

**"Special
John
Fogerty
Issue"**

Phonograph Record

50¢

SEPTEMBER, 1973

**The John Fogerty Years:
Creedence Clearwater's
Survival
Flo & Eddie Remember
The Turtles and 1965
Zombies In The Hot 100**

GRAND FUNK



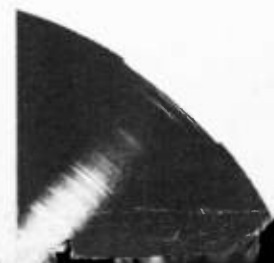
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Like a Rolling Stone

Rock Me

Wild Thing

Machine Gun

In From the Storm

Hear My Train A - Comin'

The Star Spangled Banner

Machine Gun (Band of Gypsies)

Plus selected interviews



Phonograph
Record

Volume 4 Number 1

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FAN MAIL

Dear PRM:

I most certainly enjoy your
 magazine. Call me a regular
 reader. However, I have a few
 comments/complaints/ rumors to
 wrestle with.

Who's the *Lulu* who writes
 those captions for your photos?
 I'm talking about the May issue.
 Ron Ross's review of Genesis's
 Philharmonic gig was deep and
 seriously revealing. The picture
 caption of Peter Gabriel totally
 blew the mood of a
 well-thought-out review. Henny
 Youngman has his place, you
 know? Hardly on the same page
 as a serious review.

Also I can see why you left
 out the Turkey of the Month.
 That fan letter page was May's
 turkey. I refuse to believe that
 those are representative reader
 reactions. What tripe! Macho
 Leslie West fans. Some ten gallon
 Texan thanking himself for
 digging Rundgren. Who ever told
 R. Meltzer he could write?
 (Frankly, page three isn't exactly
 hot potatoes as long as you waste
 it on Lisa Rococopuffs).

Come on, PRM! You've got a
 really good thing goin'. Print
 some responsible feedback.

Your loyal reader,
 Kent Zimmerman
 San Francisco, Ca.

Dear PRM,

I have read almost every issue
 of PRM and up until now I have
 remained silent. However, I feel I
 can tolerate no more.

Your magazine seems to thrive
 on articles concerning the
 super-fags, super-studs,
 super-freaks, super-bums,
 super-volume/noisemakers, and in
 general the super-weirdos of the
 rock world.

I suggest you reshuffle your
 priorities and devote some space
 to more artistic, meaningful,



Our caption writer

emotional, intellectual, and
 'cerebral' groups such as Bread.
 They have been virtually ignored
 by your magazine and other pop
 music publications. They are truly
 four musicians who are like
 'human beings' as we know them
 on earth.

Please give credit where credit
 is due. The softer-rock world is
 where it's at.

Ronald Berns
 San Antonio, Texas

What's Happening:

I'm writing in defense of
 myself, who was so maliciously
 slandered in the July issue of
 PRM by Tana Stacklie of Wichita.

First of all let's get the facts
 straight. I'm a he and not a she.
 Francis spelled with an "i", baby.

She apparently felt some
 importance in defending David
 Bowie from my penetrating
 observations. Where did she get
 the facts, her examples were
 completely fictitious and
 unauthoritative. Ms. Stacklie's
 claim that (on my statement that
 Bowie is an entertainer and not a
 musician) "How can you have one

without the other?" is the type of
 cliché mediocrity which keeps top
 40 radio in existence.

And if it's refreshing music,
 then tell me that Bowie is in the
 same bracket as Don Agrami, Joe
 Zawinul, and Yusef Lateef, the
 latter who claims that his music is
 "autophysicspsychic".

To quote Sir Douglas of Texas,
 "Baby, if you put your brains on
 a razor blade, it would look like
 two BB's rolling down a four-lane
 highway."

Straight Away,
 Francis La Raza
 New Orleans, LA.

P.S.: Greg Shaw's article on Dr.
 John was great reading, especially
 in a national publication. Very
 few people could have
 remembered those names unless
 you're an Orleanian. I went to
 high school with a Greg Shaw,
 could it be the same? (Greg
 remembers a Frances da Raza, but
 she spelled her name with an "e",
 baby—Ed.)

Dear People,

Thanx!!! I really loved the
 article on Paul McCartney and the
 Beatles in the June issue. All of us
 15 & 16 year-olds who are
 suffering from a delayed case of
 Beatlemania really appreciate
 articles on them. Pat Salvo did a
 terrific job of writing the article,
 but she really didn't have to
 knock Paul so bad. I mean, let's
 face it, he's an egomaniac, but
 look where it got him—in the most
 popular group in history. And
 he's a cute son-of-a-bitch to boot!

I really love Alice and the
 Stones, but the Beatles were the
 best. They changed the whole
 music scene and brought great
 sounds and styles to life...and
 there's many people reviving the
 whole Beatle thing at the present
 time—even as you read this Eric

Carmen is thinking up new ways
 of redoing *Love Me Do* with his
 Raspberries. Like Pat Salvo was
 saying that if they got together
 again, the sound wouldn't be as
 fresh. How does she know?! If
 they get back together and start
 writing again, I think that it will
 be a whole new fantastic sound to
 add to the stages of Beatlemania,
 and that whole wonderful craze
 will rise again. Like Pat said,
 Beatlemania is here to stay, and
 will never leave us. And I think
 they're going to come back even
 stronger and take over again.

Let It Be,
 Cheryl Cline
 Medina, Ohio

Dear PRM,

Please refer to April 1973
 issue. In it you have a review of
 Captain Beefheart playing
 somewhere in Chicago (I do not
 have the article).

You will notice a mention of
 the name Drumbo.
 Please correct this error. I
 happen to be Drumbo. I played
 on six albums with Captain
 Beefheart: SAFE AS MILK,
 STRICTLY PERSONAL,
 MIRROR MAN, TROUT MASK
 REPLICAS, LICK MY DECALS
 OFF BABY, and THE
 SPOTLIGHT KID.

I am no longer with the group
 and *did not* play in Chicago with
 them. If you want proof, I will
 send pictures—better yet, call the
 Captain.

I would appreciate an answer
 and some proof that you have
 corrected this error.

Pax
 Drumbo
 AKA
 John French
 Lancaster, Ca.



Chris Youlden.

Remember the hard core begin-
 nings of Savoy Brown. He was there.
 A major factor in the band as it de-
 veloped its now historic cult follow-
 ing. Now, Chris Youlden debuts his
 songwriting/singing talents in
 this new album.

"Nowhere Road" marks the return of
 an old friend.



PERFORMANCES

JACKSON BROWNE
McCabe's
Santa Monica, Ca.

At one point in his show, Jackson Browne told his audience in the packed but uncramped performance room of McCabe's Guitar Shop that he much prefers playing there to the Troubadour, which is about as sure a grabber as a speaker at a Jehovah's Witness convention (one just happens to be taking place this very moment over the hill at Dodger Stadium) requesting a little applause for Jesus. The Folk People of Southern California are a proud and resilient lot, and McCabe's has been one of their bastions for years; to hear it praised by one of their sons who has been accepted by the world-at-large and who has returned to them for at least three evenings understandably warms their hearts.

One of their ringleaders once called me to task for writing that going to McCabe's is like walking into a time warp. Well, that's exactly what it is, and there's no insult intended. The Folk People of Southern California are like a band of visionary pioneers whose happy trek toward their earthly paradise was rudely dashed by circumstances, but who huddle resolutely in their bypassed valley and cling tenaciously to their way of life. You can't knock integrity, and I love time warps. The music is pretty good too.

So there's Jackson, one of the true prides of the community, playing happily for the people who fostered him rather than laboring through another long week at that assembly-line music factory on the border of Beverly Hills. When he tells them how nice it is to be there, you know he means it, because he really is a sincere guy. Now lots of them (this is a different "them"; we're through with the Folk People of Southern California except to say that Bobby Kimmel, who used to be in the Stone Poneys with Linda Ronstadt, runs the shows at McCabe's and is hosting a big benefit night this month with all sorts of folk celebrities appearing. This new "them" is singer-songwriters) are sincere, or know how to make you think they're sincere, but the thing is, most of them don't know how to do anything but whine, reducing their verses of inner turmoil and their lines of love lost and gained to nothing more than diaper rash of the soul.

Jackson Browne doesn't whine. For that he should get a medal and sell lots of records. Jackson writes about the Great Journey and sings his graceful songs with a strength and assurance and a nascent maturity that prevents sadness from becoming self-pity and uncertainty from becoming confusion. He can even pull off writing about India and Morocco without making you wince; instead of being the trendy items they usually are in songs, they become sweet and significant milestones farther back along the Path. Each of his songs is easily among the very best of its particular genre, but his main problem lies in repetition. He really should try something different, just for a change, or he might end up in repose next to Herman Hesse in the Tomb of the Unknown Relics. Maybe he could update Danny Kaye's great Dodgers song for a new generation, or write the score for a Black Mass or something. Anything that would let us know that he exists in more than one state of consciousness.

Because all he does is paddle



Jackson Browne, beloved son of the Folk People of Southern California. Below, Jeff Lynne of the Electric Light Orchestra.

rather calmly down the river to True Self, Jackson's show gets a little boring after a while, so it's good to see that he's finally performing with a full band. His musicians aren't really afforded the opportunity to contribute tensions that would make the trip a bit more hazardous and exciting, but at least they provide some interesting scenery along the banks. Dave Lindley (formerly of Kaleidoscope, short-reigned kings of 60's eclecticism) has worked with Jackson for some time, and his absolutely superb musicianship is nothing short of breathtaking, be it the gentle violin fills on *Song for Adam* or the searing slide guitar solo that rockets *Doctor My Eyes* up to the stratosphere.

Jackson Browne appears to put as much effort into his melodies and arrangements as he does into his lyrics, and in his best songs the balance between words and music is exquisite. When he was playing alone, or with just Lindley, you felt kind of cheated, as if the songs were only half there. He really does owe it to his audience to play with a full complement of musicians, and his present crew (besides Lindley, he has a bassist, a keyboardist/pedal steeler and a drummer) fits the bill pretty well. They're not completely together at this point, but if Jackson can whip (or whatever it is he does) them into shape, he might be able to get himself booked into someplace big like the Troubadour.

—Richard Cromelin



THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
The American Theatre
St. Louis, Missouri

The mere fact of their actual appearance was probably sufficient for most diehard Move/ELO fans, but the Electric Light Orchestra turned in an adventurous, hard-rocking performance which won tumultuous raves from everyone present. As the current tour marked ELO's and leader Jeff Lynne's first American appearances (of the group, only drummer Bev Bevan had been over, on the legendary abortive Move tour of 1969), neither longtime followers or casual fans familiar only with *Roll Over*

Beethoven knew what to expect; but for both factions the results surpassed expectations.

ELO improvised at far greater length than on record, sacrificed none of their proclivities toward classical infusion, and still managed to rock as frantically as anyone when the occasion demanded - and fortunately it demanded quite often. After a moderately slow start, the ominous *10538 Overture* appeared in a relentlessly majestic incarnation; a new number, *Showdown*, proved to possess a highly contagious final sequence; and then the two cellists and one energetic violinist departed the stage temporarily. The remaining guitar/bass/keyboard/drums quartet promptly launched into last year's premier rock anthem, *Do Ya*, and pandemonium reigned. Having been apprised that the song was a minor hit and huge elitist favority, Lynne had managed to concoct an impromptu version; and although the rough spots were clearly audible, the overall impact was astounding, even more powerful than the record. The full group followed with (naturally) *Roll Over Beethoven*' a long, fiercely rocking treatment which stunned the audience into ecstatic submission.

More whimsical moments abounded as well, including the rather anticlimactic encore, *Hall Of The Mountain King*; and the solo spot of cellist Mike Edwards (an eccentric mole-like individual who was the prime comic relief

focus throughout), wherein he demonstrated his not inconsiderable ability to fret his instrument with an orange. The demonic violins of Wilf Gibson were another visual highlight; and instrumental excellence predominated all around. ELO easily managed to transcend their mostly excellent records, and displayed an extraordinary talent for playing complex improvisatory material while still rocking hard enough to satisfy both the purists and the boogiemens. Mass idolatry may well be impending.

—Ken Barnes

ROXY MUSIC
Rainbow Theatre
London England

Kono is a Japanese journalist, top of his class. One week he's flaming around New York, the next week in London, hip to all the latest sights and sounds. With him are Mr. and Mrs. Kato, former folk duo, now leaders of Japan's top hard rock group, Sadistic Mika Band (Mika being Mrs. K's name). Their official business in the Hub of the Empire is to buy a Rolls Royce, but they too are ferreting out the latest in glitz and glam. Used to be that David Bowie was their main man, but when Kari-Ann whispered the delights of Roxy to them things took a slight change. Why, they even took a trip to Putney to buy a VCS 3 synthesizer, just because ELO has one. Now they stand in the lobby of the Rainbow, a true palace of Decodence, trendily but tastefully attired in the finest raiment Kings Road and City Lights can offer. Around them swirl we would be rouses and tarts of sleepy London town, make up smeared on androgynous pussies, hennaed Bowie hair, costumes ranging from F. Scott fantasy to David Bowie wetdream. (Yep, he's actually affected fashion.) Prancing and posing under the night sky ceiling and papier mache palms, eyeing each other's creations, the sense of event hangs heavy in the air, and we know we won't be disappointed.

The stars in the ceiling dim and over the p.a. thunders *The Pride and the Pain*, Andy Mackay's madly funny pastiche of *El Cid* and *Exodus* themes. Out struts Amanda, the leggy dish of the second album cover, very arousing in her black fringe and g-string, and in a husky voice that could melt Phillip Marlowe's defences in a nova flash, introduces the first true band of the Seventies, Our Boys. They run on the the traditional thunderous applause and break into *Do The Strand* as the backdrop lifts, revealing a stunning maze of drapes and lights amidst which five girls go-go the night away.

Front and center is Bryan Ferry, James Dean in black, Roxy's attention/attraction. Spreading out on either side are saxman Andy Mackay and guitarist Phil Manzanera, stepping out in 30's conceptions of the well dressed space rake; electronics whiz Eno, dainty peacock feathers framing his subtly made up vogue-like features; and the thundering rhythms of drummer Paul Thompson, late of shipyards and construction sires, and bassist John Porter, late of Little Feat. They may appear effete and glossy, given to articulation and intellectualism, but they can still put the boot in and rock, and on this night did they ever!

Although the basic feel is 50's filtered through the Move, with



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Performances



"Are you sure Charlie Feathers started like this?" asks Eno of Roxy Music.

references to all and sundry injected throughout, there is a distinct strain, believe it or not, of good old psychedelic music, and if we can proudly accept our surf and punk pop roots, then what's wrong with a little mind expansion on the side? Eno's love is music that repeats itself, either in the Velvet Underground manner or the more "avant" John Cage/Terry Riley style while Andy, a musician trained in all forms, can call up honking riffs from Coasters era King Curtis to the most boring modern jazz, working from a philosophy that sees it all as just plain music (and even if you do try to dismiss them, you gotta give credit for reviving that great soso instrument, the saxophone). Flying behind Bryan's soulful Cole Porter stylings, it gives you enough aural pie, regardless of classifications, that there ain't no way you're gonna be hungry.

Roxy are still new enough at the game that the thrill of actually controlling thousands strong audiences blows their minds, and the enthusiasm of their live show can't be beat. (And it sure is nice to see an audience jumping around with true rock fervor - no mellow folks from Marin here!) So you best see them in the next couple of years before they get famous and ultra rich and become jaded old farts like the Rolling Stones. Who wants to see Bryan Ferry dance with Mr. D?

--Jonh Ingham

CHUBBY CHECKER Sports Arena San Diego, California



The world is ready again for Chubby Checker.

It's 1973 and Chubby is not strung out somewhere, selling



Upper right, Hermania strikes at Madison Square Garden. Above, the Hermits as they looked in 1964. Left, the Hollies, who didn't make the tour but caught up in time to tape "Midnight Special".



BRITISH INVASION REVIVAL Madison Square Garden New York City

One would possibly expect to hear a medley of *You've Got A Friend* and *Sunday Morning Coming Down* sung by the likes of Jerry Vale at the Concord, or by Vicki Carr on the Tonight Show, but not, heaven forbid, by the Searchers on the stage of Madison Square Garden, the same (approximately) Searchers that made one of the finest two-sided singles of 1964, *Needles and Pins/Ain't That Just Like Me*. The preceding overlong sentence is by way of suggesting that the recent 1960's British Revival as it appeared in New York City was nearly a total disappointment.

Richard Nader selected all the wrong groups, of course. Imagine a reunion of the original Zombies, Manfred Mann, Yardbirds or the Price/Burdon Animals and you have some idea of everything this exercise in academic nostalgia was not. From the moment Wayne Fontana pounced on stage in what seemed to be a lavender jumpsuit and began an uninspired version of Gilbert O's *Get Down*, something was definitely amiss. The anonymous, unfamiliar Mindbenders were a competent enough back-up band, and *Groovy Kind Of Love* went over fairly well, but the key to the entire evening was immediately apparent: these were your typical cash-in studio bands, often perfectly pop, but obviously quite unable to perform live without the continuous wail of screamers boppers to supply a wall of sound.

Gerry Marsden, Billy J. Kramer and Herman were responsible for a number of sublime recorded moments in 1964-5; but alongside the true pioneers, the bands that came up through the club circuit, they were a contrived product. Perhaps the undersold, underaged audience at MSG only expected a semi-faithful recreation of those privileged moments, and that's certainly fair enough. But with one and a half exceptions, the groups failed to adapt to their observers' expectations.

From the bottom up then: a barely recognizable Searchers decided, after a perfunctory stab at *Sweets For My Sweet*, to do a combination boogie night at the Academy of Music and mellow night at Folk City. A pale rendition of *Sandman* was followed by a dreary *Love Song*

(Lesley Duncan's) and it was all downhill from there. The Kristofferson/King standards led into a rushed rendition of *Love Potion No. 9* and then the piece de resistance - a fifteen minute jam on *Southern Man*. Enough? Not quite. After doing (pretty well) their monster hit, their encore was a version of *Vahevala* complete with extended drum solo, and fond memories were erased forever.

Billy J. Kramer was another matter completely, but almost as bad. Determined to make a big splash, B.J. leaped into the audience, shook hands with the fans, led us in a sweet *White Christmas*, mentioned Lennon and McCartney often enough ("old buddies from Liverpool") and for a finale, tore off his pink shirt and tossed it to the second row. When he got to his exquisite L/McC material (*Bad To Me*, *I'll Keep You Satisfied*, *From A Window*) he vocally tossed them aside while prancing Jagger-like from one end of the stage to the other. He then informed us that his biggest success in "show business" was about to be re-released. Ready for that, little children?

At one time, it's told, Brian Epstein had as high hopes for Gerry and the Pacemakers as for his scruffy Liverpudlians, and they did in fact have three or four high chart-riders. For this show, they opened with *How Do You Do It* and went on to do a bunch of other goodies, particularly *Ferry Cross The Mersey*, interspersed for set-padding not by Stills or the O'Jays (as was the case with Fontana), but by standard rockers propelled by the group's flashy new pianist. *Sweet Little Sixteen* and *Rockin' Pneumonia* were more than O.K., and if it weren't for Gerry's especially grating personality (you remember him from TAMI and Ed Sullivan), the act would have to be judged a success. But, being Gerry, he just couldn't help but milk it, taunting the crowd and making an obsequious display of himself. Still, it's hard to argue with the sentiments expressed in *I Like It*. Ultimately, I have to admit I do.

And last and best, Peter Blair Denis Bernard Noone made his long-awaited (two and a half hours) appearance, in high-waisted white pants, flowered shirt and blond page-boy. This little troupier must be all of twenty-four by now, and from his first step out in the spotlight he didn't miss a trick. Four of the five Hermits were

charter members, and there was an expertise and control in their half-hour that was definitely lacking in the four preceding groups. One after another: *I'm Into Something Good*, *Dandy*, *Kind of a Hush*, *No Milk Today*, bam, slam, bang, Peter/Herman histrionics and choreography smoothly integrated. Solid gold start to finish with a breather only for *Simple Man*, which is all right since, after all, Graham came from another top Manchester group. By the time 13,000 had rocked the Garden with a chant of "H-E-N-R-Y!" that could be heard at McDonalds on 7th Avenue, everybody had heard at least one song that he or she found more than tolerable on A.M. radio in 1965. Noone's recording David Bowie stuff now, and it just might work. He'd always had the capability of handling diversified material, Goffin/King, Donovan (*Museum*), English Music Hall, and making it click in a very palatable sort of way. Passengers on the E train sang *Mrs. Brown* nearly all the way to Jackson Heights.

Before it was over, Nader muttered something about getting the DCS or the Rascals (?) for future volumes. 60's nostalgia is becoming firmly entrenched (The Blues Project reunion was four days before Nader's show), and if it's going to be aesthetically viable, it's got to strike a balance between the successful, but essentially limited approach of Herman's Hermits and the garden party kamikaze of the Searchers. We all can see how totally the Byrds blew it by going laid-back democratic. When Drake and Fang rejoin Paul Revere and Mark Lindsey, there's got to be a better reason than to get up in leotards and do *Just Like Me* one more time, but we sure wouldn't want to hear them blast through *Down By The River*. Of the five groups that began the second coming of the first English offensive, Herman and his crew played it the safest and were certainly the best received. But the Kinks and Who were their contemporaries and they haven't made *Tired Of Waiting* and *Happy Jack* the entire focus of their stage show. Maybe that's an unfair comparison, but the hollowness of the bulk of the revival evening leads to this type of speculation. Nostalgia shouldn't mean stuffing up B-grade stiffies and sticking them on a stage, especially when Blue Ash and Stories can evoke the same period with more spirit. Pretty Things, anyone?

--Mitchell S. Cohen

pencils. He tours with his own band, a loud, potent assemblage that took the stage at the Sports Arena and cranked out a tantalizing build-up to the star's entrance. Finally, when the spectators were breathless with anticipation, Chubby ran onstage, grabbed a mike and screamed, "IT'S PONY TIME!" and the crowd popped its rocks. Chubby started dancing and he didn't stop dancing all the time he was onstage. He moves with the manic urgency of an amateur boxer in a two-round fight - he never slows down; if he does, he knows he's finished. He dances almost as fast as James Brown in his prime, and that's saying a lot. Chubby's whole career is based around the dance, the dance hit, the dance craze; unlike J.B., he can't fall back on his singing or rely on a strobe light to create the illusion of rapid footwork. Chubby came out turned on and he literally danced to save his life.

With or without his stacked heels, Chubby Checker is a big man - at 6'3" or 6'4" and about 210 pounds he could pass for a football player. The years have been kind to him, for he's in magnificent shape physically - either that or he ingests large quantities of uppers before each show, like a football player. Watching him work out, you'd think he'd just undergone acupuncture and some demented sawbones had accidentally set off his dancing nerve, like a stuck automobile horn. One of his favorite moves is to run in place and kick his feet as if it were fourth and ten on his own five-yard line. Then he twists all the way across the stage as in Chuck Berry's duckwalk or James Brown's stutter-step, except Chubby saucily presents his ass to the audience all the way. Chubby Checker is no prude. He's got it and he flaunts it. David Bowie and his imitators could learn a few tricks from Chubby Checker. In these days of the superstar-lead guitar, a lot of rock performers have forgotten what Chubby always knew - that nothing can galvanize an audience faster than a man furiously shaking his body in lewd and lascivious ways.

At the Sports Arena, Chubby didn't stop or talk much between songs. He came out and got down to business in a businesslike fashion. He ran through the Pony, an extra-funky version of the Fly, *Hound Dog*, and a bunch of other good stuff, but the crowd didn't really ejaculate until he broke into the Twist. Contrary to popular belief, the Twist is not a square honky dance - not the way Chubby dances it, anyway. People were twisting in the aisles and twisting on their seats as Chubby screamed, "We're gonna keep on twistin' till we tear the house down!" At the end, Chubby left the stage as he entered, running full speed. The cheers brought him back, walking like a sprinter after a 100-yard dash, graceful in his exhaustion. He came back with - what else? - *Let's Twist Again*, and took the audience even higher. Another exit, another encore with Chubby basking in the ovation, and then he twisted off the stage for the last time.

The space in time before the Beatles' arrival was filled in large part by dance craze records, and in that era, Chubby Checker was The Man. Chubby and the Twist hit America like the hula hoop or the Frisbee, that is to say, like a ton of bricks - he should have recorded for Wham-O, instead of Parkway. With live performances like this one, and the whims of fashion turning on their typical ten-year cycle, a new Chubby Checker rage makes a lot of sense.

--Julian Damascus

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Lisa Rococo

"I guess Hollywood sort of makes celebrities out of all of us," said Ethel Mertz on the set the other evening, and the dear old cow never spoke a truer word. In fact, love, Lisa hasn't enjoyed television so much in ages as she did during the weeks the Ricardos and the Mertzes spent in the Land of Glamour, electroluminescent Hollywood. Under the hilarity lies some inspired comment on what Hollywood was about in the 50's, as astute as *Day of the Locust* was (and remains). And some of the things that Lucy Ball (now if that isn't a great groupie name I don't know what is) went through in order to cop prizes like Robert Taylor's grapefruit, Richard Widmark's orange and John Wayne's footprints are a classic model of perseverance for all of us 70's starttrekkers.

But dear me, am I showing my age? Do any of you remember Herman's Hermits, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, the Searchers? A sweet young

Elton John gets it on with the Rocket Records Rockettes at the company's recent Hollywood bash.

