



PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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NOV. 72

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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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In the state of _____ Zip _____

Today's date _____ My LP - "Feel Good" Ike & Tina _____

NOVEMBER 1972

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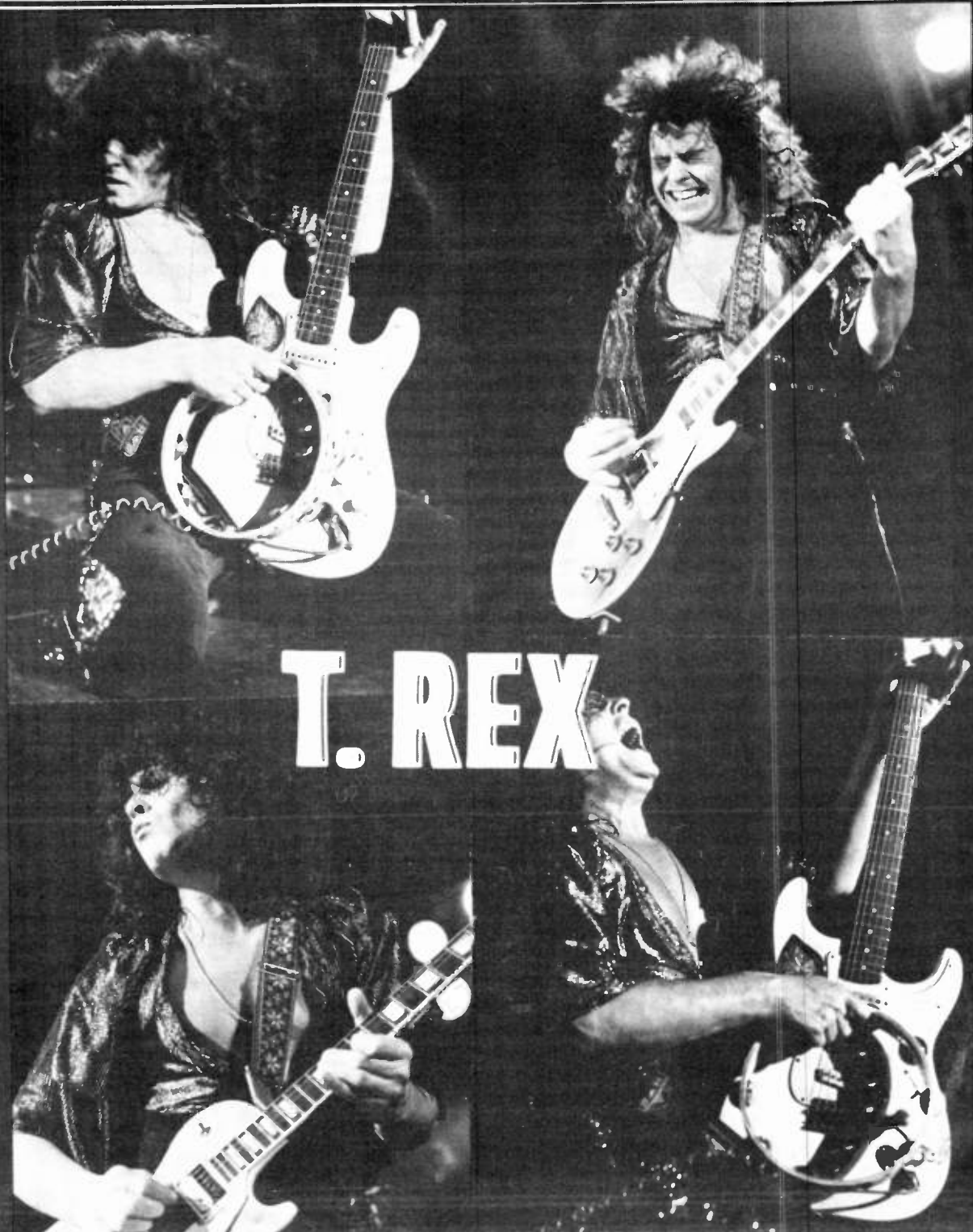
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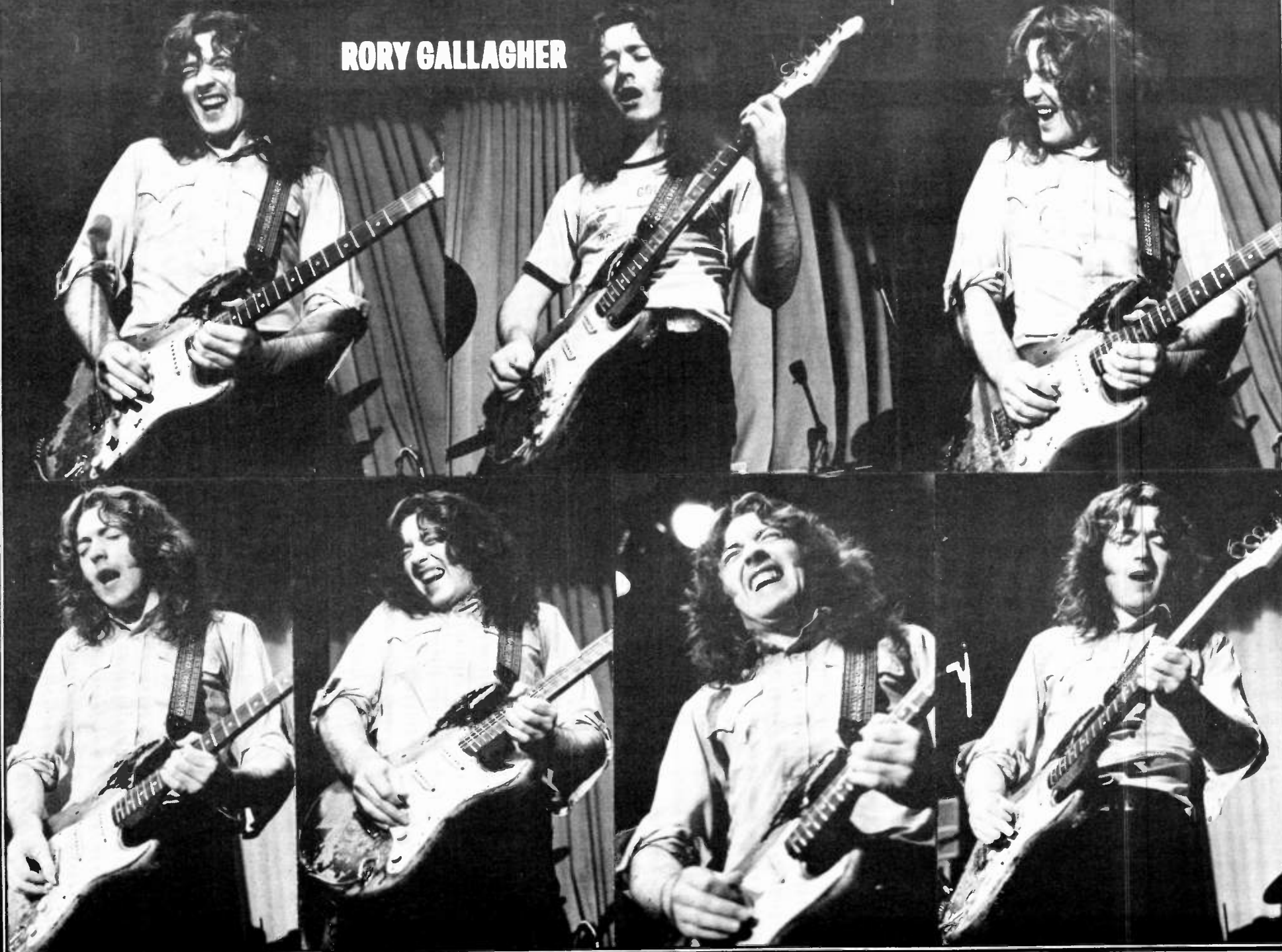
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T. REX

RORY GALLAGHER





ABOVE IS A RARE PHOTO OF THE LATE BONZO DOG DOO-DAH BAND, CIRCA 1967

LETTERS

Dear PRM:

Yeah, I saw David Bowie too. And ya know something — in that idiot jump suit, with that big acoustic guitar on his hip, and with that layered haircut that looks just like a D.A. — he comes off like nothing so far out as Conrad Birdie; or maybe one of Dick Shawn's Elvis imitations. On top of which, he's so fucking ingenuous that he could be the boy next door. At Carnegie Hall, at lease, the atmosphere was depressingly like a Melanie concert. The place was jammed with the most wholesome-looking fifteen year olds I've ever seen since my Junior High School prom; and they hung on his every cornball word. What shit.

Yeah, the band is good, but David has a voice of absolutely zero expressive range, and his songwriting is a joke with one or two exceptions like *Suffragette City*. But a rocker? No way. Anybody who does a Jacques Brel song is disqualified, out of hand; but then he had the temerity to try both Chuck Berry and Lou Reed, neither of which he is even remotely capable of pulling off with a measure of believability. The whole business was laughable.

What we really need is a faggot with balls. Instead, we get Ricky Nelson in drag, which is not the same thing at all. And doesn't anyone find it odd that David's work with Mott the Hoople is light years ahead of anything he's done on his own? Is David Bowie merely the Svengali of Rock? Do I really care?

Toodles,
Steve Simels
Teaneck, N. J.

Dear PRM:

Your mag is real neat! No shit. But it's really a shame that half the letters you print are of such moronic quality as the one by Elizabeth Coolidge.

I mean who cares that she's 21? Or for that matter, why the hell does she care if Greg Shaw saw Mick Jagger in *Performance*? Maybe in a couple years, when I'm old and 21, the magic will leave my INTRODUCING THE BEATLES, but it hasn't yet, and I'm not expecting it to. I hardly think that leather jackets and dusty boots are a sign of insecure masculinity. Did Elvis and Gene Vincent need to prove to anyone their masculinity? Hell no, and with good reason. You see, Liz, it didn't even matter, the music was so great that the leather was just for show, the "visual effect." And I don't care what anyone else does, either, but when homosexu-

ality is affecting the music in a negative sense (as in my opinion it has done in the case of Ray Davies), well then I say it's gone too far, and I'll take the leather and dusty boots any day!

So Elizabeth, I think you've missed the entire point. The question is not simply homosexuality, but its effect (negatively or positively) that it's having on the music. I don't think Greg'll be to upset that you find Martin Daniels "sexier" than him (he's married).

How about PRM selling tickets to watch Lester Bangs kick in Mike Saunders' ass? (I'll bet \$5 on Lester, after all I think he has more experience.) I'd rather watch Bangs/Saunders than Ali/Patterson. Better yet, we can all watch it on "Wide World of Sports" the Saturday after!

Best,
John Benda
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear PRM:

We'll have you know, Mr. Martin Cerf, we cultists have not passed over Slade! We've been enjoying them since their first LP on Cotillion.

But you've got your facts wrong. The title of the song is *Get Down and Get With It* and it was released on Cotillion as number 44128 last year!!! Way before *Coz I Love You* or *Look Wot You Dun*.

Everyone's saying David Bowie is Britain's Alice Cooper. Slade are. They got the sound, the growl, and they're real clowns too! Besides, Bowie's the real thing and Alice was only foolin'.

Shoot the moon,
Thom Edwards

P.S. If you print this don't print my name coz someday I'm gonna be famous and I don't want people to look back and see my letters printed in old magazines like Mike Saunders in *Hit Parader*.

(Ed. Note: — Don't worry Mr. Thom Edwards of Dallas, Texas — We'll have you know we forgot all about it.)

Dear Rob Houghton:

You showed your side nationwide — now I've got a question for you.

Just name two people who have done more for the music of "rock" and U.S. peace movements than John and Yoko?

When John Lennon was together with the Beatles, they did more for "rock" than any group could ever do. Now they are apart and have continued, on their own, to add their part to the "rock" of today.

John and Yoko have a lot of interest-

ing peace movements (sic). Have you ever read any of them? If you have you would agree they have a lot of damn good ideas. If half of the people in the U.S. would agree with John and Yoko, I have nothing to keep me from believing this would be a better place for all of us. Keep John where he wants — I hope it's America.

Pam Moore
Kansas City, Missouri
P.S. As far as your *Put John Back* buttons, you can stick them up your royal ass!

Dear Pam:

Thank you for your letter concerning my review of the Lennon-Ono album. I am sorry, however, that you misunderstood my intentions on Mr. John Lennon. I sincerely hope that Lennon and Yoko will be allowed to stay in this country. They are much too good for England, and their individual and thoroughly delightful talents deserve to remain in New York, despite the intentions of nameless bureaucrats. My somewhat jocular reference to the "Put John Back" buttons referred to John Sinclair, and not to John Lennon. And as for stuffing them up my ass, I can't, because that is where I keep my McGovern buttons. You can't be too careful in San Diego.

Keep John Here!
Rob Houghton
El Cajon, California

Dear Everyone:

Just a few lines to let you know that Uncle Mao is a mere smile away from us (or a bridge away, or whatever), that Phonograph filters in to one of our recording company offices at an irregular rate, that we love R. Meltzer, Lester Bangs, Greg Shaw (the piece on "Bump City" adorns my loo), loved the bit about the guitar solo on "Goodbye To Love" during the ramblings concerning the neither-here-nor-there "Exile," hope to see a huge spread (pant pant) on Carly Simon, had the misfortune of having Led Zeppelin in town this week, who went and put some of us through the British colonial trip once again — all of them except for Jimmy Page that is, who was (is) one helluva genuine gentleman, send our regards to Jan and Dean. Kim Fowley will no doubt go ape here as there is no shortage of 15-year-old pommies waiting with open hands to go through the jerk-off scene.

Yours,
Hans Ebert
Kowloon, Hong Kong/China

P.S. In case anyone out there runs in to John Bonham or Zeppelin's halitosis-infested road manager, tell them to please come back to Hong Kong. Some people are extremely anxious to gree them with a swift kick up their scrawny arses. Many thanks.

Dear PRM:

In the October issue Lady Bangla Boom says that Beryl Billabong and the Shiela are "a Lester Bangs wet dream in the flesh." Not so. My real wet dream is Lady Bangla Boom, and if she reads this I want her to send me her picture. You may feel jaded from hanging out with all those boring popstars and pretty people reading *Rolling Stone*, but I'll show ya the real La Dolce Vita, baby!

Lester Bangs
Detroit, Michigan

Hey, Wiseass Cerf:

"This side is not likely to move the likes of...Ed Ward (hero of *Asleep At the Wheel*), Rick Nelson, and Commander Cody alike)..."

Query: Who first reviewed Mott the Hoople in *Rolling Stone*?

Query: Who wrote that little story about Mott the Hoople in *CREEM*?

Query: Who liked Mott the Hoople so much that his neighbors up the hill became a 2-member Mott the Hoople fan club, and now every time they're in the country, they stop off up there for fried chicken and (oops) baked beans?

Who? Me, that's who. V'fungu!

Ed Ward
Sausalito, California

P.S. I like "Dudes" just fine!

Brothers and Sisters:

Hey, really now — when are you dudes gonna get your heads together? I mean to list Jim Dippy's beautiful album among October's best was a right on thing to do and all, but why you put it in fifth place *behind* such garbage as NUGGETS, that idiotic anthology of juvenile teenage crap, or J. Geils for that matter is a mystery to all of us up here at the commune. Some hitchhiker came through a couple weeks ago with that J. Geils record and scared a few of the sisters with it. You people better understand that this is 1972 and nobody's head is ready for all that noise! That's why we all love Brother Jim Dippy. He's so mellow, so down home, so righteous, so good to lay back and groove out behind that he's got to be number one from now on. Dig it?

Big tokes & no jokes,
Mark Shipper Alma, Mi.

Performances

THE STANDELLS The Blue Max Van Nuys, California

It was the best kept secret in town, but yessir, the Standells came through here a couple of weeks ago to play their tough-as-nails brand of rock 'n' roll for the patrons of the Blue Max nightclub in Van Nuys. Yep, the Standells! A couple of personnel changes, of course, but when they finally answered the perennial requests from the drunken lowriders at the bar for *Dirty Water*, you knew you were seeing the genuine article, the real thing. I've seen lots of bands try their hand at this choice little piece of raunch, and they've all botched it, every one. That's because the Standells — and only the Standells — can bring sufficient credibility to lines like "...down by da ree-vah, down by da banks of the ree-vah Chaals — 'das whut's happenin' baybe..."

The Blue Max is a nice club with a big dance floor on the banks of the Van Nuys Airport and 'das whut was happenin' on a Friday night early in October when the Standells just about rocked the place to the runway with their snazzy renditions of everybody else's hits, from Rod Stewart to the Stones to Spencer Davis and right back up to T. Rex. And it all sounded great, not only because we were drunk and happy, but because they operate at an energy level strong enough to pump new life into sick-of-by-now tunes like *Maggie May*, *Hold Your Head Up*, and other top-40 heavies, and when they get into the real stuff like *Brown Sugar* and *Tumblin' Dice*, those Van Nuys cruisers raced for the dance floor like hippies to a food stamp line.

Now working the Blue Max isn't exactly like working the Fabulous Forum, where it's a forty minute show and get the groupies. The Blue Max is much closer to your job or mine — six hours a night, six nights a week, so any band with eyes for this room had better have themselves a king-sized repertoire and the Standells get full marks in this department as well.

By midnight, with two hours left to fill, they had already run through every worthwhile thing on the top 40 for the past two years and had also given the noisy cranks their sacramental dose of *Dirty Water* for the evening. Undaunted, they reached back and delivered with anything they could think of, stringing together a set with *While My Guitar Gently Weeps*, *Jailhouse Rock*, *Every Christian Lion Hearted Man*, *Black Magic Woman*, *Whole Lotta Shakin'*, and some nameless Savoy Brownish boogie, and managed to pull every number off with style and class. There weren't too many heavy rock critics in the audience that night but there were a lot of heavy drinkers and they all agreed: these guys were the toughest band the Blue Max had ever seen, surpassing even BJ Goldfarb &

the Hot Potatoes' gala New Year's Eve show in '69.

In the meantime, the Standells are travelling, working anyplace where *Dirty Water* was a hit and that covers a lot of territory. They'll be rolling into your town soon enough, so keep your eyes open — they stand for everything you love about rock 'n' roll.

—Mark Shipper

FACES Hollywood Bowl Hollywood, California

Does the fact that Faces were able to elicit a thunderous response from their Hollywood Bowl audience with what was definitely a sub-par performance say more about the band's ability to come across even when not up to snuff or about the massive credulity of the crowd? I don't know. I suspect that much of it is just another depressing manifestation of the self-delusion syndrome that makes it a certainty that any

which the A-Number One Pop-star must habitate.

The biggest problem in the Bowl, as a matter of fact, was a direct consequence of Rod's magnetism (supplemented by a heavy dose of bad judgment). He instigated a monster-scale paddleball game with the audience as the red rubber ball and himself as the rubber band, with the part of the board off which the ball bounces played by the bloodthirsty lumberjacks whose function it is to animate the pattern that makes the structure of rock concerts so paradoxical — given that rock concerts are designed, ideally, to release inhibitions, to loosen you up; but don't get too loose or excited, or you know what happens, right?

So anyway, Rod implores, in his most convincing manner, the audience to come closer (a perfectly understandable sentiment in the Bowl, probably the very worst place in L.A. for a band like Faces to play). So they do, of course, only to

sary. He should have known that there's no way to have a party in the Hollywood Bowl.

Otherwise, the band played well but without a lot of real spark and carried on in the fashion, but without the substance we have come to expect — Rod careening and sliding like a besotted ice skater, Ronnie Lane chugging about like a cigarette smoke-puffing locomotive, Ron Wood running in huge circles while shooting an arc of sparkling wine from his mouth, like a crazy caricature of a fountain's spouting figurine.

And they ran through a solid, if uneventful repertoire of rockers and ballads, all of which were delivered competently but without much passion or urgency. From all available reports, the concert two nights later at the Palladium, a much more suitable venue for the lads, was infinitely better. Wish I'd been there.

Ballinjack opened the Bowl show with a blatant example of just how bad a horn-rock boogie band can be.

(To get back to Faces for a moment, you might be interested to know that a couple of days ago a friend gave me a page that cut out of a 1967 British fan magazine called

Papers label stuck on the right sleeve. And listen girls, that Steve Marriott is a dream!)

—Richard Cromelin

COMMANDER CODY/ JEFFERSON AIRPLANE Cobo Arena Detroit, Michigan

Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen and the Jefferson Airplane on one show? It definitely had potential for high-level entertainment, even if the Airplane did have such a reputation for putting on weak sets. Unfortunately, for all our great expectations, we left the arena some 3½ hours later with little more than headaches and stiff necks.

Perhaps part of the trouble we had hearing anything all night had to do with the lovely block of seats Gemini Productions stuck RCA with. RCA spent \$260 for 40 \$6.50 tickets and we all wound up sitting less than ten rows from being in the balcony. Sure can't wait for Gemini's next big production.

Commander Cody and the band raised the curtain with the poorest performance I've ever heard 'em do. From the opening announcement "And now, direct from San Francisco..." — they're primarily local boys from Ann Arbor — I had the feeling they weren't gonna be much fun, and damned if I wasn't right.

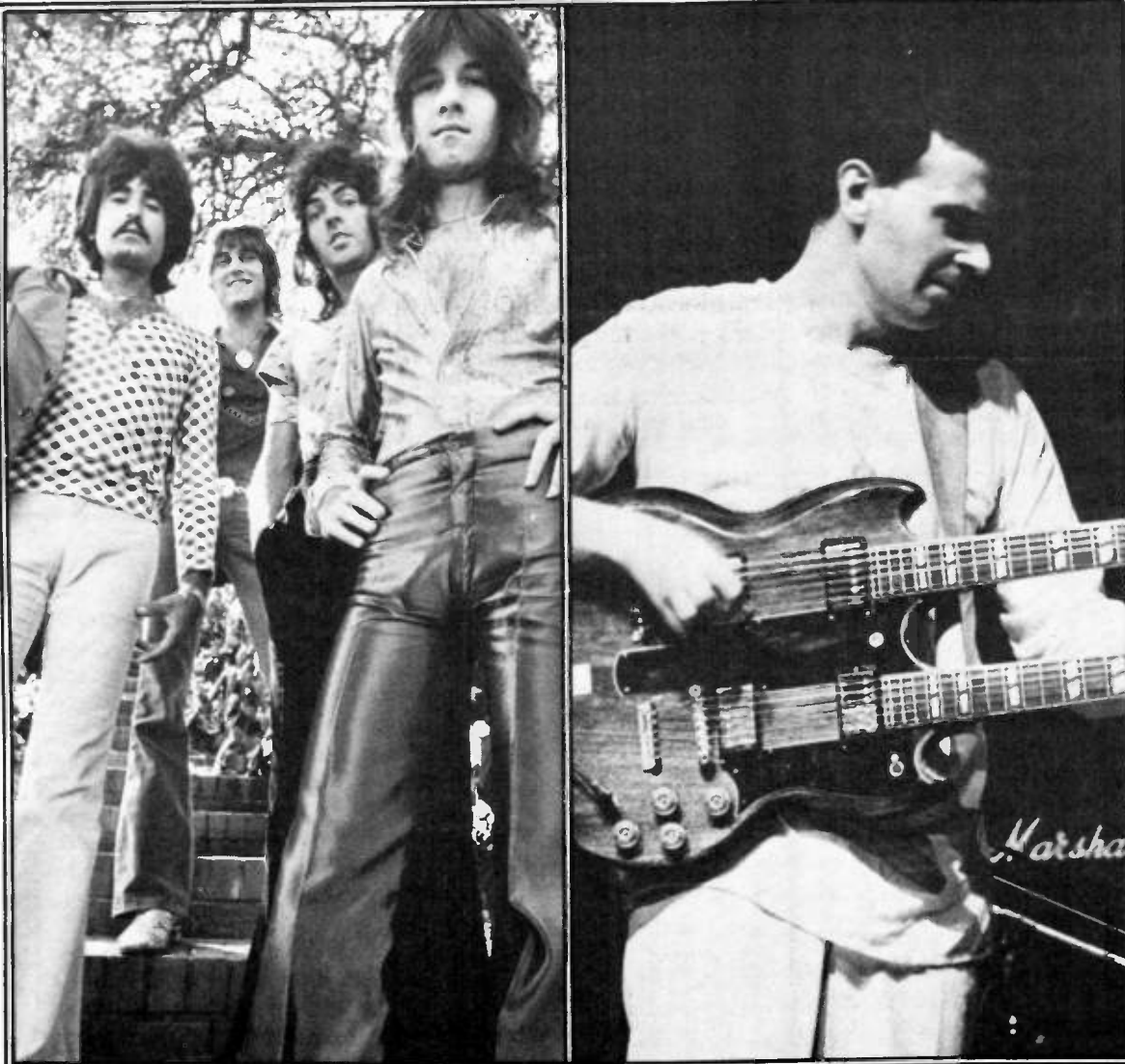
If the group had played poorly, that'd be one thing. But instead they were just lethargic. They ran through the set as though it were the Republican Convention, every word and gesture pre-determined, and consequently received only polite applause. *Jailhouse Rock* didn't get 'em. *Down To Seeds 'n Stems Again* didn't get 'em. Even *Lost In The Ozone* didn't get 'em. In front of a hometown crowd!

Had I not seen the band at Mandrake's in Berkeley last summer, I might've thought they had hit their peak and were over the hill, but I know that's just not true. It's just that they're basically a raunchy bar band and the concert scene doesn't appear to be doing them any good. Perhaps it's about time they returned to roots and hit the bars once again.

As for the Airplane, they were just plain sloppy. Their arrangements, vocals, sound, stage presence, all sloppy. The light show they had behind them out-and-out stunk. (Light shows died with peace and love a couple years ago.)

Musically the majority of the set's selections were taken from the Airplane's latest LP, *LONG JOHN SILVER*, with other numbers lifted from *SUN-FIGHTER*, *BARK*, *VOLUNTEERS* and *CROWN OF CREATION* — nothing from any earlier records though the performance was punctuated with shouts and pleas for *White Rabbit*. Only in one or two instances did the songs come anywhere near to equaling their album versions, and never did they surpass them.

Perhaps you can blame the group's disturbance in Akron the night before (in which Kantner and Chick Casady were arrested and Gracie given a black eye) for their uneven showing in Detroit. Or perhaps it had something to do with the



The 1972 Standells: Tony Valentino (only surviving original member), Larry Gould, Steve Lagana, Paul Downing. Former lead singer Dick Dodd is now with Miss Abrams' Strawberry Point 4th Grade Class. R: John McLaughlin, Mahavishnu Orchestra.

rock group on which the Mantle of Stardom has been placed could stand up there picking only their noses and still get nothing short of a standing ovation.

Then again, there is something to be said for the former alternative, in that despite the show's half-assed nature, undeniable and irresistible flashes of gen-yoo-wine entertainment kept shooting through the dreck. Rod Stewart's really got it, no question, and he's to be congratulated for surviving and even thriving in the rarified air

await the inevitable bounc back to the far reaches of the amphitheatre at the hands of the goons, some of whom have taken to wearing leather gloves on their punching hands. So then Rod calls everybody back down again, and again the forward rush is belted back into the stratosphere.

