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RECORD MAGAZINE 2
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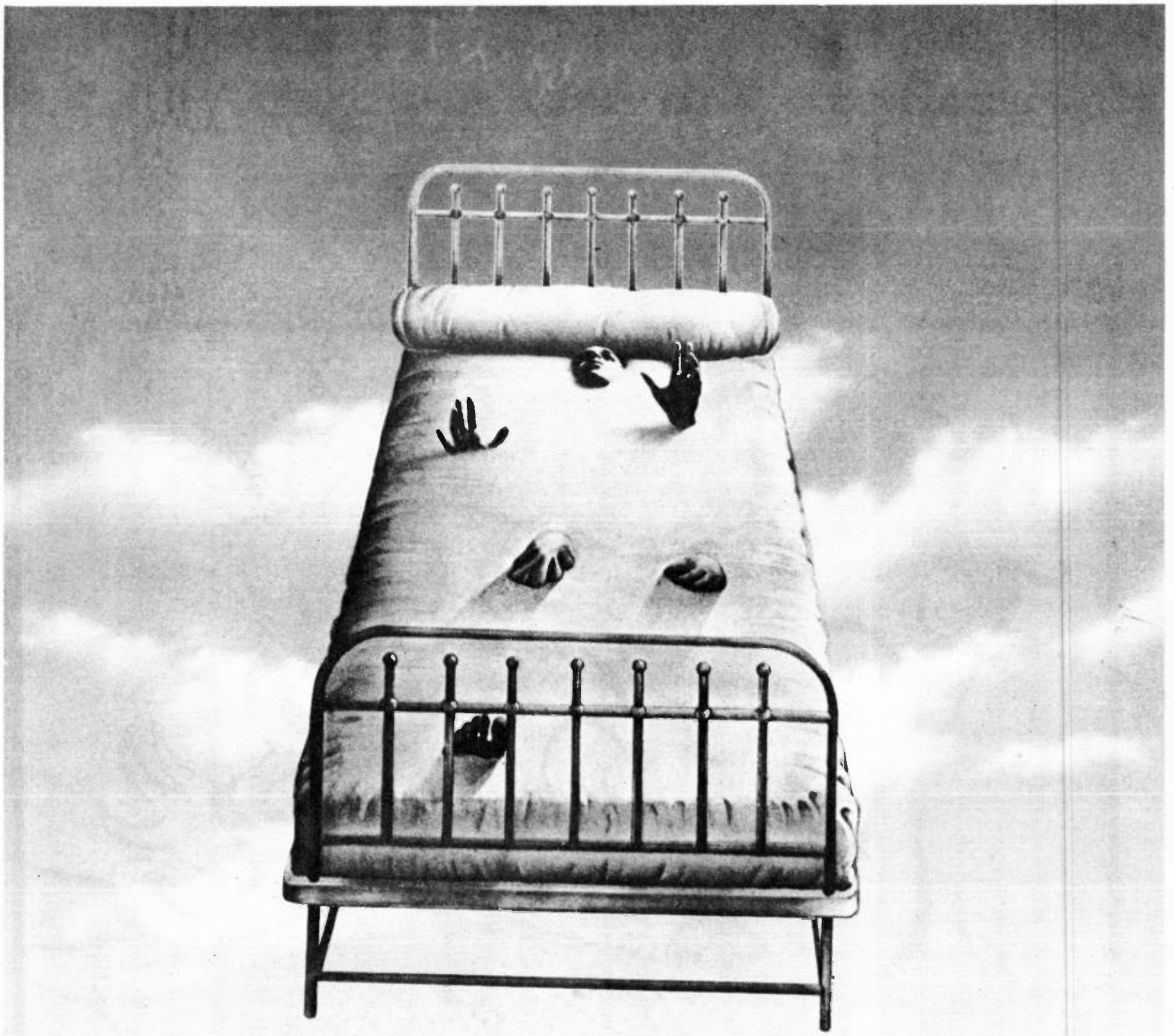

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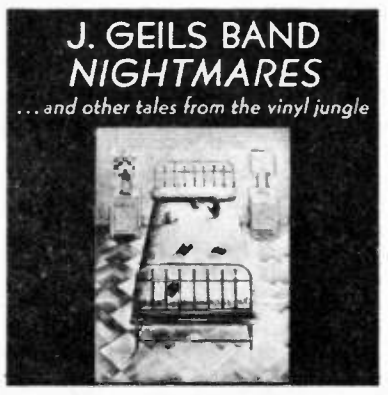

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6922 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028, 213-466-6100

PHONOGRAPH RECORD is published monthly by Phonograph Record, Ltd. Editorial and advertising offices at 6922 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 217, Hollywood, California 90028. 213-466-6100. Subscriptions: $5.75 per year, $10.00 for two years. Single copies 60 cents per issue. Add $2.00 postage outside U.S. and Canada (except APO's). Airmail rates on request. Change of address notices, undelivered copies, and subscription orders should be sent to the above address. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, which must be accompanied by return postage.
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The Cover:
This month's cover portrays Linda Ronstadt as the Panty Phantom, in the grips of the dreaded Panty Bandit, disguised as Betty Boop. This unique visualization of Ronstadt's sexual imagery was created by our Art Director, John van Hamersveld, an award-winning graphic designer whose credits include, among other things, the original poster for Bruce Brown's "Endless Summer."

PERFORMANCES

Beatle Conventions:

Magical Mystery Tour
Boston, Mass. 7/26-28/74

Beatlefest '74
NYC, NY 9/7-8/74

By ALAN BETROCK

It was clear to all who attended both *Magical Mystery Tour* and *Beatlefest '74* that the Beatles' power has not waned since their demise a few years back. If anything, "The Beatles" has now gained that cult fanatacism along with Garbo, Bogie, Brando, Sinatra, et al. They transcend age and generation gaps, surviving today as a synthesis of nostalgia and au-courant groupie-dom.

Significantly the first round of what will undoubtedly become a fifteen round affair was played out in Boston, Mass. where Joe Pope and his Beatle 'zine sponsored *Magical Mystery Tour*. Somewhere between 500-1,500 people attended (depending upon the specific event), and the overall mood was festive and relaxed. Basically the crowd consisted of the long-time, older Beatle fans. There were movies and promo films, which drew the largest and most enthusiastic crowd response. There was a concert by a Beatle imitation band who did 90 minutes of Beatles songs while everyone commented upon how much or how little they sounded like the real thing. There was a trading/selling/flea market where people bartered various items at prices ranging from 50 cents to $100. The Boston convention was a friendly type of gathering which was, although a profit-making venture, not a huge commercial hype.

This brings us to the New York affair; an extravaganza of media overhype. The convention was organized mainly by Mark Lapidos, a relative unknown in the Beatles/collectors field, who decided to parlay what he knew was intense interest into a commercial bonanza. Luckily it happened to be the Beatles' 10th anniversary in the USA, so Apple decided to support the event (and all the publicity certainly didn't hurt Apple sales . . .). The Apple organization provided films, and lots of giveaway albums which were distributed through radio station contests. Even the Beatles were roped into providing items which were auctioned off for charity and Phoenix House gained $3,000 bucks from this charity raffle. And with the approximately 4,000 people attending the two-day fest at $7 a shot, there was still a lot more money exchanging hands. In organizational format the NY convention was similar to the Boston event, except it was bigger. The flea market went on continuously, as did the movies, and various speakers ranging from Sid Berstein, to the ever-present Murray the K, and the always vocal David Peel. There was a lookalike and soundalike contest; an art exhibition room; and a concert by yet another soundalike band, Liverpool, dressed in Sgt. Pepper uniforms. The audience was young (with probably more than half under 18) and there seemed to be more solo ex-Beatle fans than longtime Beatles fanatics or collectors. T-shirts and posters were the big rage and even oft-seen films like *Hard Days Night*, *Help*, and *MMT*, played to full (3,500 seat) houses.

So what happens next? The Beatle Cons were covered not only by all the local media – radio, TV, and the press – but also to a large extent by the national and international media as well. And new developments are flying fast. Early November sees a week-long Beatle fest in Paris, which is promising to draw 10,000 people a day from dozens of countries. The *Beatlefest '74* is rumored to be going on the road to large cities with films, speakers, contests, and flea markets. A separate organization is planning a package tour of films and promo clips to make the college-circuit rounds. A Beatles show is selling out on London's Shaftsbury Avenue, and a New York theatrical presentation is opening this Winter. Next Spring, a convention for all rock and roll collectors is promised for New York. It will basically have the same types of events (flea markets, films, speakers, etc) but will span all 60's artists and scenarios. ("C'mon please, I'll trade you this Billy J. Kramer picture sleeve and Yardbirds EP from Zanzibar for your Move button and tape of the Shadows of Knight on *Upbeat*.")

What makes this all seem so viable is the current boom in interest in the 1960's. For the most part it has, so far, escaped the media overkill of "nostalgia" that so plagued the fifties, but that won't last for long. Many current performers (Bowie, Suzi Quatro, The Who, Bryan Ferry, Spector, etc) are returning to Sixties styles and songs. Surf music (or the 1970's equivalent) is riding the airwaves again; Kim Fowley is back to making one-shots; girl groups are returning; punk bands are surfacing; fan clubs are sprouting; and the return of the package tour is upon us.

With the money market getting tighter every day, it seems inevitable that the Sixties will be suddenly unearthed by people trying to make some quick bucks. Ultimately the era is doomed to be pigeonholed, the vitality and spirit squeezed dry, and everyone from the performer to the audience victimized. Just think that in 1982, when the Seventies revival starts, everyone will be walking around wearing buttons that say: "Back to Quad – bring back the Seventies";

Roy Wood's Wizzard
Alex Cooley's Electric Ballroom
Atlanta, Georgia

By JIM PETTIGREW

There was almost an inconspicuous air to Roy Wood's arrival, even though it was the first American tour (for practical purposes) for the long-established English rocker and mentor of the Move/Elo/Wizzard metamorphoses. Reasons could have been temporal – they were slated to go on after midnight on a Monday and pre-concert Hoopla had been less than massive – or it could have been the fact that the current Southern rock audience has never really gotten behind fifties rock 'n roll, Wood's latest manifestation; Atlanta kids on the whole prefer cataclysmic metal or "boogie".

Loosening up in a motel bar before the show, the band members were curious about local musical tastes, since it was their first time ever in the American South and they were afraid that the audience would want soul music. Relief was apparent on their faces when informed that Kiss are one of the Ballroom's largest draws.

Relaxed and friendly, Wood elaborated on the new LP *Introducing Eddy and the Falcons*: "Originally, we were set to release a double album. One side was gonna be rock 'n roll, one side jazz, one side country, and one side classical. We had a tour set for the United States and we managed to complete the jazz side and part of the rock 'n roll side. Then we were appraised by our management – it would take too long to complete the album and we would have had to put the tour off again.

"So, we thought we'd shelve the album for now and just complete the rock 'n roll side, which is like straight original rock 'n roll. We wanted to keep the whole album in concept."

Wood went on to the difference between *Falcons* and other Fifties recollections: "It's Fifties rock 'n roll, but the other elements are Wizzard, really. Obviously we put a lot of Wizzard in there. Otherwise, it would be a bit of a cop-out, wouldn't it? That would be like an exact copy of an Elvis Presley record, you know.

"We tried to get as close as possible to the late Fifties, early Sixties rock 'n roll sound because I feel that's the only way to play rock 'n roll. I mean, why play a sort of Jerry Lee Lewis song that's really rockin' along and then put a freakout guitar solo in it... just to make it modern?

"There are certain tracks on *Eddy and the Falcons* which represent people who influenced me. There's a Neil Sedaka track, a Jerry Lee Lewis track, one by Elvis. When I wrote the songs and put the tracks down, from a production point of view I was listening closely to the sound of old Elvis records."

When Roy and Wizzard took the stage amid pre-taped symphonic music and thunder, there was not as much emphasis on outrageous visuals as one had been led to expect. Apparently the costumery was "toned down" for the beginning part of the tour and concentration placed upon perfecting the new show's musical aspects. The stage ambience on this night was a curious mix of contemporary Anglo-Bizzaro and Fifties Kitsch.

Whatever the audience lacked in size, it made up for in enthusiasm; the entirety of the half-full house seemed to be devout Wizzard freaks. When the band broke into "Angel Fingers", howls of approval came and people rushed immediately to the stage and began dancing. Roy had mentioned a malfunctioning monitor system earlier in the evening, a harbinger of problems which were to plague the entire set. After the first song an obviously furious Wood disappeared behind the amps while bassist Rick Price called for technical help. As roadies frantically changed microphones and moved among the equipment, the band carried on bravely through murderous attacks of feedback, straining to hear one another without the aid of monitors.

