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Christmas
Stocking

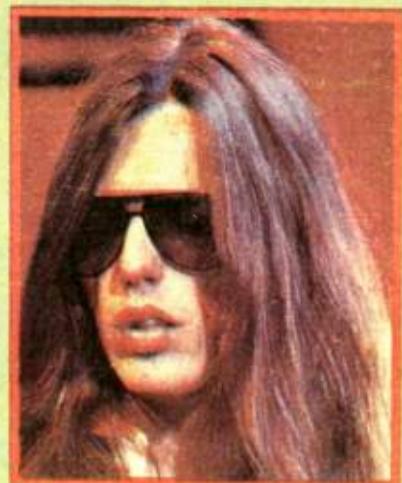


the music magazine

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THIN LIZZY'S SCOTT GORHAM:

**“Some people think that
since we've made it we're
slacking off. There's
no way we're Thin Lazy”**



December 1977

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**the gig
interview**

**PETE
TOWNSHEND**

**Survival as
an Art Form**

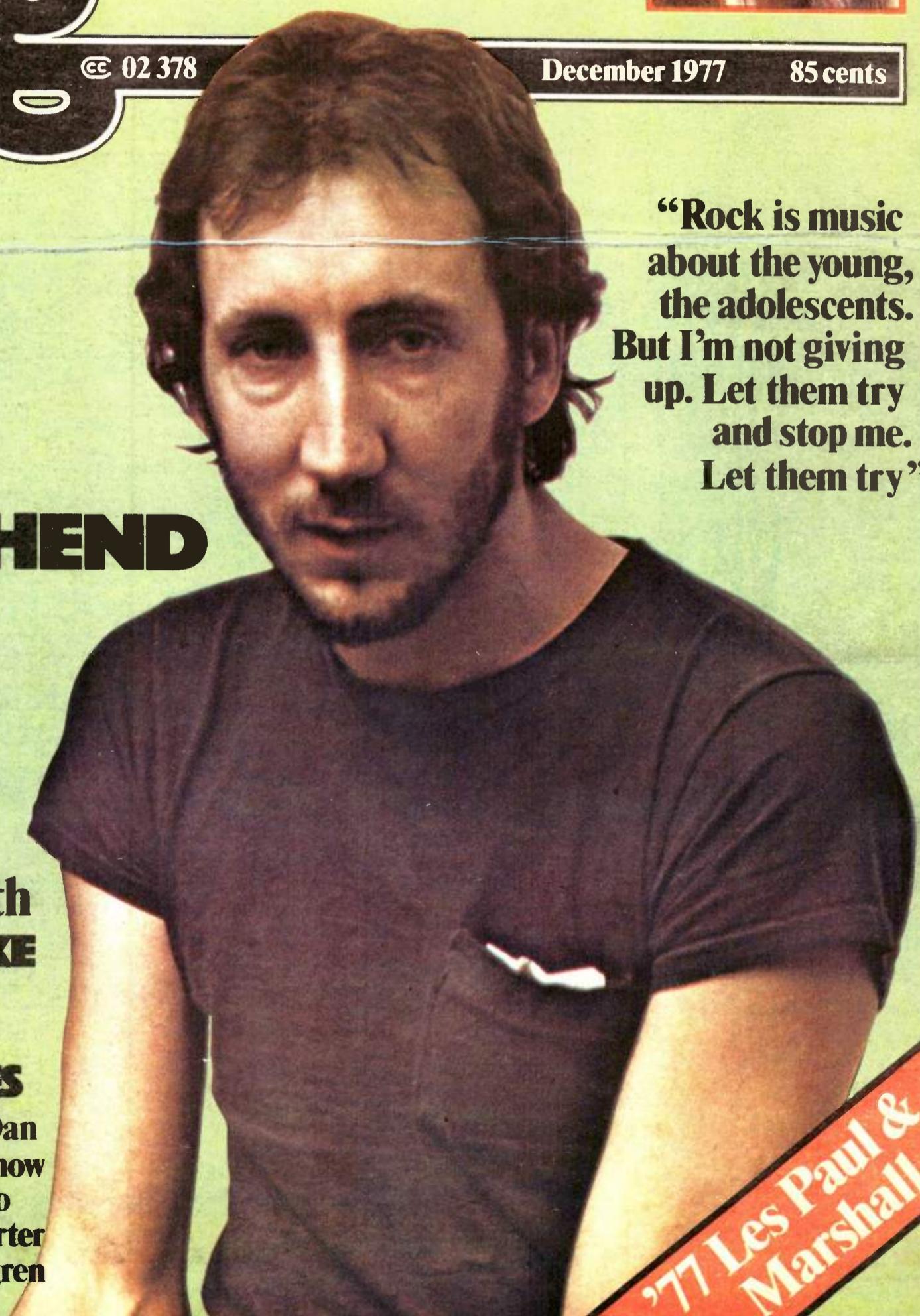
GEILS

**On the road with
BE BOP DELUXE**

NEW RELEASES

Robin Trower • Steely Dan
Diana Ross • Phoebe Snow
Love Unlimited • Ringo
Elvis Costello • Ron Carter
Grace Jones • Nils Lofgren

**“Rock is music
about the young,
the adolescents.
But I'm not giving
up. Let them try
and stop me.
Let them try”**



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|----------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------------|---|
| YESTERDAY | SOMETHING | MICHELLE | THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD |
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| I NEED YOU | IF I FELL | YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THAT GIRL | NORWEGIAN WOOD (THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN) |
| GIRL | I'LL BE BACK | EVERY LITTLE THING | YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE YOUR LOVE AWAY |
| IN MY LIFE | TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE | FOR NO ONE | I WILL |
| WORDS OF LOVE | YES IT IS | SHE'S LEAVING HOME | P.S. I LOVE YOU |
| HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE | | | |

25 OF THEIR MOST FAMOUS AND ROMANTIC SONGS
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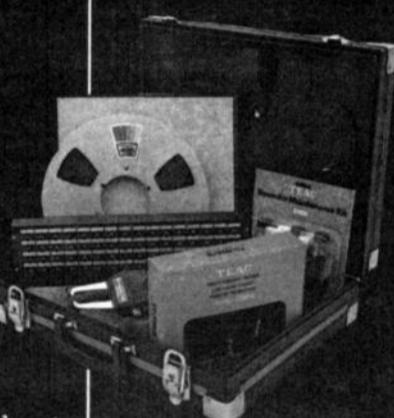
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ája

STEELY DAN

On  Records
and GRT Tapes



the music magazine

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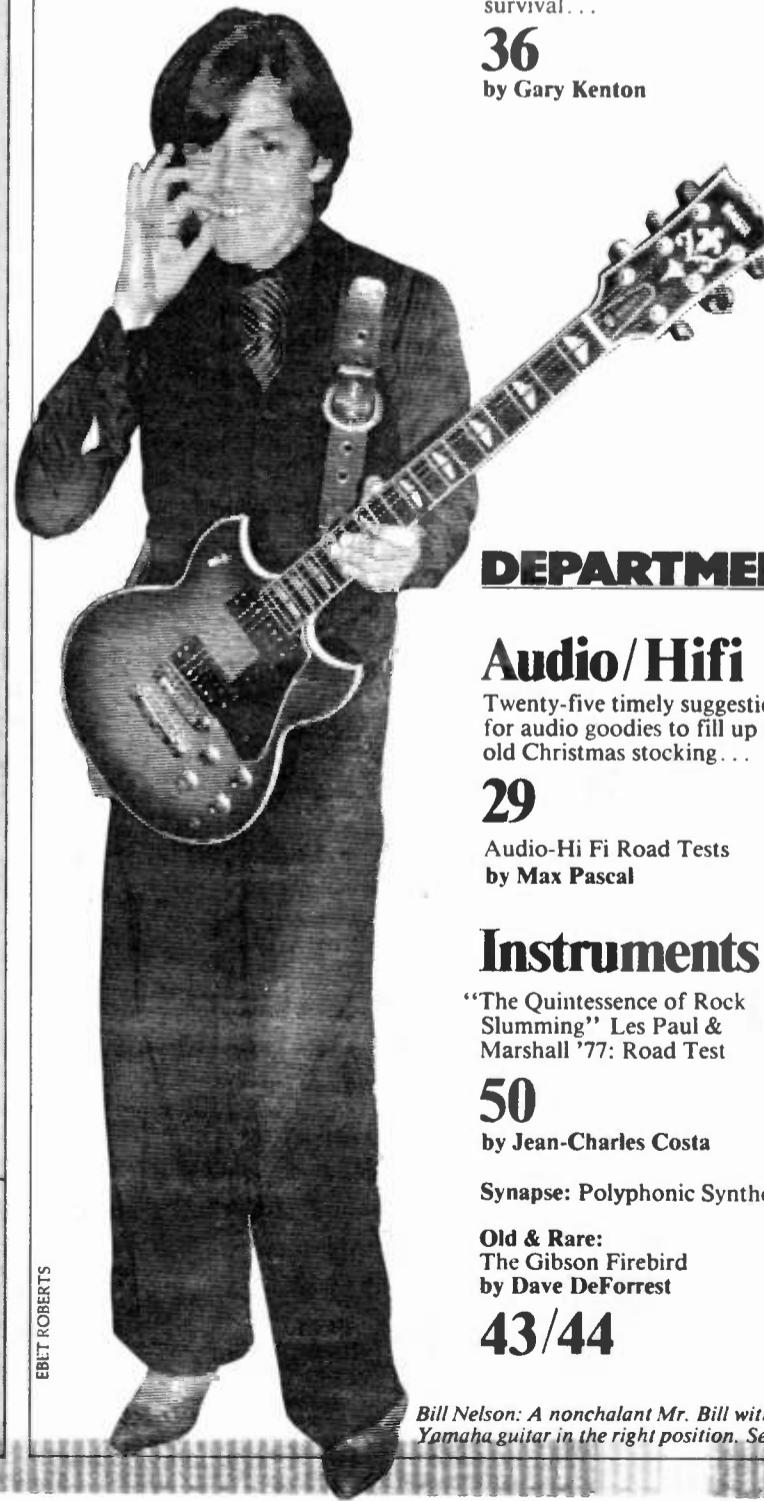
The Godfather of British Punk, Pete Townshend, hails the dawn of the "age of the Boring Old Farts" in this exclusive interview from London. The wizened veteran of mega-watt wars also talks about *Rough Mix*, Daltry and his album, Punks (again!) and grandiose projects for the Who...

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This month spotlights Steely Dan's *Aja*, the latest by Robin Trower (remember him?) and Steve Hillage; along with a passel o' critical appraisals of your latest Rock, Soul & Jazz faves by Ken Tucker, Georgia Christgau, Jim Green and Richard Weitzer...it all starts on page



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Bill Nelson: A nonchalant Mr. Bill with new Yamaha guitar in the right position. See page 33.

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The Extra Price of Fame



AARON MORLEY

Peter Frampton and his famed girlfriend **Penny McCall** have been on-again, off-again so many times they might as well be having their romance in a revolving door. When Penny's on duty at home, she mans the phones and if a girl calls she slams down the phone, no questions asked.

Could he still want those incoming calls? When Penny's on the outs does Peter give his phone number to every aspiring young lady? We don't believe rumors, either.

Tales from the West

Los Angeles: We've never heard **Alice Cooper** so morose. Maybe it's because he'd just lost a considerable amount of money betting on the Dodgers to beat the Yankees in the World Series. "I don't want the IRS to know the amount," he moaned from L.A., "so don't say how much I lost. Just say it was anywhere from \$10 to \$5,000."

"Los Angeles isn't a baseball town," he said sadly. "There's no spirit here. The only person who has any spirit is **Bernie Taupin**. He bought season tickets and dragged me into betting on the Dodgers with him. We both lost."

Alice was in New York for the **Elton John** party and the opening of the World Series at Yankee

Stadium, but after the Yanks won the first game, he skipped the party and went back to his hotel room to throw up. That's a real fan.

Also from the coast we hear that **Brian Wilson**, still as reclusive and eccentric as ever, shaved off the right side of his bushy brown beard in observance of autumn. □

LENNON STAYS IN JAPAN

Courtesy Yoko

Last summer the tax man sent **John Lennon** continent-hopping to avoid the big tax bite. With his new green card firmly in hand, Lennon quietly took off for Japan for what he estimated would be a four to six month stay. By mid-September, however, Lennon was calling friends in the States to say he was thinking about not returning at all—that rock and roll was over for him and he preferred to be a good daddy to his son **Shaun** and bring the boy up in Japan.

What got into John? **Yoko Ono**. As soon as they took off for Japan, Yoko brushed aside his battery of lawyers and managers and took over his career herself—for the second time as Lennon fans may well remember. Lennon, however, man-



MARC ROSENTHAL

aged to escape Yoko long enough to emerge in New York briefly to celebrate the birthday he shares with his son. On October 8th Lennon turned 36, Shaun two. □



Foster Gets Confused

Young Foster Sylver of the singing and dancing Sylver family wasn't surprised when he went to Le Restaurant in Los Angeles and was given **Michael Jackson's** reservation by mistake, but he was quite confused when the Maitre D' at Mr. Chow's gave him **Donnie Osmond's** table.

Cher
on Greg:
"He's a really weak man."

QUOTES OF THE MONTH

Greg
on Cher:
"I never really loved her."

SHAUN CASSIDY

"HIGH RISK"

Why is poor **Shaun Cassidy** made to suffer like this? **Shaun Cassidy** has been singled out as a high risk, that's what the California State Motor Vehicle Bureau labeled him last month and he hasn't even driven his car into a swimming pool (or run over his chauffeur as **Keith Moon** once did). It seems that **Shaun's** smash ABC TV series "The Hardy Boys" and the number one single "Da Doo Ron Ron" have earned him enough money to buy his own Beverly Hills bachelor pad and a black Mercedes 450 SL with a sun roof. The only problem is that so many people reportedly get so excited when they spot **Shaun** driving around Los Angeles they forget where they're going and drive right into him.

Shaun's quote of the month: "People have a lot of expectations about me when they meet me. Stupid is a very big one. People say, 'How can you let yourself be exploited like this?' But who's doing the exploiting here? *Me*. You think that's stupid?" □

DYLAN'S MOVIE: The Further Adventures of Reynaldo and Clara

If **Bob Dylan** has his druthers, his forthcoming film *Reynaldo & Clara* will run for a full four hours, not the two hours and 45 minutes most of the press is mentioning. Hunches are Bob (could he be Reynaldo?) and his estranged wife **Sara** (or is it Clara?) disagree about how much of her should be left in the final cut. He says all; she says none. Whatever, *R&C* will bind spells anyhow. Not just another series of lengthy close-ups of Dylan's dentals nor the over-exposed life upon the wicked stage of the Rolling Thunder road show, *Reynaldo & Clara* features the likes of **Ronnie Blakely, Joan Baez, Harry Dean Stanton, Sam Shepherd, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, David Blue** (or is it **Cohen?**), **Mick Ronson** and—oh, yes—**Sara Dylan** in strong acting roles.

There is some Rolling Thunder music, but the mesmerizing segments are sustained chains of flashing Dylanesque images wrought, written, staged and directed by the Mystery Tramp himself.

Cutting is in the capable hands of **Howard Alk**, who made the suppressed film *Eat The Document* with Dylan ten years ago and also did the *Janis* documentary. And, after learning what a huge slice the major film companies would take, distribution is being handled by Bob's mucho together younger brother **David Zimmerman**. Consult your local listings for *Reynaldo & Clara, A Bob Dylan Production* coming your way soon. Well, sooner or later anyway.

P.S.: Dylan pals **Jack Nicholson, Jane Fonda** and **Martin Scorsese**, who've been privileged with a screening, give it four stars.



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM GRAHAM

MUSICAL CHAIRS?

Another humdinger at Studio 54 was thrown by budding movie producer **Jon Peters** to announce the New York shooting of his *Eyes* film starring **Faye Dunaway**. Dame Rumor had it that Jon-boy might have same—eyes, get it?—for his stunning leading lady and that's why his real life leading lady **Barbra** you-know-who showed up at the party, stood in the doorway and smiled and shook hands with every single guest that came in including lovely Faysie who 'lowed as how everybody is just "good friends." Except she and her group lead singer hubby **Peter Wolf**, that is. While the couple take a cooler to see if they can "work things out," Peter and the

Jon and Barbra and Peter and Faye and...

Geils gang celebrated their 10th anniversary with a cake-cutting champagne-sloshing backstage bash after a sell-out concert at NY's Palladium theatre. (see **Geils**, page 36)

LILY TOMLIN



Waits for the Stars

When Arista Records signed **Lily Tomlin** for the live album of her one-woman show last spring they thought they'd be able to rush the record right out. Then **Lily's** astrologist told her not to release the album 'till October. Arista Record's president **Clive Davis**, a reasonable man, offered **Lily** consultations with three astrologists whose predictions differed, but **Lily** refused to change her mind. The record, "On Stage", was finally released the first week of October.

Olivia

"Either he could manage me or live with me. One or



the other, but not both. So he stopped managing," said **Olivia Newton-John** of her heart-throb **Lee Kramer**. An ex-shoe manufacturer from London, 27-year-old Kramer managed **Olivia** until their break-up last spring. Despite rumors linking her to **John Travolta** during the filming of "Grease" ("He's a really nice kid and sometimes we have pizza together"), says **Livvy**, she's back with Kramer. They took off for **Rio De Janeiro** together to celebrate her 29th birthday (or 30th, depending on who you believe). If it sounds romantic you should know she also took along her hairstylist, **Arthur Jones** and her make-up artist, **Connie Ortega**. □

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BREAKDOWN

THE NEW SINGLE

52006

TOM PETTY

THE HEARTBREAKERS



FROM THE ALBUM



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Screaming Jay Hawkins



STILL SCREAMING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

New York — The voice booms across the room like a foghorn.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to CBGB's. I want you to sit tight, don't bite, everything's gonna be all right tonight! I'm gonna reach into your chest and mess with your emotions so put your mind in neutral. I am gonna have you walkin' sideways because I am gonna put a spell on you!!!"

Maybe the crowd has heard one of the nineteen recorded versions of the classic "I Put A Spell On You," but one look at the imposing figure with the voodoo walking stick on stage tonight will tell you that this is the real magilla. Screaming Jay Hawkins is screamin'! If his old-style cannibalistic rock and roll approach seems a bit out of place at the usually punk-oriented club, the audience sure doesn't show it. Past hits like, "Feast of the Mau Mau," "She Put The Whammy On Me," "Alligator Wine" and "Strange" are received with a hero's welcome and "I Put A Spell On You" tears the place apart. An old friend has returned.

A lot of people don't realize just how old Screaming Jay is. "I Put A Spell On You" was on Hawkins' first album and was released in 1952. Twenty-five years later, Screaming Jay is releasing his thirty-sixth album (on Versatile Records this month), but in Hawkins' case, his age is well-hidden by the fire in his voice.

At his apartment on Manhattan's west side, he has saved all the cover versions of "I Put A Spell On You" since he scored with it. Manfred Mann was first to follow Hawkins' footsteps. Others include Alan Price, Arthur Brown, Creedence Clearwater Revival (their first hit), Audience, Johnny Thunder, the Trackers, etc. . . . Needless to say, the royalties have been substantial.

"Mine sold two million when it first came out," Hawkins remembers, "and then they banned it

and it sold another quarter million." It's now at three and a half mil, and Hawkins muses, "I wish they would ban every record I make."

The FCC will get another chance as an updated version of "I Put A Spell On You" adorns his

new album. By the way, Screaming Jay will be on the Johnny Carson Show in December singing his anthem. The Johnny Carson Show??

"California don't know what's coming their way!" he roars.

Amen, brother. □

Ramones Take on the Big Bird



Christmas in Belfast? Why not? The fearless Ramones will do it. After shaking claws (anything to promote a record) with San Diego's radio KGB mascot "The Big Bird" the boys made plans to board an even larger and certainly noisier one—namely an infamous British Airways Concorde. "But we love it," quoth Johnny Ramone. "We all, including our manager

Danny Fields, used to live right under the flight path of JFK Airport. I'm just sorry we aren't there now to hear the Concorde's daily landings and take-offs." But not to worry. The Ramones have booked on a big C for their whirlwind U.K. tour in December.

It'll be Dublin, Cork, the aforementioned Belfast, a bang-up New Year's Eve concert in London and back home on Concorde. "The world's loudest plane and the world's loudest group—we sort of figured they deserve each other," says Danny. □

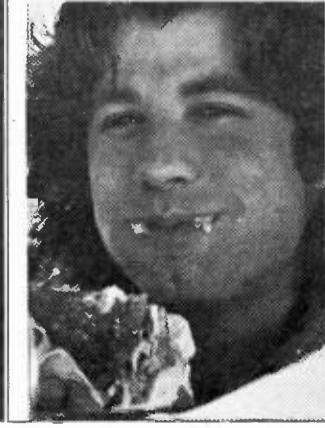


Odd Lots

Henry "Don't call me Fonzie" Winkler picked Kansas hit single "Carry On Wayward Son" to be played over the fade-out credits of his movie *Heroes*, co-starring Sally "Don't

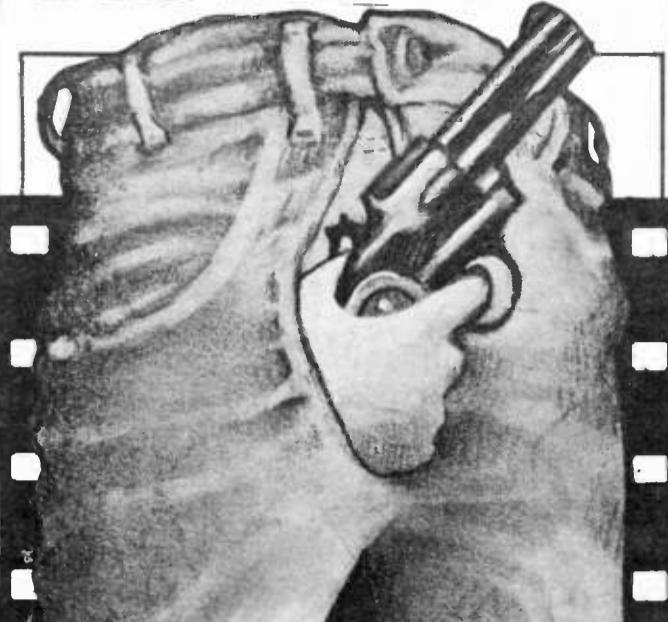


call me The Flying Nun" Fields... Super-producer Robert (Love Story, both Godfathers, Marathon Man, etc.) Evans wants Nashville super-groupie Shelley Duvall for the role of Olive Oyl in his movie musical Popeye. That's right. You don't have to read it twice. It's true... Eagles' Desperadoes will be turned into a screenplay... Columbia Records' Marlene Shaw sings the "theme" song *Don't Ask To Stay Until Tomorrow* for Diane Keaton's blockbuster chiller *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*... And John Travolta, who'll leave his sweat hog image shattered in the dust after a sensational performance in *Saturday Night Fever*, has become more than "just good friends" with his beautiful *Grease* co-star Olivia Newton-John. On the outs with her mentor Lee Kramer, Olivia took to John without a backward glance. Don't it jes' break your heart. □



SEX PISTOLS MOVIE

"Full of blood and guts"



LONDON — According to Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren, a film of the band is being readied for world-wide release early next year.

"We are in the process of making a film hoping to sustain all the energy we created nine months ago," McLaren stated, "and without playing to people by doing live work, we hope the film can fulfill everybody's demands of the band at one time. We hope that will give everybody a good bashing because they've really tried to bury us here regarding live appearances.

"The film is a fictional film and has a story line. It has the Sex Pistols playing as well as fighting, fucking and everything else. It will be in America hopefully next spring—it's a 90-minute full-length feature directed by Russ Meyer. We are in the process of concluding the film deal which goes with our

American recording deal. It's to be distributed hopefully by Columbia Pictures, who will be the major and only investor in the whole project."

McLaren has set his standards high: "It's probably going to be the greatest rock and roll picture since 'Blackboard Jungle.' It'll be an anti-success rock and roll picture and full of blood and guts. It's not a Beatles-type, the band do not end up nor begin as stars. They fight that all the way through." □

HOLLYWOOD ROCKS



For over ten years Hollywood has been searching for that legendary script about the rock and roll business that will sum up the whole medium in two hours of screen time, but the movie moguls just couldn't seem to find one that hit the spot. Now that rock business entrepreneurs have moved into movies themselves the dam has broken. Music culture mavens will be both delighted and horrified to learn that Hollywood will finally deify, glamorize, plagiarize and otherwise inundate the public with more rock movies than you would want to think about.

The Eagles' manager, Irving Azoff, is about to go into production on a film called *FM*, about a free-form progressive radio station that is taken over by a large entertainment conglomerate. You can also look for "The Brill Building," a story about

the birth of the modern rock business in the 1950's and the building on Broadway it all happened in. Next comes *Hot Wax*, the life story of disc jockey Allen Freed, and not far behind is a film produced by ex-America manager John Hartman about a weekend with a rock group making a come-back.

The latest rock movie in the works is still a secret. It's a deal with Warner Brother's Pictures pacted by Rod Stewart's manager Billy Gaff for a film about the leaders of two rival rock bands, one played by Rod and the other by his good buddy, Elton John.

The Return of Wild Man Fischer

by Richard Cromelin

Larry Fisher, who doesn't want to be called "Wildman" anymore, would have done anything to be a big rock star. His own peculiar method was to approach people on the streets and say, "Wanna buy a song for a dime?" It wasn't a request so much as a demand. They were strange songs with a whimsical, nursery-rhyme quality, and once Larry had the dime he would bellow them at the customer at full strength. It could be a little scary. He was a fierce-looking fellow.

The closest he got to his goal was the double album he cut under the auspices of Frank Zappa, who ushered him into the Bizarre fold that included the GTO's and Alice Cooper. *An Eve-*

ning with Wildman Fischer is a classic document of idiosyncratic street art, but Larry apparently saw it as something bigger: he included on the jacket a scrawled diagram showing

himself outstripping the Beatles as the world's top rock act on the strength of the enclosed, a capella record.

Larry was crushed when it didn't happen. He's 32



SUZAN CARSON

now, and he still bemoans his bad luck, complains about being ripped off, wonders where he went wrong, and tries to believe that his current project—an album he's just finished

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The Play Pen

Youngest Martin mite, teener Ricci, continued the Dean Martin Nepotism Sweepstakes grab by serving up his first single record (on Epic) called *Moonbeams*. Ricci-poo wrote it himself and it was produced by none other than mighty Beachboy Carl Wilson. And his LP beached attracted heavyweight musical back-up from four Chicago, two Americas, one Wing and Dennis Wilson. So there...And speaking of nepotism, daughter of White Bucks makes some big green ones.

i.e., Debby Boone's smash slice of *Wonder Bread You Light Up My Life*. And now you can get the whole loaf in her Warner/Curb LP of-the-same-name produced by—you guessed it—Mike "Mr.-Middle-Of-The-Road" Curb himself. Though a Bi-ble school drop-out, Debby keeps

those hime ties tight and is backed-up on most of the albums' tunes by her siblings Cherr, Lindy and Laury with an occasional doo-ron-ron by another well-known blue-eyed blond, her buddy **Shaun Cassidy**, who has recently learned to count to over a million in platinum and gold. And that's another, so there.



Debby and Ricci: guess who has the hottest single?

recording for Los Angeles' small Rhino Records—will get something going again.

"Do you know what my grandfather said? He said, 'You might have made it if you never would have sang on the damn streetcorner. But it's too late now, you've ruined your reputation.' " We're visiting Larry at a friend's apartment on the east side of Hollywood. "That gives you a bad image, 'cause you can never be a big star like Elton John or something. You never get out of it. I'm not looking down on it, it's just that my family looks down on it. They look at me and go, 'What have you got? You blew the whole thing.' "

"I first met him in Canter's Restaurant around 1965. The guy who introduced him to me said, 'Larry, sing.' He started singing and I went, 'Unhh, nuuh.' I wasn't a producer back then so what I did was, I got Tom Wilson, who produced the first Mothers album, to bring Larry into a studio and he started screaming and smashing up everything in sight. I figured anybody that far out deserves to make a record."

—Frank Zappa

about how I wish my family would love me again. Let's put it this way: I messed up. How was Alice Cooper? Really sure of himself, huh?"

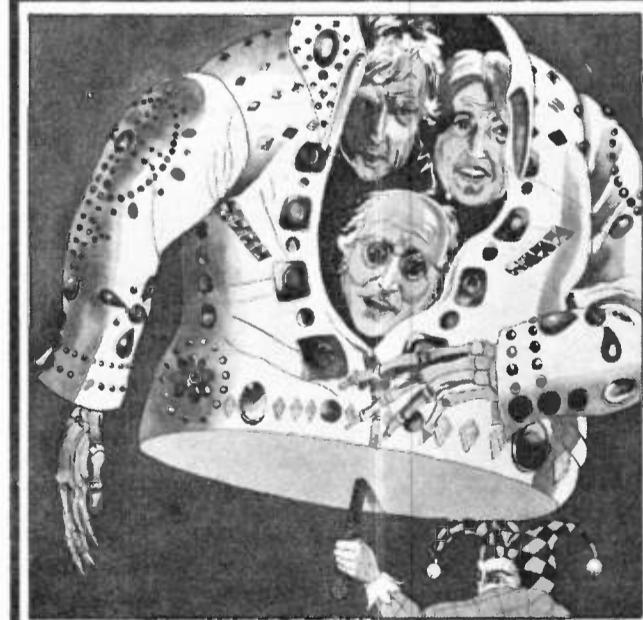
Quickly disposing of Alice, I ask him about his new songs, and Larry moves to a neutral corner of the room, positions himself stiffly over an imaginary guitar, and chants his new theme song with the solemnity of a priest at high Mass: "My name is Larry, my name is Larry/I have a brother, his name is Norman—Hi, Norman/My name is Larry... I have a

Those Jolly Japers from *NatLampo*
Hit the Road once more...

That's Not Funny, That's Sick!

New York — National Lampoon has done it again. Another road show to outdo everything they've done before in the realm of preying like vultures on the fragile rock and roll mind... It's called "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"

They should be hitting your town soon with a cast of up and coming new stars. Most of the material is unrecorded



with a few notable exceptions like the Baez bit from *Radio Dinner* which just happen to fit perfectly:

*Joan Baez is the name
I've a house by the sea
My songs come rolling in off Highway 1
Just because I can't be there
Doesn't mean that I don't care
So off the pigs for me
Pull the triggers niggers, we're with you all the way
Across the bay.*

That's funny, that's not sick.

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY WEIL

mother, I love my mother. —Hi, Mother/My name is Larry... I have a grandfather, his name is Grandpa —and so on. How about 'Merry Go Round'? You've heard that one haven't you?"

Larry returns to his chair and gets to business: "I would like an editorial, if that's possible. I just want you to write, 'To Larry's mother, to Larry's aunts, to Larry's uncles, Larry's grandfather, Larry's cousins: Larry's very good and accept him for what he is, and he's talented, and he may never be a big rock star, he's got talent, but he might not be as talented as he thought he was.' " He thinks it over, concluding: "I'm not as enthusiastic

"Finally they took him away to the funny farm and said, 'OK Larry, you can't go back and sing those songs anymore.' So he went back to school and everybody said, 'Larry, sing 'Oh Linda Oh Laurie.' " He did that one night on stage at a place called The Experience on Sunset Strip and I busted up. I cried I couldn't stand it. It was so sad. The guy was really serious and there was nothing he could do about it. He contemplated the fact that he was mad and looked straight in the face in the midst of a song. Ohh, it was like a Bergman movie right there on stage."

—Lowell George

as I used to be. I'd much rather maybe become an apartment manager, or a cab driver. I'm not that crazy about the music business. If I was more conventional about my music I might have had a better chance to make it. It wouldn't be as interesting, but I probably would be singing at the Dunes today. Is that stretching it a bit? Anyway, I'm interested enough to make another album, thinking maybe a miracle might happen.

"The music business is so cutthroat. I feel sorry for young groups that are real good. They'll more than likely be taken advantage of. Their dreams disappear real fast. In some ways I regret it and in some ways I don't. I had some fun times. I had my moment of glory. Like my uncle once told me, 'Hey, you probably would have done nothing, so one moment of glory is better than no moment of glory.' I had my moment of glory and then everything just fizzled. My uncle said he wouldn't want to be me for anything in the world. He called me and my brother Norman misfits of society. Degenerates. My family thinks I'm a little on the retarded side.

"You're lucky you never got into this business. I look at all the pressure these rock stars are under. It seems that all these rock singers seem to regret it after a while. It's hard enough to be happy in this world anyway, but being a big rock star is no way to do it. I bet you they're all



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depressed. I'll bet you Red Skelton and George Burns, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Fleetwood Mac, it just seems that it would be very hard on them. Maybe those people have their families sticking by them."

For Larry Fischer, the summer's brightest moments have come in the bleachers at Dodger Stadium, where he can

serenade a captive audience with ditties like, "Peanuts, peanuts, get your red hot peanuts/I'm sellin' peanuts for the Dodgers/You can't tell your players without your peanuts."

"If I had a chance to be something other than a rock star I'd like to be a baseball player," says Larry. "Wouldn't that be nice? One of the reasons I

go to Dodger Stadium is I get family love there. Listen to this, listen to this—family love! When I go there I can be around little kids, I see families having fun. In my youth I didn't have that. My father died when I was six, and my mother had to raise four kids. I used to be in special homes, 'cause I was slow. "It's fun at Dodger

Stadium when you've got a big crowd there, and I imagine myself being the big rock star I wanted to be. I go into a little fantasy-land there. To me it's like I can be a big star without going through all this bullshit. Kids like me a lot. I like singing to little kids more than anybody. Adults don't like me that well. The little kids imitate me, they all

start waving, and when I go, 'My name is Larry,' the little kids get all excited.

"Everybody else goes, 'Oh, it's Larry,' and they tease me. All the little kids go, 'Larry, Larry, Larry!' They sing my songs, I have fun with little kids. I make them real happy. Little kids are basically my biggest fans. Maybe that's a new audience for me."

FEEDBACK

Address correspondence to Feedback, Gig, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

Praising (Bruce)

I want to personally thank you for that great interview with ex-Cream bassist, Jack Bruce. I've long admired Jack Bruce, not only for his Cream music, but for his much underrated solo LPs. I have most of his works and find them to be most rewarding. Bruce is simply magnificent as a musician and I have the highest respect for him.

Thanks again for that wonderful article.