It seemed to go on forever, like a bad dream that you're in ten times at once. Eventually Rod seemed to realize that he wasn't getting anywhere and told everyone to take it easy. It was all pretty sad and unneces-

Fab-208. On one side is a piece by Neil Aspinall describing how the Beatles handle pesky photographers and a Christmas greeting from a group called the Koobas. But the other side! It's the Small Faces, full-page, full color. Steve Marriott, Ronnie Lane and Kenny Jones are all in bed under an orange blanket — Steve and Ronnie sport bare torsos, Kenny wears a blue turtleneck — receiving Christmas packages from Ian McLagen, who's dressed up in a white beard and Santa Claus suit with a Rizzla Rolling

recent additions of John Barbata and David Freiburg with little time for rehearsals. Whatever the case may be, I don't think I'm gonna bother catching the Airplane live again. That's four times now and only one decent concert. One out of four — who'd want to play those percentages? Caution.

—Bob Nirkind

**JOE COCKER
BONNIE BRAMLETT
Hollywood Bowl
Hollywood, California**

Suddenly the group breaks into a Bonzo-Dog Band parody of the Who's version of *Shaking All Over* that has the L.A. rock elite in stitches. On the sidelines Bonnie Bramlett looks fairly loaded while Jim Keltner seems a little bloated. Mark Almond and L.T.D. his newly acquired crew of jazz symphonists stare intently on, waiting for their shot at the dark as Patto's guitarist executes a spread eagle parachute jump from his two foot high rocking chair vantage point. Jim Price and Bobby Keyes (wearing an emerald tongued cowboy jacket) formerly of Rolling Stone fame are busy jawing at the moon while Alan Spenner and his wife, a former Queen of Corona, are hoping for snow. Felix Falcon, a fearless tub-rubber and Viola Wills a stroker of deep throaty back up harmonies are practicing their licks in the back while the viscious Hollywood Bow speed freak security man is busy practicing his kicks out front. Members of Hollywood's "Fringe" peacock back and forth in hearts and flowers, while everybody who's anybody in the record business from Jerry Moss, president of A&M Records to the mailroom clerk at Chess-Janus Records has managed to trade, beg, borrow or steal a ticket for tonight's star studded gala event — and why not, THE JOE COCKER TOUR IS BACK IN TOWN. But, where's Joe, the man who is largely responsible for this decadent holocaust that has invaded this city of Angels? The same place he's always at before a show, doing the same thing he's always done — behind an amp scratching his grizzly whiskers and guzzling down a can of Coors extra dry beer.

Joe Cocker looks ragged, but for him that's normal. He's just led his new touring troupe which includes the Chris Stainton Band — (Keltner, Karstein, Price, Keyes, Stainton, Spenner, Hubbard, Falcon and four backing vocalists), Irish folk singer, Gerry Lockran and the Mark Almond Group (including former Cocker Grease Band member Tommy Eyre) on a 30-date trek and he's as freaked out, destroyed and as happy as ever. Wearing a belly button low, green and white English schoolboy sweater which proudly displayed his excess bulge, and sporting a short tousseled hair cut, Cocker was in excellent wretched form, which again, for him is normal and to his fans and critics, just fine. His anguished blues yelps, painfully high pitched cries and earshattering throaty howls emitted a deluge of "O h h h h h h h h h h s & Ahhhhhhhhs" from the crowd that Joe probably hasn't heard since his Mad Dog days. Yet there was something missing. It

wasn't Rita Coolidge or Claudia Linear, because Bonnie Bramlett and Tina Turner had them shaking in the aisles when it was their turn to help Joe out. It most certainly wasn't Leon Russell's piano playing because Chris Stainton can do just about anything that Russell can do, except wear a top hat. And I don't think it was the absence of the Mad Dogs Choir (Don Nix, Jeannie Greene, etc.) because the Quartet of foxy mamas Joe has recruited this time sounds like it came from the Ikettes school of soul searching. Realistically, it was just that Joe had reached his optimum level of vocal excellence and to expect any more from him would be beyond demanding. But, as usual, the crowd was demanding, for although he was right on target with this three minute high energy busts like *St. James Infirmary*, *Do Right Woman*, *Midnight Rider* and the always exciting *High Time We Went*, the audience knew it wasn't the Cocker of old. On his lengthy, sometimes overly drawn out originals he seemed low keyed, sluggish and sometimes plain boring vocally. That the highlight of the show was when a halter topped —tight boxed Bonnie Bramlett, delightfully whorish and as drunk as a sailor, bump-walked center stage and accidentally up staged the roly-poly vocalist by competing in a heady sing-off with one of Cocker's Delta ladies has to be saying something about Joe's non-visual impact. As the crowd lept to its feet and a mighty cheer of recognition resounded for Bonnie, poor Joe Cocker, looking a lost, pudgy school boy, stood hopelessly in the corner banging an out of time tambourine.

Joe Cocker is not the ocularly exciting madman he once was. Gone are his "insanely twitching fingers and absurd, graceless, windmill movements of his arms." Gone are his mock bass patterns which were as much fun to watch as it was to hear him sing. Most pathetically gone, is Joe's edge of confidence, his commanding

hold on the audience (many onlookers left even before Bonnie made her grandstand play), and tragically, parts of his voice. According to an A&M spokesman, Joe Cocker on his second U.S. comeback tour "was as good as he's gonna be." For those who may remember him from the past, it may not be good enough.

—R. V. Pharoah

**THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.**

Mahavishnu sold out? And with no advertising either. Hmmm, Washington must be trying to compete with New York for the title of Hip City. No matter why, it's a good sign when someone like Mahavishnu can pull as big a crowd as Alfred Cooper and his limp canon.

Being Friday the Thirteenth, something had to go wrong, and it certainly did. After suffering through two local yokels, one announcing his songs as "my heavy number" and "my political number. It's called 'Vietnam'. The instrumental part inna middle represents all the sounds of war." (on an acoustic guitar?), the crowd was just beginning to become engulfed in the Mahavishnu Orchestra's first number *Meetings of the Spirit/You Know You Know* when the word was relayed to the symphony to stop playing. They cut *You Know You Know* short as the curtain came dropping down. The crowd had to evacuate the building along with the band. Apparently someone had called in a bomb scare and the hall had to be checked out.

After standing on the sidewalks of Washington for over half an hour, everyone was let back into the building. It took a little longer for the Maha to return, but surprisingly, the hall was still almost filled. If this bomb hoax was Roy Buchanan & Nils Lofgren's attempt to scare McLaughlin & Company away from their home turf, it certainly was a bomb for them. Not only did they return but

McLaughlin himself spoke, not mumbled, more than six words, though certainly less than fifty, to the audience, explaining how he would try to play as well as he could for them since they had been so patient.

And wham! There they went. He immediately plucked the opening notes of *Dance of Maya* and it was off to the races. Speed is a funny thing. It is basically a flash technique but can be very useful and exciting if whoever's playing has something to play, rather than just exercise his fingers for the audience's gratification. And therein lies the difference between the likes of Alvin Lee (all flash) and John McLaughlin (flash plus content).

After the brisk run through *Maya*, Cobham and Laird, the rhythm section, left. Hammer seated himself at the grand piano while McLaughlin picked up his acoustic guitar. With the help of Jerry Goodman they stunned the audience with a sparkling *Lotus On Irish Streams*. From 8 million decibels to a whisper, a range only few people attempt and even fewer succeed at. Throughout the number and others Goodman outdid himself. When the band was first formed, there were snickers among critics about Goodman. He's only there to draw the rock crowd and attract the little girls were some of the remarks made. But now it should appear obvious that he carries as much solo weight as Hammer and almost as much as McLaughlin himself. Dis ain't no lopsided band folks.

The *Noonward Race* followed at breakneck pace. Watching the musicians in this symphony is like witnessing an obviously impossible feat done right before your eyes. They all play so hard and intensely that it looks like every number is the last one. Drummer Billy Cobham slams the shit out of his drums, slashes sideways at his cymbals with quick flicks of the wrist, and bounces up and down on his drum seat, enthusiasm and energy boiling over. If anyone could play like that

for five minutes, it would be impossible, but Cobham does it for two hours. He is not human but the Eternal Rhythm Drumstick Destruction Machine of All Times.

Of course they had to come back for an encore. One threat a night is enough and the crowd would not move until they returned. Wordless as usual, McLaughlin led the symphony back on stage and shock-waved the audience back into their seats with an untitled number. And that was it. It will take a long time to digest that much; who needs more right now?

—Stanley Hall

**MOTT THE HOOPLE/
TOP RANK SUITE/
Birmingham, England**

You'd think that a group with a top ten record in Britain ("All The Young Dudes"), associated with David Bowie to boot, would have no problem selling out a place which holds maybe 2,000. Well, Mott pulled in about 900 devotees and laid down an unbelievable set of hard, assertive rock. Mott the Hoople is a punchy li'l band indeed, able to pack into tight arrangements and still have the general feel of a group of asylum escapees. If you've heard their version of *Keep A Knockin'* (which, alas, they refuse to play now) you have some idea of the tremendous sense of out-of-all-sensible-control they project. And visually they look as tough as they sound. All the superstar trappings are there: sprayed hair, leather, satin, incredible custom built instruments, the bass shaped like a huge dove and Ian Hunter's twelve string in the shape of a big letter 'H'; mirrored shades. Hunter is strange looking indeed, with his chain-mail hair in tight little rings and reflecting glasses where his eyes should be. He devours the microphone and generally holds the group on a steady course. Mick Ralphs and he together form the obvious axis of the

(Con't on Page 31)



Ron Wood and Rod Stewart: smiling Faces go thru their paces.



GULCHER: A BOOK

BY R. MELTZER

GULCHER: Post-Rock Cultural Pluralism In America (1649-1980)
A Book By Richard Meltzer

Is there any doubt about it — Richard Meltzer is the greatest talent of our time and his forte is eclecticism. Not the bullshit eclecticism of an early Byrds album, when you thought *eclectic* was a typo for the guitar McGuinn played.

Meltzer's latest triumph, his second book length work, is modestly subtitled so as to include all movement in American cultural history. As Meltzer points out, that's really only about a week's worth of stale press releases.

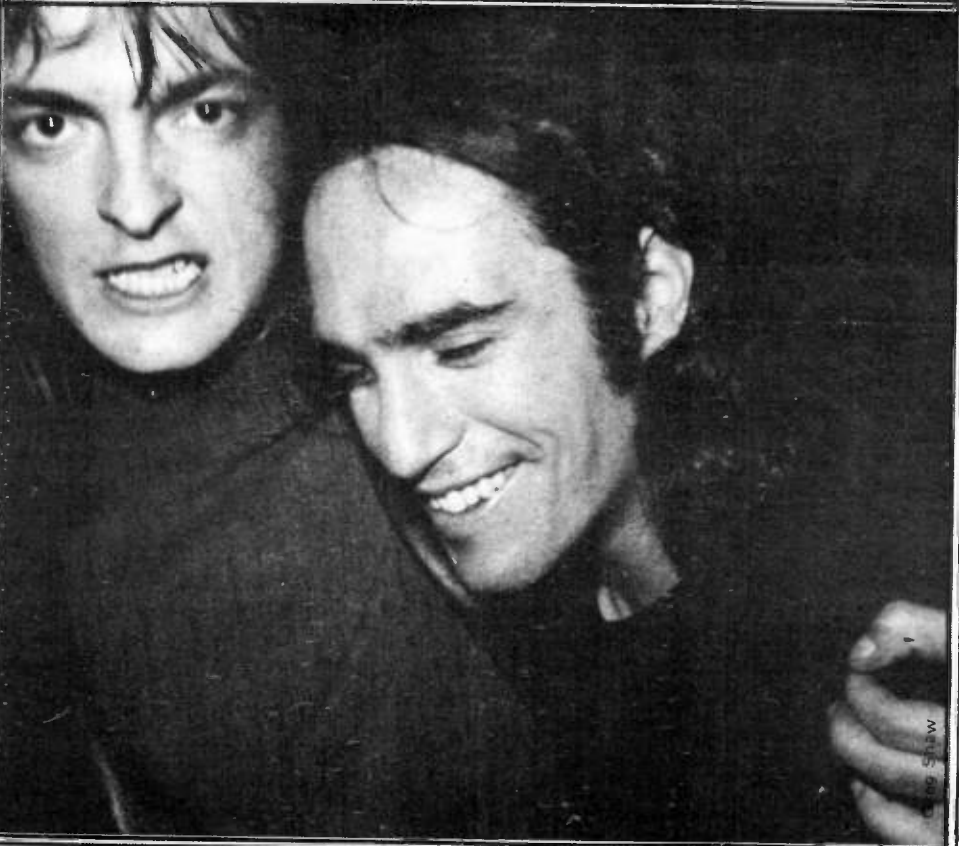
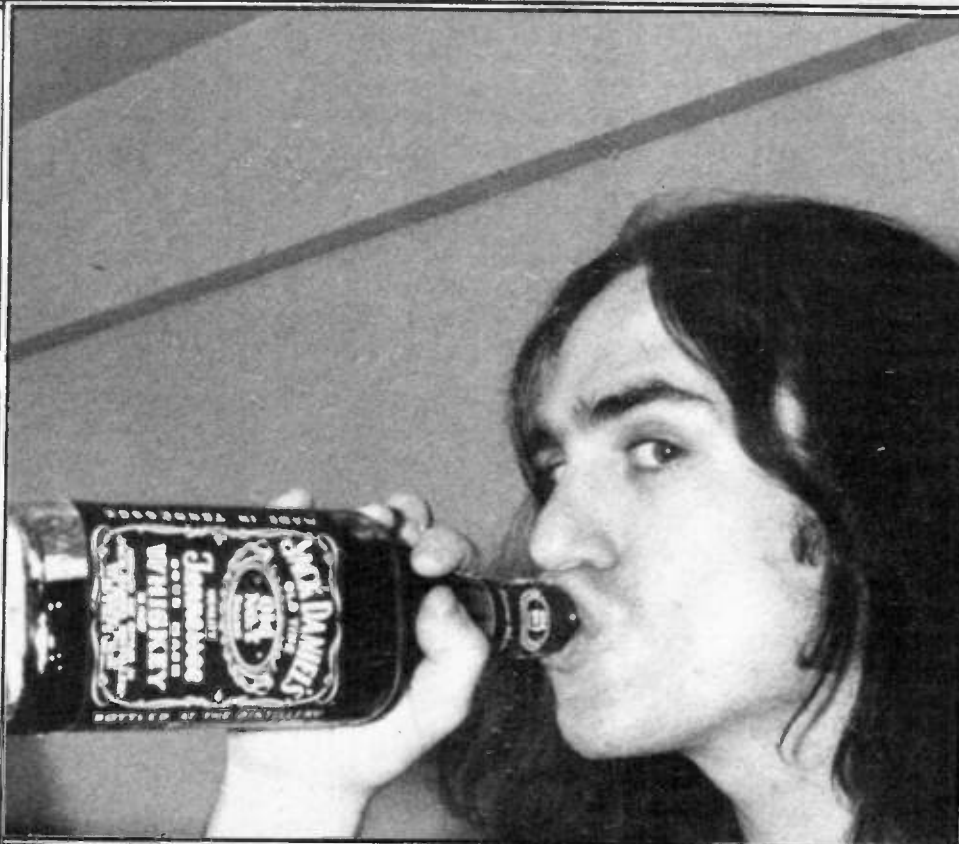
The title is heavy, heavier even than his previous work, *The Aesthetics of Rock*. The former was written as Richard's doctoral dissertation; as such, it was rejected, though it must be noted, the prof who did the rejecting was the victim of a mysterious airplane crash a week later.

After Meltzer left Yale, and began to show the world what rock writing is all about, interest resurfaced in this underground manuscript, interest so intense as to make it a more significant publishing event than a companion book, written concurrently, called *Tarantula*.

Success was by no means immediate. Meltzer still lives in hiding in a small New York apartment after receiving threats on his life from both Charles Manson and Mel Lyman, a unique distinction. An appearance on the Joe Franklin Memory Lane show to plug his book led to bigger and better things. Sharing the spotlight that night with Enzo Stuarti, agents who tuned in to catch that indomitable Italian lover and spaghetti sauce salesman, discovered Meltzer. From there, the bidding was fast and furious. Richard hired on as a stringer for the *Long Island Automotive News*, accepted a freelance position with *El Barrio*, the Spanish language daily of San Clemente, California, and did a radio endorsement of Monster Mash, a hundred and fifty-one proof bourbon. Jann Wenner caught the last on station KNRR out of Poland, Arizona (that's the absolute newest area for communes, counting among its more illustrious members Carol Ehrlich, Steve Paul and Eric Bloom) and immediately caught a plane to New York. At that time, Rolling Stone had expanded its corporate holdings to include a book publishing outfit, Straight Arrow Books. Wenner, jealous of the attention Charles Reich's *Greening of America* had received, looked for some print to counteract those prevailing winds. He knew he had found his man in Meltzer. Right there on the spot, he offered Meltzer double what other publishers had bid for the rights to this comprehensive cultural manifesto.

Nor was there another in the land more suited to the task. Dick aptly and ably understands that the sum is only part of the whole. Using the shotgun approach, he hits on every aspect of the human infrastructure worth noting, and his amino ain't birdshot. Richard illuminates our whole spectrum of cultural understanding by pointing out heretofore unknown and ignored relationships.

For instance, the most natural activity of the obsessive-compulsive personality is list making. I mean what is rock and roll if not top 40 or hot 100. Dick traces the origin of this classification cosmology to a definite time and place. His research in this area will probably go unheralded but not so his update-



Above, Richard Meltzer (whose new book *GULCHER* is reviewed on this page) takes time out from his continuing experiments in the debottling of whiskey to glance at our camera. Directly beneath, Meltzer smiles at a pitiful attempt by CREEM editor Dave Marsh to demonstrate a Polish shoulder-lock.

ing of the methodology of hockey statistics. Not when Barry Ulmer is offered \$3 million bucks to jump to the WHA and recreate his legendary exploits with the stick and the rod.

These are only teasers, like jerking off at an orgy. Speaking of which, pud pulling is handled competently in a chapter called "Not All Rubbers Are Dubbers." Other subjects handled as delicately are such sports as boxing, wrestling, roller derby, hockey, football, baseball, basketball and Patt Ober. There are chapters on booze, smack and snuff, Seventh Ave. pushers, bottlecap collecting (his is the definitive text and authoritative manual for the I.B.C.C.A.), comics and tits — pre R. Crumb, Heraclitus and toilet paper. Norman Mailer is still struggling to find Aquarius and Meltzer's out in the field making the biggest advance in cultural relevancy since *Australopithecus* lumbered down from the trees.

—Bobby Abrams

BRITAIN

DO YOU LIKE THE PUBS, BUB?
By Our British Correspondent

Apart from two open air concerts at the Oval Cricket Ground (one featuring Hawkwind and Zappa, the second featuring ELP), it was a pretty quiet September. Sundown opened three of their five rock venues and are already running into difficulty filling up the halls, especially during the week. Each Sundown has a capacity of around 1,500-2,000, so it looks pretty ridiculous when only 300 people show up for a concert. Unfortunately, there aren't that many English bands who could pull a capacity crowd, and the ones who are capable are usually off to the States playing to the massive throngs.

Never mind, we've got something going which is far better than drowning in the human sea at the Hollywood Bowl; and that's the pub gig. Going to a pub to stomp along with the band on the makeshift stage is so much more satisfying than squirming in your seat (Row 9876, Seat 675897) at The Vast Toilet Bowl A Go Go Arena. First of all, the pub atmosphere and its function is unique to its American counterpart, the bar. Bars smack of sleaziness, b-girls hustling, a place to watch the World Series away from the wife and kids, more anti-social than social. And besides, the beer is like foamy piss. Pubs are good vibes, a place where it's OK to be seen in (I gather it's still a social scandal to be seen too frequently in a bar over there), and more recently a good place to catch a band. At the moment there are three really good pubs in London where you catch a band, *The Tally Ho* in Kentish Town, (very nitty gritty & no bullshit), *The Kensington* in Kensington (for the more genteel) and *The Greyhound* in Fulham (customized to accommodate bands). Admission is free to all three pubs, although the price of drinks is raised to pay the band's fee, but there is no cover charge, no chickie waitresses to hustle you to drink your minimum and no hat check rip offs. One or two of the pub's landlords have become a bit greedy, overcharging on drinks pleading the cost of the band, which is bullshit. Pubs pay about 15-20 pounds a gig, except for the Greyhound, who, I believe, scales the pay according to a band's popularity. Anyway, on a good night I'm told that a lot of money can be taken behind the bar, so I can't see a landlord's justification for overcharging. One band has threatened to raise their fee if a certain pub continues to overcharge on drinks.

A pub gig is an ideal kickoff for any new band. Securing a pub residency will spread a band's name faster than playing 19th on the bill of an ELP tour. It's a good tightening up experience as well, three sets a night with two short breaks in between, allowing you just enough time to fight your way to the bar for a drink or out the door for some air. Pub audiences are generous and receptive, they love anything they can hop to but are quick to recognize shuck-jive. There is none of that "We're the stars and you're the audience" crap at a pub. As a matter of fact it's suicidesville if a band chooses to adopt that attitude. In a pub nobody or everybody is the star. Last night for example, a guy leaped onstage at The Kensington with Brinsley Schwarz to help out with *Brown Sugar* and had a wonderful time shouting "yeah, yeah, yeah, whhhoooo!" down a dead mike. In fact, a band has to work pretty hard not to get a pub audience going. If you're having a bad time onstage though, the audience sure won't make it any easier for you. But if you're having a good time up there, the audience is having a great time. And when they're having a great time they drink. So, you're happy, they're happy and the publican is ecstatic. *Result:* your band gets booked back, or better yet, asked to take up a residency and you're on your way to somewhere.

A visiting American friend got dragged along to The Kensington one night and said it was the best gig he'd been to for ages and I last saw him heading in the direction of The Tally Ho for more.

At the moment, there are three bands sharing gigs at The Kensington and Tally Ho — Brinsley Schwarz, Bees Make Honey and a spanking new band called "Ducks Deluxe" who are building up a faithful following after just six gigs. The Greyhound pub, which has been going for some time, books anything from "just turned pro" bands to the MC5.

Pubs, like the small, steamy clubs of the 60's, may one day be responsible for giving us a new fresh lot of good ass-kickin' bands. That's the way we used to get 'em, remember?

—Lady Bangla Boom

The Moody Blues Seventh Sojourn



The New LP.



AMPEX
STEREO TAPES

THE JEAN GENIE
(David Bowie)
DAVID BOWIE
Produced by David Bowie
RCA 74-0838 Time 3:59
Flip — No Information Available

Then there are those artists who cut records for the four of us. Ya know, stuff like *Light Bulb Blues* by The Shadows of Knight, *Some Sing, Some Dance* by Pagliaro, *She's Lost You* by The Zephers (and not the Zephons as I keep erroneously scribbling every issue) and *It's Cold Outside* by the Choir (now the Raspberries). And these records fulfill a certain need. An importance manifesting in interests of the cultist that created the act in the first place. Like the fact the Kinks recorded *Waterloo Sunset* in 1967 was enuff to carry us over to 1970, waiting for the prodigal hit *Lola* to surface. Ditto for the group with *Dedicated Follower of Fashion* in 1966 which satisfied us till *Sunny Afternoon*. Ya see, if a top-pop act keeps comin' with top forty hits, one after the other, the roots die. The people, fans, who supported the trendiness of the artist initially look for another. Didn't you all get tired of The Byrds after *My Back Pages*....?

So the new Bowie single is important...know why?...it's a stiff... And what a stiff...It's so good that only 3,000 will sell, but when Lenny Kaye finishes **GOLDMINE OF HITS/THE MIDDLE SEVENTIES**, you better believe he'll not leave this one off. Ya can tell right off this is one of *those* records 'cause Greg Shaw has already ordered 200 to sell for



but the material can't match up to ZIGGY STARDUST, I know it's not supposed to, but for heaven's sake, why not wait till the public really wants it. Releasing *SPACE ODDITY* and *THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD* now is a waste and very confusing to some *new* Bowie fans. And besides, you can still find the original Mercury LPzz in Zody's bargain bins for a quarter. And with the re-release, that makes four Bowie albums in less than fourteen months, add to that the forthcoming re-release of London's *THE WORLD OF DAVID BOWIE* and you can see an excess is developing too quickly. And then there will be the new, *really new* Bowie RCA LP in just a matter of weeks and who has thirty bucks to spend on one artist these days, what with great LPs by The Raspberries, The Move and such...David's worth it though...

About *The Jean Genie*, it's a bitch. But like this guy over at Billboard who puts together the Top 100 charts was tellin' me, "It's an incredible record, but it's no hit" . . . Why? . . . It's difused. No clear lyric, too much noise for stations like WABC and certainly the length won't help any...I mean what AMer would play this when they could play Albert Hammond?

This record was written for the Joe Dellasandros of the world. It should have been the soundtrack lead for *Midnight Cowboy* instead of the milky Nilsson tune. What with lyrics like: "The Jean Genie, lives on his back, The Jean Genie, he's outrageous, screams and he balls, The Jean Genie, let yourself go" ...pure camp,

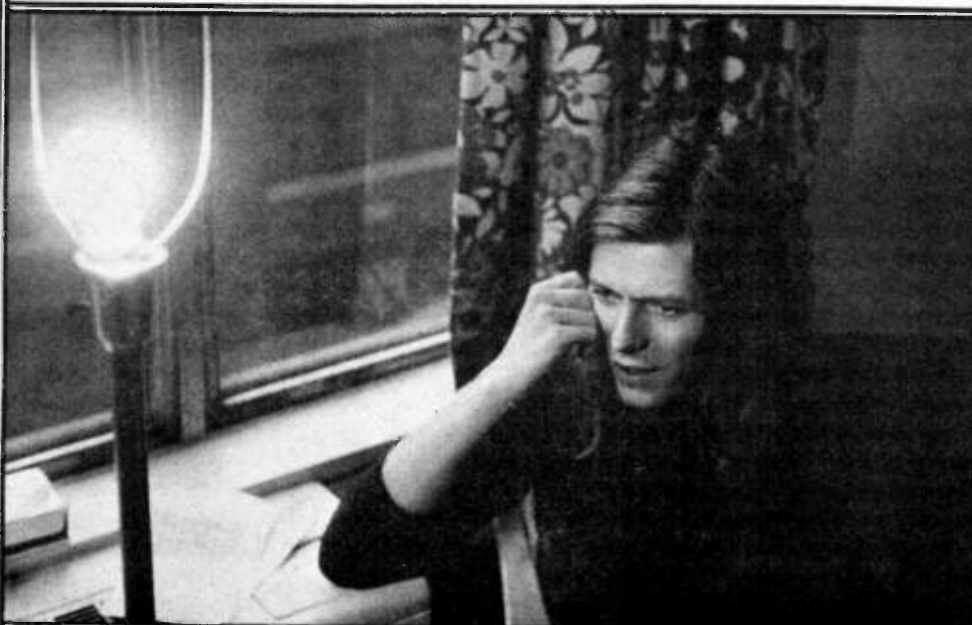
45 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Martin Cerf

five bucks plus change each in the latter part of 1974.

