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Patti Smith on Patti Smith

Ron Carter

'GODS OF JAZZ'

McCoy Tyner

**Bootsy's
Rubber Band**

Bob Seger

Andrew Gold

Dictators!

Reviews: ELP, Beach Boys, Bonnie Raitt, Peter Gabriel and more

BAD COMPANY 1977: AN ANACHRONISM?

Guitarist
Mick Ralphs
On The
Defensive



Helen Reddy
Sounds
Delicious
In Her
New Album
Ear Candy

Includes
Her Latest Hit,
"You're My World."

On Capitol Records and Tapes.

Produced by Kim Fowley
and Earle Mankey





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Volume 3 Number 10
JUNE 1977

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Considerably more of Chaka in the Centerfold



The Kiss Tour of Japan... Next month in GIG

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The Beach Boys Love You

Rolling Stone's Comeback Artist of 1976, Brian Wilson,
(with brothers, cousin and friend)
follows 15 *Big Ones* with 14 new ones on the new Beach Boys album . . .

THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU.

It's a new creative peak for The First Family of American Pop Music.

It's produced by Brian Wilson.

It's on Brother/Reprise Records and Tapes. MSK 2258



London's Latest Export: "DOLE Q" ROCK



EBET ROBERTS

Audience participation? This young lady found herself a part of the show at CBGB when Dave Vanian plucked her from a ringside seat. She recovered enough later to ask our photographer to send her prints of the incident...

The Band is Not a Band



Levon Helm takes time out from work on his new album. He is recording at his house in Woodstock with a little help from his friends Dr John and Paul Butterfield.

Photo for GIG by Susan Weinik.

Following the Band's West Coast farewell concert, its individual members have indeed scattered themselves to the wind. Levon Helm is signed to do a solo album for ABC. Robbie Robertson is taking a long vacation. Garth Hudson is accompanying Levon on his album, but nothing more. Rick Danko has signed with Arista Records and, according to a Capitol Records publicist, "No one's heard anything" about Richard Manuel. Such a shame...

Back into FOCUS

Focus has reformed with its original lineup and resigned with Sire Records, the label which broke them in the States. *A Ship Of Memories*, their first album under the new agreement, has just been released and, as before, the lineup of the band is: Thijs van Leer (organ/vocals), Jan Akkerman (guitar), Bert Ruiter (bass) and Pierre van der Linden (drums). A summer tour is in the works.

Damned Cut Loose on Alien Turf

In recent months, you've probably been hearing about the earth shattering "New Wave" of rock and roll bands sweeping through Britain like a high speed Panzer division. British tabloids have added fuel to the fire with scare stories about the outrageous public and private antics of these menacing exponents of "dole" (welfare) rock; bands like the Sex Pistons, the Clash, Eddie & The Hot Rods and the Damned. Well, you don't have to get it second-hand anymore gang, the first tentative steps of the New British Invasion circa '77 recently took place when the Damned, one of the top three British new wave bands, brought their particular brand of "rock and roll calculated to offend" to CBGB's in New York City, home turf for the New York back-to-basics rockers. The following is a first hand report on this transcendent Anglo-American cultural exchange by GIG's on-the-spot reporter, Jim Green:

Three young men climb onstage and into their instruments. A fourth, dressed in black, purple lipstick and eyeshadow with closely-cropped, shiny black hair pulled back across his skull, stalks about the stage, an unearthly spotlight pouring down on him. The others let loose a cacophony of sound less related to music than to feeling the surge of electricity letting onlookers know exactly who's onstage, launching into a loud and frantic rendition of "I Feel Alright" by the Stooges. The Damned are here.

Punk Rock Mecca

"Here" is CBGB's, the Mecca of punk-rock bands in New York, a long, narrow and dark wooden box with a bar on one side, tables on the other and a stage at the back. It's somewhat like sitting inside a lit cigar, the haze of tobacco, alcohol and music clogging the senses, inducing a willingness to sit,

continued on 12

Elton Off the Hook



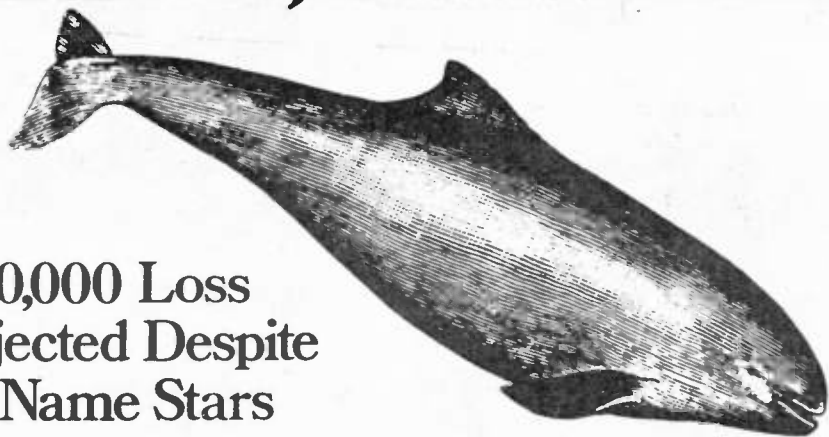
ILLUSTRATION FOR GIG BY STUART FERSHT

"It's a bullshit story and they've been asked to print a retraction," says Dick Grant, Elton John's personal publicist about a recent New York Daily News item in writer Liz Smith's column which captioned a photo of Elton with, "Sorry, he's not listening." It went on to relate that, "Elton John has removed all the phones in his English house and now people wanting to communicate with him have to clatter their message in on a teletype machine he has

installed. More and more reclusive, our stars..."

"There are thousands of phones in Elton's house and he hasn't taken out one of them," Grant counters. "It's just that, even though the numbers are unlisted, he has to change them every month because somehow his fans get hold of them." The teletype machine was installed, Grant adds, but if you want to talk to Elton, it's easier to call. That is, if you have the number.

DOLPHIN PROJECT FLOPS AT GATE



\$200,000 Loss Projected Despite Big Name Stars

Tokyo—Maybe a hundred different organizations dedicated to wildlife conservation, particularly dolphins, whales and other denizens of the deep, and almost fifty musicians converged under the Harumi Dome, located on Tokyo landfill. There they played and lectured for three days for the benefit of the dolphin, and sometimes it looked like they were almost talking to themselves. The Dolphin Project Concerts was a musical boon but a flop at the gate and a political question mark.

The cast included Jackson Browne (who had just toured the country) Richie Havens, John David Souther, Danny O'Keefe, Odetta, John Sebastian (and the Rolling Coconut Review, a name the entire event later took on), Terry Reid and David Lindley, Joe McDonald (he's dropped the "Country,") Mimi Farina, Warren Zevon, Eric Andersen, Lonnie Mack, Stuff, and the Paul Winter Consort—plus some terrific Japanese bands.

But even a cast like that failed to draw more than 6,000 at the Saturday night show (when California Governor Jerry Brown made a brief pitch for the whales), and 3,000 or so for the other three performances. Too many people don't know what they missed.

Part of the problem was the Dolphin Project organization itself: They appeared to be a bunch of committed conservationists from San Francisco with a San Francisco circa 1966 mentality that may span the Golden Gate but simply can't cut it across the Pacific, let alone anywhere else. Their advance publicity was nil, they had no money to advertise, they were completely unaware of how the only two Tokyo promoters guard their turf with ferocity and so the Benefit was nearly put out to sea at the inconvenient, heated Harumi Dome. But they brought along Wavy Gravy, the famous Hog Farm commune leader, perhaps the last living psychedelic relic, Michael Lang, the one-time producer of Woodstock (who fell asleep during the Dolphin Project's initial press conference), great musicians, and as far as the audience was concerned, very good vibes.

The musical highlights were provided by a wonderfully calm set by J.D. Souther, preceded by a fine set by Danny O'Keefe on Saturday night; also, a sterling performance the next morning by Mimi Farina in a haunting duet with saxophonist Paul Winter ("Black Sunday Blues;") a quartet jam

with John Sebastian, Winter, and Peter Rowan ("Everybody's Talkin'") which was then joined by violinist Richard Greene for a rousing "Pack Up Your Sorrows."

The Winter Consort closed the Sunday morning concert with one of the most unique mixes of classical, jazz, and native traditional influences—a glistening sound that encouraged the listener onto an astral plane—despite the endless raps that went over the Japanese kids' heads (and put us in the doldrums.)

A \$200,000 loss was expected, but the Dolphin Project reports that future benefit concerts by Richie Havens, Jesse Colin Young and others would cut down the deficit—hopefully.

— Stan Mises

Dali Eats Mikes?

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that Canadian singer-guitarist David Wilcox eats microphones for a living. There is also no truth to the rumor that he is Salvador Dali's illegitimate son (daughter maybe). What is true, however, is that the man is a bitch of a slide guitar player and a riveting stage performer. We caught Wilcox and his band (the Teddy Bears) at the Chimney, a Toronto club, recently. They were doing four (count 'em four) sets a night. Wilcox has written forty original songs for the act and they didn't repeat a song from set to set. Best tunes were "Don't Feed The Bears," "I Thought I Had The Blues But I Don't," and "Tiko, Tiko." Can't understand why Wilcox doesn't have a record deal yet. Watch for him.



STEVE WEITZMAN

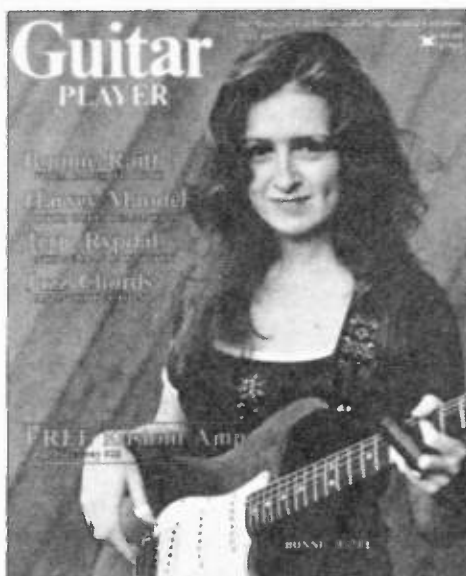
WINGS FLYING TO CBS?

Are Paul McCartney & Wings leaving Capitol Records to join CBS? Says Bob Altschuler, VP of Press Information: "I have no information on that. I've heard a lot of rumors and that's one of the rumors I've heard, but there's nothing solid that anybody has on that." Sounds like they are. . . .



CLIVE ARROWSMITH

Bonnie Rates a Cover



Guitar Player, a magazine with an overwhelmingly male readership which overwhelmingly would rather listen to and read about male guitarists, turned a few heads by placing Bonnie Raitt on the cover of their May issue.

"It was purely a musical decision," says GP's Editor Jim Crockett. "We've had a number of people ask us if we were trying to appease women, but it was a musical decision. We've been trying to do a story on Bonnie for about 2½ years—various interviews were cancelled. Originally, it was never going to be a cover story but in that time her albums have done so well and we've had lots and lots of mail about her in the last year, we thought it would be a good draw. It was a good solid cover story and the fact that she was a woman was incidental. It *did* come up and I'm not

trying to be coy and say that nobody noticed that it was a woman but when it did come up, it was like, 'Hey, it's great that this good guitar player is a woman.' It was rather pleasant because it's been quite some years since we've had a woman on the cover."

Buffy Saint-Marie became the first female performer on *Guitar Player's* cover, in June 1969. "But," Crockett says, "the photo was so dark you couldn't tell who it was."

In the future, Crockett adds, "We don't have any other women anticipated right now in terms of covers but we're doing Phoebe Snow inside the magazine." Why not on the cover like Bonnie? "Phoebe's a damn good guitar player," Crockett explains, "but Bonnie is really a much better guitar player. The blues influence and the slide things that she does are really very strong appeals to our type of readers. There aren't that many people playing good slide guitar in contemporary music. The numbers stop at about six or so. So just her musical appeal to guys who play guitar was very, very strong."

Bonnie, according to Crockett, "was very happy that she was going to be in the first place but she was knocked out to find out she was the cover. She was thrilled to death." Interestingly, a source close to Bonnie offered, "It took us quite a while to get her to do that."

At any rate, our congrats go to *Guitar Player* for a hip cover story selection. If only our publisher would let us do the same.

Marquee Down Tube?

A recent issue of England's "Record Mirror" offered a depressing analysis of the talent now playing the used-to-be prestigious Marquee Club in London. According to the British tabloid, during a typical recent week the club presented such non-luminaries as the George Hatcher Band and The Motors on Monday; Doctors of Madness & The Motors on Tuesday; Fumble on Wednesday; Nasty Pop on Thursday; Nova on Friday; Heartbreaker & Second Avenue on Saturday; Lee Kosmin Band on Sunday.

Not too many years ago, the paper noted, the week's lineup read like this: Monday: Free & Taste. Tuesday: John Mayall. Wednesday: Joe Cocker. Thursday: Yes & The Nice. Friday: Jethro Tull & Ten Years After.

In better days the Marquee has also presented Jimi Hendrix, Cream, Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac, David Bowie, Rod Stewart, the Rolling Stones, Stevie Wonder, Canned Heat, Soft Machine, Moody Blues, the Move, Three Dog Night. And that only scratches the surface.

You say you want to go to London?

DYLAN BOOTLEGS SEIZED

30,000 LP's in FBI Haul

Over 26,000 bootleg Dylan albums, titled *The Little White Wonder* and allegedly manufactured in Italy, were seized in an FBI raid on Scorpio Music Distributors in Croydon, Pa. recently. The haul of more than 30,000 albums taken in the raid also included counterfeit copies of Todd Rundgren's *Runt* LP. An FBI spokesman said the raid was partly based on investigations conducted in NY, LA, Dallas, Indianapolis, Minneapolis and Philadelphia which resulted in the seizure last November of 2,900 albums and 4,000 tapes from the House of Sounds in Darby, Pa. which allegedly infringed on copyrighted recordings of ABC and Motown. In a related report we hear that the FBI have also seized about one million dollars worth of equipment used in duplication of illegal



8-track tapes from a residence in St Charles, Ill. The equipment included master tapes, pancakes, packaging materials and labels, high-speed duplicators and winders. The raid was the result of a year-long investigation.

LENNON: BACK TO THE U.S.A.



According to Ray Coleman, Editor of London's "Melody Maker," John Lennon up and went to Singapore and Hong Kong recently with just an overnight bag. The reason? It seems that Mister Lennon had just gotten his Green Card and wanted to see if it really

worked—and enabled him to get back into the U.S. unmolested. Lennon sent a postcard from Singapore with a typical Lennonesque message: "Far East, Man!" It might really be "Far East, Man!" if Lennon can't get back into the country. We might hear his howls all the way from China...

Pitney in UK

London: Although U.S. audiences haven't heard much of Gene Pitney in quite a while, he is a regular annual visitor to Britain, where he still commands a large following on the strength of his 1964 hit, "24 Hours From Tulsa." Gene recently wrapped up a 13-date concert tour with a SRO show at the London Palladium.

Manhattan

by Lou O'Neill, Jr.

Merry Go Round

A warm hello to all our friends reading our debut column. Basically, the Merry Go Round hopes to provide you with an inside look at what's really happening in the rock world. Welcome.

Quote Of The Month: Mick Taylor in a GIG exclusive on why he left the Stones: "I wasn't getting enough personal musical satisfaction. I really like those people, they're really great guys—and we have a good

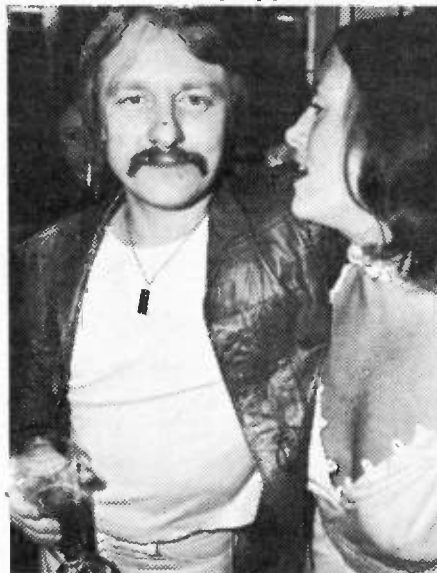


time together—I mean we created lots of good music together, but when I joined them they were already a kind of rock n' roll legend. They were living together for 7 years. I was still growing and evolving so I was always looking for something more. I never had any second thoughts about it. It was just something I had to do so that I could find my own kind of style, my own music. The only thing I actually gave up was the money."

Fans of the Rolling Stones former lead guitarist will be glad to know Mick has signed with CBS Records and is on his way to a solo career. We can expect an album and a tour this summer.

Notes From The Mad World Of Rock: New Beach Boys album sounds good. It's called The Beach Boys Love You and contains 14 tracks with brother Brian Wilson getting a writing credit on all of them. Meantime, the inside information is that the Beach Boys have been signed to CBS (although they owe Warners one more album) in a multi-million dollar deal. . . Speaking 'bout CBS, here are some other names the label has inked in the past few months: Joan Baez, James Taylor, Dennis Wilson, and Heart.

Whispers: To anyone but the closest observer, the man looked like any other daddy taking the little guy to the circus. My spy, the Goniff, tells me little Sean Ono Lennon had a ball along with John and Yoko as Ringling Brothers opened at the Garden. The Lennons are off to Japan on a holiday. . . Fleetwood Mac sold out their June 29th Garden date so fast that promoter Cedric Kushner added a second show for the next night. Sorry, those seats are all gone too. . . Nils Lofgren and John Miles put on a show to remember at recent Palladium date. Nils' manager, Art Linson is also in the movies. Though no one's supposed to know, I can tell you his next film will be about the life of the late disc jockey Alan Freed. Linson is the producer of "Car Wash." Freed first coined the phrase "Rock n' roll."



Stranger in the city John Miles gets directions from Ruth Copeland.

Speaking 'Bout The Beatles: I like to think of yours truly as New York's foremost expert in matters concerning the Liverpool 4. So, the first 10 people who correctly answer this question will win a free copy of the Kinks sensational new album, Sleepwalker, courtesy of Arista Records. Tell me the singer, the song, and the album this line is from:

"Well you know that I'm a wicked guy, and I was born with a jealous mind, and I can spend my whole life trying just to make you toe the line."

Send all letters to me, care of Manhattan Merry Go Round, GIG, 415 Lexington Ave., New York NY 10017.

Clapton recording in England for the first time in several years. Pinewood studios in London, thank you, and get this, a tour of Iron Curtain countries is planned this summer. Wonder what the Russians will think of "Layla?" . . . Until we meet again, remember what James Keller said. "A candle loses nothing of its light by lighting another candle." Think about that tonight before you light up. Adios.

Lou O'Neill, Jr. is Rock Critic for the New York Post.

#1 in a series/by Michael Irving

OFFBEAT



Patti Smith on Patti Smith on Patti Smith

Photographed by Lynn Goldsmith and Kate Simon

As her fans know, Patti Smith is full of surprises. One of her biggest surprises occurred on January 23rd in Tampa, Florida, when she misjudged the distance to the edge of a stage and tumbled into the orchestra pit below, injuring herself severely. She is now recuperating in New York City, feeling more and more rambunctious every day; enough in fact, to have played at CBGB's recently while still wearing her neck brace. With producer Jimmy Iovine (who has engineered for John Lennon and Bruce Springsteen), work is being initiated on what will be Patti's third album for Arista. She is indeed alive and (as usual) kicking. The following conversation was taped in New York on April 20th by Gig's Steve Weitzman. We give you Patti.....

I had my accident three months ago and I never got hurt before—I had scarlet fever and all kinds of stuff wrong with me—but I never hurt myself, so I couldn't relate to it. I was, like, on the phone while I had a concussion and I got myself in trouble. I was talking to England—the whole world was callin' me. I felt like Howard Hughes. Spain was on the line. And France, because I had this huge European tour that was all sold out and I'm sayin' "Oh, yeah, I'm gonna make it. Don't worry. I'll be up in about three weeks." I'm tellin' all these



Patti Outside...

people that and meanwhile I had all these broken bones and fractures in my neck. It's like more than anybody even knows. I just didn't understand what that meant.

It's like, when I fell, all this blood was gushin' and the first thing I thought was I had to get up onstage fast and get right back in the song so people would forget. I was embarrassed, you know. I didn't at all think that I hurt myself. You get in shock and you don't feel nuthin'. I was just immediately embarrassed that I made an ass out of myself. I thought I'd wipe 'em out with "Gloria" so they would forget, you know? But they put me in the ambulance. I kept saying, "Look, I gotta sing," and they said, "Yeah sure." I couldn't have gone back. I thought I could.



...and Inside

But it was the same thing later. Like, I was layin' here not being able to move or go to the bathroom, but I was sure that I was going to be up in a week to go on tour to Europe, you know. I just didn't understand.

But on the other hand, I don't think it's necessary to spend, like, two years in seclusion. You know what I mean?

I went to a doctor and he said, (I feel like a woman talking about my kidney operation) um, "We gotta put you in traction—we gotta get you a special cast—we might have to operate," and I said, "Fuck this, I ain't goin' into the hospital."

You know, I didn't go into the hospital and I didn't get one needle. I hate needles. Except what they did to my head in Florida. They irrigated it or something. Isn't that weird? I really cut it open and they had to give it, like, twenty-two stitches. It's real weird. They

put your face down and you hear all these guys goin', "Well, we'll have to irrigate." You sound like a land tract.

So I wouldn't go in the hospital and I found this doctor that Keith Richard has and you know what it is? You go to a doctor like that because he knows the score. I don't want to be pampered like some old Jewish lady, or some widow.

So I went to this doctor and he said, "You don't have to go to the hospital. You'll go to some athletic rehabilitation center and they'll work the shit outta you."

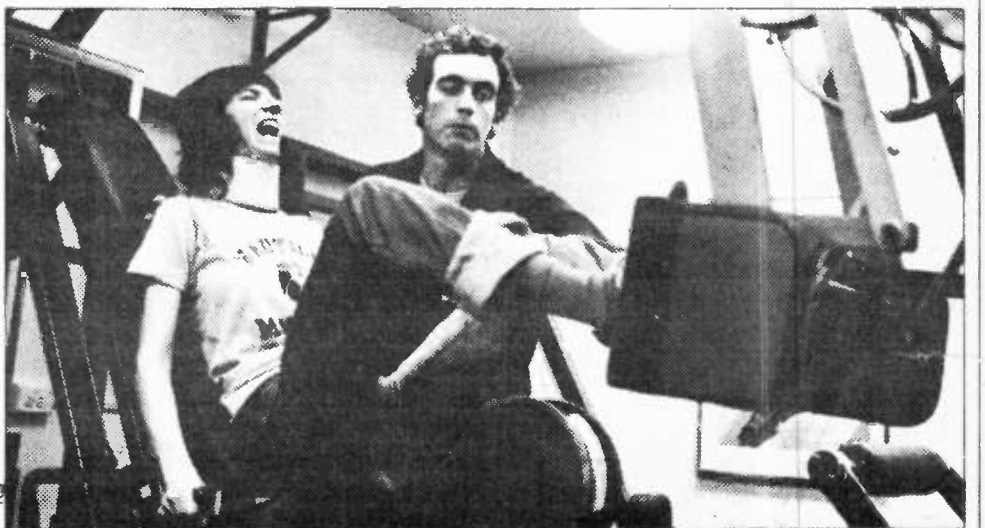
So that's what I did. I went to this place called Nautilus Sports Medical Clinic. It's really great. Mercury Morris went there. Athletes go there. And they can't lay in bed for six months going through a bunch of cosmic experiences, you know? They can't go off to Woodstock. They gotta fuckin' get back on the field.

And that's like how I feel, you know. You don't have the time when you're in rock and roll.

I remember when Bob Dylan hurt himself when I was a fan and all I did was cry for six months. I know what it's like, you know, to have somebody you really like hurt themselves. It was a big shock.

I don't want to be melodramatic but I am part of that generation and I did suffer when Dylan hurt himself. I still feel bad because of Jim Morrison. I really never got over that. I never got over Jimi Hendrix dying, you know. I mean, I feel more pain than I ever did for any relatives that went, you know.

And, when I was goin' down, it was such a long fall—fourteen feet—I kept thinkin' of that. I just figured, "Well, I gotta relax." It's like drunks, people that crash in a car but they're drunk and the car gets totalled and they don't hurt themselves cause they're relaxed. So I



on Patti Smith on Patti Smith on Patti



just tried to relax.

And then, after that, when I was in the ambulance, it's like you watch your consciousness leavin' ya. It was really weird. It was like I was goin' through a tunnel. I felt I was goin' through the whole Sixties.

I thought, well, even though I didn't know I was hurt, one part of me knew I was hurt. It's like, you start fadin' out and I thought, well, this is the time you gotta decide right now, are you gonna stick around or you gonna go? It felt just like dyin'.

I thought about all that stuff. Especially gettin' a head injury, I was real paranoid.

I wouldn't let them knock me out. Cause I kept thinkin' of Berry Oakely or somethin'. I kept thinkin' of Duane and Berry. They get a head injury, they go home, get a headache and they were gone. And my head was bleedin' all over the place.

I suffered early Seventies paranoia [laughs]. But as soon as I realized I was OK I was determined not to let my injury become a part of my life. They try to do that to ya. It's true. I'm really serious about this. I had a doctor tell me, "Well, you're an entertainer and unless I put you in traction and unless I do this and unless I do that, you're gonna lose your arms and legs. Your spinal chord is disrupted. You're never gonna sing again." I mean, they really do this shit to ya. If I was Elizabeth Taylor or somethin', or if I wasn't so independent, I probably would've listened to 'em. I wouldn't have been performing for a year and a half or somethin'. I'll tell ya somethin'. If I had told that one doctor I was gonna perform at CBGB's, he would have told me I was gonna fall off the stage and kill myself.

But my training guy said, "Great." He just told me not to get real rambunctious. No backbends, you know. No smashing my mike into the amp [laughs].

I'm not exactly the most graceful thing to look at. I'm a little bit like Frankenstein. I'm still banged up and I don't walk too good. But I'm trainin' as hard as a person startin' out for the Olympics.

The only thing I blew is my European tour which was gonna be great. But Europe'll wait for us.

At CBGB's we had to go in the back way over all this glass and trash and

debris and all of a sudden I started gettin' excited. And then back in the dressing room, back with the guys I felt so great. I mean, I really love my band. We really are a group. Everybody in the group is cool, you know. My guys are really great. I'm really proud to be in a group with them. Plus they're all neat lookin'. And we were back in the dressing room and it was just like the old days—the old days meaning two or three months ago, but it seems like forever, you know? And then, I've never seen CBGB's so packed. It was incredible. I wasn't movin' real good but I actually have a new image. "New image" sounds funny but I have a whole new thing. I don't realistically think I'm gonna be able to move around maybe for another four or five months so my new thing is, I just think of myself as a rockabilly singer and move from the waist down. I think of myself as, like, Billy Lee Riley. Maybe we'll have a rockabilly song on the next record. I couldn't get out of bed for a couple of days afterwards, but it was really great. The next day, Jimmy came over with his briefcase and he said, "Well, I guess you're ready." I said, "Get outta here, I can't get outta bed!"

But before this, I had written a few things, like "Space Monkey," and we've got a song about 16th Century Japan called "Seven Ways of Going." That's one that I wrote a while ago when Dylan was first doin' his Rollin' Thunder thing, you know? And they had this big party at Gerdes Folk City and I don't know what it was but they called your name and then you went up onstage and everybody did somethin'. I didn't have my band, I didn't even know they were gonna do that. It was a surprise. So I had to go up there and make somethin' up so I sorta made up this song. It's about an incestuous brother and sister in 16th Century Japan—your usual run of the mill story [laughs].

But we've been workin' on stuff, like, you know I got two people in my crew—one's my brother and one's this little girl, that's Andi—anyway, me and Andi wrote a song that's really cool. It's called "Wrights of Spring." It's really neat. It's real strong. Lotta resurrection stuff.

See, I can't go on the road cause I can't travel. I can't get on airplanes and stuff. So I guess New York's stuck with me. I figure, maybe I'll do a couple weeks at CBGB's or somethin'.

I'm gonna have to relearn "space" if you know what I mean. I do psycho-



"I'm just a real oral person. I love doin' interviews. And I used to write for people. I wrote a thing about David Bowie but *Rolling Stone* turned it down."

logically get scared. I was nervous about it but you know, kids cure that in a minute. I go onstage and I get all choked up—I felt like I shoulda shed fifty Judy Garland tears—but all that energy transferral stuff is somethin' I always believed in.

The kids didn't give me a chance to get scared or get fucked up. They were so demanding. First of all, they wanted me to do the song I fell doing. [Laughs]. But they don't take any shit. They don't want you layin' around feelin' sorry for yourself.

I get all these letters from kids sayin',

"You're not gonna lay around for six months like Robert Plant, are ya?" They get pissed off.

There was a time, I remember, I got really angry at Bob Dylan after a year. Then, when it got to two years, every day I used to go to the record store and say, "Did Bob Dylan do a record yet?" You got a certain responsibility. I mean, we're not as popular as those people but I'd still like to think that whoever likes us, likes us that much to get pissed off because the record's takin' too long to come out, you know? It'll come out in

continued over

September. A back to school record [laughs].

Me and Jimmy have been working on the record since I finished the last record. Building up our friendship has been like the first stage of preproduction.

He used to pick me up like three in the morning and we'd go up to Umberto's clam house and get spaghetti and clams and he'd buy me some French Vogue magazine and then drop me home. See what I mean [laughs]?

Me and Jimmy talk on the phone every night for about an hour and a half. This has been since last August and that's like, so important. One night he'll call me up and we'll talk about Jim Morrison and the way Jim Morrison's voice sounds and then he'll call me up again and we'll talk about, you know, the way Bowie produced *Station To Station*. All that stuff's real important. Then we fight a lot. He likes all this—I don't know how to explain it—I always call it spaghetti-blues music. You know, soul music with lots of horns and stuff. So we're always fightin' about that because I don't like that kind of music. He calls the kind of music that I like "building burning music." He says, like, "Your next record can't be a bunch of building burning music." That's what he calls *Radio Ethiopia*.

All that stuff is settin' us up for this record. He and I are to the point where we're Ali and Frazier, you know. We're ready to beat the shit out of each other in the studio. Every day we get more and more pissed off with each other. This is just layerin' our friendship.

Also, Jimmy does stuff, like, everything I ever write, he's read every book I ever wrote. He tries to get in there from every angle. He really believes in me. Jimmy wanted to work with me a long time ago, before I made *Horses*. When he was workin' with John Lennon, he used to say, like, "I want to do this girl," and John would say, "You'll do her." And now he's doin' me.

My boyfriend really introduced me to him when I was doing *Radio Ethiopia*. He said there's this guy you gotta meet at the Record Plant. He really cares about ya, about what you're doin' and everything." He introduced me to Jimmy and at first I didn't like him. He kept talking about Bruce Springsteen and soul music. All we did was fight the first time I met him so I figured that's a good sign. But as far as other stuff, my concussion wasn't even over



"I would love to sacrifice another shot of my puss for my group, OK?"
OK Patti, anything to oblige.

The Patti Smith Group, clockwise from Patti: Lenny Kaye, Jay Dee, Ivan Kral, and Richard Sohl.

Right: Neckbraceless Patti pedals away from the Nautilus.



and we were back on the phone again.

It was really funny because I'd be really doped up and we'd talk every night about the record—the concept or the feel of the record. He'll call me up at three in the morning and tell me he's got this great song and he'll play it real loud over the telephone and I'll start yellin' at him cause it's another soul song with

horns on it. Or he calls me up at four in the morning to play me a bass line.

But I do the same thing, you know. I call him up to do him a new version of "Blood on the Streets." I like that kind of sound on Jim Morrison's voice. You know, bluuuuuhd on the streeeets. He calls it my exorcist voice.

You know why I like Jimmy? He's a good combination of my first two producers. He's got the artistic mania that John (Cale) had and he's a real sucker for art. Jim Morrison's his favorite guy.

But on the other hand, he's got all the technical expertise and the ability to work with the guys like Jack did. See, I like our second record the best. Cause I like the band on it. I don't like just listening to me. I like the second record because we really started integratin' this group.

And I want this third record to feel like you're not listening to Patti. It's not a question of who's going to win the race—the group or Patti. We're a group.

You know I'm not a musician. I don't go about records with, like, the methodical air of a surgeon. I can't. I don't have the chops. I'm not *ashamed* of that. I study records all the time. I'm listenin' more and more and I'm to the point where I can listen to a record and tear it apart and say, well, he put this there and he put that here. I'm not too interested in learnin' every single thing because it takes the innocence out of your listening power.

But for me, doin' records is like havin' a kid or something. I go through all this stuff. See, I'm just a worker.

I don't like walkin' around with this thing on my neck [her neck brace]. I feel like I'm being strangled by a giant doughnut. I have to wear it for, like, two more months but the kids don't care and I can do my record with this thing on. I can play CBGB's. I can't travel but I can do stuff in New York and I don't feel any embarrassment about walking around with this thing on. I wouldn't want to walk around like this in Paris but I feel like this is my town, this is where I live. I can walk down any street in New York and people say hi to me. I feel very intimate here and it's gonna allow me to come back into action real fast. I don't wanna go off into seclusion. I don't wanna develop a Sixties mystique. I mean, people that think about your career sometimes, sometimes they *want* you to do that. They want you to go off and nobody hears about ya and there's this whole big mystique and that was a real big thing in the Sixties cause, like, there was a different intensity, but I'm not a negative person.

I might be an undisciplined maniac and I might throw food at press conferences and have fistfights with rock writers who I think, like, I could *maybe* beat up. If I couldn't, maybe Lenny or Jay Dee could [laughs].

I like gettin' into trouble but, basically, I'm a really happy person. I don't *wanna* go off for six months. I don't wanna go to the country and get my head together. I don't wanna lay in bed in traction.

I just wanna play.

Rodders Washed Out in Australia

Sydney: Rod Stewart was forced to cancel an appearance to a standing room only crowd at Sydney's outdoor Showground Arena when an unexpected storm broke out minutes before the event.

Strong winds and heavy rain buffeted Rod's stage set-up, soaked the banks of amplifiers and sound reinforcement equipment, and threatened to topple a specially erected \$20,000 closed circuit TV screen on to the crowd at the side of the stage. Despite "we play rain

or shine" assurances on the \$9 tickets, the Arena was cleared, and although arrangements had been made for a gig the following night at the 5000-seat Hordern Pavillion, it only pulled in a two-thirds capacity audience. The tour promoters, Duet Productions and Bill Gaff, promised the 30,000 Showground crowd another concert, but apparently many of the fans had already discarded ticket stubs and were skeptical about claiming new tickets.

