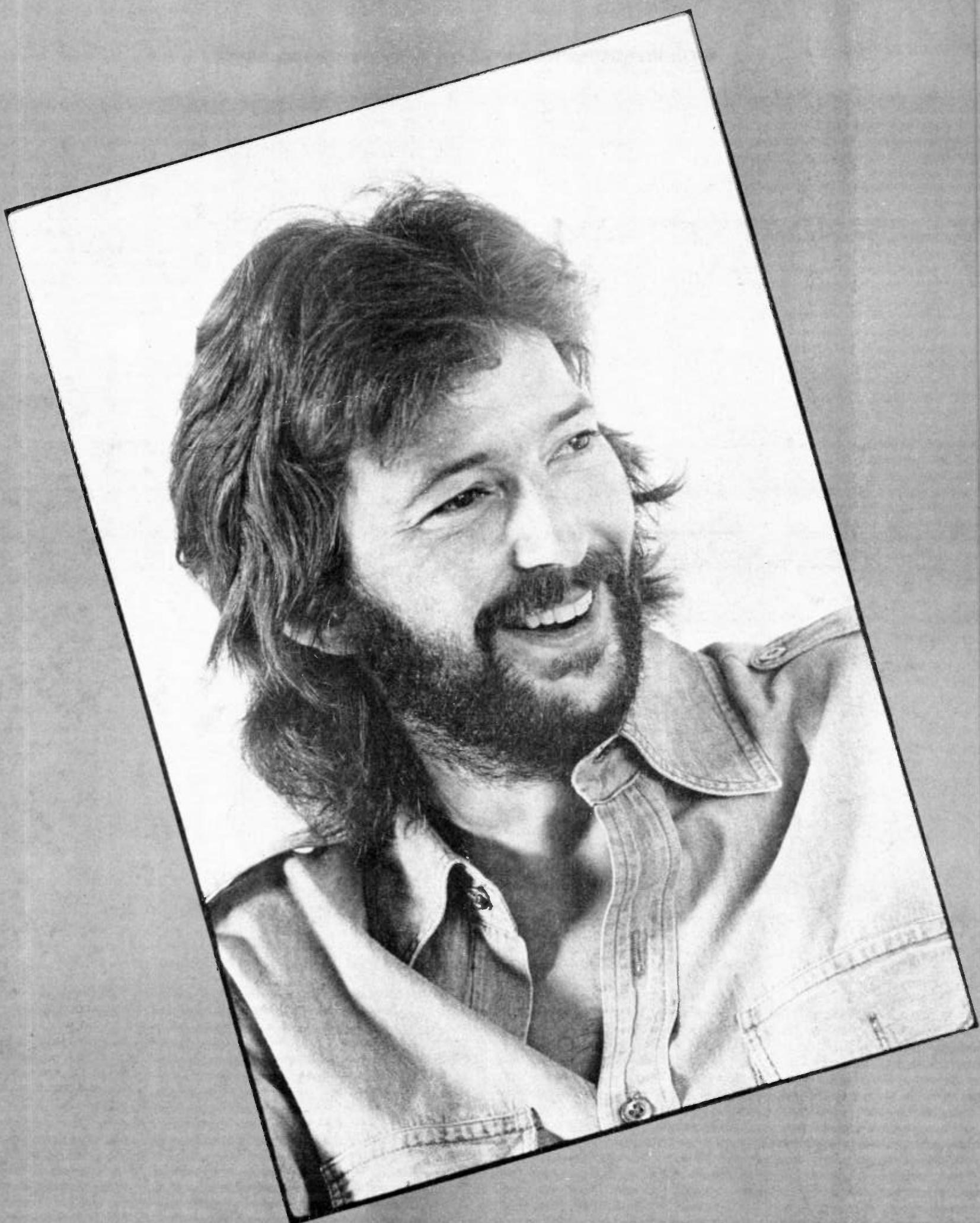
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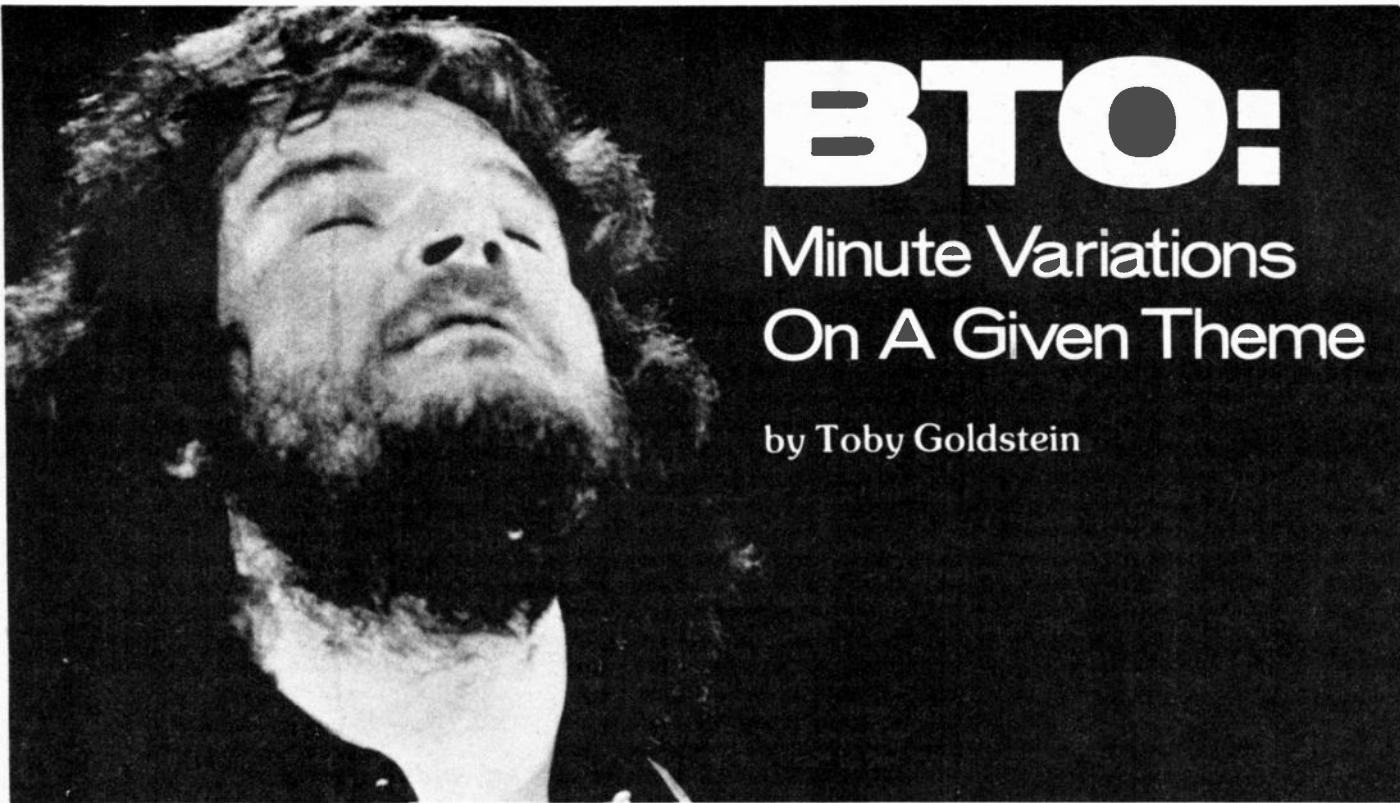
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BTO: Minute Variations On A Given Theme

by Toby Goldstein



"I made up my mind after the Guess Who that people would never say, whatever happened to Randy Bachman," says Randy as he peers from a high-level suite in one of New York's more expensive hotels. Bachman-Turner Overdrive is on the road, playing the hits (especially the heavies) to sold out stadiums across the United States as well as their native Canada. BTO has always been an easy group to knock—less than subtle music, non-glamorous looks, ear-splitting volume and a pack full of hit singles overshadowing whatever else has been on their LPs. In addition, BTO acts in a manner calculated to incur the wrath of rock's professional radicals, by operating out front as a business. Randy's out there to have a good time, but one never forgets that, on or off the road, he's in control, managing affairs within the group and setting up his own Legend Records label as a retirement plan for his soon-to-be five

kids. Bachman's business head sets him way apart as rock'n' roller. Yet, given the recession and the paring down of rosters by many of the large and small record labels, a lot of other bands have stopped laughing at Bachman's seriousness and started emulating it. I may be crucified for saying this, but Randy Bachman's hard line and straightforward manner may be the very elements that put BTO way ahead of the pack.

Bachman doesn't exactly have the reputation for being an ideal interview. Defensive and mistrustful after being rapped for "copying", having hit singles, being a Mormon, running the group with an iron hand, Randy Bachman rarely came out to speak for himself during BTO's first years. The papers spoke of nothing but the well-publicized split between Bachman and Burton Cummings, the other creative force in the Guess Who. The years have put a necessary distance between their polarities. "A

lot of things were my fault, a lot of things were their fault," says Bachman. "I had the equivalent of an ulcer. One thing I learned in BTO that I didn't learn in the Guess Who... if something happens, laugh at it. I've learned to laugh at a lot of strange things. My years with them were the best experience I ever had, 'cause we got screwed by everybody when we were in the Guess Who. It was a great academy of music..." No one else in BTO follows Randy's religious lifestyle, and one tends to believe Bachman when he compares the group's road life to that of bands like the Who. Off the road, they split totally; Randy to his family and Legend Records, Robbie to his gun collection (which now includes a Sherman tank), Blair Thornton and Fred Turner to various sports. A month later, they return with clear heads, fresh material, and unprejudiced attitudes towards one another. It sounds enviably easy.

So does the group's staggering popularity. BTO hit quickly, *Taking Care of Business* escalating the band to superstar status by their second album. "There are hard rock bands in Canada who are as good or better than us. I've seen 'em, we know who they are. I was lucky that I had a track record with the Guess Who, because our label promoted us like crazy. We've been lucky enough that we do stuff the public latches on to. I wrote *Taking Care of Business* when I was 19. Couldn't use it on any of the Guess Who stuff I was on and I couldn't use it on any early BTO. Later, I heard a radio DJ in Vancouver say, 'this is 990 on your dial and I'm takin' care of business,' and he played his next hit. I made that the name of the song, changing the repeat phrase to fit. I had that song for 10 years before I used it. Then I had the honor of Carl Wilson coming up to me and saying that it was a classic summer song, 'cause I grew up with all the Beach Boys things."

Then, of course, there's *You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet*, which many would swear escaped from a "play-the-hits-like-the-Who" chordbook. "It was the last song we recorded for the album, and that's because it wasn't sounding right. Finally, I said, let's slow it down, make the hook heavy—which is like a Who powerchord hook where I got into the b-b-a-b-y—but I didn't have any lead line for it. So we played it with a nice kind of Dave Mason rhythm and I said I would take it home over the weekend, do a dummy vocal and make a cassette. I went back into the studio and put the guitar down between the vocals and then I tried to sing a good vocal track and it sounded like *Strangers in the Night*. I was so close to it that I couldn't see it, and when it came out as a single, I was really embarrassed."

But Randy Bachman did use the "forbidden" procedure in there... to copy. The BTO theory of composition is a fascinating one, enough to make you wonder how many other groups are out there doing the same thing, only claiming they've never been influenced by anybody since the Beatle invasion of 12 years ago. To put it bluntly, Randy Bachman is, above all else, a fan.

"When I'm home I buy about 50-80 albums a week. I'm almost like a Music Director. I put them on and see if there isn't a good song, good production or a good lyric that I can steal... borrow; you gotta read your books, these are the books of my field. I then retain a play file of five to ten albums. I narrow it down and make my own 90 minute cassettes. It goes from weird jazz guys like Terje Rypdal through Linda Ronstadt, the Eagles, Neil Young, Steve Stills, all those guys, cause they've got their craft perfected. Right from Anton Dvorak's piano concertos on to Black Sabbath. I borrow these ideas from everyone."

"One of my hobbies is to try to derive where other songwriters steal their stuff from. I've taken an idea from a Dave Mason song, *Baby Please*, and wrote one song. Then I heard that progression become *How Long* by Ace and then it became *Evil Woman* by ELO and I've got another one and it's called *Just for You*. We're doing some dates with ELO and I'm going up to Jeff Lynne and say, I know where you got it... I hope he has a sense of humor about it. I've had Leslie West come up to me and say, I knew where you got it, and I don't care if you stole it from us because you did it so beautifully as BTO. It's a comradeship of saying, 'I used it once, you can have it now,' cause they bought it once, they'll buy it again. People buy the same thing over and over."

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MARIJUANA

Legalization is Not 'Just Around The Corner'

by Allan Earle

A million marijuana outlaws in New York face 15-year prison terms.

To argue that most won't even see the inside of a jail is to miss the point. The point is that some might. They are furthermore led to adhere to the very principle that the authorities use to keep them outlaws—selective law enforcement. It is euphemistically referred to as "de facto decriminalization."

About 20 people a day get popped in the city for possession but their cases are ACD'd—adjourned in contemplation of dismissal. Still each victim is jailed, booked and charged while he/she looks down the barrel of a possible 15 year prison term for holding a mere ounce of grass.

The fact that almost all of those arrested for possession are let off with little more than a slap on the wrist should not necessarily be looked upon as a virtue. Perhaps the reason for this practice by authorities can be found in the old adage, "the best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it."

Marijuana laws in New York are among the harshest in the nation: Possession of any amount of pot is currently a misdemeanor punishable by a year in prison; possession of more than 1/4 ounce is a felony punishable by seven years. Those caught with over an ounce of marijuana can be charged with a felony punishable by 15 years, the same as grand larceny, robbery, forgery, arson and manslaughter. Strangely enough, the letter of the law in New York makes no distinction between the user and the dealer as do nearly all the other states.

The plight of the pot puffing New York "outlaw", estimated to be numbering 8 percent of the adult population, is precarious indeed. They are left entirely to the mercy of the courts. By the same token, the average New York cop-on-the-beat or district court judge can, with the present anti-marijuana laws, wield more legislative power in one day than a supreme court judge can in a lifetime.

This is conventionally recognized as "selective law enforcement" and is used by the authorities to keep "undesirables" off the streets. Timothy Leary, high priest of the acid movement, is one such undesirable who in March was once again denied his freedom by his parole board. Leary is serving a 10-year federal prison sentence for possessing a single marijuana cigarette.

99 percent of pot smokers are not "undesirables" and when given the opportunity to cop a plea and take a small fine, they're on bended knees with gratitude for a merciful judicial system. If one or more "good citizens" with no prior record, a steady job and a family received the full force of the law like Leary, there would be a test case. Organizations such as the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) would snap into action by providing models, witnesses and expertise to the defendants' attorneys.

On May 27, 1975 Alaska became the first state to legalize marijuana possession in the home.

With Alaska's new marijuana reform bill, 44 remaining states and the federal government still maintain laws to lock up marijuana users, despite the fact that six out of seven Americans oppose sending marijuana smokers to jail, according to a new survey just released by the National Institute of Drug Abuse. Surveys like this clearly show that marijuana has trickled into the lifestyle of mainstream America. Yet there are a half-million annual grass arrests. Most victims of this barbaric law are under 23 years old. In New York City alone there were 7154 marijuana-related arrests last year compared to 7410 in 1974—which goes to show that the authorities have been 1-1/2 percent more selective about who they bust. In Nassau County, formerly considered one of the areas with the harshest enforcement of marijuana laws, the number of pot-related arrest dropped drastically, from 2732 in 1974 to 1623 in 1975.

The decline coincided with the November 1974 election of District Attorney Dennis Dillon, a Democrat, who disclosed recently that he favors decriminalizing possession of small amounts of marijuana.

Outside of New York City, the number of marijuana arrests remained roughly the same in 1975, constituting 85 percent of all drug-related arrests.

All told, these arrests waste an estimated \$40 million each year that could benefit the public; they place an unnecessary burden on the court systems, delaying more important cases and forcing poorer defendants to be jailed longer. Worst of all, current marijuana laws ruin the lives and reputations of countless millions of Americans and contribute heavily to the deterioration of personal freedom. It also defies the principle of the law. The purpose of the law is to keep the peace.

Although the majority of Americans want marijuana reform, not everybody wants it legalized. "I'd sure hate to see it become legalized," says one Yippie, who asked not to be singled out by having his name used. "All these years the government has been arresting people and keep-

Dwyer, 27, who has a school boy complexion and apple cheeks seems as subversive as a teddy bear. His magazine can be seen as the yardstick for the abrupt demand for information on marijuana as well as the commercial explosion of soft-drug paraphernalia over the past year.

"We just happened to be here at the right time," Dwyer admits regarding their circulation which has risen from 20,000 to a half a million within a single year. Although it advertises itself as "devoted entirely to the exploration of psychoactive drugs, and supportive of the legalization of marijuana, we never advocate the use of it," he says. Because of its content the five national magazine distributors have boycotted *High Times*. "But that will soon be remedied" Dwyer projects. They've had to resort to marketing through boutiques and head-shops, which are also major advertisers.

For their part in the battle to reform marijuana laws, *High Times* is matching *Playboy's* annual contribution to NORML, which Dwyer says comes to about \$40,000 a year.

NORML is not the only group working for marijuana reform, but it is the most prestigious and successful organization. It has set the style for an effective approach to the issue.

Keith Stroup, 31, NORML's executive director, is a lawyer who smoked his first joint while at Georgetown Law School. He worked for a time at the Federal Product Safety commission learning the techniques of legislative push and pull and defended his first marijuana case in 1969. He drew up papers for NORML and after time received his first money from the *Playboy* Foundation. Stroup has since filed personal bankruptcy.

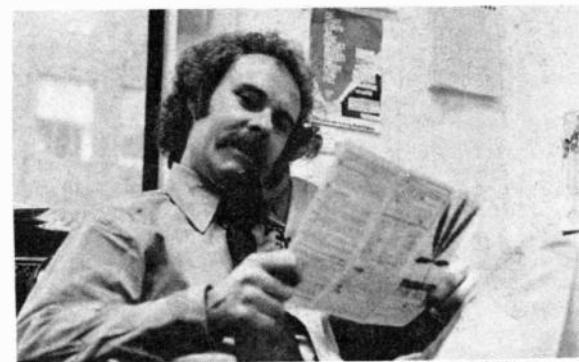
Today, Frank Fioramonti, legislative counsel to NORML, sees their primary function as disseminating information to the ill-informed public about issues surrounding marijuana. NORML also provides information to lawyers bringing challenges against the marijuana laws, brings its own suits against the laws and has established an invaluable fund of expert witnesses which they will fly to any state in the midst of legislative hearings, as they did in Alaska. These include people like Dr. Norman Zinberg, Chief of Psychiatry at the Washington Center for Addiction and an expert in the medical aspects of marijuana. John Finlator, former deputy director of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, testifies from the enforcement point of view, that laws are shoddily enforced, that it wastes millions of dollars and man hours and that "it has led to a growing lack of respect for our entire legal system."

"More than just disrespect," adds Fioramonti, "the New York's antimarijuana laws are so unrealistic and vindictive as to foster ridicule for the law and government generally, particularly among young people (88% of those arrested are under the age of 26; 58% under the age of 21). And he doesn't envision things changing here for quite some time.

Fioramonti, attributes a large part of N.Y.'s staunch conservative stance on the issue to upstate politicians. "It's too bad that New York City must look to the state level for reform because," says Fioramonti, "the city is a progressive anomaly in a very conservative state. State Senator Fred Isabella from Schenectady is soapboxing this viewpoint: 'All the police chiefs I talked to tell me that the law is fine the way it stands and should be tougher. But we need it enforced.'

Even the surrounding states are moving on marijuana reform. Pennsylvania will certainly change by next year. New Jersey is a little slower, Maine and Ohio have already decriminalized. During election years like this one politicians avoid controversial issues like the plague. A vote for marijuana might mean defeat.

So it looks like marijuana laws won't change without some sort of struggle. Until then the million marijuana outlaws in New York will look to "de-facto" decriminalization as the silver lining.



Frank Fioramonti, legislative counsel to NORML.

ing them locked up for long stretches. Then as soon as it's legalized," he asserts, "they'll want to make money off it through taxation. Big cigarette companies will start monopolizing the entire industry."

But most people would agree that legalization of marijuana is inevitable and see decriminalization as the first stage to that end.



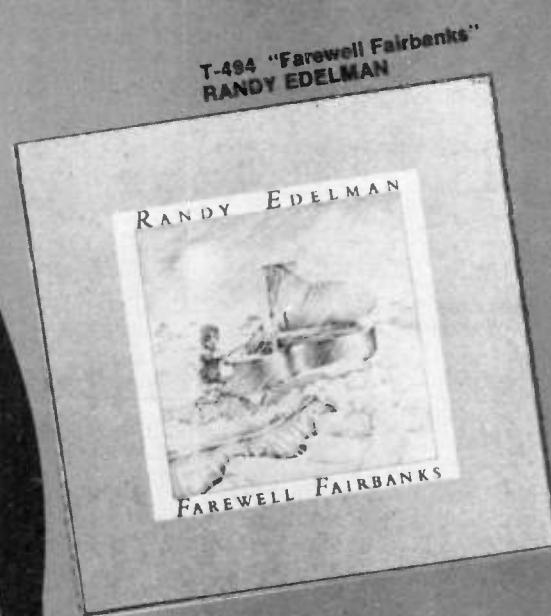
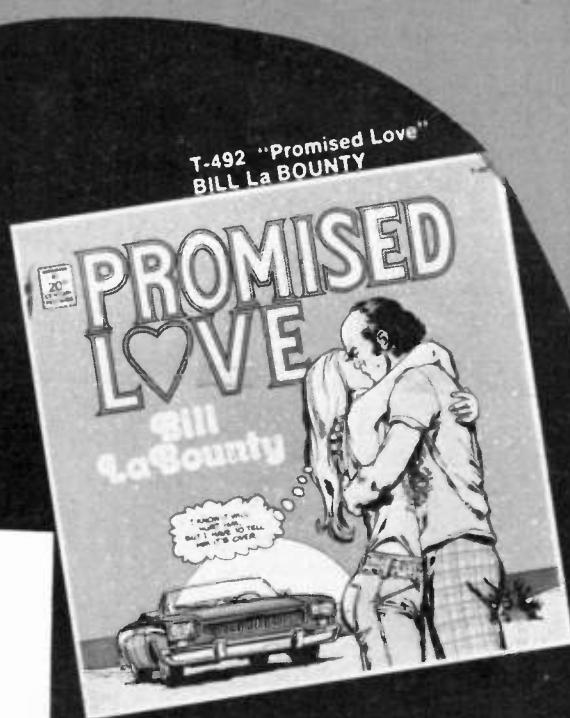
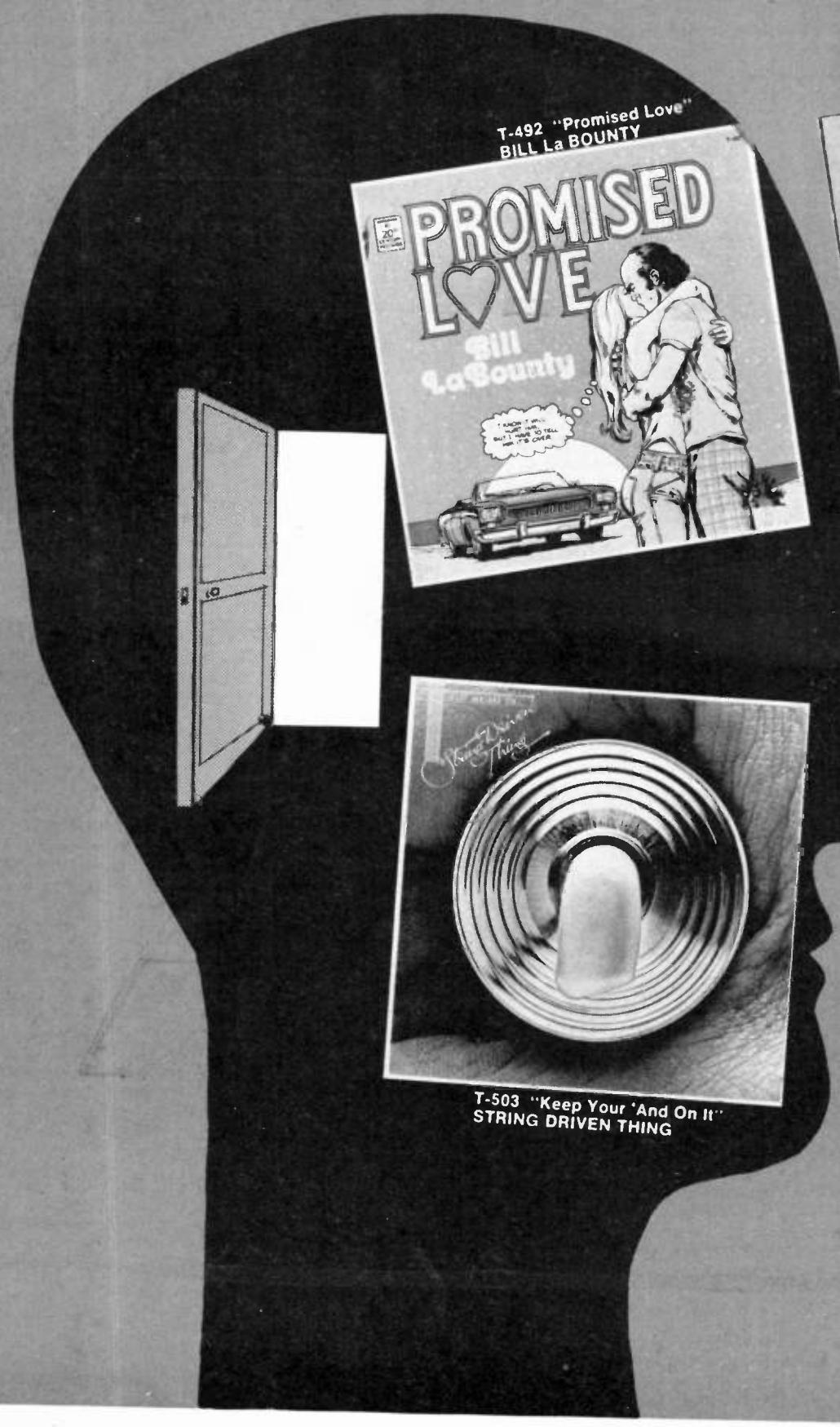
Ed Dwyer, editor of "High Times"

Ed Dwyer in a *High Times* editorial looks at decriminalization in this way: "Since the reform applies only to simple possession of small amounts, the dealer is still liable to go to jail; although presumably the courts will be less harsh. After all, what is a large amount but a bunch of small amounts in one place at the same time? An illegal ton is nothing more than 32,000 legal ounces . . ."

