

Photo by Neil Preston

Peter Yarrow tells us 'McGovern is the man' — Ditto for Carole King, Barbra Streisand and James Taylor who recently threw a fund raising concert at the Forum in Los Angeles for the presidential hopeful.

LETTERS

Regarding Greg Shaw's ridiculous review of The Kinks in concert: What the hell is bothering Mr. Shaw anyway? Is it Ray's fault that the audience was shitty? In Los Angeles the crowd was so receptive, not only did we sing entire "Sunny Afternoon" on request, we jumped into "Apeman" spontaneously. Ray almost fell off his feet. It was the best rock theater I've seen since the Doors at Aquarius. Are the Berkeley intellectuals afraid of not looking cool if they sing along? Probably. Also, Mr. Shaw has certainly taken Ray's campy onstage antics seriously, believing Ray is trying to have people accept him as a homosexual. Wrong again, guy, it's an act — an extension of the song from the studio to the stage. (Incidentally, a report in a recent Free Press indicated that those men who are offended by homosexuality most likely live in fear of this condition themselves.)

One more thing, for shamelessly criticizing as unimportant a thing as Ray's (or anybody's) hair style and clothes rates Greg's review with the infamous John Mendelsohn review of the Doors at the Aquarius Theater; Ray Manzarek put down for sweating, Jim Morrison slammed for dark glasses. That's really reaching. If you have negative views on the music, all right, but who ever said how you wear your hair and how you dress has anything to do with the quality of the performance. Ray Davies' "image" has never been "dignified." Anyone who knows their music at all (Greg Shaw obviously doesn't) could tell you that.

Disgustedly yours,
Elizabeth Coolidge
L.A., Calif.

P.S. I suspect Greg Shaw is a very well respected man and you won't print this. I don't care, as long as he sees it.

Dear PRM:

I see in your current issue that you printed a letter about the Blue Oyster Cult from one Andy Shernoff, aka *Adny Shernoff*, aka *Tommy the Truck*, who is "editor" of a "magazine" known as *TEENAGE WASTELAND GAZETTE*. Well, this is just to sound a word of warning for all your readers in case this deviate happens your way. I, ever interested in new cultural experiences, sent 50 cents to Shernoff at 59 North Chestnut St. in New Paltz, NY, for the first two issues of *TEENAGE WASTELAND GAZETTE*, and received in two weeks by return mail, some of the filthiest, most twisted products of a diseased mind I have ever seen. I mean, I think I'm a pretty open-minded person, but if Trisha Parka aka "Sunshine's" dream date with Pigpen of the Grateful Dead really culminated in the

bestial act the misguided girl actually *boasts* about, it is best kept away from the attentions of an impressionable public. And Bruce Johnston is *not* going to die of cancer of the spleen next November 19, nor is Lita Eliscu either his wife or a *merchant mariner*. And the statement that the bassist and drummer of Crazy Horse "have sewn themselves together into Siamese twins, because as Talbot puts it, 'We wanted to be tight,'" is an out-and-out fabrication.

It is a sad fact that there are some publishers and editors in this world without one ounce of journalistic ethics or responsibility. And it is a sad testament as to the state of this nation when a magazine such as *TEENAGE WASTELAND GAZETTE* can make an appearance on the scene.

Lester Bangs
Walled Lake, MI

(Ed. Note: You too can be humiliated for a meager four bits. All ya gotta do is what our horrified reader did and send your hot half-a-buck to: *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*, 59 N. Chestnut St., New Paltz, New York. (T.W.G. is also recommended as a cure for minor acne flairs-ups.)

Greg Shaw's 'Oldies in the '70's' article was "timely" and hopefully will spear some action by some of the record companies who seem to have taken upon the role of hoarders as far as their vaults are concerned. When one begins to collect oldies he will become aware of the compilation album. As Mr. Shaw pointed out, most of these albums seem to have no unifying theme, being merely an unrelated group of songs a company feels like releasing. Many of the same cuts show up over and over on Oldies albums, yet some very large and important records never do. Original Sound (which I think has eleven, *not* nine LPs) seems to be the best series as far as containing the spiciest titles. Mr. Shaw also mentioned Springboard. I would not recommend this series unless a cut is absolutely unavailable elsewhere. All Springboard LPs I have encountered share one feature — severe surface noise — surface noise so bad as to make the LPs almost unlistenable even on the poorest equipment. I do not know whether this is because of poor mastering or inferior vinyl, but I find this feature much more reprehensible than fake stereo. It might be pointed out as far as rack jobbers and their need for the word "stereo," that a record can be cut in two channels with both channels carrying the same signal, therefore a mono signal, but still deserving of a "rechanneled stereo" logo.

As to the main point of independent material remaining in the vaults, it seems that this stuff will remain there unless re-

issued by the majors with adequate explanation and promotion or a third party capable of doing the same. Atlantic & UA records seem to be the best at it so far.

Thomas J. McKeon
Indianapolis, IN

Dear Prm:

The April issue was a killer. Not only was Greg Shaw's piece on the Kinks totally right on, but there were two glorious full-length reviews of the Alice Cooper In Concert phenomena.

And that picture of Black Oak Arkansas — well, needless to say, it went up on my wall. They've gotta be the biggest buffoons of the year, and I love 'em.

Mike Saunders
Austin, TX

To the Editors:

Please inform Jeff Walker that he's mistaken on the sequence of Townes Van Zandt's albums. "For the Sake of the Song" (PYS 40,001) was Van Zandt's first release (available, by the by, in some Detroit area department stores for as low as 47 cents, if he's interested).

Greg Riccardi
Madison Heights, MI

To Jim Bickhart & John Tobler:

Even though Bickhart's & Tobler's article on Yes was two full pages, you never got across the real reason that they are such a great success. Did it ever occur to you that they're good? You made a lot of criticisms, some I'd say were needless. I was particularly disturbed by your references to Yes' "adolescent vocals" and Chris Squire's bass playing "not propelled by any amazing speed or inventiveness on his part." There are a lot of people who admire Yes' vocal sound, and the fantastic musicianship of all five members, including Chris Squire.

If Yes does have its bad points, they are vastly overshadowed by the good ones. The people responsible for their sell out concerts (which you mentioned) are the ones who agree with me. Next time you do an article on Yes, how about discussing their success, OK? Thanks anyway for the pictures.

Zim
Cleveland, OH

I've just been turned on to your paper. I was really knocked out by your article on Yes — in my opinion they're one of the top 3 groups to grace any continent. Your handling of music is so much more musically oriented than the other music papers and underground paper music sections (except Melody Maker).

Jo McKeever
San Diego, CA

To Whom It May Concern:

In your March issue, on page 25, there's a section about March's Best and March's Worst. Well in our opinion we think you did a big mistake in putting "Malo" in the section of March's Worst. It is one of the best. A lot of people think it should be on March's Best...and we expect in your next paper that "Malo" should be in March's Best...and another thing we never and we quote 'never' ever heard the songs that you did print for March's Best! Ask around and you'll find out that many people would say that "Malo" is the Best.

Regards,
Maria & Elena Alvarez
El Monte, CA

P.S. If you think "Malo" is such a bad group why do they sell the records...!
Ed. Note: Crazy world, ain't it.

Regarding the "Britain" column, the writer's information in "The Day the Music Died" is not nearly as boring as her attitude. If musicians tire her so, then another line of work might serve her better. Besides that, since she considers Joni Mitchell, Stephen Stills, Keef Hartley, and who knows which other musicians to be guaranteed disappointments (which is wrong, to say the least), I guess we should look for a more reasonable column instead of this rubbish.

Laurel Rainetree
Westwood, CA

P.S. Thanks for Harold Bronson's sensitive and perceptive T. Rex interview.

Dear Editor, Writers, Critics:

I just finished reading the whole April issue in a sitting and it's really fine — what y'all say and the way that you say it — especially liked Cromelin's (and Jeff Walker's) quiet way of writing. Yaryan book review was really good — no shit, it was sharp. And Cerf's thing on the Beach Boys sure made me smile a lot — and since you mention Bruce & Terry, just last night I heard the almost-finished FIRST Terry Melcher album and I bet you're gonna love it, and I expect it's going to knock a lot of people on their asses. Weisel & Parachini convinced me I've been missing a good deal. Hooray for Jackson Browne and anybody who can say something fine about him; the lead-in for the Mark Bolan thing was right on. I guess that's the way to do it — single one out and emphasize/say he ain't the only one. Really a nice high energy enthusiastic low-ego-level issue.

Sincerely,
Billy James
Los Angeles, CA

Performances

PARLIAMENT FUNKADELIC Maverick Flats Los Angeles

Parliament and Funkadelic don't make it out to California much, and that's quite unfortunate. Most West Coast rock fans think they've seen freak shows by way of Alice Cooper, the Stooges, C. Milk et al, but until they've seen the Parliafunkadelic Thang, they ain't seen a Freak Show!

This fourteen man aggregation, commonly billed as Funkadelic, records simultaneously for both the Invictus and Westbound (Janus) labels, and in doing so provide themselves with outlets for the two sides of their musical personalities, the lyrical Parliament and the instrumental Funkadelic. Funkadelic sell more albums, so their slightly chaotic, psychedelized, jazzy r&b dominates in concert, which is a bit of a drawback, since the Parliament segment of the show is the part which really works best.

Funkadelic's first visit to the West in over a year occurred in late March. Their swing through Southern California brought them to a popular but relatively unknown (outside the black community) South Crenshaw club called Maverick Flats, which is apparently the only place they've ever performed in L.A. The club is a garish, steamy discotheque, quite like some of those in Europe, where some of soul music's top performers hold court (the Four Tops played a couple of weeks before Funkadelic blew in). Before the nightly live show starts, the dance floor is jam-packed with people dancing and doing whatever on a non-stop basis. The sound system is atrocious and the top forty rock and soul singles the in-house DJ plays come across about as well as music emanating from a little transistor radio at the beach on a windy day. It is indeed the real nitty gritty, and there is no white club in town anywhere near as lively.

Long about eleven p.m. the night I was there, James Wesley Jackson, a comedian who acts both as warm-up and M.C. for Funkadelic, came on and started ad-libbing. He wasn't always funny, but he was occasionally foul-mouthed and low-key enough to do a good job of getting folks ready for the onslaught to come. His half-hour ended with a Jew's Harp solo. Then the Funkadelic band came on.

This nine-man group, dressed to kill in everything from colorful satin and leather to fake fur and prison stripes (no two musicians wore the same costumes), started off in a very disorganized manner, with their tuning-up session fading almost indistinguishably into a free-form instrumental. They soon pulled themselves together and began playing very energetic, Family Stoned songs, some with screaming vocals, others with loud, definitely non-soulful guitar solos from guitarist Harold Beane and others with fine, elec-

tronically augmented electric piano playing from Bernard Worrell. Some of these elements were inherently incongruous to the type of music being played, but the success with which they were integrated into the arrangements was easily Funkadelic's strongest point. It made them sound almost experimental at times. Otherwise, they vacillated from the expected tight funkiness to a sloppiness you wouldn't have believed.

After forty minutes of this, with the audience understandably not too excited, the lights went out. When they came back on a minute later, the five Parliaments were standing on chairs and tables, scattered amongst the crowd, creeping over and around people and tables, gesturing at people and chanting indecipherable things. Once they coalesced in front of the Funkadelics, the chanting became singing and the choreography a little more recognizable. The Parliament costumes were basically as

version of what we're used to seeing from these groups. The other two divided their time and energy between using the mike stands for symbolic masturbation and doing odd dances off in the audience. The Funkadelics, meanwhile, were cooking hot and heavy behind all this.

The first shock of the evening came when lead singer George Clinton literally dove into a crowd of people seated on the dance floor in front of him and scared one woman completely away. After crawling around for a minute or so, he was back on stage with the others, but the audience had been warmed up a bit. From here on out, the fourteen musicians and singers kept things lively for the rest of the show, which lasted three hours in total. The blazing finale was dominated by Clinton's second foray into the crowd. This time, he was taking off his toga as he crawled, leaving him in only bikini briefs. The people parted for him like the Red Sea for



"Parliament - Funkadelic consider themselves an audience assault group with harmless intentions. Their parody of soul group choreography was just the beginning of the technique, but it was enormously effective." - Jim Bickhart.

motley as those of Funkadelic, the most memorable being leader George Clinton's satin red and gold toga with a cape and a floor-length Indian headdress worn by one of the other singers.

Musically, this portion of the show was great. The Parliaments are the same group who had a hit with "I Wanna Testify" back in 1966, and they sang with a range and dynamics not unlike the "Cloud Nine" Temptations. Most of their numbers were fast and chant-like, in keeping with the Funkadelic dominance of the show's mood, but it didn't hide the group's harmonic and solo abilities. And this style paved the way for the show's most ingratiating moments.

Parliament-Funkadelic consider themselves an audience assault group with harmless intentions. Their parody of soul group choreography was just the beginning of the technique, but it was enormously effective. While one singer handled the lead vocal and did all the lead singer moves, two of the others carried on an exaggerated

Moses as he jumped onto chairs and tables, knocking some of them over, spilling drinks and generally making a nuisance of himself. He was great, but perhaps not rambunctious enough, because many in the club took it all in as if they'd seen it every night for the last year.

While Parliament and Funkadelic records are not flawless by any means, and while their show is probably twice as long as it should be for maximum effectiveness, there's no doubt that a lot of what they do has been thoughtfully considered before being included in the act. Gimmicks may often be reprehensible in rock, but well-conceived gimmickry is a welcome addition to the usually restrictive world of black popular music. Unleash this band third on the bill at an unsuspecting rock concert audience and you might see the birth of an answer to Sly and the Jackson Five. And on the basis of energy expended alone, Parliament and Funkadelic have deserved it for a long, long time.

-Jim Bickhart

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART Albert Hall London, England

"I really must apologize for this P.A.," the Captain said to his Albert Hall audience. "I'm sorry, really sorry." The audience fell silent - "I'm not THAT serious," APPLAUSE - "but I am very sorry. The next time I am here, I will bring my own P.A."

The long awaited Beefheart concert was sadly marred by hired P.A. trouble (stop me if you've heard this story). The Captain was visibly upset by the strange noises being emitted from the massive (\$\$\$) system, and in the middle of one composition, he flung the microphone to the floor. He retrieved it quickly, "Well, I might as well sing through it. What can one do when one is far from home without one's own P.A.?" he pleaded. "SING MIRROR MAN!", offered the audience. "Is that the solution?", the Captain mused.

The concert was an event, to say the least. Beefheart's set was opened by a ballerina, followed by a belly-dancer, which in a rather abstract way (if you're into it), demonstrated the Cap-

tain's dual personality. "He has the voice, stance and build of a Chicago gangster," observed DJ Andy Dunkoid. "his suit is even cut gangster style. But he's very kind and gentle so he puts flower appliques on the suit."

The Captain did his set, obliged the audience with an encore, then marched triumphantly off-stage swirling his long cape behind him. It might have been the end - but it wasn't. While the houselights were being brought up, Beefheart strolled back on-stage to thank the crowd for their patronage and pay a sincere tribute to his friend, DJ John Peel. Then, of course, a Beefheart oracle: "When I become a famous star we will still be able to look each other in the eye, because our feet will be on the same ground."

I'd feel rude not to mention the Magic Band who were superb. Bassist, Rockette Morton was being an energetic rock star, while Zoot Horn Rollo preferred to hop in place. (Also on bass - Roy Estrada). I most enjoyed the drummer (whose

name I can't for the life of me grasp) who, for this auspicious occasion, wore a brightly colored pair of pants on his head. The Magic Band don't know anything about the word "can't," they simply thunder through each composition in a way that would give conventional musicians a bad case of stage and audience paranoia.

I won't be surprised if England doesn't see the Captain for a long while after this. After all, it's not just another night out, it's a special occasion and they don't happen all that often. Thank YOU Captain, you were too much.

-Lady Bangla Boom

SAVOY BROWN/ FLEETWOOD MAC/ JOHN BALDRY University of New Haven West Haven, Conn.

Ashmun & Reynolds, two singers (one of whom also plays bass) with the Baldry band, opened the show with a couple of numbers of their own which were lackluster save for the bottleneck guitar work by a Mr. Weston, a true flash on both electric guitar and National Steel. With a short announcement, the 6'7" Baldry strutted nonchalantly to the stage and began the Ron Davies now-standard "It Ain't Easy" with all the spunk and drive one would expect from someone with as much experience in crowd-pleasing as John Baldry has. The high energy directionality of the concert faltered none, as John danced and sang thru Rod Stewart's & Faces' "Flying," "Don't Try To Lay No Boggie Woogie On The King Of Rock 'n' Roll," "Walking Blues," and a tribute to Mahalia Jackson. The meager crowd was absolutely ecstatic as Baldry jumped into the audience and danced and sang from there, with Weston, Ashmun, Reynolds, and Armit going to town on stage, and within a few moments most of the people were on their feet. Baldry left the stage amidst a standing ovation which lasted a good 10 minutes, but to no avail (third billed groups are not allowed encores). Tuff luck.

Following a half-hour of equipment setups and checks, Fleetwood Mac took the stage and began their set with a KILN HOUSE great, "Tell Me," but Danny Kirwan's guitar was all but completely inaudible, and Californian Bob Welch was the loudest member of the group, save for the incredible drummer Mick Fleetwood, who knocked the shit out of his set as he towered over it in full majesty. McVie and wife Christine stayed mostly in the background as Welch took his place as idiot raconteur and supposed leader of the group, trying to persuade the crowd to dance. They all played well, but sounded like they've never practiced. They lacked any boogie potential as they went through "Future Games" and a number from their new album, but managed to get the audience on their feet with an old Chicken Shack (Christine's old group) number "Get Like You Used To Be," "Black Magic Woman," "Shake Your Moneymaker," and the consummate Fleetwood Mac boogie deluxe, "Oh Well." They seemed quite displeased with their set and decided not to do an encore to appease the screaming and clapping crowd.



Photo by Greg Papazian



Photo by Neil Preston

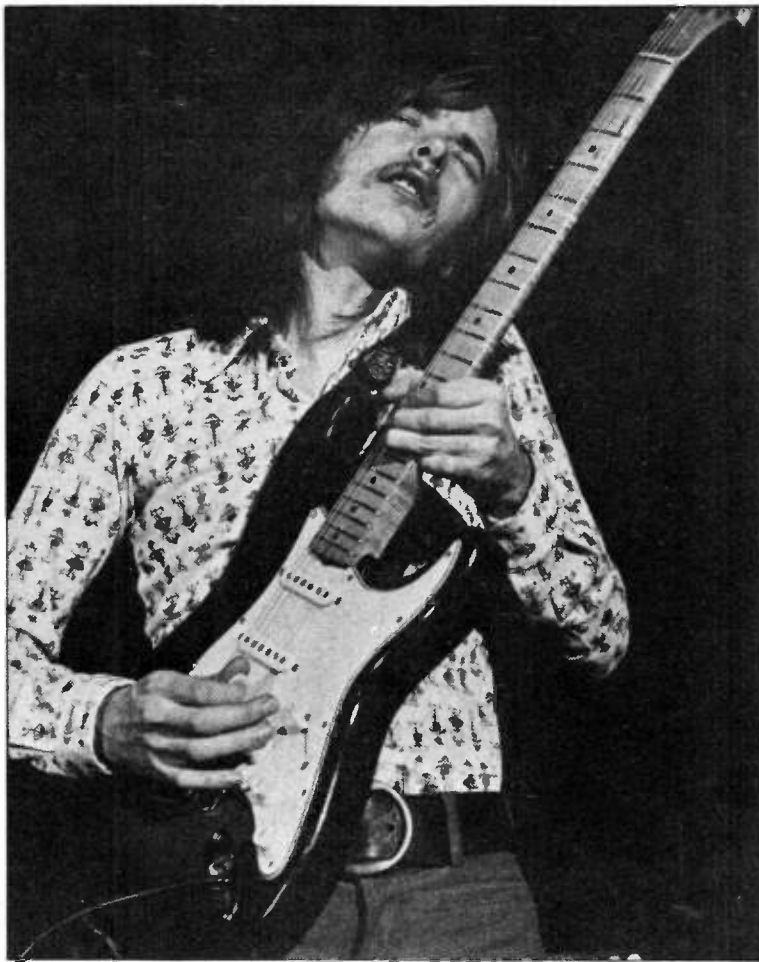


Photo by Greg Papazian

Top (left) Mick Fleetwood
(Fleetwood Mac). Below Jackson
Browne. Right — Kim Simmons
of Savoy Brown.

Savoy Brown came on-stage after an interminable wait, and started their set with the Jeff Beck/Jukin' Bone/Joe Smith Blues Band standard "I'm Down," with as little inspiration as possible. Their set continued on a similar note of boredom, with Kim Simmonds' guitar work as humdrum as a lead guitarist could ever be; his solos were never interesting, he didn't play one note that might be labeled "inspired." The rest of the band was about the same — competent but absolutely mediocre. I left when I heard Kim announce, "This is the Savoy Brown Boogie"...Da Da da da da dadadadadada.

—Jon Tiven

**LEO KOTTKE,
ENGLAND DAN &
JOHN FORD COLEY
The Troubadour
Los Angeles**

It's perhaps a sad, but too often a true fact that when a performer moves out onto the stage he can make or break himself in a moment. Given good material and some musical proficiency, some artists can manage to stand out in the midst of the present surfeit of merely competent musicians. But, it is the nature of all things that few can dominate in a crowd.

Leo Kottke came out on the stage of the Troubadour and neatly turned the trick of "winning the audience" — but I never really noticed how. It wasn't underhanded; it was one of those terrifying, (because unexplainable) situations where you knew the man had a gift — not something you could pinpoint — something you just knew. I knew beforehand that I would see and hear a good musician. What was unexpected was a seemingly quiet soul-something akin to the sadly misused phrase — "a sleeping giant." Kottke's rap with the audience (which could be extended to include his rap-

port), just put your mind in the right place. He has a relaxed manner — he almost seems bemused by his own presence on the stage.

He slipped into the first number without warning — in the midst of his soft rap — and, from watching the faces of some people whom I knew had never heard him before, it was clear that he had won the first move. He shifted back and forth from acoustic to electric, (both 6- and 12-string), and engaged our even more devoted attention when he played bottleneck. There are powerful moments when it's hard to believe that there's only one guitar — and there are quieter moments when Kottke sustains a soft, ballad feeling, even over and above the abominable creaking of the Troubadour.

(As an aside, if ever a musician had to fight the noise, it was Kottke that night at the Troubadour. Had the creaking of the kitchen door and the shrieking of the kitchen voices been just slightly better timed, at somewhat less annoying moments, it would have been like a night on an old steamer with the galley in action.)

He covered a good range of musical sounds, unfortunately only rarely adding his voice. Occasionally, when he played and sang, it was almost a little too much to take. His voice is so strong and his guitar so overpowering that they approach mutual exclusivity. An evening of Kottke is a good experience. If the L.A. audiences are any gauge, more people will know about him soon. I hope so.

The second act was England Dan and John Ford Coley. Their musicianship was fine and some of the sounds lovely, but it was lulling in the negative sense. The musicians and the lyrics were so finely tuned that they were almost too heavenly. But since the Bahai faith (something I have no particular feelings about one way or another) has influenced them to a good degree, that could explain a certain amount of blandness. Everything

was well performed to an extreme degree of proficiency. Since England Dan is Jim Seals' brother, there's good reason for the group to resemble Seals and Crofts and they don't do much to avoid it. Dan, as pianist, added some nice moments. Nice but ineffective.

—Mishka Cohen

**JONI MITCHELL
JACKSON BROWNE
Dorothy Chandler Pavilion
Los Angeles**

In case you haven't noticed, it's rarely one has the opportunity to witness Joni Mitchell in live concert anymore. The draught has been two years. And in terms of an experience, well, her brand of performance is always of the rarest delicacy. She made it back to the crystal stalactites of the cavernous Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles and indeed showered the audience with a multi-faceted program which left the chandeliers dull by comparison.

It has been said of Joni that she finds the practice of selling her myriad talents on stage wearying and depressing, especially when coupled with 'industry' contrivances and crass audiences. Some of these sentiments smoldered in a sinewy new song she introduced called "Run For The Roses," which she prefaced with an allegory about how "everyone loves the racing stallion while it wins, then they shoot it the first time it steps in a hole. Thus it is with pop stars, who often do the shooting themselves."