Mike Silver (all of whom have albums out or imminent on Hercules' new label). Elton, meanwhile, was staying out of the swirl at Anthony Newley's Hollywood digs, and Bernie was taking it easy over at Rick Nelson's beach house. Everyone got together, though, for the big Rocket Records party on a western street set at Universal Studios. Guests included Apple Records' dapper Tony King, Cream's Ben Edmonds with date Queenie (both looking stunning), dapper Dusty Springfield, James Williamson of the Stooges, New York scribe Lorraine Alterman, Penny Valentine from *Melody Maker*, Labelle and guiding force Vicki Wickham, Al Kooper, Rick Nelson, Ian Matthews (now a resident of the San Fernando Valley), and the usual horde of locals. A select crew of celebrants retired to a screening room afterwards for a look at *American Graffiti*, which was loved by everyone except Elton and Bernie. They liked the music

scuttled grand tour remains something of a mystery. Leece stopped off in Louisville on the way home to attend his high school's ten-year reunion. His date? Cherry Vanilla, natch (we hear that everyone's favorite ice cream lady created quite a stir at the party in London that followed David's concert when she took a tumble on the dance floor and split her dress up the middle; Angela Bowie, perhaps comparing notes, hoisted Bianca Jagger's skirts and checked things out).

So the Mainmansion on Mulholland is a thing of the past, but Headman Tony the Freeze's presence is still felt in Hollywood. He sent a letter to Iggy claiming "full rights" over the Stooges, this even though the band was only recently rudely dismissed from the management firm. Lisa doesn't know a thing about business, love, but don't you think something smells a little like a rotten cigar? Dennis Lopez is emerging from some sticky business himself, and he's doing just fine now after the Sylvester hassles. He's working with Charlene (ex-Friend of Distinction) and Kim Fowley (Kim is rehearsing a band but still refuses to play in Hollywood).

You must know by now that Lisa's predictions are the best in the business (remember, we told you about the Pointer Sisters many months ago, and they're now starting to burn up the nation), so I can't resist closing with a few more. Poor Marty must have really been flying along when he reviewed the new Christopher Milk single last issue and waxed a bit grandiose. But still, if *Speak Now Or Forever Hold Your Peace* ever gets played on the radio and enough people hear it while they're driving (it's an exquisite car song), it's going to be an unqualified smash. It's easily the best thing the boys have done... Alexander is out of her post at *Lloyd's on La Brea* and is recording for Atlantic. Remember the name. And Lisa is sure that Lance Loud is going to make it, though in precisely what field remains unclear. The entire American Family motored down from Santa Barbara for a benefit appearance on and for KCET-TV, and while Mother Pat told everyone how bad her children's band sounded in rehearsal and kept looking vainly for Channel 28's bar (do they have one?), Lance's group taped its public debut. The band isn't the hottest, but Sir Lance Loud has great presence (and that's what it takes) and the Pink Dudes (Michele and Delilah) have got their incredible dance routines down but good. Lance's introduction, in which he set up the performance as a dream sequence, was just wonderful. Lisa can't wait to wade through his upcoming three-part article in *Rolling Stone*.

Oh yes. Fond goodbyes to Betty Grable, Robert Ryan, Joe E. Brown, Lon Chaney Jr. and my all-time fave, Veronica Lake. Thanks for everything.

BRITAIN

By Lady Bangla Boom

Oh, such a gnashing and wailing is there in London town today! A tearing of carrot topped hair and rending of lurex threads! David has retired from live concerts for good! He announced this momentous decision at the end of his current tour, here in London. After the third encore, two of which included Jeff Beck, young girls refused to leave their seats, collapsing in tears. Armageddon would have been more welcome.

Chatting with David afterwards I asked him about this momentous decision. "Those were the final gigs. That's it. Period. I don't want to do any more gigs and all the American dates have been cancelled. From now on, I'll be concentrating on various activities that have very little to do with rock and pop."

Meanwhile... Fanny Jean Millington and David are "just good friends"?

Stuck In The Middle With You had become a hit in America before the Beeb decided it was worthy of being a hit here. All of

Slade drummer Don Powell took a note from the Eddie Cochran notebook a couple of days ago and rammed his Bentley into a wall, demolishing the car, killing his 20 year old Beauty Queen girlfriend, and putting him in hospital with a fractured skull. It appears that he will survive. Meanwhile, Jimmy Lea's younger brother will sit in on drums. The latest Slade single, *Skweeze Me, Pleeze Me*, entered the charts at No. One.

Hotly denied, but it seems that Paul Rodgers is replacing Ian Gillan, as vocalist of Deep Purple.

Lou Reizner, knowing he's on a good thing, is planning to stage *Tommy* again this Christmas, and every Christmas, the proceeds going to charity, of course. Pete Townshend, being very spiritual about his millionaire status, has supposedly offered his services this and every year. Likewise Roger Daltrey. The others are being approached.

And The Who, who haven't played in England in well over a year, are touring the States this summer with John "Speedy" Keen. If you haven't picked up on the latter's fab new album, *PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS*, you're missing out on one of the prime rock experiences of the year.



An intrepid David Bowie fan discovers for herself what lies beneath all the tinsel and glamor.

a sudden everyone but everyone wanted to know about Stealers Wheel. This did not go well with the less than rock solid nature of Gerry Rafferty. Soon, the heady rumours of Wheel's demise were circulating, but after all the accusations and counter statements, it is now revealed that Stealers Wheel will continue as a duo. This is as it was and as it shall be, with Gerry Rafferty and Joe Egan doing the honours. Said Joe: "Despite our record success in America, we've been conscious for some time that we've been establishing a reputation as a rock band - and that's simply not Gerry and I."

The party of the year happened after Dr. John's recent New Orleans regala at the Rainbow, which makes about the fourth one this year. Attending were Charlie Watts in devilish new hair cut, all the Faces including new bassist Tetsu, but minus Rod, Boz Scaggs, Chris Spedding, a revitalized looking Joe Cocker, Alvin Lee, and assorted journalists, freeloaders and drunkards. Brew of the evening was a special New Orleans punch, consisting of liberal parts of champagne, white wine, Courvoisier, and pineapple juice. Mmmmm!!!

It was a hot time for Keith when the fuzz came busting through the door with a warrant and a drug sniffing dog. Did Anita start powdering her face, we all wickedly wondered? The dogs produced some cannabis and the cops an unregistered gun and ammunition. Keith and Anita are currently on bail. The Stones album continues at Island though. Supposedly just mixing, but reports have claimed live music emanating from the well locked doors. The boys are also setting up dates for a European tour, climaxing in Britain. About time too. It's been a good two years since Mick shook his arse on an English stage.

On his latest single Dave Edmunds is forgoing the Spector sound for a Bee Gees effect. Robin Gibb wrote the song...

You never can tell: Suzi Quatro, now in the songwriting hands of Chinn and Chapman, who do the honours on the Sweet, hit Top of the Pops with her last single, *Can the Can*, and is now set for the same with *48 Crash*. That Mickie Most can predict them every time.

Latest fashion tip: short back and sides on top... platform shoes will be out for the fall (whatever will Elton do?)... Stay trendy.

David Bowie's final performance: he couldn't go any further, so he called it quits.



"Excuse me, sonny. Is this where the Love-In is supposed to take place?"

thing riding back to Hollywood from a screening of *Dillinger* (featuring Mama Michelle Phillips) in Bernie Taupin's Cadillac was heard to say "I don't even remember the Mamas and the Papas." Well, some of those whose memories are a bit longer than the Hollywood average were on hand to make those great British bands of the 60's feel at home during their stay at the Continental Hyatt House. Believe Lisa, it was a pretty bizarre, time-warp sort of atmosphere, and most of the participants looked suitably bewildered and/or blithered. Leslie and Joanna hosted a late-night reception in their room (engaged exclusively for the Invasion weekend; a shame the concert was cancelled), attended by Wayne Fontana (sporting a slightly Alan Price-ish look) and various Hermits, Dakotas and Searchers.

Also spending a few days at the CHH were Frampton and his Humps, ELO, and the Rocket Records entourage - Elton's guitarist Davey Johnstone and his charming wife Di, Kiki Dee and

though. Hearty thanks to Norm Winter and the MCA gang for a truly fabulous party...

Another noteworthy get-together was the one hosted by Leece Childers for Mainman artist Dana Gillespie. Especially outstanding that lovely Southern California evening was Leece's New York roommate Wayne County, resplendent in a mesh outfit, immense Wonder Woman button, derby hat adorned with an A&P pin and garish purple makeup. Wayne was so taken with Hollywood that he plans to make a permanent move as soon as he can find lodgings for Queen Elizabeth (that's his band, dear - no royal scandals for our Wayne). Also observed staggering about the grounds were members of Foghat, former New Seeker Peter Doyle, Peter Allen, columnist Jack Margolis, Lance and Delilah Loud, and the usual horde of locals.

Leece has been summoned back to New York by Mainman, though what they're going to be doing for the three months that had been set aside for Mr. Bowie's



Let's spend
the night
together.

Spend the night with David Bowie on his new album "Aladdin Sane."
Includes the hit single "Let's Spend the Night Together."

RCA Records and Tapes

SINGLES



SHE'S NOT THERE

(Rod Argent)

THE ZOMBIES

Produced by Rod Argent
Parrot 9695 Time 2:25

Flip — "You Make Me
Feel So Good"

"In recent years, long time fans have been going back and rediscovering the things they'd missed before, and the interaction of trends and forces within the 20-year history of rock 'n' roll has become the subject of many learned articles and even books" — Greg Shaw from "Oldies In The Seventies" — Phonograph Record 3/72.

"As one of Britain's most undervalued and undeservedly unsuccessful groups, The Zombies have a lot of historical recompense coming" — Ken Barnes from "The Zombies In Retrospect" — Phonograph Record 6/73.



The Zombies in 1965

It's not like we were involved in any plot. The fact Greg Shaw, Gene Sculatti and Ken Barnes predicted the return of surf music three months ago in these pages is purely coincidental with the fact the Carpenters latest LP features Jan & Dean's *Dead Man's Curve* and the Beach Boys' *Fun, Fun, Fun*... And certainly there was no advance notice Francis Ford Coppola's feature "American Graffiti" would house two Beach Boy surf classics. (We're still waiting to see if they turn up on MCA's soundtrack)... And British Capitol has only recently re-packaged all the Beach Boys' best summer, California-consciousness titles for release this summer... so we're not always wrong, now are we?

STOP; you're both right... And it's going to happen all over again... You bet, this week London Records, the kings of the re-issue circuit, are unleashing

She's Not There almost nine years to the day that the record first peaked on the British charts at 14. And most definitely this record deserves at least one more gig in the top twenty.

London deserves all the credit for the success of the re-issue phase which is now sweeping the country. It's true others were doing it prior; like United Artists and their attempts with The Move and Jan & Dean (The Legendary Masked Surfers)... And Atlantic enjoyed a sizeable return for their investment in *Layla* two years after its original birth. But no one has brought them home like London... What with *Nights In White Satin* by the Moodies, the *DAYS OF FUTURE PAST* LP along with it. The Rolling Stones' *You Can't Always Get What You Want* single and the two top ten hits LPs. Cat Stevens' re-issue... Van Morrison re-issue... Ten Years After re-issue... David Bowie re-issue. And of course the phenomenal Bobby "Boris" Pickett's *Monster Mash*... Whew, you know, who needs an A&R Dept. Why them vaults'll keep 'em in bucks til Buddha sells out to a major... and for good reason.

Speaking of reason, there's every reason why *She's Not There* will make it all over again. Aside from the fact Rod Argent and Colin Blunstone were both members of the original band, the recording truly holds up. Hot? Why, this record is so hot it shames Ellie Greenwich and the Raspberries from the word go. *She's Not There* was originally recorded for a newspaper contest the Zombies entered. On the verge of splitting, word came down the act had won *The Heart's Beat Competition*... they won for best original song. The recording was sent as a demo to British Decca Records. In a rare perceptive moment, they grabbed the group up and rushed the single. Surprisingly enough, the Zombies really didn't want *She's Not There* released as their first recording but favored the traditional *Summertime* instead. Decca exercised their better judgement. *She's Not There* was on the streets, and the Zombies immediately qualified to head an entire regiment for the British invasion part two... and they were more than welcome in the States. Over here the single peaked at number 2... Tours and another hit followed. Then nothing for more than two years... They came back with *Time Of The Season*, then split, Argent was formed and I've left out a lot of history... Which needn't be repeated as you can read the entire 2000 words yourself in our June issue if you wish.

The point is, *She's Not There* is one hell of a pop smash and worthy of another million sales...

Naturally Ken Barnes has already programmed an entire LP, composed liner notes, and ordered the first five-thousand copies personally... Only problem is London isn't re-issuing any albums... That's alright, in no time at all you'll find in your local underground record hot spot a great LP titled TOMBS OF on Phonograph Magazine Records... place them orders quickly folks.

In the meantime, you can get the Zombies' latest single *She's Not There* on a regular-type label called London — ran by irregular people, fortunately. And if you shout it real loud, I mean start with the cards and letters, then you'll hear the Zombies back on the air... with their first smash. And if we all do our part they'll follow up with at least three more records in the States (*Indication, I Love You* and *She's Coming Home* as opposed to *Tell Her No, Time Of The Season* and *Leave Me Be*)... Where would we be today if we'd lived through the middle sixties without the shrill-chilling harmonies and starkness of the zinzational Zombies? Huh?

(I Don't Want To
Love You But)
YOU GOT ME ANYWAY
(I. Sutherland)
**SUTHERLAND BROTHERS
AND QUIVER**
Island P-1217 Time 2:53
No Flip Information

It's nothing like Cornelius Bros. and Sister Rose. And I won't either bother to tell you who the band is... they're all stars starting with this record (although



(When Summer Comes)
GONNA HUSTLE YOU
(Brian Wilson — Jan Berry)
**THE LEGENDARY
MASKED SURFERS**
Produced by Dean O. Torrance
United Artists 270 Time 2:40
Flip — "Summer Means Fun"

What would you say if I told you the man (men) who made this record don't care if you buy it. How 'bout if I suggested they don't give a shit if you like it. And if you ignore the recording altogether, then it's no sweat. 'Cause they don't care at all. Seriously, that's why *Gonna Hustle You* is a milestone and that's why Dean Torrance is a prince of a recording artist with more talent in his stubbed-toe than Croce, Bear and Cooper combined, douched and mortified.

Why then, you ask, did he record this? Smart question... But those with the perception to hear a fine, fine fun recording will have the answer to the question. With Dean and all his beach buddies it's never been a question of bucks, fame or recognition... all that's important is getting laid and having a good time... Dare you scoff?

No siree, Dean makes 'em cause he likes to; it's a gas; fun; a kick. And that's exactly how it comes off on the poly styrene. Fun, fun, fun.

Jan Berry is crippled and only barely remembers *Dead Man's Curve*. Brian Wilson has virtually quit the business altogether and Sandy Nelson is a forgotten drunk. But Dean Torrance looks healthier, richer and smarter than ever. Honestly, you'd think Dean of Jan & fame would be retiring

Willie Wilson made some fine music with Mick Grabham's Cochise, and that group's single *Love's Made A Fool Of You* should have been a huge record to be certain). This is an actual, true to life sensation, this record. And I thought it was going to be a slow month. Why, with a recording like *You Got Me Anyway*, we don't need any new oldies, for once an old newie will make it.

It makes it, and so will you Freddie as soon as you get hip to this single. It's so important. Also critical. Reminds me of late 1966... Chicago punk bands and anglo hold-outs... Herman, Dave

me anyway.... then suddenly the last verse... "Carry on carry on till the end to the end, looking hard at the sun for a better friend... Never die never die as the years go by 'cause life goes on life goes on"...

When the Beach Boys were talking about SO TOUGH this is what they really meant. A precious and rare AM delight which would do well to establish this band overnight. *You Got Me Anyway* is to The Sutherland Bros. featuring Quiver what *Satisfaction* was to the Rolling Stones, *I Want To Hold Your Hand* was to The Beatles, *I'm Into*



The Sutherland Bros. and Quiver (Willie Wilson, Iain Sutherland, Gavin Sutherland, Bruce Thomas, Tim Renwick, Peter Wood).

C. and Johnny King never sounded this fine. Such perfect AM changes. Lyrics say nothing. Good. Throughout all ya hear is "La Da-n Da Dat-n dah Dat-n Dey I don't wanna love ya but ya got

Somethin' Good was to Herman and (Say I Love You) *Doo Bee Dum* was to the Four Evers: it's a hit and you should only control 1/2 of 1% of this band... they're gonna be a big one!

in a rest home by now, but what you forget is he was younger then you were when *Surf City* and *Drag City* topped the charts.

Just over a year and a half ago Dean, along with some close friends and fellow WASPS put together THE JAN & DEAN ANTHOLOGY LP released on UA, reluctantly. Dean designed the package and co-authored the notes with fellow teenager Dave Marsh of TIME/LIFE fame. And a package it was. Complete with a chart of all their hits, listed categorically alongside dates, girlfriends, cars and other essential elements to man's very existence. Dean, at the time, had no idea fans were still out there. I suppose he assumed they'd long since died or deserted them for Steely Dan or Melanie. But that wasn't the case. The surf closets opened from coast to coast and the LP sold more than 70,000 copies (more than the last Slade LP).

The letters started coming into Dean's Kittyhawk Graphics Company in Hollywood shortly after the release of the LP. And they haven't stopped. Thousands of fans have rallied and enticed, beseeched him to return to recording. Meanwhile in the year that had just passed he'd racked up no less than three Grammy nominations for best LP cover art and one winning trophy (that for the Pollution LP in 1971). Dean was never without a high-level gig... Aside from being the king of California-Consciousness recording, he has an eye to match that golden ear. And he can turn out art the way Avedon prints them snapshots son. So, for a kick, he went back in the studio, this time with some other beach buddies from Westwood; Bruce Johnston and Terry Melcher (both millionaires too) and they rummaged up a couple old tapes from the Jan & Dean days, renovated the tracks, added all new vocals w/in Dean front and center and this single is the result.

The picture sleeve accompanying *Gonna Hustle You* is a classic. The front features Dean looking 17 as usual, with a dreamy blonde, looking 15 as usual — he's standing in front of what looks like a '49 Packard. Dean is clad in a legendary "Jan & Dean Bel Air Bandit" T-shirt and lettered sweater while the

luscious sweetie-pie has her knees pressed together facing out from the front seat... Bobby sox and all. Turn the sleeve over and the sweater, bobby sox, T-shirt and the rest are scattered all around the car; the doors are closed and bare legs, four of 'em, are positioned straight up. Obviously Dean O. Torrance has got his shit together on a number of planes!

But the recording itself is true, raw excitement. All about when summer rolls around and this guy's really going to take care of business in a big way, and how. Just like on the flip of the picture sleeve designed by Dean. "Can't compete with the campus king, ain't got a letter or my senior ring... the cheerleader with the football dude; when summer comes, gonna hustle you".... And the record goes on to talk 'bout Friday night, summer, Drive-ins, summer, High School, summer and just everything.

On the sleeve Dean writes "The Legendary Masked Surfers recordings are experimentations by the newly formed group California. Future LMS recordings, not to be confused with future California recordings, will be done with the chief purpose of putting the fun back into Rock & Roll. The LMS will attempt to do this by complimenting these old tracks and at the same time they will try to resist any temptation to over-produce these recordings, as so to preserve the Spirit of the original tracks."** And praise be that's exactly what Dean delivers.

The B side, if you can call it that, is a smash too: the old Bruce & Terry song *Summer Means Fun*... Rumor has it the record is already breaking in Wichita and there are limitless possibilities to follow.

All it adds up to is one of the finest times you're bound to ever have with seven inches of black plastic. No other record comes close to the Legendary Masked Surfers debut single. (By the way, you'll be pleased to learn that some of the other members are Brian Wilson, Larry Knechtel, Leon Russell and Glen Campbell)...

Dean O. Torrance... boy do we ever need this cat.

* c 1963 Screen Gems Music
** c 1973 Kitty Hawk

by Martin Cerf

ZZ TOP.



Frank Beard on drums, Dusty Hill on bass and vocals, and Billy Gibbons on guitar and vocals. A 3-man rock'n'roll phenomenon. On stage, in their cowboy drag, they introduce themselves as "a little ole band from Texas," and proceed to blow heads off with their high powered brand of music.

Their new album is "Tres Hombres." An album that will scorch your speakers. It's the work of a dynamic, mature blues-rock powerhouse trio in full bloom.

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	18	BANGOR, ME.	Bangor Auditorium
	19	PORTLAND, ME.	Exposition Building
	20	BOSTON	Suffolk Downs
	23	JOHNSTOWN, PA.	War Memorial
	24	CLEVELAND	Tiger Stadium
	25	BUFFALO	War Memorial Auditorium
	26	ALLENTOWN, PA.	Fairgrounds
	30	SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	Springfield Civic Center
	31	SYRACUSE	War Memorial Auditorium
SEPT.	1	HYANNIS, MASS.	Cape Cod Coliseum
	7	BINGHAMPTON, N.Y.	Broom County Coliseum
	8	BALTIMORE	Civic Center
	9	SALEM, VA.	Salem Civic Center

THE SEVENTH IN A SERIES OF ROCK RETROSPECTIVES

by Ken Barnes THE TURTLES featuring Flo & Eddie

Flo & Eddie are well-known (if rather rotund) figures; their supporting role in the colossal Alice Cooper psychodrama alone assured them a massive national audience. Before that, known as the Phlorescent Leech & Eddie, they gained much notoriety as Frank Zappa's antic sidekicks during a particularly prosperous and popular phase of the Mothers. And before that, as Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, they were known to many as the principal protagonists in a group called the Turtles. The Turtles were not exactly obscure; everybody knows *Happy Together*, and a sizable segment of pop fandom would recall, if pressed, *Elenore* and possibly *It Ain't Me Babe* or *You Baby*. There's much more to the Turtles saga than a few big hits, however; even though they were quite commercially-oriented, and proud of it. Their music covered virtually the entire spectrum of American 60's rock, and their story, fraught with the trials, traumas, and tribulations of the latter-day pop scene, is harrowing and most interesting.

In mid-'63, Howard Kaylan, Al Nichol and some friends had a surf band called the Nightriders around the Westchester area of L.A., where they were attending high school. They played local dances for \$150 a night, but one goal was paramount in their dreams and schemes -- to appear on *Bob Eubank's Dance Party*, a TV record hop of the era. However, in order to get on the show, they were required to have a record to lip-synch; so the band cut two instrumentals (easier to lip-synch), *Radar* and *High Tide*, specifically to be played on Eubank's show.

In true storybook fashion, the tracks were never released. But the group, now augmented by saxist Mark Volman and renamed the Crossfires, was becoming quite popular around their home turf. Still, it was tough to establish a name outside their own surf-stomping grounds; Mark remembers, "Our favorite handbill read: 'The Lively Ones, Eddie & The Showmen, and Another Band for Dancing.' We were 'Another Band For Dancing.'"

Put all those hours spent digging Dick Dale & the Del-Tones at the Rendezvous Ballroom paid off, as the Crossfires developed a faithful following at the local teen clubs. One informal association of high schoolers in particular, rather enigmatically known as "Chunky", claimed the Crossfires as their own, and would flock in droves to the band's gigs. "They used to bring the biggest spoons and ladles they could find



The Turtles (known then as the Crossfires) are seen above as they appeared in 1963 on Bob Eubank's Dance Party. Below, in '65, the Turtles try on their new "Beatle" wigs.

down to the clubs, and make lewd gestures at the girls' vaginal areas. It was really gross." The Chunkies were banned from many a teen club for such carryings-on, and sometimes the Crossfires were caught in the backlash as well. Still, they recorded a tribute to their loyal fans, an above-average surf instrumental beginning: "Hey kids, what time is it?" "It's CHUNKY time!" This track, as well as two more surf tunes, *Out Of Control* and *Pole Top*, and a vocal rendition of Don & Dewey's *Justine*, were never released either, but two other instrumentals, *Fiberglass Jungle* and *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde*, eventually saw the light on 45 rpm.

Capco Records, a minor L.A. subsidiary of ex-Teddy Bear Marshall Lieb's L.A. label Marsh, issued the single in late 1963. *Fiberglass Jungle*, the B-side, immediately shot to No. 3

on the Student Top 10 at Inglewood High. Unfortunately, that was about the extent of the record's hitbound potential, despite *Fiberglass's* excellent surf guitar and the mythic circumstances surrounding *Dr. Jekyll* it was, according to a local newspaper story, "recorded at 12 midnight on Friday the 13th during an electrical storm." Actually cut in one take, it was an initially quietish surf instrumental punctuated by hair-raising screams and general chaos. In live performance, Mark would lurk at the back of the stage while Howard fronted the subdued portion on sax, then at the transition point Mark would leap to the forefront, rip off his jacket, and cow the stunned audience into frightened submission with a hideously leering face mark. Even so, *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* stiffed.

Around the end of 1963 the

Crossfires recorded three tunes on speculation for Liberty. The key number was *Santa And The Sidewalk Surfer*, a seasonal slice which was also probably the first skateboard song ever waxed. An offensively rotund St. Nick quizzed an adenoidal skateboarder regarding his Yuletide desires, and the kid recited a litany of all the appropriate treasures: "Surf decals, huaraches, 100 Eddie & the Showmen records, a subscription to *Surfer Magazine*, 13 copies of *Misirlou*," and many more. Something of a period classic, recorded over the original track to the previously-cut *Pole Top*, the song once again failed somehow to catapult the group to fame and fortune. According to Howard, "Liberty took one listen to *Santa And The Sidewalk Surfer* and turned us down flat."

