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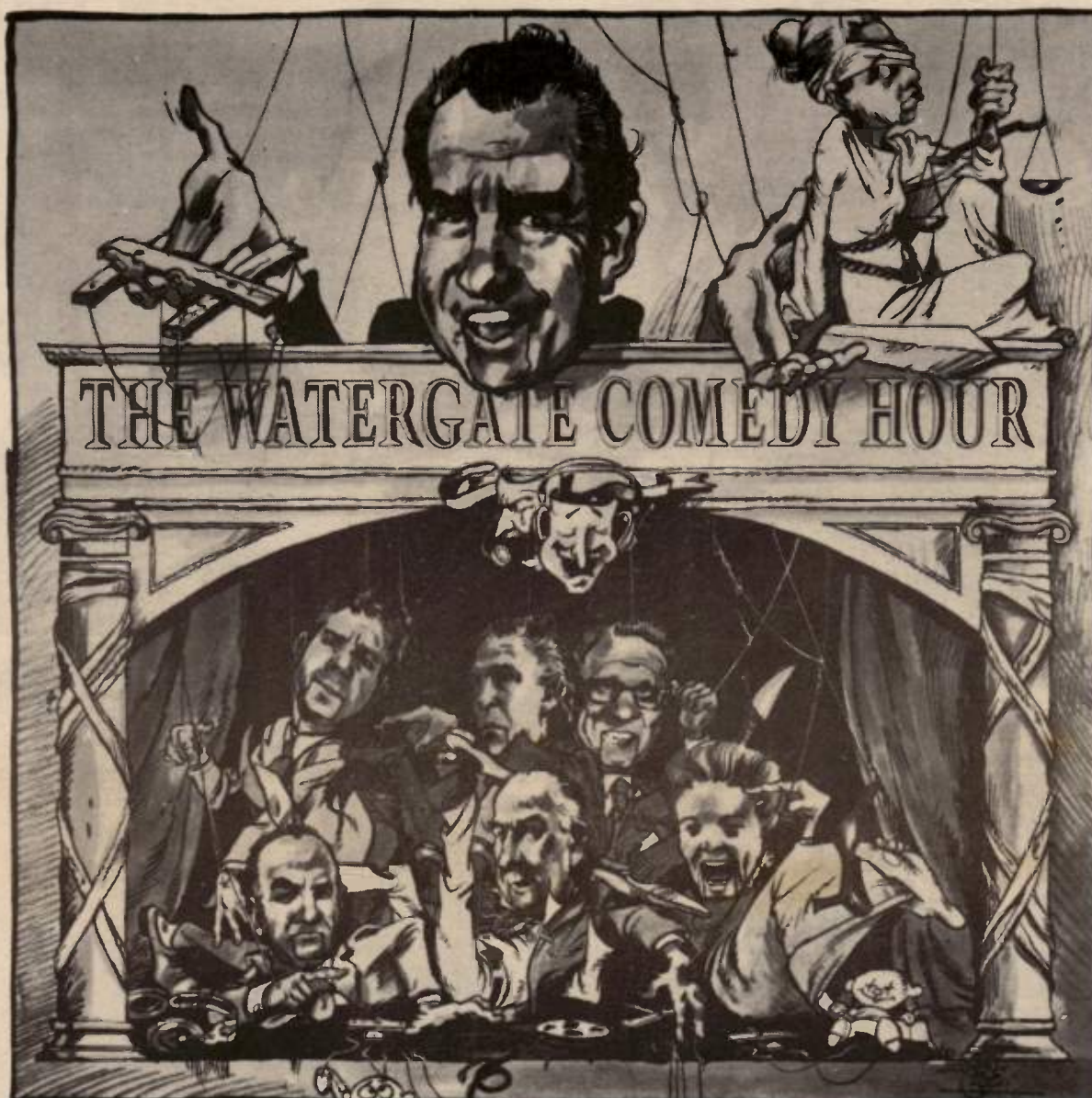
Paul McCartney &
THE BEATLES



JUNE, 1973

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THE WATERGATE COMEDY HOUR



ST-11202

**HERE AT LAST IS THE INSIDE STORY
OF THE SMASH, FRONT PAGE SCANDAL
THAT NOBODY WAS INVOLVED IN,
KNEW ABOUT OR TRIED TO COVER UP.**

Includes the veiled threats, passed bucks, heavy hands, tall tales, low blows, secret meetings, lost findings, ransacked records, tapped phones, hidden letters, missing memos, pilfered wastebaskets, secret bank accounts, shady dealings and devious doings dreamed up by a sinister, vicious, unsympathetic press and blown totally out of proportion by a gullible, under-handed Senate investigating committee.

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Jack Burns, Ann Elder, Fannie Flagg, Bob Ridgely,
Jack Riley, Avery Schreiber & Frank Welker

ON HIDDEN RECORDS AND TAPES.

Distributed by Capitol Records, Inc.

FAN MAIL

Dear PRM:

This is a letter to Infra Red. First, Thank You for putting Lisa Rococo in her place. I agree with you Miss or Mrs. Red on the part of your letter where Cleveland is the place to be seen for the simple reason that people like David Bowie, Lou Reed, Mott the Hoople, Todd Rundgren and many more coming to OUR city for concerts. I think Cleveland is no Mistake on the Lake but Hollywood will soon be in the ocean. The reason I say this is because after concerts I have met Lou Reed, Bette Midler, Todd Rundgren and I'm no groupie. I'm a male and I'm no gay either. I think Lisa Rococo could leave some of that extra ego steam off at one of those classy Hollywood parties she attends so frequently. PRM is a good magazine, kept it that way. Infra Red thanks you for your enjoyable letter.

Chris
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear PRM:

Just when my wife and I thought we had found a rock magazine we could really trust, you people let us down. I'm referring, of course, to Mark Shipper's review of the new Judy Collins album wherein he states that TRUE STORIES AND OTHER DREAMS is Judy's 800th LP, when it is in fact her 801st. I can't for the life of me understand how a knowledgeable and respected writer like Mr. Shipper could not be aware of Ms. Collins' breathtaking surf-folk album recorded in Hawaii in late 1970 with Rory Gallagher and Don Ho (WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TINY BUBBLES ON THE BOARDS GO/Elektra HU3-2700). Lloyd Thaxton's production certainly leaves something to be desired, but only an artists of Judy Collins' incredible depth and scope could take an admittedly tacky flourish like the phased and echoplexed bugles that appear on well over half the tracks and make them work for her so admirably well. While it's true that the record is generally unavailable in this country (Rhodesia released only at present), tapes of these amazing songs have been in circulation here for some time and it's rare indeed to find anyone the least bit familiar with Judy's work who cannot quote you the lyrics from *If I Had A Hodad, Hang Ten On The Wild Side* or even the ethereal *The Night The Tide Went Out In Walled Lake* (ethereal twenty minute sea-opus). So, does reviewer Shipper have his head up his anus, or what?



John, George, Paul and Ringo straining the bonds of togetherness.

In closing, I'd just like to say that there are two things you can do with rock magazines. You can suffer them or you can put them under a pedestal. Personally, I prefer to read them but if PRM continues to do such poor research for its review section, I'll refrain from all three, I swear.

Love, justice and cocaine
Steve & Eydie Stilts
Chicago, Illinois

Hey you!

I don't believe it! For once a half-way decent review appeared in your rag. I'm talking about Mike Saunders' review of Yoko Ono's *Approximately Infinite Universe*. Sister Yoko has finally shown the talent I knew she had all along. The biggest surprise, though, was seeing such a good review for an LP that deserved it. I resent Saunders' doubts

about Yoko's talent. It's obvious that John didn't write the tunes for Yoko. She would never let him. Mike did overplay the 50's side a bit too, but that's forgivable, since we true '50's lovers are hard to find. If you male chauvinist pig types would open your bloodshot eyes once in a while, you would have noticed that Yoko has a lot of talent she's never shown. Hopefully, this LP, her greatest to

date, will open everyone's eyes to one of the greatest, if not the greatest, female rocker of all times. Mike, you've finally done it. Congratulations - maybe someday you'll make the big time. Right on, far out and all the rest of that crap. I love you. (Power to the sisters.)

Marji Jankowski
Detroit, Michigan

To Mr. Cerf and Mr. Shaw:

For your information, guys, my article on *Womankind Music* did not include certain references that you seem to have added. For the benefit of the reading audience, who probably gaped with wonderment at these references, I list these errors. I never mentioned Connie Francis as a "newcomer" or Millie Small as an exponent of the new British traditional folk music (you guys should know reggae is Jamaican!). *My Boy Lollipop* may be a great song celebrating fellatio, but it is not a British folk song, obviously (*Try Ups and Downs* by Steeleye Span instead). The man who wrote *If I Had A Hammer* is Lee Hays, not Lee ays, and as for your photo caption on "light fluff" singers - it's strictly your opinion, you guys who probably didn't like Music Appreciation I in junior high school and have evolved a theory of music from that dislike.

I am not Lester Bangs or R. Meltzer and I would prefer not to have my writing tampered with to make it sound like those two little boys. I wrote a serious feminist article, and you turned it into a big joke with those additions. I don't care what you do with the endless stupid punk articles from other writers that you print, but any further tamperings with articles by me or anyone else that are feminist in content will get you in heap big trouble.

Lynne Bronstein
Venice, California

Perhaps the greatest moment in rock journalism for me was reading your authoritative, long overdue and intuitive article "California Saga - I have long shared similar thoughts and couldn't believe there they were, my feelings, my personal predictions right there in black and white in the May issue of Phonograph Record Magazine.

All this underlines my suspicions that PRM is perhaps the craziest, funniest and best rock mag you'd ever wanna lay yer hands on.

Wayne Davis
Orlando, Florida

Phonograph Record

Vol. 3 No. 11

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Contest Results



The results of our latest contest have been, as usual, educational and highly amusing. You'll recall we offered a free subscription to all who could identify the three arresting drag queens atop April's letter page. Herewith one of the 39 winning entries, followed by a tabulation of the incorrect guesses:

The Les Petites Bon Bons are a group of Gay Life artists who live and play in and around Milwaukee and Hollywood. The future sees them in New York, but then, the future sees them in many, many places. What counts is where they are not. So far there are seven Bon Bons, all of which are gay males. They are loving, imaginative, carefree and childlike. The Bon Bons aim to be a walking exhibition. Out of the closet-galleries-and into the streets.

Bobi lives in Laurel Canyon, he moved there from Milwaukee, in December. He has a really fabulous wardrobe, most of which, he so skillfully made look its best with a few rhinestones here and some threatening studs there. You can't miss Bobi with his naturally blond ringettes (like little Shirley Temple), but he's always changing his look, with wigs and turbans to hide his curls.

Jeri has very distinctive high cheekbones; and he just recently cut his hair, close to his head, short, it's like black velvet. He was raised, like me, very Roman Catholic. He loves to take long walks in the park and watch little boys play. If you ask Jeri what kind of boys he likes he'll tell you "PUNKS are just heaven!"

If you're an interesting person (to the Bon Bons) you can bet your snakeskin boots you'll be receiving a package of assorted goodies from them.

What else can I say about the Bon Bons except: "Boy they're Terrific!" Signed with Loving Kisses Miss Patti Clemente New Orleans, Louisiana

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New Riders of the Purple Sage	12
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Silverhead	10
Spooky Tooth	8
Rick Wakeman	7
Joan Baez	6
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Rory Gallagher	6
Malo	6
The Osmonds	6
Shady Lady	5
Three Dog Night	4
Black Oak Arkansas	3
Mike Saunders, Lester Bangs & Richard Cromelin	1
Marianne Faithful, Jackie DeShannon & Dusty Springfield	1
Lisa Rococo, Lady Bangla Boom & Richard Cromelin	1
Cherry Vanilla, Lee Childers & Rodney Bingenheimer	1
John Prine, Steve Goodman & Shelly Fabares	1
Del Shannon, Bobby Vee & Brian Hyland	1
Lee Michaels	1
Johnny Mathis, Jim Nabors & Rock Hudson	1
John Denver	1
WAR	1
Jim Croce, Steve Goodman & Don McLean	1
Carole King, Lou Adler	1
James Taylor, Robert Taylor & Zachary Taylor	1
Donna Fargo, Charlie Rich & Rick Wakeman	1
Herb Alpert, Jose Jimenez & Julius Wechter	1
Peggy Lee, Rhonda Flemming & Bette Davis	1
Rick Wakeman, Ray Davies & Lou Reed	1
M. Cerf G. Shaw, M. Owen	2

PERFORMANCES

NEIL YOUNG
LINDA RONSTADT
The Coliseum
Denver, Colorado

It was over two months ago but this gig still sticks hard in my craw...

People from as far away as the Western Slope were disappointed when the Coliseum marquis bluntly informed them that there was no legitimate way they were going to see Neil Young that night. After awhile it became apparent that even the scalpers were looking for ducats without success. People milled around the entrance, staring blankly into the empty ticket windows.

On the inside, there were hundreds of empty seats when Linda Ronstadt walked on stage at 8:15. However, aisle space was non-existent. A disgruntled snow-cone vendor threw his melted product to the ground when he got stuck in the mud by section R. There was literally no elbow space to speak of.

Talk about simultaneous experiences, it was lights out and matches on. Linda and her latest Stone Poneys (sic) greeted the pungent crowd with John David Souther's *The Fast One*. She was then joined in *How Long* by a couple of white Ikettes, Mary and Ginger Gregory, and the pace was set. The audience responded with gentle enthusiasm and how could they help it? Linda has that cute "Do you have an I.D.?" look, speaks between songs like a shyly confident 15 year old and then comes back at you however she pleases, like a hurricane or a swan.

Linda isn't a songwriter of note but is peerless at selecting material, backup musicians and producers (John Boylan is an expert). Add her voice and you have startime and her half-hour set ended about that much too soon. Her most effective songs were country oriented such as *Long Long Time*, *I Fall to Pieces*, and an inspired version of *Silver Threads and Golden Needles* with vocal support by the Ronstettes and guitarist Richard Bowden. But when you entertain 11,000 people who didn't come to see Lynn Anderson, you've got to move and Linda spent most of her time up tempo. Although the lyrics got lost and her concurrent body movements seemed improperly synched, Linda sounded good and loose as a rock 'n roller. She just didn't fulfill the visual fantasies I'd had while listening to her albums and fondling the covers.

Anyway, the throngs ate it up but didn't convince the band that they wanted more. The lights went on and various vendors made the rounds again. I passed on the organic purple mescaline ("I swear it's organic, man. I'm doing some right now.") but scored a Dr. Pepper. Unbeknownst to me at the time, a 17 year old nurse's aide slipped a sopor into my brew. (She later apologized, admitting she'd felt sorry for me because nobody had passed me a joint all night.)

Her timing proved to be perfect. Without introduction, Neil walked out alone to standing ovation that would have flustered a cadaver. He cut it short with a marathon version of *Sugar Mountain*, his warm-up-get-loose raga. In smaller halls, he usually has the crowd singing the chorus by the tenth verse, but even twenty didn't do the trick this time. He shifted into the familiar *Tell Me Why* and from that point on, he was officially in control.

Switching to piano he unleashed a new song about some girl named Joni. It, too, elicited whoops. I reread the lyrics which I had scribbled and I was convinced that Neil Young could have done a medley of Ed Ames' greatest hits and gotten people off.

Who lives in an old hotel



Linda Ronstadt on stage with one of the losers of the David Crosby lookalike contest.

*Near the ancient ruins
Only time can tell*

*Too easy, the doorman said
The floor is slippery
Don't hit your head the message read*

*Sweet Joni from Saskatoon
Here's a ring for your finger
But it looks like the moon*

Not what you'd call a Prinesque vision, but it hardly mattered.

Then came the first of many "Always nice to be back in Denver" routines. It was a forerunner of much banal discourse which permeated Young's performance. Neil may very well be an asset in a three party conversation but he had embarrassingly little to say to the faceless Coliseum patrons. "You know, I just realized that when you land in Denver, you're pretty high already." Garble like that and then back to the music.

After *Old Man* and *Heart of Gold* from the *Harvest* album, Young strapped on his Albert King-like electric and called out the Stray Gators, his tasteful back up band. They plugged in and I came onto the sopor.

The Loner has never sounded so good, but Young has never been

one to lean excessively on his past and he proceeded to serve up four new originals. *Old Times Were Good Times* is a warning to returning veterans that the U.S. may not be as much fun as it once was, especially if you're returning with a habit. *L.A. predictably* deals with the "upright city in the smog." *Time Fades Away* is about a kid who goes to Main St. pretty regularly to cop a fix, while his intentionally myopic parents advise him to get home before eight. Young quickly changed the mood with a chapter from his musical autobiography, *Journey Thru The Past*, about meeting Steve Stills in Canada and somehow winding up on Sunset Strip.

While everyone on and off the stage shared a necessary pause, Young wistfully reminisced about the Buffalo Springfield days. A few anecdotes and then another crowd pleaser. "I'd like to bring out a special friend of mine. . . David Crosby." There was a resultant frenzy during which two girls to my right hugged each other screaming "Can you believe we're seeing all this for only six dollars?" Beside them, two rugged high schoolers wearing varsity basketball jackets took turns slapping five for a good ten minutes.

All for David Crosby.

The beefed-up ensemble belted out *Alabama*, two more new songs, a thankfully shortened version of *Southern Man*, and closed with a visually dynamic *Cinnamon Girl*. Exit, standard five minute wait, re-entry and finale of "Are You Ready for the Country?" with Neil doing a tranquilized Jerry Lee Lewis on piano.

It was a good night for almost everyone, including a smooth and relaxed Neil Young. The Stray Gators featured the incomparable Jack Nitzsche on piano, Tim Drummond on bass, Johnny Barbatta on drums, and Ben Keith, perhaps rock music's finest pedal steel guitarist. If you could ignore or be hypnotized by Young's monotonous single note guitar solos, the band sounded great together. Crosby's appearance did little more than make the customers believe they had been in on something truly special. When he wasn't singing, he was more offensive than Wilt Chamberlain's armpits after a double header. "Hey you groovy people, light up a fresh one and get yourselves together. Don't crush the palm trees." OK, Dave.

Young's Denver appearance was near the tail-end of a 90 day tour,

during which he has reaffirmed his position as a minstrel of simple introspection. The lyrics keep changing, but his sermons remain faithful to his basic formula for achieving inner peace: Don't shoot junk, consider the countryside as an alternative to city life, avoid hypocrisy and don't stop searching for that heart of gold. It's out there somewhere.

— Kenny Weissberg

BLACK SABBATH
Messe Halle
Kaiserslautern
Germany

Downers are on the downswing over here having reached their peak at Black Sabbath's appearance and quick getaway at the Messehalle (Warren Consolidated's old gym brought over the ocean on a house trailer). Ya shoulda seen this place when the word got out that teendom's favorite denizens of the dark and heavee meddle crunchers were comin'. People started hordin' their drakes just so they'd surely be ready when the big day came. One guy I went with took 14 and upon arrival at the launching site fell out on two chairs & for all I know he's still there. This far out groover's use of two chairs undoubtedly pissed off a lot of people who had to stand in the balcony. Many became so incensed at their discomfort that they spit hawkers on top of Ozzy Osborne's warlock hairdo. But that came after. After Badger. They're led by some guy who used to be in Yes & they did a tasteful set of 12 songs focusing on Jeezus. After that, I went in the restroom to take a piss & what do I see but this Teutonic Lizzard slurping on a brown brother's big blacksnake. Neat. So I go to piss & all these German nite creatures of indeterminate gender start to enter thru the window. Well, I'd taken 3 or 4 of those little white devils myself (part of my never ending search for objectivity in rock reportage) & I must admit that I just wuz not ready for this. Somehow, I found my way back out to the scene of the crime only to run into this positively painful wall of noise. I mean I know these guys are supposed to be big on distortion but dis is ridiculous. My fellow concert goers (those who hadn't been put into a catatonic stupor by Badger's numbers) were none too happy about this turn of events either & it soon became evident that Sab were mightee upset themselves. Ozzie, in a positive rage, yelled into the mike, "Shit like this never happens in America!" It seems that the sound system was totally fugged. Many ignorant lookin guys were runnin all over the Halle in an attempt at hasty repair but in the end, their efforts were for naught. Sab made a valiant attempt at 1 more song (from their new album no less) but quit about 23 seconds into it & the show wuz over.

Then came the spittin from the balcony. A crazed GI leapt onto the stage and challenged Geezer to a fite but that sound system had taken all the fite out of our heroes & they simply exited stage left. Someone connected with this group once wrote: "Still falls the rain, the veils of darkness shroud the blackened trees, which, contorted by some unseen violence, shed their tired leaves, and bend their boughs toward a grey earth of severed bird wings (bird wings?!), among their grasses poppies bleed before a gesticulating death and young rabbits, born dead in traps, stand motionless, as though guarding the silence that surrounds and threatens to engulf all those that would listen." Well, to tell da troot, I couldn't a said it any better myself but just let me add: What's 5 bucks (admission price for 1500 aficionados) among revolutionaries?

—Steve Hesse

Jethro Tull **Alice Cooper** **James Taylor** **Arlo Guthrie** **Neil Young** **Deep Purple** **Joni Mitchell** **Jimi Hendrix** **Grateful Dead** **America** **...these may be the best albums** **(and best bargains) of all time!**

Read this review!

Something For (Almost) Nothing

By DAVID MACHLOWITZ

The various record companies of America have a deserved reputation for greed matched only by the Thieu Regime and Bluebeard the Pirate. Among their more notable rapes of the record buying public have been including posters unfit to paper an outhouse as an excuse to raise prices; getting groups to release horrendous LPs to cash in on hit singles; and raising the list prices of albums which have already sold in the millions to bilk the public out of a few dollars more.

Therefore, when a label seems to be offering a phenomenally good deal, there has to be a catch. The Warner Brothers Loss Leaders series is indeed a phenomenally good deal, and the catch is obvious. After a cut on the samplers catches your interest, they figure you'll go out and buy the LP it's from.

Judging from the latest release of this series, *Days of Wine and Vinyl*, and from past samplers, they have probably sold quite a few LPs that way. Furthermore, if the public is sharp, Warners should sell quite a few samplers, as well.

Wine and Vinyl is representative of the entire series. It is a 2 record set, with 26 tracks, available for the ridiculously low price of \$2 by mail from LOSS LEADERS, Warner Brothers Records, P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91505.

It is an excellent way to sample a great many interesting new groups and new releases by familiar groups, being cheaper than a jukebox and easier than bugging a radio station. In addition, it contains some excellent material unavailable on any LP, as do the other

samplers.

The rare cuts on *Wine and Vinyl* are Arlo Guthrie's *Ballad of Tricky Fred*; David Bowie's *Can't Help Thinking About Me*; Harpers Bizarre's *Poly High*; and Arthur Conley's *Rita*. The Guthrie and Bowie cuts are both fine deviations from their normal styles.

The biggies on the LP include Jethro Tull (*Living In The Past*), James Taylor, America, Beefheart, Tim Buckley, John Hartford, the Youngbloods, and Bonnie Raitt. Obviously, there are some very different styles represented here. Fortunately, as with most of the other samplers, care has been taken to arrange the sides so that one style predominates on each.

The real reason for the Loss Leaders is to expose new talent to an audience primarily attracted by the Tull, Taylor, etc. cuts. The hopefuls on *Wine and Vinyl* are generally o.k. or better, and don't suffer from being placed between cuts by superstars.

Mickey Hart (former Dead drummer), Norman Greenbaum, and Dion show off their new sounds. Tir Na Nog, Jesse Winchester, The Section (Taylor's backups), Alexis Korner and Snape, Steeleye Span, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Sparks, Bobby Charles and Roxy Music also try to win your approval and later purchase.

Finally, there are also Memphis Slim and the Incredible String Band to wrap up the set. As can be seen from the list of performers, this is primarily a panoply of soft sounds. As such, it is an excellent purchase purely on that basis.

However, 2 of the other samplers I've sampled are even better, and include some good buys from a harder rock fan's viewpoint.

Big Ball (2 LPs, 30 tracks, \$2) is the best-known of the samplers, and with good reason. To begin with, it has the Dead's *Turn On Your Lovelight*, quite simply their best piece ever, and James Taylor's *Fire and Rain*, for those who didn't buy the album. In addition to the sundry hopefuls, it also has the Beach Boys, Joni Mitchell, Arlo, Tull, Buckley, Neil Young, the Mothers, Randy Newman and more.

Looney Tunes (3 LPs, 36 tracks, \$3) is worth it for both folk and hard rock fans. It has a dynamite unreleased Hendrix cut, Alice Cooper, Zappa, the Dead, Randy Newman, Lightfoot, Lil Richard, James T., Kinks, Faces, Beach Boys and that rarest of rarities, a good Black Sabbath cut.

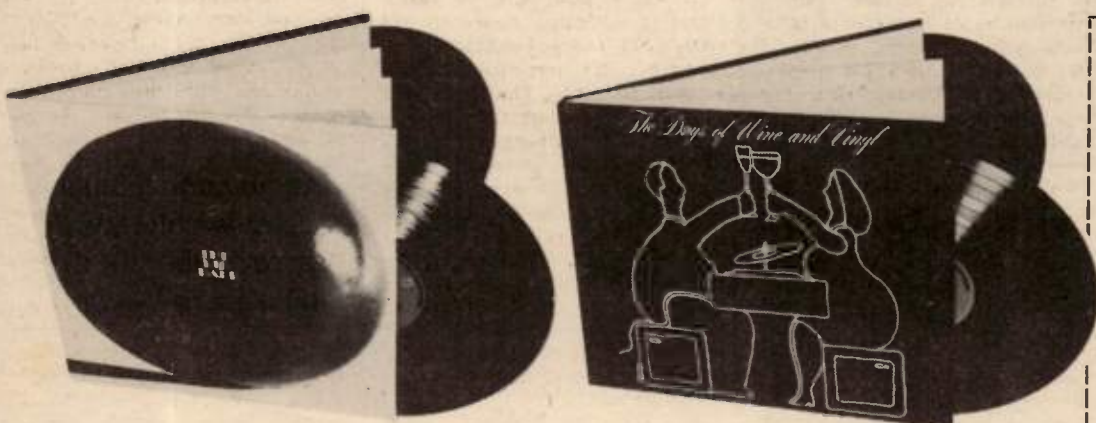
Burbank (2 LPs, 25 tracks, \$2) is not nearly as good as the previous 3, but at 8¢ a cut is such a good buy that eventually you'll probably buy it if you sample one of other others. It has another ace unreleased Hendrix track, plus Arlo, Alice, T. Rex, John Baldry, Deep Purple, and not many folkies.

Overall, the Loss Leaders series is a damn good way of getting a great deal of solid stuff by established stars and interesting stuff by some comers, for very little—particularly in these days of dollar devaluation. Each set also has helpful liner notes and descriptions of the other samplers.

It's a shame they're available only through the mail.

Excerpted from the University of Pennsylvania Voice.

Start with *Big Ball* or *Days of Wine and Vinyl*. Or, order the whole set!



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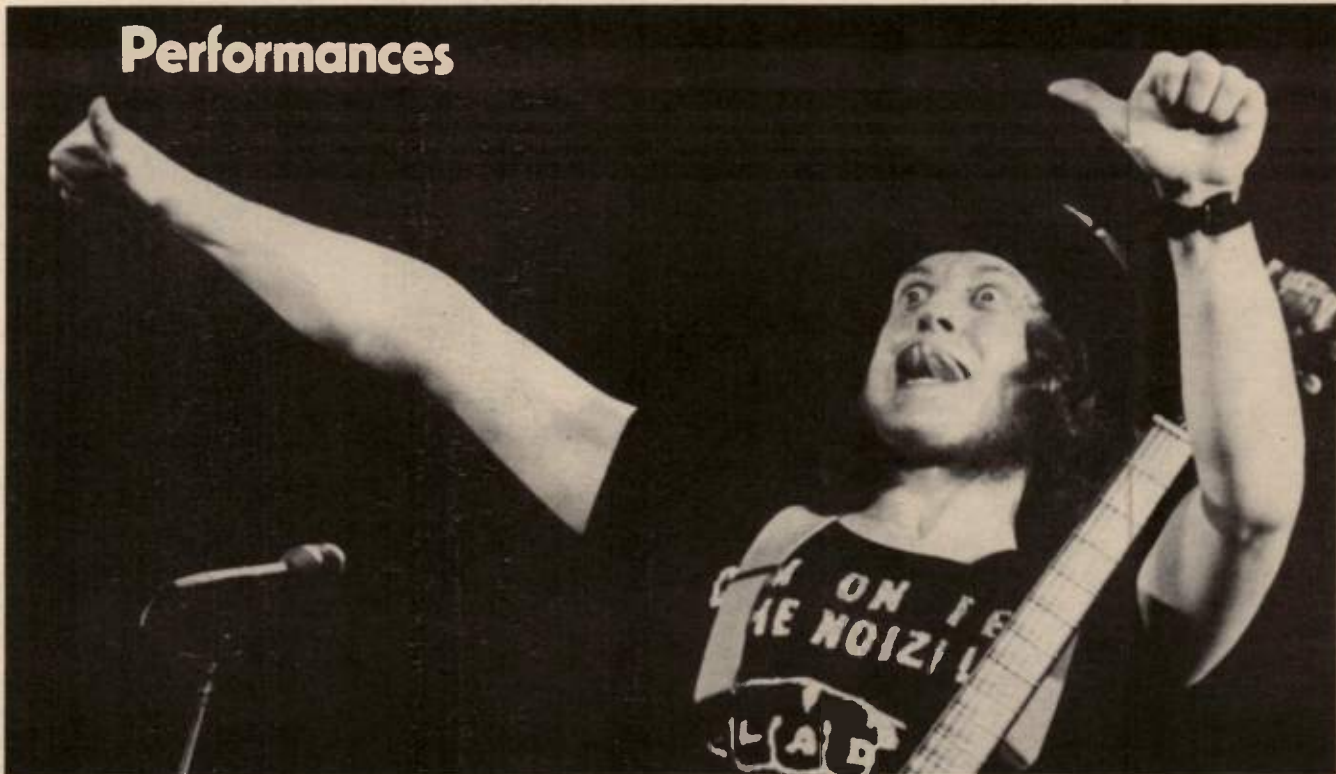
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D

Performances



Slade:
Relics of
the
hoarse 'n' boogie
era?

KINKY FRIEDMAN AND HIS TEXAS JEWBOYS Quiet Knight Chicago, Ill.

Yahoo! When we first went on this trip, we wuz more excited about going to Chicago than seeing anybody named Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys. All we knew about 'em was that they were a bunch of cornpone crackers who sang about what yids they were. Imagine our surprise when they turned out to be the coolest band we'd met since Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs. One good Texan deserves another, but picture this: You walk into their room and this big guy with a Pecos natural strides up and welcomes you with a segar and a fifth of Jack Daniels. "Hi y'all," says Kinky making you feel at home immediately. Then he models his new eye-popper, blue and yellow satin cowboy shirt for us. "Look like a gol-darn clown in this thin. Otta draw a few raspberries from the yahoos with this 'un."

And that's how it went for the whole weekend. They're all great folks but until we saw the show, we were impressed more by their affability than the true spark of their personalities. We all drove straight away to a little folk club called the *Quiet Knight*. This place was so funky that when you went in the john you saw that some guy had put his name and phone number amidst the graffiti on the wall with a rubber stamp. An atmosphere perfectly sympathetic to what Kinky and the Jewboys are up to.

