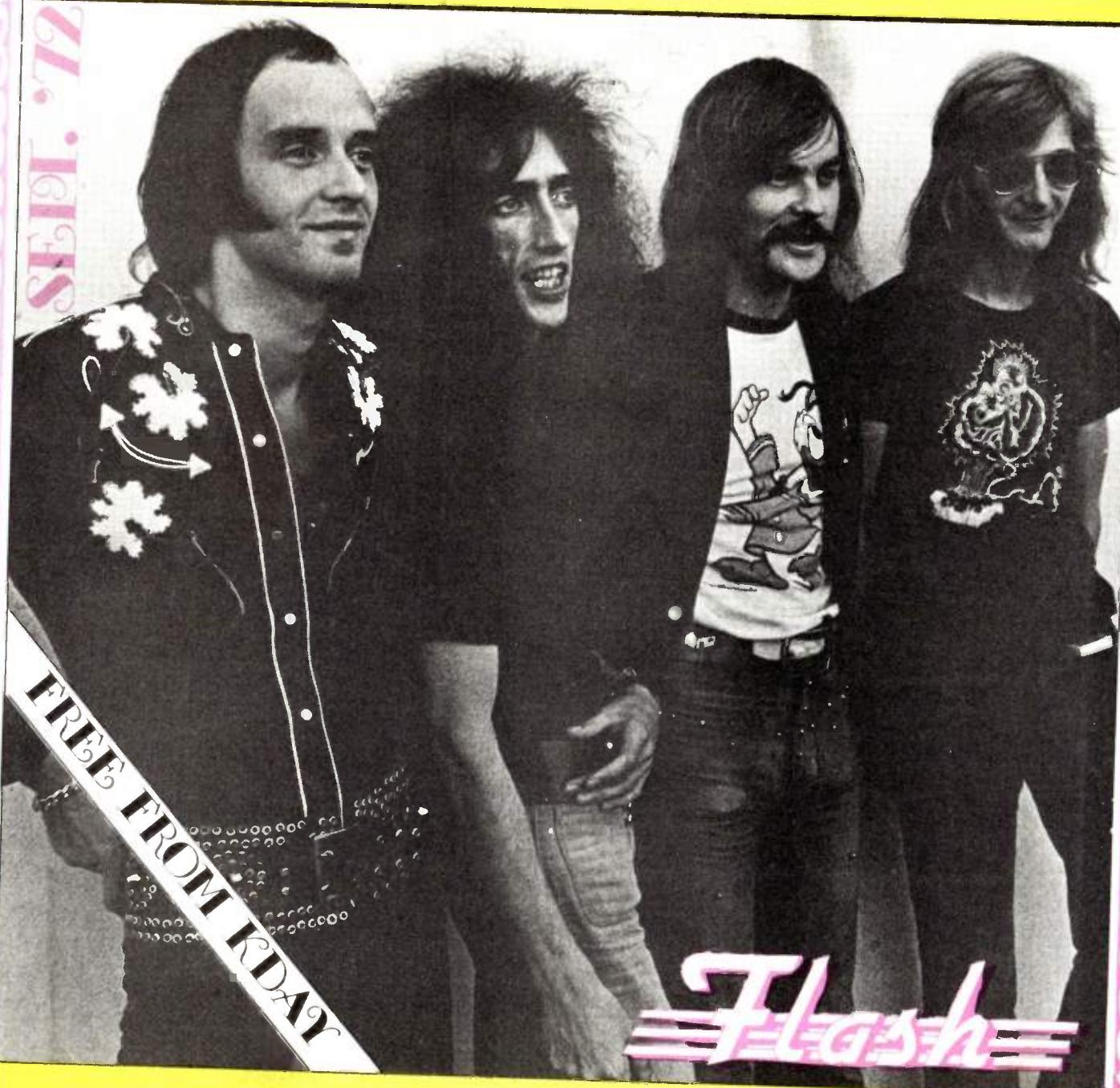


PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

30¢



ALL ABOUT FLASH....JOE COCKER'S LOST AUDIENCE....FAMILY'S
NEW BANDSTAND....JIM CROCE....DAVID BOWIE'S MOTT THE HOOPLE
....SANDY DENNY & MARIAN SEGAL....BOBBY BLUE BLAND....

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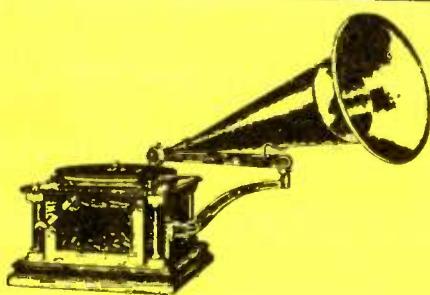


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PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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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 Ike & Tina Turner's album "Feel Good" pronto cuz that's what makes this whole bit worthwhile. Enclosed you'll find my check for \$3.75 ta 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. My name is _____

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SEPT. '72

Volume III, Number Two

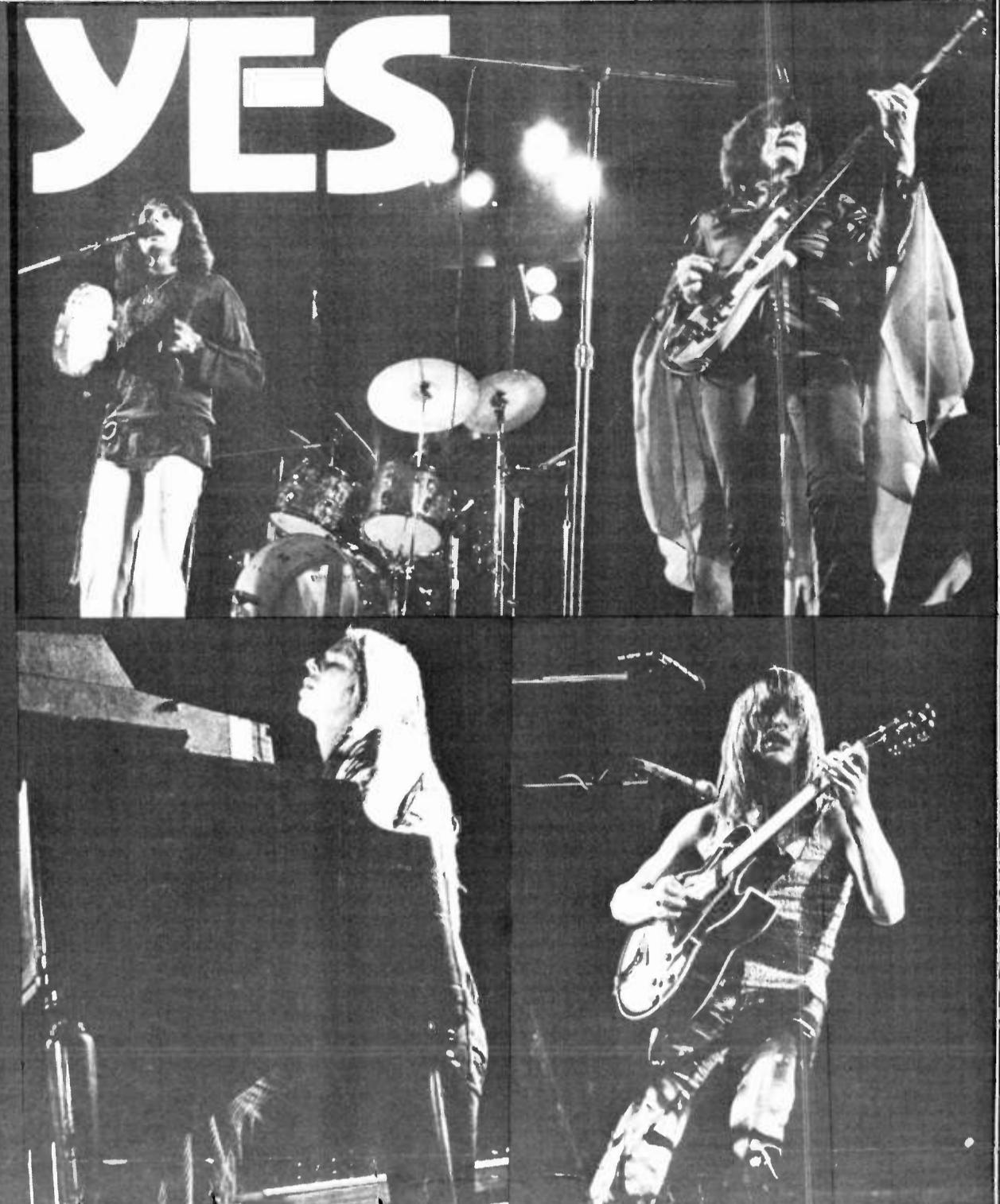
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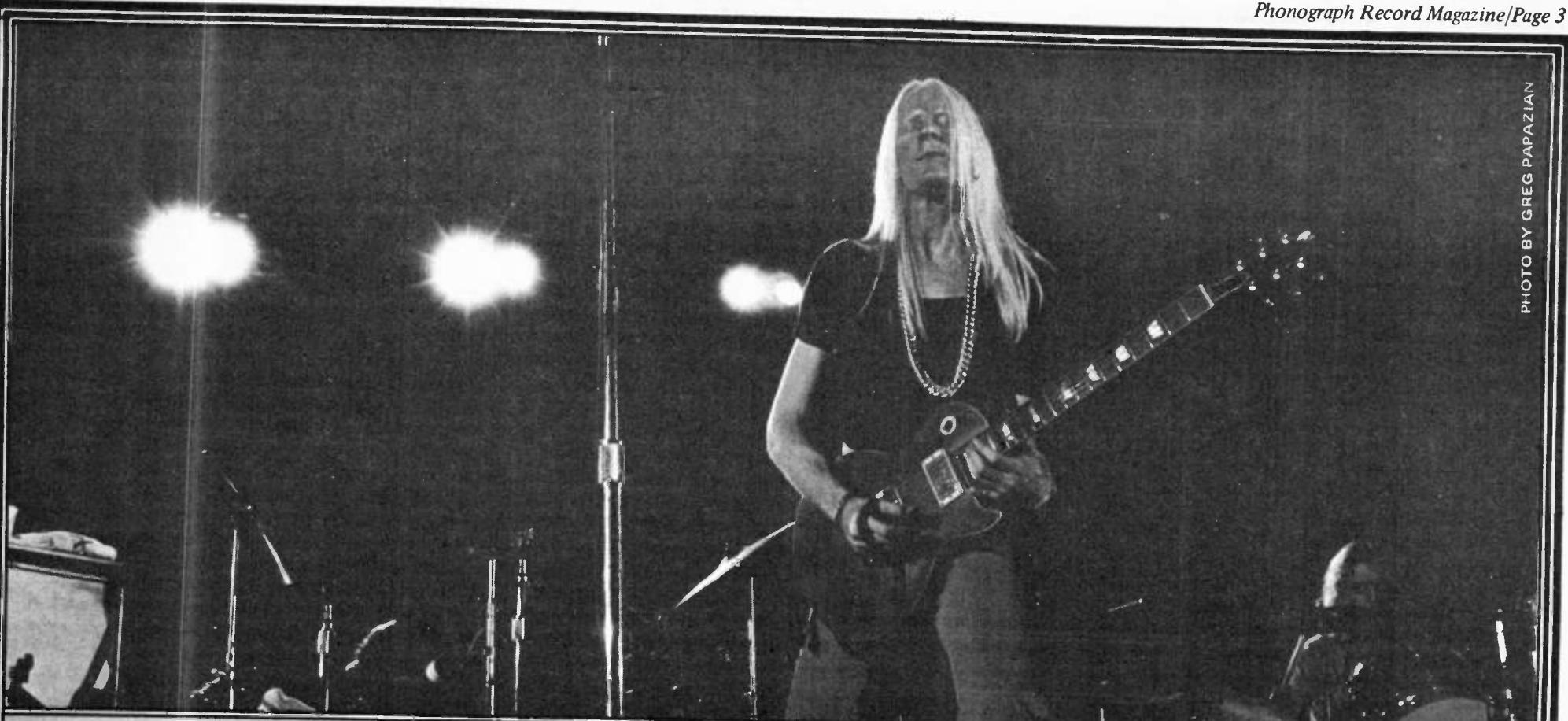
YES



THE FACES



PHOTOS BY GREG PAPAZIAN



LETTERS

Dear PRM:

I love your magazine, it's really fine — practically the only American paper devoted to music, but every issue is soured by the inclusion of one of Greg Shaw's bitter, cynical observances. He has to be one of the most hung-up, unhappy guys in rock journalism. His attitude and approach offend me, as a woman, as a music fan, as a member of his generation. Does Greg Shaw really want it to be 1965 again? I'm quite sure Ray Davies doesn't really want to preserve "china cups and virginity." The great thing about the culture Greg misses so much was that it promised so much for the future. And it's here now. We've gone through incredible changes musically, it would be absurd for groups to play the same sort of music they played in '64. I keep thinking that must be the year Greg got laid the most times or something. In 1964 I was 13 and I used to fantasize about balling Paul McCartney and Dave Davies (he had the longest hair of anyone anywhere and was only 17!), but I'm 21 now and God help me if I still had to get my kicks that way... I listened to INTRODUCING THE BEATLES yesterday and my God, it is terrible, except for *Twist and Shout*. But I played that record so often you can take it out either end of the cover.

Nostalgia is fine (I still feel happy remembering how exciting it was to be sitting right beside Dave Davies in '69 at the Whisky and finding out he was a real person, nervous as hell, too), but we have to grow, we have to change. That's part of the creative living process.

Also, Greg's views on homosexuality are truly frightening. Obviously there is no biological reason for a woman to enjoy ornamentation (make-up, etc.) or for a man to feel silly with it. It's a social phenomena. I wear pants most of the time and never make-up, does this mean I'm a Lesbian? Is Lou Reed a homosexual because he wears make-up and glittery clothes? He is, after all, a performer, and along with David Bowie, Mick Jagger, and Ray Davies, seems to realize the audience would rather not see them in merely their 'street clothes!' The performance is important. Did Greg Shaw see "Performance," by the way?

It's an American hang-up mostly; European men aren't afraid to shag their hair or wear satin and lace, and in L.A. it's loosening up thanks to open minds and a more vocal homosexual community. The most sexually hung up men in the world are the guys who need leather jackets, dusty boots and a snide word for every homosexual, to consider themselves masculine. I remember a guy I was genuinely beginning to dig until he told me with pride, "Every time one of

those damn faggots proposition me, I give it to him, usually in the face." Oh, wonderful.

How can we all be friends and make it as nice a world as it was for Greg in '64 if he dismisses one-third of the male population as being 'funny boys' as Alice Cooper would say.

Martin Daniels thinks Ray Davies is sexy. Well, so do I. I don't mind, either, nor am I offended that Martin feels the same way. In fact, I think Martin Daniels is sexy, because his mind is open, and I'd rather spend an evening with him than listen to Greg Shaw tell me what a man he is (I'm sure Greg would have it that way too). Sorry, Greg, it's not your fault. You've been conditioned to react in fear and disgust to certain types of honesty, and conditioned responses, as all students of B.F. Skinner can tell you, are subliminal and difficult to break. Maybe you've just been feeling bitchy the past few months Greg. Hope you feel better soon.

Elizabeth Coolidge
Los Angeles, Calif.

What the hell gives with you guys anyway? I'm referring of course to your July issue in which you unfairly cut down one of the greatest musical talents in the world, the Rolling Stones. I don't know who your so called "experts" think they are but I do know that EXILE ON MAIN STREET is, and has been, the number one LP in the nation for the past eight weeks. The Stones grossed close to four million dollars on their recent American tour, so they must be doing something right, or maybe it's just that all the rest of us musical fans that dig the Stones are just poor misguided fools. (Ed. note: *There's a thought.*) I had the privilege of seeing the Stones (a group I've admired since 1964) in Charlotte and they were absolutely fantastic, the greatest concert I've ever seen. Mick Jagger is one of the most electrifying performers that has ever hit the face of the earth. You may not like their life style but you must recognize their contribution to the history of music. Long after the Beatles are forgotten the Stones will still be rolling. Oh yes, I really feel sorry for you, I'm sure this is just one of hundreds of letters you will receive sharing the same views.

Wes Overby
WRFC Radio
Reidsville, N.C.

What kind of moron is this Mike Saunders dude anyway?

Sounds like some kind of Redneck teeny-bopper, the kind that sits behind you at concerts and sticks his foot in the back of your neck and utters embarrass-

ingly lame words, while throwing firecrackers.

Being almost 30 years old, married to a guy in the record business, and into good music since this punk was in diapers, I try to make allowances for Grand Funk freaks — but to have the nerve to compare them with the Stones is ludicrous, to say the least.

To me, the Stones, Jethro Tull, Led Zeppelin, Procol Harum, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Dave Mason, Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix and so forth are what I call good music. At last count, we had somewhere around 800 record albums, including 4 Grand Funk which somebody hid on us (we never would have bought them).

By the way, is this Mike Saunders the same idiot that writes from Austin, Texas, putting down Hollywood rock critics? I picture him as an incredibly uninformed, big-mouthed country slob.

Sincerely,
Sonia Hilton
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Dear PRM:

Here's the ol' nit-picker to tell Lynne Bronstein that Carly Simon did not write *I've Got to Have You* — Kristofferson did.

Next: I thought Ken Barnes was much too harsh on "Grease." Upon seeing the cover, I was afraid it would be a vicious parody of the fifties, but instead it was something done with obvious fondness. Anyway, that has nothing to do with the review. I merely thought the soundtrack was a good-natured satire that was, basically, pretty well done. The one glaring fault was missed by Mr. Barnes, however: was the car song done as an Elvis spoof. Elvis, of course, never sang about cars (I mean, who could grind his hips over a '49 Chevy?).

Finally: you guys better say some pretty good things about Matthew Ellis' album on Reprise. So far, he's the best new artist of the year.

Danny Odess
Naples, Florida

To Bobby Abrams:

It is obvious that anyone other than Pink Floyd, Black Sabbath or Humble Pie are not creative musicians, at least in your opinion anyway! Top 40 must also be a non-existent word in your narrow-minded vocabulary. (Remember even the Stones get played on Top 40!)

Raspberries are a fresh, new sound to the already overly loud and static music of today. It is also obvious that you know very little about music, because if you would have taken time to examine Raspberries album (structurally or intelligently), you would find that the songs are not only one continuous 1-4-5 chord.

Raspberries draw capacity crowds wherever they play. In fact, on a recent national tour they received several standing ovations and out-played the main attraction group.

It would be a truly fantastic task for a person as uneducated musically as you have shown yourself to be to review an album that encompasses such a wide variety of music.

As for the name, would you judge Jirslav Horschikowsky (a Hungarian classist) by his name because it doesn't meet your approval?

In 1961, Decca Records of England turned down a song called *Love Of The Loved*, by a four man group because this type of group was on the way out. The Beatles have not done so badly. Do you think so?

If you have to pick at the cover to judge the musical capabilities of the band then you are really digging low to prove your point.

If you consider Raspberries "vinyl trash" then please don't pick up Beethoven's Fifth Symphony or SERGEANT PEPPER by the Beatles because they all have one thing in common — they are musically superior to the contemporaries of their times.

As for your fantastic misleading review, you haven't given all the people who really know Raspberries (and believe me, there are a lot!) "the total merit of acetate."

Kathy Koral & Jack Plucinsky
Cleveland, Ohio

P.S. Read Rolling Stone Magazine, Issue July 7, 1972, Page 58 — Mike Saunders, now there is someone who knows what he's talking about! Raspberries — we need more of them.

The August PRM is just about the best yet. Why? What turnipsucking moron would need to be told why? Because the articles are good, that's why!

Hollies, Groundhogs, and Uriah Heep are all A-1 groups snubbed by other publications and the stories on them are real neat. M. Ceri's Rick Nelson column is his best next to his *Gonna Hustle* effort of Spring 1972. Last, PRM is also still maintaining its rating as the funniest rock publication, with things like the Kim Fowley live review and the most amphetamine-ridden letter section this side of Tuscaloosa. My favorite part of the whole issue is where Lester Bangs threatens to punch Patrick Salvo in the nose.

Yours,
Mike Saunders
Austin, Texas

(Continued on Page 27)

Performances

TAMMY WYNETTE AND GEORGE JONES Sports Arena Toledo, Ohio

They came to the Sports Arena, good ole boys in slacks and summer shirts and short hair. Women in beehives were in a vast majority. There weren't many teenagers, but lots of grandma's in their front porch finest. Some Saturday night dates came instead of going to the local drive-in. Most of the folks, by an applause count, were from outside of the city of Toledo. A comment by a local deejay, "Everybody familiar, here, with what an outhouse is?" brought down the house. The Jones Boys opened the evening with the standard medley of C&W hits, ranging from John Hartford to Merle Haggard. The audience applauded almost everything and the lines at the beer stand got longer. Patsy Sledge took over singing more other folk's hits such as *L.A. International Airport*. Patsy finally sang her recording, telling the audience, "If you haven't heard it yet - call the radio station." Several amorous advances were shouted from the audience. The good ole boys cheered. Being a trouper, Patsy sang *Never Ending Love For You* for her zealous admirers. All was well. Harold, a country comic, followed throwing out lines like "A definition of a hippie is a Jack who looks like a Jill and smells like a John." The audience loved it.

After intermission, Tammy Wynette walked out wearing a bridesmaid-type gown in brown. Tammy's performance was a greatest hits medley running from *Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad* through *D-I-V-O-R-C-E* and *Bedtime Story*. None of the plaintive deep-running emotion found in the Sherrill Productions was missing. She was the good girl looking for matrimonial bliss. She was great! Her introductions fed the image: "Being a woman, this is our song" prefaced *Good Lovin'*. The men again cheered wildly. The set closed with a song "dedicated to the males in the audience." Naturally it was *Stand By Your Man*, which, despite Women's Lib, is a fantastic song. But in this auditorium, one doubts that Gloria Steinem is a household name. Tammy retreated to a mike backstage to sing harmony with James Hollie in support of her husband, George Jones, who opened with *White Lightning* and did hits through *Walk Through This World*. He was great despite a slight cold. Kids jumped around in front of the stage. No groupies, just pre-teens. Tammy returned and sang *We Go Together* with George. "They are the perfect couple" I overheard. The crowds swelled in front of the stage. *Me and Jesus* brought the house down. It was like a revival meeting - pounding, cheering, clapping, singing. Their current hit *Ceremony* made women cry openly in *Love Story* fashion. Even George's disclaimer "Columbia married us after four years of

legal marriage" had no impact. Then seats emptied as folks congregated in the front. So it goes. Tammy and George can do no wrong. Afterwards they returned to sign autographs.

It was like a high school reunion, seeing old friends again. Tammy and George gave the people exactly what they wanted. Some of the songs, particularly by George, were fairly lackluster, but how many times can a performer sing the same song and retain his sanity? Tammy's vocals were high drama and plainly magnificent. She does project a mystique as a "sensuous nun," a label coined by Mike Thomas in *Rolling Stone*. (George Jones tells me "She definitely is not a nun with seven children at home.") The Jones' roadshow is plainly an experience. Musically, it's fantastic, and as long as Harold

ing-rink/concert-hall. They both get good reviews. Billy for his funky, chunka-chunka back-up band and the freebie crowd for the greasy Puerto Ricans and their ostentatious methods of picking up girls. The super-kool blacks did all right for themselves too, with their wine bottle throwing contest. But the lame-shit award must be handed to the fringed hippies from Great Neck for their acoustic versions of Neil Young's greatest hits.

But I think it's time to get to the point. You're reading this to find out how good Billy Preston was and I'm writing this to tell you. Tell you what?...Tell you that Billy Preston is as fine a dancer as can be found in the black community. Also, that his band is as tight as a dead rat in a beer can. Billy didn't even play his piano-organ half the time. Take the opening tune for in-

was a bit set back however by the fact that all four members of the group had on Grateful Dead Keep on Truckin' T-shirts. But it is a free country and they can do as they please. Second billed was Strawbs. They are known more for being Jon Tiven's favorite band than for their music. But the open hearted crowd clapped their hands several times anyway to welcome these visitors from across the sea, and Strawbs reciprocated with a melodic and polished set.

-Andy Shernoff

OSMOND BROTHERS THE HEYWOODS Hofheinz Pavilion Houston, Texas

It was to be a jampacked night of music in Houston, and my decision was hard-wrought. Over at the Astrodome, Houston's First Annual Jazz Festival promised the likes of Roberta Flack, Herbie Mann, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck and sax man Gerry Mulligan. At the Music Hall, they were lining up for the triple treat of Heads, Hands and Feat, Black Oak Arkansas and Procol Harum.



"He might have gotten a bit excessive with his peace signs and 'we-got-to-get-togethers', but his sincerity was not to be questioned" - Andy Shernoff on Billy Preston. Preston is shown above at left, the Wackers next to him.

doesn't get more than 15 minutes, all is well.
-R. Serge Denisoff

BILLY PRESTON/ STRAWBS/MAMA LION Schaeffer Music Festival Central Park, New York

New York City is fun in the summer, even more than in the winter. You see, there are more crazy kids in New York and vicinity than in any other municipality in this great land of ours. And every summer night they all converge on that little spot of dirt and grass they call Central Park for the Schaeffer Music Festival. Schaeffer is piss-poor beer, but you don't have to drink any to get in. You can bring your own favorite brand, even if it's Schlitz, Colt 45, or Bud (not Bud Scoppa, Bud Weiser). It doesn't really matter, unless you don't drink beer. In that case you'll have to go thirsty, wait in line for water, or bring some Dr. Pepper.

As usual there were two shows to be caught by the wide-eyed concert goer. The Billy Preston show for which everybody just paid two dollars, and the international circus of degenerate youths encircling the skat-

stance. The band walks out on stage and tears into Billy's hit single *Outa Space*. Then slowly but surely Billy inches out on stage doing his funky soul-shuffle. He shuffles up to the piano, then around the piano, then around the bass player, then into the audience, and finally back to the piano where he helps the band out for the final 30 seconds of the song, I mean instrumental. But the audience dug it, and so did I. His band just looks so cool up there. Never leaving their spot, they simply bob their heads and shake their bodies. It's a great effect, and isn't image what counts?

The rest of the set was filled by the Preston staples of *That's the Way God Planned It* and *My Sweet Lord*. He might have gotten a bit excessive with his peace signs and "We got to get together" but his sincerity was not to be questioned. One big surprise was Billy's spirited rendition of the Wayne Fontana hit, *The Game of Love*. Billy's soul treatment of that former rock smash brought the sell-out crowd to their toes.

Opening the show was Mama Lion, a new group that played an easy going rock-a-billy set. I

Across town, a local club was booked solid for Muddy Waters.

I had a hard decision, yes? Yet confusion reigned when I made the following discoveries/rationalizations: Number One, I couldn't relate jazz to the cushioned, super-cooled ball park; number two, I had just recently seen Gary Brooker's gang in Chicago and Milwaukee (superb); and finally, I couldn't get in to hear the mighty Muddy even if I wanted to pay the expensive cover charge.

Left with no practical or possible choice among these three possibilities, I opted for a fourth performance I had almost forgotten about. Nagged by Allyson, my voluptuous eight-year-old date, I reluctantly agreed to commit what I thought would be a night of cultural suicide: two and a half hours of the Osmond Brothers. And besides, not only did she have to be home by 9:30, but I felt she couldn't survive another day without checking out the rumors and find out whether Donny HAD started shaving or not.

