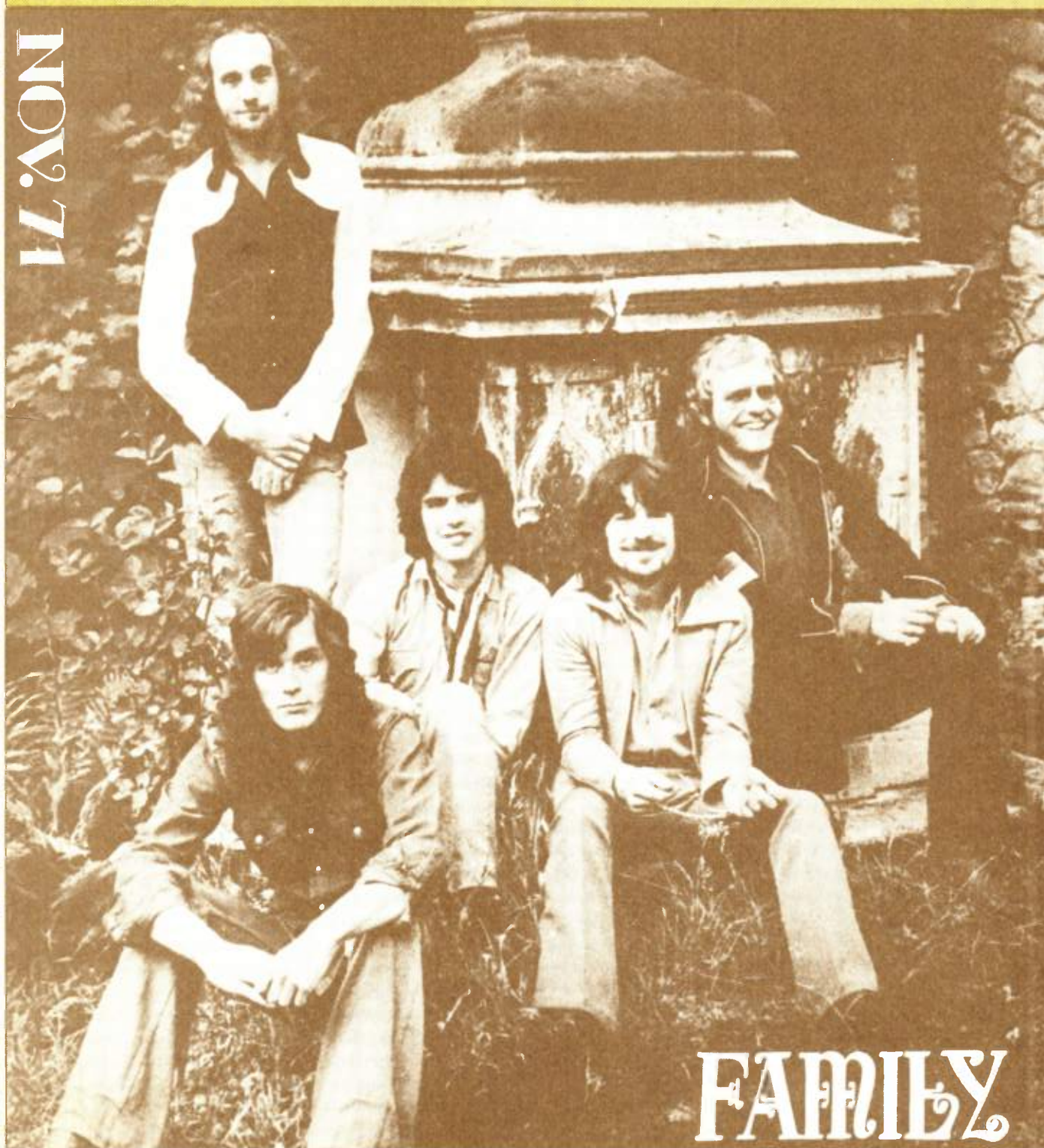


PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

30¢

NOV. 71



FAMILY

Rod Stewart at The Long Beach Arena Long Beach, California.





PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

(c. 1971 U.A. Records)
8824 Betty Way/W. Hollywood
California 90069
VOL II NO. 2

Editor: MARTIN ROBERT CERF
Copy Editor: Michelle Straubing
Design: Martin Cerf
Production: Ernie Taylor
Inspiration: Bob Cato
Radio editorial co-ordinator: Bill Roberts
East Coast editor: Patti Johnson
writers: Bobby Abrams, Colman Andrews,
Lester Bangs, Harold Bronson, Bob Chorush,
John Ingham, Mike Gormely, Mark Leviton,
Andrew Lauder, Richard Meltzer, John Morthland,
Turk Nirkind, John Mendelsohn, Greg Shaw, Pat
Salvo, Lewis Segal, Jon Tiven, Gary von Tersch,
Michael Watts & (last and least in this issue
only) FRANK ZAPPA

Phonograph Record Magazine is published monthly by United Artists Records. Manuscripts should be submitted c/o The Copy Editor, 6920 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028. Phone 213-161-9141 Ext. 291. PRM is distributed nationally by United Distributing Corp. (UDC). To obtain service contact your nearest branch or write to the Circulation Dept., 8824 Betty Way, West Hollywood, California 90068.

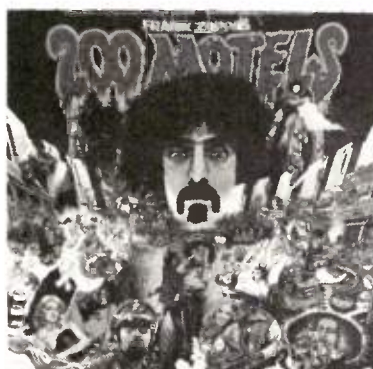
ONE FREE WITH A SUBSCRIPTION TO PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE



Savoy Brown/Street Corner Talkin



Traffic/Welcome to the Canteen



Frank Zappa/200 Motels



Uriah Heep/Look at Yourself



PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

Subscription Dept.
6920 Sunset Bl.
Hollywood, California 90028

Dear Editor, I think your magazine is real nifty and being the avid rock and roll sponge that I am I want to absorb Phonograph Record for the next twelve months. I also want a free record the title of which I have listed below. Enclosed you'll find my check for \$2.75 for a years subscription plus \$.50 handling for the shipping of my free album (get it here within ten days please).

My Name is _____

I Live at _____

In the state of _____ Zip _____

1st Album Choice _____ 2nd _____

Performances

SPIRIT IN FLESH The Fillmore East New York

The Fillmore is closed. The Fillmore IS closed. The Fillmore IS CLOSED, or is it? The restless, high-strung young people, former residents of the now dark Second Avenue theater, have been forced to find a new outlet for their Vagabond zealotry. Some of the spirit of the Fillmore appears to have found a haven at the legendary Carnegie Hall, the very same Carnegie Hall that in our father's day represented the peak of high-brow musical achievement. Presently, the noble theater still plays host to a season of visiting ballets, symphonic orchestras and illustrious conductors but the real excitement within the hallowed walls is created by sell-outs . . . last week there were two of them: Wednesday night Spirit In Flesh appeared and Friday night the Beach Boys shook up the venerable Hall.

Spirit In Flesh was an experience in explosive, hypnotic psychedelia. The assemblage of equipment on stage resembled that of early Blue Cheer performances: an inspiring symposium of amps and other immense equipment to be utilized by the eight assorted instrumentalists (in addition there were three or four female background vocalists) during what was to be a high energy evening. The group, the public expression of a two hundred member commune in Warwick, Massachusetts, called The Brotherhood of the Spirit, put on a dynamic show, enhanced by the popular Joe's Lights, which established the proper mood for the event.

Unfortunately, the visual and aural dynamics of the evening were not matched by musical prowess on any level. All the various components of the group appeared to be in fine working order but the total lacked cohesiveness. There was some striking work by guitarists Pod Leslie and Tater Howes and bassist, John Sullivan. The percussions were aggressive, driving, and the vocals by Mike Metelica, the group's guru and founder of the commune were, when audible over the electronics, adequate. The excitement and the Spirit were there, but the balance and the composition were missing.

That didn't dampen the spirit of the crowd in the least. Caught up in the adrenalin excitement of the group, the mass gyrated and bounced catalytically. In spite of their lack of musical adeptness, Spirit In Flesh did communicate with the young audience for almost two hours, taking all their restlessness and channeling it into one massive energy source. Now, if someone can just figure out a constructive use for all that energy . . .

—By Patti Johnson

RANDY NEWMAN & IAN MATTHEWS The Troubador LA

Randy Newman looks like a kid you used to know in high school—the one who always read Scientific American and got A's in trig. Which has nothing to do with the fact that he plays piano in a way that suggests a stripped-down version of the New York/orchestral-piano/stride style, generously filled out with evidence of the proficient assimilation of several dozen pop/schlock/rock/cabaret/supper club idioms, and polished off with an overall gloss that suggests a strung-out recreation of Gene Austin. He's not at all your ordinary, run-of-the-mill, rock-and-roll teenage heart-throb, in other words.

Newman, who has been coaxed into making very few live appearances in the past, seemed genuinely overwhelmed by the considerable audience reaction that greeted him as he took the stage at The Troubador. Nobody laughed when he sat down to play, but, after he had been at it for awhile, there were most definitely some ironic smiles in the house. But then, presumably, that's at least a part of what he's after.

He sang, it seemed, damned near everyone of his better and better-known songs, including "A Lover's Prayer" ("Don't send me no one with glasses/Don't send me no one goes to night classes"), "Suzanne" (his own song about a rapacious rapist's fondest fantasies, not Leonard Cohen's mystico-poetic lay of the same name), "Yellow Man" ("a song about Albania's only ally", which he has elsewhere described as "a pin-head's view of China"), "Living Without You", "Lucinda", "Simon Smith and his Amazing Dancing Bear", "So Long Dad", "Tickle Me" (with its brief melodic hints of "She Smiled Sweetly"), "Love Story" (which, of course, has absolutely nothing to do with either Francis Lai or Erich Segal, both of whom should be so lucky), "Maybe I'm Doing It Wrong" (which is undoubtedly the most economical ex-

A standing ovation brought him back. Someone called out for "Mama Told Me Not To Come". He seemed surprised. "Didn't I sing that one already?" he asked. When assured that he hadn't, he did. It is, needless to say, virtually a different song when he sings it, conducted on a level of parody and prosody that Dog group can't even conceive of.

It's typical of Newman's delightfully perverse, intricately antic genius that it is difficult to identify, let alone define, the elements that so totally set him apart from every other writer of songs in the world today. In a review of Jerzy Skolimowski's new film "Deep End", Penelope Gilliat has written that the director "has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is." I doubt that Newman is Polish, but the same thing is true of his songs, in spades. And that's no joke.



Above: The Beach Boys appear in concert at the Hollywood Bowl November 1, 1963.
Below: The Boys are shown on stage at the Whisky, June 1, 1971.

pression of sexual ennui ever penned), "Home Again", "Beehive State" (which is based on "St. James Infirmary", isn't it?), "Cowboy" (a very sad song), "Old Kentucky Home" (his, not Foster's), "Davy the Fat Boy" (and God what a song that is—a short, serio-comic exposition of the nature of exploitation), and a thoroughly Weilly "Lonely at the Top", the nature of whose intended irony changes constantly as Newman himself actually approaches said "top." He finished with a new song that might be called "Sail Away" or "In America" (then again it might not). It is, he explained, his idea of the pitch a slave-trader might give to Africans to get them on the boat for America. It's funny and bitter and sharp, a fine song even if it does sound an awful lot like "Jawbone."

Ian Matthews, who opened the evening, has to be admired. Several weeks earlier, he had been booked into the same spot, as a supporting act to Donny Hathaway, the r&b singer and piano-pounder. The audiences were Hathaway's, and they spared no effort in making Matthews feel unwelcome, talking loudly throughout his songs, addressing rather rude comments to him from time to time, and applauding wildly when he announced the end of his set. Opening night, he walked off the stage after two songs of his second set, and the next night was his last.

The funny thing about his return, though—brave and otherwise commendable as it was—he seemed to have played and sung better earlier, under more adverse circumstances. Or maybe

the sympathetic listener was just willing to give him more the first time. In any case, his performance was nice enough the second time around. His backup group boasts the presence of Richard Thompson, a lanky but cherubic guitarist of fantastic abilities, who is, like Matthews, a veteran of Fairport Convention. The interesting thing about Matthews is that, though his music obviously owes a great deal to Fairport and to the English folk tradition from which it came, still he has a sound that is very much his own, a distinctly non-folkish linearity that sets him apart from many lesser folk-born singers.

His set was substantially the same as some weeks earlier, including his own songs "If You Saw Through My Eyes" and "Be My Friend", Thompson's remarkable "Genesis Hall", Eric Andersen's "Close the Door Lightly", and Richard Farina's "Reno Nevada". High points were a four-man a cappella rendition of The Ronettes' masterpiece "Then He Kissed Me", and Thompson's solo on "Reno Nevada", which was positively Byzantine in its superficial elegance, its interior intricacy.

—By Colman Andrews

THE BEACH BOYS Carnegie Hall New York

Preparing for them that Friday night, going through my alphabetically filed LP collection, stopping at B, and playing Surfin', Surfin' Safari, Pet Sounds, Sunflower, and their latest album, Surf's Up, I reflected on the development of the Beach Boys as a musical aggregation, and the parallels between their development and that of an entire generation of young people. Strangely enough, when I arrived at Carnegie Hall that night I found that it wasn't filled with members of that generation that had matured with them during the past decade but the same group who had been present just a few nights earlier to see Spirit In Flesh: the Grand Funk generation, just slightly too young to have grown up with the sounds of the Beach Boys. The audience was at a fever pitch even before the show had begun—milling around, throwing spit wads and paper airplanes, shouting across the room to nobody-in-particular. Unfortunately, when the group, flanked by their ever growing entourage of back-up musicians, came out onto the stage, the restlessness didn't subside. A boisterous faction of the audience kept the group competing most of the evening for the mainstream of attention.

But the Beach Boys are a group of professionals and they continued and put on a spectacular show, alternating between the old, simplistic, ho-daddy rock numbers and the new lyrically meaningful, texturally rich compositions: "God Only Knows", "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and "Sloop John B" with their vocal calliope and delicate harmonies; the pounding, good-timey "Little Deuce Coupe" and "Good Vibrations"; the listen-for-a-message songs, "Don't Go Near The Water", "Lookin' At Tomorrow" and "Student Demonstration Time"; "Cool, Cool Water", featuring an outstanding sax solo by an unnamed member of the horn section and elliptical vocal harmonies; Bruce Johnston's mellifluous, gentle, "Disney Girl"; and on and on.

With the ever increasing absence of Brian as a traveling performer, Carl Wilson, Mike Love, and Al Jardine have emerged as stronger vocal personalities, each of them a more enjoyably stylized soloist than before, although the majority of the added responsibilities have fallen on Carl's shoulders.

The Beach Boys and their contemporaries have spent a decade developing, becoming aware of themselves and branching out. One can't help but wonder where they or their generation will be in five or ten or twenty years.

—By Patti Johnson

BORROWED THYME Alexanders Cincinnati, Ohio

It was cold and rainy but that didn't seem to affect the size of the crowd or dampen their spirits. The atmosphere at Alexanders was a festive one, reminiscent of the rowdy honky tonks and speakeasies that are such a fascinating chapter in this nation's romantic history. It was a night for drinking beer and laughing and dancing and Borrowed Thyme was there to

(please turn to page 25)

THEN, NOW & INBETWEEN MANFRED MANN



Photo courtesy of Polydor Records

PREFACE

Manfred Mann in his pendulum-like exploration of the modern music scene has at given times emerged himself in more fully committed idioms than just about anyone else. He started out in the Mann-Hugg Blues Brothers and played jazz and blues. Then came the "Do Wah Diddy" remembered Manfred Mann group that at alternate moments produced genuine blues, pop, rock, and later on briefly, progressive-rock. The next form of the band which was "Mighty Quinn" inspired, restricted them to pop and rock. This conglomeration was disbanded in favor of Manfred Mann Chapter III which started out jazz-rock and ended very much jazz. That too was dissolved, and now Manfred has swung the other way, back to rock.

AN EXPLORATION OF THE FOUR CHAPTERS OF MANFRED MANN

BY HAROLD BRONSON

CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER 1

Manfred Mann was born in South Africa and was taught piano by an instructor from Julliard. He wore plastic rimmed glasses and a neatly-trimmed fringe beard, and looked like a glumpy Dirk Bogard. Joining up with a quiet Portsmouthian drummer, Mike Hugg, together they formed the Mann-Hugg Blues Brothers which soon evolved into the Manfred Mann group.

Blues was what they played, but they were very open to ideas, and the success of the Beatles was not without its influential effects. Initially, in addition to the blues, they were very heavily jazz influenced, unlike just about any rock group at that time. Aside from Mann's and Hugg's inclinations in that direction, Mike Vickers was a decisive force. He was very interested in classical music in addition to jazz and blues. (It's a wonder noting Vickers' and Mann's exposure to the classical that more of this form didn't creep into their music.) Vickers' alto sax solos during the breaks were identifiable with jazz, as were his occasional flute solos which sounded similar at times, like on "Without You", to what Ian Anderson is doing now. (I bet there's no telling how big Manfred Mann could have become if Vickers had only let his hair frizz out, donned a baggy coat and stood on one leg.) Because the group couldn't find a guitarist, Vickers picked that up too, and although he was adequate, this was the group's weakest point — his wind solos were more impressive. Sometimes he even performed sax duets with himself.

Manfred doesn't consider this group's musicianship exceptional, yet they cohered very well, and their arrangements

were incredibly good, better than anyone else's. The band possessed a knowledge of the elements of their music and were more attuned to these elements than most of the knowledgeable other pop groups. Hugg was an extremely tasteful drummer and played colorful vibes as well. Tom McGuinness, who looked not unlike a beardless Manfred, rounded out the rhythm section on bass.

In fact, all this talent was detrimental because whenever the group went into the studio they overdubbed their records and consequently could never play live as satisfactorily as they could on record.

Lead singer/harmonica player Paul Jones was the natural star of the group even though he had nobby knees. He attended Oxford for a period and was considered an intellectual. Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley were noticeable influences and blues was his music. The band became so commercially aware that they began recording Broadway pop tunes, like "Hi Lili Hi Lo" and "Since I Don't Have You," doing them fairly well, mind you, and during these numbers it's not too hard to picture Jones as the arms-extended Engelbert Humperdinck cabaret singer.

Their first album, *The Manfred Mann Album*, is an important entity as it focuses on the group's original directions which were subsequently altered. The only pop tune included is the Barry-Greenwich "Do Wah Diddy." On paper it's just a bubble gummy "Yummy Yummy Yummy" with lines like "There she was just walking down the street singing 'do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'." A nice hummable tune, right? The Manfred's vibrant version was punctuated with short powered phrases and was far superior to anything that was later to be termed bubble gum. It became a number one in the fall of 1964 and set the boys on their road in search of pop stardom. (It wasn't their first single, though, that one was "5-4-3-2-1.")

The bulk of the rest of the album was composed of the standard blues things that other groups were doing like "Smokestack Lightning," and "Got My Mojo Working." On "Down the Road Apiece" Jones' raggedy, grainy voice was similar to Mick Jagger's, and broadly speaking comparable in dynamics, delivery, and influences to Them's Van Morrison, Animals' Eric Burdon, and Jagger. The next three albums minimized the blues. Jazz and cocktail pop songs dominated. Additionally, the group contributed some promising original compositions, but the impact of each LP was decidedly less than that first one, nevertheless each had its bits of interesting enough material. They continued their string of hit singles in Europe, but after "Do Wah Diddy" and a follow-up, "Sha La La," they passed out of the picture nationally, if not locally, in America.

During the recording of the group's fifth album, Vickers confessed his distaste for



Manfred Mann as he appeared in 1964: Chapter One, "Do Wah Diddy"

U.A. photo

his current role in the pop scene and quit the group to compose. He was replaced by bassist Jack Bruce as McGuinness went to guitar. Jack played on the *Pretty Flamingo* Lp, and recorded a progressive-rock Lp called "Instrumental Assassination." Despite Bruce's talent, the album's bass playing was restrained, and quite frankly was indistinguishable from McGuinness'. *Pretty Flamingo*, even though a work that redefined the group's goals at the moment, is pivotal in retrospect as it was, in reality, the final album from the first chapter of the group. In song selection it was about the same as the previous three, but the quality was superior. Bruce brought a Max Roach tune for the group to do, a six-bar blues, "Driva Man." Also featured is the big-hit-everywhere-but-in-America title track, "Pretty Flamingo," and the so-far best version of "I Put A Spell On You." Bruce left after the album to form Cream.

The group composed and recorded an exceptional soundtrack, *Up The Junction*, and in 1967 Jones departed. He starred in a movie about a pop star, *Privilege*, that was poignant in affect if plodding in presentation. Peter Asher produced his first solo album, but for the most part he became a theatrical star, which seemed to be only a natural progression of his star-studded destiny.

"We were so nervous about the whole success thing," recounted Mann. "Our big lead singer star of the '60's had left and everyone thought the band would fold. We were so worried about getting a new lead singer and some more hit singles and not failing and landing up delivering milk in the morning. It was a success thing at the time, we had to get someone to sing lead, carrying on the same way as we did."

CHAPTER TWO

Replacing Bruce was bassist Klaus Voormann who already had gained some notoriety by doing the Beatles *Revolver* cover. Mike d'Abo played flute and replaced Jones as lead guitarist. This was the start of "Chapter II," and they made an auspicious one by scoring with another number one, "The Mighty Quinn." (From what I've heard, Bob Dylan considered Manfred Mann tops at interpreting his material. I have to agree. The aforementioned knack for arranging is probably the prime reason why the group succeeded so well, and to this day I've heard no better versions of "The Mighty Quinn," "With God On Our Side," and "If You Gotta Go, Go Now.")

Gone were Vickers, Bruce, and Jones, and so were the dominating blues and to a lesser extent jazz influences. Pop-rock all the way, that's what they were doing then. The *Mighty Quinn* Lp is the most indicative solid work of this lineup. Mann's keyboard became the dominant instrumental force, and there was a general lack of dynamics and "soul" that Vickers and Jones were largely responsible for previously. For some inexplicable reason the sound was still distinctly Manfred Mann. d'Abo sang lead and the band's now saccharine harmonies played a larger part than before. Aside from a few tunes the album was largely only average.

They had another handful of hits in England and then decided to dissolve. Mann: "The first two chapters were aiming for success more for its own sake and were prepared to compromise in order to attain it. Each record as the years went by was just a step further away from what we originally wanted to do. By doing those records we got into rock, we were never into rock before; we picked up new influences and got into new things. And because of five years of making pop records, we ended up feeling part of that scene and not in any sense feeling part of the jazz scene."

CHAPTER THREE

d'Abo recorded a solo album and gained fame as a cast member on *Superstar*. McGuinness formed McGuinness-Flint, and Voorman became an integral part of the Plastic Ono Band and is rumored to be the replacement for Paul if the Beatles get going again.

Mann and Hugg, on the other foot, sat around getting ideas together and made money composing music for commercials. They decided to stay together and convinced six musicians to join them calling themselves Manfred Mann Chapter III. Manfred wanted most of all to play live, and that's the prime reason for Chapter

III's formation. The pair's early adventures into jazz were stifled by the tempting success in the rock format, and I suppose Mann and Hugg felt that they had to allow that original natural direction to take its course in forming this new band. Consequently Chapter III's sound was a drastic change from the previous two groups, and emerged as a jazz-rock hybrid. There was a horn section and at times their contributions smacked of Charlie Mingus and Don Ellis. Hugg switched to piano and sang in a very Dr. John-ish deliberate, hoarse intensity. He dominated as composer, and as in his days with the other chapters, he contributed some noteworthy stuff. He also shined lyrically; one of his better compositions, "Mister You're a Better Man Than I" appeared on an earlier Yardbirds' album as well as the first Chapter III Lp: "Can you judge a man by the way he wears his hair/Can you read his mind by the clothes he wears/ Can you judge a man by the pattern on his tie/ Then mister you're a better man than I."

Once again Mann and Hugg furnished their group with exquisite arrangements, and the first Lp succeeded very well. Of interesting note is "Traveling Lady" which was featured on the B side of the previous group's "Ragamuffin Man" single. Essentially the same song, it was titled originally "A 'B' Side."

It wasn't very long before the brass started to take over and Mann realized that Chapter III was more Hugg's baby than his. So they recorded one more album, *Volume II*, which was very much like the first Lp, except for more occurrences of free form and more of a tendency for jazz instead of rock. Sub-

sequently some of the brass was dropped and two girl singers were added, but Mann still wasn't happy.

CHAPTER FOUR

Sometime before the recording of that second album, though, Mann confessed his doubts to me. "We could do things that would likely make the group more successful. We could drop the brass and get a hip swinging guy up front to sing and play guitar. . . Hey, that's not a bad idea!" We both chuckled. Little did either of us know at the time, but that's precisely what Manfred did. Earlier this year Mann, having split from the now dissolved Chapter III and long-time buddy Mike Hugg, collected vocalist/guitarist/hip swinger Mick Rodgers, bassist Collin Pattender, and drummer Chris Slade in a slightly more progressive pop-rock group whose first album, *Earthbound*, is soon to be released on Polydor Records. The group seems to be doing everything from pop and rock to shades of jazz. The most noticeably identifiable influence is Free, a band Manfred has liked from the very beginning. Dylan's "Please Mrs. Henry" sounds a little like "All Right Now," while "Tribute" reminds one of some of Free's easily-flowing things. Rodger's zooming, sustained guitar notes smoothly strung together often provide the lead focal point.