We installed ourselves at a stageside table with a couple of beers as the Jewboys broke into a heavy, Inagadavida organ-laden theme from *Exodus* and Kinky strutted onto the stage with his guitar hitched to his ribs and the perfect slouch of a star. He leans into the microphone and begins crooning *Highway Cafe*, his Humphrey Bogart fedora as droll as his stage rap. "Here's a lil tune we're working up for our upcoming tour of the Holy land, which'll be featured on our next big album called 'Israeli Gears'!"

Then he goes into a hot corker called *The Ballad of Charles Whitman*, which was written in honour of that eagle-scout who climbed the tower at the University of Texas a few years back with a portable arsenal, and knocked off about seventeen innocent duds afore the laws finally shut him down. If you can't see the humour in a song and hero like that, then you're not ready for Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys.

Kinky introduces the band members one by one: Billy Swan, the hulky, mean motorskooter who looks like he just got out of Folsom, but behind that hard front is a respected, almost legendary, Nashville session man who gave up plenty lucrative gigs to play rhythm guitar with the Jewboys. Then there's Cully Culpepper, a diminutive country gentleman who assays the eloquent lead guitar and fiddle ably assisted by

the genial bassist Willie Fong Young (alias the Southern Slope) and surfer choir-boy drummer Lanny Jay. Truly an all points line-up, but we've saved the best for last, Little Jewford Shelby who plays every keyboard known to man and specializes in the most melodious belches that we've ever heard. You best believe them burps spice up the act plenty and even better is his Satchmo imitation wherein his eyeballs bug straight across the room and ricochet off the back wall. This band has everything, and Jewford, bow-legged born clown, is the topping on the cake.

Like for example, his and Kinky's squeak-tit routine. Kinky sidles over to Jewford, puts his arm around him and squeezes his left pectoral repeatedly to Jewford's doll-like cries: "Don't touch me!" Suddenly Kinky switches to the right quasi-tit and Jewford bellows like a foghorn, "Or the other one either!" Pretty off the wall, eh? You may think it's weird, but so is this band, and when they played Max's Kansas City recently it had the dragqueens swooning in the aisles.

Now it's time to talk about the music. Were it not for the undeniable bizarritude of his themes, Kinky would be a country western singer from the classic mold with the bonus of a little Dylan ranginess for spice and fire. But look where this hopalong's hollerin' from; *Charles Whitman* is only the beginning. When he talks about getting "High on Jesus" he aims to OD every pamphlet passer in sight. Or, cop a taste of the ultimo Women's Liberation anthem, *Get your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed*. Best of all, though, is *Ride 'Em Jewboy*, the wistful lament which achieves a rolling, evocative quality that makes it the perfect set closer: "Ride, ride 'em Jewboy Ride 'em all around the old corral I'm, I'm with you boy If I've got to ride six million miles."

All of this is more amazing when you consider that when we saw them, the band had been together for exactly three weeks. They're tight, they're funny, and you can hear and feel them gaining more strength with each set. You don't have to watch for 'em 'cause when they hit your town you'll know it.

-- Les Bangs and Dori McMartin

SLADE Santa Monica Civic Santa Monica, Calif.

Slade's premier headlining appearance, coming on the crest of the most explosive streak of singles since the 1965-7 Who, and the equally earthshaking *SLAYED* album, was as eagerly awaited a musical event as anything this year. But, while they're still the most exciting band extant on record, their live show is a major letdown. Nearly every song was preceded, followed, and internally interrupted by a time-consuming and corrosive Noddy Holder ultimatum to get off our butts, get on top of our seats, and get down with it in terms of vocal participation. More excessive in this regard than the most obtrusive

boogie band, the group has an apparently insatiable appetite for audience manipulation; but the crowd here wouldn't buy it. Slade can get away with it on their home turf, where the fanatic idolatry of the audience builds the excitement to fever pitch; if they played Dover they could make the crowd swim the Channel en masse. But here, still an untried quantity playing to a half-empty auditorium, Slade could not command that kind of consummate crowd control, and overcompensated accordingly by making their demands ever more shrill and abusive.

Fully half the concert seemed to be taken up in such crowd-hectoring tactics, and combined with a miserably muddy makeshift sound system, which went out completely for ten minutes, the musical flow was severely affected. In addition, Slade played too many timeworn staples of their live act (*Hear Me Calling*, *Darling Be Home Soon*, *Move Over*) and failed to perform their current anthem smash *Cum On Feel The Noize*. But there were moments -- Dave Hill, attired in a Lewis Carroll conception of a space suit, easily copped top fashion awards for the new year, and his guitar work was quite powerful. When the group motivated into their single hits, *Gudbuy T' Jane*, *Take Me Bak 'Ome*, and especially *Mama Weer All Crazee Now*, their enormous energy and impact became evident at last; and the audience became notably more enthusiastic.

If Slade could take that hint, stop trying to harangue the crowd into an artificial state of excitement, and instead get up there and power through those incredible singles and some of their dynamite LP cuts, they could conquer America in no time. They still may be the sound of the seventies, but as long as they remain mired in the hoarse 'n' boogie era, Slade alive just can't satisfy.

-- Ken Barnes



Is Gerdes' Folk City in the same state as Jan & Dean's?

JOHN HARTFORD DOC WATSON GEORGE GERDES The Academy of Music Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Actually George Gerdes wasn't an announced part of the show at all. And quite frankly, if it hadn't been for the twist of events with Gerdes' surprise set, I wouldn't

have bothered writing this pap. Not that Doc Watson is a lesser artist. Ditto for John Hartford. But the real news here was when Gene Shey (of the renowned WMMR-FM, the best rocker in town fellas) came on stage between sets and announced candidly, in religious tone... "In the audience tonight, I want you to prepare for this now people, we are indeed privileged. Yes, we happen to have with us one of the nation's most touted, most exalted artists that ever put tape to plastic. And if you will all settle down, and be still, I think we will be able to persuade the man to honor us with two, maybe even three songs. So, here he is, a man who most certainly needs no introduction..."

At that point, a silhouetted figure accompanied only by his Martin, shuffled onstage. The house lights were down, only a faint blue, hazy foot lamp was fired. Then he came close to the mike, slammed a few riffs and we were certain Dylan had granted us an audience. *Highway 61 Revisited*. But no... the chords turned into *Heart of Gold*... Christ, it's better still, not Dylan but Neil Young!!

The crowd went berserko. They rushed for the stage. At last a chance to rip off some of the Sacramento's rawhide for home use. But then the lyric began, and the voice was the same but...

"I wanna kill, I wanna thrill/
I carry snod-grass for a pot of gold/

I've been in prime-time. I'm out of my mind/

But I keep recording for that disc of gold/

And I've got a cold."

"I've been to Hoboken. I've had my nose broken/

Spit in the ocean for that disc of gold/

I've been to Nashville. I snort with Steve Stills/

I think Dave Crosby is a son of a bitch/

But he's getting rich."

"I'm from Ontario. I've been to Buffalo/

I've found phrenario in a joint of gold/

I've had some lucky breaks. My goddam back aches/

But I keep recording for that disc of gold/

And I've got a cold."*

After he'd done justice to *Heart of Gold*, he grabbed the bottom of his spine and staggered off the stage. Only afterwards did Gene Shey cop to the fact it was George Gerdes as opposed to Neil or Dylan. And come to think of it, with all their accessibility of late (Dylan is said to have sat in Shirley Jones' session of the *Walk in Silence* single release for Bell) I think we'd rather see Gerdes any way.

L. Wainwright

* c 1972 Old Void Music

THE PRETTY THINGS The Lottery Aurora, Ill.

Ten long years of existence with nary a tour of the states and alas the Pretty Things were actually going to

appear at an underground bar in this relatively small (75,000) town situated 30 or so miles outside of Chicago.

Yet it's been nearly a decade since they first contested the Stones for tops in the budding punk rock rhythm and blues field. Quite a lot's transpired for the Things through the years, not the least of what has been the most frequent personnel shuffling this side of Arthur Lee's Love. And like Love or the prior-to-reunion Byrds, the Pretties have only one remaining original member -- the indefatigable lead vocalist Phil May. Stellar attractions like Twink, Yetti, Dick Taylor, Wally Allen, and Viv Prince have come and gone but not Phil. He's stayed and apparently benefitted from it.

Not one to rigidly control the others, May let the effervescent pianist John Povey step forward on occasion and conduct the audience pandemonium. The rest of the band as pictured on *FREEWAY MADNESS* was there too and a second guitarist as well. It wasn't Steve Took from Marc Bolan's *Tyrannosaurus Rex* days (also revered for his outstanding guitar work on Twink's *THINK PINK* albums) but whoever he was he did an admirable job churning out rhythm while lead guitarist Pete Tolson slashed away on wailing fuzz and razor sharp wah wah. Obviously they knew the era they came out of.

When Twink split after the extraordinary rock opera *S.F. SORROW* it seemed highly unlikely adequate replacement could be found to take his place. Skip Alan might lack the Pink Thinker's charisma, but he beats it out hard and that's what a rock drummer is supposed to do. He even got up and slapped tambourine, letting the aforementioned Povey sit down and pound while the second guitarist took over the keyboard chores. What versatility!

Virtually every segment of their career was touched upon, particularly their latest album, of course, and to a lesser extent its most recent predecessors *PARACHUTE* and *S.F. SORROW*. The alternative consciousness period of their third album *EMOTIONS* was carefully avoided and understandably so since Phil May is quite familiar with Syd Barrett and even calls that album "a dud." What really astounded were their two encores, both off their first album, namely, *Rosalyn* and lastly Bo Diddley's classic *Roadrunner*, that rocked out in a way that indicated the band (especially May who blew a sizzling harmonica) had aged little in fervor.

Altogether it was the most I could've asked for this side of a double bill with the Pink Fairies.

-- Scott Fischer

GRIN AND EAGLES Elon College Burlington, N.C.

I've wanted to see both of these groups for some time. Grin has played extensively in the Carolinas, but never at so accessible a location. The Eagles were scheduled with

continued on page 30

The seventies' revival.

While large segments of the music business are looking to the past for ideas, some of the most innovative artists of the seventies are offering us their finest recorded works yet.



Lee Michaels

debut on Columbia with an album that is going to make his "Do You Know What I Mean" fans very happy, while it brings new believers into the fold. Once again, basic instrumentation is keyboard and drums. Once again, the songs are all mind stickers. Lee's experiments with new sounds and new production techniques that marked his last studio albums emerge here applied to the tried and true Lee Michaels format, and the result is a super rocking album. Lee at his best, ever.

LEONARD COHEN: LIVE SONGS

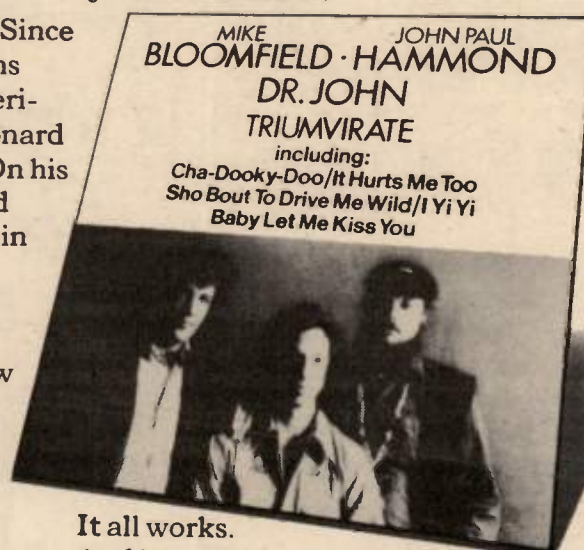
including:
You Know Who I Am/Bird On The Wire
Please Don't Pass Me By (A Disgrace)
Tonight Will Be Fine/Passing Thru



Leonard Cohen's

music is pure and beautiful, and it comes across purest and most involving in live performance. Since Leonard Cohen rarely performs live, very few people have experienced the magic quality of Leonard Cohen singing to real people. On his new album you'll hear Leonard Cohen performances recorded in London, Paris, Berlin and at the Isle of Wight over the past three years. There are classics like "Bird on the Wire" and new songs like "Queen Victoria." And every moment is special.

Mike Bloomfield, John Paul Hammond and Dr. John have wanted to record together for a few years. And it makes sense. Mike is one of the most respected blues guitarists in music. John Paul Hammond is the most celebrated white blues and R&B singer of our time. And Dr. John is Dr. John...rocking, New Orleans, piano-playing funky. He played keyboards, wrote some tunes and arranged songs for the boys by such luminaries as Elmore James, Bo Diddley, B.B. King, John Lee Hooker.



It all works.
And it makes for one of the most enjoyable sessions of the year.

On Columbia Records and Tapes

BRITAIN

LADY BANGLA BOOM, MS.

Still here and this week caught up north in Hartlepool surrounded by a river of Guinness and sundry pitchers of Newcastle ale running like water. Also running is the old aqua-lungish geezer's nose who I've shared this gritty park bench with for the last two weeks. "Ey Mr. Rock & Roll Music Ed, post me, me wages. Meanwhile, me ears continue to speak and eyes listen with bleak intensity (am I beginning to sound like John Peel). The French blues are running amok and the Mandrean maniacs have slipped their shod and as usual pock rock prevails at a valiant pace. Which leads us to...

The incredulous Roy "The Mover" Wood, Wizzard's chief lizard is in a star storm about Elvis Presley's latest repertoire and is flying immediately to Vegas to perform some bashing sorcery on the antiquated king of sideburns. Woolly Woody has penned three tunes for "the pelvis" at his request. Says Big Roy: "Presley's latest stuff is rubbish, he should have been recording my songs years ago." And the mind continues to wiggle. (Excuse me Jonathan King.) Placard seen in Trafalgar Square: "Roy Wood For God."



Chris Farlowe, buck teeth, frizzy hair and no hits, can't win em all.

Chris Farlowe, former Mick Jagger protegee (*Out of Time*, *Satisfaction*, *Think*, *Paint It Black*, etc) has flown Vincent Crane's Atomic Rooster coop to venture a solo career for the fourth, make it fifth time. "Ride on (Chris) Baby."

Former Free, Free Spirit Andy "Mulato" Fraser has also dropped out of his plinzer superstar endeavor "Sharks" to make it alone. Don't strain your neck, Andy.

Patto have also gone down the drain. Their tour with Cocker last year was probably a bit too much. Hehehehe.

Nicky Hopkins may feature Mick Taylor and George Harrison in his upcoming touring band.

Ex Blind Faith/Family man Rick Grech has formed an unnamed ensemble feature Poli Palmer (Family), Mitch Mitchell (Hendrix), and guitarist Joe "The Toe" Tanner. Foxy Tony McPhee is to branch out as a solo hobo in a fortnight or two with an lp titled "THE TWO FACES OF TONY (T.S.) MCPHEE" but his Groundhogs will remain intact (where else) underground.

Nazareth will soon be big. ELO appears June 1 at the scene of the crime at a party in Boston. Anyone for tea. Marquee celebrated 15th anniversary last week. Here's to another 15. Sweet in big disaster - more news next month. Status Quo nice, loud and bad. Neck and neck with all other He/Her (HIGH ENERGY HARD ENGLISH ROCK) groups. Recent Cover of Doors tune superb. Could make it big in States. Cum again, fellas, I cunt hear you Fish and chips Folklore. Ay Shea new Roy Wood produced arranged written and possibly greased female dahling of slink rock is in, in, in. Could be Miss Wizzard, or at least "crotch of 73." Arthur Brown is at it again. "Journey his newest lp endeavor - maniacally brilliant. Recent British headlines: "Cohen to the dogs," "Bee Gees in car crash," "lay off David," "Lay on David," "David lays," "Major Blow," "Sincere Strawbs," "Alice for Mums," "Wake up Walker," "Walkie Porkie," "Air in Eirie," "Ray Harper and Jimmy "Fingers" Page in Mismatch," "Lightning Strikes Again," "Deep Purpose may split." Is it a case of the hebbie jeebies or is Deep Purple turning yella again. See what being too hep does for you. Ken Hensley also took the nosedive recently with the jaundice blues.

Flak - Superstar press rep Derek Taylor to return to Apple core? Is he the glue to paste back Beatles? We doubt it. Others don't. Million Dollar Baby manager, Shep Gordon, proves nice guys don't finish last. I thought Alice was off nice guys this month. Psst: Stevie Wonder and David Bowie seen holding hands. New York Dolls setting Great Britain aflame. So is David Bowie's new tour. Pop slop - According to latest articles on Cherry Vanilla, she has, as they say in the trades "Popped her tops." Is that like top of the bloody pops. Everyone must get their licks in, don't bust my chops. Shhh - Former knocker hopper Jim Lea, bass player of Slade has secretly wed. Birde - Louise Ganner, a 22 year old soft furnishing seamstress. The other members of the group did not attend the wedding. That's a lot of noise.

On mixed marriages, music from Free Creek, or a musical *Deliverance* a sensuulating super jam album was released this month. No less than one hundred superstars are featured on the distinguished disc. Names like ELP, Jeff Beck, Dr. John, Linda Ronstadt, Traffic, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Buddy Rich, Canned Heat, Three Dog Night, Paul Butterfield, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Eric Clapton, the Byrds, and The Flying Burritos, were caught in the act singing up the creek without paddles, songs by the Beatles, Stones and Bob Dylan. Would you say duelin' voices?? Bloody Awful.

On voice, in town is genius Quincy Jones recently seen producing Paul Simon and Aretha Franklin. Also King of Punkdom Todd Rundgren will produce Grand Funk's latest pumpkin. Not in England but definitely oily British Grease. Keep on slippin'.

Speaking of Jack O' Lanterns: Faces and body man Rod the Mod Stewart may soon be called Rod the toe Rockin' sockin' roddy who loves the game of soccer so much, that he usually kicks about one hundred balls into his concert audience faces before he starts to sing has signed with Southall amateur senior British Football club. Now the hot Rod will be able to kick all the balls he likes, even "off his head." That's where I came in. So I'll leave.

HOLLYWOOD

LISA ROCOCO

"I wish there was a Hollywood/Just like there used to be"

-Thunderclap Newman

From the very beginning, my dears, I've wanted this column to be called Lisa Rococo's Hollywood Dream, but the editors of this magazine are so dizzy, they just can't seem to grasp it. For one thing it's catchy, but, most important, it would be my own little running tribute to one of the most fabulous albums ever, Thunderclap Newman's *Hollywood Dream*. Well, their super drummer Speedy Keen has a solo album now, and it scores as Lisa's fave of the month. Argent's nice too, and so's Dobie Gray. But more than anything in the world, Lisa wants to get her three-inch long, raspberry passion-painted nails (hand and toe) into Jimmy McCulloch. Thunderclap's exquisite little guitar player. Pictures of Jimmy have helped me sleep at night for the past two years; the tyke makes Donny Osmond look like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. . . CLEVELAND

NOTES: Darlings, don't you know Cleveland is secretly Hollywood and is waiting to tell the rest of the world the news. . . Why, honestly, any village claiming both the *Move/ELO* and *David Bowie Appreciation Societies* has got more than a little going for it. . . So Hollywood is where you find it my lovelies and of no little glitter-glam is Chuck Dunaway, exalted program director of WIXY. . . Chuck is never far from the most tasty surroundings and lately he traveled to several cities with madcap Alice Cooper producing the dear's feature-length film. We're told that as soon as Alice's debonair manager Shep Gordon, and charming Chucky are through in the editing room, we'll have two hours of *Alice* to go at our neighborhood shopping center walk-in. . . remember that Lakewood, Ohio next time you think

there's nothing doing in town. . .

One of the very hottest nights of the past month was that of the Lou Reed concert in Santa Monica, where Lance Loud, escorted by Jeri and Bobby Bonbon, stole the show from poor pudgy Lou. "Loud is beautiful - when clean," say some stickers circulated by a sound company. Well, this Loud was clean back at home in Santa Barbara, California but that

slightly less violent fronts, like the night Lisa and entourage shuttled back and forth by helicopter between the Jeff Beck Party at the Top of the Strip and the Slade affair at the Santa Monica Civic. The Beck Bash wins by a mile, believe me, though at the Civic we did have the pleasure of stumbling into (Lisa's a very cheap date, can't hold her liquor at all) Dave Marsh and Lisa Robinson. who



The ubiquitous Andy Warhol, Lance Especially Loud & Bobby BonBon looking bored at the recent Lou Reed concert.

didn't stop the local police from going at him with a vengeance. Says a recuperating Lance: "I got arrested for lewd conduct - any sign of life and effervescence around this hole is considered lewd - and the police beat me up, broke my ankle broke my nose, gave me a concussion, rubbed my face in my own BLOOD - that part was extremely Clint Eastwood Italian western stuff - put me behind bars for the entire evening and came in and booted me, pointed at me and laughed and were generally horrifyingly creative with their pork language, as if they were at a zoo."

Lance is a healthy boy though, and we expect to be seeing him back on the scene soon, where he'll be working on a single and perhaps modeling for the centerfold of Zipper Magazine - keep on it, Con...On to

is exactly like me through the first six letters. The other Lisa has finished an anti-glitter fashion column for Creem, and, after getting an eyeful of Dave Hill's grotesque onstage outfit, all this Lisa can say is it's about time. Dave was in town researching an article on the rise of the androgynous rock star for *Oui*. He found Sylvester, which is getting right to the heart of the issue.

At the Beck extravaganza the atmosphere was true Hollywood (Rodney's is fine, but enough imported England is enough, don't you think? I mean we already have the Queen Mary!), with people passing out in the corners and, in the lavish dining room, Iggy Pop infuriating Susan Pile by dipping the copy of *Interview* she'd loaned him so he could read the review of his Detroit concert in the disgusting scrambled egg/wax/coffee/ et. al. concoction he'd just smeared all over the table. Rumor has it that he pissed in his chair too, but only the Ig and the busboy know for sure. . .

A couple of other big bashes. One for Alice Cooper at the Rainbow, a party never graced with the presence of fair Alice, and Lisa can't say that she blames him. I don't know how they expect you to enjoy yourself when you can't move a step in any direction, can't get ripped on drugs and can see nothing but cheap groupies all over the place. Part of the excess crowd, hears Lisa, was in on counterfeit passes. . . Alice didn't show up at the rock star bowling tournament at LaCienega Lanes here in L.A. either, but a lot of other tough dudes and foxy ladies did (now that *Star Magazine* has been done in, I think we should inherit those scrumptious words, no?). Many of those ladies were left out in the cold until Argent showed up and brought them all in. Among the competitors were Flo and Eddie, Canned Heat, Ten Years After (congratulations to our dear friend Maggie, who got her picture taken with Alvin Lee) and Steppenwolf.

Happy May birthdays to Salvador Dali, Rick Wakeman and John Ned Mendelsohn. . . The charming and delightful Ian Whitcomb entertained at the Ash Grove and was totally captivating (he has a nice, nice body too). Christopher Isherwood stopped in to catch the show (now you might have to look it up, but Lisa's determined to give you a little bit of culture), and everyone was waiting for Mae West to arrive. She never made it, but Ian did attend a seance at her home. . . And while we're away from music for an instant, you might like to know that Goldie Glitter and Divine are now living the life of leisure at the beach in Santa Monica (and wait till you see Divine's new film *Pink Flamingos*; it'll make you throw up, and we've found out that the Sugar Plum Fairy from *Walk on the Wild Side* is none other than - but wait, why don't you write in and tell Lisa who you think it is that's lookin' for soul food and a place to eat. The first to correctly identify

Continued on page 30

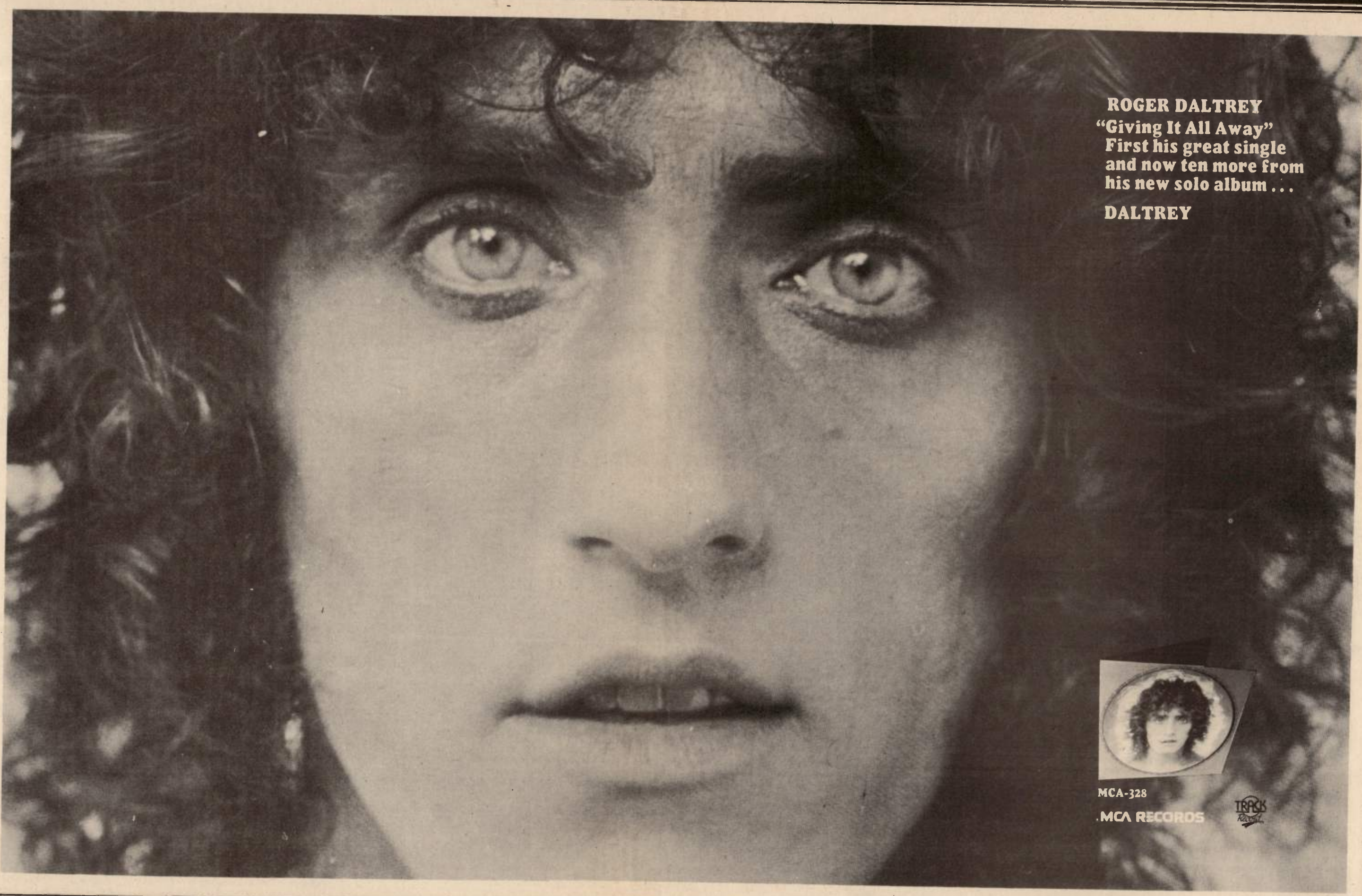
Maybe I Know \ Wait 'Til My Bobby Gets Home
Today I Met The Boy I'm Gonna Marry \ I Can Hear Music
And Then He Kissed Me \ If You Loved Me Once
Be My Baby \ What Good Is I Love You \ Chapel Of Love
Medley: Goodnight Baby-Baby I Love You,
Gettin' Together River Deep, Mountain High

All written, and now sung by
ELLIE GREENWICH.



"LET IT BE WRITTEN,
LET IT BE SUNG"

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ROGER DALTREY
"Giving It All Away"
First his great single
and now ten more from
his new solo album ...

DALTREY



MCA-328

MCA RECORDS



SINGLES



by Martin Robert Cerf

L.A. FREEWAY
(Guy Clark)
JERRY JEFF WALKER
Produced by J.J. Walker
MCA 40054 Time 3:20
Flip—"Charlie Dunn"

There is a record distributor in Cincinnati, Ohio which despite the general decline in the sale of singles to the record buying population, continues to exist rather comfortably

yet, it's the ode to Jimmy's near fatal L.A. Freeway encounter with the LAPD four years ago. . . This just hours before he received Christ. . . There's a connection, I suppose. . .

Overlooking the obvious environmental tarnished lyric: "Pack up all your dishes, make note of all good wishes/Say good-bye to the landlord for me, and all the things that always bore me/. . . Throw out those LA papers, hold a box of Vanilla Wafers/Adios to all this concrete, gonna get me some dirt



Jerry Jeff Walker: railroad tracks and hippie gunsmoke. . .

selling 45 RPMs exclusively. It's Royal Distributing and on a hit record they'll do a minimum of 15,000 units. To put Jerry Jeff Walker into this perspective, *L.A. Freeway* should do in South-Western Ohio no less than 25,000.

Not that this single is confined to mere regional success, not for a moment. This is a recording whose elements are perhaps the strongest since *Summer In The City* and *Little Willy*, Guy Clark has done his homework well and we most certainly owe something to Jerry too for breathing life into the singles market for at least another eight months with a monumental single.

As we slide into summer, *L.A. Freeway* presents the only distinguishing landmark we'll be able to point to on the other side of this year. It reminds me of Jimmy Rodger's *Child of Clay*. . . Or better

road back street" . . . you'll stumble across the hottest 3 minutes a listener ever participated in since the edited version of *American Pie*. . . "If I can just get off that L.A. Freeway without getting killed or caught, down the road in a cloud of smoke, 'tward some land that I ain't bought" . . .

If Tim Hardin's mind were not constituted of white light and oatmeal, and if Don McLean would give up his solo mediocrity, should Steve Goodman decide to be commercial or Melanie get a transplant, they all could record this kind of greatness. But the excellence isn't merely the lyric chil—ren, nope, the vocal can't be overlooked; it's mountains better than the 'prince of peace' garble Jeff was moaning 'bout with his earlier material.

Shades of traditional railroad tracks, rawhide, hippie gunsmoke. . . ol lady an' all here. . . More fringe per

chord than David Crosby. . . And Authentic too. . .

This is the one that shouldn't be overlooked. . . There's an extended version on Jeff's LP which rambles at the end with Claudia Lennear type excess and a couple profanities thrown in at the beginning. . . It's alright but it's best you hear the single version first. . . Makes the other more palpable. . .

Strictly in terms of AM potential, mass appeal demographics *L.A. Freeway* is a mid—western delight, a Seattle—breakout and a publisher's dream. . . Welcome to the finest for a change (and no harmony either).

BROTHER LOUIE
(Brown/Wilson)
STORIES
Produced by
Kenny Kerner and Richie Wise
Kama Sutra 577 Time 3:55
No Flip Information

Michael Brown is of course quite crazy. You never suspected anything else now did you? Imagine cutting records like *Walk Away Renee* and *Pretty Ballerina* at the age of 15...not that he was any less mad before his Left Banke hits, but he doesn't care anyway. Besides, madmen make the best records.

You can tell when Mike is getting close with a hit group. Just when they're on the verge of breaking real big, he splits. And to give you something to remember, a kick in the ass for good measure, he'll serve up a record like *Brother Louie* to further infuriate his fans. (You smart ones will remember *Desiree* which Michael produced in the last days of the Banke.) And we're in the last weeks of *Stories*—pity.

If you've been following the important recordings, as opposed to merely those in the top forty, then *Stories* are tops with you too. And *Brother Louie* is more of the finest in commercial pop from a group who have never failed to deliver. Here the group decided to chuck some of that cutesie image and grind off about 3/5 of the cerebellum, and support some levis for awhile. PUNK. LOW—RIDER. SOUTHSIDE. NASTY. CRUDE. HOSTILE. Ooh, it hurts sumpthin' fine. Like *Jumpin' Jack Flash* meets *Homeward Bound*. And Richie and Kenny's strings here is the best I've heard since *Layla*.