Traffic near the Pavilion was backed up when we arrived - not from parking problems as much as from harried parents trying to get all of their kids

across the street without losing any to the roving hordes of determined females running the 440 around the hall - looking for opened doors, and of course Donny.

Bravely at first they would plan their attack, then advance, running full speed until meeting up with a few of Houston's finest. No confrontation, but a hell of a lot of giggling on both sides.

Inside, mommies and daddies struggled again, not only in an effort to police their hyper-tense children, but also to try and control the cokes, hot dogs and the five different sets of Osmond posters going for \$2 a clip.

About two hundred preteens had been waiting all day for a glimpse of the Osmonds, and at 4 p.m. when the group showed up for a sound check, the platoon was ready at the back tunnel. In the rush to crowd their bus, one girl broke her ankle, but the fracture earned her a two minute meeting with Donny and a souvenir photograph. By concert time the poor girl, with a sequined "Osmonds" sign sewed loosely on her lavender dress, was still looking for her shoe which had been lost in the excitement.

The bus itself, a chartered Continental Trailways, was so marked with indelible "I Love you Donny's" that the company threatened to withdraw its services (Greyhound had already vowed "never again").

By this time I wasn't sure whether I really wanted to stick around. But in the transient world of the bubble gum sex stars like Bobby Sherman and David Cassidy, the Osmonds are moving up in the home stretch. And, if this cycle was to be continuous, I deduced that I better see the brothers while there were still brothers to see.

At the heavily guarded stage, the panting eleven-year-olders were having pre-orgasmic spasms as they handed, or rather besieged the ushers with gifts for the boys, ranging from home-baked cookies and candy, to expensive rings and large teddy bears.

A slick jock mounted the stage platform to open the show to the expected shrieks from the crowd. It could have been Bozo - it just didn't matter. His first line: "Well you haven't rushed me yet so I guess you won't." They didn't, and so he took a step back and continued.

"Please kids, there will be no tape recorders allowed." (I can just see it - a bootlegged Osmond album.)

The Heywoods all looking like the man from Glad after he became a doper, came on to begin the screaming concert. Wearing low-cut V-neck heliotropic silk shirts, they sang weak replays of Alice Cooper's *School's Out* and *Three Dog Night's Never Been to Spain* - tailor-made for the boppers.

It was like listening to a Classics Comic Book performing the great contemporary songs. One quickly got the impression that the Heywoods' Bible was the book "...And you too can be funky..." They were polished doing other people's stuff, but their own number *I Can't Live Without You* was mostly a mixture between Sly's *Dance to the Music* and Aretha's *Chain of Fools*.

Backstage, the Osmonds had

made it through the human barricade that had opted to miss the Heywoods to greet them.

Now, all they had to do was dodge the mound of presents that made an obstacle course out of the University of Houston's basketball dressing room the boys had commandeered.

But that problem was soon solved. While the brothers sought refuge in the dry team shower to practice their harmonicas, their mother, Mrs. George Osmond was busy opening and, yes, cataloguing the gifts. "They're very insulted," she began "if we don't take their gifts." Daughter Marie, 12, whom a press release had described as "basking in the glow of her brothers' success" was in fact basking in the subdued glow of 15 Lyon and Company Moving and Storage cardboard storage boxes that mommy was cramming the presents into.

Even daddy Osmond, seeing the large pile, got into the act. And, for every gift with a name and address on it, the parents filled out a cute black and white postcard that simply said "thank you."

Alan Osmond, the leader of the pack at 23 years and also a co-producer of their records was insisting that, despite the young crowd, the childish presents and their past albums, "our music is really gettin' heavier."

Then brother Wayne chimed in. "We think it's unfortunate that we get put in a particular bag. Ten years ago," he recalled, "we were just barbershop. But," he argued, "we've gradually branched out."

Ed Lefler, the group's manager, was beaming at the smoothness of the Osmond operation. "Everything the Partridge Family portrays on TV they are," he said, pointing to the boys as they dressed in their gaberdine metal-studded low cut suits.

Suddenly, the stage lights dimmed and the pavilion became a stroboscopic palace of screaming females as flashcubes whirled around the instamatics. "We want Donny, we want Donny" they chanted and they got him.

And in the time it took them to sing their first song, "My World is Empty Without You," they proved that they're quite competent as singers, but for the boppers, it's how a group looks that makes or breaks them. All one needed to discover the Osmonds' popularity was the reaction to the kiss dynamite Donny threw the girls in the first rows. Total frenzy.

The shock factor of the group cannot be underestimated. All 105 pounds of Donny danced, pranced and did a few deep knee bends in between singing a micro-sexual medley of his greatests: *Sweet and Innocent* and *Go Away Little Girl*. Hundreds of tears were hitting the plastic tarp covering the basketball court floor — and that was in my row alone! The girls were pleading for Donny, begging to be his queen for a day, just about itching to run away from home with this entire straight-laced Mormon family known as the Osmonds.

"They tried to tell us we're too young" was almost their cue to start tying the sheets in knots for the escape. Then came the topper — their original new song *Hold Her Tight* and, backed by a 12 piece band blandly called "The American Underground," the music did sound a bit heavier

At top/left The Osmonds are presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Next to the real Queen the Osmonds are showered with gold records. The boys have managed to deliver 11 in less than one year. At the bottom the Osmonds discuss their technical brilliance with former Beatle producer George Martin.

and although they did a good job with it, it's still hard to imagine the boys doing *In a Gada da Vida*.

Just when the show was beginning to lag they brought on "little Jimmy Osmond," a 7-year-old mini-Presley who was just minutes before a timid child who shied away from his mother's hairbrush. "I've gotta woman," he wailed, "and she's good to me." After two songs it was beddie-bye for him, and two songs later, the Osmonds wrapped it up with *Down by the Lazy River*.

As the kids left, there was a mass sigh as they each seemed to promise themselves they would never forget the event. And, surprisingly, parents who came in shrugging went out clapping, many reluctantly agreeing to buy Donny's new solo album to add to the growing collection of Osmond paraphernalia. Allyson, it goes without saying, is still talking about the kiss Donny meant just for her. For me, I still have a lot of explaining to do to my friends.

—Peter Greenberg

**ARLO GUTHRIE/
EDGAR WINTER/OSIBISA,
LOGGINS & MESSINA/
STONE THE CROWS/
ROXY MUSIC
Crystal Palace
London, England**

The days of outdoor concerts are about over for America. Poor accommodations, bad management, police and local resident problems have made these events virtually impossible to hold. For an American on visit to England, it was a real joy to attend the Crystal Palace "Garden Party," the end of July, which was really an outdoor party-concert with 12,000 guests (they even served liquor!).

If you saw "Good Vibrations from London" on TV, that was the Crystal Palace in the rain. Clear weather and lots of sunshine turned the tiny bowl-like stage, small lily-pad filled lake and beautiful green, grassy hills



surrounding the area, into one of the best locations for an outdoor concert anywhere. Alongside the stage were trees in which the Pink Floyd sound system (supposedly the best in England), was hidden out of sight yet at the right level to project clearly throughout the "party" area.

The event started around noon with a new English group, Roxy Music. These clowns came on in sequined mini-dracula jackets, high pants, super-greased hairdos and rather poor music. Even with the help of horns, mellotron and moog, they never got off the ground (or maybe I should say out of it). Funny, weird clothes don't make good music.

Loggins and Messina made their first English appearance, second on the program. This group grows tighter and more competent with each performance, displaying good variation of musical styles, from Kenny's opening solo acoustic numbers to driving, horn-filled songs like *Back to Georgia*. Even with the distance of the lake between them and the audience, they were able to create a great deal of closeness that is one of the most outstanding qualities of this group.

Next, Stone the Crows made one of its first appearances since the tragic death of guitarist Lee Harvey. New member Jimmy McCullough showed few signs of having any trouble fitting into the group's sound. Each of their funky blues songs came off perfect. Maggie Bell is an excellent singer, powerful, dynamic, and right up there in the tradition of Janis and Bonnie. Their music's power reached all members of the audience who replied with endless clapping.

While resetting the equipment for Edgar Winter, a beautiful lady wandered up on stage and began dancing. The DJ who played records between sets, commented on her and told her to "carry on sister." So she did, promptly shedding all her clothes and then singing into a nearby mike. I expected roadies

and armed guards any instant to be sweeping her away, yet no one did. She finished her song, put on her clothes and left. That was a trip I would never expect to see happen at home.

Following the naked lady was Edgar, flying black velvet cape and all. He hit that audience with everything his new group has and they went mad. *Tobacco Road* had the place near hysterics and when Rick Derringer came on to play, it was a jumping, screaming crowd that carried on right through the encores. The day's performances had been a progression of music, climbing higher and higher with each new act. Edgar was the climax. If this had been the end of the show, everyone there would have been very satisfied and happy. But there was more.

Osibisa attacked the crowd next with their driving African criss-cross rhythm-and-happiness music. Although the involvement level of Edgar was never reached, the group slowly drew the audience into their brand of music. It's very hard to switch tempos on a crowd, especially after so much hard rock and roll.

The only let down musically that day was Arlo Guthrie. Maybe it was bad judgment to have him follow such a rowdy group of musicians who work an audience to frenzy points and then expect someone of Arlo's caliber and style to close off the show. Even with his new band, his humor and wit were not enough to sustain their interest. Near the end, many of them had calmed down enough to delve into his performance and commentary to appreciate him. But he was a weak ending to a beautiful day of hot music, fresh air and happy, unassisted people.

—Kathleen Kaiser

**THE WACKERS
Bodega Club
San Jose, California**

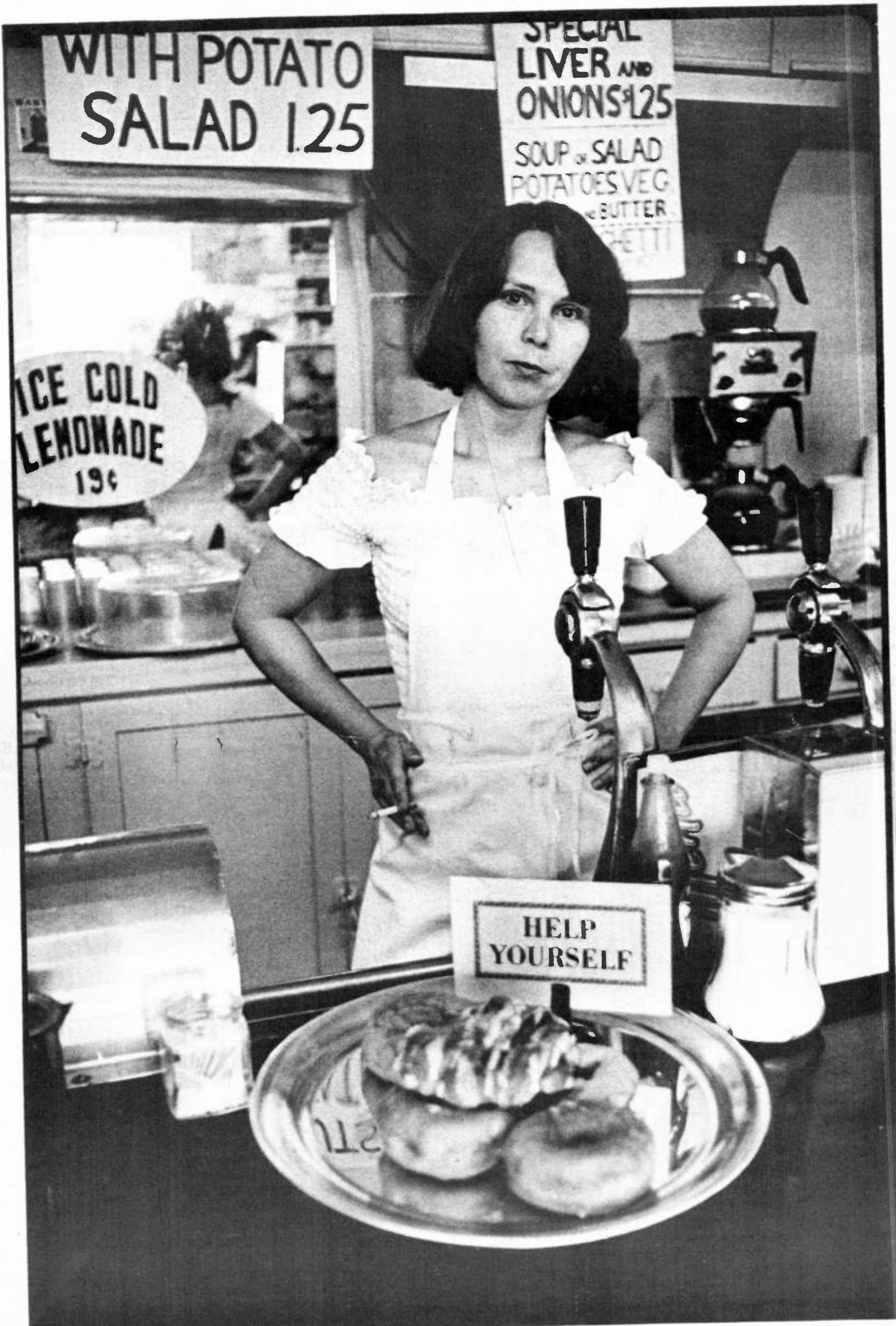
Rock 'n' roll returned to the Pit recently and scored a technical knockout, as the Wackers invaded the Boogie Capital of San

Jose, the Bodega Club. The mellowed mutton-choppers and burly downer devotees (or bulldozers) who frequent the establishment are accustomed to the various permutations of Latin/soul/pseudo-gospel funk served up by such stellar local attractions as Stoneground, San Jose's own Doobie Brothers, and everybody's favorites, Tower of Power: Thus they were fairly mystified by the fast-paced three-minute songs, straightforward rocking riffs, and nihilistic guitar bashing served up onstage by the Wackers. And where were the hyperkinetic conga players, flatulent sax symbols, and half-hour drum solos?

But for those who were able to dredge from the funkified recesses of their crania the vague recollection of what rock music used to sound like back in the 1960's, the Wackers were a rare treat indeed.

A tight and polished quartet (recently down from five) whose two albums don't really prepare the listener for their impressive in-person impact, the band displayed a dazzling repertoire of mid-sixties Stones and Beatles classics (*I'll Be Back, Route 66, She Loves You* among many) and other assorted antique gems (*Mockingbird* and a letter-perfect rendition of *Alley Oop*), plus a sterling collection of compact rocking originals packed with electrifying ear-sizzling riffs, sometimes approaching the sheer aggressive frenzy of the early Who.

The aforementioned aural delights were accompanied, in addition, by a classic compendium of hallowed rock 'n' roll visual gambits, accomplished with infinite verve and (often) affectionate exaggeration: twin Raiders' guitar charges, Jagger-esque pouts and mincings, neo-Townshend windmill chording, punkish snarls, Presleyan pelvis pumping — in sum, popstar flash galore. Lead guitarist Randy Bishop consistently engages in some of the most outrageous mugging this side of Central (Continued on Page 26)



Help Yourself is uniformly delightful. Malcolm Morley sounds more like Neil Young than Neil Young does. If your ears are shaped like mine, you'll adore Help Yourself's shimmering, crystalline guitar sound so reminiscent of the first Springfield album, against which Help Yourself stacks up very well.

—John Mendelsohn
Rolling Stone



On United Artists Records and Tapes

ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

(David Bowie)

MOTT THE HOOPLE

Produced by David Bowie

Flip: ONE OF THE BOYS

Columbia 4-45673 Time: 3:33

You know who you are, yeh, you bruisers, you bullies, you leathered cow-pokes what spend pert'ner all yer time drooling to the likes of Ziggy Stardust and Mick Rossen. Martin Daniels of New York City is one of them. He says, "The time for closet cases in the performing arts is over" ...well, right-on; I suppose. Course, all that crap don't make a diddy-damn if ya got someone like Shady Lady or Queen who regardless of lace panties or butch-wax, has no talent. Like Ampreviux never sold any records. And I can't imagine anyone paying \$4.98 for a pair of 8 cent paper underwear. The whole point bein', the proof is in the playing.

So now we have a transvestite-pop single all can wank to, if need be. Sure and *All The Young Dudes* fulfills all Alice's promises of uni-everything and if it don't relate, then yer head's 'bout as inspired as those cats in The Litt'l Fisherman Of Texas whose last two singles (*Farmer's Wedding Waltz* and *St. Paul's Bull Frog*) on Guide Records even made



45 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Martin Cerf

Lord Sutch cringe with embarrassment. Nope, this is a rape hit.

And who cares if the entire melody line is a rip off of *Hey Jude*, shit, I'll take a line like "We talked all night about a suicide how he kick it in the head when he was twenty-five, speed child; don't wanna stay alive when he's twenty-five" to "When I find myself in times of trouble Mother Mary comes to me speaking words of wisdom, let it be" ...Shit, the score that went with McCartney's side was written for Bowie's lyrics...Hence, a justifiable acquisition.

Mott The Hoople, prior to *All The Young Dudes* were Ho-Hums and if they had, in fact, split like was rumored some six months ago, I doubt if we'd have cared all that much. But this, this makes them headline news in anyone's craw. Whether you're into Jim Croce (always wondered who bought all those *You Don't Mess Around With Jim* singles) or Iggy Pop, this is one that will sock you in the chops. Embarrassingly shocking.

For us to procrastinate what the come-on's all 'bout here is ambiguous. Let's just say that *All The Young Dudes* is to 1972 what Eddie Hodges *Girls, Girls, Girls* (*Were Made To Love*) was to 1962. And David Bowie is this year what Vincent was then.

We can never forget the memorable last couple of lines in the sides which put to music Martin Daniels' cry for recognition, "Here you go...I've been wanting to do this for years...There you go...How's it feel...Sick..."

This side is not likely to move the likes of Lester Bangs (die-hard Count Five/Can fan), Ed Ward (hero of *Asleep At The Wheel*, Rick Nelson and Commander Cody alike), Rob Houghton (he thinks Cody alike), and Danny Sugarman (whose P.O. told him not to listen to this single). Patrick Salvo, Jon Tiven, Mike Saunders, John Mendelsohn, Richard Cromelin, Jack Springer, Andy Shernoff will love it. (100).

SILVER MACHINE

(B. Calvert/S. MacManus)

HAWKWIND

Produced by Hawkwind

and Doctor Technihal

Flip: SEVEN BY SEVEN

UA 50949 Time: 4:35

Just who does this Doctor Technihal dude think he is? He smashed every piece of glass in the house and both my animals ran away within the first 42 seconds of *Silver Machine*. Talk about the Spector 'wall of sound,' why this would make that one what separates the Chinks in Mongolia and China look like macaroni.



If you don't already know about Hawkwind you are among a vast majority of non-aluminettes. However, if you be within the ranks of sci-fi experimentalists who fry their thorax nightly to the electrolysis of Pink Floyd, Ash Ra Temple and the like, Hawkwind are old new to you. (Hawkwind are shown at top.) While many wasted time fillin' their heads with perfectly awful stuff by Procol and the Moodies, classic material by Slade such as "Take Me Back 'Ome" has been unexcusably overlooked. (Slade are pictured below Hawkwind.)

And if your tastes lean toward heavy metal noise, boy do we have a fall for you. This single is da one what's got so much noise that you gotta go through three Shures and a bottle of Vicks just to play the A side once.

S.M. was recorded live at the now infamous Greasy Truckers Benefit, and I have it from trusted sources that all the mobile units in the UK refuse to tape Hawkwind live any more for fear of punctured ear drums and tortured tweeter.

If you don't already know 'bout Hawkwind you are among a vast majority of non-aluminettes. However, if you be within the ranks of sci-fi experimentalists who fry their thorax nightly to the electrolysis of Pink Floyd, Van der Graf Generator, Pete Hammil, Amon Duul, Can, or the Ash Ra Temple, then Hawkwind are old business. These are champs of this aluminum stuff. Just like the aforementioned 45 is the first transvestite-hit, *Silver Machine* marks the first time a sci-fi single has ever made the top of the charts (currently it's 3 on the Melody Maker top singles poll). Indeed, cock-rock and sci-fi be the musics of the seventies. And you better get ready folks...cause these Hawkwind characters get this "Science Fiction Traveling Opera" what promises to sweep our

waste-land early next year with the verility of Neil Diamond and Alan Watts simultaneously.

What *Silver Machine* is all about is this guy what's ever so proud of his own space capsule which can flash in a matter of a minuscule second to any point in space and time desired. "Do you want to ride, see yourself goin' by the other side of the sky/It glides sideways through time, it's an electric light" ...Sorta like the Beach Boys "409" 2,000 light years on.

This is recommended for those wishing to dangle toes in this sci-fi music phenomenon which we've been tellin' you is comin' for years now. Some may write it off as mere garble-squeak, others will ring the doigie blissfully. Whatever the motivation, *Silver Machine* is an important recording if for no other reason that an act like Hawkwind getting a hit single, 45 RPM, was previously unheard of. We gotta own up to that fact. (79).

TAKE ME BACK 'OME

(Lea/Holder)

SLADE

Produced by Chas. Chandler

Flip: WONDERIN' Y

Polydor 15046 Time: 3:13

The Move were the only cult-rock band left when the Kinks returned to the pop charts a little over a year ago. That was when we selfishly lost the cast of the mid-rockers to the greedy hands of the pop-mass and what did we have...We looked for some others besides Bev, Roy, and Jeff. Came up with a couple too, like Yes and Family...but then they made it too...But hold on to your zipper bud, fer just one moment, you cultists have passed right over Slade. How utterly rude. While you've been fillin' yer head with that awful dreck from Procol and the Moodies, stuff like *Coz I Love You*, *Look What You Done* has passed you right by. And tuff for you son, cuz you've missed a whole world of tasty sides. Perhaps the best Slade single ever was *Get Down With It* which was released on English Polydor but failed to appear in the States coming some time in between Slade's release from Cotillion and their signing with Polydor (USA). If anyone in any socko hot-shot position at Polydor has the chance to mull over this pap, I suggest you get hip to some of your foreign product and do a number — get this stuff released. *Get Down With It* is so hot...well, check it out folks.

What we came to talk about today is the single which is currently available in (Continued on Page 26)

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW ABOUT ROCK AND ROLL

By Len Brown & Gary Friedrich
Tower Books

We all like to jerk our minds off every once in a while, and you feel like a moron sitting around doing crossword puzzles, so I bought this "fun-packed book of challenging quizzes to test your knowledge of classic rock 'n' roll." Brown and Friedrich, authors of *The Encyclopedia of Rock 'n' Roll Vol. 1* (a quickie cousin to Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia* and *The Encyclopedia of Country and Western Music*) are unpretentious enough. In their introduction they somewhat proudly cop to working in the grand tradition of crass commercialism that rock was founded on: "...we've had one hell of a good time putting this together, and it is our sincere wish that you enjoy it half as much as we did. Of course, the money we made helped. We'd be the last to say we'd have done it for nothing."

Okay, so I took the first test, which was a photo quiz. The last question in it consisted of:

The "Tutti-Frutti" king of the fifties, _____, is making a big comeback in 1971 via club performances, rock and roll revival shows and the late night TV talk shows.

Well, I may only be 23 years old, but I know Fats Domino when I see him, so I was feeling pretty smug. So smug, in fact, that instead of going through the book in some lame-ass linear manner and taking each test in succession (which is what you're supposed to do, since they get progressively harder), I jumped around enough to find out that not until *HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED* (rather than *BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME*, as I had always thought) did Bob Dylan "forsake his pure folk image and go into the folk-rock bag;" that Andrew Loog Oldham is still the Stones' manager; that the Stones' "answer" to SGT. PEPPER was called *HER SATANIC MAJESTY'S REQUEST*; and that the Altamont disaster happened in the town it was named for, rather than Livermore, as I'd thought from attending and reading about it in *Rolling Stone*.

Okay, sez I, these guys are fulla shit and so is their book, I'm gonna skip all this punk crap and take the Top 100 Master Quiz you're supposed to save for last. I'll blitz 'em! So I took the toughie, and at length came to this question: name the title of the song that these lyrics came from:

I met her on a street in New York City
She tried to take me uptown for a ride

Hmmm. Shit. Uhm. Well, maybe it's *The Eyes of a New York Woman*. Nope, look here, according to the answers in the back, it's *Honky Tonk Woman*. That's funny, I always thought those lines went:

I laid a divorcee in New York City
She tried to take me upstairs for a ride

But that's all right, because not everybody is a hotshot rock critic, and I can't expect poor old Brown and Friedrich to share my Olympian level of erudition. Just to humor them, though, I checked the answers in the book against my own after zipping through the Top 100 Master Quiz. One mistake, two, five, ten, *wait a second!*

I ended up with 72 answered correctly out of a hundred. Then I looked at the Master Quiz Score Chart: "79-70 - not bad, but you're probably on the wrong side of 25."

If anybody asks for me, I'll be doing my "TV Crossword."

-Lester Bangs



Lou Reed. Ah, Lou Reed...the living legend, Mr. New York. The audience went wild at the mention of his name. Everybody cheered themselves hoarse when Lou lightly tripped on stage in black velvet and sequins.

BRITAIN

THE SCENE IS ALIVE AND WELL (& JUST AROUND THE BLOCK PROBABLY)

By Our British Correspondent

It just occurred to me that over the last few weeks I have seen a great number of bands and flashed on all of them. It's been a long time since that happened to me and maybe it's the same for you. One possible reason is that we all tend to revel in the past: "Remember when the scene was really good and you used to make all the clubs and see so many good bands?" Or "It sure ain't what it used to be." I find that kind of nostalgia annoying because if you think logically about it, the scene never really disappeared; it has always been there waiting for us. But where are we? We are sitting at home, blowing our joints to the drone of a Hendrix album or another of our heroes of the past and convincing each other that it was good then. Of course it was good then, but it's time to move on, don't you think? Now it's time for us to evaluate what the pupils have learned from the masters, in some cases (Lou Reed/David Bowie) it works both ways.

Last week I boarded a bus taking some friendly folks up to Dunstable Civic Hall to see Hawkwind. Now I've seen Hawkwind plenty of times before in the last 2 years, but then again maybe I never really saw them at all. Hawkwind, as you may or may not know, are a band nobody took very seriously at one time. They were just a bunch of freaks from Notting Hill Gate who happily bore the "community band" label. They cheerfully

admitted that the band housed not a Hendrix, Clapton, Baker, Winwood or such among them. Looking at them, and hearing their earlier music gives the impression that 1967 affected them greatly. But consciously or unconsciously they chose not to reproduce 1967. Instead they use it as a catapult. Hawkwind are just about to give us what 1967 couldn't: a Space Opera. Not an opera in the sense of "Tommy" or those pretentious rock opera abortions. The Space Opera has been in their minds for a long time now and now they are ready. At the moment they are giving audiences around the country sneak previews and I think the sneak preview is what heightened my enthusiasm for them. I feel it would be unfair to the band to make any comment at all until the Space Opera is presented in its entirety, which should be late this month or early October. What I can tell you is that it will be quite amazing. I rather think that by mid-1973 Hawkwind will be in America. Meanwhile, watch for their *Silver Machine* single (an enormous hit over here) which is soon to be released in the USA (doubtless it's out now there).

