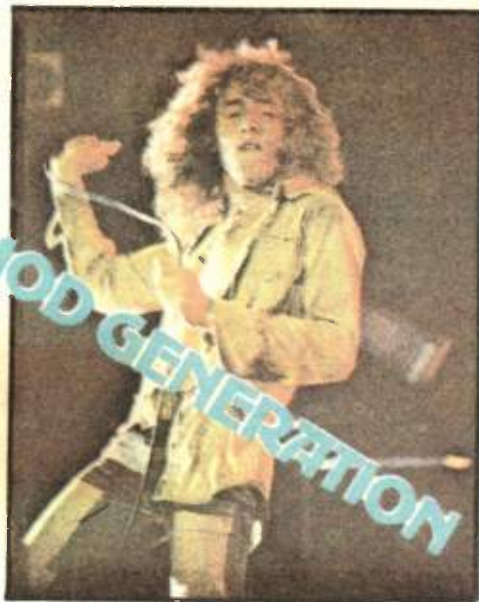


# Phonograph Record

THE WHO'S MOD GENERATION

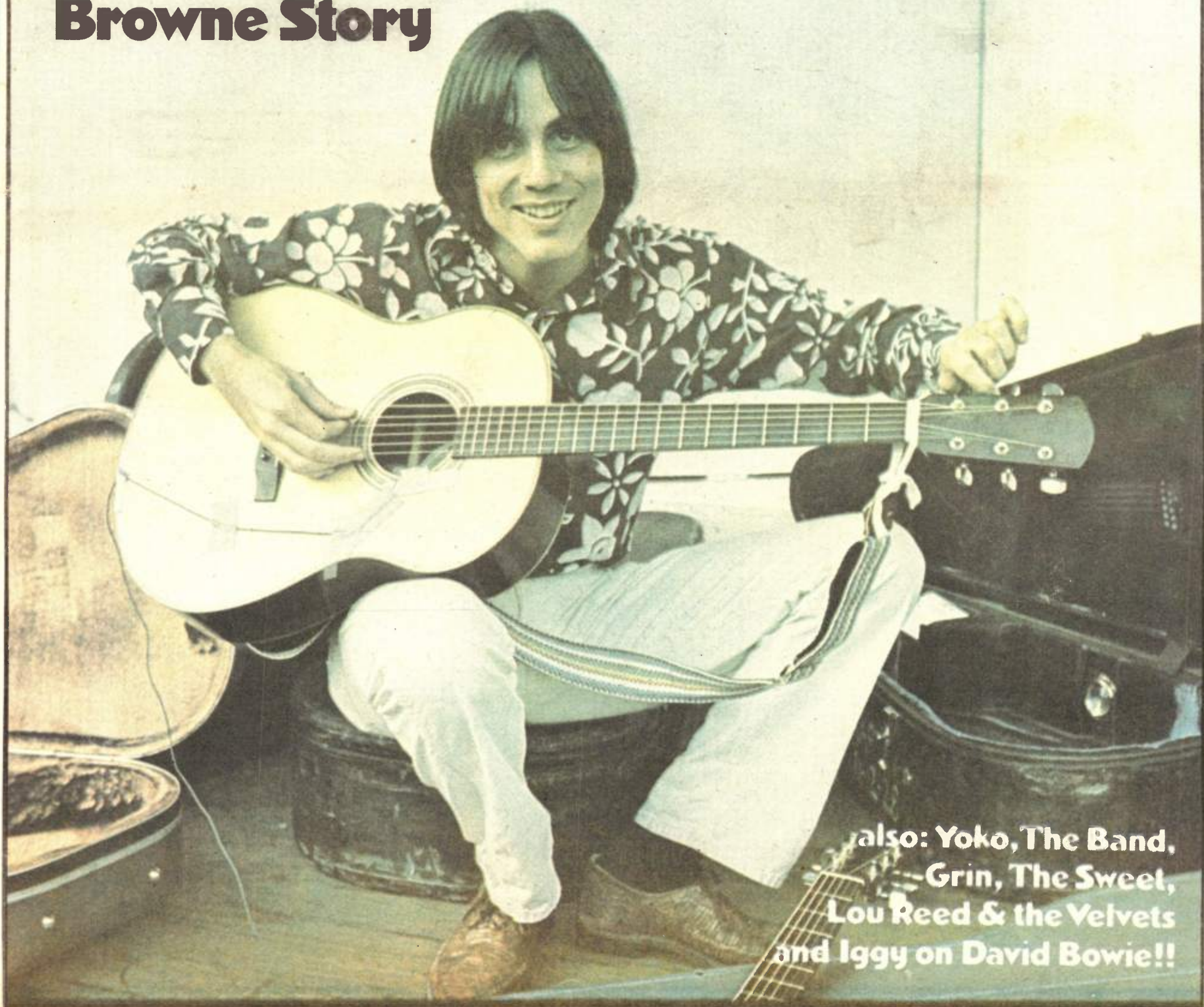


Vol. 4, No. 4

DECEMBER, 1973

50c

## The Jackson Browne Story



also: Yoko, The Band,  
Grin, The Sweet,  
Lou Reed & the Velvets  
and Iggy on David Bowie!!



# Living Or Not, Here They Come.

The latest collection of music for Dead Heads is "Wake of the Flood," the all-new studio album featuring 45 minutes of previously unrecorded music.

Many of the seven new songs on the "Wake" have been brought to life during the Dead's concerts in the past year, including "Here Comes Sunshine," "Let Me Sing Your Blues Away," and the two-part, 12 minutes-plus genuine energy flash, "Weather Report Suite."

"Wake of the Flood" is the debut album on the new Grateful Dead Records label. And since it was recorded, mixed and mastered under the band's complete supervision in Sausalito, Marin County, satisfaction, both theirs and yours, is guar-an-tee'd.

Newer than new music to take you in all directions, as the crow flies.



## The Grateful Dead With All New Stuff.

"Wake of the Flood" is available wherever Grateful Dead Records are sold.



# FAN MAIL

Dear Sirs—

Mr. Elton John may rest assured that in one hundred years both he and Steve Stills will be forgotten. I personally had forgotten about him until I read the article. I believed Danny & the Juniors and the Showmen and still do, and in one hundred years I'll still dig Buddy Knox & the Rhythm Orchids.

I am also so glad to see all them faggot bands and glitter boys dying fast deaths. Slade could never have made it. Bowie still has a punch in the nose waiting for him at my place. He's the king joke of them all. Happy death, fellas. I actually went to Rodney B's after work one night. Ugly girls with ugly hair and ugly shoes. Wanted to send them back to Beverly Hills High, where it looks like they all came from. These people almost killed Rock & Roll. ALMOST.

I doubt if anyone can prove that they are a bigger Rolling Stones fan than me, but must admit, *Goat's Head Soup* is a disaster. It's so bad. But one strike in ten years ain't bad.

This letter doesn't make much sense, does it?

David Ballard  
N. Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find a money order for \$2.00, for 4 copies of your Oct. '73 issue. I would deeply appreciate your kindness and help, to see that they are forwarded to me.

My son Jerry Nolan is the drummer of the New York Dolls, and besides him the boys are all



*The Merseys, a late incarnation of the Merseybeats, whose "Sorrow" was featured on David Bowie's recent "Midnight Special" appearance (and the forthcoming "History Of British Rock & Roll" album). See Page 8 for special reports on all this, plus the New York Dolls' Halloween party. Also, turn to Page 28 for reviews of Bowie's new album, by Iggy Pop and Kim Fowley!!*

very close to us.

Most grateful,  
Mrs. Wm. Ballas  
Zephyrhills, Fla.

(See, we told ya they had mothers! — Ed.)

Dear PRM,

I don't know how Lisa Rococo got hooked up with your otherwise fine magazine, but the chick definitely comes across as a

complete zero. Who really cares about ex-Mott guitarist Mick Ralphs being the "cutest Hoop"? Granted he is a fine musician, and as Ian Hunter admitted last night in Hartford that it set the group back when he split, he also wanted to make it clear to the audience that the group is extremely thankful to have landed Ariel Bender as a replacement. And just because Lisa had never heard of Ariel doesn't mean he's a nobody.

After viewing the tremendous performance in our city last night, I would dare to say that Bender is as good if not better than Mick Ralphs will ever live to be. And probably better looking also.

Respectfully submitted,  
Dennis J. Bradley  
Hartford, Conn.

Dear PRM:

Listen, Greg Shaw, the Stones don't have to answer no questions like (and I quote you, asshole): "can they still maintain their stance as rock and rollers nonpareil, despite advancing age..." Ah, shawks, Shaw, you ain't a punk and haven't been one for a good twenty years, if you were even then, and if "Star Star" makes you feel old maybe it's because YOU ARE OLD. The Rolling Stones ARE OLD. And that's what *Goat's Head Soup* is all about.

*Goat's Head Soup* makes it the same way Sly's *There's A Riot Going On* made it. You have to reach for it and all you have to do is admit that the Rolling Stones are getting Old. They are Old. And so are you. The Stones admit it on plastic how cum you can't in print. Rock is OLD, Buddy Holly is still dead too so stop crying cause none of yer counter culture dud philosophy is gonna save him.

As for trying, the Stones don't need to try. They make it, like they've always made it (you mean with *David Bowie*?—Ed.) and it doesn't even matter that "Angie" ain't "Lady Jane" or "Dancing With Mr. D" ain't "Brown Sugar". It just makes no difference. What matters is that *Goat's Head Soup*

makes it and it makes it in a way few albums have, and the way few groups have ever even approached. I mean, where can you possibly go after albums like *Sticky Fingers* & *Exile*? (How about up?—Ed.) You dig deeper. And the Stones have, once again, come up with a gem.

James Phoenix  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Seldom have I seen my feelings about a record more succinctly expressed than in Greg Shaw's review of the new Rolling Stones album. Five hundred and seventy-two words of accuracy and integrity.

Sincerely,  
Tom Nolan  
Los Angeles, California

Dear PRM,

After reading your review of Brownsville Station's new album *Yeah!* and the article on the New York Dolls, my faith in rock & roll as well as my subscription to PRM have been renewed. I've seen B.S. 5 times and each time they've stolen the show (from such as Black Sabbath, Canned Heat, Black Oak, and Quicksilver). B.S. has given rock & roll a high-energy boot in the ass. As for the Dolls, they are the best group in the world.

Cub Power  
Phil Klink  
Toledo, Ohio

**"RAZAMANAZ is a stomping rocking anthem for the ravers, a ritual invocation to dance and a rousing affirmation of mass solidarity all wrapped together...It's a great song and sets you up for a cruncher of an album."**

**-Ken Barnes, Phonograph Record**



**RAZAMANAZ (the single & album) by NAZARETH ON A&M RECORDS**



Yoko Ono  
San Diego Stadium  
San Diego, Calif.

By JULIAN DAMASCUS

Printed reports of Yoko's latest concert as a two-fisted screaming rock singer were a pack of drool. Let's set the record straight:

(1) Nobody booed. If they did boo, this reporter (who was in the middle of the crowd in center field) certainly didn't hear it. Maybe a few people booed, but nobody booed in earnest. However, it is true that Yoko's tortured slow blues number, perhaps the low point of the show, sent some people packing. What it was was Yoko's "animal-in-pain" screeching, her heavy breathing and orgasm noises ("Ooooooooooooooooooh! Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh!"), and her blow-job noises ("Shuuuuuuurp!"). If you've ever listened to a bitch in heat after it's been run over by a careening tricycle, you know what Yoko's blues sounds like.

(2) The audience did not prejudge Yoko as a joke-o. In fact, when she made her entrance (a dramatic affair worthy of a grande dame in which she emerged from the centerfield bleachers dressed in white, escorted by a funeral flying wedge of five or six chauffeurs clad in black), the people rose respectfully and welcomed her with applause. At the outset, most of the people were unfamiliar with Yoko's music, curious, and open-minded. In the course of the performance, a lot of people decided that Yoko was not their cup of tea, but as a wise man once said, "Everybody can't like vanilla"; it doesn't necessarily reflect poorly on Yoko.

(3) Some people did seem to grasp what she was trying to put across. For example, during "Woman Power", Yoko's new single and one of her more intelligible songs, many of the lib-chicks in the audience became overwrought and actually pulled out their free-flowing tresses in time to the music. Whoever pulled their hair out for Seals & Crofts? Also, they exchanged clenched fist salutes with Yoko, to show her that they understand and sympathize and know how to rebuff chauvinist lechers with Kung-Foo. At the end of the show, when Yoko said, "Okay, see you later", there was unmistakable light applause.

It's true that part of the audience hated her. Yoko does not possess what you would call your classical "God-given" voice, and her screeching can get on your nerves after a while, but that's no reason to heap abuse on her. John once said she was twenty years ahead of her time, so maybe if all the staunch anti-Yoko fanatics could project themselves twenty years into the future, the whole problem would be resolved.

On the plus side, there's Yoko's band. Including such luminaries as the Mephistophelian Jim Keltner on drums and the phenomenal Sneaky Pete on pedal steel guitar, the boys give Yoko a solid rock backing, especially on her opus "Don't Worry Kyoko". Believe it or not, this one rocks out and still manages to convey Yoko's sort of touching desire to hope against hope that she could somehow send an ESP message to her lost daughter Kyoko by singing to her. The anti-Yoko people will say that it's corny for a mother to sing to her daughter, but if you've got an ounce of sentimentality, it gets you right in

# PERFORMANCES



"Do I hear any bids on this choice item? Now that I'm liberated I no longer need such repressive garments, and I intend to donate all proceeds to the League of Women Mystics!"  
Photo by Bob Gruen

the old heartstrings. You find the same sense of hopefulness in "Woman Power"—"we can change the world", and all that.

One of Yoko's main problems is that she labors in the shadow of John. People kept yelling, "Where's John?"; one girl told me, "I couldn't leave early, I was afraid John might show up." Also there were people saying, "The Beatles are here. Pass it on." As far as I know, the Beatles were not there, unless they've taken to disguising themselves as chauffeurs.

The Sweet  
K.B. Hallen  
Copenhagen, Denmark

By BARRY TAYLOR

You'd have to admit that it was a pretty outrageous scene; about 75% of the audience was comprised of 14-year-olds and they either didn't know what to make of it or they were shuddering because they knew that they weren't supposed to look—at least not when their parents who took them to the show were sitting right next to

them. David Rose's "The Stripper" played through the PA system while on a giant screen over the stage, a film of a countdown from "10" (like you sometimes see before an old movie) was being shown—only this countdown was an erotic one. The little guys sitting next to me were stunned into awe as images of bananas, lipsticks, and bare breasts were being flashed before their eyes...in living color. As we finally got to "1" there was a sigh of relief, a blinding flash, and then cheers of recognition as Sweet walked out on stage.

A barrage of chords from Andy Scott's red Gibson quickly thickened the air and Brian Connolly, attired in a skintight red leather jumpsuit twirled the microphone stand high over his head and proceeded to spit out the words to "Hellraiser". Jeez...the whole place is going crazy already, and the security guards are taking their places in front of the stage. You just have to realize that the Sweet are to these kids what the Beatles were to old farts like us. The place is the K.B. Hallen in Denmark and the Sweet are busy breaking in a

new stage act before their threatened American tour which is scheduled for sometime at the end of the year.

Preceding them onstage were Denmark's own Walkers who have apparently been around for awhile, accumulating a number of hit songs locally. Visually, they are akin to something like the 1967 Who, complete with a stroboscopic mock smash up at the end of a raucous version of "All Right Now". For an encore they return to do Buddy Holly's "Rave On". You get the feeling that the only English these guys know is the lyrics to rock and roll songs.

With eight No. 1's in a row in Europe, selling over 9 million copies in the last two years, the Sweet have amassed a tremendous following. This concert is a sellout. Most of those present are bright-eyed, blond-haired kids who have a habit of suddenly bursting into a chant between songs while they stomp their wooden clogs on the floorboards for all they're worth to show their appreciation, and judging by that, they were pretty happy as the Sweet ran through their hits, from

"Wig Wam Bam" to "Little Willy", "Blockbuster", "Hellraiser" and the current "Ballroom Blitz".

For the big kids, they kept it interesting by incorporating films into their act, making the show an orgiastic feast of sight and sound. For those who go back a bit, they do a song introduced as "One written just for us, the Ooh's 'I'm A Boy'." Well, not really, but the song does take on an added dimension as Connolly, Tucker, Scott, and Priest look...well, you know. Musically, the song is as good as a time machine back to the days of the Who's raw power.

They also go through most of the material on their latest album, including "New York Connection", and "Need A Lot Of Lovin'" before the music suddenly stops as if somebody tripped over the plug, and a giddy English chap appears on the screen informing the audience, most of whom do not understand English anyway, that the Sweet will be back after a short intermission. In the meantime, a series of commercials for Guinness beer, the London Tourist Bureau, and for drinking milk are shown, with the mainmen from Sweet playing the starring roles in each; getting the commercial's message across in their own inimitable fashion, like a pictorial extension of *The Who Sell Out*.

When the group returns to the stage, they surprise everyone with an acoustic song, "You're Not Wrong For Loving Me". Perhaps the most surprising thing about it is that it is good. Their strong three-part harmonies, which are usually drowned out by the din of the music, are finally permitted to surface, and though CSNY type ballads are not the group's forte, they receive a good long ovation.

To say that the drum solo which followed was the highlight of the evening would be an understatement—you'll just have to wait and see it for yourself. Mick Tucker puts on an exhibition which is brilliant in both its conception and execution. Just as he is gaining momentum, he suddenly stops and a film is flashed on the screen of him continuing the solo. For about 10 minutes, Tucker alternates with the film which is timed to make it sound like one continuous flowing thing. This is followed by the group reappearing onstage to play along with the film while Tucker assumes his place behind his drum set so he can join in. As if by magic, both the group and film stop at the same second—like I said, it has to be seen to be believed.

The rotating blue police lights and sirens signal that it is time for "Blockbuster" and there is a rush toward the stage in recognition of Sweet's biggest selling European single. It is played with total abandon, as if everything might give way at any second, and this feeling is compounded as a film taken through the window of a car swerving around the corners of Piccadilly Circus provides the backdrop. Both the group and the car skid to a halt as "God Save The Queen" is dumbfoundedly blasted over the PA and a picture of Queen Elizabeth appears on the screen. Afterwards the house lights come up to show that the group has already split. There's a short acknowledgement by the audience and a quick exit into the night where the kids' parents already have the cars warming up in the parking lot. No use demanding an encore, because it goes without saying that there's no following what has already been done.



**the album in the  
plain brown/slightly  
greasy wrapper**

MUSCLE OF LOVE

**Alice Cooper of Love**

fragrance for men

Alice Cooper

**FRAGILE**

THIS CARTON CONTAINS ONE (1)  
ALICE COOPER  
MUSCLE OF LOVE

PARKING IN REAR



WRESTLE LIVE FEMALE

NEVER  
CLOSE  
ITS COOL  
INSIDE





# PERFORMANCES



Kris and Rita are really a nice couple of kids. Honest. It's not our fault if they're also very boring!  
Photo by Neal Preston

Kris & Rita  
The Troubadour  
Los Angeles, Calif.

By SUSANELLA ROGERS

The Kris & Rita Bunny Bunches Beer Blues and Boogie Band All-Star Stoic Revue opened at the Troubadour with a resounding splat. The high spot of the evening was Johnny Cash's protegee's protegee Michael Bacon, who opened the show with some pleasant original tunes sung in a style reminiscent of James Taylor before his veins collapsed.

After a suitably long and suspense-building intermission, Kristofferson *et cie* ignored the scattered applause and launched into a singularly insipid set. Donnie Fritts languished at the keyboards, while "Ft. Worth's sex symbol" guitarist Stephen Bruton

flashed his dimples and bounced around a lot in an effort to impart enthusiasm to Kristofferson, who looked like he'd rather be back in Durango shooting heads off chickens. Kris made a few feeble tries at entertaining, then apparently thought better of it and lapsed into mumbling and grousing about the lousy sound system. The expected crowdpleasing repertoire of oldies was forsaken in favor of several obscure and probably new songs — that did not include selections from the new duet album *Full Moon*, surely a stroke of divine inspiration considering the material involved.

Kristofferson performed with all the verve of a man who'd just learned that Jesus was a Scorpio, his voice dry and emotionless, his phrasing mechanical. The screeching cloud of boredom was lifted momentarily when the band broke into the Coasters' "Searchin'", a welcome departure that Kris seemed actually to enjoy ("I did it for my mother", he beamed) and a not at all bad cover rendition if you're into foxtrots. Donnie Fritts' song "Rainbow Road" followed, and hope was renewed when Fritts sang "300 Lbs of Hungry", an easy interlude destroyed by a half-dead mike that rendered Donnie all but inaudible.

Kris ended his solo portion of the set by committing unjustifiable homicide on "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down", and, sans fanfare, the Walking Turquoise and Indian Relic Show appeared on stage, her eyes nervously following Kris as he made for the dressing room, mumbling about getting high.

Accompanied by a chorus of groans from the audience, Rita ineptly plunged into her old standby, "Fever", exuding her usual paralytic magnetism. It was not until she was well into an exceedingly bland "A Woman Left Lonely" that Rita started her trademark arthritic hand fluttering; other than that, she limited any outward display of emotion to screwing up her forehead in an effort to look intense.

Rita announced that Kris would be joining her for the next song, but apparently hubby was serious about getting stoned because he didn't show up until the band was halfway through an upbeat "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight", with Rita singing ballad tempo. Kris was all but fighting her off as they shared a mike through several duets, and looked relieved to get over to the piano for "I Never Had It So Good", a song from the new album which Rita punctuated with a series of wet meaningful gazes. They

closed the show with "Me And Bobby McGee", Kris rushing to get through it, practically pushing Rita off the stage before the final riffs, and then the Marge & Gower Champion of rock & roll disappeared through the drunken cheering crowd with nary a thought of an encore.

Funny, she didn't look pregnant.

Rare Earth  
Fleetwood Mac  
Nazareth  
Hollywood Palladium  
Hollywood, Calif.

By JIM BICKHART

Cynics will always owe Rare Earth at least a modest tip of the hat for their one worthy lyric contribution to the literature of rock and roll: that one line in "I Just Want To Celebrate" talking about how the people let you down when you put too much faith in them. Truth, live truth right before your very eyes! All groups should be expected to come up with at least one good line during a career, and Rare Earth have filled their quota.

Having seen them perform a couple of times, I would be hard-pressed to admit their having accomplished much more. Their recent tour, ostensibly a step toward "progressive" legitimacy, proved merely that while losing some drawing power owing to a recent dearth of hits, they've managed no artistic advancements either. Two for the price of one.

The Brats  
Coventry  
Queens, N.Y.

By DAN NOOGER

Coventry is a go-go bar in the depths of Queens, although it could be anywhere in the country. It's dark, with a long bar and some pinball machines in front, tables, a dance floor, two stages and another bar in back, with a well stocked jukebox where the Platters and Frank Sinatra jostle Bowie, the Stones, and the Dolls for space. Most any night there are luscious young chicks, all satin boots and platform haircuts, too lazy to head across the river to "the city", to Max's, Dr. G's, and all that. But tonight, for the Brats, there's a positive superfluity of tasty young flesh in all sexes.

The Brats came together when guitarist Rick Rivets, who had played with Arthur Howard Kane in and out of various groups for years, pulled out of the last pre-fame incarnation of the Dolls. He collected three like-minded friends--drummer Sparky Donovan, bassist David Leeds, and Keith Ambrose, a singer with something of a Rod Stewart fetish and several years experience in Top 40 copy bands and the like, and they got a loft (still dotted with abandoned machine tools) on the baad end of Bleeker Street and started rehearsing. Friend Alice Cooper (like Rick, a Yardbirds freak) offered the nascent group four names one drunken night in Max's, and thereforth and forever after they were the Brats. Among the rejects were Husky Babies and the Jelly-Filled Liver Doughnut. Word got around, and on certain Saturday nights there would be two or three hundred spaced people in the loft, dancing to songs like "Criminal Guitar", which grew out of Rick and Keith's fantasy of a future where rock & roll has been declared

Rare Earth's hits number several, and all were recreated faithfully on stage, but it was the thoroughly undistinguished (and indistinguishable) "funky riff-loop" tunes of their recent *Ma LP* which set the monotonous tone for the evening. Juxtaposed with the deafening, dynamically-shifting preceding set by Fleetwood Mac, the situation presented by Rare Earth's set could best be summed up with a moment of respectful silence.

Fleetwood Mac, back to a quintet with the absence of their temporary singer and drinking buddy Dave Walker, were doing just fine. They overpowered both the crowd and the PA system with an exemplary display of eclectic overkill. Even while doing the subtle, if rocking, tunes from their recent albums, they reached an unexpectedly high energy level. About half the show was given to their old blues and boogie standards ("Rattlesnake Shake", "Shake Your Money Maker", "Green Mammalishi", "Black Magic Woman") which suited the audience just fine.

Instrumentally, as usual, Mac were more than decent. The front three, Christine McVie's keyboards and Bobs Welch and Weston's guitars, were solid. The guitarists' respective jazzy and straightforward styles, though perhaps a bit less fluid than past Mac ax combos, were eminently effectual. If the band's new *Mystery To Me* album, from which they performed a couple of good tracks, is the Big Hit their

last three should have been, they'll hopefully take the opportunity to display more overtly in person the complexity of which they're capable.

Show-openers Nazareth, on their first US tour since hitting it big in Britain, led off with a speedy set of Slade—Deep Purple—Faces—Geordie—Beckisms. Singer Dan McCafferty hadn't gotten his double-edged ripoff of



Christine Perfect, Fleetwood Mac.