C.S.E. Chandler

The other day, walking down the Champs-Elysees in Paris, I stumbled across the September issue of "Gig," which featured an interview with Jack Bruce. Curious about what happened to him since his thing with Mick Taylor and Carla Bley fell through, I picked it up. The interview was magnificent—much to the credit of Steve Weitzman—who, unlike so many writers in Rolling Stone, Melody Maker, NME, etc., didn't use the article to manifest his own biases or

to sound witty or brilliant. He brought out the best in Bruce, letting him paint the picture and asking the questions that the reader wanted to read about the most. It's surprising, ney, sad that this is so seldom the case. Anyway, I went through the entire magazine and the articles were such good reading: the bands that the magazine focused on were the bands with talent and value; unlike the commercial trash that seems to have attracted (or bought?) the attention of most other

rock magazines.

Thanks for your time,
Osmen Eralp
Ambassade de Turquie
Paris, France

Blasting (Bruce)

Malamut:

In your sophomoric "review" of Linda Ronstadt's latest, you state in paragraph six (and I quote), "...Zevon's 'Poor Poor Little Me' pisses me off just because it makes the statement so succinctly."

Then, you turn right around in the very next paragraph and you say that J.D. Souther wrote the song. Now, anybody who can read—especially an "aficionado" like you—should know that Warren Zevon wrote it. Moreover, you have misinterpreted the song completely, but I suppose that is to be expected. We're getting accustomed to that. The most pathetic thing of all is that you didn't even get the title right. The song is called "Poor, Poor Pitiful Me." The title is printed on the album cover, on the album sleeve, and on the album label. The phrase "Poor, poor pitiful me" is repeated at least six times during the course of the record and I am fairly certain that Ms. Ronstadt does not have a speech impediment (and neither does Messr. Zevon during the daylight hours). Of course there is a lyric sheet with the record, but you guys never look at those do you? Poor, poor pitiful you, you moron. You typify rock journalism. Don Henley
Los Angeles, CA

Malamut Responds:

Henley:

Thanks for writing—*always a thrill to hear from a famous rock star. Your thoroughly trite criticism that I got the name of the tune wrong and part of its lyric is acknowledged. Unfortunately, to meet deadlines, sometimes rock writers have to review new albums before their release, off scratchy, mono cassette tapes with no info as to lyrics, players or writers—such was the case here. I recommend you take this problem up with your employers. Furthermore, if I typify rock journalism, then you're in bad shape pal, because I was just about the only east coast writer to strongly defend Hotel California, the Eagles' vision in general, and your vocals in particular (Gig, April '77).*

Bruce Malamut

New York

Hate Sucks?

I get the idea Lester Bangs was once a hippie (still is?) and naturally holds certain rock & roll values that will never change. "DISCO SUCKS!" is punk-rock's answer to a particular social situation. (Might I add the punks are not the only ones who'd quickly favor terror bombings of all area discos.)

Back to my point, which is my real fear that an admittedly prejudicial comment like Bangs' "...with music like that [disco] playing all the time, no wonder they have a fucked-up relationship," in reference to a black couples' arguing, is downright narrow and indeed, sickeningly racist. I'm no liberal spokesman

who will now precede to espouse Sixties racial values. Those have truly (and sadly) blown in the wind. However, I am always willing to allude one's music is indicative of one's life; also, how Bangs can revel in anti-electronic age raps while not admitting rock & roll could not exist in any other time in history but now and is seriously responsible for the creation of disco technology (Yes & Emerson, Lake & Palmer to name just a few) is another narrow view of the American Musical Progression.

Rock & roll sucks as much as disco, but did you ever see blacks and Puerto Ricans walking around with T-shirts stating such preference? No, only whites have the balls to be so fucking racist. As a matter of fact, blacks' openness to the White Rock (see Earth, Wind & Fire, the Isley Brothers and almost every major black group) by absorbing it into their music instead of racistly defying a good thing, is a significant racial achievement for America.

But whites are too uppity for that. They can't understand disco, so as usual, they choose to hate it.

At this point I openly show my disgust for white punks who make safety pins into symbols and ridiculous judgements about "no warmth or love in the music that assaults you..." Once again the writer is unable to effectively probe racial questions and instead uses hate as the vehicle to ride in on as if this were a KKK parade in Boston. Hate sucks, not disco.

Steve Bloom
10/10/77

(Mr. Bloom writes for the Soho Weekly News).

Lester Bangs replies: "I have remained too hard-headed to be either hippie or punk. But I do hold certain musical values which apply to rock 'n' roll, jazz or anything else. The basic one is that music, however electronically distorted, should come from the heart. Disco music comes out of machines or humans who have turned into them; it also comes out of soul, but it perverts soul by its anti-emotionalism. It's just cocaine crap; just ask any producer. You are as stupid as my punk friends who sneer 'Get that disco/nigger shit off' whenever I put on Otis Redding. As for racism, an awful lot of disco music is created by white people; what's more, your letter is indicative of the kind of white jerk (punk?) who will suck up to what he thinks is black culture in no matter how degraded a form. If you were funnier you might pass for Eric Burdon. As for hate, disco is hate: hatred of emotional possibility, and thereby the human race." ■



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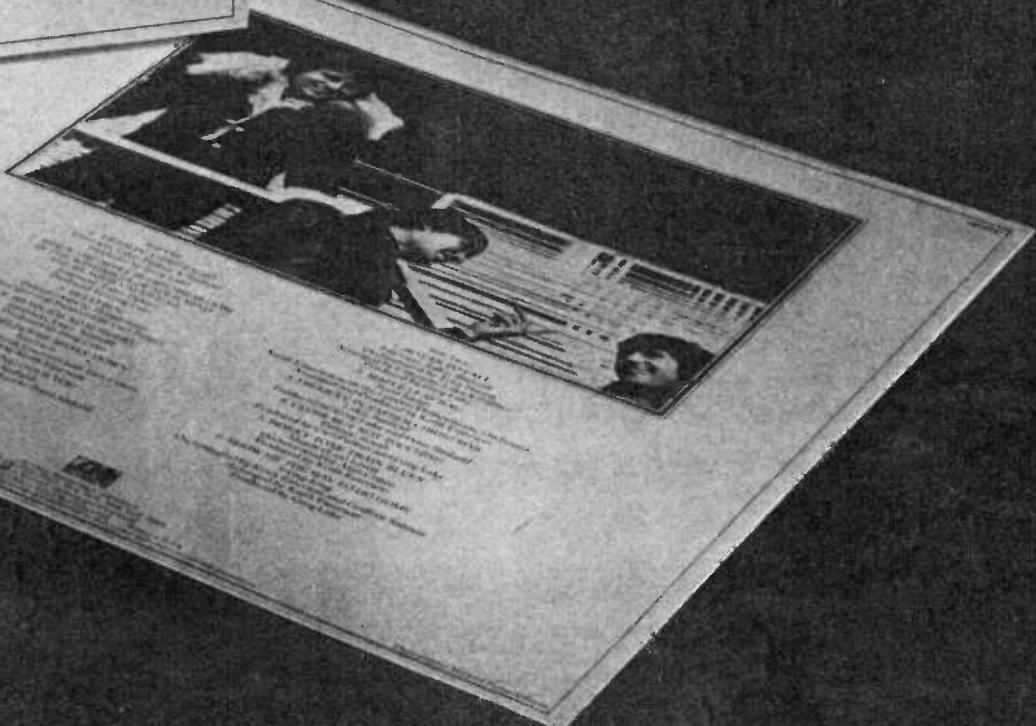
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Andy & Jonathan Paley

Andy Paley is one of Patti Smith's favorite pop poets ("can you hear the beat, beat, beat of my feet, feet, feet, on the street, street, street running to your window...") and keyboardists (on her European tour last year). But now the Paley Brothers, *frere* Jonathan joins in, have something of their own going, namely their pick hit, Spector-wall-of-sound single *Ecstasy* on Sire. Specializing in early 60s' brainless-but-from-the-heart foot-stompers, Andy and Jon's LP is being laid down in L.A. by Beach Boys' ace engineer Earle Mankey and, on the side, Andy is producing the *Shangri-Las* "come back" single. Don't laugh. The whole thing could happen

GIVE IT 90 AND A BULLET

all over again. Remember how much we all loved *American Bandstand's* "Rate The Record" slot?

Michael Jackson

ROYALTY FLUSHED

Effervescent Michael and the Jacksons wing-dinged it at Manhattan's "in" disco Studio 54, royally launching the Bros' *Goin' Places* LP and Michael's new film career. Picked by director Sidney Lumet to play the Scarecrow in the



movie of *The Wiz* MJ will also pen two songs for the flick, which stars—Diana Ross? "Well," mused Her Elegantness, amidst the flickering strobe lights, "the author never did mention how old Dorothy is in any of the Oz books." (No, he didn't, Diana—but did you ever see any of those early Dorothy illustrations? Definitely a pre-teen, m'dear.) Meanwhile, out on the dance floor having a belly-rubbing good time were super-celebs like Carolyn and assorted Kennedy clan kids, Paul Simon, Shelley Duvall, Patti Smith, Reggie Jackson, Michael "Hair" (and soon "Reggae") Butler, George George Benson, the Isley's, Aerosmith's Steve Tyler and Joe Perry, Roberta Flack and Stephanie Mills, who plays Dorothy in the Broadway Stage's *Wiz*. But where—oh, where—was Tatum O'Neal?

WELCOME TO the Zoo

Arista's aristocratic prez Clive Davis stoops to conquer at the signing of muppet Kermit The Frog (sitting on the arm of his creator Jim Henson) to a long-term recording contract. "Mahna Mahna" is his first single and the pact includes additional muppets Fozzie Bear, Dr. Teeth, Rowlf The Dog, Miss Piggy, The Great Gonzo and Sweet Scribbler, who is described as "a photo-journalist for a daily scandal sheet." (Hmmm) "But they are all back-up singers," Davis patiently explains, "The lead voice will be Kermit's. He's definitely a star." Sure, Clive.



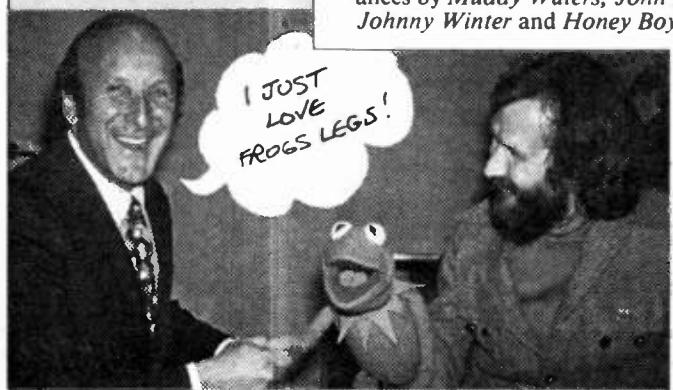
FOGHAT DIGGIN' ROOTS

Black, white and pink soul brothers wailed together at The Foghat Blues Tribute in New York late last September.

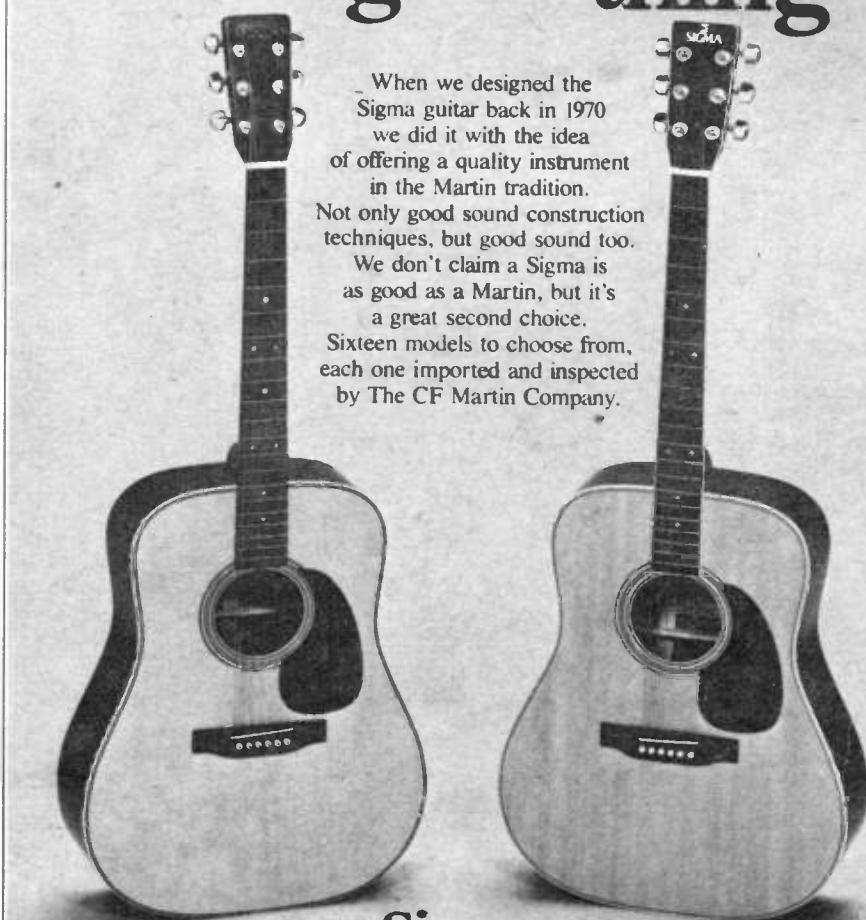
Acknowledging with action the debt of rock and roll to black blues roots the group's benefit concert included appearances by Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Paul Butterfield, Johnny Winter and Honey Boy Edwards, who used to hang out with the late roots great, Robert Johnson.

The proceeds of the concert were donated to the New York Public Library for the purpose of purchasing and preserving rare blues recordings, all of which will be kept at the Lincoln Center Music Library and cross-referenced at the Center For Research In Black Culture in Harlem.

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The VIDEOOT

THE ACTIVIST TV COLUMN

by Lester Bangs



Videot to Winterset: Burn, Baby, Burn!

It is the teens of October and I am sitting in my living room at 1:15 a.m. dressed in street clothes plus heavy sweater and lamb's hair coat with the collar turned up in back to hopefully make my neck more red or at least less blue. I am shivering from the cold partially because my landlord has not turned on the heat yet and partly because I don't eat anymore. What I do instead is watch TV. But it is probably not the TV you watch. Let me clarify. There's a new TV season on, wondering whether

CHiPs will be able to cop some of the buddy-buckling magic of *Starsky & Hutch*, there is *Soap* which reminds you that sex is still dirty even if the air is green, there are *The San Pedro Beach Bums* and *Big Hawaii*, which I refuse to watch because I feel that those Polynesian decadents (anybody west of Chicago is Polynesian) are shirking their responsibility towards the future of our civilization; there is as usual a whole lot of nothing. The coming of the new season means nothing to me in terms of shows, it makes itself felt most persuasively in terms of weather. (Coupon in *TV Guide* which could win me a brand new Camaro gearshift: "Would you watch a temperature in the 30s for the rest of your life, or at least as long as *Bonanza*?"

Winter (fall, schmall, same thing) means to me that every day when I wake up it will be at least semiwarm under the covers and intolerable outside, and since I don't have to work on a job the great temptation is to jump up quick as a bookmatch goes out in arctic wind, snap on the set and watch soap operas under the covers. Who gives a fuck about prime time or the new shows, same as the old shows, reruns of *The Odd Couple* are obviously better than *Barney Miller* besides which videotape is a dangerous drug to which the entire industry (and

thereby the nation) is becoming addicted.

Point being that the "new" season is a scam to keep us in consensual oppression: why the hell do you think they start all this new shit in the fall anyway, instead of spring or Lincoln's Birthday? Because they know when it starts to get cold we have no discrimination at all, and they are milking the last dregs of discrimination out of us, which is why I now call for all Videots to rise up in revolt and demand equal rights and justice, or at least reruns of *Johnny Staccato* and *Lotsa Luck* instead of this pap's pap. It's like, this guy Elvis Costello has a record called "Less than Zero" which is a hit over in England, well that's every new season, not just this one.

Case in point, *Gilligan's Island*: whatever you may think of its merits in comparison to Moliere, you must admit that each character on it was a total individual, a persona you will carry stamped in the comic strip strata of your lobes to your grave: Ginger, Marianne, the Professor (even!), Jim Backus and his wife—who possibly did more for senior citizens having pride in their sexuality than any earnest editorial—Gilligan the Cap—now just compare that with the cast of say *One Day at a Time*. Who are these people? What are they? I'll tell you what

and who they are: nothing(s). Even McKenzie Phillips, who I used to have the pedophilic hots for. The mother on that lousy show should by rights be sexy, but she's blander than Peter Frampton's cuticles. And all the other shows like this are the same: a sterile wilderness of bowdried, clearfaced interchangeable nonentities. Wonder Bread droids as uniform but reels (millions of 'em) less compelling than all those brooms that followed Mickey in *Fantasia*. A lot of faceless nothings rule the airwaves, and the way they try to cover it up is by smearing ethnic stereotypes all over the place, but I ask you: Do you care that Lenny is Jewish? Do you wonder about how Horshack's forebears fared at Ellis Island? Is Red Foxx any less a punching bag than Jackie Gleason? Of course not; there is more entertainment in a Life Savers commercial (thanx millions, Bo) and baby it's cold both inside and outside (cold as that bitch's frosted eyes in the Lip Quencher commercial, check what a robot she is), so let's huddle under the covers and watch the death of Western civilization concretized in these pathetic images of the human possibility that are the most suckdried lies.

Better yet, let's change the channel and watch John Garfield, who at least died in the saddle.

Me, at my table for one.

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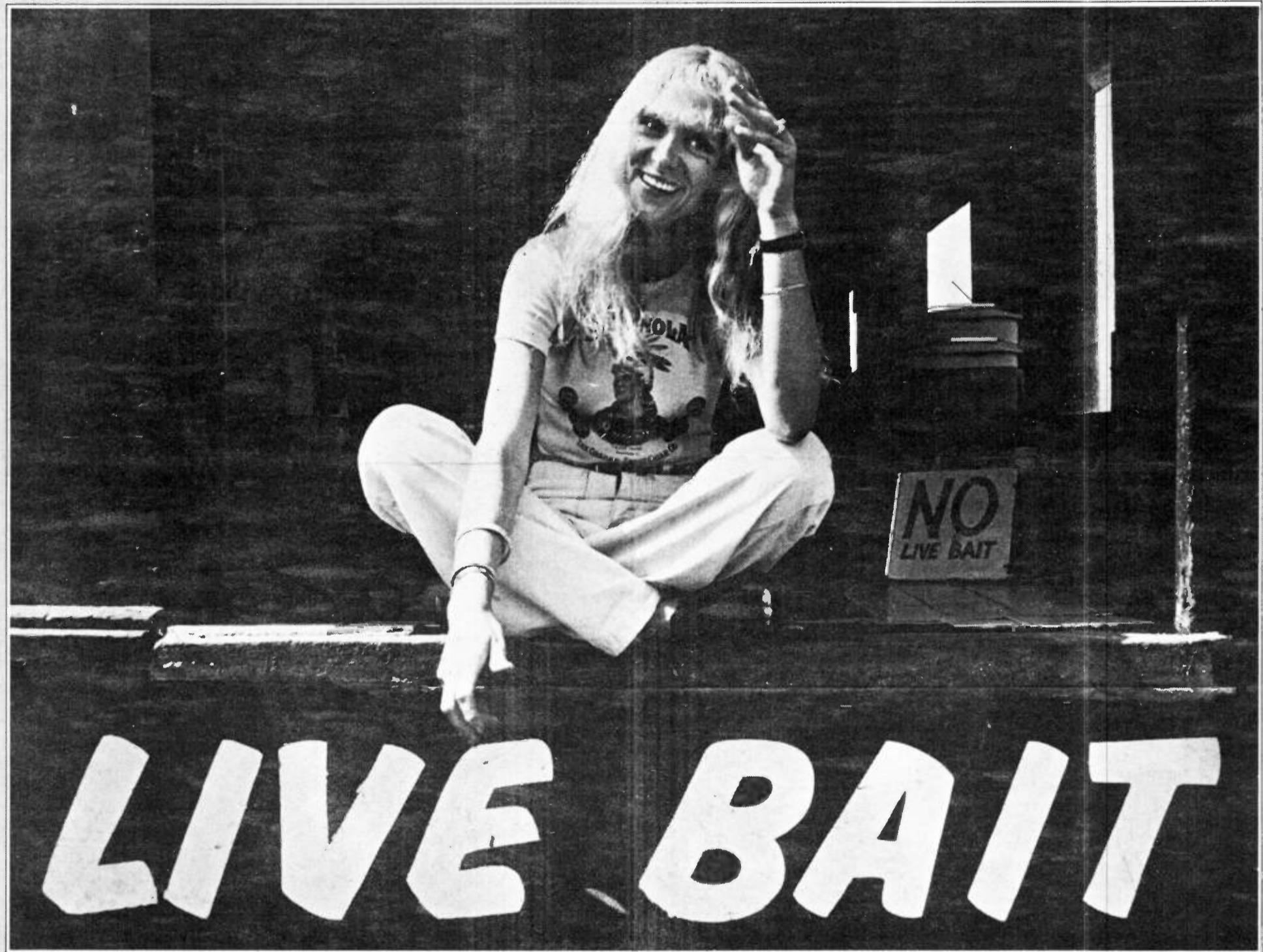
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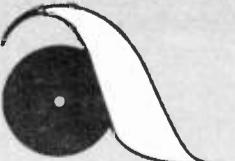
Anybody who wants a dead blond rat hermetically sealed in solution in a plastic bag should contact Mike Bone of Mercury Records: It seems that Mr. Bone bought 100 of the deceased creatures from a biological supply house to promote the new *Boontown Rats* album. He was even intending to spring them on unsuspecting members of the press via the U.S. Postal Service, but sales chief Jules Abramson got wind (phew!) of the idea and nixed it. The 100 little beauties are resting comfortably in a closet at Mercury and are available on a first come, first served basis. Go get 'em! (They're great with mayonnaise and whole wheat).



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Human Possibilities for Heavy Metal?



PHOTO FOR GIG BY LYNN GOLDSMITH

It's a modern day miracle that a few groups manage to take these same boring old hard rock-cum-heavy metal licks and reshuffle them into seemingly new and interesting combinations. They inject life into a form that some are convinced went out with the first Led Zeppelin album, and has long since lost much importance. Still, miracle workers like Kiss, UFO, Sweet, Sammy Hagar and a few others can convince us that it doesn't matter which riffs you cop—or how many—but how dynamically you assemble them.

To be honest, Piper's debut of a few months back wasn't *that* much better than the glut of recycled heavy riffs that flood the market every month. But at least it wasn't crammed with endless "wanking" guitar solos. "To us the medium is a good hook," explained leader Billy Squier who, incidentally, plays 3/4ths of the recorded guitar solos. "We don't want it to give way to mindless meandering. The band was not constructed—even with three guitars—so that we could play more guitar. We can play all that stuff, and we're bored with it. We'd rather try to do more songs and more musical situations." Still, despite head starts like having a distinctively styled lead voice and hyper-melodic songs—both courtesy of Squier—the record suffered from knee-jerk execution and routine arrangements.

"It's basically been a problem with translation," Squier admits. "We got to the point where we felt that the first album wasn't really representative of where we were at the time, and we thought that doing another album would be more important for us than continuing to tour." Though the dates they'd done had gone alright, the tour was cut short by a month so that the recording of *Can't Wait* could begin. The resulting disc should give you an idea of how comprehensively they went about making their basically derivative rock and roll more personal, and

PIPER

by Teri Morris

how Sean Delaney and Chris Kimsey (check your Kiss, Starz, Frampton and Bad Co. records to see what they've been up to for the past few years) helped them to develop a far more dynamic sound.

"It's still not where I want it to be," said Squier, a self-admitted "compulsive thinker" with well-formulated ideas about what's best for the band. "But it's light years ahead of the first one." (But God, Billy and the boys look *too* cute for words on the cover of *Can't Wait*: they must get a group discount from Brian May's hairdresser. Squier, who was not amused by my utterance of the word "Angel," admits the cover "is a little stiff.")

In all fairness, maybe we should let Billy lay to rest questions involving Piper's connection with the other bands managed by Bill Aucoin—namely, Kiss and Starz, (believed by many to be Kiss without their make-up). "From the word go Bill and I knew we were going to be nothing like that, because I told him flat out. He didn't want to. He thinks of me much more in terms of a song-writer, a more—for lack of a better word—'human' performer."

Human, indeed. Billy had a voice that positively bleeds. "I want to be very

vulnerable, 'cause I don't think many people can do that... I want to lay myself as open as I can to people." You'll find little of the macho posturing of, say, Ted Nugent or Bad Company (manifesting itself in guitar heaviness and bonehead lyrics) in Piper, because their style is backed by Squier's belief that the catch rock of the '60s (the ole Stones/Who/Beatles axis) works just as well today.

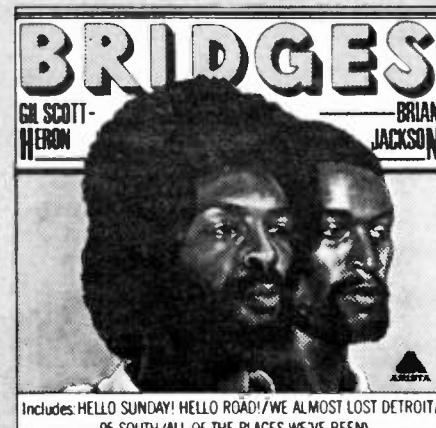
"The essence of that music, and the essence of what we do, is melody and songs... People don't go around singing Gentle Giant songs, which is not to say they're bad. But the essence of good music really is simplicity, being able to hear something and retain it... When people ask me about our influence and I talk about the '60s thing, I mean it, but I don't think of myself as trying to revive '60s rock... What I'm writing now I consider to be very '70s."

Billy Squier and Piper will be touring the US, through Christmas, and we'll be waiting to see if they actually offer some alternatives on the hard rock circuit. Since the performing imperative Billy lives by is "be real," there will only be musicianship on which to judge them. And since the band members are such competitive technicians, it will all come down to how good the material they're playing is. And that's where Billy Squier may have us. □

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THIN LAZZZZY?

"When I first joined this band, I never thought I'd see half of what I've seen. It's so much fun it's ridiculous"

Transplanted American Scott Gorham talks to Paul Gambaccini in London . . .

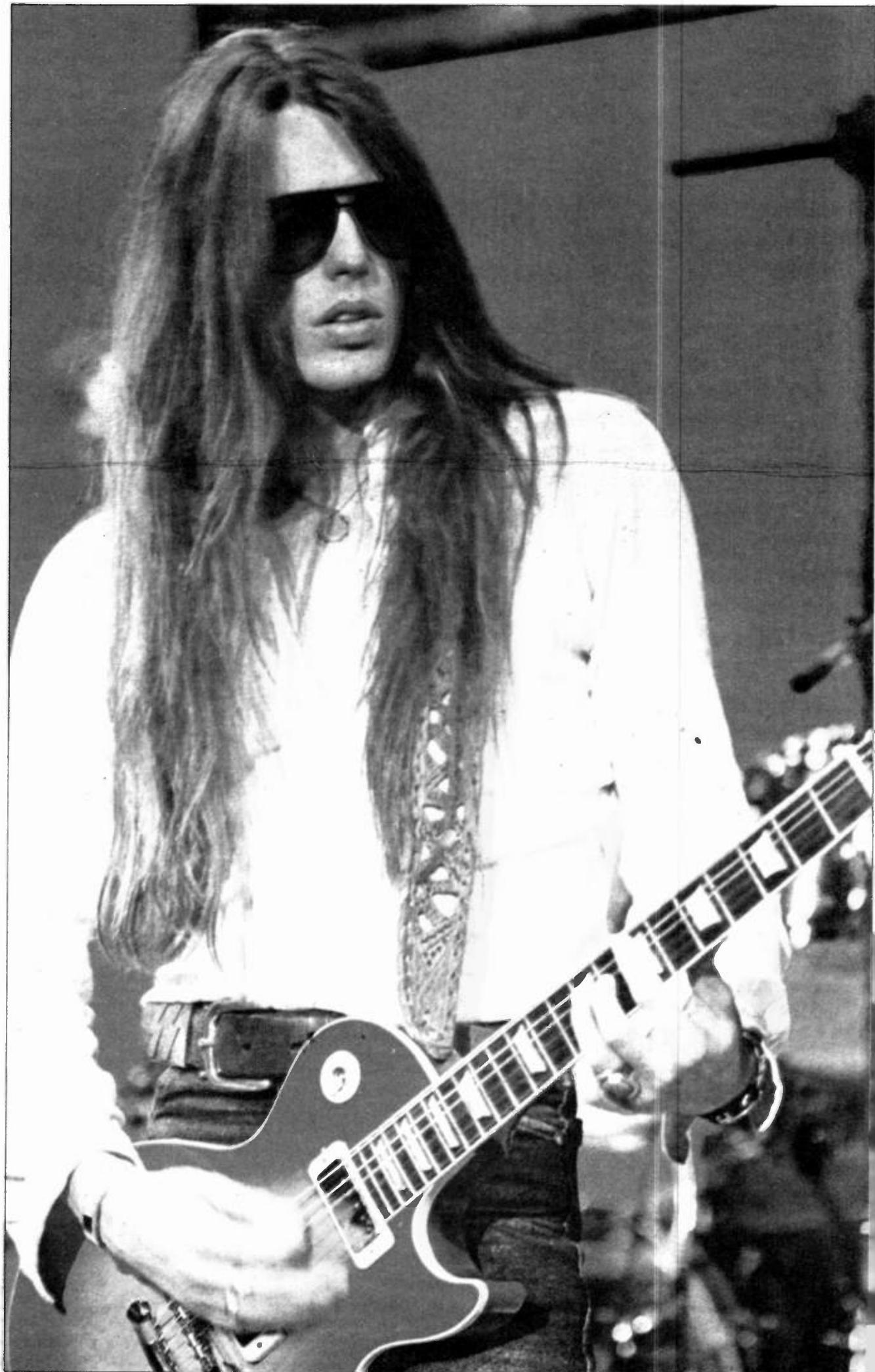
That tall, tan and blonde boy sure plays a mean guitar. Scott Gorham also has shoulder-length hair, a wealthy father, and all the traumas of an American living in England. It's a good thing he's an intriguing bloke, because his group's lead singer, Phil Lynott, is a Catholic black Irishman who's into Marvel Comics, which makes him the hip Sammy Davis Jr. of rock. To hold his own against the fascinating Lynott, Gorham has to have something on the ball.

The contrast between the two helps Thin Lizzy thrive. Perhaps the only way they could be more different is if one of them was a woman. "We've talked about it a lot over the past few years," Gorham relates, leaning back as both reporter and interviewee sprawl into comfortable yet socially acceptable positions on the sinfully soft double bed of his Southwest London home. "Phil did those Kid Jensen jingles you heard on the BBC this morning. He's good at improvisation, which I'm terrible at. I can't come out with a quick quip," he can.

"I was a rich kid, Phil wasn't. My old man was into being a millionaire, building five hundred homes at a time, having two thousand men on the payroll and owning a \$150,000 mansion. Phil was The Hard Man of Dublin, beating the shit out of people at parties. In that environment you actually bottled somebody in the face.

"I grew up in California. Phil loves the sunshine there. Every time we play Dublin, it rains. We're complete opposites."

The international success of Thin Lizzy during the past two years has given the improbable teammates some things important in common. "We've both changed. As Phil said



NEIL ZLOZOWER/MIRAGE

the other day, we've become mellower. When you get into the business side of working, you become more mellow. This doesn't mean we want to get like BTO. I heard them talking one night and all they were speaking about was how many units they'd sold that week."

The barb at Bachman-Turner Overdrive was a bit of the show business tradition of Returning the Insult. "Some people think that since we've made it with 'The Boys Are Back in Town' we're slacking off. There's no way that we're *Thin Lazy*. Bachman-Turner Overdrive called us that. They saw us after a show back at the hotel. We were drinking and had chicks with us, and they said we'd burn out within a year. We didn't. They did!"

"The Boys Are Back in Town" was one of the rock classics of 1976, but before it broke around the world Gorham was convinced it would be one of the great *stiffs* of 1976. "Before that record we got pressure from the record company wanting a single. It wasn't 'How's the album?' but 'Where's the single?' My attitude to 'Boys' was 'Well, there goes another single.' I thought it was the least likely of our releases to make it. I couldn't believe it."

"We had a weird thing in *Rolling Stone* with 'The Boys Are Back in Town.' There was a writer analyzing the words for a page and a half. We're going, 'Wait a minute, this isn't right.' American writers tend to analyze more what you do, English critics look more at the feel."

The hit single that had eluded Thin Lizzy since its conception as a trio in 1970 gave the group the chance to tour America as a viable chart act. Queen offered them the opening slot on their last tour of the States, and reports filtered back to Britain that on alternate nights Brian May and Gorham committed axe murder using the other group as victim.

"We knew there was this big thing about blowing Queen off the stage," Scott admitted, "but that's a helluva hard thing to do. When you consider a lot of people were there especially for Queen, you realize we were in for a helluva time to begin with."

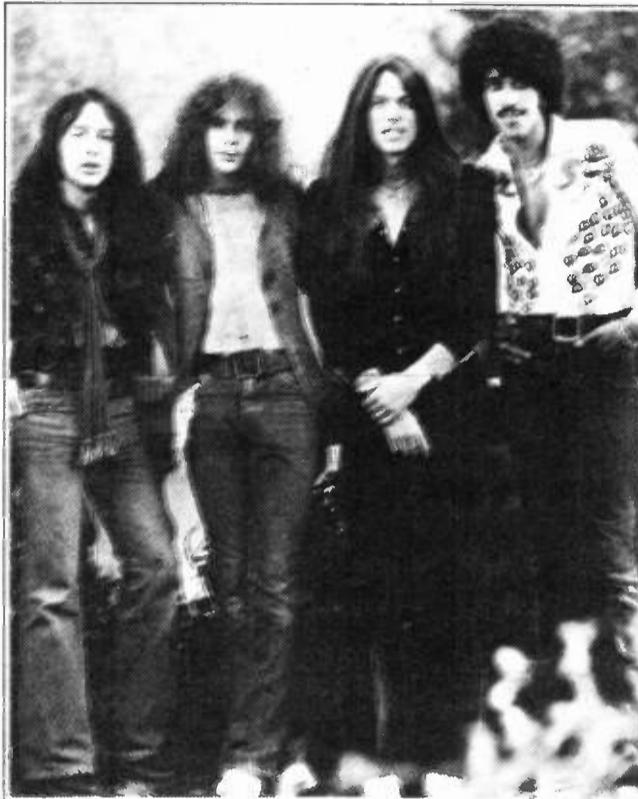
"What happened was that both bands played well. Brian had gotten off on the band for years. Queen knew they needed some hot stuff to warm up the crowd, but not someone who would give them too hard a time. They hadn't seen us recently, and we'd advanced. We played the best we could, but there was no sense of the bands fighting. We don't want to carry animosity, we want to have a drink with the guys afterward."