Yet, Miss Mitchell, a sunny sculpted demi-nymph wrapped in flowing lavender and a bit of Kleenex (she leaked profusely from a cold) probably derived enough ingratiation from this particular audience to keep her 'running' a little while longer, anyway. Even though the ads for this concert were microscopic in the local newspapers, the entire four tiers of the place were

devoured within an instant of them going on sale. This audience applauded everything, the opening strains of the many familiar songs, the opening bars of the new ones (Joni teased once "You haven't heard this one yet," as they applauded 'knowingly,' but it also could be said that several of her pieces have rather similar expositions.) They even applauded when she said she went to Greece last year.

Joni chose to do this concert unaccompanied, yet she displayed a touch of one-woman band in her as she handled piano, acoustic guitar tuned in tart open D modified, and a dulcimer. Her multi-petaled versatility on this trio of instruments was casually impressive, although the dulcimer's voice was a bit weak (perhaps due to a poor amplification set-up) to thoroughly accompany several of the tunes. It was precisely the ingredient needed for "Carey" however, the story of a rowdy litter-bug she met in a Greek beachfront cafe.

Emitting squirts of shy laughter she ventured among the instruments with whimsical abandon, like a little girl let loose in her mother's clothes closet. As with her glorious oil painting, Joni knows how to stroke just the right daub of color and dynamics to her compositions as she performs them, giving each one a soft strand of its own distinction. There was the semi-sweet bite of "Turn Me On — I'm A Radio" dedicated to her nebulous relationship with disc jockey B. Mitchell Reed. She funkied out the calypso accented "Big Yellow Taxi" where she drew friendly squeals for her cute ventures into lead guitar riffdom. There was "Both Sides, Now," which she had just heard on some "elevator muzac, with all the soul grinded away." But most impressive was "My Old Man" where her slow motion yodel voice travels a descending scale like a wounded bird conveyed jaggedly by the wind. Only "Woodstock" seemed

vacant, shorn of its former charisma. Perhaps poignantly so, since history has found the Woodstock story to be brittle, like a browning leaf after the fall.

They wooed Joni back for two encores. The second time, she ordered the house lights up ala Al Jolson, and did one of those sing along numbers with everybody on stage; 'everybody' being Elliot Roberts, Dave Geffen and John Hartman, all of whom can't sing too well, but supposedly have strong connections in the business. They run Asylum Records, which has just signed Joni away from Reprise. Jackson Browne sung along also, and he can command a stage by himself quite well.

Then Joni took her final polite bow, her taut troll cheeks gleaming in the pincers of powdered light. Poetry, painting and music flow hot from her, like a geyser. Come to think of it, you can't applaud too much for Joni Mitchell.

As for Jackson Browne, few personalities could have the confidence to allow him to lead off the show as Joni did, for he is a magna cum comer who could blow many so-called 'headliners' right off the stage. His melodies and guitar playing are heady and refreshing, and the more he pours, the more it seems to foam delight.

At times his soft-spoken style appears to shadow Elton John a trice (Jackson seems to realize this, as he opted to the piano to satarize a few bars of Elton's "Holiday Inn" during the encore) but it's not enough to taint his own special touch. He composes some fine pieces, like the oft-recorded "Rock Me On The Water," "Under The Falling Sky," and "Song For Adam." They have a fluid melodic surge to them, with just enough hooks of variation to keep you engrossed.

You know, with Joni and Jackson on the tiny Asylum label, Geffen and Roberts really have something to sing about.

—Stan Findelle

REVOLT INTO STYLE: THE POP ARTS

A BOOK BY GEORGE MELLY

Remember the mid-60's? Every week, the Beatles or Stones or somebody on Ed Sullivan, "Shindig" and "Hullabaloo," Hit Parade, Murray the K, mod clothes, the Jerk, the Knickerbockers, 3 or 4 bands from every high school doing the hits of England, and every few days some new record on the radio pushing the incredible excitement of the times to greater and greater limits, "I'm a Man" giving way to "Mystic Eyes" and "19th Nervous Breakdown" and "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago?" The millions of magazines devoted to articles like "Are the Yardbirds Too Far Out?" and "Who Will Wed First - Mick and Chrissy or Paul and Jane???", the screaming crowds, the Beatle ankle bracelets, lipstick, kewpie dolls, square inches of sheets, ounces of bathwater, pinup pictures? Folk-rock, the generation gap, "Eve of Destruction" and "Hope I die before I get old!"?

Maybe you remember it all but chances are you never really understood what it all meant or even gave it much thought. It wasn't the sort of thing you analyzed, it was something you lived moment to moment, never once thinking it might end and you'd grow up into a drab, gray world like the one your parents inhabited. Well, maybe not exactly like it, but drab enough to send many of us back into the past, searching for what we lost and why.

Rock critics of late have devoted a lot of verbiage to what they call the "death of rock," meaning the death of this feeling of excitement and synergistic involvement in an active, creative culture - a culture of youth. They've blamed it on drugs, cosmic consciousness and the resultant self-consciousness of the music. They've blamed it on FM radio, the saturation hype of the record industry, and the effects of the very rock press they write for. What none of them has done is to view the events in rock music over the last 15 years as part of a larger pattern of events comprising everything the children of rock & roll have done. It took a middle-aged British jazz-musician-turned-music-and television-critic to do it, and the fact that his book is probably the most important yet written about the youth culture comes therefore as no surprise.

Thanks to his British vantage point, and his life-long association with the artistic avant-garde (which dates back to the early '50s when the notion of pop art was first being bruited about in such circles), George Melly is acutely aware of the extent to which rock music (which the English call "pop" anyway) is bound up with the forces that also produced pop art, pop fashion, and pop culture in general.

Pop is a subject not well understood by most people, who tend to identify it with modern art's soup-can phase. Melly's definition of pop as that which occupies "the gap between art and life" seems a good one to me, as it accounts for the profound effects pop culture had on its participants during its two great booms. In Melly's terms, pop culture only became a living entity during the years 1955-8 and 1964-7, both times with a pop music explosion at the center of things. Where it became more than just a musical peak was the extent to which certain symbols, originating in the rock & roll world, spread throughout the arts and formed a coherent, three-dimensional culture.

That was the significance of black leather jackets, malt shops, ducktails and all the rest in the fifties, and of the countless fads and fashions that swept Swinging London in its Mod days, and spread through the adolescent world like a



"Revolt Into Style" by George Melly (Doubleday Anchor Paperback, \$1.95) reflects the pop culture of the last dozen years.

trendy virus. Somehow it all ties together with some particular outbreak of musical genius and teenage chauvinism acting as a catalyst to sweep an entire generation up into a giddy revolution of defiant good times. During those two pop explosions, there was no "gap" between art and life - if you were young, your life was rock & roll, cars, fun, and a careful observance of the styles that identified you as one of the group. Melly doesn't have to come right out and say it, but it's clear in this context that we killed rock & roll, by elevating our music to the status of Art and taking it so seriously that the gap has become virtually unbridgeable.

The book itself is divided into four sections, dealing with pop music, visual pop, film and TV and radio, and pop literature. It's all told from a British perspective, but that's an asset to the American reader because British youth have always mirrored and idealized American pop culture, and besides the early British youth movement, from the days of the Teddy Boys up to the birth of London's psychedelic underground, is still largely a mystery to us.

The second on music, which occupies 120 pages, is the most concise and informative history of British pop ever written. Going back to 1955, Melly traces the influence of Elvis on both the pop-conscious art students and the street gangs who adopted the punk style and made it over into the peculiarly British Ted movement. He touches on all the important figures in early English rock, from Tommy Steele and Cliff Richard to Adam Faith and Marty Wilde, also noting the importance of the image-molding producers like Jack Good, and he is mercilessly critical of the universal tendency of England's pre-Beatles rockers to sell out at first opportunity and thus prevent hard, uncompromising rock from gaining a foothold.

Melly's sympathies are not only consistently with the interests of the truly rebellious elements of rock & roll, his taste is also better than that of most of the kids who listen to the music. Unlike

all the uninvited fuddies who started recognizing rock when *Sgt. Pepper* proved it could be arty, Melly credits that album with undermining rock & roll's vitality so badly it is only now just beginning to recover. Actually, he notes that the San Francisco drug culture brought along rock & roll's eviction notice when it showed up on the London scene in 1967, and he is as dauntless in castigating this trend as he is acute in recognizing the subtle forces that brought it about.

His survey of Beatle-era England is even more detailed and captivating, including reprints of some of his articles from the period describing the club scene, the dances and fashions, and capturing vividly the ambience of the scene. More than a synopsis of rock in Britain, this section is a history of rock & roll in terms of its effects as a pop culture stimulant, and it is the clearest, broadest overall view of the music yet advanced.

The other chapters are not as thorough, but then the effects of pop in other media have not been quite so pervasive, and in every case they were an outgrowth of the music anyway. Visual pop is represented by a fascinating history of pop art, a discussion of the difference between "high" and "low" pop, and a detailed picture of the London underground's discovery of the possibilities inherent in posters, album sleeves, and magazines. The development of album cover art, and the work of such graphic designers as Martin Sharp of *Oz*, is explored in the context of pop art, and illuminated greatly. The same goes for his section on clothes and fashion, which goes from Mary Quant in 1955 to Carnaby Street in 1967.

Radio, TV and film were not, as pop media, as effective as the music itself, but they were vital in presenting it in such a way as to increase its intrinsic excitement. English radio is quite alien to us, and Melly's description of the private stations' fight to free it of restrictions is bound to be a revelation to American readers. He also "reviews" some of the

(Continued to page 26)

BRITAIN

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Wembley Empire Pool

Anybody who was anybody was at the Empire Pool April 7 or 8. I went on the 7th and saw a packed house wild with anticipation - a few faces (George Hunter of the fabled Charlatans, Cyril Jordan of the Flamin' Groovies, rock journalist Jonh Ingham, Jeff Dexter, every manager from every British rock band in existence and, of course, musicians). It's been two years since the Dead played in England. They only ever played here once before - May 1970 at an obscure festival in No-man's Land, UK.

Of course, they brought their own P.A. and a few thousand close friends. Rumors flew thick and fast as to who WAS in the audience (Owsley, Kesey, DYLAN!!!) and whether or not the New Riders would play.

The Dead went through old songs and new songs in their distinctive style; they are one of the few bands who can lose an audience's attention (Garcia's self-indulgent solos) and pick them right up again with one familiar riff (*Anthem of the Sun*). The band was tight, the sound was amazingly clear (the Empire Pool is a vast toilet bowl) and everyone had a rollickin' time. So what else do ya want on a Friday night?

MUMBLES

Island Records having recently decided that reggae is respectable, released Jimmy Cliff's latest single on the Island label instead of their "Daddy" label Trojan. Island credits this amazing barrier breakdown to Paul Simon's *"Mother and Child Reunion."* Paul apparently "loves" Jimmy Cliff and asked ole CB (Chuck Blackwell, for those of you who aren't already bored by this drivel) where Jimmy recorded all his reggae stuff and then caught the first banana boat to Kingston. Gee, just like Tiger Magazine said! "YES" UK contract up for grabs - any bets???

RCA now handling Fantasy product here - knowledgeable friends on your side of the pond say the new CCR LP is diabolical.

Trying to find those singles and LP's that set you rockin' way back when? "Breathless" Dan Coffey, The Rockhouse, Newport, Monmouthshire, WALES may be your saviour. Dan makes frequent visits to the States to pick up the rare ones - holds a monthly auction and will post anywhere in the universe. Last week for \$2.40 I got a Bobby Sox and The Blue Jeans LP in ace condition from Dan. He's got lots of tasty stuff, so write and ask for details (Try to enclose an international reply coupon.)

NEVER SAY DIE DEPT.: Shady type characters currently racing around London record co.'s trying to raise capital to re-open the Rainbow.

Suddenly Groundhogs in every music publication going. Plans for a VERY extensive U.S. tour underway.

Appearing in record shops all over London - CBS re-channelled quad LP's (ABRAXAS, PEARL, etc....) Don't understand it, freaks here can barely afford the luxury of a good two-speaker set up.

New Kings Road shop, "Let it Rock" a seventh heaven for Teds n Rockers. Great 50's gear, posters, records, photos and magazines (I got 5 "16" mags c. 1960 for \$1.00 and wallowed in memories of Annette, Fabe, Frankie, Anka and the Bandstand "regulars" for weeks!)

Decca Records released an LP of old TYA tapes. Fact is, nobody except out n out nuds sign with Decca these days, so

(Continued to page 26)



LET'S MAKE UP AND BE FRIENDLY

The Bonzo Dog Band's new LP  on United Artists Records & Tapes.

DRIPPING SPRINGS REUNION

They Gave A Festival And Nobody Came

DRIPPING SPRINGS, Texas — Well, was it as good as Woodstock? Sure it was. And not only that, but the music was better too: Earl Scruggs, Kris Kristofferson, Loretta Lynn, Buck Owens, Bill Monroe, Waylon Jennings, Roger Miller.

Still more: Tom T. Hall, Roy Acuff, Lester Flatt, Hank Snow, Sonny James. Merle Haggard was scheduled but was in the hospital and couldn't play. No, John Havlicek didn't play, he was busy playing in Chicago. But everyone else did, in fact you might say the only missing stars were Johnny Cash and Bing Crosby. Grand Funk didn't show but no one cared.

Well, if it was as good as Woodstock then how come nobody came? A festival has to be promoted. Dripping Springs Reunion's backers ran out of money before they began any promotion, hence that crucial element was left untouched.

As a result, only 700 friends and relatives showed Friday, though on Saturday and Sunday attendance shaped up and totaled about 7,000 each day. A mite short of the projected 60,000 anyway you look at it. Still, if they had gotten 60,000 it would have been great — the site, in a valley off of the Hill Country Trail outside of Dripping Springs, was just perfect.

Those who did come found the music was really fine:

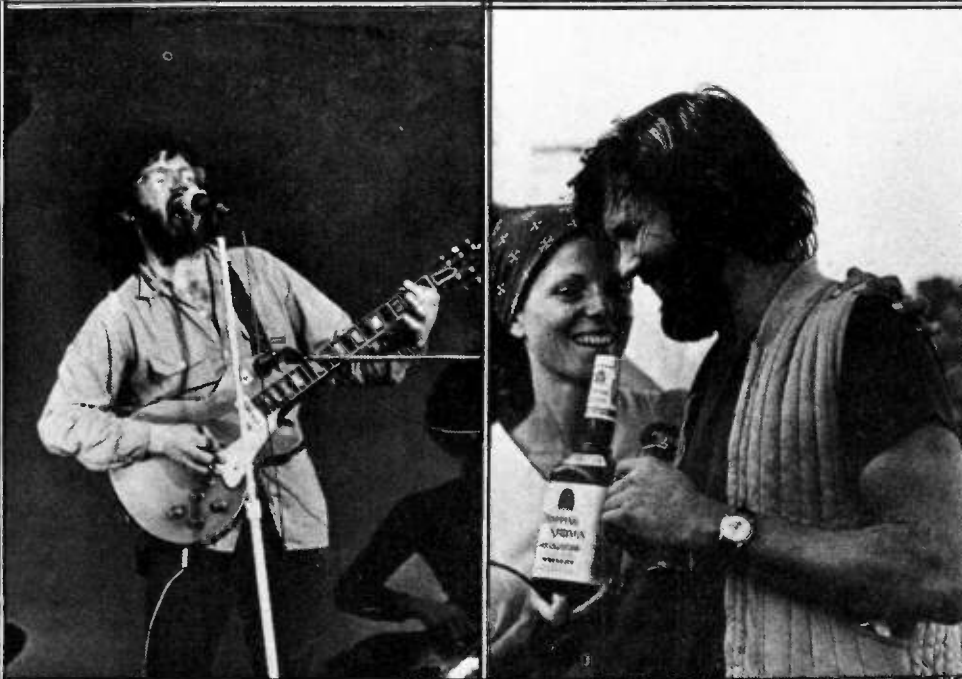
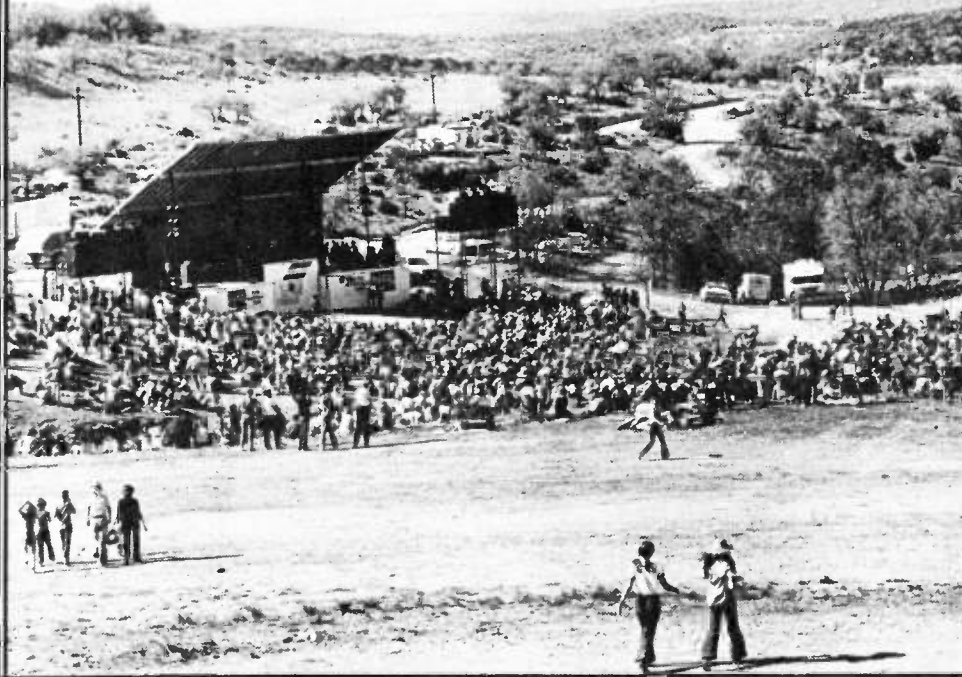
FRIDAY: This was Bluegrass day, the best part of the festival. Roy Acuff, Earl Scruggs Revue, Bill Monroe played an outstanding set, Red Lane, Bill Harrell, Don Reno (Smiley would've made it but he's dead), Jim and Jessie and the Virginia Boys, Jimmy Martin, The Light Crust Doughboys, Charlie Rich, and Buck Owens. Earl Scruggs' show was a bit weird — poorly miked, tinny, and they kept playing "Nashville Skyline Rag" over and over again. Charlie Rich is mean and bitter and it's best not to speak to him, he's seen better days. Everyone else was great.

SATURDAY: Fewer stars, but still surprisingly good. Larry Collins, Charlie Walker, Hank Snow, Dottie West, the Kenneth Threadgill crew from Austin, Sonny James, Roger Miller, and a host of lesser lights. My drunken stupor might've had something to do with it, but I'd swear the latter part of the Threadgill show, when they got into some old Jimmie Rodgers country blues stuff, sounded like the Stooges playing the Robert Johnson Songbook. Blew my mind.

SUNDAY: Merle Haggard got sick and didn't play. Those that did included a bunch of gospel groups, Roy Acuff, Tom T. Hall, Willie Nelson, John Hager, the Earl Scruggs Revue, Ben Dorsey, Waylon Jennings, Buck Wilkin (who was Ronny of Ronny and the Daytonas back in 1964 — hi Buck!), Loretta Lynn, and Kris Kristofferson.

Roy Acuff was great. Magnificent. He's so old you'd think he'd have arthritis, but no, he plays as well as ever. Waylon Jennings was enigmatic — he looked like a rocker, his band looked like rockers (just like the old Hawks), but they didn't play much rock. Waylon used to play bass with Buddy Holly, therefore he should know something. But no, he's kinda middle-aged and likes country better. If he does know he's not telling.

Buck Wilkin is punk enough to come on at a C&W festival and plug in with his four-piece electric rock band. That's just what he did in fact. What was he doing there? No one knows. After three or four numbers, Tex Ritter cut in and said "Well that's fine, let's give Buck a hand for his fine set" but the kids at the festival started yelling for more so Buck got to do an encore. He did "Johnny B. Goode," not



Photos by Susan Goodell

Above is the site of the Dripping Springs Reunion Festival during the peak hours of attendance. Bottom left — Bucky Wilkin. Bottom right — Kris Kristofferson with hooch in hand.

as good as Chuck Berry or Flash Cadillac or the Shadows of Knight but better than Sha Na Na and Jonathan Edwards and the Grateful Dead (apt name I always thought, they don't come any deader). All in all Buck was fine, though Loretta Lynn was better.

Bets were on whether Kris Kristofferson would come out drunk or not, but he spoiled it all by staying sober. He didn't fall down a single time either. He writes songs, as good as any I guess, but that gets into the usual dialectical shit. I mean which would you rather see, someone play their bloody songs or someone fall down drunk? Like I said, he was a disappointment all around.

The Festival In Synopsis

Beehive-headed Marilyn Russell of Dallas had this to say of the whole festival in general: "Yes, It's certainly, well, um, that is to say, it's um, ho, in fact, I'd say it's definitely, oh, ah, well...fine. Real fine."

One important topic everyone includes these days when they write about festivals or press bashes is who was there, so here goes. Grover Lewis of *Rolling Stone* was there. Tom Miller was there covering the bash for a new C&W magazine. John Gabree of *Fusion* was there. Robert Hilburn was maybe there.

Jeff Shero of *Crawdaddy* was there. Chet Flippo of *Rolling Stone* was there, but he would've been anyway since he lives in Austin like me. Chet knows a heapin' lot about country music and he has taste too: he walked out, went home when Buck Owens came on Saturday

night. Famous photographer Annie Leibovitz, who is real neat, was there. Listing all the people who weren't there has become a dead horse these days, so I'll only list the three most important who didn't come: Danny Sugarman, Dave Marsh, and Dave's dog, Gloria.

One unfortunate blight at Dripping Springs was the theme song of the festival, the chorus of which went something like this:

Country roads

Different ways to sing a country song
Getting it together

At Dripping Springs Reunion

Like what is all this 'getting-it-together' nonsense? No one's gotten anything together in years, and for that matter it's probably out of style hence passe. So no one would want to anyway.

Anyway, the whole thing was a bust financially and real good musically. You have to consider the festival's counterparts in the field of busts: beer busts, dope busts, plaster busts. Quite obviously it tops all of these: whoever saw Buck Owens at a dope bust?

Yes, it was a star-studded affair all right. Stars of the best kind, too: none of those washed-up, over-the-hill yahoos who bored everyone to tears at Woodstock, and then had the gall to bore everyone all over again on both record and movie. Though sick, Merle Haggard nevertheless downright resented any comparison to the aforementioned yahoos, and as Merle put it in his own words: "Sly who?"

—Mike Saunders

A TESTAMENT TO THE BLUES

Can a small and unknown record company — which has neither commercial success, the desire for commercial success, nor, for that matter, any reasonable possibility of commercial success — still manage to survive in this day of international financial disarray and hometown monetary chaos?

The answer (depending, of course, on your criteria of survival) is apparently yes, judging from the continued, fortuitous existence of Pete Welding's Testament Records, among others. Maybe it's precisely because Testament, like its surprisingly numerous cousins (Delmark, Revelation, Arhoolie, Adelphi, et al) is run, as nearly as possible, outside the world of commerce, and hence is affected only peripherally by recessions and inflations and such. Or perhaps these companies are affected as much as anyone, but have the spunk and sense of purpose to carry on anyway.

Testament specializes in scrupulously authentic, undoctored blues, country, and early jazz performances. Welding — long known and respected as a writer on and producer of blues and jazz (he's recently assembled a series of two-record blues re-issues for Chess, and produced new albums by Bo Diddley and the contemporary jazz pianist Pete Robinson) — calls his label "largely a labor of love."

He further defines his position thus: "The records we produce are not really motivated by any commercial considerations. I guess you might best describe what we do as 'documentary', inasmuch as we attempt to record and present music in its natural habitat and context, as it's performed by its major and minor tradition-bearers. We're more interested in presenting it as it is rather than dressing it up or otherwise commercializing it for mass consumption. There's enough of the latter done by firms in a much better position to merchandise these records more widely. Testament takes up the slack by recording and producing records by artists who bear and perpetuate the basic traditions of blues and who are, perhaps, not so well known as some of the bigger, 'heavier' artists, but who are strong, convincing bluesmen nonetheless."