Some improvements were arrived at and Wood's high-pitched, half-shouting vocals began to come across, in good form. Instrumentally, the band was admirably together under the circumstances, the saxes of Mike Burney and Nick Pentelow filling above the rhythm of Price's Bass, Bob Brady's keyboards, and the dual drumwork of Charlie Grina and Keith Smart. Not surprisingly, almost all the songs came from *Falcons*, mostly stompers with lots of wailing saxwork and sparse guitar lines from Wood. The performance included some numbers even newer than the album, among them the churning rocker "Gang Bang" featuring Brady's lead vocal, and a pretty Spectoresque ballad with Wood on Ovation acoustic.

Wood changed instruments almost constantly – as if in desperation, to overcome the precarious sound – going from electric guitar to acoustic to bass clarinet to four-string Fender and then bagpipes on "Goin' Down the Road", which sounded at one point like a Scottish Dirge and at another like R&B funk, replete with Brady's Fender Rhodes piano.

By the time they'd finished "We're Gonna Rock 'N Roll Tonight", it wasn't difficult to tell that everyone was ready to split, from the way Rick Price said "Thank you, good night." There were good moments: Roy's vocals, Grina and Smart's drum duet/solo, and especially Burney's flute and saxophone solos. And if no other commendations, Wizzard definitely deserved the Electric Ballroom Heineken's Award for Valor under Adversity.

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PERFORMANCES

TAKE ME BACK TO TULSA

Shelter In The Delta
Lafayettes
Memphis, Tenn.

By MARTIN R. CERF

It's significant that Shelter should choose this particular venue in this particular city as a means by which to introduce a renovated artist roster to the record business. Perhaps more significant than relevant for Shelter in fact for Lafayettes has a story all its own to tell and this Shelter affair helps it to the surface.

Memphis has long been a stronghold for all manner of American culture. And don't think for a moment the locals aren't aware of their heritage. But this city's form of traditional celebration confines itself inside the city limits, unlike sister cities St. Louis and New Orleans. This is the only major metropolitan area whose image can be found projected in every dimension locally. Turn on the television, and rather than public service spots for the American Cancer Society there are 30-second alternating "Belive In Memphis" "Support Memphis" promos abounding. Leaving the now *International* Memphis airport into the city you're quickly welcomed by gigantic boulevard signs reading "Welcome to Memphis, Home of the Stax Organization." And then there's those street names, Elvis Presley Boulevard and Danny Thomas Boulevard, they double for 57th and Broadway here. There is most certainly a consciousness about Memphis, and the music expresses itself overtly in the finest Memphis chauvanistic style.

Currently Alex Chilton and Big Star appear the most important local sensation threatening national status momentarily. Meanwhile, starwarts Don Nix, The Gentrys and a third generation Box Tops are in and out of Ardent Recording Studios monthly. There's no shortage in the local talent category and there's radio (WMPS-FM, WMC-FM) to support the acts over the air and then there's Lafayettes. Lafayettes is what The Whisky once was to Los Angeles or what Richards is now to Atlanta: a large club with more than just the finest acoustics and an imaginative booking policy that includes everything from Billy Joel to Bobby Vee (and profit).

Lafayettes clientele never second-guess or take their talent for granted. This openminded attitude affords Memphis one of the finest music scenes anywhere in the States. Truly, Lafayettes is a jewel, a prized facilty worthy of no less than the highest honors.

Ironically enough the Shelter talent are much more akin to the growing Tulsa music community than that of Memphis, but obviously there's no place in the middle-south like Lafayettes, so a showcase here would seem a fine suggestion.

Broadcast live on the local FMers (as well as those in neighboring Jackson, Miss. and Little Rock, Ark.), the Mary McCreary/Don Preston/O'Neil Twins party might have seemed unimportant to WABC listeners, but in Memphis television news was preempted for periodic on-the-spot live coverage from the club. Music *is* a priority here as we've already established. The fact this was a "private, invitations only" affair decidedly caused no little anxiety among the hundreds lurking around the Overton Square area, in front of the venue throughout the afternoon into the morning hours. Cause there were no tickets for sale and they weren't getting in, which is like the Chinese water torture. Lobbying was sufficient for many anyway, when a sneak-peek at Leon ushering in was reason enough for scores to invest hours on the corners.

Shelter didn't secure the "usual crew" for their Memphis show, but rather the audience was an amalgam of local, regional and national promotional/sales personnel from MCA Records, the organization responsible for distribution and merchandising of the Shelter line. There were very few radio people from other cities present (with the obvious exception of Scott Shannon of Nashville's answer to the BBC, WMAK); and mercifully only a handful of critics. Those who were present found this Friday's hour program a nourishing combination banquet/rock *menage a trois* served up loosely, but in handsome form.

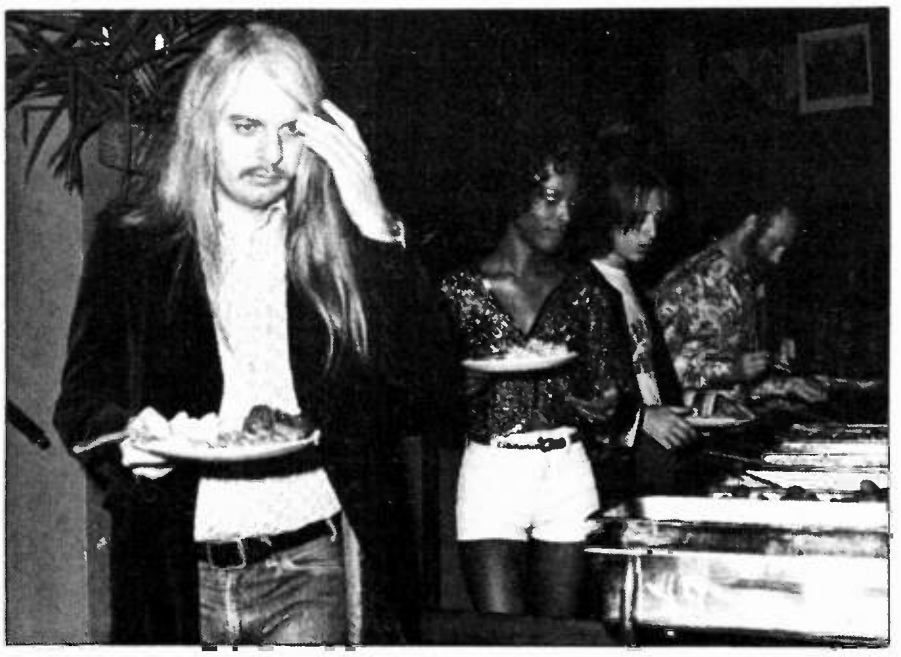
Opening the show was Don Preston, a guitarist known predominantly for his role in the Bangladesh show, as a member of Leon's Mad Dogs ensemble and two LPs for A&M. His first Shelter release, *Been Here All The Time*, suggests the former was not "predominent" enough, perhaps.

When Preston finally began his set, the audience was properly juiced and ready for the barbequed boogie bounce that was forthcoming. Performed in this context for their classic vocal process which covers a range impossibly accurate with glass-like focus and clarity. If arrangements and tunes such as those the Staples discovered some years ago were applied, radio acceptance couldn't be far off.

Well after the midnight hour, J. J. Cale set up and might have received greater response if the audience, who by this time had boozed and boogied themselves to a frazzle, were in a position to comprehend, which they weren't. Anyway, who could think of a less likely followup to all the aforementioned?

For me it was the last act that delivered some of the most imaginative and fresh entertainment of the night. But by 2 a.m. Larry Hosford was in front of half a room, which was fortunate frankly, for while it may have been lesser in numbers, this was a recycled audience. Many curbside onlookers had found their way inside at last, anxious to pick up on what little pickins were left. After all, this is *their* domain – they are entitled, it's all Memphis meat. They did devour the Larry Hosford set subsequently.

These crashers and those few invited guests with the fortitude to stick with the show from the beginning inherited the real



Don't look so ill, Leon; it's only soul food. Mary McCreary, next in line, obviously knows the pleasures of eating.

numbers like "A Minor Case Of The Blues" seemed frighteningly appropos. "I can't get off on nostalgia talk about the golden days, it's all past and most forgotten, take your time to live today." Oldies fans listen-up, Preston cautions and he announces, "We can toast those old tomorrows when we both turn 85."

Mary McCreary was next up and the sensuous little doll didn't need to open her mouth or breathe a syllable to win universal allegiance from their 85% male crowd instantaneously. A dancing machine if there ever was one, R&B/pop laced with alternating reggae, ballad and rural blues concoctions only pointed up what a few hot moves from the right source can do for otherwise merely "good" material. Obviously a pro, McCreary was as thrilled performing the music as the masses bouncing below her stage. Most titles were from a second LP titled *Jezebel*. Leon joined in on piano, underlining a personal belief and obvious business commitment.

25-year gospel veterans, The O'Neil Twins, followed and were successful if only premiums. Hosford is from the Northern California area, but sounds more like a native Memphis boy than a Santa Cruz boardwalk cruiser. Working with what are basic stock footage country licks, Larry's lyrical twists and double entendres coupled with a thoroughly teenage Jagger *cum* Jerry Reed stage stance add up to hero potential. What was white-hot on stage became even more rewarding when played back over WMC, with proper limiters and car radio speakers to spice the meal. It wasn't difficult finding new titles to root for in the near future.

Musically Memphis is an educational geography and Shelter knows a classroom from a platform. Lafayettes was the perfect setting, the sound was virtually flawless and the atmosphere of the evening conducive in a special way. Many were surprised and some disappointed when Phoebe Snow, Shelter's real star of the hour, didn't perform. And Richard Torrance's absence was noted by those faithful to his cause. But with the limited time available, it's obvious a complete Shelter catalog performance would be out of the question (I wish to enlist my request for "Flashing My Whip" by U. Roy and "You Can Make It If You Really Want" by Jimmy Cliff for the next Shelter Delta show now, thank you).

Aerosmith/Cactus
Toledo Sports Arena
Toledo, Ohio

By DAVID FANDRAY

The boys in Aerosmith must have learned how to rock and roll in the mid-60's. The fact that they have been influenced by the waves of English bands that swept across America at that time is obvious in both their music and stage presentation. Like the best of those bands, Aerosmith plays simple, hard-driving rock with energy and enthusiasm. There are no frills, no attempts at grandiose posturings. And, they top off this aggressive attack with the same sort of punk brashness that made us all cheer when we saw the Animals and the Stones appear on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in their dirty jeans and sweat shirts.

This punk stance is emphasized in concert by Aerosmith's visual resemblance to the Stones. Everything, from the classic five-man line-up (two guitars, bass, drums, lead vocalist), to lead singer Steven Tyler's appearance, to his stage play with guitarist Joe Perry, made me stop occasionally. I had to remind myself that I wasn't watching another rerun of the *Tami Show*.

Not to say that Aerosmith is a cheap imitator. Aerosmith takes the elements that made the music of that time so good, and applies them with a '70s sensibility. The feeling I get, in fact, is that Aerosmith is doing to '60s rock exactly what the Stones did to rock from the '50s. As Tyler puts it, "What we're doing is what a lot of other people have been doing. We're just pushing it out harder."

The results of this approach were convincing. Aerosmith's ferocity held the audience captivated throughout their set. This intensity reached its peak during a three-song segment in the middle of the show. This included "Dream On," a mesmerizing dirge-rocker from the band's first lp, the ever-popular "Walkin' the Dog," and "Same Old Song and Dance," from the latest album. Played back to back without pause, these songs lashed out with a veritable wallop. There was no question that the band earned the two encores which followed the set's finale, "Train Kept a Rollin'."

While Aerosmith did its best to awaken fond memories of the mid-60's, the new Cactus opened the concert with a sad reminder of the excesses that marked much of the music from the end of that decade.

This Cactus has only the most tenuous of connections with the band that once epitomized the best of midwestern rock power. As if to mock the very memory of the original Cactus, the new line-up features only guitar, keyboards, and drums. For a band that once featured the talents of Tim Bogert, the absence of a bass player seemed almost absurd–a fact only emphasized by the inability of Duane Hitchings to provide a solid bottom through his piano bass.

Cactus worked its way through a set that used the well-worn boogie approach of the late-'60s. The band members were obviously hoping to generate more interest with decibels and sweat than with musical content. The spectacle became all the more ludicrous when an equipment malfunction silenced Hitchings' keyboards for a good part of the set. It was almost embarrassing to watch guitarist Mike Pinera try to carry on the show with his tired batch of solo guitar antics.

