

# Family



FAMILY ANYWAY

This album, released previously in England, is available now in the United States for the first time. Since it was recorded, Family has issued a new album, *BANDSTAND*, but while they have changed and certainly progressed in the intervening time, this album is a classic example of their unusual, imaginative style. This album also offers the only available live recordings by Family, one whole side's worth, as well as *In My Own Time* which was not included on the English version. Not only collectors and Family fans, but anyone who appreciates the unusual in rock, is sure to be grateful that *ANYWAY* has finally come out.



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PRM

FEBRUARY, 1973

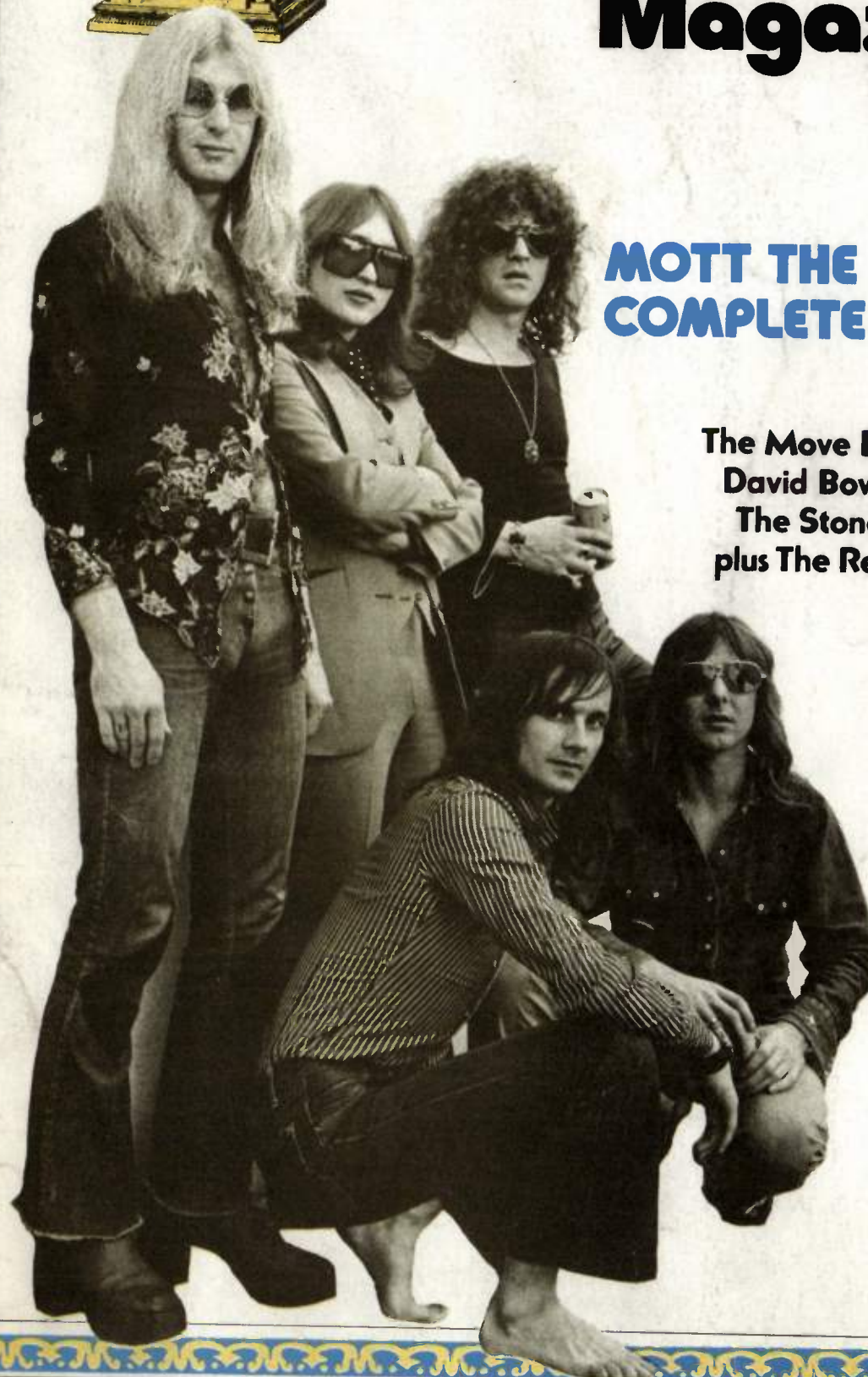


## Phonograph Record Magazine

50¢

**MOTT THE HOOPLE'S  
COMPLETE HISTORY**

The Move Divide & Conquer,  
David Bowie's Love Letters,  
The Stones in Los Angeles,  
plus The Return of the Troggs





**FEBRUARY, 1973**



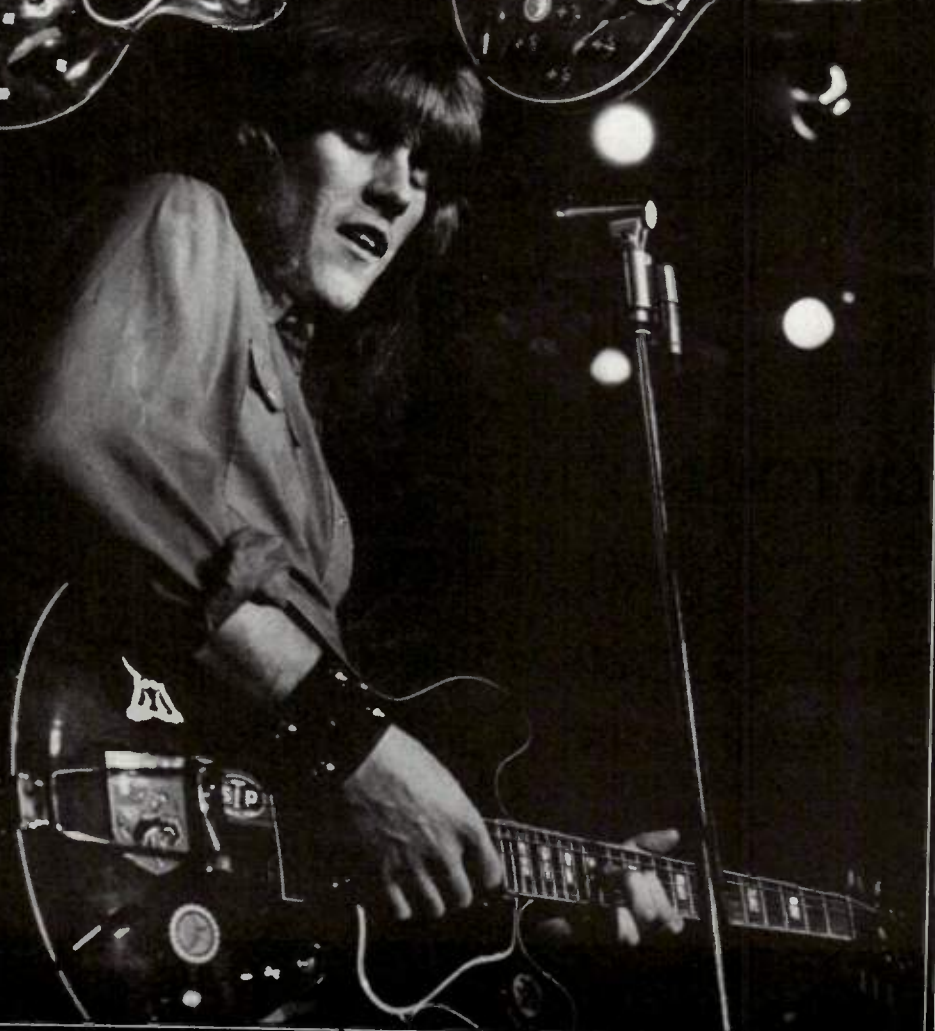
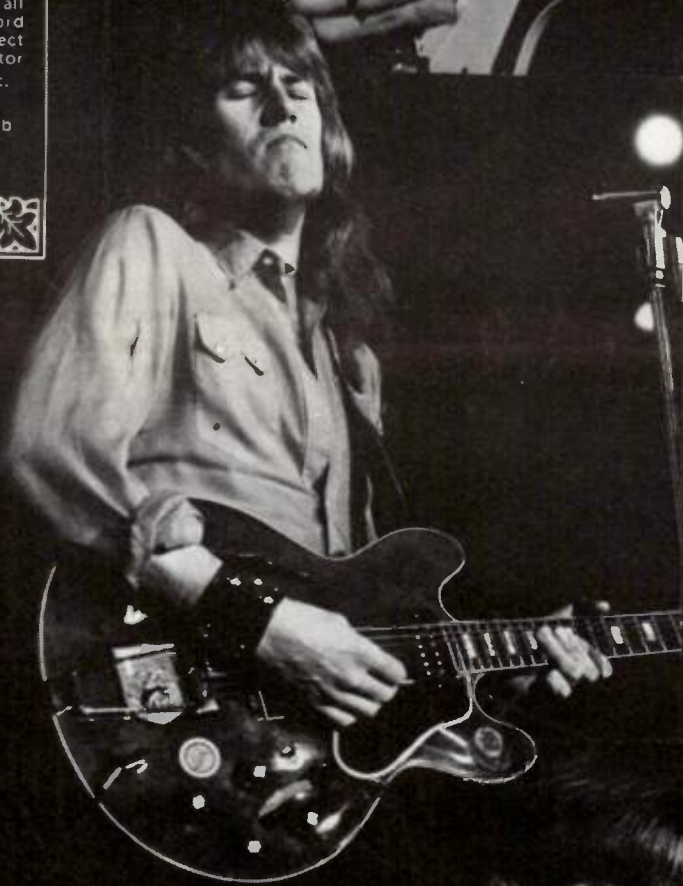
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Correction: Ted Weintraub is not the owner of the E-Club in Los Angeles as reported in the January, 1973 issue.

Alvin Lee





# FAN MAIL

## LET THE CHILDREN BOOGIE

Dear PRM:

In regard to Steve Simels' letter in your November issue, we would like to say:

### PISS OFF.

Did anyone you like ever sell out 30,000 seats within one month in a city like Cleveland? So many people wanted to see him that he was forced to make another appearance. If he can't write songs then why have the albums that he has made become such large sellers? We agree the band was good but without Bowie they would be nothing. From that statement about not needing a faggot with balls, it's pretty obvious what kind of person you are. If you think that Bowie is so rotten, why did you see him in the first place? In the words of Bowie:

*Let the children lose it,*

*Let the children use it*

*Let all the children boogie.*

Bowie Boogie Fans of Brooklyn  
CK & CR & JW & LW & JB &  
CW & SS & GM & KF, etc. etc.

Dear PRM:

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that November's "Best, Worst, Ho-Hums" really *blows*. I'm sure that our friend Mike Saunders had something to do with getting the new Raspberries album (retch) picked as one of the best. Most of the time I can go along with your choices, but this month there was just no way! Greg Shaw, however, didn't let me down and continued his consistently fine work by writing a great piece of Slade. I can easily see why Greg is co-editor of PRM and Saunders only a writer, but what puzzles me is why every single issue has at least two M. Saunders' reviews and sometimes more. Why don't you cut out some of his garbage and make room for reviews by some of the more talented and *tasteful* writers on your staff? I'd sure pay \$5 to see Lester Banks kick in Mike Saunders' ass!

Chiip Franks  
Largo, Florida

P.S. I thought Lester Bangs' letter to Lady Bangla Boom was just great. Keep on rockin', Lester. Also, I'd like to bust the ass of whoever put WHY DON'T CHA in November's worst. I recently bought that album and I'd hate to think I wasted by money.

*(We asked Mike Saunders, and he sez you wasted your money. Mike, incidentally, is*



Robert Plant and Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin, whose new album still isn't out...

*what they call a "critic's critic." Or at least, that's the most printable thing they call him. — Ed.)*

Dear Mike Saunders:

I read your note to Eric and he asked me to relay the following:

The greater part of FRESH RASPBERRIES was written after several dozen continuous listenings to LESLEY GORE'S GREATEST HITS. He ranks it as one of his top three favorite albums and if you listen to FRESH again with this in mind, you'll hear more than one startling similarity. Eric compliments your perception and your good taste.

Thanks from all of us for you faith in the group.

Love,  
Jimmy Jenner, Manager  
Raspberries  
New York, New York

P.S. Your observation re LOCOMOTION is correct.

Dear Longhaired Punks:

I don't know that that there Rick Nelson article had all the facts quite clear. I was *too* listening to the whole interview, and have the tape here to prove it.

And that remark about my listening to Gene Autry records was uncalled for. I listen mainly to such contemporary trendsetters as John Fogerty, Neil Diamond, Carole King and David Bowie. Marc Bolan and the Yes are, admittedly, a bit "far out" for me, but at least give me credit for trying to understand.

Well, I guess I'll mosey along now. There are Christmas presents from record companies and publicists left to unwrap, and I can't be bothered with idealistic young teenagers.

Who is that Mike Saunders kid, anyway? He can't be from Texas.

Del Porter  
Saugus, California

Dear PRM:

David Cassidy never wanted to sing Bubblegum to the local boppers club. But I'm afraid Laufer (*Tiger-Beat Mag*, *Partridge Mag*, *Tiger-Beat Spectacular*, etc.) had his own greedy ideas. Cassidy had his own obligations to sing Partridge. That would have been passable. But Laufer and others of the same ilk had to jump in. As soon as they forced him up to boppers they also forced him down in decent music. He does have a great voice, believe it or not. Come on, give him a chance. His new album, ROCK ME BABY, is in some points that far-out right kind of grungy and other parts it has a great melody like Moody Blues sometimes get. You wouldn't believe it was Cassidy if you didn't know. He's got too much talent to let them wreck him. Oh no, no way! Remember Nesmith? Cassidy is very serious, you should know if you heard anything of a certain issue of *Rolling Stone*. Just give him a listen, he's really got fine stuff.

Jesus loves you,  
Kat Wadhoem  
Lima, Ohio

*(We agree with you, Kat. But you shouldn't downgrade the rest of the Partridge Family. Their albums are the best thing since Every Mother's Son. — Ed.)*

Dear PRM:

Tell Mike Saunders to go kill himself. Not only couldn't I understand what the hell he meant in his review of

HOMEcoming (by America), but he's crazy. America isn't acid rock, but it's not supposed to be. It's supposed to be folk-rock that is pleasant and easy to listen to. Anyway, even if he didn't like the record why put down the group? He also said that the only thing worse than that was Chicago V. Chicago isn't supposed to be hard rock either. If the only thing he likes is hard rock, then why does he review other kinds of records?

Perhaps you've heard of David Rensin. He's another prominent reviewer. He listens to America a lot and likes it. He lists America as one of his 10 most listened to records.

Anyway I just wanted to toss in a couple of new ideas.

Randall Wixen  
Los Angeles, California

P.S. Please print this so people can see how I feel. By the way, not counting that review, I like your magazine.

## ADDITIONS TO NOVEMBER'S WORST

Dear Sirs:

What happened to Joni Mitchell, James Taylor, Lou Reed, Stevie Wonder, Supremes, Joe Cocker, Grateful Dead, Gayle McCormick, War, Neil Diamond, Flash, Youngbloods, America, Helen Reddy, Al Kooper, Bread, Moody Blues, Barbra Streisand, the Mothers, Rare Earth, Dr. Hook, two reissued Bowies, Savoy Brown, Poco, Herbie Mann, Duane Allman, CCR, Edgar Winger, Sam Butera & the Witnesses, Shawn Phillips, Loggins & Messina, Tim Weisberg, Dells, Esther Phillips, Melanie, Steve Miller, Jade Warrior, Richie Havens, Delaney Bramlett, Jimi Hendrix, Capt. Beefheart, Bang, David Bromberg, Genesis, Ekseption, McKendree Spring, Plainsong, Trapeze, Carly Simon, and Sarah? They were all released in November. How, how can you insult the intelligence of your readers by your picks (Best and Worst) of November? Open your ears!

L. L. Doty  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Dear PRM:

I've been picking PRM up at record shops for two years now, and I really like it. I like it for what it is and also for what it is not. All of the other rock mags seem to feel it necessary to establish their

(Continued on page 30)

# THE ROCK CHRONICLE



We've been around awhile, in case you hadn't noticed. Twenty issues, to be exact. Our writers include all the top names—Lester Bangs, Ed Ward, R. Meltzer, John Mendelsohn, Bobby Abrams, Greg Shaw, Chet Flippo, Richard Cromelin, Mike Saunders and more, and today PRM is considered one of the top rock publications.

Since our circulation has increased by 100,000 in the past year, you might not have seen the earlier issues. So, we're making them available, while they last, at 50¢ each. Just choose from the issues listed below. Send your money to Phonograph Record Magazine, Back Issues Dept., P.O. Box 1860, Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

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# PERFORMANCES

THE ROLLING STONES  
THE FORUM  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**PRE CONCERT REHEARSAL SHIT.** The Rolling Stones splashed down at L.A.'s International Airport on January 16, 1973 in preparation for the benefit concert for Nicaragua and the earthquake victims. Mick, rumored to be staying either at a palatial estate in Bel Air or at Michael Butler's house in Hollywood (both of which any good star getter in L.A. knows the address of), phoned the inimitable Frank Zappa, from either Kingston, Jamaica or his airplane prior to landing. Purpose of call — to reserve some studio rehearsal time at the nappy Italian's secluded studio. Coming off a bad fall, himself, the convalescing, mustachioed Frank, zapped Mick's request on the grounds that he himself was using the facilities. "The 1973 Spitefulness/Pettiness award" is thusly awarded to Mr. Frank Zappa for trying to get back at Mick for not wanting to appear in the mad musicians' 200 MOTELS two years ago. For the next few sweaty hours rumors ran rampant that the Stones would, for the second year in a row use Warner Bros. trusty studio sound stage in Burbank. After several sly reports from grease happy D.J.'s who were receiving erroneous reports from amphetimized helicopter tactical forces on where the Stones were rehearsing next (Lindy Opera House, Michael Butler's House. The Continental Hyatt House the group were left but one alternative. Enter Artie their expert kosher chauffeur who directed the men to the infamous yet dependable Studio Instrumental Rental Studios. After several hours of sorting out old and new tunes like *Money*, *Route 66*, *Starfucker* and *You Should Have Seen Her Ass*; Mick went home at roughly 1:30 a.m. to read his mail and the pink papered London Financial Times, star balled and ass swollen ready for a lot of extraneous hot shit.

**HOT SHIT.** The night before the concert was hot. For instance, Fable, the hot headed sugar pussy from Anaheim. The Stones, staying at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel room 300 in the old wing, were besieged by such Hollywood honkies as Sable and her million dollar baby Teddy. As the story goes, Fable bumped into the Stones hotel on route to her sopor connection. After paying off a bell boy with one of Teddy's crisp one hundreds, Fable found her fondest wish beyond room 301, none other than "Tooth" Richards. After hysterically trying to bang the door down and getting a verbal barrage from what sounded like a female Nicaraguan voice to the tune of "Quit your damn banging bitch"; Fable fell past the unlocked clandestine cubicle, on to the floor, out cold and sexually incapable. Loosing one of her own teeth, and a tumbling bottle of 96 sopors; which by the way were scooped up by several other more together hot hangers-on, Fable still remains one of Hollywood's and the Stones truest, hottest stray cats, now identifiable by a very large gap in her mouth and a new Fable tooth earring in her heated left lobe. On the other hand there was hot and firey Margareeta. The Highland Avenue, five time loser, nymphomaniac turned good manager to get her rocks off by seducing bearded young men in front of the Forum for their ducats. Starting at roughly 3:00 p.m. that afternoon, applying the old adage that "the way to a man's heart is through his ding-a-ling"; Margareeta hummed and pulled off two \$25 and four \$10 ticket jobs in the Forum parking lot eventually selling her wares for a grand total of \$200. Cashing in on her earnings she returned to her old man, a retired South American pimp who after scalping five quarter century bingos himself, took his hot self to a local Jack in the Box and a drive in where they did it all night while on the screen the double bill was **PERFORMANCE** and **GIMME SHELTER**.

**TICKET SHIT.** Supply and demand is a funny thing and human nature is even funnier, if not handled properly both can lead to disaster.



Stones Photos by Jeff Mayer

Mick gives his all for Nicaragua and his mother-in-laws welfare, as LA's finest gaze on in rapture.

No one can tell me that anyone who attended the Stones Benefit (except for the priest in the tenth row) was interested in helping the earthquake victims more than seeing the Stones. If they were, they would have given at the office and went bowling Thursday night or at least to Rodney's new club. The big "rush" was to see the Stones, and of course there was also a big rush to procure tickets.

Cameron Crowe reportedly got one as a present from a P.R. firm for interviewing the Staton Brothers and The Section simultaneously. Danny Sugerman got two because some one said he was doing a piece for Rolling Stone and contributing a whole issue of his **HEAVY METAL DIGEST** to Mick and the benefit. Groucho Marx called for a pair. Max Palevsky was put on hold. Meanwhile, the aging shutterbug, Richard Creamer got his free, but sold the elusive stub to David Bowie's manager Tony De Fries so he could grease his girlfriend with it. Iggy Pop's management couldn't afford \$150.00, but made alternate arrangements. Ahmet Ertegun wanted ten tickets but had to wait...a very short while. A balding David Crosby sidestepped outside the backstage enclosure like an expectant

groupie. David, Elliot and Jonie sans Jack Nicholson made a grand entrance. Doorman Rob Krieger and wife got two one hundreds. Bill Graham got in free. Roy Wood did not get one. Richard Meltzer on assignment in Peoria, might have gotten one but was too drunk to wait on line. Bianca, wardrobe in St. Laurent white pleated gown and



Cabellero jacket stood on stage. Andy Warhol was not present. Some of the Harlem Globetrotters plunked down their \$100.00 at electronic media press conference and got tickets for the asking. Lisa Robinson couldn't go because she was in New York; but Lee Childers, David Bowie's U.S. rep took notes for her instead. Chuck Berry couldn't be bothered. Marianne Faithful got up late, but was there in spirit when they did *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. Kim Fowley was overseas spending his "everpresent" \$100 bill in somebody else — she didn't go either. Bud Scoppa couldn't go because he was writing a biography and listening to Byrd albums. Hoyt Axton couldn't go because he was making a fool of himself at the Troubadour. Quincy Jones' daughter Jollie came backstage. Circus editor Howard Bloom was listening in on earphones. Local groupies Leslie, Carol and Billy of Melody Maker Keith Moon fame got tickets so they were allowed to go to the party. Gino from Sha Na Na, at his first Rolling concert, hated Santana and Cheech and Chong but loved the Stones. Alice was definitely there. James Brown, Stevie Wonder and Jose

(Continued on page 29)

STEVE KUHN  
Boomers  
New York, New York

Bibbity dibbity dip bip b'doom. B'doom doom b'doom. JASS IS BEING PLAYED. At a jass club and there ain't too many jass clubs left in New Amsterdam. 1. Slugs. 2. Village Vanguard. 3. Village Gate. 4. Whatever the name of that other one very west around 14th Street is. 5. Boomers. Boomers is the last of the 100% non-avant garde clubs and it's also where the Hound's roommate Mrs. Swifty is a waitress in her new Jill Johnston haircut. She serves Jack's on the rocks, white wine, beer and tequila sunrises to whoever wants 'em, just the kind of stuff that's needed for those real good jass vibes.

But there are no vibes in Steve Kuhn's group. No that's for folks like Gary Burton and Bobby Hutcherson and their sort, not for Steve. He's an 88-tickler all the way and who wants another tinkle-tinkle gettin' in the way of those heavy ivory sounds? He's at least 2/5 as good as Bill Evans and drummer Freddy Waites is at least 3/4 as good as Elvin Jones. Bassist Arnold Arbetson is at least 1/3 as good as Ron Carter. Those are fractions that can't be beat and another thing that'll fracture you is Steve's mighty impressive personal appearance.

His eyeglasses are tinted and oval and on the unpretentious side (he's no showoff with specs). His shirt is brown with flowers all over it and the top button's unbuttoned (natch). His white face is not at all furrowed with lines of despair (he's cool). And the absence of two cool customers who hardly ever miss a night of jass made him the coolest of the unwarm: on opening eve Joe Klee was not in attendance (it was not a Wednesday) — thus keeping distracting "head light" at a minimum; nor was Don "Doots" Heckman anywhere to be seen (his doodies as a nouveau veep with Radio Corporation of America must have had him hoppin' somewhere else). But the appearance of jass critic Nick Tosches was indeed refreshing, with Nicholas lending a helping hand to a handclap-hungry throng: he had an uncanny sense of when a song was over and applauded accordingly.

And were there ever songs to applaud! There was a bossa nova. Bossa nova is great. Lots of applause. Then there was *Love For Sale* which he called *Walking to San Francisco* to avoid paying performance royalties to the Cole Porter estate. Lots of applause for that one too. Ditto for everything else including the solitary bass solo of the evening. Clap clap clap clap clap, you'd think there was an epidemic of VD the way those claps piled up.

Biggest action between sets was a lively discussion about the sex of one of the Afro-American guests. Male? Female? Lots of dollar bets were transacted and finally someone was sent over to check out this intentional baldy's m or f. Conclusion (based on vocal patterns and eyeballs): this lady was an f. Bets were paid and by then it was time for another round of beer and white whine (an old New Orleans combination in honor of the birthplace of jass more than 25 years ago). Bladders were emptied (damn nice lavatory for the m's) and it was on to the second set.

Ditto as for the first: spirited, lively, animated, almost cookin', just loaded with Art. Speaking of which the peye-an-oh has produced *nothing* but Artists thru the years with only one exception: Monk. Even Cecil Taylor's just an extension of the same kind of artsy-fartsy that's afflicted everybody from Art Tatum to Steve Kuhn. So in lieu of the great Monk — who usually stinks live anyway — Steve Kuhn'll do as well as the next keyboard mutha. If you don't mind Art.

Jass clubs never have plastic glasses, always glass. That's so you can knock 'em together to produce an alternative to the jass if you want to. The audience is always king at Boomers. (If you think being a rock musician is no bed of roses, you oughta try lookin' at the poor music-men of jass!)

Excellent pre-Xmas decor, Congrats, Boomers! — R. Meltzer





# The Original...



Lou Reed: electric, eclectic, and according to *The New Musical Express* "The Original Purveyor of the New Rock." And *Rolling Stone* says, "This time he will make it big... huge, in fact."

His new album "Transformer" is produced by David Bowie. It includes the two songs from his new single, "Walk on the Wild Side" b/w "Perfect Day."

Lou Reed. "Transformer." An electrifying experience.

**RCA** Records and Tapes





# Performances / Stevie Wonder, Jaggerz Manfred Mann, Wizzard

**STEVIE WONDER/CORNELIUS BROS & SISTER ROSE/ EDWIN BIRDSONG**  
The Apollo Theatre  
New York, New York

The Apollo Theater in Harlem celebrated for its presentation of the finest and most varied in black music entertainment: A stature that relates, in no small way, to the professional segregation of the black artist. As you walk through the hallway that leads to the auditorium, you pass by a wall-length collage of performers who've played the theatre; it includes virtually every black artist who has achieved success in the past couple of decades. From Nat King Cole to James Brown, the artists cover a spectrum of styles ranging from the most street-intrinsic to the most upwardly mobile. It is the simple fact of their blackness that is accountable for their presence and the theatre. Whether serving as just a stepping stone for the aspiring performer, an important homecoming for the artist who's already made it, or ironically, a place of retrenchment for the artist who should transcend it but can't, just remains the same, like a mother perfectly reconciled to her maternal constancy. It is there when you want it, when you need it, or when you just gotta have it.

Stevie Wonder played there within weeks after his Rolling Stones tour. The weeklong gig, explained his publicist, is simply traditional for him. In previous New York gigs, he quietly debuted the band at the Apollo, a half year earlier than had his sets rushed at the Bitter End (the pop-folk club that now seems to be the gig for black artists soliciting a wider audience) and finally had served as a sacrificial warmup for the Rolling Stones Madison Square Garden shows. So it was both ironic and characteristic that the Apollo, with its low professional visibility and highly demanding audience, should showcase Wonder's most inspired performance.

The show opened with Edwin Birdsong. Birdsong a black man who has transcended traditional soul music, and is there simply because he needed the gig. Though his Polydor album is a well-produced piece of hip-pop-soul (with tense involuted arrangements by Wes Farrell serving as a crisply charged backdrop for his introspective, very moralistic lyrics about the black man's situation, his past and his potentialities), it has not been a commercial success. "You know," he admitted privately, "I'm more downtown," but for now he must meet the Apollo's challenge, and very dangerously, chooses to do so solely with his own piano accompaniment. It is the first of several serious mistakes, all of which related to his attempts for too immodest a performing victory. With an energy level crucially low for the demands of the audience, Birdsong must demand more concentrated attention than they're used to giving.

He assumes the role of preacher with a secularized message of both reproach and inspiration. "It don't make no difference what you do to me," he exclaims to imaginary white people, "but it breaks my heart to see you hurt my family." He cops many church nuances, from the rolling, thundering piano crescendos to the harshly intoned vocals dramatically pausing and hoarsely sucking in his breath.

But Birdsong, with his thin body, braided hair, and embroidered clothes fails to evoke the necessary compelling physicality and in truth, he's been away from church for a long time. Consequently his stylistic inaccuracy just doesn't ring true, and the audience, sensitive and bothered by his evocative low blows, uses the gaping spaces of silence to interject their cynicism. A lady behind says with rhetoric disgust, "and he's getting paid for this?"

Trying for a grand exit, he sets up a groove over which he exhorts his audience to have a more proud self-definition and would have them chant repeatedly, "It's my mind." He leaves to dreadful silence. By the week's end, he will have gained a more accurate sense of his image vis a vis the audience's demands.

The Cornelius Brothers and Sister Rose are next; they are an act suffused with R&B tradition. They're from Miami, and the style of lead singer Ed Cornelius is firmly entrenched in the Soul Stirrers gospel style, commercially popularized by Sam Cooke. But unlike the myriad imitators spawned by Cooke, Cornelius has internalized the style so legitimately it begins to sound as individual as it does familiar. His brother sings in a pretty falsetto and does some graceful choreography, and Sister Rose is content to throw in some harmony and stand there sexily. Brother Ed performs with the confident posture of the one who carries the weight of the performance. He looked slightly garish, characteristic of black performers not yet acclimated to urban success. His suit was yellow with a green leathery collar, cut at the waist with tails, and he had a large, pompadoured afro. But when he sang, one sensed that that was his ultimate expression and his demeanor was as cool as was the early Al Green's hot when the latter paced back and forth on the Apollo stage in his mohair collar and highly teased hair. Yes, another year on the road, and a good consistent producer in the studio, and Ed Cornelius at the Copa, for better or worse, just might be a reality.

Stevie Wonder has already played the Copa, when he was an interchangeable part of Barry Gordy's Motown assembly. But the past year or so has seen such remarkable growth and ensuring individuality that that old catering hall could hardly contain him today. Though the audience is small (the factor that most motivates attendance is still the hit single and

Wonder, for the moment is without one) Wonder gets a rare standing ovation as he appears on stage.

His band is big and jazzy, with assorted horns, percussion and female chorus. Their first number is supercharged jam that allows Wonder to solo on the electric piano, then on to drums, culminating in an exhilarating dialogue with the congas. He sits on stage surrounded by the technological; electro piano and mooga, synthesizers, a maze of wires sprawled out, leading to other amps, and even a goddam tube hooked to the wa wa coming out of his mouth sometimes; and he just reduces all this to his own highly emotional ends, alternating the sensual with the abstract, the petulant with the serious, and the familiar with the spontaneous, all vibrating with warmth and ingratiation. Sometimes he'd do his own oldies, like *My Cherie Amour*, sometimes he'd do classic R&B oldies like Rosco Gordon's *Just A Little Bit*, sometimes he'd do songs from his latest TALKING BOOK album, sometimes he'd insist on the audience's acceptance of the totally new, free-jazz jamming interspersed with the familiar.

By the time he'd finished, he'd earned himself another rare, standing ovation, one borne not of the audience's intimidation or preconditions so prevalent in the rock, but of the appreciation of those who have been guided lovingly and sympathetically, and those who were less appreciative in the manner of the theatre than the church were simply jubilantly running thru the aisles testifying.

Wonder has often been compared to another blind, black musical genius, Ray Charles, who in the early mid-50's consolidated the sum total of the black man's most urgent, and

mostly segregated musical experience (and has served as a blueprint ever since for urgent white singers looking for a pre-existing musical language). But while Charles proceeded to progressively dilute his expression for the purposes of upward mobility, Wonder has written off that notion of acceptance. He has said that he'd like his band to be a small Duke Ellington Unit of the 70's, and has consolidated a rainbow spectrum of influences at a ridiculously minimal expense to both the music's rocking soulfulness and public accessibility. Who could ask for more, but for a more prevalent audience sensibility the kind that elicited Wonder's best performance at the Apollo.

—Aaron Fuchs

**JAGGERZ**  
Lewisburg U.S. Penitentiary  
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Yeah, so Jimmy says to me "Are you going to see the Jaggerz tonight?" Okay, what the hell, mean if I were on the outside I'd never go to see crap like that but behind the wall, one can't be too choosy. The Holy Name Society is presenting them, one of the guys here is tight with the manager's sister-in-law or something like that and they're a local favorite, having been here before. I thought maybe there'd be some broads, but no dice, this was strictly a stag affair.

So here's this bunch of kids who look like they're from the Bronx or even, heaven forbid, Jersey, up on stage with their equipment, looking like they're having a whale of a good time. I mean, goddammit they certainly have a captive audience. We ain't going nowhere, as Bob Dylan so aptly put it.

They start off as a warm-up playing copy tunes. There's an Elton John number, the new one, and some other middle-of-the-road stuff that the local radio station plays all the time. If you want to know about AM radio, go into the sticks some time. Some soul throwaways, semi-current and then they go into the oldies portion of their show. They only play a few bars of stuff like *Runaway* and *Why Do Fools Fall In Love* and if you ask me, me and some guys from Brooklyn got cut to shreds on this stuff when we get together, but that's another story. We're eating it up anyway and one of the Spanish homos gets up to dance and the audience goes wild.

The show stopper is their hit of a few years back, *The Rapper* and then an encore of the "Cocksucker's Ball." Yeah, that's a score cause this place would be empty, save for all the rats in the street.

Well, it's my considered opinion that they're no better than any copy band in any bar in Queens and Jimmy, who's serving time for a bank job seemed to agree, but then, something's better than nothing and it helped to kill two hours, and that's a lot when you're serving a twenty year hit. Think about that next time you tune out Lobo for Paul Kantner friends.

—33204

Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

**MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND/MAX**  
Whisky A Go Go  
Los Angeles, California

Manfred Mann's Earth Band is for Manfred Mann both a radical change of pace and a valid current extension of one of the things the South African-cum-English keyboard player has always been known for: drastically modified r&b. With the nostalgia craze hitting a fever pitch, Manfred's abilities to make a coherent musical statement are being severely tested by sour-faced old fans who want to hear *Do Wah Diddy* emanating from his Hammond B-3. Whether he's up to the challenge or not, it's good, one supposes, that he's not succumbing very easily.

The Earth Band's first tour of the U.S. finds them immersed completely in modest British Progressivism. Manfred has long been an unknown quantity on organ, though he's been playing the instrument on record and in public for nearly a decade, and only now are his true abilities beginning to shine through. A lot of his work on stage is dominated by a Mini-Moog he uses something less than frugally. Occasionally, he plays it as if it were a guitar, other times he's into noisemaking which either distracts or mesmerizes. The rest of the band, beginning with lead guitarist/vocalist Mick Rogers at center-stage and going on to Colin Pattendon's simple but solid bass playing and Chris Slade's similar approach to drumming, create a loud, rocking funk which proves to be a logical, present-day outgrowth of the naive r&b styles Manfred's Chapter One band were into back in the mid-sixties.

The Earth Band's repertoire, in terms of the raw material, was very good; everything from a vastly, and surprisingly, re-worked *Mighty Quinn* to the maniacal *Meat* from their recent album. These, and new numbers like *Black and Blue*, *Buddha* and the churning, ecology-minded *Messing*, all rose or fell on the extended instrumentals the band built into nearly every one of them. When Manfred's synthesizer work reached its most unearthly heights, as in *Black and Blue*, a song about English criminals imprisoned in Australia, done in an Oscar Brown, Jr. "breaking-rocks-on-the-chain-gang" manner, the band's progressive funk was quite effective. The worst moments were only mildly boring, and one could always amuse oneself watching Manfred conduct the band, play his organ and synthesizer and do a shuffling dance all at once up behind the organ.

Max, an L.A.-based seven-piece who have shown some improvement in the self-conscious jazz-rock idiom in which they play, still come off like a group full of refugees from high school marching bands who wanted to play rock and roll but only knew how to play trumpets. Rampant lack of originality, however skillfully implemented, seems to be a trait common to house bands in large media centers like L.A., where ambition has overshadowed creativity.