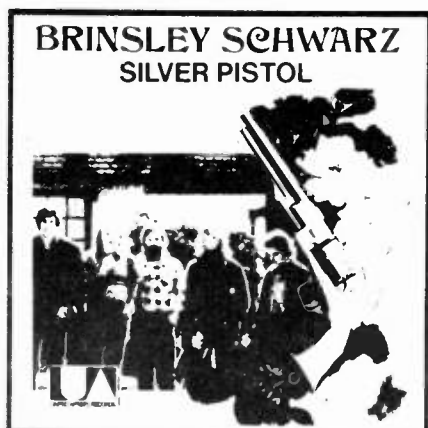
Some highlights of the Testament catalogue include Muddy Waters' first recordings, made by the Library of Congress in 1941 and 1942 ("Down on Stovall's Plantation" T-2210), a four-volume "Masters of Modern Blues" series, including the music of Johnny Shines, J.B. Hutto & the Hawks, and Eddie Taylor (T-2212-5), an anthology of bottleneck blues by people like Muddy Waters, Big Joe Williams, Fred McDowell, and Robert Nighthawk (T-2216), a collection of songs from the Carolina textile mills by white country blues artists Dorsey, Howard, and Nancy Dixon ("Babies in the Mill," T-3301), and a unique recording called "Can't Keep From Crying," which is a group of topical blues about the death of President Kennedy (S-01).

An illustrated catalogue of Testament's 26 lp releases is available from the company at 507 Palo Verde Avenue, Pasadena, California 91107, as are the albums themselves, which retail for \$5.98 each. The records may also be ordered (or bought in person) from Ray Avery's Rare Records, 101 South Brand Avenue, Glendale, California 91204, and a number of other conscientiously-stocked record stores carry at least some of the lps.

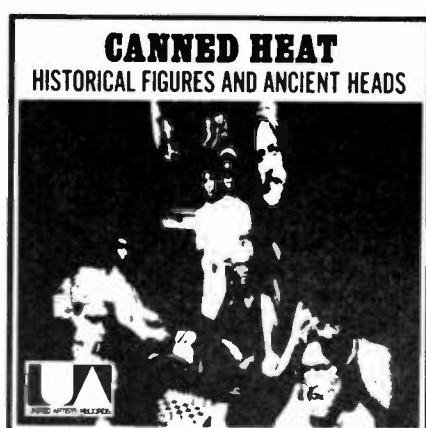
—Colman Andrews

'THE UNITED ARTISTS'

A brief description of the 12 stars currently improving the state of our union.



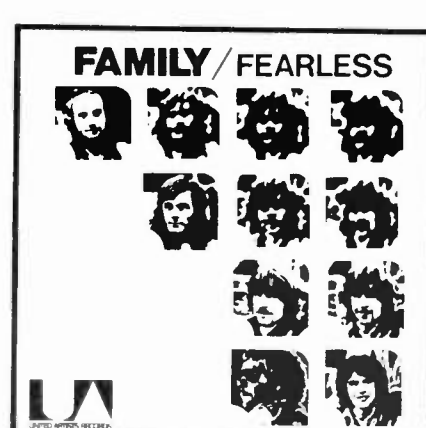
Brinsley Schwarz / Silver Pistol
Unfortunately, many people heard about Brinsley Schwarz without hearing them play. They were the victims of one of the grossest superhypes in the history of rock and roll. They almost didn't recover... most groups wouldn't have. But the fact they're with us today is a good indication of their exceptional abilities. They've evolved into an easy-going, straight-forward group of rollicking rollers.



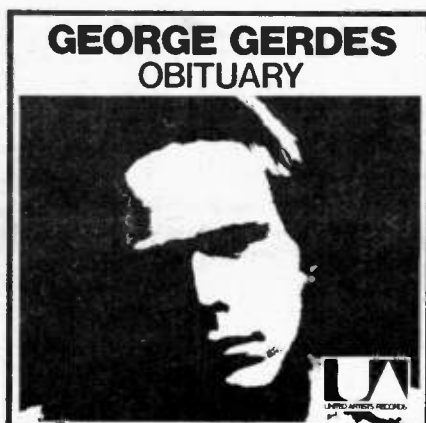
Canned Heat / Historical Figures and Ancient Heads
This is Canned Heat's first new album in two years and this time the fellows work out with Little Richard, Harvey Mandel, and Charles Lloyd. Which is just another way of saying, when it comes to the Boogie you still can't beat the Heat.



Electric Light Orchestra
Roy Wood has fused the highly acclaimed rock of his group. The Move, with light symphonic music, to produce what England's *Disc Magazine* says "could be the sound and combination to take over where the Beatles left off. The comparison to the Beatles of Sgt. Pepper and Revolver days is inevitable and favorable."



Family / Fearless
Family is one of the most unusual bands in rock and this album has finally gotten them the attention they deserve. England's *Record Mirror* said, "It's with the emergence of an album like this that all the stories about how so-and-so knew Family were going to be a monster band three years ago will emerge." And in *Rolling Stone* Richard Gold said the album "...envelops you from the very beginning with a phantasmagoric rush."



George Gerdes / Obituary
According to critic John Morthland, "George Gerdes is the most promising singer-songwriter I've heard since Loudon Wainwright, III. In fact... the two, George and Loudon, happen to be good buddies. Unlike Wainwright, Gerdes uses a full band to tell his stories." George's first album is called Obituary. It's a good start.



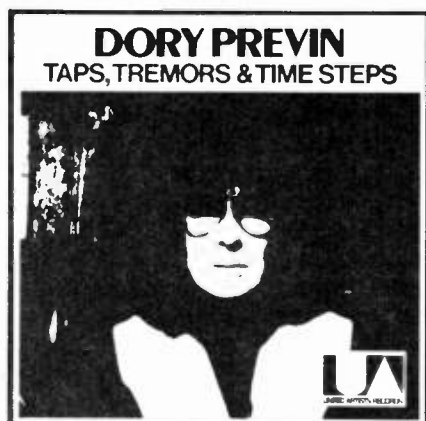
Hawkwind / In Search of Space
This album is full of music you can watch with your eyes closed. It's the group's second effort and it firmly establishes them as explorers of the farthest reaches of rock consciousness. It's space rock that picks you up and sweeps under your feet before it puts you back down.



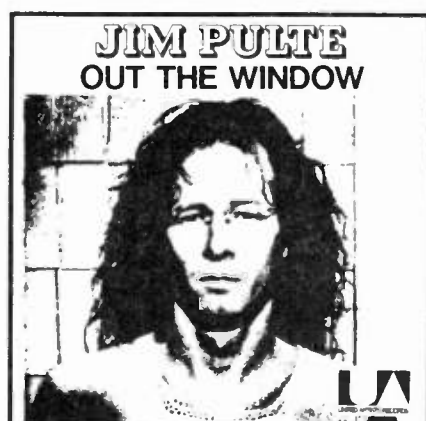
Don McLean / American Pie
Here's what Lester Bangs had to say about this album in *Rolling Stone*: "If you've ever cried because of a rock and roll band or album, or lain awake nights wondering or sat up talking through the dawn about Our Music and what it all means and where it's all going and why, if you've ever kicked off your shoes to dance or wish you had the chance, if you ever believed in Rock and Roll, you've got to have this album." That about says it.



Nitty Gritty Dirt Band / All the Good Times
The Nitty Gritties are one of the few groups who can appeal to a hard-core country audience and a hard rock audience at the same time. They play jug music, country, pure acoustic mountain music, Cajun, folk-rock, hard-rock... any kind of music that's got a smile in it. In their new album the group extends what it started in their last extremely successful album, *Uncle Charlie and His Dog Teddy*. *All the Good Times* is a lot of people smiling out loud.



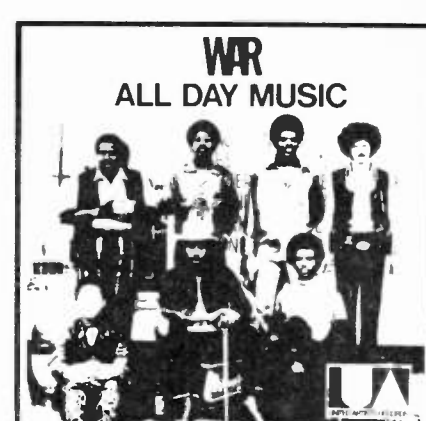
Dory Previn / Reflections in a Mud Puddle, Taps, Tremors & Time Steps
For Dory, music is a way to find identity. In her songs she reveals herself by examining her emotions frankly and openly. Her first two albums, *On My Way To Where* and *Mythical Kings and Iguanas* have already established her as a major poet and songwriter. Her third album continues her search and makes knowing her a good way to know yourself.



Jim Pulte / Out the Window
As writer and lead singer for Southwind, Jim has established a strong reputation for himself. *Out the Window* is his first solo album and it's an achievement a lot of people have been anticipating. The wait was worthwhile. Jim's written some fine songs and he's joined by Jesse Ed Davis who co-produced the album with him. Also on the record are some of the best musicians playing anywhere.



Ike & Tina Turner / 'nuff said
This is the first album the Turners have done in Ike's new recording studio and the production is flawless. All the material is new, and so's the name of their old back-up band... The Kings of Rhythm are now Family Vibes. Ike and the band are tighter than ever and Tina's in great voice, holding down her title as the greatest soul-shaker in the business. Which ought to tell you where the name for the album came from.



War / All Day Music
Formed in 1969, War was one of the first groups to play progressive black rock. Now, three years later, their kind of music is making it and a lot of new groups are making that kind of music. But in the time those other groups were getting together, War was getting tighter. *All Day Music* is their latest album. It contains their last two hits ("All Day Music" and "Slippin' Into Darkness"), and 5 other cuts guaranteed to make a War lover out of you.

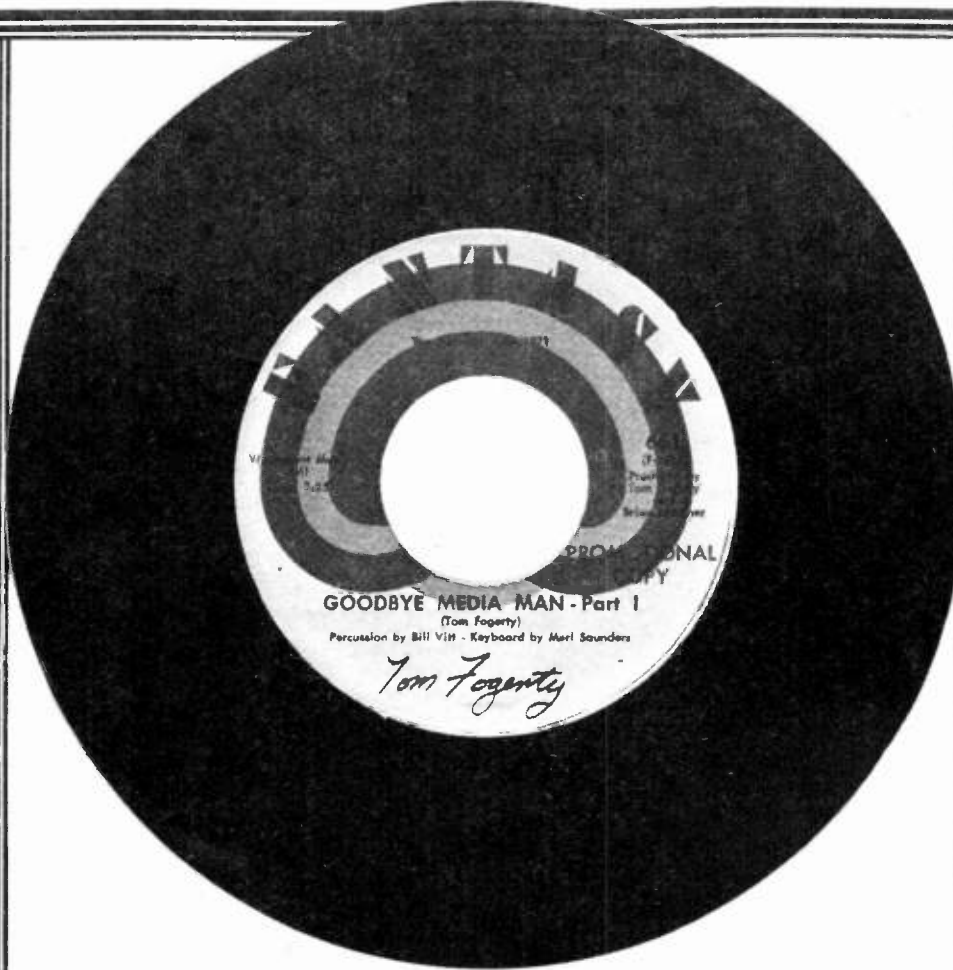


"Good-Bye Media Man—Part I"
(Tom Fogerty)
Tom Fogerty
Producers: Tom Fogerty/Brian Gardner
Fantasy 661 Time: 3:35

This is not a new record. It's not even a recent release. Yes, folks, this is an oldie. An oldie stiff. Sure, while all you were asleep last summer Tom Fogerty recorded one of the finest singles we've had the good fortune to hear in the trendy life of platform shoes.

Now what's it sound like? Well kiddies, it's kinda like Love (the early Love with Snoopy) and it's kinda like Creedence (understandably) and maybe a bit like the Marketts and the Ventures, in places. What it really is, is something we should all kick ourselves upside the head for missing. In lieu of MARDI GRAS, and this single, olde Tom knew several things we didn't when he split from CCR.

In our last issue he came up with lines like "Being an ex-member of Creedence isn't exactly like being an ex-member of the Rolling Stones," implying he didn't think the road to his continued success as a recording artist was all that straight-



will indeed be welcome.)

Great organ riffs here with some kinky (as opposed to "Kinky") guitar licks thrown in to boot. My, my, my. This ranks up there with all those other obscure single favorites of the past like "A Thousand Shadows" by The Seeds, "7 and 7 Is" by Love, "Any Way That You Want Me" by the Troggs, "Chinatown" by the Move and "Stop" by The Moody Blues. Only the most miserable dwarf would allow this to slip by intentionally. And if Tom Fogerty ever gets his album out, I'll listen to it...maybe there'll be a 23-minute version of "Good-Bye Media Man"...ya know something real artsy like "Apple Jam" or "Don't Worry Kyoko"...—Ah, the good old days. I remember April '72. Wonder when they're gonna put out a vintage Jackson Browne LP? Or a Legendary Grand Funk —oh, what's that — there already is? For Shame....

* Fantasy has even changed around that great psychedelic label design of theirs to look computer-like — something like RCA, UA, or Capitol. Aren't too many of them psychedelic, color menageries left like UNI, Decca and Poppy — Tuff Luck...It all sounds the same anyway...

45 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

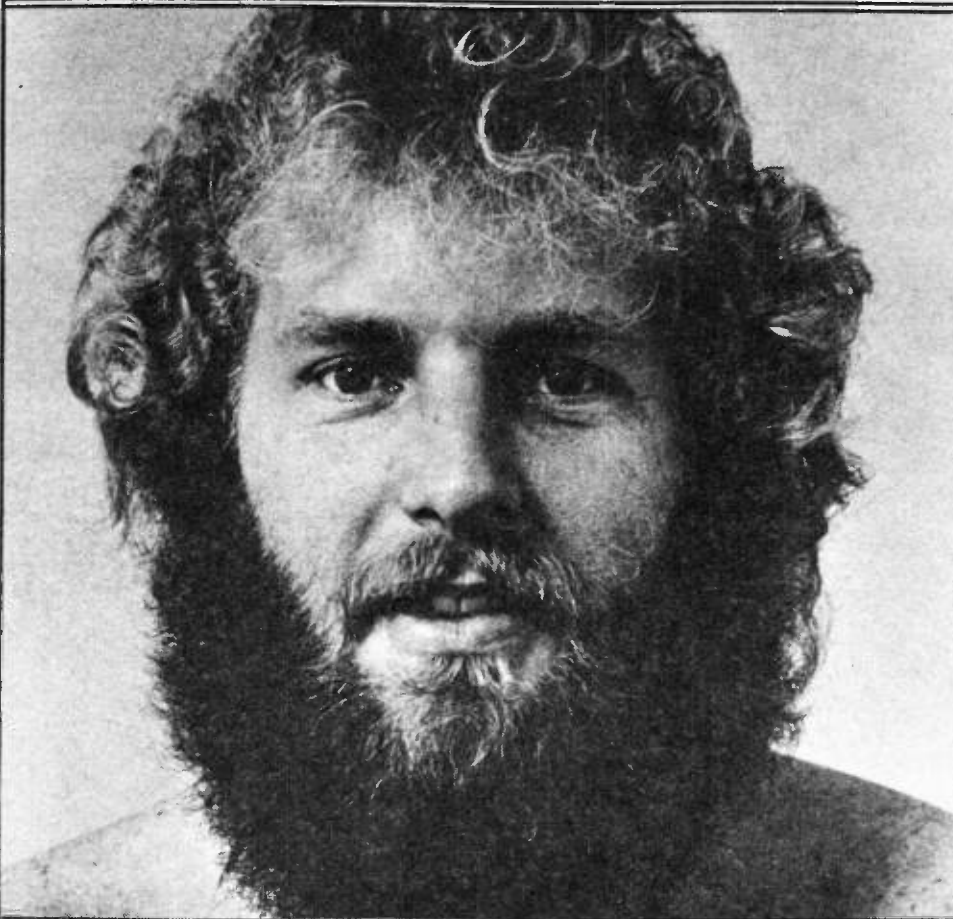
by Martin Cerf

ahead. Well, he may be right, but then being an ex-member of Creedence isn't like being an ex-Rasperry (whose new Capitol single should be a smash if they don't blow it over at the Tower). I mean, you would assume there would be some built-in acceptance. But then we should never assume anything when it comes to Fantasy Records.

Like Fantasy has all these great LP's like Chris Darrow, Betty Everett, Congress of Wonders — and what has it all added up to...a tax write-off...ho, hum. I guess the company's made all its money and they're fixin' to go bankrupt or something. Which I seriously doubt...I mean, this here little company out of San Francisco has exquisite and varied taste...Another example is Red Wing...They do have (have had) some decent individuals working for them as well, like Ralph Gleason and Bill Yarian, which would account for the superior product. But really, a Darrow record isn't like a Creedence LP...It's not simply released...Fantasy, what about promotion, advertising, merchandising?*

All this bitchery has a purpose indeed, and that is merely to back up whose-ever opinion it was to release "Good-Bye Media Man" in the first place and beseech that person to abide by their convictions. Now it's not too late. It's never too late for a hit. There's been a lot of re-released singles making it lately: T Rex, Eric Clapton, Beverly Bremmers, Rod Stewart, Melanie, etc. This is one of those records that, if worked, will come home. It's really sensational and as Rod Argent put it: "Tis the time of the Season"...

So why should you go to the trouble of digging for the last Tom Fogerty single? Cause not only do you get one whole side of "Good-Bye Media Man," but two. Parts one and two, just like the way James Brown does it. Only thing, I think Fogerty should have put the whole thing on one side...It would total about 6 minutes and that's not a taboo in the AM market like it used to be (Christ, if McLean can score with an 8-minute plus single, there's room for a 6-minute side). What this record is all about is the dismissal of the conventional communication Brainwash which is imposed upon us daily by the various newspapers, radio, television...It's lyrically the same old crap we're gettin' from Barry McGuire and P.F. Sloan back in 1965, and it still sounds great...(Remember P.F. Sloan? The quacking grapevine tells of an LP shortly on the new MUMS label. If it even so much as touches his last MEASURE OF PLEASURE LP on Atco (1969) it



Above — Tom Fogerty. Below — Jan & Dean. There's still a Jan & Dean fan club...y'all can write to those 'kool kats' at 7783 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028. If ya send in a buck ya can still score one of the legendary 'Jan & Dean Bel Air Bandits' T-Shirts...or four-bits'll bring you a Jan & Dean program booklet...Fine stuff this.

"Gonna Hustle You"
(Berry-Wilson-Christian)
Dean Torrance
Producers: Dean Torrance/Nik Venet
United Artists

Last issue I was runnin' off at the mouth with this drivin' 'bout the purported forthcoming Beach Boys' single "Marcella"...I went through all my mid-sixties newspaper-delivering fantasies how I would get horny for the likes of Donna Loren, Molly Bee and Sue Thompson. How succumbing to a wave was always tantamount to the Vietnam War, Joan Baez, registering to vote...how to own a skateboard was cool and drinkin' anything but Dr. Pepper was for winos and parents who argue at night when they think their kids are fast asleep.

So I went on and on...I even made a tape of the ref dub handed us by Brian Wilson and sent it off to Ben Edmonds at Cream (he's the most rabid of the BB heralds) and made him a bet that when the record was released, it would make the top twenty within 9 weeks...and I would have won 40 hot bucks, but some schmuck somewhere decided that "Marcella" wasn't comin' out in 7" form and I was crushed (I did hint this very sin might come to pass)...At least my attempt was spirited...success d'estime...It's gonna be on the Boys' new LP CARL AND THE PASSIONS (which should be on your turntable by the time you're thru with this column).

But I'll accept no compromise. Sooner or later "Marcella" has to be a single. Maybe we can persuade The Sunrays or Jan & Dean or The Hondels or Nik Venet or Spring or Murray Wilson or Jack Reiley or Bruce Johnson or Kim Fowley or Lester Bangs to cover it...

I understand Lester Bangs is forming a group and has been offered \$95,000 from UNI Records to sign Lesoux Duul X to an exclusive contract. Other hot literary flashes: quack Richard Meltzer and Lita Eliscu plan to do an LP together for Biograph Records of traditional blues and folk standards, while Danny Sugarmen allegedly has teamed with Wildman Fisher, Arthur Brown, Lord Sutch and Tiny Tim to form *Burning Babies of Harrow*.

Ah yes, all the culture is sprouting with post-spring fancies. Perhaps the most meaningful of them all is the return to disk of Dean Torrance of *Jan And* fame. The side listed atop is yet another ref dub sneaked from the UA recording vaults and it, too, is supposed to be a 45RPM in the Malibu future. If I may suggest, I hope they don't wait too long to put it out, for with lyrics like "Little girl if you

(Continued to page 26)

JAZZ

BY COLMAN ANDREWS

Mid-April may seem a bit early to start talking about jazz albums of the year, but it sure as hell feels to me like I've found mine. It's the best I've heard yet, at any rate, and it's going to take something awfully spectacular in the next eight months to make me change my mind.

The album is called *FACING YOU*, and it's simply Keith Jarrett playing solo piano. Y'all remember piano? Plain old unamplified, unmodulated, acoustic piano? The kind that was good enough for Ammons and Tatum and Hines and Monk and Powell and all those guys? That's the kind that Jarrett addresses himself to on this album, despite the fact that he has formerly used electronic keyboard instruments as creatively as anyone (and more creatively than most), and doubtless will again. But meanwhile, for one recording session at least, it was just Jarrett and the piano, and it sure turned out beautifully.

He plays eight original compositions on *FACING YOU*, most of which are lyrical, restrained, almost pastoral songs; the demi-Taylor pianistic personality that surfaced occasionally on his last album is not present here. He owes elements of his syntax, some technical devices, an occasional improvisational gambit or two, to Taylor, to be sure, and to Bill Evans and James P. Johnson and Darius Milhaud, to name some obvious sources of ideas. But he has developed from these various pasts a present that is very much his own. It's a highly personal, expressive style of playing; there's almost a sense of having intruded upon some private, happy secret.

His notes tumble and jump and sing and then poke tentatively around inside of friendly chords, and then start and turn and dance back from when they came. He plays brightly, with the spark of technical certainty and the vivid flash of joy. (I've never watched a pianist who looks so obviously pleased with himself as he plays, and I've seldom heard a pianist who had so much reason to be pleased.)

With Miles, sitting between an electric piano and an electric organ, Jarrett looks like a sorcerer of sorts, impulsively tossing rare ingredients into a steaming cauldron, then swaying back with glee as a fire glares or a mixture takes. On *FACING YOU*, there's more calm (demanded, likely, by the nature of his tools), less feeling of haphazard grace. But still he's a magician, summoning unlikely visions out of plain materials.

Above all, and slightly more specifically, he has a formidable internal sense of time, of rhythm (in what time signature is the pulse of human electricity written?), and a masterful concept of the dynamic range, the juxtapositional possibilities of his eighty-eight black-and-white, door-opening piano keys. He fills the listener with the richnesses of the piano's range.

The only thing, in fact, that's wrong with *FACING YOU* is that it's scarcely available in this country. It was recorded last year in Oslo and then released on the splendid German jazz label, ECM (1017 ST). The entire ECM catalogue is strong, rare jazz, and it would be nice indeed if some American label or other (some American label, that is, for whom astounding profit and annual acceptance by the old bulls of NARAS are not the only guiding principles) would bring out the entire line in the country. But meanwhile, there's some chance that Atlantic, for whom Jarrett records in the U.S., might release *FACING YOU* here. You might even write to them — if you're willing to take my word for the album's excellences — and egg them on politely.