Rod Stewart mannerisms and Noddy Holder vocals down quite pat yet, but he tried admirably. The band as a whole were technically fair and not loud enough to jade listeners' ears to Fleetwood Mac's ensuing aural onslaught.

As they become more incessant, Nazareth are likely to become both big and brazen, which would be a disservice to their friendly, folksy Scottish heritage. Right now, they're merely obvious, which isn't particularly objectionable since they haven't filled their quota of Classic Rock Moves yet. Who's taking bets that they ever will?



These are the Brats, New York's latest contribution to the energy crisis. This time the police came before they could even do "Criminal Guitar". Too bad.

illegal. A few dates started to come in at some of the smaller weirder clubs around the city. Alice offered to produce them when he finished the "Billion Dollar Babies" tour.

Suddenly the group stopped gigging. A new lead guitarist known only as Timps came in as Rick moved over to rhythm guitar. They started working up new material, a different stage act — tightening up their thing for the big push. One of the first gigs for the revamped group was that strange and fateful night at Coventry. Listen—

Isis, an eight-woman group who combine the most show-offy aspects of Chicago and pre-Sri Chinmoy Santana, are coming offstage after an enthusiastic set. As the Brats come on, members and friends of Adny Shernoff's band the Dictators, fresh from cutting some tapes with BOC producer Murray Krugman, shout "Go back to England!" and "Go drop some acid!" The Brats tear into the Yardbirds' "Stroll On", Timps flailing furiously at his guitar as Keith struts around the small stage, whipping his satin

scarf over the mike stand. An amp blows out. They jump headfirst into one of their new numbers, "Hot Lips And Fingertips", and people start to dance. The trombonist from Isis is digging it from one side of the floor, her left hand wrapped around a beer, her right around a dubious-looking young dude.

During "Rock & Roll Is Dying" Keith disappears. He re-emerges in red satin pants, a baseball jacket, and wraparound sunglasses, his hair slicked high and back, to sneer out the end of the song. For "Hard Ridin' Fools", he disappears again, returning in a greasy leather hat and chains, flipping a huge switchblade as he jabs home the joys of big fast hogs and big-assed women.

Coventry's manager is gesturing urgently at Keith. The Brats sleaze out a slow blues instrumental while they argue to one side. The police are at the door—too much damn noise. That's the end of the set, or else.

"Shit," Keith says a bit later. "We didn't even get to do 'Criminal Guitar'."

## Phonograph Record

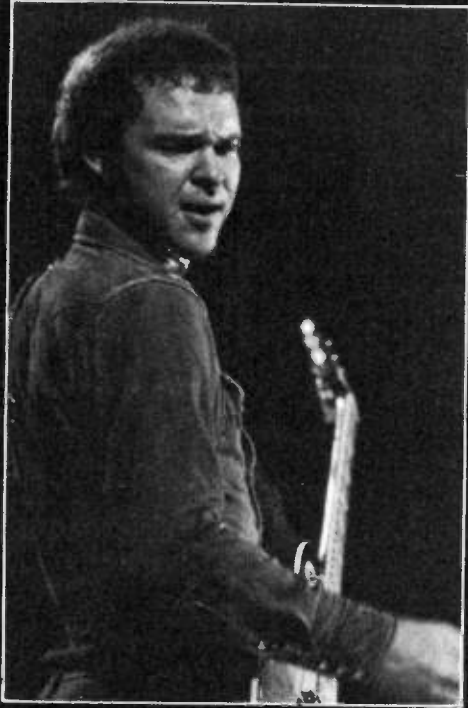
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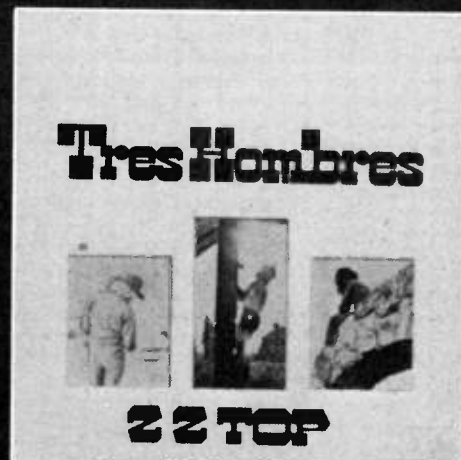


# ZZ TOP.



Photos: Tom Hill

Billy Gibbons, Frank Beard and Dusty Hill are Z Z TOP... "the little ole band from Texas." The 3-man rock 'n' blues powerhouse that's fast becoming the hottest, most talked about band on the concert trail. Wherever Z Z TOP has played they've left the stage with the audiences literally begging for more. "TRES HOMBRES" is their new album. And it is fast becoming one of the hottest, most talked about albums available today.



XPS 631

Between now and the end of this year Z Z TOP will be returning triumphantly to cities where they've made friends. But that's not enough... Z Z TOP wants more friends. If you have the opportunity to see "the little ole band from Texas" in concert, don't miss it!

## NOVEMBER

29. .... KNOXVILLE ..... Civic Center  
30. .... ST. LOUIS ..... Kiel Auditorium

## DECEMBER

2. .... FT. WAYNE ..... Ft. Wayne Armory  
5. .... SEATTLE ..... Hec Edmundson Pavillion  
6. .... VANCOUVER ..... P & E Coliseum  
8. .... NEW YORK CITY ..... Academy of Music†  
9. .... GREENSBORO, N.C. .... Coliseum\*  
11. .... MADISON ..... Dade County Coliseum\*  
12. .... ANN ARBOR ..... Univ. of Michigan\*

13. .... TOLEDO ..... (To be announced)\*  
14. .... TORONTO ..... Maple Leaf Garden\*  
15. .... SYRACUSE ..... War Memorial\*  
16. .... NORFOLK ..... Norfolk Scope\*  
19. .... WASHINGTON, D.C. .... Capitol Center\*  
22. .... TAMPA ..... Tampa Stadium\*  
26. .... NEW HAVEN ..... New Haven Coliseum\*  
27. .... MONTREAL ..... Montreal Forum\*  
28. .... LOUISVILLE ..... Convention Center\*  
29. .... BINGHAMPTON, N.Y. .... Broome County Arena\*  
30. .... PASSAIC, N.J. .... Capitol Theatre  
31. .... BUFFALO ..... Buffalo Memorial Auditorium\*

LONDON®

† Special Guest By Popular Demand

\*Special Guest with Alice Cooper



## BRITAIN

### LADY BANGLA BOOM, MS.

Judging from the taping sessions at the Marquee, you should have quite a treat forthcoming on your *Midnight Special* Nov. 16 (it strikes me you'll no doubt already have seen it by the time this column appears). Anyway, we caught David Bowie performing "I Can't Explain", "Everything's Alright" (what's happened to the Mojos, by the way), "Space Oddity", "Jean Genie" and a new one from his 1984 production — with costumes as bizarre as expected. The Troggs did "Wild Thing" and "I Can't Control Myself", great to see, and still-lovely Marianne Faithfull sang "As Tears Go By". Outlandish highlight was of course David and Marianne

send-up "Bend Over Beethoven".

New LP's from Brinsley Schwarz (*Please Don't Ever Change*, the old Crickets hit), Grimms (*Rockin' Duck*), Robert Fripp and Eno (together), and Silverhead (*16 And Saved*). Also first from ex-Free guitarist Paul Kossoff, *Back Street Crawler*, is out, with vocal contributions from Paul Rodgers and other Free members helping out instrumentally.

More Troggs tidings: Chris Britton was replaced by Canadian guitarist Richard Glen Moore, and the new single "Strange Movie" is out, a sexsational rocker in true Troggs tradition. Pye's advert headlines: "Trogg Mania Strikes Again". Single is a nice contrast to Reg's subdued solo "S'Down To You Marianne" (CBS); full-scale British tour underway as well. Eat your hearts out, Americans....

Reformation of the Month: None other than the Shadows,

b/w "Jungle Jams", and soon an LP, *Rockin' With Curly Leads*. Meanwhile, new Stray single is "Move It", the first wild savage rocking hit for Cliff Richard and the Shads back in '58. Also back on the scene: Dave Clark, with new single "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye", esteemed American hit of the past; and the Cryin' Shames, of "Please Stay" repute, with "I'm Gonna Tell The World" single.

Droves of other new singles out or due out. T. Rex deliver "Truck On (Tyke)" to adoring public, while Mott The Hoople release "Roll Away The Stone" (not to worry, it's not the Leon Russell tune. And while we're at it, another bon Mott you hopefully haven't missed is "Rose", flip side of their "Honoloochie Boogie" single not on LP — don't know about its availability in the States, but if it's acquirable, you're urged to do so). Roxy Music release "Street Life", title track from forthcoming album, and Mungo Jerry have "Wild Love" out. Ex-Face Ronnie Lane issues "How Come" with two more new songs on back side; the Lane-Ronnie Wood LP out soon. Pub-rockers extraordinaire Bees Make Honey out with "Knee Trembler" in advance of first LP *Music Every Night*; fellow publicans Ducks Deluxe rock with "Coast To Coast" debut 45.

Gary Glitter's backing Glittermen to cut LP and single on their own shortly; Gary's new No. 1 contender is "I Love You You Love Me". Sweet's January single release: "Moonlight In Baskerville". Sounds interesting.

McCartney's Wings may release a new Linda McCartney composition under the pseudonym Suzi & the Red Stripes. Sandy Denny updates Inkspots' "Whispering Grass" for next single; new LP called *Old Fashioned Waltz* out soon. Groundhogs release a rare single effort, "Sad Go Round", and Peter Noone is back with "(I Think I'm Over) Getting Over You". I think it's over for me about now too, so over to the American contingent till next month....

every mid-sixties beat group's instrumental inspiration — they're reuniting with longtime members Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett and newcomer John Farrar from Marvin, Welch &...Group together for recording purposes only so far; first single "Turn Around And Touch Me"

duetting "I Got You Babe", Marianne clad in a nun's outfit. Still no plans for British airing....

On the heels of *Pin-Ups* and a mid-rumours of similarly-conceived Band LP, John Lennon reveals plans for an album of "oldies"; he's already cutting it on the West Coast with Phil Spector, who is to debut his own "Spector" label distributed by Warners starting in January. Delectable tidings...And Peter Townshend disclosed the possibility of a forthcoming Who package of previously unreleased material, as begged for in last month's ravings.

And still more archaeology: Zombies two-record CBS set, compiled by former *Zig Zag* editor Pete Frame with much unreleased and obscure material, just released, along with Them package on Deram featuring general obscurities and tracks not released on LP.

The Kinks' new album, out by the time you read this in all probability, to be called *Preservation Act I*, after their stage presentation, includes group backed by large vocal chorus in spots, and also single sides "Sweet Lady Genevieve", "One Of The Survivors" and "Sitting In The Midday Sun", plus eight new tracks. *Act II* scheduled for early '74 release, they say.

Sad to see demise of fine British rock monthly *Cream*. Michael D'Albuquerque of ELO and Ricotti-D'Albuquerque fame released solo LP, *We May Be Cattle But We've All Got Names*, with single to be pulled. Colin Walker, ELO's cellist (the sedate one), left the group and was replaced after frantic search by original member Hugh McDowell, late of Wizzard and composer of instrumental flip-side ELO



Marianne Faithfull — still lovely even if she can't sing.

Photo courtesy of Mainman, Ltd.

## HOLLYWOOD

By LISA ROCOCO

Who says Hollywood isn't what it used to be? Listen, darling, the next one who wheezes this defamation of character upon our hallowed grounds most certainly hasn't been in these parts in recent months. I must admit that it's not entirely within the city limits, this Hollywood force field. Lisa and her ilk were jetted to NY late last month for the Dolls' Halloween Party and Hollywood was there. She then was present for the good Guru's show in Houston and can most certainly assure you that back at the Hyatt Regency the entire 8th and 29th floors were agog with glitter, whirled without end. Which only proves once more that Hollywood is where you find it.



Rodney Bingenheimer is happening all over.

The honorary mayor of the Sunset Strip, friend to the stars, star to his friends, and general teenage legend Rodney Bingenheimer recently set up Hollywood in Harrow, England, and proceeded to get in there with Suzi Quatro, Sweet, Gary Glitter and Roy Wood. Sore bottoms were forthcoming. Most certainly those lovely limeys have more than the mere spirit of Hollywood.

Speaking of which, where do you think beefy David Bowie got the idea to add Marianne Faithfull and the Troggs to his recent *Midnight Special* smash mid-sixties spectacular? (Lisa only wished Marianne would have done "Sister Morphine", we missed it severely). If you missed that, then moisten up for the latest Hollywood trend extraordinaire, the Hollywood Starrs (that's two r's, my lovelies). They are all teenage, the same height, and completely interchangeable. If you're bored with the boys on the other side of the gym field, try these cuties. I know you'll be twitchin' like Lisa is now. They even have a tasty blond magician in the group. I can't be sure how good the music on their first LP will be, but with shapely bods and fair hair, they should sell like pancake makeup.

We recently had a hot evening with Jeff Lynne and the Electric Light Orchestra on the seventh floor of the Continental Hyatt House. And their show at the Hollywood Palladium wasn't all that bad either. Attention Groupie Sisters: Jeff Lynne is worth hangin' in there for the second show. Heading for a showdown.

Jeff and ex-ELO mentor Roy Wood are still having lovers' quarrels; the original B-side of "See My Baby Jive" was titled "Bend Over Beethoven", and when Jeff showed up for Roy's birthday party last week in London, that Wizzard of ours asked Jeff to leave abruptly. Now boys, play nicely...Roy's had himself some hot times of his own too, almost making it into the Hall of Flame when his central heating unit overexerted itself. Things got all fired up and Roy might've been roasted had it not been for the timely rescue of roadie Vic, who's reportedly up for a heavy medal from Her Majesty's minions for the deed.

## Hollywood in New York



From dildo-noses to Fluctabunnies, the Dolls brought 'em all out on Halloween. Lisa Rococo has the scoop! Photo by Bob Gruen

Well, dears, it's all too too too too faaa-bulous for mere flimsy words, even your luscious Lisa can't seem to force the tasty, shiny thoughts into the proper hot lush perspective. What's all the to-do about, dears? It's perhaps the most scrumptious party of the year, certainly the most colorful and character — ridden of the past twelve bland months, and that was the

Halloween party for the Dolls held in the classy atmosphere to which the Dolls are rapidly becoming accustomed — the Waldorf Astoria Hotel Ballroom in midtown Manhattan.

Lisa had to cheat, like, and lend nearly all of her makeup to persuade those lovelies, Leber-Krebbs, to hoist a pass her way, 'cause this was the day of the affair and tickets to this

Howard Stein extravaganza which went for upwards of \$7.50 in their pre-sale incarnation by evening were being peddled by the scalpers for more than 50 bucks a shot. But needless to say, Lisa was at least two hours early (with glittered nail and horned tail), and she caught every lovely as they consistently aggravated Waldorf maitre'd's, assistant managers and general factota by the score (the spilling of drinks, breaking of glass and squashing of cigarette butts to the max in the cashmere-like carpets which line all the rooms was epidemic, saturating each and every square inch). And when would-be Dolls fans — turned — Wicked Witch of the North, etc., were refused admittance to the lobby and were forced to stand beflinced of four-weeks' worth of maxi-colored raiment in the freezing, raining Sixth Avenue biosphere, bitch havoc broke loose and the wrath of New York's flamingest was set ablaze for all the world to see (three local network stations, Wolfman in Live broadcast, and Lisa herself).

The party started officially at midnight; by three-thirty AM everyone had completely

forgotten exactly what they were here to see officially — the Dolls — and were completely satisfied to gaze/grope at costumes beyond even David JoHansen's wildest fantasies. And while those multitudes thronged to the sounds of the Butterflies, Shangri-Las and Dixie Cups in genuine religious homage to the Bert Berns legacy, dildoe noses, webbed feet, umbilically attached parties of the same sex and bloodied Cinderellas all laid down written proof to the world populace that it's you who are the losers, or so it would seem....

The Dolls did finally make their prodigal entrance, and were greeted with the type of mania only Guru Maharaj Ji MCing a Beatles gig could muster up. Let this serve as the astronomically conclusive evidence of a power and pop force which is shaping up to become the largest culturally oriented music trend to surface in some ten years. If you were unfortunate enough to miss this evening, my dears, rest quietly assured that this chromed mania will pass among you as the Grim Reaper once did with the Turtles years ago, you can't escape it and the Dolls will certainly crush all who stand in their way, IT IS WRITTEN.



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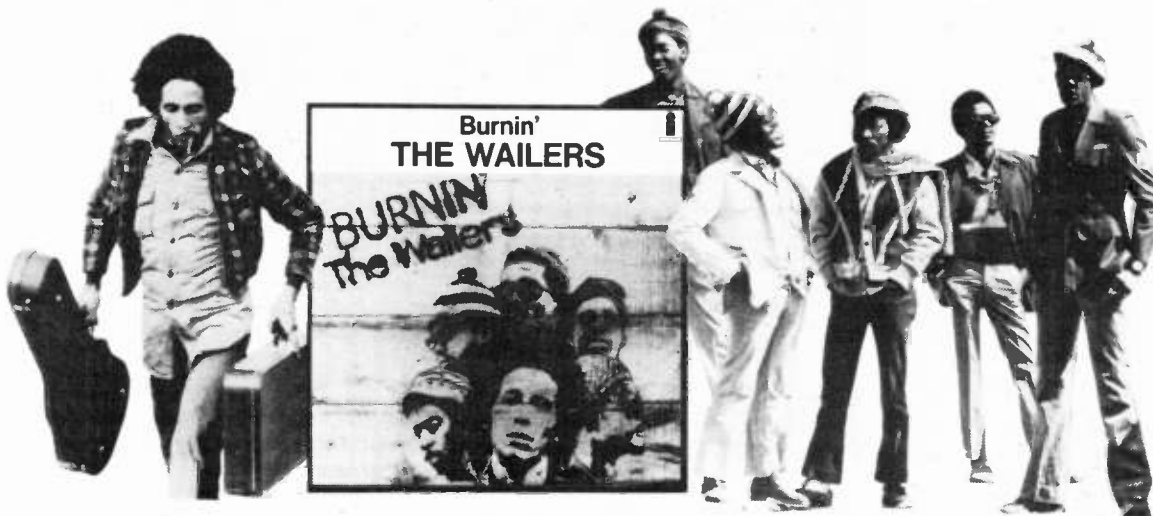


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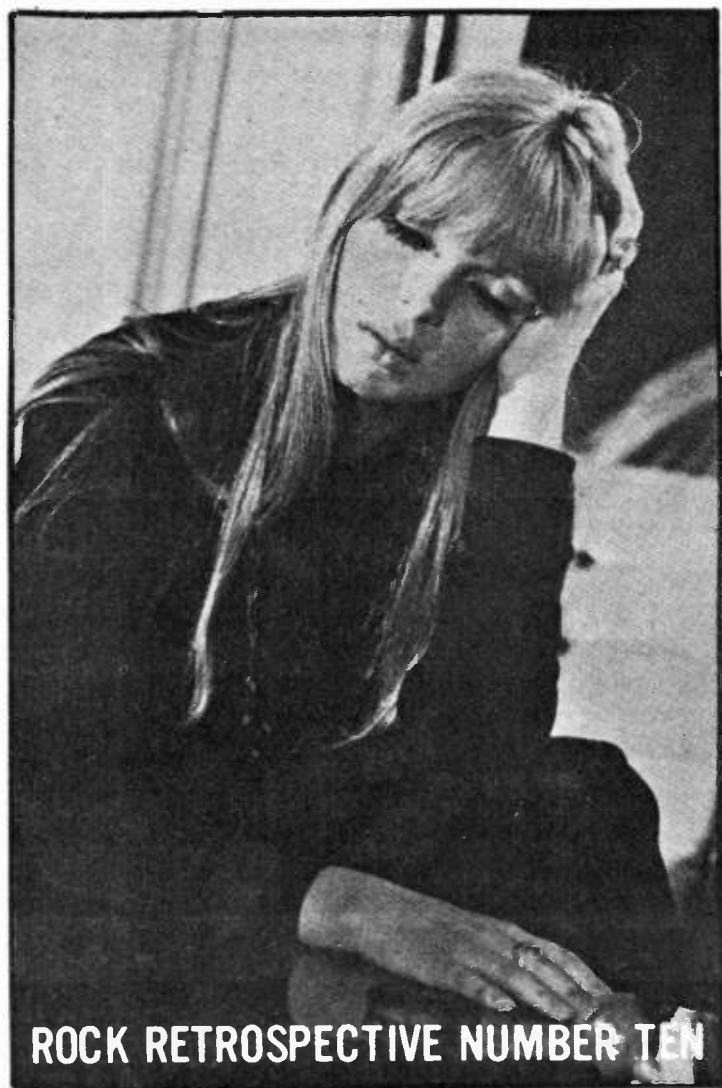


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## LOU REED & THE VELVET UNDERGROUND



Somehow it seems all wrong to be writing about the Velvet Underground on a crisp fall day in Southern California, where the sun shines and faint traces of Love and Peace and Flower Power tenaciously linger the way tear gas hangs in the air for days after it's fired. No, it's too many worlds removed; you should be in a dingy basement or a junkies' stairwell. The VU is like a rare, richly overpowering tropical flower that demands specific and difficult conditions for survival. It must live in New York, and it needs dark and damp. It doesn't ask for much food, but it calls for a skylight, because the sun is overhead for a little while on uncloudy days.

This Velvet Underground we're talking about isn't a rock 'n' roll band whose personnel changes must be noted, musical evolution traced, album releases chronicled. That's all there, but it's not

important. That's what the VU has in common with every other rock band. It's what the Velvets possessed that hardly anyone else did that really counts. The Velvet Underground carried along with them a distinct and total environment; they internalized that environment, merged with it until it became inseparable from their collective personality, and, further, cloaked it all with that most vital and fascinating element, *mystery*, a mystery so effectively wrought and sustained that it eventually blossomed into myth.

The Mystery made it possible for them to be a thoroughly convincing absorber of fantasies; its amorphousness allowed them to be an open system within the borders of their amphetamine-rush city imagery. They would be whatever you wanted them to be because you couldn't know what they were.

**BY RICHARD CROMELIN**





## "There was always a drive for self-destruction"

The Mystery worked another bit of transformation. The ugly isn't fascinating unless it's mysterious; Dorian Gray's debaucheries are no less repulsive for not being detailed, but the lack of specific definition graces them with a magnetism, a sickly-sweet charm that has an almost hypnotic power. Lou Reed's words are more blunt than Wilde's, certainly, but it's not just words that characterize the VU and form the Mystery. That pervasive environment is equally essential.

Those who understood that Andy Warhol and his art were more than a put-on had no trouble with the Velvets. And kids, punks who took their rock 'n' roll with directness and tough innocence, could go wild for the Velvet Underground without worrying about the multiple avant-garde influences on John Cale's solos. Like Warhol's art, like the Factory milieu, the Velvets' elusiveness was in direct ratio to the amount of intellectualizing thrown at it. It's all there on the records. It's just what it seems. That's the mystery.

Andy Warhol had a film plant, art studios, an entourage, and he needed a rock 'n' roll band. Lou Reed and John Cale were in a Long Island punk group called the Primitives (a single, "Do The Ostrich" and some cuts called "Motorcycle Annie" and "You're Driving Me Insane" on a cheapo album called *Soundsville* (Design SDLP-187) — where they're credited as the Beachnuts and the Roughnecks, respectively — survive from that period). Lou already had "Heroin" and "Waiting For The Man" down. They were written during his stay at Syracuse University (where, some say, he was a pole vaulter), from the days when he and the Young Rascals would run into Harlem on weekends to score some drugs. Nothing else to do, except play in a rock 'n' roll band. Warhol adopted them and brought them to the Factory where he put them together with the goddess Nico, jet setter, friend to Brian Jones, mother of a son by Alain Delon, actress in *La Dolce Vita* and *Sweet Skin*, model in London Fog ads. She was billed

as chanteuse and was, for her brief time with the group, the classic personification of the Velvet Mystery. Sterling Morrison played bass and rhythm, Maureen Tucker was on drums.

The group's name was the title of a paperback novel by Michael Leigh. Its cover and contents were whips and boots and other fetishes. The Velvet world was the world of dark perversions, of blank drug hallways, of amphetamine paranoia. "You know it's hard to live in the city", Lou would sing years later on his first solo album. That's what it was all about; the crushing agonies, the hopeless but strangely noble attempts to ward it off. The first album, *The Velvet Underground And Nico* (Verve V6-5008), was released in late '66, and it showed that the Velvet Underground was not only the proto-heavy-metal maker of psychotic New York street music, but that in Lou Reed they had a multifaceted songwriter whose tender-toned, slower tunes were lovely pop material. The duality, which in simplest terms is that of love/violence, was there from the start. "Sunday Morning", "Femme Fatale", "I'll Be Your Mirror", all could be covered handsomely by the Carpenters. were it not for the consistent intelligence, depth and bite of Reed's words. And Nico's husky, Dietrich-like voice was the Mystery's gossamer veil, a voice that lent all the music an unearthly quality, an everpresent trace of decadence hidden deep inside, like the Eskimo's baited hook that rips open the unlucky wolf from the stomach outward.