But what's refreshing about the whole thing, was when drivin' down Sunset to work the other day, curled over from the night before, this new Los Angeles station K-ROQ (they're always very careful to separate the K from the ROQ 'cause if they ever pronounced it the way it's spelled, it would be "Crock," as in 'a *crock of shit*'), starts the side, blasting the first fifteen seconds of its *Revolution* intro (Bowie annexes another Beatle riff), then the station lowers the volume on the master pot and beams proudly "A K-Rock world exclusive, a K-Rock world exclusive," just like back in 1966 when KBLA was braggin' how they were the first one to play *Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standin' In The Shadow*... And did this Bowie/K-Rock announcement sound real...Just like Bowie-mania was a reality already, which it isn't...But it sure would have done Bruce Marlow's heart proud to hear it just the same...

Certainly this is everything we ever wished for in a Bowie single. This guy has studied every critically successful trend in the book. On stage he moves like Kim Fowley, looks like Katherine Hepburn, wears Judy Garland's cut-off leatherette coat, sings Lou Reed songs, drops Iggy Pop's name, even gives Mick Rosen head when timing deems it necessary. And trendy phrases; he's got as many as Al Green has singles that all sound the same. Like "Wam Bam thank you mam" and "rock and roll suicide," you know all the rest...And for this record, he took the Shadows of Knight's *Oh Yeah* (which really belongs to McDaniels, but who remembers him anyway), the Stone's harp in *Goin' Home* and he sliced the whole thing with at least two ounces of pure meth-treble and all that good stuff — and what do we have, another critic's record. Should make them all happy for awhile, but it ain't gonna make our friends over at "The RCA Experience" (really guys, how can you call yourselves that in clear conscience?) any richer... Which is OK for now, 'cuz they'll make their bread back pretty soon, and a whole lot more I'll bet...However, matters ain't helped much by saturating the market with Bowie records. Not that the early Mercury sides aren't worthy of re-release,



It's gonna be a hot Fall after all, what with singles like The Jean Genie by Bowie, Christ, we ain't had it this good since '65 when the Zombies, the Hollies, the Nashville Teens and the Kinks dominated charts. Why, now we got Slade, the Raspberries, Pagliaro, the Move and the Dillars, all currently with just the finest singles. Heavens.

"in" stuff. But if Bowie wanted to really be regional and demographic, his next single would be *He Walks Like A Man*, the Lee Hilderbrand tune which put Jody Miller on the map in 1964. Instead, I hear he's gonna cut *Celluloid Heroes*, Davies' tune from the latest Kinks album..NO NO...as this guy Lloyd Leipzig always says "Wrongo"...Really, I'm serious about Bowie cuttin' that *He Walks Like A Man*, it's got the perfect lyric..."He's strong like a man, when he's wrong he's a man, when he's right he's a man 'cause he never ran, he'll fight like a man, but it's the little boy, it's the little boy in him I love," a more perfect lyric-line for Bowie has yet to be written.

I just got a better idea, think I'll send him the record, suggesting he re-write the lyric, which he could do easily...I can just see him on stage in Memphis deliverin' the main line to all them meatgrinders.. perfect.

Now this single, if you've been tempted enuff to follow this puke to this point, is one of the absolute best 45 rpm's of the last fifteen months. Ranks up there with the Hollies' *Long Cool Woman*, Nelson's *Garden Party*, *Do Ya by the Move* and shit like that. And you can't get the record on an LP. Which makes it all that much more enticing. And if Tony DeVries has the smarts he's known to possess he'll leave it off the next one so cultists like Grover DeLuca will have something to talk about. (93)

AMERICA
(Paul Parrish)
THE DILLARDS
Produced by Richard Podolor
Anthem 51014 Time 3:36
Flip — BILLY JACK

I've never had any great love for ex-Troubadour folkie purists...Hedge Capers, Bonnie Koloc, Batdorf & Rodney, Jean Shrimpton and all those Monday-nighters are all latent rockers. Some admit it and rise above their crypto-psychosis, like John Sebastian did in the middle Sixties (only to fall back in the same garbage can later), some go the other way, like Dion movin' from *Little Diane* to *If We Only Have Love* and the cultural assassinations continue...Mark Shipper has invented this great new method by which anyone can (Con't on Page 31)

John Mendelsohn Reviews the New Christopher Milk Album



Some People Will
Drink Anything
Christopher Milk
Reprise MS 2111

BY JOHN MENDELSON

To get even with the author for the mean and spiteful things he wrote about their personal fave raves while he was America's most feared and loathed rock critic (belch), many smartasses are intent on ignoring right into oblivion the first album he and his cronies have made for Reprise.

Well, whatever's right and outasite, and all the other chic expressions of passivity, brothers and sisters, but I just wancha to know that, in my once expensive opinion, Christopher Milk's *Some People Will Drink Anything* is mostly sublimely far-out (as often as not, I hasten to add for purposes of credibility, in spite of

rather than because of the things I did on it).

The rhythm section of pint-sized percussionist G. Whiz and heart-throbblingly-cherubic The Kiddo on bass is red-hot and right-on throughout. Ralph (Dr. Sax) Oswald's is surely one of the most stunning recording debuts by a guitarist in recent memory, and I've little doubt that anyone with unbiased ears will fail to be most impressed with same as a composer (however distasteful a can of stale Spam they may find the Mendelsohn-penned lyrics with which Ralph's melodies are saddled).

While the author's vocals are frequently off-key in the excruciating extreme—if heart-felt—a good half of *Some People*... finds Ralph warbling lead in his distinctive and sensual drunken newsboy's tenor. The Kiddo's plaintive stabs at harmonization are a delight throughout.

And only the most vicious scumsucker could fault the production of Chris Thomas, who swam across the Atlantic all the way from England to lead us out of darkness recording-wise: through his expert

manipulation of the miracle of overdubbing we've been made to sound thrice our actual size.

You'll be thrilled to learn the album contains no insufferably long jams, no drum solo, and only one overdubbed brass section. That nowhere on the album is the listener screamed at to get anything together. That while no songs address themselves to groupies or how hard it is being on the road, R. Crumb, poor babies, the tough kids, prison homosexuality, and a washed-up hell-raiser named Tiger are but a few of the intriguing topics crooned about in our album.

And for all you Carole King, Little Eva, and/or Led Zepelin fans, we've even included our dreaded heavily metallic assassination of "Locomotion."

A lotta my ex-fellow r.c.'s are going to slam it to smithereens solely because they're pathologically jealous of the author's disconcerting (nay, horrifying) knack for ruthless self-promotion and rugged Semitic good looks. Ignore them and buy *Some People Will Drink Anything*: chances are you won't think it sucks.

THE ROCK AND ROLL REVIVAL

(Richard Nader's Lament)

BY RICHARD CROMELIN



L. to R.: Chuck Berry, Richard Nader

Unless you've actually heard it, you just can't appreciate how strange phonetically and otherwise, it sounds to hear a nasal "Mr. Didduly. Telephone for Mr. Didduly. Mr. Bo Didduly, telephone," wafting from the hotel PA. But in the lobby of Las Vegas' Flamingo, where Myron Cohen stands with his cronies and stares in bemused amazement at the minor invasion of trendy outlanders here to check out the Rock 'n' Roll Revival ("Saw the darndest thing by the baccarat table this afternoon...") You can almost hear the brand new joke taking shape under the shiny dome that serves as his head), you're also likely to hear summons for Mr. Berry, Mr. Chuck Berry; Mr. Bonds, Mr. Gary Bonds; Mr. Bobby Comstock, and other luminaries from an era past.

When you walk into Richard Nader's suite you feel as if you've stepped into a giant, furnished fish tank with several drops of pink food coloring in the water. The executive producer of the Rock 'n' Roll Revival, who's been hustling around town all afternoon distributing coupons for his show, reclines amidst the pink splendor. Though the Vegas engagement is but a late substitute for a thwarted European tour, he's thrown himself into it, almost as if to cultivate the necessary creases of worry and fatigue that line his East Coast businessman-entrepreneur visage. He tries to look at the bright side of a financially disappointing week:

"I have a feeling that maybe the Rock 'n' Roll Revival acts per se may not by themselves emerge as major concert attractions again. Maybe a few of them, like Chuck Berry and Little Richard, have a shot at it. Talking about them collectively, I think that the only real big-time that they have a shot at is probably a Vegas situation — a showcase, a location situation, almost a controlled area. And I always thought that Las Vegas was the area for them. They have professionalism, they have a show, they're entertaining, they have voices, hits, they have a name, and they definitely have appeal to the people who would support them in a Vegas situation."

Discussing the beginnings of this latest manifestation of his main passion, early rock 'n' roll, Nader says: "Primarily, I guess 70% of our thinking was it's a chance for the over-25's to have their own show. It was designed primarily as a nostalgia trip or an escape vehicle for those of us who are over 25. Because since the Beatles and the Revolution, etc., I think the people over 25 have felt

shortchanged; there wasn't any music they could associate with. I think if any age group is most uncomfortable now, it's probably the 27-35 age group that doesn't really know where they belong. The world isn't the one they were brought up in, and they're not quite comfortable with the new thing. But the Revival gives them that womb again, it gives them that security, that escape and it's theirs and they can claim it as their own."

In 1958, Richard Nader, a high school junior in Masontown, Pa. (pop. 5,000), landed a job on the local 5,000 watt station spreading his enthusiasm for oldies — records from '55, '56, even a few 1954 classics. He was fired when he balked at management's command to stick to the current top 40, and he went to a 250-watt daytime station in nearby Waynesburg. "I played Shirley and Lee and Domino and Larry Williams and the heaviest rock 'n' roll I could find, because that's what I liked to do. And then I started the teen dances."

By then Nader had begun college in Wheeling, W.Va. "I travelled back every weekend, 73 miles each way, to do my record hop...I used to get in an hour before the hop would start, and I'd go to the record store and my friend who worked there would hand me a stack of records that were just received that week, tell me which sides were good, etc. He would brief me, like a politician coming to town on a campaign...He would take notes during the week and give me this whole note sheet, so when I'd go to the record hop, I'd throw in things like 'Hey! South Union won this week!' They thought I was in town all week. They loved me. I did everything right..."

"It wasn't just a record hop, it was an event for that part of the country — it was the biggest social event for teenagers for five years. I did these record dances in this one building from 1959 till 1964 — till I was drafted."

In Korea Nader ran another oldies show and developed the idea of a rock 'n' roll revival. Back in the States, he presented the concept to Frank Barsalona of Premier Talent Associates, who didn't buy it but did hire Nader as a promoter. There he booked the likes of the Who, Herman's Hermits and Mitch Ryder, and established contacts with some of his oldies idols.

On October 18, 1969, with backing provided by an office partition manufacturer, Nader presented the first edition of his Revival in New York's Felt Forum. Headlined by Bill Haley, Chuck

Berry and the Shirelles, it was a sellout, the first of nearly a hundred since, and the launching pad for his Music Production Consultants. The relationship between Nader and the stars of his shows is a symbiotic one — they get money, efficient production and promotion, and the chance to perform for generally large and enthusiastic audiences; he gets money, satisfaction, and the opportunity to serve his teenage gods.

"I don't like to say that I resurrected these people. I think all I really did was give them the showcase again. They have to really resurrect themselves and revive themselves. Some acts have done it and some that have been on the show have failed. Bo Diddley has been catapulted by the Revival and has become a contemporary star; then other acts were never quite accepted. All I do is give them the showcase, and it's up to them at that point to deliver or not to deliver and to be accepted or not accepted. Time will tell which ones will emerge out of this and become superstars again."

Despite his disclaimer, Nader has put more than a little effort into particular endeavors. To reunite the Five Satins (*In The Still of the Night*) he went to a government locating service computer in Washington, D.C., and eventually rescued the Satins from careers as shoe and pharmaceutical salesmen, high school athletic director, etc. Elsewhere, countless telephone hours finally bore fruit in May's one-time-only reformation of Dion and the Belmonts at Madison Square Garden, and he ran into stiff resistance from Bill Haley, Bobby Rydell and Little Anthony and the Imperials before emerging victorious. Still no luck with the Everly Brothers.

Nader is proud of his relationship with his artists and resentful of both inferior oldies shows that damage his own reputation on the rebound and the suggestion that he's only in it for the money.

"I don't sign them to long-term contracts. They probably lean my way when it comes to playing Joe Schmo's show or my show, maybe because of what we give them. It's that we treat them first as people and second as stars. The best accommodations, the best promotion campaign, and the best staging and lighting and sound — the best I could offer, and I expect the best from them...They're on the show together because they are together."

"...There isn't a trend I happen to be riding on. I happen to be making the trend, and if you don't believe me I'll

stop for a year and let's see if the trend continues. No, I'm far from a money-grabber. The acts, I think, would bear that out...It's a matter of record that these acts are being paid premium dollars, more now than they were then, more now than they are making in clubs right now. I pay them better than anybody else, period..."

"If I was a money-grabber, I would have a lot of money right now, and I don't. It takes much more than an idea. It takes a good deal of investment, promotion, hype, energy and all the rest of it. As a matter of fact, the first national tour lost \$180,000. I never told anyone that; that's not what I want to tell the trade, that I'm trying to get up off a disaster. I'm still paying that money back."

His projection as an amateur sociologist is that the Rock 'n' Roll Revival will keep kicking along until the next direction in music arrives in 1974 ("That's my own little analysis of the musical cycles.") Meantime, he has produced Smokey Robinson's farewell New York concert and two Big Band Festivals in Madison Square Garden — Duke Ellington, Jimmy Dorsey, Helen Forrest, Vaughan Monroe, Bob Eberle and Guy Lombardo: "I think it's a good formula, I think it's a positive thing, and I think that people over 40 in this country want shows."

When Richard Nader peers farther into the future, his attitude becomes more reflective and he assumes an odd-fitting mantle of visionary middlebrow businessman. He talks nebulously of his idea for television, "when the Midwest grows up," then plunges into uncharted waters:

"I somehow see myself as setting a standard for the whole entertainment picture, not just musically. I have ideas on inland waterways, on how to really use them to their best advantage, and how to make recreation centers out in the middle of the desert somewhere that aren't typical of Vegas. You know, just fun things. I have concepts that span possibly the whole gamut of entertainment per se."

Whether reminiscing on 50's music and lore, defending his integrity and ability, or constructing futuristic tableaux of riverbanks lined with happy, entertained people, Nader's style and expression remain within the bounds of narrow emotional parameters. There's a glaring lack of exclamation, punctuation, excitement and enthusiasm in his bearing, an unlikely attitude for a self-proclaimed rock 'n' roll addict. But, getting back to that subject, it's evident that his relationship with the rebellious sounds of the 50's was not a natural one.

"Sometimes it scares me. I think rock 'n' roll means more to me than I sometimes admit. On the surface it meant social acceptance for me as a disc jockey. I didn't have to compete for the girls on the floor, dancing at the dance. I think that's one of the reasons why I took the role of the disc jockey, cause I frankly didn't like to try to make it with some girl one night and then face her in math class the next morning..."

"I didn't dance much then. You see, there again, taking the role of the disc jockey I had my little excuse — 'Oh, I can't dance, I can't get down on the floor and dance,' cause I was on the elevated stage. I mean I knew how to dance, I just didn't dance much. I already took myself out of the teenage bag at an early age."

"I saw Rock Around the Clock after it had run there for a couple of days and the whole town was talking about it and kids were going back 15 times and all. I remember even then I sat there pretty much in the back of the theatre, being excited, being moved by Rock Around the Clock, somehow realizing its importance. That was pretty tough to do then, cause I saw all of this activity, kids jumping up and down and all the rest of it. But I didn't jump up and down, and I didn't clap my hands and just kind of

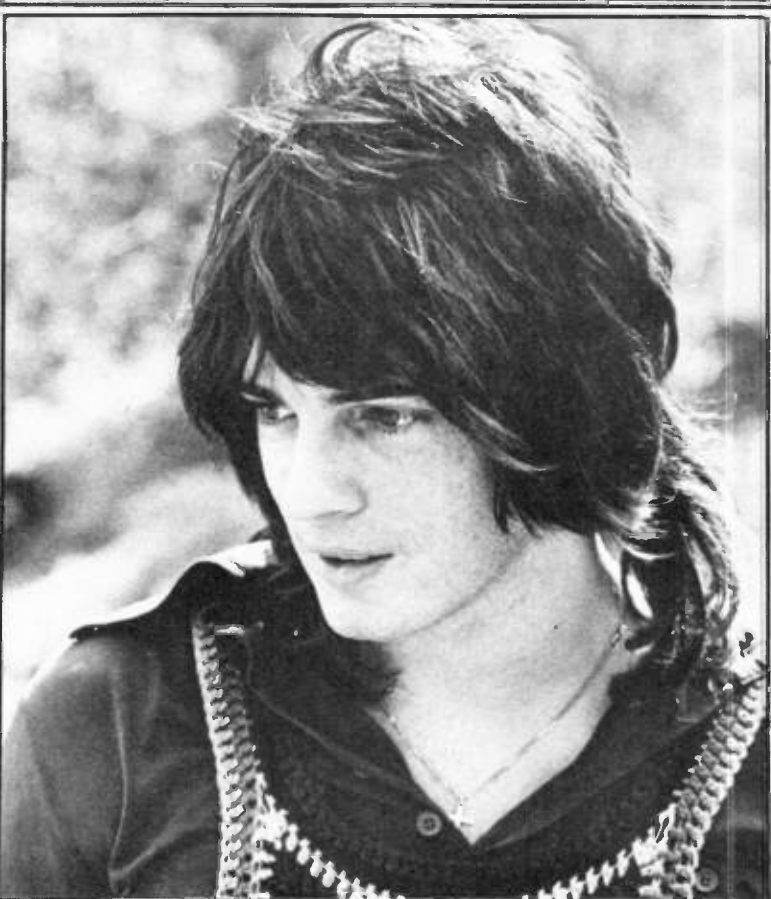
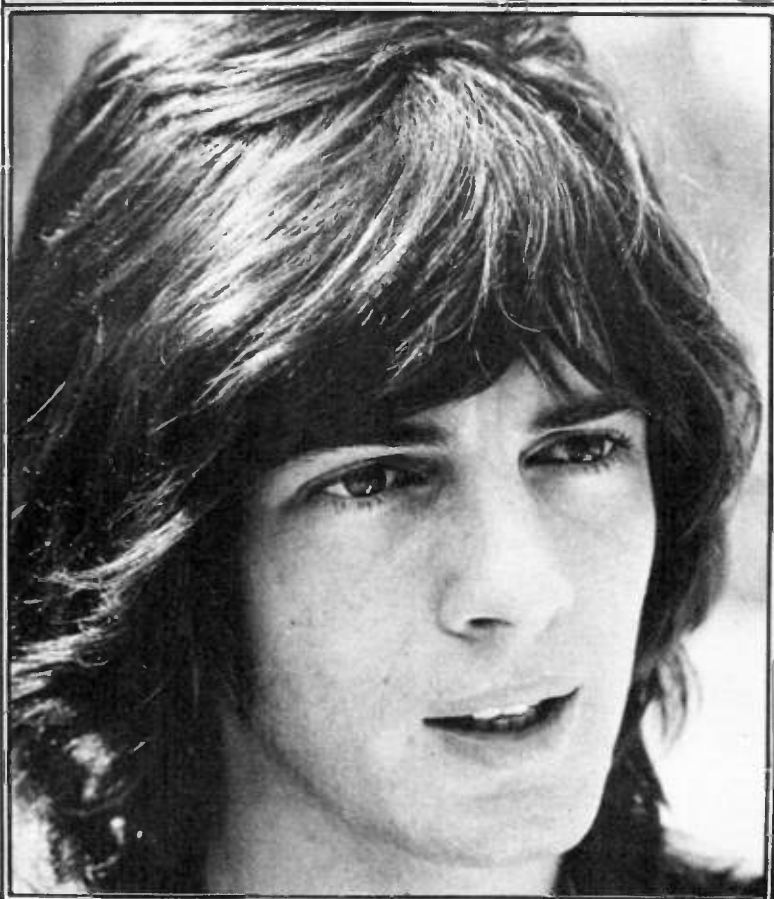
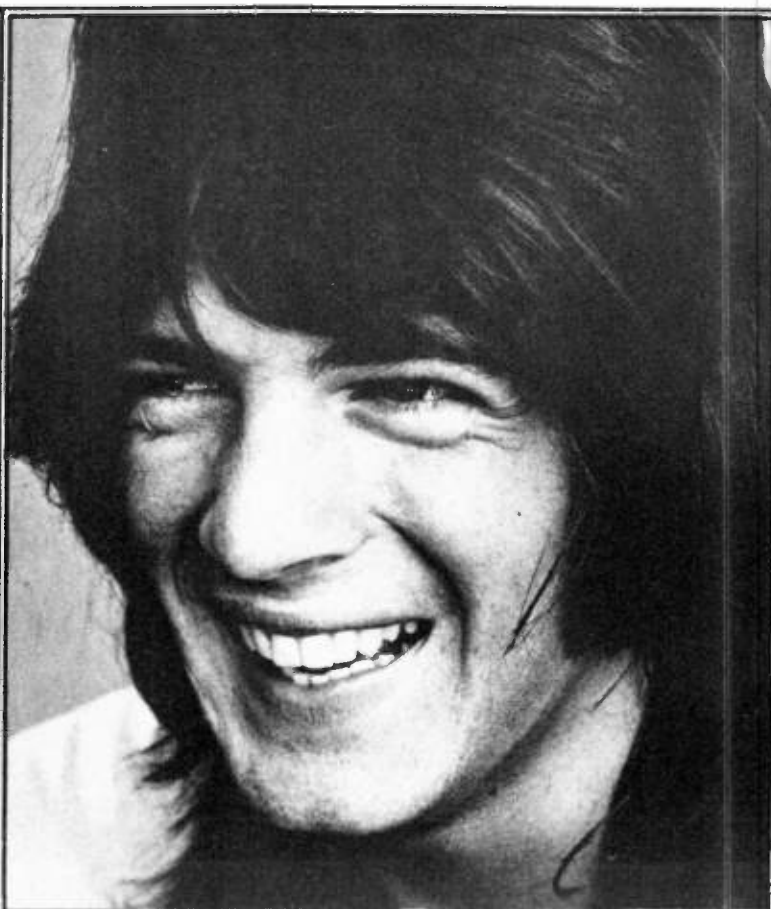
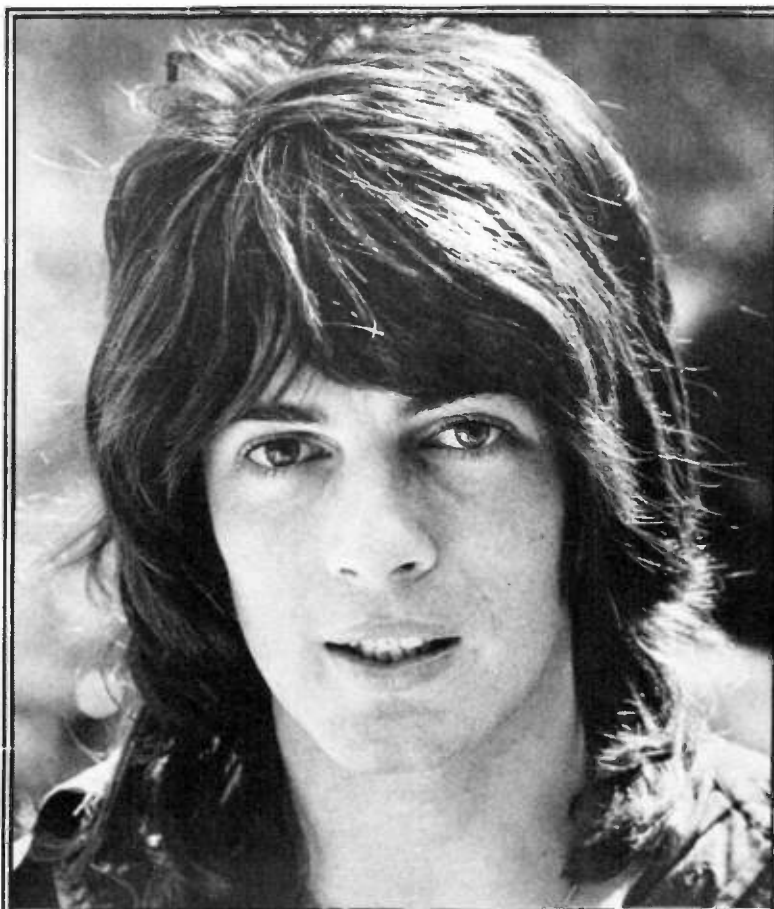
(Con't on page 30)

GOOD VIBRATIONS

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RICK SPRINGFIELD



SURVIVAL OF AN IMAGE BY COLMAN ANDREWS

I had met Rick Springfield a few times before. We had talked About America. About Australia (from whence he comes). About wine (I talk with *everybody* about wine, whether they like it or not.) About British humor, which Rick knows well and loves. About a lot of things. But we had not talked much about music. Especially not about his own music. Which is, now that I think on it, one of the things I like best about him. Talk to your average, everyday up-and-coming rock star, and what does the conversation consist of? Me, me, me, and, furthermore, me. People can be so damned limited, you know? But Rick Springfield knows about other things, cares about other things, *talks* about other things. All of which relates, in fact,

very specifically to his music.

The greatest gift a singer/songwriter can have, other than a listenable voice and some rudimentary knowledge of how music works, is the gift that so very many of them lack: the gift of vision. Rick Springfield, I think (and I'm basing this on his songs as well as on what little I know of him personally) *has* vision, has a way of seeing the world around him and then translating what he sees — the people, the places, the experiences — into songs. He is very wide-eyed, very eager to be surprised, to be amazed by the world and its inhabitants. William James (I think) said "*Try to be one of those people on whom nothing is wasted.*" Rick Springfield tries to be one of those. Anyway, we got together again,

Rick Springfield and I, this time to talk specifically about Rick Springfield. And, after no more than an hour or two of trading Goon Show and Monty Python bits back and forth, we got down to just that. We met at The Greenhouse, a fantastical arboretum of a restaurant, to sip flinty white California wine as the windy sunlight faded outside. Rick is tall, animated, and very pretty in a cuddly, teeny-bopper's-dream kind of way. With us was his chaperon/advisor/p.r. wonder-worker, a striking redhead named Marsa Hightower, who is part Southern-Gothic-heroine and part flash-rock-star in bearing and demeanor, and who has a formidable facility with free-association word games and a thoroughly respectable knowledge of medieval English history, which manifests itself at the most extraordinary times.

These last two points — Rick's appearance and the presence of Marsa Hightower — relate to an important part of Rick Springfield's story. But more of that in a moment. First, Rick Springfield:

He was born in Sydney, Australia, on August 23, 1949. He has always liked music, he says, but he didn't get involved with it on anything approaching a serious level until he was 15. His family had moved to England (where they were to stay for five years), and it was just about the time that truly exciting things were starting to happen to popular music in the British Isles. He came under the spell, quite naturally enough, of the new music that was growing all around him. He taught himself to play guitar, and later added piano and harmonica to his repertoire.

His first appearances were in Australia, with various high school bands. After graduation, he started jamming with local musicians, learning all he could from them and developing his technical musical skills. His first steady job was with the house band at the Whisky A Go Go in Melbourne, and, since that time, he has been playing and singing virtually without interruption.