During the past month Lizzy headlined in the States with Graham Parker. "He's a good friend, yet he keeps us on our toes every night. He's in the same position Queen put us in. We like to play with people who are compatible."

This friendly attitude may not be what fans of Lizzy's album *Fighting* expect, but then again there aren't many of those in the States. The career of the group before *Jailbreak* and "The Boys Are Back in Town" is still unexcavated prehistory for most Americans. They might be surprised to know that Gorham only joined up with Lynott in 1974, and that in its earliest days Thin Lizzy was a trio.

"I was introduced to them by Radio Luxembourg disc jockey Kid Jensen in late 1972. After I had interviewed the station's deejays for a

magazine article, Jensen took me to a disco presided over by a club announcer named Golly. When this strangely-named host played a rock version of "Whiskey in the Jar," Kid leaned over and excitedly shouted in my ear "This group is going to be huge—this record is a smash!" I thought he had to be joking. I had always enjoyed the Highwaymen's spirited folk performances of the number on one of their



Brian Robertson, Brian Downey, Scott Gorham, Phil Lynott

"If we could get a number one album, I'd be over the moon"

numerous unsuccessful attempts to follow up "Michael" and "Cottonfields." This new rendering sounded like it was being played at the wrong speed. Despite my reservations, Jensen plugged the group like crazy on his late-night Radio Luxembourg show. Most of Europe could hear his nightly admonition to support Thin Lizzy.

This is a story that makes one believe in happy endings. Kid and I are now disc jockey colleagues on the BBC. Golly is national UK promotion man for Epic Records and occasionally takes us both out to lunch. "Whiskey in the Jar" became a top ten British hit and Thin Lizzy have become one of the country's favorite bands, with three straight top twenty albums and five hit singles. As evidenced by the jingles Lynott recently recorded for Jensen, the group has never forgotten who gave them their first significant airplay.

"Kid Jensen was the first influential person to spot Thin Lizzy," Scott Gorham confirms. "He was putting his head on the chopping block. Thin Lizzy was immature, but he saw talent through that. It was rare for that to happen in those days. Nowadays deejays are more liberal and take a chance."

"We are finding that more people in the States are coming to know the old Thin Lizzy. We've got that album out there, *Remembering Part I*. Since the group was only a trio, there are a lot of empty spaces, but 'Randolph's

Tango' sounds very good, and 'The Rocker' is a classic."

After the old Thin Lizzy disbanded, Lynott recruited Gorham and Brian Robertson as guitarists, but on the new *Bad Reputation* album the group is down to a trio again on the cover. "We've been slammed a lot for only putting three guys on the front cover and showing four on the back," Gorham admits. "But only three of us did the album. Brian played on only three tracks. He'd quit the band in America. He was drinking a bit too much and cut his hand badly. Phil was tired of guitar players who were heroes, too big for their boots. So the three of us made a bit more of a team effort and contributed more to the album."

"Brian was basically a session guy on this album, but he definitely wants to be in the band. He's stopped drinking and he doesn't get uptight anymore. He's much easier to work with. For the live side of things, Lizzy will always be a quartet, a two-guitar band." He hesitates for a moment and then shows how seriously he takes the group's live shows. "Playing live is the ultimate for me."

Membership in an internationally successful rock group has softened the plight Gorham finds himself in as an American in London. He recognizes the virtues of both the US and the UK, but realizes the expression "Best of Both Worlds" isn't really appropriate when he can only be in one country at any given time.

"When I'm in America," he explains, "I want to go to pubs after about one and a half months. I want a good game of snooker, I want a game of darts, I want to catch all the bands in the pubs and clubs. When I'm here in Britain, I want to be over there for the sunshine, the chicks, the sports, the fast food, the TV channels."

"Of course, since I'm Californian, New York City was as new to me as it was to Phil. I was awestruck at the millions of people. Phil thrives on it, he goes nuts over New York. It doesn't stop. He loves it."

"I had one of my worst experiences in New York. We were staying in the Holiday Inn on 57th Street when the air conditioning broke down. It was one hundred degrees, the humidity was high, and the air conditioning broke down! I had to sleep sitting on a chair with my legs out the window!"

The prospect of being as successful in America as they already are in Britain makes it worth the occasional acrobatics. "America is the big thing on our list now," Gorham nods. "We're out for blood in America now that we're headlining. If we could get a number one album, I'd be over the moon. After the American tour, we're going to Australia, New Zealand, and Japan—I've always wanted to go to Japan. Then we play in Hawaii, do a little American tour, and go to Brazil. When I first joined this band I never thought I'd see half of what I've seen. It's so much fun it's ridiculous."

"The girls are nice, too," Gorham grins. "Phil talks more than I do about them, but I have just as much fun. On my last birthday, St. Patrick's Day, we were in Canada, and there weren't many chicks. All three of them came into my room. Phil looked at me at the door and said 'Oh, come on, man.' and I said 'See you, Phil.'"

Pete Townshend

The Gig Interview

“I’m not afraid to be thought a Boring Old Fart.
I’ve been a Boring Old Fart longer than anyone else”

Unlike most of his contemporaries, Pete Townshend of the Who has been facing up to the problem of rock and roll stardom versus creeping senility with his customary full-bore directness. An obvious target of new wave bands because of the Who’s archetypal punk stance in the early sixties, he has taken the time to articulate his feelings about the pending generation gap in letters to British music weeklies, articles, and, more significantly, on several selections of the Who’s last LP, Who By Numbers. Even more telling than his genuine concern is the fact that he’s been able to laugh about the whole thing, as the following interview from London (with asides from Ronnie Lane) amply demonstrates. The ‘first definitive boring old fart album’ indeed...

It’s been nearly two years since the last Who album. Why are you working with Ronnie Lane instead?

Townshend: If I was a Who fan I’d ask why is Townshend working with Lane. Looking back I suppose it would have been just as easy for me to have rung up Roger Daltrey and done an album with him. Or even rallied The Who for some demos or something. I mean, we *are* a band. But I was eager to do something in the studio with Glyn Johns, our producer, without the heavy pressure of a Who gig. The last Who album, I barely wrote enough songs. *The Who by Numbers* had no leftover songs at all. I’d stopped dead. So when Ronnie came to me at the end of last year and asked me to produce his next album, I said I’d rather do a joint album.

I wanted to do something with Ronnie and I knew he would stir me up from my veritable complacency. I felt sure my writing, and ultimately the Who, would benefit.

Lane: Working with “never-say-no” Townshend got me off my ass. It got me out of the pub. We got Eric Clapton and Charlie Watts of the Rolling Stones to play with us. I may go out on tour with Clapton next year.

Did you both write all new songs for The Rough Mix album?

Townshend: One each. Ronnie had an album of his own stuff half-finished. And I had a few songs of my own knocking about. The only specially written songs are “Annie” by him, and “Street in the City” by me.

When Ronnie and I started work last winter, I was sick of working with the Who. I couldn’t even conceive of the idea of writing songs. Working with Ronnie really helped get my head going. It got me out of my rut. After we finished the album I started to write again. I ended up with about 40 songs. They’re scheduled for the next Who thing.

What is the next Who thing?

Townshend: We’re supposed to go into the studio very soon, but I don’t know whether it will happen or not. At the moment I’m really keen on trying to steer The Who in the direction of doing grandiose projects of some sort. I want to do something like a film or a musical or a heavy concept album. I feel confident I could go on to a bigger thing.

It would be easy pickings to stick out an album—“a hard-edged rock album”—which would sell a couple of million in the States, and then we’d bring the money in through some tax dodge. Frankly, I’d prefer to make a film, despite the fact that my hair fell out when we did “Tommy.” The group has the potential at the moment, which it might not have in a couple of years, to raise the finances to do a big project. In two or three years the Who might not be able to drum up a couple of million quid to make a film. Now we could, so we might as well have a go. (turn over)

by Bart Mills/illustration by John Alcorn

Pete Townshend

(continued from previous page)

Roger wants to do it, too. I think Roger was a bit shaken up when his solo album [*One of the Boys*] didn't sell as well as he thought it would. I agreed with the criticisms, that he should definitely give up [laughs]. You know, join a group or something.

Roger and I talked on the phone, and the conversation went something like this:

"We should do something big, shouldn't we?"

"Yeah, yeah, let's do something big."

"Right, then. Got any ideas?"

"Uh, well, got a couple."

Which means I put the phone down and ran and wrote something on a piece of paper.

He said, "I've got a couple too." Which means he's got a couple of mates who keep sending him books. He did mention science fiction.

We're going through hell [laughs]: We're feeling alienated. We feel our parents don't want us. Our children won't let us in the door. We've got problems. [Puts on old-age-pensioner accent] These young people today, it's all right for them.

Lane: Making all that money.

Townshend: Getting their faces in the bloody papers. But us—nobody wants us. We're the problem generation, we are. Struggling to make ends meet....

Not to be overly clever about it, though, let's face it, the old rock Establishment has really had it too long.

Lane: All these young fellows coming up now, they call us Boring Old Farts. They're well overdue. I've been expecting it for four years, and I've always said I'd like to see some new blood. Now that it's here, I can't say I find much of it very attractive, but at least something's happening. But time passes, and it'll happen to them. They'll become Boring Old Farts.

Townshend: (in sports commentator accent) And the young wildebeest comes across the old wildebeest's territory. The old one, scarred from previous battles, runs out to meet his new adversary. With his many wives behind him, he lowers his horns for the battle. They grapple—will this be

Didn't you write a letter to a newspaper recently, complaining about punk rock?

Townshend: I did write a letter. I had a lot of people dressed up in garbage bags who said to me, "That's pretty rude coming from you, Townshend." I wrote the letter because I kept reading about the Sex Pistols. All it needed was Johnny Rotten to open his flash mouth and they'd print it on the front page. I thought perhaps it would be good for me as the Godfather of mainstream rock 'n' roll to remind them that music does play some small part in the picture. I'm not afraid to be thought a Boring Old Fart. I've been a Boring Old Fart longer than anyone else.

What do you think of the way some of the new groups copy old groups like the Who?

Townshend: They're obviously lacking in new ideas. The New Wave seems to be very much one-directional. All it seems to need is energy, so the old ideas are perfectly usable. It's not new to bang your head against the wall until it bleeds. It was probably discovered by someone a long time ago. Why should they bother with new ideas? I never did. I never thought about inventing three-bar blues. It was just there when I started and I used it.

"It takes a lot of lonely hours in Holiday Inns to realize that one real friend is worth any amount of adulation. You spend an hour on stage, and they call that the magic of show business. . . it's not magic at all; you just come off with a fat wallet"

No, really. It's just a matter of... we're just feeling a sudden question mark. We're about to make another album and we're thinking why. Do we really need to do this?

Right—do your fans really need another boring old album?

Townshend: I think the album I've just done is the first definitive Boring Old Fart album. It's the dawn of the music of the Boring Old Farts. Actually, Roger was a bit shaken up when his album came out and people called him a Boring Old Fart. You've got to say a lot more to hurt me, but Roger believes in eternal youth—he's said so to me many times. I've said I feel too old to go stand on a stage and sing "My Generation." His attitude is you're only as old as you feel. That's a good argument, but whether it fits in rock 'n' roll, I don't know.

Lane: I remember when I was touring in the States with the Faces, we went to New Orleans. We wandered into the back of one of those bars and saw this old black geezer playing, and obviously having a good time playing. If you can end up at that age with your false teeth in a glass of water on the top of the piano, still having a good stomp and enjoying your music—all the rest of it doesn't mean a thing.

Townshend: Rock is music about the young, the adolescents. But I'm not giving up. Let them try and stop me. Let them try.

Lane: You've got to understand we're at a very difficult age.

Townshend: Yeah, we've got problems now.

the old wildebeest's last run?

There's this great thing that happened to me at Madison Square Garden in New York. At the time it bloody hurt, but later on I thought it was probably one of the greatest things that ever happened to me. This was when I was in the middle of doing the soundtrack for the "Tommy" film, making millions of pounds for the British film industry and working a 23-hour day, with my hair and my teeth falling out. We had this gig at Madison Square Garden. It was stuck in the middle of the film schedule. We had to do it because we'd missed out New York on a previous tour and they were very hurt, so we had to go.

I couldn't stand up. I mean, I couldn't. It was nervous exhaustion, alcoholism, boredom. Jaded is not the right word. Boring Old Fart does not even come close to the state I was in. I was a standing corpse, working for a machine.

Halfway through the second day, I was standing there on the stage just barely able to play, when a group of hard-core Who freaks came to the front of the stage and started to scream, "Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!" They did it right the way through the concert. It was humiliating. It was like being on the cross. Because I couldn't jump. I couldn't do my thing. I couldn't fling my arm. I felt old, dead, finished. I thought, this is it. The End. I don't want to go on.

And we looked around. And there was absolutely no one else. So we went on for a little bit longer. That was 1974. When is someone going to take this flag I'm holding? It's too heavy. I can't hold it up any more.

Now they're here, the punks, with their big gobs and sharp pencils. Good luck.

In 1964 when you put a group together, half of the thought went into the music and the other half went into what you looked like. The Who were grooved to the pop art image, the Mod revolution, whatever that means. The Rolling Stones were scraggy beatniks who pissed against walls. The Beatles were mop tops. Everybody had a specific image. There were dozens of different sorts of music.

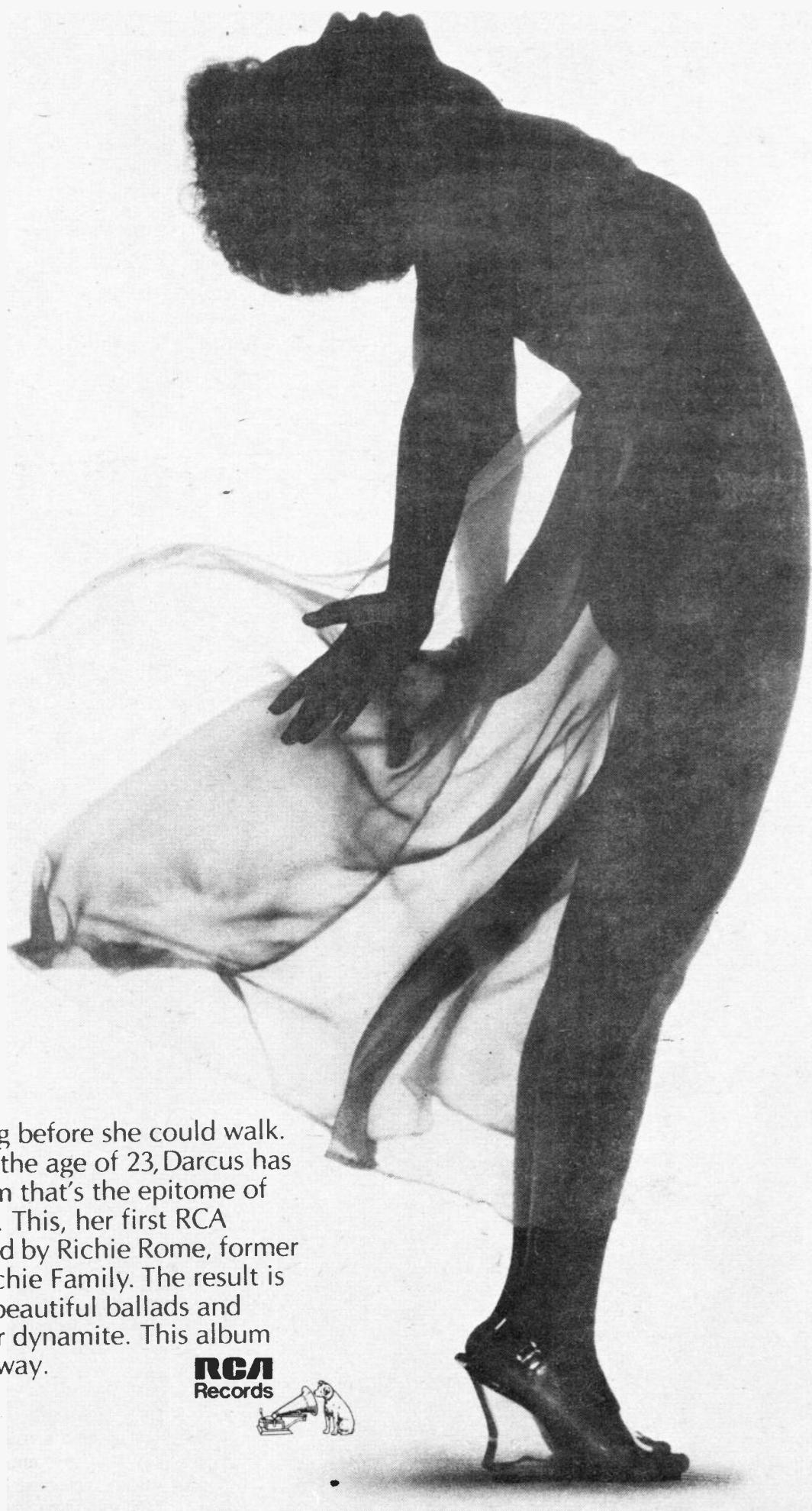
I think a lot of the new bands are great. The Jam are amazing. I've never seen them live. But they may never have seen us live either. Their record is incredible. It's terribly produced, but so was The Who's first record. I think the early Who records sounded bloody dreadful; you couldn't hear the words. It's great that a lot of the new music is like Who music. It's taking Who music as its roots and moving on from there, as The Who have.

The Who to me is a category of music which we only kept up for a year. Then we diversified, because it stopped getting hits. When "I Can See for Miles" didn't get in the charts I was extremely irate. Also, we needed bread and water so I started writing other stuff. That's when my values as a rock 'n' roller dropped. I discovered you could reach a vast amount of people by playing a slightly wider range of music. "Tommy" was a big step in that direction. So the Who don't make Who records anymore. The new bands are carrying on something we stopped doing a long time ago.

At least I didn't lumber myself with a name like Rat Scabies. Can you imagine Mr. and Mrs. Scabies and all the little Scabies? This is my great vision: There's this geezer with a lavatory chain around his neck and his knees joined together with

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Pete Townshend

(continued from page 25)

a piece of metal. Across the room, through the shower of spit and snot and people jumping up and down cracking their skulls on the girders, he sees Miss Punk, the Ideal Punk. His little punk heart flutters. That's it. He goes out and buys some smart furniture and gets a mortgage. It's all over.

You can throw off some of the old values, the trappings, but you get trapped back in the end. I've been a really messed up individual for a big part of my life, even though it might not look it.

with the other members of The Who, have you?

Townshend: The weird thing is that in the last couple of years Roger and I have gotten very close. I've always regarded him as a great adversary rather than a fellow group member. I don't know if it's a good thing. Maybe it was better when I used to bully him and he used to hit me if he disagreed. Maybe it was better when I was "the intellectual genius behind the group" and he was just "a cardboard cut-out puppet singer" that I used to manipulate from behind the scenes. Those headlines! [laughs].

Roger and I have had a sort of plastic relationship over the years. Now we're getting to the point where we can sit and talk things out without being evasive. I haven't got a friendship with Roger like I have with Ronnie. I've known Ronnie a long time. Roger is a new friend. Only three

Townshend: I don't think it's any accident we've stayed together such a long time. I think we do have a genuine bond. I don't know what shape it takes. We try every bloody trick in the book to alienate each other, but without success.

When will the Who tour again?

Townshend: Maybe never. We've been saying that for years. I don't want to do the American tour again. My kids are getting pretty old now—eight and seven. When I have an extended period at home, they get noticeably happier. It makes me think about those four months away from home every year, to end up with a lot of American tax bills and maybe nothing else.

Roger and I are more keen to get our heads down with our families than John and Keith [Moon], who still really likes going on the road. There'll inevitably be a compromise where we'll



PAUL CANTY/RETNA

I've got this spiritual interest in Meher Baba [the Indian guru whose teachings Townshend follows]. A lot of this building we're in right now is dedicated to him. I haven't had a particularly stormy drug life. I experimented with drugs in the early years, but I survived. The band's been very successful. We've made a lot of money. I'm happily married.

But I've still been very messed up nevertheless. It's only now that I'm sitting back. It's age somehow that is bringing relaxation into my life. And friendship. It takes a lot of lonely hours in Holiday Inns to realize that one real friend is worth any amount of adulation. You spend an hour on a stage, and they call that the magic of show business... It's not magic at all; it's no mystery—you just come off with a fat wallet. Instead of that, this new album is about music and friendship.

You've never been noted for being fast friends

years ago Roger and I were at each other's throats, hitting one another. I don't think that'll happen again. I hope not—it hurt.

Lane: You should never have used my line: "Go ahead, hit me."

Townshend: Actually, the line was: "Let him go, John." John Entwistle had Roger up in the air and I told John that Roger obviously wasn't going to be happy till he'd hit me. So I told John to let him go. So John did, and Roger did it. He caught me up proper, bang on the jaw. I went back like a board. I was out for about four hours. They took me to the hospital. It was then, in my coma, that I realized that really Roger was all right. He had a good eye. He was a killer, but lovely with it. He had to do it. I transgressed the unwritten law... I hit him in the balls with a mike stand. [laughs]

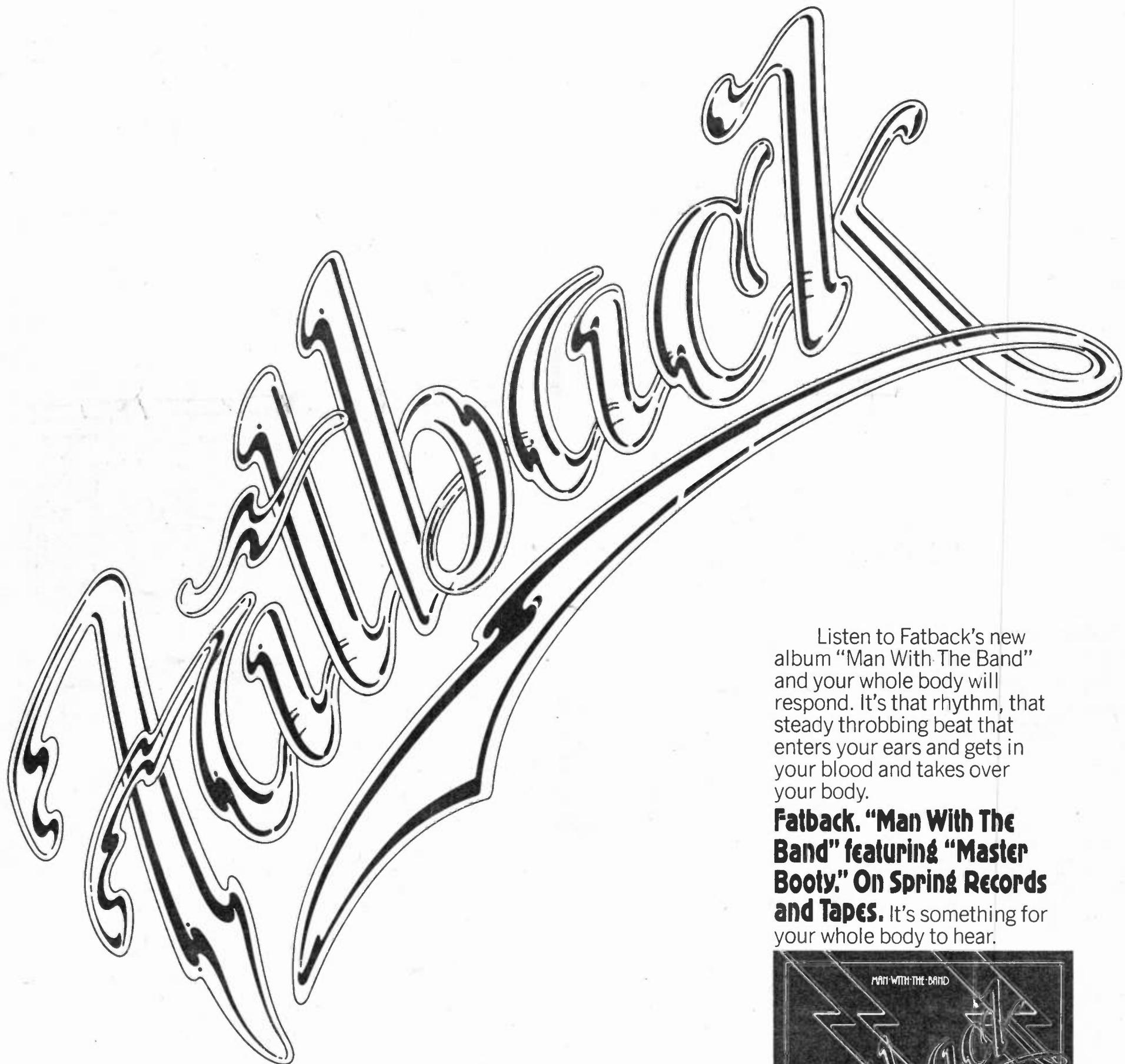
With fights like that, why didn't the Who ever break up?

do a bit of work, like Christmas shows in London. We've been thinking about playing live but not necessarily touring—not till next year. 1978 will be the year of the Boring Old Farts.

I love being onstage. It's a great kick, but I think I can live without it. Whether I'll be able to live without playing with the other guys in the band I don't know. There's something special about playing with three guys who know in advance what you're going to do. That's what it's like when you've been playing with geezers for 15 years. Other than that, I've had enough, really. I've had enough of hotels.

Are we really making the fans happy? Every time we go into a town we get complaints we're not playing long enough. If we play at a big stadium we get complaints it's too big and they can't see us. The only answer is to play in small halls for years at a time. I've got other things to do. I've really got to try and live the life of a nine-to-five individual. □

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Christmas

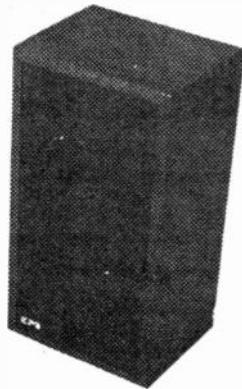
If you're in the market for a single play turntable this Christmas (or you know someone who is), think (wish?) hard about the Accutrac 400. This machine is a whole new ball game in turntables. First, it's a fine direct drive turntable complete with arm and the equivalent of an ADC XLM Mark II cartridge. But more important than that is the way in which the Accutrac plays your records. You can program the table to play any cut you want, skip cuts, go back and hear cuts again, rearrange a record. And you can do it from across the room with a remote control unit if you wish. All of this super electronics costs you \$600.



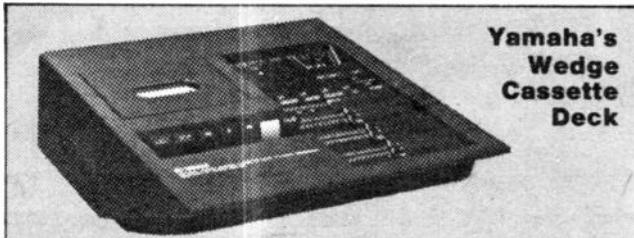
**Accutrac 4000
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**Yamaha's
Wedge
Cassette
Deck**



I have this desire to wake up Christmas morning and find a new decoration on my tree. Yamaha's sleek, wedge-shaped cassette deck, the TC-800 GL, would look mighty good: Dolby, of course, but the unit has a whole lot more. Peak reading meters, pitch control and three-way power are all features of this deck. You

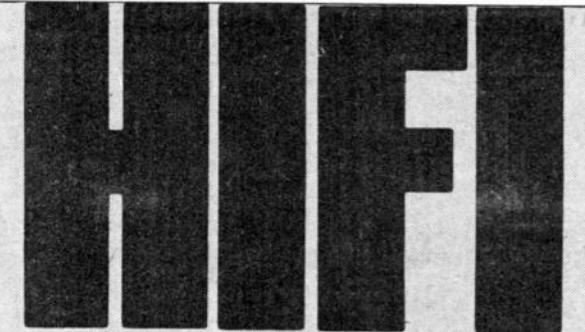
can run it via standard AC house current or 12V DC car or boat electrical systems or with a battery pack. The last item makes this unit mobile, and mic mixing allows you to use this deck for remote live recording. The TC-800 GL lives up to Yamaha's well deserved reputation for high quality. It retails for \$390.



Pre-Amp from Mitsubishi

If you're looking for a new pre-amp as a gift for someone, Mitsubishi's DA-P10 is worth a listen and a touch. The unit combines two mono amps into a stereo pre-amp while yielding great stereo

separation. Independent right and left channel controls allow you to balance your system the way you want to and if that means left does not equal right—that's OK, too. This little honey lists for \$290.

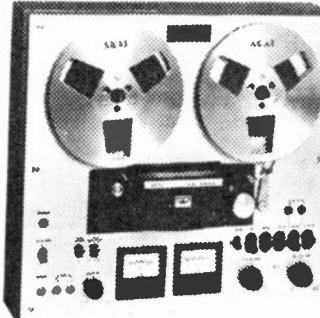


Christmas is a time for gifts. Of course, there are other times when it's better to give than to receive, but thinking about presents you *might* get is one of the fun things about Christmas. Even if you only get a replica, it's fun to think about owning a *real* Rolls Royce. And, even if you only get a record, it's fun and exciting to think about getting the studio it was recorded in.

Our visions of sugarplums go much the same way. Here's a list of some items you can fantasize about. And some things you can actually own. It's just as much fun to fantasize as to actually get and you can have an awful lot of fun with an item that sells for \$8. In fact, an \$8 record cleaning product may actually do you more good and give you more of an audible difference than an \$800 12-million watt amplifier. At any rate, Happy Holiday and Good Listening—and Fantasizing!

Akai Open Reel

If an open reel tape deck will turn your lights on this Christmas (or light up someone you love), Akai's GX-230D pushbutton controls and auto-reverse function should keep you lit like a Christmas tree all year round. The new deck has a suggested retail price of \$585.00



Technics SL-1650 Multiple Play Turntable

If a multiple play is what you've got your heart set on, think about the new SL 1650 from Technics. This little gem is one of a select few direct drive *multiple* play units. It will stack up to six discs and, of course, can

be used as an automatic single-play as well. If you want, the SL-1650 will repeat a disc, too. Its specs go along with Technics quality and all of it can be yours for \$300.



Shure V-15 Type III

Need a pick up? Shure's classic V-15-Type III could be the ideal stocking stuffer. It's been around for a number of years now, withstanding the test of time and the onslaught of a host of newer competitors and the successor to the equally

famed V15-Type II (and Type II Improved) is as popular now as it was when first introduced. It has a relatively high output and a full bass. You may find a cartridge that has a wider frequency response or one that you like better, but this is old reliable at \$90.

Pioneer KP-8005

This may be the time to look forward towards Spring and a drive in the country. And what better way to add to your enjoyment than a new car stereo system?



Pioneer's KP-8005 is an in-dash AM/FM with cassette and pushbuttons. The tuner has an amazing sensitivity of 1.1 uV for FM and is justly dubbed "Supertuner" by Pioneer. Treat yourself to beautiful music for \$239.95.

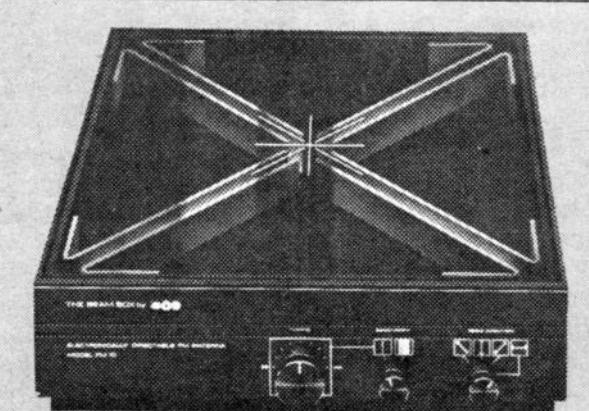
Stocking



Pioneer's Mucho Amp

Almost as much fun as a new car is a powerful new amplifier delivering mucho watts of clean sound. Pioneer Electronics' new Spec 4 power amp is part of a new series of rack mountable Pioneer equipment. It puts out 150

watts per channel, has independent left/right dual power supplies and front panel left/right level controls and peak reading meters. If all the holiday fare has left you power hungry, this one could be for you. It comes with a price tag reading \$700.



B.I.C.'s New Indoor FM Antenna

How many times have you found that a particular FM radio program was just too noisy to listen to? Or that your stereo indicator flashed like a sparkler on the fourth of July? B.I.C.'s new Beam Box model FM-10 may be able to make you forget all of that. The new device is an electronically directable and frequency tunable *indoor* FM antenna. Rather than a standard "T" type dipole antenna, the Beam box has several possible antenna

directions. You try each of the four and discover which one works best. It also allows you to tune the antenna the same way you tune the FM section and you can control the bandwidth to give you just the FM signal and not the additional garbage you might pick up. This antenna is a welcome addition for anyone who listens to FM. It carries a suggested list price of \$89.95.



Kenwood Tunes In

If you're in the Christmas market for a new radio or at least the tuner section of your audio system, Kenwood's new KT-7500 AM/FM model may be what you're looking for. State-of-the-art engineering has produced a tuner with a remarkably simple appearance and versatile

controls. The specs are impressive, but the most unusual feature of this tuner is its bandwidth switch. In an FM-jammed urban location you can cut down the interference by switching to a narrow bandwidth reception; in the country, open it up full. The KT-7500 carries a retail price of \$275.

(continued from previous page)

New Tape System from Sony

One of the most unusual items to come on the audio market is the Pulse code Modulation (PCM) recorder. It is used in conjunction with the Betamix video system. Rather than using a standard (analog) recording



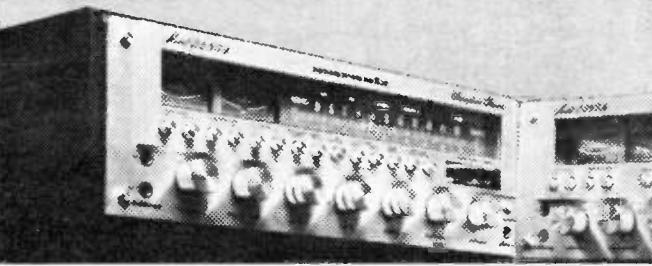
DiscTraker Reduces Resonance

A relatively new accessory that makes another good stocking stuffer is the DiscTraker. It's an air cushion damping mechanism operating on the pneumatic cylinder/piston principle and attaches to the headshell of most tonearms. Why do you want to hang this device from your tonearm? Well, some records are coming through so warped they're hard to track. The DiscTraker improves the tracking of most tonearm/cartridge combinations. It also reduces tonearm/cartridge resonance. This add-on costs around £30.

technique, the PCM approached the problem digitally. It records "blips" the same way a computer does and only records when there's a signal, so you get no tape noise in quiet passages. The PCM has a record dynamic range of 85 dB with no wow or flutter. It represents a whole new way to record.