The live jazz highlight of my recent life was seeing and hearing The Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin (as they are officially billed)

at the Whiskey. Outrageous superlatives have a way of insinuating themselves into reviews of McLaughlin's music, and I'm not entirely sure how to keep them out, except to skip by the subject as fast as possible by saying that I never had the privilege to witness another guitarist in a rock or jazz idiom who could play more music and make it *mean* more than John McLaughlin. If that's what meditation can do for you, sign me up.

But also, it must be stated that McLaughlin's skill as a musician is easily equalled by his skill as an organizer and leader of other musicians. The Mahavishnu Orchestra is a phenomenal ensemble. If you think a "super-group" has something to do with Steve Stills or Charlie Musselwhite or the entire A&M artist's roster singing back-up vocals, may I respectfully call your attention to a *real* super-group, a group in which each man is (in the best possible senses of the word) a star. Jerry Goodman (once a member of Flock) plays a green fibre-glass violin, sometimes unamplified, sometimes with amplification, sometimes bending his lines with a wah-wah pedal (as opposed to wha?-wha? pedal a lot of rocksters use); his *pizzicato* passages are jewel-like in their precision, and in general, he has a far more impressive command of his instrument than most "serious" popular violinists have. Bassist Rick Laird, though regrettably he didn't solo the night I saw the group, also handles the business of his instrument admirably; he is totally without trickery, without shamming short-cuts, and he seems to love nothing more than to construct short stretches of unorthodox (but effective) counterpoint in answer to the positional hypotheses his fellows — and especially McLaughlin —

afford to wait before passing them along. He was fascinating to watch, though, because he never stopped going off in new directions; and when he played himself into corners he couldn't get gracefully out of, one sympathized and then blinked at the brashness with which he set off again.

I next heard him, several times, with the Bobby Hutcherson/Harold Land group; his spirit had not lagged, and he seemed to get into trouble less often. Then, last fall, I heard him in Europe as a part of Miles' group. Simply being chosen for such a post is honor enough, of course; he lived up to all that was implied, channelling his energies a little more precisely now, but still moving ceaselessly, powerfully around the rhythmic bases of the music. (Miles doesn't carry dead wood, has no truck with mere competence.)

Now I have just heard him again, at Shelley's once more, with an intense combo put together by Donald Byrd for his two-week gig there in April. (The others were Harold Land and Rudy Johnson on tenors, Bill Henderson on keyboards, Henry Franklin on Fender bass, and Byrd of course on trumpet.) And he has gotten to be incredibly good. He's fast and muscular and he hardly ever loses his way anymore. He has improved impossibly in the past year; if he continues to grow at the same rate, he's going to be one of the very finest drummers in all of jazz in a very short time.

I'm still not fully caught up with my record reviews. This ought to do it though, one last scatter-gun outpouring of new or recently new jazz releases, domestic and imported, each of which



Left — Keith Jarrett, "Y'all remember piano?" Right — Drummer Ndugu; "He's going to be one of the very finest drummers in all of jazz."

propose. Billy Cobham is a very busy drummer, a percussionist who impossibly fills his schedule on each song but then keeps each appointment articulately and perfectly on time. He tosses times together (intricate, illogical times that most of us can't even think about) but never loses sight of any one of them as he fashions his fillingly important parts of the music. Finally, the young Czech pianist Jan Hammer (who also plays on Elvin Jones' new lp), who seems to dare the limitations of the electric piano to restrict him (which they cannot do, of course), as he invents thick but simple lines of alarming resilience His sound is unforgettable. As is the sound of the unprecedented music all five band members make.

A short note about a drummer: His name is Ndugu (formerly Leon Chandler), he's quite young (I think he's about 20), and he's based in Los Angeles. I first heard him about a year ago, as part of a pick-up group playing with Eddie Harris at Shelley's. He was unusually energetic, almost restless, incredibly ambitious, and also reasonably ragged around the edges. He was playing, one felt, above his physical capabilities, as though his messages were so urgent that he couldn't

deserve at least a paragraph or two of review, but which will get from me no more than a line or so apiece. Profuse apologies, and, if you like, you may consider this as no more than a mere listing of titles and record numbers. Regrettably, it's little more. But maybe next month...

First, some albums I can — with varying degrees of enthusiasm and respect — recommend: *FREE AT LAST* by Mal Waldron (ECM 1001 ST), with Isla Eckinger on bass and Clarence Becton on drums — which is free only by comparison with pianist Waldron's older work (this record is about two years old itself), which includes an insert reproducing Waldron's own sketches of five original pieces from the album, and which is every bit as subtly engaging as Waldron's playing is usually; *BLUES FOR THE VIET CONG* by Stanley Cowell (English Polydor 583 740), with Steve Novesl on bass and Jimmy Hopps on drums, one of those deceptive cases of pianistic eloquence in which 400 years of influence and, in this instance, nearly 35 years of varied musical experience on the pianist's part, show plainly what complex music they're capable of producing; *I'M THE ONE* by Annette Peacock (RCA LSP-4578), which may not be exactly what you'd call jazz, but which is a jazz-influenced music that

defies more precise description and that features Peacock's extremely inventive use of electronics, both with various pianos and synthesizers and with the human voice.

Then there's the initial release, from England, of the Freedom label, run by Alan Bates (not the actor) and distributed by English Polydor. Some of these first lps are: *ANATOMY OF A SOUTH AFRICAN VILLAGE* by Dollar Brand (Freedom FLP 40107, Polydor 2383 099), the fine neo-Monkist South African expatriate pianist (how's *that* for an epithet?), recorded in 1965 in Copenhagen, with Johnny Gertze on bass and Makaya Ntshoko on drums; *ORNETTE COLEMAN IN EUROPE*, Volumes 1 and 2 (Freedom FLP 40102 and 40103, Polydor 2383 090 and 091), a tremendously important recorded representation of Ornette's 1965 English concerts, with David Izenzon on bass and Charles Moffett on drums, and with a virtuoso woodwind ensemble on *SOUNDS AND FORMS FOR WIND QUINTET* (which also appeared on the elusive *THE MUSIC OF ORNETTE COLEMAN* on RCA Red Seal, LSC-2982, as *FORMS AND SOUNDS*, with the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, and with trumpet interludes by Coleman which are not present here) — more welcome music from what was surely one of Ornette's most creative and exciting periods; and *INNOVATIONS* by Cecil Taylor (Freedom FLP 40106, Polydor 2383 094), a live recording from Copenhagen in 1962, with Jimmy Lyons on alto and Sonny Murray on drums, that would be a major addition to the Taylor discography were it not already available as *CECIL TAYLOR LIVE AT THE CAFE MONTMARTRE* (Fantasy 86014), complete with an additional composition missing from *INNOVATIONS*.

Another new European label is Shandar, from France, which apparently has — like Freedom — a large repertory of major live recordings from the sixties and early seventies. Two of their first releases are *NUITS DE LA FONDATION MAEGHT*, Vol. 1 by Cecil Taylor, an incredibly rich sampling of the great pianist's unparalleled skills as a constructivist and a spontaneous composer, made all the more desirable for having been recorded in mid-1969 (making it, as far as I know, the most recent sampling of Taylor's music we have on record) and for including not only Jimmy Lyons, with Andrew Cyrille on drums, but the tenor and soprano of Sam Rivers; and *SUN RA ILLUMINATES*, Vol. 1 (SR 10.001), one side of which is a synthesizer solo by Sun Ra, and the other side of which has two short vocal pieces with words by him (one is a melody by the late trumpeter — and extraordinary melodist — Hobart Dotson) and one more extended piece. And in reply to the young man who told me, with a straight face, that he felt Keith Emerson made better use of the capabilities of the Moog than Sun Ra did, I can only say Sure, man, and Alvin Lee gets a wider range of sounds from the guitar than does Segovia. A second volume of the Sun Ra is available, by the way, but I haven't got it yet; the Cecil Taylor, I believe, despite the "Vol." designation, is alone thus far.

YOU CAN'T MAKE LOVE ALONE is a nice new Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson lp (Mega M31-1012), with plenty of Vinson's randy vocals and dandy bop alto. It was recorded live at the 1971 Montreux Jazz Festival and also includes Larry Coryell (sounding unlike Larry Coryell), Neil Creque on piano, and the standard Flying Dutchman rhythm section of Cornell Dupree, Chuck Rainey, and Bernard Purdie. (Bob Theile's Flying Dutchman label has become the "Flying Dutchman Series" on the Nashville-based Mega label.)

EUROPEAN NOTES

In late March, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band (with the formidable Roland Hanna on piano) opened to enthusiastic reviews at Ronnie Scott's in

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BADFINGER

At The Crossroads

by Mark Leviton

One would think that a group as successful as Badfinger, a group with their momentum (three top-selling singles, one Lp million seller, association with Bangla Desh (concert, album, and film, etc.) would rise steadily and happily in popularity. This is the case, of course, but prosperity has brought with it many problems, and Badfinger is in a period of intense thought as the four members begin to grapple with approaching stardom and the plagues that adhere to it. The band is simultaneously content and restless, artistically satisfied and professionally frustrated, encouraged and discouraged. This is a time of change for Badfinger during which conflicts in both business and artistic matters must be resolved into a more workable system. As bass player Tom Evans says, "Something has to change now. It simply can't stay the same."

Badfinger began as the Iveys, one of the myriad groups attempting to muscle its way up into the Liverpool music scene. Their manager, Bill Collins, brought an Iveys tape to Mal Evans at Apple Records just as that label started acquiring recording acts. Paul McCartney, hearing the tape through Derek Taylor (a friend of Mal Evans'), had already written "Come and Get It" for the MAGIC CHRISTIAN soundtrack and produced the Iveys (soon to be Badfinger) playing that and several other numbers for the film. Apple/Beatle friend Neil Aspinall came up with a new name for The Iveys after John Lennon had suggested "Prix" and Paul "Home," (rather characteristic choices for each of them, perhaps. And it might be a good thing that guitarist Joey Molland wasn't in the group at the time — he joined Pete Ham, Mike Gibbons and Tom Evans after Ron Griffiths left the group during the first MAGIC CHRISTIAN sessions—or he might have suggested a name akin to that of a band he had been in previously, the Fruity Bears).

The group's relationship to the Beatles goes beyond merely being on Apple Records, though. Badfinger's music varies in much the same way that McCartney's and Lennon's did — light pop numbers mixed with more haunting poetic pictures, etc. Vocally the band often sounds Beatlesque — Pete Ham, who bears a vague resemblance to Lennon, is the one with the McCartney-sounding voice on tunes like "Day After Day" and "Take It All," and his leads are buffered in Beatle-like harmonies by Liverpudlians Evans and Molland. Molland looks like McCartney combined with one of those paintings of children with big eyes. Joey has a good feeling for elemental rock behind those stoned-looking eyes, and has his share of guitar solos and lead vocals in live Badfinger performances. (Joey and Pete divide the copious guitar work in Badfinger music.) Tom Evans, who can usually be found grinning, writes, with Pete, the bulk of Badfinger's material, and when the two collaborate they work together on both lyrics and melody. Mike Gibbons, like most drummers (including early Ringo), is content to provide strong rhythmic backings to the tunes while remaining fairly quiet in communication with others, and his shortness and small red beard give him the appearance of an

Badfinger are at artistic crossroads. Mike Gibbons (left) feels improvement is inevitable with record industry politics and production conflicts on the wain.



Photo by Andrew Kent



Photo by Andrew Kent

elf. Musical and physical parallels with John, Paul, George and Ringo aside, Pete Ham isn't sure that Badfinger's association with the Beatles has been more of a help than hindrance: he rates it about 50-50, figuring that Badfinger's growth may have been stunted by being in the Beatles' shadow. Actually, only George and Paul are at all involved with the band. Pete and Tom say the word is that John Lennon doesn't like them.

Identities, for a while, seemed to cast Badfinger as the new "English-cute pop group" and no small number of ardent boppers tossed jelly beans their way during concerts, but the group clearly has more guts and musical sense than the Cowsills/Osmonds/Partridge Family types. Besides, English cuties were always slightly more mod/sexy than American ones. Badfinger fits comfortably into the English and American pop scenes, combining normal commercial appeal with

cordings. Geoff Emerick, who produced NO DICE was too busy with other Apple projects of various kinds to handle the chores with STRAIGHT UP. George Harrison began recording the group, but after he became involved in New York on behalf of Bangla Desh he realized he couldn't finish the project. George had met Todd Rundgren in N.Y. and dispatched him to England to finish off the bulk of STRAIGHT UP with Badfinger. The results were disheartening to Pete Ham: *"First off he wanted four times the money he deserved. He even wanted credit for the things George had already produced. It was ridiculous. And his ideas restricted the band's own ideas and crea-*

ences, PR men, record company officials, promoters, etc. They feel they are losing touch with their audiences by playing huge halls but said they have little control over scheduling, and they feel generally pushed around by forces they are only beginning to recognize and deal with. Success has brought not power but subservience. Tom has expressed great interest in the concept of a "Rock and Roll Circus" which has been proposed by the Who and the Faces in England, where groups would play more nights to smaller crowds, touring in a huge tent where acoustics could be measured and adjusted over a long period of time. Tom feels no power to implement such a plan for Bad-

Do" and includes a Little Richard tune among others. The strong rock format is partially precipitated by those equipment problems Pete speaks about, but it's also due partially to the group's undeniable fondness for early rock and roll. But after a particularly poor performance in L.A. recently (the sound system was wholly inadequate, hampering severely the group's abilities to hear each other on stage), Pete Ham said angrily, *"Okay, we're not doing 'Feelin' All Right' anymore! Let's stop fooling ourselves!"* Fooling themselves because the audience barely reacted to the long jam that evening; fooling themselves because Pete's conception of Badfinger is something more than just a boogie band. It is a rift between Tom's acceptance of heavy rock and Pete's dissatisfaction with it that provides another axis for the band's thoughts. (Pete's outburst proved to be somewhat rash, since



SEATRAIN

Larry

Peter



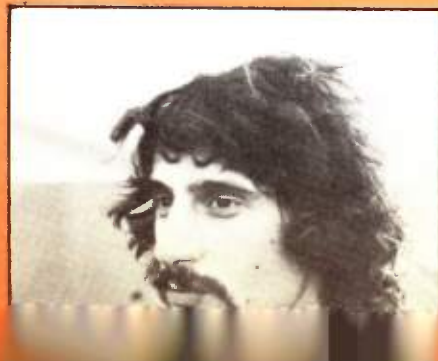
A PRM LITERARY FIRST

THE SEATRAIN DOESN'T

An Everyday Drama

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Andy Kulberg non-performing lyricist for a group called Seatrain.



LYNN: It takes me at least six months to learn someone's last name. I know so many people only on a first name basis.

ANDY: Do you remember my last name?

LYNN: Kulberg? Well, I had to know that to get up here.

ANDY: Do you know his first name?

LYNN: Jim.

ANDY: Very good.

R.E.: It's been a pleasure, Lynn.

LYNN: Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

JIM: Hope your dog's all right.

LYNN: Oh, he will be. He just has a virus. It's good training for babies. don't you think so?

JIM: Less than a minute.

ANDY: As far as I know, I don't know how much they represent us.

R.E.: Maybe it's through Capitol the

ANDY: It's through Capitol. I see you, so I'm not going to...

R.E.: *(Interrupting)* I see. Well, that wouldn't be any sense in... I see, he represents you and a bunch of other Capitol artist a block.

ANDY: You mean that he represents as a block?

R.E.: Well, I meant, well, though...

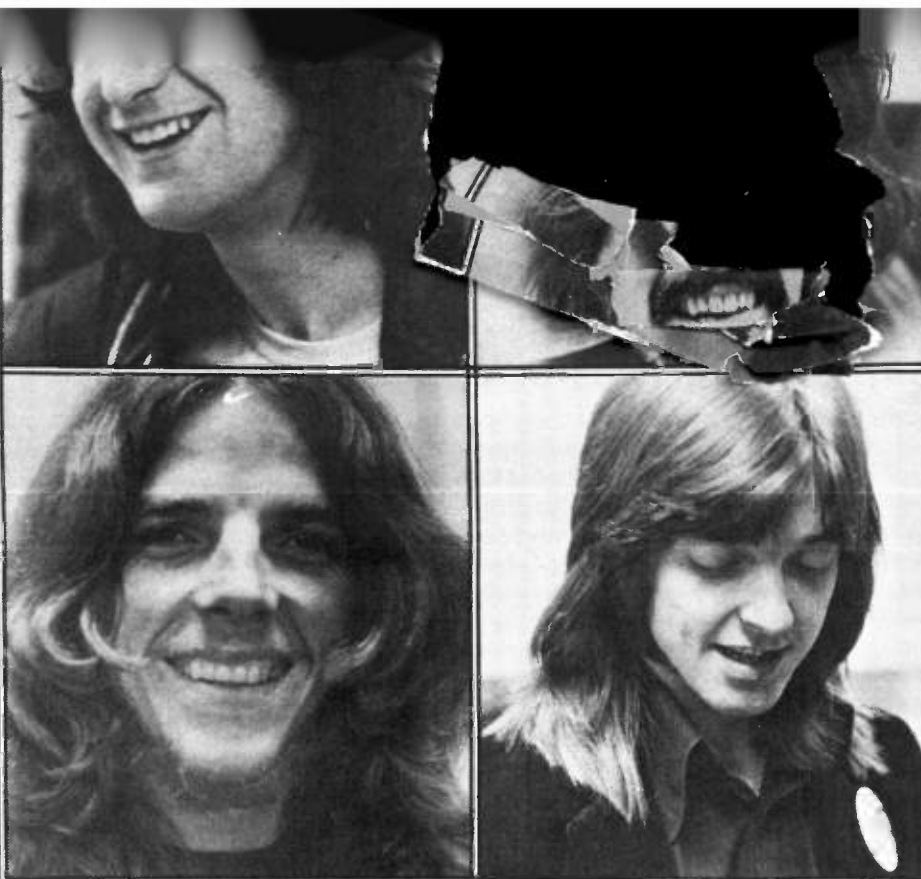
JIM: That's just a manner of speaking.

R.E.: That's right. I met Bob Gil

After the initial success of "Come and Get It" came the brilliant album NO DICE, and, from it, one of 1970's catchiest singles, "No Matter What." The group's latest album is STRAIGHT UP. With each recording the group has tightened up, getting a firmer grasp on basic rock principles, exhibiting new talents in songwriting and playing. But all the while the problems have continued.

The difficulties stem in great degree from simple economics, if one is to listen to guitarist Pete Ham. He feels a lack of control over the basic logistic problems involved with getting the group organized and accounted for, financially and otherwise. For instance, Pete has complaints about equipment. He would like to play certain numbers in the band's live act, which is as much of a part of Badfinger as their recordings, but the lack of a suitable piano pickup restricts the amount of slow numbers that can be played with adequate sound. Badfinger is at the mercy of room acoustics and house equipment. Since much of Badfinger's reputation and character rests on their more lyrical compositions, the absence of these from their live show is clearly felt. The band must use their faster, more electric rock material on stage until they get suitable equipment to carry with them on tour, and therefore they project an image of a powerful rock band much more than Pete might want them to. The pacing of the set is thrown off and audiences are denied an entire side of Badfinger. "We're For the Dark" manages to be played at nearly every concert, but the splendid "Take it All" is used sparingly due to the poor piano reproduction and "Without You" is not performed. Monetary problems which get in the way of desired aesthetics are big problems indeed. After so many good years it is really unforgivable that Badfinger should still be bothered with such petty details, but such details remain a fact of life for the band.

Financial and commercial considerations have also affected Badfinger's re-



Top Left - Pete Ham (guitar, vocals); Top Right, Tom Evans (bass, vocals); Bottom Left - Mike Gibbins (drums); Bottom Right - Joey Molland (guitar, vocals).

tivity. He certainly won't be producing our next Lp." Although it seems to this listener that the Lp came out fine, it's still true that Badfinger felt restricted by Todd's personality. So, while they did make a successful album, it is perhaps not the Lp Badfinger desired. They were, in effect, victimized by both Harrison and Rundgren. Pete hopes that in the future Badfinger will acquire the skills to produce themselves well. Decisions about which cuts are released as singles are likewise removed from Badfinger control, a situation which almost killed the 45 release of "No Matter What" previously.

Both Evans and Ham expressed to me great feelings of being pressured by audi-

finger, though. Inertia has already affected them, perhaps.

Badfinger would like to stop and examine their position carefully, but they have a paradoxical need to keep moving, to resist slowing down, for hesitation at this time could have serious consequences for their future careers.

Evans further expresses his belief that audiences like, and almost demand, some good "boogie" music in the course of an evening's show, and he's more than willing to provide it. It was Tom's idea to include Dave Mason's "Feelin' All Right" and "Only You Know and I Know" in the concert program along with a medley which begins with Molland's "Love Me

great enthusiasm by the audience). At any rate, the Badfinger stage image is not going to stay the same. It will probably yield to a less rowdy but no less energetic style as soon as economic holes are plugged and Pete and Tom talk things over. Let's hope so.

Strangely, with business troubles at hand, the group seems happy with life. They are extremely friendly fellows, each with his own kind of amiability. They are not easily ruffled. They are not especially concerned with the record charts, or Harry Nilsson's hit version of the Ham-Evans tune "Without You," or the fact that a Badfinger original wasn't performed at the Bangla Desh Benefit. It certainly would have helped Badfinger had they performed one of their numbers at the Benefit, but Pete, Tom, Joey and Mike seemed quite content with backup chores, which they performed as a favor to George. One has the feeling that a little more energetic self-promotion, coupled with more frequent American touring, could build Badfinger into a super-popular group. But there's not much inclination towards enthusiastic action within the group, and one moment they seem in great motion while at others they seem to just wait. Badfinger is schizophrenic aggregation: they live in dual worlds of satisfaction and doubt, and waveringly show signs of change. Everything seems precarious, tentative.

The prospects for commercial success and artistic fulfillment are good for Badfinger: even if the tensions aren't adequately resolved the music will probably remain compelling. Perhaps Badfinger will not live up to its potential - it surely hasn't yet. To the average fan the quality will probably stay the same. Even though the inner tensions of the group's difficulties may not show overtly in their music, they are nonetheless exerting an effect upon Badfinger's world. It's a world in flux, a world which is a microcosm, in some ways, of the big Show Business world outside. But it's also a world of changing landscapes all around.

Lynn: the girl Jim is used to.

Jim Roberts: Seatrain's flutist, bassist, keyboard-player, and songwriter.



R. E. Maxson: a freelance journalist who might even get as big as Harold J. Watshuka.

The Setting: A room somewhere.

The Time: The elusive past.

ANDY: It is. You should try diapering

your dog. Heh heh.

LYNN: Ha ha. Get on that paper, you!

JIM: Lynn, I hate to say this, but let's annul our divorce and get back together again. I hope you...the child...I want to be there!

LYNN: To take pictures.

JIM: Have a good child. Maybe our marriage will be a success. (TO R.E.) That's my wife.

R.E.: Oh yeah?

JIM: I'm used to her.

R.E.: Oh yeah?

JIM: Yeah. Oh. I'm just kidding.

ANDY: Yes. Well, how's *your* day been?

R.E.: Well, so far, it reminds me of the last time I got into a chartreuse pineapple.

JIM: Chartreuse what—?

ANDY: What on earth is a chartreuse pineapple?

JIM: Oh! Chartreuse liqueurs. Yeah, that's very potent stuff.

ANDY: I didn't even know there was such a drink. Obviously I'm missing a lot.

JIM: What's a chartreuse pineapple?

R.E.: Just something I made up.

JIM: Oh.

ANDY: Uh...

JIM: Could you...

R.E.: Yes?

JIM: Go ahead.

ANDY: Let's stay on the liqueur for a minute. Did you mean chartreuse liqueurs?

R.E.: No, I don't know anything about it. I was just playing a head game, like you did.

ANDY: He likes to get you confused. Like the old days in L.A.

JIM: Oh, Gosh, I could get lost in a second. I don't even bother doing head games.

R.E.: Well, tit for tat. Looks like that beer is taking good care of *your* head, anyway. Say, how long have you guys been represented by Gibson & Stromberg's PR outfit?

ANDY: I have no idea.

PR. He used to promote, be it or not. He used to promote concerts at the...heetah. I guess you remember that. So, known him for a long time. really gotten quite successful now as a PR man.