From the very start, the Lou Reed persona asserted itself; the road to *Berlin* was clearly marked right away; the progression from paranoia to psychosis to utter breakdown. Violence crackled incessantly, like a whip in the hand of a nervous man. Escape was found in detachment, an antipathy within the numbing intensity that shielded yet also destroyed in a more leisurely, calculating and insidious manner. "Heroin", of course, is the epitome; Lou's singing is a masterpiece of phrasing and

intonation, the music a primitive but perfect embodiment of the drug rush; enthusiastic fantasies of time-travel and myth-dwelling clashing with the aimless impossibility of it all and then the inevitable build for the next rush. "I guess but I just don't know..." The important thing is that the Velvets' music (like the Who's, in England) wasn't about the scene and the lifestyle. It was a manifestation of it in sound.

Love dwelt in the Velvet Underground too, Venus clad in furs and boots of shiny, shiny leather — which shouldn't be interpreted as perversion. On the third album Lou would sing "No kinds of love are better than others". Whether it be with whips or with mirrors, touching and contact existed in the swirl. What colored it in such strange, disquieting hues was the juxtaposition of tenderness and desperation. And there was always a drive for self-destruction eating away inside, thwarting any tendencies to romanticize the unorthodox. The depravity, the unhealthiness, was sanctified but not worshipped. The ethic of self-destruction, not inadequate production or lousy promotion, is what limited the Velvets' fame to the underground. Lou once wrote a song called "If I Tell You":

*If I tell you  
All the pretty things  
And if I give you  
What tomorrow brings  
Would you stop being mean to you*

*Stop those things that hurt only you  
That is all you have to  
To make you fall in love  
With you.*

Lou thought it was the most beautiful song he'd ever written, and he wanted to record it backwards!

The early Who singles like "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" have come to be called pop-art songs. And the VU, minstrels in the court of the Pop Art King, approached rock 'n' roll in a parallel manner (an odd little note is that many who idolized that early Who couldn't stomach the Velvets at all). Intensity through

repetition, like Andy's silkscreens. A dumb, elementary riff drumming itself out at you over and over and over. Cale's electric viola screeched out bloodcurdling flourishes that fought to destroy your ears with Reed and Morrison's feedback blasts. Mo Tucker must've had some pair of arms. Both Cale and Reed were into incidental music, sound, aural concepts; Reed was the rock 'n' roller, searching for the secret to a Bo Diddley guitar pattern, becoming excited at accidentally discovering a riff from "Sea Cruise"; Cale was into the avant garde music scene, an associate of Lamont Young. The goal became white noise, pure undifferentiated sound. They often reached it in concert, and they tried to do it on their second album.

"Sister Ray" almost makes it. It's wall to wall distortion from start to finish and it's seventeen minutes long. It's like Terry Riley gone berserk. *White Light/White Heat* (Verve V6-5046), on its strength, outnumbered the first album. It carried paranoia into neurosis and further dimmed the line between love and violence. Breakdown time was approaching; disease progressing. They never called it speed; it was always amphetamines, and they all knew every brand name and what was in each and how many grains you should take. They coped by affecting an effete bitchiness; that's why so many of them don't have time for Bette Midler — it's all old hat to them. They all took lots of vitamins too.

White noise defined one aspect of the ultimate speed rush. There was white light too — the environment. The Exploding Plastic Inevitable was an adjunct to the VU's shows. Films like *Vinyl*, one of Robert Indiana eating a mushroom, Lou Reed's screen test (in Andy's world everyone was an actor) moved on the screen behind this sinister-looking band. Gerard Malanga and Mary Woronov, would be off to the side dancing their whip dance to "Venus In Furs". Theirs was the first strobe light that many had ever seen, and when you waved aluminum foil in it, well...





The Velvet Underground played the Dom Club, later the Balloon Farm (it eventually became the Electric Circus) and the Gymnasium. Their one live album (Cotillion SD 9500) is from a 1970 Max's Kansas City gig, recorded on a cassette by Warhol aide-de-camp Brigid Polk. What it was all about was having a place to hang out, something to do. Not to have something to be excited about, but to have a locus for the boredom. It really wasn't decadent; nothing really is. It's all boring; it's what we pretend it is that makes it exciting. It was pretend, it was fantasy, but the magic and the Mystery was the complete union of their lives with the fantasy. And Lou's voice, at once droning and frantic, was the perfect instrument to carry that life into music. It was the thrilling fantasy of the rush (sometimes a rush into love, more often into paranoia) eternally linked to the boredom and emptiness that always throbbed like a huge, slow heart hovering in the background.

The Velvets were an essential part of, not an appendage to, the Factory world. They weren't a rock band that Andy pulled out of the closet at showtime. Lou had a profound understanding of what Andy's art was about; all the Velvets were poets. They were as firmly entrenched in that world as Edie Sedgwick, Suzy Creamcheese, Taylor Mead and Ondine. They were helpless to do anything but bring that world into musical incarnation with painful accuracy and painstaking exactness.

It was too easy for people not enmeshed in the scene to evade the reality and applicability of the VU's themes by dismissing the group as either a put-on, part of Warhol's private joke, or as trashy musicians. Most reticent of all were those farthest away. When the Velvet Underground and the Exploding Plastic Inevitable played the Trip on the Sunset Strip in '66, the audience was the art crowd, drawn by the Warhol name and their masochistic worship of New York. The Hollywood hip scene was centered largely around Frank Zappa, and none of that crowd showed up. Nobody understood, and Bill Graham was reluctant to book them at the Fillmore. They did better in places like Chicago, where dumb kids understood.

By the time of the third album (*The Velvet Underground*, MGM SE-4617), John Cale had left the group (ego conflicts, the story goes). His replacement was Bostonian Doug Yule. The third album was a jolting change. Lou was singing "I'm beginning to see the light"; the mood was uncharacteristically mellow. It tasted of Greenwich Village folk blues, like a slightly electrified Tom Rush. The Factory crowd wondered what was with Lou. It was at this point too that Lou

started breaking out of his motionless stage manner, throwing in some rock 'n' roll moves that didn't really fit. All this might be seen as the visible beginning of the centrifugal force under whose power the Velvet Underground lost its cohesion and spun apart. It was really inevitable. There was nothing in the Velvets that could be marketed beyond the small elite who listened because they were part of it, or those few who were fascinated by the Mystery and undeterred by the fearsome side of the fantasies. The syndrome around which the Velvets' music revolved was squeezed into small pockets in the late sixties and early seventies. Now that it's epidemic, now that everything is breaking down, the VU sounds chillingly timely; but they were there too soon.

The Yule-Reed VU made one more album, *Loaded* (Cotillion SD 9034), before the band finally split up. Yule was becoming a more prominent presence, and before long he'd earn Lou's eternal resentment by putting together a group he called the Velvet Underground and taking them out on tour; and by taking credit for composition of songs on *Loaded* that were all Lou Reed. Among them were two Reed classics, "Sweet Jane" and "Rock & Roll".

It's ironic that it took the suddenly fashionable David Bowie to get Lou Reed back into the public's eye. When he was visiting America in 1970, Bowie was constantly raving about Lou, saying that he wanted Lou to produce his next album (*Hunky Dory*, one of non-producer Reed's favorites), playing and singing a marvelous "Waiting For The Man" on his acoustic 12-string. Lou's first solo album hadn't brought him the fame and fortune that, God knows, he deserved. It got a mixed reception by the press, but *Lou Reed* (RCA LSP-4701) has turned out to be an amazingly durable little bugger. Lou's love of Jimi Hendrix and his debt to Bob Dylan are more evident here than anywhere else, and songs that at first seemed facile and stiff have loosened up and cohered with time. But it didn't make a mark; there was no impact about it, no machinery set in motion. Bowie changed all that. The attention that followed his every move fell on Lou Reed, and with *Transformer* (RCA LSP-4807) his name and voice became familiar to glitter-kids who didn't know the Velvet Underground from Liberace.

Much of the negative response to *Transformer* can probably be attributed to the growing tendency to react against Bowie's snowballing fame and to the inevitable rejection of gay themes by mainstream observers. The

album came years after his most overtly gay period (when "you could always tell who he was after in a room," as one friend recalls), yet Lou for the first time moved from generalizations like "No kinds of love are better than others" to "We're coming out, out of our closets". In *Transformer* Lou came off as much more human than ever before, painting the Warhol gang with actual sympathy in "Walk On The Wild Side", bringing genuine, almost syrupy pathos to a love affair in "Perfect Day". Still, the detachment, boredom and passivity lurked about, stated most eloquently in the simple line "I love to watch things on TV." That says a lot.

Because of its unevenness, its lack of focused personality, *Transformer*, despite its several high points, becomes something of an interim album. Lou just didn't seem comfortable in those glam-rock surroundings; he was a

Burroughs leather boy, not a queen. It did bring him back some measure of fame (though he went and negated a lot that it might have done with a disastrous performing tour), gave him some balance, and quietly set the stage for a work that has to be the culmination of all the dreariness and self-destruction that had been implied in all his previous music.

*Berlin* (RCA APL1-0207) is a real-life horror story, the crash into blackness from the white-noise peak of the speed-rush. The inexorable march of morbid events is met by completely detached, impotent and totally dumb reactions from the protagonist. He just doesn't care. The decadence of *Berlin* turns out not to be divine, but a very mundane and rather nasty affair. Fascinating as well. When he sings "I'm a tired man" on *Berlin* he really sounds tired; crushed might be a better word for it. When he sang "I am tired, I

am weary/I could sleep for a thousand years" on the first Velvet Underground album, he may have been tired beneath it all but the chemical turbulence overrode every thing else.

Sometimes you might find yourself wanting to laugh at the engulfing despair of *Berlin*. That's certainly a valid nervous reaction, as much an escape as the singer's forlorn detachment. But it's not nearly as effective or lasting. Now the speed has finally killed, and *Berlin* would have to be Lou Reed's final stop. But you can't make that assumption. Because it's a fantasy, and no matter how firmly linked to reality it might be, a fantasy has the potential to be revived and transformed. The supposition should be that he will do precisely that. Until then, he and the next manifestation remain a Mystery, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world about to end. Amen.

## N.Y. Dolls On Lou Reed's 'Berlin'

Berlin  
Lou Reed  
RCA

By DAVID JOHANSEN  
(lead singer, New York Dolls)

*Dissolve from Tommy James' "Mirage"....*



"Whaddya mean, 'cocktail music'?! I drink for my health!"

Photo by Andy Kent

This song was on another album of his, wasn't it? I can dig where his cocktail trip is at. He's married to a cocktail waitress, isn't he? I can dig that; it's very 50's like Robert Mitchum and all that sleaze. We love beatniks; we talk to them and bring them in for cognac. They give us all so much insight. Like into the new lingo; the new lingo is the old lingo but we don't know that yet so they tell us.

Is that Stevie Winwood on organ? Lou told me this was his best album yet but I haven't heard it yet; nobody around here would let me play it. I couldn't get off on the pictures; they're so dull. I'm into flash like pinks. Lou's more into subtle colors like greens and grays. Who mixed this? Bob Ezrin?

Mono's where it's at. Everybody listens on mono. Only reviewers listen on stereo. People who are into rock and roll listen to it on whatever they can rig it up on. That's why I like 45's.

I know why he called it *Berlin*. Because if you called it *Seattle*, or *New York*, or *Cleveland*, you couldn't write a story about it, because everybody would know what you were talking about, and you couldn't convince them you

were talking about something when in actuality you weren't talking about anything. But if you give an American kid a flash like *Berlin*, that's something very exotic to him and you can say anything to him because he's never been to Berlin and he won't know you're bullshitting him.

I think Lou's neuroses are abundant, and that's what he

outside of New York that read *After Dark* will love this record. It will also appeal to people with morbid interests in general. It's very vindictive, very moralistic. I like that.

He's always looking "through the eyes of hate". This whole album's full of hate. I love hate. The guy that called *Berlin* the *Sgt. Pepper* of the 70's? What was he on? But the part where the kids cry is OK. It's very touching in a way. Lou plays a mean guy in "The Kids". He plays a dumb one in all the others.

"The Bed" is like a P.F. Sloan song. I can't take it; wasn't Rex Harrison's son Noel Harrison? It's like one of his songs or "Some Velvet Morning When I'm Straight" by Lee Hazlewood. Remember that one? It's heavy. My favorite stars are Gene Hackman, Clint Eastwood, Charles Bronson and George Hamilton. Was that Dinah Shore's ex? George Montgomery? That's one I love. And for girls, I don't know who I like. I like Lou Reed, he fits in there.

I think this album's a hoot. I hope he gets away with it. It's obvious subject matter, but it's not pin-downable. It's kind of a miserable story, but Lou Reed wants to have this miserable sort of image. Are you getting these quotes, they're fantastic. Really, Lou told me personally he thought this was his best album yet. I guess it is. He couldn't do it in two songs, but you know they wanted me to do a Christmas album this year. So I said, "How about an EP", and they said, "No, you have to do an album." So I can understand how it is with pressures and things like that. Lou's gonna think I'm heartless when he reads this, but I love you, Lou.

I like especially "I'm Beginning To See The Light" and John Lennon's "Give Me Some Truth". In the days of Catholicism John Lennon would have been burned for hypocrisy if he sang a song like that. "Money For Ludes, Money For Dudes". Otis Redding had a song called "Sad Song", remember that one? It was when he was in his "FA FA FA" binge. But Bob Ezrin is great. I love him. Where is he? I never met him but I can tell he's got a great sense of humor. And Lou, you've done it again. I don't know where you get the inspiration.

*Fade out to "I Got You Babe".*





# VIVA TERLINGUA!



MCA-382

Produced by Michael Brovsky  
A FREE FLOW PRODUCTION  
In association with JERRY JEFF WALKER

Jerry Jeff Walker doesn't like studios and he doesn't much care for towns and he doesn't want a whole lot of people around when he's working.

That's why Jerry Jeff went to Luckenbach, Texas, to make his new album. There aren't any studios in Luckenbach (in fact, they had to use bales of hay for the baffles), and a ghost town isn't quite the same as a real town, and the only person who lives there is Hondo Crouch, and he's a good man.

So that's how and where VIVA TERLINGUA was made, and when you listen to it you know you're hearing music, pure and simple, because that's the only way Jerry Jeff likes it.

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Appearing At  
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**MCA RECORDS**



# JACKSON BROWNE & The Orange County Gang

"Redneck Friend" is a terrific radio single. With an irresistible fuzzed slide intro, a chord structure reminiscent of early 60's pop, a flat-out rock & roll chorus, and amusing, intriguing lyrics, the sum total reads "smash", one of the strongest rockers to hit the airwaves this year. And it's by an artist of the breed known as "singer - songwriter", a species chiefly known for lugubrious lamentations couched in musical terms diametrically opposed to rock. But even as the hard rockers go soft ("Angie", the Who's "Love Reign O'er Me"), some of the singer - songwriters have started shakin'. Elton John of course is the most prominent example, with "Crocodile Rock" and "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" (and he contributes some pumping piano to "Redneck" as well), but Jackson Browne has done his part. His first hit, "Doctor My Eyes", rolled along energetically enough; his composition, "Take It Easy", demonstrated a solid feel for rock (and a healthy affection for rock & roll cliches - "come on baby, don't say maybe", and so forth); and "Redneck Friend" pulls out all the stops.

Not that Jackson's forsaken the folk field - "Redneck" is the only all-out rocker on his fine, second LP, *For Everyman* - but it's heartening to observe his honest affinity for the pop/rock form. It shouldn't be too surprising, though; he comes out of an interesting musical environment, of folk-styled performers inspired as much or more by the vistas opened by the Byrds and Dylan's folk-rock experimentations as by the traditional straight folk scene. Around 1966-8 there was a whole crowd of artists, all interconnected in almost Byzantine patterns (to which only a sidelong glance can be devoted during the course of this article), mostly coming from Orange County and Long Beach (regions of Los Angeles not generally known for their cultural fecundity). It wasn't really a generic scene like Liverpool or San Francisco or the Northwest, - previously action had centered around Dick Dale's legendary soirees at Balboa's Rendezvous Ballroom, teen dances with the Standells and such at the Retail Clerks Union Hall in Buena Park, and the less-than-riveting performances of fraternity-type folksinger Tim Morgon, who churned out seemingly scores of live LPs from Balboa/Newport Beach's Prison of Socrates on the infamous Fink label (singing the standard hoot songbook while strumming his standard hoot Gibson and interspersing a few hoary fag jokes - he's still packing 'em in at Pasadena's Ice House these days). There were a few folk-oriented venues like the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach, McCabe's in Santa Monica, occasional gigs at Disneyland; but Orange County was more a locus for a group of artists than a creatively-seething musical spawning grounds.

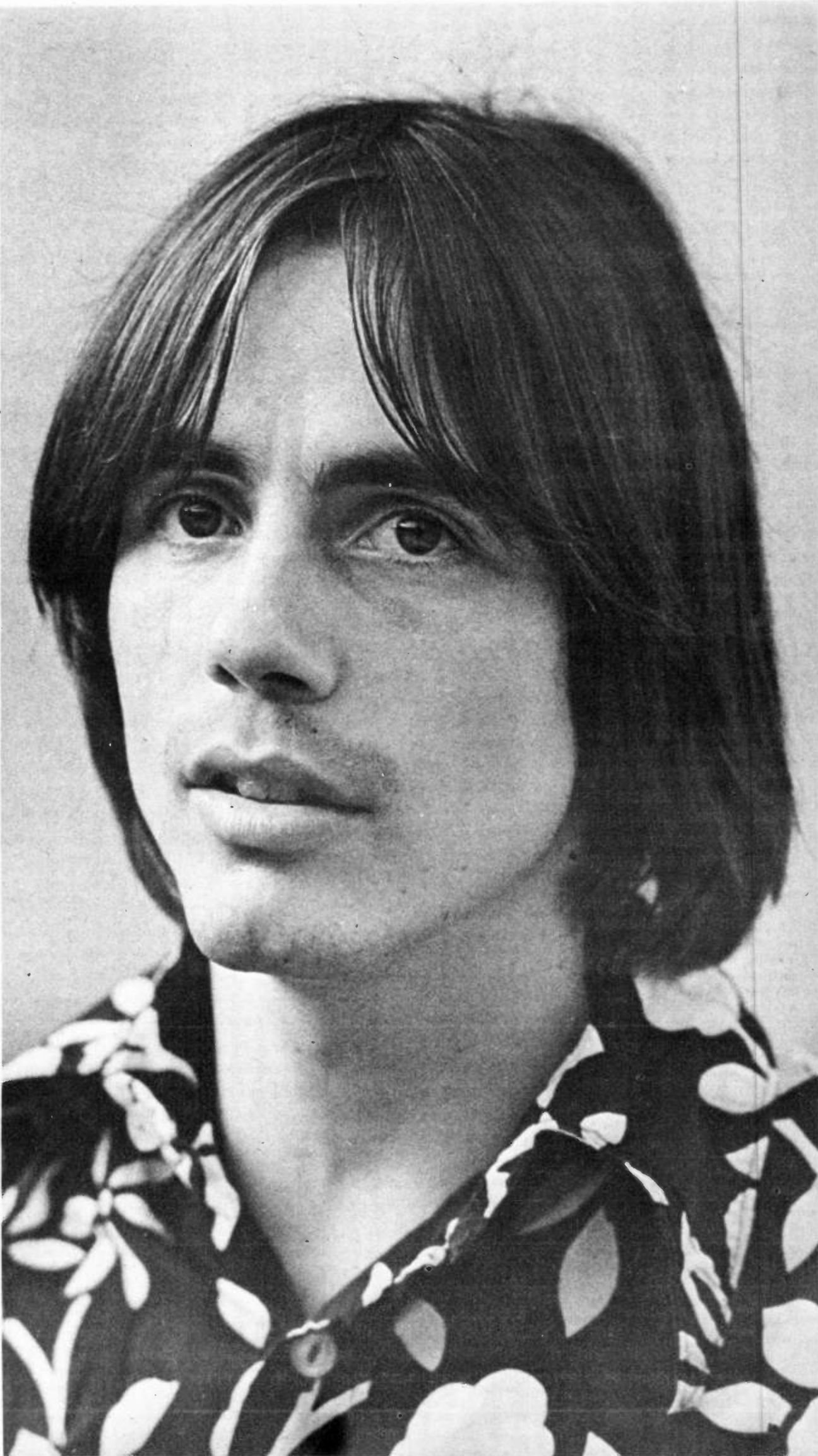


Photo by Henry Diltz



# Tim Buckley, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Linda Ronstadt, The Sunshine Company, Steve Noonan, and a cast of dozens by Ken Barnes

Jackson Browne went to high school with the likes of Tim Buckley, Steve Noonan, Greg Copeland, and Pamela Polland; and was part of an embryonic Long Beach jug band called the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Buckley was the first to make it, and he was a weird case. Hailed as a budding genius after his first Elektra album (fall '66) and a full-fledged star after his bombastic second, *Goodbye And Hello* in early '68, he was looked up to by Jackson and his contemporaries, and generally accorded the royal treatment by the awestruck acolytes of the fledgling rock press. Apparently it went to his head, too. Tom Nolan, who wrote an early '68 piece called *The Orange County Three* in *Cheetah* (perhaps the most well-known article in that fabulous publication's short history), recalled an amusing illustrative incident.

"We were backstage to talk to Timmy for the story, and we were standing in the dressing room, hoping to set up a time for an interview. Tim was right there standing a few feet away, but we were told we had to write out a note requesting the interview and hand it to the conga player for approval." After close scrutiny, the request was approved by the congaist — functionary, but Buckley took it upon himself to postpone and then cancel it.

The first time I saw Buckley he sang a few fairly impressive songs from the second album and one lovely number that never did make it onto record; but soon after he became enraptured with endless funky vocal improvisations, apparently contrived to aggravate his adoring audiences and test the limits of their tolerance. Nolan recalls an instance wherein "he improvised a half-hour song about a movie he'd caught on the late show the night before, telling the audience every detail of the plot and his every reaction to it, to seeing it on TV." Later he evolved into yodelling, scatting, and other mutations of musical glossolalia (must've read too much in *Crawdaddy* about rock tongues and such), and though he's toned down of late (into a funk-rock vein), his chances for superstardom now seem rather... remote.

Greg Copeland was the mysterious one of the nuclear group; he wrote many highly imagistic lyrics for Steve Noonan's and Jackson's ("The Fairest Of The Seasons") songs, wrote lyrics for many of Ars Nova's first album tracks, had something nebulous to do with Gentle Soul, and has not been heard from recently.

Pamela Polland was apparently the subject of romantic songs by both Steve and Jackson, but ended up with Copeland; she wrote the flip of Nancy Ames' "He Wore The Green Beret", occasional songs for Steve Gillette and the Stone Poneys, and then formed Gentle Soul. This amorphous band (oscillating between two and five members) reportedly ran through a six-figure advance while managing not to record an album for a couple years; they finally did so in early 1969 (on Epic, *The Gentle Soul*), is a lush, romantic archetype of a certain polished, effete, proto-decadent L.A. sound, along with Curt Boettcher's Millennium, an outre, mystical group with



The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band became the first Orange County group to score a national hit, with "Mr. Bojangles" commemorated by a Sunset Strip billboard (above). Tim Buckley and Linda Ronstadt also played key roles in the Orange County mellow drama.

certain tenuous tendrils linking it with the Browne — Noonan — Nitty Gritty Dirt Band — Sunshine Company axis — Boettcher wrote a few songs for the Sunshine Company, etc. — and a history even more bizarre, deserving elaborate mythologization someday soon. One sample story before returning to the main line: according to Nolan, the Millennium, who were heavily involved in what Boettcher called "white magic", regretfully had to ask singer Michelle O'Malley to leave the group. Seems she'd just learned how to fly (without benefit of wings, drugs, or Beechcraft); that part was OK in itself, but then she got a swelled head about it — and they couldn't tolerate that. The Gentle Soul's LP, with Pam's "See My Love (Song For Greg)" (Copeland) a standout, bombed commercially. Pamela later evolved into Nyrotic gospelish stylings, and a forgettable Marin County-influenced solo album (Columbia) a year or so back.

Jackson and Steve Noonan were both writing intricate imagistic songs, self-consciously "poetic" yet rather elegant in their way, composed strictly folk style but with tunes suitable for pop arrangements. Noonan got a couple of his recorded first — *Clear Light* did his surrealistic "Street Singer" late in '67, but

Jackson's old group (which he'd left to pursue his solo goals), the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, now signed to Liberty, cut a pretty pop/baroque version of Steve's "Buy For Me The Rain" in the spring of that year, and had a big local hit with it (eventually reaching No. 45 nationally).

So Noonan, who was in New York as a Vista worker, was signed to Elektra and made an album. Disagreements abounded between the artist and producer Paul Rothchild, culminating in Rothchild's taking his name off the LP and Noonan and those close to him becoming extremely dissatisfied with the album's sound (when Steve's manager Billy James heard of Rothchild's gesture, he wired Elektra suggesting they take Noonan's name off the LP as well). Despite these problems and Noonan's voice, which sounds rather too orotund and pear-shaped on many of the tracks, it's a fine LP, melodically and lyrically standing far above the general run of singer — songwriter product (best cuts: the ethereal opener "Leaning Back And Laughing" and the melancholy "All Your Flowers"). The album sold not at all, Noonan was very disenchanted with Elektra, and nothing further ever transpired; in 1971 Steve was working parttime in a Santa Cruz record store, building a house there, and he performed

at a local benefit, presenting old and new songs in a most pleasant fashion; but nothing more has been heard.

Jackson Browne decided to come out to New York in '67, to visit Steven and also to try to make it there, away from the limited Orange County scene. He fell in with the Warhol-centered crowd of the era, and ended up playing guitar for Nico and impressing a lot of people (including the ubiquitous *Crawdaddy* crew) with his own songs. He recorded some legendary demos, was signed to Elektra and an album was slated for release, incorporating those 67-8 songs, but for complicated reasons it never came out (one reason being the widely held opinion that Jackson's voice wasn't yet strong enough to cut it).