—Jim Bickhart

**WIZZARD**  
MAYFAIR SUITE  
Birmingham, England

...And I was still raving about it the next week: And they had this piano player (assulter more like it) named Pianos Demolished who pounded the keys and they supplied him with another piano which he was allowed to demolish in the course of the show and he had this metal bar and was slamming into the keyboard and sending shards of wood flying into the audience just like the 13th Floor Elevators used to do and Roy Wood and Rick Price were wearing matching plaid trousers with these cloaks looking like the bird-capes draped around the Yardbird drawings on the Epic re-package, Price's a bright lemon yellow and Wood's alternating blue and red and they had two drummers playing identical kits and two saxophone players in

serapes, one of them with a slicked back Sha Na Na cut, and the other so drunk that during *Buffalo Station* he took two steps back and fell five feet off the stage directly onto his spine and Hugh McDowell is playing a continual solo on electric cello and Wood is painted just like in those old publicity shots and he played these guitar solos which I'm convinced were being broadcast by the Trafaladorians through his head and the songs, taken from the new Wizzard LP, sounded like Black Sabbath playing *Rockin' Robin*: real space and time warps were flying invisibly, but audibly, across the stage and this one number called *Meet Me At The Jailhouse* went on for forty-five minutes and went through enough bizarre changes to induce cardiac arrest in a yak, I mean this incredible roar blasting out and Wood prancing around the stage, walking up to his reverb unit and dropping it (P.D. now throwing tambourines around and breaking

bits of the piano over his head) and Roy Wood's dad was there and his name is Fred and when the lyrics go "Take me back to Birmingham" in *Locomotive* from Wood's BOULDERS album the 150 people there scream (and I wonder — Roy Wood playing to 150 people!) and everyone is going crazy and Price acknowledges later that of course the entire group should be locked up soon and afterwards Roy Wood says he wasn't satisfied with the gig and I just stare at him and one of the drummers (Keith Smart) and I go to an all-night food stand and scarf down a couple steak and kidney pies and my ears are ringing with the music of the spheres and I drop off to sleep singing "I'm a California man, I'm a CALIFORNIA MAN, I'M A CALIFORNIA MAN!!!" and the next day I set up this little shrine in my room of ELO and Move albums and singles and slowly start to bow down before it...

—Mark Leviton



THE NEW  
**NITZINGER**  
ONE FOOT IN HISTORY





Whispering in the United Kingdom

# BRITAIN

By Lady Bangla Boom, MS

Well neighbors, I was left totally speechless when I read that crank letter from Lester Bangs in the November issue. Oddly enough, I ran into that perfidious, loud-mouthed, etc...in London and even spent a few bob pumping him full of Guinness down at the local pub. And for all that Bangs preferred to spend the entire evening huddled in a shady corner with Lenny "Video Village" Kaye rapping about Mark Bloody Farner! Now I think that's a fine how do you do from a guy who openly wrote me such a suggestive letter. Frankly I don't think Lester is a man of his word. Or maybe it's just that he's been too long in the wilds of Walled Lake. Whatever.

Kim Fowley is over here at the moment. Rumor has it that he was knocked down by a car when he looked the wrong way while crossing the street. Rumor also has it that Kim casually picked his toenails whilst being interviewed by "Whispering" Bob Harris on the "Old Grey Whistle Test" TV extravaganza. Boy, Kim's sure a lot of yuks, 'eh wot???

My very, very favorite Welsh band, MAN played hosts to family friends and fans at their Christmas party held at the Patti Pavilion, Swansea on December 19. Ole Dave Edmunds actually dragged himself away from studio work to plug in onstage for the first time in a dog's age, and then there was this chap named Wally (reputed to be Swansea's original hippie) who got up to sing a rousing tune called "Mandies Make Me Randy," the legendary Mickey Gee (a one time Tom Jones' Squire) got dragged onstage, The Jets, Plum Crazy, Eyes of Blue and Love Sculpture reformed specially for the occasion, B.J. Cole (former Cochise) came trucking along with his trusty steel to jam with Help Yourself. Ducks Deluxe made a valiant showing (after playing three gigs the day before), The Flying Aces made their stage debut and, of course, The Man Band finished off the evening with another superb set. Shirley Bassey did not attend. Meanwhile the whole shebang was recorded by Pye's nifty 16 track mobile and an album should be ready March. If you're not very well acquainted with the Welsh rock scene, The Man Christmas Party Album will be an excellent opportunity for introduction to the past, present and future. Oh and a big thanks to the Man Band, it was a swell party fellas.

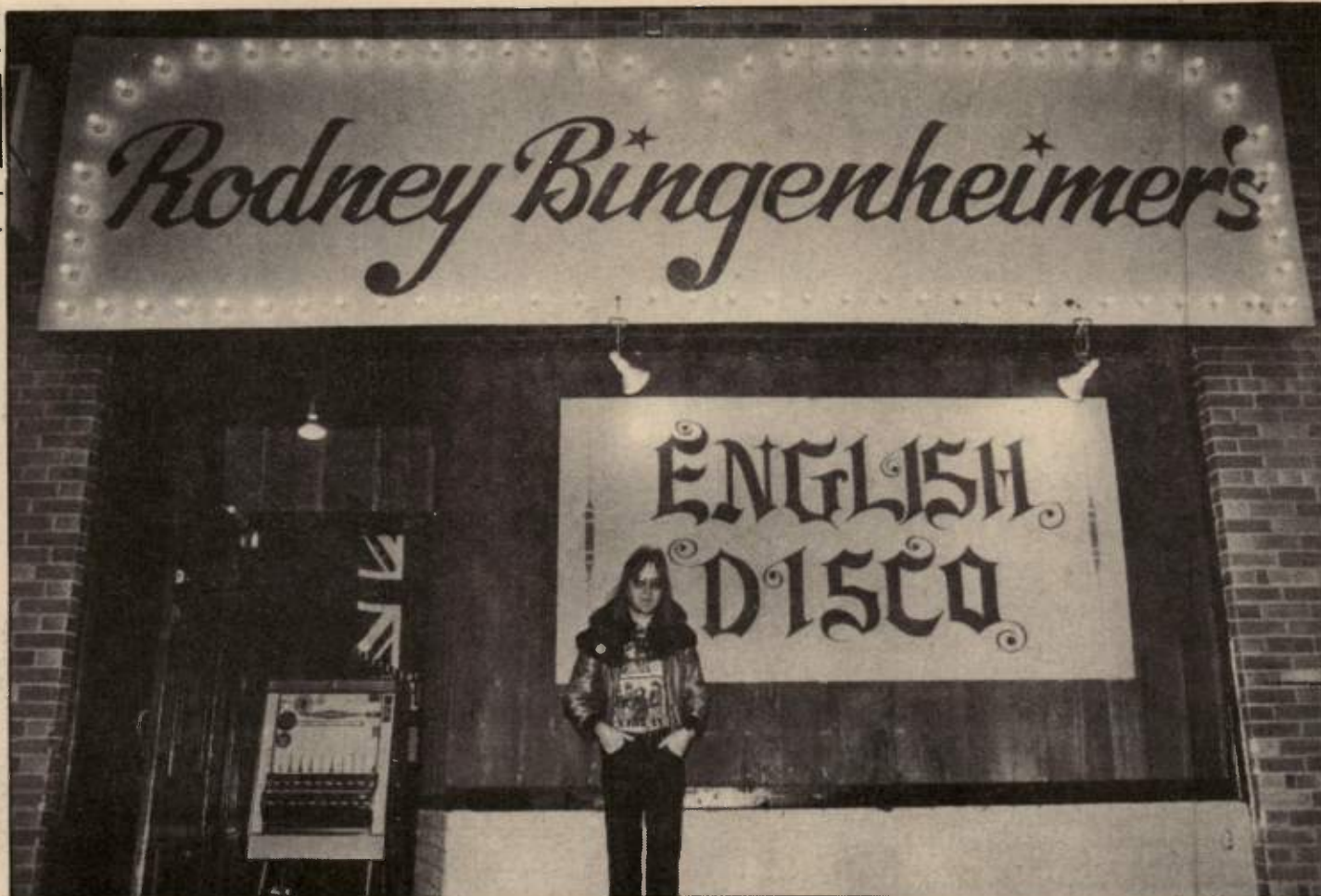
**We Were Only Kidding Department:** John 'n Yoko 'n Paul 'n Linda reportedly back in each other's good graces these days. They're saying the niiiicceesst things about one another in the papers. Meanwhile Ringo's Marc Bolan flick "Born To Boogie" is a superflop in London. Yeah, but Marc now refers to him as "Richie."

The Sundown Rock Theatres chain continue to be doing mighty bad business. Each theatre holds about 1,500-2,000 capacity so it looked pretty sad when 10 people showed up for a Drifters' concert, and 150 people showed up for Crowbar's concert. The favorite pastime in London these days is placing bets on how long Sundown stays alive.

Bowie-mania seems to have calmed down somewhat lately even though the single has shot up to number 2 on the charts. I guess a lot of people got bored with all the dramatics, I sure did anyway. But I'm still looking forward to his new album, I just don't think I have to wear my heart on my sleeve anymore.

Reggae is becoming the hip thing to like over here. No longer does one have to

(Continued on page 30)



HOLLYWOOD: Our glam girl reports on fashion trends, Rodney, David, Iggy, de Sade, and other simply divine happenings.

# HOLLYWOOD

You'll have to excuse Lisa for sounding a little bit groggy, but it's January the first as I type this on some scrumptious pink paper between sips of champagne, and I'll tell you, dears, it was some New Year's Eve. First it was over to Rodney's new club, replacing his ill-fated E Club. Used to be Ooh Poo Pah Doo, you know, but our Mr. Bingenheimer has worked his usual magic and it's surely going to become *the* place to be seen in Hollywood. We left before the celebration got started because we had to crawl (*already* crawling, at ten o'clock yet!) out to our limo (and *you'll* have to figure out who hired it for us because Lisa ain't talkin') and zoom to the airport for our chartered flight to San Francisco where Sylvester was returning to the Palace Theater for the first time in two years.

A real hot show, darlings. One of the hottest ever. When it was over we were carried out to our San Francisco limo and put in the plane back home to Rodney's to catch the tail end of the night. We were told that Arthur Lee and Love had played a divine set (seems that Christopher Milk wanted too much money; how *dare* they refuse a gig at Rodney's!), that the bathrooms had been destroyed by some rowdies, and that a patron had pulled a gun and asked for some money (the silly fool should have known that *nobody* pays at Rodney's), only to be interrupted by some shotgun-wielding gendarmes who dragged off the life of the party.

And then we rushed home to the medicine cabinet, where we took enough little white pills to see us through the annual high spot of the Holiday. And that's where I am now, my loves, sprawled on my chaise, leaning over dirty glasses and slapping one little key at a time while the fabulous Rose Parade rolls before me on five colour TV sets. OH, it's simply divine. We just took a poll and decided that the Kismet float will win the Sweepstakes award.

And speaking of television and such, it seems that Legs Larry Smith was more than a bit upset that not one of the Elton John concerts, which spotlighted Larry as tap dancer and all around master of song and dance, was recorded on videotape.

Thousands for glitter, and not a cent for video. Explain that one, Norm. But watch out for Larry, folks, and his upcoming extravaganza, *Legs Eleven*, which just might see its premiere in Hollywood. Well really, where else? (You know it makes sense.)

Is it true that Rona Barrett is planning to surprise everyone and give a little performance on stage at the Bitter End West? Bette Midler was spotted recently in her Troubadour dressing room giving tips on being a Star (which she certainly *is*) to Raquel Welch (who isn't *quite*). Just got a call from Kathryn Kuhlman, a really divine lady, who tells me she wants to hold a service at Rodney's club "*to show those insecure people that God is real*...Saw a *heaven* pic of David Cassidy from the *seventh grade* owned by an old girl friend who still sleeps with it under her satin-cased pillow. He was a real cutie.

Lisa's fashion notes: Look for Lou Reed, David Bowie, Sylvester and, as a long shot, Peter Gabriel, to be the new year's big trendsetters. (Contrary to the Hollywood Star's tacky predictions, it definitely *won't* be the Marquis de Sade or Shady Lady leading the 1973 fashion parade.) Peter's shaved foreskin — oh, sorry dears, that should have been *forelock* — could really catch on big. With Lou hitting bit we'll see things like silver work boots and tight pegged pants (rolled-up cuffs, of course). Knickers have just about had it. Syllsy, of course, means sequins and *more* sequins, for the more ostentatious of you. And sharpen those razors! David Bowie and wifey Angela have shaved their eyebrows, and we're told that they look simply fabulous. Will Zowie be next? The final in-crown adornment is found to be those *charming* fingernail decals.

Speaking of David: If all the right people get in touch with each other, we might hear the voice of Mr. Stardust narrating a new film by Stephen Arnold, one of the country's most prominent and influential underground filmmakers ("The Luminous Procress" is his best known work to date). And that was lovely Cyrinda Foxe who played such a big role in the television film of *The Jean Genie*. It seems that the big question now is will Cyrinda marry James Stoooge?

Getting it together: Iggy Pop being groomed for his upcoming spring tour...Richard Greene, the freaky violinist of the defunked Seatrain, putting together a band featuring Larry Taylor on bass and Paul ("Sure Plays a Mean Pinball") Lagos on drums...The New York Dolls, anticipating the possibility of supporting Mr. Bowie on his return tour of England, breaking in a new drummer...Dana, one of the trendiest of all the Hollywood in-crowd and a regular at Rodney's, slowly collecting musicians for his new band. Dana plays keyboards.

Well, it seems that just *everyone* loves Hollywoodland. Roxy Music's Bryan Ferry and Eno are talking about moving here, and they'd certainly be a fine addition to the local scene, they being simply *splendid* people (and musicians). And Mott the Hoople's Ian Hunter is planning to arrive a couple of weeks before the rest of the Hoop for some rest and sunshine. By the way, that "fight" with the fans in St. Louis was actually only Ian slapping (just once, but nice and sharp) the face of an imbecile who'd thrown a bottle at Mick Ralphs, their darling lead guitarist. And we're all looking forward to seeing Peter Mortenson's Ballet for Three Men, choreographed to *All the Young Dudes* and *Sea Diver*.

Speaking of Culture, those of you who want it should check into Linda Merinoff's Wednesday Night Salons, certainly *the* actual happening on the Hollywood dilettante scene...Counterculturally speaking, Cheech's dad was spotted at the Troubadour at one of Cheech and Chong's sets last month. We hear that he didn't even crack a smile. He must have been the only one...Finally, Alice Cooper, our choice for Grand Marshall of next year's Rose Parade (we understand that the theme of the 1974 parade might be Great Rock and Roll Records), passed out in the back room of Max's Kansas City and had to be carried out. That makes two of us, love.

Well, I'm going to get back to the parade now, dears. Would love to hear from all of you. See you next month.

—Lisa Rococo





**I**t looks like space rock is finally taking off. Beginning in 1967 with Pink Floyd, the first rock group to realize the possibilities of synthesized music as sci-fi soundtrack material, the idea of using science-fictional concepts in rock went no further until around 1970 when a band from Germany named Amon Duul II and an English group called Hawkwind began fooling around with bizarre sounds and fantasy elements.

When Amon Duul became more interested in perfecting a demented garble based around Teutonic myths, the mantle of applied technology fell on Hawkwind. Their first album established the basic elements of space-noise that their later sound was built on, and by the next album, *IN SEARCH OF SPACE*, the concept was expanded to include a loose story line involving the adventures of Spaceship Hawkwind and its eventual crash-landing on Earth.

Their sound was largely perfected by this time. A driving bass and drum beat and two-chord progressions that effectively suggested the relentless speed and unchanging direction of a ship ploughing through the void was augmented with synthesizer whooshes and assorted noises to create a total space ambience.

*IN SEARCH OF SPACE* was the first successful attempt at telling a space adventure story through rock music, and it also included elements of the occult philosophy that is a part of Hawkwind's universe. The concept of that album was enlarged upon and developed for their third album, described as "a collection of ritualistic space chants, battle hymns and stellar songs of praise as used by the family clan of Hawkwind on their epic journey to the fabled land of Thorasin."

The album is called **DOREMI FASOL LATIDO**, in reference to the science of sonic effects that Hawk-

wind is still learning to master. It opens with **BRAIN-STORM**, eleven pulsing minutes of mostly instrumental noise, structured around a heavy **SILVER MACHINE** beat. It's Hawkwind's version of **INTERSTELLAR OVERDRIVE**, only instead of slowing to a halt it merely cuts off when the ship reaches maximum warp speed and cruises through the next number, **SPACE IS DEEP**.

Side two takes place in deep space, and the titles tell the story. **LORD OF LIGHT**, **DOWN THROUGH THE NIGHT**, **TIME WE LEFT THIS WORLD TODAY**, and **THE WATCHER**. Still a rather vague plot, but it's not meant to be more than a prelude to Hawkwind's forthcoming *Space Ritual*.

The *Space Ritual*, an ambitious multi-media project conceived with the aid of British sci-fi writer Michael Moorcock, is the basis of Hawkwind's current stage show, and it involves light effects, dancers, theatrics, and all manner of technological wizardry.

It also involves music of course, and their next album is scheduled to tell the epic tale of Spaceship Hawkwind's part in the great Galactic War, when she faced sonic attack as a member of the Imperium's fleet. It has the strongest story line yet, and songs to match its powerful concept.

There is a possibility that the *Space Ritual* will be performed in the U.S., at least in New York and Los Angeles, but whether it is or not **DOREMI FASOL LATIDO** should keep Hawkwind fans in a state of ecstasy for a long time to come. For the true devotee of futuristic freakouts, Hawkwind is the vanguard and the ultimate practitioner of the art. We'll be lucky if the future is as great as they make it sound.

HAWKWIND/UAS 5519 . . . . . (12/71)  
IN SEARCH OF SPACE/UAS 5567 . . . . . (3/72)  
DOREMI FASOL LATIDO/UA-LA001-F . . . . . (1/73)





**WHEN MY BABY'S  
BESIDE ME**  
(Bell-Chilton)  
**BIG STAR**  
Produced by Big Star  
**Ardent 2902 Time: 3:20**  
Flip — In The Street

Create-tivity. Inspiration. Sure do mean a hell of a lot fellas. Like I know this cat what's spent over a year completing an album that's supposed to stand for the answer to whatever question you might hope to put up. Sure, from December, 1971 up to now. So, he just completed the mastering, spent months doin' that, blew all conceivable budgets in the first four months, and he held this really informal audition for some close friends. One of his buddies brought along a lady. The record started. She was asleep within twelve minutes flat.

Still another genius in Baton Rouge spent two years working on his first LP, one of them solo efforts where the guy plays, writes, produces, and amazingly engineers the whole shebang. Well, two years on, in mid-1971, the record was done. Just in time for the first Paul McCartney & Emmitt Rhodes one-man-band LPs, and also, somethin' else he couldn't predict happened...two years passed, so when he finished the LP, the entire listening audience had caught up and passed where the guy's musical concepts were...The record never came out.

Then, about three months ago we were introduced to Big Star. Their first LP titled, presumptuously, NO. 1 RECORD received just gobs of trade ads. Full color. And about six weeks of those advance "teaser" ads...you know the kind I'm talkin' about, the ones that progress in copy and art every week so that after six consecutive ads, if you save all your back issues of *Billboard*, you know what they're tryin' ta tell ya 'bout...That's called merchandizen'. So, the advance grease was in the skillet and ready for the test. Well, those that got the record must have been redlined-out, 'cause word has it within four days of receipt, DJ copies the nation over were showin' up in bargain bins everywhere...sealed. In fact, only one really bothered to listen, Jon Tiven, and he quacked in Fusion that, "*Big Star are the greatest thing since The Count Five, The Yardbirds...*" and so on...In short, the majority got a soft-on for Big Star's NO. 1 RECORD.

And if matters weren't bad enuf, their record company which is owned and operated by the clever folk at Stax Records (The Dramatics, Carla Thomas) decided to finally hook up with a major record label, Columbia. And it was the age old situation which goes on every day in this hot biz where a group was caught up in the center of a problem beyond their control.

Oh, I forgot the important thing, the group's record is excellent. Not phenomenal, but certainly excellent. I'm speaking of the single of course, can't vouch for the LP though. Well, like in the first two stories I rambled off, there's a dramatic irony to the Big Star situation. So the record company is sold, group isn't workin', and it appears all is lost. Then this Fusion review comes out, and word of Columbia re-releasing the LP and applying a whole new effort there upon comes down. Terrific, a second chance for an act that well deserves a break. But hold on, now they wanna split up...that's not exactly true, only one member of the band is leavin', that's Chris Bell. But he's an essential part. 'Cause along with Alex Chilton he sang lead vocal and back up harmony, played lead guitar and at least co-produced and arranged all of the group's first LP...so tough shit huh. Nope. There's still this here single. And the AM market doesn't care if the band are androids or computers, long as it's in the plastic. Let me assure you people, this is one of those singles...

Like the first ten seconds explode with this lead that sounds like The Guess Who

# SINGLES



by Martin Robert Cerf

at their best with some Alice Cooper thrown in for good measure. Then it forms this riff what could embarrass Albert Hammond and the Troggs. And lyric content...you lookin' for any teenage these days, we always are, and Chris didn't forget it either... "Don't need to talk to my doctor, don't my shrink, don't need to hide behind no locked door, I don't need to think, 'cause when my baby's beside me I don't worry, when my baby's beside me all I know, when my baby's beside me I don't worry, when my baby's beside me I don't worry" \* ...And it gets bitchier and bitchier. Then there's Jody Stephens who's working out on snare 'n cymbal better than the cats on *Treat Her Right and Shakin' All Over*, his stuff is real elementary, no Elvin Jones here, but it doesn't matter, it's great (like the stuff on early Sonny & Cher singles (i.e., *Little Man*). And the part about droppin' out of school makes it complete.

Now at first glance this might appear like any number of other fine pop singles available, don't be fooled, this is another *Bus Stop, Don't Bring Me Down* or *Have*

*I The Right*. Christ, Alex was with the Box Tops and you know how important all those AGP records from the mid-sixties were, now don't you?

Now there's still 3/4ths of Big Star together. They still have this new LP out there. And there's still this single. Oh, it's got a fine B side too, which could be an A side...*In the Street* is like The Doobies' *Listen To The Music*; sounds great on a car speaker or burned out Silvertone. And dumb lyrics...you get a whole shit-load here. Big Star sound like the Byrds too. A lot, really. No, this is a group you don't wanna pass up, believe me. And, you may never hear of them again, God forbid, so let's do what we can to make sure they're around for some time...We suggest you write off the the benevolence at Ardent Records for a free copy of this single, they must have hoards of R/A's by now and they promised to cooperate too! Write to Ardent Records, 2000 Madison Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee. (Big Star are as hot as our good buddies — the Raspberries, don't dare miss 'em)...



"The greatest thing since Count Five and the Yardbirds," Big Star is good enough to be on Bell Records. Seen here minus Christopher Bell, they are, left to right: Andy Hummel, Alex Chilton, and Jody Stephens.

\*Copyright 1972 East/Memphis Music

**WISHING WELL**  
(Rogers-Kirke-Yamauchi-Bundrick-Kossoff)  
**FREE**  
Produced by Free & Andy Johns  
**Island 1212 Time: 2:98 (?)**  
Flip — No Information Available

OK, you left them for dead...You're gonna have to stop right there and listen to *Wishing Well...All Right Now is Me and You and A Dog Named Boo* compared to this...Anyone already familiar with Free's records won't have to be told twice about *Wishing Well*, it's the most amazing track these cats have turned up since the group's origin (both of them)...Walls of noise, and you can still hear the lyrics...And you even get the extra bonus flower lyric "*I know what you're wishin' for, love in a peaceful world*"...Who could ask for more...Free haven't let cha down for a moment with this single...Good for 'em...And lucky for you...

**AFRICA**  
(B. Durst-J. DeAngelis)  
**THUNDERMUG**  
Produced by Greg Hambleton  
**Big Tree 154 Time: 3:21**  
Flip — No Information Available

It was a rainy, shitty night on U.S. 23 drivin' down from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Just finished attendin' this college radio convention, Christ, these kids get it on better than their old men attending those annual Gallencamp Shoes get together in San Francisco where side-burned, tweeded out head horn-toads score for the first time in twelve months...So, just out of Lansing it starts to blast over the Budget Rent-A-Car shoddy Impala speaker, the perfect proving ground where singles make it or break it. HOT STUFF.

It's like *The Immigrant Song* taken to the extreme, none of that pseudo stuff like *Crazy Horses*. The distortion here is stiffer than the AUDIO FIDELITY STEREO CHECK OUT track which'll take you up to 40,000 decibels...It's guaranteed to rip the finest of speakers.

I was certain it was either the new Alice Cooper or Roy Wood, couldn't be anything else. Then the slutty sell-out voice didn't even mention who these dudes were, no, he went right into that Johnny Rivers voter registration, public service record...For shame, that's like gettin' a cashier's check for eight grand drawn on the Bank of Managua, like it was no use. Certainly I'd never hear it again. Then a reprieve, a local Detroit personality, Bo Clifford (no relation to Clif Richard, Clifford Brown, Boax Gentry, boa-constrictor, Clifford Coulter) got wind of the side again and got word to us, fortunately. Thank goodness.

OK, there is very little known about the group. Most probably a studio act. It's a UK record, and will unquestionably be very hard for you to find. But those who had the opportunity ta catch *Do Ya* by the Move, *Some Sing, Some Dance* by Pagliaro, or *Little Willy* by the Sweet, well you'll not be able to justify your existence till ya hear this. There might be some possibility of locating it in one of the major retail record stores specializing in singles, 'cause it's on Big Tree. This is an incredible label; *buy every record you can find on Big Tree*. They've had fifty-seven singles so far (I've got 'bout 50) and the first twenty-five are already worth two bucks apiece. The label has (has had) stuff by Lobo, Dave & Ansel Collins, Neighborhood, April Wine, The Magic Lanterns, James Vincent, the Sugar Bears, Brownsville Station, The Happenings...How could you pass up records with titles like the pleading *I Need Love* or the nostalgic *Working My Way Back To You* or the intellectual *Rock With The Music*...no way...and *Africa* is the definitive Big Tree record...The fellas at this label know how to pick 'em...Not a bad one in the lot and Big Tree is responsible for bringin' us over 58% of the novelty records produced today, definitely a company to be reckoned with...Thundermug are the greatest since Bull Angus and Sir Lord Baltimore...good gosh...



## ROLLING STONES

### MORE HOT ROCKS

(big hits & faded cookies)

GOOD TIMES BAD TIMES	I'M FREE
NOT FADE AWAY	OUT OF TIME
THE LAST TIME	NO EXPECTATIONS
SITTIN' ON A FENCE	LADY JANE
DANDELION	IT'S ALL OVER NOW
SHE'S A RAINBOW	WE LOVE YOU
CHILD OF THE MOON	LET IT BLEED
2000 LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME	TELL ME
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY,	
STANDING IN THE SHADOW?	
PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED IN AMERICA	
FORTUNE TELLER	WHAT TO DO
BYE BYE JOHNNIE	COME ON
I CAN'T BE SATISFIED	MONEY
LONG LONG WHILE	POISON IVY



available on **LONDON** records and **abkco** tapes.



# THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF ROCK RETROSPECTIVES

Whatever happened to all those exciting, tuneful British rock acts who thrilled us during the mid-Sixties? Well, the Searchers are still around. They've turned into a cabaret act (similar to Las Vegas; oriented more towards the establishment than the teenage culture), but they still play some of their hits in fine fashion. Freddie and the Dreamers, similarly, concentrate their activities around the north of England. Some groups have transformed themselves completely. The Status Quo are through with good pop tunes like *Pictures of Matchstick Men*, preferring to accumulate a completely new, devoted crowd while bashing out painfully mediocre heavy metal rock.

The Troggs, on the other hand, are a special case. Not as dead as everyone imagines, the Troggs, with only one personnel change, have retained the basic and sexual characteristics that identified their unique sound. With the release of their new single, *Feels Like a Woman*, (Pye 7N 45147), the Troggs, consciously aware of the heaviness of something like Led Zeppelin, have simply updated their sound. A bit heavier now, *Feels Like a Woman* at once appeals to those with an ear for commerciality and to re-consuming Black Sabbath fans (who would delight to the prospect of their heavy music making it into the singles charts).

To regress a bit, and to better understand the position of the Troggs today, a short history is in order. Explains lead singer Reg Presley: "Ronnie (Bond) got into a group and bought some drums on the never-never. The group disbanded and he was left with all this equipment to pay for. He asked a friend to play lead guitar, and then he asked me to play bass. I'd never seen a bass before, but I did learn to play at least a little bit. Then Chris (Britton), who played lead guitar, joined from another group along with Peter Staples who supposedly played bass better than I, although I wonder about that now."

"We were playing R&B at the time. The Rolling Stones had just started playing Richmond and Adnover kids

would rent busses to go see 'em. So we got loads of Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters records, and that's what we learned to play. Then came Wild Thing, which wasn't so far different from our musical style at that time."

Living in the United States one gets a distorted view of the impact of the Troggs. Whereas they are remembered only for *Wild Thing* and *Love Is All Around* (both number one), in England their first five records were top ten: *Wild Thing* (No. 1), *With A Girl Like You* (No. 1), *I Can't Control Myself* (No. 2), *Anyway That You Want Me* (No. 8) and *Love Is All Around* (No. 1). But the Troggs had to rely largely on airplay from pirate stations as England's BBC Radio One and America's FCC-controlled radio kept banning the group's records (*I Can't Control Myself*, *Night of the Long Grass*, *Give It To Me*). Furthermore, the Troggs suffered under the direction of ex-performer Larry Page the Teenage Rage, in his new capacity as manager/producer/songwriter.

Reg Presley: "Our first record was recorded during a session not even booked for the group. Larry said, 'I'm doing a session with an orchestra, and if there's any time left over you can record what you want.' So we got there and waited a couple hours. And with forty-five minutes left we noticed musicians leaving. So we rushed our gear in there; it took us fifteen minutes to set up. So, in twenty minutes we recorded *Wild Thing* and *With A Girl Like You*, both live and they balanced it there. Used the ocarina in the break because there was one on the demo."

Ronnie Bond: "We'd never rehearsed *With A Girl Like You* all the way through before because we didn't know we were going to record it. When we came to the middle break I was nervous because I didn't know what drum pattern to use."

"That first LP was recorded in three hours. Some of the songs weren't completely written yet. Jingle Jangle and four other tracks Reg wrote the lyrics and the music while we were recording the instrumental backing."

Chris Britton: "Most of the songs were

recorded on the first take. Some we'd record a few times and Larry selected the best one, mistakes included."

It wasn't too long after the Troggs started having hits that they experienced the usual troubles that face many rock acts. They blame Page. Atco Records "shipped" the group's first album and the *I Can't Control Myself* single and the group claims to have lost money on that.

The Troggs, now produced by Roger Bain (ex-Black Sabbath), have always been conscious of progress, but at one uncture Peter Staples couldn't adapt.

Presley: "We were always classed as basic and simple, but this guy was one step simpler than we were - he was an idiot. When music started to progress and we wanted to progress, he couldn't come with us. It reached its low ebb at a club date in Switzerland when he'd been making more mistakes. That night he played a different tune to *With A Girl Like You* and didn't know that until we'd told him afterwards."

Chris Britton: "We played on this stage seven feet off the ground and he was so rigid that once he planted his feet he wouldn't move. Some fan tugged his shoe lace and he went over like a falling statue. It's a shame because he's a nice guy. Now he makes antiques; he bores holes in wood. We got Tony who had been playing with people like Gary Glitter and Elton John and Nigel Olssen (Plastic Penny)."

They were offered \$80,000 to tour the States for concerts and TV shows (including Ed Sullivan), but Page didn't ask the group what they felt, he just declined the offer.

Ronnie Bond: "The first album was the Troggs because we wrote the material. On the second album (*TROGGLODYNAMITE*, English release only), our manager decided to write songs for the bread, and it wasn't the Troggs as much. It was the Troggs doing their manager's songs."

Then the Troggs were recording Trogg-less pop tunes like *Hip Hip Hooray*. Tony Murray (replacement bassist): "We really didn't want to record that one. The

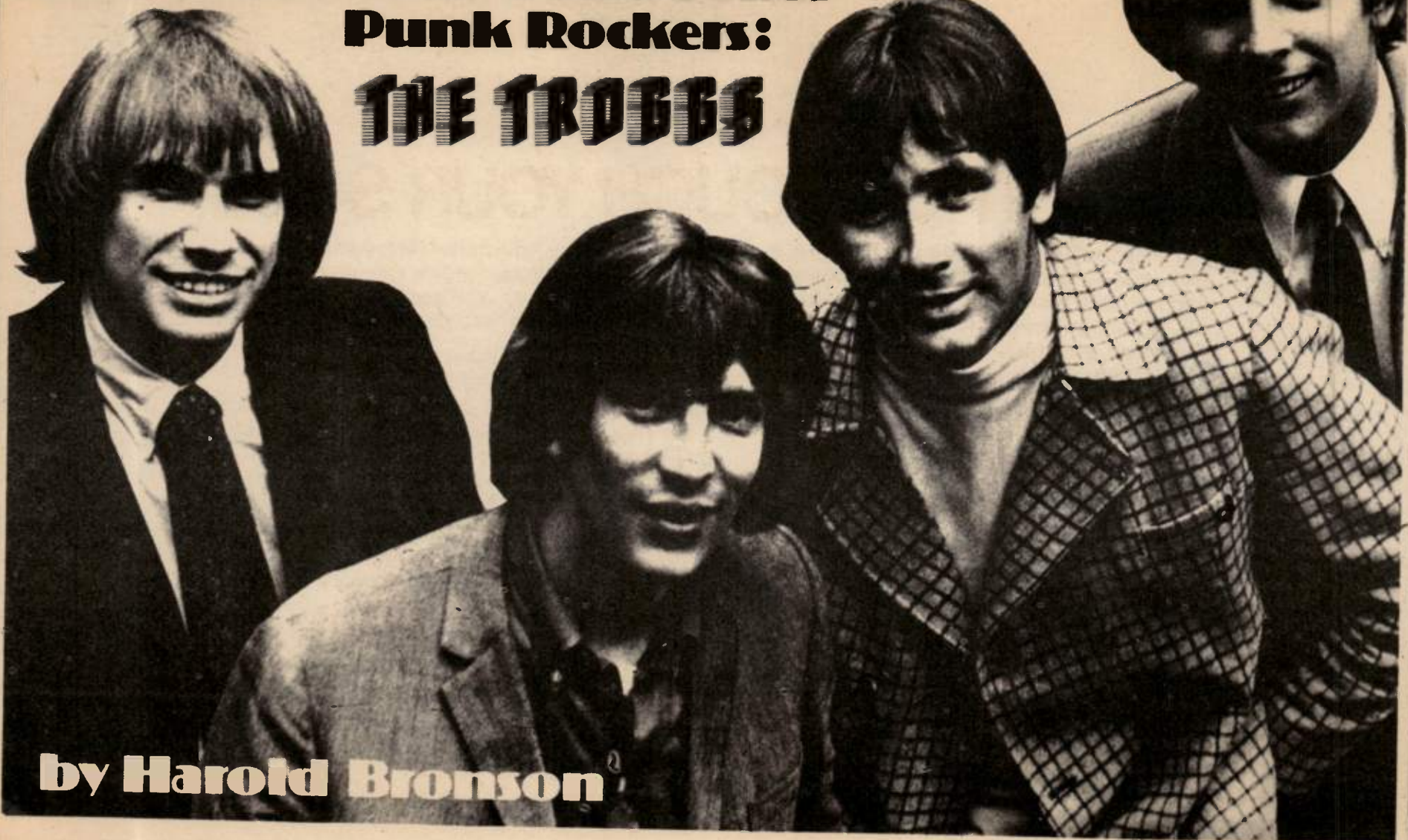
things Larry used to do to this group were incredible. He used to program the tracks on the albums. *TROGGLODYNAMITE* was made of all the tracks the group had in the can at the time; it wasn't meant to be an LP. The trouble with us is we've always been too nice. We wanted *Feels Like a Woman* for our new single, but the record company felt that *Everything's Funny* would be more commercial for the BBC. We gave in because it's a new record label for us. Because we've had so many records banned they made us change a line in *Everything's Funny*, from 'You know what it's like to be high' to 'You know you can laugh if you try'."

More than anything else the Troggs renderings of their own compositions were successful because they were honest. Reg Presley, who wrote most of the songs, sung in the manner of the ordinary working class teenager who only cared about girls. But whereas the Beatles and others usually limited themselves to falling in love, the Troggs made their mark as lust-driven, sexually unsatisfied chauvanists who wanted to rip the dress off the nearest appetizing girl and have a go at it. Indeed, some of their songs that could be construed as such, might not have been as consummately inclined as Lester Bangs suggests in his "What We Need is a Lot Less Jesus and a Whole Lot More Troggs" in *Who Put the Bomp* No. 8 (which, despite its hallucinogenic-inspired comparison of Reg Presley to East L.A.'s Ruben Martinez in *Wild Thing* or Lester's tales of feeling up a girl's leg in dumbbell math, contains some excellent interpretations of the Troggs' music as sexual desire).

Titles such as *I Can't Control Myself* or *I Want You* are more implied than stated, but when the lyrics were coupled with the group's unselfconscious musical interpretation, there was little doubt as to their directness. Presley, despite his

(Continued on page 30)

## Fond Rememberings and Frank Quotes from the World's First Punk Rockers: THE TROGGS



by Harold Bronson





## “LET THEM TOUCH YOUR SOUL”

Talk about your legends. Here's a group that goes back beyond the beginnings of rock and roll, with more than twenty years of great recordings behind them. They've seen and done it all, and there's no substitute for that kind of experience.

The cover design is truly original—the first-ever album cover that folds like an Origami butterfly to reveal three different, parallel surface photo compositions, or unfolds completely making a giant poster. Fold it, unfold it, play with it, see what it can do—great fun.

