

**ERIC BURDON DISCOVERS AMERICA**  
**TODD RUNDGREN EXPLAINS HIMSELF**

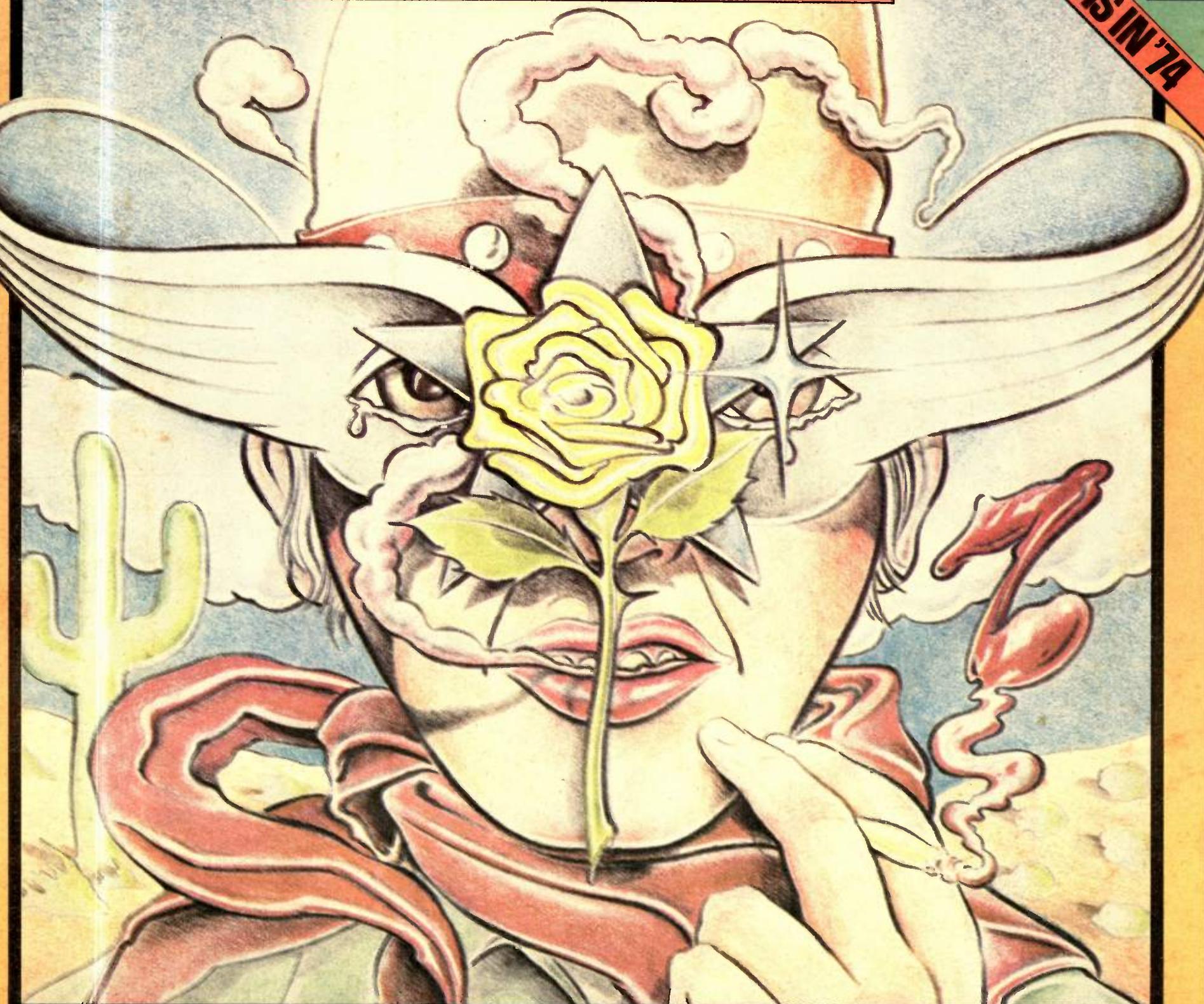
THE SAN FRANCISCO

# PHONOGRAPH

A SPECIAL REPORT

50

ELVIS '74



**The Texas Rock & Roll Spectacular**

**RECORD MAGAZINE** Mar. 74 Vol. 4 **6**

ALSO: Flo & Eddie's Blind Date, Juke Box Jury, album reviews, concert reviews, latest from Hollywood and London, and much more!

Fingers Galore, getting it on with his Precision Bass,\* grabbed a fistful of throttle and wheeled his machine out onto the track.

The rockers saw him flash by and crowded around.

"Jeez, man," said Fish Eye. "What'd it take to get that machine together?"

Fingers answered, "I ain't no engineer, man. I'm a play man. If you get the best... and juice it right with a Fender amp... you don't have to tinker around with it."

Fish Eye, bent low over his accessor-ized, re-built, re-strung machine, spat out the challenge.

"Come on, Fingers. I'll take you on."

Fingers moved his hands easily over the wide contoured neck and struck off one of the most beautiful licks this side of a Brooklyn candy store.

The rockers gasped as the hand wound split pickup on that Bass lifted Fingers high into the sunset. And Fish Eye, left behind in the dust, sighed,

"I guess what they say is right..."

**"You get there faster on a Fender."**



Play it from the top

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

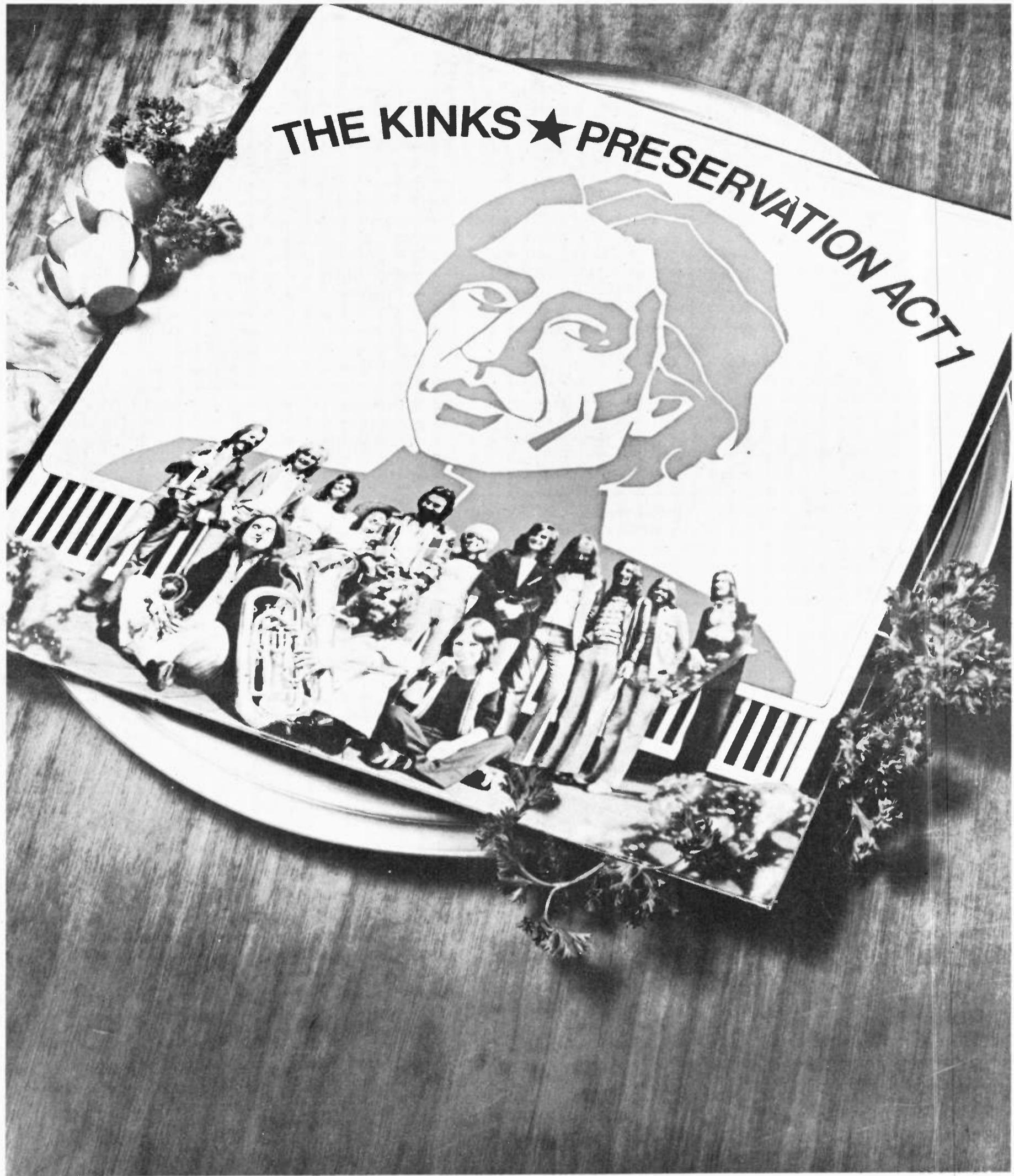
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# LOVE ME TENDER:

MAIN MAN  
artiste

**RCA**  
Records and Tapes

“Love Me Tender” is a new single by Mick Ronson from his first album “Slaughter on 10th Avenue”.



**ELEVEN NEW KUTS TO SATISFY THE KRAVINGS OF THE KINK KULT.**

NO MORE LOYAL LEGION OF LISTENERS EVER LIVED THAN YOU, THE COMMITTED CLANSMEN OF THE KINK KULT. WITH THE COMING OF EVERY NEW KINKS ALBUM, YOUR NUMBER INCREASES. YOU APPEAR LIKE THE HUNGRY HOARDS OF ATTILA TO GOBBLE UP THEIR EVERY WORD WITH THE RELENTLESS ABANDON OF ANIMALS STARVED FOR NOURISHMENT. NOW, IN THE TRADITION OF "VILLAGE GREEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY," THE KINKS NEW ALBUM, "PRESERVATION ACT 1," IS READY FOR CONSUMPTION. EAT UP.

**RCA Records and Tapes**

Photographed by Norma Jean Bell

**BOBBY WOMACK "Lookin' For A Love Again"**  
On United Artists Records & Tapes 

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Billy Joel  
Lafayette's Music Room  
Memphis, Tenn.

By STEVE RHEA

Those who thought that Bob Dylan's Memphis appearance was the only musical game in town this evening failed to reckon with the talent of Billy Joel.

Joel opened his first of four nights at Lafayette's Music Room with a show that definitely had to equal the one Dylan was performing over at the Mid-South Coliseum. Lafayette's is small and Joel played on the intimacy of the place to give us the feeling that we had all known him at some time before his current success.

Dressed in blue blazer, burgundy slacks and sporting a new haircut, he looked more like a hip club operator than its musical attraction as he walked on stage.

"Travellin' Prayer" was a nice introduction to the set. Joel showed a remarkable piano dexterity for someone lacking the benefit of a couple of warm up tunes.

"Somewhere Along The Line" was a pleasant enough song, but the audience showed much more than polite response for the title cut from Joel's new album, "Piano Man." Lafayette's is the kind of place the song was written for. A person goes there to "make love to his whiskey and gin," or better, if he's bold enough. Billy worked out on piano and harmonica, and displayed a soaring tenor voice that sounded like no one else.

Billy Joel has a disarming way of dealing with an audience. He's at home in clubs where the early evening audience is busy eating dinner, and the late audience often aims its drunken hostility at the performer. Joel is so confident that he could well be an ass-hole off stage, but his comments to the crowd, and his amusing stories about playing 20,000 seat arenas with The Beach Boys and The Doobie Brothers evoked much laughter and all eyes were on him until he left the stage.

Joel's attempt at writing a western movie soundtrack, "Billy The Kid," tore the place down (not literally, cause Billy's fans are a little more reserved than that), but it definitely was a high point of the

# PERFORMANCES



If he'd been in the Archies instead of the Hassles, this picture would be in Tiger Beat and you'd never admit liking him.

evening. "If you listen closely" he admitted, "you'll realize that every verse is a lie. The whole song is bullshit, but it sounds western." Outstanding steel guitar work from Tom Whitehorse, and some incredibly fast piano licks from Joel more than made up for the lack of orchestral instrumentation that was so effective on the album.

Two quick "ladies" numbers were next; "Stop In Nevada," which describes a woman leaving her husband and her home, and making a

stop in Nevada to gain her marital freedom, and "Everybody Loves You Now," which he dubbed his "song for a bitch."

While delayed by minor electrical problems, Joel began to lament the effect of the energy crisis on rock n' rollers, going into a brief imitation of Nixon with arms overhead saying "We don't have the power!"

"Captain Jack" was a fitting and powerful end to the show. This tale of how desolation strikes an upper-middle class kid from the suburbs

who supposedly "has everything" hit most of the upper-middle class audience where it lived (in the suburbs). I have a friend who swears that song can put him under for a couple of days if he happens to hear it in his room alone. Guitar playing from Don Evans lived up to the album version and the rest of the band was super tight. The hour set came to a tumultuous close leaving a well satisfied, vocal crowd.

I failed to get any strong visions of Elton John, Leon Russell or the other performers to whom Billy Joel has been compared. He has his own style and is one of the strongest performers to hit Memphis in awhile. His classical piano training, early New York rock experience with The Hassles and Lost Souls, and dues paying club work on the west coast have combined to create an artist with the potential to be one of the great singer-songwriters of the next few years. That's quite an accomplishment at a time when a glut of singer-songwriters has severely diminished the chances of success for any one of them.

Kathy Dalton  
Richards  
Atlanta, Georgia

By MARTIN R. CERF

Atlanta is like a score of other Southern cities, only its enormity separates it from, say, Charlotte. Surprisingly though, Southern-music has been identified with areas like Nashville, Memphis, Muscle Shoals and New Orleans while Atlanta has never historically been the subject of any particular musical consequence. With the obvious exception of the Bill Lowery Organization (Tommy Roe, Classics IV, Billy Joe Royal, Joe South), the musical profile has been dormant at best.

1973 brought with it the first major change in the barren wasteland Atlanta once was with regard to recording and performing. One of the major factors for a rise in recognition of Atlanta as a viable artist community was the opening of what is certainly now one of the nation's



He's not getting any younger, and he's sure not getting better!

Johnny Winter  
Duke Williams  
Capitol Theatre  
Passaic, N. Y.

By DAN NOOGER

It took more than freezing rain,

five inches of snow, and perilous roads to stop the maddened legions from storming Passaic's Capitol Theatre in honor of Johnny Winter's only New York area gig since last fall. Winter looks about as skinny as a Stratocaster, topped off with a fleecy silver mane and beard and a leather

top hat, but he, bassist Randy Jo Hobbs (a veteran of the Johnny Winter And days with Rick Derringer), and drummer Richard Hughes sure know how to rock 'em and roll 'em. "It's All Over Now" kicked things off at an incredibly high energy level, "Silver Train" and "Rock And Roll Hootchie Koo" drove everyone to new heights of crazed boot stomping, but the final "Johnny B. Goode" blew the seats right into the streets. I didn't catch the titles of the four new numbers but if the new album is all as good there'll be dancin' in the street come springtime.

Duke Williams & The Extremes, seven soul men gathered from as far afield as the Gamble-Huff Philadelphia International complex (organist Williams and guitarists T. J. Tindall and Bobby Hartnagle) and Mississippi, via Aretha Franklin's band (drummer Charles Coulson) opened the show for Winter with a mixture of numbers from their debut album "A Monkey In A Silk Suit Is Still A Monkey" and new stuff. Despite the Winter fanatics yelling "Get off!" early in the set, they managed to win 'em over by sheer brute force, which they weren't able to do when they played the Spectrum with the Allman Brothers last month. I guess that's a trick you only get down after your second month on the road.

leading pop music night clubs, Richards just over a year old now.

Richards is located on Atlanta's bustling North-East side, only minutes from Georgia Tech and Georgia State. The combined enrollment of these universities, if ever united into a buying mass, could launch any newcomer on the road to the fabled best-seller lists. And certainly Richards services the needs and realizes the potential of that

community. The clientele are a strange mixture of rough and ready Southern bruisers combined with a relatively new scene here, glitter-boys. And glitter-girls.

So, first there was Richards, then Al Cooper got the idea that "supporting southern-music" might well produce more dollars than the fading blues scene in the North-East, and he moved here. He set up shop, started a label called "Sounds of the South" and soon proclaimed to the world that "Atlanta is the Liverpool of the seventies." He signed some of the local talent (Lynyrd Skynyrd, Mose Jones), then he moved to LA only three months later.

It's common knowledge that Atlanta is indeed a factor now. Sounds of the South has justified itself already and another new recording facility, GRC has been installed by Michael Thevis, while Eddie Biscoe's transplanted Bang Record label is here too. And Richards is making a lotta bucks, building a reputation as the trend-setter The Whisky in LA, The Experience in Miami and Max's in New York will be remembered for. Most acts perform here a full week, and Richards is as successful with new faces as name acts, this due to the club's sophisticated, credible and thus trusted booking habits.

Kathy Dalton is not a native Atlantan, but she's a Southern gal, (Memphis I'm told). Since Richard's crowds aren't particularly chauvinistic, it doesn't matter if a new act is not local. In fact they don't really care what part of the South a performer is from. So, Kathy was welcome here.

Kathy Dalton is immediately accessible as a personality. In deference to a noisy second night audience, Kathy wasn't shy; "Could we have the vocal mike up a taste, boys?" She's aggressive, but so damn beautiful that it's difficult to think of her in terms outside of humble. Her music is the same way. A good example is "I Need You Tonight": "There are times I can fake it, and pretend nothing's wrong. This is one time I just can't make it. 'Cause I'm just not that strong."\* And when she falls into the title line, well, I'm surprised she wasn't accosted then and there; "I need you tonight... come to me 'cause it feels so right."

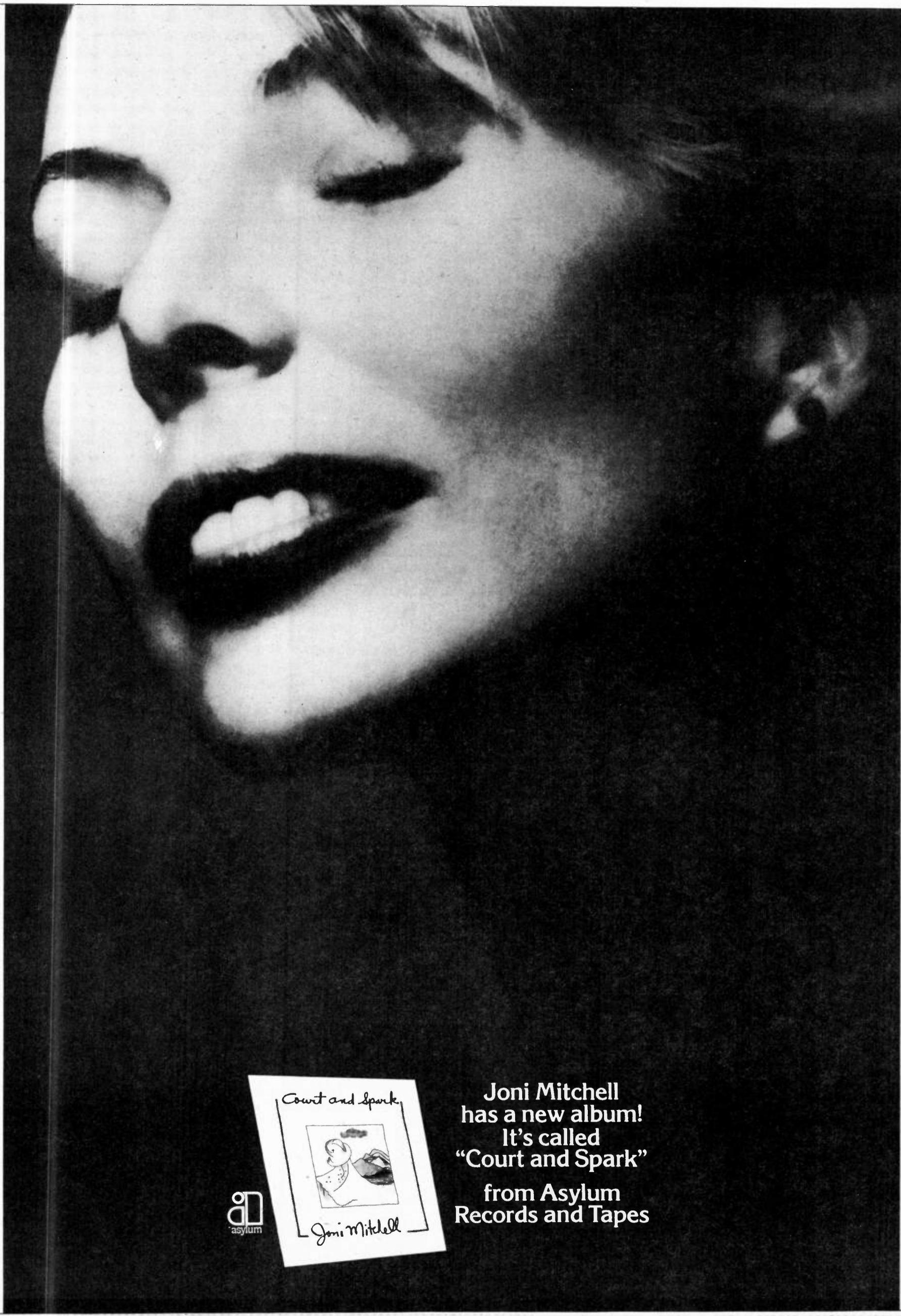
Assuredly it's the voice which arouses though, not merely the words. The irony of such a frail, delicate almost Sunday-School looking lady breaking backs with her voice is a dichotomy of the rarest genre. I mean, until she opens her mouth, you could well expect a Melanie-mumble or Lieberman-lisp. But the opening number "Long Gone Charlie," clears up any suspicions. It's like Evie Sands meets Jim Croce, David Bowie & Leon Russell at the London Palladium. Good stuff and Greg Dempsey's efforts are rewarding for more than peripheral reasons.

Kathy Dalton has anticipated this breakthrough into real acceptance for what seems like an overly long, cruel period of time now. Friends back in Memphis were miffed at the number of times Kathy was sidetracked and misdirected but her recent affiliation with Frank Zappa's Disc-Reet organization, while appearing an unlikely team, has proven a substantial first step in the appropriate direction. She's been on the road now for the last four months, and making every minute count. This particular booking here in Atlanta was the tail-end of a second national go-round. And based on this first appearance, we're going to need her back real soon. A late welcome to a lovely lady and extremely promising artist is in order folks. Tip them hats.

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"Hi, I'm Kathy: play me!"



Joni Mitchell  
has a new album!  
It's called  
"Court and Spark"  
from Asylum  
Records and Tapes

# PERFORMANCES



If Brian Epstein could see these guys, he'd be out of his grave and Greyhound bound to Hollywood. You'd better grab 'em while you can, girls; Shea Stadium is their destiny.

Richard Creamer

The Hollywood Stars  
Whisky a Go Go  
Hollywood Ca.

By LISA ROCOCO

(The following is excerpted from The Collected Letters of Lisa Rococo, Volume One (1952-73), to be published this spring by Sacred Heart. It is a letter to her sister Leona, who at the time (December of '73) was a member of "The Flying Dutchwoman," the women's experimental arts commune which was based in the Mediterranean on the yacht of a rebellious heiress from Holland. The ship was captured by a renegade detachment of the Russian Navy when it ventured into the Black Sea, and this letter was returned unopened to the writer.)

Dear Sissy,

You still owe me five letters, but I just can't be angry about anything right now, here in the darkness before the first dawn of '74, and so we'll make it six. I can't contain myself, my darling Leona; a new fave-rave has done your Lisa in. They're the Hollywood Stars, love. I stayed for both their sets at the Whisky tonight and, well, as Loggins & Messina put it, I could have danced all night. Word about them has already gone out all over the country, and my throbbing grapevine keeps buzzing with all sorts of questions, the most common being "Are they really like the New York Dolls?" Well, there is a parallel, but it has nothing to do with music or look. The difference between them, my sibling, is the difference between the streets of New York and the streets of Hollywood, if you know what I mean—and you of all people should. The Dolls are ugly and rough (you remember what their roadie did to you that Sunday afternoon) and tough because that's how the streets of NY mold you, that's what you learn. Here, as you well know, you handle it by being cocky but not too threatening; it's best to smile, not to scowl; you're cloaked in health, not

in soot; it's dancing clothes you want, not streetfighting drag.

So the image and the music are perfectly opposite and complementary at the same time. It's the embodiment of California '74 (which of course includes a heavy dose of English style), just as the Beach Boys were the pure California of other years. They dress stylishly but casually—maybe a tight lame shirt, some scarves, platform boots—and the glitter and outrage are long down the drain. It's a sight to see, dear; kind of makes you think of Rod and the Faces, without being a copy. And they're young, which is such a relief after seeing so many old men pretend they still know how to rock and roll lately. Young and fresh and, sigh, wholesome—yes, love, deep in her heart your painted tart of a sister possesses strings which zing at the thought of cleanliness and purity, and these boys pluck them till they're near breaking. They look so sweet, and sometimes so lovably dumb. Innocent lambs. God, I could go down on all five at once and die a happy woman!

The songs do it to me too. Lots of them are co-written by Kim Fowley (you remember Kim, don't you dear? He's the one that leapt on top of you from the stairs at that party at the Aquarius a few years ago and said "Hello, I love you, won't you tell me your name?"), and they're all simply smashing. They do a couple of tunes written by Mars "Born To Be Wild" Bonfire, and they do "Rip It Up" and "High School Confidential," which nobody does and are great oldies. Maybe the best way to give you an idea of what they're all about is to tell you that they do "Roses and Rainbows" (and do you still have the autographed single that Danny gave you?), and the crisp buoyancy of that tune runs through all their music. "Actual teenage dogmeat," as Kim might call it. They don't jam on stage, every song has a couple of verses and maybe a bridge and a few choruses and a short guitar solo. Short and tight, and they've already

got perhaps six sure hit singles in their set. The tunes are great, the kind you love to hum and whistle and figure out on your penny-whistle, and Kim's unmatched cleverness is always showing up in the words. They're right on top of things with "Will the Lights Go On Again" and "Shortage Of Love." My other faves are "Tough Guys" ("Dead men never show emotion/Tough guys never try"), "Escape," "Supermen Are Always Gentlemen" (another rocker from Mars), and the best, the utmost, the absolute ginchiest, is "Shine Like A Radio," which is about our Angela and her word, "fabulous." And that it is.

Leona, darling, you won't believe how the ladies of Hollywood have flipped for their Stars. Rodney, you should know, will have absolutely nothing to do with them. I've two reasons for that—one, he didn't get a piece of the business action; two, "they're taking away all his nookie," as a dear friend of ours bluntly put it to me at the Whisky. But they're taking the rest of the town by storm. Denny's coffee shop on Sunset after the second show looks like mother's malt shop in Ohio must have been after the football game, when the gridiron heroes basked in the fluttering lashes and moist bobby sox of female admiration.

The names, love, are Scott Phares, Ruby Star, Terry Rae, Mark "Lend Me Your Ears" Anthony and Gary Van Dyke. You must track down the record when it comes out (it looks now as if they'll be signing with Columbia soon) and see if I'm not right. They should be huge before you know it. My Stars!