Marantz Puts it Together

If you want to go whole hog this year, think about a new receiver. The Marantz 2265B is an AM/FM Stereo receiver that produces 65 watts per channel, more than enough for most speaker systems. The new receiver features a rear panel



Dust Bug Cleans Your Discs

There are a host of new record care products on the market, but one of the old classics is Watts' Dust Bug. This is a "second arm" device for single play turntables. You find a suitable spot to plant the suction cup pivot, place the plastic arm on the pivot, and then the soft bristles in the record's lead-in grooves. The bristles track the record and bring the plush pad (with record cleaning fluid) through the grooves ahead of the stylus. A neat and simple way to keep your records clean and sounding fine. Also a relatively inexpensive stocking stuffer for the record freak. £7.95

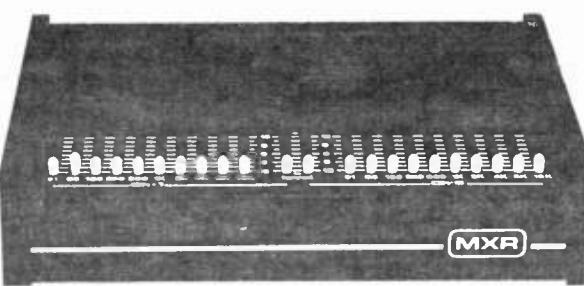
receptacle for an optional Dolby FM decoder. Combined with the internal 25-micro-second Dolby FM equalization circuit, the decoder will reduce noise from a Dolby-ized FM signal by as much as 12 dB. The Marantz 2265B receiver has a list price of £550.

MSR Equalizer

Tone controls are for slobs, right? Us cool audiophiles like equalizers. Well, I'm not sure I'd want to go that far, but equalizers are certainly the ultimate in tone controls. MXR's 10-band graphic equalizer gives

A Place to Keep it All

One perennial question in audio is, "Where do I put all of this marvelous equipment?" Hammond Industries has answered the question. Audiofile Housing is a home version of studio racks. You can fit all of your stereo gear into one neat row and then put the whole thing on casters if you want. Or just have it free standing as part of your living room decor. It's attractive and functional. It also won't break your piggy bank even if you want to buy a gift for yourself after Christmas. The most expensive version, Audiofile Deluxe, comes with black plexiglass side infill panels and sliding doors with four shelves, for a grand total of £450 for the 6 foot cabinet. A 4 ft. version sells for £350.



Koss ESP-10 Stereophone



If all the revelry of the holidays leaves you clutching your head, you might like to have a new pair of Koss Stereophones clamped tightly to your ears. Koss's new ESP-10 stereophone is the next generation unit to their former top-of-the-line ESP-9 electrostatic. The energizer represents a real departure in styling. Gone is the black box look. Now we have a sloping front panel with a headphone/speaker pushbutton and two meters for visual indication of level. Also, instead of one headset, the ESP-10 energizer accepts two. The phones have changed, too. Rather than the rather heavy and stiff ESP-9 set, the 10's are rounder earcups with outward radiation as well. The headband is a broad spring band. And, speaking of bands, the bandwidth of these phones is broader and smoother than the 9's. But this is no stocking stuffer at a price of £300.

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Over the past twenty years Ed May has firmly established himself as one of the industry's top experts on speaker systems. Formerly the manager of speaker engineering for JBL, Mr. May has personally been responsible for many of the advances in speaker technology.

As the new director of Marantz Speaker Development we asked him to comment on the new Marantz Speaker line.

"Since joining Marantz I've never been turned down on anything I've wanted to do to improve quality. When it comes to quality, cost is no object."

"Our new Marantz speaker line is one of the top lines in the industry. The reproduction capability of our speakers can equal or out perform speakers that cost two to three times the price."

"We don't follow fads. We stay away from frivolous things that only increase the price tag without increasing performance."

"Our toughest critics are ourselves. Many of the things we measure and test for are seldom encountered in the field."

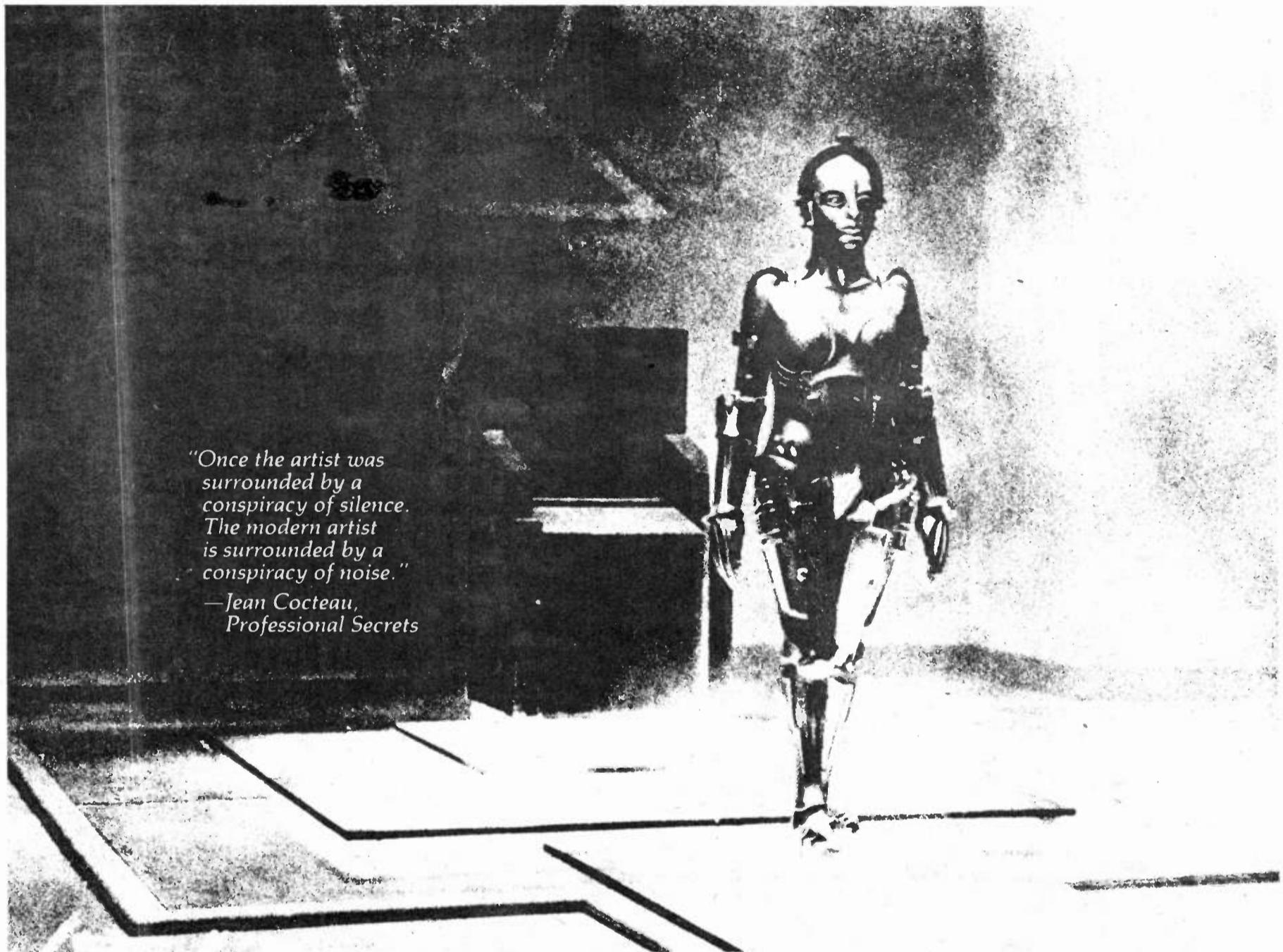
"My philosophy is to build the speaker so it reproduces all frequencies as smooth, as flat as possible in all angles of radiation. No matter where you sit you hear exactly the same sound."

"I'm very proud of our new Marantz speaker line. It's what I've always wanted to build. My hat is off to Marantz for letting me do it."

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Moving through the City of Angels



"Once the artist was surrounded by a conspiracy of silence. The modern artist is surrounded by a conspiracy of noise."

—Jean Cocteau,
Professional Secrets

by Byron Laursen

When a record company believes in an act, when they sense big money returns on their investment, the wine begins to flow. All expenditures are wise if they lead to exposure.

Thus, Capitol's guest and Gig's emissary, I found myself flying into L.A. for a half week with Be-Bop Deluxe. More importantly, two prior U.S. tours and five albums had given Be-Bop a reputation worth checking out for adventurous, sophisticated rock music. The product of writer/singer/guitarist/arranger Bill Nelson's Jean Cocteau-saturated mind, indulging in technological fantasy and mystery lyrics, the group is the sexiest, most human and musically mainstream of all Art Rock bands. There is nothing fey about Nelson's vivid yet mannerly guitar blend of Hendrix and Clapton.

Bassist Charlie Tumahai, born in New Zealand of Maori and Polynesian parents, came into Be-Bop after the failure of a band named Mississippi, later re-formed into the Little River Band. Neither he nor drummer Simon Fox or

pianist Andy Clarke play like they're ready to ditch basic rock and roll for avantAnything.

In for the earliest dates of a full-scale American tour, their third U.S. outing but first as headliners, Be-Bop Deluxe is putting up at the Sunset Marquis, half a block from the western end of the Strip. Walking distance from the Roxy and the corporate headquarters of several labels, the Marquis hosts so many traveling bands that English accents are more common in the lobby than American. My first floor room overlooks the street—where fate has arranged, over the next couple of nights, a false fire alarm and a vicious 3 a.m. argument between a hooker and her pimp.

Be-Bop Deluxe is to play two consecutive nights at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. For the past year or more, they've been accorded tags like "rock of the future," "something very special," and "best of the new British rock bands" by American and English writers. *Live In The Air Age*, their new double album, with concert performances of songs drawn mostly from *Sunburst Finish* and *Futurama*, entered the British charts at number 10 while rising toward a moderately high

spot on the American charts. With Capitol's decision to give them a bit of push, Be-Bop is like a surfer heading into a tremendous set of perfect waves.

The Civic is packed for the first night. Opener Tom Petty's set knocks out the crowd, especially the inclusion of the Animal's "Don't Bring Me Down."

Then Be-Bop Deluxe takes the darkened stage as a rear projection screen behind them fills with an assemblage of movie clips. Mostly from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, they all conjure up the late twentieth century from the vantage point of its earliest years.

Charles Tumahai leads off "Life In The Air Age" on timbales. Nelson plays his introductory dipping-and-rising figure, topped with chiming harmonics. On the screen, ominous dirigibles float over New York, promising death. A battalion of shaven-headed workers marches to underground work stations in a hideous sort of factory. Then, a hovering saucer explodes a Tokyo building into airy debris pierced by crossing ray beams shot from what look like radar towers. All

On the Road with Bill Nelson and Be Bop Deluxe

(continued from previous page)

of this techno-destructo imagery draws wild cheers from the Santa Monicans.

Finally, the song builds to its conclusion. The screen shows a female robot, seated, her remote controls manipulated by a pair of scientists. The camera pulls in tight on her face. She rises from the chair as Nelson sings:

*Life in the air age,
It's all highways in the sky...
Life in the air age,
All the oceans have run dry...
Life in the air age,
It's grim enough to make a robot cry.*

Crowd response is intense at this closure, but shoots even higher with the opening measures of "Fair Exchange." Petty had rocked them and won them, song by song. But Nelson has them tightly locked into his "music and lyrics written with intent to enchant," thanks to a powerful, attention-getting display of guitar prowess.

The tunes have enough air and space to swing, yet the band's attack is solidly rock and roll. Nelson's customary semi-acoustic Gibson ES-345 is in the repair shop. He plays a new Yamaha, initially chosen for studio work, through a bank of three effects pedals—a power booster, a phaser and an echo unit. Clarke's piano, usually deep in the mix, is, when it emerges, the bluesiest element. Tumahai, a happily carnal grin on his face, erupts into kangaroo hops during favorite passages.

Fond of swooning phrases and fluttery, descending trills, Nelson plays bird imagery. He also writes it. The screen fills a second time—with seagulls wheeling in a black and white sky as the band plays "Sister Seagull," one of Nelson's fervently romantic songs. His clean, toothy handsomeness and rather middle-of-the-road casual dress are constantly at odds with the sweat, pain, burning, knives and agony of his many twentieth century angst anthems.

One of the anthems, "Terminal Street," closes the show. A bit more macabre than your average singalong, but Nelson and Tumahai easily coax the audience into joining the choruses.

*Oh yes... I'm down on Terminal Street
tonight...
Oh, no... Don't go on Terminal Street
tonight...*

The encore call is answered with one of the band's hotter rockers, "Blazing Apostles." Still cheering wildly, the crowd wants another song. Nelson demurs; "We'd like to play more for you, but we have to leave."

The huddle of music industry people backstage is excited and relieved. Be-Bop had played Fresno, a sprawling central California farm town, two nights before. The response had been flat, as if the music was being sent out into dead space. Tonight is celebration night at Roy's! Back to the Sunset Strip for an expense account dinner. The notion that this band will fulfill its big-time predictions is still alive.

Restaurateur Roy used to be in the music business, hence his place is a favorite post-concert spot. John Oates dines quietly next to our improvised long table, which holds eighteen or twenty musicians, promo, A&R and tour management people and the tagalong journalist.

The industry people, ostensibly playing host to their performers, are having themselves a great time. No trouble at all with choosing cocktails, just a little confusion with Roy's classy deck-of-cards style menu. His cuisine is based on Northern Chinese cooking something like the way Fleetwood Mac is based on Chicago Blues.

Bill Nelson occupies himself in quiet conversation with his wife Jan while the noise level builds around them. Simon Fox becomes increasingly oiled. Effectively, he looks very foxlike while gazing with liquid charm and determination at a lady

from the publicity department.

"Rather an awkward situation, eh?" Nelson confides. We agree to an interview late in the coming morning and let the rest of the evening take its course.

Tumahai has made friends with two short, slender black ladies. One wears an evening dress, the other a sort of jockey's outfit with yellow silk shorts, blouse and cap. Her close cut hair is dyed almost white. Harpo Marx, reborn as an L.A. prostitute.

Outside, waiting for road manager Paul Bailey, the Nelsons and I sit with Fox in a rented station wagon. Though he will have forgotten the specifics of the evening by tomorrow, Fox is fluently defaming several of his dinner partners from the business end of music. Except one, whom he singles out with joint praise; "There's probably a human being under the bullshit."

Then, as Tumahai's taxi swings by us, Fox advises the bassist loudly, "Remember to take yer vitamin E, ya twit!" The Nelsons smile in quiet

recalling the opening act spots they filled for so many bands of lesser sophistication and heavier metal. "It's such a big country to crack, this America."

"There's a totally different feeling about a European audience. There's just a different tradition over here. An English audience is much more reversed whilst the show proceeds. They'll demonstrate their enthusiasm at the end of a song, but they're very quiet during a song and listening very intensely. More like," he smiles, "a classical concert sort of thing. And here it's more like a party atmosphere."

As we discuss the previous night's performance, I venture that it sounded more emotional than any of the albums, even the live one. Nelson agrees, saying he has drifted away from an emphasis on technique in the past year. "A genuine kind of circular thing happens between the audience and the band where we're giving something to them and they're giving something back," he says. "It's inexplicable. Just a feeling



YOSHII OHARA/MIRAGE

"We'd like to play more for you, but we have to leave." Left to right: Simon Fox, Bill Nelson, Andrew Clarke and Charles Tumahai.

amusement. Fox settles back into his private thoughts, exclaiming, "I want drugs, not women! Drugs, not women!" Soon Bailey steps behind the wheel. We are delivered at the Sunset Marquis, some three or four blocks away, in time to catch the beginning of twenty minutes' worth of fire alarm bells.

Nelson's morning arrival is punctual. He is wearing colorful but sedate casual clothing more typical of a men's wear dealer than a rock star. He settles into the Danish Modern couch. Soft-spoken throughout, he betrays no sign of weariness from either the previous night's show or the newspaper interviews granted in every town.

I ask if audience reactions in England are usually as intense as what went down at the Santa Monica Civic.

"Yeah," he says, "We've done quite a few headline tours in England and we've been getting that sort of thing for about two years.

"It's been tougher here," he says, possibly

that when you're up there you feel kind of wanted by them. You've got a reason for being there. And whatever it is that's happening, it's real.

"And musicians get that feeling back. We don't feel like product, like at the party last night—and we have lots of things like that to deal with. And to be honest, the band hates it.

"When we first encountered record companies in England, we used to think they were particularly difficult people to relate to. But over here it's even weirder 'cause they take it to such great degrees, it's almost like the record people become stars in their own right."

A song to Jean Cocteau on the *Futurama* album moves me to ask Nelson if the French poet/director/playwright/painter still exerts an influence on his work.

"To me he's the total artist and embodies everything an artist is or should be," Nelson says evenly, adding that he has read *Cocteau On Film* six times and carries a copy with him on the road.

The lyrics Nelson pens for Be-Bop Deluxe are (continued inside back cover)

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GEILS



The crux of the Geils saga boils down to *survival*, and if you see an article in print about this band that doesn't include that word, you might as well stop reading

A conversation with Peter Wolf on the occasion of Geils' 10th anniversary
by Gary Kenton

Only those who have been through hand can know what it is like to be a freshman in college in Boston in September. Each year, town is descended upon by hundreds of thousands of students (there are more universities per inch in Boston than any other city in the v many of whom are freshmen, very young and predominantly wet behind the ears. New E summers turn abruptly into first semester would-be scholars and horny teenage ushered into the city by hopeful parents a with their peers. This ritual has come to be as Freshman Orientation Week, a misnomer there was one, since the actual result influx is to set Boston on its proverbial ear physically and psychologically, each and fall. I went through this ordeal almost a ago. The relative novelty of pot-smoking ar hair made that era perhaps even more experimental and virginal than most (although I'm co ed that every year more men and women lose virginity in the Boston area in that one than anywhere else on the face of the earth), seemed to me that college was a wonderful lots of loose dope and countless loose v (compared to high school, anyway). All the necessary to complete this utopian picture some good ol' rock 'n roll.

Which brings me to the point of this r brance: the final evening of Freshman Orientation Week in Boston traditionally finds these haired, freaked-out greenhorns packing selves into the student union for their first 'mixer.' When I attended this affair at University, the first band to play, The distinguished themselves with a good set of psychedelic rock, featuring their mini-classic is the Life" (their lone album died instantly months later and The Quill were never heard again). The next band onstage did not p any improvement; a five-man blues band that formed out of the ashes of a local group call Hallucinations. First, they dressed wrong time when people preferred their paisleys loudest possible colors, these guys came your basic black. The guitarist, from whose band took its name, looked like nothing so as Clark Kent with a guitar, sporting a blazer with thin lapels, a white shirt and tie, and back straight blond hair. The bass player best to look tough but came off pretty mu most of the audience. His bass lines, however, were already tough as nails. The drummer had long hair and seemed somewhat frail until he removed his shirt and got down to business on the drums. A hard worker. The harmonica seemed just plain shy; all his ego channeled t

SURVIVAL AS AN ART FORM

first man at Beansands square world), g and glanders as s are ad left now nor if of this both every decade d long imen- in-vinc- e their north and it thing; 'omen it was e was

mem- tation long- them- college Boston Quill, mildly "This sever- d from 'omise at had ed The At a in the on in m the much k suit slicked lid his h like never, r had til he on the player rough

his instrument. The lead singer didn't seem to have much flash either... until he started singing and dancing. Not very big or brawny, the gravelly authenticity of his voice caught the audience by surprise. A star. Halfway into the first song, one of my fellow disoriented freshmen turned to me and said, "Geez, I wonder if all the bands in Boston are this good. These guys are dynamite."

Not only were all the other bands in Boston not that good, but now, ten years later, Boston has yet to come up with anyone who can touch them. They've changed of course,... especially their appearance: the quartet became a sextet when they recorded their debut album in 1970, adding a keyboard player, Seth Justman, who has since hooked up with lead singer Peter Wolf to form what is perhaps the finest latter-day team of pure R&B songwriters in the world. J. Geils, lead guitarist, has long since ceased to look like Superman. His hair has been let down while his guitar playing has opened up. Bassist Danny Klein's wardrobe has gone from basic black to shocking pink and if there's a pimp on 125th Street who can hold a candle to him, we haven't seen him yet. The drummer metamorphosed from Steven Bladd to Stephen Jo Bladd and he also looked like a walking neon sign for a while, but has since settled into a relatively straight, short-haired niche which better suits his no-nonsense drumming style. Magic Dick, which once seemed to be a strained attempt to vicariously capture a Chicago blues essence, has been the name worn proudly by the man who has no real competition for the title of rock's best harp player.

And Peter Wolf? Well, he went through most of his major changes before The J. Geils Band even existed. An art student at the Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston, Wolf played a little harp, but it was so far removed from his life as a painter that he travelled in music circles under the alias Driftin' Dusty Johnson. It wasn't until he sat in with a band at a party, in a drunken stupor, that he realized he could sing. The band became The Hallucinations and, although they were unable to break out of the local scene for the duration of their five-year existence, Wolf emerged as a natural performer and had definitely given up his slow-burn career as an artist for the faster one of a rock star.

Even as The Hallucinations, including both Wolf and Bladd, were waiting for their big break, the J. Geils Band had played its first gigs with J., Dick and Danny getting their chops down. In 1967, the five finally got together and quickly assumed the position as Boston's own 'bad boys of rock,' becoming a quasi-house band at the Boston Tea Party club. By the time they came over to help

the B.U. freshmen get 'oriented' in 1968, they had fulfilled the Hallucinations' dream of landing a recording contract while establishing their hard-line dedication of pure American rhythm and blues, a purist stance which they've never altered.

All these thoughts came to mind while waiting for Mr. Wolf to arrive for our interview at an Irish restaurant/bar in midtown Manhattan a few days prior to the Geils band's 10th anniversary show at The Palladium. So our first question was whether the band had changed much over the ten years. "Well, J. never used to bathe and he bathes now, so hygienically he's changed. But seriously, I'm so close to it that it would probably be easier for you to see how we've changed than it is for me. Only the music has been changed to protect the innocent." Peter is always "on," even during an interview; his speech infused with the jiving, rapid-fire patter that he learned as a disc-jockey and has perfected on stage. So we asked the same question in a different way: are the group members still friends, do they still hang out together in Harvard Square the way they used to? "We spend so much time together working," Peter replied, "that we have to be friends. I spend a lot of time over at Seth's house, writing songs, and he at mine. And I spend a lot of my evenings gettin' drunk and crazy with Magic Dick; he goes rolling around the bars with all these baseball and basketball players, and they'll end up falling by my place at 4 or 5 in the morning. So, yes, we all hang out together, but not like in the 60s, not in any communal way. We have our separate lives, but you get close with people after ten years of working with them."

We went on talking, mostly about the past—about the scene in Boston ten years ago, the signing to Atlantic and the nine albums they've done for the label, about a lot of old friends and acquaintances, some of whom are still around and others who have died or merely slipped away. But it was perfunctory, lazy conversation until the subject came around to the current album, *Monkey Island*. Clearly, this was what could get Peter excited: this was what he had come to talk to us about. "Y'see, before making *Monkey Island* we had come to kind of a dead end." Peter was earnest now, speaking slowly and deliberately. "Not that we don't like any of our previous albums—we like 'em all—but we just came to a point where we knew we had to take a progressive step. We had to make a great album. Before, I'd never have said, 'We set out to make a great album,' but that's what we did. We never spent a lot of time on our records before, but this time we took about nine months off the road to record *Monkey Island*. After we were in the studio about

three months Atlantic started getting a little itchy... it's understandable. I got a call from Ahmet [Ertegun] and he says, 'What's goin' on?' After another couple of months went by, he came down to the studio and said, 'I got to hear something. You do owe me that.' So we played him two tracks—one was 'I'm Not Rough.' He just flipped out and said 'Keep working.' It was great that he gave us that freedom."

The extra time and freedom paid off; *Monkey Island* manages to break new ground without uprooting the basic R&B foundation on which the group's entire persona is built. With J. Geils and Seth Justman assuming the roles of technical overseers, the band produced and arranged themselves for the first time. By utilizing the technical niceties afforded them by the studio, adding some unobtrusive strings and horns, and taking more pains with the construction of their arrangements, the Geils band has come up with a record that is striking in its diversity without losing its focus. And the songs; it is always easy, especially in the R&B field, to constantly do songs from the safe distance of the third person, but Wolf and Justman have interspersed their usual collection of obscure R&B classics ("I Do," "I'm Not Rough") with some devastatingly autobiographical odes. Both the title track and "Wreckage" embody strong social indictments as well as personal experiences. The latter song would appear to be a devastating portrait of an aging rock star. Peter chose to interpret it differently: "I don't know if it's about age... it's about time. Like Delmore Schwartz once said, 'Time is the school in which we learn and time is the fire in which we burn—it consumes us. But it doesn't necessarily mean something negative....'"

We were still talking about *Monkey Island*, but the conversation had definitely jumped onto a different level. Wolf was talking about his life. "In ten years of working together, you go through a lot. You see a lot of friends come and go. You see a guy in a group and he's hot, but you see him a few years later and he looks like he just returned from the island of the dead. You see people do things to you and you can't believe it's the same people you used to know. They do things behind your back and you end up getting into situations—especially on the road. You're out there for two or three months and things start getting weird... you wake up in a hotel room and you don't even know where you're at and you become totally disoriented, like you've been in a fever for seven days and seven nights."

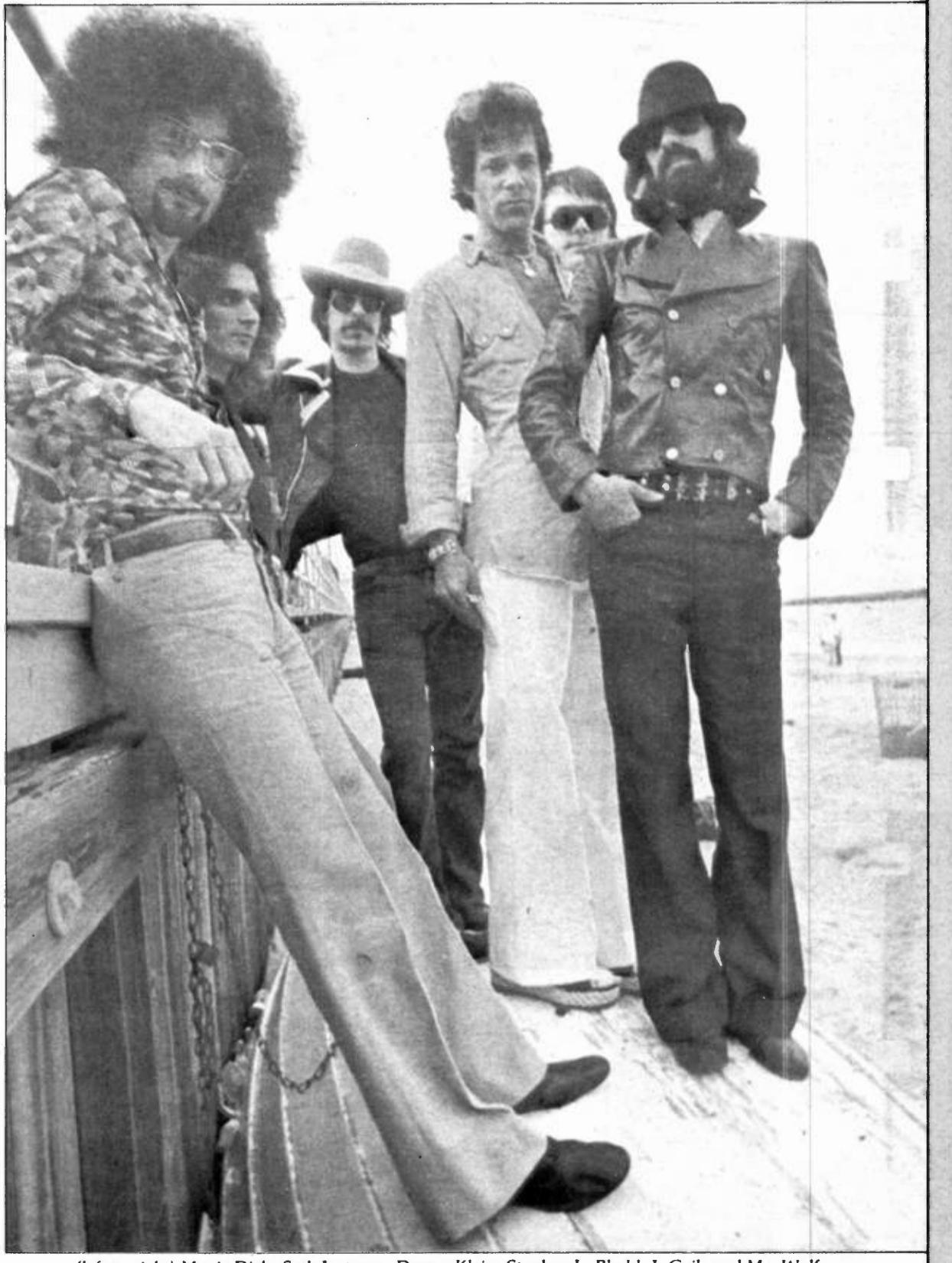
In a somewhat disquieting fashion, he was starting to get to the crux of the J. Geils Band saga. It boils down to one word that, while it applies to any rock group that can merely /please turn over

The plain fact is that although British groups like the Stones and The Who carry more glamour and remain formidable onstage, no one *does it* like Geils in terms of controlled energy and gimmick-free rock entertainment...

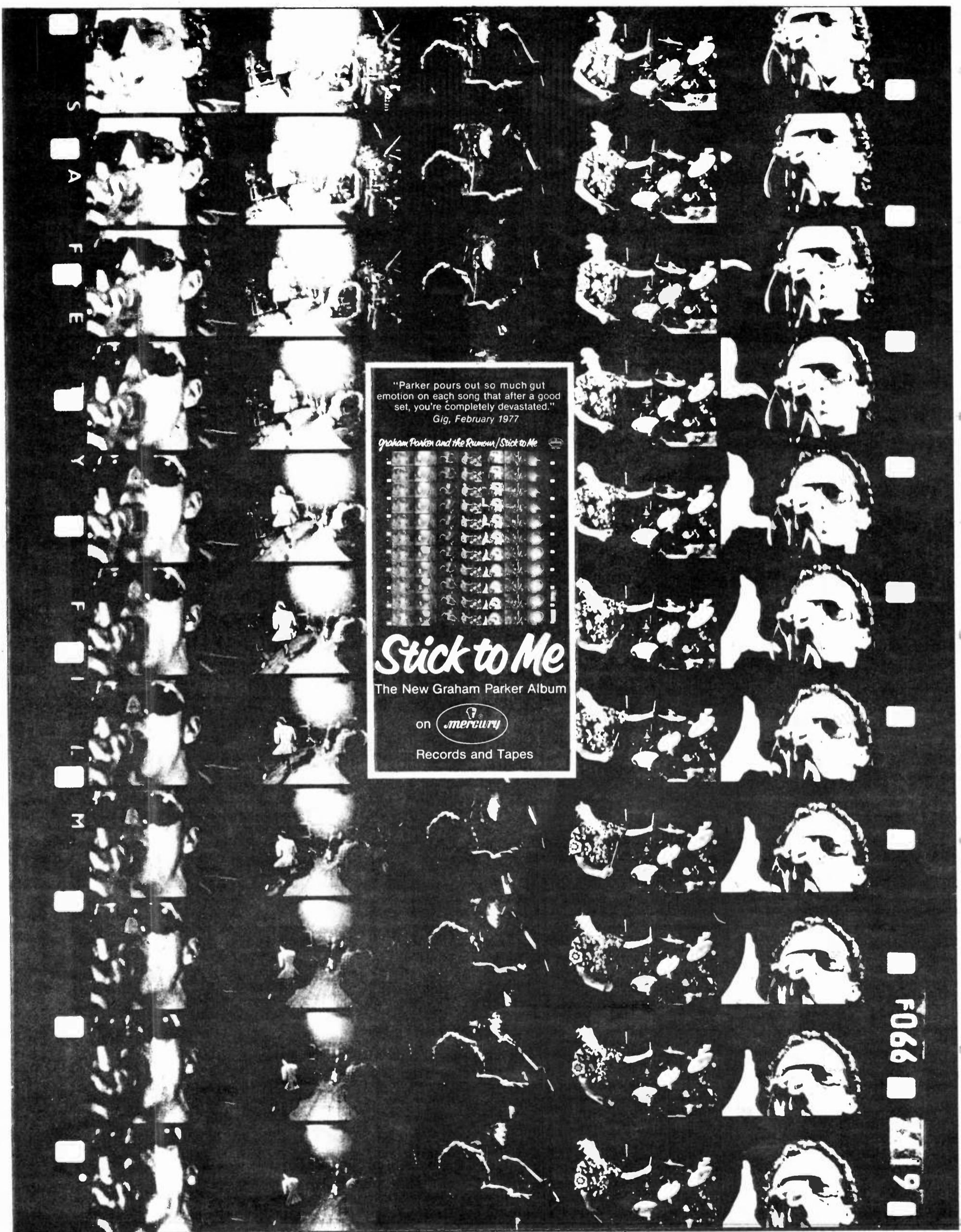
(continued from previous page) exist for ten years, takes on added meaning for a band with Geils's unwavering dedication to unpolluted, 100% honest and true American rock and roll music; the word is *survival*, and if you see an article in print about this band that doesn't include that word, you might as well stop reading. "The thing about survival," says Wolf, "whether you're a writer or whatever, is the challenge of keeping it going; taking something, progressing, bringing it to the limit and keeping it fresh. Sometimes you simply can't do it. For a new group that comes along, playing in lounges and bars, there's the challenge of making it. But when you've been together for a period of time, it's different. There are lots of ups and downs. But being able to keep it together through all the peaks and valleys, that's the trick."