Fortunately, Cactus' set was mercifully short. Once Aerosmith took the stage, it was easy to forgive the excesses of the warm-up band. You can't really appreciate how good rock and roll is until you've seen how bad it could be.

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THE LINDA RONSTADT COVERUP!

IN WHICH A RELUCTANT SEX KITTEN REVEALS THE TRUTH BEHIND HER MISUNDERSTOOD IMAGE AND DEFENDS THE VIRTUES OF HER MUSIC.

TOM NOLAN

In 1970 Dan Wakefield, who had just published his first novel, *Going All the Way* (a heartbreakingly hilarious chronicle of America's dismal sex life in the '50s), was persuaded by a music-youth-and-ecology magazine to write an article about a young female singer whose voice and visage happened to be particular preoccupations of his that summer.

Earth Magazine stayed afloat long enough to publish Wakefield's interview with Linda Ronstadt, a singer formerly with a soft-rock group called the Stone Poneys now launching a career as a solo. Wakefield had been taken with Linda's pure, thrilling singing of the Poneys' hit, "Different Drum," and he wondered what kind of background had produced this charming new artist. What, for instance, had high school been like for her?

"The only way I got through high school," Linda told him, "was by keeping a record player going constantly in my mind."

A woman after his own heart. When the interview had been consummated, Wakefield found himself enchanted by more than Linda's voice. He gave her his novel, they parted, and he entertained a fantasy of Linda reading the book, falling in love with its author and seeking him out for mutual declarations in some rosy future.

The following year Wakefield from Indianapolis found himself living in Los Angeles, a bestselling author basking in the mixed blessings of Hollywood pop society. One night at Doug Weston's Troubadour, after having contributed generously to the running-up of a fifty-seven-dollar bar tab to be paid by an unsuspecting record company, Dan saw Linda Ronstadt walk into the club. He persuaded his *girlfriend* to invite Linda to join them at their table. Linda agreed. His fantasy would now have a nearly ideal opportunity to realize itself. Linda, a clean vision in denim and turquoise, floated towards him, sat next to him, smiled at him and his friends, including an L.A. writer intimidated by Ronstadt's reputation. Cocking a fist playfully in her face, the L.A. writer assured her, "You ain't so tough."

"Are you drunk?" Linda asked. "I'm sorry, I don't like to be with drunk people." She stood and left immediately. Next morning, all that the L.A. writer could remember of the rest of the evening was Dan Wakefield saying to him with amazement and conviction, "You've ruined my life . . .You've ruined my life . . . ."

Linda seemed to inspire extreme reactions like that almost from the moment she first appeared on the L.A. music scene. Adorable little Linda, bouncing around in blue jeans, possessed of that gorgeous voice, seemed to tap into all kinds of freefloating fantasies and fears. At the time of her debut, female singers were a novelty, and she seemed to become some sort of focal point for men's and women's expectations of a pretty girl

Tom Nolan is a Los Angeles-based Freelance writer whose profiles of California musicians have been widely published over the past eight years.

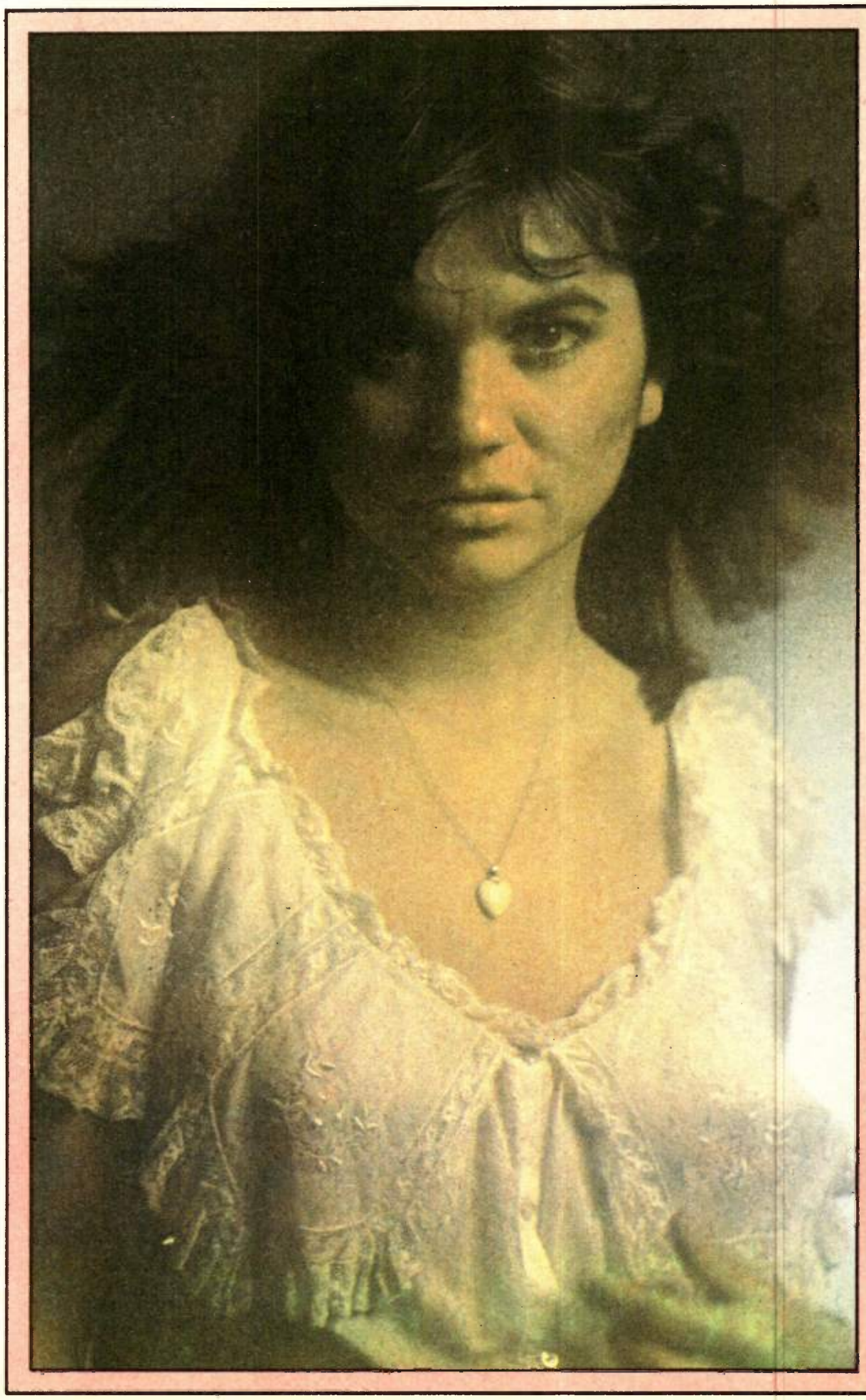


Photo by Rod Dyer

"It's hard for a girl like me to form lasting relationships. You try going out with someone who you sell more records than he does, and see how long it lasts!"

operating with independence in the "liberated" world of rock 'n' roll. People who had never even met her had firm opinions about Linda Ronstadt's love life. "She's reversed the double standard," a hip woman columnist approved, "she's proving that females can have the same kind of indiscriminate fun that men have always been allowed." This, while another young woman writer who felt threatened by Linda and all that she seemed to represent, referred to Ronstadt simply as, "*That slut*."

It seems inevitable that her music in those first years would be something of a side issue. A curious novelty. What was "country rock," anyway? Linda was as much talked about for going barefoot and braless onstage as for the lovely sounds she made there, and Linda herself irrepressibly added to the conversation. "Why Dick," she told the host of *American Bandstand* when he mentioned that she wasn't wearing shoes, "until I was seven years old I didn't wear a thing at all!"

Linda no longer must labor as a premature symbol of liberation. Women in music are hardly a novelty, and since Maria Muldaur's chart breakthrough, attention and interest have been focused on a half dozen promising females, all of them edging towards headliner status. All are fine musicians, sensitive, tasteful, honest; with voices ranging from good to excellent. But the one with the greatest potential for true stardom is Linda.

She is the most compelling singer imaginable, with a now-polished vocal instrument which she uses to perfection. Her choice of material is impeccable, and she surrounds herself with superlative musicians who are not mere backup men but a true band. Her albums at last are representative of her musical ideas and abilities. But what makes Linda so especially unique is the compelling aura of feminity which she cannot help but project. It is something she seems almost apologetic about, and this modesty is central to her charm.

Onstage at the Palomino Club, the San Fernando Valley's premier country and western showcase, Linda wears some kind of tiered red frilled senorita costume which shows a lot of abdomen and thigh, but she seems almost embarrassed by its provocative nature. Between songs she toys with the white heart-shaped locket at her throat, absentmindedly rubs her stomach, banters with her band in a sisterly fashion, and in general does everything possible to ignore the fact that she is the center of attention. And yet when she steps to the microphone to sing, no one could be more assured, powerful and in command. She is a star, but she is uncomfortable about it.

A star ill-at-ease with stardom! That's a refreshing concept, as is the notion of an attractive woman who is able to express her appeal without flaunting it. As we all struggle to define attitudes, feelings and needs in a confusing year, we look to our artists for inspiration. Although Linda sometimes takes her modesty too far, to the point of putting herself down, she is offering us something very valuable for the Seventies: not a fantasy figure, but a reality figure.

* * *

I met Linda at the Sound Factory in Hollywood the night she was mixing her new album with its producer, her manager Peter Asher. She was pleased with its progress. "All my other albums, I've stood over everyone like a vulture while they did every little bit of work on it. But I actually got to trust Peter! About halfway through the album, I said to myself, 'Hey, *he's* okay. He's not gonna screw anything up.' He's really good. God, he's an in*cred*ibly creative producer. Real exciting to work with. I had a pretty good time doing this album. Most of the vocals were done live over the tracks, which always makes a lot of difference. The last album I did took about a year and a half, and it was just really hard. So this one was relatively easy."

We went across the street to Martoni's, a rather showbiz Italian restaurant, and Linda ordered spinach soup. ("I'm on kind of a not-eat-very-much diet.") I wondered what her feelings were about the part her femaleness played in her performances, and at first she thought I was implying that sex was the basis of her act. Once she was certain I was just trying to put it in its proper perspective, she spoke more freely.

"There's no way that I could separate sexuality from what I do," she said. "It would be a lie. I would have to become an android. Or a eunuch. Of course it's important. All the elements play a part. But the fact remains, the most important thing is

Robert Fallia, Rainbow

"There's no way I could separate sexuality from what I do..."

the music. If the music isn't right, none of that other stuff can even exist.

"I mean, if I don't feel comfortable . . . I mean, in the final analysis, I only feel as good as the last thing I did. Whether it was a concert, or a groovy record that I think I made, or some night that I just sat around and sang and had a good time . . . and if *that's* not right, then my entire life, I sort of question the validity of *all* of it. And I begin to feel like a . . . dilletante. The balance is that shaky.

"So, if I think the music is groovy, and if the band is cooking, and if we're all relating to each other up there, the other part of it naturally occurs. Because that's a natural part of my spontaneous expression of myself, you know? The fact that I'm a chick has got to be included in there somehow.

"I'll tell you, the more unconscious you are of it, the more effective it always is. Anybody is their most sexual and their most appealing when they're their freest, you know? You're only your freest when you're the least self-conscious. So if you're thinking about it all the time, it's not gonna have any appeal. Those things all have to come spontaneously. Anyone who sorta . . . vamps around the stage and tries to do it in a real contrived manner . . . it always comes off stupid, I think. It has to have a natural place in the whole scope of things, and you're in trouble if you blow it up.

"If the music and everything isn't happening to begin with, I feel like a wooden Indian. There isn't any sexuality. There isn't anything musical. There isn't any humor, no communication, nothing. It's either everything or nothing, you know what I mean?"

After a while I asked whether it wasn't difficult to establish a satisfactory relationship with a man while keeping up her career.

"It's almost impossible," she answered with a rueful laugh. "Almost impossible. It's really difficult. I mean, the physical separation of touring isn't even . . . five per cent of it. The rest of it, the psychological and emotional ramifications of having a relationship are . . . endless, and really . . depressing."

"But isn't that something you can overcome?"

