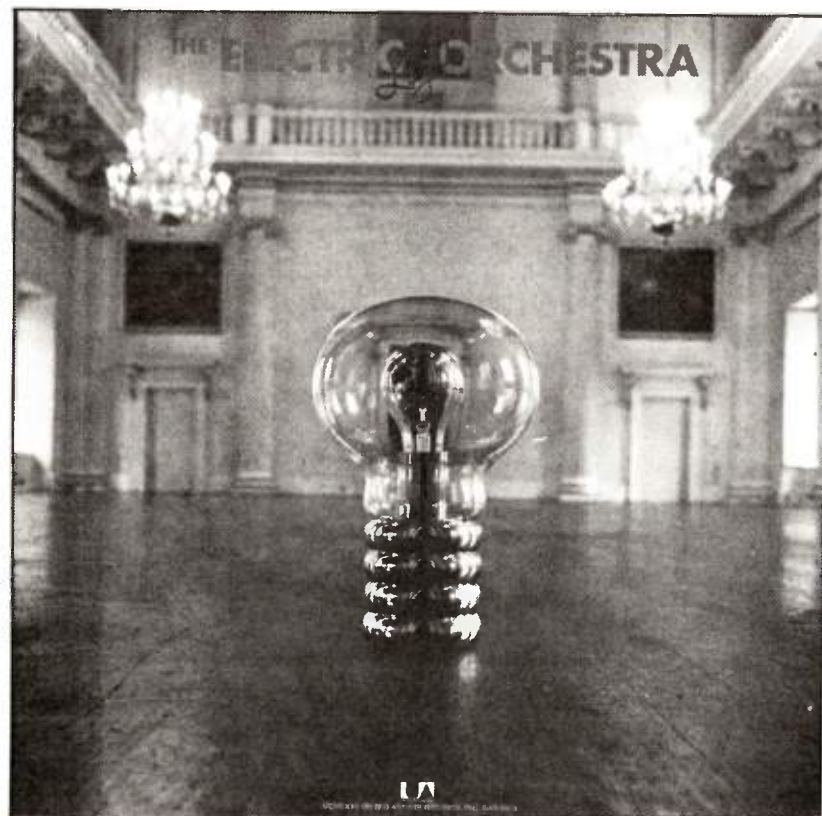


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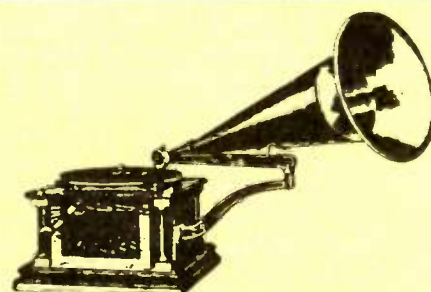


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## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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Dear Editor. I think your hot-rag is real nifty and being the avid rock and roll sponge that I am, I'd like to absorb PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE for the next twelve months. Oh yeh, I also must have my free copy of The Electric Light Orchestra's album "NO ANSWER" pronto cuz that's what makes this whole bit worthwhile. Enclosed you'll find my check for \$3.75 to cover the next twelve months of PRM and the shipping costs of my free LP... And don't cha dare waste a minute with my order.

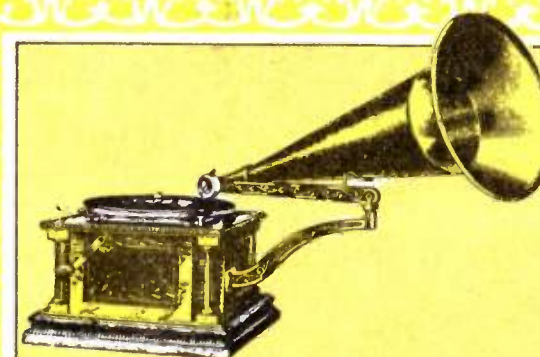
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## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

30¢



*The Rolling Stones*

# JULY '72

## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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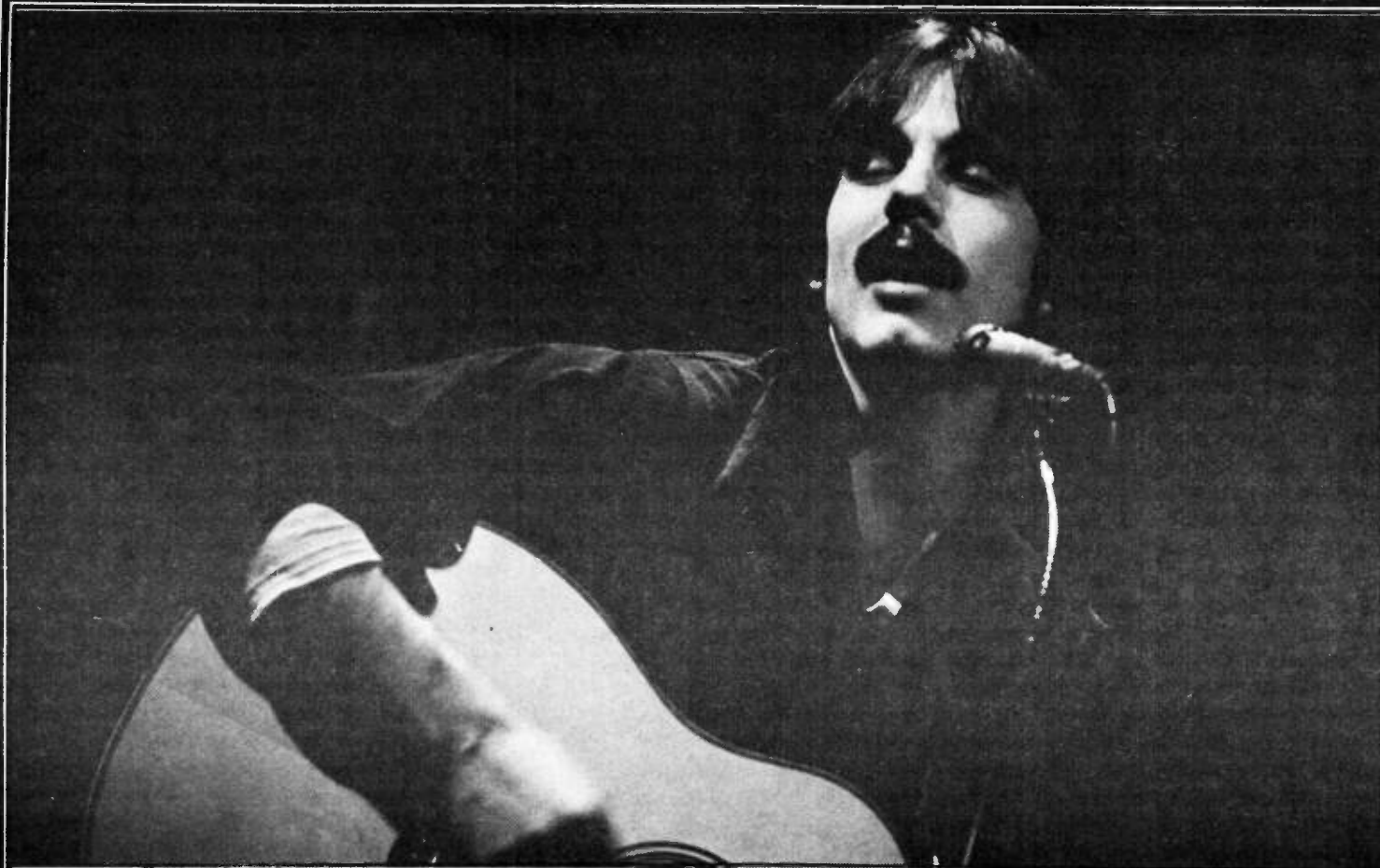
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Jackson Browne

## LETTERS

C'mon, PHONOGRAPH RECORD, what gives?

Your April issue contains several alarmed reports about homosexuality infiltrating the purity of rock and roll—but the only contribution YOU make to hetero-rock is a tiny pic of Linda Ronstadt. Otherwise, surrounding your queer-scare copy are photos of such groovies as Marc Bolan, Rod Stewart, Jackson Browne (yum!) and The One: Ray Davies.

Face it, most of the people who buy rock magazines these days are *male*—and over half of the record buyers and concert-ticket buyers are male, too. Now with rock the way it is, this means—dig it—THAT A LOT OF GUYS SPEND A LOT OF TIME AND BREAD DIGGING OTHER GUYS. You may think its purely musical, but any shrink will tell you it goes deeper (and it wasn't coincidental that the first guy I made it with happened to look a lot like Mick Jagger)—so why send reviewers terrified of gay rape to review an act like ALICE COOPER, for Christ's sake? Alice is trying to tell his audience to be THEMSELVES, and any writer who can't accept that idea (or dig lyrics about queens walking away with your sonny) should stick to writing about the *macho* groups. We just don't need shit like "when the gays come marching in" these days—and anyone who can't be cool about a homosexual proposition really has a lot of personal and social growing-up to do. So please don't dignify these people's uptightness by giving them space in your mag; what we need is a reason to unify, not excuses to stay divided.

If Todd Tolces doesn't even seem to understand the implications behind a guy calling himself *Alice Cooper*, Greg Shaw at least "gets" what Ray Davies is up to these days. Except he is just as naive—and as psycho-sexually retarded—regarding what that says about HIM. Dig it: Greg Shaw doesn't care if Ray is, or is not gay, but he wants him to sing "Lola" as an outsider! Well, every gay was once an outsider, BUT NOT ANY MORE—and he does that song today to show that IT IS THE GREG SHAW'S AND THE TODD TOLCES WHO ARE THE OUTSIDERS. Sorry if that makes you feel uncomfortable, Greg, but it is more important than whether you get to hear all the Kinks songs just like on the albums. Ray is NOT, incidentally, "asking us to accept him as a member of the gay world" but to recognize that this is all part of OUR WORLD—EVERYBODY's world. I mean, the song might well be about Alice Cooper propositioning Todd Tolces—the point of THE PERFORMANCE is establishing a kind of meta-sexual sense of community. But that makes Greg uncomfortable—and "those

freaks" both he and Todd dislike seeing at rock concerts sure aren't part of Greg's notions of rock and roll revolution. Well, tough shit: rock and roll is REBELLION, man, and part of that rebellion is against conventional sex roles. Today, you can BE what you *want*—and no Greg Shaw is gonna keep us out of Berkeley just 'cause it makes him insecure! Dig it, THE SAME PEOPLE WHO TOLD US GRASS WAS BAD ALSO LAID THEIR RAP ON US AGAINST *HOMOSEXUALITY*. When we found out that grass wasn't bad, do you think we stopped there? No way. So now we are personally liberated; we ball guys, we ball girls, we do what we want. AND WE WANT THE PEOPLE WHO GIVE US MUSIC TO BE AS FREE AS WE ARE. MORE FREE, EVEN, 'CAUSE THEIR CHOICES ARE EVEN GREATER. What all this adds up to, Greg, is FREEDOM and *awareness*—which is what rock and roll has always been rebelling towards. So if you can't dig it, at least don't get in the way. Greg Shaw finds "extremely annoying" Ray's mock-striptease—but says he doesn't care if Ray is, or is not a homosexual. What he seems to want is for Ray to restrict sexual behavior to OFFSTAGE ACTIONS and to at least SEEM hetero *in public*. Bullshit! Now I find Ray's mock-strip extremely annoying, too—but only because it is a MOCK strip. And I want Ray to be onstage whatever he is the rest of the time: stoned, silly, horny, or whatever. THE TIME FOR CLOSET CASES IN THE PERFORMING ARTS IS OVER—and Ray Davies, David Bowie and Alice ought to be praised for their courage in fighting the kind of uptight "professionalism" Greg Shaw is calling for. But then, by his own statement, Greg Shaw never gave a thought to Ray Davies' sexuality until he was forced to face it head on at the Berkeley Community Theatre. Well, knowledge is painful, Greg—and you sure learned something! If I thought it would do you any good, I'd very happily ball Ray Davies on the stage of Madison Square Garden, while you took notes. (PHONOGRAPH RECORD could have the exclusive pics, too!) Anyway, I don't know if you've got the guts to print this letter—but if not, at least make copies of it to send to Greg and Todd so that they'll know that there are a lot of us out here who aren't gonna take much more in the way of "reviews" by scared straights. It's just too late for that—and we've got too much to do.

Martin Daniels  
New York City

P.S. United Artists is pushing Christopher Milk as a parody group with Mr. Twister as a put-on sex symbol. Forget it. MENDELSON is the sex symbol—and not for fun, FOR REAL! Lots of my friends have his pics right

up there with Ray and Mick and Marc and David (Bowie, not Cassidy)—and if he ever sets foot on Christopher Street, we ain't gonna let him go until he's plenty sore. And *satisfied*.

Dear PRM:

This may seem like petty nitpicking, but I'm all of 20 now, so I figure I should muster up the gumption to stand up and speak out for what I believe in. And not to get violent concerning any of the worthless scum in question, but this means you Colman Andrews. Namely your article where you start mentioning rock critics, throwing the term around as if it were an acceptable title.

Well, mebbe it is to you pseudo-sophisticated enervated diddlehip Hollywood self-titled rock critics. But not in my presence it isn't. Call me a fool, an illiterate buffoon, an irreverent snotnosed punk, and I'll grin. Call me a rock critic and you may wind up six feet beneath the ground. Watch it bub.

Peace,  
Mike Saunders  
Austin, Tx.

Dear Sirs:

I arranged a rendezvous with Mike Saunders at the United Artist Records mail room (of which writer Lewis Segal has commented more than once) concerning the above letter in question. He started talking about Black Sabbath and never stopped, so after awhile I left. For all I know he may still be there.

Colman Andrews  
Los Angeles

Mike Saunders:

I hope Mike Saunders doesn't consider himself a connoisseur of fine music. Being a person who has enjoyed all of the Guess Who's past material, I found his "review" of *Rock* to be full of garbage (I am being kind, dear Michael). Fine, he's entitled to his opinion, but must he flaunt himself as being one of those intolerable conformists who thinks a record *must* have certain qualities before it should be allowed to enter one's humble dwelling? "Good Lord," I cry in exasperation—must I cite specific examples of former G.W. songs which are enjoyable merely for their own sake? Very well, there are many: "These Eyes", "Laughing", "Undone" and on and on.

In closing, may I suggest Mike Saunders attend a Guess Who concert whenever the opportunity should next arise; really, they *are* good.

Most sincerely,  
Lori Anderson  
Woodland Hills, California

Dear People,

I am writing in reply to the letter from that clod called Baren, whose head is certainly barren. Andrews was right when we wrote that "THE LOW SPARK OF HIGH-HEELED BOYS" was a dull album. Not only that, but it shows a definite droop in its musical aspects. The lyrics are evidence of a general lapse in the consciousness of Traffic. In fact, I hesitate to call them Traffic anymore. No three artists could touch on what came from Winwood, Capaldi, & Wood in "JOHN BARLEYCORN". Gone are the days when even FM radio hadn't begun to overexpose that imaginative foursome. Honestly, I don't quite know what's caused it, after seeing them in Houston, with Capaldi doing nothing more than slinking around in a sequined suit and shaking a tambourine. When will all the so-called "heavies" realize that anything sounds good when you're doped to the gills. It's all a shame!

Chris Hughes  
4416 Morris Ct.  
Ft. Worth, TX.

Dear Editor,

The Kinks are without a doubt the greatest group both on record and in concert. Every album by them is a masterpiece, far and beyond every other album available by other artists. Nobody but nobody is even comparable to The Kinks, they are in a class all alone far far ahead of everyone else. I've seen The Kinks live eight times, and all eight times have been the most exciting experiences of my life. There is simply no words that I could say that would justify my love and admiration for Ray Davies and The Kinks. One song in concert by The Kinks packs more excitement than an entire concert by The Stones or The Dead at their best. Garcia and Richard both could use a lesson in quality and restraint from Dave Davies, who is a wizard on the guitar. Despite the quality of Ray Davies' writing both musically and lyrically, he still seems to get overlooked by the media. The reason I think people overlook Ray Davies is because if they recognized his work, they would have to admit that was better than anything Lennon and McCartney ever turned out or even Bob Dylan. People aren't ready to admit that they were so pig headed for so long for ignoring his incredible talent. How Greg Shaw could say The Kinks were "aging flops" and lacked respect for their audiences is beyond me. The Kinks now are just as great if not greater than they were in 1964, and have more respect for their audiences than any group in the face of this earth. God save The Kinks.

Frank Lima  
Valley Stream, New York

# Performances

## JETHRO TULL WILD TURKEY Dane County Coliseum Madison, Wisconsin

The ticket takers were shocked, to say the least. It was by far the largest rock crowd Madison had been able to muster in several months. First it was Sly, who returned to this university community, and for the second time in less than two years, succeeded in bumming out an already tired crowd by arriving late to do less than forty minutes of his "Greatest Hits" album. Then it was Lee Michaels, who arrived on time to do a down-tempo version (if that's possible) of his first five albums, which completely put the audience in a coma.

Thus, it is no wonder that Madison audiences have developed into something just short of masochistic musical elitists — very few people buying tickets... and those that do usually come expecting disaster.

So the May 3rd performance of Jethro Tull was indeed a pleasant surprise. Nine thousand frisbee-toting groupies of the great Midwest rip-off paid their money to watch what they expected would be just another forty minutes. But to their happy disappointment, when they left four hours later, many felt that it had been the best concert they'd ever seen.

Wild Turkey, Glenn Cornick's new group, on their first U.S. tour, started their "warm-up" set on time, and it was probably one of the hottest warm-ups I've ever seen, along with the J. Geils Band's set when they led off for Ten Years After a few months back.

The group features incredible drumming by Jeff Jones, and seems to employ heavy bass line melodies frequently. In "Twelve Streets of Cobbled Black," written by rhythm guitarist Jon Blakemore, the last line was exceptionally strong, contrasting sharply with Jones' solid (but not heavy-handed) percussion.

A very clean set, including "Battle Hymn," from the group's first album, ensued. And then the stage was set for Jethro Tull. Well... not quite. Jethro Tull, among other things, is a completely-equipped three-ring circus of well-organized roadies, and as each man walked on stage — one carrying a coat rack, the other a tent, and the third an aqualung — it suddenly dawned on me that the concert wasn't going to be a concert at all — it was going to be a show.

Twenty minutes after Wild Turkey departed, Ian Anderson's group mounted the platform quietly, decked out in their London Fog trenchcoats. Since the roadies had also been wearing the same "uniforms", the audience didn't recognize the change until the group hung their outer garb on the convenient coatrack.

Drummer Barriemore Barlow was striking in a red hot-pants rugby outfit. And Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond, Tull's bass player, resembled a 1910

high school marching bander in his striped light blue cutaway tux. Anderson approached the mikes in a plaid cutaway, the tails ruffled obviously from daily usage, and greeted the crowd. "What's happening," he began dryly. "Oh," he answered just as quickly. "I thought you'd tell me." Pause. "You see tonight," he continued, "I'm using my galloping gourmet voice. Hey, isn't he a prick?" Laughter. "And I'll bet you think all Englishmen are that way... well, most of us are..." Three second pause. Then pow! Music!

Virtually attacking the microphone and his guitar at the same time, Anderson began what was to be a one hour and forty minute song from *THICK AS A BRICK*, his latest album. Moving his hands as fast as Joe Cocker would if he sang at 78 r.p.m., Anderson, who has been called a "mad dog Fagin", also seemed to resemble Antonioni's clown

became ringmaster and clown at the same time as he twirled his instrument baton-style while skipping and pirouetting around, (almost simultaneously at one point) as the rest of Tull likewise treated their instruments like stage props.

Their showmanship was in no way a shield or compensation for musical flaws — because there were none. It was just, let us say, an added attraction to an already fine band.

Then, one hundred minutes later, the song was over as suddenly as it had begun. Much of the audience not only stood to give Tull a well-deserved ovation, but some started looking for the exits, convinced the concert was now officially over. "Well," said Anderson as he acknowledged the applause, "that's just a little something Grand Funk Railroad taught us in the dressing room. And now... for our second song..."

The audience was more than

Tull's John Evan, whispered to Anderson, "Aren't you tired at all?" Anderson, sweat pouring down his face, turned and politely smiled. "I'm not, are you?"

Well, I'm not.

—Peter Greenberg

## CARLY SIMON Troubadour Los Angeles

"This is opening night at the Troubadour and usually opening night crowds are full of tension," said Carly Simon to the crowd. "But you seem to be a pretty loose crowd." Then, putting herself dangerously on the line, she cutely asked the loose crowd out there "Are there any requests?"

I watched Carly Simon's opening night show with rather raised eyebrows all night. She wasn't bad musically at all, but she was in a strange mood. Never once did she stop archly grinning like a Cheshire cat. And, ooh, mama! the things she was saying—did she realize what she was doing? Strange little self-effacing sniggering semi-naughty jokes—"I just heard that I'm Screw's Hump of the Week," and other one liners that really fell flat. Meanwhile the real

changes, tricky melodies, dark and dramatic like "Legend in Your Own Time," Continental schmaltz like "The Garden", slightly Leonard Cohenesque like balladry in "I've Got To Have You", etc. And to be sure, if Carly can sing with that kind of funk, I don't see why she needs to utter subtly-disguised nasties between songs. Her voice is one voice that isn't likely to fade out, get hoarse, or push itself to its limits. It's nice to hear a resonant, clear, soothing voice for a change.

So there's nothing to complain about as far as the music of Carly Simon goes, unless it's the grudge I have about female performers who are hiding their instrumental skill behind a bevy of sidemen. (Why for heaven's sake couldn't we hear Carly's twelve-string alone for a change?) But her rapping was really weird, and it seemed pretty embarrassing. Gross raps can be great, but you have to know how to do them. If only Carly had rapped the way she once did on a radio show, doing her Kristofferson imitation and everything. That was great. She'll probably get it together eventually.

I've got to mention Harry Chapin, though. He was on the bill right before Carly, and he did a very nice set of his own happy-sad story songs. He's one guy whose lyrics you *must* listen to. He did a song about a taxi, a song about a greasy spoon, and a song about a Greyhound bus and they were all funny, true, and eminently works of a genius. Keep it up, Harry.

—Lynne Bronstein

## ROBERTA FLACK DONNY HATHAWAY Pauly Pavilion Westwood, Calif.

Say you were plotting against a reviewer's sanity.

Here are some tips on what you'd do:

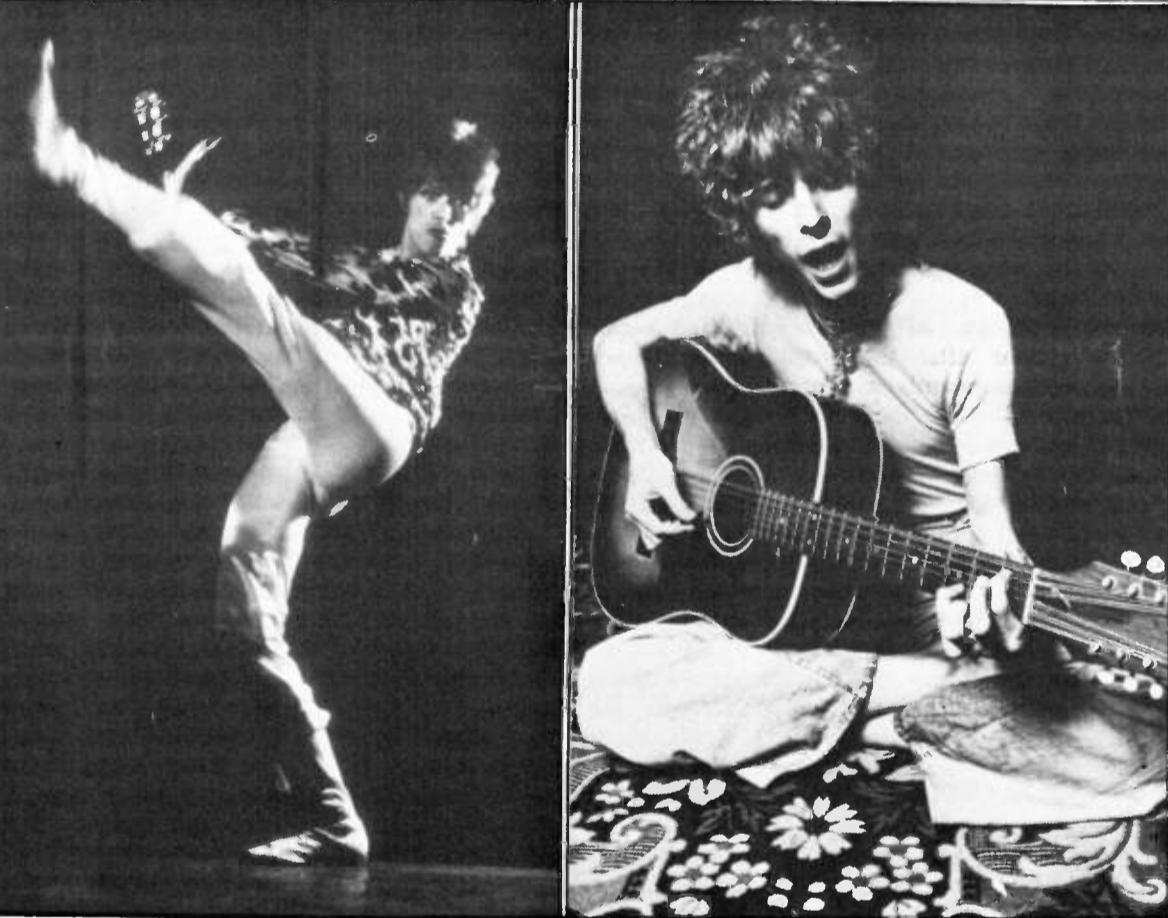
You'd get him a couple of superhot tickets for the Roberta Flack-Donny Hathaway concert in the Pauly Pavilion.

Then you'd assemble a motion picture location crew, who would contribute selflessly by setting up a couple of brutes (flick lingo for flood lights) directly in the line of vision between the reviewer's seats and the center of the stage.