They recorded an album (which contributed to the break up of the Turtles) that their record company, White Whale, refused to release. On those tracks the group sounded a little like Steppenwolf (believe it or not), and White Whale felt that Turtles' fans everywhere would be

alienated. "I don't think the first two chapters had that much of a following — those who went out and bought every record, observed Mann, "people more or less just bought a song that they heard and liked." With no large groups of followers expecting an identifiable sound from the new Manfred Mann band, one suspects that the group will record whatever Manfred desires, everything from pop and rock to some occasional jazz.

Manfred claims that this band is his best live group. Mann, rippling his fingers up and down his keyboards, sports a familiar Mickey Mouse shirt and reminds one of Elton John. It's nice to have Mann back in rock, and although his ambitions have never spawned innovations worthy of fantastic acclaim, he's constantly offered quality music of a level that other more popular artists have trouble attaining. Perhaps Mann summed things up best when he said, "I want to get out on stage and play, play good rock music so that it is an enjoyable evening for everyone."

APPENDIX

The Manfred Mann Album (Ascot ALS 16015)
The Five Faces of Manfred Mann (Ascot ALS 16018)
My Little Red Book of Winners (Ascot ALS 16021)
Mann Made (Ascot ALS 16024)
Pretty Flamingo (United Artists UAS 6549)
Greatest Hits (United Artists UAS 6551)
Up the Junction (Mercury)
What a Mann (British Fontana SFL 13003)
The Mighty Quinn (Mercury SR 61168)
Manfred Mann Chapter Three (Polydor 24-4013)
Volume Two (English Vertigo 6360012)



At the top is Manfred Mann Chapter One 1964. From left to right are; Manfred Mann, Mike Vickers, Paul Jones, Mike Hugg, Tom McGuinness. The Bottom photo exhibits Manfred Mann Chapter IV 1971. (L to R); Chris Slade (drums), Mick Rodgers (guitar, vocals), Manfred Mann (keyboard, vocals), Collin Pattender (bass).

Photo credit: top, a U.A. photo
bottom: photo courtesy of Polydor Records

FAMILY

AN OUTLINE OF THE BAND

BY MICHAEL WATTS

IN THEIR OWN TIME

There's an old British maxim that occasionally finds its way into autograph books. It's called for want of a better title, the Seven P's, and it goes: Patient Plodding Persistently Practised Produces Permanent Prosperity.

The British, whose phlegm is a national characteristic, have got the Seven P's off by heart. The proof is in the pudding (which is another British saying, you should know). Leastways, they're still going, ain't they?

Family are British so they're well into the Seven P's. They have been patiently plodding since 1966, in fact, when the British underground sprang up around UFO, the club in London's Tottenham Court Road. Permanent prosperity? Well, they are still going too, which is more than you can say for most '66 underground bands. And recently they have had a single reach #4 on the English charts. The record's called "In My Own Time," and that's exactly how they like to do things.

The truth is that by both musical and commercial standards the band rates among the best that Britain has produced since the emergence of The Beatles. In the past five years they have put out five albums (including a compilation of old cuts and remixes, "Old Songs, New Songs") which have all made the charts, and had three top 30 singles, while on gigs they seldom go out for less than \$6,000, which puts them in the same financial category as The Who and Traffic.

Unfortunately, however, this is a situation that relates specifically to Britain and Europe. In America, despite two tours, the band has never hit in the same way, although the name is well-known and an undercurrent of appreciation exists.

FIRST U.S. TOUR '69

They have not taken off in the States for reasons of a tragi-comic nature. On the first tour in '69 they played the Fillmore East and Bill Graham threw a tantrum when a mike stand flung by lead singer Roger Chapman narrowly missed him. He didn't understand that Chapman normally throws objects around when he is performing.

Then again, the day before the Fillmore gig, which was their first American date, Rick Grech, the bass player who had been with them since they began in the Midlands city of Leicester, announced that he had been asked by Eric Clapton to join Blind Faith. Although he played the Fillmore, he quickly left to be replaced at short notice by John Weider, formerly of the Animals, who had to rush to New York from L.A. where he had been doing session work. In fact, Weider, who is essentially a violinist and acoustic guitarist, had to literally bone up on the bass within a few days.

When Roger Chapman lost his voice, because of unfamiliarity with the air conditioning in his hotel, and then his passport too, because of unfamiliarity with the habits of some New York girls, everybody was writing that tour off.

MORE PROBLEMS

The second one a year later in February went better, but the stream of hassles continued to occur. For one thing, their Record company, Warner-Reprise, seemed determined to connect them with that other Family, the Charles Manson one. In the words of their manager, Tony Gourvish, they felt they had been let down. So much so, in fact, that connections with Warner-Reprise in the States have now

been severed, although the European contract still holds.

According to Gourvish, however, their major drawback to success in the States was the mishandling by their first manager, John Gilbert, who was the producer behind "Alfie." Before they went to America he had put out two billboards on Sunset Strip advertising their first album, "Music In A Doll's House": "His supposition was that if he went heavy on advertising everyone in the country would go Family mad, and then he could take the band over and name the price. It was a major error."

Yes, they were badly handled, says Roger Chapman. "Because by rights, if he'd been any sort of manager we'd have come home as soon as he knew Rick was leaving. What manager in his right mind keeps his band in the States a week after they've been there and before they do a gig, and finding the bass player is leaving picks one up and rehearses on the road? That must've been the thing that clinched it for us."

Whatever the reasons, their musical creativity has not suffered. They have established a musical pattern of shifting rock rhythms, textured and coloured, by jazz intonations — the use of vibes with heavy sustain, for example, and electric piano used as embellishment.

FIRST RECORDING

DAVE MASON

/JIMMY MILLER

It's a pattern whose pieces have coalesced gradually, however. The first album was a cross between Chicago blues and soul with a mess of psychedelia thrown in to conform to the times (it was made at the beginning of 1968). Dave Mason produced it, Jimmy Miller had a hand in there, too, so it was released to the public with good credentials. Some people still believe it is the best thing they have ever done. Certainly, the songs — all of which, with the exception of "Mellowing Grey," a Mason composition, were written by Chapman and lead guitarist John "Charlie" Whitney — are still strong once you have unearthed them from the use of echo effects and the electronic dabbings. It sounds now, though, exactly like what it was at the time of recording: a group experimenting in the studio for the first time and trying to find its own milieu.

FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

The second one, "Family Entertainment," was a step forward in musicianship, but there's an edge of disappointment to it. Aside from "Weaver's Answer," (a superb song with beautifully-phrased lyrics in an epic vein and an acutely perceptive musical structure tailored to the narrative style) the songs tend to be too facile. It represents a phase when the band seemed to have felt they needed to be politically conscious. The lyrics on several of the cuts are often involved with decrying the stench of political corruption. That in itself is not a particularly bad thing, but they are too naive and on't carry the weight of conviction. The absolute nadir of that album was reached with a Grech composition, "How Hi The Li," which sounds like adolescent outrage, steeped in self-pity, at the injustices of world society.

POLI PALMER

The third, "A Song For Me," was ten



Above are the current Family. Top to bottom: Roger Chapman, John Wetton, John Whitney, Rob Townshend, Poli Palmer.



"One of the main arguments why we're not like Jethro Tull or Led Zeppelin and Ten Years After is because they've been playing their music like that for the past three or four years. We haven't. We've done something new all the while." — Roger Chapman

times better. With the arrival of Poli Palmer, a former drummer with the Blossom Toes and Deep Feeling (which included Jim Capaldi, as a singer, and Dave Mason), the musical direction crystallised. Palmer plays vibes, electric piano and flute, as well as being featured occasionally as second drummer beside Rob Townsend, and he has encouraged the band to swing more; he has given the music more sass and brought out in Roger Chapman, one of the very best white soul singers in Britain in the early sixties, that innate ability to extemporise vocally. It's too rigid a definition to say that he has engendered a jazz-rock fusion, but certainly the music has achieved a greater subtlety and flexibility both in mood and range of tempi. These qualities were all apparent on the album, which, like the one before, contained a masterpiece, in this case the title song, which has become their *chef d'oeuvre* at every concert.

The last album, "Anyway," is an extension of this direction. It's more sophisticated in every sense than their previous efforts. The production (which they have looked after themselves ever since the first album) is more assured, although it still sounds a little thin at times. The music is more artfully crafted, and the lyrics have a sensitivity about them which was missing from the earlier material. "Lives And Ladies," which is a meld of two songs, is notable for the way in which it juxtaposes so completely and without a jarring note, moods of nostalgia, delicate affection and stridency; while "Part Of The Load" is simply one of the best road songs that's been written — its jerky rhythm, pullulating like a piston, exactly communicates that sense of moving from one gig to another: the hastily snatched meals, the thoughts of home, distances being swallowed in great gulps.

OTHER TRANSITIONS

The band is currently working on their fifth album (tentatively titled *Fearless*) at Olympic Studios — this time with a new bass player, John Wetton who took over a few weeks ago from Weider. As he will be playing acoustic guitar and possibly piano as well, and is also being used as a second lead vocal with Chapman, it will be interesting to see in what ways the music will alter.

It's been noted earlier that, in geographical terms, the home of the band is in Leicester, a city in the heart of England. The core of the present group lies

in an early Leicester band called The Farinas, whose lineup revolved around Grech, Whitney and Jim King, a harp, tenorist and sopranoist who left Family after two albums because it had reached the point where he and the rest couldn't agree either socially or musically. In '66 Roger Chapman joined, at the request of Whitney, and things started to happen. They met John Gilbert and in '67 made "Scene Through The Eye Of A Lens" for Liberty.

Chapman and Whitney are absolutely central to the band. In broad terms, Chapman is the lyricist and Whitney the music-maker. Charlie isn't Eric Clapton; but then again he isn't Alvin Lee either. On stage he's self-effacing, despite that monster, twin-necked 18-string round his neck. He keeps the band together, acts as an anchor man, and makes his solos short and pithy.

Chapman is to Family what Jagger is to the Stones or Morrison was to the Doors. He's their image; they assume their corporate identity from his individual contribution. The others may establish the broad area of Family's music but he focuses it and sharply defines it; sets his seal on the final product.

ROGER CHAPMAN

In performance Chapman projects an excitement the equal of any rock vocalist today. He lacks the graceful sexuality of Jagger, or the theatrical humour of an Elton John, but his particular quality is just as valid. He is compelling because an air of caged animality comes across the spotlights. And every now and then he breaks loose, like hurling the mike stand into the front row; it all lends conviction to the performance.

As you watch him teetering wildly on the brink of the stage, his right arm furiously jabbing the air and his head rocking stiffly and trance-like on his shoulders, that initial impression of the slightly ridiculous, that sense of incongruity heightened by the savage, bleating vibrato, gives way to a feeling of menace. This man has just got to be insane!

Actually, he's far from it. The most immediate characteristic of his off-stage person is one of shyness and reserve, thus reinforcing the view that performance for many artists is a necessary self-catharsis. He explains that his performances are ways of working out the frustrations of his private existence, although he will readily admit that a few years ago he used to be "a right Herbert," and English expression for a tough guy:

"I can communicate with Herberts now because I was really well into it at one time. I know the way they think. None of them ever give me any aggro, if there is any going about. I think they know that even if I'm not where they are now, they know that I was. Really, I suppose getting into the scene was the best thing I ever did in my life, because I was bound to end up doing porridge, doing time in the nick (prison)."

Chapman began by doing soul and rock and roll numbers. His influences early on, he says, were The Coasters, Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran, followed a couple of years later by Ray Charles. There's still an element of Ray Charles about his singing. On "Willow Tree," a cut recorded live at Fairfield Hall in Croydon, just outside London, he unconsciously does one of those Charles hums at the end of the song with which Ray fades a number out.

Charles was followed as an influence by the deeper city bluesmen, like Muddy Waters, and then the country blues musicians, such as Fred McDowell, but like he says, you always get the influences that you don't even realise you are picking up: "I think of these guys like Charles, Hooker and McDowell because they're standouts, but there are maybe a hundred other people that I've liked and have influenced me slightly without me realising it. A lot of people used to reckon I copied Winwood, and although I appreciated Steve as a singer — which you have to because he's good — it really pissed me off that they should think I copied him. They couldn't see that Winwood was influenced by the same people I am. He was really into Hooker, Charles and Muddy Waters then, and so was I."

He's always had his vibrato, though, and in fact it's possible that Marc Bolan may have been influenced in vocal tone by Chapman. People have criticised Roger's voice as being too mannered and pointed out that before his success with Family, the vibrato was not nearly as much in evidence. He explains that in the beginning he had always been doing other people's songs and naturally assuming their phrasings. When he started to write his own, it meant falling back entirely on his own vocal characteristics.

"The vibrato has just come out more. I mean, I had it when I was 15. I had to use my imagination a lot more, because I had to sing a song I had never heard anybody sing before. I couldn't really sing it like Ray Charles."

The band as a whole, he says, were influenced quite a bit by the Byrds at one time, but now they are just going to keep right on progressing in their own groove.

"I don't think we stop, whereas all the monster bands on a commercial level have gotten to their own musical height and stopped there. Because somebody says our latest album's great it doesn't mean to say we've gotta keep doing it for the next two or three years. One of the main arguments why we're not like Jethro Tull or Led Zeppelin and Ten Years After is because they've been playing their music like that for the past three or four years. We haven't. We've done something new all the while. That's as far as they can get musically. We've always put the accent on music instead of the commercial side of the band. I'm not corny enough to say we don't want that sort of recognition but we want to do it in our own way in our own good time."

"There's one thing about our band. Okay, you might not like our particular style but I don't think people can turn round and say we are a bad band. You can say, okay, I don't like the music they play, but for what they do they do it well. We don't try to be original; that's another thing. We just write songs, arrange 'em and play 'em. So if anybody doesn't dig us we just have to say we can't play any other way."

USA FOR THE THIRD TIME

The basic test of their durability will come when they make their third tour of the States, as yet unscheduled. They understand they're not really big in America but believe they left some people rooting for them when they last played here. The colleges really took to them, they point out. And so did Boston:

"Boston was a good gig for us," says Roger. "They seem to be really into us there, probably more than anywhere else in the States. We sold more albums in Boston than in the rest of America, I think. But I really don't think they were prepared for us. We blew their heads off in one way or another. They really didn't expect what came on the stage."

"When we played in the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco, they didn't really know us, except for a very small smattering of people. Of course, they announced us and all the audience started getting up to the bar to get a drink. Then we started. I tell you, we stopped them in their tracks. Those audiences wondered what the fucking hell was happening."

Yessir. So give 'em a listen some time. See if you can figure out what's going on.



SAVOY BROWN: A return to the basics.

In the early days of British blues groups none could top the raw, dirty, Chicago blues style of Savoy Brown. That was well over five years ago.

The Savoy Brown of today is virtually a new band.

Of course there have been some problems, including 38 personnel changes since the beginning, but the quality of that special brand of sound that has become a trademark for Savoy Brown has not been marred.

Now there's a new LP... "STREET CORNER TALKING." On it, Kim

Simmonds, who got it all together and has remained the one constant Savoy Brown member, receives able assistance from one of the most explosive rhythm sections around. As you will hear, bassist Andy Silvester, drummer Dave Bidwell, keyboard man Paul Raymond and vocalist Dave Walker together with Simmonds on guitar have laid down some pretty strong blues/rock tracks. These talented young musicians have similar musical backgrounds—rhythm and blues, the blues, and good ole 1955 rock'n'roll—so it is not difficult to understand how they can produce such a together sound. Pure basic blues.

While others fall by the trendy wayside, the veritable musical institution known as Savoy Brown continues onward, stronger than ever, raising a storm for the folks who know how to have a good time. You'll see what we mean when you get into "STREET CORNER TALKING."



AMPEX
STEREO TAPES

"IT'S A CRYIN' SHAME"

(D. Lampert/B. Potter)

GAYLE McCORMICK

ABC/DUNHILL 4288

Produced by Dennis Lampert
and Brian Potter

Time: 2:52

(no flip information)

In 1969 as the editor of a local music publication with a circulation of 4000, I assumed a hellava lot for an eighteen year old punk. A veteran of months of undisputable arrogant professional rock and roll experience as a writer, I was indeed a killer, a true sponge in the tradition of Rodney Bingenheimer, Danny Sugarman, and Ellen Michaels (who are probably as vague to you as they are to their parents).

Rock and roll publications were coming into their own in the early part of 1969 and it was a reasonably easy task to shuck all the record companies out of virtually anything, even a free trip to Las Vegas which in light of the European excursions for the rock elite of today may appear a meager morsel of graft, but it seemed like London to us at the time: San Bernardino would have been a thrill.

Anyway, I used to hob-nob with all the greats (or at least they were to me); Del Shannon, Brian Hyland, Tommy Boyce, Bobby Hart, Bobby Vee (sometimes simultaneously even) . . . my heroes!! While hobbing and nobbing with the former of this virtuoso line-up in the hot city of North Hollywood (where the middle-class hookers, fags, and whores hang out) little was I to know that I was to be witness to rock and roll history in the making.

rock and roll history in the making.

In these days, Del, like many singers during a cold spell, was producing recording artists of his own. In his case, it was this group of drop-outs from St. Louis who had enough determination to make even Brian Epstein turn in his grave. They would have gone, played anywhere if they thought it would help their career, and they did. A case in point was this night in the urban, industrial run down area of The San Fernando Valley in a club called The Rag Doll (named, I suspect, during the time of The Four Seasons hit of the same name). Del had been working with these six (or was it seven) individuals as if they were his own offsprings and perhaps they were. From the appearance of things they were twenty-year-old extentions of himself, their mannerisms, style, their everything was molded by Del.

So, he'd been working with them for more than eight months now, feeding them, clothing them — in other words, keeping them. But his kindness was not entirely out of musical affection. It was an investment. Now he was ready to turn his investment into some hard cash and hopefully a little fame to boot. Inevitably he had to settle for the hard cash.

Rodney Bingenheimer, as big a headache as he was to many people, did prove useful in many areas. Throwing a party, need chicks, boys? . . . call Rodney and the finest crop of all the former will be only a phone call away for the "haunt of Hollywood". What does he ask in return? Money? No. Airplane tickets? Not that either. Cars, some of the food? Well, if he can get it, but none of this is tantamount to the true compensation anticipated. All you need do is, if you're a musician, give Rod a hardy nod in the presence of his fair-haired young heart-throb, his twelve year old belle (or in this nights case, his eleven year old, fifth grade, puberty hopeful from Granada Hills, California) and he will be indelibly your good-deed-doer for many horny nights to come. So, Del was ready to take his bonds to the bank and he was in the market for a broker: A WRECKED COMPANY. Hmmm . . . who was hot? Let's see; MGM has The Cowsills, but they're a no no, they also have Mike Curb and an entire cast of nincompoops who know less about the music business than Rodney (now they're even in sicker shape with all these dopes who have been freshly fired from competitive record companies working for them). No, MGM is out; so's Mercury, Dot, RCA, Liberty, Decca,



45 revolutions per minute

by Martin Cerf

Kapp, and Capitol for basically the same reasons, with their own versions of Mike Curb and cast.

Alright, what do we have left? Warner Bros.; no, too hip (even then), A&M; no, too middle-of-the-road, Columbia; no, too big, too many people to hype. No, there're only two companies for

tic/Atco and ABC/Dunhill Records (in that order). How to get to Atlantic, how to get to Mr. Ahmet Ertegan . . . that's the problem now. Oh, Rodney, good old Rodney knows Ahmet (or at least he says he does). "Rodney, I hear Ahmet is in town, can you get him over to the Rag Doll to see my group?" asks Del. "Sure, it's all happening, he's staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel in Room 766," Rodney confides. "He's in town to see Vanilla Fudge's opening at the Whisky on Tuesday," good old Rodney concludes.

As sure as the sun's gonna rise tomorrow (well, almost as sure) you can bet the ax in your pants he's gonna have good old Ahmet here tonight to see our local heroes.

The night is here, Smith have been on stage for thirty minutes. The photographers are here (one), World Countdown Magazine is here, Brian Hyland is here, Del Shannon and his lovely are present and there is, unmistakably, Rodney with his Candy from Granada Street Elementary School. But where is good old Ahmet? Rodney assures us he's on his way. The crowd on the dance floor continues to boogaloo . . . this is dance contest night . . . a biggie at the Rag Doll.

We're approaching an hour rapidly at the boogie spot for the South East part of The SFV and even the ugly guys have found someone to dance with; and still no Ahmet. Then, with the majesty of a sunburst behind the silhouette of a lusciously tanned female body, we feel the presense of rock royalty enter stage left; the side door. Yes, it is good old Ahmet, with his wife even. He approaches the table. All the concerned parties start to count money in their heads. The musicians start to play just a taste louder as if they received the message from Del which if spoken would have sounded something like: "For Christ's sake, give it everything you've got, blow it!" Rodney is relieved and the already enormous smile of the innocently guilty gets even more enormous. He looks at Candy. Del looks at Brian. The photographer looks at his free Brandy Alexander. Ahmet spies the group.

They rush through "Tell Her No," "Let's

Spend The Night Together," "The Weight," "Baby It's You" . . . one hour, two, three. One-thirty and Smith, the only act on the bill, exits the 16 inch stage with all the confidence of Ballinjack. Ahmet is still here. "We sold 'em," everyone thinks. Proudly asks, "What do you think, Ahmet?" Ahmet murmurs something to the effect of "good", and the hype begins. The hype ends. Ahmet, after ten minutes of professional evaluation concludes, "I'm really interested in the act, honestly. But I don't think they're quite ready. Keep them together for another six months and let's get together later in the summer. At that point, I feel we can intelligently discuss the workings of a possible deal." Del accepts the analysis reluctantly and thanks Ahmet for all of his time (after all, he was only in town for forty hours and a bulky chunk of that has been spent here listening to this group in the middle of nowhere . Ahmet exits.

Backstage Del informs the group of a possible signing. The photographer suddenly pops in for a token shot or two of the group to compensate for his nineteen dollar bar tab. Rodney appears with luscious Candy to collect his nod. Twenty minutes backstage in all. On the way home in Del's too large, late model, big black cadillac he exclaims, "Well now we'll give the second choice a shot, tomorrow."

The shot is shot. Dunhill is hit. They're knocked out by a tune they hear on a tape originally recorded by the Shirelles: "Baby It's You." Del sells the group. A chunk of bread and a hefty recording contract for the group and Del Shannon is the exchange. "Baby It's You" is recorded in tact, exactly the way Del produced and arranged the side save for the horns. However, where's Del's name on the record? That was part of the deal. In exchange for the heavy deal and Del's recording contract he had to give up all claim to the group, all the glory. Ah, what price glory.

"Baby It's You" hits the numero uno spot on the hot 100 in just a matter of weeks; gold and more gold as the record becomes an international favorite for boogaloosers the world over. Ahmet cringes. The album presents itself . . . enters the top forty. Ahmet shutters again.

Meanwhile, one of the guitar players who has had a steady relationship all along with the lead vocalist, scrumptious Gayle McCormick, decides somewhere in bet-

ween Music Scene shows he should shuck it all and split back to Missouri to the cornfields of home and all those teenyboppers back there who would worship every string on his guitar. Subsequently, Gayle allegedly consumes a whole passle o'acid, flips out, and so much for Smith.

But in the months to follow, Gayle realized that we're all playing in the same band basically and anyone can be a lead guitarist but there can only be one Gayle McCormick . . . how true. Early in 1970 she started a solo career. Her first single, while astounding no one in sales, proved to the powers that be upstairs at ABC/Dunhill Records that Gayle is no-one-hit-wonder. Subsequently, they assigned Lambert/Potter (the fellows who brought us "One Tin Soldier" and Seals and Crofts) to produce Gayle. "It's A Cryin' Shame" was the result.

Frieda Payne at this stage has got to be climbing the walls. These people, Lambert/Potter, have studied their Invictus/Hot Wax/Motown/Stax-Volt history well and are among that very select group of people to successfully off the rhythm and pop-blues stuff with a white artist (alumnists of this category include Rick Hall, Steve Cropper, and Richie Poddler). Not to be outdone by anyone, and posing a threat to ABC staffer Steve Barri, Lambert/Potter were very intelligent to employ the talents of Jimmie Haskell (he dates all the way back to Rick Nelson and "Teen Age Idol") to execute the arrangements.

Well, congratulations fellas; ABC, Dennis, Brian, Jimmie and all. But be cautious Gayle!! Is this what you want, to be a female Grassroot? I suppose it's better than being an ex-Smith member. But what of the future. Take it easy on your albums. Cut singles, sure, but keep in they are singles, not album tracks. When you pursue your LP, see if you can reach way back into your Baptist roots that are inside your luscious self somewhere and come up with a real contribution.

Meanwhile, I'm certain Rodney and Ahmet and good old Del are very proud of you (even though I bet they would have like to have retained a piece of the action). And the lead guitarist . . . ?

Don't forget the next time you see Rodney, Gayle, to give him an extra nod. Maybe even a little hug, huh. Be happy.

Oh yes, Kim Fowley sends his best (literally), or rather he would like to.

"MAMMY BLUE"

(H. Giraud/P. Trim)

POP TOPS

Produced by Alain Milhaud

Time: 3:51

ABC 11311

(no flip information)

I first heard this in the New York offices of United Artists Records; Bob Skaff's office (VP of UA) to be exact. To be even more precise, I didn't hear this version but the original one

recorded on Barclay Records (the best French recording company). Skaff said, "Watch this record, it's gonna be one of the biggest this year. UA had first option on the record, this version, but, unfortunately, it wasn't brought to our attention in time." There are some nine cover versions of the tune on the market already . . . ironically, the original doesn't stand a chance to make it with all the competition and most likely will never be released in the states. Of all the copy versions on the market only two appear to have a chance to make it. This one by the Pop Tops (which I understand was cut in England) and another by ex-Time Tunneler James Darrin on the Archie's label, Kirchner Records (some distinction).