In the late '60's, he toured the Far East with the MPD Band, and, upon his return, joined a group called Zoot ("Think pink, think Zoot.") They were into heavy rock and affectionate renderings of classic American R&B of the '50's and '60's. At this point, Rick began writing songs seriously, and in 1970, Zoot became, indisputably, Australia's number one group. By the middle of '71, though, Rick realized that the band's direction and his own direction as a songwriter were not the same, so he elected to try a solo career.

His first single on his own was *Speak to the Sky*, and it promptly qualified as a gold record. Of course, in Australia, a gold record means a mere 50,000 sold...But still. There really wasn't too much further he could go in his own country, though. As he points out, there are only five cities large and important enough to be worthwhile for a performing artist. Most of the major clubs throughout the country are strictly middle-of-the-road-oriented — Tom Jones and the like do marvelously on these circuits, but sincere young singer/songwriters don't. By the

time he was 21, Rick had won nationwide music polls as the country's best guitarist twice, and garnered similar honors as best songwriter in 1972. But he was in Australia, cut off from much of the music world, as it was cut off from him. (PRM's trusty editor, Martin Cerf, was surprised to learn that Rick had not, in the summer of this year, heard of performers like David Bowie and Alice Cooper. New developments take some time to reach Australia, and some *never* show up there, especially those that might run afoul of the government's rather stringent policies of censorship in the arts.)

Clearly, if Rick Springfield was to make his own unique contributions to contemporary music, he would have to go further afield. Enter Steve Binder and

Binder/Porter, and there are those of us who think that it's a shame. I mean, if you've got someone who might one day turn out to be another Neil Young or another Jackson Browne or whatever, why try to make him into another Donny Osmond?

His first album, *BEGINNINGS* (Capitol SMAS-11047) certainly isn't an unqualified masterpiece, but it's very, very nice in places, and it's certainly a respectable way to begin. It's overproduced, and the famous Springfield guitar is heard far too seldom, and Rick's voice sounds a bit constricted, a bit restrained in some places, and *The Unhappy Ending* sounds a little too much like early Elton John (which sounds like Jose Feliciano) — but these are minor quibbles. He has a superb sense of writing songs as

gleam of glossy adolescence on the album jacket), Capitol Records even resorted to sending out plain-white-jacketed review copies to certain writers. (The album got good reviews on this basis, by the way.)

On the other hand...Marsa Hightower makes a good point: Binder/Porter know precisely what they're doing, she says. They have no intention whatsoever of letting Rick get held down to teenzen idolatry. They are being very careful, very selective, about when and where material on Rick appears. And they have, it cannot be denied, done one thing: they have given Rick Springfield a good strong start towards success. What happened, she asks, to all the other promising young singer/songwriters whose albums were probably



"You'd probably never pick up his album if you saw it in a store not knowing who he was. The cover photos are straight from *Flip or Teen*. A little judicious application of the magical air brush has even taken away such un-teeny unpleasanties as the merest hint of body hair."

Robie Porter, who met Rick and heard him perform, who encouraged him to come to the U.S., and whose Binder/Porter Organisation "directs," manages, and produces Rick today. Which brings us back to the way Rick looks and the way Marsa Hightower (a Binder/Porter surrogate with Rick) looks after him.

A local magazine, a few months ago, suggested that Rick might become "the latest victim of misdirected pop music image-making," due largely to the fact that Rick Springfield promotional material tends to make him look like "a pretty-boy David Cassidy-type teen idol, a soft-skinned gamin with puppy-dog eyes and a Jane Fonda haircut." The way I see it, in fact, being presented is the work of

songs, a good knowledge of how to fashion words and music together. When his voice is relaxed, it's most pleasant, and — more important — it's extremely believable. When he sings an emotion, one's tendency is to accept it, because he doesn't sound as though he's just mouthing the syllables; he sounds like he means it.

But, You'd probably never pick up his album if you saw it in the store, not knowing who he was. The cover photos are straight out of *Flip or Teen*. A little judicious application of the magical airbrush has even taken away such un-teeny unpleasanties as the merest hint of body hair. In order to get fair reviews of the album, in fact, (i.e., reviews that dealt honestly with the form and content of the music and that were not distracted by the

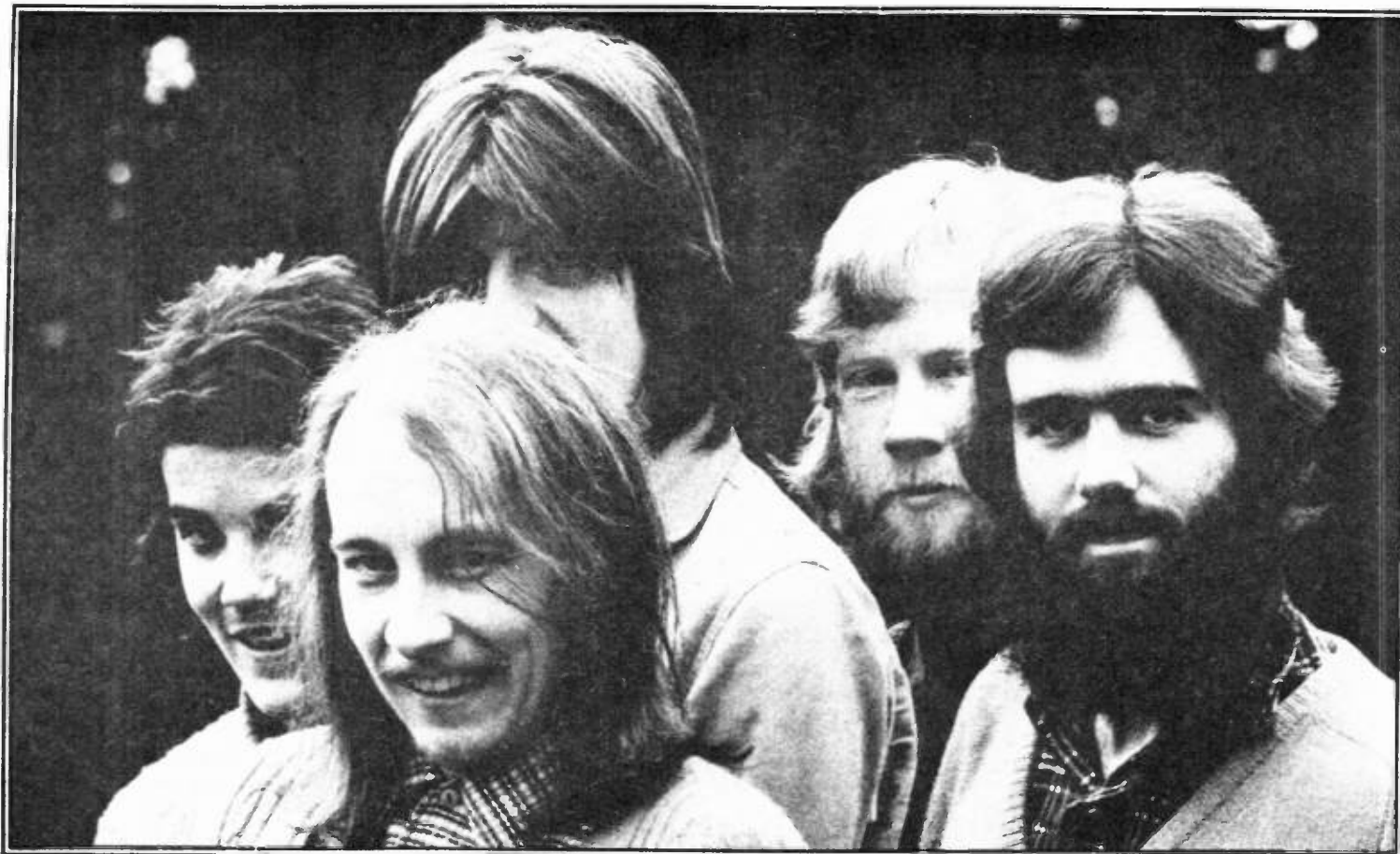
released at the same time Rick's was? Have you heard of them since? Do they have a hit single? (This version of *Speak to the Sky*, by the way, is not the same version that was released in Australia.)

Perhaps image-making, however unfortunate it may seem to comparative outsiders, is practically essential these days. Perhaps true talent is little more than a convenient adjunct to skillful public relations. Perhaps Binder/Porter are absolutely dead on *right*. Or perhaps not. Rick himself says, "I trust Steve and Robie completely."

I just hope that Rick Springfield can survive his image. Images don't make good music, Rick Springfield does.

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ'

AMAZING TWELVE INCHES



(Jerry Garcia Should Be So Lucky)

by Mike Saunders

The real issue here is originality. How much does it matter? There are a lot of theories about the true nature of rock and roll, one of the most popular of which speculates that R&R consists of the same basic handful of chords, banged out in various forms and trappings for over 15 years now. If you take this idea and derive its corollary, the conclusion is that evolutions in outward style and technology, spanning rockabilly to surf to folk-rock to hard rock to metal music, have affected the music more than any intrinsic changes.

This is a tempting theory. There have certainly been no more than a handful of true rock 'n' roll geniuses (famous rock historian Nik Cohn's choices: Phil Spector, Elvis, Charlie Rich, John Lennon, Brian Wilson, Pete Townshend). Cultists would probably list Ray Davies' work during the Sixties. Others might nominate Lou Reed, while the more guitar-oriented rockers among us would vote for Jagger-Richard, the conventional for Chuck Berry, smart-alecks for Sky Saxon and the like (hmmmm...), and so on. But I don't think anyone would come up with more than five or ten choices at most.

So let's zero in on folk-rock. Brinsley Schwarz's musical philosophy on *SILVER PISTOL*, as far as I'm concerned, was great. Rather than fool around with all this originality nonsense, they chose instead to take every 60's Dylan/Band riff in the book, and do them up as they ought to be done! Which is no more and no less than any of folk-rock's outstanding proponents ever did, whether the Byrds or P.F. Sloan or the early Grassroots.

Now if I wanted to get really pretentious I could explain how since Mouse & The Traps made one of the greatest folk-rock singles of all times (*A Public Execution*) by ripping off every Dylan lick then

in the Top 10, that makes Brinsley Schwarz cousins to Mouse & The Traps and both a crucial part of rock history. But **ENOUGH OF THAT NONSENSE!!!** Brinsley Schwarz are worth your attention for two reasons: (1) **They're good;** (2) **Their new album, NERVOUS ON THE ROAD, has the niftiest cover this side of Eddie Cochran.** And not because of any of that pretentious mumbo-jumbo claptrap.

Brinsley weren't always called Brinsley Schwarz, although it's true they've been together since 1969 with nary a personnel turnover, and only one addition (that of guitarist Ian Gomm). The genesis of Brinsley Schwarz started in 1963-4 when Nick Lowe and guitarist Brinsley began a school group, Sounds 4 Plus 1, playing Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran and Little Richard numbers.

Nick Lowe was left behind for awhile when Brinsley left school in '65 and formed Three's A Crowd (a Beatles/Beach Boys/Hollies oriented semi-pro group), whose name was subsequently changed to Kippington Lodge upon landing a Parlophone contract in 1966. Nick rejoined after the group's first single, though. All totaled, Kippington Lodge cut four or five singles during the late sixties and acquired a moderate reputation around England, though not much commercial success.

In October 1969, Kippington Lodge became Brinsley Schwarz after answering an ad in *Melody Maker* looking for an ambitious group; of the hundred or so applicants, they were the group chosen for big things. Famepushers, Inc. was the name of the management firm that promised Brinsley instant fame and success — if not in reality, then maybe in the fashion of Todd Rundgren's old group the Nazz: spend money on the group, tell them what big stars they are,

ad infinitum.

So Famepushers readied the group for their first public performance ever as Brinsley Schwarz. It certainly couldn't be a humble gig at the Marquee, nor the Roundhouse, not even the Whisky A Go Go...no, screw all that, ya gotta think big. Let's see now: The Fillmore East! In logic Fabian Forte (and surely Frankie Sardo) would have appreciated, Famepushers did some amazing juggling of funds and managed to send their own chartered airplane over to New York for the performance, full of Brinsley and fifty English rock writers, figuring that the publicity gained would involve all the record companies in the world in a vast haggle over the group. A fortune was to be had. Or so it seemed.

When the smoke cleared and Famepushers went bust, Brinsley Schwarz found themselves left with a \$20,000 debt, a bad name, and nothing more than your average everyday record contract. Their first album, which had not been all that impressive to begin with (some criticized it as sounding too much like the dreaded CSN&Y, and they were right), was heavily nastied in the English press.

Their reputation in England was so bad, in fact, that the best gigs Brinsley could get were for \$75 a night. The overall situation was completely unsatisfactory. "After we came back from New York we couldn't get any gigs and we weren't even playing the kind of music we liked," explains bassist Nick Lowe. "On stage we'd be going through fairly heavy numbers with great banks of amps, while at home we'd be playing quiet, lighter material."

Sometime before *DESPITE IT ALL*, the group finally sold their Marshalls (foisted on them by Famepushers) and got little Fender amps, beginning the first step in the long process of building

up a following and a good reputation by pure hard work. Musically, the group decided to take a step back on *DESPITE IT ALL* and play what they really liked, which turned out to be a sort of Van Morrison-Band-Grateful Dead-Marin County mixture. Some consider it to be their best album, though that seems a little strange to this writer. The LP was reasonably received in England, nevertheless, and helped erase the blot on their reputation.

Somewhere about this time Brinsley Schwarz got pegged as a country band, a label organist Bob Andrews disagrees with. "It's not really true to call our music country music or American music, though in a way I can see the point. Heavy bands like Deep Purple — that's city music. We came out of the country, from Tunbridge Wells, so our style is a quieter, more pensive type of rock and roll."

Shortly after *DESPITE IT ALL*, Brinsley added Ian Gomm on guitar ("A straight looking guy with red hair who had never been in a group before," says Nick Lowe). This proved to be one of the best moves the group has ever made: on the next LP, Ian wrote around 50% of the original material. Nick Lowe, who had written both the best and the worst of Brinsley's first two albums, was now apparently able to use just his best as a result.

SILVER PISTOL was recorded at Brinsley Schwarz's ten-bedroom house in Northwood (a London suburb), completely live with no overdubbing — not even for vocals. The group had been living together communally in the home since June 1970, a decision motivated as much by economic advantage as the old getting-it-together saw. Nonetheless, explains guitarist Brinsley himself, "Everything we do pointed to recording

at home. The fact that it worked makes us pleased."

It sure did work. The most instantly recognizable thing about SILVER PISTOL is that it sounds like a combination of Dylan's HIGHWAY 61 period and the early Band: the former in the omnipresent fluid organ sound, the latter in the material and vocals. *The Last Time I Was Fooled* is straight 1966 Dylan, but the remainder of the album's tracks are on a level comparable to the first two Band albums.

Not that it's all just so much imitation. Brinsley simply liked The Band's music so much that the influence was pervasive. Somewhere they picked up those old Dylan organ licks, plus a tendency to rock more than the Band usually did, and it all worked out nicely. And besides, as Nick Lowe offers when explaining why the group has revived a couple of old rock songs on their last two albums: "The thing is, it's not all-important for a group to have 100% original material anymore because it's all been written anyway — someone somewhere has already done it."

Brinsley Schwarz do feel a close affinity to the Band in many respects. A Robbie Robertson interview in *Melody Maker* (to this day tacked up on their living room wall) turned the group onto investigating New Orleans rock, the result of which are heard on Brinsley's new album. So it's hardly surprising when Bob Andrews explains the group's admiration for the manner in which the Band arrived on the scene in the late '60's.

"We ourselves would like to be together in ten years time, and that is something that is very difficult to do if you are pushed to the top. So when we say we don't want to be hyped, what we mean is that we want to be left alone to get something together ourselves."

Of SILVER PISTOL'S ten originals, six are written by Nick Lowe and four by Ian Gomm. *Nightingale* and *Egypt* by Lowe are exquisite ballads (much like Richard Manuel's early style that has

been so sorely missing from the recent Band), and his remaining four numbers are faster cuts. The real gem among them is *Unknown Number* opening Side Two — any song that can incorporate a variation of the *Words Of Love* opening, beautiful ascending bass lines supplementing the melody, and a bridge that gets even as demure a group as Brinsley Schwarz excited, gets my vote for sure.

Ian Gomm's four songs are also uniformly good, all being definitely up-tempo and fitting into the flow of the album. One of them, *Rocking Chair*, closes the album as an instrumental, focusing around an amazingly simple (and lovely) single-string melody on guitar. On first hearing I felt sure the song had to be Ventures-influenced, only to think to myself each time I played the album, no, that can't be true, this is Brinsley Schwarz...no way. Upon later running across some clippings on the group, I found it was indeed true. Wouldn't you know it.

NERVOUS ON THE ROAD, the group's new album, gives the lie to those who tagged Brinsley Schwarz as a country group, as it has a vortex of several styles. While three or four cuts are in the SILVER PISTOL mold, the rest of the LP somewhat resembles Fleetwood Mac's KILN HOUSE — mainly in that Brinsley here have very successfully assimilated pre-Beatles rock 'n' roll into their existing musical identity.

Recording the album at Dave Edmunds' Rockfield Studios may have been the reason behind this, but whatever the impetus, the result is obvious when NERVOUS ON THE ROAD opens with a fine Buddy Holly-styled song with a bridge straight off *Peggy Sue Got Married*. Unfortunately, this turns out to be Ian Gomm's only composition on the album; the remaining seven originals are penned by Nick Lowe (one in collaboration with organist Bob Andrews). Like SILVER PISTOL's one poor cut (*Niki Hokey*), *Happy Doing*

What We're Doing is a misguided attempt at funk, but everything else is pretty good.

It's the second side that has the Fifties ambience in abundance. *Feel A Little Funky* sounds like a lazy *Route 66*, while Chris Kenner's *I Like It Like That* is given an appropriately strange reading — nobody's ever gonna match the DC5's tasteless, raucous version of the song, for my money, but it's a fine oldie no matter who does it. Following is *Brand New You*, a slow ballad similar to the previous album, except that the Highway 61 organ style has been exchanged for a more Hammond-ish sound.

NERVOUS ON THE ROAD closes with its two most outstanding cuts (along with *It's Been So Long*). Ronnie Self's *Home In My Hand* is terrific rockabilly, complete with growling bass and biting lead guitar. And then there's *Why Why Why Why Why*, which I'm willing to bet was one of the first songs Nick Lowe ever wrote: a Ricky Nelson-ish rocker with not a small trace of Ral Donner and Troy Shondell likeness. It's sung sincerely, without a trace of condescension, and like *Rocking Chair* on SILVER PISTOL it proves just how effective R&R's ready-mades still are, even after all this time.

Home In My Hand certainly points the direction for Brinsley Schwarz — unless they do start burning a bit instrumentally, as they do here for one of the first times ever, exceptional material is the only way their records are going to stand out. SILVER PISTOL had this caliber of material, while NERVOUS ON THE ROAD on the whole doesn't. What makes the new album interesting is its suggestion of the various directions the group could choose to develop rather than remaining the best Band evocators to date. And it's a pleasant LP in any case.

The neat thing about Brinsley Schwarz: they've got their competition beat. Would-be folk-rockers like Poco, the

Eagles, and the New Riders are drippy hippie C&W groups not worth the paper this was typed on. Jackson Browne is so boring he belongs in the Downer Rock Top 10. Bob Dylan is in apparent retirement (if not, he should be), and the Band are doing anemic versions of their greatest hits. Rick Nelson is great, he always was and always will be, but he's still not as good as Brinsley.

And the Grateful Dead are disqualified by virtue of their state of "cocaine lobotomization," as Jon Tiven called it. What a great two-word description.

If you like any of these groups, fine. It's a free country, or at least should be for everyone save Carly Simon fans and those with the audacity to insult Mark Farner within this writer's earshot. But you really should give Brinsley Schwarz a listen. They've had two albums this year, both well worth hearing.

If running down all these other groups may seem a rather juvenile method of proving Brinsley Schwarz's quality, I sincerely apologize. It's just that it pisses me off to see Brinsley Schwarz get zero attention, and when I get pissed I get mad, which occasionally necessitates the resurrection of the saying a friend used to use to calm himself down with: Up Against The Wall! Eat Dork Pork! Free The Pandas! Free All Journalistic Prisoners! Kick Yer Teeth In! Eat Nails! Iggy Stooze Forever! And Kick Out The Jams!

So Brinsley Schwarz are a winner. Everywhere, that is, except in the sales department. If Brinsley just had a gimmick, like say being the fashion models for modern mellowed-out New West hipdom, they might be as big as the Grateful Dead by now. But Brinsley concentrate on another aspect: the music!

And it looks like folk-rock, via groups like Brinsley Schwarz is here to stay — it's neat stuff. Hope you agree.





SLADE ARRIVE!

A ROCK CHRONICLE BY GREG SHAW & BOB NIRKIND

When a group puts out five or more singles in their first year, hits the upper regions of the Top Ten with each of them, and before the year is out it seems every third record you hear seems to be trying to copy their sound, it's a safe bet something big is happening. No, I'm not talking about the Beatles or T. Rex...well, yeah, I guess I am.

The Beatles, as we all know, were important not so much by virtue of the intrinsic brilliance of their music, but more because they were the first to give form and structure to a youth pop-culture explosion that was in the process of emerging. When T. Rex was being touted as the "new Beatles" I had my doubts, mainly because Bolan's music is too idiosyncratic, based on his own personal mythology, to hit a truly universal chord.

But what they had was the beat — The Beat — and they've ridden it just about as far as it's gonna take them. Now it's time for a group that can take the Big Beat and apply it to the symbols and referents of the newly emerging dance generation. Someone the dudes on the street can boogaloo to, that will reflect their lifestyle and make them feel like part of something bigger. This time, I think we're talking about Slade.

"The beat is the main thing with us. We like to hit their guts with the beat and get some feeling going through their bloodstream into their hands. If you want to come and sit down and delve into the music, it's no good coming to see us. I think we could play like that if we wanted to, but we don't want to. We get our kicks from pulsating music." —Noddy Holder in *MELODY MAKER*

The stage lights are out, only the bright orange of the amplifier bulbs visible from the auditorium seats. Unrecognizable shapes move across the darkness, stray guitar strums the only sound breaking through the dull hum of the audience.

In a flash the lights are thrown on and you're hit by a great gut-churning, toe-tingling wall of sound. The drum beats thunder as if shot from cannons, the high-pitched guitars wail like the cries of a thousand banshees. LOUD is the word of the day.

The four rockers onstage seem strangely reminiscent of Alex and his three loathesome droogs of *CLOCKWORK ORANGE* fame. Certainly none of the four qualify as your average run-of-the-mill nattily-dressed English pop star sex symbol.

Vocalist Noddy Holder is downright ugly, outfitted in a pair of baggy multi-coloured pants, suspenders and a reflector-speckled top hat. Lead guitarist Dave Hill is areal eye-catcher as well, decked out in his skin-tight silver suit and cape with matching 4"-heeled boots. Only bassist Jimmy Lea and drummer Don Powell keep up anywhere near a normal appearance, both totally engrossed in pounding away at their instruments.

It's halfway through the first number, a fiercely rocking cover of Ten Years After's *Hear Me Calling*, and already the band has the crowd up and stompin' along with the beat. The band's name is Slade and it's the rawest, crudest, ravingest group to invade American soil since Black Sabbath.

Unlike most bands, Slade refuses to put itself on a pedestal. The four lads are Brommies, offspring of hard-working families in the heavily industrial English Midlands. They identify strongly with the working class sons and daughters they grew up with in Wolverhampton and show it in their rip-'em-up, have-a-good-time approach to music.

"That's where our sort of music's built up (the industrial midlands)," Noddy commented from a Holiday Inn bedroom prior to a recent concert gig in Detroit. "'cuz our music's based on 'eavy boot stompin'."

"Basically we're known in England as the people's group," Dave Hill continued, "being as we've worked with the working class people — they're the ones who're with us now that actually made us in England."

"It seems to me they go for our kind of music 'cuz it's mixed. We're not puttin' out the same kind of thing every record. We've got a style, a sound and we're in with 'em. And we don't mind mixin' with our fans whereas most groups usually get to the stage where they don't even talk to 'em."

Slade's musical approach is basic hit 'em hard, fast get 'em involved. Their's isn't music to sit back leisurely and digest. If they don't have the audience up on its feet and moving by the end of their first number, they feel as if they've failed.

Full-fledged chart-busters in England and in Europe, Slade usually has the concert-goer on their side from the start. Virtually unknown this side of the Atlantic, however, just now getting the push they need from Polydor Records to gain momentum, it's a different story altogether.

"It's good first comin' to America because of all this sort of adulation we get in Europe," Noddy explained over an early afternoon breakfast of toast and coffee. "We've got to start all over again in America, playin' the bottom of the bill, gettin' the audience to know the songs and that. It's just like startin' all over again. It's makin' us better for it."

"In England we walk on and we're away before we even start. They know what numbers we're gonna do and what we're gonna do. Our act depends 50% on the audience and the feedback we get from the audience. Well, in Europe they know that, you know, but back in America we've gotta show 'em what we want 'em to do."

Not unlike the Stones, Slade has always had a bad boy reputation on the music scene. Once skinheads — a British equivalent of greasers, only with closely-cropped haircuts, short levis, suspenders and thick stomping boots with steel toes and razorblade inserts — the band has more than once been castigated for its vulgarity and blatantly sexual remarks made onstage. Rebels in their early days, the four allowed themselves to become associated with the skinhead cause regardless of the bad taste

the skinnies left in everyone's mouths.

"You see, everyone was so hip and cool in England that when anything would come out big, it was a hype or something," Hill said. "A section of the population was hairies, you know, who didn't want to know any kids comin' out that way. To them, any group with short hair...you couldn't play guitar or couldn't play this. You know what I mean? That's the way they thought, which was ridiculous really. You're still a bloke. Hair's got nothing at all to do with it."

"We were just looking for an image, and when we did this, of course, they tried to cut us out everywhere. Colleges and universities didn't want to know us, you see, because they thought it was a hype."

"But eventually a few colleges gave us a chance to play," Noddy cut in. "And a year later everybody was out to book us."

"Before we had any record success, we had a live reputation," Hill added.

As it turns out, Slade's live reputation then has been instrumental in securing them

the success they enjoy today. Through it they joined up with their current manager, ex-Animal bassist and Hendrix star-maker, Chas Chandler and under his direction, have gone on to score with five consecutive hit singles in England — *Get Down and Get With It*, *Cos I Lov' You*, *Look Wot You Dun*, *Take Me Bak 'Ome* and *Momma, Weer All Crazee Now*. In addition, their latest album, *SLADE ALIVE*, has had a seven month stay in England's album charts.

For obvious reasons, Slade has been compared widely with T. Rex. Flattering as this might be to most any other group, they are adamant in stressing the differences:

"The thing is," Noddy explained as the rest of the band groaned in the background, "it's because T. Rex came up as a big group in England, a really massive group in England, where they had two or three hits before we ever got a hit. Then we come up and started gettin' our Number Ones in a row, so people tagged us as their biggest competitors."