And so they should be?



AWB/Ben E. King LP's Ready

The new Ben E. King album, which utilizes the Average White Band as a backup group on all tracks, will not be titled *Your Average Ben E. King Album*. "We thought about that," laughs AWB's bassist and vocalist Alan Gorrie, "but it will be called *Benny & Us*."

"It's been a great lift for us," Gorrie adds. "I've always been a Ben E. King and a Drifters fan from the start. It was a great turn-on to work with him. The idea for us to accompany him on one track came up one week and the next week we decided to do the whole album with him; he sings so good. We did all the background vocals and everything the way the Drifters would have done it in 1977. I'd like to think so, anyway."

At the same time the sessions were being completed for Ben E. King's album, AWB have been working on their own studio album. "We did eleven tracks in Florida and out of that we've got about six definites for the album," Gorrie notes. "It's going to be much more tuneful than our last studio album. It'll be more based on songs and not so experimental as *Soul Searchin'*. We

wanted to do a much more straight ahead album, something that we could enjoy doing and playing. There was an awful lot of experimenting on *Soul Searchin'*."

Untitled as yet, AWB plans on completing the record in New York. "We're going out on the road for a whole month before we finish the albums so that's going to help," Gorrie says. "We'll actually be playing right up until the last sessions. And that's where you get most of it, playing live. The record should be much hotter that way. We found that Florida's a bit too relaxed for us. We had a good time up to a point but we like it much more working in New York."

What did he do in Florida when he wasn't recording?

"I would've done more water skiing but I cut my leg up. Falling off a boat, in fact. It's called messing about in boats," Gorrie explains. "Under the affluence of incahol."

AWB with Ben E. King in Florida
Photographed by David Gahr



Paris: To push their newest album, *Trans-Europe Express*, Kraftwerk threw a party on that train for a cross-France press & radio promotional tour. The German band's last LP, *Radio-Activity*,

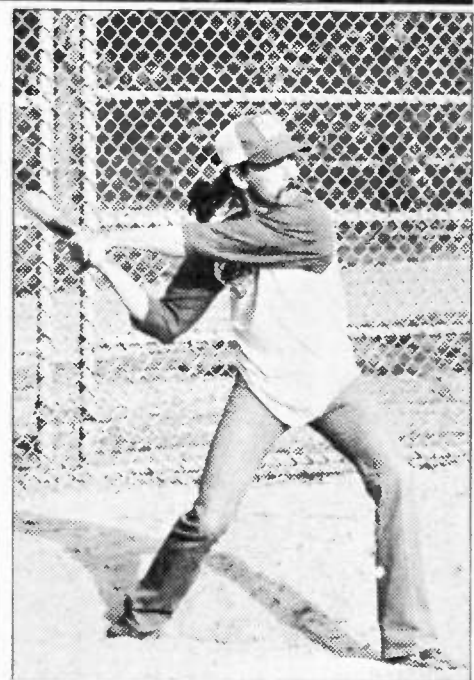
was voted France's number 1 album for 1976.

Pictured (L-R) are Kraftwerk members Karl Bartos, Florian Schneider, Wolfgang Flur, and Ralf Hutter.

KLAATU is NOT The Beatles, OK?

Finally. The hype is over, or should be anyway. Dwight Douglas, an industrious program director from radio station DC101 in Washington did some investigative reporting concerning the out-of-hand "Klaatu is really the Beatles" syndrome that's been clouding up (even intelligent) people's minds. According to *Radio & Records* newspaper, Douglas sent one of his staff members to the U.S. Department of Commerce copyright office in Washington to find the names of the people whose names Klaatu's music is registered (the big secret) under. Here are the findings: John Woloschuk—aka L. M. Carpenter and Chip Dale; Terry Draper; David Long—aka Dee Long; and Dino Tome.

Sorry folks, someone had to tell you.



Dickey Betts gets set to smash pitcher Steve Weitzman's ball to the boundary in a cricket match between Great Southern and the NY Writers. Score? Great Southern 12, Writers 0. Photo by Stuart Liben

Little Feat Move South with "Time Loves A Hero"

"Our new album doesn't refer to Mexico," Little Feat's Paul Barrere informs, making a reference to last year's "Down Below The Borderline" from *The Last Record Album*. "It refers to Puerto Rico this time. I think we're movin' south."

Little Feat's sixth album, titled *Time Loves A Hero*, is finally out. It's another in a growing list of classic Feat LPs. Guitarist/vocalist Paul Barrere, who wrote much of the material, is justifiably enthused. "I'll tell you," he raves, "this new album sounds dynamite. Ted Templeman produced it. He's the guy who produced *Sailing Shoes* for us and he went from that to producing the Doobie Brothers and making hits."

"There's more rock and roll on this album," Barrere continues. "On *The Last Record Album*, the songs were played down in the studio. When we

played them *live* they were hot. But we didn't play anything down on this new album. It's a much hotter record."

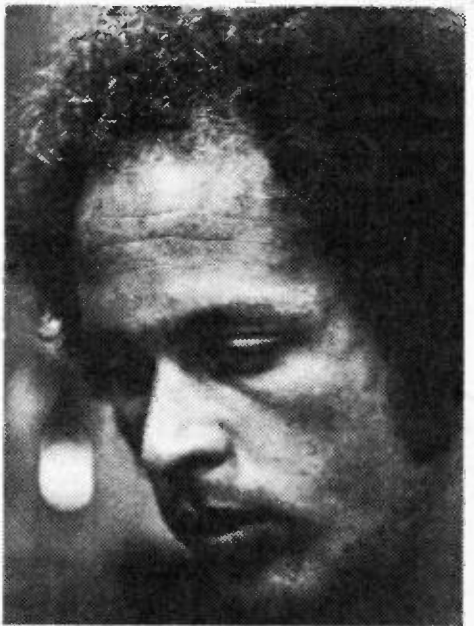
"There's a song called 'A Day At The Dog Races' that's an instrumental that everybody except Lowell had a piece of the writing. It's a jam thing that we've been doing over about five years and Billy Payne finally took all these cassette tapes and made one arrangement out of it and it came out great. It's a jazzy 6/8 thing that goes into 3/4 and then back to 6/8."

"There's a tune that I wrote with my father called 'Old Folks Boogie.' One line goes, 'You know that you're over the hill when your mind makes a promise that your body can't fill.' My father came up with that line. With the drum beat that opens it up, I wanted it to be reminiscent of 'Cold, Cold, Cold.' So we got the real big drum intro sound."

"Lowell is writing a lot less," Barrere adds. He only wrote one song on this album, a song called 'Rocket in the Pocket.' He sings the lead vocal on 'High Roller' and arranged and sings lead on 'New Delhi Freight Train.' He hasn't been writing a whole lot because he's in the middle of a solo project. So far it's been no original tunes but he's still in the process of making it. I'm sure it'll go slowly [laughs]."

As yet, there is no single from *Time Loves A Hero*. Little Feat is a band that has never had a hit single yet managed to substantially increase their following with each album and tour they do. Last year, "Spanish Moon" (from *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*), was being readied for a single release but it never came out. What happened?

"We recorded a single of it which sounded real good," Barrere recalls,



"but Lowell lost the tapes. That's what he said [laughs]. He took it to New Orleans, had Allen Toussaint do horns and background vocals and then lost the tapes."

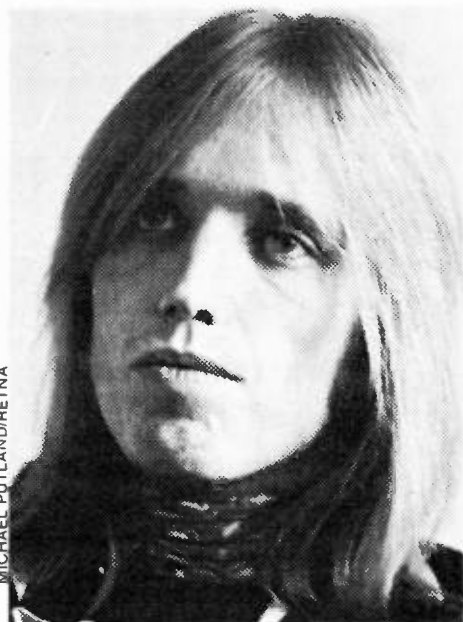
Hotline Hollywood

by Candy Tusken

Candy Tusken broadcasts "Startrak" on nationally syndicated radio

In Hollywood, talk is that **Bob Dylan** and his wife Sarah have gotten back together. Less than a month ago, **Sarah Dylan** had filed for separation stating Dylan struck her and allowed strange women in the house while she was present. The two have had an on-and-off relationship for quite sometime but now it seems on again, at least for awhile. . . . Singer **Lanie Kazan**, a good pal of Dylan, has landed her own TV series. Called *Halfway Home*, Kazan will play the role of an attorney who works with young men and women at a halfway house. . . . The reason **John Travolta** of *Welcome Back Kotter* isn't going on tour to support his new album and single is that he was unhappy with the selection of the songs his label released. Apparently Travolta thought there were much better songs to pick from and was punishing his weekly TV show. Travolta is also making the movie *Saturday Night* and it seems inconceivable that he could handle a tour on top of that 22 hour schedule. . . . Along with a poster of the late **Freddie Prinze** being rushed out by several companies, Motown is releasing a single titled "Freddie" which they say was inspired by Prinze. . . . **Alice Cooper** was recently placed under house arrest for several hours in Australia. Cooper has been in a two year battle with an Australian promotion firm who claim they paid Cooper and his band advance money for a concert they never played. Cooper was not allowed to leave his hotel until he coughed up \$60,000 to the court who will hold on to the cash until the case is tried. . . . **Fleetwood Mac** was presented with a special picture of **Jacques Cousteau** among the penguins in the arctic. Cousteau had signed the picture in thanks for the \$22,000 Fleetwood Mac had donated from a concert. The penguin is Mac's official logo and mascot. . . . Polish patriots were happy this week upon learning that their own **Bobby Vinton** has been listed in the 40th edition of *Who's Who In America*. **Frank Zappa** is back in the studios finishing up a live album of concerts recorded in New York. Appearing on the album will be the **Brecker Brothers** and **Don Pardo**, a TV announcer who appeared on *Jeopardy* and *Saturday Night Live*. Pardo is set to do the narrations for Zappa. . . . **Small Faces** have kissed and made up to begin their first tour together in eight years this month in London. The group has recorded an album, but no label deal has been finalized. . . . And word from

London is that **David Bowie** is broke. The rumor reportedly came from Bowie's wife, Angie, who was also responsible for telling the British press earlier this year that Bowie had suffered a heart attack, a statement she retracted a day later. . . . **Emerson, Lake and Palmer** will open their U.S. concert in late May at Soldiers Field, the home base of the Chicago Bears. They are the first rock band to appear at the field, which holds 70,000 people. Accompanying ELP are 125 road people including an orchestra and chorus of 70. Each member of the orchestra will have their own microphones with the sound system designed by the same firm who engineered the Montreal Olympics. The equipment is being carted around by ten semis for the tour, which runs through late summer.



Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers dreamed up a rather novel publicity gimmick to promote their band. They ran an advertisement in the L.A. *Free Press* that read "Need \$50? It's yours for having either breast tattooed with a heart at our cost." The L.A. *Times* wouldn't accept the ad because the band wouldn't change breast to chest, leading one to believe the ad was somewhat female oriented. . . . Singer **Yvonne Elliman** will join *Welcome Back Kotter's* **John Travolta** in the movie *Saturday Night*. Elliman will sing in the movie with the **Bee Gees** to be heard on juke boxes at discotheques in the film. There is a possibility the Bee Gees will have cameo roles. . . . Coming to the tube this fall is the return of *Laugh-In*, hosted by comedian **Richard Pryor**. Pryor, one of the few contemporary comedians to record gold albums, plans to have several rock artists as guests.



Damned Cut Loose

Continued from 5

watch and consume. And tonight it's more like an exploding cigar since pounding forth from the stage is the amphetamine thunder of the Damned and an American counterpart, the Dead Boys, from Cleveland.

The Damned are one of the English punk bands whose ranks include Eddie and the Hot Rods, whose *Teenage Depression* LP was just issued here by Island Records, and the infamous Sex Pistols, who rocked England with their "Anarchy in the UK" 45 and outrageous antics which have gotten them dropped by EMI, signed by A&M and dropped again in a matter of weeks. The Damned are the first to come over here (soon to be followed by the Rods); their first LP (*Damned*) has entered the charts in Britain on the Stiff label, a feisty little company recently signed for UK distribution by Island and run by Dave Robinson and Andrew Jakeman, aka Jake Riviera. Robinson also manages Graham Parker, and Riviera, as he prefers being called, used to work with Dave Edmunds among others. They are looking for individual deals for their artists in the US and their catalogue is being snatched up in import shops here.

The English bands often disdain the "punk" label, associating it with American bands who have little in common with the circumstances and experiences from which this particular spate of bands emerged. Britain's recession is far

worse than America's, and kids are spewed out of the school system to live at home at odds with their parents or starve in bedsitter flats, trying to live on welfare handouts. They see and hear the social and musical excesses of establishment British rock stars (and their tax complaints), and are in revolt, as they say in one of their songs, against "rock 'n' roll going to end up like art"—i.e., dead. The logical move: "dole-queue" rock, or as it is otherwise termed, the "New Wave."

Guitarist Brian James, oldest of the Damned at 22, could easily pass for a Ramone. He found a strapping lad with a thatch of red hair and an imposing schnozzola, nicknamed Rat Scabies, at a drum audition which split James's band. They found Dave Vanian while "ligging about" at a graveyard, decided he was their vocalist, and Rat remembered a guitarist with whom he'd worked cleaning toilets. He rang him up, offered him the bass spot, and soon Captain Sensible was one of the Damned.

At CBGB, the band cut loose: Scabies pummeled his drums mercilessly; the Captain reeled across the stage, occasionally falling off or pulling this amp off the speaker stack; Brian scrubbed away at his guitar, unleashing deafening chords and screaming leads; Vanian strode up and down in his starched white clergy collar and make-up, twitching like a debased vampire priest as he shouted monotone messages of boredom, frustration and exhilaration. Raging through their repertoire, which includes tunes like "I Fall," "So Messed Up," "Stab Yore Bak," "Neat Neat Neat" and a manic manhandling of the Beatles' "Help," they pulled out all the stops, pulling a girl onstage and pulling off her clothes, then throwing custard pies at the audience.

Acclaimed as "primo" punkers and reviled as no-talent poseurs, the Damned are not concerned with fame or artistic pursuits. Asked if success might go to their heads, Captain Sensible said "Rubbish. I'm not interested in answering questions like that." Success be damned?

Schooldays with Alice are Over

Billion Dollar Babies, which include three members of Alice Cooper's original backup band, have released their initial album on Polydor and are on tour with a stage show that has a message. "A story line runs through all the songs," a company spokesman said, "and Rock and Roll wins out in the end." Yawn.

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Act I: BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND

by Mike Freedberg

Don't feel out of it if you don't know who this Bootsy character is. The whole act, Rubber Band and all, even the name Bootsy, isn't two years old. In 1975, William Collins and his men were simply extras in George Clinton's "Parliafunkadelicment Thang," understudies for whom George had an idea brewing. Now, a mere two albums later, Bootsy is THE STAR. Things happen fast with twelve-year-olds, the age group (or frame of mind) that idolizes the seriously silly one.

All that Bootsy language (we'll get into it soon enough, if you haven't already heard it) sounds so foolish, so yellow polka-dot bikini. Well, haven't kids always made up their own language for activities conducted behind their parents' backs? And when you're twelve the codes travel fast. Just like the infectious joy sweeping Bootsymania through "geepieland" like a puppylove epidemic. It's actually quite a thrill to watch after the discomfited, "wasted" wisdom the Viet Nam generation used to wear like a psychic sackcloth. Bootsymania's a spiritual sunshower, a sign of the power of loving you, oh baby.

Your first encounter with the object of this babbling love fever has gotta make you laugh. He's jaw-boney, gawky, loose-jointed, grins like Alfred E. Neuman and looks like the Joker in *Batman*, talking in riddles that would send Captain Kangaroo to an Australian nursing home with the mumbles. Offstage, with his gold pirate's tooth and scruffy-haired face, Bootsy seems more nebula than star. So you smirk at the inside cover of his second album (*Aah The Name Is Bootsy, Baby*—the follow-up to *Stretchin' Out In Bootsy's Rubber Band*): "There are Stars, there are the Superstars, and then there is THE STAR!!!" Can this be the successor to Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone, the new Black hope?

But read on awhile about the screaming crowds of kids he calls funkateers, geepies, those who only long to snap that rubber band of his. Perhaps Bootsy will be in your city the day you're reading this. If so, be sure to stay on the scene and catch this loving machine. Watch him play the shy, humble, blushing



"TO THE GEEPIES, BOOTSY IS THE STAR"

rapper while fingering that long, star-shaped bass; hitting you with his leather jumpsuit and those big band horns. Listen to the sly naive language Bootsy uses, so anonymous and natural, so anybody, so *real*. Or witness the crowds of frenzied nubles, so far almost exclusively black, but reacting in a way that transcends color. To those who put him *there*, its no contest. Bootsy is the shaman to squeeze, the Clarabell whose nose has gotta be honked. The geepies look at him with true religion; they answer in unknown tongues when he calls.

And then there's the concert. Two hours of P. Funk coming but the 16,000 kids are totally *into* the first hour of "space" bass. The place is packed to the rafters. Bootsy's band runs onstage, playing the hard, syncopated horn funk they

learned as members of James Brown's band in a prior incarnation. When the leather-suited, star-studded one is announced (very James Brown, with Maceo shouting over a rhythmic surge, "Bootsy! Bootsy! Bootsy! Bootsy!" over and over again, he rushes on in dazzling white cowhide and red stars. And, he's carrying that star-shaped, blackbodied and white-necked goose of a bass.

The crowd detonates! "BOOOOOOOTSEEEEE!!!" Concrete casings shake, light fixtures rattle. Lots of these kids remember James Brown—it wasn't *that* long ago—and they make the easy transference. More to the point, they dig Larry Graham's Central Station. Larry has some of that same charisma—piercing eyes, dark dark face, the wild movement

on stage, and the abusive fingering of that long Fender bass. These kids know Larry invented the pogo-stick jump on "Release Yourself." Now, when you ask them about Larry they'll say, "Well, I like him too, but . . ."

Bootsy shuffles to the head of the stage, head bobbing, fingers plucking and slapping at that black bass. The rap. Jimi Hendrix's "Foxy Lady" talk only more subdued, slid under the door of your psyche. "Hold on to my gittar, uhhhh, I wants to bump, beh-beh. Now you can keep yah money, but I wants yah rump. Bump, bump, beedlie-bump." They just can't resist that stupid talk. The music's coming at ya' in little ripples now, the stage is swirling, and Bootsy takes them through "Psychoticbumpschool": "Took me a long time to get through school, beh-beh, in one door and out the back . . . from Z to A, it's okay, it's psychotic. XYZ, beh-beh. Psychotic, beh-beh."

Then it's the peppery chatterbox of "Rubber Duckie" (from the second LP); "Can't Stay Away," a mellow interlude with Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker getting their chance to blow horn solos, and now we're at the song revered by all of geepiedom, "Stretchin' Out In A Rubber Band." Then a glimpse of the alter-ego Bootsy and mentor George Clinton discovered during the last sessions for the first LP—Casper. He's taken out of the closet for a brief rap then quickly reinterred—Bootsy can't afford to confuse the geepies with *two* "love bones." So Casper ("not the holy ghost, but the friendly ghost") gets his comicbook wink, shakes a tail feather, teases the funny-bone, mumbles his funkateer slanguage, rolls those cheeky, star-covered eyes and is gone. The cry comes instinctively: "Casper! Casper!" Bootsy, ah, sidesteps his rival. Quickly we're into the love rap, "I'd Rather Be With You" (from album #1) and the new "Munchies For Your Love."

While Bone and Peanut stand to one side, mimicking a twelve-year-old's girl falsetto and harmonizing the words Bootsy will soon deliver alone, Bootsy sheds his jacket, revealing a plunging view of chocolate chest and arms,

hairless and shiny, gleaming with sweat. The hall self-destructs. 16,000 kids get religion and babble the secret word: "Boooootsee!!!"

He shifts into his get-over. In between Bone and Peanut's soft Ravi Shankar-like droning, he tells the ladies of his cool entrancement: "You might think I'm trying to be funny, but I'm really SERIOUS this time, beh-beh... You know it's a cold world, beh-beh, but you know that deep down inside, I DO love yah. I know I sound strange, but I really MEAN it... you the ONLY one, beh-beh... I'm comin' at yah with both hands tied behind my back...."

The naked lover quiets his bass, pats it on the cheek. Now it's nine minutes of "Munchies." The song swells up and back and the crowd's legs stretch like rubber bands on Bootsy's fingertips: "your love is kinda sweet, sweet enough... to eat... I'm hooked on you, chocolate stuff, I got the much munchies for your candy-like love... oh yeah, you're my personal stash, beh-beh...."

Fingers tear at that goose-necked bass; frantically unwrapping it like a chocolate bar, plucking, slapping, "Ron Carter-ing" the long strings, right on down to the naked chocolate stuff. Bootsy brings his fretting hand in tight, then out again, eating it right up like soft candy, till the electric goodie bar can take no more...

"She's my beh-beh, that bass," Bootsy tells me. "Got to take care of my beh-beh." Heady stuff for kids, but the Rubber Band doesn't linger on the hot chops. They move smoothly into the diaper-headed "Pinocchio Theory"—"if you fake the funk, your nose will grow." Now we're just playful kids again, partying with uncomplicated dimples: "R-U-B-B-E-R B-A-N-D-S, Rubber Bands, and funkateers," recites the crowd, spelling along with teacher, and, after the set is over, those who feel ready for it are graduated from Bootsie's psychotic bumpschool to George Clinton and P. Funk's college of funk-ical knowledge.

Not all the geepies want to. At several stops on the P. Funk tour, it's Bootsy who draws the screams, the stomping feet and cries of "more." Clinton's demented, gluttonous, spooky, hard-assed metal spectacle is often greeted by goggle-eyed amazement. Paralysis of the funk-bone. Bootsy seduces them all by playing it stupid. Only a gracious, secure and big-hearted man like George Clinton would stand for being upstaged that way. When James Brown had a Bootsy type in his show, he clamped the door shut—but good.

"I'll tell you what George has done for Bootsy," Fred Wesley tells me while riding from Savannah to

Jacksonville in the Space Base, "James had this cat Sweet Charles in the group. Now Sweet Charles did a soft love thing, and the crowds loved it. But as soon as we got to the really big places, like Madison Square Garden, all the kids be hollerin' for Sweet Charles and James simply wouldn't let him perform. Compare that to what George has done."

"I owe James Brown the beginning, but I owe George all the rest," Bootsy says. "In 1975, when I

dreaming on since 1970 but could never perform while I was with James.

"George shares my thoughts. Like Casper; we were at the last track of *Stretchin' Out* but felt something was missing. So we both slept on it. Next day came the star idea—glasses, bass. And Casper. Now Casper's my alter-ego. He's the dude that cools everything out. Just another individual that's coming through me. Of course we're saving him till Album Three.



was still crazy, acid-crazy, George told me it was time to get serious. That's when we started recording *Stretchin' Out*. Until then, I was, and my band was, just a part of George's P. Funk show. We lived nuts onstage and offstage. George gave me the freedom to be what I am. Now those crazy days, offstage anyway, are over for me."

"George saw us when a chick we knew took us to see him. We were simply a local Cincinnati group then, the Houseguests. We'd left James Brown, most of us, and George put us on the show. Now, he's the direction for what he's doing. I might come up with an idea—I refer to him as my overseer—but he'll give me the steps I need to carry it out. Together we make the lyrics. He brought out all this stuff I've been

Can't let the kids get confused between him and Bootsy."

The other influence in Bootsy's life is obviously James Brown. Clinton and P. Funk have absorbed a good deal of James Brown, many of Brown's old people, and the Brown influence on Bootsy's live show is a good deal more serious than on the albums. Lots of chatter and radio noise, snatches of every hit you've boogied to since 1973, even the sound of a Peter Frampton crowd on "Aah, The Name Is..." make Bootsy's albums sound young and silly. But in concert, the Rubber Band lets all of its J.B.'s technique hang out. They hit with hard horns, syncopated guitar and churchy name-calling. The fans who remember James Brown get the message: this is the new

incarnation of Soul Brother Number One.

"We were with Brown so long, from *Sex Machine* to *Talking Loud and Saying Nothing*. The whole trip: suits, shiny hair, curfews on the road, pride and dignity. In fact, we were the house band at King Records, right there in our home town of Cincinnati. I'm aware I've got elders around me and I learned a lot from Brown. How the music business works. James isn't happy with what we're doing now but he got to learn, this is a new generation. No one's ever gonna take away all those songs from him—"Mind Power," "Let Yourself Go," "I Don't Want Nobody To Give Me Nothin'," "Get On The Good Foot." All James got to do is understand this," says Bootsy with quiet sincerity.

The truth is, George Clinton needs Bootsy and his men. Most of the original "singing" Parliaments are being phased out of P. Funk's new heavy metal rhythm show. They have little to do but look funky and dance around the stage. Bootsy's younger guys and the solid, James Brown performing tightness have radically improved the Funkadelics' musicianship. George even brings Bootsy back during his own show's climactic finale. He values the excitement and dedication Bootsy fans can perhaps lend to his somewhat unsettling concept act.

For Bootsy's rap is very much P. Funk for beginners. He acknowledges as much: "The kids don't want to think. They want to start over. Lyrics—there's a way to do them. If I were a serious singer, I wouldn't be where I am now. You can't give the geepies everything you got, they won't accept it, don't trust it. Like the albums of mine... I hold back, also on my playing. Purposely, because otherwise I'd lose the people. I just want to relate to the kids because they need somebody. And George encourages everything I do; helps produce the albums. He knows that I'm the one who'll bring the fans to him."

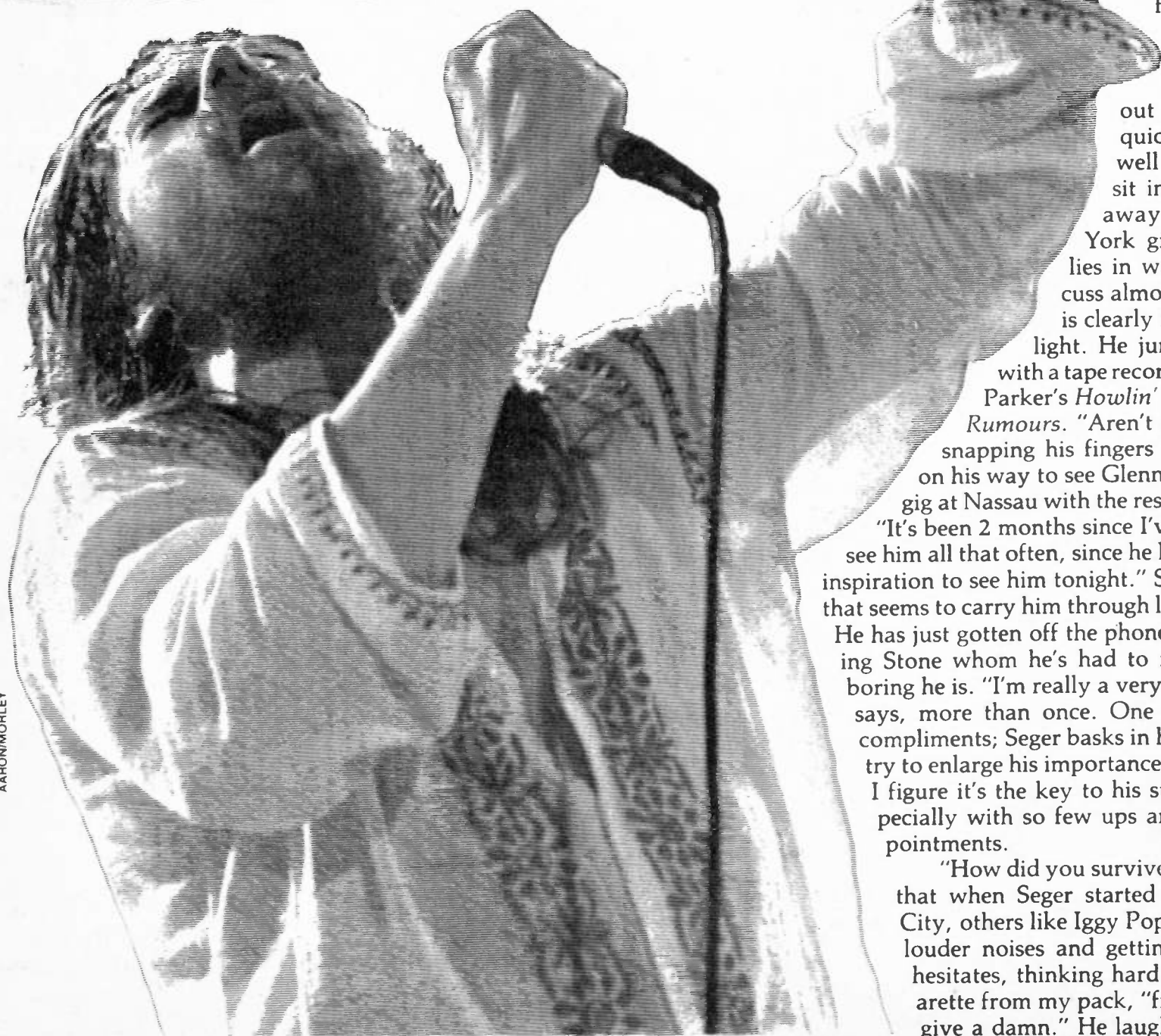
A few days later, after Lakeland, a rush-hour's worth of traffic follows our bus right into the motel. Until six in the morning, a high school class worth of geepies with angel dust eyes prowl the doorways, hoping for a taste of their Bootsy. P. Funk's Glen Goins invites us all to his room, where we share tokes from a shotgun. I ask Glen if they ever find Bootsy, these girls. He shrugs his shoulders. "They usually settle for the rest of us. We keep Bootsy well hidden. We have to." ●

Part II of the Clinton Funkasphere will continue in next month's issue of Gig.

BOB SEGER

by Susin Shapiro

CHEVROLET AMONG THE ROLLS ROYCES



AARON MORLEY

After ten years, nine records, four switches in record companies, one platinum album and one single that gets played a zillion times a day on AM radio, Bob Seger has become a star. There is a miracle here, not in Seger's stardom, but in the fact that he has survived it with his sense of humility and humor intact. If you haven't heard "Night Moves" by now, welcome back from the cryogenic catacombs. It's a smashingly simple song with an irresistible title and a confident maneuvering of rhythm and vocals that easily beats out its nearest competitor in listening resiliency.

"Night Moves?" Bob Seger asks, as if it's the first time he's heard the words. "I was just lucky with that one, Christ."

He shakes his long brown mane, completely bewildered by his own serendipity.

"It took a long time to write. I wrote the first verse and then got stuck for two or three months. I wrote the second verse and got stuck again for another five months before I could finish it. I'm proudest of the last half, right after the break. It's what made the song worthwhile for me because it has a double meaning: try not to lose your enthusiasm for life, try not to lose your youthful passion."

That was conjured up for me by Bruce Springsteen, by *Born to Run*. 'Jungle-land' actually, where the song broke down into a quieter vein. Springsteen gave me that idea, how to finish 'Night Moves.' He was one of the album's main influences."

Seger is quick to hand out free raves about others, quick to give credit to lesser as well as greater entities. As we sit in his hotel room, 24 hours away from the critical "New York gig" (where the press corpse lies in wait) Seger is willing to discuss almost anything but himself. He is clearly not a man used to the spotlight. He jumps up and down, fussing with a tape recorder and cassettes of Graham Parker's *Howlin' Wind* and Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*. "Aren't they the greatest," he asks, snapping his fingers to "White Honey." Seger's on his way to see Glenn Frey, an old buddy, play a gig at Nassau with the rest of his band, The Eagles.

"It's been 2 months since I've seen Glenn. I don't really see him all that often, since he left Detroit. But it'll be good inspiration to see him tonight." Seger laughs heartily, a trait that seems to carry him through life, as well as this interview. He has just gotten off the phone with a reporter from Rolling Stone whom he's had to reassure several times how boring he is. "I'm really a very dull person, Chuck," Seger says, more than once. One senses he's not fishing for compliments; Seger basks in his provinciality and doesn't try to enlarge his importance, to himself or any reporter. I figure it's the key to his survival in this business, especially with so few ups and a proliferation of disappointments.

"How did you survive all this, Bob?" I'm thinking that when Seger started his career in the Motown City, others like Iggy Pop and the MC5 were making louder noises and getting better jobs. "Uh," Seger hesitates, thinking hard as he removes another cigarette from my pack, "frankly, I guess I don't really give a damn." He laughs even more from the toes

than before; his own best audience. I think it's pretty funny too, although maybe if he *had* given a damn or two he might have crossed more adventurous frontiers. Who knows how far dogged ambition would have taken him? Only sorcerers need respond. Seger amplifies his analysis of the situation.

