

Ron Wood on Keith: "HE'LL TOUR"

BRYAN FERRY • BETTY WRIGHT

gig

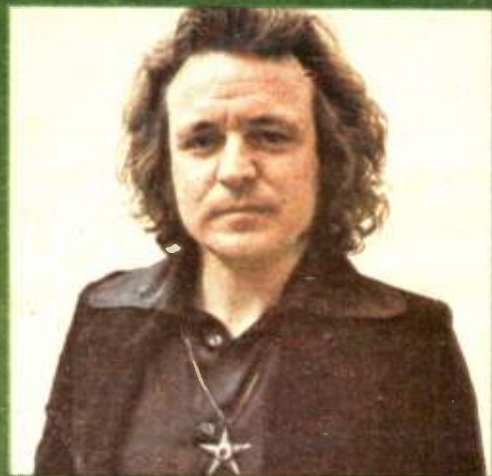
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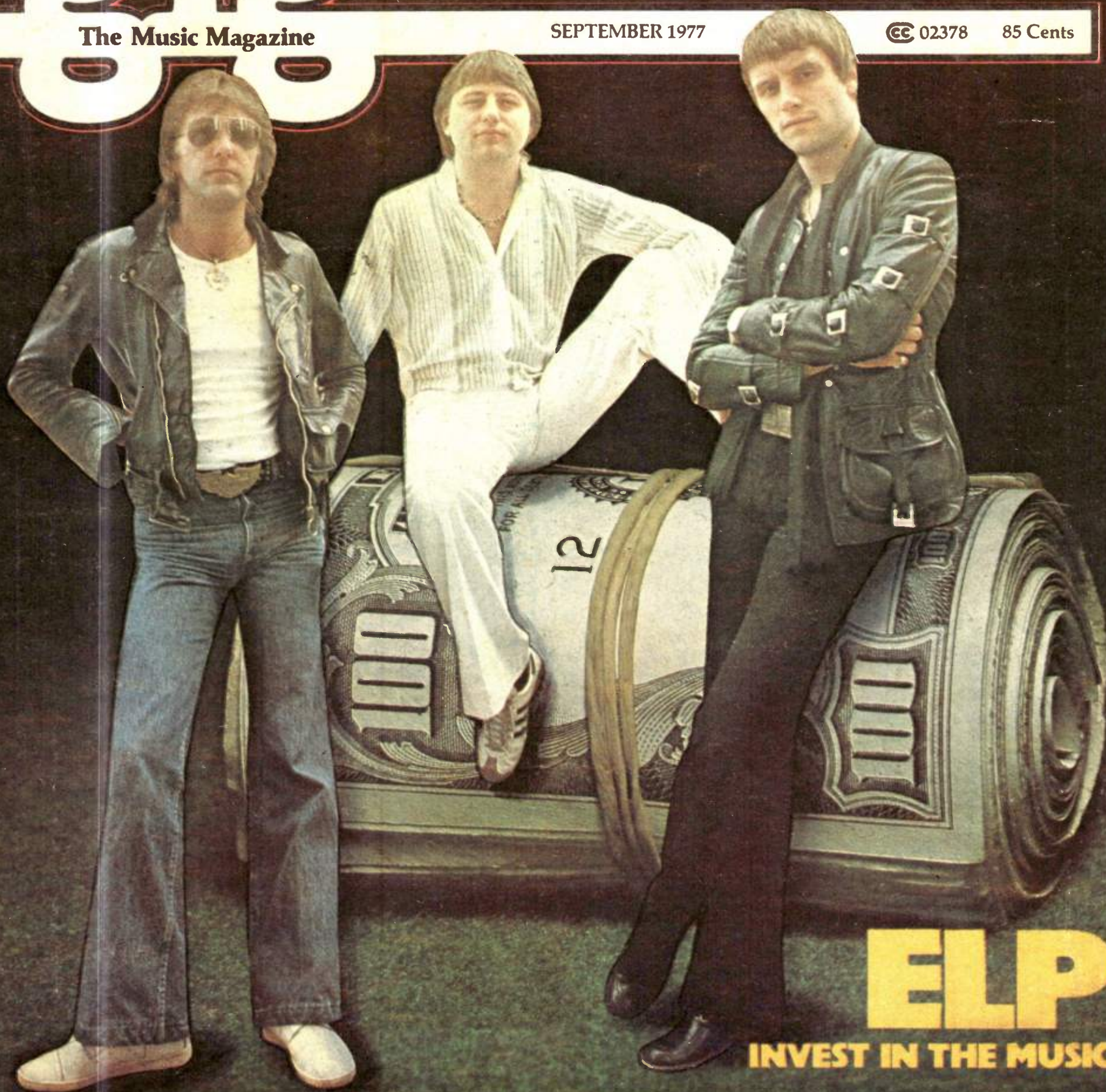
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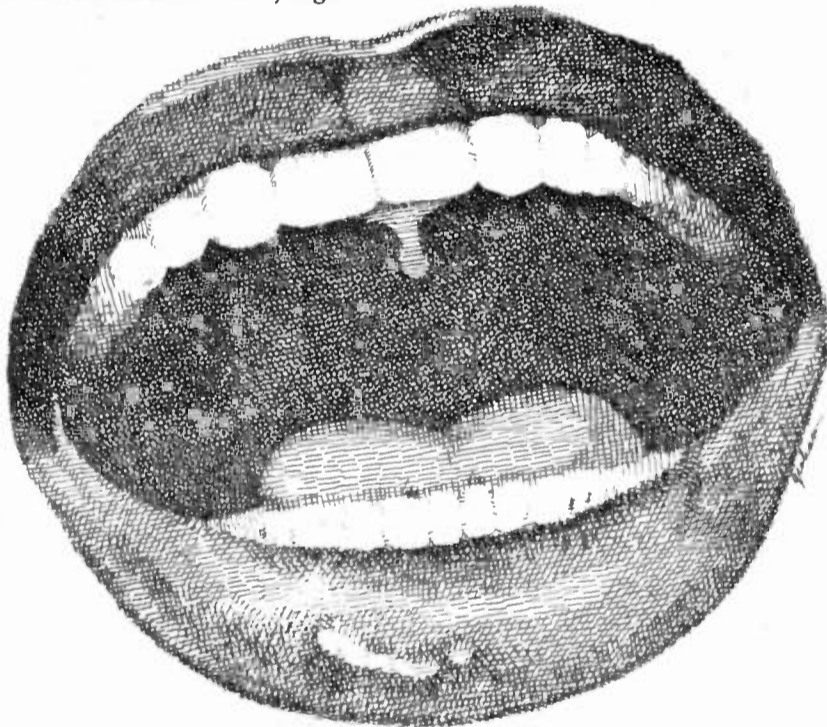
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Rock and Roll Comes of Age/37



Persuasions and Bangs/next month



Office-ial Road Test/29

COVER STORY..... 37

Emerson, Lake & Palmer Invest
in the Music by Barbara Charone

"State Of The Art Tour 77"
How They Did It by J.C.C.

UPFRONT..... 5

Ron Wood spills the beans to GIG
about Keith, Rolling Stones music,
solo LP's, Margaret Trudeau and
other contemporary phenomena/
Willie/Kool & the Gang's funk
offensive/Montreaux Jazz Festival
report/The first Topaz story/"New
York, New York"/Very Special New
Music from VSOP/El Lay

FEATURES

All That Jazz by Ed Ward..... 15

Betty Wright's Real Southern
Soul by John Morthland..... 17

The GIG Interview: Jack Bruce
by Steve Weitzman..... 20

Gig's First Hi-Fi Road Test..... 29

Bryan Ferry's Heightened Grasp
of Style by Teri Morris..... 32

DEPARTMENTS

Synapse—Guitar Synthesis
by Doug Lynner & Chris August..... 45

"Drums"—NAMM Convention
Drum Report by Dave Patrick..... 47

REVIEWS..... 51

Classified..... 62

GIG Charts..... 59/60

Cover:

Emerson, Lake, and Palmer
Invest in the Music by Steve Cooper
(ELP photo by Neil Preston)
Jack Bruce photograph by Barry Plummer

Emotions

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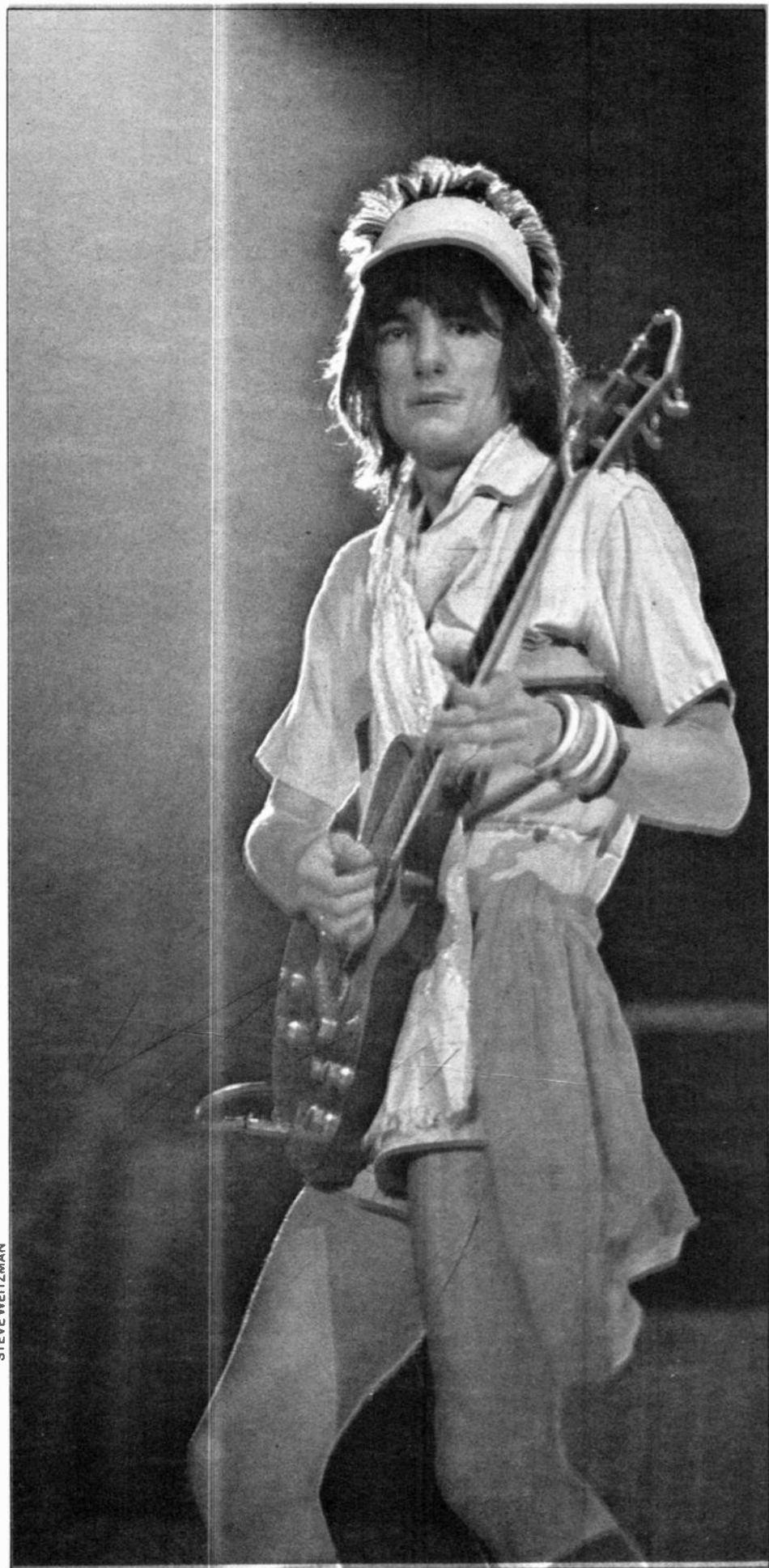


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Ron on Keith: "He'll Tour"

Talking about the Stones, the new albums, Margaret Trudeau, Sex Pistols and more

by Steve Weitzman



"I've been so busy with the Stones live album [Love You], and with the Stones new studio one, that my ideas are gonna have to wait."

Los Angeles — The sometimes absurd and maniacal Ron Wood should be the last person to ask regarding the Rolling Stones/Keith Richard Dilemma, but it's better than asking the kid who's delivering the lunch.

So, I put the question of the day to him: Has the band talked about what they'll do if Keith can't tour?

"He'll tour," Woodie says matter-of-factly. "He'll just tour."

What if he's not allowed to?

"He'll just tour anyway," Wood laughs. "That's it. Definitely. At least he'll go down fighting."

In actual fact, discussions concerning "what if," stemming from Keith Richards' March arrest and future hearing for alleged possession of drugs in Canada have been kept to a minimum.

"I don't like to keep reminding him of it," Ron Wood says. "I don't know what the latest is."

The latest, according to Rolling Stones Records spokeswoman Jane Rose, is, "Keith Richards was granted a postponement to December 2nd to undergo a rehabilitative program. At that time, he will have to face a preliminary hearing." Rolling Stones Records "hopefully views the postponement as a good sign," as Richards was originally to have gone to court July 19th for the decision.

"He seems to be happy," adds Woodie.

As the sun sets in Los Angeles, Ron

Wood, who also seems to be happy (as usual), is crawling out of bed. Someone is telling him he can't put his shoes on. Woodie decides to order a hamburger for lunch. "As long as it's cooked all the way through!" he screams.

DREAM BURGER

"I've been dying for this hamburger all day," he laughs. "I saw this one particular hamburger strolling around in my dreams."

Someone asks him what he wants on it.

"Mustard and mayonnaise! And tomato ketchup!! And CHEESE!!" He refocuses his attention: "Sorry about that."

I am not sure his apology was for the screaming or what he was doing to the hamburger. No matter. Woodie is about to continue but there's a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" No answer. "Oh no," he says. "I hope it's not one of those chicks! There've been strange

Continued on next page

Dylan may Tour with Clapton

New York — Rumors of a joint Bob Dylan/Eric Clapton tour backed by an all-star band have been floating around lately. Although unsubstantiated as yet, it would seem a logical pairing since Dylan and Clapton are good friends and have enjoyed recording together recently. Clapton played acoustic guitar (uncredited) for Dylan's *Blood On The Tracks* ("Durango") while Dylan returned the favor by playing bass during a session for Eric's *No Reason To Cry* LP, though Dylan's licks didn't make it on to the record. The bass part was redone by Carl Radle and Ron Wood.

Says Ron: "We had to do the number over again because Bob left early. He suddenly cut out and we car-



ried on cutting the number. He's always been a man of mystery."

STONES: A Reggae Album Next?

"Maybe Reggae Influenced" says Ron

Continued from previous page

girls coming around lately. One came around last week and said, 'Oh, can I watch Ron Wood eat?' " He cracks up at the remembrance.

Did you let her?

"Yeah! She got a big kick out of it."

Ron Wood has been in Los Angeles for three weeks now. "I'm getting my act together for myself," he says. "I'm

meeting with my new manager, tying up all my stuff from the past. My record company stuff and everything. If it was left for just me to look after," he adds with a laugh, "it'd be well-fucked."

The result of this is that Wood has severed his ties with Warner Brothers, the label which released his first two solo albums. He is now free to devote his time and energy to the Rolling Stones and their projects without any-

one demanding a third solo album from him, something he is not quite ready to do.

"I've done some background work," he says, "but just some demos into little tape recorders. Not anything serious yet. I'm glad I don't have to rush into anything because you just shouldn't rush those things. I've been so busy with the Stones live album (*Love You Live*) which is now finished, and with the Stones new studio one, that my ideas are gonna have to wait."

After tracks like "Cherry Oh

Baby" and "Hot Stuff" from last year's *Black And Blue*, most Stones followers should not be surprised that the next LP "will maybe be reggae influenced. We found some great Jamaican records. I found 'em in the Bronx with Keith. They're real good."

Love You Live, however, is back to the basics. The first live Stones album since 1969's *Get Yer Ya Yas Out* has three sides from the six Paris concerts of 1976 and one side culled from the two shows at Toronto's 300-seat El Macombo club in March. Keith Richards did the album's final touch-up.

"He re-mixed 'Honky-Tonk Women,' and that is now going to be included as the first track on side one to make it feel like the real opening of the show. Nothing," Wood adds, "quite works like 'Honky-Tonk' to open a show."

Side three of the double album set is material performed at El Macombo. Woodie starts running down the songs. "We did 'Mannish Boy,' the Muddy Waters one, 'Crackin' Up' by Bo Diddley, 'Little Red Rooster,' 'Around And Around.' " He starts singing... "The joint was rockin'!" It was obvious he got a kick out of playing such a small place.

"Oh, yeah!! The last time the Stones or I played a club like that was maybe twelve years ago. It was fuckin' great!"

The reason for doing El Macombo? "We needed extra songs for the live album. And we wanted to do a small club. We didn't want to do it in America because of tax reasons. That's why the live album is compiled from Paris and Canada."

Is there a "club" sound to the El Macombo side?

"Yes. You'll notice it. When you play side three and then play side four, you'll notice the spread on the audience on side four and the very intimate feel on side three. You hear individual voices on side three. You hear, 'Do "Good Times Roll," man!' Or, 'Sit down, Margaret!' [Laughs.] Mick says, 'How you doin' Maggie? Awright luv?' "

How was Margaret Trudeau doing that night?

"She was doing *great* that night! Haven't a boogie away from the bodyguards."

Did she take any good photos?

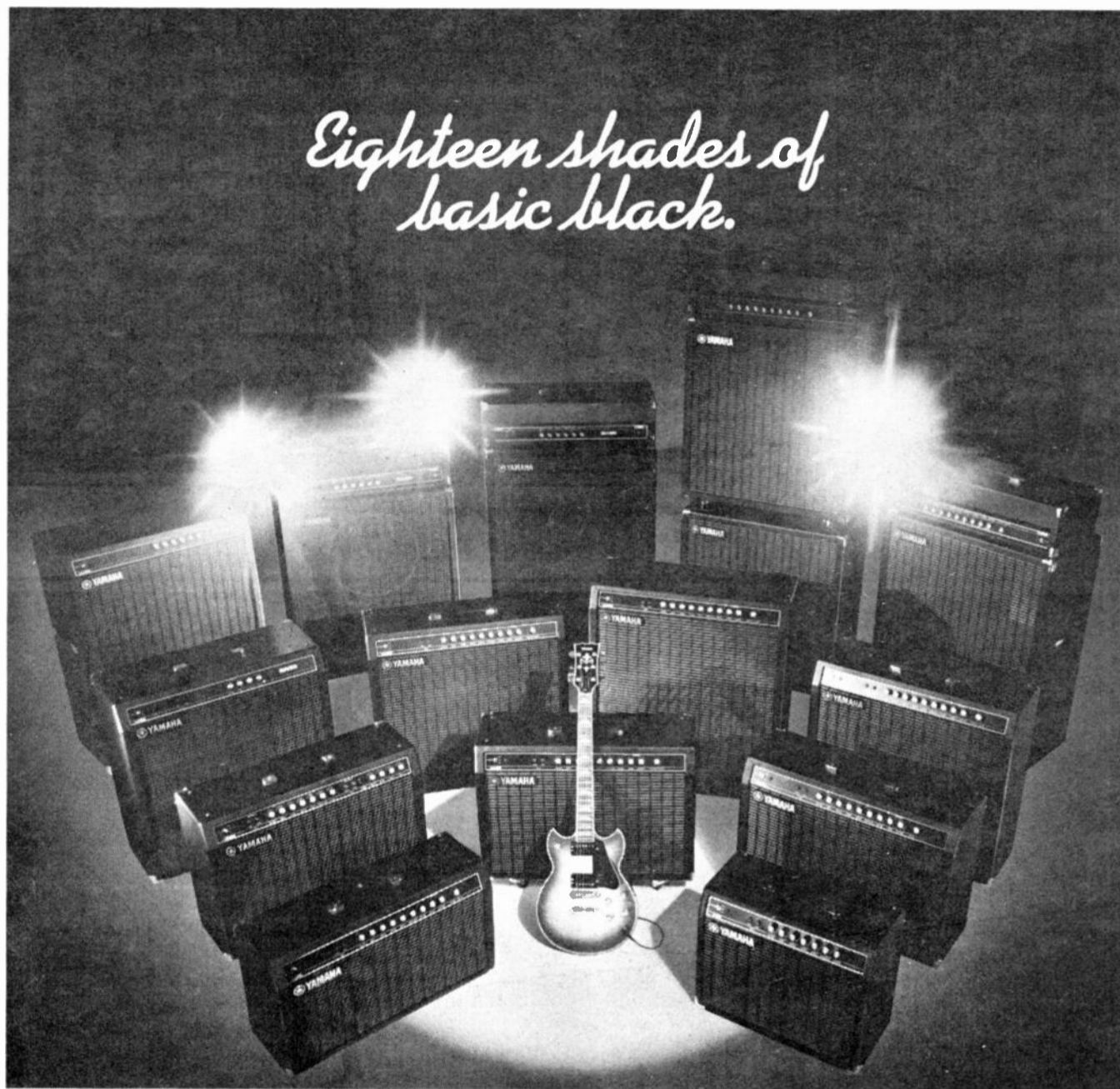
"Yeah! She has a lot from the El Macombo."

Seen any of them?

"No." Woodie pauses for a large laugh. "I doubt if they'd let me *near* her again! All that scandal, you know. They were saying we all flew to New York together, all that kind of thing."

Did he do anything to warrant their worry?

"We just boogied at the gig," he says with a chuckling innocence. "She was staying at the same hotel



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"I'm going to meet with Keith in New York... and write some songs and things. It's going to be good because we've got some good songs in motion."



"Friend of yours?" says Keith. "I thought he was with you" says Ron.

though..."

Margaret Trudeau aside, has Woodie seen his ex-mate Rod Stewart around lately?

"Yeah. I've seen a lot of him in L.A. while he's recording his new album."

Rod's tour of last fall, supposedly with many of the L.A. sessions people never came off...

"That band doesn't work," he says with a belated laugh.

Literally?

Woodie explodes with laughter. "Hah!!! That's a double meaning, innit?" He mulls the line over: "The band doesn't work... He's always ribbing me, 'Ahh, Woodie wants to join a band that works.'"

It is, as yet, uncertain the next time the Rolling Stones will work before a live audience. One English magazine, however, noted, "A spokesman for Rolling Stones Records is reportedly looking for a large hall somewhere in the U.S. for one show to promote the live album."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea!" he says, obviously excited at the suggestion. "Nobody's told me though [laughs]. It wouldn't, would it? I think it'd be all right! But one hall is not enough because we vowed, after we did the El Macombo—everyone was so knocked out, we hadn't done it for so many years like that—that we were going to do it in more places this time."

"We did smaller halls on the '76 tour of Europe in a few places, and did two shows a night. We also did two shows one night during the American tour of '75 in Louisiana. When we did it in Dusseldorf in '76, I remember we started off the tour with a double show. I remember it was my birthday. Both years! When we hit Baton Rouge, it was my birthday and the next year, when we hit Dusseldorf, I was so ill, I had to be propped up onstage [laughs]. To put some life into me for the second show, Mick hit me with his 'Midnight Rambler' belt—with the buckle. Really hard on the leg! And I felt nothing [laughs]. But when I saw him do it, I

kicked him."

How does he feel about performing the old Stones' classics during the set? Is it a rush for him?

"Oh, yeah! 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown'... 'Under My Thumb'... 'Play With Fire'... every number is fun, but I like the way the audience accepts them when you throw an old title out."

Did he think much about Mick Taylor's playing before he replaced him in the Rolling Stones in '75?

"Yeah. There were certain songs that he'd played on where I thought that his solos—either the entire solo or just the beginning—was so much a part of the song that I had to use them, you know? And I wouldn't feel bad playing the same licks because I thought it was really necessary. Like, 'If You Can't Rock Me,' when it first comes on. [He starts singing the guitar part] That kind of thing."

In the immediate future, Wood says, "I'm going to meet with Keith in New York and sort out some plans for the future, and write some songs and things. We'll talk about my solo album as well as the Stones' studio album. It's going to be good because we've got some good songs in motion."

Also on the agenda for Wood is a trip to England to meet up with Jagger. What, by the way, has been happening to Woodie's homeland, what with the Sex Pistols, the Damned, etc?

"Yeah, what has??? I've been out of it," Wood laughs. "That's why! They've all gone silly."

Can he relate to it all? The safety pins through the lips...

"Ain't they weird?" Woodie laughs. "I suppose this is stage one of me gettin' old. Stage one of me sayin' to my kids, 'I don't understand you! I don't know what you're doin' that for!'"

How old are his kids?

"I got one. Jesse James. He's ten months."

Is Jesse James too young to be into the Sex Pistols?

"I fucking hope so."



Kool & the Gang: New Opportunities in Funk

"You can't just play with the Gang--you have to feel us."

Talking about the impact that Parliament/Funkadelic has made on the funk scene, Kool mused, "It upped the ante for all of us. We simply didn't have \$275,000 to put into a stage show before. But now we just think of the much larger audiences we can carry our 'Aladdin and magic' concept to. Starting this September, we'll go on tour with costumes and music to match that concept. A new album, which will probably be called *Feel The Force*, is due for a mid-August release. The funk on it will be crackling funk filled with stretchy guitar solos like P. Funk uses."

kinds of acts in the chitlin' circuit clubs around their native North Jersey as the Jazziacs, Kool's first funk works were built from familiar licks.

As their easy-to-play hits became obligatory at concerts, the Gang quickly tired of playing their set. And, given the short time a group without current hit product is allotted on the concert circuit, they couldn't introduce any new material other than the latest single. In keeping with De-Lite Records' James Brown-ish marketing strategy for their biggest profit-makers, the new 45 was always an updated version of



They stole the show with ease . . .

While Kool defines funk as "freedom, releasement," it had become something of a birdcage for the gang. "Our audiences so totally identified us with 'Hollywood Swinger,' 'Funky Stuff' and all our old funk that we couldn't change. In 1975 I thought our music needed more changes in it, needed to get mellow, but our fans didn't want to hear it."

Thousands enjoyed "Summer Madness" all through 1975, never realizing it was The Gang responsible for those langorous orchestral build-ups and synthesizer falsetto voices. With his new show, Kool can now joke about Slave's "Slide." Morning Noon & Night's "Bite Your Granny," and Mass Production's "Welcome To Our World." But during the period after "Jungle Boogie" (1974), such limitations frustrated him. "Everybody got on the bandwagon," he remembers.

In retrospect, the success of his imitators proved the durability and accuracy of his original comic-funk concepts, even if those early hits were perhaps too simple. They invited imitation. There were no secrets built into the sound, nothing so quirky as Clinton's music. No one called "Funky Man" or "Rated X" strange. Derived from the rhythm music they used to play behind all

"Funky Stuff" or "Swinger." During this difficult period, Rick West, their keyboard man from the beginning, departed, leaving a gaping hole at his position. But as Kool says, "You can't just play with The Gang. You have to feel us. We looked quite a while trying to find just the right man."

In 1976 Kool began constructing his new Aladdin show. First he added four female singers (Something Sweet.) The new sound showed subtle changes, emphasizing the same kind of tom-tom riff Jerome Brailey uses to give P. Funk their entrancing voodoo sound. Early in 1977, The Gang toured with Rufus/Chaka Khan, Brick ("Dazz"), and Wild Cherry. They stole the show with ease. The old hits sounded more driven, meaner, while "Super Band" had a mesmerizing rhythmic thump to it. Their vocals were less comic and more drawn out, and there was a heavy, soulful mesh to the Gang's music.

Said Kool of his new album and tour, "Our new music deals with your mind—expanding it. 'Mighty mighty high, mighty mighty low, how far does your mind go?' we'll ask. And then there's some subliminal things behind those LP tracks you got to listen closely to.

Mike Freedberg



Say Goodbye to Hollywood?

"I don't know if I should be telling you this," says Ronnie Spector, whose new album is being produced by ex-hubby Phil, "but Phil is now 70 percent deaf."

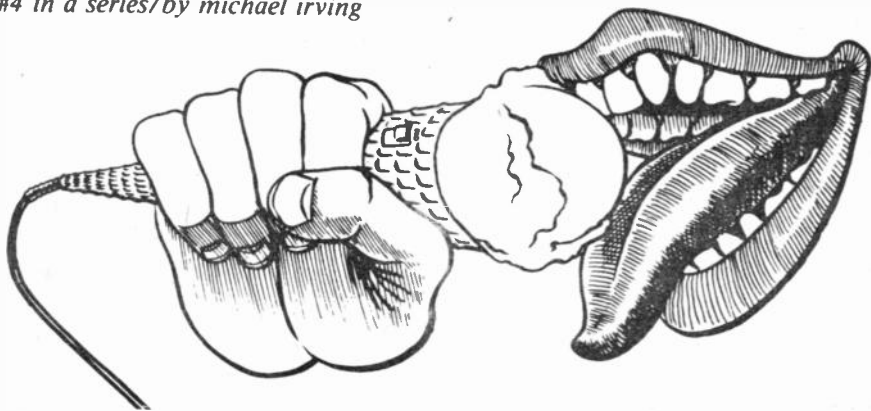
Award Winning Gig

Gig's creative Creative Director, Michael Todd, brings his awards total so far this year up to five, with the news that Gig has just received two awards—this time from *Art Direction*—for design excellence. No letters, please, he's unbearable as it is.

Like Father, Like Son? Like Hell!

Austin—The late, great Jimmy Rodgers (known as "The Singing Brakeman"), one of America's greatest songwriters (and yodelers), has a son who plays congas in Texas. Only Gig would tell you this.

#4 in a series/by michael irving



AWB, Mann, Coryell Star at Montreux



Hot Times in the Swiss Alps

Herbie Mann hopes "to capture the ultimate jazz-rock-R&B fusion album"

Montreux, Switzerland—Vladimir Nabokov, author of such monumental works as "Lolita," "Invitation of a Small Evening" and "Invitation of a Small Evening," had, until his recent demise, inhabited the top floor of the Palace Hotel for many years. After checking in for the Montreux Jazz Festival, I kept expecting to encounter his ghost in one of the many grand corridors, but alas, no such mystical experience was to be mine. Instead, I had to be content with mystical jazz experiences, of which there were many.

Herbie Mann has taken upon himself the awesome task of organizing the extravaganza known as the Atlantic Super Stars and Embryo 77 (acts which comprise the initial artist roster of Embryo Records of which Mann is president). The Super Stars are The Average White Band and Larry Coryell who was joined by guitarist Philip Catherine. Embryo 77 consists of the incredibly hard-working unit of Jeff Berlin, bass; Cliff Carter and Tom Coppola, keyboards; Rafi Cruz and Sammy Figueroa, percussion; and Stuff's pianist Richard Tee. This particular group served as the "house band" and were literally always on stage. For them, the serene and beautiful setting of Montreux did not make this a vacation.

Mann has also assembled some of Europe and New York's hottest players to alternately "sit in" with the Average White Band and Embryo 77. Producer/arranger Arif Mardin is on hand and has worked up a scorching big-band version of

the AWB hit, "Pick Up The Pieces," with an impressive array of brass and reed players. Among others, there are Don Ellis, Sonny Fortune, David "Fathead" Newman, Klaus Doldinger, Lou Soloff, the Brecker Brothers, plus the Average White Band themselves. Herbie also found plenty of time to join in.

This particular night also features R&B's "Luther" and singer-songwriter Ben E. King (a one time member of the Drifters) who has recorded with AWB recently (Benny & Us). There were some burning moments with AWB providing visual as well as musical excitement.

As with most Montreux Jazz Festivals, the entire weekend was recorded. The live performance recording will augment sessions already done several weeks before at Montreux's Mountain Recording Studio. Of the resultant record which will come out of this, Mann says, "I hope to capture the ultimate jazz-rock-R&B fusion album." Also, when asked why he attempted the herculean feat of creating and participating in the concept of the Atlantic Super Stars etc., he replied, "I did it so I could finally get to play with all these guys." **Julie Coryell**

BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO?

Following their late show at Trax, a New York club, new band Widowmaker left the audience of 17 (not all of whom clapped) with a closing message. "It's people like you," guitarist Luther Grosvenor (Ariel Bender) lectured, "that cause people like us to break up. You're never gonna see us together again."

Not a tear was shed.



Abba Plays For Fruits (and Vegetables)

According to NME, a British music paper, the Swedish band Abba has signed a deal with various Eastern European countries "whereby they will exchange records for oil and vegetables" instead of the traditional dollars and cents. The group's manager, Stig Anderson, came up with the idea which is estimated to be worth \$12,000,000 a year to the band.

"The reason behind the deal," NME reports, "is that the amount of money allowed out of Eastern European countries is strictly limited. Abba and their manager obviously believed they could sell many more millions of records if they could only overcome this trade restriction problem. So they set up a trading company, Sannes and Co., which will sell Abba records for local currency—

worthless in the West—and then use the money to buy Polish vegetables, Rumanian oil and Czech peppers."