This was rather shortsighted of the company, as *Santa* was a choice novelty and the other two tracks were somewhat ahead of their time. *Santa's Living Doll* featured a solid rhythm track vaguely similar to the Stones' *I'm Free*, while *Stay Around* spotlighted some fine Turtlesque vocals over a modified East L.A. beat, with the added bonus of a bridge stolen directly from Dick & Dee's *The Mountain's High*. All was not lost, however, as a new record deal surfaced in mid-'64; the local Lucky Token label issued the Crossfire's *One Potato Two Potato* b/w *That'll Be The Day*. This was their biggest chartbuster to date, reaching "No. 39 with an anchor in Riverside," says Howard; and netted them a TV appearance on L.A.'s illustrious *9th Street West*. *One Potato* was a rather strong rocker for an American band at that time, somewhat in the Kinks' vein with a slashing vocal treatment. *That'll Be The Day* was a rather perfunctory Angloid performance of the Holly classic, but the record remains a highly sought-after collector's item among the twelve or so fans who've heard of it.

Having previously amused themselves and garnered gigs by impersonating English bands ("We used to go to bowling alleys and order tea with plenty of milk and tell them we were *Gerry & the Pacemakers*," recall Howard and Mark, relating the anecdote in irreducibly obnoxious British accents), the band began to play high schools occasionally as a folk ensemble dubbed "The Crosswind Singers." And when folk-rock came to the fore in '65, it was simple enough to put an electric beat to the exhortatory hootenanny repertoire developed by the Singers, add a few contemporary staples, and reach new heights of local renown.

KRLA deejay Reb Foster took over their management, and Ted Feigin, co-owner of a new label called White Whale, told them they were great folk-rockers, offered them a contract, but expressed some displeasure regarding the group's moniker: "The Crossfires has got to go." Taking a cue from the floral/faunal Beatles/Animals/Hollies/Byrds school of nomenclature, Foster came up with "The Turtles"; "he would've spelled it with a 'y' if he could," adds Mark.

The Turtles, still the same Westchester Crossfires sextet (for the record, Howard and Mark handling the vocals, Al Nichol and Jim Tucker on guitars, Chuck Portz, bass, and drummer Don Murray), initially recorded three songs for White Whale. Two were originals (*Wanderin' Kind*, a folk-rocker highly reminiscent in structure to *Mr. Tambourine Man*; and a Kinks-style rocker, *Almost There*) and one was a song Howard had unearthed from the ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN LP. "What a great chorus!" he exclaimed, and *It Ain't Me Babe* was cut and cleverly chosen as the debut single (b/w *Almost There*). What with an arch-typical folk-rock treatment, the truly enthralling chorus, and the general mid-'65 vogue for Dylan covers, *It Ain't Me Babe* rocketed into the Top 10 nationally, and thrust immediate success on the somewhat dizzied group. Teen magazine features dwelt on their homeliness, newspaper articles criticized their slovenly attire, but they toured extensively (harrowing Dick Clark-packaged one-nighters and the like) and achieved national stature.

They also shot off some endearing quotes along the lines of "We play folk-rock because it's in," "We did it (It Ain't Me Babe) just to get off the ground," and "The Turtles change with the times"; but no matter what their motives, their brand of folk-rock as exemplified on the IT AIN'T ME BABE album was thoroughly enjoyable. The guitars jangled in all the right places, and Howard's lead vocals and the group's full-bodied harmonies were exceptional. Several of the cuts (*Wanderin' Kind*, *A Walk In The Sun*, *Let The Cold Winds Blow*) had a prominent Crosswind Singers quality about them; this was balanced by a folk-rock version of *It Was A Very Good Year*, a frantic *Your Maw Said You Cried* (a longtime favorite of the group in Kenny Dino's hit performance), and solid pop fare like Howard's *Last Laugh* and Mann/Weil's excellent *Glitter And Gold* (later cut by Cory Wells' *Enemys* and the Raiders' Keith Allison). Also included were a couple more mandatory Dylan items; a straight monotonal *Like A Rolling Stone* and an arrangement of *Love Minus Zero* with an ending amusingly identical to the Byrds' *Bells Of Rhymney* finale.

After scoring a big hit, the Turtles managed to miss out on two more. Their version of *Very Good Year* preceded Frank Sinatra's, but was not issued as a single (except in Canada). And in the summer of '65 a promising songwriter named P.F. Sloan offered them three songs: *Sins Of A Family*, *Let Me Be*, and *Eve Of Destruction*. *Let Me Be* was the one they took (although *Eve* was recorded for the album after Barry McGuire's hit), and it eventually became their follow-up single. A classic number in the introspective/nonconformist protest style, with great riffs and fine singing, it deserved better than its high-twenties chart placings.

However, a working relationship with Sloan was established, and he gave the group a blithe euphoric tune called *You Baby*. This record served to put them back into the Top 20 (No. 2 in L.A.), and simultaneously



Above, the Turtles go Mod. At far top, the post-flower power Turtles: Jim Pons, Mark Volman, John Seiter, Howard Kaylan and Al Nichol.

enabled them to escape the protest category, already (early '66) something of a millstone. The irresistible enthusiasm of *You Baby* did not, however, set the tone for the album of the same name; instead it was divided evenly between the lighter material and a number of vitriolic social commentary songs. An early Bob Lind tune, *Down In Suburbia*, imbued with a bossa nova-like beat and contemptuous castigations like "All they ever smoke is tobacco in Suburbia" was typical; Howard's gritty folk ditty *House Of Pain* and the apocalyptic anti-technological outcry *Pall Bearing, Ball Bearing World* also stood out.

Of the pop material, *I Need Someone*, *Just A Room* (by Artie Kornfield and Steve Duboff, also known as the Changin' Times) and the pretty *Give Love A Trial* were all fine songs. In addition, *Almost There* made its first LP appearance, and there was a folksy reworking of *All My Trials* (retitled *All My Problems* and credited to the mysterious Dwight Tunji); all in all a varied and intriguing album.

The next single, *Grim Reaper Of Love*, with a long raga-drone break, seemed like an attempt to move with the progressive tide (although when asked whether it was a conscious maneuver, Mark deposed, "We tried to stay unconscious" -- which could be taken any number of ways and was probably so intended). It was a compelling and adventurous record,

but its commerciality was dubious and it reached only No. 81. Problems began to arise within the group around this time (mid-'66); some related to the problems of coping with overnight success with only a provincial high school background, some related to the novel realm of drugs (being open-minded chaps, the Turtles determined to explore the field, and as Mark put it, "There was nobody around to tell you what to expect; the only way to find out was to take them yourself"), and some related to commercial failure. While taping the *Jerry Blavat Show* in Philadelphia, drummer Don Murray suddenly stormed out in the midst of *Let It Be*, leaving the Turtles stranded in that department. On their next single session, Joel Larson (former and present Grass Root, ex-Merry-Go-Round and Gene Clark Group) filled in on a ricky-tick vaudevillian treatment of *We'll Meet Again*; and John Barbata, who had drummed with a number of bands including the surfing Sentinals, then joined up permanently, beginning his stint auspiciously enough with *Outside Chance*.

Outside Chance was an original with the usual impeccable vocals and strong rocking drive, but in the wake of *Grim Reaper* it washed out badly and failed to make the charts; an abortive attempt to switch to *We'll Meet Again* met with a similar lack of success, and the Turtles were floundering. Bassist Chuck Portz left somewhere along the line here, later to wind up in a rather disastrous

catering partnership. Ex-Modern Folk Quartet member Chip Douglas took over for a few months, departing to produce the Monkees' third album; he was replaced by Leaves co-founder Jim Pons, who became permanent.

A return to candy-pop confectionary seemed to be in order, and the group picked a fine piece of material; P.F. Sloan's *Can I Get To Know You Better* (previously a '64 Betty Everett B-side) was accorded an ultracommercial *You Baby*-style Turtles treatment, but it inexplicably failed to hit (No. 89 nationally). In a state of quasi-desperation, they turned to a tune written by two ex-Magicians, Alan Gordon and Gary Bonner, which they'd held onto for months (along with another Gordon-Bonner number, *Cat In The Window*, later a hit for Petula Clark). *Happy Together*, released early in 1967, was instant smash material, quickly ascending to No. 1 and becoming a keynote song for blissful couples everywhere (despite the ironic actual wistfulness of the lyrics: "Imagine me and you....", etc.).

Back on top, the group was overdue for another album, and it was naturally titled after the hit. Produced by Joe Wissert of the hypercommercial Koppelman/Rubin hit factory, the album was without a trace of folk-rock and veered quite close to mainstream MOR pop at times, especially in Leslie Bricusse's *Guide For The Married Man* (the theme from the movie). A few nice tunes could be found -- *Making My Mind Up*, *The Walking Song* and Bonner/Gordon's *Me About You* ("That was a great song," Mark opines) -- but overall the album was less than enthralling. The most interesting tracks came at the end -- a rather lush but very pretty cover of Lyme & Cybelle's *Like The Seasons*, and a preposterous exercise in bombastic basso profundity called *Rugs Of Woods & Flowers*, giving Howard a chance to display his best pseudo-Caruso chops. It was a ridiculously absurd album closer, fortunately played strictly for laughs, but Howard relates, "White Whale wanted us to cut it straight!"

A prosperous period ensued throughout 1967; *She'd Rather Be With Me*, a very commercial Bonner/Gordon song from the LP, followed in *Happy Together*'s footsteps and raced to No. 3. Bonner and Gordon contributed the next two singles as well; *You Know What I Mean* was perhaps their best, a very appealing melody combined with more intensity than usual and the patented full harmonic treatment from the group. *She's My Girl* followed it into the Top 20, a strangely ominous music track contrasting with carefree lovestruck lyrics to make an excellent if slightly unsettling single.

Just as *You Know What I Mean* peaked in September '67, White Whale issued their TURTLES GOLDEN HITS package. It turned out to be an excellent value, containing three singles never represented on LP's and two unreleased tracks in addition to all the hits up to that time. *So Goes Love* was an obscure Goffin/King song cut around the time of the first LP, with excellent vocals and a terrific chorus; the other "new" track, *Is It Any Wonder* (a P.F. Sloan song also recorded by the Grass Roots) was also a fine pop tune with its strength resting in the chorus.

After four straight pop hits, the Turtles asserted their independence again and arranged, wrote, and produced a single called *Sound Asleep*. A raucous, freewheeling number with somewhat ambiguous lyrical overtones, it was a radical departure from past singles; but it was a paragon of tight control compared to the flip, a totally demented

THE TURTLES

featuring Flo & Eddie



prehystric myth of confrontation called *Umbassa* (and) *The Dragon*. Chaos not only reigned but was poured over everything involved in the record to the point of saturation, an assault on the senses in the best post-acidic tradition.

Sound Asleep, being another departure from the formula, failed again (No. 57). Chip Douglas took the production reins for the next single, a Nilsson song called *Story Of Rock And Roll*; it was another rather raucous number, with prominent blating saxes, and once again it was a relative failure (No. 48). And, once again there was a strange flip, *Can't You Hear The Cows*, more all-out insanity featuring the first known utilization of the Moog Synthesizer.

By this time Turtle affairs were a bit out of control; "We were a little off the wall," Howard says. Unreleased tracks cut at the Chess studios in Chicago in '68 bore out this contention; they were recorded during a turbulent spell between hits, when "we were peaking on drugs" (Mark). There was an early, non-overdubbed version of *The Last Thing I Remember* (later LP cut); and two as-yet-unappreciated (owing to non-release) true pschdelectable masterpieces. *Owl* began with a sitar raga, moved jaggedly through a disjointed vocal and highly parabolic lyrics, ending with an odd little Western guitar coda. *To See The Sun* started commercially enough, more or less, but a strangely-constructed chorus, a subsequent airy children's chorale, plenty of vocal chos, and a disconcerting good-timey break soon dispelled and such suspicions - it was pure psychedelia all the way, somewhat similar to the Beach Boys' SMILE-era creations or the ethereal exorcises of Curt Boetcher's *Ballroom and Millenium*.

However, the group was not blind to the pressures of commerciality, no matter how smashed and blocked they became. Howard recalls telling the band during their Chicago stay, "I gotta write a hit," going up to his hotel room and returning presently, declaring, "Well, I wrote the hit." He was right, too; *Elenore* was a fabulous success, going on to become the Turtles' most famous song, next to *Happy Together*. It was impossible to deny the overwhelming mass appeal inherent in Howard's tune, though lines like "You're my pride and joy, et cetera" must have raised a few eyebrows, causing many to wonder just what the intention was there.

The intention, as it turned out, was parody and satire, as evidenced by the Turtles' concept album, *BATTLE OF THE BANDS*. On the outside, the amiable Turtle physiognomies stared out at the buyer encased in tuxedoed regalia, but the inside contained 11 candid photos of the most outlandish array of assorted bands ever assembled in one place (most repulsive poses probably belonging to The U.S. Teens

Featuring Raoul, Fats Mallard & the Bluegrass Fireball, The Fabulous Dawgs, and that universal mystic pick to click, The Atomic Enchilada). The music, more or less keyed to each band, managed to combine outright parody and intrinsic musical integrity; the listener could appreciate the humor and enjoy the music on its own merits as well.

The title track, co-written by Nilsson and producer Chip Douglas, set the scene with raunchy horns (courtesy of Raoul); and the program, full of ups and downs, began. Some of the material (The L.A. Bust '66's *Oh Daddy* and the Quad City Ramblers' *Too Much Heartsick Feeling*) was overly hoked up, but there were some real highlights (aside from, of course, the two hits, *Elenore* - by Howie, Mark Johnny, Jim & Al - and *You Showed Me*, by Natures Children, portrayed in an attractively coy unclothed pose). The Atomic Enchilada contributed an exotically polished rendition of *Last Thing I Remember*, a good psychedelic parody; while the Fabulous Dawgs' *Buzz Saw* was a delightful takeoff on the grease/funk instrumentals of an earlier era, complete with a marked reluctance to change chords throughout the course of the song.

Surfer Dan, the saga of a hippie speedfreak surfer, marked the return to disc of the Crossfires; it was an extremely well-executed number which as *Elenore*'s flip was a popular jukebox item in hippie speedfreak surfer dives. More palpable weirdness surfaced in *I'm Chief Kananawalea* (*We're The Royal Macadamia Nuts*), by the band of the same name (a direct ancestor to Flo & Eddie's *Nikki Ho!*); and *Food* (by The Bigg Brothers), a lengthy recital of various groovy comestibles interspersed with a highly dubious recipe for herbally-augmented brownies. *BATTLE OF THE BANDS* holds up quite well today, both satirically and musically, and may someday enjoy a vogue of rediscovery (Howard reports it's selling quite nicely where available in Europe these days).

The Turtles managed to score with another hit from the album, the most obviously straight pop tune therein, *You Showed Me*, which hit No. 1 on the *Record World* charts in early 1969. The song, written by Roger McGuinn and Gene Clark, had been stored away in the vaults for years; but Chip Douglas, who'd been affiliated with the abortive Gene Clark Group, remembered it. Howard tells the story: "Chip had the song in the back of his head for a long time. He brought it over one day and played it for us on the pump organ; he kept saying, 'It's a fast song, but I can't pump any faster.' He insisted it was much better played faster, but it was great slow; we loved it. Later we heard it played fast and it sounded terrible." After the hit had broken, McGuinn came up to Howard and said, "I hear we got a hit. Where'd you find that turkey?" he'd apparently given the

tune up for lost (it later appeared on the *PREFLYTE* album, markedly if understandably inferior to the beautifully-crafted Turtles treatment).

In time for the holiday season of 1968, Howard and Mark got together with a rather motley crew consisting of Gene Parsons, Henry Diltz and Cyrus Faryar from the MFQ, Clarence White, Linda Ronstadt, Chip Douglas, Bessie Griffin & Her Gospel Pearls, and others, to cut a record called *Christmas Is My Time Of Year* (by the Christmas Spirit, on White Whale 290). Howard took the lead vocal, and the song proceeded normally enough until invaded by a shrill medley of Christmas carol fragments; it ended with more seasonal dementia and was as a whole one of the more off-the-wall Christmas records up to its time (and beyond). Today it's definitely a collector's item (the flip was a Bobby Kimmel (ex-Stone Poneys) ballad sung by Linda and Chip).

Having delved successfully into satire, the Turtles were now inclined to prove their musical credentials. With this goal in mind, they determined to have Ray Davies flown over from England to produce their next album, which was to be a totally self-composed project. White Whale, however, were not rabidly enthusiastic; when informed of the production proposal to utilize Davies, the company execs reacted blankly: "Who?" and the group was forced to play them a selection of Kinks' hits for educational purposes. With approval finally accomplished, they sent Davies a tape of five of their songs; one, *Somewhere Friday Night*, ended up on the LP in its original form. Otherwise it was all Davies' production (a rare outside project), and the alliance worked out well. The group had been longtime Kinks fans, and found Davies to be "brilliant" and, more surprisingly considering his reclusive and eccentric reputation, "very easy to work with."

Just before the LP sessions, John Barbata had been replaced by John Seiter from Spanky And Our Gang. "We were great friends with Spanky and the group, and we were the ones that broke them up," says Howard. Seiter had been the Gang's anchor, and when he left the group dissolved (Oz Bach, however, was reportedly collaborating with ex-Turtle Al Nichol on songwriting projects). Barbata, later drummer with Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young and now Jefferson Airplane, had been desirous of getting into more complex drumming gigs, and had developed an obsession about the group's visual image, chiding the other Turtles on their sloppiness while maintaining a sharp demeanor himself. "When we were at photo sessions," says Mark, "we'd be sitting around and he'd keep telling us, 'Give 'em that knowing acid look!'" Earlier, Jim Tucker had become mysteriously perturbed about the pop star life while in England, to the point of actual illness; he left the group and is

now an electrician. The lineup thus consisted of original members Kaylan, Volman, and Nichol, plus Jim Pons and Seiter; it remained that way until the end.

TURTLE SOUP was meant to represent "what we really sounded like, which was pretty raw." Much of the sophisticated pop approach the Turtles had developed was missing, which left the songs to stand on their own merits. Most, luckily, were strong enough to survive the ordeal; notable successes were *She Always Leaves Me Laughing*, *Somewhere Friday Night*, the enigmatic *John And Julie*, *Love In The City*, and the slightly baroque *House On The Hill*. The slickest pop tune on the album was, not coincidentally, also the initial single, *You Don't Have To Walk In The Rain*; their usual catchy fare, reminiscent of *Elenore* but not so distinctive, it was unfortunately not a sizable hit.

The Turtles managed to stay in the public eye, however, by playing their celebrated White House gig, courtesy of Tricia Nixon. "We sent Tricia a copy of *MOTHERS LIVE AT THE FILLMORE EAST* later, with a letter asking her if we were still her favorite group," says Howard. "But we never got an answer." They did however get a number of high-society debutante's ball-type engagements, all of which were apparently pretty excruciating - especially considering the general narcosis of the period. "We used to sit in hotel rooms all night long on acid with the lights out and the color TV picture on, singing and making tapes." The tapemaking ritual began around '68 with the impromptu birth of the Quad City Ramblers, as they called the amorphous group(s) of people singing on the tapes. When the QC Ramblers appeared in the *BATTLE OF THE BANDS*, the name was changed to The Rhythm Butchers, but the intent remained the same; they made scores of bizarre tapes, with material ranging from *Stranger On The Shore* to *Highway 61* to Beatles songs to their own spur-of-the-moment creations. Proposed titles of some of the taped compilations included such delightful prospects as *THE RHYTHM BUTCHERS LIVE AT THE CORRAL BY THE BAY*, *MEAT TIE BUTCHERS*, and *THE BUTCHERS LIVE AT CLUB BIMBO'S, SAN FRANCISCO*. Mark and Howard still cherish vaguely threatening plans to put out "A 9-record set retailing for \$2, but you have to buy 'em all. No compromises!" The general theme of the campaign would be "Records You Missed In The Fabulous Sixties," and the commercial potential is viewed as limitless.

Love In The City came out in October '69 as a single, but reached a paltry No. 91. The group's production company, Blimp, had recently signed a songwriter named Judee Sill, with whom Jim Pons was romantically involved; so nothing could have been more natural than to record one of her songs. *Lady-O* was a very lush but

appealing ballad that almost caught on, but No. 78 was its eventual ceiling. Meanwhile the Turtles were recording another album, produced by Jerry Yester and tentatively titled *SHELLSHOCK*; while White Whale was demanding a return to commerciality.

SHELLSHOCK would have been a strong album, from both material and arrangement perspectives. Some of the songs (*If We Only Had The Time*, *There You Sit Lonely*, *Goodbye Surprise*) later turned up on the two Flo & Eddie albums. *Can I Go On* featured an unusual guitar intro that sounded like the Ventures' *Diamond Head* and continued in a most attractive vein, while Bonner/Gordon's *Like It Or Not* was a slow pretty tune. *You Want To Be A Woman*, although rather ordinary at times, contained a tremendous rocking bridge; "We may revive that part," Mark commented. Also cut at that time was a jokey demo, one side the familiar doowop ditty *Teardrops* and on the other a raucous, frantic version of Jan & Arnie's second hit *Gas Money*, a wild arrangement deserving of wider circulation. The group called themselves The Dedications for this outing, and strangely enough (perhaps without Mark or Howard's knowledge) White Whale did release *Teardrops*, by The Dedications (WW 340). It was subtitled: "Featuring Freddie, Charlie, Tony, Marty & Lou; Produced by Bobby Jimmi"; rather suspect personages all, possibly White Whale's promotion corps or the boys in the shipping room. Quite a mystery...

In order to gain the freedom to record *SHELLSHOCK*, the turtles agreed to record the company's choice for the next single in early 1970, a rather colorless number called *Who Would Ever Think That I Would Marry Margaret*. But that was the last thing the Turtles and White Whale agreed on; suits, surreptitious releases of old material, and multifarious hassles followed, finally culminating in Mark and Howard gaining possession of the group name and all the tapes. The band itself was pretty well at the end of its rope; *Margaret* was not a chart single, there were internal pressures involving Mark and Howard's increasing domination (especially as far as songwriting was concerned), and in the early part of 1970 the band dissolved for all practical purposes.

All practical purposes, that is, except records. White Whale released two more albums and three final singles posthumously, most of it, as it turned out, quite good. First came *MORE GOLDEN HITS*, amusingly packaged by Dean Torrence's Kitty Hawk Graphics as an almost exact pictorial counterpart to the first volume, save for depiction of sartorial and hirsute evolution. Again, it was a musical bargain, with five singles





previously unrepresented in 33 rpm form, plus four other big hits, one TURTLE SOUP cut, and two unreleased songs. One was *Cat In The Window*; it had been recorded with a full string contingent, but Howard and Mark whimsically decided to deliver the original unadorned version to the company, lasting all of 1:41. It's a pleasant song, anyway. *We Ain't Going To Party No More* was the only survivor of the SHELLSHOCK sessions; a musically complex antiwar diatribe with some hard rocking near the end, it was an arresting track.

White Whale, in its unceasing attempts to scrape out one more Turtles hit, released as singles *Is It Any Wonder* from GOLDEN HITS, *Eve Of Destruction* from the first album ("They even asked us to change the lyrics to mention Kent State," says Howard), and *Me About You* from HAPPY TOGETHER. All failed monumentally, although *Eve* did somehow ascend to a lofty No. 100 position for two weeks. And one last album appeared, a bizarrely covered concoction called WOODEN HEAD.

Two tracks hailed from mid-'66, *We'll Meet Again* and *Come Back (Grim Reaper Of Love's* flip, a fine folk-styled tune). *Wanderin' Kind* was repeated from IT AIN'T ME BABE (although it wasn't listed on the back for some reason), and the remaining eight tracks were recorded at the same time as the first album sessions. Most of it was therefore vintage folk-rock, exhilarating and enthusiastic. Highlights included P.F. Sloan's *I Get Out Of Breath*, the slightly oriental-styled *She'll Come Back, Get Away*, David Gates' *Tie Me Down* (also a Dino Desi & Billy single), and the mysterious album opener, *I Can't Stop*, for which no composer credit was given since to this day no one connected with the group knows who wrote it.

After the dissolution of the Turtles, Howard and Mark were at fairly loose ends. They received various offers, two of the more intriguing being the leads in a Broadway production of *Hair* and singing with Chicago. But instead they joined up with Frank Zappa and the Mothers; Zappa had been a longtime appreciator of the Turtles, particularly their satirical talents, and in turn Howard and Mark provided a breath of fresh air for the Mothers, both humorously and musically. Billed for contractual reasons as The Phlorescent Leech And Eddie (after two Turtles road managers of the same nicknames), they gained widespread notoriety with the most popular band of Mothers ever, especially in Europe. Through their prominent roles in *LIVE AT THE FILLMORE EAST* and the *200 Motels* movie, Howard and Mark made throngs of new fans, many of whom had barely heard of the Turtles. They were able to hone their comedic skills, participated in sideline projects like backing Marc Bolan on many of his biggest hits, and consider the Mothers experience "a very important part of our career."