With decriminalization a "fait accompli," the question is no longer whether marijuana will eventually be fully legalized, but when?

High Times has been described in *Times* magazine as the pamphleteer for "America's latest revel crusade—for the legalization of Marijuana."

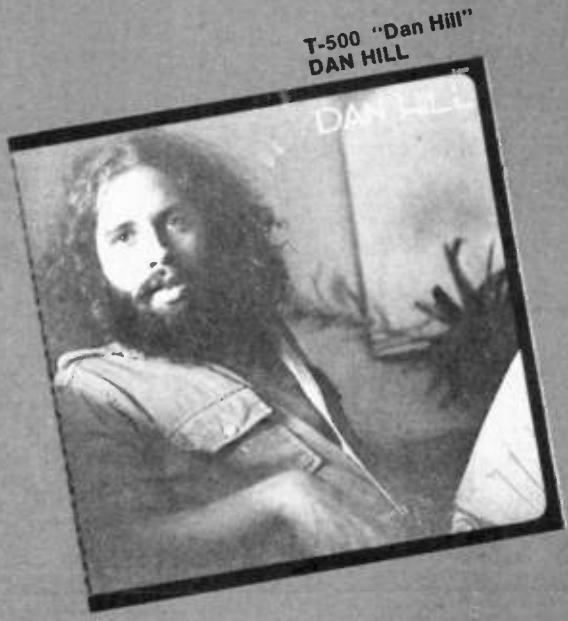
Upon entering the *High Times* office, the receptionist, changes the record to another "swing" album and asks the purpose of my visit. Over the p.a. the editor's presence is requested.



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THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND

by Ronnie Nina Rosenberg

The Steve Gibbons Band is a new one for America, and rightly so; they're on their first U.S. tour. However, that essentially unremarkable piece of news gains added panache when one learns that they're touring as opening act for the Who on their current American tour. Gibbons also has a brand-new album out in the U.S. on MCA records called *ANY ROAD UP*.

One has little reason to suspect Gibbons; after all, the Who's Peter Townsend and the band's current manager Peter Meadon (the original discoverer of the Who) spotted them playing in Birmingham, and soon after, the band went on tour with the Who. After receiving rafts of rave notices, the band was signed to Goldhawk Productions (the goldhawk being Roger Daltrey) and soon after that, to a recording contract with MCA records. The band is made up of lead singer-songwriter Steve Gibbons, formerly of a band succinctly titled "Balls". It was while with Balls that Steve met up with Trevor Burton, who now plays bass for the band. The rest of the band is composed of Bob Lamb on drums, and Dave Carroll and Bob Wilson on guitar. The music is Birmingham-born: hard-driving, tight, and with a sound that can sear as well as supplicate. The end result is a completely original yet commercially palatable form of music, one of its more unusual qualities being Gibbons' vocals—deep, yet never gravelly or grating to ones' auditory perceptions—delivered with an awesome amount of discipline and control.

I asked Steve how he first got into rock, and he told me, with a smile, "Well, I just felt the rock and roll tingles when I was a little kid. Some people feel it and they just go and buy records, some people buy guitars; I bought a banjo. I just play one instrument now—a little bit of mouth harp—but I really play guitar quite well. I can't actually describe the kind of music we do, I couldn't answer a question like that. I've been influenced by a lot of people—mainly a lot of the early rock stars, like Presley, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, and later on, Bob Dylan and the Beatles. The other guys, they've got varied interests as well, and certainly all of these combined with my songs makes what comes out, I think, utterly original."

Success hasn't come easily to the Gibbons band; they're not a band that had a hit single, got picked up by high-powered management and a record company with money to burn on their lucrative talent. This band literally fought its way up through the tough clubs of Birmingham and London, but Gibbons feels that having had to fight has only tempered the steel of the band: "It's just a natural thing—you're going to be strong, and have an awareness of it among the group. That's the way it has to be. I went through the course, the apprenticeship. It's a hard road, you never know what's around the next bend on a hard road, do you? I've gone through a lot of bad times, but that's all part of it."

Not wishing to explore this any further, I



Left to right: Trevor Burton, Bob Wilson, Bob Lamb, Dave Carroll; seated, Steve Gibbons.

asked exactly how the band felt about playing in this country. Gibbons told me: "Because we've never been here before, we decided to fly in a few days early and get the feel of it. I can feel the energy coming through the pavements, so it's bound to stretch over a little bit further through the floorboards." Dave Carroll remarked: "I'm very excited about it because no British musician can fail to have been influenced by American musicians, and American mu-

sic. The whole of our musical culture seems to have come first and foremost from America, so it's a very important place for us to play in. From a musical point of view, it's like coming a long way from home to where your roots are, and as an Englishman, I tend to feel that a lot of things wouldn't be in England if it weren't for America. I don't see it as an alien culture, or different. I just see it as a big place. We'll give it a kiss, I think, because we're cousins."

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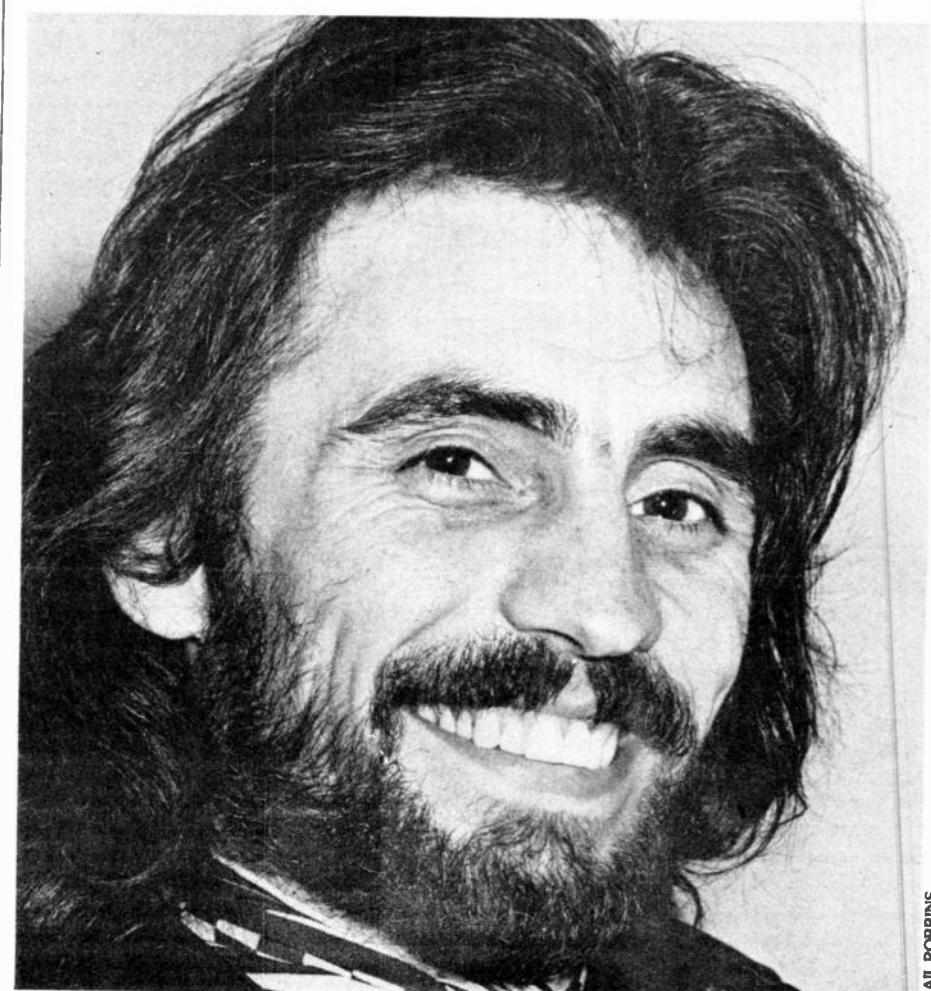
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GAIL ROBBINS

Firm Steps to Becoming A True "Stone Alone"

"I've thought about movin' around a bit up there on stage, but if I did it would be such a shock for Mick, he'd probably have a heart attack."

by Jean-Charles Costa



The corner suite at the Plaza is done in soft shades of green and grey. Bill Wyman, nestled into the corner sofa, bravely fighting the early morning hour pulling at his eyelids, makes you feel comfortable right away—in the courteous tradition of the "legit" British rock star. Sitting there, casually discussing mutual faves from the past like Charlie Patton, Ellmore James or Jimmie Rodgers, you really begin to believe you're just hanging out. Then, glancing up at the very familiar face, an entire decade of the Rolling Stones flashes through the old brainpan—leaving you with that special kind of awe only reserved for true historical figures in this transitory business.

The matter at hand this time around, however, is a discussion of Bill's second solo LP for Rolling Stones Records, *A STONE ALONE*. Looking at the rather dramatic album jacket featuring a cover photo with Bill in Guy Laroche make-up, you get the immediate impression that Mr. Wyman is much more determined to get himself over as a solo artiste this time around. Smiling a bit, he readily acknowledges: "Yeah, it was time to step out a bit. It's more commercial than the first one, it has better songs and I sing 'em better. I am cheered by the fact that there seem to be a lot of single possibilities on this one. A lot of people like *Apache Woman*, and there are others who like *Feet and Get It On*."

Bill stresses the fact that the LP is a decidedly personal project: "We all keep our solo projects apart, we do 'em on our own time. I wouldn't think of touring on my own, there wouldn't be any point to it really. The Stones take up a lot of my time, they tend to break into my personal plans. To do this album, I had to use a lot of my own free time. It took about 5½ to 7 weeks." Sacrifices notwithstanding, Wyman obviously relishes the outlet that his solo projects provide for him: "Hopefully, these albums show the 'other' side of Bill Wyman. A lot of my material doesn't fit into the Stones' format. I mean, besides a track on *SATANIC MAJESTIES* and a few odd vocal bits here and there really wasn't that much, was



there? Keith and Mick have always had the final say with the Stones' music, and that's the way it should be."

With a true galaxy of contemporary greats sitting in on *STONE ALONE*, including Ron Wood, Jim Keltner, Dallas Taylor, Dr. John, Joe Walsh, Danny Kortchmar, Paul Harris, Nicky Hopkins, Bob Welch, The Pointer Sisters and Van Morrison, Bill had the difficult task of being "mood orchestrator" for all of these quirky talents. "Making a solo LP is a much larger responsibility. Besides looking after the sound, the production and the arrangements, you have to get the right musicians for each track. You have to try and make

everybody happy, cuz getting the right atmosphere is very important. Whatever mood the musicians are in is gonna come out on the record. Sometimes, when a tune just won't go a certain way, you just might have to drop it." Listening to the test pressing of the album, you quickly conclude that Wyman was largely successful in this task because, besides the catchy songs, tongue-in-cheek vocals and superb musicianship, there is a bona fide current of enthusiasm running through every track.

Basically, Bill used a rock band rhythm section "nucleus", consisting primarily of Taylor and Keltner on drums, on each song. From there the choice of players be-

came much more varied because the widely differing styles of music on the album dictated it: "Yeah, there are a lot of varied styles on it. It reflects *all* of my influences, although it doesn't always sound just like the original. I don't try that hard to be 'authentic.' I do a few old tunes like Gary Bonds' *Quarter To Three* out of admiration really. Just to show people the kinds of things that influenced me. We do an old Fats Waller type song where I sit around away bashin' at the bass drum with a brush. Just havin' fun." Wyman is amazed at the wealth of talented young musicians in America who seem to be "wasting away" in the studios. He specifically mentions Mark Naftalin, the gifted former keyboard player for Paul Butterfield, who was sitting around doing nothing before being called in to help with Bill's album. As far as his own instrument is concerned, Wyman has very definite views about the bass' function within a rock band: "I guess you could say that I'm from the Carl Radle-Duck Dunn 'school' of bass players. I see it primarily as a supportive factor, where it's heard without getting in the way. All of my songs—which I write on piano and guitar by the way, too hard to write on bass—are constructed around simple patterns. I'm always trying to get rid of the clutter, especially when it comes to drummers. I was surprised at how quickly I fell into a groove with Dallas. He and Charlie (Watts) are very different drummers, and I got a different, though very natural thing happenin' with both of 'em. Jim Keltner is also very good, very flexible."

There seems to be a real "raison d'être" for *STONE ALONE*. The material is very coherent and accessible, and Wyman approaches it with the same blend of intelligence and irony that marks his mysterious on-stage "presence" with the Rolling Stones. Kidged about his stolid demeanor under the bright lights, he grudgingly admits that "I've thought about movin' around a bit up there, but if I did it would be such a shock for Mick, he'd probably have a heart attack. I'm really content just to stand there and play." His album gives an indication of how much more there is to the man.

REGIONAL

ATLANTA/MACON UPDATE

by Jim Pettigrew

Atlanta's new 70-story Peachtree Plaza Hotel complex was transformed into a veritable rock and roll loony bin during the recent five-day **Radio & Records Convention**. All major record labels and numerous independents featured "hospitability suites" which were scenes of Elysian revelry as deejays, promo people, and various industry types moved (or stumbled) from one floor to the next with a musical backdrop of "previewed" material—all at peak volume. As the convention reeled and rocked onward, the cylindrical monolith—asserted to be the tallest hotel in the world—held many flashes of the now-infamous 1973 Rock Writer's bash in Memphis.

In the Capricorn rooms, there was mass rejoicing over the increasing success of **Elvin Bishop's STRUTTIN' MY STUFF** coupled with a sneak listen of **Bonnie Bramlett's LADIES' CHOICE** (very nice). On the top floor, Clive Davis proudly ushered around **Eric Carmen**, who'd



Eric Carmen

"blown the Electric Ballroom apart" by an unprecedented three-encore set. Down in the Atlantic wing, there was the largest and loudest playback system this side of Criteria studios, which blended well with the RCA-imported Coors, and on and on. All this got Atlanta's spring season off with a decided bang.

Macon/Capricorn bits include more gold for the **Marshall Tucker Band**. **SEARCHING FOR A RAINBOW** recently received certification, becoming their third gold LP in the last six months. The award came on the eve of Tucker's new release, **LONG HARD RIDE**, which they're going to Hollywood soon to make a short promotional

film. "It will feature several established cowboy stars," Capricorn publicist Mark Pucci said, "and it'll be used for a variety of purposes." Studio activity in the mid-Georgia city includes the **Charlie Daniels Band**, going in for their debut for Epic, and Capricorn country/rockers **Blue Jug**, who'll be cutting the second LP.

ABB drummer **Jaimoe** and bassist **Lamar Williams** were both invited to attend Mississippi Gov. Cliff Finch's inauguration ceremonies, where the two native Mississippians participated in several of the events.

Studio One is again in the forefront of Atlanta recording scenes, where the **Atlanta Rhythm Section** is nearing completion of **RED TAPE**, scheduled for a late April release on Polydor. A single, entitled **Free Spirit**, will be out sooner, according to producer **Buddy Buie**. Another recent entry into the Doraville studio is the **Shorty Watkins** band, who reportedly have Polydor very excited.

Tall Dogs, a new jazz-flavored act featuring **Gregg Allman** solo band **hormone Earl Ford**, were in LeFevre Sound recently for some demo sessions.

Local club action over the past month was hot as the concert scene was slack. **Tom Scott & N.Y. Connection's** stint was a highlight for the Music Hall and the **Dixie Dregs**' show provided the Bistro's peak. The Dregs', an improvisational act out of Augusta, Ga., are gathering considerable regional attention and their album, **THE GREAT SPECTACULAR** (released on their own label) is somewhat of a local critical favorite.

The **Electric Ballroom** was thundering virtually every night. **Quicksilver Messenger Service** set the tone for the month with an exceptionally good set. Out of the plethora of younger and newer bands, the standout was **Fools**, a power trio from Austin, spotlighting the blazing guitar work of **Van Wilkes** (whose influences are deeply rooted in the likes of Hendrix and Peter Green).

Unfortunately, the long-awaited **Billy Cobham/George Duke** one-nighter was an abject disappointment. While the cele-

brated drummer and bassist Al Johnson established a quick rapport and were obviously ready to cook, Duke seemed to insist on soloing constantly through the entire show. Although Cobham vainly tried to provide a sense of direction, several fans in the capacity house shook their heads and muttered.

To cap things off, there was the triumphant showcase special for **Darryl Rhoades & the Hahavishnu Orchestra**, coming at the pinnacle of the R and R Convention's zaniness. One unique point was that every local writer, publicist, radio, and entertainment biz member cooperated to "spread the word" among the assembled heavies at the Convention. This paid off in the form of a tension-filled air of expectancy in the packed Ballroom just before Rhoades went on; several labels were represented in the audience. When it was over, after an extraordinarily funny and hard-hitting set, one record company vice president was waving his card in front of an exhausted Rhoades and other A&R people were still roaring with laughter in the VIP lounge and telling each other, "... star quality, definitely star quality!"

decent country record—not an album—just one record. Stan Kenton has always felt like he's been misunderstood because he's such a progressive jazz man—what he writes is just noise man, it's just (bleepin') noise! There's no melody to it... the reason they slam country music is because it's beyond them. It's human being music and they're not human beings! Where the hell is he coming from? National disgrace? He's a (bleepin') national disgrace! Who the (bleep) is Stan Kenton, anyway. Bleep Stan Kenton!



Johnny Rodriguez

NASHVILLE UPDATE

by Al Cooley

The Music City is buzzing about the fact that **Charlie Daniels** recently signed a three million dollar contract with CBS. Buddah Records, however, claims that Charlie's recording contract with them won't expire until December and a spokesperson for Buddah said they expect another CDB album and they might sue for breach of contract. Beating them to the punch, however, Daniels and his manager, Joe Sullivan, have taken action against Buddah, suing them for breach of contract. In any case, Daniels has suddenly become this city's highest paid entertainer and will record in the future for Epic, a CBS branch label.

I interviewed Charlie recently and the big man from Mt. Juliet had something he wanted to get off his chest.

"I want to challenge two people," bellowed Charlie. **"Mr. Stan Kenton and Mr. Buddy Rich**. Stan Kenton said something last year to the effect that country music was a national disgrace. Buddy Rich then came to Nashville and slammed country music. Now I, Charlie Daniels, will stake my reputation as a musician and a human being that Mr. Stan Kenton and Mr. Buddy Rich—neither one of 'em—can go into the studio and cut one decent country record. I'll turn around and give them five, ten, fifteen, twenty Nashville musicians that can sit down and cut any (bleepin') chart they wanna write.

"I DEFY STAN KENTON! I DEFY BUDDY RICH! I'll bet \$10,000 with either one of those gentlemen that wanna come down here; I'll take a day off any time they wanna try. I'll bet them they can't cut one



Billy Cobham

UPDATES

edly blew an amp on a Marty Robbins session back in 1960... **Elvis Presley** completed sessions for his next album (his first in over a year) at his home in Graceland. The single he picked is **Dennis Linde's** rocking "For The Heart". Coincidentally, the last rocker Elvis had success with was Linde's "Burning Love". The King is singing like it's 1957 again—he also cut a version of **Timi Yuro's** "I'm So Hurt" **Larry Gatlin's** "The Bitter They Are" ... **Troy Seals** producing singer-songwriter **Turley Richards** at Quad Studios for Epic Records. Turley, who had two albums out on Reprise in the late sixties, was involved in a car accident a few years ago which cost him his sight in both eyes. The weird thing is he sounds like a white Stevie Wonder... **Roy Orbison**, recording his comeback album with Monument, has chosen Dennis Linde's "Belinda" as his first single. **Fred Foster** produced... The new **Willie Nelson** album, the first on Lone Star, is **Sound In Your Mind**. What price fame? Someone has been posing as Papa Willie's brother in Knoxville. Willie doesn't have a brother. His sister, of course, plays piano in his band... **Terry Bradshaw** back in town finishing up his



Cledus Maggard

of Roy Orbison's "Running Scared". Beaudleaux says the Scottish group picked it up from the Gram Parsons/ Emmy Lou Harris **Grievous Angel** album... Picked to Click—Kenny Starr's follow-up to "Blind Man In The Bleachers"—"Tonight I'll Face The Man Who Made it Happen", written by **Bob Morrison**, one of this city's most prolific writers... Rumor has it that **Kinky Friedman's** unreleased ABC album may yet end up on Epic... **Eddie Rabbit** has his fifth consecutive top ten record with "Drinking My Baby Off My Mind"—not bad for a country boy from Newark, New Jersey.



Terry Bradshaw

first Mercury album... **Billy Joe Shaver**, who wrote the current Johnny Rodriguez single, "I Couldn't Be Me Without You" says he called up his wife one morning and that's what he said to her... You probably know by now that **Cledus Maggard**, of "The White Knight" fame, signs his checks **Jay Hugely**... Country star **Cal Smith** recently had a luckless homecoming in his home town of Gans, Oklahoma (pop. 300). Seems Smith appeared at a brand-new nightclub there which was closed opening night when police officers accused the owner of admitting young people without I.D. cards. "Just another peril of the road" concluded Mr. Smith... **Beaudleaux Bryant**, long-time Nashville songwriter who has penned such classics as "Bye Bye Love", "All I Have To Do Is Dream" and many, many others (most co-written with his wife Felice) is currently on the charts with Nazareth's "Love Hurts". The song was originally the B-side

MIAMI UPDATE

by Jon Marlowe

Criteria Recording Studios has announced the formation of its own record company. Name of the company is **Good Sounds** and **Mac Emmerman**, owner of Criteria, is President of the Company. **Stephen J. Nicholas** is Vice-President and Director of A&R with **Mike Lewis** in charge of A&R and arranging. Good Sounds will be a division of Criteria Recording Studios and as Nicholas explained, "We have a wealth of resources here in the production department and this is the next logical extension in the growth of Criteria. We'll be going after unsigned acts. We hope to have an artist roster that will cover all the markets—from country to pop to MOR."

Emmerman restated that the company "Will definitely not be in competition with major record companies that use our facilities as far as acts go. We'll be trying to develop people that are unknown to the public."

As erroneously reported in other music trades, Criteria Studios and **Henry Stone's** "Miami Sound" **TK Studios** have not merged.

"It's simply a distribution deal," explained

Nicholas. "TK will be distributing some of Good Sounds' product. That's as far as our involvement goes with TK."

First release on the Good Sounds label will be vocalist **Bill Seighman's** rendition of **Hilary Kanter's** beautiful "You Never Wrote Me A Love Song." Hilary is a Miami songwriter who impressed **Eric Clapton** enough to order a TV into the studio so he could watch her on a local TV Show. Said the English guitarist: "I love her lower lip." (???)

In other Criteria news, the studio has just joined forces with **Metro Audio** to bring a Mobile Unit to Criteria. The unit is a one ton Chevy Step-van equipped with a 16 track console, and is also equipped to handle synchronization for motion pictures and TV.

"The truck will be parked outside our studios and ready to go all over the United States and Canada," said Emmerman.

Emmylou Harris, sensational solo vocalist and the late Gram Parsons' singing partner, was scheduled for a Miami appearance but was cancelled when ticket sales reflected that "Nobody in Miami knew who the hell she was." Ditto for **Jesse Colin Young**, who was also scheduled for a March appearance... **Dr. Feelgood** will be making their first Florida appearance when they appear with Kiss in concert... **Leo Kottke** slated for an upcoming appearance... **B.B. King** due into the Swinger Lounge. The Swinger recently hosted **Gino Vannelli** who proved to be one of the most pretentious acts in the business. According to one reviewer, "He should just dye his hair blonde. He wants to be Roger Daltrey so bad anyways." General Miami consensus was that "his band was terrific but he's just not that good".... **Sweet** only drew 2,000



Sweet

folks to their Miami appearance, and many of those were there to see **Bob Seger**—who wound up turning in a two encore set. **Al Green** looked and sounded twice as good as he ever has in his Bachelor's III supper club appearance. He also took to visiting six Miami radio stations in one day, dissolving those "he's so hard to talk to" rumors... **Wayne Cochran**, the blue-eyed, white-haired wonder of soul, reported sick and in the hospital... Real estate company relates that the **Bee Gees** are looking to buy homes in Miami and settle here. In the recorded department, after months

of producer squabbles, the Gibb brothers have finally settled on **Albie Galuten** to handle the chores. When **Nazareth**



Nazareth

were in town for their recent concert with **Deep Purple** they took time out to visit the Florida State Fair and were greatly impressed by the dwarves and midgets and the "win a kewpie doll game." Said bassist **Peter Agnew**, "It was just incredible to see these little kids winding up with all their motions and throwing those little baseballs. Just incredible. I'd never even seen a baseball before, never mind throwing it and hitting things a mile away with it. Just incredible"....