I personally prefer the Pop Tops' version shoulders over Darrins' . . . most likely 'cause it was the one I first got into and more importantly, I've yet to hear from Darrin's record.

This tune is no lyrical wonder, nor be it a vocal landmark. It, like hits of yore such as "Oh Happy Day", is a gospel-pop chant with a touch of sex for good measure.

(please turn to page 27)

JACKIE LOMAX



HOME IS IN MY HEAD

By 'Turk' Nirkind

"I have drunk Virginia water
I have dug my own Gravesend
Set my foot ashore in Newport
Traveled far beyond my Landsend

An' my home, home,
Home is in my head."

It's been a long uphill climb, but Jackie Lomax finally appears to be nearing the peak and is on the way to copping some richly deserved recognition. With his new Warner Brothers album, *Home Is In My Head*, receiving encouraging reviews and his first tour of the States being greeted enthusiastically almost everywhere, Jackie's future now shines as brightly as a noontime summer sun.

While life is looking fine to Mr. Lomax these days, his career as a rock 'n' roller wasn't always this way — not by a longshot. Originally, Jackie was a member of The Undertakers, one of the first wave of bands from Liverpool's Merseybeat boom (along with Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, the Swinging Blue Jeans and, of course, the Merseybeats). Not much in the way of a moneymaker, the group was eventually abandoned in Canada by its manager while they were on tour with Pete Best's Combo (Best's one claim to headliner fame being that he was the first drummer for The Beatles).

Unable to earn any money to pay bills, the band hotfooted it out of the Canadian provinces and managed to make it back to New York, where they slept on studio floors and picked up odd gigs with other groups whenever possible.

"I went out with a group called The Merseylads," Jackie recalls. "They were all livin' in New York, in Queens, and they used to be seamen — just a real bad group."

"They were half-musicians. They never really took it seriously enough to become musicians, but they could play fast and loud and that's what the people wanted at the time: as long as they were called the Merseylads. And they did have accents, as they did originally come from Liverpool many moons ago."

"I started doin' gigs with them strictly for the money because we were starving, literally."

After months of the same old crap, hashed up and re-hashed, The Undertakers' drummer, Bugs Pemberton, found a permanent position with a New York group called The Lost Souls and was soon able to bring Jackie into the group when their vocalist left. A while later, Lomax was introduced to The Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, and, under "Eppie's" influence, changed the name of the band to The Lomax Alliance.

"He was over there arranging the Shea Stadium deal," Jackie says, "and he was also with Cilla Black. I got hold of him through Cilla."

When the Shea Stadium arrangements were taken care of, Epstein took The Lomax Alliance back to England, where the band hung together for about a year before the two Americans in the group were forced to go home because their work permits weren't renewed.

"When we all split up, I stayed in England to do a solo thing," Jackie explains. "I was supposed to do it with Epstein, but he died before I actually got anything out so I did it with Robert Stigwood, who was runnin' NEMS at the time."

As luck would have it, he happened to hook up with Stigwood just as NEMS was beginning a heavy promotional campaign for a new British group — a Beatles-sounding brother act named The Bee Gees.

"Of course he was pushing them a bit," Lomax says, "and I got a bit lost in the swamp."

After a long layoff, Jackie managed to spark the interest of The Beatles with the help of a friend.

"They were interested in my songs primarily," he recalls, "'cause they knew I was writing my own material. So they went for that more than somebody who could just sing — this was before they had a record company. They just had a publishing company, and those clothing shops."

Joining The Beatles' tight inner circle as a songwriter, Lomax kept occupied cutting dubs of himself playing his own compositions. Though no one picked up on them at the time, they were ultimately listened to when recorded on his now near-classic Apple LP.

Then, as Jackie remembers it: "George (Harrison) came around one day and said, 'We want to form a label and get some records out. Would you be interested?'"

Interested? Christ, he was overwhelmed! But just as things were looking brightest, Harrison trooped off to India to visit the Maharishi along with the rest of The Beatles and their wives and Jackie heard nothing for three months.

When the group did return to England though, "Sour Milk Sea," a Harrison tune, was cut as a single with George, Paul, Ringo and Eric Clapton backing the dazed young singer from Wallasey.

Shortly thereafter, Jackie recorded his first album, with Harrison as producer and the musical assistance of the aforementioned, plus others such as Klaus Voorman, Nicky Hopkins and Tony Newman (then a member of the Jeff Beck Group).

"It wasn't planned like that," Lomax emphasizes, "to get all the superstars we could have on one record. It wasn't that kind of deal. George really didn't know any of those people, those heavy musicians. He was gettin' to know them at the time, so the thing to do was invite somebody to your session, whatever kinda session you got goin'."

As Jackie sees it now, having all those name musicians on his debut album, *Is This What You Want?*, both helped and hurt him a bit.

"It helped in so far that people talked about it, but it didn't help when it came to the write offs (the reviews) and stuff like that. I found a lot of people dwelt on the fact that so many of these people were on the record and forgot about the record itself."

Clear and easy sailing was still not a part of the Lomax destiny. As he puts it, Apple got "a bit vague" for him after his record was released and he finally left the label (along with James Taylor somewhat later) to cast his lot with a new group being formed called Heavy Jelly, whose

It was at this point in Jackie's career, just a little more than a year or so ago, that he hit a low ebb. Disorganized and dispirited, Heavy Jelly went nowhere, sank to the bottom of the heap and disbanded after four months of gigging around England after Dmochowski had split to join John Mayall. There is a never released acetate somewhere recorded by the band for a newly formed unsuccessful record company. Fortunately for all concerned, Lomax had refused to sign a contract with them.

"I have dived into a Blackpool
With a Maidstone 'round my neck
I just drifted into Southsea
With no Hull beneath my deck
An' my home, home,
Home is in my head."

Pushing for something better (it couldn't get much worse), Lomax soon signed with Warner Brothers and planned to return to the States immediately to start a new album at Woodstock with John Simon slotted as producer. Once again though, his plans soured and the Simon venture was scrapped due to immigration hassles.

"I was here before and I had a little bit of trouble with immigration because I stayed for two years," Jackie explains. "They refused me at first, even though I had all this stuff goin' for me — Warner Brothers and I had a management thing goin' in New York and John Simon in Woodstock and all the musicians there. I couldn't get it done at first and I had to be sponsored. It was all done in Washington."

"It took a long time, that's the main point of it. I was just sittin' in England, albeit I was sittin' there finishing off my songs, gettin' the edges together. But it took a long time, and by the time I got to Woodstock, John Simon was already about to start rehearsing with Taj Mahal, which he'd already arranged beforehand, and we just didn't have the time to get it all together. He was startin' the next week or so."

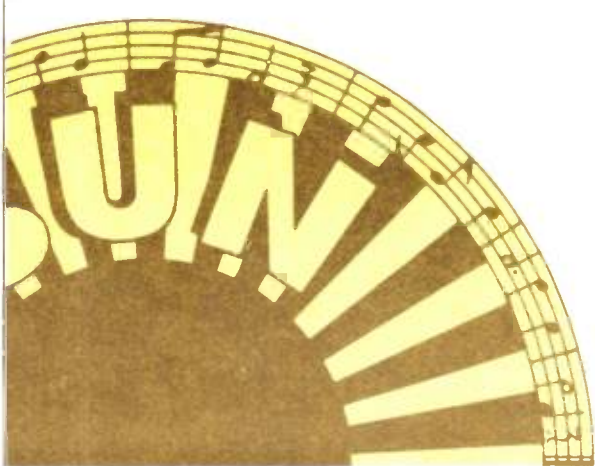
Alone in the States and on the spot, Lomax looked around for a while before running into three musicians now comprising his touring entourage — Los Angelean Israel Zakuto on lead guitar, old friend Bugs Pemberton on the drums and Tom Caccia on bass (since replaced by rhythm guitarist Bryn Haworth from Northern England, bass taken over by Lomax).

Whipping the band into shape in a frenzy, Jackie taught them the material and cut his new Warner Brothers LP, *Home Is In My Head*, himself producing, in three weeks — two weeks recording, twelve grueling hours a day, and a week of mixing. The result — a fine rock 'n roll album which has earned favorable reviews in every music publication in the country.

(please turn to page 25)



"George Harrison came around one day and said, 'We want to form a label and get some records out. Would you be interested?'"



BY JON INGHAM THE SUN RECO

Sun Records and Phil Spector's Philles Records were the two most important independent record companies in the history of rock and roll. The output of both companies was small, but both had enormous control over the course of rock during their periods of existence. In the case of Sun, owner Sam Phillips introduced white singers to the gutsy area of rhythm and blues, heretofore black territory, and gave the start to Roy Orbison, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, and the King, Elvis Presley.

Shelby Singleton, the man who brought you Jeannie C. Riley and "The Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley," and now owner of Sun, has undertaken the re-release of the Sun catalogue, an admirable task, but in one sense disappointing. Of the 25 albums so far reissued, 17 have been various repackagings of Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis, with more due in the near future. When are they going to release an album of Billy Lee Riley, or delve into the 50 unreleased songs by Conway Twitty, or the many fine blues artists? If they must persist in reissuing Johnny and Jerry Lee, why not real collector's items like Jerry Lee with Elvis singing backing vocals? (One of the interesting points of Sun was that the artists often played on each other's records anonymously.) Sun had many fine performers, and a steady diet of Cash and Lewis, great as they may be, soon becomes similar to finding yet another Dylan bootleg — meaningless.

Another minus point is that the covers are new, with current pictures of the artist. I'm not a purist for original covers, but it would be nice to look at a photo of Jerry Lee in his heyday, platinum hair flying as he raved his piano, instead of the rather staid (in comparison) king of country of today. But this is a minor detail. Much more to the point is the supposed stereo reprocessing. Shelby had the good sense to leave everything in mono, the "stereo" on the cover is so people will buy it. For that he gets full points.

Sam Phillips was born in Alabama in 1923, formed a country group in his early days, became a D.J., and by the early 50s was cutting demos and masters for local blues singers. He had a small studio, with few microphones, but found it adequate to record such artists as Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Rufus Thomas, Bobby Bland, and Junior Parker, leasing the masters to labels such as Chess/Checker, Modern, and R.P.M., occasionally having a sizeable hit. In 1953 he formed Sun Records, still recording blues artists, and then in July, 1954, released two singles by Elvis Presley.

Legend has it that Presley first attracted Phillips' attention when using the Sun studio to cut a record for his mother's birthday present. Phillips told Presley he would coach him if he came over to the studio. After a year and a half (according to Presley) Sam let him cut a country and western number, which was terrible, and then suggested he try the blues. Elvis was a great fan of Big Bill Broonzy and Big Boy Crudup, and after much discussion settled on the latter's "That's All Right."

The record was debuted by Dewey Phillips (no relation), Memphis' largest and most influential disc jockey. Elvis hid in a cinema, telling his parents to listen in. Forty seven listeners phoned in demanding a replay, and fourteen sent telegrams asking when and where the disc was available. It was played seven times that

night, and sold 7,000 copies in Memphis in the first week alone.

Phillips was a shrewd man. All his releases at the time were up-tempo boogie numbers, an indication that he knew something was about to break, but didn't know what. With Presley he had it. Elvis had a youthful image, was sexy, and most important, white. Youth at the time were searching for a music form that paralleled their own existence rather than their parents'. Many were finding it in black rhythm and blues, but there were a lot who couldn't jump the color barrier. With Presley they could react to the earthiness of r'n'b with none of the inherent problems of relating to, say, Joe Turner. Elvis was one of them. Consequently, he was a giant. Sam knew he would be big, but "never

utterly indifferent. But others, such as Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, Malcolm Yelvington, and Charlie Feathers, came to be rock and roll stars. There was only one exception: Johnny Cash.

Cash was an Arkansas farm boy who learned the guitar in his spare time in the Air Force. After his discharge he headed for Memphis with the Tennessee Two and auditioned for Sam, who was impressed and issued "Hey Porter" in late 1955. It was a national hit, and a year later Cash was named as most promising country artist of the year on four polls. His popularity continued unabated, the first country singer to make it in the pop field on the scale of a pop artist without ever veering from country — an extreme

for "Rock Island Line," which shows up on both albums. A burn in any language.

In the early days of Sun, most of the songs were cut in one take, on relatively archaic equipment, and to compensate, the tracks were 'cooked' electronically with echo and compression, the most popular device being flutter echo, which gave a harsh, fierce edge to a singer's voice. There was one important factor: bass, and plenty of it. Bass drums were quite prominent, and things were helped considerably by the focal point of the back up, a string bass, which was miked very closely, being struck with a drumstick to produce a slapping, chugging sound. Couple this unpolished, primitivistic sound with Carl Perkins' raw, aggressive voice and occasional shouting style, and you



Pictured above are Sun Records Luminaries: Jerry Lee Lewis (top left), Barbara Pittman (bottom left), Johnny Cash (middle), Billy Riley (top right), Bill Justis (bottom right). These photos were supplied by Mike Ochs who

thought he'd be that big," and sold Presley's contract and all the masters to RCA for \$35,000. Phillips felt he got the better of the deal.

With Elvis' success, Sun began attracting country and western performers bent on making it big, and Sam never recorded another black artist for the rest of the company's history. Some of these artists, like Warren Smith, wished to perform only country music, but Sam, knowing a good thing when he had it, forced them to cut rock and roll. The result, as in Smith's own "Ubangi Stomp," are some of the most amusing singles cut, with the music banging away in raw rock tempo, the singer sounding unhappy and

rarity.

Cash's one problem is his tendency to be repetitive. As he says in "Luther's Boogie," "We were just a plain hillbilly band with a plain old country sound/we never played the kind of song that'd drive anybody wild." Apart from "Luther's Boogie" and "Get Rhythm," they didn't. Unless one is a Cash fan extraordinaire, Original Golden Hits, Volumes 1 and 2, (Sun 100, 101) more than fill one's quota. The other reissues are a conglomerate of previously unreissued songs and numbers found on Original Golden Hits. To be definitely avoided are Show Time, and Songs of Trains and Rivers, which are completely duplicated elsewhere, except

have the embodiment of the Sun sound; uninhibited aggression, a release of violent feelings, and a celebration of freedom. Perkins was a country performer, and his Sun records were evenly divided between country and rock, but on the latter he would pull out all the stops and wail, often bordering on the raw energy and chaos that is the very best rock. His two re-issue albums are a document of excellence. The tunes range from quiet country ballads to raucous numbers like "Dixie Fried," which evokes images of small Southern town bars and razor totin' ruffians out for a good, lawless time. Perkins is egotistical, unafraid to create rock and roll myths, and even goes so far as to invent



BY TONY COURVISH

The summer crawled to a slow end with little energy apart from big singles by Family, Atomic Rooster (who've lost two of their number), T. Rex (our new Teeny-bob idols), Who & Diana Ross; still it does make the charts look better . . . Traffic to split again, I fear trouble with Mr. Winwood about recording sessions, "getting it together in the country man" doesn't really make it, if it ever did . . . Documentary on Creedence shown here on TV, own up Fogerty, really! . . . Chris Farlowe alive and almost well playing with Coliseum but I wish they weren't so keen on making it at the expense of other bands . . . Jim Capaldi, most talented member of Traffic, and who could believe that Delaney and Bonnie drummer playing whilst Jim sang and banged a tambourine, shame . . . No I.O.W. this year despite persistent rumours, small hype festivals happening include Weely (where?) with Faces and T. Rex . . . New albums due include Pink Floyd, Family, George Harrison, America & Linda Lewis, these albums promise better things . . . Rodney Bingenheimer had been here but apart from an article in Melody Maker, most people have been avoiding him, can't blame them . . . Tony Kaye, organist of Yes sacked and replaced by Rick Wakfield of the Strawbs, unfortunately the power of Melody Maker has made Yes the most hyped band in England since Elton John and



T. REX — England's Newest Teeny-Bob Idols.

Led Zeppelin, the strange thing is friction between Led Zep and MM is so strong that the group is refusing to grant interviews . . . Willy Weider, ex-Animal and Family has joined ex-taste band stud playing cello and piano, I hope they can cope with his depressions better than Family . . . Missing and not hearing much of Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jack Bruce, Black Sabbath (good) . . . Ginger Baker played the Speakeasy with an African drum band, oh Christ . . . Not a lot happening with new artists, . . . Signing with Kinney, would you believe, Terry Reid, Donovan and Pentangle . . . Creedence Clearwater and Tony Joe White were in London for Dates at the Albert Hall, I caught their show in Hamburg and found the presentation mechanical and boring. I really like Creedence on record but their live shows leave me wishing they would improvise and play newer

material. T.J.W.'s songs all sound the same but that isn't all bad . . . Peter Green ex of Fleetwood Mac is still over the edge, now in his efforts to return to the earth and give away all his money is digging graves!, is this what America does to our pop guitarists? Take note Jeff, Jimmy, Eric and all . . . I didn't want to write about Rod Stewart but can you avoid it? If recognition takes this long then there is still hope for Barry Goldwater . . . Gilbert O'Sullivan is now on a lean toward a more progressive image which I find myself falling for, his new L.P. 'Himself' is surprising and could have the same reaction as the first Tiny Tim. Next thing we'll see is "Tom Jones sings Alice Cooper"! . . . Opening November 1st the New London Paramount rock venue, the old Finsbury Park Astoria which is now called the Rainbow Theatre. It's managed by John Morris ex of

the Fillmore East and supposedly the new place will be run along the same lines. Major share holders are E.M.I. concert promotees John & Tony Smith and freebee man Peter Jenner of Blackhill Enterprises. Opening Nov. 3, 4, 5 will be The Who followed by promises of Alice Cooper, Fairport Convention, Crosby & Nash, Family and a host of others. The opinion is that it can't last longer than six months, because of a lack of headline acts. However, I hope it is a success because London has lacked a major rock venue for too long now.

Review of Lincoln Folk Festival, Great Britain

Names included: James Taylor, Buffy St. Marie, Sandy Denny, Byrds, Tom Paxton, Dion, Incredible String Band, Tim Hardin—Family hired a coach to travel down and were involved in a crash which could have been serious, but luckily all escaped with minor injuries, not to be put off they sent for another coach and carried on—Fearless! (which is the title of their next album). The whole festival was peaceful, but I'm a little sick of artists in this field telling the world about their lost loves, fears and general depressions, all down music! The Byrds however did lift heads a little with a couple of 'get-downs' including "Jesus Is Just Alright With Me" the highspot. No artist played badly and all were received well, but oh! for the happy love songs and less paranoia — listen-up James and Neil . . .

ROCKS REVIVAL

pride for the atomic bomb because it's from Tennessee. He was in a league with Elvis, and there are those who say he would have been a contender for the crown, though his lack of Elvis' Valentino like looks and appeal were a definite hindrance. On the way to the Ed Sullivan show on March 22, 1956, he was seriously injured in a car crash which killed his brother. Presley did the show instead, becoming the first rock and roller to do a national tv show. Perkins was in the hospital six months, getting out only to find his popularity greatly diminished.

Jerry Lee Lewis was one of those people who had to happen. Wild, egotistical in the extreme, and immensely talented. He came from Louisiana, posing as a country and western singer, and to this day

"What'd I say," but he never regained his former popularity, and was reduced to recording things like "Save The Last Dance For Me" and "Money." When he left Sun in 1962, Phillips lost interest in the label and closed the company down.

You'll find the classics on Original Golden Hits Volume 1 and 2 (Sun 102, 103). Golden Cream of the Country (108) contains most of his country songs, while Rockin' Rhythm and Blues (107) is an excellent rock and roll album, containing the incredible "Big Legged Woman" ("I swear you got something up there/ Make me want to lay down"), punctuated throughout with sly laughs and whoops, intense pumping piano, and a shout at the end: "It's a hit!" Also included are amazing versions of "Good Golly Miss

BILL JUSTIS—RAUNCHY—SUN 109

This is one of the clinkers. "Raunchy" is a great song, but when there are ten more just like it, things get a little tedious. There are two vocals on the album, both written by Justis, who was Sun's house arranger. He has a pleasant voice, but lacks the punch a good rocker needs. On "Midnight Man," which sounds like a Middle of the Road Doors' song, he sounds like Jim Morrison. On "College Man" he at least has the sense to bury the lyrics in true rock tradition, also managing to get off one good line: "I'm the vampus of the campus." One of Sun's lesser efforts.

ROY ORBISON—THE ORIGINAL SOUND—SUN 113

At the time a star is Happening In A Big Way, it's hard to think that he won't go

really suited to hard numbers since it didn't have the power and violence of Elvis or Carl Perkins, but there were a couple of times he managed to capture the raw edge that made those two so enjoyable. On "Ooby Dooby," his first and only really successful Sun single, his voice climbs above the music and really wails, putting to shame the Creedence Clearwater version, which lacks the all important bass. The classic Sun backing is also present on "Rock House," a beautiful take off on Elvis, capturing the breathiness and gusto perfectly. The album's highlight is "You're My Baby," a Johnny Cash song, which features some fantastic phrasing and lyrics, shouted as fast as Roy can manage, the music driving and punching behind him at a searing pace. It's one of the best rock songs ever.

Among the ballads, two come close to his later classics. Chuck Willis' "It's Too Late," recently by Derek and the Dominoes, sounds very close to "Only the Lonely," while "Trying To Get To You," a beautifully moody piece, features a Sun first: a clarinet.

This is one of the better releases. If you really get off on "Only the Lonely" and "Pretty Woman," you'll love it.

CHARLIE RICH—LONELY WEEKENDS—SUN 110

CHARLIE RICH—A TIME FOR TEARS—SUN 123

These are both disappointments, even though they have their high points. Charlie Rich came from Arkansas, a composer-pianist-singer who had a hit with "Lonely Weekends," followed it seven years later with "Mohair Sam," and hasn't been heard from since. Weekends is very uneven, to say the least. Some of the songs are so Middle of the Road as to be good Andy Williams material, while some numbers really rock.

Apart from the title tune, there's "Unchained Melody," which sounds like a sketch after the perfection of Phil Spector's version, "C.C. Rider," which is credited to Charlie but was written by Chuck Willis, and is one of the high points of the album. He sings in a slow, relaxed manner, playing a good blues piano while a honking sax (probably Bill Justis) fills in the spaces, soaring into a beautiful solo. "Rebound" and "Break-Up," the other stimulating numbers, are both Jerry Lee Lewis imitations, which show that if he had wanted, Charlie could have really rocked. A Time for Tears, most of it previously unreleased, is very good Middle of the Road pop.

ORIGINAL MEMPHIS ROCK AND ROLL VOL. 1—(VARIOUS ARTISTS)—SUN 116

If you were to buy one Sun album, this is it, since it gives a good cross section of the various artists. Included are such classics as "Whole Lotta Shakin'," "Great Balls of Fire," "Honey Don't" and "Blue Suede Shoes," "Ooby Dooby," "Raunchy," and "Lonely Weekends." In addition, there are examples of Sun's less successful singers. Carl Mann's "Mona Lisa" is a piece of fluff, while Carl McVoy's rendition of old favorite "You Are My Sunshine" is actually quite listenable. Surprisingly, Warren Smith manages to hide his dislike for the form on "Rock and Roll Ruby," a delightfully rollicking number which was barely done justice in Southwind's revival of it a couple of years ago. The real scorcher, and the song to buy the album for, is "Red Hot," by Billy Lee Riley. A semi-Indian, he had the potential to be

(please turn to page 27)



has a vast collection of old shots of recording artists from the past. If you are a writer or editor and could use photos such as these you can contact Mike c/o Columbia Records, Sunset & Vine, Hollywood, California 90028.

maintains he has never cut anything but country. His first single was "Crazy Arms," which didn't do too much, following it up with "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On," which rocked the world. He went on to record "Great Balls of Fire," "Breathless," and "High School Confidential," and then came the British tour which killed him as a star. It was alright for Elvis to date a 13 year old girl while in the Army, but Jerry Lee being married to someone that age was too much for the British press. By the time they finished with him his tour was cancelled, and on return to America he found it almost impossible to get bookings. It wasn't until 1961 that he enjoyed record success with

Molly," "Little Queenie," "Sweet Little Sixteen," and "Johnny B. Goode." Monsters (124) contains seven previously unreleased songs. As well as cover versions of "Matchbox," "Be Bop A Lula," and "Jailhouse Rock," he does a beautifully relaxed version of "Honey Hush," which Fleetwood Mac revised as "Hi Yo Silver," and also takes cracks at "Drinking Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee," and "Singing The Blues." If Sun must keep re-issuing Jerry Lee Lewis, this album is the direction to take.

Of the six albums that aren't Jerry Lee or Johnny, some are good, and a couple disappointing.

down in rock and roll history as a major light. In 1964, who would have thought Gerry and the Pacemakers or the Dave Clark 5 would be such flash-in-the-pans? In 1962, who would have thought Roy Orbison would be practically unknown ten years later? He's still around, sporting an early Beatle haircut, trying to make it on MGM. He first started recording in Texas, having little success, and moved to Memphis after Elvis' initial rise to fame. He was moderately popular, but it wasn't until he moved to Monument and began singing ballads that he made it.

A mixture of rockers and ballads, this album is interesting, as it shows Roy's roots to good advantage. His voice wasn't

Free Form Music In San Francisco

San Francisco on 2¢ a day
by Lester Bangs

The American Doze Sociocultural Farts

Ever wonder what to do with your summer vacation? Hit the beaches, cruise for cuties or chemicals, or just sit in the house with the air conditioner tuned to supercool and swill gin or maybe even gobble a few reds and then sit there deep and grey and cool behind closed shades with the TV droning. The American doze. Or hit the streets yelping and hopping for action! Ahh, but the mania is prefab, when all's said and run yer still housebound, hometown-locked, debauched but still dissatisfied.