You wouldn't have to do much more than maybe screw up the sound system, and let it all ferment and stew...

Of course there wasn't any such plot the evening my lady and I busted our asses to get to the Pauley for an eight o'clock curtain. Which didn't happen until a quarter to nine.

But there were those unspeakable motion picture lights, with the stage hidden somewhere on the other side. And the place was packed. Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway have an album apiece "high on the charts," as big time rock writers seem to like to say. Just for the sake of security, Flack and Hathaway together even have a third album which is also riding up there, a collaborative effort so's to be sure that, if their solo albums bump each other out of top place, they'll be able to keep others from moving in on what they must regard as their property. Whatever the thinking behind this greedy sweep of the record



"They've got it down to the last guitar lick, and you almost expect David to shimmy one-legged across the stage, but instead he picks up his sax and honks out some beautifully bozy runs. All too soon he carefully places it on the floor as they're drawing to a close. The crowd goes wild for an encore, stamping and chanting..." —Jonh Ingham on David Bowie's appearance at Polytechnic College in London.

in "Blow-Up," sans makeup, beckoning the audience to follow him as he directed not only the group, but also the colored spots from both sides of the stage and the rear of the auditorium.

Halfway through this long first song, a single yellow telephone, resting mysteriously on the Steinway, rang. The group stopped while Anderson went over and answered, much to the amusement of the crowd. "There is an urgent telephone call for a Mr. Mike Nelson," Anderson bellowed, adding cryptically "I think there's a fish on the line."

From stage right came a roadie, complete with goggles, wet suit, flippers, and, of course a yellow aqualung strapped to his shoulders. He walked over and spoke with the invisible caller briefly, then left, and the band resumed.

Flute in hand now, Anderson

surprised. It was hushed in stunned disbelief. Besides the aquaman, they had just seen such sights as a large white rabbit who appeared as Hammond-Hammond read from the "St. Cleve" newspaper insert from their album, and a gorilla who took pictures of the audience with an Instamatic.

During the second set, drummer Barlow's solo made Jeff Jones' earlier efforts seem simplistic. And the solo gave the roadies time to stow the rabbit, diver, and gorilla costumes, and gave Anderson a 76-second urinary period backstage.

He returned to the stage, flute in one hand, again, tambourine in the other, and lunged at the audience as he continued, seemingly tirelessly into a last 15 minute run-through of his previous hits from *STAND UP*, *BENEFIT*, and *AQUALUNG*.

Around midnight, a reporter, during a final organ solo by

humor (though not from the stage-side point of view) was provided by Carly's second guitarist who was making threatening, desperate gestures at the stage crew to fix the damn mikes, fade out the lights and everything else that they weren't doing right.

I don't know—you can take your guess at what she felt like or what she was on. Fortunately, it didn't flaw her musical performance much—except for some word mix-ups on a couple of songs. Nobody's perfect.

Actually Carly Simon has a great sense of musical timing; she gradually built up the sense of drama in her act, saving the big numbers for the end, and balancing the amusing with the sad or lonely songs. She injected some nostalgia/humor with an Everly Brothers adolescent-trauma medley, sounding—strangely enough; like at least one of the Everlys. Her own songs go through fantastic



Photo by Colman Andrews



Photo by Colman Andrews

At the left—Jennifer. Top left above—Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull. Above—Randy Newman.

market, Flack and Hathaway needed a big place to seat all their friends and relations and boosters and fans and old high school classmates (who always pop up like daisies after a sprinkle of success).

We were told in advance that the Pauley Pavilion was sold out, which was almost but not quite true. Lord knows the place holds enough bodies to swing the election, and I know for a fact that there is a tribe of basketball watchers who live there year around.

So, invisible to us, the concert began. Or tried to.

What happened was that the microphones were as dead as so many radishes, and just about as offensive to the hapless stars who had to smile and be sweet. Weren't those movie cameras taking it all in? While this was being sorted out, we were able to wiggle into a couple of empty seats nearby, and could watch roughly half of the distant silent action. This was a big improvement over nothing to hear nothing to see, nothing to do.

Then they got the sound back, just as I was tripping out on the notion of running five or six inches of blank space as a review of a silent concert. God, did they get the sound back!

The audience jerked in unison. The appalling pavilion was wracked with echoes. It wasn't the sound system so much as the great cathedral of dribble-and-shoot itself. It could be compared to a roller rink, discounting the funk factor. (My lady said later that she had nostalgia's ear tuned for the caller: "Partners only . . . Reverse!")

We could hear a lot, far too much in fact to recognize most of the songs or make sense of the intermittent monologues: Roberta Flack explained the movie company's presence to the satisfaction of those seated in direct line with the p.a. speakers. From time to time we could hear people chuckling down there, but the feed to us was gibberish compounded by echoed rhubarb.

Neither of us is exactly enthralled with Roberta's material, so most of this made little difference. She was evidently doing nicely, and was rewarded by considerable applause, even allowing for the echoes. (A ghostly thought, the ovation of echoes for echoed music!)

There was an intermission, very soon after the program started, apparently so that the film crew could shoot Flack and Hathaway walking happily toward an exit. When it was time to start up again, there was another frantic silence. And another vexatious failure within the tangle of cables on the stage. Eventually someone found the plug and we were back into cacophony.

There were moments of pleasure, however, and I wouldn't want you to picture us as masochists shuddering delightedly over the muddled sound. Donny Hathaway played and sang a couple of rhythmic numbers which had the scuffled charm of music from down the hall in an apartment building.

We stayed and kept hoping And kept staying.

Then finally left. It was a long evening. —Leonard Brown

**DAVID BOWIE**  
Central London  
Polytechnic College  
London, England

"Yes, I'm David Bowie. These are the Spiders from Mars. And we're the slickest show in town."

A crash and a jump and the band is roaring, David in a mirrored jump suit, twelve string acoustic guitar slung across his pelvis, prancing about while he sings some obscured lyrics introducing the band. The Lauren Bacall hair has been sacrificed in favour of a Rod Stewartish crew-cut, but he still looks gorgeous. With no introductions or thank yous the Spiders zoom through most of *HUNKY DORY*, with occasional oldies and new songs along the way. Even though the

twelve string is plugged into an amp it's inaudible most of the time, but David uses it to good Elvis advantage, standing with legs apart, crotch forward, mimicking the lyrics with his hands before lifting his arms in, an imploring Tom Jones/Andy Williams reach for the audience, the hands slowly drifting ever higher until he looks like he's being crucified. Song stops, head drops in utter exhaustion, stage plunges into darkness, audience goes wild. Yep, it sure is slick.

After awhile David actually pauses and says, "Thank you." Two stools are brought out and David and the Spiders' guitarist perch on them, playing elegantly while the lights flash blue-pink and orange-red around them. Finally he introduces a song by "a French composer, Charbrot. It was translated from French into American. Then into English. It's about Amsterdam." Applause and cheers from the freakier members of the audience — "Ah yes, mon cheri, those nights in the Paradiso . . . the mentions in Suck . . . the hash . . ."—while the more obvious appearing students peer around them in confusion. Who is this wierdo singing about sailors urinating in Amsterdam, taking bows after each song, filling his verses with images of space and superior aliens who don't want to blow our minds? He even sang "Space Oddity"—can't see how that got into the Top Ten. Tony Blackburn certainly didn't play it. And so thinking they turn either for the bar and another pint of Guinness or the door and home.

The band returns and delivers "our homage to the Sixties": "I Feel Free." The break comes and the guitarist does a Pete Townshend stick-the-arm-in-the-air while playing the frets for two minutes. A strobe light twitches into its alpha rhythm frenzy and the band leaps about the stage while roaring feedback and amphetamine guitar runs fill the air, almost equalling Cream in boredom. Predictably, it gets thunderous applause.

David, meanwhile, has disappeared offstage, and when he returns, yes, he has changed his outfit to a pair of bleached trousers, trendily rolled up to display his boots, and a flimsy black and white shirt open to the waist. Donning his guitar he runs through a few more numbers before announcing, "The rest of our show will be devoted to some old rock and roll songs," the first of which is "White Light White Heat," followed by "Hot Pants." They've got it down to the last guitar lick, and you almost expect David to shimmy one legged across the stage, but instead he picks up his sax (finally!) and honks out some beautifully boozy runs. All too soon he carefully places it on the floor (it's plastic, you know) and they're drawing to a close. The crowd goes wild for an encore, stamping and chanting, but my last bus home will be departing in a few minutes, so I leave. And all the way home I keep hearing, "Ch-ch-ch-changes," and especially, "Look out all you rock and rollers." True words.

—Jonh Ingham

**RANDY NEWMAN**  
JENNIFER  
The Troubadour  
Los Angeles

This guy gave me a ride once, back when I was going to UCLA. He was pretty laconic, but under my expert employment of hitchhiker's conversational gambits I did elicit the information that he was finishing up as a music student there and had written some songs, like "I Think It's Going to Rain Today," which Judy Collins and Eric Burdon and the Animals had recorded. As we curved past Jayne Mansfield's pink mansion he told me that Eric Burdon considered himself a spade. And that was about it. When he dropped me off I ran into the Music Hall, pulled out *Winds of Change* and laid eyes on my benefactor's name: R. Newman. (If you're into coinci-

dences, you might like to know that a couple of years later Harry Nilsson, who had just recorded an album of Randy Newman songs, gave me a ride on Wilshire Blvd.)

I mention this to clear up any conflict of interest and to assure you that his kindness to me has no influence on my critical objectivity when I submit that Randy Newman ranks among the most gifted, insightful, enjoyable, provocative, outrageous and valuable writers and performers in existence.

Now that's hardly big news to anyone who's been doing any listening lately, but seeing him at his recent Troubadour engagement confirms the belief that his virtues simply can't be overstated. It's hard to figure how a man who sits at the piano without moving one muscle more than necessary and whose songs sound exactly the same each time he performs them can remain such a compelling presence up there. I suppose it has something to do with his easy stage manner (which was a long time coming), his engaging, self-effacing image, the mantle of vulnerability that he wears, even the unique sexuality which he projects. Whatever, he makes many a so-called entertainer look like a stuttering kid at his first Christmas pageant.

During his first set on Thursday night, Newman: neatly fended off a fellow who kept yelling "percordan" from the foot of the stage; handled the deluge of requests like a Vaudeville Indian club juggler; dealt with a memory blank in "Yellow Man" like an old pro ("It even happens to Eddie Fisher"); and expressed prevailing sentiment by apologizing for the delay in the show (we'll get to that in a moment) and for the fact that the Troubadour was doing some of its inscrutable and maddening string-pulling by not honoring reservations: "If you're going to run a toilet, it shouldn't be a pay toilet." All with the deft skill of a consummate surgeon.

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# TRADITIONAL FEAST

Just what San Francisco needs, another record company. You've all heard of the San Francisco Sound, that exciting new acid-rock style that's taken the country by storm. Ever since Jefferson Airplane, that great new group with the zany moniker, swept the charts with their groovy waxing of "It's No Secret" on RCA, the eyes and ears of the world have turned to Liverpool-by-the-Bay in search of new musical trail-blazers. Not to be outdone by the other companies moving in to tap this wellspring of talent, Metro-media Records heralded the opening of its San Francisco office on April 30 by staging a gala bash in the posh Grand Ballroom of the ritzy St. Francis Hotel.

In attendance were hundreds of carefully selected arbiters of public taste and bigwigs flown in from all over the West Coast. Noting the press coverage generated by the presence of members of the quasi-trans-sexual Cockettes troupe at a recent Hollywood reception for Alice Cooper, Metro's planners were quick to realize the necessity for the appearance of this kooky coterie who so uniquely symbolize the insouciant ambience of the San Francisco scene, and indeed the audience was liberally sprinkled with these eye-grabbing denizens of the netherworld.

When the eye wasn't captured by some passing set of Hot Parts, it couldn't help but light upon the lavish spread of succulent gourmet delicacies arrayed before the pampered multitude. Your reporter caught candid glimpses of John "Ned" Mendelsohn sampling the sliced cantaloupes, the glamorous Suzy Shaw stuffing herself with chocolate *petit fours* and "Big Daddy" Tom Donahue avoiding the whiskey bar, having no doubt indulged in more exotic intoxicants prior, with the members of Stoneground. Generous platters of steaming *escargot* were provided, but no one had the nerve to eat them except Colman Andrews, who consumed at least 35 of the little creatures.

After all had partaken of this sumptuous repast, the lights were dimmed and a lissome creature attired in 60-pounds of pastel flamingo feathers took the stage to announce a hot new rock group called Gross National Productions, who had just flown in from a record-breaking appearance at the Boston Playboy Club. Every available disc by the group had been destroyed by the enthusiastic Playboy audience, but attendees were assured that a new release would be on the market shortly.

GNP played for the better part of an hour, accompanied by the lethargic dancing of portions of the sated crowd. Towards the end their music began to resemble rock & roll, but a Metromedia spokesman hastened to assure all that the group's progressive jazz-rock pretensions were in no danger of being overshadowed by any "primitive jungle rhythms." Following this announcement, a unanimous sigh of relief could be heard from all within earshot.

There was a brief intermission during which Capitol recording star Kim Fowley dry-humped a young starlet on the floor of the foyer as a bevy of passing dowagers wilted in mortification and the editors of *Rolling Stone* looked on bemusedly, followed by the appearance on stage of a number of musicians led by Tim Davis, former drummer of the Steve Miller Blues Band. Davis is now taking the vocal leads, as befits the signee of a Metromedia recording contract, and his voice leaves no doubt that he is as fine a blues singer as he is an ex-drummer. Jamming with Davis were other Miller alumni, including Ben Sidran and (I believe) Boz Scaggs — unless someone else had the temerity to sing "Stepping Stone." It might even have been

please turn to page 27



Just what the world needs, another expansion at a record company! — In San Francisco recently, Metromedia Records held a party for that company's bid in the "progressive" market. Delicacies such as *escargot*, baked clams, and fine wine from the south of Gonzales was served to the press and radio poo-poo's, who were shuttled to the affair from distant shores. Above, one of the party's logos, Kim Fowley, is shown greeting a guest.

Photos by Andrew Kent

## BRITAIN

### Rainy Days at Bickershaw by Our British Correspondent

Actually, I wasn't going to write anything about the Bickershaw festival (held in Bickershaw, Lancs., May 5 - 7), because I always feel rotten when I have to write a bad review. But as the festival did take place and I can't ignore that fact and I figure you're all panting to know what went down, I may as well go ahead and do it.

First of all, it rained and rained and rained. And the rain brought mud. Obviously, one can do nothing about the weather except prepare for it. And you can't prepare for it if you don't know what it's going to be. However, one can safely assume that rain is to England as fur to a dog.

Now we come to the real problem, organization. Yes friends, it was that same old problem: how to organize a massive gathering of people for 3 days and nights. I'm sure the promoters of Bickershaw had the very best intentions and the plan probably looked positively ace on paper. But it sadly failed in practice. The security arrangements may as well have been non-existent. I heard

stories of people entering the festival on the strength of an ice cream wrapper. Backstage passes might as well have been ice cream wrappers for all they were worth. I will now take this opportunity to re-enact a little familiar scene:

*Local Housewife to guard at gate:*

"Ere Alf, wot's going on in there?"

*Alf:* "Wanna 'ave a look luv, c'mon just push the pram through now. Hold little Wilf's 'and then, it's muddy y'know and you can't trust the likes of that lot in there. What about your Auntie Maude, doesn't she want a look as well? Oh, here comes me brother Bert and his 12 kiddies, I'll let them in as well. Won't do any harm."

*Freak:* "Uh, listen man, I'm with Harry and the Aspirins, I'm their roadie and they're going on in 10 minutes and I gotta get on the stage and check some stuff out. Joe, the other roadie has got my pass, I just came back out to get these here leads. OK?"

*Alf the guard:* "Aye, I've heard that story before, son. Sorry, I can't let you in without a proper pass, like."

*Freak:* "Well man, I told you Joe's got my pass. Look man, if I don't get these leads up to the stage the boys won't be able to play. I got some papers here that says I'm with Harry and the Aspirins. OK?"

*Alf:* Sorry son.

*Freak:* What??? Are you kidding me? You just let that chick in with the baby carriage and she ain't got a pass. Fuck man, what's her game? She has fuck-all to do with this festival and you let her in with the pram and all those kids and everything, and I've gotta get these leads up on stage and you're giving me lip? Shit, get Ian Knight down here man.

*Alf:* Ian who, son?

*Freak:* Ian Knight, he's the stage manager or something like that.

*Alf:* Sorry, I can't leave these gates unattended. Oh, it's me wife's bruvver, Nigel and his wife and mother-in-law and they've brought the new baby. Hello, Nigel. Wanna look in then?

*Freak:* What the fuck's going on here, man? Who are these morons?

*Alf:* I'll thank you not to call my brother-in-law a moron. I told you lots of times son, you can't come in without a pass.

*Freak:* Fuckin' hell.

*Alf:* And don't be using that sort of language to me.

*Freak:* Shove it dad. Sideways.

And that's what it was like. So while the people who were supposed to be backstage fought with the guards, the local townspeople strolled through the gates with their kids and dogs and created chaos.

Another familiar scene:

Shabby dressing room, Harry and the Aspirins waiting to go on.

*Harry:* Hey, what time is it?

*Roadie:* 9:00.

*Harry:* Well, I thought we were supposed to play at 7.

*Roadie:* We were.

*Harry:* So, what's the deal man?

*Roadie:* Well, now they want us to go on between Heavy Syrup and The Nurds.

*Harry:* What time then?

*Roadie:* 10 I think. Listen, I'll just go and ask somebody to make sure.

\*\*\* ½ hour later \*\*\*

*Roadie:* Uh problem. Uh, The Nurds wanna go on after Heavy Shrup and then we can go on after the Nurds. That'll make it about 3 AM.

*Harry:* What??? That's fucking ridiculous. We've been sitting here for hours man and I ain't gonna have no energy at 3 if I was supposed to play at 7. What's the deal.

*Roadie:* Oh man, it's the Nurds. Y'know how they are. They've been waiting at their hotel and they just showed up 10 minutes ago and said they wanted to go on right after Syrup.

*Harry:* Say, didn't those fuckers pull that same trip in Detroit last year?

*Roadie:* Yeah, that's right.

*Harry:* Right, well fuck 'em. We go on after Syrup or we don't play. Go and tell that to the stage manager.

*Roadie:* Yeah, well I'll try.

\*\*\* ½ hour later \*\*\*

*Roadie:* Syrup isn't on yet.

*Harry:* Well, do we go on after them or what?

*Roadie:* I don't know. The Nurds' gear hasn't arrived yet and they want to use our stuff.

*Harry:* What???? Are you kidding me? Those fuckers want to use our stuff and they're trying to fuck us too? Ain't no way. We go on after Syrup or fuck the gig and fuck the Nurds too.

*Roadie:* Well, there's a good chance we can go on after Syrup if the Nurds' stuff isn't here. We got the upper hand right?

*Harry:* What time will Syrup be off?

*Roadie:* Well, about 1 AM I guess.

*Harry:* All right. Let's go out about a quarter to and storm the stage.

12:30 AM

*Roadie:* Hey man, we can go on after Syrup. It's all cool! (Friendly type person pops head around door.)

*FTP:* Are you guys going on after Syrup?

*Harry:* Yeah why?

*FTP:* Oh nuthin'. I'm with Earache and we were supposed to go on at 4 PM and now it looks like we have to wait until after The Nurds, and that'll be about 4 AM.

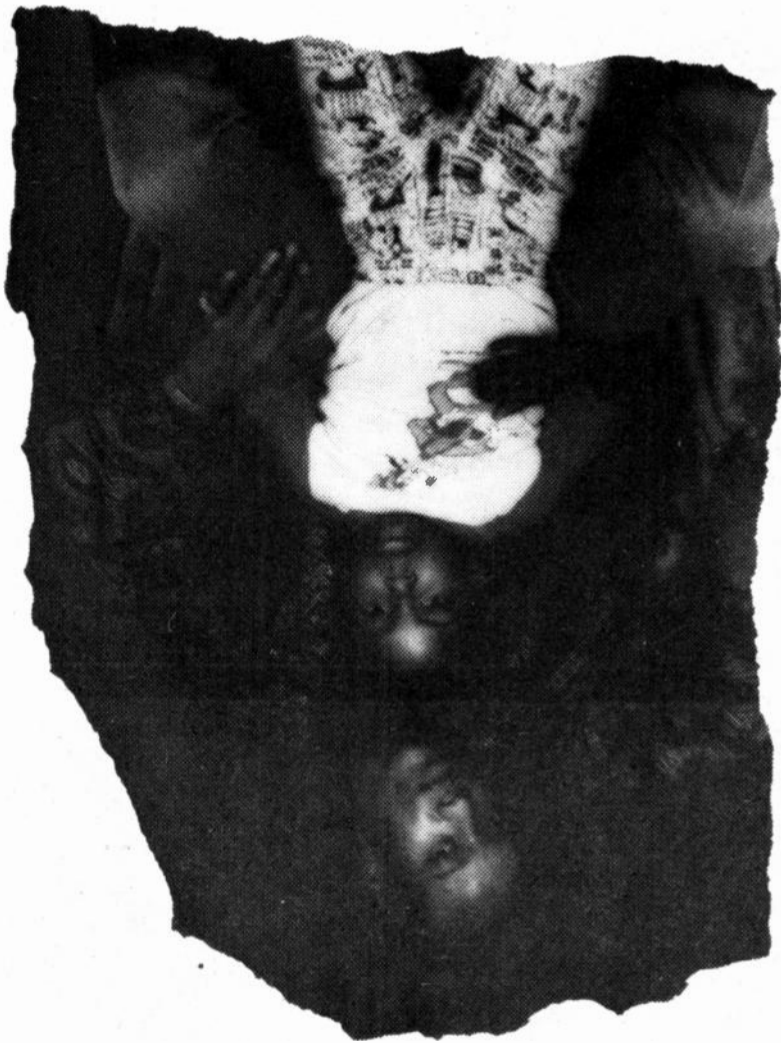
*Harry:* Wow, you're joking! And you're sticking around? Unreal.

And that's the way that went. The stories are true, the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

I guess you want to know who played. Well, I didn't get to see too many bands really. I sallied out to see the Kinks but fled when Ray Davies launched into "BABY FACE" (yes, THAT Baby Face). I felt ill. Someone I know has remarked that the Kinks have lost their teenage grease. Agreed. I didn't see Donovan but

please turn to page 27

It's always good to hear from an old friend.



Like Betty Normark.

Remember last fall when Betty came around with Communicators.

That's when you really knew he had it together.

Now he's back with Understanding.

Group about love. Sharing and getting

meaning and keeping love. "I can understand it."

And I love her. And, please, "Norman" to the

4th St.

Betty Normark, writer singer-producer  
guitarist friend for life.

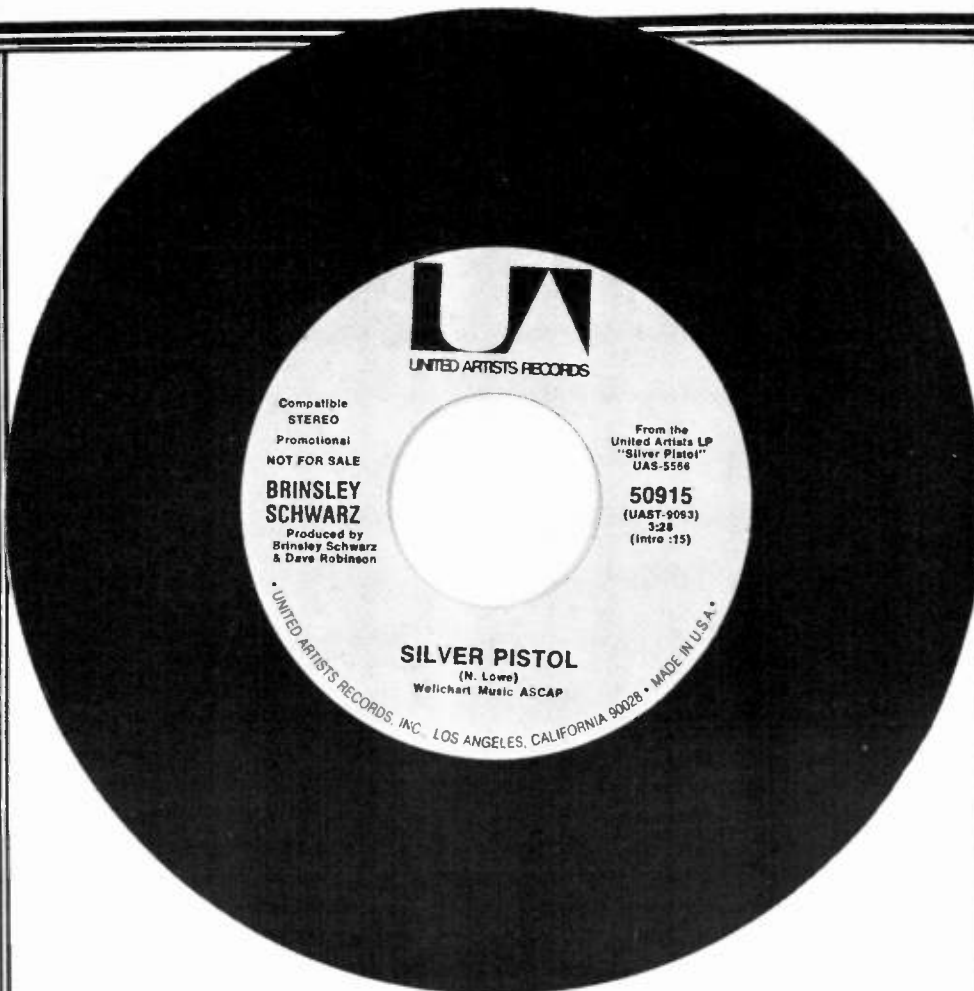
On Amused Artists Record and Tapes.