In "Miami Sounds" TK Studio activity, **H.W. Casey**, **Rick Finch** (Sunshine Band), **Betty Wright**, and **Willie Clarke**



Betty Wright

won a Grammy for the best rhythm and blues song in the songwriters division for "Where Is The Love".... **Betty Wright's** new LP will be called **Explosion** and is due shortly... Also, new product on the way from **Timmy Thomas**, **Little Beaver**, **Clarence Reid**, **Latimore**, **Swamp Dogg**, **Gwen McCrae**, **Foxy**, **Raw Soul Express**, and singer **Sax Kari**... **Paul Revere** of Paul Revere and the Raiders and "Where The Action Is" fame, has been signed to TK's Drive Records and a 45 is due shortly... **Wilson Pickett's** album on the TK distributed Wickett Records will be entitled "Chocolate Mountain".... And last but not least, Wickett Records has just signed the **Coasters**.

ROBERT PALMER & LITTLE FEAT

Robert Palmer on Little Feat: "They appeal to enthusiasts."

I mean, really, they're the only rock and roll group there is, as far as I'm concerned."

by Steve Weitzman

There actually is a certain amount of logic in lumping Robert Palmer and Little Feat into the same story other than pleasing two different record companies with just one piece. After all, they've played together, recorded together, toured together and even like each other (which was our main consideration). Their common bond and shared love is black music and their noteworthy joint achievement is the ability to perform it convincingly—a rarity among whiteys.

In a recent 16 Magazine profile, Palmer listed all black musical favorites and when prodded to come up with somebody white (16 worries about its image), he offered Little Feat. The Feat's Paul Barrere returned the compliment: "Robert's got that soul-trained voice for a white Englishman and he manages to pull it off. He sounds real good doing it."

When Robert Palmer first heard Little Feat in 1971, he was living in London and putting in time with Vinegar Joe. He had previously been in the Alan Bown Band and in neither instance was his energy particularly well spent. Little Feat's first album made that both painfully and enjoyable clear. But for a singer, his initiation into their music took a curious route.

"A drummer friend of mine said, 'Listen to this drummer,' and I heard the drummer and then I heard the rest of the band (on record). I'm always introduced to a group through the drummer." Even vocalist heroes like Marvin Gaye came to him the same way... "Through the grooves on the songs, yeah." He laughs at the absurdity of it. "Like when I listen to the radio, I can just not hear all the rubbish that's on top of stuff, you know—all those hustle things. I can just listen to the bass and drums and think, 'Oh, this is great!' And everybody goes, 'Hmmm...,' because they hear the strings and the melody and the whole tune

which is usually kind of corny. But the bass and drums on some of those tunes are so inventive. They're having a great time. Everybody else is just doing their job. But Little Feat, everybody in the band is inventing at once and that's why it's so intriguing because you don't know what the hell to expect at any one time."

After repeated listenings to subsequent Little Feat albums, Robert Palmer knew one thing for certain: "I wanted Lowell George to be the lead instrument on my first solo record. His guitar." They met in the Spring of '73 in a studio in New Orleans, jammed together with the Meters, Crescent City's resident R&B gurus and "just hit it off." *SNEAKING SALLY THROUGH THE ALLEY*, with Lowell George, Allen Toussaint and Robert Palmer songs, as well as *PRESSURE DROP*, Palmer's more recent LP, establish one subtle distinction in terms of direction. If Little Feat's music is soul-influenced rock, then Robert Palmer's is rock-influenced soul. Labels

aside, the important thing to Palmer was that the sessions needed to record both albums were exquisitely easy.

"Piece a cake!" he exclaimed. In fact, just from listening to their albums in England, he knew it would be that way. "You can tell that all their energy goes into making the music. They couldn't have sat around with charts and figured that stuff out. It had to have come natural because it's too bizarre."

From watching the glow on his face, it becomes evident that Robert Palmer's love for music is almost surpassed by his desire to talk about it. And when he does, his favorite word pops up quite often. "It's the groove on *Spanish Moon* (from *FEATS DONT FAIL ME NOW*)," he stresses. "It's just relentless. I like stuff that's infectious without having to be aggressive. I don't like to see bands that kind of, beat an audience into submission. I prefer some sort of disease. VD maybe. So they're gonna catch it. It's more fun playing that



Robert Palmer



Left to right LITTLE FEAT are Kenny Gradney, bass, Paul Barrere, guitar, Lowell George, guitar and vocals, Sam Clayton, congas, Bill Payne, keyboards, and Richard Hayward (sitting), drums.

stuff. I think that's why Little Feat have got an underground following. They appeal to enthusiasts. I mean, really, they're the only rock and roll group there is, as far as I'm concerned."

Lowell George, Little Feat's lead guitarist, vocalist, main songwriter and general driving force, shares Palmer's need for subtlety. Lowell even takes it one step further. "Man, I can't stand to watch a rock and roll show," he says, shaking his head and flashing on the number of English bands (the Stones included) who attended Little Feat's European dates last fall. "It's because I get so overdone, so fried out by having to do it myself." A sudden calm set in. "But occasionally," he adds, "I can hang around and watch Bonnie Raitt because she varies textures."

Lowell, who grew up in Los Angeles, went to high school with Larry ("Wildman") Fisher and witnessed the entire Beefheart/Zappa/Mothers/Alice Cooper spectacle from up close, got his first taste of big city life in 1967 when he joined up with Zappa for an album (*WEASELS RIPPED MY FLESH*) and a tour. Although his stint as a Mother was short, nevertheless, he feels he benefitted from Zappa. "I saw the process whereby an organization is put together and kept together. Almost from the inception of the Mothers I was around and saw what Frank went through. I was interested purely in songwriting, nothing quite as dynamic as Zappa and complete opposites in terms of content. What it did give me was the idea that I had to walk into rehearsal with the goods. And that stuck with me. Also it gave me a little zaniness that I otherwise would not have been interested in. I saw tunes like *Brown Shoes Don't Make It* or *Prelude To The Afternoon Of A Sexually Aroused Gasmask* put together, segued from one seemingly impossible section to another and realized, 'Oh it's that easy.' And from that point, I began to understand tape editing."

With ex-Mother Roy Estrada on bass, Richie Hayward on drums and Billy Payne on keyboards, Lowell put together the original Little Feat. At first, with tunes like *Willing*, country influences seemed to prevail but that soon gave way to the funk of *Easy to Slip* and *Tripe Face Boogie* on *SAILING SHOES*, Feat's second album. Presently augmented by Sam Clayton on congas and Paul Barrere on second guitar with Kenny Gradney having replaced Estrada, Little Feat has changed many of their early numbers to keep up with the musical changes within the band, and with Lowell producing the band from *DIXIE CHICKEN* onward, several older numbers have received studio facelifts. Though the reasons why are valid and obvious, he voices a certain displeasure for anyone who can't see it.

"Some people say, 'Oh these guys! They're drifting back into the past. Tricks from the trunk! Who needs it? Well, it's a different band and the people who've said that have not heard the earlier band live and didn't know the difference when Sam Clayton showed up to play the congas on *Tripe Face Boogie*. Look out! It's a get-off now. Before, it sort of loped along. Now it goes 'Yikes!' into a huge, with-protein ending."

Within the last couple years now, Little Feat have been making a lot of influential people's eyebrows go up and down; the respect they've generated as a "musician's band" dwarfs the merely acceptable, though rapidly growing sales plateau they've reached—200,000 approx. per album. But the accolades (though no simultaneous *Time* and *Newsweek* covers) come in droves. From no less than Jimmy Page: "My favorite band," the Zep has said.

Lowell is amusingly polite in his return comment, but notice what he chooses to talk about and what he chooses not to talk about concerning Page: "Oh, listen. I thought the Joe Cocker record that he produced is a great piece of production. And with Zeppelin, what Page has done is create one of the biggest, money-making bands of all time. I don't admire that or covet that, but I have to say that it's an admirable thing in the sense of the record business. He's taken up a lot of space."

The Stones though, who asked him to come over and jam with them in the studio during their "Search" last year (he didn't go), receive slightly better: "Listen, they make excellent records. For as long as I can remember, they've made records that have been from ten weeks to two years ahead of their time." But would he have considered joining if asked outright? He seems shocked at the suggestion.

"I can't do that! I'm in the midst of an organization that I'm trying to sing in front of. How could I? There are five other guys in this band that depend on somebody keeping an organization together and if I disappear out of this fucking band, there is no more band. And I'd rather not do that to those five other people because they have invested their time and my time. And what bullshit! Never! People have tried to con any one of us in any number of ways into leaving the band and why should we quit when in fact we're successful. Ridiculous. If I did anything, I wouldn't do anything. I'd retreat into the Hollywood hills and pretend I was a moth."

The moth might come later but at the moment, Little Feat are recording album # six in Los Angeles and making final preparations for a co-headlining tour with Bonnie Raitt for April and May. Three thousand miles away, in "New York, Yew Nork" as Lowell sings in *Tripe Face Boogie*, Robert Palmer is working on the specifics of his own tour, his first ever in the U.S. Although his admiration for "the only rock and roll band there is" is unbounded, the cautions against expecting another Little Feat and to make a point, he plays down their contribution on his albums in spirit, not in terms of musicianship.

"The essence," he states, "is mine. They're my records. What I'm looking for is players who can utilize their enthusiasm doing my tunes on tour and I've found them. All I need is a guitarist, because I've got a thing about guitarists. I don't really like them. Only five percent of the guitarists are really doing anything. The rest of them are just emulating the past so much that they're not saying anything. All that Cream stuff did so much damage, you know. I prefer to hear a player like James Brown's guitarist. He just knocks me out so much."

Palmer's band for the tour consists of Norbert Sloley on bass, Jimmy Smith on keyboards, Leo Adamien on drums, Kinny Landrum on keyboards, Jody Linscott on percussion and Freddie Wall on guitar. Unfamiliar names to most, but the rehearsals have had him smiling for weeks in anticipation. At any rate, he says, "We're able to cover the arrangements so well that the songs are taking on another form and they're making the album versions seem a year or two old. Which they are."

As for the direction of the band, he adds, having carefully figured out the best description, "It's punk schmaltz."

"You know," he says, as if someone had asked him, "I did one or two things when times were bad. I did the music for a beer commercial in England. And I did another one for cat food. Top Cat. But don't try to find the tapes, I don't think they're available."



LOWELL GEORGE'S GENERAL COMMENTARY

"I don't feel like I belong in Passaic, New Jersey. . ." Ask him why and you wind him up. "Cuz it's a shit-hole, why else? And I don't feel like I belong in Buffalo. Los Angeles is a shit-hole too, but in some urban centers you can gather an audience. We played a love-in last summer in Beautiful Buffalo and it ended in a small riot at which the police were really glad to have a Sunday afternoon off whacking heads. I mean, they really enjoyed themselves. They got to ride horses right through the crowd. And the crowd loved it too because they got to fling bottles at these jerks in helmets. It was a great time had by all. Gimme a break! And Passaic is two minutes away. By plane. It's fucking ridiculous. And it's caused by a lot of things."

"I have to say it's caused a lot by the media, you know, how Rolling Stone magazine treats someone; how they deal with that person, that entity. That person's life. It's not fair. Pardon me, but it's just as sick as Teen Screen magazine in the way that it deals with the truth. It deals with star-consciousness. The star entity. And glamour is gone. We lost the war in Vietnam and glamour is gone. It's true. I mean, we're in the backside of Berlin in 1945 except that we didn't have our cities destroyed. We could afford to take the war somewhere else and the Germans couldn't. I don't know if that makes any sense to you — it's a little abstract, but to me it's really some kind of truth about how literally corrupt this society is because it can take . . . like Los Angeles is a completely corrupt city — they take the ghetto and they put it outside the city. I mean, there's Compton and Watts and they're down there. It takes two hours to take the bus from Compton to Beverly Hills where all the TV sets are, but that doesn't stop anybody from copping a TV set or two, I'll tell ya. Even if they do hafta carry it back on the bus."

"It's a very strange place and a very strange time. I mean, here I am in the midst of all this seeming opulence, you know, a fifteen hundred dollar sound system facing me. And basically, how I equate that, is that I'm trying to demonstrate to an audience and I use that PA to demonstrate the piano that Bill plays, to the audience. So with my mind, I have maybe perpetrated just as much of a hoax as someone else out there who works building phantom jets or stuffing cordite into bullets. But I'm an American. What can I say? I'm just as fucked up as the next guy except that maybe I might cop to it faster. And I don't feel at home in Passaic because that's one place that's especially rude and insistent about its rudeness. And Buffalo . . . I mean, we played with the J. Geils Band and there's a group where there are some musical happenings within the band and they're ignored. Magic Dick is one of the best harmonica players of all time and he's ignored. Who do folks interview? Peter Wolf! Magic Dick is a monster! And J. Geils is a good guitar player. He's not Eric Clapton, who's a magnificent guitar player when he's magnificent. When he's fucked up, he's terrible. But I don't know. I don't get it. And a lot of it has to do with this incongruity that the media continues to pick away at. But who would want to interview Magic Dick? When you really think about it, who would? May be some out of the way . . ."

Harp Magazine.

"Yeah. Harp Magazine. There you go! Who knows why. I mean, Guitar Player magazine interviewed me and I have to say, I must've portrayed the lamest guitar player of all time. The guy asked me how I tune my guitar and I said, 'Sometimes I tune it high and sometimes I tune it low. What do you want to know?' It's like, on one page, trying to explain how I play guitar. A complete impossibility. I mean, how do you wrap up fifteen years of music into one page? It's a puzzle to me today. Tomorrow it may not be. I have a slight cold."

Music Poets

JUNK FOOD JUNKIE by Larry Groce

You know I love that organic cookin'
I always ask for more
And they call me Mr. Natural
On down to the health food store

Only eat good sea salt
White sugar don't touch my lips
And my friends is always beggin' me
To take 'em on micro-biotic trips.

But at night I take out my strong box
That I keep under lock and key
And I take it off to my closet
Where nobody else can see.

I open that door so slowly
Take a peek up north and south,
Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkie
And I pop it in my mouth.

In the daytime I'm Mr. Natural
Just as healthy as I can be
But at night I'm a junk food junkie
Good lord have pity on me.

Well, at lunch time you can always find me
At the whole earth vitamin bar
Just sucking on my plain white yogurt
From a hand thrown pottery jar.
And sippin' little hand pressed cider
With a carrot stick for dessert
And wipin' my face in a natural way
On the sleeve of my peasant shirt.

But when that clock strikes midnight
And I'm all by myself
I work that combination
On my secret hide-a-way shelf.
And I pull out some Fritos corn chips,
Dr. Pepper and old moon pie
Then I sit back in glorious expectation
Of genuine junk food high.

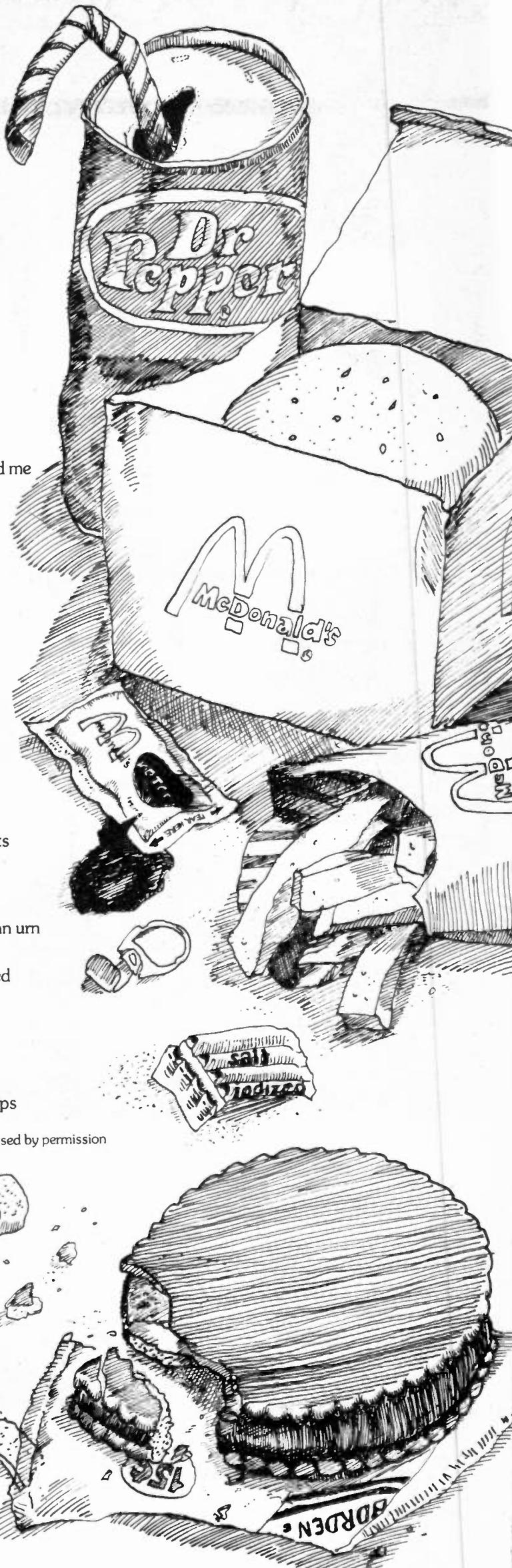
My friends down at the commune
They think I'm pretty neat
I don't know nothin' 'bout arts an' crafts
But I give em all somethin' to eat.

I'm a friend to ol' Euell Gibbons
And I only eat home grown spice
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn
Filled up with my brown rice.

Ah, folks, but lately I have been spotted
With a Big Mac on my breath
Stumblin' into a Colonel Sanders
With a face as white as death.

I'm afraid some day they'll find me
Just stretched out on my bed
With a hand full of Pringle's potato chips
And a Ding Dong by my head.

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THE DEMISE OF ROCK & ROLL?

National Lampoon Says Farewell

by Lynn Kellermann



Left to right: (standing) Paul Shaffer, Bill Murray, Christopher Guest, Bob Tischler, Paul Jacobs, Tony Scheuren, Sean Kelly, (seated) Gilda Radner.

GOODBYE POP

National Lampoon (Epic PE 33956)

Is Brian May of Queen really an intellectual giant on guitar or a pretentious musical midget? Does the typical radio DJ really have a clue about inventive music programming or does he simply get off on the sound of his own imperturbable voice? Do the men and women behind the artists have the faintest amount of creative input in their job or are they simply well-versed on the subject of hype?

Obviously there's truth to both sides of the coin. Rock & roll has entered the mainstream of American life to such an extent that it's often hard to separate the serious from the frivolous. In truth, the best of rock parodies its own self-indulgent style. The National Lampoon people (who brought you *LEMMINGS* and *RADIO DINNER*) have created *GOODBYE POP*, produced by Bob "The Genius" Tischler, with this in mind, hoping the audience out there won't take it to heart. In their often scathing but inimitably brilliant manner, the Lampooners have pulled it off quite nicely.

Centered around the languid monotony of radio, from Mel Brewer's "Progressive Trends" program (a fictitious symbol of the FM "underground" stations) to Don Imus's obnoxious meanderings, the Lampooners take us on an airwaves excursion and from dial to dial it's frighteningly, laughingly real. Ron Fields (Christopher Guest) invades the radio studio with a relentless hype and convinces mellow DJ Mel Brewer (Murray Lewis) that "Whaling songs" will be the next craze. Toward the end of the record we hear Fields once more, this time with a new preoccupation: "Whaling songs, I forgot it; in the dumpa, in the Dumba." His new project? Bob Dylan, reggae style.

Kung-Fu Christmas, your run-of-the-mill R&B product could easily be a real life hit, had its writers intended it to be. Tinges of the Stylistics, Diana Ross and Barry White amplify the mindless yet curiously enjoy-

able mood of the current disco phenomenon.

A hilarious imitation of Neil Young on *Southern California Brings Me Down* starts off the second side. In both melody and lyric, vocalist/composer Tony Scheuren makes a mockery of Young's true-to-death vocals and numbing lyrics:

Oh I need someplace to go.
Oh North Ontario
It's safer than Alabama
It's safer than... OOOOOhio.

The slashing electric guitar breaks that made Young immortal almost transcend the real thing in the Lampoon's exaggerated version.

Art-Rock Suite, preceded by a short interview with a Cockney accented musician, erodes the intellectual credibility of innumerable pseudo-classical, semi-psychadelic English rockers who have suddenly exploded on the scene. Is it Freddie Mercury, Genesis, ELP or Yes? Take your pick.

Christopher Guest's simultaneous dig on Dylan and the emergence of reggae music in his repertoire is not so far-fetched. He's tried everything else.

The theme tune *Goodbye Pop* is somewhat ambivalent, perhaps addressing itself to the creators' love-hate relationship with rock & roll. Paul Schaeffer makes an honest attempt at emulating Elton John, who without his rock contribution and intake of 7 million a year, would make this recording impossible. As the multi-talented Christopher Guest put it: "Goodbye Pop is not necessarily an epitaph on rock & roll. It's more of a comment on over-statement in rock. Underneath all that elaborate orchestration and technique there's got to be something there to make it endure this long."

For those of us immersed, directly or indirectly in contemporary music, it's good to take a breather once in a while just to laugh a little... maybe a lot, about the whole business. It's healthy not to take our musical idols too seriously and we've all been guilty of that. There's a definite love for mu-

sic on this LP, as well as excellent satire. In fact, what is most admirable about the creators of *GOODBYE POP* is their fine musicianship, which easily stands on its own merits. Even saxophone player Michael Brecker (who performs on one

cut) has no gripe in that department. There's the ultimate paradox. Anyone who can play that well, with musicians that good, can't be all jokes. It's not so much *GOODBYE POP* then, as it is hello to humor.

CLOSEUP: Christopher Guest



Christopher Guest has been a frequent contributor to Lampoon's previous albums, *LEMMINGS* and *RADIO DINNER*, as well as maintaining his own career as an actor, announcer and musician. We meet Guest on *GOODBYE POP* in various forms: as the artist relations/manager, Dylan on *Down To Jamaica* (remember Guest's Dylan imitation on *THE GOLDEN PROTEST YEARS?*) and Roger DeSwanns, the musically-affected historian. Guest also does a good deal of bass playing and co-writing on the album.

Being both a serious musician and a satirist can be a little confusing. Here are some of his comments on the music industry as well as the record.

On Artist Relations Men: Ron Fields, the character on *GOODBYE POP* reminds me of an agent of mine. There's a tremendous lack of knowledge among those people in terms of making decisions. They know how to push but they don't have a clue.

Kung-Fu Christmas: This kind of stuff sounds simple but it isn't easy to emulate or everyone would be writing *The Hustle* in Majorca, on Amsterdam Avenue or wherever they write it.

English Rock: Not funny. These guys come out with whipped cream in their mouths, still getting off on all the acid they dropped 10 years back when they listened to too much *Sergeant Pepper*. It amuses me. One time I went out on the road with a band. We all put on blonde wigs and silver make-up and the audience didn't know what to make of us. Anyone could go out there with snakes on their backs and avocados in their pants and take in a couple of mill.

On Songwriting: After a while, writing from a distorted perspective comes naturally to me. But I don't only write about chocolate babies and big enemas, believe me.

On Radio DJs: I get nauseous, truly. All those guys, especially on WNEW-FM, are the same person, from the same block. They're all demented. They don't have any idea of what they're doing. These are the same guys that go to Crazy Eddie's at 2 in the morning and buy Jim Morrison LPs and a hairbrush. They all look like CCNY graduate students.

ROCK & POP SINGLES GIG

by Robert Grossweiner

K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND: Queen of Clubs (T.K. 1005)

While the boys are in the studio writing their next group of smashes, T.K. just released an old track that went top 5 in England and Holland a few years back; K.C. and The Sunshine Band having just found fame in Europe. Though not as disco-oriented as *Get Down Tonight*, *Queen of Clubs*, is still a fine party tune.

TERRY BRADSHAW: I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry (Mercury 73760)

The Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback is a pretty fair country crooner, smooth as a goose and just as loose, sneaking this Hank Williams tune up the charts for a big score.

BOBBY BARE: The Winner (RCA 10556)

A barroom ditty penned by humorist Shel Silverstein, but the country flavored narrative is a bit too long at over 5 minutes. Give it a few listens.

LENNY WHITE: Chicken Fried Steak (Nemperor 003)

Lenny White, drummer in Chick Corea's Return To Forever, comes up with a funky, groovy tune complete with a wandering clavinet. Good driving music.

TOMMY BOLIN: The Grind (Nemperor 004)

The new lead guitarist for Deep Purple has a successful solo career to deal with as well, as he covers many distinct styles from jazz to rock and pop. *The Grind* is not a new dance but a hard-rocker featuring his chugging, screaming axe and passable vocals.