Their new album, **LET ME TOUCH YOUR MIND**, finds Ike & Tina again doing standard songs, after a long period in which they

recorded only originals. Hank Ballard's "Annie Had A Baby" meets Carole King's "Up On The Roof," and even "Born Free" fits in when the Turners' exciting treatment is applied.

Nobody else in the world knows how to make R&B music like Ike & Tina. As unique as this cover design, it combines both the roughest and the smoothest qualities of rhythm & blues at its best to produce the unforgettable sound that made classics of songs like "Proud Mary" and "Honky Tonk Women" after nobody thought the original versions could be taken any farther. But then it never pays to underestimate Ike & Tina Turner. They'll get you every time.

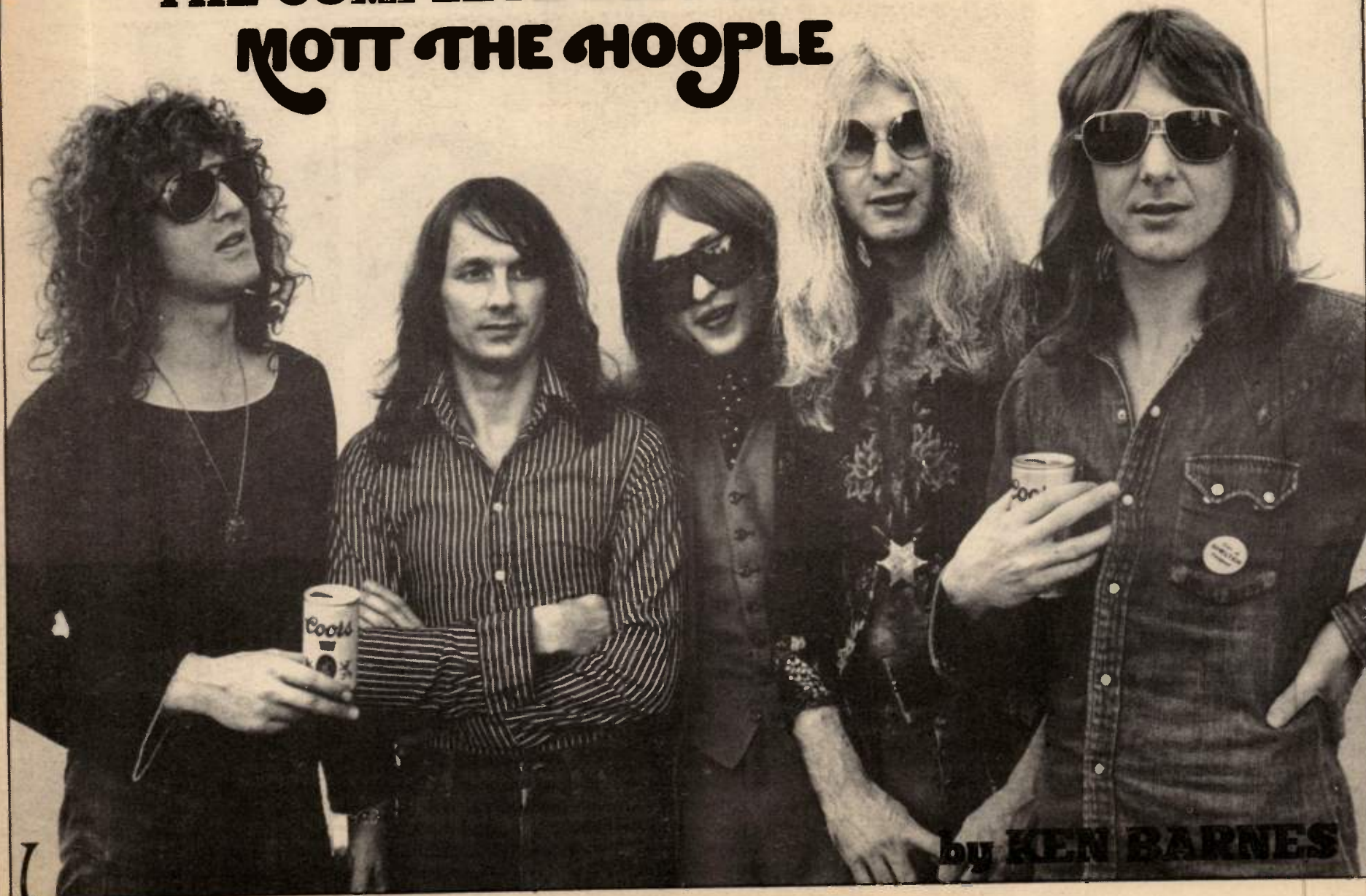
RECORDED AT BOLIC SOUND



**IKE & TINA / LET ME TOUCH YOUR MIND**  
ON UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS & TAPES



# THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF MOTT THE HOOPLE



by KEN BARNES

Photo by Greg Papazian and Jon Levick

In the wake of their first hit single, Mott The Hoople have begun to generate a publicity splash of sorts. It hasn't hurt that rock media darling David Bowie who wrote, produced, and harmonized on *All The Young Dudes*, and now people are even talking about Bowie/Lou Reed/Mott The Hoople axes, "Hoople Hoopla," and similarly bombastic *bon Mots*. But while the publicity spotlight isn't exactly unwelcome, a band's identity tends to get lost in the glare; and Mott The Hoople are no overnight surreal seventies sensation, to be trumpeted instantly into Warholian super-stardom and forgotten just as quickly. They're an immensely talented group with a solid history and a quantity of exemplary music behind them, and the sensational aspects of their current celebrity should not deter anyone from investigating their previous efforts.

The Hoople lineup stars Ian Hunter on piano, guitar and most lead vocals; Mick Ralphs, lead guitar and occasional lead vocals; Verden Allen ("Fally"), organ and very occasional lead vocals (one track on the last album); Overend Watts on bass and Buffin, drums. Origin of the last three primary cognomens is rather occluded, but we can reveal (not for the first time, sadly) that the mysterious group moniker was derived from an American novel by one Willard Manus, featuring a protagonist sometimes known (to himself) as Mott The Hoople. They have released five albums, all but the most recent on Atlantic (Island in Britain), and are currently signed to Columbia (CBS).

Buffin, Ralphs and Allen began playing together professionally in the enviable situation of backing well-known reggae star Jimmy Cliff (*Wonderful World Beautiful People*, etc.) while Cliff was slogging about in the guise of a hyperkinetic soul belter (later evolving into kaftans and flowers during the petal-pusher era of '67). Subsequently they spent some time in Italy as the Doc Thomas Group, recording an LP by that name on the Interrecord label there. Finally, with Overend Watts (who'd grown up with Buffin) and erstwhile lead singer Stan Toppins (still affiliated with

the group in a managerial position), they formed a band called Silence, playing second or third-string to prominent British groups of the day (Buffin tells an amusing story of giggling with the Who and being forced by circumstances to use their equipment — he incensed Keith Moon by sacreligiously adding an extra cymbal to the drum kit; Mick Ralphs couldn't seem to coax any feedback from the Who's amplifiers (embarrassingly enough, since they were playing quite a few Who numbers as part of their regular repertoire); and they finally managed to blow up all the amps, further endearing themselves to Townshend and crew). Silence eventually wangled an audition with producer/entrepreneur Guy Stevens at Island; and, through the clever stratagem of shaking their heads wildly during each selection and thus inducing the rather excitable Stevens to shake his head right along with them, they were ultimately signed and brought together with Ian Hunter.

Hunter had played with Miller Anderson (of Keef Hartley and solo repute), and had also accompanied such colorful British rock and rollers as Lord Sutch, Freddy "Fingers" Lee, and Billy Fury. There followed a spell of contract songwriting, and then he answered Guy Stevens' ad for a singer/pianist (Stevens was envisioning a Procol Harum-like instrumental lineup for Mott, having originally influenced Keith Reid to forsake his mundane employment and enter the rock world, and then helped assemble the first Procol aggregation). Hunter bowled Stevens over with an impromptu version of *Like A Rolling Stone*, was introduced to Silence (Stevens now envisioning a combination of Dylan and the Stones), and — voila (more or less), Mott The Hoople.

The group began building up a formidable live reputation through 1969, and after the first album's release in early 1970 they became something of a phenomenon, rivalling Free's stature and without a hit single. In this country Mott The Hoople received an enthusiastic critical response, mostly centering around Ian Hunter's uncanny middle-Dylan

inflections on *Backsliding Fearlessly* and Sonny Bono's folk-grok classic *Laugh At Me* (a multilevelled boggler, in terms of performance and selection). Less literary attention was lavished on *Half Moon Bay*, a powerful 11-minute extravaganza with smashing chords and immense overall impact; and Mick Ralphs' great original rocker *Rock 'N Roll Queen* (an unsuccessful initial single release; note to cultists: this track was left off a few copies of the first English LP pressing in favor of a cut called *Road to Birmingham*). As a whole, Mott The Hoople was a fairly stunning debut, and although its American commercial success was not overwhelming (and an American tour had induced some trauma — stemming chiefly from various L.A. bizzarrities — and only a moderate breakthrough), great things were clearly just around the corner.

Instead, *MAD SHADOWS* was released. Recorded in the midst of a stormy super-secession from Guy Stevens' aegis (Stevens later collaborated with the group once more for *Brain Capers*, and is currently with Warners in London), the album was hurriedly and traumatically assembled, sans overdubs; and it's a substantial comedown, replete with repetitious riffs, incomplete ideas, and somewhat sloppy playing — although *Thunderbuck Ram* is an enthralling track and the album holds up better today than upon release. *MAD SHADOWS* sold poorly in this country; and although it did not affect Mott's British standing (which remains to this day as fanatic a following as exists in England), they were personally dissatisfied.

They reacted by making a tightly controlled, self-admittedly "sterile" LP, *WILDLIFE*, which is markedly different than their other albums by virtue (if you can call it that) of its high proportion of slow-paced and/or countryish songs — only a live version of Little Richard's *Keep A-Knockin'* (incorporating *Mean Woman Blues* and *What'd I Say*) and a cover of Melanie's *Lay Down* (another rather quirky selection), both rather lackluster, provide uptempo contrast. However, slow numbers like *Angel of*

*Eighth Avenue* and the lovely *Waterlow* (with strings) display a different and rather touching facet of Mott's abilities (particularly Ian Hunter's husky, wistful vocal on the latter); and *Whiskey Women* (harking back to those LA traumas) and *Home* are jaunty lightweight ditties. As it turned out, though, *WILDLIFE* proved something of a shock to the group's hard-rocking devotees, and was not only an American commercial washout but failed to hit the British charts as well.

Next up was a bid for the British singles market, a track called *Midnight Lady*, produced by Shadow Morton of Shangri-Las and, conversely, Vanilla Fudge fame. The recording was rushed (squeezed into a hectic tour schedule) and although it rocks, it's not very impressive (previously unavailable on LP, it is now represented on Island's new *ROCK 'N ROLL QUEEN* compilation package). The flip side, *The Debt*, a mildly country-styled tune, comes across better. Undeterred (or only slightly daunted) by *Midnight Lady's* chart failure, they cut a version of Crazy Horse's *Downtown* in late '71, but it fell short of the original performance, failed to dent the top 50, and is something less than a happy memory for the group.

January '72 saw the release of the *BRAIN CAPERS* album, and this was a full-blown success (aesthetically speaking), a great hard-rocking LP full of hot riffing and malevolent instrumental flourishes. *The Moon Upstairs*, the Youngbloods' classic *Darkness Darkness*, *Death May Be Your Santa Claus* and *The Journey*, an arresting extended piece, stand out (at this particular writing), but the album is solid rock throughout and is unhesitatingly recommended to all but those sensitive souls with the most pronounced aversions to heavy metal rock in any form.

Apparently there were a lot of people with a metallergic disposition, however, since *BRAIN CAPERS* once again failed to catapult Mott The Hoople to American stardom (or even chartdom). Shortly after the LP's release, Mott were mired in Switzerland on the point of "packing up" in frustration (of various commercial and





The stars read PRM — when we give it to 'em for free. Just ask Ian Hunter and Overend Watts (left), or Buffin the drummer, seen both next to and above the charismatic Hunter, directly above. Upper left, the group: Watts, Hunter, Verden Allen, Mick Ralphs, and Buffin. (Photos by Richard Creamer)



## "We're The Exact Opposite Of Bowie" —Ian Hunter

artistic complexions — the aforementioned BRAIN CAPERS sales taper, Atlantic's evident disinclination to promote the group's interests further, Island management's equivalent passivity, and a paucity of financial return and a feeling of increasing staleness resulting from overly frequent British touring, playing to the same devoted cadres of Mott-lovers in small venues — even the intriguing experience of a circus tour in early '72, with jugglers, knife throwers, and a comedian, all of which apparently went over fairly well, was only a temporary diversion). David Bowie, just beginning to catch fire in Britain, had previously sent the group a demo of *Suffragette City*, and bassist Overend Watts called him up, thanked him, and told him they were splitting. Bowie, an admirer of the band, was rather piqued by the tidings; and, according to Ian Hunter in *Zig Zag*, he hung up, wrote a song in three hours, called Watts back, and said "If you want to split then split, but please do this number first."

Just like an oldtime movie, it was; and, following the script, the song hit No. 4 in England within three weeks, and even managed to break into the American Top 40 (which achievement, taking into account endemic radio prejudice against contemporary British hard rock, is quite remarkable indeed). *All The Young Dudes* is a tremendous single; much has been made of its seventies' anthemic qualities in this and other publications, with maximum attention being paid to Bowie's provocative lyrics, but the song is exceptionally well performed, and Ian Hunter's brilliantly idiosyncratic vocal (along with the phenomenally infectious

chorus) makes the record.

The resultant follow-up album is also exceptional, surrounding the Bowie showcase with electrifying piledrivers like *One of the Boys*, *Jerkin Crocus*, and *Ready for Love*, as well as another string-drenched melodic number called *Sea Diver* and other assorted tracks only slightly less impressive. Bowie's production (accurately characterized by Buffin as "icing on the cake") achieved a cleaner recorded sound and a few arrangement embellishments, but the album is still definitively Mott The Hoople, and some of their best work yet.

Concurrent with the album's release, Mott have launched another tour, and they opened at the Hollywood Palladium in late November with a simply splendid performance. The instrumental work was vicious, the group vocals on-target, Ian Hunter's flashy moves and Iron Cross-shaped guitar delightful, and his lead vocals were superb, a much stronger projection than on record (a phenomenon which holds for the group's performance as a whole — Hunter's fairly recent shift from piano to guitar onstage obliterates any lingering Procol/Blonde On Blonde traces and adds impressive depth and power to the instrumental sound). Whereas previous concerts included considerable older material and Mottled versions of songs like *Honky Tonk Women* and *Ohio*, virtually everything played at the Palladium was taken from the current album, with a solitary BRAIN CAPERS rocker, *Angeline*, and a new sequel-of-sorts to their hit called *Hymn to the Dudes* (a quieter conception) providing the only exceptions. Highlights were constant with *Ready for Love*, a

thunderous *One of the Boys*, the obligatory *All The Young Dudes* encore, and a stunning *Sweet Jane* (the Velvets' song which came across so meekly on the *DUDES* LP) standing out.

Seemingly the group has everything anyone could desire in a superstar British rock aggregation, and Ian Hunter has substantial personal magnetism, but some minuscule ingredient appears to be lacking — the crystallized image that makes a David Bowie or a Black Sabbath or T. Rex or any of the current British in-groups "star quality" (even Slade, who have, in a way, capitalized on much of Mott's British working-class appeal, commercialized certain musical elements further, and shot directly to the top, to Mott's mild perturbation). The group themselves are quite image-conscious, and appear rather defensive about the strong Bowie identification being promulgated in the States, good for instant notoriety but potentially an albatross of substantial proportions. They've taken on Bowie's manager, Tony De Fries (in reaction to Island inaction), with a promotional push slated; but while the group would like "our fair share of publicity, the right way" (Verden Allen), they are emphatic about maintaining their own distinct identity. Ian Hunter went so far as to announce onstage, rather gratuitously, that the group was firmly heterosexual, and later at the hotel remarked that Bowie liked them "because we're his exact opposite" — an uncomplicated, "not over-serious" (in Allen's words) rock 'n' roll band in need of a hit, very grateful to Bowie for pulling one out of the hat, but still very much an entity unto themselves.

They plan to cut another album with Bowie shortly, first releasing a follow-up single which was recut in New York during the December tour. After that, recording plans are indefinite, but rumors of collaboration with Kim Fowley (self-generated, as usual), like those of McCartney's death, are highly exaggerated. As far as touring goes, the last one ran through the end of December (15 dates), some as headliners, some with the James Gang; the group feels that failure to follow up their first two tours affected their American impact adversely, so they intend to return this month for a more extensive tour which should be highly significant as a breaking factor.

Mott should make it; their L.A. appearance demonstrated their qualifications for the highest echelons of British performing bands, and their recent records (BRAIN CAPERS and ALL THE YOUNG DUDES, specifically) are sterling examples of top-class British hard rock. As for the present, the new album is on the charts, they're getting good audience response, but they haven't really penetrated the mass consciousness yet — at L.A.'s Palladium they played in a bottom-of-the-bill slot (behind the incredible Flash Cadillac and West Bruce & Laing), and an ad for the KROQ Ultimate Rock Concert (from which the band was squeezed out owing to "lack of time") announced the appearance of "Matt Hopple." Still, given the most elementary breaks, Mott The Hoople should soon become a household word (thereby immeasurably enriching your domestic vocabulary); there are very few bands who deserve it more.



# THE MOVE DIVIDE

How a band like the Move, whose collected works encompass elements so basic to the classic rock and roll experience, remains peripheral to the popular mainstream of their chosen art form is one of the most perplexing situations post-Beatles rock has yet produced. To a certain point, the Move have indeed earned gratifying acceptance, good sales in England, and good response on a radio and journalistic plane in America. But despite the fact that *PRM* need not purport to introduce readers to 1973's newest sensations when it speaks of the Move, *PRM* can, with a straight face, suggest that the Move (and friends) may well prove to be 1973's newest sensations!

To many *PRM* readers the Move is probably a familiar, if not a household, name. American press and radio coverage of the band and its work has been sufficient to drum up at least cult interest but in some less fanatic circles, mention of the group's name arouses stares of non-recognition. Four record companies have thus far been frustrated in attempts to market the band in America, though the fourth may yet succeed. Why? Well, any answer goes beyond the idiosyncrisms of American record companies and gets down to the idiosyncrisms of the Move and the entire business they're in.

## EARLY DAYS

From the perspective of 1973, the Move's story began rather typically but has since snowballed in a manner quite peculiar. The band formed in the mid-sixties as a Birmingham, England quintet. Their inspiration was understandably the success of the Beatles and their contemporaries, but, like the

bands who dealt directly with r&b and staging; lead singer Carl Wayne led Carl Wayne and the Vikings who also featured drummer Bev Bevan. Guitarist Roy Wood came from Mike Sheridan and the Nightriders, a band who featured costumery and comedy skits in their act. Guitarist Trevor Burton and bassist Chris "Ace" Kefford hailed from sources less known to us. Upon their grouping together as the Move, these five were hailed by their press agent as five of Birmingham's "most forward-looking musicians."

Building their early stage act on well known rock and roll material, augmented by snappy choreography, the band did its journeymanship in the Birmingham area. Their reputation began to build and prospective managers tripped in from London to check them out. Island Records' Chris Blackwell, a fan of black music, liked them but chose instead Stevie Winwood and the Spencer Davis Group as his representatives from Birmingham. Up-and-coming management superstar Tony Secunda, also working with a new band called Procol Harum at the time, liked them and signed them. He took the Move down to London, fed the publicity mills word of their exploits and talents and landed them a one-night-per-week residency at the famed Marquee Club, where the Stones and Yardbirds first made news. Still, by the end of 1966, however well known the Move's name was (even amongst American anglophiles), they had not yet released a record.

Tony Secunda soon convinced Roy Wood that he should be writing original material. Wood, a young man with musical interests spanning Eddie Cochran, the Byrds and Debussy, and an innate ear for melody, responded with a catchy tune called *Night of Fear*. Combining a riff from Beethoven's *1812 Overture* with lyrics about paranoia, Wood wrote the



The Move, 1968: Roy Wood, Trevor Burton, Carl Wayne, Bev Bevan.

Beatles, the Move drew upon American rock and R&B roots for their own artistic foundations.

There is also proved to be directions imposed by the environment in which the Move played; the Midlands. The farther away from London, the less attuned to good time music the audiences were. A new band had to keep the crowd's taste for r&b and showmanship in mind merely to survive.

This the Move did. At least three of the quintet came directly from local

Move's first British hit single (released worldwide on Deram). It was no earthshaking event, but few English rock bands have so quickly established a musical identity as did the Move with this record; its blend of memorable tune, vocal harmonies, unusual lyrics, up-front bass classical influence is one still prominent in much Move-related music.

## FLOWER POWER

Wood then wrote an indirectly

drug-inspired lyric for the follow-up, *I Can Hear the Grass Grow*, as the band began to incorporate cultural trends of the day into their overall presentation. This was partly Secunda's doing; his approach to image manipulation kept the group changing on-stage outfits whenever the publicity value demanded. They went from gangster clothes to motorcycle leather to flower-power paisley to formal tuxedos in less than a year. Wood's musical response to all this was a little more covert; though his lyrics often reflected the spirit of the times, the form generally took the pop-rock popularized by the likes of the Tremeloes, matched it with a heavy, bass-dominated beat and vocals which were technically good but almost never slick.

In late 1967, to accompany the group's third single, *Flowers in the Rain* (their first for Regal Zonophone in

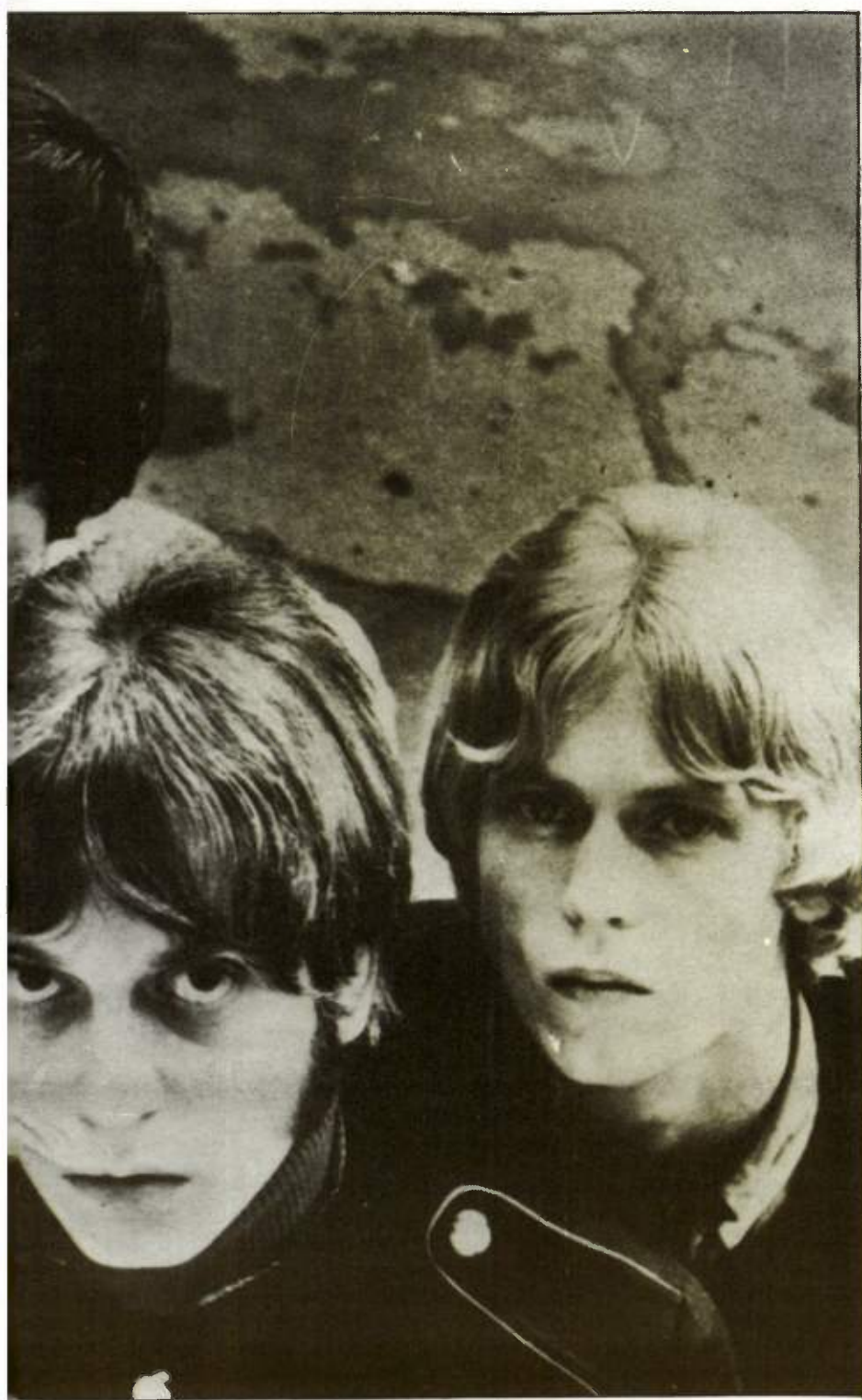
England and A&M in the U.S.), Secunda shifted his promotional creativity into high gear. Firstly, he had Carl Wayne wildly wielding an axe on stage at the Marquee, smashing operational television sets, dismembering life-size dummies and pounding on the floor. Then he printed up a little postcard which hyped the single by depicting Prime Minister Harold Wilson on a bed with his secretary. Wilson subsequently sued the Move, won, and diverted all royalties from *Flowers* to a charity of his choice. The single, needless to say, was the group's biggest yet. Though no richer, they were now firmly established as both a live and recording act.

Wood's next, best and most powerful single effort, the lusty *Fire Brigade*, led off 1968 for the Move, and barely predated their debut album, *MOVE*. The LP extended the musical style of the

## THE ELECTRIC LI ROY WOOD



# E AND CONQUER



## HT ORCHESTRA S. WIZZARD

singles and turned it into a definitive amalgamation which to this day typifies the English rock of the period. In America, A&M thought first of sales, though, and failed to release the album after both the third and fourth singles made little impression.

With the Move now rivalling the biggest groups in England in English popularity, Secunda next followed what at the time must have seemed reasonable instincts and proceeded to make the biggest miscalculation he made as the Move's manager. Duly noting that only *Flowers in the Rain* had received any attention at all in America, he kept the band home to further exploit their domestic success. So at a time when English bands both known and unknown were invading the U.S. on a weekly basis and getting good footholds on the Fillmore-type ballroom circuit, the Move

stayed in England and quite literally missed the boat (not to mention the booty).

Subsequently, the Move proceeded to lose some of their grip on events; Ace Kefford split the band, they made American tour plans and belatedly cancelled them, they released their first bomb single, the non-too-catchy *Wild Tiger Woman*, and had plenty of fights with Secunda, with whom they eventually parted company.

## CHANGES

In the spring of 1969, the group pulled things together once more by releasing the only number one single they've ever had in Britain, *Blackberry Way*. The bouncy, tuneful song was another Wood composition, and has since been recorded

by Tom Northcott and the New Seekers. The record's lack of heaviness may have improved its commerciality, but it didn't impress the restless Trevor Burton, then the group's bassist, one bit.

As *Blackberry* was bounding up the English charts (and simultaneously becoming the Move's sixth consecutive American failure), Burton split to get his "heavier" musical ideas together. He was soon replaced by Birmingham musician Rick Price.

This change may have been smoothly accomplished, but it proved costly because it forced the band to cancel another U.S. tour at a time when most of the Move were actually eager to go. They ended up doing a lot of British concert and cabaret (pop night club) dates to keep the finances in shape. They returned to the charts that summer with another middleweight rocker, *Curly*. In America, *Curly* became number seven in a long line of losers, but it was nevertheless the only product the group had ready when they surprised promoters and their record company by getting a real live U.S. tour together in October of 1969.

Now, as John Mendelsohn wrote in *Rolling Stone*, one could hardly call playing three cities and driving cross the country in a crowded rent-a-van a tour. But it'd have to do. Detroit, L.A. and San Francisco were the only cities to hear the Move do the show they'd derived from their English cabaret repertoire. For this tour, which was paid for by the group's good buddy Jimi Hendrix, Carl Wayne had long-since retired his axe and had instead taken up making obscene gestures at the audience in time to the music. He also played occasional second bass to Rick Price. The very hirsute Roy Wood lurked at stage right, playing various guitars and guitar-like instruments and occasionally singing. Price stood on the other side, playing powerful bass and adding fine vocal harmonies when called

Byrdsong *Goin' Back* and Move moldy-oldies *I can Hear the Grass Grow* and *Fire Brigade* added for good measure. It was awesomely crisp and loud, with vocals soaring and instruments crunching.

After the first three gigs, the Move abruptly cancelled the three remaining on the schedule and flew straight home without checking out through customs. They've never returned.

Since then, confusing activity has continued to snowball. The group didn't even try to return to America, though a settlement with the Immigration Dept. would have been simple; instead they remained active in England until fall 1970. Carl Wayne left the band in January of that year to be replaced by Roy Wood's old friend from the Nightriders, multi-instrumentalist Jeff Lynne. He came to the Move from the Move-like Birmingham group the Idle Race, who had three very obscure (and now-deleted) LP's on Liberty, two featuring Lynne.

## NEW START

This new Move went heavy, recording the now-legendary *Brontosaurus* as their last platter for A&M and Regal Z., and followed with a bone-crusher of an LP for Fly and Capitol, *LOOKING ON*. Rick Price soon faded out of the picture through what seems to have been lack of communication after the band stopped touring. The remaining trio of Wood, Bevan and Lynne layed down some increasingly gothic album tracks (*MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY*) and some more great singles, which followed the usual pattern of hit in England, bomb in the U.S. They then used their accumulated resources to launch the



The Idle Race, 1969: David Pritchard, Jeff Lynne, Roger Spencer, Greg Masters.

upon. Drummer Bevan performed admirably but generally out of the spotlight. The band broke no T.V.'s and danced no fancy steps; they had gone stoic for America.

The sound and the material they presented is easily described to anyone who has heard the group's second album, *SHAZAM*, which was at that point still unrecorded. *Hello Susie*, *Cherry Blossom Clinic Revisited*, *Fields of People* and *The Last Thing on My Mind* dominated the sets, with the classic Goffin-King

long-threatened Electric Light Orchestra (ELO), a large group whose instrumental lineup included not only the Move's normal guitars and drums but cellos, horns, pianos and oboes as well. It was a project Wood and Lynne had long wanted to carry out, and all later Move activities were aimed at earning the money necessary to pay for ELO. If you're not already familiar with these events, refer to the comprehensive liner notes on the new hybrid Move LP, *SPLIT ENDS*, which include a dizzying account of the

by Jim Bickhart





## The Move Divide & Conquer, CONTINUED

whole story.

The Move's internal turmoil, which led up to the formation of ELO in 1971, compares only modestly with that of a band like the Byrds, but it has, in the long run, proven itself much more useful. That's because the Move washed their dirty linen in public thus continuing to attract attention and a following. Articles in the British pop weeklies would find members of the group contradicting themselves and each other almost every issue. No, the band would never break up, yes, the band won't last another year, yes, the band is terrible, yes, Wood is a great songwriter, but no, the Move's records would never stand up, and yes, the old Move image was a lot of Secunda hogwash. Carl Wayne, who always wanted to be the next Tom Jones, stood on one end spouting off genially, while Wood, who seems to have been a real rocker from way back, quipped from the other. And even these orientations were not consistent. When Trevor Burton left the band, Wood was quoted on the band's gearing up to do cabaret appearances to make extra money, and he spoke of Burton's plans.

"I hear he is moving into some country cottage like the Traffic did, to get his own musical ideas together. Well, maybe it's nice to play the music you believe in, but in twenty years' time you'll end up kicking yourself for not making enough money to set up in a business when your group days are over."

This, remember, was the same Roy Wood who at that very moment was talking constantly with Jeff Lynne about starting a new kind of group which would not make terrible pop records like those made by the Move. The first anyone heard of the idea, however, was from the lips of Carl Wayne many months earlier.

"What I'd like to see happen — we talk about this quite a lot — is a complete pop orchestra...I'd like to get about five groups together, all good musicians, and take over the Royal Albert Hall for a concert...it'd start off with the whole orchestra sitting down to play, and just the soloists standing to do their thing. But the whole concert would end with a complete maze of sound, with everyone blowing together. There would be a certain pattern to play to, but apart from that it would be free-form...Almost the ultimate in pop music."

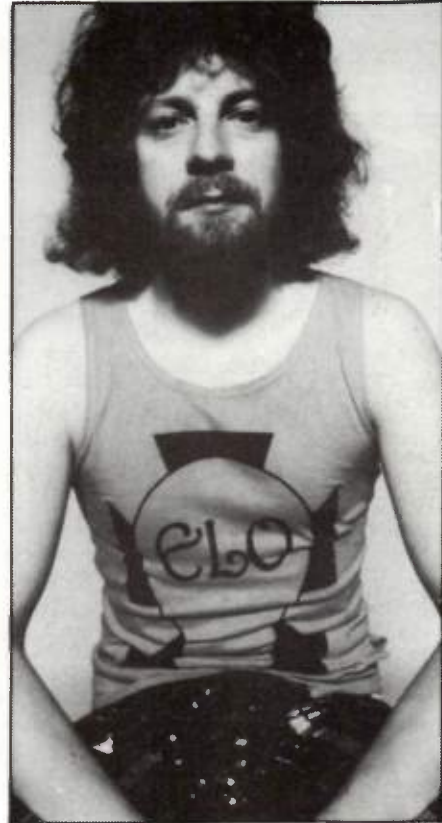
Wayne didn't quite describe the ELO. Mickie Most's CCS or Keith Tippett's progressive jazz orchestra called

Centipede are a little closer in concept but the point is mainly that the Move seemed bent on their own obsolescence from early on. Even the crooner who left the band to act in TV soap operas and sing orchestrated love songs had something more grandiose than a pop group in mind.

Had the Move toured the U.S. when they were originally supposed to (1968), all this might have been different, mind you. American success (or failure) could have solidified the group or splintered it once and for all, in keeping with the instability their press image implied. But times and circumstances were such that they might have done very well. They were slated to play the Fillmores and colleges (A&M has proposed itineraries on file, and some of Bill Graham's weekly posters from '68 and '69 have the Move billed when indeed they never even showed up), and on one tour they would have been in a package with the Jimi Hendrix Experience. A&M would probably have released the first album to support these tours and who knows what might have happened?

As for the singles (A&M released a half dozen, Deram two, Capitol one and United Artists two thus far) none of which ever made it despite British success, there are several explanations. The Move had a musical style too alien for AM radio programmers. The Move were not well-loved by record company promotion men who chose rather to push the TJB and Helen Reddy. The Move were a faceless entity who never came over to hang out and snort coke with the under-assistant west coast promo men. The Move's songs were too loud, their records too long. When Move records were getting airplay and response was good, discs were unavailable for stores (thus insuring no sales, thus insuring no rise on the charts, thus insuring no expansion of airplay patterns, and so on goes the vicious circle). And there were little problems like A&M's releasing *All Right Now* and *Brontosaurus* almost simultaneously. Since timid programmers generally only add at most one disc from any given label to their playlist during the sleepers. *Brontosaurus* which compared to *All Right Now* was a sleeper, became an instant throwaway despite incessant FM airplay.

And so it went. As for the three American Move LP's, none of which seem to have sold even 20,000 apiece, the lack of American tours has been deadly,



Far left, Wizzard relaxing at home. (L to R: Hugh McDermott, Roy Wood, Bill Hunt and (seated) Mike Bernie, Keith Smart, Rick Price, the Boogaloo Kid, and Charlie Grima). Left, Jeff Lynne. Above, Bill Hunt.

offsetting whatever benefits have accrued from a good track record on FM radio.

## OTHER DIRECTIONS

1973, however complicated it may prove for the dedicated Move fan, should prove to be the year that the confusion subsides. It may even prove to be the year of the Move's American vindication. The Move now exist only as a studio group to fulfill contractual commitments. Wood, Lynne and Bevan, plus assorted friends possibly including Rick Price, are the Move. The Move members now have ELO and Wizzard to keep them busy as well. ELO are seven people including Lynne and Bevan while Wizzard are eight people including Wood and Price. These groups record and tour, and both hope to conquer the U.S. in a way the Move never have.

The ELO, whose first album was released in mid-1972, worked up a good bit of momentum in their first year as the world's first touring rock and roll chamber group. But Wood, ostensibly the group's founder and mastermind, took his portion of the momentum and left to head in another direction. After the ELO's first, only moderately successful round of appearances, Wood dropped out to start an ELO-like group he was "hearing in his head." He at first claimed he wanted to step back and give Jeff Lynne the spotlight he deserved, but later also noted the differences between ELO and his own conception of such a band. Hence Wizzard, the re-recruitment of Rick Price and the simultaneous touring of two unusual groups in the fall of 1972. In the meantime, ELO's first single, Lynne's majestic *10538 Overture*, was moving into U.K.'s top fifteen. Wizzard made their debut at a rock revival concert in Wembley Stadium in London, and unlike the MCS, survived the audience of rabid Chuck Berry fans without being run out of town on a rail. That should tell you something about Wizzard.