The songs from that era are quite fascinating. Five appeared on Noonan's album (including the well-known "Shadow Dream Song", a beauty). Three more were on Nico's *Chelsea Girl* LP; Nico's unique brooding vocal style gives the songs an icy, otherworldly atmosphere all their own, but they are superb songs. "The Fairest Of The Seasons", "Somewhere There's A Feather" (both as yet officially unrecorded by Jackson, unfortunately) and the oft-cut "These Days".

Then there were bizarre creations like "Dancing Sam", whose fervid images drew upon the grotesque local color (a splotchy gray-green) of the West Coast's sleaziest amusement park, the Pike in Long Beach (now officially known as Queen's Park, amusingly enough); and "Colors Of The Sun". Jackson's manager (Billy James again; his myriad affiliations with LA acts like the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, Gentle Soul, Thorinshield, Penny Nichols, the early Byrds — before they caught the worm — and countless others deserve a story of their own) was listening to "Colors", according to Nolan, and "discovered that the number of syllables in the lines corresponded to Japanese haiku. This circumstance was apparently regarded as yet another fabulous proof of Jackson's genius", and was doubtless communicated to the artist himself as such, adding fuel to the myth of the soon-to-be-superstar whose time never quite seemed to come.

There were also two vintage Jackson Browne tracks on the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's first album (spring '67). When Browne left the band, his replacement was ace banjoist (and PRM contributor) John McEuen, and his brother Bill took over the management duties and immediately propelled the band into a recording contract and that first hit. McEuen expanded his enterprises and generally masterminded the fortunes of a whole other substratum of local artists working in a similar folk-oriented vein. The Sunshine Company, with vocalist Mary Nance, were influenced by the Mamas & Papas and the earlier Deep Six, and made three LPs for Imperial between '67 and late '68 (members of the group went on to join Redeye and Loggins & Messina). Two of their best tracks were Beatles songs "Rain" and (especially) "I Need You", superbly arranged by local folksinger Mary McCaslin, who had a fine





Photo by Neal Preston



# JACKSON BROWNE

At upper left, Jackson Browne in 1973. Above right, Jeff Hanna and Jimmy Fadden of the old Dirt Band. Below, the contents of a tuba provide much fascination for the wacky young pop/jug aggregation.



version of "Rain" out on Capitol and an excellent album on Barnaby in 1969 (with a new, folk-style LP rumored forthcoming on another label). Much of the Sunshine Company's material was overly bland, but live they were more hard-edged, and quite an impressive band. Their hits included "Happy" and the melodic "Look Here Comes The Sun", but the biggest record was "Back On The Street Again", a pretty folk/pop opus written by Steve Gillette.

Gillette had one pleasant album on Vanguard in 1967, and he and his collaborators Tom Campbell and Linda Albertano (who worked at Disneyland when Gillette ran into them while auditioning for talent shows) had many songs covered by area artists and others. The Sunshine Company did a couple others, including the familiar "Darcy Farrow"; Gentle Soul did "2:10 Train" on a single; but the most frequent cover artists were Linda Ronstadt & the Stone Poneys (who also did songs by Pamela Pollard, Tim Buckley, and during Linda's solo career, Jackson's "Rock Me On The Water"), with seven Gillette - Campbell - Albertano songs, including "Back On The Street Again" and "2:10 Train", scattered through their first three albums. Linda later employed the members of the Eagles, who of course helped propel Jackson to mass notoriety with "Take It Easy", in her back-up group, and there are numerous other threads which could be unravelled did not space and time prevent.

Even the Allman Bros. got into the act: their early band, Hourglass, was managed by McEuen, they cut a Jackson Browne song on their first album, and Gregg Allman contributed a song to the second Sunshine Company LP, pure middle-of-the-road pop (Allman also featured "These Days" on his solo LP, *Laid Back*).

But the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band was the most enduring of the lot. They began very schizophrenically, mostly concentrating on the vaudeville - jugband material they'd started with, capitalizing on the good-time boom (Spoonful, Sopwith Camel, Kveskin, New Vaudeville Band, et al.); but they also did extremely tasteful versions of straight folk/pop like "Buy For Me The Rain" (arranged by David Gates and still one of the neatest bits of pop confectionary ever recorded). The two Browne songs on the first album illustrate the dichotomy - one, "Melissa",

is pure Rudy Vallee megaphonic music hall, and the other, "Holding", is a very pretty folk tune with strings and harpsichord added. One other side was represented as well, in John McEuen's banjo showpiece, "Dismal Swamp", but that interest was held back for some time as the kazoo and pop tunes basically held sway.

They made three more Liberty LPs primarily in the vaudeville and pop combination vein. The second, *Richochet*, had Jackson represented with "It's Raining Here In Long Beach" (another vaudeville number), and the almost-single "Shadow Dream Song" (still the best version of the song), as well as Steve Noonan's "Tide Of Love" and a fine second single, "Truly Right" (written by Brewer & Shipley, who cut one enjoyable pop LP for A&M in '68 before moving to the Midwest and laying back hopelessly). Interspersed were a few pop originals and more washboard wizardry, like "Ooh Po Pe Do Girl", "Coney Island Washboard", and (perhaps their jugular apotheosis) "The Teddy Bears' Picnic". As the liner notes put it, "The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band is really Camp."

The NGDB's third album, *Rare Junk*, was more of the same, with a nice version of "These Days" (a single), and Gillette's "A Number And A Name". But they hadn't scored any AM success since "Buy For Me", and their career was generally languishing. Chris Darrow, who'd written the best songs on the fine first Kaleidoscope album, joined the band, but they reached a nadir with their live fourth album (which even the group dislikes). Consisting of first album tunes, zippy new material like "Fat Boys Can Make It In Santa Monica", and odd sidelights like "Rock Me Baby" and "Goodnight My Love", the record was actually largely comprised of interminable quasi-comic monologues, with occasional musical interludes (one at a feigned 16 rpm pace) thrown in as a sop to diehard instrument lovers (though the Dirt Band must get credit for being ahead of their time with the ten-minute back-seat-of-the-car nostalgic 50's intro to "Goodnight My Love". Good going, gang).

A nonproductive (in terms of increased reputation) stint in *Paint Your Wagon* followed, and more personnel changes ensued, with Bruce "Spider Bones" Kunkel and "Raucous" Ralph Barr

(nicknames were an important facet of the early NGDB image) fading into limbo. Late in 1970, after the group had actually broken up for a few months, they returned with an album, *Uncle Charlie And His Dog Teddy*, and the single from it, Jerry Jeff Walker's standard-of-sorts "Mr. Bojangles", hit the Top Ten.

A musical shift transpired around this time, with the vaudeville pretty much forsaken. The pop material, like Kenny Loggins' "House At Pooh Corner", a 1971 hit, and a 1969 near-hit, Mike Nesmith's "Some Of Shelly's Blues", stayed; but an increasing interest in bluegrass and other traditional folk/country styles became evident. So an album like *All The Good Times* contained both Jackson Browne's "Jamaica Say You Will" and a few original pop-oriented compositions, and tunes like "Jambalaya" and "Diggy Liggy Lo"; and it turned out to be a pleasant combination. The Dirt Band's last public project (aside from a failed '73 single, "Cosmic Cowboy") was their ambitious and highly successful tribute to the innovators and originators of traditional country music, the three-record set *Will The Circle Be Unbroken*. With the Dirt Band unobtrusively backing up such legendary performers as Jimmy Martin, Roy Acuff, Doc Watson, and Mother Maybelle Carter, the album was an immense esthetic achievement, and garnered unanimous raves and a gold record to boot.

The NGDB and menage moved to Aspen, Colorado a couple years back, where they're in tight with James William

Guercio (Chicago, etc.) and the Caribou Ranch, and central figures in the new "Rocky Mountain High" musical consciousness, and they can hardly be considered a West Coast band any longer. Their main source of popularity (aside from places like Japan, now in the throes of a bluegrass boom, where the Dirt Band was recently greeted with Beatle-level furor) is in the heartland of the country (cf. their forthcoming double live album recorded in Kansas City), and their memories of scuffling in L.A. are not overly pleasant. But their important rôle in commercializing and widely disseminating the songs of the Browne/Noonan group should not be overlooked, and of course they've gone on to much greater personal triumphs in their own right, in addition to a lot of enjoyable music.

After Jackson Browne's New York stint, with the demos, the Nico engagement, and all that, he had acquired quite a substantial underground reputation as incipient genius and star-to-be. Tom Rush had featured "Shadow Dream Song" on the same LP (*Circle Game*) in which he'd showcased Joni Mitchell and James Taylor for the first time (Rush was also first to record "Colors Of The Sun" in 1970, along with "These Days"). Everyone was imminently expecting the killer album from Browne, but it never seemed to come. After the first Elektra attempt was scrapped, he migrated to the famous Elektra Ranch in Northern California, under the tutelage of ex-Kaleidoscope producer Frasier Mohawk (nee Barry Friedman); in fact, a



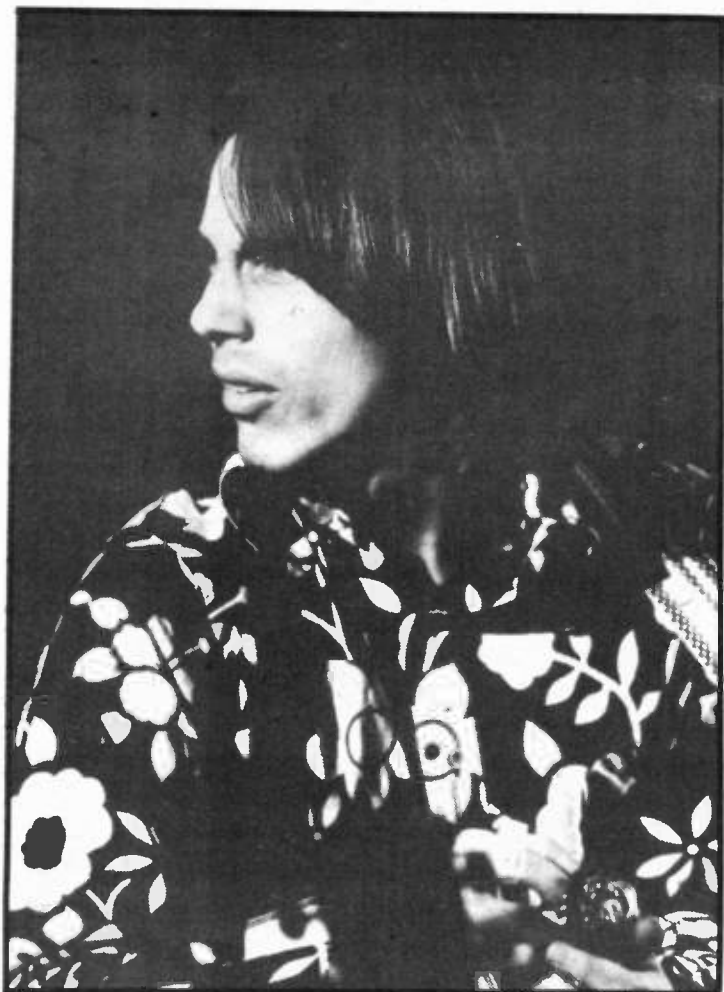


Photo by Neal Preston

major factor in the establishment of the ranch was apparently to provide Jackson with a place to exercise his creativity. An LP was eventually cut there, too, but it also failed to see the light of day.

Jackson took some voice lessons, and sporadically played the L.A. clubs through 1969-71 — the Ash Grove, McCabe's, the Troubadour. He showed off some fine new songs, particularly the elegantly lovely "Song For Adam"; but his stage presence was not always commanding, and the audiences not always properly attentive. At one engagement, a rather besotted lady yawned "Right on!" in the midst of a particularly quiet number. Jackson immediately halted his pianistics, demanded the lady's identity, and said emphatically "That really sucks!" proceeding to tirade quietly for some five minutes about how *asinine* it was to interrupt an artist like that during his performance, quite shocking the audience as a whole in the process.

The quasi-legend still grew, however. David Crosby gave Jackson big plugs in interviews, the Byrds recorded "Jamaica Say You Will" (as did the Dirt Band and a Warners group called Sugarblu), and Jackson was finally signed to the new Asylum label in late 1971, immediately going on tour with Laura Nyro. Finally his first album, *Saturate Before Using* (with a four year-old cover portrait), emerged with a single, "Doctor My Eyes", accompanying it.

"Doctor" certainly didn't sound like delicate, vintage Jackson Browne to anyone who'd heard the '67-69 material, but it was commercial, catchy, and became a Top 20 hit. The album as a whole was quite good, although the back-up (in some cases the same as James Taylor's) was often rather unexciting and a few songs seemed to lack impact and/or distinctive melodies. "Song For Adam" was included and was a standout, as was "Jamaica". "My Opening Farewell" featured a very neat melody line, and "A Child In These Hills" and "Rock Me On The Water" were also solidly impressive. Linda Ronstadt got a minor hit with "Rock Me", and then Jackson released a new (and tighter) version for a mid-charting follow-up to "Doctor". The album sold well, if not spectacularly, Jackson toured with Joni Mitchell, and then the Eagles scored with "Take It Easy" and gave him another big boost toward the limelight (they also included his "Nightingale" on their first album).

In performance recently at the Roxy, Jackson still appeared a bit wooden onstage (perhaps owing to a lengthy layoff), but musically he was in top form, with a fine band led by David Lindley (formerly co-founder of the Kaleidoscope), and a well-balanced set combining familiar material ("These Days", "Take It Easy", "Doctor My Eyes", "Song For Adam") with newer selections (which held up equally well. It was perhaps the best-programmed set I'd

yet seen by him, capped by a rousing "Redneck Friend" which proved he could rock in live performance — a heartening indication.

And after an agonizingly long interval (over 20 months), the second album, *For Everyman*, has been issued. A slightly more sedate but thoroughly enjoyable version of "Take It Easy" kicks it off and the material, both upbeat and the slower folkier tunes, is first-rate. David Lindley adds expert instrumental touches, from the slide on "Redneck Friend" to the fine electric fiddle on "Ready Or Not", the album's other main rocker, an amusing, infectious cautionary tale of impending mother (and father) hood.

"Colors Of The Sun" and (finally) "These Days" make their appearances, the latter a bit slow perhaps but both tunes are performed with consummate tastefulness. "Our Lady Of The Well", "I Thought I Was A Child" and "The Times You've Come" also stand out, and overall it may be the best folk-styled album of 1973. Jackson's singing better than ever, getting a nice gritty tone on "Redneck" in particular, and the album looks to be a solid chart success.

The fate of "Redneck Friend" as a single is more doubtful. After the full 3:56 version floundered in the low eighties for a few weeks, the record was edited down to 2:58 and reservised. It's definitely tighter, but its radio reception may still be frosty; there's a strong chance that this natural hit will fall by the wayside. Which happenstance would hurt the radio more than Jackson, in a sense; *For Everyman* is a solid enough package to establish him once and for all by itself, and the future in any case looks bright.

If Jackson's own future is rosy, his impact on the scene in general is no less positive. The James Taylors and that ilk surfaced in the opening months of the 70's as a reaction to the unremitting heaviness of much of the rock extant at that time; and their music has almost universally avoided all trappings of rock & roll except the most blatant parodies or safest aspects (polite little electric guitar solos, etc.). The early songs of Jackson Browne and his Orange County cohorts were written in a context which was heavily folk-influenced, but was simultaneously open to the potentialities of rock as a means of expression; and the difference is still apparent, in more interesting lyrics and more immediate melodic impact. Noonan, Copeland, the Gentle Soul and the Sunshine Company have all faded away, but (just as the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band has persevered in presenting its own enjoyable country/folk/pop approach) Jackson Browne is now coming into his own, creating music as lyrically absorbing and quietly evocative as anyone's in that vein and rocking when the time is right as well. It's a good sign for rock in general, and Jackson Browne's undeniably versatile talents may soon make him one of the 70's most important musical figures.

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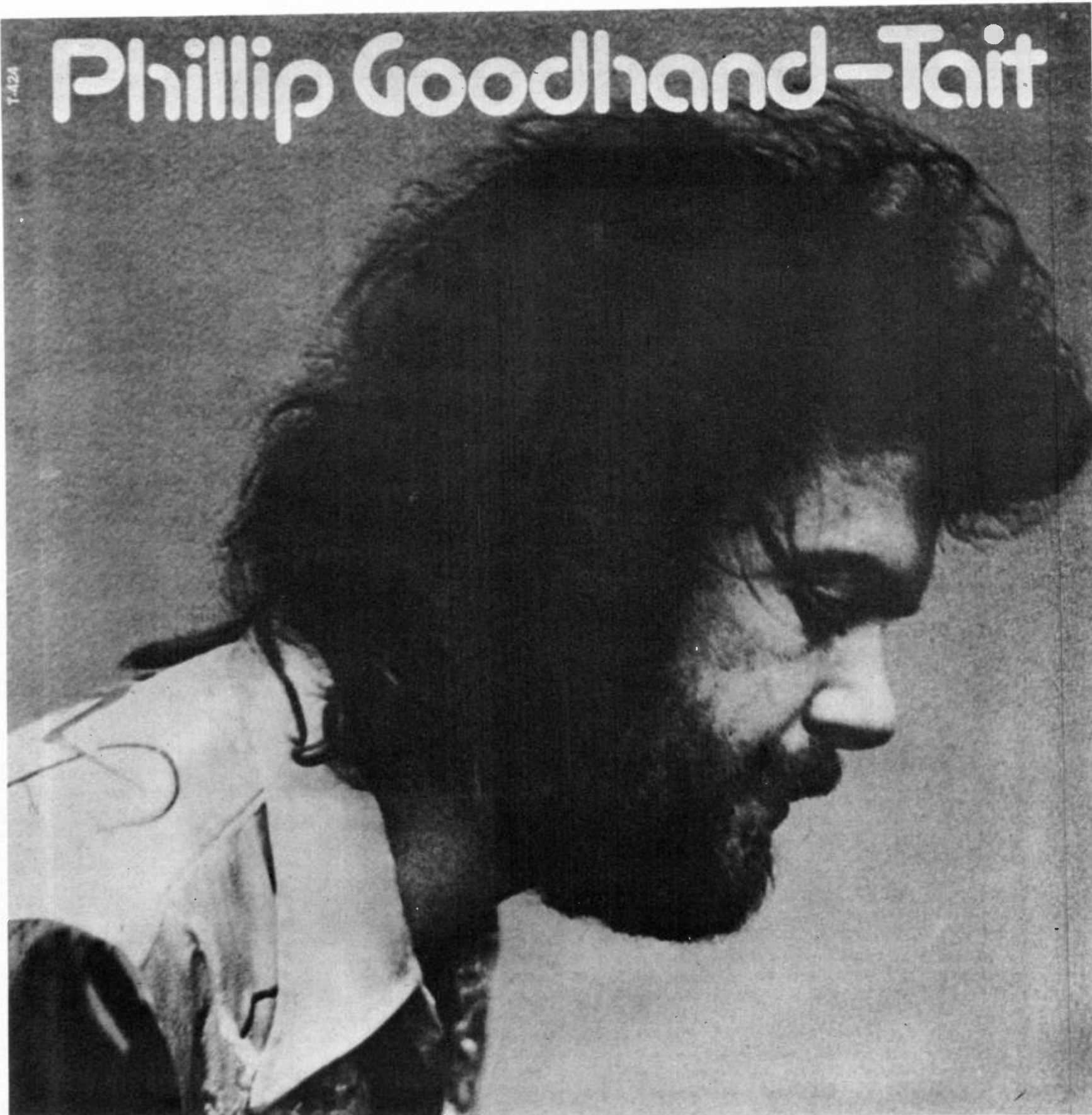
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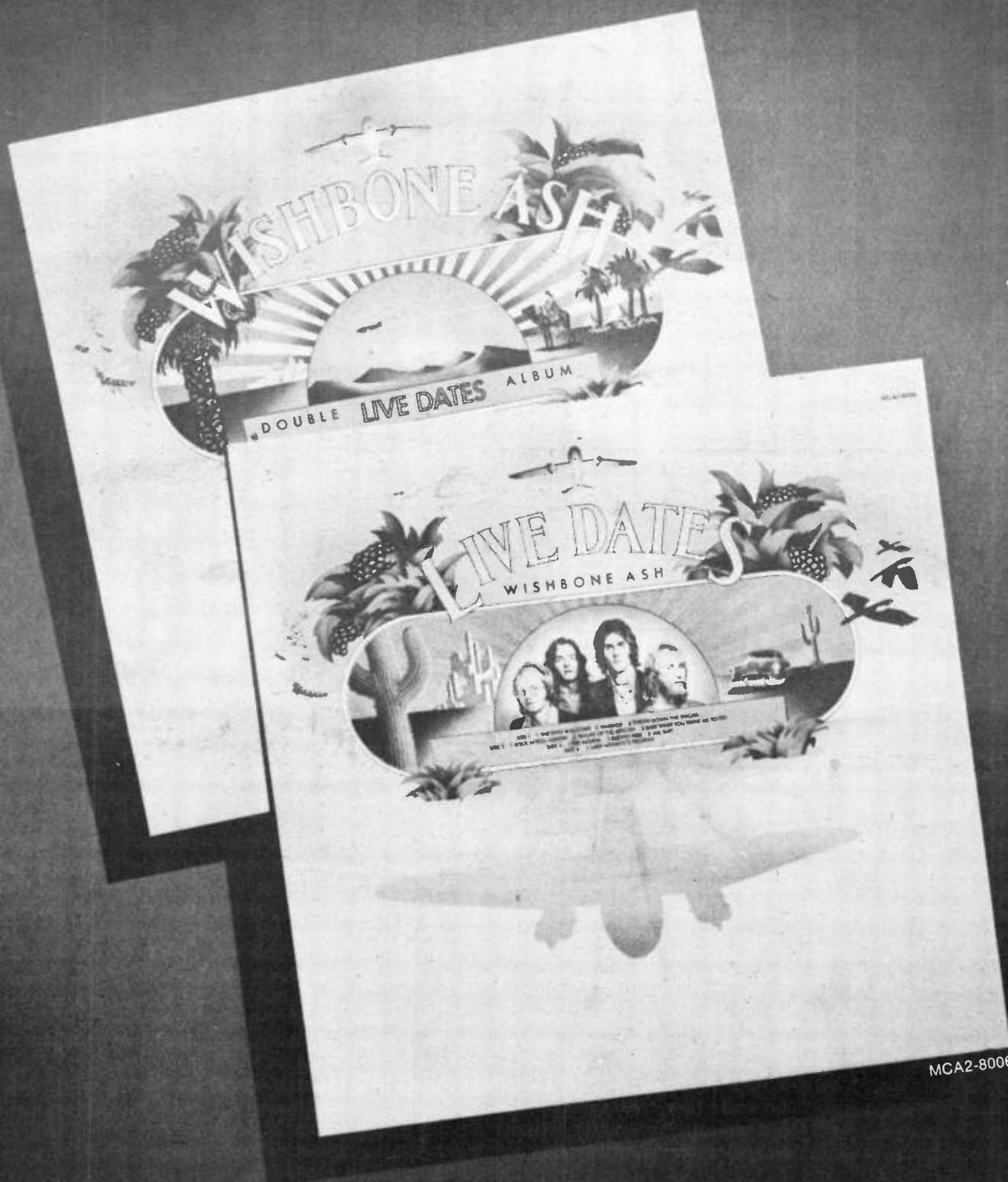
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### October

23 Lincoln, Nebraska  
24 Kansas City, Mo.  
25 Oklahoma City, Okla.  
26 Dallas, Texas  
27 San Antonio, Texas  
28 El Paso, Texas  
30 Denver, Colorado  
31 Colorado Springs, Colo.

### November

1 Vancouver, B.C.  
2-3 San Francisco, Calif.

4 San Diego, Calif.  
7 San Bernardino, Calif.  
8 Los Angeles, Calif.  
9 Spokane, Washington  
10 Salem, Oregon  
11 Seattle, Washington  
13 Boston, Mass.  
14 Columbus, Ohio  
15 Cincinnati, Ohio  
17 New York, New York  
19 Minneapolis, Minn.  
21 Sheboygan, Wisc.  
22 St. Louis, Missouri

23 Wheeling, Illinois  
24 Detroit, Michigan  
25 Memphis, Tennessee  
26 Cleveland, Miss.  
27 Thibadaux, La.  
29 Shreveport, La.  
30 Mobile, Alabama

### December

1 Miami, Florida  
2 Tampa, Florida

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# THE WHO'S MOD GENERATION

If I could somehow live my teenage years over again, I think I would choose to live them as a Mod. What it must have been like to be a Mod in London in the summer of 1965! To walk around the West End in a Carnaby Street parade, everywhere kids blindly chasing the same absurd dream, lives surrounded by and creating an atmosphere of the purest, pointless pop the world has ever seen.

Mod was, when you come down to it, the first outbreak of the youth cult that grew to such immense proportions in the sixties. It had already taken shape by 1964, a clearly-defined lifestyle dominated by a rigorous code of trendy fashions, picked instinctively on the basis of mere flash (op-art clothes), snobbery (Italian motorbikes, French haircuts, American R&B music), offensiveness to parents (Union Jack coats) or just whatever seemed right. They couldn't explain what they were doing or why, and they never even thought to try. They preached no tiresome sermons like their later American counterparts the flower children. They were Mods, that's all, and their lives were the only statement they had to make.