BETTE MIDLER: Strangers in the Night (Atlantic 45-3319)

At first, I could only think of Frank Sinatra's magnificent original but after a few listenings, I kinda like this uptempo disco interpretation even though it's been drastically altered.

MICHAEL POLNAREFF: If You Only Believe (Jesus For Tonight) (Atlantic 45-3314)

The French pop star balladeers us through a bit too inspirational tune that's highly orchestrated. The flip *Since I Saw You* rocks out and seems a better A-side with the fine female backing voices.

DAVID CASSIDY: Tomorrow (RCA 10585)

David thinks he has soul, maybe his backing does, but this pop offering is just an attempt to be something he isn't—you could not even tell it was a Paul and Linda McCartney tune.

GUY CLARK: Rita Ballou (RCA 10581)

As a songwriter (*L.A. Freeway*, *Desperados Waiting for the Train*) loved by Jerry Jeff Walker and the progressive country outlaws, Guy Clark surfaces as a singer with this bouncy, country rocker about backslidin', barrel ridin' Rita Ballou.

CLEO LAINE: Unlucky Woman (Born on a Friday) (RCA 10546)

Some big boss blues from Ms. Laine with a strong production nod to George Martin, who's done wonders with the Beatles and America. Backed by Ralph McTell's exquisite *Streets of London*, a folk tune about the aging itinerants, forgotten war heroes, and the loneliness of London. An unusual two sider for Cleo.

CLEDUS MAGGARD: White Knight (Mercury 73751)

An off-the-wall ditty concerning C.B.'s (citizen's band—radio) especially suited for truckers with Cledus' unusual narrative. Ten-four.

KELLEE PATTERSON: I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little More, Baby (Shadybrook 021)

Watch out Donna Summer; here's your competition! Sensuous, Sensuous. This foxy lady is unique in her "jazzy" interpretation of this Barry White tune edging you on with the atmospheric production, then laying down the come on. Impossible to resist!

SKYHOOKS: Mercedes Lady (Mercury 73776)

Australia's latest raves are humorous as well as good musicians parodying the rich. Skyhooks are clever and very pop-oriented with the prophetic flip (*You Just Like Me 'Cos I'm Good in Bed*) showing you you'll never hear all their tracks on the wireless.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: Don't Boogie Woogie (Mercury 73763)

Great balls of fire, a tinge of rockabilly pops up in this low-keyed boogie woogie showing Jerry's atmospheric style. Backed by a country tear jerker, *That Kind of Fool*.

JAMES AND BOBBY PURIFY: I'm Your Puppet (Mercury)

James and Bobby re-create their hit of yesteryear but strings have replaced the soul; it's remedied a bit on the flip (*Lay Me Down Easy*) which demonstrates the Purify's fine vocal interactions.

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

Ron Banks and the boys go the "superfly hustlin'" route in this highly impressionistic, consistent uptempo tune.

PAUL CLEMENS: It Ain't Gonna Happen Again (Playboy 6059)

A heavily orchestrated hustle with emphasis on a deep rhythm section until Paul's pipes turn the track into a exuberant soulful offering with promising lyrics.

JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ: I Couldn't Be Without You (Mercury 73769)

More MOR with strings than country from this Tex-Mex country star; the track is rather innocuous. The flip *Sometimes I Wish I Were You* is true country and should have been the A-side.

BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE: Take It Like A Man (Mercury 73766)

Another pounding metal alloy, but a few lyrical guitar licks a la Allman Bros. differentiate this heavy duty BTO from previous ones.

SIDE EFFECT: There She Goes Again (Fantasy 754)

Soul-rific male and female lovers checkin' out there routine relationship that goes round and round but never gets anywhere. A silky production, '50s harmonies, and thankfully, no disco.

N. E. PHILLY BAND: Why Don't We Live Together (Fantasy 764)

Obviously from Philadelphia, this pop group sings one of the top five songs in the American Song Festival done with an obvious Manilow flavoring featuring strings, harmonies, and a funky beat. It's about pre-marital bliss with the flip *My Priscilla* suggesting who the lucky lady might be.

DENNY DOHERTY: Simone (Playboy 6066)

The least known Mama and Papa (remember them), resurfaces after a long hiatus with this English Dan-John Ford Cooley tune, a fine ballad about what makes Simone tick. The momentous production has all the hooks to put this ex-Papa back into the Top 10.

THE STYLISTICS: You Are Beautiful (Avco 4664)

The silky smooth Stylistics never fail with their sensuous sounds and *You Are Beautiful* is another bedroom knock-out. Their vocal interaction is beautifully constructed and crooned. For Lovers!

BOBBY BLAND: Today I Started Loving You Again (ABC 12156)

Bobby "Blue" Bland is still one of the finest blues vocalists around even if he's going after a more soulful (read commercial) route—with a big production and female backing vocalists for this bluesy uptempo love tune.

BLACKBYRDS: Happy Music (Fantasy 762)

Infectious rocking music patterned in the Blackbyrds mold—happy, feel good, soul sounds that keeps reasserting themselves under the guidance of Donald Byrd, who also penned this song. Backed by *Love So Fine*, a soft, love ballad.

JR. WALKER: I'm So Glad (Soul 35116)

The All Stars wail but the track is too busy with Junior trying to get a slight hustle feel into his roadrunning style.

RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN: Sweet Thing (ABC 12149)

A sensuous come on, alluringly sung by Chaka in ballad form with a few strategically placed wails in this highly textured tune.

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND: Searchin' For A Rainbow (Capricorn 0251)

The Tuckers' easy flowing Southern rock style is augmented by a steel guitar, guest Charlie Daniels on fiddle and some searing guitar solos by Richard Betts. A lyrically moving tune with pleasant vocals, fine tempo changes and highly idealistic lyrics.

R. B. HUDMAN: How Can I Be A Witness (Atlantic 45-3318)

Thankfully, Atlantic secured this initially Stax released track; for we have the next soul vocalist whose mellifluous pipes could enthrall anyone with the inspirational Stax backing.

BEN E. KING: I Had A Love (Atlantic 45-3316)

King drifts through songs effortlessly crooning this upbeat love tune, but it's really just an "ordinary" outing for him.

THE JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH: Supersound (Atlantic 45-3316)

A dramatic excursion from calypso to Afro percussion over a funky backbeat with mindless lyrics. Backed by a mediocre muzak instrumental entitled *Drifting*.

ELVIN BISHOP: Fooled Around and Fell in Love (Capricorn 0252)

Elvin abandons his Okie and Southern roots for some fine r&b-inspired easy flowing sounds featuring new vocalist Mickey Thomas. Ol' Elvin has written a tune he can be proud of.

HARVEY MASON: Marching in the Street (Arista 0167)

While the drummer/percussionist for Herbie Hancock, Harvey Mason propelled the *Headhunters* into the charts; as a solo artist, he's come up with a marginal release—a disco march complete with whistles and party lyrics. The undulating bass lines and Blue Mitchell's regimental trumpet solo save the tune.

ROCK & POP SINGLES GIG

by Robert Grossweiner

PATTI SMITH: Horses (Arista 0171)

Patti's updated version of Van Morrison's classic complete with her own stylistic poetry is the most commercial and safest track (edited) from *HORSES* and probably the easiest way to launch her into rock stardom. Smith's an acquired taste, but her band's primal underpinnings, led by rock writer/guitarist Lenny Kaye, more than pushes her to ecstatic plateaus. It's backed by the Who's *My Generation*, recorded live in Cleveland with John Cale's delectable bass as an added incentive. Due to some choice lyrics, you'll never hear this on the radio thus it's worth the price of admission alone.

MUD: Show Me You're a Woman (Private Stock 049)

A promising British group (they've been smashing in England for a few years already) with a lofty popness that features good harmonies and hopeful lyrics ("Show me you're a woman and I'll show you that I'm a man"). Although it's a teeny bit underproduced, Mud is a deserving young band.

MELISSA MANCHESTER: Just You and I (Arista 0168)

Is there some special mystical reason for two people being together? Melissa thinks so in this orchestrated ballad but doesn't convince me. It's backed by a bit more upbeat lover's tune, *My Sweet Thing*, but both tunes are too overproduced for her voice.

THE BAND OF THE BLACK WATCH: Scotch on the Rocks (Private Stock 055)

A Scottish bagpipe group that's been hovering around on the charts; dig the tubas and other brass mixed with the pipes in this unusual instrumental march.

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: You Tore Me Down (Bump 101)

Old Rock groups never die as long as dedicated rock writers like Greg Shaw start their own labels. America's Groovies still retain their mid-'60s metallic British approach to rock without latter day overproduction techniques under the guidance of raver Dave Edmunds. Backed by the driving *Him or Me (What's I Gonna Be)* and available from P.O. Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510.

JETHRO TULL: Locomotive Breath (Chrysalis 2110)

Culled from *M.U.*, Tull's greatest hits longplayer, *Locomotive Breath* first appeared on *AQUALUNG*, easily the group's golden era with Ian Anderson in his finest flute and vocal format. Complete with a strategic AM bleep!

SON OF PETE & THE AUTOMATIC BAND: Mankind (Beserkley 5739)

Bicentennial marching music compliments of John Philip Sousa and best suited for holidays with speeded up, muddy vocals relating to respecting our web-footed friends: "Nature and mankind are one." Backed by *Mrs. Nell Tied Down to the Tracks and Saved*, perfect railroad music for your home movies.

THE LOST GONZO BAND: Railroad Man (MCA 40514)

Primarily known as Jerry Jeff Walker's backing band, the self-sustaining Gonzos are a Texan's delight with their progressive brand of country-rock. Dealing with the theme of just how good can a good man be, the Gonzos are full of textural subtleties and rich harmonies.

BOBBY RYDELL: Sway (P.I.P. 6515)

If Frankie Avalon and Frankie Valli can return to stardom with a disco sound, why not the hitmaker of *Wild One* and *Swingin' School*? The only problem is that Rydell's voice doesn't project as well in '76 in his new medium, which has only a slight disco feel.

JESSI COLTER: It's Morning (And I Still Love You) (Capitol 4200)

Jessi has become more progressive since her highly "countrified" debut last year with this story about the discovery of a particular one night stand that really means more than just the same ol' fling. Co-produced by hubby Waylon Jennings.

PHIL EVERLY: Words in Your Eyes (Pye 71055)

Phil's best attempt since splitting from brother Don as this Everly Brother croons an introspective love ballad—"The words in your eyes say you are leaving. So let's sit down and talk it over." Good advice.

DOBIE GRAY: If Love Must Go (Capricorn 0249)

A tender "about-to-be-lost" love ballad with concise use of strings from the man who throbbed us with *Drift Away* a few years back. Will Jennings' extremely fine lyrics stand out. The flip *Lover's Sweat* is a bit more upbeat.

JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS: I Am Somebody (Pye 71057)

A pounding beat, a bit of Jerry Butler in the preachy vocalization ("I am somebody"), and an irresistible, clean sound executed simply.

BILLY PAUL: Let's Make a Baby (Philadelphia International ZS8-3584)

Turn out the lights for this dreamy Gamble-Huff tune ("tonight I'm gonna make sweet, sweet love to you"). Billy Paul's a bit more up-tempo (but thankfully not disco) than usual and even Mrs. Jones would be proud.

DENNIS LINDE: Under the Eye (Monument ZS8-8681)

Rockin' country as opposed to country-rock from Southerner Linde who's driving down the highway smoking weed and amazingly comes across a UFO. This motivating tune is accentuated by some stirring backing vocalists and realistic sound effects. Hit-bound.

ROCAP & SHERWOOD: To Know It's Love (Playboy 6058)

A palpable MOR love tune distinguished by fine vocals and a full piano-inspired instrumental.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: She's the One (Columbia 10274)

Springsteen's definitely got his pop chops together: His music propels, never losing one's interest. There is always something coming up to hook ya', with his oldie roots most evident in the elongated intro while the piano meticulously stands out. As the momentum builds and the band becomes more forceful, thanks to Clarence Clemon's hot lips, there's no stopping Bruce. He's the one! *Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out* is a disappointing choice for the flip.

NAT STUCKEY: Sun Coming Up (MCA 40519)

Hardened country with an unusually deep rhythm section for a Nashville session, but Stuckey's a Texan who'd like to become a bit more progressive on this tune about the virtues of drinking. The live barroom ditty *Honky Tonk Dreams* makes a very impressive, double-barrel single.

TONY ORLANDO & DAWN: Cupid (Elektra 45302)

A great tune, but this sleepy revival of Sam Cooke's classic with a slight disco underbelly just doesn't stand up.

TIM WEISBERG: Street Party (A&M 1765)

Floutist Weisberg swings into a colorful dance-matic instrumental with only the entrance of strings cluttering up this engaging synthesized work.

BRIAN GARI: The Ashville Union Rescue Mission (Vanguard 35189)

It's sing-a-long time at the Mission where food is served after the service, but if all services were this light, many more would attend.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD: Franklin's Tower (United Artists XW762Y)

Underproduced but still fine Dead with Jerry Garcia's liquid pickin' effortlessly floating and his distinctive, "countrified" vocals upfront as the Dead once again find another natural groove.

AL WILSON: I Got a Feeling (We'll Be Seeing Each Other Again) (Playboy 6062)

Al's beautiful pipes are convincing in this up-tempo ballad: "Let's not say goodbye, let's just say so long. It didn't work out this time girl; chances are it will later on." Soul me away, Al.

SPINNERS: Love or Leave (Atlantic 45-3309)

The Spinners easily wrap the listener into their love themes ("love or leave") with an inspirational backing that has to perk you up or you don't know what you've been missing. As always, The Spinners are professionals.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: Bicentennial (Arista 0174)

Loudon's witty ode to America's birthday complete with his own history lesson that includes Jack Ruby and The Sawmill River Parkway. And as Martin Mull would say, he even includes some fine female backing vocals to add some soul.

ESTHER PHILLIPS: For All We Know (Kudu 929)

Still in her highly popular Dinah Washington disco vein (*What a Diff'rence a Day Makes*), Esther shows that a blues woman can become commercial with the propulsive underpinnings of C.I.T.'s all-stars led by Joe Beck. Love it!

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: Strange Music (United Artists XW7701Y)

Jeff Lynne's ethereal vocals combined with ELO's classicism lends itself to some strange music in this tune that never takes off though the propeller has been revving up for some time, and that's the beauty of ELO; subtle and always entralling.

CONCERT SPOTLIGHTS



Stephane Grappelli with the Diz Disley Trio at Carnegie Hall on March 2.

by Lewis R. Eklund

While America danced to the big bands led by the Dorsey Brothers and Glen Miller, France listened to a freer, improvised version of swing music. Jazz was the rage in Paris in the thirties and the 'Quintet of the Hot Club of France', formed by Stephane Grappelli and Django Reinhardt, became the avant-garde in this new music.

Grappelli, now in his late sixties, has resurrected his old repertoire, dusted it off, and offered it up on a silver platter to a younger jazz-oriented audience. Like a part of his body, Grappelli has an almost involuntary control over the violin; his nimble fingers running up and down the neck knowing just where to find the next note. Playing a selection of tunes from the thirties, he included several pieces by Kern, Gershwin and Porter. A very light and gay *Tea For Two* would have made us jump out of our seats and dance if we weren't awestruck by his virtuoso dexterity. A seemingly endless flow of soothing melodies poured out of his violin. Reinhardt's *Nuages* received a fitting salute as Grappelli demonstrated a thoughtful interpretation of one of his best known works. A tribute to the late great Duke Ellington included a soulful *Solitude* and a lively version of *Satin Doll*. An exciting rendition of *Killing Me Softly* was surprisingly fresh; I hardly expected anyone to draw new blood from this overdone song. The intro was a soft, quiet solo by Grappelli with a gentle accompaniment added by his back-up band, the Diz Disley Trio. Featuring Brian Torff on double bass, Ike Isaacs on lead guitar, and Diz Disley on rhythm guitar, the trio was a good choice for Grappelli. Isaacs played a tight but understated lead, overpowered by Grappelli's dominating presence.

The somnolent effect of the violin had almost overcome me when Grappelli hit a succession of notes in the very high register. Giving the violin a rest, Grappelli then treated us with a short interlude on the keyboards behind him. The magical transition only lasted a few minutes, leaving me unsatiated and hungry for more. Grappelli bowed and called the trio out for just one more. He introduced a young Juilliard student and protege of Yehudi Menuhin, Nigel Kennedy, who picked up a spare fiddle and joined Grappelli in a rousing version of that great jazz classic *Tiger Rag*. Some of the hottest licks possible on violin were traded off by Grappelli and Kennedy as they chased each other up and down the strings from the lower registers climbing speedily up into the higher registers. It sounded like dueling violins running wild— Kennedy holding the low notes while Grappelli harmonized higher up. This fiery climax brought the evening to an end, leaving most of us speechless. Grappelli's arrangements gave these classics a totally new sound or at least a sound that those not into jazz would consider new. The effect is swinging without the self-consciousness of the current nostalgia craze.

GIG ROCK & POP ALBUMS

GIG Spotlight Reviews



LAURA NYRO: *Smile* (Columbia PC 33912)

After almost five years of musical silence, Laura Nyro has finally returned to the recording world, a more than welcome "ghost from the past" and just as haunting as ever. Nyro spent almost a decade composing mainly for the benefit of others (most notably The Fifth Dimension) before being accepted as a singer in her own right. Just as the summit of her success, she abandoned the spotlight, her mysterious, reclusive nature directing her toward a period of total privacy.

Now Nyro is back among us with a four-month tour and a new LP, *SMILE*, and reappears devoid of the drug-influenced melancholia induced by her near-bedlam existence. This time around Nyro is more optimistic, perhaps because of a new stability in her life and music. The predecessor of the Springsteen/Patti Smith urban philosophers, Nyro wrote about the New York survival trip long before their revelations achieved mass appeal. In retrospect, she may have been too premature for her own good and thus, could not transcend cult popularity. Nyro's musical experimentation with synthesizing folk, rock, blues and jazz has become, ironically enough, the rule, not the exception with some of today's most gifted artists.

Ms. Nyro still experiments in that vein, but has stretched beyond as well. Her usually obscure lyrics are more lucid, mainly because the audience has been indoctrinated into her kind of thought-process. Nyro's travels in Europe and The Orient along with her move to the country to live with her husband (now divorced) pushed her out of painful adolescence into womanhood and increasing peace of mind. It shows clearly in her music.

SMILE (a disappointingly short 31 minutes) has less versatility and theatrics than her past albums, and is less consistent in quality. Despite the flaws, when this album shines, it really shines. Unlike Nyro's other work, *SMILE* lays out a sort of "life diary". A beautiful rendition of Smokey Robinson's *Sexy Mama* energetically introduces the first side sliding smoothly into *The Cat Song*, a tale of Laura's closeness to her feline Eddie. That 2/4 keyboard tripletting is refreshing to hear once more, as well as her harmonious vocal over-dubs, which vibrate more than ever. *Midnite Blue* displays Nyro's crisp and pulsating soprano and her ability to modulate easily in the lower registers. It's a moving and passionate answer to *Stormy Love* where Nyro contemplates the culmination of her marriage and, despite its sadness, the positive plans for the future: "But I'm gonna love again, though I'm never gonna be the same. And baby it's a stormy world."

Money is an up-beat, semi-rock tune which may explain her temporary departure from the disillusioning music business. "Money, money, money... Do you feel like a pawn in your own world?" It's repetitive, droning refrain, "bleed a little" is a tumultuous ending to a tune which begins with a simple tonic to dominant guitar chord pro-

gression and an unassuming vocal. Michael Brecker's unyielding sax really spices it up.

I Am The Blues is the true masterpiece and somewhat deceptive on the basis of the title alone. Taking off in a non-blues mode, it rings ethereally, with a high-key chording and bells, reminiscent of *CHRISTMAS AND THE BEADS OF SWEAT*. By the last chorus it reeks with funk, as Nyro's complex vocal progressions swing ecstatically alongside Brecker's whining sax and Dave Friedman's vibes. Her voice is top-notch here, as it rises into screaming desperation. The strained effect Nyro produces in higher registers is deliberate, adding to the special drama of her compositions.

Touches of the Orient prevail throughout, especially on *Children Of The Junks* and her musical addendum to the first side, a lovely mixture of Bob Babbitt's brilliant bass work and the mystical koto (Japanese stringed instrument).

Both familiar and fresh, *SMILE* is the creation of a genius in musical and poetic expression. Today's world has finally caught up with Laura Nyro. Maybe that's what she was waiting for.

by Lynn Kellermann



BETTE MIDLER: *Songs For The New Depression* (Atlantic SD 18155)

SONGS FOR THE NEW DEPRESSION, Ms. M.'s first lp in three years, reveals a serious singer behind the campy, comic facade. Bette's at her best this time around. The self-mocking, near-hysteria that used to characterize much of her singing is completely gone, replaced by a mellow level-headedness. Bette's voice is used subtly to round out moods and enhance the lyrics. On her current disco hit, *Strangers In The Night*, she resists the temptation to overreach. Eisenhower Era trifles like Patti Page's *Old Cape Cod* and Thomas Wayne's *Tragedy* are easy targets for satire but Bette shys away from exploiting them. Her one camp holdover is *Marijuana*, a languid Latin American-influenced number that sounds like it's been rescued from the 40's.

Midler seems very much at home with Moogy Klingman's diversified arrangements and production. He showcases her voice far better than her previous arranger, Barry Manilow. One outstanding cut is Tom Walt's *Shiver Me Timbers*, a forlorn, sea-faring ballad which segues smoothly into a spicy Midler-Klingman bossa nova, *Samedi et Vendredi*.

Phoebe Snow's sensual *I Don't Want The Night To End* is sensitively handled, reminiscent of Dionne Warwick's early hit, *Make The Night Just A Little Longer*.

The album does have a fault or two (Mr. Rockefeller, a coy inconsequential number, co-authored by Bette herself and Dylan's disappointing *Buckets Of Rain*) but they are minor ones. The artistic growth of Bette Midler exemplified in *Songs For The New Depression* is far more important.

by Dave Frechette

GIG ROCK & POP ALBUMS

by Robert V. Weinstein



LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Gimme Back My Bullets—(MCA 2170)

There aren't too many changes in the title song, *Gimme Back My Bullets*, but after 30 seconds of casual listening you find yourself involuntarily, if not hypnotically, vibrating in the song's motion. Nice feeling. Their specialty is rhythm; rapid spit-fire rhythm and time alternations with low-keyed vocals. *Every Mother's Son*, *I Got the Same Old Blues* and *Gypsy Roll* are good songs. The band tends to repeat itself, but on most counts the sound is smooth and flowing.



PAUL BUTTERFIELD: Put It In Your Ear—(Bearsville BR 6960)

First-rate Butterfield. A plush production complete with brass, woodwinds, an 11-person string section and seven backup singers, in addition to the band. It moves neatly from the boisterous to the tender, and the musical spectrum spans R&B, blues and R&R. The variety of saxophone backings is superb. You have to wait a bit for the Butterfield harp to cook, but side two's *Day to Day* shows he hasn't lost his touch. The harp is crisp and full-bodied. Favorite tracks are *Here I Go Again*, *You Can Run But You Can't Hide*, *Day To Day* and *The Animal*.



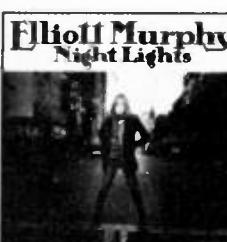
MARIA MULDAUR: Sweet Harmony—(Warner MS 2235)

Ten tracks and each one is a gem. Muldaur sounds great. She covers the spectrum, performing songs by Wendy Waldman, Smokey McAllister, John Herald, Neil Sedaka, Kate McGarrigle, and Hoagy Carmichael. Whether it's blues, ballads, or tunes of the 40's, Muldaur is a master interpreter. She has a jazz musician's sense of timbre and pitch, and can take any phrase and turn it about with agile elasticity. Also appearing on the disc are Amos Garrett, Wendy Waldman, Linda Ronstadt and others. Outstanding tracks are *As An Eagle Stirreth In Her Nest* and *Back By Fall*.



B.W. STEVENSON: We Be Sailin'—(Warner BS 2901)

B.W. Stevenson has put together a tightly knit album, controlled country rock with a comfortable swagger to it. Correcting some previous excesses, his band stays on top of things, and the harmony is loose and flowing. On a couple of tracks, Stevenson overdubs his own voice onto the harmonies for some nice effects. This album has a good feeling to it. Favorite tracks are *Way Down By the Ocean*, *East India Company*, *Hold On* and *Kokomo*.



ELLIOTT MURPHY: Night Lights—(RCA APL 11318)

Elliott Murphy can write melody, no question about it. He creates some infectious moods and images. The range is broad—from country, R&R, to folky tunes with a pulsing urban artery; all of which work well. *Deco Dance* is a sweet rocking number, backed with a five man horn section and Billy Joel on piano. Everything meshes nicely. Don't dismiss those lyrics when you open the record jacket. They're quite literate, and not to be discarded.



MELISSA MANCHESTER: Better Days And Happy Endings—(Arista 4067)

Her best yet. Together musically, Manchester slides from one up-tempoed number to the next, non stop. She's been through that reflective/introspective stage and now she's onto brighter, more positive images. Her voice is full and strong, and the backing is tight. On all counts, a first-rate album. Having a strong mid-range and a flexible upper register, she can do just about anything she wants.