As 1973 dawns, Move Enterprises Ltd., as this rock and roll conglomerate is legally termed, has more than a little bit of finished product ready to toss out to salivating fans. First, both Wizzard and the Electric Light Orchestra have firm, undeniable and binding plans to each do two month tours of North America before spring. And their record label has

the pleasure of planning four album releases in the very near future which represent a prolific outburst on the part of Wood, Lynne, Bevan and friends.

We should look at this onslaught one item at a time; it deserves the extra attention.

Roy Wood, already the acclaimed creator of the Move's aesthetic, is solidly and impressively represented on three upcoming LP's; the aforementioned *SPLIT ENDS LP*, which we'll save until last, Wizzard's debut album and Wood's own solo extravaganza, *BOULDERS*.

*BOULDERS* is one of those solo albums every part of which is the solo artist's responsibility. Wood plays everything, sings everything, writes everything, does the artwork and accomplishes all these tasks in a manner favorably comparable with the best solo work of Townshend, McCartney and Rhodes.

## BOULDERS

*BOULDERS* features an assortment of styles which typifies Wood's long-apparent eclecticism. He can use humor either overtly or subtly, pathos, a variety of arranging styles from soft to very hard, and integrate them all so well one wouldn't think they hadn't been born there. By incorporating at least a taste of nearly every idea the Move have ever used, Wood exhibits the pervasiveness of his influence as well as the diversity of his roots.

For rock and roll, *BOULDERS* offers up several heady numbers. The first is the pseudo-gospel *Song of Praise*. Wood's incredible falsetto overdubs create an angelic backing choir to offset lyrics which undercut the form of the song with lyrics like *The good book's had its day, the only thing left to do is sing the songs of the Lord. Rock Down Low* is more of a heavy Move cruncher which combines some of the recent Move sound with the Wizzard raunch you'll hear more about shortly; Wood leads it off with a "mouth trumpet" fanfare he creates by whining into the mike and speeding up the result. Call him the human kazoo.

*All the Way Over the Hill* is perhaps the album's most memorable cut. It deals with romantic perplexion and moves bouncily through the middleweight territory common to early and middle Move; Wood's backing vocals alternate between 50's do-wop and Beach Boys





Above, Grand Wizzard Roy Wood. Right, Bev Bevan, and at far right, the Electric Light Orchestra: (standing) Wilfred Gibson, Bev Bevan, Jeff Lynne, Mike DeAlbuquerque, Richard Tandy; (seated) Mike Edwards, Colin Walker.



bau-ba-bau's. The track segues into *Irish Loafer*, a folksy instrumental which serves to remind us that both Wood and Fairport Convention hail from the same city but that Fairport haven't yet incorporated mouth-trumpets and cellos into their instrumentation. *When Granma Plays the Banjo*, the unlikely a-side of Wood's only solo single, goes to American bluegrass for inspiration and twists it into speedfreak heaviness.

At the end of the album is a rocking medley which is two-thirds country! There are touches of straight c&w, the Flying Burrito Bros. and even *Brontosaurus* in *Put On Your Rockin' Shoes/She's too Good For Me/Do the Locomotive*, but the whole thing holds together marvelously.

The album is very strong on lovely ballads, always one of Wood's fortes. The romantic *Wake Up* is not only pretty but uses a unique, water-splash percussion, while *Nancy Sing Me a Song and Deary Lane (Dear Elaine)* both feature memorable melodies. The oddest cut on the record, but perhaps the most touching is *Miss Clarke and the Computer*, in which a malfunctioning, lovesick computer sings a heartfelt (transister-felt) paean to its operator.

## WIZZARD

BOULDERS, recorded in early 1972 provides a lot of material for Wizzard's stage act, but Wood's diverse vision manages to make Wizzard's recordings quite different from his own. It remains to be seen just how valuable a variation the new group will prove to be. Initially, it's fun but artistically disappointing.

Reports from Wizzard concerts term the proceedings nothing short of maniacal; the sound is raucous and cluttered, the stage antics energetic and occasionally irrational. According to *PRM's* Mark Leviton, the show is a mere step or two this side of the end of the world. Wizzard's pianist Bill Hunt, an ex-ELO man, destroys an average of one piano per gig, about mid-set, and spends the rest of his time attempting dangerous gymnastics in the stage area. Some have predicted an inevitable accidental suicide for Hunt, and the rest of us are not sure just how eager we are to be present the night it happens.

Wizzard's recordings reflect this ruckus to a degree. Besides the cellos, there is a definite emphasis on grunting

saxophones. The music is basically good old rock and roll clichés with a few unexpected additions. One gets the feeling that Wood simply thought the ELO too pretentious in their classicism and set out to inject a little more craziness into the act. He sure succeeded; Wizzard are even more relentless than the Move at their most powerful. But somehow, the artistry capable of a Roy Wood is lost in the cacophony.

The Wizzard single, *Ball Park Incident*, sounds like a loud *Stagolee*. Wood's screaming vocal is buried in a thickly textured mix, and it doesn't really matter what the song's about. Of the album's eight tracks, at least four sound like this one: absolutely manic. *Buffalo Station*, loosely patterned after Chuck Berry's *Promised Land* is another raver. It does contribute Wizzard's ultimate instant of rock and roll (forget classic songs; things are rough enough that we now have to pay attention to split seconds to really get down!): at a point near the end, the roar stops for two seconds while Wood yells *Yah-da, dah-da* before the band hammers back into action with a force not unlike a piledriver. Wizzard can do the *Bontosaurus* too.

*You Can Dance to Your Rock and Roll* and *Got a Crush About You* complete the loud quartet using "boogie" and Eddie Cochran styles.

*Jolly Cup of Tea* is the most radical change of pace, finding the group imitating a marching band. The most hopeful cut is *Carlsberg Special*. The speedy classical harpsichord piece is accompanied with drums, Rick Price's strong bass and churning sax. Despite its resemblance to ELO music, *Special's* charm stands out in the group's repertoire. We can't speak for the two tracks which were still unavailable for review at the time of this writing, but more things as clever as this track are needed to make Wizzard more diversified and accessible. In the meantime, too much of their energy is squandered for this to be the best a Roy Wood group can do.

## ELO

Wizzard's live performances, however crazed, will probably prove a boon to their recordings if the Electric Light Orchestra's experience is any indication. The combination of talented

leader/songwriter and knowledgeable accompanists has been made crystal clear on the second ELO album. Where many considered their first LP to be either ponderous or at best a promising, possibly interesting conceptual experiment (if not downright enjoyable, which a good number considered it as well), it is now going to be hard to avoid the fact that the ELO are coming into their own.

The important difference between early ELO and current ELO work is Roy Wood. That isn't meant pejoratively; Wood's primal style of arranging for oboes and cellos dominated the first ELO album, creating a coarseness occasionally quite grating. And the fact that he played all the parts for those instruments further affected the results, his technique being somewhere between self-taught and improvised. What he came up with was intriguing in a way, what with all the implicit classical steals integrated gruffly into unpredictable contexts, but it all seemed like an overblown derivation of the Move. The main saving grace was the likeability of the songs; both Lynne and Wood produced a good variety of melodies and lyrical ideas, similar to the quality of their Move output, and equally varied in topicality. Hence the album survived. And it made the American charts, wonder of wonders.

For ELO II, we find Lynne in control, and there seems to be a situation which probably would have existed even if Wood had stayed on: a partial democracy between leader and led. The arrangements on this album reflect a confidence and experience that has to have been bolstered by the skills of the string men and the rest of the band. Lynne's songwriting is admittedly a focal point, but he wisely doesn't seem to try to shoulder the entire responsibility for the music on his own. The London Symphony escapees (Mike Edwards, Colin Walker and Wilf Bigson) who are working with him have passed initiation and can now be considered sympathetic participants. And Bev Bevan is still one of rock's least acknowledged amazing drummers. (Wizzard employ two drummers in his place.)

The album opens with a number known as *No. 2* (originally *Jeff's Boogie No. 2*), the cellos swirling ominously, much like the powerful, arresting opening of *10538* on the first LP. But with *No. 2a* kind of amelicism has invaded, and

proves more unsettling than the most sinister aspects of the earlier album. Lynne's vocal is once again distant and somewhat obscured, but what one can hear of it indicates that it uses Birmingham as a setting for an anti-pollution statement. One couldn't say the cut is either effective or ineffective; it's just there, a good vehicle for the new live-in-the-studio ensemble work of the ELO.

Things pick up considerably and quickly with *Mama*. A maudlin, familiar-sounding melody proves, with repeated listening, to be both lovely and haunting, and the song about a young woman's inability to face life after her mother's death works very well indeed. The strings are touching throughout, with Richard Tandy's bouncing five-note figure on the synthesizer serving both as a bridge and hook for the long ballad. Barely discernible harmony vocals on the choruses are nice too.

The album's next jump into the fire is perhaps its most amazing; picking up where the original ELO's live *Great Balls of Fire* must have left off, *Roll Over Beethoven* stands out as one of rock and roll's best experimental pieces. ELO take the fusing idea first offered by the Nice on *Country Pie*, and do it a couple of steps better. Ludwig Van's 5th Symphony melodies, variations on those melodies, ascending and descending bridges, instrumentation which shifts from Chuck Berry to ELO classical to in-between and Lynne's savage vocals make this a track which defines the group's territory, educates the listener as to intent and entertains him all in one six or seven minute, manic dash through a piece of music we all thought we were familiar with to the point of cliché. This is probably nowhere near the ultimate fusion, but it's a great leap forward, and Chuck Berry will never be the same again.

*No. 1*, companion piece to the opening track, suffers from the same muddled vocals, but musically is much more interesting. First comes quiet piano (Chopin maybe), then a racing Brazilian samba which could pass for Rachmaninoff. Lynne's semi-decipherable vocal is Dylanesque to the point of parody. The piece runs through several movements, including a stunner which finds the tango set on top of racing boogie-woogie piano, with screaming lead guitar topping it off. Bev Bevan's drums punctuate this miasma with taste and

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# ADVICE, LOVE, PRAISE & HATE

From the Readers  
of Phonograph  
Record



Back in November we offered "a piece of Davy for free," meaning a free copy of David Bowie's RCA EP, to all who wrote in and told us what they'd say to David given the opportunity to spend some time alone with him. The response, to put it mildly, was phenomenal. Closet doors across the continent slammed open in unison as every hoope in the land rushed out to drop his lipstick-smeared postcard in the mailbox. The selected highlights of this avalanche of outrage, presented here for your delectation, don't prove anything we didn't already know, but they do prove to be highly diverting. Eat it up.

I'd ask him if he'd give me head. If he refused, I'd kick him out of the room while telling him to leave the Hoople and Reed alone.

*Bruce Cole  
St. Louis, Missouri*

Let's hope he can save us from Neil Young. And more than that, from Alice Cooper, which has got to be the biggest piece of shit band around.

*Lois & Carmen DeNominator  
Denver, Colorado*

I'd tell him to ease off a little unless he wants to be yesterday's hype.

*Brian Ken Knight  
Claremont, California*

I'd tell him that although he has nice legs, I have a better looking chest and besides I shave under my arms.

*Janice Davis  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

I would say in my most confidential voice, "David, I've just been dying to know, do you or do you not wear any underwear?"

*Stephen McNally  
North Caldwell, New Jersey*

I would say "Hey mon, eef I were you I wooda named your band Zeegy Gonzales and the Spriders from South El Monte," but I spose you just donno what's happening, mon.

*C. Jones  
Alhambra, California*

# DAVID BOWIE



Photo by Julius Bates



I'd ask if he really thinks it's all worth while.  
D. Arnoff  
Chicago, Illinois

"Swallow my pride and pucker my lips,  
Show him the leather belt-around my hips,  
His knees would be shaking and  
His cheeks aflame and I'd say  
YOU'LL NEVER GO DOWN TO THE GOD'S  
AGAIN"

Germaine Mooncloud  
Pacific Palisades, California

If you like to ball the hell out of guys, David,  
then that's your problem, not the public's!

Mark Page  
Cleveland, Ohio

I think he is a great, dynamic star, and he really  
plays super music and I wonder where he buys  
those screamingly marvelous clothes.

H. Senac  
Los Angeles, California

What does it feel like to be a fag?

J. McWilliam  
Toledo, Ohio

Oh David, box me in. Trick or treat, sour or  
sweet, just don't get it on the oriental rug.

Killer  
St. Louis, Missouri

I love everything you do, I love your body, but  
most of all, I love you!!

C. Thomas  
Roydras, Louisiana

If you are in my gym class next year, I'll kill  
you.

D.J. Shell  
W. Orange, New Jersey

Well, I'd ask him to sing *All The Madmen* to me  
'cause it sums up my life perfectly.

Pat Weber  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

I would take his hands into mine, stare deep  
into his sexy eyes and say "does only your  
hairstylist know for sure?"

Joe Smetanko  
Cleveland, Ohio

I hope you saved some for me.

The Flash  
New Orleans, Louisiana

I never heard of Davy Bowie — is that a cross  
between Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie?

Phred Patterson  
Torrance, California

Queen David, are you the balance in me?  
Gallantry in your movements. Only make me  
cry for more. It has by far torn me apart to see  
my lady not love you or my friend not  
understanding you for what you are. I want to  
raise you to bed. And watch the angels come  
falling from the heavens to suck your flowing  
love raw. Within these statements I see a man.  
Whether he be sexually divided or not, that I  
love. And need to believe that we all have a  
feminine side. To become one of the few. Am I  
to put away your creativeness because people  
won't see me as I want to be? Help me say what  
I feel. Through your music I see myself as I am  
to you. Blessed a Queen you are!

Steve  
St. Louis, Missouri

David Bowie is a queer fag. I  
know. He's my sister and we  
took baths together until last  
year.

Steve Mitchell  
St. Louis, Missouri

How much royalties are you sending to Bo  
Didley for *The Jean Genie*?

A. Castro  
Seattle, Washington

You pleeeeeease me infinitely. Keep on doing  
what you're doing. That way we shall all have  
what we want. But remember — hang on to  
yourself — superstardom can sometimes be  
costly.

Patty O'Furniture  
Indianapolis, Indiana

He that loves Glass without a G, take away L  
and that is he.

Bradford Case  
Houston, Texas

I'd ask him if he is really the end result of an  
ego set run amuck, or is he just foolin'?

D. J. Shell  
Chesterfield, Missouri

Gay love is better than soul love.

Ronald Kane  
Baltimore, Maryland

Davy did to rock what the  
Beatles did to nothing. I am  
very impressed.

Tom Dus  
Cleveland, Ohio

I'd ask him how he puckers up his mouth so  
well in all those photos.

Brian Ginns  
Atlanta, Georgia

I'd nod recognition to him and walk on by OR  
I'd run his hand through a meat grinder and  
say, "Hi, Dave."

Dean Graham  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Do you wear lipstick when you kiss your wife?

Adrienne Geller  
Hartford, Connecticut

I would tell David how great his albums are and  
that he should do an exclusive interview, a  
mind-boggling interview with our favorite,  
*Phonograph Record Magazine*.

Barry Willis  
Memphis, Tennessee

I'd pay to see him every day if I could.

J. Blumline  
St. Clair Shores, Michigan

He ain't great shakes in the  
man department, but he's a  
real kook.

M. Mosher  
New Orleans, Louisiana

He's the greatest thing since Elvis, or Alice  
Cooper and better looking too.

N. K. Wooley  
Boston, Massachusetts



David Bowie, Iggy "Stooge" Pop and Lou "Ella" Reed. How would you like to meet  
these three in a dark alley? (Note Tony De Fries in background)

I think David Bowie sucks. A lot. Now forget  
the fag hype and send me the goddamned free  
record before I knock ya out sissies.

G. Shapiro  
Modesto, California

I would tell Bowie that he and Mick Ronson are  
about the best partnership to come out of  
England and they're far superior to all the  
American jerks. I'd ask him who the kid was  
that punched his eye when he was young and  
I'd hunt him down and force him to listen to  
the Osmonds till he begged for Mercy and  
David.

John Hart  
Memphis, Tennessee

I'd tell him to tune his G-string.

Steve Rowe  
Dorchester, Massachusetts

I'd tell Bowie to play backup for the N.Y.  
Dolls.

Alan Betrock  
Jackson Heights, New York

I would ask to see his wife, 'cause I understand  
she has green hair and that's weird.

Bob Ballard  
Alexandria, Virginia

I'd ask him if he wanted to start a line of  
cosmetic using his name.

Tom Gulick  
Hillburn, New York

I'd tell him beware of these days some fellow  
faggots are gonna creep up and get you. I think  
your music is really something. It has meaning  
and life. A lot of Cleveland people agree with  
me, too.

Mary Ann Pilacky  
Parma, Ohio

Yeah, I'm a chick, but I'd like to eat him  
anyway.

Ms. L. White  
Glendale, California

I would tell him about the horrible job which  
was performed on the re-packaging of MAN OF  
WORDS/MAN OF MUSIC AND THE MAN  
WHO SOLD THE WORLD...taking two  
perfectly good covers (including words) and  
replacing them with covers which look like  
refugees from a Woolworth's 47-cent bin. Also,  
all of his publicity is having the side effect of  
making everybody I have seen think he's  
another Alice Cooper and therefore refuse to  
take him seriously as an artist.

Larry Geller  
Whitestone, New York

He's the coolest son-of-a-gun I ever seen.

J. Wiawecki  
Venice, California

How does he do it?

Ronald Kane  
Long Beach, California

I can't tell you what I'd say to him. It's very  
personal.

T. Edwards  
Dallas, Texas

When people ask why a nice  
girl like me isn't married, I  
simply tell them, "I can't  
afford an operation — but  
my sister lets me borrow her  
clothes."

Lori Grossman  
Kansas City, Missouri

And I thought Alice Cooper had his shit  
together.

J. deMontmallin  
Memphis, Tennessee

He says rock 'n' roll isn't really his profession,  
but he's the best rocker since Lou Reed.

Will Rigby  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I would tell him that I hope he keeps it up, and  
will continue to bang away on his instrument.  
If his popularity wanes and he starts going  
down, I'll still be his right-hand man. I'd give  
him a hot top: Don't be too cocksure of  
yourself, or you might pull a boner. If you rub  
people the wrong way, things might come to a  
head, and you'll end up playing second banana.  
Don't blow it, you might pull it off.

Frank Vlastnik  
Bronx, New York

If they'd listened to us in the first place David,  
we wouldn't have waited so long to come out  
of our closets, now would we. Watch out, next  
time you're on Christopher Street, 'cause we  
didn't let good old John Mendelsohn to till he  
was plenty sore, and satisfied. And we look  
forward to performin' the same on you when  
next you breeze by Ms. Liberty.

Martin Daniels  
New York, New York

The main reason I want a piece of Bowie is cuz  
I am what I eat.

C. Brands  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

David you look terrible, but I love your voice.

P. LePon  
Hollywood, Florida

I'd ask him for a copy of his top ten English  
smash *John I'm Only Dancing* which probably  
won't be out in the States.

Hicks McElwee  
Chicago, Illinois

All my days are leafy blue becuz I'm not with  
you. All my words are ragged steel when I'm  
not with you.

E. Wilkinson  
Bolinhook, Illinois

He is establishing a new trend in rock, but  
nobody can dethrone the Stones.

Boss Jock Bill Brittain  
Newcastle, Wyoming

I would shake him cold.

Rodney Rockout  
New Haven, Connecticut

CA CA DOO DOO WEE WEE.

Sonia Papermoon  
Nashville, Tennessee

I've been alone with the gracious Dave, told  
him what I wanted, and he said to write you  
directly for my D. Bowie EP which you would  
send posthaste. Don't be a disappointment,  
send it along. He warned me about your C. Milk  
fiasco and told me to watch out about this one.  
But you wouldn't lead me astray now would  
you?

Keith Karkyn  
Hyattsville, Maryland

I think he's a fake, a fem, a queer, but an  
excellent musician.

Love  
Chicago, Illinois

Are you really as weird as Iggy Pop?

Parry Lutz  
Wyandotte, Michigan

You're giving me what I want.

C. Carl  
Columbus, Ohio

You ain't no square with your glittery hair.

E. Wiltonson  
Bolingbrook, Illinois

David Bowie is just a "FAG," even if he is  
(which I doubt) that's his business. He is a great  
composer and musician. If he wasn't why  
would he help Mott The Hoople and Lou Reed?

Steve Lynch  
Hamtramck, Michigan

I'd tell him that he is what he eats then I'd look  
him over and ask him WHAT he eats. Ha-ha.

T. Brown  
So. Holland, Illinois

I'd ask him if he was for real, and whether or  
not he was a fag. Then a blow job.

—Deep Throat  
Fire Island, New York

I'd find out everything you always wanted to  
know about 69 but didn't know who to ask.

Dale Funtash  
Reno, Nevada

I'd tell him that his "well hung" days are over  
with when I get through with him. No I'm not  
really that way; I'd really tell him that his  
admitting he is gay is really cool but that his  
gay stage act and gay lyrics will have to simmer  
down if he wants to "fall asleep at night as a  
rock and roll star." Because I find him a very  
good musician, but some of the queer heroes  
won't get into his femininity.

Mike Sussek  
Dousman, Wisconsin

You looked better as Greta Garbo but we still  
love you.

Don Menke  
Valley Center, Pennsylvania

Have you had singing lessons?

Bertha D. Blues  
Muskegon, Michigan

I would tell him to shove Bianca out of the  
scene and put the make on Mick and his mike.

K. Mosser  
Overland Park, Kansas

I like him even better than T-Rex.

Alice Jordan  
Ballwin, Mississippi

I can't stand him, he's sick. GOD SAVE  
FLEETWOOD MAC. Hi Mom, send me money.

D. Irwin

Miami, Florida



# Phonograph Record Reviews



Above, Slade get down and get with it. Below, Dave "Darling" Hill and Noddy "Naughty" Holder.



## SLAYED Slade Polydor

Pris, priss, prissss. If you don't shimmy-run to the mirror and tease yer 'ot crop within ten minutes of lish' ta SLAYED, then you're female. This is the kinda LP what'll put 73's rock and roll into perspective for them POAs. You bet. It's no longer juz glam, it's not simply dumb anymore. This stuff is absolutely time warp mush. FEM, FEM, FEM. Why, these guys got what turned on Ian Whitcomb back in 64, Bobby Bland in 58 and Ralph J. Gleason in 66 (always ahead of his time cha know): gots.

Now, *How d'You Ride* is like Steppenwolf meets Savoy Brown while goosing David Bowie. This is get-down, er, go-down stuff. *The Whole World's Goin' Crazee* is a sequel to the smash single from the soundtrack of It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World which we grew to love by Shirley Alston and the Shirelles in 1964. This is tough-glam: "We all get our kicks playin in a rock and roll band", "'course silly, you think someone with a mug like Naughty Holder is capable of anything else? Not for a minute. When they squeezed him out, right from the first they said it was rock and roll or at least saserian, in which case it would have been the blues...

Slade have an obsession with abbreviations. Like in the titles *I Won't Let It Happen Agen*, *Gudbuy T'Jane*, *I Don' Mind*. Trouble wit that kinda writtin' is it get awfly borin' ta read all da time. But that's excusable since these guys arn't pretendin' ta be writers anyhow.

And you'll gorge yourself with liner notes too. That's where Chris Charlesworth of Melody Maker tells us how he was into the group before

all of us, which is obviously of the essence here. And I love the line 'bout Noddy, Dave, Jim and Don have forged a name for themselves on the strength of nothing else save their own personal brand of music.' How far we've come from those vague liners on TELL ME/THE MOUNTAINS HIGH by Dick & Dee Dee in 1962.

Anyway sweeties, Slade are the craziest rockers what ever were and it's true they may not be the Rollin' Stones, but don't worry dear, they're not Steely Dan either. Why Joplin's *Move Over* is worth the purchase price alone. It's as good as other Slade classics like *Coz I Love You*, *Take Me Back 'Ome*, and *Look Wor You Dun*.

Remember the early Plastic Ono Band singles, well, multiply by 10, that's SLAYED? The nasal-romilar screamin, the noise level enough to make Ash Ra Temple shutter... it's all here...And remember Shirley & Lee's *Let The Good Times Roll*? Slade do, it's here. It's just like all the others on the LP except when they slow down to the speed of light and fart, "Feels so good when you're home, come and let me hold ya, come and let me kiss ya"...etc. It doesn't make any difference with Slade how many of the sides sound alike. When you buy a Slade LP you're not buying ten songs, no, you're payin' for the recipe to thorax oatmeal. And it tastes even better the second time.

The record's got their last single, *Mama We're All Crazy Now* and their new one *Gudby T' Jane* and oh my soul, it's like Reg Presley never really left us.

So hun, this is a must for those who know the difference between layered and Lyraid. Layed and laid. Bump and grind. SLAYED 'n Slade. BUY THIS LP. (It's the hottest thing west of leapear.)

—Martin R. Cerf

\* ©1956 Travis Music



## FLASH CADILLAC AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS Epic

Boy, just when you thought you'd seen the end of the whole sorry fifties revival saga, along comes this package complete with back cover scrapbook-style photos of lettermen sweaters and saddle shoes and 53 Chevs and (gasp!) a letter from Annette Funicello saying that "Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids are really neat."

Jesus Christ, haven't we had enough of this cornball shit? Never mind the fact that Annette's evaluation is absolutely correct, the question being asked wherever concerned rock 'n' roll fanatics congregate is this one: why is it that they're weighing down an excellent band like this with all the excess baggage of the 1950s revival?

Everybody was sick in the fifties! Buncha horny zitters in baggy pants! There was a lot of good music that came out of the period, yes, but — it didn't happen *because* of bobby sox and ponytails, it happened *in spite of* them. And it can be appreciated and enjoyed in the seventies, not for nostalgic reasons, but for the same reason it was enjoyed in the fifties: these incredibly stupid songs can provide a truly ecstatic (and I think necessary) three-minute furlough from all the pressure and pretense we're continually dealing with.

The problem is not that nobody writes stupid songs anymore, it's that nobody *can*, nobody's talented enough. If that sounds like a contradiction, it isn't really. Nobody wants to sound as plain *dumb* as good rock 'n' roll always is, and as a result we get that dreaded disease of the seventies — worse than polio, 'cause there's no vaccination — the soppy, simpering, sensitive, solo singer-songwriter. Now *he* writes intelligent songs and you've heard them so you know just how intelligent they are. You also know how insufferably dull and lifeless they are, too. What you might not know is how easy this kind of stuff is to write. Anybody can do it, even Harry Chapin. All it takes is a guitar and an identity crisis. You've probably got both, so why don't you sit down and knock a few out? People of average intelligence can write six in thirty minutes, above average folkies can turn out nine in the same amount of time, and the real pros — the guys who have albums in the stores and all — can finish an even dozen in that same half-hour! This is a documented fact and I can name names but I'm not gonna. If it turns out that you've tried this little experiment and failed miserably, maybe only got one or even none, DON'T DESPAIR! You might be dumb, but you're *smart*, you're a rocker, you've got the same problems as everybody else, but you just can't bring yourself to burdening the rest of us with them. You might just as well make it down to the record store and pick up Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids' first album which maybe has a few weak moments but essentially is righteously stupid, as stupid as rock 'n' roll itself!

Like the album kicks off with *Muleskinner Blues*, certainly one of the most moronic songs *ever*, and Flash's version just kicks ass on the original. It's a crazy, raw, parched-throat vocal from Kris "Angelo" Moe, the keyboard wizard and ace songwriter in the band, and if you listen close at the beginning you'll hear some guitar feedback that tells you what the album cover doesn't: *this is 1973* and it still sounds just great!

Practically all of side one is this good. *Reputation* is a Kim Fowley collaboration which doesn't sound so strong the first time through but it's like hair, you know, and it'll really grow on you. In fact, by about the twentieth spin, it'll be one of your



favorites. Can't say that about the next track, *Crying In The Rain*, the old Everly Brothers tune which is an okay song and all, but kind of pointless to try and re-do. In fact, it raises the whole question of the wisdom of a band capable of creating music of equal ferocity and imbecility to anything from the fifties doing standards from the period that we're all familiar with. I don't think it's too wise, even granted that 90% of the time they cut the originals. We've still heard it all before. If there is a material shortage, God knows there were about five thousand incredible records from the fifties that never made it commercially and are only waiting to be resurrected by a band like this one that could do them justice.

The rest of the side cooks right up to the finish line, though, and is a real showcase for Kris Moe's considerable talents. His *Teenage Eyes* is perhaps a bit calculated but a real grabber nonetheless, with great harmony and construction and a simple but very effective ascending and descending piano figure throughout. And, true to their grossness (which is real, by the way — these are six gross dudes) the chorus of "she's sure got teenage eyes" somehow becomes "she's sure got teenage thighs" by the time they reach the end of the song. That might sound a little corny to those who've never witnessed their live show, but those who've been there would've

been surprised by anything else.

Next up is another of Kris' tunes, *Betty Lou*, that is a classic example of blissful rock 'n' roll stupidity, just a monster of a song with a frenetic quivering vocal and the most cretinous lyrics ever written. Can it get much better than this:

Betty Lou, Betty Lou  
Well I love you  
Betty Lou, Betty Lou  
Well I love you  
Wontcha dance with me  
So I can dance with you?\*

As if that weren't enough, the thing rocks frantically and the frustration that the song is about keeps driving Kris' vocal into unintelligible gibberish over and over again. This is the type of material that Detroit's Frut attempted on their album a few years ago, but weren't quite good enough to pull it off.

A real guitar freakout on the first progressive rocker, *Pipeline*, is all that's left on the first side and while side two isn't as consistently strong, it's not bad either, opening up with *She's So Fine*, which is Kris' and lead guitarist Warren "Spike" Phillips' tribute to Phil Spector, and a damn good one, too. Other stellar moments come in the Eddie Cochran-inspired *Nothin' On Me* which pales in comparison to the master but is just fine on its own merits, and a version of *Endless Sleep* that is rendered hilarious by Spike's ultra-wimpoid nasality and a psychedelic ending that's gonna make you wanna smoke

dope again (like we did last summer). The only crappy original is *You Gotta Rock* which is way too self-conscious and should immediately be handed over to Sha Na Na for inclusion in their next album.

So it's flawed, but still a gas overall and well worth your money. Throw away the wretched cover the minute you bring it home and store it inside some album you never play anymore like *AFTER BATHING AT BAXTER'S*. One can only listen to *Betty Lou* though, and wonder how colossal this album might have been if comprised of originals from start to finish, and wonder also how short-sighted their management must be in cloaking them with this suffocating nostalgia nonsense which at the same time both reduces them to the level of noxious abominations like Sha Na Na and limits the length of their career to the length of the 50s Revival which is all but over already and has, at best, only a year's worth of milking left in it.

But their future lies in the fact that there'll always be a market for a band with the pricelessly rare ability to create stupid, escapist rock 'n' roll and I only hope they're prepared for the day when they'll have to drop the fifties costumes and hubcap mentality (a crutch they've outgrown) and compete in the big leagues here in 1973. Not only are they capable, they could wipe most of these prissys right off the charts!

\*©1972 Lotsa Music — Mark Shipper

## HOT AUGUST NIGHT Neil Diamond MCA Records

A very apt title for the album — being simultaneously descriptive of an L.A. summer evening; an instant *Variety*-like review of this particular in-concert performance; and, of course, an actual phrase from one of Neil Diamond's biggest singles, *Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show*. I guess by now we all know where Brother Neil traveled with his own potent and polished salvation show after the Greek Theatre concerts (one of which gave rise to this double-pocket release) — straight to Broadway, the Big Apple's garish core, and a homecoming of sorts for the New York Boy from Brooklyn Roads (whose grandfather played violin and whose father still works parties as an amateur lipsync artist). The sellout crowds, Kennedy family attention, and slick press adulation all attest to Neil's huge Broadway triumph, but he then announced plans to withdraw from performing for a year of writing and cogitating.

So now's the time, and here's the very album, to attempt an assessment of the man's career to date. Clearly, Neil's come a long way from the Brill Building and Bang Records days, but he hasn't forgotten those commercial "roots" either — he still sings *Cherry Cherry*, *Solitary Man* and such, and somehow makes them fresh and vibrant. The non-stop disc sales and oft-repeated awards reflect Diamond's great popularity; it's way past time for so-called rock critics as well to recognize his worth (and maybe own up to their near-decade of enjoyment of his singles).

For Neil Diamond has many well defined assets: a strong, growly yet appealing baritone; a forceful, melismatic delivery much influenced by black gospel ("the sound of that good gospel beat"); a talent for picking lyric phrases to match that delivery; and, surest of all, an absolute genius for melody. I'd argue that no one else writing songs today can so consistently come up with catchy, intriguing, hummable tunes. Sing along with Neil, indeed — which of us hasn't, in the shower, on the sidewalk, drivin' along in my automobile, probably more times than you or I might want to admit?

Okay, then for visual impact add his lean liteness and dark, smoldering features (Mafia raffish rather than effeminate), and you wind up with a bundle of burning-fuse dynamite guaranteed to appeal to whatever remains of the incurable Romantic in all of us: a bizarre mixture of Rucker, Rasputin, and Rimbaud, Dean Martin, Don Quixote, and Dylan Thomas, Ray Barette, Roy Orbison, and Ray Charles. (If I'm oversteating the case, you got to understand I'm an all-the-way fan who's tired of apologizing and explaining.)

On to the album. The first sounds might make you flinch (they did me): a 30-piece string orchestra playing some sort of poor man's Aaron Copland overture called *Prologue*. Yet it's pleasant enough and soon explodes into good-knowin' rockin' rhythm courtesy of drummer Dennis St. John, bassman Reine Press, and guitarist Richard Bennett. The excitement rises, and suddenly Neil strides on and into the compelling nonsense of *Crunchy Granola Suite* — followed quickly by the verbal shenanigans and philosophical musing of *Done Too Soon*.

The kid's in good form, folks, voice gritty but less harsh than on his earlier live album. And no matter how cornball his rap to the crowd, you better believe he's one serious dude (if the album photos all through his career hadn't proved that already), with a consistent artistic stance derived from his sense of obligation to write his soul out and

Continued on next page



sing his ass off. Doubt me? Check out the lyrics to *The Singer Sings His Song*, *Canta Libre*, *Song Sung Blue* and many others; he's no longer just making a living as a songwriter — now he's shaping a life and a worldview.

Anyway, comes *Solitary Man* and you're suddenly realizing how good Neil's back-up band really is — here it's Alan Lindgren's smooth, multiple keyboards and Press's omnipresent bass, while handclaps, tambourine, Bennett's fancy strumming, and St. John's destructo drums bring *Cherry Cherry* in rolling high, the best version I've yet heard him do. Ah, but then *Sweet Caroline* is a letdown — ever-lush strings and pizzicato picking.

And Side Two has too much comedy relief to suit me: *Porcupine Pine*, *You're So Sweet the Horseflies Keep Hangin' Around Your Face*, *Soggy Pretzels* — a little of Neil's cute shit goes a long way. But the side also offers a trio of winners, starting with *Red, Red Wine*, the first of his *in vino veritas* numbers (I'd include *Cracklin' Rosie* and *Captain Sunshine*); and its mock-honkytonk, piano-and-sweet-steel qualities are still just right. Also, redolent with rippling mandolin, crackling with rhythm 'n' brusin' organ, *Shilo* bowls everyone over — I sure am glad Bang Records' belated release of that song forced Neil to reconsider it.

Third, there's Neil's ultimate small-R romantic, outdoors love song (indoors it's *Play Me*), *And the Grass Won't Pay No Mind*, with bass and acoustic guitars chiming like purest crystal, congas and piano gently enhancing the rhythm, and Diamond himself doing a number on your lusty imagination: "Listen easy, you can hear God calling/Walking barefoot by the stream/ Come unto me, your hair softly falling/On My face as in a dream/And the time will be our time/And the grass won't pay no mind."\*

So the first half of his live show aims to catch the folks up and carry 'em along through (mostly) older stuff; Part II, however — Sides Three and Four — aims to overwhelm 'em, tuck 'em away in his hip pocket. You can almost hear his mind grinning: "Watch me work, y'all..."

New stuff starts the big build — the strongest ballads from MOODS, all fresh in the ear and mind of audience and band alike. "Let me do  
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## THE DIVINE MISS M. Bette Midler Atlantic

"Bette Midler is Melanie for adults," said one of them.

I shattered his right knee-cap with a single, well-placed kick.

"Boy," said another. "I sure would like to get into her toreador pants."

I cast him a glance of withering scorn.

"But...but..." stammered yet another. "She's a...a...grotesquerie."

I looked him straight in the eye. "Yes," I said softly but with an unmistakable tone of omniscience in my voice. "Yes, she's a grotesquerie." I paused for maximum dramatic emphasis. "But she's our grotesquerie."

Yes, well, the thing is that there has never been anyone like Bette Midler, and there may not even be now.

The Divine Miss M. is Fannie Brice from Spanish Harlem, Carmen Miranda from the Bronx, Barbra Streisand with balls. She is an entertainer because she is a Star (not just a Star because she is an entertainer, like so many others). She not only has Presence. She is a Presence. And she has Presents (i.e., gifts), too. Lots and lots of gifts. Like the gift of immediacy, the gift of animal magnetism, the gift of shameless, brazen flash. She has a natural sense of comedic timing, a perfect sensitivity to audience reactions, and (need it be said?) a brilliant flair for capital-S Style. She also happens to have a hell of a good voice, as smoky and forlorn or as brassy and shiny as the occasion demands.