ANDY: "Established." It's part of whole bit.

JIM: Well, with a name like Bobson, how can you miss?

R.E.: Yeah, right. There's a few those around, right?

ANDY: Who are you writing for?

R.E.: Freelance.

ANDY: Never can tell. You could be budding Al Bromowitz.

R.E.: Well, yeah, or I might even get big as Harold J. Watushka.

JIM: Cutting out on us, eh? I don't mind us. We're a little punchy.

R.E.: No shit.

JIM: We've had several interviews day.

R.E.: Oh, it's ok, I can understand.

ANDY: It would be nice if we...

R.E.: Oh, don't worry about it.

ANDY: ...if we could really solidify something.

R.E.: Oh, yeah! Right! This has been great conversation. I wish everybody had stayed.

ANDY: Yeah, we...

R.E.: No, actually, you're the best person I've talked to. It's been very interesting conversation, at least as good as the one I had last week with an asparagus street.

ANDY: We were talking about rip-

R.E.: How's that?

ANDY: We were talking about Seatrain. At this point in our interview lives we are assuming we know something about Seatrain and so we've been hoping that one's going to bother asking how long the group's been together and what all the members did before they played the Seatrain.

Andy

Richard

Lloyd



STOP HERE ANYMORE

Of The New Rock

R.E.: What were you talking about rip-offs?

ANDY: It starts with the release of "Marblehead Messenger." You see, Capitol has had a lot of changes. It has forced me, particularly, into the position of going to a lot of cities and talking to a lot of promotion men. It's doing a job...uh...in other words, all the ground work was laid by — this is an introduction to my rap — all the groundwork was laid by the first Seatrain album on Capitol. People knowing about Seatrain knowing

ANDY: That's right.

JIM: The rip-off always starts from some kind of innocent thing like not stepping on someone's toes...You know what I mean. Always.

ANDY: Who stepped on someone's toes? I mean there's that kind of rip-off where it turns out to be a lack of integrity. And then, again, like this radio station here, any underground radio station which has a potential of reaching a lot of people and giving them new kinds of music which could be informative which they could

ested and they dug up old bios, records, like that.

R.E.: And old Seatrain records.

ANDY: Yes, and old Seatrain records and old Ronnie Hawkins records and like that, you know? They were really interested in how the program seemed to develop in each musician and it was interesting. They listened to the first Seatrain album and said "that's nice, that's nice." And now what happens is that Seatrain is accepted, in a relative sense. It's not the biggest group in the

they come back and say, "Well, we DID play the Seatrain record." And I'm really annoyed by the fact that they may be playing "Marblehead Messenger" or the fiddle tune whether they like it or not, but that to them is the image of what Seatrain is, without judging us on our own merits. There is no way for something really revolutionary to come through, and I think that's what Seatrain is. For something really special to happen it basically takes a miracle. You can't

*...the day the music died **

The untimely deaths of Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, Richie Valens; auto injuries to Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins; added to the blacklisting of Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry did leave a large void in the music. Getting Elvis out of his gold lame suit and into dull Army khaki along with Little Richard's exchanging of his pompidor for a *Bible* left a generation weaned on rock-a-billy and rhythm 'n' blues with no real place to go. They certainly were not about to join their little brothers and sisters in front of the 12-inch family television to watch *American Bandstand*. One just didn't do that kind of thing. What would your friends say? Even the New York street quartets, who produced some of the finest make-out music since Johnny Mathis, were being swallowed up by white imitators on the daily Clark extravaganza. Some of them were good. Jan and Dean, the Fleetwoods, Danny and the Juniors, Dion and the Belmonts, but it wasn't the same. The occasional Jody Reynolds just was not enough.

*...something touched me deep inside**

The Presleys, Haleys, Dominos, Berrys, and Little Richards did more than just drive Mitch Miller away, they opened up a whole new, for the white middle class, musical vistas. White urban kids danced, listened, and made love to musical forms previously regarded as "race" and "shit-kicking" to be covered by Tony Bennett and Joni James. "Rock Around the Clock," "Earth Angel," and "That's All Right" knocked the imitators out and the kids heard the real thing. Elvis' Sun singles (see FOR LP FANS ONLY) as "Blue Moon of Kentucky" or later "Blue Moon" did more for *and to* country music than an army of easy listening covers of Hank Williams. The seed was planted. Clean simple guitar picking with a beat was ingrained into the consciousness of a generation. But who was wise to

Younger Than Yesterday

THE DILLARDS

by R. Serge Dennisoff



around and...

R.E.: What? You kind of lost me.

ANDY: Well, Capitol has gone through cataclysmic changes now.

R.E.: Oh, yeah, I see.

ANDY: As a consequence, all the people who helped make the first album happen disappeared. They were moved to different areas.

R.E.: I get it.

ANDY: So consequently, I go out there and now I'm finding out that things have changed a great deal in the music business. The kids, the music newspapers, the radio stations, the promoters and the groups are all involved in this glut that is heavy and is making it seem too...

R.E.: Too money-conscious.

JIM: Rock and roll has been copping out on the revolution for three, four or five years for one thing. And then rock and roll publications aren't...you don't see much on the subject...

ANDY: No, they're just letters mostly.

JIM: Some publications are working at it. You see some good articles in the L.A. Free Press.

R.E.: They have some good articles from time to time.

JIM: That's a very underground magazine. That's not a rock and roll publication.

R.E.: No, not primarily.

ANDY: That's probably why it would be more truthful.

R.E.: Well, not exactly. The Free Press has grown a lot more timid in that area than they used to be because they're also into the record companies now for a lot of advertising, so they don't want to rock the boat, see?

ANDY: That's true.

R.E.: In the old days the Free Press used to be, you know, kick the shit and let it fall where it went.

But they don't choose to do that. They choose to adopt a format of playing forty album cuts because somebody's advertising on their station. Because they want to run a tight ship so they can get the best advertisers, make as much money, you know?

R.E.: Yeah, I know, but it's always been that way to a degree.

ANDY: No it hasn't.

R.E.: You don't think so?

ANDY: Well, when I was in Blues Project...you knew I was in Blues Project, didn't you?

R.E.: Yeah. That was quite a long while back.

ANDY: Yes, it was, but I'm talking about the way things began and how the movement got started. Blues Project was really there at the beginning of the movement.

R.E.: To me, I think there was a great, you know, '65-66-67, that three-year period was a great change in the music, a great flowering out.

ANDY: Right. That's what I was going to say. That's the reason there was a flowering out — the reason it could be allowed to — was that the kind of creativeness that job, that a program director — that's a relatively new term in FM radio — applied to his art. It was passing the word more than trying to keep on top of current standards or maintain a certain image.

R.E.: The stations are more restrictive now.

ANDY: Oh, absolutely. See, I've gotten to go back to the same stations I went to last year all around the country. So I went back this year to all the same stations with the Seatrain album. When the first Seatrain album came out they were all excited about it because they knew about everyone's background. They were inter-

cess. But fortunately for us, they need a certain amount of success and they know what happens is judging it for its merits or its demerits, program it according to the tip sheets, the review section of Rolling Stone, blah blah, and all that stuff they're sure the people are going to buy. The program director only listens to the first four seconds of each tune and he writes down "up tempo." I was shocked when I saw it. I couldn't believe it.

R.E.: And you don't think this used to happen before?

ANDY: It didn't. I used to go to radio stations frequently and partake in actually being a DJ myself and making up sets and playing cuts from records I wanted. But now it's all changed and it pissed me off. What are they doing?

R.E.: Yeah, but on the other hand, there are more records coming out now than ever before.

ANDY: Yeah, that's the problem.

R.E.: Andy, you know, how can these guys get a chance to listen to them?

JIM: Yeah, that's part of the glut, certainly. It's something you have to deal with.

ANDY: And the greatest example is there happens to be one tune, "London Song," in the new album which we feel is really a fine tune. Unfortunately, from my point of view, the music starts with a very delicate introduction that lasts about 10 seconds and consequently the program directors miss it. It's a potent tune, but, what happens is, they don't listen to it. They play "Marblehead Messenger" because that's a jumpy little tune and the fiddle song and then they don't play the other side because it's not up tempo, and that's it. Then

listen to it, to give it a chance. They have to hear it once. On really, and the radio stations don't care anymore.

R.E.: I think what you're talking about is the FM's, right?

ANDY: That's right.

R.E.: Because the AM's used to always be that way.

ANDY: Oh, the AM's...Well, the AM's are that way.

R.E.: That's what I thought you were talking about. I didn't realize you were talking about the FM's. That's why I was confused about what you were talking about.

ANDY: I'm talking about Seatrain. Seatrain is not an AM act.

R.E.: Well, pardon me, but, at least around here, anyway, Seatrain has been programmed on AM for quite a while.

ANDY: Well, that's good. I'm glad to hear it, but that's not at all our intention.

R.E.: Yeah, ok.

ANDY: We don't make records for AM.

R.E.: I got the point. What you were saying about the FM's was quite true. The only station that was wide open about what you were talking about was KPPC, until all the jocks got fired.

ANDY: They're still a bit wide open on KLOS. They're pretty reasonable. I was over there the other day.

R.E.: Fair.

ANDY: I mean they seem more reasonable than the ABC affiliate. But the FM stations everywhere, all across the country, are going to pot. It's not underground any more — they've all got formats and playlists just like AM. That's a rip-off. And God damn, what do people think these almighty charts mean?

(Continued to page 26)

...presence of The Pelvis - not his music...
 Jerry Lee, Little Richard, Chuck Berry,
 duck walk and all...it's visual. A host of
 smash.
 ...can you teach me how to dance real
 slow

Dick Clark was the reincarnation of the Pat Boone image mixed with just a taste of youth and hucksterism. "You could dance to it" and parents were comfortable. The "Rock Around the Clock" generation, now "young adults" weren't. Their music was dead. They went to college and laughed at those old prom pictures which included stiff poses, tuxs, and DAs (ducktails) which their middle class teachers and parents tolerated. Everyone who could went to college or away to university then. It was the ticket to security. Mom and Dad's belief in the American Dream and Horatio Alger was realized. Into this abyss stepped the Kingston Trio on a wave of Brooks Brothers corporate respectability, but with a fast clean driving sound called folk music. It really wasn't as any folklorist would be happy to tell you. "Tom Dooley," missed by many rock historians, is as important as "Rock Around the Clock" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." It spawned the revival for which the rock-a-billies had laid most of the groundwork. In Crew-cuts, and Georgia Gibbs manner, the Kingston Trio were copies of the genuine article. Even the name was taken from somebody else's song. The real "folk" did not hang around the posh Hungry I or Purple Onion night clubs in San Francisco nor the Capitol Tower. On top of that, the Kingston Trio was far removed from the precious and esoteric People's Songs tradition of "folk music as a cry for justice" borne by Pete Seeger and the Weavers. The Trio was clean, cute, and entertaining. While the younger siblings tuned in *American Bandstand*, the Presley people were now just plain folk on the green, green pastures of Harvard, Yale, and Stanford University.



...with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck*

The folk music revival in it's simplistic form was a bunch of white urban college and university students singing and playing, note for note, songs that came from the rural South and Jamaica. Originally, it was just plain fun, except for the folks at *Sing Out!* who couldn't quite fix a political label on it. Its editor Irwin Silber decried the commercialization of the "people's music." Like rock, folk music in its early revival period was absent of any great political meaning. It was merely entertainment. Instead of going to the hop, partying on a California beach, students in button down shirts sporting neatly trimmed crew-cuts escorted their dates to expensive little holes in the wall for beer, fun, laughter, and whatever came next. The more expensive the club... Frat parties had brothers "singing and grinning" for the folks. Banjo pickers had to play loud to be heard.

Meanwhile, Dick Clark was answering questions before the Harris Committee about how Billy Parsons "All American Boy" and "16 Candles" had become hits. "Clarkola" was a new word and there were black stirrings in the South which

few people understood. But, this was 1960 and the future looked bright as America entered a New Frontier.

Fraternity types and young executives delighted in the humor and gaiety of old American song, but others went a step farther and discovered the ethnic tradition - "to be folk, you live folk." This trend may well have been the opening of the greening of youth and the rise of the counter culture. *Little Sandy Review* and *Sing Out!* - when politics were absent - originally judged groups on their ethnicity or their ability to imitate the real thing. The New Lost City Ramblers, Charles River Valley Boys, and the Green-briers were the Purists, as *Time* called them, and in dire opposition to the Commercializers: the Kingston Trio, Limelitters, Tarriers, Brothers Four, and a legion of similar trios. Ten years later, it all seems a bit silly, but then it was deadly serious and thousands of hours and gallons of printers ink were wasted on the overpowering question "was X really folk?" The Trio, and the Limelitters did not really care and collected their increasing royalty checks while the folkniks hated them for it. Joan Baez took great delight in mentioning Peter, Paul and "Misery" at her concerts.

...a voice that came from you and me*

The already fragmented revival *personae* was further complicated by the emergence of the "Guthrie-Seeger" school of political songwriters who congregated around a little mimeographed magazine *Broadside* (NYC). It was a strange mix, a few ex-Communist Party members and fellow travelers, and a lot of young people who were into folk music and saw "a new world a coming" but not through any easy Old Left solutions. Dylan published his first song in *Broadside* "Talking John Birch Society Blues." Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Len Chandler, Gil Turner joined him in writing and singing about the issues of integration, and peace. The early politicians shared the Ethnics disdain for the Commercializers because they typified the Corporate America they desired to change. They, also, were not overly fond of the Ethnics who were seen as overtly intellectual and esoteric. Dylan's "Talking New York" aptly outlines this view with "we don't want hillbillies here, just folk singers" or "they loved my sound, dollar a days' worth." It was into this crazy quilt scene

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BACK PORCH BLUEGRASS

that Dean Webb, Mitch Jayne, Douglas and Rodney Dillard walked into. They called themselves the Dillards.

Of all of the folkie acts — ethnic or otherwise — the Dillards were the genuine thing with credentials reserved for legendary Nashville acts. The Dillard boys grew up in Salem, Missouri, the land of Quantrell's Raiders, with momma playing guitar and daddy on fiddle. "Instruments were always around." The guitar at times became a "truck" during playtime. Sound familiar. In Carter Family-Bill Monroe tradition, the quartet started by singing on a local country music station. However, as Rodney Dillard is quick to note, he listened to "lots of country music and Segovia." Geographically and musically, the Dillards were ideal candidates for folk revival acclaim, but they were not "ethnic" duplicators. Instead, they were a strange mixture of a successful stage comedy act and a high powered (listen to Douglas' banjo duals with Dean's mandolin) blue grass band. This rather unusual combination offended nearly all of the spokesmen of the folk revival. The only people, outside of New York Times critic Bob Shelton, who liked them were the paying customers at concerts or night clubs. The Commercializers labelled them as a good act, but their music was too hillbillyish. "Why don't you do it like the Smothers Brothers." By appearing on the Jack Linkletter ("everybody sing") *Hootennany* show they alienated the New York folk Establishment then boycotting the program. That was but one problem. Their other image problem was more severe, and acutely felt. The Purists strongly objected to any group which toyed with tradition. The Dillards laughed in church. They were *from* the country not like the citybillies and they refused to authentically copy old material note for note. Sacrilege yelled the *Little Sandy Review*, the guardian of musical tradition. Rodney Dillard, with some anger, accused one well known Los Angeles club owner of operating a "live museum" where "museum pieces play and don't change anything." Mitch Jayne adds "people in New York...try to preserve Indians and don't understand what Indians are." This is especially true when the subject of Doug Dillard came up. Doug was the "fastest picker" around, and according to Mitch "one of the best." But Purists wanted Flatt and Scruggs, or the Stanley Brothers. The Dillards were neither of these. Early on, they decided there was little to be gained by imitating the likes of these musical giants. "On the Grand Ole Opry there was Bill Monroe and Flatt and Scruggs and that was it." This was 1963 and Jack Linkletter had driven most of the diehard folkniks either into old timey music (bluegrass) or the poet-singer bag led by Dylan and the folks at *Broadside*. Cut off by the folkie Establishment, even the one LP with liner notes by prestigious purist Ralph Rinzler could not change this image, the Dillards were left with their humor.

The Dillards' stage act, while exhibiting some of the cornball Nashville bass player routines used for decades to warm up audiences, had considerable substance to it. Rodney played the moron. Mitch was the establishment symbol — perfect Laurel and Hardy. As Rodney explains "it was a parody of society...picking on a lesser." Just like Polish jokes. The pay-off in classic slapstick was the put down of the authority figure. Rodney, as did Stan Laurel, constantly flaunted, outwitted, and destroyed Mitch with harmonica blasts during monologues and other up-staging plays. See the cover of the second album *LIVE...ALMOST!* The *ALMOST* *naturally* refers to Rodney. The act also struck back at the proponents of "folkier than thou." "Old Blue" was a standard in the New York folk scene. The Dillard's ver-dead of winter "won't sing 'Old Blue' like Joan Baez." Other songs received similar introductions. The stage act allowed the



group to make a steady living instead of "cleaning swimming pools during the day" as Mitch casually observes. They strummed — and grinned — on the Andy Griffith Show, Ernie Ford, and Don Knotts. These and night club appearances paid the bills as well as sold records.

...no verdict was returned*

Elektra Records, prior to the Doors, had a roster including Judy Collins, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs, Eric Anderson, Tim Hardin, David Blue, and the Dillards. None of these artists are found on the label today. There is a good reason for this. In those days the "big E" was "physically incapable of promotion." Artists sold their records by their appearances rather than the company selling the acts," Phil Ochs charged in 1965. Mitch Jayne echoes this sentiment in 1972. Only difference is that it took the Dillards ten years to find that out; he stoically adds.

...the birds flew off*

Long before Irwin Silber's open letter in *Sing Out!* attacking Dylan for straying from the political path, the Dillards were already sporting a "deviationist" label. Their harmonies, stage presence, and material turned off the folk opinion makers long before Dylan's "Baby Blue" confrontation at Newport of 1965, an event which saw Rodney Dillard applauding. Like the Dillards, Dylan told the Establishment he was going to do what he wanted, not what they desired. Dylan returned to the roots of youth: rock.

As with nearly everything involved with the folk scene, things historically and musically became very confused during the summer of 1965. "McGuinn and McGuire keep on getting higher in L.A. you know where that's at" recall the Mamas and Papas. The Byrds flew eight miles high and took Dylan with them. A good portion of the folknik world was soon trading in Martin's for Fenders and amps. Within the Dillards, artistic cracks began to show. Rodney, despite the stage character, was the prime mover of the group. He arranged and wrote most of the quartet's early material. Still does. As early as 1964, he was beginning to look at Beatle songs, and along with everyone else, Dylan tunes.

He recalls "new things were growing. It was like a garden of music...tradition finally at last was tossed out." *LIVE* contained a Dylan song "Walkin' Down the Line" produced by Jim Dickson, later to be a major influence upon Jim McGuinn and the Byrds. Both Rod and Mitch claim credit for much of the harmonies on *PRE FLIGHT*, the Byrd demo, and *MR.*

TAMBOURINE MAN: "Byrds got harmony from us. Everyone of those guys really liked what we were doing when we went on tour with them back in 1965." Dean is believed to have recorded the harmonies for "Tambourine Man" on a demo for McGuinn. Dewey Martin played drums on a cut for the Dillards prior to joining the Buffalo Springfield. On one billing the Dillards followed the Byrds, but were followed by the Buffalo Springfield. Rodney's desire to artistically move in these directions clashed with Doug's wish to continue in the bluegrass idiom in which he was now an established artist. The seeds of discontent so freely planted around the Los Angeles music scene found yet more fertile soil. As Billy James, one of the people responsible for the Byrds' success, observes "ego and artistic disputes" caused the high mortality figures among acts. "Douglas is probably the greatest banjo player that ever was" exclaims Rodney. Mitch interjects "the banjo itself was not enough to establish the Dillards as world beaters. Period. The comedy kept us alive, the banjo certainly didn't." Over time, nearly two years, Douglas left the group joining ex-Byrd Gene Clark in *The Expedition*. Ironically, both of their collaborations for A&M were no less removed from the traditional than what Rodney's sense of direction dictated.

...a generation lost in space*

The Dillards replaced Doug with Herb Pedersen in 1968 and produced *WHEAT-STRAW SUITE* which included drums and pedal steel. The Dillards maintained their roots and moved however slowly to a new horizon. They kept the buckskin shirts and Rodney was still the stage buffoon. *SUITE*, the group rightly considers one of their finest albums on Elektra. In fact it is one of the premier country-folk-rock albums. Elektra never told anyone about it. "Listen to the Sound," on *SUITE*, was the closest they came to a hit single, and it was a landmark for them in that "Polly Vaughn," the costumes, and the humor was slowly phased out.

COOPERFIELDS was even a greater step away. Paul York, a drummer and friend of Herb's joined them. As if to underline the change, this album featured Lennon and McCartney's "Yesterday" and Eric Anderson's "Close the Door Lightly." The majority of the songs, written by Rodney, as well as the harmonies clearly announced the Dillards were no longer to be tied by the past. Rodney and Mitch both violently object to being categorized, as do all music acts, and retort

"we don't sound like the Byrds," or "we were here before the Byrds or the Buffalo Springfield." Still, they were in the folk-rock-country-western genre.

At this point in time Herb Pedersen departed the group not desiring to go on the road. The reasons given for this are not clear. Mitch only says Herb left because his new bride opposed the tour. No member of the Dillards could logically block the groups' only avenue to the public and continue with them. Billy Ray Latham replaced Herb. Banjo-pickers in the Dillards share the fate of San Francisco drummers, being the first to go. After *COOPERFIELDS*, the unit left Elektra, and joined Anthem in search of a new image, a hit, and a company which would promote them. Even their staple, Rodney "The Buffoon" bit, was eliminated early this year as it interfered with their "more serious music."

...they caught the last train for the Coast*

ROOTS AND BRANCHES is the Dillards' first Anthem album. It is a return to the roots of rock. Steppenwolf and Three Dog Night producer Richard Polodard mixed it. This is an important step since nearly all previous production has been done by those in the folk-country category. "Get Out on the Road" is a pure undiluted rock and roll song. No hyphen of any kind in front of it. "Last Morning" is a haunting arrangement far beyond anything they have done before. They hope it will be released as a single and become a monster hit for them. Mitch makes note of the fact artistic success is marvelous, but money is nice too. The album, much to Mitch's delight defies labelling "our music evolves in such a difficult way that I can't imagine it sounding like anybody else's." Rodney calls it an "intermixing of sound." As the title of their album indicates the Dillards are younger than yesterday. They look forward to new challenges, but are proud of their heritage. Minus a few banjo players, the Dillards survived the morass called the folk music revival and still maintained their identity. In fact, they have outlived nearly all of the revivalists. *Sing Out!* and *Broadside (NYC)* are around. Crew cuts and white bucks are rarely spied on the university campus except on the athletic field. Not too many people a song or a banjo picker can save the world. Mitch Jayne can, with justification, say, "No one outgrew us." With groups like the Dillards, Woody Guthrie's old slogan takes on more life, "it ain't dead, it's only a sleeping."

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Left — Amon Düül II, outside their communal castle in Munich. Below, Germany's No. 2 group, Can.



Photo by Amon Düül

But somehow Germany doesn't exist as a country and never really has. Which no doubt explains all that nebulous but inspiring chat about the Fatherland some time back. In the absence of a Hitler to invoke the Teutonic ghost, local loyalties pull stronger than national ones, something encouraged by the slicing the country in two with Berlin as an exotic haunting schizoid symbol of it all. Naturally enough the underground follows this federal pattern and only by visiting every city might one tap all that goes on. There is no absolute center of gravity in Germany, no one pivot point to concentrate its energies — apart, that is, from the Mighty Mark. Berlin should have become this but its situation is unique, a nervously energetic city doomed to exist in an iron lung. German groups love it and leave it — like fixing heroin, a mad exhilarating high one might well do without. But it does have some incredible bands: Ash Ra Tempel, who play huge amplified urban ragas and manage to generate the most staggering noises from

the simplest equipment; or Tangerine Dream, led by Edgar Froese, whose concert at the Kongresshalle was attended by ghosts of Kafka and Aleister Crowley — experimental rock at its most succulent and unnerving. Berlin is also the headquarters of the Ohr Record Company, Germany's only independent progressive label, which puts out a lot of extraordinary stuff, much of it violently uncommercial.