Finally, though, after two years of a basically subordinate role, it was time to try it alone. Having produced some of the Turtles material, and having been offered such production plums by Bizarre Records as Frankie Avalon and Freddie Cannon (they turned down both opportunities, although their idea of cutting Bolan's *Mustang Ford* with Cannon had natural appeal), Howard and Mark decided to produce themselves, and THE PHLORESCENT LEECH & EDDIE LP in the latter half of 1972 was the result. For Liccianetti followers from Mothers days, the album must have been quite a shock,

but Turtles devotees were not surprised by the skillful and polished straight pop-rock content of the record. The only outrightly jocular number was *Nikki Hoi*, with its Hawaiian punch lines about bone knives and suchlike. There were hard rockers like *Thoughts Have Turned* and *It Never Happened*, commercial poppers like *There You Sit Lonely* and *Goodbye Surprise* (an unsuccessful Bonner/Gordon-cleffed single), plus the hypnotic *Flo & Eddie Theme* and the Byrds-like *I Been Born Again*; as a whole, an immensely attractive debut.

Mark and Howard assembled a band, attracting three more Mothers (old crony Jim Pons, drummer Aynsley Dunbar and Don Preston, keyboards and synthesizers), much to Zappa's displeasure; plus former Love guitarist Gary Rowles. They gigged around, starting slowly in San Diego to break in the act but moving on to dates with David Bowie and, of course, Alice Cooper. The Cooper tour was a revelation of sorts; "Alice was - and is - a great guy," but the experience of playing huge sports arenas left them rather cold - "No more hockey rinks if you please," declares Howard. The Flo & Eddie band was at times a difficult proposition as well - "All of us are prima donnas," says Howard, Mark agreeing; "Everyone's a superstar." In performance the group often came off a trifle schizophrenic, mixing straight hard rock, outlandish comedy routines, and lengthy improvisational drum and keyboard solos in a rather unwieldy format. Although relations remain friendly all around, a new Flo & Eddie configuration is forthcoming, and Aynsley Dunbar for one has exited to record with Lou Reed and Bowie.

Flo & Eddie's second album got fine reviews, and contained "a lot of songs we always dug and wanted to record," things like the Small Faces' *Afterglow* (a great rocking version which failed as a single recently), the Kinks' *Days*, and the Ronettes' *Breaking Up*. There were also a couple of typical Flo & Eddie serio-comic routines, *Carlos And The Bull* and *The Sanzini Brothers*, plus fine original compositions like the viciously rocking *Another Pop Star's Life* and *If We Only Had The Time*. But Mark and Howard were rather dissatisfied with the way it came out, most of the problems centering around the production techniques of Bob Ezrin (of Guess Who and Alice Cooper repute). "Basically it wasn't as much of a get-off as the first album," says Howard. "It was too much his album and not enough our album." Ezrin seemed to be overly painstaking in his perfectionist approach, and took an extremely active role in the arrangements - "I had this nice little song, *Marmendy Mill*," continued Howard, "and as soon as Bob heard it he said, 'that's the big production number!'" *Marmendy* does come off a bit overblown during its heavily orchestrated seven-minute duration, but on the other hand the tightly-structured impact of *Afterglow* and *Another Pop Star's Life* are highly impressive. Still, it was an uncomfortable alliance - "Every time we stepped up to the mike, we felt like we were auditioning on our own album."

Future plans for Flo & Eddie (Mark: "We have no future plans") include a new single to be recorded this month, a chance at a syndicated radio show, and the main project at the moment, the soundtrack to an X-rated animated Roger Coman production called *Cheap*. Howard and Mark will be the two main voices, and the plot involves a "six-foot duck" who conducts an informal tour

through "all the perversions of the universe." The duo assure their fans that the movie has "no redeeming social value," and emphasize that "it's nothing like Fritz The Cat."

The soundtrack musicians, besides Flo & Eddie regulars like Jim Pons, Lyn Blessing (vibes), Tim Weisberg (flutes), and Don Preston ("rancid cocktail piano"), include none other than former *Where The Action Is* regulars the Robbs, at whose Cherokee Ranch in Chatsworth, California the sessions are being cut. Joe Robb plays sax, Craig Robb, drums, Bruce contributes additional keyboards, and Dee is handling most of the engineering; Preston Epps also guests on bongos and percussion. The music is of course designed to fit the characters and the scenes, but Mark says, "It's more like *BATTLE OF THE BANDS* than anything since," and both agree that the forthcoming soundtrack LP will be "really perverted" and "totally offensive to a traditional Flo & Eddie audience."

Whatever a traditional Flo & Eddie audience may be, that is; one problem with the act has been the lack of a coherent image. Some fans expect Motherly clowning, others light Turtles pop, and still others desire the Angloid hard rock of the last album. September will see a smaller-venue tour featuring a new lineup - two horns, drums, acoustic and electric bass, guitar, and possibly keyboards, all of which should sound quite distinct from anything before. Howard and Mark resist being pigeonholed; as Mark put it, "If our music is tentative it's because we're tentative." They have no desire to undergo the rigors of high-echelon pop stardom now; they've been through it before and experiences with Alice and Zappa (after Frank's accident in London, Howard realized, "In one second you could be at the bottom of the orchestra pit, bleeding," and the ephemeral and remote nature of present-day stardom was brought home further by the gruelling logistics and vast shapeless audiences of the Cooper tour) have affected their outlook strongly.

They do, however, want to have some fun with the music business, and aside from their cherished "ultimate goal" of "assassinating the business from the inside," they plan to keep things hopping. High on the priority list are plans to reissue TURTLE SOUP and *BATTLE OF THE BANDS* in England, where they did not appear originally; and in the States to put out "the definitive Turtles anthology," *SOLID ZINC*. Owning all their tapes, Howard and Mark are shopping for deals, and when it appears some time before Christmas it should be a dazzling package. Three sides will contain "the best representative Turtles songs," including the hits and choicest LP cuts. "We want to keep side four open for the weirdies," says Mark; tentative candidates include *Umbassa The Dragon*, *Can't You Hear The Cows*, *Gas Money* and a few of the never-released selections (probably including the bizarre *To See The Sun*).

Hopefully *SOLID ZINC* will serve to convince Turtles detractors of the absurdity of their past dismissals ("trivial pop," "second-rate trend followers," etc.). The Turtles, whether socked into the mainstream or out on an outrageous limb, were one of the most consistently fascinating and entertaining American bands of the 60's. And Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, no matter how directionally vague or averse to stardom they may be, will doubtless continue to create more delightful musical concoctions; whatever road they take, there's bound to be fine music there and laughs galore.



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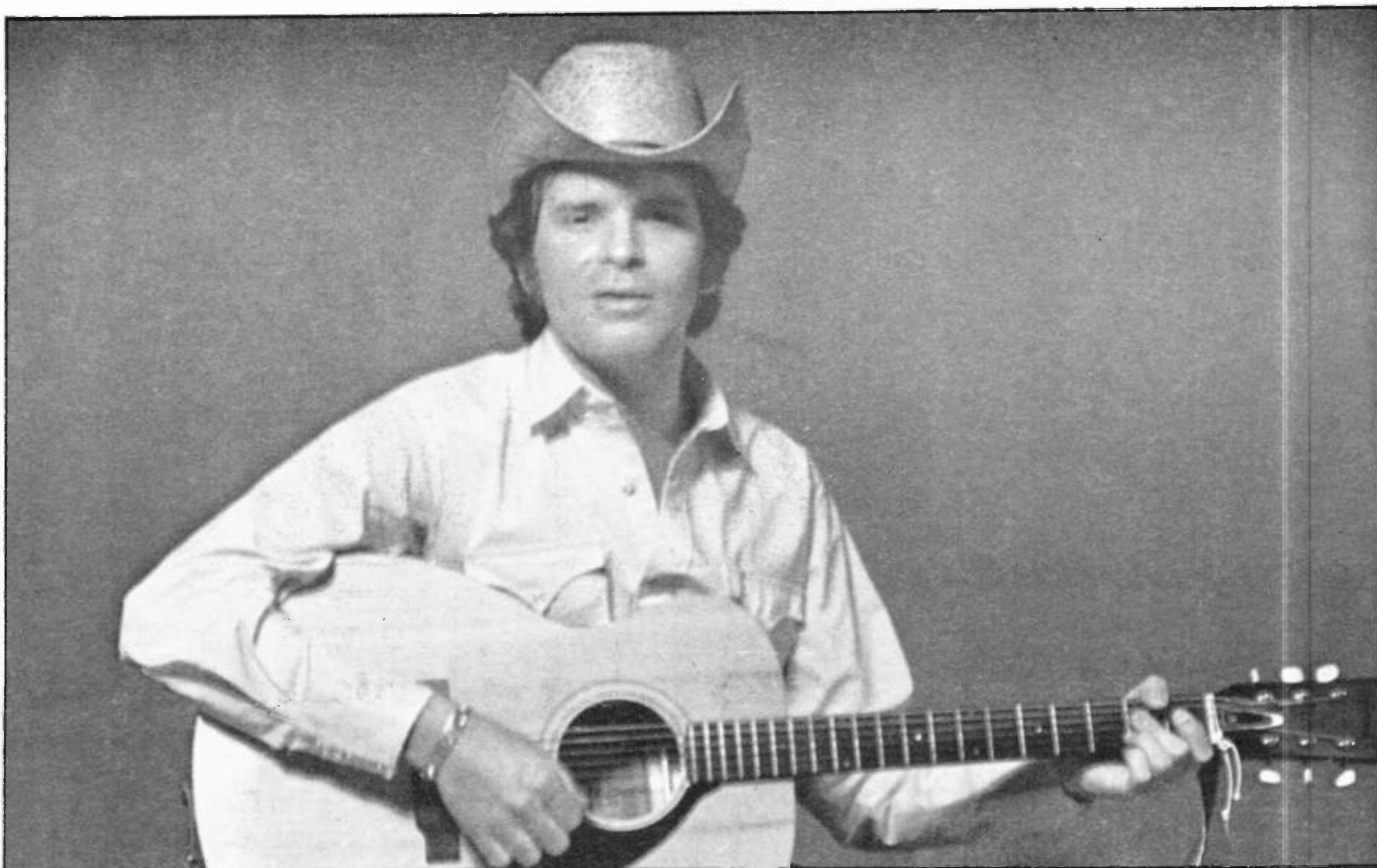
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THE JOHN FOGERTY YEARS

Rock 'N' Roll Comes Of Age Creedence Clearwater's Survival



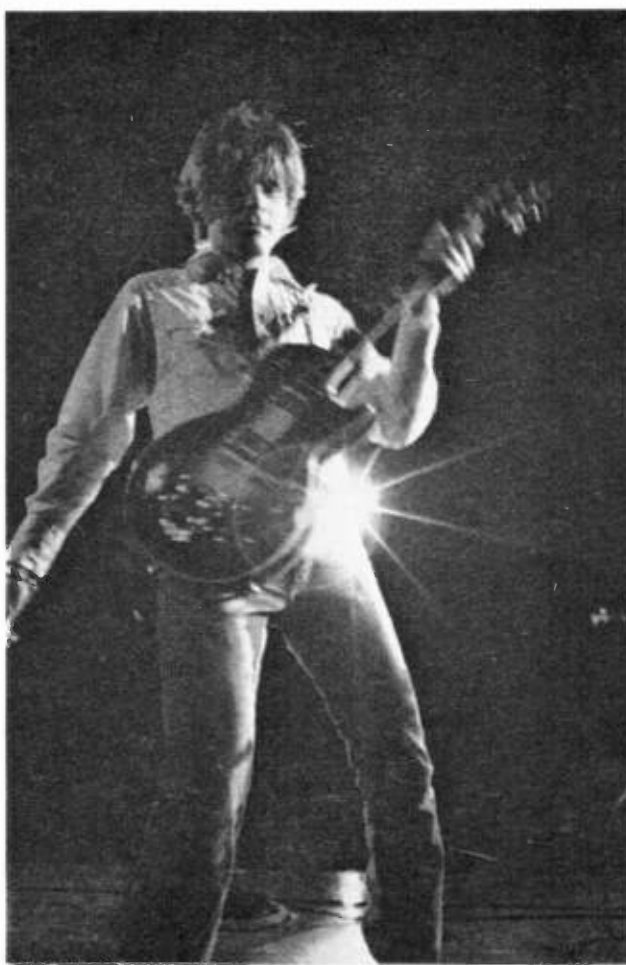
John Fogerty is many things, none of them ordinary. Besides his obvious musical ability, he is unique even among musicians. A loner, self-reliant and firmly committed to his beliefs. An intelligent, articulate, mature individual, with an understanding of music and society and his own position in relation to them. A clean-living, self-respecting man who has consistently sidestepped the blinding pitfalls of super-stardom. A maverick. And, in many ways, an enigma.

With Creedence Clearwater Revival, and now on his own as the Blue Ridge Rangers, his success has always been impossible to explain in terms of current trends or any of the accepted rules of rock theory. At the height of psychedelia, Creedence became an instant sensation with simple, basically unchanged '50s songs. Their first single was a huge AM success despite its unprecedented length of over eight minutes. During their four years of fame, Creedence was one of a mere handful of groups, and perhaps the only American one, to bridge the then-wide schism between mass popularity and the "underground" audience. And today, in the midst of pop music's return to its roots and the sort of simple, compelling singles he helped bring back into vogue, John Fogerty is enjoying no less success with, of all things, a revival of bluegrass music.

To understand how he has managed to get away with it, time after time, we must go back to a time before it all started happening -- because John Fogerty is, above all, a true and honest product of his environment, and it is that honesty that has made him what he is.

* * * *

He and his brothers Tom and Bob grew up in the Berkeley area, across the bay from San Francisco. Berkeley is an interesting city, stretching from the cheap rundown houses near the bay into the hills where the University of California is nestled, along with the upper-class dwellings of the affluent



In concert as on record, John Fogerty's guitar never failed to reflect that much sought-after "Sun sound".

intelligentsia. The populace is a curious mixture of students and mostly black lower-class spillover from the industrial blight that makes up much of the surrounding area.

There is a certain mentality peculiar to residents

By Greg Shaw

of Berkeley, and as he matured that mentality played a large part in John Fogerty's approach to songwriting. But as a high school student in the late '50s, his life was pretty much like that of kids his age everywhere.

He had been knocked out by the first rush of rock & roll excitement -- Elvis, Carl Perkins, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, and all the rest. Through listening to KWBR, the local R&B station, he also became familiar with the black sources of rock & roll such as B.B. King and (an obvious influence on his later singing style) Howlin' Wolf, as well as records like Screamin' Jay Hawkins' *I Put A Spell On You*, which were a bit too raunchy to be played on white stations.

John Fogerty's interest in music began developing in earnest during the eighth grade, half of which he recalls spending at home, practicing his guitar. He had already taught himself some piano, going over *Bumble Boogie* countless times until he could play it note for note. He did the same with *Honky Tonk* on guitar, and though he took a few lessons from people like Barry Olivier (leading Bay Area folkie and later the organizer of several big Folk Festivals), he was basically self-taught.

In early 1959, he and his older brother Tom (who also knew a little guitar) decided to form a band. Doug Clifford, a friend from school, joined on drums, and Tommy Fogerty & the Blue Velvets were born. Five months later Stu Cook came in on bass, and the group began playing frequently at school dances, county fairs, and so on. Their repertoire was mostly the instrumental hits of the time; Johnny & the Hurricanes, the Ventures, the Viscounts, etc. When vocals were required John sang, although it was still considered Tom's group.

They recorded a couple of records, for the local Orchestra label, but nothing came of it and so, after high school, the Blue Velvets didn't really pursue their musical career. Tom already had a job and family, Doug and Stu were in college, and John was serving a stretch in the Army Reserves. They still got together on weekends and whenever there was a

gig, but just didn't consider themselves professional musicians.

All that changed in March, 1964, when they approached Fantasy Records with some demos of piano instrumentals they hoped might interest Vince Guaraldi. Fantasy was the most successful of several small record companies in what was, at that time, a minor backwater of the music industry. Their product consisted mostly of North Beach cool jazz and beat humor/poetry. Max and Sol Weiss were the owners, and they liked the Blue Velvets' demos, but suggested the boys try some vocals. So they went home and taped a few of the original songs they'd been doing, submitted it to Fantasy, and a few months later, to their surprise, a record appeared.

John was in Portland at the time. He had gone up there to check out the burgeoning group scene that was becoming known as the Northwest Sound. Made up of groups like Paul Revere & the Raiders, the Kingsmen, the Sonics, Don & the Goodtimes, and the Wailers, the Northwest Sound was really nothing more than a combination of rough 'n' ready '50s R&B with the heavy drum sound and powerful rhythm chording of the early British groups. Fogerty, with his taste for basic, earthy rock and his deep admiration for the Beatles, was naturally attracted to the scene. But after a few nights of playing with a local band, it didn't seem quite so interesting, and when he heard that his group had a record out back home, he returned to Berkeley.

It wasn't until the Blue Velvets all went down to Fantasy and actually looked at the record that they realized they were no longer the Blue Velvets. To match their "now" sound, Max Weiss had given them a "now" name: The Golliwogs. They hated it. For four years they hated it, but they wanted to be successful, and there was nothing they could do, so they went along with it. But it was a constant source of embarrassment to them, and a large factor in the amount of care they put into everything they did afterwards, including the choice of their next name. It was also the sort of limitation that drove them to overcome their other, musical limitations, intensifying they already present tendency toward perfectionism.

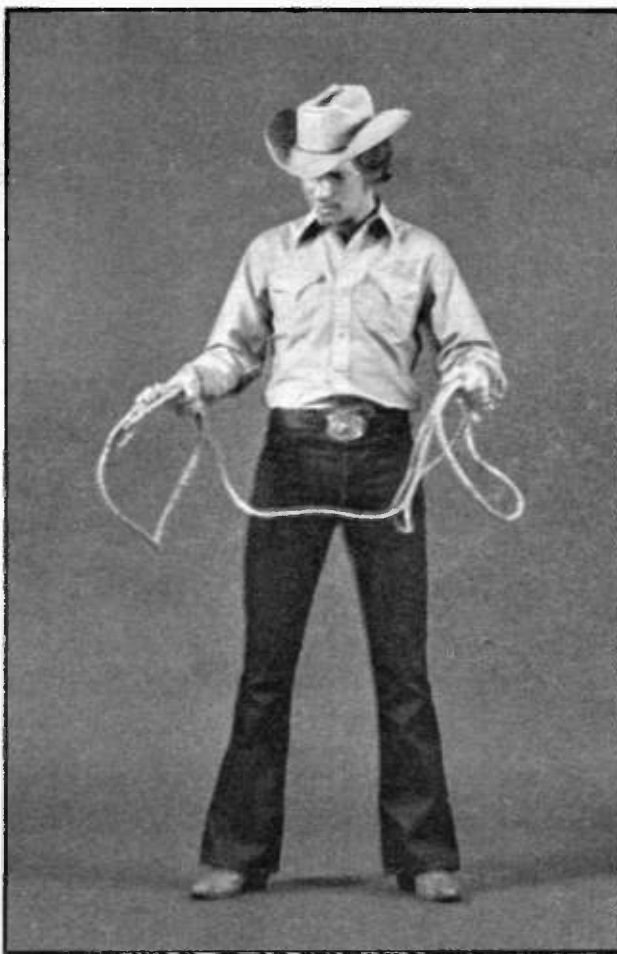
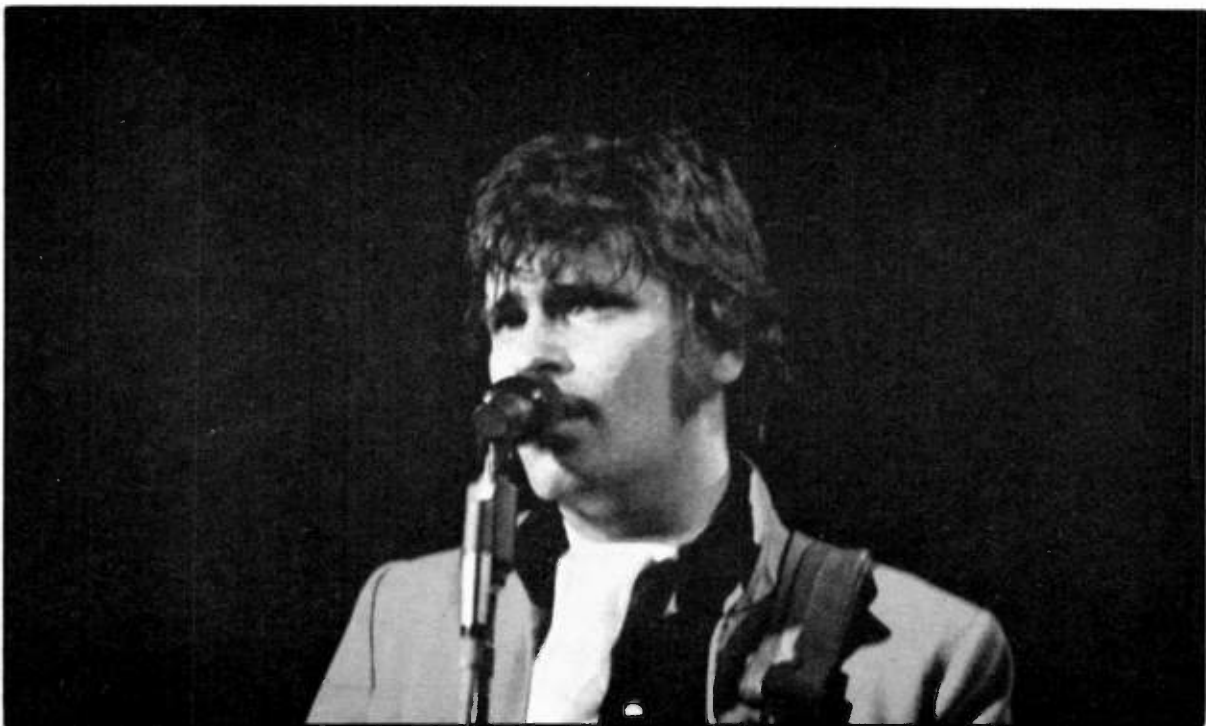
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John Fogerty doesn't particularly like to talk about his days as a Golliwog. Not only the name but the whole era is a subject he'd rather forget. All the teen clubs, battles of the bands, and worst of all the lack of success, seem ridiculous in light of what the group was capable of, even then.

By the summer of 1965 the underground rock scene was already brewing in San Francisco, with bands like Jefferson Airplane, the Mystery Trend, the Charlatans and the Grateful Dead appearing sporadically at parties and dances around town. But the East Bay, though only a fifteen minute drive away, was a different world. Bands there worked a circuit of clubs such as those run by Barry Carlos of Go-Teen Productions and Pete Paulsen of Teens & Twenties. The East Bay had its own localized scene, including tremendously popular groups like the Baytovens, Peter Wheat & the Breadmen, the Harbinger Complex, and Tom Thumb & the Hitchhikers.

This was punk rock as it existed in the Bay Area. Oddly enough, San Francisco itself produced no punk groups of any consequence, but the outlying suburban areas were crawling with them. San Jose, about 80 miles south, was another big center, with the Chocolate Watchband, Count Five, the Tikis, the Syndicate of Sound, the E-Types, the Jaguars and many more. The East Bay groups played often in San Jose, and Fogerty must have found it galling to be shut down at band battles by such local favorites as the Jaguars, an inferior band in every way.

But at least the Golliwogs were keeping busy, and building a reputation of sorts. Punk rock



reached its zenith in the summer of 1966, and though the San Francisco scene was also booming, the Golliwogs were part of a coexistent and largely non-overlapping scene that kept them before the younger high school audience, and out of the psychedelic ballrooms.

Objectively, forgetting about what came later, the Golliwogs still stack up as perhaps the best band of their type in northern California, and one of the best around the country. They weren't raving fuzztone punkers like The Shadows of Knight or the Music Machine; rather, they fell into that heavily British influenced style represented by the Knickerbockers (*Lies*), the Chartbusters (*She's The One*), the Ides of March (*You Wouldn't Listen*) and the Choir (*It's Cold Outside*). They did mostly original songs, where most of the other groups around the East Bay were limited to repertoires of Stones and Yardbirds, and they never performed *Louie Louie*. Each song was built around a melody,

He was the first rocker of any stature since Cochran & Holly

and Fogerty's lyrics even then were a cut above average. The Golliwogs fleshed out their songs with Mersey rhythms, harmonies, and usually an original touch or two.

That very first record, made on a home tape recorder, was *Don't Tell Me No Lies*. It sounds like an early Beatles song. Lacking in production, but with all the necessary ingredients for a fine record. The flip is a surprising Beach Boys styled song with *In My Room* harmonies and guitar lines right out of B.B. King. Furthermore their second release had a similar B-side, *Little Girl*, lifted blatantly from *Surfer Girl*. But it was their last stab at the Beach Boys, overshadowed by the A-side, a brash, energetic rocker based on *Please Please Me*, entitled *You Came Walking*.

Their third single, in the summer of '65, was *You Got Nothin' On Me*. It was a wild record, with the same energy level as *Sweet Hitchhiker*, but an overall rawness that ranks it high among the Stones-influenced records of its time. Its flip was a fairly ordinary punk riff out of the Newbeats with comb-and-tissue-paper harmonica. Following this record, Fantasy put the Golliwogs on their new punk subsidiary label Scorpio, and their next release was *Brown Eyed Girl* in early '66. A powerful song with a heavy debt to Them's *Gloria*, down to the use of echo, distant organ and John's most hoarse vocal yet, it got played on San Jose's KLIV and became a minor hit around the fringes of the Bay Area.