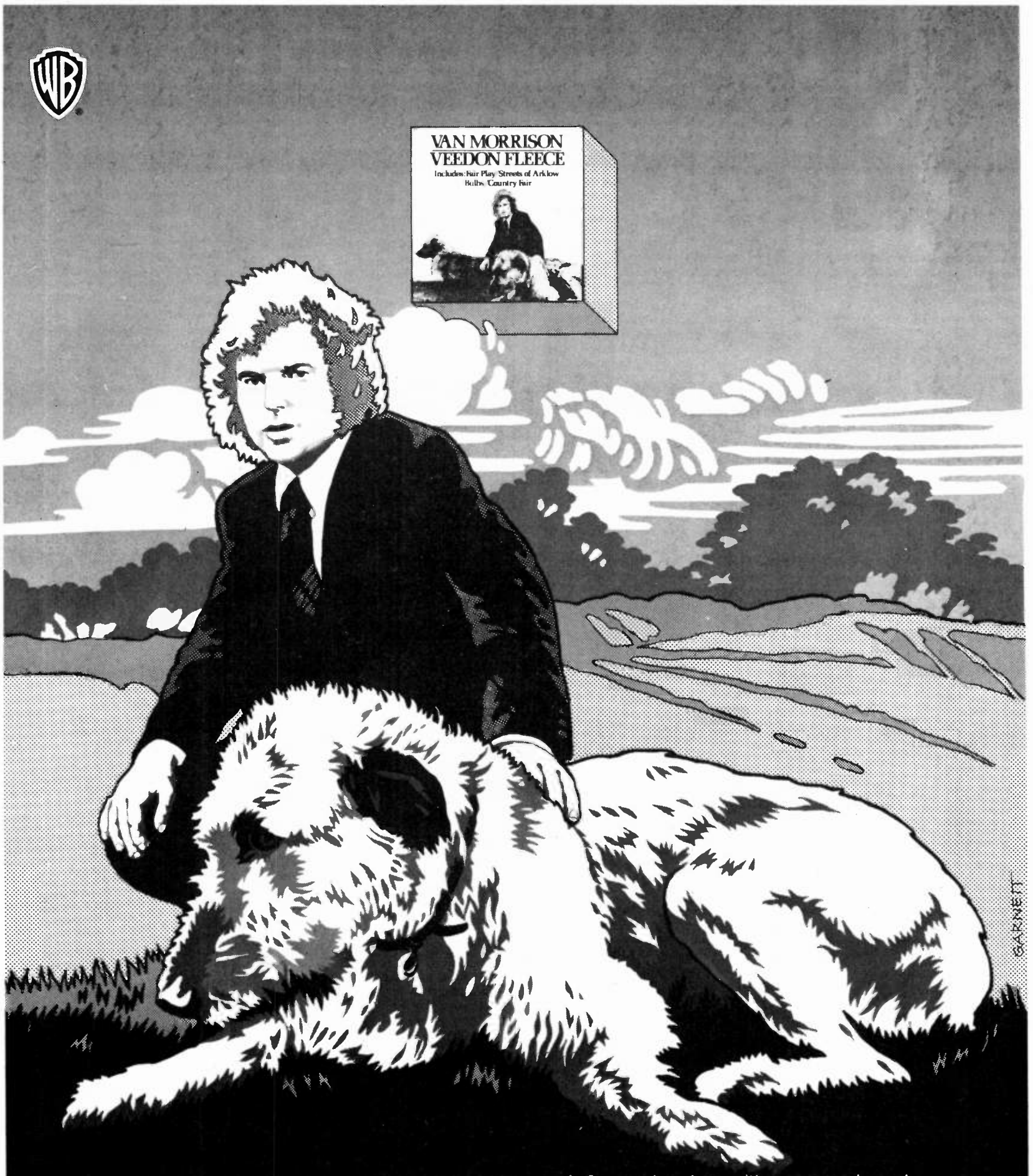
"I haven't so far. I haven't given up hope yet, but . . . My average span for a relationship? Not very long. The longest I've ever stayed with someone was like two years, and that was real long, but that's because . . . I have not been particularly interested in settling down.

"One thing that makes it hard is that a girl who's relatively well-known is kinda apt to go out with a guy who is more like her peer, and that's a drag. I mean, you try going out with someone who you sell more records than he does, you see how long it lasts! No matter how much you're in love, it just doesn't work."

"And yet, that doesn't seem to bother you."

"Oh, it bothers me to death! I mean I lived with someone for two years who was in the music business, and the competition was amazing! I mean we competed for air time in the *house*! Not that we were trying to put each other down, but . . . it just comes down to, you get up in the morning, and . . . Someone's got to cook breakfast while somebody else gets to sit down with the guitar and write a song. In a situation like that, the stronger of the two ends up . . . the stronger of the two.

"But see, having a man is not the most important thing in my life. Doing something that I like, is. I'm not looking for *the* relationship. That's not what I'm trying to do, in my life. It would be nice if that occured and it was spontaneous and wonderful and everything, but I don't know if it's possible. It certainly isn't very likely."



"Really the only thing that's important is that I play music for people to hear, either on records or at concerts. That's it, the music and the people. All the other stuff–the personal managers, the photographs and the publicity kits and the articles and the pressure merchants and the music magazines–so much of it is bullshit . . . 'Cause in the end it all comes back to the music."
– Van Morrison

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A CLEAR CASE OF PLEASE PLEASE ME:

AN ADVANCE FANALYSIS OF THE NEW TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA

By RON ROSS

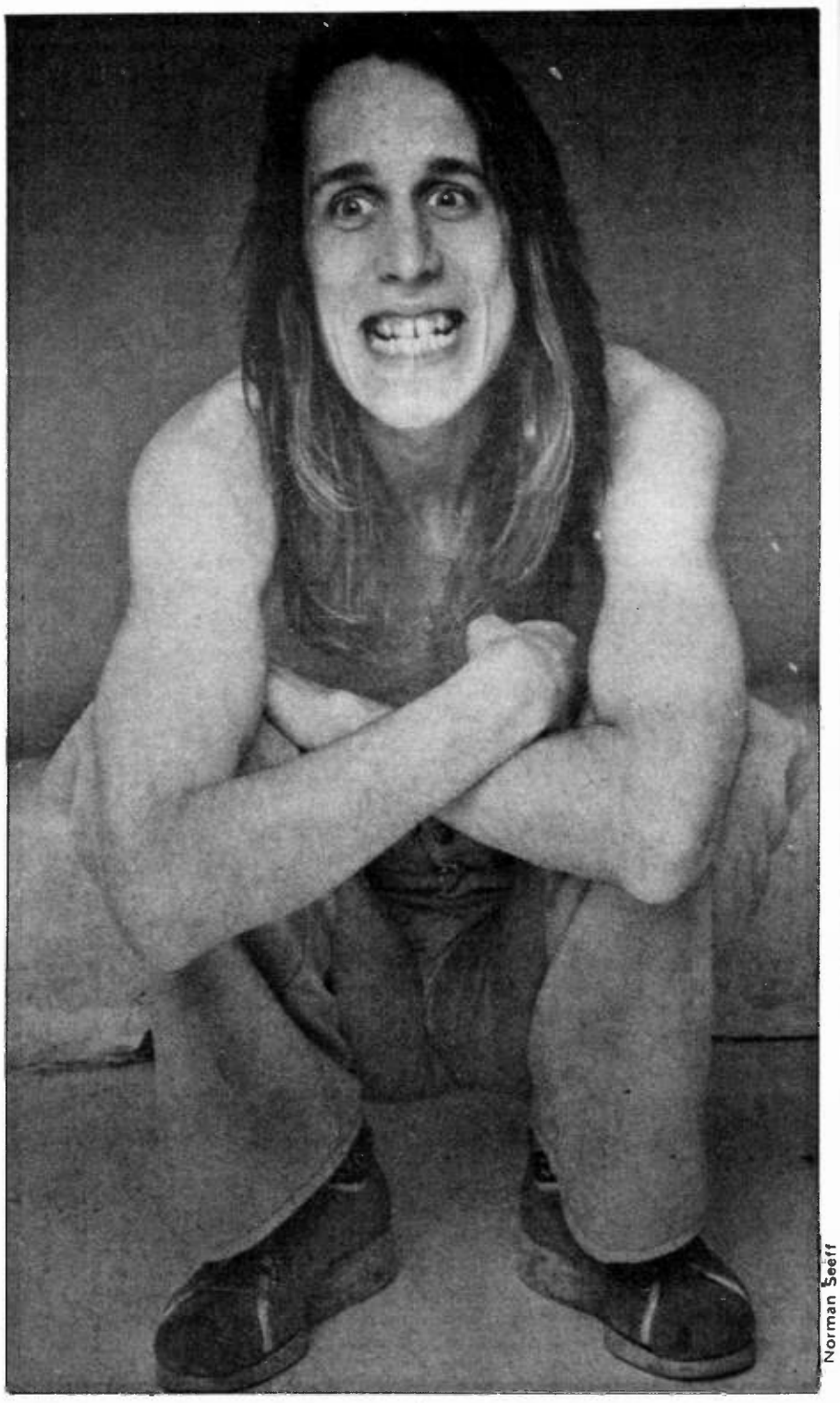
1974 was a year that saw many artists grow up to the reality of a soft music market and a seemingly softer teenage head. While rock dinosaurs like Dylan and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young roamed the planet drawing half-hearted sustenance from vegetable-like mass audiences, Todd Rundgren and David Bowie resigned themselves to extensive, intensive trouping, taking the largest venues where they could, but more often settling for 3000-5000 converts at a time. While these three and four month stretches of touring only served to indicate more pointedly that rock is rather more like vaudeville than the faster than fast electric medium we assume it is, the relatively slow, structured pace of roadwork allowed both Bowie and Rundgren to absorb the devotion of their fans and translate it into some new kind of artistic and emotional maturity. Thus, the debut album from Todd Rundgren's Utopia, in distinct contrast with "Todd" or "A Wizard/A True Star," is not merely transitional or trendy: it represents in a completely satisfying and musical form Todd's coming to terms with his own protean, egocentric talents as a function of a "Utopian" group ethic.

Like the characters Ziggy Stardust or Tommy, the communal concept of Utopia is for Todd a moral, social persona for vivid, emotional, accessible communication. While Utopia first took shape two years ago, when Todd reunited with Hunt and Tony Sales for an abortive first Utopia tour, the original concept was more social and theatrical than musical. Discussion of Utopia's merits centered around hairstyles and teen identification with Utopian heros and ideals. But having recruited a first-rate band of musicians and human beings, Todd's new Utopia speaks far more eloquently for itself. Now, as exemplified by the live "Utopia Theme," Todd's music is as eclectic, vibrant, and imaginative as it was with the Nazz, but the "feel" has improved immensely due to the practiced, spontaneous ease with which the new band performs. For the first time, Todd sounds comfortable with his various roles as guitarist, composer, lyricist, and singer, without worrying about being locked into any of them. And his production approach has rendered the live material seamlessly and cleanly so that it merges unobtrusively with the studio tracks, which themselves are the most fluid and fluent Todd has yet participated in.

Skeptics who tired of Todd trying to work out these personality crises on his last two albums may not be completely convinced by the live Utopia theme. It has a tendency to sound too much like Pink Quad, its Bolero-like riff coming off more melodramatic than convincing. The lyrics, of which there are thankfully few, are trite, even if Todd's vocal does sound attractively like a solo saxophone. Utopia's strange shifts from solidly grooving musical textures to funky grandiosity are sometimes disconcerting.

But where the band takes a speediness from Todd's own guitar solos, the energy is brilliant, putting Main Man's document of Bowie's tour to shame with its dynamism. Even when as an instrumental outfit Utopia seems too conventional compared with Floyd or Yes, their ability to stir a live audience can't be denied. The Memphis kids clap spontaneously when the music calls for it, and though there is always the feeling that this live music is for *them*, there's never any corny, boogiefied encouragement from the band itself. Just as they call for the best from each other, Utopia, even at its most ordinary, brings an exciting response from its listeners.

As opposed to the annoying electronic meanderings on his last studio album, Todd's "Freak Parade," written with bassist John Siegler and pianist Moogy Klingman, is a thoroughly legitimate piece of "progressive" music. At a time when Frank Zappa has returned as a viable artist both in concert and on record, "Freak Parade" embodies the same almost classical clarity and precision of Zappa's work with the French violinist Jean Luc Ponty. Siegler's stints with Herbie Mann and Mandrill lend a solid r & b feel to much of the music which blends nicely with more impressionistic piano-oriented segments. And the lyrics reflect Todd's recent changes succinctly: "I guess I had to find out the hard way/I shouldn't have been so proud/cause here I am the main attraction/of every giggle in the crowd." Clearly, Todd had to get loose before he could get his act, in the broadest sense, tight.