"People have called us competitors, but with T. Rex it's just a one-man group. Bolan and three backin' musicians. With us it's a four-man group. In England everybody knows Marc Bolan, but not many people know the other three in the band, except for the real ardent fans. And that's a true shame because there's absolutely no individual identity to relate to, there's only Marc Bolan, and hence, he's T. Rex. In England all four of us is known as well as one another. Everybody takes an equal part in the group."

"And Bolan's appeal is mainly to a girl's audience — he gets the screamers at his shows and all that. With us, we get an

equal number of girls and fellas at our shows. More fellas than girls maybe. And it's not the scream scene at all. It's all the join-in chantin' and shoutin' and football slogans and all that bit, you know. So we're miles apart in that respect."

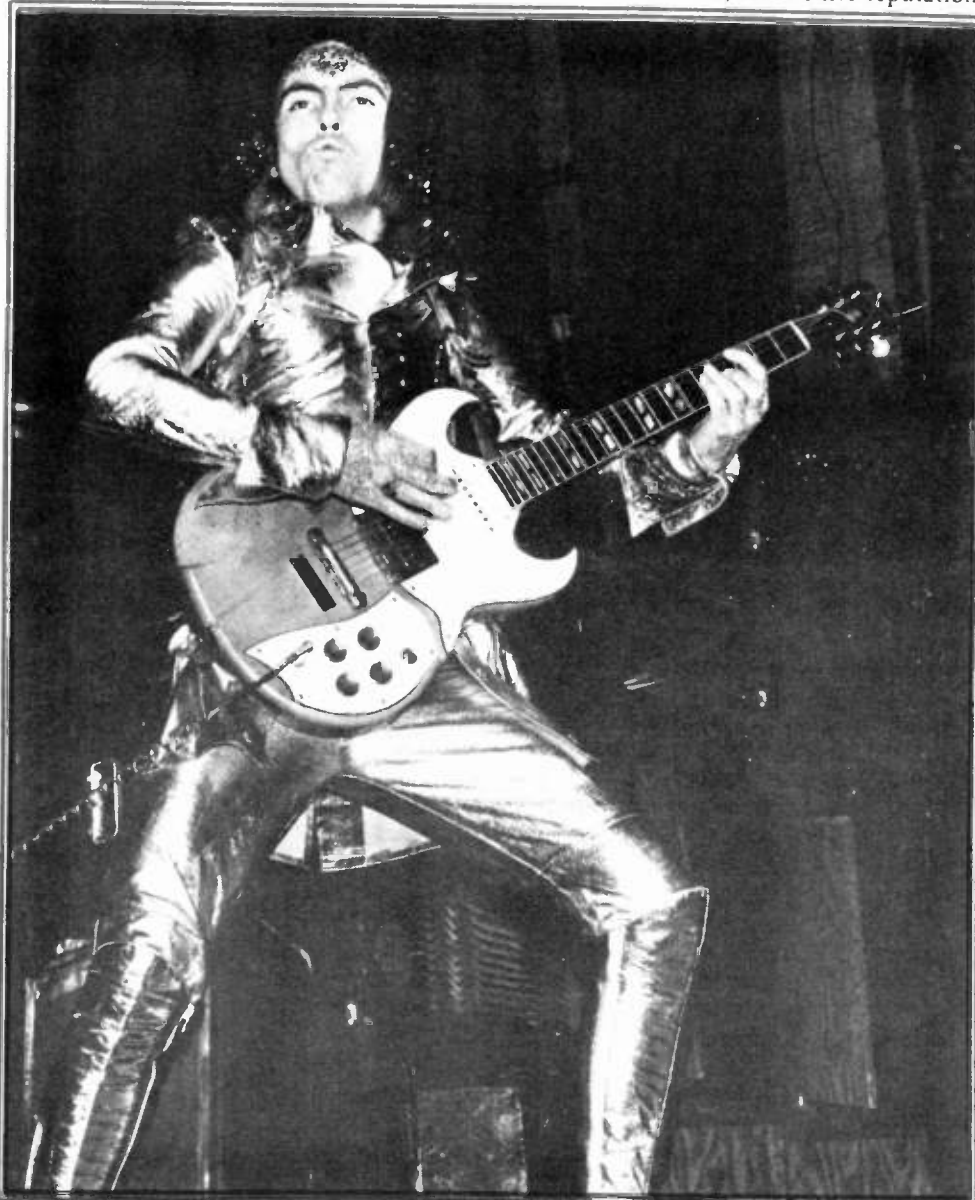
"We're a workin' class band, workin' class kids. Bolan has sort of a star quality on stage and he's not touchable. With us, the audience is part of the band. The music is just 50% of Slade. The dressing up and the humor and the audience involvement is the other 50%. That's the difference."

Slade finish off their short set with a rousing rendition of *Get Down and Get With It*, then come back for an encore at the request of the Detroit audience — an audience which paid to see the J. Geils Band and up until 30 minutes earlier had no idea who this group was — to finish off their act with *Mama, Weer All Crazy Now*. Smiles a mile wide, they yell their thanks, wave goodbye and make their exit, some of the audience still screaming for more.

"All we want to put over is the type of act we do in England and Europe," Noddy explained earlier in the day. "In America we want to do exactly the same thing as we've done back 'ome. With our music we want to get the audience up off their seats, clap their 'ands and stan, > their feet. We want 'em to get down and get with it."

Get Down and Get With It has become an anthem of sorts for Slade, and it sums up their message very nicely. It was one of the first records of the '70s to urge its listeners to dance, and it has played an instrumental role, in England at least, in the return of dancing. It mentions the Jerk, which may seem campy but the fact is that England is now witnessing a boogaloo revival, and dance records are suddenly very popular, from a reissue of Little Eva's *Locomotion*, which made the Top Ten, to a new Easybeats single which mentions, not only the Jerk, but the Monkey as well.

Slade's history as a rave-up group goes back to 1966 when they recorded six tracks as The In-Between — one of which, a great distorto-feedback number titled *Security* was reportedly one of the most-played records on Pete Townshend's turntable for several months. Those sessions are scheduled for reissue soon, as is their first album,



SLADE (CON'T)



Top: The members of Slade smirk at PRM's ridiculous questions. Left to right: Don Powell (drums), Noddy Holder (vocals), Dave Hill (lead guitar), Jimmy Lea (bass). Note the high-heeled boots and missing teeth. Bottom right: the 11-year-old on Schwinn next to the very naughty Noddy Holder has just received the cosmic vibe what we been tellin' ya 'bout these past thousand words — while Don Powell and his various "offspring" (who record for Warner Bros. as Miss Abrams' Strawberry Point 4th Grade Class) cheer good olde Noddy on. At last, the real meaning of "Get Down and Get With It...."

released on Mercury in 1969 under the name Ambrose Slade.

That album suffered from some of the excesses of its time, (although it's worth finding for their version of Max Frost and the Troopers' *The Shape of Things To Come*) but by the time they were with Cotillion in 1970 they had mastered the art of Stomp and their second album, *PLAY IT LOUD*, is one of the year's overlooked classics. One reason it was overlooked was the play given to their supposed "skinhead" orientation, although we never saw a photo of them dressed or shaved in that fashion. It seems to have been more a matter of Slade being popular with the skins because of their music's excitement and danceability. Those were some of the most effete days of the London pop scene, and the skinheads were among the few (the others being the West Indians) who demanded a certain level of gut vitality in their musical fare.

Whatever the reason, the group was laughed off and *PLAY IT LOUD* didn't happen. Then *Get Down and Get With It* hit the English charts and everything changed. It was such a brilliant single — involving everything that was ever good and vital about rock & roll, along with overtones of early Stones and overwhelming discoteen vibes — that it shot to Number One and set the stage for a seige of the charts that is far from ended.

For some reason, Cotillion chose not to push the group in America, and none of Slade's first three hit singles were heard on the air here. Then either their option lapsed, or Cotillion dropped them, because *Take Me Back 'Ome* appeared immediately on Polydor.

Polydor seems to have made decent efforts for Slade. *Take Me Back 'Ome* received a great amount of airplay and *SLADE ALIVE* is on the best-selling LP listings in the States. It was hailed by many, including Jeep Holland of Detroit punk-grease fame, as one of the most exciting live albums in years, and in conjunction with their first American tour it helped expose Slade to U.S. audiences.

Now in the best tradition of pop supergroups, they've released a new single before the dust has had a chance to settle. *Mama Weer All Crazy*

Now is undeniably their most smashing achievement to date; it has all the excitement of *Get Down and Get With It*, but without the periodic hand-clapping breaks of the earlier record it's able to build steadily to a reverberating crescendo that simply must be heard to be believed.

Their sound has been refined and perfected to the point where it is, not only instantly recognizable as their own, but noticeable in the best records other English groups are making. My first thought on hearing Gary Glitter's album and the first single by Wizard (Roy Wood's new group) was that they sounded an awful lot like Slade, and I thought the same on hearing Ten Years After's *Choo Choo Mama*.

What's happening is that a certain style of playing, and producing, is sweeping the British pop scene and just happens to be epitomized by Slade. The sound — scratchy, trebled vocals, a dense mono-sounding mix of piano, sax, and guitars that often sound like saxes, drums loud and crisp, and the whole thing made stark with echo — seems actually to have had its roots in Phil Spector's work with John Lennon and Elephant's Memory as derived in turn from reggae. Lennon himself, if he only knew it, could become a bigger star than ever at this point by dumping all the hogwash and coming up with some songs about dancing. If he doesn't, and I doubt he would have the sense to, Spector oughta dump him and go find himself some groups off the street.

This is the time for it to happen. It's been a long wait, but every indication is that the conditions for a rock & roll explosion the likes of which the world has never seen are, if not present already, at least in the formative stage. But it looks to me like things have already gone much further than is generally recognized, and Slade, whatever their eventual importance turns out to be, will have to be given a large share of the credit for setting it all in motion. For my money, Slade is one of the most important things happening in music today. Rock & roll has never sounded better.

"THE BEGINNING"

"The Best Record Album of 1972" (And It Costs \$2 Only!)



Twenty-five songs, by 25 of the world's top pop stars, in this all new album. Two albums, actually, since BURBANK is a full two-record set.

BURBANK got named after the California city that's the home of Warner Bros. Records and Reprise Records. These two record labels got together with many of today's top record stars to put out this at-cost album (it would retail for \$9.96 if it were a regular, profit-making album) at only \$2.

Normally, record artists (much less record companies) don't sell their best material at cost.

So why the non-profit BURBANK?

Simply so these artists can get samplings—full, intact, all stereo servings—of their finest recordings before a wider public than radio reaches. And to get them to you at the lowest possible cost (not too much expensive advertising, and sold only via mail).

In an age when advertising hype is screeching into our ears from morning to night, it's not easy for anyone to believe what we say about BURBANK. The deal just sounds too good.

But it is that good.

We get a lot of nice letters about our \$2 samplers, for example this one, which came to us in the mail, written on recycled paper:

"I have over two hundred very good albums and I really think I could give them all up . . . if I could keep those samplers. I listen to them more than all my other records put together."

— J.B.T.
Lawrence, Mass.

Here's what's in BURBANK:

- A never-before-in-an-album song by the late Jimi Hendrix: over four minutes of "The Stars That Play with Laughing Sam's Dice."
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- The very best new songs from such top English rock stars as T. Rex, Curved Air, Deep Purple, John Renbourn (of Pentangle) and Foghat (ex-Savoy Brown).
- The solo debut of Bob Weir, long-time (and still) guitarist with The Grateful Dead.
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- And a lot, lot more on these two LPs.

The only way to get your copy of BURBANK is to mail \$2 to Warner Bros. Records, along with the coupon below (or with a note about what the \$2 is for). Then (it seems) as slowly as possible, the U.S. Post Office Department will get BURBANK back to you.

The anticipation is worth it, believe us.

To: "BURBANK"
Warner Bros. Records
3701 Warner Blvd.
Burbank, Calif. 91505

F

I'd like a copy of BURBANK, for which you have my \$2.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zip _____ State _____

This offer is, unfortunately, valid only in the U.S. and Canada, for which we're sorry but Customs clearance is too much hassle.

A CATEGORICAL ACCOUNT OF CHRISTOPHER MILK'S GREATER MOMENTS

Christopher Milk is sitting pretty. Their first album is just now reaching the nation's record stores, but their notoriety extends far beyond what is normal for a newly recorded band. They've been the subject of major articles in *Rolling Stone* and *Coast Magazine*, they've sent out 10,000 free copies of a mini-LP, and their first commercially released album, **SOME PEOPLE WILL DRINK ANYTHING** (Reprise MS 2111), is being ravenously awaited by the rock press corps.

You see, the leader of this band is John Mendelsohn. John Mendelsohn is the patriarch of the first generation of rock critics. He was the first rock critic to appear in the *UCLA Daily Bruin*, and has since endeared and alienated himself to thousands, stars and fans alike. Who can forget his pan of Neil Young's *HARVEST* or Led Zeppelin's first effort? No one can. And that is precisely why Christopher Milk is getting so much publicity. Everyone with a typewriter and access to a printing press wants the chance to slam Christopher Milk, just as Mendelsohn slammed their faves.

"I kind of enjoyed slagging something that people were duping themselves with," Mendelsohn said of his now dormant critical career. "I think it's like tragic that some people think that if they listen to a few Moody Blues records they'll be spiritually elevated." He is greatly disturbed by the popularity of groups he deems incompetent, but quite

self-effacing when it comes to his own work: "I've written a couple of illuminating sentences in the course of my career." He didn't say which ones.

Mendelsohn is through with being a rock critic, or so he says. Now he wants to get on with the business of becoming a star, something he has aspired to since he was 15. He is prudent to stop writing if stardom is what he wants. The job of a critic is to clearly express a personal opinion, whereas a rock star must be able to curry favor indiscriminately. Indeed, Christopher Milk will undoubtedly feel the wrath of those that John Mendelsohn has scorned.

Shortly, the race will be on to see who can scorn John Mendelsohn. He has critically shut up and now must place himself and his band on the firing line. Turnabout is fair play, but awfully hard on a new band. Most of the time when a new band records, a bad first album is soft pedaled; they are usually given the benefit of the doubt. Not so with Christopher Milk. Mendelsohn has dished it out, and Christopher Milk will have to take it.

The first critical musings of John Mendelsohn to appear in print were in the "Intro" section of the *UCLA Daily Bruin*. On October 16, 1968 he began his career by comparing Jim Morrison unfavorably to Arthur Brown. He wrote at the request and under the guidance of Lewis Segal, editor of the *Intro*. At first, writing about rock was just a pastime, according to

Segal. He was involved with Christopher Milk even then. "The band is not the plaything people think it is," Segal said, allaying the suspicions of many.

While researching this article I was told that the only reason John Mendelsohn had the band was that he was working on a book about the music business and wanted the firsthand experience of working with a band. "I couldn't possibly write a book," was Mendelsohn's reply. He wants to "dispel the notion" that he has merely found another vent for his sarcasm in Christopher Milk.

In May of 1969 Mendelsohn drew a caricature of himself as Mickey Mouse for his column, billing himself as Froggie the Gremlin. "everyone's favorite smart alec rock critic," displaying his talents as an illustrator. Patti Wright, the woman who lives with him, traces his talent back to John's father, who was a medical artist. "He grew up around great caricatures," she said. His handwriting is also amazing. It's extremely legible and regular, always on a straight line.

While he was building his reputation as a rock critic, Mendelsohn was busy forming the band. The early Christopher Milk, was a "straight Who imitation." The only person to survive that first incarnation besides Mendelsohn was guitarist Ralph Oswald, who had gained somewhat of a reputation at the time for smashing his guitar ala Townshend at post Bar Mitzvah parties and the like.

Graduation broke up the band. Mendelsohn continued writing criticism for the *Los Angeles Times*, *Rolling Stone* and *Coast* magazine, and got a job writing ads for Warner/Reprise records. The band dispersed over the summer of 1968; Oswald went to USC to study pharmacy.

As the Who inspired the first Christopher Milk, it was the Bonzo Dog Band that brought Mendelsohn and Oswald back together to write some songs. Joe Smith, then executive vice president at Warner/Reprise had told Mendelsohn to be on the lookout for any hot new talent he might come across. Mendelsohn told him about Christopher Milk and convinced him to finance a demo.

Mendelsohn, Oswald and bassist Rod Cooper cut the demo that was turned down by every major record company. The mix was a "complete mush,"

says Mendelsohn, explaining that they had tried to get a very exciting sound by constantly altering the dynamics.

This apparently wasn't the time for the band to begin its meteoric rise, and Mendelsohn went back to writing ads. He left Warner/Reprise in an atmosphere of mutual dissatisfaction. "There weren't many ads I'd care to write," he remembers. They paid him for several months after he left the staff to work on special projects, among them the "God Save the Kinks" campaign.

He began to work for Lew Segal again. Segal was editing *Entertainment World*, a slick "trade weekly for all the entertainment industry," as the magazine's cover proclaimed. The magazine merged with *Show* magazine in May of 1970. The last issue has a piece by Mendelsohn in it about Iggy Stooze. He was much taken by the Stooges, and added Kurt Ingham, the photographer who snapped the cover photo of Iggy, to Christopher Milk as Mr. Twister. The antics of Iggy as described by Mendelsohn are almost the same as the stunts Mr. Twister was reported doing in an article about Christopher Milk in *Coast* magazine. Mr. Twister was Christopher Milk's Iggy Stooze.

A&M Records provided Mendelsohn's next gig. He says they paid him "\$300 a week for doing absolutely nothing. Every time Procul Harum released an album I'd write an ad. That was it."

Bob Garcia, who worked with Mendelsohn at A&M doesn't think that was quite it. "If he wants to put it that way he's fulla shit. He did a lot of other things. John has to be clever...He can say what he wants."

Mendelsohn kept on hustling the band. In May of 1971 *Rolling Stone* published an article written by Mendelsohn called *Superstardom Is My Destiny*. It was a reworking of an article he'd written for the *Bruin* under the title *Confessions of an Aging Rock Drummer*. The piece tongue-in-cheekily hyped Christopher Milk and John Mendelsohn.

Two months earlier a piece by Richard Cromelin in *Coast* magazine had sung the praises of the band. All this publicity was for a band which was turned down by every record company in Hollywood.

MILKING IT

by J. Robert Tebble



Cromelin was rumored to be a friend of Mendelsohn, but refused to talk to me about the piece or anything else. At the time the *Coast* article appeared, Mendelsohn was writing a regular rock column for the magazine. Jim Martin, who was then the editor, admits that the decision to run the article had something to do with the fact that Mendelsohn was writing for him.

The band cut another demo and finally managed to get a contract with United Artists Records. They recorded four songs for them, expecting a single to be released. It wasn't. "They're not a singles band per se," explains Martin Cerf, head of UA creative services and the man that brought Christopher Milk onto the label. "Reviewers won't review a single, but we didn't want to have to throw away a first album" as is the case with many groups. "We wanted to lead the people into the first album." So, the four songs were pressed onto a 7-inch, 33-1/3 extended play album.

UA ran ads offering to give the mini-album away to anyone who would write in and ask for it. The response was tremendous. Ten thousand copies of the record were sent out. Now there was a base for exploitation of further Christopher Milk product.

But the record wasn't enough. If the group was going to make it they needed to get out and perform, and be seen by the public. Management difficulties severely hampered the band at this point. The week the mini-album came out they were booked to do a gig at the Beth El Temple in Los Angeles. "What a place to work," Cerf remembers ruefully. He tried to make up for their deficient management by getting them a few gigs, but he couldn't do it all, "I'm not a booking agent."

Cerf created a "super-exploitation" campaign for the band even before the record was released, sending out entertaining but fallacious press releases, that purported to give the lowdown on Hollywood's latest "sexation." The nation's rock press was regaled with such non-facts as the "hundred grand UA originally gave the group," and Mr. Twister's arrest for biting a policeman, all products of the collective imagination of Mendelsohn and Cerf.

Some of the reaction to the mini-album came from unexpected places. *Coast* magazine published a seething pan, headlined "No Use Crying Over Spilt Milk." In it, Mendelsohn is said to sound like he had a mouthful of frozen Blue Bonnet, and one song is thought to be a "bad parody of the Strawberry Alarm Clock imitating the Beatles imitating the Association." The polemics did not end there, but spilled over into the next issue as Richard Cromelin wrote in the band's defense.

A few month's earlier, *Coast* had done a cover feature on the clothes that rock stars wear, including an interview with Mendelsohn disguised (by *Coast*) as Rock Rachmaninoff, coyly asking "Is Superstardom His Destiny?"

Mendelsohn had since stopped contributing to *Coast*, and some say that editor Martin was so miffed by Mendelsohn's leaving as to attack him in print at every opportunity. If they run a bad review of the new Christopher Milk record, it may be unjustified, but it won't surprise anyone.

The reception to the mini-album at UA wasn't all excited. Mendelsohn was anxious to take advantage of the exposure the mini-album had gotten by releasing an actual album. Cerf agreed, "we would have sold 15,000 copies on release." But problems arose. There wasn't money budgeted for a Christopher Milk album in that quarter of UA's fiscal year. Mendelsohn was adamant. He wanted an album or a release. He got the release.

Nick Venet, head of A&R at UA was involved in the decision to drop Christopher Milk. "We just didn't feel the chemistry was right between Christopher Milk and our creative staff... We can't be everything to everybody." Mendelsohn is not quite so charitable. To him, Venet is "a

crook and a fraud," who capriciously concluded that "we were dog shit."

The final words Venet had about the group when he spoke to me are as follows: "We wish Christopher Milk all the luck in the world. We hope he has hits and a wonderful career as a performer. We wish him no stoppage of his career. And when he grows up he'll feel that way about the next label that dumps him."

Sic transit United Artists. After the mini-album was released the band caught the attention of Chris Thomas, British producer of Procol Harum, long one of Mendelsohn's favored bands. He produced the band's Reprise album on credit, being between record companies.

Then Mendelsohn took the tapes around to the record companies once again.

David Berson, who signed them to Reprise, tells a simple story. He was in the Whisky A Go Go, the infamous Sunset Strip rock bistro, and ran into Mendelsohn. He was told that Mendelsohn was recording an album with Chris Thomas and that he would surely love it. He heard it, and did indeed like it and the band was signed right away. They needed an advance quickly, Berson explains, to pay the studio bills.

Reprise set up a gig for them so they could see how they performed. Mendelsohn remembers it as the worst in the band's history. Everyone was tangled up

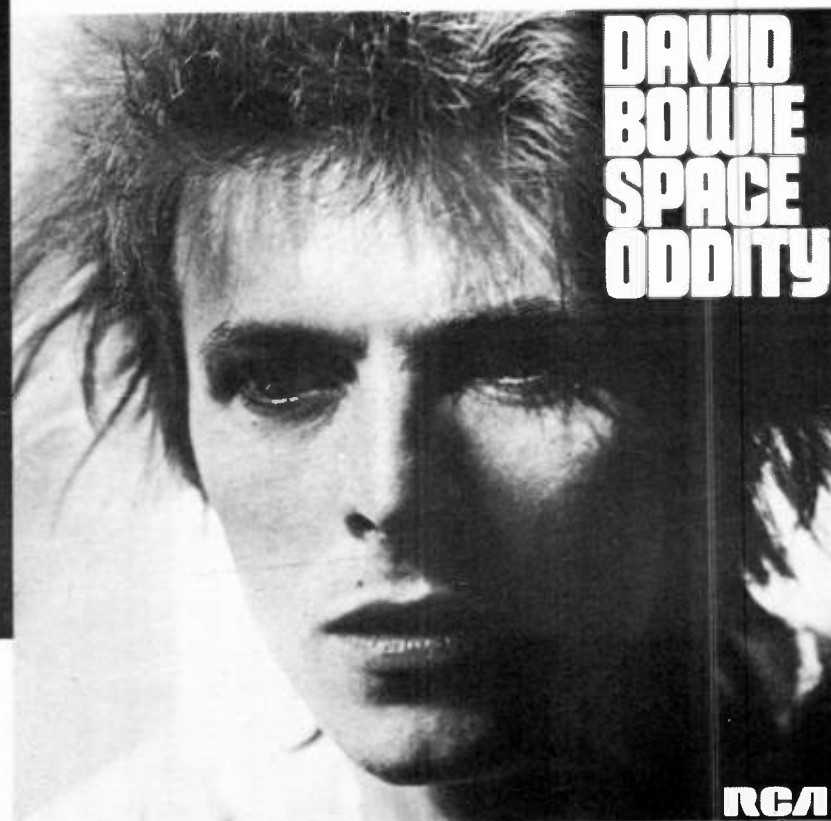
in mike cords; Mendelsohn's pants split. "It was a disaster." Still, a representative of Capitol Records who was there reported back and Capitol offered Christopher Milk \$100,000 to sign them. They decided to stick with Reprise.

The album is out now and Christopher Milk is well on the way, or as much as you can be with just one record, to becoming the stars John Mendelsohn believes they should be. They've had great press exposure, all they need now is some airplay.

If Christopher Milk doesn't make it, it won't be because no one heard of them.



At the top, Christopher Milk in their underwear: The Kiddo (bass), Surly Ralph Oswald (guitar, keyboards), John Ned Mendelsohn (sex appeal) and G. Whiz (drums). Middle left: Mendelsohn prepares to meet the critics. Middle right: Mr. Twister incites mania at the Whisky A Go Go. Bottom: how trendy can you get?



Two new old albums by the overnight superstar who's been doing it for five years and nobody knew it until now except a small loyal following in America, the entire population of the British Isles, and his visionary record company who now presents you with "Space Oddity" and "The Man Who Sold The World" to make it a total of four albums in the collected works of David Bowie who is now touring this country playing to trendy, crazed sellout audiences and that's the truth.

RCA Records and Tapes

NOV. 11 DALLAS, MAJESTIC THEATRE • NOV. 12 HOUSTON, THE MUSIC HALL • NOV. 14 NEW ORLEANS, LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
NOV. 17 MIAMI, THE JAI ALAI FRONTON • NOV. 20 NASHVILLE, MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS

NUGGETS ELEKTRA RECORDS

Pete could hardly believe his ears. Not, mind you, that it was his habit to eavesdrop on the kids. They had their own den, and that was the understanding they had with their folks. It was soundproofed, of course, but usually some sound leaked out through, say, the air-conditioning vents.

Hey, but it was more than just sound that was leaking! That smell...Wait — that sounds like...He got down on his knees and put one ear to the vent. "Weee, are children/Of the future/Wonder what in this world we are going to do..." He took another cautious sniff. The filters in the air-conditioner would neutralize some of it, but...

"Well, if it isn't James Bond," came Linda's voice from above him. He felt himself blushing. "Are you coming to bed or not?" she asked before he could explain himself. "Sure, Miss Pussy Galore," he said, straightening up. Pussy Galore? Lord, that went back a ways.

I don't know if America was more stunned by the Russians beating us with Sputnik or the British beating us at rock and roll. Possibly, the combined shock was what did it. But hardly had the Beatles begat the DC5 when the nation's garages and basement family rooms ceased to be mere receptacles for automobiles and coke-and-potato-chip parties. Music stores reported an accordion trade-in rate that was unprecedented. There was a new smell in the air, and the sound of furious activity.