But there is an answer! There is a surefire farflung vacation plan awaiting, and ya don't even have to pay! Just write a few record reviews for Stone or Cream or any likely rag persist and persuade the folks in the Biz that you know what yer talkin' about, and before you know it, you'll be whisked off to promo parties hither and yon, from Los Angeles to Glocca Morra all free from the plane tickets to the double tangerays, because you are the PRESS. And that spells Power in any corporate vernacular, bud.

I didn't wise up to the potentials for many a moon. Oh, they flew me and my sweetie to L.A. a few fortnights back to see Crabby Appleton but it wasn't a true Festival where all the employees and beneficiary scribes go hogwild and live it up. These mass scenes are where the fat really flies. For instance, there was one in Dallas that made the tomes of Legend before it was even over. The benevolent ABC-Dunhill flew in a whole passel o' Insiders and random accepted guzzlers leering on the periphery of the gravy train, they swooped this motley bunch up from New York and L.A. and wherever and treated 'em to a hot time in Big D—rooms, drinks (one cat, so the grapevine quacks, ran up a bar bill of at least a G). Hookers made themselves available (They'd board the elevator same time you did and come on to you on the way up—tit-blooming, sweet-accented blondes of Texas, right out of the 50's with high heels and maybe even seams in their stockings, sprayed teased hair blazing up and bras for shore uplifting and outjutting their mighty milky honky bazooms. Richard Meltzer took a Polaroid pic of his. Some people were actually charging wristwatches to their room bills and ABC Ben Edmonds almost sprang for an electric cigarette lighter until propriety got the better of him. (It woulda got the better of me too, I fear. There is a limit after all even if you are a starving R&R hack accustomed to saltines and Pabst).

What was the musical unit whose presence ostensibly justified all this foolaraw?

THREE DOG NIGHT!!!

Yes, the darlings of the Fab 40 and the Hitite Hundred, pockets brimming with red bullets and RIAA seals, who rake in the green season on season regardless of the snickerings of the Rock & Roll Press Corps, just like Grand Funk and Guess Who and so many other tall teen stalwarts. The true Titans of Noise! Who've got the country by the cilt and need the merchants of elitist verbosity even less than they need a case of crabs! At least that you can get worked up about! But rock writers are absolutely expendable, unnecessary slots filled for reasons of tradition and Capitalist publishing ventures.

It may reasonably be asked what, if I hold rock critics to be such cultural excoisors, I am doing grinding out reams of record reviews for Rolling Stone, dashing off 30 page articles on the Stooges for Cream and 48 page ones on the Troggs for Who Put The Bomp? The answer is that I, like Richie York, Danny Sugarman, and those precious few other pop scribes who among the illiterate Yahoos can actually tell a gerund from a third person participle, have never considered myself a rock critic. Call me, rather, a Cultural Commentator. Or better yet, Man Of Letters.

The point, though, is that you know that and I know it to my marrow, but record companies don't! They think of us as idiomatic scholars, verbally gifted authorities who know something they don't. And quite likely we do, but SO WHAT? Did one drop of that smug erudition ever sell one measly carton of product? No! And in addition to overestimating our influence they need us for another reason, namely their paranoia that the consuming public in its dens of incalculable Underground fickleness will think of them as nothing more than sociocultural dilettantes, absurd old sideburned farts with no tinge of Cool just dumbly marketing all this product and pretending to be up on what and why it stands for and how it all fits together. So even if they are that spaced they need our smiling proximity to tell them that the token delegates of Kid Taste respect them to some dear degree.

But somewhere behind each of them there is a table stuffed with aging men in trendy collars and 20 dollar razor cuts, desperate for the secret understanding of why this plate of slop will clean up coast to coast and that one will die the timeliest of deaths. Those grey shadows who decide to spend all those five and six figure sums pushing Led Zep's or Melanie's grand tour, (as if they needed all that hoopla at this point), who are letting Herbie Hancock all but die on the vine at Warner's and buried the Velvet Underground at MGM, who slate a four record set from Chicago and with perfect accountant lucidity write off Savage Rose or let Crabby Appleton squeeze along on pure excellence—these guys are most definitely and simultaneously puissant as hell and plain buffaloes by the way of sales and public whim. And they NEED US, I guess, to arbitrate their floods of product and in some mysterious manner justify their

brimming with unexpected goodies, and I bless the Lord who first thunk it and the very day, hour, minute, second, twindle of a stymied eye in which he did!

Free Form Music In San Francisco

A perfect example of what I'm babbling about has, natch, just concluded. It took place between August 13th and 15th of this mottled year, right after my L.A. auto accident and untimely draft notice, and lifted me right out of the La Brea bogs of those respective bummers to the very crystalline panes of Elysian ecstasy! They called it "Free Form Music In San Francisco," which was just a fancy tag for the Impulse Records convention, and me and Lillian Roxon and a whole slew of other fine fettled folk got flown up there just to dig it and sup on the ancillary ambrosia.

Diamond Lil and I left near noon on Friday the 13th, winging outa the Burbank airport in the wake of a screening of that dull splat of tie-die exploitation *The Medecine Ball Caravan*, the best movie to miss since *The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes* or at least *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. We got on the plane and settled in with easy grins, showing each other my wallet pix of girlfriend Andy coqueting away while I grimaced on Romilar and Lil's of her own slinky blonde-bewigged self in sexpot days of yore. It was shaping up to be a great trip even though I left a dire clot of debts in L.A. and was close enough to flat broke. In fact, after giving Bobbi Cowan the gross clump of bills which comprised the \$495 dollars I'd scraped together toward my \$789 auto repair bill, I was possessed of exactly one dollar and two shiny cents. So I spent the dollar for a martini on the plane (and, just as a much-mulled complaint from a steady customer, would PSA please start stocking some brand of gin other than Fleischman's—Gordon's would be jim-dandy, and I know you guys can afford it), and made the entire rest of the weekend on the 2¢ plain, or even less since I never spent it but left it on the dresser in my hotel room. That's the real La Dolce Vita, baby!

Hitting Frisco, after a brief bus ride, we checked into the Miyako Hotel, site of the grand Far Out Jazz And Weird Music Contracted To ABC convention. Whatta spiff joint! The rooms are cool and dim and just luxurious enough not to make you feel totally displaced. For instance, inset in one wall is a small alcove with a scroll and a porcelain plate on the ground, the perfect plastic tourist notion of a Buddhist shrine! And the bathtub sunken, with special Nip powder to pour in and make it foam more sensuously. Color TV but, of course, except that they were Jap made, some wierd polysyllabic band name with too many consonants for comfort, and didn't come in with the absolute receptional pristineness one has every right to expect from such digs. In fact, the one in Lil's room didn't make no color at all! Just grainy waves of purple smut trooping symmetrically up the screen. But mine came in pretty fair so I snapped it right on soon's I hit the place, and kicked back on the bed to check out the current state of the box.

They had some weekday afternoon Frisco interview show with local colors pushing their scripts for community reform, no true pazazz to be found, except that great oldie *The Boy With Green Hair*: a WW II Hollywood classic wherein an innocent child of the British Isles awakes one morn to find that his hair's turned green overnite, by gum, which nets him no small share of bigot backlash from his



Above are rock critics (L to R) John Mendelsohn, Ben Edmonds, Lester Bangs & Fair Haired Friend, Greg Shaw.

I don't want to give the impression that everybody that works for the record companies is this caricature of dumbly manipulative outofitness. Most of the people I know in the industry are fine, aware folks who not only know the music but stand as true friends when you're in need of one or even a couple dozen as I was recently. In fact, some of my best friends are disc biz publicists. Michael Ochs of Columbia, Corb Donohue and Cindy at ABC, Allan Mason at A&M, Marty Cerf at UA, Sue Clark from Buddha, Bobbi Cowan, Grelun Landon at RCA, Bernard Comas, Bill Yaryan who proved as true a friend at Fantasy as he did when he was working for Atlantic (he got me the *Southern Folk Heritage Series* and all those Coltrane and Ornette albums). Then there's Double Shot Records where good old Irwin Zucker sits underneath a giant poster on his office wall that sez: "American International Pictures Presents *DESIRE*, starring Jayne Mansfield and Irwin Zucker." and there's his very own name emblazoned just a quarter-inch from Jayne's prodigious tit. . . all of these people have been more generous than I had any right to expect, turning me onto all the sounds I could gorge my ears with, helping me pull through certain fiscal summer tribulations, and just generally warming me with the knowledge that I've got plenty true friends in L.A. whose hospitality has nothing to do with the roles we're shoved into by the so-called careers we float through.

blind exertions in behalf of all that ersatz git-clatter and all the money tossed across its path.

So, bless mah soul an' fuck away dem days of old, they have with the rise of Rolling Stone and the rock press in general revised their ancient policy of treating punko scribes like dirt (hear tell preview copies of Sgt. Pepper were sent out to only a very tight select list and in *Mono* yet—ah, flip off a smirking chortle for the lean dog days of yore when art was for Crawdaddy's sake and whoever had the nerve to slap prose on Rock, hallowed Rock, was a true Underground character and possibly a schleppy oddball besides), so now with a few reviews published and the expenditure of a minimum of grease and effort you can get your ass flown all over this great land of ours, wined and dined and lauded and loved. But you better not call it payola if you don't wanna see some easy smiles curdle into blanched offense, and it ain't payola, since when did anybody grease mine or Meltzer's or Ed Ward's or anybody's palm outright, no, it's all in the spirit of fun, *laissez-faire* and *joie de vivre*, no way is it payola or any action reeking with the slightest tinge of the backroom and the underhand, no, what it is in all actuality is . . . uh . . . well, it's . . . well, factually and egg aface I don't rightly know what the fuck it is or why, and what's more I ain't ornery smartass enough to question, either. I only know that it is, oh how it is, and it's bounteous, it's beautiful, it's a cornucopial cartoon caper

FREE FORM MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO

immediate townsfolk until it is revealed some reels later that this here unprecedented phenomenon of a chartreuse scalp is actually a message from a mystic beyond designed to symbolize and hype the cause of World Peace! So obviously that's an alltime pearl of a flick, but anybody fresh in San Fran on top of a hoppin' boppin' weekend of sin and grins obviously has better things to do, so I leaped up from my bed of chuckles and buzzed room service jest like an ole pro is expected to even though I'd never previously thought to test the fringe of corporate hospitality. Even on the Crabby weekend, Andy and I paid for our breakfast in the coffee shop of the Continental Hyatt House and I walked blocks for Sunday morning sundries never dreaming of the delights just a phone buzz away. Now I was older and quite wise, proud owner of acres and acres of the latter in fact. Though I still was sure it was possible to just call down and set off a parade of menials trooping up my way with golden yards of goodies, I wasn't exactly sure they wouldn't shove the bill under my nose when they got there with the nectar and sweet flesh of rare mammals, insolently demanding immediate payment with a sneering leer in their jaundiced steward eyes as if to tell me that they knew I didn't have the proper credentials and never would, nuttin' but a born and blatant freeloader fit for the scorn of bellboys even.

A Gastronomic Delight!

But that was simply a brief paranoid whim, I called down, casually flipping the pages of my combination menu and wine list, ordered with most keeno blaseness a Samurai Grog (\$4 for an enormous concoction based on rum and diverse Polynesian sweet-eats,) a bottle of Blue Nun wine (tangy white, imported from France, two cute nuns pickin' grapes on the label, \$7.50 a pint here and ordered consistently through my stay because I couldn't resist the title and besides, it tasted like dewdrops from a sweet Child bride angel's cloud), and a fine Beefeater salad complete with shrimp and cheese, all that delights palate and tumtum, plus a plate of cold "hors d'oeuvres" from land and sea fit to tickle the fancy of any amateur gourmet and made me feel like a member of the Escoffiers' Club.

All these nifty nibbles naturally totted a respectable sum, but I batted nary a lash once I dug for real and final that ABC was picking up every canape of the tab. I changed the delivery room number and jitterbugged up to Lillian's plush suite (not so spiff as mine, tho—no shrine!) where I spent a balmy Friday's afternoon chawing idle chitchat with her and Diane Gardiner (a juicy blonde who just happens to concurrently function both as Chuck Berry's old lady—Inside Gossip Morsel: she calls him "Charles"—and publicist for the Jefferson Airplane, and has at least two of the best tits in the whole round West, perfect succulent globes gleaming in immaculate Eula Varner paleness beneath her see-thru blouse, "a modern miracle truly", just as Lil commented to Diane's slipsmile of modest pleasure no blush and I just ogled and said that I'd been thinking the same thing but hadn't had the nerve to say it as usual, dagnabbitall.)

Soon my "haute" vittles materialized, I signed the bill with the sweeping flourish of born gentry and plowed in. The Samurai Grog and Blue Nun stuff were so exquisite. I could naught but smile unceasingly same as sweet Aussie Lil who supped another salad and sipped her drink, another house specialty catchily dubbed Karate Punch. By and by some other conventioners wandered up, people from Crawdaddy mag and Corb Donohue himself from ABC.

The Cruise

Bye and bye it rolled toward eventide, and we started thinking about the festivities planned for Friday, Night One

of the "Free Form Music in San Francisco" weekend, namely a harbor cruise with music by new hopeful demiquasistar Danny Cox, whom they had great hopes for and I didn't, even though I hadn't even heard his previous album for MGM because I smelled the rank apron of the Richie Havens virus and even if I was wrong I didn't much want to hear him because the prime subjects of my inveterate and much-prided freelance bigotry are solo singers who play guitars and write their own songs. Black or white, when I get the premonition that one of 'em is about to trot out the secret pains and ruminations clotting in his taxed ventricles I start to get that creepy slither up my spine that sez "I want to beat it the fuck out of here" 'fore bald and rampant boredom renders me even more fumingly vegetative than I was last time I sweated this hot-house trap.

But I went along for the ride anyway, leaving Lil behind with a headache, the purple-and-white TV and a lifesaving smidgen of Blue Nun. Rode to the dock via storied San Fran trolley, (You know, that thing on the Rice-aronie box!) chatting amiably with the celebrated Lita Eliscu, writer and friend of the great and titled, got on the beat and made for the bar.

Hitchhiking on the Highway, melting away, hating the air!"

Oh yeah, Danny Cox: he gave up on the idea of trying to commandeer everybody's attention and just sat at one table all night strumming on the guitar and singing with commendable restraint so's not to impose on the rest of us. Forty-eight Hatle hats doffered for this man of sensitivity and consideration.

The next day I set out to approach Goodwin with a handshake and a "No hard feelings, Old Sport," as the ludicrousness of the precious night's duel merited, but as it turned out he had written off even further'n me and bantered blandly about Commander Cody. In the beat-rocked meantime, though, we stalked away from the table at opposite muttering angles and off the barge to ride the sullen trolley back, and I happenstancially met Gary Von Tersch en route, was invited to spend the night listening to records with him and his wife and begged off because I just so simply wanted to get away from all these fucking PEOPLE and relax with my room, my TV and a bottle of hootch.

Which I did, and in even higher style than I'd foreseen. The pantry was closed but I called down for another bottle of sweet Blue Nun. They rang back a bit later

have any money at all tonight, so you'll either have to take them back or have me sign for 'em." So, he has to go all the way back downstairs, or more precisely, elevator, and return with a bill and pen and sullen grimace and afterwards I leaned back into a contented puff and reflected on the fact that they actually charged 75¢ a pack for cigarettes in this joint, and further, that the nerd serving me had fucked up and gotten Winston Green 100 mill. Menthols like the fags and schoolmarms smoke instead of my good old golden rich all-American he-man Winston Golds as ordered. Incompetence! He absolutely earned the tip I didn't give him.

Post-mortem

Next morn, I woke into a wierd haze that was to continue, and in fact dilate, for the rest of the weekend, until come Monday when Greg Shaw drove me to the airport I'd be totally spaced and close to incoherent, crunching my syllables and sometimes struggling vainly to articulate the simplest statements, gazing with glazed eyes and dented brow at the passing scene and imbuing the most commonplace fixtures with strange associations enough that I mighta spent the weekend on acid or one o' them other weirdo elixirs of olden days. Meaning that when you do binge on good booze, you do something far, far different than the usual debauch, and as it is perhaps a far, far better rest you go to than you have ever known (with same thing applying to the lack of the latter), it is also one of the most exquisite disorientations known to man.

But I was just coasting, riding along on a silken curtain of Don Ho-esque tiny bubbles and sheer joy. I didn't mean to overreach my bounteous newfound privileges, but somehow the elegance of style of that ritzy cushy life gets in your blood even if you are nothing but the blatant personification of a lollygagging slob from gut basin to rumpled duds, and so as the room service ran on and the tab which I could only dream of mounted past the rafters, I at length gave up the ghost of my well-founded reservations and let the vin and victuals flow free as the merriment in the hearts of the company a-comeing AND ACCOUNTED FOR, A WEIGHTY PASSEL OF Frisco colleagues in the rockcrit racket—Greg Shaw and wife Suzy, John Morthland, deejay Neville Johnson, old pal Rob Houghton of Creem and home town, and even poor old Ed Ward who couldn't make it cuz of flu but told us to drink a dram or two of Blue Nun for him anyway—all of whom trooped up to my room Saturday and made use of the room service fully as extravagant as my own.

But not before the big banquet room Breakfast and Presentation of New Product! Ordinarily, as at the dire and deadening Columbia Records convention I'd attended in L.A. a coupla weeks previous, that Pres. of New Prod. part signals a dreary brunch or demi-dinner and a parade of some of the God-awfullest misconceived-and-going-nowhere shit you ever winced to hear, but at an Impulse convention it's cause for high glee and merry anticipaton, 'cuz it means that we're gonna get to hear at least some snips and snatches of things like the new John Coltrane album which was recorded in 1965 and described by Bob Thiele as "the best thing Trane ever did," though he didn't explain why in that case he never released it, but in any case it's nothing to sneeze at (it was in fact the most exciting musical experience of the entire weekend, though even that is slighting it because the rest was so absurdly barren.), plus new Alice (wife of Big John, not Cooper) new Archie Shapp (a studio crammed to the rafters with city spades bashing percussion and chanting "Get that money! I wanna see green on black!" for 18 minutes with some punctuation of Shepp sax solos—might just work, and it's about time Shepp saved his artistic neck and consolidated his position,) as well as newies from Mamas & Papas, B.B. King, et al. So it was something to drag yourself out of bed at 11 a.m. for, even if you did have to fortify yourself with the rest of last night's

(please turn to page 25)



Enjoying the scenic boat cruise around San Francisco Bay, before supper, are from left to right, Leo Vogel (WBUS-FM, Miami), Jim Martin (editor of Coast FM &

Fine Arts Magazine) and Ed Sciaky (WMMR-FM, Philadelphia). The supper cruise kicked off the activities for ABC/Dunhill's Free Form Music Convention.

Some liked the harbor cruise, but it was a stone drag for me. Initially among strangers, nervous, allayed by gin, I talked long and fatuous enough with the chick from Crawdaddy I'd met earlier in Lil's room. She wasn't the world's champeen tamale but she had a sweet open face and good skin. I thought and schemed on her a mite, but she dumped me on a Detroit deejay named Jerry Goodwin who'd flown out from Motor City all the way and extra special just for this unparalleled event, and he and I ended up in a raving drunken argument about ecology and proximate concerns. I was telling him that he was avoiding the whole problem by talking the usual pipe fancies about moving out to the clean green country because (and I stand by this, when I can keep my feet) the cities have got to stand tall or rot and fall and we with them, he was telling me that I was the vile ex-crescence of a TB-wheezing crustacean (though not in those exact words) who accepted all the shit and soot and hopelessness and in fact wallowed in it and praised the pigs on high for making it that way—and all, though more stale was served and parried by both dogs of course, because I spoke of my borderline-nationalist reverence for Jack-in-the-Box and McDonald's burgers! I mean to say we came at short length to the mutually concrete conclusion that the opposite party was the classically-chiseled personification of the Creep, and ended up, as Gregory Corse said of Beatnick "Poets

to tell me that they were temporarily out of the stuff, so I jerkily ran my eye down the wine list and tossed off an order for Number 16, a very fine imported champagne whose name escapes me now and probably evermore cause who the fuck cares since everybody knows that champagne is just this official effervescent institution and long's it's good the brands don't make a damn 'cuz it's dat wine and beer and whatnot what gots all the charisma just like Blue Nun! Imagine my surprise, then, when I checked the page a bit nearer the bureau lamp just after hanging up and discovered that I'd infact ordered the single most expensive item in the booze cabinet, a bottle of \$22 imported French bubbly! I coulda called back but I figured one little extravagance wouldn't hurt, especially since the whole thing was on the mystic expense account of the invisible Dunhill cherubs in the sky, so I let 'em send it up, the delivery cat sweating "I don't wanna spill a drop of this," little knowing I was about to swill the first half of the precious stuff whilst crashing to Dick Cavett and the rest while collecting my marbles afront the Saturday Morning Cartoons a few hours hence.

What's more, in fact, and not as if I was deliberately trying to be as outrageous about this as possible, I called down about 11:45 for two packs of Winston Golds, and when the guy bringing them demanded money, telling me he'd had to buy them from the machine, I told him, politely but upfront, that "I'm sorry, man, but I don't

S.F. on 2¢

champagne, even worth missing some cartoons and American Bandstand and all in color yet. Yeah, I slurked up from my sink of wino dreams, slid mah soopahcool L.A. Shades in place (I'd slept in my clothes—par), and made it on down for the breakfast, where I got in the buffet line and spooned some incomprehensible yellow gook on my plate mumbling "What the fuck are they doing serving rice pudding for breakfast?" only to find, on sitting down and shovelling some into my mouth that, in fact, it warn't rice pudding at all, dunderhead, but plain ole obvious and expectable scrambled eggs! And the seven varieties of melon were especially nice, although I couldn't really handle the liver.

Followed by an hour or so of short segments from precipitate albums which unfortunately hadn't reached the stage where they could hand them out to us here and make it all concrete and worthwhile.

The Jazz Markitt

Prolific Impulse producer Ed Michel emceed: "This white kid can actually work and get along with Archie Shepp!" — nobody said that, but it seems to be an implicit response if unspoken. It seems that people think it's Feat or Eminent Accomplishment or just Far Out enough that this young white man can work so well with all those wild Militant Black Jazz Musicians when these records are being prepared. Michel was honest and sincere and not at all patronizing, but there was a faint air about the whole thing of autoerotic back-patting, which as we all know, can eventuate in a broken arm. Is it enough just to see that this crucial music gets recorded and released? Should we keep a steady eye trained on that mesmerizing miracle and write off the parallel facts that once it's out it gets scant support from the rock press and "progressive" radio, and almost none from the companies that market it? When was the last time you saw an advertisement for a Coltrane album in a major magazine? An album by John Coltrane gets a miniscule fraction of the push accorded a Hamilton, Joe Frank and Reynolds or new Steppenwolf, just as Herbie Hancock and Mwandishi are tossed into the racks to rot by Warner-Reprise while Fanny gets fullpage ads in Rolling Stone.

Maybe none of this is Michel's province, but he's the only one in front of us and without broaching finger-jabbing hysteria we've gotta ask him, "Whose fault is it?" No one did, of course, just as no one raised their hand or spoke up at the time when Michel asked in all ingeniousness why there weren't more representatives of the black press and radio present. I only saw one, Bernard Comas of the Edward Windsor Wright Corporation, and in talking to him about all this later, he told me that the reason almost nobody of the same race as the musicians making all this Free Form stuff was present was because the convention of Black Radio People was being held the same weekend in Chicago. So, I guess by now Michel knows the answer to his question, too, and it's probably totally understandable how he could have remained uninformed when the thing was being planned, almost as understandable as that others in the ABC complex more removed from black music and musicians could also have not known, but it all goes to show just about how much communication there generally is between the black culture and the firms which market it. These marketing masters have got the music, but they just don't really know, and what's worse, they most likely don't really care much.

Bernard told me that someone at Impulse was bragging to him about how few albums were deleted from the catalog, so us rabid fans can still get most of the ones made when the label was christened in 1962 and his informant further stated that, "People will be listening to these albums coming out now in ten years!" I think that's just wonderful! Ten years! Just like a few people into it that deeply still listen extensively to albums of ten and twenty or more years ago, from Bix Beiderbecke to Ornette's *The Shape of Jazz to Come*. But

what about all the other people who could be turned on, opened up to it now and aren't simply because they seldom read about it and never see advertisements and because getting more jocks, no matter how Progressive, to play this stuff is almost as hard as getting them to play something like "Sister Ray" and much more resisted than even such banes of elitist taste as the Guess Who?