Norman Seeff

The last cut on the album's 29 minutes long first side is a monumental example of Todd's multi-lingual talents. "Freedom Fighters" is so 1968 and harmonically psychedelic you'll swear someone is playing "Nazz Nazz' under "Revolver." Somehow "Freedom Fighters" manages to be positive, progressive, and pop, all at the same time, and though four minutes long, it's the shortest, most single-worthy number on the album. Its lyrics drift across a dense back-track with better harmonies and vocal production than since "Something/Anything?" and the last verse says it All: "In a way you are just a soldier of the mind/but the world rolls on/your reward will come/and the truth will come and the change will come/It's just a question of how and when."

Side two of the Utopia album is given entirely to a long piece which evolved gradually during the many months the band was on tour. Entitled "The Ikon," Todd introduces the number in concert by explaining that it's like a Utopian olympics in musical form. Periodically all the artisans in Utopia gather to express what they do best through telepathic music, and the resulting synergistic energy acts as a boost for all Utopians. The lyrics express Todd's current obsession with a super-traditional philosophical dichotomy: the split between the material and the physical worlds, and the possibility of their reconciliation.

Thus, "out of the pomp, circumstance, and unrestrained excitement of the event, there is one lasting result: there remains the shining form of humanity's highest aspirations, moulded in thought and more powerful and alive than any material world force." Pretentious certainly, but as music, quite non-verbal and self-justifying. For half an hour, the Utopians work their way through every style of music from heavy-metal chaos to orderly r & b to abstractly original new sounds. No one musical attitude, be it electronic or visceral, is presented bare, as a kind of dare, as Todd was inclined to do on "Wizard" or "Todd.' Instead of fragmentation, Utopia gives us integration, a synthesis that successfully defies critical analysis. What Todd has been aiming for with Utopia is a new model of communication that would inspire his fans to follow suit, and where his most popular accepted work like "I Saw the Light" or "Hello It's Me" has implied some sort of negative struggle, Utopia's music begins with the most optimistic of basic assumptions. "Someone knows who you are," Todd assures us in "The Ikon." "Someone watches over you/Someone knows how you feel/And someone feels the same./So you never have to be afraid/Never fear for you are living in eternal mind."

If all this sounds ponderous, pompous, and not too pop, it makes a lot more sense to listen to than read about. While Todd's rock-writer friends were hoping that he would vindicate the innocence and pain of teenage emotion and in effect, restore the sixties, Todd himself was finding that contemporary kids relate as much to Yes and Focus as the Beach Boys. The musical freedom he admires in those European bands he has tempered with feelings not so far after all from the endless summer spirit we also cherish. Far better than merely conceptual artists like Eno or Robert Fripp, Todd Rundgren is helping us to determine our attitude and control of technology by setting purely humanistic goals.

But all this theory weights as heavily on me, as it must by now on you, gentle reader. The fact is that Todd Rundgren no longer feels the defensively perverse emotional conflicts that have made him rock's most beloved, if precocious, asshole for so long. He's shed his closet romanticism, it's true, and he may never again write a song quite like "We Gotta Get You a Woman." But if you've got to grow up and out of sex and surfing, then you could find a far worse college of musical knowledge than Utopia.

In concert, by the way, the old Todd and the old material are used to seduce the audience into the second, more demanding Utopia part of the show. Todd probably relates more honestly and appealingly to his actual fans during this first portion than any other artist truthful enough to admit that he likes being loved. No matter how far afield from pop Todd gets, there is still a lowest common denominator to his music that says, it's for me, for you, for us; we can work it out. And this was basically the message of everything he's ever done; Utopia brings those feelings down to earth even as it explores inner space.

If the quality is there "in the grooves," as program directors are fond of saying, who can blame Todd Rundgren for transforming himself into a freedom fighter from a puppy lover. As sexy as the old Todd always was, he did tend a bit to be premature; now he and his band Utopia have staying power, and if you think about it, even the most adamant pop-boy doesn't want to live with a little Miss Hit-and-Run. If you're suffering from a clear case of please please me that just can't be satisfied, try booking a flight with Utopia; you might just not ever need the open return part of your ticket.

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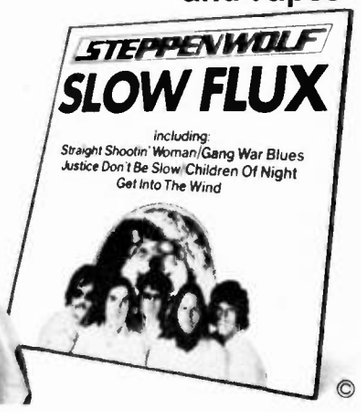

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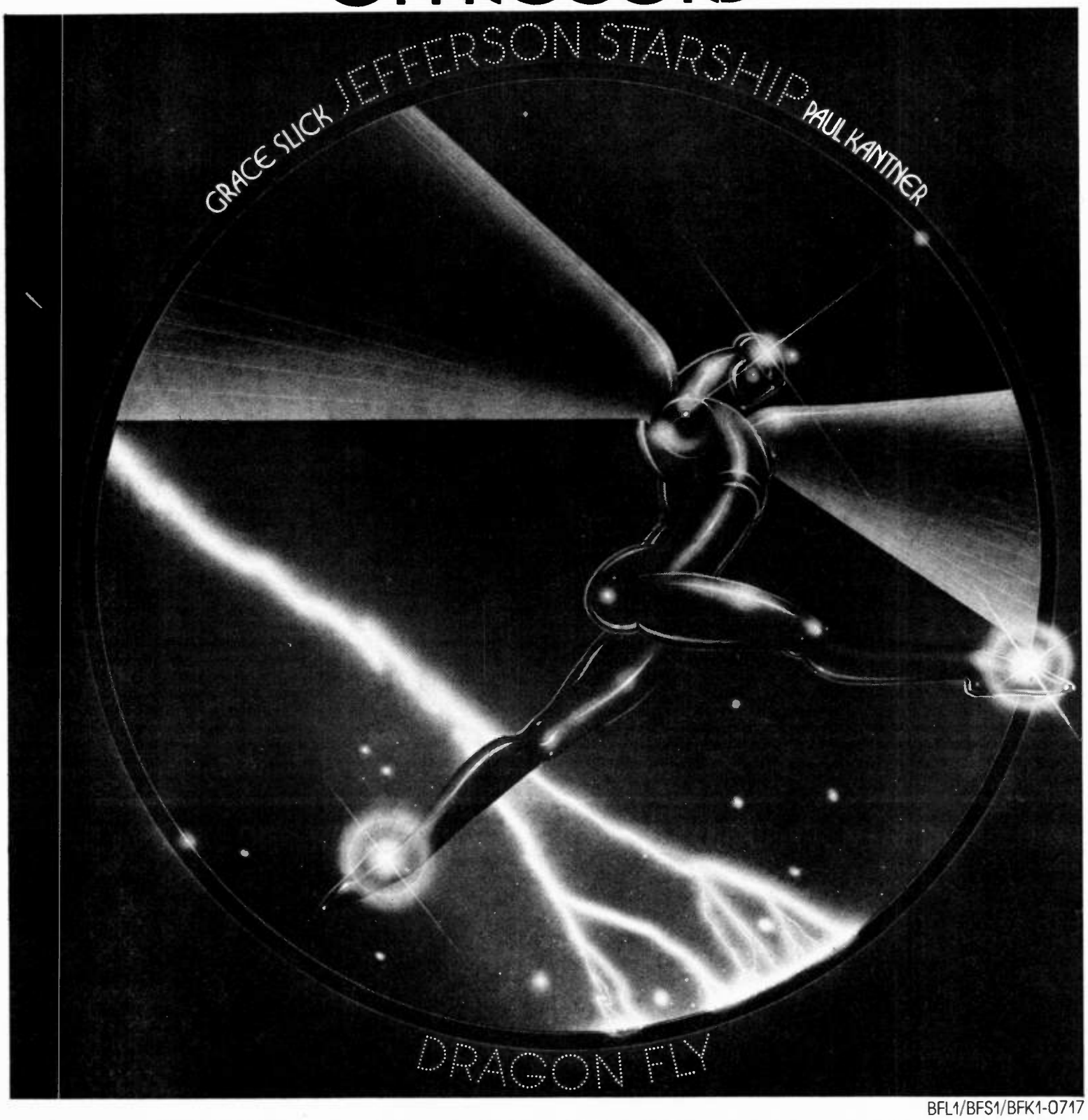

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7	St. John's Arena Columbus, Ohio
9	Cobo Arena Detroit, Michigan
11	The Spectrum Philadelphia, Pa.
13&14	Music Hall Boston, Mass.
16,17 &19	Radio City Music Hall New York City
21	Stoneybrook College Stoneybrook, Long Island
23	C.W. Post College Long Island
25	Capitol Arena Washington, D.C. (Largo)
27	William & Mary College Williamsburg, Va.
29	Duke University Durham, North Carolina
31	The Omni Atlanta, Georgia

November

2	Jai Lai Fonton Miami, Florida
8	Tarent County Convention Center Fort Worth, Texas
10	Hofheinz Pavilion Houston, Texas
13	Convention Center Indianapolis, Indiana
15	The Arena Milwaukee, Wisconsin
17&18	Auditorium Theatre Chicago, Illinois
23&24	Winterland Arena San Francisco, California
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ENO MUSIC:

THE ROXY REBELLION

By Richard Cromelin

"The reason I was attracted to the band in the first place was the contradiction of having someone like Eno and someone like Bryan in the same band."

—**Chris Thomas, producer**

The totality of Roxy Music today is something far more than the products issued by the five musicians called Roxy Music. When that contradition finally erupted in the summer of '73, there occurred a Big Bang-style creative episode in our pop music universe, an explosion that left one protagonist wandering with abandon in a random orbit and the other shooting straight toward what he hoped would be his inevitable destiny.

The process continues today with chaos, or at least uncertainty, still fending off an orderly Roxy Cosmos. Bryan Ferry tries to stabilize his flight, to focus and concentrate the zero-hour impact. Eno

"I'm a non-musician. I just treat tapes and collect plastic instruments."

revels in his absence of direction, in his meandering course. He's safe because he's not committed. Ferry has bet it all, and while the concensus is that he'll make it (often expressed as puzzlement that he hasn't made it already), it hasn't happened yet. And the tricky thing about rock 'n' roll's Beat the Clock is that you never know how much time is left.

And then there's this guitarist, Phil . . . .

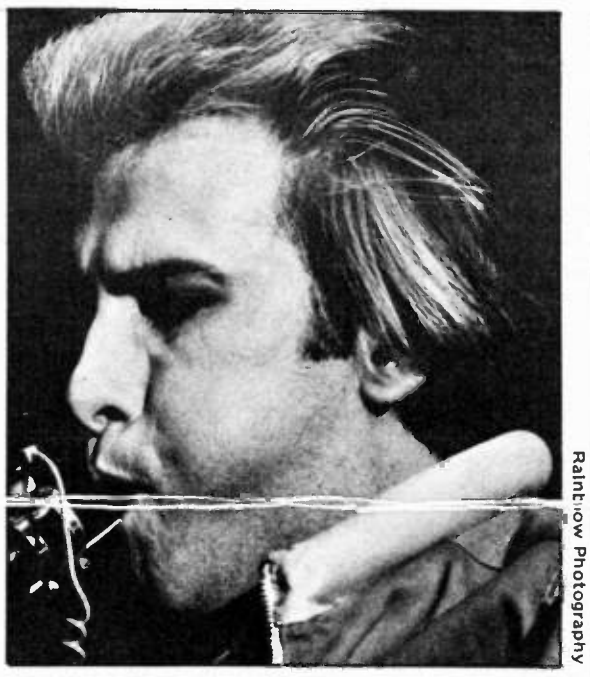
Since the Ferry-Eno split, the Roxy energy has poured directly into no less than nine albums, with more on the way. The broad diffusion is more the responsibility of Eno, the tireless dabbler, than Ferry on his unswerving path. It engulfs the wing of Island Records which includes John Cale, Nico and Kevin Ayres; the now-defunct King Crimson's Robert Fripp (and with that defunction, the possibility of Eno's achieving enough stability to establish a partnership distinctly rears its head); a bungling amateur orchestra called the Portsmouth Symphonia, an endearing joke that works for about ten minutes (get the single, "The William Tell Overture"); Roxy's reed man Andy Mackay, searching for one Eddie Riff; and Roxy Music's own albums and two solo shots by Ferry. If hydraulic principles hold any water, the race could be between Roxy Music proper and the potentially extraordinary range of projects powered by Eno. Implicit there is the need for new ways of perceiving rock 'n' roll, because it's still the one blindingly bright light that we look for, not a dazzling array of lesser ones. But a true phenomenon doesn't meet or even exceed expectations. It demolishes them. Don't count anything out.