This decentralization of activities in Germany does have advantages. No one is uncomfortable about not being "where it's at" since in Germany "it" is nowhere in particular. Unlike Britain where young bands feel inadequate or over-enthusiastically provincial (visions of the Troggs in Andover) if they don't make it in the metropolis, Germany spreads its groups, agencies, studios and record companies 'round and about. Hamburg — sailors and sin and the most ingenious porno — used to be quite a place, but has lately been living off memories of the Beatles and the Star Club. With a new band, Frumpy, and

the opening there of a joint agency by EMI, Kinney, CBS and God knows who else, it is apparently reviving. But Munich seems the liveliest spot at the moment, though this may be fortuitously due to the presence there of Germany's biggest group, Amon Düül II and their entourage. Or even the long lost Abi Ofarim who runs a promotional company in the town. Nurnberg claims Ihre Kinder and Improved Sound Limited, the most un-Germanic German group I came across. They want to sound "American," but since I don't really know what that means I couldn't tell them if they did. Dusseldorf has Annexus Quam. Cologne has the Can and Floh de Cologne. Bonn doesn't have anything at all.

This particularism is reinforced by local television which goes out at peak viewing time (8-10) and local radio which features local bands. The groups are attached to their home grounds almost like football clubs. AD II say Cologne is 'a gloomy city' and for the Can, Munich is 'one huge botique.' Rarely does one Ger-

man band praise another. Chris Karrer of AD II says that the groups have a lot to learn from each other but rarely come together. This lack of a collective identity raises problems. In any society there are only a certain number of people with the flair and *elan* to get new ideas across and if they are spread too widely their work is, of necessity, enervated. Maybe this is why AD II and the Can have taken so long in becoming known beyond Germany. Both groups were founded in 1968 but because they are apparently so elusive, agencies abroad don't push them as much as they might. This is exacerbated by a German law which effectively prohibits managers and although the big recording units can circumvent this prohibition, new groups have to struggle along organizing contracts, bookings and publicity themselves. Not only are they often temperamentally unsuited to such tasks but it draws off time and energy from their main work — music. AD II are lucky in having, in addition to the sleek

Ohr Records is responsible for a major part of the new wave of abstract expressionism in Germany. One of their acts, Tangerine Dream, is shown below.

SIEGFRIED ARISING German Rock Expressionism

UA machine based in Munich, someone like Olaf Kubler to play father to them. An ex-musician himself, he is also one of the best producers of 'progressive sound' in Germany and seems to thrive on it. Nonetheless two British tours planned for Amon Duul II have collapsed because of weak organization, although it seems likely that the Can will play in England this summer.

Germany has one big TV pop show, "Beat Club," which everyone watches but, until recently it relied heavily on Anglo-American acts. As for magazines there is nothing to compare to, say, *Oz*. *Melody Maker* is widely read but it arrives a week late which frustrates impatient spirits. The best (in fact the only) progressive music paper is *Sounds* (no relation to the abysmal English rag of the same name). Again it is mostly full of English and American news. *Rolling Stone* can be ordered from London but it is not sold on the streets. Because of the lack of an underground press as we know it many people seem to know more about what is happening over the water than in their own country. The underground papers which do exist are put out by student or worker communities or by school kids and serve only local catchment areas. The schools (13 to 19 years) are a particular surprise, though. They are building up their own underground institutions and people take notice. Some bands prefer school children as audiences, not in a teenybopper sense, but because they seem naturally turned on. Like kids everywhere they are beginning to take for granted attitudes which the 20-30 generation have had to evolve into over the past decade. In Germany they are especially articulate. Maybe having Hermann Hesse as a standard school text helps.

It was useful from my point of view to find them so knowledgeable in English affairs. I only know one German word, *istigkeit*, which is handy in discussing Huxley but has a rather lugubrious effect if repeated too often. Anyway they all spoke English embarrassingly well and despite smoking a hell of a lot, they are very clear-headed and almost stereotypically thorough in their ideas. Several English groups — Man, Megaton, Nectar — could not survive without Germany and a good many more play there regularly. On the other hand, the Stones' and Led Zeppelin tours some time ago failed to create the expected frenzies, perhaps because they were launched with a certain patronizing attitude.

My own curiosity about the new German music was originally aroused by Can's *MONSTER MOVIE* album, released in England in 1970. After *AD II*, they are Germany's biggest band and most competent. They used to be considered a studio group, since they spent much of their first two years away in a castle, Schloss Norvenich, familiarizing them-

selves thoroughly with their sound and with each other. Now, with their new double album behind them, TAGO MAGO, they are concentrating on live rock shows. To me they are the archetypal German rock band: fierce, strange, extremely intelligent, and just plain heavy. In an age of heavy bands they are the heaviest I've come across, not like Cream or Led Zeppelin but in their own way which is difficult to describe. The Stooges on a trip? The Velvet Underground in Valhalla? King Crimson minus the *schmalz* (my other German word, I forgot)? Pink Floyd in black leather? Yes, sort of. But not really. Listen to *MONSTER MOVIE* or TAGO MAGO a few times. It's really a totally new rock experience. And since a great many people obviously need a totally new rock experience one wonders why they've been so lazy.

The Can includes Damo Suzuki (voice), Jacki Leibezeit (drums), Michael Karoli (guitar), Irmin Schmidt (organ), Holger Czukay (bass). Damo is not the voice on *MONSTER MOVIE*. That was a Black American called Malcolm Mooney who got rough and was shipped back to New York. A series of auditions followed but all the singers were too good. Then they found Damo — who's Japanese, speaks little English and no German — singing strange things in a Munich street. He turned out to be perfect.

Irmin studied under Berio and Stockhausen and hung around the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Then he saw a different light and decided to form a rock band of his own kind. Although, in his attitudes, there has been a strong reaction against his bourgeois past, he has inherited much of the Stockhausen creed whose belief in chance, sublimation through sound, depersonalization of the composer through the freedom allotted performers. He also has the assurance of the classical musician who knows exactly how to use his tools to his own ends. Holger is also ex-Stockhausen and is exceptionally knowledgeable in electronics. Jacki comes from jazz and Michael is a friend of Holger from his time at college. The Can as a whole are

intensely meticulous, controlling their music absolutely at every stage and resenting interference. The group now has a permanent base in Cologne itself, a converted cinema leased for ten years and fitted out as a private studio. It has, says Holger, the cleanest equipment in Germany.

Influences? They confess to no direct ones though admit they've been compared to the Velvet Underground. They are in fact utterly different. They are particularly fanatical about Procol Harum and the Stones. Keith Richard is Holger's favorite guitarist. Michael saw the Who in Torquay and was amazed. Bix Beiderbecke delights them, the Soft Machine and the Incredible String Band fascinate them. *KICK OUT THE JAMS* lies in the corner.

Much that has been said about the Can applies equally to Amon Duul II and if I don't necessarily go through it all again it is because *AD II* are already comparatively well known outside their own country, especially in England. They are not so single-minded as the Can and their music is more diffuse in its effects. This doubtless has something to do with the frequent changes in their line-up over the last few years when they have drawn almost casually upon a pool of friends. The music is less urbane, more cinematic in its handling, closer to Pink Floyd in fact but way ahead. They have influenced the character of German rock more than any other band, not only in their free-ranging and colorful use of electronics but also in their life-style, growing as they did out of the commune scene. But since they had greater musical ambitions than just impromptu happenings with whom-ever happened to be at home they split from the original Amon Duul to become Amon Duul II (Duuls III and IV are around somewhere as well). The whole set-up began in 1968, the year of the student revolutions which sparked an indigenous rock scene all across Europe. Again, like most of the bigger German groups, they have done a lot of music for films (like *The Marilyn Monroe Memorial Church* from their recent double album, *DANCE OF THE LEMMINGS*). This

album introduces some changes. Instead of the familiar Wagnerian wizardry there is now more variety in scale, less of the howling echo and more acoustic guitar. Not exactly the Duul goes soft, more the Duul gets tight. Their next album *CARNIVAL IN BABYLON* unlike the previous two, is not a double album of extended trips but as a compact single record of songs, following a pattern which has been emerging for some time in America with bands like the Dead.

Munich would seem to be the place to make this sunnier German music. It has a Bavarian levity often lacking elsewhere. The best clubs are *Blow Up*, the *PN* and *Big Apple* and much of the excitement comes from the feeling that things are just beginning, that one is on the ground floor and going up.

Embryo are another Munich group, a young group all living together in a comfortable mess. Soft Machine, Hendrix and King Crimson color the conversation like tokens of a rock utopia from which German bands until recently have felt isolated. Quite the opposite in many ways are Popol Vuh, organized by Florian and Bettina Fricke, a smart Antonioni-esque couple living in the suburbs. Bettina, from a baronial family, seems to have most of the money and recently acquired the first Moog in Germany for her husband. The result, with Holger Trulzsch on bongos, was an album which Bettina produced, *AFFENSTUNDE*. Florian is excited by it as by no other music except that of the Third Ear Band (a much admired group in Germany). Irmin Schmidt calls it 'pillow music.'

What didn't I manage to see? Kraftwerk, heavily praised by all and sundry. But I think they have broken up. And Guru Guru, a sort of berserk Cream with terrifying yawning chasms of sound where the finesse might have been — music for the Palace of Ear. Amon Duuls I, III, and IV. And I daresay plenty more. There is a great deal happening in Germany and it has a distinct personality of its own. Now by various devious routes it is beginning to spread across the English Channel and across the Atlantic. Listen.

—Duncan Fallowell



Photo by Ohr/Bauer

PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS



MACHINE HEAD Deep Purple Warner Bros.

Long live rock and roll noise! I was pretty pleased with the new Deep Purple album when it first came in the mail, since it was a good heavy metal album and certainly their first decent LP ever. So then one Friday night I was doing my homework into the wee hours (us proles in college still grapple with the stuff), while listening to a bunch of my favorite mainstream albums of this year, like Fleetwood Mac, Fanny Hill, Brinsley Schwarz, which are all good though ultimately nothing special.

Then I put on WEEKEND IN LONDON by the Dave Clark Five, which absolutely BLEW THOSE ALBUMS RIGHT OUT OF THE PLACE. Whew! I'd known it was a good LP, but mebbe it was time to start considering it as one of rock's all-time perfect albums.

So what would a sane man listen to next? MASTER OF REALITY? Well, probably, but I've already played that one 6,248 times, and it has to be played LOUD and therefore it'd probably wake the neighbors. Obviously it was time for something new, and Deep Purple's new album got the call.

Well, let me tell you, Deep Purple came through. I wound up listening to MACHINE HEAD for two hours, which is the true test of a heavy metal album — the drone. And what a drone it is. Side One of MACHINE HEAD is simply a gorgeous unending twenty minutes of true heavy metal: four absolutely functional five-minute songs. "Highway Star" and "Pictures of Leo" both rock pretty well, but "Never Before" is my favorite: heavy metal with melody! It's what Derek and the Dominoes could have done had they been a thousand times better.

Side Two could have been just as good, but they blow it by putting a throwaway seven-minute pseudo-jazzy cut ("Lazy") right in the middle of the side, full of Jon Lord's jerk-off organ solos (no offense Eric). What a fucking shame! The other two cuts are fine, especially "Space Truckin'" which features an absolute destructo heavy metal riff and some banshee shrieks toward the end for effect.

All of which goes to say that if Deep Purple are good at two in the morning, you know they're good during the day. And I bet these guys are great live, too. I'd sure go see 'em, especially if it was free. They may not be as good as Sabbath or the Zep, but this is definitely an album I could send home to my younger brother without fear of him thinking I was losing my taste. That, in fact, says it all right there. If your garbage disposal goes on the blink and you lose your copy of MASTER OF REALITY, this album is the best substitute I've heard all month. May all your Sabbaths be black.

—Mike Saunders

LOU REED RCA

This is one of those albums you have to have spent at least a year waiting breathlessly for to appreciate the full import of. This was the album people who'd been playing LOADED four times a day would be able to switch off with. This was the one that would decide whether the special magic that was the Velvet Underground would be able to live on through Lou Reed. This was to be the clincher.

Maybe it's wrong to expect Lou Reed to provide everything the Velvets used to be good for. Doesn't he deserve the right to be judged on his own? Yeah, sure, but that's too simple. This album fits nowhere in the solo

singer-songwriter spectrum. If you had to shove it in, it would come out standing head and shoulders above the rest. But that wouldn't be fair.

The Velvet Underground was a context through which its guiding geniuses — Cale and Reed — expressed themselves. After John Cale's departure, it was Lou Reed's group, and while all of them had something special to offer, it was as interpreters of Reed's ideas that they achieved their greatest success. Reed's vision was great enough to keep a band as brilliant as the Velvets busy just augmenting it.

And so, basically, what we have here is an album of Velvet



Photo by Andrew Kent

David Clayton-Thomas

Underground songs without the Velvet Underground. Or, if you want to look at it that way, a new Lou Reed album with an inferior backing group. "I Can't Stand It" and "Going Down" are hard not to hear as part of some new Velvets album, the mind filling in all the exquisite textures that should be there. The comparisons never stop. "I Love You" is like one of the quiet songs on the Velvets' album, and "Wild Child" has Lou singing in the same compulsive monotone as on the WHITE LIGHT album. His singing here is as superb as ever, displaying just the right degree of cynical detachment, breaking into knowing laughter at just the right point (as at the end of "I

Love You," where he chuckles, "at least for now...") and always drawing your interest in, in a way few besides Dylan ever could.

And a word about the band is in order too, since we've already pointed out often enough who they aren't. Caleb Quaye has backed up Elton John and John Kongos, as well as fronting his own group, Hookfoot. He's one of the best guitarists in England right now. Clem Cattini on drums goes back more than ten years to the days when he was a member of the Tornados of "Telstar" fame. The others are unfamiliar to me, but do everything you could possibly expect short of sounding like the Velvets, which admittedly they come very close to doing.

How successful is an album that keeps you imagining what it would sound like with the rest of the guy's former group? I think that's what it all boils down to. Lou Reed is great, there's no question of that, and this is probably the most we could ever expect of a Lou Reed solo album, but the Velvets — well, the Velvets were something else altogether. As no one who's heard them will ever forget.

—Greg Shaw

DAVID CLAYTON-THOMAS Columbia

Jesus, well didja ever! This David Clayton-Thomas whoever he is seems to like spilling every bean in the can as fast as he can. First there's a round of Ornette Coleman cliches, then a round of Van Dyke Parks. Just a couple seconds of each so nothing gets very far. It's a chip off the old "serious music" block, that old gimmick of throwing in snatches of the familiar from out of the world of pop to wake everybody up and gain a little instant spatiality for mere sound that isn't getting anywhere on its own. Old Mr. Gershwin did it with "American in Paris," y'know a

couple of little items in there to summon up images of little Parisians scurrying around chewing gum. Dizzy Gillespie used to throw stuff like riffs from "Grand Canyon Suite" into his solos. I mean it's cute and all that, but y'know. Maybe David's stuff isn't even anybody else's material, maybe it's the product of his own fertile imagination. In which case it's just dull anyway. Seems like you just can't win, David!

Imagine some dude the age of your father and mother going around buying Ben Shahn prints and getting them framed for around 50-60 bucks, covered with glass and everything so the signature doesn't fade. You go to their house and see the crap on the wall, all those belabored unfunkily jagged lines and crummy pastel colors representing wonderful social issues. You see the dung and all you can do is upchuck. Now try to imagine some dumb idiot going around writing a piece of music in Ben Shahn's honor! Somebody gotta be kidding. But not this Clayton-Thomas person, he even fills in the details in the liner notes: "It is my hope that the music I have created reflects two prominent characteristics of his nature. Shahn, it seems to me, combined a contrasting yet wholly compatible duality — unabashed optimism and a searching poignancy." Come off it, Dave: aren't you a little old to be playing with the age-old painting equals poetry equals music horseshit? I mean ain't there such a thing as a truism in your book? Don't you know when you're kicking a dead horse? Huh? Like as far as the actual music goes, homogenous carpet sweepings would be more apt than kind but since I don't like dumb metaphors by myself any more than you can scrap it. Let's just say it isn't up to the level established by Jung's Jim movie soundtracks.

Okay, then there's this Leonard Bernstein nonsense. What was the last thing he was affiliated with that wasn't "West Side Story" plus dissonance? He can fool some of the people some of the time, he can... But then again he'll probably be dead by this time 20 years from now.

—R. Meltzer

NO MORE WALLS

David Amram
RCA Red Seal

Ahh, who needs another dorkus trying to paradiddle back and forth across that threadbare old curtain separating classical serious from jazzpop? Absolute strangulation generally being guaranteed in such conditions, "classical" all but dead at this point (I know, I know about all those composers you guys keep harping about, but they got about as much audience in the Seventies as the Six Fat Dutchmen), jazz doing nicely, thank you, and pop gobbling everything in sight and raking in the shekels hand over hook (Moult) which is the reason all these old flapdoodles are trying to customize their Packards.

So here comes this guy named David Amram (who?) with a double album on RCA Red Seal called NO MORE WALLS, and right under that it says, "David Amram puts it all together, performs and conducts his own music, Jazz, Folk, Near-Eastern, Symphonic." And here's two paintings of him, one conducting an orchestra, baton in hand and bowtie on Adam's apple, looking melancholy for the muse, while the shot right next to it has him a real hepcat decked out in flowered shirt, eyes almost shut, tootling on some arcane aboriginal folk wind instrument. Look inside and he's got long hair, there's pictures of him playing that tootletstick again, piano, French horn, holding what looks like a guitar, even brewing organic vittles in his very own kitchen and picking up litter off the beach. Brach.

But. Wait a minute. Hold on. If memory serves, David Amram was the guy who scored the dynamite Jay Dee Flick THE YOUNG SAVAGES with Burt Lancaster, the Columbia released soundtrack of which featured one side of some pretty far out for the time (1962) electronic and orchestral stuff like "March of the Switchblades" and "The Last Taco," and the other side four blistering jazz improvisations by Amram playing a mean sax in front of a cooking quartet.

Okay, so you don't remember that. Well, how about the underground movie made about 1960 by Robert Frank called PULL MY DAISY, starring Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Gregory Corso and several other madmen and with narration by Jack Kerouac? Don't remember that one either, eh? Well, you can hardly be blamed, but the now cold fact is that David Amram did the music for that, too. And that, insofar as anybody who was once the New York Philharmonic's composer-in-residence under Lenny Bernstein can be trusted with any shade of bop, Amram has played with and in jazz groups of just about every sort in and around the Village for years, including some of the more respected names of our time.

Still not impressed? Well, that makes sense, and I'm not really

trying to sell you this album anyway. It ain't worth the price. Because before you get to the good stuff here, you've gotta wade through or bypass two sides of stuff called "Shakespearean Concerto," "Autobiography For Strings," and "King Lear Variations," which is mainly just the usual regurgitated romanticism served up on brass plates with string napkins. But those third and fourth sides...

...are an eclectic bizarre er bazaar par excellence. "Sao Paolo" and "Brazilian Memories" are just fine bossa-nova, and even if nobody listens to Astrud Gilberto anymore it's still fine, just like Valium. "Wind From the Indies" is "a musical tribute to the culture of the West Indies," and, with its drums and folk flutes, is fully as enjoyable as anything on a Herbie Mann album. Remember Ahmed Abdul-Malik and EAST MEETS WEST and JAZZ SAHARA and all that progressive-jazz-meets-Arabic-ouds Tangeir Espresso fusion? Well I didn't expect you would but anyway if you ever liked Hamza Al-Din or Sandy Bull for that matter or wondered what them A-Rabs were up to in the back alleys of Burroughs and Paul Bowles and American hippie tourists when they weren't sitting in the endless cafe with eternal cup of tea and bowl of kif listening to the music of the telephone wires rooted and planted with the strength of a hundred camels in the courtyard. "Thompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander," is close to the sound of the original hashish-rock genre, like that Brian Jones PIPES OF PAN album, and David even informs us in his notes that "By playing the kazoo an octave lower than the bazookie, the effect is similar to the sound of the Turkish zurna. During my final flute solo I repeat the

melody by slapping my cheek and then thumping on the top of my head, varying the pitch by changing the air column." Those are actual instruments, and you can actually hear him plonking himself on the noggin. Maybe somebody should try that on Charles Lloyd.

The best (are you still with me?) I've saved for last: here, on this record, immortalized in vinyl, lies your first, last and only chance to hear a song with lyrics co-authored by Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Oh, I know, Ginsberg is still toting that harmonium around and drooling about Blake and John Sinclair, but this is different. "Pull My Daisy," theme from the aforementioned movie, sung fetchingly by one Lynn Sheffield, is a jazz nursery rhyme, with lyrics from the goof heart of Jack Kerouac and the Beat experience:

Pull my daisy
Tip my cup
All my doors are open
Cut my thoughts for coco-nuts
All my eggs are broken

Hop my heart
Unharp my height
Seraphs hold me steady
Cut my angel
Hype my light
Lay it on the needy

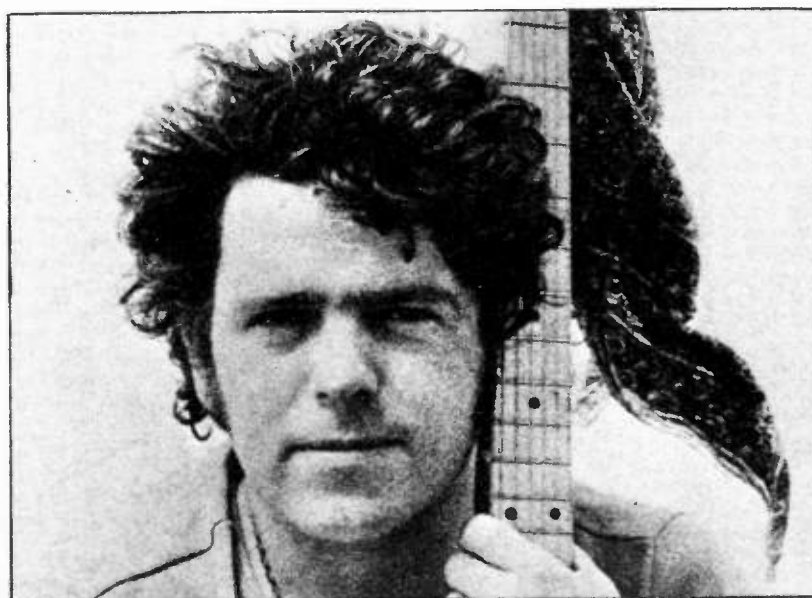
There was another verse in the original that ended with "ding my bell/Drink me when you're ready," but unfortunately RCA or Amram or somebody has seen fit to censor that part.

This may seem like a peculiar review to you, but what it's really about is having reference points that you suddenly realize are a decade and more removed from you. God, how old it can make you feel when you're only 23. Enough. The Uses of the Past, my ass. Time for some Rod Stewart.

—Lester Bangs



Right — Hawkwind
Bottom — Tom Rose
Bottom Right — Thomas and Richard Frost



IN SEARCH OF SPACE

Hawkwind
United Artists

It's been an eternity since I've writhed to a record on a physical level, but I still recall fondly those stoned hours spent engrossed in Butterfield's EAST-WEST and Love's REVELATION. IN SEARCH OF SPACE recalls those days for me and at the same time serves as a sentinel of a fast-growing genre of rock; science fiction, experimental rock. This album is light years ahead of Hawkwind's first and compares favorably to Paul Kantner's BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE like 2001 compares to IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Hawkwind has learned, and taken what it could from such predecessors as Pink Floyd and the Moody Blues, built their music around an original concept and have produced an exceptional package.

I say package because included with the record is the "Hawkwind Log," a Whole-Earth Catalogue-type compilation of quotes, pictures and data, as well as the daily journal of the two-dimensional spacecraft "Hawkwind." It notes that the remains of the spacecraft were found near the South Pole in July of last year. The log is original, intriguing: far above the usual quality of such album enclosures.

The music itself is an adventure in sound, full of raw excitement, suspense and rich climaxes. Though it isn't totally pleasing to the ear, I enjoyed all of it as I was drawn into its atmosphere. Of course, to fully obtain that effect, I suggest a slightly altered state of consciousness and, if available, a good pair of headphones. You will learn as you get to know the record at what points to grit your teeth and clutch the chair and even when to slowly in-

crease the volume to coincide with the final climax. The rest of the time you can sit there, oblivious to all around you, reading and listening. IN SEARCH OF SPACE is totally unique; worth owning simply for the instant audio-visual experience you can have. It has something no other record can give you.