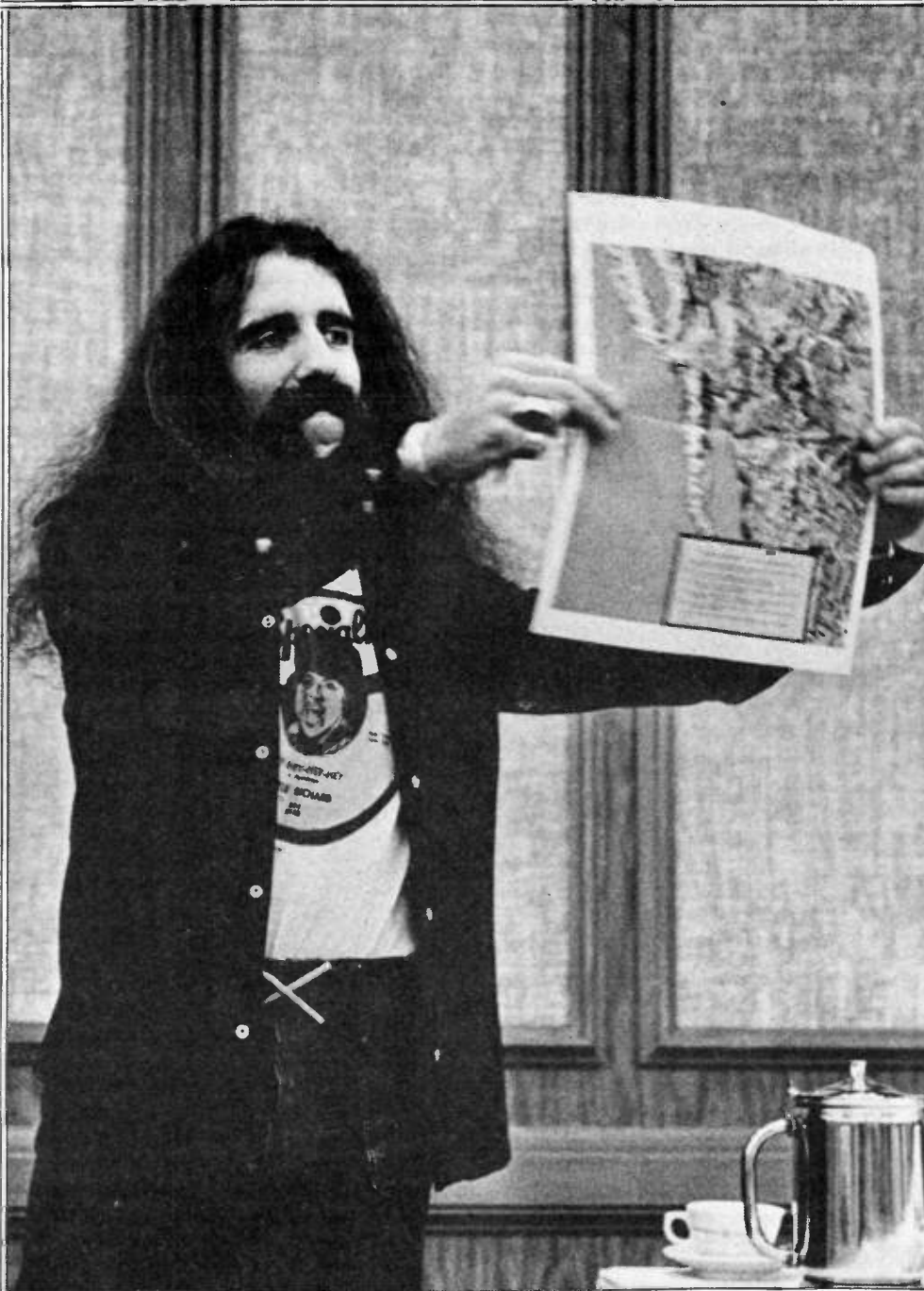
Columbia is hardly a mecca for jazz artists or the place to look for (more than a rather skeletal sampling from the range jazz music, but at least they had the sense to get behind Miles and lay out the cash for all those neat ads with the rocco artwork that made *Bitches Brew* look like something fine and mysterious indeed, instead of just another record saddled with the venal stamp of "Jazz," which seems to mean to a large cross-section of the population a prolix, inaccessible music with too much intellectual geometry and precious little guts. And the same success that *Bitches Brew* enjoyed as a result of that push could be enjoyed by all those great sets on Impulse, if the organization

squatting on it's Impulse laurels even without Bob Thiele.

But the breakfast was still pretty swift, even if they didn't serve champagne. I came floating in and was so far gone during all the gobbling that I inadvertently came up with a pun while rambling on rather disconnectedly about advertising tie-ins to the aerospace industry and how the astronauts claimed Tang as their fave galactic nip: "Moon-Tang."

California'99

Later they also gave us a tantalizing preview of a bold new ABC album which may be out by the time you read this. Called *California '99*, it's a science-fiction rock opera based on "Tommy" and taking the impending California Earthquake as its subject. The jacket shows the USA post-cataclysm, with all but tiny crannies of ol' Cal long gone the way of Mu, while Texas is shoved way up into the cunt of the Mississippi River. Along with some striking originals rather startling news broadcasts, the album contains extended



Presenting, at the Convention Presentation, was Tom Gamasche (top) writer and co-producer of ABC's concept album

"California '99" a futuristic look into the American scene in 1999. — ED

was willing to get behind them thusly showing appreciable understanding for the music. Because of the time for it to loom large and new in an awful lot of lives is right now, far more than even a year ago and possibly more than circumstances will allow a few seasons hence.

But it's pointless to go on like this, because whoever may be responsible, the fact stands cold that it's not happening, and most likely will not in the foreseeable future. But if a serious criticism can be made of that giddy excuse for a paid weekend vacation tabbed "Free Form Music in San Francisco," I believe it is this. On the other hand, I might just be revealing the fact that I am naive, which was what Ed Michel told me that very night when I asked him why it wouldn't be possible to get Mingus back to Impulse, effect optimum conditions and maybe come up with another album the equal of *Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*. And I am naive, but I get the impression that aside from being adroit enough to find qualified, empathetic people to record it, and the sheer mechanics of marketing it, ABC is

versions of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and other ditties of reknown. I cornered the guy who tried to explain all this after breakfast was over and asked, "Where does 'Rainy Days & Mondays' appear on this album?" He replied, "Just before the deluge engulfs the two 13 year old lovers while he's figuring out how to put it in for the first time." (He didn't really say that, but he bumbled something equivalent which I was too wacked out to file for recall, so it's fairly accurate.)

Afterwards, I made it back up to my suite with Rob, who'd arrived midway in the California '99 extravaganza, and we sent out for some Blue Nuns and Samurai Grog and started calling friends and colleagues in the area. So, by mid-afternoon, I had all the folks I listed before up in my room, ordered up surfeit edibles and gluggables for one and all. We didn't stop ordering, in fact, for the rest of the day. It finally got to the point when I'd call down and tell 'em to send something to 801, the Nip chick on the other end would croon knowingly, just one simper shy of a superior chuckle, "Oh yess, Mr. Bangs"

Unfortunately, we all had to cut out of my cushy quarters for a time that night, shuffling down the street a block or two to the Kabuki Theatre to see the big live show touted in the weekend itinerary they'd given us on arriving and which so far had not been followed with much consistency, and was about to meet even less in the eventide to come.

I arrived a bit later than the others, having stormed off mad with fool's love right in the middle of dinner to call Andy from my room and blurt sweet nothings across the miles of lines into her soft at-home ear. She was out so I stooged around calling other numbers in my book, and nobody was home but me (and I was more at home than anywhere I've ever lived), so I beat it on over to the Kabuki to dig John Lee Hooker, Archie Shepp, John Klemmer, Mel Brown, Clifford Coulter and perhaps one other handle of stature which has slipped my mind for reasons which will become obvious immediately.

And what a show! Socko! Smasheroo! A veritable lollapalooza! Aside from the fact that neither Archie Shepp nor Mel Brown, nor Clifford Coulter showed up, it was the best multiple-act show I'd seen all week, certainly better than Chase or the Osibisa press party coming to the Whisky on Monday.

Things popped off with young white longhair avant-garde saxman John Klemmer, of whom I'd heard good things from Eastern friends but sounded pretty much a derivative bore this night. So much so, in fact, that in writing the first draft of this article I totally forgot him and had to be reminded by Rob.

John Lee Hooker was there also—he was probably the one most of the folks present came to see anyway. That is, he was there in good time, when things were finally and thoroughly ready for him to do his thing. The first thing that happened, kind of a little warm-up hors d'oeuvre, was that this whole pack of young white cats, somewhere between 13 and 38 of 'em, I think, got up on stage and started tuning up. And tuned. And tuned. And . . . ZZZZ . . . finally, I got up and moseyed down the aisle, up on the side of the stage they weren't using, and behind the curtains like I'd seen some other people doing. Maybe I'd see some real San Francisco or even Bad Black Blues Superstars close up! But no, all I got to do was sit down on a handy chair at the side and watch the tuneup while drinking the handy beer that had materialized from some kind soul passing by, and then who should happen by in turn, but a good ol' publicist friend and all around good guy, and hands me a coupla joints, so, beginning to see a pattern develop here, I decide jest to set on back and toke and drink and wait for more folks to drift by and give me things. The dope and beer makes the tuneup sound right fine, hmmm . . . maybe this is what they meant by Free Form Music in San Francisco. The ponderous ooze of Noise groping it's way into . . . gasoline crack of history or some comparable avantsy bullshit. I hear that Van Morrison's in the dressing room and may come on to jam with John Lee. Hotsy-totsy! Next thing I know I'm conversing with these two late-thirties and rather middle-class or at least straight in dress and demeanor black chicks standing there, turns out they're related somehow to Hooker, wives or sisters or some such. They are really amused by absolutely everything that's happening here. Even by me, for some reason. I don't hold it against them. In fact, I don't even hold it against those jerkoffs out front that they've actually been muddling around trying to get in tune for close to an hour now! Literally. But I'm getting so zonked I don't give much of a shit about nothin' except where the next beer is coming from to appease this constant dryness, sweat and raging thirst. The dorks finally get it together (actually I was rather disappointed when that happened—I kinda was hoping they'd just keep doodling and mugwumping around all night). But no, at length supreme and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of U.S. Ruck or at least San Frisco Ruck they got their shit together somewhat and J.L. came and sat on a chair right in the middle of their motley clot and took the pipe out of his mouth from which he'd been puffing plain tobacco all night, and started to sing. I believe it might even have been "Serve You Right to Suffer," and I listened awhile till I began to get drowsy, because John Lee Hooker or John Hammond it still wasn't much, not nearly worth the wait

(please turn to page 25)



LONG JOHN'S BLUES

UAS 041 12 CLASSIC PERFORMANCES
BY LONG JOHN BALDRY
AND THE HOOCHIE COOCHIE MEN
RECORDED IN LONDON
1964-1966
Legendary Masters Series



0
CMCLXXI United Artists Records, Inc.

Monaural can be played on stereo equipment

LONG JOHN'S DUES

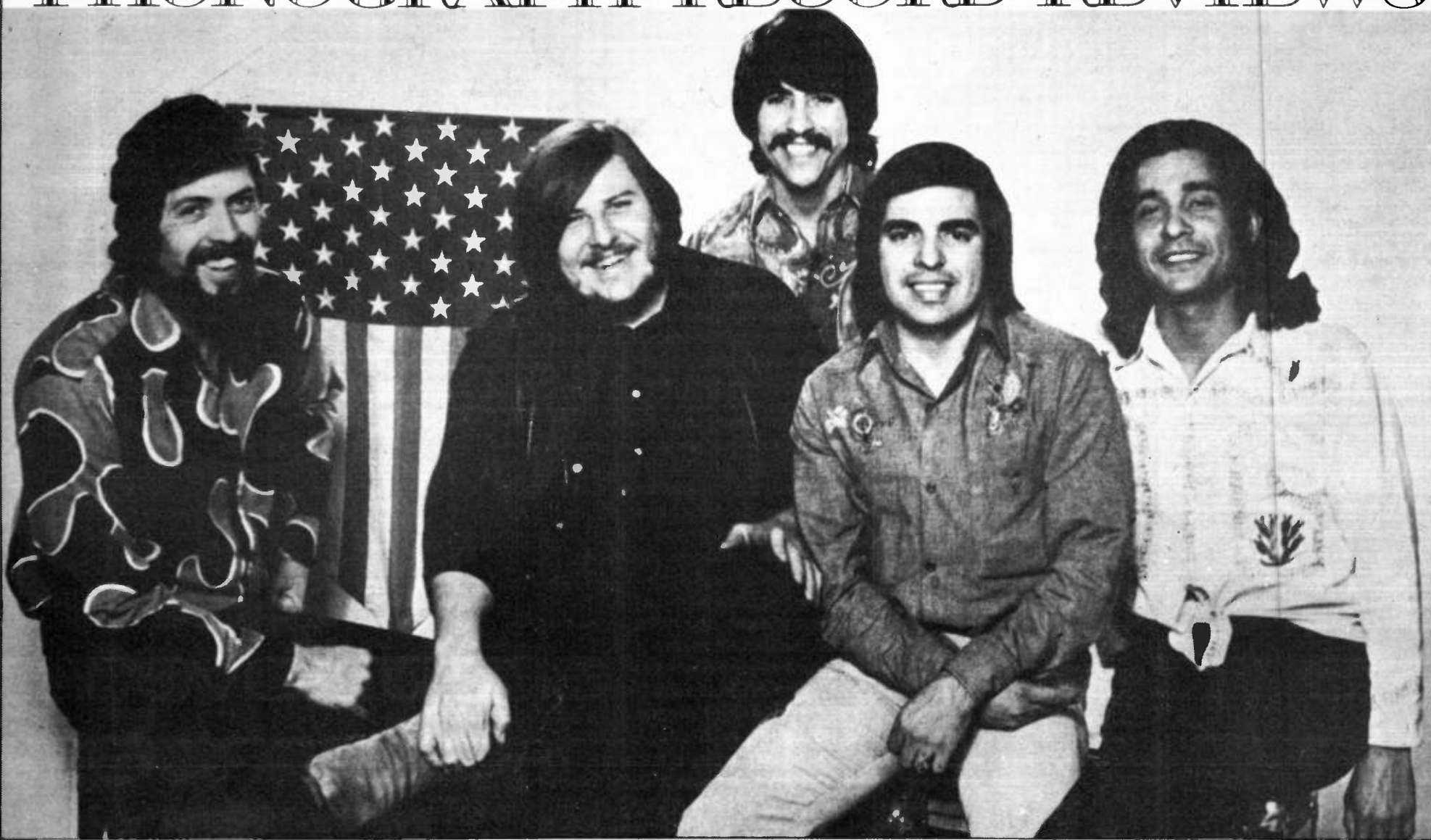
Every musician has his dues to pay. To John Baldry, they took the form of a series of appearances in small clubs throughout England beginning in the mid-1950's. The first album by Long John Baldry and the Hoochie Coochie Men was released in England in 1964 -- the same year he was voted Britain's #1 blues singer and #2 male vocalist. Now, these historic recordings are available to you, on United Artists albums and tapes. The selections include Dimples; Going Down Slow; You're Breaking My Heart; Got My Mojo Working and Rock the Joint. And, as a special treat, you'll hear John and Rod Stewart sing Up Above My Head (There's Music in the Air) -- recorded in January, 1964. As we said, these recordings are historic. But we mainly feel that the album is a lot of fun. See if you agree.

LONG JOHN'S BLUES



UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS



Above are (L to R) Augie Myers, "Big Guitar" Sonny Farlow, J.J. Light, Johnny Perez, Frank Morin — Collectively known as The Quintet (minus Sir Douglas). New album *Future Tense* is reviewed below.

FUTURE TENSE The Quintet/United Artists

Where's it all going to end, eh? Certainly not at the local head shops backed up with unwanted posters from "Easy Rider." And don't tell anybody, but it sure isn't going to end at the ashram shrines, either. It is some sort of an Alice in Wonderland phenomenon, in which the whole country seems to be talking out its history backward.

This nostalgia craze can get to ya, like an attack of feeble mindedness. How else can you explain the antics of a jowley middle aged man going around making a spectacle of himself in a buckskin suit hustling post adolescent college students with a manikin, when he should be doing something constructive? The Andrews Sisters have banded together again for at least one show to give the American public their patented whiff of by now slightly rancid apple juice.

Rock and roll has a history as awesome as any contemporary art mode, if anyone wishes to take the time to check it out. And since there is gold in them thar oldies, many are doing just that. The market is being deluged with fifties style records, and the future of the music scene in general depends largely on how the public responds to them. My advice would be to sit back and judge how comfortable the young pups are in the style. If a particular group carries it off with the proper elan, then enjoy the show.

In my opinion, the Quintet seems very comfortable indeed. Their record is called *Future Tense*, which doesn't sound too promising when the present is tense enough. However, they do manage to make their record sound about fifteen years old with an effortless style that resembles some of the parts of the Cruisin' Series rock and roll radio show records.

"World of Livin" is a fine style of vocalizations, organ and saxophones that evokes the era by not overdoing it. "The Rains Came" is like those ball room 'slow dance' numbers which used

to be opportunities to surreptitiously grope one's partner beyond the reach of the ever-present chaperones of long ago dances. "Plane," is close to the surf sounds of groups like the Sunrays and the Ventures. It was so totally devoid of any musical content that no serious rock fan would ever think that it would be brought back. But here it is, and be glad about it.

"Stagger Lee," and "Dica Dica" are my favorites on the album. The Quintet is firmly based in back to the cruddy roots rock and roll, but are not constricted by it. The lead singer in "Dica Dica," does a good job of sounding like some local lunkhead waiting to pick up his sweetie in his '56 Chevy, after school.

The Quintet succeeds at establishing credibility by setting limits on themselves musically, and in their selection of songs. They have assimilated their style fully, especially in the use of saxophones and vocals. They sound not as if they sweated over every cut on the record, but rather that they went in there and DID IT! If you're anxious to hear fifties style rock, that is not an exercise in sheer self indulgence, then *Future Tense* should help out until Flash Cadillac finally emerges.

Only on the last song, "It's Gonna Be All Right," do they botch it by including a totally unnecessary flute solo. Otherwise, this album is a trip.

By Bob Houghton

LIVE YARDBIRDS FEATURING JIMMY PAGE/Epic

The Yardbirds must be one of the most oft-recorded live groups. There's the 1963 set at the Marquee available on a British import (parts are on the American *Rave Up LP*), the Sonny Boy Williamson/Eric Clapton workout circa 1966, and, now, this one. It offers plenty of evidence as to why the Yardbirds recorded live so often.

We're in 1968 now. The San Francisco groups are taking over, and Eric and Cream are

blowing 'em out across America. The Yardbirds haven't been heard from much lately, and to most of the rock audience they are, uh . . . one of the English invasion groups. That is to most, but not all.

The ones who remembered well knew that the Yardbirds (a) forged new rhythmic vistas, (b) were the first band to incorporate Eastern scales into rock, (c) were the first to harness feedback and other electronic elements now so popular, and (d) had graduated monster guitarists like Clapton and Jeff Beck, and this Jimmy Page guy was no slouch either. Not a bad record for what was basically a rhythm and blues band from Richmond.

So if the Yardbirds didn't have the big following of yore, they still had a fanatical one this night in New York. "One of the finest bunch of American people we ever have come across," Keith Relf says of the faithful who, sensing that the Yardbirds were on the verge of extinction, came to get it while they could. The Yardbirds reciprocated.

It sure sounds like Relf was having himself a real good time. From his singing and harmonica playing, you can almost see him strutting around the stage, alternating flat-out enthusiasm with his British cool.

Page is simply astounding. He plays the entire guitar (and its extensions) like "Magic Fingers, grand sorcerer of the magic guitar," as Relf describes him. A primer of hard rock guitar. His showcase of "White Summer" is fine, but dig, too, the sheets of sound he lays down on "I'm Confused" or the pyrotechnics of "Shapes of Things." He turns "I'm a Man" into an exorcism. His name should be plastered all over the cover to induce Led Zeppelin freaks to buy this so they can see for themselves what some people have been saying all along — that his later work is only a grotesque parody of the real thing. Which is a shame, because not only does he know the real thing frontwards and backwards, but he apparently invented lots of it.

The rhythm section of Jim McCarty and Chris Dreja pulls it together and pushes it along like good rhythm sections should. The material is mostly Yardbirds standards, but, stripped of studio techniques, they are pared down to the naked essentials. They stand as well, and in some ways better, on those terms.

The Yardbirds are definitely the stuff of which pop legends are made. Constant personnel changes and group crises. They were way ahead of their time. There was no FM radio outlet for their albums, and the hit singles didn't come regularly enough to sustain them through years of one-nighters. Hell, they couldn't even be critics' darlings, because when they were at their peak there were hardly any rock critics. According to Lenny Kaye's liner notes, this concert has been something of a local legend. Now it's a matter of public record.

By John Morthland

SURF'S UP Beach Boys/Reprise

Getting a new Beach Boys album gives me a buzz almost no other group can provide — the Who can, maybe the Kinks, the Byrds used to, but the Beach Boys have been top-rank personal faves since 1961 and are obviously something special. In addition, my expectations for the new album had been raised to fever pitch by the year-long wait following the release of *Sunflower*, which was the production spectacular of last year, with brilliant vocals and superb arrangements on top of stronger-than-usual material (their strongest since *Pet Sounds*). Even greater things were hoped for *Surf's Up*; what with the striking cover portrait of a war-weary Indian, the ironically irrelevant album title, and the deluxe enclosed lyric sheet (a first for the boys), it just felt like a great album.

So, slapping it on the palpitating turntable, I was greeted by "Don't Go Near The Water" (by Al Jardine, the first

of three). It's got a rather slight (almost banal) melody, but some interesting piano and effects (catchy little moogish water noises, etc.), plus nice ensemble vocalizing (the eternal Beach Boys strong point) save the day — a pleasant enough opener (and a fave of *Time Magazine* to boot). The lyrics, heavily ecological, could be considered either charming or lame, depending on your general regard for the Beach Boys; writing on top of the waves seemed to work better than writing about surfing's raw materials.

Carl Wilson's "Long Promised Road", a recent single, is a relentless, pounding number on the order of "Aren't You Glad" (from *Wild Honey*), sung by Carl with great gusto in recent concert appearances. It moves, and is pleasantly arranged, however it lacks the spark of earlier hard-driving material; hampered by an unremarkable melody. It does feature hyper-cosmic lyrics, some entrancing vocal work, and an intriguing duet between a guitar and a phantom horn-like instrument weaving in and out of the song near the end, and is overall a plus, though qualified. "Take A Load Off Your Feet", Al Jardine's second composition, is really pretty trivial, though. Of course, you could ask beforehand what can actually be done with a topic like feet — well, not much, if this is any indication; silly words and a nondescript tune — it's reminiscent of the weaker, more self-indulgent novelty items on *Smiley Smile*.

Bruce Johnston, usually referred to as the "new" Beach Boy, though he joined in '66, has demonstrated a pronounced tendency towards slush (see "The Nearest Faraway Place" on 20/20 and "Deirdre" from *Sunflower*). His "Tears In The Morning", also on *Sunflower*, walked a thin line between effective poignancy and a rather sappy stickiness, but the excellent arrangement and fine group vocal performance made it work. However, last time I saw the Beach Boys, Bruce took a solo spot and did "Tears", ac-

companying himself on piano, and it emphatically did not make it; it was extremely syrupy (though edged out in this category by his second solo selection, an extraordinarily treacherous version of "Your Song"). His composition on Surf's Up, "Disney Girls (1957)" is of the same genre; despite a few nice vocal moments, it's a cloyingly sentimental tune, both musically and lyrically, and a waste of an evocative title. The post-Beach Boy's Party albums have occasionally veered to the slushy side, and Bruce sure isn't helping them any in this respect.

The next track, though is another story. Wailing sirens and tough bluesy guitar set the stage for a power-packed, echo-enhanced Mike Love vocal, singing some incredible lyrics. What Mike did here was to take this old Coasters (while they were dubbed the Robbins) tune, "Riot In Cell Block #9", which was a stellar in-person number recently, and write new lyrics to it, calling it "Student Demonstration Time". Well, one of the Beach Boys' strong suits has always been their topicality, and even if the transition from surf to ecology tripped them up a bit, the switch from high school high-jinks to college riots is a blockbuster. A dramatic historical survey of the major campus riots of the late 60's, mixed in with pithy aphorisms like "the pen is mightier than the sword but no match for a gun" — the lyrics are very strong (avoiding chic radical porcine rhetoric, thankfully), and the verbiage never gets in the way of the song, either (unlike, say, most of Paul Kantner's recent stuff) — they work as rock-and-roll lyrics. This cut is extremely impressive, tough enough for anyone; and with music to match, a very strong instrumental performance, with effective blending of sound effects (sirens, etc.), definitely the high point of the first side.

Coming off "Student Demonstration Time", Carl's "Feel Flows" maintains the suddenly-accelerated pace with the most cosmo-dynamic set of lyrics in many moons; and a top-notch arrangement employing

those incomparable Beach Boys' background vocals, flute, horns, fuzz guitar, and some ear-boggling phasing effects. The lengthy instrumental break is well-handled. Al Jardine follows with "Lookin' At Tomorrow (A Welfare Song)", which is again rather slight; it sounds like any number of similar blues tunes. The sparse, acoustic-guitar-dominated arrangement is tasteful, but the material isn't all that strong. Nice enough, though.

Then comes time for the first appearance of the enigmatic Brian Wilson. Brian quit touring with the group in 1966, relinquished his near-total compositional domination of the group with the 20/20 LP, and in general has become an increasingly mystery-shrouded personality over the years (last

February, he stood in the wings at Santa Monica Civic throughout a long encore, but wouldn't come out despite large-size ovations from the audience and even after Bruce admonished him "Don't be such a pussy, Brian!"). Anyway, the last three songs on Surf's Up are his, and who'd know what to expect? Certainly not "A Day In The Life Of A Tree"; lyrically what the title purports it to be, it's basically just Brian with a churchy organ, and a song stylistically reminiscent (strikingly so) of the Incredible String Band, sung in a rather oddly orotund (almost flatulent) voice. Initially very strange and disconcerting, the song turned

out well. It leads easily into "Til I Die", the gentlest cut on the album, with exquisite harmony, very effective organ riffs, and extremely tasteful wind effects: An achingly lovely song, especially the ending; its only drawback is its length, a paltry 2:29.

"Surf's Up" is the fabled collaboration (c. 1967) between Brian and Van Dyke Parks, the tune Brian performed on the Leonard Bernstein special some years back, and originally intended for the legendary lost Smile album, which according to those who heard tapes would have been an absolute master-

the song, Brian and his piano go it alone, but still the music is strong enough to stand up to the lyrics and prevent them from occupying center stage alone, where they'd look rather forlorn and awfully pretentious. A first-rate musical achievement, all in all. Incidentally, the title has practically nothing to do with the lyrical content.