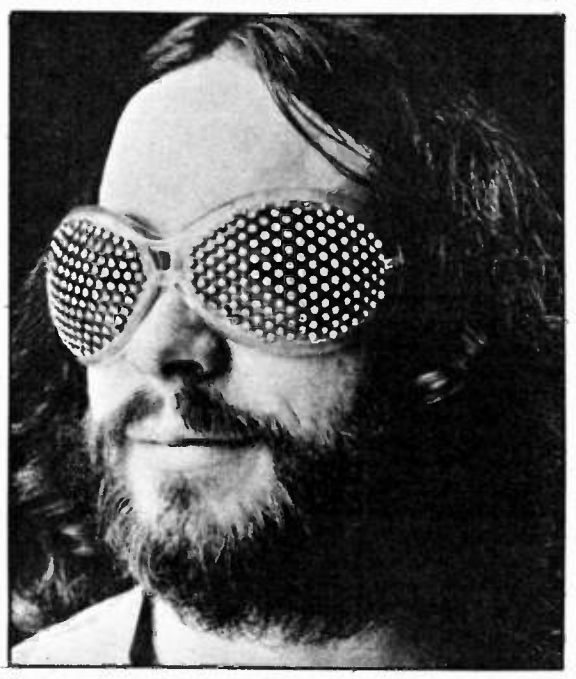
The Contradiction: The avant-gardist vs. the classicist, conceptualist vs. the practical, directed mind, anti-hero vs hero. The hit-and-miss man on one side, on the other one who demands that it all work just like this. Eno's fingers stained from sticking into every pie, Ferry's as pure and pristine as his ivory keyboard. Ferry seeks the spotlight, and Eno seems to want to glow of his own light. When stars collide . . . .

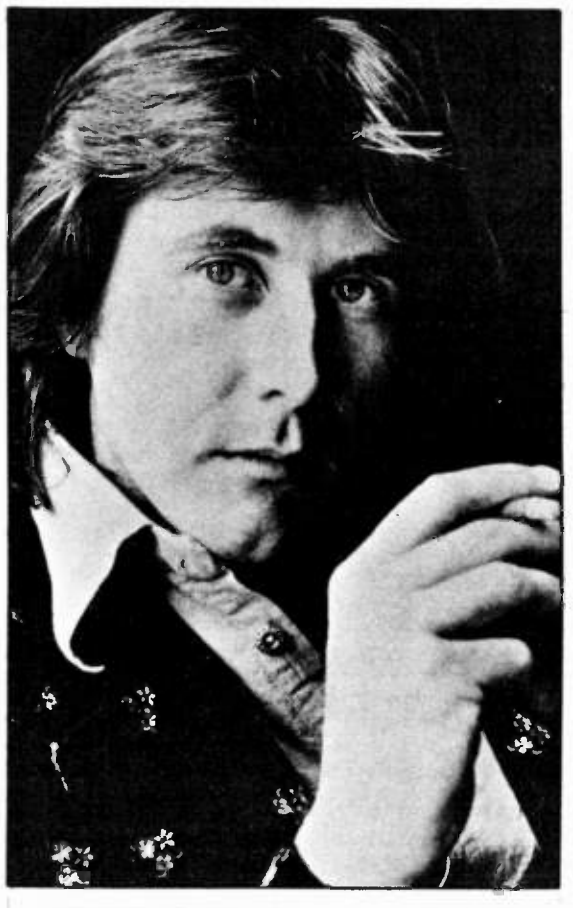
Chris Thomas' production credits include Procol Harum, John Cale, Pink Floyd, Christopher Milk, Badfinger, Japan's Sadistic Mika Band and Roxy Music's second and third albums (*For Your Pleasure* and *Stranded*). His recollection of that crucial period is tempered with an understandable disclaimer: "I'm sitting here and I'm caught in the middle because I really admire Bryan and what he's doing and I really like Eno and I like what he's doing, and if I talk about them I'm going to slag one or the other or I'm going to point out criticisms of one or the other . . . . I was always caught in the middle and it was just driving me nuts. I just wanted to make a record. Everyone takes sides."

Stuck in the middle, like the time he was chatting with some friends on the staircase outside Elton John's Christmas party: "I saw Eno standing there (*points down*) and Bryan Ferry standing there (*up*). Eno was going to go in, and Bryan was going to go out, but they were sort of like, you know (*fists together, head-on faceoff*). I suddenly saw Eno, I suddenly saw Bryan, and I just went screaming up the stairs going, 'Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello!' and rushed into the party. They would not pass. It was amazing! Hopefully, both of them will do what they want to do and it will get to the point where they can pass each other on the stairs."

Without question, a prime feud. A bit of perspective, please: "Obviously," says Thomas, "these things happen. It's nothing rare. It happens in every band. The only reason it affects me is that I have to be sitting down there making a record, and these kind of things put so much pressure on you. Because you just want to sit down and make the record. You don't want to read a paper, you can't even decide whether you want to drink coffee or tea when it gets down to that point. You don't want to know any of the things that are going on. Andy was so upset when we did *Stranded*, about Eno leaving, that there was a tension there between Andy and Bryan. Andy was telling me this and Bryan was telling me that and I was always in the middle. But they're alright now. I think they're alright now. I hope they're alright now."







Rainbow Photography

The original Roxys, (top to bottom): Andy Mackay, sax; Phil Manzanera, mysterious guitarist; and Bryan Ferry, matinee idol.

For Your Pleasure, Roxy's second, was Eno's last album with the group. "When I was working on the second album," Thomas says, "I was not aware of the tensions that were going on. If Eno said something to Bryan or Bryan said something to Eno, I thought, 'Well that's a bit strange.' I just thought one of them was probably moody. It was only when Eno was out of the band that it all came out. Andy phoned me up and told me, and I screamed and was pulling my hair out, I didn't know what to do. I mean it all settled down. It's just that obviously when something like that happens to a band, every member of the band is wondering what the hell's going on."

Roxy Music was, and is, Ferry's band, but all eyes, especially those of the Americans who saw Roxy on its late '72 U.S. tour, were invariably fixed on the enticing, sinister, spangled and feathered vision at stage right that was Eno. The process of identification/association was obvious and immediate. The whole band looked spectacular, but even so, Eno stood out. You can't tell the players without a program or the leader without a bio, and audiences simply assumed that Eno was Roxy Music while Bryan pumped away at the opposite side, singing and sweating and getting as much recognition as a ventriloquist's dummy. "After that," says Thomas, "Eno developed into more and more of a star in England . . . . It came out, and the end result you've seen."

* * * *

Eno became a celebrity in England not because he released a record that everyone loved and bought, but because he was clever and glib and talkative and extremely photogenic and unafraid of mild controversy – good copy, or at least easy copy, as opposed to Ferry's forbidding, taciturn, aloof aura. It was as if Eno turned his records or concerts or even his ideas into stars, rather than having his output establish him as one.

Which is the way Eno, true dilletante that he is, would prefer it. He likes to call himself a non-musician, abhors specialization, and says things like, "I'm not good at being a live performer. I'm not anywhere near as good at that as I am at doing interviews." (A true virtuoso of the art, in fact: "One day I did 32 interviews. It was in Italy, and they couldn't speak English that well and I can speak French reasonably well, so sometimes I would answer in French. They thought I was so clever.")

Eno's musicianship, what he actually *does*, is always a nebulous matter. It's often something like "treating tapes," and it generally involves implementation of a theoretical framework. When he begins talking about systems and structures, one is tempted to picture him ensconced on a university campus or wherever it is that contemporary "serious" musicians (to whom he constantly makes reference) ply their trade these days. But Eno has long since flown that coop.

"I really do think that rock 'n' roll is the most important music form," he says. "In fact, I think it's the most important art form full-stop. You can tell by the amount of focus it gets. Anything that that many people are interested in is the place that's most important as far as I'm concerned. And though I am still very, very interested in avant-garde music, I find it an extremely atrophied art form.

"I don't want to be a pop hero. They're all idiots."

"It suffers what every art form that has to defend itself suffers. I mean rock music doesn't have to defend itself basically. It's going to make money, people are going to live by it, and they don't have to encourage people to buy their records, or get research grants or whatever, and so they don't have to rationalize positions if they don't want to. It's been one of the great failings of modern jazz and avant-garde music and avant-garde painting and a lot of other things that they felt it necessary to justify their position, but in the most limited of terms, in kind of bankers' terms almost – what's rationally justifiable. And of course what's rationally justifiable is not what you're talking about. What's rationally justifiable you don't need to deal with. Because it's the things that for some reason are irrationally attractive that one is interested in."

So for all the homage he pays to Steve Reich, John Cage, Morton Feldman, Terry Riley, et. al., rock 'n' roll is Eno's chosen arena. After the split with Roxy, he took to the road in England, backed by a pub band called the Winkies, with songs from his *Here Come the Warm Jets* album. The reviews were generally favorable and appreciative, but after five or so gigs, one of his lungs, quite inconveniently, collapsed (and some absolutely amazing things happened in the hospital, plastic tube protruding from his chest, but that's another story . . .). It was really an exchange of one form of boredom for another:

"After about three gigs with the same band doing the same numbers, unless it's constructed around a different premise of playing – which is why I might do it in a while, when I work out what that premise might be – you learn to comfortably accommodate every dangerous situation. It's not really very interesting. It happened with Roxy. It took quite a long time to happen with Roxy. I mean there was a fair period of touring that was really good.

"I'd like working on a premise much more like Steve Reich's music is constructed, where the role of each performer is quite well determined, but the interactions are liable to generate accidents and differences that you can then either respond to or not respond to. It isn't the situation of one performer stepping out and others laying back and then another one stepping out. It's a situation of always having an even line of equally rated performers who interact in a number of different ways . . . . It's hard to do, because it takes a lot of courage not to provide a focus, for a start. Because there are so many easy and obvious ways of getting an audience, and it's so tempting."

One of Eno's endeavors along those lines is the version of "Baby's On Fire" which he performed at the Rainbow in London during a concert that should achieve legendary status without too much trouble (it's partially preserved on the recently released *June 1, 1974* album). Eno, Nico, Cale and Kevin Ayres, avid mutual admirers, had found themselves all on the Island label, and under the guidance of A&R head Richard Williams, organized the one-night grand stand.

"It was one of the rare London audiences that would let you make a few mistakes," says Eno. "In London they hardly ever do. You've got to be really top in London to play there, unless you're a crap band like ELP or something like that, where you can play anything you want for tedious hours – the tedium is the message . . . . People are very, very demanding there, and they don't allow a single lapse. You can immediately see the yawns if something starts to go wrong. But this audience was very generous. I think generally in England everybody appreciated the idea of us doing the concert anyway . . . . It was a nice concert. I mean it was very informal, but not sloppy at all, and it wasn't a jamming concert. And yet it didn't feel tense."

It's always projects with Eno, with little distinction drawn between ones that are actualized and those that remain in the conceptual realm. There's a scenario called "Luana and the Lizard Girls"; the Plastic Eno Band is about halfway there (he has about 130 plastic instruments in his collection, and will go on at length – "They're the nearest instruments to electronic instruments that you can find . . . . The thing that interests me about them is that plastic is not a resonant material, and so they don't have harmonics . . . ."); over a million feet of tape lines his walls; he has invented and constructed an instrument called the electric larynx; the regular stream of interviews and photos in the British pop weeklies certainly qualify as pieces; he produced Portsmouth Symphonia's album and occasionally performs with the orchestra (on clarinet, which he doesn't really play); he produced John Cale's new album. Eno has it set up so that normal patterns of evaluation don't apply. You must either ignore it all or review his clothes and everything else as you would a show or a record.

Among the more conventional efforts are two LPs – his solo album and his collaboration with Fripp, *No Pussyfooting*. The latter, recorded casually in Eno's home studio two years ago, features two tracks: "The Heavenly Music Corporation" is Fripp guitar and Eno-treated tape, and Eno adds synthesizer to the tiny arsenal on side two's "Swastika Girls." The marketing aspects are as interesting as the musical:

"In England," says Eno, "the Fripp-Eno record is on a cheap label, and it was important to us because it was a non-financial statement – 'This is something that we're putting out cheap because we want you to be able to take a risk at it and not think that you've been burned when you buy it.' It was about half the price of an ordinary record. I would have put it out cheaper if I could have done. But it was like saying, 'Well, we're not certain; we didn't put a lot of work into this, but we like it.' And we'd like to put it out on a level that an artist would put out a print or something . . . . But it got reviewed just like any other album. There isn't any other category. The failure in the art field is that it's always such a minority market – a print is only going to be received by 50 people. And the great thing about rock music is that it has the possibility of being received by a very, very large number of people. Somehow, I'd like to be able to tread the line between the two."