How much of all this comes through on vinyl? Well, not all of it by any means, but enough to get you going in the right direction. Enough to at least hint to you why those of us who know about Bette Midler actually know about Bette Midler.

There are a lot of old friends here: side one opens with *Do You Want To Dance?*, and it's an absolute revelation, and entirely new, incredibly sexy, impossibly elegant song. I mean, all that stuff just wasn't in the song in 1958. (And I loved Bobby Freeman, for Chrissakes.) Then there's *Chapel of Love*, all blary  
Continued on page 26

## FOR THE ROSES Joni Mitchell Asylum

Dear Joni:

I have to write a review of your record and I'm wondering how to do it. It's easy to write a bad review or a flippant one if you are in a hurry and don't care about your work. You know that, and that's why you see critics holding the makings of crucifixes in their hands when they come to see you. What you want to do is write and play and sing your music, without interviews and press notices to annoy you. I can dig that and so I don't want to sound like a critic. I'd rather talk about you and what I feel about you and what the record does to me.

And I know the editors of this magazine aren't going to like me talking about myself like this. But they ought to learn that when you say "I" in a song, or I say "I" in an article, we both mean not just I, but "I" as one of many people in the world who can't put their feelings into print or music, so we do it for them.

People are used to having other people write songs speaking for them and to them, though only if the songs are very generalized. But you've done five records of songs that are your autobiography; nevertheless, people have identified with your songs, and with good reason.

I listened to your life as it went through its sadder, lonelier changes on the first two records: found and lost love, observed Canadian winter and California summer. And now, inside a blue-green filtered, water-colored package, you explore your surprising existence as a star in a musical sub-world which on the one hand exalts you and on the other laughs at you, as it laughs at all that is sensitive and striving for purity.

Your record is one long song about love problems and drugs and

musicians in general. It's about time you told them how you feel. You make those of us who are "critics" because we would rather be writers but can't earn enough money as writers feel ashamed of those press parties and other freebies that are supposed to be your gifts to us. That's the tragedy of this money-run world, where songs must be sold and critics must also eat. I would rather see us trading art, your music for our

stories, food for roses. As you say, "Some get the gravy/And some get the gristle/Some get the marrow bone/And some get nothing/Though there's plenty to spare." \*

You've seen the hungry at the "Banquet" and the "common people" looking for the "Barangrill" — I wonder if it was a certain barangrill where the "common people" aren't welcome. You think

about the problems of loving a Rock and Roll man and watching musicians and others playing with the "Cold Blue Steel and Sweet Fire" and you try to understand the disc jockey and the touring rock lover and even the famous classical musician who went deaf from the world's noise, retreating into his own world, and what I marvel at is that you get it all down in lyrics both poetic and to the point — and they fit the music, too!

When I look at the words printed on the inside of the Unipak jacket, I wonder how they can be sung, but somehow you make up tunes that carry them, and it all comes out very natural. You still write your most personal ones on the piano, which you play with baroque gentility and modern abandon. Your chord changes are getting jazzier with each album and you use descending chromatic chords on the title song, like you used to do back in your sad-both-sides-now days. It'll take a while for me to learn to hum them, but when I think about it, these songs are really songs this time, not mysterious arias without form.

My only regret is that you didn't write any real up-beat songs this time, like *Big Yellow Taxi* or *Carey*. You can do those, too, and they're a lot of fun to hear. But you demonstrate you're not the lacrymose lady in lavender the critics think you are — you can put a good old Anglo-Saxonism in a gentle song about your woman-ness, and you can stand naked on a rock facing the sea, being free, rather than some dirty old man's fantasy.

In short, I know you have composed another great collection of musical poetry. It makes me glad there are talents like yours around and I hope you will be able to go on with your work. I have known many young women who live and create because of you and other women like you, who fearlessly go on creating while the Hard-Rock Hard Heads laugh. Maybe one of these days you'll conquer your fear of talking to strangers and I can tell you some more of my thoughts. Right now, though, I've got to write this review, get it in by deadline, pray it will be used, and count on my fingers the successes I've had. I wanted to be a musician, too, but I thought it would be easier to be a writer.

Hell, we're both running for the roses. \* ©1972 Sicolb Music  
—Lynne Bronstein



# THE MOVE SPLIT ENDS



Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne, Bev Bevan

There's a lot to say about the Move, which is one reason why everybody seems to be talking about them.

There's *Do Ya* of course, that amazing single which may just be the record industry's all-time fluke of a non-hit. *Do Ya* has made legitimate underdogs of the Move, and aroused their faithful fans in righteous wrath. Their next record won't escape the charts so easily.

Next record? What an understatement. A veritable barrage of releases from the prolific Wood/Lynne/Bevan team is about to descend, the biggest English Invasion since the Beatles had eight records on the charts.

Coming in early February is the second album by Jeff Lynne's Electric Light Orchestra, an incredible affair that makes the first sound like SWITCHED-ON BACH in comparison. Then there's Roy Wood's legendary unreleased solo album, BOULDERS, whose brilliance even we are at a loss to convey, and also the first LP by his new group, Wizzard, both available in March.

That's plenty to talk about right there, but we're not done. The long-awaited SPLIT ENDS is finally out, filling the racks at all the stores that frustrated you by not stocking *Do Ya*.

SPLIT ENDS is not strictly a new album. It includes five songs from their previous album, MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY, and is filled out with all the old singles released since then. *Tonight* and *Chinatown*, unheard by all but the most diligent Move fans, are included, as well as *Down On The Bay*, *California Man* and, of course, *Do Ya*.

Furthermore, SPLIT ENDS contains not one, but two complete sets of liner notes. Ben Edmonds of *Creem* gives a thorough and entertaining history of the group, and Richard Cromelin adds a diverting essay on their recent doings and general significance. With the addition of vintage photos and a snazzy cover, SPLIT ENDS becomes the most ambitious Move album yet, and a fitting capper to the first phase of their phenomenal career.

What comes next promises to be even more exciting, but we'll leave that for you to tell us about. For now, SPLIT ENDS provides all the excitement we can handle.



## SPLIT ENDS/THE MOVE

— Available on United Artists Records & Tapes

### MOVE DISCOGRAPHY

MOVE	March, 1968	Regal Zonophone (UK only)
SHAZAM	April, 1970	A&M
LOOKING ON	June, 1971	Capitol
MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY	November, 1971	Capitol
SPLIT ENDS	February, 1973	United Artists



and slick and drowning in a sea of production that would have given pause to Phil Spector himself (though this actual job is by Bette's musical director, Barry Manilow, and by Geoffrey Haslam and that Turkish fellow who always seems to have his name on the backs of Atlantic albums).

Which brings up a point. Bette Midler on stage is perfectly produced, because she has a small, tight group of accomplished but unobtrusive musicians to rise with or fall upon, and she can joke, prance, swish, belt, croon, and torch at her own pace and with her own intensity. But here, she is...well, not overpowered, to be sure, but militated against somewhat by string sections, overdubbing, background voices, and, in general, a deep, cavernous studio sound on the big songs and a flat, tremulous one on the others. (Joel Dorn produced some tracks, incidentally, so it's not entirely the fault of the above-named trio.)

There are real oldies here, like *Am I Blue* and *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*; there are some rock classics (the two mentioned above and *Leader of the Pack*); and there are some nice contemporary kinds of things, like *Superstar* (but you can't listen to Miss M. singing that song and believe it — she's not just any old Rita Coolidge, and she knows it, and she sings like she knows it), John Prine's *Hello In There*, Alex Harvey's *Delta Dawn*, and her signature song, *Friends*, by Mark Klingman and Buzzy Linhart. A lot of it really does work.

Some of it doesn't work, or rather works but doesn't do what it ought to do when it's working. But, then, how do you put bawdy, trashy, luminescent genius on a record?

—Colman Andrews

#### BUBBLEROCK IS HERE TO STAY Jonathan King UK Records

You probably remember Jonathan King as a singer of the early space-rock tune *Everyone's Gone to the Moon*. You might remember Johnathan King as lead singer and composer for the English group Hedgehoppers Anonymous, whose *Good News Week* was a semi-hit here in the U.S. It's doubtful that you remember Johnathan King for his dozen or so other releases. And it's highly improbable that you recall Mr. King as a singer, composer, arranger and producer for recordings by Sakarin, Weathermen, Nemo or Shag. And it's a near impossibility that you revere Johnathan King for his role in writing, producing, and singing backup for the Bay City Rollers, St. Celia, Angelettes, or The Piglets. But despite the fact of Johnathan's glaring anonymity here in the U.S., he has remained a talented and fascinating artist over the years. His songs maintain a flair for the topical (*I Don't Want To Be Gay*), satirical, controversial, humorous, and put-on — often all rolled together. He has no qualms about "covering" top 40 hits like Neil Diamond's *Cherry Cherry*, and has an extreme fascination for "bubblegum" sounds. Now he has a solo album of sorts out here on the brand new UK label.

I say solo album "of sorts" because it's hard to tell from the cover that it is indeed Johnathan King singing, producing, and arranging BUBBLEROCK IS HERE TO STAY. The cover states: "There is no artist on this album; the songs are the stars." But all fears are cured when you read: Johnathan King, inscribed on the label. As to the music on the vinyl, Johnathan tackles twelve of the best known songs ever composed. But rather than just "update" them, he chooses to play tricks with them.

The Stones' *Satisfaction* is presented as a countrified tune with strings — and it works. *Twist and Shout* is backed by a string quartet, and it doesn't flop. That's the amazing thing about Johnathan King. He walks that fine line between satire and sincere admiration of these songs, and while touching both sides, he manages to maintain his balance. *It's My Party* a surefire wimp-rock classic, drives along with heavy drums and bass throbbing out the rhythm, yet Johnathan manages to throw in a few Viv Stanshall "Boo-Hoo's" to

offset the seriousness of it all. The Supremes' *Reflections* is done perfectly with T. Rex carrying the first half, and Vanilla Fudge carrying the rest. On *Mr. Tambourine Man* and *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*, King falters, with tracks that are too close to the originals and winds up sounding a bit stale.

Side two contains one of the best cuts on the album, *The Wanderer*. Dion's classic is performed beautifully with melody intact and guitars and drums pounding their way into uncharted areas. King has been living in the recording studio for years now, and has all the tricks down pat. His technique is delightful and (though he is not as detailed or precisioned as Brian Wilson or Phil Spector), he gets the perfect sound for each track, always managing to throw in a few devices which keep his work a few notches above the competitors. Just listen to *The Wanderer* and you'll see what I mean.

The rest of side two is somewhat flawed with the classical-waltz tone of *Rock Around the Clock* wearing thin quickly, and *It's Over* and *Sweets For My Sweet* not really getting anywhere — but they remain more than listenable.

What Johnathan King has attempted here is entertainment — a rare quantity these days. Often he succeeds blissfully; other times he fares less successfully. But this album is definitely a step in the right direction. I wish more performers would release records which "take-off" on well known groups, like the Barron Knights' *Medley of the Groups* or *Juke Box Saturday Night*. And how about some new *Flying Saucer* records, or how about Lou Reed and David Bowie recording some tunes under pseudonyms? How about some great bubblegum releases? How about some great rock and roll music? How about some life, creativity, energy and humor. Is that too much to ask???

BUBBLEROCK IS HERE TO STAY is not a masterpiece. But it is good, solid, fun music. And the cover is wrong when it says that "there is no artist on this album, the songs are the stars." The songs definitely are stars, but so is Johnathan King.

—Alan Betrock

#### UNDER THE RAGTIME MOON Ian Whitcomb United Artists

Ian Whitcomb was just one of many music aficionados who were knocked-out by the r & b beat that was introduced to Britain in the early 1960's by such exponents as Blues Incorporated. Always fond of boogie and ragtime piano, Ian made the shift and joined Bluesville as their pianist.

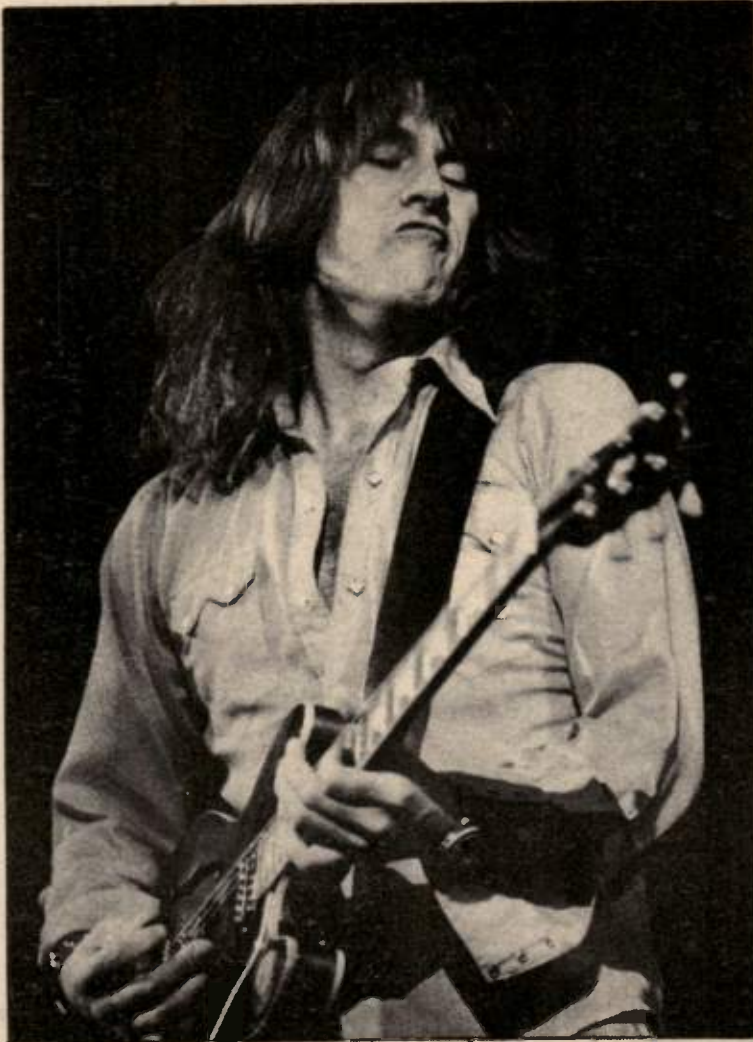
Centering their activities around Dublin's Trinity College where they were enrolled, Bluesville became nothing short of local heroes, pounding out exciting music the kids could dance to. Ian's puffy-faced Mick Jagger resemblance and his wild performing antics led the quintet into the studio to record.

Ian took the tapes to America, where he spent his summer vacation playing piano and singing in a Seattle bar, and he sought a good producer, like the guy who produced *Louie Louie* — "he must be good!" Ian panted *You Turn Me On* inspired when two different girls at two different moments whispered it into his sweaty ear during a round of passionate French kissing, and that was to be his only hit.

The other singles sold a little, but Ian the British Rocker disappeared from the TV shows and charts. He hung around Hollywood, playing the Pop Star, and when his career really started to slide, he tried acting school. Maybe the guitar in his band wasn't loud enough, maybe it wasn't rock at all. Anyway, it was all over...

Abandoning his tweed Sherlock Holmes-like hatful of music hall rock with Bluesville, he donned a checkered sports cap full of ragtime and pub songs, and cashed in on the revived interest in campy, cute little 1920's Vaudeville shuffles with *Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go With Friday On Saturday Night*, a substantial chart climber. Then it was time to disappear again.

Next Ian attempted to surface as a Rocker. He'd always dug American things, especially rock 'n' roll and the



Alvin Lee of Ten Years After: "The most delightfully obnoxious, repetitive garbage in rock and roll recording history."

"natural men" who played it, and he could hold out no longer, especially during the early stages of the Fifties Revival. But the world wasn't ready and his 1969 album, *SOCK ME SOME ROCK*, despite the inclusion of *Hound Dog* and *Louie Louie*, and the presence of guitarist James Burton, bombed miserably. Maybe it was because Ian didn't grease his hair back.

Retreating to his Putney headquarters for the next three years, venturing forth only to produce things like a Mae West rock LP for MGM (including *Great Balls of Fire*), or arrange a Goldie Hawn fiasco (readily acknowledging her lack of vocal finesse), he finished his novel, *After the Ball* (Simon and Schuster, spring release), a survey of pop music that should be delightful reading if his occasional appearances in the *L.A. Times* are any indication.

That completed, it was time to record another album, and bringing us up to date is Whitcomb's *AFTER THE BALL*. The album offers no surprises as we find him back with his love, ragtime, in an orchestrated form that recalls segments of 1930's musicals and *Little Rascals* soundtracks.

There's traces of dixieland and cakewalks. Hey, maybe Ian, the Kinks, and Taj Mahal are in the vanguard of dixieland rock? But where Whitcomb differs from the other two, and approaches the consciousness of Van Dyke Parks, is in his insistence on adhering to the consciousness of the period, whether providing new versions of old songs or composing new ones. The Kinks and Taj Mahal, for the most part, are lyrically involved with the present (sometimes contrasting it with the past, as with the Kinks).

But Ian really digs this stuff, just rolling back on his bed curling his toes. Listen to these lyrics from his original *Robinson Crusoe's Isle*: "Robinson Crusoe lived all alone/No rent to pay no telephone/No one to tell him when to come home." It smacks of all the reactionary isolationism of the 1920's! Perfect!

Then there's *Yaaka Hoola Hicky Doola*, the Hawaiian number where Ian plays the same ukelele that Viv Stanshall borrowed to use on his solo album. Hey, maybe Ian and the Phlorescent Leech and Eddie are in the vanguard of Hawaiian rock?

The LP is superbly produced, the songs are all catchy enough. But there's something different here from Ian's early waxed works. Maybe it's just that he's matured.

"When I start performing again,"

Ian observed one rainy day in Putney, "it'll be Ian Whitcomb music; it will be any kind of music I feel like performing, from rock to ragtime, I hope I'll be identified more as a good-time musical personality than by a specific musical style."

And, I almost forgot, they're re-releasing *You Turn Me On*.

—Harold Bronson

#### ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC TO THE WORLD Ten Years Aftah Columbia

I've been a fan of bad rock and roll for a long time. With no hesitation I list The Syndicate of Sound, The Stooges, Silver Metre, "Q" and the Mysterians, and The American Beatles as my all-time favorite groups. The music never mattered to me nearly as much as the sound. For that reason Alvin Lee and Ten Years Aftah have always held a special place in my heart. Since 1968, they have undoubtedly been the kings of the most delightfully, obnoxious, repetitive garbage in rock and roll recording history.

That's why this album is such a letdown. Along with their last Columbia album, *Ten Years Aftah* has made the remarkable attempt to become musical. I don't know where they got such a ridiculous idea but it sure is disappointing! Who does Alvin Lee think he is singing melodies? Has he abandoned his patented ultra-heavy riffs? Will he discontinue his legendary ten-minute, three-note guitar solos? Has he replaced blatant, sexual lyrics (I want to ball you) with sly, abstruse, sexual innuendos (*ChooChoo Mama*)? The facts are obvious. Alvin Lee has made the unfortunate decision to become relevant, significant, ecological, organic, metaphysical, and spiritual in the true hippie tradition. Under the false impression that his audience has matured, Alvin has felt the need to follow along. *How blind can you be, Alvin!!!* In the 1970's maturity means *total regression*. The raw, metallic sound which Alvin helped originate is the current vogue and the phoney, chickenshit, lamo "rock and roll" he now plays is strictly for faggots (no offense meant to my gay brothers).

Let me come right out and say that all the tunes, sort of...stink. *You Give Me Loving* sounds like John Mayall filtered through the Osmond Brothers. *Religion* belies its Pharoah Sanders influence with the final chorus sounding like The Gentrys.

And *You Can't Win Them All* is a direct rip from Cheech and Chong. They even recorded that number on the Rolling Stones Mobile Unit in the south of France. Hmmm...I wonder if that means Ten Years Aftah is trying to join the jet set. That would be A-OK with me, because it would mean Alvin Lee is fine....finally quitting music.

—Adny Shernoff

#### BAD BUT NOT EVIL Marjoe Gortner Chelsea

#### MARJOE Marjoe Gortner Warner Bros.

The release of these two albums by and about Marjoe Gortner signal the emergence of a phenomenon. But before I go into that, I've decided that the time has come for me to confess to certain unethical and illegal practices which I have been engaged in over the last several years. Ordinarily, I wouldn't make such a confession, except that an overpowering desire has come upon me to tell the world that for years I have been a flim flam Salvation Army Santa Claus.

My con artist career is all the fault of my parents; Bible beating bunco artists who turned a pretty penny each Christmas season, by standing on the street corners of a dozen western cities from Portland to Dallas, dressed in the counterfeit Salvation Army uniforms, and playing Christmas carols on their trombones and tambourines for nothing less than personal gain. Together with my eight brothers and sisters, my parents and I would harvest thousands of charity dollars each Christmas season to finance our annual new year's vacation to Fort Lauderdale.

Needless to say, my family upbringing, based as it was on the shifting sands of opportunism, warped my sense of moral values. I wanted to go straight and seek admittance into an upright, orderly home for wayward boys. But when the seasons turned, and the smells of evergreen trees and mistletoe mingled in the sharp frosted air, I always returned to don the red leggings and the stocking cap, false beard and pillow, and go out amongst the multitudes for the purpose of graft. God help me!

Of course, in time I grew older, and accepted my role for what it was — show business. Sure, I helped no charities, and I certainly admit that I was taking money under false pretenses, but just the same there was an undeniable elan to my bell ringing, my little improvised dance steps and my mesmerizing patter of "HO HO HOHO! MERRY CHRISTMAS!" that approached true folk art! The various techniques that we phony Santa Clauses used will be illustrated when the documentary movie *ROBBO* will be released. I confess that it is a searing portrait, true to life, and complete with films of myself out ringing the bell at age five.

It takes great personal courage to say this, knowing that my source of income will be forever closed to me, and also that the effect on my parents will be nothing less than devastating. (They will probably say that I sold out to the devil.) For now, of course, all I can do is make the rounds of the talk shows, and try to get something going in my new chosen profession of ROCK STAR. Never mind that I can't play a note, and that my voice has been destroyed by chronic laryngitis brought on by cold winter winds, but such handicaps never stopped Jagger. So far, I've already toured with the Mike Curb Congregation (good people) and have made the tapes for an album. Those of you in Los Angeles can hear my tapes nightly on radio station KAKA, nr. 2 on the radio dial.

I have also signed with Warners to do my first acting job in a movie. I will play the lead in a biographical film of the late Dr. Tom Dooley. The opportunity has finally come for me to go straight, and leave my con game forever. I'm really very hip; I smoke dope now and have something to say to the youth of America. Rona Barrett and Lisa Rococo have even called me "The most charismatic personality since Elvis." It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

Now let's see, what was it that I

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was going to say about Marjoe Gortner? Never mind, he can get his own publicity.

—Robbo Houghton

#### TOMMY Various Artists Ode Records

I haven't really made up my mind as to whether this is total bullshit or merely part. Musically, it's total crap except for Rod Stewart singing *Pinball Wizard* (he could whistle the *Theme from Adam 12* and I'd still buy it), and the rest of it is just a rip-off of the original, which wasn't even worth ripping in the first place. Recently, though, I read that Lou Adler was gonna give some of the profits to some charity or something, which I don't believe any more than I'd believe that Allen Klein given a second chance, but if it really does happen, it'll work out O.K. I mean, figure all the jewel-encrusted matrons who'll have to spend their dildo money on Christmas bribes for their brats, and who'll buy this colourfully packaged piece of well-intentioned dreck way faster'n they'll spring for a Honda 650 or a live pony. Therefore, powdered eggs for the poor kids in Switzerland, right?

The only problem with the whole project was that they went about it the wrong way. I figger if you're gonna do it, do it right. Hence, I am now in the process of contacting a real all-star cast to perform in a new rendition of TOMMY, all proceeds to go to the Canadian Rock Critics Union Pension Fund, of which, as far as I counted at our last meeting, I am the only member.

Anyway, my proposed line-up, still in the negotiating stages, runs like this:

Replace the London Symphony Orchestra with an all-star team made up of Black Oak Arkansas, The G.T.O.'s Minus One (one died from prolonged exposure to car exhaust, apparently), and the Boston Bruins.

For the role of Narrator: Replace Townshend with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Nurse: Replace Sandy Denny with Moms Mabley.

Lover: Replace Graham Bell with Iggy Pop.

Father: Replace Winwood with Hank Williams, Jr.

Mother: Replace Maggie Bell with Jean Stapleton (E. Bunker).

Hawker: Replace Ritchie Havens with Screamin' Lord Sutch.

Acid Queen: Replace Merry Clayton with Totie Fields.

Tommy: Replace Daltry with Gamer Ted Armstrong.

Cousin Kevin: Replace Entwistle with Lester Bangs.

Uncle Ernie: Replace Ringo with a noted pervert.

Local Lad: Replace Rod Stewart with Lou Reed.

And Doctor: Replace Richard Harris with Mike Douglas.

The epic will be recorded in the Majestic Room of the Three Bears Inn, Windsor Ontario, as soon as the midnight shift from Chrysler's comes in after work.

Now, Let's See Action.

Alan Niesters

#### FOOL'S MATE Peter Hammill Chrisma/Buddah

Within a double-fold checkerboard of good natured psychedelia that would make sweet 1967 blush at her staying power, Peter Hammill, late of the morbidly super Van der Graaf Generator, has created the greatest contribution to pretentio-rock since Procol Harum's first burst of arty splendour. The portentousness of FOOL'S MATE makes Bowie's *Quicksand* sound like a hit he wrote for Herman's Hermits, *Moonlight Mile* a happy ever after in Satanic Majestyland, and *Cold Turkey* a brisk shower. The point being that Hammill rarely if ever considers anything but Death worth getting off on, but he and his session people have managed their necrophilia with an abundance of wit and class to produce some extremely moving music out of an attitude that might seem to have exhausted itself with *Tell Laura I Love Her* or at least *Alone Again, Naturally*.

Fact is, Hammill's a sly and sexy image-maker beneath his pallor and



Peter Hammill, late of Van der Graaf Generator, whose first solo album is reviewed below. (Photo by Paul Coerten)

his songs frequently capture a sense of desperation that may not have the directness of *Love in Vain*, but nevertheless remains credible over an extraordinary spectrum of suicidal explorations. Nothing drags the fans in faster than the possibility that they can bring their broke down and busted hero back from the edge. Unlike those of pretentio-rock robots, almost all of Hammill's songs are love songs, if nothing else but fatalistic self-love is involved; every song is a climax, a crisis past the point of will, yet Hammill's music has more balls than that of a hundred wiseass Mickey Mouse Jagers.

When one looks into Hammill's four-year career, one discovers him as the creative thrust behind the monomaniacally depressing if consistently bizarre Van der Graaf Generator, who produced four albums (1968-1971), while remaining mainly a local and cryptic group with apparently no commercial ambitions. Only a handful of Van der Graaf's tracks have a fraction of the fluency, edge and precision of FOOL'S MATE, yet the musicians are mainly the same — Peter Hammill, Hugh Banton, Guy Evans, and David Jackson — as V.D.G.G. with the addition of Maggie mandolinist Ray Jackson from Lindisfarne and Robert Fripp, an erratic cultish demi-heavy in his own right. The difference has to lie in Hammill's odd decision to record material written for Van der Graaf four or five years ago that was evidently so snappy that V.D.G.G. wouldn't touch it on record. John Anthony, at one time Charisma's resident production whiz, has pulled all of this fifth dimensional jive together like Pete Townshend with a gold single in the re-mix stage to make the most of Trident Studio's extreme suitability for the likes of David Bowie, Elton John, Harry Nilsson, and Genesis.

Despite Hammill's disclaimer that FOOL'S MATE is "an album of songs rather than musical extravaganzas," each number is worked for all it's worth and programmed intelligently. *Imperial Zeppelin* opens the album with a frantic rumba exhortation to turn on and take off, goes through five distinct changes including a lost-in-space instrumental break, a false ending, and a kitch fifties acappella fade.

*Candle* works wonders with Jackson's hit-making mandolin, developing a tango to death, and

throwing in some Paulish sweetness that sends a chill up your spine. Hammill is frequently unlucky in love, but he doesn't torch long; every tune seems designed to make us sorry we didn't care about him more when we could have. *Happy* is no less weird in its uniqueness, combining a literary facility that is fortunately closer to Bowie than Brooker, with some Bachish recorder and a nice little bouree on the organ. Hammill's self-assured, but never snide or flashy, theatricality is played off against a great sense of music as metaphor.

Demonstrating this ability even more dramatically is *Solitude*, which conveys a richness and ominous serenity that even Bowie can seldom bring off without undercutting himself. Hammill, unlike most English pop geniuses, is not a cartoonist. *Solitude's* acoustic torpor and a feeling of surging power in the band show an understanding of every element that make *Moonlight Mile* great, while *Vision* accompanied by just a piano, Hammill achieves a poignancy that in Rod Stewart makes us think the Mod is the richest sound that ever wore gold lame. What's more Hammill can pull off verses like:

"Be my child  
Be my lover,  
Swallow me up in your fire  
cloak,"

without letting this lack of tackiness seem a deficit.

*Reawakening* closes side one, with a hard swinging track and a vocal all syncopations and manic slides up and down Hammill's range. As affect and beautiful and unbelievable as High Mass, *Reawakening* is the most decadently celebratory tune in rock along with *Wild Horses* and *The Supermen*. Guy Evans' drumming is stupendous, a Moonish lunacy tempered within the arrangement.

Side two is a reworking of many of the same musical and lyrical concepts with changes in the production, arrangement, and structure, if not the overall tone, sustaining interest in more of the same. Most notable is the *Viking Song*, a chilling and almost prehistoric tale of travel that makes *Space Oddity* a little trivial in its technological preoccupation. There is a *Seventh Seal* majesty and inevitability to this song, undoubtedly the best ever about the sea, in a class with *Odessa* for sheer

dignity.

FOOL'S MATE comes to us courtesy of Buddah Records almost six months since the disintegration of Van der Graaf Generator. For those curious about that most curious of bands there is available a fine Chrisma Perspective (CS 2, in England) that covers their career historically and aesthetically and includes previously unreleased cuts.

Hammill himself is beginning to perform with little or no accompaniment other than piano in England. Unfortunately, PAWN HEARS, V.D.G.G.'s last LP and presumably Hammill's latest work is more wearing, busy and monotone than anything before it. FOOL'S MATE strikes a rare balance between self-indulgence and one of the few talents in rock that's worthwhile without being rock and roll.

\*©1972 R&M Music —Ron Ross

#### TOM T. HALL'S GREATEST HITS Mercury

Tom T. Hall may very well be the most unique country and western artist on the sets. He doesn't have what you'd call a great voice. His guitar playing ability is no dowry from Aoele. And in a musical field where a bend of the knee, a curl of the lip and a raised eyebrow usually constitute the whole of any given performer's repertoire of stage eurhythmics, he can't even be said to possess any special presence. What's unique about Tom T. Hall ("The 'T,'" he says, stands for "whatever I stand for, which is...singing through my nose, which is what all country people who are in this business do, which is not what we do by choice but mostly all we know how to do, which is why people who are seven or eight feet tall play basketball and we can't") is his songs. Not since Hank Williams' Luke the Drifter material has a country artist been so consistently responsible for such poignantly throw-away story-songs. Hall's songs, the best of them anyway, are all drawn from a well of experience as ordinary as anyone else's. It's his ability to transform those experiences into songs that can convey the right degree of pathos or didactics without ever weakening their basic nature as songs that you can get drunk to (Hall, by the way, is a notoriously omnibibulous character in his own right) and sometimes even dance to (a true oddity as far as recorded C&W goes).

TOM T. HALL'S GREATEST HITS is a collection of eleven songs culled from Hall's seven Mercury albums. (His real "greatest hit," *Harper Valley P.T.A.*, which he wrote but never recorded, grossed him over \$1,000,000, mainly from the royalties he received from Jeannie C. Riley's hit version of 1968.) Most of the material here is better than *Harper Valley P.T.A.*, which predates anything on this album and represents Hall's early moralistic dualism phase rather than the Scottish neutral monism toward which he has since evolved. Tom T.'s *Ballad of Forty Dollars*, a tune about being employed to help dig a friend's grave, getting drunk on beer in the process of doing so, entertaining some casual designs upon the widow ("some women do look good in black") and a grieving relative's car, and finally mourning the fact that the deceased owned him \$40, is included, as is *Salute to a Switchblade*, a song about getting loaded in a Deutsch bar and moving in on some soldier's wife, an act that culminates in Hall's touching tongues with death in the form of the pissed-off hubby's 5-finger switchblade. There's also *A Week in a Country Jail*, a thing concerning getting busted and waiting seven days in a crowded D&D cell for his trial to come up as each day both the sheriff's wife and the crummy victuals she brings begin to look better and better. There's Hall's ode to the wino minstrel of Olive Hill who first got him interested in music, *The Year That Clayton Delaney Died*. There's his classic of country raunch, *Shoeshine Man*, a hallooing rocker about the shoeshine king of Montgomery, Alabama, a guy who shills himself as "Number 1 in the land." Plus *That's How I Got To Memphis*, a tale of despair and

obsessive squack-hunger, *I Washed My Face in the Morning Dew* and *Homecoming*, an amazing number about the intrinsic depressiveness of visiting his father in Kentucky. The only two cuts that don't cleave the mustard are *One Hundred Children* and *Me and Jesus*, his most recent hit on the C&W charts. They're no good because I hate Jesus songs.

Anyway, if you're vaguely acquainted with Tom T. Hall's music, or merely with country and western itself, this is one piece of vinyl that should definitely be had. And if you don't know anything about Tom T. Hall or C&W, it should still be had 'cause it's one of the finest albums to hit the grid in the last few months, C&W, rock, Berlitz Language Course records or whatever.

Besides, how can you not feel a bead of warmth for someone who says, "Country music is my favorite kind of music because I know all the chords on the guitar"?

—Nick Tosches

#### STRING DRIVEN THING Buddah

This has got to be one of the strangest albums I've heard all year. String Driven Thing (some name, huh?) are a Fairport Convention-ish British folk group fronted by Chris Adams and Pauline Adams, apparently either a married couple or brother and sister (possibly both, but not likely). The former of the Adams duo wrote all the LP's material, and the group is rounded out by a bassist and violinist.

There's one great song on the album: *Circus*, a driving hard rock cut strongly reminiscent of Shocking Blue's two big hits a couple years back. Even without drums, the group gets quite a powerful sound here, thanks mainly to some fine electric rhythm guitar work.

The rest of the album's style ranges from early Fairport Convention, to Ian Matthews, and then back to Shocking Blue again with *Let Me Down*. Two other songs have similar rock and roll guitar work, but both lack the strength of the aforementioned rockers as material. The Ian Matthews-type things (and the rest of the album for that matter) are nice, but both the material and vocals fall a shade short of that necessary to make this a good LP. The album overall, as a result, is listenable but just a bit bland.

It's the derivative nature of STRING DRIVEN THING that makes the album interesting, for me at least. There may even be some Savage Rose in here somewhere.

One other thing: the album was produced by Shel Talmy. Somewhere it all makes sense, but I'll be damned if I can figure it out. Worth looking into ya all.

—Mike Saunders

#### BLUE HORIZON/ BLUE MASTERS SERIES Volumes One To Ten Polydor

These ten assorted blues discs, all stemming from Anglophile Mike Vernon's vaunted Blue Horizon label, have been in release in the United Kingdom for at least a couple of years apiece. Congratulations are certainly in order to the folks at Polydor for having the initiative to plunge forward with such a heavy project. There's something here for every type of blues fan and then some. Magic Sam, Otis Rush and Elmore James have some of their best sides reissued in the United States for the first time. Country blues aficionados will relish a trio of vintage 1968 recordings by the likes of Bukka White, Furry Lewis and Mississippi Joe Callicott; while material from assorted late Sixties sessions with guitarists Johnny Young and Johnny Shines and pianists Sunnyland Slim and Champion Jack Dupree round things off with an aura of modernity. An aura that allows this series of albums to stand alongside Atlantic's fine and recent BLUES ORIGINALS collection of similarly evocative blues memorabilia. I only hope that enough people purchase them to warrant its continuation — or at least until Volume Two from Elmore James' last session sees the light of day over here...

Continued on next page



Speaking of Elmore, let's begin with his disc, which is Volume One in the series. James has become something of a legend in the past four or five years — with the eventual (and promised) release of Volume Two of this, originally double-disc set in the U.K., literally all of his recorded legacy will be currently available. Quite a contrast to way back in 1963 (the year Elmore died), when the only James available was a low-budget Crown record — marketed only in grocery and drug stores, my high school memory seems to recall. Nowadays, James' tune *It Hurts Me Too* is a universal favorite of rock musicians of all variations and breeds. Likewise, Elmore's classic re-shaping of Robert Johnson's *I Believe I'll Dust My Broom* theme — all caustic vocal and bottleneck-metallic harshness — has been mangled by every blossoming blues band at the end of the next alley and then some.