UNICORN 2: (Capitol ST 11453)

The group has covered all areas. Country-rock, disco, and some friendly, "homey" acoustic numbers. Ken Baker has written a couple of nice tunes. Opening track *Weekend* and *He's Got Pride* aren't bad. What kills the album is its dull, plodding predictability. On the second side, rhythm and motion almost grind to a complete standstill.

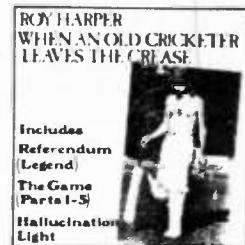
JAMES RUTLEDGE: Hooray For Good Times—(Capitol ST 11487)

This is Rutledge's first solo effort. No stranger to rock and roll, he was formerly lead singer of the hard rock band Bloodrock. It's heavily weighted on the "clap-your-hands boogie-with-me" side, interspersed with slower numbers to break the pace. The fast songs, *Laughin' and Cryin'* and *One Step Ahead of the Law* are well put together and executed. However, instrumentation, harmony and breaks are cliche-ridden. Living with a commercial formula too long can be dangerous. The best number on the album is the second side's *I Can Fly*. Next time round, less meat and potato R&R and more distinctive numbers, without the electric gloss.



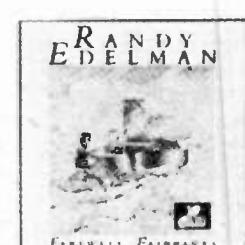
ROY HARPER: When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease—(Chrysalis CHR 1105)

Harper has a large following in England and this is his first U.S. release. His strength rests with reflective, double-edged lyrics. Overly long stories draped about threadbare melodies get to be a bit much. Side one's opening track, *The Game*, clocks in at 13 minutes, 43 seconds. Shorter, tighter and, forgive me, more "commercial" tracks, would do much better. Side two's *Hallucination Light* and *When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease* are pretty tunes, however. Harper would do well to think of a more symmetrical song mix.



RANDY EDELMAN: Farewell Fairbanks—(20th Century) T4949

Edelman has a slightly nasal voice and a touch of roughness to keep his voice from sounding sugary. Accompanying himself on piano with a full ensemble of female voices (Melissa Manchester is heard on *Concrete and Clay* and Jackie DeShannon sings background on *Let the Sailors Dance*) and strings, Edelman has written some beautiful ballads. It's hard to get tired of songs like *Highway Affair* and the *Uptown Uptempo Woman (And the Downtown Downbeat Guy)*. Recommended.



RORY GALLAGHER: Against the Grain—(Chrysalis CHR 1098)

Music surges with energy, the pace is turbulent, lots of feeling, but Gallagher is only doing more of the same. It's blues based rock with some good guitar technique. Despite the flash and the flaming slide guitar work, it falls short of the mark. Tunes like *Let Me In* and *Souped-Up Ford* go like the hammers of hell. But now it's time Gallagher broke new ground, and looked for broader avenues of expression.



SPEEDY KEEN: Y'Know Wot I Mean?—(Island ILPS 9338)

John "Speedy" Keen is a one man band, singing lead, harmony, playing acoustic and electric guitar, drums, piano, organ and mellotron. Quality varies from good to mediocre. Keen's musicianship carries the show. Best numbers are second side's *Someone to Love* and *My Love* with a solid funky piano accompaniment by Emanuel Rentz. He has a good feeling for rhythm and can use it to counteract threadbare music.



DAVID BOWIE: Station To Station—(RCA APL 1-1327)

Bowie has a new look and new music to match. As unpredictable as ever, the tracks are long and the changes unconventional. With theatrical extravagance and sound effects, Bowie succeeds in raising rock to a higher plane. Whether he takes his audience along with him is another matter. Like his stage performances, he concentrates on creating striking effects, drama and contrast. First side's, *Word On a Wing*, a soft, melodic six minute track, contrasts sharply with the sprawling, 10 minute opener, *Station To Station*. Second side offers more surprises with Bowie moving further out with *TVC 15*. Closing track, *Wild Is The Wind*, gives the album a haunting closing. Bowie fanatics will relate to it, and as for the rest of the world... we suggest repeated listening.



Pure Prairie League Finally Bustin' Out

by Lynn Kellerman

Perseverance is what Pure Prairie is all about. With a name borrowed from an old Errol Flynn flick, they're a conglomeration of cowboys, hillbillies and just plain "nice guys." Lost in a barrage of country rock bands back in 1972, their first RCA album, appropriately entitled *PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE* went virtually unnoticed. So did their second attempt, an LP entitled *BUSTIN' OUT*. To amplify their problems, Craig Fuller, chief inspiration, was forced to depart from the band after a losing battle with the draft board. The Cincinnati based boys had no choice but to fade into oblivion.

Things didn't start cooking for PPL until *Amie*, a track from their second album, left them with a hit on their hands last year. This good fortune invigorated the band again and with a new album, *TWO-LANE HIGHWAY* followed by a successful college tour, public interest began to spread beyond the midwest and the south where country music has always found a home. George Powell, the only original Leaguer, and two new members, bassist Mike Reilly and guitarist Larry Goshorn, gave the group a different complexion, with the addition of 3-part harmony and greater utilization of the three back-up



musicians, Billy Hinds (drums), John Call (pedal steel, dobro, banjo) and Michael Connors (piano).

The response to their latest LP, *IF THE SHOE FITS*, has given PPL total confidence in sticking with the music business. The music is deeply rooted in the early "desert rockers": Buffalo Springfield, The Byrds, and the Grateful Dead, with a precise balance

of harmonious balladry and country-rock. Unlike Loggins and Messina and The Eagles, who have succumbed to the compromise of turning pop, PPL has maintained their grass roots identity: "Our influences originate in the Ohio River Valley and the midwest where we come from", Michael Reilly explained. "Add a little western swing and a bit of jazz and there ain't nobody who can't find

something in our music. We catch all directions. When the straight hard-core stuff can mesh with basic country it has an appeal to everyone. I never thought I'd see Waylon and Willie rocking out but they're doing a damn good job."

PPL's recordings must be savored, unlike their live performance, which provides immediate gratification. Their strongest points are in the material and vocal collaboration. With little solo work emphasized, each member plays an equally important role: "We try to invoke a good time feeling in our performance and it's usually pretty infectious. It's like we're singing to each individual. They can feel the intimacy. After all most of our tunes were written pretty informally, around George's kitchen table at a farmhouse in Ohio. Most of them are about love, our women are pretty important to us, and going on the road all the time gets hairy."

Reilly looked up adoringly at a nicely tanned blonde, dressed in summer attire, one of the three soap-scrubbed ladies in the room. "I think the difference between us and some other country bands is that we know how to control our audience. Of course our crowd is much easier to handle than say, the ZZ Top crowd. There's not much beer bottle throwing. It doesn't get hay wire because we know when to get mellow and when to get hot. I guess our audi-

ence is as basic as our music."

Reilly took out a pile of pictures shot on the road. Most of them were taken in their 8-seated van, a vehicle they spend 75% of their lives in. Traveling on the road is the subject of many of their tunes, and the weariness it brings, exemplified in their hit single, *Two-Lane Highway*: "We tried to get across the feeling of monotony, speeding down the road from one hall to another, never knowing what two-bit place we'd end up in. One time, somewhere in Iowa, we played at a skating rink. The audience had to literally sit on the ice and freeze their asses off. We played with our coats and scarves on."

The lack of pretension in PPL's material and their affability on stage separates them from other bands in the same vein: "In one way, we're country boys," Reilly explained. "We were nurtured on hillbilly music. But we also accept the fact that we're your typical white middle class guys." Thus, it wasn't surprising when PPL set New York's Bottom Line on fire. Despite this club's partiality to jazz and rock; when George, Larry and Mike started singing those full-force harmonies on their newest single *Sun Shone Lightly* and ended the set with a trail-blazing *Two-Lane Highway*, it was almost as if the audience had been transported to Memphis, Tennessee for a three-hour country marathon.

These days, radio stations are getting hard to classify.

**We guess you could call us a Rock Station,
or maybe a Country Rock Station,
or a Folk Rock Station,
or a Country Jazz Station,
or a Jazz Rock Station,
or a Rockfolkjazzcountry Station.**

**We call ourselves the Music Radio Station
because the WIOQ D.J.s are into your
music, and we know how to mix it to fit
your mood. Give us a listen soon.**

We're on the right end of your radio dial.

WIOQ-102 FM The Music Radio Station



Disco in the Moonlight



by Ronald Coles

Yesterday I found the most exciting disco record in a record executive's waste basket. He was probably too old to realize that this is the kind of material disco freaks run to the stores for and DJs spin at least 4-5 times a night. Ms. Davis (now ten) has a fantastic structural record with *Sing A Happy Funky Song*, a grabbing and yanking, pulsating and up-lifting percussion tune. With a glued-on, jump-in-the-box drum and harpsichord, it spells positive

disco action. It's hard to relate this group's sound with anything I've come across. Excellent production from Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, California.

NEW YORK CLUB REPORT:

Galaxy 21 is an excursion into popcorn, peanuts and popeye; cartoons, newsreel, feature film presentations; Donald Duck and cocktails-n-flight.

Just imagine yourself walking through the second deck of a huge pirate ship, below deck into the captain's quarters, which has been transposed into a lavish cruising parlor. The mess hall is remodeled into a cocktail dining area (very dark). Waiters and waitresses walk around in flashy black and white Galaxy 21 T-shirts. Two more large rooms display wooden tables, mounted with canvas bowls of crisp potato chips, pretzels, oranges and ripe bananas. Free booze and large Shirley Temples quench the thirst buds, all available at the captain's bar.

For something exciting and out of the ordinary there is a so-called "crash pad" opposite the ladies room on the upper deck. A large room, borrowed from the museum of Natural History has a deco mural of black and white striped paper.

Couples are spread all over on soft mountains of multi-colored, hand made Greek pillows. You can't help but look up and explore the pitch black ceiling, carrying three barber shop poles glowing with soft blue and yellow lights.

Parading on the dance floor you'll run smack into an army of blinking Christmas lights, strung diagonally, covering the entire ceiling.

Empty cans of Rheingold beer, stacks of LPs and singles and a dashing photo of Gwen McCrae are displayed on the back wall of the disc jockey booth where Walter Gibbons skillfully blends records. His formula is a secret that cannot be duplicated.

Mesmerized is a good word, but without exaggeration, he is indeed superb and has chiselled a kaleidoscope of disco drama which could be defined as theatre rather than disco.

When I first met Mr. Gibbons three years ago he was playing at the "Outside Inn" in Queens. Knowing so many jocks, hearing Walter play never interested me in the least. Meeting him for the first time, he appeared to be an over-done lady of no style. Today there is a completely calm, on-the-ball Walter who's dedicated in every way to his profession.

From 12 midnight until dawn, Fridays and Saturday nights, Mr. Gibbons gives the disco freaks an ultimate trip with the fabulous high heel sneakers of the 70's, The Pointer Sisters, and their *Chainey Do* from their new LP *STEPPIN* (Blue Thumb 6021). It blends beautifully with Eddie Kendrick's *Girl You Need A Change Of Mind* (Tamla), giving the six minute rhythmic appeal of an overpowering Brazilian milkshake. The ingredients of scotch and soda tizzle with brilliant over-worked hiccups and puppy dog barks. It takes you and your partner on a roller coaster ride of hot pressured batteries.

Walter introduced the Intrepids' *AFTER YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLING* (Col. 10163), a fresh, clean uptempo sound that resembles Harold Melvin and a close up of the Trammps. Deep voices and driving rhythmic throbbing on *Big Noise From Winnetka* by Spaghetti Head (Private Stock 45014) rock with high-pitched drums, rising ultrasonic conga beats and backgrounds of whistles.

I could write a book about Walter's playing alone, but this is only a short article, not a book. Take my suggestion and your dancing feet to Galaxy 21 and check Mr. Gibbons out.

GIG DISCO ALBUMS

by Ronald Coles

DIANA ROSS



DIANA ROSS: (Motown 861)

While Barbra Streisand leaps from Broadway to pop/rock to disco and now classical, Ms. Ross who is in the same successful league, finally gets off her beautiful ass and gives her disco fan club something to dance to. Ms. Ross is only one of a handful of black performers who'll be on top for quite some time. She is now a classic—a rare example of what a black performer is. She's made a point by taking the right kind of tasty panacea for the road of sweet success. But more than that, the lady is a woman of multiple talents.

Between the towering infernos of her leading rivals, Streisand and Minnelli, Diana stands out like a traffic light. In this new venture of disco success that every DJ across the country is hip to, Ms. Ross doesn't need Berry Gordy's direction and guidance. Like Donna Summer's *Love To Love You Baby*, *Love Hangover* slaps you in the face with a cool taste of sexual peppermint candy—a slinky and funky structure that slips in and out as if it were in a loose socket. Bouncy and lyrically vibrating, slow-paced tempo that builds like a sky rocket. Grown-up, merry-go-round synthesizer with an electric shock of whirlwind action. A mesmerized ping pong R&B drum action pulls and yanks with enormous versatility. Breaks and violins add total dimension and a heavy feeling of falling off a cliff in slow motion. Ross' velvet, butter-scotch voice reaches new emotional peaks of total excitement.

As for the rest of the album, it contains the gold single *Theme From Mahogany*. There are a few pleasant ballads, some pretty so-so. *I Thought It Took A Little Time* and Ashford & Simpson's *Ain't Nothing But A MAYBE* are both

beautiful and very unusual songs, with strong emotional feeling attached. Recommended highly for radio play.

If I had to choose a second piece from this LP *One Love In My Lifetime* would be it. It has a glossy Motown sound of the 50's with a half-notch of speed and polish to enter the 70's disco league.

Sensuous, talented, unpredictable Diana Ross is back and the disco freaks all over love the shit out of her.

DONNA SUMMER: *A Love Trilogy* (Oasis 5004)

4:00 a.m. . . . Sipping Cott Draft Root Beer out of an oval Chinese mug, and trying desperately to keep still. She's a moaning and groaning sexual peppermint candy. Either in bed or on the dance floor, she turns me on with a tripping sensation.

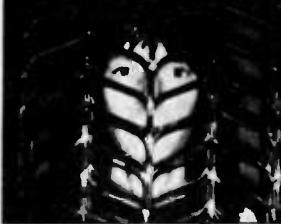
Did you ever put your left finger in your mouth and feel the desire of being hot and horny? This first lady of love gives a performance that puts all Toms, Dicks and Ruths in a hot sweat and also gives you the desire to swivel and let go on the dance floor. Whirlwind percussions and repetitions, plus a pounding drum and synthesizer give the illusion of an over-worked hand ball. A multitude of unbelievable breaks climbing and evaporating like a change of four seasons. Brilliant production and arranging.

Nine years ago the Rolling Stones had trouble getting *Let's Spend The Night Together* on the air. Donna shows absolutely no signs of exhaustion as she pushes Barry White and other romantics aside and takes over, even hot radio stations like WBLS (in N.Y.).



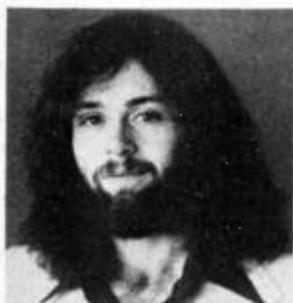
GIG DISCO ALBUMS

CHRIS SQUIRE Fish Out Of Water



CHRIS SQUIRE: Fish Out Of Water (Atlantic 18159)

When it comes to rock, I'm a complete wash out. But the other day I happened to be eating dinner at Teachers and an FM station poured out a most unusual composition; *Lucky Seven*; 6:57 minutes of slinky, up-tempo patterns that generate enough spark for one to take notice. A very relaxing army of musical chairs that fill the mind and body with a relaxed feeling. Black audiences are somehow excited about dancing to a slinkier dance composition. Color makes absolutely no difference today concerning music. If people dig it, they buy it. In Chris Squire's case, *Lucky Seven* is a positive, workable black disco piece and has been tested with successful results. Worth looking into if you're into a change of pace.



HENRY GROSS: Release (Life Song 6002)

A subway hop from ABC records to A&M and now at Life Song, this former member of the rock group Sha Na Na has finally found a home. I don't usually mix disco and hard rock together, there's quite a difference. Mr. Gross, however, has cleared my mind of the illusion that rock cannot be danceable. His new album has a rather unique mountain climbing attitude about it. *One Last Time*, a package of energetic working guitar and perky percussion with slinky fast-paced synthesizer that adds a dimension of excitement. I'm sure Mr. Gross had no in-

tention of producing a disco number but the ingredients are all here and extremely good. I highly recommend it as a single for pop and disco play. Henry has a clean, sophisticated, smooth voice and a talent for writing.

ESTHER PHILLIPS: For All We Know (Kudu 28)

First of all, before I destroy this rotten album, I'd like to give Ms. Phillips some credibility. This beautiful, talented black lady was once called "Little Esther", a lady who has been singing the blues all her life. She was recognized last year as a disco phenomenon for her incredible remake of *What A Difference A Day Makes*. Every disco freak knew and worshipped her and danced the shit out of that composition.

If you've noticed lately, everybody's into the circus act of discotizing old standards whether they are soft and gentle or a mild rock tempo number from the past. In Ms. Phillips' case, Little Anthony & The Imperials' *Going Out Of My Head* has been super-charged into the disco league. I found it a boring, stretched-out 8 minutes of pure nothing—absolutely tired. Whoever gave Esther Phillips the slightest notion to try and go for another hit was pulling her leg. It puts me to sleep and I'm shocked and disappointed.



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GIG JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS

by Richard Weitzer

GIG Spotlight Reviews



DAVID SANCIOUS AND TONE: Transformations (The Speed of Love) (Columbia PE 33939)

TRANSFORMATION is what Jimi Hendrix would have produced if he lived to jam with John McLaughlin in a buddhist ashram in Kuala Lumpur.

Sancious brings the crazy throw-away attitude of Hendrix to the precise machine-like changes of McLaughlin. He does it with a three piece group consisting of a very quick bassist Gerald Carboy and drummer Ernest Carter playing as strong and as fast as Billy Cobham ever did.

Sancious plays all the other instruments, most notably guitar and keyboards, with a singular inventiveness and flair. And with none of the show-off pyrotechnics of the Cobham band or repetitious themes of Chick Corea.

Finally they can remove the tag that might have forever hung around his neck, that of having (former Springsteen keyboardist) appear before his name.



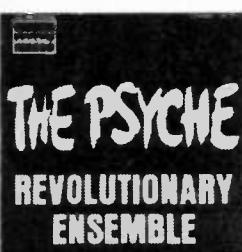
TERJE RYPDAL: Odyssey (ECM 1067/68)

With his third solo release, Norwegian Terje Rypdal has established himself as one of the leading contemporary guitarists. His minimal compositions explore a wide range of tonalities and moods. His solos are not limited by conventional ideas of what a guitar can do, at times his control makes you think that he is blowing a horn. It is all faithfully rendered by that master of the studio palette, producer Manfred Eicher.



JOHN McLAUGHLIN/MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA: Inner Worlds (Columbia PL 33908)

We have great hopes for John McLaughlin. Now, without his guru taxing his earthly credibility, he can once more produce alterations in our consciousness as he did with the first Mahavishnu Orchestra. McLaughlin spawned a whole new wave of guitarists who have carried his ideas further than he was able to. This album is a start, but not much of one, for McLaughlin to once again take his rightful place as the world's premier guitarist.



THE REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE: The Psyche (RE: Records RE 3117)

The Revolutionary Ensemble plays highly improvisational music that never fails to be interesting and often is quite brilliant. The interplay between Leroy Jenkins' violin and Siron's bass is unique and somewhat revolutionary. Jerome Cooper's composition *Invasion*, in which he plays piano, meanders like much of the 'free' music, yet he always knows where he is going.



AL DiMEOLA: Land of the Midnight Sun (Columbia PC 34074)

The disturbing facet about DiMeola and his chums at Return to Forever is that their tunes are ultimately predictable and their solos are designed more to fulfill the audiences expectations than to challenge them. DiMeola coaxes a wide-range of sounds from his guitar and is aided by his "main-man" Chick Corea on keyboards. In the end, it is more admirable than enjoyable.



KEITH JARRETT: In the Light (ECM 1033/34)

Jarrett could be a major star in the image of Chick Corea or Herbie Hancock, yet he consciously flows against even the most reasonable commercial guidelines. I am beginning to believe he doesn't want to be a star, which is much like saying a senator doesn't want to be president. Keith Jarrett just might be the one same person left on this earth.

MILES DAVIS: Agharta (Columbia PG 33967)

Garbo Speaks! Miles Plays! There were those who claimed that Miles was mute, his lip permanently inoperative. Over the past three years he has fueled these assertions by delegating his solo space to a procession of superb sidemen. Miles' own playing was limited by short bursts of energy each lasting no more than a couple of bars. Seemingly his chops had degenerated to a chop.

He still has basically the same band he had two years ago, only they've gotten tighter under Miles' direction. Still obediently following his every twitch, they now have something to play off of. He is not only playing more, better and longer, he seems to be taking more responsibility for the direction of the music. One can only regret that now he must use a wah-wah to achieve what once he could do with his lip.



FLORA PURIM: Open Your Eyes You Can Fly (Milestone M-9065)

Flora re-affirmed the possibilities of jazz vocals in her association with the early Return to Forever group. She then was detained by our government (Imprisoned for cocaine), while others popularized her genre. She is back on the streets now and has the perfect group to compliment her ethereal voice. Husband Airto on percussions, Hemmeto on flute, David Amaro on guitar and Al Johnson on bass keep her soaring voice down to earth.



NEW YORK MARY: (Arista AL 1019)

A plodding bass line and repetitive empty drumming leave this album just this side of disco. They are saved from irrecoverably going over that line by tight arrangements derived from their former employer, Maynard Ferguson, and some original sax work by Bruce Johnstone. This album fails like almost all jazz-cum-disco because it lacks a sufficient degree of individuality.



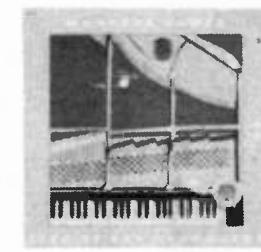
CECIL TAYLOR: Nefertiti, The Beautiful One Has Come (Arista AL 1905)

What is amazing about Cecil Taylor is that none of his pieces ever get dated. Unless you are a Taylor fanatic, it is difficult to tell whether a piece was recorded in 1956 or '62 (as was this album) or last year. It is not that Cecil hasn't changed, quite the contrary; it is just that his approach to the piano is so eclectic that the mainstream has not even started to incorporate his ideas.



HAMPTON HAWES: Live at the Monmartre (Arista AL 1020)

Now this guy is decidedly in the mainstream and his rhythm section is very straightforward, yet Hawes' acoustic piano always seems to transcend the framework. A lightness of touch reminiscent of Bill Evans reveals a basic sense of humor, even though Hawes' life has been anything but easy. This album was recorded in late 1971, just as Hawes began working again in this country with regularity.



HUMAN ARTS ENSEMBLE: Under the Sun (Arista AL 1022)

The Art Ensemble of Chicago labeled this type of music — 'Great Black Music' and this album is strong in all three categories. This is the essential blackness that did not buy "pimpmobiles" and did not go Hollywood.

Oliver Lake, is a most promising young saxophonist and Lester Bowie, of the Art Ensemble, lead a St. Louis based group with ties to the Chicago group. They have not forgotten that jazz is a folk music and they will never lose the earthiness from which it sprung.



BOBBI HUMPHREY

By Barney Lane

Picture this: It's the summer of 1971 in New York, a big concert in Central Park featuring Herbie Mann. A 4'11", 85-pound black girl bluffs her way past a guard at the stage entrance by claiming to be one of the musicians. She carries a flute case. She approaches Herbie Mann and says: "I've always wanted to meet you and I'd like to play with you." Mann balks like any famous musician who is constantly approached by young hopefuls. So, the young flutist says that she had just played with Duke Ellington the week before. That was enough for Herbie Mann. She played with him that night to an enthusiastic crowd and later did some concerts on the road with him.

The young flutist from Texas was, of course, Bobbi Humphrey and the story is all fact and quite typical of Bobbi's determination. Now Bobbi is 25, the mother of a breathtaking little girl, a big album seller and concert draw, and no neophyte. Her last three albums on Blue Note, *BLACK 'N BLUES*, *SATIN DOLL*, and *FANCY DANCER*, have all been successful.

The straight-ahead jazz critics are disdainful of Bobbi's music, because of the heavy strains of R&B and disco running through it. Bobbi is undaunted and she refuses to be pigeon-holed or discouraged. She said, "I am a contemporary artist capable of playing jazz" and went on to explain that her music is an "outgrowth" of jazz. She sees a blending of R&B, rock, and jazz as a natural thing to be happening today. She wants to avoid categories and play whatever kind of music pleases her. The aspect that she most admires in jazz is the spontaneous creativity of improvisation and she works hard to draw upon it.

"I'm a business person too, I have to be realistic." Bobbi keeps a close eye on the commercial progress of her career as well as her artistic development. She watches how United Artists handles her records and how agents and publicists handle her live appearances. Reflecting on the oft-exploited jazz musicians of the recent past, Bobbi explains that musicians should watch their careers from a business standpoint as do professionals in other fields. She does not want to see people sacrifice their art, but wants them to simply be aware.

The question of "selling out" always arises. Bobbi says that you can only sell out in terms of yourself. If you feel that you are compromising, then you are selling out. It's all in the mind of the beholder.