All they need now is some Hungarian vinegar and they can make a salad.

Hot Rolling Stone

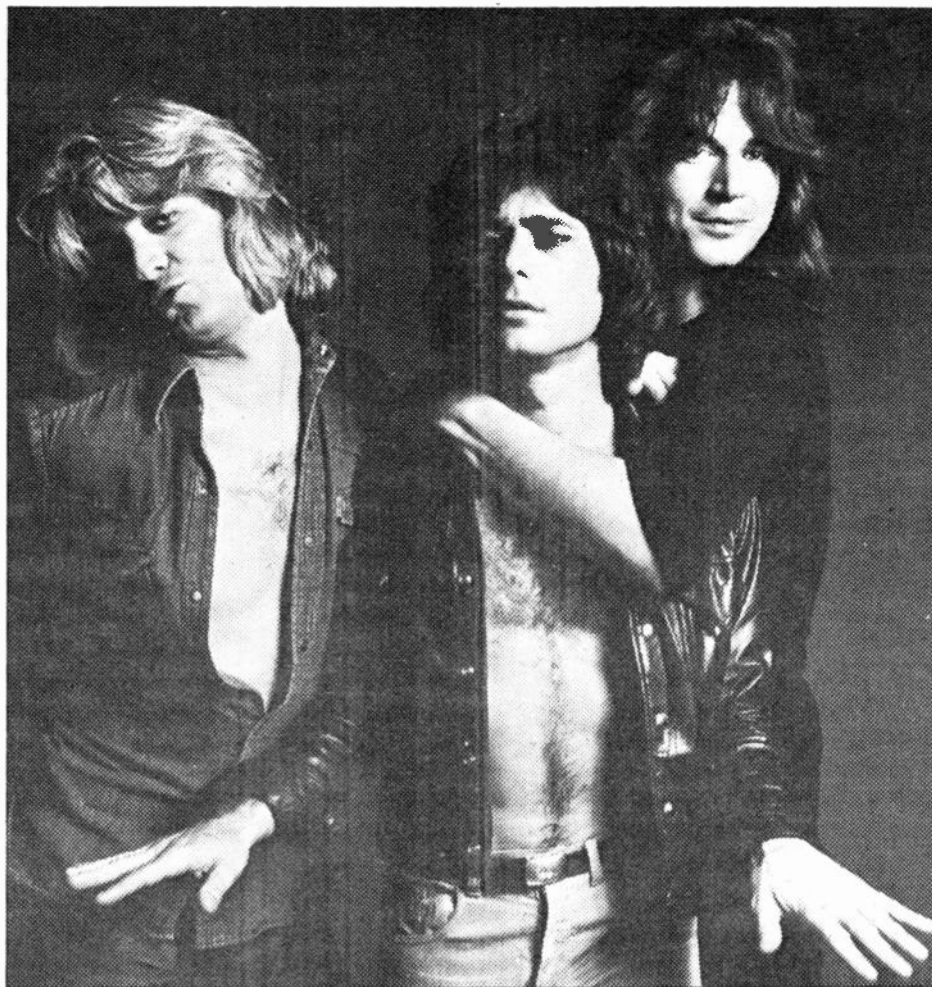
Passersby on Broadway at 60th Street in front of the Gulf and Western building were surprised enough to see Rolling Stone Keith Richard resting his well-traveled body on the steps, but they were even more surprised when he set his scarf on fire trying to light a cigarette in the wind. Fortunately, he was able to beat out the flames before they melted his gold earring. Hot stuff, hey Negrita?

TOPAZ

We Told You First...

NYC.....At this particular point in time, a new group named Topaz probably won't mean all that much to you. You might know of Rob Stoner, bass player, singer and composer for Topaz, as the binding musical agent who kept Bob Dylan's sometimes perilously loose Rolling Thunder Revue from coming apart at the seams during live gigs. His cohesive playing on Dylan's *Desire* and several Don McLean albums has led to his current rep as an extremely tasteful and adaptable "folkie" bassist, rather extraordinary considering the fact that Rob is a pure-bred New York rock and roller.

Most importantly, Topaz means a lot to Columbia Records. They've got Don De Vito, one of their hottest young staff producers (*Desire*) on the case and the rough tapes for the debut album are already generating a buzz around the company. So what, besides Stoner's obvious talents and ripening credentials, does Topaz have to offer the insatiable rock gristmill?



Billy Cross and Jasper "Hutch" Hutchinson, the other two-thirds of the group, provide a large part of the answer. Cross, the young "silver Fox" of the NYC guitar scene whose

Cross, Stoner, and Hutchinson

truly enlightened playing has graced a multitude of local bands, a variety of sessions and several Broadway musicals, finally gets his due with

this band. If you've never heard him before, you can get a mini-preview on the Robert Gordon-Link Wray album, but that won't begin to prepare you for what may conceivably be one of the most important compositional and instrumental talents to surface from the Apple in a decade. And he writes good lyrics too. Hutchinson, from Waco, Texas, is a veteran of the southwestern bar circuit. He got a fast ride out of the big T with a touring company of *Hair*, where he met Billy and started writing songs with him.

So Billy and Hutch made a rough tape out in California and sent it to Rob who was recuperating from Rolling Thunder and trying to figure out his next career move. The tape provided an immediate answer, and Topaz quickly became a reality. The new album is finished and should be released as of this writing. What does it sound like? Razor sharp instrumental work sizzling through some classically constructed "progressive rock" tunes distinguished by wry, perceptive lyrics and sophisticated transitions way beyond the reach of most trendy chord crushers. But you'll be able to hear it for yourself soon enough. And see them on the road too (late fall). And we were the first to tell you about Topaz. J.C.C.



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Clemons

DeNiro

"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"

New York, New York—For Clarence Clemons, Bruce Springsteen's sax player, it seemed completely natural that Martin Scorsese, the director of the new film, "New York, New York," should want him to play the part of a trumpet player, an instrument he has never played. In the film, Robert DeNiro plays the sax man.

"It was more the character than the playing itself," Clarence says. As for the scenes he's in, Clemons says, "I was acting. I wasn't actually playing the trumpet although I had to learn all the lines to get the fingering down." DeNiro, incidentally, had never played sax either.

Last year Clemons received a call asking him if he wanted to do the part. Even though he'd never acted before, he agreed. He went for a screen test

On the set of "New York, New York."

"which lasted about five minutes," he says, "and I got the part."

Unfortunately, the film took longer than expected and it began to conflict with Springsteen's tour dates. "As a matter of fact," Clarence added, "the last scene of the movie, I had to fly in from Hollywood to play Philly with Bruce then fly back to Hollywood the next day to shoot the scene. So the last parts of the film got pretty crazy."

How does he like himself in the movie?

"I thought it was great. It was a perfect part for my first movie. I really enjoyed it and want to do it again."

How does Springsteen feel about Clarence being a movie star before him?

"Well," Clarence notes, "Bruce was a rock star before me."

VSOP Tour: One Time Only

Hancock: "We're Having a Ball, the Audiences are Having a Ball."

by Julie Coryell

New York—The Quintet: Herbie Hancock. Wayne Shorter. Freddie Hubbard. Ron Carter. Tony Williams. While there have been other bands of such musical stature and inspiration, there are none, with the obvious exception of the Miles Davis group which included Hancock, Shorter, Carter and Williams, that rank with VSOP's ability to express their supreme musicality.

The striking communication shared by these musicians is the result of their long and close associations, and their music as a reunited band has certainly not suffered from the fact that each has been pursuing his own career for some time now. These gentlemen go way back (15 years). There is a keen awareness of each other's playing as it was in the past and as it now evolves from present to future. It incorporates all the elements that each member has acquired and perfected. It is a synthesis of styles and concepts pursued individually by each player that has once again, after ten years, become an integrated reflection of their group identity.

Following their New York performance at the Newport Jazz Festival, I had the opportunity to perceive a very



interesting phenomenon: a dressing room where the mood was strangely non-hysterical. Absent was the frenzy that usually accompanies such gatherings. Like the music, which was miraculously unselfish given the spectacular soloing power each one possesses, the feeling that prevailed was one of comradery. The excitement was understated, yet the energy between the band members could readily be felt. The performance over, everyone settled into a well-deserved break between shows.

Freddie Hubbard was playing the piano while a smiling Lenny White



Tony Williams (below) Wayne Shorter and Lenny White: "striking communication"

looked over his shoulder. Herbie Hancock, speaking softly, was surrounded by a small group of well-wishers. Tony Williams was talking animatedly to a grinning Stanley Clarke. Ron Carter was quietly observing the interplay while Wayne Shorter's gentle laughter underscored the whole thing.

Hubbard played on Hancock's first album, *Taking Off*, as well as *Emperyeen Isles* and the classic *Maiden Voyage*. Hancock, along with Lenny White, appeared on Hubbard's *Red Clay* and *Straight Life*. Hancock played on Wayne Shorter's *Native Dancer*. The kind of intimacy that occurs when people have created together for so long cannot be denied.

"It's been unbelievable," says Herbie Hancock of this one-shot-deal reunion tour. "We're having a ball—the audiences are having a ball. We highly respect each other and I think that respect is felt by the audience."

VSOP's basically acoustic, mainstream jazz feel is a sharp turnabout for Hancock and the synthesized funk he's been playing with his own band. "The music I've been doing on my own," Hancock notes, "has less chordal movement; simple type chords that don't have a lot of progressions. This music has a lot more chord progressions. That was something I had to get used to again—moving in and out of chord changes." That in itself, Hancock explains, doesn't make VSOP a more demanding group to play with though: "This band demands more attention to complexity and the other

demands more attention to simplicity. They're both strong challenges to me as a musician."

From VSOP's present repertoire, the music characterized by Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" and Wayne Shorter's "Nefertiti" is "directly out of the 1960's mainstream kind of jazz," says Herbie Hancock. "We call it 'post-bop' and beyond that. Somewhere between post-bop and avant-garde. That's what I hear with this band."

Although this is only a 30-day tour, the teaming up of these five jazz innovators is so significant, the plan is for VSOP to record a live album. Though it could hardly be anything else, Hancock observes, "The music has been consistently good." Jazz fans everywhere would happily support this band forever but, even as of this writing, VSOP has ended its short tour and its individual members have resumed their separate ways.

Wayne Shorter understands fully the public's almost fanatical desire for The Quintet to tour again and stay together, yet there will be no Son of VSOP.

"It's like 'Star Wars,'" he smiles. "One time only." He adds another thought. "Or more poignant is this: Like, a man and a woman would have a child for the first time. And it's so beautiful to watch the birth. The doctor is taking the child out of the womb and the father is so elated. He says, 'I want an encore!! Put him back!! And bring him out again!!'"

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El Lay

by Lita Eliscu

As of this writing, **Peter Frampton** is still searching for his leading lady in the "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" film—Rhett Butler looking for his rock'n'roll Scarlett—and behind the scenes an even more complicated problem is being settled. The Sgt Pepper film will have a climax that is apparently going to involve the ultimate in rock'n'roll logistics.

One hundred—count 'em, 100—'Major rock stars,' will be included as part of the marching band that will troop through the Culver City lot where "Sgt Pepper" is being filmed.

Producer **Robert Stigwood** is regarding this particular aspect of the film much as the late Cecil B. DeMille faced filming the parting of the Red Sea a la old-style Hollywood.

Your basic rock star will not actually have to do that much emoting when the scene is filmed in December. Extras will do the hard part—standing in and being chalked in place. The rock caravan will be bused in at the very last minute to do their marching for Stigwood, the Beatles and Sgt Pepper.

Breaking Up Is So Hard To Do: a black recording artist, dissatisfied with his white manager and the office his

manager ran on Sunset Strip, arrived therein one day carrying a spray can of white paint. He made his point by spraying the entire office, contents and inhabitants of same, white.

actress **Sarah Miles**, called "Smiles" ... Rock promoters are used to riders on the contract (those little paragraphs wherein the superstar requests certain kinds of wine, food and favors from



IAN DOVE

Thunder in the air: gigging around in Los Angeles have been **Bob Dylan**, **Joan Baez** and **Ronnie Blakeley** and the talk is of another installment of the Rolling Thunder Review. One source says Dylan is reportedly very hot to trot, although other insiders speak of a Dylan/Clapton tour (see story on page 5).

Out of the woodwork of the past comes **Chad Stuart**, one half of **Chad and Jeremy**, those transplanted British singers who entranced California with "Yesterday's Gone." Now Stuart is working on a poetry-musical with

the promoter allowing him to be relaxed enough to perform.) **Herbie Hancock** is into meditation and chanting—the crossover jazz-rock pianist now insists that a separate room be set aside backstage for him to do just that before his gig... **Roy Orbison** looks as if he will be getting "the treatment" from the trendy critics—he just played two gigs in the area, managing to set some kind of mail-order record for his tickets at the Santa Monica auditorium here when promoter Brian Carber got hold of a mailing list of the people who purchased a special TV two-disc package a year ago. Meanwhile **Jerry**

Lee Lewis keeps rolling with the flow—**Ron Wood**, **Dave Mason** (what are those two recording together?) **Mick Fleetwood**, **Bryan Ferry** and the **Captain and Tenille** turned up for Lewis's gig at the local Palomino club.

What does **Chuck Berry** do when he is not on tour? Believe it or not, he sometimes goes to see rock and roll bands. His current favorite "underground" group is **White Light**, a local L.A. product who hail from The Corral, a funky, rather unique club in Topanga Canyon. The band is still working out musical ideas, but all the musicianship is above average, and the possibilities—even probabilities—are there. When Mr. Berry is not listening to his rock n' roll children, he is contemplating a film career. He is currently being considered for the part of The Wiz in the upcoming **Diana Ross-as-Dorothy** film spectacular, all-black, all-singing-and-dancing version of the original Oz story.

Michael Nesmith, the only ex-Monkee to really have a career, has made a videotape to go with his song, "Rio." It's one of the best short visuals we've ever seen. The Monkees have been invited to reform for an upcoming TV show; it figures to be a Nesmith-run extravaganza and that sounds wonderful. Look for "Rio" to be on an upcoming "Saturday Night Live."

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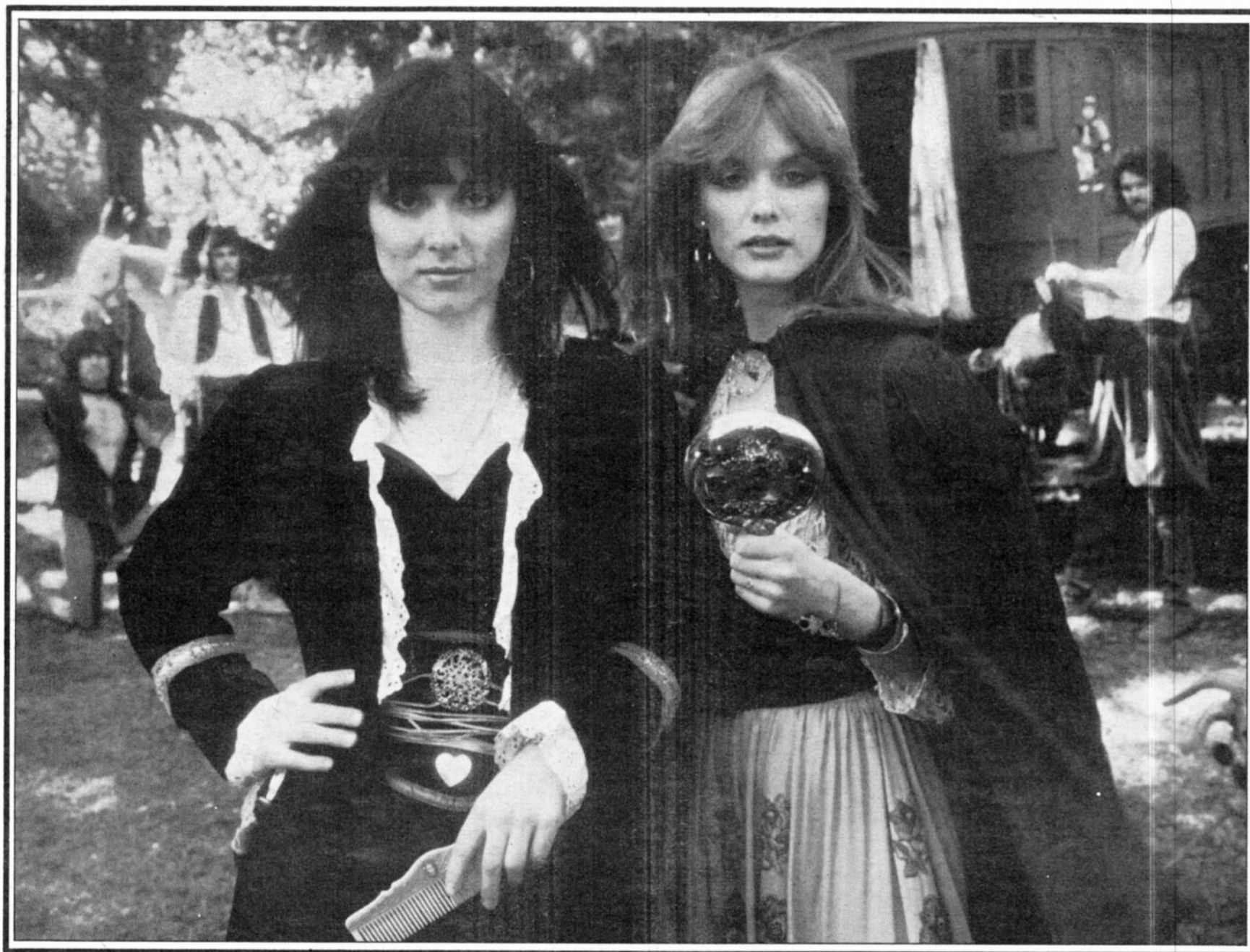
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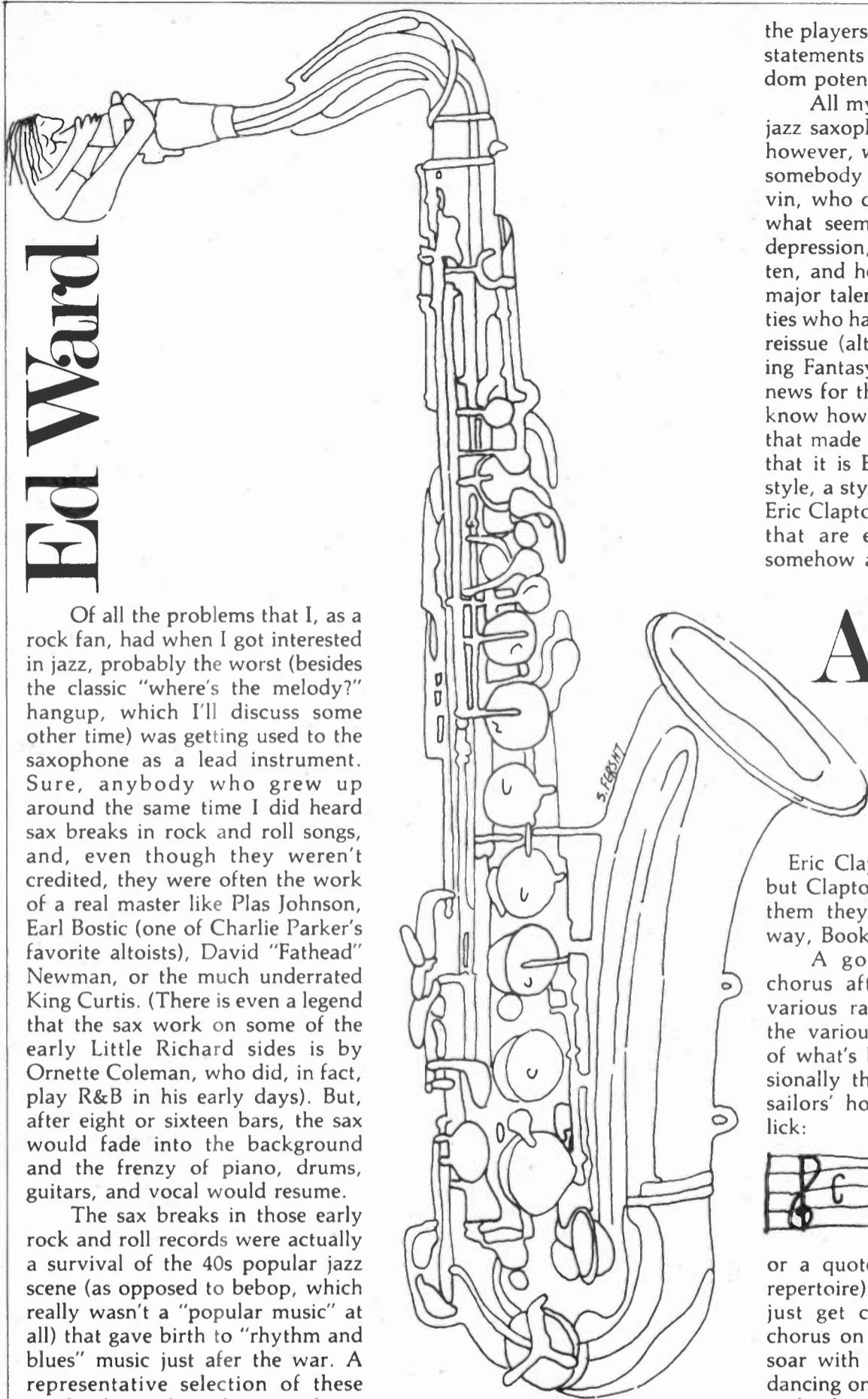


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Ed Ward

Of all the problems that I, as a rock fan, had when I got interested in jazz, probably the worst (besides the classic "where's the melody?" hangup, which I'll discuss some other time) was getting used to the saxophone as a lead instrument. Sure, anybody who grew up around the same time I did heard sax breaks in rock and roll songs, and, even though they weren't credited, they were often the work of a real master like Plas Johnson, Earl Bostic (one of Charlie Parker's favorite altoists), David "Fathead" Newman, or the much underrated King Curtis. (There is even a legend that the sax work on some of the early Little Richard sides is by Ornette Coleman, who did, in fact, play R&B in his early days). But, after eight or sixteen bars, the sax would fade into the background and the frenzy of piano, drums, guitars, and vocal would resume.

The sax breaks in those early rock and roll records were actually a survival of the 40s popular jazz scene (as opposed to bebop, which really wasn't a "popular music" at all) that gave birth to "rhythm and blues" music just after the war. A representative selection of these catchy but relatively unsophisticated honkers is on the first side of Savoy's recent twofer *Roots of Rock and Roll*; or else if you're old enough to remember "The Huckle-buck" (allegedly stolen from Bird's "Now's The Time") you know what I'm talking about. But this pre-R&B stuff mainly consisted of a melody being played over and over, with an occasional break for the saxophonist to get into some rhythmic interplay with the band. To plunge from that into Charlie Parker is like moving from beer to acid.

There's another factor that rock and roll never prepared me for: time. Not only is the lead instrument usually an unfamiliar one, but the damn thing goes on for five, seven, fifteen minutes at a time! A

classic quintet of trumpet, sax, piano, bass and drums spends most of its time with the trumpet and sax improvising, with the piano just sitting there feeding chords to them, and rhythm foundations to the bass and drums. And the saxophone isn't really all that versatile in terms of its sound. It's an instrument that can be played very fast, but its dynamic range is limited in most players' hands, and its timbre is completely inflexible. (The difference in sound between players like Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, and Sonny Rollins has as much to do with differently-shaped mouthpieces and hardness of the reeds as anything the players themselves are doing with lungs or lips). So, unless

the players are making some strong statements all the time, the boredom potential is high.

All my negative feelings about jazz saxophone crumbled one day, however, when I heard a record by somebody named Booker Ervin. Ervin, who died in the mid-sixties of what seems to have been a fatal depression, has been all but forgotten, and he is one of the very few major talents of the fifties and sixties who hasn't been honored with a reissue (although I've been pestering Fantasy/Prestige's Orrin Keepnews for three years). I don't quite know how to describe the alchemy that made me "hear," but I suspect that it is Ervin's crisp, declarative style, a style I can only compare to Eric Clapton's in that he plays lines that are essentially clichés, but somehow adds something extra to

Lester Young and Chu Berry. These last two will introduce you to the main masters of the period, and the Bob Thiele record is the perfect sampler of tenor sax styles that molded the styles of generations to come—even up to today's.

Then there are the players whose very abrasiveness is what keeps you listening—Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman, and even Charlie Parker. These three excelled at and, except for Dolphy, mostly recorded on, the alto, which can produce notes that are instant migraine. Much of Bird's stuff was so poorly recorded (check out the wire-recordings twofer on Prestige, for instance) that a real effort has to be made to get used to the sound. Coleman's reedy, thin sound is actually an instrument of very great precision, but, again, it takes a

All That Jazz

them. In other words, a lot of people heard stuff they'd already heard in Albert King's work when

Eric Clapton played those licks, but Clapton brought a presence to them they'd lacked before. Anyway, Booker Ervin set my ears up.

A good saxophonist will, chorus after chorus, exploit the various ranges of his instrument, the various rhythmic implications of what's being played, and occasionally throw in a joke (like the sailors' hornpipe—a favorite bop lick:



or a quote from another player's repertoire) so that you eventually just get carried from chorus to chorus on the rhythm section and soar with the soloist. Sort of like dancing on a train, if you will. Nor is this limited to saxophonists. But you get the idea.

After that breakthrough, I started hearing all kinds of sax styles. I guess the next one that bowled me over was Ben Webster, who sounds like he's just barely breathing into his instrument, he's so smooth. The sound of the air escaping on either side of his mouthpiece makes his lines sound like someone whispering in your ear. The record I heard was *At Work In Europe* (Prestige P 24031), which was later stuff, but really good, and some good early Ben is on *The Big Three* (with Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young) (Bob Thiele Music BBM1-1121) and *The Tenor Sax: The Commodore Years* (Atlantic SD 2-307), also with

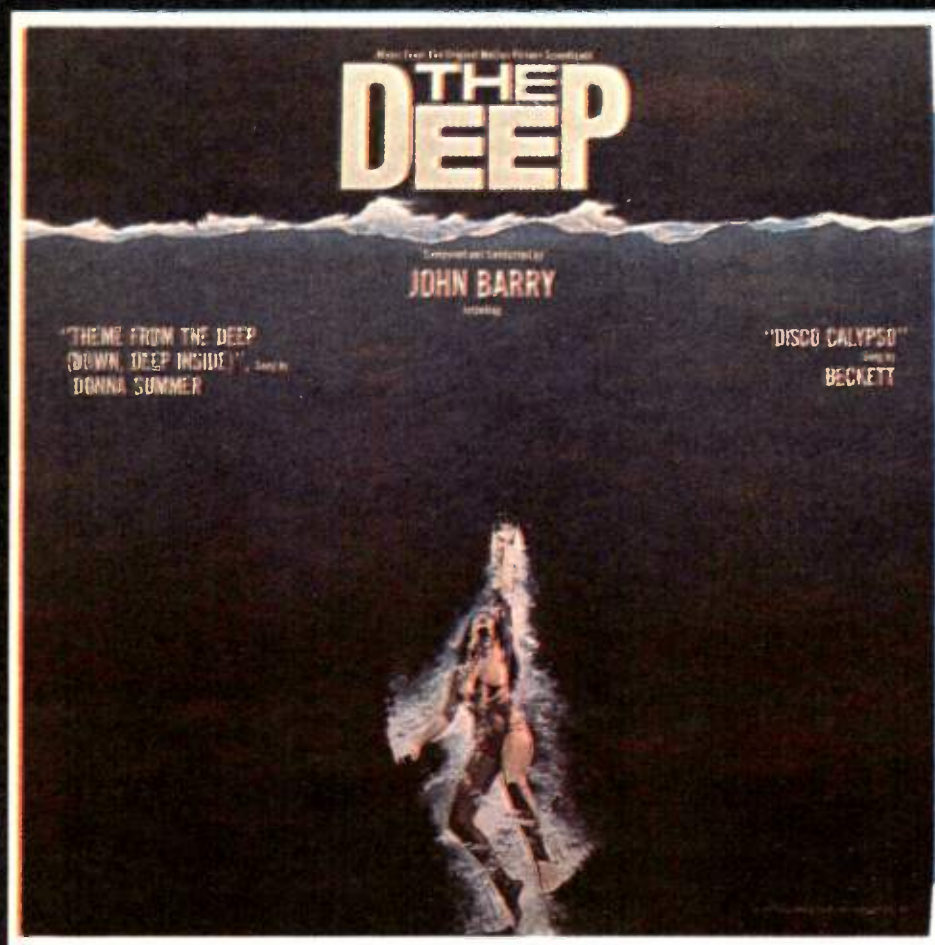
while to realize it. (I also think that a lot of his ideas, especially on the Atlantic albums, bear a great resemblance to Bird's). At the extreme end of this spectrum, we find the mid-sixties neo-primitives like Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler, whose very animal rawness can have its appeal.

But the mainstream of sax players, the guys who took their cue from Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins, the ones who started out copping from Bird and usually wound up with their own thing, and the guys who just pick

up a horn and come out with the blues, that's the best place to start. Coltrane's early stuff with Miles, the various players who have been in Mingus's band (which reads like an honor roll of the modern saxophone), Cannonball Adderly's early work on Milestone, even something like *The Gene Ammons Story: Organ Combos* (Prestige P-24071), a record I find myself enjoying despite my reluctance to listen to electric organs, are good introductions. The support, the rhythm sections, bounce along nicely, occasionally taking surprising solos, and what's on top is easy to concentrate on. (Want another surprise? Look into *King Curtis: Jazz Groove* (Prestige P-24033), which features Curtis with an A+ jazz rhythm section, blowing very nicely, thank you.)

And if you find any of Booker Ervin's Prestige sides, snap 'em up (or write Keepnews a letter!) You'll probably hear it too.

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BETTY WRIGHT

BY JOHN MORTHLAND



LYNN GOLDSMITH

***REAL SOUTHERN SOUL...
FROM THE HEART OF THE
MIAMI DANCING MACHINE***

Betty Wright is 23, has been a recording artist for more than ten years, and sold two million copies of "Clean Up Woman" when she was 18, yet likes to emphasize the fact that she is from "way down south"—Miami, to be exact. Nibbling off a plate of fantail shrimp and barbecued spare ribs at a Chinese restaurant off Times Square in New York, she offers that point to explain most everything about herself: her religious convictions, the way she dresses, the way she talks, her sense of roots and commitment to family, even what she calls her "slower pace."

The phrase sounds ironic this rainy afternoon. The night before, Betty had steamed up the Bottom Line, a rock showcase not exactly noted for its downhome ambience. With her eight-piece band Eternity

Please turn over



**"CLEAN UP WOMAN" TYPED HER AS A
SEXPOT, ALTHOUGH SHE REMAINED
CHAPERONED ON THE ROAD AND NEVER
USED DRUGS, LIQUOR OR CIGARETTES...**

Continued from previous page

punching out a precise, kinetic sound behind her, she prowled the stage, working the audience like a preacher on the fast numbers, holding it transfixed on the ballads. She seemed to hold notes until the middle of next week, did some devastating parodies (of Al Green, Chaka Khan, Billy Paul, etc.) in the middle of "Clean Up Woman," and closed with her 1976 Grammy winner "Where Is The Love," featuring a long, sizzling instrumental break carried by the junkanoo horn section and a hot guitarist. Though she has put on more frenetic shows in the past, before she started concentrating on ballads, this was a class southern soul show by a classic southern soul singer, and there was nothing "slow-paced" about it.

Yes, it's true: before disco, there was something called southern soul, or southern rhythm and blues. It came from places like Memphis, New Orleans, Jackson, and Muscle Shoals, and it was heady stuff: razorsharp rhythms and singers fresh out of Holy Roller church choirs. It was terrific dance music, but it was also terrific listen-

ing music, fresh and vital. Now, though southern soul is not yet extinct—not as long as there are artists like Betty Wright around—it is definitely becoming an endangered species, thanks to the tyranny of disco. Does Betty Wright like disco? Fat chance. But she tries to be diplomatic about it.

"It's not my preference, personally. To me, it's lazy music. The beat does all the work and the singer doesn't get a chance to sing, to show any talent. All she can do is 'ooh baby, ah baby' and let the music do the rest, and then you get a gold record. And then what happens when you have to do a show? You don't have any foundation. I don't knock it, but I'm not gonna sell out just because everybody is into disco right now.

"They're all just trying to out-orchestrate each other; you know, how many strings you can have and what kind of Arp synthesizer, how technical you can get, what phony sounds you can create. I like a person's ability showing up on the record. If you're a writer and producer and engineer and singer, then it's fine: orchestrate. At least they'll know you projected your true talent into the record.