The following night I went to Royal Festival Hall to see David Bowie and his special guest Lou Reed. I've told you about Bowie before and there is no need for me to praise him to the Nth degree anymore. It's entirely up to you now. I'd rather save talking about Lou Reed until later in the column as I saw him and his new band a week after this concert.

Directly after the Bowie/Reed concert I zipped over to Kings X Cinema, a funky movie theatre now used at weekends for all night concerts. That night "Grimms" were playing (Scaffold, Neil Innes, Adrian Henri, Andy Roberts, and Zoot Money among others) and Viv Stanshall threatened to debut his new band (but it didn't happen). Grimms is absolutely remarkable. It's a bit of everything, music, poetry, comedy sketches et al...and first class with it. The show moves along at lightning pace, there is

rarely a dull moment. For me it was a bit frightening never knowing what was going to come next. For instance, an acute wave of paranoia hit the audience who were busily rolling joints, when a cop appeared at the back of the theatre and inched his way up to the stage. He stumbled over leads and mike stands and announced in a thick Liverpudlian accent that "This is not a bust like, so carry on. I'm sorry if I'm spoiling your party and all but there is a van outside obstructing the pavement etc..." Grimms heckled the copper and informed him that his bad vibes killed the concert and that as long as he was onstage he might as well perform something. "Oh, d'ya think I could?", the cop asked nervously, and proceeded to do his Cagney, Bogart impersonations which he'd obviously worked on if such a showcase ever presented itself. "Oil kill you, you dirty rat" boomed over the PA in that monotone Liverpudlian dialect. It was only after he launched into song and dance about a Woman Police Officer whom he longed to take to the Policemen's Ball that the audience finally realized that the cop was in fact Roger of the Scaffold. You see, there are so many people in Grimms that when one leaves the stage, nobody notices. Roger also becomes "Flash" the typical English roadie in one amazing skit. You really need more than one pair of eyes and ears to keep up with Grimms. Adrian Henri reads a poem dedicated to the Liverpool Football Club, Neil Innes stumbles around on specially built 3-foot high platform boots as he sings *Humanoid Boogie*, Zoot Money sits at the piano and sings peaceful songs, Scaffold start a new dance craze "the Albert Hall" where you "stand to your left, you stand to your right..." everybody dashes around wildly preparing the next bit of madness. Grimms carried on for a solid 3 hours before the audience absolutely refused to let them offstage. Neil Innes thinks the next scheduled Grimms performance will be in October, a very long wait. I doubt if America will ever see Grimms, which is a great, great shame. However, you can console yourself with an LP on Island Records of Live Grimms recorded during their tour earlier this year. Perhaps you will have to buy it on import, but the few extra dollars will be worth it.

The following weekend I went back to Kings X for Lou Reed and Brinsley Schwarz. Brinsley opened the evening and got the good vibes going. They're such a nice band to see live, probably because they sound so fine. Thanks to Dave (Tones) Robinson, their manager and ace mixer, only the purest comes out their PA. Brinsley are doing a lot of classics these days like *I Like it Like That* and *Brown Sugar* and Nick Lowe's own compositions are going very much in the same direction. All their songs sound like classics. For me, the whole Brinsley philosophy is summed up in one refrain from a song written by their organist, Bobby Sox Andrews and bassist Nick Lowe: "Happy doin' what we're doin', Happy doin' it right, and we'll keep on doin' what we're doin', So long as the feelin' is right..." A lot of people said Brinsley are going to be a good band, now it's time to change the tense and say Brinsley are a good band.

Lou Reed, Ah, Lou Reed...the living legend, Mr. New York. The audience went wild at the mention of his name. Everybody cheered themselves hoarse when Lou lightly tripped onstage dressed in black velvet and sequins. He looked pale and drawn, the condition bizarrely emphasized by kohl encircling his eyes. He looked like the original Frankenstein. Lou was paranoid, very, very paranoid. He's become the rage here thanks to his unofficial PR man David Bowie. Now it was time for Lou to live up to everything Bowie had said about him, and man, he was shitting bricks. Poor Lou had a tough time, not with the audience but with himself. He must have been poured into those trousers because after the first few numbers he began to spill out of them. His fly unzipped and the trousers threatened to fall to his ankles. Lou (Continued on Page 26)

In a world full of politicians a comedian is not to be laughed at.

BUSTED

During the last three years, my voice for a number of reasons has been precluded in America. In effect my mouth has been "busted."

The albums I've made either would not be released or if they were, I would find that they were relegated to the dirty section of a seedy bookstore. To me an album is a painting...to be judged on two basis...one, did it hold your attention?...two, did it make you feel something? Unfortunately those decisions cannot be made when

the painting is silenced.

There is a great heritage of humor in this country. We have been one of the few societies capable of laughing at ourselves... and through our laughter we have proven our humanity. Somehow, I find myself thinking that neither Mao or Kosygin chuckle a lot. The first side of this album is my guts

...a truth-trip spoken to the mirror of my life. The second side is a composite of three years of my days...something old...something blue...something borrowed... something new.

If this be a cop-out, then may a cop forgive me.

— Murray Roman, Los Angeles
1972

Murray Roman's new album has been released on United Artists Records. So has Murray Roman.



SPOTLIGHTING THE MAN BOBBY BLUE BLAND

There's a new Bobby Bland single out (*I'm So Tired*) that is both typically fine and frustrating: fine in that it is another two and some odd precious minutes added to the body of recorded work by one of the great singers of our time, and frustrating in that the a&r of his label Duke Records continues to stifle his musical potential, a degeneration from their merely failing to maximize his commercial potential.

Bland is perhaps the consummate blues singer of our time. His voice has an incredibly rich range of texture and dynamics that worked inextricably with his musical environment during his classic performances for Duke in the 50's and 60's. Like the interaction of Otis Redding with Booker T. and the MG's Bland's vocals functioned super-closely with that of the Joe Scott arranged Duke band in Houston. Rich with the tradition of the ornately horn-arranged blues of the Southwest swing bands of the 40's-50's (like Count Basie with Jimmy Rushing) Bland used a sophisticated disciplined vocal style compatible with the song-structured nature of the tunes that served ultimately, and heighten the effects of his incredibly primal black endemic cry-shout endemic to the street-black audience his music functioned for. He was what Al Green is today; by sociology his was the pasture of shy-boy, and the love-man but as the artist his totality of expression was saved for the singing of the song. His recordings comprise some of the most valuable black music of our time, clearly as important and as moving as any black music a white audience became attentive to. But that lack of commercially necessary accessibility was what deprived Bland of his stature as Bluesman extraordinaire among whites. There was no Chess machine with an eye to any white audience, there was no distribution in England where in the early mid-60's a whole new blues appreciation trip sprung as an expression of recycling of available product. Bland remained confined to the black audience, but if that wasn't stifling enough the past couple of years has shown that Duke has even lost sight of them. They parted ways with the great arranger Joe Scott, and in their subsequent efforts at recording Bland more contemporarily, simply failed. The brilliantly Black endemic songs like *Turn on Your Lovelight* and *Ain't Nothin' You Can Do* gave way to disturbingly ineffectual attempts at commercial assessment like *Shape Up Or Ship Out* and *Under the Yum Yum Tree*.

The one song, in the past couple of years that Bland has enjoyed some commercial success with has been *Do What You Set Out To Do*. It is Bland's forte, a sophisticatedly arranged blues ballad, with Bland wronged but philosophical, singing in complete command, over a blues progression of compellingly sophisticated jazz changes. It's a formula for excellence Duke should know better than to fool around with.

But *I'm So Tired*, the new single takes a commercial chance that misses even if by a slim margin. It is a blues song with a slightly stepped up *The Thrill Is Gone* groove. Bland exclaims that "I'm so tired of being your fool." Unlike some of the aforementioned recent singles it's not embarrassing, but it's merely competent, and that does not vindicate the standards a Bland song should meet.

But what can a poor boy do but listen to Black music recordings of the 50's and 60's. Like the economy, the administration and lots of other shit, the lack of aesthetic justice that Bland has met with is just another American phenomenon that anaesthetizes the listener whose only alternative is to wonder perplexedly at "what's goin' on."

Essential Discography

The Best of Bobby Blue Bland, Vol. 1 & 2 (Duke 84, 86); Spotlighting the Man (Duke 89).



"The Best of Bobby Bland"



Bobby Blue Bland is perhaps the most overlooked and underrated recording artist of our time. His recordings are indeed classic and the finest of them are available on the two Duke LP's shown above. (DUKE RECORDS - 2809 Erastus Street, Houston, Texas.)

THE DOUGLAS COLLECTION

Yeah, well jazz is definitely alive and in fact it's so thoroughly, vividly alive at this point that there isn't even any validity in talking about how it really isn't dead at all but actually alive. If you know what I mean. I mean, jazz just is. It always was, for that matter, but now, thank God, people are starting to realize that fact on a very broad base.

And just in time for all of this new interest, new awareness, have come a

thankful rash of new issues and re-issues of great jazz material from the near and distant past. One of the nicest bunches of things, one of the most welcome (both for the innate worth of the material involved and because most of it has been extremely scarce for some time), is "The Douglas Collection." The Douglas in question is Alan Douglas, who now runs the highly respected Douglas label (John McLaughlin, for instance, first electrified American audiences on that label), and

who, in the early '60's, worked as an independent producer with United Artists Records to put together some of the finest, and least known, jazz albums of the decade.

"When I came to UA," he says, "there just weren't very many jazz artists available on a contract basis, so I did what I thought was the best thing. I set up a series of individual one-shot recording sessions." These "one-shots" featured some of the most important creative minds in contemporary American music. Part of this series of recordings, ten in all, has just now been re-released (most of these have been impossible to find until now) and -- totally aside from some particularly great individual strengths the collection contains -- it can also be accurately stated that the entire ten, as a unit, are really a formidable bunch of records. Hopefully, what the last decade wasn't quite ready for will not be accepted and embraced with appropriate good sense by today's audiences.

Included are: THREE BLIND MICE by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, one of the most popular LPs that great traditionalist of jazz drumming (and that most buoyantly forceful of band-leaders) has ever come up with; COLTRANE TIME, by John Coltrane, naturally, and presumably no more need be said about that; an album called MONEY JUNGLE, by a once-in-a-lifetime trio of giants called Duke Ellington, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach (and these cuts, together with the duo tracks Ellington made with Jimmy Blanton for RCA and with the Ellington/Coltrane LP on Impulse, show what a brilliantly imaginative modernist and what an impossibly intelligent soloist Ellington can be); LADY LOVE by Billie Holiday, an extremely valuable addition to the extremely tiny "live" discography of Lady Day; MOODY'S MOOD FOR LOVE by King Pleasure, an important album (and one of the few albums), by the sly, smooth, innovative jazz vocalist/lyricist who paved the way directly for Lambert/Hendricks/Ross, et al; INSIDE BETTY CARTER, in which that most inexplicably underrated jazz singer gives new evidence of her feelings and her depth as an interpreter of good songs; MATADOR by Kenny Dorham, with the seldom-heard trumpeter in a bright, brassy mood, playing with unusual fire and suave control; UNDERCURRENT by Bill Evans and Jim Hall, with the pianist at (perhaps) the height of his complicated, elusively mythical powers as an improvisator and with the guitarist playing finely, delicately as always, and with both men matching and sparking one another's imaginations quite admirably; BRAZIL BLUES by Herbie Mann, with the flutist and his group sounding particularly strong and inspired, and not at all like the latter-day electronic Muzak Mann's been coming up with lately; and, finally, WONDERLAND by Charles Mingus, a big, burly, two-fisted set from the protean bassist, composer, and leader -- an album especially interesting now, since 1972 has seen a rich spate of other albums, new and old, from Mingus, and because WONDERLAND seems to occupy something of a pivotal place among them.

When the LPs were originally released, they had the usual mixed-quality liner notes. Some were reissued on Solid State later in the '60's, with prefatory notes at best. For this latest issue, Alan Douglas has done a very smart, very admirable thing. Feeling that most of the artists involved, at least, are pretty well known at this point, he has commissioned the noted jazz writer Don Schlitten to compile discographies, not only of the group leaders, but, in some cases, of the notable sidemen on each date, to replace the notes. What this means is that "The Douglas Collection" is not only a strong, worthwhile addition to any serious collector's library, but that it is also a literary document of great potential importance to anyone who cares about jazz in almost any capacity.

—Colman Andrews

SANDY DENNY & MARIAN SEGAL

by Coleman Andrews

An article on Sandy Denny and Marian Segal, huh? O.K. Now who's Marian Segal?

Marian Segal is someone you ought to know about if you already know about Sandy Denny. Not that the two of them are particularly alike, mind you, beyond the fact that they're both blonde and British and that they both sing, play guitar and piano, and write good songs. But if you're the sort who likes Sandy Denny (who is rather well known), you'll probably be the sort who likes Marian Segal (who is not).

I met Marian Segal (she's not someone I know well enough to call "Marian" — old-fashioned, vaguely formal type that I am — and I'd just as soon not get into that Miss/Ms. bullshit, so I'm more or less restricted to full names or personal pronouns for the time being) in London last November, having earlier seen and heard her perform at The Troubadour in L.A. She had impressed me then, in her own quiet way, with her graceful presence as well as with her presents (which is to say her gifts, both those that have been given her and those she gives to the audience), and, particularly, with one song of hers called "Amongst Anenomes," which is quite obviously, to me, one of the very finest modern-day meta-folk compositions that has yet been written — a near-perfect re-structuring of folk themes and folk devices into a kind of literary, scene-defining imagery that far transcends mere folk lyrics. (The song, with a lot of other nice things, is on her album *FLY ON STRANGEWINGS*, DJM 9100, distributed in the U.S. by Bell Records.)

Accompanying her in L.A., had been a two-man group called Silver Jade (not to be confused, under any circumstances, with Jade Warrior, which is one of those Vertigo/Mercury groups if you know what I mean), and, when I called at the Dick James Music offices on New Oxford Street to talk with her, one member of that group, guitarist Dave Waite, was along.

Our conversation took place in a small office cubicle — a desk and chair and two more chairs facing it, and somehow I got manoeuvred into the desk-chair, making me feel uncomfortable as all hell. But I didn't let it bother me for long, for Marian Segal turned out to be, simply, one of the nicest, friendliest, most open, most (to use a well-worn word) *together* people I've ever happened to meet. I can't really imagine how anyone could feel uncomfortable around her for very long.

Marian (well, hell... maybe I do know her well enough) and Dave told me something of their respective backgrounds. She had never been particularly involved in music, she said, until some friends started using her cellar to rehearse a band. It's pretty hard to ignore the fact of music-making in a case like that, and soon she was joining them. Danny Kirwan, long-time guitarist with Fleetwood Mac, taught her to play. Presumably she taught herself to sing. One night, she found herself on stage at a folk club. She sang a song, and then, to her surprise, the audience let her know they wanted to hear more. She had begun. (To interject a quick note: I had naturally assumed, given the mastery of the folk idiom that seems so clearly to lie at the base of her own fine songs, that she had been reared in, or had at least studied hard the works of the many fine traditional balladeers in



At top left—Sandy Denny, Right—Marian Segal, Below—Fairport Convention.

the British Isles today, but she assured me that her introduction to folk music as a form came from people like Peter, Paul and Mary and such — hardly first-generation folksters at all.)

She played the British folk circuit, and, at some point, met Dave Waite. They made the *STRANGEWINGS* album about a year and a half ago, and its release on these shores didn't exactly create any overnight superstars. There was kind of a throwaway look to the packaging of the American edition, and on one track, there's even a painfully obvious tape-wow (which Dave Waite assured me is not on the English pressing), which is my idea of a slap-in-the-face to any recording artist, and DJM or Bell or whomever is responsible ought to be ashamed.

On the other hand, so few people (reviewers, at least) apparently listened to the album, that technical errors were hardly noticed. Lita Eliscu, if memory serves, discovered the album and wrote nice things about it, and one particularly astute scribe in the Chicago Sun-Times called it "a colorful blend of description, reminiscence, sad poetry, and new legendry," a brief definition that I could scarcely hope to better myself.

The songs aren't all fantastically good; uncomfortable cliche and belabored imagery show up now and again. But every song has at least some good in it, and some are quite extraordinary. (Besides "Amongst Anenomes," I'm particularly fond of "Fly Me to the North" — "Fly me to the North to where/The gentle lilacs never bloom... I just don't want to have to feel/Your sadness all around me.")

The L.A. appearance was part of a three-city American tour which was a mixed success. In New York, they had work permit problems. These were solved, but apparently the hassles cast some shadows on the engagement in general. While in L.A., they were plagued with sound system inefficiencies (though Marian loved the city — as people who

love London often do, for some reason — and stayed here for weeks after the club date was through). But in Chicago, both Dave and Marian agree easily, things were nearly ideal. "We worked for Henry Norton at the Gate of Horn. He was incredible — very, very together." Did they like the city itself? "We hardly saw it. We didn't need it. It was as though our world was centered at the club. We'd go there and play and sing and expend so much energy, that we couldn't face anything else. The hotel and the club, that was it. That was all we needed. We were working and it was wonderful. That's what we want most, in fact. We can't exist without working."

There's a new album coming out soon — Silver Jade has been disbanded, but Dave and Marian are still together — which is said, intriguingly enough, to be *something a little bit different*. Watch for it, and maybe even try to find *FLY ON STRANGEWINGS*. Or, at least, don't say I didn't tell you.

Oh yes. One other thing Marian and Sandy Denny have in common. They're both knocked out by Bob Dylan.

Sandy Denny was in L.A. to play The Troubadour. She brought a splendid band, with Timmy Donald on drums, Pat Donaldson on bass, and Richard Thompson — who is probably my very favorite guitarist in the whole round world at this point. The calm elegance with which he builds his solos, for the architectural ingenuity with which he remodels chords and couches lines with eloquent space — and I, for one, was extremely impressed with the shows I saw her do, though several local pooh-bang reviewers found fault with an imagined monotony of material or over-emphasis of intensity.

She was with Fairport Convention (as was Thompson) in the days when they electrified folks by electrifying folk, which is to say, by taking pure, traditional folk material and performing it with a more-or-less standard rock instru-

mentation, including drums and amplified string instruments. The legitimacy of this innovation, its place as a logical defensible extention of an age-old tradition, was upheld by no less an authority than A.L. Lloyd, the revered folklorist who is something of an age-old tradition himself. He made it a point to go backstage after the first major concert in which Fairport revealed this new style, to congratulate and assure them of his support.

Since that time, Sandy Denny has, in several different contexts, continued to perform electric but traditional material, but has also continued to sing her own brand of folk-rooted, poetical balladry, and, with increasing and felicitous frequency, has continued to sing a lot of very convincing rock-and-roll. Her sets at The Troubadour were a combination of these styles, as is her new (first) solo album, *THE NORTH STAR GRASSMAN AND THE RAVENS* (A&M 4317).

Well, not *really* her first solo album, and, though I don't want to get into (well I guess I should admit that I *couldn't* get terribly, accurately into even if I wanted to) the matter of her history of the various groups that she has been a part of and that have grown out of the various groups that she has been a part of — ask Jim Bickhart if you're curious about any of that — still, I should say a *little* bit about what she's done.

She's from Wimbledon (of tennis fame), South London, she studied Music in school, she learned guitar and piano and played the folk circuit. She cut an album, — her real first solo album, I guess you could say — in about an hour and a half and because she needed the rent money. She has long since disowned it completely, but apparently the record company has tried recently to capitalize on her new fame by bandying it about as an authentic early Sandy Denny masterpiece.

Anyway, she joined The Strawbs for a while, then got into Fairport, then formed a new group called Fotheringay, which did one quite nice LP for A&M before breaking up. Last year, she was named Top British Female Singer in the Melody Maker poll (Rod Stewart was her male counterpart), which is neither here nor there. The point is, that she's with a strong, small group of her own now, a group which she will presumably lead in precisely the directions she wants to go musically, and I rather suspect we're going to be hearing a lot of fine sounds as a result of it.

I had the chance to talk with her briefly in one of those lovely, cavernous, shabbily-attired suites at the Chateau Marmont; a couple of other writers (including the above mentioned Jim Bickhart, who was probably telling her things she didn't know about the British electric folk scene) were about, as were some managers, agents, friends, or whatever, and she was rushing to get to another interview, but she did say a few things about her songs.

"I guess what I write is a bit more obscure than folk-songs are," she said. "But I'm trying to change my writing style. I'd like to be more simple."

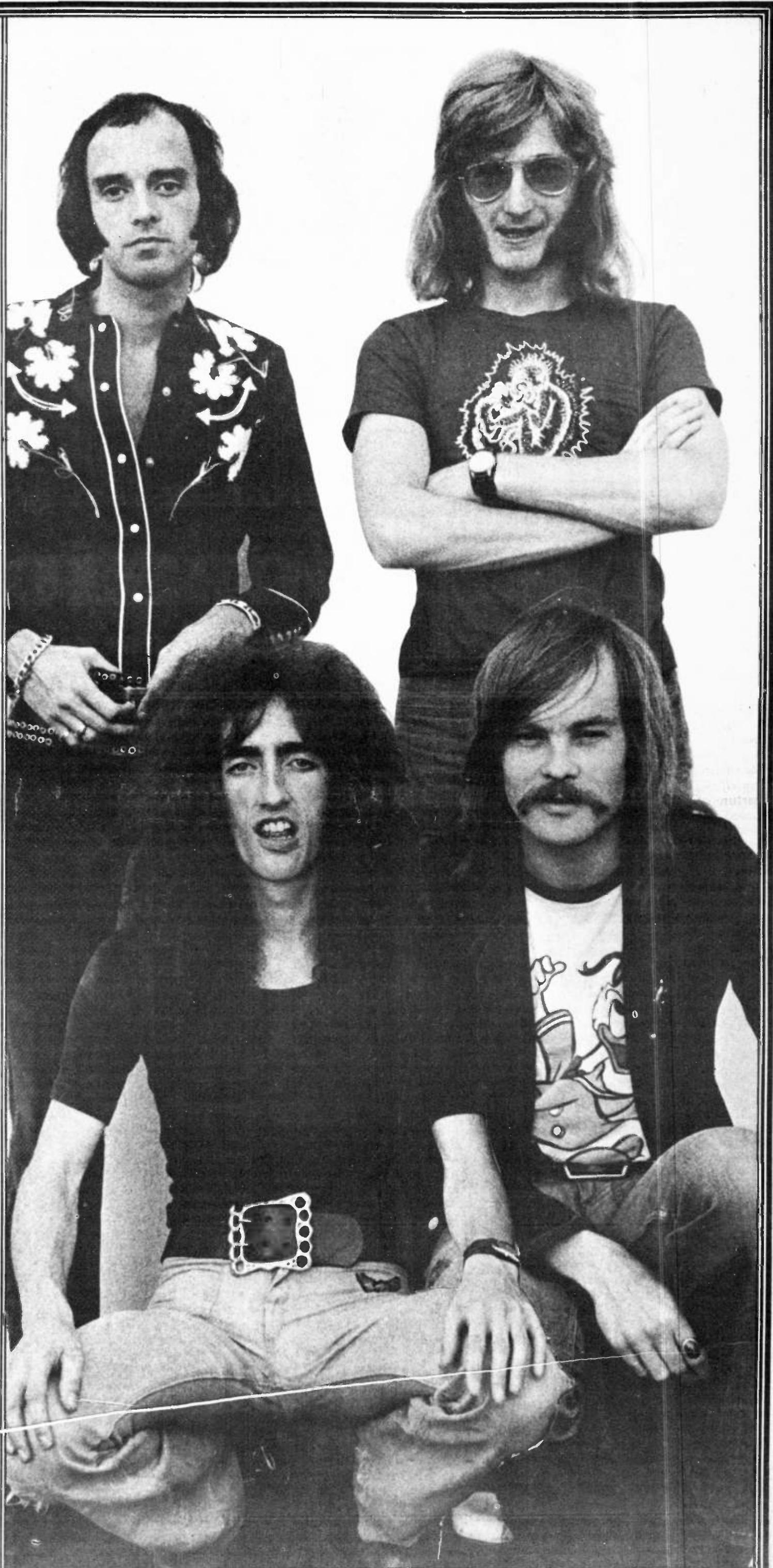
And what of A&M's hardly-subtle campaign to talk American audiences into accepting her as the new female singing star (Janis' name gets thrown around a lot, for instance)? "It's all very strange for me," she says. "This success, the things that go with it. When I first won the Melody Maker poll, they had us out to take pictures. We were in a park, and these people with cameras were all around. 'Miss Denny, could you look over here?' 'Miss Denny would you stand over by the tree?' and all of that. I really couldn't believe it."

But do you want to be a superstar? I asked. Can you retain your considerable virtues as performer and creator of songs if you're also a capital-P Personality? "I don't think I want to get much better known. It must be terrible to be at the top like that. I like to hover around the seventh rung. Which is about where I've been for a while now."

Flash

BY R. SERGE DENNISOFF

At another Holiday Inn where rock musician culture must spend at least a third of its time, Colin Carter, the long, tall, wire-haired lead singer of Flash proclaims, "musicians have huge egos that they need to prop up on stage and they carry it around with them all the time." Colin is perfectly correct as one rarely meets professional performers who are without ego. It would seem you don't make it in the record business without one. Egos are what make rock stars and break up successful groups. It's ironic, but painfully true. The Beatles, Byrds, Springfields, and the list goes on. Every time a group breaks up or changes personnel, at least one or two splinter bands arise. Flash is one such act. Peter Banks is the odd man out. He was a founding member (as they say in the *New Musical Express*) of Yes. Yes in those days lived in the shadow of Led Zeppelin, then the golden haired boys of the English branch of the Atlantic label. Hence Yes was left with a poorly promoted first album and a tour of second rate English pubs and clubs at the inset. As Peter explains the consistent grind of the road begins to get to people. Musicians get so "they can't stand living with certain members of the band." But they stay on the road. The frustrations of playing the same "bloody" numbers night after night found Bill Bruford, leaving Yes, and Banks joking about punching time clocks when they went on stage. Night after night they played the same songs over and over and over again. Roy Flynn, the manager of the band, became the "bad guy." Some members of Yes ignored him as best they could at times, "sending him off to Coventry" as the English say — meaning they didn't talk to him. Peter shared the band's unhappiness but apparently did not like the "Coventry" bit. The expulsion of the manager did not solve the group's problems. The nightly club appearances did not go away and English audiences, according to Peter, "have seen so much and heard so much that the whole babble of aesthetic performance and musical intensity has been just pushed off." They just don't respond like American audiences. They've seen it all. "Wait till Peter gets to the Whisky," I think, "and encounters the friendly Los Angeles rock press and the legendary John Ned Mendelsohn." With the manager gone, the record company became — with some justification — the villain. "We were conned," Peter says with some feeling, "I can honestly say that. I don't think Atlantic did enough for the band." Another cop out? Every band in the world blames THE record company for the sins of the world. Some of the time they're right. Peter charges that Atlantic did not promote Yes until after *FRAGILE*, especially in the lucrative American market. As a conscientious *PRM* writer I push on, but Peter stops saying the case is in the English courts. Obviously, Yes is still with Atlantic, so why isn't he? Peter, who answers most of the questions, blames Tony Colton, lead singer of Heads, Hands



At top Peter Banks and Mike Hough.
Below, Colin Carter and Ray Bennett.