I must run now, my sweet. The sun glinting into my eyes off the first three letters of the Hollywood sign tells me that it's time to catch a few winks before the day's business. Do take care of yourself, and you must write and tell me more about that gun incident in Marseilles. Keep at it, hon. I believe in you.

Your simple sister,  
Lisa Rococo

Wayne Cochran & the C.C. Riders  
The Dirty Bird  
Moorhead, Minn.

By JACK MESSENGER

My roommate's all excited, he heard this spot on Fargo radio, "Wayne Cochran!" he sez, "We gotta go!" So we decide to drive up on Wednesday night. After driving 110 miles, we arrive in the metropolis of Fargo-Moorhead—an amazing place, 100,000 people stuck right in the middle of absolutely nowhere.

The Dirty Bird turns out to be a brick barn-type thing with neon birds and animals running wild over one whole side. We get there at the end of a lingerie show, presided over by an oily MC who keeps making sicko jokes like "if so-and-so (waitress) fell down, she's stick to the floor." Real class. Any carnal thoughts are quickly dampened by the vicious-looking guards who seem to be everywhere.

It's nearly time, and we're ready for action. I spy Wayne on the upper level shooting pool. He doesn't look much different from the shot on the cover of my 45 of "Harlem Shuffle." A little paunchier maybe, with his famous hair in a sort of bubble-shag.

After about 20 minutes, the band comes down. Ten pieces, tenor soprano and baritone saxes, trombone, three trumpets, bass, guitar and drums. These cats look lean and ready to blow! And blow they do, whipping through a couple of instrumentals as a warm-up for Wayne. Then the man himself comes sweeping down the stairs, garbed in cape and black jumpsuit with stars all over. He jumps right into the first song, bellowing out the vocals, and we're going wild—leaping up and down and roaring.

A scintillating version of my personal fave, "Harlem Shuffle" (even better than the Fabulous Flippers!) is followed by "Last Kiss" and "Turn On Your Lovelight." A ten minute version, and this is where the fun starts. After a bit, the horn men start walking out into the crowd. They're clapping and jiving around with their instruments. The crowd loves it. Now Wayne's on top of a table. More excitement. He throws his mike away, and is running through the audience with two quarts of vodka, pouring it in drinks, beers, hair, my face. Total craziness. Back on stage, Wayne rears back and whips the two empty quarts through the ceiling! Outrageous!

The crowd is in a frenzy now, they're dancing on the tables, and the guards are freaking out, grabbing at people and becoming belligerent. After the final song, a 15-minute version of "Can't Turn You Loose," they waste no time hustling us all out. We're planning to go back on Saturday, until we hear the news that on Friday, some yo-yo threw a god-dam glass at Wayne, missed, and

knocked out the guitarist's front teeth! Too bad, but that's the kind of thing that always happens at Wayne's shows. Don't miss him if he comes to your town.

Rick Nelson & The Stone Canyon Band  
The Roxy Theatre  
Los Angeles

By SUSANELLA ROGERS

The nostalgia trend of the last few years has brought back visions of sock hops, make-out parties, crew-neck sweaters, circle pins, and the night ten years ago when the school gym was transformed into a *petit coin de Paris* and I, in my strapless white satin Cinderella gown, almost died of embarrassment because Richie, my steady, wore tennis shoes everywhere, even to the Senior Prom. Thank god, what my elders said would be the "happiest years of my life" are over, and now, as I pirouette through the no-man's-land that is the tender foreplay to the hot screw of middle-age, I am increasingly resentful of the frantic efforts of knit-tied promoters to bring it all back. Rick Nelson's entourage are quick to point out that his resurgent popularity is not a reflection of the now-waning nostalgia craze, and contrary to the standard ratio of cubic pound of truth per square inch of press hype, they're right. Unlike the majority of moldy oldies, Rick has cleaned up his act, in all connotations of the phrase, and—holy of holies!—has become quite the consummate musician.

Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band played to a packed house at the Roxy; steel guitar player Tom Brumley shone outstandingly throughout the set, particularly on "Hello, Mary Lou." The band—Brumley, Dennis Larden on lead, Ty Grimes on drums, bassist Jay White—was very tight, with Larden and White singing backup on a collection of songs that spanned Nelson's show biz career.

As well as four songs from Nelson's new self-produced album *Windfall* (MCA 383) — three of which were written by Nelson and Larden, singly and in collaboration—the set included blasts from the past like "Travelin' Man," a dramatically lit "Lonesome Town," and encore rocker "Believe What You Say." A superfluous explanation preceded the by now obligatory "Garden Party," and many first-timers were happily surprised when Rick sat down at the ivory 88's for a funky "Honky Tonk Woman."

Clad in sparkle-stoned denims, Rick Nelson looked hardly older than he did a dozen years ago, but the ghost of TV-land's teen idol is now a serious musician with a mature intensity and growing creative direction. And by the way, Nelson's got a great ass.

## PHONOGRAM RECORD

### Volume 4, Number 6

Publisher: MARTIN R. CERF  
Editor: Greg Shaw  
Assistant Editor: Ken Barnes  
Advertising: Mike Owen  
Art Director: John van Hamersveld  
Design & Production: Martin Cerf, Greg Shaw, Roger Black

Cover by John van Hamersveld

Contributing Editors: Alan Betrock, Richard Cromelin, Ben Edmonds, Tom Nolan, Ron Ross, Bud Scoppa, Mark Shipper, Ed Ward

Subscriptions: Suzy Shaw

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Postage paid at controlled circulation rate in Los Angeles, California.

NEW DOUBLE ALBUM FROM TOORUN GREEN  
NEW ON BEARSVILLE RECORDS AND TAPES.



# HOLLYWOOD

LISA ROCOCO

My goodness, judging by this gorgeous afternoon, Lisa's nocturnal habits have deprived her of some glorious scenery. And here I thought it was still raining. There's nothing like a balmy January to convince visitors of the charms of Our Town. The latest to succumb is the dreamy David EsSEX, who stopped in with wife and daughter to tape a couple of TV shows and do some business and is now determined to become a California resident, either here or in San Francisco. While in town, Mr. "Rock On" screened his film "That'll Be the Day" in his Beverly Wilshire suite for a few friends, including Twig the Wunderkid. From all reports, the "English 'American Graffiti'" should make as big a splash here as it has across the pond, especially with Billy Fury, the greasy Ringo and an utterly, delightfully loathsome Keith Moon holding down the early 60's rock 'n' roles. When you see the flick and you're wondering why you hear Richie Valens instead of Buddy Holly when hero David spins what looks like a BH disc, and why it's not Buddy singing the title track, the reason is that Paul McCartney owns all the Buddy Holly copyrights and wouldn't release the material for the film because he was squabbling with Ringo. Bad rap, Paulie, as Rodney might say.

Speaking of Rodney (who was the first under the table when someone pulled a gun in Denny's restaurant early the other morning), we hear he's been truly high-level lately, attending rehearsals by no less a personage than Elvis himself.... When not hanging on the highest rungs of the ladder, Rodney's found time to get into a fierce scuffle at the Disco with Coral, Sabel's sister and Iggy's ex, over a confiscated beer, which wound up all over Mr. B's famous face.... And, speaking of Sabel (who stepped back into Hollywood for a few days), she should by now be in the state of marital bliss as well as that of New York with that beautiful Doll Johnny Thunders. Rococo congrats to the couple of last year (and, who knows, maybe of this)....

On the Elton front (and before going any farther, let Lisa profusely

apologize for last month's report on Lane Claudell being signed to Rocket Records. Lisa picks up many things, including information, from the street, and it's not always pure. The word now, anyway, is that Atlantic's got him): Mr. John and the band



(which now includes Blue Mink percussionist Ray Cooper) have been recording furiously at Guercio's Caribou Ranch, up amidst the snow-drifts of Colorado, before embarking on a tour of kangaroo kountry. Manager John Reid stayed in England to have his tonsils extracted and Bernie Taupin has been spotted bopping about Hollywood. And through Elton comes word of the reclusive Legs Larry Smith, who tapped his way onto the stage during Elton's London concert and presented Mr. Popstar with a portrait he'd executed. Atta boy, Legs!

Also making the Hollywood scene in January was Alice Cooper, who came to get his muscles of love in shape by playing golf and ended up doing "Hollywood Squares," a self-produced film called "Hard-Hearted Alice," and television's "Snoopy Sisters" with Helen Hayes.... One potential golfing partner, Iggy Pop (and those two could play on the missing links, couldn't they?), is at the moment visiting Mom and Dad in

Michigan. The former Jimmy Osterberg and the Stooges had a run-in with the Jewish Defense League because they persuaded bassist Ron Ashton to don his S.S. uniform for a couple of gigs on the latest tour (Ron, you know, is an avid collector of Nazi memorabilia). No comment from these quarters.... In and out a bit more quickly than Dali's second-favorite model were Silverhead, who blew in for a day on their way from Japan to an American tour. They'll be back at the Whisky presently.... And a visit of even shorter (ridiculously, frustratingly so) duration was paid by Rod Stewart and the Faces, who enjoyed (?) a four-hour layover in LAX.

The rampant rumors that some Rolling Stones would jam with Billy Preston at the Santa Monica Civic proved to be as false as they were vehement. No trace of Stone (though of course A&M's Jerry Moss was around), in the seats or backstage, but neither Sylvester nor headliner Preston needed the father-figures to charm and excite the rabid audience.... A final New Year's Eve report: Mr. Mind Games wrapped up a long night in the company of some faithful (which, according to some, is more than husband Lennon is being) companions at David Cassidy's house, strumming tunes on the guitar (just as Bob Dylan probably once did in Phil Ochs' living room) and advising the Face on the rigors and rewards of stardom....

Another Bowie in town. Not Daddy David, but tyke Zowie has joined mother Angela in the hills. Before the wee one arrived, Angie made a quick trip to New York for a photo session with Richard Avedon, and talk that David will be showing up soon continues to persist. Lisa's reliable word is that it's possible, but just on the dark side of likely.... Lying low these days is American son Lance Loud, who's still working hard with his band. Former Buddah Records president Neil Bogart (whose new Casablanca Records group Kiss should be making a Hollywood debut soon), who listened to some demos and actually saw the band perform in Santa Barbara, reports that they blew him out but need about \$40,000 worth of equipment. The Bogie of the 70's wasn't about to spring.

Finally, look for Kim Fowley to appear as lead vocalist on Jimmy Page's upcoming solo album. Kim thinks that if Robert Plant's favorite singer is Love's madman Arthur Lee, Jimmy figures he can have his fave West Coast asshole too. Kim said it, not I.

Ronson's album. No touring in sight for any of the above.... "If things don't loosen up soon," confides Ainsley, "I'm thinking of rejoining Zappa and the Mothers." Come now, things can't be that bad!

More happenings: Elvis and his step-brother Rick have been coming by the club lately for that imported Watney's Red Barrel beer, while Slade disappointed the faithful by failing to make an appearance after their Palladium date. And after all I've done for them!

## STAR RATED SINGLES

March 1, 1974

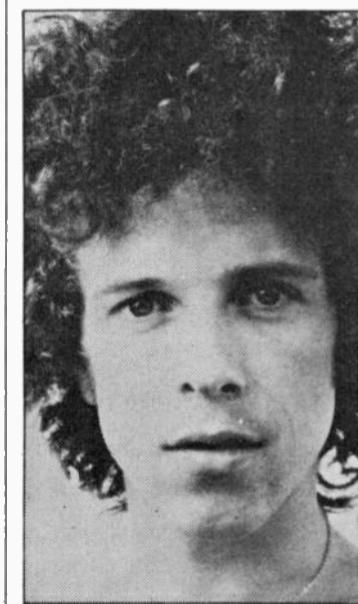
1. "Ballroom Blitz" - The Sweet - RCA (UK)
2. "Tiger Feet" - Mud - RAK (UK)
3. "Devil Gate Drive" - Suzi Quatro - RAK (UK)
4. "Jailhouse Rock" - Elvis Presley - RCA
5. "Do You Wanna Dance" - Barry Blue - Bell

# MERSEY BEAT

PENNY FARTHING

Our winter of rock 'n' roll discontent continues, and that stiff upper lip you see is most probably frozen there. Never have so many obstacles arisen at one time—to give you a vague idea.... Of course the most pressing problem is the pressing problem; owing to a combination of severe vinyl shortage and unprecedented consumer demand the plants just can't keep up. Many companies are importing pressings from the States and elsewhere, but with shortages so widespread this is no permanent answer (and the 3-day work week is not helping; although many recording studios at least have purchased their own generators and are operating at normal schedule). The stormy petrol situation coupled with a recent rail strike cuts into the number of gigs severely; a newly imposed 63 degree limit on heating theatres makes said gigs rather frigid affairs; and a cutback in television transmission has affected music-on-video as well.

Not to mention a growing movement (already in effect at some venues) for decibel limits so ridiculously low as to turn us into a nation of folksingers—the only band which will profit is Adge Cutler & the Wurzels (and if you don't know, you don't want to...) and finally there's the spectre of the pending Indecent Displays Bill, an astonishingly narrow-minded broad-powered proposal covering (literally, perhaps) the cinema, album jackets, literary material, vocal allusions to sex, swearing onstage, just about anything in fact that some local crackpot feels offended by, he then can hale the offending party before a magistrate. The effect on contemporary music here can easily be imagined....



Leo Sayer (Leonard Sayer)

Still, rock perseveres, and a glitzy sequins of events always takes place. Big news at the moment is Mick Ronson's upcoming solo gigs at the Rainbow, coupled with his just-released single, Elvis' "Love Me Tender" of all things and forthcoming LP *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue*, with a few Bowie-Ronson compositions included. Bowie by the way topped all year-end tallies as Singles Artist of '73, followed in order by Gary Glitter, Slade, Wiz...

zard and Sweet—a delightful sweep.

First star breakthrough of '74 is Leo Sayer, composer of most of Roger Daltrey's album, but revealing quite a bizarre performing personality of his own (appearing in clown regalia, last we saw him). His album, *Silverbird*, shot into the Top 10 and the single, "The Show Must Go On", leapt to No. 1 until just displaced by a Chinn-Chapman one-two punch of "Teenage Rampage" by Sweet and "Tiger Feet" by Mud. The Sweet single contains the immortal line "Imagine the sensation of teenage masturbation", and serves as a prelude to a full-scale tour and new LP, possibly called *We're Revolting*, plus a TV documentary quaintly titled "All That Glitters".

One star not glittering so outrageously these days is Marc Bolan, who has deplored the whole trend at length. He's back with a new single, a ballad of sorts called "Teenage Dream", an actual departure from the three-year "Bang A Gong" - style formula. In addition, he informed us palpitating pressmen, in conjunction with the new album *Creamed Cage In August*, he's going out on tour under the alias "Zinc Alloy & The Hidden Riders Of Tomorrow". The new "Metal-of-the-road", Marc?

Another non-glittery outfit causing waves is the Winkies, an as-yet-unsigned band drawing myriad comparisons to the early Rolling Stones. At the gig we caught, they performed quite a few Chuck Berry tunes, notably "Little Queenie", plus "Heard It Through The Grapevine", "Little Wing" (?) and a few impressive originals—definitely a band to watch for. They'll shortly be touring with Brian Eno, the ex-Roxy Lizard, and back him on his new 45 "Seven Deadly Finns".

Tour Of The Month: The early 60's rock revival package of Billy Fury (now signed to Warners), Marty Wilde, and Heinz & the New Tornadoes, still playing "Telstar". Great. Transatlantic Item Of The Month: Hawkwind's buxom dancer Stacia and New York Doll Arthur Kane, reportedly inseparable. Reincarnation Of The Month: John Walker's New Walker Bros., currently touring, without Scott and Gary, sadly. Hope Of The Month: a proposed new live TV rock show on ATV network, supposedly no slush permitted. And Gracious Quote Of The Month: When the Pointer Sisters, just arrived here, wanted to join the Troggs onstage at the band's tumultuous Dingwalls' gig, Reg Presley responded, "We've done our set. Tell them to come to another gig sometime. Who are they anyway?"

Slade have a new LP, *Old New Borrowed And Blue*, featuring their longtime stage number, Roscoe Gordon's "Just A Little Bit". Also represented with albums are Denny Laine and ex-Thunderclap/Stone the Crows/Blue guitarist Jimmy McCullough. Bowie's new single "Rebel Rebel" expected soon; also Suzi Quatro's "Devil Gate Drive". Sutherland's "Dream Kid", and 10cc's "Worst Band In The World" all out. And don't forget a rather queasy seasonal item, the Donnettes' (shudder) "My Donny" ("Lies over the ocean"). Order yours today. And on a parting (sour) note, did you know that Rod Stewart played harmonica on Millie's "My Boy Lollipop"? Thought not....



RODNEY BINGENHEIMER

(Direct from the heart of the Sunset Strip, Rodney brings you each month the latest juicy tidbits and inside gossip from the fabulous world of pop royalty, to whom Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco has become the 70's most irresistible Mecca.)

It's just like 1966 lately. All the stars have been flocking to my club, just like they did to the Whisky, the Sea Witch and the London Fog. Allan Clarke of the Hollies was just in town on a short vacation from Jamaica where, he said, "I was laying in the sun and contemplating some of the finest ladies in the world." Allan of course has recently rejoined the Hollies after two unsuccessful solo LPs.

Ronson's album. No touring in sight for any of the above.... "If things don't loosen up soon," confides Ainsley, "I'm thinking of rejoining Zappa and the Mothers." Come now, things can't be that bad!

More happenings: Elvis and his step-brother Rick have been coming by the club lately for that imported Watney's Red Barrel beer, while Slade disappointed the faithful by failing to make an appearance after their Palladium date. And after all I've done for them!

## STAR RATED SINGLES

March 1, 1974

1. "Ballroom Blitz" - The Sweet - RCA (UK)
2. "Tiger Feet" - Mud - RAK (UK)
3. "Devil Gate Drive" - Suzi Quatro - RAK (UK)
4. "Jailhouse Rock" - Elvis Presley - RCA
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Toni Brown. From Boston to San Francisco, from The Joy of Cooking to Toni & Terry's "Cross Country" album last year, from a band to a solo singer-songwriter, playing her music and singing her songs at Chip Young's log cabin studio in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Toni Brown has travelled many roads to bring her music home; it's been good for her and "Good For You, Too."

"Good For You, Too." Produced by Chip Young. Toni Brown's debut album on MCA Records.

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# GRAHAM NASH WILD TALES



eric  
discovers  
America

It might surprise you to learn that Eric Burdon is about to release a new album and take it out on the concert trail after a good three year absence from the spotlight. It shouldn't though; his return was only a matter of time. Keep in mind, this can hardly be considered a comeback attempt, for Eric Burdon has nowhere to come back from. In ten years he has never failed, not once, at anything he tried. Think about that for awhile.

Those in search of an explanation for his unflagging popularity need look no further than the compelling intensity with which Eric Burdon approaches everything. To be sure, he has a unique and appealing voice, is one of the most distinctive vocal stylists rock has produced, and has always surrounded himself with extraordinary musicians. But at the core of it all, it's Eric's burning presence that keeps 'em coming back for more. As with all great singers, his songs serve chiefly as vehicles for the transmission of his basic *persona*—or, to use a more fitting Latin term, his *animus*. And along with the pure force of his personality, there was an unquenchable desire that ran through his music, a thirst for something, that only added its share to the intensity already present.

**ERIC BURDON  
RETURNS TO  
THE MUSICAL  
ARENA**

**by Greg Shaw**

Andy Kent

# "The Animals didn't need any gurus..."

The year 1962 found Eric Burdon on the streets of Newcastle, his home town. Like Liverpool, Newcastle is an industrial seaport city, and like Liverpool it had a hot music scene all its own. "It was incredible," recalls Burdon. "Every night you could hear different kinds of jazz and R&B, and Saturday nights it was all jammed together. I'd go down to my local club and get up and sing the blues with a horn lineup behind me." He was an ardent fan and collector of the American blues records that were brought by returning Merchant seamen, having developed an instant affinity for the strength and honesty of R&B music, as well as a fascination with the Negro experience that was at the core of his lifelong obsession with America.

Before he got a chance to join the Merchant Navy and see America for himself, Burdon was sidetracked by another blues enthusiast, Alan Price. The Alan Price Combo was the most popular of the local groups, and Price was interested in adding a fifth member, a vocalist, to allow him to concentrate more on his organ. Burdon was agreeable, and soon the Combo (which also included guitarist Hilton Valentine, drummer John Steel, and bassist Bryan "Chas" Chandler) had moved from the Downbeat Club to a permanent residency at the leading Club A-Go-Go. Because of their shabby clothes, some say, or merely because of their leering savagery onstage at a time when matching suits and politeness were the order of the day, their fans took to calling them "those animals." The name stuck, and was officially adopted in 1963.

The Animals were like most British bands of the time in their reliance on Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker, and Fats Domino for style and material. But unlike the majority of them, the Animals added something extra. Where other bands doubled and tripled the tempo of the songs, looking to drum up superficial excitement, The Animals sought to emulate the authentic soulfulness of the music. A hard-to-find album on the Wand label, recorded live in December 1963 when the Animals were backing Sonny Boy Williamson in Newcastle, sheds light on their early style. The music is firm and solid, yet relaxed, intense without being frenetic. Burdon puts himself into every song, improvising verses and stressing words as though each tune were his own. An eight-minute "Bo Diddley" becomes more an attempt to get at the essence of what Diddley, the man and the image, were all about than a mere version of the song.

The Animals were, on reflection, a unique hybrid of the two schools of British R&B. Later them, the Irish group featuring Van Morrison, would follow in their pattern, but in 1964 the Animals were alone in their style. On one side were the Stones, Kinks, and Pretty Things, holding forth at London's Marquee Club with a hyped-up brand of Chuck Berry guitar rock. And on the other side of the street, at the Flamingo Club, the jazz and soul fans gathered to hear Georgie Fame, Graham Bond, Zoot Money, and Chris Farlowe do their impressions of Ray Charles, Bobby Bland and James Brown. Although the Animals went over well at the Marquee, they preferred the Flamingo, where Price's gospel-heavy organ and Burdon's gut vocalizing were much in demand, and the atmosphere was something like what they imagined American blues clubs to have. "Those were really exciting times," said Burdon. "I took Nina Simone to the Flamingo and she couldn't believe it, as a black American she'd never seen any club that compared to the Flamingo in its heyday. I walked in there some nights and the guy in front of me would turn around and have a knife jabbed between his ribs. Someone just stuck him for the fun of it, and it was really rough. But the music was fantastic, and Saturday night starting about 6:00 it went all night til the sun came up. The Beatles would come down there and nobody would bother them, even at their peak. George Harrison would spend the night in the dressing room. It was incredible."

With this fervor for authenticity, it's odd that their first two singles, "Baby Let Me Take You Home" and "House of the Rising Sun," were both taken from the first Bob



Dylan album. But Eric was a fan of Dylan's, and anyway both songs had traditional roots. The first didn't go far, but "House of the Rising Sun" shot to Number One in England in July of 1964, and did the same in America a month later. Next month "I'm Crying," a Burdon-Price original, was in the Top Twenty, and the Animals were an official part of the conquering caravan that swept the U.S. Burdon brought his R&B scrapbook, and spent his spare time tracking down American blues and folk singers to get their autographs, according to the liner notes on *The Animals On Tour*.

The Animals quickly adjusted to stardom, although it was some years before they regained their bearings long enough to realize that they were being swindled out of all their money by greedy managers, agents and others. But at least, in the midst of year-round tours and total hysteria, they were able to grow musically. Their albums were packed with great versions of R&B classics, stormy renditions of "Talkin' Bout You," "Around and Around," "Roberta," "What Am I Living For," "One Monkey Don't Stop No Show" and so on, while their hit singles, besides "Boom Boom" and "Bring It On Home To Me," tended to be outstanding blues-flavored pop tunes. "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" were both smash hits in 1965, by which time it had become apparent that the Animals contained no songwriting wizards in the Lennon/McCartney, Jagger/Richard league. Their only self-penned hit, "I'm Crying" was an extremely primitive tune. Their genius, if any, was clearly in arranging and adapting others' songs to their own brand of raw spunk.

It was to the Stones that they were most often compared in those days, as both groups offered a scruff alternative to the polished Beatles, but the Stones plainly had the edge. They could write, they had intellectual/art school appeal, and they had at least three members with genuine charisma as opposed to the Animals' one. The Animals were openly contemptuous of them, but in the end artistic pretension proved victorious over earthy simplicity.

In late 1965, Alan Price left the group to form another band, one in which his jazz leanings could come to the fore. He was replaced by Dave Rowberry, an experienced keyboard man who fit right in. Their next single, "It's My Life" was not a big success. Burdon had balked at recording it: "I didn't want to sing it, I detested the song, but Mickie Most insisted. And it did sell. But I still didn't like it." And he can be excused for this, because at the time he was working on a song that may well be the most unusual ever recorded by the Animals.

"Inside-Looking Out" came as a real jolt to most Animals fans. It was a true proto-punk classic, all screams and pounding guitars, running nearly four minutes and treading the bounds of sheer dementia. It was followed by "Don't Bring Me Down," a plaintive rocker penned for the group by Goffin & King, and their biggest hit since "House of the Rising Sun." Even bigger was "See See Rider," with its poke at Mitch Ryder ("Jenny take a ride, now, ha! ha!"). By this time John Steel had left, being replaced by Barry Jenkins of Newcastle's number two group, the Nashville Teens. Also gone was Mickie Most. Since the Animals were now virtually headquartered in America and their records increasingly geared

to the American market, they took on producer Tom Wilson, who had the twin qualifications of having produced Dylan, and being black.

Further changes were yet in store. Since "See See Rider" the group had been billed as "Eric Burdon and the Animals." Now Eric announced that the Animals were disbanding, to be supplanted by a new group whose musical inclinations were more compatible with his. Only Barry Jenkins stayed on. Of the others, Chandler latched onto a scuffling black guitarist named Jimi Hendrix and managed him to stardom; later, he did the same for Slade. Valentine made a solo album and is now semi-retired in Los Angeles. The whereabouts of Dave Rowberry are unknown.

The new Animals included violinist John Weider (who went on to join Family at a later date), guitarist Vic Briggs, and bassist Danny McCulloch. At least, that's who was in the group that released *Winds of Change* in late 1967. There was, however, an intermediate album, released not long after the demise of the Animals, whose jacket bore suspiciously little information about the origin of its contents. *Eric is Here* was obviously not recorded by the new Animals, and with its weak sound it's hard to believe the old Animals could have had anything to do with it. It was produced by Wilson, so most likely it was an interim attempt to replace the Animals with session musicians, before the new group had been brought together. The songs included hastily selected titles by authors ranging from Randy Newman to Boyce & Hart, and the album's purpose could only have been to cash in on "Help Me Girl."

I think it was early '67 that Eric and the new Animals came to San Francisco to see about the Psychedelic Revolution. They had gone straight to Haight Street, where someone had given Eric a hundred tabs of acid, according to the rumors that made their way around town. That night I was at the Avalon, I think Quicksilver was playing, when the Animals made their surprise appearance, played a few songs, and treated the audience to an impromptu lecture by Burdon on the beauty of San Francisco, the grooviness of the Flower Children, and the glories of LSD. Even then, at the height of the local visionary movement, it was apparent that Burdon was over-reacting.