The peaks have been well documented. It took them from 1967 to 1970 to make their first record, but they immediately jumped out of local group status and into the national spotlight. Seven more albums were to come before *Monkey Island*, two of which attained gold status at about the same time the band was playing the largest arenas each city had to offer. But, because their instant success was so obvious, it also was plain for all the world to see when they began to slip. People don't document the valleys, they simply take notice and move on to whoever is hot at the moment. And although they are as big as ever in some cities (they still sell out Cobo Hall in Detroit), they play the Palladium in New York instead of Madison Square Garden, the Music Hall instead of Boston Garden, and so on. There are levels, especially in terms of AM Radio, where the J. Geils Band has never really been accepted, but lately, even some of the FM programmers around the country have moved Geils off their playlists. We expected Wolf to be bitter about this kind of treatment, but he was really quite philosophical about it: "There's a kind of excitement that surrounds a group, a movie or a book...once the word gets out, talk generates more talk, and people get excited and they become consumed by it, like a moth to a light. It's happened with us countless times. When you're at it for ten years, you don't always have this going for you. Not every song Sinatra records is a "My Way." But what you do is keep going until things get turned around. There've been times when people have sold us short, but it's a great feeling when they turn around and apologize. Yeah, we're disappointed in a lot of areas, but I wouldn't call it bitterness. We get upset, we get hurt, but we're not bitter."

Peter is right to chalk most of it up to fashion. Part of the appeal of pop/rock music relies on successfully capturing the (continued on page 41)



(left to right) Magic Dick, Seth Justman, Danny Klein, Stephen Jo Bladd, J. Geils and Mr. Wolf



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G

eils is not the only group with the feeling that they've been caught by Catch-22; you can't sell a record unless they play it, and they won't play a record unless it's selling...

(cont from page 38) moment; hit records are made to have their run and make way for another, newer, hit. But, for all the wisdom of this thinking, it still does not explain the mysterious desertion of the J. Geils Band by FM radio programmers in recent years. A case can be made for the fact that *Ladies Invited* and *Nightmares* were albums that offered little for disc jockeys to grab onto, but with *Monkey Island*, there is simply no excuse. It's ironic to talk to Wolf about radio's shortcomings since he has spent many hours behind a radio microphone and was undoubtedly one of the all-time great DJs Boston has ever had. He still makes the occasional radio appearance; a recent guest DJ spot at in Detroit caused a mini-riot outside the station. "Radio is going through a lot of changes now," is the way Wolf politely put it "It's become very programming oriented, being taken over by corporate chains. It has become a big business. Some of the personality has been diluted out of radio, but it will come back. It used

to be simple, a DJ would get a record, listen to it, love it and play it. But lately, I've actually had DJs and program directors tell me 'Gee, I personally love the record but it's not on my playlist and our ratings might go down.'

With DJs refusing, or being unable, to take a stand on a record, Geils is not the only group with the feeling that they've been caught by Catch-22: you can't sell a record unless they play it and they won't play a record unless it's selling. This policy not only prevents many young groups from getting the exposure they deserve, but also keeps groups who once enjoyed heavy airplay, like Geils, from coming back.

But there is little to feel sorry for in the case of the Geils band. The fact that their record sales have temporarily slipped is a fact which, at this point, affects Atlantic far more than the members of the group. *Monkey Island* represents the last record on the original contract the group signed a decade ago, a deal which, while suitable to the newcomers who signed it, did not reap them great benefits in the long run. The group should be able to renegotiate a better deal for themselves with Atlantic while remaining as one of the most solid concert attractions on the rock circuit. Their 10th anniversary show at The Palladium in New York offered further evidence in support of the argument that Geils is the greatest live rock 'n roll band this country has to offer. Seeing them now, drawing on material from nine albums, one realizes how true to their own original vision they've remained. "Surrender" and "I'm Falling" from *Monkey Island* blend perfectly with "Give It To Me," "Whammer Jammer," "Detroit Breakdown" and "Must Of Got Lost" from previous albums. On "Southside Shuffle" they rock with what the football announcers might call "reckless abandon, churning into a frenzy before shifting effortlessly into almost a capella harmonies: "Gotta Do It! Gotta Do It!" The plain fact is that although British groups like The Stones and The Who carry more glamour and remain formidable onstage, no one does it like Geils in terms of controlled energy and gimmick-free rock entertainment.

Wolf, of course, is the centerpiece. So active, such a consummate showman, he tends to obscure both his own singing and the band's playing with his kangaroo jumps and audience interaction. No white man this side of Johnny and Edgar Winter has sung rock and the blues harder or longer than Wolf, and he is in as good voice now as he was at Boston University ten years ago. As for the band, they leave most of the actual performing to Peter and content themselves to play their asses off, night after night. Enough has been written about their renowned tightness to make individual

descriptions superfluous here. You might be able to name one or two other bands that have stayed alive for ten years, but you'd be hard-pressed to think of one which had not undergone a single, solitary personnel shift. The six guys who made *The J. Geils Band* album in 1970 are the same sextet who made *Monkey Island*. They have only gotten better.

As for the future, although Jimmy the Greek might not yet have a line on it, odds are good that the Geils could celebrate a 20th anniversary from the stage rather than rock retirement homes. They will most likely continue their established pattern of producing and managing themselves (they recently severed ties with long-time manager Dee Anthony, who remains a friend), but beyond that, little is certain except that there'll be a lot of travelling and a lot of gigs. "That's what we do," says Wolf, "It's part of our job. We might like to make travelling a little easier—that freedom comes from selling a lot of records—but hopefully the end result is always to make the show better. That's the demand we're always making of ourselves. We're trying to create a challenge and then meet it."

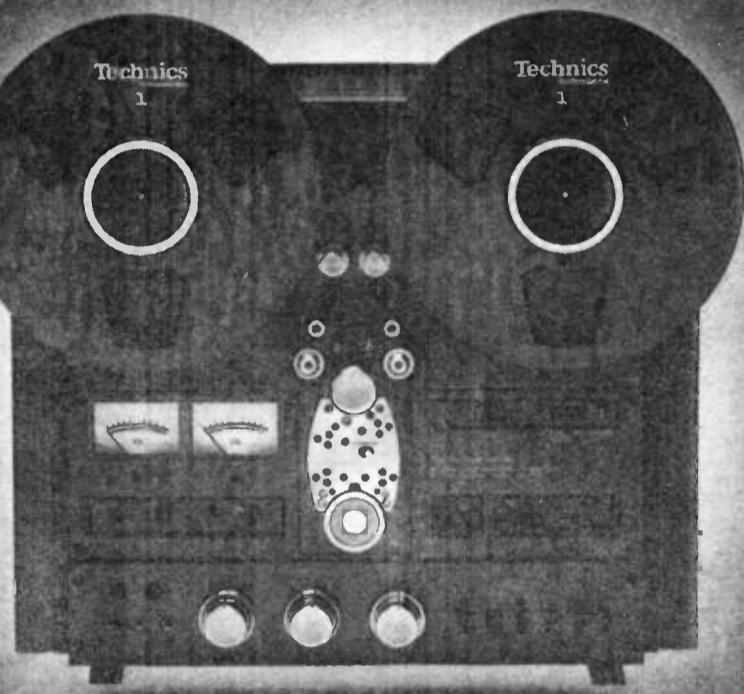
And don't hold your breath waiting for some change in the band, either musically or philosophically. Wolf, who on the surface would seem to be the one most liable to give up on the life of a rock star for a life of leisure with his wife, Faye Dunaway, states flatly that he wouldn't know what to do if he retired and would "probably blow my brains out in a week." His insistence on keeping his private life private verges on the self-defeating; that he should be married to an actress of Ms. Dunaway's fame and beauty is a remarkable feat, worthy of respect. All he said to us on the subject was this: "We've worked hard at not becoming a 'professional couple' and that's why I won't talk about it. Once you talk about it, you are it."

So we go back home to listen to *Monkey Island* and wait for Geils to come back to town again. We know they'll be back, for though there might be other bands playing at college mixers and starting on the long road to fame and fortune, few if any will become the American institution that the J. Geils Band has become. And to tide us over until they return is the lingering image of Peter Wolf on stage at The Palladium, popping corks on champagne bottles and handing them out to the crowd at their 10th anniversary show. As he got to the last bottle he held it high over his head and made this toast to the audience: "May your rockin' days be full of health and happiness." We drank both to his sincerity and his contribution in making his own toast come true. ■



Mr. Geils backstage, demonstrating that a custom-made Flying V guitar is more fun than temporary female companionship

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Synapse

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Throughout the past year a considerable number of polyphonic synthesizers and related instruments have been introduced to a hungry music market. What follows are capsule summaries of various examples of these much-in-demand items. It is interesting to find a wide range of design among these instruments. Each product exhibits a unique conception of what is necessary for polyphonic performance without emphasis shifting from touch sensitivity to maximum simultaneous notes to the finer aspects of voltage control.

OVERHEIM

Some of the most flexible polyphonic synthesizers available today are the Oberheim four and eight voice polyphonics equipped with the PSP-1 polyphonic synthesizer programmer. These instruments feature either 4 or 8 of the popular Oberheim expander modules (a total of 8 or 16 oscillators) interfaced with an E-Mu Systems digital scanning keyboard to create four and eight voice systems. The PSP-1 introduces a further interface—that of a digital memory, which allows the performer to program his own patches and recall them from memory instantly.

This may all sound technically formidable, but the programming is actually quite easy to do and requires no knowledge of digital hocus pocus. Programmable parameters include oscillator frequency, VC Filter center frequency, and modulation (but not "Q" unfortunately), vibrato, and attack-sustain-decay characteristics on the separate VCA and VCF envelope generators. The memory can

contain up to sixteen patch programs. In the near future Oberheim plans to offer a device that will allow the performer to store an essentially unlimited number of patches on ordinary cassette tapes.

Another attractive feature of the Polyphonic Synthesizer itself is that it employs two oscillators, two envelope generators, a variable-moe filter, a VCA etc., for each voice. This results in an unparalleled richness and "fatness" of sound that is truly breathtaking to hear. This lushness of tone helps compensate for the availability of only 4 or 8 simultaneous notes.

For all this magnificent technology, however, an equally magnificent price must be paid. A programmable four-voice system costs \$5690; an eight-voice is \$10,185. Oberheim Electronics, 1549 9th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401.

MOOG

A different approach to the polyphonic situation is embodied by a new instrument from Moog. Unlike the Oberheim, each of the Polymoog's seventy-one keys will produce its own tone, simultaneously if desired, just like any piano or organ. Moog spent \$100,000 developing a single IC (integrated circuit, or "chip") that would perform the functions of two envelope generators, a VCA and a VC Filter. With one of these chips directly triggered by each key, it becomes possible to have individual gating and filter sweeping throughout the range of the keyboard. The only drawback to this plan is that each key does not have its own oscillator. The actual waveforms are generated by the electric organ trick of top-octave division. The Polymoog, therefore, does not possess the

vivid "fat" sound of the Oberheim or even Moog's own monophonic Minimoog, where a single tone is created by more than one oscillator.

The Polymoog as other interesting features: lighted switches and digital readouts help keep track of what's going on over the large control panel. The nearly six-octave keyboard is the largest synthesizer keyboard on the market. Also, the keyboard is touch sensitive; like a piano, the harder one plays, the louder the sound. There are controls for formant/equalization-type filtering, as well as the usual VC Filter and foot-pedal accessories can do the work the hands are too busy for. Moog's Ribbon Controller is still the preferred method for pitch bending. There are additional buttons for nine pre-set patches. They include such instrumental timbres as strings, piano, brass, clavinet etc. as well as a variable pre-set programmable by the performer.

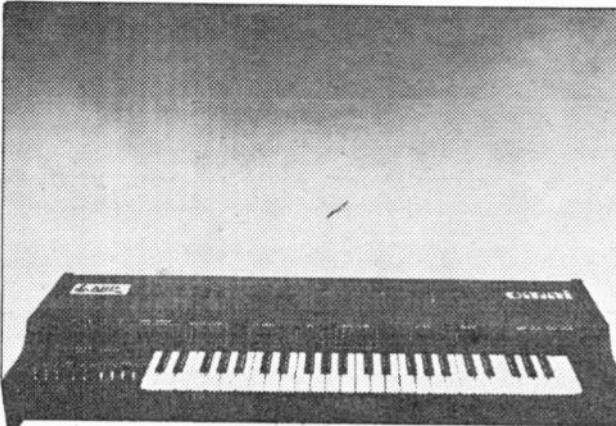
Two years in the making, the Polymoog is obviously a well thought-out and finely-crafted instrument. However, for a machine of its size and price, it is disappointing that it does not include such features as ring and frequency modulation, more control voltage options and external patchability. The Polymoog lists for a stiff \$4495.

ARP

The ARP Omni employs the most modest approach to polyphonics and also has a modest price: \$2395.

It is essentially two instruments played from one keyboard. One half of the Omni is a string synthesizer possessing truly remarkable, lush sound.

ARP Omni

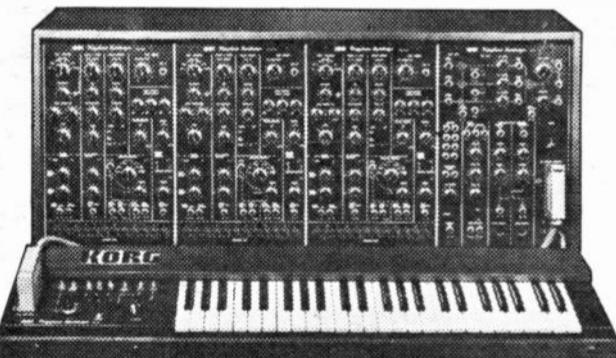


Polyphonic Synthesizers

The Omni could easily replace ARP's own more ready-sounding String Ensemble.

The other half is the synthesizer itself, the part subject to timbre variation. As in the Polymoog, all frequencies are generated by top-octave division, so the sound is a little thin. Another point is the single trigger for all keys; notes cannot be individually gated or filter swept. But what do you want for \$2395? There are some distinct touches, such as a foot pedal that controls envelope decay time, and a slider pot that mixes together the string and synthesizer timbres for some interesting effects. The Omni definitely can fill the "polyphonic need" of the budget-minded synthesist. ARP Instruments, 320 Needham St., Newton, MA 02164.

manner. The synthesizer has twelve oscillators, one for each note of the twelve-note scale, and divides them for the octaves of the original pitch. While this technique is similar to that of the Polymoog, the additional oscillators allow each note to be individually tuned, providing a fuller sound and increased tonal subtlety. One of the most venerable traditions of electronic music history, patching, has also been integrated into the system for greater variety in function usage. The signal generator outputs six waveforms as does the modulation generator. Also featured is a polyphonic sample and hold. Korg plans the addition of a polyphonic sequencer, external voltage processors, remote keyboards and



KORG

Korg has recently released the PLS (Professional Laboratory Systems) Models 3100 and 3300 polyphonic synthesizers. For a listen to the systems in action, check out Kansas' album, *Point of Know Return*. The 48 note keyboard is fully polyphonic with each key having an independent voltage controlled filter, envelope generator and voltage controlled amplifier. Korg's approach to synthesizer polyphony represents an extension of techniques previously used, but never before in this

pedal controllers, all for use with the PLS series. The PLS 3100 lists for \$2995 and the PLS 3300 for \$7500. a subsidiary of Unicord Inc., Westbury, NY 11590.

E-MU

When you consider the E-mu 460 microprocessor controlled keyboard (list \$2500), a new polyphonic capability is exposed. It is the controller that is polyphonic (16 voices) and can therefore be used with or without a polyphonic synthesizer.

For instance, used in a studio situation, the E-mu can be used to digitally memorize and play back 16 independent channels of voltage information. With the use of a click or timing track, a small amount of modular equipment will allow one to build a synchronized, polyphonic tape recording.

In live performance, a large system (16 voices worth of modules) must be employed to produce the same effect. This system was used on Frank Zappa's recent tour. E-mu Systems, 3046 Scott Blvd., Santa Clara, Cal. 95050

Another polyphonic synthesizer controller of this type is the MC-8 Microcomposer by Roland (2401 Saybrook, Los Angeles, CA 90040), for \$4500 (without synthesizer). This unit can be programmed by a calculator keyboard, demanding no traditional keyboard technique.

STRIDER SYSTEMS

Strider Systems' DCS-1 is a portable computer-controlled synthesizer. It is available with twelve analog VCO's and three state variable filters for \$4500 and with ten VCO's and five VCF's for \$4750. The ADSR and LFO functions (32 of them) are all software generated, i.e. there is no physical module producing the function. Patches are stored in memory and on audio cassette. Four sequences can be generated simultaneously and independently and stored in memory for later usage. The voicings on the DCS-1 are not fixed and the VCO's and the VCF's can be ganged up in many configurations. One special feature of this system is software tuning, where the push of a button causes the VCO's to monitor an A-440 generated by the microprocessor's crystal oscillator, and adjust to it. Although it can take up to two minutes, it adjusts each VCO in each octave. P.O. Box 2934, Norman, OK 73070 □

Doug Lynne and Chris August respectively, edit and art direct, and Tom Davey is a regular contributor to, *Synapse*, the bimonthly 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 give name, address and include the annual (six issue) subscription fee of \$6.00. □

OLD & RARE

by Dave de Forrest

The Gibson Firebird

The Gibson Firebird was just introduced in 1963. In its original design (highly innovative in appearance and construction) it sold so poorly that by 1966 the guitar was radically

altered in construction and appearance. This second series of instruments, still bearing the Firebird name, was then marketed. The public ignored this second version as well and the Fire-

bird was out of the picture by 1968. Hence in a span of five years two separate but vaguely similar Firebirds were produced and today, with both styles of Firebird being sought-after

by performers and collectors, there is considerable confusion about these various editions.

Although both designs were referred to as Firebirds in the Gibson product literature, it has become a convention among collectors to distinguish the original '63 version as the "Reverse Firebird." The subsequent '66 version is thus, by extension, dubbed "Non-Reverse." This usage will be employed within the text of this article whenever it seems warranted.

The Reverse Firebirds

embody a unique method of construction to which their present-day desirability, for both players and collectors, can be attributed. The design was innovative not so much in appearance (the Firebird owes much to the 1958 Explorer as well as to the Fender line in general and the top-of-the-line Fender Jaguar and Jazzmaster in particular) but because it represented Gibson's best attempt to produce a solid guitar with good access to the entire neck without a correspondingly weak neck-body joint. To appreciate the design of the Firebird one must examine the other Gibson solidbodies of its time.

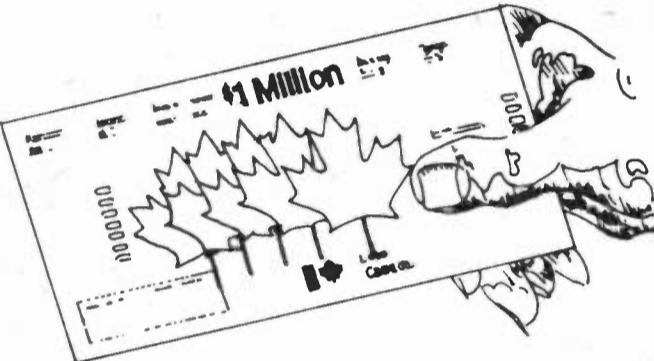
In 1958 Gibson began to redesign their solid-body instruments to feature greater access to the entire fingerboard. Both the original Flying "V" and Explorer, best remembered for their striking appearance, are the earliest solid Gibson guitars on which a player might reasonably expect to reach all the frets on the fingerboard from either side of the neck. Both designs were, alas, commercially unsuccessful.

At the same time, however, Gibson began to issue double-cutaway solid guitars in the Les Paul Special and Junior models. These provided substantially improved access to the fingerboard but were soon a service problem. Unlike the single cutaway models, these instru-

ments suffered from weak neck-body joints, especially the double pickup Les Paul Specials on which the pickup mount for the fingerboard pickup was routed out of the very area where the neck joint could have been reinforced.

In response to these problems, the fingerboard pickup was relocated closer to the bridge on the Les Paul Special by mid-'59. The trend toward double-cutaway design continued: Soon the familiar Les Paul design was abandoned and the Les

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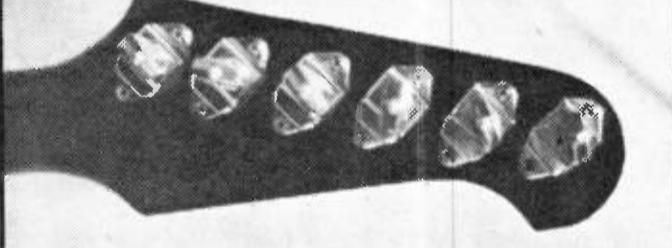
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'63 Firebird VII showing original banjo-style tuners

the neck and the body. In fact, the neck and central portion of the body, on which the pickups and bridge are mounted, are carved from a single piece of laminated mahogany. The outer portion of the body are glued to this core using a wedge-shaped joint.

Thus the neck cannot go out-of-set or loosen up; it is part of the body. This is the ultimate contribution of the early Firebirds and one of the reasons why they are historically significant as well as such fine instruments on which to play. The principle of



Two '63 Firebirds. (L) Firebird III, (R) Firebird VII

constructing a guitar with the pickups and bridge mounted on the same structure as the neck is one of the major claims of advanced design for the now-popular Travis Bean guitar.

Reverse Firebirds, with a few rare exceptions, had certain features in common. The most usual finish was a distinctive brown sunburst which shades from dark brown stain at the outer edges of the body to mahogany in the middle. Firebirds were also available in white, red, metallic blue or turquoise although these latter, along with metallic gold and burgundy, are more often found on the non-reverse models. A white pickguard with red Firebird logo was also standard.

They had a distinctive "backwards headstock" (which looks like a Fender headstock in mirror-image) and banjo style tuners rather than conventional guitar keys. I have owned several reverse Firebirds with headstocks facing in the same direction as on the Fender instruments (or the non-reverse Firebird) and banjo keys as well as a few which were produced with the later headstock design and conventional guitar tuners. These latter instruments were also equipped with the black plastic P-90 single-coil pickups.

Aside from that rare handful, the majority of reverse Firebirds were equipped with a special design humbucking pickup similar to the Johnny Smith mini-

humbucker. Unlike the Johnny Smith pickup these had no adjustable pole-pieces. The pickup was mounted to a flush, metal guard ring which had a height-adjustment assembly like that found on the large Gibson humbucking models.

There were four models offered in the original edition. All were designated with odd numbers (the intervening even numbers were assigned to the Thunderbird basses). Firebird I was the simplest. It had a single pickup, unbound rosewood fingerboard with pearl dot inlay, short vibrola, and a single-piece, non-adjustable "ladder bridge" on which the harmonic compensation is permanently molded. Firebird III had two pickups, a bound rosewood fingerboard with dot inlay, a short vibrola tailpiece and the same non-adjustable bar-bridge. Firebird V was essentially the same as Firebird III except that it sported a tuneomatic bridge and a fancier

vibrola tailpiece with a chrome cover stamped with the Gibson logo and lyre design. Fingerboard was of bound rosewood with trapezoidal pearl dot inlay. The showpiece of the line was the Firebird VII. It was a triple pickup model with the same bridge and vibrola as on Firebird V; however all metal parts and pickups were gold-plated. The fingerboard was bound ebony and had rectangular pearl inlays.

Unfortunately, the one-piece construction was dropped by 1966 when the newer, non-reverse Firebird was

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more or less a mirror image of the '63 model although construction and detailing were different. Although these are fine guitars in their own right they ought not to be confused with the '63 design.

All original reverse Firebirds are considered rare and desirable by both players and collectors. Prices on these instruments are in a state of flux at present but are steadily increasing. Prices are higher as you go up the line but even a Firebird I will command \$500 or more in fine condition and Firebird VII

models, when they come on the market, are offered in New York and Los Angeles for well over \$1,000.

Around 1970 a "Limited Edition" re-issue of the reverse Firebird V was offered for sale. These are identified by a small gold medallion on the body bearing the "Limited Edition" designation (or, in the hands of the unscrupulous, by the small, round depression where the medallion used to be mounted) and by the Gibson logo stamped on the pickup covers. These instru-

ments are quite close to the original design and are an excellent value if reasonably priced.

At present Gibson has once again issued the reverse Firebird. This "Bicentennial Edition" of the Firebird has a red, white and blue Firebird logo on the pickguard (the original emblem is red only) and is of the original one-piece neck-body design. It differs from any original model, however, in that it has a Les Paul style stop-tailpiece and tuneomatic arrangement. Although it appears to be similar to a Firebird III, with two

pickups and a dot-inlay fingerboard of rosewood, the fingerboard is not bound and all hardware and pickups are gold-plated. This edition is an accurate copy of the vintage construction and, if not accurate in detail to any specific model of the past, is a worthy successor to its prototypes. It is to be hoped that Gibson will continue to manufacture reproductions as fine as this one.

Prepared by the staff of
Guitar Trader, 8 Broad
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Gig/December 1977

45

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ROAD TESTS

by Max Pascal

Stanton 8815 Phono Cartridge

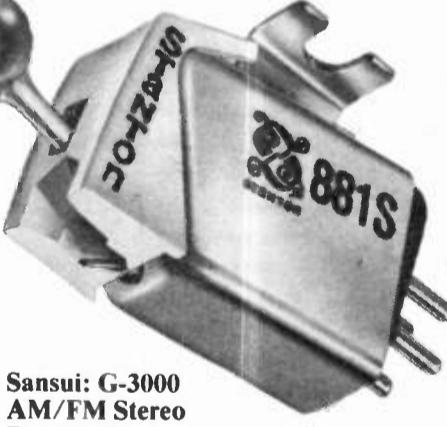
Like many writers I know, I love doing articles on phono cartridges. Half the fun of listening to a new cartridge is opening the box it comes in.

Be it as it may, I was looking forward to the new Stanton 8815 when it arrived. By this time, I'd become accustomed to standard Stanton packages which include a little pill box and small screwdriver in addition to the cartridge.

As delightful as packaging is, it's not what a cartridge is really all about so I took the pick up out of its case and mounted it in the extra shell for my turntable. As with all Stanton cartridges, 8815 has a brush which tracks the groove ahead of the stylus. The brush has an upward pressure of 1 gram, so the tracking force adjustment must be set 1 gram heavier than normal. While the actual setting was 1 gram, the gauge read 2. If you like, the brush can be removed and the tracking force set normally.

The "S" in the designation indicates a new stylus tip configuration, the Stereohedron, which requires a new magnet both smaller and more powerful than most magnets in standard use. But none of this means anything at all without a listen.

The new Stanton 8815 tracked all my records well as 1 gram and gave a clean, well balanced sound. Brilliant highs were matched by full bass parts and transients were clean and crisp. The 8815 has a list price of \$150.



Sansui: G-3000 AM/FM Stereo Receiver

Several months ago, when I first saw the specs on Sansui's new G-300 receiver, I decided I wanted to play with it. Sansui has produced interesting equipment for years and I hadn't had their electronics in the house for some time. This medium-powered (26 watts per channel), moderately priced (\$280) receiver is part of a whole new styling concept for the company.

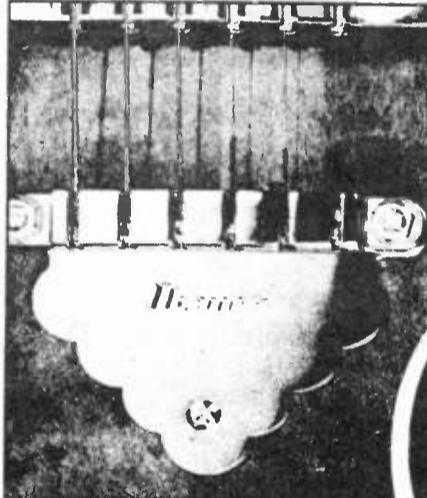
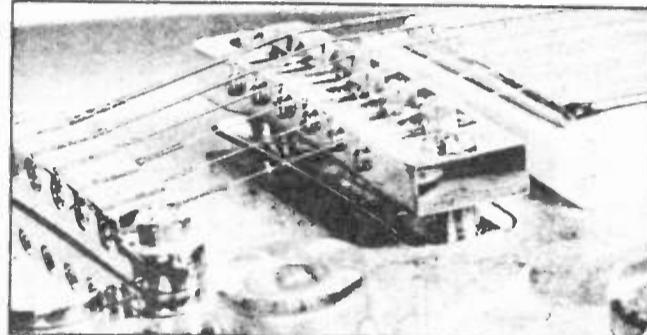
The front panel is a mass of brushed aluminum, knobs, and several square buttons. It also sports two large meters (one for signal strength and the other for tuning) and a beautiful, long, tuning dial. The two large knobs (and when I say large, these are a post pubescent 1-5/8" in diameter) are located under the two meters and control tuning and volume. The volume control is click stopped by 40 detents. Between these two massive "tusks" is

Stuck With

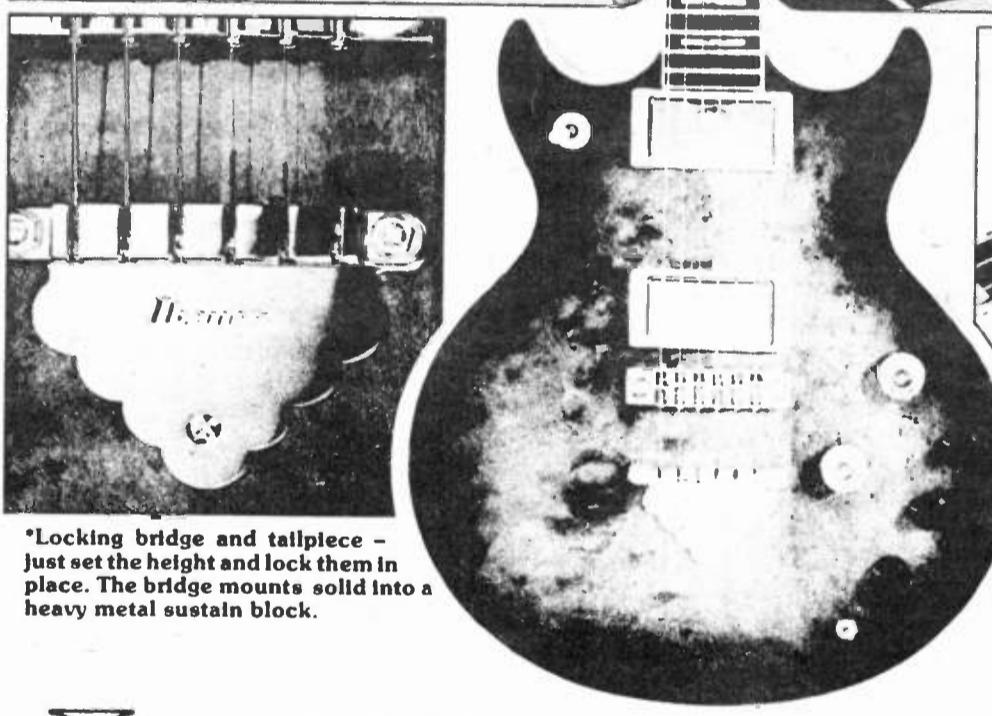
Most guitars stick you with just one sound. Not the Ibanez Artist EQ! It gives you the flexibility of on-board equalization — and the sound possibilities are nearly endless.

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.



*Locking bridge and tailpiece — Just set the height and lock them in place. The bridge mounts solid into a heavy metal sustain block.



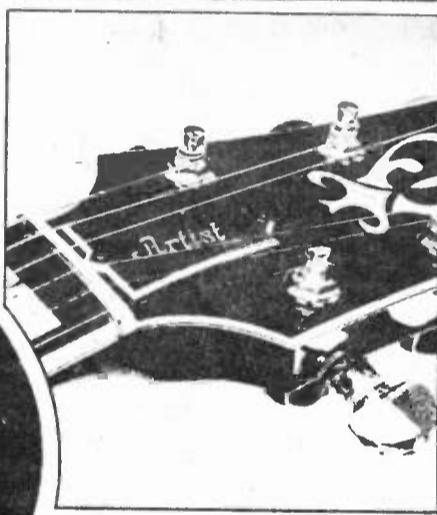
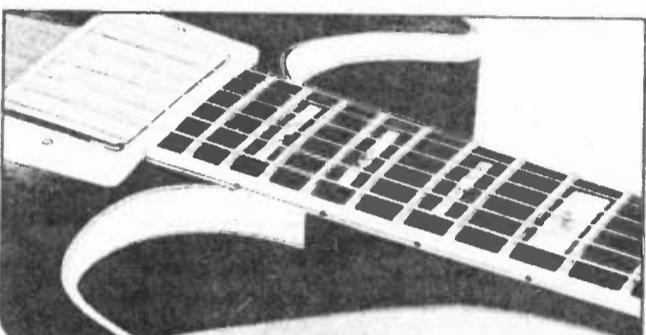
One Sound, Get EQ'ed!

And there's no need to worry about dead batteries. The Artist EQ is sold complete with a regulated phantom power supply. But just in case you forget your power supply, there's an on-board battery that'll give you up to a year of service.

So if you're looking for flexibility in a state-of-the-art electric guitar, get EQ'd — you won't get stuck.

And of course, the Artist EQ is backed by the Ibanez lifetime warranty.

*Super 80 Pickups — The new standard that many players are switching to — hot, clean and bright with their own distinctive punch and bite.



*Half and Half nut — for better string balance and better sustain without rattles — adjustable double worm tuning gear prohibits pull or slip.

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Ibanez The **ARTIST SERIES**

a balance control knob with a detent at center button (square). On the left of the two LK's we have rather standard bass and treble controls and the first knob at the extreme left is a power and speaker control. On the right of the tuning knob are three square push-buttons that control FM muting, stereo/mono and tape monitor. To the right of those is the selector switch.

I put a few discs through the amp section and the power seemed to be clean. Sansui has always produced a good clean amp section, if not the most powerful one in its price class. The tuner section also seemed to be good. It picked up a number of hard-to-get stations in my area with just the customary indoor "T" dipole. Another thing that makes this tuner

section a delight is that the dial is long and linear. You always know where you are since you can clearly see the numbers and the lines between.

Unlike some stereo receivers, the AM section is a reasonably good one. I

found that I could even listen to both rock and classical, without unbearable fatigue.

This is an unusually styled, reasonably priced unit.



MEAT LOAF. HELL ON WHEELS.

Welcome to the world of Meat Loaf, where rock and roll approaches rather frightening dimensions.