"Anyhow, I had a *big* disco record. 'Where Is the Love.' I think it *mighta* sold 100,000," she points out. "I've had R&B hits that were just funky, you know, not even danceable, sold 400,000. So there's proof right there that it's not necessarily disco that's selling. I've found that some of the biggest disco hits are turntable hits. You hear it all the time, but it doesn't sell a tad."

Betty isn't alone in that attitude. She and her record company, TK Productions in Miami, have steadfastly refused to trade in assembly-line disco records, though TK singles get regular disco play anyhow. They're just good dance records, plain and simple, but they remain very much rooted in southern R&B. In fact, their stylistic starting point is mid-Sixties James Brown, but TK relaxed the Brown beat somewhat, gave singers and players (like guitarist Little Beaver) more room and added Caribbean flavorings that reflect the vast Miami melting pot. KC and the Sunshine Band is perhaps the most mainstream, and definitely the most successful, of the TK acts. (Others include Latimore, Gwen and George McRae, King Floyd.) But it's Betty who kept the small independent company afloat until KC started running up his string of hits.

A Miami native, she was discovered by TK producers Clarence Reid and Willie Clarke at age 11. Prior to that, she had sung with a family gospel group. At first, her mother tried to keep her out of the music biz, on religious grounds. But when mom relented, Betty began recording regional and national R&B hits. In 1967, "Girls Can't Do What The Guys Do" sold nearly half a million, and she was solidly

on her way. She began working the road, fibbing about her age but also taking her mother along as chaperone. She had little trouble staying up in school because she was way ahead of the rest of her class to begin with. Fourth grade exams revealed she had the highest IQ in the state; later, when she went to college, she had the highest GPA in her class, though she dropped out before graduating.

Although she's had great success in one part of the record market most of her career, it took "Clean Up Woman" to be both a blessing and a curse. For a girl raised without shoes in a housing project, the two million sales meant big money. But it was also a tough record to follow, especially because it typed her; inferior followup songs were also about cheating and illicit affairs, and she got a rep as a sexpot. She remained chaperoned on the road, and she never used drugs, liquor or cigarettes. But she was having trouble reconciling her self-image with her popular image.

And there were business problems. She fell out with Clarke, her manager and producer from the beginning. She felt she was getting paid too little relative to her success; men with sales comparable to her own were getting three times the money for shows. She also claims to have been kicked off several tours for upstaging the headliner.

All of this was coming to a head around the time of 1974's *Danger High Voltage*, still her most consistent album and one of the best LPs of the 70s, most of it uptempo stompers on the lines of "Where Is The Love." Despite unanimous critical raves, it sold poorly.

"To be honest with you, I think I was going crazy; I used to sit for hours and think about bad things to do to people. KC and the Sunshine Band had become the hottest act at our company, and that's all they could focus on. I began feeling sorry for myself that we didn't have money like other companies to promote more. I felt loyalty for the company, but I wished it was bigger. It was having growing pains and I was getting lost in the shuffle," she explains. "And so I used to just sit down and think about all these weird things I was gonna do to make me explode, to get some attention. Chopping up a plane, or anything. And I was getting so bitter thinking about that kind of stuff that I really wasn't concentrating on my career anymore, because I had lost sight of actually trying to improve."

Two things happened to snap her out of it. Though she had never strayed too far from her religious roots, she now joined a Holiness church and threw herself into the Apostolic faith. She talks like a true

born-again Christian. Saddled by chronic bronchitis a couple years ago, she claims to have not had so much as a cold since. She also says she made a lump on her breast disappear through will power. Doctors had told her she couldn't bear children, but she was pregnant forty days after marrying a local junior college administrator, had a depression-free pregnancy and drug-free delivery, and gave birth to a healthy girl. (Named Namphuyo—"Sunshine"—the baby travels with Betty.) Her songs, she says, became more "up."

But she also cites a conversation around the same time with a 12-year-old girl in Miami. "Betty," she quotes the youth, "I hope you don't take this personally but when you sing a song like 'Slip And Do It,' women really get scared. If you were ugly, or not so young and talented, maybe they would take it better. But when you say you gonna steal somebody's man, they don't like it."

Betty was moved. "It just really touched my heart, and I remember crying for hours because I was so hurt that a child had to bring this to me, a grown person couldn't have told me about it. Because it was true. So why sing that kind of song when...because you *know* you're not that way, so why go out there like that?"

She's dropped most such



songs; "Clean Up Woman" is still in the set because of its overwhelming popularity, but by using it as a vehicle for the parodies, she even undercuts it. *This Time For Real*,

released in mid-1977, is the first album she believes to be in tune with her personally. Eight months pregnant when she recorded it, she feels it's more "mellow and sen-

timental," which is correct. It is also uneven, like all her previous albums save *Danger*, but it does offer a wide range and continued growth in her singing. It bows to no particular commercial forces, but sounds commercial anyhow. Mostly, it sounds like southern R&B.

"Singers today just aren't sticking close to home. Whereas the artist used to stay in the towns where they lived—Memphis artists stayed in Memphis and had a strictly Memphis sound—now they move to California or New York City, to be in the know, to sell out to commerciality. And they lose their roots, their sound, their accent. If you go there and start hanging out with the people there, you gonna sound like them—like, my sister went to the Bahamas for nine days and came back talkin' so funny I couldn't understand her. So these artists, they get city-slick and then you go into the studio and try to get funky and it isn't there anymore. Cuz they ain't hangin' out on the corner with the boys, and they don't really feel that music they're singing, and they don't really get those good song ideas anymore. It's just not there."

Betty Wright may be changing, may be rocking a little less frenetically, but she knows exactly what she's doing. She is clearly in a period of transition, but "it" is definitely still "there." ■

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JACK BRUCE

The Gig Interview by Steve Weitzman

Though it wasn't the youthful, dark-haired visage I remember from the cover of his *Songs For A Tailor* album, it was, nevertheless, a familiar face that drifted into the London office of the Robert Stigwood Organization on a recent hot and sunny afternoon. As he was an hour late, a sheepishly ebullient Jack Bruce had an apology to offer.

"Sorry I'm late," he says with a slight Scottish tinge, "but I had to hitch-hike down here and it took me ages to get a ride."

This was not exactly true. Bruce resides quietly in a castle two hours north of London and he did need a lift—but he got one from a friend. Why didn't the man who some have joked has owned (and cracked up) half the cars in England, drive down himself?

"I love driving," he says wistfully, "but unfortunately, the government won't let me. They called it dangerous driving but I was just doing 160 miles per hour in my Ferrari. They're built to go that fast, which is what I said to the magistrate. I said, 'THEY ARE BUILT TO GO THAT FAST.' And they said, 'YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO DRIVE THAT FAST.' Very repressive country [laughs]."

At 34, Jack Bruce is acknowledged as England's bass guitar pioneer, a rep he began to wear beginning with his stint in Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated in 1961. By starting out on acoustic bass and coming from a jazz background, Bruce found it natural to inject counter-melody bass lines, first in a rhythm and blues format, and later into Britain's earliest rock bands as well. By doing so, he considerably opened up the possibilities of bass playing in England.

A stirring vocalist as well as an inspired songwriter, it is Bruce who, during his stay with Cream, was primarily responsible for their most evocative songs—"I Feel Free," "Dancing The Night Away," "Sunshine Of Your Love" and "White Room." In retrospect, for all the group's accomplishments, that infamous trio of Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker was together less than two-and-a-half years.

But that's not too surprising, as groups consisting of individuals as creatively powerful as those in Cream have long had a habit of being short-lived. Jack Bruce's own musical history reveals him to be no exception to this.

"Most of my bands usually last five minutes," he has joked. While not exactly the case, he has been in eleven significant groups since leaving the Royal Scottish Academy of Music: Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated; the Graham Bond Organization; John Mayall's Bluesbreakers; Manfred Mann; Cream; Jack Bruce & Friends (with Larry Coryell); Lifetime (with Tony Williams, John McLaughlin and Larry Young); a band in 1971 with Graham Bond and Chris Spedding that was so short-lived they didn't have time to name it; West, Bruce & Laing; the Jack Bruce Band of 1975 with Mick Taylor and Carla Bley; and, lastly and presently, the Jack Bruce Band of today, which includes Simon Phillips, Hughie Burns and Tony Hymas. A U.S. tour for September-October is planned.

Not known as someone to overstate his own accomplishments, Jack Bruce says, "Lifetime was, without a doubt, the best band there ever was in the world. I really believe that—and anybody who listened to the band with an open mind and let the music wash over him would have realized that. I've never experienced energy like that before."

Bruce's bands came and went in such great numbers that there have been few periods of inactivity in his career. One exception was the period directly following the breakup of West, Bruce and Laing. For almost two years, the only project attempted during that time was his band with Mick Taylor. RSO Records' official explanation to the press said, "Bruce retired to the seclusion of his island home to plan his next move. For a year he 'didn't really do much.'"

Rumors abounded that Bruce had fallen into drugs (particularly heroin) but everyone close to him (and Jack himself, when he was approached) vigorously denied it. Until this day, he had refrained from telling anyone in the press that, yes, he was regularly shooting heroin.

But on this particular afternoon, something inside him clicked, and when asked about that period in his life, he seemed to make a conscious decision first, and then: "Well, I was pretty sick for a while. I got into junk very heavily. Very heavily." And the rest of his tale followed.

After the interview was finished, which lasted almost three hours, he was naturally reflective concerning the out-pouring of his ordeal with an interviewer.

"I've never been able to talk about that before," he said, noticeably shaken. "It seems a bit strange. But it's gotta come out sometime."

"By the way," he asked, a bit of worry in his voice. "When is this article coming out? September? I think I'll have got my visa for the States by then," he said, managing a laugh.

now read on...

We asked John McLaughlin recently if he thought any other bands he had been in were as revolutionary as his Mahavishnu Orchestra. Besides the band he had with Miles Davis, he mentioned the group he had with you and Graham Bond around 1963-1964.

Good old John. He's a gentleman.

Of all the people he's played with, that was the band he named...

Well, quite rightly so, because that band was revolutionary. If we had made it to the States we'd have blown everybody away. But John wasn't quite together as a musician yet. His timing sped up a lot so... we fired him [as Bruce says this, he hides his face and cringes at the remembrance, laughing]. No, we didn't fire him, I mean, we decided that he wasn't quite ready for us. Which he wasn't. He would admit to this. It's not a put-down because you can't put-down someone like John who's gone on to do so many great things. I mean, Shakti is quite interesting, to say the least.

That's amazing. I never heard that story.

Yeah, well [laughing], I don't know whether you should print that. I guess it's OK.

You did go on to play with him in other bands after that...

The thing was that he was so good nobody in Europe or England was hip to him. He was light years ahead of everybody so they thought he was bad. Like Bird [Charlie Parker]. Everybody said he had a bad sound and played out of tune, but that wasn't it. It was just a matter of him being ahead of everybody.

I had written this set of pieces for a jazz trio, which became a record called *Things We Like*, and I was driving along and I saw John walking along the road bogged down with his guitar like this [Bruce mimics the scene, imaginary guitar case and all]. So I stopped and said, "Hello, man. What's happenin'?" He said, "Ohhhhh, I've just been doing these years of sessions and I'm finished. I can't go on like this and I've got an opportunity to go and play with Tony Williams in the States but I can't afford the fare."

So I said to myself, "I'll re-write the set of pieces for quartet!" There's two tracks on the album for trio that were already recorded, then John came in and transformed it. It's not a great album but it's an interesting album. But the main

thing is, he earned his fare to go the cheap way to America and join Tony.

When was this?

'69 or so? '68? It was the period in between when the Cream was...

Breaking up?

Not...well, sort of, yeah. We still had commitments to each other, but I was bored. So I had these tunes I'd written when I was about twelve and I thought they were really good.

Although Cream was a brilliant band, I got the feeling from watching a few of the shows that it was not that much fun to be in.

But should a band be fun? That was a revolutionary band in its own way. I'm not saying it was a great band; but it was revolutionary inasmuch as the time. In fact, Miles has said to me that Jimi and the Cream were the two bands who changed the direction of jazz. Uhh, if it hadn't been Miles that said that, I wouldn't quote it, but he did say that. We actually changed the direction of jazz music although I'm not a jazz musician.

You mean, rock creeping in to jazz to create what people are playing now?

Exactly.

The first time you came over here was the first Cream tour?

What, to the States?

Oh, right. I'm in England.

Remember that. Remember that fact. Keep it uppermost in your mind and everything will be OK. But yeah, although when I was a child, I lived in Canada for a few years. But the first time I actually hit the States was with the Cream in '68. We formed the band in '67 in London. Neasden actually.

So we can call this the 10th anniversary of the Cream...

I think we can. Hmmm... the 10th anniversary of the Cream.

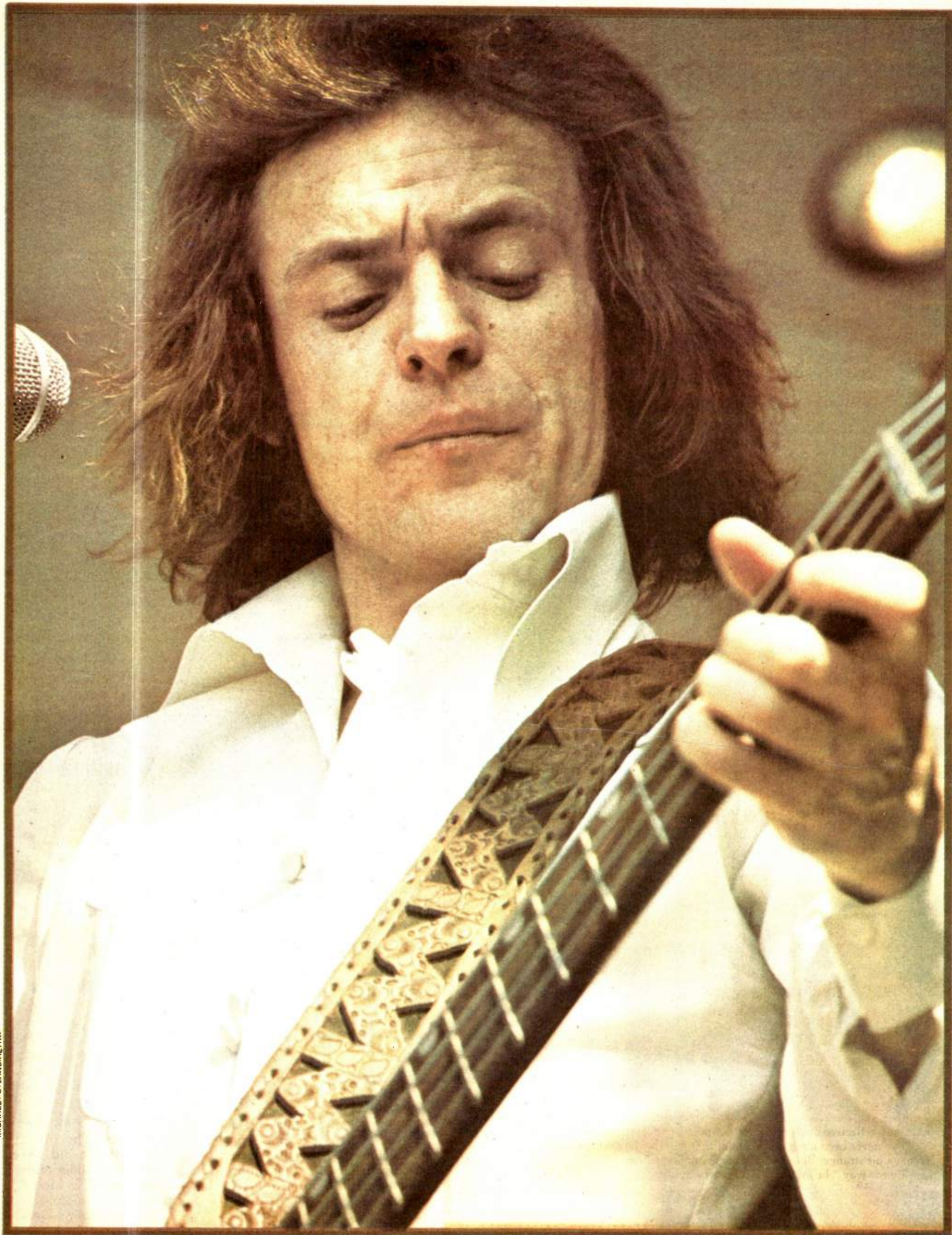
I think we can only call it the 10th anniversary if you get back together. People don't have anniversaries when they're separated.

This is true.

So when are they getting together? I heard all these rumors. Would you like to confirm them?

[Laughing] Yes, I will confirm the rumors! The rumors definitely exist! We did have some financially fabulous offers, but I guess none of us are into money that much. I mean, if we

Continued over page



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were really into money, we would reform and go and fool the public. Do it for the bread, you know. I personally was offered a million dollars for one festival. But it wouldn't be honest. I know it sounds silly because how can you equate honesty with a million dollars? You can't. *But*, the fact is, we've all gone our separate ways for a long time and we're into so many... I mean, Ginger's got his boot factory in Nigeria (laughs). Eric is doing what he's doing. I think Eric's come along so well since the Cream. He's really become quite a good performer.

He was a terrific performer then.

He was a good guitarist, but remember, he had been kicked up the arse by Ginger and me. But the thing is, now he's become a good performer. His records are not so good, but live, I think he's good.

By the word "performer," you don't mean someone who puts on a show other than playing guitar because he doesn't really do that. He doesn't say a whole lot. He just stands up there and plays like he always did.

He's very entertaining though. I mean, OK, so he doesn't say very much, but he *sings*, which was very difficult to get him to do then.

Why was it difficult?

I imagine because of his insecurity. I had never sung before that, but I'll tackle anything.

It's amazing that you had never sung before. The vocals on the Cream albums were so powerful.

Well, when I say I hadn't sung before, I mean since I was a child. I used to sing Gaelic folk songs because my parents were into the folk music of Scotland.

How did you become vocalist for Cream?

They said, "You are the singer!" I said, "But, but, but, but..." No, it just sort of happened that I could sing a bit. I was singing a couple of numbers with Graham Bond, "The First Time I Met The Blues," a Buddy Guy song, and a song of my own called "Train Time."

When I first heard Cream on record, it struck me as having the most dominant bass guitar sound I'd ever heard.

Well, remember that it was a trio and so I felt it was necessary to fill in a lot of things, to suggest horn lines, to suggest harmonies that didn't exist. To imply things through the bass, which is one thing you can do. Especially in a trio.

How did you get to be part of the Graham Bond Organisation that early? You must've been hanging around London for a while.

No. It's strange. The way it happened was, I sort of bummed around Europe for a couple of years playing in American military bases, doing supper-club type music. Except that I always got fired for playing jazz that was too black. So I went back to London and was walking by a club in a cellar somewhere and I heard this very good music emanating from below. I went in and it was Ginger, Dick Heckstall-Smith and a lot of other people. I said, "Can I sit in?" And Ginger said, "No!!! We're doing all arrangements and

ballads." I said, "I can do ballads. Anything." So they did the usual thing. They thought I was a student. What you do when you get somebody like that is, you pick the most difficult tempo, a really fast thing or a really slow ballad. So, first of all, they chose a ballad which I *astounded* them with my playing and then they did a very fast thing and I blew everybody off the stage. I said, "Thank you very much" and disappeared.

The horn player, Dick Heckstall-Smith, [laughs] spent weeks looking for me. He finally found me in this sort of asthmatic flat where I was barely existing and he said, "Why don't you audition for Alexis Korner?" which was the first rhythm and blues band—we called it rhythm and blues. I went down to hear them—I was a purist at that time—and I thought, "It's rock and roll." I would never dream of playing it. But the more I listened, the more it knocked me out and I decided to audition.

Alexis had this electric bass player play at the same time as me on upright and I played *louder* [laughs] than the electric bass player! So I got the gig! I really think it's because I played louder. I was the loudest acoustic bass player around.

That was a wonderful band. There was a guy called Cyril Davies [harmonica] who died of

know he didn't fall. And I know the reason. Someday I'll tell it. Someday... yeah.

When did he die?

This was just recently. I played the organ at his funeral. God! They couldn't get rid of us. They wanted to bring the next funeral in. We had the whole place going and I went through all his works in a very religious way. It wasn't rocking but people were getting off.

Poor Graham. He introduced so much and got so little recognition. He was the first guy to use Hammond organ in a hip way in this country. He was the first guy *period* to use a mellotron. And his *playing*! He was amazing.

I've played with a few people who have the ability to uplift an audience. I mean, *literally* uplift them through something, I don't know what it is. Cyril was the first one I heard who could do that. He could bend a note on a harmonica and just by bending that note a whole crowd would go, "YEAH!!!" And, you know... a harmonica?? [laughs] There are American harp players that have been able to do that who are no longer with us either, but he had that ability here. And Graham had the ability to do that. Tony Williams had the ability to do that in another band I was in. John [McLaughlin] occasionally had that ability. A bit frenetic though.

Anybody else?

[Softly] No. Not that I played with.

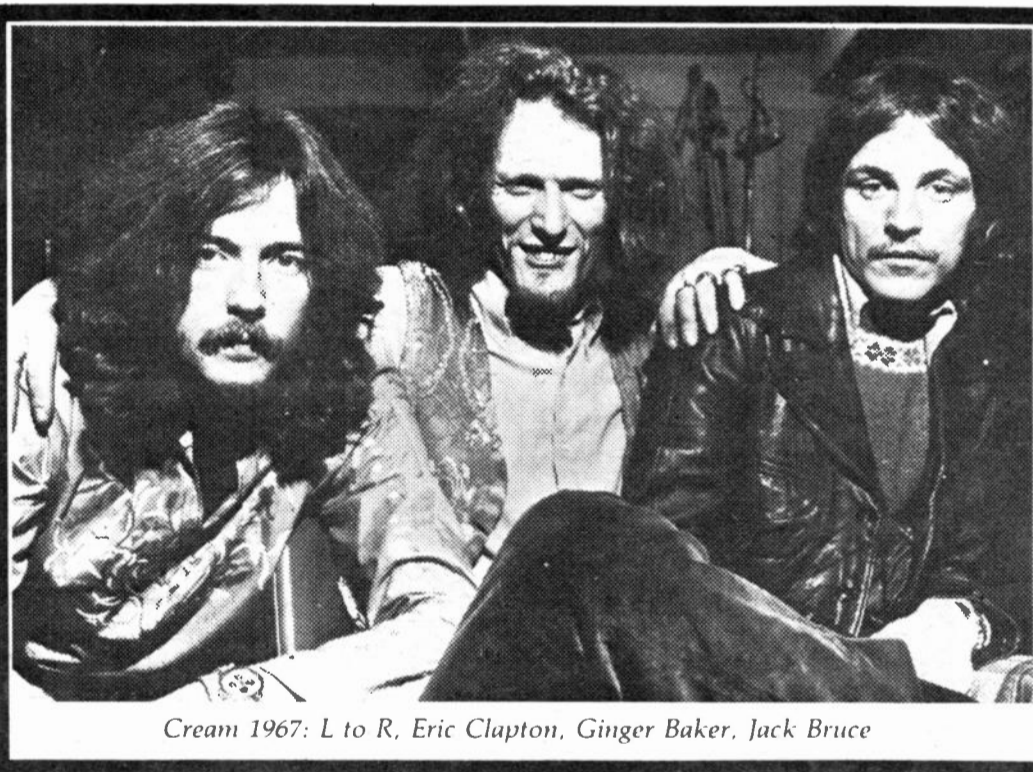
You left out Eric and Ginger.

[Pauses] Yeah, I know [laughs]. There is a special... I mean, *I've* got it. And I'm a bass player. But I can do it, on bass. There's some people who have this thing. And those are the ones I've played with. I feel that I must carry on this thing that exists. This energy, which comes from somewhere. I don't know where it comes from but it passes through you and communicates to twenty people... twenty thousand people. It doesn't matter.

I know that with "Lifetime," for instance, we—and this is going to sound very strange—I know that we attracted a UFO that came down.

Anyway, it was one day we were going to a gig in Manchester, and I was driving up with half the band in my Rolls—it was Tony, the driver and me—and we saw this star and I'm quite into astronomy. We saw this very bright star and the driver said, "What's that??" It was a very large, reddish, star. I said, "Well, the only thing that's red and achieves any sort of size in the sky is Mars. And that isn't Mars." And it got bigger and bigger and bigger until it was the size of the biggest full moon you can see. By that time, I said, "Stop the car!!" And we stopped and we all leapt out and watched it for ten minutes while it was doing these incredible things in the sky. Flying along and changing direction, no sound, and after about ten minutes it grew a tail, changed its shape and accelerated out of the Earth's atmosphere in a perfectly straight line.

I've watched things like satellites which always curve, but this didn't. It went, "sschoooooom" [he shoots out his arm]. You can say, "Now that's OK," and think that we were stoned, which we weren't, *but*, John McLaughlin, Larry Young and



Cream 1967: L to R, Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, Jack Bruce

leukemia and knew he was dying. He never told any of us. Or his wife. Charlie Watts, who was also in the band at the time, and I wondered why he was so self-destructive. This must've been the reason. He must've known he didn't have long to live.

And he was so great. Muddy Waters came over and he heard Cyril play, and Muddy Waters, mind you, asked Cyril to join his band. Cyril didn't, but that was quite a compliment.

That band with Alexis (which had Mick Jagger on occasional vocals) was a great band. God! And then Alexis brought in Graham, and Cyril was very upset by this because it was, like, too modern. It wasn't pure, you know? A saxophone? Shudder. So he left and formed a short-lived band called the Cyril Davies All-Stars which had Nicky Hopkins. And then we left Alexis to form the Graham Bond Trio, first of all, then the quartet with John McLaughlin. Then, after John left, we got Dick Heckstall-Smith in and it became the Graham Bond Organization which was really a *fine* band. Graham tragically died...

Of what?

Well... I can't really say, but he fell under a train. An underground train. Except that I... I

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"New Wave bands aren't good enough...Playing should progress. The New Wave thing is all about emotion without any technique, without any basis"

from page 23

the other driver were coming up another road about a hundred miles away and they saw it too, the same time we did. And we all arrived at the gig and rushed up to each other and said, "We saw this...!!!" "We saw it too!!!"

After thinking about it, the music was so far out and so good, and so unrecognized because it was ahead of its time, that I think these beings were saying to us, "You can do that; look what we can do." It's limitless what the mind is capable of. I think it was a sign. You must ask Tony and John about it. ["Every word is true," said Tony Williams.] You must ask them about that because it did happen and it changed my life, actually.

Feeling that way about your music and noting the people you've played with, it seems strange that you formed West, Bruce and Laing shortly after that, because philosophically and musically, they don't have much in common.

Well, remember that Lifetime was not allowed to continue. The media, for instance, in this country, the Melody Makers and the crappy papers they have over here put us down for being honest. I think that a lot of journalists don't realize that artists are affected heavily by what is written about them. But it's not the case—people are. Anyway, it was very disillusioning. I thought, "Right. Back to the roots," which to me is screaming into a mike and getting off in a rock and roll way.

You felt that just because of the reviews, you couldn't continue?

Not just because of the reviews, but because of the fact that the band wasn't allowed to continue. Tony Williams, for instance, who is a genius, who is a prophet of rhythm—I mean, you must realize this—Billy Cobham is very good, but Tony Williams is, and was, the prophet of rhythm. You listen to *Out To Lunch* by Eric Dolphy. God! He was sixteen or seventeen! He was a prophet of rhythm. And Larry Young was the Coltrane of the organ! Indescribable, the things he used to do, the sounds he used to get out of his organ. I've seen audiences just... I should include Larry Young among the people I mentioned before. And Lifetime just disintegrated. I don't know the real reason. Musical/political reasons, I guess. All I know is, I'd spent a lot of time with those guys—I could afford it at the time. I wasn't poor. I could afford to play with the people I really wanted to—and it was great. If we had gone on for another year we would've made it. But we weren't allowed to by managers and record companies. It was a pretty amateurish scene, let me put it that way. At the time, Tony was put down by the jazz fraternity for selling out and he was put down by the rock fraternity for being too far out.

The West, Bruce and Laing thing was purely a matter of saying, "Well, I want to go and do something that people will relate to," just go sing and play and actually, if you listen very carefully to some of those albums, there's a couple of very good things. There's a song called "Like A

Plate" which is the maddest, probably the best thing I've written. Corky Laing played drums on it and I did all the rest. I played guitars, keyboards, horns, portable organ, bass, gong...

With your new band and album (How's Tricks?) I'm hearing some of the things I thought you were leading up to.

Yeah, but you should hear the band now. The band has gone way beyond that record. We'd never played together before. We played once at my house and then we went into the studio and, in three weeks, made the record. That's not an excuse because I still think it's a good record but we are really playing as a band now. And the guys are so good. They have this great desire to progress. Simon [Phillips, drummer] is only twenty years old and he hasn't really listened to the things I did with Cream and before. He came up to me one day and he said, "Jack, should I go back and listen to those records?" And I said, "Nah."

The thing is, I've always had problems since the Cream and Lifetime, for instance, to find people to play with. Mick Taylor said to me at the end of the last band, "I'm sorry, Jack. You're just too good to play with." I don't believe that. I don't believe that anybody is too good.

Is that what happened with the band with Mick Taylor and Carla Bley?

It was a good band. At times it was a great band. We did a tour of Europe, but I tend to be rather energetic. I don't mean physically—I'm that as well—but mentally, I tend to stretch out in my performances and I think this upset... it certainly upset Mick. I mean, let's face it, Mick... hmmm, how can I say this? He's the only person I can think of who was in the Rolling Stones who is still alive and is not in the Rolling Stones. So, he obviously had his problems. He was never really a member. He played with them. He was pretty hung-up.

What was the story in your naming your first solo album Songs For A Tailor?

That was a little gesture towards a girl called Jeanie the tailor. She was a really nice girl who used to live in L.A. She made clothes for all the groups. I've still got some of her clothes and she was killed over here in a car crash. In fact, the day that I went in to record *Songs For A Tailor*, I got a letter from her—she used to love my high notes—she said, "Sing some high notes for me." And that day she died. I just had to do it. That's why it was called *Songs For A Tailor*. It's for Jeanie.

It's a terrific record. I still play that a lot.

The solo records do deserve listening to. The last thing, *Out Of The Storm*, is the best thing that I've ever done. That is the best thing.

Ironically enough, that's the one that received the most severe criticism.

Yeah. It's too heavy. For the time, it was too pessimistic. Too personal, which is a fault of

mine. Which is why I've been searching for a band. If you sit down and write songs, take a long time to write songs and then go in and record them and play everything yourself, it's obviously going to be personal. But, I do think it's the best thing that I've done.

What do you think about the present music for the youth of England—the Sex Pistols, the Clash...

It's interesting because it's got a certain amount of energy, but unfortunately, they've missed out on the past. You know, when we started playing this kind of music, we used to search and find records from 1926—Skip James—and search out things. But now it's so easy. OK, so maybe they model themselves on the Who but, I mean, that is not a tradition. Not really. I think that music is a tradition. Jazz music is obviously a tradition. Classical music is obviously a tradition. And I feel that rock music is more important than any of these.

In the years to come aren't the Who and Cream and the Stones going to be a tradition?

Yeah, in years to come. But we haven't reached that time yet.

Maybe these people feel you have. It's been ten years.

Maybe they do, I dunno. I mean, I'm too old to talk about this [laughs]. But I do know that the bands that I've heard, the New Wave, as they call them, they're not good enough. They should be bloody good. I thought that after our time in the sixties, millions would start playing the guitar and that the playing would progress. But it didn't happen that way. The approach to playing is also different. When I play, it's emotions first, but I have enough technique to play what I imagine. There's two ways of playing. You can approach it from the technical way or from the emotional way, and the thing is, somebody like Jaco Pastorius [Weather Report] or me or Charlie Mingus, we approach things from the heart, not from the head. It's an interesting difference. You can end up in the same place, but you start from a different place. And there is room for this purely emotional approach to music as long as you keep yourself open and allow yourself to progress. And what this New Wave thing is all about is pure emotion without any technique, without any basis.

Like Eric is a totally emotional player but at that time we had to search, and just the very fact that we had to search to find these things, to find the Skip Jameses and all the Delta people, it meant that the technique had to come with it.

We haven't really talked much about your new band, which, from the reviews you've been getting, I imagine you're pretty excited about.

The band is wonderful. It's a great band.

This is the first band you've had since West, Bruce and Laing broke up in 1973.

Is it? [Long pause] Ummm, is it? Yeah.

Please turn over

"When you come from the gutter and you're suddenly handed a lot of bread...you go mad. I've got six cars, an island, a giant house - a castle"

from page 25

[Another pause] Well, I was pretty sick for a while. I got into junk very heavily. Very heavily.

With Eric or separately? I've read where Eric was into it heavily as well...

Eric never got into it heavily. I was really into it heavily. I was doing four grams of smack and two grams of coke a day. In my arm.

This was after West, Bruce and Laing?