The lyric harps on about a teenage white boy (Mike) fallen head over head in a hard—core, scandalous love affair with a foxy black babe. Lust from every side. And a natural for your next lonely night. *Give me the beat boys*..

Unfortunately *Brother Louie* was not on the second *Stories* LP which was released about two months ago. Maybe Brown wouldn't have run away again if he had a hit with the record right off...But that's even doubtful as *Stories* have Ian Lloyd who is to that group what Jeff Lynne was to ELO and the Move as relates to Roy Wood....Anyway, Lloyd dug up this Hot Chocolate record (released in the UK on Mickie Most's RAK label) right from the bottom of the British top thirty some eight weeks ago, rushed in the studio and turned out one of the finest cover records in the history of such things. It's better than what Jackie DeShannon did with the Pozo Seco Singers' *I Can Make It With You Baby*...just like Cher squashed the Byrds' version of Dylan's *All I Really Want to Do* in 1965, Ian Lloyd and *Stories* have given Hot Chocolate little chance for competition.

The single could actually prove very confusing to some program directors and jocks around the country as it lists Brown/Wilson as the writers...and since we're already accustomed to seeing Brown & someone writing all the *Stories* smashes, well, you wouldn't be the first to think the Kama Sutra version is the original while falsely accusing Hot Chocolate of plagiarism....so watch it, it's not Michael Brown & Brian Wilson, even though the record sounds good enough to support those credits.

I didn't really think that *Stories* would be able to carry on without Mike but Ian has proven that all those nights zonked out on carrot juice and ritalin discussing far eastern mysticism and the mythos of WABC with Mike was time well invested. This single, I'm convinced, will be at

least top thirty...well, I might go so far as to predict that it will peak on the national charts at No. 3, should sell in excess of 750,000 pieces and with the addition of the single to the second *Stories* LP that Ben Gerson told you all about some months ago, the LP will be the first to sell upwards of 90,000 for Mike Brown since his dynamic *Pretty Ballerina/Walk Away Renee* days. Now if they pull *Love Is In Motion*, *Hey France* or *Darling* as the follow—ups, they might just be able to quit recording altogether. Just like Ritchie Podolor knows, Ian & Mike realize their LP is good for a minimum of three hit singles....Let's not rush it though.

DIAMOND ROAD
(D. Leonard)
DEKE LEONARD
Produced by Deke Leonard
& Tim Boyle
United Artists 215 Time 3:46
Flip—"Turning in Circles"

He's another one you'll never hear about anywhere else. In case you follow this or Greg Shaw's singles garbage in *Creem* and if you have bothered to dig up records by Pagliaro, The Marcus Hook Roll Band, Thundermug, Dusty Springfield or Spring, then *Diamond Road* will debut on your personal top ten at number one, just like Slade's *Cum On Feel The Noize* did in the UK, for real.

Ya never heard of this dork Dik, did-ya dear...He was in the English group Man. And this is proof positive that they could out-run Rundgren, out-surf the Beach Boys and be more excessive than Lobo if they had to. With relentless tom-tom ala *Spirit In The Sky* and lyric delivery juz like Wing's *Hi Hi Hi*...A more divine three minutes of top-forty brilliance hasn't surfaced since *Hello World* by the Tremelos or *Eloise* by Barry Ryan. Pure



anglo-pop, vintage 1966. No point in dropping names but it's a fact *Diamond Road* sounds like the Troggs, The Searchers, Peter & Gordon, The Honeycombs, The Unit Four Plus Two and you can fill the rest.

Anyone worth his *Record-Research* catalog won't want to be without Deke (pronounced Deek)...Commercial; oh my soul. Reeks of AM. Fits right into Brian Wilson's return to the beach, 1973. Perfect follow-up for the Raspberries, *Stories* or The Who should those dudes be in the market for a cover.

Have at it.

INDIAN GIRL
(T. Sylvester)
DENNY DOHERTY
Produced by Jack Gold
Columbia 45779 Time 3:16
No Flip Information

Jack Gold doesn't get the credit he truthfully deserves. He's been at CBS a long time. Like Paul Leka, Billy Sherrill Teddy and Dick Glasser, Richard Perry and Don Law he produces a number of acts for Columbia Records. But unlike the others, he usually draws artists that haven't seen the top of the top thirty for years (nor the bottom for that matter). Jack has stuck with Johnny Mathis, Jim Nabors, Ray Conniff and occasionally Barbara Streisand and Patti Page.

Jack Gold is the champion of the

"middle-of—the-road" production. Which is to say a great deal. His job is ever so much more complicated than Paul Vance and the others. Arrangements, orchestras, conductors. . . it's down to a precise science granted but there are those sessions which require something out of the ordinary. Like when Jack cu' *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life* with Streisand and *The Season* by O.C. Smith. With the Smith recording he utilized the best Johnnie Ray technique combined with Floyd Kramer punctuation. And Streisand's delicate rendition of Michelle LeGrand's meaningful lyric needed the finest of accent as to the orchestration.

Now, few producers with Jack Gold credentials have attempted to cross over to a pop—rock context. . . There have been a couple in the past working with CBS like Bob Johnston and Richard Perry. . . Rich has called on his MOR roots for more than one session with Rodgers & Hart in mind.

And Johnston's C&W orientation via Marty Robbins and Johnny Cash were helpful when it came time for the Michael Murphy and Lindisfarne emergence. But in all his seven years with Columbia Jack really hasn't ventured far from Michigan and 5th Avenues. . . Not really. Not until now.

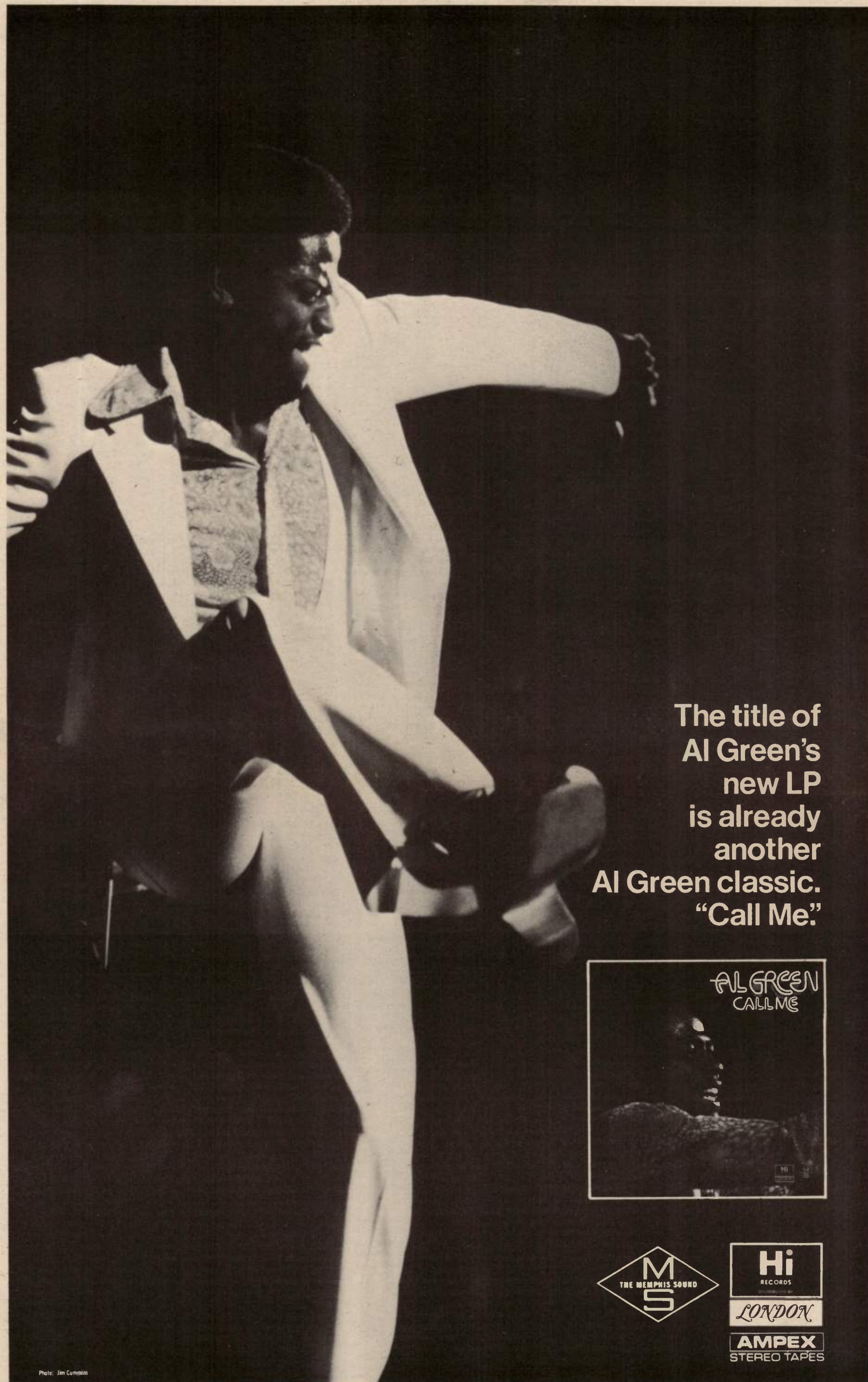
Whether he inherited or instigated this project with ex-Papa Denny Doherty, I haven't the faintest, but it was worth every minute of their time this marriage . . . The Mamas and the Papas really had the same idea in mind when they cut *Glad To Be Unhappy* and *Dream A Little Dream For Me* (Mama Cass). After all Denny and his group were no chickens, not even then. They all have sons and daughters as old as Todd Rundgren. Like Sonny & Cher, fur vests, strips and Laurel Canyon were just means to an end for the Mamas and Papas. Now that the truth is out, they can consciously seek the top of the hit parade, MOR and TOP 40.

And Jack Gold is the man who has made it happen. This single is about three or four months old now. And though not totally out of contention for the top forty, I assume it's already forgotten or overlooked by those deciding the hits for early summer 1973.

And that's gonna be real hard on Jack and Denny. 'Cause they tried 'real hard to record you one of the finest tracks in their long, eminent careers.

The lyric is a taste hokey. Like *Running Bear* by Johnny Preston. . . remember the story about the brave on one side of a wide ragin' river and the squaw on the other—the both of them hornier than honey and they couldn't get to each other. Finally in a fleeting attempt at teenage lust they throw themselves into the deep blue only to drown before the nubile encounter. Well, this is kinda—sorta the same. . . It's about this brave what has to pay ten hides and 20 horses for this broad and it's really a high price to pay but it's what the tribal law decrees. And Denny is disgustingly lonely and the lonesome cowboys won't do...Well, you'll have to look—up the record for yourself to find out who wins what.

Regardless, this single is a hit of the highest magnitude. Has that Lou Adler bass trickery which he made famous in those early M & P recordings. The chorus was made for AM and it's the kind of serious—corn we need so bad in the wake of *Space Oddity*, *Frankenstein*, and *Funky Worm*.



The title of
Al Green's
new LP
is already
another
Al Green classic.
"Call Me."

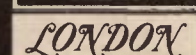
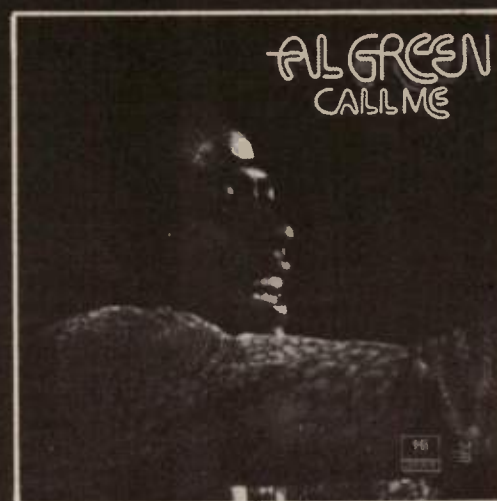


Photo: Jim Cummings

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF ROCK RETROSPECTIVES

the zombies

FEATURING

COLIN BLUNSTONE AND ROD ARGENT

by Ken Barnes

As one of Britain's most undervalued and undeservedly unsuccessful groups, the Zombies have a lot of historical recompense coming. Furthermore, with two offshoots (Argent and Colin Blunstone) currently flourishing esthetically and/or commercially, and a general wave of British Invasion reassessment/nostalgia about to peak, the time is right for a look at the Zombies' checkered career.

Rod Argent, Paul Atkinson, Hugh Grundy, Chris White, and Colin Blunstone were schoolmates in St. Albans, Herts. (British spelling), and a rather sharp quintet at that, boasting what would later be considered by the pop world an embarrassing amount of "O" Levels (highest honors). University seemed to be their destiny; but they did have a group, and happened to enter a newspaper contest called "The Hearts Beat Competition," best original song to be sent as a demo to Decca Records. On the verge of breaking up, the band was notified that Argent's composition, *She's Not There*, had won. They were accordingly signed to Decca, and (over the objections of the group, who wanted to release their version of *Summertime*) *She's Not There* was issued in August 1964, reaching No. 13 on the British charts.

Surprisingly enough this superb single, with its slightly jazzy, minor-chorded structure and air of delicate melancholy a vastly different record from the prevailing chartbusters of the time, was the Zombies' only British hit. But it caught on swiftly in the United States, hitting No. 2; and spawning a Dick Clark Caravan Of Stars tour or two, an album, and a generally higher level of interest here regarding the group. With their shorter-than-usual hair and polite demeanor, they were looked upon as a different species of British pop star. One 1965 article gushed: "Their dress is immaculate, their speech articulate... they behave like gentlemen and shy away from boisterous and out-of-hand affairs." Had they called themselves "The Five



If the Zombies had been at Woodstock then CSN&Y would have recorded 'Leave Me Be' and we could have avoided Joni Mitchell completely.

Muddy Waters, Smokey Robinson and George Gershwin. *Summertime* was accorded a sensitive treatment by Blunstone, whose breathy, delicately hushed vocals were a prime factor in the group's appeal; but the other covers (*Can't Nobody Love You*, also recorded by the Moody Blues; *You Really Got A Hold On Me*, incorporating Sam Cooke's *Bring It On Home*; and especially *I've Got My Old Mojo Working*, spotlighting Rod

The British version of the LP, called *BEGIN HERE*, was issued some time later in '65, and has five different tracks — a disjointed version of Bo Diddley's *Roadrunner*, a somewhat heavy-handed treatment of Ray Charles' *Sticks And Stones*, and three more originals. One of these, *I Can't Make Up My Mind* (never released in the U.S.), is perfectly lovely; and *Remember When I Loved Her* and the half-acapella *The Way I Feel Inside* were also superb.

The Zombies' follow-up British single was *Leave Me Be*, succeeded by *Tell Her No*. Both of them missed, but Parrot in America combined the two and got another Top 10 hit out of *Tell Her No*, a catchy, relatively up-tempo number with rather enigmatic lyrics. In L.A., *Leave Me Be* also got considerably airplay, and I liked it better, a quintessential slice of depressive adolescent trauma with a heartbreakingly haunting melody.

She's Coming Home, an uncharacteristically euphoric song, hit the middle of the charts in Spring '65, but no more hits were forthcoming. *I Want You Back Again* was a disconcerting, moody number with unlimited noncommerciality; and none of the Zombies' subsequent releases, even those with more commercial coherence, could stave off the decline. For a period of three years they released (irregularly) a series of unsuccessful singles, among them some of their best work and some of the finest records of the time. *Just Out Of Reach* (along with its pretty 3/4 flip *Remember You* taken from the *Bunny Lake Is Missing* soundtrack) was a relatively aggressive foray into the realm of rock, featuring an unusually hoarse vocal from Blunstone (who also wrote it). *Whenever You're Ready* and *Is This The Dream* were also upbeat, the latter sporting an oddly jagged keyboard break, attractive

background "Hey Hey Hey"s, and an energetic vocal which at one point sounded quite a bit like the Guess Who's Burton Cummings. *Indication* was perhaps the most pounding rocker in their repertoire of the time; the album version (EARLY DAYS) has an eerie voice/piano duet which was edited from the single.

Then there were the memorable flip sides — *Remember When I Loved Her* and the slow, pretty *How We Were Before* never appeared on American albums (they're available, if you can call it that — Zombies singles are exceedingly scarce and command extortionate prices in collectors' circles — on the B-sides of *I Want You Back Again* and *Indication*, respectively). *I Must Move* and *Don't Go Away* (flips of *She's Coming Home* and *Is This The Dream*) are archetypal Chris White songs: sad, melodic, sung in a feathery melancholic tone by Blunstone, and among my favorite Zombies tracks. *I Love You* is more desperate, a classic summation of tongue-tied anguish; the Zombies' version (or versions; the flip of *Whenever You're Ready* has a tougher sound than the EARLY DAYS cut) is less gimmicky and stresses the guitar more strongly than the 1968 smash by San Jose's People.

Then there were even more obscure British-only singles like *Gotta Get A Hold On Myself* and *Going Out Of My Head* (a big hit in the Philippines, where the group was once held captive by a "gangster promoter," according to the intriguing teaser on Argent's ALL TOGETHER NOW liner notes). The Zombies persevered through all the inattention and commercial failure; they switched from Decca to CBS, and promptly had another bomb with *Care Of Cell 44*, an unusual song with the singer welcoming a girlfriend home after her prison sentence is up (something of a reverse *Tie A Yellow*

Ribbon). Finally they decided to pack it in, after recording one last album in early '68 which was to be the pinnacle of their musical achievements.

ODESSEY (sic) AND ORACLE was rather overlush with strings in places and lacked much of the vitality and spirit of earlier days. But the melodies were generally first-rate (especially the choruses), and the harmonies were brilliant throughout — along with various '63-'66 Beach Boys albums, *O&O* was one of the finest rock harmony records ever, and may as well be considered the Zombies' PET SOUNDS.

The songs were rather similar in texture and sound, and tended to blend together inextricably, especially side one which aside from the bouncy *Care Of Cell 44* seemed to comprise a suite of refined and elegant melancholia. Side two ranged from slightly trivial but exuberant tunes like *Friends Of Mine* and *I Want Her She Wants Me* to the harsh World War I tract *Butcher's Tale*, an oft-times clumsy but stark portrayal of that conflict from the standpoint of a hapless infantryman.

Closing side two was a track called *Time Of The Season*; with incandescent keyboard breaks, a hypnotic bassline and breathy background vocal riff, and an infectious tune, it seemed like a natural hit — that is, for any group but the commercially moribund Zombies. It was one of three singles Columbia's Date subsidiary issued through '68, the others being *Butcher's Tale* and *Friends Of Mine*; and it went nowhere (the original flip was a song called *I'll Call You Mine*, perhaps their rarest track). *Season* then became a hit in the Philippines, missed as usual in Britain, and was eventually re-released in the U.S. in late '68. Following a tortuous route of secondary, tertiary, and quaternary radio markets, it gradually began to score solid regional successes, and finally broke nationally, winding up at No. 3 and selling around two million.

So justice had finally triumphed and the Zombies could at last reap the rewards of their extended trial by failure — except for one hitch; there were no more Zombies. True to their word, the group had broken up following ODESSEY AND ORACLE's completion. Argent had been rounding up musicians for a new band; Chris White had decided to affiliate himself with that new band in a non-playing role; Colin Blunstone had gone to work in an insurance office; and drummer Grundy and guitarist Atkinson had disappeared into a music-less limbo, where they still reside to the best of my imperfect knowledge. The Zombies were offered vast sums of money to reform, but stuck with their decision.

This caused all sorts of problems in America, of course. Foremost among these was the famed "Phony Zombies" caper, where a shady Michigan outfit called Delta Productions rounded up some out-of-work musicians, stuffed them into a psychedelic bus (with Texas plates), and sent them touring around the country playing for gullible promoters and usually not-so-gullible audiences (in L.A., our own Rodney Bingenheimer ran the first hot-off-the-press expose in *Go Magazine*, blowing the whistle on the impostors' Whisky gig with the assistance of the then-visiting Move).

Then there was the follow-up dilemma. Having released half of ODESSEY AND ORACLE on singles already, Date was understandably



Under them shades Rod Argent is still a Zombie... and Colin Blunstone would like to have some hits again too...

Scholars" or something slightly less gruesome than the rather incongruous "Zombies," their popularity might never have slacked off.

Their initial album, THE ZOMBIES, featured a number of arresting originals (by keyboarder Argent or bassist Chris White), augmented by a few chestnuts from the songbooks of Solomon Burke,



Argent's rather inept Paul Jones vocal imitation) were pretty lame. But songs like *What More Can I Do*, *Sometimes*, and *I Don't Want To Know* (with an unusual 12-string arrangement) were excellent examples of the Zombies' restrained brand of rock, with absolutely enchanting harmonies and intriguing keyboard solos; and the album as a whole is eminently listenable.

reluctant to plunder that storehouse of readymade material again. Eventually Argent's embryonic band recorded a new song called *Imagine The Swan*, which became the next single (unfortunately failing miserably). A harpsichord-dominated number with a nice chorus, it sounded close enough to the old Zombies to pass successfully (in esthetic terms); the flip was a trivial instrumental called *Conversation Of Floral Street*. For their next attempt, Date somehow got hold of a '65-vintage Zombies track called *If It Don't Work Out*, originally written by Argent for Dusty Springfield (who recorded it on her *EVERYTHING'S COMING UP DUSTY* album in Britain). It was not particularly distinguished compared to their contemporaneous material, but was quite nice; as was the flip, *Don't Cry For Me*, which sounded like another Argent (the group) masquerade.

As a final consequence of *Time Of The Season's* fluke Top 5 achievement, London Records released a compilation package called *EARLY DAYS*. There were manifold annoyances surrounding it; the cover art was embarrassing, some of the tracks seemed to suffer from inferior remixes, and the song choices could have been improved — *She's Not There* and *Tell Her No* were repeated from the first album, and countless truly stellar tracks were left off (many of the singles sides mentioned previously, as well as cuts like *I Can't Make Up My Mind* and the entrancing *Nothing's Changed* — available on the British low-budget *WORLD OF THE ZOMBIES*, which also included *Just Out Of Reach* and a couple tracks from the first British album). But overall *EARLY DAYS* plays better than any other Zombies album, with great selections like *Don't Go Away*, *Leave Me Be*, *I Love You*, and *I Must Move*, along with a few more relative obscurities — the mild rocker *She Does Everything For Me*, British flip of *Going Out Of My Head*; the amusingly awkward *You Make Me Feel Good* (B-side of *She's Not There*); and a lovely cut called *Kinda Girl*, originally on an early British EP.

If It Don't Work Out was the last Zombies single, and the group members were able to pursue their individual goals. Blunstone was the first to record, having cut an overdramatic, over-orchestrated version of *She's Not There* in January '69 as his return to pop from the insurance world, using the name Neil MacArthur for purposes of confusion and scoring a minor British hit. He recorded two other singles (all three came out on American and British Deram) in a heavily orchestrated pop vein, the best of which (besides *She's Not There*, easily the strongest bit of material) were *World Of Glass*, the first record's flip side; and *It's Not Easy*, a pleasant Mann-Weil song previously recorded by the Will-O-Bees. The low point was the second single, *Don't Try To Explain/Without Her*, with the Nilsson flip hitting the depths of MOR slush, salvaged only by Blunstone's exceptional singing.

Rod Argent, enlisting Chris White as his co-producer and writing collaborator, gathered together a group consisting of Russ Ballard (guitar) and Robert Henrit (drums) from the final incarnation of Unit 4+2, and Jim Rodford, former bassist with the Mike Cotton Sound. Calling themselves Argent, simply enough, they rehearsed for a time (also cutting the odd "Zombies" tracks) and released their first album in December 1969. Mostly filled with short, catchy cuts, the album (ARGENT) bore a fairly close resemblance to the Zombies sound. Both Argent and Ballard possessed excellent high-pitched voices (although Argent's was to deteriorate markedly), without the husky charm of Blunstone's but close enough; and the band's harmonies were impeccable. The songs were a bit heavier and more conventional lyrically, but many (*Like Honey*, *Be Free*, *Schoolgirl*, *Freefall*, and the mesmerizing *Liar*, later of course a hit in Three Dog Night's inferior but passable version) were first-rate. Occasionally a jarringly funkier feeling would predominate (*Lonely Hard Road*), or a trifle more keyboard capering (*Dance In The Smoke*); but ARGENT was a very

promising debut.

Unfortunately it was downhill from there. RING OF HANDS had a few attractive songs (*Rejoice*, *Pleasure*, and the forboding *Sleep Won't Help Me*, which sounded much like the weirder Pete Brown/Jack Bruce Cream collaborations — *Deserted Cities Of The Heart*, et al.), but the tracks were usually overextended, overly funky (*Sweet Mary* an odious offender here), and featured excessive organic improvisations (especially *Lothlorian*) and a relative dearth of melody. By the time of *ALL TOGETHER NOW*, the Keith Emerson syndrome had severely afflicted Rod Argent, as exemplified in the perfectly wretched *Pure Love* suite in four parts, three of which spotlight ponderous organ extravaganzas ranging turgidly from classical to funk (the other section is an absolutely dismal heavy clichéd blues sequence which would be laughable if it weren't so oppressive). Otherwise, the album was bearable, with their breakthrough hit single *Hold Your Head Up* obviously standing out — with solid guitar riffing and effective organ/bass interplay worked in around a commercial tune, it was a fine 45. The follow-up single, *Tragedy*, was an undistinguished funk-rocker, a couple of pseudo-rock 'n' roll tracks failed to impress, and only the rather arresting choruses of *I Am The Dance Of Ages* and *Be My Lover Be My Friend* salvaged those two cuts. *Hold Your Head Up's* flip, *Closer To Heaven*, was not on the album, and was a tolerable rocker with *Honky Tonk Women* chords, with one real clunker thrown in for good measure.

In live performance Argent had always exhibited coarse tendencies toward interminable keyboard explorations and false-ringing boogie pretensions (one exception — an early, attention-riveting long version of *Time Of The Season*); and they seem to have worsened in that department as the years pass by. In addition, their latest album, *IN DEEP*, is no improvement over the last one. The best tracks are probably *Candles On The River*, (which benefits from a full and mostly

interesting production and nice guitar riffs, but eventually expires into similes doodling) and the single, *God Gave Rock And Roll To You*, an obvious attempt to recapture *Hold Your Head Up* glories, it isn't nearly so catchy, but does sport a neat *Pinball Wizard* intro and sporadic interludes of pleasant melody. *Losing Hold* is also fairly melodic, but *It's Only Money Pts. I & II* are annoyingly funky and contain some pointless heavy adaptations of Barrett Strong's related riffs. *Christmas For The Free* has a very substandard tune, and *Rosie* is entirely dispensable vaudevilian fluff. A major policy reversal would be necessary for Argent's musical salvation at this point.

Meanwhile, after his three Deram singles, Colin Blunstone began work on a solo album, which finally emerged in December 1971, called *ONE YEAR*. Unfortunately it perpetuated the overly lush ambience of his singles; and in fact intensified it by smothering most of the songs in a saccharine coating of string quartet arrangements. Although most of the tracks were quite pleasant basically, the overall effect is entirely too slushy. *She Loves The Way They Love Her* (written by Argent/White) is something of a rocker, and stands out in a manner disproportionate to its actual intrinsic appeal — it's a good song but nothing outstanding compared to most Zombies records. And Denny Laine's *Say You Don't Mind* is as string-drenched as the rest, but has a nice tune and ends with a spectacular final note, which Blunstone was quite chagrined about having to reach repeatedly when the song became a British hit.

His second album, *ENNISMORE*, is a considerable improvement, quite similar to the Zombies in spirit and execution, with fine harmonies, strong material, and generally sparse arrangements with a relative paucity of strings. *I Don't Believe In Miracles* and *How Could We Dare To Be Wrong*, both minor British chartmakers, are enchanting songs; and *Andora* and the "Quarter" of interrelated songs are also admirable. His new single, *I Want Some More*, is more upbeat than usual and is rather Zombie-like, a fine melody; but it

doesn't look like a hit. *ENNISMORE* is a very encouraging portent; but Blunstone's recent tour was setback of sorts. He was in excellent voice, some of the finest singing I've heard in concert, but his band was seemingly absorbed in getting their funky rock off, to the extreme detriment of the rather delicate material. The nadir of the short set was a dramatically overblown version of *Time Of The Season* which featured apparently interminable pseudo-Shaft licks and other funky indulgences.

So, at this point, although Blunstone is now excellent on record and even Argent still possess obvious potential, nothing satisfies like the original Zombies. The group was unique among contemporary compatriots, their refined, restrained, almost polite sound contrasting strikingly with the raw R&B derivations of the Stones/Animals/Them cadre, the sledgehammer hard rock of the Who or the Kinks, and the basically trivialized pop output of the Peter & Gordon/Billy J. Kramer crowd. Argent's sophisticated keyboard fills, Blunstone's fragile, husky vocals, and the group's wondrous harmonies were without rival; and their songwriting abilities were perfectly suited to their capabilities and superb in their own right.

Very few groups covered Zombies songs; it would have been difficult to match the originals and those who dared try seldom came off too successfully (the Buckingham's *She Makes Me Feel Good*, the Mindbenders' *I Want Her She Wants Me*, the People, etc.). The worst Zombies cover was no doubt the Road's Vanilla-Fudge-like *She's Not There*, which beat out the Neil MacArthur version in this country; the best were probably some of SRC's songs, particularly on their second album *MILESTONES* — they didn't cover any Zombies material per se, but Scott Richardson sounded uncannily like Colin Blunstone on many of the group's records, dating back to early efforts on the A-2 and Hideout labels (the Golliwogs, later Creedence, also did a nice *She's Not There* imitation called *You Better Be Careful*).

Argent usually wrote the Zombies' fast numbers (*She's Not There*, *She's Coming Home*, *Whenever You're Ready*); sometimes they were down in mood, sometimes optimistic, usually jazzier and/or more rock-like. White's songs were usually slower, prettier, more ethereal, with real adolescent anguish squeezed into the grooves. *Don't Go Away* and *Leave Me Be* were perhaps the best examples; occasionally Blunstone would work up enough energy to sound desperate, but more often he emoted a chronic depression, hopeless and sentimental (Argent was able to write skillfully in this vein as well, as *She's Not There* so readily attests, but he usually took a more hopeful view of life).

With this seemingly unbeatable combination of simple, powerfully expressed heartbreak-oriented themes and brilliantly-structured compositional and performance skills, the Zombies should have had hit after hit for years. Maybe they were just a bit too sophisticated or low-key, but at any rate they had to settle instead for creating some of the finest and most underappreciated British rock classics of the 60's and some of the most elusive. *EARLY DAYS* seemed like a godsend at the time, and is still a nice collection for starters (if you can find it). But there is a wealth of material never released in this country or issued only on a miniscule amount of non-selling singles; all of it is on a level with the more readily available tracks, and some (*I Can't Make Up My Mind*, *Just Out Of Reach*, among many others) are among the group's best work. A thoughtful, well-programmed reissue package would be an invaluable aid to assessing the Zombies' career in perspective, and of course would not incidentally be among the most enjoyable albums ever released. Such a compilation, it seems clear, is long overdue.



Unless you heard their records, you'd never guess these grinning undergrads were among the world's best-known Zombies.