Where were you around then? Me, I was in New York and Ohio; and it made a difference, too. Because a lot of what happened then happened on a strictly local basis. For instance, later on in what Lenny Kaye calls the First Psychedelic Era, WONE in Dayton, Ohio, played such hits as *Come Up The Years, It's No Secret*, and *Get Together* by the Jefferson Airplane, as well as the rather more local (Minneapolis) sound of *Liar, Liar* by the Castaways and a truly local group (Indiana, but they played in Dayton because the bars there didn't care if they were under age) called the McCoys. Now, your local station no doubt played the McCoys, but not even in San Francisco could you hear the Airplane until much later. I don't know much about the New York "local groups" in the early part of the era, mainly because there isn't anything too "local" about even Manhattan. I do remember going to see Lothar and the Hand People at the Night Owl and winding up seeing the Magicians instead because the other band had had an opportunity to cut a demo that night.

But while all that was going on, people just a little up north, in Boston, were listening to a remarkable band called the Remains, whom I heard for the first time on this record, and

were also digging a record I still haven't heard called *Are You A Boy Or Are You A Girl?* by the aptly-named Barbarians. And they took a Standells song called *Dirty Water* as a kind of anthem, even though at the time the group cut it, they'd never been to Boston. (Paul Williams recounts being with the Standells when they got their first glimpse of the Charles. "It's not that dirty..." allowed one Standell.)

"Yeah," said Linda, "but most of that stuff was real trash. I mean, why listen to that when you have the Beatles or the Stones. Like, that stuff, it was all out-of-tune, the instruments, I mean..."

"Are you gonna pass me that joint?" Pete asked.

"Oh, sorry...Gee, what made you think of doing this, anyhow? Oh, but like I was saying, like, time is the real judge. You can still go into most record stores, and they'll have a Beatles album or a Stones album or two. But that other stuff didn't stand the test of

time."

"Yeah, but that test of time stuff only applies to art. The Standells didn't think they were making art, the Electric Prunes couldn't have taken themselves seriously, or else they woulda had another name, you know? All those bands were trying to do was to make music to have fun by. So were the Beatles and the Stones, at the beginning." He toked on the joint and passed it back to Linda. "Shit, I still think the Beatles blew it with *SERGEANT PEPPER*. And you're more likely to find that Stones album with the Kennedy song...what's that called, uh...it'll come. But you're more likely to find that one than you are to find *ROLLING STONES NOW*."

"Whoa, am I stoned!" Linda was just sitting up in bed with the dead roach of the joint in her hand. "I haven't smoked pot in years, Peter! Where'd you get this?"

"Mmm," he replied. He was scratching his head and writing something on a pad.

So the only true approach to mapping out this era must be a regional one. The NUGGETS project was first conceived as a series of regional albums, but legal problems (not to mention executive skepticism — probably well grounded at the time — as to how well the project would sell) dictated a more rational approach. So if this two-record set isn't quite the distillate of your 1965-1968, that is perhaps the reason.

Still, NUGGET succeeds way past my wildest hopes, anyway. All of the major trends of the era — the "let's sound like the Stones" syndrome, the "social significance" and later "cosmic significance" influence, and, of course, the good old Bar Band ethos — are here for the hearing. Some of it is artsy, some of it is maybe a little too "funky" for its own good, but all of it is entertainment, top-flight entertainment at that. It is the sound of an era where the record industry was still very much like Dylan's Mister Jones, knowing that something was happening but not knowing

what, so that the music came out pretty much like it was supposed to, without the meddling hand of commercialism infringing on the artistic.

Not, mind you, that it wasn't supposed to sell...

Pete had been spending some time with it by now. The public library had Shaw's book, much to his surprise, and he'd contacted a couple of collectors' societies. Linda had remembered something one night while stoned and had driven to her mother's place one Saturday, returning with a steamer trunk containing some old Fillmore and Avalon posters, and a lot of teen fan magazines she'd collected as a teenager in Palo Alto. Pete had, uh, freaked out at the sight of it all, and they spent the better part of the next afternoon putting up the posters in the music room, and installing a red and a green bulb in the light fixture, along with a couple of blinkers. Of course they could have rented a light box, but if you could have seen Linda giggling



A rare 1966 shot of Mouse & the Traps, premier Texas punk-folk Dylanoid esoterica band. The group, currently reforming in a Southwest hideaway whose location is a tightly-guarded secret, hopes to give new meaning to the term "heavy metal" when their new material is finally heard.



Left: George Gerdes & unidentified flower. Above: Black Sabbath, arriving for their latest American tour.

stoned at the way the guy on the poster jumped around you would have agreed with them that it couldn't have been better.

Today, we are awash with Art. Even the most mediocre troubadour must write Significant songs or go broke, just as during the doldrums before the Beatles came along songs had to Relate To The Teenage Experience. In a lot of ways, the music of the First Psychedelic Era represents this generation's legacy to the Children of the Future. Because, beyond its obvious characteristics, there is also the element of unselfconsciousness. For every navel-gazing potential Art Band back then, there were a dozen garage bands. Listening to those Grateful Dead records MGM put out a couple of years ago, you realize that the difference (then) between them and the Blues Magoos was pretty minimal. Somehow, we have to get back to the vitality the music had then, and not copy it, but learn from it, to make the new music better...

A friend just called. Mouse and the Traps, who have one of the better NUGGETS here, a song called *Public Execution* which is perhaps more like Dylan than anything Dylan ever did, Mouse and the Traps are re-forming, and this guy I know is gonna manage them. Hmmm.

Benny fitted the reed carefully over the mouthpiece. He remembered when he'd dis-

covered what the 1/64th of an inch difference could do. Up above his head, the ceiling shook with bass. "Mike," he asked, "what the hell are you parents up to?"

"I dunno. Me and my sister and a couple of her friends were down here smoking some pot — you know Marina's friends — and listening to some of my old man's old records a couple of months ago and he came down and asked for — dig this — a couple of joints." Benny cracked up. "Really! And he's been asking Marina to get some for him. Must be reliving his childhood. That old stuff. Monotonous. You got that reed on yet?" Honk.

"Yeah, got it." Mike sorted through a couple of rhythm program cards on top of his piano. "What's it gonna be? 'Bemesha Swing?'" Benny nodded. "Sure." Mike hesitated a moment before inserting the card in the synthi. "Be nice if we could find a coupla guys instead of using this thing sometime." He pushed the card in. "Yeah," said Benny.

—Ed Ward

BLACK SABBATH VOL. 4 Black Sabbath Warner Brothers

It's early 1965. Suppose, just for once, that folk-rock never happens. Instead the English Invasion proceeds to its logical conclusions and rather than marking the effective end of the era, *Help* and *Satisfaction* mark the beginning of the

second English wave.

Them and The Who attain enormous popularity. The Zombies rack up nine Top 10 hits in a row. *My Generation* makes number one in America, and avant-garde English rock and roll explodes into a frenzy. On the Kinks' smash hit of early 1966, *Gotta Let Me Know*, Jimmy Page plays the most incredible guitar break of all time, and he immediately becomes the most famous individual rock musician in existence. With his own group Jimmy Page and the Esquires (Nee Neil Christian and the Crusaders), he reels off two straight smashes, *Here Right Now* and *Psycho*.

The Small Faces break with *All Or Nothing*, and the subsequent Who/Small Faces tour takes America by storm. *Substitute* by The Who sells two million copies. Perhaps due to Jimmy Page's feats, fuzzboxes become the rage in summer 1966 and the sounds get louder, harder, and more and more experimental. Finally, in late 1966 around the time of the Yardbirds' *Happenings Ten Years Time Ago*, out of a decaying English steel town and armed with their debut album entitled *MASTER OF REALITY*, and yet another totally new, unheard of rock sound, come...Black Sabbath.

It's really not such a far-fetched hypothesis. Black Sabbath at their best have been perhaps the all-time ultimate rock and roll noise — their music has relentlessly developed

upon the idea the early Who were getting at, that mystical moment when the music takes off and just becomes pure sound. That, indeed is where Sabbath have made their basic stand: sound.

And that's where the one big disappointment with *BLACK SABBATH VOL. 4* lies — the sound itself. For some inexplicable reason, Black Sabbath saw fit to record *VOL. 4* without their previous production/engineering team of Rodger Bain and Tony Allom, a move that has to be one of the biggest mistakes in recent rock history.

As a result, *VOL. 4* is the most conventional sounding of any Black Sabbath album, lacking entirely the furious slab-thick bass sound which reached its apex on *MASTER OF REALITY*. Large stretches of *VOL. 4* sound a lot like Led Zeppelin, in fact — which is great, but not Sabbath's main turf.

The engineering deficiencies of *VOL. 4* are largely compensated for by a stunning new development: Black Sabbath playing at fast tempos! Around 5 of the 7 rockers on the LP feature Sabbath simply revving up at a pace previously unknown! The mind boggles. *Supernaut* is the real standout, one of Sabbath's two or three best tracks ever...to hear this song on AM radio would be the greatest thing since Uriah Heep's *Easy Livin'*.

The remaining fast tracks are all very good, and *Cornuponia* is an effective slow workout more in the old Sabbath mold. Not much can be said for the album's two ballads, though. *Laguna Sunrise* and *Changes* are irritating exercises in the mawkish that fall just short of unlistenable — that is, if you regard the latter as an Elton John parody, which it unfortunately isn't.

Black Sabbath's songwriting has changed a lot with *VOL. 4*. Musically, the group's material is more diffuse and less monomaniacally vicious — fewer pulverizing riffs this time out. The music nevertheless still shines, but thematically the songs just don't stand out as they have in the past (who can ever forget *War Pigs*, *Hand of Doom*, or *Into the Void*? Whether, as one non-convert put it, you want to or not!).

So *BLACK SABBATH VOL. 4* is both a confusing and an exciting album. Good but not great. In the long run *VOL. 4* may be a more durable effort than *PARANOID*, but the two are so dissimilar I hesitate to compare them. And it's still impossible to tell whether the comparative lack of fire here is due to the inferior engineering, or to a decreasing savagery in Sabbath's playing. Considering how *Under the Sun* (the album's least successful hard rock number) is almost wiped off the board by the thin recording, the former seems more probable at this point in time.

Black Sabbath going through the motions still shuts down 99% of today's rock, but there's one group it won't beat: Led Zeppelin. The Zep's fifth album, which should be out by the time you read this, may well decide who wears the crown of heavy metal champs for the next year. Also haping in the balance is whether Jimmy Page's time for long-

overdue recognition (he being a man who, as Todd Everett of this magazine pointed out, can outrock Keith Richard and Mick Taylor combined without sweating) has finally come.

BLACK SABBATH VOL. 4 vs. **LED ZEP V**...only the hardy are invited, and only an ingrate would miss such a confrontation of the giants. Best of all, the cruel fate to be dished out to the loser: **ELECTROCUTION!**

—Mike Saunders

SON OF OBITUARY George Gerdes United Artists

George Gerdes is a slippery sonofabitch.

He's also thoroughly marvelous, and rather weird.

He's also the only George Gerdes in the known universe.

"When I go to radio stations," says George, "the first thing people want to know is how do I write songs. I don't know. Maybe you should say something about Gerard de Nerval and the lobster song."

George had been thinking of writing a song about lobsters, and the subject of Gerard de Nerval came up. De Nerval was a crabby French Symboliste poet, sort of the William Burroughs of his day. He had a pet lobster that he took for walks at the end of a red ribbon. One day, the story goes, de Nerval's lobster bit some cat on the big toe, leading to a duel. De Nerval survived. In 1855 he was found hanged from a window of a house on a wretched Parisian street. Was it suicide, or was it murder.

Hence the tone of **SON OF OBITUARY** is set. (This is Gerdes second album, and it's with "no apologies to Nilsson" that it's released says George.)

About the tunes here George tells me:

PACKY: "Packy is actually several dogs I've known, but none of them were named Packy, exactly. I was playing it in Stockton last night, and a dog came up on the stage. People started applauding and he got scared and went away, but when I got into the chorus he came back and sat down and listened to the song. Then he walked off stage again. It was a religious experience."

LONG TIME NO SEE: "I wrote it in Schenley Park in Pittsburgh. It's dedicated to Spider John Koerner — I'd like to cut the song with him playing guitar sometime."

SACK OF WOE: "A Christmas song, dedicated to Santa Claus. Written in 1969, Pittsburgh."

MRS. LATELY: "The sexiest protest song I know — kinda like *Lysistrata* in reverse. UA got worried, and they checked out the *Amarillo* phone book. No Mrs. Lately. No *Hernando's Hideaway* either. There was a *Danny's Hideaway*...I hope his name isn't really *Hernando*."

SON OF OBITUARY: "I commissioned myself to write *Son of Obiutary* — I do that sometimes. I got the name first. We were shootin' the shit and the name just came up, so I wrote the song to go along with it. I should also mention *Grungie O'Muck*, appearing here, one night only, as the *Grungettes*. He sings backup on *Son of Obiutary* and *Long*

Time No See, and screams on Slash Yer Sole."

ROLL ME OVER JEHOVAH: "The newest song on the record — I wrote it on my birthday, this year, in Rockport, Mass. They're putting the lyrics on the record sleeve, and the lyric goes: You're so shitty and disgusting I don't want to talk to you no more. They changed it to 'shifty and disgusting.' So I guess I'll get on WNEW."

SLASH YER SOLE: "The bathroom is the ultimate place to get paranoid in. I wrote this coming down in a Pittsburgh bathroom during the time when a friend of mine was working for the Calgon Research Center and Methedrine Factory. I spent seven hours in the bathroom. With a razor blade. The laughter at the end is an imitation of Dwight Frye, who played Renfield in Lugosi's *Dracula*: 'Heh, heh, heh, heh... rats...rats...thousands of them... millions of them...heh, heh, heh...' It's an anti-drug song, as any fool can see."

CATECHISM WEDNESDAY: "One of the first songs I ever wrote. It's about Wednesday afternoon reprieve from Public School when you'd go to Parochial School and get catechism lessons. The kids over there were always the toughest kids. And the nuns...the nuns were as tough as the kids."

INTELLECTUAL BABY: "John Burleigh is the co-author. He was in *Little Oedipus* and the *Rex* — he played piano like Jerry Lee Lewis and sang flat. He lives in Chicago now, and teaches philosophy at the University of Illinois. This one is dedicated to Bobby Darin: *Splish splash I was taking a bath...reading Grapes of Wrath. I dig Splish Splash, and Bobby Darin is OK in my book.*"

I think it's that subtle, unmistakable edge of desperation (c.f., the girl at the party) that makes George Gerdes' music mean something. Like Richard Farina (and Robert Johnson, for that matter) George knows how to use his sorrows and what to use them for.

Music that rises out of desperation can (at the low end of the spectrum) give in to it, objectifying it in whining ballads of existential self-pity. At the high end it can transcend pain, turning it into joyous rock and roll. Both ways ease the singer's pain, but only the second way works for the audience. George's music is certainly existential, but it's also and irrevocably rock and roll. It works.

You can listen to George Gerdes when you're feeling good, and he'll make you feel better. But the tip-off is that you can listen to him when you're feeling shitty and bad, and you'll start feelin' good again.

Only very great music works that way.

—Michael Goodwin

DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH John Prine Atlantic

I don't know if it's the overall desensitizing effect of having spent most of my waking hours during the last twenty years in the immediate vicinity of some blazoning electric banshee, whether radio, television, juke-

box, phonograph, or whatever, or simply an inherent trait of my churlish midbrain, but I've never really liked soft, folksy music or songs relying on a solely acoustic instrumentation. I used to try to like the Modern Jazz Quartet and Woody Guthrie and early Dylan and George Harrison and all, but somehow, I never succeeded in getting behind any of it. Today, whenever I hear or read words like "understatement" or "peaceful" or "lilting melodies" or "refreshingly pleasant" used to describe some new act, I immediately lose all interest, except on the most cerebral level of professional concern.

The first time I heard John Prine I wrote him off in a like manner. Randomly lowering my record needle to the middle of some forgotten cut and listening to what sounded like early Dylan for perhaps half a minute, I took the album off and brushed the man aside as another lim-lingam'd folksinger. Well, Jack, let maceration be mine, 'cause John Prine is a fashioner of some hi-grade lays.

It's true that to a certain superficial extent, Prine is reminiscent of early Dylan: the instrumentation leans almost exclusively toward countrified folk roundhole guitar; many of Prine's songs carry clear-cut social implications; Prine's voice, at times, is an exact mimesis of early Dylan's fake nasal-twangy intonations. But, the basic feeling, stance and attitude of Prine's work are about as far away from the manes of Dylan's salad day warblings as Moses from the promised land.

Where the basic marks of the whole folko/matutinal-Dylan school are pure, angelic, moralistic, committed, and absolute, Prine's watermarks are sloppy, surly, ambivalent, and tenuous. His anti-war songs (for want of a better description) are done with an indigenous feel of overall non-relevance and an enthusiasm that might pass for torpor; Prine's wars are archetypal but his heroes are always just shmucks from nowhere worth mentioning. His poetry-oriented ditties never pretend at symbolism, but, rather, incline toward an almost Bukowski-like destitution of found images. His songs about people (lower case "p") are never idolatrous or laden with monumental implications, but (as on *The Torch Singer* and *Billy the Bum* here) simply pictures of persons, not overly endowed with pathos or bathos or worn-and-weary-smiles-that-have-seen-it-all, whom one might see something in for a moment or a night or a week and then rightfully forget all about. His "religious" material exhibits a divinely apathetic nature: *Diamonds in the Rough* is an A.P. Carter Tin Pan Alley evangelist bit from 1929, done here in a wonderfully trashy a cappella rendition: "Everybody" is about a miraculous meeting with a boring Jesus who "spoke to me of morality/starvation, pain and sin/Matter of fact, the whole damn time/I only got a few words in/But I won't squack/Let him talk/Hell, it's been a long, long time." The deliciously non-artsy lassitude of Prine's even pervades his drinking songs, as on *Yes, I Guess They Oughta Name A Drink After*



Top: Jim Bonfanti, Wally Bryson, Eric Carman, Dave Smalley — The Raspberries. Right: which one would you rather win a date with?



You, a sloshed, diplopic gem in the great Hank Thompson tradition of *Hangover Heart* and *Teach 'Em How To Swim* complete with some tite fiddlework by Dave Prine.

I have always felt any music that couldn't be easily used as a fitting soundtrack for your average Japanese horror movie to be totally irrelevant to the contemporary world. *DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH*, with its songs rising from a midden of MSG, cheap blended whiskeys, lukewarm love affairs, shmucks from Kansas, and poorly programmed AM country & western radio, as magical gasses from some mediaeval bog, could make the grade any day.

—Nick Tosches

BLUES ORIGINALS Atlantic

Vol. 1 — *Atlanta Twelve String* (Blind Willie McTell); Vol. 2 — *New Orleans Piano* (Professor Longhair); Vol. 3 — *Texas Guitar* (Various Artists); Vol. 4 — *Blues Piano* (Various Artists); Vol. 5 — *Detroit Special* (John Lee Hooker); Vol. 6 — *Chicago Piano* (Jimmy and Mama Yancey).

For a relatively young record firm Atlantic Records, started in 1947 by three jazz and blues collectors, Herb Abramson, Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegün, has an impressive roster of vintage and contemporary (for the

early postwar period) blues recordings. The label's recently initiated *BLUES ORIGINALS* series, of which these are the first half-dozen offerings, begins to tap this rich reservoir of performances, making available to a new generation of collectors and listeners some of the treasures of America's black musical expression. The packages are handsomely designed, the material for the most part sensitively chosen and programmed, and the album documentation as intelligent as it is exhaustive.

ATLANTA TWELVE STRING presents 15 excellent performances by the blind sidewalk minstrel Willie McTell, only two of which, *Kill It Kid* and *Broke Down Engine Blues* had been issued previously on an early Atlantic single. The performances were recorded in Atlanta in 1949 (at about which time his recordings for Savoy were done) and find McTell, with only occasional lapses, singing and playing as strongly as ever, his vigor undiminished and his music exuberant and rhythmically forceful. His repertoire is typical of musicians of his generation and locale — comprising, in addition to blues, folksongs, ragtime and minstrel pieces, and spirituals. While several of the blues performances here are exceptionally powerful — among them the feelingful *On the Calling Board*, the traditional *Last Dime Blues* (possibly derived from Blind Lemon Jefferson's recording) and *Broke Down Engine Blues*, by far the most

moving musical experiences the album offers are the five spirituals, particularly the bottleneck-accompanied *Motherless Children Have A Hard Time* and *I Got To Cross The River Jordan*. On the sacred pieces McTell keeps his instrumental work to a functional minimum, though playing with great taste, and concentrates on strongly convincing, heartfelt vocal performances. In all, a marvelous album.

The series' second album, offering rousing, ebullient New Orleans-based music by Professor Longhair, was reviewed in these pages last month and needs no further endorsement from this quarter. If you like good-timey boogie-ing music, this album is an essential item.

Volume 3, devoted to "Texas guitar," is something of a mixed bag, ranging as it does from rural-styled acoustic guitar-accompanied vocals of Lawyer Houston to the suave postwar electric blues more usually associated with the Texas-based Los Angeles scene. With eight sides (his complete recorded legacy), Houston dominates the album, the other six tracks being given over to two performances by the vastly influential T-Bone Walker, and one apiece by vocalists Al King and Ray Agee and singer-guitarists R.S. Rankin and Guitar Slim.

While an enigmatic figure to blues record collectors (who will welcome his total output), Houston does not warrant, I

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feel, so much disc space. For one thing, his music is much too monochromatic and one-dimensional. There is not much variety to his approach and, while it's appealing in small doses, tends to wear thin rather quickly. He's not nearly so interesting a performer as, say, Lil' Son Jackson, who works in much the same country-based vein but with far greater intensity, conviction, individuality and variety. For that matter, I'm not convinced that Houston's music can stand as typifying rural Texas blues traditions (at least not to the extent of eight selections); the stylistic approach in which his music is cast is a common, widely diffused one not confined exclusively to Texas and the territories. I've recorded a number of East Coast bluesmen who perform in a manner almost identical to Houston's — for example, Virginia-born Carl Hodges, whose *Standing at the Greyhound Bus Station* (on Milestone 3002) could pass for the vocal and instrumental twin of Houston's *Going to the West Coast*, among others here. It's by no means certain that Houston was a Texan, as far as that goes. The place names found in his records indicate only that he traveled widely, not that he hailed from Texas.

Save for the two T-Bone performances (one of which *T-Bone Blues Special* is in post-war Chicago style), the remaining tracks best illustrate the influence of the Texas rooted modern blues from the West Coast. Al King is a capable Lowell Fulson imitator, Ray Agee turns in a nice vocal on *Tin Pan Alley* (both tracks energized by Johnny Heartsman's tasteful guitar), R.S. Rankin performs in a style that owes as much to New Orleans as it does Texas, and Guitar Slim is represented by an easy-going performance in his most commercial manner. While all of the music is attractive (but little more than that), this set least fulfills the ostensible purpose proclaimed by its title.

The *BLUES PIANO* album offers six engaging vintage blues and boogie performances by several stalwarts of the idiom, Little Brother Montgomery, Meade Lux Lewis and Frank "Sweet" Williams. The latter's *Sweet's Slow Blues* is delightful, and the four Montgomery pieces are played with charm and unforced gusto (and occasional fingering mistakes, though the feeling is always right). These pieces help to suggest something of the technical and emotional scope of this black keyboard music, a music that was all but submerged by the modern electric blues ensemble. The piano's rhythmic-harmonic role in the Chicago blues is illustrated here in four animated performances by the late Johnny Jones, a longtime member of Elmore James' powerhouse band. James' band in fact backs Jones here, and Elmore's guitar is heard on all four of the performances, *Chicago Blues* being particularly outstanding. *Up the Line* is done in a style reminiscent of that of Tampa Red, with whom Jones worked for several years in the immediate postwar period. In these performances the piano is pure and simple an ensemble instrument. It be-

comes more prominent in the relatively suave West Coast-styled music of Floyd Dixon. With its more pronounced melodic character and more sophisticated harmonic orientation, this type of sweet, balladic blues brought the piano to the fore again, where it exerted a great influence on such diverse later artists as Ray Charles and Fats Domino. A nice set that hopefully will focus some attention on blues piano, several strains of which are outlined here.

It should be enough for John Lee Hooker fans to say that most of the material contained in *DETROIT SPECIAL* was recorded in 1953, the tail-end of his most artistically productive period, from which time most of his greatest recordings date. Overrecording was just beginning to take its toll, not in power or emotional conviction, but in the consistency and continuity of his song materials. The performances here often are marred by

data do not specify, Kirkland is present, though a bit under-recorded, on *Wobbling Blues* as well as on its alternate take *Pouring Down Rain*. The four 1961 recordings are quite exciting and round out the album nicely. Good Hooker, in the main, and that's damn good indeed.

Chicago born Jimmy Yancey was easily one of the most affecting blues pianists who ever set hand to keyboard. For the most part his music was gentle and wistful, even dolorous, in character and this was as true of his medium tempo performances as it was of his marvelous, touching dirge-like slow blues, a form in which he excelled. This set offers 14 lovely examples of his reflective, insinuating and always ardent way with the piano and the delicate pastel tones with which he colored his deceptively simple blues. Four of the pieces offer the candid, unpretentious singing of his wife Estelle, and all are enhanced by the sensi-

doing a good thing, Atlantic. Keep the albums coming and keep up the high standards set by these six.

—Pete Welding

GLITTER Gary Glitter Bell

The Apple's been a teeming teen-town lately, what with the Dolls, Teenage Lust, Eric Emerson's Magic Tramps, and Ruby and the Rednecks shaking it down at word-of-mouth dances and up and coming molo-ko bars like the Mercer Arts Center. And so it came to pass that at just such a hop I first got hipped to the hit sound of Gary Glitter, sleazoid king of what may become a new wave of *Get Down and Get With It*. 'Cuz roots, riffs, and rocks off notwithstanding, rock and roll don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing. And forget it, Gary Glitter's got it.

I had that old first at the

guests. As in the fidgety fifties, there was a vestige of boys on one side/girls on the other hesitation, but in the glamorous seventies, such basic identifications are trickier; these days no one wants to be a cock-tease.

WHO'S NEXT was bouncing mobile over the p.a., so the dance seemed to be beginning on a note of wealth and taste. And yet it was still not a dance — no beer, not too many for sure women, and even the prospect of teenage lust didn't seem to be lifting the various cliques that are death to any do out of their habitual ho-hum Max's stupor. Then they did something to the music.

An incredibly huge sounding wash of big beat with a reverbed chorus of jungle bunny honkies chanting malevolently:

**ROCK AND ROLL ROCK
ROCK AND ROLL
ROCK AND ROLL ROCK
ROCK AND ROLL**

Sounded like a single, but who, what, when, where, why? Reportorial faculties failed as an archetypal fifties vocalist asked the musical question:

Can you still recall

In the juke box hall

When the music played

And the world spun 'round

To a brand-new sound

In those far-off days

In their blue suede shoes

They would swing and shout

As they sang the blues

Let it all hang out.