—Jeff Walker

THOMAS & RICHARD FROST PATTI DAHLSTROM UNI

Ambition can make up for a lack of talent, sincerity for a lack of enthusiasm. An artist's early work is almost always the most significant, the later growth can be foreseen in what has been done at the beginning of the career. Sometimes, however, the early work can tell you more than you would wish to know.

Thomas and Richard Frost, and Patti Dahlstrom have just put out two records by MCA (otherwise known as Recording Artists Anonymous; a psychiatric organization geared to treating the victims of platteromania, or delusions of superstardom, a condition which has lately been reaching epidemic proportions).

T & R Frost resemble Chad and Jeremy, and sound like Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young often enough in their song stylizations and musicianship to give you the Deja Vu Heebee Jeebees. They have copied the styles of the prominent folkies, and have presented the public with weak ballads coupled with a faint rock and roll beat. And as for the pungency of their lyrics, get these lines:

"We live in the city
But all our friends say
The Country is fun
We were born into rock n roll music

*Now that mellow stuff's
Our number one*

Isn't that sweet? These two trend followers have thus capitalized in two lines the most prominent youth cliches that have been written about in Time Magazine. It's bad enough to get this drool from Art Linkletter, but when these two lay it on, enough!

Patti Dahlstrom, while not one whit more original, at least is not as offensively cloying as the Frost brothers. She is essentially a journeyman songwriter and singer, whose style resembles a less countryfied Linda Ronstadt. Her songs aren't all that memorable, and her singing is pretty, but nondescript. She does have promise, and given some direction, there is no reason why she couldn't become a fine performer. Maybe.

—Rob Houghton

**TIM ROSE
Playboy**

This isn't exactly the sort of record I figured would issue forth first from the Playboy record company and yet, in another stratosphere, it is exactly that kind of a record. Of all the various Tim's in the record business — Hardin, Buckley and Tiny — Tim Rose, he of "Hey Joe" fame (though I always preferred Love's version) always impressed me the least; although I admit to having friends who, for some reason, liked him and I admit to once-upon-a-time even liking one of his albums (on Verve, I think) — but in those days, even Hoyt Axton appealed to me. And, in some ways, they still do. Some days, some moods — far apart now, compared to 1967, but still, once in awhile...

All of which leads into what I thought at first glance was a triple disc release (two, anyway, as I peeled at the cellophane) but turns out to be only one record — encased in an obscene dust-jacket, surrounded by acres of cardboard that contains assorted moody "head" shots of the ubiquitous Timothy Rose. Surprisingly enough, all of his facial blemishes aren't air-brushed out and he has a heckuva nose and problems with his sideburns and he wears his watch on his left hand. Plastic in hand, I discover that Tim Rose took a stab at his own liner notes that, expectantly, fail to reveal much, other than the fact that he's tight with ex-Spooky Tooth Gary Wright (who produced) and knows a couple of refugees from Johnny Hallyday's old band — if you've never heard of Johnny Hallyday, maybe I'm spelling his name wrong. Don't worry about it.

I'll be honest. I used to kind of like some of Tooth's things and Gary Wright wrote two of the four cuts on side two and "Goin' Down To Hollywood" (by Tim himself and John Bettis) looked like the best cut on the album. So, I put side two on first. And, sure enough, it's Tim Rose trying to sing again. Credit where it is due, however: he does some artful straining, bending, twisting and similar vocal posturings that do hold one's interest, if there's nothing on the Late Show. People have gone far without being able to sing in this business — I won't stretch my neck out and will only mention Leonard Cohen as an illustration — but, Cohen *can* write some pretty exciting songs. I guess I've really stuck it out there. Gary Wright and Tim Rose, however,

cannot. Plus, I've just noticed that "If I Were A Carpenter" is included on side one and, after Bobby Darin's operation, I vowed to never listen to that particular song again. But, if I put that side on, I might get distracted by one of the four "selections" that precedes it (including one cut that I'd kind of like to see how Tim handles the word "hey" in: the Beatles' "Hide Your Love Away."), so I'm not putting it on. I'll just note that I could have lived excellently without ever having listened to side two. Therefore, this magazine is looking for a concise review of side one of Tim Rose's new Playboy (maybe they should have stuck to new-wave erotica, pun intended) disc. This is a contest!

—Gary von Tersch

and Greenwich Village. Nashville was churning out the same old shit, still unaware of its coming non-regional importance and not even the rock communities of San Francisco and L.A. were showing their potential. Witness Great Society, Beau Brummels, and future Byrds, McGuinn and Clark (then called the Beefeaters). American rock and roll was laden with countless new ways of singing "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah." In the whole country only Bob Dylan was plodding his own path, stopping only to pick up an electric guitar. Not until the psychedelic era, when America proved it could get stoned better than just about anybody, did its music progress to a level comparable to English rock.

That was a time of mutual

Matthews, Southern Comfort, and even Elton John, all succeeding, to various degrees, in exchanging their English souls for the more home grown variety. But most authentic (I assume that's the major objective) and most popular in England, if not here yet, are Help Yourself and Brinsley Schwarz.

I bought a copy of Help Yourself's first record in an English import store upon reading an excellent review of it in *Rolling Stone* a few months ago. It has yet to be released in this country, but hopefully will be following the release of their forthcoming STRANGE AFFAIR. Help Yourself, like Brinsley, had trouble finding its direction, so their first record, as good as it is, sounds a little too

stardom by the English hype-house Famepushers and almost neither survived. Help Yourself was eventually shucked in favor of Brinsley (though Malcolm Morley stayed on as resident songwriter). And they had it in mind to jam them down America's throat.

When listening to Brinsley's first two records, there is an obvious pull in two directions. The stronger and more honest being the roots of their present sound and the other a forced attempt to capture an audience not their own. "Heavy Numbers" like "Ballad of a Has-Been Beauty Queen" ruined the first record and only a deliberate try to make up for that on their second, DESPITE IT ALL made that a worthy effort. What's important was Brinsley's decision to stay together, live down their reputation and play nothing but honest music as well as they could.

That brings us up to SILVER PISTOL, Brinsley's third album and first on United Artists. With it my memories of the first two records dim. SILVER PISTOL is so vastly superior on all counts that it's hard to believe it's the same group. It was recorded entirely at Brinsley's communal home on portable equipment and it was recorded without any over-dubbing, completely live but without audience. The result is a very relaxed, personal recording. It is so damn good and so accurately captures the feeling of its distinctly American subject that I begin to wonder the scope of Brinsley's experience. There are so many people who have never even been out West or ridden a horse currently writing and plaintively singing about their non-existent rural roots, that it's a real pleasure to hear a group whose musical imaginations match their personal fantasies.

The addition of Ian Gomm to the group as guitarist and writer has contributed a strong complement to the group's main composer, Nick Lowe. After writing both the worst and the best of Brinsley's early works, Nick has settled on a distinct style, reminiscent at times of Robbie Robertson. The benefits of having two prolific composers of a similar mind are obvious. Lowe has been relieved of the task of carrying an entire album and each cut stands alone. Lowe and Gomm are perfectly matched. There is not one collaboration, yet all songs are derivative of each other. I suppose one of the bonuses of living together is that one can't go through any major changes without the rest of the group following.

I hope, if you were one of the many hyped into buying an early Brinsley record that you are still open. If you are, you can safely buy SILVER PISTOL with the certainty it is good. As doubtful as I am about the continuation of this English trend toward regional American music, I am easily swayed when the result is as good as these records and others by such artists as Allan Taylor, Hawkwind and The Electric Light Orchestra are being released here is with the unwavering efforts of certain few people over at United Artists. So far the policy is proving successful and if it continues to be so, U.A. will become a steady source of information and examples of changing English music; something much needed and long awaited.

—Jeff Walker

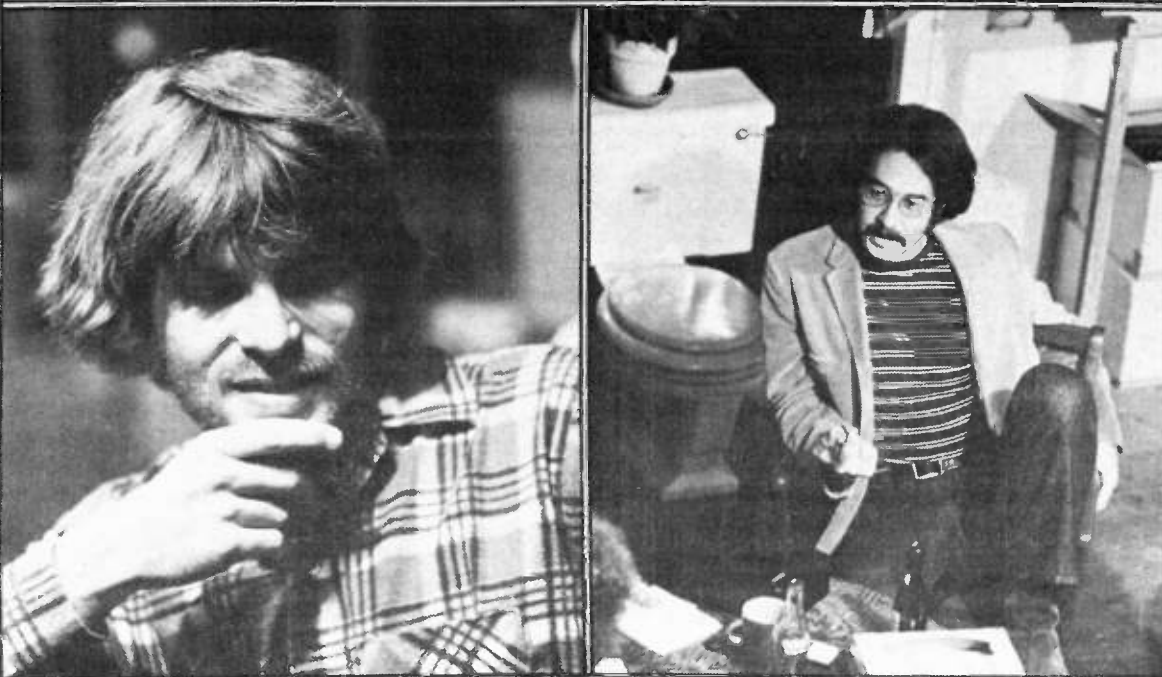


Photo by Andrew Kent

Photo by Andrew Kent

At Top — Brinsley Schwarz — a review of their current album "Silver Pistol" by critic Jeff Walker is below. Stu Cook and John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater Revival are shown below Brinsley.

**SILVER PISTOL
Brinsley Schwarz
STRANGE AFFAIR
Help Yourself
United Artists**

Back in the early sixties, when the English succeeded in revolutionizing rock and roll with what was essentially a new, and slightly diluted approach to the same old music, it served both as a tribute to the originators and a kick in the ass for the coming evolution in American rock and roll. The first American reaction to the English boom, however, was even more diluted versions of our own heritage and poor imitations of the English. Rock in America remained in this limbo — locked somewhere between its own past and future — for almost three years. So purile and ignorant of its own past that the only progress being made was limited to some strong, but not yet mainstream sub-cultures in Detroit

growth and constant exchange of ideas. This part of the cycle lasted three years also, during which most ethnic delineations disappeared and rock merged into a universal form. The next step was an obvious and welcomed look backwards. An introspection that gave birth to many an English group devoted to English traditional music (Fairport, Pentangle, Incredible String Band, etc.) and caused American musicians almost en masse to turn back to folk and country.

What happened and is happening after that is both predictable and puzzling. If the pattern continues, we can expect a rash of American groups specializing in English traditional music to pop up. On the other hand, and just as absurd sounding, there continues to appear English groups who play and write, without apologies, nothing but American country music.

Currently we have Bronco, Cat Mother, Little Feat, Ian

much like the music they're trying to enhance; not copy. Having it is like having a missing link the saga of Buffalo Springfield. STRANGE AFFAIR is distinctly different, but still derived from the same source. After the addition of two members, the loss of one and some responsibility shifting to relieve Malcolm Morley of the full burden of the group, Help Yourself has found its point of departure and is taking off. This time without the aid of familiar riffs and harmonies.

My copy of STRANGE AFFAIR (the UK release) is without benefit of cover or production notes so I can't really discuss credits. I do know it is essentially self-produced and Morley has written all but one song. The album is a fine progression from all that went before: leaving a long way behind the shaky beginnings Help Yourself shared with Brinsley Schwarz. Both groups were at one time chosen for super-

THE KINK KRONIKLES

The idea of a "greatest hits" Lp containing a collection of cuts which have never been hits in the normal sense of the word is an idea currently gaining momentum in the creative departments of many record companies. It can probably be traced to the labels who packaged some of the more well known works of classical composers into hits anthologies despite the fact that none of the compositions had ever made the top forty in their complete forms. And furthermore, these albums, of necessity, usually had to feature several performers to cover the material deemed appropriate, which also differentiated them from pop records.

In the rock world, "greatest hits" are usually a commercial ploy, and before a couple of years ago, they were rarely put together very carefully. Now, there are occasionally instances (take Bob Dylan's *Greatest Hits*, Vol. 2) when a company will make such a package artistically valid as well as commercially attractive: the substantial inclusion of good recorded material unavailable elsewhere generally fits both requirements tastefully.

Exactly who did the first "greatest flops" or "greatest hits-that-never-were" Lp is subject to discussion, but several are now in circulation, along with the equally valuable historical anthologies such as UA's "legendary masters." Columbia's blues and L.A. sessions reissues and what-have-you. Perhaps the best thought out example of the genre was recently put together by writer/musician John Mendelsohn for Reprise Records, placing the post-*Greatest Hits* Kinks in a comprehensive perspective. Other similarly motivated, though less comprehensive efforts include the Who's *MEATY, BEATY, BIG AND BOUNCY*, the English-only *BYRD'S GREATEST HITS*, Vol. 2 and the forthcoming *FLEETWOOD MAC'S GREATEST HITS*, *BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD RETROSPECTIVE* also qualifies, and *BEST OF CREAM*, *HOT ROCKS* and *WORST OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE*, but you never get the feeling from these albums that the companies involved felt as much of a sense of history as they did a possibility for increased revenue when they put them together.

THE KINK KRONIKLES is kind of a milestone, taking a fairly well known artists, much of whose recent work is nearly unknown to the mass audience despite its artistic importance, and using that as a focal point.

"Even before the Kinks left Reprise," explains the project's prime mover Mendelsohn, "I thought this type of album was necessary. To really do it justice, a five-record set would have been required. You can't really cover the recent breadth of a group like the Kinks when you have to leave out so much."

Mendelsohn chose the songs both for the effect they had on his own sensibilities and for the appeal he thought they would have to listeners. The album is an educational vehicle while a commercial ploy, containing a couple of real hits, a bunch of real flops and some collectors' items which serve many pur-

poses. And, any way you look at it, it's a fine Kinks album.

"Let me say, however," adds John M., whose 5,000-plus word liner notes make it undeniably clear that this was a well thought out project, at least for his part in it, "that the album cover is inexcusably gruesome. I had an appropriate suggestion for what Reprise could have done, but after a bit of delaying and sloppy attempts at implementing my idea, the man in the graphics department told me, 'you are not an artist, you are a writer, so let an artist do an artist's job.' The cover they chose was thrown together at the last minute. And what was really galling was the way they treated the inside layout, which included my notes. In an effort to try to make the spread fancier, they doctored the copy to adjust the length. Many corrections had to be made to salvage the original integrity of the copy. They wouldn't let a writer do an artist's work, but the art department was happy to let artists do a writer's work!"

Though the Kinks have tended to exhibit relatively consistent musical/conceptual personalities on any given album they've released, there is rarely album-to-album continuity of a similar sort. So the KINK KRONIKLES approach, putting together a bit of everything, doesn't at all sit uneasily with this listener. To provide some coherence to what is otherwise a motley yet impressive array of Kink styles, Mendelsohn has isolated four major Kink themes and put each one on a side of a disc of the two-record set. The pigeon-holing is both helpful and vaguely disconcerting, but ignoring it is not difficult once you've learned the lessons Mendelsohn has to offer and feel ready to move into your own explorations of the Kink ethos.

Side one deals with Ray Davies' spatial-temporal categorizations. Davies' work has, since 1966, shown him to be a self-proclaimed misfit, and the selections in this part of KRONIKLES exhibit the range this self-image can cover. The opening, "Victoria," a landmark of resurgence for the group in late 1969 and early 1970, pinpoints Ray's longing for an England long past, as does "Village Green Preservation Society."

The former, however, is rocking and historical whereas the latter is kind of a singalong and whimsical. "Village..." has always been one of my favorites despite its repetitiousness; the incessant reiteration of anachronistic thinking and some of the great rhymes in rock and roll poetry carry the song.

"Berkeley Mews" makes its first official public appearance here, combining the Kink rock and roll style with their equally formidable music hall style. Another song exhibiting a similar stylistic paradox is "Holiday in Waikiki" originally from *Face to Face* (the first of the four flop-era Kink albums) released late in 1966. Ray's disdain for all-permeating commercialism is placed in a warped Chuck Berry rock context which succeeds entirely and serves as one of the better transitional songs in the middle Kink period (which took them from basic wall-of-sound to the world of philosophical and sociological insight).

"Willesdon Green" is c&w Kinks from their last work for Reprise, the unreleased-in-America Percy film soundtrack. As Mendelsohn explains in the notes, it provides an introduction for the country feeling that blossomed a bit on the Kinks' recent RCA debut, *MUSWELL HILLBILLIES*. "This Is Where I Belong" has an explanatory title and rocks along at a medium-fast pace. It's one of those obscure cuts which make this album helpful to Kink collectors. Finally, "Waterloo Sunset," which hails from 1967, and about which as many loving, favorable words as have been written about any rock and roll song have been written, renders this side exhausted. It is a song of ambiguous isolation; the omniscient singer claims an affinity for being alone while at the same time expressing, both directly and indirectly, conflicting sentiments to the contrary. It is a masterfully performed, brilliantly structured ballad. Make that another 36 words.

Side two concerns the ambitions of little men (and a few big men, as well). Some are envious, like the spokesman in the stunning "David Watts," which opens the side with a fast 4/4. Others are confused by the class system, as the man singing occasionally strident "Dead End

Street." This song followed "Sunny Afternoon" as a single and became the first of many Kink singles you've probably never heard of. It barely preceded a Lou Rawls hit of the same name which once and for all ended any chance of this Ray D. number being a hit.

Another of Ray's little heroes is rendered vacuous and defeated by having succeeded in the middle class; the song, from what was probably the most crucial (as far as their careers go anyway) Kinks' album ever released, *ARTHUR*, is "Shangri-La." And "Autumn Almanac," another catalogue like "Preservation Society," is a great, bouncy ode to mundanity.

"Sunny Afternoon" is the only hit of the first Kinks era to not make THE KINKS GREATEST HITS. It is familiar enough so little need be said except to comment on how strongly this song evokes the general feeling of much post-'66 Davies' work. It was perhaps this generality which made the song a hit, whereas its successors, which became more specialized in their probings, failed to follow suit. "Get Back In Line" is fairly embittered, and the phenomenally obscure "Did You See His Name?" is thematically perhaps modest, Kink-flavored thematic extract of the Beatles' "A Day in the Life."

Side three is made up of characters more for their own sake than for what specific maladies befall them. "Fancy" seems to be a personal statement of influence and impenetrability from Ray, and creates a powerfully eerie mood with its eastern flavored arrangement. "Wonderboy" is really light, the wonderboy being more happy than anything else. "Apeman," from the last Reprise Lp, is deservedly famous; some great lines.

"King Kong," another previously suppressed tune, explores the brute in everyone by describing the brute in one being. As might be expected, it rocks unmercifully, and prior to this album, enjoyed the status of minor legend amongst residents of the Kinkdom.

"Mr. Pleasant," a music hall-derived number which concerns materialism, was another post-'66 flopper. "God's Children," on the other hand, is a straightforward ballad about the in-

humanity of tampering with nature's creations. More specifically, it hails from PERCY, written as Ray's conception of a theme song for the comedy film about penis transplants. Released as a single in 1971, it was regrettably not a hit.

Finally, with "Death of a Clown," we get a Dave Davies' tune, and also another "greatest hit" (from England). This song is somewhat surrealistic ("Dylan-esque" as Mendelsohn says), and Dave's vocal fuses inebriation with desperation. The former is perfectly explainable, though the latter is more attributable to the way the song is sung than to the song itself.

The final side is almost the sum total of Kink odes to women since 1966. They don't sing many love songs anymore, these Kinks, and when they do, they come out kind of sideways, like the great, ambiguous "Lola." But if bringing sexual ambiguity to the worldwide number 1 spot is your idea of an achievement, the "Lola" was the song of 1970. Its flip, Dave's "Mindless Child of Motherhood," is opaqueness which swings nicely. "Polly" and "Big Black Smoke" are B-sides which tell tales of the girl who tries to make it in the big time and becomes miserable for her trouble. Both hail from '66-'67. A minor Dave hit-in-England about a similar subject was "Susannah's Still Alive." To describe these latter three musically, Mendelsohn resorts to comparisons. The best of them evokes the Who, for "Polly," and the song he probably most likens it to is "Happy Jack."

Side four ends with both sides of a great bomb of a 1968 single which would have been the core of the unreleased *FOUR MORE RESPECTED GENTLEMEN* Lp. "She's Got Everything" is an otherwise inconsequential throwback to the wall-of-sound which is a lot of fun in spite of itself. And "Days" ranks with "Waterloo Sunset" as one of the very few songs rock and roll has produced which lead one to believe that this music, so pessimistically regarded by the literati for so long after its mid-fifties beginnings, may indeed win a place in the artistic as well as the sociological history of Western culture. "Days" might be called a post-love ballad, but whatever its two-faced emotions indicate, it is the perfect picture of elegant melodic simplicity and beauty. The song was top twenty (barely) in San Francisco the summer of 1968, which says something positive for the usually chauvinistic tastes of smug San Francisco rock listeners. Outside that city, very few but the most maniacal singles-buying Kink fans ever heard of the song. The Kinks don't even remember it well enough to play it as an ensemble on stage!

Short of mimicking outright John M.'s liner notes, which more or less serve as a review of the album, it's difficult to say anything further about this particular collection. I've been a Kink-kultist since early 1966, my imagination apparently fired by the earliest of Ray Davies' sociological commentaries, "A Well Respected Man" (I can

(Continued to page 27)



Photo by Jon Levick



Photos by Jon Levicke

STRIKING IT RICH
Dan Hicks and
His Hot Licks
Blue Thumb

It is both a relief and a pleasure that STRIKING IT RICH is as good as it is; as long as I've been familiar with Dan Hicks, my opinion of his music has never remained constant. His first record (released three years ago on Epic), dominated the music played the summer it came out and my associations with it are still strong and pleasant. But by the end of the summer, I had my fill and never bothered purchasing it. Two years on I rediscovered the recording and became an enthusiastic fan again, for awhile. This was before Hicks' second record, WHERE'S THE MONEY. Following its release my attitude towards Dan Hicks nose-dived. Not only was the album a disappointing lifeless glob, but the group's appearance on the Dick Cavett Show shortly thereafter was marred by Dan's obnoxious, if not serious, insistence that the only reason he was there was to sell records. It wasn't until last week, while listening intently to some rather fantastic fiddle playing on the radio that I realized Hot Licks had recorded a new version of "I Scare Myself." Hence, I eagerly set about getting into 'old Dan' again. I was met then with the most stunning record I've heard in a long while. It's hard to describe or relate the effect of Dan Hicks' STRIKING IT RICH Lp. One moment Hicks floors you with incredible musicianship which runs amuck throughout the record, and the next, he'll have you swaying with the breeze in the palm trees: at times taking potentially hack music and elevating it to fine art.

There obviously has been a massive growth since their first record and the difference between WHERE'S THE MONEY and STRIKING IT RICH is the difference between a group that knows how to entertain in a night club and one that can deliver in the studio. I haven't figured out why WHERE'S THE MONEY and other live recordings are generally lacking, but I have simply to listen to the pervading weakness of such recordings to realize there is one.

There is a tremendous power and energy on STRIKING IT RICH. Even on the most trivial song, they bombard you. Moods are instantly established here; the more haunting melodies of "I Scare Myself" and "Moody Richard" are ghost-like. The immediate feeling one awakens to with listening to "I'm An Old Cowhand," is that you're on a 1940 Hollywood movie set, rocking in a horseless saddle

under a painted sun.

There truly is no one like Dan Hicks, so please don't pay attention to attempts to describe or compare him. If you're not already into STRIKING IT RICH, no matter what your tastes are, this will be a departure. I defy you not to like it.