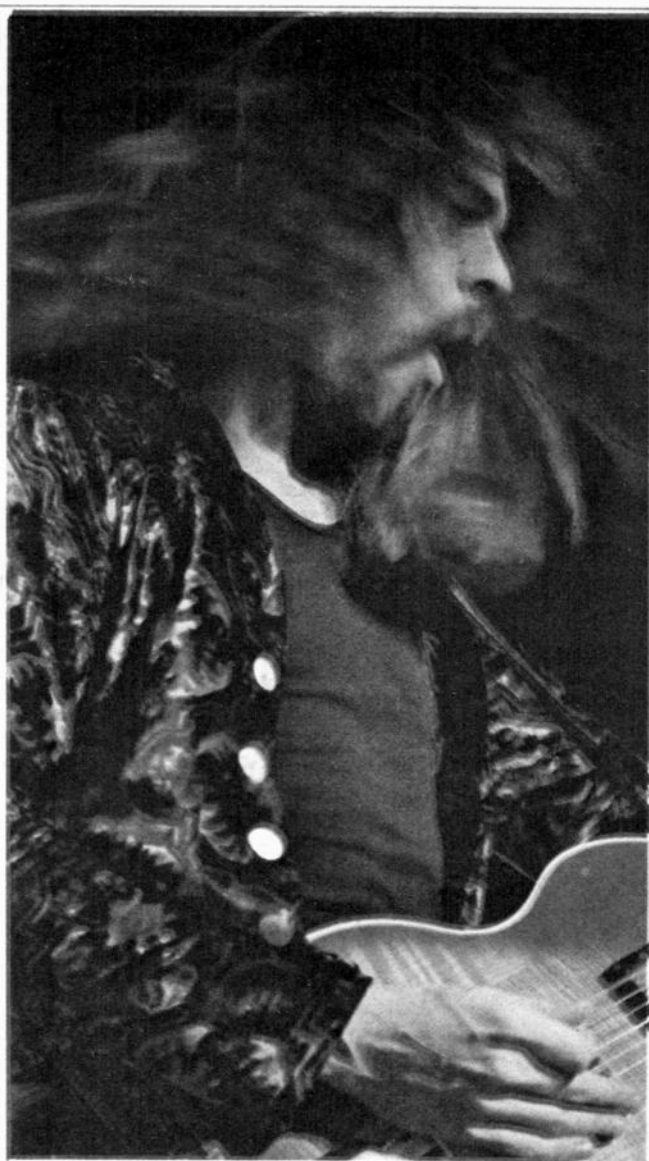
"Our band's pretty good and there are people who like to listen to us, and we've made a living at it. Actually, it's only been in the last six months that we're paying all the bills. And now, hee hee, we're stars for fifteen minutes. Big deal. Honestly, nothing's changed. You can put just so much stuff inside a suitcase."

The overnight bag lies on the other bed, containing the bare minimum for existence away from Seger's house in the country, away from his lady of five and half years. The pressure is mounting in the back of Seger's brain; having to live up to the magnitude of exposure will prove to be a peak of sorts. Now that *Night Moves* has confiscated Seger's privacy it's full steam ahead into the Palladium. He has not appeared in New York with a successful record and such radio saturation before.

"We could never get a booking here. The best we could get was thirty minutes somewhere, third on the bill. We got fed up with that in '75. You can't present anything good under those conditions. I don't think *Live Bullet* (the gold LP prior to *Night Moves*) got played here much, so this is the first chance we've had."

Well, folks, Seger didn't muffle it, but the live show didn't pick up any real speed until the first encore. Once approved of, Seger went on to deliver a solidly engaging set. In all fairness, it was a previous two weeks for me of punk-rated performances—Iggy and Ziggy for example—where there was nothing if not hypertension. Seger was crooning nursery rhymes next to the likes of Television and the aforementioned Mr. Pop. Still, he was trying to inhabit a larger-than-life form not suited to the richer, more subtle aspects of his talent. Underrated as a vocalist and overrated as a hard rocker, Seger has the boozy, belligerent fondness for melody that Joe Cocker used to have, and it comes more effortlessly to him than it does to Leon Russell. In concert, Seger functions as the lead singer but I'd love to see him swaying behind an old wooden upright piano that still had sap years of life in it. Seger started as a fill-in piano player for a group with a name like Duke and the Omens—so sue me if I'm *wrong*—and I would have loved to discover him in that habitat, unknown, devoted, playing the hell out of his misery.

"I'd like to do softer stuff now, I really would, but I'm scared. Our show is frenetic and meant to be hard rock and that's fun, but doing 'Night Moves' is such a change. I'd love to incorporate more ballads like that, it's the first time anybody's gone for a slow song. I'm scared because I don't know if I can sing well enough to do soft stuff. I do write about 60% ballads. They're more fun and easier to write cause you can be melancholy and dramatic in a ballad, say



"I wrote a hundred songs originally for *Night Moves* and only 18 even got committed to tape. I try and write at least a hundred songs for every record; I mean, you never know if a song is good until you finish it."

PHOTO BY MARTI C. GRIFFIN

things slower."

On record, "Night Moves" seems achingly mature. Seger's generosity toward his past is balanced by a refusal to romanticize its awkwardness or its true motives. Such intelligent appraisal in lines like:

*We weren't in love, oh no, far from it
we weren't searching for some pie in the
sky summit
we were just young and restless and bored
living by the sword
and we'd steal away every chance we could
to the backroom, the alley and the
trustworthy woods*

*I used her she used me
but neither one cared
we were getting our share*

Working on the Night Moves...

"Sunburst" is a surprisingly nightmarish view of the rock and roll arena. The facts of appearing before a crowd and begging for approval give way to the isolation of such an event. Only a guy who's spent years living on the road could have written the tune with such veracity. "Rock and Roll Never Forgets," the classic rocker on the LP, is another lyrically sensitive hell-raiser of a tune. The sweet 16 who turned 31 is Seger.

whether he cottons to that or not. "So you used to shake 'em down but now you stop and think about your dignity" travels from its unconsciously innocent origins through to adulthood, where self-consciousness affixes its rigid gaze on our personalities.

In fact, the entire record, like *Beautiful Loser* before it, is profoundly autobiographical, wrapped up in the idiosyncrasies of rhythm and blues.

"It's a rare occurrence when you commit that heavily to a tune, the way I did with 'Night Moves,'" admits Seger. "I think Fleetwood Mac did that with 'The Chain.' 'Sunburst' didn't take that long to write but it does have lots to do with desolation. I wrote it in one day and we recorded it the following week. It was the last song I did for the LP. I wrote a hundred songs originally for *Night Moves* and only 18 even got committed to tape. I try and write at least a hundred songs for every record; I mean, you never know if a song is good until you finish it."

"I force myself to complete even mediocre songs, I might want to use something from it later, maybe just a line that sticks with me. I wrote five songs called 'Beautiful Loser.' I got that from Leonard Cohen. Oh God, if I could write lyrics like him I'd really be doing something. I don't think I write like anybody; I'm just a regulation man, a popsong writer. I'm also very unmusical, I can't read music and it's a chore explaining to my musicians what I want to hear."

Seger plans to tour Europe after he finishes up with America's East Coast, and then, it's back to work in the studio for his follow-up to *Night Moves*.

"I have three songs already written for the next record. One's called 'Kuwait'. I like places that begin with a K! [Remember Katmandu from the *Live Bullet/Beautiful Loser* LP?] It's a Phil Spector kind of production, more like the Crystals than the Ronettes. I have a song that sounds like 'Night Moves,' you know, in the same style, a medium rocker. And a song called 'Patient,' which is something that Badfinger might have done if Peter Ham were alive. It's been my dream for years to spend as much time on a record as I like so I'm looking forward to a lot of time in the studio, even if Capitol would like a record by Christmas."

The phone has been ringing in Seger's hotel room. Two people are in the lobby waiting for him to come down and sign autographs. Mr Nice Guy promises to be down as soon as possible, so we head for the elevator. A woman and a young boy light up at the sight of Seger. He walks over to them and signs their papers. As they thank him profusely and leave, Seger turns to me with his wonderful sense of humor and says: "I wonder if I just signed a few blank checks..."

I can't foresee where the future is for Seger but one thing is for sure, he'll take it in stride and laugh all the way to the bank. He's not in this business to get rich; he lacks the obsessive drive of many rock performers, and for that alone, he deserves to be rewarded.

**"I'll always be doing interpretations,
but that's fine with me."**

MANFRED

by Jim Farber



Manfred Mann knows a good thing when he sees it. Amid the red dye #2 infested cold cuts strewn across the dinner table in his backstage boudoir at The Palladium in N.Y., Mann instantly spots a fresh plate of vegetables and proceeds to shove them into his face with comic ferocity. Dressed in black, covering a gaunt figure, Mann looks like Rasputin after they tried to kill him for the third time. At 36, he's a rock 'n' roll veteran and certainly looks the part. It's been a long, roller-coaster career for Mann, the last few years of which have been spent in endless putzing around—until recently, when the keyboardist's ability to "recognize a good thing" led him to seize upon an aimless bit of intellectual rambling like Springsteen's "Blinded By The Light" and turn it into a mindlessly catchy #1 hit single.

Actually, Manfred's had quite a bit of experience picking out inaccessible lyrical works and turning them into snappy pop gems. His last hit in America was with Dylan's "Mighty Quinn" back in '68 and he had a recent hit in England with a souped-up version of "Spirit In The Night"—cleverly turning Springsteen's metaphysical romance into a backseat blowjob.

"The lyrics themselves don't really matter that much to me," admits Manfred, lowering his head to reveal an evergrowing bald spot while he scoops up another forkful of string beans. "They only matter in that I like nice lyrics and I don't like bad lyrics. But I really choose a song because I like the way the lyrics fit over the melody and the totality of the thing rather than any one part. I like the words to 'Blinded By The Light' very much."

Still, Manfred saw fit to cut out of much of Springsteen's admittedly overdone verbiage,

making the lead line to the chorus sound like "wrecked up like a douche" rather than "cut loose like a deuce." "That was just a technical error," says Mann with a smile.

At any rate, with "Blinded By The Light," Manfred (with some help from the Hollies) seems to have unconsciously turned Springsteen into the "new Dylan," since the two groups are known for covering both writers' material over the years. Throughout his last five albums Mann has been doing versions of old Dylan faves like "Father Of Day" and "Please Mrs. Henry," plus songs from other unlikely people like Joan Armatrading and The Incredible String Band's Mike Herron. "When I'm led to a song by Dylan or Springsteen, it's because I recognize in the song a sense of space," explains Mann. "Both deliver their work in a very personal, idiosyncratic way and that leaves space for me to straighten them out."

Actually, Mann has had quite a long history of churning out his own straight ahead pop statements. He had his first British hit in 1964 with "5-4-3-2-1," followed by fifteen top-of-the-pops winners in England, one of which, "Do Wah Diddy Diddy," even made some waves on our side of the Atlantic. Manfred's band became the training ground for lots of "bubbling under" talent, including Jack Bruce and Klaus Voorman. About this time, Dylan told *Melody Maker* that his favorite interpreters of his music were none other than Mann's group. "I'm glad he liked it but that kind of thing really doesn't matter to me," Mann now humbly admits. "I don't approach it like a school-boy approaches his idol. I just like a song and I do it."

Upset with his cutesy pop image at the time (music-wise, that is; physically Mann looks more like a philosophy professor than a rock star), Manfred soon moved into the jazz field with a band called Chapter Three. Manfred failed miserably at this, becoming a second rate Blood, Sweat and Tears. The Earth Band formed in '71, went through six albums filled with jazz and electronic experimentation, finally arriving at the current line-up with Chris Thompson handling the vocals, Dave Flett on guitar, Colin Patten, bass and Chris Slade on drums.

Though Mann seems pleased with this current set-up, he still wears the scars of his long hard past quite prominently. "I'm a bit tired now," Mann admits, putting down his plate. "Tired of touring mostly. I hope we never tour as much again as we just have. But the musical challenge for me is still very great."

"I have no mental approach for keeping me sane through all this. Making records since 1964 is

forever in this business. But I just accept things as they come. I think it's essential not to take yourself too seriously. I try very hard to keep in touch with reality. I'm very into politics and read newspapers thoroughly every day. I don't lead a limousine life. I have no image to live up to; I resist that sort of thing. That's why I hated the pop rut I was in in England in the sixties. I'm quite happy to be as I am now."

He also expresses contentment with his most recent album, *The Roaring Silence*, which presents his most accessible, song-oriented sound to date. "I think the album is very much a result of Chris Thompson being such a strong singer," Mann offers. "A lot of the songs on the album I would have liked to have done before when Mick [Rogers] was a singer, but Mick couldn't sing 'em right. The shift towards a more song-oriented sound was something I'd always wanted. Mick's voice was too pretty—Chris is rougher—so now we found ourselves able to do a song like 'Dolphin.' If Mick sang it, it would have sounded like a cabaret song, but Chris's rougher voice let us get away with it. We weren't consciously trying to be more commercial. It was just a natural move towards something new. I admit, the best songs on the album are the cover songs. I know I'll never be a great songwriter. I'll

always be doing interpretations, but that's fine with me."

Most of Manfred's material remains original, though. Included on this album are a son-of-Mahavishnu jazz instrumental, appropriately named "Waiter, There's A Yawn In My Ear," and "The Road to Babylon," which opens with an old Hebrew chant I begrudgingly remember from my Sunday school days.

He promises the next album, to be recorded in England in late spring, will include more cover songs, yet he's careful not to give away what these may be. "I don't want anyone stealing my ideas," cries the voice of experience. "I may do a Springsteen song, if I can find another good one. The next album may surprise some people, I think. It will still be accessible like *The Roaring Silence*, but more of us in the band are just starting to write and there's no telling how it'll work out. Dave Flett, who's never written before, is just starting to work on some tunes with me, and I think that might change the character of the band quite radically. This band, although at the moment enjoying quite a bit of success, hasn't quite found its direction yet. We may be a heavy rock band next year. I don't know where we're going and that keeps it interesting. Then there's always the challenge." ●



Generation of Mann, circa 1966

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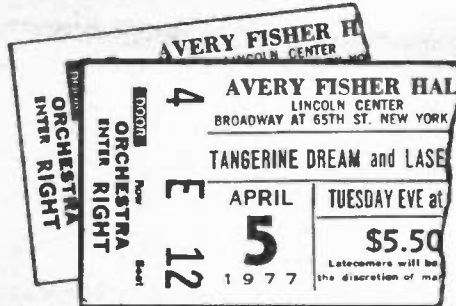
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TANGERINE DREAM

Heart in the Clouds Head on the Ground



by Susan Ahrens

It was as if I had fallen into the 21st Century. Everybody looked pretty much the same, except for the girl in the Danskin leotard and blue face, but you come to expect at least one weirdo in any rock audience. Nobody was wearing high-water bell bottoms a la Gene Rodenberry. Although denim will probably still be in then, Kiss sure won't be, not if the music of the future sounds anything like Tangerine Dream.

Tangerine Dream is a three-man band from Germany. Like fellow Deutschlanders Kraftwerk and Kraan, TD are harbingers of Techno-rock: Music conceived by man and played through electronic hardware. The result is richly textured sound portraits, although to some who walked out early, the whole thing was a little too IB-ematic.

Initially a rock band, TD was founded by Edgar Froese in 1967. The music they played catered to the demands of that era—it was overwhelmingly loud. Shortly after the release of their first album, *Electronic Meditation*, the Dream really came into being, as Edgar explains:

"If you have to drink ten liters of milk each day, after the fifth week you get so bored of drinking milk you may never drink it again. That's how we felt about the music we were playing. To always have to play loud, to play the same tunes again and again, to make the people happy, to make a crowd go wild, it's boring, quite boring. If you are a real musician, if you want to progress, if you are searching for new landscapes, you have to be an explorer. That's why we changed our format from a very conventional rock band."

Edgar dropped his guitar in favor of keyboards, Christophe Franke jumped out from behind his drum kit for synthesizer duty and

young Peter Baumann joined, also on keyboards. The new TD was promptly booed off the stage, though Edgar, Chris and Peter stood firm with their decision.

"To what else should we have turned?" asks Edgar. "You know a bit about the music business. If a keyboard player wants to give up keyboard playing, what should he do? Take up drums? It's such a limited range to choose from, it's like a prison. To break out you must find a material of sound, a way of creating sounds. It is very important to say creating sounds because synthesizers are not made to have fixed sounds. You have to create them and then synthesize what you have got in your mind. That is the key. We can control the sound we want by ourselves."

"The most important thing," Peter points out, "is that we never tried to do what we are doing. We just did it. We never tried to make a chart record with our sounds. We never thought, 'Well, we have this ledger and this sound, what can we do that wasn't there?' It was the right thing for us to do, and maybe that's the key to where we are today."

Chris agrees. "The question is, do you have an idea of music, or an idea of an instrument? We took the instruments we did because we had a special idea of music we wanted

to create, and not the other way around. That is the natural way."

British audiences certainly thought so. After signing with Virgin Records in 1974, TD hit the charts with *Phaedra*, and each successive release (including their latest, *Stratosfear*), has been enthusiastically received with sell-out concerts all across Europe.

This is TD's first American tour. They waited until the timing was just right and are now headlining concerts across the country. What makes their debut appearances extra special is the fact that they are appearing with the Laserium light show, a mind-boggling teaming, to say the least. Laserium has developed new techniques especially for this tour. "This is Laserium II, which means they've refined their machines and developed a crystal lens. Up 'till now, this has not been shown," says Edgar. "It's very sophisticated now," adds Chris. "They've developed special crystals, glasses and presets just for this gig. Two years ago we would never have played with a laser. It was a nice thing for just a minute, but then it got very boring. Now you can do a lot of different things with it, it is really an art, but then we thought it was better to use no light show than all this conventional stuff."

During an earlier European

tour, they did just that—the entire concert was performed in the dark, forcing attention on the music.

The primacy of the music is of total importance to these men. Edgar puffs on his pipe noting, "There's a difference between other rock and roll groups and what we try to do in that there has always been a split between entertainment and music. If you entertain, you have to move, you have to do something. The way we play is just like this interview, only now we're playing with our voices as a kind of instrument. It's a method of communication with other people."

"The important thing about the music we're playing is that we don't set a definite image. We leave it very open for the listener. If you have fantasy as a listener, it's amazing how far one can get. The more you listen, the more images you can get from the same piece of music," Peter says.

Edgar, still puffing silently on his pipe, breaks in with an important point. "We are using very technical instruments, but that does not mean we are human computers. The entire system around us is much more technical and that could kill us in the end."

I mention the term "subliminal rock" and Edgar immediately picks up on it. "Subliminal rock? I have never heard that before, but, that's not bad." Chris feels it could be an apt description but goes on to say that their music "could be in fact a type of background music, but it is active and not passive. It is not the type of Muzak where you just have to have a music conditioner in your room. You can have it in the background, or you can listen with your full attention."

One person who thought highly of TD's "background music" was director William Friedkin, who hired them to score his next film, *The Sorcerer*. Based on the old Clouzot/Yves Montand flick, *Wages of Fear*, *The Sorcerer* has little to do with magic but a lot to do with feeling, something TD believe is essential to their eerie, esoteric music. The end result? "This is certainly not a Hollywood soundtrack," puffs Edgar.

As I mentioned, a TD concert is like a trip into the future, a visit to one of the pavilions at the old World's Fair. I kept expecting my seat to travel from room to room, and though I stayed put, my mind was traveling, egged on by the unfamiliar sounds and mesmerized by the formless figures on the screen beyond. A totally unique concert experience (and nobody yelled out "Boogie!" once). •

"The Tangs"—not human computers...

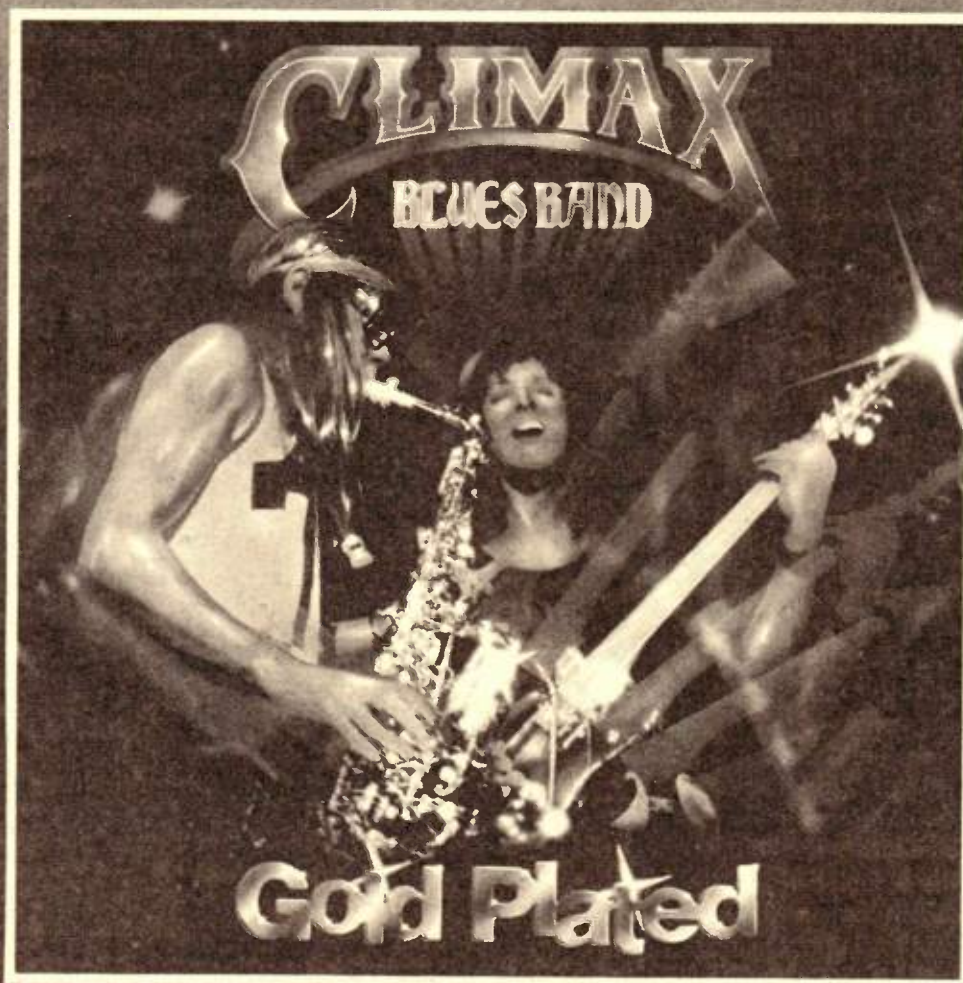
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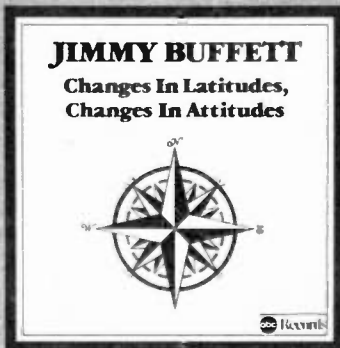
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FOR
JIMMY BUFFETT
THE CLIMATE IS RIGHT

Jimmy's been floating to the surface for some time now. The critical establishment considers him one of those special performers who falls into the category occupied by artists like Nilsson, Newman, and Kristofferson. And with each succeeding album his public acclaim has grown considerably — even the First Lady has been seen sporting a Jimmy Buffett/Coral Reefer t-shirt.

Now he has a new album that's getting rave reviews. And he'll be appearing with the Eagles on a major Spring concert tour. With all the momentum he's built, the time has finally come for Reefer madness.



Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes
Featuring the single "Margaritaville."
From Jimmy Buffett and His Coral Reefer Band.

Produced by Norbert Putnam

On ABC Records and GRT Tapes

Changes In Latitudes

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BAD COMPANY 1977: AN ANACHRONISM?

**Guitarist Mick Ralphs
Stands Up For "The
Last of the
Great British
Rock Groups"**

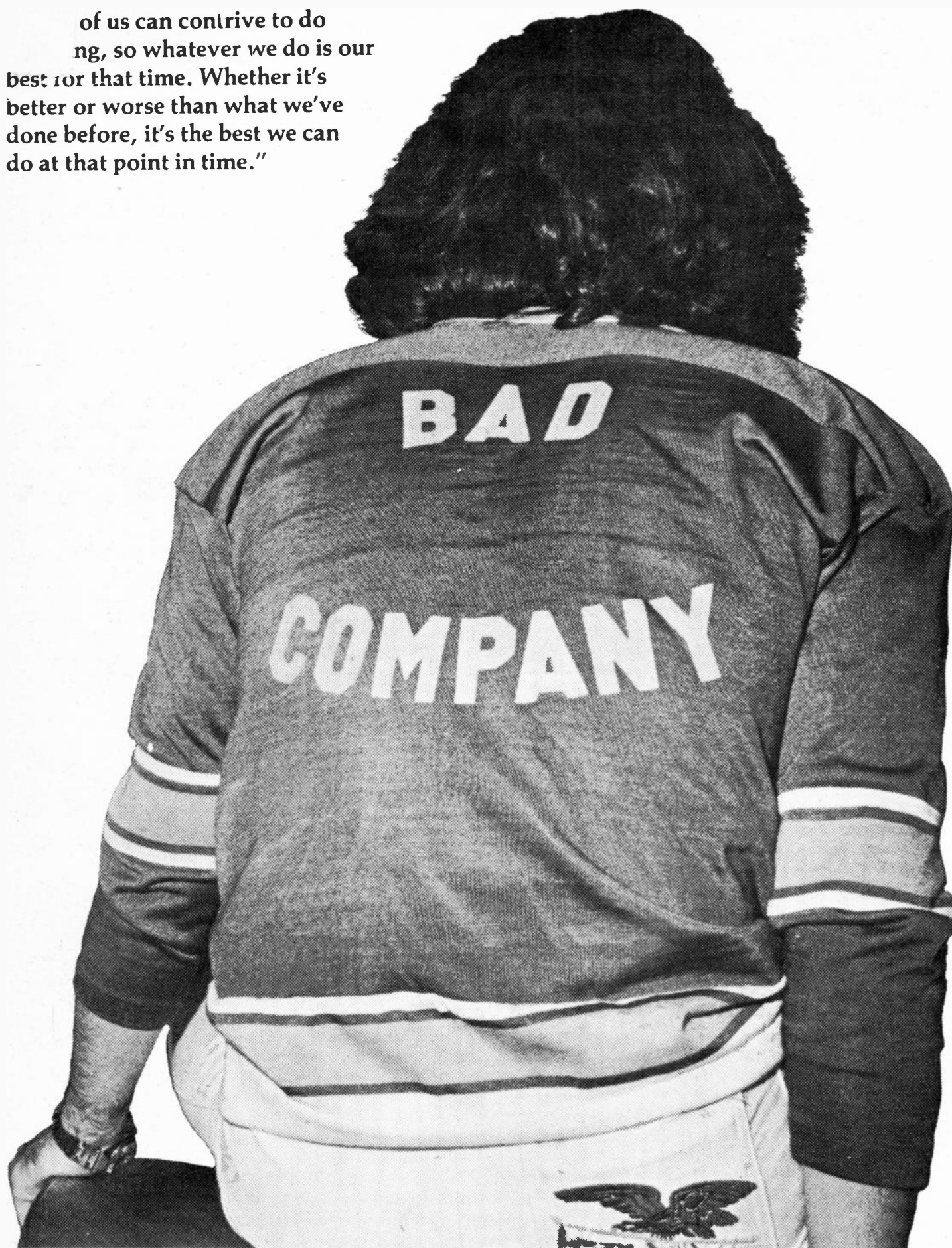
"There's lots and lots of good singers and guitarists in England," affirms Bad Company guitarist Mick Ralphs as he leans back in a hide-bound armchair in Swan Songs' Kings Road offices and sips a can of lager, "It's a small country and there's lots of competition. Always has been. Some people have nearly died to get the opportunity to play. There's a lot of pent-up energy here."

"But the fact that it's like this in England has made a lot of English bands successful in America because when they go over there they've still got that determination. And they think 'Right. I'm gonna use it to the full. Exploit it. Sixty thousand kids want to hear us play? We'll do it right.' It's a great feeling of acceptance."

Surely, though, you must sometimes feel that as a member of Bad Company you're just part of a large corporate machine which you'd like to step away from now and then?

Continued on next page

of us can contrive to do
ng, so whatever we do is our
best for that time. Whether it's
better or worse than what we've
done before, it's the best we can
do at that point in time."



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WENDI LOMBARDI

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He lights a cigarette: "Sometimes, just *sometimes*, you get to think that it's all like a big wheel. It's all a big industry and while you're popular you're just doing your bit. And I can see the cold side of it: how bands can be big for maybe one or two years and then maybe not the next year.

"You can't let the business aspect get to you as a musician. You've got to retain your ability to go on and do it. Because once you start thinking about it, it's just mind-boggling and you think 'What am I doing here when I could be getting the same buzz playing at the village hall?'"

"But you *work* for that

position. You want to be in that position when you start. And once you've put yourself there you've got to do that and there's no turning back.

"You can't reject it."

Nine years ago Mick Ralphs moved up to London with the rest of what was to become Mott The Hoople from the England/Wales border county of Herefordshire. His speech still bears the near-pastoral sleepiness of a region noted more for breeding sheep than rock bands.

It suits the slightly avuncular, arrogant air with which he carries himself for the first ten minutes of our interview 'til he decides to adopt a more amicable role. It's

almost *Straw Dogs*-like quality seems particularly apt within the terms of the Endlessly Questing Machismo Spirit that would seem to be the essential philosophy behind Bad Company.

In the summer of 1974 the band's first album, *Bad Co.* and first single, "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love," both hit the number one spot in the US album charts. The combination of Ralphs, two former members of Free, vocalist Paul Rodgers and drummer Simon Kirke plus relatively unknown former King Crimsonite Boz Burrell on bass, along with Led Zeppelin manager Peter Grant and Zeppelin's SwanSong label seemed to be the perfect realization of the rock'n'roll

alchemist's formula.

It also helped that *Bad Co.* was a classic example of the blues-rock genre. If this was just the *first* LP, then what would Bad Company be like with a couple more under their booze-soaked bellies?

So how come *Straight Shooter* and *Run With The Pack* were almost irritatingly lame, Mick? Too much, too soon, maybe?

"A lot of people," sighs Ralphs, shifting edgily in his seat, "have said that about the first album. I don't know if it's because it was the first one and therefore a new and stimulating thing. By the time we came to record the first album we knew the songs really well although we'd never done any gigs. When we got in the studio it was such a buzz to finally put these ideas down on tape for the first time as Bad Company, that it did come over with a certain quality to it.

"Then we went out on the road and it was like... touring: slot in the second album. Touring: do the third album. Then touring and touring and touring.

"But for this new album—*Burning Sky*—we wanted to say 'well, hang on. Let's try and get that quality with the obvious improvements.' It's a lot more varied. There's things like jams on there and things that we just wouldn't have put on a second or third album."

Well, I must say that the detrimental effect of the album-tour-album-tour syndrome is definitely evident on the second and third records...

"Yeah. Well, we were getting into that situation of being accepted BOOOOM... and then you have to go and follow it up with gigs and suddenly 'Right, end of the tour. You gotta do an album in two weeks time.' Ideally, you should just do an album when you want to do it. But there's no way record companies are going to sign you up on that sort of deal. I mean, SwanSong is more flexible than a lot of record company deals, but basically we deliver an album a year. Which doesn't sound like much. But when you tour as much as we do—we *thrive* on live work—then afterwards we're usually exhausted.

None of us can *contrive* to do anything, so whatever we do is our best for that time. Whether it's better or worse than what we've done before, it's the best we can do at that point in time.

However, I must point out to you, Mick, that only the other week I was talking with Francis Vincent Zappa who actually cited Bad Company as the quintessential example of a very *professional* band obviously filling a vacuum.

Mick appears to either misunderstand, or chooses to ignore Frank's implication that the band

had actually been *created* to fill that vacuum. . . .

"Yeah," he nods, "That may be true. I don't like to think of us like that. In a way he's right because we came along at a time when there was a lot of pretentious music going around."

"We really look up to people like Otis Redding and Albert King who make music that doesn't go into any cosmic realms or anything. I think we're fulfilling a need. We tend to write about things that people can relate to very easily. We think of ourselves as a blues group, if you like. And you can put a blues record on and there's always a certain song you can relate to."

"I can understand it, though, when people say 'Well, they're not very inventive. They're not very progressive.' But we *are* in our own way. We just don't want to dress up and go on with dry ice or play in 7/8 time."

But you can accept—and maybe it was because you had too much luck in the first place—that the whole Bad Company set-up can be seen as a supremely efficient rock'n'roll marketing job?

"Yeah, it can look like that," he almost shouts. "It can look like that. But then again it was a question of timing and luck really. Me and Paul got together initially because we wanted to make some music different to what was



Mick Ralphs sits down for the last of the great etc., etc., etc.

currently being accepted or known as popular music. We felt it was getting away from *our* roots. And we wanted to just go out and be ourselves.

"And everything we do... Well, our heart and soul goes into it: So although I might sound a bit defensive it's only because I'm protecting our deep love of what we do." (He's really becoming agitated now). "Which to a lot of critics and musicians may appear not particularly progressive or *startling* or

revelatory or mind-boggling.

"But you *couldn't* just put a group together. You can go out and have the best management in the world. But all you can do is put the record in the store. There's no way you can make people like what you're doing."

But to what extent do you think Peter Grant was instrumental in your success?

"We said, 'If we're going to do it properly who's the best manager in the world? Let's phone him up. He can only say no.'"

"Yeah... Peter was a tremendous help. He was fully behind us. He said 'I really like what you're doing and I think you should go out there and fucking do it.'"

"The great thing about Peter is that he never discusses what we should do musically. He never actually tells us what to do. He just says 'I think it'd be good if we toured America at such and such a time.' And we take his word for it because he knows more about it than we do. And he's got impeccable timing. So really it's an ideal management/group set-up, that's all."

"You know, we're very lucky, I think."

Yeah, lucky to have started as a band just in the nick of time. Even Mick Ralphs is fully prepared to own up that 1977 is likely to turn out to be a year of change for rock-

'n'roll and that even his own band may well be on its way to becoming an anachronism: "I said in an interview a year or two ago 'We're the last of the great British rock groups'. And I wasn't being presumptuous. I was trying to say that four lads come up from the club circuit, get together and play music and have a good time, then go to America and get accepted."

Hey, why don't we do the show right here, Mick?

"This year a few big groups will still be big, still maintain it, but a lot of other groups will fall by the wayside. Because there's a handful of groups that've got something to say: The Stones, as we know, are almost the establishment. Led Zeppelin are still very inventive as a rock group. So they'll continue to grow. People like Elton John, Rod Stewart, the Eagles [*the Eagles???*] the Floyd, I suppose."

"And I think we're somewhere in that category of having a distinctive style. We want to develop what we've got. But we just want to do it slowly. We don't want to make any drastic changes. We just want to improve as songwriters and performers."

"We don't want to become stereotyped into a Bad Company slot. Although we have a certain style we want to broaden it. And it just means taking a few more chances." ● — Chris Salewicz

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Linda Ronstadt's Musical Mentor Searches For His True Self

ANDREW GOLD

by Jim Green

Until just a short time ago, Andrew Gold had been taking his time and going nowhere.