The Mod's devotion to leisure time activities was not the casual laziness, or "dropping out" of America's hippies. Most of them were in school or holding down jobs, it was just that they derived no satisfaction from these activities. They wanted glamor, excitement, action. So they created a

subculture all their own, and a rather large one at that — according to reliable sources, there were at least a half million self-defined Mods on the streets as early as 1964. And that was just the first awakening of the movement. It kept on growing through 1965, and by 1966 it had completely engulfed British youth.

Of course it had become watered-down, commercialized and acceptable by then. The original Mods were a fanatically tight in-crowd, twisted with pent-up frustration, blocked up with nonstop pills, and totally obsessive. Come Bank Holidays they'd swarm down to Brighton and other seaside resorts, rampaging and brawling in the streets (like the American college kids who would annually destroy Ft. Lauderdale in the early sixties), and gathering in their numbers for pre-arranged rumbles with their teenage adversaries, the Rockers.

These battles made little sense on the surface. The Rockers were a minority of working-class kids from the North and less fashionable provinces, and their tastes ran to leather, booze, and Elvis Presley. They existed somewhere on the continuum between the Teddy Boys and the Skinheads, but at the time their frustrations and complaints were pretty much the same as those of the Mods. Some say the conflicts were staged more for the sake of theatricality than anything else — easy headlines, the eyes of the nation,

parents in outrage, etc. That seems as good an explanation as any.

Nik Cohn, who lived through it all, recalls these battles as "ecstatic weekends — seventy-two hours without sleep, and all you did was run around, catcall, swallow pills, and put the boot in. For the first time in your life, the only time, you were under no limitations and nobody controlled you and you caught sight of nirvana. When it was all over, Rockers didn't change: they were solid, and they went on riding their bikes and getting lushed and brawling. But Mods were edgier, more neurotic, and everything that happened now was anticlimax. They were bored and they couldn't sustain. They lost their dedication. Very soon, they began to fall apart. At any rate, I have a memory of two fat years, 1964 and 1965, when you did nothing but run loose and waste time, buy new clothes and overeat and gab. It was futile, of course — pop has always been futile — but it seemed elegant, it was easy living, and English pop was better than it's ever been, than it's ever likely to be again."\*

Another English writer, Gary Herman, went even further. He wrote a whole book about Mod, and when it came time to put a title on it, his choice was clear-cut; he called it *The Who*.

Inasmuch as music was a key ingredient in the Mod lifestyle, the Who were its focal point. They had been Mods from the very beginning, and were among the first of its

spokesmen to gain access to the media. "I Can't Explain" was issued in January, 1965, and jumped right into the Top Ten. Now at last the Mods had some faces of their own they could see on the covers of *Melody Maker*, *NME*, and *Rave*. And as you'd expect, they had the image to back up their position, and those images were seen everywhere.

The Who were archetypal Mods, small round faces, bobbed hair, and very, high-contrast. Keith Moon was most often seen behind bullseyes or in his Elvis pullover, while John and Roger usually had on jackets of clashing patterns, and Pete sported a wardrobe that could well have been designed by Andy Warhol. I used to go crazy seeing those photos in *Hit Parader* and *Flip* — why didn't the shops in my town carry threads like that? The closest we had to that look was those surfer t-shirts with the wide horizontal stripes, worn with jeans or tight corduroys. But how I wanted a shirt with long tab collars and different prints on the sleeves and opposite sides! By the time the stores had them, of course, they were two years out of date.

One thing you could get, though, was the music, which meant the Who. Before the Who, Mods listened to American R&B, along with the Beatles, Stones, and other beat groups. Most of the groups around London were playing pretty straight R&B in 1964 anyway, James Brown and Sam Cooke and Arthur Alexander



# --Quadrophenia Through the Years--

## by Greg Shaw

and Solomon Burke and Wilson Pickett. It had a certain exotic appeal, encouraging pop snobbery, plus a strong beat for dancing. Dancing was all-important; it was the premier showcase for one's clothes, style, and overall sense of cool. The Mods had a pill-inspired dance called the Block, which went well with the chunky rhythm of R&B.

As early as 1962, Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle were playing together in a band called the Detours, which also included Colin Dawson and Doug Sanden, doing Cliff Richard, the Shadows, the stuff of the times. By 1964 they were called the High Numbers, with a record out called "I'm The Face", full of references to fashionable discotheques, aimed at the Mod audience. They were already among the most popular groups with the Shepherd's Bush Mods, playing strictly R&B, when Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp found them and signed them to an exclusive management contract. Lambert recalls seeing them the first time and being impressed, not so much by their music as by the intensity of their audience, moving frantically in a small West End discotheque.

Lambert and Stamp initiated a crash image program for the group, starting with their name. The High Numbers had been pushed on them by a former manager, and now they reverted to a name they'd wanted before: The Who. It was perfect for them, catchy and opaque. With it came new clothes, custom tailored by Carnaby Street to the tune of \$500 a week, careful biweekly haircuts, and endless photo sessions and publicity releases. Then came "I Can't Explain", an instant hit on the pirate stations, followed by a sixteen-week booking Tuesday nights at the Marquee Club.

At this point, not much more would have happened had the Who been almost any of the countless other bands around. Fortunately for us, they turned out to be a very exceptional group of musicians indeed. By early 1965 the Mod movement was well established and already becoming a bit stale to some. The Who sparked new life into it, and gave it a substance it had never known before by creating a style of music that was Mod, just as motorbikes and Carnaby Street were Mod.

It's an important distinction. Later in the year, groups appeared with songs about Mod, and none amounted to anything. All of them lifted their sound shamelessly from the Who, but made the mistake of writing songs about art school, fashions, *Ready Steady Go*, and so on. Some of them were even good. The Eyes did a great rip-off of "I Can't Explain" called "I'm Rowed Out", backed by a Who parody titled "My Degeneration". Creation made some classic records, "Painter Man", "Biff Bang Pow", "Making Time", "Can I Join Your Band", "Nightmares". They included

Ron Wood, now of the Faces, and an album containing their best material has just been reissued in England. None of them, however, can be considered anything more than genre records.

There were other Mod bands, too, notably John's Children (of which Marc Bolan was briefly a member) who made a scorching pill stomper called "Smashed! Blocked!" and the Small Faces, whose story is well known. But even the Small Faces, who were almost as archetypally Mod in appearance as the Who and shared a similar approach to music and song structure, fell short of the Who's mark.

When the Who first unleashed their sound, it had two distinct qualities, each of which expressed in its way the Mod attitude in musical terms, both working together to create an impact that was shattering. Most striking was their sheer sound, a totality more

rock songs, they were all written in less than ten minutes, and without violating the basically inarticulate Mod stance they managed to say a great deal to and about their Mod audience.

"My Generation" is the one everyone knows, though probably the least of their early efforts in this style. I find it much too literal, rescued only by Daltrey's inspired stuttering, a little inside joke for the pillheads. During this period, for about a year, practically every song they wrote was a pop revolution. There was no formula beyond the hard chunky beat and feedback, except that most of them took a posture of arrogant teen braggadocio. What they were about, mainly, was an attitude, an outlook on life they shared with their audience.

Of their early singles, the most sublime are "I Can't Explain", "The Kids Are Alright", "Out In The Street", "Legal Matter", and "Substitute", every one basically about one thing — finding self-image through the release of frustration-born tension. Tension and its release was the whole essence of the Who, both thematically and musically. Their singles were awesome bundles of charged dynamism, sparks flying off every chord, all threatening to explode into mayhem at any moment; somehow, though, a shaky control was usually maintained.

When that control slipped, we were exposed to a glimpse of pure chaos. Rock & roll had never been this terrifying before — and it was terrifying, in 1965, in a way nothing else, even the Stones, had ever hinted at. Like "My Generation"; how could you react to a record whose ending was a minute or so of furious vandalism, with all instruments feeding back, amps and speakers blowing right and left, bringing up images of lightning bolts arcing across electrodes in some Frankenstein laboratory, and all the while this maniacal beat like eight baboons with heavy sticks in a tiny cubicle with walls of stretched drumskin, fighting for their lives to get out? And on the radio yet!

But that was their third single. The one before it was still more impressive. I shouldn't have to transcribe the lyrics to "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere"; if you don't know them by heart there's no hope for you, although you might have a chance if you pick up *Meaty, Beaty, Big & Bouncy* without delay. At any rate, it's simply the definitive Mod anthem, some kind of ultimate brag song. Mod or not, every young person feels like making a statement like this sooner or later. Never mind the message, though — just listen to the record! They don't even wait for the end; two verses and a chorus, then...blam!!! A fuzzback space war unleashed before your very ears, seeming battalions of guitars vying to see which can self-destruct most spectacularly, Nicky Hopkins bashing

away on his piano, and always that insane drumming. Really, just too much to take in. I still hear something new in this record every time I play it.

The Who were plain magnificent in those days. Huge as they were in England, they were legend here. All their early discs were heard on the air, all over the country at scattered times, though none did more than graze the national charts. So the Who became the idols of a large cognoscenti, who slavered over each new picture in a teen magazine, and lived for those infrequent appearances on *Shindig*. They made three in 1965. The first time they just did "I Can't Explain", the second gave us an unexpected taste of "Daddy Rolling Stone", a British B-side that never came out here. Third time on, though, they assaulted American eyes as well as ears with a performance I'll never forget.

It was a *Shindig* special, taped live at something called "The Richmond Jazz Festival" and including Manfred Mann, the Yardbirds, the Animals, the Graham Bond Organisation, Gary Farr & the T-Bones (doing "Woolly Bully"), the Moody Blues and the Who. Each group got only one song, and the Who didn't waste any time. They tore into a frenetic version of "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" that made the record seem pale. Townshend was battering his guitar mercilessly, hurling it around the stage, into the drums, through the amps and into the air, all the while producing storms of noise the like of which has never been equalled, not even by Jimi Hendrix, who at the time was playing "Night Train" in some New Jersey bar. But the Who, there on TV in 1965, were more than just ahead of their time. Following the basically tame R&B reworkings of the other groups, they were like nothing any of us had been exposed to before, an inkling perhaps of the violence to which the younger generation would be driven in years to come by the same pressures of society and sheer teenage rebelliousness.



monstrous than anything rock had yet seen. Keith Moon drove them on with his murderous assaults on the drums, his madman's eyes gleaming as he kicked his kit across the stage and sent sticks careening around the hall. Townshend fed off this, spinning his arm like a demented windmill, pulling the most amazing distortion and feedback from his guitar and producing an incredible chaos of noise. From this, the celebrated ritual destruction of equipment that ended each show for two years evolved quite logically, confirming the image Lambert and Stamp had been trying to build of the Who as conflicting, self-destructive egos. It was all very, very Mod.

This alone would have been plenty, but there was more. In addition to the James Brown numbers they still performed, the Who (or rather Townshend) were now writing songs of their own, and like the instrumental backings these songs were nearly all quintessential slices of the Mod sensibility. Like most great





Out in the street, with the kids are all right. This photo, taken in early 1966, catches the Who on the release of their fourth single, "Substitute".



That was the early Who. Despite all efforts America was less than saturated with Whomania, and by the time they really broke through many things had changed. The legend was steadily growing, spurred on by the release here of their first album. As somebody said, it was like one great single, you just kept flipping it over and playing it again. Now, eight years later, it has lost none of its freshness. It is one of a very, very few albums I've had for that long and never ever, not once, grown tired of. Its only low points are two James Brown songs, "I Don't Mind" and "Please Please Please", but every Who original is a classic. "It's Not True" and "Legal Matter" were as good as any of the singles, while "The Ox" was simply the first freakout instrumental in the history of rock. I was living in San Francisco at the time, feeling very smug about how avant-garde the groups there were, and when I heard "The Ox" for the first time...well, it changed my thinking a lot.

It was almost mid-1967 before "Happy Jack" became the first Who single to really hit in America. It made the Top Thirty, and many naturally assumed it was the group's first record. And in truth, it wasn't much like what had come before. Mod was dead, Swinging London was being taken over by Flower Power, and although the Who's orientation was still strictly Mod, it was no longer quite so violent or overtly generational. In England, their previous hit had been "I'm A Boy", a kinky little song about a young lad whose mum insists he dress up like a girl. The Who were broadening their scope; like the Kinks (with whom

they briefly shared producer Shel Talmy) they were making the shift from raving rockers to more fully developed story-vignettes, some with greater subtlety (such as their next single, "Pictures Of Lily", whose subject matter — masturbation — slipped right past most radio programmers — it got to No. 4 in England and No. 51 here).

The group's other interests were coming out as well. Pop art was more than Union Jacks and auto-destruction, and it was all creeping into the Who's music. They released an EP cut live on *Ready Steady Go* that revealed Keith Moon's absorbing interest in surf music; it contained versions of "Bucket T" and "Barbara Ann" as well as "Batman". John Entwistle began his long series of odd B-sides: "I've Been Away" (a man is sent to jail for a crime committed by his brother, who owns the local brewery), "Whiskey Man" (the narrator is carried off to the mental ward because of hallucinations), "Doctor Doctor" (hypochondria), "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" (schizophrenia), "Heaven And Hell" (religion) and so forth. And in 1967, the group issued a single of "The Last Time"/"Under My Thumb" in support of Mick Jagger and Keith Richard, whose drug case was then before the courts.

Much of their best material of this period was released in England only, but between *Magic Bus* — *The Who On Tour, Meaty Beaty Big & Bouncy* and an English compilation called *Direct Hits* plus various *Backtrack* LPs, most of it can still be obtained. The point is, though, once again we got only echoes of what the Who were

doing. But at least "Happy Jack" did well, which meant the subsequent album was also a success. "Happy Jack" was the only single on it, the rest were uniformly excellent songs in a style that, in retrospect, occupied an all-too-short interim in the Who's development. Its best material consisted of simple pop songs, only peripherally Mod, such as "Run Run Run", "Don't Look Away", and the exquisite "So Sad About Us".

Of more lasting significance, however, was the album's closing number, "A Quick One While He's Away". No mere vignette, this was a fullblown mini-opera, a simple theme of infidelity and redemption carried through several movements and meant to be enacted on stage. This was an extension of the theatrical leanings of the Mods as discussed earlier, and it also signalled the Who's entrance into the "progressive" era, that period of a couple years in which every group felt compelled to invent things that had "never been done before" in pop music. The Beatles, Stones, and every other major group with the exception of the Kinks fell into some painfully pretentious experiments during this era, but the Who alone proved able to explore the most valuable products of progressivism (technical and conceptual) while avoiding the pitfalls and turning the whole thing to their own ends, which were still basically Mod.

Their next album was easily the best marriage of pop and underground rock to take place in 1967. *The Who Sell Out* was a pop-art concept from the start; with everyone doing Sgt. Pepper-copy concept albums, trust the

Who to do one both celebrating and chiding the commercial consciousness of pirate radio (the British equivalent of our AM pop stations) by linking each track with mock jingles, and including among the tracks several numbers dedicated to commercial products such as baked beans, deodorant, and zit cream. These were all quite amusing and very much in keeping with Mod values (and, incidentally, the mono and stereo pressings of the album bore entirely different sets of jingles).

Among all this, and three songs in the *Happy Jack* style ("Silas Stingy", "Tattoo" and "Mary-Anne With The Shaky Hands") were seven numbers representing a new sound for the Who, and a startling progression of the Mod mentality. Originally, their songs had shared an extremely adolescent frame of reference, implying much but expressing little more than inchoate frustration and hot-tempered confusion, in a musical setting tight and bristling with tension. Now they returned to some of the same problems, but as older Mods, still desperately individualistic, but somewhat more mature.

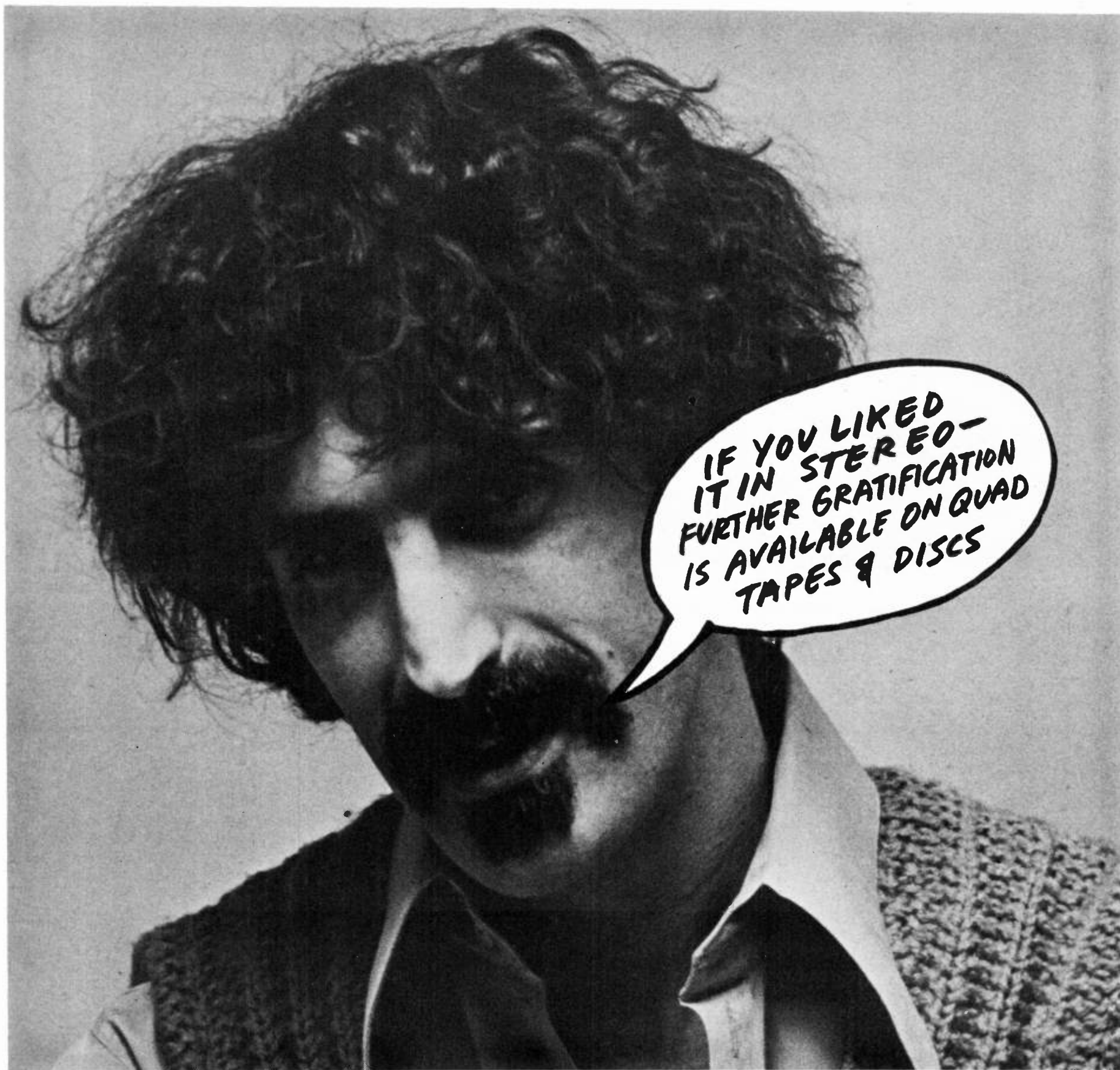
"I Can See For Miles" was essentially a brag song in the same mold as "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" but using a whole new approach; the machine-gun guitar is still there, but it is contained in a structure that builds the tension more slowly and deliberately, over a wider range, so that when it is released the impression of omnipotence created by the lyrics is further underlined. This was one of what Townshend once described as "plane songs", written during those many interminable hours flying above the Atlantic. *Sell Out* is full of them; according to Pete you can tell a plane song by the imagery of freedom and space. "I Can't Reach You" is the classic example: "I'm a billion ages past you, a million years behind you, a thousand miles up in the air, a trillion times I've seen you there..." And, on "Our Love Was Is", "our love was flying, our love was soaring..." "Armenia City In The Sky" (written by Speedy Keen) and "Relax", as well as an outtake called "Grace Space Race", exhibit the same influences.

But these songs are of note for more than just these images. Lyrically, they show greater awareness of the complexity behind problems people have to face, though not (as other rock groups all seemed to do at this realization) supplying what seemed to be easy answers. Mods still, they kept asking questions and insisting on their own right to a fair deal and a good time. Musically, the album also represented something new. To match the imagery, they created a sweeping, airy sound using orchestras and electronic devices, with Pete doubling on organ on many tracks, and altogether thinking in much broader terms when structuring the songs.

I say "they" but of course I mean Pete, who wrote and arranged all the group's songs with the exception of the odd Entwistle or Moon B-side. From the beginning he would make demo tapes, overdubbing all the parts including vocals, before presenting his



# THE MOTHERS OVER-NITE SENSATION



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ideas to the rest of the group. They didn't mind, recognizing Townshend as the leading creative force; anyway, Entwistle had his own plans for an album of children's songs and a symphony of sorts, being at heart a classical buff, while Daltrey took satisfaction in organizing the band's stage act and Moon, well, Moon was just crazy.

Pete was always the intellectual in the group, the one looking for answers and posing all those difficult questions. And like many of us in 1967, he began flirting with mysticism. "Rael", on *Sell Out*, was a long yet incomplete work, structured in movements like "A Quick One" but consisting mainly of repeating riffs and themes. It had no story line to speak of, aside from a confusing quasi-religious search ending in unresolved ambivalence.

The Who released no new albums for nearly two years. In this time there were some great singles, more Mod brag songs like "Call Me Lightning" and "Magic Bus", and a lot of touring. Everyone was expecting a live album, and many were fooled when Decca issued *Magic Bus - The Who On Tour*, which turned out to be a collection of studio tracks. At this time they were performing songs from all periods, mixing *Sell Out* material with songs from their High Numbers days like "Fortune Teller" and Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" (a 1959 song with, like "Blue Suede Shoes" from the same era, distinctly Mod sentiments) and closing with a medley of early hits including a smashup "My Generation" in which, for the last time, guitars were

destroyed and smoke bombs set off. As an interesting sidelight, both "Summertime Blues" and Mose Allison's "Young Man Blues" as well as another Eddie Cochran song, "My Way", were recorded in the studio for *Sell Out* but never used.

All this time, Pete was devoting every spare minute to an idea that had been building in his mind for some time. Taking fragments from uncompleted projects — a minor-chord progression and guitar riff from "Rael", and a song called "Glow Girl" that he prepared three different ways for a single before discarding, plus another almost-single titled "It's A Girl, Mrs. Walker", he planned and meditated and fooled around with his eight-track home tape deck. A recent convert to Meher Baba, an Indian avatar claiming to be the incarnation of Jesus and all the world's highest spiritual forces (whose claim to fame was forty years without speaking — what better guru for a Mod who viewed himself as basically inarticulate!) Townshend quite naturally conceived *Tommy* as a spiritual parable.

Of course the story of *Tommy*, of how it became the world's first rock opera and changed the course of rock music and all that, needs no reiteration. Nor should the fact that many critics found it lacking in substance and indicative of the Who's downfall. What is interesting, in terms of this discussion, is the way in which *Tommy* can be seen as a still further extension of the Mod value system.

Those who confuse *Tommy* with the Moody Blues brand of blarney are missing some important distinctions.

Mainly, there's a big difference between pushing one's own opinions as gospel and trying to maintain integrity in a confusing situation. In other words, between giving answers and asking questions. *Tommy* raises more questions than it answers, and its intent is plainly to start others asking questions rather than to shove Meher Baba down their throats, as any lesser convert would have done. Baba is not mentioned on the album, nor is his philosophy there in any but the most circumstantial sense.

I think *Tommy* could be more correctly seen as the meeting of the questing Mod mentality with the world of metaphysics. "Why am I not free?" asks the young Mod. First it's parents, girls, jobs...now, those forces vanquished, it turns out to be something a bit more intangible. It's interesting, in this light, that the Who only turned to political questions *after* the spiritual quest — but hardly paradoxical considering that the Mod stance was so fanatically individualistic, even during the most collective phase of the movement. One person seeking his place in the scheme of things, whether at school or in the universe, is still a more Mod concept than the idea of organized political activity or even politically-inspired anarchy.

At any rate, *Tommy* concerned a young person's search for meaning, in the broadest sense. That he was a most unique individual, deaf, dumb, and blind, and that he found meaning through something as unlikely and pop-art absurd as pinball, adds character and pop appeal to the story. There is also a humorous irreverence

running through *Tommy* that sets it apart from every other rock concept album I can think of (with the exception of *Arthur*) as a work of basic human appeal whatever its ultimate message. It's also full of anomalies — Sonny Boy Williamson's "Eyesight To The Blind", "Sally Simpson", and the great single, "Pinball Wizard". And at the end of it all, nothing has been resolved. Much has been raised, much vivid imagery and some moments of very acute observation, wills have been asserted and desires thwarted. In the very end, to quote a brief synopsis that came with the original promo package, "Tommy is completely isolated and unable to communicate." He can't explain, but he thinks it's love. Mod to the very end.

The implications of *Tommy* were impossible to avoid. The Who toured endlessly, performing it for growing crowds to whom they were, at last, superstars. Imitation rock operas appeared in profusion, and there was constant talk of making *Tommy* into a film, a Broadway production, a ballet, a ponderous institution. I found myself hoping that, having done it, Townshend could put it behind him and get back to the business of making singles — where, musically at least, the Who had always excelled. Instead, Townshend announced plans for another rock opera, mentioning a few song titles including "Water" and "I Don't Even Know Myself".