This was after, uh... well I really got into it heavily after the Mick Taylor/Carla Bley thing folded and I thought, "Well, that's it. I'm finished." [He looks down at the tape recorder] Is that rolling? *God*. [He changes position on the couch and stares at the wall for a second. When he tries to speak again, his voice cracks a bit.] I guess it's confession time. Anyway, it's worth saying.

I got into it very heavily and probably most Americans don't know, but European dope is much more powerful than American dope and it took me a long time to come off. *But*, as Charlie Parker used to say, "If you can go through that experience and come out of it, you will be a better person." Musically and in other ways. And I've found out this is true. I've found that I can sing, I can play and I can communicate much better now. [He smiles weakly.] This is not a recommendation to go that road. That road is not one that anybody should take. I can't stress that strongly enough. It just happened to be the road that I found myself on. [He takes a couple of quick, deep breaths.] So, you know, there's a reason for the lack of activity, if you like. That was a rough time for me. I almost didn't make it.

A lot of people didn't make it.

Well, the thing is, we should all be dead; all the people who went through the sixties thing that hard. Jimi was my very good friend. Janis was my very good friend. I was with Jimi the night before he died. I wish I'd stayed with him, he wouldn't have died. But I suppose I have to be labeled as a survivor. I'm sorry to have lost so many of my loved ones. I'm really sorry about that. But, in a way, they're not lost. And I've got this sort of vague idea of having a giant concert with all the people who've survived it and attempting to reach the spirits of these people. I'll just leave a Hammond organ and an alto sax with nobody playing it, for Graham. Leave a guitar for Jimi. A mike for Janis. A harmonica for Cyril. Maybe we could reach them —and all the other people as well.

I suppose it's part of growing older that people die, but that was the closest that we had to a war in the sixties, if you think about it. Especially in America. We didn't go through a war like our fathers did, but we went through that period which was pretty much like a war. Some people didn't make it. And usually the best people don't make it. All of those people were the best people. [He smiles weakly again.] I'm glad to be still around.

How about a word for your lyricist, Pete Brown? He's been around with you for quite a while...

Ahh, we must talk about Pete! Pete is a genius. But he has a dichotomy involved with himself because he's a genius at writing words as a poet, which he doesn't like to be called. He's up there with them all, with all the great British poets but he doesn't want that. He wants to be a musician. He's got what I would say is one of the finest bands in the country, *but*—and I'm not putting Pete down in any way—but he's not a musician. One of the last bands he had, had John McLaughlin and this great bass player named Binky McKenzie. So he's always had the ability to get great bands together, but unfortunately, he's not... well, he's getting better. He plays a bit of drums, he sings a bit and he plays a bit of trumpet.

But if he'd just realize his role in life, which is to string images together... what he should be doing is sitting in Hollywood writing the greatest films ever. We've already written film scores. If we can ever raise the money, we'll do them. We want to do "The Sirens Of Titan," the Vonnegut book. We'd like to do it as a real musical chrono-transduction, but have you got a couple of million dollars?

Well, didn't Cream make a lot of money?

Oh yeah, yeah. Yeah. But I spent it!! [Laughs] I've got six cars. An island. I've got a giant house, a castle. I mean, you go mad. If you come from the gutter and you're suddenly handed a lot of bread, you don't know what to do with it. I was always into cars and then, suddenly, I could buy any car. Yeah, we made some money, but not compared with the kind of money being made now. Other than the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, we were, sort of, the founding members of what's happening now.

I think if the Cream had gone on, it would have reached those sort of proportions and I think that's what we were frightened of. We were kind of scared of that. We didn't want to be on that level. I certainly didn't.

What scared you?

Well, for one thing, I consider myself a musician. And being a musician is not standing in front of a hundred thousand people that can't hear you. The point is, you must be heard. The music must be heard. I think that's why we split up. It's very difficult for me to say why we split up but I think that's certainly my side of it. I mean, I wasn't ready for... you know, the Kennedy children coming in and watching you. Just being individuals that people come to see, not to hear. A spectacle.

I would much rather play in Slugs, a small club in London. In fact, when Blind Faith were doing Madison Square Garden, I was playing that night in Slugs. [Laughs] It's a great gig, man.

From talking to you, it seems like you need a lot of time to be alone, even though you need other people as well...

Yeah, even though I've got this band, which I love, I must be alone to do solo albums because otherwise there's a part of me that would be very frustrated. I must have this personal freedom to express this thing that comes out of me.

To make more Out Of The Storms?

Yeah. Maybe nobody will buy them, but I'll make them.

The thing about that record that probably makes it tough for many people to listen to is that a lot of your stuff, both lyrically and musically, has been a mixed combination of depression and optimism. And Out Of The Storm had the depression and the pessimism without as much of the optimism.

Well, that was a statement of having been a junkie.

And that's why you called it that.

Right. Out of the storm. Unfortunately, I did not succeed at that time. I slipped back into it for a brief period. I mean, I'm completely straight now. It took a lot of effort to make that record and every track is full of blood.

How was Pete Brown able to write the lyrics for an album as personal as that one was for you?

We've been together so long that he knows me better than I know myself. And most of the songs that we write are about me, my family, my experiences, his experiences. But it was difficult for him because Pete doesn't smoke grass, he doesn't drink alcohol, doesn't smoke cigarettes. He gave up everything in 1967. He can see it from the outside though, and sometimes he's so prophetic. If you read the lyrics of that record it's... I mean, I can't listen to that record. It's too painful. It's too honest. And so prophetic.

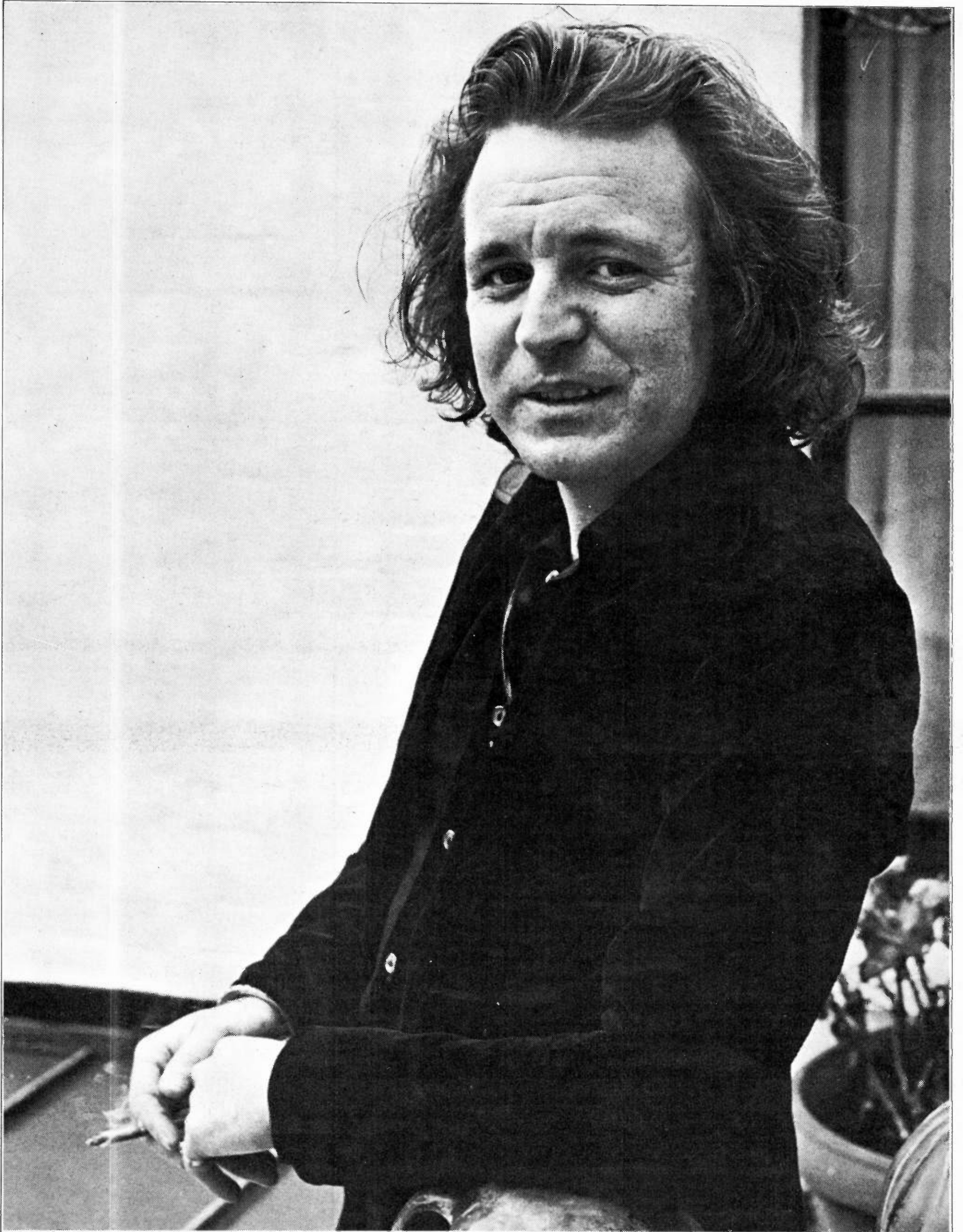
How were you able to come back? That's a tough thing to come back from. What was your inspiration?

My inspiration was my two sons and my wife. [He wipes his eyes, which are beginning to tear, with his shirtsleeve.] This is getting really difficult to talk about. [He takes a long, deep breath to try and compose himself. He has given up trying to keep his eyes dry as the tears trickle down his face. The words do not come easily anymore but it is obvious he wants them to come out.] It was a question of joining the people that I loved and carrying on a sort of tradition that I feel exists. I may be wrong and if I'm wrong, God help me, but... I just sort of fought back. It wasn't easy.

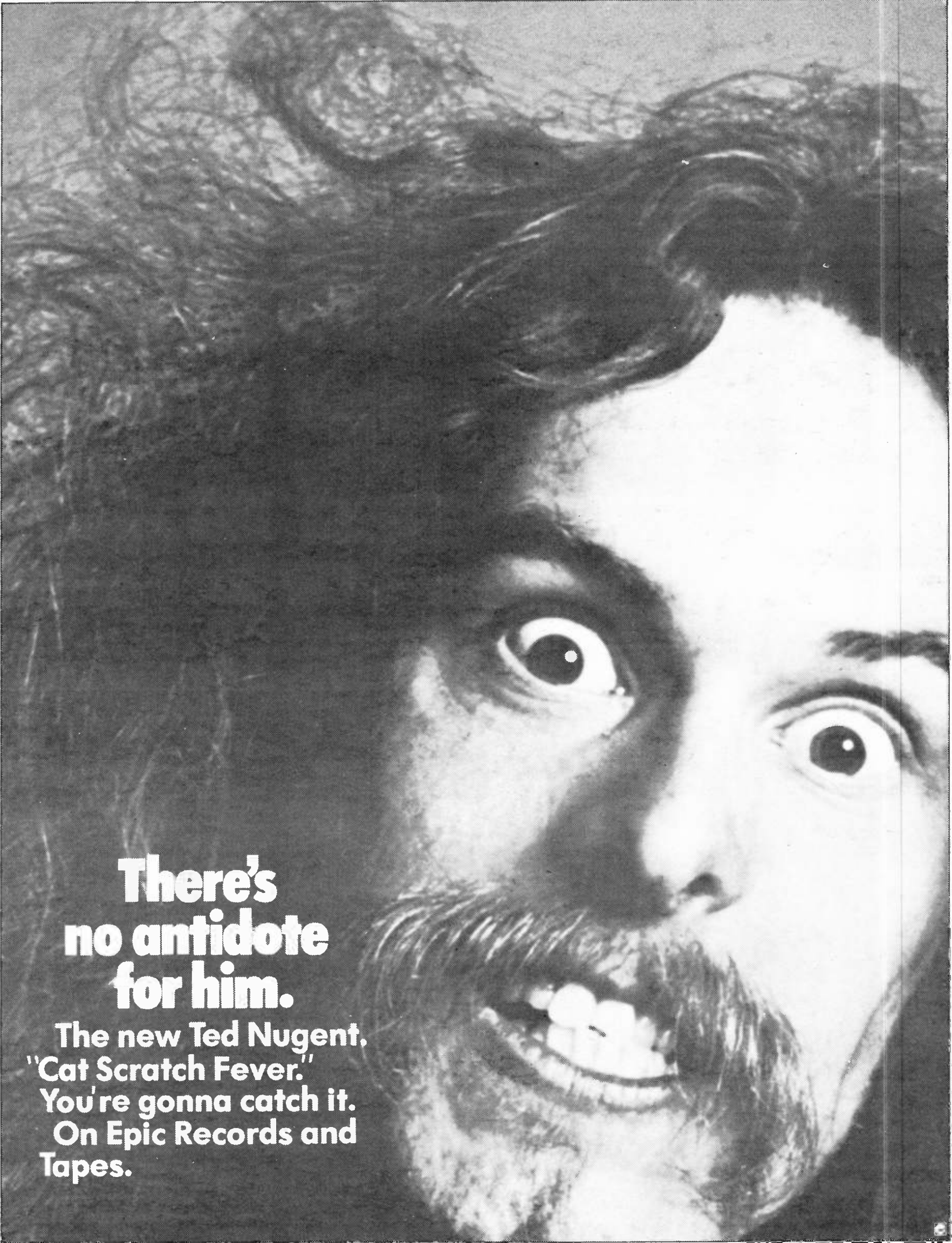
I had the biggest habit my doctor had ever known. [Bruce's habit cost him an estimated \$3,000 per week.] God. I put a lot of things up my arm. But it really is worth coming out of. So you come out fat. You lose your looks if you ever had any but life is worth living. It must be. And also, I think that I've got something to give. I do believe that. I'm egotistical enough to believe that I've got something to give. And I'm trying my best to give it.

With this band, I feel that I can because they all support me. They all believe in what we're all trying to do and with the help of God, I think we'll succeed in being able to play and just get across our message to people.

Jack, thank you very much.



BARRY PLUMMER



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THE FIRST HIFI ROAD TEST

Contenders for the Gig "Hifi Minus Headaches" Manufacturer's Award (hereafter known as "the awards").

DYNACO

ST-150 Power Amp
SE-10/A Graphic Equalizer
FM-5/A Stereo Tuner
LMS Model 6 Loudspeakers

GARRARD

86SB Belt Drive Turntable

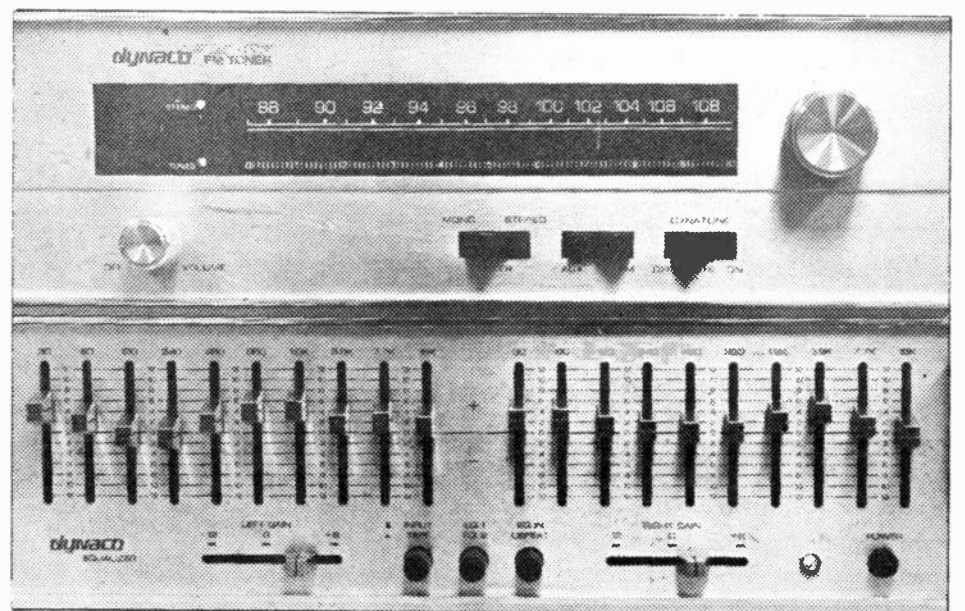
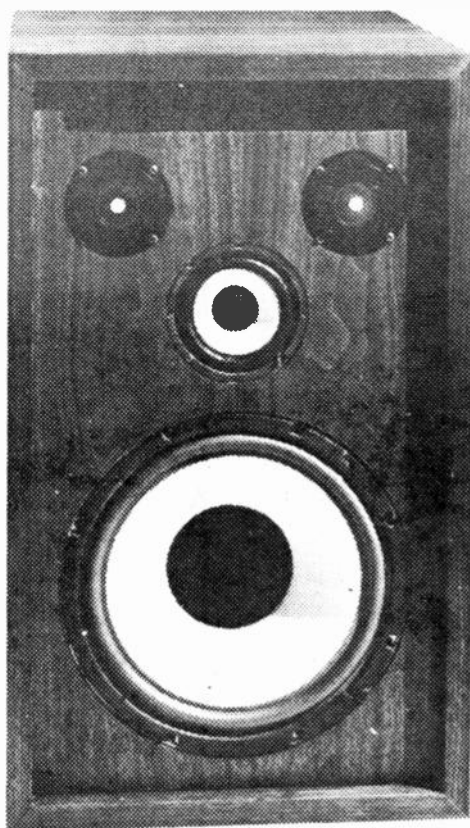
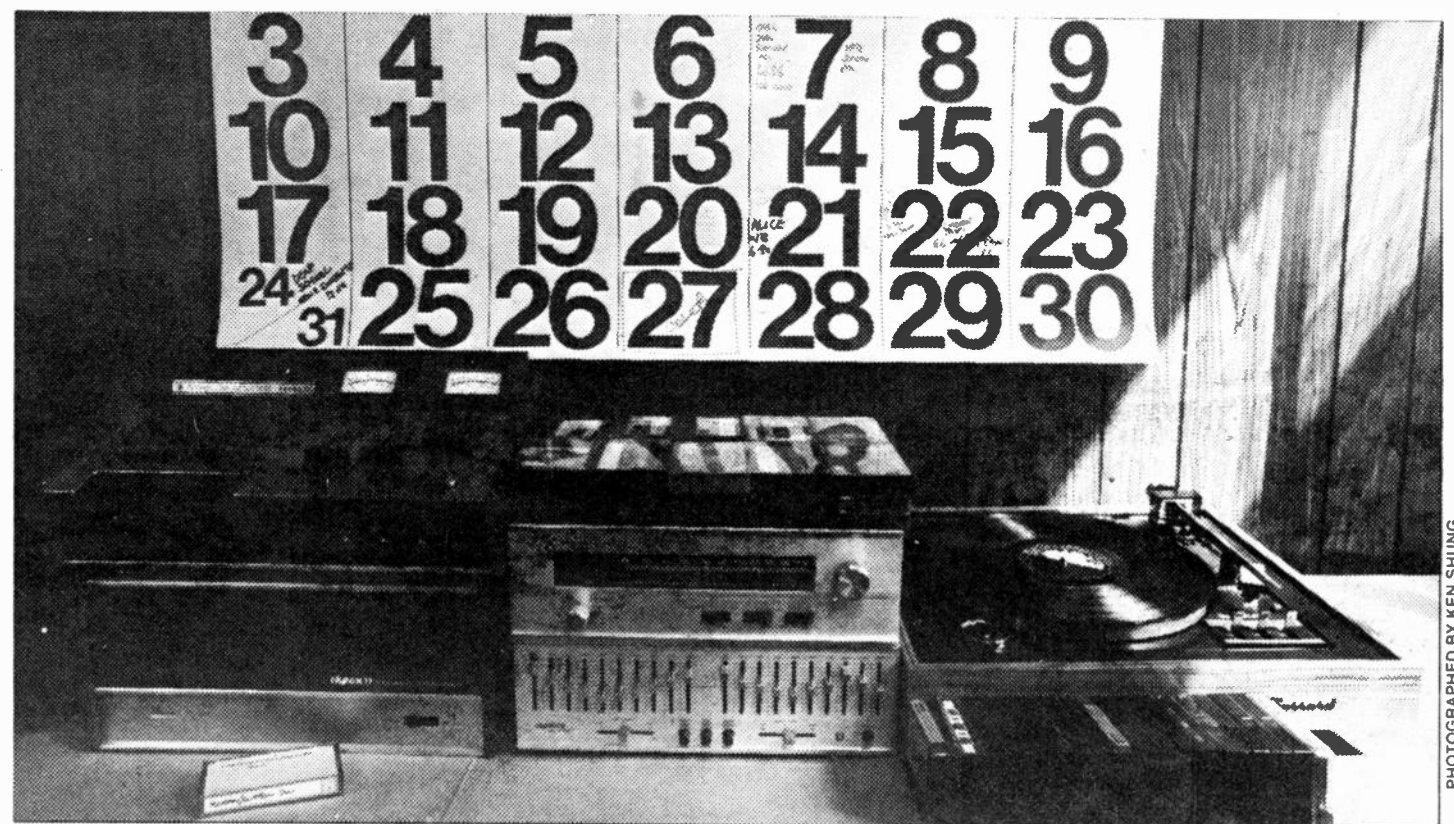
KENWOOD

KX 910 Cassette Deck

When we first announced the awards contest, the plan was to report on performance of equipment from the user's point of view; to play with it, listen to it, and generally use/abuse the various components just as you would if you bought them and took them home. This hasn't changed, but we've added to our evaluations by throwing in what specs we think will help in any decision to purchase the components we road test, and by bearing in mind the fact that few people go out and buy a totally new system in one go. It is more common to add new items to improve an existing system, or to replace components that have worn out, so regular readers may notice that one or another piece of equipment turns up on more than one occasion to be evaluated with different systems.

To get the ball rolling, we have some of the new products from Dynaco—long respected as manufacturers of moderately powered do-it-yourself kits (almost everyone knows *someone* with some Dynaco equipment, way back to the old tube-design amplifiers). For our first road test, we have coupled these components—power amp, FM tuner, equalizer and loudspeakers, with another two pieces you may well recognize: the Garrard 86SB turntable and Kenwood's excellent KX 910 Cassette deck (now superseded by their model KX 920).

As a system, this collection puts out all the power you will ever want in an average-sized room and gives lots of flexibility in operation. For all you people who love to play with knobs, dials, slide controls, levels, inputs, outputs and filters—all the things that make a component system *fun*—this lot will while away many happy hours. Conversely, if you hate all that fussing around, once you have adjusted the outputs to your satisfaction (and room acoustics) you need touch nothing but the on/off switch—although if this is the



Top: the system as we set it up. Above: detail of the FM Tuner and the Equalizer. Left: Speaker with grill removed.

case we suggest that you stick large notes saying "Do Not Touch" on your set-up to avoid "helpful" friends messing with your perfect balance.

Although Dynaco prefer to sell their equipment in kit form, they offer factory built versions of all of their products, and we naturally requested ready-mades. They also sent the kit assembly booklets, and it seems that it would not be difficult to put the things together. The booklets are liberally sprinkled with diagrams and step-by-step instructions, and the most exotic tool you'll need is a soldering iron. Typically, the time necessary to assemble components ranges from "several hours" for the equalizer to "a few hours" for the tuner. Generally you will save

about \$100 per item if you construct the stuff yourself.

OK, we'll say you've now got all your bits lined up on the living room floor or whatever, and you're all set to hook it together. The equalizer will be the thing that could throw you, because you might forget that for it to function, the turntable, tape deck and tuner need to be plugged into *it* and not, as usual, into the amp. In this particular system we have *no* pre-amp, but instead are using the tuner and tape deck to provide volume control. The power amp does nothing but supply *power*—it has connections for only one line input and one pair of speakers. So the way you set up requires a bit of thought before you blithely start plugging in wires. It took us fifteen minutes to work out the right combination on a trial and error basis, and what we've ended up with is one of those arrangements that will

totally confuse anyone who *hasn't* set it up. It works, however, so wonderfully that it's hard at first to just sit and *listen* without continually playing with the equalizer, but eventually you'll find your own "perfect" sound and leave it alone to do its job.

The heart of the system is the power amp, which pushes out a more-than-respectable 75 watts per channel (RMS). In operation, we found that the volume control on the FM Tuner (which also controls the turntable volume) very rarely needs to go much above three on a scale of ten—three is *loud*. Funnily enough, the volume doesn't appear to get significantly louder until you get up to around seven, when it gets to levels that require either extremely tolerant neighbors, deaf neighbors, or no neighbors. Conversation is impossible (even shouting), and thinking of anything but what

you're listening to is difficult.

Distortion levels at this volume depend entirely on which source you're using: records suffer from excessive treble, and I haven't a clue why—presumably because we're not using a pre-amp. FM is splendid and so are tapes (the Dolby helps a lot). However, judicious use of the equalizer solves the problem of the treble and there's no hint of distortion.

FM reception, bearing in mind we're in the middle of a steel jungle here at Gig, is impressive. Listening to NYC stations, there is no fade, no "ghosting," and no noise; just a strong, clear signal. Dynaco have a built-in gizmo

called (imaginatively) Dynatune, which supposedly "locks-in" any weak or fluctuating signal automatically, though in practice this doesn't appear to work too well—at least, tuning to WLIR on Long Island (whose transmitter is about 25 miles distant) we get a lot of signal fade. Referring to the instruction book, we've tried switching out the Dynatune and listening in mono, which improves reception considerably. As it is, *any* reception of WLIR in NYC is impressive and says a lot for the unit.

The star of the system is Kenwood's cassette deck. This unit is very reasonably priced (currently discounted to around \$150), well

designed, it performs perfectly, and I can't imagine what they've added to justify a new model. Competing decks can't hold a candle to this baby. It has features like cue/review (which lets you go fast forward or reverse while the tape is running, and without the irritation of having to stop-start continuously—an incredible boon), separate left/right input level controls for line and microphones, separate left/right outputs (which we are using as the deck's volume control in this set-up), and all the standard features: automatic tape select, memory counter, Dolby, FM Dolby, peak level indicator light and an automatic level control

which compensates for "quick blasts" so they don't distort. I hereby challenge *any* manufacturer to let me get my hands on anything that sells for under six hundred bucks that they think can outperform this wonder! Congratulations to Kenwood.

If only we could say the same about Garrard. For a turntable that is supposed to retail at around the \$200 mark, this is a pretty poor piece of work. Technically it's OK; it isn't noisy, there's no audible "rumble" and it plays records. But the arm...and the switches and the dust cover! They can't have deliberately designed a piece of equipment this clumsy and inefficient. The dust cover has a dinky little "prop" stuck on the left side which ceased to function after about a week, so that the cover had to be completely removed to use the unit. The arm, when used in the automatic mode, "stutters" its way on and off the record; and the cue, on those odd occasions when it works at all, doesn't go down in the groove you expect it to. Come on guys, you can do better than this.

And then the loudspeakers. LMS stands for Laboratory Monitor Standard. And they are. First, they're a lot bigger than I expected, standing over two feet high. This particular model is a 4-speaker, 3-way design, incorporating a 12-inch woofer, 5-inch midrange, and two tweeters. How do you accurately road test speakers? They either sound good or they don't. These do, and they seem "efficient." Dynaco recommend a minimum amplifier power of 9 watts per channel and a maximum of 100 watts per channel to drive these and though we're well within those limits my feeling is that a smaller speaker would perform better with this system, because until the volume gets up around those deafening levels I mentioned earlier, the full "presence" isn't heard. But at high volume, this is "live" sound in your living room!

To wrap up, for the money, (around \$1500, depending on where you live) this is one hell of a system. In daily use everything is accessible and convenient (apart from the irritations with the turntable) and the quality of sound reproduction will satisfy the most demanding of listeners. And a pre-amp would put this into "super-sound" status.

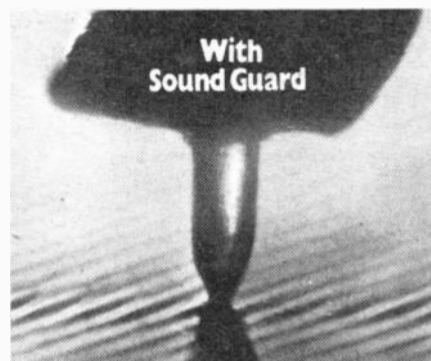
Credit goes to Dynaco for keeping the cost of quality hifi down, and to Kenwood for producing equipment that performs above and beyond advertising claims.

We would like to express our thanks to Otto Janssen at Daniel S. Roher, Inc., for his invaluable assistance in getting the Dynaco equipment to us, and to remind both readers and manufacturers that we're listening. **M.T.**

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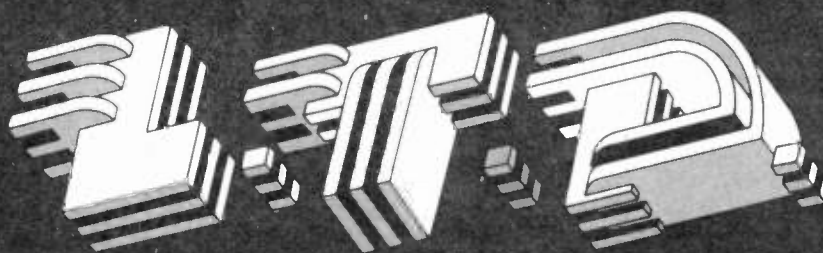
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BRYAN FERRY

And His Hypersensitive Grasp of Style

Actually, I never did get to speak with Bryan Ferry when he got into San Francisco for his first American performance without Roxy Music. There's no point worrying about how that happened, especially since I'm probably as much to blame as jet-lag, procrastination and radio interviews that run into double overtime. But since I don't want GIG readers and Ferry admirers to think I'm pulling a journalistic fast one on them, I've managed to come up with an assemblage of Ferry-words. And just to allay any suspicions that I've made them up, I hereby swear on a stack of *Writers Digest's* (which are holding up one corner of my coffee table) that they came straight from Monsieur's mouth—unless you count the KSAN airwaves from which I plucked them as an active intermediary.

With that said, let's get the biggie out of the way. If you aren't aware of the one question that by now has probably driven poor Ferry to enviably elegant distraction, let me offer a clue: this question is similar to the one that has plagued the individual Beatles since 1971.

Got it? If you don't my editor here gives you too much credit.

Will Roxy Music Reform?

[... just in case. Ed.]

"We haven't played together since... the last tour, over a year ago. There aren't any immediate plans for more Roxy propositions, in terms of another studio album or any more live dates. And yet we've never made any statement [that] Roxy's finished forever. It seems to me that there's always a possibility that we'll get together at some point in the future and make an interesting record... It seems to me that after *Siren* it was a good time to have a pause in terms of the group's activity together. There's a limited period for any kind of group activity in terms of how long you can keep the creative spark, the electricity within a band and so on. Most bands tend to stay together too long and become business corporations. They basically stay together and make records for the wrong reasons. You should make records for the love-of-music, so to speak. So if there is another Roxy Music album it will be done for the right reasons, I think, because we want to play together. At the moment, though, everybody's kind of involved in their own individual things..."



DAVID REDFERN/RETNA

by Teri Morris

Ah yes, the old hem and haw. As Roxy Music hibernates in anticipation of yet another creative season, guitarist Phil Manzanera and drummer Paul Thompson have summer jobs on the Ferry-Go-Round. Meanwhile, reed player Andy Mackay is busy with solo projects, one of the more prestigious being to score the BBC's "Rock Follies" tv series, which has had two successful seasons and generated an equal number of soundtrack records, available here as British imports. With all hands occupied, Roxy's purportedly imminent success here in the US gets stalled once again.

Beyond Cleveland

Though stardom was instant for Roxy Music in Europe, over here they weren't so lucky. "We thought we were going to take America by storm," Ferry recalled, adding dryly "We took Cleveland by storm." One of Roxy's—and especially Ferry's—big problems in subduing the US was their monumental sense of style, and the way it affected their art. As far as glitter was concerned, Bowie and T. Rex made waves because their music was commercial rock and roll and hit relatively hard. Roxy's hit *weird*, and even "sans Eno" they were too arty for the early '70s.

The first face Ferry chose to show America was Kari-Ann, the *Paris Match* model who posed for the cover of the hop on Roxy's debut record, *Numero Uno*. The long line of inflatable women models who followed Ferry admits were intended to sell albums, not all the cheesecake—and certainly high-class cheesecake is was, too, superbly coiffed, made up, out and photographed—they were hardly attainable girls-next-door we're used to. Though Ferry eventually ended up marrying one of them (Jerry Hall, the young woman who posed for the cover of *Siren*), they hardly represent the ideal prototype of rock stars' "old ladies" (said with an insidious expression), especially with Linda McCartney in full view.