A child of Hollywood, mom (aka Marni Nixon) supplied the voice used in lots of movie musicals to cover for celluloid sweethearts barely able to sing their way out of the shower (like Natalie Wood and Audrey Hepburn). Dad (Ernest G.) scored lots of cinemextravaganzas like "Exodus."

Not until the Beatles came along to breathe life into the moribund rock scene did young Andrew take to music with any alacrity. And then he jumped in head first—guitar, piano, drums, he pushed himself to learn 'em all, inspired first by the Fab Four and then by Hollywood's (and America's) so called answer to the Beatles, the Byrds.

However, when he embarked on a Life in Rock 'n' Roll, things didn't move along too fast for him.

He was in a group called Bryndle (*Bryndle*) with some LA pals like Wendy Waldman, that took two years to go nowhere.

He cut a single in London in 1967 that went nowhere.

He was a gofer/tape-op in the A&M recording studios when Joni Mitchell cut *Blue* there (yawn).

He formed The Rangers with some ex-Bryndles, and guess what? It took 'em two years to go nowhere. (Although they did spend

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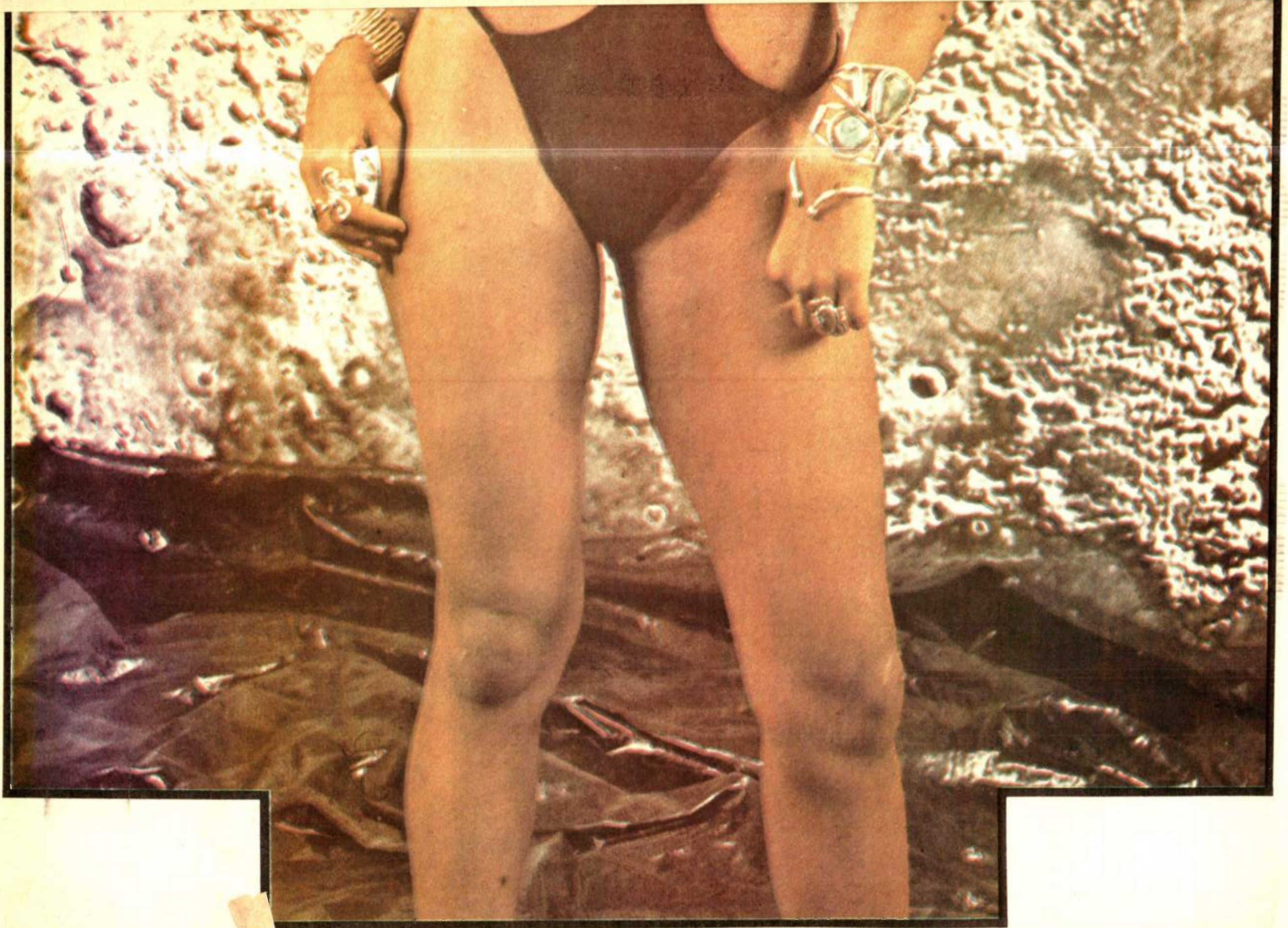
ILLUSTRATION FOR GIG BY SHERRY WOLF

g16
The Centerfold

Chaka Khan

Photograph by Clouds Studio/Retna





JUNE

GOLD

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loads of time in the studio, accumulating three LPs worth of unused tracks.)

But when things were at their darkest, Linda Ronstadt, who'd heard some Rangers stuff and been in The Stone Poneys with Bryndle/Ranger bassist Kenny Edwards, approached Andrew and Kenny and asked if they'd play in her band for a few gigs. At last Andrew Gold was Going Somewhere.

By now, it seems he's been everywhere, at least on that notorious LA'd back session circuit. Starting with old school chum and ex-Bryndle-ette Wendy W., he's played various instruments in the studio for Carly and James and Loudon and Maria and JD and Art...

Not to mention single-handedly elevating Ronstadt's "You're No Good" from a merely good remake of the Betty Everett/Swinging Blue Jeans moldie-oldie to a moody near-masterpiece. Setting most of the tone with his acerbic keyboards and sour bass-drum sound, he also added a hauntingly bittersweet guitar bridge that sounds like an out take from *Abbey Road*, and in the process he helped to kick off the parade of hits that has made La Belle Linda the number one female vocalist in rock today.

Andrew, recently in New York on tour to promote his second solo effort, *What's Wrong With This Picture?* chatted over lunch at the Plaza Hotel about his work with Ronstadt. He's played guitar, piano, drums and/or bass on almost every track on her last three LPs, including all of her recent singles hits. In fact, on her smash version of Martha and the Vandellas' "Heat Wave," he played everything!

"We tried it with the other musicians, but it didn't come off, it felt kinda lifeless. So I said to Peter [Asher, Linda's producer], 'Let me try it myself.'" He wasn't entirely satisfied, even with his own efforts, so he ultimately resorted to gambits like anchoring the tempo to a tape-loop of the high-hat cymbals. "I still wasn't totally happy with it, but what can I say? It was a hit!"

Unfortunately, that's more than you can say for anything Andrew's accomplished so far on his own. Actually, the solo activity at first seemed to be a sideline outlet for his excess creative energies while he labored as Linda's musical director on tours and arranger/jack-of-all-axes in the studio. Shortly after the release of his first LP (*Andrew Gold*), he was quoted in *Record World* to the effect that he was content with his Ronstadt collaborations, as was she, and he was

eager to continue.

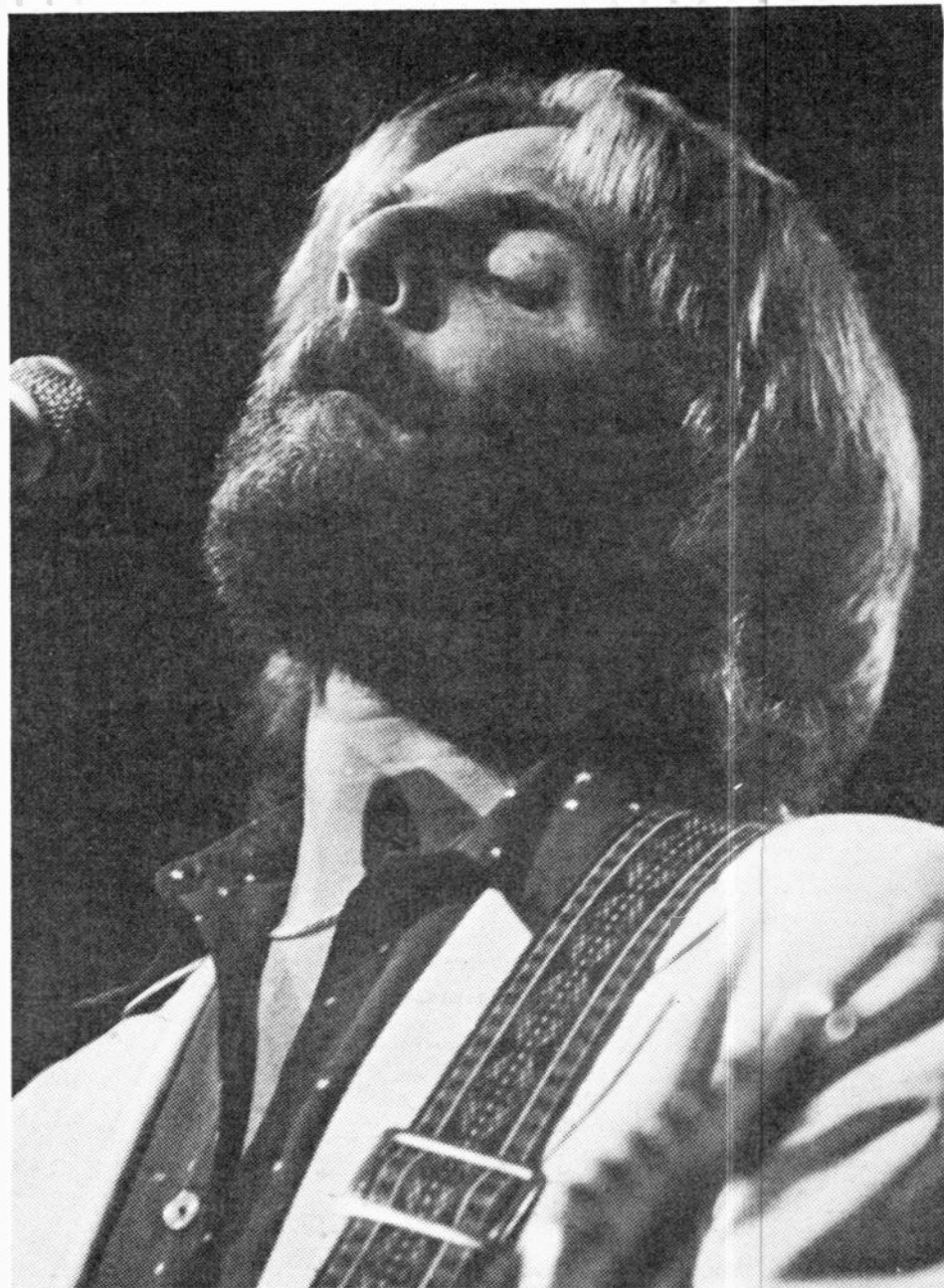
He did say that he'd move on if obligations to his own career conflicted with his extensive functions in her musical scheme of things. By the time he arrived in N.Y. on this tour, he felt he'd have to limit his work with Ronstadt and other artists in the immediate future to concentrate on writing for his own records. Seems he's less interested in being someone else's musical genie than in being his own man. But to do that, he'll have to discover just who he is.

His first album is characterized by fine melodies, mostly country-tinged rock but shot through with an unusual pop sensibility. Some of the songs are old ones culled from the Rangers tapes or home-made demos, and to successfully transfer the arrangements onto vinyl, the simplest way was to do all of it himself. Thus, on six of the ten tracks, he plays all of the instruments (except for horns on one track and some background vocals). His Beatle-ish, pop-rock style combines with the country element for a novel and refreshing sound.

"I'm a Gambler" is couched in a rhythmic lick straight out of "Dr. Robert" by the Beatles (which Andrew performs as an encore), with a Carl-Perkins-cum-George Harrison guitar solo. "Heartaches on Heartaches," an uptempo country torch-carrier tune, features a simple but pretty guitar solo using a truly incandescent tone. "I'm Coming Home" has an Anglo-pop lilt to the verse to go with the Ringo-esque rolls and fills that characterize his drumming here and on the rest of the record.

There's also a cinematic feel permeating back-to-back tracks on side two, "Endless Flight" (picked by Leo Sayer to be the title song of his latest LP) and "Hang My Picture Straight." The former's stately theme, surrounded by strings and intercut with brief snatches of airline dialogue, could easily be playing over a movie's closing credits; the latter's syncopated rhythm guitar and percussion plus some eerie strings lend a sort of "Man From U.N.C.L.E." undercover-intrigue air to this song of an outlaw on the run.

These trends are developed on *What's Wrong With This Picture*, but with some changes. Not all the songs are originals—he covers "Do Wah Diddy," "Stay" and "Learning the Game" with pleasant but essentially bland versions which lack the spark of the originals by Manfred Mann, the Four Seasons and Buddy Holly. He shines playing all the instruments on "Firefly," again using that appropriately incandescent guitar tone, this time on a slide solo—but that's the only track on which he plays so much. On six of the tracks he only plays piano (plus the odd percussion and a recorder on one),



MARY ALFIERI



CHUCK POLIN

Standin in with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

and the usual bunch of studio men play the rest—Lee Sklar, Danny Kortchmar, Waddy Wachtel, Mike Botts (of Bread), et al. The greater eclecticism of the material is blunted by the treatment given by producer Peter Asher's strings and the relative lack of identity of the session crew.

This is not to say that the record isn't good; there are, in fact, no absolute clinkers to be found, and "Go Back Home Again," "One of Them Is Me" and the album's centerpiece (and hit single), "Lonely Boy," are all high-grade stuff. The

rest is good but uninspiring, hardly the makings of stardom.

Yet Andrew's making some adjustments. "I don't think I'll do any non-originals next album" he said, and although playing all the tracks oneself may tend towards sterility, as he suggested, guitar is a far better means of imposing himself onto the arrangements.

It all boils down to the multi-talented Mr. G. discovering the truest way of projecting himself. "Lonely Boy" is a start, and when he finds himself he's sure to be turning his vinyl into gold. ●

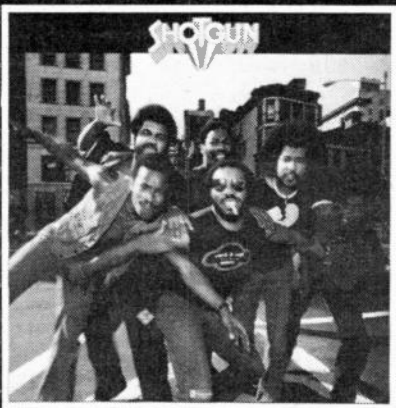
HAVE A

BLAST.

TRY THE

SHOTGUN

APPROACH.



On ABC Records and GRT Tapes

Produced by Al Nalli and Steve Klein

'GODS OF JAZZ'

RON CARTER Prefers Upright Bass

Only minutes into our interview at his plush Manhattan apartment, Ron Carter suddenly seemed like a 1970s version of a hired gun. You know the type—pay up and they'll do the job no questions asked. We were talking about the more than 400 sessions Carter has performed on bass for other people's albums, sessions ranging from the most abstract jazz to (horrors) disco.

"If they agree on a fee for my services, I just show up," he says, his skinny 6'4", 150 pound frame almost sliding down between the cracks in his couch. "It isn't critical what it is. My job is to go in there and be a contributor on bass and play as well as I can. As a professional, it doesn't phase me at all. But when people call me for dates other than jazz dates, it means they feel that I can contribute to it. That pleases me. It's important for people to know that I haven't always played with Miles Davis. Or that I haven't always played with Herbie Hancock."

If that's who people associate Ron Carter with, it's understandable. Carter, now 40, is emerging as the premier acoustic bassist of this era. What Charles Mingus, Scott La Faro, Ray Brown and Oscar Pettiford were to the Fifties and Sixties, Carter is to the Seventies. From 1963 to 1968 the Miles Davis band, which was as influential a jazz band as John Coltrane's quartet, featured Carter on bass, Herbie Hancock on piano, drummer Tony Williams and sax player Wayne Shorter (now of Weather Report). Besides his long stint with Davis and Hancock, Ron Carter has also done sessions for Grace Slick (*Manhole*), James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Mark-Almond, Jeff Muldaur and Phoebe Snow. So much for trying to fit him into any category.

At one point in our conversation I mentioned the word bass guitar. Carter stopped me before I could finish the sentence. "Wait a

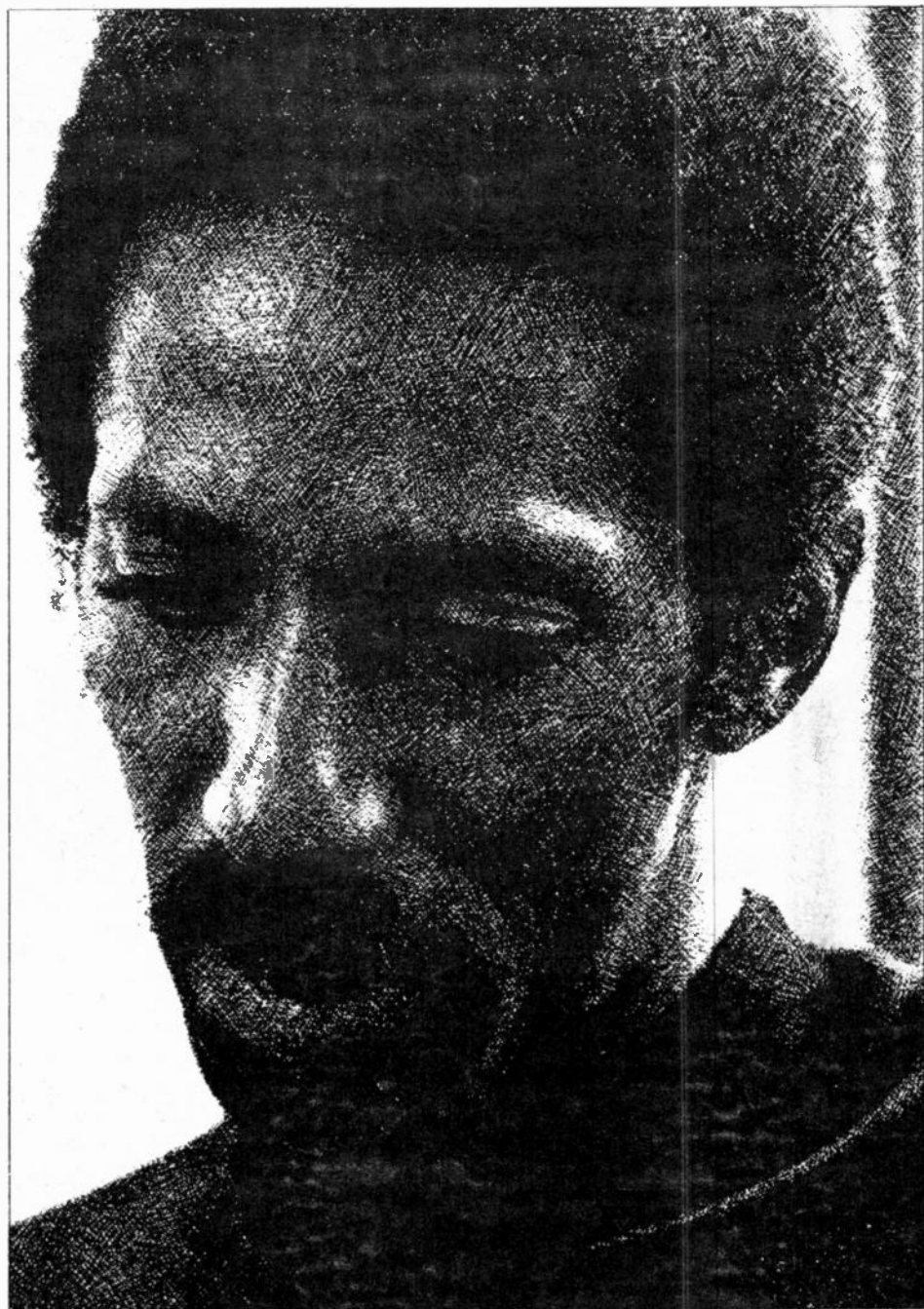
minute," he said holding out his hands like a traffic cop. "I'm not a bass guitar player. Nor am I a bass guitar enthusiast. I do make some dates on it because the job requires that but I'm an upright bass player. They're not the same. My son plays it—good—and Stanley Clarke plays it—good—but I don't care what happens to it.

"I won't endorse it," he added, explaining what almost sounded like snobbery. "If someone comes up to me and asks me if they should play bass guitar, I will offer them a viable option. I recommend the upright bass over the electric because its possibilities are greater."

Ron Carter is a native of Detroit. He began playing cello at the age of 10 and soon expanded his horizons to include bass, violin, clarinet, trombone and tuba. Following high school, he won a scholarship to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. Going the classical route, he went for his Masters degree from the Manhattan School of Music, but soon got distressed that black musicians were being overlooked for symphony jobs and turned to jazz. While still in school, he landed a prestigious gig with Chico Hamilton for several dates and also played with well-known saxman Sonny Stitt. During this time he also played for the legendary Eric Dolphy and soon Carter's name was circulating around New York as a bassist to watch.

Asked what his first major break was, he replies, "Learning how to practice; learning what exercises are important... how to get the maximum out of your time... what time is best to practice." This you have to learn on your own, he said. "Teachers can only tell you what's wrong. They can't tell you how to practice."

Along these lines, Carter took time out to write three books on "How to play jazz bass." One is for beginners, one is for advanced players and "Book three," he says,



WENDI LOMBARDI

"is supposed to be ready next month and is for the even more advanced."

Carter's session work for the past fifteen years and his five years as sideman for Miles Davis have precluded any attempts at getting his own band together. Until now, that is, because for the past year he has been working with a quartet of Buster Williams on second acoustic bass, pianist Kenny Barron and drummer Ben Riley.

"This is the first band I've had," he says as if he can't believe it himself. "I've done nights where you call up two guys and say, 'Let's go make this gig,' but this is the first band I've had. Ever."

How does he feel about it?

"I'm pleased," says the normally critical Carter. "I'm very pleased. This band is the kind of band that I wish to be involved with."

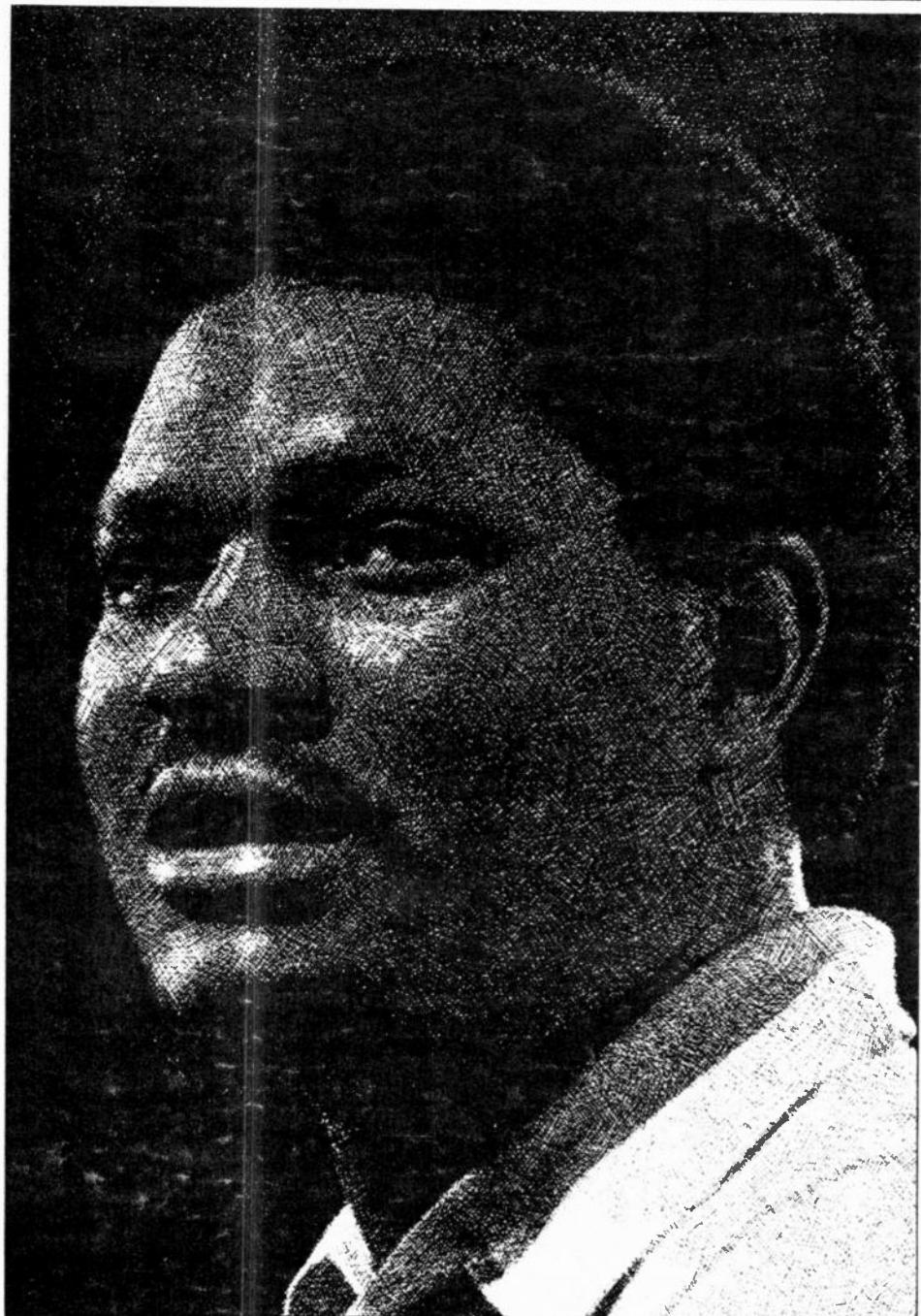
Not surprisingly. A recent three-week engagement at New

York's Sweet Basil, a tiny 80 seat jazz club, showed the quartet to be a spectacular unit. The final weekend they recorded a live album to be released on Milestone Records this fall. With just two basses, piano and drums, the variation of sounds and textures was remarkable and the performances night after night were breathtaking. But why did he play a small club for three weeks when he could have played Carnegie Hall?

"I kind of insist on playing nightclubs," he explains, "because it's a chance for the band to establish a repertoire and a level of performance. That's why it was important for us to do that because we had some new tunes in the book and I knew we were going to make the live record. Like, if anything is wrong, it has to be wrong Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday."

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Gig kicks off a series of articles dedicated to the most important jazz artists of our time with two of the very best... by Steve Weitzman



PHIL BRAY

McCOY TYNER "The Greatest Piano Player in the World"

else was doing anything like that. We just didn't realize the full impact until years later. Then, when I got out on my own, I found that other guys weren't as serious as we were. I couldn't understand that. We were so serious."

Tyner grew up in Philadelphia and at 15 was fortunate to have Bud Powell, one of the great piano players of all time, move into his neighborhood. McCoy had been given a piano by his mother the year before and was already leading his own R&B group when he met Powell, who, along with Thelonius Monk would become his biggest influence. He studied at the West Philadelphia Music School and the Granoff Music School and when he was 17 he joined the local jazz scene, playing with trumpeter Calvin Massey at the Red Rooster. It was here that he met John Coltrane.

"Calvin introduced me to John," Tyner relates, "and the guy at the club asked John if he wanted to come in the next week and gig but John (who was in between stints with Miles Davis) said, 'I don't have a band.' So he asked us if we wanted to play and we said sure."

"It was really something," he adds. "I could hear the seed of what he did later on, during that week. He had a different style than anybody I'd ever played with. It was such an inspiring sound. I had never heard a sound like that. He told me that when he left Miles and got his own group, he wanted me to join."

After a five year stint with Coltrane, McCoy decided he was ready to lead his own band. Over the next few years, however, Tyner found himself in an unfortunate situation which almost caused him to give up music. "I went through a period in the late 60s when I wasn't working. That was right after I left John. It was the big rock boom and

jazz was rarely being played on the air. It was kind of a tough period for me and I was thinking of driving a cab but I didn't have to do that. Things were bad but something took care of me. It's strange—even though things were bad, it was one of the happiest times of my life. I spent a lot of time with my family and got very close to them. Getting through that renewed my faith in the Creator."

In 1970 Tyner switched labels from Blue Note to Milestone and resulting albums showed him to be entering his most fertile period as a pianist. His first album for Milestone, *Sahara* (M-9039), featured Alphonse Mouzon and sax player Sonny Fortune and is a classic. Its African-influenced jazz compositions and instrumentation defy description. One of the best recorded examples of culture as music/art. The record lives and breathes intensity and beauty. Tyner's playing had begun to take the shape which has made him perhaps the most recognizable pianist in modern jazz. Notes cascade from Tyner's keyboard with the crispness and intensity of a hailstorm. His sense of improvisational melody is awesome.

He also began to experiment with other instruments, playing the kyoto, harpsichord and dulcimer on record and in concert. He has remained steadfast though in his preference for acoustic piano over any kind of electric keyboard. The reason he says, is that "acoustic piano requires more effort and more of yourself to play. Electronic keyboards are too easy, physically, to play and you don't get as much out of that. Also, the sound is too artificial for me and it's more of a neutralizing effect than anything else. But I'm not trying to say that everybody should play acoustic piano—what I'm saying is that it's

Fellow musicians speak of McCoy Tyner with either awe or admiration. In most cases, it's awe. Alphonse Mouzon, Tyner's drummer for several years and now with guitarist Larry Coryell, simply calls McCoy "the greatest piano player in the world." Mouzon has plenty of company in that assessment.

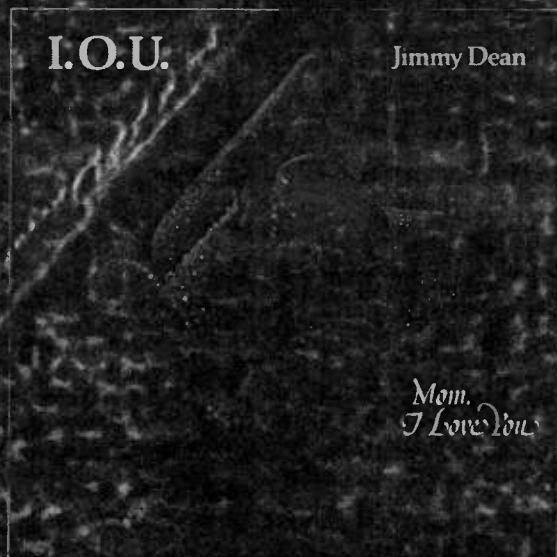
It's all in the grooves, as they say. McCoy Tyner's catalogue as a solo artist consists of 25 albums released during the past 15 years on three major jazz labels—Fantasy/Milestone, ABC/Impulse and Blue Note. It is a staggering collection of music that easily represents an entire chapter in the evolution of jazz piano. Every album, by the way, is still in print and when you consider an artist whose sales, until recently, have to be considered marginal in the Big Picture of rock and pop, you begin to get the drift of Tyner's importance.

Not to mention the countless albums McCoy has appeared on as a sideman. For five years, from 1960 to 1965, Tyner, now 38, was one-fourth of what is considered one of the greatest bands in the history of jazz. Led by sax legend John Coltrane, it included drummer Elvin Jones, bassist Jimmy Garrison and Tyner. All were innovators on their particular instruments and as a unit they erased the boundaries of jazz. Whether their collective sound was beautiful or ugly, harmonic or dissonant, they were concerned (or obsessed) with just one thing: absolute expression. Many of the performances this band made are viewed as historic. I asked McCoy if he realized then the significance of what they were doing.

"I knew we were doing something good," he smiles knowingly, "but I didn't realize until afterwards... I mean, it was so normal for us. I knew nobody

Continued over

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TYNER

Continued from 37

better for me for a number of reasons."

On later albums Tyner used a variety of sidemen who, in many cases, and in the same way that playing for John Coltrane made them reach new heights as an artist, gave their best performances to McCoy. Besides Alphonse Mouzon, whose drumming was particularly brilliant with Tyner, saxophonists Gary Bartz and Azar Lawrence showed incredible growth with Tyner. On last year's album, *Fly With The Wind*, McCoy enlisted the services of one Billy Cobham and the interaction between the two is remarkable.

For the past year and a half, the McCoy Tyner sextet has included sax players Joe Ford and Ron Bridgewater, bassist Charles Fambrough, percussionist Guilherme Franco and drummer Eric Gravatt, who has been with Weather Report as well as McCoy in the past. *Focal Point*, the most recent Tyner LP, is representative of that band and is another in the long list of highly recommendable albums by McCoy.

In the works, being recorded right now in fact, is another McCoy Tyner trio album, the last of which was *Trident* and consisted of Tyner, Ron Carter and Elvin Jones. This time, there will be two trios for possibly a double album. One has McCoy, Ron Carter and Tony Williams together and the other trio is Tyner, bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Jack DeJonnette. In June, McCoy will be recording an album with voices, something he's wanted to do for quite some time. It could conceivably be sort of an extension of *Fly With The Wind*, which, besides Billy Cobham, Hubert Laws and Ron Carter, incorporated a small orchestra to complement the ensemble playing. While cultivating his music, McCoy Tyner has cultivated us, his audience, to the degree where we know what we can expect in terms of quality. 25 brilliant albums in a row is some kind of track record.

Possibly the best summary of McCoy Tyner has been provided by John Coltrane, who said, "McCoy is always looking for the most personal way of expressing himself. He doesn't fall into conventional grooves. McCoy has taste. He can take anything, no matter how weird, and make it sound beautiful." •

CARTER



WENDI LOMBARDI

Continued from 36

It can't be wrong Friday or Saturday."

As yet, the album has no title. "I told the record company to pick some titles, put 'em in a hat and pick whichever one comes up. That's alright. As long as it's not too outrageous."

Carter's most recent LP is called *Pastels* (Milestone 9073). In addition to Kenny Barron, he

enlisted drummer Harvey Mason and guitarist Hugh McCracken to add an unusual touch to Carter's music. McCracken, a hot session guitarist, downplayed his dynamic level to adjust to the situation, yet the band did not lose any of the spontaneity. Does Carter record his studio albums "live" in the studio?