Meat Loaf's first album just went out on the street, and armies of Meat Loaf zealots are mobilizing all over the globe.

Within hours of its release, Jim Girard of *The Scene* called it "a masterpiece...a superior rock classic...the first album in years that I have totally endorsed, freaked out over and absolutely praised for its sheer brilliance."

We think you'll agree.

"Bat Out of Hell." The inaugural Meat Loaf album, produced by Todd Rundgren. Songs by Jim Steinman.

On Epic/Cleveland International Records and Tapes.



— 1977 LOS ANGELES —

Management: David Sonenberg. Cleveland International Records is a division of the Cleveland Entertainment Company, P.O. Box 783, Willoughby, Ohio 44094. 216-951-0993. 538 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-935-8630.

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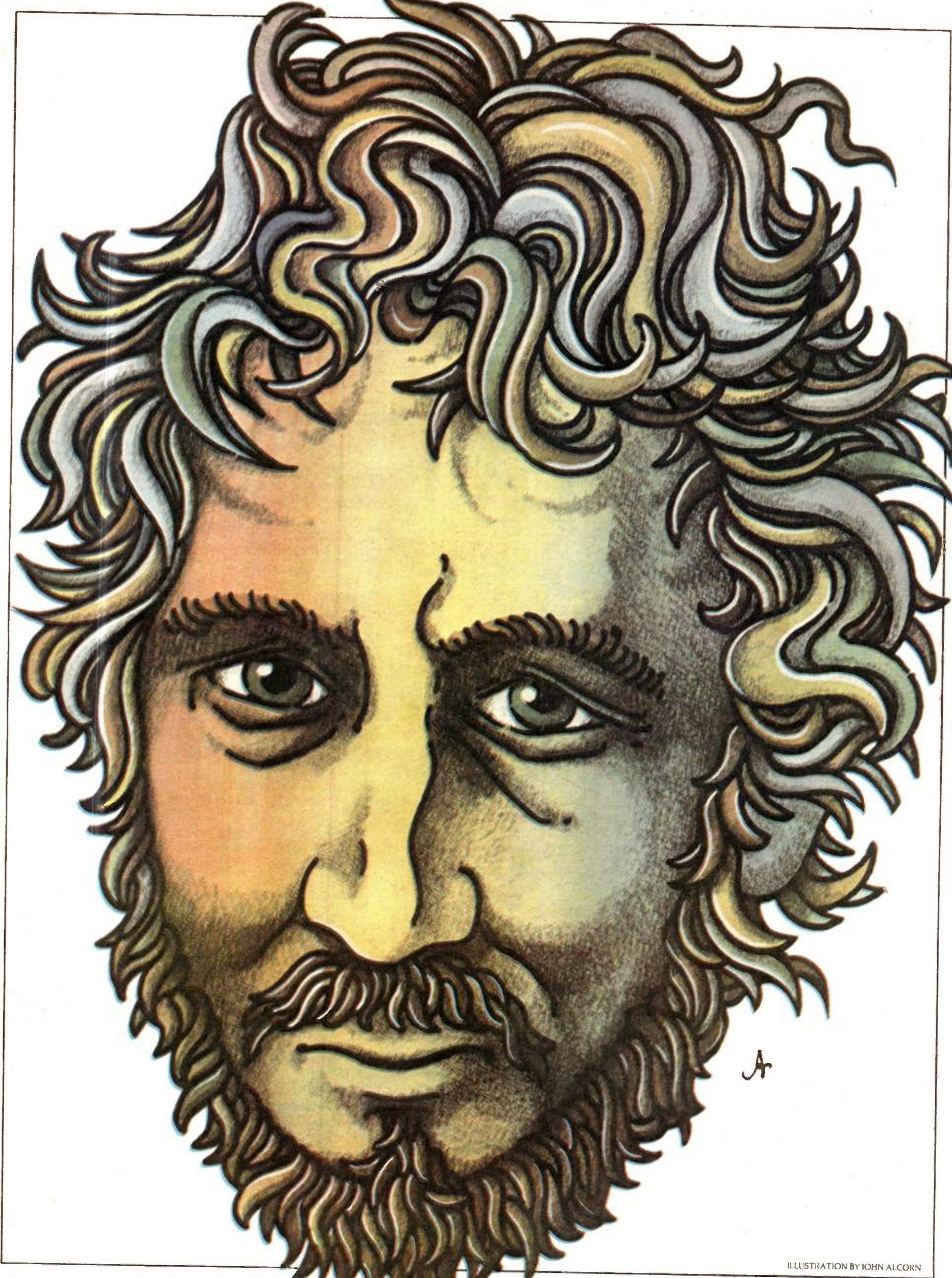
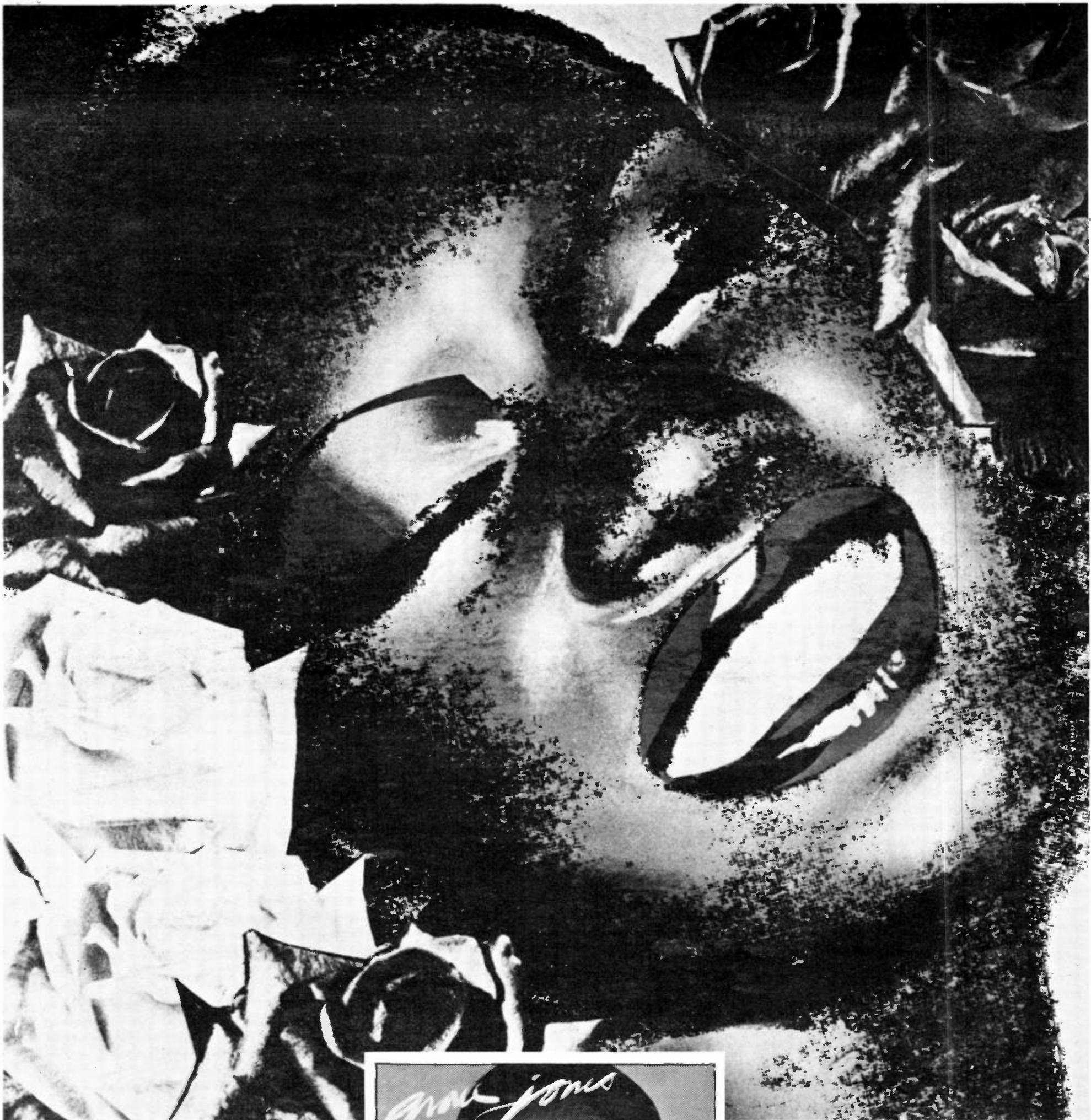
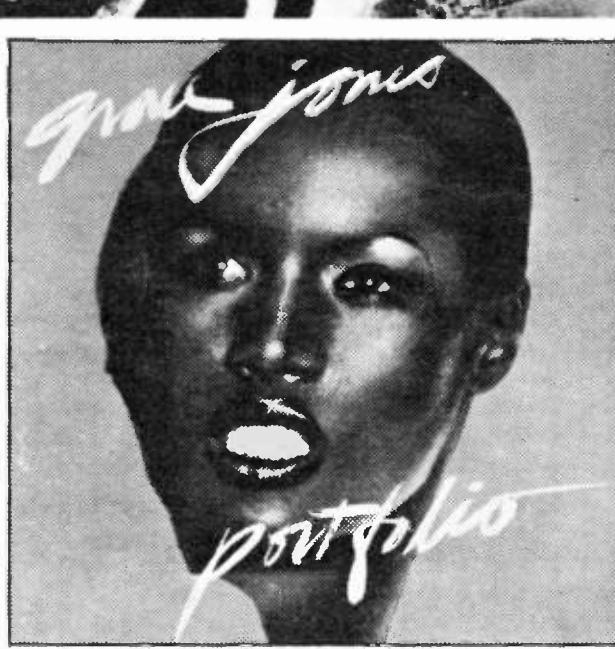


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALCORN



"Her presence is unforgettable
...she is pure flame onstage"
Nik Cohn, New York Magazine

Winner of **Billboard Magazine's**
Most Promising New Disco
Artist of '77" Award



Check out
Grace Jones
Portfolio
on Island Records

You'll get
the picture

GIG

Presents

THE FIRST ANNUAL

'HIFI MINUS HEADACHES'

MANUFACTURERS AWARDS

Confused by audio technic-alese? Sick of hearing about specs instead of sound? Are you buying stereo equipment because of great advertising instead of great performance? Well, friends, we're here to make it simple for you.

Starting next issue, GIG presents *The First Annual "Hifi Minus Headaches" Manufacturers Awards, or What You Hear Is What You Get.*

As we spend every day here at GIG with the music turned up loud, it occurred to us that listening to a wide variety of component systems—as well as a wide variety of styles of music—could allow us to pass on the benefits of our listening to you, the reader.

Accordingly, we'll be checking out everything from amplifiers to turntables to speakers, equalizers, tape decks, headphones, and anything else that comes along. And we'll be giving everything the kind of in-depth evaluation that only a solid month of ten hours a day, seven days a week listening will allow (we're very dedicated here at GIG). Making the most of

our eclectic musical tastes to cover the musical spectrum with a totally different set-up every month, we'll rate each piece of equipment on a scale of ten for performance and listenability.

At the end of the year, we'll give the winning manufacturer in each category (amplifier, turntable, etc) the *GIG "Hifi Minus Headaches" Award*. Our decisions will be made on a performance-for-price basis and will be as fair as we can make them.

We will also try and convince the winning manufacturers to offer their winning piece of equipment as a *GIG Subscribers Sweepstakes Prize*—to be drawn at random from our subscription rolls (this is also designed to get you to subscribe).

Use the appropriate coupon below if there's a particular piece of equipment you'd like to have checked out, and we'll do our best to include it in our Road Tests.

If you're a manufacturer and would like to offer something for our unbiased ears, please use the other coupon, or call GIG at (212) 661-6790.



I've been thinking about buying the equipment listed below. If you could check it out I'd appreciate it. Thanks.

Description _____

Make _____ Model # _____

Price _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

2

Manufacturers Coupon

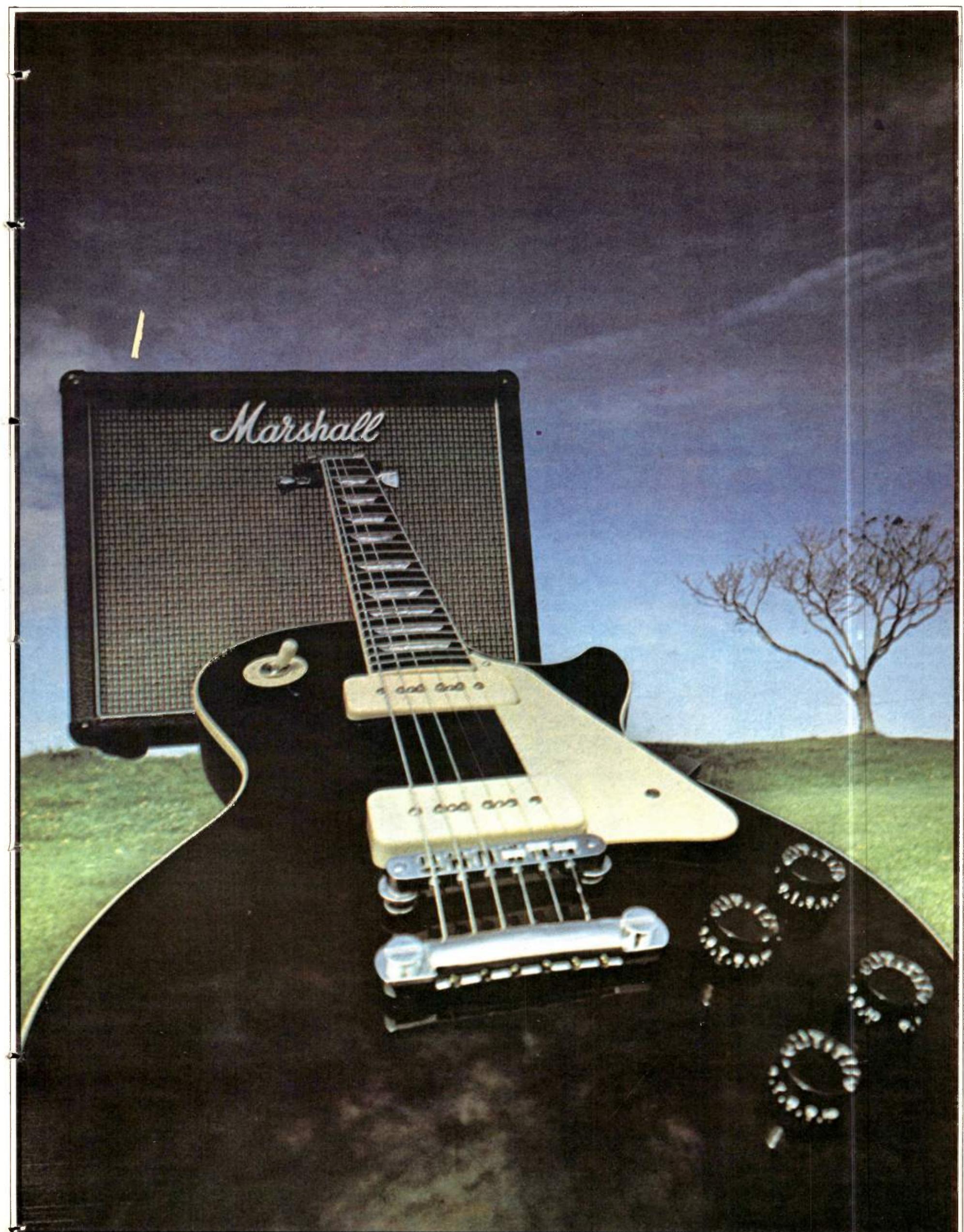
3
Gentlemen, please contact me with full details of your awards. I've got some equipment that's sure to be a winner!

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Company _____

Address _____ Phone _____

I would appreciate being added to your complimentary subscription list.



"The Quintessence of Rock Slumming"

LES PAUL

Gibson Les Paul guitars and Marshall amplifiers. Anyone who shares my passionate obsession with the instrumental subculture of rock and roll will immediately recognize the galvanizing effect when those icons of modern technology are mentioned in tandem. Consider some aural reference points: (early-middle) Eric Clapton, Duane Allman, Jimmy Page, (middle-period) Jeff Beck, Jethro Tull's Martin Barre (check out his formal portrait with both of these in Marshall's British print ads), Pete Townshend, Joe Perry, Kiss and about 60% of all contemporary hard rock albums that continue to spew out onto the marketplace with numbing regularity. Why? A large part of the answer can be traced back to the aforementioned Mr. Clapton.

Back in the middle sixties when young English musicians' eyes and ears were fervently trained on Eric after his hasty departure from the Yardbirds for the sanctified purism of John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, he switched from the time-honored Fender instrument to a Gibson Les Paul. As Jimmy Page and other British guitar stalwarts have acknowledged in recent interviews, this was a seminal move. The rich, fat sound of the Les Paul offered a whole new range of possibilities in terms of feedback, harmonics and prolonged sustain for individual notes. Pumped through major amplification (at first, stacks of Fender amps piled on top of one another, gradually yielding to stacks of Marshall amplifiers) this tendency toward thick sustain, lending added impetus to the developing narcotic of endless solo passages, reached its peak. "Max Sound" at last! Fender Strats and Telcasters were still unmatched for crisp rhythm playing and an almost terminal metallic edge on individual notes, but the Les Paul, with its incandescent humbucking pickups, was to dominate Big concert sound until Hendrix came along with the Stratocaster/Marshall combo.

Swell. So what does all of this technohindsight have to do with you? Well, if you

have roughly 1500 beans to spend for Christmas, this glorious tradition of cataclysmic mega-rock sound is right at your finger tips. What you might call the quintessence of rock slumming: the Gibson Les Paul "Pro" Deluxe and the Marshall model 2104 50 watt MK II lead amplifier.

For those of you who've been asking the same question ("when are they gonna make guitars like they useda?") of Gibson/Norlin for the last few years, Rejoice! The Les Paul "Pro" Deluxe, introduced overseas at the Frankfurt Music Fair last February, is the answer to your secret prayers—yes, some people really do pray about guitars. Anyway, this beautiful solid body instrument—and we do mean *solid*, the Pro weighs in at around 12 lbs.—is one of the most sublime mixtures of traditional virtues and modern technology to ever grace the Gibson electric guitar roster.

Manufactured in the new Nashville plant (where most of the Gibson solid bodies are now made), this guitar features a dense mahogany body with one and two-piece (and occasionally three but never more) maple tops. The fingerboard is ebony (kind of unusual for Gibson, who traditionally lean to rosewood) and the neck has been adjusted to compensate for today's "sissy strings." In response to consumer demand, the jackplate is made of metal (at last!) and the Schaller/Gibson tuning machines are both smooth and precise—another major breakthrough! The plastic, single-coil humbucking pickups are built to the original specifications (collectors take note) and produce a very sweet "singing" sound, both clean and dirty. In fact, I prefer the way these break up at distortion levels to many of the new "hot" custom-made pickups on the market. And the new tune-amatic bridge is a perfect example of how guitar hardware can be *modernized* without adding any gimmickry to screw it up.

This guitar represents more than just in-

telligent corporate response to a long-time consumer demand. And though it does indeed incorporate many of the outstanding characteristics of Les Pauls from the past, it stands on its own as a truly fine guitar. In fact, an admitted Gibson bias notwithstanding, the Les Paul Pro Deluxe wins my unofficial sweepstakes as the finest instrument, both in terms of concept and execution, that I've road-tested in the last year and a half (about 35 instruments all told). If some of the other manufacturers are nettled by this statement, they may rest secure in the knowledge that many of the other guitars were quite good and, as far as the future is concerned, my mind can still be changed—but it'll take some doing.

And let's not forget the amplifier half of this potent sound combination. The Marshall 50 watt MK II Lead amp was recently introduced in America by the Unicord Corporation to fulfill a demand for the glorious Marshall sound in smaller, more economical amp configurations. This series features both 50 and 100 watts, but the 50 watt tested certainly seems to put out more than enough thick, fulsome sound for any club or small hall. The amp is portable; that is, it has a handle. It still weighs a *hell* of a lot and getting it around encourages the possibility of a hernia. But, why complain? If you want that sound, you have to heft the heavy wood cabinetry. Plus you're getting the stunning dark green and tweed Marshall "look" with the white Logo that shook the world. A bonus on this model is the Master Volume Control, enabling you to get distorted sound at relatively low volumes—a really helpful feature for city playing where splitting walls is not a feasible alternative.

So. If you really want to be a rock and roll star and get that feeling of full-bore electronic energy bubbling under your clammy hands, why not get mumsie and dad to pop on down to the music store and pick-up this lethal duo for your Xmas stocking? These two are the Real Thing. □

MARSHALL

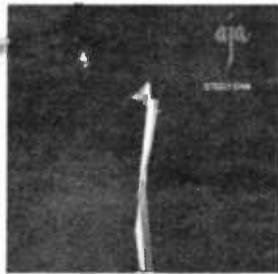
by Jean-Charles Costa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN SHUNG

SPOTLIGHT REVIEWS

'One of the best fusion jazz records ever recorded'

STEELY DAN: *Aja*
(ABC A-1006)



By John Swenson

Steely Dan may not be the greatest American band but they certainly are the most highly touted. Usually that's the kiss of death, especially for a group as unwilling to tour as this one. But Steely Dan is no critic's culture-vulture scene, they're a *pop group*, albeit one steeped in that richly sideways-down-the-nose hip cynicism so characteristic of the floating session out in Los Angeles responsible for much of this decade's AM fare.

Of course Steely Dan isn't really a *pop group*. They're two guys (Donald Fagen and Walter Becker) who've demonstrated a remarkable knack for writing clever pop songs. Their songs have an iciness, an unrelieved tension stemming from the writers' odd relation to their material. Fagen/Becker's sensibilities are East Coast and New York is used as a central metaphor in their writing, yet they've repatriated themselves on the West Coast and shot darts back across the Mississippi, nostalgically trashing their obsession from the Death Valley insularity of Beachtown, U.S.A. In a strange way this is just another skirmish in the never ending battle between New York and L.A., the Bronx Zoo vs. the Boys of Endless Summer.

So Steely Dan never really settled comfortably into that niche of relaxed playing that West Coast music is known for. The stark architecture of their arrangements forced the original band and ensuing sessioneers to play stunningly compressed parts, but the records ended up sounding so sleek you could slide right through them, like Muzak, which only gave another turn to the screw of their genius commercial formula.

But the formula has attenuated on *Aja*, an album that finds Steely

Dan settling into that same relaxed niche they've avoided since their two early singles, "Do It Again" and "Reeling In the Years." Here, though, the comfort is less from a propensity for exuberant jams than their desire to meet the challenge of fleshing out their arrangements. They meet that challenge with guts and astounding technical finesse, and the result is one of the best fusion jazz records ever recorded.

The title track exemplifies the album's style—the basic architecture is not that much different from previous Steely Dan songs, but the embellishments make it novel. The exquisite mixture of Eastern and Caribbean feel in the bridge is positively chilling, and saxophonist Wayne Shorter adds a breathtaking solo break. The trick here is that they've written a complex song structure and filled it with such virtuosic yet seemingly effortless playing that the effect is almost glib. When a song practically eight minutes long slips by as neatly as "Aja," you know there's something special at work. "I Got the News" turns a similar trick, building around Thelonious Monk-like implied harmonies and spinning through numerous, odd changes, but all so smoothly as to be slyly unobtrusive. The subtle overall effect is overwhelming, though not necessarily on your first listen. When you consider that this also happens to be an ironic disco tale the joke is even sweeter. The density of ideas in this production makes headphone listening an added treat to pick up on Tom Scott's transcendent lyricon vocal harmonies on "Peg" or Fagen's catalogue of synthesizer horn effects on "Home At Last."

If they made the move away from hit-single length tracks bravely, they also made it with one eye on its possible consequences. "Deacon Blues," a hymn to losers, is pertinent in this context for the line "Sue me if I play too long." Perhaps not so oddly, their fans didn't even bother—*Aja* is doing exceptionally good business. Whatever these guys may be, they're not dumb. □



The effect is narcotic ...

ROBIN TROWER:
In City Dreams
(Chrisalis CHR 1148)



STEVE HILLAGE:
Motivation Road
(Atlantic SC 19144)



By Bruce Malamut

I remember being shattered over a decade ago by Procol Harum's Robin Trower and his emotion-packed razor-edge style, combining Buddy Guy's economy of syncopated blues soloing and Steve Cropper's effortless rhythm comping. When Trower traded his unique style for the now-famous Hendrix necrophilia of his solo move, it was disconcerting at the least. But it was the zealous religiosity of Trower's love for Jimi, plus his brilliant

mining of the genre, which almost made me admit there wasn't too much wrong with what was essentially a copped style. Besides the obvious technical expertise, there was a certain soulfulness about Trower's playing which denied criticism of a lack of originality.

It would be nice to say that over the six years of his solo career Trower has evolved in some way, but that would be a lie. On his sixth album, *In City Dreams*, the same fluidity of wah-wah'd intonation and majesty of flanged electronic overtones is still at the fore. The band has changed slightly, now rounded out to a healthy four-piece with Scotsman Jimmy Dewar (Trower's traditional writing partner) setting his bass down to concentrate fully on lead singing in his gritty

Edinburgh manner, and Rustee Allen brought in to tie down the bass spot. His playing is sparser than Dewar's and yields the effect of framing Trower's guitar atmospheres and Dewar's vocals into a painting with firmer boundaries than those of the old three-piece, whose natural tendency was to polarize in the direction of stretched-out jams and grandstand plays. Trower's Strat continues to ripple with intensity—as on the album's finest cut, "Somebody Calling," a tentative dream which cakewalks

through the ionosphere in a bracing, spider-like lope.

"Sweet Wine of Love" features Trower's most stunning jazz meditation to date. Along with the title track, which is some kind of 1984 mutation of Gerry & the Pacemakers' "Ferry across the Mersey," it suggests that Trower has begun to play some beautiful music having less than distant influence to do with the ghost of Hendrix. Some very outside progressions, which really are quite substantive chordal invention, italicize Trower's preconscious ax reveries; the effect is narcotic.

When I first experienced Steve Hillage's cosmic guitar prayers with Gong, I felt that (like Trower) what was going on was more than mere Hendrix grave-robbing. Hillage's first solo, 1975's brilliant

psychedelic anachronism *Fish Rising*, was as invigorating an interpretation of the electronic side of Hendrix (as compared to his blues) as ever I'd heard. "Aftaglid"—one monolith of guitar coloration—was the most evanescent electric music I'd experienced since *Electric Ladyland*. The follow-up—*L*, recorded by Todd Rundgren up at his Bearsville studio—cameo'd Don Cherry on iconoclastic horns and percussion, and continued in the vein of Hillside-Village's pixie-ish humor and mystic

goofiness which had been Gong's trademark (Hillage on slow whale sperm guitar fronting the Octave Doctors et al.). Naturally, it was marked from the outset with Rundgren's indelible recording technique (down to the severely compressed drums etc.) What resulted was an intriguing, if sometimes (purposely) silly, collaboration by the West's two most inspired psychedelic hold-outs. But because of its purely musical interest, *L* picked up some of the crossover jazz attention which the new *Motivation Radio* similarly deserves.

For one, the band is Hillage's ballsiest—what with the black rhythm section of Reggie McBride and Joe Blocker throwing in some hot and hard lines in adventurous counterpoint to the rest of the band's cosmogonic brews of audio delight. Included here are Steve's co-writer, Miquette Giraudy, along with Tonto (ex-Headband) on deep synthesizers. Where "Motivation" is enuf funk to carry down to the local disco, "Radio" and "Light in the Sky" showcase Hillage's traditional exotic/electronic axis. As usual, everything goes down in floating juxtaposition to Steve's sailing lead lines, which are equally influenced by peak Beck as they are by Hendrix.

One of the most attractive things about Hillage is how conscious he is of being a silly anachronism—he goofs on it too. On *L* he took off the Beatles' shamanistic "It's All Too Much" just like the new one tosses off an alien cover of Buddy Holly's classic "Not Fade Away," which is no less great comedy than it is a captivating re-interpretation. It's this kind of equivocal commitment which keeps Hillage's music vital and believable; thus negating the premise that psychedelic cowboys never grow old, they just phase away... □

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S GREATEST HITS

CHANGES ♥ IF NOT FOR YOU
LET ME BE THERE ♥ COME ON OVER
IF YOU LOVE ME (LET ME KNOW)
I HONESTLY LOVE YOU ♥ PLEASE MR. PLEASE
LET IT SHINE ♥ DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'
SAM ♥ SOMETHING BETTER TO DO
HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S GREATEST HITS



©1977 MCA Records, Inc.

MCA-3028
.MCA RECORDS

A laser day with the Cult.



Produced by Murray Krugman, Sandy Pearlman, David Lucas and Blue Öyster Cult.

© 1977 CBS INC

"Spectres." Blue Öyster Cult. On Columbia Records and Tapes.

ROCK

by Ken Tucker

THE DEAD BOYS:
Young Loud and Snotty
(Sire SR 6038)



Lead singer Stiv Bators leaves his willful and ostentatious stupidity at the studio door, and the result is one of the most effective, ah, punk LPs yet released. Unlike the Stranglers, the Dead Boys' crude complaining can be both humorous and sincere, and their musicianship is a model of stripped-down assault. A nice surprise.

JAY FERGUSON:
Thunder Island
(Asylum 7E-1115)



One LA narcissist who knows how to get out of his own way; Ferguson may write a gloopy lyric but at least he has the sense and the skill to hurtle it past you before you become mired. Side Two doesn't hurtle fast enough—lots of saggy ballads—but Side One is up there with prime Hall & Oates-style rock.

RANDY NEWMAN:
Little Criminals
(Warners BSK 3079)



Arguably Newman's greatest album, and the only argument I'll hear is *12 Songs*. For a lazy guy with a sporadic writer's block, *Little Criminals* vibrates with relentless ambition and fecund intelligence. While many have voted Newman's singular self-effacement, the most considerable and exciting achievement I detect here is a continuing self-discipline that impels him to keep it all simple, utterly without pretension (see "In Germany Before the War" and "Baltimore"). The only exception to this is the Freud/Einstein joke, and it's a cluttered, amiable one.

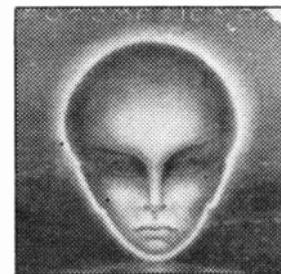
ELVIS COSTELLO:
My Aim is True
(Stiff SEEZ 3)

Perhaps by the time this sees print, the Stiff label will have an American distributor; if not, ferret out the import. In the originality and magnanimousness of its lyrics, in the sloppy-choppy gloriosity of its music, in the sublime, courageous looniness of its creator, *My Aim is True* is a thrilling album. Costello employs roots rock in the service of modern dilemmas—how to both



adore a woman and deal with her as an equal; how to express frustration in a mature but still cathartic way; how to evade idiotic responsibilities once one oozes further into adulthood. And much more. The big question is, is Costello his real name?

AUTOMATIC MAN:
Visitors
(Island ILPS 9429)



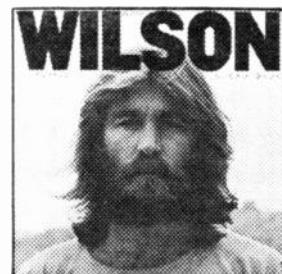
Automatic is right: all of Side Two sounds like machine noise. Mechanistic hard rock for those who do not appreciate any kind of generous emotion in their tough music. However, they're skillful enough to fool some of the people, and may even be taken seriously.

ARTFUL DODGER:
Babes on Broadway
(Columbia PC 34846)



What is intended to be their breakthrough LP is also their roughest yet, both in terms of intensity and quality. The vocals are enhanced by this; a rarity, their gruffness reeks of brains. But the hard rock of *Babes* has little of the band's stunningly commercial edge—its pop is here submerged in ambition.

DENNIS WILSON:
Pacific Ocean Blue
(Caribou PZ 34354)



Wilson's voice and the instrumentation are hoarse and thick, lending just the right pinch of agony to this collection of California dreaming. Even as the spirit and influence of Brian hovers, Dennis carves out his own territory: the pleasures of marriage and the healthiness of agrarianism. With a neat beat. And even a few escapes into rock & roll non sequitur—see "Friday Night."

TALKING HEADS '77:
(Sire SR 6036)



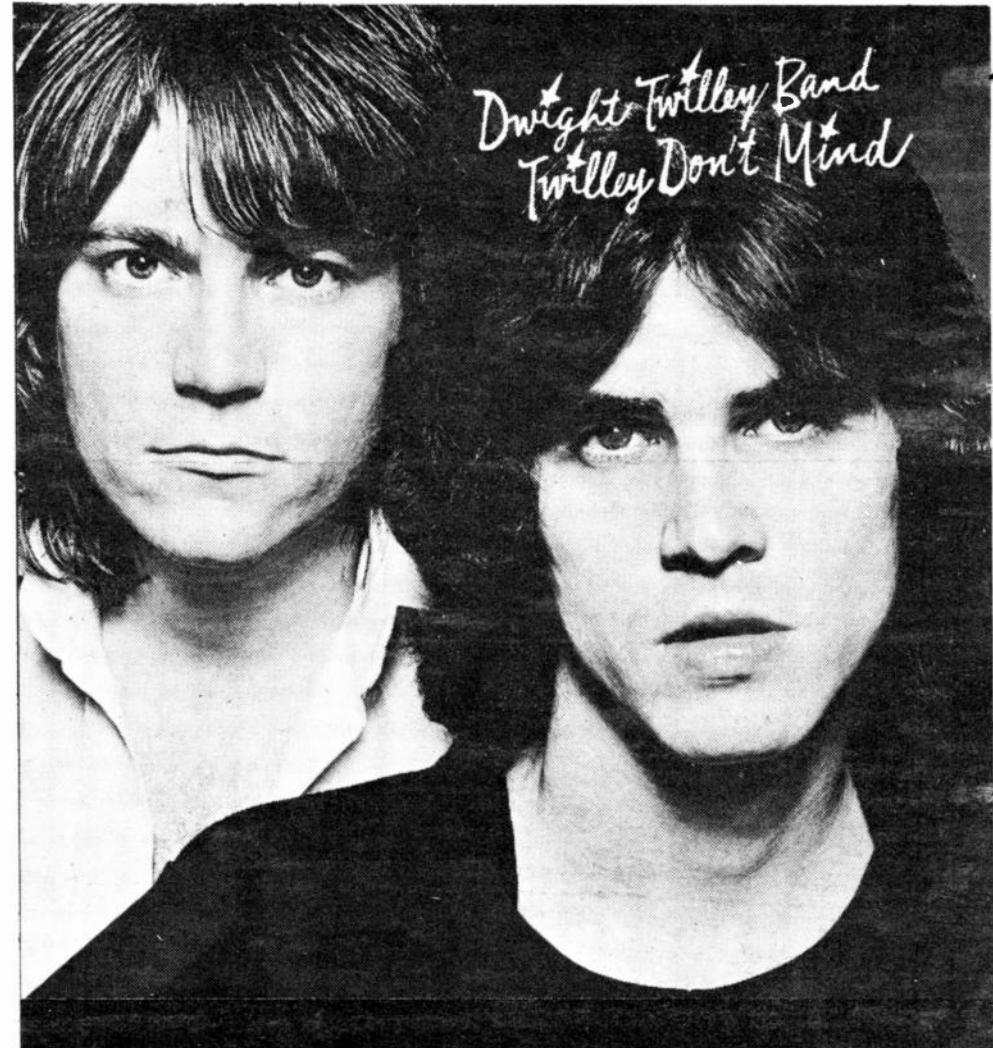
Lead singer-songwriter David Byrne has the surreal severity of Andre Breton, and his lyrics, deceptively decipherable on the first few listenings, eventually prove to be sober garble. This is not a complaint: all of it leads Byrne into some of the most beautifully serene imagery rock has ever inspired. But the arbitrary choppiness of the music is exhausting after a while—I doubt that I'll listen to this for pleasure very often—and the Heads, as arousing and passionate as they always are as players, are already faced with the dilemma of fractured accessibility vs. challenging experimentalism. A second album, which may resolve some of this, is anxiously awaited.