The Golliwogs were now running out of English groups to copy, having done the Zombies on the backside of *Brown Eyed Girl* with a remake of *She's Not There* called *You Better Be Careful*. So they went back to the Stones for *Fight Fire*, throwing in some Beatles, Zombies and Searchers. They even got into some Gerry & the Pacemakers/Hermans Hermits on the flip, but neither side got much action, and their next record was the last for the Golliwogs.

You Better Get It Before It Gets You was a fine Animals/Sam Cooke styled song, which again went nowhere, but the other side was the start of a new



direction for the group. Over pounding chords and a savage, Eastern-tinged fuzz guitar, Fogerty screamed like a man possessed, telling of a weird experience in a swamp by the river. *Walking On the Water*, the first song that was entirely their own, and also the first thing they'd done that wasn't a love song. It was, in fact, the start of a new identity for them.

Their final release on Scorpio, in late 1967, was *Porterville*. The story of a man who's afraid to go back to his home town because of his father's crimes, it solidified the group's newfound personality and sense of purpose. They were tired of pretending, of singing other people's songs under phony names. Up to now they had been totally anonymous; even the composer credits on the six Golliwogs records listed Rann Wilde and Toby Green (pseudonyms for Tom and John). For *Porterville* the credits read "T. Spicetush Swallowtail," Fogerty's final alias, and the group's name appears for the first time as "Creedence Clearwater Revival."

A cumbersome name, perhaps, but one that reflected their intense desire for the perfect image. "Creedence" was both the name of a friend and a word meaning "truth" or "believability." "Clearwater" presented an image of purity and natural wholesomeness. And the revival of both certain forms of music and of their own spirits was very much in their minds at the time.

* * * *

At about the same time they were making these changes, equally momentous changes were taking place at Fantasy Records. The company wasn't doing too well, and in October 1967 the Weiss brothers sold it to Saul Zaentz, a veteran of the local music scene who had known the Golliwogs for some time and liked their music. He backed them in their decision to pursue a new sound, bought them equipment with his own money although he was almost as broke as them at the time, and encouraged them to record an album.

The first thing they cut was *Susie Q*, a 1957 Dale Hawkins song that they'd been playing almost as long as they'd been together. They chose a familiar, comfortable song in order to devote more attention to the sound and production of the music. It was also a wise choice for another reason -- Quicksilver Messenger Service, then the most popular unrecorded band around, did a long version of the song as one of the highlights of their act, and Creedence's 8½ minute rendition, replete with John Fogerty's guitar solo pyrotechnics, might have been aimed specifically at Quicksilver's many thousands of Bay Area fans.

They recorded a whole album's worth of songs, also including *I Put A Spell On You*, Wilson Pickett's *Ninety-Nine And a Half* and a longer, remade version of *Walk On the Water*. Then there



At top, the 3-man Creedence (minus Tom Fogerty) accepts yet another batch of gold records, these from Swedish EMI in 1971.

was *Get Down Woman*, a fairly straight, uninteresting blues, *Gloomy*, a monotonous song saved only by some backwards tape effects, and *The Working Man*, an early attempt to get at the essence of lower-class mentality. Here we see the first signs of Fogerty's interest in proletarian matters, which was undoubtedly molded somewhat by his exposure to Berkeley's radical students and their unending quest to identify with The Masses. But even then, Fogerty's sincerity and genuine empathy gave his music a convincing forcefulness the textbook Marxists could only dream about.

At any rate, the album was finished in early 1968. Its completion came at a time when San Francisco's first (and only) underground FM station, KMPX, had just gone through a prolonged strike which resulted in the staff forming a union and exiting *en masse* to start another station, KSAN, which took over the market in no time at all. Creedence were in tight with the KSAN people, having performed at benefit dances for them and such, so when the tape was completed it went on the air immediately.

The response was instantaneous; the station was besieged with calls, and ended up playing the whole tape, several times a day, for the next few weeks. During those weeks there was a sort of Creedence-mania among local music fans; everyone was talking about this fantastic group that had come along, seemingly from out of nowhere, and

"I'm not a seventies press agent for the fifties..."

everybody was waiting for the album to come out.

It came out shortly, and started selling briskly. Then something quite unexpected happened. Two singles had been issued simultaneously, *Susie Q* and *I Put A Spell On You*. The local AM radio stations, worried about the ratings being pulled by the new FM's, had been programming album cuts for a few months. When *Susie Q* came out, the edited single went on the playlists, and response was so heavy that they all began playing the full album version, which was two minutes longer than *Light My Fire*, a precedent-setting record and the source of much controversy a year before.

The record broke out of San Francisco, and got to the bottom of the Top Ten nationally. Two months later, while it was still on the charts, some stations remembered that *Spell* was out and started playing it. It only got to No. 58, but by then Creedence Clearwater was established.

* * * *

At this point, Creedence was hovering musically somewhere between being a San Francisco boogie-blues band and the hot singles group they were to become. On the cover of their first album John was pictured wearing some kind of Sgt. Pepper uniform, with inane liner notes by Ralph Gleason talking about the Big Band Era and lumping Creedence in with the third generation of San Francisco groups. Their second album, *BAYOU COUNTRY*, found them at the peak of this style and the beginning of their next phase.

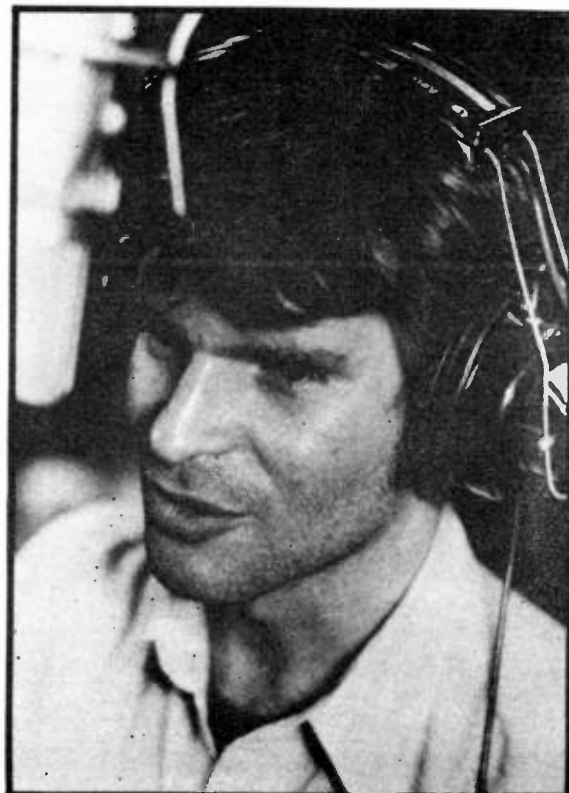
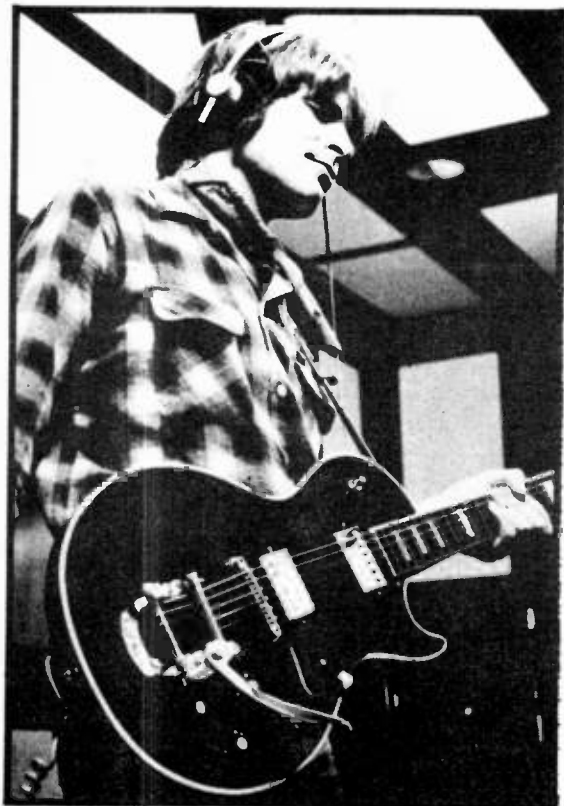
The album included two songs over seven minutes, the plodding *Graveyard Train* and a bouncy dance number called *Keep On Chooglin'* that became their first trademark and remained the most popular song in their live performances right up to the end. For a long time "keep on chooglin'" was as oft-heard a hippie password as "keep on truckin'" and despite the presence on the album of a strained attempt at *Good Golly Miss Molly* and two more songs of social commentary (*Bootleg* and *Penthouse Pauper*), and even *Proud Mary* (which went straight to the top of the charts and was covered by Solomon Burke, Ike & Tina Turner and countless others, becoming an instant across-the-board classic and probably their most widely known song of all), with *BAYOU COUNTRY* Creedence became typecast as practitioners of what was called "bayou rock" or "swamp rock."

Like all their songs, *Born On the Bayou* and *Keep On Chooglin'* were constructed around guitar riffs, the same clean, simple rock & roll riffs Fogerty has always favored. But because of the former song's lyric content, and the recurring themes of rustic wisdom in many of his songs, a lot of people thought that Fogerty and his group were actually from Louisiana. And *Proud Mary* of course contributed to that impression.

Actually, the whole mythos developed out of John Fogerty's quite natural fascination with the South. His favorite music, blues and classic rock & roll, had nearly all come from the South, and was full of references to it. He also had an interest in the folklore and culture of the South, and a sort of idealized vision of life along the bayous that proved a rich source of images which he used as metaphors to put across various messages in his songs. Or, you might simply say he was a country boy at heart.

Anyway, swamp rock was the pigeon-hole they were stuck with, ironically enough not even sharing it with Dr. John, who was much closer to the real thing. It faded away, however, after their third album demonstrated that the group was into a far

The Blue Ridge Rangers in the recording studio:
John Fogerty on guitar, along with
John Fogerty on piano and steel guitar
player John Fogerty, as producer John C. Fogerty looks on.



more universal sort of music than that label could encompass. *Lodi* only got to No. 52 in the charts, but it quickly became the definitive anthem of everyone who'd ever been in a dead-end rock band, and passed immediately into the repertoires of thousands of such groups.

In addition to *Lodi*, the GREEN RIVER album collected three more recent hit singles, two of them Top Five smashes. *Green River* was written about a place called Cody's Camp in northern California, but encapsulated Fogerty's feelings about the lure of a simple, natural way of life, equating it at the same time with a lost youth and innocence, so that it became more than just another "back to the land" song. *Commotion* was a simple, frenetic comment on the jangled pace of city life, while *Bad Moon Rising* was one of the more sophisticated political records of its time, discussing social unrest in pure metaphors of nature, the elements, and a convincing, almost superstitious, sense of fear.

* * * *

All that aside, what made these three songs into hit singles was the simple, compelling rock & roll sound of Creedence Clearwater. They eschewed all the technical, theatrical and theoretical gimmicks that were prevalent during the late sixties, sticking with a basic two guitars, bass and drums sound, not jazzed up in any way, coming across much like the records of the fifties that they were so close to in spirit. By now they had picked up a sense of economy, the ability to pack into two minutes what had taken them six to say before. What they had come up with was something John Fogerty might well have held as a primary goal at that time: to find a viable, commercial '70s equivalent to the elegantly clean, utterly exciting Sun records he had loved so much as a kid.

The only actual old song on the album was Ray Charles' *Night Time is the Right Time*, but all of GREEN RIVER had the flavor of the best Memphis rock of the fifties. *Cross-Tie Walker*, a fine, overlooked song, was as much a product of Carl Perkins as *Brown Eyed Girl* was of Van Morrison, and with most of the songs short, tightly-structured and built on the excitement of clean original rock & roll riffs with solos restricted to the essential tension-building increment, it remains for me one of their two best and most listenable albums.

Next came WILLY AND THE POOR BOYS, a bit of a letdown. It featured *Down On the Corner*, another of those "gettin' down with the po' folks" songs. In itself it was a catchy, infectious tune, but in the company of such other songs as *Poorboy Shuffle*, *Feelin' Blue*, *Cotton Fields* and *Side O' the Road* it made for an album that was rather disappointing, and about as convincing as the cover shots of the group cavorting through the ghetto with various pickaninnies.

The album was salvaged, however, by three of

their best songs from this period, which was probably their creative peak. *Fortunate Son* is the most honest of their political songs, full of bitterness and resentment, along with pride and defiance. And, as John once pointed out, it speaks as much for conservatives as it does for radicals: the object of its scorn is the callous rich who pervert power to their own purposes, and there are few who wouldn't admit to sharing that scorn. By this time, however, the radicals were beginning to criticize John Fogerty. Here he was, the leader of Berkeley's most successful rock group, and instead of donating all his filthy profits to the Peace & Freedom Party and dedicating songs to Trotsky, he was writing these noncommittal tunes, that did nothing to advance The Revolution, which was already crumbling like so many mildewed pamphlets.

He came in for special criticism with *Don't Look Now (It Ain't You Or Me)*, a song that might well have been aimed at Berkeley's pampered armchair ideologues. It was a song meant to jar middle class kids into thinking, for once, about just who in society was doing their dirty work for them, but it brought cries of "revisionism" and even "populism" in a number of reviews that I recall reading. The album's final high point was *It Came Out of the Sky*, which made gentle mockery of mankind's general absurdity; the only sane person in the song is Jody, the farm boy from Illinois.

They closed this phase of their career with COSMO'S FACTORY, in my opinion their best album and one of the best of its era. It came at a time when they evidently just wanted to let loose and play the kind of music they liked best, and in part it must also have been an attempt to both prove to themselves how far they could go with rockabilly and also to get it out of their systems. If that's so, then both their goals were accomplished.

The first side opened with *Ramble Tamble*, a seven minute pastiche of Sun riffs, a sort of loosening-up opener. They then ran through Bo Diddley's *Before You Accuse Me*, Roy Orbison's *Ooby Dooby*, Elvis' *My Baby Left Me*, Marvin Gaye's *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*, plus *Lookin' Out My Back Door*, loosely inspired by Buddy Knox, and *Travelling Band*, with its obvious debt to Little Richard. The presence of those songs alone would make any album solidly enjoyable, but there was more.

COSMO'S FACTORY also included four of Creedence's very best contemporary originals, adding up to an album without the slightest bit of excess. *Run Through the Jungle* is an ambitious but successful fantasy, full of the brooding, superstitious terror that was only hinted at in *Bad Moon Rising*. This song puts you right there in the

damp, dark jungle, with devils on the loose and panthers on the prowl. Then there's *Up Around the Bend*, which like *Bad Moon Rising* expresses a premonition of social change in simple, natural images. Somehow "catch a ride to the end of the highway, and we'll meet by the big red tree" becomes, in the joyous, uplifting context of this song, something more than the content of its words, a rallying cry to prepare for better times.

The first of John Fogerty's "rain" songs also appeared on this album. *Who'll Stop the Rain* is a wrenching cry of frustration, words and music combining perfectly to ask a question not often tackled by a rock & roll song. As always, you can make what you want out of Fogerty's lyrics, but listening to songs like this it's hard to understand how people can take the likes of Don McLean seriously on the one hand and write John Fogerty off as a maker of mere pop singles on the other.

The final song on the album was called *Long As I Can See the Light*, and it was a fitting close to a great album and a brilliant chapter in John Fogerty's career. A revelation of how soulfully he could sing, it also featured a beautiful, mournful saxophone solo and gospel-tinged electric piano, both played by John. It was a song of reluctant but necessary parting, ending with a promise to return.

* * * *

Creedence Clearwater Revival had been at the top for three years now, with an unending string of million-selling singles and five albums that had also sold a million units each. They toured extensively, playing to huge crowds all over the world. Millionaires themselves, they spread their wealth around as equitably as they could. They weren't radicals, but they did believe strongly in civil rights and quite a few of the causes that were making headlines in those days. They played numerous benefits, donated funds to the Moratorium and other legitimate anti-war efforts. Without telling anybody, they gave a boat to the Indians who were then under siege on Alcatraz island, also supplying them with food every week.

Their success had meant a lot for Fantasy Records, too. Saul Zaentz was now a wealthy man, and Fantasy had relocated from its humble digs to a brand-new brick-walled edifice near the fringes of the Berkeley ghetto: the house that Creedence built. The new Fantasy offices were a real showplace: fountains, sweeping staircase, completely equipped gym and sauna, and the very latest in modern studio facilities, which were made available at no cost on certain days for the use of local musicians. Knowing it had all been built by Creedence (although the group never owned any part of the company) and realizing they had to diversify if Fantasy was to outlive their contract with the group, they signed a number of acts, including Clover (a mediocre rock band from Marin), Redwing (an excellent group

from Sacramento), Alice Stuart, the Congress of Wonders (a comedy group), and others. Redwing received unanimously favorable reviews, but so far none of these signings has paid off. One source blames Fantasy for not promoting any of them, expecting them to come home on their own the way Creedence did. The ten year contract signed by the Goliwogs in 1964 expires soon, in any case -- as Saul Zaentz surely doesn't need to be reminded.

During the year or so between COSMO'S FACTORY and their next album, PENDULUM, Creedence had time for other things besides touring. They put together a TV documentary that was scheduled to be aired, then unaccountably held back. They changed their minds, it was said; they didn't want it out. But somehow it came out, and it was great. Really captured the behind-the-scenes action that takes place when a group this big is on tour. Hilarious interview filmed in a radio studio with boss jock Tom Campbell. Pretty good background. And fantastic concert scenes. A lot of people say Creedence was a disappointing group in concert, because they didn't improvise on their records. Balls. Their shows were great because their songs were great, and in concert they were strung together with a blistering sense of excitement and a snowballing kineticism that peaked with *Chooglin'*, when the audience would rise as one and dance on their seats. A couple of live Creedence bootlegs came out, and there should have been a live album on Fantasy.

But it seems that for some reason, they didn't want to emphasize that side of themselves at that time. They were quoted saying they didn't like the "hit singles group" image; they yearned to be taken more seriously. Why, they wondered, didn't the rock press write long articles analyzing their every word and movement, the way they did for all the other top groups? Maybe, it seemed, they hadn't given the press a chance to get to know them. Well, that could be corrected. They got a fatuous Hollywood writer named John Hallowell to spend some time with them and write their "biography." Appearing in January 1971 as a Bantam paperback, *Inside Creedence* was an amazing piece of literature. In 88 pages it supplied absolutely no information about the group, except for an incomplete discography at the end. The author, evidently a movie critic, knew nothing about their music and kept asking about...movies, of course. The following passage is typical of the book:

"John Fogerty has my number, all right. John Fogerty has everyone's number. I say, 'God is the ocean.' The leader replies, not batting an eye, 'Oh? I thought He was Darryl Zanuck.'"

The press was further courted at a lavish party thrown at the Fantasy studios. Writers were brought in from the east coast, everywhere. I wasn't there, but I've been told it was sumptuous. During the press conference portion, the group expressed their frustration at not having a well-publicized image. They had managed to sound like Elvis, and rake in as many gold records, but something was still missing. Why weren't people interested in their personalities the way they were in Mick Jagger's?

There were no answers forthcoming. Meanwhile PENDULUM had been in the works for a long time, and when it finally appeared it bore witness to the group's faltering sense of purpose. Creedence music had never been what you'd call spontaneous, but now it had become overly self-conscious. The album was dominated on most cuts by heavy organ rather than the classic guitar riffs of yore, and songs like *Born to Move* and *Chameleon* end up sounding more like Booker T. & the MG's. The album's crowning failure was *Rude Awakening No. 2*, an embarrassingly forced attempt at psychedelia, full of tape loops and jazz sound effects.

As always, there were exceptions to the general tone of the album. *Molina* and *Hey Tonight* were pleasant rockers with nice sax solos, although they seemed dampened by the same cautious restraint that ran through the entire album. *Pagan Baby* was a decent but rather unimaginative song reminiscent of the first album, *Sailor's Lament* an interesting Dr. John sort of number, with backup vocals, double-tracked sax and more production than was usually put into a Creedence record. The album even included a couple of outstanding tracks, *Have You Ever Seen the Rain* and *(I Wish I Could) Hideaway*, but the primary impression from PENDULUM is of something lacking, mainly a sense of personal involvement in the music.

The identity crisis continued and resulted, shortly after PENDULUM, in rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty leaving the group. He hadn't forgotten that he was once the leader of the band, and felt somewhat submerged in his younger brother's shadow. Creedence decided not to replace him,



"They never
asked me
to play at
Bangla Desh..."

coming up eventually with a new single, *Sweet Hitchhiker*, their most fast-paced screamer yet. Not their best, however. The song's tempo was too fast for their instrumental or vocal comfort, and the end result is a record that simply doesn't hang together the way their best singles had. It was backed by *Door To Door*, written and sung by Stu Cook, a rough fifties-style rocker about the travails of a door to door salesman. It was the first Creedence record not sung or written by John, but it wasn't bad.

Tom by now had issued his first single, *Goodby Media Man*, in June 1971. A rather vague, weakly sung, right-on statement, it bombed commercially, as did the album which followed. Creedence, meanwhile, had solved their identity problem. It was decided that putting John in the spotlight was unfair, since the other two members of the group had an equal right to write and sing their own songs, so on the final Creedence album, *MARDI GRAS*, each member contributed an equal number of songs.

The album was a disaster. The critics, while lauding Fogerty for his democratic impulses, pointed out gently that equal opportunity did not guarantee equal ability (a fact generally overlooked by people in Berkeley). *Sweet Hitchhiker* and *Door To Door* might have gotten by as the worst cuts on any previous Creedence album; here, they were just about the best, and that wasn't quite good enough. John did what he could to back up the others with great guitar work, as on Clifford's *Tearin' Up the Country*, but he couldn't hide the fact that their songs were mediocre and neither one of them could sing. Fogerty's own *Someday Never Comes* was the only real standout on the album, one of his more deepfelt reflections on the meaning of life, although far from his best musically.

Creedence Clearwater Revival called it quits after that. If they couldn't be equal, they couldn't be John's backup band any longer either, so they went their separate ways. Doug Clifford released a solo album in late 1972, about which the less said the better. Tom, who has been playing locally with Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders (Fantasy's all-purpose organ man), has a new record coming out this month on which Stu and Doug appear as session musicians, although everyone is quick to mention that this is not any "Creedence reunion." Of course not. Because when you get down to it, Creedence was never much more than John Fogerty. The other three were adequate on their instruments, though not great. The success of Creedence was due to the songs, guitar, voice, and personality of John C. Fogerty, and nothing else.

In his subsequent solo career, Fogerty has more than demonstrated the truth of that. His first record was *Blue Ridge Mountain Blues*, by the Blue Ridge Rangers, released toward the end of 1972. The picture sleeve showed five musicians standing against a shadowed skyline, and most people assumed this was some bluegrass group Fogerty was producing. It soon emerged, however, that all five figures in the picture were Fogerty, and that he had played every instrument, every note on the record, all by himself.

It was bluegrass music all right, with fiddles and all; even a hillbilly gospel song on the flip. It didn't make the charts, but his next release, the old Hank Williams song *Jambalaya* was quite a large hit. Although it was only one man spread over the

record's sixteen tracks, it had a more open, spontaneous sound than most of the Creedence records. It was also Fogerty's most blatantly pure country/rockabilly effort, primitive and unadorned, and its success was baffling to many. Who was buying it, the same kids who bought Moody Blues and Partridge Family records? Evidently.

They also bought the next single, *Hearts of Stone*, a 1953 R&B hit for Otis Williams & the Charms. The record fell into a small genre that came and went in 1956, of rockabilly arrangements of R&B songs (previously inhabited by Carl Perkins' *Only You*, Ray Campi's *Tore Up* and little else) and it would be hard to describe anything with less 1973 commercial potential. Yet it was also a big hit.

The first Blue Rangers album also included songs by Merle Haggard, Mel Tillis and Jimmie Rodgers, and was in fact a very traditional sounding country album. Yet the kids bought it, as they will undoubtedly buy the second album, which is already in the works. It should include some Fogerty originals, of which there were none on the first. According to a close source, he's been going through a dry spell and hasn't written a song in a year and a half. Now, however, they're coming fast, and John is reportedly brimming with ideas for a rock album after the next Rangers LP, and a return to live performances in 1974. It's pretty clear that John Fogerty is going to be one of the major stars of rock for a long time to come.

The question arises one final time: why? When everyone else who tried to demonstrate the relevance of '50s music to today met with failure, why did Creedence find such spectacular success? How could John Fogerty, a kid from Berkeley who liked motorcycles and old records, become a millionaire with a band that played music not much different from that produced in Memphis in 1955, seemingly oblivious to the general trend toward rock operas, jazz-rock, and all manner of other pretensions?

Well, maybe he caught some of the backlash from that. During the time of Creedence's hits, it hadn't yet been generally recognized that the basics of rock & roll, as laid down in the mid '50s, had nothing to do with "oldies" (as per the common misconception) but were, rather, the most universal common denominator of rock music. Nobody had said as much, but Creedence proved it musically and the public bought it because it was right. A good rock & roll song is always commercial, no matter when or what. But of course, it's still the singer not the song.

John Fogerty's songs were more than simple rockers; they were often subtle, lyrically brilliant, and moreover, socially relevant. Like Fohn Lennon only more acutely, Fogerty wanted to bring back the sound he loved and realized that to do so his songs must also say something to today's audience, as if to prove that a contemporary message would make an old-styled song sound fresh. And he was right, but there was more to it.