"Yeah I do. *Pastels*, except for my solo overdub, was all done live—even the string players. I prefer doing it like that. It's a lot more risky but it's a lot easier to duplicate that kind of sound live. And this particular quartet plays so well live it's to our advantage to do it that way. It's critical, I think."

Playing in a quartet led by Ron Carter might not be for everyone. He has a rather ambitious way of collecting material for the group.

"Right now," he informs, "I have embarked on a program of insisting that each member bring in a new piece for every rehearsal we do." How often do they rehearse? "It may be once a week for the next four months or once a month for the next three months."

What happens if they don't? "Then they have to hear about it and that's not very pleasant. They don't have to be reminded about not bringing in songs. I just want the band to have as many approaches to the music as we can get and I don't want all the songs to sound like me." •

In this era of great guitarists,
one name continues to stand out:

TROPEA



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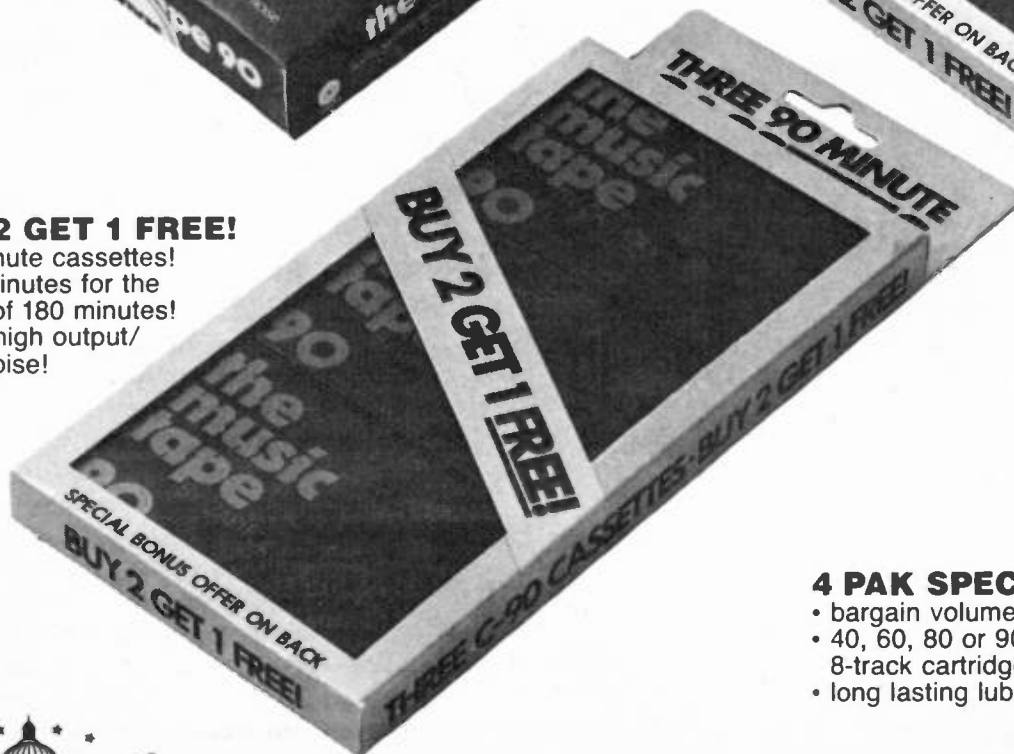
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CAPITOL MAGNETIC PRODUCTS A DIVISION OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC., 1750 NORTH VINE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90028

Dictators!

by Dave Schulps

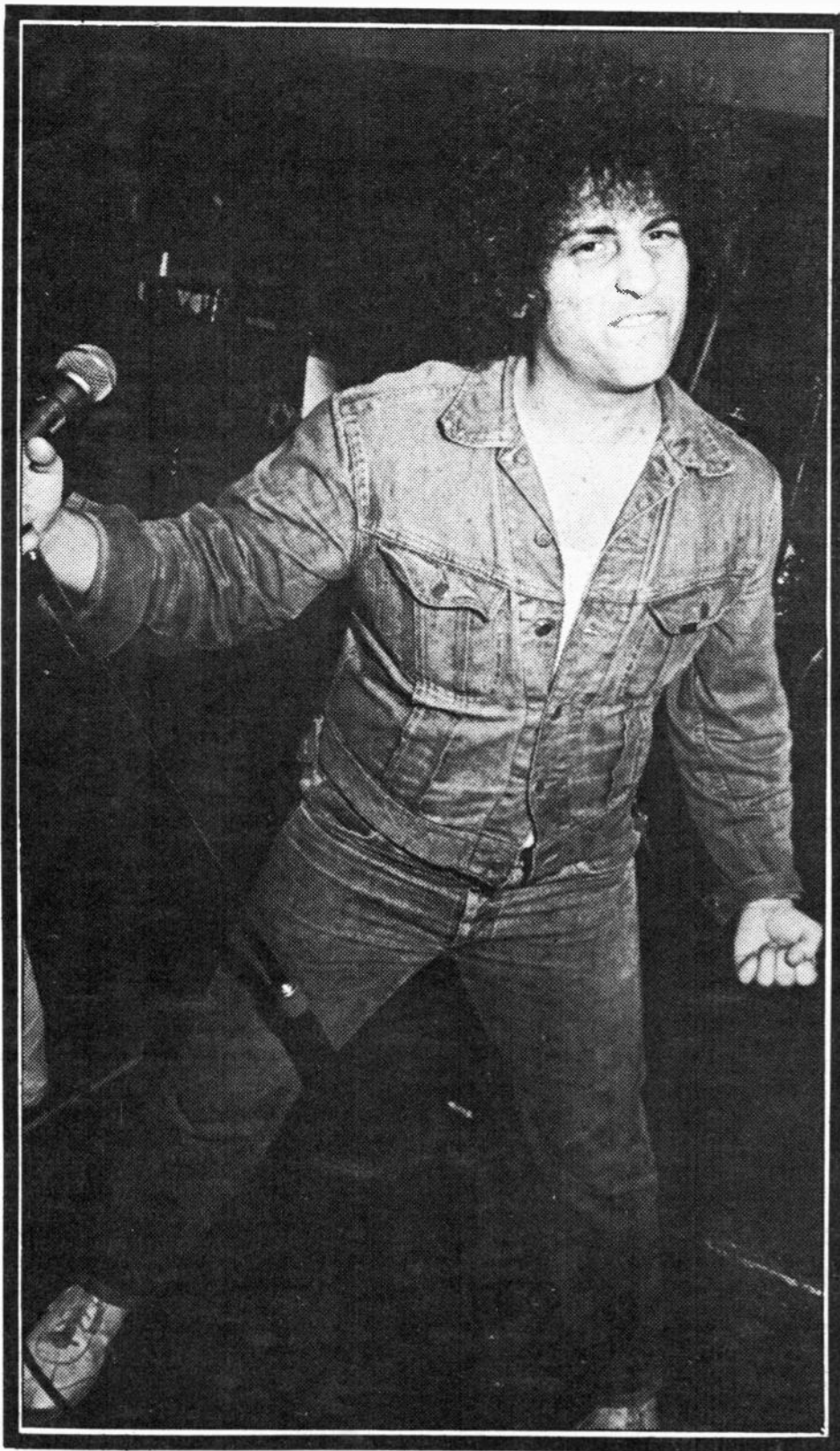
It is a cold November night, the kind of night that will become commonplace during this bitter winter. Yet inside CBGB's, even the walls seem to be sweating. The place is packed, as it has been every time the Dictators have played here. Realistically, they shouldn't even be playing in a place this size anymore. Their amplifiers alone cover most of the stage area and the volume they're putting out is liable to shake the whole damn building right off its foundations. As in earthquake.

Onstage stand five musicians and one oddity of a lead singer. He is, of course, none other than the legendary Handsome Dick Manitoba, currently bellowing out a rallying cry for the band. "Dictators Assemble!" The Handsome One roars as the band breaks into an incredibly fast and furious version of Iggy & The Stooges' metallic masterpiece "Search And Destroy." As a Marvel Comics reader, I realize that Manitoba has borrowed his cry from none other than The Avengers, but I forgive him because, when you come right down to it, The Dictators *are* superheroes.

Yeah, I know, we folks who write about rock'n'roll bands should keep our critical distance and everything, but for the past couple of years I've been bending the ears off just about anyone who'll listen about this band (even put up a picture of The Dics on my dormitory door in college—you should've seen the looks I got) and it finally looks like it's gonna be happening for them in a b-i-i-i-g way real soon. So let me have my heroes. This bunch is super, really. Just like the Avengers. Every one of them seems to be there for a reason. Not just six guys in a rock'n'roll band, each member seems to have his special niche...something for everyone.

Take Manitoba (*please!*) Not very long ago he was just plain ol' Richard Blum, the Bronx's most notorious party nuisance and short order cook of great repute. Then someone got the bright idea of letting him sing "Wild Thing" on stage with the band. Well, one thing led to another and now we're stuck with him. But a funny thing happened when he got on stage. Dick Blum, cook and bottle washer extraordinaire turned into

The New Ambassadors of American Kulture Shine On "Manifest Destiny"



Handsome Dick Manitoba, "The Handsomest Man In Rock'n'Roll."

And what about "Ross The Boss," who looks quite normal in real life, but give him a pair of black leather pants, stick an SG Custom in his hands and watch him

transform right before your eyes into the red hottest lead guitar player this side of Buck Dharma, or anyone else you'd care to name for that matter. Fast as the dickens—and that doesn't hurt—but also possessing this

incredible melodic streak which, though he'll vehemently deny it, actually lets him sound *tasteful* no matter how loud and fast he plays it. Did I hear you say he should be a guitar hero shortly? Yes. Roll over Ted Nugent and tell Ritchie Blackmore the news!

Enough virtuosity! What about versatility? Well, onetime boy wonder rock writer and fanzine editor Adny (nee Andy) Shernoff fits the bill here. Whether playing keyboards, guitar, or "stepping out" to sing some lead vocals, Adny knows he must fill the role of "the intellectual of the group." Offstage, he might just be the Dictators MVP 'cause he writes nearly all their material. His reputation as one of rockdom's premier satirists (as anyone who's heard the brilliant, but ill-fated *Dictators Go Girl Crazy* album can attest to) seems to be taking a back seat to writing great rock songs that can be played on the radio, but his humorous side shines through on the new ones anyway.

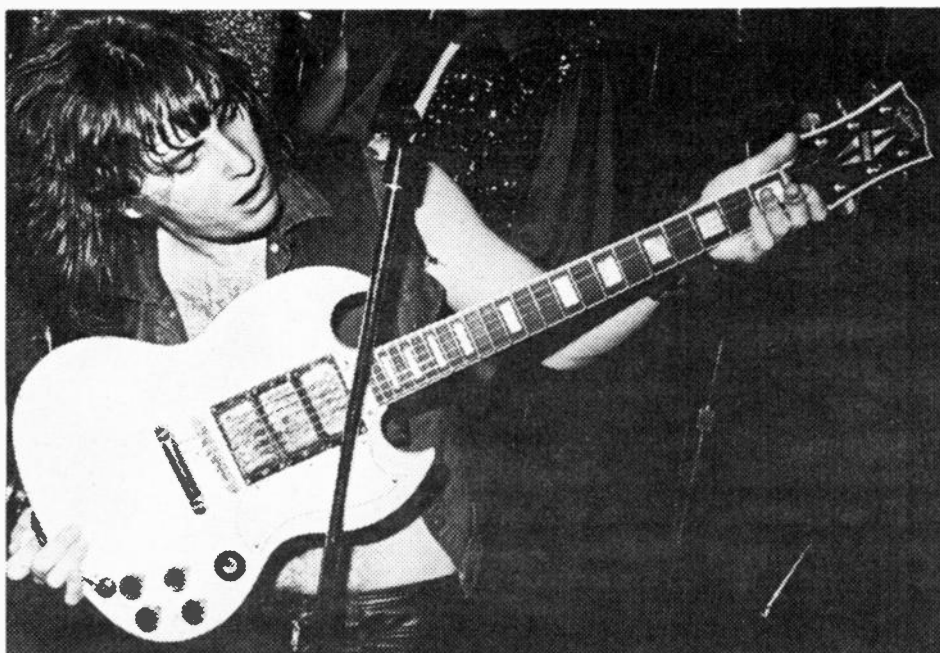
Mark "The Animal" Mendoza has to be seen to be believed. He is without a doubt the most menacing bass player to ever stalk the earth (sorry Gene, you lose), often dragging sound out of his instrument not by striking the strings, but by pounding the body of his bass, with a clenched fist. Standing well over six feet with a halo of frizzy hair crowning his head, he is definitely the Dictator you'd least like to meet in a dark alley.

Then there's Scott "Top Ten" Kempner on "Pacemaker" rhythm guitar. A best bet for much female reaction, he looks like he was born with the guitar in his hands and plays the rock star role to the hilt, flailing his ax in a manner reminiscent of one P. Townsend.

Ritchie Teeter not only plays the hell out of the drums but also has an alter ego with one of the best pop singing voices you'll ever want to hear; a voice prominently spotlighted on the new album.

The new album. Had to get around to it eventually, 'cause it's really the why and wherefore of this article. Well, I only got to hear it once due to deadline doom lingering over my head, but in a nutshell—it's a total, absolute knockout. Title's *Manifest Destiny* and that says it all. Anyone who's

Continued over



probably never heard the Dictators since *Go Girl Crazy* was not exactly a staple on radio station playlists, so maybe a bit of backtracking is in order before a complete rundown on *Manifest Destiny*. With Adny ("I write the songs") Shernoff at the other end of the phone, the "Dictators legend" gradually unfolded.

As previously mentioned, Shernoff was a somewhat well known rock-crit prior to entering college at New Paltz, New York. "I was going to college if you could call it that. Actually, I was just hanging out and getting drunk as much as possible. Ross was playing in a band up there called Total Crud. One day he told me he was quitting Total Crud and I thought, 'great, we'll form a band.' Scott and Ross can play guitars and I'll play bass and we can get Handsome Dick to sing. Within a couple of months of our first rehearsal we had a record company contract."

Adny's rock critic connections, especially his friendship with Richard Meltzer and the Dictators future production and management team of Murray Krugman and Sandy Pearlman, didn't hurt the band's rapidly developing career. They signed with Epic records, played a few gigs through which they were able to develop a fanatical word-of-mouth following, and went into the studio to cut *Go Girl Crazy*. The album was recorded in a true rock'n'roll party atmosphere, with great guitar work by Ross The Boss, hilarious songs by Shernoff, a couple of hilarious cover versions ("I Got You Babe" and "California Sun"), capped off by hilarious cover art (depicting Handsome Dick as a professional wrestler), and hilarious production. In fact, it was a joke. Those who got the joke loved it. It was truly a spiritual and musical forerunner to the current punk rock movement and Shernoff's depiction of cheeseburger munching, TV watching and sopor swallowing teenagers, was truly remarkable satire. Unfortunately, nobody concerned with getting the record out to the public seemed to get the joke. "It was totally unplayable on the radio. We didn't meet any of the standards set by modern society."

The capper to the joke was that the Dictators fired their drummer the week of the album's release. So there was no radio play, no promotion, no band to tour with, and shortly after, no more record contract. All that was left were four Dictators and a small but incredibly hard-core group of Dictators fans, most of whom thought *Go Girl Crazy* was one of the all time rock masterworks.

For close to a year following the release of *Go Girl Crazy* the band barely hung together. They rehearsed and auditioned new drummers and bassists (Adny

switched to keyboards) and at one point actually broke up for a short time, before returning with Teeter and Mendoza in the lineup but Shernoff out.

In early 1976, The Dictators again unleashed themselves on New York with remarkably improved results. After a couple of months Shernoff returned to the fold, and the band was ready to re-introduce themselves to record companies once more. They were soon signed to Asylum with a nice advance. By November 1976, the Dics were back in the studio to begin work on *Manifest Destiny*.

"This time we were going to make a record that could be played on the radio. That was the main thing. This one is music for the whole family; music for all the rock 'n' roll fans in the world," Adny says seriously. "There'll still be humor in the songs," he adds, "but also sadness, ambition and lots of other things." His seriousness is reflected in many of the lyrics, no longer the total joke of *Go Girl Crazy*. On "Young, Fast, And Scientific," a tribute to "Dictators mythology" with references to *Go Girl Crazy* and to the changes which have taken place since:

Have you heard?
They said I could be The Next
Big Thing
Take my word
I've got a method that could make
me king
Rock and roll made a man
out of me...

Another song, perhaps the album's best, expands on the same point. It is "Steppin' Out" a brilliantly produced Who-ish rocker which manages to sound as majestic as the best of *Quadrophenia* without the use of any strings or synthesizers. Other songs are less heavy in terms of content with at least three distinct HIT single possibilities, a personal fave being "Sleeping With The TV On." And there's still funny stuff on *Manifest Destiny*. "Science Gone Too Far" is a blasting hard rocker inspired by a grade-B horror movie while "Diseased," based on a doomy descending riff, provides a showcase for a riotous Manitoba monologue. The closer is the aforementioned "Search And Destroy," and if you think Iggy's version is the ultimate, guess again. As a matter of fact, *Manifest Destiny* does everything recorded in the last ten years one better. It represents everything I love about rock'n'roll all rolled into one. What'll they do to follow this one!

Says Adny: "We want people to love the Dictators all over the world, because we're Americans and we emanate American culture. We're ambassadors of American culture and people love it 'cause we're for real. We live what we sing about." ●

From top: The band; Ross the Boss; Mark The Animal Mendoza

ever seen the Dictators, heard the Dictators first album or even fantasized about the Dictators will not believe this. If *Go Girl Crazy* was underproduced punk-pop parody, *Manifest Destiny* is a glorious marriage of The Who, The Beach Boys, and (insert your

favorite heavy metal outfit) with (hold on to your hat!) Phil Spector. Kudos to producers Murray Krugman and Sandy Pearlman, the sound of this record is nothing short of a miracle (especially in light of *Go Girl Crazy*).

But many of you have

Sound Advice

by Norman Eisenberg

RECORD CLEANING

Record cleaning, like record making, is apparently a game with rules that are always changing. Research into the nature of the dirt that settles onto a record and its causes and cures is an ongoing activity and we are constantly being offered new insights into record dirt, new ways and devices for getting rid of it, and even for preventing it from building up in the first place.

This last idea is especially attractive—you know the old adage about “an ounce of prevention...” A product that has gained a following in this area is Sound Guard, which claims to be a record preservative. It enables the record owner to apply a “dry” film to a disc that protects the surface and grooves from the ravages of microscopically small foreign particles. The film is thin enough (a few millionths of an inch) not to interfere with the accurate tracing of the phono stylus, and is credited by several reliable sources with letting new records sound good for longer periods of time. It’s even supposed to help perk up the sound of older records.

According to the producers of another device, the Discwasher System, a special kind of dirt can form in record grooves consisting of colonies of fungus-like organ-



The Vac-O-Rec

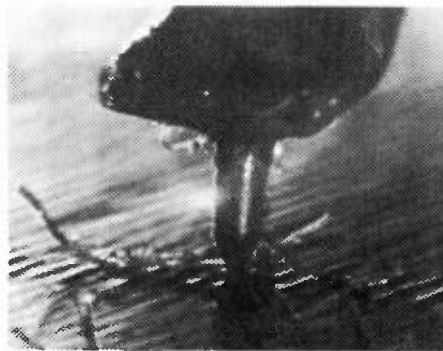
isms. The fluid in this cleaning kit is said to be especially formulated to discourage such organisms and to provide long-term protection against their developing. It is applied by means of a wooden handle fitted with a nap-brush. Companion piece to the Discwasher is the firm’s stylus cleaner (SC-1) a small fiber brush supplied with a magnifier to help examine the underside of the cartridge. Note, by the way, that stylus cleaning should involve more than just brushing the stylus tip. Crud can become

imbedded in the tiny area between the cantilever and the underside of the cartridge which, if impacted, impedes the normal movement of the stylus and thus degrades the pickup’s response. While on this particular topic, it might be helpful to point out that whatever brush you use to clean a stylus, you always should sweep it from rear to front, never from side to side. This motion can upset the cantilever seating, and is a good reason NOT to depend on the brush sometimes found on a record changer that engages the stylus in a side-to-side sweep as the tone-arm moves to or from a record. If your record-player has such a brush, remove it and use it manually, sweeping the stylus from rear to front.

Researchers here and abroad have shown that a major cause of dust buildup on a record is the attraction created by static charges on the record surface. These charges are more likely to occur in dry environments and are somewhat related to the kind of static charge you can build up on your own body by walking across a certain kind of carpeting. In one way or another most of the “wet” record cleaners—in addition to their flushing action—help reduce static charges by the very application of moisture. One of the oldest, and still a favorite among many record owners, is the Watts Dust Bug. This gadget extends, like a second tone arm, across the record during play so that a small brush sweeps the record groove while a moistened pad behind the brush takes up the crud dislodged and, at the same time, applies the merest coating of moisture to the record. A recent device of similar type is Recoton’s Dust Wand, and Recoton also offers hand-held cleaning pads and rollers for those who prefer these devices. (There is no way to use a Dust Bug or a Dust Wand on a record changer since the dropping of a record in a pile would be impossible with this kind of device fitted in place.)

For situations where slight moistening is not enough to combat strong static charge buildup, there’s a device called Zerostat (also from Discwasher) which looks like a science-fiction weapon and is designed to neutralize, without the use of radioactivity, the static charge not only on record surfaces, but also on film and dust covers.

The question of wet-cleaning or dry-cleaning comes up with



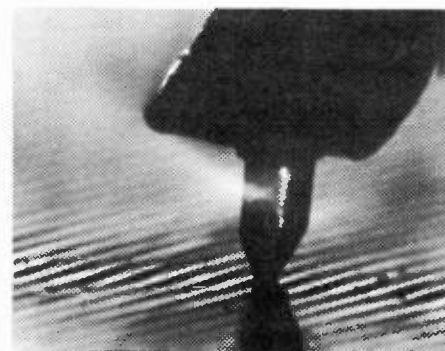
Even at a downward tracking force of 1.5 grams, the stylus carves into the grooves of the disc, collecting small particles of vinyl.



records even as it does for other things. While most of the record-cleaners on the market are, in one way or another, essentially “wet,” there is at least one that is “dry”—and it actually is a form of miniature electric vacuum cleaner. Called the Vac-O-Rec, it’s an odd-shaped device with a slot across the top. You insert a record into the slot, turning on the Vac-O-Rec which rotates the record. Brushes within the device sweep the grooves, while an internal fan draws away the dislodged particles of dust.

As with all devices, there is no universal agreement among audio insiders or veteran record collectors as to which general approach to cleaning records, or which specific device, is best. Each method and each gadget has its partisans, and each advocate of one or another can come up with “conclusive” lab tests that “prove” his pet device works better than any other.

For most record owners, perhaps the wisest course to follow would be to invest in one or two of the simpler hand-held wet cleaning devices and use it (or them) regularly, as per the instructions furnished. If record dirt persists, it may be time to step up to one of the more exotic and expensive systems.



No sign of wear after repeated plays with a stylus at a downward tracking force of 1.5 grams. The microscopic dry lubricant coating (Sound Guard) reduces the friction between stylus and groove modulations, without filling in minute groove variations.



Whatever, it is also imperative to follow some simple rules for handling records. Never touch a record surface (your skin will leave an oily film that is, to a record, pure dirt and which will in turn attract more dirt). Always handle a record by its outer edge. During play, try to keep the turntable covered. Return a record as soon as possible to its liner and jacket. Do not line up the opening in the inner liner with the opening in the outer jacket even though this seems a convenient way to insert and remove the record. And do not blow into a record jacket to “open” it. Avoid smoking when a record surface is exposed. Researchers in Britain have found that tobacco smoke, even from several feet away from the record player, can form a condensate that settles into the record groove.

Finally, when all is said and done, there are many who still recommend—for really filthy records—an old-fashioned bath in lukewarm water mixed with a little mild detergent. Rinse the washed record under water—preferably distilled water—and stand it upright to dry. Then apply one of the wet cleaning devices, and go on from there with more sophisticated treatment if necessary. •

Audio/HiFi

by Michael James Wright

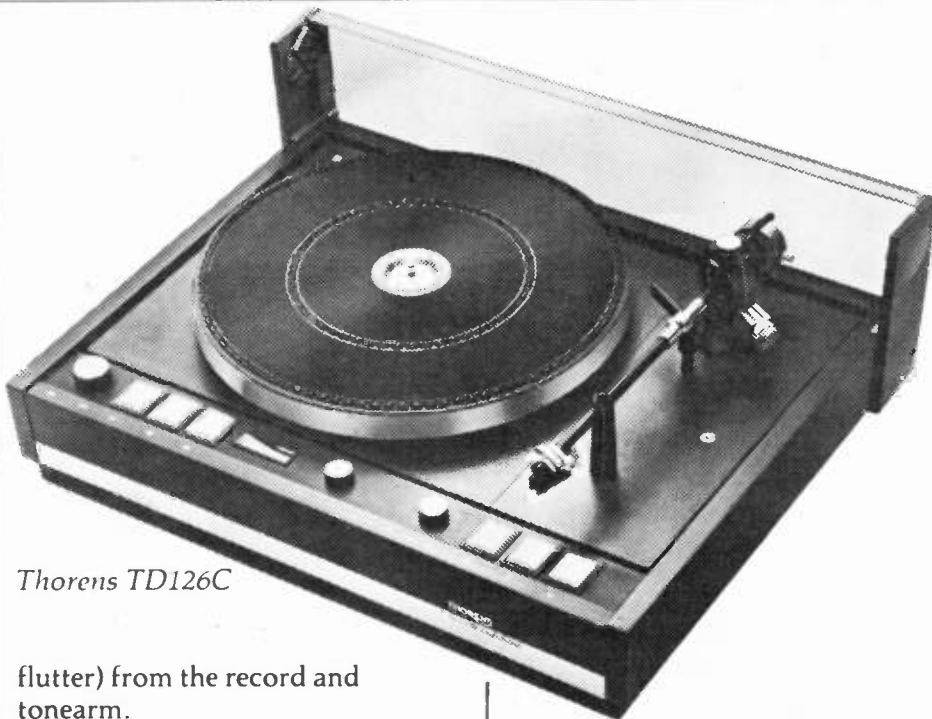
ELPA Introduces New Thorens Isotrack Series Turntables

Thorens has introduced a new concept in tonearm design—the plug-in-arm—to complement its new line of manual turntables.

Thorens has eliminated the headshell and its collar connection by incorporating the headshell and tonearm rod in a straight tubular design only 7.5 grams in effective mass and up to 50% less in tonearm mass than competitive tonearms.

Thorens is also introducing the "Isotrack" mini-mass tonearm. In addition to the lower effective mass, the "Isotrack" tonearm features ease in pick-up cartridge or stylus replacement via Thorens unique interchangeable plug-in-arm whereby the replacement unit includes the tonearm tube connected much closer to the pivot than on any previous tonearm design.

Thorens Isotrack Series employs the proven, reliable belt-drive system. The belt-drive acts as a resilient damper to filter all motor eccentricities, vibrations (rumble) and speed variations (wow and



Thorens TD126C

flutter) from the record and tonearm.

All "Isotrack" turntables feature a "floating" die-cast chassis that supports the turntable platter and tonearm, isolating them from motor vibrations, acoustic feedback and room and floor vibrations. Thorens TD-126C "Isotrack" turntable also features feather-touch, illuminated push-buttons for speed selection and cueing. Complete flexibility of operation to cue or change the record.

Frequency response is 30-17,000Hz ± 3 dB (for Ferrichrome tape).

RT-3535 comes in a walnut grained cabinet with brushed chrome front plate. It is covered under a two year limited warranty on parts and labor.

SE-4 Headphones

The Pioneer SE-4 lets you hear the wide 20 to 20,000Hz musical spectrum without headphone distortion. The advantage is in the thin polyester film dome drivers with a tangential edge in order to reproduce the cleanest tonal quality over the widest frequency range.

Without a cord, the SE-4 weighs only about 7½ ounces. The 2-step adjustable headband reduces physical pressure against your head with the push of a button. The large, soft earpads are mounted in a multi-swivel frame to provide a painless fit.



The TD-126C "Isotrack" also offers 3 speeds (33½, 45, 78 rpm), fine speed adjustment $\pm 5\%$, illuminated stroboscope, a new, more powerful and quieter 16-pole synchronous motor and a Wein-Bridge oscillator for precise control of motor speed.

Watch for upcoming Gig Road Test on these.

Optonica Stereo Cassette Tape Deck Offers High Performance and Exclusive Automatic Program locate device

The new Optonica Product Line stereo cassette tape deck (RT-3535) offers features like the Automatic Program Locate Device (APLD) which enables a user to play only the selections on a tape he desires, and in the order he desires.

The RT-3535 has a wow flutter specification of 0.04 per cent WRMS. It has a two motor drive, precision-polished capstan shaft, high inertia flywheel, precision ground flat drive belt, and a Dolby Noise Reduction System. Other features include an ultra-hard Permalloy head, three position separate bias/equalizer tape selection switches, MPX filter switch, S/N ratio of 64dB with Dolby N.R. switch on, Independent LINE/MIC input selector, and low noise coupling capacitors. It also has a space setter, accurate peak level meters, full electronic auto stop system, and input (recording) level limiter with on/off switch.

Clean Sound

The CLEAN SOUND System consists of two components engineered to work together: a scientifically designed applicator and an exclusive solution formulation. The cylindrical applicator is styled of clear styrene, chrome and velvet-like material. The plush fabric is positioned to reach deeply into the grooves of a record and lift away all dirt particles.

The CLEAN SOUND Solution, formulated from ten ingredients, is packaged in a silver-tone bottle with a special applicator head to control solution flow.

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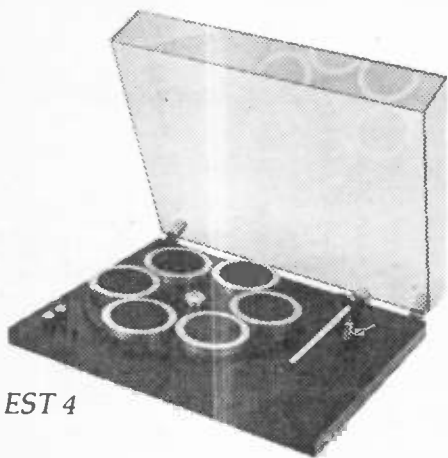


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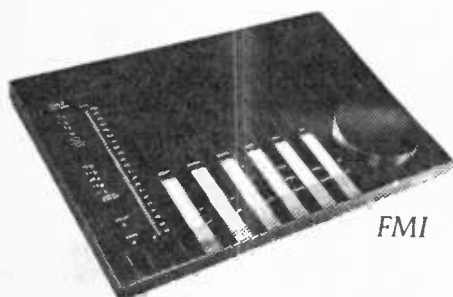


Optonica RT3535



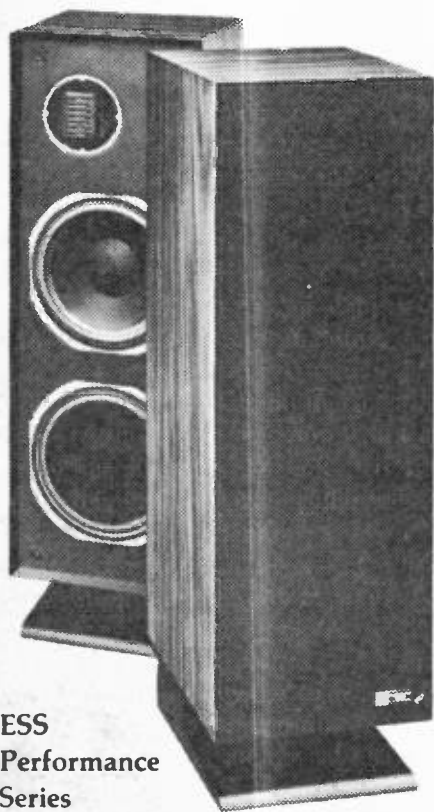
EST 4

The new EST 4 turntable is a direct drive unit and its base is 28mm (just over an inch) in depth. With it goes a pick-up arm manufactured by Deith Monks Audio Ltd., which has been adapted by Environmental Sound. The absence of lead-out wires from arm to pillar (replaced by mercury gold contacts) removes one of the major problems of light tracking.



FMI

The FMI high performance stereo tuner designed to take a bolt-on digital readout. To achieve a level of performance where distortion is typically 0.1% for 100% modulation (1Hz) and stereo distortion is 40dB at 1 kHz, Lecson engineers have had to reject most commercially available integrated circuits in favor of custom specified circuits selected to very fine limits.



ESS
Performance
Series

Three ESS Performance Series Speakers have been designed for optimal performance at a moderate cost. Performance is assured by no-compromise, high quality

components including highly effective passive radiators for low distortion bass response. The moderate cost is possible by savings that result from the walnut vinyl wrap covering of the cabinet. Two of the speakers are bookshelf designs: the Model 8 features an 8" woofer and 10" rear mounted passive radiator; the Model 5 features a 10" woofer and rear mounted passive radiator. The third model, the Performance Series Pedestal Model 4 is floor standing, tall and deeply drawn with a large interior volume and front mounted

radiator. All Performance Series speakers feature the distinguished Heil air-motion transformer "Power Ring" for frequencies above 2400 Hz.

The Performance Series Model 4 Pedestal speaker's low frequency driver contains an ESS designed 10" cast aluminum basket for increased structural rigidity. The extremely open back design possible from the casting results in the absence of any "ringing" characteristics of stamped baskets. In addition, rigidity achieved by the cast basket prevents any loss of deep bass

energy through flexing. As a result the Model 4's bass is extremely smooth and tight.

The Model 4 Pedestal speaker is tall, slim and deeply drawn with a large interior volume for additional bass response. Bass response and imaging are further enhanced by a front mounted passive radiator. (Front mounting of the passive radiator is possible because of the tall cabinet design.) The Model 4 Pedestal format speaker measures 35" H x 12 1/2" W x 12-5/8" D (88.9 x 31.75 x 30.8 cm) and with packing weighs 48 lbs.