THE SAINTS:
(I'm) Stranded
(Sire SR 6039)

New wave detritus: ignorant screech whose ignorance is not rescued by a sense of humor and whose screech is not modulated by a knowing singer.

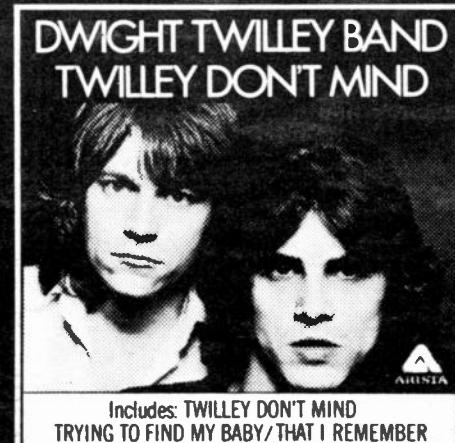


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ARISTA

ROCK

DON HARRISON:
Not Far from Here
(Mercury SRM-1-1185)

Harrison abandons the post-Creedence rock & roll stance for a more nebulous rock (read: very self-conscious) one. The results are mixed. His singing is as unpretentiously direct as ever, but his material is uncomfortably mediocre. Not to worry: "Funky Monkey" isn't disco. Come to think of it, some competent dance funk would have helped this ephemerally tune.



RAM JAM:
(Epic PE 34885)

Here follows an example of circular argument. Ram Jam embodies a commercial hard rock dumbness that isn't catchy, and catchiness is the one characteristic of this sort of thing that is essential. Then again, their sleeper hit "Black Betty" was a hit for the very fact that thousands

of kids found it so persistently seductive; is this sign of a profound new gap between young and old ears? Naw, Ram Jam's music is too dumb.



DONOVAN:
(Arista AB 4143)
Still mesmerized by mysticism, reedier, of voice and feebler of melody, Donovan staggers yet again into the commercial thicket. Neither new band nor new label serve to inspire him. Now at his lowest, we must not rule out a hit single: such are the wonders of pop and the vagaries of 60s leftovers.



STEELY DAN:
Aja (ABC AB 1006)

Face it, lovers of tense, wittily neurotic rock (in which category your author is embedded): Becker and Fagen are now confirmed jazzheads. Seven long cuts that stretch out with languor and even arrogance but never insinuate in the way they were intended. *Vive Pretzel Logic.*

PHOEBE SNOW:
Never Letting Go
(Columbia PC 34875)



Most of this features Snow's own compositions, which are uniformly unwieldy and unflattering—a big mistake. But on two others, "Love Makes a Woman" and "Garden of Joy Blues," she makes her affinity to black music crucial and nearly profound.

CRAWLER:
(Epic PE 34900)



Potentially effective hard rock undermined by its self-seriousness. Their attitude is proto-Bad Company, which is not an attractive attitude to cop. They have a dense, full sound, and as such need lyrics that are either thin and light or else utterly forgettable; instead, they're full and dense.

SHERBET:
Magazine
(MCA MCA-2304)

The title is most appropriate: strictly the slicks. And like a typical magazine article, not



much in the way of depth. Does slick rock need depth? No, but as a substitute it needs an (eye-) (ear-) catching, flashy surface. Very little of that here.

HALL & OATES:
Beauty on a Back Street (RCA AFL1-2300)

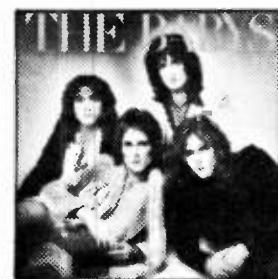
Their most florid work yet, which is really saying something. At the same time, a holding action: the usual chic misogyny swaddled in audacious, pummelling melodies. After



three in a row like this, I'm inclined to give up on them: sneering opportunists, they keep milking, each time getting a bit wilder. But the wildness never threatens to carry them into some good old uncool passion.

THE BABYS:
Broken Heart
(Chrysalis CHR 1150)

These mental adolescents don't live up to their



name—if they were really infantile, they might cut their chops on some nice, sugary pop music. Instead, they purvey a brattiness that contemplates its navel to an extent that would shame a real infant or a real adult.

THE ALPHA BAND:
Spark in the Dark
(Arista AB 4145)

Just as I suspected: stuffy poseurs. The first album's occasional melodic felicitousness, and David Mansfield's violin playing, forced me to hold this conclusion in abeyance, but what they show here are probably their true colors. Or color: purple. Purple lyrics, purple music. Even though I can't believe I'm the first to make this joke, I propose the Omega Band. ■

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Diana Ross
"BABY IT'S ME"

Diana Ross' new album produced by Richard Perry includes the hit single "Gettin' Ready For Love"

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DIANA ROSS
Baby It's Me

On Motown Records & Tapes

JAZZ

by Richard Weitzer

JEAN-LUC PONTY:
Enigmatic Ocean
(Atlantic SD 19110)



Ponty's success with what we have come to call jazz-rock represents the institutionalization of a musical genre that was considered extremely alien only six years ago. With the introduction of the first Mahavishnu Orchestra album in late 1971, there was an almost universal cry of "What the hell is this stuff?" Ponty, who played in one of the later groupings of Mahavishnu, has watched that reaction change to mass adulation. The music is not as rough or as energetic as it once was, it often is predictable nowadays. But it is our perceptions of it that have really changed the most. Ponty's violin and Allan Holdsworth's guitar are of two minds, but work like one. And as enjoyable as this album is, I wonder if Ponty gets tired of doing the same thing all the time.

CHARLIE MARIANO:
Reflections
(Catalyst CAT-7915)

Some of this is very straight-ahead, but Mariano's soprano cuts through like a knife. He has the most distinctive sound around, sweet and lyrical like Paul Desmond, but also tough and biting like Jan Garbarek. But he is relatively unknown and way under-recorded. This record was recorded more than three years ago with a group of Finnish musicians including guitarist



Jukka Tolonen and Eero Koivistoinen on tenor. But being an older session, it is curiously out-of-synch with what these cats are doing now, but that is the state of the art over at Catalyst Records.

KEITH JARRETT:

The Survivors' Suite

(ECM-1-1085)
This is the first ECM recording of Jarrett's American quartet, a

group that has recently been supplanted by his Scandinavian quartet. This recording harkens back to his earlier work



on Atlantic and Columbia with the American group and may in fact be the best he has ever recorded with them. A cohesive composition covering both sides of the disc, it deals with a holocaust and the survivors' attempt to build something "more than a self-made tomb." Dewey Redman embodies the holocaust in a free-playing tenor solo, something unusual for a Jarrett piece. Bassist Charlie Haden still sounds like he resides somewhere within Jarrett's piano, his playing is that well integrated. And drummer Paul Motian adds a coloration at times in conflict with the melody, but that's what gives Jarrett's American quartet a rougher and a more joyous feel than his Scandinavian group.

RON CARTER QUARTET: *Piccolo*
(Milestone M-55004)

Ron Carter is undoubtedly the most complete bassist around. He can lead a band through four sides, dominating all the way and not lose a moment to boredom, a rather difficult feat for an instrument that has very few built-in leadership characteristics. Carter gets away with it because he can make the bass actually talk to you. What each person hears may differ, but the message is the same. He has assembled some musicians here that match his own precision;



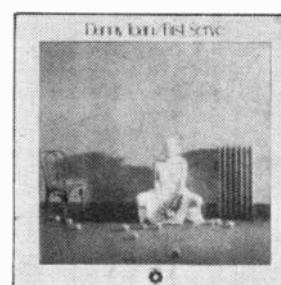
Kenny Barron on piano, Buster Williams on bass (Carter plays piccolo bass) and Ben Riley on drums.

DANNY TOAN:

First Serve

(Embryo SD 535 Atlantic)
If Danny Toan is the direction that rock is tak-

ing then there is reason for rejoicing, but if he represents the direction



that jazz is taking, then the outlook is more depressing. He made the same jump that McLaughlin made ten years ago from acid rock bands to a more jazz-based style, but he lacks McLaughlin's sophistication and interest in improvisation and ensemble jamming. His style is still much more Hendrix than McLaughlin, but isn't it about time to revive Hendrix anyway?

URSZULA DUDZIAK:
Midnight Rain
(Arista AL 4132)

A victim of uneven albums, Dudziak has managed to make the best of all of them into a modern synthesis of post-bop singing. Once she

tried to sing pretty ballads a la Flora Purim, but this gave the short shift to her unbelievable scatting. She is really more at home in a song that allows voice to mimic a full range of sexual frenzy. Michael Urbaniak's violin soars around and through her silky voice, reminding one more of Sonny and Linda Sharrock than anything else.



CECIL TAYLOR:
The Great Concert of Cecil Taylor
(Prestige P-34003)

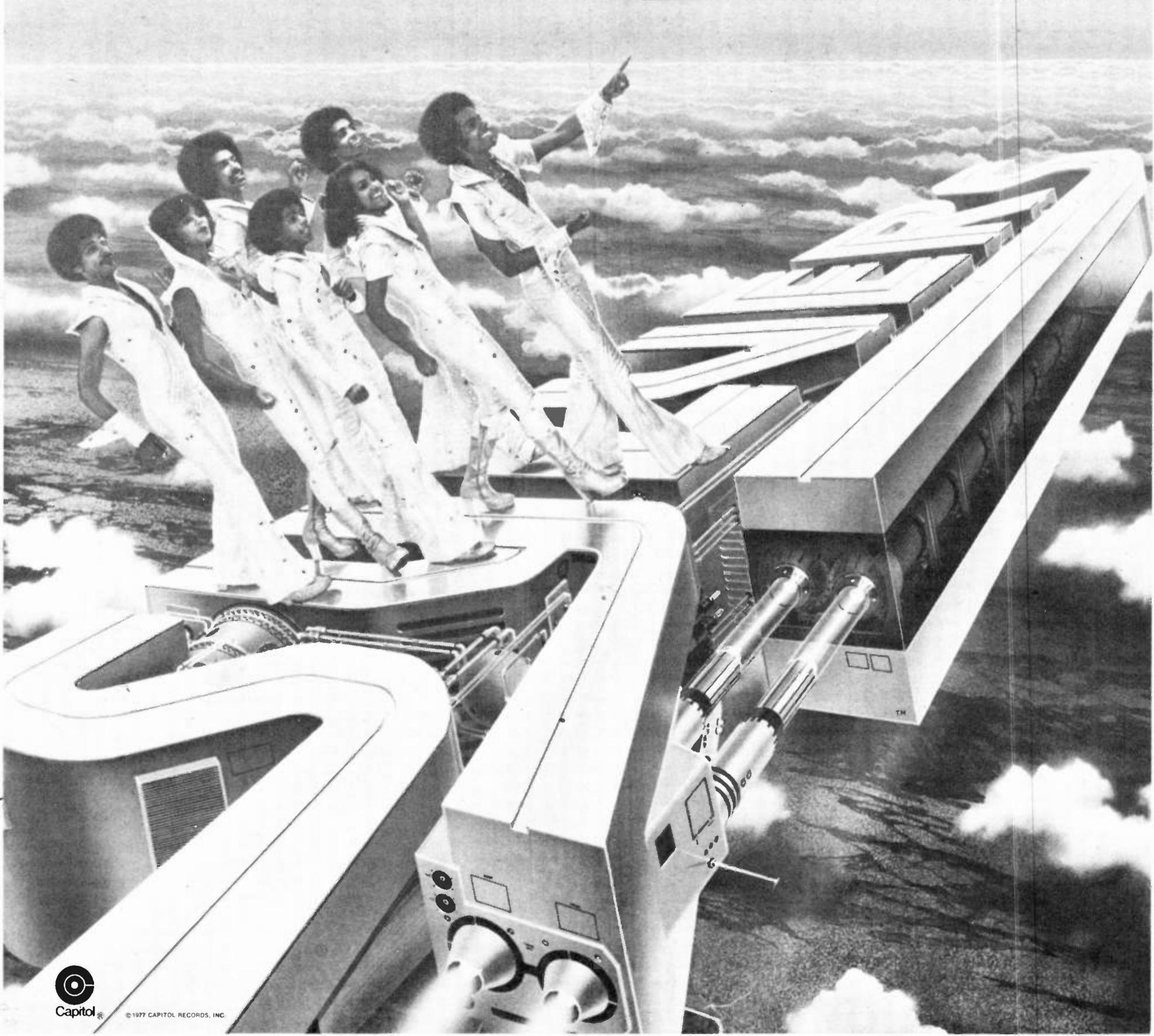
The packaging begs the questions a bit. "The Great Concert" — like the one from Mingus? A triple-LP boxed-set like Keith Jarrett's solo marathons? Actually, it is a genuine treat anytime a major label releases a Cecil Taylor album. This one was recorded live in Paris in 1969 with Sam

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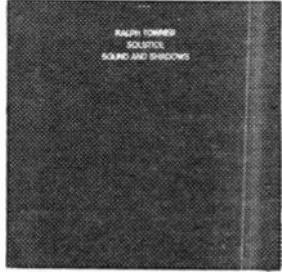
WRH

JAZZ



Rivers on soprano and tenor, Jimmy Lyons on alto and Andrew Cyrille on drums. It is very chaotic by 1977's "Mellon" standards and listening to all six sides at one sitting requires either a masochist or a total devotee. The logic of the whole thing might be more apparent if one could see him live.

RALPH TOWNER:
Solstice/Sound and Shadows
(ECM—1—1095)



Ralph Towner, Jan Garbarek and Eberhard Weber are easily the most unique artists on the ECM roster. Towner's crisp 12-string and classical guitar playing is executed in the customary faultless manner while his piano grows more distinctive with each album. Jan Garbarek's moody tenor and piercing soprano covers the range from foghorn to bumblebee. And Weber's fretless

bass, a large-bodied electric upright which he bows, has explored tonalities untouched by modern bassists. It is easy to imagine Towner working with Weber or Weber with Garbarek, but all three might make for too much competition, especially between Towner's quiet acoustic guitars and Garbarek's dominating tone. However, producer Manfred Eicher has solved this problem and all the elements are in balance.

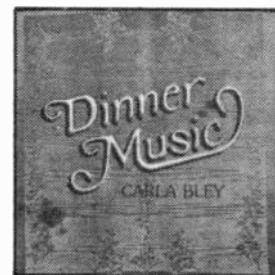
KELLY STEVENS/CARNIVAL: *When You Wish Upon a Star* (AVL 6017)

Chick Corea meets Walt Disney? Kelly Stevens and Carnival prove that it could happen. Of course it is not that far-fetched, the early RTF albums prefigured this. You must listen to these stoned jazz arrangements of 'Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah,' 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf' and 'Chim Chim Cher-ee', to appreciate the possibilities of the Disney genre. This was recorded in Finland by American musicians, and



is seemingly available through RCA.

CARLA BLEY:
Dinner Music
(Watt/6)



If you want to market records, the strategy is much like that used by Holiday Inns — "No surprises!" No doubt some people thought they were getting burned if they bought Bley's last record (3/4) and found a beautiful, hypnotic piece instead of the rampant surrealism shown on *Tropical Appetites* and *Escalator Over the Hill*. Even more will holler if they expect any of the above on *Dinner Music*. Bley has taken some tremendous artistic risks here. She employs some of her stalwarts, Roswell Rudd, Carlos Ward and Mike Mantler, but also Stuff, a group better known for their two Warner albums of tight, classic funk and scores of sessions for people like Aretha Franklin. And whereas the Stuff albums are technically precise but ultimately boring, Bley uses their expertise to a greater purpose. Richard Tee, Eric Gale, Cornell Dupree, Gordon Edwards and Steve Gadd have never sounded this fresh. But can this be accepted by those who had to strain to accept her earlier work? Will Stuff fans accept Carla Bley? Tune in next month. ■

is seemingly available through RCA.

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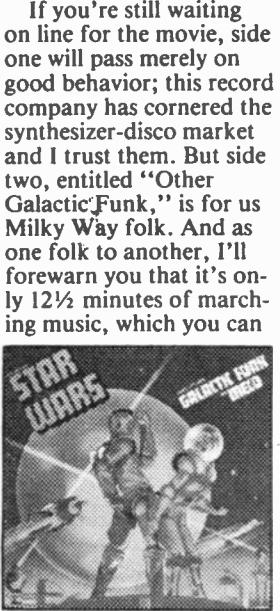
by Georgia Christgau

STUFF: More Stuff
(Warner Bros. BS 3061)



That's not more *stuff* she's lighting on the album cover. It's probably one of those expensive Sherman's cigarettes, or a cheap filter brand. Can you get high on something that low? Well, the answer is yes; two months of casual listening and this instrumental record finally seems like more than that, though low energy is the qualitative aspect here. Favorites are Stevie Wonder's "As" and Gordon Edwards' / Richard Tee's "Need Somebody."

MECO: Music Inspired by Star Wars and other Galactic Funk
(Millennium MNLP 8001)



If you're still waiting on line for the movie, side one will pass merely on good behavior; this record company has cornered the synthesizer-disco market and I trust them. But side two, entitled "Other Galactic Funk," is for us Milky Way folk. And as one folk to another, I'll forewarn you that it's only 12½ minutes of marching music, which you can

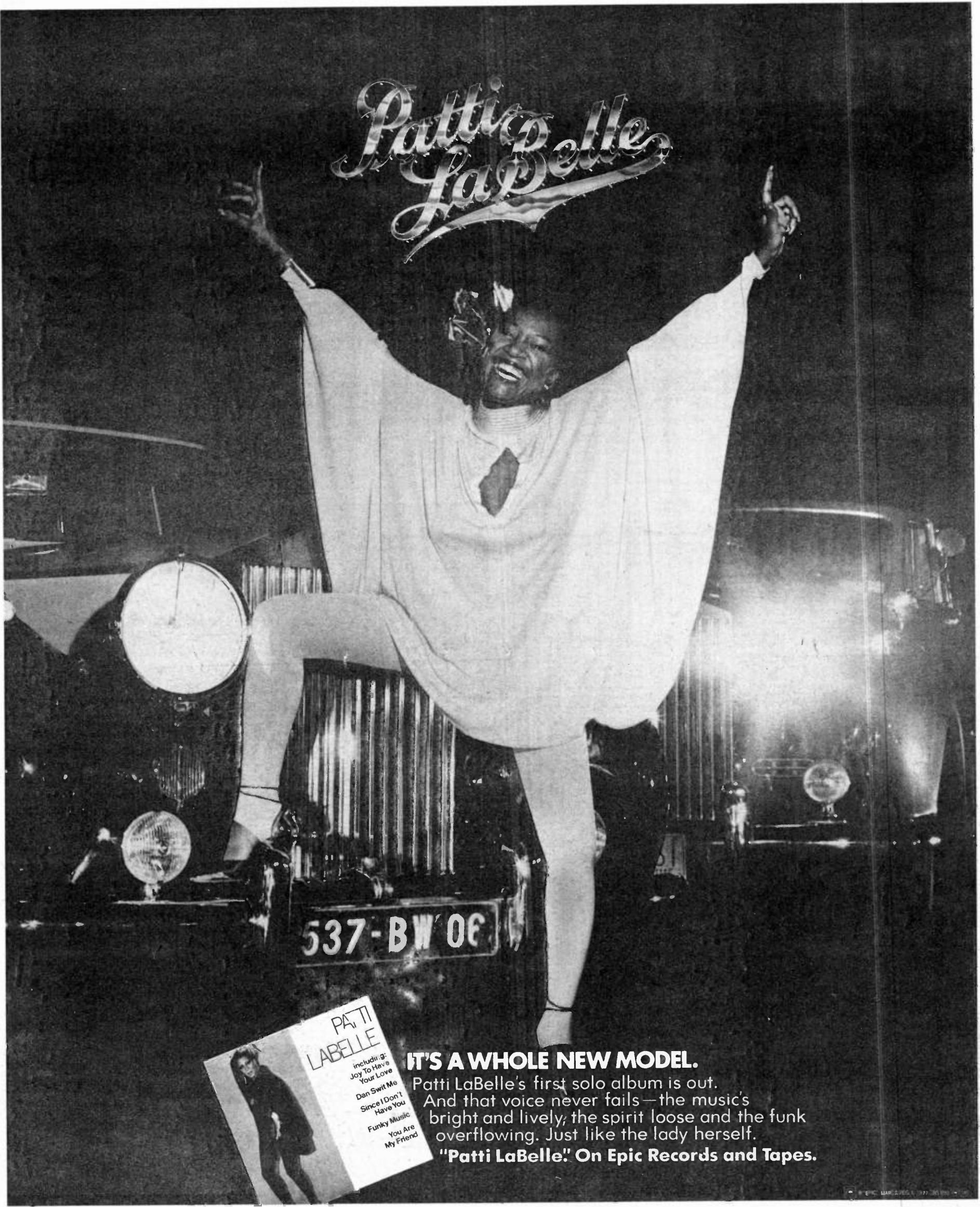
catch yearly at the St. Patrick's Day Parade. So it's very galactic, but far from funky.

DIANA ROSS:
Baby It's Me
(Motown M7-890R1)



"The Same Love That Made Me Laugh" (Bill Withers) is the best cut here — the tension in Diana Ross' voice only comes out when her material isn't easy on her soprano. Two more "pretty" tunes (by Melissa Manchester and Carole Bayer Sager) make this seem like a record worth having. Leaving seven unmemorable songs plus the certainty that there's nothing here as powerful as "Love Hangover."

Patti LaBelle



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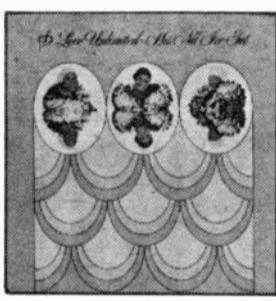


Which is just that. Professor Longhair, ca. 1949-64, and The Wild Magnolias, ca. 1970, presiding, with Al Johnson, the Hawkets, Stop, Inc., and Earl King in attendance. His notes on "Street Parade," which is based on something else called "Am I Your Dog," read thusly: "I tried to write joyful lyrics and also to say something related to the old Dixieland thing and where it ties in with what we call today Funk music, specially as regards the bass line." And so he

did. Available by mail, Mardi Gras Records, 1924 Lafayette Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70113. Since no price is listed, nor business phone, guess at least \$5.

LOVE UNLIMITED:
He's All I've Got
(Unlimited Gold U-101)

He is Barry White, and he's a lot. Makes sense that his girl group would appeal as much to women as he does; but three songs here, "I Did It For Love," "He's Mine (No, You Can't Have Him)" and the title cut are perfect for women who empathize with backing group pathos and men who think women are really like this all the time.



In other words, they're just what you need for three minutes or so every once in a while. In other words, they oughta be hits.

JOAN ARMA-TRADING:
Show Some Emotion
(A&M SP 4663)



Ever hear drums really kick in? They do here, for the first time since Armatrading revealed her rock and roll ear on *Whatever's For Us*. Thanks, Joan! All I know is that the mood of this record is happier than all the others. Before "Opportunity" the artist and I never met; her more sullen songs gave in to depression and eventually went under when all she could muster was a slow

beat to record them by. The only new musician I detect is drummer David Kemper, so thank him too.

HOT CHOCOLATE:
10 Greatest Hits
(Big Tree BT76002)

Finally a package that could win this underrated group the fans they deserve. Even if their only American hits are "You Sexy Thing" and "Emma," "Brother Louie," which they wrote (we got it via Stories), was a radical hit in England back in 1974 by a black group unafraid to tell blatantly racist stories in song. Besides, they really don't sound like anyone else; that explains why they've had few hits in the



States — surfeit with soul machines on both coasts — as well as why their syncopated soul remains so refreshing.

MOTHER'S FINEST:
Another Mother Further
(Epic 34699)



There was a perfumatory warp to Mother's Finest sound on the last record; technically, rock isn't all that profound and doesn't sound good if you just play the chords right. That skepticism is all but washed away by this release. Except for "Hard Rock Lover," a dumb song about musical absolutes, the rock sound isn't something that has to be evoked; it's just joyously *there*. What's a more apt crossover cover than Smokey Robinson's

"Mickey's Monkey" for a black rock group proud of its roots? And who's Chaka Khan compared to Joyce "Baby Jean" Kennedy?

AUTOMATIC MAN:
Visitors
(Island ILPS 9439)

What could you get if you combined the soul of the Average White Band with the "I'm-singing-from-a-mountain top" vocals Donald Fagen lays on Steely Dan? It might not even sound synthetic like those bands do. Aficionados both, of soul and latin music respectively, Automatic Man



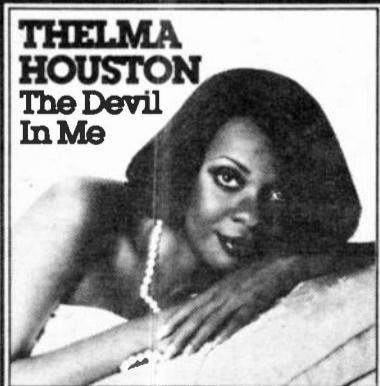
strains self-consciously for perfection and even achieves it. Which makes them a pleasant surprise — not perfect, but nice to have around.

"THE DEVIL IN ME"

Thelma Houston

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Features her new single
"I'm Here Again"

"The Devil In Me"
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On Motown Records & Tapes



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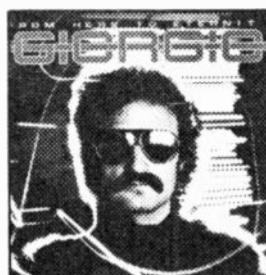
DOROTHY MOORE
(TK Malaco 6353)



"Misty Blue" might not have been worth the price of Moore's previous album and there's no bonafide hit here yet but

you should look hard for this release. Not because very few rhythm and blues records are made anymore but because this one is as good as the best disco and pop-soul records recommended this month. "Daddy's Eyes" belts only a message about illegitimacy, and the album's tearjerker, Bobby Goldsboro's "With Pen in Hand," employs Moore's own daughter as the hurt-object in a divorce. Some sincerity of feeling and intent makes all of this sadness good listening.

GIORGIO: *From Here To Eternity*
(Casablanca NBLP 7065)



If the original "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone" is credited to Kesler-Taylor, is it

plagiarism or oversight that led Giorgio Moroder to list himself as the writer of an electric synthesizer tune by the same name? Even if it sounds good and doesn't contain lyrics, does that make stealing less bad? And what if the melody is really quite reminiscent of the Elvis Presley version? You can run through the same argument with the original "Too Hot To Handle" by Rod Temperton of Heat Wave. Or you can enjoy the title cut, a real original, and more accessible than either of

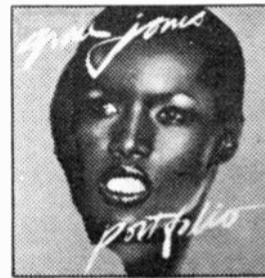
the above. Which earns him the right to be the master producer he is.

SORROW COME PASS ME AROUND:
A Survey of Rural Black Religious Music
(Advent 2805)



Includes fife and drum music and melismatic singing, two hits from my white (read Baptist) childhood, and Robert Johnson, Furry Lewis, 'Blind Pete' Burrell and at least one gospel song that really rocks. Available from Advent Productions, P.O. Box 635, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

GRACE JONES:
Portfolio
(Island ILPS 9470)



Show tunes probably make better disco material than classical music; they're slick and more fun besides. Hence this LP — highlighted by "La Vie En Rose," "Send In the Clowns," and "What I Did for Love;" there isn't much more producers like Tom Moulton can do to make disco as accessible as it can possibly be. But Grace Jones' straightforward singing really carries this — she sounds like she's never sung before (she hasn't; she's a former model) and yet she's not intimidated by Edith Piaf. Which instantly makes me a fan: can she do it? Yes she can.

ODYSSEY
(RCA APL 1-2204)

There is something superior about this Tommy Motolla (Dr. Buzzard, Hall and Oates) group. They don't sound like they're making their debut; they come across like they're making music for the world — like Abba. But for all its universality, the music isn't



complete or new like Abba and the Buzzard; just catchy and intelligent. It's conceivable that this group wouldn't exist without Buzzard, but it's impossible to imagine Odyssey lending grand illusions to future bands. Though "Native New Yorker" is clever lyrically, it's anti-New York sentimentally, and that's dumb. Maybe they're just beginning after all.

EDDIE "SMEERO" HAZEL: *Game, Dame and Guitar Thangs*
(Warner Bros. BS 3058)



You can afford to meander from funk if you play good lead guitar and work with George Clinton. But you can't record seven minutes of "California Dreamin'" unless you do more than meander. This record is worth having for those seven minutes. And when I tire of listening to the rest I can always laugh at the back cover notes. When Walt Whitman popularized alliteration in poetry, did he think it would lead to "gripulating guitar gyrations" and "diabolically diligent do-wops"?

LOVE AND KISSES:
(Casablanca NBLP-7063)



It's hard to believe that there's 33 minutes of music on this record and only one song to recommend it — the 17-minute "Accidental Lover." It's even harder to accept that such a recommendation will promote sexist cover art: three pairs of male hands pulling a T-shirt off a woman's chest is the kind of publicity s&m doesn't need. But the song, yes, the song, would be a good one to watch people dance to at a disco. It's so fast that couples would be clinging to each other (a good thing) at the end. With similar strength, the solo male vocal stuck towards the song's end sounds strong and pleading, tracked as it is against a bass drum that won't quit. The other song is too slow to stand up to big adjectives, but works the same way. ■

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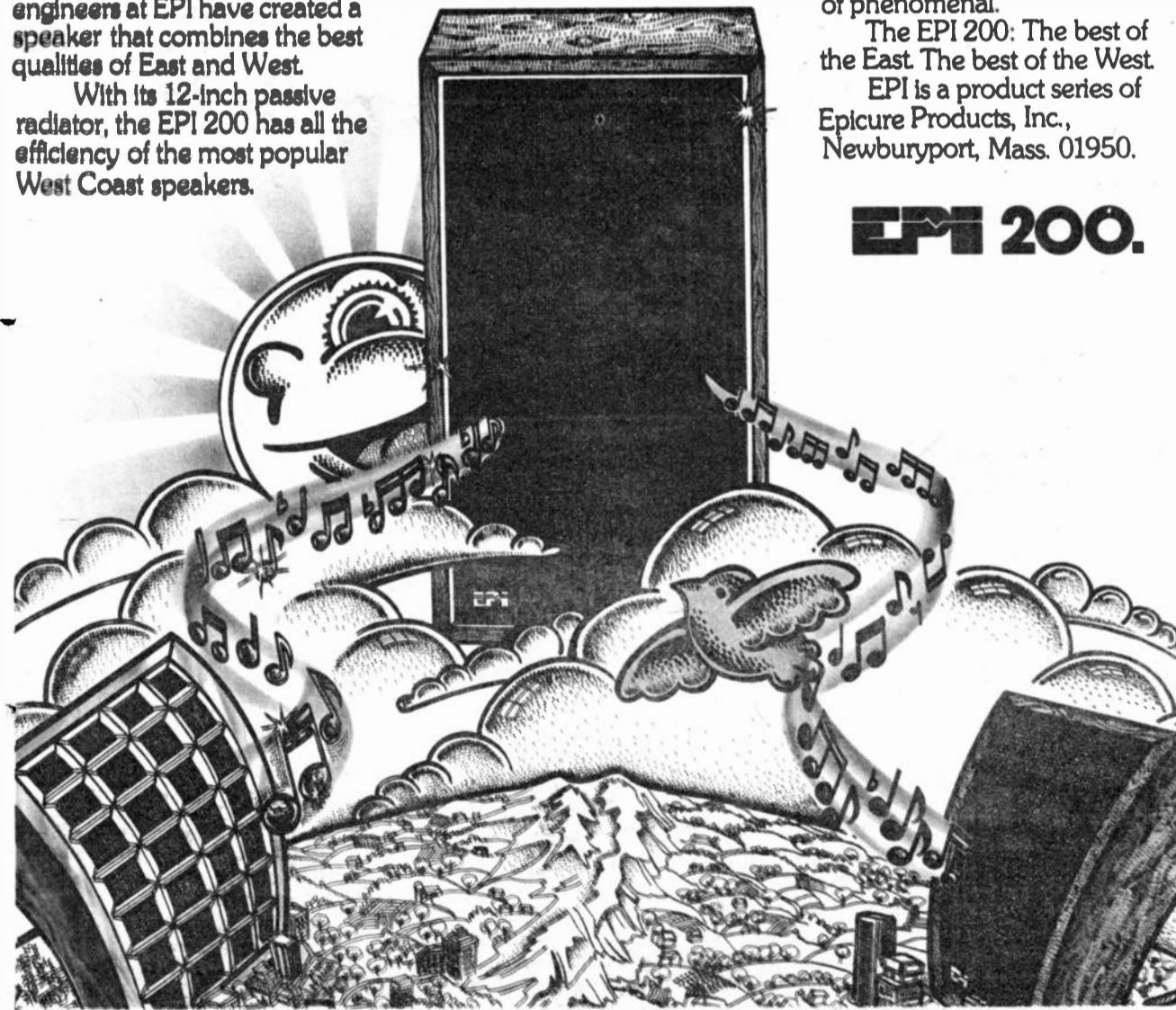
And dispersion? In a word, the Model 200's dispersion characteristics are superb. Up to 15,000 Hz, the speaker's off-axis dispersion is down an average of only 3db — a performance even other East Coast speaker makers can only dream about.