But that was his style. With typical directness, he dove headfirst into the world of Tim Leary and incense. He had come to America in search of the authentic Negro Experience, but was willing to settle for any overwhelming experience that came along. Mind you, it was hard to be around in 1967 and not get involved in that stuff. The Beatles already had their guru, and were working on *Sgt. Pepper*. Burdon didn't need any gurus, though; he could make up his own corny, well-intentioned platitudes. The cover of *Winds of Change* was taken up by a paragraph of large, bold type that said, in part, "If you feel alone and confused and unhappy discontented, just know that I (and there are many like me) love you..." On some level, it seemed Burdon had identified his white teenaged audience as the spiritually deprived psychic Negroes of America—perfectly understandable and actually quite modest hallucination, in the context of its time. Besides, he hadn't gone totally overboard—the album was dedicated to LBJ and Ho Chi Minh, among others, so Burdon's awareness of Viet Nam and the political situation must have been as keen as his interest in the Love Generation.

As for the album itself, it stands today as both good and bad, but mostly very amusing. The title cut features a background of sitar and howling winds, while Eric intones a list of blues singers' names. Yet it, and others like it, are balanced by songs like "Paint It Black," a long freakout version of the Stones hit, and the four singles on the album—"San Francisco Nights," which is a good production despite its inanity, "Good Times," a decent follow-up to their previous smash single, "When I Was Young," "Anything" and "It's All Meat," which is so ridiculous it has to be great.

*Winds of Change* is most notable, however, for its harbingers of things to come. "Yes I Am Experienced" is an early tribute to

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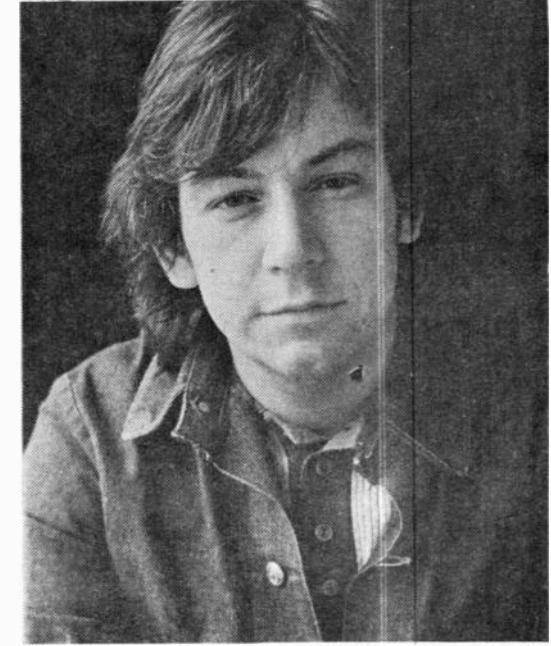
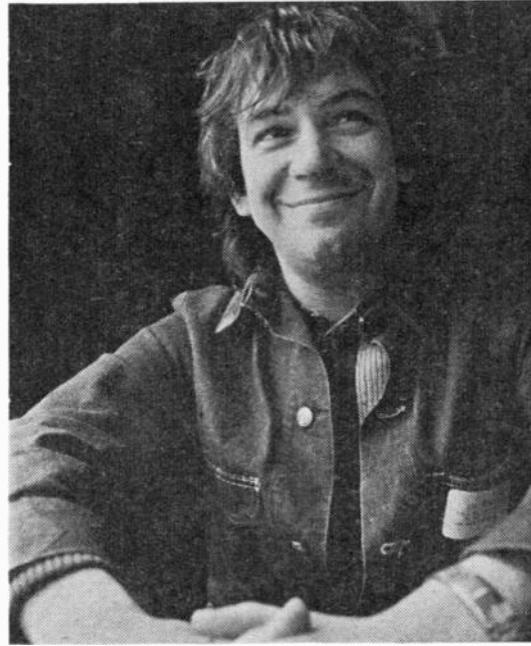
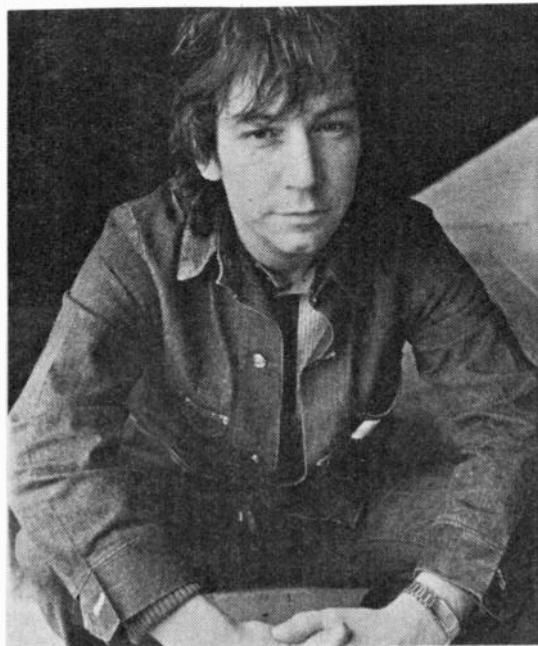
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# **Slip Away**

**Nazareth**

MARCH '74 : PHONOGRAPH RECORD

# "I always had a tendency to over-indulge..."



Andy Kent

Hendrix, who quickly became an idol in Burdon's eyes: "...he had the biggest influence on me, except maybe for Roland Kirk. Hendrix gave me the key. I had the tune, the music in me head, but you can't start singing 'till you get the key. I thought that Hendrix was probably the most powerful force in rock ever." Throughout the remainder of his life, Hendrix had a faithful disciple in Eric Burdon, and today he exists in Burdon's mind as an almost mythic symbol of all that is America. "He was black as well as red, white as well as yellow, male as well as female, all that and more in one body." As always, Burdon took no shame in admitting his indebtedness to any black source of inspiration—on record as well as in conversation and print.

Drugs and Hendrix had taught Burdon to open his mind to all the world's ever-present possibilities. And like most acid-heads, he was anxious to experience them all at once. Films had intrigued him almost as long as music, and now he saw no reason why he couldn't put a cinematic concept across in music. Thus, on *Winds of Change* we find "The Black Plague," a rather effectively produced, stark vision of death and pestilence, no doubt inspired by Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*. It was an indication of more to come.

Shortly thereafter, they released *The Twain Shall Meet*, a fairly restrained album of comparatively short songs, with the exception of the hit "Sky Pilot," Burdon's first fullblown statement on Vietnam—and a good one it was, with catchy melodies and strong, convincing vocals. It shared the album with another hit, "Monterey" (still more tribute to other musicians), and six other songs including the sitar-drenched "All Is One."

The next album, *Every One Of Us*, led off with a solid up-tempo single, "White Houses," moved through a jazzy instrumental, and into "The Immigrant Lad," a folksy ballad in which Burdon took the part of a character in America's history, with three minutes of theatrical dialogue tacked on the end. Closing out side one was "Year of the Guru," a surprisingly cynical comment on the follies of transcendental faddism. It was 1968 and you'd expect Eric to be caught up in the thick of it, but then again not really. He was never one for abstract philosophies; give him something real that he could touch, take or experience right now. And so he sang "Got to get a guru, a groovy groovy goo-roo" with the heavy sarcasm once reserved for the likes of Mick Jagger and Mitch Ryder.

But Burdon's own form of excess was yet to be revealed. Side two opened with a psychedelic arrangement of "St. James Infirmary," followed by a nineteen minute opus entitled "New York 1963—America 1968." Now this was surely a five-reel cinemascopic technicolor production set to music. Except that it didn't come off at all; only the first few minutes of solid, bluesy singing, before the dialogue cuts in, bears repeated listening.

By this time Burdon's desire to get into films was as intense as his compulsion to sing the blues had ever been. As he explains it, the



*The Black Man's Burdon*, before they parted ways.

Now Eric knew he was headed in the right direction. He sensed that his greatest potential lay in playing with black musicians, and it wasn't long before his real life's dream came true. Through War he had become involved with Jerry Goldstein, a pop songwriter of more than ten years standing and mastermind of such groups as the Angels, the Strangeloves and the McCoys. Now Goldstein, with his partner Steve Gold and their fledgling company Far Out Productions, was getting into black music. He had produced the War sessions, and his next project was to produce an album of Eric Burdon singing with blues legend Jimmy Witherspoon. It was a well-realized album of honest, authentic blues, highlighted by the anti-prison number "Soledad," which combined blues protest with radical topicality. Burdon must have been in sheer heaven.

It was a one-shot project, though, and if nothing else it taught Burdon that the blues, even in this most pure form, was not enough to satisfy him. A period followed in which he didn't do much of anything musically. For almost two years he hung around Los Angeles with his new bride, wanting to form a new group but unsure how he would go about it. Then, by a series of coincidences, it all came together.

Eric is very excited about this new band, which includes Alvin Taylor on drums, Rodney Rice on bass, and a guy named Aalon on guitar, and is as yet unnamed. They've already done a tour of England, France and Germany, and a few dates on the west coast, and in January they recorded material for a double album, the album Burdon has always wanted to make.

As Eric tells it, "this album was conceived as a movie. I look upon it as a painting, as a canvas of the way I see America. It's a view of past, present and future, related through three men, three different lifestyles, three different times. There's a black man, a white man, and a red man, who symbolically represent America to me. The only problem I have now is cutting it down....I tend to over-indulge, you know." He went on to explain that the album would be accompanied by a special comic-strip, being designed by an ex-Green Beret, that will add a graphic element to the music.

He has big plans for this group. "When the group is established and people can recognize it as a viable rock and roll entity, then I'll create another thing around it and go out on the road with lights and a stage director and a dress designer and get into some really far out things. I think that's the direction rock should be going." For now, he's spent \$30,000 building a stage monitor system with all the effects available in a recording studio, with plenty of technical innovations. The whole shebang will be unveiled on *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* in February.

One thing Burdon would like to do is re-record the old Animals hits. He admits liking some of the old records, but feels they were badly arranged or recorded, compared to what he could do now. "We're performing some of the stuff onstage now, the way I felt it should've originally been done. Really early Animals stuff like "Misunderstood" and "We Gotta Get Out of This Place"—and like instead of it sounding like it did, we've got that "chicka-chicka" Shaft-style guitar with really fast tempos on top and the drummer keeping a straight tempo—there's just more skill there, they're better musicians than the guys in the original Animals." Some confirmation of this might be taken from the fact that Barry Jenkins is currently employed by Burdon to tune and maintain Alvin Taylor's drums.

If Eric Burdon's hopes and predictions for this group come true, he'll have years of unparalleled creativity and success ahead. Co-writing with Aalon helps him focus his musical ideas more concisely, and working with this particular group of musicians offers him a freedom he never had before, what with the technical failings of the Animals and the diffuseness of War. He'd like to add a keyboard man, if he could find one that would fit in, but for now he's satisfied with the flexibility a three-man group provides.

Talking with him, one is impressed over and over with how much conviction Eric Burdon has in himself and his ideas, and how much faith he is placing in this group. You can't help but believe in him, since he believes in himself so strongly. I believe him anyway; as I said at the start, he's never failed before, and besides, we mustn't forget the smoldering fire in those dark eyes. More than ever, this feisty punk from Newcastle has the power to make people be interested in what he does. In my book, that makes him a Star.

# Carly Simon

# Hotcakes



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MARCH '74 : PHONOGRAM RECORD

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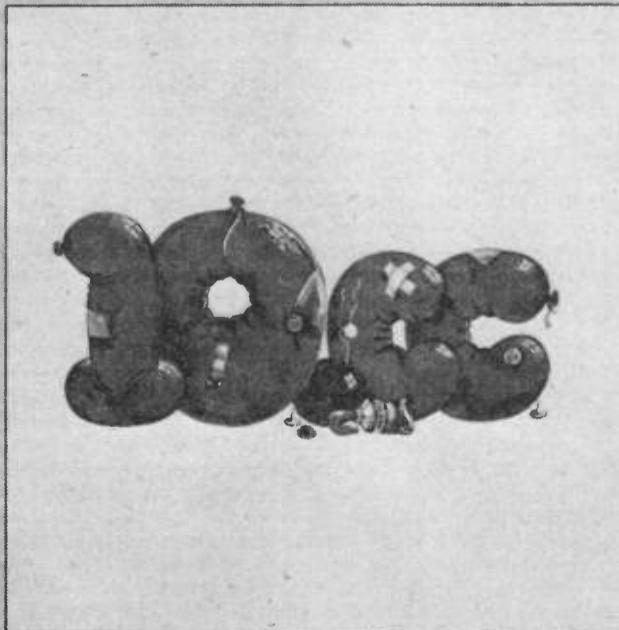
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14	MOBILE, ALA.	Municipal Auditorium

MAR. 16	SALEM, VA.	Civic Center
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Suzan Carson



## TODD RUNDGREN REVIEWS HIMSELF

With the success of "Hello It's Me" as well as his productions with Grand Funk, the New York Dolls and others, Todd Rundgren has become one of the most important figures on today's pop scene. Recently Todd took time out to discuss his forthcoming album, *Todd*, and his plans for the future, with our New York correspondent Alan Betrock.

*Todd* was recorded mostly during July; actually July & August, 1973, and it was my usual hodge-podge approach to performance in the album. I did a lot of the tracks solely myself, and I guess on about half of them, there was a drummer, bassist, keyboardist etc... various combinations of personnel. There wasn't any set backup band. I had some songs left over from my last album, but not any leftover tracks. If I don't use a track on a particular album, it usually doesn't have any relevance by the time the next LP comes around. I usually don't have a specific concept that is fully realized when I start the album. It gets more realized as the record happens. I thought *Todd* was going to be a single album, but it just turned out to be too long, so I had to put it on two records. This was all decided before the plastic shortage. I don't think I'm going to have to compromise because of the energy shortage, but if I had known that there was going to be this shortage when I made the record, I would have made definite attempts not to exceed a single album's worth of material.

I only once did an album by myself (*Something/Anything*), or at least a major part of it was myself. It was the only album where I had the attitude that I had to do it all. It was only because I was experimenting, not because I was establishing myself as a solo virtuoso artist.

On this new album, it was just a case of hearing certain things, and if I couldn't perform it, I'd get someone else to do it. You can only have so much technique, and I always hear things that exceed my technique.

The success of "Hello, It's Me" doesn't bother me, but having to perform the song does bother me. Having to do anything bothers me, when it's not something I feel naturally inspired to do. I'm not really into singles; I don't record records specifically to be singles. I may do it for somebody else, but I don't do it for myself. If I do things that sound like singles, it's just that that's the way I think it should sound.

It probably seems to most people that I'm into ballads more, but I think that's only because of the success of "Hello It's Me." And people also want to limit things. I don't do what I consider to be a whole lot of ballads. I did one album that had a bunch of ballads on it, and that was the only one like that. There are some songs that people may think of as ballads, that are not ballads to me—they're pieces of music that have different ideas. *Todd* has the least number of ballads, I think, of all the albums I've done. It also has more guitar playing. It varies... I do what I feel inspired to do. If I don't feel like playing that much rock 'n roll, I don't need another outlet—another band to play rock and roll. Being a producer in certain terms is just a job.

I'm starting to produce Grand Funk's new album now. I went out to Flint and they played me some new material. We just make records together. For some reason they find me necessary to the production of their records, so we make 'em together. With the Dolls, it wasn't

just my producing. They had spent so long trying to get a recording situation together, and had so many people involved, it was like the whole of NYC was producing the Dolls. Everyone had to get in and have their hands on the knobs, and I don't particularly dig that. The band was the most laid back, of all the people involved. I don't look back at that album at all. Just like Bobby Zimmerman said: "Don't Look Back."

"Heavy Metal Kids" is, in certain terms, a take-off of the 'NY scene. It's always a satire. I mean how serious can you get? I wouldn't die for any of it. I still like to present it the way I want to present it—the alternative would not be to die—it would be not to do it at all—rather than change it. It's mostly all satire, I guess—it's only as serious as you can get about it. But people are always looking for something—a clear cut thing—when I make the music, I'm trying to be open to influences at the time it's being made—not just straight musical influences, but all kinds—social, emotional, cosmic and things like that—and this is all supposed to be reflected in the music. If people walk around all day and make judgement after judgement, it gets to be a drag after awhile. Sometimes you just like to wander around and not make any judgements—just let it exist.

The kind of music that I do is supposed to be the kind of music that other people aren't doing—because I don't feel any need to do it otherwise. As soon as somebody or something becomes popular, like let's say "space-rock" was becoming the big thing, there's all of a sudden loads of bands coming up to me saying "well, man, last week we were into glitter rock, and now we're into space rock." Whatever is

hip or the happening formula, they just change into that. Some people can recognize it after it happens; my whole thing is trying to discover it before it happens. Just because I like to hear different things—if no one else is doing something new, I have to come up with them myself.

I'm definitely lagged-out now, being that *Todd* was recorded, and reflects where I was last July. I don't know what the impact of the music will be now. It's still probably a year or two ahead of where most people are at—at least.

The reason why I do any particular song in any particular way is just because there's a whole idea. And what you try to do as effectively as possible is render that idea musically so that someone listening can understand that idea—some music is done so vaguely that the interpretation of it is left completely up to the person listening—but sometimes you're trying to say something specifically in the most effective way possible. In doing that, you try to use recognizable styles—essences of recognizable performances. For instance, Jimi Hendrix.

"Number One Lowest Common Denominator" is just about sex, and it seemed to me one of the most obvious musical influences you could make along those lines, was to re-create in certain terms that Jimi Hendrix sound. Because to me that influence represented, from a guitar player's point of view, that central attitude most effectively. I don't listen to a song and then sit down and copy it. The guitar playing was obviously influenced—the whole thing really—the phasing, the trippy effects; in certain terms the song is a satire too. It's really a pretty funny song as far as I'm concerned.

The last song on the album ("Sons of 1984") was recorded live

in Central Park and Griffith Park. We went in and taught the audience the lyrics and they sang it. I guess I was a little surprised that it really worked out. I thought the problems would be hideous. The microphones were hung out over the audience, and in Griffith Park, they were actually hanging out of trees. It was a funny experiment. We were considering doing a whole record that way, as part of our touring show. Teach the audience a song, then record it, and you have a whole album's worth of these songs from different cities, with the audience singing on them. It would be really strange. But as it is now, on "Sons of 1984," we have Central Park on one side, and Griffith Park on the other.

I've been offered a lot of production work, most of which I don't want to do. Either because it's with somebody that doesn't need me, or with somebody I just don't want to work with. But I am considering a couple of things.

Describing my new album is really a hard thing to do. It's really impossible to render an accurate idea of where the album is at musically and lyrically just by trying to describe isolated moments of it. The only difference about this album I guess, from the others I've made, is in terms of lyrics. My lyrical attitude is a lot more unified, and different from what I used to write about. In the past, I usually wrote about boy-girl relationships, which at this point doesn't interest me.... I have very little to say about that—that might disappoint a few people, but they have all those old songs to listen to, if they want. The whole record (*Todd*) is about states of consciousness. The Wizard

(continued on page 36)

THE TEXAS ROCK EXPLOSION

# AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

By Peter Green

## FORT WORTH

Bob Wills  
Bloodrock  
Paul & Paula  
Bruce Channel  
Ray Sharpe  
Shawn Phillips  
Legendary Stardust Cowboy  
King Curtis  
Nitzinger  
Ornette Coleman  
Scotty McKay  
Johnny Fuller

## AUSTIN

Johnny Winter  
Edgar Winter  
Willie Nelson  
Michael Murphy  
Jerry Jeff Walker  
B. W. Stevenson  
13th Floor Elevators  
Red Krayola  
Bubble Puppy  
Shiva's Headband  
Conqueroo  
Ray Campi  
The Slades  
Carolyn Hester

## AMARILLO

Buddy Knox  
Jimmy Bowen

## LUBBOCK

Bobby Keys  
Buddy Holly  
Jimmy Gilmer & the Fireballs  
Waylon Jennings  
Crickets  
Sonny Curtis  
String-a-Longs  
Roy Orbison

## CISCO

Seals & Crofts

## ODESSA

Jim Horn

## EL PASO

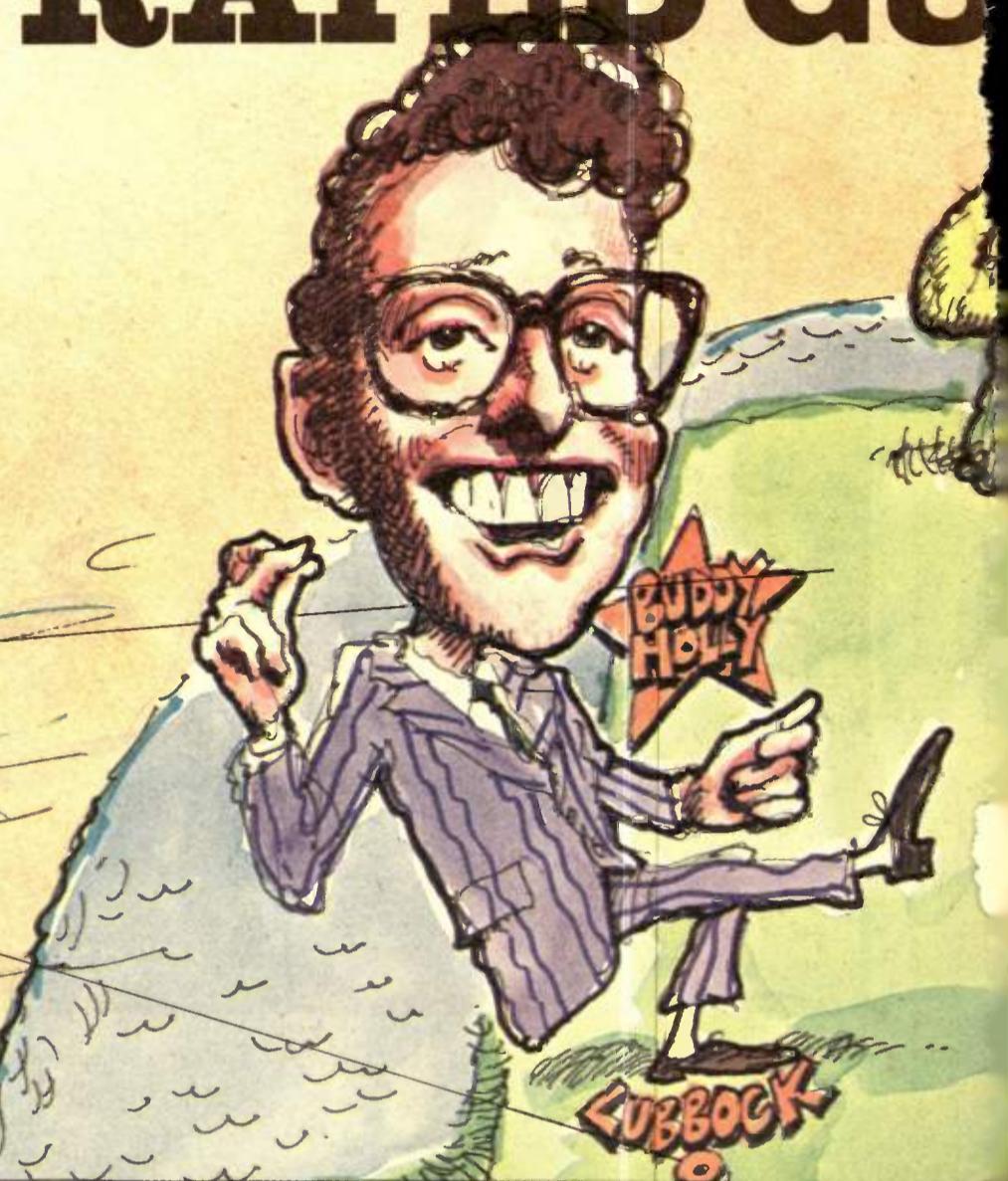
Bobby Fuller

## CARTHAGE

Tex Ritter

## SARATOGA

George Jones



## SAN ANTONIO

Sir Douglas  
Augie Meyer  
Sunny & the Sunliners  
Kinky Friedman  
J. Frank Wilson  
The Children



# TRAIL TO TEXAS ROCK



## DALLAS

Steve Miller  
Five Americans  
Jon & the In Crowd  
Sam the Sham  
Floyd Dakil Combo  
Ron-Dells  
Kenny & the Kasuals  
Charlie Pride  
Nightcaps  
T-Bone Walker (Linden)  
Freddy King (Gilmer)  
Johnny Mathis (Gilmer)  
Ray Price  
Doug Clark & the Hot Nuts  
Marty Robbins

## WACO

Billy Joe Shaver

## HOUSTON

Roy Head & the Traits  
Bobby Bland  
Big Mama Thornton  
Barbara Lynn  
Johnny Ace  
Junior Parker  
Big Sam & the House Wreckers  
Dobie Gray  
Lightning Hopkins  
B. J. Thomas  
The Moving Sidewalks  
Z. Z. Top  
Mickey Gilley  
Wayne Talbert  
Joe Crane  
Neal Ford & the Fanatics  
Townes Van Zandt  
Jazz Crusaders  
Fever Tree



You can look long and you can look hard to find a reason why Texans are the way they are, why they do what they do, and why they like what they like, but I'm partial to a definition offered by Texas writer James Stanley Walker. He was talking about architecture, but his observations also fit Texas music the way that Charlie Dunn's boots naturally fit your feet: "...it is the embodiment of those qualities revered by Texans: self-help, tenacity, an unselfconscious disregard revered by Texans: self-help, tenacity, an unselfconscious disregard for tradition, business competition, a proud utilitarianism, expediency, individual solutions unfettered by other than individual standards, piety, success, and a kind of crude grace. It... has little waste, is asymmetrically palatable, makes good use of scarce resources, is a projection of its owner-proprietor's personality, didn't cost too much; all of its forms have honest... meaning, and it does not reflect any psychopathic obsession for cleanliness."