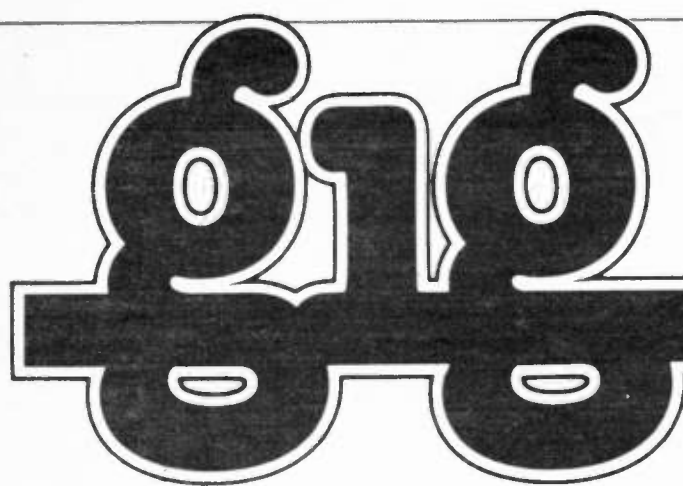
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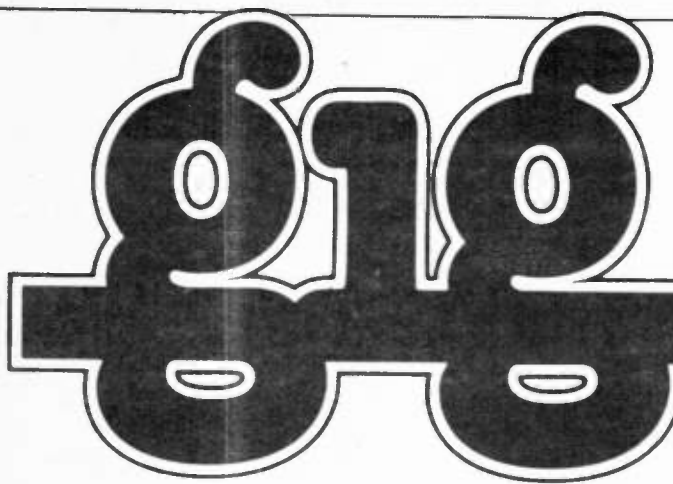
ROCK & POP

Albums

- ▲ **1 MARVIN GAYE LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM** (Tamla T7-352R2)
- ▲ **2 HOTEL CALIFORNIA** EAGLES (Asylum 7E-1084)
- ▲ **3 GO FOR YOUR GUNS** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck PZ-34432)
- ▲ **4 RUMOURS** FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros. BSK-3010)
- ▲ **5 ROCKY/ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK** (United Artists UA-LA693-G)
- ▲ **6 COMMODORES** (Motown M7-884R1)
- ▲ **7 SONGS FROM THE WOOD** JETHRO TULL (Chrysalis CHR-1132)
- ▲ **8 BOSTON** (Epic PE-34188)
- ▲ **9 A STAR IS BORN/ORIGINAL SOUND-TRACK RECORDING** BARBRA STREISAND & KRIS KRISTOFFERSON (Columbia JS-34403)
- ▲ **10 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE** STEVIE WONDER (Tamla T13-340C2)
- ▲ **11 A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE** ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION (Polydor PD-1-6080)
- ▲ **12 LEFTOVERTURE** KANSAS (Kirshner PZ-34224)
- ▲ **13 UNPREDICTABLE** NATALIE COLE (Capitol SO-11600)
- ▲ **14 WORKS VOLUME 1** EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER (Atlantic SD-2-7000)
- ▲ **15 SILK DEGREES** BOZ SCAGGS (Columbia PC-33920)
- ▲ **16 COME IN FROM THE RAIN** CAPTAIN & TENNILE (A&M SP-4700)
- ▲ **17 BURNIN' SKY** BAD COMPANY (Swan Song SS-8500)
- ▲ **18 ANYWAY YOU LIKE IT** THEMLA HOUSTON (Tamla T6-345S1)
- ▲ **19 NIGHT MOVES** BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND (Capitol 11557)
- ▲ **20 ENDLESS FLIGHT** LEO SAYER (Warner Bros. BS-2962)
- ▲ **21 BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US** DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES (RCA APL1-1467)
- ▲ **22 AHH... THE NAME IS BOOTSY, BABY!** BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND (Warner Bros. BS-2972)
- ▲ **23 JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE** (Epic PE-34433)
- ▲ **24 SWEET FORGIVENESS** BONNIE RAITT (Warner Bros. BS-2990)
- ▲ **25 SOUTHERN NIGHTS** GLEN CAMPBELL (Capitol SO-11601)
- ▲ **26 YESTERDAY, TODAY & TOMORROW** SPINNERS (Atlantic SD-19100)
- ▲ **27 FOREIGNER** (Atlantic SD-18215)
- ▲ **28 CAROLINA DREAMS** MARSHALL TUCKER BAND (Capricorn CP-0180)
- ▲ **29 IN FLIGHT** GEORGE BENSON (Warner Bros. BSK-2983)
- ▲ **30 THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-1975** EAGLES (Asylum 7E-1052)
- ▲ **31 KLAATU** (Capitol ST-11542)
- ▲ **32 FLY LIKE AN EAGLE** STEVE MILLER (Capitol ST-11497)
- ▲ **33 ANGEL** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury SRM-1-3701)
- ▲ **34 EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS** SUPERTRAMP (A&M SP-4634)
- ▲ **35 HEAVY WEATHER** WEATHER REPORT (Columbia PC-34418)
- ▲ **36 JENNIFFER WARNES** (Arista AL-4062)
- ▲ **37 SLEEPWALKER** KINKS (Arista AL-4106)
- ▲ **38 TEDDY PENDERGRASS** (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34390)
- ▲ **39 CHANGES IN LATITUDES-CHANGES IN ATTITUDES** JIMMY BUFFETT (ABC AB-990)
- ▲ **40 SONGWRITER** JUSTIN HAYWARD (Deram DES-18073)
- ▲ **41 PETER GABRIEL** (Atco SD-36-147)
- ▲ **42 FOUR** BOB JAMES (CTI-7074)
- ▲ **43 ASK RUFUS** RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC AB-975)
- ▲ **44 ANIMALS** PINK FLOYD (Columbia JC-34474)
- ▲ **45 GREATEST HITS** LINDA RONSTADT (Asylum 7E-1092)
- ▲ **46 PART 3** K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 605)
- ▲ **47 A REAL MOTHER FOR YA** JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON (DJM DJLPA-7)
- ▲ **48 ROCK AND ROLL OVER** KISS (Casablanca NBLP-7037)
- ▲ **49 I CAME TO DANCE** NILS LOFGREN (A&M SP-4628)
- ▲ **50 UNMISTAKABLY LOU** LOU RAWLS (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34488)

SOUL

- ▲ **1 MARVIN GAYE LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM** (Tamla T7-352R2)
- ▲ **2 GO FOR YOUR GUNS** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck PZ 34432)
- ▲ **3 COMMODORES** (Motown M7-884R1)
- ▲ **4 ANGEL** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury SRM-1-3701)
- ▲ **5 AHH... THE NAME IS BOOTSY, BABY!** BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND (Warner Bros. BS-2972)
- ▲ **6 TEDDY PENDERGRASS** (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34390)
- ▲ **7 ASK RUFUS** RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC AB-975)
- ▲ **8 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE** STEVIE WONDER (Tamla T13-340C2)
- ▲ **9 UNPREDICTABLE** NATALIE COLE (Capitol SO-11600)
- ▲ **10 A REAL MOTHER FOR YA** JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON (DJM DJLPA-7)
- ▲ **11 SLAVE** (Cotillion SD-9914)
- ▲ **12 COMING BACK FOR MORE** WILLIAM BELL (Mercury SRM-1-1146)
- ▲ **13 FLY LIKE AN EAGLE** STEVE MILLER (Capitol ST-11497)
- ▲ **14 UNMISTAKABLY LOU** LOU RAWLS (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34488)
- ▲ **15 YESTERDAY, TODAY & TOMORROW** SPINNERS (Atlantic SD-19100)
- ▲ **16 IN FLIGHT** GEORGE BENSON (Warner Bros. BSK-2983)
- ▲ **17 RATED EXTRAORDINAIRE** JOHNNY TAYLOR (Columbia PC-34401)
- ▲ **18 ANYWAY YOU LIKE IT** THEMLA HOUSTON (Tamla T6-345S1)
- ▲ **19 NOW DO YOU WANNA DANCE** GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION (Warner Bros. BS-3041)
- ▲ **20 IT FEELS SO GOOD** MANHATTANS (Columbia PC-34450)
- ▲ **21 SWEET BEGINNINGS** MARLEAN SHAW (Columbia PC-34458)
- ▲ **22 I WANT TO COME BACK AS A SONG** WALTER JACKSON (Chi-Sound CH-LA733-G)
- ▲ **23 DISCO INFERNO** TRAMMPS (Atlantic SD-18211)
- ▲ **24 LOVE STORM** TAVARES (Capitol STAO-11628)
- ▲ **25 ROMANTIC JOURNEY** NORMAN CONNORS (Buddah BDS-5682)
- ▲ **26 MAZE** FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLY (Capitol ST-11607)
- ▲ **27 JOYOUS** PLEASURE (Fantasy F-9526)
- ▲ **28 STILL TOGETHER** GLADYS KNIGHT (Buddah BDS 5689)
- ▲ **29 WHAT YOU NEED** SIDE EFFECT (Fantasy F-9513)
- ▲ **30 SOMETIMES** FACTS OF LIFE (Kayvette 302)
- ▲ **31 BREEZIN'** GEORGE BENSON (Warner Bros. BS-2919)
- ▲ **32 PART 3** K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK-605)
- ▲ **33 A BLOW FOR ME, A TOOT FOR YOU** FRED WESLEY & THE HORNY HORNS (Atlantic SD 18214)
- ▲ **34 DEEP IN MY SOUL** SMOKEY ROBINSON (Tamla T-350S1)
- ▲ **35 STAY IN LOVE** MINNIE RIPERTON (Epic PE-34191)
- ▲ **36 SUITE FOR A SINGLE GIRL** JERRY BUTLER (Motown M7-878S1)
- ▲ **37 ENCHANTMENT** (United Artists UA-LA 682-G)
- ▲ **38 HEAVY WEATHER** WEATHER REPORT (Columbia PC-34418)
- ▲ **39 ROOTS** QUINCY JONES (A&M SP-4626)
- ▲ **40 UNFINISHED BUSINESS** BLACKBYRDS (Fantasy F-9518)
- ▲ **41 CAR WASH/ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK** ROSE ROYCE (MCA 2-6000)
- ▲ **42 PHYLLIS HYMAN** (Buddah BDS-5681)
- ▲ **43 THE JACKSONS** (Epic PE-34229)
- ▲ **44 SEAWIND** (CTI-5002)
- ▲ **45 PERSON TO PERSON** AVERAGE WHITE BAND (Atlantic SD 2-1002)
- ▲ **46 ELECTRIFIED FUNK** WILD CHERRY (Epic PE-34462)
- ▲ **47 JEAN CARN** (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34394)
- ▲ **48 CARICATURES** DONALD BYRD (Blue Note BN-LA633-G)
- ▲ **49 NYCNYUSA** FATBACK BAND (Spring SP-1-6714)
- ▲ **50 LET 'EM IN** BILLY PAUL (Phil. Int'l. PZ-34389)



ROCK & POP

Singles

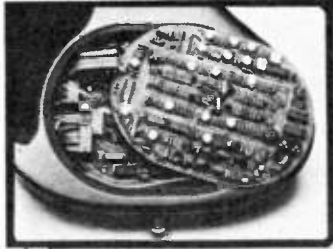
- ▲ 1 **SIR DUKE** STEVIE WONDER (Tamla 54281)
- ▲ 2 **WHEN I NEED YOU** LEO SAYER (Warner Bros. 8332)
- 3 **SOUTHERN NIGHTS** GLEN CAMPBELL (Capitol 4376)
- 4 **HOTEL CALIFORNIA** EAGLES (Asylum 45386)
- ▲ 5 **LIDO SHUFFLE** BOZ SCAGGS (Columbia 3-10491)
- ▲ 6 **RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT** JENNIFFER WARNES (Arista 0223)
- 7 **I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU** ROSE ROYCE (MCA 40662)
- 8 **I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN** K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 1022)
- 9 **COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT** CLIMAX BLUES BAND (Sire 736)
- 10 **YOUR LOVE** MARILYN MCCOO & BILLY DAVIS JR. (ABC 12262)
- 11 **I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND** NATALIE COLE (Capitol 4360)
- 12 **CAN'T STOP DANCING** CAPTAIN & TENNILE (A & M 1912)
- ▲ 13 **LUCILLE** KENNY ROGERS (United Artists 929)
- 14 **DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY** THELMA HOUSTON (Tamla 54278)
- ▲ 15 **HELLO STRANGER** YVONNE ELLIMAN (RSO 871)
- ▲ 16 **DREAMS** FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros. 8371)
- ▲ 17 **LONELY BOY** ANDREW GOLD (Asylum 45384)
- ▲ 18 **GOT TO GIVE IT UP** MARVIN GAYE (Tamla 54280)
- 19 **CALLING DOCTOR LOVE** KISS (Casablanca 880)
- 20 **AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE** JOE TEX (Epic 8-50313)
- 21 **DON'T GIVE UP ON US** DAVID SOUL (Private Stock 45129)
- 22 **ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS** HOT (Big Tree 16085)
- 23 **FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME** FOREIGNER (Atlantic 3394)
- 24 **RICH GIRL** DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES (RCA 10860)
- ▲ 25 **MY SWEET LADY** JOHN DENVER (RCA 10911)
- 26 **HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG** MARSHALL TUCKER BAND (Warner Bros. 0270)
- 27 **TRYING TO LOVE TWO** WILLIAM BELL (Mercury 73839)
- ▲ 28 **DANCING MAN** Q (Epic 8-50335)
- 29 **SO IN TO YOU** ATLANTIC RHYTHM SECTION (POLYDOR 14373)
- ▲ 30 **JET AIRLINER** STEVE MILLER (Capitol 4424)
- 31 **WHODUNIT** TAVARES (Capitol 4398)
- ▲ 32 **GONNA FLY NOW** BILL CONTI (United Artists 940)
- ▲ 33 **SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO** JACKSONS (Epic 8-50350)
- 34 **MARGARITAVILLE** JIMMY BUFFETT (ABC 12254)
- 35 **CHERRY BABY** STARZ (Capitol 4399)
- 36 **CINDERELLA** FIREBALL (Atlantic 3392)
- ▲ 37 **UNDERCOVER ANGEL** ALAN O'DAY (Pacific 001)
- 38 **SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON** ADDRISI BROS. (Buddah 566)
- ▲ 39 **MAINSTREET** BOB SEGER (Capitol 4422)
- 40 **DANCIN'** CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR (De-Lite 1588)
- ▲ 41 **LOVE'S GROWN DEEP** KENNY NOLAN (20th Century 2331)
- ▲ 42 **YOU ARE ON MY MIND** CHICAGO (Columbia 3-10523)
- 43 **BACK IN THE SADDLE** AEROSMITH (Columbia 3-10516)
- 44 **ON THE BORDER** AL STEWART (Janus 267)
- 45 **HIGH SCHOOL DANCE** SYLVERS (Capitol 4405)
- ▲ 46 **ARIEL** DEAN FRIEDMAN (Lifesong 45022)
- 47 **EVERYBODY BE DANCIN'** STARBUCK (Private Stock 45144)
- 48 **I WANNA DO IT TO YOU** JERRY BUTLER (Motown 1414)
- ▲ 49 **SPIRIT IN THE NIGHT** MANFRED MANN (Warner Bros. 8355)
- 50 **SLOWDOWN** JOHN MILES (London 20092)

SOUL

- ▲ 1 **GOT TO GIVE IT UP** MARVIN GAYE (Tamla 54280)
- ▲ 2 **SIR DUKE** STEVIE WONDER (Tamla 54281)
- 3 **I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN** K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 1022)
- 4 **AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE** JOE TEX (Epic 8-50303)
- 5 **THE PRIDE (Part 1)** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck 2262)
- 6 **YOU'RE THROWING A GOOD LOVE AWAY** SPINNERS (Atlantic 3382)
- ▲ 7 **SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO** JACKSONS (Epic 8-50350)
- ▲ 8 **WHODUNIT** TAVARES (Capitol 4398)
- 9 **I WANNA DO IT TO YOU** JERRY BUTLER (Motown 1414)
- 10 **I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND** NATALIE COLE (Capitol 4360)
- 11 **DISCO INFERNO** TRAMMPS (Atlantic 3389)
- 12 **YOUR LOVE** MARILYN MCCOO & BILLY DAVID JR. (ABC 12262)
- 13 **IT FEELS SO GOOD TO BE LOVED SO BAD** MANHATTANS (Columbia 3-10495)
- ▲ 14 **UPTOWN FESTIVAL** SHALAMAR (Soul Train 10885)
- 15 **THERE WILL COME A DAY** SMOKEY ROBINSON (Tamla 54279)
- 16 **TRYING TO LOVE TWO** WILLIAM BELL (Mercury 73839)
- 17 **THE PINOCCHIO THEORY** BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND (Warner Bros. 8328)
- ▲ 18 **KEEP THAT SAME OLD FEELING** SIDE EFFECT (Fantasy 792)
- 19 **SO SATISFIED** ASHFORD & SIMPSON (Warner Bros. 8337)
- ▲ 20 **BABY I LOVE YOUR WAY** WALTER JACKSON (Chi-Sound 964)
- 21 **I CAN'T GET OVER YOU** DRAMATICS (ABC 12258)
- 22 **LAYING BESIDE YOU** EUGENE RECORD (Warner Bros. 8322)
- 23 **GOOD THING MAN** FRANK LUCAS (Ica-001)
- 24 **DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO** T-CONNECTION (Dash 5032)
- ▲ 25 **HIGH SCHOOL DANCE** SYLVERS (Capitol 4405)
- 26 **SUPER BAND** KOOL & THE GANG (De-Lite 1590)
- ▲ 27 **EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE** GEORGE BENSON (Warner Bros. 8360)
- 28 **YOU'RE WHAT'S MISSING IN MY LIFE** G.C. CAMERON (Motown 1412)
- 29 **ON YOUR FACE** EARTH, WIND & FIRE (Columbia 3-10492)
- ▲ 30 **HOLLYWOOD** RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12269)
- ▲ 31 **BODY VIBES** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73913)
- ▲ 32 **BREAK IT TO ME GENTLY** ARETHA FRANKLIN (Atlantic 3393)
- ▲ 33 **HATS OFF TO MAMA** PHILIPPE WYNNE (Cotillion 44217)
- 34 **LOVE IS BETTER IN THE AM** JOHNNY TAYLOR (Columbia 3-10478)
- 35 **I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE** TEDDY PENDERGRASS (Phil. Int'l. 3622)
- 36 **AT MIDNIGHT** RUFUS FEATURING CHAKA KHAN (ABC 12239)
- 37 **I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU** ROSE ROYCE (MCA 40662)
- 38 **FLY LIKE AN EAGLE** STEVE MILLER (Capitol 4372)
- ▲ 39 **SHOW ME LOVE** CURTIS MAYFIELD (Curton 0215)
- 40 **YOU TURNED ME ON TO LOVE** JOHNNY BRISTOL (Atlantic 3391)
- ▲ 41 **WHAT IT IS** GARNETT MIMS (Arista 0239)
- 42 **REACHING FOR THE WORLD** HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES (ABC 12240)
- 43 **LOVE IN 'C' MINOR** CERRONE (Cotillion 44215)
- 44 **HOT TO TROT** WILD CHERRY (Epic 8-50362)
- 45 **SAD GIRL** CARL GRAVES (Ariola American 7660)
- 46 **GLORIA** ENCHANTMENT (United Artists 912)
- 47 **WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND (Expression)** BRASS CONSTRUCTION (United Artists 957)
- 48 **LOVING YOU, LOSING YOU** PHYLLIS HYMAN (Buddah 567)
- 49 **HIT AND RUN** LOLEATTA HOLLOWAY (Gold Mind 4001)
- 50 **JUST ONE STEP** LITTLE MILTON (Glades 1741)

Musical Instruments

by Jean-Charles Costa



Some Guitars!

The Launay-King Electronic Guitar Series I, manufactured in Kent, England, is a handmade electric guitar with built-in electronic processing systems. It features ebony fingerboards inlaid with ivory. Necks incorporate adjustable truss rods. Action and bridge settings are fully adjustable. Finishes available, include black (illustrated), matt black, metallic gold, white and natural with your choice from several different veneers on a solid mahogany body (golden peroba illustrated).

Processor capabilities for this remarkable electronic instrument include:

- 2 independently adjustable active filters. outputs switchable to highpass, bandpass, or lowpass. Variable emphasis (Q) and frequency from front panel allowing extremely wide tonal variations.
- Filter control switch. Allows filters to be used individually or ganged to form a parametric equalizer or complex filter.
- Treble boost.
- Distortion boost. Variable effect.
- Pickup selection.
- Sub-octave generator with its own active tone control.

- Noise generator. Creates wide range of sounds including wind, sea.
- Phaser. Control voltage selected from low frequency oscillator, envelope follower, or external source (such as modified footpedal).
- Multiplier. Used as a voltage controlled amp or ring modulator.
- Envelope generator. Variable attack, sustain, and decay times. Drives the V.C.A. Triggered by beginning of note played.
- Voltage controlled oscillator. Drives the ring modulator. Control voltage selected from external

source, front panel control, or low frequency oscillator plus front panel control.

- Low frequency oscillator. Variable frequency. Used as a control source.
- Long operation from two PP3 batteries.

Two New Sunburst Dreadnoughts Available from Alvarez-Yairi

Two antique brown sunburst dreadnought guitars have been added to the lineup of Alvarez-Yairi classic, dreadnought and 12-string instruments.

These two models come with

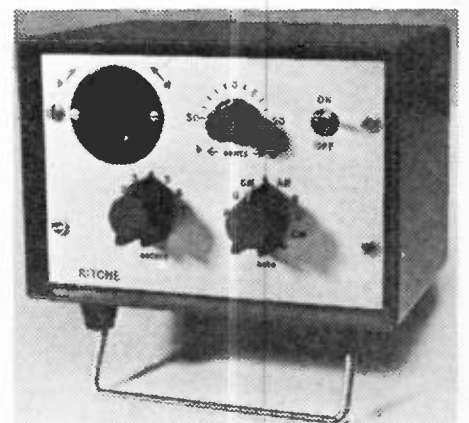
either Honduras mahogany backs and sides or Indian rosewood backs and sides. Each instrument has a spruce top which has been seasoned for four years. The fingerboards on all Alvarez-Yairi instruments are genuine ebony. Bracing on the tops have been specially tuned and voiced to provide better tone projection and balance.

All Alvarez-Yairi dreadnoughts come with super Grover Rotomatic machine heads. Strings are custom made to respond to the construction of a Yairi guitar.

The RITONE P2 Tuning Meter

A compact electronic tuning device from Britain ensures accuracy of 1/100th of a semitone in tuning instruments such as pianos, harps, guitars, organs and harpsichords.

The tuning meter operates by a new electronic technique of digital frequency synthesis that generates seven octaves of equal temperament

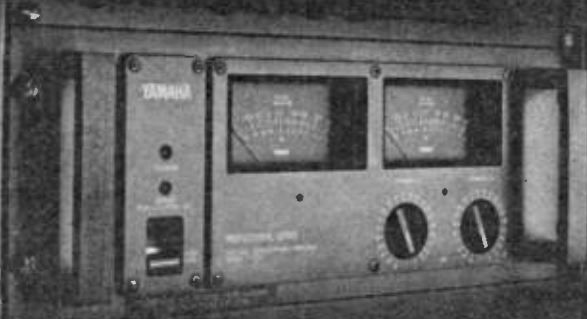


so that the spacing of notes never alters or drifts from the specific pitch set by the operator. Tuning can be carried out at any desired pitch. A visual display, activated by an internal microphone, indicates the correct tuning or the extent to which it is sharp or flat. Computer-calculated printed circuitry reportedly provides accuracy and reliability. Accuracy is unaffected by changes in humidity, temperature, shock, vibration, or any alteration in component characteristics.

The instrument is powered by a single 9-volt battery or a 110-volt source, via a transformer.

The FRAP Company recently announced that Atlantic Recording Artist Eddie Harris, world-renowned saxophonist and pioneer of the amplified sax, has joined the

The strong, silent type.



Just one glance at the Yamaha P-2200 power amp tells you the whole story. The case, the handles, the whole exterior relate a single, powerful message—rock-solid reliability, stability and high performance. The P-2200 is no hi-fi retread. It's designed for a wide variety of professional applications.

Strong! With 200 watts of continuous average sine wave power into 8 ohms, you've got plenty of punch to handle the high peaks essential to clean studio monitoring, as well as all-night cooking in "live" concert reinforcement or disco sound systems. (You can easily

convert it into a monaural super amp and/or 70-volt line output capability for distribution systems.)

Silent! With a 110dB S/N ratio and .05% THD from 20Hz to 20kHz, the P-2200 satisfies even the most critical ears.

How pro can you go? The P-2200's dB-calibrated input attenuators and 50dB peak reading meters are flush mounted. Inputs to each channel have XLR connectors with a parallel phone jack, plus a phase reversing switch. Speaker connectors are five-way binding posts that take wire or "banana" plugs.

There's not enough room to give you all the facts here, so send this ad along with six dollars. (Please, certified check or money order only. No cash or personal checks.) We'll send you the P-2200 operation manual filled with facts. Or better yet, see your Yamaha dealer.



YAMAHA

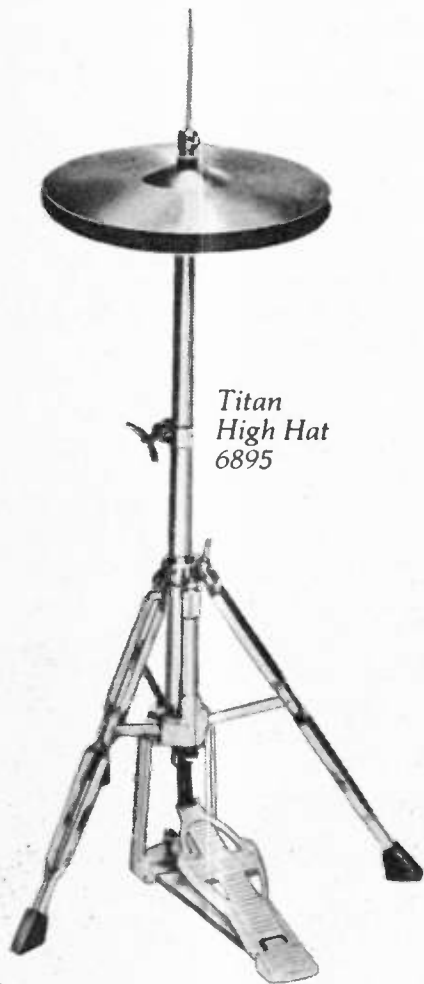
Musical Instrument, Combo Division
6600 Orangefar Avenue
Buena Park, CA 90620
Write: P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622

FRAP technical staff. Harris will be recording and performing with the FRAP W-250 and will aid in their program of new product development.

Tama Titan Hi Hat

The Tama Titan Hi Hat (Model 6895) is designed for the drummer who needs extra strength and durability combined with dependable action.

It features a die cast foot-board and base, external tension adjustment, and wide-stance double legs for excellent stability. The extra heavy duty clutch features a nylon cymbal lock nut to insure positive cymbal mounting.



New Effects Devices Added To Univox Line

A micro four-channel mixer (FCM41) using "automatic padding" volume control circuitry is now available from UNICORD. The new mixer is supplied with an AC adapter and is operable with a nine-volt battery.

A new "punch EQ" type device (UEQ375) is also being offered which will allow four band tone texturization with a hi/low frequency boost, cancel and momentary contact switch.

Hofner String Players Survival Kit

In order to provide the needed implements and necessary knowledge for satisfactory minor string instrument repairs Multivox/Sorkin has developed the Hofner String Players Survival Kit. The kit furnishes the string player with a soundpost setter, a multipurpose

clamp, liquid violin glue, peg compound, 3 tailpiece adjusters, 2 string adjusters, a "Repair Tips" booklet and a carrying bag.

Superducer Electric Guitar Transducer Introduced

A new method of adding an "Acoustic" sound to an electric guitar has been introduced by Barcus-Berry. According to a company spokesman, the Superducer electric guitar transducer has the capability of bringing out the acoustic tone in every solid-body or

thin-body electric guitar.

Superducer is completely portable and attaches quickly to any electric guitar. A small solid-state transducer attaches to the guitar bridge and connects to a miniature battery-powered mixer. An additional lead from the mixer connects to the regular output jack of the guitar which permits isolation of the electric and acoustic signals. This permits the player to play a pure "Electric" sound, the "Acoustic" sound of the instrument, or any desired mix of both.

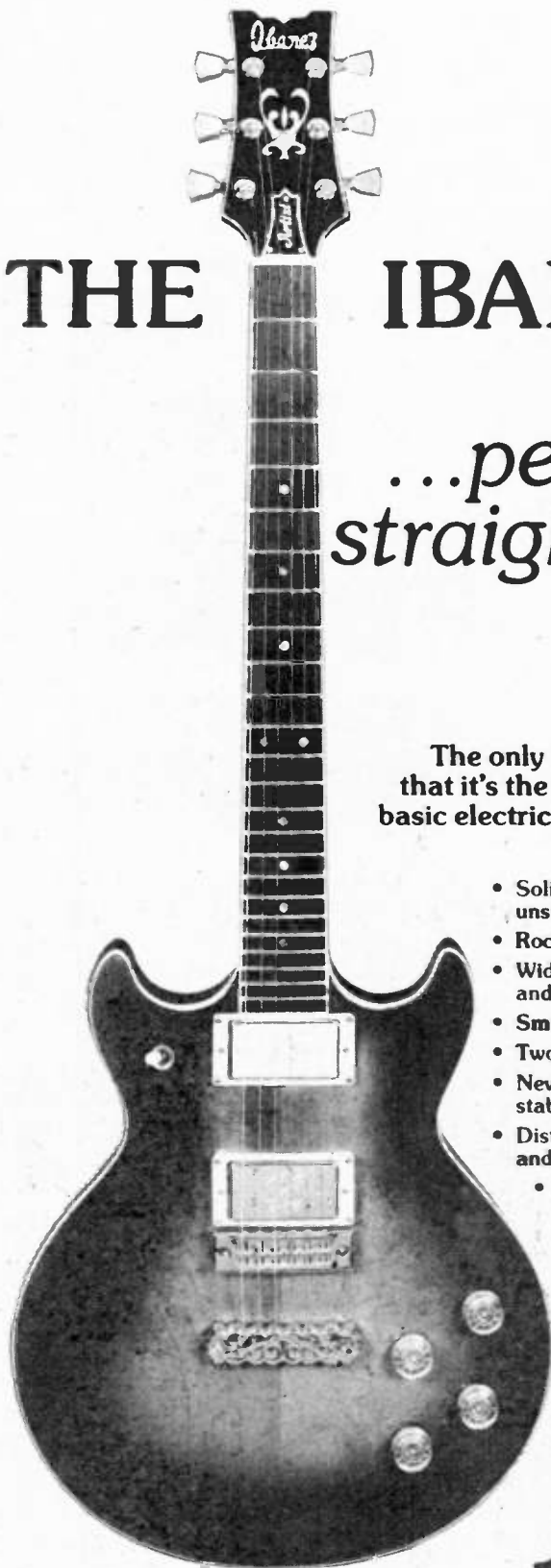
Cassotto Melodica: New wind machine from Hohner

Hohner introduces a new Cassotto Melodica (The melodica is a chromatic wind instrument with a piano-like keyboard.) which features a built-in resonating chamber. The specifically designed chamber produces tones similar to woodwind sounds. The Cassotto Melodica is available in both Alto (HM-1027) and Soprano (HM-1026).

THE IBANEZ ARTIST

*...perhaps the best
straight ahead guitar
ever built*

The only thing special about the new Ibanez Artist is that it's the best. No frills, no gimmicks - just the finest basic electric guitar we can build. Here's what we mean:

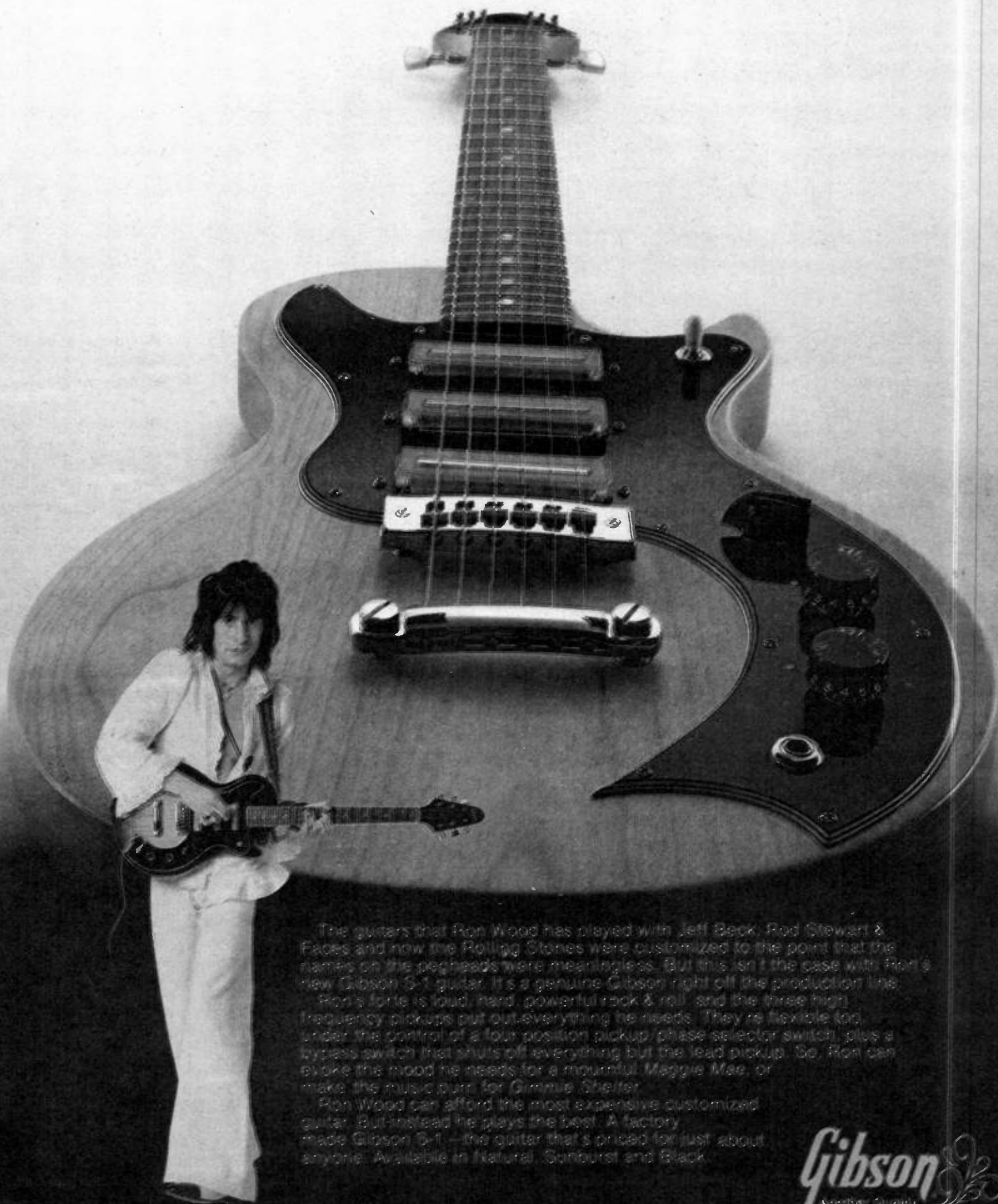


- Solid mahogany body with a carved solid maple top for unsurpassed sustain and solid weight.
- Rock maple neck reinforced with an adjustable steel truss rod.
- Wide ebony fingerboard with 11" radius arch, 24 jumbo frets and genuine abalone dot position markers.
- Smooth neck heel for comfort in any playing position.
- Two incredibly clean and powerful Ibanez Super 70 pickups.
- New Ibanez double-worm tuning machines for precise and stable tuning.
- Distinctive antique violin finish accented with cream binding and pickup mounts.
- Backed by the Ibanez Lifetime Warranty.