Bobbi Humphrey does not think that the disco sound is a permanent fixture in music, but she wants to enjoy it for however long it lasts. "I think it's a phase and I think it has another year to go. I don't think it's really reached its apex. And, it's something I would like to contribute to at this time." And she added, "It's helped me to reach a wider audience." She expects to stay with the disco sound for at least one more album. Her concept for her next album is to have one side feature disco numbers and for the other side to contain softer love songs.

Bobbi's first big album was *BLACKS 'N BLUES*, which contained the hit *Harlem River Drive* and a secondary hit called *Chicago Damn*. It was the result of a colla-



boration with Larry and Fonce Mizell, two of the strongest studio producers around. She met them a few years back in the company of Donald Byrd as they listened to a testpressing of Donald's latest album *BLACK BYRD*. Bobbi decided then and there that she wanted to work with them. Donald laughed and said, "They're mine, you keep away from them."

Bobbi's second big album, *SATIN DOLL*, grew out of a number of coincidental experiences, both painful and exhilarating. She was upset that she could not attend the funeral of Duke Ellington, but she was a few days away from giving birth to her daughter, Ricki Lynn. After the baby was born, she decided that Ellington would be the focal point of her next album and chose *Satin Doll* as the title tune. She then expanded the concept to explore Black creativity in music with tunes by others such as Stevie Wonder. As the album progressed, Bobbi began to think of her new daughter as her own *Satin Doll* and Ricki Lynn's picture became the cover photo. Bobbi's mother claims it was the baby's picture that sold the album.

FANCY DANCER is Bobbi's current album. It features disco tunes for the most part and some are a little tedious. The best track on the disc is *Uno Esta* and it's a knockout. Produced by Larry Mizell and Chuck Davis, the arranging is once again the very full, rich sound typical of Larry and Fonce Mizell.

An interesting note in this age of complex recording techniques: when Bobbi appears live and plays her hits, she uses arrangements different from those heard on the albums and does not try to imitate some of the sounds that can only be done in a studio with overdubbing. It is a wise move and prevents her concerts from sounding pale compared to her recordings.

If a single trait characterizes Bobbi Humphrey, it is her spunk. It takes determination to corner Herbie Mann, to manage a complicated career, to be wife and mother on the road, to follow your convictions, and to remain warm and human after you've done all that.

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JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL

by Arnold J. Smith

Duke Ellington was fond of stating that "music is 360°." He was merely representing in graphic terms that no matter where you start on the musical scale, you always end up in the same place after having travelled the entire circumference. One stop along the way might be classical music. Indeed, no matter what the idiom, there is a European background lurking somewhere. Scott Joplin used Latin rhythms in a piece he wrote in 1909. His harmonic structure was ragtime, but the extended works from his pen originated in the courts of Europe where chamber music prevailed. Joplin fell short in many instances, not the least of which was the opera *Treemonisha*.

Playing classical music in a jazz setting goes back at least as far as ragtime. Some classical pianists have tried their hand at jazz: Frederick Gulda, Andre Previn, Leonard Bernstein, and violinist Yehudi Menuhin who has recorded two albums with the jazz fiddler, Stephane Grappelli.

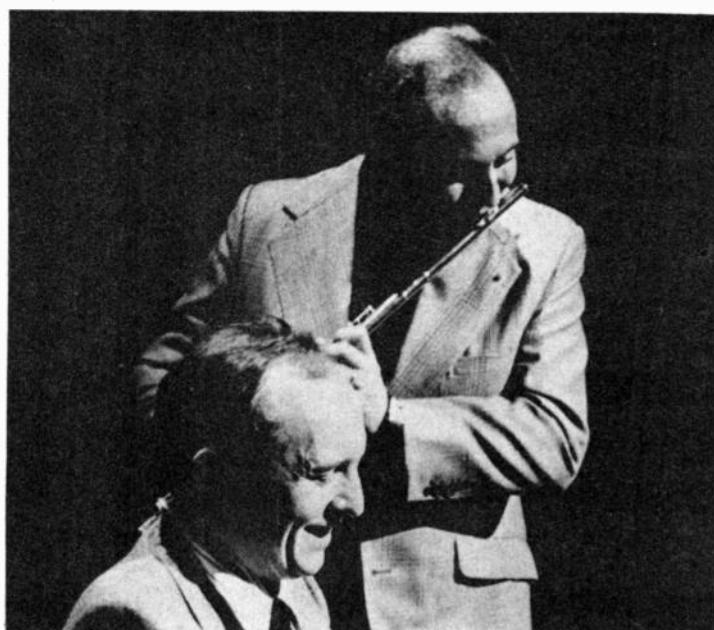
Flautists do not immediately jump into one's mind when it comes to classical/jazz crossovers. Hubert Laws, of course, is a classically-trained musician whose thrust has been in the jazz world, although he has been a featured soloist at chamber and orchestra concerts.

Jean-Pierre Rampal has suddenly emerged as a cult figure of sorts. In as much as he is on the concert circuit, it is most unusual that he should appear at New York's leading rock emporium, the Bottom Line, performing a jazz suite. Precedent notwithstanding (he was preceded there by Tashi, a chamber group led by Peter Serkin), the Claude Bolling Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano was performed later in the week at a sold-out concert at Carnegie Hall.

"I am used to having young people at my concerts", the affable M. Rampal told GIG recently. "60 to 70% of my classical audience are teenagers, so I was not surprised by the turnout at the Bottom Line. They were extremely well-behaved, just as though they were at a concert hall. It was still a new experience for me due to the use of microphones."

The program at Carnegie was divided almost equally between baroque works from the harpsichord/flute repertoire to the more modern music of Copland and Bolling.

"I do not alter my program to suit the audience. At the Bottom Line I chose to play some baroque before the Suite. I have only recently started playing the suite in its entirety. It is quite long you know."



Rampal is a perfectionist. The Suite runs close to 40 minutes with its seven movements, and it was abridged for the Carnegie concert. (He returned for three encores, one of which was the missing movement. *Irlandaise*, among the most beautiful of the entire piece.)

In a recent Sunday New York Times article, it was stated that Rampal did not care to participate in aleatory endeavors, the chance factor. "Improvisational music, per se, is not aleatoire. It is exact. You are improvising a cadenza, or a solo. Improvisation in jazz or baroque music is based on chords and measures. That takes it out of the realm of chance. You cannot improvise if you don't know the music. It is very serious."

Explaining his definition of "aleatorique", Rampal said: "Some composers of modern music give you a graphic and you play what you want. Free music. I don't play that music because for me, it is not important."

The transcribing of violin music for the flute is the pastime of many chamber groups who either cannot get a second fiddle or do not care to, for coloration purposes. Asked if M. Rampal would consider following in the footsteps of Menuhin who has played with Ravi Shankar and Grappelli, both improvisational masters, he replied: "I intend to do it with Shankar, but I don't think I will make a jazz recording so soon. Frankly, you have to be proficient to be a jazzman; it's not so easy. You can't reach this point just for fun. I am a professional. To make fun between friends is one thing, but not professionally speaking. I am not trained enough to make GOOD improvisations. It's a specialty and I'd like to study and train for the proper embouchure. It's much looser for jazz, more flexible. It will take much work. I did this album for fun (THE SUITE). Basically it's for a classical flautist and a jazz trio. Jazz is not my profession. Everything was written except for a very few

chords. I never played jazz seriously. I did when I was a kid, just for fun."

Ironically, baroque music, (all the way into some Mozart) is somewhat improvisatory. What is the difference between such improvising and jazz?

"In Mozart you cannot improvise except in the cadenzas. Mozart was improvising on the organ or the piano, not the violin. Improvisation in classical music is given to the organ player. Mozart wrote everything down after he improvised. You improvise when you have a keyboard but within certain rules. You cannot do everything you want. In baroque music, I improvise without anything being written down—the ornaments and the variations in the various adagios. This is part of my profession because I study it. It obeys a certain style. Jazz improvisation is based on variations: theme and variations. When a good jazz musician improvises, he doesn't do anything bad within the chordal work. A not-so-good one makes some mistakes, but the public doesn't notice it. But we do, eh?"

All of which brought us back to the original premise of "one world of music," as David Amram refers to it. Are devotees of other forms of music, after hearing Rampal, falling under his banner? Do they rush out and buy the classical recordings after a Rampal experience?

"I don't know how to answer that as my experience is limited. I am sure that the music has a tendency to be universalized. I don't see why there should be a gap between rock and classical music."

"I would not change my style just to garner other audiences. I change according to the works: Mozart, Schumann, Vivaldi, Bach or Prokofiev. There's a different approach, not in terms of embouchure, though."

He echoed Mr. Ellington as we parted, "Music is music: there should be no barriers...as long as it is good."

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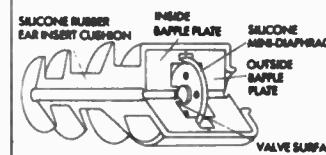
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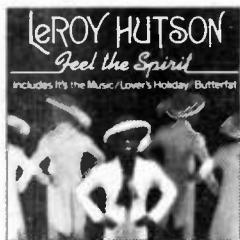
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GIG SOUL ALBUMS

GIG Spotlight Reviews

By Ibutu Mugumba



LEROY HUTSON: *Feel The Spirit* (Warner Bros. CU 5010)

Leroy Hutson's arrival has been predicted for some time. Unfortunately, none of his solo albums have lived up to his advance billing. *FEEL THE SPIRIT* makes all of the right motions in an effort to change all that. The quasi Barry White directions of his first Curton album *HUTSON* have been replaced by a well thought out disco bid in tracks like *Feel The Spirit* ('76) and *It's The Music*. On the latter track Hutson forsakes the isolation of the solo artist for a bit of group therapy a la Earth, Wind and Fire and The Ohio Players. In giving credit to his Free Spirit Symphony, Hutson seems to be admitting that he can't do it alone. Other standout tracks include *Never Know What You Can Do* and *Butterfat*, and four out of seven ain't bad these days.



CHARLES EARLAND: *Odyssey* (Mercury SRM 11049)

Earland started out as a lightly regarded latter-day Jimmy Smith, grinding out a popular but critically ignored brand of organ music that was best suited for the kind of bars where the drinking and conversation were considered more important than the music. Earland's technical growth can be traced through his eight or nine Prestige albums, and has finally reached the point where he can casually call up people like Freddie Hubbard or Joe Henderson and have them join him willingly on his sessions.

His first album for Mercury is the one he's always wanted to do. He has expanded his array of keyboards and added a lead vocalist to the band. His sound is now somewhere between Earth, Wind and Fire and Pink Floyd. I like the entire album, but *We All Live In The Jungle* which sports a Buddy Miles type vocal and *Phire* which is pure Earth, Wind and Fire are my favorites. *From My Heart To Yours* could go disco and most of the remaining tracks are good spacey keyboard and guitar drenched jazz-funk.

This is an exceptional effort on Earland's part, the writing and direction show a shrewd knowledge of what popular music in the seventies is all about. If it gets heard, it's guaranteed to stop people in mid-groove.



DENISE LASALLE: *Here I Am Again* (Westbound W 209)

Fans of Millie Jackson will like this one. Denise approaches situations with the same kind of predatory sexuality and her songs have strong hooks and classic bass lines. With titles like *Married, But Not To Each Other*, *I Wanna Do What's On Your Mind*, *Share Your Man With Me, Anytime Is The Right Time*, and *My Brand On You*, how can this album miss?



SMOKEY ROBINSON: *Smokey's Family* (Robinson Tamla T6 341S1)

Smokey's disappointment over the relatively mild reception given his brilliant *Quiet Storm* is obvious on this album. It is the least inspired of his four solo efforts. Smokey will eventually get the solo acclaim he once got with The Miracles and which his previous albums deserved. This isn't the one that's going to do it.



UNIVERSE CITY: (Midland International DKL 11368)

A very promising first album from a self contained New York band. The sound, supplemented by studio musicians is fluid and swinging. The songs, even when they fumble through changes, are full of good ideas which show the promise of eventually blossoming. Listen for *Can You Get Down*, a sure disco smash.



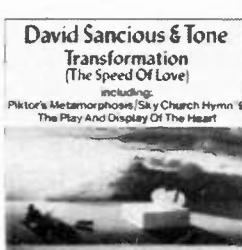
THE IMPRESSIONS: *Loving Power* (Curton CU 5009)

Only the title track and *Sunshine* have any snap or vitality. The problem here is the material and the production. As The Impressions indicated in their recent New York appearance, they still have some of the best harmonies in the business.



JOE THOMAS: *Masada* (Groove Merchant GM 3310)

Sonny Lester's Groove Merchant label has been a bulwark of classic jazz for the past four or five years. *MASADA* is his first try at the disco-jazz sound and he succeeds brilliantly enough to be in a position to challenge Creed Taylor's dominance of the sound. Joe Thomas' tenor feeling flows smoothly around the lush orchestration. Listen for the title track, *Poinciana* and The Ohio Player's *Let's Love* in your local disco.



DAVID SANCIOUS AND TONE: *Transformation* (The Speed Of Love) — (Epic PE 33939)

Intense jazz-rock from the Mahavishnu Orchestra-Return To Forever-Weather Report School. Sancious was once the keyboard player with Bruce Springsteen. He decided to stop wasting his talent and his second album puts pretenders like Emerson, Lake and Palmer in their place. Sancious also plays guitar on *Play*, *Sky Church Hymn #9* is dedicated to Hendrix. With a little practice, Sancious could add to the legacy.

Everything You've Ever Wanted to Know About Speakers But Were Afraid To Ask

by Robert V. Weinstein

Have you ever walked into a swank looking audio store and been verbally ambushed by an aggressive salesman? You're barely able to tell the man what you're looking for before you're deluged with a machine-gun flurry of hype. After 10 minutes of hard-sell monologue, you're just about ready to buy anything: handkerchiefs, pots, condoms, vaporizers, a howitzer, maybe even a new set of speakers.

Buying speakers is an art. All your components are important, but the speaker lies at the apex of the sound triangle, securely supported by turntable and amplifier. A little knowledge can go a long way in saving you money, aggravation, and in getting you the speakers that meet your requirements.

Before you walk into that audio store, you should know something about speakers and be prepared to wade through some high pressure selling antics. Below are a few basic common sense facts about speakers.

Is a three way speaker superior to a two way speaker?

In a three way speaker, two speakers occupy the same enclosure. In a two way speaker, the woofer is in the enclosure and the tweeter is always standing off from the enclosure. Whenever you have two speakers occupying the same enclosure, there is apt to be wave interference from the two speakers, which can produce distortion. It is also hard to get a flat response from a three way speaker. The difficulty lies in matching the efficiency of all three speakers.

What is a flat response speaker?

A flat response speaker reproduces all the frequencies, without overage or underage. Overage and underage refers to the peaks and dips in the frequency range. This can be seen on a graph. A flat response speaker produces sound without beefing up sounds in the upper, middle, or bottom sound quadrants. Listen to as many speakers as you can. Many speakers on the market concentrate on producing big booming bass sounds or exaggerated mid-ranges. For relaxed, extended-listening, a speaker that produces a balanced sound is preferred.

What is meant by driving a speaker efficiently?

Driving a speaker efficiently refers to the unexaggerated movement of the cones within the speaker. It has nothing to do with loudness. Speakers require variable amounts of power just to make them work. Underdriving a speaker will cause the bass to fall out. Since the bass has the largest driver and has to move the most air, approximately 90% of the power is used to drive the bass alone.

Does it matter what kind of material is used to house a speaker?

Most speakers are either housed in real wood or in pressed or composite wood, covered with a thin veneer or vinyl. It doesn't matter whether the speaker is housed in pressed or real wood. On occasion, pressed wood produces superior resonance. Sound-wise, it is hard to differentiate between real wood and pressed wood. Real wood will cost you about 40% more than pressed wood. Roughly 80% to 90% of the speakers sold are made of pressed

wood. Weight of the wood has nothing to do with the sound the speaker will produce. Redwood, mahogany, or birch, it doesn't matter. Prove it to yourself. Ask your friendly audio salesman for a demonstration of speakers made of different real woods and pressed woods.

How does one choose a speaker to match an amp?

Read your speaker specifications carefully, they're important. Make sure your receiver has enough power to match your speakers. The more power the speaker has over the minimum specifications within a range of 10 to 20 watts the better. Your spec sheets will designate a minimum power rating. Of course, anything over that will certainly be advantageous, especially if you like a gutsy bass response. The amplifier should not exceed the maximum power of the speakers. If your amplifier is too powerful, you could easily blow your speakers.

What parameters must be considered before choosing a speaker?

Room size and the approximate level at which the music is going to be listened to should be considered before choosing a speaker. Many people like their music loud, while others prefer it at background levels. Some speakers do not sound good at low levels, while others can comfortably maintain a full bodied sound. The amount of furniture and carpeting in the room should also be considered. Most speakers have adjustment controls in order to compensate for differences in room density and size. For example, adjustments can be made to bring up high frequencies if a thick rug, for example, is absorbing a good part of these frequencies.

What is speaker imaging?

Speaker imaging refers to the dispersion characteristics of the speaker. Simply, it is the ability to hear both speakers no matter where you are located in a room. A stereo effect should be noticeable from all parts of your listening area. Some speakers only allow you to sit within a given area in order to hear both speakers distinctly. This is inadequate and points to questionable dispersion characteristics.

Can all speakers be utilized to meet the requirements of a four channel system?

Most speakers can. Four channel systems do not necessarily require large speakers. The speakers do not have to work as hard to reach the back of the room in order to achieve that concert hall effect. With a stereo system the sound should project to one wall and then back. With a four channel system the sound only has to reach the center of the room, or at the very most, the opposite wall. Therefore, it doesn't have to have the power to bounce back. You don't have to use the same speakers for all four channels. You should, however, use the same speakers for whatever constitutes your front or rear speakers. Very often, one set of speakers might produce one set of frequencies better than another. Four channel separation is sharper with two different sets of speakers.

Next month: How real is the psycho-acoustic factor?

amplifications

KOSS INTRODUCES RUGGED, LIGHTWEIGHT STEROPHONE

Koss Corporation, Milwaukee, recently introduced a lightweight, low-priced dynamic stereophone.

The Model K/7 stereophone features shockproof, polypropylene construction engineered for day-in, day-out use. Its distinctive one-piece, flexible headband conforms to any head size for comfortable wearing.

Weighing only 11 ounces, the K/7 delivers the exciting, full-dimensional "Sound of Koss" at a surprisingly nominal \$17.95.



PANASONIC INTRODUCES

23-BAND MOBILE CB TRANSCEIVER



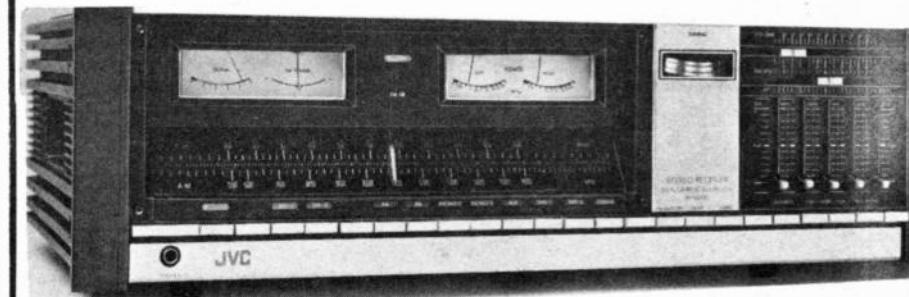
CHICAGO, ILL., (JAN. 7) — Panasonic, which has for many years produced high quality personal communications systems, including citizens band radio equipment in other parts of the world, has recognized the growing popularity and significance of CB radio in the United States, with the introduction of a 23-channel citizens band mobile transceiver.

Model RJ-3200 has a coaxial antenna connection socket, dynamic microphone, quick release bracket and 2-prong screw-in power plug, and input and output jacks for external and PA speakers. Available for immediate delivery; manufacturer's suggested retail price is \$179.95.



SANSUI UNVEILS MODEL SC3000 CASSETTE DECK

Sansui Electronics Corporation, Woodside, N.Y. has just revealed details of its newest entry into the high-fidelity market, its Model SC3000 stereo cassette deck. It utilizes a front access illuminated tape compartment having a clear, see-through window permitting easy observation of tape movement even in a darkened room. The front loading design lets the user stack it under or over other stereo components. And, since the tape compartment is arranged right side up, cassettes can be inserted and locked into place with their slotted edges down. The compartment also has a special Sansui designed device for holding the cassette snugly in its vertical position, preventing cassettes from being inserted incorrectly.



TOP-PERFORMING JVC STEREO RECEIVER JR-S600

JVC America, Inc. has just introduced its highest-powered AM/FM stereo receiver which incorporates a five-control graphic equalizer (S.E.A.) for professional-like control of listening-room acoustics and precise compensation of overall tonal response. The Model JR-S600 delivers 110 watts of continuous (RMS) power per channel into 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

GIG COUNTRY ALBUMS

GIG Spotlight Reviews

by Russell Shaw



FREDDY FENDER: Rock 'N' Country (ABC-DOSD 2050)

Freddy Fender's approach is familiar to country and pop fans by now. His personable, "little-boy-lost" ambience combines with a well-rounded tone and excellent selection of material to rank him as one of the top chart artists working today.

Freddy is equally at home with plaintive ballads and raunchy blues. *Vaya Con Dios* and *Take Her A Message I'm Lonely* find a despondent Fender almost on the verge of tears.

Fender really shines on uptempo numbers however. *Big Boss Man*, a hit for Jimmy Reed and Charlie Rich, is given an angry, vicious interpretation, worthy of any militant Mexican worker in the California vineyards.

One special highlight: the spoken tribute to the late Hank Williams, prefacing an emotional reading of the Williams classic *I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You)*.

CLEDUS MAGGARD: The White Knight (Phonogram SRM 1-1072)

Like it or not, the current CB fad is in full bloom. A value judgment is not being made, but the phenomenon of truck drivers using radio to aid and abet the violation of the law is quite unprecedented, yet very widespread. Musical annotation of these practices has found its way onto disc; however the two biggest exponents on record have been at opposite poles in terms of attitude.

"Convoy" and C.W. McCall describe the triumphant victory of a trucking caravan over the evil, despised "bears." Maggard, however, cowers when finally confronted with that "bubble gum machine" (trooper's flashing blue light), and breaks down into sobs when confronted with the realization that "The White Knight," ostensibly a fellow trucker, is a Georgia state patrolman.

The sad tale and illegal entrapment tactics of the clever officer come from the zany mind of one Jay Hugely, advertising executive in Greenville, South Carolina. Maggard is Hugely, or vice versa. There are other droll moments. Dad joins up with convoy after convoy on the interstate only to be forced to leave the road when little junior constantly complains *Daddy I Gotta Go*. Maggard cracks to his wife that "when we get home, we'll get his kidneys checked, it's on your side of the family."

The album is pockmarked with CB lingo, and, as an added bonus, all of it is defined on one of the better tracks, Cledus's *C.B. Lingo Dictionary*.



LORETTA LYNN: When The Tingle Becomes A Chill (MCA 2179)

Featuring some of the most refreshing new material Loretta has recorded in years, *Tingle* is one of her better efforts in a long time. Of note is Loretta's self-penned *Red, White and Blue*, which shows that Ms. Lynn has long been underrated as a songwriter.



DOTTSY: The Sweetest Thing (RCA APL 1-1358)

Dotsy is indeed a "sweet thang," one of the cutest country performers to come down the pike in a good while. The Texas peach, who recently hit with *Storms Never Last*, has followed that up with the tempting *I'll Be Your San Antonio Rose*. Both are included on this debut album produced by Roy Dea.



MERLE HAGGARD: It's All In The Movies (Capitol ST 11483)

Haggard, with nearly three dozen albums to his credit, has lost none of the creative spark which has always shined throughout his work. In addition to the interesting *Hag's Dixie Blues*, there are tunes from other pens, including those of Bob Wills and Dolly Parton.



PHIL EVERLY: Mystic Line (Pye 12121)

Laid-back country MOR from half of one of the great acts of all time. Highlights are the easy, mellow *You And I Are A Song and Better Than Now*.

BILL ANDERSON AND MARY LOU TURNER: Sometimes (MCA 2182)

Anderson has long since perfected the plaintive whisper to an art form. A truly distinguished stylist, he combines with the crystal clear-voiced Mary Lou Turner on their first duet effort. Especially noteworthy is Paul Simon's up-tempo *Gone At Last*, whose very inclusion indicates a significant departure for Anderson.



THE SELDOM SCENE: Recorded Live at the Cellar Door (Rebel SLP 1547/48)

While duller bluegrass groups get more publicity, ethnomusicologists have long considered the Scene to be one of the top contemporary bluegrass groups playing today. The传统s *Will The Circle Be Unbroken* stand side by side with several original compositions. Many of these tunes were written by the dobro player, virtuoso Mike Auldrige. This double album is available from Rebel Recording Co., Asbury West Virginia 24916. Write for cost.



TOMPALL: The Great Tompall And His Outlaw Band (MGM M3G5014)

Any release co-produced by Waylon Jennings could be reasonably expected to be totally devoid of flaws. Anticipation is justly rewarded with a fine effort encapsulating Glaser's rough-hewn voice. Guitarist Mel Brown from bluesman Bobby Bland's group adds an extra shot of grit to a band often considered the "meanest" in country music.