Well spoke, James Stanley. I like that "crude grace" part best when we get down to talking about Texas music because, by God, that describes it. I got hooked on that crude grace at a tender age. Fifteen, to be exact. I already knew about Buddy Holly but he was on records and those didn't have the impact of those Fort Worth nights when, armed with a false ID that said I was 23, I haunted the shadowy, pee-smelly Fort Worth dives where Ray Sharpe and his "Linda Lou" lived and went to drunken dances where the Slades or the Nightcaps created Texas' first teen-age world. The older guys could have their shitticker dances where they got slobbering drunk and punched each other's brains out; but we could close the doors at Jack's Place, a notorious joint on Jacksboro Highway, and shut out all that crap and dance and drink and talk with Jimmy Reed. Ole Jimmy just loved to buy beer for his little high school buddies and tell them about the world. American Bandstand was OK, but the kids from Paschal and Heights and Riverside knew that their real world was at Jack's, and, when it burned to the ground, there was

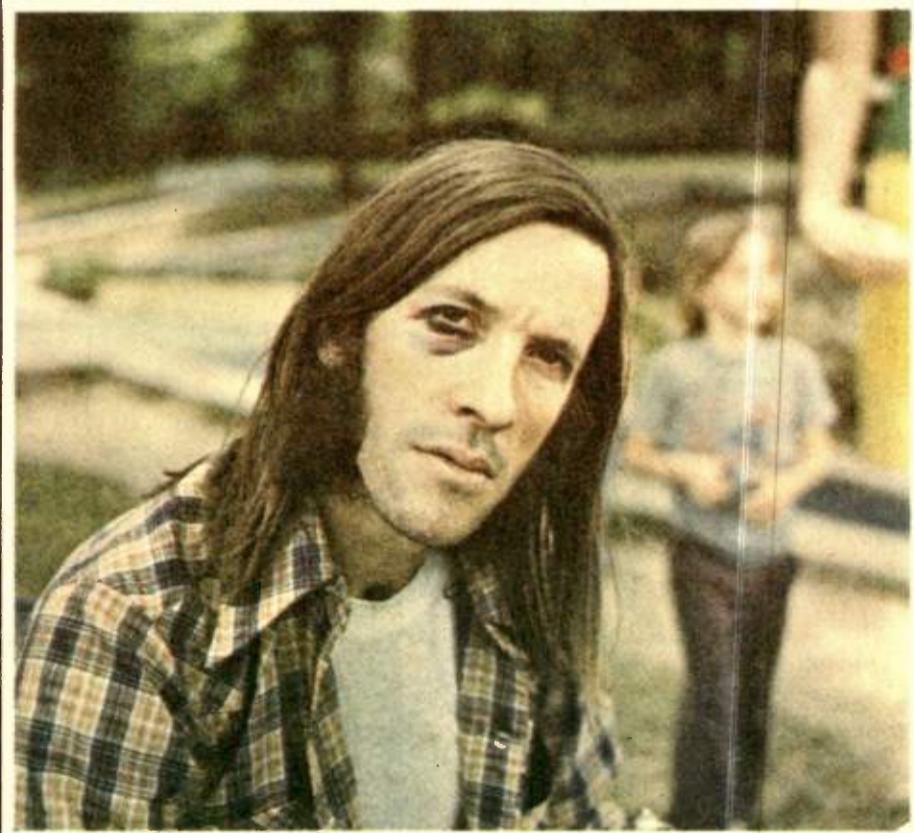
city-wide mourning. It was crude, you bet your ass that whole scene was crude, but it had an innate grace that Dick Clark could never attain. Or understand.

Crude grace. How else do you deal with a state that can produce an urbane Van Cliburn at the same time that it's turning out totally demented rock bands that eat acid like popcorn but can still shut down any band in a 1000-mile radius? Texans take their music *seriously*, after all, but not so seriously that they can't have a little fun with it and do things with style. Bob Wills had so much fun developing Western swing music that he sported a dollar cigar, a ten-dollar smile, hundred-dollar boots, and drove around with longhorns mounted on the front of his bus. And sang about "Do-Wah-Diddy" and "trucking' right on by" long before any of these hippies were even a glint in some old geezer's eye.

Now Wills had *style*. And talk about your disregard for tradition: nobody told Doug Sahm that he couldn't mix blues, country, rock and Mexican music, so he went right ahead and did it. Texans are stubborn, too: Buddy Holly didn't realize that a king of rock 'n' roll couldn't come from the windswept wastes of West Texas and Johnny Rodriguez and Kinky Friedman paid no attention to the fact that Chicanos and Jews weren't allowed in the country music club.

And who with any sense would have laid odds that one of the flower child hymns—"San Francisco Girls"—would come from Fever Tree, a Houston group that never saw the corner of Haight-Ashbury? Right. Long shots, every one of 'em. *But they didn't know any better.* And they had just enough cockiness to not worry about it. The Texas Code: Figure out what's right and then *do it*.

And, Great Gawd, how could anyone have predicted that Austin, pleasant little city of a quarter of a million souls, would become the center of progressive country music? There're no record companies in town, no truly professional studios, no agents, only one management firm that I would trust, not a single rock magazine, and not one smidgen of



glitter anywhere in the city limits. One answer: one sunny afternoon in December when it was 10° in New York and a balmy 74° in Austin, Doug Sahm sat barefooted in his back yard, his dogs lolling at his feet, and waved a frosty can of Pearl Beer at the vista. Down the hill, barely visible through the trees, was the Soap Creek Saloon, Austin's home of country funk, and off in the distance was a billboard that read, "Austin—The Good Life." The billboard was put up by the chamber of commerce, but Doug has no quarrel with it.

"Dig it," said Sahm. "I got everything I need right here. I can go down to the Soap and play one night and make my rent and Willie (Nelson) lives right over the hill and my friends are here and my kids. What else do I need, man? This is the good life."

He's right. There is one slight problem in Austin, which Sahm has licked: it's just hard as hell to make a living here. Austin has been more of a refuge than anything else for people who can earn their rent and dope and beer money by jetting off to Nashville or New York or Los

# TEXAS ROCK & ROLL SPECTACULAR!

## by Chet Flippo

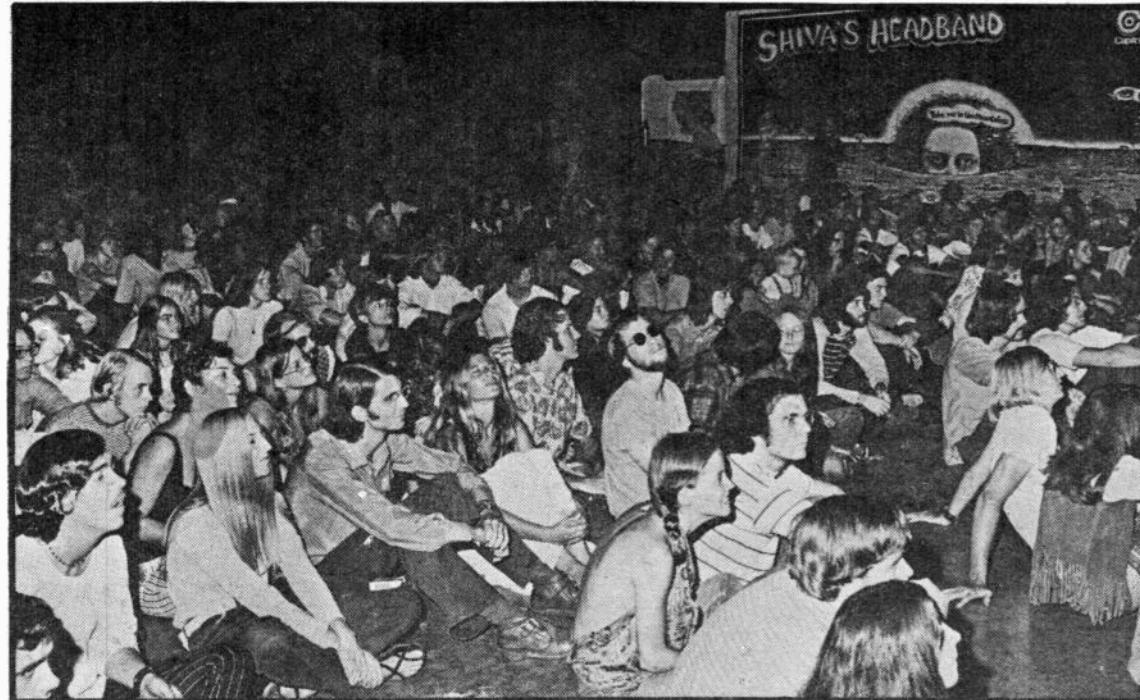
Angeles three or four times a year. That's changing, slowly, but unless your name is Sahm, or Michael Murphey, or Willie Nelson and you're determined to be a musician, you're going to just scrape by in Austin. Those who stay here because it's the good life make a sacrifice: they stay and do what they want—absolute freedom—and receive little or no income for it. For many, though, it's not a question of alternatives or priorities: Austin is the *only* choice.

It is a great place to live: this is the only liberal city in Texas, there's always at least a dozen clubs operating with good music, the police are halfway intelligent and even-tempered, the weather is moderate, there're some decent radio stations, the town is ringed with green hills and sparkling lakes, and you can get the best Mexican food this side of San Antonio. Simple pleasures, to be sure, but *essential* ones. Plus, the beer is cold and good.

Austin started attracting attention about the time Janis Joplin came up here to escape suffocation in Port Arthur. Before and since, Austin has been a magnet for anyone in the state who aspires to music, writing, or art. This is a tolerant town. Janis moved in a circle of folkie bohemian pariahs at the University of Texas (things then were crew-cut and frat-dominated) that now and then included such people as Gilbert Shelton, Powell St. John, Travis Rivers, and John Clay (still a fixture with his Los Austin Band). She led the weekly folkie sings at Kenneth Threadgill's gas station-cum-tavern out on North Lamar and then set an Austin precedent by moving on to San Francisco.

But before Austin could settle into a music scene, and before the folkies melted before the power of the 13th Floor Elevators at the old Jade Room, it had to undergo the shakedown cruise now known as the psychedelic era.

Owing to the peculiarities of the Texas character, the psychedelic era in the Lone Star State was as bizarre as possible. Texas hippies worked hard to be what was expected of them. Long hair and peyote and marijuana had been common with the folkies since 1960 and these folkies became hippies without realizing it. As a result, the psychie era actually started about two or five years before it really did. And, it continues to this day. The most, ah, interesting musician in Texas today is a short, one-eyed Mexican named Esteban "Steve" Jordan, who plays—get this—psychedelic accordion. Inspired by Jimi Hendrix. Jordan records for an outfit named Falcon and was discovered by—who



Button Wilson

else—Doug Sahm, who has an uncanny talent for disappearing into San Antonio's Mexican barrios or the wilds of the Rio Grande Valley and reappearing with a Rocky Morales, Falco Jiminez, Esteban Jordan, or Freddy Fender. "Jordan," says Sahm, "is *really* far out. Freddy now, Freddy's done time in Angola and he's a far-out cat but Steve is the only Mexican cat who's done like 600 acid trips. Those old-time Mexican conjunto cats in the Valley, man, they cain't figure him out. Steve could be the next Johnny Winter. Dig it."

Jordan epitomizes the spirit of the psychedelic Texan: he had to do it on his own; there were no models to emulate, no Jerry Garcia-lounging on every street corner. If you wanted, as you felt obliged, to drop acid every day and have a joint for breakfast and wear buckskins and beads down to the record shop in the shopping center, you had no precedents to work from. There was, of course, the Austin-San Francisco pipeline, with constant shuttling back and forth since the early 60s. This cross-fertilization hastened the development of weirdness in both cities until Austin became a miniature San Francisco and the latter was packed with weird Texans: Sir Douglas and the strange pianist Wayne Talbert and Chet Helms and Henry Carr and the whole Rip-Off Press crew and Steve Miller and Boz Scaggs and Janis. Austin came to be a farm team for the big leagues. People here took their psychedelia seriously: it was to be a way of life forever.

The most prominent psychedelic group, the 13th Floor Elevators, was, it's safe to say, heavily dependent upon chemicals. The group, in the late 60s, came together from Central Texas, coalesced in Houston and Austin, made it to San Francisco, limped back and disintegrated. True acid casualties. Lead singer Roky Erickson was released last year from the state hospital and got the group back together, but it just wasn't the same. After his release, Roky became "The Rev. Roger Roky Kynard Erickson" and locally published a slim volume of poetry titled *Openers*. There are, lamentably, resemblances to Paul Williams' recent, ah, writings. The poems are religious, mystical, slightly befuddled and heavily repetitious. The last time I saw Erickson, about four months ago, he came backstage at Armadillo World Headquarters while Doug Sahm was playing. Roky sent word to Sahm that he'd like to jam with him, so Doug and I went looking for him. We found him, barefoot, squatting in a chair in a small dressing room. He greeted Doug with a monosyllable and shot paranoic glances at me. Talk became impossible and Doug and I backed out of the room. "Hate to see the cat like that," said Sahm. Truth is, Roky and the Elevators always were a little strange and so was the scene they inspired. I hate now to think of the number of parties I went to where the host seated everyone (on the floor, natch), passed out joints and hash and acid and mescaline and then hushed everyone up to listen reverently to the

Elevators, Shiva's Headband, or the Grateful Dead. That was mostly what the psychedelic era in Texas was like.

When the Elevators were cohesive, though, they were some kind of band: a crazed, messianic version of Buddy Holly and the Crickets. They were *good*, when they were good. And, like all great Texas musicians, they understood the use of guitars; they knew that guitars can do more than play a lead line or just fill space. They made some great music and some mediocre music and I even have a friend, who used to be a college professor until he got too *far out*, y'know, who wrote a thick book about the Elevators' lyrics. He didn't get it published, but he sure as hell wrote it. As for me, I'll always play their albums, even though they now seem museum pieces, relics from another age.

The Elevators and their record company are one of the strangest couples in music history. International Artist was a strange, faceless Houston company that, quite obviously, didn't know the first thing about music and, consequently, would sign anybody. The Elevators, as IA's first act, were a virtual baptism of fire for the company. Neither the band nor the record company had any idea what the other was up to, but both were sure they were onto a good thing. That first album (*The Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Floor Elevators*, IA LP no. 1) was a good indication of what was to come: God's Eye peering out at you, blotchy psychie cover, and cosmic liner notes advising you

that "Recently it has become possible for man to chemically alter his thinking and change his language so that his thoughts bear more relation to his life and his problems, therefore approaching them more sanely. It is this quest for pure sanity that forms the basis of the songs on this album."

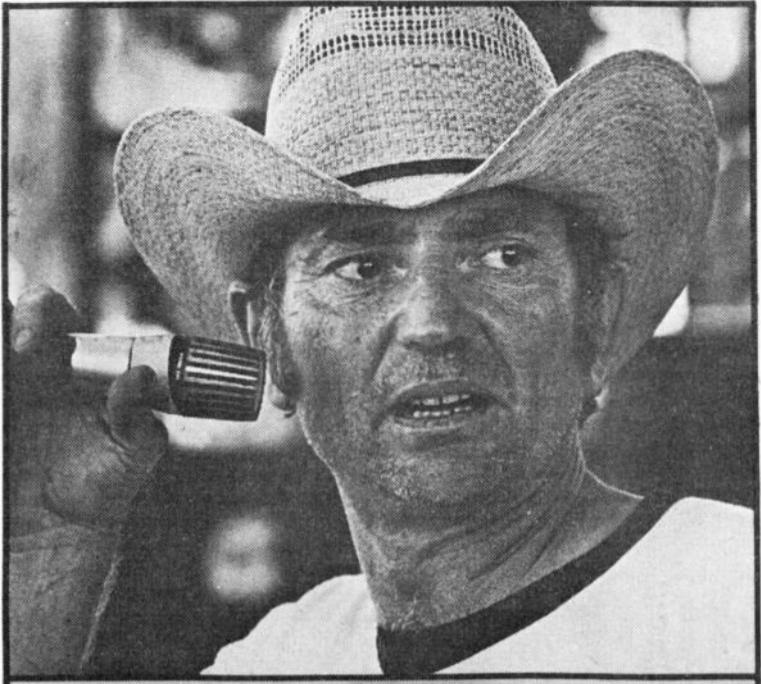
The quest! That's what occupied the time and energy of the psychedelic Texans. Dope and music and the quest and music and dope. The Elevators came as close as anyone to grabbing the holy ring.

They did three more albums and reached a psychedelic zenith with *Easter Everywhere* (IA LP no. 5). It had a beautiful gold and yellow sunburst of a cover, some of Roky's best vocals, and it also contained the Elevators' Major Work: "Slip Inside This House." Tommy Hall, who did most of the Elevators' writing, poured all of his cosmological yearnings and mystic questing into it: "Bedoin in tribes ascending / from the egg into the flower / alpha information sending / states within the heaven shower / from disciples the unending / subtleties of river power / they slip inside this house as they pass by." And so on. Hall was convinced that Bob Dylan was following the Elevators' music and thought that Dylan's "Frankie Lee" was an answer to "Slip Inside This House." Hall replied to Dylan with "Dear Mr. Doom" on the Elevators' *Bull of the Woods* album. Cosmic.

Walt Andrus, head of his own Houston studio, engineered that album (as well as sessions for the Red Crayola, Fever Tree, and Diane Kolby), and still calls *Easter Everywhere* the best album ever.

But to let Andrus tell the story: "I was chief engineer at Old Man Quinn's Gold Star studio. That was where Sir Douglas cut 'Mover' in '65 and the Big Bopper had recorded there and that's where 'Patches' was cut. There was really no one exploiting all this talent until IA came along. Houston was like an accident waiting to happen. The Elevators came down here from around Kerrville (near Austin, it was Jimmie Rodgers' base of operations and is now Kinky Friedman's HQ) in 1965 for some demos and some of those ended up as an album. When I first heard them, they sounded like a Buddy Holly band. I still think they are the best band I ever heard, but Roky's the world champion acid dropper and Stacy (Sutherland) went to prison for marijuana and so on. Euphoria came here about the same time, '65, from LA and their '65 tapes now sound contemporary. The Elevators, though, were the first recorded examples of psychedelic

Top to bottom: Three Texan kings of country music: Willie Nelson, Bob Wills, and Mayo Thompson.



Chet Filippo

sound.

"*Easter Everywhere* is the best album I ever recorded, but they insisted on mixing it themselves and it came out muddy. But the tapes were beautiful, I'd still like to be able to remix them. In '66 the Elevators went to California. No one ever realized what was going on and the whole thing kind of stagnated. Lelan (Rogers) sort of controlled them by acting as the gateway to whatever stuff they needed. IA really did weird things to the kids, like toward the last they carried the whole band around in a van locked and bolted from the outside.

"The Crayola, now, I thought they were kidding when I first heard them. They were a musical-social comment on the whole music scene. It had a sort of a charm to it. Their first album I really like now. It sounds electronic but the only electronic sound was the compression to give it a pulse effect. It was recorded on one track."

Dementia. Total dementia. Of all the groups in the psychie days—Fever Tree, Moving Sidewalks, Bubble Puppy, Lost and Found, Conqueroo, Hub City Movers, New Atlantis, Gritz, Ramon Ramon and the Four Daddy-Os, Garden of Joy, Children, Euphoria, Sixpence, Brook Bros., Whistler, Endle St. Cloud, The Golden Dawn—three were destined for a demented immortality. They all got on the Austin-Houston-San Francisco circuit and California ultimately killed all three. The Elevators, the Red-Crayola, and Shiva's Headband. The remains of all three bands are now scattered around Austin and Houston and there have been desultory attempts at re-integration. But it could never be the same. How, for example, could you ever re-create the possessed night when Shiva's wound into an hour-long jam on "Kaleidescopic" and somebody brought in a fog machine and soon pink phosphorescent fog blanketed everything but Spencer Perskin's wooly head and his fiddle?

The Elevators pre-dated and anticipated almost everything the San Francisco bands did (psychedelia being invented in Kerrville, Texas), Shiva's pioneered hippie-country-rock before the band knew what was happening, and as for the Red Crayola, if they had gone to New York instead of California, they might have ended up as the Velvet Underground.

The Crayola, you see was a literate band, coming out of St. Thomas University in Houston. Like the Elevators, they gravitated to International Artist—craziness seeking its own level—and their first album, *Parable of Arable Land*, was IA LP no. 2 and is also the strangest record to have come out of any era.

Some background is necessary: Mayo Thompson (an artist) and Rick Barthelme (younger brother of writer Donald Barthelme) decided in the summer of '66 to start a rock band. "That seemed the thing to do," said Thompson. "Rick got a set of drums and I got a little Gibson. I had never played electric guitar before. We realized right from the beginning that we had to write our own music. It was a simple process." They picked up Steve Cunningham, who had already been to California and played jews-harp on a thing called *Holy Music* by somebody called Malachi, and Steve learned to play bass. Out they went on the high school dance and frat party circuit, doing "Hey Joe" and "Group Grope." They never played the same place twice, except for Love, the local hippie club. They started doing their own compositions—"War Sucks," "Transparent Radiation," "Hurricane Fighter Plane," and "Pink Stainless Tail"—and getting pissed off at the reception accorded them by drunken fratties and ladies at Junior League dances.

"The thing that I think that was really notable about our past," recalls Mayo, "is that we were not ever, as musicians—you know the way some groups are adopted by certain social sets—accepted in a certain kind of structure. Well, we were never even believable as performers and musicians. We were just kind of strange." Their lack of acceptance led them more and more to free-form music, or vice versa. Barthelme knew John Cage and borrowed a page or two here and there from him. The Crayola always encountered angry audiences but they began to pick up a cultish hippie following which became known as the Familiar Ugly—fifty to a hundred freaks who followed them around and accompanied them on matchsticks and bottles and chains and things. "We were the only group catering to freaks," said Barthelme, "so what we finally did was let them do it." It got to the point where the Crayola would all leave the stage to get a beer and just leave the Familiar Ugly up there making their noises. Bands within bands.

Lelan Rogers (aka General Fox, older brother of Kenny Rogers of & The First Edition), who produced the Elevators for IA, heard the Crayola one night at a battle of the bands at Gulfgate Shopping Center and his eyes lit up. He took them right up to IA's office on the 10th floor of the Americana Building.

Rogers and the Crayola and 85 of the Ugly crowded into Andrus' studio one summer night to finally make that album and was it strange. Andrus didn't take it seriously and plugged 15 mikes and half a dozen amps into one track. A man named Ben Davis was passing by on his motorcycle, heard the noise and stopped to see what was happening. Thompson invited him and his Harley inside. The sounds of both appear on the album. Roky Erickson of the Elevators dropped in to play organ and harmonica.

The resulting album is a wall of noise, and cacophony by the Familiar Ugly, Ivory Joe Hunter warbling from a portable phonograph, 20 people trying to play drums, someone beating a piano with a banana. Now and then (the album is unbanded) a song by the Crayola comes bubbling out of the maelstrom. Highly entertaining. Thompson: "There were rhythms in that record that people never dreamed of, I guess." A psychie masterpiece.

Unexpectedly, Kurt Von Meier heard about them and asked them to play the Berkeley Folk Festival. First California stop was the Angry Arts Festival in Venice where they borrowed and blew out Country Joe's amps. At Berkeley, the Crayola played its final big performance. In honor of the occasion, Cunningham unveiled his ice-drip piece: he placed a block of ice over a mike and the dripping was the rhythm for their set.

Said Thompson: "We were very loud and we drove people out. Some girl said she wanted to come up and tear the speakers out with her bare hands and we, of course, said 'well, why don't you?'"

Afterwards, they recorded a double album with John Fahey but IA didn't know who he was and demanded those tapes before they would fly the group back to Texas. Fahey-Crayola tapes disappear forever.

Mayo and Steve did a second album but it totally lacked the... fire and flash of the first. Finis Red Crayola. Each member of the group received a check for \$87 in royalties. IA folded and all the albums and masters disappeared. Mysteriously.

Meanwhile, another group was burning up highway 290 between Austin and Houston. A fuzzy bunch of Austin hippies led by Spencer M. Perskin became known as Shiva's

Headband and they were the backbone of Austin. Above my typewriter is a framed 45 single that is the most important single recording in Austin, other than Johnny Winter's live album at the Vulcan. The single was "Kaleidescopic"/"Song for Peace" (Ignite H-681) and it launched more bizarre trips than any piece of music in Central Texas history. Shiva's was the quintessential Texas hippie band: anticommercial, mystical (Perskin's publishing company was Vishnu's Revenge), pro-Earth, pro-Austin, and they played good-time doper music. Perskin led the group, his eerie, quavering vocals hinting of imminent apocalypse, and his fiddling and lead guitar were nicely balanced by Shawn Siegel's keyboard work (which foresaw a lot of Joy of Cooking's music).

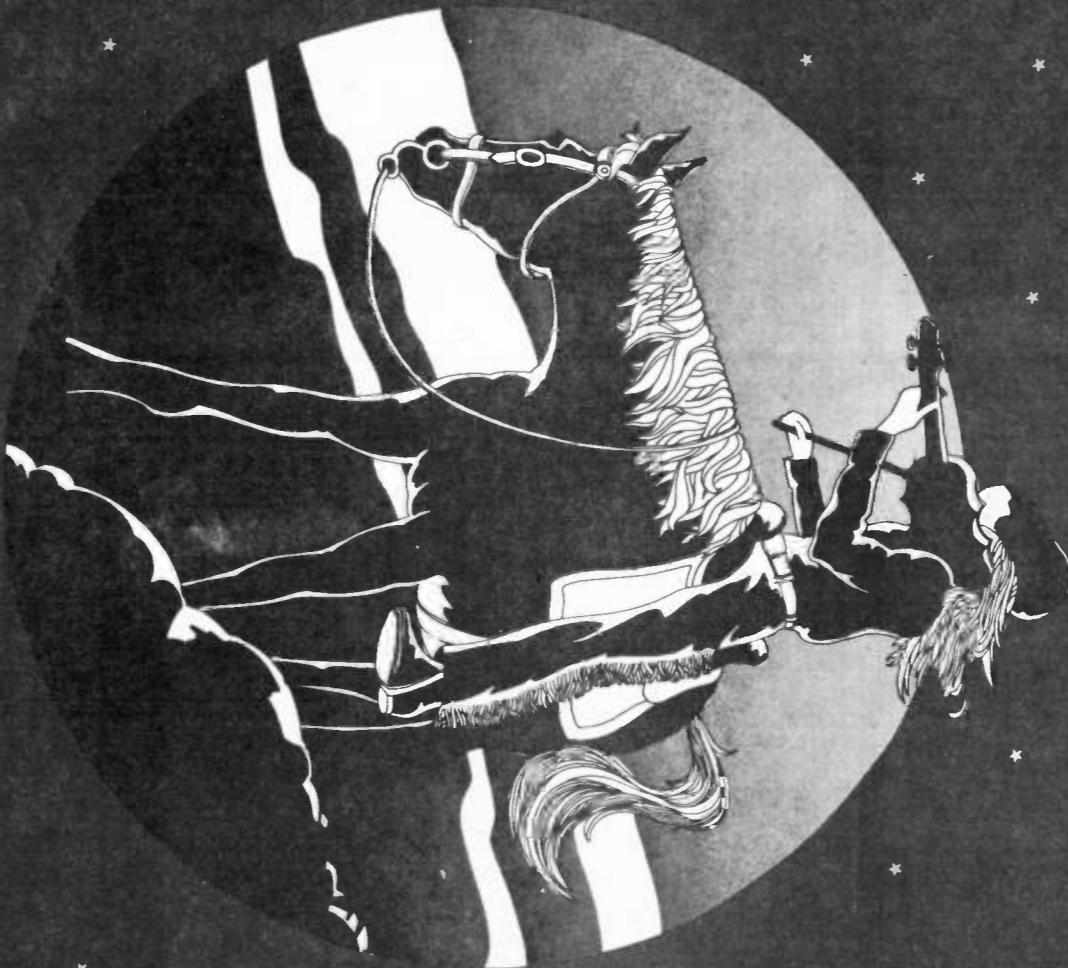
Shiva's became the No. 1 Austin band in '68 when the Conqueroo left for California and Perskin hired, when he realized the group needed some kind of businessman, Eddie Wilson.

Wilson, then a PR man for the United States Brewers Association, was picked because he knew nothing about the music business and Perskin was highly suspicious of agents and the like. Shiva's and Wilson bumbled along together, feeding on suspicion, until they made their death trip to California. There, Shiva's played around a bit, got a Capitol recording contract, released a fine album in 1970 (*Take Me to the Mountains*) and returned to Austin to fall apart. Before the collapse, Shiva's recorded and peddled a thousand copies of *Coming to a Head*, a home-grown album that was but a pale echo of their storming days. Then, says artist Jim Franklin (who did cover art on both their albums), "Perskin looked and played as if a hot electric wind was blowing over him."