BROWNSVILLE STATION



ITEM: At the Mar y Sol Pop Festival on the island of Puerto Rico in March 1972, a relatively unknown group named Brownsville Station stole the entire three days from heavies on the order of the Faces, Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath and the Allman Brothers. In a 40-minute set during which the band succeeded in inducing all of the 40,000 present to rise their arms above their heads and clap *en masse* for a song called *Country Flavor*, Brownsville Station managed to pull unquestionably the best response of any act that played during the fest's entire three days.

ITEM: In Tampa, Florida, on an ungodly humid night in April of 1972, Brownsville Station repeated this feat, except that this time the audience numbered a mere 200 at best, local hippies shambling around the cavernous interior of a gym, wasted more by the heat than the usual toxicities but still galvanized into a total cheering unity of crowd with band and crowd with itself.

ITEM: The very next night, after driving X00 miles through the dawn and spending a dazed afternoon sipping desultory beers in a Macon, Georgia hotel room where not even the color TV worked, Brownsville brought the harried hippies of that tightasses burgh out from under their scarabs in the woods to repeat the by now predictable show cycle even though the fact that the local gendarmes had not been so prescient of the pandemonium incurred an authoritarian repression that cut the jams off half-way. And it was obvious that it wasn't the tailor-made

situation of Pigs vs. Freaks-Out-To-Boogie that made Brownsville leave with a friend in every single member of that audience that night.

If they keep on making friends in such droves with every gig they play, Brownsville Station are going to have such a constituency that they could finally actualize the old *Wild in the Streets* fantasy and sic the brats on Washington, should they so desire!

Not that they'd want to. The essence of this band is its lack of pretension, and a personal quality that's not so much some granola notion of good vibes as natural beered-up teen crass zaniness taken to its nth level. Of all the bands to spring from the Detroit-Ann Arbor axis, Brownsville Station are perhaps the least political. They were always for the party, the only party worth campaigning for and whose main plank is that liquor stores should stay open 24 hours a day. A vitally necessary liberation program, I know, but it seems that some old-line Revolutionary Honchos just didn't take to dissent from the Detroit Kickout Party line at all.

"We've always been such outsiders in the Michigan scene," says Brownsville bassist Tony Driggins, "that by now we just don't give a shit. All those bands, the SRC, the MCS, Mitch Ryder, they always put us down. I remember one tour with Mitch and the Five, it was down to an iron curtain between two separate trailers. In one trailer we were getting drunk and goofing around, in the other one Detroit (Ryder's last band)

and the Five were all smoking dope together and talking about how weird we were."

Part of Brownsville's lack of acceptance among their Midwestern peers almost certainly springs from the extreme macho attitudes which seemingly every high-energy Detroit or A-Squared band since the Five has felt it incumbent upon themselves to adopt. This reactionary perversion finds its ultimate expression in the Frut's boast that "we're the guys who used to beat up Brownsville Station in the parking lot."

Ignoring the fact that Brownsville can presently blow not only the Frut but almost any of the few surviving Golden Era Michigan bands off the stage in no time flat, it only stands to reason that people breaking their asses to come on like hip stiletto greasers would be down on a group which copped to the reality that if they were true to their actual roots they could not possibly give a shit about any of that. Because their roots are not in some murky identity transference with ghetto spades, but the wistful yearning of every white suburban kid to be a big rock 'n' roll star someday, with chicks and spangles and cash and glory. Merely a customized version of The American Dream, and it should be obvious now that there's nothing at all wrong with the American Dream, especially since the programs of most Revolutionary Rockin' Roll bands and the political parties behind them constitute a discontented distorto refraction of that Dream.

"I went to college," says

Cubby. "And I was your classic neurotic kid who'll do anything to compensate because he's short and wears big glasses and has a ton of acne. So I became the best guitar player in my dorm. Then I was the best guitar player in my college. Then I was the best guitar player in town. So I figured it was time to come to the big city, and I dropped out and headed for Ann Arbor."

"And what's hilarious about the whole thing is that I did it all over one girl. All the time I was in high school, and then when I was in college, I was madly in love with this girl named Betty Sue Wingdorff. But to her I was dirt. She'd never look at me. I'd ask her out and she'd laugh. So I learned to play guitar and became the best in town just hoping she'd notice me. She still didn't. So a little later I wrote a song about it." And he sings you an epically unprintable ditty called *Now That I'm Rich and Famous*, containing more gleefully vindictive scatological invective than ten John Lennon interviews.

In 1967, he formed Brownsville Station with Mike Lutz who plays rhythm and lead guitar, sings lead on most of the songs and writes many of them, and is probably as much a band axis as Cub, as well as Hulk bassist Tony Driggins and a drummer who has since been replaced by stalwart stomper Henri Weck.

They started out like lots of bands: playing what old faves they knew with more enthusiasm than skill, but hearing Cubby tell it you realize there was a crucial difference here from the start.

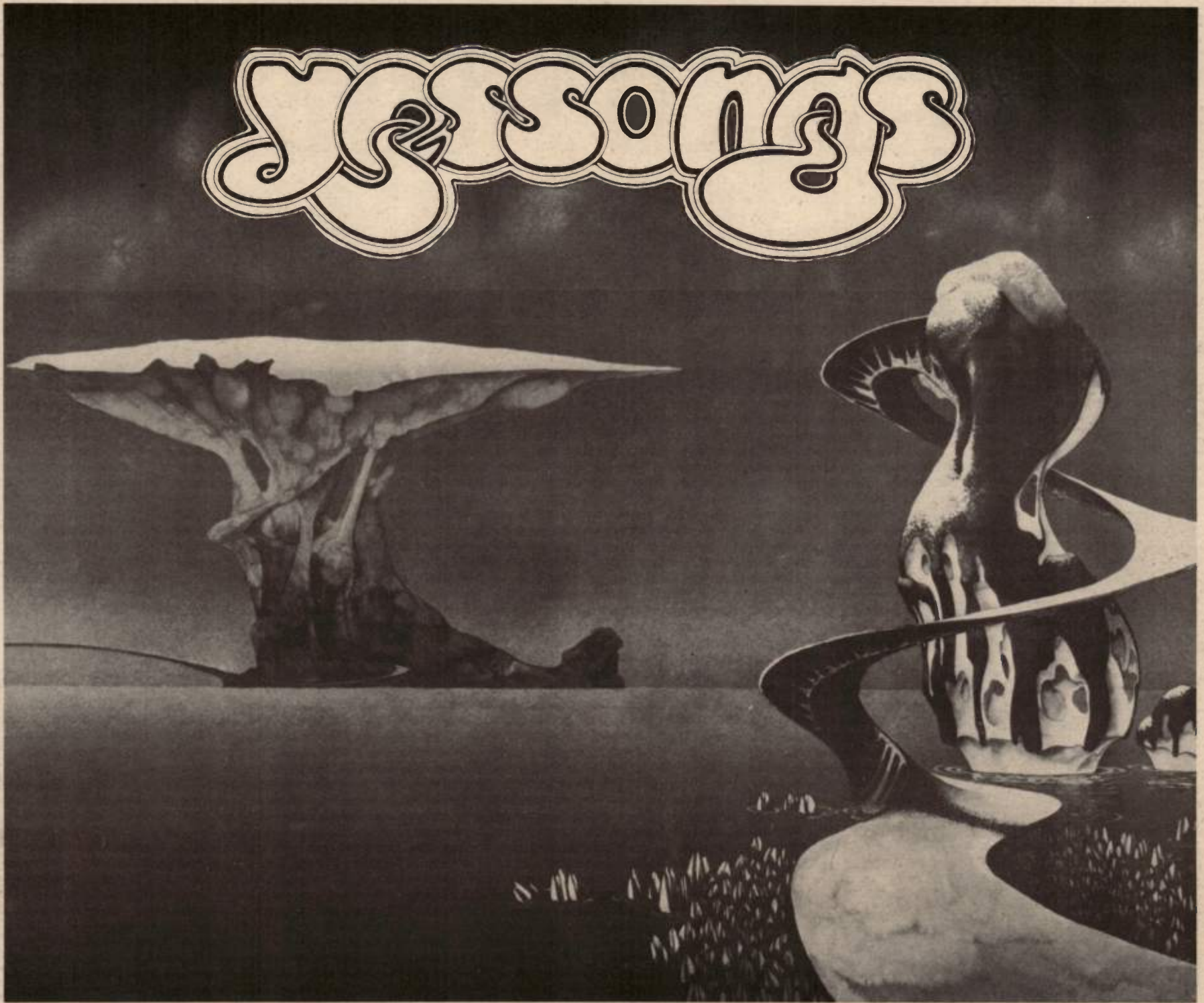
"We never gave a shit!" he virtually cackles. "We'd come out and play any old jam, and the worse it sounded the more we'd break up, and the more we'd break up the worse it sounded, till finally the audience would be pissed as hell, but we didn't care because we figured if you don't care how far you blow it you can do no wrong."

Never really a Rock Revival band though eventually stereotyped as such, they stumbled through their musical puberty with enough humor and basic strength to keep afloat in the local scene until one day they woke up and realized that for some reason, through the workings of some unfathomable force or circumstance, they had actually become objectively good. They turned pro then, after a fashion, started hitting the festival circuit, caught the eye of Bob Seger producer Punch Andrews (a local legend and juice head), who tended to the sonic management of their first album, which was released on the self same Mr. Andrews' local Hideout Records.

The music inside would knock your skull off, though — rousingly unaffected renditions of old gassers like *Be Bop a Lula*, *Hello Mary Lou* and *Rumble*, alternating with wrangling "originals" sporting the same venerable riffs in borderline plagiarism which made it even more of a joy, and socko titles like *Cadillac Express* and *Do the Bosco*. So Warner Brothers of Burbank, California, ever willing to pick up on a good thing especially since they were just commencing their current

--continued on page 30

rock and roll mania from lester bangs



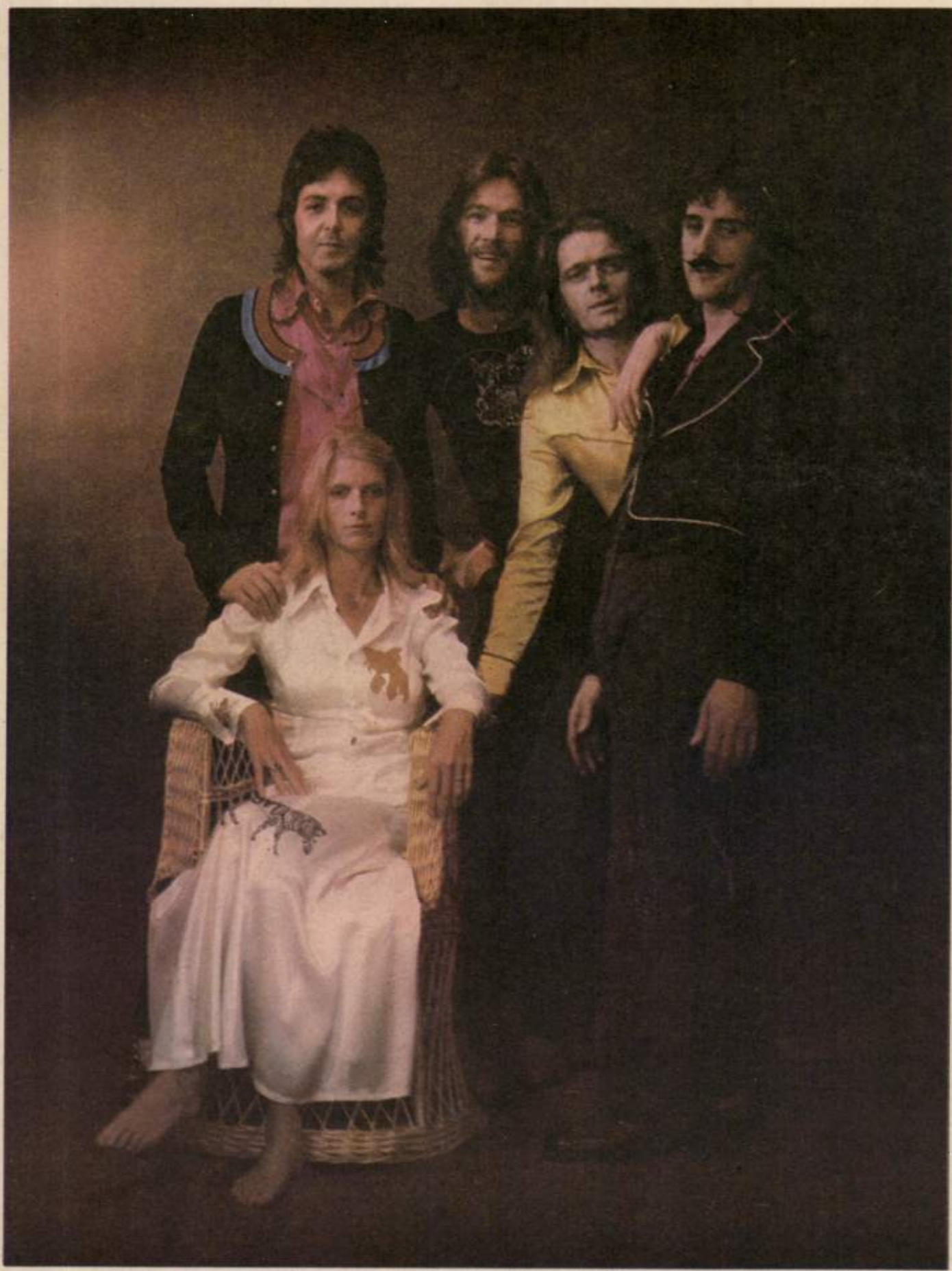
A 3-Record Set. On Atlantic Records and Tapes



Opening (Excerpt from "Firebird Suite") • Siberian Khatri • Heart Of The Sunrise • Perpetual Change
And You & I • Mood For A Day • Excerpts from "The Six Wives Of Henry VIII" • Roundabout
Your Move • All Good People • Long Distance Runaround • The Fish • Close To The Edge
Yours Is No Disgrace • Starship Trooper

All tracks recorded on tour during 1972

PAUL MCCARTNEY & THE BEATLES



after all the years that have passed, all that has come and gone, all the new stars that have become the idols of succeeding generations, a new Beatles record is still the most exciting news the world of pop could hope to hear. Though it's been at least five years since the Beatles or any of their members have been the indisputable best at anything, still the aura of greatness clings to them like a shroud. Because they were so good, and because for many of us they were the first awakening to how magnificent rock & roll could be, it will perhaps be so for the rest of our lifetimes, just as it is for Elvis, who did the same on a smaller scale in the fifties.

But the Beatles are not Elvis. Everything they did was more interesting, and more influential. Being more conscious of what they were doing and the effect it had, they molded rather than merely inspiring the social and psychic development of youth throughout most of a decade. Even now, the individual ex-Beatles are among the most creative musicians extant, so there's always the likelihood that some sort of reunion could produce the kind of greatness that's so sorely missed. And so we dream.

**BY
PAT
SALVO**

**THROUGH THE PAST DARKLY
1955-1974**

In 1959, the Quarrymen changed their name to the Silver Beatles, and after a northern tour with Johnny Gentle they went to Hamburg to play back-up for singer Tony Sheridan. Besides John, Paul and George, the group included Stu Sutcliffe on guitar and Pete Best on drums. From then through 1962 the "brash, vulgar, all menace and leather" boys traveled to and from the debauchery of the Reeperbahn and other clubs in Hamburg (which they say "made Tijuana look like a play pen"). Playing eight hours a night, seven nights a week, there was the comfort of a small dank basement for lodging and little else. Hating the club owners, they often "jumped about until we broke through the stage. Some shows I went on just in my underpants and at the Star Club with a toilet seat round me neck," sighs Lennon.

Eyes bulging, knees shaking, the livid-lipped five learned all about black bombers and purple hearts from the helpful Germans. Oddly enough, they wouldn't try any other drugs until '64 when Dylan introduced them to marijuana. Thinking the Beatles were old hands, he had misinterpreted the line "I can't hide" in *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* for "I get high!" Later on they were to include the "high" line in many songs.

Back in England, Paul worked as a delivery boy for a trucking firm, while playing nights at the Cavern and other Liverpool joints. While in Hamburg, the boys had recorded *My Bonnie*, met Klaus Voorman, and left behind Stu Sutcliffe, who later died. Some insiders swore it was from "a broken heart, among other things."

Brian Epstein

At 18, Brian Epstein was drafted into the army and soon discharged as "mentally and emotionally unsuited to service." The well-bred Jewish homosexual was accepted to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. He soon quit the revered school, deciding that he hated actors. Off to make good, Brian took up managing his dad's successful furniture and record shops. Asked for copies of "My Bonnie," Epstein's curiosity was aroused. He went to the Cavern to see the group. After a brief moment in his office that week, he became their manager.

Later a New York business associate spoke, "Brian loved all sorts of slimy seedy scenes. In New York he adored checking out the truck driver hangouts in Times Square. It was exactly for this reason that he was so fascinated with the Cavern and the Beatles." Others whisper that he had a more primal attraction to John. So at the same time that twinstin, surfin' and the Four Seasons were setting the trends in the U.S., Brian was grooming four rowdys not to smoke, swear or eat sandwiches on stage. He also put them in suits, which John has never forgiven and is still trying to live down.

Ego-hungry as they are known to be, the boys soon persuaded Brian to get rid of Pete Best. Best, a veritable Adonis, was fancied frantically by all the females. He also had a tall greasy pompadour that he was reluctant to comb down over his forehead. Somehow Richard "Ringo" Starkey was persuaded to shave off his seedy beard, take the grease out of his slimy hair, and leave Rory Storm's Hurricanes to join the group.

Epstein was 27 when he sold the four lovelies to EMI for one penny in royalties per six records sold and 6 cents per album (with 8 tracks on each side) with half the above for overseas sales. The future was bright though. In a year they could look forward to 1/4 penny more per, and 1/2 penny in two years. This was a typical contract in those days.

Fortunately, EMI overlooked tradition and increased the lads' fare to two cents per single in '63 with their mammoth record sales. What hearts!

Love Me Do, a bouncy bubblegum bitty, was born Oct. 5 and climbed to No. 17 on the UK hit parade, mostly on Liverpool area sales where the Beatles were the No. 1 regional group. Their next single, the more progressively layered *Please Please Me* (Jan. '63), became number one in only four weeks, and they soon began their first UK tour in the Helen Shapiro Show playing the national theatre circuit. A full time road manager, Mal Evans (ex-bouncer at the Cavern) joined the troupe. *From Me to You* appeared with *She Loves You* on August 23. "Yeah yeah yeah" became a national slogan. Even the Church of England asked the Beatles to tape "Oh Come All Ye Faithful, Yeah Yeah Yeah" for them. Can you dig it? They topped the hi parade, became household words and infected the sedate little island with Beatlemania. It would never be the same again.

It's said that Beatlemania officially started in the early autumn of '63 after the four returned home from Sweden to find the airport mobbed with chirping birds. "Then we noticed that the kids were really goin' wild, not just chalkin' on the van, but screamin' and hanging onto yer."

In September the Beatles had the top selling single, *She Loves You*, the top selling LP, *PLEASE PLEASE ME*, and the top selling EP, *Twist and Shout*. Their interpretations of tunes by the Isley Brothers, Little Richard, the Marvelettes and others turned out to be the pioneer white English versions of black non-blues material. At a time when every neophyte British band was trying to emulate the Shadows or yodeling *Rock Island Line*, the Beatles proved refreshing in their novel, naive way. So much so that they pulled their "covers" off over everybody's heads. Their rendition of Chuck Berry's *Roll Over Beethoven* is yet to be duplicated, even by ELO. On the strength of the mop-tops' success, other Limey ensembles found methods of procuring those "rare negro original versions" from Army PX's or by pimping Anglo sleazes to horny sailors for the elusive discs. The Searchers (*You Beat Me to the Punch*), the Zombies (*You Really Got a Hold On Me*) and even toothy Herman and his Hermits (*Mother in Law*) were but three who jumped on the rock & roll bandwagon.

Lennon has since told several people that of all the big English names of that era, the only original ones who were really into the "Negro sounds" were himself, Mick Jagger and Eric Burdon. He talked excitedly of clandestine "record sessions" where the three soul lovers would sit over a fag and fight about whether Sonny Boy Williamson or Muddy Waters had the meanest sound.

Getting back to Britain, Beatlemania and the great ruse; the London Palladium gig was one of the first to prove a point and show the world these zany punks were not fooling around. On Oct. 13, thousands of screaming fans overran the streets where the Beatles were being televised to a prime time nationwide Sunday evening audience. The following month they resorted to fooling a crowd after a Birmingham show by wearing policemen's uniforms. In Plymouth the next week, hoses were needed to drown hysteria. Most impressively, the young men from Liverpool were invited to perform at the Prince of Wales Theatre in the Royal Variety Show. The lads themselves were most taken by sharing the bill with Chevalier and Marlene Dietrich, caring little about the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon in the royal box.

Two weeks later in America, John Kennedy was shot, and replaced by Lyndon "generation gap" Johnson. Sociologically affected historians insist that Oswald's bullet set the need for the Beatles; a new charismatic personality to be revered.

Written on a bus in Yorkshire, *I Want to Hold Your Hand* had advance orders of one million in England. Later it was recorded in German and several other languages. Universality meant added revenue, the common denominator being green. A *Daily Mirror* psychologist (one of the first) said the Beatles were "relieving a sexual urge." Doctors testified that girls had orgasms during Beatle concerts. Some super horny bitches had orgasms when they played with their records at home. And what's more, the Beatle birds were beginning to have orgasms with their steady boyfriends too. In fact, let's face it, when the Beatles came out just about everybody got laid. No matter what anybody says, the Beatles started long hair and extended orgasms. If there was gonna be a sexual revolution anyway, the Beatles certainly didn't slow it up any. Frinstance if you were a cat with a loon nose and were fairly homely, you started getting the cum gun because you resembled Ringo. All the intellectual weirdie looking types were well humped due to the Lennon association. Long sideburns and a big mouth didn't hurt either. If you evoked a mystical, scruffy silent type image, you were a sure George hot shot, and even the short stubby fatties could prompt the occasional quickie on account of Mac the Paulie.

Late in 1963, the *London Times* music critic named Lennon and McCartney as "the outstanding English Composers" of the year. Spurred on by the old band wagon theory, Dora Bryan did a record titled *All I Want For Christmas is a Beatle*. We bet!

As would soon be the case, the Church of England wasn't the only institution bargaining with the boys. Conservative politician Edward Heath asked "Who could have forecast only a year ago that the Beatles would prove the salvation of the corduroy industry?" Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas Hume topped that with, "The Beatles are now my secret weapon. If any country is in deficit with us I only have to say the Beatles are coming." And so were the youth of his nation.

February came and the Beatles left to slaughter the U.S. Capitol had spent fifty grand hyping New York. The first hotel exposed to Beatlemania was the N.Y. Mayfair. Famed jazz composer Quincy Jones, then producing Lesley Gore hits and working as the first black Vice President of a major record label (Mercury), tells of the time when the Beatles could have been anybody's property: "I remember Joseph Lockwood in England talking to Irving Green (Mercury Pres.) saying, 'I've got a group here that I wish you'd release on your label.' Green and Lockwood were good friends for years. These dudes were like 57, 58 years old and they had seen all the trends come and go, so it's not just one big thing. So Irving said look man, Swan Records tried it, Vee Jay tried it and your own company don't even want them. In the meantime the Beatles fly in, and Snuffy Garrett is at the Mayfair Hotel drooling to try and get them. Everybody was up there trying to make a deal."

On Brian Epstein: "Brian had a lot of vision, he really did, because half the Beatles didn't believe they could happen. Brian held it together for them. I'll never forget that day at the Mayfair Hotel; Archie Bleyer of Cadence Records was there too. His daughter is married to one of the Everly Brothers and the Beatles were wondering if their name was right for America. They wanted to call

themselves the Four Everly Brothers. We had a \$100 bet with Brian that the Beatles "sound" wouldn't make it over here — after all they even admitted that their "sound" was seven years old with English accents. Yeah, we could've signed them. But what hurts me more is the fact I lost the bet to Brian...."

The Beatles in America

Epstein got them that gig on Eddy's Sunday night slop show. But who can ridicule, we all watched Toppo Giogi every week. Also that year another phenom to smart the alecks into analyzing acrobats. Seventeen year olds became the largest single age group in the United States for the first time in centuries and would remain so for seven years. Power to the war babies, knock'em dead. Ten-thousand teenagers cut school and stormed Kennedy Airport with banners, buttons and boobs. The youth decade was open for business. *I Want to Hold Your Hand* was number one for seven weeks. 15,000 Beatle wigs were being produced per day. And the *Daily Worker* (English Communist Party paper) wrote, "The Mersey Sound is the voice of 80,000 crumbling houses and 30,000 people on the dole." The *Wall Street Journal*, predicted that the U.S. would spend \$50 Million on "Beatle products" in a year, with the world figure at \$100 million.

In March *Can't Buy Me Love*, from the movie *Hard Day's Night*, and John Lennon's *In His Own Write* were revealed. That summer a *Hard Days Hight* single surfaced with the *And I Love Her* LP. The fall saw Lyndon Johnson defeating Barry Goldwater and *I Feel Fine*. Paul told his dad Jim McCartney that he'd never have to work again, the first Beatle to spring the good news. Dad said fine, for to date he had worked for the same cotton firm since he was fourteen, earning ten pound (then \$24) per week. He not only bought Jim a house for 8750 pounds, spent 8000 pounds more centralizing the heating and decorating, but presented the now leisure time gent with a winning race horse of his own for which Paul pledged sixty pounds a month for upkeep and training. Of course, it was the opened bank account that clinched middle class living.

Ringo married Maureen Cox in February 1965. *Ticket to Ride, Help, Yesterday, You've Got to Hide Your Love Away, Day Tripper, We Can Work It Out, Drive My Car, Norwegian Wood, Nowhere Man, Michele, In My Life*, and *Girl* entered.

Johnson increased U.S. military strength in Vietnam to 125,000 men. John bought his Aunt Mimi a 20,000 pound home in Bournemouth by the Sea. He also bought her a plaque reading, "The guitar's all right, but you'll never earn a living with it." Mimi would give up everything, her house, 2 million pound and all their success to have John as her little boy again. So would 50 million other Aunt Mimis!

The Harrisons moved to an isolated, hard-to-find large L-shaped house with a three acre garden. Mom Harrison personally wrote 200 fan letter answers a week (all of two pages) and went through 2,000 publicity photos a month. Mr. Harrison stopped driving a limited stop bus after thirty-one years. Ringo's stepdad and mother live on an acre in a luxury ideal home. On their TV sits a photo of "Little Ritchie" and Maureen getting married. Stepdad Harry gave up painting and decorating for Liverpool Corporation in 1965 at age 51.

Musically, this was the end of simplistic beats. The introduction of

new instruments began with *Yesterday*. *Norwegian Wood* brought in the sitar, *Rain* the backwards tape loop, and *REVOLVER* album ushered in the whole era of experimentation.

George married Patti Boyd in Jan '66. Lt. Cmdr. Eugene Cernan spent two hours in "space walk" outside Gemini 9 capsule. *Paperback Writer* and *Eleanor Rigby*. *Yellow Submarine* too. And LSD. "It was as if I'd never tasted, seen, thought or heard properly before," said George. "For the first time in my life I wasn't conscious of ego." Too bad John didn't lose his for awhile. Jesus Christ was he ever shooting off his mouth in those days. Book burning bopped Beatle burning. They almost got axed in the Philippines. The Klan wanted their asses as much as their daughters did! John's boast about being more popular than Jesus reached the U.S. two weeks prior to a scheduled tour. Senator Robert Fleming of Pennsylvania declared he would try to have the four banned from our shores. Brian was told it would take a million bucks to cancel the tour. Sen. Fleming declined to put up the money, so the tour was kicked off in Chicago after a humiliating press conference given by John Lennon. As we well know, they lived through it only to decide touring was too strenuous, making this their last one.

Snip, the strings were cut. George went to India with his wife to study music, John accepted a film part in *How I Won the War* (he might have won the battle but he definitely lost the war!). Paul, for lack of anything else to do, went on a long trip across Africa. Ringo played with Maureen at home. It was August before their directions changed that the Beatles got involved in "really serious musical experiments" beginning with the last track on *REVOLVER* and on through *SGT. PEPPER*. Now that was a Journey! In the first six months of 1967, the Beatles wrote and recorded more songs than ever before, sixteen including *Penny Lane*, *Strawberry Fields*, *All You Need is Love*, *Hello Goodbye*, *I Am the Walrus*, and the *SGT. PEPPER AND MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR* albums.

Their electronic intricacies exploded. The Bee Gees and Monkees quickly stepped in to fill the Beatle vacancies. In January, Epstein brought Robert Stigwood into the Beatle books as co-managing director. Also in that month a new contract was negotiated with EMI, providing 10% of wholesale price on albums and 17 1/2% in America where the money market was. Their music publishing (Northern Songs) brought an additional 25 cents per LP and 5 cents per radio play to the boys. Patti Harrison became a member of the Spiritual Regeneration Movement without George, making her the first "Beatle" to take to T.M. Little did she dream where it would lead, with George quoted in 1972 as saying he had "evolved beyond the spiritual plane where physical sex is necessary," leaving Patti high but dry.

In April, McCartney (the last to ingest) announced grandly that he had (gasp) taken LSD. Naturally, he saw God. He did it by looking into a mirror — still had the ole double chin. London became as glamorous as Hollywood. Lennon sported a psychedelic Rolls Royce. On June first *SGT. PEPPER* was released. It had taken four months and 25,000 pound to make. A long step from *PRESENTING THE BEATLES*, their first album, recorded in one day for 400 pound. Everybody loved it; it was a heavier trip than 1000 mikes of pure blue Owsley! (Only Richard Goldstein discerned that beneath their dayglo epaulets the emperors were naked. History later vindicated him — according to a 1973 poll most critics agree that *SGT. PEPPER* was the worst thing that ever happened to

**"We let Paul in the band 'cause he could play
'Twenty Flight Rock' and looked like Elvis" --- J. Lennon**



(far left) The Beatles, at a 1962 audition for Decca Records, (left) Back when the Beatles had their cake, and (above), before they ate it.

THE BEATLES 1955-1974

rock & roll and the beginning of the Beatles' downfall).

It was at an American party for Pepper that photographer Linda Eastman began her snag attack on Pauly Waully. Lillian ("Encyclopedia of Rock") Roxon, a bosom buddy of la la la Linda's, brought a photo to Linda of Paul and her together at a party. The lascivious bitch blew it up and hung it right next to herself and Jagger in her bathroom. Lindy sent Pauly a photo of himself pouting with a shot of her baby (by first defunct marriage) creatively super-imposed on his lips.

In June, 30,000 people turned up for Monterey Pop. Clive Davis went check happy. So did the Beatles. They were granted special permission by Mr. Callahan to take money out of England for purposes of buying an island retreat in Greece. Callahan's rationale was that the buggers brought bundles to Britain and were therefore entitled to a place to rest. Of course, the press beat them to it so the rest was unhad. Also the island.

Thursday, August 24 the Maharishi gave a lecture at the Hilton Hotel. After Patti's indoctrination and George's enthusiasm, they all decided to go. There, they accepted an invitation to the summer conference in Bangor, Wales that weekend, along with Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull. They gave up drugs, got on a train and planned to be inducted. Three days later Brian Epstein was found dead due to cumulative effect of bromide carbital. At Brian's funeral John said, "we will continue to do things in Brian's memory." But as we well know, it didn't work out that way.