**NIGHTINGALE**  
(Nick Lowe)  
**BRINSLEY SCHWARZ**  
produced by Brinsley Schwarz  
and Dave Robinson

**Flip: SILVER PISTOL**  
United Artists 50915 Time: 3:00

So, our ears been hustled every which way wit dis Brinsley whats-it's-name band for so long now that I thinks they're either superstars or dead perhaps. Yezzer, dez here's the dude's what were greased over ta our shores two years back for the legendary "Famepushers Hype" which saw the whole passle a limie rock critics, all of 'em mind ya, winned, dined, and flown ta New York City ta catch Brinsley's opening night gig at the Filmore. All this hoopla and super press grease only ta get them reviewer cats there minutes too late for the show; the food stunk and they were flown back to foggy olde with narry a glimmer of that statue, Graham, or Rich Meltzer. What a bummer. Imagine how the dudes felt. Pretty tuff this rock business, and it's gettin' harder.

So we got B.S.'s first LP on the hot Capitol label (the label noted for such buffoons, as Mad River, Neil Merryweather, Lothar & The Hand People, Helen Reddy, and The Spiders) . . . well,



next best thing would be some of that aluminum stuff like Black Sabbath or Hawkwind.

**"Long Cool Woman  
In A Black Dress"**  
(R. Cook, A. Clarke, R. Greenaway)  
**The Hollies**  
Produced by Ron Richard & The Hollies  
**Epic 10871 Time: 3:02**

Hot damn, what's happened is a gracious break in the boredom of 72's rock and roll delirium-madness. Christ, Argent's "Hold Your Head Up High" and particularly "In A Broken Dream" by Python Lee Jackson are the revelations. Like "Little Black Egg," "You're Gonna Miss Me," "Light Bulb Blues," and "Come See Me" by those great black-rock acts of the mid-sixties, these Hollies (who themselves were cut from the same chord) got somethin' fine.

Remember the riff in "Wild Thing" and "You Really Got Me," ya know the stuff that made ya well-up rhythm ya didn't know ya had . . . well, this is more of the same and all 'bout this chick who's slender and yummy like those Mizzes on Silva Thin commercials whose teasing

# 45 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Martin Cerf

it was OK for a bunch of limie cats imitatin' some laid-back, leather-chapped, burly cowpokes. And the second waz 'bout the same. 'Cept for a nose better material (like the great "Love Song"). And with LP dos, Brinsley had all the right session dudes and back-up singers what have held great groups back over here for a life time.

As you can see, this whole rock and roll scene was a pretty dismal can a beans to old Brinsley, and just at the peak of their troubles, well, they got dumped by the dildoes what got them into the whole mess in the first place: Famepushers.

But like the flackery from B.S.'s new company, UA sez they went "from near superstardom to near starvation" and they're somewhere in the middle at the present. And then there's the matter of the band's third LP, "SILVER PISTOL" . . . mmmm, that's a fine one. And the best of the best, the single, "Nightingale" is the main reason for our taste buds all a twitchin'.

What this be is one of them there simple three chord numbers in 3/4 time that hits ya over the head about twice a year. Last ones I recall were "Mr. Bojangles" by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and "Moon Shadow" by Cat Stevens. Stuff like this is a slice of pure top forty American pie: guaranteed to flutter even the hearts of those 13-year-old young ladies in Dubuque, whose only vice be four legged animals.

Reason would point to Nick Lowe for the superlative transition the band has underwent. Brilliant lyrically, Lowe's "Nightingale" weaves a summer tale for the tiredest among you.

"Last night I heard a nightingale that sang not three yards from my door/He did it so sweet and low/I thought I must be dreaming for she and me were dead" . . .

"Nightingale" like all of the tunes from SILVER PISTOL was recorded live in the group's living room: which would mean we should keep away from this LP at all costs, normally, due to inferior recording techniques, but ah-hah . . . lo and behold, it's all right after all . . . and lucky for us. Don't rightly know how sincere the cat was when he was layin' all the rap on us, but the poop-sheet from UA quacks, "Nightingale worked particularly well because it was just the feeling we had in the house at the time." — sez Brinsley.

OK, so if you're into sloppy romances this summer, then "Nightingale" will turn the trick. And if you're not, well, the



powers transcend any of that "hands off" malarkie old Gloria Steinam's been layin' down. (I'd like to see Gloria, Katie Millet and Germaine Greerform a combo . . . and parody B. Scott's "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother" . . . The Female Eunuch indeed . . .)

So, The Hollies have shuffled around again, now Allen Clarke joins Graham Nash on the shelf . . . Without Clarke and Nash I was all ready ta write off The Hollies the same way you'd cancel The



A vintage shot of the Hollies (Circa 1965)—Graham Nash front-center.



So, if you're into sloppy romances this summer, then "Nightingale" will turn the trick. And if you're not, well, the next best thing would be some of that aluminum stuff like Black Sabbath or Hawkwind.

Dreamers without Freddie or The Pace-makers without Gerry or The Hermits without Herman or Helen without Reddy. But, nah, it's OK cuz ya can't tell the difference anyway . . . now it's Ron Richards at the helm (mebbe I got my info wrong though cuz Clarke is credited as one of the writers of this side). The Hollies have had a hard time following up their hits . . . like "Carrie-Ann" — they had some great tunes subsequently, "Jennifer Eckels," "King Midas In Reverse," "Dear Eloise" (great), "Sorry Suzanne," "Do The Best You Can," all of which are top forty classics worthy of any position in the top ten. Then there was "He Ain't Heavy's" follow-ups, "I Can't Tell The Bottom From The Top" and "The Baby" which, when compared to the weight of those other follow-ups (and B sides) don't quite match-up but still, they're no less worthy. Now I think "Long Cool Woman" is a smash and let's hope our cool, hip, ever superior prodigies at CBS don't shit-off it's follow-up.

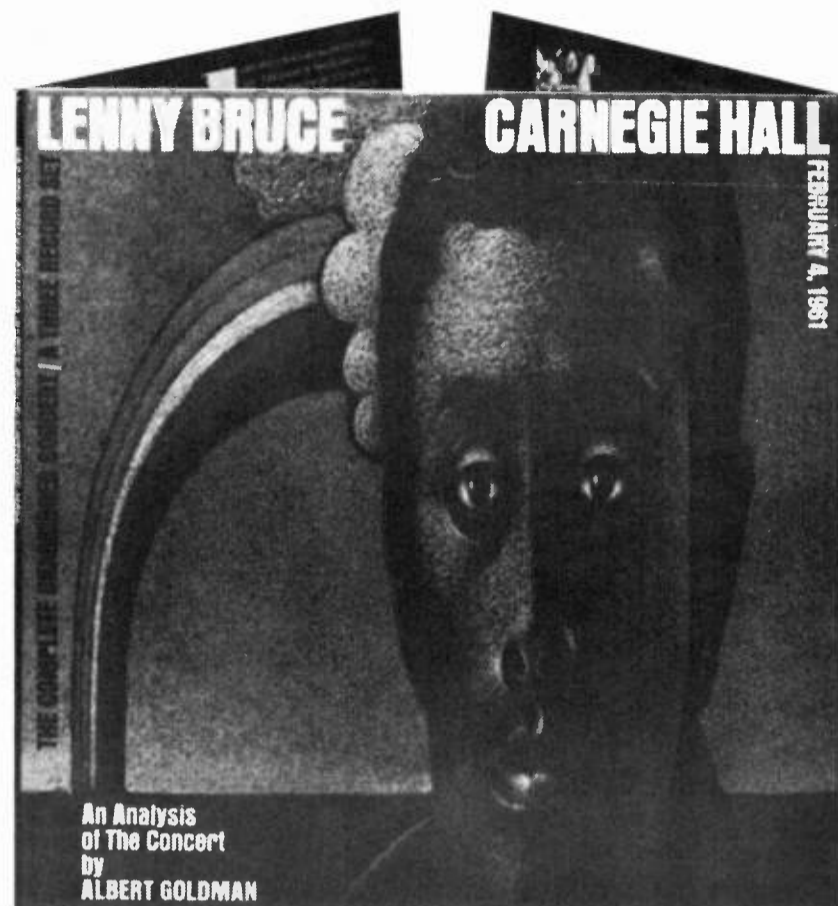
Don't cha pass on this one. If ya do, ya might never get another chance.

On February 4, 1961, at midnight at Carnegie Hall, with a blizzard howling outside, Lenny Bruce turned in perhaps his greatest performance ever. What follows is Albert Goldman's account of the action. Charging out onstage, he almost flipped. Hey there! WOW! What a scene! Hundreds, thousands of people stacked up in those old-fashioned horseshoe balconies. Why, it was the George Gershwin story! The Yascha Heifetz story! Throwing up his beautiful hands

before his face, popping his fingers in ecstasy, Lenny seized the mike and started off with a burst of energy that did not exhaust itself until well past 2 A.M., by which time he had run through a dozen of his latest routines, improvised material he didn't know he had in his head, while lecturing the audience intermittently on moral philosophy, patriotism, the flag, homosexuality, Jewishness, humor, communism, Kennedy, Eisenhower, drugs, venereal disease, the

Internal Revenue Service, Shelly Berman and a recent operation which Lenny had undergone to remove a bone splinter from his hip. It was an astonishing performance, equal to the occasion that produced it, and it was all copied down on a tape, which is

finally being unwound for the public in this album. **Lenny Bruce/Carnegie Hall/February 4, 1961/The Complete Unabridged Concert/A Three record set from United Artists Records. UAS-9800**



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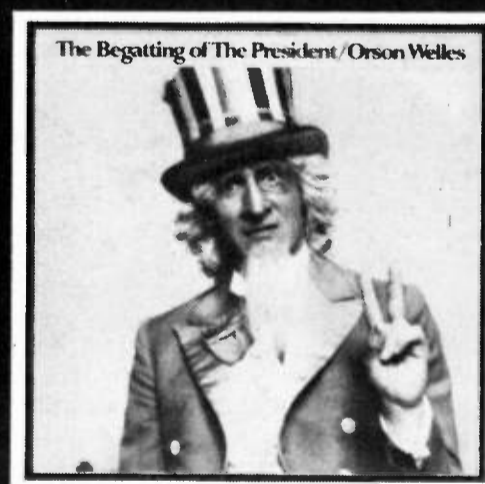
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# Orson Welles

"Now Nixon came unto the people... and he cried out to them... 'I am the re-election and right... Wherefore loveth me. Feed my sheep and get ye unto the precincts and baptize the unbelievers in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spiro.' And it came to pass that the voters blessed him... and the suburbs cheered him... Wherefore verily I say unto you my brethren, let us pray."\*

\*©1969. Myron Roberts, Lincoln Haynes, and Sasha Gilien.



# The Begatting of The President

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United Artists Records and Tapes

# Sliding Down Easy

## THE EVERLY BROTHERS

a brief outline on the decline of the everly's by Jeff Walker

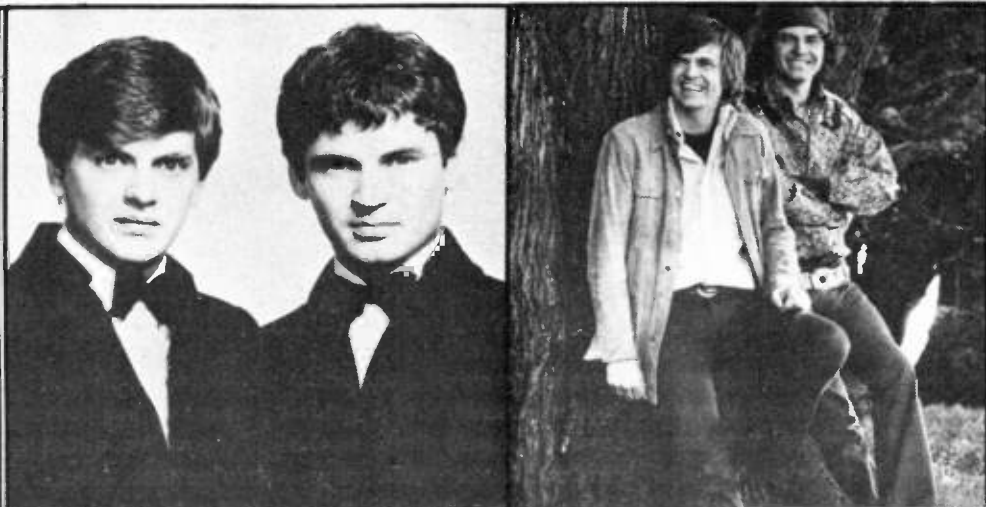
This very moment you may be wondering why the hell you're reading an article on the Everly Brothers; if so, bear with me. I'll tell you why I bothered. Initially, it should be known, I've always had an affection for the Everly's music — the pleasure of it being a part of my early life, the feeling some of their old material still gives me, their (still) unique vocal harmony and even the historical perspective the Everly Brothers fall into. Don and Phil, along with Buddy Holly and Chuck Berry, were really the first artists to capture rural or ethnic music and make it palatable to the masses. It's no exaggeration to credit these folks with inspiring the playing and singing style of the Beatles, and all who followed. Given that fact, the question which remains is 'is there any need for the continued professional existence of the Everly Brothers?'

As for the Everlys there's no question of the need. Currently, they're nigh onto their second comeback. Their first occurred a few seasons ago when they hosted Johnny Cash's television show for the summer. Since then they, for all intents and purposes, have been fairly inactive musically. According to Don, being in front of a nationwide audience and hearing the screams of young girls again was too much. The Everly's weren't looking for a replay. Hence, when the show ended, the Everlys took another hiatus — time in which to decline once again to the grey area. There they hoped to lose the stigma all ex-champions must share: the public continues to cheer, but for what they once were, not what they are.

The last LP released before this reclusive period, "ROOTS" was possibly the Everly's finest complete work. It was a relatively pure mixture of new and old, plus recordings of Don and Phil as kids on their parents radio program. It was very much like Dylan's "SELF PORTRAIT" conceptually and was executed equally as well, but "ROOTS" was released with minimal promotion, received little airplay and the Everlys were, at that point content to let it die. It remains the closest thing to an ultimate "modern" Everly Brothers' record (if indeed there could be one).

After "ROOTS" Don and Phil were bored with their work at Warner Brothers, they were dissatisfied with the company itself. Don did record a solo album for Lou Adler's Ode label during this transitional period, but it took a good three years and a switch to RCA in order to lure the both of them back into a recording studio. Now, a year later, their first RCA album is two months old. Don and Phil are popping up on all our favorite talk shows and have even made appearances on Johnny Mann's weekly flag-waver, "Stand Up and Cheer" (ugh) and at the Miss U.S.A. Pageant. Indeed, there is a whole tangled web of managers, record companies, and personal differences trying desperately to open up whatever markets there are for the Everlys. The confusing and demeaning part of the whole Everly situation is they have to sell themselves, and in an attempt to get their new music heard and stay alive in the meantime, they are spreading themselves too thin. By holding onto an older audience while trying to capture a new one, they could lose both.

In the past month I've heard the Everlys speak at a monthly seminar for broadcasting students at RCA, seen them live at the Palomino in Burbank, Calif., heard their new record, "STORIES WE COULD TELL," and spoke to their individual managers. At the seminar, Don and Phil were emphatic about their desire to be

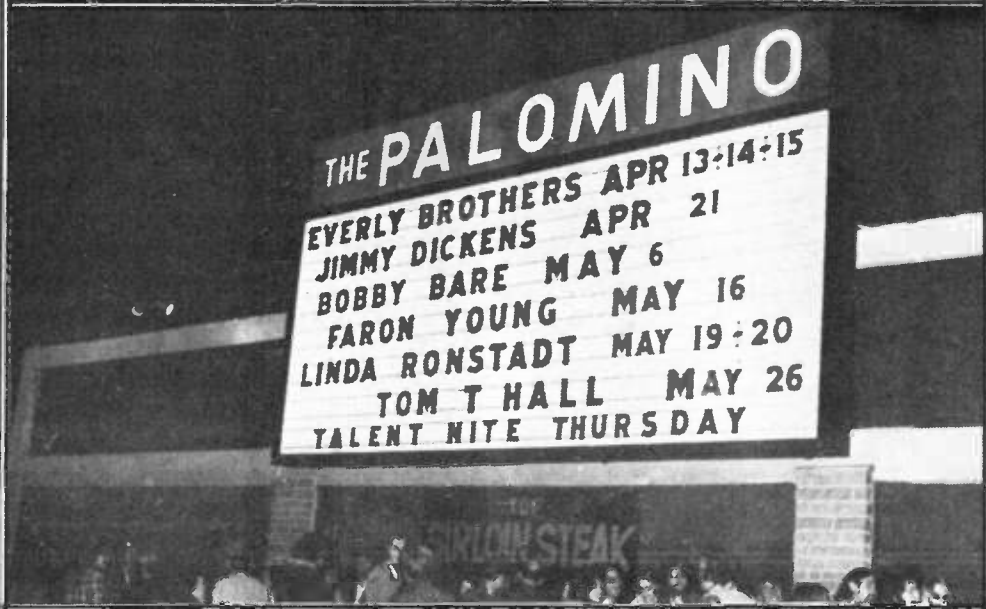


Our boys are shown in a Warner Bros. publicity shot circa 1965 at the left. On the right our heroes, slightly tired, slightly hip, are captured by the RCA cameras today. (Phil—left, Don—right).

accepted and appreciated for the music they are presently making. Not that they wish to denounce their past, but simply they would rather not be trapped in it. They feel their music heading somewhere different now and at least worthy of objective consideration. That's fine. Honorable, but their performances at the Palomino coupled with their new record reflect inconsistency. Who is the Everly's audience? I doubt if Don and Phil have the slightest idea, realistically.

Honestly, I expected a certain amount of oldies from the Brothers at the Palomino, but I went hoping the Everlys to unveil the new direction they spoke of at RCA. Well, all but four songs were Everly hits. They were sung in the Everly manner, but with very little spirit and a much-amplified, pretty sloppy back-up group. The majority of the Palomino's audience (a hip shitkicker room for the swinger-country fan in the San Fernando Valley) did come to hear oldies, of course, and weren't particularly interested in new material or in buying records, but they couldn't have been pleased with the versions played that night. And those who came to hear where the Everlys are now could not walk away even curious about "SONGS WE COULD SING."

It is no coincidence, I'm sure; that many of the faults with the Everlys live performance are repeated on the new record. Though it doesn't contain any oldies (unless you count "Green River"), the choice of material and the production values bespeak the same reluctance to commit themselves to an audience. The Everlys covered the album all the way around. Not only did Paul Rothchild produce it, but if you name the first fifteen musicians that come to your mind, you'll have a pretty good idea who else is on this record. (Start with Bramlett, Cooder, Crosby, Ethridge and go through the alphabet.) It seems they all heard the Everly Brothers were recording and dropped by to get their licks in. The result is, again, just too many cooks; the harmonies are played down, the vocals often drowned out and the production increased. Somewhere along the line all those musicians must have forgotten they were working on an Everly Brothers record. The only tune recorded outside the studio, with only essential instrumentation was the title song, "STORIES WE COULD TELL." Written by John Sebastian and recorded live in his living room, it is the simplest, most authentic Everly's track on the record.



Phil (top left) and Don (top right) are shown in the studio during the recording of "STORIES WE COULD TELL." The marquee at the okie-haven for Southern Californians, The Palomino, supports an out-of-place Everly's atop Jimmy Dickens, Bobby Bare, and Faron Young. Linda Ronstadt??

The Everlys have, unfortunately, always been dependent on others for their material. Though they have written several of their best songs and the three included on "STORIES" are good, their progress has generally been limited to the choice and performance of their repertoire. "STORIES WE COULD TELL" is no exception. That, almost crippling, limitation combined with the restrictions imposed by their own audience, the Everlys undercut themselves even more by selecting a set of relatively innocuous songs; almost trading their own standards for someone else's. Cover versions of Kristofferson's "Breakdown" and Jesse Winchester's "Brand New Tennessee Waltz," three songs by Dennis Linde that I still can't tell apart, a token Delaney and Bonnie tune and Rod Stewart's "Mandolin Wind." The word that best describes the LP is "safe." The inclusion of those musicians and the decision to use familiar material was an obvious attempt to boost sales, and from what I hear, it's working (62,000 copies in two months). But, as a result, the Everlys have given us a fairly lifeless record; nothing approaching the raunchiness or shock value of a "Bird Dog" or the real feelings that allowed "So Sad" or "All I Have To Do Is Dream" to surpass their own prettiness.

It's tough that in order to be heard or sell records the Everly Brothers have to follow trends where once they set them, but that paradox is commonplace, especially in America. I realize the problem is as much the audience's as the Everly's. American audiences are impatient and accept change only if it's forced down its gullet. The Beatles kept us begging for more, but most other successful artists are hard-put to enforce any kind of growth. I was present at a Beach Boys' concert at Carnegie Hall last year where the audience was openly hostile and unwilling to even listen to new material, and it has been almost five years since "SMILEY SMILE" enabled the Beach Boys to overcome their past and start making artistic breakthroughs. At this concert, though, they were literally forced to perform a show of golden-oldies by a nostalgia-crazed audience. If the Beach Boys haven't beat the dual-audience problem in five years then we can hardly expect the Everly Brothers to do so in one try. Even Bob Dylan felt that at his last two public appearances it would be best to perform early songs. It is easier on those who come to listen, but it requires the artist to keep his experimenting to himself. This is no problem to such as the Beach Boys who are all capable of composing damn good music and as a group are able to express it in its highest terms, but it discourages the Everly Brothers from experimenting anywhere until they can re-establish themselves.

The trick is to accomplish those things without compromising the Everly Brothers out of existence. "STORIES WE COULD TELL" was not cut under the most lax of situations which accounts for its shortcomings. It is selling, though, slowly, but steadily, so plans to record separate solo records in the meantime have been shelved and another joint Everly record should be out in September. It will be much simpler. Don and Phil will be accompanied by the band they're touring with, but the concentration will be on acoustic sounds and the songs will mostly be Everly originals. If "STORIES WE COULD TELL" opens the door to some really creative recordings, it will have been worth whatever concessions they've made.

However, there's still the problem of deciding who they want to reach with  
please turn to page 27

# THE ROOTS OF IKE TURNER

BY COLMAN ANDREWS

Ike Turner's roots are *blues* roots. That's obvious, right? You hardly need some wise-ass young punk kid writer in good old PRM to lay that on you. You don't even really need the title of Ike's new album (which happens to be "*BLUES ROOTS*") to make that clear. But that's the point of this brief essay: that Ike Turner has a new album (*sans* Tina, in a manner of speaking) and that it's not only *called* "*BLUES ROOTS*," but it's *about* blues roots.

It's not an old-time country blues lp, by any means ("*Ike Turner Sings Mance Lipscomb*" or some such thing), and it's not even a carefully-Turnered translation of the tough urban blues styles Ike (like so many of his contemporaries) grew up with. A lot of the material on the album is his own; a lot of it came from the R&B traditions of the fifties and sixties — Chuck Willis and Lloyd Price, for instance. There is a Willie Dixon song, and Eddie Jones' "*The Things I Used To Do (I Don't Do No More)*" is present in all its mournful glory, but still, this isn't — as some people apparently thought it was going to be — a homage to old blues or a re-reading of songs made famous by the giants of that great American art form. It is, instead, plainly and simply, Ike Turner in 1972 (well . . . in 1971 and 1972, since it was partially recorded last year) — Ike Turner fed, made strong, nourished, built up mightily by his roots, by the musical experiences from which he has come. Roots are the tree's contact with the earth, with the soil; the tree itself grows higher and higher.

Ike Turner was born in Clarksdale, Mississippi. Somewhere around the age of six or so, he discovered pianos. "*I didn't even really know what a piano was*," he's said. "*All I knew was that when I pushed down on the keys it made a sound I liked.*" A neighbor of his family's had a piano, and she arranged a trade deal with young Ike: if he'd chop wood for her, then he could wash up and come inside and bang away at her piano.

It may have been just indiscriminate banging at first, but Ike soon taught himself to pick out a few songs — "*Blues in the Night*," among others. He asked his mother to buy him a piano (a major investment, to say the least), but it simply wasn't possible at first. It's amazing what mothers can work out, though, and Ike recalls "*When school was out one year, I came home with my report card full of good grades. I walked into the house and there it was . . . a brand new piano and she said it was all mine! That was the real beginning of my career.*"

He had a full-time piano to work with now, and work he did. He loved to enter-

tain, and, as he gained some musical proficiency, he started playing publicly, in front of anyone who would listen.

By the time he got out of high school, he was just plain *good*, and it didn't surprise his friends and relatives and schoolmates (who had had the benefits of free Ike Turner shows for some years) when he decided to form a band. He called it "*The Kings of Rhythm*" — a name which was to have long life, indeed, as Ike (and later, Ike and Tina) grew more popular, more successful on every level.

Ike and his band recorded a solid R&B hit called *Rocket 88* in Memphis and later toured the country backing performers like Howlin' Wolf and B.B. King. In 1951, Turner recorded with Ben Burton's Orchestra on the RPM label, and then cut dates for such stalwart companies as Kent, Flair, and Chess.

In 1956, in St. Louis, Ike met ("*through very unique circumstances*") a young girl from Brownsville, Texas,

named Annie Mae Bullock. She sang a few numbers with the group and then, before too very long, became an integral part of it. From that time hence, it's been difficult to speak of Ike Turner alone; the very phrase "Ike and Tina" (for Annie Mae Bullock became Annie Mae Turner and then Tina Turner) has come to be synonymous with the powerful, electric sensuality of the finest in R&B music.