Shiva's was the house band at Armadillo World Headquarters after having been same at the Vulcan Gas Company, Texas' first true psychie club. Jim Franklin, who invented Armadillo art, and has been the house artist at the Vulcan and Armadillo, tells the Vulcan story: "The Vulcan goes back before the Vulcan actually started. The Conqueroo started in 1966 and the Elevators were busted in Austin about that same time. The first light show was put on by Jomo Disaster, which was Gary Scanlon, Houston White, and Travis Rivers, at a club called the Fred on San Jacinto Street. They had bedsheets on the wall for the show. Scanlon, White, and Henry Carr rented Doris Miller Auditorium, in the black district, and produced a show with the Elevators and the Conqueroo. Scanlon came up with the name Vulcan Gas Company and I started looking for buildings. I was living downtown then, renting old lofts, and I roamed the streets a lot. I finally found this old building at 316 Congress, which is the main street, and I knew that had to be it. In the summer of '67 we all went to San Francisco and came back and opened the Vulcan in October. The first big group we booked was Canned Heat. Two weeks later we had Moby Grape and had to expand into the building next door—the Vulcan would only hold 1,000 uncomfortably. We featured authentic blues—Big Joe Williams, Fred McDowell, Sleepy John Lightnin', Mance, Muddy.

Gilbert Shelton did the first Vulcan posters and then printed his Feds & Heads Comix and left for San Francisco and that left me to do the Vulcan art, so I moved in upstairs. This was still '67. "Remember, the police hated the Vulcan, the city hated the Vulcan, because it was right downtown, it was prominent. The night before it opened, Harvey Gann (Austin narc) busted Houston White there on the state's first psychedelic bust. He threw him up against the wall and said, 'Let's see

# THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND



A NEW SONG

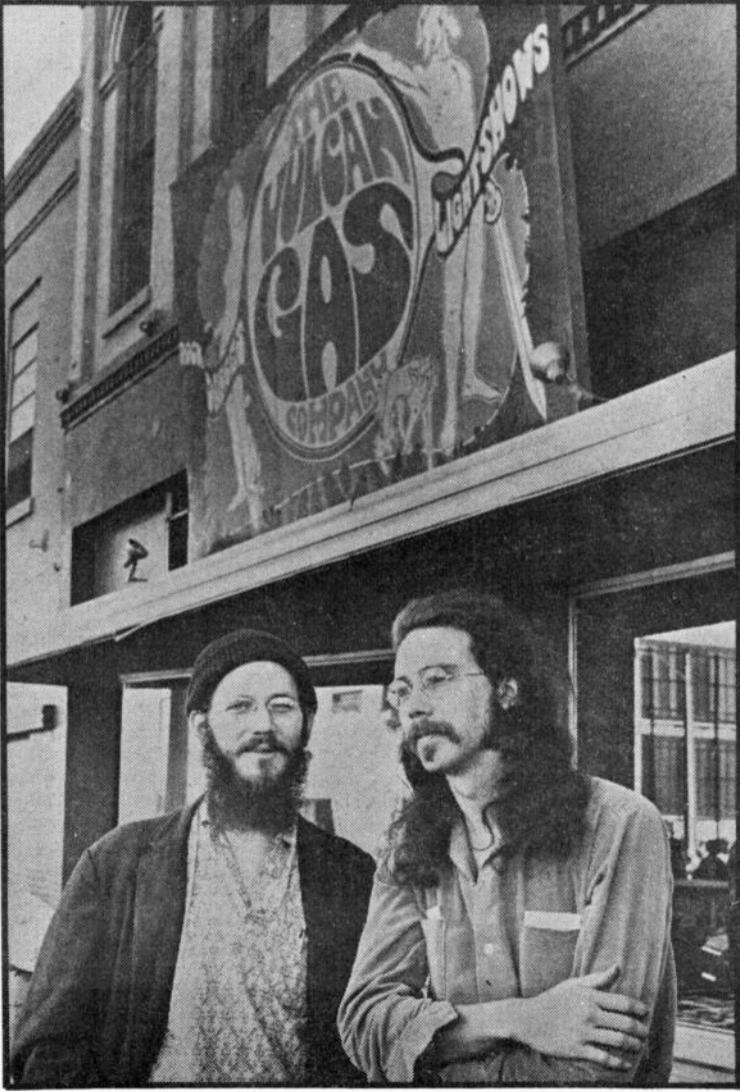
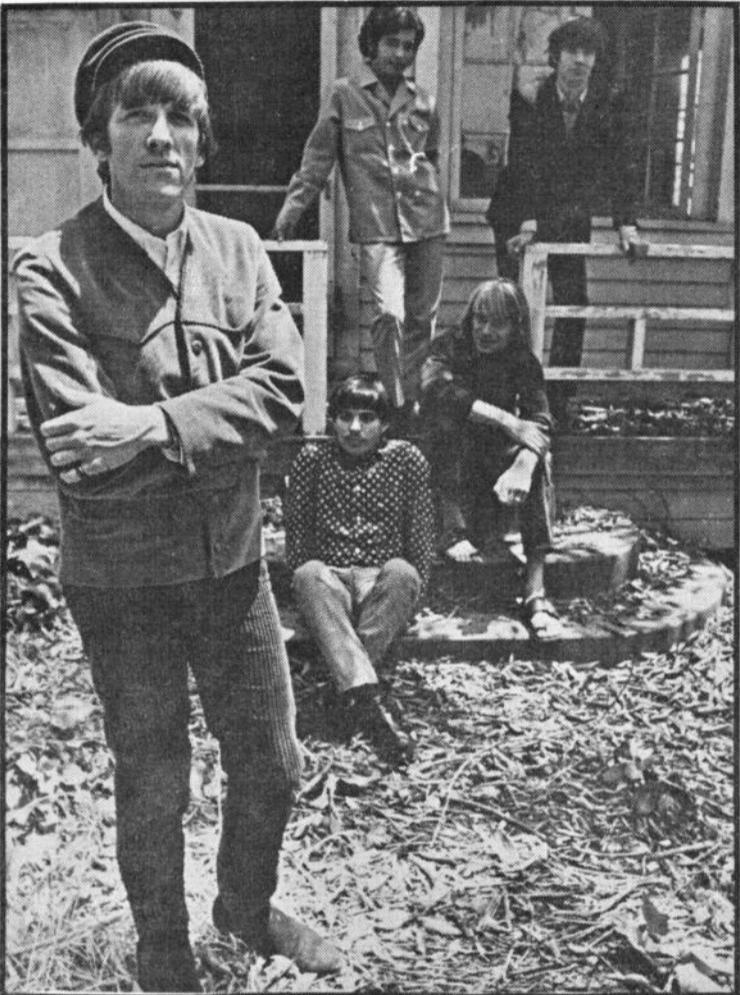
The Second Album



New On CAPRICORN RECORDS, Macon.

# TEXAS ROCK & ROLL SPECTACULAR!

The Sir Douglas Quintet as they looked in 1965: about as English as any band from San Antonio could hope to be. Below, Jim Franklin and Houston White outside the Vulcan Gas Company in 1971.



you open this place now, hippie.' To me, Houston White and Gary Scanlon were the real heroes of Austin for taking the risks. There would never have been an Armadillo here if there hadn't been a Vulcan first.

"Johnny Winter—he first came here in about August of '68. Scanlon was managing Conqueroo and met Johnny at the Denver Dog (run by Family Dog). Johnny was on his way to California—he knew he was hot—but Gary persuaded him to come down here. When Johnny started at the Vulcan, he had a hard time getting an audience until one weekend when he was playing second to Muddy Waters. The first night Muddy and his band came out and played the first set sloppy like they knew they were in Podunk, Texas, and could give a shit and then Johnny came out and just blew them off the stage. Off the stage. He knew all their material and just beat hell out of 'em. The next night Muddy and his boys showed up in sharp clothes with their hair processed, ready to kill—they knew they'd been beat. Then, Johnny got a hell of a local following.

"Eventually what happened to the Vulcan was that the drug thing took over and it became polluted. At first music was the medium and drugs were secondary. Then the teenies started hanging around all day, scoring dope and drinking on the sidewalk and it became hard to get even in the front door. It died in August of '70 and then Armadillo came along a month later. As far back as '67 I suggested to Houston White that the Vulcan book country groups and he just laughed at me. I suggested the same thing to Eddie after Armadillo opened and you see what happened to this place. But back in the Vulcan days, it was cool to drop acid" but country music was like droppin' nitroglycerin."

Country music and coexistence came to Austin about the same time, just after the Vulcan was forced out of business and the hippie-straight business came to a head. There were a few pitched battles (the most famous occurring around Don Weedon's Conoco Station on Guadalupe) and then, surprisingly, both camps began seeking a truce. The reasons, as Eddie Wilson sees them, are that the hippies discovered beer and country music. Club owners soon realized they couldn't hate their best customers and clubgoers found that those hippies cared about and could play C&W as well or better than the local shitskicker bands. Of course, in Austin, hippies are by and large the children of rednecks and the only difference now between hippies and rednecks is that they have different bumper stickers on their pickup trucks.

The Austin music scene of the '70s began, pure and simple, the night in early 1970 that Eddie Wilson went out back of the Cactus Club on Barton Springs Road to take a leak. He was still managing Shiva's Headband but that was not exactly a dream job and Wilson was one of several people looking for a replacement for the Vulcan, which obviously could not survive.

"I looked across this vacant lot and saw all these broken windows about thirty feet up. It was a big empty building and I knew that was it." It was a former National Guard armory and Wilson and a loose communal group soon had it rented and the draft hall opened in September of 1970 as Armadillo World Headquarters. "Armadillo" was a natural choice since it had been the Austin hip mascot since the mid-60s when the Texas Ranger, the late University of Texas humor magazine, adopted it as a symbol and then Franklin elevated it to icon status. The basic reasons: armadillos, like hippies, are much maligned and persecuted but they survive and proliferate.

From the first, Armadillo has been in debt. "It was begun," Wilson said, "as a business and social experiment as well as a musical one. Austin needed an Armadillo, but it's been a rough go. The first winter was disaster—the place was frigid and thirty people'd come see Shiva's. But everybody held on. We had people sleepin' here, livin' on brown rice and hope."

"We been through it, mister, nothin' but shit for a long time but now we can see a light. We've had everybody here from Freddie King to Leon Russell to the Burrito Brothers to Frank Zappa to Bill Monroe to Waylon Jennings to Bette Midler to Slade. Last week we had Van Morrison for two nights and he insisted on addin' two more nights. Commander Cody just cut a live album here and there'll be more. I'd say we're in the driver's seat now. It's finally feasible to get out of debt. The first year, we grossed \$20,000; the second year, \$80,000; the third, \$560,000; and this year we should hit three-quarters of a million bucks. But—we're still in debt \$90,000 right this minute."

With a good year, that debt should be wiped out. Besides the entertainment hall (seating about 1600), the spreading Headquarters encompasses an art gallery, a kitchen and cabaret and beer garden, a basement game room, a videotape center, and a modest recording studio. Armadillo is second only to the Astrodome as Lone Star Beer's best account: in a great month, Armadillo will sell 500 fifteen-gallon kegs and 500 cases of beer.

As Austin flourished and San Francisco declined, Texas' hippies began returning. None were important in the musical scheme of things save for an expatriate named Doug Sahm, who is this generation's Bob Wills or Buddy Holly. Unfortunately, like most Texas singers of the late 60s and early 70s (the only exception that comes to mind is B. W. Stevenson), his records have not sold well nationally and there should be reasons for that.

First of course is the fact that regional music is popular cyclically. Right now, Macon's music has captured the national fancy. Regional music reflects the energies and concerns of a particular group of people and those concerns may not always appeal to or be acceptable to other groups at a given time.

Sahm was soon joined in Austin by Michael Murphey, an old-time Texas folkie who had fled from a Tin Pan Alley writing job at Screen Gems; ramblin' Jerry Jeff Walker, who was looking for a place to weigh anchor on his own terms (which now include no studios and that's why his last album was live at Luckenbach); and Willie Nelson, country music's best writer, who had had enough of Nashville. More came: Marc Benno came back; Milton Carroll and Bobby Bridger and B. W. Stevenson, who all record on RCA; Sammi Smith of Mega records; Asleep at the Wheel, just released by UA.

The local scene accelerated as musicians and clubs responded to the presence of actual! recording! stars! live! in person! in town! Local audiences soon became accustomed to see Sahm and Willie and Augie Meyers and Dr. John jamming at the Split Rail or Leon Russell dropping in at the Armadillo or Johnny Winter or Commander Cody invading the One Knite.

Many here have short memories, however, and forget the days of Winter and Muddy Waters at the Vulcan or Janis at Threadgill's old gas station. Things have changed, to be sure, when Asleep at the Wheel is just another local band.

To illustrate such a point, let me ask you to take a walk with me one Saturday afternoon down The Drag, by the University. Just off the Drag, as I park my car, I run into Mike

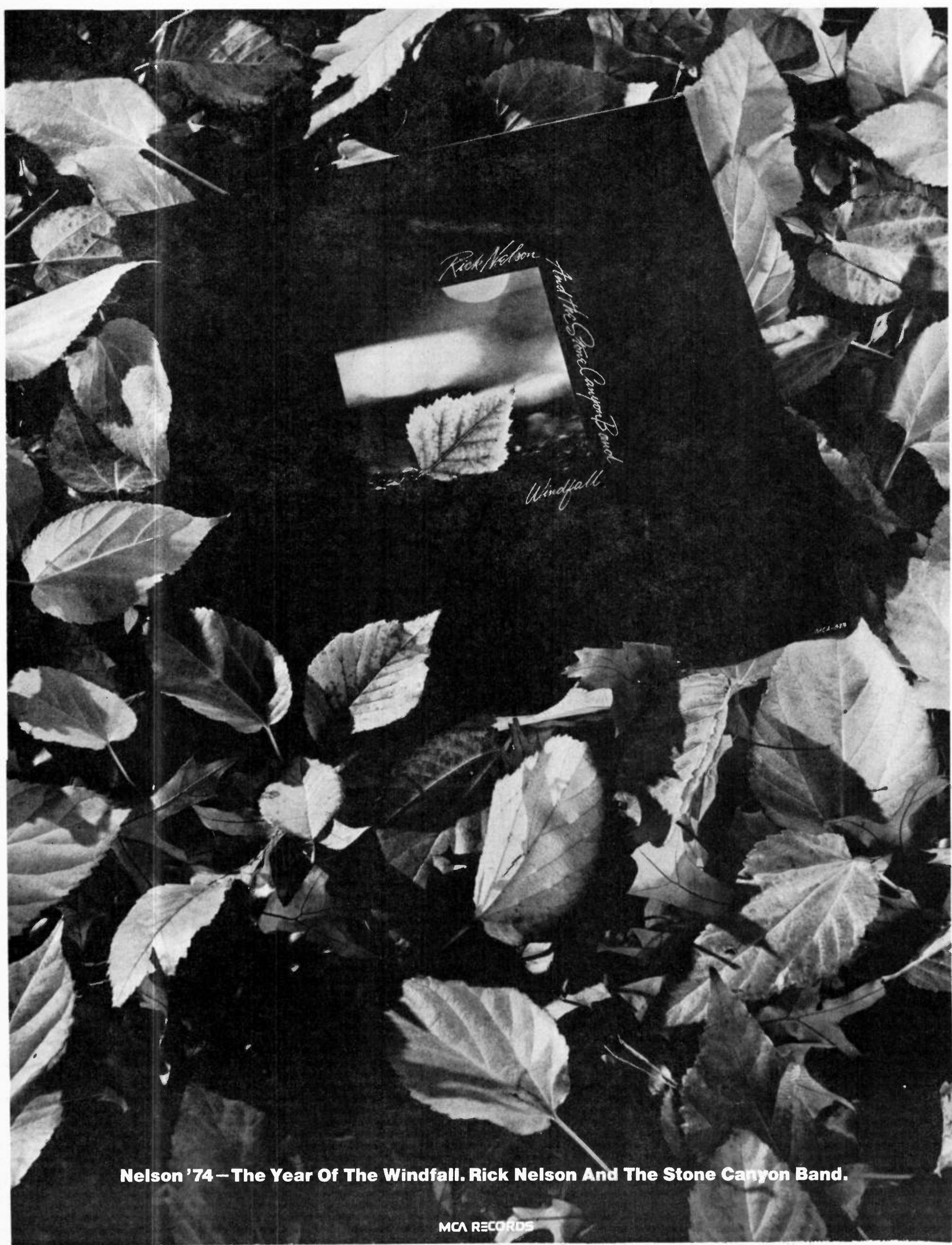
Murphey, who is on his way to eat at Les Amis, a sidewalk restaurant. He invites me along and interrupts his vegetarian dinner to tell me he's considering moving to Denver. "Austin is, it's just becoming too much of a scene," Murphey says, his beard almost bristling. "There's hucksters comin' in every day and they call me up to do this and do that, do bogus benefits that'll set them up as local bookers. That's not what I want. I want some peace and quiet. 'Cosmic Cowboy' was intended, I meant it as a satirical song, but it was taken seriously here. A lot of these cowboys that took it seriously are pretending to be something and they're still rednecks who've let their hair grow a little. They still have that macho thing and they'll beat the shit out of you in a minute to prove it. The longhairs wear boots instead of tennis shoes so that real cowboys will just think they're good ole boys."

We leave Murphey (who was wearing Colorado hiking boots) and stroll next door to Inner Sanctum, the most popular cut-rate record shop. The Sanctum was packed since the management had brought in tubs of free beer to celebrate an expansion. The bulletin board was full of posters: Augie Meyers at Soap Creek, Tom Rush at Castle Creek, Townes Van Zandt at the Saxon, Jerry Jeff Walker at the Country Dinner Playhouse, Billy Joe Shaver at Cherry Street Inn, Waylon Jennings at Armadillo, Willie Nelson at Big G's. Plus the local acts, of which probably the best are Greezy Wheels, Freda and the Firedogs, Uncle Walt's Band, Cassell Webb, and Bill and Bonnie Hearne. All mostly country.

Out of the Sanctum, down the Drag. Doug Sahm waves on his way to Oat Willie's (clever name for a head shop, you see) to pick up his mail and messages. Huey Meaux has just come up from Houston to see Doug, he says, about possible dates for Freddy Fender. Meaux is back in action after a stretch for a Mann Act violation and his first act (after producing the latest Jerry Lee Lewis album) is to issue a Freddy Fender album. Fender, they agree, will go great in Austin.

On down the Drag, Rusty Bell, program director of KOKE-FM, this country's first and only progressive country station, is getting a hamburger. He says KOKE, which adopted its present progressive format New Year's Day of '73, is doing great. Sold 30,000 bumper stickers, but the Pulse ratings aren't in yet! KOKE-FM is the local rage, however. Where else could you hear Eric Clapton followed by Maybelle Carter followed by Doc Watson followed by the Dead followed by Sahm followed by Willie followed by Hank Williams followed by Linda Ronstadt followed by the Eagles followed by Waylon followed by Ernest Tubb? Right.

On down the Drag, Jim Franklin is overseeing the completion of a mural on the wall of the University Co-op store. It's a giant panorama of Austin and everyone in town seems glad to see it go up. It's graceful, yet it's crude. But no one here will call it either. They'll just say how they like it. It reminds Franklin of the Vulcan's proudest days, when the Velvet Underground finally came to town. Franklin lays down his brush to talk, "Houston White didn't want the Velvet Underground, he said they were just a faggot band. But I finally got them here and they sold out for three nights. It was the high point of the Vulcan's existence. Solid rock & roll for three nights. Sterling Morrison of the Underground liked Austin so much he came back here later to stay, like a lotta people do. Austin is like movin' to San Francisco without leavin' home. It's the only place I know of where people sit around for hours and talk about how great it is to live here."



**Nelson '74 – The Year Of The Windfall. Rick Nelson And The Stone Canyon Band.**

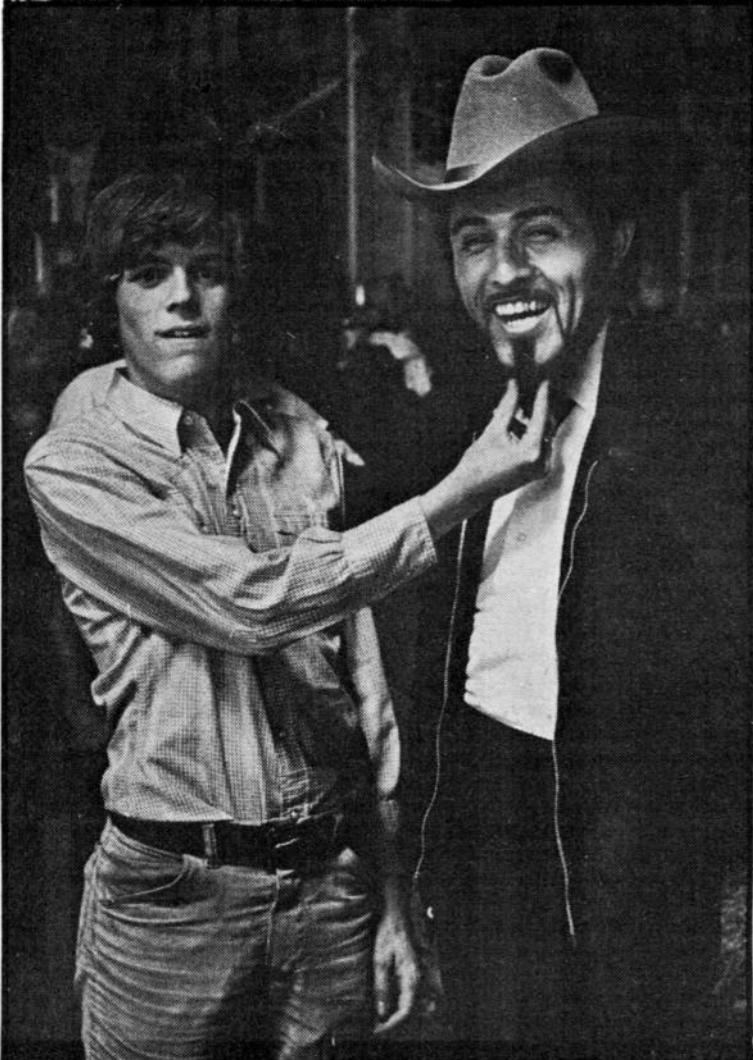
MCA RECORDS

WRH

# TEXAS ROCK & ROLL SPECTACULAR!

Historical Supplement  
by Greg Shaw

*Believe it or not, it was 84 degrees when this shot of Mouse & the Traps was taken. Those Texans were all crazy, but good ol' Peter Noone could always spot a phony beard; wonder if he's met Johnny Winter?*



Photos courtesy Michael Ochs

While the Austin scene is the current focus of national attention on Texas, we mustn't forget how truly vast that state is, both in size and in its musical heritage. It sprawls over such a large part of the country that its borders include everything from the undiluted Latino music of the El Paso region to the cajun zydeco that creeps over from Louisiana, the country blues of Mance Lipscomb and the big city blues of Bobby Bland, jazz from such native Texans as Ornette Coleman and the Crusaders, and several distinct forms of country music. And of course plenty of rock & roll. Now you'll find a diversity of musical styles almost anywhere you go, but when you start getting into the sounds of Texas you recognize fast that it all shares a certain depth of feeling, a closeness to the roots, a sense of authenticity if you will. In common with other Southern states but in a way uniquely its own, the music of Texas seems somehow more real than what you find elsewhere.

It's an engrossing story no matter how far back you trace it—into the '30s when Bob Wills created the sound that put the "western" in Country & Western, or further yet to the early days of Lightnin' Hopkins, T-Bone Walker and their blues predecessors, and some of the early jazz and folk styles that flourished. For our purposes, however, the story will be taken up in the post-war years when electrically amplified instruments in both country and blues contexts were laying the groundwork for the emergence of rock & roll.

In the late '40s, amplified blues rose out of the southern part of the state and settled in Houston. Dallas-born guitarist T-Bone Walker had been one of the first to use electric guitar, and he had toured throughout the forties with some of the leading swing bands, astounding crowds with his feats of playing guitar behind his back, over his head, between his legs... then as now, the white folks ate it up. But it wasn't until Duke/Peacock Records got going in Houston that any kind of solid blues scene developed.

By then it was called Rhythm & Blues, which meant it was hotter, jumpier, with more of that insidious beat that was seeping into pop music everywhere. In the early '50s, Peacock was recording Johnny Ace, Junior Parker, Bobby Bland, Gatemouth Brown, Willie Mae Thornton, and Little Richard's first sides, backed by the Johnny Otis Orchestra.

Ace had one of 1954's biggest hits with the ballad "Pledging My Love," and when he died in a drunken game of Russian Roulette, he was mourned all over the country. It was the first rock & roll death, and a hefty stack of memorial discs survives in testimony to its effect on the world of R&B. A deeper impression, though, was made by Bobby "Blue" Bland. A big, rich voiced blues belter, he was one of the first to put together a big horn-laden touring band. Although his biggest hits were in the late '50s with "Further On Up the Road" and the classic "Turn On Your Lovelight," his popularity has grown steadily over the years. Since ABC-Dunhill acquired Duke/Peacock in 1973, Bland has been given a new push, and his latest single, "It's Not the Spotlight" was a big seller.

The biggest Texas splash to hit rock & roll in those days came out of the far northwestern wastes of Lubbock, Amarillo and the surrounding flatlands. Buddy Holly was, and remains to this day, the unchallenged giant of Texas rock. Holly has been the subject of several books and his contribution is so far-reaching as to be totally out of our scope, but it should be noted that he exerted an enormous influence on local musicians, and established, with the Crickets, a

clean, sparse sound that generally employed only the bare minimum—pounding drum, steady guitar flourishes and upfront vocal. Later Texas legends from Bobby Fuller to the Thirteenth Floor Elevators built their style around his.

Holly helped define what became known as the "Tex-Mex" sound, which was also spread by Buddy Knox ("Party Doll," "Hula Love," "Lovey Dovey"), Jimmy Bowen ("I'm Stickin' With You"), the Fireballs ("Bulldog," "Torquay" and later "Sugar Shack" and other hits), the String-a-longs ("Wheels") and, though they recorded in L.A., the Texas-born Champs, whose "Tequila" and "Too Much Tequila" instrumental hits had a distinctly El Paso-flavored sound. Now, of course, they record as Seals & Crofts, while other Tex-Mexers have achieved equal fame. Bobby Keys and Jim Horn, from the same area, are noted session men; Waylon Jennings, an original Cricket, is a leading C&W artist; Sonny Curtis and the other Crickets have also remained busy. And, lest we forget, Roy Orbison started out on Holly's home turf, before going to Memphis in search of fame.