"Brian's commitment to the Beatles was a very emotional one. It was a personal crusade with him. He virtually devoted his life to their welfare and success," commented one friend. When Col. Parker (who managed Elvis Presley's career) met Epstein, he asked, "how do you do it? I never have enough time to properly take care of Elvis and he's only one person!" In August 1971, Lennon sentimentally explained:

"I liked Brian and I had a very close relationship with him for years, like I have with Allen Klein because I'm not gonna have some stranger runnin' things, that's all. I like to work with friends. I was the closest with Brian, as close as you can get to somebody who lives a sort of 'fag' life, and you don't really know what they're doin' on the side.

"He had great qualities and he was good fun. He had a flair. He was a theatrical man, rather than a businessman. When he got Cilla Black, his great delight was to dress her and present her. He would have made a great dress designer, cause that's what he was made for. With us he was a bit like that. I mean, he literally cleaned us up and there were great fights between him and me over me not wanting to dress up. In fact, he and Paul had some kind of collusion to keep me straight because I kept spoiling the image.

"We had complete faith in him. To us, he was the expert. I mean originally he had a shop. Anybody who's got a shop must be all right. He went around smarmy and charmin everybody. He had hellish tempers and fits and lockouts and y'know he'd vanish for days. He'd come to a crisis every now and then and the whole business would stop cause he'd be on sleeping pills for days on end and wouldn't wake up. Or he'd be missin y'know, beaten up by some docker down the Old Kent Road. But we weren't too aware of it. It was later on we started finding out about those things.

"We'd never have made it without him and vice versa. Brian contributed as much as us in the early days, although we were the talent and he was the hustler. He wasn't strong enough to overbear us; Brian could never make us do what we really didn't want to do."

About the Beatles, Brian said, "Ringo was the least creative but had no hangups about being equal to John and Paul. George was the most insecure and paranoid about money. I feel fatherly and devoted to John and always close to Paul though he is temperamental, moody and difficult to deal with." A lot of people thought there was some sort of sexual triangle going on. At the very least there was a healthy competitive triangle. A type of situation which exists whenever you take three creative people, throw in homosexuality, music, drugs, and fast living and turn them into fast dollars. It happened with the Stones with their manager and Brian Jones was the unfortunate victim.

The Fools On The Hill

Reviewed as "blatant rubbish," *Magical Mystery Tour* was aired on British TV in December, 1967. That same month, the world's first human heart transplant was performed in Capetown by Dr. Christian Barnard. Louis Washkansky, its recipient, died 18 days later.

Lady Madonna, Hey Jude, Revolution, Back in the USSR, While My Guitar Gently Weeps, and Ob La Di Ob La Da tantalized 1968. The latter was another reggae-based tune; the Beatles were into reggae star Desmond Dekker and dedicated the song to him.

BEATLES, otherwise known as "the White Album," was the first signal that the members of the group might be drifting apart. Always before their records and doings reflected a solid partnership; maybe Paul or George sang lead on this or that song, but it was *The Beatles* whose collective personality came across. BEATLES was a radical change; it featured four sides of solo Beatle material, each member "doing his own thing" aided by the others as session men.

Yet in its schizophrenia, the album reflected the mood of its

times, as Beatles records had always unerringly done before. Like the Bible, the songs were interpreted by everyone to suit his needs. To Charles Manson they were a blueprint for pillage and bloodshed. Some heard humor and keen satire in the album; others only desperation.

In 1968 Robert Kennedy was shot, and Lyndon Johnson announced his retirement. Apple Corps Ltd opened in London. John and Cynthia Lennon were divorced. Linda Eastman became the house photographer at the Fillmore East. Francie Schwartz smooched with Paul, later to tell all:

"He had his hangups and I think he felt sometimes that he wasn't manly enough. His body was sweet, and beautiful, with almost undetectable curves in it. The relationship had begun on his 'save me' lament, not on a rush of sexual flashes. But he seemed to have so many minds, that untangling the hangups in each one would take all the energy in me. He bitched when I gazed at him while he was driving, but he never bitched when I went down on him at 90 miles an hour, on the road. Why don't we do it in the road?...He had wildly fluctuating moods. I was bewildered, working overtime at a job I couldn't even define...One consolation: Yoko Ono. She and John moved in with us...As the two of us cooked breakfast for our respective men, she'd rap with a kind of new, feminine wisdom about how hard it was to make them happy. John obviously loved Paul enough to let him run wild if it would help ease the tension Paul was creating in the studio and at home. But Paul was treating them like shit too. He even sent them a hate letter once, unsigned, typed. It read 'you and your jap tart think you're hot shit.' In the afternoon Paul bopped in, 'Oh, I just did that for a lark,' he said." In the end, the joke was on Paulie.

Linda Eastman was not a good photographer. She once snapped three rolls of film of Warren Beatty without moving from her position on the floor to change the angle. But Linda made it with Beatty so she didn't care. After her quickie affairs and star letdowns she'd go to Haagen Dazs ice cream parlors and consume a pint at a time. No wonder Paul insisted that she lose fifteen pounds. She was bred in Scarsdale. Her daddy also had a Park Ave apt, E. Hampton home and extensive art collection. She was prestige with the papers to prove it. Linda worked as an assistant for *Town and Country* magazine, but preferred press conferences for rock stars. She even wrote about her night with Mick Jagger for a teenage magazine. In May 1968, Linda slipped her telephone number into McCartney's hand at a press conference announcing Apple. It worked and he called. Later in the year she invented a photo assignment as an excuse to go to England. It was her last transatlantic crossing as a single girl.

Split Ends

When the *Revolution 45* was released in August, the *Berkeley Barb* wrote: "it sounds like the hawk plank adopted this week in the Chicago convention of the national Democratic death party." During the recording of the white LP, Ringo quit, fed up to the nose with McCartney's "torture tactics." Paul, an excellent drummer himself, had been nagging Ringo, making him feel unnecessary. He said, "I feel tired and discouraged...took a weeks holiday and when I came back to work everything was all right again. Paul is the greatest bass player in the world. But he is also very determined; he goes on and on to see if he can get his own way. While that may be a virtue, it did mean that musical disagreements inevitably arose from time to time."

Earlier in the year, Yoko Ono had handed John a card at the Indica Art Gallery that said "breathe." Lennon panted. He "just realized that she knew everything I knew, and more probably, and that it was coming out of a woman's head. It just sort of bowled me over. It was like finding gold or something, to find somebody that you could go and get pissed with, and have exactly the same relationship as any mate in Liverpool you'd ever had. But you could go to bed with it, and it could stroke your head when you felt tired, or sick or depressed. It could also be a mother." Anybody's mother; Yoko is forty years old.

In March 1969, Paul McCartney married his rich Jewish groupie and John Lennon wed the "best publicist in the world." What with sleep-ins, weddings in Gibraltar, white robes & no clothes bag antics, the ballad of John & Yoko made headlines all over the world. Have an acorn for peace, they said. They also became known as rivaling Dick and Liz for the "biggest bores in the world" award. While in Scotland, the McCartneys secluded themselves so well that later in the year prissy Paul would be acclaimed dead by a Michigan college student. And he might just as well have been. But the hysteria which surrounded the rumors of Paul's death was evidence of the powerful mythology still surrounding the Beatles.

Around this time, John stated, "I'm not going to be screwed around by men in suits sitting on their fat asses in the city." Enter Allen Klein in ban lon shirts and sneakers. "I'm not the new Epstein - I'm the old Allen," he announced. In September, Klein boasted the new contract he had "managed" for the boys with Capitol. Subject to the Beatles fulfilling a minimum of two LPs a year (including re-releases) until 1976, they would receive 58 cents per until 1972 and 72 cents per from then on.

Get Back, Don't Let Me Down, Ballad of John & Yoko, Old Brown Shoe, Here Comes the Sun, Come Together, Something and Octopus's

Garden appeared. *Something and Here Comes the Sun* introduced George Harrison as a serious writer. ABBEY ROAD sold five million copies, one million more than any other Beatle album before or since. Then the explosion burst.

Paul suggested that the Beatles begin playing small concerts under assumed names, around England. John refused, asking for a "divorce." Eight months later Paul announced to the world that he was quitting the Beatles. The release date of his solo debut was to be postponed as it coincided with LET IT BE. It was probably Paul's fear that his solo career was at stake that broke the camel's back.

Paul wrote to John in August 1969 suggesting that they "let each other out of the trap." John sent back a photo of himself and Yoko, with a balloon coming out of his mouth, in which was written the caption, "How and why?" Paul replied with a letter which read, "How: by signing a paper which says we hereby dissolve the partnership. Why: because there is no partnership." John sent Paul a card which read: "Get well soon. Get the other signatures and I will think about it."

All over the world, old was being replaced by new. Mighty reigns had ended. De Gaulle resigned the French presidency. Ho Chi Minh died and a new wave broke beginning with 21 year old Bernadette Devlin's election to Parliament in Mid Ulster. What more precise timing to dissolve a decaying thirteen year old affair? The next month, in an act of something or other, John returned his MBE to the Queen.

In 1970, *Let It Be, Across the Universe, and The Long and Winding Road* were singled out. No runs, no hits, no errors.

1971 saw George as the only Beatle moving in a vertical rather than horizontal direction. The concert for Bangla Desh sold 20,000 tickets in two hours. It also made the cover of *Life*. Audiences who thrilled to see Grand Funk at Shea Stadium the week before, who shed no tears when Graham closed the Fillmore, still lost their composure when George, Ringo, Dylan, Leon, and Clapton took the stage.

Bargain-crazed as always, Paul agreed at George's request to play at Bangla Desh only if the other three would dissolve the partnership. Ted Kennedy was told by Klein, "No tickets." Calling back, Kennedy's request to participate was declined. "What did he ever do for rock and roll?" Klein wanted to know. What we wanna know is, what did Allen Klein ever do for it?

Apple Pits

Apple, "another word for Beatles" according to John Lennon, was created to overcome the ineptitude of the previous bureaucracy that had controlled Beatles product and promotion. In its early years, the

"Paul, by force of his personality, totally dominated"



"Okay boys, just one more shot. Come on, smile for the camera. Now hold up your gold records....that's it. Can you try to look a bit more sincere, please?"



"Do you think they're gonna bring us some extension cords this time, or are we going to have to lip sync again?"

company sponsored a multitude of aspiring talents including a "coutier" boutique and James Taylor, both of whom later "ripped them off." The clothiers because they spent more on decor and gilding than was possible to take in, Taylor when he left Apple to sign with Warner Brothers, breaching a pending contract. Taylor has since been sued by Apple with the assistance of Allen Klein for \$5,000,000 damages, the money he would have made had he honored his contract.

To be kind, financial wizardry is not among the fab four's talents. In fact, a generous John Lennon accustomed to giving away 25,000 pound houses to homeless friends was later told by Klein that because of taxes he had to make 250,000 pound in order to have 1/10 that sum in available cash. Afraid that he'd end up another Mickey Rooney (having nothing after making millions), John Lennon responded warmly and quickly when Allen Klein called from New York.

"Heard you're going broke JL."

"The accountants sent out letters that we'd all be penniless in six months without some help."

"Meet me at the airport and sign here."

It was love at first greenback — nine million pounds in 19 months for the mop heads thanks to A.K. You've gotta give him some credit, and they did: 20% worth, a cool 1.8 million pounds.

When "Allen de GrABCKO" (John and Yoko's current name for Klein) first came into the picture it was to handle John, but after hearing his ideas, George and Ringo also signed. The three were then a majority (of four) asking Klein to take over Apple. Meanwhile, Paul remained with father-in-law Lee and brother-in-law "Johnny" Eastman as his representatives. An upwardly mobile type, Paul saw success in his relatives' impressive degrees and high falootin' accents. Klein, after all, was a short pudgy orphan accountant known to drown his every meal in a bath of tomato ketchup. The only snag was that Klein knows how to make money for his clients. Eastman's ability to do likewise is doubtful. According to Klein, his first meeting with John was "very personal, after we broke the ice. I just asked him, how can I help you? That's all. Yoko was there and we talked about John's music and his life and mine; we even talked about Biafra. We were trying to get to know each other." At the first meeting with the Eastmans and four Beatles it was agreed that Klein should look into their financial positions and Apple's and that Johnny Eastman should act as a lawyer.

In the next days, John Eastman did a "very silly thing." Klein "had to" put out a press release saying that his company ABKCO was involved with the Beatles, as it is publicly owned. Eastman, supposedly "very upset" because his name wasn't mentioned, went to *Billboard* magazine proclaiming that "John

Eastman takes over Beatles, all operational business will flow through him." From then on it was understood that all involved would have to batten the hatches; storm ahead.

The next and most famous blunder involved Northern Songs, the company that owned all past songs of Lennon, McCartney and Harrison, and all copyrights through February, 1973. The Beatles never controlled Northern; John and Paul only had 15% each. Dick James, an associate of the deceased Brian Epstein, held 35% with most of the rest publicly owned. Klein hoped to "free them." He wanted to get McCartney and Lennon back their songs and/or discontinue any involvement with Northern. At that time, as if on cue, Dick James sold his interest to ATV, a big English conglomerate, without even offering his share to the Beatles. Also, it seems that Eastman wanted Northern for himself. As Klein commented: "That would have been great for Lee Eastman, who already holds a very impressive catalog of music copyrights. And it would have been good for Paul maybe. But everybody else would have gotten screwed."

Klein, realizing that it was economically unwise to be minority shareholders, planned to sell to ATV. The deal was to make a lot of money for the boys and retain some of the rights. "Everyone was happy with it including Paul." ATV was planning a press conference to announce the news. That same morning they received a letter from John Eastman saying "Klein has no right to deal with Paul McCartney." Paul didn't know anything about it and subsequently the deal was lost. The board at ATV, made up of English gentry, decided they couldn't take a chance that the agreement might break down. "Eastman shot that one out from under all of us." Later Paul called Klein in New York. "Look Allen I'm sorry, it won't happen again," he said.

No longer with the Beatles or the Stones, but retaining his seasons box as Madison Square Garden for puck action, Klein's critics call him "the ultimate groupie." Klein disagrees. "Groupies get fucked by the artists. With me, it's the other way around."

In recent court dealings, Allen Klein has successfully displayed his prowess once again. With the planned release of an eight-disc set THE BEATLES 1962-1966 and THE BEATLES 1967-1970, a four record bootleg called THE STORY OF THE BEATLES appeared, using artwork reproducing a likeness of the Beatles and the group's name without authorization. (The bootleg contains a mixture of old Beatle tunes and a cross section of Beatle solo material which would make it a more desirable package than the Apple set.)

The Allen Klein/George Harrison action against "pirates" of the group's records was unique in that the complaint from Harrison was not on the complex basis of copyright

violation that is tying up many cases in the courts and also invalid in this situation, but is instead based on "unfair competition and invasion of privacy."

Judge Helman, presiding in the case, said that "Apple and Capitol have spent great sums of money and invested a great deal of time and effort to effectively manufacture and distribute records and tapes of Beatle works and performances. It appears that the defendants will be and have been unjustly enriching themselves at plaintiffs' expense. It would thus appear at this stage of the proceeding that Apple and Capitol are victims of unfair competition and should be afforded preliminary relief." Defendants in the action were Audiotape Inc, Elias Saka, Electro Scanning Systems Ltd, Leon Nasar, and TV Products Inc.

Justice Helman's views and comments may set the precedent under which future action on the part of record companies and artists against pirates and bootleggers may be structured, thanks to Allen Klein's approach to the problem.

Scrapple

1973, the Apple organization is no longer under the administrative control of Allen Klein. Consequently Apple became much more involved with Capitol than in the past. Advertising, publicity, promotion, and graphics were all shifted to the Capitol regime whereas in the past Klein had done it all his way. An example of the "identity crisis" that was going on occurred in *Billboard's* year end summary. Apple required that Capitol print a retraction listing one sales figure in which it was included and another where it was not. That type of petty ego feuding created "bad feelings" all around. The whole notion of protecting each individual Beatle from Capitol Records proved harmful in the end with a total lack of communications. Capitol, known to have an extraordinarily good relationship with their other subsidiaries, Shelter and Island, seemingly couldn't get to first base with Apple and Allen.

McCartney, though, was always closer with Capitol and EMI in England, while Klein acted as "a kind of guard" for the other three. Paul even delivered his solo LPs directly to EMI rather than to Apple. At one point, Paul instructed Capitol that he wanted a billboard in New York which did not have the Apple logo on it.

Apple now has a "minimally run" office in London, moving its headquarters to the New York film division office. Klein continues to have a successful organization on his own. He's just re-released repackages of his holdings from Cameo and Immediate Records, including Bobby Rydell, Chubby Checker, and the Small Faces. Nowadays the three American Beatles are frequent visitors at the Capitol Tower in

Hollywood. When Yoko's APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE came out, John and Yoko went to the offices to work on promotion and press coverage for the LP. They toured all the departments and John asked for a Tower T-shirt. Ringo and George likewise. It has become apparent that the ex-Beatles have all the confidence in Capitol and its promotional abilities that they once doubted.

Still in all, a Beatles reunion seems dubious, as Paul recently pointed out: "even if we wanted to perform together, where would all four of us be allowed to meet legally? Right now, no country will have us as a foursome," what with Paul not being allowed in the States and with John who can't afford to leave with a deportation rap hanging over his head, things look slim for a realistic Beatles reunion.

Ringo

"Ringo's newest LP is the closest thing we're gonna get to a Beatle reunion," says one Capitol spokesman. "In effect the Beatles are reunited on this LP, as songwriters and singers. It wouldn't have taken much more of what was there to have a Beatles album." There is no track where all four of them appear together, although there are some where three of them are together. On the other hand, it was the understanding of another close man on hand that "the good part of ABBEY ROAD and almost all of the white album was done in the same manner, with each of the Beatles pursuing their own trips, borrowing Ringo maybe and sometimes George." There were very few tracks on which all four appeared. "In fact I heard a claim by the Beatle people in England that there was no track on the white album on which all four were together."

As much as the white album was a chance for each of the Beatle individuals to get their hot rocks off with the aid of each other Beatle acting simply as session players, so is this effort. RINGO is 1973's white album. According to producer Richard Perry and Ringo himself, the album is "an attempt to inaugurate a Boogie Craze, and they're gonna open up boogie parlors across the country in which you will learn to boogie by the steps drawn across the floor." Can't you just see it now: The Ringo Starr School of Boogaloo.

By now everyone is aware of the immortal Sunset Sound Sessions where all the insiders, from the ubiquitous Rodney Bingenheimer to famed slum goddess Lisa Rococo gathered to catch a glimpse of the Beatles rushing to and from the studio and their big black limousines. A friend of one of the engineers reports that cocaine was brought in by the pound to help cheer up a depressed John. Also dancing girls. Others who had their ear to the wall swear it sounded like 1966 nostalgic Beatles, drunk on ripple and reds.

George had written two songs but Ringo had to re-record one of them because of lyric changes (quarreling already?). John wrote a song titled *I'm the Greatest* which was penned for Ringo, and includes the line: "I'm 32 and all I wanna do is Boogaloo," as a result of which Starkey is now demanding the LP be released before July 7 when he will greyfully turn a ripe 33. What a cad. McCartney has contributed his 2 cents via a Ringo recording stint while in England, in which he graciously attended, playing mouth saxophone on one of the cuts as well as piano. McCartney's *Six O'Clock* is a hump dinger. Ringo's own *Devil Woman* is like nothing you've ever seen before. He makes his tap dancing debut on this disc with a tune called *Step Lightly*. Guest musicians included The Band, Marc Bolan, Harry Nilsson, and Klaus Voorman.

There are also cross references, as on George's album, to Beatle days. Like allusions to "Sexy Sadie." Ringo is identified as Billy Shears again as on SGT. PEPPER. They're itchin' to get back but they must stop scratching. Ringo is the key part of the album, but isn't difficult to see where that could be a part of another Beatle album. Of the total songs, three are Ringo's, two George's, one John's, one Paul's, with the rest made up of non-Beatle stuff. Mixing and re-mixing is now being done and the consensus so far is that "it is a very up, rocking album."

The cover will probably depict Ringo as the "I" in a 6-foot spelling of his name in neon with stars or else Ringo flying thru the air ala Super-Ringo. The overall sound, not unlike George's latest waxing, is that of the ABBEY ROAD period Beatles. It rocks very hard in a lot of places, has a great deal of humor mixed with the early Beatle drive and vitality, and it's definitely not an introspective disc. There are at least four potential singles, maybe more. Look out Raspberries — the Beatles are back on da road!

Ringo In Retrospect

In the early days of Beatledom, everyone seemed to think of Ringo as the little boy lost, waif-like with no talent, the last on the scene and having to prove himself as a talent and as a friend. Born July 7, 1940 in Liverpool, the brown haired, blue eyed percussionist was brought up in the Dingle area, which after Scotland Road is the toughest section of Liverpool. Ringo came into the world amongst gangsters, murders and World War II.

After playing in various skiffle bands, Ringo got himself a 100 pound kit and headed for the big time. In the late fifties, Rory Storm's Hurricanes were the most popular group around Merseyside. More popular than Gerry & the Pacemakers, the Swinging Blue Jeans,

the production of Beatle sessions" --- Hurricane Smith



THE BEATLES 1955-1974



Aren't you glad there aren't many pictures of you from 1967?
At left, we see them somewhere between Sgt. Pepper and Comrade Trotsky.
Above left, the Ginger Baker look. Far right, near the end. Note: Paul is the only one wearing a white suit.

the fledgling Beatles, and even Cass & the Cassanovas.

When he left Storm for the Beatles, it was a matter of money. Kingsize Taylor & the Dominoes had offered him 20 pound a week, the Beatles 25. According to Allen Klein, Ringo was definitely into it for the bread. "Ringo's not all sweetness and light as a person. There's meanness behind those eyes if you cross him. And he has a tremendous amount of natural strength. If I want a true reading on a situation, a straight reaction with the most thought and the least emotion in it, I go to Ringo. I don't think many people know that about him. He's a very powerful and serious guy."

Today Ringo looks more and more like the only mop-top who's "really made the grade." Let's face it, when the Beatles came out their image was of "silliness." Ringo has played off of that from the beginning, and made out extremely well. He seems to be the only one who knows what he is doing — whatever it is.

As head of Apple's film division, he's deeply into cinematography. One of his first efforts, *Countdown* was an ambiguous bit of footage which not too many people are likely to see. *Born to Boogie*, the story of Marc Bolan, could be just what he needs. "Bolan's a real strutter," squeals Rings in more than groupie-like tones. "He struts and I like that... he comes in telling you that he's the greatest, with an acetate, saying 300,000 sales in five days, number one in two weeks." In other words, just like Paul.

Bolan and Ringo immediately became partners in the movie... snap, swish, thousands of feet of moxy Marc madness. Ringo firmly believes in glamor and showbiz, and is thankful for the Bolans and Bowies, but can't stand Slade and the Osmonds although he really digs the Jackson Five. Jim Keltner and Charlie Watts are his favorite drummers and he could take or leave Buddy Rich.

As a composer he's had a fair share of success with *It Don't Come Easy* and *Back Up Boogaloo*. He recently recorded a "Happy go lucky love song" with George, Nilsson, Klaus and Gary Wright which will never see the light of day. His last two albums were, as one executive pointed out, "ah... very nice, but everyone knows where they were at." **BOUCOUPS OF BLUES** was a self-indulgent visit to the studios of Nashville to lay down a mixture of bluesy, country & western ditties backed up by the finest C&W session men in the world. The album was critically acclaimed, and the title cut was a gas, although the platter didn't sell. His next effort was a stone bomb; Ringo interpreting chestnuts from the 30's and 40's such as *Fly Me to the Moon*, etc. His newest offering should square things off in the "right on" department.

Starr's partnership with Robin Cruickshank, working largely with steel glass and plastic art objects such as obtuse tables, chairs and Warhol-like storage units and pop art containers, continues to boggle the minds of the other Beatles. Ringo

smiles all the way to the Stock Exchange. Besides being an excellent photographer, he has several darkrooms and closets full of the "big boys toys" like videos, instamatics, radar, etc. He also has three kids — Zak, Jason and Lee, and a wife named Maureen.

On Paul: "For me none of Paul's records have been really great." On John: "I don't like *Elephants Memory*... they substitute volume and craziness for licks... Lennon is definitely into politics. What John did in the Sinclair situation was great. It didn't matter if it really was John's doing or what. He joined the situation so I give him credit."

On the Beatles: "The Beatles could have been even more in control, more powerful than they were. A certain section of American society was really frightened of us because they could see the potential and the power. But we never used it in any way... Is there a chance for us to get back together as a unit? Now, that's a load of rubbish. I think the press in general is silly because of all the rubbish they make up to sell their papers. We must get the picture straight. There is hardly any chance at all of us Beatles appearing together again. We're still good pals, but it's just not on." Now who's putting who on... Such Good Friends... You Say Yes, I Say No...

It's a Boy Mrs. Lennon, It's a Boy

John Ono Lennon was born John Winston on October 9, 1940 in Oxford St. Maternity Hospital, Liverpool, while his father was somewhere out at sea. He plays guitar, organ, piano and harmonica. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Julia his mother, according to her sisters, was always singing. "She was gay, witty and full of fun. She never took life or anything seriously." John's dad didn't turn up until he was five years old ("believed to be missing with a number of men"), living with his Aunt Mimi. John went with father Fred to spend some weeks in Blackpool. Julia arrived to take John home. The two parents arguing over their child shouted at John to decide. He ran and jumped on Fred's knee saying he'd rather stay with father. But when Julia left the house, John ran after her. He was then settled in with his Aunt Mimi who brought him up as her own son, since John's mom was living with a man who couldn't manage dealing with her child. Freddy later cut an autobiographical record about what a hard life he'd led, hoping kids would buy it cause he was John's dad. He lost again.

A strict disciplinarian, Mimi allowed John only two "outings", a year—one to the Christmas pantomime at the Liverpool Empire and the other to a Walt Disney film in the summer. Smaller treats included Strawberry Fields, a local Salvation Army girls hostel which each summer held a big garden party.

Always a "chauvinist to the first degree" (until he read about liberation in the *Village Voice*) Lennon had been contented with his quiet, shy wife Cynthia. Yoko Ono however was able to give him an intellectual tussle which he had previously experienced only from other men. With Yoko ever present, "Paul McCartney's reign as Lennon's princess" was doomed.

Coming from a conservative Japanese family that moved to Scarsdale (yes the same one where Linda grew up) when she was nineteen, Yoko studied at Sara Lawrence. In the formal family, Yoko had to make an appointment if she wanted to see her father. She dropped out of school after three years to marry a Japanese musician whose social credentials were not approved of by the Ono's and Yoko was cut off financially.

After seven years the marriage broke up. Yoko moved to Greenwich Village, becoming a leading member of the underground art world, and an internationally known poet and filmmaker. She went to Japan to stage some of her first "events" for the country's "who's who." There she also tried suicide, spending some time in a mental hospital. Her second husband Tony Cox, an American filmmaker, fathered Kyoko, the daughter about whom court cases are still pending.

After four years of marriage she and John are still inseparable, even by the U.S. Government. In March of this year a deportation order was served on John Lennon to leave America in sixty days. Lennon's New York lawyer Leon Wilder said that it had been expected. John is being barred from U.S. residency because of a British conviction for the possession of cannabis resin in 1968. The Immigration and Naturalization Service district director in New York told the press that "Lennon's appeal could take days, weeks or months. He could stay here at least another year before a final verdict is given."

If Lennon loses and is deported, he would have to receive an okay from the Secretary of State and the U.S. Attorney General before he could return to the U.S. John's lawyer has said that evidence from the trial of the Scotland Yard Five now going on in England would have bearing on his case.

"The most important evidence is the fact that we were planted by Sgt. Pilcher," John recently revealed. "He planted me and he also planted George. That's how he made his reputation and got his promotions. But since then Pilcher and his boss Chief Inspector Kelaher have been indicted for 'conspiracy to pervert the course of justice.' It's already been proven that Kelaher got a couple of people on a bum rap for some \$2 million worth of marijuana or hashish. After the first moves, it became the hottest thing going in the newspapers, like the Knapp Commission was here in New York. They had never seen anything like it over there, because they still believed that all cops were just friendly Bobbies with a smile. But when the money gets in there, everybody's the same, right?" And who should know

better than John Lennon, who is now worth something like 10 million bananas, for such genius artworks as *SOMETIME IN N.Y.C.*, *TWO VIRGINS*, *IMAGINE*, *PLASTIC ONO BAND*, etc. Yet recently in Hollywood, when John wanted prints of some photos of him & Yoko, he begged off when he found out it would cost \$2 a shot.

But getting back to Sgt. Pilcher, "he's now under suspension or worse than that. So Immigration people here should be able to see that it could be resolved at any time. And it's not just the fact of a pardon, it's whether or not I was ever guilty. The law at the time of my trial said that if you owned a house where stuff was found, even if you weren't living there, you were guilty of possession. Everybody was up for grabs. It could've been the Queen, who owns half the property in London."

"But they've since changed that law. So the way the law stands now, I was never guilty of possession, because they couldn't plant the stuff in my pocket; we were just guilty of renting the house we were in. I can't understand why they're acting this way toward us. Aren't we the classic American success story?" Aren't they all.

George Harrison

Born on February 25, 1943 at 12 Arnold Grove, Wavetree, Liverpool, George has two brothers, Harold and Peter, and one sister Louise (who lives in Minnesota and made an album there about what it's like being a Beatle's sister). Besides 6 and 12 string guitar, the baptized Catholic plays organ and a variety of Indian instruments. He has brown hair and brown eyes, and was considered by many as a "working class kid who has never lost his taste for privacy or his tough minded views toward society." The youngest of the four beat lads, he is the most independent, was the first to have long hair and tight trousers. With hobbies such as wearing rebellious clothes and taking prolonged naps during classes, George finally opened his eyes to music via a cheap guitar and Lonnie Donegan. Practicing by himself until his fingers bled, his parents helped him most by letting him do what made him most happy, like all night drinking sprees with the fellas. Confesses George: "Probably that's why I don't like alcohol today. It had it all by the age of ten." After a short bloody stint with the Rebels where he earned 10 bob, he joined John & Paul's Quarrymen, meeting McCartney would sour.

Hurricane Smith, an early Beatles engineer/producer type, recalls some heated sessions which led to their demise: "Paul, by force of his ebullient personality, totally dominated the production of recording sessions." George suffered the most. "George Harrison, who is a mild mannered Clark Kent type of personality, used to get put down like a dog by McCartney, after which he'd mutter under his breath and slink off into a corner."