On singles like "*Do You Mean It?*" and "*You Made My Blood Run Cold*," recorded for Federal in the mid-fifties, Ike is accompanied by one Annie Mae Turner on piano. By the time the duo moved to Sue in 1959, it was strictly Ike and Tina. They cut side after side of superbly rhythmic, rocking blues — songs like "*A Fool In Love*" (which Tina sang by accident when the scheduled vocalist failed to show up for the session, and which went on to become Ike and Tina's first million-seller), "*Don't Play Me Cheap*," "*Mojo Queen*," "*Gonna Find Me*

*A Substitute*," "*I'm Gonna Cut You Loose*," "*Good Good Loving*," and two different versions of "*I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine*" which has remained one of their signature standards), one of which also featured McHouston Baker and Sylvia Vanderpool, known in some circles as Mickey and Sylvia.

Later, there were some fine records for Warner Brothers, like the justly-famous "*Finger Poppin'*." Then, something of a turning point — the Phil Spector production of "*River Deep, Mountain High*," which, it has been said, "*married Ike and Tina's earthy electricity with Mr. Spector's celestial mechanics, to understandably high-voltage effect.*" Like so many American blues and R&B performers, though, they suffered the ironic fate of being smash hits in England but of attracting rather minimal mass audience response in the U.S. The Rolling Stones tour of 1969/1970 changed that (ironically, again), and, from the time they've been signed to United Artists, they've had a good deal less trouble in attracting the kind of response they so richly deserve.

One complaint about the group, though, which has been voiced by more than one writer, is the fact that Tina's undeniably incredible appearance and wide range of talents has been featured so heavily that it has been — to the careless listener especially — difficult, at times, to be cognizant of Ike at all. I mean, with someone like Tina up front (and *very* up front, it might be added), who can be blamed for not always noticing that sly, slight gentleman in the background?

But trained ears — ears that know how to separate an overall musical experience into its component parts — have always known, have always heard and seen what Ike Turner was about. Listen to his clean, fluid, economically perfect guitar lines. Hear the rich masculinity of his occasionally-heard singing voice, or listen to the grinning humor of the remarks he throws in behind, in front of, and all around his wife and partner as she sings.

Better still, listen to Ike Turner on his own, reaching forth from his above-mentioned blues roots. I mean, I love Tina as much as anybody (which is quite a bit, I guess). But this is a whole other thing. Something different, something strong, something passionately creative. And, the funny thing is that — if you haven't really been aware of Ike's considerable contributions to the music of Ike and Tina in the past — this album should turn you around a bit. Listen to his uniquely mighty music, both for its own fine virtues and so that you might better hear his part in all those devastating Ike and Tina records you've been loving for so long.

"Trained ears, ears that know how to separate an overall musical experience into its component parts, have always known, have always heard and seen what Ike Turner was about. Listen to his clean, fluid, economically perfect guitar lines on *BLUES ROOTS* for example." — Colman Andrews (Photos by Norman Seeff)



*more YOUNG FOLKIE HEROS FROM orange county*

# KENNY LOGGINS AND JIM MESSINA

**BY AL PARACHINI**



Yes, yet another hot duo from the depths of Los Angeles' suburbs. One-half the act familiar, the other not so familiar. We've traced the Sunshine Company, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, The Buffalo Springfield, Jackson Browne, Poco, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young — Now we recycle once again, Hully Gully "round da room once more" — Hence; Loggins and Messina, and it's not all that bad either.

It is 7 p.m. and Kenny Loggins is pushing his brand new Saab 99 up the Pacific Coast Highway in Huntington Beach, Calif., looking for an obscure Mexican restaurant he has never seen. He doesn't even know the name of it.

Time is of the essence, since Loggins and his current creative partner, Jim Messina, are due to start a gig at a Huntington Beach club called the *Golden Bear* (that, by the way, is California's state nickname) in less than two hours.

As the car is new, so is Kenny Loggins' new-found place at the relative top of the musical heap. The thrust to the summit came suddenly for him and Messina, although Messina, as a former member of the Buffalo Springfield and Poco, finds the territory more familiar.

The restaurant is at last found, the confusion caused by the fact that Messina is the only one of the crew going out for dinner who knows: a—where the restaurant is, and b—its name. He is, unfortunately, riding in a separate car.

At last, Messina, Loggins and assorted friends can sit down for a brief meal of unmentionable cuisine. They are free for the moment to reflect on new-found success and old experience.

They have just concluded a seven-week tour with Delaney and Bonnie and their assorted friends, a tour which was made possible by a premier gig for Loggins and Messina at Doug Weston's Los Angeles club, The Troubadour, a gig which proved Loggins and Messina so equal to the challenge of modern-day music business competition that they instantly rose from the category "obscure" to the category "familiar."

The seven-week stretch was the longest period Loggins had ever been on the road at once. Unlike Messina, Loggins is finding the mysteries of touring almost entirely new.

A respected veteran of the Los Angeles music scene, Kenny Loggins had previously been a songwriter and/or session singer. He gave "House at Pooh Corner" to the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and had established a name as a composer of fine songs.



Above—Jim Messina, Right—Kenny Loggins



Photos by Al Parachini

***"JIM'S A VÊRY PURE, VÊRY HONEST, VÊRY SINCERE SLAVE DRIVER"***

Messina, on the other hand, had taken to the road again almost by accident. After a stretch with Poco, he had quit the group to devote the majority of his effort to production, planning to spend a period outside the realm of active musicianship.

The pair met at the Hollywood studios of Columbia Records, got to know one another and decided to record an album. The recording involved is a plainly commercial effort, but it joins the sound Messina had so skillfully developed as a member of both the Buffalo Springfield and Poco and the songs for which Kenny Loggins has long had a warm place in the hearts of people who knew his writing, even in passing.

The result of the meeting and recording, called "SITTIN' IN," had been released early this year.

But it was not until weeks later when Loggins and Messina opened the Troubadour that anyone really got wind of the creative mating that had taken place months before.

"Right now, I'm learning a lot," said Loggins, munching on a taco. "There are no contracts between Jimmy and me. We're two solo artists who did one album together and it's all just grown from there."

At the moment, the Loggins-Messina "arrangement" is scheduled to continue through the recording of one more album. The future then is open to speculation.

"Jim's a very pure, very honest, very sincere slave driver... an incredible perfectionist," smiled Loggins. "I think what we were trying to do when we started has worked musically very well. That doesn't mean I'm content. I think you always want to do better. But I think the power of the act is coming across."

Loggins said he was, frankly, surprised that the live performance capability of Loggins and Messina developed as well as it did. "I don't mean to run down the album, but on stage, you can communicate so much better than you can in the studio. There are no baffles and screens. It's just you."

Although the "SITTIN' IN" album was recorded using the so-called "live shot" technique, in which instruments and voices are all recorded together at once, Loggins said the ability to join in a spontaneous stage effort created a spark that the band really had not thought was there.

At least part of the credit, according to Loggins, falls to the side musicians he and Messina assembled for recording the album and, later, to play the live gigs on the road.

To the disinterested observer, these four side men bring the whole thing together, giving substance to the claim that Loggins and Messina is not just two solo artists on stage together but a working group which is, in fact, a better-working group than most bands that are intentionally formed to play live.

Of these four, horn-flute player Jon Clarke is probably the most obviously important, although according to Loggins, all four side men have risen to the change from session hired hands to band members admirably.

There has been no musical friction in the group and Loggins gets away with joking that "we all know that Jimmy's always right" in a way which indicates that friction really isn't there.

Messina, for his part, has watched the turn of Loggins-Messina into a budding major act attraction with somewhat less surprise than his partner.

"I wasn't really surprised that our ability to perform turned out as well as it did because it's kind of what I had expected after we got into recording the album."

"There was a natural respect for each other that has to be maintained before you get out on stage. After we had been together long enough to do the album, we got to know one another musically."

"After that, the challenge to making something like this happen becomes the audience itself."

Messina sees the Loggins-Messina touring that has so far occurred as "the greatest live experience I've ever had."

"It was the only one I've been on where everybody was smiling at the end."

The success of the Loggins-Messina partnership has, in fact, convinced Messina to modify his plans to spend a career as a producer. "I think you've got to be able to get out and show the people what you're doing. I'd like to experience all the things I ask people to do as a producer."

"I think if I can do that, it will eliminate a lot of the bullshit in this business."

"I think in this business today, you can't differentiate between producing and performing. It's really all one thing."

Messina said his long-term plans have not really changed. In general, he wants his own label, studio and production company.

"But after 18 months, I can still say that this is the funnest thing I've ever done. I think we're still on the same level personally. It wasn't that way in Poco."

Messina sees more potential to the Loggins-Messina partnership than one more album.

"I think we want to get a feeling from a consumer standpoint before we make definite plans beyond another album. We want to find out what is economically and aesthetically possible."

The difference in experience and background between Loggins and Messina becomes most apparent when the subject of the partnership's continuing existence is discussed, especially in light of future recording plans.

Loggins is nervous about the next album, which he notes will have to be cut under considerably more pressure than was "SITTIN' IN" a recording to which a period of several months was devoted.

Loggins sees the next recording as more difficult. Messina, on the other hand, with a number of albums for several successful groups under his belt, does not appear overly concerned.

There is a significant possibility that Loggins-Messina, a partnership which was born of frustration, may end in frustration with the inability to make as good a recording as the principals feel is necessary.

Loggins, who had spent a period of years fanatically avoiding a recording contract, signed with Columbia because he was alarmed at what was being done with his songs by many of the individuals and groups which were recording them.

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## A PRM CONSUMER AFFAIRS REPORT

In the interests of responsible journalism, and for the greater glory of The Forgotten Man of Music (the record consumer himself), PRM has asked its resident panel of experts, authorities, and exponents to independently test a new product, *EXILE ON MAIN STREET* by The Rolling Stones, and to report candidly on its findings. The results are these:

It sounds like a band trying to imitate the Stones, but it's really a new invention of Madame Tussaud's — singing wax figures, playing wax music. Gobbitch.

—Ed Ward

It's the most *unfunny* thing I can think of, and I really don't know what the solution is.

—Lester Bangs

I won't tell you *exactly* how much it cost all I know is it took a lot of time and a lot of bread. Under \$700,000 and over \$300,000. We'll let you guess!

—Marshall Chess

Like the Elvis Presley movies of the middle sixties, The Rolling Stones have realized their true worth. It's tuff to strive for perfection, and maybe that was Brian's personal neurosis. I've not been as excited about an album since *SURVIVAL*. No matter, it's already RIAA certified gold. "*What can a poor boy do.*"

—Bobby Abrams

Well er uh. . .mmm, it's a, well what I mean is, duh, like it's better than the new Randalls Island LP — But, uh, not as hot as Dust's new *HARD ATTACK*. And "*Happy*" beats the shit out of "*Un Pozuito Mas*," off "*THE WORLD OF STEVE & EDYIE*". But gimme "*Commeil Faut*" with Ornette Colman anytime.

—Martin R. Cerf

I think anyone who could mention the Rolling Stones in the same breath as Grand Funk at this point is absolutely out of their mind. Grand Funk are a thousand times better, infinitesimally more exciting, and they're also a spontaneous, unself-conscious rock and roll band, which is something the Stones haven't been in years. And as far as the subject of doddering washed-up arthritic rest home candidates posing as an R&R band goes, I think I'll let it pass. I hate *EXILE ON MAIN STREET*. It's the first double album from a name band I've ever heard without a single decent cut, and that has got to be some sort of a first. The subject of the Emperor's Clothes comes to mind, but I think I'll let it pass too. I hate the current Rolling Stones & Friends, nee the Rolling Stones, because they're a travesty of everything they once stood for. Period.

—Mike Saunders





Photo by Norman Seeff

"Hey Mick, whaddaya wanna use on this track?"

"Well Jimmy, I think we oughta have Bobby's sax, the Otis Redding horn treatment, the Dixie Hummingbirds, Tammi Lynn and whatever other broads we can dig up, piano, maybe an orchestra, and overdub everything twice for that raw, blaring zonker effect."

"But that's exactly what we did on the last nine tracks! Don't you think it might get tedious?"

"If Phil Spector can get away with it, so can I!"

"Okay, it's your show..." —Greg Shaw

I love the T-Shirt.

—Mike Ochs

An old American truism, and it's as good today as it ever was: *Keep your eye on the ball.*

—John Gibson

The Stones are better than Christopher Milk. The Stones are better than Les McCann. The Stones are better than a 1972 Coupe de Ville. The Stones are better than a case of Chateau Trotanoy, 1964.

Turn next page

Ya know that dude on da cover wit da balls in his mouth — well, if he were alive and if we could get Jagger's *whole* head in his chops and if he gagged, choked and croaked then we'd have *two* stiffs rather than *juz* one.

—Richard Meltzer

This is not the work of inspired songwriters and instrumentalists, and it sounds as if it were mixed in an electric blender.

—Jim Bickhart

The Rolling Stones are *still* the greatest rock and roll group in the world. And maybe they had to wait two years to reassure us, but they still are and geez, don't it feel good?

—Danny Suggerman  
Westchester High School





Photo by Norman Seeff

# The Rolling Stones Exile on Main Street

The Stones are not better than Fink Bread. The Stones are not better than Keith Jarrett. The Stones are not better than a 1948 Coupe de Ville. The Stones are not better than a case of Chateau Petit-Village, 1945.

Nobody's perfect.

—Colman Andrews

The logical extension of *Jamming With Edward*.

—Johnny Teen

That's it fellas, show the world you can jam with the best of 'em. The people will still love you anyway.

—Rob Houghton

This album is intriguing and the group has potential. I would like to see them live.

—Al Parachini

Their best album since *BLONDE ON BLONDE*. A new triumph. Brian Jones' guitar work on this album is legendary.

—Bob Chorush

"Just keep playing *"Rip That Joint."* Which ranks right up there with *"Jenny Take A Ride."*

—Mike Gormeley

"As decadent as a Parisian whore."

—Patrick Salvo

Great records like great deeds need no trumpets.

—Stan Findelle

*The Greatest Rock and Roll Band In the World?* Yawn.

Just imagine what Mick Jagger is going to spend *HIS* portion of your eight bucks on; better you should get some for yourself. If you've gotta have this record, steal it; but it ain't worth the karma.

—Jeff Walker

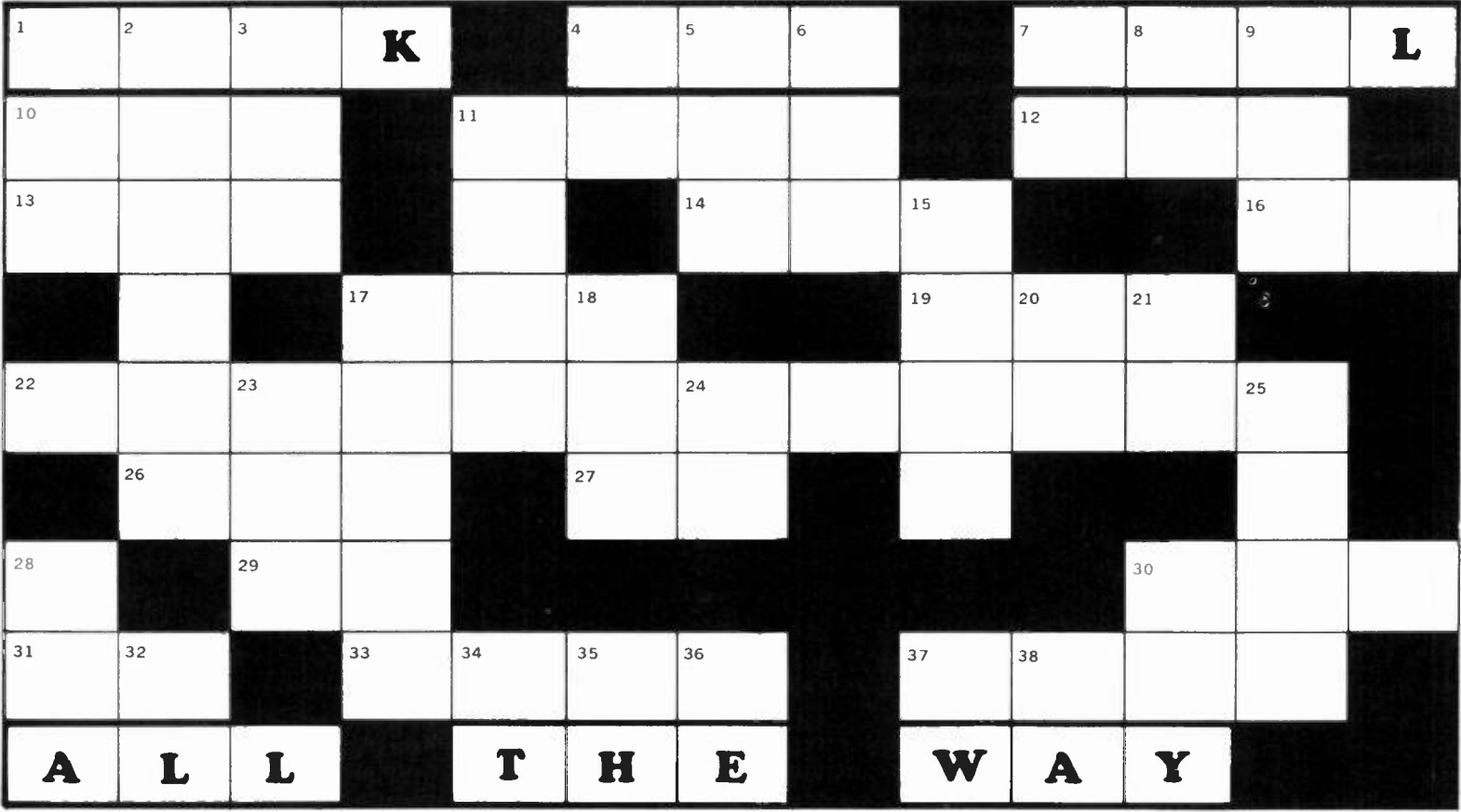
An unfortunately pretentious and 2nd rate LP by a bunch of Beasties who can obviously do much better. It ought to sell like hot cakes!

—David Rension

"*EXILE ON MAIN STREET*" completes the final phase of the Rolling Stones' deterioration since *BETWEEN THE BUTTONS*. *BEGGAR'S BANQUET* demonstrated that the Stones were not able to make a solid album without their ace producer Andrew Oldham, and now *"Tumbling Dice"* is the last stage of Stones' self-indulgence without redeeming social merit, the single that isn't even worth its weight in cocaine."

—Jon Tiven

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When you've completed the above Stones crossword, read top three lines across and bottom three lines across together for Gary Von Tersch's observation of the Rolling Stone's "Exile on Main Street" LP.

#### ACROSS CLUES

- East Los Angeles (Abb.)
- "Not Fade \_\_\_\_\_"
- "Don't \_\_\_\_\_ Bother Me"
- Pesticide (Abb.)
- Place to sit in church
- Musical note
- How Frazier won his last bout
- "Poison \_\_\_\_\_"
- "(\_\_\_\_\_) I can't Get No"
- Slang for who was "standing in the shadows"
- Musical note
- "If You Need \_\_\_\_\_"
- Krazy
- Alcoholics Anonymous (Abb.)
- What Rachel Cade had a lot of (Pl.)
- "It's All \_\_\_\_\_ Now"

#### DOWN CLUES

- "Little \_\_\_\_\_ Rooster"
- Stones producer
- "Stray \_\_\_\_\_ Blues"
- \_\_\_\_\_ shucks
- Old bluesman: \_\_\_\_\_ py Brown
- Tie-\_\_\_\_\_ shirts
- Cola drink with initials
- "\_\_\_\_\_ Carol"
- "Congratu\_\_\_\_\_ ions"
- What Noah had (Pl.)
- "Play \_\_\_\_\_ Fire"
- "Good \_\_\_\_\_, Bad \_\_\_\_\_"
- "\_\_\_\_\_ the Hook"
- Short for Vivian
- "\_\_\_\_\_ u Better Move On"
- \_\_\_\_\_ cat
- First alphabet letter (twice)
- Close to
- Add one more to 24 down
- Opens a door
- Short for Alvin
- "\_\_\_\_\_ 's All Over Now"
- New Hampshire (Abb.)
- Direction
- "It's All Over N \_\_\_\_\_"
- Virginia (Abb.)



# JAZZ

BY COLMAN ANDREWS

The news of the month is actually the news of the last six months or so. Jazz on record is *back*, absolutely back. Reissue series are appearing, seemingly, weekly (RCA, Columbia, UA, Capitol, Fantasy/Verve, etc., with a major re-presentation of the Verve catalogue reportedly underway yet again, though who can say for sure?), small, specialized jazz labels — new and established — are surviving handily, if not exactly thriving (Delmark, Groove Merchant, Black Jazz, etc., and — saints preserve us! — rumor has it that ESP is breathing still, despite dire projections to the contrary), a successful pop label like Buddah thinks enough of jazz to have spawned a jazz label (Cobblestone), A&M continues its well-known pretensions to jazzdom (they are said to have been after a number of well-known artists whose contracts with other, deftly vigilant, labels have expired recently), Columbia signs up everybody in sight (Ramsey Lewis, Keith Jarrett, et al, most recently), veterans like Atlantic and Blue Note are still in there swinging. For that matter, a number of top-notch European jazz labels are either negotiating (from a position of relative power, for a change) for American distribution or are, at least, widely available in big-city record shops.

This latter point brings up another matter: my editor has asked, not unkindly by any means, but emphatically at least, why I devote so much time to European jazz releases in this column (and why, for that matter, I bother compiling my "European Notes").

I review European jazz albums — which are often by American musicians, incidentally — because a great deal of interesting, valuable, unduplicated contemporary music is released only on these labels (or *first* on these labels, at any rate), and because a good many of the records I deal with are readily available in, as I said above, big-city record shops. (Maybe some small-town establishments too.) I'll try to put together a list of some of these sources — hopefully some of them will take mail orders — for a future edition of this column. Any assistance or suggestions from readers (or from record shops who stock and/or will order such items) would be greatly appreciated.

I cull my European notes from a variety of sources, but I depend on The Observer and Jazz Journal from England; Pariscope, Jazz, Jazz-Hot, and Pop Music Superhebdo from France; and Musica Jazz from Italy — the latter of which also carries what might well be the most complete coverage of jazz events from all over Europe of any extant publication. I've asked friends in Yugoslavia, Romania, and other countries, to supply occasional notes as well, though, so far, these sources have been less than productive. I also hear occasionally from a more primary source, like the letter I quoted, from Daniel Humair, in last month's issue.

In any case, I include this news in the hopes that it will be of interest to at least some jazz aficionados. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, complete European coverage. I choose the pairings and appearances that intrigue me the most; hopefully they intrigue some of my readers too.

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Some of those many jazz lps I was talking about, imported and otherwise, are these:

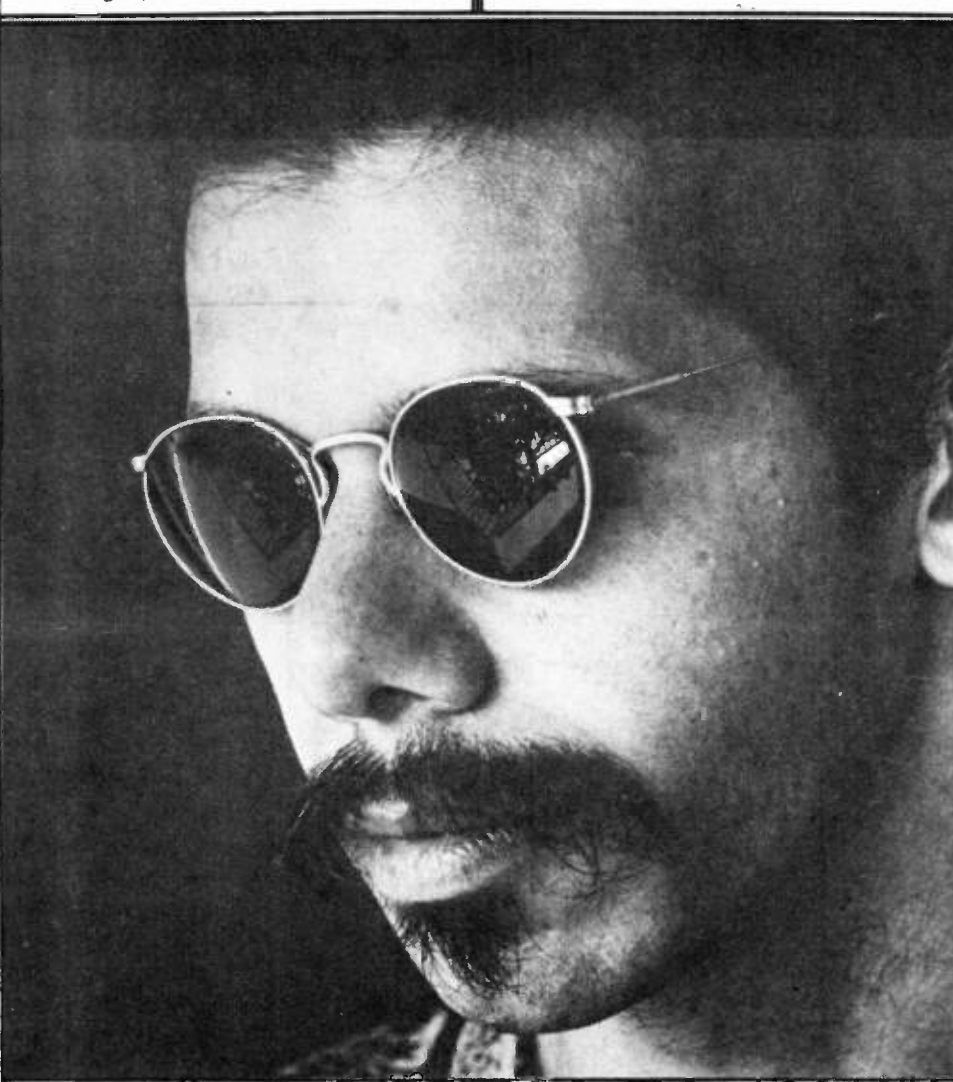
"THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRITUAL" by Richard Davis (Cobblestone CST 9003), features vividly lyrical care work by that bassist of bassists, in a solo context accompanied by Chick Corea, Sam Brown, Bill Lee, Sonny Brown, and Frankie Dunlop (and, with none of the weaknesses that term sometimes implies, this must be one of the *prettiest* albums of the year); "BASSE BARRE" by Barre

Phillips (Future G.U. Ger 15) features that basis in a two-part, truly solo composition called "Journal Violone," recorded in London in 1968, and sounding surprisingly varied in tone and mood, though hardly a masterpiece of formal composition; "CROSSINGS" by Herbie Hancock, weds the usual, crack Hancock aggregation (Julian Priester, Benny Maupin, Eddie Henderson, Billy Hart, and Buster Williams) with a dramatic combination of keyboards and electronics and (occasionally) voices, into an expansive, sometimes-startling symphony of astral strengths; "CRISIS" by Ornette Coleman is an excellent live recording from 1969, including an acutely poetic version of Charlie Haden's "Song For Che" and a ruthlessly engrossing Coleman tune called "Trouble in the East," and featuring Haden, Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Coleman himself on alto and violin, and his son, Ornette Denardo Coleman, on drums.