Among rock historians, Texas shares yet another distinction as the second home of rockabilly. Rockabilly was one of the two original source-styles of '50s rock, the other being New York vocal harmony. Everything else was a hybrid or derivation of these styles. Memphis was home base, with Sun Records, Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Billy Riley, the Johnny Burnette Trio, etc., but the largest concentration of rockabillies outside Memphis was in Texas. And in fact, most connoisseurs prefer the Texas sound. The Memphis boys were wild, but the characters that wandered out of the sage to lay down one or two bizarre tracks before vanishing forever have proved to hold more fascination. There was Johnny Carroll, with the devastating "Hot Rock"; Mac Curtis, who still records rockabilly for a small California label; Gene Summers, whose "School of Rock & Roll" and "Gotta Lotta That" have been bootlegged many times; the frantic Groovy Joe Poovey with "Ten Long Fingers"; and someone known only as the Lonesome Drifter who left only one classic record, "Eager Boy." Then there was Ray Campi out of Austin, Ray Sharpe from Ft. Worth, Jerry Lee's cousin Mickey Gilley who still plays around Houston and the Gulf Coast, Sid King, and of course the Big Bopper.

Central Texas produced few nationally known acts in the '50s. A white group called the Spades (later changed to the Slades for obvious reasons) did well with a cover of the Shields' ballad "You Cheated," and Dallas' Nightcaps scored a one-shot hit with "Wine Wine Wine," a song that became an instant standard among Texas bar bands and by the mid-sixties had entered the repertoires of thousands of groups across the country, from the Astronauts in Colorado to the Bleach Boys in Minnesota. It was a simple reworking of "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee" but with a punched-up beat, driving guitars, raunchy sax and raw punk vocals. Its most irresistible quality, however, was an exciting new beat that stood out among all the simple backbeat rhythms of 1959. It was a regular 4-4, but the Nightcaps put all the emphasis on the third and fourth beats—the earliest example of this sound that I can place.

The early '60s brought a decline to Texas rock. The only national hits came from local hits that were sold to Mercury and Smash, mostly by a notorious Ft. Worth character named Major Bill Smith. He gave the world Paul & Paula's "Hey Paula" and Bruce Channel's "Hey Baby," which joined Jivin' Gene's "Breaking Up is

Hard to Do" and Rod Bernard's "This Should To On Forever" (both Louisiana crossovers), and others beneath mention. All were rather characterless teen ballads that only disguised the fact that the roadhouses of Texas were still full of wild-eyed rock & roll aggregations, just waiting for an opportunity to break out.

Things started picking up in 1964. It had been a year or more since Huey Meaux, a Houston disc jockey, had produced "The Rains Came" by Big Sambo & the House Wreckers. Now Meaux had opened his own studio and begun production in a big way. The first recordings on his Tribe label were by Louisiana artists Big Sam, Tommy Lee, and Jean Knight (of later "Mr. Big Stuff" fame), and most were cut in New Orleans. Then he signed Barbara Lynn, a Houston girl for whom he'd been producing hits on Jamie since 1962, and the Sir Douglas Quintet, a group of teenagers from San Antonio who had recorded on a variety of local labels and seemed cut-out to rival the British group sound. (It worked, too: Kenny Bernard & the Wranglers were impressed enough with Doug's second Tribe single, "The Tracker," to cut it in a cover version that became a British hit.)

Texas rock hit the world with a one-two punch in April, 1965 when Sir Douglas released "She's About a Mover" at the same time as Sam the Sham put out "Wooly Bully." Both records were on the charts all through the summer—five months in all—and both were based directly on the unusual beat introduced by the Nightcaps. Sam (real name Domingo Samudio) had been around a few years, playing surrounding states and lingering for awhile in Memphis where he cut his first record, a cover of Gene Simmons' "Haunted House" on the Dingo label. But he came back to Texas and settled in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area where he and the Pharoahs developed that irresistible loping beat that kept them popular at local dances for years. They toured in a big hearse, all wearing turbans and spangled robes, with a girl chorus they called the Shamettes. The whole act was a parody of the big touring horn groups, just as Sam's records were nearly all tongue-in-cheek spoofs: his songs included "The Hair On My Chinny Chin Chin," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Ring Dang Doo," "I'm In With the Out Crowd," "I Couldn't Spell f&%\$@!?" and Pharoah A-Go Go"—it was all a great travesty of the teen mania the group found themselves caught up in after the success of "Wooly Bully."

Doug Sahm (Sir Douglas) used the same powerful beat, augmented by Augie Meyer's solid organ, but he wasn't quite the lunatic Samudio was. His influences included Sunny & the Sunliners, a big border touring band who had hits with Latinized versions of "Talk To Me" and other oldies, along with the blues of Freddy King and particularly Freddie Fender, a Mexican who would record Texas blues on one side of the border and traditional Mexican music on the other. He was also into Dylan and the English groups—not a lot, but enough to get him into corduroy clothes and the mainstream of teenage America.

"She's About a Mover" was such a great record that it virtually became the theme song of every kid that was cruising around in 1965, and in 1966 too when it got almost as much play as an oldie. Unfortunately none of his follow-ups, except for a remake of "The Rains Came," did nearly as well. But all the same, Doug's never stopped making records, and enough people have never stopped buying them, to ensure that he'll be around awhile. And, thankfully, his sound hasn't changed a bit over the years. It didn't have to.

The success of Sir Doug and Sam the Sham did a lot to spark the teenclub boom in Texas. All across America in 1964-66, teen bands

influenced by English rock and the growing aura of pop glamor were establishing local scenes built around teenclubs, teen fairs, battles of the bands, and the like. All it took was one hit from an area to inspire a hundred other groups to hope for the same—and a lot of them could make it, if the scene locally was large enough to support them. And that's exactly what happened in Texas.

Down in Houston, there was B. J. Thomas & the Triumphs and Roy Head & the Traits, both big showbands in the Texas tradition. Head was recording a sort of funky rockabilly before he switched to soul in 1965 and made no. 2 nationally with "Treat Her Right." Then there were Neal Ford & the Fanatics, an early version of Fever Tree, and the Moving Sidewalks, who recorded a local album and a couple of fine punk singles before splitting up to reform later as Z.Z. Top. They all belonged to what Meaux was trying to tout as the "Gulf Coast Sound," along with Joe Crane (now of the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils), T. K. Hulin, Johnny Williams, the Champagne Brothers, the Hitmakers, Dean Scott and others.

Out around El Paso, Bobby Fuller was producing local groups like the Pawns and the Chancellors, recording himself for the Exeter and Yucca labels, and getting ready to move out to California with his brother Randy to start up the Bobby Fuller Four with a dynamic reworking of the Buddy Holly sound and an old Crickets song called "I Fought the Law." Like Holly, Fuller was shaping up to be one of the major musical figures of his time, when he died mysteriously in 1966.

Central Texas was overrun with teenage bands, some taking their style from Sir Douglas, some from England, some from Dylan, and some from the straight punk mold of the Kingsmen et al. Groups like the

Wind, the Wigs, and the Kornerstones, for instance, could've been garage sensations anywhere in the country, while the Briks, the Mods, the G's, the Jades and others were turning in respectable adaptations of the English sound. The Ron-Dels, who started out doing Louisiana R&B, were picked up nationally by Smash with their cover of the Moody Blues' "Lose Your Money," and now record as Delbert & Glen.

The Sir Douglas style was widespread, influencing such groups as Peyton Park and the Floyd Dakil Combo, both from Dallas. The latter group unleashed a monster of a record called "Dance Franny Dance" that combined the best qualities of "She's About a Mover," "Wine Wine Wine," rockabilly and punk. It was one of the first releases on Jetstar, a label owned by Jon Abnor, who also had Abnak. Abnak was to become important for the Five Americans, a group of Texans who returned from school in Texas to sweep the country in 1966 and 1967 with "I See the Light," "Western Union" and other punk-bubblegum hits. Their first record was a frantic "Slippin' and Slidin'" on Jetstar, after which they were signed by Tom Ayers for his HBR label in Los Angeles. (Ayers was one of the first to pick up on the Texas scene, also signing Charles Christy & the Crystals and the Thirteenth Floor Elevators.) They returned to Abnak after "I See the Light" and recorded several albums, breaking up in 1969 when leader Mike Rabon started his own group Choctaw, who are still together. Another American, John Durrill, has enjoyed success as a songwriter, most recently with Cher's "Dark Lady."

The most exciting groups to emerge from this scene, with the exception of the International Artist groups discussed by Chet Flippo, were undoubtedly Kenny & the

Kasuals and Mouse & the Traps. Kenny & the Kasuals were the house band at the Studio Club in Dallas, and put out an album of their own full of cover versions of English hits ("All Day & All of the Night," "I'm Not Talking," "It's Alright," "Baby Please Don't Go," "Empty Heart," etc.) that in many cases surpassed the originals. They almost made it nationally when "Journey to Tyme" was picked up by United Artists, but it failed to catch on. Kenny favored the heavy fuzztone guitar and throbbing organ used by most Texas groups—that unmistakable organ sound confused a lot of people when it turned up on "96 Tears" by Question Mark & the Mysterians, who recorded in Michigan—until it was revealed that the group originally hailed from Texas!

Mouse & the Traps... now there's a story. They were part of the Tyler, Texas scene. Tyler is a rather small town a hundred miles or so from Dallas, and in Tyler was a man named Robin Hood Brians who built equipment by hand until he had the most advanced studio in Texas. From about 1962 on, people used to come from all over the South to record there. But all things considered, Tyler has never achieved its rightful fame, perhaps only because it never produced a star of sufficient stature. There were any number of local bands there in the mid '60s, but none went on to anything bigger, with the exception of Jimmy Rabbit, who is now a top disc jockey in Los Angeles.

Mouse (Ronnie Weiss) was a local kid whose band became the biggest thing in Texas, briefly, with "A Public Execution." He was an outcast from the start, always getting trouble with his long hair and mod clothes, but when people heard that record everything changed. Here was a guy who could sound more like Dylan than Dylan himself, with a band whose punk edge was a lot better

suit to the arrogance of the lyrics than the one Dylan was using. You could hear the song on an Elektra compilation called *Nuggets*, but you can't hear the other nine Mouse singles, all of which could easily pass for outtakes from *Blonde On Blonde*.

Maybe, like the Barons and so many other Texas groups who did Dylan impersonations, Mouse was eventually written off, but it should be noted that his voice, songs and arrangements were as distinctive as his resemblance to Dylan. It has been noted, in fact, by a lot of people who are currently urging Mouse to get back into things. He has a new band, and has recorded some new songs that are contemporary and very commercial. And they don't sound anything like Dylan. So we may not have heard the last from Mouse.

In the late '60s, a lot of people from Texas became famous. Johnny Winter, Janis Joplin, Jerry Jeff Walker, Shawn Phillips, Bloodrock, Boz Scaggs, Steve Miller, Freddy King, Seals & Crofts, and more. With the exception of Winter and Doug Sahm, though, the traditional sound and feel of Texas rock has not been evident. This is most likely due to the fact that the rest of these people had to leave Texas in order to make it. As Jimmy Rabbit put it, "It wasn't easy, bein' a freak in Texas." The kids had the same drive to rebellion as their peers in California, New York or England, but they had other pressures to contend with: repressive laws, reactionary traditions, and plenty of rednecks around to beat them up. In other words, explains Rabbit, "to be a freak, you had to *really want* to be a freak. That's why some of 'em went to such extremes, and why there was so much craziness."

That explanation accounts for a lot. It covers the Lonesome Drifter and the rockabilly crazies of the '50s, Roky Erickson, Mayo Thompson and

the International Artist lunatics, Sam the Sham, and the subtler forms of dementia that run through so much of Texas music. It even goes a long way toward explaining Crystal Chandelier, who turned up in 1969 with a song called "Suicidal Flowers," (which sounded like the Doors at the end of their psychic rope) then disappeared. It might even explain, in some small part, the bizarre recordings of the Legendary Stardust Cowboy.

One of the last of Major Bill Smith's discoveries, he turned up in Lubbock, standing on the hood of his '61 Chevy and singing at the local drive-in. Smith thought he would be a sensation, so he took him to Dallas and cut a handful of sides that stand among the most demented recordings of all time. He played guitar, drums, trumpet, kazoo and other instruments simultaneously, sang lyrics that made absolutely no sense and were no closer to being in any recognizable key than anything else on the records, and remains to this day one of the great enigmas of rock. You talk about taking craziness to extremes—well you can't get more extremely crazy than "Paralyzed," "I Took a Trip On a Gemini Spaceship" or "Down in the Wrecking Yard." It must've been an infectious craziness too, because Mercury was persuaded to issue three singles and almost put out an album.

The Legendary Stardust Cowboy is still there in Dallas, working in the stockroom of one of Major Bill Smith's grocery stores. And knowing that, I feel a lot more secure about the future of Texas rock. "Progressive Country" is all very interesting, but without that spark of lunacy hovering around, waiting to strike at any time, it just wouldn't be Texas.

(Special thanks to Jimmy Rabbit, Jim Franklin, and Bonnie Simmons of KSAN.)

A Legendary Performer (Vol 1)  
Elvis Presley  
RCA

By ED WARD

I missed Elvis. I really did. I guess that, although my rock and roll career began during the height of the frenzy, Elvis' phenomenon was like that of the Beatles: you followed it right from the beginning, and eventually you got to watch the entire world acknowledge that you were right after all. I remember his early days well enough, primarily because you just couldn't walk into any store which sold things that young people would be interested in without bumping into some Elvis merchandising: I remember in particular a set of flashlights, of all things, each with the name of a different Elvis song on it. Wonder how much a "Heartbreak Hotel" flashlight would be worth these days . . . ?

And I was familiar with the name, the look, and, in fact, everything but the music. My family didn't watch Ed Sullivan, probably because he wrote for the *Daily News*, and by the time I started listening to rock and roll radio frequently, the really gritty, raunch, *country* Elvis was quietly being turned into something quite different. Plus, I was pretty young, and the smoldering sexuality of a cut like "Heartbreak Hotel" didn't interest me as much as, say, Little Richard's delecto-style wildness, which related much more to my aspirations at the time, which were, basically, to raise as much hell as a nine-year-old could.

That's why that sentence on the back of the *Legendary Performer* album makes sense to me: "Glowing with an energy that transcends time, these are performances which . . . bring the joy of new discovery to young audiences." Right on. Because getting into Elvis in retrospect isn't easy. You get one of the early albums, and the fake stereo is so bad that you can hardly listen to the damn thing. Buy a greatest hits compilation and you get all kinds of gloop artfully arranged around the good stuff. Most likely your only hope is to get one of those Army-vintage albums, *For LP Fans Only*, and *A Date With Elvis* in mono, and you might as well be looking for his Sun 78's for all the luck you'd have finding them.

After listening to enough stuff of the ilk of "Mama Loved the Roses" it becomes real difficult to remember just how great Elvis was and even harder to remember that he still is great. And then, listening to "I Love You Because" on this album, you also get to put him in perspective the way I think he'd like to be put in perspective: he always *did* want to be Dean Martin, ya know. And not only did he get to be the greatest rock and roller in history, but he got to be *better* than Dean Martin.

Listening to *A Legendary Performer* is almost like discovering Elvis for the first time for me. What does it, I suppose, are the three "Later unreleased live recordings" culled from the two or three hours of tape Elvis cut for his incredible comeback show—the one where he was sitting around with a bunch of buddies just picking and singing. What's great about these cuts—"Love Me," "Trying To Get To You," and "Are You Lonesome Tonight?"—is that for the most part it's just Elvis, his voice, the crowd, and his guitar, although the vocal trade-off with a friend on "Love Me" is one of the high points of the record no matter how you look at it.

But the point of these recordings is that they are so fresh—so vibrant, so full of what rock and roll is all about (and let it here be noted that the *and roll* is what's important in all this) that I, for one, thought they dated from the fifties when I first

# PHONOGRAM RECORD REVIEWS



Why are these girls screaming and reaching out so desperately? Why are they still doing it after 20 years? And how did this greasy kid manage to sell 200 million records? Elton John isn't the only one who'd like to know . . .

Photo courtesy Michael Ochs

heard them. No—they are recent recordings, and Elvis' voice and powers of interpretation are still just as sharp as they were on "That's All Right Mama," which, if you look at the notes, you will discover was recorded (gasp) twenty years ago!!! And what is so amazing about that figure is not that this music stands up after twenty years (so does Duke Ellington, or, for that matter, Mozart), but that for twenty years people have tried and tried to come close, to incorporate just a bit of the energy, the feeling, and the infectiousness of this man's music. That after twenty years they're still trying, still occasionally succeeding, but, as those live cuts show, Elvis can still do it whenever he wants to. And not only that, but he chooses not to. Or so it seems. (I'm not going to try to get into that one—Grieg Marcus' upcoming book deals with Elvis at greater length than this whole magazine could, and with much greater skill than I could since he's grown up listening to Elvis.)

And there's more: There's the original recordings of "Heartbreak Hotel" and "Don't Be Cruel" and "Love Me Tender," and they will certainly help the initiate understand what this man is all about. The great interview record is excerpted twice—the first excerpt has Elvis humbly admitting that the only reason he's successful is because he filled a gap in the music industry, just luck, ya know, but the record itself gives the lie to that by following up this excerpt with "Don't Be Cruel" (sure, El, just lucky, why, anybody can sing like that, sure . . . ). There's even a token piece of schlock to remind you of the Dean Martin wish, "Tonight's

All Right For Love," a low point even for Elvis. There is his stunning transformation of Hank Snow's country classic "(Now and Then, There's) A Fool Such As I," and there is the song he now closes his act with, a song which one gets the definite impression is dedicated to all the fans who have not forgotten him, not when he went into the Army, not when he churned out that series of horrible movies, not when he almost retired—"Can't Help Falling In Love (With You)."

This is the greatest Elvis album ever, I think. It gives an all-around introduction to the man which just cannot be beat, and it is the one album to which I'd steer anybody who missed Elvis the first time around. As far as I am concerned, if this represents RCA's new wave of packaging Elvis' material, if they're going to give us more from that TV show, if they want to include more booklets like the informative and entertaining one included with this album, if they want to dig back into the Sun archives some more—if they can maintain this high level (and they can, considering what they've got), they'll be doing more for rock and roll in the 70's than anybody. My deepest thanks to everyone concerned with this project.

Especially you, Elvis.

Hollies  
Hollies  
Epic

By KEN BARNES

It should be no secret by now that I'm rather partial to the Hollies.

"The Air I Breathe," their latest British single, written by Albert Hammond and previously recorded by Phil Everly, is a big ballad with an absolutely enthralling chorus; watch for it.

There's also an interesting antique flavor here and there. "Love Makes The World Go Round" is a deliberate and no-doubt somewhat satirical 50's ballad number, reminiscent of the days when they were waxing "That's My Desire" and "I Thought Of You Last Night." "Falling Calling" has a touch of a rhythmic New Orleans feeling, and "It's A Shame, It's A Game," with its prevalent answering choruses, is even more New Orleans-oriented, a delightful tune.

And for a topper there's the recent near-hit single, concisely titled "The Day That Curly Billy Shot Down Crazy Sam McGee," a crass Hollies classic. It's got that identical methodical "Long Cool Woman" beat (the third time they've used it now, cf. "Courage Of Your Convictions" on *Romany*); but it sounds great—in fact, with the addition of a superhook chorus and some harmonies "Curly Billy" is even better than "Long Cool Woman," and it's a pity in a way that it didn't come out before "LCW" became the biggest Hollies hit ever, to spare the invidious comparisons. If you like the Hollies, you'll love "Curly Billy" anyway.

You'll also love *Hollies*. True fans won't need any more recommendations, but this LP will serve as a sterling introduction for the as-yet-unconverted.

Loud 'N' Proud  
Nazareth  
A & M

By BARRY TAYLOR

Nazareth are still soaring toward the ionosphere of British groupdom back home and justifiably so, after making their presence felt on the English charts for the entire summer, while here they are just another name on what is already a bloated list of British heavyweights who have been all but ignored. Musically, Naz are still nothing to write home about. The songs are occasionally flawed and somewhat contrived, but since they dusted off their rock and roll shoes for the resilient *Razamanaz* album, they have demonstrated a basic uncompromising and energetic style when they allow their instincts to guide them. What they still lack on *Loud 'N' Proud* is imagination as the impetus to propel them.

Their decision to go with Roger Glover as producer again is a wise one, as he extracts a fine performance from the Scotsmen, keeping the rhythm section of Pete Agnew and Darrell Sweet up front in the mix while guitarist Manny Charlton adds the muscle and Dan McCafferty's spasmodic voice, the dynamic tension.

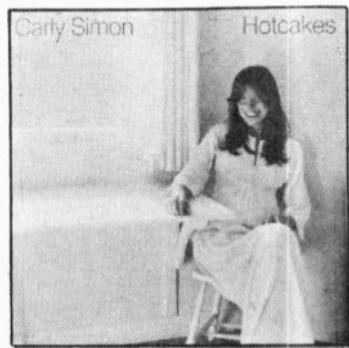
They get themselves into trouble only when they deviate from the pattern they formulated last time out by experimenting with their sound which has not yet been given the chance to crystallize. This is what happens for most of side two, specifically the eleven manic, repetitive minutes of Dylan's "Ballad of Hollis Brown." The same goes for "Child In The Sun," which is about as close to a ballad as these boys will ever get. "This Flight Tonight" vied for the top position on the English charts as the follow up to "Bad Bad Boy," and while it never quite made it all the way, it is still an engaging attempt at turning a Joni Mitchell composition into one of their characteristically stormy rockers.

McCafferty promptly proves that he's no Caruso, but not being one to let the singing get in the way of the music, he uses his voice rather as a cutting instrument to punctuate

the rockers on side one. Charlton does another one of those slide guitar routines on "Go Down Fighting" but he has apparently learned the values of moderation. His playing throughout the derivative is best, but for the most part a harmless palatable alloy of Jeff Beck and Johnny Thunder.

Little Feat's "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" seems like a good choice of material for the group with their punkoid tendencies, but McCafferty bites off more than he can chew with a mouthful of verses like, "Unscrupulous operators could confuse,/Could exploit and deceive./The conditional reflex theories/Change the probabilities," when he sounds more comfortable spitting out lines like, "Cleopatra was a love giver,/Jesse James was a born killer,/Me, I'm just a rock and roll singer," in "Not Faking It."

"Turn On Your Receiver" with its snide lyrics and Eddie Cochran riffs stands up best alongside "This Flight Tonight"; as long as Nazareth manage to steer a steady course and come up with this kind of material there should be no stopping them from reaching the upper echelon of the power pop domain. Though they're not yet about to provide the paragon Anglopop experience, if they can mature while at the same time avoid the trappings of intellectualism which have begun to seep into their music, it should just be a matter of time.



Hotcakes  
Carly Simon  
Elektra

By KIM FOWLEY

It used to be said in the late '60s that if you wanted to give your kid sister an LP the choice would be the Guess Who. Well times have changed. My kid sister wouldn't be caught dead with the Guess Who of the '70s, the Raspberries; but she would sure crave *Hotcakes* by Carly Simon. So would mom.

To quote James Taylor's kid sister, Kate: "Karen Carpenter is the most honest singer in popular music because she is white and sings in her own natural white voice." A point well taken, Kate, except your very own sister-in-law goes one step beyond—she sings about and glorifies the white East Coast Commuter Community Shopping Center Mystique as well as Chuck Berry.

Using this perverse pound-for-pound theory, Carly Simon is the Bruce Lee of young matron-station wagon rock-a-smile music. For starters the Ed Caraef photo on the cover wants you to stop fooling around with low-life groupies and get a lady of your own. Carly is class. And class rules all.

"Safe and Sound" is Carly's "Ballad of a Thin Man." Ably assisted by Esquire contributor Jacob Bruckman, this song beautifully states the positive aspects of the "safety in numbers" theory when dealing with the fragmented dangers of various future shock evolutionary changes.

"Mind On My Man" is a nice duet with but one voice. Good music for cleaning the house when your family's gone to school and work if you're a homemaker in 1974 America.

Radio City  
Big Star  
Ardent

By BUD SCOPPA

I haven't heard many albums in the last two years that I like as much as Big Star's first, *Number One Record*. Responsible for the exceptional songs and arrangements, the fine singing and guitar playing, and the distinctively sharp recorded sound of the group were two talented young Memphis musicians, Alex Chilton (the former Box Tops singer) and Christopher Bell. A year ago, their partnership seemed as promising as any in rock. But a rift developed within the group, and when the shouting died down, Bell was gone and the group was on the verge of splitting completely. Getting together after months of inactivity, the three remaining members (Chilton, bassist Andy Hummel, and drummer Jody Stephens), surprised themselves as much as anybody by playing a powerful and exciting set before the assembled taste-makers at Memphis' '73 rock writers' convention.

That set evidently gave Chilton and company the will to go on, because there is a new Big Star album, *Radio City*, and it isn't lacking in self-assurance. It is, however, lacking in the sonic ingenuity and perfectionism that marked *Number One Record*. It's in the area of pure sound that Bell is most missed; his stunning vocal arrangements and roaring multiple guitars gave the first album an intense, almost otherworldly quality that was tremendously affecting in its own right. But if Bell was behind the Big Star sound, it was Chilton who generated the Big Star sensibility, a tangle of classic rock moves,

hip affectations, mid-'60s mannerisms, teenage sagaciousness, jaded cynicism, and yearning romanticism that somehow made sense as he manifested it. Chilton's odd lot of preoccupations make *Radio City*—as it made *Number One Record*—a spellbinder, an ever-deepening work that is at once funny, sad, and frightening. Chilton is putting his confusion to work for him in a way quite reminiscent (except in musical style) of fellow Southern boy Gram Parsons.

While the album is complex, a intensely personal document that I don't pretend to understand and don't want to scrutinize, it's also a diverting 1965-style rock record, in which Chilton puts his worship of idiosyncratic heroes Ray Davies and Roger McGuinn to good use. He and his colleagues deal with the loss of sound expert Bell by taking a recorded approach that is often intentionally stark and like the actual sound of early recordings of the Beatles and Kinks. On the other hand, several songs get a full-bodied treatment, replete with ringing 12-strings, that successfully carries on the group's original Byrds-inspired sound. These include a couple convincing slices of teenage life, "Back of a Car" (which Bell collaborated on, although he's not credited) and "September Gurls" (yes, Alex now pronounces "girls" in the classic manner of Brian Wilson). These two are wonderful soft-hard rock performances, and they're the most accessible tracks here.

Of the simpler treatments, "Oh, My Soul" has the dumbest organ since "96 Tears," and the track careens along irresistably. "Way Out West," sung in earnestly untrained fashion by Jody, miraculously treads the thin line between credible naivete and jaded satire—actually, much of the album holds this precarious balance. And that may be a source

of its tension, because Big Star-Chilton seem unable or unwilling to move completely out of a charming provincial innocence into worldliness. Consequently, they often find themselves straddling two contradictory realms at the same time.

This dichotomy is expressed in "Life Is White," in which the singer is still preoccupied with a relationship from an earlier time but knows there's no point in trying to renew it: "I don't want to see you now/cause I know what you lack and I can't go back to that now." But, as he expresses in "What's Goin' Ahn?", he doesn't feel comfortable where he is now, either. The song ends with Chilton urgently repeating, "Oh, no," suspended somewhere between innocence and experience and no longer in control of the direction he's going in.

After tumbling around in various confusions throughout the course of the album, Chilton attempts a resolution by singing a pair of brief, intimate songs, "Mortha Two" and "I'm In Love With A Girl." From his choked, haunting performance of this last song, Chilton is suggesting not that this kind of innocent romantic love is the key to his salvation, but rather that he wishes it were so simple and sweet.