Despite the lack of image-saturation, I believe the success of Creedence was due, to a far greater extent than has been acknowledged, to the personality of John Fogerty. His link to the '50s was more than musical -- he was descended from a line of rock heroes including Elvis, Eddie Cochran, and Buddy Holly. In the '60s rock was taken over by faceless groups with amorphous names, but Fogerty was a throwback to the era when the singer/guitarist/rocker was a figure every guy identified with and every girl adored.

It takes a strong, confident personality to fill that role, and Fogerty had it. He was intelligent, modest, likeable. He respected himself, his music and his sources; thus, he was in turn respected and, by many idolized. His wasn't a following based on flash, but it was a solid and loyal one. As noted before, his basic honesty and integrity came through clearly in the best Creedence records, as they do in the Blue Ridge Rangers. I think people have responded as much to that as to the power of his music, compensating for the lack of more obvious commercial factors.

John Fogerty once told an interviewer, "I'm not a seventies press agent for the fifties." True. He was, rather, a true child of rock & roll, a rocker in the old sense, a guy with a guitar and the desire to reach kids in the most direct, effective way possible. That he could succeed so well, both artistically and commercially, without resorting to mellotrons, orchestras, orange hair, vaseline, depravity, or any gimmick at all, with nothing more than a basic musical style laid down nearly 20 years ago (but still as relevant as the U.S. Constitution or the Holy Bible), will remain as a shining example to everyone and an undeniable testament to the enduring power of rock & roll and the unique talent of John C. Fogerty

yeah!

Brownsville Station



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Ten Years After
Paul Simon
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EDGAR WINTER
 EARTH, WIND & FIRE

Chicago

JANIS JOPLIN
 SLY and the Family **STONE**

Jeff Beck Tim **ROBERT** Carmine **PPICE**

ISAAC HAYES

Carlos Santana, Mahavishnu John McLaughlin

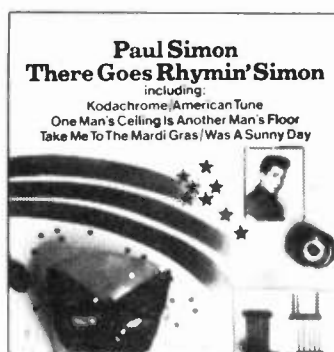
Johnny Winter

This album is long overdue. Most of the stars of Woodstock followed through right away with live albums. But Ten Years After held back—till now. Here are dazzling live performances of songs from the first Ten Years After album to the most recent. Recorded in front of rock and rollers in Paris, Frankfurt and Amsterdam in Lee-o-phonic sound.

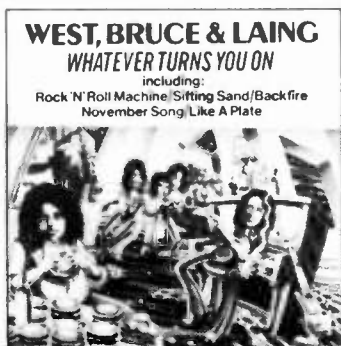


In The New York Times review of Paul Simon's new album (the one with "Kodachrome" and "American Tune") Lorraine Alterman wrote that it "clinches his position as the top singer-songwriter-producer in contemporary music." You'll agree.

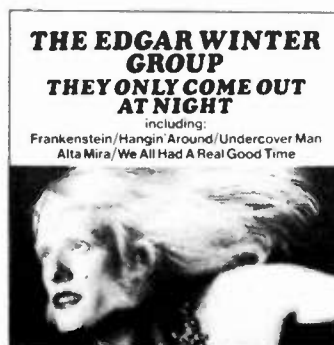
KODACHROME is a registered trademark for color film.



This makes twice in a row that big Leslie West, cool Jack Bruce, and hardworking Corky Laing are turning music lovers on. Listen to the sound of 10,000 watts, fondled, bent, distorted, fuzzed and nurtured with love, as funneled through your 60-watt home receiver. On Columbia/Windfall



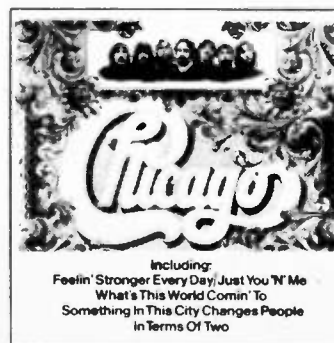
Edgar's music has been growing towards this point for years. Now it's here... in "They Only Come Out at Night" you'll hear Edgar's Group performing their monster hit, "Frankenstein," the follow-up, "Free Ride," and many more nuggets of good, good rocking music.



Earth, Wind & Fire have amassed nearly half a million fans who hang on their every note. And the legions are growing as more and more people hear cuts like "Evil" from "Head to the Sky," and see their sold-out concerts across the land.



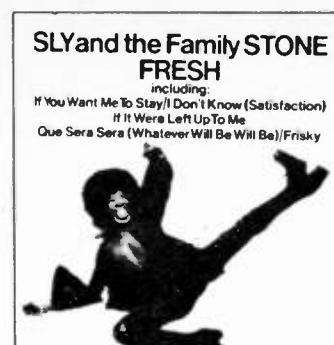
The new songs arrive. Chicago's sixth album has already established its credentials with "Feelin' Stronger Every Day," possibly their best single, and it continues to astound the senses with one great song after the next—possibly their best album. Again, one record. Firm and fully packed.



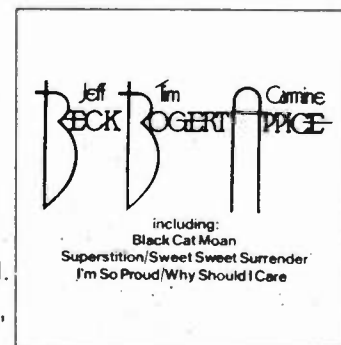
Nobody will ever come close to Janis at her best. These are her finest performances with Big Brother and the Holding Company, Kozmic Blues Band and Full Tilt Boogie Band. A rare collection by a one-of-a-kind lady.



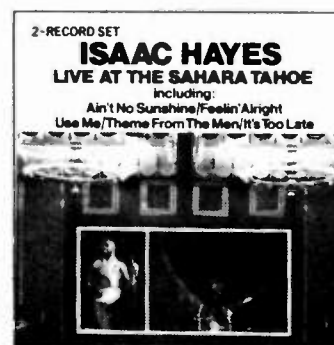
As fresh and sweet as cupcakes right out of the oven... that's Sly's new album. "If You Want Me to Stay," Sly's latest hit, is one example. His already famous funky-up "Que Sera, Sera" is another. And there's a load of new originals that reveal Sly's still dancin' to the music, and putting his heart and soul in it at the same time.



At last the vocal, bottom and percussive support that Beck's guitar has been crying out for has arrived. Bogert and Appice, veterans of the Vanilla Fudge and Cactus, round out the sound, and all together they get (the envelope please) the Super Group of the Year 1973 Award. Congratulations guys. Love your version of "Superstition."



Black Moses brings his big live show to the plush Sahara Tahoe, and you reap the benefits. Because you can listen at home to the superfine sounds of "Shaft" played by the in-person orchestra, observations (musically and otherwise) by the man himself, and, in general, two entertainment-crammed records of one of the most enjoyable shows around.

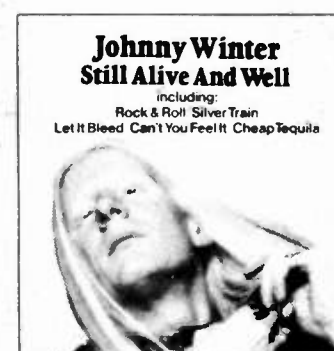


On Enterprise

If you add up all the influences that went into (and come out of) each of these gentlemen's guitar styles, you get a super-session every time either plugs in. But now you can hear the unprecedented collaboration of Santana and McLaughlin together. Playing Coltrane and playing originals. An album supreme.



Johnny Winter's efforts to prove to America that he's quite alive, and extremely well, have been breaking attendance records and even causing a few minor... how can we put it... riots. His healthy new songs are all on display in "Still Alive and Well," including the song written for him by The Stones, "Silver Train."



On Columbia and Epic Records and Tapes

Phonograph Record Reviews

A PASSION PLAY Jethro Tull Chrysalis

There are at least two possibilities when one approaches this album to review. On the one hand, the critic can treat A PASSION PLAY from the point-of-view of historical perspective. This avenue would involve discussion of Jethro Tull's previous discs and convoluted attempts to glean some predestination of A PASSION PLAY from the band's voluminous recorded legacy thus far. Which would also entail some allusion (either by inference or specifically) to other extravaganza 'concept' releases by established groups: such as the Beatles, Stones and Who. And further, this reviewing path would also necessitate some jejune query and mootly valid comparison to other 'stage show' presentations. Be they as hirsute and transitory as performed by the Incredible String Band or as flauntingly professional as JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. The final paragraph in whoever's review of A PASSION PLAY, employing this stratagem, would concern itself with Tull's last, cryptic release, THICK AS A BRICK. The final sentence would recommend purchase "to all avowed and concernedly apoplectic Jethro Tull/Ian Anderson devotees."

You'll have to find that review elsewhere. It is, by nature, not only repetitious but avoids the reality of perspective. That in the case of Jethro Tull and considering (particularly) the genius/abandon of its leader, Ian Anderson (who, after all, is the only surviving member of the original 1968 JT) must be invoked. This disc is, then, where Anderson with Tull in tow are at the moment. The same would also be true for the likes of Van Morrison— if he were still leading Them. Which brings us to another, more viable approach.

Which is to treat A PASSION PLAY as a separate entity. As a diversion, if you will, but a diversion that entailed Ian Anderson setting A PASSION PLAY (ostensibly penned by one Rena Sanderone) to music, dancing and sundry other modes of theatricality. The realization of this vision was his own -- if one can rely upon Terry Ellis' remarks concerning how Anderson worked with the other members of Jethro Tull-Barriemore Barlow, Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond, John Evan and Martin Barre: "Ian will go to the group with the music and the bones of the arrangement, then encourage the others to contribute to it. Each of the others contributes his own ideas to the stage show, as well. Some of the things John does, only he could have thought up. And the same goes for the rest of the group." This reviewer, however, remains impaired. As of this writing, I have not seen Anderson and Company perform A PASSION PLAY. Therefore, what I review is treated not as a soundtrack (which is what it is) but as three theatrical dialogues set to music.

A PASSION PLAY contains dead men, angels, a film viewing room, a fairy tale and broad allusions (in "The End" section) to both God and Christ. It, nevertheless, is one of those ever-delightful, literary-based lands which, somehow, has managed to steer clear of the life and death reality of ever having really existed. One might almost be tempted to affix the term 'rock fantastique' to explain the cumulative effect of 'Sanderone's words' and Anderson's many-phased musicianship.



Ian Anderson, Jethro Tull's flamboyant flautist, flaunts his flailing flute.

Throughout, Anderson's voice and flute in conjunction with his very adept band (highlighted, perhaps, by the efforts of lead guitarist Martin Barre and Keyboard wizard John Evan) succeed wondrously in employing the text (and the nuances of the text) as a jumping-off place for their jazz-rock foundationed explorations. Which are primitively accented and persistently foreboding on Side One's epic tune *A Passion Play*.

Side two opens, on a lighter note, with the reading of a fairy tale entitled *The Story of the Hare Who Lost His Spectacles* (with apologies to the spirit of Lewis Carroll) and then quickly evolves into the bulk of the PASSION PLAY. Which is called *The End* and reads like Joyce's 'ULYSSES' shifting from a business office to "Magus Perdes drawing room at midnight." The end result, in historical accuracy with the purpose of the original Passion Plays (that pre-dated Shakespeare) is bound up in the myth of the rise, from the grave, of the Son of God. Which leads one back to the outset (the unattended funeral of Everyman

Ronnie Pilgrim, the fantasy-land of the Memory Bank and the Business Office) in an attempt to glean the spark of the message that 'Rena Sanderone' is attempting to impart. This credo, like the music of Anderson and Company, is veiled and oft illusory. Anderson, in the course of the album, never sticks with a chord sequence or tempo for very long - this is certainly the most improvisational elpee yet by Jethro Tull. Vocally as well as instrumentally, one might add.

But the improvisation is controlled. I guess, more on stage (where the audience can view the theatricality, dancing and derring-do) than on disc. Hats off to Chrysalis Records for having faith enough in Ian Anderson, for giving him the freedom to experiment, to boggle, to confuse and, hopefully, to spread the underlying idea of a 'modern redemption' that, in effect, is the theme of A PASSION PLAY. Kind of a Twentieth century, Ezra Pound filtered morality play come to life. Buy the record, see the show. See the show, buy the record. You can't lose.

—Gary von Tersch

A LITTLE TOUCH OF SCHMILSSON IN THE NIGHT Harry Nilsson RCA

Here is an idea whose time should never have come.

Harry Nilsson's newest album, produced by Derek Taylor and arranged by Gordon Jenkins, is a collection of old-fashioned love songs from the 'forties, the 'thirties, the 'twenties and before. Some of the titles: *It Had To Be You*, *You Made Me Love You*, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, *Nevertheless (I'm In Love With You)*, *Always*, *As Time Goes By*.

It seems to have been a conscious decision made when the project was conceived to avoid those standards that immediately come to mind as examples of great popular songwriting of decades past (the entire work of Cole Porter, for instance). The point Harry and friends apparently were determined to prove was that any old heartfelt song will do; any thirty-two bars

that once brought tears or a smile can bring them again — in fact, the more seemingly tired and banal the tune, the better the opportunity to open young ears to its perennial message.

This thesis is all very well as an inspiration for table-talk, but there is a horrible difference between having a few drinks and reciting the words of *For Me And My Gal*, and actually hiring a hall, getting up onstage and going through with it.

More dispiriting than the choice of material is the blanket of pretension smothering the proceedings. These people are so convinced of the importance of their mission that they never allow fun to intrude. Everything is done in a straight-ahead manner, no camp intended, no irony allowed. Even *Makin' Whoopee* is presented like an anecdote once mumbled by Lincoln.

As greatly talented as Nilsson is, he is no match for this impossible endeavor. All this reverence is stifling to his style. He can only address these "classics" with a somber simplicity that allows him nothing but occasional noodling phrases or falsetto flights inbetween the text's precious notes; the concept has him in a stranglehold. At his best here, no one would imagine the remarkable things he is capable of, and at his worst he is dreary and treacly and utters some very dubious tones. Mostly he sounds as if he realized the folly of the venture very early on but was resigned to see the exercise through, although that may be treating him too generously.

Gordon Jenkins' orchestrations inevitably invite comparison with the work he did with Sinatra; his charts for Nilsson have the same guitar prominent in the foreground, the same pizzicato passages, the same swirling impressionistic interludes by horns and strings. While this created an attractive lush-yet-ascetic setting for Sinatra's lonely persona, it is ludicrously out of place underneath these songs that have been done to death, embalmed, and now mummified.

—Tom Nolan

PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS John "Speedy" Keen MCA

It could be I'm a sucker, I mean, I even believe most of the things I read in *Phonograph Record* and *Creem*. But John Keen has the kind of voice that makes me believe just about anything he says. It's not a fantastic voice technically — high-pitched, in falsetto 90% of the time, not even trying to hit many of the right notes — but it just reeks with empathy. Immediate identification. Wherever the voice goes, you go.

So who is this John Keen character who seems to have my number? You may recall the name Speedy Keen from a group that had an album out a couple of years ago called THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN. That was a pet project of Pete Townshend's in which he lumped three musical pals together into a studio band. It wasn't until I got to hear PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS that I realized that, although Andy Newman's 30's kazoo riffs were funny and Jimmy McCulloch's guitar runs were flashy, it was Keen's songs and lead vocals that made THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN, for me, one of the undiscovered classics of 1970. And now, in perfect contrast to the seeming dependence that THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN had on Pete Townshend for

production, direction, and just about everything else, Keen emerges on his solo album not only playing guitars, pianos, and drums, but handling the arrangements and production as well. And I get the impression that Keen is just beginning to come into his own and realize his potential as a songwriter and a musician.

But it's the voice I keep coming back to. It totally belies Keen's greaser background, hailing, as he does, from the same tuffboy area of London that spawned the Who and a lot of other punks who have made headlines in other, less socially acceptable, ways. But his roots are there (as evidenced by his nose which looks as if it has been broken several times), giving his vocals a backbone that assures his credibility. He even gets away with doing a conciliatory, almost affable, version of *Positively 4th Street*. I doubt Bob Dylan could manage to pull that song off these days. After that, the only non-original song on the album is an infectious version of Eddie Cochran's *Something Else*. Keen's phrasing keeps this one from being a simple cover job, and makes it rather another reflection of Keen's friendly, yet oblique, musical personality.

His own compositions are the most revealing, though, and, as is usually the case, the more the artist exposes, the more the listener can become involved. My two favorites, *That's The Way It Is* and *Keep Your Head Down*, are songs of resignation and determination, showing Keen to have a strong identification with his generation:

"Take a walk out on the street

Talk to anyone you meet
They're all saying the same
We're not to blame

"Cause that's the way it is." *

All of which is palatable since he comes on like a concerned friend rather than a moralistic preacher. Admittedly, he does lay it on a bit thick on a couple of the more cloying, paternalistic songs (*Let Us In* and *Don't You Know He's Coming*) but he never gets too reverent or ultra-serious. He knows when to lighten up and back off, never losing the basically happy feel of the album.

So, are you ready to go and lay down your hard-earned bucks for Speedy Keen's new album? Even if I have failed to convince you that **PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS** is worth the effort, once you hear Keen sing for yourself, you'll be hooked. I'm sure I'm not the only sucker around.

—Gary Kenton

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LIVE AND LET DIE SOUNDTRACK United Artists

In the record industry they have a term known as "MOR." It stands for "middle-of-the-road" music, as distinguished from R&B or C&W or classical or rock. MOR music is soothing stuff, full of gentle melodies and lush orchestration; music for older people who can't stand to hear anything adventurous or even vaguely exciting. In spite of all you hear about Alice Cooper and these other mondo-freako groups, the fact is that MOR has never been more popular than it is today. Some of the biggest stars of MOR music include George Harrison, James Taylor, David Crosby, Don McLean, Lobo and Bob Dylan.

Among record companies, United Artists is known as the king of MOR music. Oh, they have a small stable of "rock" artists (like Shirley Bassey,



Speedy Keen, mild-mannered ex-greaser, poses obligingly for PRM's camera while waiting for his extension cord to arrive.

Ferrante & Teicher, and Francis Lai) to keep the avant-garde cultists happy, but it has been such MOR greats as Allan Taylor, Linda Cohen, Chris Darrow, Dinsmore-Paine and Townes Van Zandt that have made United Artists the giant among record companies that it is today. Being affiliated with a major film company, they also have the advantage of releasing soundtrack albums, which as anybody who has listened to *WOODSTOCK* or *BANGLA DESH* or *PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID* can attest, are one of the major sources of first-rate MOR.

soundtrack, he didn't even have a hand in writing the other tunes) his name appears twice on the cover of the album, in lettering as bold as that of the title, and in a higher position too. In fact, if you didn't look closely, you might even think this album was by "Paul and Linda McCartney and Wings." That's the kind of treatment you get, when you're a truly big MOR star.

Actually, though, it's a bit misleading. The rest of the album was scored by George Martin, the same guy who did all the early Beatles stuff, and if you heard any of those records you don't



Paul McCartney is only one of many great stars to emerge from the late, lamented Ed Sullivan Show. Formerly a member of a teenage rock group, Paul's most recent role has been as the leading man in a closed-circuit soap opera. Rumors of his death have been more or less exaggerated.

This is such an album. Though he is not signed to UA, MOR star Paul McCartney (a former rock & roll singer who went legitimate) appears on this album because he wrote and performed the title song of the *Live and Let Die* film, the latest of the James Bond comedies. Although he is heard on only one song (unlike *The Family Way*, his previous smash

have to be told what a wild, noisy, offensive sound he has. No true MOR fan would be caught dead listening to such childish, unsophisticated music, and there's no need for anyone who has already purchased the title song in its single release on Apple to even consider buying this album.

It does, however, have one saving grace I've neglected to

mention. Oldies lovers will be delighted with the interior of this double-fold album, which contains more color pictures than Annette's *Story of My Teens* (though not as many as the amazing *Tom Sawyer* soundtrack), most of them featuring a swamp/voodoo motif -- just the thing to gaze at while sipping carrot juice and listening nostalgically to one's old Martin Denny albums. Simply divine...
—Phil Payges

ROGER MCGUINN Columbia

The small Troubadour stage was dark as Roger McGuinn made his way up the aisle, pushing between the tightly-packed tables. In one hand was a guitar; in the other, a portable radio. Putting his guitar aside on a stand, McGuinn, lit by this time by a lone spotlight, switched on the radio. A news station; some superhetrodyne squeal; top-40. McGuinn continues to twist the dial until he picks up a children's chorus:

"The Lord, he loves a rolling stone
He leads around the danger zones
And helps get on to where he's going
He don't ask for very much..." *

Interested, McGuinn sets the radio down on a nearby stool, still playing. He picks up his guitar, and begins to sing along:

"A dream or two will always do..." *

An electronic trick, sure, done with a hidden tape recorder and one of the backing tracks from this first "solo" album. But the "trick" is as effective as hell and, like the album, it's pure McGuinn.

All of which is especially interesting following the reformation of the original Byrds, something that David Geffen and Asylum Records show all signs of continuing past a one-album project. Evidently, Roger will continue to record albums like this for Columbia, and with the Byrds for Asylum. Who says that you can't have your cake -- or identity -- and eat it, too?

For the moment, we have

solo albums (all, in fact, except Clarence White *do*). Here, we get a couple of reworked folkie standards, science fiction, jet airplanes and drag racing and surf music, protest of a sort, country of a sort and even Bob Dylan on harmonica. What more, for God's sake, could a McGuinn fan want? Or McGuinn himself, for that matter?

Many of the songs have been co-written by McGuinn and his fairly long-time collaborator, Jacques Levy. They are, for the most part, clever, witty and literate. *I'm So Restless* asks Messrs. Dylan, Lennon and Jagger why, when he's tried so hard to keep up with their teachings, Roger's still not satisfied. Could be speaking for a lot of us; Dylan's participation (this is the one track on which he appears) indicates his agreement. *My New Woman* takes Roger back to jazz and 5/4 time, with the rest of the Reformed Original Byrds and Charles Lloyd joining in. *Lost My Drivin' Wheel* is chunkier and rockier than either Tom Rush's or composer David Wiffen's versions; it almost sounds YOUNGER THAN YESTERDAYish, with some impressive drumming by Jimmy Gordon. *Draggin'* details a transcontinental drag race between two 747s, with Bruce Johnston supplying some patented Beach Boys harmonies. It succeeds as parody, rock and roll and as McGuinn -- no small accomplishment. *Time Cube* will appeal, no doubt, to those who share the composers' (McGuinn



and R.J. Hippard -- does this date back to *CTA-102* days?) fascination for science fiction. I don't like it very much; the lyrics, dealing with man's rise from the slime and such, are philosophical at a summer-of-love level, without contributing any new insights. On the other hand, McGuinn plays banjo (!) and Moog on this one, making it worth something, even as a curiosity.

Bag Full Of Money, which opens up Side Two, is a rather sympathetic treatment of skyjacker-as-contemporary--desperado, and *Hanoi Hannah* updates the *Filipino* Baby-war bride concept. The last three tunes deal with the open sea in one way or another: *Heave Away* and *The Water Is Wide* being McGuinn updatings of old tunes, and *M'Linda* being a *Vahevallah*-ish pseudo-Caribbean side with tropical effects Mooged by McGuinn. Like many of the other tunes, the "sound" dates back to the old, McGuinn-dominated (as opposed to Crosby-dominated) Byrds.

Roger's vocals are dusty; his harmonies sweet as ever. The album has Southern California seeped into its grooves; it comes through, closer to timeless than any album I've heard in far too long.

Good to have you back, Roger, and doing what you like. Sure wish you'd found space for *Born To Rock And Roll*, though.

Because this album gives ample evidence, if it ever was needed, that you sure as shootin' were.

—Todd Everett

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FIRST WATER

Sharks
MCA

Sharks is a band that combines ex-Free Andy Fraser, ex-Battered Ornament Chris Spedding, and a vocalist named Snips who combines some of the good points and all of the excesses of Cocker, Stewart and perhaps Chapman, into one giant seething mass of hyper-anglo rock music. It's enough to make a real anglophile go quite berserk. Sharks really got the goods all right.

The thing that makes the band stand out from the rest of the Glencoes, Babe Ruths, and other sundry Briticisms is, to my mind, the vocal appropriations of the aforementioned Snips. (Yeh, just Snips. Probably an indication that his real name is Horst Menkowitz, which don't make for very exotic public relations.) Snips sings in one of those bronchial type rasps which are also affected by the previously mentioned trio - the kind which mean that the guy using them had better get rich now, cause when he's older that's all he's gonna have to show instead of a real voice. (Look. Sinatra and Crosby and Martin, the cult heroes of Mom's generation, sung in their natural voices - that's why they're still on the make. But who these days has ever heard of Manny "Frog-throat" Clempson?) Snip's voice is about an octave lower than that of either Stewart or Cocker, however, and therefore unique enough to stand on its own. But one listening to the very excellent *Snakes and Swallowtails* is indication enough that the boys in the band are quite aware of the similarities, and wrote a real Faces/Stewart type tear-jerker to take advantage of the situation.