And he vaporized behind the hook:

**ROCK AND ROLL ROCK
ROCK AND ROLL...**

Now for one thing, they weren't playing *Ziggy Stardust* or *Lola* and for another, it's pleasantly disconcerting to come upon a party record that has no identity as to time or artists or nothin' except as a great party record. The Stones used to make great party records: now it's like saying "She's got a great personality."

Anyway, the next tune was *Baby Please Don't Go*, simple, direct, and derivative as 1965, with a mean slide guitar's monochromatic melody reverbed down to a metallic point. Music like the Shadows of Knight, the McCoys, Them and Mitch Ryder used to make — an ultimate local sound and again a complete mystery. The *Wanderer* is what did it; I was in no shape to really know whether it was Dion — the overall effect of what had happened since *The Song Is Over* was like nothing so much an **ALL THE HITS BY ALL THE STARS** Cameo-Parkway collection of the Dovells, Little Eva, and the Orlons, available at your supermarket. But this tape or whatever wasn't pud, it was tuff enough, and I gave somebody a lot of credit for putting together such a definitive bunch of covers by unknown groups. The Big Dance, as it was billed, happened and happily so.

A couple of days later, Gary Glitter's new single, the follow up to his love it/hate it hit, *Rock and Roll, Part 2* (a flip side, ya dig), came out. This one has Gary Glitter himself in fine form as he lets us appreciate *I Didn't Know I Loved You (Till I Saw You Rock and Roll)*. The single has got to be the greatest answer to a question we didn't ask since *She Loves You* and again, although Gary has a tendency to protest too much, ala Grand Funk, Wayne Cochran, Jerry La Croix, and Little Richard, this



Solo singers aren't all the same, despite what you hear. Above, Ry Cooder breaks new ground with his slide guitar. Beneath him, Martin Mull serves up one of the more distinctive platters of recent vintage.

hesitancy, sloppiness and repetitiveness but they are shot through with much of the agonized intensity and dark-hued frenzy that are Hooker's great stock-in-trade. The bulk of the performances are solos but on five Hooker is seconded by Detroit guitarist Eddie Kirkland, who does a yeoman job of accommodating his regularized rhythmic approach to Hooker's brilliant but asymmetrical playing. Though the liner

tive bass work of the late Israel Crosby. For those who never have heard Yancey's beautifully detailed, understated blues lyricism, this album will be an ear-opener.

Kudos to all concerned for the taste and sensitivity with which this series has been carried forward, particularly to blues researcher Pete Lowry who conceived the idea and whose meticulous annotations grace three of the sets. You're

dance feeling as I noticed a bizarre wall of ambiguous licenses in the bathroom and passed by the Magic Tramps finishing off their make-up and complimenting each other for having made such good selections from various girl-friends' wardrobes. The white washed soho art studio radiated a subdued but pregnantly snappy party-power as cats, kittens, and numerous permutations thereof drifted in and checked out the mystery

record has the dumb-headed pop power of Slade combined the idiomatic taste of a Dave Edmunds or Ry Cooder. Gary Glitter was his greatest hits before his album was ever released; his single-mindedness is brought off so well that it lets him get away with his name and his first hit. He's immediate, never cloying like Sha Na Na or Commander Cody. It's for now — "Times are changing fast, but we won't forget, though the age has past, there'll be rockin' yet." The album makes it obvious that Gary Glitter comes out of a distinctive cut of hot pastrami.

The originals are either great and characteristic like *Rock On*, *Didn't Know I Loved You*, and *Rock and Roll, Part 1* or great and uncharacteristic like *Ain't That A Shame*, *Shaky Sue* and *Famous Instigator*. They were co-written with perennial British pop producer Mike Leander, responsible for such anomalies as the *Privilege* soundtrack and more, with Glitter himself. One or both of them has given Gary as easily identifiable a sound once you know it's him as top forty has to offer, blessed by lyrics that spin off of Eddie Cochran's *My Way/Something Else* side like nobody's business, 'cept maybe the Move's. And to add mystery behind the scenes, Gary Glitter is managed by Gem Productions, whose one-time partner Tony De Fries designated as such both HUNKY DORY and ZIGGY STARDUST. Nowadays "Gary Glitter" is anathema in the Bowie camp. Veritable anathema.

So listen, even if you didn't like *Rock and Roll, Part 2* even if you didn't like *You Really Got Me*, it's not too late not to judge Gary Glitter's first album by its cover and his top forty pre-destination. This is one of the most meaty, beaty, big, and bouncy LPs in a while, and puts more cut in your strut. Gary Glitter walks it like he talks it.

—Ron Ross

CLEAR SPOT Captain Beefheart Reprise

There are typically three schools of thought surrounding Captain Beefheart. The first love him and feel he can do no wrong. The second find him unbearable with his musical machinations. The third see merit in his ideas and credit him with a genius of sorts, but more often than not, he makes them nervous. This school believes Beefheart would be better suited to pursue a different musical direction — in other words — they think he should sing the blues. With the release of his latest effort, *CLEAR SPOT*, Beefheart has a record, that given a chance, will undoubtedly prostelytize many heretofore unconverted listeners, causing the Captain's fold to prosper and multiply in an almost biblical fashion.

In *CLEAR SPOT*, Beefheart has, if you will, mellowed out to a degree. There will no doubt be cries of "cop out" on the part of many critics and fans, but those who truly understand him will realize that Beefheart is merely trying to become more accessible to the public without losing any of the essential Beefheart integrity. There are no more wild, seemingly directionless pieces on *CLEAR SPOT*. Instead, the cuts are of moderate length, are exceptionally well produced by

Ted Templeman and are, above all, direct and honest. Attending one of the recording sessions, I listened to some of the tracks sans vocals, but they were only partially enlightening. Beefheart said it would be different from his normal fare, but I never comprehended how much so until hearing the final product. The changes are subtly stated but hit the experienced Beefheart aficionado with the impact of a jackhammer. In addition, someone who had never heard of the Captain before would find *CLEAR SPOT* easy to enjoy and easy to get into — proof that Beefheart has accomplished his goal of increased accessibility.

Technically, you could tell it was Beefheart from the distinctive bass lines (melody). But producer Templeman worked to remove most of the odd bars of time found in Beefheart's tune. It doesn't change the music so much as it increases its listenability. You can tap your foot to it without suddenly finding you're out of time with the music. Beefheart still has the Magic Band with him, but has added an additional member, Orejon, who is actually Roy Estrada, ex-member of Little Feat and the Mothers.

Playing *CLEAR SPOT*, one thing becomes painstakingly clear — the album is designed for women. Even Beefheart claims to have a definite picture of a woman in mind for every song he sings, and the theme runs throughout his entire repertoire. Side one begins with *Low Yo Yo Stuff* one of the few cuts leaning towards classic Beefheart work of the past. It gives way to *Sometimes A Woman's Gotta Hit A Man*, wherein Beefheart sings; "All the women know there ain't no man like me." Featuring some fine Diddy Wah Diddy harp, it serves as a transition and introduction to the next track, *Too Much Time*. Here the change in Beefheart becomes strikingly apparent and if the preceding cuts made you wonder, this one confirms all doubts. An odd combination of Sam Cooke, Marvin Gaye, horn sections, female backup vocalists and Beefheart's multi-octave range voice, *Too Much Time* is definitely not what you'd expect from the Magic Band. It can floor you if you're not prepared. After a slight look backwards again in *Circumstances*, a little bit of the rich Beefheart vocal caelesthenics backed with a solid beat, there comes a Beefheart love song if ever there was one. *My Head Is My Only House Unless It Rains* boasts an acoustic beginning supplemented by a "Door-sy" lead guitar weaving in and out, and the cut is mellow through and through. *Sun Zoom Spark* ends the side with a bit of harsh and heavy extravagance that does little to detract from the overall success thus far.

The flip side kicks off with the title cut, which includes some imaginative instrumental effects. Plainly stated, with a solid background, *Clear Spot* is the album's theme song, describing the Captain's search for a clear spot (acceptance?). The following three songs are the album's best. *Crazy Little Thing* is hard and powerful, rhythmic and rocking and done *ala* Howlin' Wolf. It tells the story of Beefheart's meeting with a stacked but obviously young "crazy little thing." "Crazy Little thing has just gone crazy/

How'd you get a name like crazy little thing?/Probably the name that drove you crazy/All along....How'd you get a walk/How'd you get it all to move so slow and lazy/How'd you learn to talk real low like that/To where it makes all the men go crazy." The remaining lyrics are equally incredible. The cut also includes some breathy teeners signing and squeaking occasionally in the background, and is one of the finer songs about jailbait to come along in quite some time. *Long Necked Bottles* is really Beefheart's boogie and it's succeeded by *Her Eyes Are A Blue Million Miles*, which says it all metaphorically in the title. *Big Eyed Beans From Venus* is Beefheart wandering in space once again, but more lyrically than musically. It's a concise, intelligent and interesting statement about "big eyed beans from Venus" — whatever they are. *Golden Birdies*, the closing piece, is more a narrative than a song. Beefheart recites and the band plays in the spaces. Actually it's the famous *Webcor Webcor* sequence Beefheart uses to close his stage act. Significantly, it is a promise of things to come

TODAY The Goldiggers RCA

"Is it one D or two?"

—Erich Segal

What does it matter when you're dealing with one of the 10 of the hottest young lovelies in the U.S. of A.? Just picture this moving mass of pulsating pulchritude, all that snatch jiggling in your face to the tune of *Froggy Went A Courtin'*. They even wear Neil Young buckskins (except theirs are white and his are brown).

Anyway you look at it, there's only one important commodity up there. Some are blondes and some are brunettes and there's one redhead and some have black tresses but none are black and none have blackheads. These is sheer nuttin' a-tall but gawgeous gams for every alkie in teeveeland to gawk at instead of watching *Marcus Welby, M.D.*

They have a musical director who used to be Jay Sebring's hairdresser until he sustained a fried pelvis at an odd party one



Captain Beefheart looks down on one of his idols, Tennessee Ernie Ford, whose latest album is reviewed on page 29.

on future albums, according to both Beefheart and Templeman.

I'm pretty excited about the finesse with which Beefheart pulled this off, and I'm sure it will cause a stir in critical circles.

—David Rensin

night and blew out four too many brain cells on the refreshments so he figured music was a good racket and his uncle was the prez of NBC and they had a 10:30 vacancy so he said: "Listen, Shelly Winters' play is

bombing in New York, so why don't we get her out here to write us a script about, shit I don't know, VD, drug traffic in Queens. Rimbaud goes to college. Kind of a Seventies Corliss Archer."

"Sounds campy," said Ferd, cuz that was the musical director's name. His real name was Ferdinand Bluc but his intimates called him Ferd the Turd. "And we could have a chorus line of about 200 James Arness look-alikes with spurs on kicking piles of horseshit at the studio audience and singing 'Ain't No More Came on Dis Brazos'."

So the prez gets really inspired and starts to free associate: "We could get *Howie Hawks* or maybe *Bud Boeticher*, but *Hawks* has gone the way of the, shit I can't remember the name of his last movie, but there was *Rio Bravo* with Dean Martin. Say, hey, why not get the one and only *Dino*? I loved him in that crypto faggio duo golf classic *The Caddy*. And the *Muscular Dystrophy Marathon* is great. Why not *Dino* and a bevy of beautiful *Muscular Dystrophy* victims?"

"No, gimps were big last year."

"Well maybe we could take it all the way, to basket cases wriggling there in a pool of jello—"

"No, no, no! This year it's fags! How about we have a big opening barndance number with dykes picking up fairies and throwing 'em on the floor and then stomping 'em with hobnailed boots—"

"No, premature, premature, only serious dramatic shows like *Marcus Welby* and *Owen Marshall* can get into that yet."

Well, *HOW THE HELL ARE WE GONNA FILL THIS HALF HOUR?*

"Wait! I got it! How about 10 girls who all look like *Simone de Beauvoir*, but I mean young and we could do all those saucy *Apache* numbers, you know *Existential* as hell. Or maybe a *Can Can* or two like *Shirley McLaine* did for *Khrushchev*. With underwear."

"Solid."

So that's how the Goldiggers were born. And now they've even got an album of their music out to prove it. The best thing about this record is, well actually I can't remember 'cause I only listened to it once. Well twice but I was about to go to sleep and I was pretty drunk and had spent the last 20 minutes trying to puke behind the garage but as I remember it was pretty funny and seemed to elucidify many of the social enigmas of the day.

Other things that make the Goldiggers album unique:

(1) Every groove is clear as air. No funky shit scraping off yer shoes here.

(2) Lots of groovy stomachs on the cover.

(3) It's on RCA, home of bisexual rock (Kinks, Lou Reed, David Bowie).

(4) Speaking of which, there's a song on here that beats 'em all senseless. The Goldiggers all sing:

I got a man with a problem
That drives him outa his mind
He's got a miserable problem
The terrible kind
That you can't unwind

That man is so uptight
Can't sleep at night

(Con't on page 28)

His appetite is gone
He's way beyond repair
And he's aware
That he just can't carry on

Wait till I tell ya the problem
That drives him right up a tree
His indescribable problem
Happens to be
Little old ME!

Talk about kinky! David Bowie couldn't have thought of that. Lou Reed could but he wouldn't. So that clinches it. When it comes to warp, the Goldiggers win hands down. All the way down. So here come the brides, petticoat junction, green acres...

—Lester Bangs

MARTIN MULL Capricorn

There are only a few songwriters around these days who could be said to have a truly distinctive vision, a world-view that sets them considerably aside from their fellows. There is Randy Newman, of course, and Ron Nagle, who is currently prevented from recording by contractual hassles. The weird New York school is represented by Loudon Wainwright III and Georges Gerdes, both of whom are currently recording, and Andy Zwerling, currently unsigned, brings a whole new meaning to the word "teenage." And then there is Martin Mull.

Mull, like Nagle, is also an artist, and, like Nagle again, his art is about as crazy as his songwriting. Mull's latest attempt was a number of famous paintings executed entirely in hors d'oeuvres. At the close of the show, viewers were allowed to eat their favorite painting. And Mull did his own airbrush album cover.

But the songs, the songs! How about *Ventriloquist Love* ("it ain't such a groove/Whenever I kiss you/your lips never move."); Or *(I Made Love To You) In A Former Life?* The words are just as good as the titles lead you to believe, for once. And the music! The only way I could describe it would be "hard electric swing music," sort of Dan Hicks on speed or something.

The whole thing gets summed up in *Dancing In the Nude*, which one Mull fan I know describes as "the best version of 'Moondance' I've ever heard." It swings, it's hilarious, and the band (made up mostly of unknowns, but with Levon Helm drumming) is tight, tight, tight.

Mull, it appears, is headed for stardom whether you go out and buy his album or not. He'll be on *Laugh-In* this fall, and I may watch just to see him. There are those who think he sounds a little too much like Randy Newman, but if you listen to the words, you will see that Martin Mull is far more dangerously neurotic. Will fame spoil Martin Mull? Buy the album before you find out!

—Ed Ward

GREATEST HITS The O'Jays United Artists

Some record reissues exist as a function of their company's notions of corporate artistry, some are vital to their company's commercial success and there are shades of reasons in

between. This O'Jays album is an absolutely commercial animal, existing to capitalize on the act's current success with Philadelphia International. But there's good music here, because it's so far from the normal rock oriented reissue and even a bit illuminating.

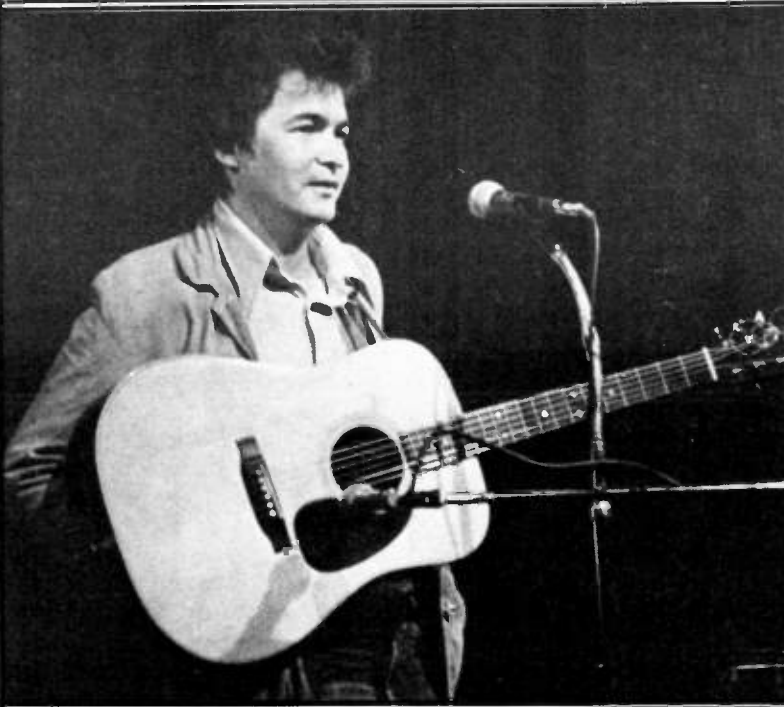
This album, while not as listenable to the casual purchaser who equates O'Jays with *Backstabbers*, is nonetheless a very diverse, interesting and valuable album. It is beyond simple classification, covering close to a decade (the 60's) of recording, and a variety of styles and productions. But the distinctive sound of the group does inevitable emerge and this album stands as a triumph to their tena-

60's characterized the emergence of a dramatically new, rhythm & blues vocal group sound — at once R&B segregated but nationally definitive — & one which would stand them in real good stead when that idiom would turn pop in the 70's.

—Aaron Fuchs

FRESH Raspberries Capitol

I always held that the next revitalization of pop music would be heralded by a resurgence of interest in the mid-'60's, but I couldn't have imagined a year ago that things would come so far so fast. The old songs are not being reworked as much as I'd



John Prine — for a gut-plunking folkie, he ain't half bad.

city in the face of a decade of the vocal group's lowest commercial descent. The obstacles were compounded, in their case, in the absence of their only feasible salvation, a heavy handed, manipulatory producer.

They started strong with the H.B. Barnum produced *Lonely Drifter*, but that was securely in a Drifters bag, maximizing the Chuck Jackson-Ben E. King sounding vocals of Walter Williams. Though there are many excellent tracks, a unified production stance never emerges, and a melange of influence from groups more endemic to time and place result. *Stand Tall* is capped from the Vibrations *Since I Fell For You*, *Whip It On Me Baby* is like their *Hang On Sloopy*, *I'll Never Forget You* and *O' How You Hurt Me* are influenced by the Chicago groups of the 60's like the Impressions & Radiants, *Ball & Chain* sound like early Motown, & I swear to God, the lead on *Lipstick Traces* just has to be Allen Toussaint. Yeah, the O'Jays were pushed around, but as aforementioned many tracks vindicate themselves (a couple of failures are the cornily overstated New Orleans riffs on *I Cried My Last Tear* and a dull *Think It Over Baby* done in a post Bacharach-David/Righteous Bros. Spector style that predates the Carpenter's *Hurting Each Other*).

The last two tracks are not only strong but individual, showing the way for eminently better days, *Crack Up Laughing* is in the classic doo-wop mold, allowing the group to really establish their vocal identity, and *Stand In For Love* as much as any single soul ballad of the

hoped (yet), but stylistically it might as well be 1965 as far as a large and growing number of groups are concerned.

What amazes me most is that nobody has said, "hey, knock off that corny stuff — it sounds just like the old Beatles!" The public is accepting it at face value, welcoming its enthusiasm and unabashed non-heaviness like the breath of fresh air it is to today's stale, inbred rock scene. I'll be damned, it looks as if kids really do know what's good for 'em after all.

The new Raspberries album, which should've been called BEATLES '65, is the first successful LP in what has already become a new genre. Raspberries seems to have stepped into the spot left by Badfinger's mysterious withdrawal, and while the latter group had more originality and greater potential, it's actions that count and Raspberries has been doing a lot lately.

It may be only coincidence that Eric Carmen bears an uncanny resemblance to Paul McCartney (vocally, that is; he ain't nearly as cute), but it's an advantage they put to the best, and worst, possible use. At best it reinforces the listener's subconscious association of them with the Beatles, which has probably helped sell a lot of records. At worst, where he is allowed to fall into the same self-indulgent histrionics that characterized the real Paul toward the end, I am merely reminded of why I never really cared for the last four Beatles albums.

I Reach For the Light is the chief offender in this regard, but fortunately it's located at the end of side one and can be easily

skipped. And the rest of the side is so brilliant that you can hardly complain about the inconvenience of getting up to make the rejection. It opens with their new single *I Wanna Be With You* which blends pure vintage Beatles with a dash of *One Fine Day* to make perhaps their most delightfully ingenious song yet.

Ringo steps forward to sing the next one, *Goin' Nowhere Tonight*, a more relaxed song with a country feel that, while kinda weak, is still enjoyable. He's not the greatest singer, but the girls all feel sorry for him. It's followed by Paul's solo number, an intense ballad with strings that builds through intricate harmonies to a soaring climax. Very effective. *Every Way I Can*, Dave Smalley's only solo composition, is basically a filler, but it rocks and is fun to listen to anyway.

Nobody Knows is not the first song on this album to send me shuffling through Beatles albums looking for the song I was sure it sounded just like. Like all the rest, I couldn't find it. The hooks are placed so insidiously that you're never quite sure your memory isn't playing tricks. It's mostly the guitar riffs that gnaw at my mind. The next song starts with one I could swear was from one of the Vee Jay records. The only solution is to play this side between SOMETHING NEW and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, and not pay attention. It all sounds great that way.

The last two songs are interesting. *If You Change Your Mind* delves into Paul's ABBEY ROAD period, like the Wackers did on their last album, and *Drivin' Around* is, of all things, a Beach Boys routine straight out of *Heroes and Villains*. The first verse mentions getting out of school, driving in cars with tape decks blasting, and taking girls to the beach under the hot sun. When it comes to synthesizing ambience, these guys are real pros. This sort of thing opens all sorts of avenues that it would be great to see Raspberries pursue in future recordings. Why limit themselves to Beatles, after all?

In fact, such a move may be to their benefit in more ways than one. I haven't seen any other reviews yet, but it's hard to believe the critics will sit still for an album as overtly derivative as this. The fact that it's simply *fun* to do songs like this should not be ignored, and by fooling around with other, related styles, I think Raspberries could better put across this side of their intent. If what they are trying to do can be accepted as valid in the first place, maybe then people will listen closely enough to realize that Raspberries' songs are, beyond any stylistic considerations, really quite superior by any criteria of pop songwriting, and that this album is every bit as enjoyable as the classic Beatles albums. Maybe they didn't invent the style, but their work equal to that of the Masters. And being as good as the Beatles is, when you think about it, quite an accomplishment.

—Greg Shaw

BOOMER'S STORY Ry Cooder Reprise

Ry Cooder is a rarity among

studio musicians going the solo route. Cooder makes good recordings. Most of his session compatriots are not so lucky. Except for Cooder and Leon Russell the great back-up musicians in this world have a really dismal track record when it comes to going it alone as featured performer. Guitar pickers have had an especially bad time with recordings bearing their own names. Both James Burton and Steve Crooper came up with dead albums that seemed to owe more to muzak than rock 'n' roll.

Cooder manages to maintain his vitality and liveliness on his own records. He's just as funky on *BOOMER'S STORY* as he is on all those albums by Randy Newman, Arlo Guthrie and The Rolling Stones. His mandolin and bottleneck guitar playing are a familiar part of the Los Angeles studio scene. Cooder's own recordings include an added bonus to his distinctive picking style. He gets to sing. The Cooder voice is of the lowdown, backporch variety. He may go flat now and then but his vocals always display a great deal of emotion and feeling for the material.

Cooder's ability to choose his material is one of his greatest assets. He is able to pick songs that enable him to show off voice to good advantage and that allow him room to employ his considerable instrumental talents at the same time. Much of Cooder's musical selections deal with some aspect of Americana. In his earlier albums, *RY COODER* and *INTO THE PURPLE VALLEY*, musical topics have included the depression (*How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times As These*), religion (*Denomination Blues*), undesirables (*Billy The Kid*), presidents past (*FDR in Trinidad*) and cash (*Do Re Mi, Money Honey*).

BOOMER'S STORY follows the pattern set by the earlier Cooder albums. Three cuts in particular come together to form a mini-American history lesson. In rapid succession there's *Rally Round The Flag, Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer* and *President Kennedy*. *Rally* is sung and played like a funeral dirge — slow and mournful. The usual high spirits associated with such patriotic flag wavers is noticeably lacking. *Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer* is performed in a much zippier manner. With God on their side our boys have successfully bombed the daylight out of the enemy and are returning to home base. They'll make it back safely too because the Sky Pilot always watches over the good guys. On the other hand God was definitely not with JFK when he got his from Lee Harvey Oswald. A number of songs came out concerning the tragedy and one of the best was Sleepy John Estes' *John Kennedy*. Cooder's vocal is one of the most convincing he has ever recorded. It perfectly catches the sorrow of the assassination aftermath.

On a much happier note is *Crow Black Chicken* which is easily the most entertaining cut on the album. It may sound innocent at first listen but after a couple of hearings it becomes evident that when Cooder sings out the lines "the easiest work I ever done/was eatin' chicken pie" he isn't talking about the

Swanson kind. And, for a change, not one mention of brown sugar.

Ax Sweet Mama is another Sleepy John number featuring some great bordello mandolin playing from Cooder. The tune starts out happy with the singer getting promises of amour from a married lady. From love on to the bottle and a good time drunk. Finally however there's a warning about "consumption killing by degrees." The title cut and *Good Morning Mr. Railroad Man* are the least rewarding cuts. It seems there always has to be at least one song about how in the long run rambling round doesn't pay off. In *Boomer's Story* the lonesome traveling narrator is just about to get married when the train whistle blows and off goes the wanderer once again. *Good Morning Mr. Railroad Man* seems pretty dull beside all the neat train songs like *City of New Orleans* and *Click Clack*.

Dark End of the Street, *Maria Elana* and *Cherry Ball Blues* are all instrumental. *Maria Elana* is a south-of-the-border number that is mighty pretty but definitely out of place along side the raunch of sides like *Crow Black Chicken*. *Cherry Ball Blues* is a Skip James number which allows Cooder to excel with some aggressive acoustic and electric bottleneck guitar picking. *Dark End of the Street* is given a stunning workout by Cooder. A slow, bluesy number that might be classified as country and western blues, it features some stinging slide work which is as good anything Cooder has done previously.

Co-producers Jim Dickinson and Lenny Waronker have managed to keep *BOOMER'S STORY* free from any unnecessary orchestrations. Cooder's first album had Van Dyke Parks as a co-producer and Parks saw to it that a number of selections had violins in the background. Funk and The Living Strings don't go too well together. Dickinson replaced Parks on *INTO THE PURPLE VALLEY* and all extraneous arrangements were banished. The basic musical setup on *BOOMER'S STORY* is very simple. Bass, drums, piano and Ry Cooder. It is that last ingredient which makes *BOOMER'S STORY* one of the better releases to come out of Burbank this year.