The **ARTIST SERIES**
Ibanez

For a full-color catalog of the Ibanez Artist Series send \$1.00 to: IBANEZ,
P.O. BOX 469, CORNWELLS HEIGHTS, PA 19020 • 327 BROADWAY, IDAHO FALLS, ID 83401
IN CANADA: EFKAY MUSICAL INST. LTD., 6355 PARK AVE., MONTREAL, P.Q. H2V 4H5

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 now 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.

Ron's forte is loud, hard, powerful rock & roll, and the three high frequency pickups put out everything he needs. They're flexible too, under the control of a four position pickup/phase selector switch, plus a by-pass switch that shuts off everything but the lead pickup. So, Ron can evoke the mood he needs for a mournful Maggie Mae, or make the music burn for Gimme Shelter.

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Spotlight Reviews

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
Works, Volume I (Atlantic SD 2-7000)
 by Kris Diloranzo

Works is Emerson, Lake & Palmer's first studio album in 3 years and though conceptually successful in framing individual strengths, it fails as a rock album. *Works* emphasizes arrangement, composition, symphonic structure; maybe ELP are trying to broaden their scope, but it's difficult to envision *Works* onstage, and on this album only Carl Palmer is really rocking.

Three sides of the double album are divided equally among keyboard player, guitarist and drummer, the fourth featuring the whole band. "Piano Concerto No. 1" returns Emerson to classical roots, showcasing his keyboard playing by having the London Philharmonic surround and accent rather than accompany the piano. Exhilarating extremes demonstrate Keith's flexibility; strains of "Tarkus," Gershwin, Debussy and modern Russians give the "Concerto" a familiar feel. However if *Works* is a rock album, Emerson has integrated himself too well ("the London Philharmonic Orchestra performs Keith Emerson's Piano Concerto No. 1, with Mr. Emerson at the Steinway").

Greg Lake's compositions are steeped in the Becaude-Brel balladeer tradition, verging on the maudlin. The sentimentality of "C'est La Vie" and "Closer To Believing" is exaggerated by flowery orchestration but occasionally it is Lake's emotional delivery, redolent of Neil Diamond, that schmaltzes things up. "Hallowed Be Thy Name" and "Nobody Loves You Like I Do" are well-written tunes that barely escape drowning in lush arrangements. The sheer expressive power of Lake's voice coupled with a Dylanesque chorus here and a jazz-tinged back-up there keeps Side II in the realm of rock. Still, Lake treads dangerously close to shock.

Carl Palmer is *Works'* salvation. He's a heavy drummer; and a heavy drummer just *ain't* part of a symphony orchestra, so there's no way he can get lost. Palmer's version of a Prokofiev piece announces loudly and clearly where his sympathies lie; even his Bach invention is purely percussive. Two songs he co-wrote are feverish rockers: "L.A. Nights" featuring Joe Walsh's stinging guitar and "Food For Your Soul," led by a brass attack shifting gears into jazz. "New Orleans," Palmer's own tune,



MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

is a tasteful tour-de-funk, with danceable syncopation under talkbox guitar. To Palmer's everlasting credit, there are no excruciating drum solos; his centrality is exemplified instead by "Tank" where he dominates with heavy strokes, the orchestra behind him, Emerson's piano alongside producing similar percussion, and soaring synthesizer travelling the road laid down by the beat.

Emerson's aegis translates Aaron Copeland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" into a likeable, accessible piece. Alternating between funk and majesty, it borrows from *Ummagumma*, 2001, Kraftwerk and Jeff Beck's "Freeway Jam." Driven by Palmer's tempo changes, "Fanfare" has an unnerving edge, resulting from a bluesy harmonica-like organ growing jagged over tympani then erupting in minor chord progressions and arpeggios.

Capping off *Works* is the lengthy "Pirates," the Orchestra de l'Opera de Paris declaring leitmotifs in an overture of widely ranging moods. Though he sings the piece, Lake's dramatic rendering functions more as narration; frequently his execution rivals Daltrey's performance on *Tommy*. One drawback: Lake begins at such a high emotional pitch there's hardly room to build, but the orchestra successfully reinforces his melodic line, effecting dynamics changes from fierce to tranquil to triumphant, demonstrating a form in the "Landlord" section that could be called Orchestral Rock.

"Pirates" (and *Works*) ends abruptly, like a dream; the tune is impossible to recall accurately, but the visuals conjured by the lyrics suggest ELP should score movies or even set "Pirates" to film. Ambitious is a good word for *Works*. Rock, it's not.

BONNIE RAITT
Sweet Forgiveness (WB BS 2990)
 by Kris Nicholson

It's been said before and it'll be said again, rock & roll is a man's music. But it doesn't have to be. If Bonnie Raitt has anything to say about it, things are not likely to stay that way. Bonnie Raitt *does* have something to say about it, though she's never said it as convincingly as on her sixth album *Sweet Forgiveness*.

Like on previous records, *Sweet Forgiveness* pays respects to her blues roots and serves as a vehicle for her personal philosophy of transcendental feminism spiked with an earthy romanticism. The difference between this and earlier work is a direct result of her evolving maturity as a singer, interpreter, guitarist and her new-found emphasis on harder, funkier rock. Though some of Raitt's best moments surface in her interpretation of ballads, her approach and choice of rock material slides comfortably into the scheme of her music.

Sweet Forgiveness paints a myriad but vivid portrait of Bonnie Raitt's music by alternating moods, textures and pacing. She opens side one with the soulful title track, flows into a stirring interpretation of Jackson Browne's "My Opening Farewell," rocks feverishly to the gutsy rhythm of "Three Time Loser," glides into the bluesy "Takin' My Time," and closes the side with Karla Bonhoff's tender lullaby, "Home."

On side two Raitt waxes thoughtful with "Two Lives," a lament of lost love performed in the style and mood Jackson Browne employs when doing his ballads of sadness and resignation. Accompanying herself on acoustic guitar she gives a country flavor to the tale of "Louise," a lonely victim of

circumstance and male double standards.

The rest of the side is packed with rockers. A reincarnation of the Del Shannon/Max Crook tune, "Runaway" is given a shot of the seventies via chunky high hat, snare drum rhythm. It's not disco, but it is danceable. "About To Make Me Leave Home," gives Raitt a chance to bare her thoughts on that treacherous animal, the male. She growls, "Got that love technique/ really, really cracks me up," and the sensuality of her voice becomes the perfect sparring partner for her slide guitar work. Finally, the power chords in "Gamblin' Man," lay down the brazen rhythm for Raitt's provocative encounter with "heavy" rock.

With *Sweet Forgiveness* Raitt has taken this man's world of music and adopted it as her own. What she has come up with is not so much commercial as it is accessible in a day and age when rock music is prime for this type of female performer. Her reputation as a tough-singing, heavy drinking, blues mama has evolved into an identity that combines femininity with aggression. In time she has found that women don't have to imitate men to be strong. Having no female examples on which to model herself, the conclusions she has come to are all the more valuable. She has discovered how to channel her talents in a direction that lets her be herself.

Bonnie is also doing what few women have done before (especially in the field of lead guitar) with notable success and the potential for even greater appeal.

The respect she's worked for and gained is the respect that more women should be able to share in the future. Her contribution to the cause is invaluable to women. And, though they may not know it yet, it's invaluable to men too. ●

PETER GABRIEL
 (Atco SD 36-147)
 by Bruce Malamut

The aesthetic coup of the 60s cultural rebels was their alienation from true rebellion. Pete Townsend's brutality lacked focus—there was no causality—it existed for and of itself. The Who did not rebel against their fathers. No. The beats had taken care of that a decade earlier. We were already well beyond morality and the Who's aggression derived from a psychological, not physical, fear that the father whom Kerouac had murdered a decade earlier might just return like Poe's tell-tale heart

to play ghost. Moral responsibility was no longer the question—it was the eerie possibility of post-moral revenge by a resurrected god; in short, this was the spectre of apocalypse which haunted the Who and their audience. Townsend mystified the apocalypse. Because we were young & there still were dreams, we bought the concept that change could be now—immediate. We rejoiced as Townsend axed culture while Daltrey played shaman crying “hope I die before I get old.” But Daltrey stuttered on the word “generation.” This was no activist banner—it was a scared plea which was never answered.

Much of what rock has been doing ever since has been retracing these steps &, in so doing, attempting to reconcile the failure of this dream. Jackson Browne’s music of psychic compromise skirts the question indirectly. Peter Gabriel addresses the consideration of slow change directly. With somewhat less resignation, somewhat serious, somewhat humorous. Gabriel suggests a Darwinian solution for survival. The story goes like this...

It was ironic that while dillettants of Genesis’ music mistook it for simple-minded romantic fantasy, there stood Peter Gabriel, lead singer/costumist/mime extraordinaire, delivering scathing

indictments of Brit mid-culture and the technological forces of all that had gone into creating that vast and exhausted wasteland. Gabriel smirked at his detractors. When we spoke four years ago, he proclaimed “1973 the year of the return to pretentiousness... Who needs another rebel without a cause? I want a new youth entertainment.” His vision had grown easily as bitter as Ray Davies’, for instance, but where Davies watched and chuckled, Gabriel foresaw and smiled not. This was his role as mediator of Armageddon, the Watcher of the Skies. Gabriel was aloof, isolated and backed by the aural metaphor of Genesis’ amniotic waters.

Playing voyeur at the Gates of Dawn started to get him down. The turning point rebellion came with his short story, *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*, which was like confronting a rock’n’roll version of *Gravity’s Rainbow*—it was deep and it was Jungian. Rael, Gabriel’s clockwork Puerto Rican street-punk hero, discovered the same truth that ultimately came to Pynchon’s technology, Mailer’s ruffians, Wurlitzer’s gypsies—isolation becomes impotence. No longer the passive philosopher, Gabriel had started to get tough.

With this orgasm of commit-

ment to action, it came as no surprise when Peter gave Genesis the nod. He required a kind of power that got lost in their grand washes of symphonic sound. Bob Fripp was the obvious man to call for advice. As leader of King Crimson, he addressed the same futuristic concepts which haunted Gabriel. If ever Peter had a soul-mate in the watcher-of-the-skies sweepstakes, it was Fripp, the mad electronic guitar doctor whom many, none the least of which included Eno and Townsend, considered the guitar mind of the era. Gabriel inertly called the shots from underneath his costume-defense just as Fripp sat meekly upon his stool with Crimso, brandishing his unusual version of electro-attack. Both hallucinated mutants, monsters, alien intelligences, creeping vegetative propagation, all spelling the end to human life as we know it. It all hinted at something less than apocalypse, some more subtle earth-change. It’s a “correlate of the Fripp Theory,” as Gabriel tells it. “The apocalypse will be some form of natural disaster which changes something in our metabolism. Maybe more telepathy. Quintessentially speaking, the great cultural event has yet to happen—it may take the form of a direct evolution from talking to cabbages,

being of course the highest form of plant intelligence.” (Besides Gabriel?)

Together, Fripp and Gabriel travelled to Toronto to confront the Bob Ezrin School of Detroit Rock. They wanted action and got it. In joining forces with aggression ax monster Steve Hunter (ex-Lou Reed, Al Cooper, Mitch Ryder, etc.), they have achieved the sublimest meeting of the minds. Watching Fripp (still on stool) and Hunter on the prowl onstage together (N.Y.C. March ’77) is tantamount to digging the old Brian Jones/Keith Richard by-play—a zen-like compliment of hyperactive brawn & criminal brain. Meanwhile, there’s Gabriel’s new stage presence to contend with—a focused energy which at times can be scary. Audience participants melt underneath the force of his piercing gaze. His movements are thoughtful and determined like dance, yet roguish enuf to make it great rock. He allows us to come closer than in days of old to touching the psychodramas which only his literate genius could conjure up. And altho the music is as viscous as Genesis’, the difference is between soft & hard density. Hard density is a novel concept which Gabriel’s new band has virtually invented, the track “Slowburn” (in which

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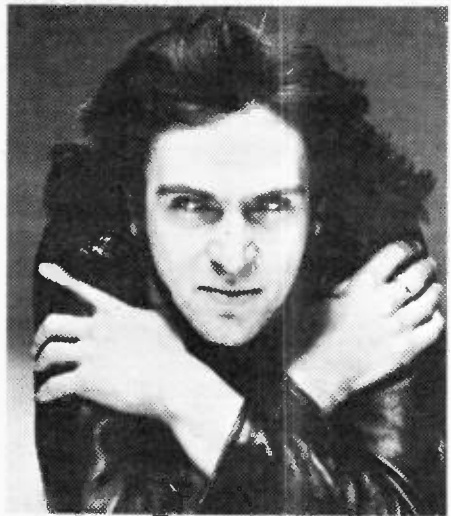
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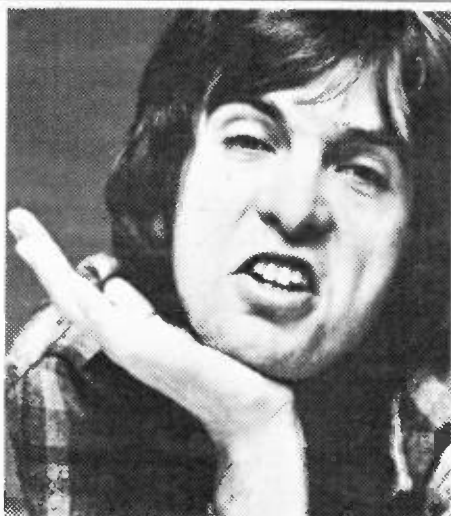


Motown Records & Tapes.



only lovers are left alive post-apocalypse) being the prime example. In the midst of all this profound sonic/lyrical thickness off Gabriel's first solo album, Hunter whips out the opening eight of "All Day and All of the Night," and the band blasts into a ferocious take which shouts the Kinks' original to shame (performed two weeks prior on the same stage). This juxtaposition was rock-dream inspiration & nothing less. The audience left in exhaustion—it was the most unnerving performance we'd experienced in years. The only contemporary comparison may be Jagger or Springsteen, but the analogy is trivial cause energy and intelligence are only a small part of this rock'n'roll story.

Psychic disintegration with the



loss of a modern mythology functions as Gabriel's operative leitmotif. Altho this is no new consideration for him, the directness with which he now addresses the theme is. As depicted on his solo album, this is at the core of Gabriel's new-found rebellion with a cause. Offended, he reacts violently. "Modern Love" is numbing rock fury in which "Godiva's drivah" steals her works. You can feel the full frontality of Hunter's powerslashes moving continents as the singer delivers the anthem in a wasted and quavering nervous scream of a vocal (which he admits copping from Roger Chapman, king of manic malcontents). Were they around to enjoy it, I'm sure Fitzgerald or Lawrence woulda gotten a

kick out of lines like, "in Paris my heart sinks/when I see my Mona Lisa/she give me a wink/then she shows me the freezer—I declare!/modern love can be a strain." Lots more ice imagery thruout the album bringing to mind Lawrentian apocalyptic freeze-out symbolism. There's no question that Gabriel utilizes literary allusion consciously (or as consciously as one will when sitting down to write) and will no doubt be faulted for still being pretentious whatever in hell that means. Frankly, I find it refreshing especially in rock to hear someone address novel concepts, let alone someone who does it with such power and style. On "Down the Dolce Vita" with its symphony of Ben Hur trumpets, tympani, etc., we are presented with a warped plagiarism of *The Iliad*. Gabriel describes this satiric epic as "the start of the great adventure which never materializes"—a definitive strain of cynicism which runs thru much of his writing. This works as a natural lead-in to the chaos (yet not anarchy—never! for the polite Pete) of the extra-dense and emotional "Here Comes the Flood," a beautiful & moving dirge which catalogues the earth-dance at the end of the millennium. It's the twist on Darwin which implies that those w/the capacity for psycho-

extension (telepathy, ESP, etc.) will inherit the earth.

"Dolce Vite" has a place in Gabriel's current project, a little something he's whipping up w/Fripp called "Mozo" (tentative), about which he would only divulge two clues. He suggested 1) meditating upon the concept of *Tommy* in Hebrew (krazy kabbala, Batman!) and 2) checking out a tune on the current album called "Waiting for the Big One," a lunatic Mose Allison jazz w/Gabriel at the piano-bar scatting at the moon. Most uncharacteristic. But then again Gabriel's always fulla surprises—like he acknowledges to me that his two faverave vocalists/influences are Mose and Otis. Anyway, his propinquity for punning fits the waggery of "Waiting" (yer basic Sam Beckett spoof) like a glove. "The wine's all drunk and so am I" is the opener and it's uphill from there. Essentially it's the resigned admission (once again) that when the nouveau messiah shows his puss, chances are that most of us will miss his act; if he shows at all which is doubtful at best. "Sho hope Mozez knowz iz rozez." All this demystification of apocalypse is just grand (in the tradition of *The Blob* & other great sci-fi), but you wonder what he can have planned fer an encore. ●



Rudolph Isley



Marvin Isley



Ronald Isley

When asked what they thought of the new Isley Brothers album, these people all agreed. "Hey, it's their best shot ever."



Ernie Isley

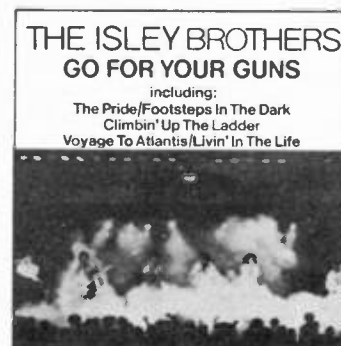


Kelly Isley



Chris Jasper

"Go for Your Guns" features The Isley Brothers' new hit single, "The Pride." On T-Neck Records and Tapes.



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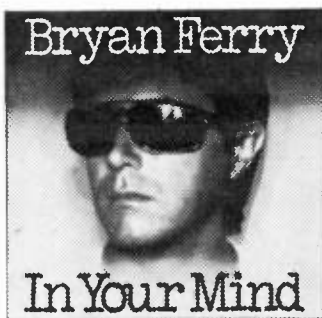
T-NECK © 1977 CBS INC.

Rock & Pop

by Ken Tucker

BRYAN FERRY:

In Your Mind (Atlantic SD 18216) Picture this high point: Bryan Ferry, Mr Smooth and Detached, moaning with the weight of cool anguish, "Don't talk about it—love me up." If you can resist the charms of that, you must be a Sparks fan, chump. This album makes all of Ferry's solo work of a piece; all that arty writhing within a slicked-back Roxy Music *mis en scene* comes into jarringly sharp focus, and Ferry lets loose. I doubt that any American rocker in 1977 (except maybe Neil Young) will be as honest and eloquent about his feelings toward women; I doubt that anyone will rock as cleanly as Ferry does on "All Night Operator." More than highly recommended.



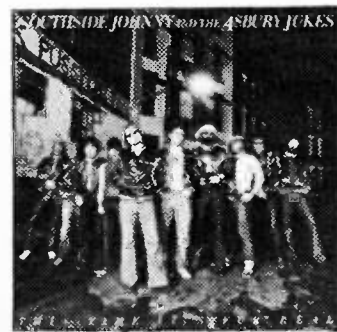
MICHAEL NESMITH:

From a Radio Engine to the Photon Wing (Pacific Arts ILPA 9488) Nesmith has produced the richest, most gorgeously corny post-hippie country albums, and this one is especially inventive: a calm, stoned meditation on outer space exploration as a key to Enlightenment, with impeccable pedal steel, and back-up vocals by Linda Hargrove—get the ambience? "More Than We Imagine" has a heavenly Old Western melody from within which Michael coos things like "For in Mind is no confinement/To reverie's light play," and the genius part is that he makes such musing seem altogether appropriate. This is light, drifting country music as heard over Robert Heinlein's Sony



SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES:

This Time It's for Real (Epic PE 34668) A greater emphasis on balladry than on the band's first, predominantly good-time, album, and that makes sense: *I Don't Wanna Go Home* celebrated the Jukes' arrival on record; *This Time It's for Real* gets down to business. The business is an evocation of one long, engagingly complicated urban romance. Perhaps the most overlooked of the Jukes' charms is that they offer entertaining proof that tough guys are not uniform Rocky-heads: to hear Southside croon the thoughtfulness of "Some Things Just Don't Change" and "Love on the Wrong Side of Town" is to know what a sensitive tough guy thinks. To know what a silly tough guy sings, check out "Check Mr. Popeye."



JOHN CALE:

Guts (Island ILPS 9459) Now that Cale has gotten some enthusiastic notices for his latest foray into New York Rock (A clipped, tough band and some wrenching new songs), Island "What's All These Raves Eno's Getting Lately?" Records has released this compilation of Cale's recent Island product. It isn't Cale's best, but certainly worth owning. Cale's fondness for basic hard rock legitimizes and enhances his avant-garde/minimalist/literary stance. It leads him to write glistening, playfully despairing songs like "Guts" and "Leaving It All Up To You," and to record a much more bitter, precise version of "Pablo Picasso" that Jonathan Richman recorded himself.



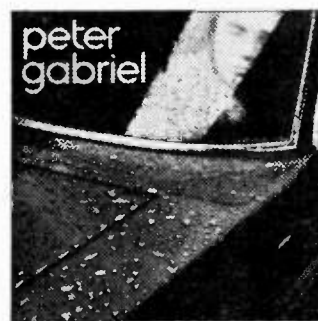
THE BEACH BOYS:

The Beach Boys Love You (Brother MSK 2258) So raw. The first side of this beats anything since *Sunflower*. Brian often sounds as if he's singing from his bed and in desperate need of both cough drops and a Reichian analyst for a change—he sounds alive, in other words, and vital. Such willful infantilism as Brian tries to maintain over these 14 songs was bound to go sour at some point: it happens on the third cut, Side Two, for me: so insulting. And the effort to come up with elementary lyrics and sentiment to decorate the shiveringly dense, lovely music yields some embarrassing revelation about Brian's attitude toward women (we should have expected it, I guess, but isn't sexual quality via innocence crucial to the Boys' stance?). P.S. No comedian, even Robert Klein, will ever lampoon Johnny Carson so accurately.



PETER GABRIEL:

(Atco SD 36-147) Some people have found this bit of pretentious eclecticism humorous and self-parodying; I find it pretentious. Single huge exception: "Modern Love," in which the guitar (Robert Fripp's?) buzzsaws through Gabriel's thin growl to achieve a pleasantly horrific effect. For the rest, it's Gabriel's murky thought processes hitched to Bob Ezrin's overstated production-thudding. If Gabriel really wants to rock, songs like "Down the Dolce Vita" and "Here Comes the Flood" can only determine his already-unconvincing attempt.



EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS:

Teenage Depression (Island ISLP 9457) On their American debut, this English hard hard rock band comes on like a bunch of obsessed, hugely talented rock fans: they make an astute connection between Van Morrison's "Gloria" and the Stones' "Satisfaction," expose a tough Bob Seger song, "Get Out of Denver" (really an astute Chuck Berry steal), and do a crunchingly committed version of Townshend's "The Kids Are Alright." Plus a version of "96 Tears" that actually makes you want to hear it again. And there are a handful of originals by lead guitarist Dave Higgs, wherein the unassailable discontent of British youth will be made poignantly entertaining to the most disinterested American youth. The ripest Anglo stuff since Dr. Feelgood, and much better because the Hot Rods are younger, angrier, and more fuck-you scholarly about their music.



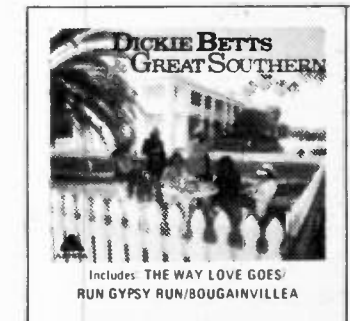
WALTER EGAN:

Fundamental Roll (Columbia PC34679) Egan manages to make an entire album of thwarted teen dreams seem completely coherent and even desirable. I certainly can't identify with assertions like "Surfin' and drivin' are the only things I know"—I nearly failed my driver's license test and wouldn't know which end of a surfboard to fall off of—but damned if I don't dance and sing along. Co-producer Lindsey Buckingham's guitar rips along like the musical Mercedes it is, and co-producer Stevie Nicks' back-up vocals supply those teen-dream scenarios with the stuff whereof they are made. Egan has hit it big right now.



DICKEY BETTS AND GREAT SOUTHERN:

(Arista AL 4123) For the most part, the music here is straight *Brothers and Sisters*-period Allmans. Whatever the lyric, Betts' parvenu whine signals a tiresome disenchantment with everything that became tedious to this listener at around the time of, say, *Brothers and Sisters*. Who is Great Southern? Not all that great Southern session dudes, five of them, faceless and without inspiration (or the opportunity to display it) to a man. Betts is just a good musician who has become set in his ways much too early on in his career.



Jazz

by Richard Weitzer

WEATHER REPORT:

Heavy Weather
(Columbia PC34418)
Ever since Miroslav Vitous left the group, it has been lop-sided in favor of Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinou, the mainstays. With this album, bassist Jaco



Pastorius has returned the group to its early trinity. Nothing short of a revolutionary approach to the bass was needed and Pastorius, like Vitous before him, fills the bill. Zawinul has the uncanny ability to sound both elegant and funky; he is the unrivaled master of the synthesizer. Reedman Wayne Shorter, who many preferred to Coltrane back when that competition was hot, continues to lead the way on soprano and, with this album, his tenor playing shows added growth.

JACK DEJOHNETTE:

Pictures
(ECM-1-1079)

As is true with most drummers who step out to record their own material, DeJohnette becomes a totally different person. Behind some of the most progressive

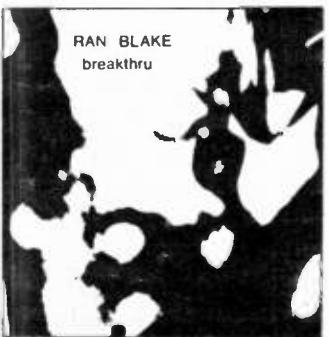


jazz men, he is above all else tasteful, almost unobtrusive. But on his own and with his groups he takes more chances. He is also one of the few drummers to pull it off successfully. This is a quieter album, more in the current mode of ECM, than his previous work with John Abercrombie. DeJohnette uses his drummer's sense of tonalities to create understated pictures on the piano and organ in addition to his traps. Abercrombie has "cooled off" his playing and fits in well here.

RAN BLAKE:

Breakthru
(Improving Artists, Inc. IAI 373842)

Blake takes the eccentricities of Monk and moves them one step further, further away from conventional rhythms and acceptable notions of melodies. His solo piano work is still a cult, but one deserving of more. Improving Artists, Inc., an independent label run by Paul Bley, is responsible for a delightful series of albums featuring Bley, Sam Rivers, Dave Holland, Gary Peacock, Barry Altschul and several other habitués of the New York loft scene. As with most artist-dominated companies, the commercial considerations always come after musical ones.



PASSPORT:

Iguacu
(Atco SD 36-149)
Klaus Doldinger's saxophones, whether electrified or not, have always lacked soul. His playing often resembles the bleating of a sheep more than any kind of human utterance.

He is not aided here by leaden arrangements that bumble along without really resolving the themes. Still, this album is as enjoyable as most fusion music available today. Passport has blended their decidedly European approach with some latin frills around the edges.



BILLIE HOLIDAY:

Stormy Blues
(Verve VE-2-2525)

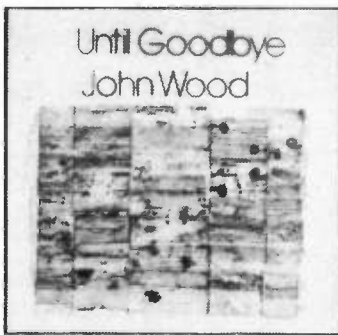
Amid the endless re-packaging of the stars of yesteryear, Billie Holiday alone is timeless. No amount of electricity in modern music can date her voice. A voice that might have little more than an octave reach, but one that expresses more pain, or joy, than any voice with three times the range. Benny Carter's sweet sax voicings are a perfect counterpart of Holiday's oboe-like voice.



JOHN WOOD:

Until Goodbye
(Los Angeles Records LAPH 1002)

A surprising first album from a pianist who has never recorded before, or even played in public. His emotions flow smoothly through his fingers and into the melodies. Possibly because he has never performed, he is totally vulnerable. Wood is featured here as a soloist on the acoustic piano except for occasional bass support so in synch that it almost disappears. His playing is remarkably fresh.



THE CHARLIE ROUSE BAND:

Cinnamon Flower
(Douglas NBLP7044)

While still exhibiting the hard-edged bop-style he no doubt picked up in his eleven years with Thelonius Monk, Rouse had otherwise come full circle musically. Except for some fine American studio players like Al Dailey, Ron Carter and "Pretty" Purdie, Rouse uses primarily latin players with such facility it is hard to believe he himself is not latino.

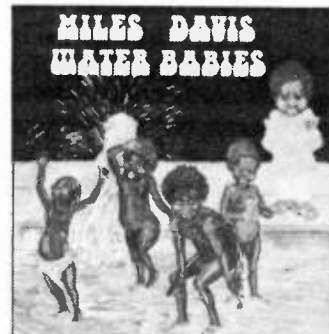


MILES DAVIS:

Water Babies
(Columbia PC34396)

A youthful Tony Williams, an exuberant Chick Corea and Miles Davis, when he still had his chops. These things make this the most enjoyable Miles album since *Live/Evil*.

Dave Holland is also along with his subtle yet moving bass lines. Wayne Shorter contributes saxophones and Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter are thrown in for good measure. There has not been so much talent in one place for nearly ten years.



STONE ALLIANCE:

(PM Records PMR-013)

One of the unfortunate side effects of the "recent" discovery of jazz by major labels is that the smaller independent companies, once practically the only source of exciting contemporary music, have been priced out of the market.

Small companies like Catalyst and Muse are left with musicians less in demand. Some small labels have been quite successful; ECM, JCOA and PM Records have consistently attracted extremely talented and innovative musicians to their rosters—mostly, it seems, for political reasons. PM is run by Gene Perla, who along with Don Alias is one of the best saxophonists around, as he proved by this album. But we can only wonder how long it will take Warners, Columbia et al. to steal him (and the other PM stalwart, Elvin Jones) away. Politics, at least in the music business, does not put food on the table. And no matter what they tell you, jazz is definitely part of the music business now.



RALPH TOWNER:

Diary
(ECM 1032)

If Ralph Towner were as gifted on the piano as he is on guitar, he would be immortal. There are few guitarists in any discipline as good, maybe none. Unbelievably, I prefer his piano, perhaps I am biased towards the instrument, but in his hands it is revealed as the grandest, most sensitive instrument of all. Towner's work in Oregon is crucial to their balance and he also writes most of the tunes. But his solo work (he double tracks piano and guitar) offers some of the most intense solo experiences this side of Keith Jarrett.



STARS ARE BORN

Their first single, "I Hope We Get To Love In Time," became a Top 40 R&B hit.



Their second single, "You Don't Have To Be A Star," became the #1 song in the country and recently won them the Grammy.

"Your Love" is their latest.



All from the album "I Hope We Get To Love In Time,"

Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis, Jr.

Produced by Dan Davis

On ABC Records and GRT Tapes

abc Records

nick broder

personal management incorporated

Soul

by Georgia Christgau

COMMODORES:
(Motown M7-884R1)
OHIO PLAYERS:
Angel (Mercury
SMR-1-3701)



Includes
Autographed
Poster

My editor wants to know why I write so many negative reviews. Or why even with fierce recommendation I usually have some reservations. Then he explains to himself that there really aren't too many good records out anymore. I tell him the problem is that there are too many good records. I tell him that the equipment available to most recording artists it is harder to make a bad (or "bad") record than a nice one. And that technology isn't the only culprit. That sometimes real people are to blame for music that just sounds nice. The Commodores and their new album, for example. That "Squeeze the Fruit" takes the perfunctory niceness of the Ohio Players—the hollow-bottom lead vocal, the jump-up, fall-back rhythm—adds predictable harmonies, and winds up sounding better than the Players themselves. That they repeat this process, on "Funky Situation," with Parliament. That what the Commodores are good at is modification. But what's important is that in the past three years nobody has made as many good singles as the Ohio Players, who rely instinctively on all the equipment available—great sound effects, falsetto he-has, and washline strings. And that albums like *Commodores* make people forget that. (Although in two Ohio Players albums only "Who'd She Coo?" stands up to this analysis.)