Flash does have many elements of the Yes of yore. Both on a stage and in the studio many gimmicks associated with the "other" band are found in Flash. (L to R: Peter Banks, Colin Carter.)

and Feet, who produced Yes' second album, TIME AND A WORD: "When I heard the final mix of the album, I was very upset. I felt like crying; the guitar was gone. The guitar virtually disappeared." Shortly afterward Peter departed Yes. Peter was the first to leave. Another "founder member," Tony Kaye, who would appear in Flash on at least the first album, also left Yes again over musical direction. Tony told *Melody Maker*, "I'd not been happy with the band for a year. I wasn't getting into the music they were playing and the direction they were going. I found myself left out...." Since the departure of Banks and Kaye, Yes has added Steve Howe and Rick Wakeman and gone on to some international acclaim. It is at this point that things become very muddy and confusing. Peter and Tony left Yes because they just weren't getting their share of the spotlight. They were two of the five "founding members." So who is the rightful heir to the true Yes identity? This is not simply an academic question because it defines Flash's identity. But this is no question to pose to any rock act, as I painfully have discovered from thousands of blues bands who "ain't never heard of" Paul Butterfield or Muddy Waters, but sound exactly like them.

Several hours prior to the dreary comforts of the Toledo Holiday Inn, Flash had played the Agora Club. The Agora is the last link in a chain of over-eighteen nightclubs which run bands from Cleveland to Cincinnati through Columbus to the "glass capital of the world." Not much for a glamorous American tour, but Flash is still dues-paying.

From the minute Flash comes on stage there is little question that Peter Banks is the star. He stands alone on the far corner of the stage picking Hendrix riffs. Each song features a long — very long — solo. *Dreams of Heaven* is a showcase for the lead guitar. The lightning bolts and other electronic effects only highlight Peter. He raises his arms as a Teutonic demigod while washed with flicking strobe lighting. The audience goes crazy. The bolts and other electronic effects now focus on Peter Banks as they never did with Yes. He seems above it all. Even Colin's double strides around the stage seem supportive. "They're just like Yes," someone says. "Yep, they are," I respond, resisting the obvious pun. Peter is the leader and founder of Flash.

Flash, as in "he's a flash," exists due to the generosity of English film financiers who feel that collecting rock groups as an investment is nearly as good as stocks and bonds. Peter talked Bolting Brothers of British Lion Ltd. — and all that — into bank-rolling him as he was the lead "the greatest rock and roll band in the world." With \$15,000, he was ready to go.

With British pounds in hand and the management firm of Two Worlds Artists and the aid of Ben Nisbett and Derek Lawrence, of Wishbone Ash, Peter assembled his group. Colin Carter, who came from a band called Mushroom — "with a sound not far removed from the things Peter and Yes were doing" — convinced Banks to include him after reading an article in

Melody Maker. Drummer Mike Hough was recruited through an ad in the same paper. Mike says he "just came along for the blow," a statement best left to liner notes. Ray Bennett, a Banks' acquaintance from the Yes days, joined as bassist. Coincidentally, Ray had played in a band with Yes drummer Bill Bruford at one time. Incestuous, I say to myself. Banks wanted a keyboard man, but couldn't find one. Having assembled the group they immediately went into the studio. Ex Yes-man Tony Kay was invited to "come along" which he did. Flash is the result of that eight-day session. Remember, it gets confusing.

Flash, as patrons of the Agora remarked, does sound like Yes. Flash refuses to accept this. After several

Cokes mixed with Scotch, a combination few Americans can say, yet alone drink, Colin Carter explained the mix up: "Peter was on the first two Yes albums and the rest of the band was obviously influenced by the way he played, so when they got a replacement they still thought on the same lines. He (Steve Howe) was obviously a replacement." Peter quickly adds, "Steve Howe sounds like me." Strange, that's like Wings claiming the Beatles sounded like them. Colin returns saying, "We're not the sort of people who would jump on a particular bandwagon to make money. It's just not that way... We're four individual people playing our music. This is Flash music, and nothing to do with Yes." As usual this question has hit the right chord. Mike Hough, quiet for most of the interview, jumps in, "Like you have to put my influences and then Pete's influences and then Ray's and..." Seeing my poorly hidden disbelief and recalling Colin's remark about musician's egos, "When they get compared to someone else whom they don't imagine themselves to be they take offense." Peter says softly, "People have said it after hearing the album, which I can understand...but nobody's ever said it after hearing (seeing) us." At the show they played their album. I really didn't have the heart or the courage to repeat the comparisons made at the Agora during the show.

Flash does have many elements of the Yes of yore. Both on a stage and in a studio many gimmicks associated with the "other" band are found in Flash. How much of this is unconscious and coincidental or roots is really a matter of speculation. About the album, now on the charts, there is little question. Peter admitted to the *New Musical Express* that the band had little time to practice. "It would have been better to record after we'd been on the road for a few weeks. You never know a number well until you have played it at least half a dozen times." Considering the backgrounds of the musicians, strains of Yes could not help but come out of the album. Peter will not appreciate this, but it's true. Nothing played or said this warm night will change the comparison made between Yes and Flash.

Leaving the Holiday Inn it is apparent that Flash is Peter Banks. He put it together and directs it on and off stage. It is his trip. Capitol Records bills the group "Peter Banks and..." by the request of the band I'm told. Peter's head is still part of the nostalgia of Yes. Perhaps he hasn't forgotten being edited out of their second album. Whatever ghost haunts him, Peter will have to either acknowledge it or live with being compared to Yes. As I said, it's all very confusing.

Why can't a band sound like another one when they have the same roots. Is *Usual Place* by the J. Geils band lousy because it sounds very much like *Time Is On My Side*? Not at all! America certainly gets accepted despite Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Ray Bennett proves to be my favorite psychologist of the evening saying, "Musicians have a giant ego coupled with inferiority complexes at the same time, and it's sort of one's battling against the other all the time." In that sentence the bassist defined the nitty gritty of Flash, and many other groups. Every time a performer leaves an established group and starts another it must involve a lot of ego just to battle the comparisons which will be made. Eric Clapton has Cream, Peter Banks is stuck with Yes.



From the minute Flash comes on stage there is little question Peter Banks is the star. He stands alone on the far corner of the stage picking Hendrix riffs. Each song features a long — very long — solo.



Looking like a cross between Baby Huey and the Wild Man of Borneo, a rather rotund Joe Cocker stood behind a row of amplifiers, petting his whiskers between large gulps of beer, as his new band was preparing to take the Madison Square Garden stage. Nigel Thomas, Cocker's newly acquired financial overseer, who was stalking the backstage area like an expectant father, finally gave the crew the go-ahead, as the impatient audience roared its approval. First to appear was musical leader and keyboard man Chris Stainton, tall, lean, and lanky, hunched over his electric piano like a Quasimodo-cum-Van Cliburn possessed. Next up were former Grease Band members Alan Spenner (bass guitar), Neil Hubbard (guitar) and Glenn "Fernando" Campbell (pedal steel guitar) followed by West Indian drummer Conrad Isadore. Much to the surprise of the throngs, a two-man horn team started limbering up on the side of the stage. One cat was confined to a wheelchair, while three lovely black girls (The Dips) were sashaying to and fro, ready to make their debut. Several wives, old ladies, and a couple of long-standing groupie-superstars began to reek of Mad Dogs and Englishmen. All of a sudden, Stainton's willowy hand went up and the band started to cook. The very first few notes of Joe Zawinul's *Mercy, Mercy* had 20,000 fans swaying in their seats. The band was obviously on time and sharp as a whip. Those seven weeks' rehearsal in the sticks of Westport, Conn. were finally paying off. Next was a strong rendition of Creedence's *Proud Mary*, which highlighted one of the Dips doing her rendition of Tina Turner. It was all very charming, but we had come to see the Sheffield Plumber — Joe Cocker — sing, and the majority of the audience let their feelings be known. Finally the man arrived. Wearing a rhinoceros tye-dyed shirt, Cocker jostled center stage to the beat of Stephen Stills' *Love The One You're With*. And all of a sudden it happened — "nothing," or at least next to nothing! Cocker groped for the right key

and fell short, a futile attempt at faking the words didn't help either. Obviously Joe hadn't been doing his homework or perhaps he had been doing too much. Anyway, the first song was bad. The next five or six were even worse. The band fell down, beats were missed, cues were blown, and generally the whole set had a screwed up feel about it. On the whole the audience was polite; while a few of us felt generally embarrassed for Joe, others walked out. Sitting in the first row, an A&M executive was shaking his head restlessly as his wife tried to console him. Suddenly the air of the concert changed, a familiar rhythmic blast of sound emitted from the band. The drums and the congas traded backbeats, the bass boomed loud, the steel guitar whined and cried out a screeching, yet tasteful, lead and Joe Cocker's sandpaper voice came booming out over the P.A. system with *High Time We Went*. The sound was incredible, the crowd went crazy and for the first time in the evening Joe Cocker could sigh a breath of relief. Finally he had won over the audience, and the rest of the concert became anti-climatic. Now all Joe Cocker had to do was run out the clock and he would be a star once again — after all, there were only 20 more cities left on the tour!

BOver the past three years, time has been something that Joe Cocker would have easily cared less about. Hiding away at his parents' home in Sheffield, England, Joe Cocker has been the modern-day Howard Hughes/Greta Garbo figure of the rock world. Rumor had it that Joe was feeling pretty miserable for a while although "wiped-out" might have been a better description. One of his earlier band members and associates attributed this ill-feeling to simple over-indulgence on Joe's part. "I saw him at Christmas and he looked really well, but when I saw him last year, he looked like he was nearly



"AND SOMETIMES THE BLUES GETS A HOLD OF YOU"
— CAROLE KING

JOE COCKER

In Search (Show)

"THIS TIME WE'RE

dead. Coke, acid, everything you could think of. He'd really overdone it." Cocker, feeling as he did, then withdrew into a virtual state of non-communication with his public, his record company, and with the man initially responsible for guiding him into the American spotlight — his former manager, Dee Anthony. In a soul-searching interview which took place some months ago, the silver-haired impresario explained some of the internal rifts surrounding Cocker's hibernation period: "Sure, I'd been to England seven times last year and I didn't get to see Joe once. He said he'd meet me, but he never showed. For 18 months he's been cheating his public. I wouldn't buy a record of Joe Cocker's. Not until he came out and worked. That's his obligation, not to me, not to A&M and not to his agency...but to his public! Sure, we were the machinery and we coordinated things and put him on the Ed Sullivan Show; but in the end, it was the public who said yes. And when they finally got to a pitch where he had them with their tongues hanging out, he turned his back on them. Remember, the public likes to believe that they put you 'there.'"



As we all know, Joe wound up doing just that, but due to innumerable legal, personal, and psychological conflicts took more than just blood, sweat and tears to pull it off. In fact, the alleged figure was somewhere along the lines of \$250,000. The figure Joe Cocker had to pay Mr. Dee Anthony in order to be leased from his three-year contract that Joe claims he never signed. Interesting.

If Cocker wasn't exactly getting along with his old manager, Anthony was sure there were some outside forces to blame for it. "Joe's gullible and he's clumped himself with people that have just poisoned his mind." The one-time manager of Tony Bennett continued, "I've had more people come into my office on behalf of Joe Cocker in the last six months, than at this point I call it 'The Flake of the Month Club.' I mean there are certain stories that Joe wants his contract back and that he was sold down the river. I can only tell you this; if you look at the totals to see who made the most money on Joe Cocker, I would be the last in line.

"If Joe has been deceived into believing that the management and agency in America caused this situation, I can only tell him to go back to when he had his little busman's jacket on at the Marquee Club in London and a guy called Dee Anthony came in and flipped over him. I fought to break him in America. I mean, agents and promoters were telling me that Joe Cocker was a figment of my imagination...if only Joe can look back at that and really see the people who were there and who believed in him. Instead, he believes those Johnny-come-lately's. It's these lecherous parasites he should get rid of. He doesn't need four head-shrinkers and all that jazz. They destroyed Joe, they made a mushroom out of him. This whole situation is probably the sickest thing that has happened in the business and I say the most disgusting thing is that he's cheated his public.

"What Joe Cocker should do is concentrate on going out with a simple formula. Just go out like he did with the old Grease Band, and sing his ass off."

It seems that in the early going (February, 1972), Joe, along with seven undisclosed persons, had set up a 21-city tour, which would take in such choicelocations as New York, Canada, California and Hawaii. Cocker and his companions talked freely of having Po come along as the warm-up band, though because of financial reasons switched Red Bone and Irish folk singer Ger Lockran. At this point Joe's record company had printed up an itinerary, which made the front pages of English trade magazines. But while all of this was going on, the Sheffield crooner had neglected to verify, acknowledge, or even meet with his "contracted until 1974" manager. And that proved to be Joe Cocker's undoing. For Anthony, who managed Humble Pie, King Crimson, Emerson Lake and Palmer and J. Geils, and who functions as a sort of father figure/football coach to his groups, decided to take a firm stand with his delinquent singer.

In accordance with the N.Y. Supreme Court, Bandana Management (Anthony Organization) served a temporary restraining order on Cocker and any other parties who were vaguely connected with what Bandana called "Joe's Illegal Tour." And if you're into foreign intrigues, perhaps you'd dig the manner in which the injunction was served. On a wintry evening upon returning to his Connecticut hideaway after attending a Kirt

R OF THE LOST AUDIENCE 'IZ STRIKES A HEAVY BLOW)

BY PATRICK SALVO

"FEELIN' ALL RIGHT"



has helped him to achieve, but stated that he was interested in new projects and that he and Anthony had concluded, and that Nigel Thomas (former Grease Band manager) would assume the management role at this stage of Cocker's career."

Hith the exchange of money for freedom, Joe buried the hatchet with Dee and suddenly all the legal hassles had evaporated. So, after a cluster of suspicious radio spots alluring to a "Cocker Come-back Tour," a full page ad in *Billboard* magazine proclaiming that Joe was: "alive and well and feelin' all right" and, of course, that rehashed single *Feelin' All Right* that Dee Anthony chastised as being simply "disgusting," Joe Cocker was indeed once again ready to roll!

But still, all of this doesn't quite answer the puzzling question of why Joe went into hibernation in the first place. Perhaps if we wander back to the cobwebs of the Woodstock festival circa 1969, we'd discover the when's, why's, where's and how's of the man's mysterious seclusion and of his sudden resurfacing.

Right after that things started getting sticky. As an A&M spokesman put it: "The injunction issued by Dee was simply his protest against actions he thought contrary to his managerial contracts and rights." A strong rumor had it that there had been other parties trying to manage Cocker's business and financial affairs, and Anthony (Joe's legal manager at that point) just wanted to play it safe. After all 10% is 10%. A spokesman for Bandana then added: "We did this for Joe, and in the end he'll realize it was for his own good. You see, if he comes out under an illegal contract or an illegal managerial situation, all funds from any appearances would be tied up in the courts. Either Cocker functions under Bandana or he buys himself out of his contract."

Finally in a surprise move, Joe decided to resolve his differences with Anthony by laying out the loot for his contract. Just two weeks before the tour's kickoff date at Madison Square Garden, Cocker allegedly gave Anthony a "substantial" sum, rumored to be somewhere in the vicinity of two-three hundred thousand dollars in return for all managerial rights. According to a Bandana press release: "In announcing the settlement, Cocker expressed his appreciation and admiration of Dee Anthony for the success Bandana

CHRIST: SUPERSTAR then began, and three of the Greasers were offered jobs in the studio pits. Since there was still no word from Joe, a split seemed imminent. Henry McCulloch, one of the founding members (now with Paul McCartney's Wings) remembers the situation vividly: "The breakup left the Grease Band in a state of semi-paralysis. The exact split was in February, 1970. We'd just done America and then things started going wrong. We weren't getting any new numbers and Joe was never there to tell us what was happening or what we were supposed to be doing. Eventually the whole thing just fell apart."

Benny Cordell, Joe's producer remembers the situation well: "Immigration said he couldn't just cancel his tour or they wouldn't let him into the musicians' union or something. And all the promoters threatened to sue, so it was a question of force."

Ilon Russell, hearing of Joe's plight, immediately offered his services in forming and playing in a swiftly contrived band that was scheduled to disintegrate after twenty dates. As Russell remembers it: "Joe had just come back from London and he didn't have the Grease Band anymore. And they were going to try and cancel the tour because he wasn't really feeling well and needed the rest. He had just finished a cross-country tour. They talked to the people about it, and they said that he might not come back again. So I said, 'What the hell, we might as well put something together just for the hell of it.' That's what happened."

So great was Russell's prowess on the telephone that by day's end, ten musicians had been assembled and rehearsals begun. When the smoke cleared a week later, a somewhat bewildered Joe Cocker found himself standing on a Detroit stage flanked by a 40-strong tribal unit — known from that day on as *Mad Dogs & Englishmen*. The potpourri of musical stars and assorted hangers-on was intricately detailed in newspapers from coast to coast. Denny Cordell was quoted as saying, "The whole thing was a bit like Alice & Wonderland, a kind of flying Easy Rider." A noted West Coast correspondent thought that the *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* tour was a rock and roll circus with Joe Cocker in the center ring.



"WE DID THIS FOR JOE. IN THE END HE'LL REALIZE IT WAS FOR HIS OWN GOOD"
—BANDANA MGT.

JOE COCKER SHOWBIZ STRIKES A HEAVY BLOW

While one famous English writer wrote it off as "a hideously grueling marathon tour that was to become a big part of rock history as Woodstock..." and that it was, "this 57-day slog across America...that finally brought Cocker to the crux of his problems."

Still, when Joe and his (?) troupe hit our towns, we all came to watch; lucky for us Joe came to play. But did he sincerely want to? Surely as the tour progressed things fell into place, but the initial scar of being somewhat forced on the road was always to remain with the inwardly intense singer.

When the tour folded and all the Mad Dogs and Englishmen went their separate ways, a flurry of razor-sharp rumors ensued. Many claimed Cocker felt despondent and withdrawn. Some said that Cocker was, at one time or another, fed a mess of medicinal-type synthetics which didn't contribute to his mental state any. Rita Coolidge, one of Joe's few lasting friends from the tour, remarked that several petty jealousies on the part of troupe members helped bring down "bad Karma."

When they parted, Leon Russell couldn't get over Joe's wariness and his lack of enthusiasm for the ensuing period, the Mad Dog's movie and particularly Cocker's future plans. Russell went on to admit that Joe was definitely pushed throughout the tour. Dee Anthony, who was severely hurt by the bad attitude and lack of consideration on the part of the majority of the troupe members, spoke to Joe the day he left California. That last day before he went underground. "I asked him, Are you happy with everything Joe?" he said. "Yeah." "Then what's wrong?" He'd always say: "Nothing, I'm just gonna get my head together, relax a little." Fine, I said, "ok Joe, take a little time off - the music's got to be right." he said, "I don't want to play any big places." I told him, "Whatever you wish, Joe. I'm not gonna send you down the river. I didn't send you down the river when you were nothing, why, should I send you down now?" Sent down the river or not, when Joe Cocker stepped on the plane to return to England, for one reason or another, he was leaving America with an extremely bad taste in his mouth!

In the eighteen long months that followed, Joe Cocker made only three publicized appearances. On Mother's Day of last year Cocker unexpectedly jammed with Rita Coolidge when she toured his

home town (Sheffield) with the Byrds after announcing that he was "sorry to break into someone else's show, but this is such a great band (The Dixie Flyers). I just had to sing." Cocker immediately laid down three tunes including a 12-bar improvisation and Bonnie Bramlett's hymn titled *When the Battle is Over*. (Shades of things to come?) His other "appearances" were, of course, at the Island London studios in July and toward the end of the year, when he was seen at a Grease Band gig in Middlesex. At this gig, Joe refused to jam with his old band. At this point Stanton, who by now was a bit pissed-off at Joe, took the band to America to try to find a new singer. After several futile attempts, Chris rang Joe up in England and said: "Look, we need a bloody singer;" and as you know, the rest is history.

An old friend and session player on Joe's first LP possibly put in the remaining pieces of the Joe Cocker jigsaw puzzle by giving his opinion as to why Joe went away in the first place: "Well, he had to go away because there were a lot of screw-ups with the management, but it looks like he may be getting on the road again. They fucked him up. They started getting heavy, with guns and things. That's why Joe laid off more than anything; because the contract ran out in July, and he said he'd much 'rather not

work, than to have to work for all those pricks.' But what's more remarkable than everything is with all the tours Joe's done and all the times he's been working over here, he talks about getting a new band together. And, he's still with Chris (Stanton) and the same cats he was with three years ago. I'm not putting them down, but they're not the best players that are available for him. You'd think he would have been introduced to other people...."

Other people, eh? Do you really think it would make a difference? Old people, new hangers-on, different musicians, a change of management - it's probably all the same to Joe. For what you have in Joe Cocker, is basically an extremely talented, down to earth (if somewhat naive) individual, who, after all the managers, contract disputes, and numerous stories go by the boards, will still be basically the same ole rock 'n' rolling Joe Cocker - an unassuming man of "funk," from a dingy little town in Northern England who got caught up in the grand musical grind, shook the musical world by cutting out when they least expected it, and who's now back to pick up where he left off.

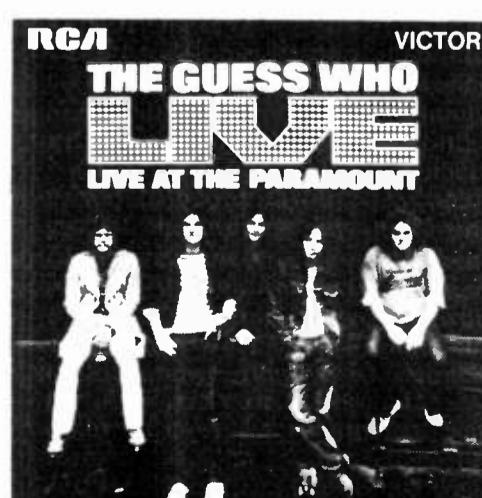
Like Denny Cordell says: "Joe is a strange guy; he has no ambitions at all. He just likes to rock 'n' roll and he has no dreams about how he could do it, because he could rock 'n' roll any way he wants." Lord have mercy....



THE CONCERT THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO STAY HOME FOR

"The Guess Who Live at the Paramount." The Guess Who takes the live electricity of their night at Seattle's Paramount and lays it down on vinyl. They play great old numbers like "American Woman" and "New Mother Nature" in new super-extended versions, and great new numbers like "Runnin' Off to Saskatoon" and "Glace Bay Blues." The Guess Who. "Live at the Paramount." The concert that's good enough to stay home for.

RCA Records and Tapes



Produced by Jack Richardson
for Nimbus 9

"It Was Never Like This Before"

JIM CROCE

by AL PARACHINI

For a long time, when Jeff Hannah introduced his fellow members of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, he singled out Jim Ibbotson as the only person in NGDB who was from Philadelphia.

Invariably, Hannah would urge Ibbotson to "say something in Philadelphia."

Ibbotson, in turn, would take a step or two toward the front of the stage, grabbing his left elbow with his right hand, simultaneously thrusting his left fist into the air. That, it seemed was what Ibbotson thought of Philadelphia, his hometown.

Then, too, W.C. Fields wanted the following epitaph on his tombstone:

"...On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Seldom has a geographical area been the deserving brunt of as many jokes as Philadelphia.

The city has a musical outpouring that stopped with Danny and the Juniors and American Bandstand. (Fabian is still a folk-hero.)

It isn't difficult to conclude, then, that Philadelphia is not a musician's best home town...Better Boise.

But everything about Philadelphia has not been enough to deter Jim Croce, whose single and album, YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM has provided the vehicle for Croce to expose himself (figuratively, of course) to the national audiences he so richly deserves.

Croce's is a rare personality - shaped by a career singular in its occupational diversity. He's driven gravel trucks, worked in construction, pushed mops in the Army and put up with a great deal of horseshit from the world in general.

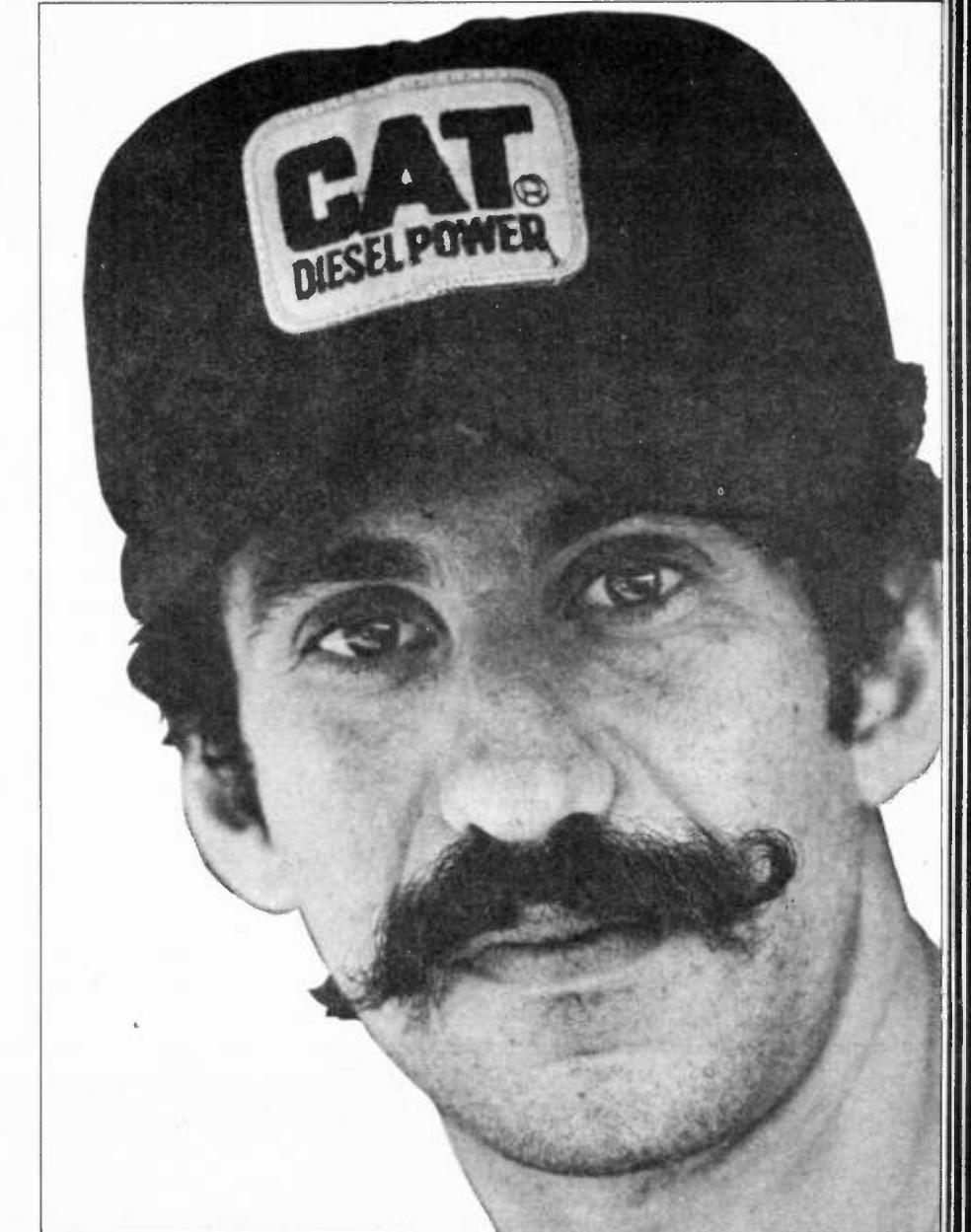
Through it all, Croce has retained one of the most finely honed senses of humor in modern popular music. The sense of humor transcends material which has been criticized as "average" and joins with Croce's promising vocal performance to provide the kind of live set rare in music today (this morning, anyway).