Three recordings of (as they say in one of the big-time Stereo magazines) special interest are: the soundtrack from "Les Stances a Sophie" by the Art Ensemble of Chicago (Pathe 2 CO62 - 11365) with

think it was recorded comparatively recently), with things like "Star Eyes", "For Sentimental Reasons", and "Rhythm-a-Ning" (mis-labeled as "Straight No Chaser"), and with mostly the same old changes, but the gentleman sure can play his horn; the same general comments might apply to *TUNE-UP* by Sonny Stitt (Cobblestone 9013), except that I happen to prefer Stitt to Gordon (though not by much), and to me he sounds just a little bit more certain, warmer, more amiable; *THE GAP SEALER* by Jimmy Heath (Cobblestone 9012) is still more of the same, in a sense — an older reedman (though nearly a full generation this side of Gordon and Stitt) with a firm and certain tone, playing music we've all heard before but music that is fine and handsome anyway — though most of Heath's material is new, though there's some Fender bass and electric piano hereon (Bob Cranshaw and Kenny Barron respectively), and though Heath is easily the lesser of the three musicians leading these three albums.

Three Cobblestone lps which do not harken to the past (though they, too, contain *some* moments at least that we



Chick Corea

that sometimes-uneven but invariably stimulating quartet, augmented by vocal-ist Fontella Bass (who is married to one of them, though I can never remember which one), blowing two sides of raucous, rich, radiant jazz, which is as avant-garde as any, but more sensible (and reverential to the past) than most; *TALES OF THE ALGONQUIN* by the John Surman/John Warren band (Deram SML 1094), which also includes Mike Osborne, Alan Skidmore, Harry Beckett, Barre Phillips, and Stu Martin, among others, and which devotes one side to the title piece, a tender, somehow archaic, hopelessly romantic, and thoroughly endearing sort of jazz tone poem with sub-titles like "Shingebis and the North Wind" and "Wihio the Wanderer"; and "Time and Space" by Contraband, (Epic E 30814), which is about a year old and which I missed entirely until it was happily called to my attention by Pete Welding, who co-produced it, and which is certainly one of the cleanest, most intelligent, young, post-Miles ensemble lps I've heard, thanks in large part to Pete Robinson's feelingly explorative electric piano.

*THE JUMPIN' BLUES* by Dexter Gordon (Prestige PR 10020) may take you back in time a decade or more (though I

have heard before), are: *NEPTUNE* by The Visitors (9010), being Earl and Carl Grubbs, on soprano and alto respectively, with some technically accomplished friends, playing on the spiritual and kindly side of the avantgarde; *DOORS* by Eric Kloss (9006), with plenty of hot, vibrant reed lines read with great exuberance against a rather underplayed backing by Neal Creque, et al; and *HERMETO* by the cross-eyed, albino Brazilian pianist/guitarist/flutist/arranger/composer of the same name (9000), which is pleasantly exotic in places, reassuringly familiar in others, and utterly charming throughout.

Four tenorists I've liked lately on record are these: Pharoah Sanders on *BLACK UNITY* (Impulse AS-9219), a growling, swirling set of what might be called African R&B, with additional contributions by tenorist Carlos Garnett and pianist Joe Bonner, among others; Stan Getz on *DYNASTY* (Verve V6-8802-2), a two-disc recording with an organ trio, on which Getz sounds stronger and more thoughtful (and more melodically beautiful) than he's sounded for quite a while; Archie Shepp on *PITCHIN CAN* (Americas 30 AM 6106), part of which is from the sessions that produced the remarkable *BLACK GYPSY* lp released last year on

Americas and then, in this country, on Fantasy (with Leroy Jenkins, Dave Burrell, Earl Freeman, Chicago Beau, Julio Finn, et al), and part of which is an almost-Sanderian orgy in rhythm, with Lester Bowie and Clifford Thornton, et al, singing their shrill and stirring music above it all; and Harold Land on *CHOMA (BURN)* (Mainstream MRL 344), with Land's smooth, fluid, sometimes slightly biting tenor accompanied by Bobby Hutcherson, Reggie Johnson, Bill Henderson, Woody Theus, Harold Land Jr., and Ndugu, in what may be the best lp Land has yet done.

I was less impressed with: *PORTO NOVO* by Marion Brown (English Polydor 583 724), whereon Brown seems to mistake theatrics for dramatics, seems to disregard the roundness of tone he is demonstrably capable of, and seems to be playing at odds with the inventive Dutch percussionist Han Bennink; *DJANGO IN ROME, 1949-1950* (Parlophone PCS 7146), which was previously unreleased, probably because Reinhardt was, frankly, past it by the time these sides were made — there's plenty of good Django around, and discs like this should appeal to hardened collectors only; *WORLD GALAXY* by Alice Coltrane with Strings (Impulse AS-9218), which has a pleasant enough violin solo by Leroy Jenkins on "A Love Supreme" but which is otherwise mostly too self-consciously well-meaning to be of much interest (Swami Satchidananda and Peter Max, for Christ's sake?); *GREAT SCOTT* by Tom Scott (A&M SP 4330), in which the considerably talented, articulate young tenorist fails yet again to make a record with any original personality to it; *THE AGE OF STEAM* by Gerry Mulligan (A&M SP 3036), which sounds suspiciously like the Tom Scott album in places (Scott, along with such as Roger Kellaway, Bud Shank, and Howard Roberts are present here), and which is undoubtedly — at the risk of sounding like an inverse racist — one of the *whitest* jazz records of the year; *COMPOST*, by the group of that name (Columbia C 31176), which is self-indulgent, ill-advised, and directionless in its failed attempt to (apparently) merge Miles, Motown, and The Monkees; *THE LOUD MINORITY* by Frank Foster (Mainstream MRL 349), which has moments of potent brilliance, moments of drab, angry poetry, and moments of nothing much at all (not to mention another of Ruby Mazur's blunt-scissor design jobs on the jacket), despite the presence of Foster, Cecil Bridgewater, Gene Perla, Harold Mabern, Elvin Jones, and others of equal note; and *BLOW BEN, BLOW* by Ben Webster (Catfish 5C054.24159 and by the way, how come European record labels use those interminable catalogue numbers?), which is Webster in Europe in 1969, his control in the upper register nearly gone and his breathy broad smiles now merely grins, though he certainly has earned the right to grow old, certainly has played beautifully enough for enough years to be of value and of interest today, even if only as a shadow.

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**EUROPEAN NOTES:** An appealing blend of styles and times was presented at the Bergamo Jazz Festival in mid-March. Besides the usual complement of Italian groups, there was an "American Folk-Blues Festival" (Robert Pete Williams, Memphis Slim, et al), the Herbie Hancock Sextet (*sans* synthesizer), the Charles Tolliver Quartet (with Stanley Cowell, Reggie Workman, and drummer Alvin Queen), a solo piano stint by Friedrich Gulda, Gerry Mulligan with a trio led by Daniel Humair, and the latest edition of The Jazz Messengers, Woody Shaw (trumpet), Jo Bracken (piano), Ramon Morris (tenor), Austin Wallace (bass), and Art Blakey, of course, on drums.

A new jazz club has opened in Milan; it's called Jazz Power (which was also more or less the theme of last Fall's Milan Jazz Festival), and one recent booking was American expatriate clarinetist Tony Scott with the Romano Mussolini Trio.

The Academy of Santa Cecilia in  
please turn to page 27



Photo by Emerson-Loew

*"Don't Let Them Take Away Our Freedom"*

# PETER YARROW

by R. Serge Dennisoff

"Take a right at the West Gate of Bel Air and another right at Bellagio and then follow each turn higher until you get to Stradella. It's the second house on the left. You can't miss it." With these instructions from Claire Brush, one of the nicest publicity people in the Warner/Reprise Records complex, I started my journey to interview Peter Yarrow.

Driving up winding palm-lined streets passing the occasional Rolls, and the more frequent Mercedes Benz (*Oh Lord, won't you buy me . . .*) and Cadillacs, thoughts of yesteryear flashed by with each \$100,000 plus house which lay behind the high vine covered walls. All protected by the local Pinkerton Agency, and electrically charged iron gates.

Peter, Paul and Mary, during the folk music revival, were superstars. They outlived the Kingston Trio, who by 1963 were treated with undeserved respect now afforded Grand Funk Railroad by most rock critics. The ABC's *Hootenanny* killed the revival with a legion of musical non-entities, since Jack Linkletter refused to allow the Weavers and Pete Seeger on the show. In return, most of the better performers never let America see what the folk revival was all about. PP&M were stars, autographs, fans, the whole bit. They, not the Byrds, introduced Bob Dylan to the world with "*Blowing in the Wind*." They toured for years on the college and concert circuit. Of their many appearances, rarely were the people or the critics disappointed. Even after Dylan switched to rock, the trio continued to do their act and received standing ovations nearly everywhere they went. Deservingly so, since they worked on their stage performances with a dedication rarely found in many of the folk acts. The trio checked lighting and microphone systems, and inspected every aspect of a hall which would influence their performance. With gusto, they sang the same songs night after night and told the same delightful stories about Halloween intimidation and riding in the family car. They even did a rock and roll parody of a folk song singing "*Old Blue*" as the newly discovered Beatles might.

Unlike many slick and professional folk groups, PP&M were respected in the ultra critical New York Establishment. They had started there, and more importantly they had paid their political dues. PP&M were at Selma during the March. PP&M joined in concluding the historical 1963 Newport Folk Festival with Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, and the Freedom Singers, swaying back and forth, arms linked, and singing "*We Shall Overcome*" and "*Blowing in the Wind*." It was a magic moment. They sang at the 1963 March on Washington . . .

The Bel Air road kept winding and the houses kept getting larger. The electronically controlled gates became fewer in number and the walls seemed higher. I expected a Pinkerton to jump out demanding an explanation for my presence at any moment.

PP&M were the staples of the Albert Grossman agency until Dylan took over the seat. In fact, Grossman wisely used the trio to give Dylan's songs exposure in the pop and folk field. This, in the business, is called packaging. PP&M did well by Grossman, and he by them. This part of their legend fit with the palatial surroundings, the politics did not. In 1968, the trio, after a considerable hiatus, returned to the *Billboard* singles chart with "*I Dig Rock and Roll Music*" which many folkniks considered a "*put on*" in the tradition of "*Old Blue*" or the Joan Baez version of "*Little Darling*." For Paul Stoker, this was deadly serious. "*LATE AGAIN*" was an apt title for an album of the same year on Warner

Brothers. It was the closest to rock they ever got. "*Leaving On A Jet Plane*," another chart buster, was from a previous album, "*1700*," and was a folk piece written by John Denver. After another year of successful touring, the threesome decided to go their own ways as their current solo albums indicate. Paul continues to do rock. Mary is very much into the interpretative Rifkin-Brel idiom. Peter Yarrow is now totally a political artist or what Pete Seeger once termed a "*cultural guerrilla*."

A night prior to the interview, scheduled to occur in several minutes, I had seen Peter perform at the Troubadour. None of the professionalism of the past was missing. Bob Bouchet and Ralph Towner had replaced Paul and Mary, but their instruments provided a professional background. Peter sang quiet but pleasing and occasionally powerful songs interlaced with anecdotes and introductions. He got part of the skeptical audience to join in on several songs. Quite a feat considering most opening nights are attended by the most jaded of critics and industry people, most of whom come more by obligation than desire. "*Don't let Nixon take away our freedom*," he led the audience. "*Don't let J. Edgar Hoover take away our freedom . . .*" Afterward, Peter mingled with the patrons thanking each and shaking hands in the Movement's thumbs up manner. Peter is very much like Pete Seeger. Even the stance, unconscious no doubt, reminds one of the banjo picker. Seeger always makes a big point of being part of the audience. No barriers, we are all in this together. "*You don't have to sing along*," but one always does at a Seeger concert. Peter has many of the qualities of his older contemporary, but as he admits, even the great Seeger, if he were 32 today, would have image problems.

Finally, I reached my destination, and my reflections were interrupted by a narrow road going into an estate surrounded by greenery. "*Peter's staying with friends*" Claire had observed. "*Nice friends*," I thought. Parking my rather out-of-place car, I made my way to the pool area where all the action appeared to be. The pool, while not Olympic in size, certainly put most motel swimming holes to shame. A small bath house was stationed in a corner next to a large patio. Several photographers and aides lounged on deck chairs and one rested comfortably on an air mattress. I was greeted by the host, who pointed me to Peter who was busy on two telephones. He obviously was not happy. Angrily, Yarrow spoke to a promoter of a future booking. An advertising campaign had been fouled up. This conversation did not solve the problem. Following a quick greeting, he ran off to speak to "*Albert*" (Grossman) inside the old Spanish villa. My host without reason offered the information that this was his 10-day-a-month residence as he spent the remaining days in Rome. He also had an apartment in San Francisco. I was duly impressed.

Peter returned from the ornate house and the discussion immediately turned to cultural politics. I hadn't even mentioned his gig at the Troubadour or the new album, the usual ploys for starting these things.

Yarrow, by any standard, is an intellectual. He is articulate often to the point of being professional. If you are into his topic of interest, he is fascinating, otherwise it is not hard to misinterpret both his intent and his motivation. Sensing my interest, Peter launched into a long historical discourse on his role in performer-politics. He began by outlining the New Mobe March on Washington in the late fall of 1969. He saw this event as doing much more than merely

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Photo by Emerson-Loew

## PETER MINUS MARY AND PAUL

affirming opposition to the Vietnam War. Instead, he claimed "What they were saying was we must live differently, we must treat each other differently, we must somehow find a way to end the abuses that are inherent in the design of our present life-style... on an official organizational level and on a personal level." The entire March, he concluded, was a "celebration of life which followed a march against death." Detail by detail, Peter described the demonstration. Who came and why. Earl Scruggs concerned about the possible drafting of his sons. Four members of the Cleveland Symphony, the cast of Hair, Richie Havens, Mitch Miller, John Denver, PPM, Pete Seeger, and the usual participants at protest rallies. Pulling out a huge banker's ledger containing dates and other notations, Yarrow talked about his organizing of the Fillmore East Voter Registration concern, which he claims made other artists politically aware if not involved. During the 1970 Congressional elections, Yarrow formed a committee to raise money for peace candidates. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark distributed the funds. The major money raising device was to be four concerts in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The Philadelphia concert was opposed by then Police Commissioner Rizzo. Thanks to the intercession of Mayor Lindsay, Yarrow helped stage a gigantic 12-hour concert at the Fillmore. (The Mayor's intervention was a pay-off of past-due political bills: Peter, Paul and Mary had worked for the controversial mayor during several campaigns.) Again, the concert bill assembled was impressive. "Chicago, Creedence Clearwater, Steppenwolf..." Yarrow continues to rattle off names, "Janis Joplin, Big Brother, Simon and Garfunkel, no! Paul Simon..." And the list goes on. Almost as an aside Peter admits the concert was "badly attended and we lost a fortune." The exact figure was \$60,000. At this point, Peter appears to become aware of the central role he has given himself in this entire narrative. He backs off cautioning that these events were as he saw them as a participant... "No megalomaniacal trip." ("All performers have egos," I think to myself.)

In a 1964 interview at the height of the folk revival, Peter had told a *Saturday Evening Post* writer, "We could conceivably travel with a presidential candidate, and maybe even sway an election." Did he still feel the same way? Again, the assurance, that this old statement was not ego but "I've been vindicated. I was right, I am right. Warren Beatty is going to be very important in terms of George McGovern's election, if he wins and I will be a part of that too, in my own way." For Peter, performer politics is very important. Especially since the separation of PP&M. His sense of identity comes from singing "Greenwood" on the Columbia University stage next to Daniel Ellsberg. Or in leading 15,000 people on the streets of Harrisburg in singing "Don't Let Them Take Away Our Freedom." He is very proud of the people who come up to him and say that they were turned on to politics by the trio's version of "The Great Mandella." (The song is inscribed on the tombstone of a soldier who died in Vietnam.) Peter is dedicated. Yet something about this entire interview is troubling. Sitting by the side of a pool in what can only be called the lap of luxury politics seems far away. The Berrigans, the war, the streets, the Pentagon Papers — all are remote. This was show biz, not politics — certainly not the May Day of 1971 or the weekly Vietnam body count. The original booking argument seemed Yarrow's reality more than did this talk of confrontation and such. I toyed with some polite way of raising this obviously ticklish subject. Happily, Yarrow got into it without my aid and assistance. It all happened when the subject of a performer came up. Peter said, "I am not a Third World person. Look around me. I'm a middle class kid from New York. I don't style myself as a revolutionary. I happen to have been given the gift of knowing about how good it feels to be involved with other human beings at a certain level. The people who have given me this gift are the Pete Seegers, particularly." I ask Peter about the trans-love energy school of musical politics. It's the raw energy of the music, not words that bring about change. Remember the MC 5? Yarrow is unaware of the John Sinclair and Cream tracts on this subject. In part, he agrees. "Words are barriers between people. Music still

finds us available, open, understanding, willing, sharing, caring... lyric content as it's married to the music. It must be a graceful marriage or the whole doesn't come off." This subject does not appear to especially interest him, but the "enemy of the revolution" argument does. With considerable feeling, he introduces the topic by saying: "I am the enemy of the revolution. I think the revolution is bullshit. The real revolution will only happen by our becoming The Man. Our becoming The System or offing The Pig because we'll all be in jail. Yes, I am the enemy of that kind of polarization which makes people forget the vision which supposedly propels them to do what they do. And, my actions are involved with affirming. Because the real change will take place on a greening level not on a bandaid level. Fill the stomach now, yes, if you can; always keep in mind that's all you're doing. Ultimately what must be done takes place in the homes and hearts of the people." Great! That's exactly what I wanted to talk about. I quickly discovered that this exclamation had little to do with my abilities as an interviewer, but rather an unfavorable morning review in the *Los Angeles Times* had prompted the statement.

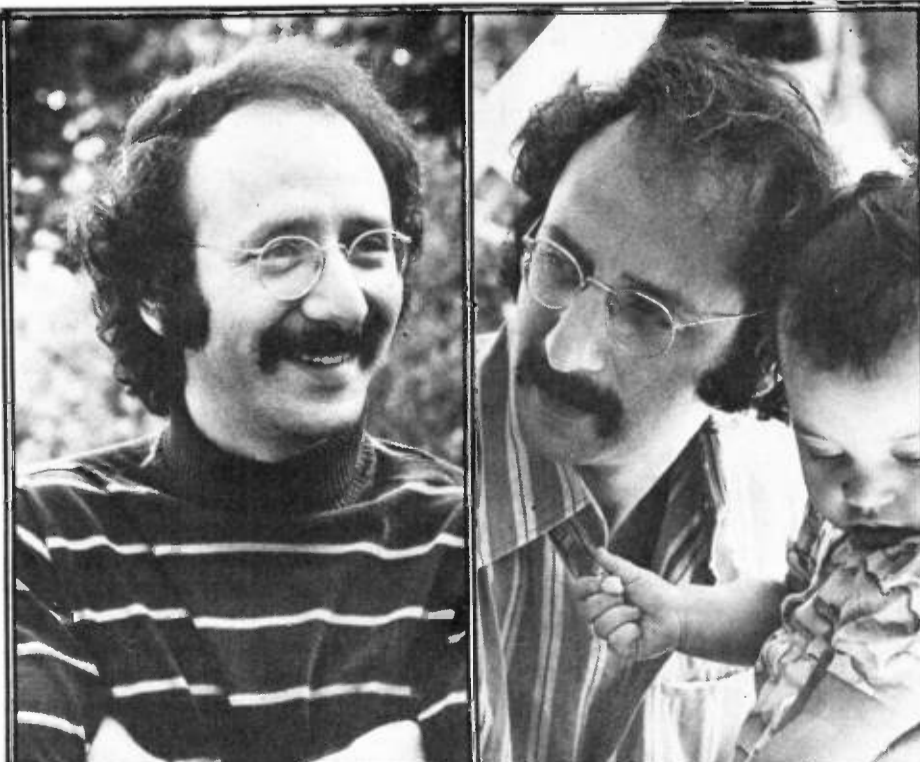
"Have you seen the *Times* yet?" I was asked. I hadn't. An aide was sent to the house to retrieve the offensive review. "You should read it and ask me some questions, because that's a case in point." Handing me the review, Peter plunged into the pool.

Richard Cromelin in the morning paper questioned what he termed Peter Yarrow's "pained earnestness" and his professorial appearance and "enhancing a cerebralism that substitutes for passion." Oh my. Another aide mentioned, while Peter was swimming, that someone — meaning me — should write a rejoinder to the *Times*. "Perhaps someone should." But certainly not I. After all, rock writers, since Terry Knight, have enough credibility lags without airing them in the editorial pages of a major metropolitan newspaper.

Peter returned and resumed the interview. He again went to his attache case, from whence the ledger emerged, and pulled out a series of clippings from Chilean newspapers commemorating his recent trip there. He spoke with pride of one review that said "Peter Yarrow had the whole kingdom singing." Another paper branded him a "Marxist agent." This proved that Chile has freedom of the press, and they have no political prisoners. But he added, "No one represents 'the Movement', not Dan Ellsberg, Phil Berrigan, nor I. I am part of a vision, and an effort, and a struggle in America." Having underlined his credentials and sincerity, he turned to the Cromelin review. Water still dripped from his wet torso, he began: "The self-styled revolutionary of today requires certain rites of passage to admit other people into his domain. I'm not an angry drop-out. As I said, I'm a middle class kid who's involved in something he believes in." Many of the songs deemed "overly sincere" in the *Times* piece were written during his Washington "morals" trial "when I was really being victimized by the system." His point here is a good one: he is perhaps the first contemporary artist to have

been busted and charged with consorting with a groupie. The fact that it happened in the nation's capital and that he is a political person only makes this episode seem more like a case of selective enforcement. Once again, the point is made. Obviously, the review hurt, since he goes on "The Harrisburg defendants believe me, the people who are actually on the front lines believe me, and I believe them. I don't have a problem with credibility. The only people I may have a problem with credibility is that." He points to the water stained copy of the *Times*. As an ex-folkie and civil rights marcher, I want to believe him, especially since the performance in question seemed to be on the level, at least as real as you can get in any Hollywood opening.

I change the subject to PP&M. We go through the usual "it was great for ten years, and we all went our own separate ways for artistic fulfillment." Then, as if the questions were never asked, the conversation immediately returns to the *Times* and Peter's sincerity. Referring to the trio, he says "We believed in the efficacy of human effort, in being open with one another, caring about each other." *please turn to page 27*



"I am not a third world person. Look around me. I'm a middle class kid from New York. I don't style myself as a revolutionary. I happen to have been given the gift of knowing about how good it feels to be involved with other human beings at a certain level. The people who have given me this gift are the Pete Seegers, particularly."

Photos by Emerson-Loew

# PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS



Photo by Paul Takakjian

ERIC CLAPTON

## HISTORY OF ERIC CLAPTON ATCO

An incredibly well conceived and annotated anthology album, that really does (in fifteen cuts) trace the development and blues/Rock evolution of the charismatic Eric Clapton. With the cooperation of Epic, London, RCA and Elektra records—which is the only way in which the super-charged story could be accurately documented. A simple listing of the various fellow musicians that put in appearances, alongside Clapton and his guitar/vocals, will offer some idea of the needed scope that this double-album set contains. Here are the highlights then, in chronological order: Keith Relf, John Mayall, John McVie, Jimmy Page, Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker, Felix Pappalardi, Steve Winwood, Rick Grech, Delaney & Bonnie, Dave Mason, Bobby Whitlock, Rita Coolidge, King Curtis, Leon Russell and Duane Allman.

The critical moments are, for the most part, all here. From Clapton's harried days with the Yardbirds, through Mayall's Bluesbreakers (during which phase Eric cut some sides, with Jimmy Page accompanying, for Immediate records—one of the best is here) and the aptly-monickered Powerhouse; onto Cream, Blind Faith and Clapton's scintillating contribution to Delaney & Bonnie's *ON TOUR* production. Things reel to a close, or up to date, with some Delaney & Bramlett and Phil Spector-produced material (which explains where King Curtis and Leon Russell came from, for those who were in doubt), with the finale being "Layla," from Clapton's Derek & the

Dominos, Duane Allman boosted, unit. Add a previously un-released, nine-minute Dominos jam of "Tell the Truth" to affairs and the result is a necessary "perspective" purchase for those interested in one of the Sixties best, flashy-but-firm guitarists. It would have been nice to have had Clapton's first recorded vocal lead, "Ramblin' On My Mind" included, but you can't have everything.