—R. Wilson

IT'S TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD Capitol

The Maurice Chevalier of the deep South, the Booth Tarkington of the Bible Belt and the Perry Como of America's barbecued underbelly all rolled into one, Tennessee Ernie Ford has always been one of the big guns of quotidian aesthetics; totally forgettable, absolutely limpid and soporific even to the most severely stricken cardiovascular victim, the whole of his art over the past quarter of a century has amounted to one of the most pervasively benign tumors of ethnic Easy Listening to ever blossom from the tissues of American music's toe-tapping life-form.

A seminal influence on the likes of O.C. Smith, Bobbie Gentry, Jim Nabors and many others whose names somehow

escape me at the present time, Tennessee Ernie has, if nothing else, consistently shown us that the country and western eidos, too, is fertile loam for a modest bubble gum culture of its own. Long before Johnny Cash shot his wad three years ago and became a putty-faced attempt at his management's ill-rooted conception of a macho/left-wing country singin' star, Ernie Ford was being twice as lame without being even one-tenth as affected! Which is what Easy Listening's all about, right?

Ever since the days of *The Ballad of Davy Crockett*, *Farewell* and *Sixteen Tons*, old Tennessee Ernie has mirrored, in his songs as well as in his now interred TV show, a wholly bland and sterile euphemistic image of the South's bucolic middle class, the silent, God-fearing, nouveau white-collar, racist/sexist syndrome, served up a la *Father Knows Best* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. True pabulum. A veritable ethnic Disneyland. It was always impossible to dislike Ernie Ford: that name, that goddam evangelical smile, those immaculate fingernails, that avuncular moustache, the gleam of beneficence in those brown eyes of his, that voice and his "that little ol' pea-picker, me" — I mean, Jeezus, the guy's everybody's dying grandmother and kindergarten notion of a Nice Man, a true living archetype! And who can shrug off an archetype?

IT'S TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD, the archetype's latest vinyl cud, includes his re-cut of Willie Mabon's *I Don't Know*, one of Tennessee's earliest hits and the closest thing to raunch you'll ever find strewn this side of that man's larynx; *Yours and Mine* is a bit of the old paternal drive sentimentality ("Maybe someday/Between your chair/And my chair/There'll be a highchair"); there's one written by a lad who Tennessee Ernie used to babysit for, Steve Stone's *It's Good To Be Home Again*; *In the Eyes of My People* and Mac Davis' *A Poor Man's Gold* are syrupy celebrations of the familial scam; *The Pea-Pickin' Cook* and *Granny Dips Snuff* are the album's two bids at what I presume is light-hearted folk humor, the former a series of clichéd Southern recipes, the latter a watered-down cop on Hank Thompson's *Teach 'Em How To Swim*, substituting snuff for booze; *Sunday's Still A Special Day To Me* is about how even though I'm all grown and on my own now, with children of my own, I still remember mama and the way she said grace, buddy; which brings us to *Mama's Song* and a remaining trio of tunes which, to say the least, would not prove catchy even amongst a community of lattahs.

Tennessee Ernie Ford continues to be to the South what Al Jolson was to black consciousness. But don't play him short; he's the Holy Ghost.

—Nick Tosches

CROSSCURRENTS Lennis Tristano & Buddy DeFranco Capitol

It's a little difficult for a generation raised amidst the tumult and brouhaha of the rock music industry to completely comprehend the nature of jazz,

or what it meant to the people in the late Forties and early Fifties, who regarded it with the relatively quiet mania as something personal and important, something vital, something that they felt was "their music." But for most of us, the temptation to become cultural primitives is very great. We can acknowledge the debt to the past when it comes to Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly. The roots of rock are explored in excess by conscientious archivists and record companies, who are busily chronicling everything from the Shirelles to Chubby Checker. But anything beyond that is almost regarded as pre-history, as something as curious and archaic as button hook collections, or some of the other senseless obsessions of our elders. The growth and maturation of Jazz has blended into a blur so homogenized that even its most significant events have been lost.

But now Capitol records, in a series of re-releases, have cleared away the dust of some twenty years of neglect, and are bringing out from their vaults a considerable body of work by some of the best jazzmen of the age, and incidentally some of the most historic musical pieces in existence. In the first fifteen volumes of the Capitol Jazz Classics are included not only Miles Davis' *BIRTH OF THE COOL* recording, the most famous of the trend setters, but also the piano work of Nat King Cole, almost eclipsed by his later singing career and the unfortunate later prostitutionized material like *Those Lazy Crazy Days of Summer*, by which most of the younger people today remember him. The series also includes the early work of Jerry Mulligan and a recording of Coleman Hawkins, and also perhaps the most historic of all, Lennis Tristano and his groups, who bridged more convincingly than even Miles Davis' *BIRTH OF THE COOL*, the roots of jazz's past and the free form era of Mingus, Ornette Coleman, and John Coltrane.

There was never a jazz pianist or bandleader like Lennis Tristano. Working in a period when the majority of the bands were still molding their sound in the bebop style of Charlie Parker, with large, sometimes haphazard orchestrations inherited from the swing era, Lennie Tristano, while acknowledging his own debt to swing, nevertheless strove to create a disciplined low key assemblage. He operated as much like a stern drill master as a bandleader, ordering his musicians to do specific arrangements, cutting out all extraneous "improvisations," and relegating the drummers and bassists to the most colorless job of time keeping roles. It was hard for many of them to accept, because Tristano's demands flew directly in the face of the very pride of the jazzmen, their freedom to improvise. But it made Tristano's bands the tightest, most consistent going, and insured that the intent behind such restrictions, to force the listener's attention to the melodic lines, succeeded.

As a style, it was so revolutionary that the Capitol bureaucrats immediately seized some of the tapes upon completion of the recording sessions, erased some, and consigned the others

to the dungeons. However, some months later, a disc jockey got his hands on two of the tapes, and played them three or four times a week on his show, and the response was so great that the company finally became convinced that Tristano wasn't a lunatic, and released them. The two recordings were *Intuition* and *Digression* and their influence among the jazzmen of the time (1949) was so profound that virtually by themselves, the songs brought into being the "cool jazz" style that would dominate the music for twenty years.

Although Lennis Tristano made his influence felt among a full generation of musicians, he never became an obtrusive figure to the general public. As a pianist, he was thoughtful, gentle and serene, and thoroughly radical. The saxophones of Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh spoke with a pale clearness that matched perfectly the subtle colorations and moods of the band.

Side two of the album contains several pieces by Buddy DeFranco's band of the same period. In the context of the time, the music is more reassuring, more "respectable," and with the exception of *A Bird in Igor's Yard*, a good example of how other minds were working towards the territory scouted by Lennis Tristano. But DeFranco lacked Tristano's pioneer spirit, and the pieces, while excellent, fail to affect the listener as deeply.

Now, if any modern rock and rollers should wonder what in bejesus this music has to do with them, the next time they lay out the inflated prices for the jazz rock albums that regularly flood the market, they might like to hear the work of true artists, and not just the pale imitations. If you think that you would like to hear some good jazz, you might find *CROSSCURRENTS* to be easily one of the most satisfying albums you could buy.

—Rob Houghton

MATCHING MOLE British CBS

Matching Mole, for those of you who were wondering, is the name of the band formed by ex-Soft Machine drummer Robert Wyatt following his departure from that august organization last year. And, while I'm on the subject of the Soft Machine, it is interesting to note that when one translates "soft machine" into French, one comes up with the words "machine mol." Interesting, eh?

However, *MATCHING MOLE* sounds quite unlike the Soft Machine, and very much like Robert Wyatt's sole album *THE END OF AN EAR*. The band is comprised of Phil Miller (from Delivery) on guitar, Bill MacCormack on bass guitar, electric pianist Dave McRae, ex-Caravan organist David Sinclair (one of Britain's finest keyboardists, who has since departed to join Lol Coxhill's new group), and, of course, Robert, who plays mellotron, piano, drums and voice. All of them are excellent musicians, and their debut album is quite impressive.

O Caroline, the opening track is a beautiful love song sung by Robert in his unmistakable, faltering soprano voice. He also

accompanies himself with some superb Mellotron passages. Besides a haunting melody, the song features one of the best lines ever written:

"If you call this sentimental crap, you'll make me mad."

Instant Pussy, with its multi-tracked, monosyllabic chanting is very reminiscent of Robert's version of *Las Vegas Tango ON THE END OF AN EAR*. *Signed Curtain* is another poignant Wyatt love song, that has Robert once again singing his endearing, off-key vocals.

Part of the Dance, the final track on side one, is an extended piece written by guitarist Phil Miller. It is the longest, and most ambitious song on the album; containing some brilliant drumming by Robert, and excellent keyboard work by both Dave McRae and Dave Sinclair.

Instant Kitten sounds quite a bit like an excerpt from *Nine Feet Underground* from Caravan's *LAND OF GREY AND PINK* album. *Dedicated to Hugh, But You Weren't Listening* has very much the same type of feel, due mostly to Sinclair's instantly recognizable style.

Beer as in Brain Deer and *Immediate Curtain*, the album's final two tracks are pieces of dissonant space-music, filled with eerie Mellotron chords and cascading echoes (watch out Hawkwind).

All in all, *MATCHING MOLE* is quite an amazing debut album, and unless you're someone who thinks that Blood Sweat and Tears is a great jazz-rock band, it will well be worth your while to try and scrounge up a copy.

—Lee Kaplan Esq.

WATERLOO LILY Caravan London

While so many American groups are laid back in the country or lapsed into a blues funk, a number of British bands are keeping aloft the torch of "progressive music," incorporating diverse elements of jazz and rock to explore extended improvisatory pathways and push back conventional musical boundaries. The problem, however, is that such explorations frequently stray so far from the basic rock 'n' roll foundation that they lose virtually all emotional impact and drive; and, as a partial consequence, more often than not the resultant records are boring as hell.

Caravan, after undergoing a couple of key personnel changes, seems firmly embarked upon such a jazz-influenced improvisational course; on their new album, *WATERLOO LILY*, they allocate their resources in approximately equal proportions to fairly conventional pop-oriented numbers and a pair of extended pieces. And unfortunately, when they stretch out, the effect is on the whole quite disappointing. The worst offender was the *Nothing At All/It's Coming Soon/Nothing At All (Reprise)* track (compound titles being a sure indicator of forthcoming long and improvisational endeavors). It opened with a lengthy sequence of meandering guitar/piano interplay which quickly became so tedious that I resorted to analyzing the bass work (an expedient, I need hardly add, (Con't on Page 31))

JAZZ

SZABO GETS TIRED

Maybe it's called "re-trenching." Maybe it's some sort of inverse egoism ("Having proven that I'm good enough to play huge arenas, now I'd like to play tiny folk clubs," or something). Maybe it's just a desire to return to one's beginnings. In any case, Gabor Szabo — one of the best-known (though not always one of the best) of contemporary jazz or jazz/rock guitarists — recently performed at McCabe's, a small guitar shop/concert room dedicated to nearly all styles of string-instrument playing. Szabo played an acoustic guitar, and was accompanied by an acoustic bassist (a fellow Hungarian, whose name might have been Louis Kolok, though I wouldn't want to bet on it) and a splendid Spanish guitar player called Jimmy Stewart (Stuart?).

Now, Szabo is not a *bad* guitarist by any means. It's just that (even at the best of times) his tricks are starting to get tiring, his technique is begging to appear less than impressive, and his ideas are threatening to remain small ones. With amplification, a heady, top-notch ensemble around him, and some carefully chosen material, he can sound quite good in spite of this. Without these things, he somehow seems remarkably thin. (Perhaps he needs a drummer, for one thing, to contain his racy gypsy sense of time.)

The arrangements here were ragged (or the lack of them was unfortunately bald-faced). On things like *Autumn Leaves* (every note a grace note), one had the impression of three string players in three separate rooms, perhaps attempting to play the same song at the same time (and with the same intonation) as a part of some musical ESP experiment or other. Too, Szabo's lines suddenly seemed a little messier than they ought to have been. But, then, very few jazzmen can really play guitar as clearly as they ought to.

Stewart, though, it must be said, stood up remarkably well to his leader. Particularly noteworthy was his unaccompanied version of Django's *Nuages*, more French impressionism than gypsy realism (but that's all right), which led into a delicious ensemble reading of *People*. Stewart was associated with Szabo's groups for some years. If I were Szabo today, I would think very seriously about getting up on the same bandstand with Stewart in an acoustic context again.

RECORDS

EL PAMPERO by Gato Barbieri (Flying Dutchman, FD 10151), a brilliant carnival of music (Lonnie Liston Smith's piano is a bright Equatorial tidal scheme, Na-Na's percussion is a sea of gaudy dancers, the leader's rich tenor is a wave of light, ripping, swelling, crashing, a *tsunami* made of people's voices, surging in parade), recorded in 1971 at the Montreux Jazz Festival. **PARIS**

CONCERT by Circle (ECM 1018/19 ST) with the long gone miracle quartet of Anthony Braxton, Chick Corea, Barry Altschul, and Dave Holland, exercising their temporal and textural elegances in both individual and mutual improvisations that sometimes sound more like Birtwistle than Bird (but that sometimes don't);

THE LEGENDARY PROFILE by the Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic SD 1623), with all of the austere, lyrical precision one has come to expect of this group, even if they are more of a venerable institution than a living, breathing jazz being; **THE GIANTS OF JAZZ** (Atlantic SD 2-905), speaking of venerable institutions (though, in this case, the players are mostly institutions separately and are not an institution as a group), with Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Al McKibbin, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Stitt, and Kai Winding (Kai *Winding?*) recorded live in London last year, where they were to be found performing slightly dusty classics like *Night in Tunisia*, *Tin Tin Deo*, *Woody 'n' You*, *Everything Happens to Me*

THE FABULOUS PAUL BLEY QUINTET (America 30 AM 6120), which is a truly legendary, never before available recording of Bley with Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Billy Higgins, recorded live in Los Angeles in 1958 by Bley himself (though the piano is perhaps hardest to hear well hereon), and featuring a clearly recorded Ornette playing just splendidly, with a Parker tune, Roy Eldridge's *I Remember Harlem*, and two Ornette originals, including *Free*. This is an extremely important addition to the recorded history of the avant garde in jazz, and it would be very nice indeed if somebody like Atlantic (or whoever) could see their way to buying it up and releasing it here, so that French jazz fans wouldn't be the only ones able to hear it.

—Colman Andrews

The Rock And Roll Rival (Con't from page 10)

maintained an aloofness in a way, or kind of a step away from the whole thing. But I knew it was important...

"When I do the Garden shows I don't want anybody to disturb me. I don't want them to talk to me, I don't want them to ask me stupid questions — and they do, you know. 'Where's my seat? Can I go in the back?' and all that kind of thing. That irritates me, and I really don't know why. I'm cool, I know what's all going on, and I'm on top of every situation, but somebody asks me a stupid question or an irrelevant question when early rock 'n' roll music is playing, it bothers me, and I don't know why. I haven't sat down and psyched it out yet. Even when it's on the radio, somebody will ask me a question — ask me anything — it disturbs me. I'd like to find out why. It's really weird."

Richard Nader pauses and stares through pinkness into the night, where a desert wind is playing hurricane with the foliage and the people scurrying from their rooms to the casino. *"I don't know if I really want to analyze it."*

NOVEMBER'S BEST

1. GLITTER
2. WHO CAME FIRST
3. FRESH RASPBERRIES
4. ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
5. NERVOUS ON THE ROAD
6. BOOMER'S STORY

- GARY GLITTER
- PETE TOWNSEND
- THE RASPBERRIES
- MOTT THE HOOPLE
- BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
- RY COODER

- BELL
- TRACK
- CAPITOL
- COLUMBIA
- UNITED ARTISTS
- WARNER BROS.

NOVEMBER'S SHO-HUMS

1. RHYMES AND REASONS
2. MY REAL NAME IS 'AROLD
3. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY LIVE
4. BULLDOG
5. WATERFALL
6. PURPLE PASSAGES

- CAROLE KING
- ALAN CLARKE
- IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
- BULLDOG
- IF
- DEEP PURPLE

- ODE
- EPIC
- COLUMBIA
- DECCA
- METROMEDIA
- WARNER BROS.

NOVEMBER'S WORST

1. CARAVANSERAI
2. WHY DON'T CHA
3. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
4. THE LADY'S NOT FOR SALE
5. HEADS
6. SUPERPAK VOL. 2

- SANTANA
- WEST, BRUCE & LAING
- THE BEE GEES
- RITA COOLIDGE
- OSIBISA
- CHER

- COLUMBIA
- COLUMBIA
- ATCO
- A&M
- DECCA
- UNITED ARTISTS



Happy doin' what they're doin'... BRINSLEY SCHWARZ

The time for titters is over. There's nothing silly about a group named Brinsley Schwarz, especially when they're making music that draws from such a rich vein of musical tradition. Few groups have managed to strike this chord of universal experience, and Brinsley Schwarz has been compared to all of them.

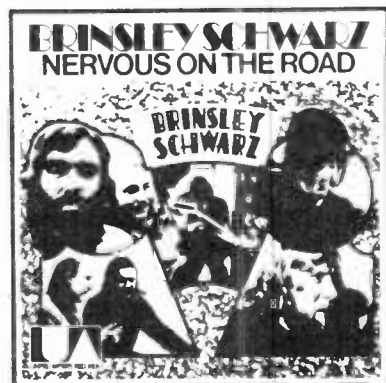
Mike Saunders: "Brinsley have come up with melodies and hooks that easily equal that of The Band at their best."

Gene Sculatti: "(they) follow the lead of Dylan, The Band, Little Feat and the Grateful Dead."

Greg Shaw: "The Band, the Dead, Dylan, the Byrds — all are known for their reshaping of American cultural archetypes into rock music. Brinsley Schwarz, despite their British origin, manage to do the same and do it equally well."

Their music is instantly recognizable by the warm melodies and vocals of Nick Lowe and Ian Gomm, its tight, semi-acoustic, totally relaxed mood, and its honest good cheer. Their fourth album, *"Nervous On The Road"* is even more delightful than their previous work. Chris Kenner's "I Like It Like That"

and Ronnie Self's *"Home In My Hand"* duplicate the goodtime feeling of Commander Cody. *"It's Been So Long"* is a pure pop gem reminiscent of the early sixties, like the Beatles doing Buddy Holly after a few jugs of wine. *"Happy Doing What We're Doing"* could be compared to the Dead's *"Playing In The Band."* Threads of all these styles run through their music, but the result is pure Brinsley Schwarz. There are some records you just know are important the first time you hear them. This is one of those records.



On United Artists
Records & Tapes



<p>Performances (cont. from page 5)</p> <p>band, but they hardly treat the rest of the group like dirt as rumor had it.</p> <p>Most of the material they played that night came from their new LP, and most of it was sinister, tinged slightly in some cases with the unmistakable Bowie feel for the luciously bizarre. But they have by no means been taken over by Ziggy and are still their own band, and Ian Hunter felt it necessary to take a moment to tell the audience that — “<i>We’ll never change.</i>” In between their new songs they sprinkled a few weirdies like Lou Reed’s <i>Sweet Jane</i>, during which Hunter spent a verse or two imitating the composer to mostly his own delight. <i>Waiting For My Man</i> was similarly strange and ground on in perfect form. Mott, through a combination of six and twelve string guitars, manages to put out a sound constantly tempered by an acoustic-sounding Byrds-ish edge, and when they slam out a riff Hunter’s instrument adds al-</p>	<p>together pleasing new tonal colours. Keyboards, bass and drums show marvelous agility and sensitivity to each other’s parts as well.</p> <p>I got into the act when Hunter asked if anyone remembered the Ventures and I alone applauded. He turned to me and began a dissertation on the Ventures’ guitars, proudly holding his six string up and claiming it was a vintage year for Vox or whatever. Now think, when’s the last time a group let on on stage that they liked the Ventures?! Is Mott the Hoople progressive, I ask you!?</p> <p>At any rate their encore was introduced by “<i>There’s only been one rock and roll band in England and that’s the Rolling Stones,</i>” whereupon they launched into a loose version of <i>Honky Tonk Woman</i> which Mick Ralphs became quickly enthralled with, playing off the drummer like mad. When Mott got to the U.S., Lester Bangs should kiss Hunter on the lips for that intro. Well, share a beer with him anyhow.</p> <p>—Mark Leviton</p>	<p>Phonograph Record Reviews (Con’t from page 29)</p> <p>which becomes quite necessary when the music in question is reasonably exciting). This proved to be a diverting but unfulfilling series of variations on the so-called “walking bass” patterns, including the stumbling bass, the hopscotching bass, and particularly the lurching bass, which tended to dominate the proceedings. Meanwhile, the drummer was laying down a most consummately lethargic beat: you could dance to it, provided you were fond of the more sedate styles of rumbas and had taken the precaution of turning the record up to 78 rpm beforehand.</p> <p>Eventually the track’s pace became so sluggish that I was forced to drop a rack of Tireds for medicinal purposes, which did see me through the remainder of the song, but sub-</p>	<p>sequently provoked in me the extraordinary delusion that the following tune, a vocal number called <i>Songs and Signs</i>, was some kind of bizarre cross between <i>The Girl From Ipanema</i> and <i>Alone Again (Naturally)</i>. The next day, however, it still sounded like an Astrud Gilberto/Sullivan hybrid, so I’m afraid I’m stuck with the nalogy for better or worse.</p> <p>In all fairness, the second side is somewhat superiod, being of a generally more melodic and/or lively tone. <i>The World is Yours</i>, the final track, is rather pretty withal, perhaps the most pleasant cut on the LP; and <i>The Love In Your Eye</i>, the inaugural phase of the second compound extended track, is notable for marking the comeback of Colin Frechter, colloquially known as the “Fifth Trogg” in the heyday of that legendary Andoverian aggregation. He contributes a competent string arrangement here, but in any case his place in rock history is already assured by virtue of his memorable ocarina solo in <i>Wild Thing</i>, and most likely he might essay in the future will affect that standing</p>	<p>one way or another. The long track just cited, travelling under the unweildy but impressive sobriquet of <i>The Love In Your Eye/To Catch Me A Brother/Subsultus/Debouchement/Tilbury Kecks</i>, sadly degenerates into another tedious series of improvisations, most notably a wah-wah guitar/electric piano duet of positively paralyzing propensities.</p> <p>The other vocal numbers, <i>Aristocracy</i> and <i>Waterloo Lily</i>, are essentially undistinctive and fail to redeem the transgressions of the extended tracks. <i>WATERLOO LILY</i> is emphatically no <i>Waterloo Sunset</i>, and though the group is not without ability by any means, if they continue along their present course they will soon become completely unlistenable. I feel it behooves Caravan, in association with their guiding production company, “Gruggy Woof,” to take careful stock of their future directions, hopefully deciding to edge back towards the pop mainstream. For the nonce, though, I would suggest avoiding this LP unless for use as a sedative.</p> <p>—Ken Barnes</p>
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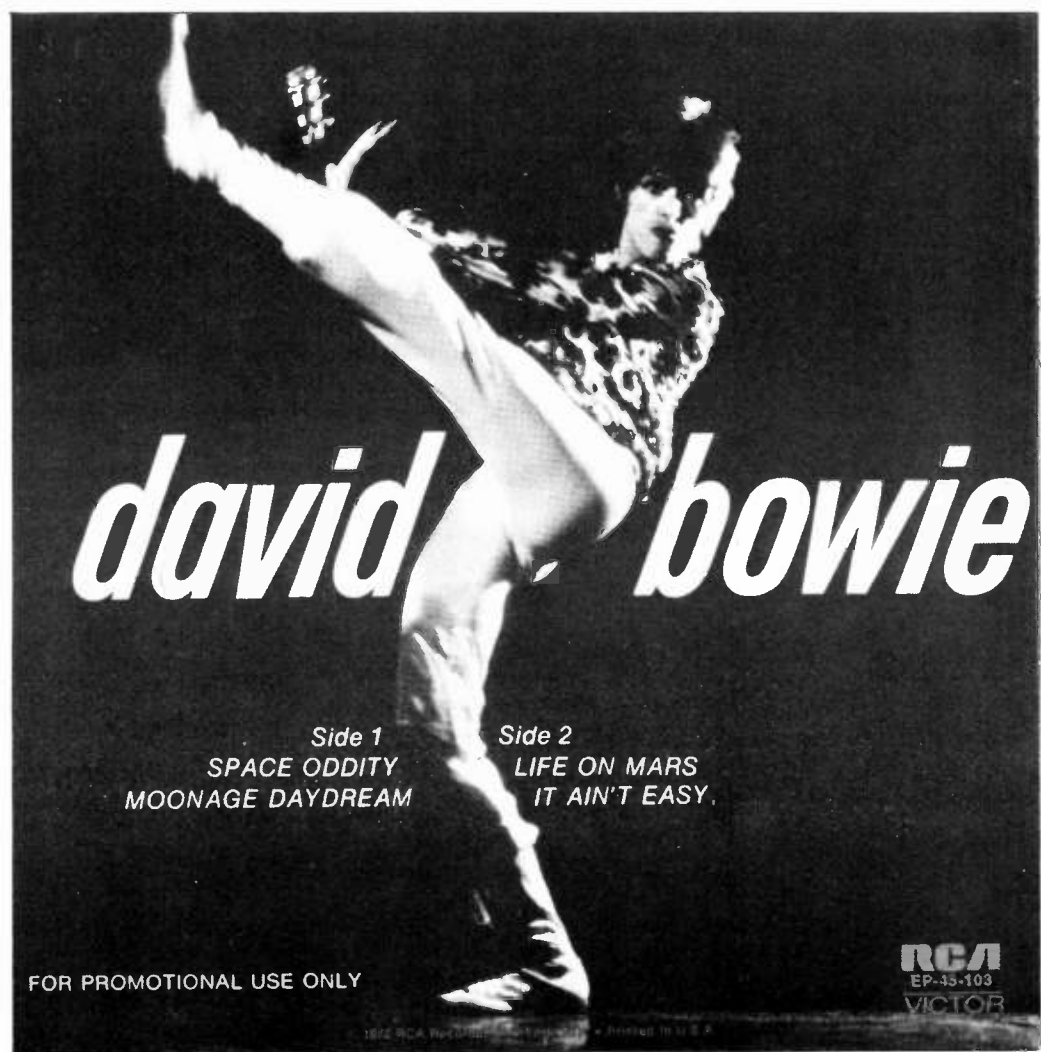
ARE YOU WHAT YOU EAT?

Does your mother think you look a scream? If you saw a David Bowie pin-up in the loo of your favorite hang-out, would you look away? Do you sometimes wish that your sister did as much for her glad-rags as you do? Are there times when you wished your old lady entertained her outside men at home? Questions such as these, of course, are a matter for you and your conscience to decide in the privacy of your inner sanctum. But if David Bowie a.k.a. Ziggy Stardust hits you where you live, then you’ll want to be the first to own a copy of his neat-o’*For Promotional Use Only*” extended-play 45 RPM disc, featuring such classic bits of Bowie-biz as the original single-version of *Space Oddity*, the orgasmically itchykoo *Moonage Daydream*, the cryptic *Life On Mars* and the slickly-slidey *It Ain’t Easy*. If you’re inclined to like anybody who likes David Bowie, if you often wish that people bit first and asked questions later, drop us a line and tell us what you’d tell David if you had a chance to be alone with him. We’ve got 500 copies of this EP to give away, so with lipstick, eyeliner or any other necessary tool at your disposal, enter our contest, or forever hold your piece.

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