Cavorting around the waterfront in San Diego, California some days ago, Croce rambled for hours. His patter has been analyzed by close friends as toughly triangular. He drifts between three main subject areas: music, his experiences before music and his experiences in the Army.

"When I grew up, they used to tell you, 'be nice to your Uncle Sam. He's got a gun.' South Philadelphia was like that." This particular day in San Diego, Croce and his guitar player, Maury Muehlesen (pronounced "mule-ee-son") were recovering from a gig in San Francisco.

"We caught the cosmic barf," remarked Croce. "We picked up on some weird kind of stomach shit and it was unbelievable..."

He and Maury had flown directly from Lyndell, Pa. to San Diego. They had



gotten to the airport (in Philadelphia) via Croce's aging car, which he acquired at Fort Bragg, N.C., and which had expired out-of-state license plates on it, a phenomenon which turned Croce on to such an extent that he's never straightened the car's confused registration status out. On top of that, in a fit of interest which flows perfectly normally from the inner recesses of Croce's mind, he had painted the car with a roller and some kind of interior latex hall paint. "It looks pretty strange," Maury remarked, correcting a passer-by on the correct pronunciation of his last name for the fourth time.

"It's quite a car," Croce volunteered. "I got caught on the expressway one night by a Philadelphia cop who looked at the registration and discovered it was two years out of date. Then he discovered it was the registration for another car."

"Then he discovered that my driver's license had expired. On top of that, the car was falling apart. He thought about all this for a few minutes and then apparently concluded that what he'd seen could not possibly have occurred. It must have been a mirage. He just told me to get off the expressway before I got caught."

Philadelphia and its customs (?) still fascinate Croce. The city's voters recently elected as their new mayor an ex-policeman named Frank Rizzo, one of whose first post-inauguration pronouncements was the request that Philadelphia be furnished its very own electric chair.

"Rizzo has an aura about him," said Croce. "He's the first high public official who, when he took office wasn't carrying some kind of ceremonial sceptre, but a cattle prod."

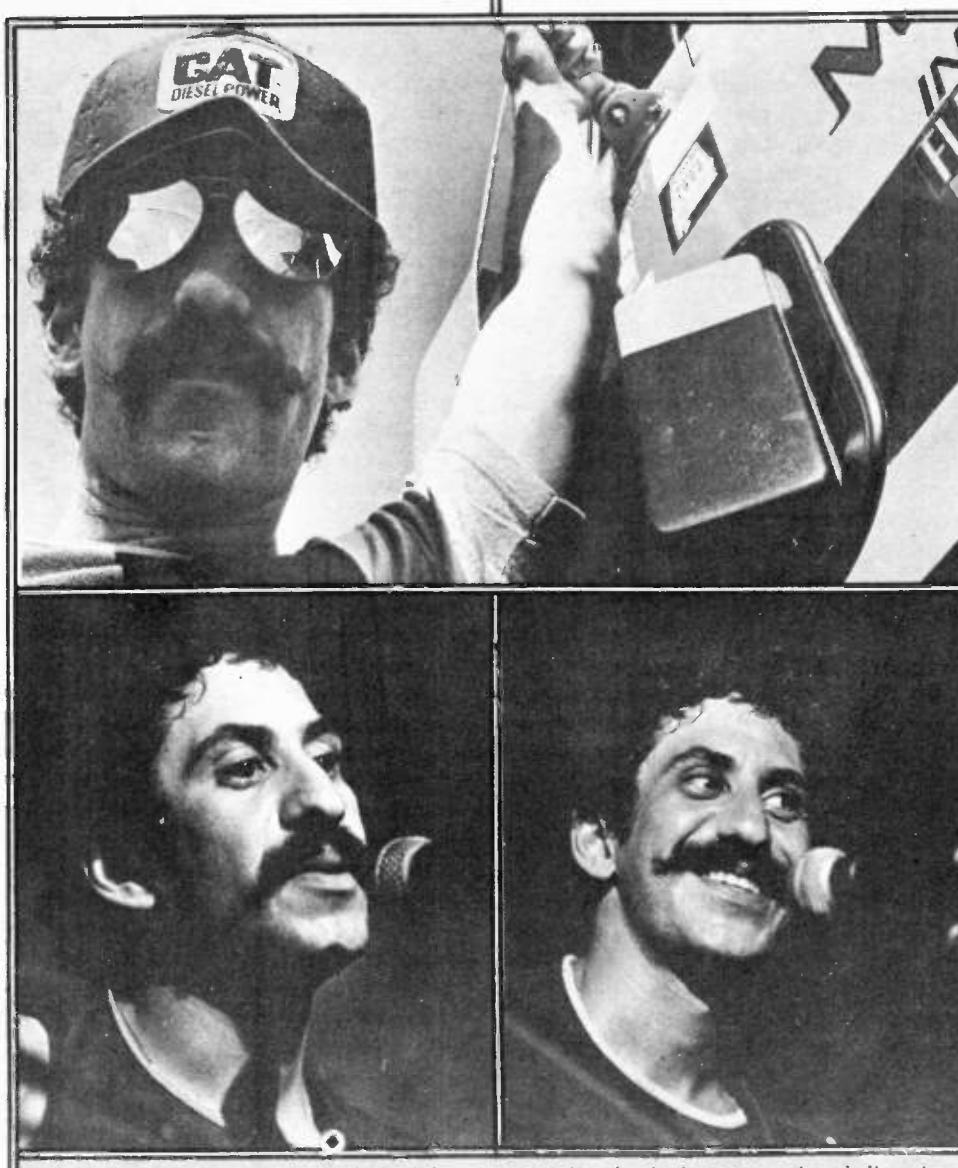
Croce feels very attached to Philadelphia because as a youngster, he had gone to American Bandstand and had "one of those haircuts that looked like something out of a Japanese temple."

He wanted very much to write music and be a singer. He hung out in the South Philly (jargon for South Philadelphia) atmosphere at a time when blacks inundated the area. The terror-stricken white residents fled for their lives, setting up a colony in a place called Cherry Hill, N.J. Cherry Hill is a charming place. It's where some gangland type recently bombed the car of a perspective witness in an organized crime probe.

Croce appreciated country music through all this but that appreciation posed a dilemma for him. "I wrote a lot of country stuff but there's one elementary law to be considered here. You can't come from South Philly and be a country singer. There is no way that would be in character."

Croce spent some time learning to play the accordion but the field never really panned out for him. He took to driving trucks after he got out of the Army.

(Continued on Page 26)



Croce is a rare personality - shaped by a career singular in its occupational diversity. He's driven gravel trucks, work in construction, pushed mops in the Army and put up with a great deal of horseshit from the world in general.

PHOTOS BY AL PARACHINI

FAMILY:



A BLISSFUL TALE OF OUR TIME

BY

NIK LOGAN

The setting is London's Olympic studio where, on the night in question, we have in one section of the building putting finishing touches to a new Family single-cum-album-track and, in another, mixing material for their latest chart-busting album, *Ten Years After*.

You get the picture: Two British bands with similar roots but little now in common except that they've maintained a certain camaraderie since both outfits mushroomed out of the '66/'67 so-called British Underground boom that also produced, for the record, such notable rock heavyweights as Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Keith Emerson's Nice and Jethro Tull.

Dialogue goes something like this...

"Come and hear what we're doing on our new album."

Various members of Family, in a break from their own labours, file into the neighbouring studio. What follows might best be described as Take 77 of that familiar TYA 12-bar blues workout. You know the thing, lotsanlots of heavy drums and bass, lotsanlots of the kind of Alvin Lee spacey guitar stuff that's been getting teenage rocks off since Alvin baby first displayed those heart-throb, fiendishly fast fingers on the celluloid Woodstock.

"Not bad eh?" say TYA as the track fades to its logical conclusion.

"Uhm..." say the various members of Family, or words to that effect (some better, more tactful response failing to come immediately to mind) as they puzzle inwardly how a band of such obvious ability can choose to stand musically rigid through five/six years of changing time.

"Errh... Uhm... yeah, good." Tactful acquiescence wins the day.

"Wanna come and hear what we've been doing?"

Various members of TYA file into the neighbouring studio where Family have just finished cutting *Burlesque*, a Chapman-Whitney composition scheduled as the band's annual British single. It's also the opening cut on their upcoming *BANDSTAND* album but, being originally conceived as a single, is not unnaturally of a much simpler nature than Family's normal output.

TYA listen diligently through the playback, looks of mild astonishment spreading across their faces. The playback over, they are only too lavish in what they genuinely believe to be sound a paternal advice from one 1972 "progressive" band to another.

Rick Lee takes Family drummer Rob Townsend to one side, the arm around the shoulder bit. *"Come on man, you've got to make it simpler than that, real and simple. That's what the kids want, and you've got to give 'em what they want. You'll never sell with that kind of stuff."*

Townsend wouldn't have minded so much — or should I say been so amused — had not *Burlesque* been in Family's own estimation one of the simplest, most basic tracks they'd ever cut.

And there that particular anecdote ends. You draw your own conclusions, and if you draw your conclusions on the opposite side to mine, then I suggest you immediately curtail all further involvement in this article and head direct for your nearest TYA album stockist.

The whole point of that is that Family as a band have never allowed their music the barest chance to stagnate. Now into their sixth year and sixth album (that includes *BANDSTAND*) Family are one of the few of those second generation '66 Underground bands to have actually set out, not so much to earn, but to deserve the right to keep their credentials as a progressive band in the truest sense of the word.

Contemporaries like Jethro and Zeppelin may have accrued greater fortune and stature than they on an international level, but, on European territory, Family remain among the top dozen or so creative and crowd-pulling bands.

So why don't I just come right out and say it.

What really gets up my nose is the fact that, up to now, the oh-so-generous and hospitable United States of America has given

Family as much recognition as two-penneth of cold tea. That's English outrage for you — getting back to the roots.

Okay, so if you prefer the Uriah Heeps and the Black Sabbaths (I'm not gonna knock TYA again because they ain't all bad) then you deserve what you get. But if what you want is one of the most truly original and inventive of bands to emerge out of Britain in recent times — and I'm talking 'bout Family — then you're gonna get what you deserve. Right.

'Cause if the great and oh-so-generous United States doesn't soon get into Family in the manner which they deserve — that is, you let the band remain forever the property of the minority cognoscente — then there will have been committed one of the most tragic of tragedies in the history of rock and roll.

After all that, I have to admit that Roger Chapman's views on the subject may seem a wee bit bland in contrast to mine. Though I should point out that there's a powerful undercurrent of deeply felt ambition lurking behind Chapman's apparent nonchalance when he says:

"America important to us? Well, I suppose it is if we want to go get ourselves country mansions, because you'll never get country mansions working in England, not in a rock and roll band anyway. But country mansions are not what we are about."

What matters more to Family is their stubborn refusal to be rejected by the States.

"That's the real point," says Chapman through clenched teeth. *"The point is refusing to be fucking refused. And of being for so long frustrated because of it... frustrated because we knew we could go over there and please a few audiences but that, because of business and promotion hassles it just couldn't be got together. That was the frustration. And it's not ego that makes me say that we can please a few audiences, because if we didn't feel we could, then we've no right to be in the bloody business anyway. We all of us have enough faith in the band."*

I don't know how much of you know of Family's previous two attempts to get it on in the States, but the stories have virtually passed into rock folk-lore in Britain.

To brief you briefly, the first tour in 1969 was the one that contained the infamous Bill Graham episode when, while playing the Fillmore East, Roger Chapman went into his fearsome mike-hurtling routine. Unfortunately the mike landed in an area not too far removed from Bill Graham's ear (which was almost itself removed), and a good deal of bad vibes on Family immediately spread from that spot out among promoters across America.

Not only did Family get themselves branded as troublemakers as a result of that little episode, but also suffered several other unconnected disasters that turned the tour into something resembling a debacle. Roger Chapman lost his voice and his passport — barring the band from fulfilling the Canadian gigs on the tour — and mid-way through their trip the band lost bassist Rick Grech to the ill-fated Blind Faith.

The second tour couldn't possibly have been so accident prone, but this time there were hassles due to the lack of promotion.

Says Chapman: *"Warners, our record company then, did a fair promotion job on the first tour. The trouble was, we let them down. On the second tour we didn't do so badly as far as playing was concerned, but this time Warners really didn't want to know. They'd lost interest in us, which was understandable I suppose in some ways. Like, they thought 'Once bitten twice shy'..."*

For a year, Family's career as a potential British Stateside attraction lay fallow. The band themselves had written the whole thing off as a bad job, instead turning their attentions to widening their reputation in Europe, which they did with great success.

Eventually, Warners in the U.S. offered them a release from their contract. "That was cool by us," says Chapman. "They said: 'Okay, if you can get yourselves a better deal then take it.' It was a good thing that they recognized that they'd lost interest in us, and that they were prepared to let us go."

Still, it had been a ludicrous situation that, for over a year, one of the top dozen British bands had been totally without U.S. representation of any kind. It was only when articles in American rock magazines began to bring this peculiar situation to public notice that an increasing number of U.S. labels began to show a feverish interest in the band.

Eventually, United Artists brought home the bacon and so far, according to Chapman, have been lavish in their promotion of the band. Equally, Family are aware, the rest is down to them.

So who is this Family of whom I have spoken so highly. A working class band, I will answer you, formed out of the merging together of various local groups in the Midlands industrial town of Leicester. A band whose first initiation into top-grade rock and roll was stage managed by such stellar names of the idiom as Dave Mason and Jimmy Miller. That was the first album, *MUSIC IN A DOLL'S HOUSE*.

The band then comprised Chapman, John "Charlie" Witney on guitar, Rob Townsend on drums, Rick Grech on bass/violin and Jim King on a multitude of various other instruments.

The thing that will never cease to amaze me is how Family went into the studio for the first time in their lives totally without any definable sound of their own and somehow emerged with a brand of music so rich in inventiveness that *DOLL'S HOUSE* can survive the passing of time as one of the most stimulating debut albums ever made.

Though somewhat naive in its use of certain West Coast recording touches popular at the time, *DOLL'S HOUSE* is still a pungent mixture of a bizarre medley of styles, the source of which it is difficult to pin down.

The band themselves have never seemed able to explain how they went into the studio with Miller and Mason with so little and came out with so much, although music writer Charlie Witney obviously played a major role in that process of creation.

What we do know about Witney is that he was well into Indian music at the time. "I had a sitar," he says, "which I couldn't play that well, but it opened up my mind to what could be done on one chord. Like, just because we're Western, and we've grown up in a different heritage, we can't really hear the harmonies that they can hear. They can hit notes on a scale that are totally alien to our ear. When I first heard Indian music I thought it was out of tune. It wasn't of course...it was just the difference in traditions. The main thing for me about Indian music is that it gives a mood, and I had all that in mind when we did 'Doll's House'."

"But what you have to realize is, when you try and transpose those ideas derived from Indian music onto an electric guitar, then it is bound to come out sounding something totally different again."

What we also know about Witney, an important cog in the Family machine, is that his background is that of show business at its most basic level — the circus. His parents were an animal impersonation and acrobatic act, the young Witney having spent the first five years of his life travelling with a circus.

Something of that, too, has permeated into Family music...the feel of the circus and the fairground.

Harder to pin down in origin are the charging, hunting-type rhythms that characterized the first album and have remained a vital, distinguishable feature of Family music through its countless changes.

"Possibly Roger had a lot to do with that," says Witney. "Because he's a very forceful personality. But I suppose basically it all comes down to our own interpretation of the early rock and roll stuff."



With the new LP *BANDSTAND*, Family have again allowed its music to go into a melding pot.

that all of us had been through."

So the respective roles of Chapman and Witney in the formation of Family's sound can, on its simplest level, be brought down to words from the first and music from the latter.

And there lies a strange paradox, because, while the music has tended to major towards the bludgeoning aggression of attacking rhythms, the lyrics more often than not lean towards the reflective and the tender. And the music comes from the retiring, introvert Witney; the words from the demonic, extrovert (on stage that is) Chapman.

Watching Roger Chapman work in concert — rocking back and forward like on the perimeter of the stage, hands pumping with relentless, almost deranged fury the ever-present tambourine, veins standing out on his arched neck — it is difficult to conceive of such a fearsome figure writing lines of such simple sensitivity for example of those in the classic *The Weaver's Answer*:

*Weaver of life, let me look and see
The pattern of my life gone by
Shown on your tapestry
Just for one second, one glance
upon your loom
The flower of my childhood could
appear with this room*

Ex-building site labourer Chapman, who cut his teeth on Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee Lewis and Ray Charles — his "greatest influence" — is the fulcrum of the band, his quivering vibrato its most distinguishing feature.

He's the epitome of the intuitive, untrained musician. And I use the word musician advisedly because that's precisely what he is, despite the fact that his only instruments are vocal chords and body.

"I regard myself as a musician really," he agrees. "I don't think of it as a voice. I am more into making sounds, more as an instrument...it's like singing the horn line or something."

"No I wouldn't say that made me a frustrated musician. Maybe I was before I realized I had an instrument right here in my voice, because I just don't personally see any dividing line between vocalist and instrumentalist. With Family there is no such line...we are like five different instruments on stage at any given time. Because, on stage, the lyrics are part of the

arrangements and, just like any musician, one of my roles is to play around the arrangements. In between the verses I blow."

Much of the continual evolution in Family music is down to the personnel changes they've been through — most of them in the bass department. Up to the second *FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT* set, which contains many of the band's classic cuts, the original line-up remained constant.

That album merely discarded the unnecessary West Coast embellishments of the first set, solidifying the sound away from the underlying fragility of much of the "Doll's House" material.

By *A SONG FOR ME*, however, Jim King had been replaced by Poli Palmer on vibes, piano and flute and Rick Grech by former Animals bassist John Weider. Weider brought in certain country influences that permeated through into the material but, of the two of them, it was Palmer who was to prove the most effective influence.

One-time percussionist, his roots lay to a certain extent in jazz, also in the classics, and his work on vibes and flute set against the by now firmly established charging rock feel, opened up vast new directions for the band to exploit.

The fourth album, *ANYWAY* — rich in deft instrumentation and surefooted in its classy use of tempo changes — lent a sophistication to the new approach.

It was the successor to that set, *FEARLESS*, that really saw Family take up the challenge. Having lost John Weider, they also lost with him the violin that Grech had doubled on previously and made such a recognizable characteristic of the sound up till then.

Instead of seeking out an identical replacement, Family took a brave gamble. In Weider's place they took on John Wetton, a bassist with dues paid also on guitar. Equally as important to the band's thinking at the time, he could also sing. Wetton's role, then, on *FEARLESS* was a lot more than bass — though he added extra weight in that department by being a much more earthy player than his predecessor — but also to provide dual lead guitar work alongside Witney and vocal harmony work with Chapman.

Again, Family had allowed its music to go into the melting pot. Chapman's most quoted reply to questions about policy is that they simply write the material, play it with the arrangements that suggest themselves and just wait and see what emerges from the process. What emerged



Above are Family members: Charlie Whitney, Jim Cregan, Rob Townsend, Poli Palmer and Rodger Chapman.

on *FEARLESS* was a trend towards a mixing of softer, more harmonic stuff with some inventive hard rock work featuring the guitars of Witney and Wetton, and Chapman, now allowed more freedom by the new-found vocal support, singing at his peak.

Wetton — though since departed to join Bob Fripp's latest edition of King Crimson — is still there on the new *BANDSTAND* collection which sees Family move one step further into that softer, more lyrical vein.

The result is a set of cultured and sophisticated rock that experiments even more so than its predecessor with vocal harmonies and instrumental textures. Also, with the contrasting subtleties of string arrangements — a 22 piece orchestra on 3 tracks — and Poli Palmer's latest acquisition to his lengthening list of "various instruments," a synthesizer.

The Moog makes its debut discreetly on the previously mentioned *Burlesque*, the opening cut, where Chapman's vocal — bluesier than it's previously been heard — rides out of the careening rhythms and insidious riffs. Yet it's on the second track, *Bolero Babe* that the new "instrument" makes its possibilities more apparent. Here, on a softly understated Chapman-Witney composition, the strings take up a melody line that harks back to *DOLL'S HOUSE*, alternating with the synthesizer in a way which never jars but enhances the poignancy of the material.

My Friend The Sun, which, along with certain other tracks betrays the band's influences by the Neil Young school of songwriting, has a similar, understated poignancy — not unlike the *Children* cut off *FEARLESS*. As he lightly breathes the lyrics over melting acoustic guitars, here again is revealed a totally new aspect of Chapman's vocal range.

Roger's vocals have, in fact, gone through a lot of changes on *BANDSTAND*, largely one presumes because of the new found freedom provided by having Wetton in support. On tracks like *Glove* and *Coronation*, this is a lot bluesier than the Chapman we've heard before.

On the former, a stand out cut, Charlie Witney also takes an excursion into a realm he's avoided so far — spreading himself out on a bluesy guitar break set against a background of subdued strings, after Poli Palmer's piano and Wetton's deliberated bass figure have picked out the intro.

Apart from synthesizer, which is used throughout with discretion and a taste rare among his contemporaries on the instrument, Palmer majors on *BANDSTAND* for the main part on piano, rocking the keyboards for instance on the hard-edged *Broken Nose*, the lyrics of which have that typical Family sense of the ridiculous merged to reality: "The day I stopped loving you was the day you broke my nose..."

BANDSTAND represents a mellower side rather than a mellowing of Family, more laid back than anything that's gone before and lacking the schizophrenic intensity of some of their earlier offerings — although there are a couple of tracks here that are in direct lineage from *DOLL'S HOUSE*. The difference is that the naivete of the first offering has been replaced by maturity in approach and execution.

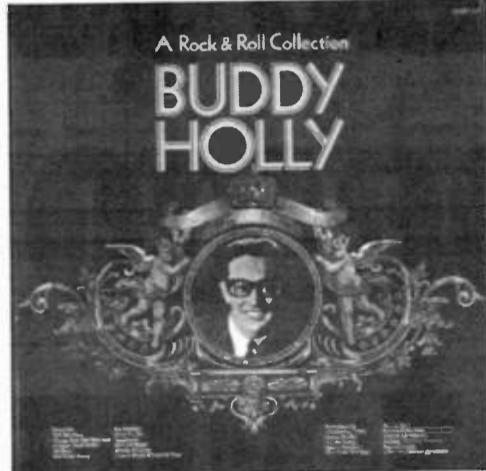
I wouldn't like to say if this album marks a new direction of any permanence. Going by the band's previous track record, I would think not. And since the album was recorded Wetton, as I said, has quit the band.

His replacement is Jim Cregan, formerly a guitarist of substantial ability with the Anglo/Irish outfit Stud. Cregan, like Wetton, will be able to bring an extra voice to Family as well as playing bass. What else he will bring to Family is hard to predict — except that the band will keep on pushing forward.

If you know what I mean, then jump on fast before you get left behind. Or get two-penneth of cold British tea emptied over your head.

PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS

A ROCK & ROLL
COLLECTION
Buddy Holly
Decca



I don't like to be made a fool of. Last January the folks at Decca told me of their plans for an elaborate Buddy Holly reissue, a 3-record set incorporating rare unreleased tracks and all sorts of goodies. I immediately volunteered to supervise the project to insure accuracy in every respect, but they assured me it was in the hands of a well respected authority and would be compiled with tender loving care. Thus armed, I set about writing a glowing rave for *Umbrella*, the company's house organ, commanding MCA for its dedication to the rock & roll treasures in its custody.

Well, they held onto that piece and published it last month, accompanying the release of this album. The article was the same, but the album was unlike anything I expected to see. Instead of the quality package I had been led to expect, it turned out to be identical to a German 2-record budget album that's been out for some time. No liner notes, no imagination in the choice of songs (except for *You're So Square*, the only obscurity), in the place of photographs a ridiculous painting of two cherubs holding up a globe, and to add injury to insult, the whole thing was rechanneled into abysmal fake stereo. Apparently, the "quality" project had been scrapped, judged unworthy of the effort and expense.

This isn't the first shoddy reissue and it won't be the last, but whereas in most cases I end up recommending the album despite reservations, I can't bring myself to do it this time. Maybe the original Buddy Holly albums are either unavailable or equally badly rechanneled (although the earlier rechannelings don't seem as bad as this), but damn it all Buddy Holly did *not* sing with vocal chords of aluminum foil, his band did not play on drums of tin, toneless guitars and basses made of cigar boxes and catgut. This music is important to me, it's important to rock 'n' roll, and it would likely be important to you too if you had the chance to hear it and read about its

meaning, context and influence. It was plainly not important to the man who put together this album, or whoever it was (the culprit is not identified) would not have come up with such a degrading product.