The fact is, these women served as models in the true sense of the word. As prototype of a new race of women was conceived for Roxy's album covers, a race whose function was to exist, the corporality of the person. These covers are still-lives whose central subjects are actually people, objectified and frozen and having no tangible connection with activity or person. These women exist only when they are photographed—just as Ferry's subjects exist only as they are seen. About—"Mirror to mirror, frame on frame." As such they offer nothing but their physicality as proof of their humanity. The expressions on their faces reveal nothing.

Don't you find that alienating? I do, since I'm used to filtering impressions to suit my fragmented perspective for the moment. The "valid" aspects of a record, i.e., the soul that lie in its grooves. But not everyone shares this concern, especially when what lay between the grooves of a Roxy record seemed first to be as aesthetically alienating—my C. Ferry's voice sounded so strange—as the covers were inhumanly chilly and surreal.

It wasn't until Roxy's last album, *Siren*, that America began taking much notice of them. Much of the credit goes to the prominence of the magnetic Paul Thompson rhythm section, and the song-writing input of Mackay, Manzanera and Eddie Jobson. Center/Disco Bowie had paved the way for mysterious eccentric like Ferry to become a star in America, while Roxy's more accessible music cut out a market of its own.

In Your Mind is Bryan Ferry's fourth album and, unlike its predecessors, there

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MICK ROCK/ERNIE THORMAHLEN





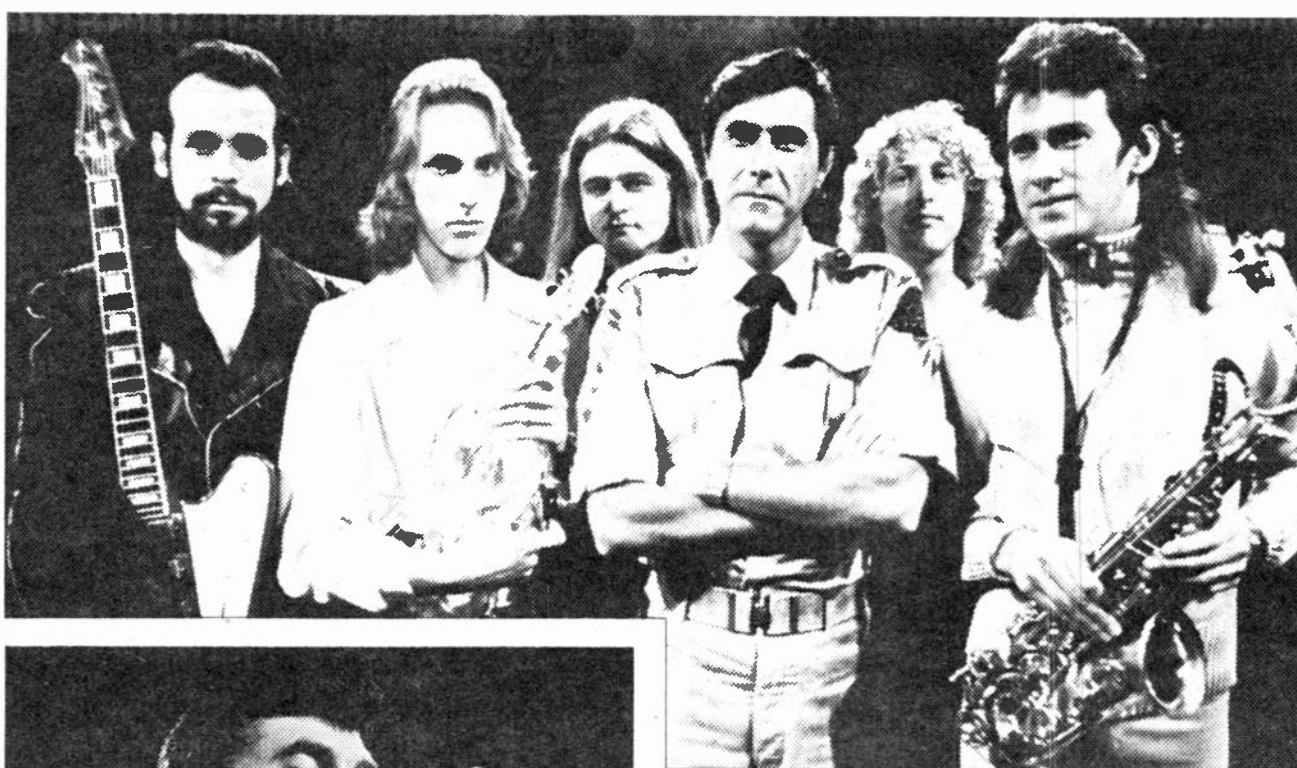
Flamboyant...

from previous page

much about it that suggests his career can take up where Roxy's left off. He feels that audience confusion resulted from having to deal with two interlocking musical identities—Roxy, the creators of complex works of “avant-garde” rock art, and Ferry, the suave and outrageously crooning interpreter of various pop classics—and that confusion will perhaps only be resolved as Roxy's identity begins to merge with his own. An obvious step was Ferry's decision to forego selecting material for *In Your Mind* from the memory banks of popular music, and to concentrate instead upon the original compositions which demonstrate the same commercial sense that made *Siren* Roxy's most popular album. (“Love Me Madly Again,” for instance, features the best use of string-enforced hooks since ELO's “Showdown.”) He no longer needs to exorcise his pop demons via the oldies route, letting his unusual compositions for Roxy preserve his cover as a “real artist.” If nothing else, *In Your Mind* makes it clear that Ferry is doing everything he can to force us to take him seriously as a solo artist. He wouldn't bother to tour Europe, Japan, Australia (where the album was #1) and now America if he didn't mean business.

Leather-clad Chameleon

In terms of adaptability, Ferry's tour band serves his solo inclinations better than Roxy ever cared to. The eight-piece group not only features the same horn section that gave dynamic impetus and punctuation to the new album's “Tokyo Joe” and “This is Tomorrow” but the presence of an infinitely pliable guitarist, Chris Spedding, in addition to Manzanera gives Ferry the kind of flexibility his new songs demand. When Manzanera walks onstage he is met with knowing applause, and yet it's the leather-clad Spedding who takes all but a couple of the guitar solos. An ace session player in Britain as well as a solo artist and part of such disparate musical entities as the Wombles, Sharks and the pop-punk Vibrators, Spedding is a classy visual counter-



Flighty...



Formal...



...Fabulous Ferry

part to Ferry besides being just the right type of chameleon guitarist. One thing about this band, they make it easy to visualize Ferry's beginnings as a singer in an R&B band with a brass section, especially when he strolls onstage with a similar compliment of musicians and launches straight away into steamy versions of “Let's Stick Together,” “Shame, Shame, Shame,” and “Roadrunner.”

While his music shows signs of entering the mainstream, certain aspects of Ferry's personal style stay fixed in the realm of the self-consciously artistic. His vocal manner remains the same lewd cross between Tiny Tim and Bing Crosby and I haven't heard lyrical phrasing like “Would I could feel it, would I could touch” and “One kiss— roughly expressing all that lips are for” since Cole Porter.

Toujours L'Artiste

Besides, no matter how casually he dresses on stage, there seems to be no way of lessening the impression that this guy is a bona fide poseur. The cover of *In Your Mind* presents a Bryan Ferry so average in attire (what could be more normal than a white T-shirt?) and appearance that one can't help but think of this non-glamorized image as yet another disguise. When he croons “You Go To My Head” with fingers splayed evocatively and eyes shut, or does the famous Ferry side-step, it seems too stylized and deliberate to be real. It is only in the front rows that people are able to balance his stage actions with the emotions expressed on his face. Until Americans develop a taste for what Ferry biographer Rex Balfour terms his “hypersensitive grasp of style,” he will continue to make many a potential fan feel uncomfortable.

And inferior. I don't care if you're Princess Grace, compared to Bryan Ferry you have all the elegance and wit of a frozen pizza. Steal a glance at his tie, not to mention his clothes and those worn by the people in his set. Find a pre-tour picture in the June issue of *Rock Scene* and check out that mustache, a virtual testament to the shortest distance between two points. If you could grow a mustache like that, would you have the class to want to? Probably not and it's just as well, since it's hard to believe that you and I are made of the same stuff as Bryan Ferry. And you can't even emulate this late-model Garbo, either, because for all his lyrical pretensions and musical craftiness he's got a creative and conceptual drive that makes him Beluga caviar in a world of Hostess Twinkie singer/songwriters.

Dynamite New Album

**SERGIO MENDES
BRASIL '77**

SERGIO MENDES AND THE NEW BRASIL '77

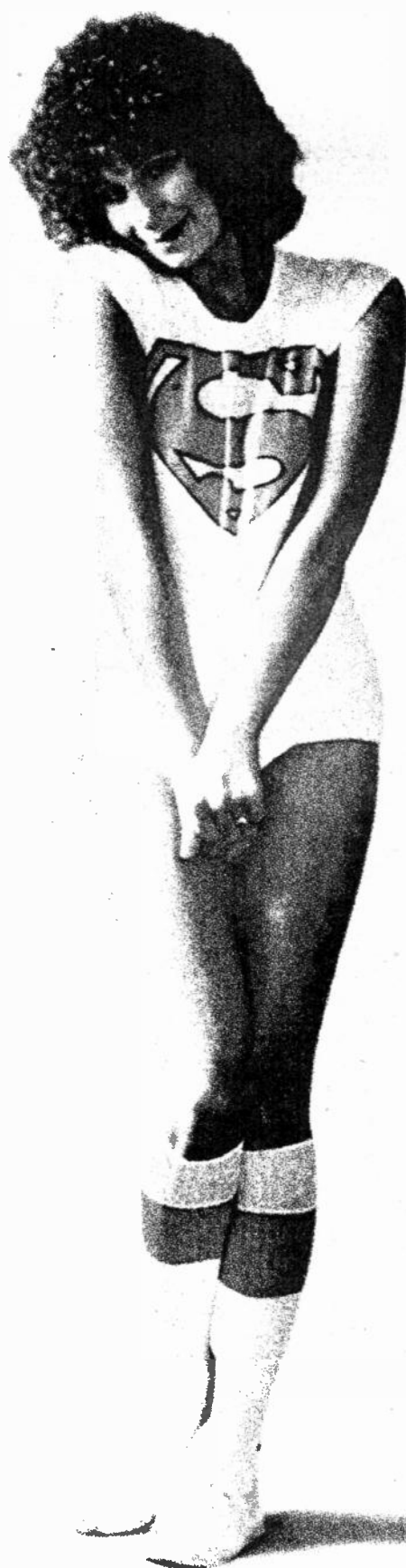


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The Majestic (and Intermittent) Orchestral Tour of 1977

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...



MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER

Part One by Barbara Charone

"Can't you say something derogatory?" Keith Emerson asks a dressing room full of well-wishers after the first of three successful, sold out nights at Madison Square Garden. "I'm tired of all the praise."

Relief is finally provided by six-year-old Aron Emerson when he tells his father that he prefers Walt Disney movies. Undaunted by this cinematic comparison, the keyboard virtuoso is finally consoled. Despite an egotistical group image, ELP are actually shy, *almost* modest.

Occasionally Greg Lake will unleash a flamboyant display of cocky self-assurance, seemingly justified by his intuitive ability to write hit singles. Nightly, Carl Palmer will stand like a little boy surrounded by his battery of drums as the crowds show their boisterous appreciation. But applause embarrasses Keith Emerson.

An overly-long standing ovation follows an excellent rendition of "Tarkus." "It wasn't *that* good," Emerson, red-faced and blushing, tells the ecstatic audience.

Back on the road for the first time in almost three years, ELP have returned with a refreshing degree of levity and good humor, contrasting sharply with the

austere behavior they've come to be known for. After the instrumental "Enemy God," Emerson introduces "Pictures At An Exhibition" as "another number you can all sing along to."

"I'm sure if someone screamed 'boogie' in the middle of the piano concerto, Keith would probably break into a quick 12-bar to keep them amused, cast a sly glance in their direction and continue," Greg Lake predicts. "We're not beyond a sense of humor."

"Just the other night, as I watched Carl disappear down the piano chute, I thought to myself just how humorous this band is," he laughs. "Which tragedy do you want to know about?"

Always concerned with spearheading a bold musical path towards total "futurism," ELP have now unfortunately run into a concrete financial barrier which cannot be breached. While critics invariably scream 'pretentious' at the band's attempt to break with tradition, recently the accountants have also been screaming something about bankruptcy.

"It's like this," Greg Lake states with authority. "Everyone criticizes ELP. They say the band has too much fuckin' money. What we do is reinvest it

The start of it all: Montreal, February 1977

Please turn over

Emerson: "I've never been one to check on how much it would cost or how long it would last... It came as a bit of a shock when our manager walked into the dressing room one night before the show and said we had to stop the orchestra."



AARON/MORLEY

back into ourselves as entertainment. Anyone who had anything to do with the financing of this project thought we were crazy.

"Look," he spits out, growing increasingly passionate, "our heads are on the block. It's not the first time and probably won't be the last. I'm glad. It's not just a question of another rock show hitting Pittsburgh. It's a question of presenting a *show* again, one *magic* night."

With a 58-piece orchestra, a choir and a JBL PA originally designed for the 1976 Montreal Olympics, ELP is presenting one magic night after another. Although the band has had a tendency to veer towards musical and visual excess, the new show with orchestra puts integrity back into ELP music. The effect is overwhelming.

And the financial cost is astronomical. Although the orchestra has added a majestic grandeur to the music that was always there but never quite so prominent, the pro-

ject has sadly had to be abandoned for financial reasons.

Three weeks after dropping the orchestra, Keith Emerson sits sipping Pouilly Fuisse in his New York City dressing room, nostalgically discussing the situation. Although the orchestra and band were reunited for the three Madison Square Garden concerts, the remainder of the ELP tour will be completed as a three-piece.

Musically it was like the bottom dropping out of my world when we had to drop the orchestra," Emerson muses quietly. "I was very worried when we did the first gig without the orchestra because I thought the audience would feel cheated. In fact, they loved it.

"I was quite surprised because all the time I'd been thinking we've got to hit our audiences with something bigger and better. It came as a very encouraging shock when we discovered we really don't have to do all that; they'll love us anyway," he grins sheepishly. "That made me feel better."

More importantly, ELP proved to even their most dubious critics that an orchestra/rock band alliance actually could work. In Detroit, where Alice Cooper, Iggy and Kiss are given keys to the city, audiences thrilled to ELP and orchestra. Emerson's classical piano concerto received a standing ovation. While in Chicago, the band headlined an outdoor bill featuring such boogie exponents as Foghat, J. Geils and the Climax Band. After five hours of three chords and two riffs, "Abandon's Bolero" sliced majestically through the crisp night air, driving 65,000 fans into ecstasy.

The band have always taken chances both onstage and on record. Their recent release, *Works Volume I*, was decidedly a bold move. After a three year absence, they returned with an expensive double album containing only one group side and solo endeavors steeped in the classics.

As Carl Palmer is quick to admit, "Absence does not make the heart grow fonder." The album is

not selling as well as expected, although a single taken from Lake's side, "C'est La Vie," could well put ELP back on top of the charts.

"Our record sales haven't been as big as they should be," Palmer reflects honestly. "We figured when we came back we'd be bigger than when we left. In actual fact the double album price is expensive, ticket prices are high and our overheads are astronomical. We've got everything against us. After seven years of being together we really don't want to end up broke," he muses. "I'd like to be a pioneer as much as my pocket will let me."

Musically motivated once again, ELP eventually hope to recoup their own investment in this costly production. Yet their priorities aren't totally financial in nature.

And all, is not lost. The orchestra remains on permanent standby, ready for action whenever finances will allow it. Emerson hopes to use them for an outdoor date in Montreal.

Lake: "Everyone criticizes ELP. They say the band has too much fuckin' money. What we do is reinvest it back into ourselves as entertainment. It's not just a question of another rock show hitting Pittsburgh. It's a question of presenting a *show* again, one *magic* night."

"There was a piece in *Time* that said something like it was early days yet and difficult to know if we were going to take a bath," Emerson says quietly. "They were right. We did. But that doesn't worry me. The main fact is we tried it and showed people that it *did* work. We made our point."

With and without orchestra, this new tour works because the magic is back in the music. They haven't played with such dynamics and power since their inception.

"Our first album was as cheeky as the new one," Palmer says. "Unless someone makes the first move you're gonna end up having all these Ted Nugents. One year you've got your Peter Framptons and the next year you've got your Ted Nugents. Before that it was Marc Bolan."

"And things don't get better," he says, slowing down long enough to catch his breath. "We're kinda guinea pigs helping to move things along."

If ELP had forged ahead with the orchestra, the band would have undoubtedly broken up. After seven years together, they were not about to return to the standard smoke bombs, dry ice and flashy visuals. After all, ELP *started* all that back in 1970.

"The emphasis now is on the music," Lake says proudly. "I'm aware of the appeal of what we've done in the past in terms of theatrics, but it doesn't dominate us as a group and I don't think it dominates our presence in the audience's mind."

"In the past we've been so involved with electronic music. Why shouldn't I work with an orchestra?" he demands passionately. "Do you have to be a certain age? Frank Sinatra works with an orchestra and nobody questions it."

"The future of ELP would have been very limited if it had been only an electronic future. We've exploited that to its fullest extent. The future had to become broader,

there had to be something more to achieve. The stunt now is the music."

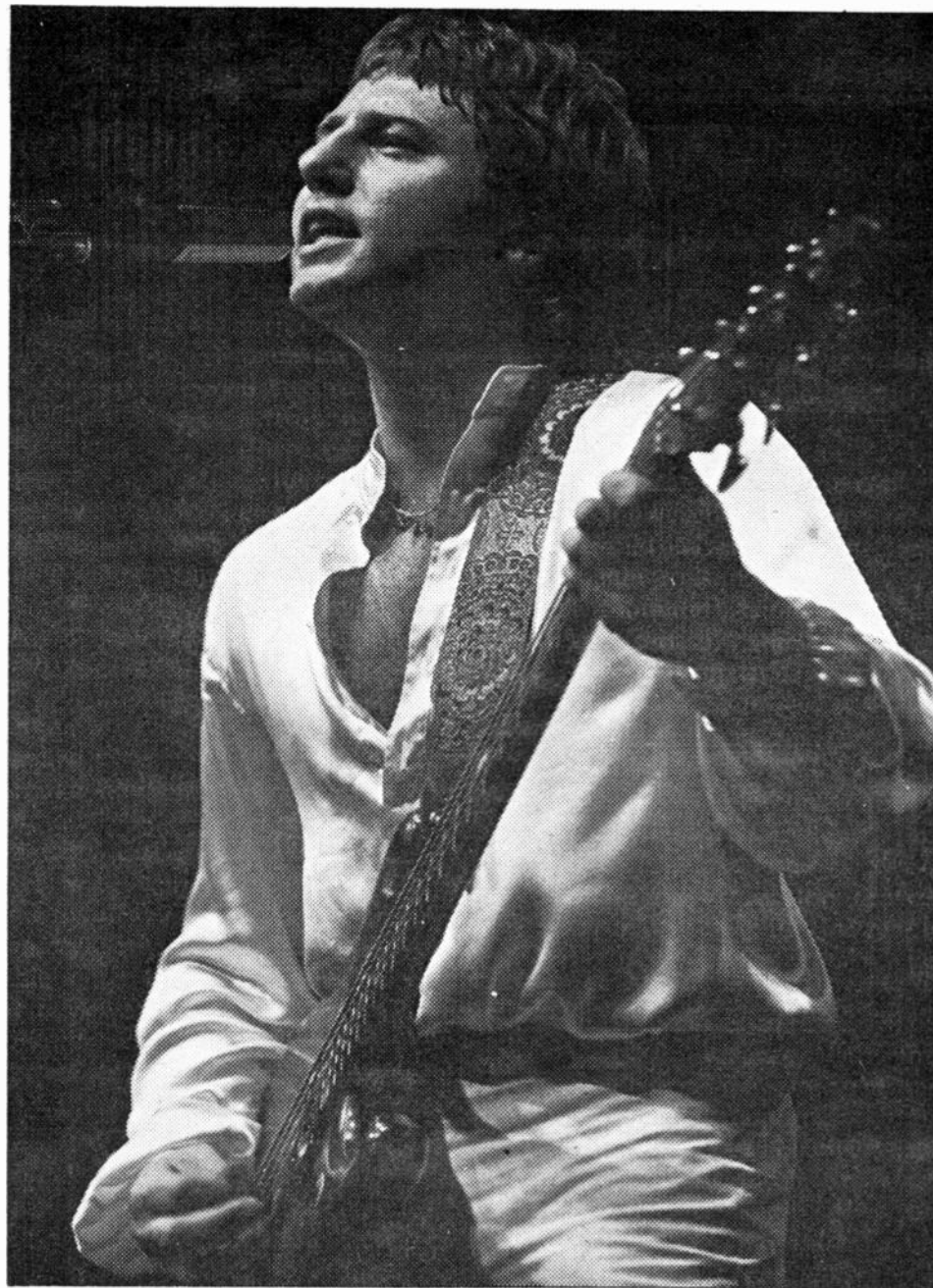
And the "stunt" works, with or without the orchestra. "Pictures At An Exhibition" sounds better than ever, given greater dramatic shading by the orchestra, while "Nutrocker" still proves just how well ELP can genuinely rock and roll. In fact, they rocked so hard in New York that Emerson got carried away with the excitement and played the piece again. The audience did not complain.

"We didn't want to come zip-ping back with the same old show," says Palmer. "An orchestra seemed like a natural progression. It *all* works, but ELP would work without the orchestra. The orchestra is just the cream on top of the cake. Actually just the cherry in the middle," he grins. "It's time for people to invest in the music. What goes on the record is most important. You can't see smoke bombs and revolving drum kits on the record."

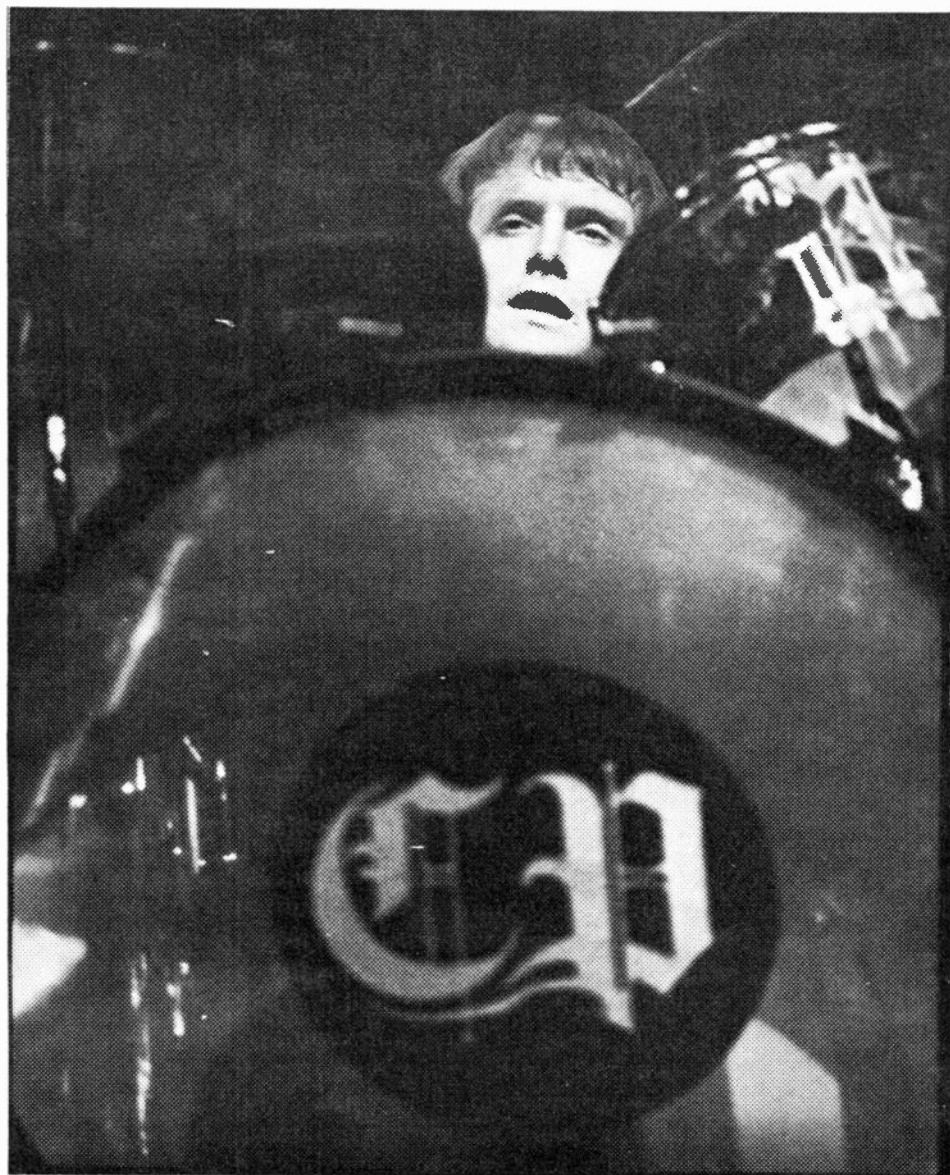
The orchestra has also given ELP an additional shot at longevity while preserving group unity. Individual egos are no longer frustrated, backstage volcanic eruptions are now less frequent. They still have private dressing rooms and rarely see each other offstage, but onstage ELP have developed a "nouveau camaraderie." They actually smile at each other. And you can hear it in the music.

"The band policy is like this," Palmer says with authority. "If I was in a band and didn't get on off-stage with the guys it wouldn't bother me. If when we played together there was something musically wrong, then I'd knock it on the head. Musically it's got to work 99%. If it's only 80%, then forget it."

"Sure there are evenings it doesn't work. I'd be a liar to tell you different. But that's the only way we can keep our identity. When we come back together we're



WENDI LOMBARDI



AARON MORLEY

Palmer: "Absence does not make the heart grow fonder ... Our record sales haven't been as big as they should be. We figured when we came back we'd be bigger than when we left. After seven years of being together we really don't want to end up broke."

prepared to fight. But individuality is still in the band."

Just what makes ELP tick has always revolved around contradictions and personality differences, readily apparent in their musical abilities and preferences. Still adamant about perfection, their music has become more personal and less sterile. Although

back on the road unless there was an orchestra," he says adamantly. "I needed a change, a challenge. It was either strip everything down to the basics, like, no thirteen keyboards, just possibly bass, piano and drums. Go that route, or one step further than what we'd ever done before. I chose the one step further. Everybody laughed

and said we had to stop the orchestra.

"We had to go out as a three piece, there was no other choice," he rationalizes with an air of desperation. "We had our manager with a shotgun behind us saying, 'Look, if you don't play as a three piece, forget it, you'll be bankrupt.'"

ing the majority of their hits with lyricist Pete Sinfield. When he performs "C'est La Vie" and "Still You Turn Me On" back to back, the audience response is overwhelming, a good many women are sent reeling by the romantic ballads.

"I know what I like," chuckles Greg, a man of wealth and taste who enjoys the sophisticated high



critics still write about "aural overkill," "mojo Mantovanis," and "rococco ridiculousness," ELP are actually a lot less pretentious than many of their contemporaries.

"The critics will always find something," Lake predicts, more amused than irritated. "Rococco ridiculousness! It's all healthy shit. Knockin' us proves that there's longevity there."

Naturally, Keith Emerson was the most insistent on taking the orchestra out on tour. Like Greg Lake, he admits that there would be no ELP if the orchestra experiment had not at least been attempted. One gets the impression that this is the last group Keith Emerson will ever be involved in. His next career move could easily be as a guest soloist with a serious orchestra, and he plans to continue writing in a classical vein.

"I certainly wouldn't form any other band," Emerson admits. "I couldn't go through all that shit again. That's just too much of a drag."

"I'd have definitely gone with an orchestra on my own if the group hadn't. I didn't want to go

when I mentioned it. They said, 'you're crazy, it'll never pay.' They've been proved right," he laughs. "But it's working."

Experimentation has never been cheap. Although there's probably more artistic credibility in spending money on an orchestra than on an inflatable flying pig, it's still expensive. The show with orchestra was costing at least \$2 million to keep on the road. ELP definitely aren't laughing all the way to the bank.

"I'm actually broke," Palmer admits, none too perturbed. "This is purely an artistic thing. After six years on the road we figured it was time to rethink our musical policy. We had to leave England for artistic reasons, which is unusual. Most groups leave England for financial gain."

"I've never been one to check on how much it would cost or how long it would last," Emerson continues. "Obviously I had a feeling that we couldn't afford to last out the tour with the orchestra. But it came as a bit of a shock when our manager walked in the dressing room one night before the show

Much of the drama and spectacle normally associated with ELP has been channelled into the music. "Pirates," a complex piece from their new album, works successfully with and without the orchestra, using a minimal amount of decorative effects.

"This show is more sober than past shows," Emerson says seriously, pleased with the balance. "A few people have been disappointed that I don't move around as much but we don't really need the effects now because we're concentrating on the music. Some ask what I'm doing taking a back seat. But I am doing a hell of a lot up there. It's only because I'm not going up in the air on the piano and spinning round into the audience or using flamethrowers."

Emerson was hesitant to put the piano concerto on an ELP album, fearing the lengthy work would get lost amid commercially-oriented ELP music. Yet the piece succeeds, complimenting the distinctly three dimensional group character.

Lake has always represented the "chart" side of the band, penn-

life even if he professes a taste for mild porno films like *The Hungry Hypnotist*. "Any artist knows their taste. We play rock 'n roll really well. But we were at a stage in our career where just to play rock 'n roll would have been very enjoyable but not serious enough."

"We enjoy rock 'n roll. We could quite easily make a rock 'n roll album at any time and enjoy it and get artistic rewards from it. Real ones," Lake says convincingly. "But when we stopped touring three years ago that wasn't a possible alternative. We could now."

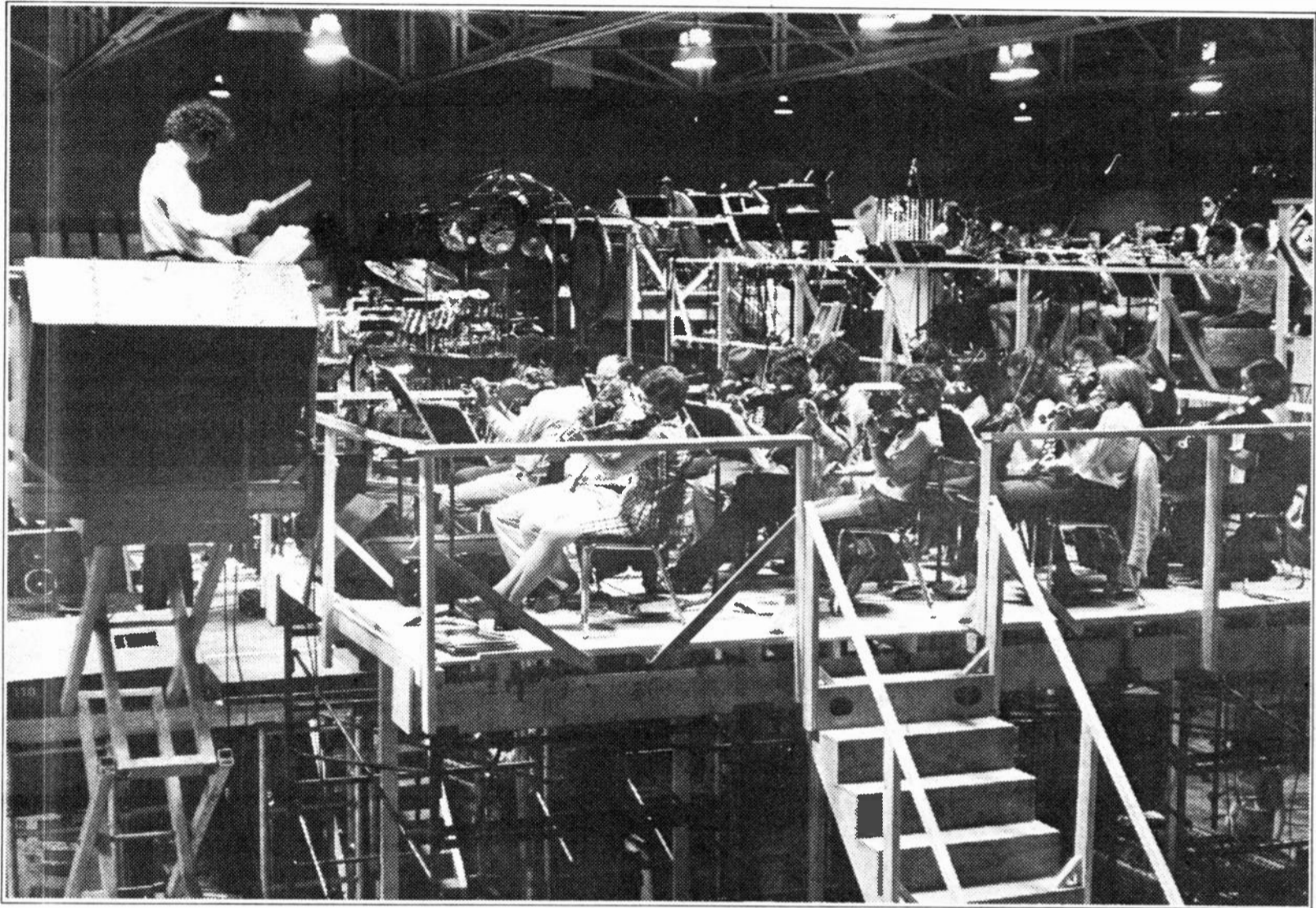
Because this tour with the orchestra has worked, I suggest that now anything is possible.