What we do have begins acidly with the Yardbirds doing, of all things, Calvin Carter's funky "I Ain't Got You"—from, I believe, their first Epic album. And, my God, Clapton is all over the place on that caustically enervative and raw guitar solo, in the center of the somewhat weak lyrics. Now, explain to me where Relf and his buddies got their energy from before they were on Excedrin? Which is vividly followed by an INSTRUMENTAL version of Freddy King's "Hide Away" (contrary to the personnel listings, Mayall does *not* either sing or play harmonica on this cut) that collides magnificently with Clapton's creative, again instrumental, work-out on Elmore James' classic "Dust My Broom" theme—Clapton, with Jimmy Page's perfectly "choppy" back-up on rhythm guitar, mesmerizes all by himself on the latter, entitled "Tribute To Elmore." Which brings us to "I Want To Know," from Clapton's foot-loose Eric Clapton & Powerhouse period. They never cut an album, but two or three selections were included on an Elektra sampler, entitled "What's Shakin'," about five years ago. Still sounds like rave-up Blues Project to me, but in retrospect, is dutifully fascinating.

And then there was Cream. One of the early bands (I'm not so sure they were the first) of what quickly became known as Rock, quantitatively described as Electric Instrumental Abandon. Which has presently been Grand Funked into submission. Relive that halycon era with four of Cream's most deliberative cuts—including "Crossroads" (From the *WHEELS OF FIRE* album, recorded "live" at Fillmore West), a frenzied tribute to Robert Johnson—who is the other half (along with Elmore) of Clapton's alter-ego persona. No one could re-capture and re-kindle that short-circuiting, Delta-based, bottleneck-earthiness like Clapton. Hendrix, from the very outset, was the Chuck Berry adulator extraordinaire—Clapton wouldn't settle for less than the miasmically emotional drag-line that both Johnson and James struggled with during their bountiful, if unrecognized, careers. This point really strikes home when one listens to "Spoonful," again from the *WHEELS* album. At first glance, it seems like the wrong cut to include space-wise (it's more than sixteen minutes in length)—but, once ones memory is refreshed, one quickly realizes that this is, perhaps, Clapton's most successful and fully-realized extended work. His solo, in a blues-collage vein, ranges from Chicago, Memphis, Indianola, Los Angeles, Oakland, Detroit to Kansas City in its travels. Willie Dixon must often sit back and wonder about this particular version of his oft-recorded tune. The blazingly stratospheric "Sunshine Of Your Love" and the enigmatic "Badge" round out this Cream-period flashback—with Eric singing, as well as playing, at back-

breaking capacity.

Blind Faith was doomed from the start. A symptom-of-the-times, concert-oriented collection of Super Stars, who all tried hard to mesh but could never quite bring it off. All right, not never—the Winwood vocal offset by Clapton's recessive guitar "stroking" on "Sea of Joy" is, again, fascinating in retrospect. The Bee Gees are the Bee Gees and Clapton is Clapton. Back to roots, of sorts, with Delaney & Bonnie & Friends. As Jean-Charles Costa puts it: "for the first time, a lot of the attention was off of him. He was free to just boogie along with the rest of the band." All in evidence on "Only You Know And I Know" and "I Don't Want To Discuss It." The former is Clapton at one of his rare lyrical moments on the guitar, while the latter track even cuts Little Richard's exciting version of this "instant classic" tune—with Clapton's on-fire guitar-work probably making Penniman piss in his pants.

The inclusion of the also lyrical "Teasin'" was a stroke of genius. Imagine the r&b raunchiness of King Curtis Ousley jamming with D&B&F. It's all there, with Clapton as the scarred touchstone. Add Leon Russell to what-was-to-be Derek & the Dominos and you have "Blues Power," one of Clapton's most convincing vocal outings—from his solo album. The lyrics and melody are not really as inept as the trendy title suggests. Being, in reality, good old Sun-funky and Chess-primitive sounding. The lyrics (by Clapton and Russell) craftily evoke some old r&b tunes ("Ain't no need of me bein' a wallflower, cause now I'm livin' on blues power") and Clapton's coalescence with Rus-

sell is as musically righteous as one might expect. The same is true for both versions of "Tell the Truth" (no, not the Ray Charles tune), collected back-to-back here. The shorter, Spector-produced rendition is weirdly "psychedelic" for the times and, perhaps, the least exciting track on this album. It does, however, work well on top of the unreleased-till-now jam of the same tune. Clapton's kaleidoscopic finesse, alongside Whitlock's stellar keyboard work, soars and suspends, with an almost Byrds-like vertebrae.

Add the genius of Duane Allman to proceedings and the result was Derek & the Dominos. Another short-lived, Clapton-led unit that offered more promise than Blind Faith and, again, quoting Costa: "If Clapton had recorded nothing else during his life, this album would have made up for it, that's how good it is." The album referred to is, of course, the Dominos double-album *LAYLA* release. And its theme song, included here, is the now resilient blend of both Clapton's lyrical and ebullient sides into one blazingly coherent statement (which now in release as a 45 rpm, is a hit single — 2 years on). With the unstintingly "romantic" aid of Allman and Whitlock, Eric opens the door wide and yells, "Where've you been?" The only way to close an album with the title this one possesses. Just like "I Ain't Got You" is the only way to begin. Who knows where Clapton will move from here? From what I can absorb from Costa's arm-chair psychoanalysis there really is no telling. This disc relates, surprisingly well, where he's been.

—Gary von Tersch

## RASPBERRIES Capitol

It is indeed difficult, if not downright impossible to imagine an audience for this group. Are they kidding? Evidently not, for here I am reviewing this latest piece of vinyl trash. I thought the ultimate self-parody hype group was Blind Faith, but what kind of name is Raspberries, especially when it so accurately describes the total merit of the acetate. There is not one good cut on the album, there's not one almost listenable tune, save only one song that doesn't provoke nausea, I guess that record companies will sign anything these days and if that's not proof something's amiss, what do staunch fanatics of the new music need.

Look around kiddies. Cassandra's not needed; it's all so self-evident. We've been co-opted, and there are limits. Raspberries is one of them.

Knowing that this is not a record that's going to get a lot of airplay, a clever(?) gimmick was added. Like the famous "banana" album designed by Andy Warhol, there is a sticker on the cover which, if punctured fills the room with the essential odor of, you guessed it, raspberries. Help, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy is Spreading.

—Bobby Abrams

## SPRING United Artists

Spring consists of Marilyn Wilson and Diane Rovell, formerly known as The Honeys. (along with original member Ginger Rovell) back in the mid-Sixties. The Honeys cut a handful of singles on Warner Brothers and Capitol, some of which were excellent, like the great "He's A Doll" (Warner Bros.). Produced, arranged, and written by Brian Wilson, "He's A Doll" even today still sounds like a combination of "California Girls" and "Help Me Rhonda" — great summer music anyway you look at it.

Well, it's summer again, if a half decade later, and at long last we have a Spring album. Though it has its shortcomings, I like it very much. Brian Wilson was very much involved in working with Spring on their album (as producer and arranger), and when you compare the quality of *SPRING* to the Beach Boys' dreadful *SO TOUGH*, it's pretty evident where Brian's interest lies at this point.

For the most part, Spring's music isn't girl group rock so much as it is a branch of the Beach Boys' girl group-influenced rock. There are some snags here; Spring do not have particularly strong voices, and some of the material on Side One is a bit questionable. Like "Tennessee Waltz" (though it works due to the fine backing track), and "Superstar" in particular. Though "Thinkin' Bout You Baby" and "Mama Said" are excellent, the remainder of the side is rather laid back, and comes off uneven as a whole.

In contrast, the second side of *SPRING* is positively wonderful, something I'm going to come back to quite a few times. Truth is, it'd sound perfect played somewhere right in between *ALL SUMMER LONG*, *BEACH BOYS TODAY*, and "This Whole World" from *SUNFLOWER*.

That very song is on the side, in fact, slowed down in a way that brings out the irresistible

melody. "Forever" (from *SUNFLOWER*) is also done beautifully. "Everybody" (yup, Tommy Roe's followup to "Sheila") is a bolt out of the past, done up in perfect BBs style. Then there's a Goffin-King song and "Good Time," a wonderfully inspired Brian Wilson number in the vein of some of Brian's *Friends/20-20* songs. The side closes with "Down Home" by Goffin-King, a beautiful old Little Eva B-side that provides just the right touch of sentimentality and nostalgia to end an album like this.

Sentimentality, insipidity, and fluff. That's a lot of what this music is about; but then, that's what a lot of the Beach Boys' best music was always about. Pure, undiluted fun—that and good melodies and the gor-

## LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A SONG MERLE HAGGARD Capitol

Merle Haggard sure was missed at the Dripping Springs Reunion country music festival. He failed to show, the reason given was that he'd collapsed from exhaustion at his Vegas show and was in the hospital. Hardly anyone believed it, since there were other reasons he should've stayed away that day. But having heard his new album, I'm beginning to believe the illness stories. In fact, I know I'd believe them if they said this record was taped during that time.

It's about time Hag had a mediocre album — his last three have all been great, and his next

on this album. Most of it is slow and dreary, not much to shake your mind or body. Wait,—there are two cuts which move the brain beyond most-normal c&w fare. "They're Tearin' The Labor Camps Down", about San Joaquin Valley labor camps. There's something for Cesar Chavez and Safeway, Inc. here. And "Irma Jackson", which writer Haggard says is just about his favorite song. Who is Irma Jackson? She's the dark side of an interracial love affair Merle sings about. Now it took a long time for Janis Ian's "Society's Child" to get air play, but it finally broke on through. Likewise, if Capitol released this as a single, airplay on country stations would be slow, but Hag would get it. Merle Haggard could catapult himself to the

It's not one of Hag's better albums. If you have the urge to buy one of his records, get an early one or save your cash. Hell, you can't even drink to this one.

—Tom Miller

Postscript: It's about time liner notes branched out to unknown workers in the industry. Album comments on "Let Me Tell You About a Song" were done by Haggard's personal secretary, Betty Azevedo!

## GREASE Original Broadway Cast MGM

Fifties fetishism, currently rising with a bullet on the nation's nostalgia charts, has now hit Broadway; and, true to form, Broadway has hit back with a vengeance. Their confidence bolstered by financially successful treatments of hippies, Shakespeare, and Jesus, the media moguls' latest mod brain-storm is called *GREASE*, "A New 50's Rock 'N' Roll Musical." There's a big youthful cast (sporting spiffy monikers like Kenickie, Doody, Cha-Cha, Frenchy (a girl), Danny Zuko, Johnny Casino, etc.), depicted on the back cover (next to the testimonial from Dick Clark) dressed (or overdressed) in full period regalia, including one obnoxious geek mugging with a greasy comb who you'd just as soon choose off as look at. You ought to see this dork....

Anyway, I don't know how these greaser geezers come off in the play itself, since MGM failed to enclose a videotape recording of the visual action, but the soundtrack is the typical, wearisome Great White Whey, too slick-sounding, satire belabored half to death, more cliché-parrot than authentic parody. For instance, out of 17 musical tracts, there are *nine* (count 'em, 9 — or you might get 10, 'cause there's a borderline case or two —) sappy ballads, so thoroughly insipid as to obliterate any theoretical satirical value (not to slight the contribution of the lyrics, which, replete with concatenations of cunningly-concocted rhymes — (so you know, you're in a Broadway musical) — and layers of the composers' conception of parodic wit as if laid on with a trowel, prove to be even more irksome than the music).

This batch of ballads (or "torchers," in the quaint music biz patois), incidentally, basically covers the romantic aspects of 50's teen culture, such as summer nights, solitude at the drive-in, absent Marine boy-friends, mooning (in both senses), dropping out from beauty school, rainy prom nights, and (a crucial concern) teenage virginity in all its ramifications, approached with bulldozer subtlety. The more upbeat numbers include a couple anemic "rockers" called "All Choked Up" and "Rock 'n' Roll Party Queen," a riotous alma mater parody exposing the crabs problem at "mythical Rydell High," a pointlessly over-grossed automotive ditty, "Greased Lightning" (leave it to the Broadway boys to compose a car song with lyrics like "With new pistons, plugs, and shocks, I can get off all my rocks; you know that I ain't braggin', she's a real pussy wagon"); a tolerable tribute to the hallowed C-Am-F-G chord pattern; a Johnny Otis-derived (to couch it in polite terms) dance tune titled "Born To Hand Jive," with a noisy (and temporally inappropriate)



At top Brian Wilson's latest effort "SPRING"; Marilyn Wilson and Dianne Rovell (his wife and sister-in-law). Bottom left—Raspberries (see Bobby Abrams review of their current LP on this page). Bottom right—Merle Haggard.

geous *SUNFLOWER*/middle period BBs instrumental sound that Brian Wilson can still apparently churn out whenever he wants.

*SPRING* may not be an exceptional album, but it's a good one, and I know for sure that I positively love the second side. Most of all, just to hear this kind of stuff on record again makes me happy to know that Brian Wilson still has his magic touch. Waiting around for something important to happen this summer (whether in rock or the outside world), I really can't think of a single recent LP I'd rather bide my time with more than this one.

—Mike Saunders

three will probably be, too. Even when he's bad Hag is better than most singers when they're good, but that's no excuse for *LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A SONG*. Merle is carefully and successfully molding a popular image around himself. The image we get from this one is that he's close to his family and personal friends. And if you're neither of those, this album may not interest you. Before each cut there is a spoken introduction by Hag (and by Bonnie Owens on one), giving you a play-by-play of how the song came into existence. This may work on stage, but not on wax.

Haggard is best on his own songs, but that's less than half

vanguard with this one; come on Capitol, I dare you to release it as a single.

Country music has always had a thing about personifying inanimate objects. Recently Red Simpson had a hit called "I'm a Truck" about the problems of being a truck. Ever wonder what it's like to be one? Well after you're through with Bangla-Desh, give some thought to trucks cause they need your concern, too. Anyway, Merle does a song of 'fiddle consciousness' about the great Bob Wills' fiddle, speaking in the first person as the fiddle itself. George Harrison's guitar may gently weep, but Wills' fiddle speaks. Take that, Beatles fans.

limbo sequence; and a rousing, gather-of-the-tribes-50's-style finale, included twice to double your listening pleasure. The slow tunes (warbled by both genders) suffer from a disturbingly high PST (pear-shaped tones) quotient — that characteristically orotund vocal gloss endemic in stage-and-screen spectaculars since time began; the faster, group-sung selections (especially the finale) sound like the Doodletown Pipers under the influence of an overdose of Pepsi trying (ineptly) to imitate the Dovells.

This ham-handed (and ham-acted, for all I know) pre-fab exercise in "satiric nostalgia" is merely the latest in a chain of pop exploitation extravaganzas beginning with *Hair*; and, emulating its illustrious predecessors, it seems to be doing pretty well, boffo B.O.-wise, thereby packing this soundtrack LP with a heftier sales wallop. I'm just sounding a caveat here; the authors' iron-fist-in-iron-glove parodic approach and general musical blandness gall me — but if you're the type that gobbles up this kind of greasy fare, MGM is busy beating the drumsticks, waiting to talk turkey with you. All in all, though, in the immortal words of the slobbering idiot savant at the start of "Greased Lightning," "Wotta hunk a junk!"

—Ken Barnes

# COME FROM THE SHADOWS Joan Baez A&M

I suppose once it was possible to approach a new Joan Baez album on the basis of its music alone; but for her last several records Joan has, quite proficiently, gone about making all of them revolve around a separate concept. Unlike most records given the dubious label of "concept," Joan's themes are bound by the overall statement, lyrical content and mood; not musical or technical innovations. Though she never is really guilty of using a too-heavy hand, the themes of the Dylan anthology, "ANY DAY NOW," "DAVID'S ALBUM" and "BLESSED ARE" have been obvious and the contents predictable. What is not predictable and what still surprises me about Baez is that she somehow never falls in the traps she sets up for herself. What so easily, in other hands, could be pretentious and rhetorical remain sets of carefully chosen and well performed songs. Though her material often verges on rhetoric, her style of singing and almost passionless voice don't easily allow pretense. Joan's versions of such songs as "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" usually lack the power of the originals, but they all suit her style and contribute to her meticulously constructed moods.

Joan's new record, "COME FROM THE SHADOWS" follows a similar pattern. This time, the theme connecting the songs is one of humanism on the rise. The record itself consists of love songs and personal pleas in the midst of which an occasional lyrical zinger appears. The result injects a serious note into a now more receptive mind. The effect is slightly subliminal, but it's always nice not to have an artist's message drummed into you. "Prison Trilogy" and "Song For Bangla Desh" are perfect exam-

ples. Both are horror stories built of precise images and given to us almost concealed in sweet music and pretty melodies. I find, as apprehensive as I might be at such a prospect, that I don't really mind it. If only the nightly news could be presented this way. You could have it on while eating dinner or making love and its contents wouldn't hit you 'til an hour later.

I shouldn't totally limit this review to those aspects of Joan's records. "COME FROM THE SHADOWS" was performed with obvious affection by all involved. The musical shell that protects Joan's statements is faultless. There should also be some mention of Joan's growing talent as a songwriter. Though the bulk of her own songs are social comments of one kind or another (except for her own stunning contributions to "BLESSED ARE") the compositions themselves are perfect vehicles for her thoughts. Musical Trojan Horses; beautiful gifts without; deadly aphorisms within.

"Prison Trilogy" again applies; made up of three prison dramas connected by chorus and theme within a beautifully structured song. The separate stories are also each punctuated by a different instrument. The first segment, about a young Arizona tough who eventually hangs himself, is accompanied by a bluesy country guitar; the next, a wet-backs' turning to junk while in prison uses a steel guitar and Charlie McCoy's stinging harp tells the last tale of an old con who gets out after 35 years only to find he still owes 10 more somewhere else. Aside from being a truly good, effective song, it was hearing it for the first time that opened me to the rest of this record.

I like "COME FROM THE SHADOWS" much more than I thought I would, and though I generally feel Art should transcend Politics, Joan Baez' ability to combine conscience and music and make us enjoy it, is an important and unique one. To be able to elicit an emotional and possibly active response from an audience (I don't mean the irresponsible actions a Mick Jagger can inspire) is usually unheard of in music. Joan Baez is as important to music as "Z" is to films and the agit-prop plays of the thirties were to theatre, she should be heard while she can be.

—Jeff Walker

# SCRAPS NRBQ Kama Sutra

Al Anderson, the latest addition to the New Rhythm & Blues Quintet, is a Connecticut boy whose most notable work was with the Wildweeds (a group which he led until about one year ago). The Wildweeds were what one might call a progressive pop group that made excellent singles (which were local New Haven hits, incidentally) during the late sixties and one country-rock album for Vanguard. Among the Wildweeds' best tracks were "I'm Dreaming," a psychedelic rocker with relatively spaced-out vocals, and "No Good To Cry," a classic Conn. memory.

The Wildweeds recorded the bulk of their material at a small, humble studio in Wallingford (Conn.) called Synchron Sound Studios. Hidden away on a



At top NRBQ, right, Joan Baez.

dead-end street, Synchron (which is now a full 16-track studio) is presided over by Doc Cavalier, a producer of considerable talents. Among the groups who've recorded at Synchron are Fancy, Repairs, Pulse, Emmett Finley, and Joe Cocker's latest band. The reason is that the equipment is unbeatable (unless you want to go over 16 tracks, and who the hell needs any more?), the setting is extremely comfortable, the people are quite friendly, and the price is far below that of high-pressure urban studios.

Anyway, Al Anderson is real good, but all he does here is play guitar for this former-roc-revival-cum-country band, and they sound so laid back they're falling over backwards. There are a few tunes here that are OK, but the 1st NRBQ album was a lot better (their version of Eddie Cochran's "C'mon Everybody" turned more people's heads than the Beach Boys' "Summertime Blues"). This new album is technically not bad, but it really isn't too much fun.

If you want nutmeg rock, I suggest you consult the old Al Anderson (known as Big Al Anderson back then) records with the Weeds, because they were sumtin else. Most of SCRAPS is just sumtin eck, and I still can't figure out why the album cover is openly displayed in the clothing store next to *Granny Takes A Trip* in New York.

—Jon Tiven

# GENESIS NURSERY CRYMES Charisma

Genesis are one of those English bands who have been around awhile without having

ever garnered significant attention in the U.S. That doesn't make them an ironic "overnight sensation," since they are still not garnering significant attention here. But their new release, *NURSERY CRYMES*, indicates that perhaps they deserve some. Even if the album were not particularly good, its cover, depicting a little girl playing croquet using someone's head as the ball, has earned it.

The five-piece band falls loosely into the bushel of groups whose inspirations are literary, whose musical structures are laboriously conceived and whose songs range from the very pretty to the very pretentiously cumbersome. The overall show rates a fair-to-good because the prettiness outweighs the cumbersome and the inspirations and structures are implemented surprisingly well.

Genesis do several nice story-songs, "The Musical Box," "Harold the Barrel," "The Return of the Giant Hogweed," and "The Fountain of Sal-macis." The titles should, in themselves, indicate something of what's going on, and they do; "Harold the Barrel" is a bit vague, though, the story being about a guy who disappears, engaging his neighbors for abandoning his family, and turns up on a high ledge threatening suicide and cursing the rest of his townspeople. "Hogweed" concerns the vengeful actions of Hogweed plants when someone tries to domesticate them. "Sal-macis" tells the mythical story of the beginning of hermaphrodites. Musically, these pieces lie somewhere between Yes, Family and Procol Harum, making excellent use of Tony Banks' organ and mellotron playing, along

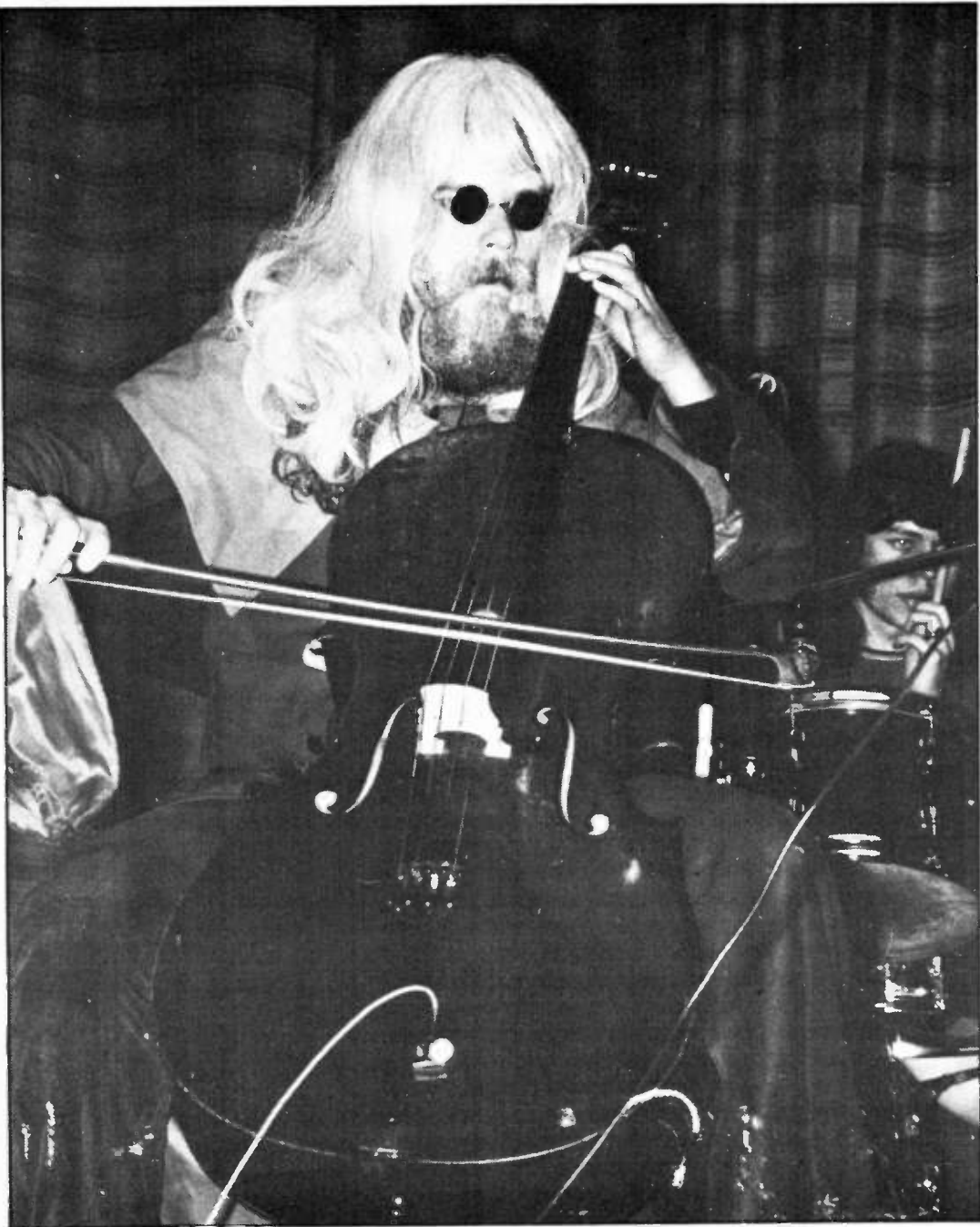
with strong rhythm work by bassist Michael Rutherford and drummer Phil Collins. The lead singer is Pete Gabriel, helped along by Banks and Collins, and all three sound like Roger Chapman of Family. Give or take some vibrato. The solo singing is the group's weak point, though they do lovely harmonies. Someone with the range and power of a Jon Anderson wouldn't hurt matters.

But all in all, Genesis have certainly accomplished enough musically on this album to be taken quite seriously by anyone interested in the possibilities inherent in fusing challenging lyrical ideas with appropriate instrumental efforts. And you gotta see the cover no matter what.

—Jim Bickhart

# NO ANSWER The Electric Light Orchestra United Artists

The Electric Light Orchestra, you say. Harumph! Never heard of them! Well, pals, they are really the Move, plus two. The Move, you say. Harumph! Never heard of them! That's your problem, bub. The Move is merely one of the finest rock and roll bands ever, that's all. And in their mother country (England, natch) they are recognized as such by the *hoi polloi*; but here in America they remain sadly neglected, except by record critics and other freaks of nature who have come upon promotional copies of their records totally by accident. When I received my copy of "SHAZAAM!" (the first U.S. album by the Move), from those devils at A&M (before they X-ed me from their freebie list), I gave it a



Roy Wood of the Electric Light Orchestra

listen, thinking anybody with an album cover that atrocious must be okay. The album was wonderful — thusly, it didn't sell, even with the publicity about Prime Minister Wilson suing the group in 1967 for use of his picture in a lewd publicity post card in the U.K. A&M X-ed the Move from the A&M A&R roster.