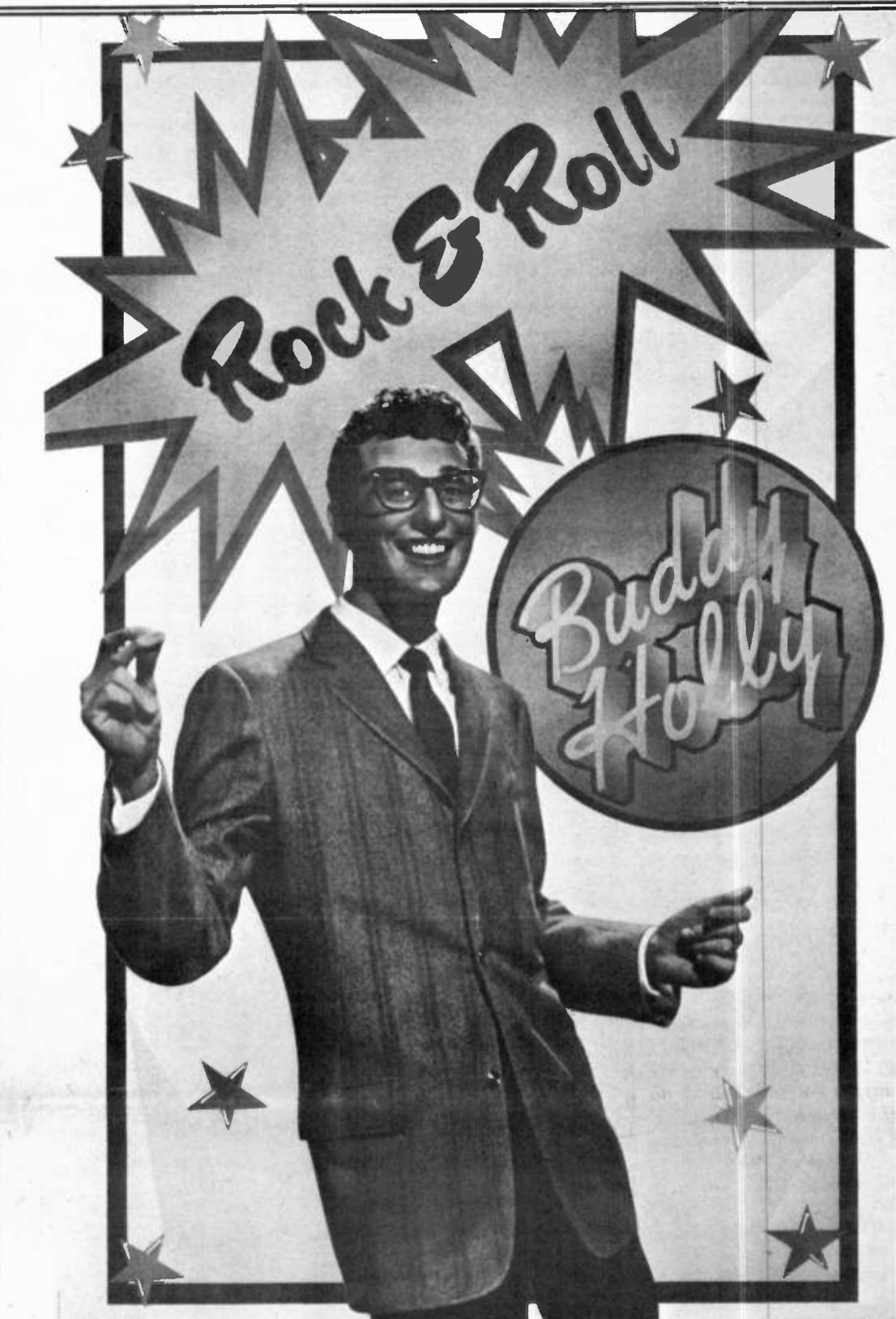
I would like to believe that the people I talked to meant well, and that somewhere along the line the project fell into the hands of some arteriosclerotic worm who figured the only hope for this vile rock 'n' roll stuff was to try and make it sound like the old Lawrence Welk 78s he keeps in his own collection. Certainly nobody under the age of 40 would be this callous and stupid. I think that what MCA really needs is somebody who knows where it's at with this new teenage stuff, somebody hip like Mike Curb. That's about their only hope, I'm afraid.

Meanwhile, if you persevere, a lot of fine Buddy Holly albums are available in England and France, and in mono too. One cheap, reliable mail order dealer is Non-Stop Records, Ltd., 50 S. Molton St., London W1. Get what you can while it's still around, and also ask about an album called *REMEMBER* (British Coral 71) which features rare outtakes and unreleased songs. It's a real gem. But as for this American job — turd is the word.

—Greg Shaw

FOGHAT Bearsville

Nobody likes Savoy Brown except everybody. Why? What? Well, you know, you either like 'em or ya don't. If you do, you got no problems. If not, you got people every now and then who insist on subjecting you to another half hour or so of reconstituted, regurgitated British post-Golden Age Bloopie. Where the post comes in is the one these boyos are tied to, and it's a whipping post straight from Tom Brown's School Days. They slump there all day, bound to the damn thing by chic leather tongs, with which they occasionally flail their bare backs and



chests. Sometimes they even give themselves a little flick in the nuts, just for drill. Why? Because you've gotta suffer to sing the blues! After a few semesters of self-flagellation they can graduate (watermelons are presented as diplomas — Alvin Lee flashed his at the world as a gesture of nostalgia and honor in the *Woodstock* flick — kind of like turning your old school tie into a hoochie garter and bestowing it to a sweetpooz Molly McGuire), after which they may take a few of the more highly specialized postgraduate courses, which involve the mastery of whiskey drinkin', chittlin'-chompin', hawgiowl and pigknuckle-gummin' — for when you get to be an old fucked up blues singer with no teeth like Nathan Beau-regard* — whiskeywoman-diddlin', ass-blastin', gong-bongin' and kickin', cee-gar smokin', sidewalk shufflin', and trendish-thread-spottin'-and-wearin'.

Whether they feel obliged to take the courses and win the final bottleneck merit badge, though, they always matriculate into professional exec positions in the same kind of organizations. BLOOZ BANDS.

There they engage in a highly specialized field of endeavor known variously as Working Out, Getting Down, Getting (It) On, Boogie-in', Whanging The Clanger and Schlepping The Schlock. They sweat. They

grunt. They double up like an orang just boxed 'em in the breadbasket, and run through an amazing series of agonized contortions. Their voices either drop by at least two octaves and take on a gutteral glottal slur, in which case they soon sound more like Muddy Waters than Muddy Waters does, or their adenoids swell to almighty proportions and they grow a tasty nasal twang which would remind you of yourself imitating Smiley Lewis and Fats Domino and other Nawleans mouldie groovies if you gave Jack Diddley Shit about that sort of yesterjive, which I don't. Oh, I like to listen to it when I'm in the mood, in fact it makes this stuff look ridiculous, but after all this is 1972 and the current jams just gotta make better soundtracks to the day in day out karma of youse and yours. Everything in its place.

What all this textbook shit has to do with Foghat is that they're a brand new blues 'n' boogie band from across that pond, and they're GOOD! All of 'em used to be in Savoy Brown, and I don't know what that means to you but to me it means ALL RIGHT, brothah, good sheet, boogity shoo and a woppa boppa, get down on that funky rag, Dag! Cause I love Savoy Brown. Didn't use to, used to get hives whenever somebody'd try to play 'em for me (which

was probably poetic justice, since I was always pestering my confreres by making 'em listen to all 17 minutes of *Sister Ray*, all 4 sides of *TROUT MASK REPLICA*, and the like), 'cause I thought the only good British blues shit was Golden Age shit, early to late-middle 60's, like Yardbirds, early Mayall, all that. Then I realized that all British blues is basically shit and basically fun 'cause it's as punky as any old MCS or Count 5 either for that matter, so I just let loose and had a good time from here to Glocamorra where Blind Lemon is blitzen' the jazz babies with that funky chicken even now. So I went and got all Savoy Brown's albums I could find and played 'em and flipped out when I discovered that the *Savoy Brown Boogie* (featuring *Hernando's Hideaway*) on A STEP FURTHER was one of the all-time get-it-on getdown pieces of vinyl skonk spew jump. Truly one of the greatest boogies of our time. And I don't say that lightly. Shamed to say I never discovered its true worth till last week, but I've played it every day since then, even when I'm not home. And now that I've listened close I found out how good all the other Savoy Brown albums are too.

What all this has to do with Foghat, to complete the pitch I began before the last paragraph's tangent, is that Foghat sound a

little bit like Savoy Brown, though maybe not as much as they sound like Dave Edmunds, who is their producer, used to be in Love Sculpture and has a fine solo Brittanial Blooz album of his own out on some London subsidiary label. And if you've ever heard even one lick of Dave's guitar work you're sold on Foghat, because he's brilliant and he's passed it on to them. If you haven't heard Dave try this album anyway, in which:

(1) Blues and rock fuck righteously enough to call for nuptials.

(2) All guitar work is full and strong, worthy of a Clapton at least.

(3) Not one original idea (well, okay, maybe a couple, especially in *Gotta Get To Know You*) is found, not that it makes a damn bit of difference.

(4) No song will ever get tiresome enough that you'll have to get up in the middle of a side to skip the tone arm over or reject it altogether.

(5) All the songs are real good if no deathless masterpieces (and who wants any more fucking d.m.'s anyway? One SGT. PEPPER is enough for all of human history fore or aft), and all originals, except for Muddy's *I Just Wanna Make Etc.* and Chuck's *Maybelline*, both of which are also good and sound not particularly much like versions by the Stones and other masons.

(6) There is no strain anywhere.

(7) *Trouble Trouble* is one of the greatest aw-shit-guess-I'm-just-a-sorry-drunk-so-fuck-it-all songs ever laid on wax, what with zingers like: "My brain is cloudy and my eyes are sore/I told myself I wouldn't drink no more/A bad hangover's something I can't stand/But here I am with a jug in my hand/I seem to ruin everything I touch! People say it's 'cause I drink too much! I've tried to kick it but it ain't no use/Guess I'm a slave to that mellow juice/Woo-hoo, trouble trouble/Worries on my mind/Goin' down to the cellar/Get some of that mellow wine." Smiley Lewis barely said it better. Go head on, pard — sock that juice on back!

(8) *Gotta Get To Know You* is a beautiful, extended change of pace from all the funky doin's, cloudlike, dreamscape, with perfectly carried off abstractions and absolutely flawless production that makes it even more of an Instant Transport.

There's only one curious sidelight to listening to albums like this one all the time. The other day I put on the Real Shit in the form of Buddy Guy's *A MAN AND THE BLUES*, and it sounded cornier ("People the way I feel this morning/I feel like I'm gon' drink me some gasoline/Strike myself a match...") than Robert Plant gargling with the taste people hate twice a day. He was actually taking himself with total seriousness!

*Did you know that a couple years back the dudes in charge of the Memphis Blues Festival were trying to coax old Nathan to come up from his home and play, and he said, "No, I'm too old, and the trip'd kill me." So they asked how old he was and he said 106, which may or may not be true — that ol' mischief-maker — but what the fuck and anyway he looks it. But the blues guys hemmed and hawed a bit, they knew they had to get him to come or all the zitoid college blues expert purists would just stay home and read their science fiction books. So finally they said, "Well, if you'll come, we'll buy you a new set of teeth." And he said, "Really?" and he did it. A true story.

-Lester Bangs

BIG WALTER HORTON WITH CAREY BELL Alligator

Good news for fans of blues harmonica: finally we have an album that begins to do justice to the considerable talents of Big (or Shaky) Walter Horton. While he's definitely one of the modern blues' leading masters of this humble instrument, he's not exactly suffering from overexposure on record. His playing has enlivened a large number of Chicago blues recordings from the mid-1950's on but almost always as a sideman on others' records. He has made a few records of his own — a half-dozen singles, one each for Modern, RPM, Chess and Sun recorded in Memphis in the early '50's, and a single apiece for States and Cobra, made in 1954 and '56 respectively after his move to Chicago.

He's also had two LPs under his nominal leadership, *THE SOUL OF BLUES HARMONIA* (Argo 4037), an intermittently

Chicago blues band that cooks right along. Nothing fancy, complicated or ambitious; just straight-ahead modern blues with strong, relaxed rhythm section work by stalwart guitarist Eddie Taylor, bassist Joe Harper (or Carey Bell on three of the tracks) and drummer Frank Swan.

Over their brisk, uncomplicated support Horton lays down his most impressive work as a leader, playing with imagination, taste and sustained power and even turning in some attractively low-keyed vocals, among the best he's ever recorded. He's never been what you could call a great vocal stylist, being a bit too tentative and uncertain of himself in this role, but here he sings effortlessly and convincingly. And there's certainly nothing tentative about his harp work. He's a creative and assured player, and this set of performances goes a long way towards indicating just how fluent, resourceful and forceful a harmonica player he is. And, above all else, supremely bluesy with a

place Joe Harper, for on these quartet performances one senses a slight inadequacy, a missing ingredient — a second instrument providing harmonic support for Taylor's guitar. The usual choice would have been piano or second guitar but it's here that co-producers Iglauer and Bell made their inspired choice of the latter's harmonica. And it comes off beautifully too.

This is an excellent set of unpretentious Chicago band blues brought off with imagination, quietly controlled power and unerring taste, thanks to the intelligent production values and obvious care that went into it. This may not be a great blues album but it sure is a damn fine one, and a wonderful representation of Horton's skills. I can't imagine him making a better showing than this.

-Pete Welding

NEVER A DULL MOMENT Rod Stewart Mercury

Well, it took awhile, but Rod

on NEVER A DULL MOMENT there's no letdown in this department.

The songs herein are split between four originals and a like number of covers, of which latter group the immediate knockout is Sam Cooke's *Twistin' The Night Away*. Having previously declared himself unwilling to tackle his main stylistic influence's material, Stewart finally reverses his stand and delivers a pounding hard rock version which retains all the essential exuberance of the original and leads one to hope for similar subsequent revivals, the more the better. Also under cover here are a haunting rendition of Jimi Hendrix's *Angel*, the mandatory obscure Dylan number, *Mama You've Been On My Mind* this time out, a velvety version which grows insidiously more impressive on each listening; and a bluesy Christine Perfect/Chicken Shack U.K. hit of a few years back, *I'd Rather Go Blind*, which through no real fault of its own save a lesser natural quotient of intrinsic excitement is the least compelling track on the record.

A worthy quartet of interpretations, to be sure, but the original tracks are even more rewarding. Stewart has the rare knack of writing clever and/or trenchant lyrics which can either amuse and delight the listener or be safely ignored in favor of concentrating on the music itself, as they in no way obtrude or detract from the song's musical impact. So in this album, after finally getting around to listening to the words, we find entertaining vignettes involving the problems of smuggling underage girls south of the border; a liaison between a jeep-driving soldier and a girl in a Maserati; an idol-indecisive playboy and his money laden old man; and a humor and poignant wit and *savoir faire*, with music to match. *Italian Girls* unleashes a vicious initial explosion and chugs merrily along throughout, as does *True Blue* (the latter also spotlighting a perfectly lovely bridge); while *Lost Paraguayos* presents a delightfully lilting melody line until ambushed by a party of rather ill-mannered but basically innocuous horns. And *You Wear It Well* a superficially shameless *Maggie May* cop, is yet such an infectious and memorable bittersweet number that it's the odds on favorite for the album's top cut (currently it's the single from the album).

No two ways about it, this is one fine album. And, although it unfortunately again raises the dread spectre of the Rod Stewart-solo and Rod Stewart-cum-Faces dichotomy (in that this album is vastly superior to *A NOD IS AS GOOD AS A WINK* or its two predecessors), NEVER A DULL MOMENT successfully confounds any churlish souls lurking about ready to garrot Mr. Stewart now that he has achieved mass-idol status. If any of those Pavlovian poison-pen pea-brains start cutting up the Rod for this LP, don't believe 'em; NADM is one of the most superbly crafted and enjoyable records of the year.

-Ken Barnes

GLORIFIED MAGNAFIED Manfred Mann Polydor

Back in April, everywhere I looked, everything I heard, pro-

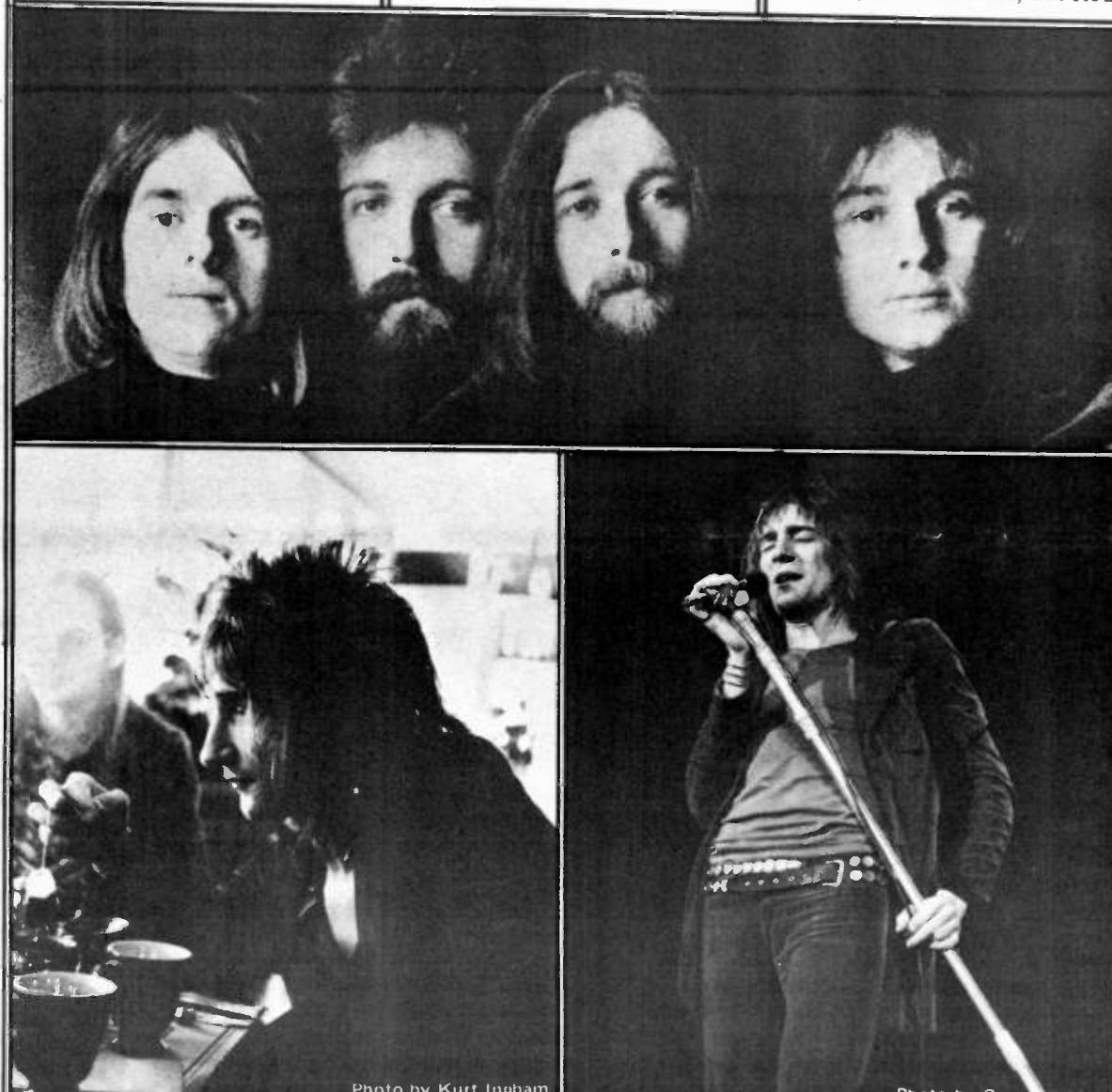


Photo by Kurt Ingham

Photo by Greg Papazian

Foghat engage in a highly specialized field of endeavor known variously as *Working Out*, *Getting Down*, *Getting (It) On*, *Boogie-in'*, *Wanging The Clanger* and *Schlepping The Schlock*. They sweat. They double up like an orang just boxed 'em in the breadbasket, and run through an amazing series of agonized contortions. (*Foghat* are shown above, *Rod Stewart* below.)

effective set recorded in Chicago in 1964, and *SOUTHERN COMFORT* (Sire 97011), recorded in London in 1968 and perfectly vile, insensitively produced and even more poorly mixed. Neither reflects the true depth of his performing abilities and, though the Argo LP does offer a number of fine Horton solos, the general orientation of the album careens much too confusedly between jazz and blues to ever settle down into the comfortable groove that would have allowed him to really show what he can do. Anyway, the album's been deleted.

Bruce Iglauer's new *Alligator* recording comes up with the right answer, simply by presenting Walter in the setting in which he communicates best — that of a tough little mainstream

beautiful, perfectly controlled harmonica sound. He can make it do anything he wants. The several instrumentals prove that handsomely enough, if proof is needed.

The production stroke that really makes this album is the use of Carey Bell as second harmonica on most of the tracks. Carey's a sensitive player who here wisely restricts himself to a supportive role, providing a firm harmonic and rhythmic base to Walter's sorties on the vocal tracks and occasionally acting as a second, answering voice on the instrumentals. Their interplay is perfect, Carey's playing always tasteful and responsive to the demands of the music. Just how helpful his harmonica is can best be heard on the three tracks on which he switches to bass, re-

Stewart is back again with his fourth straight formula solo album. He's rounded up roughly the same crew of musical cohorts and deployed them in the same general fashion, and the result, like his three previous efforts, is a superb album. Only the songs have been changed, to protect the inner sense of individual identity amongst the albums; but, actually, that's all you need. The Stewart formula is broad-based enough to allow for widely varied species of old folk tunes, blues and funk numbers, hard rockers, and the melodic *Maggie May* mainstream; the instrumentalists have it all down, Rod himself stands ready to apply the smooth sandpaper finish, and all that's required for another ace album is a new set of dynamite tunes — and

claimed the genius and superstardom of Marc Bolan, his raunchy attack on music, breathing life into the lumbering monster. Now it's late summer, spring has been forgotten in misty clouds of uncomfortable humidity, and *Take It Easy* is at the top of the heap. *Rolling Stone* called the Eagles and their vinyl successes respectively group, single and album of the year. Oh how we wax ecstatic as our old prejudices are served up in a new casserole.

Some people really have to be kicked in the ass before they get the point. *Exiles on Lame Street* by the Falling Pebbles isn't what rock and roll is all about, alpha to omega as *Newsweek* proclaims and insists. Other people have paid their dues too and acquired chops. *Do Wah Diddy* was the third British hit in America after the Beatles and the Animals smash singles. I bought *ROLLING STONES NOW* and *MY LITTLE RED BOOK OF WINNERS* and was knocked out by both. This was a group that had it together musically, but did not generate its own material. To survive that obstacle was impossible in a lyric conscious market. Their few hits were covers but done so as to obscure at once forgotten originals.

With the kind of background Manfred Mann has, it's not surprising the high level of craft exhibited by his work. Uneven, wildly uneven but the soaring moments touch the sky. One of the great L.A. groups, Arthur Lee's Love, recorded *My Little Red Book*, that Bacharach and David raunch rouser, at the same time as Mann but are you kidding when you listen side by side. Arthur Lee always seemed to want to be a black Dylan singing Johnny Mathis covers, a butch Mick Jagger doing the score from *West Side Story*. Yet here is Paul Jones (who did *Performance* light years before Jagger realized decadence was snorting coke from a hundred dollar bill) as yet the unproven movie actor, capturing top place in the cocktail singers competition. The organ sweeps, the incessant piano and yes strings the way Mantovani uses them. An inspired arrangement of the banal and the majestic, saved from the saccharine melodrama by a never say die bass line. For a follow up? — what else but *Hi Lili, Hi Lo*.

After five and a half years, the group disbanded in June 1969 and reformed as M.M. Chapter Three. Like Stevie Wonder in search of that elusive aesthetic chapter three on records was something of a failure in its sacrifice of foundation. Moments, many and oft occurring, showed how fresh the band could be at their best. It was jazz, it was rock jazz, but without the pretentious hype heralding other would be messiahs. As extended statement where is there a song offering as much as *Mister You're a Better Man Than I*.

From this historic museum and cultural graveyard, we choose appropriate artifacts. Finally, in 1972, all promises are more than adequately fulfilled on **GLORIFIED MAGNAFIED**. It's the difference between quality and quantity. Some lovers count orgasms like a sixteen year old stud sowing his seed, freely and wildly; some want more, that ultimate orgasm

and are willing to sacrifice towards that end. There are ten cuts on this album; five of them are simply atrocious. Putting them down is way too easy, that's how bad those cuts are. For example, *Our Friend George* sounds like Greg Allman at his absolutely worst and that's a benchmark of some sorts; *Wind* too sounds stereotyped and locked in its format. It's not consistency we celebrate herein; rather it's joy, the joy brought to a listener by sounds well constructed.

Meat the opening tune on side one, is just the hottest rock and roll song I've heard yet this year. Solid, heavy, light, ethereal, it makes it as a musical experience and all that is implied by those words. The Dead once played this way; long ago before Jerry bought all those cowboy suits at Nudies. This is even heavier, maybe Steve Miller on those rare occasions when he played the hardest rock on Haight Street. Mann on organ and synthesizer is not to be believed. Did you say Mars Ziggy Stardust?

I'm Gonna Have You All is almost as much of a knockout, coming from the other direction. It is quality, jazzlike derivatives of the Monkees but isn't that far out cause we secretly dug the Monkees, who were nothing more than rock revival Beatles (i.e. pre-Sergeants). To know this can be done, one need only listen to Coltrane create *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*, a most insipid ballad if ever there was one.

The clincher on the album, that last blow to show you how well it can be done is *It's All Over Now Baby Blue*. Is that a surprise? Not on your life, this man's been around a long time. His cut *Mighty Quinn* was the first success of the infamous Basement tapes, a group of demo songs written by Dylan while laying low in Woodstock. It's dynamic preserved but if you've ever seen the group live, it's truly mindblowing, a shattering experience. Where Dylan via the Band hints at and skirts fulfillment, Mann takes the bridge out to the edges of the horizon. Moreover, the Earth Band's excellent rendition of *Please Mrs. Henry* tells us they are quite capable of handling many sides of multi-faceted Dylan. It all comes together on *Baby Blue*. How did we get here? Well I don't rightly reckon I understand 'cause the path rambles and weaves around a lot of bends but a thought or two. The Byrds are consistently echoed, though mercifully not their insipid version of this tune. Then too it lacks Dylan's harsh and bitter plaintive cry, but it sounds a lot like the master at other moments. Mick Rogers plays lead in a manner that's never before been showcased on a Dylan arrangement. At times Mann's vocal is so far reaching that the boundaries of the sound are surpassed with unheard of ease.

GLORIFIED MAGNAFIED is hot and ready and recommended. — *Bobby Abrams*

UNDERSTANDING

Bobby Womack
United Artists

He has this persistently whiskey-tough voice. The insistent bass whips through all the Muscle Shoals pigfat horns & strings, a solid drumbeat egging



Photo by Andy Kent



Bobby Womack sounds vaguely reminiscent of Sam Cooke as strained through the Marvin Gaye of *WHAT'S GOIN' ON*, yet he makes a strong claim to new exciting territory. (Womack below, Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan above.)

THE PHLORESCENT LEECH & EDDIE

Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan
Reprise

"**THE PHLORESCENT LEECH & EDDIE?**" you say. "You mean, I'm gonna be subjected to a whole album of those guys singing soprano arias about 25-pound electric velour mud sharks, depraved band molls, and dirty old men? Oh no — I'll stick to *Melanie*, if you don't mind."

To go directly to the root of why this particular album is different from Volman and Kaylan's work with the Mothers (or, for that matter, an improvement over the shiny naughtiness like *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face* that passes for love balladry nowadays), we have to return to about 1964. That was when, among other things, one had to own a surfboard, a car, a few bucks, and hopefully a girlfriend, all of these primarily to:

(a) Bolster one's ego, and (b) Show off to one's friends. Now, provided that you had some of these all-important possessions, and you lived in or around the South Bay area, a Friday night might have seen you heading towards Redondo Beach, tailpipes belching high-octane prowess as you aimed your supercharged 'mobile down Pacific Coast Highway to the Revelaire Club, where you'd sit, drink nervously (because, of course, your identification was either on loan from somebody legal, or else totally nefarious), and listen to the Crossfires, who were holding forth with the usual format of R&B and surf music. (This was before the British invasion, naturally.)

If you read a certain article in *Rolling Stone* at the end of last year, you may remember that the Crossfires later became the Turtles. And the Turtles were a Top 40 group who made a lot of money, presumably, with big hits like *It Ain't Me, Babe*. O.K. — take and put these factors together, like that far out psychedelic puzzle you got last Christmas, and you've got the answer to it all — why Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan's new album is a lot different than *Eddie, Are You Kidding?*. The material on it is closer to *Happy*

Together than it is to *What Kind of Girl Do You Think We Are*.