"That's right," says Lake with a sly, confident grin. "That's right."

After a lengthy period of hibernation, ELP are definitely back for good. *Works, Volume Two* will be released in the fall, a single album that contains shorter, more rock-oriented compositions easier to adapt for stage shows. And they will tour to promote the album using the same stage because, as Emerson laughingly admits, "We've already paid for it."

The Majestic (and Intermittent) Orchestral Tour of 1977

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER



STATE OF THE ART TOUR '77

Part Two "We'll Do Anything To thSet it Right"

Okay. You're one of the top five groups in the world. The critics hate you but every one of your albums rings in as solid platinum for a broad-based group of adoring fans who've enshrined you in the rock pantheon as *the* pioneering force of Orchestra Rock. Your well-known "largesse" for big-time visuals on a stage has inevitably reached the "freak-vector" point (credit Rob Stoner for that one) and here you are at the "California Jam," playing for zillions of parched-out rock bozos massed in an endless swell of zonked humanity, stretching, sweating and straining through another hot and turgid southern California evening. Supersonic Moussorgsky booms out over the rolling hills and Keith is up there doing 360s on the Flying Steinway and Carl is over there bashing the hell out of

his gong collection while Greg calmly croons his way through another set of significant lyrics. You've taken all of this 'bout as far as it'll travel and, short of bringing the entire city of Paris (arbitrary choice) on tour with you, how do you expect to top this latest fantasmagoria?

We had an expression back in high school: When in doubt, drop back fifteen and punt. That's what Emerson, Lake & Palmer did. They went off the road for three years. "We quit. Take it way Zeppelin, you can have 'em. We're flushed." Majorca, the Bahamas, lolling around the continent attending the odd wine festival or concert recital. Solo recording projects begin to evolve and the rumors fly about "the final break-up of ELP." Keith writes a Piano Concerto (No. 1), Greg pens

Rehearsing the orchestra on the as yet undressed stage

Please turn over

some moody ballads and Carl hobb-nobs with Bach and Joe Walsh. Slowly, through the music—final balm and salvation—the group comes back together. We are presented with an austere triple gate-fold affair that documents these solo experiments while confirming (on

strong sales history—the upper-level cold sweats begin to creep in and the impending World tour takes on crisis dimensions. The live performance would once again have to be the final piece-de-resistance. All of the vast musical and technological resources at their

anything to get it right.”

And so they did. The two major problems involved the logistics of carting around a 58-piece classical orchestra and amplifying their fragile acoustic instruments to rock auditorium levels without distortion while simultaneously creating an ultra-sophisticated, state-of-the-art visual stage presentation without getting too flashy.

Sound

For the touring sound system, they contracted Audio Analysts of Montreal who had done the sound for the Winter Olympics a year earlier. The ELP system took three months and approximately a million dollars to put together. The basic aim was for a very “clean,” living room sound with the least distortion possible and, for those techno-freaks who want *all* the relevant data, here goes: We’re talkin’ about 72,000 watts total RMS here gang, courtesy of several Phase Linear 700B and SAE 2600 amplifiers. The main P.A. consists of 40 custom-built “S4” cabinets, based on a design by Clair Bros. Audio. Each unit is a full-range enclosure containing 10 JBL speakers (bass,

Pickup), the company responsible for solving this dizzying technological problem. Arriving in Montreal from San Francisco, FRAP’s home base, Lazarus started working with Greg Lake, the one who’s always been responsible for overseeing—or overhearing, for you literalists—the group’s sound on record and in live performance. Even though ELP’s 58-piece touring orchestra, culled from the northeast and Canada, was made up of mostly *young* classical musicians, there were still grave misgivings about attaching pickups onto priceless, century-old “axes.” Evidently, Lazarus’s classical background and low-key technical expertise combined to save the day as each instrument’s “acoustic personality problem” was seemingly overcome with the greatest of ease.

The strings (violins, violas, bass, cellos) presented the greatest problem since the pickup had to be affixed to the surface in *some* manner without disturbing the finish. Using the FRAP 3-D transducer, a compression method for mounting was devised: Excess wax on the transducer was scraped off and sanded before being replaced by a silicone rubber adhesive like Dow

The sound system took three months and approximately a million dollars to put together. The two major problems involved the logistics of carting around a 58-piece classical orchestra and amplifying their fragile acoustic instruments to rock auditorium levels without distortion.

midrange, high) that measures 4’x4’x20” and weighs in at 450 lbs.

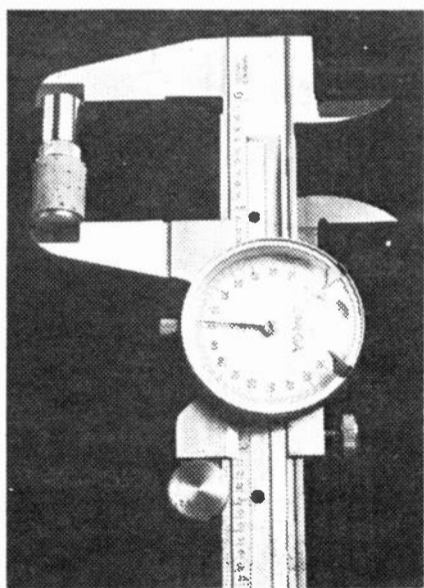
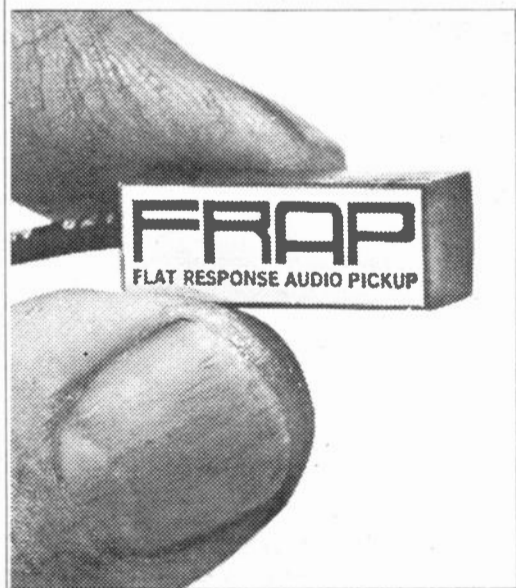
Most of this gear is tucked away from view. Stage monitor speakers are sunk under the stage, Keith and Greg standing on grids rather than solid flooring while the sound is projected to them from down under. Monitor mixing consoles are also located under the stage, the one feeding ELP their “stage sound” is center stage in a quasi “prompter’s box” affair where the sound man is hidden from view—just like legit Opera! The system contains 24 inputs, with 8 “feeds” out so that different combinations of instruments coming through the system may be heard at different locations onstage. The orchestra is independently “sub-mixed” (60 inputs and 8 outputs) before going into the main sound board which also has 60 input channels. All of the mixing consoles are manufactured by either Trident or Midas.

As for matching the orchestral output to ELP’s electronic instruments, yet preserving the orchestra’s “acoustic” sound, we recently spoke with Arnie Lazarus of FRAP (Flat Response Audio

Corning 3145 or G.E. Auto Seal. A piece of cellophane was placed over the rubber and the transducer pressed onto the back of the instrument with the active part of the pickup situated directly over the sound post. A contoured mold was made and subsequently affixed to the instrument with rubber bands hooked on corners provided by the shoulder rests.

Without lapsing into stultifying technicalese, suffice to say that amplifying wind instruments involved hooking pickups onto the mouth piece (saxophones), the barrel (clarinets) or using slide-in devices (flutes). These pickups were fed directly into a FRAP dual channel pre-amp (with built-in mixers for two inputs) with one unit for every two musicians. And there you have it! A scaled-down symphony orchestra projecting rich, warm colorations into the overall sound at a level that is entirely audible, even to die-hard ELP fans stuck out in row ZZZ, hundreds of feet from the stage.

Needless to say, Keith, Carl and Greg’s instruments are top-of-the-line all the way. Emerson is us-



Part of the million-dollar setup: tiny pickups amplify the wind instruments to match ELP’s electronic output.

Copland’s “Fanfare for the Common Man” and “Pirates”) that, yes indeed, they can still sound like the complex powerhouse of old.

So far, the plan is working to perfection. But, when the album fails to zoom up the charts—practically unthinkable with ELP’s

command would now be turned to this tour. Or, as Greg succinctly put it to the technical crew during tour preparations in Montreal: “It’s in your hands. The three of us have a million bucks tied up in this so don’t be inhibited. If you need something, ask us directly. We’ll do



Emerson uses a brand new Yamaha GX-1 synthesizer, Hammond C-3 and L-100 organs, a custom Moog Console, a MiniMoog, a nine-foot Steinway grand piano and... an accordion.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY AARON/MORLEY

The simple fact that Emerson, Lake & Palmer were indeed able to "put up" instead of "shut up" will be the single most telling aspect of this crucial '77 tour.



MARTI GRIFFIN

ing a brand new Yamaha GX-1 synthesizer (first one on the road), Hammond C-3 and L-100 organs, a custom Moog Console, a MiniMoog, a nine-foot Steinway grand piano and an *accordion!* Meanwhile, Carl is content to wrestle with his custom-made drum kit (hand-engraved, with eleven drums, five cymbals and a hi-hat), xylophone, glockenspiel, congas, tympani, gongs, castanets, crotales and other assorted percussion phenomena. For that extra, snazzy effect, his custom-built (this expression is truly redundant when discussing ELP equipment since they don't use *anything* readily available to mere mortals) drum platform is ringed by built-in lights and turns completely around. The gongs are also built onto turning stands so they can be brought in and out at will. Greg Lake is using Alembic bass guitars, (including an 8-string bass with lighted fret indicators), a Travis Bean electric six-string, a Tony Zemaitis 12-string acoustic and several vintage Martin guitars.

To properly amplify the acoustic guitars, always a hassle, a special FRAP pre-amp was built to fit inside the guitar with the wire running out of a one-of-a-kind, machine-tooled *brass* end pin.

Visuals

Once again, the key concept when staging was *cleanliness*. Nothing but the musicians and their instruments is visible to the audience; all monitoring equipment and cables are sunk into the stage or flown. The stage itself, designed for ELP by TFA/Electrasound of Boston, is 60 ft. wide by 46 ft. deep. There are six separate sections and the orchestra is located on modular risers on three sides of the stage. The conductor, Godfrey Salmon—who managed to keep an eye on Keith (for cues), the orchestra and the music at the same time—is downstage left, positioned on a platform variable in height by hydraulic lift. All of the stage is carpeted in black and hung with velour. The stage, although sophis-

ticated, is fairly light since it's made out of aluminum and Keith's Grand Piano and Moog set up can be lowered below the stage.

The lighting, billed as "dramatic" and "elegant," was designed by Nicholas Cernovitch, who has worked with the Royal Ballet of Canada, Alvin Ailey and the New York City Ballet among others. A lighting grid—which broke just before the first show in Louisville and had to be discarded—with special pods to hide the lights from the crowd's watchful eyes was designed to handle 311 lamps and 60 dimmers. All of this, plus the P.A., is hanging, with the weight of the ceiling coming in at 4 tons.

To carry all of these goodies along the highways and byways of this great land ELP is using eight 45 ft. vans, with four more added for outdoor engagements. The road crew—total—comes to more than 115 people. Set-up time for the show is approximately eight hours, with four hours needed to break down.

So that's how they did it. Aren't you glad you found out? By the way, the orchestra, which rapidly became one of Keith, Carl and Greg's greatest joys, unfortunately had to be dropped midway through the tour. Money was the major bugaboo here (hotels and transportation mainly), so, in a final act of *grand style* generosity, they paid the orchestra members for all of the remaining dates and very reluctantly let them go. (The companion ELP piece in this issue details all of their misgivings.) And after all the press has come and gone, with the usual measure of critical overreaction to their music—perhaps best epitomized by a particularly hysterical piece in the Village Voice which accused them of being fascists *and* neo-classicists in the same breath—the simple fact that Emerson, Lake & Palmer were indeed able to "put up" instead of "shut up" will be the single most telling aspect of this crucial '77 tour.

J.C.C.

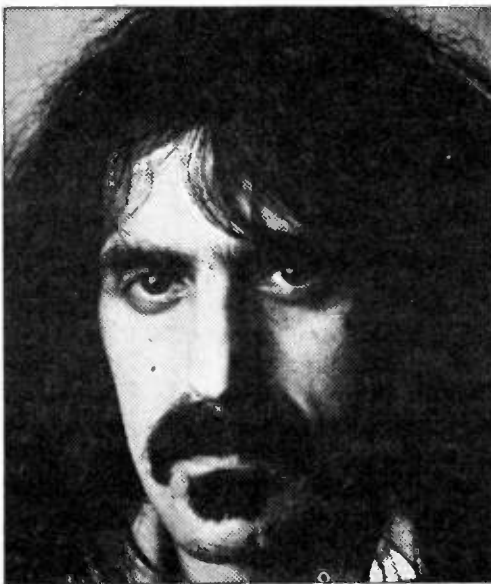
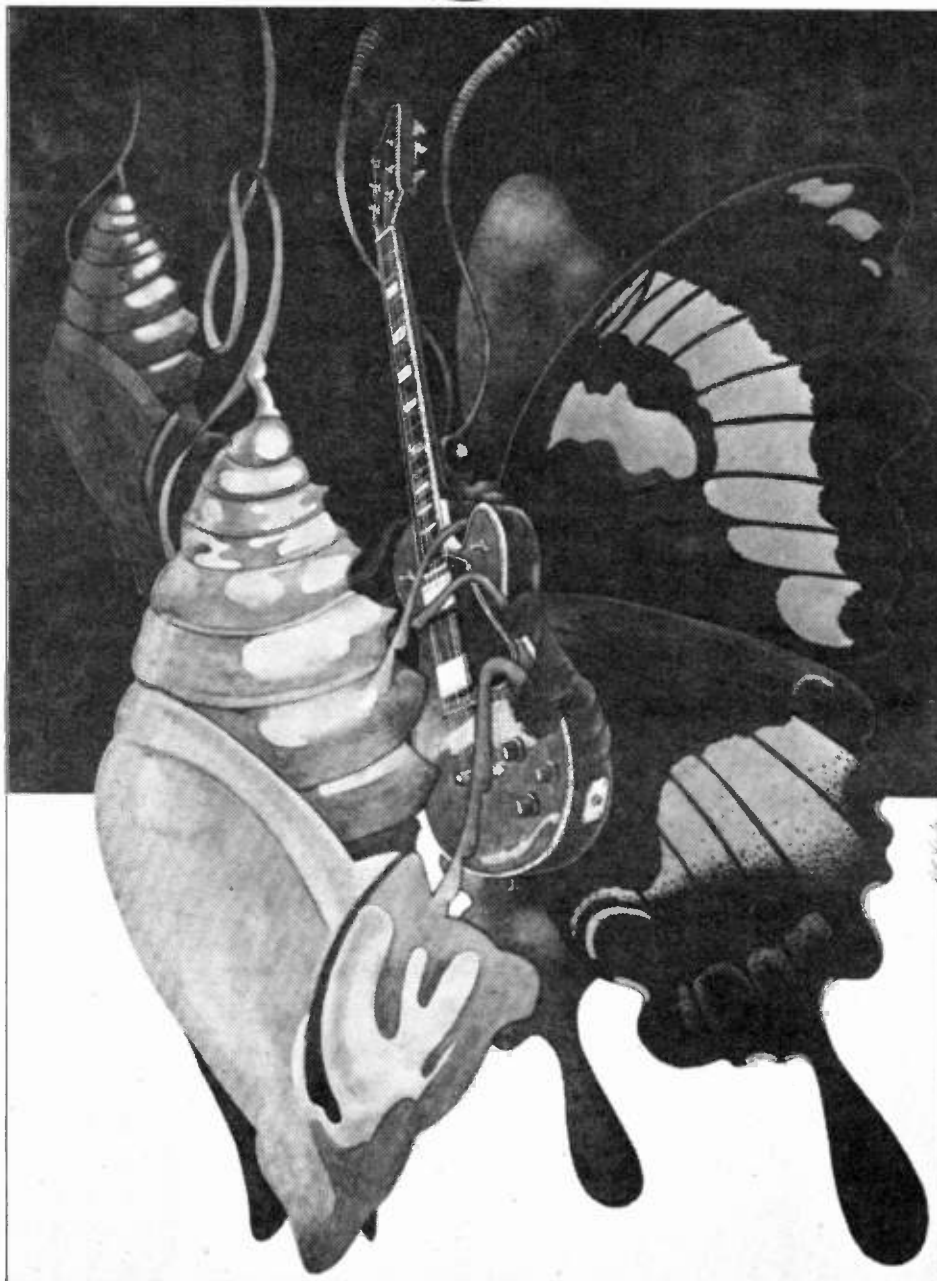
Synapse

INSTRUMENTS

In the last ten years professional and consumer audio systems have developed tremendously. Recording artists have taken advantage of advanced recording techniques, usually employing electric guitar as a main element in their sound. It was the guitar, of course, that introduced new sounds to listeners' ears. Reverb and vibrato at first, then distortion, culminating in ample doses of the fuzz-box. All of this buzzing and grinding meshed perfectly with the new urgency of rock music.

The blitzkrieg fuzz that courses through the theme to the biker film epic, *Wild Angels*, "Blue's Theme," by Davey Allen and the Arrows or "Satisfaction" by the Stones neatly conjured the vision of flesh meeting metal. But while guitarists were allowed these few simple devices added on to their relatively primitive instruments, it was still the keyboard player who enjoyed the benefit of real advances in musical instrument design.

By the 1970s a new wave of foot boxes had arrived. Guitarists could now wah-wah, phase, flange, compress, limit, octave-divide, ring-modulate and echo-plex their axes off. While they worried about coordinating strings of buzzing, ringing, and swooshing pedals at center stage, smirking keyboard players began stacking strange new instruments above their Rhodes and Hammonds. By processing the amplified vibration of guitar strings through various effects boxes, the guitarist was able to unleash new sounds on his audience. Meanwhile, audio engineers attempting to systemize the techniques of avant-garde or academic tape composers gave birth to a new sound producing instrument: the synthesizer. Theoretically, any sound could be produced by the combination of a few modules, including oscillators, filters and envelope generators. By designing a keyboard that produced voltages at the press of a key, which in turn told an oscillator at



Top: Arty impression of the Patch 2000 guitar synthesizer, Zappa, left, has used the \$13,000 Polyphonic and Page, above, has been checking out the Avatar and Centaur.

what pitch to vibrate, synthesizers could be bought and played by anyone. Except guitar players, who had to keep both hands and a wah-

wah pedal busy.

Naturally, there are quite a few more guitarists than keyboard players and, not wanting to miss

out on a chance to develop a sizeable market, several manufacturers have seized the opportunity by introducing guitar synthesizers for the guitarist/latent synthesist.

One of the most recent entries in the guitar synthesizer sweepstakes is the **Roland GR-500 Guitar Synthesizer** (\$2,000 list). The GR-500 electronically divides the pitch of a guitar string to produce a synthesizer-made tone that can be heard independently of the natural guitar sound. With independent frequency division for all six strings, this system provides a full polyphonic sound and allows full left hand technique including string bending, hammering-on, etc. However, with the Roland system you are limited to the use of their own specially built guitar, the GR-500 Guitar Controller. Also, it should be noted that the technique of frequency division produces a square wave shape with a characteristically "buzzy" sound unless the signal is further processed.

Ampeg utilizes a different technique in producing synthesized sounds from its **Patch 2000 Guitar Synthesizer** (list \$1,395). The heart of this system is a Hagstrom guitar equipped with frets wired in a manner to produce voltages as strings are depressed against them. Because the left hand position on the fingerboard determines the voltage sent to the synthesizer's oscillator, picking with the right hand contributes only to the natural guitar sound. You can slide from one end of the neck to the other and still get a discreet half-tone scale from the synthesizer. Pitch bending is accomplished with a pedal device which runs between the guitar and synthesizer. Most synthesizers are compatible with the patch 2000 though none are supplied with it.

Arp Instruments recently demonstrated two prototypes, the polyphonic **Centaur**, and the single voice **Avatar** (list \$2,500). Both operate by the method of pitch to voltage conversion. These units

Synapse

continued from previous page

consist of a special pickup compatible with most six string electric guitars and an integrated pitch to voltage converter/synthesizer. Both systems allow full transition of left hand technique to the synthesizer. Delivery is slated for this fall.

The first company to successfully build and market guitar synthesizers in 360 Systems. For nearly

three years their pitch to voltage **Polyphonic Guitar Synthesizer** (from \$13,000) has been used by artists such as Frank Zappa, John McLaughlin, Lee Ritenour, Leon Russell, and Timo Laine. A guitar built by Rex Bogue served as controller for this system. Equipped with a special pickup, it sends six pitch signals to the "brains" where translation to voltages occurs. These voltages are then routed to six independent synthesizers, one per string. Although Minimoog and Emu synthesizers have been used as part of this system in the past, Oberheim Expander Modulers are now packaged to provide the synthesizer voicings.

Since thirteen grand is a bit much for most players, 360 has also made a reasonably priced single voice unit, the **Slavedriver** (\$795.00 list). It consists of a special pickup compatible with most six string electrics that sends pitch information to the Slave-driver interface, where pitch to voltage conversion occurs. The unit will follow melody lines, or, when chords are strummed, give the last note in the chord strummed. The pitch-extracted voltage is then sent to the player's chosen synthesizer.

Another device that produces parallel or changing harmonies for

the guitar (or practically any sound source) is **Eventide Clockwork's Harmonizer** (from \$1,500).

Used extensively by Todd Rundgren and Roger Powell in the studio as well as on their recent "Ra" tour, the Harmonizer duplicates the approximate timbre of the original source in parallel harmony at any interval, one octave above or below the source. The Harmonizer includes two channels of independent digital delay for doubling and echo effects, and a feedback control with the potential for unlimited special effects. Says Powell, "There are certain processing devices which you would automatically use if you were recording. There's no reason to deprive yourself of that sound while you're on the stage. You know, you get used to a certain sound and that's your sound and these things are really just extensions of your instrument."

The **E-Bow** from Heet Sound Products (\$125.00 list) represents an interesting departure from sound processors. Held in the guitarist's right hand, it magnetically vibrates the strings, producing a wide range of bowed sounds that can be sustained infinitely. Sometime in the future Musitronics will take the wraps off the Gizmo. Designed by Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, formerly with 10cc, it reportedly will also produce a bowed sound but through mechanical means.

Aside from the last two products mentioned, the trend toward synthesizer replacement of traditional effects boxes is apparent. ARP has recently been in London showing Jimmy Page and Peter Dinklage the Avatar and Centaur. Peter Frampton is rumored to be recording with 360 Systems' Slavedriver. Lowell George of Little Feat has one too. Guitar synthesis has definitely arrived, as Steve Hillage can testify: "In 1975 I met Todd Rundgren and Roger Powell, whom I rate very highly as synthesists, and with their help I made my second album, *L* in Spring 1976, which included some pitch to voltage guitar and a lot of Eventide Harmonizer. I now consider myself as much a synthesizer player as a guitarist."

Doug Lynner and Chris August are, respectively, Editor and Art Director of Synapse, a bi-monthly electronic music magazine. They invite inquiries and welcome subscribers. Correspondence should be sent to Synapse, 2829 Hyans Street, Los Angeles, California 90026. Subscription requests should include name, address and include the annual (six issue) subscription fee of \$6.00.

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It features up to 15db boost and cut on three frequency bands. That's over 500% more tone control than conventional guitars can give you. In addition, the built-in preamp can deliver a clean 15db boost — enough to blow any "hot" guitar off the stage.

*Jumbo frets — for crisp attack, long sustain, easy choking, and perfect intonation. The smoothed neck heel rounds out the playing action.

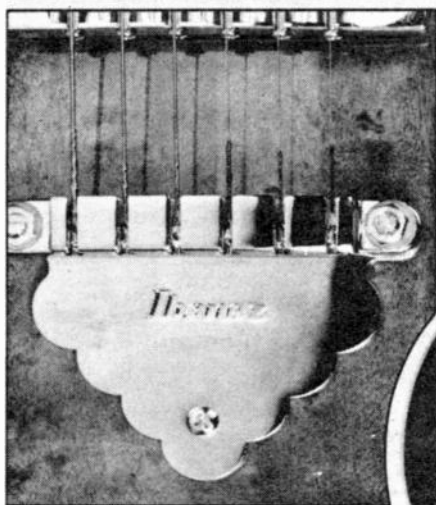
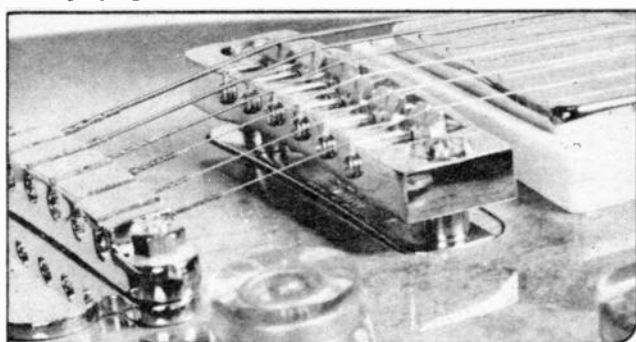
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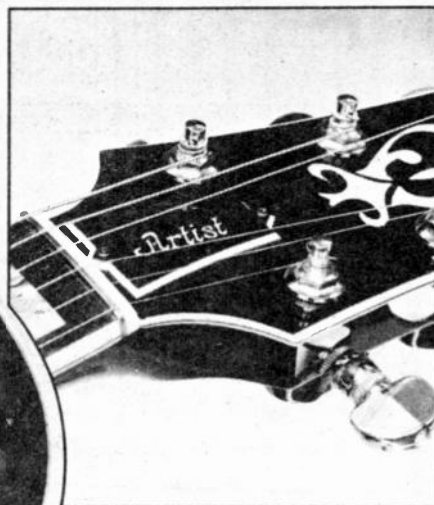
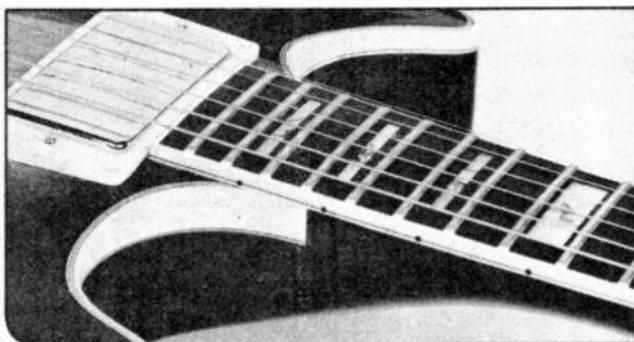
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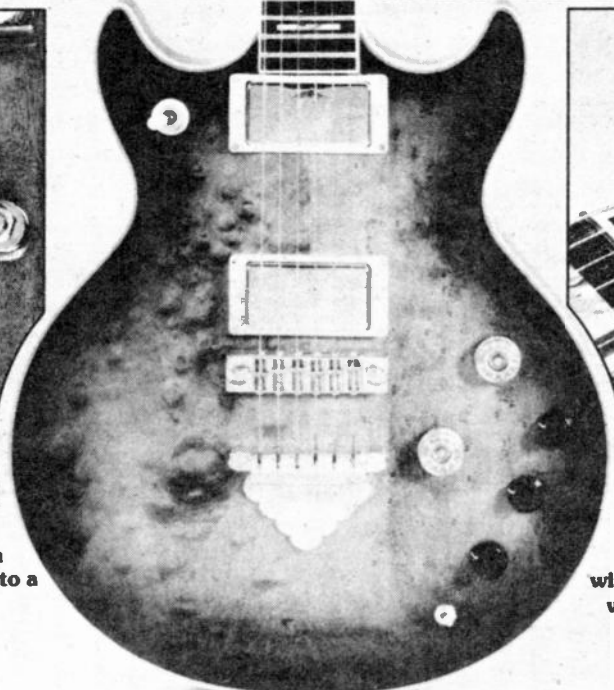
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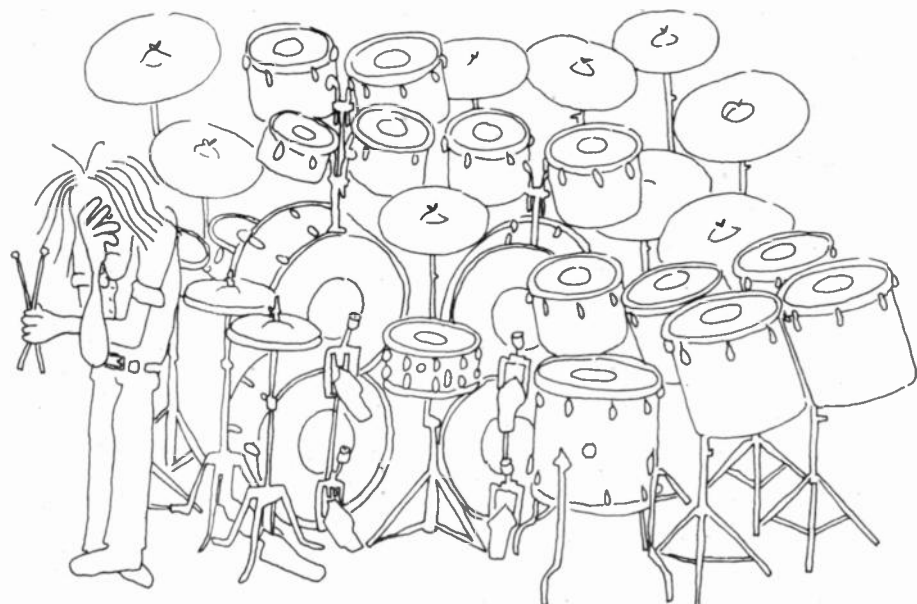
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DRUMS

by Dave Patrick

Illustrated by Stuart Fersht



Tama wowed the NAMM show with an outrageous 32-drum set-up

TAMA

Tama wowed the NAMM show with an outrageous drum set-up featuring 32 drums, providing a topic of nonstop conversation among drummers. The drums featured were not actually production models; in fact, it seemed more like an experiment to see how much the market would take. Each Concert tom stand held 4 drums instead of 2, so you mount 16 drums on an Octa-plus type set-up with 2 bass drums. Then there were triple mount stands for the small 6", 8", 10" and 12" concert toms and a set of eight 6" drums called boo-bams. The boo-bams each had a 6" head, then varying length shells that made them look similar to a pipe organ, and made the strangest series of tones you've ever heard from drums. The clincher on this set, however, involved the last 4 toms on the set-up. Behind the drummer, on gigantic stands, mounted as tom toms, were 15" x 18", 15" x 20", 15" x 22", and 15" x 24" bass Drums. Where's it all going?

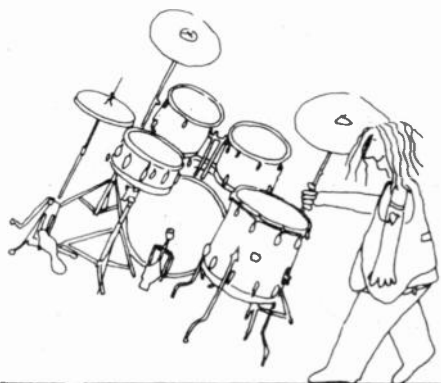
ROGERS

Rogers seemed to be almost coasting this year after totally shaking up the drum industry with the introduction of their Memri-loc hardware set-ups in '76. There was one giant set of Rogers on display

in a beautiful silver metallic finish with lots of Memri-loc cymbal stands everywhere, topped with plenty of Paiste cymbals and backed by one of the incredible Paiste Gongs. An almost cocky display of confidence.

PEARL

This year, Pearl concentrated on a new tom-holder system called Vari-Set and illustrated its versatility by displaying a set with 6 tom-toms and 2 cymbals mounted on one 22" bass drum. The Vari-Set system is basically styled like the Rogers Memri-Loc system in that, used correctly, it will set-up the same way for each gig. Each holder has adjustable interlocking clips that mark the position the drum was in previously and it will not set up correctly any other way! A roadie-proof drum set! The Vari-Set holders are also designed so that you can connect several holders



Memri-Loc: A roadie-proof drum set!

together for multiple toms set-ups and for mounting cymbal and tom-tom clusters. They also look very promising as microphone holders. Best of all, the prices I saw on this stuff were very reasonable.