The fact of the matter is that Elmore James was the Chuck Berry of Fifties blues, possessing an instantly recognizable yet endlessly variegated, always whiningly strident bottleneck guitar style, along with a vocal raunchiness that defies imitation. Billie Holiday is on everyone's lips these days and the life and times of Elmore James — all hard and downhill — dovetail closely with Billie's struggle, and you watch, James is a natural for a film. Canton, Mississippi is a small town north of Jackson on Highway 51. It stands in Madison County, blues country. Near here Elmore James was born in 1910; probably on a plantation by the Big Black River. From these lowly beginnings James emerged in his teens, already a master at the bottleneck guitar, rambling around and playing his blues throughout the South — meeting all the already-legends of the Thirties and absorbing various influences — most notably that of the even-more-tragic Robert Johnson. And so on...Mike Leadbitter, in his liner notes, tells the story better than I can. As mentioned previously, this disc is the first half of James' final recording session — in the late Fifties with Bobby Robinson producing. It is Elmore James at his most reflective and introspective — included are not only the complete takes, but all the chat, tries and false starts that went into making them. Listen to this disc and weep at the fact that James was on the verge of a "comeback" session in May of 1963 when he collapsed from a heart attack. A necessary purchase for any lover of post-war blues.

As are the next two albums, that explore the early careers of two of Chicago's most exciting guitarists/vocalists ever. I'm talking about the late Magic Sam and the still-plugging Otis Rush. Sam's life and times were just as travailed as James' — but like Elmore, Sam Maghett left behind a healthy legacy of his firebrand abilities. This disc, Volume Three in the series, documents Sam's first recordings in 1957-68 for Eli Toscano's short-lived Cobra label (also worth checking out are his two excellent albums on the Delmark label) Sam's last recorded work in the late Sixties. Most blues fans consider Sam's Cobra output his most haunted and inspired and, upon a re-listen to this album, I'm inclined to agree. Sam, akin to James, had a very noticeable "sound" to his guitar style — at its most vibrant and staccato-intense on these sides. *All Your Love, Everything Gonna Be All Right* and *Call Me If You Need Me* shed light on a talent that rivaled Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers in its heyday. Fellow Chicago-based bluesicians who aid Sam include Willie Dixon, Harold Burrage, Shaky Jake (who also has a disc out on Polydor), Syl Johnson (unfortunately mis-spelled as "Sly" on the album jacket), Mack Thompson and Odie Payne. One of my all time Top Fifty blues albums and marvelous to see available Stateside. Likewise for the Otis Rush release, Volume Two in the series, whose contents (all eighteen cuts) comprise all of Rush's groundbreaking work for the Cobra label. It was Rush that gave Buddy Guy his first break (Guy also waxed for Cobra) during Rush's long-time association with the label — he proved to be its most consistent artist. Scoring with tunes on the order of *I Can't Quit You Baby*,

*Checkin' Up On My Baby* and *My Baby Is a Good 'Un*, Rush at his best was capable of creating some of the moodiest and most turgid blues ever. Even at his worst (on such technical travesties as *Violent Love* and *Sit Down Baby*) Otis Rush beats out most current white so-called blues musicians. Unlike nearly everyone else on this ten-album set, Rush is still alive, playing as good and recording for a variety of labels. He'll need a good producer if he's ever going to make another album of sides this fine.

On July 21, 1968 Mike Vernon sequestered himself inside Ardent Studios in Memphis with such legendary country blues luminaries as Furry Lewis, Mississippi Joe Callicott, Bukka White and the indispensable Bill Barth. And came out with these three invigoratingly real albums. Both White and Lewis have had their stories told many times before — I concentrate here on the late, only recently discovered Mississippi Joe Callicott. In 1930, when Joe was twenty-nine, he recorded two tunes for a traveling field unit in Memphis — and proceeded to totally drop out of sight. Though ignored by blues labels in the 30's and 40's, Callicott kept playing his medicine-show and jug band-styled blues at suppers and fishfries until 1959 — when his lifelong partner, Garfield Akers, passed away. Joe was "rediscovered," along with Son House, Mississippi John Hurt and Furry Lewis, in the mid-Sixties, and was a featured artist at the 1968 Memphis Blues Festival. Like any blues musician that played in Memphis and its environs, Callicott came under the tutelage of the highly popular and shadowy Frank Stokes. Callicott's impressions of Stokes' characteristically gently surging rhythmic approach is in evidence on such cuts as *Joe's Trouble Blues* and *Hoist Your Window and Let Your Curtain Down*. Depth is added to this disc — Callicott's final testament before his death in 1969 — by such flashback tunes as *War Time Blues* and *You Don't Know My Mind* as well as Callicott's close-to-home renditions of *On My Last Go Round* and *Married Woman Blues*.

The Furry Lewis release, Volume Five in the series, is, as usual, a one-man show as Lewis works his way through blues (including a re-shaping of his first release *Big Chief Blues*) and ballads (on the order of *John Henry* and *Casey Jones*), with a few sacred and traditional blues tunes tossed in. Lewis, like Callicott, had a very spotty 78-disc history and didn't record for some thirty years; Lewis had better luck than Callicott did on the Revival Circuit and has many other albums out. As has Bukka White (who recorded perhaps the most durable and representative of them for Chris Strachwitz' Arhoolie label), whose career was lined, not only with public apathy, record label chiseling and poverty — but a stretch at the notorious Parchman Farm prison farm in Mississippi. White's style also derives from Frank Stokes, but drifts often into that uniquely Bukka White-stylized sense of the story-song blues, contracted with such derivatunes as *Drifting Blues* and *Baby Please Don't Go* to constitute an excellent, well rounded White disc. Incidentally, Bukka operates with the largest band of the three artists recorded that July day — backed up jubilantly by harp, second guitar (once again, by the able Bill Barth), piano, string bass, washboard and drums. Quite a capper to a trio of excellent releases.

Onto the only disc of the ten recorded in Europe — by the still-jumping and ever-remarkable, New Orleans born Champion Jack Dupree. Along with Kid Stormy Weather and other aloof, unrecorded barrelhouse pianists, Dupree laid the groundwork for the growth of a still vital (in the hands of Allen Toussaint, Mac Rebennack and others) New Orleans piano/organ style. Dupree cut his best sides for Okeh in the early Forties and for Atlantic in the late Fifties and, to these ears, this Blue Horizon effort suffers from an excess. The material is invigorating — spiced by such brilliances as *I Want To Be A Hippie* and *Who Threw The Whiskey in the Well* — but an excess of violins, trumpets, flugelhorn and tenors is, for me, distracting. Rolling



Stones fanatics — be informed that "this album, recorded in 1969, features Mick Taylor on guitar and was made only weeks before his joining the Rolling Stones." Mike Vernon fanatics be informed that he shares percussion chores with Big Chief Drumstick throughout...

Back over to Chicago and one of its most active and stellar pianists — Sunnyland Slim, otherwise known as Albert Luandrew — who is joined by such luminaries as Walter Horton, Johnny Shines, Willie Dixon and Clifton James on this disc. Unlike Dupree, Slim is not an entertainer. Slim was Muddy Waters' first piano player, cut discs under his own name for most of Chicago's indie labels as well as backing up live and on disc the likes of Floyd Jones, J.B. Lenoir, Snooky Pryor, Willie Nix and Baby Face Leroy Foster. This is some of Slim's best work. Check out *Sunnyland Special* or *I Got To Get To My Baby* for starters — Slim by himself is noteworthy and revelatory throughout — the addition of Horton, Shines, Dixon and James is all the better. Solid Chicago blues all the way. Which brings things around to Johnny Shines' disc in this set. Shines is also from Memphis originally and is the last direct link and inheritor of the tradition that Robert Johnson began. Which is asserting that Shines can play a hell of a bottleneck guitar — he even employs some of Johnson's themes in unspoiled fashion in *From Dark 'Til Dawn* and *Black Panther*. Like Slim's album, this one was cut in May of 1968 in Chicago and employs the same rhythm section of Horton, James and Dixon — with the late Otis Spann playing rock-steady piano on one cut. An album that dovetails nicely with Shines recent Testament release — in fact, I like this one better: there's no getting around the late-and-cold-at-night intensity of cuts like *I Will Be Kind To You* and *I Don't Know*.

I saved the mandolin player of this set for last, because he's the hardest of the bunch for me to evaluate — I like his music so much — like Muddy Waters and the "original" Sonny Boy Williamson, Johnny Young migrated from Mississippi up to Chicago around 1940. In fact, Johnny Young was working with them both for a while — until unknown difficulties forced him to give up the music business. However, 1947 found him playing and recording once more with the likes of Snooky Pryor and Floyd Jones and recording for some of Chicago's early, pre-Chess and Vee Jay labels — namely Ora Nelle, Planet and Swing Master. But, like many others before him, he felt screwed by the record labels and only the Blues Revival of the mid-Sixties got him into a recording studio again — for a variety of labels (Arhoolie, Testament and Vanguard) and all consistently excellent. Young sings and plays guitar as well as a sinuously invigorating blues mandolin in the tradition of Yank Rachell and Ed Chapman on this 1969 session, co-produced by Otis Spann. Young is augmented by Otis Spann, Sammy Lawhorn, S.P. Leary and Paul Osher — a finder collection of accompanists for Mr. Young is unimaginable.

Which makes this album, like most of the rest of this series, a necessary and rewarding purchase. Depending, of course, on the facets of that structure of raw emotion known as "the blues" that appeal to you. There are an

abundance of blues reissue sets now in actuality and in the works — this collection effectively contrasts the traditional with the modern. Check them out.

—Gary von Tersch

### Hot August Night / Neil Diamond (continued).....

a love song for you," says Neil introducing *Play Me*. And do it he does, to a "t" and a turn, with strings, beatific acoustic and vibes, and a soaring finale that plays him and her and you and me like a heartstring quartet: "And so it was that I came to travel..."

Straight into *Canta Libre*, with shimmering, scintillating Spanish guitar to boost his Brooklyn-born *cante londo*: "I got music runnin' through my head...Keeps me 'way from the thought of dyin'." Neil then introduces *Morningside* as "pure fantasy," but proceeds to sing it like his personal credo — his own craft or sullen art done for children, lovers, and all others that matter but pay no heed. Lots of good people probably hate this number, considering it his most sentimental ballad of all; but it sits just fine with me, steel, congas, strings, schmaltz and all.

A little semi-sung intro leads into the bass booms and acoustic strums and glockenspiel glimmers of *Song Sung Blue*. "Anybody in the world can sing it," adds Neil, and he's right — it's the apotheosis, the *piece de resistance* and *ne plus ultra* of catchy melody/lyric combinations. Downright insidious in fact and the kid knows what to follow its ringing, crashing climax with: *Cracklin' Rosie*, a cracklin' and a-risin' up and up and...except that the strings and growls and percussive bells don't mix so well this time.

But nothing's about to stop the black Diamond express and grand finale: time now for the pull-out-the-stops and polish-'em-off threesome of *Holly Holy*, *I Am...I Said* and *Soolaimon* (with a bit of *Brother Love* thrown in for good, or bad, measure). The crescendo comes

slow but overpoweringly sure as Hollywood Holy carries the crowd to the peak of the night, leaving Neil in gasping, inarticulate ecstasy and the people jumping up into a shouting, cheering, standing ovation.

"I need, I want, I care, I weep, I ache, I am...I said, I am," chants Neil, and his enchantatory magic succeeds. Still gasping, he talk-sings the first lines over quiet guitar: "But you know I keep thinkin' 'bout makin' my way back/I'm New York City born an' raised/But nowadays I'm lost between two shores/L.A.'s fine, but it ain't home/New York's home, but it ain't mine/No more..."\*\* The piano's echoing, the strings are climbing, and Neils crying out his impassioned existential statement in the face of doubt and defeat.

The band and orchestra riff rhythmically through two more minutes of ovation, then several shakers, multiple drums, and godknowswhatalease explode into *Soolaimon* with Neil back and strutting around as triumphant as that lion of his *African Trilogy*. The changes in rhythm and vocal potency and the ball-busting band all make *Soolaimon* the brilliant, perfect choice for an encore.

The *Brother Love* hunk is a mistake, however; that hokey, honkey, testifying' intro jes' don't make it no mo', bro'. Fortunately, after only a minute or so, the clip collapses back into *Soolaimon* for the big, everybody-up-for-it finish.

"Leadin' me on...takin' me home" — ah, yes, straight to three weeks on Broadway. As my wife just commented, after this album I guess he can retire for a year. It's great. ©1971 Prophet —Ed Leimbacher

## FEBRUARY'S BEST ALBUMS

1. HOLLAND	The Beach Boys	Brother/Reprise
2. TRANSFORMER	Lou Reed	RCA
3. No. 1 RECORD	Big Star	Ardent/Columbia
4. FOOLS MATE	Peter Hamill	Charisma
5. SHOOT-OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY	Traffic	Island

## FEBRUARY'S HO-HUMS

1. PHEW	Claudia Lennear	Warner Bros.
2. WHO DO WE THINK WE ARE	Deep Purple	Warner Bros.
3. SPLIT ENDS	The Move	United Artists
4. ARTIFICIAL PARADISE	The Guess Who	RCA
5. IN CONCERT	Derek & Domlnoes	RSO/Atlantic

### Turkey of the Month:



AZTECA/Azteca/Columbia Records

The result of a scrupulously exacting survey of the most qualified rock scene observers, PRM's "best-ho-hum" section is the most reliable, accurate charting this side of the Billboard charts. If you would like to participate in our poll, send your choices every month and they will be carefully tabulated to produce an even more reflective sampling of popular opinion.



# JAZZ

George Wein's 1972 "Newport in New York" concerts brought a lot of fine jazz (and peripherally-jazz) music to the people of New York and their guests, and stimulated rather a lot of additional, non-festival jazz activity in that city — at least a little bit of which has not abated even now. But by no means was everyone happy with Wein and his production. He has been chided, and sometimes even roundly denounced, by music journalists of all persuasions for his omissions, his administrative carelessnesses, the (some said) bullheaded cliquishness with which he conducted the whole affair. One of the most positive of the negative reactions to Wein and "Newport in New York" came from the hastily-organized, extremely informal "New York Musicians' Festival," which allowed artists like Sun Ra, Leon Thomas, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, Roswell Rudd, Sam Rivers, Byard Lancaster, Andrew Hill, Milford Graves, Frank Foster and his big band, et al — none of whom he had invited to participate in the Newport concerts — to perform, to work together, to offer their mostly important music to the public, at the Studio Rivbea in Manhattan. As far as I've been able to find out, none of this particular festival was recorded. But virtually all of the "Newport in New York" sessions were taped, of course. (Wein knows his angles.) And, now that Cobblestone has released six volumes of music from the festival, most of it jam sessions, it is plain to see that — whatever grousing writers and musicians may have justifiably done during or after the event itself — there was, indeed, some very fine music played at this new version of the Newport Jazz Festival.

VOLUMES 1 and 2 (Cobblestone CST 9025-2, a two-record set) are more or less mainstream bop. More or less. Here, as in most of the sessions, there are some very interesting pairings of personnel. Imagine, for instance, *Jumpin' at the Woodside* and a contemporary composition called *Lo-Slo Bluze* played by a group whose trumpet section is aging Ellington veteran Cat Anderson and flashy almost-young modernist Jimmy Owens, whose reed section is Texas tenor traditionalist Buddy Tate and searing Mingus reedman Charles McPherson, whose keyboards are old Lionel Hampton pianist Milt Buckner and the elaborate, quasi-adventuresome Roland Hanna. And with Alan Dawson on drums and Mingus himself on bass. Hardly your everyday aggregation. They sound fine, too, with a lot of spark and fire and with a reassuring warm solidity.

Then there are *Bag's Groove* and *Night in Tunisia* (ho-hum) played by Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Green, Stan Getz, Milt Jackson, violinist John Blair, Kenny Burrell, Mary Lou Williams (!), Percy Heath, Max Roach, and Big Black. If you're one of those (as I am, just barely) who can still listen at length to the same old bop tunes with the same old bop changes without falling asleep, it's nice music.

VOLUMES 3 and 4 (Cobblestone CST 9026-2, another two-record set) features two sides of highly professional swinging and stomping by Joe Newman, Nat Adderly, Illinois Jacquet, Budd Johnson (this writer's favorite mainstream tenor man, bar none), Tyree Glenn, Gerry Mulligan, Jaki Byard (who just keeps sounding better and better), Chubby Jackson (anybody remember him?), and Elvin Jones, and an absolutely delightful 28-minute version of Dizzy Gillespie's *Blue 'n Boogie*, relentlessly driving and yet carefully elegant throughout, by Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, Gary Burton, Jimmy Smith, George Duke, Al McKibbon, and Art Blakey. Alas, the fourth side of the album displays all too plainly the

dangers of too much informality, too little proper preparedness. The group itself is certainly the most unusual of all of these ensembles, with the widest diversity of stylistic elements included, with the greatest possible variations of musical traditions and talents. Try this: Harry Edison, James Moody, Flip Phillips, Dexter Gordon, Zoot Sims, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Kai Winding, Chuck Wayne (a lovely new Amana refrigerator/freezer if you remember both him and Chubby Jackson), Herbie Hancock, Larry Ridley, and Tony Williams. There are, to be sure, some exciting solo moments within. Some interesting combinations of sounds, and so forth. But the theme is stated, plainly and simply, out of tune. (It's Miles' *So What*, probably one of the most familiar single jazz melody lines ever penned.) And the ensemble playing in general is just impossibly ragged. Maybe rapport was poor in some directions (I mean, how much could Herbie Hancock have to say to Kai Winding?...Or Chuck Wayne to Rahsaan Roland Kirk?), or it may have been simply a lack of time, a lack of opportunity to get some certain few essentials together. In any case, it's good proof (if any is needed) that musicianship, like any other ship, needs a firm sense of direction and, preferably, a strong man at the helm as well.

VOLUME 5 (Cobblestone CST 9027) is notable mainly for the happy coexistence thereon between Kenny Burrell and B.B. King, who play with a group that is basically led by Jimmy Smith and that also includes Joe Newman, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Illinois Jacquet, and Roy Haynes. King plays a bluesy (of course), rather limited kind of jazz, but it works wonderfully, especially in front of (or behind) Burrell's light-fingered extravagances.

VOLUME 6 (Cobblestone CST 9028), also called *THE SOUL SESSIONS* is, for my money, easily the least interesting, the most superfluous of the six records. Bill Eckstine tries to sing the way Billy Eckstine used to (*Jelly Jelly* is nice, though, especially when Eckstine's

top-notch rhythm section gets bolstered by the horns of Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, and Kay Winding); Curtis Mayfield does standard treatments of two standard Curtis Mayfield songs (I mean, they're not *bad* or anything...They're just redundant); B.B. King sings and plays a strong, almost-gleeful blues song, dealing admirably with a band heavily laden with musicians who sound strangely uni-dimensional, even in a blues context; Herbie Mann plays his usual meaningless piffle, given interest only slightly by the presence of Sonny Sharrock and David Newman, both of whom deserve a far better showcase for their considerable talents; Les McCann is fun, as usual, (even though, here, he's singing that dreadful pseudo-Gene McDaniels social protest song *The Price You Got To Pay To Be Free*), but not much more; Roberta Flack, who is Nina Simone for teenagers, continues to reduce her music — whatever its sources — to the lowest common denominators of cocktail gospel cliché. (She ought to get together with Leon Russell.)

Some other new albums: GEMINI by Erroll Garner (London XPS 617), which is good, respectable background music that might even make you snap an occasional finger or two, and which seems to indicate that Garner is currently going through something of an early-sixties Ramsey Lewis stage in his playing; EXPECTATIONS by Keith Jarrett (Columbia KG 31580), a two-record set and Jarrett's first for his new label, whereon this most extraordinary pianist shows that his experimentations are always intriguing if not always pleasantly listenable, that his plain old piano-playing is incredibly fine, incredibly lyrical, and that he has a sensitivity and a vision that make him truly a poet, and an extremely important poet, of the contemporary musical world; and ALBERT MANGELSDORFF AND HIS FRIENDS (MPS 15 210), a recorded version of a sort of thing very popular in European avant-garde jazz

circles these days: a series of unaccompanied duos played by unlikely combinations of instruments — the instruments here being Mangelsdorff's big, rich, humorous, muscular trombone on one hand and, then, Don Cherry's trumpet, Elvin Jones' drums, Karl Berger's vibes, Attila Zoller's guitar, Lee Konitz' alto, and Wolfgang Dauner's piano. It all comes off superbly: Cherry's duo is marvelous nonsense and especially fun, and Zoller's seems, in many ways, the most complete, the best throughout, the most intuitively successful of the six.

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European Notes: Among the more unusual musical events in Paris recently (which is to say, late in 1972) have been the appearance of Kenny Clark with an avant-garde ensemble co-led by trumpeter Jean-Christian Michel; a concert by the Intercommunal Free Dance Music Orchestra (with Benard Vitet, Francois Tusques, Beb Guerin, et al); and a performance by the elusive Julio Finn's Blues Band. Johnny Griffin, fans of solidly swinging post-bop with leftist leanings should be glad to note, is back at Chat Qui Peche in the Latin Quarter, fronting a quartet that includes Oliver Jackson on drums.

Readers have pointed out on numerous occasions that this "European Notes" section tends to concentrate on France and Italy, to the exclusion of the jazz-rich rest of Europe. The situation is simply this: my best sources for reasonably up-to-date jazz news are friends and a few calendar-type publications from France, and the Italian magazine Musica Jazz (for which I am, incidentally, one of the two American correspondents). I would happily print jazz news from any place I could get it. As long as it's *real* news, real accounts of concerts or recordings, real plans for the future, etc. I'll be more than happy to hear from any musicians, concert bookers, jazz writers, jazz fans, etc., then I'll gladly pass the news on to the rest of PRM's readers.

—Colman Andrews



Continued from page 4

## STONES

Feliciano didn't get tickets, but got honorable mention as the first all blind super group from Comedians Cheech and Chong; who were kind of entertaining but as usual in bad taste. Santana was the opening act, and that was in good taste. Legendary master Ricky Nelson replete with streaked grey hair left after *Happy*, the Stones eighth song. Boz Scaggs was going crazy. Warren Beatty sans Julie looked bored and dulled. Carrot topped Peter Asher looked like an English school boy. Tony and Susan Alamo Foundation representatives, through high powered megaphones declared Mick Jagger "a lie", and the Rolling Stones "advocates of the devil". Fable knew where the party was and she came a day earlier. Bobbie Womack smiled when they did his old Valentines number *It's All Over Now*. Fluorescent Leech and Eddie also came to the Forum a day

early and enjoyed a hockey game. They ate 23 hot dogs and had diarrhea the night of the show — added shit.

MUSIC SHIT. If you go to rock concerts you know they all smell differently. Some have the aroma of grass, others of hashish, some of r & r perspiration. The Stones Benefit concert Thursday night reeked of crusted farts. Mostly old farts and middle aged farts, 'cause nary a young fart was present due to the overbearing prices and high costs involved. (I quote from a current press release "Atlantic records bought up hundreds of tickets...then Ode (Cheech and Chong) bought a batch... Oddly enough, Columbia-Santana's label — purchased nary a ticket.) A lot of pin stripped old farts were present where young un's couldn't tread because of bread. But all you had to do was gander at the stage and there you'd smell the unkindest farts of them all — The Stones. Now Mick has to be the unequivocal leader of the old rock and roll farts. What is he? 31. Well he sure looked it, even with a lot of blue eyeliner and when he came on stage looking like a crewcutted Roddy McDowell on Acid in Dante's Inferno and took his Black, chartreuse lined cape and French masquerade party mask and said something to the effect that he knew \$100.00 was a lot of bread but the Stones are worth it you knew he wasn't farting around anymore. At the very onset one could have easily been deceived into thinking that the Stones were farting around musically. There was no doubt that the technicians were, because the mikes weren't delivering and that's the technicians fault because they should replace them. 'Cause that's what they're paid for but tonight they might not have been getting paid so everybody understood. Except Jagger who chastised them for their incompetency.

The alarmingly fragile Mick Taylor now leads the Stones on stage. Then Charlie, casual in red slacks and black shirt and Bianca's cabellero Nicaraguan hat, followed by the horn lineup, Keith in paisley/patchwork,

multi-materialled Japan suede cloth velvet jacket, Bill in Butterflow flower power patterns with see through Dan Armstrong bass, Nick Hopkins naked in his head phones, and finally pirouetting on, from stage right Michael P. Jagger. Jack of all flashes and master of jumps, not to mention ceremonies, drugs, sex and cheap thrills.

Waving and blowing kisses not unlike a crazed Rudolph Nuryev with latent Tiny Tim tendencies, Mick in his shortest hair since BETWEEN THE BUTTONS, cropped together by a glittering silver sequined tiara, out did Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich and even lovely Liza, all in one ghoulish yet fartingly romantic swoop. At times, there were visions of Vincent Price — Batman as he swapped his devilish costume mask and black cape for white/glittering tennis sneakers a denim cowboy jacket light blue jumpsuit with blue scarf and mike stand and hipped, shaken and shuddered into his repertoire.

REPERTOIRE SHIT. 1) *Brown Sugar* — just like all of last tour, pretty perfect, good r & r. 2) *Bitch* — a little disappointing. Stones were still getting warmed up. 3) *Rocks Off* — undecided what to do ("what'll we do now Keith"? ) it too sounded like last tours version although you could tell they had only two practice sessions this time around. 4) *Gimme Shelter* — lead in unsure timing off, some flat notes, definitely this is a "first stop on tour date." Not as much acrobatics as usual. A tired Jagger resorting to some circa *Heart Of Stone*, *Time Is On My Side* microphone tactics, Frank Sinatra crooning style. 5) *WE thought we'd have a go at a few old ones if I can remember the words* squaled Mick as the band ripped into a surprisingly version of *Route 66* — they sounded like a real good garage band, which can't be bad. A lot of Chuck Berry rhythms. 6) "Definitely Vintage" was the introduction for Bobby Womack's *It's All Over Now*, complete with eluding guitar introductions that reeked of the Stones own *Little By Little* also new lyrics *She Hurt My Nose Opened...* chunky feeling. Keith 1964 cry baby

harmonies, "a little rusty, that one," other lyrics "When I got high she'd ease my achin' head" Mick had to motion Charlie during reprise "I more time," "a definite try." 7) *Happy* — happy. 8) *Tumbling Dice* — overly fuzzed out but excellent just the same. 9) *No Expectations*. — 10) *Sweet Virginia* — shitty. 11) *You Can't Always... Get What You Need* — Santana's conga player was supposed to sit in but was indisposed. Here is where Mick started getting hot. Pirouetting around the stage up the especially designed side ramps and down the ingeniously designed step ladder perched high above all. Michael P. went into his go, go, striptease dance routine. Cock/cunt tease rock extraordinaire. 12) The upbeated rhythmic *Dead Flowers* sounded like it could have been for Mary Anne, but David Crosby who was really getting off to it, squashed that rumor immediately. Fact was that it's a fine piece of shit from the Stones. 13) "Enough of this medium tempoed stuff" was Mick's introduction *Stray Cat Blues*. A finer version never witnessed live except by the Random Blues and anglophiled Boooklyneese night owl group. In fact a lot of words indiscernable on the record were heard for the first time that night. Words heard: click, clack, wider than you...et. al. 14) *Live With Me* — brought the crowd to its feet as the stench of clap replaced the air of fartiness. 15) *Down The Line* — excellent grease. 16) *Rip This joint* — triple timed rip off. At this point Mick showed how much fun he was having and how much he liked everyone and hot hot he was by unzipping his sequined jumpsuit and hugging, blubbering chubby Bobby Keyes. 17) *Jumpin Jack Flash* — just like Leon Russell's version. 18) *Street Fighting Man* — street walking woman. Upon presentation of this ditty Mick himself was presented with a personally autographed bouquet from the biggest cocksucker in Hollywood. Mick threw the flowers towards the backstage throngs and opted "for the Roses" doing his token *Zorba the Greek* circle dance. Mick and Keith embraced and walked off stage hands

on each other's waist...tuckered out after an outta sight performance by a bunch of nice guys.

ENCORE — *Midnight Rambler* replete with toilet paper streamers and dramatic smoke screen. Here for the first time one is able to depict Mick's sideburnless profile. His chopped up, butch like hair-do, truly a phenomenon — perhaps the highlight of the show. Charlie is beginning to look a lot like Moulty of the Barbarians from Boston. Singing to the floor as well as beating it, on cue, Muck was exhausted by night's end. All in all and keeping with the theme the guys did some pretty good shit. A lot of the audience needed an enema but that was to be expected in constipated farty old L.A.

ENEMA SHIT. All in all it was worth it. For those who gave, let them feel good, for those too cheap, let them eat it. Some guy phoned in and said it would gross more than any theatrical event in all of history. Even *Bangla Desh* and the *Muscular Dystrophy Telethons*. It's hard to believe, but when we see a photograph of the check in some magazine or album jacket that'll be proof. Right!! Question: Is there any actual need for this sort of shit? Yes, because when all the shit is scraped off the shoes and the money is distributed, a lot of homeless people down in Managua, Nicaragua are gonna have a roof over their heads and some food in their frightened souls. After laughingly telling one reporter that she (Bianca) was understandably worried more than he, about his Mother-in-law, Jagger, looking like a young schoolboy cricket player, reported that there were "20 to 30 people holed up in each house in the disaster area," and that they were "afraid to stay indoors and equally as terrified to come outside." Thanks to your \$100's, \$25's, and \$10's — help is on the way. Now if only the Stones show some additional good faith by celebrating with a free concert at the Forum for the same people who contributed their hard earned bucks taking their same respective 100, 25, and 10 dollars seats...that wish and a dime will get 'cha a cup of coffee.

— (LA/36C1662/No. B-FR)





## The Move Divide & Conquer.

power. Between this number and *Roll Over Beethoven*, one would be hard-pressed to keep the pulse calm, such is their energy level; Wizzard would do well to have some things this impressive up their sleeves!

The finale is perhaps ELO's most completely integrated, fully realized piece yet. *Kuama*, a song in which a man has to try to explain the Western concept of "rule by law" and warfare to his Oriental girlfriend. The cut begins with some Musique Concrete, shifts to what could be construed as country-rock and flows into a strong, likeable melody, good rock vocal by Lynne and a dense but distinctly defined instrumental arrangement. Whining cellos and dramatic piano chords are matched by a sad, romantic violin solo and eastern-flavored, "weeping" guitar. The composition includes a vocal bridge, the arrangement an effectively dramatic instrumental passage which suggests the pathos of violence. Finally the singer returns with his admission of helplessness, unable to resist the machine which reminds him of the "duty he owes" to his fatherland. The last verse is both tragic and hopeful, as he kills and seeks forgiveness at the same time. The ELO create a closing crescendo with the strings and droning synthesizer, ending the record with no small amount of impact.

Hopefully the detail gone into here won't spoil all of the surprises this album holds in store for both the skeptical and the eager. The Electric Light Orchestra are maturing impressively, and once they learn to better edit themselves and consummate their ideas, they should entirely earn the praise various critics, their followers, and onlookers like Pete Townshend and John Cale have lavished on segments of their work.

Which leaves us, in the end, where we started: the Move. Splitting up, splitting hairs, splitting ends. For UA on an album called SPLIT ENDS.

At the suggestion of a couple of zealous rock critics, United Artists obtained permission to combine a large portion of MESSAGE FROM THE COUNTRY with the five single record releases the Move have had in the U.S. since leaving A&M in 1970. The result is a new, interim Move LP which may, ironically, be the one to earn them that long-lost recognition. Why?

*Do Ya!!!*

*Do Ya*, composed by Lynne and arranged by Wood, is atomic power harnessed and channeled into small combo rock and roll. Lynne screams surrealistic imagery about babies dancing in the midnight sun, he and Wood play the strings off of their guitars and Bevan pounds and pounds and pounds. There are nuances, and nice ones, to be sure, but this song is meant to blow your speakers out and cause you to win races with the highway patrol on the expressway. And it does, it does. It was almost a hit single, and it may be the reason SPLIT ENDS could activate the entire Move catalogue instantaneously.

Then there's *Message From the Country*, majestic magnum opus from the album of the same name, with Jeff singing for the evergreens about ecology, and the Move playing for the future. *Chinatown*, another great, unheard single A-side, paints a brisk and exotic picture of several facets of everyday life in a certain part of the Big City.

*The Minister*, a savage-sounding commentary on a certain type of celebrity, perhaps of the Prime variety, uses riffing guitar in a manner which reminds one of *Paperback Writer*. (Move drummer Bevan, reviewing MESSAGE in *Rolling Stone*, even brought that up). *Words of Aaron* is luscious melody and religious parable. Arguably the best cut on MESSAGE, it stands up well amidst new competition. Finishing side one is the Move a la Berry, *Down on the Bay*. Jeff Lynne is belting it out again, in a dispassionate opus of romance. The band throw in a Kinky rumba near the end and finish off with electric duck calls.

Side two is Wood a la fifties once again. This time it's Jerry Lee Lewis meets the King of Rock and Roll. *California Man* was *Do-Ya's* A-side a hit in England; it's the stuff rock classics are made of.

Weill and Brecht are suggested by the sadly leveled *No Time*, a song of tragedy and human innocence featuring Wood on recorder. *Ella James* tells the story of a nasty schoolgirl with but a slight rock and roll leer and a lot of Move style.

*It Wasn't My Idea* is a Wood tour-de-force on lyrics, melody and oboe. Some love affairs happen automatically and entangle disconcertingly; Wood's oboe playing bleats the dissatisfaction marvelously. *Until Your Momma's Gone* is hard-rocking impatience, which leads to a much more pop-oriented waiting game, *Tonight*. This was the one Capitol single and may be the next UA 45; it also received some action in a version by the New Seekers, but don't let that fool you. It is Wood at his most versatile, with a bouncy bass line to boot.

SPLIT ENDS is the closest we'll probably get to a Move Greatest Hits package in this country unless and until A&M decides to raid its well-stocked vaults. As such, along with the enthusiastic response which greeted *Do Ya*, it has a better chance to make it than any of the three previous U.S. releases. If it does, either instead of or in addition to ELO and Wizzard, it will surely encourage the inevitable reunion of the two wings of the Move.

And even if it doesn't, the outburst of Move activity, led by the ELO and Wizzard tours, is provocative enough in itself. If they succeed in breaking through to U.S. audiences, it might seem like early 1964 all over again, with a small group of musicians over-populating the charts almost single-handedly. Even a David Bowie would turn his head in bewilderment to see exactly who it was roaring up behind him. If the madness and the music only find their way to the right nerve-endings, everyone will know...

Continued from page 8

## BRITAIN

stash a Jimmy Cliff album behind a Family album, and pretend astonished when it's discovered, ("Oh, how did that get in there?"). Dave "Tones" Robinson is raving about Jimmy Cliff's flick, *"The Harder They Come"* and Dai "Feedback" Davis has taken on PR work for *"The Greyhound"* (who did a backing track on Chris Darrow's latest LP). I've heard some pretty good reggae stuff lately and wouldn't mind getting into it a little more. Have a listen to the soundtrack of *"The Harder They Come."*

Viv Stanshall is back on the radio, once again, and his solo (?) album for Warners is expected to be released shortly. The Bonzo's have been getting together recently to discuss reforming, but nobody is willing to say whether or not it's definite. Meanwhile they are all fulfilling previous engagements (Neil Innes doing solo singles and albums as well as dashing around with Grimms, Roger Spear still palying with his robots, Legs Larry hobnobbing with Elton John).

Oh and before I forget, a hearty handclasp to Pete Senoff. Not only is he one of the few people who is into German bands ("Those kids sure have their 2001 together" he once wrote and too true mate), but I am thrilled to know that he is an Annette freak. You're a man after me own heart, Pete.

Keep your little shell tuned to Wales and Germany this year folks. Guaranteed satisfaction.

—Lady Bangla Boom

## FAN MAIL

(Continued from page 3)

credentials as members of *"The Counter Culture,"* so they run interviews with the latest Hollywood "new wave" film director, Hunter Thompson, ramblings on dope and reports from the "Third World." RS and *Crawdaddy* are the clearest examples. Well, most of the people I know who buy *Stone* buy it for its dwindling music features, just as the nude pix sell *Playboy*, no matter what Hefner says.

PRM, on the other hand, covers only music. The feeling I get from reading it is the same I get from reading fanzines like *Who Put The Bomp*. It's obvious that the writers enjoy writing about the music and don't view it as a stepping stone to more "important" things like interviewing Charles Reich. The writers on PRM include almost all my favorites: Mendelsohn, Shaw, Bickhart, Ward, Bangs, et al.

So keep up the good work. And say, how about an article on Andy Warhol?

Thomas Farrelly  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear PRM:

I think your magazine is terrific! I just have one complaint: you criticized Rick Springfield's album too much in your November issue. I think it's the best album I ever heard. I'm aware that you had some good comments about the album, but not enough. You said that Rick's voice is a bit constricted, but I read in another magazine that his voice is always soft. I think that is what makes his singing so beautiful. I want to say that he is my favorite singer and *Speak to the Sky* is one of my favorite songs.

Kathy Wojcik  
Kansas City, Missouri

## The Troggs

Continued from page 12



glumpy looks — baby fat hanging on his cheeks, a trim but round figure — and his almost-Irish accent — reminding one of a jolly leprechaun more than anything else — sneered each suitable vocal is a subtle, direct manner spiced with a tinge of arrogance. The instrumental backing, hard and markedly simple, was sloppy, characteristic of the we're tough-we-don't-care punk philosophy. A listen to *Wild Thing* and *Feels Like A Woman* reveals the only difference to be the band's more competent musicianship (and the heavier sound). And, as exemplified by *Love Is All Around*, the Troggs did compose perfectly hummable love songs (with Presley employing a lightness and innocence as well).