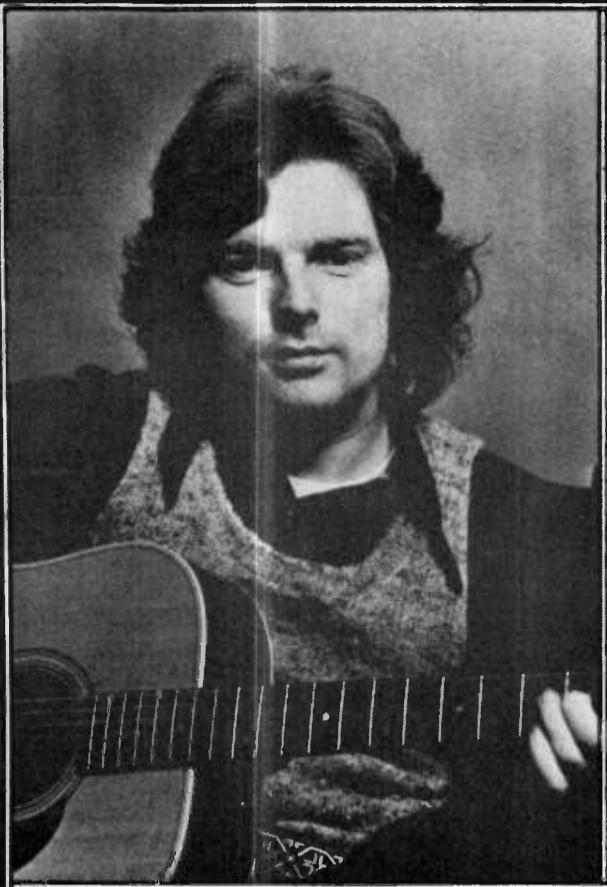
If you can remember those days when it wasn't a heinous social crime to have feelings about things (maybe you were even a little idealistic, perish the thought!), yet you still have both feet firmly planted in the present, this album will definitely appeal to you. The selections (with almost no exception) are love songs, set to backgrounds which lie somewhere between Top 40 and avant-garde jazz. (Kind of sweetens the bad medicine for those cynics forced to listen to the album.)

The capabilities of Volman and Kaylan are surprisingly adequate (in view of the fact, God forbid, that they once belonged to such a "commercial" group). They have done an admirable job of writing, arranging and performing the tracks on their lp (with one compository salute to Bonner & Gordon). Both play guitars and, naturally, there are goodly samples of the four-and-a-half (with falsetto)-octave range that all midnight "Live at Fillmore East" buffs have come to know and love. Mark and Howie have always been able to sing like nobody's business, and this record is no different. The old members of PG & The Galaxies would be proud.

Added to this are the prodigious talents of Aynsley Dunbar, Don Preston, Jim Pons, Lynn Blessing, and other noteworthy musicians who have given **THE PHLORESCENT LEECH & EDDIE** an assist with their cumulative talents. Their virtuosity is quite audible without getting out of hand.

Some of the recommended cuts are *Who But I, I Been Born Again* (which features a trumpet sounding like a demented electric violin) and *Feel Older Now* (the middle section of which is guaranteed to conjure up visions of Malibu at 9 a.m. on a Saturday morning or your money cheerfully refunded). The others are just as good. Somewhere between *The Lonely Surfer* and *Return of the Son of Monster Magnet* there's something on this album for everybody who doesn't mind listening.

— *Nigey Lennon*



Despite the omission of certain tracks from the Parrot re-release by Them, it's impossible to advise against acquiring the set. However, Van Morrison (now with Warner Bros. Records), former lead singer of Them, just issued a statement to the exact opposite urging the public to avoid what he terms a "total misrepresentation." (Morrison left, Country Gazette, right.)

THEM...FEATURING VAN MORRISON Parrot

John Baldry tells of the time in L.A. that he answered his phone. "Lester Bangs here," said the caller, to which Long John replied, "He does?"

Lester also writes here, and there, and among his more noteworthy projects is the set of liner notes that occupies the inards of THEM...FEATURING VAN MORRISON, a repackaging of one of London Records' genuine gold mines. Although the finished product isn't everything one might have hoped for, the two-for-one price and the scarcity of THEM (which might be officially titled GLORIA or FEATURING GLORIA or HERE COMES THE NIGHT; it's hard to tell, but the number is Parrot PAS 71005) and THEM AGAIN (PAS 71008) make it one of the more welcome re-issues to come our way.

"I don't feel real good about it," Lester said recently from the Creem mansion in Walled Lake, Michigan. "For one thing, they didn't include 'Baby Please Don't Go' or 'Don't You Know.'" (Also omitted were I'm Gonna Dress in Black, Go On Home Baby and Call My Name). "All it really amounts to is the two albums with some songs left out."

"But it's not London's fault," he cautions. "English Decca came up with the idea and the package and gave it to London here, so don't make it sound like I'm knocking London." It's OK to make him sound like he's knocking British Decca, which would seem to be in order in view of those financially sound but historically and musically inexcusable omissions.

The layout is hideously ugly, but will probably get by, based on current standards ("That trendy style" says Lester. "Looks like a six-year-old did it.") It's a naked paste-up, with strips of tape hanging around and the underlining inserted by a shaky hand. "It wasn't as rushed out as it was going to be. They called me and asked how soon I could have the notes for them. I said tomorrow and stayed up all night and banged them out and

stuck them in an envelope the next morning. But it didn't come out for a while."

Bangs' nocturnal banging has both the depth and breadth that his subject requires. His survey is thorough, but more important are such concise insights as "...the same terror-epiphany found in James Joyce and probably just about as rooted in Catholicism" (in reference to Them's explorations of "the ultimate darkness of the soul"), and "It was a bit as if Samuel Beckett's deranged but jivecat son had decided to take on Herman's Hermits just to see how far he could derail the 1964 lollipop train."

His exposition of the unique Irishness of Morrison and Them in relation to the scruffier side of early-to-mid 60's British pop makes for some fascinating reading, and we can easily pardon such mistakes as his reference to the creatures in THEM, the movie, as time-warped prehistoric monsters (they were our friends the ants, Lester, mutated into electronic sound effect-spouting giants by man's destructive misuse of science. Still, all they really wanted was sugar, and if you stood in the way you were sort of asking for it).

London's choice of a Detroit heavy-metal man was an appropriate one, because Them's element, raw R&B and downright spine-tingling graveyard rock 'n' roll is right up that alley. You do get Gloria, Here Comes the Night, Mystic Eyes and their near-legendary rendition of It's All Over Now, Baby Blue, as well as some lesser known, if no less brilliant cuts. Despite those glaring absences mentioned above, it's impossible to advise against acquiring the set, whose historical interest for Morrison collectors and students of British rock isn't nearly as important as the opportunity it affords to hear some tremendous rock 'n' roll.

—Richard Cromelin

A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST Country Gazette United Artists

In most of our minds, I'm sure, the violin remains an instrument stigmatized by associa-

tion — its rarely changing role in traditional classical music, the syrupy foundation it has given to countless obnoxious "pop" arrangements, and its fame as the single most prolific instrument of Muzak. Its role in country, bluegrass, jazz and rock is of course known, but not exactly widely appreciated, especially as a lead instrument. It wasn't until thirty or so years ago that the fiddle first became a major part of popular music when Bob Wills fathered "country-swing" and Stephane Grapelly merged his violin with Django Reinhardt's guitar and pioneered the violin's role in progressive jazz. Since then, it has earned a revered place among aficionados, but is still not appreciated for its incredible power and versatility. Listen to Grapelly's recent album with Gary Burton, PARIS ENCOUNTER, on Atlantic, and you'll find the inspiration for the fine fiddle playing that Sid Page contributes to Dan Hick's Hot Licks, and just listen to U.A.'s Legendary Masters re-issue of Bob Wills and it's a short step to the two finest modern country fiddlers, Gib Guilbeau and Byron Berline. Both are known for their session work and Guilbeau for his group Swampwater, but Berline, until now, has not picked up the fiddle on his own behalf. You've heard Berline (as you have most of Country Gazette) play with Steve Stills, Dillard and Clark, the Burritos, the Dillards and the Stones, but now you can hear how he wants to do it; and it is by far the most original country-rock band to emerge since the invention of the term. It is obviously a continued exploration of a particular sound, but instead of progressing to an unbearably refined end, Gazette returns it to the attractive crudity of the first Burritos and Poco records. It's as clean and tight as anything you've heard, but not to a point of losing its simplicity.

Alan Munde, playing a banjo that rivals and perfectly complements Berline's fiddle; Roger Bush, playing one of the few upright basses left in existence; and Kenny Wertz, playing lead guitar, are the remaining musicians

and each gives faultless contributions; but it is Country Gazette's vocals (Wertz, supported by Herb Peterson's amazing harmonies) that lift this band above whatever labels and limits one might put on it. If you remember the first time you saw the journey through the stargate in 2001, or your first glimpse of the Grand Canyon, or your first taste of some fine Moroccan Hash or even falling in love; if you remember the chills those near-transcendental moments gave you, then you have a pretty good idea what the vocal work on Country Gazette will do to you. The harmony on the chorus of The Sounds of Goodbye is among the most beautifully unique moments of singing I've ever heard and the entire deliveries of Anna, Forget Me Not and Tried So Hard are almost eerie in their beauty.

All the songs on COUNTRY GAZETTE, a few traditional, a few originals and a few Gene Clark songs (as if there were any other kind) are played and sung to the hilt. There is not a poor choice or shortcoming on the record.

This is an album for those, like me, who can't get enough good country music, for Hee Haw fans who are tired of the limits straight country music has set up for itself, for rock fans who can get into anyone giving their all and for anyone who can appreciate anything this close to perfection.

—Jeff Walker

CARD NO. 2



I am a rock critic. I used to be a shoe salesman, but that was back in the good old days, and I now spend most of my time writing endless tracts on the pap that fills up yer mailbox. Like this shit! What I wanna know is who is the pasty-faced dork in this picture...I'll bet he's the sap who sings Black and White, a re-worked version of We Shall Overcome that describes two kids in an integrated suburban school and informs us: "A child is black/A child is white/Together they grow to see the light."

That song's been on my nerves all week, and if I run into the jerk in an alley, I'm gonna punch him in the nose! Knuckle sandwich! Wham bam! Biff bam BOOM!

—Lester Bangs

CARD NO. 3



SEVEN
SEPARATE FOOLS
Three Dog Night
Dunhill

Yes, kids, what we have here is Dunhill's flashiest promotional effort since that award winning phrase, "Birtha has balls." From reading the ads for this LP, why, you'd think that upon opening the album you'd achieve the Ultimate Orgasm, or at least see Meher Baba.

It's all but another swindle on the expectations of naive consumers. America's most astute sociological commentators had the following to say on this scandalous controversy:

Danny Hutton sitting on his ass. So what? It's good, but it's no Jim Dippy.

—Wayne Davis

CARD NO. 1



This card is definitely the best sound rock single of the year. One as in Number Uno. They may have used the backboard to get it in, but a hit's as good as a miss. That's what they used to say back in grade school, anyway.

—Bud Scoppa

CARD NO. 4



Three Dog Night are a much underrated group. When I saw them at the Bowl while stoked on some imported Lebanese hash, Mick Taylor on lead guitar (pictured here) was stunning in his work on such numbers as War Pigs, Iron Man, and Paranoid. Dig it.

—Danny Sugerman

CARD NO. 5



Number Five's the Joker, as in joke, joke, um, let's see, joker. *The Joker Is Wild*. Is Kim Fowley wild? Is he ever! You can bet he played the king and took the hand, Jack. Wild as in Wild Man Fischer. But where's Kim anyway? Who is the fucking clown in this picture? Wait a minute, could it be Brian Hyland? No.

—R. Meltzer

CARD NO. 6



I put it on the turntable, and eagerly awaited for some CRASH BOOM FAZOOM VAROOM blasts up and down the scale. And what happened? Nothing! A little anemic hissing and feedback, but that's it. All in all, the most disappointing effort I've heard since UFO's second album.

—Hot Scott Fischer

CARD NO. 7



To tell the truth, this pic of Cory Wells reminds me of Marianne Faithful back when I made my promotional tour of England in late 1964. Marianne had the cutest bumps on her thighs, and well...I still consider it the high point of my career.

—Jackie DeShannon

THE PACKAGE

Three Dog Night are a rock group one can both respect and enjoy. But their packages stink. The tab insert here must have cost Dunhill \$10,000 extra in production costs, and it's not even functional. All flash, no substance — though it may offer momentary rewards, this is ultimately the least accessible of

their works, and I think you'll be turning back to Three Dog Night's earlier packages after a few fondles.

—Robert Hilburn

THE RECORD

After listening to THE BEST OF THE ORIGINAL AMBOY DUKE'S thirteen times the other afternoon, I put this album on, only to be shocked. What can you say about a blatant artistic suicide? Three Dog Night's albums used to sound fine played in between Deep Purple and Frijid Pink, but SEVEN SEPARATE FOOLS is fat, lazy, and complacent. It's not even very heavy for Chrissake.

Strong words, but the banal quality of this LP makes the truth clear to anyone who honestly listens with a clean conscience: SEVEN SEPARATE FOOLS is Three Dog Night's SELF-PORTRAIT.

—Jon Landau

SON OF SCHMILSSON

Harry Nilsson

RCA

Well, well. Harry Nilsson has sure thrown a big pebble into the music puddle. There's not much to say about the things you hear in his newest release, SON OF SCHMILSSON, that it's really hard to decide where to begin! I could look through my Thesaurus and compile a list of superlatives to try and adequately describe this album, but perhaps this one will suffice — SON OF SCHMILSSON is a powerhouse.

Harry continues to expand on the change made in NILSSON SCHMILSSON, his previous release, but takes it far beyond anybody's expectations, both for the heights he reaches and the degree of success he attains. Nilsson presents each song so that it becomes an entity unto itself, yet all depend on one another for the total effect. I daresay, it's the finest unified concept recording since SERGEANT PEPPER. It will doubtless create controversy, not for supposed drug orientation in its lyrics (like SERGEANT PEPPER), but for the actual use of...my God, Harry, how could you...dirty, offensive language — like "fuck" and "ass" and "balls." Unfortunately his use of the English language is sure to cause consternation among Puritanical critics and parents alike, so I'll dwell upon it only shortly. The obvious question is "Is it cool to say those words?" Maybe yes and maybe no, but in the context they're used, everything fits quite well. If you think about it, after two or three listenings (unless you've invited your friends over to hear a dirty record you just got) the impact of hearing the words will fade away and you won't even notice it, since the entire album overpowers the questionable instances. Anyway, it's about time someone had the balls to do what he did.

SON OF SCHMILSSON is a topical album. Each of the cuts deals with one of life's many facets in an often caustic and penetrating manner. Spaceman examines the letdown of being a "rocket man" in the USA. The fun's gone out of it, Harry implies, and nobody watches the space flights on television anymore, anyway. *The Lottery Song* is all pink and powder blue musically, but the words chastise us for considering Las Vegas the

ultimate happiness. Nilsson uses this technique of setting his music directly opposite to the lyrical tone on a couple of the cuts, managing to tug the listener's emotions in both directions. This is especially true in *I'd Rather Be Dead* where he is backed by a vocal group composed of the senior citizens of the Stepney and Pinner Choir Club No. 6. The oldtime melody, their presence and the lyrics, e.g. "I'd rather be dead—I'd rather be dead/Than wet my bed...I'd rather keep my health and dress myself/but you're better off dead than sitting on a shelf (for the ladies)...I'll tie my tie till the day I die/but if I have to be fed than I'd rather be dead," make for chilling social comment as well as a fine piece of music. Nilsson also touches on the War in *Ambush* and love in *You're Breaking My Heart*.

Having recorded in England, Nilsson has an all-star cast of musicians with him including George Harrison and Ringo Starr secretly disguised as George Harryson and Richie Snare, Nicky Hopkins, Klaus Voorman, Peter Frampton, Chris Spedding, and percussionist Ray Cooper (late of the "America" album). Also along are America's own Jim Price, Bobby Keyes, Red Rhodes, Milt Holland, and L.A.-to-London transplant and rising young guitarist, John Uribe. But just as important as any of the players is the excellent production by Richard Perry. Each cut is full of sound with all the necessary effects in the right places and at the correct time.

This album could be a roadshow, a carnival of pleasure and varied experience. It's a winner to me, and I was even satisfied with the 'old' Nilsson of ARIEL BALLET and PANDEMONIUM SHADOW SHOW. It makes what people thought was just a detour on NILSSON SCHMILSSON into a turn down the right track to greener pastures and greater artistic freedom.

—David Rensin

JOHN DAVID SOUTHER

Asylum

The vacant look on J.D. Souther's country-pie face pictured on the cover of his solo album quite adequately captures the feeling of the contents of said record. Souther, a singer-songwriter-guitarist from Texas who first surfaced as half of a lackluster but passably interesting country rock duo called Longbranch Pennywhistle, has cut an LP of songs with pleasant but unmemorable melodies and with "Ooh-wee baby, how come ya suck me off an' then move off down the line so fast?" country funk lyrics which also try to masquerade as sensitive ballads upon occasion. J.D. ain't awful or anything like that, but Asylum albums are distributed by Atlantic, and Atlantic has, in the last few months, released about ten LPs by fairly unknown singer-songwriters all of which are roughly comparable in tone and quality. J.D. should have stayed down home until he had something more to say with his music.

Souther's style is, predictably enough, not too far away from that of the Eagles, who are more or less fronted by the other half of Longbranch Pennywhistle, Glenn Frey. That band has just

about the same problem as Souther, but they at least have some guts, mostly in the person of one Bernie Leadon, instrumentalist extraordinaire. Souther as a singer presents no particular individual style. At one moment he sounds like Frey, at another like Gram Parsons, and at another like Jackson Browne. It generally depends on what style of song he's doing, and since most of the songs are derivative of styles like those of Frey, Parsons and Browne, it's not odd that vocal similarities exist. Instrumentally, there's nothing beyond competence exhibited here, perhaps because the melodic and arranging ideas don't ask for the expenditure of much creative energy. Sidemen like guitarist Ned Doheny, drummer John Barbata, bassists Brian Garofalo and David Jackson and guitarist Wayne Perkins are all familiar names, but the way they sound on this album, they're known because of who they know, not how they play.

At this point, it might seem fruitless to mention song titles, but someone might think this review unnecessarily vindictive unless it included an indication that the album was really listened to. So Souther's best numbers are his fast ones, *The Fast One*, which has him requesting fast songs from the band to help him forget about his baby who done left him, and *How Long*, which has a catchy chorus (perhaps the only really noticeable "hook" on the whole album) and has found its way into the Eagles' repertoire. There are a couple of Jackson Browne-type ballads, *It's the Same* and *Lullabye*, and several other ballads none of which set much better. They are more or less comparable to country and western ballads except that they lack a distinctive personality. Finally, there's the requisite Jesus song, *Jesus in 3/4 Time*. This is an over-calculated, cliched hymn which fortunately provides J.D. with a workable vehicle for overdubbing his vocal harmonies. He's admittedly got a good ear for such things, but even they don't salvage forgettable songs.

Since Souther wrote everything here, sang all the vocal parts and arranged and co-produced the entire affair, we're left with the inescapable conclusion that J.D. still has several worlds left to conquer. He's just gonna have to try a whole lot harder next time.

—Jim Bickhart

LIVE AT MAX'S
KANSAS CITY

The Velvet Underground

Atlantic

Forget Judy Garland crying on stage at all her performances because she was so strung out on pills, forget Edith Piaf dying of tuberculosis, taking its slow toll on her incredibly frail body, forget Billie Holiday, yes the great Lady Day, going through the Joneses at the Five Spot, crying out with every ounce of strength in her body for smack to alleviate the difficult life she had lived. Forget it all and listen to the tortured pain of this modern Rimbaud. This is the real thing: as real as *Heroin, Sister Ray, Jesus*.

In the summer of 1970, the Velvets reappeared in their beloved New York City, performing at the legendary Mecca of

their cult, Max's Kansas City. The shrine of Pop Art, the congregation of artist Andy Warhol, godfather to this legendary group, who had made Art an instantaneous form. A disciple, Brigid Polk, was on hand to practice these rites. Brigid is famous for her work with Polaroid pictures, most notably her *Cock Book*, a collection of photos and etchings of the truly famous that transcends the puerile attempts of the Plaster Casters. What the polaroid is to photography, the Sony cassette is to recording. Brigid dutifully and lovingly recorded set after set and this care is reflected in the quality of the tapes.

The story would end here if not for the foresight of a man, no stranger to the music business but unknown to the general public. He's Mark Myerson, coordinator of A&R at Atlantic and one of a new breed of executives in the music business, and in particular at Atlantic. Mark understood the aesthetic value of the Velvet Underground, one of the greatest all-time killer rock and roll bands. During that summer, tension mounted, mounted so high till an unfortunate demise. Lou Reed collapsed. Ugly gossip had him a raving psychotic but what then is art if not an intense personal vision bordering on the fringes of lunacy. This collapse coincided with the release of the group's first album on Atlantic, LOADED, an album destined to be a critical smash, but a commercial washout.

Mark though stood by the group. Rumors through the underground told of Brigid's now-legendary tapes, capturing the increasingly frenetic and disparate nature of Lou's performances. Many wished to bootleg the tape, yet in the end this was unnecessary. Understanding the culture and the group involved, Mark committed Atlantic to releasing the tapes as a legitimate album, what Mark likes to call a legitimate bootleg. And that it is, for never before in the recording industry have we, the consumer, been treated to such a product, perhaps the greatest live album ever. As an aside, this should be an example to Columbia to release the Bob Dylan basement tapes, a collection of performances comparable to this.

In all my years as a reviewer, I don't recall reviewing an album sequentially, but then I've never had an album like this to review. The record opens with Louis saying, "Good evening, we're called the Velvet Underground. You're allowed to dance in case you didn't know it." What total understatement 'cause they are certainly in the tradition of great dance bands. And who among the hip cognoscenti don't know they are the Velvet Underground? They open with a golden goodie, *I'm Waiting For My Man*. Definitive song about copping smack, the band has progressed from the 1965 version which was little more than lifted Don Covay rhythm chops. Sterling takes a soaring solo, but listen to the plaintive quality of Lou's voice, constantly breaking as he scream-shouts chants, and sings in time to the frenetic guitar beat. Now a new song, but we who have sat at Max's every night know it and so we get a new twist as Sterling opens the next song with the intro to Bob Dylan's *If Not For You*. Then

the majestic chords, and the story of *Sweet Jane*. It starts at an even, if heightened tempo. Louis has never been in better voice. Then at the bridge, a shift, a different fork from the time before and hear the moaning of "If anyone ever had a heart." Come on in now Sterling for eight beats and cut. Poetry is about economy, and Louis is miserly with time and phrases. I thought *Sweet Jane* would have been a great single, possibly backed by the next tune: hearing this live version only confirms my feelings. Once the Beatles had five of the top ten singles on AM radio. Is it mere fantasy or morphine hallucinations to dream that such a feat might be repeated by the Velvet Underground?

Cowboy tunes, yeah they sure were big in 1970, what with the Flying Burros and Birddogs and New Riders of the Tarnished Stage, yeah and flicks too like *Midnight Cowboy* and *Boys In The Band* and *Lonesome Cowboys*. The rodeo moved indoors to Madison Square Garden that year also. I guess people didn't believe there were cowboys in New York City, so that's why this song (*Lonesome Cowboy Bill*) wasn't the hit it should have been. The side and the set end with another great raveup tune *Beginning to See the Light*. The Stones once released an album, a great album for their fans, called *GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT*. It wasn't classy, it wasn't perfect, but it said more than mere perfection could ever express. Definitive as to the state of rock and roll in 1964 *vis a vis* methedrine, exhaustion, what touring was like, what that special brand of insanity known as the Rolling Stones was about. In the summer of 1970, Lou Reed was expressing the insanity that many sensitive people in America were feeling. We were freaking out in a quiet despairing way. Downs were the big drug, Nixon the big drag. Where once songs could proceed at their own pace, that no longer was viable. Now, music needed a special infusion to avoid the general malaise, the general vapidness surrounding our carefully constructed environments. Where once *Beginning to See the Light* proceeded at a normal tempo, it is now three times faster, even in its beautiful break, which formerly had been a pause. For a man of vision, there is no time out.

They return after a forty-minute break. "No, we don't do 'Heroin' anymore." A Nico song, *I'll Be Your Mirror*. Lou almost duplicates that Germanic accent but Sterling is superb, the song has improved with age. We are starting this last set off on a slower note, though it will show, a more poignant, incisive tone. Calling out to an unresponsive mannequin, "I find it hard to believe you don't know, the beauty that you are." Life and we are each other's mirror. For a poet to die of sensitivity. Jean Cocteau's tragic movie, *Blood of a Poet*, where the poet kills himself by walking through a mirror.

A tearjerker next, maudlin like a soap opera, and yet the other side is rare beauty. I loved a woman once and she had pale, pale watery blue eyes. God did we love each other and yet she was married. We lived together and then one day her husband returned. We loved the Underground, everyone in Boston did.

The last time we were together, we went to see the group at the old Boston Tea Party. I can't forget the woman or the song.

Time though has made it a bitter song for Reed. As the song progresses, the bitterness is so thick it is all-pervasive. And it introduces the next song. Lou raps: "This is a song about... oh...when you've done something so sad, and you wake up the next day and you remember it...not to sound grim or anything, just once in a while you have one of those days...I have them everyday." And with his heart breaking, thinking of the many years he has been a wandering minstrel in exile, Lou says, "It's really great to play these songs again." It really is and we, the audience, are visibly poorer for the paucity of play these songs have received in years preceding. The song? What else but *Sunday Morning*. Edith the Sparrow never revealed so much as the emotive Reed barely concealing audible pain, screams from a nether region of the mind. You know that the archetypal poet in Western myth structure is Homer. Do you think it accident that he was blind? The Greeks knew; when they constructed their societal prototypes, they made the teller of their national story blind, for he had seen so much into the character of mankind, he could not survive such a vision. Milton only reinforced this. Oh God, why do we exact such a toll from our prophets?

Following is another new tune. Before we knew its name, we called it the Robert Mitchum song. *New Age* a story of life beyond the pale of New York, localized and yet universal. *Catholic* is a much better description. The music is soaring and cathedral-like, such a vast edifice to surround the words. Sterling's guitar takes on incredible tone, almost a church organ. The tears flow and a mood is created. Afterwards, a request from the crowd for *Femme Fatale*. It strikes a responsive chord, and the past resurfaces. We are the barbarians watching the Christians being devoured and yet we sit transfixed. We feel how special the night is, how rare a butterfly we are watching struggle to survive, and there is poetry in the act of that survival.

Louis forwards on the song: "This is about somebody who was very, very mean to someone else. It's a shame, it's another way of saying some people have no heart and they don't care what they do to you at all." An honesty so unique that Demosthenes would have been elated. Can you imagine that emaciated body with tongue hanging out introducing *Bitch* in a similar manner?

The set and the record end with a tribute to catatonic autism, *Afterhours*. Louis notes Maureen's absence, concedes that she performs it better (certainly not as soulfully). If we close the door, could this performance go on forever?