The album, though uneven and not quite up to my no doubt overblown expectations, is still an excellent work. The Beach Boys prove once again that they can sing better than any group alive, and there are a number of outstanding arrangements



The photo above shows The Beach Boys in 1963 (L to R) Bottom: Carl Wilson, Al Jardine. Top: Brian Wilson, Mike Love, Dennis Wilson. The Beach Boys as they appear today as below: Front: Bruce Johnston. Middle (L to R) Carl Wilson, Al Jardine, Dennis Wilson. Top: (L to R) Mike Love, Brian Wilson.

piece of musical creation. After four years of reading superlatives on the subject of Smile and this track in particular, I really had no idea what to expect of it; but "Surf's Up" is quite impressive. Parks' typically convoluted lyrics (bristling with puns — a fairly close reading will turn up bushels of them) are complemented by a complex, rather serpentine melodic structure. For most of

production achievements to be found. What bothers me, though, are the overabundance of cute, trivial numbers, the absence of any Dennis Wilson tunes (his incredible "Got To Know The Woman" was one of Sunflower's most sublime peaks), and especially the relative dearth of bombastic full-scale productions in the Pet Sounds, "Good Vibrations", and Sunflower vein; very few people can approach the

Beach Boys' abilities in this direction.

But such cavils aside, Surf's Up is definitely one of this bleak year's finest LP's; and, since all died-in-the-wool Beach Boy fanatics will grab this album regardless of me, I unhesitatingly recommend it (and Sunflower) to all those folks out there who put down the Beach Boys when they got out of high school, or never really got into them before — the boys are still in there wailing and in their own way they're still tops.

By Jay Ehler

MY GOAL'S BEYOND Mahavishnu John McLaughlin Douglas

John McLaughlin has been around: gigging with Graham Bond in 1966, Jack Bruce in '68 and intermittently with Miles Davis since then, he has cut a swath through the music of our time wider and more far-reaching than any guitarist since Eric Clapton. And his approach to structure and improvisation is proving as influential to the new guitarists of the Seventies (and many holdovers from the Sixties) as Clapton's did those few years ago.

On the other hand, not all of his work has been exactly transcendent — the product of his associations with Bond and Bruce is mostly forgettable, and he only drove to the forefront with Miles on record once, in Jack Johnson. His vast reputation rests almost entirely, in fact, on his breakthrough playing with the Tony Williams Lifetime and on his own first Douglas album last year. It was a hard, wiry, slashing guitar style that combined the gutty drive of Hendrix and early Clapton with an improvisational imagination of thorough maturity, and melded with Williams' drum forays and the vanguard organ of Larry Young (Khalid Yasin) resulted in a throbbing, angular music of dark and ominous power.

A few months ago, however, McLaughlin threw all those musicians and fans hanging on his every note a curve ball. He cropped his hair, split amicably with Williams and announced that, rather than tour and slide naturally into the superstar trip, he was going to retire to a contemplative life and the study of Eastern religion, emerging only to make an occasional album.

My Goal's Beyond is McLaughlin's first post-retreat album, and as the title and the almost aggravating "Mahavishnu" handle suggest, things are way different from when John was ripping out episodes of such churning violence as "Emergency" and "Right On." He has shifted abruptly from electric to all-acoustic, and from the Williams Lifetime's electronic mazes to a style and setting that has much in common both with Miles' deeper work like In a Silent Way and Pharoah Sanders' spirituality.

Each side is a different expression of the new McLaughlin; the first features a rather large ensemble including Charlie Haden, Airtio Moreira of Weather Report, violinist Jerry Goodman of The Flock, and various others on tabla, tamboura and soprano sax, performing two long jams called "Peace One" and "Peace Two." I am always suspicious when Western musicians cloak their work in Eastern trappings, and especially when an effort is made to give the impression that this is music of cosmic serenity, as if that made the banalest "raga" scales and aimless needlings magical and evocative, but McLaughlin's artistry is as sure as his faith is sincere. The two pieces, lush, opulent and

open-ended, are not soundtracks for the ostentatious meditation sessions of college students but a majestic and exotic (in the sense of being truly evocative without becoming corny) venture that ranks with the most important music being made today. And unlike Weather Report's work, they are not some blandly miscreant strain of avant-garde muzak, but a highly refined blend of strains as diverse as jazz, Oriental and European Gypsy music whose complexity is as emotionally potent as it is intellectually engrossing. Jerry Goodman especially shines.

The other side is eight short songs, ranging from Charlie Mingus' melancholy "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" through works by Chick Corea, Miles and McLaughlin himself, performed entirely on sole guitar except for the occasional golden wash of cymbals. The lyricism of side one is sustained, but surprisingly enough McLaughlin's energy seems to double when he's by himself: we find him flinging out acoustic flurries of sharp stunning notes so that you laugh for joy and the knowledge that you don't need great buzzing banks of technology to effect a guitar riptide. Echoes of Django Reinhardt, Johnny Smith, Jim Hall and the early, powerful Gabor Szabo of Chico Hamilton's Passin' Thru band, but most of all, and most reassuringly, of that decidedly un-ethereal behemoth, the Tony Williams Lifetime. And that's the best way I know to tell you that if you are mad enough to miss this beautiful album, you might just as well hang up your record player for the rest of the year. It's reverence and loveliness personified, but with the slice and sizzle unbanished.

By Lester Bangs

NICK DRAKE Island

Nick Drake — who is, despite his name, a singer/songwriter and not a prototypical 1942-vintage private detective radio hero — has made a first album that sounds vaguely like Donovan re-thinking "Astral Weeks", but lest you misunderstand me, it works wonderfully and adds up to one of those elusive but tenacious lps that simply won't stay off the turntable for very long.

There's a hint of the rogue about Nick Drake (betrayed not only by the photos of him that adorn the album jacket and by the songs he writes but also by the way he sings), a suggestion — and not much more than that — that he is the innocent, tousle-haired boy on the outside only and that inside, from whence his music springs, there lurks a wise heart, a well-educated soul. There's the slightest inclination that he's setting forth, in other words, a far more important kind of music than his soft voice and the mellow, jazz-flavored backgrounds that accompany it would at first lead one to believe. Beneath the voice, and sometimes hidden by it, are the words, and beneath the words (which are not all that good in most cases, by the way, at least not in the sense that they can be quoted out of context to illustrate, in this review, some pertinent point or other), there is a spirit, a feeling, a sense of wise mystery, of shrewd delineation of time and place and character, which is not specifically lyrical.

Drake's own guitar is big and full and confident; the other musicians are incredibly right: Chris McGregor (whose Brotherhood of Breath is probably the best big band in England) plays smartly ringing piano on "Poor Boy"; altoist Ray Warleigh soars through that song and through "At the Chime of a

PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS (CON'T)

City Clock"; Clare Lowther's claret cello enriches "Cello Song" (what else?); Pat Arnold and Doris Troy swallow their infamous vibrations long enough to add a flowing, haunting chorus to "Poor Boy"; the effulgent John Cale plays celeste, piano, and organ on "Northern Sky" and viola and harpsichord on "Fly"; Paul Harris' piano brightens the buoyant, Buckley-like "One of These Things First"; Fairport Conventioneer Dave Pegg (who shares bass duties with Ed Carter and Danny Thompson) plays broad, linear patterns reminiscent of Richard Davis' work on "Astral Weeks" or on an album called "Tax Free" by the group of the same name, which also featured John Cale to good advantage and which otherwise resembles "Nick Drake" in its fluidity, its overall tenor.

What all this fine accompaniment adds up to, together with Drake's warm, elegant capacities as an abstract imagist, an innocent illusionist, is an album of great depth, great variety, (and yet) great unity, and great importance as an extension of a tradition of music-making that has not been articulated so consistently beautifully since that wondrous Van Morrison album of three years ago.

And if it sounds to you as though I'm having a little trouble, grasping and groping for the right words to express the way "Nick Drake" strikes me, I can only say Right On, Mr. Reader. A lot of what effects me so much is precisely what escapes me; self-conscious obscurity isn't worth a damn, but sly opacity, which this record is well misted with, is worth a great deal.

By Colman Andrews

TRAFALGAR The Bee Gees/Atco

A disc to be listened to with one you love, on a waterbed in the late afternoon. From the swallowtail-winged mellowness of "How Can You Mend A Broken Heart" and the Dali-orange boldness of "Lion in Winter" to the tree-top pureness of "The Greatest Man In The World" and the weightless bluesiness of "Remembering," the sea-scapes of their harmony and the wind-mills-turning-at-sunset backdrop of the orchestration combine on twelve songs that should properly be called short stories or haiku, hanging in the breeze.

Just as the wind hurries up the hill to take the sky by surprise, their consistent fusion of sentiment and loneliness results in landscapes and autumnal visions that coalesce, nay transfigure, life and life's longing into the words of madmen, lovers, sailors and children alike. Their music is the circle of a kiss, the tilt of over-ripe oranges in blue bowls by windows, covered by curtains that bob their yellowness in the kite-crazy wind. The echo and "clown with the red balloon" of "Somebody Stop the Music," the straining and "I need someone to know me" of "Trafalgar" and the country-land quiet and "if you could see me today I will remember you" naked lushness of "Dearest," somehow stops the jagged lightning of time, the

dusk-poise volcano of space and moves one into the touch of trees on fire, all the isles of all the oceans folded into each other and young gardens about to burst.

A disc that nestles and comforts its way into the logo of arms and legs, shows you where all the dead Kings and forgotten Queens have retreated to, drinks in the pantomimes of circus clowns and enchants with all the foliage of the stanzas of our flesh, all the wet-leaf greenness that running deer brush aside as they move toward rivers, whose waters slap against all the tree-trunks there are. The falling snow melodies and desafinado humming lyrics flow back with Janie and me all the way to the door, where she turns around, smiling her sunlight chequered smile, looking for lost balloons and the shadows of elves. "I wish there was another year, another time, when people sang and poets rhymed, my name could be Napoleon."

By Gary von Tersch

WELCOME HOME Clyde McPhatter/Decca

Clyde McPhatter is one of the best singers to come out of the early 50s vocal group tradition. After a stint with Billy Ward and His Dominoes, the first such group to attain any wide recognition, Clyde left in 1953 to begin his own

McPhatter, he of the pure soaring voice, emotion-charged inflection, and seemingly limitless range, is off on a new career as (you guessed it) a soul singer.

Actually it's not that bad. The songs on this album have nothing in common with most contemporary soul product, sounding much more like the type of thing found on a lot of Motown's early non-hit releases. They are ballads, in fact, and probably the best songs Clyde could have chosen to do. He's lost a lot since 1953; the exuberance of his taunting love songs, the strength of his octave-spanning flights, and the bouncy zip of songs like "A Lover's Question". Knowing this, Decca filled out the songs with orchestration that is, unfortunately, mixed in louder than Clyde's voice most of the time, serving only to accentuate his weaknesses.

What Clyde McPhatter hasn't lost is his ability to emote, to dig down into every nook and cranny of each note and extract from it just the right degree of inflection. For that reason the slower ballads, when the orchestra doesn't intrude, are most successful. "Book of Memories", "Someone to Believe In", "The Ties That Bind" and "If You Only Knew" are excellent examples of Clyde's singing at its most soulful. On the latter, he gets so deeply involved in the song that he almost breaks through into



ONE HALF OF THE HOT DUO — CHER: THE GYPSY.

group, the Drifters. It was with the Drifters on Atlantic that he really flourished. Taking advantage of Atlantic's superior recording techniques and the unerring judgment of producers Jerry Wexler and Ahmet Ertegun, Clyde and the Drifters turned out a string of hits that remains unmatched in the history of vocal R&B. "Honey Love", "A Lover's Question", "Without Love", "Money Honey", "Treasure of Love", "Such a Night", "Lucille", "What 'Cha Gonna Do" and on and on. Then Clyde went into the Army in 1954, and when he got out had a couple of hits as a solo act ("Little Bitty Pretty One") and faded from sight.

It comes out a bit different on the back of *Welcome Home*. According to Decca's liner notes, Clyde has been off the scene only three years ("three long years...") "getting his thing together" in Europe. And now he's back ("after three long years") as if we're supposed to believe "Honey Love" had been a hit in 1968. Well, no matter, Clyde

something great, but it doesn't quite happen. The song that says the most about Clyde, though, is "A Mother's Love". When he sings "I have stood on a mountain and watched the eagles fly" he seems somehow an older and wiser version of the man who sang "Without Love", much like the worldly image Frank Sinatra took on in making his comeback. But Clyde is singing about his mother, and the effect is, well yes, touching, but also very powerful in a way. It is easily the best thing on the album.

The up-tempo numbers don't fare as well. "Our Day Will Come", "Mixed Up Cup" and "Why Can't We Get Together" suffer from over-production and lackluster arrangements. But Clyde McPhatter's producers, for all their mistakes, at least didn't try to make him into a grunt-and-scream soul brother, to their eternal credit. I don't know who's likely to buy this album aside from Clyde's faithful fans, but it deserves to be heard. He's still a mighty fine singer.

—Greg Shaw

SONNY & CHER LIVE Kapp

Amidst a shower of phosphorescent glitter, a large-nosed hepster and his glassy-eyed belle emerge. The girl, a mass of makeup and freshly-ironed brunettedom, sings with a voice so pop it would make Donny O. retch with revolt. The schnoz, otherwise known as Sonny, sings with a nasal tone as dull as the endless tunnel. Here we have two of the least talented people in the whole wide world. Here we have two superstars.

Alas, superstardom did not come easily for this black-haired couple, nor did it come by mere chance. 'Twas a very carefully planned game from the start, engineered by management with a keen eye for pop potential. This duo began their career as Antony & Cleopatra, but soon used their real names as it was earthier and a hepper thing to do at the time. Sonny, clad in a mod cut, sang of how people "put him down" because of the way he dressed and the way he wore his locks (this song, entitled "Laugh at ME," was later recorded with much more success by the eminently enjoyable Mott the Hoople) in a very Dylanish sort of way, saying "Look at me you turds, I'm a freak and you make fun of me, well you're the lame ones" which was a cool thing to say but unfortunately he wasn't the type to say it well. As a duo, they recorded "I Got You, Babe" (later done as the definitive solo duet by Tiny Tim), a saga of hippie true love.

Cher did a few decent things later on, like Dr. John's (Mac Rebennack's) "Walk on Guilded Splinters" . . . but even that was just a copy of the original version (Humble Pie's new live album has an electric rendition of said tune, but done with class which, unfortunately, Sonny & Cher do not have).

But these, I'm afraid, are not our people.

Oh, sometimes they may look and dress like your local hippie. And once in a while they might use some of the kind of language that you'd find in ROLLING STONE magazine.

But man, don't try and tell me they're hip. Hip people don't do television shows with names like Al Hirt and Merv Griffin. And rumor has it that these donkeys will be replacing Merv in the near future, giving late-nite television a whole new approach.

Do not be fooled. These are not "new approach" late night hosts. These are industry puppets, much less honest than Carson and Cavett in their approach. At least Dick and Johnny don't try and look like "youth incarnate," but these phonies come-on as Mr. & Mrs. Hip.

As Al Kooper said, "You Never Know Who Your Friends Are."

By Jon Tiven

THE FIRST GREAT ROCK FESTIVALS OF THE 70's

Columbia

"Festival is you. That's all there is to it. It can be a quiet (or busy) weekend in the country . . . just music . . . a chance to be with your own people . . . a heavy political trip . . . a gentle thing . . . violent. Festival will be exactly what you are. Where your head is will determine what the festival is to you." The same goes for this album.

—Chuck Cassell (from liner notes)

If that's the case, the festivals in question (Atlanta and Isle of Wight) were a stoned out drag, because this is some of the most boring, insipid music to soil my speakers this year. Johnny Winter gives the final answer to the question, can blue men sing the albinos?; The Chamber Brothers are still rooted in 1967, believing Love (Peace and

Happiness) Is All You Need; Mountain play enough notes to satisfy a symphony orchestra; and the Allman Brothers are even more lackluster than on their Fillmore East album, where you can find both songs represented here. Sly and the Family Stone are so bad it's embarrassing, but as is usual in such cases, there's a reason. It appears Sly didn't show up, and was replaced by some local look-alikes, Marvin and the Deadbeats. If you look like Sly Stone, hang around backstage at his concerts, and you too may find superstardom your destiny.

But enough of this bad rapping. Your only reason for buying this album is because Jimi Hendrix's last performance is on it, right? Your own piece of vinyl, posterity engraved into the very grooves. Pretty neat, any way you look at it, except music wise, because Jimi displays his usual lack of discipline and meanders all over the rock and roll landscape, visiting lots of places, but not saying one iota about the territory contained there. Last performances aren't always the best.

By John Ingham

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE Columbia

I used to know a guy from Oklahoma, whose reaction to virtually any unexpected or otherwise impressive phenomenon was simply the word "Damn", only he said it, as Oklahomans are wont to do, so that it came out "Day-umm". Well, friends and neighbors, all I can say about "New Riders of the Purple Sage" is day-umm and double-day-umm. This is the album The Byrds should have made after "Sweetheart of the Rodeo". Come to think of it, this is the album The Byrds and every other country-rock-whatever group of any consequence has been trying to make since "Sweetheart of the Rodeo", or anyway ought to have been trying to make if they had any sense at all.

It's damn near (day-umm near) a faultless album, a smooth-edged series of good songs from start to finish. It's one of those albums that puts you totally at ease from the first; you know you're in good hands, know that nothing to follow is going to disappoint you, disgust you, bring you down. You can trust these varmints, kid.

Apart from the obvious (viz, the superb musicianship evinced by John Dawson (Marmaduke), David Nelson, and Dave Torbert, not to mention their friends Jerry Garcia, Spencer Dryden, Mickey Hart, and that living legend himself, Commander Cody), I think there are three major triumphs in this music. The first of these is simply that all of this attractive excellence comes from elements that are, for the most part, familiar and almost predictable. It's not a matter of unprecedented sounds, startling lyrics, or whatever; it's a matter of the sheer intelligence with which everything is put together, a triumph of organization, of arrangement, of — I suppose — production. (The lp was produced by the group, with Phil Lesh and Steve Barncard listed as "Executive Producers".) The second triumph is John Dawson's. I've just written that the lyrics are not startling, that all the elements of this music are familiar; that doesn't alter the fact that Dawson, who wrote words and music for all ten of the album's songs, shows himself to be a songwriter of major importance. The diversity of his talents is illustrated by the success with which he has penned all these songs, each one strong in its own way, without having to repeat lyric themes or melodic ideas in the least. Every song could stand by itself, away from

Dawson and from the group, and still remain a strong piece of material. In fact, if I'm not mistaken, Ian and Sylvia have already recorded "Last Lonely Eagle". Which brings us to the third triumph. It may seem minor, but Dawson et al have managed to write and perform a couple of outright "ecology" songs, "Eagle" and "Garden of Eden", and to do so without preachment, without banality, without cliché. No one else that I've heard (with the possible exception of the Beach Boys, and only on "Don't Go Near the Water"), has done so. And not only do "Eagle" and "Eden" work well, but, with the possible exception of the delicately wistful love song "All I Ever Wanted" ("You keep laying names on me/You keep playing games on me"), they are probably the two strongest songs on a thoroughly strong album.

By Colman Andrews

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS LIVE AT THE FILLMORE Capricorn

Yes friends, you may find it hard to believe, but this is ANOTHER live at the Fillmore East album. For some reason, record producers feel that a Live concert at the Forum, or the Cow Palace, or any of the other great assembling halls across the nation do not rate immortality in vinyl. But the Fillmore definitely rates. In fact, it doesn't matter what the groups do, so long as they do it at the Fillmore.

But, one can rest assured that this album will be one of the last recordings to come out with this moniker, barring some future albums still bogged down in the manufacturing stage. For the Allman Brothers were in fact the last group to record a set at the Fillmore East. On the night they played, the demolition ball was busily knocking down the walls all around the stage. Although one might call this an inhibiting influence, even affecting the quality of the record, everyone who heard them that night agreed that they played one kick ass set.

The Allman Brothers band is extremely good at producing a kind of blues that sounds fantastic anywhere — a club or a concert hall — so that a live album by them would seem like an excellent idea. Unfortunately, the sound that can rattle your bones in concert does not always come off when recorded. With a blues band, the problem of making a decent album is aggravated by the fact that the music they play is so standardized that great effort must be taken so it does not turn into an extremely loud muzak.

The Allmans have tackled the problem by trying to impress us with the size of the production. Two sides of this two record package are taken up by two songs; "You Don't Love Me" (19:06), and "Whipping Post" (22:40). The net effect of an audience hearing these two juggernauts back to back must be something equivalent to the sound that dentists use to dull a patient's sense of pain before the drilling. Not that these are bad songs, mind you, especially "You Don't Love Me", which has some intriguing parts to it. In fact, what better way to fill up the yawning pits of silence on a virgin two record album?

Actually, those two sides sound better than the short tracks of side one, especially "Stormy Monday," a slower blues song with one of the most boring jams recorded in many moons. "Statesboro Blues" just sounds strained.

Things sound better on side three, with "Hot Lanta" and "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed," which has a nice easy listening quality, fine, and unforced.

Ultimately, the Allmans have as fine and proficient a band as is in operation anywhere; but to the question of why anyone would want to define and limit themselves in the "Blues Band" brackets, I can only figure that it must be a technical competence combined with a total lack of imagination on the part of the musicians. Jazz is too eclectic, and rock and roll so often dissolves into cock power, that a self respecting side man naturally finds the one notch that will provide the greatest amount of peer group admiration, with the widest possible audience appeal; namely, Blues.

The accumulating result of this artistic entrenchment is a music as devoid of personal expression as a television commercial. The blues, when used in this fashion, becomes not an art form, but a scapegoat.

This is a record for many purposes. I would recommend that you get this record if you are:

A—An underground F.M. disk jockey with a lot of air time to fill.

B—A suburbanite Bon Vivant, who likes to give a lot of long sweaty parties.

C—A teenager, whose Step-pewolf albums have become too warped to play any more.

D—A Hyperthyroid.

If you are none of the above, then use your own taste. You can hardly go wrong.

By Robert Houghton

MARBLEHEAD MESSENGERS SEATRIN/Capitol

Seatrain was the first major splinter of the Blues project (now reformed in rather truncated version) and have consistently been one of the best recording and performing bands in the country-folk-blues-rock game, if such a game exists. Under the expert hand of former Beatle producer George Martin, the group has developed a tone that remains more or less consistent from album to album; even

have an uncanny ability to pick opening cuts, and just as "I'm Willin'" from the last album set the stage, so does "Gramercy" here. The unity of approach and Seatrain's own peculiar pop flavoring holds up the quick, clever melody and Lloyd Baskin's bouncy vocal — "Her hair was like a hurricane, her eyes like forest pools/ Her words were few and fine and fair — I fell just like a fool" go Jim Roberts' words. Richard Greene's dancing fiddle is found throughout the album, but he shines especially on "How Sweet thy Song," a tune with the usual Rowan chord changes on the verses coupled with a harmonized vocal on the chorus which Rowan and Baskin handle perfectly. Here Greene plays not violin but mandolin, electric no less, and produces a solo with such sustained electrical impulse that a guitarist would have trouble with the resonance. Kulberg is allowed a short but tasty bass solo (aside from his expertise on flute — remember "Flute Thing"? — Kulberg is a killer member of Seatrain's rhythm section) and Baskin lays down a nice piano backing. The other Rowan compositions are not as impressive, but "Protestant Preacher" and "Mississippi Moon" (the latter almost pure tripe lyrically) do hold some good moments. "London Song" is a Kulberg-Roberts number with a heavy classical influence, expressed well in one of Peter Rowan's few solos. The soaring melody is sung expertly by Baskin (who still sounds best when his voice is buffered by others) although it is quite tricky. The other two standouts are the title track, a chant with a fluttering flute figure and "Despair Tire," which is something entirely new for Seatrain. The latter is a mad hoedown combined with words that might bring a nod from Capt. Beefheart; more like recited poetry than lyrics, punctuated by the footstomping fiddle part.

FROM THE INSIDE Poco/Epic

You decide in your own mind which is better "Pickin' Up the Pieces" or "From the Inside", I can't. I'll just begin with the superlative "Outstanding" and we'll go from there. The album reflects a lot of change the group has gone through. For example, Jim Messina, former lead guitarist and producer, has split (up North forming his own group etc.) and Paul Cotton (former lead guitarist with the Illinois Speed Press) has come in, handsomely, on lead guitar and writing ability.

As the title reflects, this album is not quite like any other of the Poco releases: it is more laid-back, a bit more reflective and personal with greatest similarity, for me, to Poco's first.

Because Poco is such a unique, highly original sound in a country Rock and Roll vein (the best in my opinion), it takes a few listens to "drop" into the music. But when it happens, you'll be astounded. Side one opens with "Hoe Down" an upbeat, western, kneestomper and hand clapper that gets things going. Then we hear from Paul Cotton with "Bad Weather". Not only can Cotton play lead guitar but he can sing, and perhaps his most truly remarkable quality is in his songwriting ability. "Bad Weather" is incredibly lyrical. Coupled with Richie Furay's and Tim Schmit's weaving, lilting, beautiful harmonies, enhanced by Rusty Young's pedal steel work which registers as some of the finest musicianship in Rock and Roll, this song, for me, stands out as the most powerful and feelingful of the album. As a matter of fact, all Cotton's selections are stunning. They include "Railroad Days" (side one) and "Ol' Forgiver," on side two. His voice is unlike the rest of Poco's members in that it is "rustic" and "unhewn". It is just the right combination (or contrast) to Poco's customary high,

supposed to be 'from the inside' (personal), it just turned out that way."