Currently, the Troggs are on the cabaret circuit, although they make it a point that their music is still the same; that is, it hasn't been toned down to appeal to the general clientele. They've been booked back everywhere they've played, but the last time they performed in London was six years ago. Collectively they admire the music of the Rolling Stones, The Who, The Kinks and Slade.

While the Troggs are waiting to see how their new single will fare, there are indications of a Troggs' revival hanging in the air. A spokesman at the Nehi record distributors mentioned that *Wild Thing* and *Love Is All Around* still receive a considerable number of orders. Unfortunately both singles are out of circulation. In England those two and *With A Girl Like You* compose a recently released EP. And although the group is itching to tour America, that prospect looks doubtful until they get another hit single.

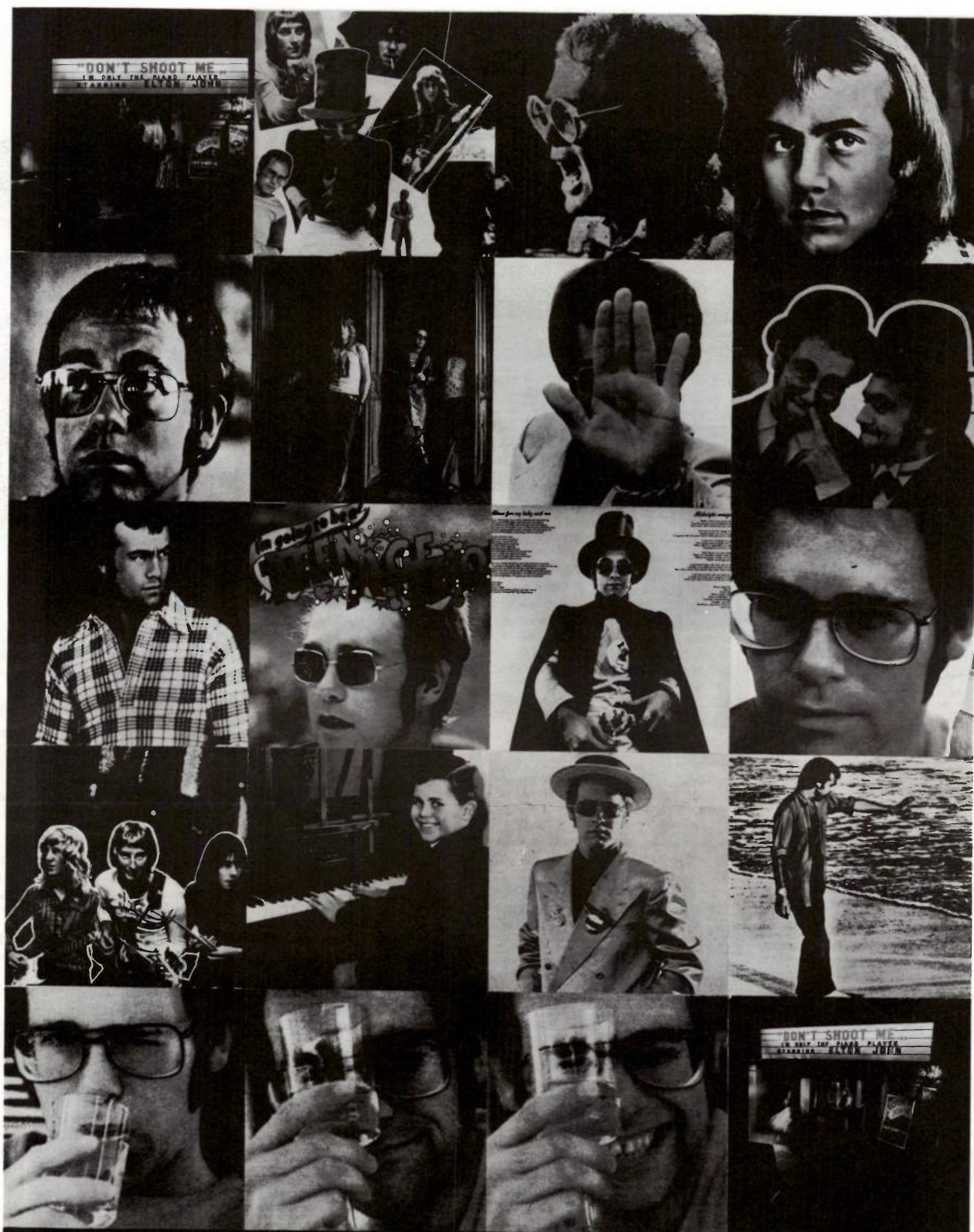
Last summer, when I interviewed Black Sabbath's Ozzy Osbourne, I asked him about the sexual feel of his band's music. While citing the Kinks *You Really Got Me*, he also mentioned that *Wild Thing* was pretty important as well. Records like *You Really Got Me* and *Wild Thing* fostered a completely new, heavy consciousness among groups who were striving for a true identity within the confines of a non-jam song in a suppressed society, developing to the point where there are now more hard rock singles than ever before.

But now the Troggs have allowed the energy that they launched, fed by all these other groups, to bound back and revitalize their own music. It's all there in *Feels Like A Woman*, one of the best heavy metal singles ever released.

Support the Troggs, we need them.

\*\*\*\*\*





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# TOWNES VAN ZANDT HIGH, LOW AND IN BETWEEN

"EVERYTHING IS NOT ENOUGH  
AND NOTHIN' IS TOO MUCH TO BEAR  
WHERE YOU BEEN IS GOOD AND GONE  
ALL YOU KEEP'S THE GET IN THERE  
WELL TO LIVE IS TO FLY  
LOW AND HIGH  
SO SHAKE THE DUST OUT OF YOUR WINGS  
AND THE SLEEP OUT OF YOUR EYE"



"This is a fine sampler of Townes' patented  
bittersweet ballads. Listen to the low here,  
then think of our current crown prince—  
James Taylor and Kris Kristofferson. These  
zombies would sink into the darkest corner  
rather than try to match a song like 'To Live  
Is To Fly.' Dylan wrote this way once Hank  
Williams wrote like this. Nobody does any more.  
And to think about Townes still payin' dues. Hank  
3-chord Johnny's draw \$10,000 per night." —  
Space City News, Houston, Texas

Poppy: A Growing Concern

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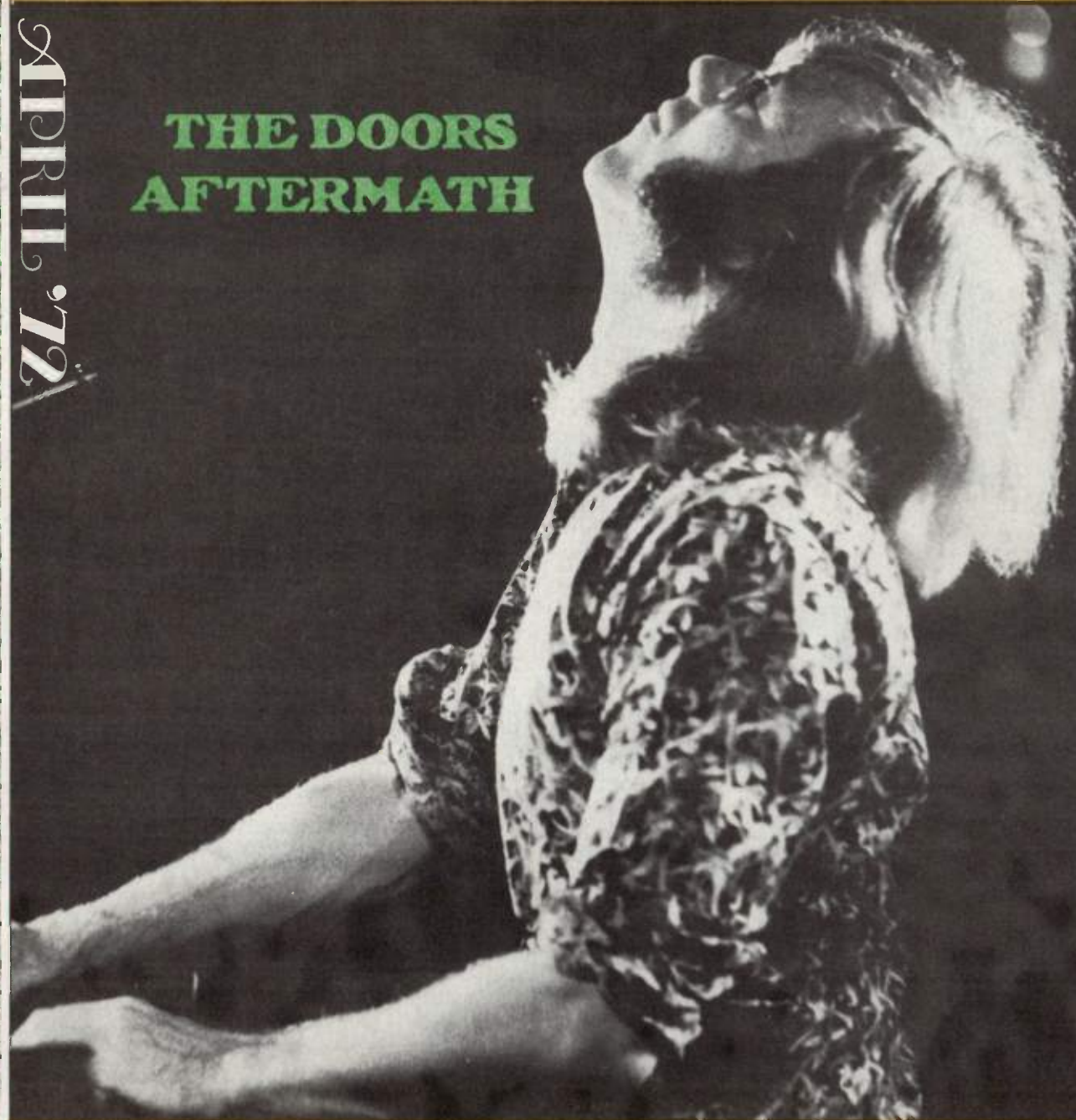
APRIL '77



## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

30¢

### THE DOORS AFTERMATH



THE DOORS DISCUSS THEIR NEW DIRECTION... EATING  
HUMBLE AMERICAN-PIE WITH T-REX... TOM FOGERTY'S  
SOLO EFFORT... BOBBY WOMACK... CHEECH & CHONG  
... THE BEACH BOYS... ALICE COOPER



# APRIL '72

## PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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Mr. Twister of the latest sensation from the surrealistic seventies: Christopher Milk.

## LETTERS

Dear Mr. Barnes:

A friend of mine came down from San Francisco about three or four weeks ago and brought me a copy of your magazine — Phonograph Record Magazine.

I was very pleased to read your review of my album, *"Goodnight Everybody."* Thank you for taking the time to review an *"old"* album. Since my album didn't do too well when it was released, a favorable review now, two and a half years later, might spark some new interest.

None of the songs on the album were written by me — I took as a compliment when you said *"Everyday"* and *"Goodnight Everybody"* might have been written by me under a pseudonym.

I've started writing since the album's been out and am trying to get my songs together to do another album. I still always want to do other people's material too.

I hope to start recording in a few months, but things have been tight lately so I can't say for sure.

That's why it was kind of a ray of hope to see your review.

Thank you again. Good luck, I hope to meet you someday. It would be nice to talk.

Mary McCaslin  
Los Angeles, Calif.

*Ed. — How many remember Mary McCaslin from the early days at the Troubadour and her fine recording of 'Rain' in 1967? A period in music we will not soon forget. Those who wish, may write Mary at 2051 N. Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90068.*

Dear Editors:

When I reached the *"London Records"* section of your oldies story in the March issue, I discovered something that I could be of assistance on to your readers. I know for sure that *"Who's Drivin' My Plane"* and *"We Love You"* are on the English-Decca version of *"Through the Past Darkly"* — *"Child of the Moon"* may possibly be too. *"Who's Drivin' My Plane"* is the flip side of *"Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby?"*. I hope this can help some Stones collectors. Peace,

Bruce Brown  
St. Louis, Mo.

What's Happening?

Just wrote to say that Colman Andrews was full of shit when he said that *"The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys"* was a dull album and that it is listenable without knowing it. How can anyone say a goddam statement like that? The talent is evident and there is definitely a change from *"John Barleycorn..."*. But that doesn't mean the album is dull. Hey, Andrews, why don't you get a headful of good dope, sit down in your rocker and listen to *"Low Spark..."* again. I repeat

again! If it's not in your toilet. What a shame. I think it's their best album so far. Andrews' article was fair except for his few fucked up statements. Most reviews I've read on *"Low Spark..."* have been excellent. Your Mag is great; as a matter of fact it's excellent, but as you can tell I'm fairly pissed.

Be cool & all that shit,

Baren  
Ellwood City, Pa.

Say Der,

Your folkie reviews at the Troubadour are really great. I can't think of any other rock publications that have folk reviews like that. I went to see Sandy Denny there last Wednesday. She was even better than Colman Andrews said she was. It's a real shame that such a great female singer and songwriter like her, who is such a great success in England, should go ignored in this country. Not only that, the parking lot attendant (named Jay, and God bless him) got me up in her dressing room to meet her.

Except for the fact she and her group were slightly intoxicated they were the nicest bunch of people I've met yet. Cheers,

Scott Kirby  
Newport Beach, Calif.

A big thanks to Greg Shaw for the very informative article, *"Oldies in the 70's"*; it was really great. Now to get down to the point. You see I have this hang-up on this chick named Carole King. I'm really in love with her and I'm trying my best to collect all her early compositions. But in order to complete my collection, which stands right now at 12 records, I need a list of the songs she composed, the artists who made them big and the recording companies. I wrote to BMI and Screen Gems-Columbia Music (Aldon Music) but they don't want to be bothered with me. Can you tell me where I might find this list that I so desperately need? You mentioned something, in your article, about her writing 8 songs for ABC, ATCO, RCA, ALPINE and DIMENSION between the years of '57 and '63. What were these records and who made them big? HELP.

Herb Canales  
Corpus Christi, Texas

*Ed. — Anyone who can be of assistance should write Herb at 458 Louisiana Ave., Corpus Christi, Texas 78404.*

Dear J.R. Young

As long as it's Sunday night & I'm writing letters of disapproval to two other

music publications, I thought I'd drop you a line concerning your review of Liv Taylor's second album. Not only was the review boring, but insensitive as well.

At first I thought, perhaps, my judgment was biased because I am originally from Boston where Livingston is very well respected, but after rereading the review I feel certain that was incidental. If you're going to review an album, why not review the album instead of trying to overintellectualize yourself with analogies to kitchen flavorings? Initially, we have a clear difference in Liv's potential, where I feel his competence & stage presence far outdo James'. In fact, I don't even regard them as brothers — who cares who is related to who? You are much too hung up on that theme — it's really so unimportant. You then go on to mention *"charts"*, *"little Dylans"*, and *"Manhattan"*; none of which have any relevance or concern to Liv Taylor or his second album!

As long as you're going to continue to write honest reviews, try to concern them with worthwhile words of comment. Deal with Liv Taylor, the musician. Concern yourself with his sensitivity & means of expression, because if you overlook musicians like Liv Taylor, you're missing the boat, brother. Fondest regards,

Rick  
Boulder Colorado 80302

Dear Rob Houghton:

I thought your review of the Wings LP was sick. You say that *"no one can really dislike"*. No one? Man, you better open your eyes (and ears)! Although I like the B side of this album, I still contend that the bigger portion of this album is trash.

First of all, most of the material is not original. Paul has stolen bits and pieces from obscure sources and come up with an album sounding like a grab bag of musical disasters (speaking only of the A side). It sounds unbearably like mass produced top 40 hype that has been used far too many times. To my ears side A is bubble-gum.

Side B, though much better musically and artistically, is still lacking. The music, which at times becomes beautiful in some sense of the word, isn't doing much. It just lies there. It's doing nothing to show Paul McCartney's creativity or the untapped talent of his group.

His music, instead of growing, seems to be reverting back to sounding like the earliest rock and roll when the beat or the music was more important than the words. Most people admit having to listen to the same arranging and instrumentation gets to be pretty boring.

These freaks were right when they said

he was dead, artistically that is. I'd rather listen to Yoko go through her imaginative, ultra inventive structured bullshit than listen to a syrupy worn out love song. In essence, what I'm saying is that Paul is a good artist when he gives us something new, but that he gets too hung up in his own ego.

Hal Hynds  
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dearest P.R.M.:

After playing with the idea to start fans clubs for Kim Fowley, Nico, Pam Miller, Vivian Stanshall, Roger Spear, Karen Carpenter, Steve Took, and a host of others, I recently decided to limit it to the prettiest of them all, and thought your readers would appreciate the address:

David Bowie Society  
Brian Kinchy  
6609 Bidduiph  
Cleveland, Ohio 44144

Dear Sirs:

Just read your Jan. '72 issue. I enjoyed it very much except for the article on the Byrds. Who is this Kim Fowley dude & where does he come off knocking Clarence White's fantastically tasteful (& creative) guitar work (rock, country or otherwise).

It would seem Mr. Fowley owns your magazine (i.e., in your 45 RPM column which was supposed to have discussed *"America's Great National Pastime"*, you gave most of the space to Kim Fowley who only co-wrote the song).

Also the photograph on page 19 listed the Byrds and their names incorrectly (backwards).

Thank you,  
Michael Levin  
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear P.R.M.:

After reading Mr. Andrews' article on Traffic, I feel that I should say a bit concerning a missing piece to Mr. Andrews' puzzle.

It was written by Mr. Andrews that upon Traffic's breakup, Winwood joined another group (the name was *"Blind Faith,"* Mr. Andrews); and meanwhile Mason recorded *"Alone Together."* But in actuality, upon the breakup of Traffic, Dave Mason, Jim Capaldi and Chris Wood of the defunct Traffic took an English organist by the name of Wynder K. Frogg (serious) under their wing and formed a group appropriately named, *"Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Frogg."* They also recorded an album by the same name. Maybe you should pick up on it, Mr. Andrews. . .

Sincerely,  
Larry Ferguson  
Huntington Park, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I want you to know that Greg Shaw's article *"OLDIES IN THE 70's"* was a masterpiece. I enjoyed it thoroughly. . and will pass it along to many of my friends.

Our firm — which basically is for M-O-R broadcasters — is also dedicated to OLDIES and has available OLDIE GUIDES from 1950 through 1971.

Our latest publication might be of interest to your readers. It is the only publication of its kind, in that it lists every record to hit Billboard's Top 20 from 1950 through 1954. It sort of ends where the Record Research publication began. The guide lists TITLE, ARTIST, RECORD LABEL & NUMBER, TEMPO, the DATE each record reached its highest chart position, and its NUMERICAL HIGHPOINT.

Our other publications merely cull the M-O-R material from the charts and would not be of interest to music historians. But the EARLY 50's (1950 to 1954) certainly would be of interest to collectors. The guide lists 631 records in 44 pages.

Those interested may write to *"The Music Director"*, P.O. Box 177, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

Sincerely,  
Herbert H. Jackson,  
Chestnut Hill, Mass.



# Performances

Alice Cooper  
Howlin' Wolf  
Berkeley Community Theatre  
Berkeley, California

Revue Productions had a lot of guts to bill this one. Here we have two artists who were, in effect, invading on each other's sacred (?) territory: Howlin' Wolf, the legendary (Jesus, everyone uses that word for known and unknown blues singers. What legend?) bluesman who probably considered it a dishonor to have his property of blues trampled upon by a bunch of stark raving mad queens, and Alice Cooper, the most bizarre, macabre, mind boggling experience to ever hit the stage.

Additionally, why, of all places, play the Berkeley Community Theatre? It's never been done before. Frankly it was the kick-in-the-ass that the Berkely music scene has needed. It was a good idea, rock and roll at the B.C.T., although the promoters must have dropped a bundle. After all, where else could you watch a nude hanging from such a vantage point as the comfort of a plush theatre seat? And it wasn't sold out, either, but it's not the *quantity* of the audience, it's the *quality*! Yeah, breaking it down I'd guess there were approximately 5% blues freaks (for Howlin' Wolf), 8% poor freaks, 12% rich freaks (record company hunchos, reviewers, groupies, disk jockeys, jet setters, etc.), 10% reds freaks, and about a 60% conglomeration of sado-masochists, heavy drag queens, dykes, lesbys, and other assorted gays. A colorful crowd it was, indeed!

Was this group ready for Howlin' Wolf? Some were, but many thought it was just Alice Cooper's backup band. Come to think of it, Howlin' Wolf ain't a bad name for a backup band. So, anyway the Howlin' Wolf Blues Band comes on and does a few warmup numbers, among them an improvised jazzed up version of "Ode to Billie Joe," then some blues rap about, "How about meetin' the band?", so we met the band, one by one, with the dude on sax callin' 'em out. Then they start another number and right in the middle of it — WHOA, *Look Out!* Here comes Howlin' Wolf, I guess a few people in the audience had listened to "Howlin' Wolf's London Sessions" with Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, and the gang, because half the place started, quite literally, howlin'!! EEEEEYYOOOWWWWWW! All at once, the Berkeley Community Theatre had turned into a rather disorganized zoo.

Howlin' Wolf went through his usual numbers; his movements getting slower and less numerous with age. But when he moved, he gave the impression that it was a minor spectacle, a happening, or an expedition right before our very eyes. He usually sat slumped in his chair, playing "power harp" which consisted of a riff of 12 notes in a span of 5 minutes. You know, one breath notes; not too much unlike Cheech and Chong's musical

wonder, "Blind Melon Chitlin." Here he comes! Long strides across the stage, wiggling his head and blowing his brains out, culminating with... WHAM! He's back in his chair again. As an artist of the blues, unfortunately Howlin' Wolf is fading with age. His backup band is taking over the majority of the musical duties. Time has quite apparently taken its toll, but the crowds' yelps and howls continued right up to the end, and Howlin' Wolf came back for an encore after all. No "Little Red Rooster" after all that. Too bad.

And then lights go on, and that swift maneuver totally zonked the half of the audience that wasn't zonked to start with. I got a good look at the crowd that decided to check out the evening insanity in the same vein I did. Well, let's take a look around the place. Holy shit! Here they come already. They're storming the aisles and flowing down from the balcony. Who?

Oh, you know who. There's practically a procession of the aisle storm as they sing their theme song:

"Oh when the gays, Oh when the gays, Oh when the gays come marching in, How I'd love to be in that number, When the gays come marching in."

You better believe it baby, and they just kept on coming in with their flowing sequined suits, satin tuxedos, and more makeup than Bozo could ever find to put on his puss. Hmmm, gettin' crowded in here, man. Then a most embarrassing situation confronts me.

"Hi sweetie. Are you by yourself?"

"Hey get your sleazy arm off me, man!"

"Well, (eyeballs bulging) you don't have to be so snotty. Gohd, What do you take me for? A crazy man?"

"Uh, well look, man. . .", he split before I could punch him in the nose. It was probably best

that way, anyway.

So finally the lights went out again. Now the stage is black except for the tiny red lights of the ominous amplifiers. Everybody's screaming, clapping, yelling "let's go, let's go"; wow, those people are really asking for it. And they got it. I got it.

Everyone got it. It just blew up right in our faces with the exact split second speed and precision only Alice Cooper could have devised.

It happened so fast I hardly remember what hit me. All I remember is that the exact second the song started, the lights and all the Alice Cooper illumination effects came on, and all at once. Indeed this is the most ferocious stage presentation ever held in a rock concert. Alice came out dressed in full battle gear complete with chastity belt, black gloves, tights, and his usual massive helping of eye make-up. From then on it was one incredible charge after another with Alice screaming out these terrifying lyrics while slinking all over the stage, completely commandeering the entire theatre.

I remember them doing "Eighteen" with Alice on harmonica and Mike Bruce on

organ; just cranking out these ear splitting chords of destruction and terror, finally climaxing with the Boa Constrictor dance. The lights! My God, those killer lights. Bang! Wham! Moving shadows on the backdrop. Whizz! Unbelievably perfect timing on their own light set up for color and contrast changes according to the time, beat, and mode of the music itself.

Then there were the costumes. It looked like everyone except Alice was dressed in some sort of blazing color combination in the complete sanctuary of satin, metallflake boots, capes, and the like. The material seemed to have been made of something that reflected the light in such a way so that when the lights changed, the material would change color. Truly, nothing short of amazing.

Continuing on with "Dead Babies," a cut off the new "Killer" album, Alice grabbed a random "Betsy Wetsy" doll and proceeded to chop it to pieces with an axe he just happened to have at hand. All of the remains went into the crowd except the head which he tastefully planted on top of the mike stand. Never missed a word, beat, or chop; again, perfect timing on everything.

"Dead babies can't make it on their own!"

It now becomes apparent that Alice must pay for his crime of chopping up the doll. He is to be hung! The mood changes to one of a stage lit in dim blue while smoke swirls all over the place and the bandmen don black hoods and gowns. They drag Alice up to a real live scaffold, right on stage! It's a big thing now; the eerie music (taped) is being piped in at a tremendous level so that only the people way down front can hear Alice's piercing screams, as the band members grab him and hook him up to the noose.

As Alice struggles to get away, wind, lightning and thunder penetrate the air with immense volume until one flash, brighter than all, lights up the whole theatre and the floor goes out from under Alice while ear shattering thunder fills the place and all its contents are thrown into an unbreakable state of pure awe.

That's the way it was for the next five minutes with the stage black; wind and thunder are the only things letting us know that the show ain't quite over. Two, three, four, five minutes go by and still nothing. I was just about ready to snap out of my stupor when, WHIZZ-BANG! Here comes Alice! The same explosion of power and force of music comes at us all over again, as Alice comes dancing out in a white tuxedo, top hat and cane. Smashing the cane over the mike stand they go into their big hit, "Under My Wheels." It looked like no one could stand it anymore and Alice just toyed with 1,500 screaming maniacs by bringing out a shish-kebob sword full of dollar bills and passed it over the very much straining reach of the crowd. It was a very pathetic sight for us who were sitting about 10 or more aisles back because all that registered in my head was people storming the stage for about \$20 in dollar bills as hands and bodies crushed against each other, hoping for a quick buck. But Alice just played his little game, and as the music played he very casually

"At the Alice Cooper gig another embarrassing situation confronted me: 'Hi Sweetie. Are you by yourself?' So I said, 'Hey get your sleazy arm off me, man.' That didn't quite do the trick though, so to speak, for with eyes bulging he snorts, 'Well, you don't have to be so snotty. Gohn. What do you take me for, a crazy man?'....but then he split before I could sock him in the nose. Alice seems to draw these kinds of cats."

Photo by Neil Preston



# Performances

tossed them one by one into the now lunatic dominated crowd. It was here where Alice got a bit too close to the edge of the stage and some girls in the front row grabbed him and started his painful withdrawal process from the stage into the crowd. This prompted quick action from the stage hands, who had to come out and beat the girls away. Can you believe it? It took 4 roadies and stage hands to beat off a few girls, (think about that for a second). Alice, grinning from ear to ear, shrewdly continued but kept his distance from that part of the stage.

At the conclusion of "Under My Wheels", the crowd decided there was absolutely no way those guys were going to get away without an encore so after a long ovation, Alice Cooper returned. From their immense repertoire of tunes, they chose "A Long Way To Go," from "LOVE IT TO DEATH".

The insanity didn't let up for a minute as Dennis Dunaway (bassman) kept cruising around in an electric chair on wheels with a bottle of plasma suspended from the top, and Neil Smith (drummer) never let up on the loudest and most powerful drumming I've heard in quite some time.

Alice wasn't about to be outdone by any of his band members. Pulling out an orange from his pocket he squeezed most of the juice onto the people who were right in front of the stage and when it was dry, the rest of it went into the 14th row. Alice made sure he accented the squeeze on the word "GO". Then, far from finished, Alice tossed about 100 Alice Cooper posters out into the delirious throng one by one then bunch by bunch, finally belting the remaining posters on the heads he could reach (those people in front row must've had one hell of a night).

Culminating with the chorus on the final verse, Alice wanted to make quite sure we knew what he was talking about, so he lashed out with one final "GO" that had the force of everything inside him. And then it was over.

C'mon back to Berkeley any time Alice, and, oh yeah ...ape birthday.

—Todd Tolces

## SPRIT/MANNA The Whisky Los Angeles

There's not much Spirit left. That doesn't refer only to the departure of Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes and the retirement of Randy California. The problem is more qualitative than quantitative — viz., besides being the most pedestrian of performers, the replacements are oriented in a direction that seems to be entirely at odds with the style of what was once one of the most palatable and enjoyable of the "progressive," jazzy rock groups.

The new Spirit made a one night stand at the Whisky in late February that was nearly enough to erase all those pleasant memories and that cruelly demolished the positive expectations concerning the refurbished Spirit.

In terms of entertainment value (the true life force of rock 'n' roll), the new band falls flat on its face. Al Staehely (who completely monopolizes stage center) is the bassist and lead singer. His music is undistinguished Southwestern funk, his playing adequate and dull, his singing expressionless and monotonous, his presence an offensive Texas macho filtered through a Hollywood sensibility and his stomach much too pudgy for a rock 'n' roll roller.

One kept waiting for them to stop already with these turgid, ordinary and, worse, decidedly non-rocking preliminary numbers and get down to business, but they never managed to do it. Cass (who, more than anyone else thumping the pagan skins, plays his drums as if he loves them) and piano man John Locke are as good as ever, but unfortunately they have seen fit to play backup men for the Staehely Brothers (John plays nice enough lead guitar, but he's not the wizard that Randy California was, for sure). Locke has a Carl Countryman pickup that lets him play grand piano on stage, but still it was hard to hear him, which is fatal to a musician whose solos are as concise and brief as his.

And Cass sat there amidst the biggest drum setup this side of Keith Moon and touched hardly half of it until his solo in "Elijah Rock." The opening chords of that old Spirit classic were a rushing wave of pure relief, and visions of solos to come (particularly Locke's) danced enticingly

in many frustrated heads. But wham! Cass finishes his bit and it's all over, except for another of those faceless get-it-on things.

They would do well with a bit less predictability in the music, a taste more of adventure, some fast, solid rocking, a touch of ingenuity, some evidence that they're genuinely behind and excited by what they're doing up there — anything. Please?

Manna, the opening act, pretty much took advantage of their chance to upstage the headliners. Their singer (who is completely devoid of glamour and stage presence) has found that he sounds a lot like Rod Stewart, and the band has tried to capitalize on this blessing of Fate with a strong, tuneful and hard rocking style. Despite an overall lack of originality (the guitarist has copped a bit too much from Hendrix), a reliance on cliches and some ill-considered, half-hearted atmospheric theatrics, they've got a solid base on which to build. Although the visual side of their show doesn't match their musical peaks, they are at least visibly involved in their music. I hope Spirit were watching.

—Richard Cromelin

## THE KINKS BADFINGER Berkeley Community Theatre

It wasn't your usual Berkeley concert, the type you'd hear, say, Joy of Cooking at. I can't imagine where they came from, but sprinkled liberally among the scruffy, unkempt Berkeley regulars were a crew of Sunset Strip-types, the guys with carefully shagged hair and Rod Stewart waistcoats, the girls visions of

crimson lipstick on powdered faces, underfed frames in slinky vamp gowns and feathered boas. One particularly flamboyant assortment of such ladies turned out on closer inspection to be composed of creatures whose claim to membership in the feminine gender was highly dubious. In a way, the ambience of this scene set the tone for the evening.

Opening the show was Badfinger, who despite warnings from friends who'd attended earlier performances on this tour, were quite satisfactory. But then I've always had a strong fondness for this group who could overlook the critics' easy write-offs of them as Beatles imitators and go right on producing the sort of delightful pop songs those same Beatles might have been favoring us with since 1966 if their own self-importance hadn't gone to their heads. In fact, my only complaint is their failure to do more of their own fine songs, such as "Come and Get it," "Bloodwyn," and even the one currently riding the top of the charts in Nilsson's washed-out version, "Without You." They did however present a good serving of songs from NO DICE and STRAIGHT UP, enough to give me that glow only a finely crafted pop song, performed with vigor and honest feeling, can provide. Mixed in with these were two or three extended boogie thumpers, all of them Dave Mason songs on which bass player Tom Evans sang lead in his loud, coarse voice. He shouldn't sing so much and they should stay away from such long jams, especially in concert halls where dancing is impossible. Also less than overwhelming was their closing Little Richard

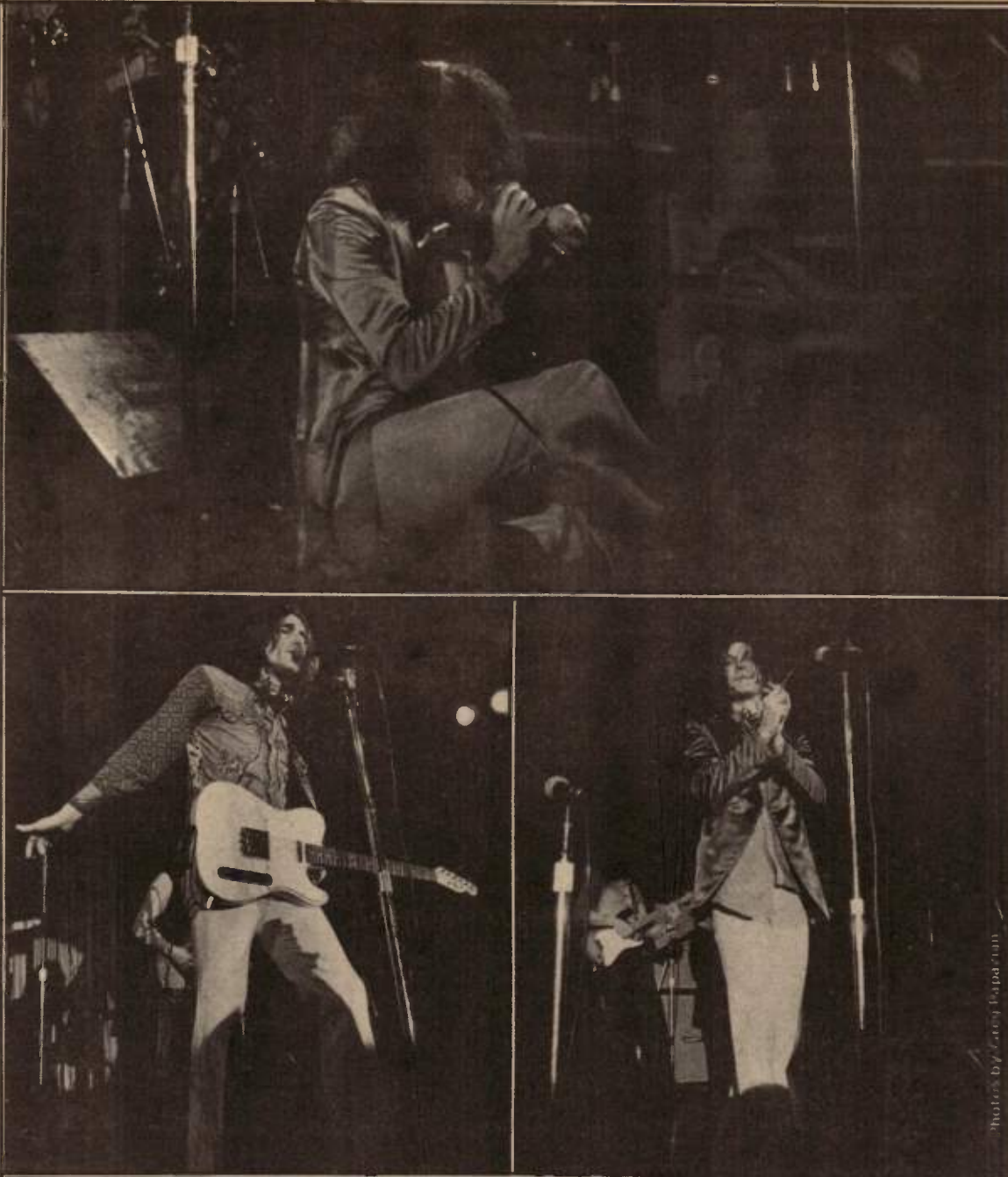
medley, which, although backed by exciting rock music, fell through due to lack of lung power on the part of Joey Moland, who otherwise came off as a superb guitarist. For an encore they attempted Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" which suffered, conversely, from Evans' excessive volume and a lack of drive from the group. The song meandered through "Bye Bye Johnny" and even Slade's "Get Down and Get With It" before finally coming to an end. Good as these boys are, rockers they ain't.

After a short intermission spent observing the aforementioned creatures of the nether world strike poses in the lobby, we claimed our seats again for the act many dedicated, under-heeled Kinks fans of our acquaintance had scrimped and saved their pennies to witness. All I can say is I'm glad we got our tickets free. From the start Ray Davies presented a foolish image. The Kinks have been called aging fops but I think stronger terms are in order. His curly hair cropped to neck-length and hanging before his eyes like a sheepdog's, Ray pranced out wearing a bright red schoolgirl's jacket and broke into "Till the End of the Day." They did two verses and stopped; the hall erupted with cries for a hundred different songs. Ray listened for a while then began an a capella "Dead End Street," which stumbled to an untimely close without the benefit of the guitar part that made the record so effective, the band plainly struggling to stay together.