I said I didn't want to scrutinize and then wound up trying to interpret the album. But it's rather hard to avoid interpretation in describing *Radio City*, because its forms and themes are so carefully and convincingly bound together. Although the second Big Star album is less bright and accessible than the first, it's just as ambitious, and just as successful, on its own terms. And whether or not Big Star settles into a stable recording and performing unit, Alex Chilton has now emerged as a major talent, and he'll be heard from again.

"Think I'm Gonna Have a Baby" makes me sorry I consulted my shrink about staying asexual.

"Older Sister" is a Cain and Abel song in reverse. It makes one hunger for Kapp Records to reissue their Simon Sisters LP of the pre-folk rock 1960's.

"Hotcakes" is fun. Aunt Jamima rides again. More fun than the song before it, "Just Not True" which makes the listener wonder if the subject of this song is also the hero of "You're So Vain." Who is the "Holy Ghost" mentioned in the 2nd verse? Does this make Carly the mother of the Son of God?

"Misfit" is a great "pimple rockless" song. It would have been greater for Annette Funicello or Shelley Fabares.

"Forever My Love" is a nice excerpt from a diary. Whose diary though? What, no grocery list or gas bill?

"Mockingbird" is the only real piece of rock on the LP. The guitar solo is weak like a soggy piece of toast. Robbie Robertson's work with John Hammond was much better. So was previous keyboard work by Dr. John before this "true confessions" LP of Ms. Simon. Bobby Keys was boring during the Delaney & Bonnie era; he is most obviously no replacement for the late King Curtis. James cooks like he should.

"Grown Up." *Gulliver's Travels* goes in-crowd muzak. Next!

"Haven't Got Time For the Pain" starts off like a Jackie De Shannon record then ends up falling asleep like I did when this LP was finished playing through the quad system in my Bel Air mansion.

Unless the leaders of modern music come up with something more vital than *Hotcakes* all of us are going to turn to stone waiting for the next hot disc from Dinah Shore, Burt Reynolds or RCA; how about that 2nd John Wayne record? He never had a follow-up.

Readers, I'm not negative. I'm just not excited. But Mom and my two younger sisters love *Hotcakes* the same way Dad loves porno movies and dirty jokes. Next!

Sabbath Bloody Sabbath  
Black Sabbath  
Warner Bros.

By KEN BARNES

*Sabbath Bloody Sabbath* was an album I was eagerly anticipating. I'd become convinced that *Master Of Reality* was deserving of the heavy metal for highest honors, and unlike many I thought *Volume IV* was quite impressive, full of attractive tunes and compelling riffs inserted without really compromising the overall manic metal intensity. I was considerably intrigued as to their forthcoming direction, but I had no idea it would be headed straight down.

*SBS* is an immensely dissatisfying album. The main problem arises on the leadoff (title) cut, a recent unsuccessful British single. It kicks off with a solid, familiar Sabbath riff, with moralistic lyrics sung effectively by Ozzy Osbourne per usual (plus interestingly interspersed acoustic portions); and suddenly segues into a tedious, thoroughly sodden sequence that endures for the remainder of the track, rendering the whole completely unlistenable. This flaccid trip is perpetuated throughout the LP, most glaringly in "A National Acrobat," featuring the flabbiest midsection imaginable.

Even the cuts with some structural coherence sound muddy and unnaturally ponderous, and the addition of various reedy synthesizers and mellotrons helps not at all. Songs like "Who Are You," "Sabba Cada-bra" and "Killing Yourself To Live" seem to lumber about aimlessly, shorn of all drive and purpose.



"Looking For Today" is a straightforward Sabbath-rocker, but completely undistinctive; and only "Spiral Architect" works at all, with a fairly catchy tune, solid riffing, and the best hard futuristic imagery to be found anywhere ("Syncronated undertaker; Spiral skies; Silver ships on plasmic oceans in disguise"). On the other hand, the instrumental "Fluff" is as delicate as the Gentle Soul or Bill Purcell's "Our Winter Love," with no compensating melodic interest, four minutes of anomalous distraction.

*Sabbath Bloody Sabbath* seems a dangerously disappointing album. Black Sabbath has floundered dully in their drive to diversify, and the stylistic experiments herein aren't sufficiently impressive to win over any new acolytes, to say the least. And old-line Sabbath followers will be upset by the same deviations, and by the dramatic dilution of the group's traditional heavy metal thunder. Serious reassessment is definitely in order; otherwise Black Sabbath may soon be receiving a visit from that syncronated undertaker, from the LP charts.

**Call of the Wild**  
Ted Nugent & the Amboy Dukes  
*DiscReet*

By GREG SHAW

Long before the Midwest was overrun with groups who survived for years without hit records by playing interminable guitar solos to vacantly eyed kids at an endless succession of concerts and festivals, the Amboy Dukes had already made their mark. As part of the second generation scene that developed in Detroit, they played the Grande and all the other local spots, but they also toured widely, and pleased audiences with their willingness to "get it on" to such an extent that they have been in constant demand since 1966, and leader Ted Nugent has become a living legend.

Their dent on the national music scene has never been comparable to that on their home turf, however. Their five albums sold well where they were known, but the Mainstream label which owned them was unable to spread that popularity. Now, at last, things may be ready to change. Although the Amboy Dukes have undergone a total changeover in personnel, Nugent is no less the fiery,



charismatic kamikaze guitarist, and the new group is every bit as well equipped to back him, if not more so.

*Call of the Wild* is the most consistently heavy album the Amboy Dukes have made. Six of its eight songs boast fast tempos and power chords; the lack of melody and in many cases lyrics, is made up for by constantly churning lead runs. With more imaginative riffs, the Amboy Dukes could become a strong domestic contender for the Deep Purple audience.

The most ear-catching numbers

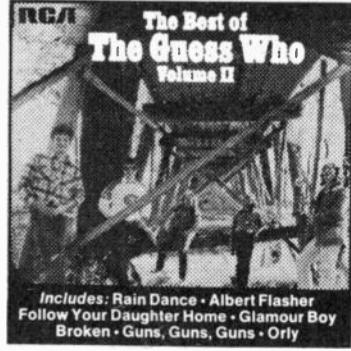


here are "Call of the Wild," an instrumental with good speed-guitar, "Sweet Revenge" which benefits from a vocal chorus, "Renegade," another instrumental, and the seven-minute "Below the Belt" which is guaranteed to drive all lovers of Iron Butterfly and Mountain into the most profound state of ecstasy. Nugent, remember, was one of the original pioneers of wounded-elephant guitar, so coming from him this stuff carries the weight of authority.

"Cannon Balls" has a promising start but quickly falls into the same blues mire that drenches "Rot Gut." There's some good noise in it, but not as good as the noise in "Ain't It the Truth" or "Below the Belt." As for "Rot Gut," well if you like the Siegel-Schwall Blues Band you might like this. Where these guys come from, the blues is still treated with respectful deference.

Actually, if you want to know the truth, this album is full of nothing but amplified noise and jerkoff guitar. No songs, no tunes, no pretense of economy. It's pure 1968, no pop at all, and one of the most direct albums this genre has produced. There are no drum solos, no bass solos, no Pigpen blues moans, none of that crap. Just guitars, guitars, guitars, a Motor City guitar army

whose only objective is to come into your town and help you party down. Ted Nugent has always given his followers exactly what they want, and *Call of the Wild* is full of it. If you have uttered the word "boogie" in the past 24 hours, this is your kind of album. Eat it up.



**The Best Of The Guess Who, Vol. II**  
RCA

By GENE SCULATTI

He plays piano as well as Nicky Hopkins or Jerry Lee. When he sang "Running Bear" he sounded like a cross between the late great

Jimbo Morrison and Bob Hite; on "Glamour Boy" he jibed Bowie in tones on loan from Carole (King) & Carl (Wilson). So masterful has been his triumph of style, he can fluke out on Canuck blues ("Showbiz Shoes"), slip into sambas ("Nashville Sneakers") or do the Seventies Fifties stroll ("Life In The Blood-stream"), and command attention for the fact that he does it so well.

Brave Belt and Bachman-Turner notwithstanding, Burton Cummings is the Guess Who. He's held the reins through half a dozen GW incarnations and it's his everpresent, yet rarely overbearing, helmsmanship that has made the band, if not as consistent, every bit as distinctive and momentarily brilliant as Presley's Troggs or Ray D's Kinks.

If you thought the GW saga sprouted with "Shakin' All Over," mutated through "These Eyes," "Undun," etc. then wilted after "Share The Land," or if you still buy the old saw about them being a custom singles-machine that finally gave out, guess again. *Volume II*'s here to lay waste to both notions.

Burt and the boys' waxed nearly as many memorable sides—hits and lp tracks—in the space between 3/71 and 5/73, as they did from '65 to '69.

**Let Me Be There**  
Olivia Newton-John  
MCA

By GREG SHAW

There are a lot of interesting things about this album. First, it features "Let Me Be There," one of the most pleasant surprises of early 1974 and one of the strongest productions yet in the newly emerging field of female MOR/pop. A great song, full of inspired touches such as the recurring bass voice that, for me, makes the record. And second, "Let Me Be There" is the only new song on the album. The rest of the cuts date from her Uni days and the album that followed her previous hit, "If Not For You." That song is here, along with the follow-up, "Banks Of The Ohio," which was written by Bruce Welch and John Farrar of the Shadows, a British instrumental group of the early '60s that inspired everyone from the Beatles to Pink Floyd. Welch and Farrar also produced most or all of the selections on this album, another reason why it is so good.

Next to "Let Me Be There," the standouts are "Banks Of The Ohio," a nice "Angel Of The Morning" (although I think I'd love that song no matter who recorded it, even Melanie or Shirley Bassey), the overdone but still touching "Help Me Make It Through The Night," Johnny Burnette's "Just A Little Too Much" (you might recall Ricky Nelson's version...) and of course "If Not For You," which at least outshines both Dylan's and Harrison's renditions.

Of the rest, I don't really care to hear another version of "Me and Bobby McGee," "Take Me Home, Country Roads" or "If I Could Read Your Mind," and the disappointment of "Love Song" not being the Anne Murray number kept me from enjoying this one.

One wonders if Olivia simply hasn't cut anything in the last year besides "Let Me Be There," or what. Personally, I'm ready to admit her to the top ranks of female vocalists. She's got everything going for her—she's Australian, has a great voice, prefers big productions to acoustic guitars, has never recorded "Amazing Grace," and is extremely good looking. This album should bring everyone up to date on her past accomplishments, and make her many fans as anxious as I am to hear something new.

Count 'em; "Albert Flasher," with Burt gliding the glottal vocal front and pumping modified stride piano, "Heartbroken Bopper," as delightful as "American Woman" for its cautious onestops in Page & Plantland, and "Life In The Blood-stream," replete with Burt's husky "Fifties" vocal workout and primo Petty Lester keyboards.

BC's relapse into a non-terminal case of Lizard King fever in "Back To Saskatoon" truly makes it 'cause the track's as much Tony Joe White's as it is Morrison's and it's a kicker. "Guns Guns Guns" pairs Burt's Hopkins-esque trills and spills with Kurt Winter's wah-wahed Jormasurge and "Broken" runs off a single supercharged chord slam.

Also, you get: "Orly," "Glamour Boy," "Rain Dance," "Sour Suite," and mapleleaf reggae, BC's way, on "Follow Your Daughter Home." And he does it all well, in the process obliterating the sources and inspirations as effortlessly as he slides across the electric 88.

A priceless collection, as they say. *Vol. II*'s testimony enough that this outfit is among a handful possessed of the versatility and good sense to be able to mastercraft short tracks and accommodate steady innovation on the lp side.

# Johnny Winter Never Sounded Better.

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3/2 Miami, Fla.	3/11 Toronto, Can.	3/18 San Antonio, Tex.	3/29 Long Beach, Calif.	4/3 Vancouver, Can.
3/3 St. Petersburg, Fla.	3/13 Chicago, Ill.	3/22 San Bernardino, Calif.	3/30 San Diego, Calif.	4/4 Seattle, Wash.
3/4 Atlanta, Ga.	3/14 St. Louis, Mo.	3/23 San Francisco, Calif.	3/31 Fresno, Calif.	4/8 Detroit, Mich.
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**Energy Crisis!  
Try Canned Heat!**

In these days of crisis, energy and otherwise, Canned Heat's music is sure to take your mind off your woes. Their first Atlantic album, *One More River to Cross*, includes originals, R&B classics and a fabulous Fats Domino medley which will boogie your cares away.

**Canned Heat.**

**"One More River to Cross."** On Atlantic Records and Tapes, where they should be.



Atlantic welcomes Canned Heat with their hit single, "One More River to Cross." #3010



Despite the absence of the superb "Bye Bye Babe," and the chartbound new single, "Star Baby," this is the very best of the latest by a man and his band who, in all deference to the competition, are fast emerging as preeminent pop rockers on a scene largely populated by underworked, overrated sacred cows. Go Burt!

**Suzi Quattro  
Bell**

By ALAN BETROCK

It's happened before—little known American rockers going over to England to be 'discovered,' and returning to their homeland as superstars. The most obvious example is Jimi Hendrix, and others like Scott Engel (Walker Brothers) and P.J. Proby almost made it. They received hysterical success in Britain, but for the most part remained unknown here. Now native Detroiter Suzi Quattro is trying to make lightning strike twice, but whether she will return home as a Jimi Hendrix or a P.J. Proby is still unclear.

Born of the all-female Pleasure Seekers, and raised via The Cradle, Mickie Most snatched her away and entrenched her firmly in England on his successful Rak label. Her first single effort, boasting the aid of notables like Duncan Browne, Peter Frampton and Alan White, flopped, but the next three ("Can the Can," "48 Crash," and "Daytona Demon"), all went British Top 5. So she's hot stuff now, at least saleswise, and her leather-coated brand of sensuality is always good for some copy too. Her first U.S. album should please the cult-courant, disco-decadent tots at Rodney's, but we know how fickle that crowd can be.

Rak has had immense overseas success with their roster of Mud, Duncan Browne, The Sweet, and Suzi Quattro, but none have broken big here. The only one that now seems to stand a chance is Suzi, because all the promotional hype is being saved for her; a good decision, since that's the only way she's going to make it. The two singles included here, "48 Crash" and "Can the Can," are wonderful, exuberant rockers, with all the right pounding, slashing, and phrasing, but the rest, uh, shall we say, leave something to be desired . . .

Suzi, like Rak cohorts Mud & Sweet, has had all her hits written by Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman, yet she insists on churning out second-rate fillers on this album. "Glycerine Queen" is pretty good with its chunky Bolan riffs, but "Shine My Machine" (tho' lyrically interesting), reeks of lame boogie riffs, "Official Suburban Spaceman" drags along with poor Hendrix imitations, and "I Wanna Be Your Man" is alright, but haven't we heard this all before?? The first side closes out with Chinn-Chapman's homage to Hotlegs' "Neanderthal Man," "Primitive Love," which is quite funny and also features some nice rhythm guitar.

The problems with *Suzi Quattro* are numerous and fairly serious. All the tracks sound too similar, and Suzi's voice is often too high and shrill, lacking punch or distinctive phrasing. The rockers like "All Shook Up," and "Shakin' All Over" lack power and depth, relying instead upon boogie-ish solos.

So while *Suzi Quattro* does rock more than some others who claim to be "rock and roll bands," there's still a lot of room for improvement. If she's really serious about perfecting her music, and being true to her "brutal, hardnosed" Detroit influences, she may as well take some lessons from ex-Detroit stars the MC5, whose *Back in the USA* could provide Suzi with a primer of near-perfect rock and roll. Until then, she will remain little more than an interesting novelty.

**Ferguslie Park  
Stealers Wheel  
A & M**

By KEN BARNES

Stealers Wheel's notoriety stems from their rather adept Dylan mimicry on the '73 smash single "Stuck In The Middle With You." There's a peculiar Pavlovian reaction affecting a substantial amount of rock writers whenever somebody comes along with the ability to sound like Dylan; and from early Eric Andersen to early Elliot Murphy the comparison has never had a particularly beneficial effect on the suddenly spotlighted performer. Positively dead end street, besides which Dylan as a musical model (leaving aside the increasingly irrelevant area of lyrics) is not especially galvanizing (and neither, accordingly, was "Stuck In The Middle," despite impressive hooks)—of all the Dylan imitators, only Mouse & the Traps succeeded, by taking the *Highway 61* style and outrocking the hell out of the originals.

Fortunately for Stealers Wheel, however, on their second album *Ferguslie Park* any Dylan resemblances are conspicuously absent. Nor do they sound like Beatle imitators, as they've also been tagged. The overall sound is closer to British harmony groups like Marmalade or the Honeybus, or even sometimes the Hollies. Full-harmony choruses are the main attractions of songs like "Wheelin'," "Who Cares," and the relentless "Nothing's Gonna Make Me Change My Mind," and are perhaps the most impressive facet of Stealers Wheel's abilities.

They also have a knack for light, bouncy tunes like the country/folkish "Steamboat Row" and the current single, "Star," a standout track. Their rockers chug along agreeably enough, but "Blind Faith," "Back On My Feet Again," "What More Could You Want," and "Good Businessman" (despite two antique stuttering sax breaks, the first of which is quite striking) aren't particularly distinctive songs. The stately "Waltz (You Know It Makes Sense)" is distinctive in its blurry gracefulness, and qualifies as another standout. Finally, there's an alternate version of their second hit, "Everything Will Turn Out Fine"; it's a more straightforward rocker but the absence of the single's ethereal background harmonies and stirring raga-rock guitar break is crucial.

All in all, *Ferguslie Park* is a very pleasant, enjoyable LP (belying its rather repulsive cover, featuring a fatted calf gone thyroid-crazy). Any lingering apprehensions of blatant Dylan or Beatles copyism should be laid to rest; and there's a delightful pop ambience similar to Blue's sterling debut album. Definitely one worth investigating.

**The Way I Am  
Patti Dahlstrom  
Twentieth Century**

By MARTIN R. CERF

I was as excited as anyone when the record business loosened up in '67, allowing artists to produce and generally command their own recordings. But let's face it folks, things got out of hand. While many artists have diverse and basic technical skills, only a handful are truly objective in terms of production of their own recordings. We're all partially at fault for the present deterioration of new talent. It's unfortunate that so many new artists with only mediocre talent were allowed to go on unchecked for they have single-handedly self-destructed what was once a very magic period for the rapid advancement of good new talents in popular music.

Patti Dahlstrom is not an offender. Incredible as it may seem, there are people who excel as producers, arrangers and the rest. And she works with a few of them on this LP.

Seeking out, choosing and inevitably working with a producer and arranger who are qualified and contribute, is a problem. The bucks are a little heavier, it consumes much more energy bouncing ideas off ideas, and the coordination problems and occasional ego justifications are endless. Yeah, it's a real hassle to make a great LP like *The Way I Am*.

Considering Michael Omartian was able only to complete basic tracks, leaving the duties of perfecting the final product to Michael J. Jackson, you might assume unevenness or inconsistencies to run rampant through this recording. For whatever reasons Omartian aborted this project in midstream, it seems that the end has justified the means. This album remains the perfect marriage of functional production with contemporary self-expressionism. Individual enough to capture that nerve, the special one that penetrates personally, yet the tunes and musicians have been assembled in such a way as to meet even WMYQ's qualifications. Unique mass appeal, in other words.

I've avoided discussing Patti's vocal and compositional validity up to this point. I've heard too many great female voices in the past year, and as for valid tunes, to list a score by Maria Muldaur, Kathy Dalton or Bonnie Raitt would be no problem. And, Dahlstrom's strengths in those areas are decidedly as significant as Maria et al.

But a fine recording needs more than angel-dusted canyon crashing ax grinders. Larry Carlton, Dean Parks, Jim Gordon and Jack Conrad do not hitchhike to sessions. While I could never condemn "studio albums," there is something to be said for insensitive perfection. And the names we've totaled do not necessarily mean greatness, as proved by so many "heavy friends" records. But those potential high-crimes of the session musician never took place on the nights these people were with Patti.

And Dahlstrom holds up her end of the bargain as well. Her lyrics aren't weird, introverted, introspective, selfish, corny, embarrassing, trite or boring. Which means she's already kicked ass on Melanie. Vocals here are not a strain. Dahlstrom's lyrics are simple and basic and yet not like most you've heard I'd wager. And her voice is crystal clear, but deep and tonally more masculine than feminine. Let me qualify that; it's definitely all female. No Angie Bowie, or Jib Jones tutti-frutti propaganda.

My first contact with Patti Dahlstrom was her debut LP on Uni about two years ago. I don't recall listening too intently. Some time later I heard the single "Emotion" from this new LP. That was last September. I didn't dislike it then, but that was all. It was six or seven weeks and a dozen listens later before I realized what was happening here. "Emotion" has one of those melodies that makes it very difficult to anticipate or assume anything. Just when you expect a hook there's the refrain, and it's not till halfway through that the record at last cops to an incredibly infectious melody-chorus line. After familiarizing yourself with it, you're trapped. And you can only discover more about the tune with every listen.

And this tune is a real success story, surely destined to be a staple in the Warners Music catalog. The original version was written and performed by Veronique Sanson, a French lady and the wife of Steve Stills - "Amoureuse," the first title, was previously available only in the French lyric. Warners Publishing, in

# BLIND DATE...WITH FLO & EDDIE

Rashly accepting a second blind date with that dyspeptic duo, Flo & Eddie, the Phonograph Record editorial staff was greeted by a raucous medley of hopelessly obscure surf instrumentals describable only as a "Fiberglass Jumble" (to adapt the title of the twoosome's first record, as the *Crossfires*). After ignominiously failing to identify most of the taped tunes, the staff hastily set up the cassette machine, sternly advised Flo & Eddie that no guesses of "Philip Goodhand-Tait" would be tolerated, and "conducted" the following session:

**Donovan:** "Operation Manual For Spaceship Earth" (Epic): Donovan! Great! He still sounds like his underwear's too tight. Does he ever sing like he has gonads? Sounds reggae, nice, clean. Donovan's White Album. Guess who's playing on it... Go ahead, you're right. Heavy Friends! Go ahead, hit it - Jim Gordon! Carl Radle! Bobby Whitlock, Russ Kunkel, Kortchmar, Sklar, Doerge, uh-oh... It's a good thing they printed the lyrics, 'cause he mumbles. He and Jackson Browne are the classic mumbler of all time. I love him as a person. With all the shortages, the first thing they should do is take his rice away. I like what he's trying to do but he's done it before and it didn't work then either.

**Leo Sayer:** "The Show Must Go On" (WB): Mary Hopkin in the shower. Very unique. Virgil Fox Live at the Rainbow, produced by ELO. Are they German? The guy sounds like the lead singer in Stories or Jim Dandy from Black Oak Arkansas, who have perfected the art of singing in nine harmonic ranges at once, none of them in the right key. I appreciate the banjo rhythm. This could've been on the Daltrey album; it's boring enough. (CLUE - He wrote all the songs on the Daltrey album...) Leo Sayer! I should've associated it sooner, he sounds like he's doing Daltrey. Too bad on the last album Daltrey had to sound like he was doing Leo Sayer! Purposely planned obscurity - he buried his voice in the track and people will think it's the Who. Sorry, he's a turkey! No one will hear it. No, they might not hear it, but they wouldn't buy it if they did hear it. It's a stiff in my book.

**Painter:** Excerpts from "Painter" (Elektra): Joe Walsh! It's coming to me... it left! Grahame Bond! Don't tell me - it's the Grateful Dead's roadies? Is it Jim Capaldi's solo album? The Pink Fairies? Are they English? Blue Mink. They're American or Canadian... Brownsville Station? It's not the Wackers? Ursula Major? Now it sounds like the Wackers. This is good. I can hack this! It's kind of Raspberries. It sounds like a new group. Nothing special but it's familiar enough so I can tap my feet. It's the sound of the late 60's. Sounds like they listened to Hendrix.

Yes, excerpts from "Tales From Topographic Oceans" (Atlantic): Pink Floyd! Elmer Valo! (CLUE - This one song lasts all four sides of the album.) Don't tell me it's another Rick Wake-

man album. So soon? The 27 Murders of Dr. Crippen, by Wakeman? Wait a minute, this is the overture. Is there a vocal? Well, there's no flute. Uh-oh, mellotron! Well, if it's not Deep Purple and it's not Pink Floyd and it's not the Moody Blues, who could it be? We'll know as soon as we hear a vocal. It's Yes, right? (PRM-Right). We'll know as soon as we hear a vocal. I like them, they're creative. They're a little slow in spots... I mean, they're tedious and boring. I love that first thing they did, "Your Move." We only know their hits. I think musically they're hard to touch. They've got another two albums in them. "The Revealing Science Of God?" See, that's what happens when you sell records, you see God!

**Jonathan Edwards:** Excerpts from "Have A Good Time For Me" (Atco): I love it! I hate it! Take it off! Mac Davis? Rick Nelson? What part of the country? California/Colorado reproduction, possible Southern complications. How about Nantucket and the Northeast? Alex! Liv! Does he wear Pendletons? Not Jimmy Cliff, right? B. W. Stevenson! Suspenders and work shirt! I wouldn't buy it. He had a hit? Charlie Rich? It's not Albert Hammond or anything... It's not offensive. It is offensive! It's an opening act at the Troubadour as far as I'm concerned. I loved the opening chord and I went aha, then the steel guitar came in and I went uh-uh. I know he lives in Martha's Vineyard, I can only tell you - that cut bit! His name is John? We've given up. (PRM-Jonathan Edwards.) That's exactly who he sounds like. But if you'd said his name was Jonathan, we'd know it was either Edwards, King or... Seagull!

**R.E.O. Speedwagon:** "Ridin' The Storm Out" (Epic): Roy Head! The blind guy, what's his name? Bulldog! Terrible - I couldn't play this cut halfway through... Tower Of Power. They're white as the driven snow. They're not albinos but they're white. This is Brownsville Station! I hate it. Godawful. I hate to keep saying it's godawful and not know who it is. I'd rather know who I'm insulting, 'cause I might have friends in this band... ah screw it, I don't give a damn. I hated that. Cat Stevens imitators. What? Rocky what? Rocky Mountains, take it off! It's Grin or something. (PRM-R.E.O. Speedwagon!) We worked with that group and... they're mediocre. The kids like them. Festival boogie circuit, the same as the Amboy Dukes. If you can't get Leslie West to come to your party, you invite one of these guys.

**Deke Leonard:** "A Hard Way To Live" (UA): Ah, now we're talking! Now we're getting down. Gilbert O'Sullivan, right? I like this! Good sound. This is cool. OK, see, now once in a while you guys pull something out of the hat that makes it. This is a Top 5 record anywhere. Who is this, just so we can suggest that they buy it? (PRM-Deke Leonard) This is an album I'd like to sit down and listen to. One to recommend!

**Black Sabbath:** "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath," "Sabbra Ca Dabra," "The Spiral Architect," (WB): Gun! Free! Amon Duul! Ah, this is great. Uh-oh, wait a minute, I like this. Lynyrd Skynyrd! Leonard Cohen! Sheldon Leonard! It is nice! It's not Hawkwind, is it? That could've been cut at Strawberry Studios with 10cc. Hedgehoppers Anonymous! Mike McGear! What is this? A Limey creep, right? (PRM-Black Sabbath) I've never heard them before, but I liked that first thing you played. The name Black Sabbath scares me off. Their covers are usually terrible. This one lives up to it. Great titles: "Killing Yourself To Live," "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath," "The National Acrobat." I'm probably one of the few people in the world who doesn't know what Black Sabbath sound like, in the same way that I've refused to know what Grand Funk Railroad sound like. Except for their single. Knowing that I hated Grand Funk without hearing them, I took it for granted I hated Black Sabbath. Sometimes they sound less power-oriented than I thought. I thought it was a louder Deep Purple.