I dare not exclude George Grantham on drums. Richie comments, "Without George, we don't go anywhere." His beats are good country-rock — tying everything together and pairing very well with Tim's bass work and Rusty's steel magic.

Speaking of Young, his excellence as a musician is obvious here. He has the ability to make his Fender pedal steel sound like a Hammond B-3 organ running through a Leslie speaker. Nice. The accompaniment of his musical weaving creates an integration and country flavor that makes Poco so distinctly favored.

The only suggestion I make is that you go see Poco if they come anywhere close by. Their in-person performance is something so brilliant that it cannot be captured on any album. Seeing them will greatly enhance the overall effect of the album. Another thing, you might get hung-up listening to the first side because it is so musically well-blended but don't forget about side two. It should set you on your ass.

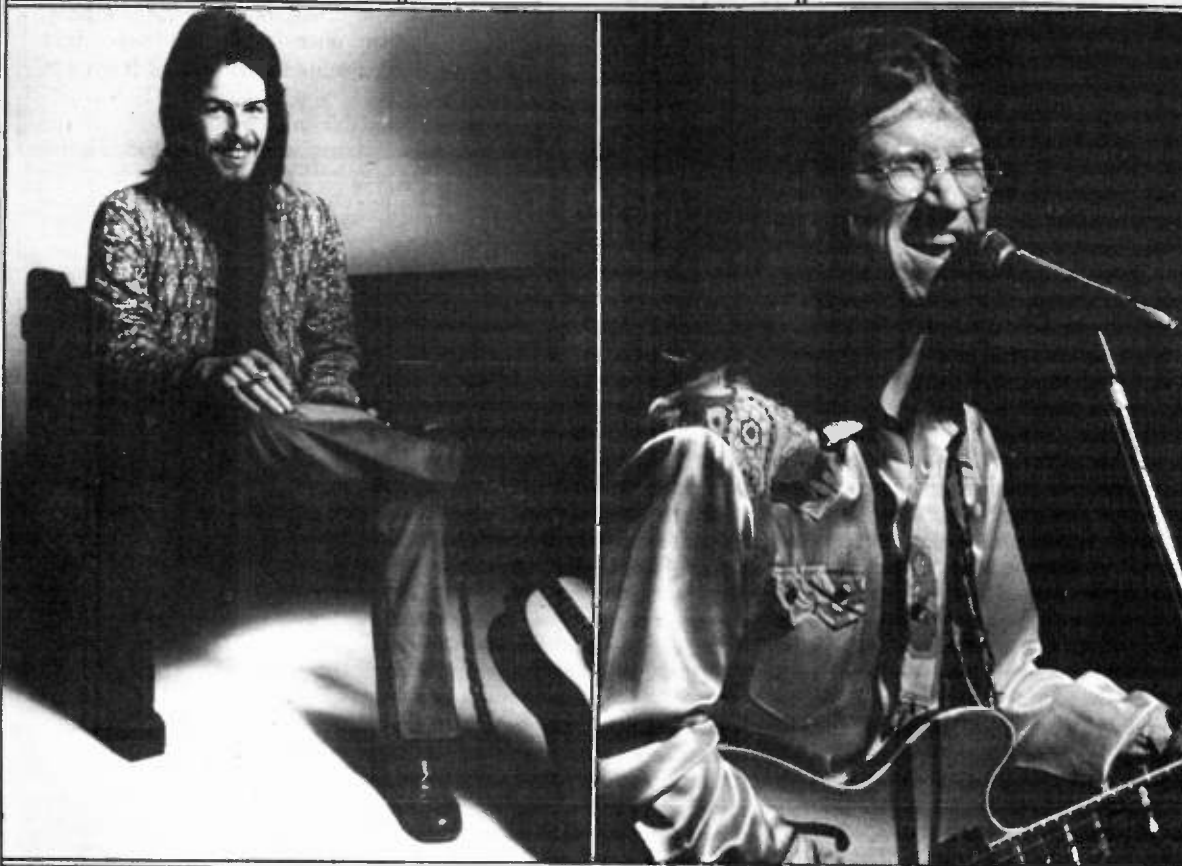
By Jay Ehler

SOMETIMES Allan Taylor United Artists

Allan Taylor, a heretofore-obscure British "folk" artist, has released his first album, *Sometimes*, and it's simply one of the nicest records I've heard in a hell of a long time. Getting yet another album by a solo folkster in an era of extreme troubadourial overkill was a treat hardly calculated to inspire handspins of delight, but Allan Taylor is something special. He is his own man, but if comparisons are required, I'd say that of the current crop of solo performers (J. Taylor, L. Taylor, John, Kristofferson, etc.) his style is most similar to that of Cat Stevens, but with closer ties to British folk traditions (there are four traditional tunes on the album; the remainder are penned by Taylor and his quondam collaborator Myles Wootton).

The album's instrumentation is spare but exquisite. Taylor's fine acoustic guitar is backed at various times by pipes, flute, harpsichord, and the drums, bass, and violin of Fairport Convention's three Daves: Mattacks, Pegg, and Swarbrick, in addition to occasional tasteful, non-obtrusive string arrangements (by Tony Cox, a talented producer/arranger previously known for fine orchestral arrangements for Yes and a brilliant but unknown in America — traditional/rock group, Trees). Taylor's voice seems undistinctive on first listening, but quickly takes on qualities of great warmth and pleasantness. And the songs themselves are extremely impressive — lyrically Taylor is fairly straightforwardly romantic (thankfully avoiding, however, sentimental wallowing or self-conscious artiness), but it is his melodic gifts that really stand out.

My favorite tracks at this point (they vary from listening to listening) are "Pied Piper", the famous legend set to a haunting original melody; "Searching For Lambs", a traditional tune with a lovely medieval musical setting (very nice flute, as well); "Tudor Pop", featuring Messrs. Mattacks, Pegg, and Swarbrick on a Fairportish instrumental (slower than usual, though, and quite pretty); "Our Captain Cried All Hands", another traditional number, arranged by the eminent British folk artists Shirley and Dolly Collins, with a striking acoustic guitar introduction; and "Song For (please turn to page 27)



at left: Allan Taylor (Ex-Fairport). right: Richie Furay (Poco).

though the writers for the group vary, when the whole band is playing, the texture remains. So whether the song is written by Andy Kulberg and Jim Roberts (Seatrains Keith Reid figure), Peter Rowan (whose melodies betray his former involvement with Earth Opera), Lloyd Baskin or a combination of all the members, there is definitely a Seatrain sound. And while the sound doesn't hold up as well on *Marblehead Messenger* as it did on the group's first splendid Capitol release, this latest disc is still one hell of an album.

Seatrains and George Martin

Marblehead Messenger is the most intriguing Seatrain album ever, with only "Song of Job" as its distant cousin as far as approach goes. I know something's happening here, but I don't know what it is.

Whatever combination of effects go into a Seatrain album there is an overriding excellence that is polished but not staid. Seatrain's creativity is obviously in no danger of dissolving if *Marblehead Messenger* is any evidence of their abilities.

By Mark Leviton

powerful vocals. Cotton proves to be an invaluable addition to Poco's new self.

Richie's "What Am I Gonna Do" (side one) and "What If I Should Say I Love You" (side two) are Furay at his inimitable best; both vocally and as a songwriter. He has the ability to feel everything he does right to the marrow of his sensitivities and when he reproduces the feeling in song, the effort is simply beautiful.

Tim's bass is everpresent; as is his writing. He has written the title cut "From the Inside" and reflects, "The Album wasn't



Colman Andrews

JAZZ

by Colman Andrews

"I'm getting into new things because the surroundings are new." Says trumpeter Donald Bird pictured above (right) with George Butler, director of Blue Note Jazz Recordings at a recent session in Los Angeles.

When I first heard about the album called "Sing Me a Song of Songmy" (Atlantic SD 1576), it sounded about as exciting as a trip to the dentist. To be sure, it featured the incredible trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, and his hard-blowing ensemble. But, as if the title were not bad enough, the album was further described as "a fantasy for electromagnetic tape" which featured, besides Hubbard, "reciters, chorus, string orchestra, Hammond organ, and synthesized and processed sounds", composed and "realized" by one Ilhan Mimaroglu, and intended, presumably, as a kind of mixed-media social-commentary concept album about war and violence. Whoopee.

To say that my misgivings were ill-founded would be a supreme understatement. What I feared would be pretentious clap-trap turned out to be brilliant art. "Sing Me a Song of Songmy", title and all, is an incredible work, a chillingly successful one, a powerful and a painful one. It is startling because it joins together, with great force and to fine, forceful effect, antithetical elements which have never before, in my opinion and so far as I know, been so joined. It is doubly startling because the resultant musical (and literary) admixture works not only as an ambitious compositional creation, but also as the political/social statement it apparently set out to be. Political art fails most of the time because, however admirable it may be politically, it is usually simply shabby art. Straight-forward slogans and raging rhetoric have their place, but when a man sets out to express some political truth or belief in poetry, architecture, music, or whatever, he ought to use his chosen medium to its best advantage—turning his statement into searing mystical verse, unavoidably mighty edifice, or echoing patternwork of sound. If his work, instead, is obvious and superficial—however true—then he has wasted his energies, degraded his chosen form, and needlessly confused his audiences. He ought to have stuck to plain prose. What this Turkish composer and audio magician, Ilhan Mimaroglu, has done is to construct a work of amazing complexity (a work which includes music and poetry and a kind of electronic architecture) and then to use the very complexity of his construct to express things that need badly to be expressed, but that would have been unbearably trite, unbearably maudlin, in plain prose. He has deftly side-stepped every pitfall that usually devalues political art; he has brought to his task a formidable sense of sound, a master mosaicist's ability to fit together skillfully all manner of diverse pieces and parts, a top-notch dramatist's facility for contrast, conflict, and dramatic momentum.

"Sing Me a Song of Songmy" effectively questions—or leads the listener to question, which is far more important—fundamental human myths about war and country and death. It does not suggest that nothing is worth dying for, but it does ask, I think, whether anything is worth killing for, and, especially whether anything is worth forcing or driving others to kill or die for. (It does not talk philosophy so much as it talks man.)

The Vietnamese poet Nha-Khe recites a work called "Poverty", by the Turkish poet Fazil Husnu Daglarca: "Burn me, burn me if you like. But don't burn the forest that shelters me." Mimaroglu's (and Hubbard's) accompanying music suggests war at its most impersonal, its most horribly detached—the war of pushed buttons burning babies a hundred miles away. It's strong stuff.

I'm not really sure to what extent "Sing Me a Song of Songmy" is jazz, but I know that what jazz is in it—quite a lot, both in terms of time and of intensity, played by Hubbard (who may or may not be, as he claims to be, "one of the world's greatest trumpeters", but who is certainly dazzling and strong throughout), Junior Cook on tenor, Kenny Barron, sounding less Powellish than usual, on piano, Art Booth on Bass, and Art Taylor on drums—is not only stirring in itself, but is also a well-integrated part of the work as a whole, a perfect part of a near-perfect artistic assemblage.

Donald Byrd was in L.A. recently, to record the first part of his next Blue Note album, a projected two-record set. He had scarcely started recording, when Blue Note was besieged with requests from local musicians, writers, et al who had heard the good news about his sessions, who wanted to see and hear some of it for themselves. People like Herbie Hancock, Quincy Jones, and Herb Alpert (the sessions were at A&M, and Alpert is something of a trumpeter, after all) came in and out, listening, wishing their best, and so on. The very fact that Byrd was recording on the West Coast, away from the musicians he's worked with for so many years, was unusual enough; but the quality of what Byrd and his comrades was playing was the real lure. "It's incredible," Blue Note president George Butler told me. "The sessions were hardly over when all the musicians in New York started talking about them." And from what I heard on the two afternoons I spent in A&M's control rooms, the sessions were indeed that good.

Among the participants in these instantly-renowned affairs, besides Donald Byrd and his brilliant trumpet, of course, were Bobby Hutcherson and Harold Land (and watch out for Hutcherson's forthcoming Blue Note lp, by the way, because it is incredible), keyboard master Joe Sample, bassist Wayne Henderson ("Somebody told me he was the best Fender bassman in town," said Byrd, "and I sure do believe it now"), and guitarist David T. Walker.

Why had he wanted to record in L.A., to leave behind the men he's been performing and recording with for so long? "Because," he replied, "It was getting too predictable. I always knew what was going to happen. I come out to the Coast, and I don't even know most of the musicians on the date, but somehow there's a kind of freedom because of that. I'm getting into new things because the surroundings are new."

It was also obvious that, as much as they may have inspired him in new directions, Byrd was certainly returning the favor,

stirring his crew—some of whom were prominent jazzmen and some of whom were hard-working rock and/or r'n'b and/or jazz studio players—into felicitous new actions of their own. Among the things I heard recorded were a brief r&b ballad ("You know that anything Elton John can do, I can do better," Byrd said), and two extremely long, unstructured pieces of free improvisation.

The rest of the album will be recorded, in L.A. again, some time in October (future as I write this, past as you read it, most likely), and it may or may not feature the same personnel. In any case, it can't help but be an unusually exciting album when it appears.

Recent jazz album releases I've liked have included these: "George Russell presents The Esoteric Circle" (Flying Dutchman FD-10125), The Esoteric Circle (not to be confused with just plain Circle) being a quartet of Norwegian musicians who have been associated with Russell, and, between all of them, with most of the better, more modern American and European jazz players who have performed in Scandinavia, and which particularly features Jan Garbarek's seething tenor and Terry Rypdal's rock-influenced, percussive guitar style; "The Bill Evans Album" (Columbia C 30855), the long-awaited new-label debut of that most tasteful of pianists himself, playing a typically refined set that includes good old "Waltz For Debby", an elaboration of a theme Evans wrote for Crest Toothpaste, called "Comrade Conrad", and a 'fraidycat twelve-tone composition called "T.T.T.", and that also includes the equally refined accompaniments of Eddie Gomez on bass and Marty Morrell on drums; "Charlie Parker Memorial Concert" (Cadet 2CA 60002), a splendid two-record representation of Parker and Parker-associated tunes, recorded in Chicago as a "musical tribute to Charlie Parker on his Fiftieth Birthday Anniversary", and featuring a lot of lovely Chicago jazz by such as Dexter Gordon, Roy Haynes, Eddie Jefferson, Kenny Dorham, Ray Nance, Vi Redd, Philly Joe Jones, Howard McGhee, Red Rodney, Jodie Christian (a sadly neglected pianist if ever there was one), the A.A.C.M. keyboard innovator, Richard Abrams, and Lee Konitz (this last name suggests a rather sad note; a recent issue of Downbeat carried a classified ad under their "Where to study" section, reading "Will accept beginning improvisers for correspondence study. Lee Konitz . . . etc." Now, maybe he likes and wants to teach beginning students jazz by mail, but if he doesn't (and I'll bet he doesn't), then it is but another sad commentary on the way we treat our musicians in this country that so advanced an improviser as Konitz must do this sort of thing to make a living); "My Goal Beyond" (Douglas 9) by Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, which on one side has that notoriously capable guitarist accompanied by people like violinist Jerry Goodman of Flock, bassist Charlie Haden, the formidable Billy Cobham on drums, and Brazilian percussion sorcerer Airto Moreira, playing two expansive, Miles-

influenced originals, and one side has McLaughlin alone, which ends up being some of the finest solo jazz guitar I've ever heard; "Better Git It In Your Soul" (Columbia G 30628) by Charlie Mingus, being a re-issue, re-package, etc. of two vintage Mingus albums, "Mingus Ah Um" and "Mingus Dynasty", being a most welcome re-issue since the original lps are difficult to locate in the first case and impossible in the second, and being a two-record testament to the brilliance of Mingus as a bassist, a composer, and a leader of other musicians (including John Handy, the late Booker Ervin, Benny Golson, a pre-electric Don Ellis, pianist Roland Hanna, and drummer Dannie Richmond who, for some reason, left all this to join Mark/Almond a few months ago); and finally, two German lps which may not be exactly new but which are worthy of careful attention, "A.R.C." (ECM 1009) by Chick Corea, David Holland, and Barry Altschul, and "Paul Bley with Gary Peacock" (ECM 1003), by the well-balanced and witty pianist and bassist of the same names, along with Paul Motian or Billy Elgart on drums. I especially like Bley's note, in apparent explanation of his inclusion of Jerome Kern's "Long Ago and Far Away" on the album, that "Chord changes have never interfered with my own way of hearing melody."

Less successful are "Brand New" (Fantasy 8414) by Woody Herman, wherein Mike Bloomfield's guitar (!), the arrangements of Nat Pierce, Tony Klatka, and Alan Broadbent, and Herman's tiresome vocals and less-than-exciting reed work simply don't add up to very much; "The DeJohnette Complex" (Milestone MSP 9022) by Jack de Johnette which fails for reasons I don't quite understand, since the group consists of some of the most excitingly creative musicians there are, including Bennie Maupin on tenor and flute (and unfortunately not on the bass clarinet he performs such magical music with), Stanley Cowell on pianos, Eddie Gomez and/or Miroslav Vitous on bass, Roy Haynes on drums, and de Johnette on drums and Melodica, but which may suffer from the leader's over-dependence on the latter instrument, hardly an inspiring sort of equipment at the best of times, from his limits as a composer (especially in light of the Coltrane, Cowell, and Vitous compositions also on the lp), and from its relative old age, since it dates from late 1968; and finally "Adventures in Time" (Columbia G 30625) by Dave Brubeck, with his old group Desmond, Wright, and Morello, with a lot of his well-known works in exotic time signatures, with a shameful Sun Ra rip-off as a cover design (see "The Heliocentric Worlds" Vol. II on ESP), and with a lot of limp and tepid improvisation which, despite Desmond's purest-of-the-pure tone and Morello's considerable rhythmic acumen, seems to me to be thoroughly superfluous to the world of jazz today.

By the time you read this, your friendly jazz columnist will be off in darkest Europe where, among other things, he hopes to hear a great deal of jazz (like the Berlin Jazz Festival and George Wein's fantastic-sounding Miles/Ornette/Monk/et al jazz tour) and to meet and talk with jazz musicians, both Americans living abroad and European jazzmen. Watch this space, as they say, and meanwhile I will leave you with the following test of your jazz knowledge: What is wrong with this statement (from "A Parisian's Guide to Paris" by two prominent French gastronomes whose names I have mercifully forgotten)? "The Living Room becomes a musician's hangout after two o'clock in the morning. Kenny Clarke, Chet Baker, Art Taylor and Memphis Slim arrive with their clarinets or saxes under their arms."

By Colman Andrews

S.F. on 2¢

(continued from page 18)

and actually less interesting to this jaundiced sardonic ear than the hour's tuneup. So, I finally worked up the gump-tion to rouse myself from the chair, went and collared Rob, saying, "Le's get the fuck out of this place," stumbling then back to the hotel and good ole Room 801 to crash out immediately; once more fully dressed.

The last coherent thing I heard before I left was that Van Morrison'd crashed out facefirst mebbe in the dressing room and wouldn't be able to make the set after all. Ah well, that's Show Biz! and even a Trooper true and blue clear thru will have his bad nights.

The next day I awoke to a mob of people barging into my room; the Shaws, Neville, etc., and we called down immediately for breakfast, which, despite the fact that it seemed much less lavish than Saturday's spread in the banquet room, ran up perhaps the most outrageously exorbitant cash-totting of my entire stay.

The Dream Is Over

Suddenly, though, the grey sidewalk of ineluctable reality came looming in and crushed all my expansive bon vivant, joie de vivre, cherchez la femme, ah sweet mystery of life glees under an intractable slab of stark turd gloom. Suddenly, with consummate pain to my heart and taste buds and much wailing and gnashing of teeth, it occurred to me that by two o'clock this very day my free bed and meal ticket would be cancelled. I would have to check out of my beautiful room! And worse, if I wanted a bottle of sweet Blue Nun, I'd actually have to go down and lay out \$7.50 or whatever. It was back to bummer

pauperisms! To plain ole Coors and Gallo! Tuna sandwiches on Weber's, not canapes!

I'd like to say I wept, but I was too inebriated even for that. In fact, I was riding so high on the usual things that the full raw extent of my precipitate change in status didn't really hit me until it'd already happened and I'd been ejected into the proletarian street. And then it did hit—hard! Fortunately, however, I'm something of a tough young buzzard, and I don't think the trauma will sear me for life. After bidding a whole aria of profuse and affectionate goodbyes to my beautiful room, how grim to find myself ten minutes later crushed with too many other people into the back seat of Greg's little Toyota; glumly rifling through the latest issue of the Ruck mag that started me on the road to all this joie de vivre way back in golden (for the publication in question anyhow) 1969 . . . poor crotchety cranky Senior Hippie digest Rolling Stone. Up to my ears in melancholy, I rolled cross the Oakland Bridge reading about George Harrison's Bangla Desh benefit and mooning ahead in sponge-porous mind to the next big bash, which should be the Jefferson Airplane party to celebrate the launching of Grunt Records, to which Diane Gardiner is inviting everybody from Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson to Federico Fellini and Marcello Mastroianni to Diz and Lick to even actual ruckenroll musicians to finally a vast roster of Press punks and poohbahs, including Richard Meltzer and Dave Marsh and even yours truly . . . and nice as it is to know that all the dopers should find nothing but the best at that one, the Airplane's celebrated "Michoacan" which some o' these pissant ruck riters've only dreamed of, I just hope them fuckin' bigtime Fresco ruckenroll Rev-alushunaries have their acidpated with about 'em when they buy the hootch. Fair warning should suffice; I abide nothing but the very best!



John Klemmer (above) and Clifford Coulter (below) are shown recording live during their performances at the Kabuki Theatre, San Francisco. — ED.

Performances

(continued from page 3)

acommodate the crowd which meant that the set, for the most part, consisted of recent and current hits by popular recording artists: Blood, Sweat, and Tears' "Go Down Gamblin'", Chicago's "Make Me Smile", Edgar Winter's "Keep Playing That Rock and Roll", Sly and the Family Stone's "Higher" . . .

There are seven musicians in Borrowed Thyme, but they have the ability to sound like two or like twenty. They are technicians on the highest level, possessing the ability to duplicate anyone's hit record, occasionally embellishing the original arrangement with a flourish of their own. Their specialty is the energetic jazz rock music which is so suited to their instrumentation.

"Big Abb", whose lead vocals are as powerful as his name implies, bounces enthusiastically throughout the set, maintaining perfect audience control with apparent ease. He thoroughly enjoys himself on stage, and amuses himself and the other members of the group, as well as the audience, by giving them surprise signals in the midst of the fervent "Higher", initiating a sudden rhythm change, then signaling them back to the principal theme . . . There is a persistent intriguing interaction between keyboard man, Vinnie Cond Rath, and guitarist, Sidney McGinnis, each apparently the catalyst for the others' improvisations.

In addition to the obvious jazz and rock influences, Borrowed Thyme incorporates the basic classical concept of statement and expanded restatement in their original material. With the exception of the beautiful "Breakpoint", which features a delicate flute duo by Stan Slotter and Regis Markl, however, the group tends to fall into the trap of most of the second generation jazz rock groups in that many of their phrases are overly predictable, cliched. The mere fact that Borrowed Thyme is attempting to surface in 1971 (after the onslaught of Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Chicago; Chase, Dreams, etc) instead of 1968, when they started getting it together, may keep this group as a much-in-demand dance club band instead of a major recording act.

—By Patti Johnson

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET The Village Gaslight New York

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, in the basement of the esteemed Village Vanguard, a more subdued, more self-satisfied group gathered to appreciate the eternally progressing sounds of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Each of the members of the Quartet: John Lewis on piano, Milt Jackson on vibes, Percy Heath on bass, and Connie Kay, percussionist, has such a complete understanding of the jazz idiom and the capability for discipline that they can be free to explore and exhibit individual expression without jeopardizing their rich ensemble effect. While they fail to follow rigid, confining arrangements, they have the ability to anticipate, spin-off, and compliment each other.

One of the highlights of the evening was "Romance", featuring Vibraphonist Milt Jackson. The number opened with an ethereal, gentle chime effect, leading into some easy-flowing right hand key-board work by Lewis which was interrupted by some subtle, casual percussion work, and finally settling into free-moving shuffle music. The various moods and tempo changes of the composition create a sense of involvement for the listener. The same interest is generated during the unpredictable "There's A Boat That's Leaving Soon For New York", which vacillates between a delicate, dissonant vibe/keyboard interplay and a salacious, spirited melody which is given depth by the emotional bass playing of Percy Heath. The group ends the set on a more relaxed note, playing a slick, Basie-type arrangement of "What Now My Love", embellished with Latin overtones by Kay. The audience left satiated and content.

—By Patti Johnson

LABELLE The Bitter End New York

Labelle is back! (That's right, the very same Patti Labelle and the Bluebells of early sixties fame.) Everyone at the Bitter End old enough to remember her classic "I Sold My Heart To The Junkman" was surprised (and many of them disappointed) by her change in style. Patti and

crew, which include all the original members of the Bluebells except Cindy Birdsong who left the group to join the Supremes several years ago, have abandoned some of their original R&B, gospel zest in favor of good old rock and roll (nice and hard). Labelle, Nora Hendryx, and Sarah Dash tackle the lyrically meaningful tunes of contemporaries Carole King, Laura Nyro, Kenny Rogers, and Keith Richards with pzazz, giving a new meaning to "Time And Love" and "You've Got A Friend". Their closing, an introduction by each of the trio of herself to the audience is exciting, fiery, powerful. Labelle may have lost some of her down-home funk appeal, but certainly none of her soul.