But it was not forthcoming. There was "The Seeker", a good rock & roll single with the same kind of chunky rhythms as on their earliest records. It





## THE WHO'S MOD GENERATION

too was about the spiritual quest, in more obviously Mod terms. "I won't get to get what I'm after, till the day I die!" laments the protagonist, frustrated again. He's sharp, though, he knows better than to accept the simplistic explanations of the Beatles, Timothy Leary and the rest. He's lookin' out for himself all the way, and he won't be fooled.

Then came *Live At Leeds*. Everyone who'd ever seen the Who had wanted a live album immediately, and by 1970 it was ridiculously overdue. In interviews, Townshend claimed they'd been trying for years to achieve a usable tape, the Who being a very difficult group to record live. With the wide circulation of bootleg tapes, some far superior to *Leeds*, that seems unlikely, but whatever the case I found it to be a highly unsatisfactory album, completely lacking in the sense of dynamics that had been at the core of the Who's music from the beginning, substituting drawn-out guitar solos for those beautiful, smashing chords, and free of feedback save for a few token seconds at the end of an obese "My Generation" stuffed with "See Me Feel Me". Townshend, it seemed, was the electronic guitar wizard no longer; now he was merely another lead guitarist, and a rather ordinary one at that. For me, *Live At Leeds* was a tremendous letdown.

They bounced back, though, I'll give them that. "Won't Get Fooled Again" signalled their entry into the realm of street politics, Mods on the march and all that. It also introduced Pete's latest sound, an organ-like beeping produced by an ARP synthesizer that ran through the song and most of *Who's Next*.

As rock politics go, "Won't Get Fooled Again" was good. It took no stand except for the individual, asserted implicitly that all governments and forms of authority were not to be trusted, and suggested merely that people wise up. As much as Mod could be political, this was it.

And it was definitely Mod. Townshend knew it, too. He gave long interviews rhapsodizing on the Mod movement and how it had influenced his thinking. He must have realized his unique position, as first and last spokesman for the Mods, former ace face of a movement already becoming history. Mod couldn't have lasted on its own terms, of course; it was too alienated, and too existential to fight the current of youth consciousness, which throughout the late sixties was toward harmony and organized utopianism. And few Mods were as intellectually committed to (or conscious of) what Mod represented to care enough to try and keep its precepts alive through the increasingly complex ramifications of 60's youth culture.

Where were the Mods of yesteryear? Rod Stewart, Marc Bolan, David Bowie, all the rest had changed with the trends; the Who alone carried the mantle of Mod, and after all what can you do having immortalized a lyric as unequivocal as "Hope I die before I get old!"? There's no way to back down from a statement like that, and growing old is the last thing you can allow yourself to do.

So you stay young — as young as you can, being 30-year-old rock suprestar institutions, with operas, benefits for charity with royalty in attendance, millions of dollars, and a vested interest in an Eastern religious sect. And they've done all right too. No other rock group has managed to stay together so long without losing any of its personnel or its knack for rock & roll honesty, and it seems that no matter how far the Who digress they are always capable of jumping right back to the basics.

"Let's See Action" was such a return, a solid follow-up to "Won't Get Fooled Again", and inexplicably it was the first Who single since "Dogs" not to be issued in the U.S. Instead we had "Join Together", a nice song with decent sentiments, which I hated. Maybe it was just that I remembered a



time when it would have taken teams of doctors to remove all the drumsticks and guitar shards from anyone who tried to climb up on stage and "join together with the band". This was an open courting of the hippie harmonists, there was nothing Mod about it, and maybe that's what offended me. In any case, I was more pleased with "The Relay", which proposed basically the same thing but in a more indirect fashion, and sounded a bit more like "Let's See Action". And I loved the flip, a crazy Keith Moon song called "Wasp Man" that recalled the days of "Cobwebs And Strange".

Whatever else, I'll always respect a band that puts odd cuts on flip sides to encourage people to buy singles. Almost every Who single has had one, right up to the present. "I Don't Even Know Myself" turned up on the back of "Won't Get Fooled Again", with nothing said of the rock opera it was supposedly written for. A sigh of relief; maybe we'll be spared. Then came "Water", backing "Love Reign

O'er Me". "Water" had been touted as the best thing since "I Can See For Miles" by those who'd had the tape for a couple of years, and of course it wasn't — too modern, no dynamics, and most disturbing of all, an official outtake from the forthcoming rock opera, *Quadrophenia*.

Uh oh, I thought, now we're in for it. I dreaded hearing it, expecting the worst, hoping for the best, knowing the Who still had it in them, but knowing better than to think that meant anything. Then I got the album. And it was the biggest surprise the Who have thrown me since...well, since I first heard one of their records.

*Quadrophenia* is at once nothing like *Tommy* and everything *Tommy* should have been. Its theme is also a young man's quest for meaning, and it is also a fully developed opera, with movements, themes, and roles assigned to each member. In fact, taken together it is meant to add up to the group's collective state of mind — schizophrenia split four ways: quadrophenia.



# --Quadrophenia Through the Years--



There's nothing abstruse or remotely arcane about it. Everyone will understand it, on some level. Those having some experience with Mod will revel in it. Plain and simple, it's a Mod nostalgia trip, set in 1965, the story of a young Everymod, the things he does, and the forces that make him do it. There are exquisitely *apropos* liner notes and a picture book of faultless imagery.

And the album is packed with in-jokes for those who know enough about Mod and the Who's early career. The best of these is buried in the middle of side three, in a song called "Sea And Sand". One of the few real rockers in the set, it's a fine song on its own terms. But there's more. As the last of the lyrics on the libretto are sung, there is a moment of silence, then a hard "Got Love If You Want It" riff comes in while a voice mixed low on the left channel starts singing "I'm the face if you want it, babe..."

Touches like that go a long way toward making up for the album's deficiencies. Which, unfortunately, do

exist. Reading the lyrics gives rise to anticipations of an album full of uncompromising mid-sixties rock & roll. The songs are full of all the right references and attitudes regarding clothes, pills, social relationships, and all they would need to have been right at home on *The Who Sings My Generation*. Musically, however, there's no mistaking that this is the modern Who. They rock hard enough, when required, and there are some nice riffs. But there is also a profusion of symphonic and electronic sound effects, and a lack of really blazing dynamism in even the most driving segments.

Which is not to say that Townshend should have tried to recreate the group's early sound, just because that era is their subject matter. Even if it might have resulted in a more exciting-sounding album. I suspect he had something more in mind. The Who have already dealt with the problems of the adolescent Mod, from that side of the fence. Now, being older, and having

developed endlessly more subtle and complex means of expressing themselves, it could be they were intrigued by the prospect of returning to that same theme, from the other side, in third person rather than first as it were, to see what further realms they could illuminate. That angry feedback was all right for capturing the Mod's hostility, but what of the great sense of aloneness and uncertainty that were also part of the young rebel's life? For that you need those orchestras and stately, sweeping movements, which the Who have employed with great effectiveness.

Anyway, that's how I choose to look at it. Better this, I suppose, than an album like *Pin-Ups*. The old can stand on its own, pointless to try and mimic it. And it's a good album overall, even if I fear it'll be one of the last albums I pull out when I want to hear some Who, in the days to come.

One thing that *would* excite me would be a film based on *Quadrophenia*. A really intense black and white adaptation, like *Some*

*People*, which drew a stark and fascinating portrait of English youth ca. 1962. Or in full Carnaby Street color to match the brilliance of the times. It could be done any number of ways, and with the Mod movement as its theme, it couldn't fail to be great.

And the soundtrack, I'd like to suggest, ought to be done by a group like the Sweet, only not so well known. One of the new Mod bands that are beginning to appear around England. That's how I think of them, anyway. There has been some argument as to whether it's kosher to speak of Mod without meaning the whole social movement, but I think if there's one thing the Who have proven, it's that Mod can be reduced to an essential attitude that is applicable at all times and places. And from the look of it, that attitude seems to be gaining acceptance once again, as the last echoes of underground consciousness, pop's arch-foe, slowly fade out with the dead sixties. Suddenly the English pop papers are full of pictures of young groups with strings of flash-bam hit singles and the latest in bright, trendy clothes. And the look is very Mod as well, with neatly-trimmed longish hair, fresh scrubbed faces, clean new clothes, and image, image, image. Plus, the records these groups make are strongly rooted in 1965, hook and chorus songs with hard chords and dazzling guitar riffs, aggressive drumming, high harmonies, and lyrics about women who just won't behave.

So maybe Mod is coming back, and maybe the term •Glam will stick, or maybe it'll be called something else. That's all very nice, but not terribly important where the Who are concerned. Because where these groups are just starting, the Who have been through it all.

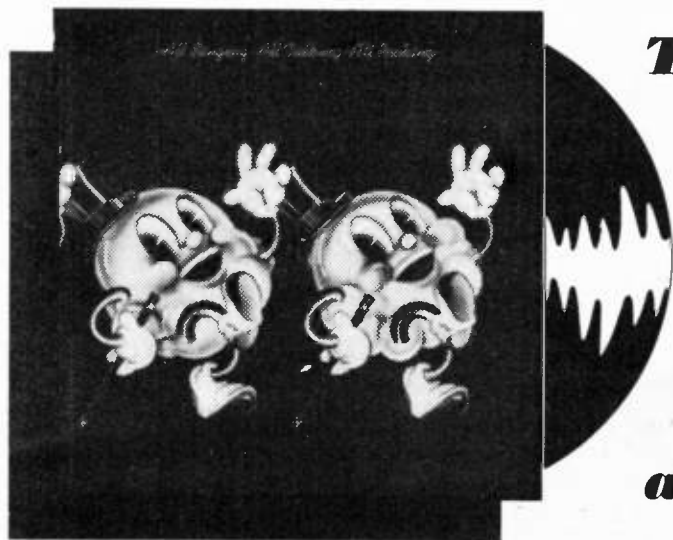
Whether or not Mod returns in some form, the Who have already proven that there was more to it than most people thought. It was not merely another transient teen fad; rather, as Townshend maintained all along, it was a distillation of the basic value system every teenager has struggled to formulate since Elvis first shook his hips. In our culture, in 1974 as much as 1964, there's no need for any child of rock & roll to respond to his environment in any other way. We all experience frustration and alienation to some degree, and for those it hits most deeply, the adolescents, there can be no more correct or satisfying response than to work it out through pop music, fashion, or whatever other channels exist in their own peer culture. No politics, no organized structures of any kind are to be trusted. Stick with your own and you won't be fooled.

That's the Mod outlook, and it has carried the Who through the years in good stead. Somehow, no matter what their age, no matter how subdued their music might become, I don't think anyone will be able to say the Who have gotten old as long as they keep it alive inside them. And in the end, when all possible follies of youth culture have come and gone, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if they turned out to have been right all along.



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# PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEWS

Pin-Ups  
David Bowie  
RCA

By KIM FOWLEY



December 26, 1973 marks the tenth anniversary of the release of "I Want To Hold Your Hand" in the USA by the long forgotten but still perfect for their time Beatles. One man who hasn't forgotten is David Bowie.

Though David is too late to be the Beatles, and too early to be the 1970's Elvis, he stills tries harder.

One of the Beatles' most successful ploys was rerecording old songs. Since these songs were classic in form and content they never failed to please. The difference between the Beatles and Bowie redoing rock classics is that the Beatles had a definitive trademark sound which Bowie has not yet acquired. The other difference is that the Beatles had better taste in picking the songs to bring back.

"Rosalyn" was composed by Lesley Duncan's brother and Bill Farley, a genius engineer at Regent Sound in London. Bill also mixed Them, and all the Stones records of the "Impact Sound" period.

David's version don't sound crummy enough. It has none of the "art school punch" necessary for this type of musical statement.

"Here Comes The Night" is an insult to its composer, the late Bert Berns. It proves Van Morrison, the original voice of the piece, is a master. Lulu's cover version is even better.

"I Wish You Would", a Billy "Big Boy" Arnold original, is really sloppy. The lead guitarist with the '64 Yardbirds was Eric Clapton. Mick Ronson can't equal the licks here. David Jones never went to the Richmond Athletic Club where this song was indeed the signature tune.

"See Emily Play" is great! Syd Barrett's epic is treated with more respect than the first 3 songs on the LP and as a result makes it. It's as British as "Uncle Arthur" from Bowie's Deraam LP and a natural delight.

"Everything's Alright" is horrible. The Mojoes from Liverpool had only this one hit and their recording was soaring, cheap and beautiful like a Swinging Blue Jeans record. Bowie has reduced its junk elegance to this album's "Let's Spend The Night Together".

"I Can't Explain" is pleasing, sensual and modern. Better than the record by Yvonne Elliman, it still lacks the punch of the Shel Talmy-produced original. Guitar solo ain't hot. This should be a

big hit at singles bars and swingers' parties.

"Friday On My Mind" was the English "Love Train" of 1966-7. A record ideal for dancing alone in your room pretending you ruled the nighttime world. The band isn't teenage enough and David's main injury to this classic is that the vocal performance reeks of West End Ham Acting.

"Sorrow" was not an original by the Merseys. It was composed as a "B" side for the McCoys featuring Rick Derringer on Bang Records. Then covered by the Merseys. It's average.

"Don't Bring Me Down" was written by Johnny Dee. He also wrote "Sittin' In The Balcony" for Eddie Cochran. This cut is not wonderful.

"Shapes Of Things" has no Keith Relf, no Jeff Beck, no Paul Samwell-Smith — and no magic.

"Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" ain't much. It's not "Pop Art" enough. It ain't rough and snide like the Who version.

"Where Have All The Good Times Gone" is not a legendary Ray Davies song. It's not a legendary David Bowie record.

*Pin-Ups* is valid to critics and rock authority closet cases, who now can drool that David too longs for the good old days. The first sign of old age is to dwell in the past. The rest of us are living in the future. David's vision can be as technicolored and entertaining as H.G. Wells, George Orwell, and Orson Welles. Come on David, make that MOVIE! *Top Clockwork Orange* and *Satyricon* and show us what the incarnate Errol Flynn — Ronald Coleman — Lord Byron can do.

Leave the rock revivals to Bette Midler and Sha Na Na.

Pin-Ups  
David Bowie  
RCA

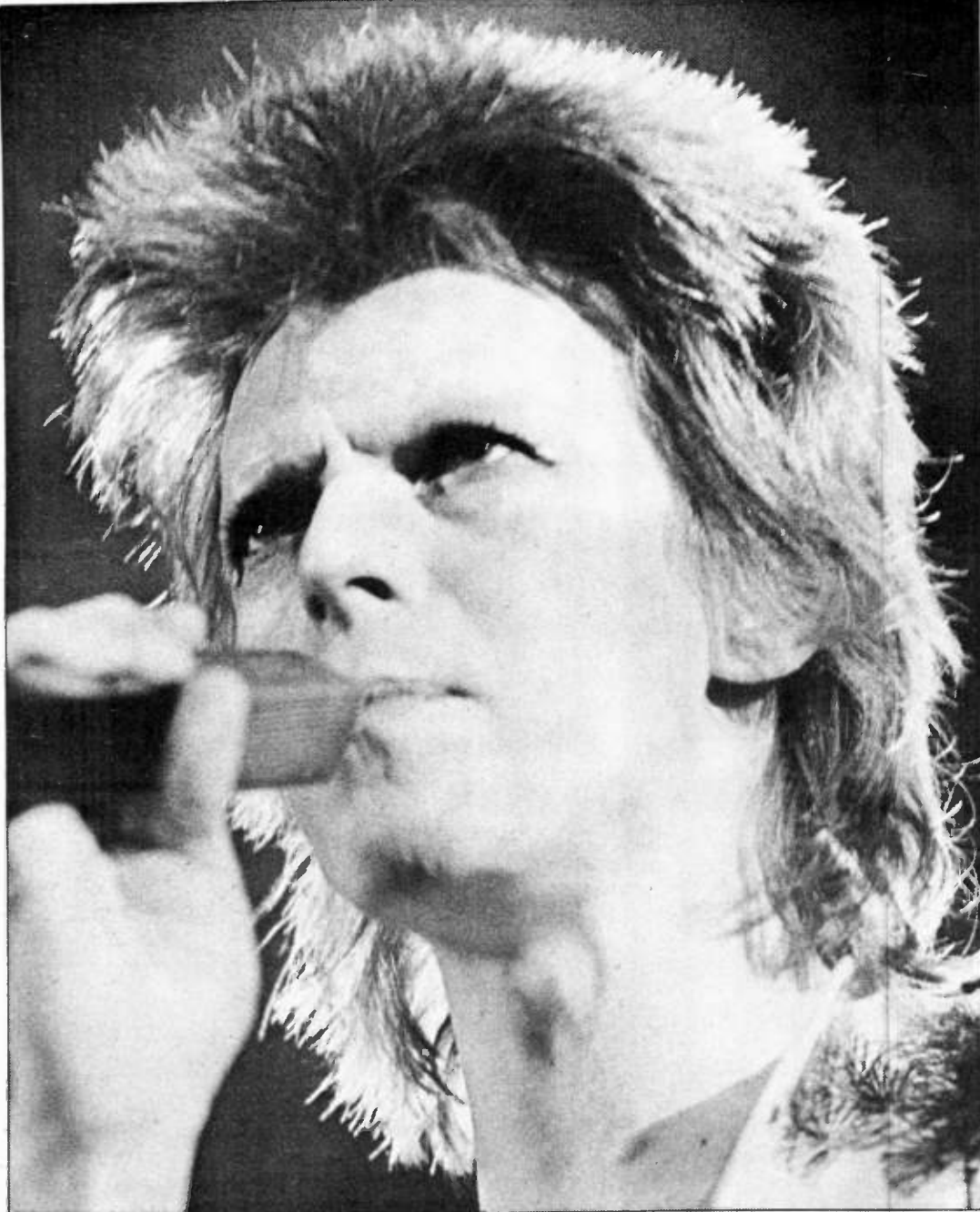
By IGGY POP

Buy it if you want it — it's good work. This album bugs me a bit because it doesn't always "move" me, but who am I? Well, I'm Iggy Pop and I sing in a rock and roll band, so what? So *PRM* called me up one day and said "We've got David's new album, will you write something about it?" I said "OK."

Back in '71 and '72, me and David and Mick and James (Williamson) used to see a lot of each other and David and I would sit for hours talking about the first Them album, the Pretty Things, Syd Barrett's work with Pink Floyd, early Kinks, Stones, Who, Yardbirds, blah blah blah; how good that music sounded, the scenes it came from, and the scenes it created. Cuts like "Rosalyn", "Shapes Of Things" and "Can't Explain" are beautiful songs, and it's nice to see someone with brains put a few of them together on an album.

But it's like lightweight, ya know? I mean it doesn't disturb my mind, but that's OK if it sounds alright and I can dance to it, and it does and I can (dance to it).

So if you wanna know how it sounds to me, I'll tell you — it sounds *damn good*. Mick



One sign of old age, according to PRM critic/Capitol recording artist Kim Fowley (upper left), is dwelling on the past. Another is wrinkles. At least David Bowie (pictured above) doesn't have wrinkles! Photo by Richard Creamer

(Ronson) is getting a better sound than ever, I mean he's getting one of the best R&R rhythm guitar sounds on this album I've heard in two or three years. I really like what he's playing, too, especially on "Rosalyn", "I Wish You Would", "Can't Explain" and "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere". It's simple and to the point, with a lot of authority, which is how I like to hear a guitar.

I didn't much like David's singing on these tracks at first (except on "Sorrow" which makes me want to cry) but it ain't bad, it just ain't the originals, and makes me remember the days these songs were being released. I miss those days so much that hearing these tracks makes me feel sad. "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" is beautiful — beautiful singing, beautiful feeling and sound. Same goes for "Where Have All The Good Times Gone". I feel this song, and that's why I buy a record when I do.

These three songs are the only ones that really get to me, but the album taken as a whole musically is a fine piece of work.

It's tight as a bitch from the bottom up on every cut, even the weak ones (like "Friday On My Mind"); the band plays with such unity it sounds almost mechanistic, and David's production with Ken Scott sounds *REALLY REALLY* good. Aynsley Dunbar's drumming is *perfect* start to finish, and to my ears his playing is a key to the tight quality of the tracks. Nothing more of importance to say about this one — listen to it gently and it will grow on your ears.

Philip Goodhand-Tait  
Philip Goodhand-Tait  
20th Century

By GREG SHAW

I suspect we'll be hearing a lot about this guy, if for no other reason than the fact his record company seems committed to seeing him become a very big star. The obvious parallel will be with Elton John: both started out with Dick James Music in England, came to the attention of Russ Regan (then head of Uni; now running 20th Century) in America, were brought over as total unknowns for a splash Hollywood party arranged by publicist Norm Winter, etc. etc. And of course both are singer — songwriter — pianists with a taste for the sensitive and a background in rock & roll.

But you can bark up some wrong trees with analogies like these. Elton is a flamboyant character, obsessed with flash pop and hardly ever serious — and he doesn't even write his own lyrics. Goodhand-Tait is a soft-spoken guy (almost seems kind of shy...), very serious; even more serious than another artist to whom he can be far more aptly compared, Randy Newman.

Like Newman, he has a gravelly whine of a voice and a delivery that gives an impression of disarming innocence masking a kind of natural sophistication. Just an impression, mind you. Sometimes his lyrics are really dumb, like "violence is what's happening, because people are still suffering". But a strong impression just the same. Philip

Goodhand-Tait strikes you on the surface as someone you want to like. And this album, on the whole, is not hard to like either.

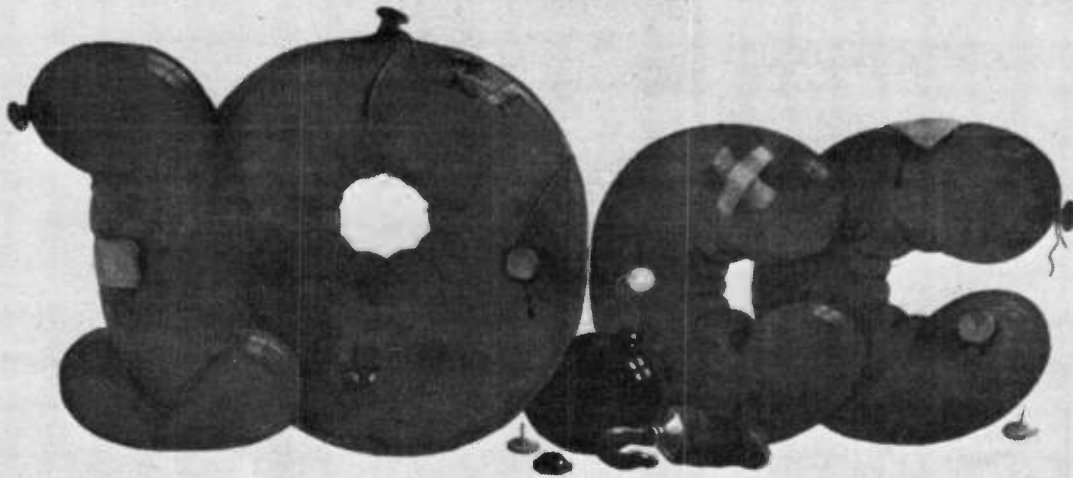
Although there are none of Randy Newman's devastatingly acute observations, there is a good diversity of styles and simple, convincing tunes here. I have a



Philip Goodhand-Tait: no newcomer.

few special favorites. "Reach Out For Each Other" employs a nouveau-Spector arrangement (right out of "Then He Kissed Me", to be exact), no surprise since producer Robin Cable also did the recent "I Can Hear Music" single by Larry Lurex. "Warm Summer Rain" is a lovely, gentle ballad with nicely surging orchestration, "Sugar Train" has an almost pop sound, and "Teenage Canteen" is a pleasant, bouncy song in the early-sixties revival mold, somewhere between Lloyd Price and Bobby Rydell. It's dedicated to a girl named Betty, too, which I think lends a





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Ken Barnes, PHONOGRAPH RECORD MAGAZINE

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Sam Sutherland, BILLBOARD





touch of class. There's a song he does live, called "Radio Station". I think, all about rock writer Charlie Gillett and his weekly oldies show on Radio One; you can't knock a man who writes songs about rock fans, can you?

The album is filled out with some less distinctive but rather charming ballads, "I Think I Can Believe" and "Forever Kind Of Love", a reggae exercise called "Emile" and "One More Rodeo", a nice song spoiled for me by an annoying harmonium effect. Altogether, though, an impressive debut.

Just by way of footnote, this is of course not actually Philip Goodhand-Tait's debut. He's been making records since 1966, when he fronted a band known as the Stormville Shakers (one of whom later joined King Crimson). In the late sixties he wrote many hits for the Love Affair, an English pop vocal group. And then he issued two solo albums, *Rehearsal* and *I Think I'll Write A Song*, both quite listenable in the same vein as this new one. Only the latter came out in America, on the DJM label, and it's worth seeking out if you like this one.

**Moondog Matinee**  
The Band  
Capitol

By ED WARD

A few weeks back, I bought an album that had been recommended to me by some knowledgeable oldies freaks, called *Johnny Otis' Rock And Roll Hit Parade Volume One*. I got it without reading the list of tunes and so forth, mainly because it was incredibly rare and, as I said, it came highly recommended. Well, I just got around to playing it the other day, and I was pretty surprised by it. Basically it consists of a dozen tunes that were big hits of the day ("Honey Love", "Long Tall Sally", "Gee", and so on) recorded by Johnny Otis, his band, and his singers. Despite the fact that I was familiar with all the tunes, they sounded strange. It wasn't until I listened to it a couple more times that I realized what was going on: Otis and his band were imitating the sound of these songs the way they must have been played live when they were current. The selling point of the album, as the liner notes make clear, was that in an era of singles, "Now, for the first time, you can get the biggest Rock and Roll hits of all time in ONE album".