Capitol was the next lucky U.S. company to come upon the Move, and they released "LOOKING ON," which also had an abominable sleeve, and which was also one hot little number, especially on side two. It didn't sell.

Undaunted, Capitol saw that they had their hot little hands on what should rightly have become the most highly-heralded group of the past five years, so they released "MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY." Not to be hoodwinked this time, they realized that the British sleeve design was a stinker, so they substituted a much more suitable cover. With a nice cover, "MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY" the best album released in 1971, could not help but be a smash success.

It didn't sell.

Well, somewhere between then and now, Capitol lost their big cheese A&R director. And, somewhere in the shuffle, the Move had been whisked away and somehow their "Chinatown" ended up on MGM.

It didn't sell.

Since MGM didn't have legal right to the band, they eventually relinquished their claim to the group.

Then, United Artists managed to pry the Move from the sticky fingers of MGM, and released "Chinatown" themselves.

It didn't sell. Not yet, any-

way.

But, being all-around good Joes, and noting the obvious greatness of the group, UA has seen fit to release the most glorious of Move recordings — (fanfare) the Electric Light Orchestra's *NO ANSWER*!

Am I correct in assuming that you thought "Sgt. Pepper" was one snazzy piece of merchandise? Well, *NO ANSWER* is an extension of the dear Sarge with a major qualification: all the songs were written and produced by band members Roy Wood and Jeff Lynne, and all instruments played by and all songs arranged by ELO members. No George Martin to accept credit of blame for the final product.

Just to set the record straight, as it were, here's the low-down on the instrumentation:

ROY WOOD: vocals, cello, oboe, acoustic guitar, bass guitar, string bass, bassoon, clarinet, recorders, slide guitar, and percussion (WHEW!).

JEFF LYNNE: vocals, piano, electric guitar, bass, and percussion.

BEV BEVAN: drums and percussion.

The aforementioned three, minus bassist Rick Price, were the Move. The following two comprise the rest of the ELO:

BILL HUNT: French horn and hunting horn.

STEVE WOOLAM: violin.

You can see at this point that

this is not your run-of-the-mill boogie band. The music of the Electric Light Orchestra is brilliant. The arrangements are tasteful and incredible, and the lyrics are Jim-dandy.

Strings predominate the album, but not as slushy, greasy orchestral slop. Rather, the string arrangements are moody and intricate, complete with striking dips and bursts of sound. This is the first perfect fusion of the rock and classical styles to come about, and we all know how many times it's been tried before, almost inevitably without success. The ELO has made it work.

The range of musical styles (all on one big record!) is also impressive. Opening with Jeff Lynne's "10538 Overture" (soon to be released as a single), a futuristic chase scene, we are carried through incredible highs and lows of emotion, painted by some of the finest contemporary musicianship on record. Roy's "Look at Me Now" is one of the finest cuts on *NO ANSWER*. Its portrait of a man discovering his sensitivity ("Ah, look at me now, feeling emotion") is just fine.

"Nellie Takes Her Bow" (Jeff) is a portrait of an empty woman destined for stardom; someone so empty that she only lives when acting out the lives of others. Roy's mostly-instrumental "Battle at Marston Moor (July 2, 1644)" perfectly presents his feeling for those times. Opening with a speech by an idealistic young revolutionary declaring war on his king, the piece moves through all the moods of battle.

Side two opens with Roy's instrumental "1st Movement," rather similar to Mason Williams' "Classical Gas." It highlights Roy's prowess on acoustic guitar. It is followed by Jeff's tear-jerking tale of loneliness and the sensuous vacuum tube, "Mr. Radio." Jeff's turn to show off on piano is his "Manhattan Rumble (49th St. Massacre)," another impressive instrumental. It is followed by his somewhat somber "Queen of the Hours." Roy's gentle and soothing "Whisper in the Night" brings the album nicely to its conclusion.

But reading this review isn't really going to tell you much about this best of bands. Only by listening to this album can you appreciate the sometimes

subtle, sometimes blatant complexities of the Electric Light Orchestra.

Your first chance was "Sha-zaam!" You ignored it.

You missed "Looking On."

You didn't even hear "Message from the Country."

You were unaware of "Chinatown" — twice!

Well, gee whiz, kids! Ya just gotta get the new Electric Light Orchestra album. Really, ya gotta!

—Mick Garris

## ALL TOGETHER NOW Argent Epic

Argent (the band) is an emphatically annoying enigma. First off, consider their assets: (1) Rod Argent is a superb keyboard artist (attested by innumerable distinctive organ or piano passages on past Zombies greats and by a stunning ten-minute live performance of "Time Of The Season" witnessed by present deponent); an excellent singer with an attractive, high-pitched voice skillfully deployed; and a top-flight songwriter, responsible for affectionately-remembered opuses like "She's Not There," "Tell Her No," the aforementioned "Time Of The Season," and many more (2) Russ Ballard, though of lesser repute, is a competent guitarist, a fine songwriter in his own right (he wrote Three Dog Night's recent hit "Liar" and a number of other likewise first-rate tunes on the first Argent LP), and a similarly-styled but even better vocalist than Argent (3) Chris White, who wrote all the exquisite Zombies tracks Argent didn't ("I Love You," "Leave Me Be," "Don't Go Away") is the group's co-producer and Argent's current writing partner (4) the bass work and drumming, if not flashy, is at least competent and oftentimes quite striking, and (5) the group's vocal harmonies and instrumental interplay are as stirringly galvanic as those of the Zombies.

Utilizing these manifold assets, Argent recorded an exceedingly enjoyable and infinitely promising debut album, full of short, concise, memorable ditties ("Liar," "Like Honey," "Free Fall," and others), with sterling vocals and any number of infectious musical riffs and hook lines; the band looked potentially capable of equalling or surpassing the achievements of the parent Zombies, surely one of the most unique and consistently excellent (if underappreciated) British bands of the sixties.

And since then — straight downhill. Argent's second album, *RING OF HANDS*, was ambivalent and ambiguous, teetering precariously between enthralling pop tunes along the lines of the first album ("Chained," "Rejoice") and pretentious, overextended organ exhibitions ("Lothlorien") or dire funky blues (the dreaded near-hit "Sweet Mary"); ultimately an unsatisfying but not entirely unhopeful affair.

The new album is, sadly, more of the same, only with increased lack of lustre. None of the cuts (with one glaring exception) are really poor songs, but the exciting moments abounding on the first album are few and far between here. There's a couple of old-style



Above is Rod Argent with his act of the same name whose current long playing recording "ALL TOGETHER NOW" is chronicled adjacent by writer Ken Barnes.

rockers, one of which (Ballard's "He's A Dynamo") has a fairly high energy level (Argent-White's "Keep On Rollin' " is more dragged out and considerably less successful); an attractively-smug, pleasantly chugging present-day rock number ("Be My Lover, Be My Friend"); and a Ballard tune, "Tragedy," which is fairly consonant with the established Argent mold, with effectively-utilized harmonies and other vocal effects, but is melodically unexceptional and in the end uninspiring (a dictum basically applicable to the other tracks mentioned above as well).

The best (or at least most interesting) moments are to be found in "I Am The Dance Of Ages," with its genuinely mysterious aura and memorable refrain; and in the group's recent Top 5 British single, "Hold Your Head Up," which sets a strong guitar riff (not unlike Neil Young's "When You Dance (I Can Really Love)") against a methodically mesmeric bass/drums cadence, with fine singing and a catchy chorus, to a compelling effect marred only by an overlong organ interlude midway through (doubtless deleted — at least partially — on the single version, which, recently released in America, is getting some air-play and may even be a hit, and a welcome one at that). The way in which the drums and bass work at apparent cross-purposes to the guitar is quite intriguing, and "Hold Your Head Up" is overall a fine track.

Then there's the glaring exception, a four-part extended oeuvre (or oeuvre-extended) dubbed "Pure Love," in which Rod Argent muscles his way into the big-time Keith Emerson league with a bombastic barrage of classical riffing combined with no end of shrill keyboard grandstand playing, the whole affair bearing a disquieting resemblance to all that "Three Fates" freneticism on the first ELP LP. But that's not all; "part iii" turns out to be an absolutely horrendous soul/blues/funk creation possessed of minimal redeeming attributes and spotlighting one of the most wretchedly excessive vocal performances committed to vinylite in recent and not-so-recent memory — a thoroughly dismal travesty, quintessentially adaptable for a passionately perspiratory soul-wrenching 45-minute onstage encore extravaganza certain to be greeted by uncontained frenzy from the phalanxes of fully-pharmacologically-fuelled Fillmore fanatics and their ecstatic ilk. Truly dire.

Aside from "Pure Love," however, *ALL TOGETHER NOW* is pleasant, innocuous, and completely listenable. And you can easily accept it on those terms — or, you can regard it with the extra-sharp disappointment reserved for uninspired, merely competent albums by bands of brilliant potential and ability. It's an OK record, but I'll take the second alternative and continue to wonder why so many high-potential new bands formed from superb, defunct older bands (from Humble Pie to CSNY) so often stall into a drastic qualitative nosedive. Add Argent to the roster.

—Ken Barnes

### STORIES Kama Sutra

Once Michael Brown led a group called the Left Banke,

who produced two of the mōs memorable singles of the mid-sixties, "Walk Away Renee" and "Pretty Ballerina," along with one excellent album. After "Ballerina" the group's commercial stature diminished drastically, and Brown eventually departed (after masterminding two superb but unsuccessful followups, "Ivy Ivy" and "Desiree"); the Left Banke turned largely lackluster and then sputtered out, while Brown merely vanished. He reportedly recorded one solo album on Laurie (about which any information would be appreciated), and later played keyboards for Bert Sommer's backup band; and it appeared up until recently that this last gig would wrap up his musical obituary. But suddenly, as if to avoid such a fate, a new album called *STORIES* appeared in the stores, by a group of the same name, with none other than Michael Brown on piano/organ/harpsichord. And, to round off the fab fairy tale, the album is an unqualified gas.

The group's sound is built around Brown's evocative keyboard stylings and the fine vocals of Ian Lloyd. Lloyd's voice is high-pitched enough to remind you of the Left Banke's Steve Martin, but it has more grit, variously comparable to Nils Lofgren, Terry Reid, Colin Blunstone, Michael Fennelly of Crabby Appleton, and most of all to Rod Argent and Russ Ballard of Argent, as the album progresses. Combined with an expressive and attractive delivery, Lloyd's vocals become *Stories*' most apparent strong point.

The material (written by Brown and Lloyd) is first-rate, too — complex, quicksilver structures overflowing with contagiously catchy riffs and haunting melodic passages, incorporating a variety of diverse stylistic elements (neo-classical, hard rock, good-time music, etc.) to absorbing effect. "Hello People," the opener, is perhaps the most immediately infectious tune (despite annoyingly head-on Messianic lyrics with an overdose of "brothers," "sisters," and "peoples" interspersed throughout), with "Kathleen,"



Photo by Annie Leibovitz



Photo by Neil Preston

At top are individually: Richard Hudson, Tony Hooper, Blue Weaver, John Ford and David Cousins, collectively they're Strawbs. The Beach Boys are in the bottom left panel while B.J. Wilson from Procol Harum is shown at bottom right.

"Nice To Have You Here," and "You Told Me" (on which Brown's father, a concert violinist, plays) also standing out; but every song's a good one, a brilliantly consistent LP. The pure exuberance of the album is irresistible. I'm completely knocked out by it and have been playing it constantly since I got it. *STORIES* is a superb debut performance; and who knows, with records like this one, Nils Lofgren's and Crabby Appleton's recent albums, we may be in for a resurgence of high-spirited American rock and roll.

Meanwhile, be sure not to miss this LP.

—Ken Barnes

### RIO GRANDE MUD ZZ Top London

It's been a long time since some black guy from Washington or wherever it was surfaced in England backed by two unknowns and did that ultraheavy-weight-superpsychedelic Jimi Hendrix Experience thing. Since then, those three guys and three other dudes calling themselves

Cream have shown that a trio can really be a good rock band. Today, though, most three-piece groups are remnants of formerly larger groups and second-rate rockers who haven't progressed past adolescent, deafeningly-decibelic rock.

ZZ Top had struck me as one of the least offensive of these ensembles until I dropped the needle on *RIO GRANDE MUD*.

In the past, the group has produced music which a lot of other groups could have done equally well. But this time they have put something together which moves their music into a much higher class. They now have a sound which is their own and which reaches out to grab the listener instead of merely washing over him, plucking gently on the way by as in the past. Their music is based mostly on sound vs. no sound, heavy sound vs. light sound, straight beat vs. syncopation, elephant-ness vs. gazelleness. But ZZ Top takes advantage of its make-up—the music is very rhythmic, themes are built by contrasting the bouncing, dancing lead part against the repetitive, plugging backing parts. Their music is reminiscent of late-'50s rock 'n' roll without being nauseatingly nostalgic. It is rock 'n' roll-based, not rock 'n' roll copy.

In a group as small as ZZ Top, each musician has to be equally good and they all have to be better than average or the inability will fairly glare. Credit should certainly be given to Billy Gibbons for his guitar, harmonica, and singing. He has nimble fingers which can trip lightly and fantastically or can caress and coax — and can create both moods equally well. He writes or helps write almost all

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### JUNE'S BEST

1. ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
2. WHO WILL SAVE THE WORLD
3. EAGLES
4. DISCOVER AMERICA
5. SAIL AWAY
6. LUNCH

DAVID BOWIE  
GROUNDHOGS  
EAGLES  
VAN DYKE PARKS  
RANDY NEWMAN  
AUDIENCE

RCA  
UNITED ARTISTS  
ASYLUM  
WARNER BROS.  
WARNER BROS.  
ELEKTRA

### JUNE'S HO-HUMS

1. HOBO'S LULLABY
2. REST IN PEACE
3. HONKY CHATEAU
4. EXILE ON MAIN STREET
5. THICK AS A BRICK
6. TEXAS CANNONBALL

ARLO GUTHRIE  
STEPPENWOLF  
ELTON JOHN  
ROLLING STONES  
JETHRO TULL  
FREDDY KING

REPRISE  
DUNHILL  
UNI  
ROLLING STONE  
REPRISE  
SHELTER

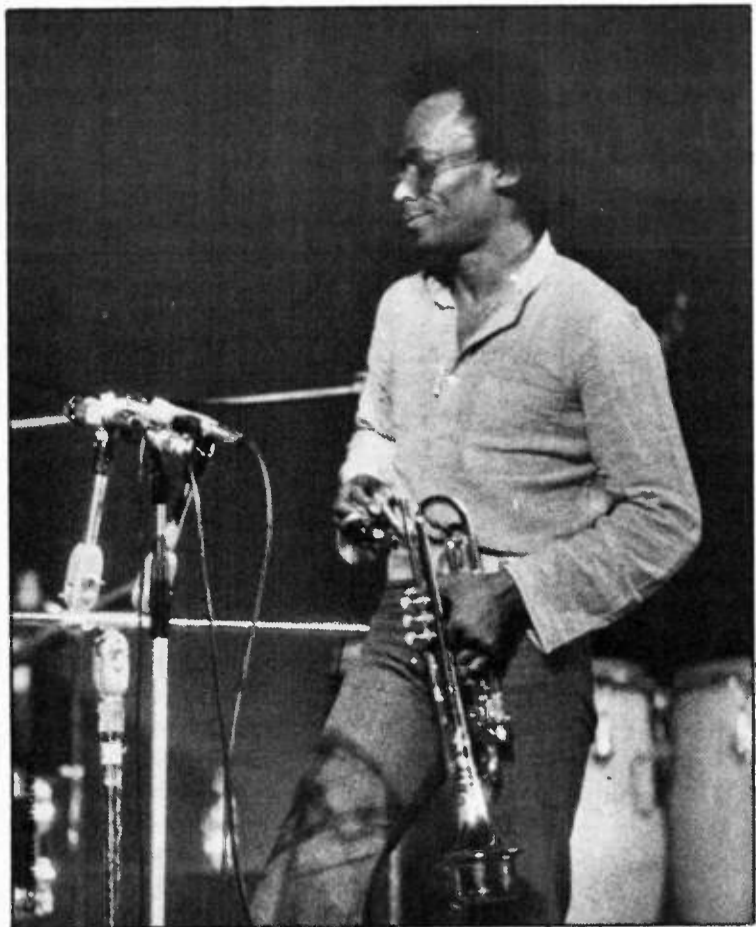
### JUNE'S WORST

1. DR. HOOK & HIS MEDICINE SHOW
2. I'M SATISFIED
3. THE WORLD OF STEVE & EYDIE
4. ARGUS
5. JAZZ-BLUES FUSION
6. BUMP CITY

DR. HOOK  
JOHN HAMMOND  
STEVE LAWRENCE  
& EYDIE GORME  
WISHBONE ASH  
JOHN MAYALL  
TOWER OF POWER

COLUMBIA  
COLUMBIA  
MGM  
DECCA  
POLYDOR  
WARNER BROS.

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



Miles Davis

### THE COMPLETE BIRTH OF THE COOL Miles Davis Capitol

Everybody wants to be hip and cool and even a well-rounded bullyboy-aesthete so you can be King X-Pert of the block, but the sad fact is that just like with spinach and a Mounds bar the music advertised as Best and Most Important and Best For Your Ears ain't always the stuff what most tickles your brainpan and nerve endings. In fact, don't it always seem to work out that somebody is forever coming around with a new tonal nostrum guaranteed to make you feel all right like you used to every night just by turning on the radio, and how one trip, one hype, one purchase and one fall on the dull curb of a dud after another it's a case of Cramming More Noise Into Your Ears & Enjoying Just About All Of It Less?

The next thing after being Harry Chapin into driveling submission is some smug asshole with wire-rim glasses that used to be hornrims and a Charles Lloyd brushcut natural that used to be crew comes fingersnapping up like some hangover beatnik effluvium and says that Jazz Is The Answer. Not Folk Mush, not C&W, not Soul, not the straggling diehard bastions of rock 'n' roll you've latched onto and worn round your ears thru most of the long winter of our discontent, but Jazz. That fucked up archaic hoary horny horn-bleep of Bebop that you think maybe your dad jitter-bugged to just before the Korean War and you saw your older brother maybe sitting in a self-induced stupor as you arrived home from Grade School in 1955 and there he was prostrate in a living room chair soaking up the ultra-Cool stylizatics of Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker and other bland-faced nonentities and you had to endure his posturing until about a year later when he discovered Ray Charles and dropped all that Cool West Coast Jazz shit and took to sitting frenetically in the same chair all day listening to the *WHAT'D I SAY* album and

twitching, pretending he was a spade.

Okay. Forget that crap! So your brother went off to college and got married and now he likes *SGT. PEPPER* and The Carpenters and maybe a taste of the Jefferson Airplane because he's just learning about marijuana from a coworker who's just as outofit as he is (certainly not from you, god forbid!), but forget 'im, you can drop all these other passe musical cultures and idioms and the idiots that wallow in them because you got Grand Funk or Bob Seger or Alice or whoever else fortifies your heebiejeebies. But listen, I got some music here that you just might like. Sure, I'm hyping you as much as anybody else, only I'm not peddling any miracle cure from creeping laid-backism or a right-wing frontal assault on Heavy Rock. And I'm not calling it Jazz. I'm not calling it anything. Except music. And I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out that you liked it. Maybe not, too. But it's there all the same.

The deal is that all this hassle about relative quality of music from certain time periods and genres is just flapdoodle and energy wasted, whanging your doodle actually, because whether this or that particular sound comes from such and such an era or style or record bin fore or aft makes not a fart of difference. Eric Dolphy, a great musician who stopped calling what he did "jazz" long before he died, ended one of his records with a few words, spoken undramatically after the last note had faded away. "*When the music's over,*" he said, "*it's gone, in the air. It can never be recaptured.*"

And that's the truth. Music has nothing to do with time or temporal shilly-shallyings, it exists *outside* time on its own where it floats free waiting for anyone to come and partake, and just like once you've played the note it's gone forever and you're never gonna snatch it out of the ozone and cram it back into your axe, just so once it's played it exists forever and don't matter at all whether it came out of the speaker or bell of the horn or drum's belly in 1972 or

1967 or 1948 or 19xx. The 18xx's we can dispense with. Beethoven's always hanging around like an old hooker. But all that's gone down since jive first made its magic appearance on the world stage exists simultaneously and free, and this record is one of the more satisfying shots of aural ether that's been lying around on the outskirts of Limbo for awhile now and, thanks to Capitol's part in the current vast reissue programs all the record companies seem to be springing for, it's out again in the clear light of day, in a new expanded and newly annotated edition even, though I'm not so sure I'm thrilled about that.

Miles Davis was never less adventurous than he is now, and he's always been precisely as much of a sonofabitch as he's reputed to be. Which is two reasons why he's perennially exciting. Anybody that plays trumpet with such endless stores of transcendent emotion, and at the same time says in *Playboy* interviews that his favorite musician is *Al Hirt*, and goes around all the time calling 9 out of every 20 of his fellow musicians and 5 out of every 4 members of the esteemed gentlemen of the music press total idiots and complete assholes, *and gets away with it*, well, this is a man worthy of our respect. Especially since he has endured and grown in the past 25 years or so from a scuffling kid good on trumpet to one of the cornerstones of American music, dropping early on all pretense of calling it Jazz or anything else in favor of just getting down and *finding the note* that's the lost link between the sidewalk and the Beyond, so he don't care what kinda travel stickers you slap on the flanks of the Sound, he goes in and headphones his way through everything by Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone and the Byrds and most other people that ever mattered in what we've kept on calling Rock 'n' Roll mainly for vested-interest political reasons, and then he finds a few new young cats who've worked around Jazz and Rock till they know their chops enough to *play* the Song, their song, without self-consciousness or schools or any of that crap, and he stands, Miles stands now like the Colossus of Rhodes square in the middle of all the music we've known or dreamed of, working at turning it all inside out and making it come out the other end in Universal Unity which is even stronger because it never attempts to resolve conflict, conflict is the fuel that stokes its mighty engines. Making it vital and never less than sure it's alive.

*BIRTH OF THE COOL* is Miles at another juncture which was as heavy a few years back, setting the pace even then. Swing had gone the way of the Stegosaurus, Bop was caught in a trap of its own devise with one man named Charlie Parker so brilliant he unwittingly turned a whole generation of musicians into his slaves. Miles looked around and, with the help of some equally gifted friends, simply proceeded to do something about it. The sides that comprise this album were the result. They broke Billboard's back at the time, shivered jukeboxes down to the last city, caused tubes in radios cross the land to sizzle up and die. It was as new and as disruptive as the Rolling Stones in 1965, and even though Miles and his cronies didn't have nymphets wetting their knickers

they accomplished a feat similar to that of the Yardbirds when they recorded "*I'm a Man*" and "*Shapes of Things*." It was like they sat everybody who was gonna be playing anything but "*Auld Lang Syne*" on a musical instrument for most of the next decade down *en masse* and told 'em, "*All right, you fuckers, this is what you're gonna be doing from here on out until you think of something even more far out than this!*"

Sounds fascist I know, but when the Sound tolls there ain't no brakes. This music sounds a little tame now, of course - and there is the fact that its brilliance served as the working model for all that Cool School drool your brother dozed to. But there was a feeling here, in songs like "*Israel*," which begins with the smoothest, loveliest riff imaginable, like the wing of a heron waving up the wind, then flies off into a just-complex-enough, pristinely textured collective improvisation that probably won't get your gonads gunning (never can tell, though) but is most certainly everything that was ever referred to by the word "beautiful."

Same thing applies to "*Move*," which takes off with a dense whisssshh like a jetstream airpocket suddenly uncurling to the rhythmic snap of a change in atmospheric pressure, pent-up and volatile but nebulous matter released in one fell rush. Or "*Godchild*," which builds a supremely elegant musical construction upon the initial eccentricity of a *tuba solo*. No feed-back, though.

I first discovered *BIRTH OF THE COOL* in 1960; a relative who, being older and a nascent "jazz fan" with a growing record collection, was a big influence on me at the time, played it for me. It was the first time I had ever heard anything remotely like this, my record collection consisting mainly of *PETER GUNN* and *MR. LUCKY* TV scores which were "jazz" to me, and the constant of the radio which was passing through its barren years but picked up a solid shot of rock 'n' jive every now and then. I didn't say anything, but I couldn't get all that excited about *BIRTH OF THE COOL*, then, being on the verge of 7th grade just a bit too young for this music just as I struggled for minimal comprehension of the Jack Kerouac novels I doggedly finished. Also, I wanted nothing short of fire and frenzy, fever and exorcism and apocalypse, whether it was *Peter Gunn* big-band melodrama or, later, John Coltrane and Charlie Mingus and the Stones and Velvet Underground and on and on. I still do, to a large extent. I will be frying my brain every chance I get for the rest of my life, and so will you, I hope. But gradually I mellowed out a bit, and not as in laidback either, and found room for something that didn't smash my head against the wall every time. And I found *BIRTH OF THE COOL*, found it to be one of the most refreshing musical treasures a man could have in his collection. And I know that I'll be playing it, just as I am right now, till doomsday too. So if you're looking for something different, look in the record store where they've segregated a lot of this fine, strong music in a section labeled "jazz." This one should be there now, so pick it up before it slips off into the air and is gone again. You won't be sorry.