Eno concocted, rather than performed in the accepted sense, his solo album, *Here Come the Warm Jets* (the credit reads: "Eno sings all other vocals and occasionally plays simplistic keyboards, snake guitar, electric larynx, and treats the other tapes"). The materials he worked with were really people, like Fripp and Crimson's John Wetton, and Andy Mackay, Phil Manzanera and Paul Thompson from Roxy, et. al. His songs are in turn tender and intensely raucous, pastoral and chaotic, and the whole thing is marked by a light and engaging air which is fairly surprising in light of the ponderousness one might have expected from this highly theoretical and experimental performer.

"When I was working on my album," he says, "I'd deliberately construct these situations where I would find somebody with one musical identity and put him together with someone with a completely different musical identity, because I wanted to see what friction would happen between them. The worst thing that could happen would be they'd simply go away and say, 'Well, Eno's a silly bugger, he should never have put us together.' But they wouldn't feel any animosity toward each other . . . . But it would be a dangerous situation to perform in any context where there isn't the detachment you have when you're working on an external work."

Chris Thomas was involved with *Jets*, mixing and adding some bass and drum overdubs, and his attitude toward Eno is much less flippant than Eno's own self-appraisal: "I think when he insists he's a non-musician he's making an excuse for himself. This is really personal opinion, and he might laugh if I said it to him, but I think that that is an excuse. Because he *is* a musician, because you can't make a record like that . . . . Going back to *For Your Pleasure*, he wasn't working in an amateur way at all. He's the one that would sit there until four or five in the morning working on something.

"Eno's album, I think, is fantastic. He wrote those songs in about ten days. He just turns them out like that. When I was working on that album, I'd be mixing or something and he'd be down in the studio playing the piano with like three fingers or something, and he'd have this little tape recorder down there and he'd come up and say, 'I've written a song,' and he'd play it to me and it'd be great! He's phenomenal. It just pours out of him. I really think he needs to discipline himself and get it done right . . . .

"I think he could really, really do well. I mean I was astonished when I started working on the album, because I heard the tracks bit by bit, one by one. Every song he came up with was so fantastic and so completely different from the one before . . . . You never know what he's going to do tomorrow, or in an hour's time. That's the great thing.

"Every now and again it came down to the point where we had to sort things out. If he'd organized it better, if the first things on the session had been organized – he needs to produce his own record, very definitely, because that's where it all comes from . . . . He needs complete freedom to do whatever he needs, but there has to be somebody to say, 'No – but I understand what you're trying to do, and if you want to do it then the way to do it is to do it like this.' "

Eno thrives because he defines his own environment, increasing the variables at his disposal and so insuring almost complete adaptability. But there are always the uncontrollable things to be dealt with; while Ferry challenges them head-on, testing the premise that it can be planned and calculated, Eno accepts and incorporates them, as much as possible, into his system.

"There is quite a lot of aggression in what I'm interested in," he says. "There's an undertone of

THE THREE FACES OF ENO

aggression in it. But it's not – what I've decided the final term to describe it might be is bewildered aggression. Like when a bull has been stuck a few times and it's just crazy, but it's not crazy in any direction – it's just running around, shaking its horns and running at anything. It's a completely unfocused sort of aggression. It's bewildered aggression. Like," Eno laughs, " 'Why am I here and why am I so angry?' "

And if Eno becomes a full-fledged star and is faced with all of that rank's internal pressures and external responsibilities? No, he'll have to alter those expectations too, because he already has some problems, even at his present level. Like after the Rainbow concert: "It was the most terrifying experience of my life, I think, because it was like – well shit, I couldn't believe it. There were people, just millions of them, coming up and saying, 'How are you doing? Great gig!' and I literally ran away. That's the only time that I've run out of a place, because I was scared of being stopped on the way out by more people saying the same thing."

And if he is a star, then he's a hero, and that may not fit too comfortably: "The reason I'm skeptical of the idea of heroes is that I know the utter fallibility and idiocy of most of the people who are heroes currently. I don't mean they're idiots, but I mean they're very screwed-up people really. Everybody I can think of who's a star, with the exception of Gary Glitter, is screwy."

* * * *

Ferry wants to be a hero, and is fixated on making it. While Eno affects a futuristic aura, Ferry reaches back to synthesize all the heroic elements he can grab, from Lord Byron to Errol Flynn to Billy Fury. He's adopted the elegant look, having moved quickly and wisely away from the more outrageous image that would have sunk with the glitter ship. He once flanked the band at stage left, and now he's out front. Roxy Music is *his* band now, without any question. The outcome remains undecided at the moment, despite Roxy's continuing popularity in its homeland, because Ferry, unlike someone like Sparks, cannot be content with a limited, basic and merely comfortable sphere of influence. Sooner or later he's going to have to give America another try.

That one tour a long time ago didn't do it, essentially because they didn't sound very good. "This is where failure in one field can alter your ideas," says Chris Thomas. "Because when Bryan came back from America he was talking about the fact that he didn't want to go back there and tour again. He wasn't really interested in it. Because it was their first thing that ever failed, whereas in England, right from the beginning, they'd done very, very well. And now that they're beginning to pick up, he's getting very enthusiastic about America." (At present, though, no tour of the States has been arranged.)

Roxy's fourth album is all wrapped up, along with Ferry's two solo albums. Andy Mackay has one out in England, a light, charming instrumental brew called *In Search of Eddie Riff*. And there's this guitarist, Phil Manzanera . . . .

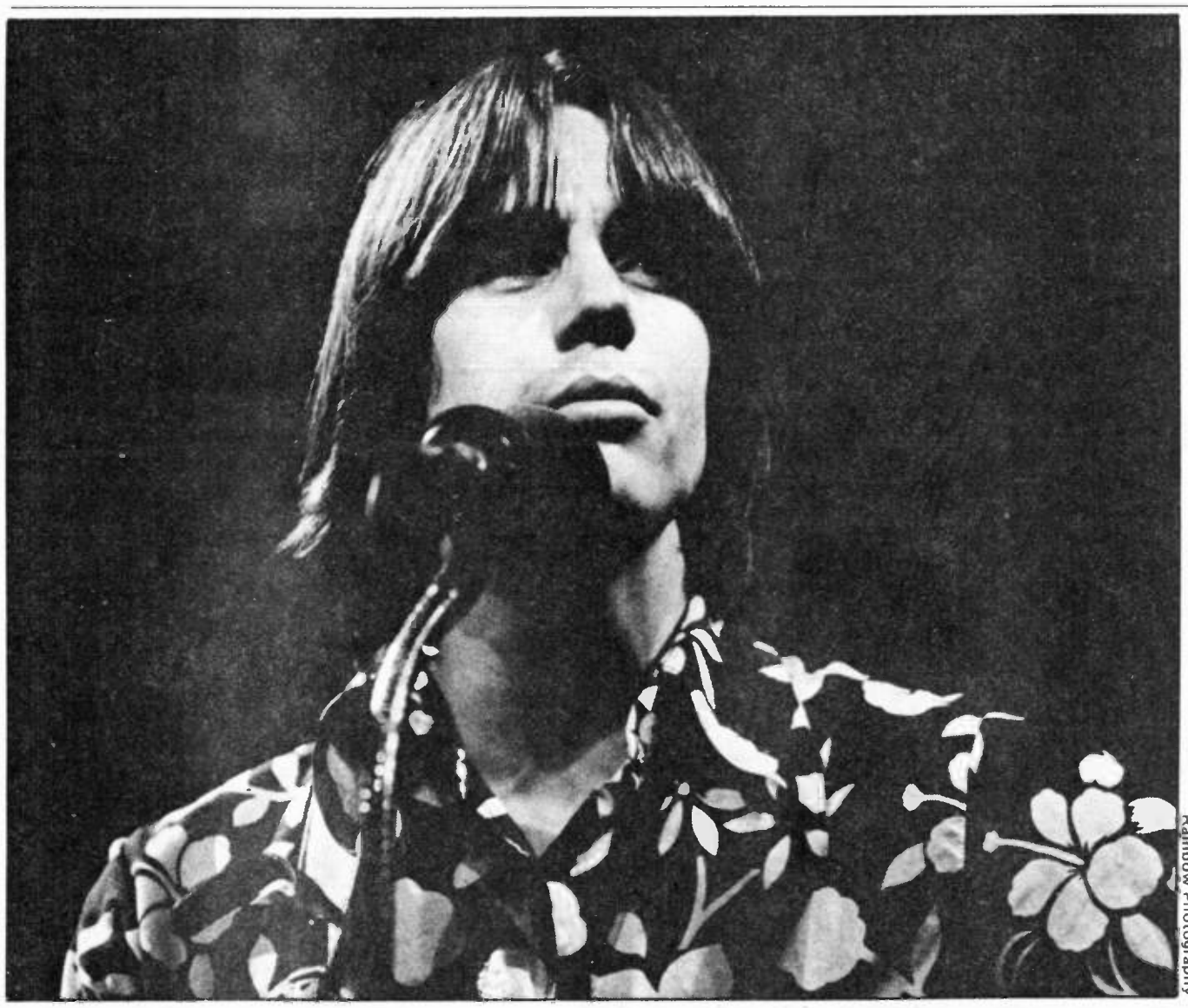
"On *Stranded*," says Thomas, "the way we did that was we recorded all the backing tracks, which was basically piano, bass and drums. And Phil would listen, take the tape home and work out his guitar part, and he would transform those tracks so much, it was totally amazing . . . . I don't think he's got a particular style, which is probably a good thing in that people aren't going to say, 'Oh, he did that on that.' But he's going to emerge. People are going to realize how much he's given the records. I really think Phil's given an awful lot to both the Roxy albums that I've worked on . . . . I'm sure Phil's going to go 'Bang' one day or another, it doesn't matter if it's five years' time."

Stranded finally brought Roxy's concept and execution into proper relationship, and its blend of wryness and true romantic anguish, of searing rock and haunting atmospheres, substantiate the entire Ferry mystique and make his program something other than the hollow, desperate hype it sometimes seems to be. Chris Thomas on Ferry:

"He's very much like me . . . . I'm always very paranoid about my position. I think everything's going to sort of collapse and I'd better do it now. So you end up just working yourself into the grave. I said to him, 'Look, don't make that mistake. Just take it easy and do it right. Do it till you do it right.' I mean he was working too fast, that was the thing. He'd just finished his solo album, and a week later he was in there doing *Stranded*. And that's why I was saying to him, 'Take your time.' Because I think he is one of the most important artists to come out of England in the last six years. He and Bowie. And he just needs to settle down a little bit. He's calculating every move, but he could make all those things better . . . . He's still got a lot of time to develop. I think it's a question of channeling those two things, experimentation and discipline, and using the right one at the right time . . .

"A lot of people are just interested in doing it and if it's going to sell – you know, once they get it to the point where they know it's alright, then it's alright. I think it's much more important to take it as far as you can possibly go. It doesn't matter if you're out at the studio for two months and you're a wreck and you're a vegetable and you can't talk to anybody, if you've achieved something. I think it's really necessary to push yourself that far. And that's why it's important for Bryan to take rests.'

PRM REVIEWS



Rainbow Photography

SOLID JACKSON

Late for the Sky
Jackson Browne
Asylum

By BUD SCOPPA

"It's only a pop record—I know that," someone said to me about *Late for the Sky*. "So why does it affect me so strongly?" *Late for the Sky* is only a pop record, but at the same time it aspires to be much more. On Jackson Browne's third album, he moves out from under the protection of his romantic viewpoint to explore some of the harsh paradoxes of the real world. Because he deals directly and frankly with the endings of things—with broken love, death and dying, and even oblivion—the album is disturbing, although the beauty of Browne's music and language, along with his tentatively affirmative viewpoint, prevent it from ever being merely depressing.