Status Quo



***The new album
from one of the world's great
rock 'n roll bands,
boogies!***



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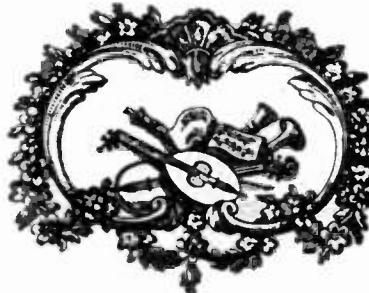
LONG HAIR for LONG HAIRS

by Alan Penchansky

EUGENE FODOR/CHICAGO DEBUT

Violinist Eugene Fodor has seen a whirlwind of concert engagements since winning the Soviet International Tchaikovsky Violin Competition in 1974—the first Westerner to do so. Yet if his crowd-pleasing Chicago debut March 27 is any indication, the 26-year-old native of Colorado has yet to reach his potential audience.

Handsome and athletic, Fodor has already recorded three albums for RCA—a prestigious affiliation for any artist—and more are on the way. But what distinguishes him most from the scores of young recitalists before the public is his ability—even more, his willingness and delight—to give audiences exactly what they want: fire



and extroversion, deep feeling, virtuosity for virtuosity's sake. He is a throwback to an earlier generation of fiddlers.

Indeed, there was but one work on his Chicago program with any claim to moder-

nity—Penderecki's *Three Miniatures for Violin and Piano*—and it was dropped at the last minute, a miniature by Brahms played instead. "Penderecki lovers are going to be mad at us... we misplaced the music," Fodor explained, referring to his partner, pianist Stephen Swedish. Was something Freudian afoot? What of it, there were no Penderecki lovers in the house.

Let it be known that Fodor first came before a Chicago audience with only his violin, facing the cavernous, gilt expanse of Auditorium Theatre alone. Accustomed to seeing banks of amplifiers on stage, or at least a sizeable ensemble, it seemed at first remarkable that a lone instrumentalist was able to fill this vast chamber with the alternatingly austere and joyous moods of Bach's G Minor unaccompanied violin so-

nata. He was abetted, it must be noted, by the auditorium's fabled acoustics.

Next came reinforcement, for Prokofiev's second violin-piano sonata, a work originally written for flute that displays certain jazz influences.

Following this homage to masters old and new, the evening turned entirely to the kind of bravura selections—often folk-infused—as violinists and audiences of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century reveled in: works of Paganini, Bazzini, Kreisler, Sarasate and others that place technical brilliance, tonal refinement and elegance above all else. For the present at least, this is clearly Fodor's "metier."

The insistent crowd drew a number of encores; their hopes for more dimmed only when the house lights grew bright.

GIG CLASSICAL REVIEWS

RICHARD STRAUSS: Also Sprach Zarathustra-Till Eulenspiegel-Don Juan-Chicago Symphony Orchestra-Sir Georg Solti, conductor-Decca SXL 6749 (Import)

Invariably in the past, *Zarathustra* has occupied an entire LP. This disc adds two other of Strauss' tone poems to that symphonic elaboration on Nietzsche, containing, without any compromise in the quality of sound reproduction, well over an hour's worth of music. What's more, these are performances of surpassing brilliance—an everest of orchestral power and virtuosity. It remains to be seen how this material is apportioned when issued domestically (The *Don Juan* appeared on Solti/Chicago Showcase London CS 6800). In the meantime, here is one of the most extraordinary records ever released and possibly the only Richard Strauss album you will ever need to own. (*Zarathustra* has now been recorded five times by the Chicago Symphony; no other orchestra can claim that mark.)

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68-Chicago Symphony Orchestra-James Levine, conductor-RCA ARL1-1326

The Chicago Symphony has recorded this "meat and potatoes" item only once before—and never before in stereo. Levine, who is music director for the orchestra's summer residence at Ravinia, serves it up *al dente* (firm), trimmed of fat—the orchestra piping hot. Well recorded too. But don't be deterred from selecting one of the fine budget editions (Szell, Bernstein, Toscanini) in which all four Brahms symphonies are provided for about twice the price of this disc.

MUSIC OF

VICTOR HERBERT: Beverly Sills, soprano-London Symphony Orchestra-Angel SFO-37160

PLAISIR D'AMOUR: Columbia Symphony Orchestra-Andre Kostelanetz, conductor-Columbia M 33933

Combine masterful technique, scrupulous musicianship, intellect and linguistic command with a noble and generous spirit, and you get the sort of consummate vocal artistry that can be heard at the drop of a needle anywhere on these two reciprocal discs (excepting the Victor Herbert orchestral medleys). Reciprocal discs? Sills, under exclusive contract to EMI/Angel, wanted Kostelanetz, exclusively Columbia's, to conduct her pot-pourri of tunes from Victor Herbert operettas. Columbia assented, on the condition the pair also record a disc for them—which turned out to be this enchanting collection of songs in French. The particular revelations and felicities of each album are

too numerous to detail here. Both balance lyrical and coloratura expression, and Kostelanetz' handling of the orchestra is expert throughout (though Columbia's studio ensemble cannot match the LSO in sumptuousness). Listeners will be surprised, perhaps, by their knowledge of Victor Herbert's melodies (*Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*, *March of the Toys*, *Italian Street Song*), and by the striking familiarity of the title cut from the Columbia album—the source for one of Elvis' biggest selling ballads.

ORFF: *Carmina Burana*-Sheila Armstrong, soprano, Gerald English, tenor, Thomas Allen, baritone-Boys Choir and London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus-Andre Previn, conductor-Angel S-37117

Previn proceeds with equanimity, carefully detailing each of the 25 segments comprising Orff's secular cantata. His soloists perform admirably; the choral voices sing with polish and precision. But Previn's recording never erupts into the earthy, unbridled exhilaration that is the crux of this supremely rhythmic neo-pagan masterpiece. Consider instead, Ormandy or Tilson Thomas (both Columbia, the latter a recent Grammy winner), or perhaps best of all, Angel's earlier taping with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos—the Spanish conductor really digs in.

COPLAND: *A Lincoln Portrait* (Charlton Heston, speaker)-*An Outdoor Overture*-*Quiet City*-*Our Town*, music from the film-*Utah Symphony*-Maurice Abravanel, conductor-Vanguard Everyman Classics SRV-348SD

Retreating from the battle over "Whither Twentieth Century Music?" Copland addressed himself—with tonal warmth and melodic richness—to a far larger audience than cared, or knew of such a conflict, in the music for cinema, theater and high school orchestras, represented here. The album's headliner, a wartime creation, is a sort of musical statuary, embroidered with quotations from the president. None of these selections equals in importance Copland's later work in a popular idiom—notably his great ballet scores. Prime Bicentennial fare, however, handsomely played and recorded.

SCHUBERT: Sonata in B-Flat Major, Op. Posth.-Rudolf Serkin, piano-Columbia M 33932

Completed barely two months before the composer's death, this sublime opus intensely reflects the facets of Schubert's natural genius: the depth of his humanity and his carefree, vagabond spirit. Serkin the elder's protracted account of the first movement suggests Beethovenian weight and compass, but at the expense of fluency. Try instead Alfred Brendel's lyrical reading on Philips. That disc, furthermore, includes a performance of Schubert's buoyant "Wanderer Fantasy."

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major, Op. 55, "Eroica"-Odyssey Y 33925-Symphony No. 6 in F Major, Op. 68, "Pastoral"-Odyssey Y 33924-Columbia Symphony Orchestra-Bruno Walter, Conductor

Bruno Walter's stereo traversal of the Beethoven symphonies, available as an integral budget edition, now yields individual Odyssey LPs—a boon to collectors who would mix and match their own perfect "Nine." A high point in the complete set, this radiant *Pastoral* ranks with versions at any price. Walter's *Eroica* lacks the elemental force others have unleashed (though not in the bristling scherzo), and certain orchestral deficiencies are revealed. Nonetheless, it is a broadly conceived and beautifully wrought interpretation. This studio orchestra was assembled expressly for Walter to document his repertoire in stereo.

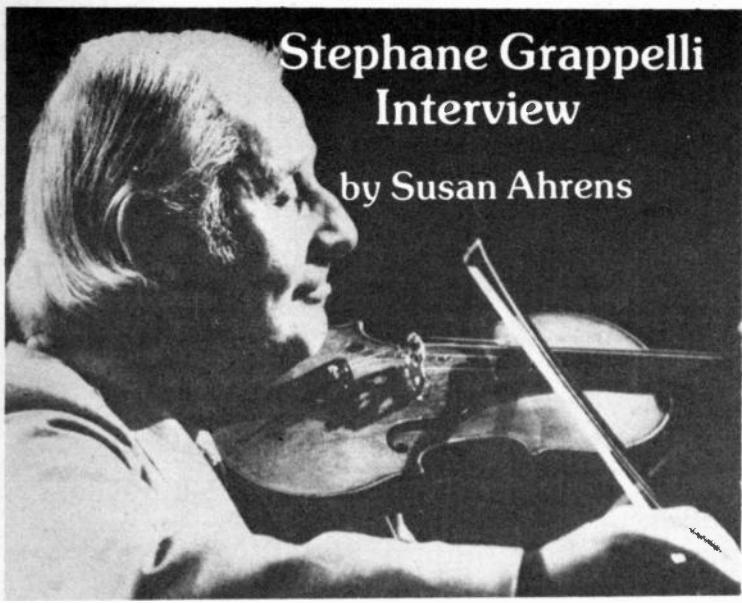
THE INTIMATE GUITAR VOL. 2

Andres Segovia-RCA ARL1-1323

In addition to being a gifted interpreter, Segovia's task in life has been to create an entire concert tradition for the guitar. He has worked tirelessly: performing, teaching, transcribing, encouraging new works, and his recordings (some 30 LPs to date), are remarkable for their lack of duplication. Other great interpreters are captured again and again in their big numbers, but Segovia has recorded few pieces more than once in the last 30 years. Apparently this album is also a collection of "firsts" (including transcriptions from J.S. Bach's *Anna Magdalena* Notebook: two pieces by Ferdinand Sor, foremost composer for guitar during the classical age; a work of Albeniz and later selections by Spanish composers. At 83, Segovia plays with less accent and agility than 25 years ago but he remains totally in command. (Among the Bach selections find the source for *A Lover's Concerto* by The Tops.)

RAVEL: *Bolero*-*Le Tombeau de Couperin*-*Alborado del Gracioso*-Philadelphia Orchestra-Eugene Ormandy, conductor-Odyssey Y 33926

A perfectionist, who labored four and five years on certain compositions, Ravel, in 1928, faced the necessity of creating an entirely new work in a matter of months. He conceived to meet this obligation with a piece essentially void of content, an "exercise in orchestration" that would be of little interest, he believed, once removed from the ballet for which it was provided. The world has thought otherwise of *Bolero*; it is indisputably the most popular of "classical" selections. The Frenchman's meticulously controlled output often served double duty; "*Le Tombeau*" and "*Alborado*," which complete this attractive reissue, are piano creations that Ravel later orchestrated.



Stephane Grappelli Interview

by Susan Ahrens

One of the most in-demand session people these days plays a 1742 Gagliano violin, wears his flowing white hair slightly below the collar and crosses his fingers tightly when he gives his age as 68. He's done guest spots with such diverse figures as Jean-Luc Ponty, Pink Floyd, Manfred Mann, Eno and Paul Simon. He's scored commercials and movies, the most recent being the underground favorite, *Going Places*, and he set a record number of performances with his nightly gigs at the Paris Hilton Hotel. This man is Stephane Grappelli.

"I love rock and roll, I simply love it. When you go to a party, you don't want to be listening to the music of Berlioz, you know, you want to be listening to rock and roll, which I like very much," Stephane sits up in bed where he is resting after a particularly festive night on the town, two days before his Carnegie Hall performance. "It is very easy for me to play the blues," Grappelli's interpretation of what is commonly known as rock and roll, "and I say this without pretension, but of course, I cannot give the same atmosphere exactly as the rock and roll specialist because everybody has got something, you know? But basically, rock and roll is the old blues, like Louis Armstrong used to say when he heard rock and roll, 'Aw, that old soup is warming up again!' It is the same. Basically, it is the blues. Now when you are talking about pop music, that is a very different thing altogether." (Pop music here being heavier rock, as opposed to the American concept of pop as Muzak.) "As a matter of fact, pop music is not very far away from classical music. Mind you, I hear some pop musicians that are very great artists." Stephane later asked me if I knew anything about a "Mr. Beck, Jeff Beck." It seems Stephane is just as crazy about Beck as some of his younger fans.

Perhaps Grappelli's greatest claim to fame is his connection with the great Django Reinhardt, gypsy guitarist of the 30s and 40s. Together they formed the Hot Club of France, a quintet that became one of France's best jazz groups of that time. Django's influence is still felt, not only in

Stephane's conversation but even more so in his playing, as few concerts go by without a sweet rendition of *Nuages* or *Daphne*, two of Reinhardt's more popular compositions.

After Reinhardt's death in 1953, Grappelli drifted about playing concert halls and dinner clubs, always in his dreamy, airless manner, an ever present smile firmly plastered on his face. It was during a guest set at the Paris Hilton one night in 1971 that Grappelli met the person responsible for merging his lyrical violin with the "two chord" system of rock and roll:

'Paul Simon was the first one in that kind of music I meet. He came to see me about five years ago when I was playing at the Hilton Hotel in Paris, and he asked me to do a tune with him. So we met in the recording studio and nothing happened the first day because, maybe he was lacking inspiration, I don't know, but we came back the second day and at the end of the day something had happened. I gave him the idea to do a few chords and play a kind of blues, a rock and roll blues. We managed to do that, and I did something with my violin on the top of that, and then everybody was satisfied and we went home. One year later, I had completely forgotten about that, and he came back to the Hilton Hotel and said, 'Oh, by the way, do you remember that composition we did together?' I said, 'What composition? I never composed anything with you.' He said, 'Yes, yes, you composed something with me, a blues piece that I call *Hobo's Blues*.' Well, I asked everybody what that meant, hobo? I didn't know. I thought it was an oboe. Well, in any case, he asked me to co-sign the tune with him and he brought all the music and I was quite surprised to read what I had done on that record. (You can hear the tune on Simon's first solo effort *PAUL SIMON*.) It was very courteous of him and it was a very nice present he gave me because the record was successful. And that helped to pay the gas, you know?'

Since then, Grappelli has gotten involved with a lot of rock musicians and can be heard on many

albums, the latest being "Peter and the Wolf," the rock version recorded in England with such stars as Manfred Mann, Alvin Lee, Eno, Phil Collins and many others. He smiles, "Yes, I play the cat, but I didn't scratch."

Perhaps his greatest influence can be felt in the music of Jean-Luc Ponty, a jazz violinist who has opened the horizon of electrical violin to a limitless range. Ponty was a Grappelli protege for years and they have an album on Phillips Records called *LES GRAND VIOLINISTES DE JAZZ* that was recorded in France, and stands as Ponty's first album attempt. Of Ponty, Stephane has only the kindest words, until he

regains his professorial stance: "And I remember telling him, 'Don't forget to keep playing your violin. All fine and good with this electrical stuff, but if you do not play your violin as an instrument, you quickly forget your technique at playing.' And sure enough, he now continues to play this instrument onstage in addition to the electrical accompaniment."

Rarely does Grappelli use a pickup for a performance, and his return to Carnegie Hall in March was a pure acoustic delight. With him on the bill was the Diz Dizley Trio (Diz and Ike Issacs on guitars, Brian Torff on bass) and together they made the hall sway with sentimental swing. Alter-

nating from pop selections (*I Only Have Eyes For You*), MOR melodies (*Sweet Georgia Brown*) and also including a breathtaking classical solo in the middle of *Nuages* the master violinist kept the trio on their toes with his inspired improvisation.

As an instrument, the violin is only recently breaking new ground in jazz as the importance of musicians like Ponty and Michael Urbiniak continues to grow. It seems strange to think that the credit for all this may lie hidden somewhere behind the smile of a white-haired gentleman with a slight propensity for white wine and an even greater love for music of all kinds.

NORTH AMERICA'S No. 1 MUSIC STATION

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GIG TOP L.P.S and TAPE SALES GIG

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

ROCK & POP

1 FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE
PETER FRAMPTON (A&M SP 3703)

2 DESIRE
BOB DYLAN (Columbia PC 33893)

3 THEIR GREATEST HITS
EAGLES (Asylum 7E 1052)

4 FLEETWOOD MAC
FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros. BS 2225)

5 THOROUGHBRED
CAROLE KING (Ode SP 77034)

6 HISTORY
AMERICA'S GREATEST HITS
(Warner Bros. BS 2894)

7 RUN WITH THE PACK
BAD COMPANY (Swan Song SS 8416)

8 M.U. THE BEST OF
JETHRO TULL
(Chrysalis CHR1078)

9 WANTED: THE OUTLAWS
WAYLON JENNINGS, WILLIE NELSON, JESSI
COLTER, TOMPALL GLASOR (RCA APL1 1321)

10 MAIN COURSE
BEE GEES (RSO SO 4807)

11 STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS
PAUL SIMON (Columbia PC 33540)

12 RUFUS FEATURING
CHAKA KHAN
(ABC ABCD 909)

13 GRATITUDE
EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia PG 33694)

14 WAKE UP EVERYBODY
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES
(Phil. Int'l. PZ 33808)

15 SECOND CHILDHOOD
PHOEBE SNOW (Columbia PC 33952)

16 SPINNERS LIVE!
(Atlantic SD 2 910)

17 A NIGHT AT THE OPERA
QUEEN (Elektra 7E 1053)

18 HEAD ON
BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE
(Mercury SRM 1 1067)

19 THE SALSOUL
ORCHESTRA
(Salsoul SZB 5501)

20 HAIR OF THE DOG
NAZARETH (A&M SP 4511)

21 THE DREAM WEAVER
GARY WRIGHT (Warner Bros. SS 2868)

22 ELITE HOTEL
EMMYLOU HARRIS (Reprise MS 2236)

23 ONE OF THESE NIGHTS
EAGLES (Asylum 7E 1039)

24 ERIC CARMEN
(Arista AL 4057)

25 BETTER DAYS & HAPPY
ENDINGS
MELISSA MANCHESTER (Arista AL 4067)

26 AFTERTONES
JANIS IAN (Columbia PC 33919)

27 CHICAGO IX
CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS
(Columbia PC 33900)

28 TIMES OF YOUR LIFE
PAUL ANKA (United Artists UALA 569 G)

29 SONGS FOR THE NEW
DEPRESSION
BETTE MIDLER (Atlantic SD 18155)

30 NATIVE SON
LOGGINS & MESSINA (Columbia PC 33578)

The GIG-let denotes upward movement.

31 FACE THE MUSIC
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
(United Artists UALA 546 G)

32 TRYIN' TO GET
THE FEELIN'
BARRY MANILOW (Arista AL 4060)

33 FAMILY REUNION
O'JAYS (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33807)

34 TOYS IN THE ATTIC
AEROSMITH (Columbia PC 33479)

35 FOOL FOR THE CITY
FOGHAT (Bearsville BR 6959)

36 FROM EVERY STAGE
JOAN BAEZ (A&M 3704)

37 TED NUGENT
(Epic PE 33692)

38 IF THE SHOE FITS
PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE (RCA APL1 1247)

39 GIMME BACK MY BULLETS
LYNYRD SKYNYRD (MCA 2170)

40 LET THE MUSIC PLAY
BARRY WHITE (20th Century T 502)

41 THE BEST OF GLADYS
KNIGHT AND THE PIPS
(Buddah BDS 5653)

42 GROOVE-A-THON
ISAAC HAYES (Hot Buttered Soul ABCD 925)

43 CITY LIFE
BLACKBYRDS
(Fantasy F 9490)

44 GIVE US A WINK
SWEET (Capitol ST 11496)

45 HOW DARE YOU
10cc (Mercury SRM 1 1061)

46 EQUINOX
STYX (A&M SP 4559)

47 AEROSMITH
(Columbia PC 32005)

48 REFLECTIONS
JERRY GARCIA (Round RXLA 565 G)

49 WHO LOVES YOU
FOUR SEASONS (Warner Bros./Curb BS 2900)

50 RED OCTOPUS
JEFFERSON STARSHIP (Grunt BFL1 0999)

SOUL

1 GRATITUDE
EARTH WIND & FIRE (Columbia PG 33694)

2 RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA
KHAN
(ABC ABCD 909)

3 FEELS SO GOOD
GROVER WASHINGTON JR. (Kudu 24 S1)

4 HE'S A FRIEND
EDDIE KENDRICKS (Tamla T6 343 S1)

5 FAMILY REUNION
O'JAYS (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33807)

6 WAKE UP EVERYBODY
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES
(Phil. Int'l. PZ 33808)

7 CITY LIFE
BLACKBYRDS (Fantasy F 9490)

8 THE BEST OF GLADYS
KNIGHT & THE PIPS
(Buddah BDS 5653)

9 LET THE MUSIC PLAY
BARRY WHITE (20th Century T 502)

10 TURNING POINT
TYRONE DAVIS (Dakar DK 76918)

11 MOTHERSHIP
CONNECTION
PARLIAMENT (Casablanca NBLP 7022)

12 BRASS CONSTRUCTION
(United Artists UALA 545 G)

13 GROOVE-A-THON
ISAAC HAYES (Hot Buttered Soul ABCD 925)

14 DIANA ROSS
(Motown M6 861 S1)

15 INSEPARABLE
NATALIE COLE (Capitol ST 11429)

16 SPINNERS LIVE!
(Atlantic SD 2910)

17 LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY
DONNA SUMMER (Oasis OCLP 5003)

18 HONEY
OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury SRM 1 1038)

19 ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
(TSOP PZ 33844)

20 RATTLESNAKE
OHIO PLAYERS (20th Century Westbound W 211)

21 NEW YORK CONNECTION
TOM SCOTT (Ode SP 77033)

22 MYSTIC VOYAGE
ROY AYERS UNIQUITY (Polydor PD 6057)

23 DISCO CONNECTION
ISAAC HAYES MOVEMENT
(Hot Buttered Soul ABCD 923)

24 PLACES AND SPACES
DONALD BYRD (Blue Note BNLA 549 G)

25 BETTER DAYS & HAPPY
ENDINGS
MELISSA MANCHESTER (Arista AL 4067)

26 HOT
JAMES BROWN (Polydor PD 6059)

27 WHEN LOVE IS NEW
BILLY PAUL (Phil. Int'l. PZ 33843)

28 CONFESSIN' THE BLUES
ESTHER PHILLIPS (Atlantic SD 1680)

29 RAISING HELL
FATBACK BAND (Event EV 6905)

30 KC AND THE
SUNSHINE BAND
(TK 603)

31 MAKING MUSIC
BILL WITHERS (Columbia PC 33704)

32 I LOVE THE BLUES,
SHE HEARD MY CRY
GEORGE DUKE (BASF/MPS MC 25671)

33 TRACK OF THE CAT
DIONNE WARWICK (Warner Bros. BS 2893)

34 TYMES UP
TYMES (RCA APL1 1072)

35 HOT CHOCOLATE
(Big Tree BT 89512)

36 LET'S DO IT AGAIN/
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
STAPLE SINGERS WITH CURTIS MAYFIELD
(Curtom CU 5005)

37 HOT SHOT
JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL STARS
(Soul S6 745 S1)

38 BABY FACE
WING & A PRAYER FIFE & DRUM CORPS (Wing &
A Prayer HS 3025)

39 FINGER LICKIN' GOOD
DENNIS COFFEY (20th Century
Westbound W 212)

40 I HEAR A SYMPHONY
HANK CRAWFORD (Kudu)

41 MARCHING IN THE STREETS
HARVEY MASON (Arista AL 4054)

42 BACK TO BACK
BRECKER BROTHERS (Arista AL 4061)

43 HARMONY GRITS
STREET CORNER SYMPHONY (Bang BLP 406)

44 BEFORE THE DAWN
PATRICE RUSHEN (Prestige P 10098)

45 HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN
Idris Muhammed (Kudu 27)

46 BAD LUCK
ATLANTA DISCO BAND (Arlola America ST 50004)

47 THE OL' BLUES SINGERS
LOWELL FULSON (Granite GS 1006)

48 GET OUT'A MY WAY
HOUSTON PERSON (20th Century
Westbound W 219)

49 MOTOWN DISCOTECH #3
(Motown M6 853 S1)

50 LOVELOCK!
GENE PAGE (Atlantic SD 18161)

COUNTRY

1 ELITE HOTEL
EMMYLOU HARRIS (Reprise MS 2236)

2 BLACK BEAR ROAD
C.W. McCALL (MGM M3G 5008)

3 WANTED: THE OUTLAWS
WAYLON JENNINGS, WILLIE NELSON, JESSI
COLTER, TOMPALL GLASOR (RCA APL1 1321)

4 LOVIN' AND LEARNIN'
TANYA TUCKER (MCA 2167)

5 JESSI
JESSI COLTER (Capitol ST 11477)

6 200 YEARS OF
COUNTRY MUSIC
SONNY JAMES (Columbia KC 34035)