And the reason I bring this up is that oldies albums are suddenly big business, both as originals (*American Graffiti Soundtrack*) and as remakes. And the two albums that threaten to become the biggest sellers of the current season are in the latter category: David Bowie's *Pin-Ups* album and the Band's *Moondog Matinee*. Both seem to be attempts to capture the past, both succeed on some levels and fail on others, and both have a lot to say about the current state of music.

Bowie's album is very much like Johnny Otis'. Both were made when the songs they contained weren't so much "of the past" as they were of a previous year whose effect was still being felt. I mean, when I heard Black Sabbath's first album, I was reminded of the early Yardbirds, and two former members of that group, Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page, are still very much integral parts of the current scene. And here's Bowie, reproducing the Yardbirds' "Shapes Of Things" right down to the wrong note on the string part and the half-heard vocal backing. Bowie, like Otis, chose his

material as hip nostalgia, an attempt to recapture an era that he would have his listeners believe he helped shape. Bowie goes one step further than Otis, though, to exploit the songs' dramatic values: I remember the press releases on Bowie from that era describing him as a performer interested primarily in the dramatic effect of the songs he did, hoping, by the bye, to bring about world peace through Buddhism).

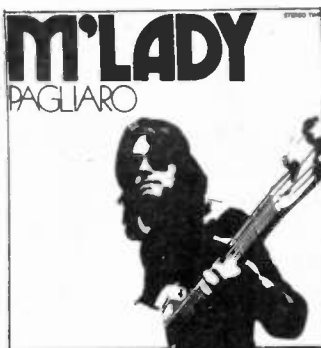
The Band, on the other hand, are stretching back to Otis' era, a time that they were as much on the fringes of What's Happening as Bowie was in his. Like Bowie, they have exercised immaculate taste in selecting their material, and you'd have to be a dedicated oldies enthusiast to be familiar with all of it. I mean, I was around when this stuff was popular, and I don't have the slightest idea who originally did Allen Toussaint's "Holy Cow".

Still, there is a problem with *Moondog Matinee*, one that kind of bothers me. The songs are so damn long. Only two of them clock in at less than three minutes, one of those is the joking "Third Man Theme". Some songs are truly flabby: I wondered why it was that "A Change Is Gonna Come" failed to move me, and went to Sam Cooke's recording of it. For all the song's epic sweep, for all the statement of belief, despair, renewal, and ultimate faith, for all its ability to convey all these things, it clocks in at 2:36 — a good seven seconds less than anything on this album.

And here I think we come to something that the people who make records these days fail to grasp: it is true that the post-Beatle pop scene gave artists incredible freedom to say their piece in as long as they deemed necessary, but that old saw about brevity being the soul of wit has a kernel of truth to it. Part of the tension that fueled the fires of those old songs came from an unspoken dictum that didn't allow a song to run over two and a half minutes. You said your piece and got out. Bowie, coming as he does from a dramatic appreciation — rather than the Band's musical and social appreciation — of the music, hews pretty carefully to this rule, the major exception being "See Emily Play", which was originally by a group that considered themselves "artists" rather than pop stars anyway (Bowie stuck to British stuff, of course, but I wonder what his version of "The Great Pretender" would sound like. Pretty awful, I guess).

Okay, but this is the 20th century, it's 1973 and all that, and anyway, the Band is reinterpreting these songs, not reproducing them. They're not the kind of group to expect two-minute masterpieces from: there's not a song on *Music From Big Pink* that fits the mold, and you wouldn't have that any other way, now, would you? Right. And some of those reinterpretations are truly fine — "Saved", which was not one of Lavern Baker's better tunes, is inarguably better than the original, "The Great Pretender" equals the Platters' interpretation, and "Share Your Love" comes close to equalling Bobby Bland's immortal rendering. Plus, of course, the Band is reaching an entire generation with this album that never heard the originals of these songs in the context of the time they came out, let alone ever strained their ears to a static-y radio to catch Allen "Moondog" Freed's breathy voice shouting

(Continued on Page 30)



**M'Lady**  
Michel Pagliaro  
Trans-World 3502

**Pagliaro**  
Michel Pagliaro  
Much 5001

**Pag**  
Michel Pagliaro  
RCA 4019

**Pagliaro Live**  
Michel Pagliaro  
RCA 2-5000

(all Canadian releases)

By GREG SHAW

About a year ago we reviewed a single called "Some Sing, Some Dance" by one Pagliaro. Genuine pop-rock being so much scarcer in those days than it has lately become, we waxed ecstatic over this nugget which reminded us of nothing more than the *Revolver* Beatles with Phil Spector at the controls. The record of course disappeared into the gulfs of oblivion, but that didn't stop us from tracking down as much as we could of the man's recorded legacy and trying to find out what we could about him.

It's astonishing, really, how much can be going on behind the backs of people mere miles beyond an arbitrary border. Michel Pagliaro, it turns out, is part of the tremendous scene brewing up in Montreal, comprising such groups as April Wine, Mahogany Rush, Fludd, the Wackers, with Rose, Thundermug and many more on the periphery. Pagliaro, though, is the one giant to have emerged from this scene. His records are all top ten smashes in Canada, as they well ought to be throughout the world, and on his home turf he possesses a stature and an image roughly akin to what Neil Diamond is known for here. But even that is misleading; Diamond is ultimately no more than a glorified Bobby Sherman with delusions of grandeur, and while Pagliaro no doubt has his own illusions, he never forgets what he is: a rock and roll singer.

No doubt about it, he is as much a rocker as a pop idol, and maybe the first, with all due apologies to Johnny Hallyday, to do anything truly original in the French tongue. About two-thirds of Pagliaro's songs are in French, and although none seem quite as forceful as the best of his English stuff, they do all right for him back in his home provinces.

The best of the Frenchies were introduced on his debut album *M'Lady*. Its cover is a line-shot of him in leather, holding a guitar and looking mean-somehow like Link Wray, in fact. The songs are all in French, and all self-written. "M'Lady" is the melody from "Society's Child" rocked up, "Mon Coeur" cops a riff from the Grass Roots' "Sooner Or Later". With such classic AM/pop influences, it's no surprise that his sound is a hard attack, driven by strong rhythm guitar, and alive

with the fullness only pop production at its best can give. The album's other standouts are "Trouver Annie", with "You Really Got Me" guitar, and the rocking "Mama River". There is much filler, however, ranging from horns run rampant on "Dans Le Meme Ton" to conga funk on "Pagliaro".

He moved next to the Much label, where he began recording in English and quickly racked up two million-sellers, "Some Sing Some Dance" and "Lovin' You Ain't Easy". The latter was in the same class, even better in many ways than "Some Sing". A breathtaking performance, brilliant production, and an unforgettable melody supported by crashing open chords worthy of the Who. A hot, hot recording; Dave Edmunds never sounded better than this. Unfortunately, the remainder of the album fails to maintain this level of greatness. "Sugar Lips" is notable for presenting a bubblegum vision of Boz Scaggs that makes the thought of him almost tolerable, and "Sure, Maybe" is an excellent, fast-paced rocker, but you also have two inferior singles, "Rainshowers" and "It Ain't The Way" (which aren't much worse than Lobo actually, just disappointingly below par for Pag) and four or five sheer fillers. Still, this is by far the best of his

worth are in French, featuring the boring "Faut Tout Donner", a pointless six-minute instrumental jam, and seven minutes of "J'Entend's Frapper", which sounds like a ham-handed "Dizzy Miss Lizzy". These join a perfunctory runthrough of Little Richard's "Miss Ann" and "Mistère D'Amour", a ridiculous whispered duet with someone named "Nanette", that would have been better titled "Je T'Aime Minus".

Those failings aside, however, *Pagliaro Live* must be considered a fantastic album. Its peak is side two, which includes electrifying renditions of "Some Sing Some Dance" and "Loving You Ain't Easy". For songs that were so carefully perfected in the studio, they lose nothing in live performance. The mix is beautiful, the total sound full and impeccably produced.

Both "M'Lady" and "Mon Coeur" are given treatments over six minutes, and both stand up well as appealing pop ballads. "Rainshowers", also stretched out, sounds much better here than it did in the studio, reminding me of some of Rod Stewart's prettier soft ballads. It ends side one, most of which is taken up by a medley in which Pagliaro stretches out to demonstrate his prowess as a rock screamer, which turns out to be



Michel Pagliaro is Canada's premier rocker, and he makes a great pop single, too.

three studio albums.

I'm not sure if he then left Much for RCA, or continued recording in English for Much while signing a separate deal with RCA to record in French. A single appeared recently on Much, a heavily fuzzed version of the Beatles' "Revolution", while another album has surfaced on RCA. *Pag* was a letdown, full of undistinguished tunes, lacking in rock & roll drive and those all-important hooks.

There's never been a time when Pagliaro's nothing songs didn't outnumber his triumphs. That may be true of most any artist, and it wouldn't matter much except that as time goes by Pagliaro seems to be devoting more and more of his energy to this sort of thing. Granted I haven't the vaguest idea what he's singing about, form the sound of them these are the same kind of big, hollow production numbers that have lured Neil Diamond astray; and as I said, Diamond never had as much to lose as Pagliaro.

His latest album, a two-record live set, brings all this into focus, presenting the best of Pag's early and recent stuff, and some of the worst, and some new material, all presumably in proportion to the value he places on it. Three sides

substantial. A number of these rockers run through the album like connective tissue, keeping the dynamism alive and, with the exception of "J'Entend's Frapper" as noted providing some of its more exciting moments. "Fou De Toi", "Ring-Ring 861-???" and "Revolution" all function well in this respect.

What it all boils down to is an absolutely magnificent writer — singer — performer with a terrific band and a fine producer named George Lagios. When all is working properly, the result is something worth getting very excited about. But with Pagliaro's weakness for romantic ballads in the studio and hoarse rockers on stage, I fear the more difficult blend of the two that creates songs like "Some Sing Some Dance" may be neglected. Michel Pagliaro, if you're reading this, please write more of those kind of songs, and make sure they are recorded in English and released in America; there's a whole country here, waiting to go crazy for you. Meanwhile, with none of his past albums available in the U.S., some company is really missing out by not issuing *Live*, and the Much album too, for that matter. But the one who's missing out most, having not heard Pagliaro, is you.



# the hot dogs

("Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.")



THE HOT DOGS' first album "Say What You Mean" is an honest, straightforward recording—a subtle yet dynamic combination of rock and roll with strong blues roots. It had to be this way.

**"Say What You Mean" was made in Memphis.**

Album: "Say What You Mean" ADS-2805. Single: "Say What You Mean" ADA-2906.

## "say what you mean"



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"ROCK AND ROLL!!!" all the way from Cleveland or New York.

I'm gonna wind up liking this album. I know I will. I like Bowie's album, for all its fey histrionicity, and I like Johnny Otis' album for its patent sham and funky incompetence. I'll probably even wind up enjoying the bizarre abstract jam at the end of "Mystery Train". This album sounds like it was recorded for fun, which is perhaps why the endings so seldom make sense, and it was for fun that it was intended to be listened to. It's not tight, and it's not particularly faithful to the original intent of some of the songs, but it's not dishonest like so many of the oldies acts making the bar circuit these days, and it is a new Band album.

And for that, I say, Amen.

Gone Crazy  
Grin  
A&M

By MIKE SAUNDERS

Two facts which don't say much for the state of pop music: 1) 1973 has been the biggest year yet for has-been superstars; 2) Nils Lofgren still hasn't made it.

It's irritating, too. Just as the Stooges, on purely musical grounds, should have rendered the Stones obsolete a full four years ago (and did in the eyes of many Stooges fans), Nils Lofgren and Grin were perfectly capable of replacing Neil Young following Mr. Young's affliction by a mysterious, twofold disease (commonly known out in Topanga Canyon as "success" and "money"). After all, it was Neil Young himself who discovered this kid Lofgren — you would

think he'd have the grace to step aside for his protege now that the time has come to bow out or nod out.

A radio marketing study called "psychographics", however, has shown that 90% of today's audience doesn't want to be bothered with new groups; they'd rather hear familiar sounds from familiar faces. The modest sales of Grin's three albums on Columbia were an unfortunate reminder of this fact, and following Spindizzy's abject failure (lots of bucks down the drain) as a CBS custom label, Lofgren & Co. now find themselves on A&M Records.

*Gone Crazy* is a good album. Just the absence of Kathy McDonald would make it a substantial comeback from the last LP, *All Out* (where her background shrieks marred almost half the cuts). This new effort is an improvement in other respects as well. Whereas every previous Grin album had at least a couple of appalling lapses in taste, this time it's been cut to one — "Ain't For Free", a real B.B. King meets Leon Russell blues turkey at the end of side one, where Nils talks tough to his woman (might be the bass player but Lofgren wrote the song so....)

I personally like it better when Nils coos to his girl, because he's got a beautiful ballad voice. It's like Buddy Holly: the rockers are to let you know he's no simp, but the heartfelt ballads are the real meat. "Believe" and "Boy & Girl" make this clear once again, and a couple of the bouncier numbers have more of Lofgren's softer vocal style. The hard rockers are fine too, nothing matching the excitement of *I+I*, but solid all the same. The only departure from Grin's straight rock style is "One More Time", a slow

R&B-tinged tune closing the album that works pretty well despite its oddity.

The big problem with Grin has been implicit behind every review you see (including this one) that talks endlessly about Nils Lofgren without ever mentioning the group's proper title — they've just never developed into much of a band. The instrumental energy you'd expect from a top flight group isn't there at all. It might as well be cowpokes like the Eagles on those guitars and drums, really, because the overall feel is like every other over-recorded 16-track effort of the past five or six years — sterile.

Grin's music has shone, when it has, on the strength of Nils Lofgren's songwriting and singing, and even listening to Grin's very best efforts there's a strong temptation to imagine how much better Lofgren might sound with a really strong group behind him (this includes a lead guitarist superseding Nils).

Idle dreaming aside, Nils Lofgren and Grin have had two albums out this year, both with a lot of good music. Neil Young has managed to cough up two legit LPs in the last three years, and I guess I'll be nice and not say anything about them. I have to confess I just don't understand you fans out there — when you buy Neil's efforts and ignore Nils', you realize you're encouraging Neil Young to stick around for another three years whining about how his mind's about to fade away. Maybe there's something about the recent Young mystique that's not visible to the unenlightened... As for poor Nils, who has made little commercial impact despite a load of talent — well, all he can seem to do is make good records. Like this one.

Ringo  
Ringo Starr  
Apple

By ALAN BETROCK

It's definitely worth having, that's for sure, but the main problem with *Ringo* is that it's uneven. The Beatles rarely, if ever, made an uneven album, and *Ringo* has now joined the rest of the Beatle spinoff LPs with a product that is a pastiche of greatness and mediocrity, of vibrancy and staleness...if you will, of the sublime and the ridiculous.



Worth having.

The opener, "I Am The Greatest", marks John Lennon's return to the forefront of ex-Beatle songwriting. With George lost in the Himalayas, Ringo wandering down country roads, Paul's penchant for overdone ballads, and John's often unbridled political forays, their musical magic seemed but a distant memory. Now "I Am The Greatest" signals John's turn to

the positive — the gum chewing proverbial tongue-in-cheek rocker has returned with more of the old genius — and Ringo handles the song quite well. I for one would love to hear John performing this one, especially since his backup vocals indicate a new spirit bursting through.

Randy Newman's "Hold On" spotlights the Bolan "Get It On" chunky rhythm, and Marc also adds some tasty lead guitar work. It's obvious that *Ringo* incorporates a lot of Richard Starkey influences. There are, of course, the songs by his old Beatle-mates, but we also get Bolan bouncers, country licks, and even an English vaudevilian touch or two. So it's no surprise to see the great Johnny Burnette hit "You're Sixteen" successfully revived here, 'cause even on those decade-old Beatle life-lines Ringo listed Johnny Burnette as one of his faves.

It's also clear when you reach "Photograph" that Side One is the undisputed champ of the album. Jack Nitzsche has thrown in a lot of his past influences here, including the Famous School of Phil Spector castanets, lesson No. 2. "Photograph" is one of those rare pop records that grows stronger with each play, and will be covered and revived for years to come (I'll lay you 50-1 it appears on the next Andy Williams album). The sole weak spot on this side is George Harrison's "Sunshine Life For Me", which is muzak without definition.

Side two has similar problems. "Oh My My" and "Step Lightly" are both pleasant enough, but are really more meandering than moving. But Paul McCartney's "Six O' Clock" would have been a perfect chart-topper for himself

## 'A SUBURBAN FREEZE--DRIED DYLAN'

Aquashow  
Elliott Murphy  
Polydor

By TOM NOLAN

Years and years ago certain people like Jules Siegel in the *Village Voice* thought the next big rock star would emerge very soon from some suburb like Queens, toting a guitar and singing a sort of Dylanesque middle-class blues. It took a long time, but here he is. Elliott Murphy, what a name for someone bidding on stardom! The opening lines of his first album set the tone of his arrival:

*Naked telephone poles can't describe*

*The way I'm feelin' about you tonight*

*Got a feelin' on my back like an old brown jacket*

*Like to stay in school but I just can't hack it*

*I'm out on the street and I'm feelin' like dirt*

*She's afraid to get married 'cause she*

*Knows it's gonna hurt, an' I said...*

*Oo-oo-ooh, it's the*

*Last of the rock stars an' me an' you...*

*Rock 'n' roll is here to stay, but who*

*Will be left to play?*

"Last Of The Rock Stars" is about romantic anguish, love of the music, the need to succeed by doing what you want to do, loss of innocence, the death of rock, all told in Murphy's great mix of

raw talent and chutzpah. Commonplace events from our common past (watching rock acts on the Sullivan Show) grafted with rough "poetic" images, accurately conveying all right the turmoil of adolescence, that emotional mixmaster, and a specific adolescence at that. He must be about our age (the Sullivan Show has been off for years) but he's stayed a teenager. Part of the great attraction of this album is that it freeze-dries a certain little era, slightly modernized, presenting it as if it still were. Murphy gives us a bunch of new Dylan songs ca. "Queen Jane", updated with references to the glam scene, made folksier by being rooted in the suburbs, and we can relive those halcyon days. That's not meant as a slur on our new friend Elliott; he courts the comparison, with a style not heard since "Crawl Out Your Window". There are even nearquotes in the lyrics (as well as Stones echoes and other rock references). He plays harp note-for-note like Bob would've if he'd done these sessions, and it's terrific! I wanted new Dylan songs from 1966, that's why I bought all those bootlegs. At his sloppy-surreal best, Murphy comes eerily close to perfection; some cuts, with backing by a feisty little band including Gene Parsons on drums, could be right off *Just Like A Freeze-Out*. Here, for instance:

*You can be the queen of the hippies and I'm the king of fools*  
*An' we'll have our bed for breakfast and watch the peasants*



*drool*

*Till ya find out that your place was only...their back room...*

*An' what you've got are giant soup cans that laugh at your life*

*and a telephone existence and a magazine wife*

*And a drum that keeps drummin' and a brain that's so white*

*It goes out in the sun, and you find out why you love the night...*

*Ain't that a fright...*

"Poise 'n' Pen" that's called; it starts with the funniest hunka-hunka intro since *Aftermath*. It has a chorus. You can memorize all the words and sing, like a rolling sto-ha-hone. The kid's got energy! It comes pouring out in the form of

imagery expressing as much as anything a will to be poetic, to express all the punk torment felt by a generation weaned on Dylan then abandoned on Highway 61.

The Dylan influence is certainly powerful, but don't get the impression all Elliott has to offer is a rehash. Though his style is familiar, much of the content is his own, reflecting his endearing if rather parochial concerns: how to be cool enough to survive, how not to be so cool you kill all feeling, how to cope with being bourgeois. He has a wide sentimental streak that contrasts nicely with the tough-guy putdowns. He's not afraid of being unabashedly romantic, he has respect for the problems of older human beings and he knows the dangers of eating life-hype.

*Hey what's the news from the fashion world*

*Is it long or short, is it straight or curled*

*Does it put on my lashes in a different whirl*

*Does it tell your mother how long ago she was a girl, an'...*

*Even churchmen are wearin' stripes*

*And all the hometown girls are gettin' in*

*Much too late tonight...*

*I guess they gave up the fight.*

Despite the slapdash way he says things, Elliott has a good grasp of how experience is lived through fashion until the one becomes the other and vice versa, until you're living as/on flash and don't know if you made you up or who made you up.

*You might find yourself in Paris in a burning drugstore*

*In Rome's Spanish Steps or just around the corner*

*Ner, you can be in London at the Hard Rock Cafe, but*

*Max's Kansas City got the same things to say...*

*Woh baby what for...give me somethin' more...*

*You know I tried to find a movie or anything that's groovy*

*To keep me offa the street*

*But those books from nineteen twenty*

*They don't really help me any*

*I guess it's always been the same sale of meat*

*And now I don't give a good goddamn where it is that I go, no no*

*I'll be a hooker, or a looker, but I guess my business is show*

The prettiest tune, the loveliest guitar solo, the smartest words are in "Like A Great Gatsby", which includes a remark about the all-seeing eyes of Dr. T.J. Ecclesburg, a line which betrays a more than superficial acquaintance with Fitzgerald's book. More about the pitfalls of living life through art, quite sophisticated and his most accomplished song.

He has much promise and a lot of raw edges. He projects a nice feeling of someone who has just lost his youth for better and worse and is poised for something new. He's a great diversion already, and when he grows up he could be a lot more. Pat him on the back, tweak his cheek — you've a long way to go kiddo but you might just make it!



So that's why I'm here, the bleeding  
boat drifted off and I'm stuck here  
in the pissing rain with my life flash-  
ing before me. Only it isn't flashing,  
it's crawling. Slowly. Now it's  
just the bare bones of what I am.

**A tough guy**, a helpless dancer.  
**A romantic**, is it me for a moment?  
**A bloody lunatic**, I'll even carry your bags.  
**A beggar**, a hypocrite, love reign over me.

Schizophrenic? I'm Bleeding Quadrophenic.



**FALLOUT SHELTER**

The Who  
North American Tour  
1973

**The Who North American Tour 1973**

November 20 San Francisco, Calif.  
November 22 Los Angeles, Calif.  
November 23 Los Angeles, Calif.  
November 25 Dallas, Texas  
November 27 Atlanta, Ga.  
November 28 St. Louis, Mo.  
November 29 Chicago, Ill.  
November 30 Detroit, Mich.  
December 2 Montreal, Canada  
December 3 Boston, Mass.  
December 4 Philadelphia, Pa.  
December 6 Washington, D.C.

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and Wings, possibly rivalling "Yesterday" in worldwide stature. McCartney's patented string arrangement is refreshing to hear, offering a nice counterpart to Richard Perry's often overdone backgrounds. Perhaps "Six O' Clock" is a bit too drawn out, but it still comes off quite nicely.

It's of more than passing interest to note that Paul and John are creating new masterpieces, and their forthcoming chart battle (Lennon will release "Mind Games" and Paul "Helen Wheels" at about the same time) might just spur them on to new writings. And despite the fact that George does present a tame song or two, don't forget that he co-wrote "Photograph" as well as the fine "You And Me (Babe)". This closes the album and is a suitable finish, combining a lot of the Beatles' "Goodnight" on the White Album (which Ringo also sung) and the ending bits from the Stones' "Something Happened To Me Yesterday".

There are more throwbacks to the "old Beatle days", indicating that all four "ex-Beatles" have finally learned to live with their past. Besides the personnel choices, Ringo features a *Sergeant Pepper*-like cover, lyrical references to Sexy Sadie and Billy Shears, even a musical takeoff of "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" on "I Am The Greatest". Their backward glances have been too diffused, but now their forward vision seems quite sharp. Look at some of their activities over the last few years: they squabbled over lawyers and copyrights. They took expeditions into country music, Nigerian music, poetry, electronics, Indian music, and general cacophony. They traded verbal blows through their lyrics. They even tried to outdo each other with label artwork (Ringo's little-known B-side "Early 1970" was probably the sharpest commentary on their whole lot).

But now all these energy wasters and creativity drainers seem to be behind them, and their future offerings promise exciting possibilities. While everyone is searching high and low for the next "big thing" in music (they come along every ten years, you know...), it would be the crowning achievement if the "next big thing" turns up right in our own backyard.

**Greatest Hits**  
**Hollies**  
**Epic**

By KEN BARNES

The anthology situation is worsening. Of course, people have been grinding out sloppy, inadequate compilations of 50's rock and roll for years now, still are, and it's a longstanding aggravation. But the 60's repackaging boom is just starting; and, with the exception of LPs on the Kinks (Reprise) and Jan & Dean (UA), it's starting off quite shoddily.

Take the recent Animals compilation on Abco, for example. Some may amuse themselves by maintaining that the arrant cheesiness of the packaging is the perfect counterpart to the music, that it somehow dovetails with the spirit of the rock and roll. It's a nifty attitude, quite popular, and best of all the writer doesn't have to risk offending anybody. But pointlessly irrelevant liner notes, a mere five songs per side, and the exclusion of three of the group's biggest and best hits adds up to one dismal anthology. When the music is as great as that of the Animals, a sloppy

**Can The Can**  
**Suzi Quatro**  
**Bell 416**

**48 Crash**  
**Suzi Quatro**  
**Bell**

**Crazy**  
**Mud**  
**Bell 415**

By KEN BARNES

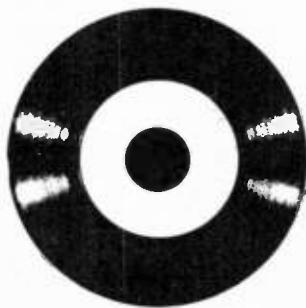
Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn are best known for masterminding the Sweet through nine British blockbusters, from "Funny Funny" to "Ballroom Blitz". But they score monumental hits with other acts as well, most notably Suzi Quatro and Mud, all bursting with the same overwhelming pop excitement as "Wig Wam Bam" or "Hellraiser". Recently Bell contracted to issue the products of Mickie Most's fabulously successful (in England) RAK label, providing American audiences the chance to hear Suzi and Mud at last, and incidentally corralling the chief Chinn-Chapman chartbusters under the Bell logo. Their release policy has been rather offbeat chronologically (there've been two Mud hits since "Crazy", and "48 Crash" was released ahead of "Can The Can" here, where the reverse was true in Britain), but the results are fabulous.