—Jeff Walker

BOBBY WHITLOCK
Dunhill

Bobby Whitlock has been in the background long enough. You might recall his name from his association with Delaney & Bonnie, for whom he acted as keyboard man, back-up singer and tune co-writer (give a listen to their MOTEL SHOT album) or from his stint with Eric Clapton's ill-fated unit, Derek and the Dominoes. Here Whitlock assumed much the same role. Since the Dominoes split, Bobby has been relaxing in his "English home" and creating "new material" for his solo album (see where country boys from Memphis wind up, if they hang around the Stax studios long enough?), under the official "auspices" of Jimmy Miller, the Stones' producer.

This album is the result of that seclusion, and an important effort. Important for many and diverse reasons — Bobby still writes some enchanting tunes, he is getting progressively better at controlling the range of his voice, and has excellent support from the following list of bona fide super stars on various tunes: Eric Clapton, George Harrison, Delaney & Bonnie, Jim Gordon, Jim Price, Klaus Voorman, Carl Radle — even the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra steps into a couple of cuts. Why Dunhill didn't give credit where it's due on the album cover is beyond me — this isn't just another Mama & Papa's album, fellas.

The better tunes are the Clapton enlivened "Where There's A Will There's A Way," the c&w melodic, Delaney & Bonnie fomented (that means they sing) "Country Life," the George Harrison/Eric Clapton spiced (and that means they play guitar) "Back In My Life Again" and the raunchy "I'd Rather Live The Straight Life (Than Sing My Blues In Memphis)," that sounds like one of those late-night songs that could very well be a hit single. Those are the ones I liked — during the rest I found myself unavoidably distracted by my reading of Hemingway's ISLANDS IN THE STREAM (a damn good book), which I've now finished. "Dreams Of A Hobo" and "Back Home In England" had their moments of distraction as well.

This is one of those albums

that could easily get lost in the shuffle and be bargain-binned inside a couple of months. But, seriously, I wouldn't wait until then to pick up on it. Particularly, if Delaney & Bonnie or Derek and the Dominoes ever appealed to you. Whitlock merges the lyrical with the foot-loose with the ease of a master: a Van Morrison he ain't, but that's all right.

—Gary von Tersch

JACK BONUS
Grunt

It's not bad, it's not good, it's not horrible, it's not terrible, it's not really heinous, it's not that new, it's not too exciting, it's not tasteless at all, it's not worth listening to, it's not worth taking off, it's better on one side than the other, it's not worth more than 55 cents, it's the ideal gift for a butler, it's not much (of an album). But it's as good as Bill Cosby's BADFOOT BROWN AND THE BUNIONS BRADFORD FUNERAL & MARCHING BAND (which sounds like the long version of the Stones' "Sing This All Together") and Miles Davis' IN A SILENT WAY (which is jazz so it can't be beat) and Terry Riley's A RAINBOW IN CURVED AIR (not a bad album by a long shot) and Sandy Nassan's JUST GUITAR (very acoustic) and Kris Kristofferson (live), who's as good as Johnny Cash, everybody's favorite proof of three years ago that country no longer meant Homer &

Jethro.

In other words this album should be owned and occasionally played. When you play it on your machine you won't have to play it well, that side of the playing's already been done and it's not half bad. Take the leap and not half bad equals more than half good which equals pretty damn good in anybody's book. The title means he's been reading a book or two himself or he never would have come across Booth Tarkington in a billion years (unless he went back to junior high school and he looks too old). Booth was of course the author of Jack Boner (soon to be a major motion picture starring Kim Novak).

As far as Jack's singing goes, if he could only hear his own voice he'd be pleased as punch. It sounds like a cat in a duffle bag, in other words he's happy as a lark. The part where he goes "Tum de dum tum" is a real rap on the conk. There's rapping qua talking and there's rapping qua hitting, in this case it's more of the latter but both types are communicative of the point. And just what exactly is the point? That you don't have to be as young as Laura Nyro or as obnoxious as Janis Ian or as talented as Mark Benno or as lethargic as Roy Drusky or as purposeful as Sweetwater or as credible as Todd Rundgren or as culpable as David Crosby or as enthusiastic as Geoff Muldaur or as arcane as Biff Rose or as adept as Keith Relf or as dynamic as Loudon Wainwright III.

you don't have to be any of those things to be merely palatable. It's not hard you know. Jack Bonus knows, or at least he's a good guesser.

—Robert Somma

MARDI GRAS
Creedence Clearwater Revival
Fantasy

Creedence again. Their sixth or seventh LP, the first minus Tom Fogerty on rhythm, the first with Stu Cook and Doug Clifford contributing songs and singing. J.C. Fogerty's still aboard and sounding better than ever on vocals, but it's the aforementioned presence of the hitherto obscured bassist and drummer that makes MARDI GRAS what it is — a forthright and varied program of tasty mainstream Sixties stuff, folk-rocking and swamp-rocking its way toward the status of being one of CCR's finest albums.

"Door To Door," previously the flip of "Sweet Hitch-hiker," written and sung by Cook, really does it for me. It's Fifties boogie variant stuff, rollicking big smile music that not only sports high flyin' Berrychuck lyrics but finds Cook pulling off some Big El stuttering in the fade; two minutes and 7 seconds. Like the punk boppers in San Jose say, "all right!"

Clifford's best writing seems to be "Tearin' Up the Country (With A Song)," somewhere midway between vintage rockabilly and current Jerry Reed novelty (it sounds like it could conceivably get country airplay and turn a few more tricks for CCR), but his singing carries off the prize for his collaboration with Cook, "Need Someone To Hold." With strikingly deliberate accompaniment from the band (some beautiful dumb piano, chorded rhythm and economic lead embellishment), he comes off sounding like a less preachy Swamp Dogg, and it's remarkable.

Fogerty himself is as strong as ever and his power in delivering plaintive gospel things like "Someday Never Comes" shows as never before. "Someday" is classic folk-rock, as much Creedence's '72 bid for immortality as "Who'll Stop the Rain" was

turn to page 27

MAY'S BEST

1. THE KINK KRONIKLES
2. NO ANSWER

THE KINKS
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT
ORCHESTRA
FLASH
BEACH BOYS
JOAN BAEZ
TOM T. HALL

REPRISE
UNITED ARTISTS
CAPITOL
REPRISE
A&M
MERCURY

MAY'S HO-HUMS

1. BARE TREES
2. COMIN' THRU
3. RECALL THE BEGINNING
4. MANASSAS
5. A POSSIBLE PROJECTION OF THE FUTURE
6. ALVIN LEE & COMPANY

FLEETWOOD MAC
QUICKSILVER
STEVE MILLER
STEVE STILLS
AL KOOPER
TEN YEARS AFTER

REPRISE
CAPITOL
CAPITOL
ATLANTIC
COLUMBIA
DERAM

MAY'S WORST

1. COLD BLOOD
2. THE POPE SMOKES DOPE
3. ENNEA
4. QUEUES
5. STORM IN A TEACUP
6. MARK, DON & MEL

COLD BLOOD
DAVID PEEL
CHASE
VIGRASS & OSBORNE
THE FORTUNES
GRAND FUNK RAILROAD

REPRISE
APPLE
EPIC
UNI
CAPITOL
CAPITOL

*The above listings are the result of a critic's poll conducted over the last 30 days nation-wide.

SEATRAIN from page 15



R.E.: That's a pretty wide open question.

JIM: But, my nutty position is, uh, I've noticed, like the first Capitol album of Seatrain...what happened on the charts, it was reflecting a certain kind of thing and I was kind of watching it and I was calling up the office and saying, "How many pieces have we sold this week?" Then this one, "Marblehead Messenger," came out. I'd call up the office or I'd call up Capitol Records and find out how many pieces sold this week. Completely unrepresented on the charts, in Billboard, Record World and Cashbox. Really there's no coherence between how many pieces were selling that week and where it is on the chart, and that's what these magazines are supposed to be about, how many pieces are being sold. Supposedly.

R.E.: Supposedly. Right.

ANDY: But it's messy either way. The crime lies with the FM stations because they program their fucking shows based upon what they see in the charts. I was actually furious with this one guy whom I knew for a long time back in the Blues Project days. He was really hip, an older fellow, and he'd been working FM radio for a long time and when underground radio happened he was just soooo pleased, you know? It was like his dream come true. Then when I went back there, he used to be a program director and he was moved up to be a jock. I went to his studio and there's this fucking chart up there on the wall! I said, "What the heck is this?" I thought it was a joke. I said, "Are you serious. Are you basing your play on that?" And you know what? He'd forgotten everything he ever used to be. The whole thing just went psht.

R.E.: It's probably a combination of too much hype, like you say, and also too much product. There's so much product that guys have to rule out records just because they don't have the physical time to program them the way they should.

JIM: They're cashing in on the rock and roll thing and it's been four, say three or four years. It's just been a drag. The whole approach of how they're fitting the music into the American capitalistic society is a drag. The way long hair has been absorbed, that whole kind of thing is just a bore.

R.E.: I know what you mean. I've seen it myself.

JIM: But what I mean is that that's what's happening, that's how it functions. I mean, the so-called hippie culture of the sixties was a rip-off from the beatniks. And in a lot of ways the beatniks had more to say than their successors.

R.E.: I think they did.

JIM: And the New York Times would make up another list.

R.E.: And the speed freaks and the reds heads and the downer freaks.

JIM: That's a dead end. I don't know

if I want to include them or not. That's a dead end. Anybody like that.

R.E.: No, I mean as a culture.

JIM: Well, a living culture will be a third decade like the fifties and sixties and in this decade I'm looking for something else. I'm looking for something healthy. I'm looking for something...I Think we've been expressing a satisfaction with what happened in the sixties. But I'm looking for something better in the seventies.

R.E.: I don't know. I'm not so optimistic.

JIM: Maybe there's something that can be gotten from the fifties.

ANDY: As much as anyone can sit around and talk about what's wrong and how awful things are. I think that there is actually a possible way of getting in there and effecting things and I'm really interested in doing such a thing.

JIM: It ought to be a lot easier to run for Senator.

ANDY: Well, I'm not even politically uptight. In the music business is my train of thought to a certain extent. I was very upset at the way Rolling Stone reviewed this album. But I finally said, "To hell with it." I had enough of this shit in my head.

JIM: Don't even bother. Just let it go.

ANDY: I think they ought to be more humble. I'm not just talking about Rolling Stone, I'm talking about anyone who comes out as a prophet in the music scene.

R.E.: Who wouldn't really know a fluegel horn from a fibula.

ANDY: Yeah. I have to look up fibula.

JIM: That's some sort of bone, isn't it? What's a fluegel horn?

R.E.: That's one thing that burns me up about most rock publications and rock writers who come on holier than thou.

ANDY: Yeah.

R.E.: I mean, they're telling you whether this is good or bad and being very arrogant about it, yet a lot of these guys are just guessing. A lot of the reviewing is the rankest guess work.

JIM: They're really way outside, way outside.

R.E.: I just wish some of the reviewers and critics did know a little more of what they're talking about, if they're going to come on as so omiscient, but on the other hand, since a critic or reviewer is basically a writer rather than a musician, I suppose they can't be expected to have that much hard music knowledge. That being the case, though, they ought to come on a bit less arrogant.

JIM: Let me tell you something. Too many of the rock critics aren't writers. In their souls, what they want to be is a musician and that's what they are: frustrated musicians. By the way, have you heard our albums?

R.E.: Let me backtrack a little bit. I first heard of you when that 1969 A&M album came out, and then I went to see you later that year at Thee Experience.

ANDY: Oh, that was a very different band from what we are now.

R.E.: That's right. In those days, it was jazz-rock or what was called jazz-rock.

ANDY: That's fair enough, that's true.

R.E.: You were pleasant, but not going anywhere. Same for the album. I shoved it back in my memory file and thought, "Well, I'll wait and see what happens to these guys."

ANDY: Sure, what else could you do?

(At this point, the lights begin to dim and the sound begins to fade. Random phrases stand out as we hear various members of the cast saying "It sounded like a different group than what I saw,

you know," "We've got to find a way to record properly," "The mix is very important," "If any man is really the maestro of the recording studio, it's George Martin," "Seatrain is so proficient and George Martin is so proficient that the combination of proficiency is a very dull, mellow, covered-up thing," etc., until...CURTAIN.)

BRITAIN from page 6

they are financially forced to dredge up old tapes. Very bad theatre. don'tcha think? (Voice your outrage: DECCA 9, Albert Embankment, London.)

Neil Innes signed as a producer for U.A. records, UK. First project: Sandy Davis, songwriter. Neil, by the way, was very pleased with the Grimms tour and hopes to do more things with the lads.

New Faces on the Scene:

MR. MOSES' SCHOOL BAND

Mr. Moses, ex-army P.E. instructor, has no sexual hangups and publicly displays the fact. Either you hate the band or you love them, there is no room for compromise. Must be seen to be believed.

FOG HAT

Ex-members of Savoy Brown who are amazingly faceless and boring with it. Say, aren't you a little tired of Fred from "Y" band joins Joe and Ed from "Z" band and the drummer is from "X" band, stories????

DANCIN' IN THE STREETS

Summer visits planned by: Beach Boys, Don McLean, Sly, Tony Joe White, Sha Na Na, BS&T, Havens, Percy Sledge, Four Seasons, Inez Foxx, Chiffons, and Roy Orbison just to casually mention a few. God may come as well but only if he gets top billing at the BIG festival.

And by the way friends, if you're coming over this summer on Fly By Night Chartered Flights Unltd., DO avoid Wimpy Burger Bars, go to the HARD ROCK CAFE (corner of Old Park Lane, W.1) instead, only REAL burger n shakes joint in town. DO avoid British hot dogs - they are not one iota near the kind you're used to. DON'T miss HAWK-WIND. Summer is their season, and they can be counted on to show up on a flat backed lorry in the middle of Trafalgar Square.

Just thought you'd like to know: "Farewell to the Greys" by The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pipes, Drums and Band (no, NOT to be confused with the S.F. '67 Psyheadlic Band of the same name) has shot onto the British LP charts. On the same hand, two fingers down, Wings' single, "Give Ireland Back to the Irish" is in the national singles charts but the BBC refuse to lift the ban on the record. Isn't this all too much like "the Prisoner" for you????

PUTNEY SWOPE, WHERE ARE YOU?

-Lady Bangla Boom

BOOK REVIEW from page 6

major announcers, and goes into the reasons for their popularity.

The realm of TV has remained relatively free of pop save in commercials, and Melly goes into these and discusses the careers of advertising's leading creative lights, but of course the bulk of this section is given over to the rock TV shows, "Oh Boy," "Ready Steady Go," "Top of the Pops" and so on. In film, his hero is Dick Lester of "Hard Day's Night," which Melly considers the ultimate pop film.

Literature yields little in the way of pop art, although an essay on the recent work of Richard Meltzer and Nick Tosches would not have been out of place here. He goes into the poetry of the Liverpool Scene, the writing in the underground papers, some of the scene's better writers such as Nik Cohn and Jeff Nuttall, and tops it off with some telling observations on the form of constrained hippie argot that has come to replace literacy among the young.

The value of this book is that it leaves

no loose ends within its stated purview. It identifies the forces at work shaping the culture of youth, shows how they work and what their effect has been, and makes the events of the last 15 years seem completely logical within this framework. To the best of my knowledge, George Melly is the first to treat this subject on such a scale.

There are gaps, of course, because in the end there are a million things unrelated to art that also exert strong influence on the youth culture. The effects of political events, economic conditions, educational patterns, and the myriad socio-cultural changes that have also had their impact, are ignored. As a result, Melly doesn't mention the increasing sophistication of teenagers over the years, and for this reason I can't share his optimism for the rebirth of pop culture, which he expresses in the closing pages. I, for one, would be very surprised if anything resembling Beatlemania were to sweep the world again, or if an interest in cars and clothes were to absorb youth again, or even if young people were to care again about their music the way they once did, unless by some miracle the world's problems could be lifted from the adolescent shoulders upon which they've increasingly fallen.

In other words, I think pop culture, while probably the greatest thing youth has within its power to create, is essentially frivolous - lots of fun to observe and be a part of, but a thing of the past in today's world of hardened, world-weary 13-year-old dropouts. As far as I can see, teenagers are likely to become more and more involved with political and social issues. Some think this is great, but politics has no use for art, and I think George Melly would agree with me that it's a shame the old can't handle their own problems and let the young enjoy their youth. The kids who are in high school today never had much chance to enjoy their wide-eyes naivete or to indulge their brash creativity, free from adult standards (which even hover over them in the "professionalism" of our music) and secure in the knowledge that the world would take care of itself. By the time we're in our forties maybe things will be different, but the way births are declining, the median age is expected to be around 37 by then, which means the teenager will be about as inconspicuous as he was before 1950. This is likely to mean that rock & roll and all of its side-effects, as products of youth's emergence as a large social class, are already doomed.

For my money, pop culture has had it. It saw two fantastic flings, and this fine book captures it all, for those who were there to reminisce over and those who weren't to wonder and learn about. It's written in an urbane and engaging style, frank and opinionated yet fair and objective at the same time. It should replace Marshall McLuhan or Charles Reich on reading lists across the land, but it will probably remain obscure. Latch onto it while you can, and get ready for some heavy, realistic thinking about who we are, what we've been, what we've done, and what we've lost. Maybe we can't bring back our former glory, but we can at least come to terms with it. We've got a lot of good nostalgia to look forward to.

-Greg Shaw

45 RPM from page 10

only knew, when summer comes, 'gonna hustle you'"; it can't wait too long. This be the perfect gym locker lament of a surfin' dude whose brawn is no match for the football captain but he hopes to sock it to the new girl in school just the same. Like the last lyric in the records gets all twisted and it comes out like "Little girl if you only knew, when ssummer comes, I got the hots for you."

When I played it for Greg Shaw (whose latest issues of *Who Put The Bomp*, you daren't miss, so's y'all should write off now to 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, CA. this minute) he crooned with the same gleam in his eye I did when first I

heard "Surf City," "Do It Again" and "Sidewalk Surfin'." Remember the falsetto parts on all the Jan & Dean records? that was Dean. I used to wait for the bridge in their records so I could hear ooooh ooooh ooooh ooooh sung as high as high could be and when that 22 seconds elapsed I'd play it again..well no more of that cuz now we gotta whole record of it.

The Beach Boy heroes will be happy to learn that a team of surfin' records experts got together to make this one and it's an all star line up indeed: Brian Wilson, Nik Venet, Bruce Johnson, Terry Meltzer (hot off of a new solo blues LP), Roger Christian, Jan Berry & Marilyn Wilson...And rumor has it, Jimmy Paige and Eric Clapton played tambourine and clapped hands on the date as well (they sure looked ridiculous at the session I understand with their raw milk-white skin wilting in those baggies, *nemmine contradicente*).

So if the folk at UA decide to release it, I suggest you make every attempt to lay your hands on a copy immediately, it may not be around too long. The first

few thousand copies of the record will support a singles sleeve with a shot of a pawn shop window. Inside the window will be the artifacts of a by-gone period in our rock-surf culture, like a Jan & Dean skateboard, Jan & Dean T Shirts, Saint Christopher medals, blue tennis shoes and levis, white athlete socks, Liberty & Tower records.

Like Greg Shaw says "Jan & Dean were to The Beach Boys what Badfinger are to the Beatles." And if you're a greaser, grimmy or ho-dad you shouldn't read stuff like this.

JAZZ from page 11

London. Benny Green, in The Observer, called them "arguably the best band of their kind in the world."

There was a "Free Jazz" night at the Salle du Chezy, Neuilly, in Paris, on April 1, with Gunther Haempel, Jeanne Lee, and Anthony Braxton, and the normally staid port city of Le Havre saw two concerts in March by soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy. The first, at the start of the month, featured cellist Irene Aebi and a local bassist and drummer; on the 11th,

Lacy and Aebi were joined by Steve Potts on alto, Ken Carter on bass, and Noel McGhee on drums.

And Daniel Humair writes from Paris that his Sunday afternoon jazz "experiences" — which I wrote about last month — have been temporarily suspended, but will resume in June in a new, larger hall at the Musee d'Art Moderne. He also notes that he has just finished recording sessions and TV and concert appearances with a "dream band" co-led by him, pianist George Grunz, and Flavio and Franco Ambrosetti (the Swiss father-and-son jazz team). The personnel included a truly dream-inducing combination of top-flight American expatriate and European jazzmen: Benny Bailey, Virgil Jones, Woody Shaw, Dusko Gojkovich, Erich Kleinschuster, Ake Persson, Jiggs Wigham, Runo Ericson, Phil Woods, Herb Geller, Dexter Gordon, Eddie Daniels, Niels-Henning Oersted Pedersen, and Sahib Shihab. "Needless to say," he says, "it was really a thrill for us and we were thoroughly pleased with the final results." Hopefully, we'll somehow get to hear some of these pleasing results in this country before long.

KINKS from page 23

remember discovering that FACE TO FACE had been released when I saw it through the window of a closed record store on Thanksgiving Day, 1966; it was my first taste of God-save-the-Kinks Pavlovian mania), so I don't necessarily require the valuable lesson this album can convey. Hopefully you won't either.

Despite what many concert reviews claim, I know the Kinks can play their instruments just fine, and I think anyone who says their clumsy, foppy stage presence makes them lousy doesn't understand much either about the Kinks or about the

that sooner or later everyone gets bored, tired and disgusted with high powered electric rock and roll. The recent success of such mellow sounding acts like America, Don McLean, Jackson Browne and Todd Rundgren proved to the industry that enough people are ready for something that comes on a little smoother than Grand Funk.

In case it matters, these cats have followed all the classic rock patterns; they came up the hard way, playing college dances, frat parties and coffee houses out in the swamplands. They even did a very successful one-night stand about two years ago as part of the Fillmore East's

ance in Buena Park's Knott's Berry Farm. The actual site was the plush, acoustically fine John Wayne Theatre, and that name will serve as a description of the mood of the soundings. The band did three half-hour sets a night to full houses of 2,100 energetic nubies, with the results being more like the assembly line rock concerts of 1961-64 than anything you might find elsewhere.

The 1972 Raiders are vocalist Mark Lindsay, pianist Paul Revere, guitarist/vocalist Freddy Weller, bassist/vocalist Keith Allison and drummer Mike Smith (Smitty). Also present are an extra guitarist and an

Raiders' show. They did their recent hits "Country Wine" and "Indian Reservation," Lindsay's 1970 smash, "Arizona," and "Okie From Muskogee" and "Johnny B. Goode" so Weller and Allison could have their moments in the spotlight, respectively. For Smitty, whose ostensible birthday they made a big thing of celebrating on stage, there was a drum solo sequence, in which he chose to do the old surfing hit, "Pipeline," before "losing control" of himself and being restrained from pounding Paul Revere with his drumsticks. With the audience eating the whole farce up like candy, Revere and Lindsay held Smitty at bay while Weller sprayed his

understandable, since they would like to establish their new material, and their interest in on-stage equality is also reasonable, since both Weller and Lindsay have had solo hit records and Allison has made some solo discs. But their disinterest in trying very hard is a pity. The band is a good one, and if they geared themselves upward about five to ten years, traded their Hollywood frills for blue jeans (or even the ridiculous old Revolutionary War soldier outfits they used to wear) and concentrated on doing a solid repertoire, they would be the equal of any commercially viable country-rocking group currently wowing freaks far and wide.

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| TITLE | ARTIST | Label Number | Distributing Label | WES ON CHART |
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| 1 | AMERICAN PIE | DON McLEAN | United Artists 50856 | 9 |

CHARTMAKER OF THE WEEK
43 SWEET SEASONS
CAROLE KING
Capitol 50857 A&M

RECORD WORLD THE ALBUM CHART

| TITLE | ARTIST | Label Number | Distributing Label | WES ON CHART |
|-------|--------------|--------------|----------------------|--------------|
| 1 | AMERICAN PIE | DON McLEAN | United Artists 50856 | 15 |

CHARTMAKER OF THE WEEK
43 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
SHOPPING BAG
BGM 8002

RECORD WORLD THE FM AIRPLAY REPORT

FLASHMAKER OF THE WEEK
SMORIN
HUMBLE PIE
A&M

TOP FM AIRPLAY THIS WEEK
SMORIN
LIVE CREAM VOL. II
RECALL THE BEGINNING
A POSSIBLE PROJECTION OF THE FUTURE
EAT A PEACH
TOGETHER

FM SLEEPER OF THE WEEK
BOBBY WHITLOCK

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SALESMAKER OF THE WEEK

RECORD WORLD THE AM AIRPLAY REPORT
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