There followed the most pitiful display of squandered talent it's ever been my misfortune to regret seeing. A number of old songs from "Sunny Afternoon" to "Brainwashed" were begun, but none was finished. Like a former star mugging it up for a nostalgic cabaret crowd, Davies refused to take seriously either his music or the crowd's capacity to enjoy it. Remember how he got thousands of screaming pubes to sing "I got a big fat mama tryin' to break me" on the 1967 LIVE KINKS LP? Well he tried the same bit, as if in parody of their once majestic kinetic power, only this time he asked the audience to sing the whole damned song, without even instrumental accompaniment, while he stood hands against hips with the fingers splayed out, bumping and grinding as coyly as a go-go dancer in a gay bar. Between these we were treated to Ray's interpretation of "The Banana Boat Song," his Al Jolson medley, and one Frank Sinatra impersonation, presumably from his forthcoming LIVE AT THE TALK OF THE TOWN LP.

All of this was in painful contrast to the Kinks' 1971 tour on which they combined passable renditions of songs from their LOLA album with a number of weak but sincere older songs, including the memorable "Milk Cow Blues/One Night/You Are My Sunshine" medley. They may not have been in top form, but at least they were trying. This time, the only songs played straight through and uninterrupted by lame jokes were three from MUSWELL HILLBILLIES. For brief moments during these, the group seemed to play well together, and a welcome feeling

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"All I can say is I'm glad we got our tickets free. From the start Ray Davies presented a foolish image. The Kinks have been called aging fops, but I think stronger terms are in order." — Greg Shaw.



# THE PARADISE BALLROOM

From the framed letter that sits in Jerry Brandt's temporary office in what used to be the Factory and will soon be L.A.'s answer to the *Satyricon* set, the Paradise Ballroom:

"We would like you to know what some of your neighbors think of your taste and judgment and what, I guess, can be considered your civic arrogance."

"I assume your monumentally offensive paint job is for the purpose of attracting attention, on the theory that it is better to be noticed even if you revolt people."

The missive closes with a brilliantly subdued but understandably impassioned summation: "You must be a very ugly kind of person."

It's neither a kind nor an accurate inference, though it's not at all difficult to see what would grate on the staid Beverly Hills sensibility. Actually, the color could have been a lot more outrageous than it is — maybe art nouveau swirls or gaudy Aquarian psychedelia or perhaps a bright, leaping red. What it is is blue, and I mean *BLUE*. A deep, rich blue that's just this side of shocking: Franz Klein blue someone called it. It blends nicely with the green of the park across the street, but that color, in combination with the inordinate size and outlandish shape of the structure, makes it look like an arrogant blue battleship floating haughtily in the middle of the serene Beverly Hills block.

Brandt, who looks disturbingly like *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*' Z-man and whose style is an engaging mix of New York hype and sincere, often insightful media-vision, guides his visitors through the cavernous innards of the half-complete Paradise Ballroom.

The patron will enter on LePeer, ascend to the second floor in a black freight elevator, then step into the sound-color manifestation of his (Brandt's? Both's) innermost fantasies. First, a circular lobby-like affair. The curving sky-blue walls are dotted with puffy clouds which converge on the Pearly Gates, a portal flanked by two slightly Oriental-looking bejeweled dragons. The ceiling will be a revolving faceted mirror. You will sink into a 6-inch thick carpet.

Then into the main ballroom, a 250' x 45' hall with a high, deep stage at the far end. A small elevated platform backed by a Tantric mural sits halfway along the right wall. On the opposite side is a long bar — excuse me, refreshment stand; no alcohol will be consumed in the Paradise Ballroom (and, if Brandt has his way, no money will change hands at all after the initial admission fee is plunked down). Behind the stand is the custom-painted Garden of Ecstasy mural. Standardized, high-quality hippie Orientalia, soft-core erotica — things like two lovers emerging from a floating lotus, and a large panel featuring some sort of exotic-looking chieftain and his consort in a less than compromising pose.

The network of beams, girders and braces that crawl naked up to the lofty ceiling will be covered with 15 miles of fiber-optic lighting. Mirrors will line the top of the room. Twelve Altec Lansing speakers are located throughout the chamber. Lighting is by Chip Monck.

Through a door to the left of the stage is another refreshment room, with another non-bar, to be furnished with a field of mushroom-shaped stools of varying height. This serves as an anteroom of sorts to Brandt's pride and joy, the Great Expectations Room. Separated from mushroomville by a large curtain, it will be dominated by an erotic mural (quality stuff — "high art" according to Brandt), to be projected on the wall and carefully traced by his craftsmen. In the center of the room will be an enormous round sofa ("For people who like to do it in public") and lining the walls are rows of little cubicles which in their half-completed, bare-wood condition, look a lot like

kennels but will doubtless be significantly more conducive to lovemaking when fully acoutered. There will be small openings connecting adjacent compartments, but no curtains — "We don't want to make it too easy" says Brandt.

Downstairs is the arcade of shops that has folded several times in prior incarnations. There will be 22 stores, among them a restaurant, a pharmacy, a newsstand, a suana bath, an entire entertainment (that's like pinball) area and a 150-seat — oops, sorry, there won't be any seats — a 150-capacity movie theater.

Brandt leads his little tour out a back door and into the tasteful, unassuming next-door building which he will soon transform into a coffee house. At the moment it's a furniture showroom, full of mundane Middle American dining room sets, stuffed chairs and rows of desks where ladies who don't appear to have been told that they must move out, toil away, looking slightly uncomfortable at all the noise and all these strange people, but nonetheless determined to carry on. You begin to wonder if any of the furni-

and operated New York's renowned Electric Circus, which was to the 60's what he hopes the Paradise Ballroom will be to the 70's.

That L.A. is to be the recipient of his latest blessing is due to good old random chance more than anything, this being where he ended up after some troubles with his wife. And despite the almost unanimous skepticism of friendly doom-sayers, Brandt is determined to prove that something like this *can* make it in Los Angeles. At least he's managed to rent all of those previously ill-fated shops.

If his confidence seems a bit illusory to those more familiar with the ways of Los Angeles' spenders, it's only a consistent aspect of his whole way of dealing with things. He likes to stress that he deals in concepts rather than in the particulars of the business, that it is his ideas that matter and he can find people and backers to bring them to life. The Paradise Idea, in fact, is so extensive that one can't help feeling that it's spread a bit thin — rock music (he leans toward unintellectualized, gut-level varieties), ballet,



THE PARADISE BALLROOM: "... In any case, the entertainment side is definitely secondary to the total environment, a completely manipulated oasis of escape for L.A.'s weary hordes. . ."

ture people are aware that something is amiss until the boss hangs up his phone, looks over and says, "How's it goin', Jerry? Terrific." We leave to strains of "Clouds" wafting over the Muzak machine.

There is a feeling of quality (if not always exceptional taste) about the whole undertaking, which is what you would expect for an input of \$250,000. Brandt is going all out for the mid-April opening, having sunk \$25,000 into advertising (mostly radio spots) to be aired ten days preceding the inauguration, not to mention having hired ten helicopters strung up with a new tubular lighting system to buzz about the skies over the premiere.

Brandt himself has a rather impressive background that is almost enough to allay one's instinctive misgivings about this whole thing. He founded and headed the Pop Music Division of the William Morris Agency, organized tours for the likes of the Rolling Stones, Dick Clark, Sam Cooke, Chubby Checker, the Beach Boys, Mohammed Ali, et. al.; was media director of the Joffrey Ballet and devised

film, classical music, a resident theater group, mime, children's theater, series like a comprehensive blues program. In any case, the entertainment side is definitely secondary to the total environment, a completely manipulated oasis of escape for L.A.'s weary hordes.

It's hard enough to fathom the realities of this city, let alone its collective fantasies. Skepticism is more than a byword here, and the patrons have allowed but a few entertainment venues to prosper. Whether the Los Angeles Dream will coincide with Brandt's setting for it, and whether the people here are really as unrepressed and hedonistic as the California Myth would have one believe is something that we and Jerry Brandt will soon know.

Brandt says, "I run by radar...I do what my feelings tell me, and it usually turns out right." But is that any way to run a business? "I don't know. It's a good way to run your life."

So be it.

—Richard Cromelin

## BRITAIN

### THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

The Rainbow Theatre, London's Rock Emporium has closed. Opened on Nov. 4, 1971 by "The Who" and followed by Alice Cooper, it went on a non-stop downhill course. At the recent "Poco" concert you could count the audience on one hand. R.I.P. Of course, this means that we are left high and dry for big concert halls, save for The Roundhouse, unless you happen to actually like the sterility of Albert Hall and those other equally stately, but impotent buildings.

Most boring announcement this week: John Hiseman to make a comeback. second most boring announcement: Keef Hartley to drum on Mayall's "Annual" (?) British Tour. Ho hum.

Cyril Jordan of the "Dogs" (formerly Flamin' Groovies) is coming to investigate the possibility of the band moving here.

I don't hear you clapping for Stephen Stills' new band, "Manassas", now rehearsing in his Guildford, Surrey home. Ho hum again.

Concerts I missed: Randy Newman at Royal Festival Hall, and MC5 *entire* tour (but they're coming back in May).

Concerts I'm glad I missed: Joni Mitchell in Toronto.

Hey gang, remember Curved Air???? "Wings" making sporadic appearances everywhere. Can't really say I was ripped by the album, but then there is so little to get behind these days.

Currently touring: Neil Innes, Scaffold and assorted friends 'n' freaks as "Grimms"...Jeff Beck...Island Package tour of heads, hands and feet, Patto and their latest discovery, Claire Hamill.

Would someone please tell me what is happening to T. Rex over there? The Uriah Heep row was built up to monstrous proportion here.

Andy "The Dunkoid" Dunkley is fast becoming a favorite tour circuit DJ. He also does a very informative column in NME which is approved reading. You really ought to be reading his stuff instead of this rubbish.

### JUICY RUMORS:

Bill Graham coming to have a look at the Rainbow? Kinney Empire starting to burst at the financial seams here? Grateful Dead and Alice Cooper postponing British tour now that the Rainbow has shut? Help Yourself album to soar to the top of the charts?

Cheech and Chong Lp not well received here. The reviews were bordering on the scathing point. Really a shame the British don't understand the humor behind Purple '66 Chevies with Pink rolled and pleaded...for me, it brought back memories of those days when...

Glad to see "America" is doing so well over there. The band and Jeff Dexter deserve it. Jeff is the regular DJ at The Roundhouse on Sunday and we've all missed him a lot. Hurry home, Jeff.

Brinsley Schwarz doing a regular Wednesday night gig at a pub called The Tally Ho for a mere pittance. They're doing it because they enjoy it. They do 3 sets and really do get the joint jiving.

Didja read Kal Rudman? He tells us that Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina are fantastic. Like we didn't already know! Also interesting...Kal says Kenny used to be with Poco! I wonder if Kenny knew that?

NME new format very interesting. Contributors now include Viv Stanshall, "Alternative" (?) DJ, Andy Dunkley, a

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## Brinsley Schwarz's Homemade "Pistol"

When last most of us glimpsed Brinsley Schwarz, they (for once and for all: Brinsely Schwarz is the collective name of five British rock and rollers and *not* of a Soho bagel-baker) they were the dubious beneficiaries of one of the most brazen hypes of the last five centuries, which, you'll recall, saw a shady outfit called Famepushers Ltd. flying nearly every Englishman whose byline had ever appeared in the English pop press over to New York to witness the heretofore-unknown group's hopefully historic debut at Fillmore East.

When the dust had cleared, the group was up to its nostrils in debt, not famous so much as notorious ("Brinsley Schwarz? Oh, yes, that hype group..."), and very embarrassed.

With nowhere to go but up, they exchanged the 100-watt amplifiers Famepushers had lavished on them for little Fenders, discarded the heavy style Famepushers had encouraged them to get into in favor of the country-tinged rock and roll persuasion they'd been most fond of all along, and proceeded to gig themselves out of debt, at the modest rate of \$80 a night.

During which period they made a second



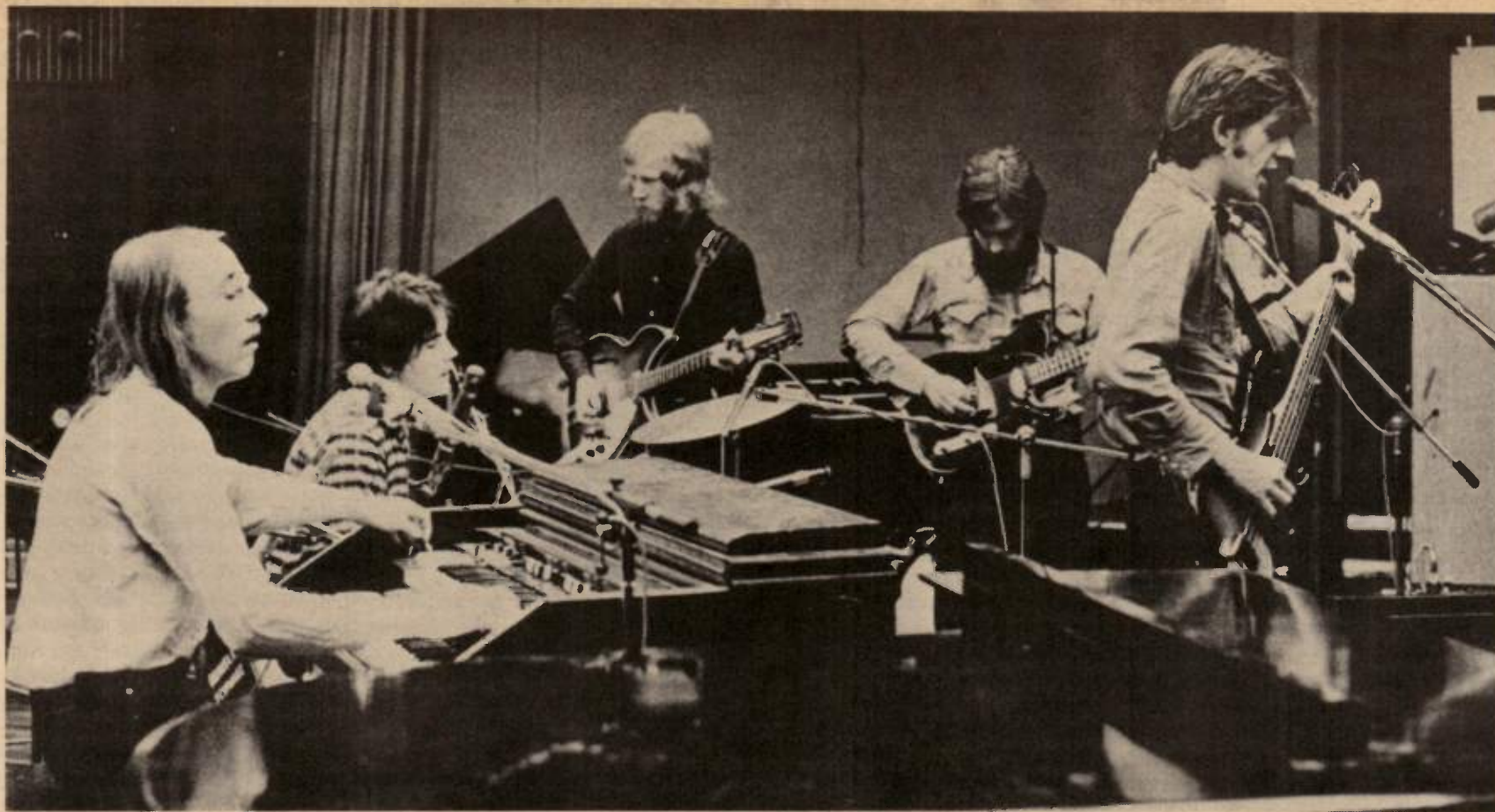
album the aptly-titled *Despite It All*, which was very warmly reviewed, and rightfully so, by all who had not been made implacable Schwarz-disdainers by the Famepushers episode.

Once out of debt, they put their heads together and resolved that their common aspiration was, instead of a lucky leap into the saddle of the fickle filly Fortune, a gradual evolution into a musical unit whose respect was at least equal to its popularity.

Towards the realization of which goal, they, emulating such favorites of theirs as The Band and The Dead, took up common residence in a rambling old house in the Middlesex outskirts of London.

Once again following the lead of their American counterparts, they recorded their third album, *Silver Pistol*, in the living room of that house.

Expectedly, the music of *Pistol* has much in common with that recorded in Big Pink: like The Band's, it's easy-going and straight-forward, rollicking and warm and tuneful, earthy and honest, perhaps even timeless — neither the sort of stuff that would have sounded far-out five years ago nor an album that will sound embarrassingly outdated five years hence.



Silver Pistol: Brinsley Schwarz recorded it at home, and it belongs in yours.





# BOB DYLAN: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY

## A BOOK BY ANTHONY SCADUTO

Recipe for a Bob Dylan overdose: Take two cups of Toby Thompson's "Positively Main Street," blend with four ounces of "Don't Look Back" (book and picture), add a dash of "Tarantula," a sprig of Jann Wenner's Rolling Stone interview, stir in a few photos from Daniel Dramer's "Bob Dylan," bring to a boil and strain through several assorted articles by A.J. Weberman (Esquire, East Village Other, etc.), season with two of the following: Robert Shelton's "Folk-Rock, the Bob Dylan Story," Nat Hentoff's New Yorker interview and Playboy piece, the notorious Newsweek expose, Al Aronowitz's Saturday Evening Post story, Happy Traum's Sing Out! interview and various chapters in books by Paul Williams, Carl Belz, Nik Cohn and Richard Goldstein.

Before you go down for the count you might put "Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits" volume one and/or two on the turntable. To end it all quickly, try "Self Portrait."

Want to live? Revive yourself with any Dylan album from "Freewheelin'" to "Blonde on Blonde."

"Aaaahhhh, mama, can this really be the end, to be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again?"

Nope, it's just the beginning. Anthony Scaduto doesn't say so, in so many words, but Bob Dylan is due for another metamorphosis. It's already begun, on stage at the Bangla Desh concert and on record with Leon Russell and friends backing him on "George Jackson."

Despite the stream of words about him, Dylan hasn't talked much about himself for public consumption. He told Wenner: "People don't understand that the press, they just use you to sell papers...I just can't be spending my time reading what people write. (Laughter.) I don't know anybody who can, do you?"

The times may be a-changing. Weberman claims to have found a goodly cross-section of music papers in Dylan's garbage can. He may be reading this very review along with all the non-Dylans out there. (Bob, this is just another shed on "Maggie's Farm.")

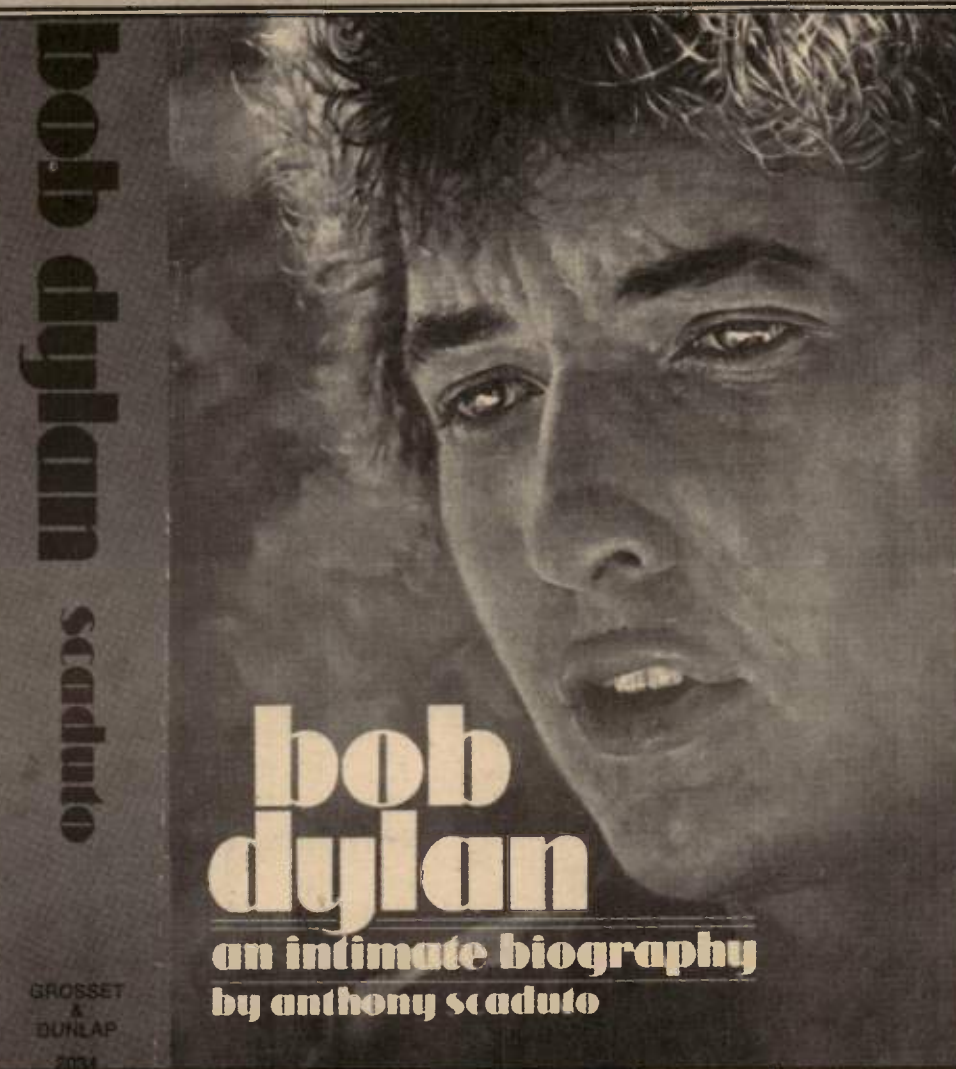
All those albums (11 of them plus two greatest hits), and all the books and articles about one person: Bob Dylan. How does it look from your side of the bars, Bob? Scaduto sums it up when he said Dylan only wanted to be Elvis Presley, not *Jesus Christ*.

That's funny about Presley. A couple of Dylan's Hibbing acquaintances remarked that he wanted to be another Presley. When Dylan brought a copy of his first album back to Dinkytown, the Greenwich Village of Minneapolis, he told friends: "Everybody at Columbia is just flipped about it. John Hammond, he's the big producer, you know. Well, hey, he says I'm gonna be bigger than Presley. Bigger than *Presley!*"

And now there are thousands, maybe millions, of kids out there who want to be Bob Dylan, maybe even *bigger* than Dylan! And maybe Presley wanted to be bigger than Arthur Crudup or Jimmie Rodgers. And they...

Everyone knows that Bob Dylan is really Bobby Zimmerman and that he probably named himself after Dylan Thomas (though even Scaduto doesn't claim that as fact; Bob ain't tellin'). He came from the North Country to sit by Woody Guthrie's bedside.

What a lot of fans might not know is that Dylan was a rock and roller in Hibbing, playing loud long before the infamous plug-in at Newport in '65. He listened late at night to rhythm and blues on Gatemouth Page's radio show out of Little Rock, Ark. He was also into country; had the local music store order



"All of the words written about Dylan can't change one of the words he wrote about us" — Bill Yarian on Anthony Scaduto's "BOB DYLAN — An Intimate Biography". (Grosset & Dunlap)

all of Hank Williams' records once. He played the piano like Jerry Lee Lewis, standing up and bangin' the keys. He was making up songs about Echo Helstrom in Hibbing ("The Girl From the North Country") before he went to Dinkytown and found out about Guthrie.

The picture that emerges of Dylan is that of a shy, yet calculating boy who loved music and wanted to be famous. He was inarticulate until he got on stage. He was secret and aloof, his carefully drawn image more of a ploy than a shield. He made up fabulous tales of running away, living in New Mexico and Las Vegas, he told some he played with Bobby Vee, others that he was Bobby Vee, still others that he played piano on Elvis Presley records. His friends in New York thought he was an orphan, though Mrs. Zimmerman told Toby Thompson Bob called his father during those early days to explain why his career necessitated the name change and the myth-making.

Dylan never had a Colonel Parker to protect him from the slings and arrows of fortune. He retreated behind the portly aplomb of Albert Grossman in Woodstock but the questioning and conjecturing never stopped. Dylan's own myth became a magnet for the prying eyes of fans and critics. More literate than Presley, he sowed the seeds of his sarcasm and cynicism, funny at first but vicious and vindictive later when too many uppers and too many yesmen made life a vivid fantasy.

Now 30, Dylan's change of life is as public as his past. Marriage, near-death in a motorcycle accident and the demands of a one-LP-a-year recording contract have had their effect. He is now living in New York City, a harmonica throw from the sites of early triumphs, and looking up old friends. Scaduto tells about Dylan's visit to see Dave Von Ronk's wife. He wanted to see his old corduroy cap which she kept but, when offered it, refused to touch it.

I have a theory about Dylan's "genius," his "art." Some people are able

to throw a baseball just the way they want it to go. I never could, and I envied anybody like that. Dylan has the knack of arranging words in unique ways. It probably boils down to chemistry. His synapses make different leaps than your's or mine. He can compare eyes to used car lots. I would never think of that.

And that's all. His voice, his guitar playing, his melodies are nothing special. But his words. Aaaaaah. There is no concrete reason why Dylan should be any more inventive with words than his brother David or the other kids growing up in Hibbing. But he is.

And that's enough. Enough to make him a superstar, enough to put him on a throne where he can't get down without paranoia withdrawal, enough to change the character and quality of a generation's music, enough to make everyone between the ages of 20 and 40 want to be his friend and share in his glory.

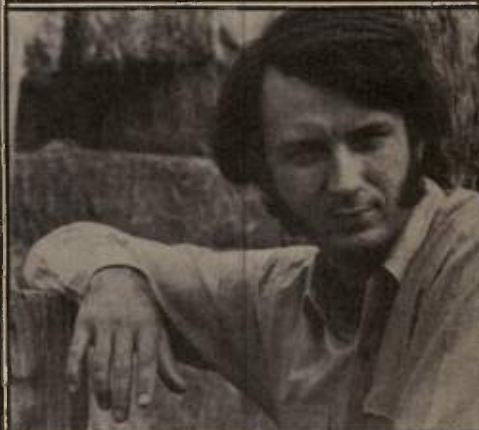
Every good artist becomes more than human, a symbol for his followers. It happened to Presley in the 50's and it happened to Dylan (though Scaduto says he never made the mass breakthrough that Presley did) in the 60's. The best records live on, souvenirs of the setting in which we first heard them; "At the Hop," "Earth Angel," "Maybelline," "Heart-break Hotel," "Mr. Tambourine Man," they all tell us something about ourselves by reminding us of what we were.

All of the words written about Dylan can't change one of the words he wrote about us. If Dylan has been forced into a never-never world where the only subjects he has to write about are the effects of his fame, then we will suffer in the long run more than he.

It's nice to know that Bob Dylan is human. Thank you, Scaduto, et. al. The times are a-changing. Mick Jagger can run around Hollywood relatively untouched. Rare is the concert today where screams drown out the band. Come out of hiding and play for us on stage again, Bob. We'll let you pick and sing in peace.

—Bill Yarian

### NESMITH'S NEXT



The energy alone Mike Nesmith puts into his work should be enough to insure his audience. For some reason, though, that audience hasn't found him as yet and the man is beginning to doubt its existence. This year should prove to be his most prolific; hopefully supplying motivation to many.

Nesmith has just released the first volume of his second trilogy, "Tantum To Treason," (RCA LSP-4563), with the Second National Band. There have been personnel changes but Red Rhodes' magical steel guitar is still a present and powerful ally. Essentially, this record is structured the same as his first trilogy — one side of original music, another of representative songs that further Michael's expression of love for the American West and the music it's produced. His own songs and their production are by far his most progressive. His voice is given a lot more to do here and his range and control prove much stronger and are used to further his musical statement instead of just to sing the lyric. Side one is really four different aspects of the same thought, side two gets down to just singing some songs. Michael's revitalization of classics is something I always look forward to. He never fails to do justice to the material he chooses — here he adds his touch to Pee Wee King's "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Talkin' To The Wall," and "She Thinks I Still Care."

I look forward to the direction he will take as his planned nine volume, trilogy-set progresses, but his next album is one that should be a totally unexpected solo record with Michael on acoustic and 12-string and Red Rhodes on steel. That's it. No bass-line, no drums, and above all no guest performers or producers. This record will, personally, fulfill two hopes. One, Nesmith's return to absolute simplicity, and two, the recording will represent his ultimate tribute to pedal steel. However, as partial as I may be to the sound of that instrument, what I heard of this record at a recent session must be attributed to Nesmith's constantly growing talent. For the first time he has written every song on his album. I heard ten, including versions of "Different Drum" and "Shelly's Blues." All were musically stunning. Often moving lyrically. One piece in particular, "The Candidate," left everyone present speechless. The tune's composed mainly of classical imagery and a haunting melody peppered with cries from the steel. Most likely "Candidate" will open side two which will be followed by an instrumental similar to Rhodes' "Rene" on "Nevada Fighter." Red himself has an incomparable solo on "Roll With The Flow." His mastery of pedal steel leaves me literally in awe.

I know Mike's a bit skeptical about himself and is happy just to be able to make these recordings without hassle. Apparently, RCA has enough faith in him to give him a studio and a free hand whenever he has the urge to record. In light of his last four albums, Mike is thinking of calling his next one "....And The Hits Just Keep On Comin'."

—Jeff Walker



# MARCELLA The Beach Boys Brother/Reprise

About nine weeks ago Brian Wilson started hummin' this here tune around the office (he's producing an act called "Spring" for United Artists. It's members include his wife, Marilyn Wilson, and sister-in-law, Dianne Rovelie. Both used to be called the Honeys on Capitol, not to be confused with the Honnys on Lee Hazelwood's LHI Records), just clappin' his hands and going, "One arm over my shoulder, sandals dancin' my feet, eyes that knock you right over, ooh Marcella's so sweet". . .and he was singing it over and over. . .and he sez to all around, "well, whadoya think". . .what could we say, all the cats that hang around United Artist's Creative Services Dept. feel so endowed to be but graced with his presence (really, this guy's great) that to even be considered for an opinion of a Wilson tune is no less than flattery of the highest order. "Sure, Brian, it's just marvelous" blurt Dan, Bill, and myself. . .but what could we tell from just a hummed-lyric? Had it been another, we'd just dismissed the man's idle rambling of a hopeful lyric to what we assumed something never to be heard again. But this was Brian Wilson. . .the guy who injected such fun into the mundane existence of the American Top Forty from 1963 on.



ments on the part of the general public. I mean, twelve years ago if you claimed to even understand what it meant to be a commie or admitted to toking on a marijuana stick, people would just as soon condemn you as to give you the time of day. Certainly things change with the fading of time, but praise all that you happen to believe in this particular week (that in case you be among the trendy order) that the Beach Boys *have never* copped out to nothin'. Every tune they've done has remained constant. Commendable. Social statements, perhaps not, but on their own plain, perhaps. Who's to say? The point to all this primer text is so the skeptics among you who dirty the Beach Boys cuz the drummer isn't as good as Jack Bruce, realize that he doesn't have to be as good as anyone. The Beach Boys are not an improvisational, avant-garde band in the literal sense of the passage. Their music is rehearsed. And since when is that such a crime. For anything less would be below standard for these cats. You betcha. As Dave Marsh once said of Jan & Dean, "These guys understood our mythology, they knew we needed things like surf music and car music and girl music. . ." but that's not all. . .not for a moment, 'cause we still need all those things, in fact, now more

# 45 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE by Martin Cerf

The Beach Boys took us from the depths that Bobby Rydell and Frankie Avalon plunged us into with lines like "Two girls for every boy". . .I remember in 1963 when I used to deliver the "Valley News and Green Sheet" at the meager age of 13 to some 50 local residents of Canoga Park, California daily. Attached, secured rather, in between the handle grips on the bars and the newspaper bag belts was my Zody's six-transistor radio which my ears would perk to daily for no less than five hours, before, during and after school to the sounds of Jimmy Gilmer, Jan & Dean, The Dixiebells, The Ronnettes, The Chantays, Dale Ward, Bobby Bare and all the hot sounds of summer '63 which would fill my head for what became a lifetime. . .never to be forgotten was that three month fling with "Surfin' USA" and oh how I would fantasize. Of bustin' boards and blond hair just peeking below my eyebrows, of tanned chicks (even though at the time I didn't quite understand what I'd be doing with these chicks, boy, were we lame at 13). All I knew was the Beach Boys had all these fine tanned, blond-chicks that hung out with them at the beach and that the surfers were "kleen-kats" who wore blue levis and striped T-shirts and I wanted to be just like them — America wanted to. It seemed as though I was in a natural position for such an occupation right up front and had a jump on the rest of the guys in school. . .I mean with a last name like Cerf (always interpreted Surf or Serf) I had better take to the salty waves or forever be left behind in the skidmarks of some lowered Chevy to which I would never belong. No, it wasn't Van Nuys Blvd. cruisin' on Fridays for me, it was the shores of Rincon, Malibu, Carpinteria and all those places that seemed too unreal to fathom. Though I couldn't travel out of a two-mile radius of home, it mattered not. . .any time I wanted to catch a wave in Huntington, all I had to do was put on "Surfin' USA" and swoon for hours on end. . .Yeah, the Beach Boys brought untold happiness to millions they'll never know. Unfortunately, many of these were unwilling to own-up to the fact that these guys brought us all those hours of raw pleasure thru their music and life-style in the early sixties until recently, copping out with the belief that it wasn't hip to dig surfing after 1967 cuz Noel Redding never goes in the sun, he's milky, he's white, he's sickly, he's right-on, and he would never think of surfing. Well shit, own-up we did. It took "Surf's Up."

I suppose everything has reached the point where nostalgia or time steps in to circumvent any misnomers or bad judg-

than ever. . .

So, for weeks Brian would progress in the office adding lyric after lyric to "Marcella." Then, four weeks ago he played us a demo tape that was obviously the Beach Boys, but not quite. The only outstanding part was that line "One arm over my shoulder, sandals dancin' my feet, eyes that knock you right over, oh Marcella's so sweet". . .that was the lyric, over and over. . .and still nothing more. . .It just wasn't potent enough. No substance.

Then, last week, Brian brought in the finished dub and gave us a taste. Frankly, as Greg Shaw exclaimed, "This is the sound and the record we've been starved to hear for over six summers." Christ yes. Yes, yes. This is the most intoxicating summer record since "Do It Again" and is destined to be among the most classic Beach Boys tune ever recorded. Co-written by Tandom Almer ("Along Comes Mary") the tune will hopefully be released before the summer. That's the sad part, I can't say for sure the record will come out. If it doesn't, I'll live to dread the day I ever heard this demo pressing that the rest of the world never had the opportunity to share what I have. This is one of the few times in recent years I've been moved by a single recording (the last times I recall were "All Right Now" by Free and "Love's Made A Fool Of You" by Chochise). . .You won't believe the two bridges in "Marcella." A touch of Spector, a whiff of Harrison combined with a flavor only the Beach Boys could conjure up to produce THE recording. A marked event this.

If you're not a Beach Boys fan, you'll flip-out the first time you have the opportunity to hear this recording. If ya are — beware. I've listened at least forty times a day for the last week and still don't have my craw half full. (My old lady is threatening.) This is as close to a surfing record without any of the generic terms applied. Can't wait to hear it on my car speaker. . .gotta be the killer record of the season. By the way, I just found out from this guy, Gerhard, that there actually is a chick named Marcella. It seems she's a girl who works in a massage parlor who Brian and crew have been goin' to for years. Thus, the line, "One arm over my shoulder, sandals dancin' my feet, eyes that knock you right over, oh Marcella's so sweet". . .

It's hard to believe, but I think the surfin' thing may be upon us once more. . .Now if we could hear again from Jan & Dean, Bruce & Terry, The Fantastic Baggies and Nik Venet, I'd know it's not just a dream. . .Oh, it all so controversial, I can't stand it. Downright scandalous this.



If you're not a Beach Boys fan, you'll flip out the first time you hear "Marcella." If ya are, beware — I've listened at least forty times a day for the last week and still my craw is but half full.



Leon Ware about Leon Ware:

I m a musician, I'm a song-writer, and now I'm a recording artist for United Artists Records. Heavy!

I ve always been involved in music. It's more than a career or a job. It's my life.

The piano is my main instru-ment, but I work a lot of others — like everything.

I ve written songs for many stars. The list even turns me on, like Ike and Tina Turner, The Isley Brothers, Bobby Womack, The Righteous Brothers, Merry Clayton, Martha & The Vandellas, Kim Weston, Johnny Nash, Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, and Rosey Grier. A great deal of these tunes were done with the late Bob Hilliard who was a fantastic talent.

My home town is Detroit, Michigan, but I've lived in Los Angeles for the past five years. I'm married and have a little girl who is fourteen months old and a boy who is eight.

Like everyone else, I have ambitions. You know — wealth, health, love, security, happiness. Maybe the main ambition, though, is to achieve recognition for ac-complishments in the world of music.



The ABC's of Rock Culture according to Creem



Motown, richard Neville, News, yoko Ono lennon, johnny Otis, richard Pinkston iv, Politics, Poetry, Pop, Psychotic reactions, Quality, Records, lou Reed, Rock'n'Roll, Rolling stones, Roller derby, ric Siegel, john Sinclair, Sex, Soledad brothers, Spirit in flesh, rod Stewart, T.v., firesign Theatre, Tim Tyler, jann Uhelski, Velvet underground, ed Ward, connie Warren, jann Wenner, White trash, the Who, bob Wilson, langdon Winner, johnny Winter, Winter soldier, Xylophones, Yardbirds, Youth culture, frank Zappa, Z.

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