Very few of the nine songs stand out here, but all are uniformly good. *Snakes and Swallowtails* is the best, while the opening cut *World Park Junkies* is a great introduction with its bouncy beat, and the Free-ish *Doctor Love* also arouses interest. The overall production (done by those talented Sharkies themselves) is adequate, although a trifle dense or muddled in spots (my only real criticism of the album as a whole).

Sharks have a lot of promise, provided Andy Fraser or Chris Spedding don't get wanderlust again. I'm looking forward to seeing them if they ever get to Toronto, and they're another good catch for the folks at MCA, who seem to be coming up with a lot of good English stuff suddenly. It's a hard album to dislike.

-Alan Niester

NOWHERE ROAD

Chris Youlden
London

Chris Youlden used to strut his stuff pretty well with Savoy Brown; he'd be all over the stage in a top hat, raccoon coat and suspenders, brandishing a microphone and a cigar (not necessarily in that order). And



Sharks: "A seething mass of hyper-anglo rock music."
(left to right: Snips, Andy Fraser, Marty Simon, Chris Spedding)

then there was his throaty voice, like Colin Blunstone with double the arsenal of balls. He grunted out *Train To Nowhere*, *Louisiana Blues* and *Hernando's Hideaway* and became a minor celebrity while his band made it big. Then he quit, Lonesome Dave Peverett took over with an uncanny ability to sing just like Youlden, and Chris was all but forgotten.

NOWHERE ROAD, Youlden's comeback effort after three years gone, is a surprise but not a triumph. In fact, it's anything but a triumph; Youlden's songs generally offer vapid lyrics set in the currently vogueish R&B styles - a little Santana, a touch of Mayfield and Eugene McDaniels, a lot of wah-wah (played by the likes of Chris Spedding and Danny Kirwan!). And whaddya got? The blues gone funky soul; no more, no less.

Since Youlden for the most part proves himself a bluesy lyricist, the shallowness of his poetry can be partly excused. If he wants to sing about hard times, the you-can't-take-it-with-you-so-use-it-now syndrome and simplistic social protest, then it is entirely his business. A few tunes do stand out enough to keep the album moving; the title song has some punch, while *In The Wood* and *Street Sounds* pick up an eerie ballad feeling as they pass by. The album's closer is also perhaps its best; *Pick Up My Dogs And Gone* scats along jazzily as it tells of a man whose solution for trouble is to move on. It's perhaps appropriate that Chris should end the record on such an irresponsible note -- he's hopefully half way to his next album by now, and let's hope this catchy getaway track is a sign of things to come.

-Jim Bickhart

CALUMET

Lobo
Bell

CLOSE YOUR EYES

Edward Bear
Capitol

Wimp is a valid style. Ever since the early Bee Gee's heyday, hardly a month has gone by without some practitioner of the genre inside the Top 40. The Carpenters, Bread, and Lobo have been the giants of recent years, which brings us to Lobo's new album and some wimps from north of the border who never said die, Edward Bear.

Lobo's problem is the commercial problem of wimp

itself: it sells singles but not albums. It took the Carpenters and Bread some time to become big LP acts, and Lobo is at that crossroads now, having a handful of consecutive hits in the same style. *Long Long Time* and *How Can I Tell Her* are the ones here, both characteristic Lobo fare.

All but two cuts on CALUMET are in that same style: a medium tempo ballad, with top harmonies coming in on the chorus and a generally thin instrumental arrangement. A number of these ballads are pretty good, at times approaching the catchiness of Lobo's singles. It's the two or three dull ones that drag things down badly - *Try* and *Stoney* in particular. What's needed is more variety; of the two uptempo cuts, *End Of The Line* is

better, but not enough. Larry Evoy's vocals are constantly overmixed, a serious flaw because his still vibrato tends to grate as a solo voice when harmonies are absent. The material is also very bland, tending more towards MOR than their earlier stuff. But what a single: despite the melody being a timeworn staple, *Close Your Eyes* is beautiful. I've got to get a 7" copy of it.

Anyway, that's 1973 for you. After playing RAW POWER and SLAYED a combined 5649 times, I tried to find something else worthwhile and wound up listening to Lobo albums. Crazy world, sic transit. But Lobo's teenage. Every song has the same stance: he's standing in the corner at a party, sees this girl across the room, and thinks to himself,



Some wimps from north of the border, otherwise known as Edward Bear.

quite good. More stuff like that and Lobo might make some solid albums. Until then, though, his singles will continue selling over ten times as many copies as his albums, and his fans will probably wait for LOBO'S GREATEST HITS no matter what he does.

Edward Bear, on the other hand, approach the wimp field from straight out of left field. Not even the Bee Gees ever seriously pretended to be a rock and roll band, but that's what we've got here, a real group with amplifiers and roadies doing this stuff. You've got to dig them just for that alone.

I always dug 'em anyway, in fact. BEARINGS and ECLIPSE were good enough that I've kept them for years, these albums released in the States following their 1970 hit *You, Me And Mexico*.

I'm not so sure about their recent stuff, though. Their comeback single *Last Song* wasn't much, and the album was also poor compared to their previous efforts. CLOSE MY EYES is

"Gee, I sure wish you loved me." No matter what the song's about, that's what it sounds like. Very



"Hi, I'm Lobo. Wanna love me?"

teenage. Rumors that Ron Asheton is leaving the Stooges to play lead guitar in Lobo's backing band are strictly hearsay. I think...

-Mike Saunders

COPPERHEAD
Columbia

This one comes straight outta left field. A real trend-upsetter and bad go-getter. I mean did you really think that a new San Francisco band featuring one of the Bay Area's old standbys could come up with anything worth bothering your ears about? Neither did I but here it is, a time-warp mind teaser if I've ever heard one.

The aforementioned standby is John Cipollina who was one-half of the pre-Dino Valente Quicksilver's double-barrelled guitar attack which eventually spawned the Allman Brothers and their hordes of Southern boogie beasts. Cipollina hasn't changed a bit; he sounds like he just stepped off HAPPY TRAILS, spraying those high-pitched runs left and right and flashing that vibrato bar in all the appropriate places. No progression here, that's for sure, but no notorious Marin County nod-off either.

The rest of the band plays like the journeyman funkies they are, launching out variations on the usual rock riffs and setting up Cip's solo spaces with the usual tools of the trade - drums, keyboards, and more guitars. The vocals are either harsh and gritty or laconic and funky depending on whether it's Gary Philippet or Jim McPherson who's agonizing his adenoids. To put it all in proper perspective, COPPERHEAD is sort of a circa '69 symbiosis of QMS and Moby Grape.

About the only things that link this album to the seventies are the lyrics which are strictly Black Oak Arkansas cum R. Crumb. Totally off-the-wall shit. Just dig the weirdos that turn up in their songs - a masochistic roller derby star, a "patent leather cowboy" and a kamikaze pilot who mutters USAF slogans and bitches about D-Day. And that's just on side one! Flip the record and/or lyric sheet over and you're confronted with a white slaver and a bunch of toothless geeks creating a monster who's horny for Girl Scouts.

If all this sounds like a far cry from David Freiberg crooning "Life...is love," well, you're right. This is jive Dr. Hook couldn't begin to dream up but if you can't relate to these loonies on that level, you can always burn the lyric sheet and just get off on the sound of the music. Either way, you're home free.

-Michael G. Davis

SWEET
BONNIE BRAMLETT
Columbia

I first saw and heard Delaney & Bonnie and Friends in their heyday some four or five years ago, right at the time of the ORIGINAL album on Elektra. Goddam, those Friendly folks were fine - 'specially Leon Russell sneering and leering and chopping those piano keys, chubby Bobby Keyes honking his mighty sax, Bobby Whitlock bouncing up and down to add his gritty harmonies, Carl Radle grinning, rock-steady on bass, Jim Price blasting and bopping, Rita Coolidge singing pretty and looking mighty fine, Delaney & Bonnie themselves full of happiness and hijinx, piss & vinegar and love.

Well, it's been a long road since and a lot left behind - numerous Friends, a handful of less inspirational albums (save for MOTEL SHOT), even D&B's own marriage. Delaney's had his own solo disc released - to a justified chorus of jeers, catcalls and

indifference. Now it's Bonnie's turn to thrive or suffer.

She comes closer to making it, thanks to her own joy-in-hard-times vocals, to old-buddy producer David Anderle, and — as Bonnie puts it — to "all the honeys who worked their butts off for this album." Those anonymous rock 'n' roll honeys go uncredited (though I'd guess members of Little Feat or the Dixie Flyers), so all I can offer is general praise; they do get it on indeed, particularly the drummer and slide guitarist.

But the tunes and arrangements are a mixed blessing at best; half the numbers are shrill gospel-shout things filled with soul-lyric clichés and noisy, belabored excitement — sort of plastic-L.A.-sanctified. The rest varies from a pleasant reggae shot called *Singer Man* and a splendid ballad replete with downhome piano, sweet slide, and bursting horns (*The Sorrow of Love*), to three or four attempts at resurrecting the long-ago Delaney & Bonnie *elan*.

Rollin', for example, gets into a — what else? — steady-rolling groove and just goes, boosted by plonkey piano a la Leon and scrumptious slide that slowly ascends into the aether. Also, Bonnie's voice is clearer, less cracked, sounding more like her old self than she does on the bulk of the record.

And finally, ending everything with that grand and glorious, in-the-spirit feel, as insistent in its driving rhythm as a gospel freight, is the fade-in, fade-out, all-too-brief *Don't Wanna Go Down There*. It leaves me at least



wanting more — and wishing the album as a whole were as good.

But it's not, and I'm left doubtful that Delaney and Bonnie alone and separate will ever rise as high again.

—Ed Leimbacher

LAST TRAIN TO HICKSVILLE Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks Blue Thumb

What you're gonna get when you buy this record is a bunch of imitation 40's swing band numbers that sound like a cross between Homer and Jethro and George Gobel. Maybe you think that's neat or something, but I don't.

The only thing that separates this 40's revival from the 50's shuck is ten years, and that ain't hay, Jay. Dan Hicks might say something like that and everyone would think how droll, how marvelously tongue-in-cheek this funny, funny man is. It would be alright if Hicks functioned only as a stand-up comic, but he doesn't. No, he has a group of musicians behind him that look like latter-day New Christy Minstrels and sound like nothing more than McKendree Spring at their worst with the volume turned down. The violin player sounds like he's sawing away on rubber bands and



The Sweet are the most important British singles group since Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich, and they've had equal trouble cracking the charts. But that's just because they're so far ahead of the masses, and their time may be here sooner than you think.

THE SWEET Bell

It's been a long time coming, but I think the pop revival is finally upon us. This "pop revival" has been somewhat hyped in the press, and is most visible in its English exponents like Slade, and T. Rex — and to a lesser extent, acts like David Bowie, Roxy Music, 10 CC, and Wizzard. Here in the U.S., the exponents have not been so publically extolled, but they can be found among the ranks of such as Raspberries, Pagliaro, Big Star, Curt Boettcher, Stories and Sparks. But perhaps the group with the greatest potential, and best understanding of the pop-genre is The Sweet.

What the pop-aesthetic entails is a complex hybrid of sounds and images. You need both to reach the Hall of Fame — but only one is enough to grant you fortune. The "sound" might get you hit records, and the "image" might sell out concerts, but the true measure of lasting immortality rests in a combination of the two. Slade and T. Rex both had the sound and image, but now have lost a little of each; consequently they have started a slide downwards. But the Sweet don't have the problem of being trendsetters, (like David Bowie who now finds himself in a corner saying, "What next???")... They're not here to save the world, or herald a cause — they're here for entertainment and their trends are set by their audience. The Sweet merely are one step ahead of the masses, by taking the seeds of new trends and blowing them out of all proportions — displayed conveniently across the pages of *Melody Maker*, *Bravo*, and *Fabulous 208*. As with Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick, and Tich (who had ten top-20 hits in England from 1966-68), the Sweet have already left their mark on Britain and the Continent; seven records in the Top 15 within a two year span. And also like DD, D, B, M, & T, the Sweet are not afraid to appear ludicrous — hence the Indian full-dress get-ups for *Wig-Wam Bam* etc. But sadly, also like DD, D, B, M, & T, the Sweet have really failed to conquer America.

While the late-Sixties heavies like Ten Years After, Jethro Tull, Jimi Hendrix Experience, Cream, and Led Zeppelin found wide acceptance and recognition among U.S. fans and album buyers, the English pop groups have always had a hard time in the U.S. The Sweet, of course, had a top three smash with *Little Willy*, but so many English groups

manage to get a big hit, without a successful followup... They have the sound, but not the image. In the old days it was groups like the Mindbenders, the Yardbirds and Zombies who couldn't followup top-ten smashes. Later it was groups like the Troggs, Status Quo, and Small Faces who couldn't capitalize on their U.S. hits. More recently groups like the Hollies and Gary Glitter could not get both the sound and image across for lasting popularity.

So the Sweet come to us as pop-superstars in Europe, and one-hit top-40 flashes here. With that much behind them, how they will tackle America is the next big step, and the game plan is still not concrete. Perhaps the biggest clue to what they'll do next can be found by examining their first U.S. album, suitably tagged THE SWEET.

A digression for a moment. It might seem nostalgically repetitive to keep talking about the sixties when here we are approaching the mid-seventies, but history does repeat itself (at least in the pop music world), and THE SWEET is in the most classic sense a sixties album. It is released to capitalize on the hit single, *Little Willy*, the followup *Blockbuster*, and the rest is a melange of "A" and "B" sides from Sweet's prior and later singles. Look back over some of your early Herman's Hermits, Billy J. Kramer and Dave Clark Five albums — does the pattern look familiar??? The hit-singles album was a tried and true marketing ploy in the past, but had fallen into dis-use over the last few years with the advent of "concept albums," "super sessions," and "creative artists."

Well, the Sweet have managed to put together an album of all singles sides. No album fillers, no extra recording costs; all the tracks have been singles in England or the U.S. So many of you who mistakenly saw the Sweet as interesting Top-40 phenoms, now see that they are trailblazers in the long playing field. Who else put out an album of all singles tracks (save for *Greatest Hits* or Moby Grape-type packages)??? Even the much under-rated Paul Revere and the Raiders couldn't manage that. The Grassroots and Tommy James and the Shondells tried. The Ohio Express could never attain such a feat. Nope, it's the Sweet and Sweet alone who have bestowed this concept upon us.

It might sound like I'm leveling serious charges against the Sweet. This is not totally true. While some might see THE SWEET as a ripoff — (all single tracks, "A" & "B" sides — no new material included) — I don't. Hardly anyone has these singles, and after

all, they are the best material the Sweet has produced. And I also think that the Sweet had little say in what the album consisted of here. Blame or bless Bell Records for that. No, I don't cry ripoff for any of those reasons, but I am disappointed in the overall feel of the album.

THE SWEET can clearly be separated into three categories. The first, and best group of songs fall into the "power-pop" genre, and were all hit "A" sides: *Wig-Wam Bam*, *Little Willy*, *Hellraiser*, and *Blockbuster*. The second category fall into the Black Sabbath heavy-thud mold, and were all Sweet "B" sides: *New York Connection*, *Done Me Wrong*, *Allright*, *Need a Lot of Lovin'*, and *Man From Mecca*. The third, and least important category are the remaining two tracks, *Spotlight* and *You're Not Wrong for Loving Me*, which, for simplicity's sake shall be deemed melodic-ballad-fillers.

You're Not Wrong for Loving Me is by far the worst song on the album — the only straight-out ballad, which reeks of boring CSN&Y influence. *Spotlight* is a bit more energetic, tho lyrically lame, and has some neat Zeppelin-Plant vocals.

The "heavy B-side category" is the one that puzzles me most. Obviously back in the days of Sweet's early hits like *Funny Funny*, *Co-Co* and *Poppa Joe*, the group was mercilessly harassed for being no-talent bubblegum hitsters, so in an attempt to show the underdogers where they were really at, they made their "B" sides forays into realms better governed by Black Sabbath and Uriah Heep. Unfortunately, these "B" sides never reached the ears for which they were intended, so the Sweet's change of image had to come via their "A" sides. And as these "A" sides got progressively heavier, and the Sweet began to gain more respect in their homeland (tho they are still joked about), I would have expected the "B" sides to get more original. Though in a literal sense they are original, (written by the members of the band), they still show no real sparks of initiative and exhibit little, if any, improvement. The worst of these is probably *Wig-Wam Bam*'s flip, *New York Connection*, and the best is probably *Blockbuster*'s flip, *Need A Lot of Lovin'*. A better choice would have been *Hellraiser*'s "B" side, *Burning*. If the Sweet intend to write their future "A" sides, they're gonna have to practice some more, because none of these originals are the stuff from whence hit singles emerge...

Now we come to the four "A" sides. *Little Willy* needs no real commentary, but note that the

stereo version is a nice improvement over the mono single. If you thought you got tired of hearing *Little Willy* on AM, when it opens up the album here, you'll be pleasantly surprised to hear that it sounds as fresh and energetic as ever. *Wig-Wam Bam* is probably my favorite Sweet single, which I have dubbed the perfect combination of heaviness and bubblegum. It's too bad that this was not chosen as the followup to *Little Willy*, because it's a great AM song, and could have awakened the Top-40 programmers to the new wave of commercial pop. But instead, Bell chose *Blockbuster* which is fine in its own way, but nowhere as distinctive as *Wig-Wam Bam*. *Blockbuster* is not really a classic representation of the power-pop aesthetic, but rather a less exciting compromise to Top-40 programmers. Its chart status is just a reaffirmation of the fact that Top-40 still doesn't know great pop when they hear it — or else they're afraid of its resurgence which would probably take the control of the music away from the businessmen and into the hands of the kids again. Any organization that makes *Stories* *Brother Louie* a hit while making *Darling* and *Top of the City* dismal flops, must have some ulterior motives... The final UK hit, *Hellraiser*, alternates with *Wig-Wam Bam* as the best cut on the album. It is their heaviest success, and their tightest effort. The emergence here of campy put-on vocals are excruciatingly delicious. Congratulations must go to producer Phil Wainman for keeping the song moving briskly thru its many changes. In some ways, I feel that the success of *Hellraiser* paved the way in Britain for the success of 10 CC's *Rubber Bullets*. The Sweet are the only group who have combined all that's best in the British "progressive-commercial" sound (Herd, early Move, Zombies, etc.) with the superlatives of the British "power-pop" genre (Who, Small Faces, etc.), and if that wasn't enough, they manage to add a creative impetus of their own.

So what this boils down to is that the Sweet are masters of the 45. But to succeed in America today, they have to realize the difference between sixties commercial pop and its seventies re-incarnation. In the sixties, singles were the thing, and the albums could be as good or bad as they wanted — with few exceptions sales wouldn't reflect quality. Today, albums are the thing, and this Sweet debut must be improved upon. First, we need more originals like their "A" sides written by themselves, or their whiz-team Chinn-Chapman. Secondly, the Sweet must find places to play in person here. The caverns like Madison Square Garden are too big to be filled by the likes of the Sweet. The underground ballrooms are probably too snobby to place Sweet on the bill — (who would they play with — The New Riders???) And specialized venues like Carnegie Hall can only be found in a few cities. The Sweet must get onto TV and get exposed to the public. They must get new singles onto the airwaves, without catering to the stale low-energy tastes of the Top-40 programmers. It might be a harder road to travel, but in the end the Sweet will hopefully get a following too big to mislead. When that happens, the pop revival will really be here, and its power, punch, and energy will once again shake the music world out of the doldrums it currently finds itself in. Hopefully the Sweet will be one of the spearheads of that movement.

—Alan Betrock



Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks—a cross between Homer & Jethro and George Gobel?

all the male members of the band are rapidly balding, which means they're mature musicians.

But lotsa folks honestly go for this Western Swing band stuff ala Commander Cody/Asleep At the Wheel and I've got no way to stop them. However, I can repeat myself and say I don't like this record because it is too godawful self-conscious and cloying. A lot of critics got down on rock revival bands a couple of years ago, but nearly all of them welcomed this 40's corn with open arms. I think it has something to do with going to an Eastern college and liking folk music. I'll have to refer to my Joan Baez songbook to be certain, though.

—Chester the Conger Eel

IN APRIL CAME THE DAWNING OF THE RED SUNS Ramatom Atlantic

April Lawton is sure one hell of a guitarist. Her choice of material and musical compatriots, though, is far less impressive. In the company of one Tommy Sullivan (and a few others on the level of Mike Pina) she's managed to take part in two albums that provide only scattered glimpses of her incredible talents.

IN APRIL CAME THE DAWNING OF THE RED SUNS is certainly much less repulsive than the RAMATAM that preceded it — with the original six-member band halved there's far less room for the "artistic" excess that cluttered the hell out of that debut disc. But there's still filler here — forty-four seconds of Lawton's *Excerpts From Guitar Concerto No. 1* which hip us to the fact that she can play acoustic guitar too; the self-indulgent, artsy-fartsy rendition of *Stars and Stripes Forever*; *Free Fall*, Sullivan's sixty-second minimoog mazurka; and *Rhinoceros*, a tedious throwback to that dead horse called "50's rock." Save for the fact that this is a "concept" album (weather sounds and animal noises connect the tracks) there's no way the inclusion of any of these songs can be justified.

What's easily justified, though, is anything that allows Lawton to stretch out her axe. When she's on she sounds like the late rounds of a Hendrix-Beck bout with a bit of early-Zeppelin Jimmy Page tossed in for seasoning. Total sonic fury is what she can produce, and produce she does on *Push A Little*, *Downrange Party* and *I Can Only Love You*. Particularly so on the latter song, where she leaves everyday guitarring behind and steps into the world of sound creation. Even if they're nearly ruined by annoying neo-Chicago horn blasts, and even though the Sullivan-Jimmy Walker combination has real problems keeping up with their guitarist, all three songs are mothers 'cuz Lawton lets it all out.

There's also a couple of

interesting ballads here, not the group's forte but nonetheless carried off about as well as could be expected under the limitations of the power trio format. *The Land and Bounty On My Table* both make effective use of string accompaniment, each catching a glimmer of the Neil Young *Expecting To Fly* spirit. And Lawton shows that she's multi-talented on *Autumn Now*, blowing a solid harp line with unmistakable Dylanesque tinges.



April Lawton is one hell of a guitarist, alright, but like most guitarists she'll go nowhere until she asserts herself to the point of dominating the group's sound. She's the best thing — no, the only thing Ramatom has to offer, so it would certainly be to everybody's advantage that she pick up the group's reins as soon as possible. Better still would it be for Lawton to engage the services of a solid rhythm section and make whole albums of heavy-metal magic akin to *I Can Only Love You*. Then she'd become a bonafide legend.

—Gordon Fletcher

MARTIN MULL AND HIS FABULOUS FURNITURE IN YOUR LIVING ROOM Capricorn

Cleveland is noted for many things, among them Lake Erie, Case-Western Reserve University, WIXY, the Howard Johnson's Motel where halfback Jimmy Brown was supposedly involved with a woman leading to a paternity suit, and a 1960s late night TV personality named Ghoualdi. Ghoualdi would host TV movies, and in the process come out with some clever humor, often on the subject of the residents of Parma, Ohio, a Cleveland suburb with a substantial Polish population. Ghoualdi was downright blunt in his Polish jokes. He was also quite funny. His station was on the receiving end of many complaints, and soon as a token gesture, he started issuing buttons reading "P.O.P." which was understood to mean "Proud Of Parma." Eventually ratings was the reason given for cutting Ghoualdi off the air.

Cleveland hasn't had much in the way of humor to be proud of since Ghoualdi got the poll-axe. But now there is a national

personality Clevelowners can be proud of, and I don't mean Carl Stokes or Vic Wertz: It's Martin Mull. Mull has limited musical ability, but that doesn't matter because his medium is humor. It is refreshing humor in that instead of extending dope/rock foibles to get a laugh, Mull turns around and mocks it. It's easy to get a laugh out of a dope joke. ("Hey, I can't get into my apartment. Anyone got a key?" "No, how about half a key?" Ad nauseum.) It's much more difficult to cleverly mock B.B. King or the Carpenters. Mull's style borders on satire, a difficult mode when dealing with mundane topics. There is an element of Tom Lehrer in Mull's self-deprecating brand of humor; his monologues have endurance, they can be appreciated months after the first listening.

Mull is funny because he doesn't pretend to be part of the milieu he mocks. ("I'm all for you young people," the thirty year old humorist says, "the long hair and the freedom and all that. I want you to know you've got my vote — if it ever comes to that.") He extracts the most base elements of pop music inclinations and exploits them, as in his classic *Dueling Tubas*. The best part of the record is, however, Mull's monologue about The Blues and his performance of a blues number on a ukulele using a plastic baby-bottle. Other highlights include *2001 Polka*, *Martin*, *Leon*, *Elton and John* and his rock & roll attempt, *Nothing*. Then there is a refreshing explanation of how songwriters go about their work, plus an expose of how real live rock guitarists learn their style. In fact, the only complaint I have about this new Mull record is that the laugh track sounds like it was lifted off an old Allen Sherman MY SON, THE FOLK SINGER record.