**Foghat:** "Honey Hush" (WB): Jeff Beck was never in this group? The Buckinghams... or the Shangri-Las? Wrong speed! Mylon Lefevre and Albin Lefevre! Well, if it isn't Bowie, who else could've ruined it? Gotta be Alvin Lefevre and Mylon Lee. Peggy Lee and Myron Cohen! British! What not Focus? Humble Pie! What an odd ripoff... Foghat! This is what... Electrified? Charged? Energized! This is another group that could lead the way in the energy crisis... I like 'em. The guys in the band are real congenial. That was real loud and raucous, more than I remember them, so they'll probably get a... Quaalude. With one Quaalude I'd've loved it. Should've known Foghat, but they're not distinctive enough.

**Graham Nash:** "Wild Tales" (Atlantic): Very familiar. We know this guy? Oh yeah, Jo Jo Gunne, right? Graham Nash! This is a good album. It's got some good songs. He's got a great voice! It's the pop voice. That should be a hit album. Joni must be on it. I heard a rumor that they got together for a brief soiree under a bed together, just for old times' sake. I love 'em both. Oh yeah, she did the cover painting. I like her but not the painting.

**Don McLean:** "Happy Trails" (UA): Tell me it isn't the New Riders. This is an artist who sold 4 million albums two years ago, and this is his second album since and it never cracked the Top 200? There's only one failure I know who could be on that level of failure. It's gotta be Don McLean! He was good. Yeah, he was good... the lady I was with fell asleep at the start of the show, woke up as soon as "American Pie" came on, and that's literal, she passed out. And the audience felt the same way.

It is a shame, he could've used a plane crash. But he's a nice guy. Happy trails to you, Don.

search of English words, called upon Dahlstrom for domestic conversion. But her lyrics were evidently not exactly what those concerned had in mind. Thus a literal translation was constructed and the first English language version, by Veronique herself, was released about eight months ago on Elektra. Success did not follow.

Later, Elton John and Kiki Dee caught the fever, recorded the translated version, and met with the same fate. So, until Patti's recording, her words remained unused. And I may be way out in left field, but I think it's a top ten record this time. Her lyrics are much too arousing to be overlooked. "Lonely women are the desperate kind, and I am hanging at the end of a line. Losing hope when the call doesn't come, is a feeling I choose over feeling none...." Eat it up. I did. You will.

Fortunately "Emotion" is not to this LP what "American Pie" was to Don McLean's. Lots more good stuff here. In fact I was surprised to find one, maybe two titles I like even better. The other one-worder "Innate" is my fave; another distinctive clever piano-lead melody and clever lyric. "I curse the lesson, bless the knowledge; naive in heart, too much college. So smart; so smart I'm stupid."\*\* Like five others on the LP, "Innate" was co-written by Jackson Browne's younger brother. His name is Severin, and he's gonna be a factor someday too! Runner-up fave is "Give Him Time." It's a hit with the stay-at-home crowd, and a real downer. "Put your faith where it belongs, give him time." Dory Previn, beware.

All of side two is very special. "Then I Lose You" and "For Everybody's Sake" reveal still more good advice ("We are here for certain reasons and until we get it straight we'll learn in the unbending unless you want to wait until I lose you; then I lose you" \*\*).

Side one should be side two. The sum of the tracks do not rate as highly as those on side two. Cut one, "I'll Come Home" is certainly a decent inclusion, but in comparison to others it's simply not a lead track. Oh, and while I'm being slightly bitchy, might I suggest that upon second pressing of this LP, the lyric/credit sheet be printed in colors other than black on very dark blue... rough on the eyes of us fans, ya know.

"I Promised" and "Cleveland Snow" are not the leaders "Then I Lose You" and "For Everybody's Sake" are on the other side. The title track of the LP for some reason sounds distinctly out of place on this LP. Sounds to me like a song Patti could well have composed for someone else's record. Not at all like "Goodbye, Good Riddance" which she's more comfortable with. I suppose the problem is that side one is a series of merely exceptional tunes, while side two is brilliant. And they just compete.

More important than anything else, *The Way I Am* has entertained me for at least six or seven hours now, and I'm thankful for a good time. You may not feel the same way about her, and it's recommended you expose yourself to the single before venturing further. Whether she earns your attention and dollars this party around or not doesn't matter to me right now. She's welcome in this neighborhood any time. I feel pretty good about the whole thing and it's only a matter of time before you do too.

It may not be DeFranco Fever or the Boogie Woogie Flu, but whatever I've contracted from Patti Dahlstrom, I haven't found the cure yet. And I'm in no hurry to do so.

\* © 1972, 1973 Piano Blanc  
\*\* © 1973 Jobete Music

**Energized**  
Foghat  
Bearsville/Warner Bros.

By ED LEIMBACHER

Even if the rest of *Energized* was junk, I'd still play it again and again just to hear Foghat's incredible hardrock/heavy metal rave-up job on "Honey Hush," that hoary old rockabilly classic. Actually done first in 1953 by Joe Turner, "Honey Hush" became a rockabilly monster when given double-barreled supercharging in 1955 or so by the Johnny Burnette Trio (Johnny, Dorsey, and Paul Burlison) on a long-unavailable Coral album that's still one of the three or four best rock 'n' roll releases of all time. Later, the galumphing-guitar Yardbirds made that chugga-chugga beat even better known as "The Train Kept A-Rollin'." And now here comes Foghat with a version that *burns*-sorta like Marc Bolan running amok in a Sherman tank—guaranteed to flatten you fast if you don't get up an' out of the way.

My liking for the old Savoy Brown still abides; next to Mayall's *Bluesbreakers*, in fact, *Blue Matter* is still my favorite Limey blues disc. So when Lonesome Dave Peverett, Roger Earl, and Tony Stevens split from Kim Simmonds, I reacted like (old joke) the optimist with manure in his Christmas stocking—"Hot damn, twice as much Savoy Brown music!"

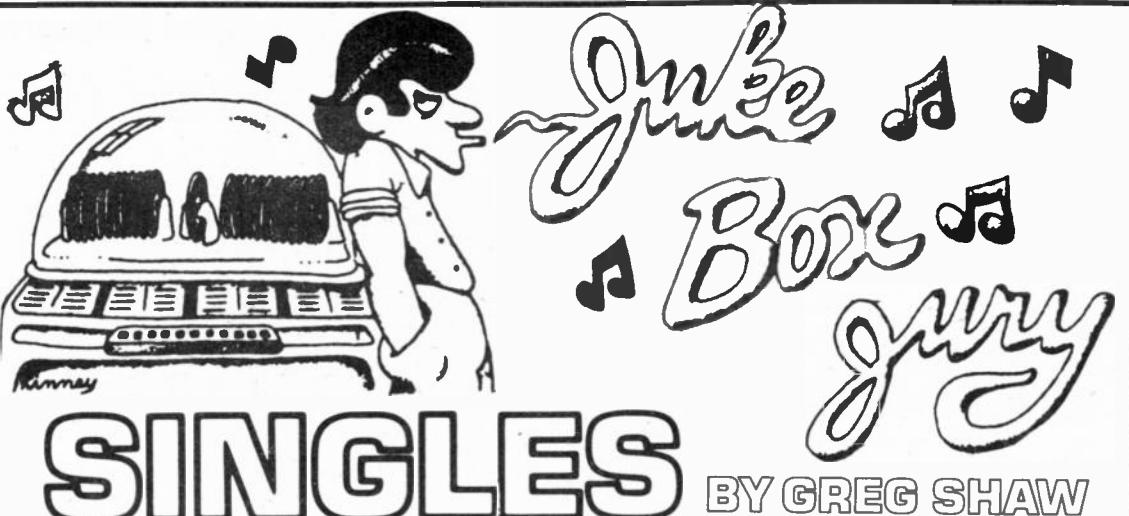
Well, *Street Corner Talking* and Foghat's premiere (produced by Dave Edmunds) justified that optimism. But the two bands have faded since then, Savoy settling for shameless toadying and Foghat fallen prey to the dreaded Boogie—you know, turn it up to 10 and jam those rhythm-'n'-drone riffs till the folks' ears fall off.



Lots of that on *Energized*—"Golden Arrow," "Fly By Night," "Nothin' I Won't Do," and probably others I've forgotten (since they're pretty much interchangeable). I spose the Ripple-and-reds crowd will love 'em all, but I'm more interested in the numbers that play some music. (Slade help me, I still like a bit of a tune buried in the boogie bog.)

"Step Outside" is the big R&B rip-off, as Foghat acts Sly and gets the Shaft; but it's kinda catchy too, like the grunge. "Wild Cherry" smashes and slashes, with somebody bashing away on piano like a high-schooler confidently attempting Jerry Lee. And "That'll Be the Day" grinds vintage Savoy Brown into demented Delaney & Bonnie—with Buddy Holly and the Crickets victimized in the process. Yet it's a pleasant enough sample of what the best of *Energized* is up to—hot 'n' heavy high-energy rock, about as subtle as an elephant joke.

Which reminds me of the one I just made up. Why'd the elephant stumble in out of the rain and rummage thru his trunk? He was looking for his Foghat. Yuk, yuk. All you patrons of ponderous pachydermics need look no further than *Energized*.



## SINGLES

BY GREG SHAW

Faithful readers of the PRM singles page will have noted by now the change in format. Henceforth, this space will be given over to *Juke Box Jury*, a column which has been appearing for the past three years in another magazine. The column's goal is to provide comprehensive coverage of the vast field of singles, to keep you informed of unusual and hard-to-find releases that might otherwise go unnoticed, and to comment when necessary on current hits and trends in popular music. Small record companies and individuals who put out or come across interesting releases are urged to send them to me, c/o this magazine, for review. I will also make occasional mention of fanzines and other ephemeral flotsam of the rock culture, so send that stuff too, and any other odds & ends that come up—think of this column as the rock & roll fan's clearing house for info of all sorts; if you got any questions, send those too with a stamped envelope and we'll try to answer 'em.

There are a few preliminary things to say about the state of AM radio in 1974. The first is that in the past year or so R&B has taken over the charts to a degree unprecedented in the history of pop music. Of the current "Hot 100," forty are by black artists, and most of those are in the upper reaches of the chart. It's a whole field unto itself, impossible to do justice to in the context of this column, and though we will be making mention of exceptional recordings or those with pop overtones (such as the Stylistics' "Rockin' Roll Baby"), you can expect to see a new column appearing soon, devoted exclusively to rhythm & blues singles. Stay tuned.

The second thing that needs saying is that there's sure a lot of garbage around. I like MOR more than the next guy but with Diana Ross and Barbra Streisand fighting it out with imitations of each other, the latter becoming the *No. 1 record in the country*—well, it makes for a lot of knob twisting. Same for the Allman Bros. who may be alright as a boogie band, but "Jessica" (Capricorn 0036) is really too much. Even their most ardent, soporized fan (hi Lester) couldn't deny with a straight face that this song is no more than a tribute to Vince Guaraldi. And there's more trash where that came from. "Spiders and Snakes," "Rock & Roll Hoochie Koo," "Mockingbird"—who really cares?

Well a lot of us do, actually. And fortunately there's a lot of good music around to be supported. Brownsville Station has finally made an overdue breakthrough, ELO's "Showdown" still sounds good after several months of airplay, and ditto for Rundgren's "Hello It's Me." I don't spot any contenders on this scale among the new crop of releases, but there are some choice items you'll want to check out.

One record I can't admit I like without starting arguments is "Eres Tu" by Mocedades (Tara 100). My wife says it sounds like Streisand, but I hear something a lot more special: a

voice somewhere between Dusty Springfield and Lynsey De Paul (just listen to the way she goes "Oooo OooOooOooo...") and an arrangement with all the majesty of a national anthem. Surely this is greatness. From there it's an easy step to Jonathan King's "Kung Fu Anthem" (UK 49018) which follows in his tradition of making great records to cash in on passing trends. This one finds Jonathan mouthing such lyrics as "Aaugh!" and "Unnn!" to a track that sounds like "Telstar" by the Tornados. The old guru's in this one too. I dunno if it's art, but it's undoubtedly martial . . .

He doesn't do it on that one, but one of King's most charming ploys is putting utterly ridiculous things on his B-sides. The flip of Simon Turner's "California Revisited" (UK 49017) was a good example, where Simon introduced himself, gave his vital statistics, and thanked one and all for having bought his single. On the flip of "Satisfaction" (UK 49020) Jonathan takes it further, singing about his latest album and how each song was made, with several exhortations to purchase same.

Along the same lines, there's an absurd new version of "Hooked On A Feeling" by Blue Swede (EMI 3627) that's pretty straight bubble except for a recurring chorus of Swedes in war paint chanting "Hooga-chucka, hooga-chucka!". Chris Knight of the Brady Bunch has waxed a version of the only song not covered in the great Osmond/Jackson 5 "Bobby Day Revival" of 1972. Of course "Over and Over" (Paramount 0177) is every bit as good as you'd expect—and you can take that any way you want! Also not to be ignored is the latest from Mac & Katie Kissoon, the originators of "Mammy Blue." They're still with Miki Dallon, and have just issued "Love Will Keep Us Together" (Bell 436), a Neil Sedaka tune that's just catchy enough to give them a hit—along with the fact that Mac (or Katie) sounds a lot like little Jimmy Osmond.

Here's some big news: Slade's new single is out, and it's good. "Good Time Gals" (WB 7777) isn't quite as stupendous as "Skweeze Me" or "Cum On Feel the Noize" but it is a solid raver. One of these days, Slade is gonna make it. Those who bought "Natural Man" by Marcus Hook Roll Band (Capitol 3505) and recognized it as one of the true milestones of '70s glitterglam pop will be disappointed by the belated release of their second and final single, "Louisiana Lady" (EMI 3560). A stiff on all counts, but reports from Australia indicate that the further adventures of these former Easybeats will be worth following. We'll keep you posted.

Fludd, who've been doing some exciting things up Canada way, have a new U.S. label. First release is "Cousin Mary" (Sire 710), good but no match for "C'mon C'mon" which should've come out here. The Sweet are no doubt embarrassed by the re-release of their very first record,

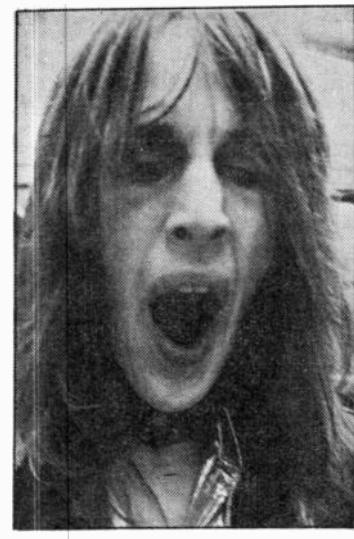
"It's Lonely Out There" (20th Century 2033) but we should be grateful. The song's never been available in this country, and finds them in their Grass Roots phase. Not bad. Don't know if I can say the same for Leo Sayer's "The Show Must Go On" (WB 7768). Sayer is currently the biggest attraction in England, with his greasepaint and circus schtick, but the best parts of this song are the purely musical moments, which are unfortunately couched in a bit too much theatricality.

"Rock 'n Roll Band" by Bjorn & Benny (Playboy 50025) is a record I've mentioned before, and Flo & Eddie don't like it, but I must point out that some stations are beginning to play it so there's some slight chance of it becoming the hit it was meant to be. If you could dig a hot, crisply produced combination of the Raspberries, Lobo, and the Cowsills, get this one while you can. Records like this come along all too rarely.

Some notable country releases: Bobby Lee Trammell has remade (in the recent tradition of Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee) his first rockabilly hit, "You're the Mostest Girl" (Capitol 3801). It's a fairly faithful and quite boppable version. Also Bob Luman's "Still Loving You" (Epic 11039), written by Troy Shondell, sounding like Conway Twitty imitating Elvis, and Tanya Tucker's "Would You Lay With Me" (Columbia 45991), another fine scorcher from this teenage sensation.

Oldies: Would you believe a remake of "There's A Moon Out Tonight" (by Truk) is currently No. 2 in Milwaukee? That's how regional hits like this end up released on national labels (UA 393), not that the rest of the country cares. And how about "Very Precious Oldies" by the Five Satins (Kirshner 4251)? It sounds like a parody, but these relics are series. Funny thing, they have the voices to be one of the top soul groups around, but who wants to hear about oldies? A Beach Boys remake, on the other hand, is always welcome. "God Only Knows" by Henson (Fame 385) deserves to be heard. A terrific little tune to start with, it loses nothing in this Lobo-like arrangement. Nice.

The first release on Neil Bogart's Casablanca label is "Virginia" by Bill Amesbury, an odd record to be sure and a definite hit possibility. It's a smooth pop production on one level, a John Denver strummer on another, and what's with all those people screaming in the studio? Another first release, this one on the Haven label (owned by famed ABC producers Lambert & Potter) is Gene Redding's "This Heart" (7000). It's the kind of sound that's done wonders for the Four Tops, an alternative to the asceptic Philly Sound, and a winning formula I've yet to grow tired of. Reminds me a bit of "Come and Get Your Love" by Redbone (Epic 11036), and who would've believed those guys would ever make such a listenable record? I guess they weren't all wounded at Wounded Knee . . .



## TODD RUNDGREN SPEAKS

(continued from page 19)

album marked a beginning of new forms of communication—basing my musical ideas on responses other than just purely physical or material. In the *Wizard* album I was just discovering a different language. In the new album, it is more of a discourse in this new language—telling what I've discovered with this new attitude—that is, out of directing my attention to things other than material—to other states on consciousness. It's very hard to describe even that aspect of it. It's more apparent if you listen to the record, than if I try to describe it—or use terms like "cosmic" or "astral." It all has very little relevance in a conversational context.

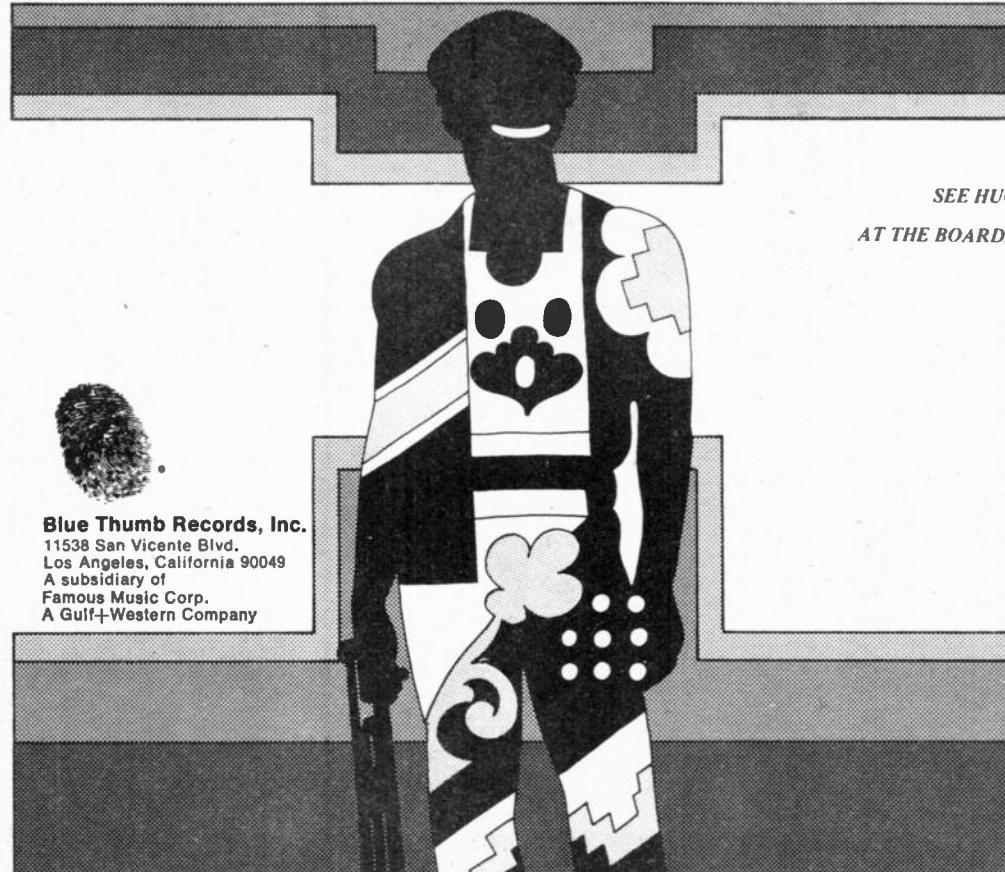
Right now I'm working on an album with Utopia, which expresses other ideas. It's a separate group that I'm a member of, where we do music written by all the members of the band—M. Frog; Moogy Klingman; John Siegler; Kevin Ellman; Ralph Shuckett; and me—six in all. The first original concept of Utopia seemed to be a little too far out for everybody, and we took it out on the road for about two weeks to mixed reaction, so we just decided it was a waste of energy. I had a lot of things to do at the time, and was having a change of attitude, so I decided to take it off the road for awhile. Now we've toured very successfully, with a change of personnel and show concept, and we're touring again in March. I do a solo set first, which sometimes involves the use of pre-recorded tapes. Some people don't get used to it too easily, but to me it's like television—it's really like a big TV show—then in the second half I come out with the whole band.

One of the things about the musical direction I'm moving in is to experience fewer and fewer limitations in terms of who you are and what you have to do. Things are becoming less and less stylized in any one direction. I also recorded a type of eclectic music in the past, but at the same time I was still writing within the "song style"—songs 3-4 minutes long, six on a side, etc. I was very involved in perfecting that style, and I just got fed up with that. Then I did the *Wizard* album where the song ideas ranged from 15 seconds to 10 minutes. A further refinement of that idea is represented in *Todd*, and the refinement is that I'm breaking down all these barriers—removing the six spirals—just saying there are no limitations as to what is sung about or what the music sounds like, or how long it is . . . or whether it is even music at all.

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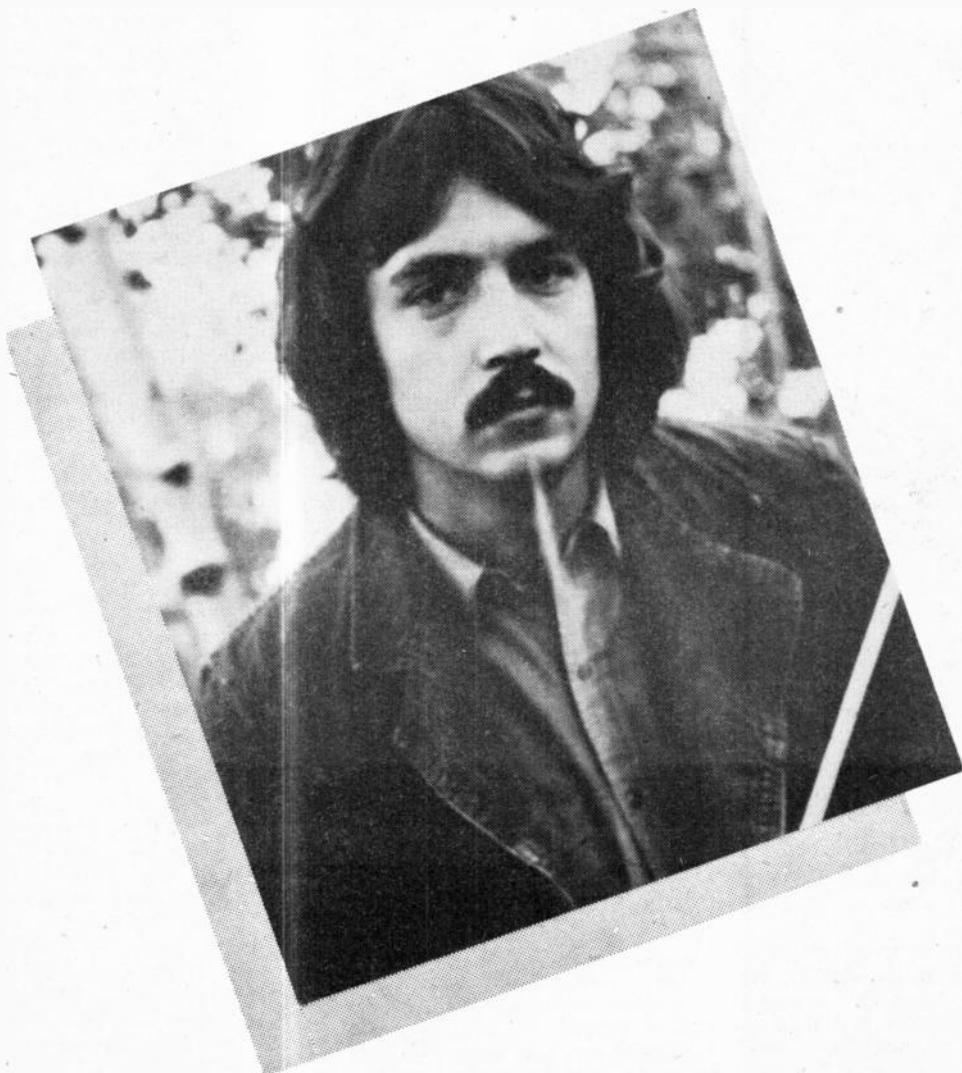
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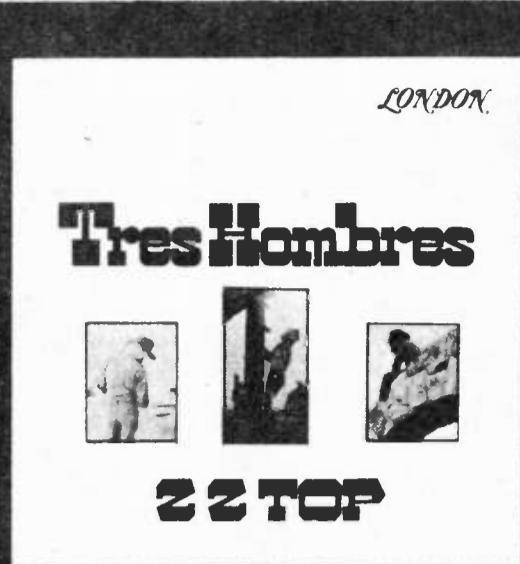
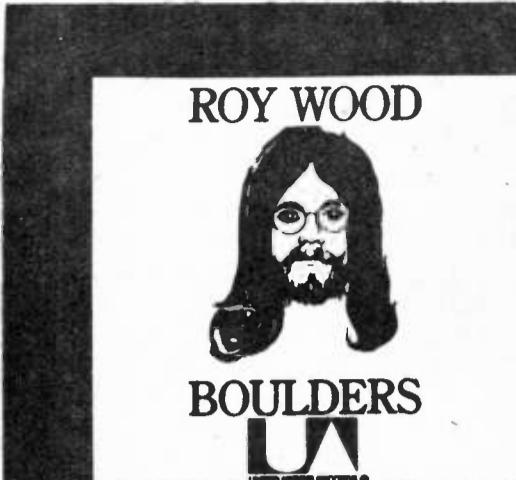
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