-Lester Bangs

### CARL AND THE PASSIONS - SO TOUGH PET SOUNDS Beach Boys Reprise

It's become increasingly evident that the Beach Boys are dead serious about shedding their hedonistic California surf-cars-and-fun stand for a more "contemporary" image. *SURF'S UP* signalled the trend (although *PET SOUNDS*, in a more limited sense, probably was the instigating album); recent in-concert pronouncements, where the band evinced much more eagerness to play their new material than the teen classics clamored for by the audience, bolstered it; and their new album, *CARL AND THE PASSIONS - SO TOUGH* (second straight LP with a misleading title - you'd expect a real return-to-the-roots rave-up, but it ain't) solidly confirms it - the modern-day "serious" Beach Boys image holds sway.

All of which leaves critics and Beach Boys fans (though the first category seems to be completely encompassed within the second) with the problem of dealing with the new dominant style. Most tried-and-true Beach Boys buffs would agree that *SURF'S UP* is definitely inferior in excitement and listening pleasure to, say, *ALL SUMMER LONG* or *BEACH BOYS TODAY*; put simplistically, as the latter two albums were in tune with the mid-sixties, so *SURF'S UP* is in tune with today's times, and the times are grimmer. But rejecting the group's latter-day material in one fell swoop, as some have done, seems overharsh; the Beach Boys, even at their most pompous and self-consciously arty, are still such an endlessly gifted group, especially in terms of production and vocal abilities, that it's well worth anyone's while to evaluate their new material on its own terms as well, rather than constantly inveigh ill-temperedly for a return to 1964-5 (though wouldn't it be nice...). Comparisons are unavoidable, but invidious ones can hopefully be eschewed herein.

And as it turns out, this album is more high-spirited and has less super-serious social consciousness content than *SURF'S UP* (no ecology, politics, or chiripodal advice this time, though there's a hefty dose of spirituality) - it is a step in a more lighthearted direction, but it's still modern Beach Boys; for the most part, the old sound, the infectious, straightforward melody lines enhanced by soaring harmonies, has evaporated; and a more self-consciously eclectic musical style has replaced it.

*CARL AND THE PASSIONS* sport a lineup somewhat different than that of the Beach Boys - Bruce Johnston, chief romanticist on the last three albums or so, has departed; and two former members of Carl Wilson's presumably defunct South African protege band Flame, Ricky Fataar and Blondie Chaplin, have joined up. Songwriting laurels are divided up among Brian (two cuts), Dennis (back at last with two tracks), Fataar and Chaplin (two selections), and the team of Al Jardine and Mike Love, collaborating with Brian on one track and Carl on another. Brian's "*You Need A Mess Of Help To Stand Alone*" opens the album, spotlighting the sage of Bellagio in an upbeat, soulful mood.

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## ZZ Top from page 24

of the group's songs and knows well the assets and liabilities of his group — his songs fit the group well. But Dusty Hill, who plays bass and does some singing, and Frank Beard on drums deserve a lot of credit for a job well done. They're fine musicians too.

—Will Hardesty

## Beach Boys from page 25

reminiscent of "Darlin'", though more sedate and not as exciting (bouncy and infectious enough in its own right, however).

"Here She Comes" by Fataar and Chaplin is next, and, if you ask me, two songs by the newest Beach Boys (out of only eight on the album) is a bit much; their material is lyrically lackluster and musically, despite all the ingenious studio tricks Carl can conjure up (the opening bass hook line and synthesizer-filtered harmonies on this cut, for instance), they are ultimately undistinguished — pleasant enough songs, but not strong enough (especially "Hold On Dear Brother," their other contribution, a slight country-rock ditty) to hold down 25% of an already-too-short Beach Boys album.

Not content with adding country-rock to their repertoire, on cut No. 3 the group brings us a Jesus gospel tune, but with a built-in Beach Boys bias — the Maharishi (do you remember the guy who gave us raga roles) manages to walk off with at least equal lyrical billing. Although I awaited the onset of another Jesus song with the approximate pleasure apportionable to the appearance of a king cobra, I must admit this one is a very catchy piece of music, featuring some stunning harmony passages, far superior to 98% of its generally dismal genre.

"Marcella" is the one Beach Boys fanatics will be excited about, and with good reason — it's got that chugging "Do It Again" beat, full harmonies, a number of infectious melodic riffs, and is gonna make a great single — the British single is "You Need A Mess Of Help." Easily the album's top track.

Side two, although containing the previously-mentioned Chaplin-Fataar tune "Hold On Dear Brother" and a Carl Wilson-Jardine-Love composition called "All This Is That," similar to Carl's "Feel Flows" and "Long Promised Road," with a pleasantly flowing structure and nice production, is dominated by Dennis Wilson. Compositionally absent from *SURF'S UP*, he steps into Bruce Johnston's shoes this time out with two of the fluffiest swirls of romantic confectionery the group has ever recorded, swathed in layers of hovering strings and sung in an appealingly cracked voice — some people will hate "Make It Good" and "Cuddle Up," but I find them completely irresistible; fluffy musical candy floss is part of the Beach Boys tradition from "In My Room" and "The Lonely Sea" onward, and I love it all.

In fact, I'm quite entranced with this album, despite the lyrical overkill, occasionally disappointing material, and poor programming (and juxtaposing this record with *PET SOUNDS*, a

superb '66 album with four brilliant hit singles and a plethora of gorgeous production numbers, may not rebound to *CARL AND THE PASSIONS*' advantage; not to mention the package's annoying overpricing, which forces long-time Beach Boys followers already in possession of *PET SOUNDS* (and it's not that obscure, folks; it hit No. 9 in the country and must've sold in the hundreds of thousands) to fork over six or seven bucks to get the new album; it's nice to make *PET SOUNDS* generally available again, but a \$7.98 list price is a bit steep). If there are no "I Get Around"'s or "Don't Worry Baby"'s here, the "Marcella"'s and "Cuddle Up"'s are great numbers in their own right, and *CARL AND THE PASSIONS* — *SO TOUGH* proves the Beach Boys are still making some of the very best music to be found anywhere, these days.

—Ken Barnes

## LIVE PROCAL HARUM GRAVE NEW WORLD STRAWBS A & M

Somewhere, lost in the middle of blatant nostalgia for the rock music of the fifties and the constant breakthroughs and trials of newer forms, there is a select group of musicians that are still progressing along the lines set up by the Beatles in *Sgt. Pepper*. Last month, the Electric Light Orchestra released a brilliant album saturated with ideas once held and rushed over in the crush of psychedelia; this month finds two more groups continuing in that idiom. Both are very successful in their individual efforts.

The first, Procul Harum, had its birth in that era and since "Whiter Shade of Pale" have maintained their positions as the high priests of their particular form of socio-consciousness rock. Their music has always verged on what could be described as "Wagnerian"; full of images and strains that bring to mind the age of dark mysticism. Not negative in its meaning, yet full of fantasies, fears, power and visions of mythical entities. I was always fascinated by them, but in my own change to simpler forms of music, lost track of their later efforts. This album, long awaited by Procul's devotees is worthy of all the anticipation and pronouncements that preceded it. It is live and fully orchestrated, Procul playing in front of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and the Da Camera Singers, but is in no way over-produced. The orchestra is not an added embellishment, but an integral part of this album's concept. As that, it works better than any similar attempt I can remember. It is incredibly rousing as it pours out of your speakers; one of those records you want to get up and conduct.

The material has all been on previous records and if it wasn't so expanded, almost beyond recognition, this could be called a greatest hit record. But to say that is like saying you're the same person you were five years ago. For all intent and purpose this really is all new and the familiarity of the music serves only to add a "deja vu" quality to the entire album. The first side contains four pieces, all were the essence of the albums they first appeared on. The second side "In Held 'Twas In I"

was also the second side of *SHINE ON BRIGHTLY*; a united array of themes, both musical and spiritual merging all components used. For the first time 58 musicians (including Procul) and 25 singers (including Gary Brooker) have done more than just give rock music a classical feel.

The second album, more surprising in its attempt to expand the music of the late 60's, let alone success, is the Strawbs *GRAVE NEW WORLD*. After two previous American releases that only show sparks of their present direction, and the departure of Rick Wakeman to Yes: the Strawbs now are closer to the loftier intent of a Procul Harum than they are to the traditional forms of music they are more often associated with. With the maturing of David Cousins as composer and lyricist and the addition of Blue Weaver's mellotron, the album achieves milestone status for the group and gives reason to nod to Sergeant Pepper once again.

*GRAVE NEW WORLD*, too, is mystical and mythical in content; from the opening "Benedictus" through "The Journey's End". Except for various adventures into fantasy and fable like "Queen of Dreams" and "The Flower and the Young Man", the album deals with problems all men of awareness must face getting through this world. Functioning within the masses using one's faith as "Heavy Disguise"; facing the future in a grave "New World" fearfully, and strongly in "Tomorrow". "On Growing Older" continues unpretentiously in that vein, leading into the "When I'm Sixty-Four" of the record — "Ah Me, Ah My". "Is it Today, Lord", at once showing traces of "Revolver", George Harrison and the Incredible String Band, and worthy of all, leads perfectly into "Journey's End".

In relating the obvious pattern that *GRAVE NEW WORLD* follows; I can see I may give the impression it is one of those Pseudo-religious concept bores. I assure you it is not. Its philosophy and consciousness never interferes with the music. The production variety and just all around unity of the record is alone remarkable. The stunning graphics (William Blake cover and beautifully illustrated liner and lyrics booklet) are worth the price sticker.

If possible, if it sounds appealing to you and if you don't mind giving eight bucks to A&M all at once, get both the Procul and the Strawbs at the same time. Not that the music itself is all that similar, but the overall effect is so intense that you'll find yourself pleasantly high.

—Jeff Walker

## OLDIES BUT GOODIES

VOL. 12

Original Sound

There's nothing like an oldies but goodies album, at a party when you want to keep things moving without making a trek to the turntable after every song, or when for any reason you don't have time to do your programming. I play 'em a lot while I work, because few albums have

more than a couple of good cuts per side and I hate to get up to reject some piece of trash while I'm behind the typewriter. So they're ideal for guys like me, who'd rather trust some old favorites than mess around with any unproven filler.

They're a boon to the average oldies fan too, who doesn't have the time to scour junk shops for old records or the money to pay collectors' prices. But the one thing they're *not* is what this album claims them to be, "a must for the collector." It's a rare oldies album that has anything on it that the serious collector lacks.

Of course there are some who buy them just to have their favorite songs stuck together in a new sequence, and that's a large part of what determines the worth of an oldies compilation. The people at Original Sound were among the first to put this kind of album together, and their knowledge of (and love for) the music is beyond question. They do a better job than just about anybody, which is one reason their albums generally sell for full price rather than \$1.98.

I prefer the early volumes in the series for the mellow group sounds they present, but though the last four volumes have contained recent "oldies" like "Woolly Bully" and "I Fought the Law", I've yet to hear a bad cut on an Original Sound album, or a side that doesn't flow superbly from start to finish. Like all OS albums, this one has a Dreamy Side and a Rock Side. Both are killers.

For the dreamers, there's "All I Have to Do is Dream" by the Everlys, "La-La Means I Love You" by the Delfonics, "I'm Your Puppet" by James & Bobby Purify, "Since I Fell For You" by Lenny Welch, "Our Day Will Come" by Ruby & the Romantics, and "Gypsy Woman" by the Impressions. Now, I have all these songs on other records, but thinking about it I realize I haven't played any of them in years, either because they repose somewhere among my thousands of singles, or were the only good cut on some album. It's great to have them all here, where they sound good next to one another, and work together to build a nice mood.

The rock side includes a few songs that I play so often they're as much a part of my life as the morning paper, but I have to admit I'd never listen to "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Great Balls of Fire" and "Lucille" between the Box Tops, "Rescue Me" by Fontella Bass and The Contours' "Do You Love Me" if Art Laboe hadn't put them in that order on this album.

Original Sound has been in business twelve years, and this is their twelfth album in the series. That should tell you something about the loyalty of the oldies audience and the continuing popularity of the music. If you're already into this stuff, it's enough to let you know there's a new album out. If not, I suggest you check out the "oldies but goodies" bin at your local record store. Your favorite old songs are bound to crop up somewhere in this series, and you're sure to discover some other sounds of equal worth. And that, come to think of it, is more than I can promise of any new album I've heard lately.

—Greg Shaw

## Randy Newman from page 5

And of course there are his songs. A lot has been made of his lyrics, but a word should be inserted into the record about his remarkable music, whose spare, simple lines and progressions are constantly expanding magically in the air, always revealing new facets of themselves, ending up as something much greater than the sum of the notes. All the depth and richness of the American musical panorama is implied in his tunes, which evoke the presence of Stephen Foster, George Gershwin, the bluesmen, the jazzmen, soap opera classicism and (perhaps the most charming touch of all) 20's vamp music.

In the few new numbers he performed (it's reported that he did a lot more of them on opening night) he continued to display his ability to bring to life some of our more bizarre and secluded fantasies, creating characters and situations which in turn generate their own surreal and all-encompassing little worlds — The man who has the lady remove her dress (while leaving her hat on), then stand on a chair and raise her arms as he sprouts at his enemies "You don't know what love is... I know what love is" is obviously the same fellow who called Suzanne from that phone booth (and for that matter *she* might even be Suzanne); "Political Science" is a more militant and absurd (when we drop the big one we'll spare Australia — "Don't want to hurt no kangaroo") extension of the jingoism that is expressed more benignly in "Yellow Man;" and the slavery-recruitment ballad "Sail Away" seems to spring from the same sensibility that saw him place "Underneath the Harlem Moon" on *12 Songs*.

Randy Newman is susceptible to endless discussion and analysis. Let's just say for now that he's getting better all the time, not because he can't get no worse, but because he's that thing which so many are called but few deserve. I know that I wouldn't like to be stuck on a desert island with nothing but a Randy Newman album and a phonograph; I'd be out of my mind in two days — and that's the mark of a real genius.

Jennifer, another of those former *Hair* people, opened the show and actually did all right for herself. She makes deliberate and good use of a voice that cracks and rasps gently in the higher registers, and her carefully crafted vocals (for instance, the tricky octave-switching in her own "Last Song") show a lot of work and are generally quite effective. Often, though, she seems to be straining to be meaningful and emotional, and her appearance — she looks like a secretary who stuck her head in the door on her way home from work and was pushed onto the stage — is a bit too cute for comfort. But anyone who ends a set with "As Time Goes By" is okay in my book.

After Jennifer, the audience was surprised with a guest set by McKendree Spring, and I'll tell you right now that, when people complain that a critic's evaluation depends on such extraneous factors as fights with his mother and how much sleep he got, they're absolutely right. I had

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**San Francisco Fete**  
from page 6

Rodney Bingenheimer impersonating Davy Jones, but after a few trips to the bar I was in no frame of mind to bother with such distinctions.

The evening closed with a set by Sylvester, the banana-boat queen of San Francisco hip society. His rendition of Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child" brought tears to many an eye, and on that note the lights were raised and the festivities came to an end.

Henceforth, Metromedia's San Francisco office will be open weekdays from 9 until 5, to answer any queries you may have about when Tim Davis' album will be available, why only Atlantic records were played at the party, how Gross National Productions can be avoided, and when Bobby Sherman will be moving to the Haight/Ashbury. We wish them the best of luck in this new location — they're going to need it.

**Peter Yarrow** from page 19

other, living the way we sing and not being hypocritical about it." I had never really seen PP&M as totally a political group. Few others did either. But this was only the beginning. The argument was "The kind of music that PP&M shared is still with me . . . Mary is very contemporary, but it does not say 'PP&M' to me, and neither does Paul's. I'm not putting it down or making a value judgment. I'm proud to continue PP&M and don't need a newspaper to tell me if 'we shared a piece of life together'."

The Times column, as well as the booking dispute, obviously are foremost in the folksinger's mind and other questions even on the folk revival always return to these in one form or another. Indeed, the final minutes of the interview are spent on Peter's future as a performer. He regrets the lack of a "mystique." "What it means in show business terms may be my undoing. We will find out, because I have the feeling you need at least an ounce . . . of mystique. There has to be a bit of a mystery and there is nothing mysterious at all about me." He continues, "I don't get up there to say I can do something you can't do. I get up there in front of the mike to say, I need you, you don't know how much I need you."

The phone, again, interrupts.

The interview is over. Any further questions would be pointless. The times, as PP&M used to sing, have changed. Peter Yarrow, solo performer, is trying to cope with them and himself on his own terms. He is sincere, but many people won't believe it. Walking away from the pool and the estate, the entire two hours seemed very unreal. His concert manner is intellectual, as is Peter. His politics are of the colonization, or "working from within" bag. Culturally, despite the alternative handshake, Peter is very middle class with all of the proper motivations. Still, "he is a walking contradiction . . . partly truth and partly fiction . . ."

"I'm supposed to be a nice guy, not a cold-blooded businessman" are the last words I hear as I climb into my car for the long road down to the streets of Los Angeles.

**Britain**  
from page 6

friends whose opinions I respect were raving about him. Hawkwind, whose gear was ripped off days before the Festival, played with faulty lent gear. Nobody thought much of Captain Beyond, a Kinney production making their debut. The Flamin' Groovies were also making their debut and did themselves proud. (I will now stick my neck out and say that the G's will give rock the kick in the arse we've all been waiting for.) I couldn't be bothered to see the Dead/Beefheart cause I just saw both bands a few weeks ago in London, which was the case for all the

**Loggins/Messina** from page 13

Messina left Poco to devote more time to recording and to reestablish his reputation as a producer.

For sure, the first Loggins-Messina album gave each partner a chance to do what he wanted. Loggins was able to record compositions like "Danny's Song" the way he wanted them to sound. Messina was able to work up some of his own material, like "Peace of Mind" in a production effort that can only be classified as solid.

In a sense, however, neither Messina nor Loggins got what he wanted from the partnership. Loggins is not really working as a solo. Messina is back on the road.

But together, it appears that perhaps both of these musicians has gained something better than those original desires.

It is a success which springs from the realization that neither partner really needs what's going down. Loggins can make ends meet writing songs and doing session vocals (even working on a series of strange station identifications for a Los Angeles Top 40 station). Messina needs no charity looking for work in production.

The French differentiate between three types of marriage. They should know.

These types are: marriage of love, marriage of reason and marriage of convenience.

The "marriage" of Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina falls neatly into no one category. Instead it is a combination of all three, with the somewhat unexpected result of what appears to be a near-perfect match.

**Stones**  
from page 16

*EXILE ON MAIN STREET* is the ultimate epitome of superfluous redundancy, the sloppy singing of a stale Satan, the tired travail of waning inspiration, the predictable product of automatic emotion—and a two record set at that!

—Mark Leviton

Quite frankly I haven't even plotted my way thru side two yet because on the humid Tuesday afternoon that I picked up "Exiles," I also stopped in at the gracious A&M studio and managed to secure a test pressing of the Carpenters forthcoming album. It was like having six ounces of 24 carat gold in my hands and naturally, Carpenter devote that I am, it was Karen and Richard that I wanted to hear first when I got back to Glendale. And that's what I did. It's two days later now and here I am still letting the dynamic Downey duo make marshmallows of my mind. I'm not kidding folks, my appetite is insatiable. I really tried to get into the Stones (and David Bowie for that matter), but it was all too noisy, too severe, too unlifting, too . . . well, too out of sync with where the Carpenters had taken me. "Why go that rock route?" I ask myself, when I could settle back all blown out in the ozone and listen to Karen ("Dear Karen, you don't know me, but I was the guy in the front row with long hair and . . ."), and Richard and some absolutely stunning guitarist in the Robin Trower tradition melt my brain on "Goodbye To Love." The Stones "Rocks Off," or "Terd On The Run" ain't got nothin' on that one. Maybe in two weeks I'll be easier on the Stones and will probably love "Exile," but for now, back to the turntable and more "Goodbye To Love." Check back later.

—J. R. Young

"Brian Jones is still my hero."

—Ben Edmonds

Gee, the boys have sure slowed down since the Richmond Athletic Club, Surrey — and when Dick Taylor left the group I knew it was all over, cuz after all Marianne Faithful did once say, "Mick, you sound just like Kim Fowley," and with that Mick slammed the door of his limousine on Marianne's dainty English foot. This must have prompted R. Meltzer to write "You Are As Beautiful As A Foot" for the Blue Oyster Cult.

—Kim Fowley

name acts. I mean why sit out in the rain to see a band you saw two weeks ago?

Financially, the festival was a disaster (to nobody's surprise). Attendance was poor and half of those attending didn't pay. I've got my own ideas about festivals which I'll keep to myself for the time being.

**MUMBLE MUMBLE:**

Very disappointed with the new T. Rex single "Metal Guru". I could forgive it if it was taken off an album, cause those mistakes are easy to make. But to cut it specially for a single — raspberries! I expect it will shoot to the top of the almighty charts (it's No. 9 this week) which is a shame, because they're capable of better things.

We were all pretty stunned to hear of the tragic death of Les Harvey (Stone the Crows). He was electrocuted at a Swansea hall, when he grabbed the un-grounded mike to announce the band. A very sad loss.

Wings have released a new single called "Mary Had A Little Lamb" which, according to Dick n' DeeDee (sorry, I mean Paul n' Linda) is a "song for Spring to make people feel happy". God knows how I've survived 24 springs without it.

Finally secured a copy of the new Lou Reed LP. Now I'm waiting for my mind to ready itself for the onslaught. I think the first track I'll listen to is "Lisa Says" as I expect it to be just as mad as the lady herself.

Another LP I'm fingering and not yet playing is the new Dan Hicks' "Strikin' It Rich". Again Dan has come up with an amazing cover but it has been parodied by a band named "Tiny Alice".

Jerry Lee Lewis ripped it up here recently. I mean you had to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know Jerry was in town. His name and story was splashed over all the papers and even staid ole BBC got into the swing of things by way of documentary. Jerry also went on "THE OLD GRY WHISTLE TEST" TV thing and gave us all a howl with the following in depth interview:

**INTERVIEWER:** Jerry, do you prefer country to rock?

**JLL:** Wahl, what wouldja call the first numbah I did?

**Interv:** Country!

**JLL:** And what wouldja call "Chantilly Lace"?

**Interv:** Rock, of course.

**JLL:** Wahl, it's numbah one on Billboards country charts now. Bettah check yor charts boy.

End of informative interview. Camera pans to ceiling whilst interviewer regains his cool.

Judy Collins' version of "Amazing Grace" has hopped back into the charts, along with the NO. 1 version by the bagpipes of the Draggon Guards. Will it be a fight to the finish? Tune in next month.

**Everly Brothers**  
from page 10

their music. It is in this area that Don and Phil disagree and it has as much to do with their different lifestyles as it does with what to play. It would seem that their recording ambitions and personal musical preferences would indicate which concert route to go. Not so, Phil thinks they should be in tuxedos playing Vegas and Lake Tahoe and is reluctant to play clubs like the Troubadour, while Don would prefer a long-hair audience to the "plastic men and painted girls" he sings about in "I'm Tired of Singing My Song in Las Vegas." If one includes Vegas homes-away-from-homes like the Palamino, that only leaves concerts or college-fair tours (and there's always Richard Nader's 'Oldies' shows). Needless to say, the Everlys are not at a point where they can fill a concert hall and the crowds they draw at colleges and fairs still come to hear the oldies. It is a vicious cycle. The solution lies in the Everlys once again reaching the top. As it stands at this moment, expecting that from the Everly Brothers is like saying a punch-drunk ex-heavyweight could be champ again. There does reach a point where the once-great can never return from. When the ladder is removed from the pedestal, there are three choices: staying put, jumping off or sliding down easy.

If the Everly Brothers don't run into too many bumps they could land on their feet. If not, all this crap they're going through could bring a sorry end to a brilliant career.

—Jeff Walker

**Jazz**  
from page 17

Rome, by the way, is now offering an intensive course in jazz, including history, theory, practice, "influence of jazz on contemporary music", and "theory and practice of music derived from jazz".

The Machi-Oul Big Band (led by Manuel Villaroel, whose septet version of the band has been reviewed in these pages) played a concert with the Bobby Few Trio at O.R.T.F. House (French broadcasting) in Paris on April 22. Jazz concert in May included Erroll Garner at the Salle Pleyel (May 4), and the Frank Wright Quartet (with Alan Silva, Muhammad Ali, and Bobby Few), at Modulobul, on the 5th and 7th. A "Concert de Jazz" at the Gymnase Marcel-Cachin on the 27th featured Free-Exit, Ben Webster, Richard Boone (the trombonist, not the actor), and trios led by George Arvanitas and Michel Grallier — all for \$2, by the way; and Slide Hampton brought his quartet to the Theatre de la Gaite-Montparnasse on the same evening.

Finally, Musica Jazz reports that Jean-Luc Ponty (who, if this can be readily believed, does not now have an American recording contract at all), has been working in several European cities with a group consisting of Steve Warren on bass, Philip Catherine on guitar, Joachim Kuch on piano and alto, and Oliver Jackson on drums. (Giuseppe Dalla Bona, in that publications, calls Jackson "a middle road between Blakey and Milford Graves.")

**Randy Newman**  
from page 26

the most godawful stomach ache and couldn't wait for them to get off. Summoning all my strength to be objective, though, it did seem that their injection of random and offensive-sounding electronics into their folkly sound was most ill-considered and that the violin solo was terribly bloated. I guess they're pretty talented, but what do you expect mme to say about a group who made me miss the first half-hour of a Ginger Rogers-Ray Milland movie that was, as a result, virtually incoherent?

—Richard Cromelin

THE FORCES OF EVIL ARE  
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RISEN. NOW FROM OUT OF INNER SPACE COME  
**THE MIGHTY GROUNDHOGS**  
WITH AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,  
**"WHO WILL SAVE THE WORLD?"** THE GROUNDHOGS  
ARE LED BY THE MYSTIC SCEPTER OF MASTER GUITARIST  
TONY McPHEE, WHO, WITH THE AID OF HIS TWO COMPANIONS,  
QUICK PETER CRUIKSHANK AND POWERFUL KEN PUSTELNIK,  
HAVE BECOME ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST POPULAR ROCK  
GROUPS **"WHO WILL SAVE THE WORLD?"**  
WILL TELL YOU WHY. IT'S THEIR NEWEST ALBUM.  
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