—By Patti Johnson

JACKIE LOMAX

(continued from page 13)

With the burden of getting his second album on the market behind him, Lomax embarked on an extended promotional tour of the States and Canada for the Warners people, playing The Bitter End in New York, the Whiskey A'Go-Go in L.A. and The Poison Apple in Detroit, and other relatively small clubs.

"I like to play clubs," Jackie explains. "Especially when you're gettin' it together, as we are, in a group. I mean we're doin' things differently from the album now because we've learned the songs better and we're goin' into sort of a different feel.

"We're goin' through changes ourselves, so I like to play to close audiences rather than goin' into a theatre or big stadium. You're not really with the audience there. The audience is somewhere out there en masse. But in a club, you can see the people sittin' right there and you can see the reaction in their faces. You can see which numbers go down well and which don't go down well."

Strangely enough, as the Lomax tour wore on, Jackie found more and more customers requesting numbers off his first LP, "Is This What You Want?"

"I never thought about it when we started out," he says. "In fact, none of us did. We did talk about which number we liked best off the last album, just for doin' one as a token sorta song. But then we found people were asking for three or four different types."

"Pretty much everyone's been asking about 'Sour Milk Sea,' adds Israel, "but a lot of times people ask for 'Little Yellow Pills,' and one place they asked for 'Speak To Me.' Everyone's got a different song off that album they'd like to hear."

"We never thought of doin' it," Jackie puts in. "I mean, we just didn't think it would be valid, or that the people would even remember if they did hear it at the time. And I just generally thought that nobody heard it anyway."

Though Jackie and the band never did get around to working up one of his older compositions for their stage show, the reaction they're receiving is still extremely encouraging. What's more, if the new album goes over well in England, where it was released in early July, the group is tentatively scheduled to make it over to Great Britain this fall for a tour there too.

"I'd like to go back for a visit," Jackie says with a slight smile. "I'm not too keen about goin' back to stay for a while though."

Is Jackie Lomax finally satisfied with what he's doing now?

"Yeah, I think so. I'm into the new material that I'm doin'. And I'm already thinkin' about the next album, which, incidentally, might be done in Woodstock with John Simon next time. He came to The Bitter End and saw us and liked what we were doin', and he wants us to do it in Woodstock sometime in the end of the summer, if we can get it all together."

Jackie will get it all together alright this time — things are looking too good not to. "Well, I lost my wheel in Barrow. Tried to cross the No-one-Cambridge. When my Liverpool grew shallow. Had to dig more Wells in Tunbridge.

An' my home, home, Home is in my head."

JACK BONUS STOLE THE SHOW



WHAT A LOVELY SOUND

BEN EDMONDS & RICHARD MELTZER

It was going to be, if you believed the hype and hung on to your hopes, the event on an otherwise lackluster social calendar for the quietly fading year of 1971. It had all the makings: the guest list read like a post office wall of the most wanted rock and roll desperados in all the land. Writers, record company execs, disc jockeys, scene-makers and even some stars of the street got invites to the bash. Visions of a cocaine orgy and a freeloaders starship were foremost in the minds of many of those on the hallowed list, and those unfortunate enough to be left off knew they were going to miss something.

What, you may ask, inspired all this madness and hallucinogenic speculation? It was none other than Grunt Records, the record company formed by the Jefferson Airplane to give them and their friends something to do. Though the airplane had grumbled long and loud about the treatment accorded them by their former company (RCA), when the dust around the negotiations had settled, Grunt was a tenant in the RCA building! It is not known how much money the Airplane received for their signature on the distribution pact, but it was deemed enough to afford a lavish birthday celebration in their own honor.

Guests were flown in from all corners of the country, and were housed at the plush Jack Tar in downtown San Francisco, just a few short steps away from the historic location of the old Avalon Ballroom at Sutter and Van Ness. Most people had Saturday afternoon flights, but by six o'clock the multitudes had been herded onto buses and were bound for the site of the bacchanal, located at the Friends & Relations hall (formerly The Family Dog) on the Great Highway by the sea. Upon arrival, they were treated to Grunt t-shirts, Grunt wine, Grunt food, Grunt music and general Grunt hospitality. The line wait for chow was in many instances as long as seventy-five minutes, but it was about the only time when you could get in more than a couple of words with the people chances are you hadn't seen for six months or more. In this sense, the music almost became an imposition, but by the time the effects of the wine had set in, nobody was recognizing anybody else anyway, let alone paying any attention to the music. Most people carried their hangovers onto their Sunday airplanes and took them all the way home.

didn't like wine with his chicken but he likes yellow t-shirts a lot and he wore one with all the buttons buttoned and a tie from 1946 tight at the neck and a bald head. the East Coast press party circuit, generally regarded to be a much tougher and demanding schedule (for whatever reason, the West Coast has never quite grasped the press party concept too firmly, with one notable exception having been outlined by Lester "Bozo" Bangs earlier in this issue). Anyway, R.'s exploits at several such gatherings are now rightfully legend (he has been reported black-listed by certain Hollywood moguls who objected to certain of his New York-style tactics, and one famed southern belle is alleged to be contemplating legal action against our R. for his fearless reportage of an early-summer Texas outing), and he may be perceived to be lurking in the shadows wherever there is news to be sniffed out. R. Meltzer remembers things that haven't even happened yet.

By Ben Edmonds

The waves on the beach got blown in by the winds and the tide and they got the sand wet, Pacific Ocean sand across the street from where the Grunt party was at the Friends and Relatives Hall in Playland. They have corn dogs at Playland—also known as pronto-pups—but there weren't any inside the party unless somebody smuggled one in inside his vest or her tampon. No cause the food inside was entirely free on the house so there was no reason for anybody to pay for eats. Or drinks either.

Plenty of stuff to drink and it was all wine except for some beer. The beer keg was leaking all the time and some guy kept dumping sawdust on it every couple of minutes and so the people who weren't paying any attention to the leak thought the guy was doing it to cover up the puke but there wasn't any puke there at all. But there was puke in other places on the dance floor and some unlucky customers stepped in it and slipped and fell and hurt their hands. The puke couldn't be smelled cause there was so much smell to begin with but it was still a foot hazard.

But smart cookies were dancing around the barf and meeting and greeting their friends. Some of the finest friends the world has ever known were in attendance, including Larry Meyer who used to go to Stony Brook and is now the best fisherman on the Grunt staff. Also Lillian & Lisa and Lillian did the honors this time as she deftly pulled Lisa's tits out of the front of Lisa's dress but not too many people were around to see it but it was good. Also Diane Gardiner who was wearing this feather boa and a slinky kind of beige dress (like the one she's wearing in the October 25 Rock only now her hair's dark and she looks better that way—she's a real honey!) in satin or one of those kind of materials and you could see her underpants underneath it and if you wanted to you could stick your hand in there thru her dress and it was real smooth. Also Greil Marcus, he was there too.

He was wearing corduroy and a yellow shirt and glasses. Danny Mihm had glasses too and so did Christgau. Christgau threw a piece of pie at Ellen Willis whom he hadn't seen in two years and he was there with Susan Lydon. The pie he hit her with was hard to come by cause there was a real big line for the food and the west coasters weren't ready for that cause they're not exactly used to food lineups at press parties at the Bitter End and the Gaslight and the ones Columbia has on 30th Street or wherever it is. So people—mostly west coasters—guarded their food with their life and Charley Perry didn't like it one bit when some smart alec dumped a large quantity of wine on his chicken. He didn't like wine with his chicken but he likes yellow shirts a lot and he wore one with all the buttons buttoned and a tie from 1946 tight at the neck and a bald head.

Cyril Jordan isn't exactly bald yet but he's getting there and he was in evidence, too along with Chris, the latest new singer for the Flamin Groovies—soon to be renamed the Dogs. They ended up under the same sheets as an aforementioned young lady even though Chris is only 19 years old. Lester Bangs is a lot older in both age and size of booze capacity: man, he can really drink a lot! He can do Romilar and tequila in the same motion and he doesn't mind it when he barfs and

he doesn't mind hangovers and Greg Shaw who was there too with his wife Suzy predicts Lester's got less than two years left on earth at the present rate. But he only drank wine at the Grunt party.

Same goes for Raeanne Rubinstein, Vernon Gibbs, Lenny Kaye, Marty Balin (sorry Marty but there was no rum), Bobby Abrams who had crashed the party, Ellen Sander who had just given birth, Paul Williams who had cut her umbilical for her but who had subsequently washed his hands of the fluids of birth, Richard Robinson, Ben Edmonds, Marty's friend Trish, John Ingham of Australia, Ed Ward in his hardhat, John Morthland (blond), beleathered Dave Marsh from the Motor City, the Rubber Dubber and Chuck and A.J. (not A.J. Mulhern), David Rudnick with his shortest hair yet, Toby Mamis wasn't there so he didn't have any of the wine, Detroit Annie without her kid, Ian Dove without Siobhan McKenna and etc., etc., etc., etc. They all liked—some of them even loved it—the wine cause it was real good, not the cheap stuff and yet it was California wine which is the best proof yet that the Frenchies got nothin' on the U.S.A.

But the U.S.A. has the town of Bolinas and the town of Bolinas has Mr. Paul Kantner in its social register and he's got sharp eyes. He hasn't had any coke since the morning he woke up and he couldn't breathe because it was all solidified inside his nose and air passages and nostrils. So he's found himself the next best thing, a musical discovery and that's the band called One. They started the show off right with plenty of flutes and a mime troupe that tromped thru the audience spreading infectious good cheer wherever they went and they went all over. They wore white shit on them and it might of been sheets and face paint too.

Black Kangaroo was on and they got Peter Kaukonen (Jorma's brother by the same parents) and he knows his axe and the Ace of Cups played too. They've been around for years and now they're on Grunt: welcome. They're a hundred per cent female and they're every bit as good as Black Kangaroo if not more so. Hot Tuna was on too and they're of course always their inimitable oo-poo-pa-doo and they were even better at Friends and Relatives. Airplane too, Jefferson that is, they were as good as their all-time ever and Grace put on some of the face paint to go along with some of those pounds she's been putting on lately too. She was excellent and so was everybody else.

But Jack Bonus stole the show. It might be pointed out that Jack's not a westerner by birth, he's from Forest Hills. That's where they have a high school. His pops was and still is the one and only Ben Bonus who used to produce yiddish theater at the Anderson Theater. Yes, it's the same Anderson Theater which has made history more than once with such headliners as the Yardbirds, the Bagatelle and the Soft White Underbelly. Some of Ben has rubbed off on Jack and he's a bonus indeed to the feather in Grunt's happy cap. A multi-talented feather and he plays a lot of instruments including guitar and sax. Sax is so good that he plays it on the Grootna album which Grunt lost to Columbia but no harm done and they've all patched up the hatchet and let bygones be bygones.

Marty Balin produces Grootna and he didn't bat an eyelash during the proceedings. He didn't even wanna go up

and grab the mike out of Grace's clenched mitt like it expected he would do. He didn't do it. He just stood there and drank but his best bottle was at home. It was his bottle of scotch at his home on E. Blithedale in suburban Mill Valley. It's on the end of the block—the house not the bottle—and the lights are always on and it can easily be mistaken for a converted delicatessen but it is not. It's just down the road from Village Records where can be had a copy of Marty's early masterpiece "I Specialize in Love" on the Challenge label (label of the Champs and "Primrose Lane"). Mike Lipskin (ho ho ha ha ho ha ha ha) dwells there too so if you ever visit him be sure not to pick up stray pieces of paper cause they might belong to Mike and he's mighty mean when it comes to paper. (Also he is believed to be the worst piano player in California at the moment so bring your earmuffs!)

Around the corner from Marty is where 1) Bill Thompson 2) Augie Bloom live and so there was another party two days later on the blessed occasion of Augie's 44th (57th?) birthday and many were in attendance. Some came from as far away as England and others from just next door. Chicken tetrazini was in evidence and also avocado mousse and some cake that Gary Blackman's spouse Delfina did with pigs grunting. It wasn't as good as Tio Mario's where Diane Gardiner dines regularly but neither was the party, sorry to report. The reason: too many presents. Augie (he's the head of promotion for the fledgling Grunt) got six sweaters and numerous books and a petrified wood paperweight and a Snoopy music box with a propeller that turns around during the music. Everybody had to sit there and enjoy it and the enjoyment was too intense and so many people retired to the bathroom, but which room??? All the doors were unmarked so everybody had to knock around and check them all, each and every one. The one with the bathroom was a room within a room and the dogs and cats were in there too and they wanted out and they got it. Were they ever happy!

But Jack Bonus stole the show. Also in attendance were Bill Graham, Ken Greenberg in his shortest hair yet, Jon Carroll who submitted to a demonstration of the Killer Kowalski claw hold, Michael Goodwin and his Mrs., Langdon Winner of the East Bay, Grover Lewis of Lubbock (Tex.), Harrie Schwartz's sister Franny, Thom O'Shea, Bernard McTyre, Jamie Hall and the wife (Heidi), Ned, ace art school grad Eve Babitz and whoever she brought along to fuck, Naomi, comix were given out free, Lita Eliscu, Paul Wexler, Bill Maguire, Diane's friend Robin, Mike Ochs who she had an adventure with and then he went back to L.A. but he called her up later, surfer sensation Corb Donahue, Tom Nolan was in England, Jann Wenner was at home where he was holding an alternate bash, Danny Fields (was he there?), Bud Scoppa stayed in New York, Robert Goulet, ex-champ Marvin Hart, most of the Dead and Santana, several guys who collapsed on the ladies' room floor with drink in hand, Ralph Gleason wasn't there, Al Aronowitz wasn't there, Don Heckman wasn't there, some guy named Mike from WNEW-FM, somebody named Julie, David Robinson's secretary, the mystery man and the mystery woman, babies and kids, and many, many more. Apologies to all left out.

By R. Meltzer

REVIEWS

(continued from page 24)

Kathy", an outstanding love song with a simple, beautiful melody.

But no song on this LP is less than excellent; no throwaways here, just a solid album full of lovely, memorable music which makes fine listening any time. Allan Taylor is a first-rate talent, and deserves much wider recognition; personally, I'll take him over any five Elton Johns or a dozen of those other Taylors. (No relation: we're spared). Miss this one at your peril.

By Kenneth Barnes

GREATFUL DEAD Warner Bros.

I approached this album with mixed feelings; one side of me saying "Well, you love the Dead don't you?" and the other half repeating "They went commercial, and this ain't no different."

Well, I'm right on both counts, I think. Sure they do hummable c&w-type tunes now, but they mix in such fine rhythms and Garcia's talking guitar on this live album so it's hard not to like it.

Side one is very catchy, with "Bertha" (known to some as "Had to Move" from their bootlegs), Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried" (pure spiff), "Big Railroad Blues" (gosh, so great) and "Playing in the Band" (Bob Weir can sing so well when he wants; he and Garcia are a perfect match).

Side two, an eighteen-minute version of "The Other One" opens with a solo by Bill the Drummer that's too long (if he had Mickey Hart to jam with, then it might be something to groove-on-out-to; unfortunately,

this is shades of "Toad" boredom), and finally goes into "That's It For the Other One" (if you remember *Anthem of the Sun*, the greatest Dead album ever). Well, after taking so long to get into it, it isn't all that astounding mind-boggling, or whatever. Don't get me wrong, it ain't bad, but Mickey Hart — wherever you are — please return to the Dead 'cause they can't do the old stuff anymore.

Side three has its high points and low ones, and starts off with the latter, a pointless song entitled "Me & My Uncle." "Big Boss Man" is the only Pig Pen song on the entire album (a real shame; they could have at least whet our whistle with "Good Lovin'" and/or "Smokestack Lightning"), which makes it a necessary track but unless Jerry & the boys start featuring McKernan more on albums, he better start recording with another band cuz his talent is too strong to discard. "Me & Bobby McGee" is nice, but this kind of stuff is better suited for the New Riders. The Dead do a wonderful version of "The Weight"; why is it not here? "Johnny B. Goode" is, by its very nature, one of the better tracks on the album and rocks like the Dead should do more often.

Side four is the one where you expect the big thing to happen, right? Well, it starts off with a quite unspectacular song "Wharf Rat," which lasts for eight minutes and goes literally nowhere. But there is a saving cut on this album, a piece de resistance, as they say . . .

I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be—
You're gonna give your love to me.

I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna stay—
Where love is not love not fade away.

"Not Fade Away," with that Bo Diddley beat and fine harmonies, this is the cut on the album. The typical genius guitar solo of Mr. Garcia, wailing away into "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad." A very nice cut, and if it wasn't on the album that the Dead fans of old might just as well not buy this album. This is an album for followers of the new Dead, the Grateful Dead quartet that plays pretty songs and sometimes has a grungy-looking singer making guest appearances but never plays like the two-drummer, two-guitar, keyboards Dead of the past.

By Jon Tiven

TAKE HEART Mimi Farina & Tom Jans A & M

This is a totally unheralded but prodigiously rewarding album that owes a lot of its "feel" to the musical logos of the late Richard Farina, yet also stands on its own. Mimi is one of the Baez sisters and, with her husband/troubadour Richard Farina, they turned the world of folk music on its ear in the Sixties with their two now-legendary Vanguard albums. Tom Jans, I know nothing about — but on the basis of his vocals, music and lyrics displayed on this album, he is the perfect foil in all respects for the clear, homing-salmon voice and "presence" of Mimi. Every tune on this disc is worthy entry — down to the duo's apples-falling guitar intertwinnings on the instrumental "After the Sugar Cane Harvest" and their sunlit-riddled reawakening of

Buck Owens' "The Great White Horse."

The other eight tunes, all composed by Mimi and Tom, each deserve a paragraph all to themselves. A few of the highlight cuts include the melancholic "Charlotte," the apocryphal "Letter to Jesus," the Farina-ish "Madman" and the plaintive three-part ode to the memory of Janis Joplin, entitled "In the Quiet Morning." Both "Carolina" and "No Need To Be Lonely" (particularly the latter) were solely authored by Tom Jans and depict his folk-cured mastery as well — the soft winds that memory and loneliness are inured by, swirl and pyramid. "Kings and Queens" is one of my favorites of their written-together efforts — the at-ease mixture of the traditional ballad vein in the verses with the country blues-flavored chorus magic blend ingeniously.

An album of madness, ghosts, dawns, dreams and looking-back that fuses words and music together with a harmony, a sense of resonance, that can't be quarrelled with. Definitely one of my top five choices for the "sleeper" album of the year.

By Gary von Tersch

ANGELA: A VITORIA E CERTA! VICTORY IS CERTAIN! (Songs of the Liberation Army Of MPLA) Paredon

In case you think the MC5 is a politically revolutionary musical ensemble, you should be forewarned about this album. It's the real thing. There's no loud

rock and nary a "mother-fucker" to be heard, and the MPLA (the Angolese liberation movement) is more concerned with putting up the jams than with kicking them out.

For various reasons, outlined nicely by Barbara Dane in her accompanying notes (and hasn't she come a long way politically since the days when social commentary meant singing "Away, Away With Rum, By Gum"?), music and dance are essential parts of the Angolan freedom fighters' lives. The songs presented here — songs about fallen heroes, about family, about the enemy, about the need for, the hoped-for inevitability of victory — are sometimes in English or in Portuguese, sometimes in African languages like Umbundu or Chokwe; they were chosen as incomplete representations of this kind of truly "popular" music. "You must realize," writes Dane, "that such songs, or cycles, may traditionally go on for days, so that our three-minute sample is hardly fair. You'll have to go to Angola to have the benefit of that experience!" The improvisational, open-ended nature of the material is obvious, as are the African rhythmic bases and the vague Iberian influences that have become a part of it. It's a stirring music, and it's important, socially and musically. Victory, alas, is not certain for the MPLA; their determination to make it so is.

Paredon Records, purposely aloof from ordinary channels of commerce, are not available in record stores. A catalogue and price list may be obtained by writing to them at P.O. Box 889, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

off on "Tell Laura I Love Her" and "The Last Kiss." The difference here is that "Mammy Blue" happens to be a bit more sincere and the death trip is not

Time: 2:40
(no flip information)

This is a real throw-away. I always suspected the James Gang were a

Then comes the bridge featuring some bristly 1967 Beatle guitar work. All leading up to a massive lyrical finish that would embarrass even Lou Christy. Now get this,



45 rpms

(continued from page 9)

For the most part the lyric goes something like "Oh Mammy, oh Mammy Mammy, Blue, Mammy Blue." I never did figure out just who this character Mammy Blue is (however I have a dog named Blue who just gave birth to a room full of puppies so to me she must be Mammy Blue).

I suppose what really gets my blood rushing and my head a bit tight about this record is the background choir coupled with an exquisite music track. This tune is recommended for all you fatalists who got

understood. It has significance to you kicked off (or, rather, deceased). Scary, exactly why that is. Very... Corb Donahue of ABC tells me though the Pop Tops record stands as a killer, that it may be strange the other records and the split is the result. Fuck, I hope he's (I'm certain ABC hopes so) bet with Ben Edmonds that the top twenty (in seven weeks yet). Corb has a more confident 50 bucks placed on the nose of "Mammy Blue" that says it will come home. Have mercy ABC.

"MIDNIGHT MAN"

(J. Walsh)
JAMES GANG
ABC 11312
Produced by The James Gang & Bill Szymczk

everyone is clapping their hands, shouting in the background. It doesn't have quite the edge and excitement of Billy's "Flying Saucers Rock and Roll," one of the most outrageous songs ever, but there's still plenty of violence to keep you bopping.

VARIOUS ARTISTS—MEMPHIS COUNTRY—SUN 120

This is similar to the above album, except that, apart from the de rigueur Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Carl Perkins, the artists are those who only had one or two singles. David Houston, Jack Clement, and Texas Bill Strength all had one single during the early 60s, well into Sun's decline. Strength cut "Guess I'd Better Go" in 1960, copping all his riffs from Carl Perkins' "Let The Jukebox Keep On Playing." It's a typical country ballad, about unrequited backwoods love, also the subject and medium of David Houston's "Sherry's Lips," which has the somewhat dubious distinction of being Sun's second last release (1965). Jack Clement is also crooning over his lost ginghamed honey, drowning his sorrow by emulating a pop Johnny Cash.

Barbara Pittman was one of the few female singers Phillips recorded, cutting one single for Sun, and three or four for

Phillips International, Sam's label of the Sixties. She has a beautiful voice, crooning over a quiet, understated melody to her unrequited love, hoping to melt his "Cold, Cold Heart." There is no pretense about this being rock—Barbara could have wept this one from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry, and got a standing ovation for it too. But the most interesting cut on the album is by Conway Twitty, who cut 50 sides for Sun, none of them released. His offering here is "Born To Sing The Blues," and he sounds so bored, and the musicians so lacklustre, that it's a wonder they didn't fall asleep. Maybe the engineer did, and that's how it got preserved for immortality. If this is any indication of the other Twitty tunes, then maybe Shelby shouldn't release them.

Why this is on Sun is beyond me. Why this is on vinyl is beyond me. They try hard but never make it, dividing their time between imitations of the Grass Roots and Johnny Winter, with incompetent attempts at "Cinnamon Girl" and "Rollin' and Tumblin'." They've also been listening to the Yardbirds, stealing "The Train Kept A-Rollin'" note for note and calling it "Stroll On." They should have kept to "Keep on Dancing."

Homemade Music BMI

I mean really... have a little pity on us. If this had been anything other than a group claiming to be among the ranks of Jimi, Jimmy, & Eric's groups, there would be some credibility to this side, but as it stands, the James Gang remain nothing more than a fabricated shuck. How could a man with the class and talent of a Bill Szumczk endorse such malarkey... indeed. Anyway, the Gang needn't worry, their boots are firmly planted in the top thirty (for the time being anyway, but they'll get tired of you soon enough if you don't mend your ways).

THE SUN RECORD REVIVAL

(continued from page 15)

another Elvis, but Phillips failed to exploit his potential. Billy had only regional success, although he was a great favorite on tours, and "Red Hot" shows him off to good advantage. His voice is all gravel, and as he shouts and screams, the band plays their collective ass off, Carl Perkins helping on lead guitar. Into the break, and

SUN #	ARTIST	ALBUM
100	Johnny Cash	Original Golden Hits Volume 1
101	Johnny Cash	Original Golden Hits Volume 2
102	Jerry Lee Lewis	Original Golden Hits Volume 1
103	Jerry Lee Lewis	Original Golden Hits Volume 2
104	Johnny Cash	Story Songs of Trains and Rivers (to be avoided)
105	Johnny Cash	Get Rhythm
106	Johnny Cash	Show Time (to be avoided)
107	Jerry Lee Lewis	Rockin' Rhythm and Blues
108	Jerry Lee Lewis	The Golden Cream of the Country
109	Bill Justis	Raunchy
110	Charlie Rich	Lonely Weekends
111	Carl Perkins	Original Golden Hits
112	Carl Perkins	Blue Suede Shoes
113	Roy Orbison	The Original Sound
114	Jerry Lee Lewis	A Taste of Country
115	Johnny Cash	The Singing Story Teller
116	various artists	Original Memphis Rock and Roll, Volume 1
117-123		
124	Jerry Lee Lewis	Monsters
125	Johnny Cash & Jerry Lee Lewis	Sing Hank Williams (yet another burn)
126	Johnny Cash	The Man, The World, His Music
ADDENDA TO DISCOGRAPHY OF SUN		
117	The Gentrys	
118	Johnny Cash	The Legend
119	Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis	Sunday Down South
120	Various Artists	Memphis Country
121	Jerry Lee Lewis	Ole Tyme Country Music
122	Johnny Cash	The Rough Cut King of Country
123	Charlie Rich	A Time For Tears

The Poet
'AMERICAN PIE'

The Song & The Album
on United Artists Records & Tapes.