With George constantly running like a scared mouse with his head behind his tail, it's no wonder he's

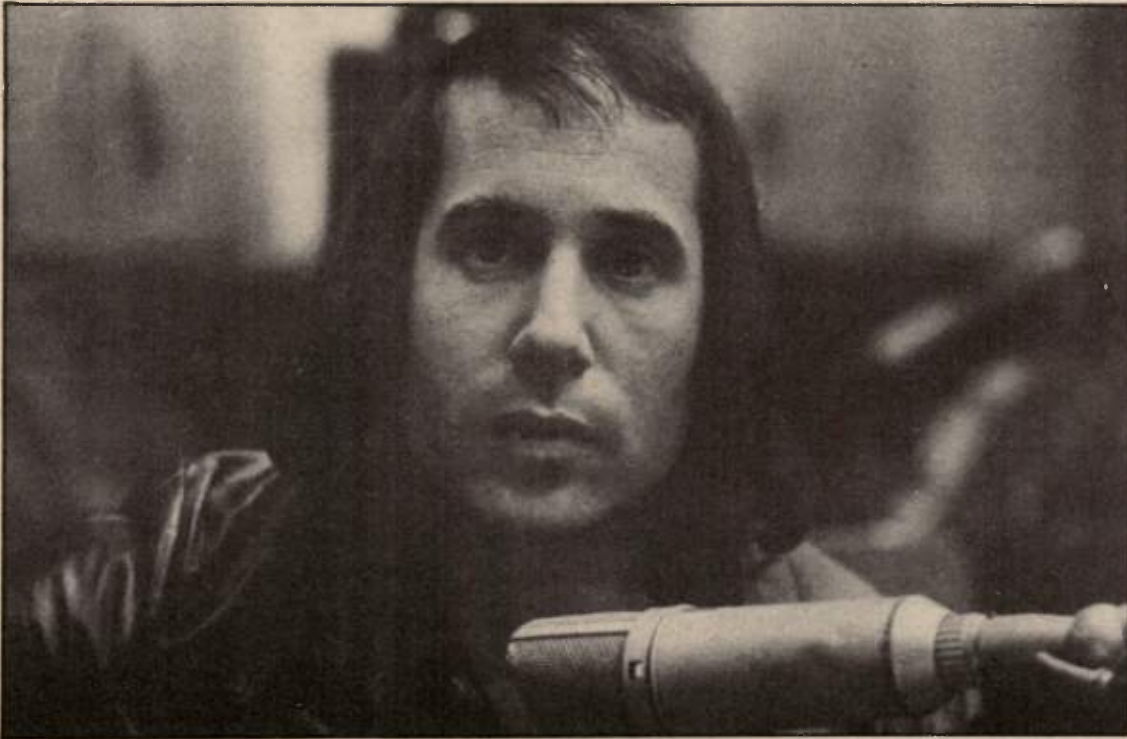
now so happy as a solo superstar artist. Instead of being just another guitarist, he's the top banana in his boat, writes and sings all his own tunes, grows his hair even longer, has a beard, produces Ravi Shankar (the guy who taught him how to play sitar), and makes more money now than he could possibly use, so he gives a lot of it away. He must be in Nirvana. *My Sweet Lord* sold just as much or more than some of the Beatles' early recordings, and *ALL THINGS MUST PASS* won every award a decent guitar guru should have.

George is more than a bit of all right, and so is his latest album, *LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD*. What's really sharp is that all publishing royalties on George's new album & single (except the already published *Try Some Buy Some* and *Sue Me Sue You Blues*) have been assigned to "The Material World Charity Organization." TMWCO, a holding organization, will distribute it to various needy charities throughout the world. At first George wanted to take this concept even further by attempting to sell ads on the cover of the album and perhaps in a booklet contained within the LP. Such material-minded corporate conglomerates as the Coca Cola Bottling Co. and Mercedes Benz Manufacturers were approached and showed some interest ("Mercedes actually came up with the idea") but after thorough consideration, consensus was that many of the companies contributing to an album entitled *LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD* would feel they were being sneered at. Regardless, the disc will sell more than a million and bring home the piggy bacon for a lot of starving kids, and helping out foxy grandpa George when tax time rolls around to boot.

As for the album itself, there is a definite change in the production "sound" of *LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD*, compared to *ALL THINGS MUST PASS*. As producer George explains it, he did *ALL THINGS* with Phil Spector and achieved a large, symphonic sound with many instruments, echoes, overdubs, etc. In *MATERIAL WORLD*, George went for a simpler sound with five basic session men: Nicky Hopkins, Gary Wright, Klaus Voorman, Jim Keltner, and Ringo Starr.

In a word, the LP is "moving" — like *See You Later Alligator* sung through Dylan's *BLONDE ON BLONDE* backed up by Procol Harum. The medium-tempoed *Give Me Love (Give Me Peace On Earth)* fades from Dylan-esque strum to Hawaiian steel leadout. Like so many of George's other stream of consciousness spiritual tunes, it asks for "help" and is sung in his typical pleading nasal tonations. At times it's now unlike a Beatish slow motion version of Dylan's *I Want You*. *Sue Me, Sue You Blues* is George's tongue-in-cheek parody (written first for Jesse Ed Davis) on the legal hassles and ripoffs in the music business. *The Light That Has Lighted the World* turns out to be a Procol

" 'Speedway should have rockers on it...can't go on



"All right now, I wanta see everybody get off your seat, clap your hands, and stomp your feet. . . Get down and get with it!"

one more of a series that we'll be feeling the effects of for years to come. 'Cause David Bowie isn't Jefferson Airplane; he's a real pop star, just like that bearded beauty who put on the Bangla Desh benefit or that kung fu fella who operates via satellite these days. You can knock mere art, but the true power of pop lasts a long, long time, and the way Bowie's moving, he just might make SGT. PEPPER seem like a cosmic sneeze of yesteryear. Sure, Bowie's full of it, but he keeps on coming on, and that's more than you can say lately for certain Stones whose upper lips look like a warped record and whose fingers seem numbed by sister morphine. I'm not saying Bowie's the best we've ever had; he's just all we got, unless you really think that Raspberries, Al Green, and Ian Anderson are gonna spin this merry-go-round for another decade. Bowie's not perfect by a long shot, but he sure wants some of the same things I think we all want, and that's a tradition of pop energy that transcends all this suicide stuff. Rave on, Davy; a crash course is just what we need.

Ron Ross

THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON Paul Simon Columbia

Paul Simon, once the pop poet of lofty pretense, is coming down to earth quite gracefully these days. Where once he used allusion and allegory to speak of matters personal, he has recently taken to simple rhymes about subjects even more basic than those he formerly overblew. He recognizes it; this album is cheekily titled *THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON*. By the new, simple, Simon.



Simon & Garfunkel: The Sounds of Silence aren't so easy to hear anymore. —

But it's not that cut-and-dried. Simon's two solo Lp's are considerably toned down compared to the Simon and Garfunkel records, yet they present an artist doubling as studio theoretician who has an excellent grasp of the fine art of decorating a song. So while his songs vary widely in style and quality, his production values always work to some good effect and at the same time imprint each track with a distinctive sound.

Since the first solo album, *PAUL SIMON*, was no high-energy sunburst, it's not surprising that

having not challenged his audience to pay attention. There are things worth hearing here, but Simon doesn't require any term papers from ya after you've listened. Anyway.

—Jim Bickhart

DESPERADO Eagles Asylum

The back cover photo may depict the Eagles as dead losers, but with



The Eagles — Outlaws, musicians, or merely a vanishing species?

RHYMIN' is another step mellow. The songs are fluff, but three-fourths of them fall into what might be called the realm of cocktail folk music. Easy-going songs about Mardi Gras, sunny days, various romantic situations, motherly love and the American condition abound. They're so easy-going, though, that they invoke hazy visions of lying in a hammock on a hot Dixie day, sans energy enough to amble in to get another beer. Just sit there and soak it all in as you dry up and wonder where the time and your adrenalin went. Which means a cure for Slade, Bowie & Reed for those looking.

There are a few very bright spots; the hit single *Kodachrome* moves nicely and seeps into the corners of your consciousness whether you want it to or not. Two fine sort-of love ballads also grace side one, *Tenderness* ("...no, you don't have to lie to me, just give me some tenderness beneath your honesty.") and *Something So Right*, which captures some of the confusion and trepidation surrounding most people's amorous experiences.

This album's so easy to listen to that old Mr. simple rhyming Simon can't be faulted for anything except

DESPERADO it is clear that nothing is further from the truth.

DESPERADO is a non-concept concept album tracing the trials and tribulations of the classic "outlaw" figure from the scene setting album opener, *Doolin-Dalton*, to the title track, a moody paean symbolizing the outlaw's lonely and seemingly endless struggle.

The amazing thing about *DESPERADO* is that it was not planned thematically. The realization that the album was holding together came upon the Eagles and producer Glyn Johns while the L.A. cowboys were recording in England. The fact that *DESPERADO* managed to retain its direction without becoming overbearing after the midpoint awakening is to the Eagles' eternal credit. (Although thematically sound, the album does not lack for single material, for the tunes have the ability to stand very well on their own merits. One of the many obvious choices is David Blue's *Outlaw Man*. Blue has been an enigmatic figure in the music scene for years, fading in and out of record contracts and recording styles. Here he had come up with a strong piece effectively suggestive of the reality it portrays.

"I am an outlaw, I was born an outlaw's son/The highway is my legacy, on the highway I will run/In one hand I've got a Bible in the other I've got a gun/Don't you know me, I'm the wanted one..." Although the Eagles alter Blue's lyric slightly towards the end of the song, it still holds up well.

Certain Kind of Fool, the side two opener, is especially interesting in terms of the double entendre. It exposes the alternate and underlying statement of *DESPERADO* and gives a look between the lines. Listening to Randy Meisner wail, you are never sure if he's singing about a guitar or a gun, and then you realize it's probably both. Naturally, the song attempts to draw out the parallels between the life of an outlaw and the life of a rock musician. Fortunately, it never becomes pretentious or forced and makes a striking point. The song segues into *Outlaw Man* after a brief banjo/guitar rendition of *Doolin-Dalton* by Bernie Leadon and Glenn Frey.

Doolin-Dalton centers around the activities of the infamous Dalton gang and the tune's hard, choppy acoustic guitar backed by a piercing harmonica lends appealing qualities to it. Most memorable in terms of hummability is *Tequila Sunrise*, an empathetic look at the love-starved life of the hired hand. Frey's country twang and lonely guitar strumming make it the perfect sorrowfully plaintive addition to the album. The helpless/hopeless mood is also at its devastating best on the title cut. Here it is finely augmented by subtle string arrangements and mellow piano.

The album's only sore spot is the production. While not unsuccessful, it falls short of John's earlier Eagles work. The undermixed vocals, especially on the more raucous tunes, gives it that old Rolling Stones quality. It didn't seem an effective way of presenting the Eagles' vocal, melodic lines which are so important to the overall presence.

Nonetheless, *DESPERADO* is a fine and better-than-expected second step for the Eagles, who with this album, I'm sure, are reaffirming the faith I placed in them from the beginning.

—David Rensin

THE TIN MAN WAS A DREAMER Nicky Hopkins Columbia

There are session men and there are SESSION MEN. Nicky Hopkins has got to be the best known, best travelled, and maybe just plain best of all the studio musicians in hackdom. He has graced the grooves of records by such as (take a deep breath, now) Jeff Beck, The Who, Quicksilver, The Steve Miller Band, John Lennon, The Kinks, Jefferson

Airplane, The Stones, etc. ad infinitum. And one of the main things that always kept Nicky's reputation above board, in my book anyway, was that all through all those sessions with the highest echelon of the rock hierarchy, he passed up what had to have been at least a thousand offers to do a solo album. Shit, look at all the Merry Claytons, Jesse Ed Davis's and David Brombergs who, after doing a stint with a 'name' group, ran right out and scrounged up recording contracts of their own with the nearest record company with a pressing plant. But not our Nicky. He was a rarity; a man who seemed to be content with his lot. Until now.

Nicky Hopkins' new solo album has just come out on Columbia and it's obvious that there are two possible ways that he got the nickname "tin man": Either it is his shy, retiring demeanor which likens him to the Wizard of Oz character (the perfect disposition for a session man), or it is his voice. For it is only the fact that Nicky doesn't really try anything too difficult vocally that keeps this album listenable. And even though his playing it safe succeeds in avoiding disaster, the lack of any real strong lead singer or personality relegates this album to ultimate mediocrity. Even Hopkins' bouncy, precise keyboard work, and the presence of a few good tunes as a bonus, can't make this album worth its phase three inflation price. He and his competent sidemen (Jerry Williams, Klaus Voormann, Bobby Keys, Prairie Prince [Ginger Baker, maybe?], and Mick Taylor all deserve credit for the good, tight, sympathetic back-up) only serve to prove once again that good rock 'n' roll has little or nothing to do with how well you can hit the right notes.

Briefly, the songs worth mentioning are *Shout It Out*, which sounds just like a Dave Mason song circa *ALONE TOGETHER* and is pepped up with the next vocal track on the disc, and *Speed On*, infectious rave-up that rides on the drive of the Jim Horn/Jim Price/Bobby Keys brass section in much the same way that many of the songs on *EXILE ON MAIN STREET* do. Otherwise, well, three of the remaining eight cuts are instrumentals, including the opening and closing songs, usually the choicest offerings on a record.

I guess I just can't see Nicky Hopkins' solo career going any place. He certainly doesn't appear to be capable of producing a solo record with half the depth or strength of any of a dozen he's worked on with other artists. In fact, the only difference between *THE TIN MAN WAS A DREAMER* and the countless other worthless solo efforts that have been recorded by studio musicians recently is that Nicky Hopkins has better credentials than most of them. Big deal.

—Gary Kenton



Nicky Hopkins — a bored progression.



If Faith looked as good as the Grass Roots (above) they wouldn't need Terry Knight to hide their faces.

FAITH Brown Bag

Faith is a concept. It is, to paraphrase Kim Fowley, an empty canvas on which you paint the faces of the superstars you've always hoped would form a group. It's the most brilliant idea of Terry Knight's career, better than the Masked Marauders because it allows, nay demands, complete creative participation from us, the frustrated but ever-hopeful fans.

Depending on what you read and who you talk to, Faith are any or all of the following persons or groups: the Beatles, Procol Harum, Grand Funk, the Allman Brothers, Limousine, Buddy Holly & the Crickets, Eric Clapton, Bobby Whitlock, Andy Zwering, Limousine, Badfinger, the Chosen Few, the Tee Set, Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, Stark Naked & the Car Thieves, the Strawberry Alarm Clock, Thin Lizzy, the Paramounts, Screaming Lord Sutch & the Savages, Cream, the Santa Barbara Machine Head, Hot Poop, the Savage Cabbage, the Human Beinz, or Limousine.

In actual fact, they can be anybody you want them to be, as long as you don't play the record. That's the most important thing of all. If only Terry Knight could keep people from actually listening to his records, he'd be a billionaire within ten minutes. Surely a genius of his magnitude will find a way around this obstacle. I sure hope he does it soon — the way music's going these days, unplayable records would be the best thing that could happen.

— "Lucky" Elvin

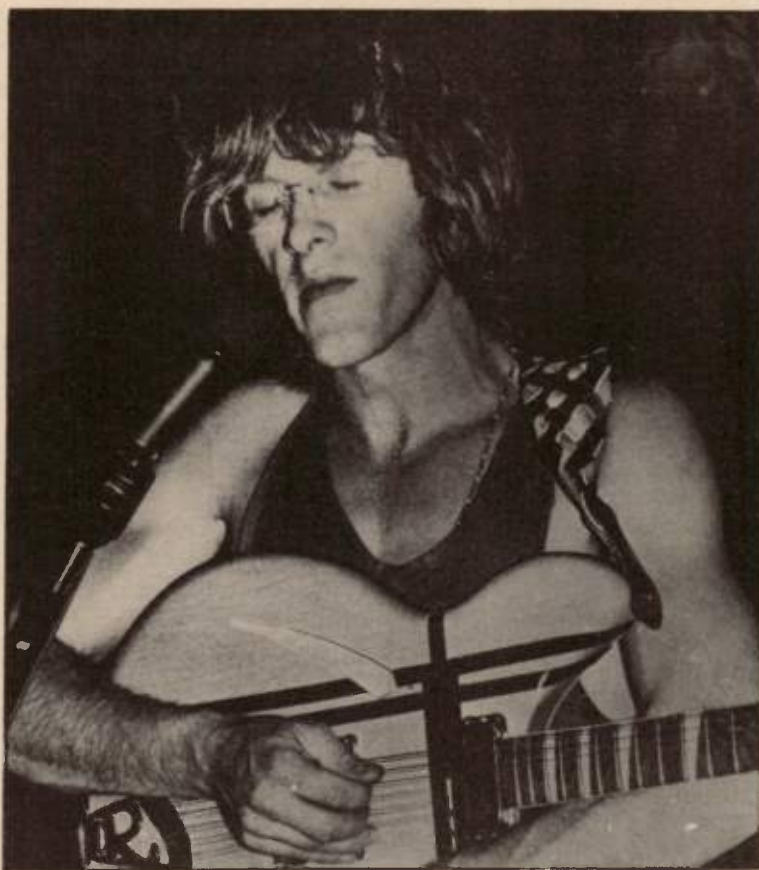
A LOTTA MILEAGE The Grass Roots Dunhill

I really like the Grassroots. They've had a lengthy string of good singles over the years, the current bogus Grassroots kicking their career off with *Let's Live For Today* in 1967 (the real Grassroots were the ones who did *Where Were You When I Needed You*, totally different group). Most unexpected of all, at least to any Grassroots fans who had the misfortune of hearing their shoddy albums of the late 60's, their last two LPs have been pretty good.

And no one will admit it. Last summer I tried to get a review of the Grassroots' then current album published, and no one, from *Rolling Stone* to *Fusion*, *Creem*, or *PRM*, would print it. Goddammit, it's time we came to terms with the Grassroots! A LOTTA MILEAGE, just like MOVE ALONG, is an album

superbly tailored to the AM esthetic — the songs are all short and expertly produced, possessing approximately a half dozen hooks each, and almost every cut is good enough to be a single.

The Grassroots have also been keeping fine pop songwriters like Lambert-Potter and Walsh-Price in business, you know, the guys Marty Cerf keeps trying to tell ya about. Detailed description of A LOTTA MILEAGE would be kind of



Why do these San Francisco musicians always fall asleep in the middle of their songs? For Paul Kantner, it must be those long nights with Grace, changing God's diapers.

pointless, since the whole thing sounds just a notch under any dozen of the Grassroots' hits or near-hits taken at random. Their ace selection of outside material does merit note, as evidenced in Charlie Rich's *Ballad of Billie Joe* (no relation) and Free's *Little Bit of Love*, the latter done in a super-commercial rocking version that comes off as well or better than the original.

The Grassroots have been a while between hits now, *Two Divided by Love* being their last smash (its followup *Glory Bound*, was great and unjustly missed the top of the charts), but if I were them I wouldn't worry — there's any of a half-dozen or so here. If they don't get a hit single out of this album, it sure won't be their fault.

—Mike Saunders

30 SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND Jefferson Airplane Grunt

What a buncha duds. What a deadass disco. What a waste of space, Mace, grease, you name it. Time was when the Jefferson Airplane were some hotshit, they made some truly skullscatin' albums long aback when, but now they've devolved to the novocaine nadir. Sheer insulation without even the sickoid class and kinky delites of true leather and narcolepsy.

More like asbestos hankies.

And the irony is that in taking a frigidaire they're gettin' more popular than they ever was when they actually amounted to a flea's fang. LONG JOHN SILVER was the worst record they'd ever made till this one, it was really strained and numb and dumb and pompous and recorded like the engineer wuz wearin' a catcher's mitt, but it sold more than any of their other platters. Why? Becuz ain't much shakin' these days, most of the newies are pretty drab, so people are grabbing at straws. And one of the handiest straws is Old Reliabilities — like the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield making a comeback, riding on nostalgia and desperation and general current depletion, who cares if it's dogfood, at least it's familiar. Nobody takes any chances on any side. But screw em all.

30 SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND proves that the Plane are capable of scounging even lower than the kettle scuttles they achieved in LONG JOHN. It's just plain numb, duller'n a sick hamster, it don't bite nowhere and nohow — well yes it does bite, but it leaves no marks. Not even vampire holes. It's just a lot of droning — tired blah vocal mumbles like Grace 'n' Paul got Kleenex wads lodging in their gullets, slack yawning guitar diddles from Jorma and Jack. Which is the real shame and final letdown, they had so much fire they even almost redeemed LJS. No more.

kung fu your better judgment on this one.

—Lester Bangs

BAREBACK RIDER Mason Proffit Warners

Mason Proffit is a band, not a man (though Frank Proffit was a man, the one who wrote a country song way back when, which hit the charts as "Tom Dooley" a dozen years back).

As bands go they are both as unknown and as good as their



Gary Puckett & Union Gap chat with David Crosby, Mason Proffitt, and John "Wolf-King" Phillips at 3rd Annual Mid-Western Rockfistival.

namesake, except that he was an old time country picker while these guys are an excellent country rock band. Sure, you never heard of them (unless you live in the Midwest, where they've played 250 gigs a year for about five years) but that doesn't mean they aren't worth going out of your way to hear.

Matter of fact BAREBACK RIDER is their fifth album, the second from Warner Brothers, after two albums on Happy Tiger and one on Ampex, the three of which are long out of print.

Already owning a strong cult following in the Midwest, Mason Proffit has really come into their own with this album. In the simplest words possible, this is as perfect an example of what country rock is all about as you're liable to find in any record store anywhere.

And that's saying a lot. The Hollywood hills are full of worn-out musicians who never managed to find that delicate blend of good-time country funk and bad-ass boogie rock that it takes to make this hybrid form work.

The roots of Mason Proffit go back to 1964 when the leader of the band, Terry Talbot, quit being a folkie (with Chat Mitchell) and joined an Indianapolis soul band. In 1967 his brother John joined as lead guitarist, at the ripe old age of 12. (Both brothers grew up in Oklahoma, playing anything with strings since grade school days.) That same year they added a 15-year-old bassist Tim Ayres.

To that core the Talbots have added drummer Art Nash, harp player Bruce Kurnow (who often jammed with Mojo Buford in Minneapolis, before Mojo left to tour with Muddy Waters), as well as guitarist Kinky Schnitzer (from Minneapolis via L.A. and Jarreau), and fiddler Bill Cunningham.

Except for two short-lived Top 40 hits several years ago, *The Hangman* and *Hope* Mason Proffit is still unknown on either coast, though a house-packer anywhere from Fargo to St. Louis.

BAREBACK RIDER is a good enough album to change all that, an amazing (and eclectic) mix of country blues, down-home musicianship, and get-it-on good-time rock 'n roll. (No mean feat for a group that only two years ago was dubbed "The Monkees of Country Rock.")

There's a Hank Williams number on each side of this disc, and both cuts are standouts. Side one features *Settin' the Woods on Fire* which has to be the rock 'n roll sleeper of 1973, with enough infectious happy vibes to make it a hit 25 years after the fact. The instrumental break features a kazoo, and if you never thought that was a rock 'n roll instrument, well just listen.

On the flip side is a high-energy edition of the gospel standard, *I Saw The Light* which has enough bounce to lead more than a few city-billies to Jesus.

The other eight songs are originals by the Talbot brothers, a varied collection that should offer something for everyone. *Lilly* is a standard shit-kicker tear-jerker sung in what sounds like a Scandinavian accent, which really confuses you when the band starts shouting *arriba* and other Latino things during the free-for-all break. *Dance Hall Girl* is rock's answer to *Honky Tonk Angels* while *Stoney River* is just pure,

laid-back, smile-and-be-happy countrified nostalgia.

The final standout is *Black September/Belfast* which is about both Vietnam and Ireland, and features a brooding, ominous organ riff that conveys a power I haven't heard in a "political" song since Country Joe did the number about flies and corpses in the rice paddies back in the Berkeley days.

Look, I'll put it this way. If you went into a record shop with just four bucks to spend and saw 300 albums there, none of which you'd ever heard of, my advice would be that you buy this album. Anyone who does this and is unhappy can write me personally and get a free apology and any David Bowie album they want in trade. How's that fer a deal fellas?

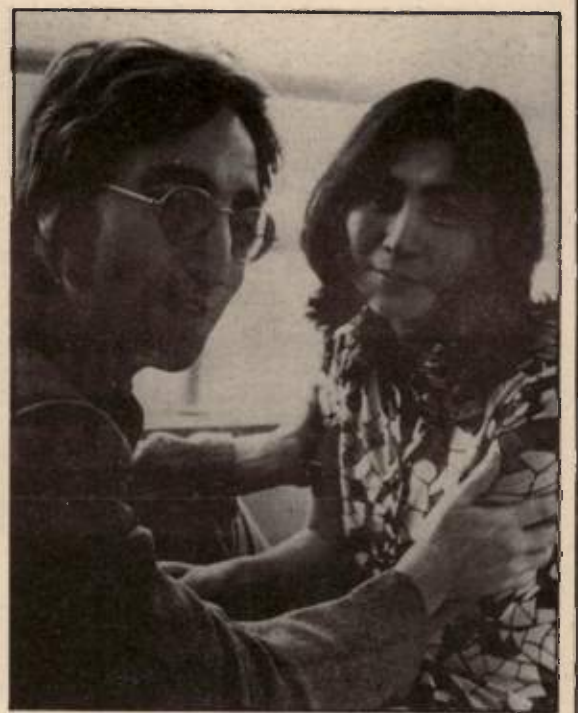
—Dave Hill

NO MORE, NO LESS Blue Ash Mercury

I wish, I wish, I wish. There's this song, *I Remember A Time*, on Blue Ash's debut album. Not that the whole album isn't magnificent, mind you, but this cut...It could do for this group what *Mr. Tambourine Man* did for the Byrds: the start of a brilliant career, a Number One hit, instant mythology. The guitar intro lasts all of five seconds before Jimmy Kendzor and Frank Secich's voices come in, oozing of everything groups like the Byrds and Lovin' Spoonful ever promised, the soaring harmonies in the chorus driving over jangling lead guitar work. It's the sound of tomorrow right here today, it's the perfect folk-rock single. It's beautiful, that's what.

OK, turn on the radio. Jud Skunk, Clint Holmes, Ronnie Dyson, and the New Seekers. The AM airwaves have been abandoned to the housewife set. There's great records all around but no one plays them — what kind of Malt-O-Meal brains do these program directors of 1973 have anyway? By all odds Blue Ash will never have a hit, never be a big selling group.

That's okay, though, because you can still hear their album. I love it, really do. Even after several dozen playings (it took a couple listens before the whole album really hit, so you gotta be sure), and countless scrutinizing tests to see if the group's minor shortcomings might be major flaws in disguise. Nope. This is one of the most spirited, powerful debuts ever from an American group. Blue Ash have three-minute songs that are pop in the purest sense of the word, a feel for hard rock dynamics to go along with it, fine group vocals — something that is coming back with a remarkable impact — and they really rock.



By 1969, the Beatles were all casting their eyes in different directions (above left) Paul (center) teamed up with reggae singer Linda Eastman for an appearance on the Carol Burnett Show, and John (right) spent his time teaching Yoko Ono the words to "I Got You Babe!"

Harumish/Golden Slumbers type of thing, telling the world to either ship up or shape out as expressed in the lyrics: "it's hard to move up when you're down in a hole."

Don't Let Me Wait Too Long is a bouncing, Ringo-like hip love song with plenty of double drum entrees from Keltner and Starr and a cooled-out repeating chorus finale. It will probably show up later as a single. *Who Can See It* is again ABBEY ROAD styled; dark, brooding, and relentless in the Gene Pitney *I'm Gonna Be Strong* tradition. The title cut, *Living in the Material World* is Harrison's potshot at John's *Imagine* or Paul's *Let it Be*. Starting off like something out of the Supremes catalog, or at least their wardrobe closet, it tells how one can make it on the physical plane whether he be high and mighty or just mighty high. Raga, sitarish break, phased ala *Itchycoo Park* — could be the single for the summer of '73.

Side two opens with *The Lord Loves The One (That Loves the Lord)*. It's one of those "you reap what you sow" Harrison sermons. *Be Here Now* is a slow sitar/bass filler, setting the stage for the Phil Spector wall of sound production, *Try Some Buy Some* (previously recorded by the Ronettes). This could be a denouncement of drugs and the non-spiritual world in which George portrays a dramatic, macabre musical journey filled with visions of brooding superior beings lifting the evil listeners and bad doers out of the world, out of their stereo easy chairs and into the dungeons of a fate worse than death — a Paul McCartney album.

Paul McCartney; The Mess He's In

The question for James Paul McCartney is "Why isn't he as musically productive and famous as he should be?" Or, to put it more bluntly, "What happened?" After all he has a pretty good band backing him up. Take pianist/guitarist Denny Laine. In the tradition of Ian Whitcomb, the Pretty Things and Jack Good's *Shindig*, Denny Laine first penetrated our senses via his spine tingling rendition of the pre-DAYS OF FUTURE PAST Moody Blues' *Go Now*. Since then he's been around, on his own and with groups from Ginger Baker to Heavy Jelly, always doing prime stuff. Henry McCullough has toured the U.S. six times, first with Eric Burdon & the Animals, Eire Apparent, and then Joe Cocker's grease band. Even Linda is getting pretty good on lyrics and piano tinkling, which proves that if you push hard enough everybody could become a superstar (if you know the right people, that is). Then there's Paul himself, and he's the crux of his own matter.

After the breakup, it was Paul who seemed to emerge as the corny, egotistical one, with idiotic, meaningless songs like *Another Day*. When Lennon publicly ridiculed him in *How Do You Sleep*, we knew it was petty, but inwardly most of us said "right on!" Now it's evident he

was trying to come to terms with his Tin Pan Alley/Music Hall leanings, although a rocker at heart. Early solo rocking attempts like *Oh Woman Oh Why* didn't quite come off, so he got himself a band and since then, amidst the continued crap like *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, two good rockers have emerged — *Hi Hi Hi* and the hard, almost heavy metal *The Mess*.

But after all the putdowns and bad reviews, it seems Paul's confidence is slipping badly. Maybe also because of his not being allowed in the U.S. (because of previous bust), where he is itching to do a tour and prove to all that he can still knock 'em dead. Also, rumor has it that there is some dissension within the ranks of Wings, because they are a Band and Paul is still pushing his weight around, making things a bit uncomfortable. Why should a mediocre photographer be billed above a musical titan like Denny Laine? You can bet such queries have been voiced before. Busts in Sweden didn't help any, and having nobodies from Ohio like the Raspberries out-doing you at your own style doesn't rate high on the security meter either.

To compensate, Paul has hired a new manager named Vince Romeo, former office manager of Premier Booking Agency, to help bring his head up and get him back on the road to success. Many industry spokesmen and close friends of the Beatles feel the same Media Criticism that had Bob Dylan fleeing to the giant silver screen (*Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*) has overtaken McCartney. They point to his recent TV special, generally considered a boring fiasco, and the fact that he is now preparing to impersonate none other than Buddy Holly for an upcoming film. If that ain't reaching....

Paul's solo career started with McCARTNEY, which was an even weaker effort than John's first album. *Maybe I'm Amazed* is simply Rod Stewart's tune and was nothing until. *Every Night* is great but it should have been on the white album. *Teddy Boy* is too greasy and syrupy, while *Ooh You* would have made a great Savoy Brown singalong. Actually the whole mess sounds like Paul got really plastered and rented out a studio for a couple of hours.

RAM hurts your ears when you listen to it with earphones (especially Linda's voice, when she was trying to sound like Claudia Lennear). *Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey*, Paul's cutting tour-de-force on Uncle Allen Klein, is a good try and sounded fine on AM radio, but is ultimately too cute and contrived to bear repeated listening.

Many people bought WINGS — WILDLIFE solely because of its brilliant ska arrangement of Mickey & Sylvia's *Love is Strange*. At least they weren't disappointed. Those hoping for a listenable album didn't fare so well. The problem all along was that Paul hadn't settled on what image he wanted for himself. Anytime he wanted, he and Wings could take the stage and rock with the best of 'em — *The Mess* proves that. But whatever Paul McCartney was to be, had to include Linda and

her puppy-dog tails, as well as Paul's own George Formby/Burt Bacharach leanings. No way to blend all of that and come out with a product to please everybody, or even anybody besides Paul. And therein lies the problem.

Which leads us to Paulie's latest, RED ROSE SPEEDWAY. RRS was first conceived as a double album, but England and EMI didn't want to chance it the way things were going with some of his stuff. Bassist Henry McCullough had a few complaints: "Ya know I wanted the band to be seen for what it could do, instead of just like being James Paul McCartney. That's cool too, but I really wish we could have had some rockers on it...after all, when you go on stage you can't just play My Love 75 times..."