The humor of Martin Mull is sophisticated only in that it takes a basic knowledge of the music industry to appreciate. This basic knowledge does not have to come from being part of the Sunset Strip-for lunch-bunch as much as simply having OD'd on AM/FM hits and back issues of *Rolling Stone*. I kind of hope within a couple years when the whole commercial country music scene has been totally exploited, that this style of humor will extend to Nashville music as well. Meanwhile, MARTIN MULL AND HIS FABULOUS FURNITURE should be in your living room.

—Tom Miller

HOPE YOU LIKE IT Geordie MGM

Despite their apparent failure to storm the States, Slade's influence has been felt here — chiefly at, of all places, MGM Records. Besides the Osmonds' obviously derivative *Goin' Home* single (and a fine record it is), the Curb Co. recently released a record by a bunch of former

hornridden hacks and longtime lounge lizards called The Mob, *Tear The House Down*, which was so blatant a copy of *Gudbuy T' Jane* that it caused major program directors to gasp in utter disbelief. Of course, after they finished gasping, they unanimously decided not to play it, but MGM's got the spirit anyway.

Of course, Slade have their imitators in England, too; and so far the most successful have been the Scottish group Geordie. Naturally MGM's got them over here; although Geordie's had three big British hits since late last year, their American promotion has been, to put it politely, minimal — but their first album, *HOPE YOU LIKE IT*, is out.

Often Geordie's sound verges on the ultramonotonous three-chord blues-based boogie of Status Quo and that ilk; but their song structures are generally more versatile and anyway the Slade influence is much more predominant — the pounding beat, militaristic choruses of "Hey's," and a hoarse, frantic lead vocal with all of Noddy's patented intonations. The prime example is the former top 10 hit *All Because Of You*, 2:49 of delightfully derivative driving drivel with a skillfully-adopted *Gudbuy/Craze* chugging beat and any number of typical vocal hooks. *Strange Man* and a couple of others are also strong Slade stompers.

It's not all Slade, though — *Ain't It Just Like A Woman*, for example, sounds just like Led Zeppelin, save for the odd, stately chorus. Their first hit, *Don't Do That*, is a hyperthyroid boogie with a revved-up Highland fling in the middle. *Oh Lord* is a rather appealing and reasonably melodic slow number; and *Old Time Rocker* sends up the 50's fanatics with their "old 78's" and volatile aggressions — there's even an amusing semi-hiccup rockabilly-inflected vocal satire. The song is not particularly sympathetic to the rockers, as is the Kinks' recent *One Of The Survivors*, but then the Kinks are old enough to qualify as rocker relics and why shouldn't a young band like Geordie play the theme strictly for laughs?

The band's north-of-the-border roots are saluted in *Geordie's Lost His Liggie*, a high-spirited Scottish hoedown number sung in a brogue (a primitive Glasgow recording facility) with cultural references incomprehensible to the average American consumer; it all sounds something like a Lindsfarne warm-up tune. At any rate, despite (or more likely because of) all the sincerest form of flattery going on here, *HOPE YOU LIKE IT* is a very likable album indeed. Geordie is definitely a band to keep an eye on; you won't spot anything new but you'll like what you see.

—Ken Barnes

SOUL MAKOSSA Manu Dibango Atlantic

This is the best soul dance record in years. It cuts directly against the grain of most black music today, which strives for that sophisticated, orchestral feel, opting instead for a combination of basic, spare instrumentation and archly slick production. It's the culmination of the Motown Moderne wah-wah move, with all the artsy self-consciousness stripped away from the grits and gravity.

New Bell sets the pattern of SOUL MAKOSSA. The rhythm section (paced by an extraordinary inventive bassist) sets the groove, a richly demonic chorus intones what lyrics there are (in incomprehensible French, so don't worry about them), and Dibango leaps into the fray on soprano sax, using the occasional touch of wah-wah or echo on his rough, gutsy lines. *New Bell* sounds like it could be about cheap sopors, but then French was never one of my strong subjects.

The album's choice burners are *Soul Makossa* and *Oboso*, the former (which has been getting a lot of R&B airplay in both this original and several cover

versions) set off by an irresistible bass line and a semi-repetitive sax hook, the latter by a tough, neo-Hendrix guitar break and some very fine double percussion effects.

Lily is MAKOSSA's oddball, out-of-context smoothie. The tempo is slowed to a reggae shuffle, with strings, horns, and lush harmonies added to the basic framework of screams and grunts. Was this the original A-side on the *Fiesta* single? Who cares — skip it.

One is almost tempted to say this is what Miles Davis would play if he had the nerve. There isn't a trace of cosmic significance to be found on this record, and isn't that enough reason by itself to make it worth picking up on? If the band stops playing there's a jukebox in the hall...

—Dan Nooger

RAZAMANAZ Nazareth A&M

While America continues to wallow in endless overblown funk, monotonous middle-of-the-road montade, and the unceasing soporifics of multitudinous mellow fellows and laid-back lasses, they've really been bopping in Britain. Slade kicked off the trend, and now the charts are full of footstomping, ear-crunching hard rockers, from the likes of the Sweet, Geordie, Mott The Hoople and more. When the Osmonds released their rowdy Slade tribute, *Goin' Home*, over there it didn't dribble into the low thirties, as in this benighted bastion of Barry White and *Bad Bad Leroy Brown*—it shot right up to the top five and it's still climbing. Elton John just jumped right on the bandwagon, and Nazareth is knocking 'em dead on the charts, in the record marts, and in the hearts of their countrymen.

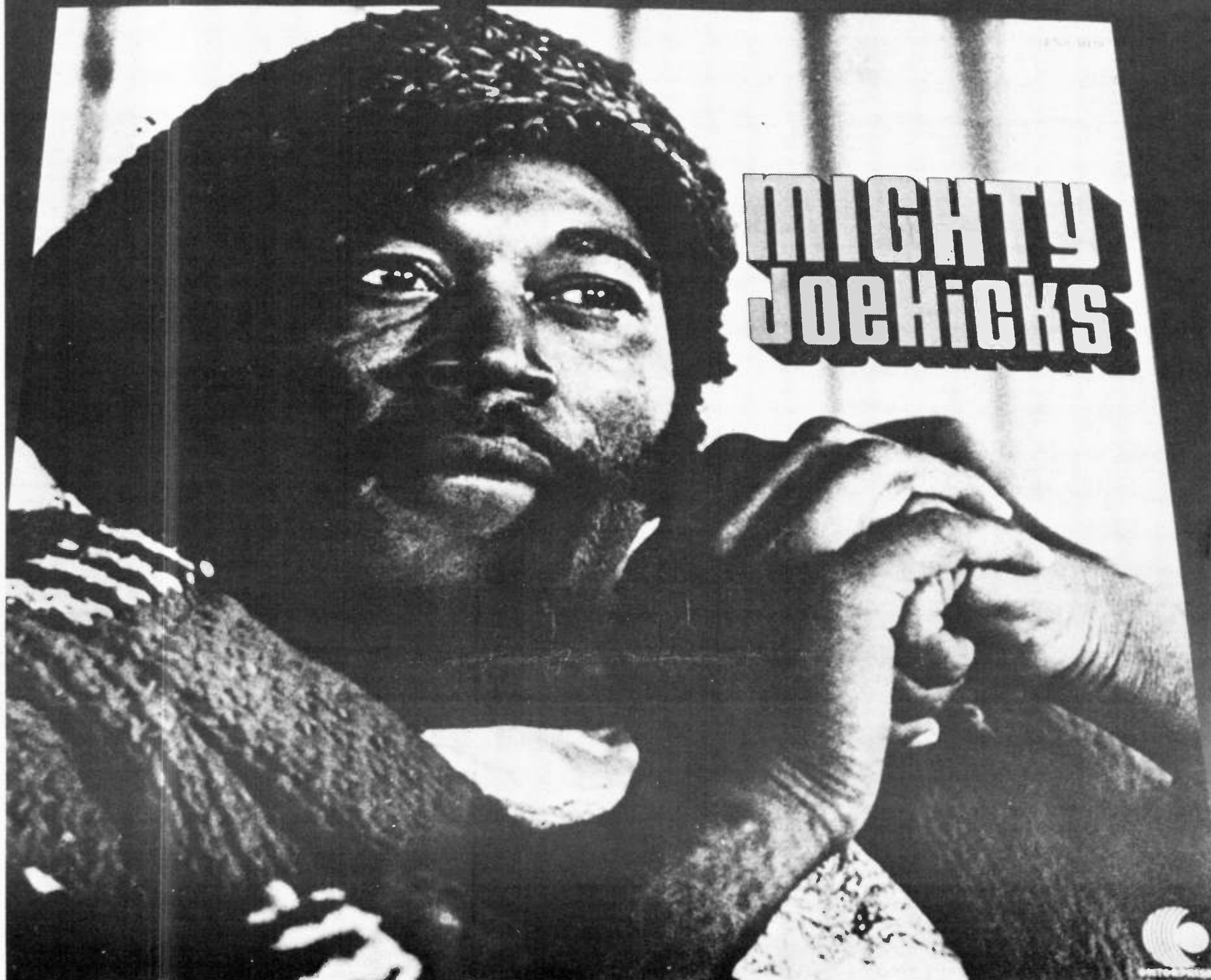
They've had two albums out previously; the first one pretty nondescript heavy muddle, the second containing better material but being a bit too slow-paced for the band's liking. But they toured endlessly, built up a following, got a hit, and launched themselves into the topmost ranks of the new British heavy metal/hard rock dance bands. The title track and album opener here conveys an idea of Nazareth's burgeoning popularity and audience rapport; *Razamanaz* is a stomping rocking anthem for the ravers, a ritual invocation to dance and a rousing affirmation of mass solidarity all wrapped up together, like Slade's *Get Down And Get With It* or *The Whole World's Goin' Craze*. It's a great song and sets you up perfectly for a cruncher of an album.

Unfortunately Nazareth fails to deliver the sublime stomping experience implied, for the most part. Slow slide guitar exercises like *Vigilante Man* drag it down; Leon Russell's *Alcatraz*, no matter how hard they try to rock it, still seems overly contrived and pointless; and there's even a repeat from the last album—the new version of *Woke Up This Morning* rocks more energetically, but it's still basically a trivial and tedious song. The new single, *Bad Bad Boy*, is oversaturated with slide guitar as well, and sounds a bit too bluesy by modern-day hard-rocking standards; but it's got a lot of inherent, implicit power.

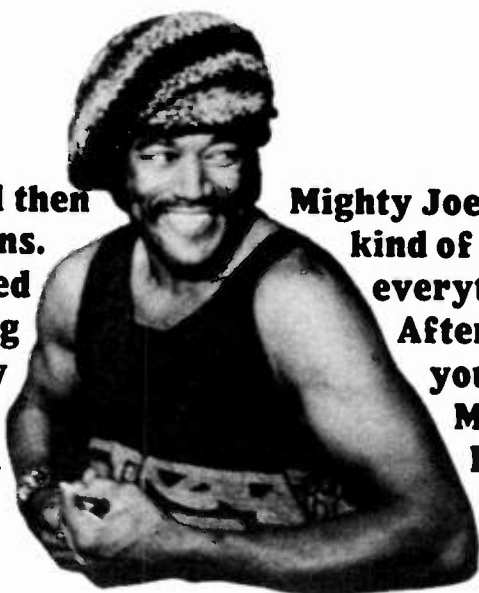
Songs like *Too Bad Too Sad* and *Sold My Soul* flaunt their power more blatantly, however; and *Night Woman*, with a taste of electronics mixed with a refurbished Bo Diddley beat, is a standout. So is Nazareth's initial breakthrough single, *Broken Down Angel*. The vocal sounds uncannily like Steve Marriott, but the song is strong in itself, too—especially the truly enthralling chorus. This is a hot one—it's already No. 9 on L.A. radio's trendiest new singles showcase, *Shakin' Street*, and by all rights should be a big chart item this summer. RAZAMANAZ is flawed and inconsistent, but Nazareth at their best have certainly got the goods, with nowhere to go but up.

—Ken Barnes

Mighty Joe Hicks makes mighty good music on his mighty big album.



Every now and then
something different happens.
Something that can't be classed
in any of the existing
musical styles...something so new
it causes perplexed looks
and wondering glances.



Mighty Joe Hicks is that
kind of an album. It's part of
everything, yet is unlike anything.
After you hear it,
you'll need to hear it again.
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BY MARK SHIPPER

"Great albums are hard to find these days." I once wrote in my definitive book on the subject, *Great Albums Are Hard To Find These Days* (\$7.95, Bench Press) and I should know. I review them for a living. But it wasn't always that way. I can remember way back in the beginning, around 1969 or so, back when Janis was still with us, when every month brought new surprises, new innovations to the world of pop music. If the Iron Butterfly wasn't scorching our ears with "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida", Fever Tree would take up the slack with "San Francisco Girls", or maybe it was the Bubble Puppy that elevated your personal karma with "Hot Smoke And Sassafras". But rising above it all was Janis. Her incredible voice, with the power and conviction of a true woman, a woman who despite her young years had been touched by the blues, by the very emotions that distinguish humans from the lesser forms of life on our planet. Who among us cannot still touch the spot in our psyche she reached the first time we heard her sing those immortal words, "Baby, I'm only society's child..." I know I speak for all the readers of *Phonograph Record* when I say thank you, New York. Thank you for giving Janis Ian to the world.

Excuse me for that backward glance into the past. I guess my recent trip to Cocaine City (the aging rock stars' retirement home in Mill Valley) brought the nostalgia on. Had a great time there with Jorma, Jack, Paul, Grace, and all the rest. I visited the newest addition to the massive grounds, a section they call "1969 Land", where free concerts are held on Sundays in a beautiful woody area dubbed "People's Park".

Organic mescaline flowed like water, lyrics about flying trans-love airways filtered through the speakers while yours truly read the *Whole Earth Catalog* and discussed geodesic domes with a former "street person" from Telegraph Avenue. A beautiful girl with a flower on her forehead gave me the peace sign and brought over a copy of *Rolling Stone*. Sure was great to read that again. It was the issue where Ben Fong-Torres said that in David Crosby he'd finally "found a musician/spokesman he knew he could believe", sentiments I'm sure we all share. That was one magazine I'd completely forgotten about, and, in a way, I kind of wish it was still around. Later in the day everybody congregated in the center of the park for the frisbee tournament during which I got in a heated discussion with some old-time

Rolling Stone critics about the Blind Faith album. At 5 o'clock sharp the special Cocaine City cops arrived, and as they do every Sunday, declared an unlawful assembly and ordered everyone to disperse. This, of course, was the signal for the crowd to throw wine bottles and epithets of "off the pigs" and that real blast from the past, "up against the wall" (my personal favorite). All the old radicals had been waiting all week for this moment and perhaps it was the fact that Joan Baez and Phil Ochs had failed to make their expected appearance that day that drove their frustration level to the point of turning over a police car. Cocaine City cameras caught the entire clubbing and general police brutality that that act wrought and the whole episode was replayed at night on the rest home's closed circuit TV station. Soon enough, the gas bombs were introduced and everybody headed back to their rooms, concluding another 1969 Land Sunday in Cocaine City. A great time was had by all. Take my advice and check out this new attraction the next time you visit the place.

Were it not for the fact that I hid it inside a copy of the *San Francisco Oracle*, I could never have gotten away with smuggling the new Grateful Dead album, *History Of The Grateful Dead Vol. I* (Warner Bros.) past the Cocaine City guards. Recorded live at the Fillmore over three years ago, it's a perfect Cocaine City album—slow, boring, and worthless. The eighteen-minute version of "Smokestack Lightning" will replace second in the medicine cabinets of young America. Who says this group is washed up? Just me, you, and everybody we know, that's all...The Shelter Records truck arrived yesterday with the new Leon Russell album, *Leon Live*. Took three guys to carry it in here and I had to move a couch out of the living room to make room for it. It's a three record set, all recorded live in Long Beach with Leon, his Shelter friends, and his female backup group, the Shirl Sisters. I've set aside the entire month of September to listen to it, so check back with me then.

Apparently Adrian Smith (MCA) is being groomed for the role of rock's latest lustbox and that's okay with us. We were pulling for Chi Coltrane. She had all the right equipment, but the way she kept getting her hair caught in her mouth and spitting it out on the Midnight Special seemed to turn everybody off. Anyway, the press handout with Adrian's album'll give you a

better idea of how this girl affects MCA's promotion department. "Relax your mind," it reads, "and picture a 5'3", 100lb. 18-year-old sensuously seething, storming, and sweating across the stage as the intoxicating sounds from the instruments undulate at her imperceptible beckoning, rising to relentless heights, awing your senses, and then laying you back to mellow you out..." All we can say is that if you're capable of conjuring up such a scene, it's gonna take a lot more than a mere album to satisfy you. They should send Adrian over to your house to keep you company while you're listening to "It's All Over Now", "That'll Be The Day", and all the other sensuously seething, storming tracks from her debut LP.

The guys in Steely Dan look exactly like the folks in 1969 Land over in Cocaine City—long straggly Frisco hair, beards, overalls even! They write these meaningless songs (they'll deny that and say their songs mean something different to everyone who hears them. They don't understand that's a perfect definition of "meaningless") and what's worse they've had the downright audacity to condemn Southern California in an interview not long ago. Imagine that! The place that has twice as much of everything



Amanda Tree, moments after the tragic accident that altered the course of her career. Read about her album, another tragic accident, in this column.

important—cars, beaches, women, great weather, TV stations, the place that America's *Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine* (that's this one) both emanates from and reflects—and all these bozos can say is that it's "one big plastic hamburger stand" or something to that effect. Of course it is, you crambos, that's what makes it so great! Whaddya want, subways and skyscrapers? Not only that, a couple of these guys were in *Ultimate Spinach* which means Boston which is a place nobody on the beach here in January ever thinks about. So for all of the above reasons, not to even mention the fact that *Countdown To Ecstasy* (ABC) is the most ridiculous album title since David Blue's *Nice Baby And The Angel*,

we should hate this album, right? Well, just to piss us off even more, it's great, every bit of it! Like "Show Biz Kids" which is the best song I've heard all month and "My Old School" with its superneat harmonies and all the clever ideas and great production that permeate the whole record. I threw the cover out in the street and for the last couple days have been listening to the album out on the front porch while hundreds of cars run over their picture every hour. But the record is great, and we can't deny it.

While cars run over Steely Dan, Amanda Tree (Poppy) finds herself in a bicycle accident in the publicity photo that accompanies her debut album. One of the host of voluptuous secretaries at Amanda's record company described the album to me as "bicycle wreck music" and that's as apt a description as you're likely to get. Perhaps, as was the case with another singer whose name escapes me at the moment, Amanda lost part of her brain after she fell off her bike. It's a logical assumption once you've heard "Prehistoric Animals" or the real showstopper, "Pineapple Dinosaur". She both sounds and looks like Melanie's younger sister. In fact, she must be about 14 or so because when Chris Darrow (UA) made his inevitable move down the spindle on top of her, the cops came and carried him off, cover and all. Meanwhile, this guy who writes for *Creem* flew out here to sniff Amanda's bicycle seat! He told me, "It felt like ya wuz slidin' down a spiked telephone pole into a vat of boiling shit fulla wimpoid puds like yerself." They have their own language out there and the only way you can communicate with them is to use it. One thing I've always wondered about is why all those guys write like that. I phrased my question to him in a manner I knew he would understand. "Howcum," I said, "all ya kidz gotta talk like ya wuz standin' on a corner all yer lives when the whole passel of ya has been ta college and know how ta talk and spell keyrect? And howcum when yer really hot on some album ya allatime gotta describe it in these masochistic terms like 'side two is like eatin' a cherry bomb that blows yer wimpoid face to hell while a train rumbles down the tracks and runs over yer shitface dorkoid little sister'?" He sez: "Shuddup and mind yer own bizzness ya wimpoid donut, if we was in my burg right now we'd push a pencil thru yer ears until the buggers fell outa yer nose. I betcha yer too chickenshit ta cut farts inna bowling alley anat means you ain't never gonna comprehend the punkoid style a life." Which is a shame, I guess, but I sure like that magazine.

It's been a good month for albums, but even a better one for press handouts. I got totally into the one that came with *Homegrown* (Elektra) from Don Agrami, who you knew as Don Grady when he starred on *My Three Sons*. "In these crazy, drag-down times," it reads, "who doesn't need a good laugh or two, a takeoff feeling, a song everyone can sing?... Boy, that's me, I

thought, been really depressed lately, getting all this hate mail just because I said Humble Pie was boring and Jethro Tull's *A Passion Play* (Chrysalis) proves that it's possible for anybody that can imitate a dog relieving himself on a fire hydrant to make it big in the rock world. Well, Agrami's album didn't give me a good laugh or two, but it did give me the most profound take off feeling I've ever experienced. Took it right off the turntable, as a matter of fact, and put More *Creedence Gold*, (Fantasy) on and realized that John Fogerty is the greatest thing to happen to rock 'n' roll since I became the Duke of American Rock Critics. Fogerty is America's only real superstar (that's why we got him on the cover) and this new album, ten times as good as the last Fantasy *Creedence* repackage, documents the fact. It's a shame that all the bands that should never include printed lyrics always do while those that should, like *Creedence*, never did.

PERSONAL TO B.F.T., Sausalito, Calif.: No. I haven't heard about David Crosby marketing a line of toupees for balding rock stars, so I can't confirm. And look, just because he's lost most of his hair doesn't mean he isn't a musician/spokesman that we can believe in...LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS: A Ms. Helen R. of Hollywood writes: "Dear Mark, just thought your readers would like to know that I am strong, I am invincible, and I spread my lovin' arms across the land..." Who cares, Helen? Anyway, why tell me? Thanks for the very interesting snapshot, though. Nice to know you spread a little more than your lovin' arms sometimes...PERSONAL TO R.J.G., San Francisco: No, Country Joe & The Fish have broken up. And sorry, I'm not interested in coming up there to discuss Franklin D. Roosevelt and Lenny Bruce with you...OBSERVATION: There's something queer about this new David Bowie album, but I can't put my finger on it (nor would I want to)...

Well, that's gonna have to do it for the Duke for another month. I've got a line of people waiting all the way around the block for autographs. If you'd like an autographed picture, just send a quarter to Pipeline c/o *Phonograph Record* at the address in the front of the magazine. Oops, almost forgot to hand out the award in the big Bob Rudzica contest. You'll recall that we sought 50 words or less on the topic "What Bob Rudzica Has Taught Me About Life". The lucky winner is a Mr. R. Meltzer of New York City, who wrote: "Bob Rudzica has taught me how to drink Afri-Koko. 'You drink it straight,' says Bob. I do. He was a good teacher. I was a good learner. Now I drink it straight. No more ice for me!" Mr. Meltzer receives a copy of Flo & Eddie's album (personally autographed by the Duke) and of course, his dream, "to see my name in a big time magazine," has just come true. Bring a little happiness into everybody's life, that's what I always say. See you next month.

OLDIES BUT GOODIES



We got 'em. Those elusive items you needed to complete your collection. These blasts from the past were some of the biggest hits around the country, and now they're all available directly from us for the mere sum of sixty cents apiece. In the past few months, *PHONOGRAPH RECORD* has presented more informative and entertaining reading than you'll find anywhere else, such as our March issue, featuring Todd Rundgren and Paul Revere & the Raiders, or our history of Heavy Metal featuring Alice Cooper in April, our acclaimed "surf music revival" issue in May (which also included the first and most complete story anywhere on the fabulous new group Stories), our jaundiced chronicle of the careers of Paul

McCartney and the Beatles in June (along with features on the Zombies and Brownsville Station) and, in July, the story of Dr. John and New Orleans rock.

In addition to that, each of these issues also includes a full quota of album and concert reviews, plus all the columns and features that have made *PHONOGRAPH RECORD* one of the nation's most popular music publications. Catch up on what you've missed while these back issues are still available. Just circle the months you want, enclose sixty cents for each one, and mail to 8824 Betty Way, West Hollywood, CA 90069. You've got a lot of great reading in store!

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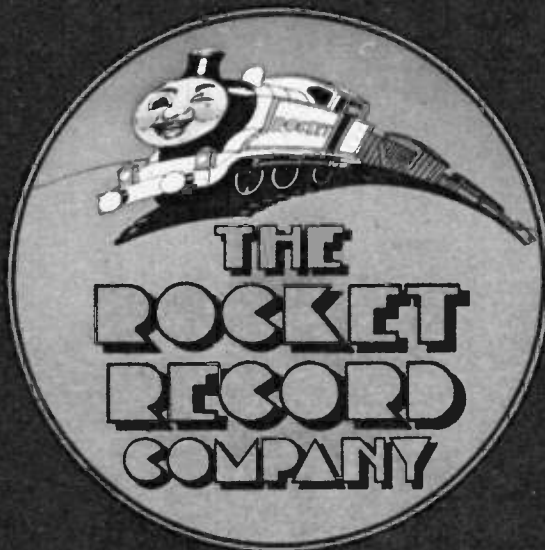
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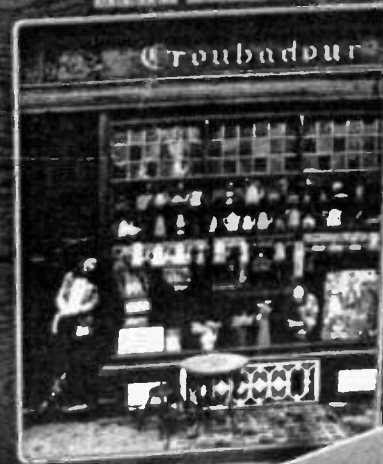
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