At \$400, the EPI 200 would be an exceptional value. But at under \$300, it is nothing short of phenomenal.

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EPI 200.



SINGLES

by Jim Green

THE RESIDENTS:
The Beatles Play the Residents and the Residents Play the Beatles
 (Ralph RR0577, \$2 from Ralph Records, 444 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 94102)

If you haven't heard the Residents, be prepared for a shock. This is jarring, unsettling stuff. On side one, "Beyond the Valley of a Day in the Life," bits of Beatles songs are spliced together, some of them looped so they'll repeat over and over, chiefly juxtaposing the title phrase from "Tell Me What You See" and John Lennon saying, "Please, everybody, if we haven't done what we could've, we tried." The net result is a confusing, even depressing montage. Side two is the Residents rendering "Flying" — a zombie-oid chorus intones the melody, which with the added instruments gets increasingly warped with each revolution of the record, filliped by a cackling voice mockingly mimicking Lennon ("Please, everybody...hahahaha"). Anti-pop rears its ugly head on this thoroughly arresting 7½ minutes of vinyl.

CLARENCE CARTER:
What Was I Suppose to Do (Ronn 90)
 Why, get a high school equivalency diploma, Clarence. All seriousness aside, this excellent bluesy number finds Clarence, amid echoey guitar and squealing keyboards, asking how he should handle the advances of another man toward his woman. (Well, on this matchbook cover there's a swell kung-fu correspondence school course...)

CHEAP TRICK:
I Want You to Love Me (Epic 8-50435)
 These guys have the Beatles down so pat it's amazing — even more so 'cause ultimately, the Fab Four are thoroughly assimilated into their more aggressive approach. It's damn close to an outright cop of "Cry Baby Cry" — yet it's not, because the entire deucedly clever sound, from dual guitar lead to vocal echoes to the tension of the staccato beat, reaches out to grab the listener by the lapels. And that ain't no cheap trick.

DAVID BOWIE: *Heroes* (RCA JH-11121)
 Strange brew indeed — sounds like Phil Spector producing Lou Reed, with Eno-esque keyboards abounding, until Dave the Rave's voice breaks into passionate outcry. Don't hold your breath waiting for this to unseat Donna Summer and Fleetwood Mac atop the hit parade.

MARK LINDSAY:
Little Ladies of the Night (Warner Brothers WBS 8479);

JEFF LYNNE: *Doin' That Crazy Thing* (Jet JT-XW1060)
 Two former paradigms of pop reach their respective nadirs via a similar path: dull disco. Lindsay, once the Voice and the Face of Paul Revere and the Raiders, slavers a paeon to pubescent prostitution, and Lynne, once of the (rightfully) legendary Move and now the guiding light of the increasingly pap-laden ELO, strains his once unerring pop sensibility (and his credibility) through Rufusized funk gunk. Discardable disco discs.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE:
Serpentine (Columbia 3-10625)

Sinuous bass snakes its way through some funky percussion, the gospelly vocals and horns curiously reminiscent of the Impressions' "Amen" (I don't explain 'em, I just review 'em).

AC/DC:
Problem Child (Atco 7086)

Who says you can't dance to rock 'n' roll? This is just the kind of strutting beat that you've gotta stomp to — in fact, if it doesn't work you into a white-hot frenzy, with its slashing chords and snotty vocals, you better climb outta the formaldehyde vat 'fore you're stuffed and mounted.

DOLLY PARTON:
Here You Come Again (RCA JH-11123)

Darlin' Dolly aims for the crossover market with this Mann-Weil tune: good, unsyrupy MOR which relies on the pleasant tune and the lady's surprisingly supple little-girl larynx to put it over.

THE SCRATCH BAND:
When We Dance + 5 (Big Sound BSBP-1009, \$3.79 plus 30 cents post., from Big Sound, 175 Thompson St., Suite A, New York, NY 10012)

Only three of the five lead vocalists in the group are featured on the record, but they have so much vocal artillery displayed here you wonder why they need any more. Instrumentally tight and proficient as well, they go in several different directions from which they'll ultimately have to choose. As good as their funky side is, I prefer the Zeppelin-esque "Last Song," "One Night" (a noisy mating of Steppenwolf and the Velvet Underground) and the classy female vocal on the Dusty Springfield hit, "I Only Want to Be with You."

PALEY BROTHERS:
Ecstasy (Sire SRE 1001)

This should set some young hearts aflutter — neo-Spector production with waves of guitar and delicate harmonies (and a pair of phizzes on the picture sleeve just right for the cover of *16* magazine). A seventies masculine analogy of the Ronettes and Shangri-Las?

CURTIS MAYFIELD:
Do Do Wap Is Strong in Here (Curtom 0131)

One of the strongest performances from Curtis in a long while, this features him laying down one of his patented righteous raps. The production is much too busy, however: nervous Ernie Isley-style guitar, overactive drums and added percussion, background vocals and shouts and later on strings create an annoying buzz behind Curtis.

MARTIN MULL:
Get Up, Get Down (ABC 12304)

Marty essays disco once more, this time at a breakneck pace that's impossible to dance to unless you're the Bionic Boogieman. But Mr. M. declares it's not his kind of music anyway; he can dance from his armchair ("I just get up, get down").

BAY CITY ROLLERS:
The Way I Feel Tonight (Arista AS 0272)

BCR try a soft and soggy ballad, and it ends up sounding like tepid porridge. Where's the NoDoz?

ABBA:
Money, Money, Money (Atlantic 3434)

This unusual combination of "If I Were a Rich Man" and Kurt Weill, embellished with dancing keyboards and melodramatic tympani, will doubtless earn Abba scads of you-know-what.

THE SCRATCH BAND:
When We Dance + 5 (Big Sound BSBP-1009, \$3.79 plus 30 cents post., from Big Sound, 175 Thompson St., Suite A, New York, NY 10012)

This tempestuous and erratic musical magician takes a cheap shot at the drummer who left his band in a huff after Cale's ill-advised onstage escapade (deboweling a dead fowl) in "Chicken Shit," which kicks off the first side of this 12-inch EP. Next is the oft-befouled "Memphis, Tennessee," here given a distinctly ominous air by Cale. On the reverse side, Cale launches into an 8-minute ode to "Hedda

POINTER SISTERS:
Having a Party (Blue Thumb BT-275)

The girls unearth the old Sam Cooke hit, lending their ebullient harmonies to the catchy good-time beat.

BLUE:
Bring Back the Love (Rocket PIG-40801)

This fetchingly melodic rocker is emasculated by the sparse production; aside from the vocals, which are gutsy in the lead and sweet in the backing harmonies, the record is all bass and drums, which some stark piano chords tossed in. The non-LP flipside is a pretty ballad again hampered by undynamic production.

VERNON BURCH:
Sexasonic (Columbia 3-10609)

Vern explains Alan O'Day's consistent success with women: "The world has gone sex-sonic." It's all clear to me now. One problem: his message, while nice and funky (loads of belching bass and burbling synthesizer), has unusual syncopation only a contortionist could dance to, so how many people will get the word? It'll just have to stay a secret 'tween Vern 'n' me, hey?

PHILADELPHIA:
School's Back (Warner Brothers WBS 8470)

These kids could do what Billion Dollar Babies failed at; that is, to make a hit answer song to Alice's hit, "School's Out". This medium-paced hard-rock tune sports a vocal bringing to mind the Runaways' ex-lead singer Cherie Currie and Rush's Geddy Lee. Come to think of it, this is what the Runaways would sound like if they could write a catchy hook.

RAM JAM: *Keep Your Hands on the Wheel* (Blue Thumb BT-275)

Although the drummer sounds like a bass-drum Rhythm Ace, this is a nifty slice of boogie reminiscent of Bachman-Turner Overdrive with more ram-bunctious vocals than those Canadian heavyweights, recounting the ins and outs of seeking nookie on the blacktop.

MAVIS STAPLES:
A Piece of the Action (Curtom CMS 0132)

Mavis is most definitely up there with Aretha, Betty Wright and Dorothy Moore as one of the first ladies of soul. This track has a breathy vocal on top of a relaxed groove, and it sounds like the most soulful commercial ("Delicious, delicious, delicious, delicious") I ever heard — why, she could be selling a scrumptious slice of, er, cherry pie.

LARRY PAGE ORCHESTRA:
Erotic Soul (London 5N-259)

Twittering strings surrounded by thumping jungle drums. "Erotic Soul" must have been what Alan O'Day heard whilst falling in love in mid-hustle. Hard to believe, but this is the guy that used to produce the Troggs. What next, a disco "Wild thing"?

THE YOUNGHEARTS:
Sho' Nuff Must Be Love (ABC 12306)

These guys recall what was to me the apotheosis of the Philly Soul sound, the work of the fabulous Delfonics. Shamelessly romantic lyrics, sweet lilting melody and a high falsetto nearly as good as Wilbert Hart's — you found my weak spot, fellas.

IDRIS MUHAMMAD: *Could Heaven Ever Be Like This* (Kudu KU-939)

Up and coming big-band jazzmeister David Matthews orchestrates this distinctive cut: airy vocals warble over a thudding bass/bass drum combo, climaxing with an incisive guitar dueling with meaty horns. Tasteful and tasty.

TAMMY WYNETTE:
One of a Kind (Epic 8-50450)

Not many singers can sell a song saying how special they are, not to mention competing with pathetic strings and bland-voiced choruses washing over them, but Ms. Tammy's unique wise-with-experience crooning is one of a kind.

RICK NELSON:
You Can't Dance (Epic 8-50458)

Heyyy, Ricky's back! "If you can't dance to this one, you can't dance," says he, and I'm inclined to agree with his message (when I can hear it over the loud backing vocals). A thumping beat and chiming guitar amply support his smooth singing.

IMPORTS "BE BOP DELUXE: *Japan* (Harvest HAR 5135)

Synthesizers sounding like transistorized kotos predominate until the last half-minute on this atypical side from guitar whiz Bill Nelson's band. Cutesy pop, however well done, was the last thing I expected from this group of otherwise substantial promise.

GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION: *Saving My Love for You* (Warner Brothers WBS 8464)

This one quivers all over the lot. Slippery bass coupled with that obnoxious voice-bag guitar contraption Frampton's so enamored of, and, taken with quavery vocals that sound like Larry Graham trying to swallow a bag of marbles, it all adds up to an unsatisfying glop of musical Jello.

ROCKIN' RICHIE RAY: *Hump-a-Baby* (RNOR 004);

VOX HUMANA: *Lunar Tunes* (RNOR 005);

DADDY MAXFIELD: *You're Breaking My Heart* (RNOR 006) (All available from Rhino Records, 10461 Santa Monica Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025; Ray and Maxfield for \$1.25 each, Vox for \$2).

Rhino, a snazzy little esoteric rock recordshop, expands its roster of releases on its custom label. Ray indulges in 100 seconds of thickly-echoed Elvis rockabilly grunts, stutters, groans and heavy breathing and on the flip explains his childhood hobby fetish coming alive in his dreams (Maury Wills in his bed, Frank Howard in the shower).

VH play more than 15 minutes worth of good, listenable but unspectacular rock-jazz (bass, drums, lots of keyboards, saxes, guitars). Oozing lead guitar lends a modern touch to this eminently commercial number by Daddy Maxfield (shades of Grass Roots and Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds), backed with a spacey AM-minded combination of Pink Floyd and "Here Comes the Sun King."

"Heart" would chart if it were on a major label. ■

IMPORTS

JOHN CALE:
Animal Justice (Illegal IL003)

This tempestuous and erratic musical magician takes a cheap shot at the drummer who left his band in a huff after Cale's ill-advised onstage escapade (deboweling a dead fowl) in "Chicken Shit," which kicks off the first side of this 12-inch EP. Next is the oft-befouled "Memphis, Tennessee," here given a distinctly ominous air by Cale. On the reverse side, Cale launches into an 8-minute ode to "Hedda

"Gabbler," impossibly dignified and heightened by Richie Fliegler's melancholy slide guitar.

THE VALVES:
Robot Love (Zoom ZUM 1)

Dee Robot leads these British bozos in exposing the pitfalls of falling for a robot girl on the moon, then promptly turn around and parody the frequent punk attraction to Nazi symbols ("I'm a 1977 rock 'n' roll Hun...Adolf was a piss artist — OK!"). A new trend — novelty new wave?



THE ALBUM

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HOT 40 SOUL ALBUMS

- 1 BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE *Barry White* 20th Century T-543
- 2 SOMETHING TO LOVE LTD *A&M SP 4646*
- 3 TOO HOT TO HANDLE *Heat Wave* Epic 34761
- 4 IN FULL BLOOM *Rose Royce* Whitfield WH 3074
- 5 BRICK *Bang BLP 409*
- 6 FEELIN' BITCHY *Millie Jackson* Spring SPd1G6715
- 7 STAR WARS & OTHER GALACTIC FUNK *Meco* Milen. MNLP 8001
- 8 REJOICE *Emotions* Columbia PC 34762
- 9 ACTION *Blackbyrds* Fantasy F 9535
- 10 COMMODORES *Motown M7-884R1*
- 11 SHAKE IT WELL *Dramatics* ABC AB 1010
- 12 FLOATERS *ABC AB 1030*
- 13 BABY IT'S ME *Diana Ross* Motown M7-890R1
- 14 RIGHT ON TIME *Brothers Johnson* A&M SP 4644

- 15 CHOOSING YOU *Lenny Williams* ABC AB 1023
- 16 I REMEMBER YESTERDAY *Donna Summer* Casablanca NBLP 7056
- 17 CARDIAC ARREST *Cameo* CCLP 2003
- 18 PATTI LABELLE *Epic PE 34847*
- 19 CHER FOR YOUR GUNS *Isley Brothers* T-Neck PE 34432
- 20 MAZE featuring FRANKIE BEVERLY *Capitol ST 11607*
- 21 SEND IT *Ashford & Simpson* Warner Bros. BS 3088
- 22 LIFELINE *Roy Ayers Ubiquity* Polydor PD-1-6108
- 23 TRAVELLIN' AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT *O'Jays* Phil. Int'l. PZ 34684
- 24 FRIENDS & STRANGERS *Ronnie Laws* Blue Note BS-LA730-H
- 25 GOIN' PLACES *Michael Henderson* Buddah BDS 5693
- 26 BENNY & US *Average White Band & Ben E. King* Atlantic SD 19105
- 27 ODYSSEY *RCA APL1-2204*
- 28 COME GO WITH US *Pockets* Columbia PC 34879
- 29 FOREVER GOLD *Isley Brothers* T-Neck PZ 34452
- 30 TURNIN' ON HIGH INERGY *Gordy G-978*
- 31 A REAL MOTHER FOR YA *Johnny "Guitar" Watson* DJM DILPA7
- 32 LOOK TO THE RAINBOW *Al Jarreau* Live in Europe Warner Bros. 28Z 3052
- 33 HAVIN' A HOUSE PARTY *Willie Hutch* Motown M6-87451
- 34 SWEET PASSION *Aretha Franklin* Atlantic SD 19109
- 35 SECRETS *Con Funk Shun* Mercury SRM-1-1180
- 36 ENCHANTMENT *Roadshow RS-LA682-G*
- 37 DOROTHY MOORE *Malaco 6353*
- 38 EDDIE KENDRICKS *Tamla T-356*
- 39 AALON *Cream City* Arista AL 4127
- 40 PLATINUM JAZZ *War* Blue Note BN LA-690 J2

HOT 40 SOUL SINGLES

- 1 DO YOU DANCE (Part 1) *Rose Royce* Whitfield 8440
- 2 IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME *Barry White* 20th Century 2350
- 3 BACK IN LOVE AGAIN LTD *A&M 1974*
- 4 DUSIC *Brick* Bang 734
- 5 DO YOU WANNA GET FUNKY WITH ME *Peter Brown* Drive 6258
- 6 SHAKE IT WELL *Dramatics* ABC AB 12299
- 7 IF YOU'RE NOT BACK IN LOVE BY MONDAY *Millie Jackson* Spring 175
- 8 STAR WARS THEME/Canting Band *Meco* Millennium 604
- 9 YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF *High Inergy* Gordy 7155
- 10 BRICK HOUSE *Commodores* Motown 1425
- 11 BOOGIE NIGHTS *Heatwave* Epic 8-50370
- 12 THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL *George Benson* Arista 0251
- 13 GOIN' PLACES *Jacksons* Epic 850454
- 14 KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE *K.C. & The Sunshine Band* TK 1023

- 15 DON'T ASK MY NEIGHBORS *Emotions* Columbia 310662
- 16 WE NEVER DANCED TO A LOVE SONG *Manhattans* Columbia 3-10586
- 17 I FEEL LOVE *Donna Summer* Casablanca 884
- 18 DISCO 9000 *Johnny Taylor* Columbia 3-10610
- 19 A STAR IN THE GHETTO *AWB & Ben E. King* Atlantic 342
- 20 IF IT DON'T FIT DON'T FORCE IT *Kellee Patterson* Shadybrook 451041
- 21 DOCTOR LOVE *First Choice* Gold Mine 4004
- 22 DON'T BE AFRAID *Ronnie Dyson* Columbia 310599
- 23 SEND IT *Ashford & Simpson* Warner Bros. 8453
- 24 ONE STEP AT A TIME *Joe Simpson* Spring 176
- 25 ANOTHER STAR *Stevie Wonder* Tamla 54288
- 26 LADY OF MAGIC *Maze* Featuring *Frankie Beverly* Capitol 4456
- 27 WORK ON ME *O'Jays* Phil Int'l. 3631
- 28 SHOO DOO FU FU OOH *Lenny Williams* ABC 12300
- 29 RUNNING AWAY *Roy Ayers Ubiquity* Polydor 4415
- 30 JUST FOR YOUR LOVE *Memphis Horns* RCA 11064
- 31 SERPENTINE FIRE *Earth, Wind & Fire* Columbia 3-10625
- 32 ALL YOU GOT *Tyrone Davis* Columbia 3-10604
- 33 HEAVEN ON EARTH *Spinners* Atlantic 3423
- 34 "THEME FROM BIG TIME" *Smokey Robinson* Tamla 54288
- 35 FUNK FUNK *Cameo* Chocolate City 011
- 36 I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING *Andy Gibb* RSO 872
- 37 I BELIEVE YOU *Dorothy Moore* Malaco 1042
- 38 ANYWAY YOU WANT ME *Sylvers* Capitol 4493
- 39 LOVER JONES *Johnny "Guitar" Watson* DJM 1029
- 40 I GOT TO HAVE YOUR LOVE *Fantastic Four* Westbound 55403

WATCH OUT FOR THIS MAN.



You've seen him before—on the Broadway stage, opening "Hair" with "Aquarius," a song written especially for him. On TV, where his sensational appearances on "The Merv Griffin Show" have made him a regular guest. On the screen, where he made his mark in films like "Putney Swope."

His name is Ronnie Dyson. He's not yet twenty-five. His latest album, "Love in All Flavors," is going to put his other achievements on the shelf.

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HOT 40 ROCK ALBUMS

- 1 AJA *Steely Dan* ABC AB 1006
- 2 RUMOURS *Fleetwood Mac*
Warner Bros. BSK 3010
- 3 SIMPLE DREAMS
Linda Ronstadt Asylum GE 104
- 4 LOVE YOU LIVE *Rolling Stones*
Rolling Stone COC 29001
- 5 CHICAGO XI *Chicago* Columbia JC 34860
- 6 SHAUN CASSIDY Warner/Curb BS 3067
- 7 ANYTIME... ANYWHERE
Rita Coolidge A&M SP 4616
- 8 LIVE *Foghat* Bearsville BRK 6971
- 9 IN FULL BLOOM *Rose Royce*
Whitfield WH-3074
- 10 TOO HOT TO HANDLE *Heat Wave*
Epic PE 34761
- 11 MOODY BLUE *Elvis Presley*
RCA AFL1-2428
- 12 FOREIGNER Atlantic SD 19109
- 13 I ROBOT *Alan Parsons* Arista AB 7002
- 14 LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE
Doobie Brothers Warner Bros. BSK 3045

- 15 SONGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE
Barry White 20th Century T-543
- 16 ELVIS IN CONCERT *Elvis Presley*
RCA APL2 2587
- 17 BANG *Brick* BLP 409
- 18 GREATEST HITS VOLUME II
Elton John MCA 3027
- 19 LITTLE QUEEN *Heart*
Portrait CBS JR 34799
- 20 I REMEMBER YESTERDAY
Donna Summer Casablanca NBLP 7050
- 21 CAT SCRATCH FEVER
Ted Nugent Epic JE 34700
- 22 IN CITY DREAMS *Robin Trower*
Chrysalis CHR 1148
- 23 THUNDER IN MY HEART
Leo Sayer Warner Bros. BSK 3089
- 24 BAD REPUTATION *Thin Lizzy*
Mercury SRM 11186
- 25 LIVE *Barry Manilow* Arista AL 8500
- 26 JT *James Taylor* Columbia JC 34811
- 27 BABY IT'S ME *Diana Ross*
Motown M 7890R1

- 28 BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET
Daryl Hall & John Oates RCA AFL1-2300
- 29 STAR WARS / Soundtrack
20th Century 2T 541
- 30 POINT OF NO RETURN
Kansas Kirshner JZ 34929
- 31 LET'S GET SMALL *Steve Martin*
Warner Bros. BSK 3090
- 32 COMMODORES Motown M7-884R1
- 33 STAR WARS AND OTHER
GALACTIC FUNK *Meco*
Millenium MNLP 8001
- 34 A PLACE IN THE SUN
Pablo Crune A&M SP 4625
- 35 ENIGMATIC OCEAN
Jean-Luc Ponty Atlantic SD 19110
- 36 CSN *Crosby, Stills & Nash*
Atlantic SD 19104
- 37 BOSTON *Epic JE 32188*
- 38 ACTION *Blackbyrds* Fantasy F 9535
- 39 ROUGH MIX *Pete Townshend with
Ronnie Lane* MCA 2295
- 40 A FAREWELL TO KINGS
Rush Mercury SRM 11184

HOT 40 ROCK SINGLES

- 1 YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE
Debby Boone Warner/Curb 8446
- 2 NOBODY DOES IT BETTER
Carly Simon Elektra 45413
- 3 BOOGIE NIGHTS *Heat Wave*
Epic 8-50370
- 4 BRICKHOUSE *Commodores*
Motown 1425
- 5 I FEEL LOVE *Donna Summer*
Casablanca 884
- 6 IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY
DOWN *Barry White* 20th Century 2350
- 7 DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN
EYES BLUE *Crystal Gayle*
United Artists 1016
- 8 THE KING IS GONE
Ronnie McDowell Scorpion d135
- 9 THAT'S ROCK AND ROLL
Shaun Cassidy Warner/Curb 8423
- 10 HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE
Bee Gees RSO 882
- 11 BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE
Chicago Columbia 3-10620
- 12 HEAVEN ON THE 7th FLOOR
Paul Nicholas RSO 878
- 13 JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU
Firefall Atlantic 3420

- 14 STAR WARS TITLE THEME
Meco Millenium 604
- 15 COLD AS ICE *Foreigner* Atlantic 3410
- 16 WE'RE ALL ALONE *Rita Coolidge*
A&M 1965
- 17 KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE
K.C. & The Sunshine Band TK 1023
- 18 DUSIC *Brick* Band 734
- 19 SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC
Johnny Rivers Big Tree 16094
- 20 HELP IS ON THE WAY
Little River Band Capitol 4428
- 21 BLUE BAYOU *Linda Ronstadt*
Asylum 45431
- 22 SHE DID IT *Eric Carmen* Arista 0266
- 23 IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG
Ronnie Milsap RCA 10970
- 24 DO YOU WANNA GET FUNKY
WITH ME *Peter Brown* Drive 6258
- 25 IT'S SO EASY *Linda Ronstadt*
Asylum 45438
- 26 SIGNED, SEALED & DELIVERED
Peter Frampton A&M 1972
- 27 WE JUST DISAGREE *Dave Mason*
Columbia 3-10575

- 28 SURFIN' USA *Leif Garrett*
Atlantic 3423
- 29 DAYBREAK *Barry Manilow* Arista 273
- 30 SEND IN THE CLOWNS
Judy Collins Electra 45253
- 31 THUNDER IN MY HEART
Leo Sayers Warner Bros. BS 8415
- 32 CALLING OCCUPANTS OF
INTERPLANETARY CRAFT
Carpenters A&M 1978
- 33 DO YOUR DANCE (Part I)
Rose Royce Whitfield 8440
- 34 SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY
Paul Simon Columbia 3-10630
- 35 COME SAIL AWAY *Styx* A&M 1977
- 36 I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE
TO YOU *Foghat* Bearsville 0319
- 37 ISN'T IT TIME *Babys* Chrysalis 2173
- 38 FAIR GAME *Crosby, Stills & Nash*
Atlantic 3432
- 39 BACK IN LOVE AGAIN LTD A&M 4646
- 40 CHANGES IN LATITUDES,
CHANGES IN ATTITUDES
Jimmy Buffett ABC 12305

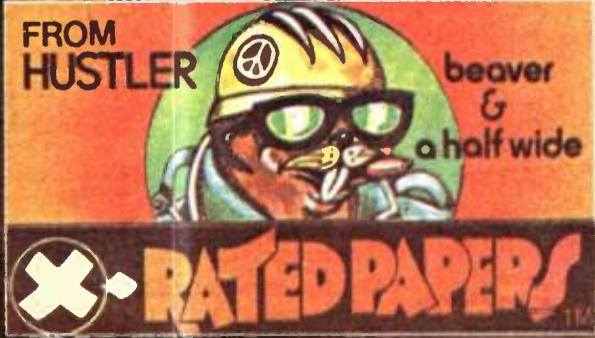
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BE-BOP DELUXE (continued from 34)

products of the same sort of aesthetic that shaped Cocteau's feverish output. So personal they approach self-portraiture. They reveal—with bloody, fiery, tortured images—the existence in the mannerly and reserved guitarist/singer of a being Cocteau called "the night self."

"All of us contain in ourselves a night we scarcely know or do not know at all. This night tries to emerge from us, yet resists emerging. That is the drama of art, a real struggle between Jacob and the Angel."

Jean Cocteau/Professional Secrets

Our conversation comes around to the words in Nelson's songs, the sometimes teasingly non-specific creations like blazing apostles, phantoms of bingo halls, bird charmers and orphans of

Babylon.

"I write in a way that has enough meaning for me to be able to sing it meaningfully. It gives me an anchor. I can get into the lyric."

"I try to write things that have this meaning for me, but also have a kind of vagueness for other people that they can project onto their own ideas, so that each person's getting something totally different. And they're actually getting what they want from it, rather than what I want from it."

"And it's amazing. It's always a projection of that person."

Again, the echoes of Cocteau:

"My method is simple: not to bother about poetry. It must come of its own accord. Merely whispering its name frightens it away. I am trying to make a table. You will decide, afterwards,

whether to eat on it, question it, or build a fire on it."

Jean Cocteau/Professional Secrets

"That's the magic of words," Nelson continues, "they are truly ambiguous. The magical thing, poetry, enters in, transforming it into this communication that goes beyond the written word. And yet the words themselves serve as symbols for each listener to interpret."

Driving out to Santa Monica that night in a bottle green limousine, the band relaxes with its first taste of *The Gong Show* on the console-mounted T.V. I'm up front with the driver.

"Say," he asks, "who are these guys?"

"Be-Bop Deluxe, an English band."

"Never heard of them. You know I had Graham Nash in here a few weeks ago? Perfect gentleman. What a gentleman that guy is."

With the ex-Hollies' courtly behavior still fresh in the driver's mind, we arrive at the S.M. Civic in time to catch the last half of Tom Petty's opening set. Though the performance is just about the same as last night's, the crowd's response is modulated downward tonight. Enthusiasm rather than near-frenzy. Be-Bop's opening movie has the same galvanizing effect as before, but they too find the crowd more reserved.

Bill's solos are getting a bit long-winded, though an instant or two pass in which he freezes all wandering thoughts onto a two inch section of guitar fingerboard. Nonetheless well-played, the set never reaches the emotional peak of the previous evening.

And most of the industry people are across town tonight, being hosted by Cher and Peter Frampton in a preposterous and boring "Rock Awards" show, an exercise in puffery that leads even professional publicists into uncharted realms of apathy.

So the band is free to unwind on their own. Fox, Clarke and Tumahai split with the road manager. The Nelsons and I have the limo to ourselves as we talk of Be-Bop's plans beyond the tour. A studio album had just been finished before leaving England. Nineteen tracks are in the can, waiting for the album art to be selected before a name is given to the collection. Nelson had only four weeks to write the material, the interval between the mixing of *Live In The Air Age* and the booked studio time.

"I felt like I wanted to experiment, to stretch out from the things we had been doing," Nelson says. "So I had to go to a double album to give me the room to fulfill the expectations of the people who follow the band as well as to experiment."

Working, he says, from morning till midnight every day of the project, Nelson made all the songs into demos from which the rest of the band could learn their parts, using a home four-track studio.

"At the end of it I was physically beat," he says. "But it was tremendous to go hear a tape and hear nineteen songs that didn't exist four weeks earlier."

"Everybody that's heard it says it's the best stuff we've ever done. Just leaves the other stuff back in kindergarten."

We say goodnight around midnight. They're due out early in the morning for a flight to Phoenix and another live show. Around three comes a shrill, one-sided yelling match, the sound of a bottle slammed against the street outside and the arrival of a police cruiser.

"We weren't fighting," says the voice. It sounds oddly like that of an hysterically frightened twelve-year-old boy. "He's my boyfriend!" Just a couple more orphans of Babylon, thrill seekers on the run along Sunset Strip, where the Rev. Arthur Blessitt, "Minister of Sunset Strip" and a blazing apostle in his own right, hands out orange day-glow stickers urging all orphans to "Turn On To Jesus." □

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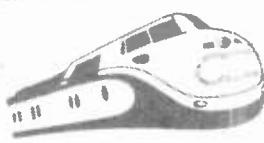
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...The Incredible Kraftwerk Story...



TOP INTERNATIONAL GROUP: DISCO DISCOVERS KRAFTWERK!



Kraftwerk members, left to right, Florian Schneider, Ralf Hutter, Karl Bartos, and Wolfgang Flur. They are surprised at their success in the disco scene!

KRAFTWERK ATTRACTS PRESS

KRAFTWERK had a busy week in New York recently when they arrived to accept the award for "Best European Group, Male" at the 1977 Popular Music Disco Awards. The German electronic band was interviewed by journalists from numerous publications including Time, Andy Warhol's Interview, Circus, SoHo Weekly News, United Features, New Musical Express, Disco International, Billboard, Cash Box, Record World, New Rocky Mountain

Express, Esquire, Players, Chic Pop Magazine, Where It's At, Associated Press, Gossip World, New York Daily News, Oakland Tribune, Rock Around The World, Disco World, Black American, Denver Post and German newspapers and magazines such as Neve Zuricher Zeitung, Frankfurter Allgemeine, Sud-deutsche Zeitung and Freizeit Magazine. In addition, KRAFTWERK did a number of radio interviews including WSAN and WHBI.

pictorial spread. Henri Bendel in New York, and Cardin in Paris (along with other fashion houses) are playing the album while showing their latest fashions!

KRAFTWERK INFLUENCE FASHION!

The October issue of Gentlemen's Quarterly illustrates Kraftwerk's influence on European fashions in their sensational Trans-Europe Express

LATE FLASH!
New Kraftwerk single on British charts!

Honored At Disco Awards

Kraftwerk was honored as outstanding artists in the field of disco music at the "1977 Popular Music Disco Awards" show held in New York City's Beacon Theatre on September 22. They were named "Best European Group, Male". The award was made on the basis of a popular opinion poll.

TV Special

A 90-minute TV music special will be nationally syndicated in November. Part of the televised special will include footage from Kraftwerk's "Trans-Europe Express" film, a four-minute feature put together by the four German musicians. The film visually depicts traveling on that famous European railroad, and is scored with the Kraftwerk song of the same name.

Explodes in Disco & R&B Arenas

Previously making strong inroads on the pop music scene with their advanced electronic music, Kraftwerk has recently exploded in the disco and R&B markets with their "Trans-Europe Express" album. All fifteen of Michael O'Harro's "Tramps" discotheque chain on the mid-Eastern seaboard are playing Kraftwerk, along with New York's "Brown's Guest House" and "Studio 54", and Washington, D.C.'s "Chapter 2".



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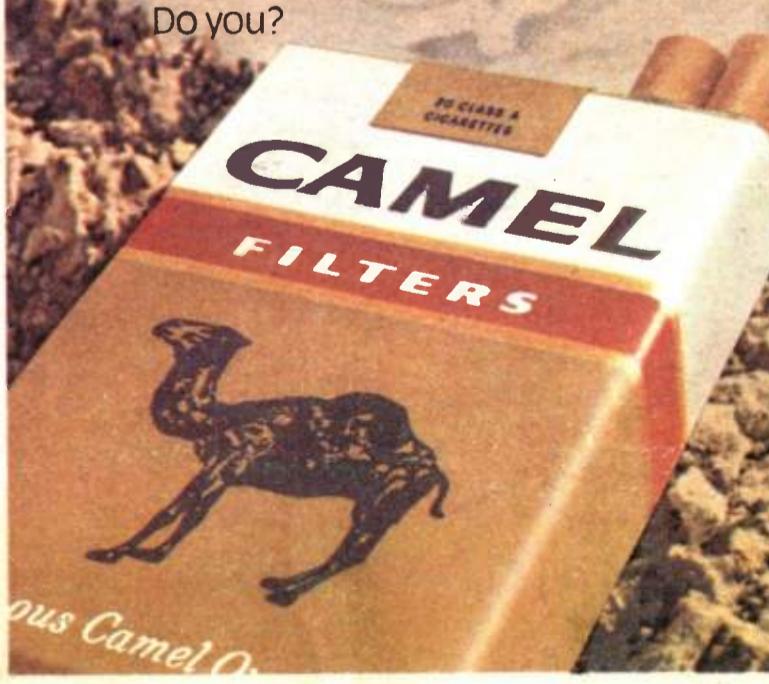
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