SONOR

The latest from these West German wonders is the brand-new Sonor-Phonic drumline which looks practically indestructible. The Sonor-Phonic Line features 9-ply beechwood shells, which are the thickest, strongest wood shells currently available from a production drum company. The Sonor-Phonic stands have big, heavy duty bases that offer a deluxe cymbal stand to hold 2 cymbals side by side. The Super-Champion bass drum pedal has been a monster for years, and the new Sonor-Phonic pedal incorporates some of the more desirable Super Champ features at a more appealing price. And for those drummers with class and an extra bushel of cash, the Sonor-Phonic Deluxe Rosewood five-piece set is finished in Brazilian rosewood inside and out. It also features gold-plated nameplates and double mufflers on all drums. The finishes for the Sonor-Phonic drumline are all metallic finish pearl colors including pewter, bronze, silver, blue and copper. All things considered, Sonor has one of the most beautiful drum catalogs I've seen in a long time.

LUDWIG

The Ludwig booth at this year's show was the most interesting and exciting one they've had in many a moon. All of their new wood drums are now 6-ply maple shells with no reinforcing hoops, which makes for the sturdiest and most resonant shells Ludwig has ever built. And, due to popular demand, the maple lacquer finish that started the natural wood trend is now back into production and they can't build them fast enough!! Of equal interest was the new #472P snare drum with 6-ply Maple shell,

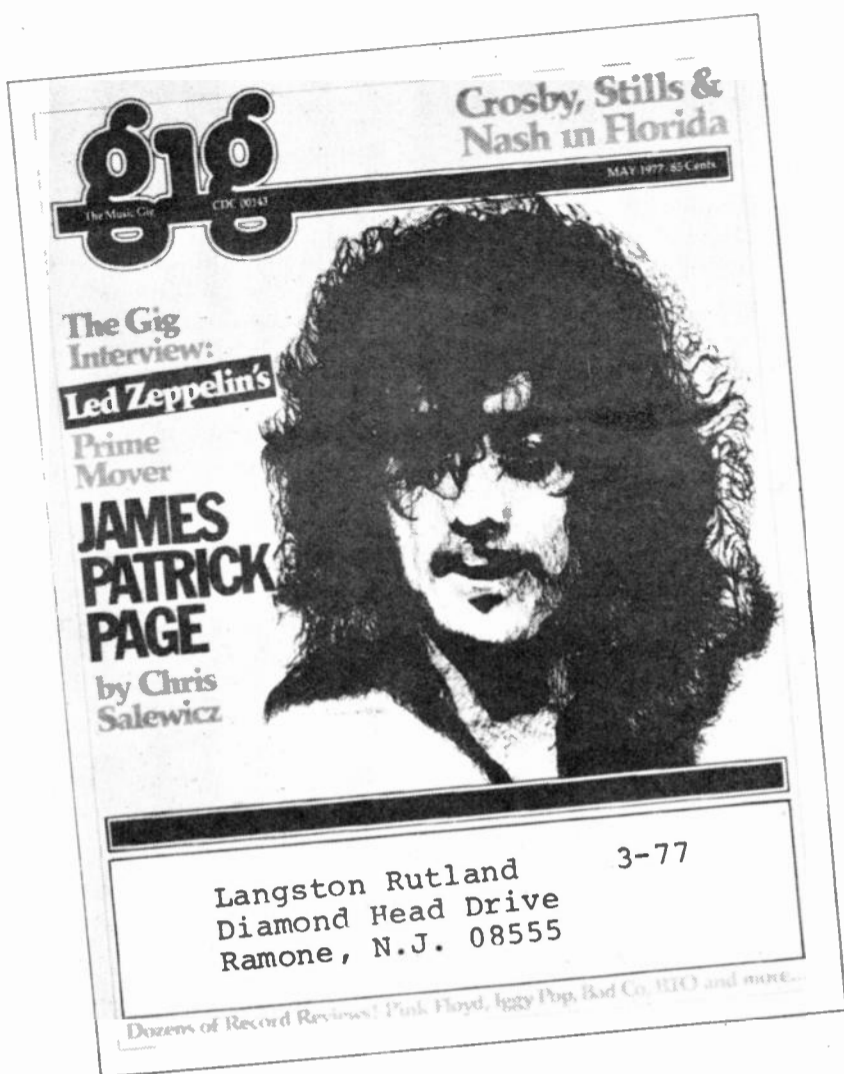
natural maple lacquer finish, half-gut and half-wire snares, and Classic snare strainer and throw-off. It looks to be a very crisp drum for all applications. The stainless steel drums that were introduced last year were there in full force, looking brilliant and sounding like cannons. There were also two most unusual developments relating to purely visual aspects. The first, called Travoli by Ludwig, combined the Stripe-up-the-band Vistalite pattern transparent sets with a series of tiny lights actually molded into the plastic and guaranteed to last a thousand years. The second, Aerial toms, are new, longer-length concert toms that are also available with 1/4 circle sound reflectors that attach to the bottom to push the sound directly toward the audience. For those drummers interested, these sound reflectors are available separately and attach to the drum with Velcro strips that are included in the kit. Overall, an excellent showing for the Ludwig team this year.



North drums are those long mega-phone shaped concert toms like nothing you've ever seen...

NORTH

Music Technology Incorporated was there with their new production model North drums featuring



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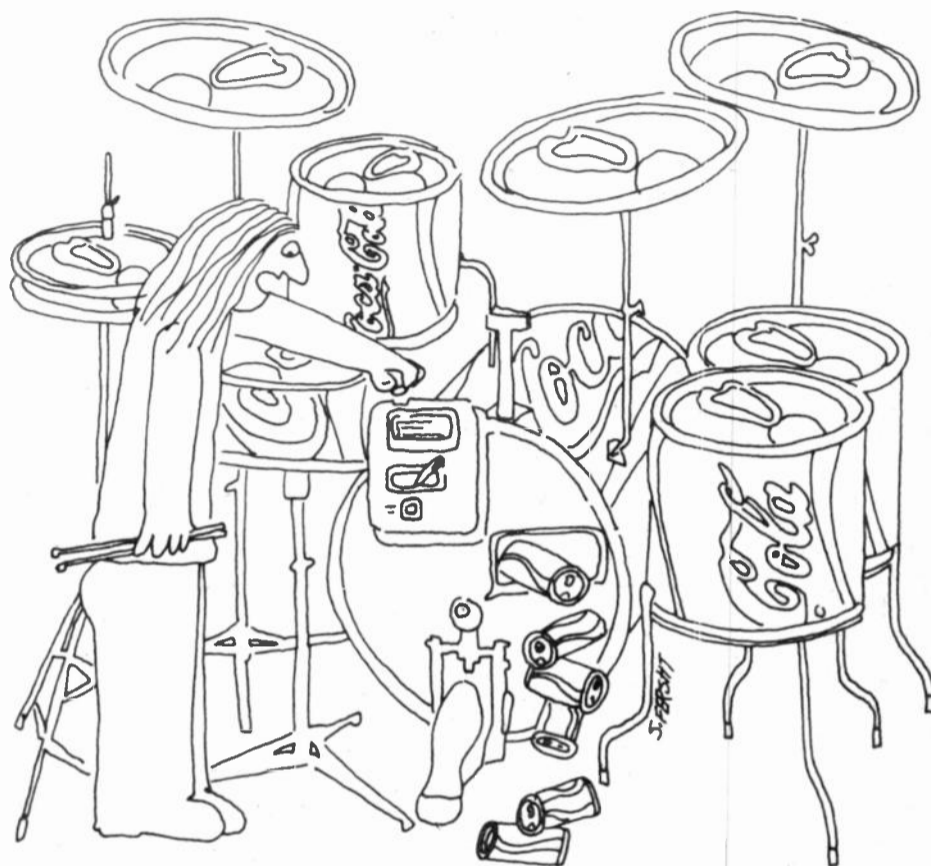
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DRUMS

continued from previous page



"... There was a set on display done completely in the Coca-Cola logo and I put 3 quarters into it before I realized they were drums!"

turing new hardware and finishes. The new set-ups mounts all of the drums on one stand and might be a glimpse of things to come from other manufacturers. North drums are those long, megaphone-shaped concert toms like nothing you've ever seen that you probably read about first in GIG. It's taken North a while to get into production because their drums are a radical departure from traditional drum construction—but you'll be seeing and hearing more from them, I promise you. Enough teasing, we'll be doing a North road test in this column within the next couple of issues!

SLINGERLAND

Slingerland has a new president, Larry Linkrn, and a bunch of hot new irons in the fire under his direction. Tubular leg stands that fold more compactly than any so far are now available on all Slingerland sets. There's also a new cymbal stand tilter that looks excellent; the Tempo King pedal has been souped-up to make a stronger, faster pedal, and their new conga is going to surprise

everybody. The new snare drum, designed in conjunction with Bobby Colomby, features a 5-ply wood shell with 12 lugs on top for more accurate tensioning and to stay in tune longer for us primitive rockers out here. In the finish department, Slingerland went deep this year, with Blakrome, oak, ash, rosewood veneers and a make-up-your-own finish option. You send them a description, drawing, photo, etc. of what you want actually printed on the drum finish and they'll send you a price quote on it. There was a set on display done completely in the Coca-Cola logo and I put 3 quarters into it before I realized they were drums!

COMING SOON

Watch this column monthly for coming features including North drum road test, info on Synare Percussion Synthesizers, Syndrum electronic drums, new Sound Reflector Roto-Toms, and any new goodies we can dig up of interest to drummers. Please write to me, DAVE PATRICK c/o this magazine or Strings & Things, 205 S. Cooper, Memphis, Tennessee, 901/278-0500.

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BOB MARLEY: *Exodus* (Island)
PETER TOSH: *Equal Rights* (Columbia)

Both Bob Marley's and Peter Tosh's new albums, *Exodus* and *Equal Rights* respectively, evidence a dichotomy. While each presents a political stance in their public persona, their private attitudes focus on different concerns.

Marley has devoted one-half of *Exodus*, the entire second side, to love songs, lighter in tone than his political compositions, something akin to the more soulful sound of the Heptones. The lack of stridency in this work has brought charges of 'selling-out' and inauthenticity against Marley, especially when compared with the sincerity of Tosh's rage, as manifested on *Equal Rights*. But there are precedents for its most notably "Bend Down Low" from *Natty Dread* and "Baby We've Got A Date" (Rock It Baby) from *Catch a Fire*, ever as far back as "One Love" which Marley has re-recorded here. Criticisms of the music itself are groundless, for this is as good as anything he has done, both in the love songs and those from the political arena like "Natural Mystic" and "The Heathen." The love ballads are not as insistent in their rhythms and Marley's voice, supple as ever, (a characteristic Tosh does not share) is more *felt* there, more plaintive when trying to contemplate, in "Natural Mystic", "Many more will have to suffer/Many more will have to die/Don't ask me why." At times he seems to have surpassed the righteous anger Tosh still purveys, to view violence and suffering in terms of existentialist dynamics, then again, in "The Heathen," he endorses guerrilla tactics.

Tosh's considerations are derived from his public assertions that he is concerned with both personal and a national identity. "I Am That I Am" and "Stepping Razor" go a long way towards establishing both self-respect and societal acknowledgement of his presence, in according it the equal rights of the title, just as "African" reminds the listener that "As long as you're a Black man/You're an African."

Musically, it is an improvement over the first album, more fluid even in a religious testament like "Jah Guide," though there is still a certain didacticism in a song like "Downpressor Man" which is saved by the countervailing gospel influence.

Each of them conjures up the image of the guerilla, Marley saluting like a private in Jah's guitar army on the inner sleeve and Tosh staring out on the cover like a revolutionary hovering on the fringes of Chabrol's Paris in *Les Cousins*. They are both playing for keeps. **Richard Dorfman**

JAMES TAYLOR: *-JT* (Columbia JC 34811)

With Taylor it's hard to tell, but this album really is his liveliest in some time, and his best since *Sweet Baby James*. There is terse wit in a few of the lyrics, and a sticking to the sort of melodies he delivers best: laconic folk, roughed up by white funk. There are only two utter write-offs, "Secret O'Life" (a title he doesn't pronounce that way; was someone eating a "Bit O'Honey" bar during its writing?) and "If I Keep My Heart Out of Sight." But for the rest, Taylor is curious, adventurous, and downright expansive.



GEILS: *Monkey Island* (Atlantic SD 19103)

Note the name-shortening, a portent of New Seriousness, but the best moments ring with the old Wackiness—"I'm Not Rough" and "So Good." So much for image-altering. But over-done productions like the title track and "Wreckage" are getting them airplay they haven't had for at least two years, so maybe a little pretentiousness will keep them alive, Wolf's too smart to remain ponderous.



STEVE WINWOOD: (Island ILPS 9494)

Traffic revisited, now drawn-out and rather sludgy. When he perks up, things go nicely ("Hold On," "Midland Maniac"), but the rest of this comes dangerously close to Stevie being in love with his voice in public. To those not familiar with his *John Barleycorn* period, though, this may lead to a new young cult of admirers.



TIGER: *Goin' Down Laughing* (EMI ST-11660)

I stuck with this to hear the penultimate tune, something called "Mr. Media"—figured it had to be good for either a laugh or a revelation, right? Ha. They pronounce "media" as if it rhymed with "med ya," which is logical since they're English. But they don't make it rhyme correctly anywhere. Anyway, the only good song here is the last one, "Sexy Doreen," about an inflatable doll, and then only because of Jim Sullivan's guitar work. Two witless albums in a row fellas.



LEON & MARY RUSSELL: *Make Love to the Music* (Paradise PAK 3066)

Leon & Mary offer something new in the way of rock marriages, to say nothing of interracial ones: they come on like a pair of slaphappy drunks who are delighted, even delirious, to be with each other. Both have exceedingly pleasant, woozy voices, and the love songs they moan their way through here are quite good: the first side, excepting "Now Now Boogie," is, in fact, the best thing Leon's done since *Hank Wilson's Back*. On their previous album, Russell's leadership (songwriter-producer) seemed to be holding McCreary back, but on this one she soars throughout. And since Leon's always wanted to be black anyway, the best of this ends up sounding like what Peaches and Herb could have been at their best.



THE SOUTH'S GREATEST HITS (Capricorn CP 0187)

This collection of "Southern Music" cuts is intended as a celebration of solidarity and good spirits, but is notable mainly for the reaction it will probably provoke in most of us: a shrug of the shoulders and, occasionally, a wince of annoyance. Not only does anyone who likes "Southern Music" enough to buy this album not want to hear "Midnight Rambler" yet again, but it gets the side off to a painfully lugubrious start. Wet Willie is probably tossed in only because they're on the label. And even the glorious, stirring "Third Rate Romance" falls in these surroundings, flanked by mediocrity. For Charlie Daniels fans who seem to dote on unselective enthusiasm.



MELISSA MANCHESTER: *Singin'* (Arista 4136)

Manchester's most MOR set yet, laced with a deeply regrettable shot of LA laid-backy hipness. If she didn't do Sly Stone's "Stand" so well, one could accuse her of indulgent laziness, peaking here on "Let Me Serenade You," but as it is, one just feels badly about her having dissipated her gift so quickly. Part of the problem is her adoption of the Midler-Manilow "For the Love of My Audience" schtik, the granddaddy of which is, of course, Sammy Davis Jr. Instead of being so smarmily solicitous, Manchester could make a very good record if she got rid of producer Vini Poncia and rocked-out, or popped out, so to speak.



ROCK & POP

KISS: *Love Gun*
(Casablanca NBLP 7057)

Hey, what can I say? This is the first hard rock album since Television's *Marquee Moon* that I play constantly for pleasure. Anyone whose head does not bob to "Tomorrow and Tonight" has little in common with me. And who says there's no subtlety to their music? Hear the verbiage of "Hooligan" and "Shock Me," the lyricism of "Plaster Caster." And fans, they do great imitations of both Johnny Winter and Steve Miller to surpass the Rod Stewart glom last time out. No kidding, this is the *real* stuff.



RONNIE SESSIONS
(MCA 2285)

This country record has an easy, lank charm, and Sessions brings an ingenious amount of intelligence to his genial country-boy persona. He does spunky versions of Delbert McClinton's "Victim of Life's Circumstances" and a wonderful song co-authored by Dennis Linde, "There Goes My Heart Again." In addition to good taste, Sessions also makes genuinely fetching novelty songs ("Wiggle Wiggle," "Me and Millie") that aren't embarrassing to sing along with when they pop up on the radio: a major achievement.



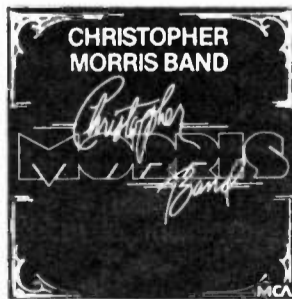
BARBRA STREISAND:
Streisand Superman
(Columbia 34830)

Is the title meant to be a joke on Donovan's "Sunshine Superman"? But, as a non-Streisand fan (meaning I don't follow her career), this sounds like the very best sort of pop crooning, beating comers like Reddy and Manchester by a long shot.



CHRISTOPHER MORRIS BAND
(MCA 2282)

A new band whose only big name is producer Al Kooper, but whose great talent and promise resides in the songwriting and voice of Christopher Morris. "I Feel Like I've Never Felt Before" deserves to become some sort of FM classic: a long, alternately jolting and meditative noodle of a song that is riveting. A rock-jazz-something-else fusion that is also melodic and disciplined, which is just what I look for in my fusions.



PIERCE ARROW
(Columbia PC 34805)

Six obscure music veterans from different genres (cafe folkie, jazzbo, rockster) lust for commercial success and with this so-slick-your-teeth-ache combination, they'll probably get it. Their confluence of styles tends to dissipate rather than encourage adventurous energy; this means they'll have to keep working hard to avoid their inherent indulgences. On the basis of this, they already sound lazy.



RUMOUR: *Max*
(Merc. SRM-1-1174)

This the debut album by Graham Parker's back-up band, also the core of the old Brinsley Schwartz band. The music is slightly poppier Parker, the most notable difference being Rumour's almost total lack of wailing introspection, a style Parker has singlehandedly redeemed. Vocalist Bob Andrew is authoritative enough, but does seem to slip into a Parker growl too often for comfort. In all, light rock with intelligence, and Rumour is more likely to hit the commercial big time here than Parker himself.



LITTLE RIVER BAND: *Diamantia Cocktail*
(Harvest SW-11645)

These Australians lay out a very snappy, confident sort of pop-rock, but they don't have a vocalist commanding enough to provide a focal point on which to center our attention. Without that, the music tends to spill and then curdle; better lyrics and voices are needed to contain the copiousness. At their best, however, as on "Take Me Home" and "Home On Monday," they sound like Steely Dan without the obscurity, but with the irony intact.



BURTON CUMMINGS: *My Own Way to Rock*
(Portrait PR 34698)

Still produced by Richard Perry, Cummings exudes a wittily manic approach to an album of uptempo tunes. A greater surprise is that he's written a couple that are almost as good as his interpretation of them: not classic, but catchy—"Charlemagne" and "Never had a Lady Before." Plus one excellent, magnanimous ballad, "Got to Find Another Way."



JONATHAN RICHMAN: *Rock N Roll with the Modern Lovers*
(Beserkley PZ-34800)

If Jonathan ever teams up with Brian Wilson, watch out: a sort of mega-hip cross between "Sesame Street" and "Taxi Driver" will probably be the result. Just some observations on this monument to willful innocence: 1. There is no rock & roll here, but an all-acoustic pastiche of 50s "singalong with" songs you'd be embarrassed to sing along with. 2. Occasionally, as on "Fly Into the Mystery," the innocence becomes both insulting and boring.



STUFF: *More Stuff*
(Warners BS 3765)

For the second time, this aggregation of session vets lets us down: slack derivative meandering. Part of the boredom Stuff inspires is simply due to its structure—mostly instrumental. If a rock album is to do without vocals, it must replace them with a lot of really galvanizing hooks and riffs, and there just aren't enough here. Just because it's in the soul-funk-rock category, though, this beats out the other new instrumental band, Dixie Dregs (Southern "dribble-rock"). Stuff sports such excellent musicians makes it a much bigger disappointment.



JAZZ by Richard Weitzer

McCOY TYNER: *Supertrios*
(Milestone M-55003)

Tyner is the dominant pianist around still playing what used to be called jazz. His versatility is amply demonstrated on this double album, one with bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams and the other with Eddie Gomez on bass and Jack DeJohnette on drums. This is a perfect format for Tyner. Left to his own devices he ends up playing tunes that sound somewhat repetitious, much like Pharoah Sanders once did. On recent outings he had surrounded himself with different players, often the most talented ones available and this effect gives Tyner a greater scope than he is generally given credit for. Of the two discs, the Gomez/DeJohnette session is closer to Tyner's recent outings, but without his usual signature—the "wall of sound." The Carter/Williams group is more of a throwback with a fairly conventional approach to time.



CORYELL/ MOUZON: *Back Together Again* (Atlantic)

Regardless of what you think of Alphonse Mouzon, this is probably Coryell's best group since he hooked up with John McLaughlin. Mouzon is restrained from the excesses he exhibits on his solo albums and Coryell has added an excellent counterpoint guitarist in Phillip Catherine, a perfect foil for Coryell's occasionally bloated ego. Bassist John Lee is along for very good measure.



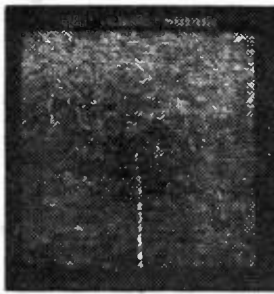
ELVIN JONES: (Vanguard VSD 79389)

While still one of the most powerful and inventive drummers around, Jones has been able to submerge his ego and allow young, upcoming players to have their day. It may just be that he recognizes some of the built-in limitations of his instrument. This is really Bunky Green's album, and his first for quite a while. Bunky is that rare hybrid—a modern player who can go outside the melody and really blow while still "swinging" in the traditional way. The combination is appealing to today's listener who is tired of honking but is not yet ready for retirement.



ARILD ANDERSEN: *Shimri* (ECM-1-1082)

Juhani Aaltonen has a roughness to his tenor work not often heard in ECM country which makes him, and this album, an interesting diversion from normal ECM fare. One might think that Andersen, a bassist, might make a low-keyed album in the manner of Eberhard Weber, and although it has its quiet moments, this might be an excellent departure point for some American jazz-oriented people to jump into European jazz.



STUFF: *More Stuff* (Warner Bros. BS 3061)

Something magical happens when you put a glowing talent like Aretha Franklin in front of the tightest sessionmen in the business. When Aretha goes, Stuff remains, but part of the magic is gone. Sure, Stuff is extremely competent; Gordon Edwards, Richard Tee, Cornell Dupree, Steve Gadd, Eric Gale and Christopher Parker are on many people's first call list for studio work, but I still long for Aretha.



DOLLAR BRAND: *Care Town Fringe* (Chiaroscuro CR 2004)

South African pianist, Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim), is one of the most underrated pianists around. His half-gospel, half-strice style was a stylistic precursor of Keith Jarrett's ever-popular signature. Brand's previous records are mostly imports on Enja and Sackville, but an Arista-Freedom duo with Gato Barbieri is generally available. Here, he plays what sounds like a harpsichord, but is only given credit for piano.



CHERRY, HADEN, REDMAN AND BLACKWELL: *Old And New Dreams* (Black Saint BSR 0013)

For those of you who have been waiting for Ornette Coleman to resurface, this album is well worth the wait, even if his cohort must carry on without him. One wonders, however, why four inventive musicians would choose to recreate the Ornette band of the late fifties, when all of them (except Blackwell, who has been ill) have gone on to other things. (Unless, of course, this is an old date—the liner notes do not indicate the year). In any case, Don Cherry is a joy to hear on trumpet anytime and Charlie Haden is not fully utilized behind Keith Jarrett. Carry on fellows and let's hope that Ornette can persuade a record company to record his orchestral works.



SOUL by Georgia Christgau

LOVE CHILDS AFRO-CUBAN BLUES BAND: *Spandisco* (RCA Midsong BKL1-2292)

There are three cuts here called "Spandisco," which will clobber you over the head with pop ethnocentricity, especially since one of them is an "all-summer" hit. Or you may wonder why you can't hear the words for the yelling. Cissy Houston, Aretha Franklin's back-up and a fine singer in her own right, can barely be heard, and Steve Gadd, a most heavy session drummer, is lost to the gloss. Only Tito Puente's "Oye Como Va" stands out as the kind of jubilation that springs from national pride. When WLIF, "the only station in the nation with a Caribbean education," cues discs with the lead-in "here comes another disco-reggae-rocker," they're just kidding, folks.



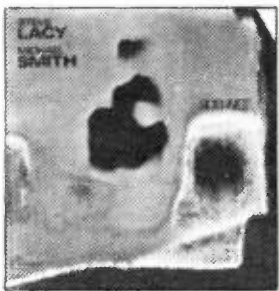
RICHARD PRYOR'S GREATEST HITS: (Warner Brothers BSK3057)

While *That Nigger's Crazy* is still my favorite, it seems ingrown compared to this: too many motherfuckin' swearwords to be really funny. This includes the long monologue of Mudbone—who is to Pryor what Dugo was to Wally Cox—from *Is It Something I Said?* and the less caricatured "Wino" from *Crazy*, which is not comparable as black history now but it will be when it's written. Also "Cocaine," about quitting it, a thoughtful inclusion, considering that the only bad hype this black man ever got came when his alleged preference for the drug threatened to shorten his career.



STEVE LACY AND MICHAEL SMITH: *Sidelines* (Improvising Artists 37.38.47)

Steve Lacy is undoubtedly the father of the modern soprano saxophone. So strong, and so original, he can record repeatedly in a solo context without becoming didactic. Here, he is featured in tandem with pianist Michael Smith. They play separately, and in the best jazz tradition their separateness does not exclude them from working together. One might think that these two instruments would be ponderous, but they flow effortlessly, without further instrumentation, into a warm, and often witty montage.

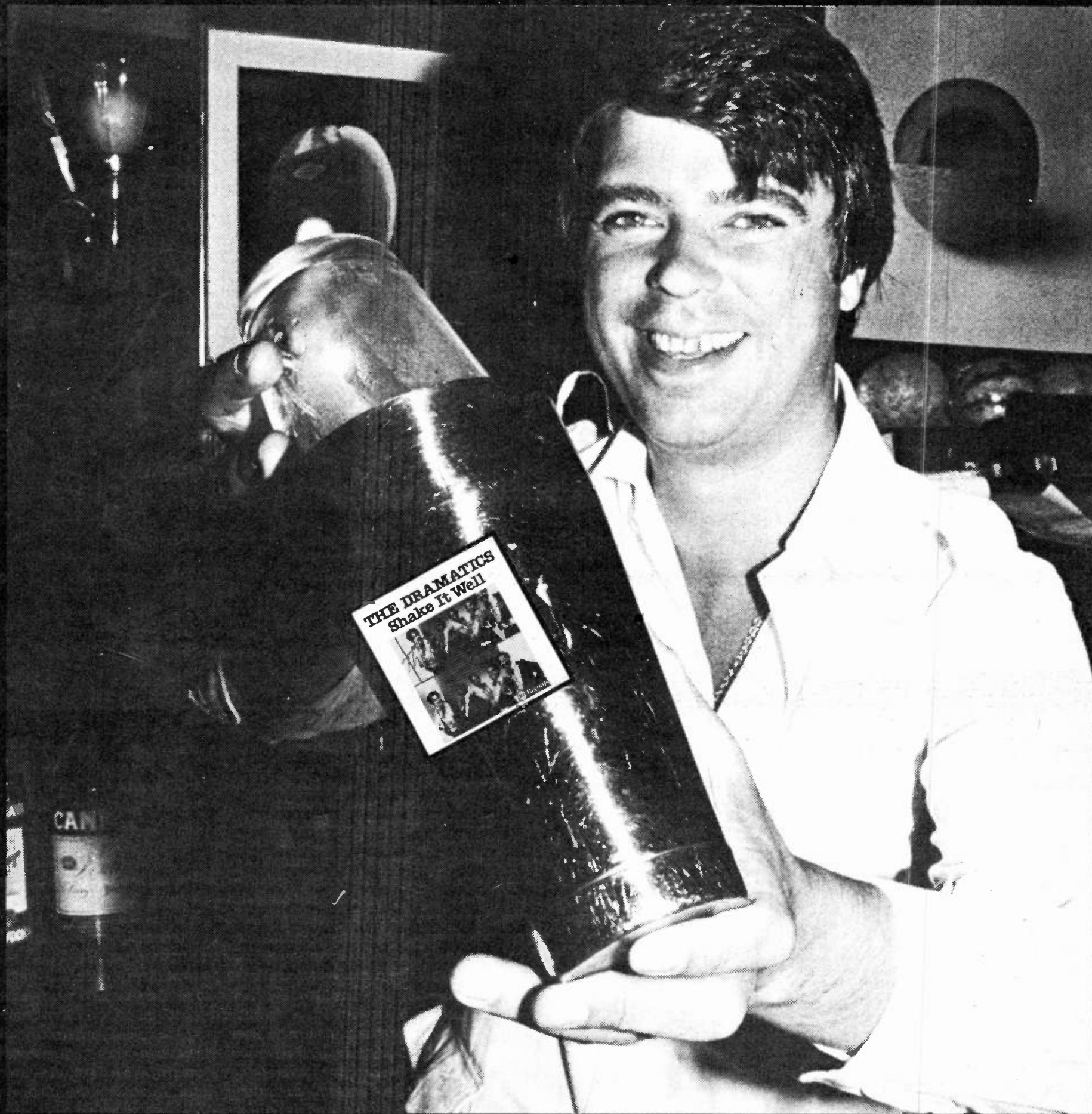


DAVE MATTHEW'S BIG BAND: *Night Flight* (Muse MR 5098)

I am not a big fan of big bands, but was attracted to this album by its constant motion and what passes for excitement these days. There is a lot of competent playing here, especially Dave Tofani on soprano and flute and Sam Brown on guitar, but the music never really takes off. Really good music should transport you, and while this may transport you, it reminds me of an exercise bicycle.



The Dramatics ***"SHAKE IT WELL"***



A Hot Summer Cooler from

abc Records

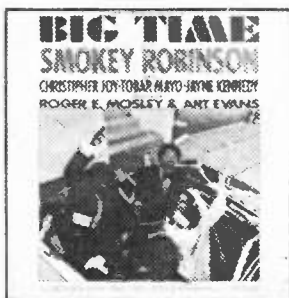
SILVER CONVENTION: *Golden Girls* (RCA Midson BKL 1-2296)

The front cover is so moody that you'd hardly recognize Penny McLean, Ramona Wolf and Rhonda Heath with their hair down on the flip side. But the flip side is the one to watch: a catchy well-edited "Voodoo Woman" will just seem glossy on the radio until the lyrics, personifying junk as female, begin to sink in. And "Wolfchild" is the first characterization in a black popular song since "Catfish," (the Four Tops), a cliché after "Lady Marmalade." My favorite group.



SMOKEY ROBINSON: *Big Time* Original Soundtrack (Motown T6-35551)

Kudos to the only songwriter who can make a line like "magna cum laude from street college" sound as though it was meant to rhyme.



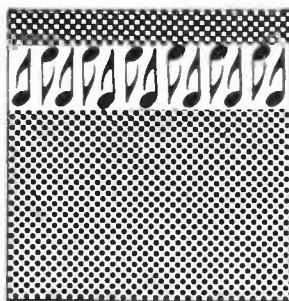
AL JARREAU: *Look to The Rainbow* (Live-recorded in Europe) Warner Bros. BZ3052)

The applause is deafening and the scatting somewhat more catchy. A handsome guy who sings about rainbows and love being better than skiing at Aspen makes for an easy listening summer. But during a heat wave, his only asset is his superiority over George Benson. Buy *Glow*.



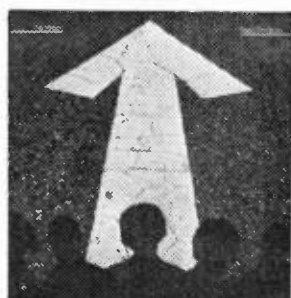
CANDI STATON: *Music Speaks Louder Than Words* (Warner Brothers BS3040)

This was to be the record that turned the world on to a female singer with guts. Some of us discovered her on last year's *Young Hearts Run Free* and some knew her from 1970 when she had a few hit singles. Producer and writer Dave Crawford has been replaced by producer Bob Monaco and writers ranging from Barry Gibb (Bee Gees) to George Clinton (Parliament); if you knew why "a good thing couldn't last," you'd probably be able to write a song about it that Staton could record too. Still, this is a charming record; one honest mistake (Freddie Fender's "Before the Next Teardrop Falls"), one filler (and a pun at that, "Cotton Candi") and a version of "Nights on Broadway" that this non-enthusiast can only call smokin'. All of which simply means that Staton's voice can carry a song when it has to and transforms most anything else.