7 ROCK N' COUNTRY
FREDDY FENDER (ABC/Dot DOSD 2044)

8 WHEN THE TINGLE
BECOMES A CHILL
LORETTA LYNN (MCA 2179)

9 STEPPIN' OUT
GARY STEWART (RCA APL1 1225)

10 SOMETIMES
BILL ANDERSON & MARY LOU TURNER
(MCA 2182)

JAZZ

1 OPEN YOUR EYES
YOU CAN FLY
FLORA PURIM (Milestone M 9065)

2 AMAZONAS
CAL TJADER (Fantasy F 9502)

3 KENTON '76
STAN KENTON (Creative World ST 1076)

4 SILVER 'N WOOD
HORACE SILVER (Blue Note BNLA 581 G)

5 PLACES AND SPACES
DONALD BYRD (Blue Note BNLA 549 G)

6 NEW YORK CONNECTION
TOM SCOTT (Ode SP 77033)

7 CONFESSIN' THE BLUES
ESTHER PHILLIPS (Atlantic SD 1680)

8 BACK TO BACK
BRECKER BROTHERS (Arista AL 4061)

9 FEELS SO GOOD
GROVER WASHINGTON JR. (Kudu 24 S1)

10 L.A. EXPRESS
(Caribou PZ 33940)

LATIN

1 ROBERTO PULIDO
LOS CLASICOS (GS 121)

2 CREMA DE CUMBIA CON EL
COSTA AZUL (NVL 309)

3 MEMORIES
LATIN BREED (GC 119)

4 EL MAESTRO
JOHNNIE PACHECO (Fania 485)

5 LEAD ME TO THAT
BEAUTIFUL BAND
BOBBY RODRIGUEZ & COMPANY (V 43)

6 SHE STILL THINKS I CARE
FREDDY FENDER (ARV 1030)

7 THERE GOES THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
WILLIE COLON & MON RIVIERA (V 42)

8 MADE IN AMERICA
TORTILLA FACTORY (FLP 4073)

9 PUPY Y SU CHARANGA
PUPY Y SU CHARANGE (Vaya V 40)

10 AFRO-INDIO
MONGO SANTAMARIA (Vaya V 38)



TOP SINGLES SALES



ROCK & POP

- 1 DECEMBER 1963 (OH WHAT A NIGHT)
FOUR SEASONS (Curb 8168, Warner Bros.)
- 2 ALL BY MYSELF
ERIC CARMEN (Arista 0165)
- 3 LOVE MACHINE PT. 1
MIRACLES (Tamla 54262)
- 4 TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT
EAGLES (Asylum 45293)
- 5 DREAM WEAVER
GARY WRIGHT (Warner Bros. 8167)
- 6 LOVE HURTS
NAZARETH (A&M 1671)
- 7 LONELY NIGHT (ANGEL FACE)
CAPTAIN & TENNILLE (A&M 1782)
- 8 SWEET THING
RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12149)
- 9 JUNK FOOD JUNKIE
LARRY CROCE (Warner Bros./Curb 8165)
- 10 FANNY (BE TENDER WITH MY LOVE)
BEE GEES (RSO 519)
- 11 GOLDEN YEARS
DAVID BOWIE (RCA 10441)
- 12 DREAM ON
AEROSMITH (Columbia 3 10278)
- 13 THE WHITE KNIGHT
CLEDUS MAGGARD (Mercury 73751)
- 14 DEEP PURPLE
DONNIE & MARIE OSMOND (Kolob 14840)
- 15 SLOW RIDE
FOGHAT (Bearsville 0306)
- 16 MONEY HONEY
BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista 0170)
- 17 ONLY SIXTEEN
DR. HOOK (Capitol 4171)
- 18 BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
QUEEN (Elektra 45297)
- 19 DISCO LADY
JOHNNY TAYLOR (Columbia 3 10281)
- 20 CUPID
TONY ORLANDO & DAWN (Elektra 45302)
- 21 TANGERINE
SALSOUL ORCHESTRA (Salsoul 2004)
- 22 JUST YOU AND I
MELISSA MANCHESTER (Arista 0168)
- 23 SWEET LOVE
COMMODORES (Motown 1381)
- 24 LOVE IS THE DRUG
ROXY MUSIC (Atco 7042)
- 25 TAKE IT LIKE A MAN
BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE (Mercury 73766)
- 26 HOLD BACK THE NIGHT
TRAMMPS (Buddah 507)
- 27 INSEPARABLE
NATALIE COLE (Capitol 4193)
- 28 GOOD HEARTED WOMAN
WAYLON & WILLIE (RCA 10529)
- 29 LET YOUR LOVE FLOW
BELLAMY BROTHERS (Warner Bros./Curb 8169)
- 30 ONLY LOVE IS REAL
CAROLE KING (Ode 66119)
- 31 ACTION
SWEET (Capitol 4220)
- 32 RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM
MAXINE NIGHTINGALE (United Artists 752)
- 33 LOVE FIRE
JIGSAW (Chelsea 3037)
- 34 BOOGIE FEVER
SYLVERS (Capitol 4179)

- 35 HE'S A FRIEND
EDDIE KENDRICKS (Tamla 54266)
- 36 I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL (Fantasy 759)
- 37 YOU'LL LOSE A GOOD THING
FREDDY FENDER (ABC/Dot 17607)
- 38 I DO, I DO, I DO, I DO, I DO
ABBA (Atlantic 3310)
- 39 THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH (ALL OVER THE WORLD)
CARPENTERS (A&M 1800)
- 40 SHOW ME THE WAY
PETER FRAMPTON (A&M 1693)
- 41 LORELEI
STYX (A&M 1786)
- 42 LOOKING FOR SPACE
JOHN DENVER (RCA 10586)
- 43 WE CAN'T HIDE IT ANYMORE
LARRY SANTOS (Casablanca 844)
- 44 FOPP
OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73775)
- 45 HIT THE ROAD JACK
STAMPEDERS (Quality 501)
- 46 IF YOU ONLY BELIEVE (JESUS FOR TONITE)
MICHEL POLNAREFF (Atlantic 3314)
- 47 SARA SMILE
DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES (RCA 10530)
- 48 SING A SONG
EARTH WIND & FIRE (Columbia 3 10251)
- 49 BREAKAWAY
ART GARFUNKEL (Columbia 10273)
- 50 I WRITE THE SONGS
BARRY MANILOW (Arista 0157)

SOUL

- 1 DISCO LADY
JOHNNY TAYLOR (Columbia 3 10281)
- 2 BOOGIE FEVER
SYLVERS (Capitol 4179)
- 3 KEEP HOLDING ON
TEMPTATIONS (Gordy 7146)
- 4 NEW ORLEANS
THE STAPLE SINGERS (Curtom 0113)
- 5 SWEET THING
RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12149)
- 6 SWEET LOVE
COMMODORES (Motown 1381)
- 7 LET THE MUSIC PLAY
BARRY WHITE (20th Century 2265)
- 8 HE'S A FRIEND
EDDIE KENDRICKS (Tamla 54266)
- 9 I NEED YOU, YOU NEED ME
JOE SIMON (Spring 163)
- 10 MISTY BLUE
DOROTHY MOORE (Malaco 1029)
- 11 PARTY HEARTY
OLIVER SAIN (Abet 9463)
- 12 YOU'RE MY ONE WEAKNESS GIRL
STREET PEOPLE (Vigor 1728)
- 13 MERRY GO ROUND
MONDAY AFTER (Buddah 512)
- 14 THE JAM
GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION (Warner Bros. 8175)
- 15 FEEL THE SPIRIT (IN 76')
LEROY HUTSON AND THE FREE SPIRIT SYMPHONY (Curtom 0112)
- 16 DO IT WITH FEELING
MICHAEL ZAGER'S MOON BAND FEATURING PEABO BRYSON (Bang 720)

- 17 YOU
ARETHA FRANKLIN (Atlantic 3311)
- 18 HONEY I
GEORGE McCRAE (TK 1016)
- 19 HOLD BACK THE NIGHT
TRAMMPS (Buddah 507)
- 20 NURSERY RHYMES (PART I)
PEOPLE'S CHOICE (TSOP 84773)
- 21 HAPPY MUSIC
BLACKBYRDS (Fantasy 762)
- 22 YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
STYLISTICS (Avco 1664)
- 23 LET'S GROOVE (PART I)
ARSHIE BELL & THE DRELLS (TSOP 4775)
- 24 DAYLIGHT
BOBBY WOMACK (United Artists 763)
- 25 MIGHTY HIGH
MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY (ABC 12164)
- 26 THE LOVE I NEVER HAD
TAVARES (Capitol 4221)
- 27 FOPP
OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73775)
- 28 TANGERINE
THE SALSOUL ORCHESTRA (Salsoul 2004)
- 29 (CALL ME) THE TRAVELING MAN
MASQUERADERS (Hot Buttered Soul 12157)
- 30 BAD LUCK
ATLANTA DISCO BAND (Ariola America 7611)
- 31 HEART BE STILL
CARL GRAVES (A&M 1757)
- 32 TRAIN CALLED FREEDOM
SOUTH SHORE COMMISSION (Wand 11294)
- 33 HIPIT
HOSANNA (Calla 12078)
- 34 I'M SO GLAD
JR. WALKER (Soul 35116)
- 35 IT'S COOL
TYMES (RCA 10561)
- 36 DAY AFTER DAY (NIGHT AFTER NIGHT)
REFLECTION (Capitol 4222)
- 37 LET'S MAKE A BABY
BILLY PAUL (Phil. Int'l. 3584)
- 38 I'VE GOT A FEELING (WE'LL BE SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN)
AL WILSON (Playboy 6062)
- 39 PARTY DOWN
WILLIE HUTCH (Motown 1371)
- 40 WAKE UP EVERYBODY (PART I)
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUENOTES (Phil. Int'l 3579)
- 41 FINDERS KEEPERS
SOUL CHILDREN (Epic 8 50178)
- 42 THE DEVIL IS DOING HIS WORK
CHILITES (Brunswick 55525)
- 43 SHAME ON THE WORLD
MAIN INGREDIENT (RCA 10431)
- 44 WALK AWAY FROM LOVE
DAVID RUFFIN (Motown 1376)
- 45 LOVING POWER
IMPRESSIONS (Curtom 0110)
- 46 P. FUNK
PARLIAMENT (Casablanca 852)
- 47 I CHOOSE YOU
CHICAGO GANGSTERS (Amherst 1949)
- 48 LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING (COME TOGETHER)
KOOL & THE GANG (DeLite 1579)
- 49 BOHANNON BEAT
BOHANNON (Dakar 4551)
- 50 QUEEN OF CLUBS
KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 1005)

Not all these records may be available in your record stores. Ask your dealer for them.

The GIG-let denotes upward movement.

INSTRUMENTALLY YOURS

by Jean-Charles Costa

Just wanted to lead off this second installment with a friendly nod to the legendary Gibson guitar company, now a division of Norlin Music Inc. Once again, we will neatly sidestep the "old v. new" controversy touched on in

the previous column. Suffice to say that Gibson continues to make the wide array of snazzy hollow body/solid body electrics and acoustic guitars that have set standards in the rock and roll business for many years. Because of the

huge amount of instruments manufactured by Gibson each year, there is bound to be a certain unevenness in terms of finished quality—especially in the area of necks and fretwork. "Top-of-the-line" models like the stunning hollow body, "The Citation," or the beautifully proportioned solid body, the L5-S (jazz neck and a rock 'n roll body with a lot of pretty gold-plated gadgetry) are uniformly excellent. As you move progressively

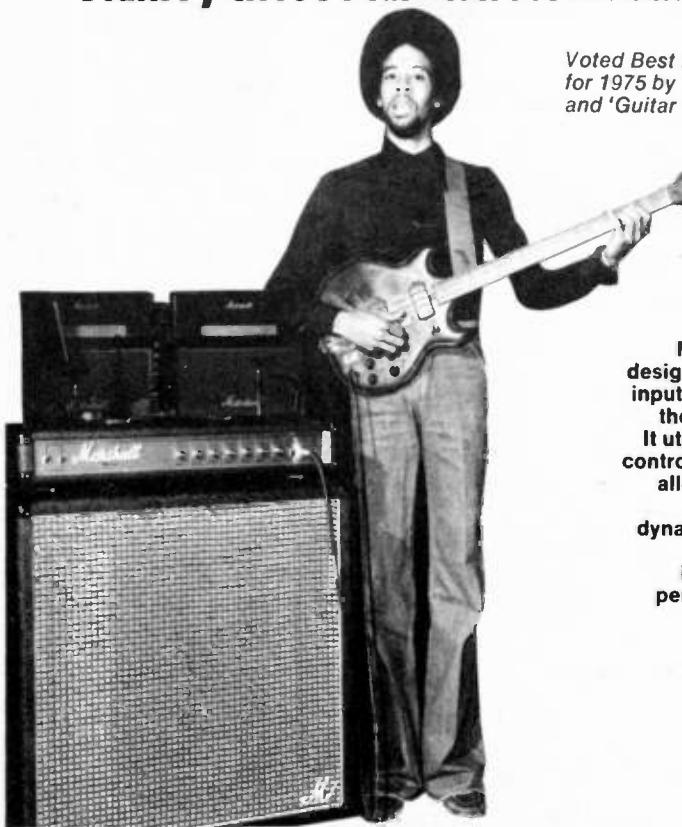
down the price scale however, you'd do well to consider your individual choice carefully before plunking down the coin. "You get what you pay for" is not a hard and fast rule these days.

In any case, Gibson models of particular note include the trusty Les Paul Custom and Deluxe, the new L6-S (give it time to mellow) and that slick, ever-popular SG Custom in the field of electric solid bodies; the new "Howard Roberts," the Super 400 CES, the "Johnny Smith" and the L-5CES as far as mammoth, hollow body "jazz" guitars are concerned; the classic Gibson ES-355, 345 (Stereo) and 335 in the "thin electric acoustic series"; and, finally, the very flashy lookin' and tough soundin' Gibson J-200 (Jumbo), "Hummingbird," and "Dove" in the acoustic guitar line-up. Known world-wide for their rich, dense electric sound and the steely, hard-edged power that projects effortlessly from their acoustic instruments, Gibson is an inevitable and pervasive presence on the musical instrument scene, in addition to being a personal favorite.

Here is a picture of Stanley Clarke, legendary bass player with



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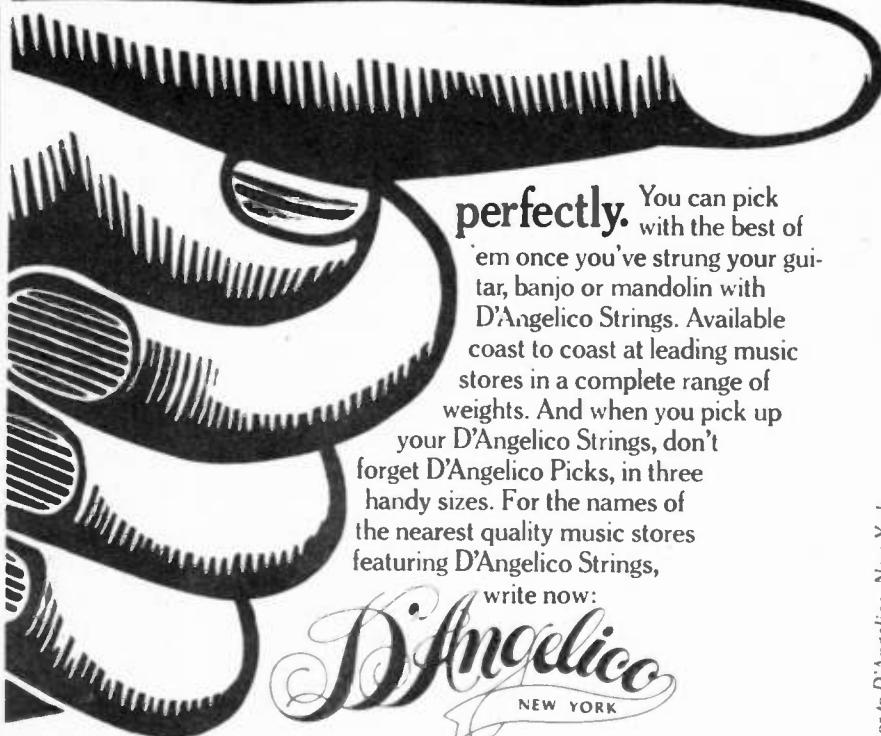
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NEW YORK

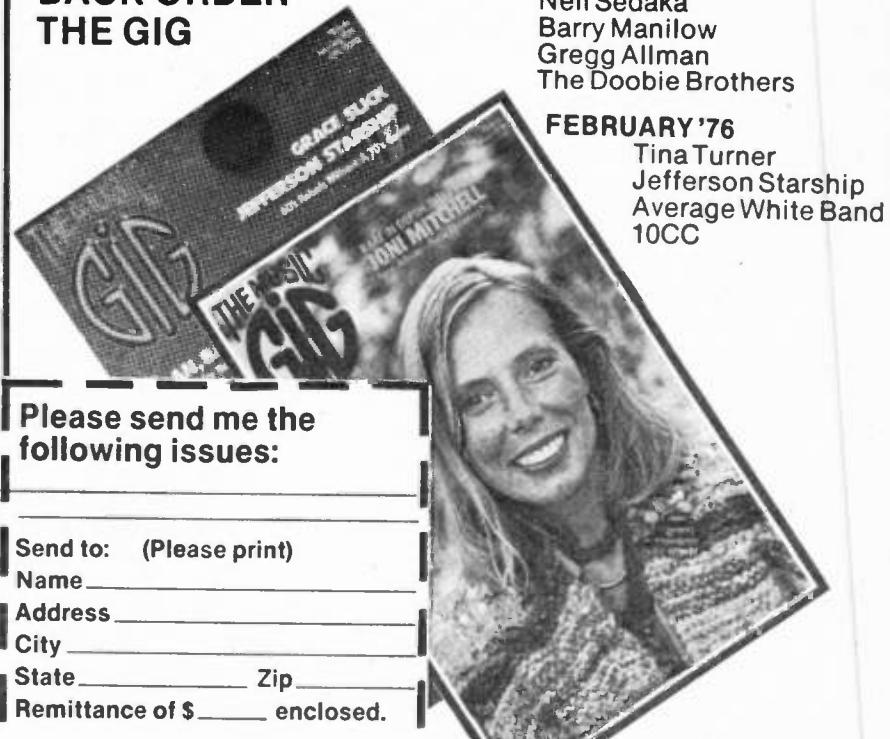
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Average White Band
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Use this convenient coupon to order available back issues at \$1.00 plus .50 postage each. Remittance must be included with each order.

INSTRUMENTALLY YOURS

continued from page 62

Return To Forever and star in his own right. He is smiling. He is also endorsing the new Marshall solid state bass amplifier. A lot of people aren't too thrilled with solid-state circuitry as it relates to amplifier "sound." Marshall is doing its very best to provide that awesome, slightly distorted sound characteristic to these elegant, dark green British beauties without the distressing side effect of tubes blowing left and right. Since the late-middle sixties Marshall has not just been building sturdy, powerhouse amps, they've created a particular mythology in terms of aural construct. Walls of "boosted" 100 Watt Marshall Tops and Bottoms still means something for chrisssakes! Played by every major rock musician at one time or another. Distributed by Merson Musical Products in Westbury, N.Y.

Hey gang, let's hear it for the Swedes! They've been sadly neglected, and any country that can offer up Swedish meatballs, Bjorn Borg, Liv Ullman, ABBA, Ingemar Stenmark, the Volvo, Hagstrom Guitars and the Laughing Policeman for openers, is just swell in my book. Hagstrom instruments are now distributed by Ampeg in the U.S., so, if you're lucky, you may be getting a little Swedish "taste" in your local music outlet. Watch particularly for the "Swede," a well-made solid body guitar that approximates the Les Paul in terms of body shape (but that's nothing new) with a few added extras like a three position control switch for both volume and

tone control as well as custom designed machine heads by Jimmy D'Aquisto. Larry Coryell is the only major picker to use one thus far, but that's not bad for openers either.

Worth Further Investigation: The

compact Peavey "Deuce" 120 Watt, offered with two 12" or four 10" drivers. Also, the new Peavey EQ-10 Graphic Equalizer which "features 10 band equalization from 50Hz—12KHz with 12 dB cut or boost on each band for maximum

EQ throughout the tonal spectrum"—just in case you were wondering. The new "Mark" series of acoustic guitars by Gibson with some radical innovations in bridge-work, inner construction, bracing and body design. And finally, to

keep all of this free from harm, the "Protector" a heat-treated aluminum alloy, form-fitted guitar case by Gibson. Expensive, but worth it if you ever have to take your solid body or thin-line electric on a plane ride.

CF MARTIN PROUDLY ANNOUNCES TWO LIMITED EDITION BICENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIVE INSTRUMENTS

Introducing, for your pleasure, two limited edition series.

First, the D-76 Guitar. Features include a three-piece rosewood back, with herringbone backstrips.

The soundhole rosette is also trimmed with herringbone inlay. Thirteen pearl stars in the ebony fingerboard and a pearl eagle in the headstock recall our country's early days.

Second, the V-76 Banjo. The herringbone is centered on the sides of the resonator, there are thirteen pearl stars in the fingerboard, and a pearl eagle in the headstock and on the back of the resonator.

Both instruments come complete with cases. Only 1976 guitars and 76 banjos will be produced. When you purchase one, your name and

the serial number of your instrument will be registered in the Martin Archives. A few additional instruments are being reserved for sale to the craftsmen who hand make them.

Since this is a numbered and limited edition of these two instruments, may we suggest you see your Martin dealer as soon as possible for details. Footnote for history buffs: This is the second of our nation's major anniversaries that Martin has helped celebrate. Our instruments were displayed at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. A replica of our Centennial Exhibitor's Certificate is included with each instrument.

THE CF MARTIN ORGANISATION
Nazareth, Pennsylvania 18064



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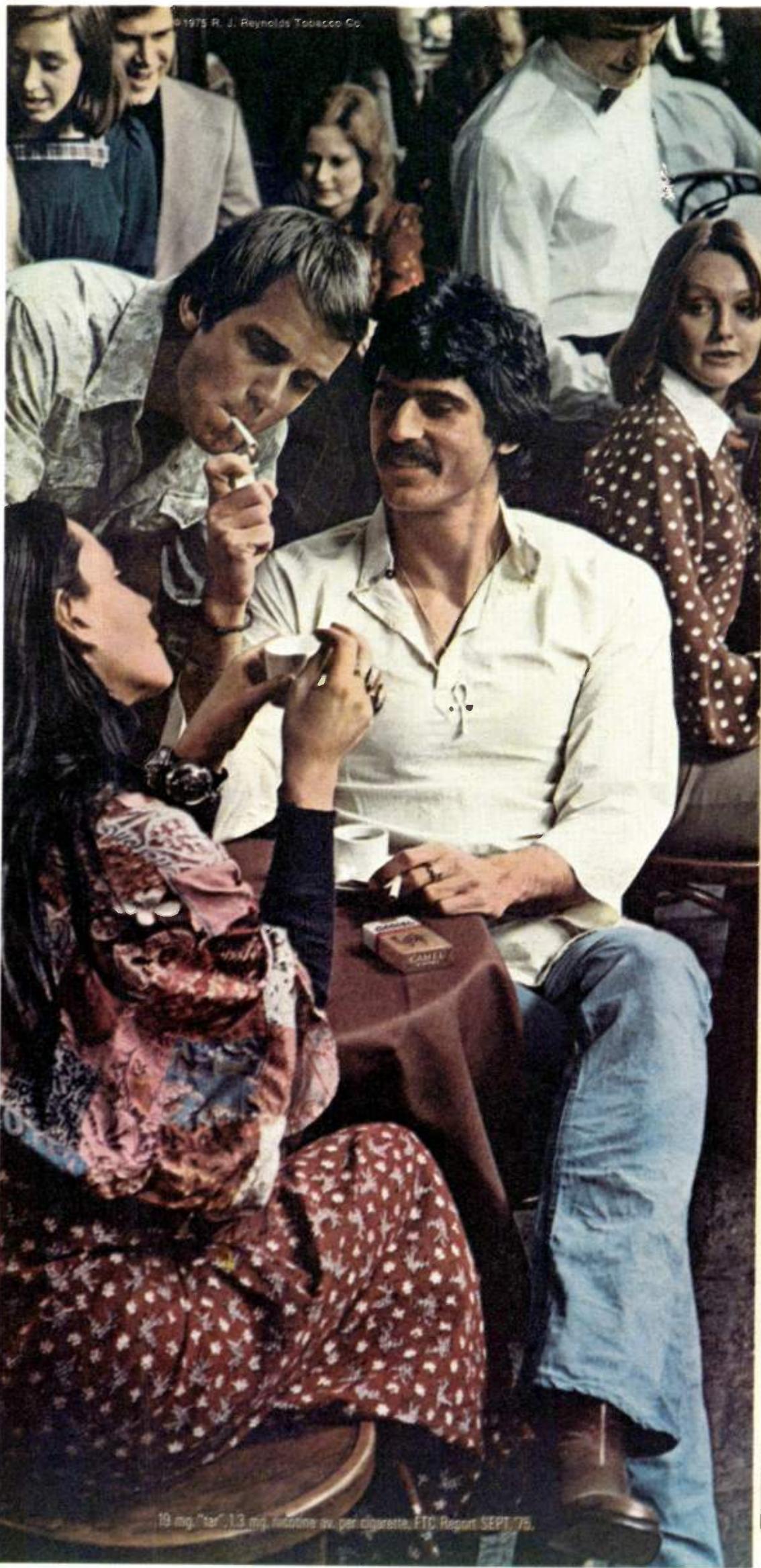
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