There are minor quibbles. I had hoped that *Some Kind of Love* would have been included but maybe it was too much — all who would listen would be turned to instant psychosis just as were the victims of Medusa. Maybe it should have been a two-record set; certainly its accomplishments would justify such an issuance more than most such follies. Otherwise, congrat-

ulations must go to Brigid Polk and Mark Meyerson for perseverance in the face of incredible obstacles like the demise of the group, and of course ultimately thanks must go to the Underground themselves for leaving such a remarkable and moving self-portrait. It will survive to tell of our age, of our time, to denote an epic moment in the development of an American aesthetic.

—Bobby Abrams

DIALOGUES FOR PIANO & REEDS Pete Robinson Testament

There I was, relaxing with all ten of Fantasy's new Prestige-culled Twofer releases (the Clifford Brown, James Moody and Stan Getz sets are all surprisingly fine — I grew up with and to the Davis, Coltrane and King Pleasure elpees in their original jackets, yet each year brings new wrinkles to the sensibilities; but I'm digressing), when the mail came and with it the newest Testament release and, no it's not a blues set, but a concept jazz disc. Needless to say, I spent the rest of the afternoon listening to the emotionally arresting, impressionistic handiwork of the piano-man (Pete Robinson) and the reed-men (Charles Orena, Alan Praskin and Ernie Watts) and now it is early evening and I'm trying to sort out exactly how to get the visceral impact of this record across to you readers out there in Lou Reed-land and David Bowie-world.

What Pete Robinson does, with his cohorts on this album, vibrates in the same cosmos as the majority of Sun Ra's work — very personal and imagistic (as some of the tune titles reveal: *Cloud Song*, *For Zina* and *Oblique Freight*), using live acoustic sounds and an electronic music milieu to assert a viewpoint that, as in any true jazz artist, is and remains individualistic. And it is Robinson's novel "dialogues" approach that holds it all together — whether it's just he and an alto sax (on *St. Louis Views* or on a diminutive molding of Ornette Coleman's epiphany *Blues Connotations*), flute (on the subway-like *Motes* or *Dark Boy*) or bass clarinet (on the sinuously belonely *Serpentine Lament*) or whether it's Robinson in a more overtly experimental state, somehow everything holds together — one can sense the interpretation within the framework of the execution. *Mouth Piece* and *Oblique Freight* are good examples of this latter, more stylized approach and both don't so much move as evolve. And that's the secret behind Robinson's approach — his music is one of constant, spontaneous evolution that is only as limited as the limitations of the listener. Which is what James Joyce, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, Gerald Manley Hopkins and Pete Robinson are all about. Or, as co-producer and owner of Testament records, Pete Welding, puts it in his to-the-point liner notes: "Above all else, this is music that is meant to be directly experienced by the listener on purely emotional terms. That the music is simple or complex in its methods or techniques is beside the point...by opening himself to the music, by listening creatively and responsively, the listener becomes the final

masterpiece can be created by using traditional material and adapting it to a unique vocal and guitar style. Folkies of the world rejoice! Actually, FARO ANNIE, while a purists delight, goes beyond the Arhoolie — SING OUT! audience. The title song is a rock jam with Terry Cox and Danny Thompson of Pentangle. Ian Campbell's *Back on the Road Again*, not to be confused with the Canned Heat favorite, is a rocker. The rest of the album is pure ole traditional pre-electric blues-folk-Child Ballad stuff. Strains from Doc Boggs, Robert Johnson, Ric Von Schmidt, Jack Elliott, and Pentangle run rampant throughout this album. *White House Blues* and *Faro Annie* sound very much like the English folk-rock band; *Little Sadie* and *The Cuckoo* are traditional bluegrass favorites, only now the guitar takes the banjo lead. The Southern black influence is found in *Shake*, *Shake Mama*, *Ko Ko Mo Blues* and in Robert Johnson's *Come On In My Kitchen*. What's nice about it is that Renbourn makes no attempt at ethnicity. This is a British guitarist guy doing his thing. Some blues purists can't object as they have to Johnny Hammond, Jr. As I said, this is more than a museum piece.

John Renbourn uses tradition to make a very contemporary sound, free of gimmickry. Witness the Child ballad *Willy O'Winzburg* which loses none of its rustic quality while sounding 1972. In simplicity they say is beauty. FARO ANNIE is a beautiful album.

—R. Serge Denisoff

KOSSOFF, KIRKE, TETSU & RABBIT Island

When the superb British rock band, Free, mysteriously broke up at the zenith of success, the ostensible rationale for the split

was the familiar freedom-to-pursue-our-own-goals litany. And for nine months or so Paul Rodgers, Andy Fraser, Paul Kossoff and Simon Kirke did indeed turn their energies to three separate projects — vocalist Rodgers to front a trio called Peace, bassist Fraser to a group dubbed Toby, and Kossoff and Kirke (guitarist and drummer respectively) joining up with a Japanese bass player named Tetsu Hamauchi and an American expatriate known as "Rabbit" (or John Bundrick in more formal contexts, like Island press releases), in a loose aggregation tagged (you guessed it) Kossoff, Kirke, Tetsu & Rabbit (the most awkward group handle since the ill-fated Mason, Wood, Capaldi &

AUGUST'S BEST

1. All the Young Dudes	Mott the Hoople (Single)	Columbia
2. Hot Licks & Cold Steel	Commander Cody	Paramount
3. Radio Dinner	National Lampoon	Blue Thumb
4. Bandstand	Family	United Artists
5. Everybody's In Show Biz	The Kinks	RCA
6. Slade Alive	Slade	Polydor

Warner Bros.
A&M
Warner Bros.
Signpost
Decca
Columbia

AUGUST'S HO-HUMS

1. The Slider	T-Rex	Warner Bros.
2. Ambush	Marc Benno	A&M
3. Summer Breeze	Seals & Crofts	Warner Bros.
4. Danny O'Keefe	Danny O'Keefe	Signpost
5. A Rock & Roll Collection	Buddy Holly	Decca
6. I Can See Clearly Now	Johnny Cash	Columbia

Grunt
Decca
Columbia
Columbia
Elektra
Columbia

AUGUST'S WORST

1. Long John Silver	Jefferson Airplane	Grunt
2. It Makes Me Glad	Grass Harp	Decca
3. Somebody Bigger Than You and I	Andy Griffith	Columbia
4. Chi Coltrane	Chi Coltrane	Columbia
5. Motorcycle Mama	Sailcat	Elektra
6. My Time	Boz Scaggs	Columbia

Frog combine). Now Free has come back together in fine fashion, preceded by the dissolution of Peace and Toby; and KKT&R (catchy, isn't it?), a more informal association, is the only Free splinter group, as it turns out, to have reached the recording stage, with an album released in England a few months back (before *FREE AT LAST*) and just recently issued here. Unsurprisingly, it's not at all unreminiscent of Free, particularly in the structure of the songs (about half composed by Rabbit, with the others divided up amongst various permutations of Kossoff and Kirke) and Kossoff's unmistakable guitar work, a slow fluid melodic style which has always been one of Free's most notable attributes and is definitely the most impressive aspect of this record. Kossoff plays just as well here as on recent Free albums, and it's always a treat to hear him (Kirke sounds good, too, if you like drummers); otherwise, Tetsu is a capable bassist and Rabbit is a competent songwriter and keyboarder and a pretty undistinctive vocalist (vocals, handled by Rabbit and Kirke, are the album's weak point). Some of the songs are of rather fleeting impact, but a few (*Blue Grass*, *Hold On*, and the haunting *Colours*) stand out and are quite pleasant withal.

In fact, the whole album is fairly pleasant, certainly above the median for this debased era. It's not the kind of album you'd kick yourself for buying, definitely keepable and playable; Kossoff and Kirke apparently plan to get together occasionally with Tetsu and Rabbit for another record or two on the side, all of which is nice enough; but in the end it's much more exciting having Free back together again.

—Ken Barnes

JAZZ

BY COLMAN ANDREWS

Among the new jazz lps of late summer are: *NUITS DE LA FONDATION MAEGHT VOLUME 2* by Sun Ra (Shandar 10.003), the enthusiastically-awaited (by me, anyway) sequel to the first half of the recorded concert dates Sun Ra performed in 1970 in southern France, and displaying — as usual — an unusually broad spectrum of orchestral coloration, from the confusingly engrossing, lively ensemble playing on *Spontaneous Simplicity* to the elusive Chicago supper-club R&B roots of *Friendly Galaxy Number 2; SKIES OF AMERICA*, written and with occasional alto solos by Ornette Coleman, and performed by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by David Measham (Columbia KC 31562), a stirring, listenable programmatic work that illustrates how firmly Coleman has built his own inimitable cliches (which is not meant perjoratively), and which could, without Coleman's own solo passages, easily be taken for a bright and lively mid-fifties work of French anti-electronic composition; *CHAPPAQUA SUITE*, also by Ornette (French CBS 62 896/97), the scrapped score for Conrad Rooks' idiosyncratic piece of highly-personalized filmmaking, *Chappaqua*, on which Ornette collaborates with his then-rhythm section of David Izenzon and Charles Moffett, with Pharoah Sanders, and with arranger Joseph Tukula, to produce a frantically beautiful two-record progression of vivid playing, too strong for film music by far; *PRIMAL ROOTS* by Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77 (A&M SP 4353), which may not be quite "jazz," but which is an extremely intelligent blending of electronics, Brazilian folk motifs, and bossa nova devices, all with a genuine jazz feel to it, and which is also an extremely enjoyable record on any basis, and which should be required listening for those who (like myself, until recently) have/had written Mendes off as a slick opportunist whose jazz and folk roots have/had long ago been left behind; *KAWAIDA* by Kuumba (Toudie — sic — Heath), (Obe Records B-301), a self-professed "revolutionary" art work, with plenty of hard, sometimes angry, percussion-bound blowing, especially notable for its rather uncommon combination of personnel, including Don Cherry, Jimmy Heath, Ed Blackwell, and Herbie Hancock; *A SYMPHONY OF AMARANTHS* by Neil Ardley (EMI Regal SLRZ 1028), an extremely impressive group of short works by "the British Gil Evans," who, with a big band filled with musicians of the caliber of Dick Heckstall-Smith, Alan Branscombe, Jon Hiseman, Harry Beckett, Derek Wadsworth, and other top-notch British players, presents a graceful and determined "Symphony." an

Performances from page 5

Park, while lead singer Bob Segarini is no slouch in the fancy-dancing department; and it's a joy to behold, especially with the obvious undercurrent of (mostly) good-natured satire and humor running through it all, culminating in an excruciatingly hilarious parody of agonizing, soul-wrenching contemporary white blues excesses.

The Bodegan boogie-men in the crowd loved that particular number (hopefully in its parodic context), but for the most part were a depressingly immobile audience; time after time a breathtaking hard rock chord crash was greeted by vacuous stolidity and stony faces, and many patrons seemed somehow embarrassed by the unwanted energy level of the performance. However, sheer perseverance

enviably well-formed series of settings for three poems, and a longer, humorous, spoken-work-and-jazz-band piece that compares favorably, if you ask me, with Sir William Walton's settings of Dame Edith Sitwell's works, *Facade; BLUE MOSES* by Randy Weston (CTI 6016), in which the ever-inventive Weston, aided by Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, Grover Washington Jr., Billy Cobham, Ron Carter, et al, drives his hard, smart jazz right through the pretty superficialities of Don Sebesky's arrangements; *BIRTH* by Keith Jarrett (Atlantic SD 1612), with Charlie Haden, Paul Motian, and Dewey Redman — as fine a contemporary quartet as any man could ask — which doesn't add up to the wondrous, imaginative power of Jarrett's recent solo piano album, but which is nonetheless varied, highly professional, and often quite exciting, and it's especially nice to hear Redman in a more controlled environment than usual and to hear Jarrett playing, on one track, banjo as it has never before been played; *STAN KENTON TODAY* by Stan Kenton and his Orchestra (London BP-44179-80), being a two-record representation of where the veteran bandleader (and durably innovative jazz arranger) is today, with soloists like Quin Davis, Chuck Carter, and Dick Shearer — names unknown outside of current big-band lore, but fine performers nonetheless — helping the ensemble to sound remarkably young and vital; and *MIDNIGHT SUN* by the group of the same name (Kapp KS-3667), being a jazz-rock album that puts most other examples of the genre to shame, featuring six Danish musicians of unusual restraint and thoughtfulness in the very face of brave avant-garde exploration, including pianist Neils Bronsted (who plays for a time with Albert Ayler).

Jim Croce from page 17

Maury spent this period working in a sausage factory which also manufactured a peculiar Philadelphia dish called scrapple. Scrapple is made of what is left over after sausage is manufactured. That is to say its ingredients are fly wings, rat hair and the like.

"They should make more stuff out of that," remarked Croce. "It's good for the ecology."

Serious for just a second, Croce voiced this conclusion:

"I think all of that shit kind of put me through enough changes and into an opportunity to meet a lot of different kinds of people that I had to really make the hard decision about whether I wanted to stay in music."

Croce has retained the friends he made in his diversified life. When *You Don't Mess Around With Jim* appeared as a hit single, Croce's Los Angeles record company had tee shirts printed with his name on them sent out to music critics and radio station personnel.

Croce got a handful of them and took the shirts to some kind of factory where he had worked. "Everybody got off on them. They laughed about those shirts

finally seemed to pay off, and by the end of the third set a more enthusiastic reaction prevailed. Which proves, I guess, that rock 'n' roll has charms to soothe even the savage boogie beast (though as soon as Cold Blood comes back, all traces of the Wackers' presence will be doubtless obliterated). In any case, if you are a devotee of good solid mid-sixties rock 'n' roll shorn of its mellowtraumatic modernistic musical mutations, be sure and catch the Wackers, who've got some great songs for you and are bringing a desperately needed joyful and exuberant spirit back to the music. Where it belongs.

—Ken Barnes

SEATRAIN
REDWING
The Whiskey

and I laughed about the shirts. It was like we all knew where the whole gig was at."

He is pragmatic enough to keep his contacts up in his previous fields of endeavor. Before the San Diego trip came up, for instance, Croce reportedly was ready to accept a position as a kiln attendant at a ceramics company. "You never know," he said.

"I'm always wondering what day it is. It was never like this before," said Croce from behind a pair of reflecting sunglasses, with the top of his head obscured by a baseball cap advertising Caterpillar tractors.

He was back in gear. Back in Philadelphia.

"We played the Philadelphia Folk Festival in 1969. They had bike gang people there for security guards. But the way it worked out, everything was cool because these guys were to fat to do anything."

"They looked like they ought to be in some temple ready to bang a gong."

"It wasn't bad until we got on stage and there were gnats this big (he interrupted the verbal dialogue to hold his hands a carefully calculated 15 inches apart) and they just ate up our faces."

"I had my eyes closed and I was shaking my head back and forth to try to get the gnats to fly away and everybody in the crowd was saying, 'wow, they're really getting it on.'

"The people out there were in no shape to know what was happening. All you could see was a cloud of smoke and moving sleeping bags."

"We could have been doing anything. They wouldn't have cared."

"I'm glad I'm not doing that any more. It was good character development. Now, I've really got it made. I get to sign albums in front of some hamburger stand."

Croce's live sets are heavily spiced with truck-driving tales. He talks about the "west coast turnaround," a truck driver's term for speed because one tablet enables the taker to drive to the West Coast and turn around. Truck drivers are very direct.

"All this time, I was writing and playing in bars. I was a member of a lot of unions during this time. They had all kinds of letters they stood for. There was the AF of M (American Federation of Musicians) and AFTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) and others like the Operating Engineers." Croce may be the only working musician with a top rated single and album who boasts membership in Local 542 of the Operating Engineers Union. He was even a teamster "of sorts," whatever that means.

"Say that Sam Gompers was here," Croce concluded of his career as a member of organized labor. "Say that I'm pro-labor. Say anything. Shit."

In between times, Croce filled in working in a Philadelphia sewage treatment plant. "Between the hours of 7 and 9 a.m. when everybody was getting up in the morning, that place was heavily taxed."

Singles from page 7

these trusty States. *Take Me Back 'Ome* is better than *Thirty Days In The Hole* by Humble Pie, screams more than Uriah Heep's *Gypsy* and has more balls than the Move's *California Man* and is ever so much more intellectual than *He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother*. This is great for those chicks at the Whisky what do that hula from the other side...downers, Spinada, THC, you're all welcome here. Downer rock. Killer mock. Fairy flock.

Another of those great UK singles that will fall to a completely undeserved failure status in the USA. Why? Who the hell knows. It's got the gravel voice, the gutter riffs, the proper waist-down appear. Who knows...but this is one of the crispest left-field singles this year and you're not likely to find a better screamer for some time (at least not till the next Move/Wizard LP). (86).

Britain from page 8

freaked. He tried turning around inconspicuously to zip up again, but when he turned back to face the audience, they unzipped again. He tried to be still to halt the progress of the zipper but his body kept involuntarily twitching from nervousness. The band were trying their best for Lou but the paranoia rubbed off on them too. Whoever was mixing hadn't the faintest clue of what it should have sounded like, and it wasn't til near the end that everything was straightened out. But the audience obviously didn't notice the bad sound or Lou's paranoia, they went crazy after each number. Perhaps they did notice and were just into digging the craziness of it all. In any case they brought Lou back for an encore and he did *Rock and Roll*, lost his timing completely, forgot 75 percent of the words and looked like he was ready to die. Unbelievably he summoned up the mental and physical stamina to give the audience 2 more encores, the last of which was the song he vowed never to perform publicly again: *Heroin*. At this point Lou seemed to convince himself that everything was OK. But I could really understand his fear: after all, here he was in the flesh, the man Bowie praised, with a spanking new band, making their debut in a country where he possibly thought people weren't too keen on him. Lou was scheduled to make another appearance at Kings X after this but something tragic happened. The very together folks who had got Kings X together were taken over by a bunch of idiots. The Original Kings X people had a marvelous sense about booking and presented some of the most adventurous shows in years. Since the take over however, there's been nothing but a lot of 3rd rate pretentious crap. A pox on you Mr. Takeover, whoever you are. I sincerely hope the original Kings X'ers find another venue and pound you back into the depths where you came from.

—Lady Bangla Boom

Los Angeles, California

I wish there were something really great to say about Redwing; I mean, they've been playing together for a lot of years now, they happen to be good musicians, they play decent rock and roll music, and, I guess, they are as good a bottom-billed band as one can find. Beyond that, unfortunately, Redwing just doesn't seem to care if they ever truly make it. Their playing tonight was energetic and not at all unpleasant, but there seemed to be the air of a tired old rock-and-roll band overhanging the stage — as if we were witnessing the last days of Redwing.

That may be, though I hope not. It's always sad to see a group come to the decision that as a unit they have reached a

stalemate, but unless Redwing, the group, finds a direction that will excite Redwing, the musicians, that's where it's bound.

Seatrains, not showing its age at all, thankfully didn't see the need, as many groups do, to tailor their set at the Whiskey and be as loud and raunchy as possible. Though certainly not at their mellowest, Seatrains played with intensity and imagination and never lost sight of their music being other than a reason for dancing. There were moments, as in the new rendition of Andy Kulberg's Blues Project classic, *Flute Thing*, when the usually boisterous crowd stopped dead. *Flute Thing* was the only number in which Kulberg's flute and Richard Greene's violin shared the stage; and that combination plus

an occasional well used echo on the flute was damn near overwhelming in such close quarters.

Seatrains has too often been relegated to an also-ran status; they have consistently grown and have remained stubbornly inventive while superstars have been falling all around them. There was not a moment of weakness or lack of concentration or energy throughout Seatrains' set. The addition of Peter Walsh's guitar and Julio Coronado's drums has not perceptibly changed the group's tightness, but, as yet, they have not brought any conspicuously new ideas to the band either. There is no doubt that Seatrains is still musically dominated by Kulberg and Greene, but this time around that's still enough.

—Jeff Walker

Letters
from page 3

Okay, maybe I don't have a sense of humor. Perhaps it's not even worth pointing out that not only did I never say "Women rock groups suck" making the quote attributed to me by Mike Saunders a total fabrication, but I have always supported rock bands led by or partially composed of women (cf. my article in this month's Ms.), unless they're as so-so and huffy as Fanny have consistently been.

Ah, but then I do see that Mike, always a prodigious letter-writer, has recently taken to closing out his missives with "Off sexism!" and other homilies of

the day. So I will merely engage in some macho rhetoric and say that Mike, the next time I see you I'm going to *kick your ass!*

Honko skomko,
Lester Bangs
Detroit, Michigan

What the hell does Lester Bangs mean by asking what the Rolling Stones have to do with vintage wine? They live in a chateau, don't they??

Sincerely,
Colman Andrews
Los Angeles, Calif.

It seems everybody wants to be a critic, but nobody wants to be called a critic, Mike Saunders. I ain't exactly hot on critics myself, I just believe in calling a

spade a spade and a rock critic a rock critic. Mike Saunders is a rock critic. He's also a fool, an illiterate buffoon, and an irreverent snot-nosed punk. Keep smiling, Mike.

Peace,
Lynn Gaspar
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editor:

Congratulations to Mr. Todd Everett for the outstanding review of the Led Zeppelin concert at the Forum. His review brought back many fond memories of that night in Inglewood on June 25. I agree with Mr. Everett that this Led Zeppelin concert banged circles around the concerts of a group called "the best rock and roll group in the world" which has recently played here.

I, who think Led Zeppelin is the best (in both acoustical and heavy numbers), would like to give miles of credit to Jimmy Page who continually is never brought up as one of the best guitarists in the universe. He puts so much into his work that just to see him play is a wonder of rock history. Jimmy's showmanship never steps over boundaries for he never has to make a fool of himself just for people to listen or pay attention to him, all he has to do is move his hand up and down the guitar's neck while you're trying to figure out how can he play so fast!

I hope Zeppelin's next album is on the trend of their last four, for they haven't played a bad track yet, and I'm sure Zeppelin never will.

Dave Taylor
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Reviews
from page 25BROWN DUST
Family

The first song the Beatles ever recorded that they wrote themselves was "Love Me Do" ("Love, love me do, you know I love you, I'll always be true, so' plea-ea-ease love me do-oo"). Right, the lyric was a throwaway, so what made it good? The fact that it sounded a lot

like Coltrane. Well that was harmonically. Rhythmically it got real insectival in spots and came out like Brown Dust. Brown Dust was still on Atlantic then and they had done lots of albums that got zero-star reviews in *Downbeat*. Well the first one that they gave them an easy time about was *BROWN DUST ON TENOR*, they gave it five stars and said it was rhythmically the biggest thing since horticulture.

Well here's the point: their best Atlantic stuff was on alto (not tenor, where they sort of came off as an updated Sonny Rollins), and also they were *too fuckin much* on melodies. Their melodies were just too much, they had one right after another, stuff like "Congeniality" and "Lonely Woman" and "Ramb-

lin'" and "Una Muy Bonita." They even did the first bigtime *utterly dissonant* version of a familiar ballad, "Embraceable You" with Don Cherry. Well the thing about this album is here's Brown Dust and their melodic goodies again, cuts that they did with Atlantic that could easily have been on any of the old albums but somehow weren't. But could have been. But weren't. So now that Brown Dust has gone from Atlantic to Blue Note to Flying Dutchman to Columbia they've gotten the bright idea at Family to finally put them all out on one disc, all the stuff that could easily have been on any of the old albums. But weren't. But could have.

What's more is on this one it's the alto that runs the show,

and Cherry's there and there's lot of different other guys like Scott LaFaro and Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins and Ed Blackwell (Charlie and Ed are with them today so there must have been some real good affinity over all these years). And they've got some holy hell of dandy titles this time and they're different from the old sort. Brown Dust used to say stuff like that certain states of consciousness could only be rendered via certain blues progressions, y'know music could be brought into very specific relationship to human moods. So when they did those old simple titles it was not just a Mingus-type tone poem or any of that but a real Plato one-on-one formal statement of the

structure of the universe including man, that sort of thing. Well things must have gotten pretty far out or excessively literary in the intervening years because the original titles are a real change of pace. I don't think they could've been the original titles or maybe they were untitled until they put them on this for retrospective. Since I don't know maybe I'll just go and call them up (they're in the phone book, 212-799-9697) and ask them. But in the meantime just dig on their titles, things like "When the Eighth of the Fifth" and "Central Parkland Often" and Colors Int."

But most of the fun is in the listening. This is the album of the month.

-Richard Meltzer

You too can be in show biz.



Ah yes. The Kinks, past masters of the art of show biz snap and crackle, and now you you YOU can go right along with them.

It's not just the "We Will All Be Famous Here For 15 Minutes" Fandango, either, sweetheart. These boys are pros, baby, pros.

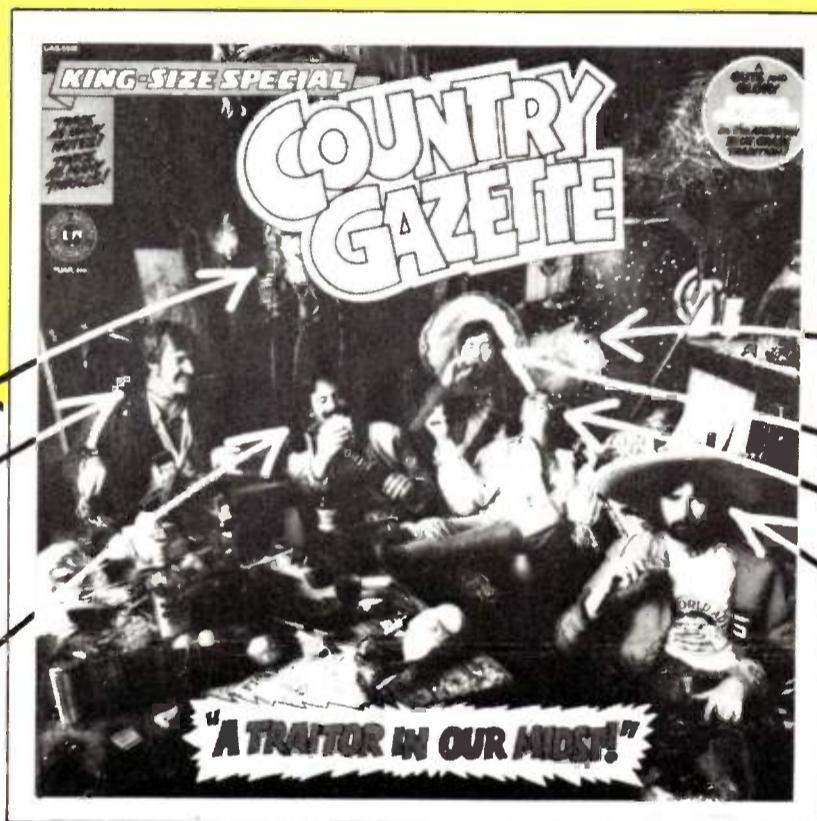
"Everybody's in Show biz," their new double

album, splits it: half studio with some of the Kinkiest Kinks songs in an age ("Celluloid Heroes," for one; "Supersonic Rocket Ship," for another), the other half live in-concert at Carnegie Hall.

"Everybody's in Show biz." The Kinks. That's REAL show biz, kid. Eat your heart out.

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