Suzi Quatro hails from Detroit, where her brother had a band and Suzi played in various all-girl aggregations bass-playing stance and a tough bitch/butch attitude into super-celebrity status, with a hit album just out and a new single smash, "Daytona Demon". When she came over to England in '72, Mickie Most was her producer; they came up with a Duncan Browne-penned single called "Rolling Stone" (RAK 4512 in the U.S.) which was a very pleasant slowish song, with a nice hook and an appealing lower-register vocal by Suzi. With "Can The Can", Chinn & Chapman changed all that, laying down a throbbing bass line under a familiar blues/rock structure, with Suzi singing in a high-pitched near-shriek throughout (with some trendy Bowie-type phrasing double-tracked in to boot). The words are basically catchy nonsense, revolving about stashing your man in the can while you can, but the impact, if a bit shrill, is overpowering.

"48 Crash" goes one better, with a Gary Glitter fuzz intro leading into what sounds like an instant reprise of "Can The Can" 's blues riff. But it quickly shifts into fab gear with Slade-like chording and vocal intonations from Suzi, still peddling that high-scream truck but with an even more attractive tune. The chorus is tremendous, with delightfully moronic male voices chanting "48 Crash" as Suzi spits out more nonsense about impending quaternarian (no pun intended, at first) senility or something. Don't miss it.

Same goes for Mud, wherein Chinn & Chapman take a faceless band with one of those typical anonymous slightly lewd but essentially apple-cheeked lead vocalists (in the Dave Dee Dozy etc. tradition, with Mike & Nicky as Howard Blaikley Svengali figures) and cook up another tasty confectionery. The key bit of plagiaristic acuity here is the ominous steadily-building beat on a chorus similar to Slade's brilliant "Look Wot You Dun".

## SINGLES



"Crazy" is hopelessly hypnotic in the same strangely melodic fashion; we can now look forward to the follow-up, "Hypnosis", and the current "Dyna-Might" as well.



Suzi's causing Quatrophenia!

None of these records are likely to be hits ("48 Crash" is already dead, as Bell inexplicably rushed "Can The Can" only a few weeks after the other single's release). They suffer from the blatant ultra-commercial formulaic contrivance that true 45 connoisseurs find delightful but snobbish FM types disdain (cf. "Little Willy"), and similarly are much too hard-rocking for the delicate sensibilities of timid AM programmers. The last thing Chinn and Chapman would ever have expected was to become underground cult idols, but that's the way it's turned out here, and you can do your part to boost the seventies' sensational but unheralded C-C writers.

**Wild In The Streets**  
**Garland Jeffreys**  
**Atlantic 2981**

By ALAN BETROCK

Garland Jeffreys used to jam with the primeval Velvets at the Balloon Farm, was a founding member of Grinder's Switch on Vanguard, and worked closely with John Cale on *Vintage Violence*. His recent solo album on Atlantic didn't do much, and his sole reward of late has been playing second billed in various NY clubs. But with the release of the non-LP single "Wild In The Streets", the folks at Atlantic might have to put in some overtime and place stickers reading: "Includes the hit single 'Wild In The Streets...' on his album."

Simply, "Wild In The Streets" is everything the Stones and Lou Reed should be: brash, original and lasting. The great opening features acoustic guitars and a husky "Wild In The Streets" repeated a few times. Then the band jumps in with choppy, electric chording and tight, perfect drumming. Producer Roy Cicala manages to create a beautiful rock sound by interweaving Jeffreys' terse verses, with a melodic driving chorus.

Garland's vocal phrasing is especially noteworthy, and David Jo Hansen would learn some new tricks if he practiced lip-synching to this a couple of times.

Lyrical the song is like all the greats of American pop history: it's about nothing and it's about everything: "Mrs. America, tell me how is your favorite son? Do you really care what he has done?" It's a raw and powerful city-song that is commercially viable and aesthetically classic. With all the hype floating around today, it's exciting to hear a record that's all there in the grooves, where it counts.

**Dream On**  
**Aerosmith**  
**Columbia**

By KEN BARNES

"Dream On" is now in its fifth month of commercial "viability", but that it made it at all is just short of miraculous. The single was originally disgorged onto the market along with hundreds of other hopefuls in June, a debut 45 by an unknown group, earmarked for no special promotion efforts — an almost certain kiss of death.

Hailing from New England, Aerosmith had been gaining steady renown in Boston, and when the single (and the equally un-ballyhooed LP) came out, it began receiving scattered play there, probably on progressive FM powerhouse WBCN. Reaction was tumultuous, the LP became No. 1 in Boston, and local Top 40 stations jumped on the single, making it a big hit. But all through the summer almost no one else wanted to know about "Dream On"; it was written off by radio savants as a "local hit" that "won't spread", hometown group, regional phenomenon, and similar rationalizations. Finally, when it hit Top 3 in Boston, a few more stations around the country grudgingly went on it, and the record graduated to "leftfield longshot" status. It took off well at the new stations too, and now it finally looks like a hit for the fall (autumnatic smash, as the airwaves moguls put it).

When you hear the record, all the furor about playing it or not seems inexplicable. "Dream On" has one of the most irresistible hook choruses ever waxed, impossible to dislodge from your memory banks yet so delightfully catchy you wouldn't want to lose it if you could. It's a dead-simple three-chord affair, but its appeal is instantaneous and unstoppable. That's not all there is to the record by any means; there's a nice ethereal guitar intro, a slightly foreboding but pretty verse melody, and an ominous riff at the end with an effective preceding buildup. But the single (edited down from 4:28 to 3:25 with the excision of a verse, a preliminary chorus, and some guitar preluding) was designed to call attention to and frame that refrain; that's what sticks with you, and the single succeeds on that basis. Full marks to Aerosmith lead singer Steve Tyler for a great piece of original material and to producer Adrian Barber (once part of primordial leading Liverpool rock band the Big 3) for getting the most out of it. The album is rather more metal-boogie-blues oriented, though still meritorious, but "Dream On" is unequivocally a magnificent 45.

slapped-together rush job is inexcusable — the music deserves much better treatment.

Which brings us to *The Hollies' Greatest Hits*. You can't fault the music, as such; it's all enjoyable, familiar stuff and it sounds good, even if strangely randomized in terms of either time or sound. The problem with it (besides the slipshod packaging, which will be dealt with later) is its basic pointlessness. The compiler (also responsible for the Animals), erroneously concluding there weren't enough legitimate Epic hits for an LP (there've been 19 singles on Epic since 1967, 12 chartmakers among them), leased six earlier singles, all of which appeared on the Imperial *Hollies Greatest Hits* album (still in the catalog). So half the album is a needless duplication of a previous hit LP, and the other half, a fairly arbitrary selection of six Epic hits, seems an inadequate representation of the Hollies' 1967-1973 career.

It's also a considerable disservice to fans as an LP, when Epic has over 25 tracks never before released on an album (4 never released in the States at all), not to mention vast numbers of Imperial era tracks to which the compiler presumably had access when deciding what to lease from British Parlophone. He gives himself an out in the liner notes by promising a forthcoming *Hollies* anthology. If it's a double album (a true double album, not one of those 20-track cheapo affairs) restricted to Epic-era tracks only, then it might suffice to cover at least that period. However, considering the compiler's pledge to include already-released tracks from *Hollies Sing Dylan*, prospects for the proposed anthology's comprehensiveness (given that it actually comes out at all) are pretty poor; many of the tracks will in all likelihood come from previously released LPs. Virtually all the unreleased-on-LP material, incidentally, is first-rate, and eminently deserves wider circulation.

Meanwhile, we've got this single LP set. The music's okay, as stated, but the presentation is embarrassing. The cover's a bit too cute, for starters, but that's a mere trifle. However, the liner notes are chock full of wondrously-contrived errors. The compiler gets his album titles wrong (*In The Hollies Style* was unreleased here; *Vintage Hollies* was the British budget repackaging), his chronology hopelessly snarled ("Jennifer Eccles", "Sorry Suzanne", and "Carrie Ann" were not exactly consecutive singles, appearing in March '68, March '69, and June '67 respectively; "Sorry Suzanne", not "He Ain't Heavy", was Terry Sylvester's first single with the group), and his information absurdly fouled up (claiming "Long Dark Road" to be the first hit written by a group member in years is ridiculous when one glance at the immediately preceding multi-million seller "Long Cool Woman" reveals Allan Clarke as a co-writer). The ultimate incompetence is found in the group photos below the notes; not only is Allan Clarke's name misspelled twice, but the identities of Bobby Elliott and Bernie Calvert are reversed in the left caption, with the righthand picture even more muddled.

While wishing to substantiate the corrections above, I probably should apologize for the volume of arguably insignificant detail I've gone into. As an album buyer, you shouldn't even have to think about such things — anthologies of this type should be



"SOFT ROCKER" is a brief sojourn into the microcosm called Bob Ruzicka. Judy Collins found Bob's music meaningful enough to record a Ruzicka song called "The Dealer." Bob has written music for several Canadian TV series and documentaries—all sandwiched in between his busy dentistry schedule. A busy man. An involved human being. "SOFT ROCKER" says it all. Recorded at Nashville's Quadrafonic Sound Studios. Produced by David Briggs. MCA-375



MCA  
has really got  
the  
**Hits!**  
together

# Amazing Kathy Dalton



Amazing is an adjective that easily applies to Kathy Dalton. It's also the title of her album, which is the first new-artist release from DiscReet Records. On it she's backed by an amazing musical force, including the members of Little Feat, Van Dyke Parks, Sneaky Pete, Clydie King, Jimmy Gilstrap, Louie Jean Norman, Billy Hinsche, Carl Wilson, Doctor Eric Hord and a host of others. But most amazing of all is Kathy Dalton. Hear why on *Amazing*, her first album on DiscReet Records.

**DISCREET**



done correctly as a matter of course, so that such egregious errors don't even come up. With a sixties boom impending (especially with regard to British music), it's imperative that record companies take the extra trouble to get the right people to assemble comprehensive, informative and accurate anthologizations. Then the disservice of makeshift assembly-line repackages can be avoided, and all the best music of the period will be made available in context, and it'll be a lot more enjoyable too. It just needs to be done right.

The Joker  
Steve Miller Band  
Capitol

By ED LEIMBACHER

Welcome back, Steve—good to hear you again.

One thing's for sure, people, in this world of shame: among all those biggie Bay Area bands, only Steve Miller manages to turn out quality product, year after year, album after album. Oh they ain't all classics by any means, but they are all at least good, each one with a handful of memorable (often outright *hummable*) tracks. *The Joker* is no different and maybe better than most—once, that is, you get past the masked-biker jacket pics.

Well, this particular good guy's "a picker, a grinner, a lover, and a sinner". Call him "Maurice", call him "Space Cowboy", call him "Gangster Of Love", call him Steve Miller — he's all of these and more. Rollicking rock, trash-talkin' R&B, Robert Johnson-derived blues, even a smidgen of country steel, and all contributing to Steve Miller's dynamic, yet thoroughly consistent, pop *oeuvre* overall.

You've no doubt heard the title cut, an AM single that gives no ground and comes complete with a fine variety of guitar stylings, a handful of good-humored identifying tags and lyric cliches, and an extraordinarily tasty chorus. Do it to it, Mr. Joker, oh yes!

Other standouts are the upbeat harmonica romp, "Lovin' Cup"; the slow, moody blues called "Evil", with Steve's guitars slashing and Dickie Thompson's organ crashing thru; and the soulful cookin'-with-grease of "Shu Ba Da Du Ma Ma Ma", guitars riding roughshod over a scatty bit of nonsense.

Particularly impressive is the recorded-live "Come On In My Kitchen": Steve's into 12-string acoustic pickin' and strummin' as he fashions a stunning guitar showpiece that owes very little to Robert Johnson's slide-style original.

In fact, I'm disappointed only with John King's tame, unadventurous drumming on the slower numbers—though even he manages to break out here and there, like his hard-rock drums in the rich, thick, Miller-sound opener "Sugar Babe".

Steve Miller—this joker is wild!

Bodacious D.F.  
Marty Balin  
RCA

By R. MELTZER

Marty ain't bad. Sings. Songs. Well. Balin. First voice venture for him since after the Airplane. Had that venture with Grootna but that wasn't voice. And that single "I Specialize In Love" but that was before. This is after we're talkin' about. After uh, um, what's it after? After, after, I forgot! Wait, lemme see, gotta

It's no secret that I get a lot of mail around here just because every now and then I accidentally offend somebody's favorite group (however justified I am in doing it). What really bugs the majority of the letter writers, it seems, is this impression I must give that I don't really *care* about anything, but that just isn't true. I care about a lot of things. Like radio, for instance. There's a big problem with radio lately and that problem can be summed up in one word: OLDIES. Frankly, I'm sick and tired of oldies. OLDIES, OLDIES, OLDIES! Who needs them? I'll tell you who needs them: OLD PEOPLE, that's who! And who needs old people? REST HOMES, that's who! It's getting so you can't turn on the radio without hearing "Chantilly Lace" or "Incense" and Peppermints". Who cares about groups like the Beau Brummels or Sal Mineo? That's yesterday's news. We have to face the future. When are they gonna learn that we want to hear new songs, new sounds, new ideas in music?

Steve Miller sure is *The Joker* on his new Capitol album. What kind of joker would think that anybody'd listen to this garbage? Then there's Mandrill, whose latest is *Just Outside Of Town* (Polydor), which is where they're chased after every gig they talk somebody into letting them play....

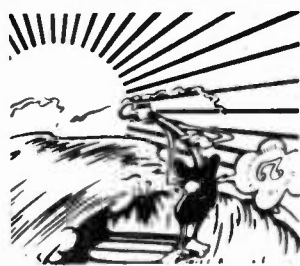
In case you haven't heard, Mrs. Jones went back to her husband and it hit Billy Paul pretty hard. How else do you explain a monstrosity like *War Of The Gods* (Philadelphia International)? I couldn't get past the first cut on the second side, "The Whole Town's Talking". They may be, but they sure aren't alking about this album...Country rock is a dead horse if ever there was one, but the New Riders are still riding it on *Panama Red* (Columbia). Suggested cut: "You Should Have Seen Me Running" (...when this album came on the radio).

Elton John's newest is called *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* (MCA) and it features a song called "Your Sister Can't Twist". But you sure can. Twist the dial when this turkey comes on, that is. And as long as we're talking about questionable Englishmen, what about Mr. David Bowie and *Pin-Ups* (RCA)? I just listened to this obnoxious attempt at recreating an era that wasn't all that hot to begin with, and let me tell you, the only reason to pin this thing up is to throw darts at it!

Speaking of the Grateful Dead and their various spinoffs, one album you won't be spinning this Christmas is *Wake Of The Flood* (Grateful Dead Records). Your first impulse is to say they got washed up in the flood, but they were washed up years ago. And everybody's talking about the fact that they've finally got their own label. Big deal! I've had a label for them since they began—"boring". Meanwhile Loggins and Messina're back with *Full Sail* (Columbia). The photos on the cover indicate they used the money from their hit single to buy a boat. The music inside the cover indicates they recorded the album while seasick. If your momma can dance to this one, it indicates she's back on those diet pills again....

And Art Garfunkel is as tiresome as ever. He should stick to acting and so should Paul McCartney. Acting like a rock &

## PIPELINE



by Mark Shipper

roll singer, that is. Paul was so embarrassed about his latest, *Live And Let Die* (United Artists), that he put a picture of James Bond on the cover. On a scale of 100, we'll rate this one .007!

Some people have rocks in their heads, but Roy Wood has *Boulders* (United Artists). The biggest rocks of all reside in the craniums of the people who've spent the last five years calling this idiotic double-jointed limey a pop genius. One track that's got us all confused, though, is "When Grandma Plays The Banjo". Whose grandma, Roy? Couldn't be mine, because she's lead singer for this group called the Jefferson Airplane....

I'm not known for my sensitivity, but I've gotta confess to a little swelling up under the old eyelids when I discuss the brand new one from Bob Ruzicka, *Soft Rocker* (MCA).



Roy Wood — rocks in his head?

Yep, it was Bob that was the center of attention in my very first column of this unique public service (it must be a public service, the way they pay me) way back in May of this year. I thought I was the world's biggest Ruzicka expert, but there are still things about this fascinating human I wasn't even aware of. Did you know that Bob, in addition to his busy schedule as rock star and teen idol, is also a *dentist*? Maybe that's why he keeps drilling it into us! And he's no dumbbell, either. It's not every dentist that can get a major record company to pay for his novocaine (they just play this album in his office and the patients go right to sleep). And only an artist of superstar stature could compress his entire philosophy in two minutes and forty-four seconds the way Bob does in "Nothing To Say". And he sure says it!...

AMAZING DISCOVERY: Warner Brothers has put out an album that reviews itself! All you have to do is cross out the word "Time" from the title of Neil Young's recent album and the whole story is right before your eyes: "Neil Young Fades Away".

He sure will once his fans get an earful of this one...You'll be pleased to learn that Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show finally have their own album out (all their others utilized the abilities of other people). They call it *Belly Up* (Columbia) and it features their latest smash, "Life Ain't Easy". But it can't be that hard, either, if no-talent bands like this can still get hits. They may never make the cover of *Rolling Stone* again, but they sure have our permission to make all the covers of their future albums. They couldn't do any worse than the guy who made the one for *Belly Up*. Eeech!

Everybody's been waiting for a big new creative talent to explode on the music scene and it's Billy Preston. Yep, Billy's gonna have to wait with the rest of us. But instead of filling his time constructively while he's waiting, he keeps making horrible records. After songs like "Space Race" and before that, "Outa Space", he's lucky we didn't ship him in that direction ourselves. Yet this archaic retreat and middle-aged castoff from *Shindig* and the Beatles' break-up has the unmitigated gall to claim on his new A&M album that *Everybody Likes Some Kind Of Music*. Any kind but yours, Billy....

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS: PERSONAL TO LOU SITTAINIA OF SHIPWRECK, OHIO: No, to the best of my knowledge, the Carpenters never did record "If I Had A Hammer", although I'll have to check that out with the editors of this magazine who have all of Karen and Rich's early sides (including several rare ones cut in a Disneyland Record-Your-Voice booth in late December, 1958)...CONFIDENTIAL TO ANN TAGONIZE OF DENVER, COLORADO: Sure was great to read your letter—now I have two fans! Maybe you can drop by the Los Angeles County Hospital and meet the other one sometime!...Cassius Check of Insufficient, Id. asks: "How do you feel about Helen Reddy?" I don't know what to tell you, Cassius—it's an individual decision. Personally, I start with the feet and work my way up. A friend of mine does just the opposite (he starts with the feet and works his way down). Then there's her husband, who starts with the purse and doesn't have to work at all!...A lot of people in England are writing and asking the same question: "What About Bernie Taupin?" And Lagree—what about him?...Before I forget: our first winner in the big Headphone Sweepstakes is right here with us this month. It's Denise Wilson of Gretna, Louisiana, just another good looking Gretna girl and Pipeline fan. A hot top ten album (just stole it yesterday) goes off to Denise and you can win one too. Just send us a picture of yourself wearing headphones (and, of course, there's no rule that says the headphones have to be worn on the head, either, so be creative) and if we print it, you got it.

Speaking of getting it, I've gotta get out of here and make room for some poor bastard on the next page who's gonna try to follow *this* act. I wish him luck, too.

Until next time, let these few words carry you through your moments of despair and self-doubt: Panties may not be the best thing in the world, but they're next to it.

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read back a couple lines, yeah it's, Christ how could I forget, it's the AIRPLANE!!! This is after the Airplane, I mean after he was in it. Not in it anymore. So why listen to em?

Listen to him instead. Sings like a bird. Lots of R&B sort of y'know. Listenable. You can leave it on for an hour or longer. If I were you I would do just that. Christ I would. You know what else I would do if? I'd send Jon Landau a get-well card for him and his colitis (originally believed to be an ulcer but it is apparently much, much worse and he may die). Except where it sez well cross it out and write DEAD. Get dead Jon! Cause (this is the truth) he used to go to Airpoane concerts in Boston and say "Those guys were not good". Including Marty so he deserves painful, horrible, gut-wrenching, blood-oozing, agonizing kingdom come (he really does). I bet he ain't even listened to this album even tho he gets em all free and makes a billion thousand dollars a week from Rolling Peanut so he can afford record needles if anybody can. Intestinal doom for you buddy! (Hey Jon I'm only kidding, you didn't *really* think I'm enjoying your bleeding belly didja?)

Meanwhile back at the Balin he coulda called the album by his first and last name as is often the custom. Instead it's something-or-other DF as in Romilar CF which means he ain't no egomaniac. Nice guy so he shares it with everybody (hey Marty why don't you give a ninth of your royalties to our mutual buddy Gary Blackman, he tells me his lumbago's been acting up and all those physicians out your way demand cash on the barrel head I've been told). Speaking of which these boys really know what to do about royalties: control em like they was a duck. I.e. the Royalty Control Corp. does their publishing except on "Drifting". Also (this is the ticker) two words-&-musics are ASCAP/BMI. Jointly which is rare and formerly ILLEGAL (can go to jail if caught). Always the outlaw that Marty!

Back to the music—which is why we're here or you'd be readin basketball mags and I'd be writin for em instead—it literally comes out of your speakers as you listen. KEEP THAT VOLUME DOWN (I'm warning yuh). Excessive decibels will wreak the hell out of your hammer, anvil and STIRRUP (stirs it up inside your brain and without it your days are as dark as your nights). Nor does it say in tiny print for you to play it soft cause that would hurt your eye. And large print would insult your eye-cue so no print at all. So it's up to we reviewers to clue you in. Send me a buck for saving your ears, the linoleum in my auto needs some new wallpaper and what's better than the gift of hearing?

Now if you'll hear me out (ho ho ho but no pun intended, even surprised *myself* on that one!) I got only one more thing to say: look at the Budweiser. It's on the cover. Which makes this the 2nd albumen with Bud. First was *Morrison Hotel* (Marty and Jim

were co-members of the Order of the Garter). Speaking of Buds Bud Scoppa's working at A&M now which means I'm gonna be on the A&M mailing list again real soon. They kicked me off when I reviewed that Mark Benno turkey *Minnows* in these pages 1-3/4

years ago. Now I'm back on (almost). Can't wait for those Joan Baezes and the latest by Luther (Grosvenor)!



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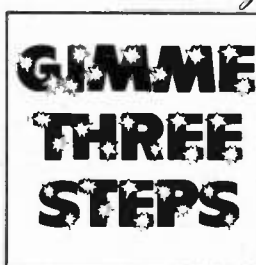


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# “..McLean is no more dependent upon ‘American Pie’ for his reputation than Dylan is upon ‘Like a Rolling Stone’..”

**Don McLean/Albert Hall**

After receiving one of the warmest receptions that it's possible for a sepulchral Albert Hall audience to give there can be no doubt about either McLean's enormous popularity in this country, or his abundant talent.

It was the climax to a successful European tour which proved, for cynics everywhere, that McLean is no more dependent upon ‘American Pie’ for his reputation than Dylan is upon ‘Like a Rolling Stone’.

When I saw McLean on his last visit (at a memorable television concert) it was evident that many years of learning his trade in folk clubs—persuading an audience that his music was more interesting than their booze—had given him the necessary experience to construct a varied and compelling stage act.

Again it proved so on Monday. He just stands there and accompanies himself on either guitar or banjo, and puts together a very fine act.

After the perennial favourite, ‘Mule Skinner Blues’ he sang his first single, ‘Castles in the Air’, and seemed to be nervous, and catching at words, but when he delivered songs like ‘Birthday Song’ and ‘Three Flights Up’ it was obvious that something special was beginning to take shape.

What is so important to his act is that his vast appreciation of his musical heritage means that he laces his own compositions with other American songs; all kinds of mu-

sic have helped to influence him, something which his forthcoming album, ‘Playin’ Favourites’ will demonstrate.

Thus he included ‘Fool’s Paradise’, a little known Buddy Holly b-side, a handful of instrumentals (he’s a fine guitarist) and chorus songs, before closing the first half with ‘And I Love You So’.

The second half opened with ‘Everyday’, which was quickly followed by an up-tempo ‘Dreidel’—a superior performance to the record. McLean was in complete control and the audience, despite their continued inability to keep time, joined in for everything.

There was a gentle ‘By the Waters of Babylon’, and several off the new album, including the beautiful single, ‘The Mountains O’ Mourne’.

In addition, ‘Bronco Bill’s Lament’ (still a hit single if United Artists choose to regard it as such) and

‘On the Amazon’, before he dutifully concluded with ‘American Pie’ and ‘Vincent’.

The overwhelming ovation was well-deserved. He returned, if I counted correctly, for four encores—‘Till Tomorrow’, a Patrick Skye song, ‘Nature Boy’ and a spiritual, ‘I Will Light The Way’.

Killing us softly with his songs, indeed. He’s a magnificent performer, and it was a shrewd BBC producer who decided to film the event for posterity.

—Bob Woffinden  
New Musical Express  
October 20, 1973



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