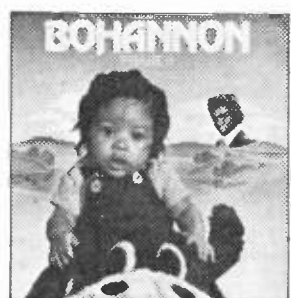
THE METERS: *New Directions* (Warner Brothers BS3042)

They've stopped calling out to each other in chicken language on albums full of classic New Orleans rhythms. But they've also got their first hit single in years, "Funkify Your Life," while including a song about wanting to be famous that can't make them look foolish, since they aren't. Now let's just hope they can give the Commodores a run for their money.



BOHANNON: *Phase II* (Mercury SRM-1-1159)

There's more to know about Bohannon than this record reveals—his production credits include "Fly, Robin, Fly" among many others. Does it suffice to say that Phase II is an album of pop piano mixed with an excessively low and heavy percussion track? And some not very memorable guitar noodling credited to Wah Wah Watson, who is just becoming the Papa John Creach of the jazz-rock set? Or to finally conclude that you could know very little about Bohannon but still like this?



EMOTIONS: *Rejoice* (Columbia 34762)

There are probably a lot of new records out which sound worse than Rejoice but there is absolutely nothing more predictable than a girl group produced by Maurice White. So if you like him, buy this, even if Deniece Williams has a better chance of breaking out of his sound shell simply because she's on her own and records her own material. As for the single, "Best of My Love," and its probable followup, "Love's What's Happenin'," well, count them as lucky. The first one is already sounding tinny, or is that just an excuse because I like the radio commercial (with each sister's voice spliced) better than the song itself?



JOE TEX: *Bumps and Bruises* (Epic PE34666)

This record invariably surprises everyone, even people who always thought he was good. Now that we do know, doesn't it seem fitting that he would come up with "Be Cool" (Willie is Dancing With a Sissy) if he wrote "Skinny Legs and All" ten years ago when soul music was supposed to be meaningful?



ASSALAM ALEIKOUM AFRICA: *Progressive and Popular Music of West Africa* (Island Antilles 7032)

This sampler can be appreciated on a hit-and-miss basis, like samplers released on domestic labels. *Looney Tunes* from Warner Brothers, for example, might include tracks from Emmylou Harris, Todd Rundgren and the Four Seasons on the same record. Except that AAA will sound rough and ready compared to the L.A. slick crew; though some of these African groups have been together since 1962, few have ever pressed note to wax. Includes things like "Ode to Hendrix." Look for this.



MIGHTY DIAMONDS: *Ice on Fire* (Virgin 34454)

At a warm outdoor evening concert last summer they came on like the stoned remains of the Miracles, and thought it wasn't very reggae, it was precocious. What's more, they pulled it off. Younger than other reggae groups whose names have become familiar in the States, the Mighty Diamonds can't compete with the professionalism and charisma of their countrymen. But this second album, with a terrific cover of Allen Toussaint's "Get Out of My Life Woman," is still worth having.



WAR: *Platinum Jazz* (United Artists BNLA-690-J2)

Listen and learn: "Cicso Kid" is not the last good song they wrote. "War Is Coming! War Is Coming!" could also become a favorite and, except for "L.A. Sunshine" a song which assumes that the sun there is better there than anywhere else, so could anything else here. This is news to a person who feared that a double-album summer release with jazz in the title could have been schtick. It isn't.



AL GREEN'S GREATEST HITS VOLUME II: (Hi London SHL32105)

Buy this for "Take Me To the River" if you don't already own *Explores Your Mind*, and definitely buy it before London sells Al Green to Cream Records in Los Angeles two albums from now. As it is, London won't spend a penny promoting his tours and you have to see this Reverend to believe how his hips shake.



CHRIS STAMEY: *Summer Sun* (Ork 81982, \$1.50 from Ork Records, PO Box 159, Cooper Station, NY 10003)

Remember the EP by Sneakers I raved about in my columns last summer? This is their main man, who has gone into the studio with producer Alex Chilton (former mainspring of the Box Tops and Big Star). Chris and Alex played all the instrumentals on this delightful disc, combining Syd Barrett (early Pink Floyd), Beach Boys and Beatles influences for what is by far the best summer single of '77.

SHOTGUN: *Mutha Funk* (ABC AB 12292)

Whew! Shotgun come out roaring, riding herd on a heavy rock riff with horns and synthesizers blazing, into some of the hardest funk you'll ever want to hear. Putting on this record is like firing a Howitzer. Sheesh.

AL GREEN: *Love and Happiness* (Hi SM-2324)

180 degrees from "Shotgun" is the latest from this "Memphis sound" man. Loping bass, chunky organ and slaps of the high hat cushion Al's typically understated crooning.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND: *Please Don't Say Goodbye* (MCA 40751)

These boys from Birmingham (England, that is) purvey a sort of mutation of the San Francisco sound for the 70s: a solid beat and almost off-handedly ballsy axe-work provide a foundation for Gibbons's Marty Balin-esque delivery of a tune reminiscent of early Airplane.

IGGY POP/JAMES

WILLIAMSON: *I Got a Right* (Siamese PM-001, inquiries to Philippe Mogane, 2301 Roscomare Rd., Bel Air, CA 90024)

This previously unreleased Stooges cut shows them for what they were—the prototype for many of today's New Wave punks. Iggy serves up a driving, defiant power-chord punch that makes current garage bands pale by comparison.

WING AND A PRAYER FIFE AND DRUM CORPS:

I'm Popeye the Sailor Man (Wing and a Prayer HS 105)

Can Olive Oyl do the Bump? Max Fleisher meets Silver Convention, replete with "sexy" moans of "Oh, Popeye" and a funky fife solo. Check this out on strong acid and yer brain'll melt before you can say "Shiver me timbers."

MINK DE VILLE: *Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl* (Capitol 44461)

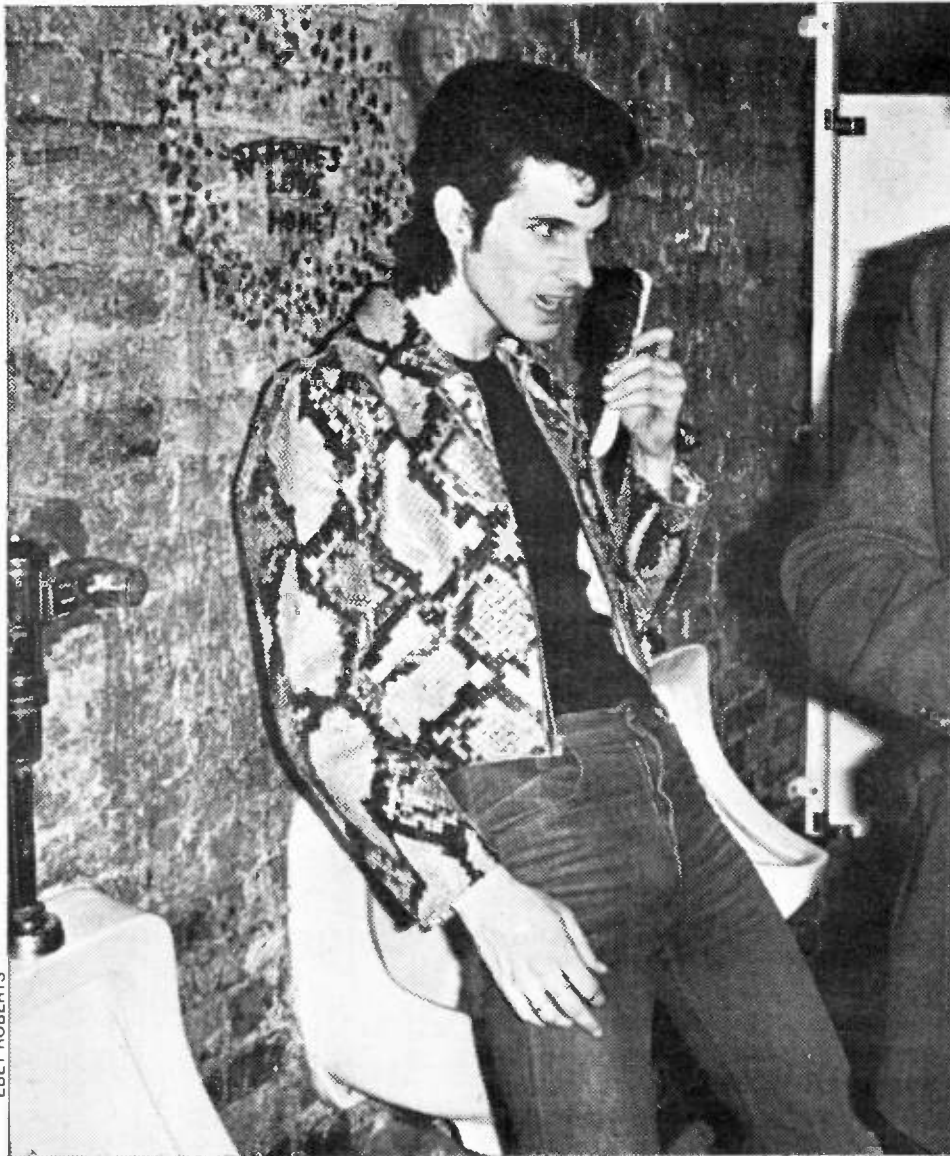
Nope, not the Patti and the Emblems tune from 1964, but rather the tender side of this usually raunchy bunch of R&B rockers. Sounds kinda like some of Van Morrison's more laid-back moments. Smooth backing vocals by the Immortals contrast Willy De Ville's leather-lunged lament.

DAVID BOWIE: *Be My Wife* (RCA 11017)

This selection from *Low* rocks along with cockeyed guitars, bizarrely indifferent vocals, and syncopated sections that sound like Syd Barrett going funky.

THE POP!

Down on the Boulevard (EP) (Back Door Man BDM-5001, \$1.50)



Toilet Training: Willie DeVille at rehearsals...

ROKY ERICKSON: *Bermuda* (Rhino RNOR-003, \$2.50 from Rhino Records, 1716 Westwood Ave., LA, CA 90024)

The leader of the semi-legendary psychedelic punks from Texas, the 13th Floor Elevators, resurfaces here with the story of the Bermuda Triangle and, on the flip, bolstered by twin leads and "Sweet Jane" chords, rocks supremely in pursuit of "The Interpreter."

PILOT: *Get Up and Go* (Arista AS 259)

Alan Parsons' favorite session men turn in yet another "nice" record, like most of the singles they've put out since they clicked with "Magic"—"nice" cutesy, fey vocals, "nice" melody, "nice" guitar—but like the rest, it lacks the "get up and go" that "Magic" had.

from Gregg Turner, 4857 Beeman Ave., No. Hollywood, CA 91607)

Along with the other do-it-yourself records in this column this EP puts most of the industry "product" reviewed here to shame. Superlative, in a late Raspberries vein with *better* vocals—and on the flip you get a pounding Kinks cover ("I Need You") and another fine original. *This is Rock 'n' Roll!*

LITTLE RIVER BAND:

Help Is on the Way (Harvest 4428)

A thumping beat carries the sweet guitar and sweeter harmonies of these Aussies, whose "Long Way There" only had the momentum to edge into the top 30. Will this more forceful arrangement march them all the way to the top?

QUEEN: *Long Away* (Elektra E-45412)

Freddie Mercury steps out of the spotlight as axe-man Brian May turns in an understated (for Queen) lead vocal in this pretty and dignified tune with folk overtones, illuminated by Brian's resonant twelve-string and silky electric six-string.

RAY GODFREY: *I'm The Other Half of You* (EV 255)

Forget the boring A-side. Turn it over for a lively remake of the Marvelettes hit, "Come and Get These Memories," faithful to the pre-LA Motown sound in its production—and geez, Ray's voice is as high as the original lead Marvelette.

10 CC: *Good Morning Judge* (Mercury 73943)

Just as I thought these boys was goin' down the drain with their commercially viable, artistically worthless MOR, they put out this effervescently-bound mixture of tongue in cheek lyrics and electrified country blues slide licks. Quite like it, but no commercial potential.

DETECTIVE: *Recognition* (SS 70114)

This number saunters by like a hooker on a hot night: slow, sultry and tough as nails. Nice harmonies and Jeff Beck-ish solo. Not much chance as a single, but by far their best LP track.

HALL & OATES: *It's Uncanny* (Atlantic 3397)

Easygoing Philly soul, their trademark vocal interplay and a neat double lead guitar signature riff dressing up an otherwise pedestrian tune.

APRIL WINE: *You Won't Dance With Me* (London 5N-255)

Gorgeous Everly Brothers harmonies are the bright spot of this synthetic "oldie," a change of pace for these Canadian rock 'n' rollers. A bit lacking in dynamics.

THE FANS: *Ekstasis* (Blue Beam BB-1001, inquiries to Alfredo Villar, 478 Sinclair Avenue NE, Atlanta, GA 30307)

This unusual bunch (from the south, of all places) taps into the quirky musical lode usually mined by such as Roxy Music, Eno, early Soft Machine and some of the German bands. The double B-side includes a remake of the Tornados' '62 hit "Telstar" with an Aryan-rock slant.

IMPORT SINGLES

BEE GEES: *Edge of the Universe* (RSO RS 880)

A merely pleasant tune is burdened with grandiose lyrics and gurgling synthesizers—not to mention the distracting crowd noises on this track from the band's double live set.

CADO BELLE: *Got to Love* (Anchor AN-21007)

The very best soul music to come out of the UK seems to emanate from Scotland, first the Average White Band and now Cado Belle who sound like AWB, but fresher. Maggie Reilly's voice fairly sparkles, set off by Gavin Hodgson's gem of a guitar solo.

GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE: *Southern California* (Epic 8-50418)

Weepy steel guitar intros this scenario of break-up over the lure of LA for Tammy vs. the Nashville roots of ol' George. "Silver screens and limousines," says she. Fast food tacos and big blond jockos, says I. Oh well.

TANYA TUCKER: *You Are So Beautiful* (Columbia 3-10577)

When she says "You're everything I hope for, everything I need," my knees turn to jelly and my mouth goes dry. Helluva lot prettier than Joe Cocker, too.

UFO: *Too Hot to Handle* (Chrysalis CHS 2157)

Bang! Zoom! This UFO sets its ray guns on Stun, churning out some of the catchiest hard rock you're likely to hear. Smokin'!

BRENDON: *Rock Me* (Ariola America 7666)

Written by ABBA's Bjorn & Benny, this tune produced by Jonathan King is missing the charm and pizzazz of an ABBA record. It doesn't rock—it plops.

CHI-LITES: *My First Mistake* (Mercury 73934)

These Chicago soul balladeers take a more up-tempo tack as they stylishly document the pitfalls of romance.

HOT CHOCOLATE: *So You Win Again* (Big Tree BT 16096)

The band that gave us "Emma" and "You Sexy Thing" forsake their sassy soul-rock sound for a more faceless approach, consequently mangling a song by rocker Russ Ballard (ex-Argent). But as I write this it is firmly esconced atop the British charts and looks to do well here.

SEX PISTOLS:

God Save the Queen

(Virgin VS181);

Pretty Vacant (Virgin 184)

If you want to find out why these guys are at the top of the punk pile, give these sides a listen. Far and away the cream of the British new wave, their slashing guitar attack makes many so-called "pro" hard-rockers seem like wimpy "wankers." As for Johnny Rotten's voice—imagine a young Ian Hunter coming down from a

particularly nasty speed trip.

"Queen" is a vicious attack on the vacuous, hypocritical "patriotism" of a people whose economy is on the rocks and whose politics is a sham. "No future for you," shout the Pistols. "Pretty Vacant" is a bitterly prideful description of themselves. "Queen" is the better of the two, and won't be on their album.

GENESIS: *Spot the Pigeon* (EP) (Charisma GEN 001)

These amusing out-takes from

the *Wind and Wuthering* sessions include "Inside and Out," half of which is an exhilarating instrumental romp; "Pigeons," a commentary on our fine feathered friends ("Who put 50 tons of shit on the Foreign Office roof?"); and "Match of the Day," about attending English football matches, coalescing at the refrain, in which the ref is cussed out, into the most striking hook Genesis has ever employed.

Jim Green

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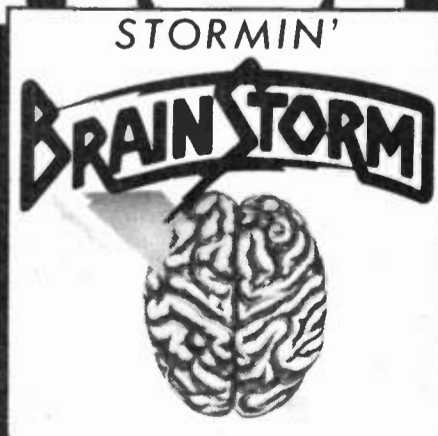
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"Lovin' Is Really My Game"
and
"This Must Be Heaven."

ROCK HOT 40

ALBUMS

- **1 CSN** CROSBY, STILLS & NASH (Atlantic SD 19104)
- 2 SUPERMAN** BARBRA STREISAND (Columbia JC 34830)
- **3 JT** JAMES TAYLOR (Columbia JC 34811)
- 4 RUMOURS** FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros. BSK 3010)
- 5 I'M IN YOU** PETER FRAMPTON (A&M 4704)
- **6 LOVE GUN** KISS (Casablanca NBLP 7057)
- 7 LIVE** BARRY MANILOW (Arista AL 8500)
- **8 STAR WARS/SOUNDTRACK** (20th Century 2T 541)
- 9 BOOK OF DREAMS** STEVE MILLER BAND (Capitol SO 11630)
- 10 REJOICE** EMOTIONS (Columbia PC 34762)
- **11 GOING FOR THE ONE** YES (Atlantic SD 19106)
- 12 COMMODORES** (Motown M7-884R1)
- 13 HERE AT LAST... LIVE** BEE GEES (RSO RS-23901)
- 14 CAT SCRATCH FEVER** TED NUGENT (Epic PE 34700)
- 15 CHANGES IN LATITUDES-CHANGES IN ATTITUDES** JIMMY BUFFET (ABC AB 990)
- 16 LITTLE QUEEN** HEART (Portrait/CBS JR 34799)
- 17 SHAUN CASSIDY** (Warner/Curb BS 3067)
- 18 FOREIGNER** (Atlantic SD 18215)
- 19 OL' WAYLON** WAYLON JENNINGS (RCA APL 1-2317)
- 20 FLOATERS** (ABC AB 1030)
- **21 EXODUS** BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS (Island ILPS 9498)
- 22 ANYTIME... ANYWHERE** RITA COOLIDGE (A&M SP 4616)



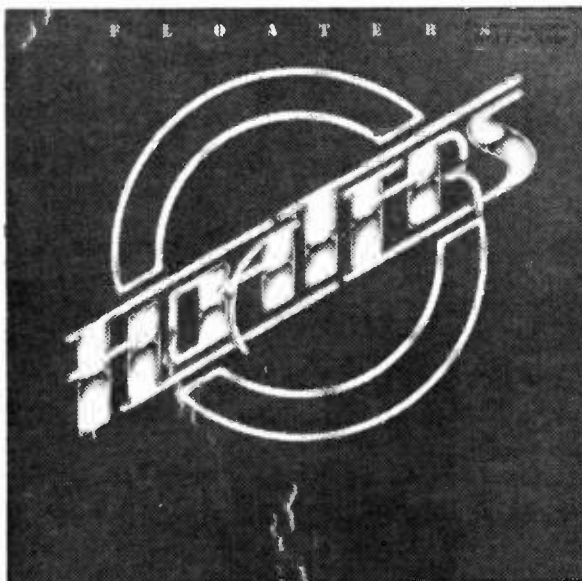
James Taylor: back at #3 with a bullet

- **23 MOODY BLUE** ELVIS PRESLEY (RCA APL 1-2428)
- **24 IT'S A GAME** BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista AB 7004)
- **25 STEVE WINWOOD** (Island ILPS 9494)
- 26 A PLACE IN THE SUN** PABLO CRUISE (A&M SP 4625)
- 27 NETHER LANDS** DAN FOGELBERG (Full Moon/Epic PE 34105)
- 28 EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS** SUPERTRAMP (A&M SP 4634)
- 29 AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS** NEIL YOUNG (Repulse MSK 2261)
- 30 I ROBOT** ALAN PARSONS PROJECT (Arista AB 7002)
- **31 PLATINUM JAZZ** WAR (Blue Note BN-LA690-J2)
- 32 IZITSO** CAT STEVENS (A&M SP 4702)
- 33 SIMPLE THINGS** CAROLE KING (Capitol SMAS 11667)
- 34 RIGHT ON TIME** BROTHERS JOHNSON (A&M SP 4644)
- **35 BENNY & US** AVERAGE WHITE BAND & BEN E. KING (Atlantic SD 19105)
- 36 MARVIN GAYE LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM** (Tamla T7-352R2)
- 37 FREE AS THE WIND** CRUSADERS (ABC/Blue Thumb BT 6029)
- 38 GO FOR YOUR GUNS** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck PZ 34432)
- **39 THE GRAND ILLUSION** STYX (A&M SP 4637)
- 40 MAKING A GOOD THING BETTER** OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN (MCA 2280)

SOUL HOT 40

ALBUMS

- **1 FLOATERS** (ABC AB 1030)
- **2 PLATINUM JAZZ** WAR (Blue Note BN-LA690-J2)
- 3 COMMODORES** (Motown M7-884R1)
- **4 BENNY & US** AVERAGE WHITE BAND & BEN E. KING (Atlantic SD 19105)
- 5 REJOICE** EMOTIONS (Columbia PC 34762)
- 6 RIGHT ON TIME** BROTHERS JOHNSON (A&M SP 4644)
- 7 GO FOR YOUR GUNS** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck PZ 34432)
- 8 A REAL MOTHER FOR YA** JOHNNY "GUITAR" WATSON
- **9 ENCHANTMENT** (Roadshow RS-LA682-G)
- 10 SLAVE** (Cotillion SD 9914)
- 11 MAZE FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLY** (Capitol ST 11607)
- 12 LIFELINE** ROY AYERS UBIQUITY (Polydor PD-1-6108)
- 13 EXODUS** BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS (Island ILPS 9498)
- 14 TRAVELIN AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT** O'JAYS (Phil. Intl. PZ 34684)
- 15 FREE AS THE WIND** CRUSADERS (ABC/Blue Thumb BT 6029)
- **16 LET'S CLEAN UP THE GHETTO** PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL ALL-STARS (Phil. Intl. JZ 34659)
- 17 MARVIN GAYE LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM** (Tamla T7 352R2)
- 18 TEDDY PENDERGRASS** (Phil. Intl. PZ 34290)
- 19 DEVIL'S GUN** C.J. & CO. (Westbound)
- 20 TURN THIS MUTHA OUT** IDRIS MUHAMMAD (Kudu 34)



Still Floating at #1

- **21 OPEN UP YOUR LOVE** WHISPERS (Soul Train BLV1-2270)
- **22 STORMIN'** BRAINSTORM (Tabu BQ11-2048)
- **23 LIVE!** LONNIE LISTON SMITH (RCA APL 1-2433)
- **24 SOMETHING TO LOVE** LTD (A&M SP 4646)
- 25 CHOOSING YOU** LENNY WILLIAMS (ABC AB 1023)
- 26 LOOK TO THE RAINBOW** (AL JARREAU LIVE IN EUROPE) (Warner Bros. 2BZ 3052)
- 27 UNMISTAKABLY LOU** LOU RAWLS (Phil. Intl. PZ 34488)
- 28 SWEET PASSION** ARETHA FRANKLIN (Atlantic SD 19109)
- 29 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE** STEVIE WONDER (Tamla T13-340C2)
- 30 TOO HOT TO HANDLE** HEATWAVE (Epic PE 34761)
- 31 PARLIAMENT LIVE** P. FUNK TOUR (Casablanca NBLP 7053)
- **32 DOROTHY MOORE** (Malaco 6353)
- **33 SHOTGUN** (ABC AB 979)
- 34 FINGER PAINTINGS** EARL KLUGH (Blue Note BN-LA737H)
- 35 CARDIAC ARREST** CAMEO (Chocolate City CCLP 2003)
- 36 I REMEMBER YESTERDAY** DONNA SUMMER (Casablanca NBLP 7056)
- 37 CERRONE'S PARADISE** CERRONE (Cotillion SD 9917)
- 38 IT FEELS SO GOOD** MANHATTANS (Columbia PC 34450)
- 39 FRIENDS & STRANGERS** RONNIE LAWS (Blue Note BN-LA730-H)
- 40 ANGEL** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury SRM-1-3701)

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ROCK HOT 40

SINGLES

- **1 BEST OF MY LOVE** EMOTIONS (Columbia 3-10544)
- **2 I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING** ANDY GIBB (RSO 872)
- **3 I'M IN YOU** PETER FRAMPTON (A&M 1941)
- **4 HIGHER AND HIGHER** RITA COOLIDGE (A&M 1922)
- **5 DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE** PETER McCANN (20th Century 2335)
- **6 EASY** COMMODORES (Motown 1418)
- **7 WATCHA GONNA DO?** PABO CRUISE (A&M 1920)
- **8 JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO** CROSBY, STILLS & NASH (Atlantic 3401)
- **9 YOU MAKE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC** BAY CITY ROLLERS (Arista 0256)
- **10 HANDY MAN** JAMES TAYLOR (Columbia 3-10557)
- **11 MY HEART BELONGS TO ME** BARBRA STREISAND (Columbia 3-10555)
- **12 DA DOO RON RON** SHAUN CASSIDY (Warner/Curb 8365)
- **13 YOU AND ME** ALICE COOPER (Warner Bros. 8349)
- **14 DON'T STOP** FLEETWOOD MAC (Warner Bros. 8413)
- **15 BARRACUDA** HEART (Portrait/CBS 6-70004)
- **16 TELEPHONE MAN** MERI WILSON (GRT 127)
- **17 GIVE A LITTLE BIT** SUPERTRAMP (A&M 1938)
- **18 UNDERCOVER ANGEL** ALAN O'DAY (Pacific 001)
- **19 TELEPHONE LINE** ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA (United Artists/Jet 100)
- **20 HOW MUCH LOVE** LEO SAYER (Warner Bros. 8319)
- **21 BLACK BETTY** RAM JAM (Epic 8-50357)



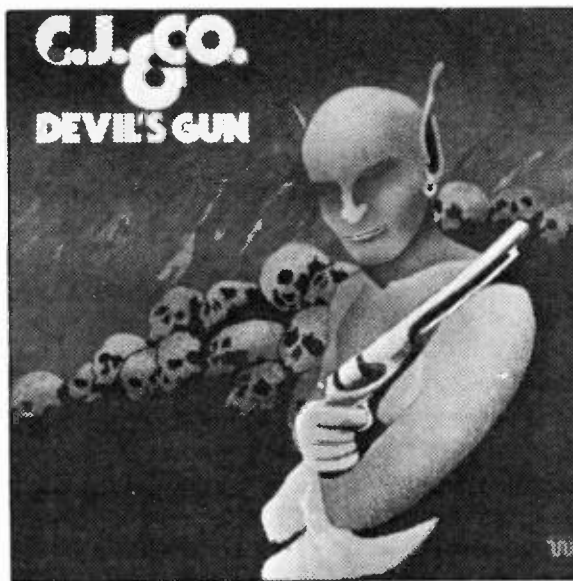
Emotions: Best of the Bunch

- **22 SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE** SANFORD-TOWNSEND (Warner Bros. 8370)
- **23 STRAWBERRY LETTER 23** BROTHERS JOHNSON (A&M 1949)
- **24 WAY DOWN** ELVIS PRESLEY (RCA 10998)
- **25 FLOAT ON** FLOATERS (ABC 12284)
- **26 SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC** JOHNNY RIVERS (Big Tree 16094)
- **27 ON AND ON** STEPHEN BISHOP (ABC 12260)
- **28 CHRISTINE SIXTEEN** KISS (Casablanca 889)
- **29 COLD AS ICE** FOREIGNER (Atlantic 3410)
- **30 SLIDE** SLAVE (Columbia 44218)
- **31 ROCK AND ROLL NEVER FORGETS** BOB SEGER (Capitol 4449)
- **32 STAR WARS (MAIN TITLE)** (20th Century 2345)
- **33 DON'T WORRY BABY** B.J. THOMAS (MCA 40735)
- **34 IT'S A CRAZY WORLD** MAC McANALLY (Ariola America 7665)
- **35 SUNFLOWER** GLEN CAMPBELL (Capitol 4445)
- **36 SO YOU WIN AGAIN** HOT CHOCOLATE (Big Tree 16096)
- **37 HARD ROCK CAFE** CAROLE KING (Capitol 4455)
- **38 L.A. SUNSHINE** WAR (Blue Note 1009)
- **39 EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE** BEE GEES (RSO 880)
- **40 THAT'S ROCK AND ROLL** SHAUN CASSIDY (Warner/Curb 8423)

SOUL HOT 40

SINGLES

- **1 FLOAT ON** FLOATERS (ABC 12284)
- **2 STRAWBERRY LETTER 23** BROTHERS JOHNSON (A&M 1949)
- **3 DEVIL'S GUN** C.J. & CO. (Westbound 55400)
- **4 L.A. SUNSHINE** WAR (Blue Note 1009)
- **5 LET'S CLEAN UP THE GHETTO** PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL ALL-STARS (Phil. Int. 3627)
- **6 BEST OF MY LOVE** EMOTIONS (Columbia 3-10544)
- **7 I BELIEVE YOU** DOROTHY MOORE (Malaco 1042)
- **8 WORK ON ME** O'JAYS (Phil. Int. 3631)
- **9 SLIDE** SLAVE (Cotillion 44218)
- **10 SUNSHINE** ENCHANTMENT (Roadshow 991)
- **11 LIVIN' IN THE LIFE** ISLEY BROTHERS (T-Neck 2267)
- **12 EASY** COMMODORES (Motown 1418)
- **13 O-H-I-O** OHIO PLAYERS (Mercury 73932)
- **14 MAKE IT WITH YOU** WHISPERS (Soul Train 10996)
- **15 THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL** GEORGE BENSON (Arista 0251)
- **16 PARTY LIGHTS** NATALIE COLE (Capitol 4439)
- **17 NIGHTS ON BROADWAY** CANDI STATON (Warner Bros. 8387)
- **18 SOUL OF A MAN** BOBBY BLAND (ABC 12280)
- **19 VITAMIN U** SMOKEY ROBINSON (Tamla 54284)
- **20 A REAL MOTH FOR YA** JOHNNY "GUITAR WATSON" (DJM 1024)
- **21 CAN'T STAY AWAY** BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND (Warner Bros. 8403)



Devil's Gun: Shot in at #3

- **22 GET IT UP** BEN E. KING & AWB (Atlantic 3402)
- **23 LOVE IS SO GOOD WHEN YOU'RE STEALING IT** Z.Z. HILL (Columbia 3-10552)
- **24 BOOGIE NIGHTS** HEAT WAVE (Epic 8-50370)
- **25 SEE YOU WHEN I GET THERE** LOU RAWLS (Phil. Int. 3623)
- **26 EXODUS** BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS (Island 089)
- **27 GOODNIGHT MY LOVE (Pleasant Dreams)** TAVARES (Capitol 4453)
- **28 WE NEVER DANCED TO A LOVE SONG** MANHATTANS (Columbia 3-10586)
- **29 I CAN MAKE IT BETTER** PEABO BRYSON (Bullet 03)
- **30 LOVING IS REALLY MY GAME** BRAINSTORM (Tabu 10961)
- **31 GETAWAY** SALSOUL ORCHESTRA (Salsoul 2038)
- **32 KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE** K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (TK 1023)
- **33 I DON'T WANNA GO** MOMENTS (Stang 5073)
- **34 I NEED LOVE** PERSUADERS (Calla 3006)
- **35 CAN'T GET ALONG** IMPRESSIONS (Cotillion 44222)
- **36 STOMPED, BEAT UP & WHOOPED** GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION (Warner Bros. 8417)
- **37 SINCE I FELL FOR YOU/I'M FALLING IN LOVE** HODGES, JAMES & SMITH (London 256)
- **38 I LIKE THE FEELING** LUTHER INGRAM (Koko 725)
- **39 TURN THIS MUTHA OUT** IDRIS MUHAMMAD (Kudu 940)
- **40 NOWHERE TO RUN (PT. 1)** DYNAMIC SUPERIORS (Motown 1419)

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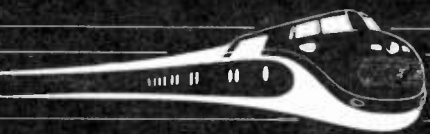
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