GLORIA GAYNOR:
Glorious (Polydor
PD-1-6095)

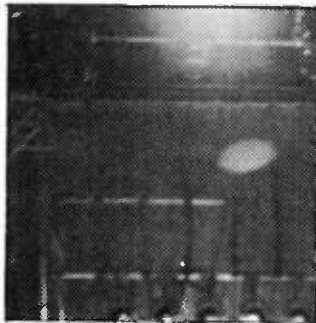


I couldn't resist this album last month, but I couldn't get it either, and finally I kept it because Croland's cover painting didn't look like any Gloria Gaynor I'd ever seen. Now *Glorious* strikes me as the best album she's made. New producers Gregg Diamond and Joe Beck put guitar and alto saxophone before string arrangements, which is a simple explanation for why this album appeals to me more than Gaynor's last, *I've Got You*. Then I also like the relaxed flow of "Most of All," which begins with lyrics that wind up "let the music speak for itself," and the music does—all nine minutes of it. Then there's "Why Should I Pay?" "The price I paid for you was really high/but that was part of the deal/Why should I pay for something I can do myself?"—a Diamond comparison worthy of comparison to "Young Hearts Run Free" (by Dave Crawford for Candi Staton) even

though its unclear whether the former is an ode to personal freedom or masturbation. Regardless, Gaynor's voice is sure of itself... low and tough, now three records strong.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS:

Go For Your Guns
(T-Neck PZ 34432)



They do tend to go on and on, their biggest problem since they became five brothers in search of a message. I never realized that this wouldn't matter when they sang stuff I liked. "Climbin' Up the Ladder" and "Voyage to Atlantis" leaped off this record on first listening and I like the rest more everytime it goes around. As I listened to a hard, choppy Isley riff—"Climbin' up the ladder/I keep pushin' and I'm bound to know"—I kept thinking of "New York City is a thousand miles away/And you ask me and I'll tell you that's OK," a hard, choppy Lynryd Skynyrd riff. Proving that Ernie Isley's "snaking guitar lies," immortalized in the *Rolling Stone History of Rock and Roll* can mean something to me in real life. I don't believe everything I read, either.

WALTER JACKSON: *I Want to Come Back as a Song* (UA CH-LA733-G)



Why would anyone who wanted to come back as a song become "I've Never Been To Me," a wino with identity problems? Maybe winos will need psychology in the next life, but shoes would do for the twentieth century. I've also asked myself why this moderately pleasant album required some 70 instrumentalists and now I know: Instrumentalists need shoes too.

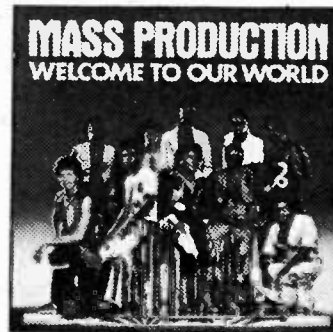
MARVIN GAYE:
Live at the London Palladium
(Motown T7-352R2)



"Got To Give It Up" takes up one side of this two-record set; the band is so good, and the song is so different from what Gaye usually does, that most disc jockeys name the artist over the single version intro instead of muttering something soft and sexy, which usually does the trick for anything else Gaye's released since "Let's Get It On." For once it

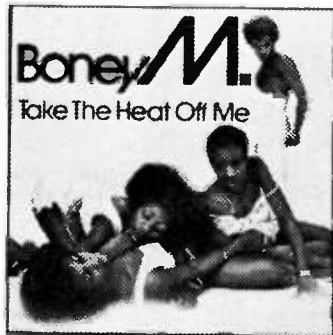
doesn't matter whether or not an established artist has made the transition to disco successfully; Gaye's just done something new, and it's wonderful. Though I'm not sure it's worth six or seven dollars to hear him do it for 13 minutes. Although it might be if you want your own copy of this Bionic Man album cover.

THE FATBACK BAND:NYCYNUSA
(Spring SP-1-6714)
MASS PRODUCTION: *Welcome To Our World* (Cotillion SD 9910)



It seems I've chosen records by groups who have hit singles this month and since that's the case I can't omit Mass Production, who I've been avoiding since December. The title cut has been on the charts longer than most of these albums have been in the stores; the Fatback Band flew into town with "Bus Stop" last year and this album contains the follow-up, "Double Dutch," complete with its neat introductory tie-in to that previous hit. Both groups, from New York are fast rhythm ensembles, though the reason it's taken forever to get into Mass Production is that I can put the record on and it's so quick it spins right by me. But the Fatback Band caught me with a couple of riffs—"Duke Walk" and the title cut—and turned me off with "Cosmic Woman" when I wasn't feeling that way especially. So I figure that the Mass Production album, like most dense things, will sink in eventually, and maybe even the title cut along with it.

BONEY M.: Take the Heat Off Me
(Atco SD 36-243)



I'd say this was my favorite record of the month if the hits off this album—"Daddy Cool," (with its Savannah Band-inspired line, "She's crazy like a fool—what about Daddy Cool?") and the title cut, weren't already wearing thin as I write this. And I'd say it even if I hadn't recently discovered a fairly dense-though-slick record, *Madhouse*, put out last year by another "German" (Boney M. are really from Jamaica) group, Silver Convention. Reservations aside, I can glibly assert that the three covers here—Bobby Hebb's "Sunny," the Wailers' "No Woman, No Cry" (written by Vincent Ford), and "Fever" prove that you can make a disco version of anything—and make it good. Not much of an assertion, but my way of saying that polished though it may be, most disco does not shine like this sophisticated and charming stuff.

Singles

by Jim Green

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS: *Get Out of Denver* (Island IS-082)

The Rods turn this Bob Seger classic into a faceless speed-rap, relieved only by a Chuck Berry-esque solo. Turn it over, though, and check out the uncensored version (not on their US album) of "Teenage Depression": "I'm spending all my money and it's goin' up my nose..." The best expression of their punk stance.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS: *I Don't Love You Anymore* (Philadelphia Int'l ZS8 3622)

"I tried and I tried and I TRIED..." but even if Teddy can't get no satisfaction, *we* can, listening to the best gruff-voiced shout-singer since Levi Stubbs of the Four Tops laying out the bad news over a bumping beat.

TORNADER: *Back Up (Hit It Again)* (Polydor PD 14389)

Sounds like a finely oiled machine, vocals and all. Probably a durable dance disc, hypnotic in its monotony, but it has no beginning or end, only a middle—the music stops as if someone merely raised the needle.

BOOKER T. & THE M.G.'S: *Sticky Stuff* (Asylum E-45392)

The original M.G.'s are back together, minus the late Al Jackson, but times have changed and the slick 70's edition features synthesizers and phasing over a disco beat. Steve Cropper delivers a neat guitar solo, but oh for the good old Memphis sound.

THE SYLVERS: *High School Dance* (Capitol 4405)

The Sylvers rock along, propelled by some high school varsity handclapping (very catching) on this self-penned side. Were high school dances *really* this much fun? (No... Ed.)

BLUE: *Capture Your Heart* (Rocket PIG-40706)

Light, tuneful pop rock spotlighting the vocals of Hughie Nicolson (ex-Marmalade) amid full harmonies and spare but effective instrumentation: acoustic guitar, bass, drums, handclaps and piano (could it be co-producer Elton John?).

RAMONES: *Swallow My Pride* (Sire SA-738)

The boys may have swallowed their pride, but they held onto their raunchy guitar and driving rhythm section, to which they harnessed a catchy chorus for a commercially punk-oid platter. Perhaps a bit hard to swallow for dyspeptic AM program directors, but dig that picture sleeve, guys 'n' gals.

PETER GABRIEL: *Solsbury Hill* (Atco 7079)

Perhaps the best track from Peter's solo LP, but not the best selection for a single. Many Paul Simon overtones, from the "Boxer"-like juxtaposition of acoustic guitars, flutes and hollow drums to the phasing of lines about alienation and discovery, but the lyrics may be too off-the-wall for AM ears.

STATUS QUO: *Wild Side of Life* (Capitol 4407)

Yep, these kings of boogie slug it out with the Carter Family standard (otherwise known as "Honky Tonk Angels"), and naturally they come out on top—of the English charts, anyhow, and maybe here as well, led by Frank Rossi's awesome axe-attack and uniquely indifferent nasal vocalizing.

LASO: *Another Star* (MCA 40707)

This Stevie Wonder song is given a vaguely Latin pulse on this instrumental version produced by Joe Bataan, velvety sax oozing across lush orchestration (over the usual washing machine high-hat beat).

AL STEWART: *On the Border* (Janus JS287)

This moody story of gun-running seems an unlikely choice for hitdom, but so did "Year of the Cat." Steve Harley's old rhythm section provides an almost disco beat over which are laid acoustic guitar fingerpicking string synthesizer and Al's fragile voice.

CHICAGO: *You Were on My Mind* (Columbia 3-10523)

Lounge-act Latinisms, Ricky Ricardo samba-ing on speed. Features a drum solo and a trombone solo. NEXT.



HARPO: *Horoscope* (EMI 4413)

Rarely has such vocal urgency been given to such lyrical insipidity (better living through astrology), but this slice of Swedish pop recalls Harpo's fellow-countrymen, ABBA, in its fetching, hook filled instrumental texture.

ALVAREZ: *Sooner or Later* (Polydor PD 14381)

This has the obligatory disco beat, but it is indeed a song, written, sung and produced by a promising talent whose voice, mated with a helluva hook, reminds of Al Green and Stevie Wonder—but who seems to be developing something very much his own.

HEATWAVE: *Boogie Nights* (Epic 8-50370)

Weird jazzy walking-bass and drums intro while ethereal backing chorus breaks into an infectious dance number, various vocals and synthesizer bits weaving in and out. Remarkable production by UK popster Barry Blue took this to the top of the British charts; with any exposure it'll happen here, too.

THE BOB PAYNE GROUP: *As We Like or Should* (JR AR47731/2; inquiries to JR Records at 51061 Baltree, Utica, MI 48087)

Refreshing: a keyboard/bass/drums trio doing a '70s version of the jazz piano instrumentals that used to pop up frequently on the radio in the '50s and '60s, vamping energetically on a simple but attractive progression. Mercurial clusters of piano notes, chugging bass and impressive drumming add up to a do-it-yourself disc well worth investigating.

BREAD: *Hooked on You* (Elektra E-45389)

More sentimental L.A. fare from guys who turn out hits like they grew on trees. This David Gates tune, the lead-off track from their current album, recalls "Rainy Days and Mondays," and is garnished with Bread's characteristic easy-going harmonies.

DRAMATICS: *I Can't Get Over You* (ABC AB-12258)

The ballad side of the group is served up here with strong, pleading vocals, marred only by the penniless use of a sound effect that whoops incessantly. With echo, yet.

ORLEANS: *Spring Fever* (Asylum E-45391)

This cut, the best 45 in a while from Orleans, catches them in a light, up-tempo funk mood with soulful harmonies and a super sax break.

LADY FLASH: *Nowhere to Run* (RSO RS 864)

Barry Manilow's ex-backup singers do a bang-up job on the Martha and the Vandellas oldie, slowing it down a bit and beefing up the vocal punch for a stomping update.

MARTIN MULL: *Boogie Man* (ABC AB-12251)

Martin Mull goes disco? This sounds great, just like a Spinners record down to the background vocals, except for Marty's own, er, singing, which is atrocious.

JOE BECK: *Stand Up and Be Somebody* (Polydor PD 14384)

The "other" Beck that plays guitar steps out from behind Esther Phillips (for whom he has worked singles magic recently) and noodles a bit on his own—but the spotlight on this one belongs to the sax player, who is amazingly supple and sassy at the same time.

CHIP TAYLOR (WITH GHOST TRAIN): *Nothing Like You Girl* (Columbia 3-10520)

Chip's fairly good song is buried under syrupy pedal steel, cutesy backing vocals, corny sound effects and strings, but his sincere delivery nearly pulls it off.

Classical

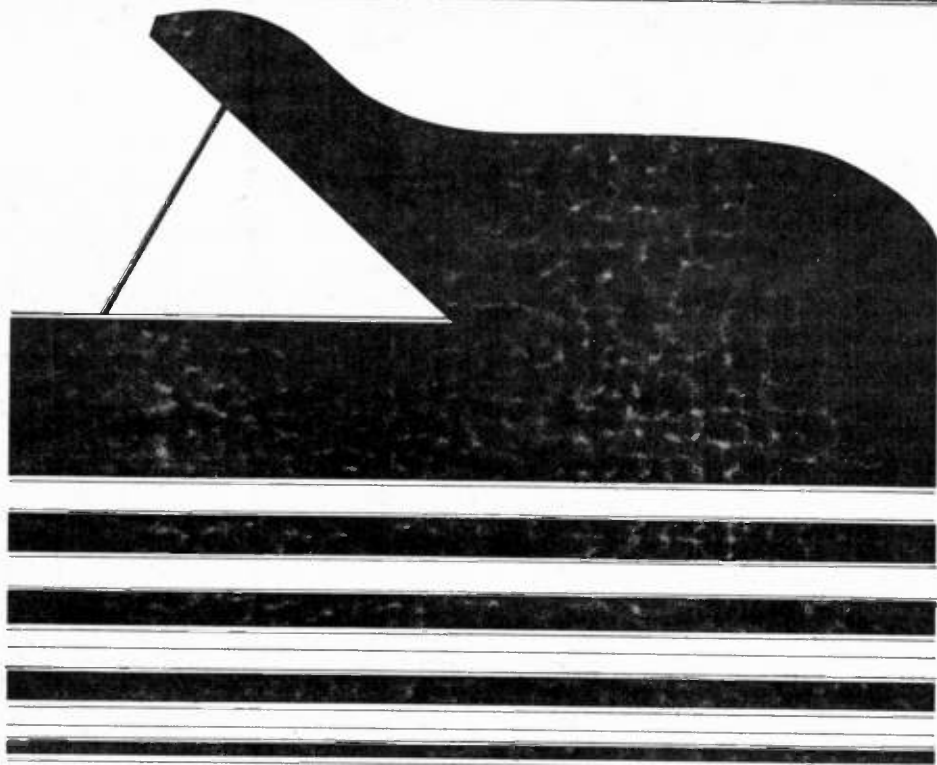
by Alan Pechansky

DVORAK: The American Flag, "American" Suite; soloists, chorus, Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas (Columbia M 34513)

Tilson Thomas has fully fleshed out these lesser scores from Dvorak's American sojourn. His interpretations provide a crystalline textural clarity and a rhythmic resiliency that combine for exhilarating effect in the dance-like climactic episode of the "American" Suite and elsewhere. The five-movement Suite is supposed to contain American Indian and Afro-American impressions, themes that Dvorak collected in his travels here. However no one can state with conviction that this is correct, due to the curious similarity of rhythmic displacements common to Dvorak's Czechoslovakian heritage and North American indigenous expression. In contrast, the American Flag, a cantata for tenor, baritone and chorus, contains few if any of the folkisms that were Dvorak's trademark. Commissioned from Dvorak to celebrate his arrival here in 1892 and the 400th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America, the work largely adheres to models of patriotic address. It is a curious relic, performed here with considerable strength and conviction.

MUSIC OF ALBINONI, VIVALDI, GABRIELI AND JANNEQUIN: La Grand Ecurie et La Chambre du Roy directed by Jean-Claude Malgoire (Odyssey Y 34605)

Two-hundred years of evolution in instrumental music are encompassed in this album—from late Renaissance to high Baroque. In its progression from the vocal doubling with instruments of madrigalist Clement Jannequin, to the highly expressive solo concerti of Vivaldi and the solemn oratory of Albinoni's celebrated Adagio, the album traces both the evolution from winds to strings as the dominant "orchestral" ingredient. All of the selections are performed upon period instruments, including sopranino recorder in the delightful piccolo concerto of Vivaldi and sackbutts and conical bore trumpets in the wind choir pieces by Jannequin and Gabriel. Members of this small, anonymous French outfit coax robust sounds from these old instruments (or replicas, as the case may be) and the performances are vigorous, free of cobwebs. Though Columbia has provided no details about the ensemble, the exact instrumentation in use here, or the source of these arrangements, the disc well merits its budget tariff.



THE PIANO MUSIC OF HENRY COWELL: Doris Hays (Finnadar SR 9016)

Henry Cowell pioneered a number of new piano sounds in the 20s and 30s, including the famous "tone cluster," featured prominently on this recording. As illustrated on the album's cover, the tone cluster is produced by depressing adjacent groups of piano keys with fists, forearms and palms. The ensuing dense mass of tone was used not as a controlling element in Cowell's music, but as an additional means to the composer's rich and varied expressive ends. Even more adventuresome were Cowell's activities within the instrument, plucking, strumming and scraping the piano strings. Doris Hays delivers spellbinding renditions of two of these remarkable pieces, the hypnotically strummed *Aeolian Harp* and *The Banshee*, whose terrifying message is scraped out on the piano strings. The 19 short pieces, many based upon Irish mythology, have been grouped ideally for side long listening.

BLOCH: Schelomo; SCHUMANN: Cello Concerto; Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Orchestre National de France, conducted by Leonard Bernstein (Angel S-37256)

Rostropovich and Bernstein, who have not been paired before on records, offer us what is probably the finest *Schelomo* yet recorded, a performance overwhelming in its size and passion. The Orchestre National de France plays superbly, with a rich volume of tone from all choirs. The work's final climax is absolutely orgasmic in its intensity, accompanied by Rostropovich's ecstatic sighing a la Pablo Casals. Apparently, it is the first recording of the "Hebrew Rhapsody" with Rostropovich in the solo role, and he carves the part out nobly. In the overside Schumann Concerto, which the cellist has recorded minimally thrice before, Rostropovich strikes me as rather impersonal. I cannot erase from memory the great lyrical, idiosyncratic song Casals made of this work.

MOZART: Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola and Orchestra, K. 364, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, K. 525; Viktor Pakaizen, violin, Igor Oistrakh, viola and conducting the Solo Ensemble of the Moscow State Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra (Westminster Gold WGS-8343)

The *Sinfonia Concertante* for Violin, Viola and Orchestra is an extraordinary triumph of ingenuity and expressiveness, overflowing with ideas and containing some of Mozart's most brilliant working out of concerto principles. Cast in the classical three movement concerto form, the piece centers on a miraculously sustained slow movement of heightened mood and intensity. This hard driving Soviet performance, taped in 1971, features no-compromise sound and expert playing, giving it preeminence among single-disc budget editions of the work. One snares an elegant rendition of the popular "Nightmusic" Serenade in the bargain.

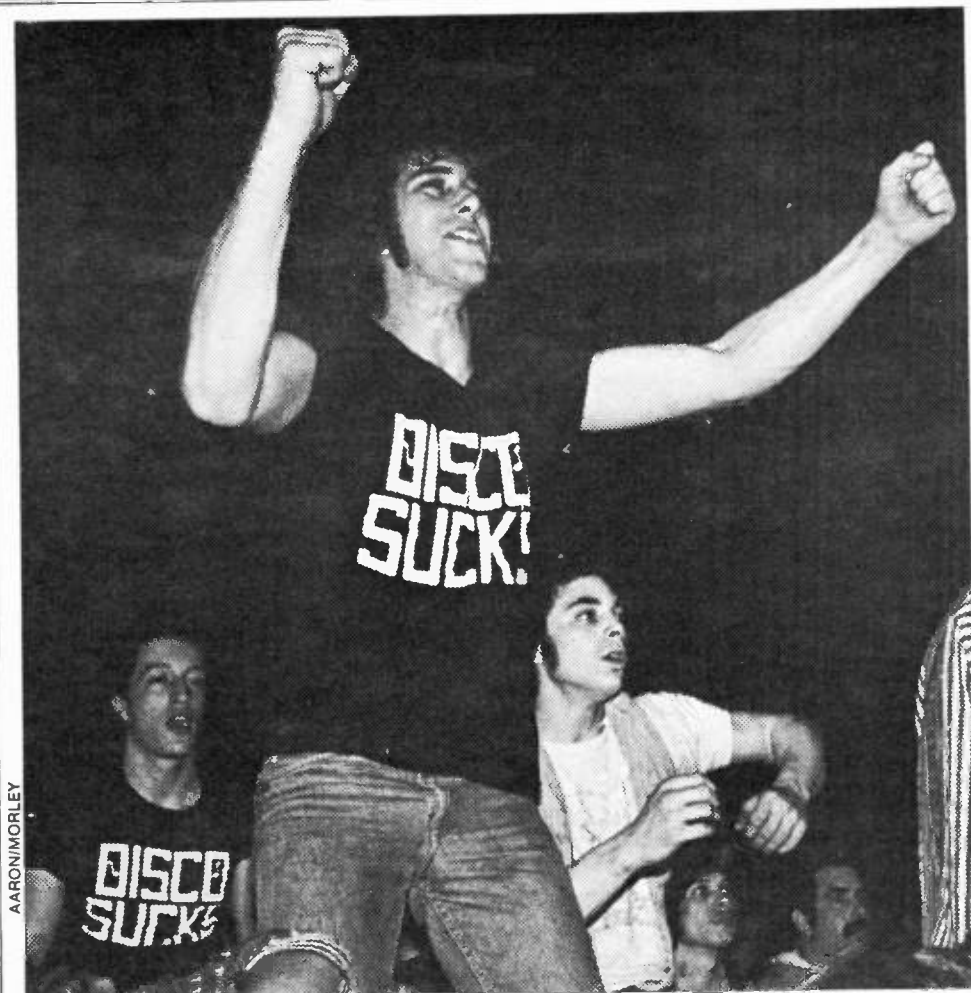
SAINT-SAENS: Piano Concertos Nos 1 & 5; Philippe Entremont, piano, L'Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse conducted by Michel Plasson (Columbia 34512)

Saint Saens' ties to a later generation of French composers are apparent in the infrequently played Fifth Concerto, a work introduced in 1896 to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Saint-Saens' public debut. The concerto is sometimes subtitled "Egyptian," for its exquisite slow movement is said to depict a barge cruise down the Nile. A nascent impressionism can be detected in the episode's exotic scales and delicate washes of color, and in one place there is a striking suggestion of the "Empress of the Pagodas" section of Ravel's orchestrated "Mother Goose" Suite, which was more than 15 years in the future. The final movement of the concerto, in its brief stanza lengths and melodic simplicity, presages the urbane neo-classicism of Poulenc. Listening to this glowing, atmospheric performance, it seems incomprehensible that the work is as little known as it has been. While there is less to marvel at in the romantic First Concerto, a looser-knit, more bombastic opus dating from 1858, the French musicians turn it out magnificently as well. Plaudits to Entremont and the rarely heard Toulouse orchestra for these exceptional performances.

MUSSORGSKY: Pictures At An Exhibition; PROKOFIEV: "Classical" Symphony; Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 783)

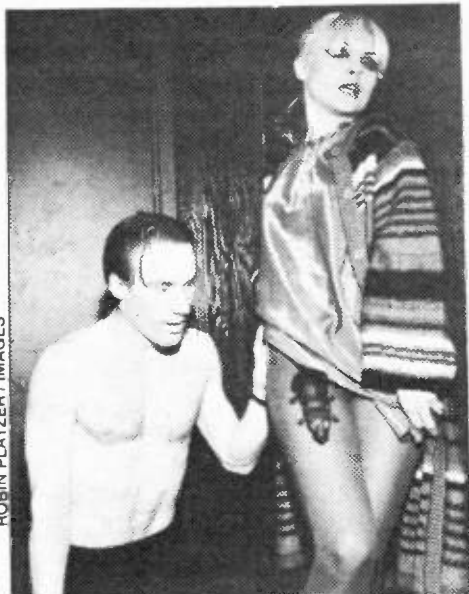
This new account of *Pictures At An Exhibition*, while not compelling in its sum experience, brings an epic grandeur to certain of the work's episodes that has not been realized before. The performance is marred by a tentative, slow start with an occasional pallid strain from the CSO strings, but builds in intensity through the balletic middle episodes, and in the concluding three tableaux is powerful and richly blown beyond belief. That special love which the DG engineers have for the Chicago Symphony brass (they will record the complete Bruckner Symphonies with the orchestra) achieves its ultimate expression here, and the album is a must for collectors who would pace the state of development in orchestral and recording arts. The "Classical" Symphony, Prokofiev's jeweled reworking of eighteenth century ideas, completes the album. Rather dry overall, the performance has its moments.

Faces / Places



AARON MORLEY

Blues Fans Unite! Hard core aficionados at the recent Muddy Waters/Johnny Winters/James Cotton Palladium show voice silent disapproval of current craze.



ROBIN PLATZER / IMAGES

Lance Loud uses an old trick to get a better view of Blondie's hidden attributes.



JENNY STEIN

Just in case you forgot



MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

Bill Graham, the man who promotes Peter's shows; Dee Anthony, the personal manager who keeps you away from Peter; the golden boy himself; Peter Allen, aging roue and cabaret singer-par-excellence who's seen 'em come and go.



STUART LIBEN

Rockabilly whiz Billy Swan stages a push-up contest backstage. The bottle of beer won.



Lips across the sea: Rick Nielsen and Tom Petersson of Britain's "other" new sensation, Cheap Trick, greet Joan Jett of the Runaways backstage at Santa Monica Civic.



ROBIN PLATZER / IMAGES

Can that be Mrs. Judith Beasley in Red Cross drag bringing donuts and kleenex to the shivering masses waiting on line for tickets to the smash hit Lily Tomlin one woman show on Broadway?



RUSSELL REIF

This one's for Joan... Thanks, Mickey Ray Stevens!



RUSSELL REIF

Four talented women gather backstage at the McGarrigles NYC performance: Anna McGarrigle, Judy Collins, Kate McGarrigle and Phoebe Snow.



CHUCK PULIN

At the Eagles fest in NYC, John Belushi gives Rolling Stone Magazine's Ben Fong-Torres a digital evaluation of the magazine's editorial content...



JENNY STEIN

"Coop" and Bernie Taupin with some...er... friends at L.A.'s Whiskey to see Blondie and the Ramones.



AARON MORLEY

Latin American Summit Conference: Saxophonist Gato Barbieri and guitarist Carlos Santana meet backstage at New York's Palladium theater.



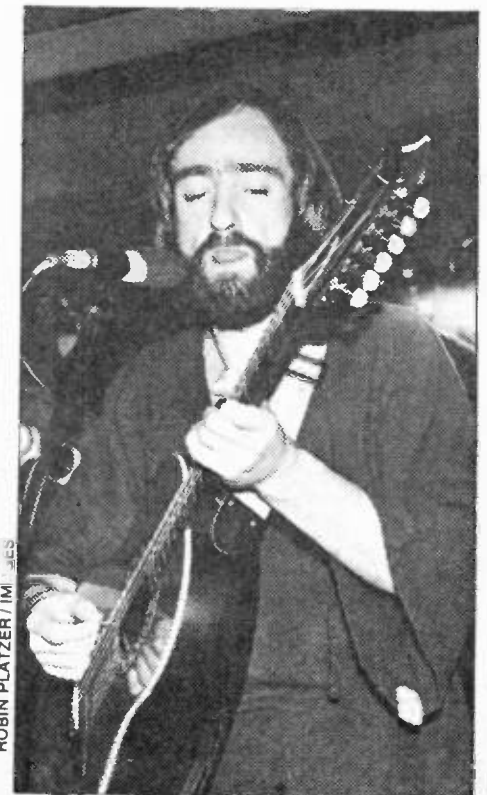
AARON MORLEY

What's missing in this picture of Peter Frampton and bassist Stanley Sheldon at Dave Mason party? You guessed 'er Chester—Penny McCall AKA Frampton is no longer Peter's main squeeze and has run away to Scandinavia with a concert promoter. He's all yours ladies! Go for yourselves.



ROBIN PLATZER / IMAGES

Dave Mason Shows off his twelve-string guitar, some new material and a laundry ticket at intimate get-together in NYC's hot new club, TRAX. Intimate usually means only the best looking groupies get invited. That's J.P., the owner, going to the bank with the takings...



ROBIN PLATZER / IMAGES

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TV Critique

RE: Your Feb/77 issue TV column, scribed by John Sherrill.

Granted, his gifted talents put our more popular television shows in their place (the toilet)—but 100% of his column is putdown (which, though gracefully done, is basically easy to do) and no room is left to consider possible improvements or develop new angles and ideas.

Sure, Laverne and Kotter and Donny and Marie are an intellectual insult to anyone over 13; but TV, with its quality flicks being brought to the small screen as well as rock & roll specials, Roots, The Rhinemann Exchange and other video experiments are adding dignity and class to the industry. Let's have new ideas and constructive criticism—we the viewer *can* alter what we don't like to see.

I've never read anything else by John because its the first time I've seen GIG. I'm very impressed by it—your mag has picked up where Rolling Stone left off 3½ years ago and I will continue buying it.

Stephen King
Calgary North Hill News,
Canada

Balls Indeed

Dear Fags,

Concerning the article you published on Aerosmith in February's GIG, two words describe what I think—*fuck you*. Aerosmith and Kiss are my two favorite bands and the *shit* you write shouldn't even be published about them. You got the balls to print that shit, so why don't you print this letter in your next shit article. Those 2 words again *fuck you*.

T.K. Cincinnati, Ohio

Thanks for your illuminating response to our Feb. Aerosmith article. But if you're set on using all those nasty, grown-up words you should have enough courage to identify yourself—*Asshole!* Ed.

On George's Side

I disliked the review you gave George Harrison on his 33 1/3! You criticized everything about the album and said if you listen to a song more than 3 times it gets monotonous and tiring. I happen to have the album and I love every song on it—and I've listened to it many times over. The lowest thing you said was that you hoped the Chiffons would get a lot of money out of the plagiarism suit against him.

I guess it's just your job (or maybe you have something against him), but I wouldn't want to be in your place!

An unhappy fan,
Barbra Pearson

P.S.—Only to person who wrote review!

Ministrations

Thanks for the terrific story on my all time favorite, Al Green. Mike Freedberg did a super job on evaluating Green's talent. Although I must admit, it is rather hard to think of such a dynamic and sexy man as being a minister... more power to him.

Tell Rev. Green he can "convert" me any day!!
Aldoa Smith
Nashville

Joni Question

I am a faithful reader of your magazine, it is full of good interviews and information. I wonder if you could answer a question of mine: I am a big fan of Joni Mitchell and I would like to know what type of guitar she plays? If you could tell me I would appreciate it very much.

Thank you for your time.
Richard Watkins
Frankville, Pa.

She owns many acoustic guitars, but seems to favor either a Martin D-45 or a Gibson J-200, both top-of-the-line models. Ed.

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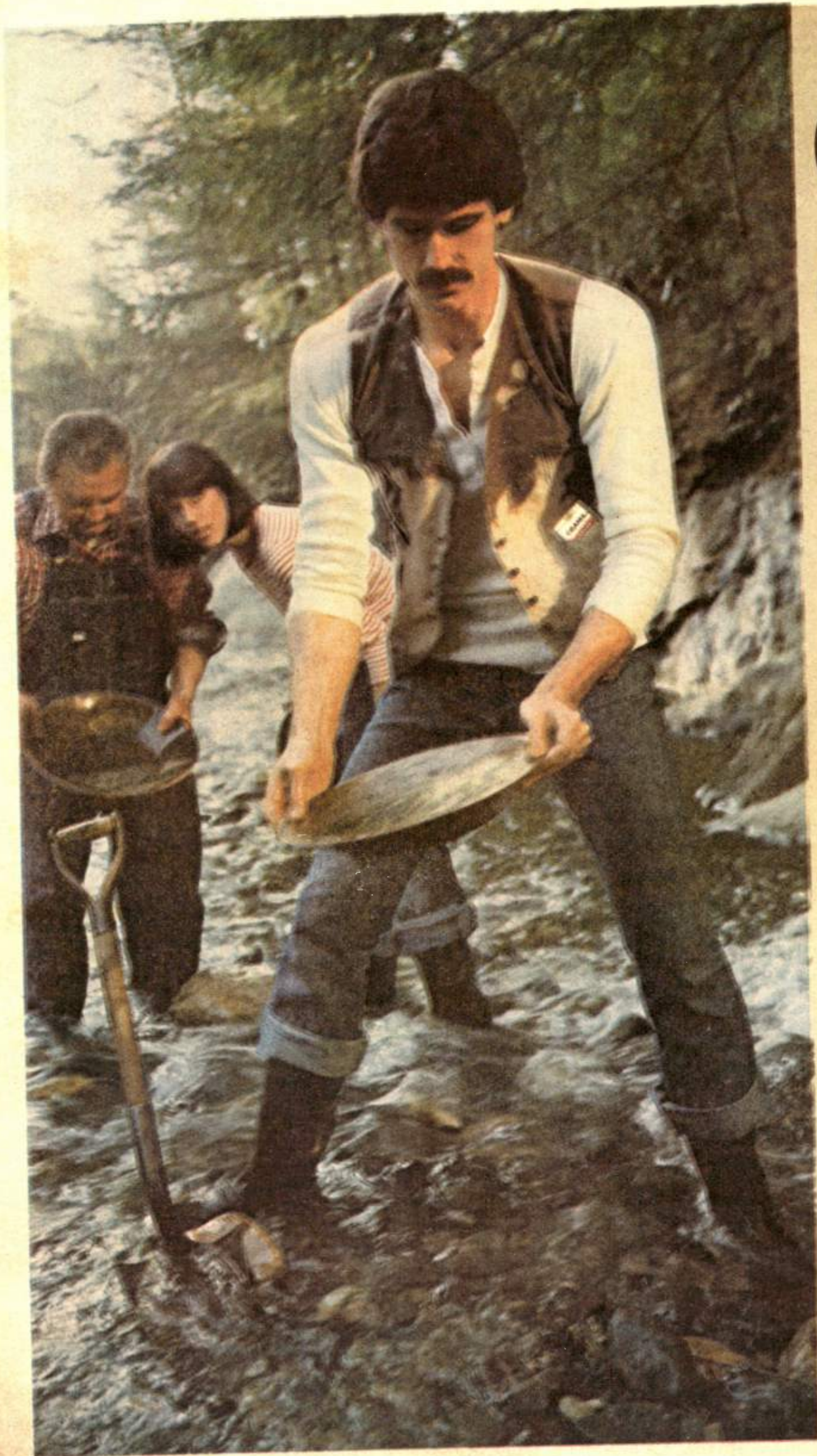
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