How true. And yet on the whole RED ROSE SPEEDWAY seems a far better synthesis of Paul's various ideas than any he's come up with yet. There's a bit of Paul borrowing from John a la *Imagine*, and surprisingly enough vocal techniques and phrasings. Also a direct steal from Gilbert O'Sullivan fits in nicely. As usual, a lot of the vocal harmonies sung by Linda are really unnecessary and seem as if they have been written in especially for her. I guess that's what makes marriages work, right John?

Beatles Tour '74

That caught your eye, didn't it? Beatle mythology is still potent, no doubt about it. That's why the rumors still start flying whenever two of 'em happen to be in the same city at the same time. Everybody wants the Beatles back together again,

without stopping to consider it realistically. After all, we all wanted the Byrds to reform too until we heard what they came up with. What we really want, I think, is for the old Beatles to be around again, feeding us more of those great songs. That's why the two reissue albums leapt right to the top of the charts and will probably outsell any of the last five Beatle LPs, and certainly the Ringo album, which is as close to a reunion as we're gonna get.

The Beatles broke up because all of them, except Ringo, simply got too self-important for their own good. Paul was convinced his sticky melodies and dulcet tones were the essence of the group. John smirked and knew inside that he was the backbone of the group, and more of a rocker than even the Rolling Stones, as he'll gladly tell anyone he can collar. And humble George, well he didn't want to cause no trouble, but the world needed saving and the other guys just didn't seem properly sanctimonious. Imagine saying they preferred Dolly Parton to the Radha Krishna Temple — really! That would never do.

Freed from the partnership, each let his own ego (or admirable lack thereof) run rampant, and the stupid ideas and tendencies the others had always kept in check rose to the surface. To this there is no sign of reversal; George would still rather be in his astral body, John is mired in political trendiness as much as ever, when not worrying about his own very real dilemma, and Paul...well, when asked about the Beatles reforming, Paul said, "I don't know really. I'm not doing anything about it. But it's clear enough that if we felt like getting together, the time's right now. Whereas before I would have said no way, not because I didn't feel

like doing it, but because of Klein."

Take that with as much salt as you can carry. In any case, if they did decide to do it again it obviously wouldn't be the same. What it would be, is something very like the new Ringo album. So for all intents and purposes, the Beatles are back.

But is that what we really wanted? No, we wanted the Beatles the way they used to be, in fact we want all our music to sound the way it did in those days, because this stuff we've got now is just not as good, and we're finally admitting it. Fortunately, our wish has been granted. Only instead of the Beatles, they're called the Raspberries, and Stories, and Big Star, and Blue Ash, and Pagliaro, and the Wackers, and the Flamin' Groovies, and a dozen other groups that are writing and recording songs as good as any the Beatles did in their prime, and a hundred times better than the Beatles or the Byrds or anybody from the early sixties could possibly be on a re-formed basis, because they're young and fresh and in love with rock & roll and, in fact, everything the Beatles were except for one thing. The Beatles were the first to turn the world on to rock & roll, and that doesn't need to happen again.

So forget about the Beatles; nothing those clowns do is likely to be of any real interest except to historians and necrophiles. That's what the logical folks are saying. But you and me know the simple truth: no matter how worthless their music or how tedious their personalities have and will become, nothing will ever be special in the special way the Beatles were special. It's called a mythology, and it's why you read this entire, ridiculously long article. You might as well admit it — Beatlemania is here to stay.



Paul McCartney and his new group Wings (formerly on Dunhill) prepare to rehearse "The Mikado", their forthcoming rock-opera.

stage playing 'My Love' 75 times" --- Henry McCullough

ALADDIN SANE
David Bowie
RCA

David Bowie is not a gay act. David Bowie can't dance. David Bowie has no sense of humor. David Bowie cannot write constantly familiar songs. David Bowie cannot rock 'n' roll as well as John Fogerty or Doug Sahm.

David Bowie can project himself as a product. David Bowie is T.E. Lawrence, not D.H. Lawrence or Gertrude Lawrence. David Bowie can produce Lou Reed and Mott the Hoople well but Gus Dudgeon produces David Bowie much better (i.e., SPACE ODDITY). David Bowie fences but does not deliver (the anticipation is the key). David Bowie has allowed you to paint your own masterpieces on the empty canvas of where you hope he is at.

David Bowie projects himself into the future and relates to the present as the past. David Bowie understands his audience and is a fan. David means and does well and is great because everyone else has given up being a gentleman. David Bowie will become a film actor a la Valentino/Errol Flynn. David Bowie has "CLASS!" And David Bowie has made a bad LP in ALADDIN SANE except for the cuts *Time* and *The Prettiest Star* which work because they are not rock.

ALADDIN SANE contains the following unforgivable flaws: over-verbalized multi-symbolistic lyrics hidden in the track, less of the overt and necessary interaction with partner Mick Ronson in the creation of the record's atmosphere, and the ponderous intrusion of new piano-man Mike Garson into the magic.

It must bug David Bowie that on a musical level he has not made "it" (?) on his own subjective terms. But then the war is not over yet, David, this is only a battle we are commenting on. And now for the cut-by-cut breakdown to set things straight.

1. *Watch That Man* — a song about Dennis Katz and a distant cousin to the John Lennon lyrics about "the freaks who won't leave us alone." Paul and Linda McCartney do "cupcake" rock like this better.

2. *Aladdin Sane* — this rewrite of Buffy St. Marie's *Universal Soldier* owes a lot to H.G. Wells/George Orwell/Aleister Crowley.

3. *Drive-In Saturday* — a nice retrospective look back to the silver sixties. Why weren't *Purple Hearts*, *Mos Def* vs. *Rockers* mentioned?

4. *Panic in Detroit* — any song written about John Sinclair will be as valid and timely as the subject.

5. *Cracked Actor* — "a hustle here and a hustle there." Somebody like Salvatore Dali or Peter Tork is being mentioned here.

6. *Time* — Noel Coward would be pleased! Lovely!

7. *The Prettiest Star* — a capsule autobiographical contribution; both accurate and lifting.

8. *Let's Spend the Night Together* — DOGSHIT! Where are the sitar and violins? Sacrilege!

9. *The Jean Genie* — a good Yardbird ripoff that works.

10. *Lady Grinning Soul* — Forgettable.

P.S. The late, great Jim Morrison was better — he was and is the original "Leading Man of Rock 'n' Roll."

— Kim Fowley

ALADDIN SANE
David Bowie
RCA

Fresh from his second campaign in the American rock wars, our once and future pop boy fave David Bowie delivers ALADDIN SANE as Phase III in his now inevitable ascent to

Phonograph Record Reviews



"David Bowie projects himself into the future and relates to the present as the past. David Bowie understands his audience and is a fan. David means and does well and is great because everyone else has given up being a gentleman." — Kim Fowley

becoming the Next Big Thing. Composed and recorded for the most part on the road in America, as were the early Stones albums, ALADDIN SANE is startling evidence that, like him or not, Bowie is one of the most consistent and fast-moving artists since the Beatles themselves. His dropping of the Ziggy guise has left him a stronger rocker than ever, and given him a chance to exercise more of his innate originality than the concept of "Ziggy" left room for.

The production team now includes Ronson, who has whipped an expanded band into an unparalleled precision heaviness, resulting in an escalation of scale and a textured density of sound that is light years from the sparse "music in a vacuum" feeling of HUNKY DORY, the Mott lp, or TRANSFORMER. Yes, Bowie still appropriates any and all pop devices to his own purpose — ALADDIN SANE is one more step in his evolution from Deram chanteur to the existential James Taylorisms of SPACE ODDITY to the Dylan/Beatles didacticism of HUNKY and penultimately, the Velvets/leggy de-kay-dance of ZIGGY. ALADDIN SANE is almost equally divided between various Stone-hard thrillers and Bowie's own uniquely lyrical obscurantism, with more than a touch of a squealing Elvis to lend authority to Bowie's normally hysterical energy level.

Before ALADDIN SANE, the most crucial obstacle to Bowie's being taken seriously as an artist on the Beatles/Stones/Dylan level was the narrowness of his subject matter joined to an undeniably tasteful yet small-scale framework for his production. From the initial snare snaps of *Watch That Man*, ALADDIN SANE conveys the same monumentality of sound and commitment that make STICKY FINGERS or WHO'S NEXT Mount Rushmore monoliths of pop.

Side one is the tightest, and probably the best, work Bowie has ever recorded, similar in its connectedness (if not its actual sound), to the first side of HUNKY DORY, where Bowie forecasts and analyzed the "coming race" from the vantage point of a flying saucer. Bowie is as preoccupied with Time and the tricks it plays as Ray Davies is with money, its uses and abuses. While ALADDIN SANE himself is not a recurring persona throughout the album, Bowie's "(1913-1938-1977)" subtitle confirms Sane's status as a prisoner in the Bowie death defying but degenerate time warp, part of the circumstances of his time and yet oddly apart from them, like the "local lad" in *Panic in Detroit* or the jaded boogie-brat in *Watch That Man*. Bowie's writing somehow allows him to judge what is happening in his songs at the same time that he, as a

pop star, is the vehicle for them. "When the kids had killed the man, I had to break up the band" is a case in point.

Jagger's writing has been working toward this complexity of point of view, employing it most successfully in curtain-raising rockers like *Brown Sugar* or *Rocks Off*. *Watch That Man* is decidedly impossible without those Stones' classics as precursors, and it is to both Bowie's and the band's credit that they can finally bring off what would be a welcome contribution on any Stones' album. The Thunder Thighs' background vocals and ubiquitous hand-claps are the clincher, while Mike Garson's alternately pumping and grandiose piano shows him to be the heir to the Hopkins' heritage of guest artistry, although you can bet he'll work for no one but Bowie.

ALADDIN SANE is very reminiscent melodically of Bowie's Deram tunes, but puts those dissonant fragments of lyricism in a totally non-generic arrangement, wherein Garson's piano break perfectly recalls the rhapsodic bluesy impressionism of the surreal Thirties, musical Art Deco a la Ravel. The title track is utterly pretentious and in its stunning musicality completely successful.

Initially written as a follow-up to *All The Young Dudes*, *Saturday Drive-In* reverted to its composer when the ever gracious Mainmen

dropped Mott from their stable of stars. *Drive-In* is Bowie's current single in Britain and very similar in its pivotal purposefulness to the equally masterful *Life On Mars* and *Moonage Daydream*. *Drive-In* is the 2084 pop boy's myth of Sisyphus, introducing Buddy, doomed forever to back seat handjobs, and Twig, whose sole purpose in life seems to be to smile wanly and jerk him off during re-runs of *Gimmie Shelter*. It is essential car radio rock with a hook you can remember without understanding and the best single line since "Substitute for for my mum, at least I'll get my washing done..." "It's a crash course for the ravers, it's a drive-in Saturday."

Panic in Detroit is indeed better than *Sympathy for the Devil*; it is, despite our Brian Jones maunderings and our intense desire to believe that Keith Richard is a lead guitarist. Where *Sympathy's* impact lies in its pretenses to a demonic authority that almost killed Jagger, *Panic* in which Bowie plays the part of a school boy doing his thing in a riot, is chaos itself. Smashed slot machines, silent cars asleep at traffic lights, and militant but reluctant truck drivers flash by to culminate in an inferno of guitar electronics as Ronson and the Thighs are produced as banshees of screaming confusion against the jungle madness of an augmented rhythm section.

Cracked Actor also has a way of making Lou's *Vicious* seem relatively innocent. The dirtiest song since *Stick Ball*, *Actor* puts its nastiness out on the street, complete with venereal complications, and a compulsory blow job. The mix is bottom heavy with a constant level of fuzz on top to add to the aggravating insistent clatter. Bet you never thought David could bite like that; we'll leave stray cats to stars who only get their rocks off when they're sleeping.

Side two's kind of a glorious mess. Only two of the songs are really new, with *Prettiest Star* and *Let's Spend the Night Together* proving to be sops for those who really don't like Bowie but who will probably like the two silliest songs on the album. *Prettiest Star*, incidentally dates back to 1970, and with Marc Bolan on lead guitar was Bowie's last Mercury single; a theme for an imaginary Busby Berkeley musical in the original and worth searching for. *Jean Genie*, that evil spitting bit of mucho macho bizzarro, sounds better in this context. While *Watch That Man* is the rock and roll Bowie is really capable of, *Genie* demonstrates the Spiders' power on a bare bones *I'm a Man/Jack Flash* chassis. For a devastatingly unsuccessful non-hit, *Jean Genie* wears well — a tip of the shag to M. Cerf who knew it all along. It wouldn't have been enough to justify an album's worth of the same, but it damn near saves the side.

Not that *Time* and *Lady Grinning Soul* aren't exceptionally good; they just belong on a side like the first. Heard out of context, which is how fans will play them after the first couple times through, *Time* is a terrific Brelish variation on *Rock and Roll Suicide*, getting *Those Were The Days* Mary Hopkins and "Lookin' for a fix and a kiss" deceased Doll's drummer Billy Murcia into the same shell-shocked and bored shitless cabaret. *Time* takes your prick and puts it in your hand, as qualudes and red wine prolong the dubious pleasure. We should be on by now, the drive-in's been closed for hours. *Time* is utterly, morbidly sentimental, and O.K. if *Goodnight Ladies* on TRANSFORMER makes you giggle.

Lady Grinning Soul is a vast improvement on previous Bowie "ballads" like *Letter to Hermoine* and as such, requires no comment. It's one for the gurls, and if your lady don't think she's up to Feeling the Noise, this 'un'll do 'er. A'right?

For those who still can't bring themselves to like B., it pays to remember that ALADDIN SANE is



Platform shoes aren't enough for Uriah Heep. . .

They also have a songwriting combination you're going to be hearing a lot of: Secich-Bartolin. Frank and Bill are no Lennon-McCartney or Brian Wilson by a long shot, not yet anyway, but they've got what few do: the beat and a natural feel for it. Surprisingly good melodies keep rolling off of chord changes that are often rather ordinary, and by the time Blue Ash's group vocals get into the act and each song keeps driving along, the results are uniformly impressive. There is rumored to be an almost incomprehensibly huge number of Secich-Bartolin tunes — not much else to do in Youngstown, Ohio, after all — and if just one or two hundred of them are as good as the nine here, well...In that case, Blue Ash will have no trouble making as many albums as they get an opportunity to.

NO MORE, NO LESS opens with *Have you Seen Her*, a fast rocker kicked off by four whumps on David Evans' snare. This is the one that makes me think of The Who, the lead voice a bit like Roger Daltrey and the guitar drive quite similar to the 1966 Who. The lead guitar is pure West Coast, though, indicative of things to come.

The whole first side has a cumulative effect, each song leading into the next and nothing letting up for very long. *Just Another Game* is the one quiet song, an effective tonedown just before one of my faves, *I Remember A Time*, *Smash My Guitar*, *Dusty Old Fairgrounds*, and *Plain To See* are all solid rockers, the former featuring a good distorted hard rock sound, and the latter similar to *I Remember A Time* in the way its simple, compelling melody rocks out with vocal harmonies framed over a trebley Byrds guitar sound.

The pace of the first side continues unchecked with Side Two's daring opener: the Beatles' *Anytime At All*, and it's good! *Here We Go Again* follows, midway between the hardest and softest numbers on the previous side, definitely another one of the album's best songs. What's great here are the group vocals on top of the tuff folk-rock cum hard rock instrumental sound; it's like killing two birds with one stone, the whole premise behind the old and new Mod groups (Small Faces, early Who, the Sweet), not to mention the hard pop masterpiece known to the world as *Do Ya*.

The third cut is NO MORE, NO LESS's only weak song, a mediocre ballad written by lead singer Jimmy Kendzor lacking both beat and melody. Not so the next three tunes. The hardest rocking portion of the album yet, the side's last three cuts close the album with a bang. *All I Want* abounds with guitar flourishes and flash similar to those great hard pop Mod groups, and the last two songs are no slouches either. By the time this album ends, there's no doubt about it, Blue Ash have got themselves one hell of a debut LP

that may send fellow stateside groups like Stories, the Raspberries, and Big Star running back to the woodshed to come up with music even better than their present stuff.

That's not all. With NO MORE, NO LESS's closing cut, Secich-Bartolin have got a song that hints of anthem-like power, the way classics like *Do You Believe In Magic*, *Rock and Roll Music* and *It Will Stand* worked in their day. Songs about rock 'n' roll, celebrating the music's survival even after the bleakest prognostications. The title: *Let There Be Rock*. It's not quite there, not on the level of the above anyway, but the feel is totally contemporary, not a trace of nostalgia anywhere. Jimmy Kendzor's voice shouts over power chords reminiscent of the thunder of *Jailhouse Rock* and the message is clear as day:

Ain't no lie what I'm
telling you
Only one thing really makes
me move
Rock and roll music so I
can shake my bones
Like Elvis and the Beatles,
and the Rolling Stones!
Let there be,
Let there be,
Let there be,
Let there be rock!

Hmmm, doesn't quite transfer to paper. But then neither does *Roll Over Beethoven*. These aren't any poets, these are kids from the heart of Ohio playing the music that makes them move. And boy does it move. Forget about the usual hyperbole of how brilliant the LP at hand is, ring me up sometime next year and I'll let you know what I think. Because right now all I wanna do is play it!

So many elements of America's best groups of the past are synthesized in this band's music, a staggering amount — the vocal harmonies are from Anglo rock, definitely, but Blue Ash's voices are totally American — and best of all, it hits into the core of 1973 every bit as much as it resonates of the strengths in R&R's glory days of years past. No wallowing in 1956 or 1965, nor renunciation of those years either, but a combination of past and present that's precisely what the whole point of roots is about. Good or amazing, inspiring or just plain fun, whatever this record is, this is pure rock and roll and it's here to stay.

—Mike Saunders

URIAH HEEP LIVE Mercury

See the funny heavy metal group. For some time now they been on top of things; rock critics drooled in agreement that they'd become regular heavy guys. Promotion got em gold star awards and silver bullets and scum band of the year citations. Now they just go thlop.

Spin their china platter, and you can hear the sound of a demolition derby abandoned on some eerie prehistoric plain. Their disc revolves, transmitting tingling echoes into your inner ear, but who needs another lousy synthesizer band shitting bellybutton lint and pissing blood?! Like, this ain't even good and lousy enuf to rank down there with the Godz.

True, some clever a-hole decided to enclose a twenty page color booklet featuring Snoopy pix and news clippings, thereby maintaining that fascinating tradition begun by Terry Knight and the Four Seasons before there was ever any Fugs doodling heavy metal cornball riffs next to Burroughs stroking his boiling nuts. Certainly a full color photo album was more than this dude bargained for, but that ain't gonna save this monstrosity!!

Like, listen, you morons...this disc may very well be heralding the quiet death of heavy metal, and I say good riddance, too. Hell, heavy metal crud has got away with selzer for the last two years, and I been waiting for one of those bands to slit their own throats. Finally the creeps done it, and boy, do it sound horrible.

I mean, the band struggles thru all their fop material, particularly from LOOK AT YOURSELF and MAGICIAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, and then has the gall to do a Jesus puke medley of old rock 'n' roll standards like *Blue Suede Shoes* and *Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On*. Not only is it the most ridiculous racket tirade ever put on plastic, but I double dare anybody to sit thru it just once.

Mainly, however, I'm glad to see that the dupes decided to release this junk cuz now this heavy metal klanking can be cleared off the scene and make some room for decent worthwhile trash. I mean, just look at your pop charts for the past few weeks and note the trend of a more tasteful record consumer:

Number one was *Poke My Eyes Out* by Jose Feliciano, and then bubbling in the number two position was *Killing Me Softly With Tweezers* by black-hearted Roberta Flurk, and then *Tie A Yellow Ribbon Round the Cisco Kid* and on down the endless list...

Those are fab singles if you ask me. But poor ole Uriah Heep, them being all washed out and all, just don't stand a chance with such talent around. Cuz they went out with discotheques and rock 'n' roll revival shows. Cuz ya can't eat em raw, balls and all. Cuz they be hokey pissants who drone like they know their biz, but they never really play it loud.

Damn, I hope this group don't get pregnant so's we gotta put up with Uriah Heep offspring. I just want em to quietly fade away like they came in, and let all their feeble records destroy themselves.

No kiddin', this album is so dull not even Beany and Cecil would dig it.

Robot A Hull

best live recordings ever, it was at the same time a complete waste, with six of the eight cuts coming from the first lp, the other two from the Morning After, and absolutely nothing new. And that's exactly what BLOODSHOT offers — nothing new.

First off, there's the back cover of the first J. Geils cover to feature color snaps of the band, and who wants to see color pictures of Danny Klein? Not only is he one of the ugliest bass players around, but his hat selection is worse than David Crosby's! And whereas the first two covers had classy grease-sleaze pictures, this one's got "hip" pictures, you know, everybody in leather with dangling cheroots and cigarette holders, Peter Wolf with a big dollar sign embroidered on his shirt. Didn't anybody tell him that Faye Dunaway's been over the hill for years?

(Ain't Nothin' But A) *House Party* is the opening cut and it's also the best one on the whole album. Good chugging intro by J., and the organ/harp duet by Magic Dick and Seth "Tarzan" Justman is superfine, especially when J. rides in over that with his crunch riffs. Everything's cooking here perfectly.

The album's first identity crisis is the r'n'b ballad *Make Up Your Mind*, a Wolf and Justman original that smacks so much of Don Covay that I wonder why they just didn't do another Don Covay song like *The Usual Place*. In fact J. kind of forgets that this is supposed to be a new song and he starts playing the riff from *Have Mercy* during his solo.

Back To Get Ya is easily the worst song on the record, and what's worse is that it's almost five and a half minutes long and it's not even the last cut on the side the way *Gotta Have Your Love* was on MORNING AFTER. *Get Ya* has two riffs, one for the first half and one for the second half, with a lot of boring rhythms going on behind equally boring solos that start nowhere and end nowhere.

Struttin' With My Baby would be an ok song if you never heard *Crusin' For A Love* or *Wait*. Magic Dick seems to be running out of things to play, as does J. Geils. On this tune, as well as on *South Side Shuffle*, Dick and Geils play essentially the same solos as on previous albums. In fact on *Hold Your Loving*, the most fiftieth track, Dick combines *Pack Fair and Square* and *Whammer Jammer* with the identical licks. I keep wondering why Justman doesn't get any piano solos, 'cause he really seems to be the most versatile member of the band.

Anyway, *Start All Over Again* is a re-run of *Make Up Your Mind* and *Give It To Me*, the single, shows what happens when Boston meets Jamiaca. Boston loses.

The record is red plastic (bloodshot — red, you get it?), just like your old kiddie albums, so Peter Wolf takes us back with him to his childhood in the Bronx with *Don't Try To Hide It*, with the memorable

LARKS' TONGUES IN ASPIC King Crimson Atlantic

King Crimson is going through them changes. Again. Seems like Robert Fripp goes through bands like the Dodgers go through third basemen; his last bunch of rogues couldn't even last out an American tour before defecting to Alex Koerner. But with all the comings and goings, the group's reputation has remained stationary: technically proficient musicians contributing overblown arrangements to already overwrought material.

Much of the band's weakness can be attributed to now-departed Peter Sinfield, whose lyrics, cover paintings, and concepts in general provided the framework in which Fripp's music was played. Sinfield's berserko nightmare landscapes of the early albums changed into a fascination with decay on *LIZARD* and from there, into lush, schoolboy romanticism on *ISLANDS*. And it was all so serious; the only times his bombastic imagery revealed any wit on his part were in the numbers about the rock music world, *Happy Family* and *Ladies of the Road*. Sinfield is off producing Roxy Music these days and I think it'll do him some good; maybe crazy Bryan Ferry can loosen him up a bit.

Meanwhile, Fripp continues on. His latest batch of Crimsonites includes violinist David Cross, percussionist Jamie Muir, and two men who have already established reputations for themselves: Bill Bruford, until recently the drummer for Yes, and John Wetton, bassist and sometimes singer with Family (remember that odd, falsetto vocal on *Larf and Sing*?). The direction the group is taking is primarily an instrumental one and, unlike previous Crimsons, is not usually somber; Fripp's sense of humor, which has been dormant since the seminal GILES, GILES & FRIPP LP, is beginning to resurface.

By far the best piece of the album is *Larks' Tongues in Aspic, Parts One and Two* and, yes, the title demonstrates pretty accurately where Fripp's head is at these days; at the very least it's something Bill Doggett couldn't come up with. Part one begins with a thumb piano solo, then alternates between jazzlike sections which betray a more-than-passing familiarity with the music of Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, and Michael White, and savage attacks of heavy rock, some of which are upstaged by melodramatic dialogue in the background. Basically, it's a case of eclecticism gone mad and as such, stands up well next to the more "progressive" work of the Mothers.

Part two is even funnier for here, Fripp and cohorts tackle the Mahawhosis and come out sounding like the Ork does on the more mindless technical exercises on *BIRDS OF FIRE*. Fizzy riffs build dramatically to pregnant pauses, then slide down to more fuzzy riffs, with Cross and Bruford tossing in touches of Goodman and Cobham along the way. *The Talking Drum*, the other instrumental on the album, is a less successful quasi-Middle Eastern piece; aside from Muir's unorthodox conga drumming, it's no more than electric soundtrack music for a desert scene.

These cuts demonstrate the new directions the band is moving in but vestiges of the old Crimson do remain. Fripp has dredged up one Richard W. Palmer-James from wherever sensitive souls hang out and has set him to work writing lyrics which aren't much different from Sinfield's. *Book of Saturday* is obscure, romantic dreck while *Exiles* is nicely embellished dreck. *Easy Money* on the other hand, is okay; it's a cleverly handled putdown of a pop star by his chauffeur and sports such rhymes as, "Got no truck with the la-di-da...Drive you out in the motorcar." and, quick, how many levels of meaning do you find in the line, "You could never tell a winner from a snake"? Slightly less than one, right? And that's just how it should be; this one'll be a killer for all those lame dj's who need something to play with Pink Floyd's *Money* to make themselves look creative.

A fitting ending to this review would be to say something like, "this band has a lot of potential" or "the future looks bright" but to talk



The J. Geils Band, with their dangling cheroots covered up.

BLOODSHOT J. Geils Band Atlantic

With the release of BLOODSHOT it seems that the J. Geils Band bulldozer has stalled and that ain't good news considering the promise these punks showed on their first two records. I don't count the live album because, though it was one of the

chorus "I see your hynie/it's nice and shiny. Don't try to hide it/I'm gonna bite it." These guys have a real sense of humor, y'know what I mean?

It's a real shame but this record sounds downright dated, like some band on its last legs trying to recapture its essence. The J. Geils Band is giving the people who'd rather listen to the live album than the first two what they want. And if you ask me, that's a mistake.

—Billy Altman



In Seattle they don't fool around ... The Sonics, 1965, girls, The Beach Boys & Coors are still all the rage. What's new in your town?

about the future when the leader's previous groups have fallen apart like Tinker Toys is a bit absurd. I do hope this particular unit stays together for a while, though, at least long enough to demolish their former image. Maybe someone should slip Bob Fripp some Scope before it's too late.

—Michael G. Davis

EXPLOSIVES THE SONICS BuckShot Records

Suppose I told you there actually existed a band at one time (say around 1965) who sounded like (but better than) the Kinks on *All Day and All Of The Night*, had a lead singer that could out-scream cats like Mitch Ryder and a young John Lennon, a guitarist right out of the Dave Davies/Jimmy Page School Of Raunch, and a drummer whose sound could only be likened to that of a firing squad of machine guns? Suppose I further told you that several of their records reached the top of the charts in one of the biggest cities in the USA, that their following in that town could be compared to the idolatry heaped upon the MC5 by Detroiters in the late sixties? You'd say I was crazy, any band with those credentials would've certainly become a national phenomenon and I would agree, but it never happened for the Sonics, from Seattle, Washington.

Their records were too raw, too wild for national acceptance, and their label was a local one, with no distribution facilities outside of the Northwest. As a result, the Sonics drifted off into an undeserved obscurity not long after the advent of psychedelia vanquished any lingering hopes of national acceptance.

They left their legacy in two incredible raucous albums on the now defunct Etiquette label—*HERE ARE THE SONICS* and *THE SONICS BOOM*, both impossibly hard to find and both of which have been passed from hand to hand by rabid rock fans for the last two or three years like some magic elixir, some heretofore unknown code to the mystery of rock 'n' roll.

All that changes with the release of *EXPLOSIVES*, a new album on a new label, BuckShot Records, that legally re-issues the twelve wildest tracks from the two Etiquette albums in one monstrous package, complete with four pages of pictures and brilliant liner notes by one of rock's finest young writers.

Now, at long last, this music is readily available to anyone who seeks it out, and no doubt many will, because something in the Sonics is at the very essence of rock 'n' roll—five young kids isolated in the Northwest in the midst of the middle sixties rock explosion, soaking up both fifties and sixties influences and

spitting up incredible originals like *Strychnine*, the lyrics of which were a far cry from anything heard at the time:

*Some folks like water
Some folks like wine,
But I like the taste
Of straight strychnine!* *

The amazing thing about the Sonics was the downright credibility of such lyrics when heard in the context of their overall sound. Lead singer and songwriter Gerry Roslie sounded like nothing so much as a white Little Richard run over by a truck, given two seconds and sent into the recording studio. Larry Parypa was far and away the raunchiest guitarist in America in those years, with the ability to take a song like "Louie Louie" and make the Kingsmen version sound like Freddy and the Dreamers. His playing on that cut can only be described as the closest thing to heavy metal until the advent of the Zep and MCS four years later (and that's not me talking, those are the words of no less an authority than one Michael Saunders).

Side one of *EXPLOSIVES* also includes *He's Waitin'* and *Cinderella*, the former which trounced the early Kinks and reportedly caused Ray Davies to throw his hands up in disgust and mutter "they really got me" into the night, while the latter is probably the most savage track they ever recorded, the story of *Cinderella* told in fuzztone and shriek, with Gerry Roslie's voice reduced to sandpaper feedback trying to be heard over the dense and dirty backing.

Here too is their early classic, *The Witch*, so strong it almost became a national hit (it did make the charts in such diverse locales as Pittsburgh, Orlando, and San Francisco) despite its overt vernal disease references: "...she's gonna make you itch/cause she's a witch!..."

Boss Hoss is powerful enough to simulate the actual feeling of being behind the wheel of one of those Detroit metal monsters, engine revving and gears grinding, with lyrics to make Eddie Cochran proud:

*Just bought myself
A new set of wheels,
My folks helped me
Swing the deal.
Believe me buddy,
I'm no fool
I got the money
Workin' after school!* *

"These guys have got the goods," claims Saunders. I agree and so will you once you send \$5 to BuckShot Records, Box DH, Panorama City, Calif. 91402. It's available only by mail and they promise super-fast service.

What the hell, you've been waiting

seven years, another few days won't hurt.

—Mark Shipper
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SUN RA Atlantis Impulse

San Ra sure is a good old dog to have around. He's been spooning out this same clank for years, and it's every bit as vital now as it was back in 1954, when he recorded that great obscure masterpiece *SUN SONG*, which featured classics like *Brainville*, *Call For All Demons* and *Fall Off the Log*. It sounded a little bit like Mingus' then jams just a smidgen more spaced out, but even more it foresaw all the coming confusion: the jazz avant-garde, psychedelic schmozz, the whole barthelme.

Times had to catch up with Sun Ra tho, just like everybody else, and by the time he got around to ESP Disk and *HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS* he was already a cornball. Like on HW the cover had pics of him in good company of Galileo, Da Vinci, all them cats and there's Sun Ra with a brass sun spoke clock behind his head. The music inside was a lot of brdreegleblat and kfweet with plenty static rustling silences between, and it was tailor made for the real blacklite spaceout potso aficionados. In other words, it was boring as shit, but you didn't care because it was Sun Ra and he's earned the right to get away with it by being the granddaddy of all this stuff and besides it was so monochromatic invisible you could leave it on with no offense to any party just like stalactite muzak.

Sun Ra was the real father of David Bowie, but in actuality he's more like Lou Reed. He's just this old spazzdome coot who hangs around in his robes mouthing burlles like "If anybody in this band got cold feet you better split right now because WE COULD ALL BLAST OFF INTO SPACE AT ANY INSTANT!" and he hasn't got the slightest idea what's going on but he knows people will always take care of him and that's enough. Besides he's got a real theatrical troupe swaddling his live sluice, they all stalk through the audience replete with near bare dancers swirling around like they was at the Trips Festival and sax cats facing off in sweatbrown honko blat battles, and it worx fine lined and gets all the collegiates real razzed up and goo goo goo joobing, which is just one more debt David Bowie owes him. Like I saw Sunny and his entourage at a great concert in Berkeley awhile back, and the most interesting part was scoping out this date sitting on the rail right in front of us: Here's this big black dude with this white coed in pigtails, and she's

all agog openmouthed in wonder turning to him saying "Oh wow, isn't this INCREDIBLE!?" And the black dude's just sitting there half asleep with a big grin on his face cracking up at the whole thing, yeah, sure sweetmeat, it sho do be just as funky and farout as you dare, whoee the jive these joans'll lap up, I'd lay some Lou Donaldson on you but I know you wouldn't relate to it becuz it jes ain't heavy enough...

But enough woolgathering. Sun Ra has survived, and now he's got a new masterpiece out on Impulse. It's great to listen to if you're about to get in the bathtub and don't particularly care. It's also fairly nonabrasive if you can't hack too much screegronking. What it sounds like is a sort of clunky clomping leadpipe clatter echoing hollow and random in adobe refractions. It's sorta like early Sun Ra specified and narrowed into more mass appealing tinkertoy muzak percusso meanders, almost like Martin Denny records in a way, and let us not forget that Sun Ra has always had a flair for the exotic amongst his Pink Floyd presage asteroid rambles. Neighborhoodwinking Bowie again, jeez right down the line! Also it sounds kinda like some of Captain Beefheart's shinbone mallet marimba paradiddles with the growl and the sound of surprise excised. No frenzy here, even though there are certain breakthroughs into the tried and true time tested crowdpleasing saxowhaxo shkrie and gronk book. But that's just muzak too, mellow's just a stifled scream so screw the cavils, let this mumblety peg monotony tumble on because it's nice and familiarly reassuring and it'll never clear the room. Little kids love it, they think it's Robbie the Robot movie soundtracks. But it's not, it's more like the Baja Marimba Band spliced up cattycorner.

Besides all that, the biggest treats are the song titles and packaging. Sunny's released the first avant jazz muzak travelogue: he gumes these jujube jambos onto great National Geographic Addis Ababa readymades like *Atlantis*, *Mu*, *Lemuria*, even *Yucatan* for all the Malo fans to glom onto. It don't matter becuz they all sound the same anyway, but it's nice to know the Sun's been around. But the real frosting is the foto on the back jacket: there he stands, resplendent in Emperor Jones regalia, with a whole ganglial spew of multicolored neon stripe strewn toothpaste streamers arcing out from his head. You best believe it's impressive, and it all just goes to prove that this champ ain't just the original and forevermore Bowie—he's the Real Joe Byrd!

—Lester Bangs

THE ORIGINAL TAP DANCING KID Jimmie Spheeris Columbia

I've been waiting for this album ever since I saw Jimmie about a year and a half ago at Montreal's now defunct Back Door. Even at that point in his career there was something very special about him. He seemed unusually sensitive and involved with his music, a paragon of total dedication. He's worked hard and called a lot of places his home, and has now settled down in Toronto much to the disappointment of his many fans in Quebec.

But the wait has been worth it, as this is a real spogfire of a debut album. It may in actuality be his second LP but let's look at it this way: It's the great debut album that first one should have been. Forget about that first one (and fortunately most people have), it's already ancient history. This is the one Jimmie Spheeris fans around the globe have always known as possible.

And globe is just the word for it, as side one is a veritable salute to the citizens of many lands. It tells the story of the first all-female expedition to the African continent, beginning with *Beautiful News* (Nigeria) and culminating in *The Original Tap Dancing Kid* (Madagascar). When the gals first spot the cliffs of the African shore they are ecstatic, eager to survey what they have found. They climb the 80-foot sheer drop by means of aluminum filament and, upon reaching the top, dive back down for a quite refreshing dip in the East Atlantic. Hardships galore greet them as they continue their arduous trek, losing five members of their party on Mt. Kilimanjaro (this was 35 years before Ernest Hemingway) and all but giving up the ghost. But troop leader Mary O'Phillips kept spirits high (*Streets of the Harbour*) and they made it to the Indian Ocean in record time.

Side two is the R&B side, leading off with a real hot-nutser called *Sweet Wahini Mama*, a song from which Al Green could learn much. Jimmie Spheeris, first gentleman of soul? He's at least the finest white R&B vocalist since Mitch Ryder and Bob Mosley and if *Soul Tumbleweed* is any indication he's already blazed out a new route all his own. It isn't often that a honky comes along and knocks you out with such gutsy vocal pyrotechnics but this is one such rare moment. On *Village Vapors* he sounds like he has three balls, that's how ballsy this Canadian can be.

Blah blah blahblah blah blah blah
blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
—R. "Kentucky Sutron" Meltzer



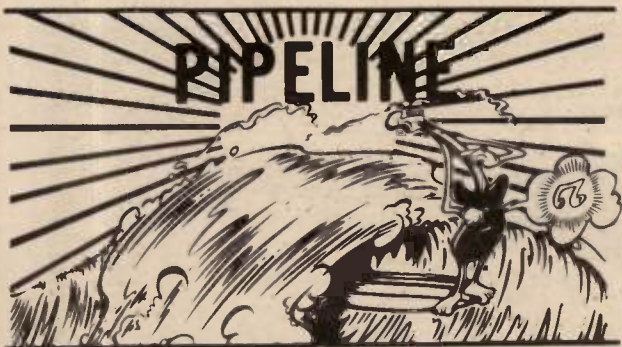
Brian Alexander Robertson



"WRINGING APPLAUSE"

From high atop the snow-covered peaks of Asia to the scattered islands of the blue Pacific, a hungry world is busily devouring the lavender tones of Brian Alexander Robertson. For years, Mr. Robertson had played to packed houses throughout Europe. Now every man, woman and child in America can huddle round that magic spinning disc, sharing, at last, in the delight countless millions have already found in the tuneful heart melodies of that legendary scarlet Scottish songster, the Pride of the Clyde, Brian Alexander Robertson. Who is this musical man of mystery descending on our land to offer comfort to our troubled people through the wonder of sound recording? His story must be told, for it is truly unusual. No stranger to the darkness of poverty, oblivion and despair, Brian Alexander Robertson's rise to fame and glory had its dim and inauspicious beginnings in Ft. William, an oft-forgotten settlement on the western coast of Scotland, in 1948. When his mother was taken from him shortly after the family moved to Glasgow in 1950, Brian was left at the mercy of his grasping and greedy father, Walter, a news-agent. The enchanting spectacle of a ragged young innocent transforming the news of the day into a child-like litany quickly caught the attention of the city's countless commuters and merchants, and Brian's meager income was supplemented to a large extent by the beneficence of passers-by who would toss the energetic urchin coins in return for an extra chorus of the most pressing events. The real turning point came in 1957, when, at the age of nine, Brian won a competition sponsored by the Cumberland Chocolate Company. Night after night, in countless odeons across Scotland, Brian would appear in a blaze of light and joy, delighting audiences too long in the shadow of troubled times, too long deprived of the simple pleasure of a young lad's song. Dubbed the "Kilted Krooner" by an eager press, Brian was relentlessly pursued by an overzealous public and an unscrupulous father who saw money in the crowds his son could attract. Walter began to see his son as a "property," stripping the tender lad of his boyhood dreams and fantasies, sacrificing him on an altar of silver and fame. Brian's famous 1960 appearance at the Albert Hall carried his reputation to London itself. An aura of mystery began to envelop the youth; audiences would file from the theatres and great halls with tears on their cheeks, their hearts filled with a purity of joy that defied description. Brian soon took to writing tender, more meaningful ballads late at night, under blankets and in closets, desperately avoiding the outstretched hand of Walter and the prying, insensitive eye of the public. Finally, late one night after a concert in Swansea, Walter came in drunk; the beating he administered hospitalized the boy for weeks. For Walter, it meant prison; for young Brian it meant retirement. "Wringing Applause" was the title given the farewell program announced on January 12, 1971. Comprised of enigmatic parables in song, these marks of genius revealed fully the torments of a man of our age and our time, as though the fabled Lad of the Lochs was pleading with an impatient populace to recognize at last his fragile humanity and poetic sensibility. In one last tour to London, Paris and Glasgow, Brian bid adieu to a public that had loved him not too wisely, but too well. But his music will never die. Listen to songs that will tease the heartstrings, wobble the knees and lower the eyes. Songs to revive the gentle glory of a civilized bygone era, a sweeter yesteryear, when all our troubles were swallowed by a melody that welled from deep within the soul of a magic troubadour. Listen, America! Listen world, to the redeeming grace of Brian Alexander Robertson!

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(Editors Note: After many months of intensive negotiations with his career advisors and financial counselors, Phonograph Record Magazine is pleased to announce the acquisition of its newest columnist, the noted rock 'n' roll authority and "Duke of American Rock Critics," Mark Shipper. Mr. Shipper's column, syndicated in hundreds of newspapers all over the world (under the title "Ann Landers") concerns itself primarily with penetrating analysis of contemporary albums and eight-track tapes as well as insightful commentary on directions and trends in the pop music world).

BY MARK SHIPPER

No easy thing, being the Duke of American Rock Critics. This velvet robe gets mighty uncomfortable in hot LA summers, I still trip over my cape every now and then and this turban keeps messing up my hair. But never mind that, there's a job to do. One hundred albums are released every month and any one of them could be the one, the great record that opens new doors, new windows, whole new vistas to pop music pleasure that can change the course of entire cultures of young people throughout the world. To find these albums is by no means an easy task. Every release must be intently listened to, compared against the artist's earlier releases, cross-checked with other albums of its genre. Lyrics must be written down, analyzed, and judged either as "important statement" or "commercial pap." Those assessed as "important statement" must then be placed back in their respective sleeves and driven across town to the used record store to be traded in for albums that are "commercial pap." All of this is an extremely difficult process, as anybody who has ever searched for the important or outstanding cut on any Gentle Giant or Bob Ruzicka album will readily attest. Yet it must be done, and done fairly and sincerely. Let us make it clear right now that records discussed in this column will not be given a letter grade (i.e. "C-plus" or "B-minus") nor a "pass" or "fail." (Accordingly, albums that misbehave will not be required to stay after school, and those that arrive late will not need a note from their parents).

One album that arrived on time is the new one from T. Rex, *Tanks* (Warner Bros.) and we're happy to report that it's every bit as good as their last effort. Unfortunately, their last effort was terrible! So now, with two straight clunkers under their belt, it's time to wave goodbye to 1972's big hype as they begin the long voyage to obscurity. Goodbye, Marc, and say hello to the Standells for us when you get there. Going along with Marc will be six or seven scraggly hippies and one old man all known as the Jefferson Airplane. It's amazing (and a real tribute to cocaine) that this band still exists in 1973 but apparently they do. Their latest, *Thirty Seconds Over Winterland* (Grunt) is a real bomb all right. Here's

what you get: a nostalgic back cover photo of the guys (and girl) in action on the Winterland stage, playing in front of—get this—a super psychedelic light show designed by an outfit called "Heavy Water." Can you dig it? Meanwhile, inside there's a terrific inner sleeve full of candid shots of the guys (and girl) and also a really boring thirty-eight minute live album of Jorma Kaukonen's guitar work which defies adjectives like "fiery" and "scorching" but doesn't defy ones of "annoying" and "pointless." The rumor we get is that the voice you hear requesting "White Levis" at the beginning of side two is none other than Ralph J. Gleason himself! Informed sources report that Ralph is working the front door at Winterland these days, exhorting people to "forget about Altamont" to which they often say, "what's Altamont?" or "who's the old man?"

Bob Ruzicka's second album is called *Cold Hands, Warm Heart* (MCA). Probably the most telling thing about it is the fact that the



Award Winner

record company felt the need to place the following disclaimer on the back cover: "All selections written and composed by Bob Ruzicka." That gets them off the hook. Incidentally, the reason I'm writing this column and you're not is because I even have Bob's first album which came out last year on the Signpost label. It was titled *What The World's All About* but apparently you all either knew or didn't care to find out. It's a big item at used record stores as this one will be soon

enough. In fact, I understand that Bob's preparing a massive forty city tour that will be playing all the major thrift shops and used LP stores in a unique promotional effort.

Hey, here's a couple of good ones! Flo & Eddie (Reprise) is mostly great 70s pop-rock with some genuinely funny lines between tracks (the one about Annette is classic). They show an admirable lack of reverence by clowning around in the middle of a Phil Spector song and better still, do a brilliant remake of the Small Faces "Afterglow." Warners had the good sense to put this one out on a single and although it died in that incarnation, it'll live for a long time on your turntable. Actually, if you can really get into this cut (or Three Dog Night's "Shambala") you know that there's more than a little truth to the whole "pop renaissance-summer music" theory promulgated in the pages of this magazine these past months. Right now the music exists only on singles, every week there's a half dozen great new ones and it's only a matter of time before they begin breaking through on AM playlists. As soon as that happens, stand back, because there'll be a flood of fun records the likes of which nobody's ever seen. Heavy metal ain't dead, it just isn't important anymore. This stuff is.

J. Geils latest, *Bloodshot* (Atlantic) reinforces their position as the only worthwhile thing to ever come out of the East Coast. Their albums are always spotty and this is no exception, but at their best like "Lookin' For A Love" or this album's "House Party," there isn't another band that can touch them when it comes to excitement or intensity. The Best Of The J. Geils Band (Atlantic) doesn't even exist yet, but that'll be the one to watch for... Hey, rock opera fans, good news! BASF Records knows you've gotten tired of *Godspell* and *Truth Of Truths* so they've put out *Moses and the Impossible Ten*, a two-record set complete with illustrated lyrics to ace songs like "Cain-Tiller of Sod" and the unforgettable "Tower of Babel." Definitely a record that will change your life. But only if you eat it.

Speaking of eating it, how much longer are we gonna have to put up with *Humble Pie*? *Eat It* (A&M) turns boredom into an art form.

David Blue is actually white and his new album *Nice Baby and the Angel* (Asylum) features an incredibly dumb title and little else. Then there's Domenic Troiano who used to front a group called the Mandala that drove teenage girls crazy at a club called the Hullabaloo on Sunset Blvd. back in the sixties. Now he's got an album called *Tricky* which he sure musta been to get Mercury to spend money on. Twenty musicians (they're listed on the back cover) and he still writes a song called "All I Need Is Music"! Thing is, he's right.

This month's Turd Award goes out to River City, a southern hippie horn band that's been working overtime to crank out nuggets like "Pimp Song" and "Roll Another Joint" to name but two selections from *Anna Divina* (Enterprise). What turgid garbage! I played it once, immediately had to air out the house and though most of the odor is gone, it affected my stereo and since then nothing has sounded quite the same. Don't let it happen to you. If this album should ever be coming towards you, don't hesitate, cross the street, turn around and run the other way, hide in an alley, anything—but don't touch it. Not unless you wanna wake up with warts the next morning.

Over in the female rock combo league, Birtha is still chasing Fanny's tail. Everybody that sees the cover of their second release, *Can't Stop The Madness* wonders why Dunhill Records refuses to buy these girls decent clothes! The patched and faded levis these proud sweeties are forced to wear can only hurt their career. Your first impulse is to figure they're wearing them for a reason, like it's in style or they're really earthy women or something, but then you realize it ain't 1969 and nobody dresses like that anymore! C'mon Dunhill, give them a chance—with songs like "Gotta Save The Sun," they could be the next Three Dog Night (or in this case, Four Dog Night).

ACE IN THE HOLE DEPT: Suppose the rest of the Allman Brothers die? Not a pleasant thought, but we all gotta go sometime and their life span seems to be a lot shorter than ours. Anyway, somebody over at Capricorn Records seems to be thinking along these lines and as a result we get *The Marshall Tucker Band*. Nobody'll ever know the difference! Meanwhile over in England, Paul McCartney has left the Beatles and joined a group named Wings. They put out a rare album a year ago ("rare" in a beef context, meaning that it "didn't cook enough" and "wasn't well done") and have followed it up with *Red Rose Speedway* (Apple). PREDICTION: Sometime within the next three months Johnny Mathis will sing this LP's hit single, "My Love" on the Johnny Carson show. ADVICE: Eat a light supper that night. I don't suppose you're going to actually buy this record but check out the inside cover next time you're browsing in the store. In addition to fabulous full color photos of Miss Linda and Denny Laine (whose name rhymes with "Penny Lane" which makes him the only interesting thing about this group) there's a shot of one naked chick drying off another and the one holding the towel looks exactly like Paul McC himself! Could it be? Some of these old stars will do anything to stay alive in the 70s.

Before I go, I want to invite all of you to enter this month's contest. It's easy and lots of fun. Just jot down your response to the following topic in 50 words or less: "What Bob Ruzicka Has Taught Me About Life." The lucky winner will not only get his entry published in this column but will win an autographed copy (my autograph) of Flo & Eddie's new album. Send those thoughts to Pipeline, c/o Phonograph Record Magazine, 8824 Betty Way, West Hollywood, Calif. 90069. Contest closes as soon as we have a winner!

Richie Havens
Portfolio

RICHIE HAVENS "PORTFOLIO" includes:

It Was A Very Good Year ■ Dreaming My Life Away
23 Days In September ■ I Don't Need Nobody ■ Woman
What's Going On ■ Tight Rope ■ I Know I Won't Be There
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**On your way through life
sometimes you
just gotta be
a little b-a-a-a-d.
Like
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rock and roll mania from lester bangs

BROWNSVILLE STATION

(Continued from page 14)

policy of releasing at least 83 albums a month, picked it up for some pittance and released the package exactly as was, cover and all, with not quite enough hype to choke a titmouse.

Naturally enough it died, and Brownsville was left to moulder on the vine, and last year they finally got sprung, heading directly to a Bell subsidiary called Big Tree, whereon they recently unleashed an equally smashing second helping of stomp and moxie called A NIGHT ON THE TOWN. Their next one, so says their manager, will be the live set from Puerto Rico, but Town is certainly worth acquiring if you're into punkoid palaver at all, on the basis of a cut called *Wanted Dead or Alive* alone.

This is a song about getting the clap from somebody and subsequently thinking unkind thoughts about them in rather specific manner, but what makes it really great is that it's built on Riff Model No. A.0185 from the rocker's handbook, the old Bo Diddley *I'm A Man* da-duh-da-daaa routine. I mentioned to Cubby that that cut showed real class 'cuz it showed real gall.

"Howya mean?" he queried.

"Because nobody else would have the balls to do something that banal and then throw it in yer face!" I said.

Which, of course, is no complaint but a kudo. It's like one of the highlights of B.S.'s current set: they do an ultimo-wimpoid insult of Gary Lewis and the Playboys' immortal *Save Your Heart For Me*, singing it with their arms around each other and expressions in their faces and voices indicative they ain't had it up since the Four Seasons' first blow job; only to slash through the break with a hailstorm of searing feedback in the grandest 1966 acid punk tradition, running around the stage grinding their guitars into the amps and grimacing at their audiences like top bill at the first decade's International Methedrine Rock 'n' Roll Revival scheduled for 1976 (Mad River, Blue Cheer, everybody will be there; the Velvets will even reform special to do *Sister Ray*). Then B.S. carry it out till everybody's rolling on the floor in frothing fits, cutting it off just as abruptly for immediate recircuit to the Gary Lewis tune, warbled if anything even more flacidly than at first.

Well, naturally I thought this should be on their next album, and told them so, even though I qualified as to how I could see that a lot of record buyers might feel burned by such an inclusion, because after all they didn't quite understand, their ears weren't attuned to the higher frequencies shared by such as myself and Brownsville Station, because —

"Yeah!" broke in Cubby. "Because you're like us; you like shit!"

Right again. But what have all our righteous captains been rapping on us since *Take One* if not the validity, nay, the *holiness* of good shit?! like Petula Clark's *A Sign Of The Times*. So if you enjoy *bonne kaqua* too you'll find kindred hotcha with Brownsville Station, whose shit is so good that it derives on close inspection not from mere schlock but the *entire musical universe*. Cubby: "I listen to everything. Rock 'n' roll first, but I always dug Brother Dave Gardner, for instance. And Flip Phillips and Illinois Jacquet going crazy in JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC. And all those old Rock With Zacherly ghouls we got in the van, and They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha by Napoleon XXIII, and most especially Spike Jones, who's one of the great heroes of my life. When he did those things like playing some classical sonata with some drunk fat guy laughing till he pissed all over himself on the same track, it changed my life. I always figured there must be some way to apply Spike Jones to rock 'n' roll."

Of course there is! It's the same crazed mocking impulse. Raazzberries! But before this cultural breakthrough could be accomplished, B.S. had the task of breaking out of the confining sack seemingly everybody from their record companies to their fans had tossed them in: The Rock 'n' Roll Revival Fad. Lumping them with Sha Na Na and all that placental crust.

So in lieu of total assault on the dorkoid culture via Spike Jones Rama Lama Fa Fa apocalypses, Brownsville have applied themselves in the last year to becoming the best, most thoroughly entertaining show band playing good mainstream rock'n' roll around. There are strong traces of Brother Dave Gardner's Pentacostal-strained-through-Lenny Bruce revivalist fervor in Cubby's stage riffs, which may account for some of their utter unvarying puissance. Because when it comes to grabbing an audience with the first notes holding them absolutely till the end, and then letting them down and away stone crazy about you, this band has no peer on the boards this year.

They are so good at it as to lead some cynical observers (who, again, have personal, localized axes to grind) to call them "a very professional imitation of youthful enthusiasm." I told this to Mike and he blew up: "Jesus Christ, what do they think we are? Man, all I've eaten and slept and breathed all my life is to get on that stage like that and have those people love me!"

Cubby elaborates, filling in the band's performing

philosophy: "We figure that these people came down here and paid good money they coulda spent on booze or records to see a show, and forget it, man, we're gonna give 'em a show no matter what. I don't care how many of 'em there are, or how we just happen to feel tonight, I owe them something and I'd be an asshole if I didn't give them every bit of it. And the fact that we wanta get our rocks off just as bad as they do helps too."

So now Brownsville Station is at the crossroads. From every indication of their concert successes during the past year and their Puerto Rican triumph, they may well be the sole holdout from the initial Michigan Scene rock 'n' roll boom to achieve any real approximation of superstardom in the near future or ever, for that matter. Their albums still need production and there's no telling how many bands have succumbed for no particular reason and dropped back into oblivion at this crucial point, but to see them on a stage anywhere is to know that this is one pack of brats that can do it all the way to Nova.

They have weathered pariahdom at the hands of the self-parodyingly postured Hip for so long that it constitutes a whole new set of dues, and lived to see the day that their audience would awaken to the joy inherent in knowing it's just as punky and crass as they are, and is bound and determined to and WILL get off no matter what. If some acts have united their audience and reaped the Big Shekel through mere parlay of consonant attitude (otherwise known as the *We Can't Play But You're All Us* riff), Brownsville Station is ready to do it sans shucks, through the endless vitality of their music and consistent compulsive urgency to make that party happen no matter what!

Performances

(Continued from page 6)

Humble Pie last summer and then cancelled. So this attractive double bill on a balmy spring evening at a nearby local college was (seemingly) made to order.

A small crowd sprawled across the floor on the home court of Elon's Fighting Christians, perennial winners in the Carolinas Conference basketball league. Bewildered PE instructors looked on curiously as Grin, the opening act, took the stage.

Grin is one of a handful of those magic rock 'n' roll bands that combines the best of mid-Sixties pop consciousness with the stinging message of rock in the Seventies. Nils Lofgren is the heart and soul of the group: he writes their material, joins with drummer Bob Berberich to create a marvelous soft/gritty vocal style and also finds time to play fierce lead guitar and a deliciously raggedy piano. The songs are strong and finely honed examples of how to join catchy melodies and powerful, imaginative western/teenage lyrics with tough rock.

Lofgren's appearance startled me. He's a little dude and not at all like the drugstore image I'd concocted. He looked astonishingly like Bob Dylan, circa '65. I somehow got the impression that was exactly the pose he was going after.

But Grin's music is anything but a pose. Their hour-long set was as impressive as any I've seen in ages. Alternating between high-pressure rockers and (slightly) mellow ballads, most of the material was taken from their last two lps. The band displays an incredible interaction on stage, particularly Nils and Berberich (who is one of the most physical and exciting drummers around).

Highlights included the chunky *Heavy Chevy*, a roaring *Love or Else*, "Slippery Fingers" (a great vehicle for Nils to sneer and vamp about) and a superbly rendered *Ain't Love Nice*. An extended version of *Moontears* allowed Lofgren to display his guitar pyrotechnics. And he can really play. I'm not much for watching honcho guitar-slingers get their rocks off, but Nils makes every note count and never seems to be at a loss for a place to go.

Still, I got the feeling that Grin could be even better. The crowd (whatsa matter with these kidz today?) was largely indifferent and it obviously brought Nils down a notch. But they still delivered one solid set and I'd go to considerable expense and distance to see 'em do it again. Greil Marcus was right: Nils Lofgren is so tuff he don't have to prove it.

Wish I could say the same for Eagles. Their first problem was attempting to follow Grin. No way. Nils & Co. were too much of a

powerhouse for the timid Eagles. Their slick country rock was pallid and imitative.

After kicking off with a charged version of *Take It Easy*, they went downhill. Their act follows the formula established long ago (and much more firmly) by the Byrds: medium rockers early on, light acoustical stuff & country pickin', and then rocking out at the end. It's all pretty predictable and while the Eagles are competent cats, there's no thunder in the music.

The material they performed came from the two albums. Not surprisingly, the best was the most familiar. The selections from *DESPERADO* were listless recitations, lacking any of the tension the record suggests. Hell, I'd rather listen to the record.

Perhaps I'm being unfair, but the Eagles were a huge disappointment to me. I had thought that they might be the answer to the Poco/Loggins & Messina quagmire, but in fact they're more of the same and maybe not as good. They're ace studio cats who can play any lick you ask but who simply don't have that genius streak that runs crazily through the likes of Nils Lofgren. And in rock 'n' roll, that's what separates the men from the boys.

—Michael J. Ferguson

HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 8)

this mysterious personage will win — are you ready? — a date with the Bonbons! And there will be delightful surprises for other contestants of merit (and believe me, love, Lisa's surprises can be delightful).

By the way, one of the best printed pieces on Lou showed up in the UCLA paper, and it's worth tracking down. Our humble gratitude to interviewer James Michael Martin. Also good was an interview in *Interview*, wherein Lou tells how much he loves Milwaukee. That's not hard to understand, the beer capital of the world being the home of — and we hate to disagree with RCA's ads but — the original purveyor of glam rock, Liberace. Lib's mom was recently chosen Polish Mother of the Year, and Hollywood's heartiest congratulations go out to both generations.

That's enough for now. The Watergate hearings just came on and I have to go look at that cute little Hawaiian senator.

"Oh Hollywood/Oh Hollywood/Back in Hollywood."

—Lisa Rocco



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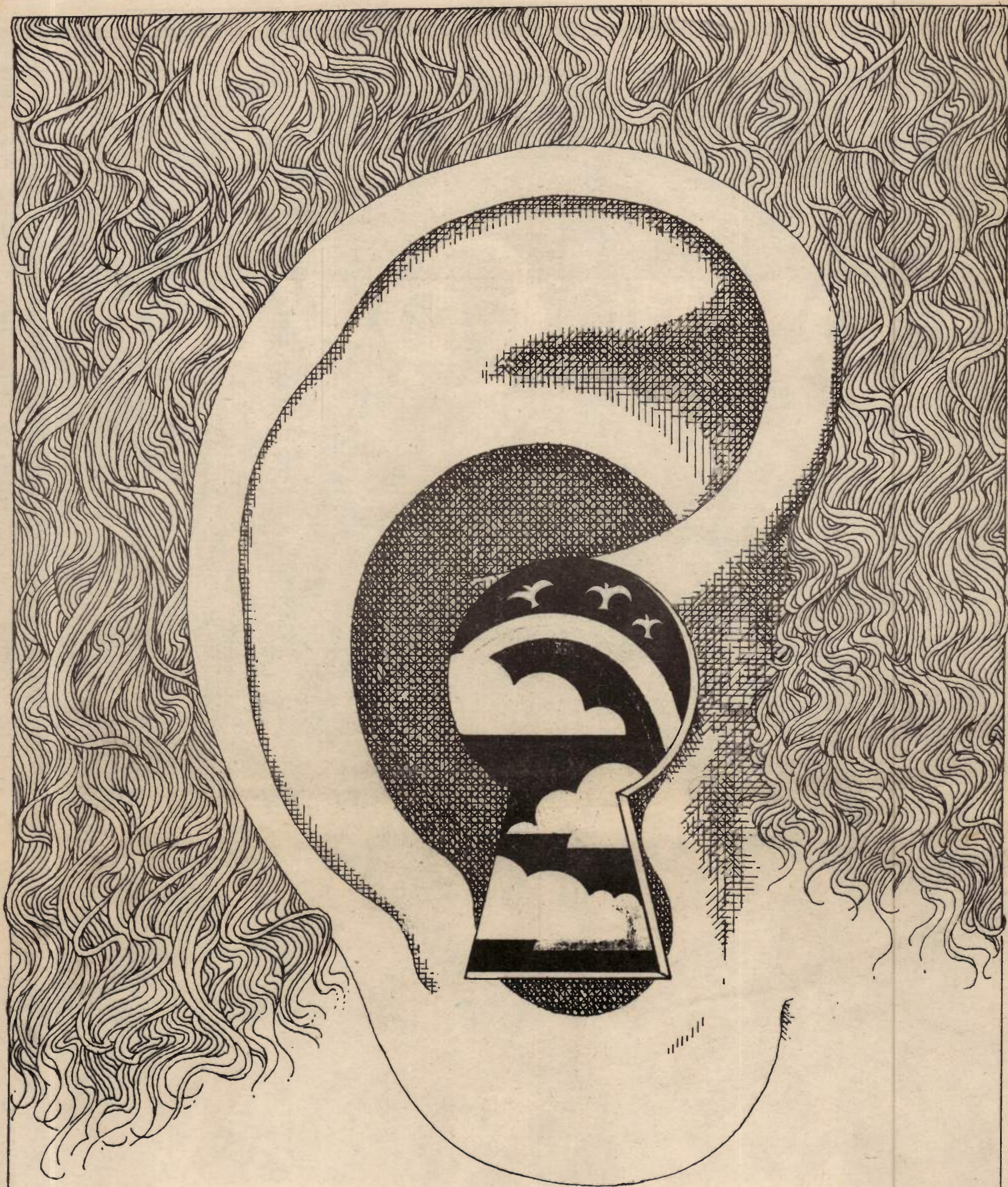
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