The lyrics of the eight songs are all provocative, so some reviewers will undoubtedly have a tendency to overlook the album's gorgeous music, which is every bit as expressive. Just as Browne's writing is a progression from last year's *For Everyman*, his music here elaborates on both the sound and the feel of that album. On *Late for the Sky*, he expands the ensemble—David Lindley on guitars, slide, and violin; Doug Haywood on bass and vocals; drummer Larry Zack; and Jackson himself playing piano and acoustic guitar—to include Jai Winding on organ, and a number of visiting singers on backing vocals (these sometimes have the effect of a chorale). There's even an orchestrated section on one track, its effectiveness heightened by its economy. So, while the drone of Lindley's pathos-laden slide and violin still predominate and continue to set the mood, the new elements fill and enrich the atmosphere, charging it with a drama that parallels that of the lyrics. Musically, the sound of the album has all the earmarks of a new synthesis—to my ears, it's the first genuine innovation in what has become known as the "L.A. Sound" since the Byrds recorded *Mr. Tambourine Man*. It may not be immediately as arresting, but on this album, the form is as significant as the content.

Dramatically, the music and the atmosphere it evokes make up the romantic field upon which Browne's confrontations with reality erupt. As for those confrontations, Browne is unflinching in his approach to the most anxiety-producing aspects of life. Beginning with the title song, a nocturnal revelation about his faded love that occurs to the writer while he is still sharing a bed with his former loved one, the album moves from very specific and intimate detail to the broadest (but still quite personal) kinds of concerns. If "Jamaica," which began Browne's first album, was the expression of an overt romantic, then "Late for the Sky" is the work of a beaten romantic who can no longer elude the intrusions of reality. The melancholy generated by the former song is lovely and even rather appealing; the melancholy in the latter is clearly laden with anguish and laced with unhealed wounds. Where the bare expression would be perhaps too devastating, the music serves to provide a modicum of hope—it suggests that the anxiety of the words is not phobic or suicidal but rather the acceptance of a jarring insight about the limit of romantic love. In its own way, the song is an anthem, a victory gained through pain, and its inside look at the dissolution of a relationship is a sort of "Like a Rolling Stone" in which a teeth-clenched acceptance replaces bitterness and anger. Here it's the fault of neither one, but a failure of the condition itself.

In the second song, "Fountain of Sorrow," which occurs well after the separation of the loved ones has taken place, Browne states a general theory about romantic love that relates equally to both songs:

> . . . *What I was seeing wasn't what was happening at all*
> *Although for awhile our path did seem to climb.*
> *When you see through love's illusion, there lies the danger*
> *And your perfect lover just looks like a perfect fool . . .*

This expresses Browne's view of the impossibility of romantic love as he idealized it. That insight adds perspective to the first song's . . .

> . . . *How long have I been dreaming I could make it right*
> *If I closed my eyes and tried with all my might*
> *To be the one you need?*

"Farther On," the third song, takes the writer out of a relationship and into solitude, where he begins to search for an alternative to or expansion of pure romanticism. This theme is a more difficult one to write about than love, but Browne pulls it off: he's particularly eloquent here, and his symbolism (" . . . And the angels are older . . . ") particularly resonant. (I'm resisting the very strong temptation to quote at length from the very quotable lyrics in order not to distort the over-all feel of the album or de-emphasize the role of the music.) The side ends with the vivid cinema that explodes in the resolution of "The Late Show." Where it begins with the ending of both a relationship and a long-held hope, the side ends with the suggestion of another beginning: the writer has formed a new relationship, and he's setting out with his new love into some new unknown. But instead of espousing some pragmatic, post-romantic theory about the self and relationships, Browne has the good dramatic and philosophic sense to keep things open. We don't know if this new relationship will be based on the insights the writer has gained, or whether he's chosen the beauty of the romantic illusion over the harsh illumination of reality.

Side Two runs in parallel fashion to the first half, but it trades specificity for an overview of human concerns. On it, Browne alternates two rockers and two of those medium-tempo anthems that form the heart of his work. The first rocker, "The Road and the Sky," simultaneously lightens the tension generated by the dramatic progression of Side One and provides a glimpse of the "gathering dark clouds" that will culminate in the apocalypse of "Before the Deluge." Although dramatically useful, this track and the other rocker, "Walkin' Slow," seem slight in comparison to the other six songs (now that Browne is a popular performer, it's necessary for him to come up with tunes that can be worked into energetic stage numbers to keep the crowd happy between his performances of his meaty material). The other two, however, are daring attempts at dealing directly with two fundamental metaphysical and religious issues: the death of the individual and The Deluge—the end of the world.

The dancer of "For a Dancer" is everyman, who's forced to deal with death in some way throughout life. Here the music is particularly crucial, transforming an effort that might otherwise seem completely foolhardy into a stirring performance. When Browne sings, "In the end there's one dance you'll do alone"—a particularly risky line—Lindley's violin enters to expand the metaphor into vivid poetry.

In the equally precarious "Before the Deluge," Lindley, Winding and company cause some of the most dangerous imagery Browne has ever used to ring with conviction and add to the general effect. And when Browne and the chorus sing, "Let the music keep our spirits high," which in the context of the piece evokes pictures of people braced against the impending storm by some final communal solidarity, the music of the song becomes the music they hear. It's a transcendant moment in a piece that aims much too high and succeeds all the same, gracefully and triumphantly.

The ultimate sense of affirmation that arises out of "Before the Deluge," despite the fact that the album ends with a vision of apocalypse, is generated through Browne's hope or belief (I'm unsure which) that endings give birth to beginnings. Water, the destroying agent of "Before the Deluge," is also, in Browne's epistemology, the agent of baptism; and here, since he tells us that some live on, it functions simultaneously as both. So we move through the course of the album from deep disillusionment to a broad humanism that manages—paradoxically but convincingly—to take into itself those very romantic myths that caused the disillusionment in the first place. The open-ended conclusion that Browne draws in *Late for the Sky* runs parallel to that drawn by the late Ernest Becker in his recently published and much acclaimed book, *The Denial of Death:*

> . . . *Men are doomed to live in an overwhelmingly tragic and demonic world . . . . Whatever is achieved must be achieved from within the subjective energies of creatures, without deadening, with the full exercise of passion, of vision, of fear, and of sorrow. How do we know . . . that our part of the meaning of the universe might not be a rhythm in sorrow.*

Still, it is only a pop record.

Hollywood Situation
Hudson Brothers
Casablanca 9008

By ALAN BETROCK

I've always been a sucker for groups with brothers in them. I don't know why but all those brother groups seem to have a certain spirit and drive that sets them apart from the rest of the field. Everybody from the Beach Boys, Bee Gees, and Kinks on down to my other weak spot, Beatle soundalikes like Grapefruit and the Flame. I fell for them all.

The Hudson Brothers on the other hand are not a bona fide group, but rather a trio of front men who all write, sing, and play guitar. They are in formative/organizational qualities close to modern day Bee Gees, while musically they are strictly aligned to the Beatles, early Raspberries, and the (never-to-be-forgotten) Easybeats. Brett's constant bopping, shaking, and swiveling on their summer TV series made him heir apparent to Easybeats front man Stevie Wright, and more than that, made the Hudsons America's first out and out pop group of the last half-decade. There they were singing, playing, laughing and immersing themselves in being a TV pop group – just like they had been doing for the last fifteen years in their bedroom at home – but this time it was for real. No – it wasn't the Beatles again; it wasn't the Monkees; it wasn't the Archies; it wasn't even the Williams Twins. It was something new, rather fresh and uninhibited. Some may argue with me and say that the whole thing was a plasticized, packaged, and overhyped extravaganza – maybe so, but what isn't today – especially on national TV? And the Hudsons managed to work within that medium and make it come alive. (OK so they're not the "new Marx Brothers," but who needs new Marx Brothers anyway???)

Recording-wise, the Hudsons have been around a bit, making the rounds at places like Playboy and Rocket Records, leaving singles behind. This debut album was scheduled at various times for numerous labels, and then was quickly rushed out by Casablanca to tie in with the summer series. (The Hudsons are now on MCA.) In fact the album was marketed so swiftly that the printed track titles on the jacket are in different sequence than the vinyl inside.

When the Hudsons' tracks are good, like the opening "Hollywood Situation" and "So You Are a Star," they are very good, full of melodic intensity, interesting vocals, and (that ever-elusive) pop sincerity. When they're not good, like the remaining three tracks on side one, they sound rushed, choppy, and full of phoniness. These tracks are all umptempo rockers with plain melodies and lyrics, tending to base their existence on one boring boogie break. It seems obvious that the Hudsons themselves had to put this album together in lickety-split time, and some tracks were just rushed off with little thought or care regarding quality.

The second side holds together much better. The weak spot is "The Adventures of Chucky Margolis," an audio soundtrack from one of their summer shows. The skit had a hard time coming across on the tube, and without the video portion, falls even flatter here. "Sometimes the Rain Must Fall" and "Cry Cry Cry" are both nice ballad/rockers, but the standout is easily "Three Of Us," an excellently commercial autobiographical song. Along with the opening "Hollywood Situation," it shows that the Hudsons are at their best writing about themselves and their experiences together.

In short, Brett, Mark and Bill certainly have something going for them. They wrote all the songs here, and handled the production and arranging as well. For the next album hopefully the Hudsons will allocate more time for writing less fillers, varying the track-to-track sound a bit, and projecting a more unified group feel. But even with these weaknesses in mind, *Hollywood Situation* still remains one of the more promising American debuts of the last few years. With the enormous television exposure the Hudsons had, this album will probably sell more than all the Big Stars, Raspberries, and Pagliaro's put together. (In a way, the mass exposure alone of the Hudsons may make the rejuvenation of the U.S. pop group scene a lot easier.) If they can retain their freshness and dedication (without falling head-over-heels into becoming over-cutsy Saturday morning idols or mums and dads loveables) then the Hudsons may be a lasting and interesting success story. However if their current 'Hollywood Situation' gets the better of them, they will zoom into the quicker-than-ever-has-been-oddity-file, only to emerge five years hence as some group of overweight, overaged, and overstoned members of a group called something like the Colorado Boogie Mountain Blues Band. May we all be spared from witnessing that.

Someone should tell the Hudson Brothers we don't need a new Marx Brothers as badly as we need anothher Archies!

Wish You Were Here
Badfinger
Warner Bros. 05-2827

By KEN BARNES

Badfinger have finally made the album I always hoped they would – an album whose tracks all match the standards of their brilliant Apple singles. *No Dice* had a few great cuts, but was inconsistent and rather drastically overrated since it came out at a time when 60's-influenced pop-rockers were extremely scarce. *Straight Up* was a considerable improvement, but the last Apple (understandably, being a rather hastily-assembled affair) and the first Warners albums were marred by a disturbing proportion of sub-standard material.

Badfinger, though, is stronger than *Straight Up*, and the band seems recharged with enthusiasm. All their patented strengths are displayed – those sterling harmonies, delightful riffs, tuneful melodies and an essential economy keeping everything sharp and concise. The album is bursting with hits – or rather tracks that eminently deserve to become hits but probably don't stand a chance, as the record representatives of a two-years-old British group competing in the Billy Preston/Olivia Newton-John radio jungle. Top single choice by me is the opener, "Just a Chance," a terrific pop-rocker which grabs your attention in the first five seconds like the best rock & roll always does, and evokes favorable comparisons with the best Badfinger singles to date, "Baby Blue" and "No Matter What."

But similar delights abound – there's not a weak track on the album. "You're So Fine" and "I Can Remember" are my other upbeat favorites, while on the ballad side "Gotta Get Out Of Here" and "Love Song" stand out. The best thing about the album, though, is not so much the individual tracks as the way it plays so superbly as an entity – there's nothing to skip, nothing to turn off. *Badfinger* is a sparkling album, easily one of the year's best.

Streetlife Serenade
Billy Joel
Columbia KC 33146

By DENNIS WILEN

With *Streetlife Serenade*, his third solo long-player, Billy Joel has taken off his gloves. Gone are the slushy strings that mired his pounding piano in a muck of romantic glop. Excised are the tonsils that held back his soaring tenor.

The title track speaks of a "shopping center hero." Whether this is Billy or one of his subjects is irrelevant. Billy's intensely autobiographical approach reflects the angst of life in the seventies, and in the suburbs.

You couldn't say this conceptually coherent record is about loneliness, although it is inhabited by occasionally lonely people. And it isn't about alienation, because everyone seems to be able, finally, to relate. This is an album about you and me, and him over there, and her, and everybody, just coping.

"Los Angelenos" tells the story of refugees from everywhere, driving their sports cars "nowhere on the streets with Spanish names." Billy lays down a Rhodes riff that burns, and then sneers the opening vocal with a passion that makes Elton John, to whom he is most often compared, sound middle-aged. By the time he gets to the overdubbed organ ride at the end, he has followed the lead of Ray Davies' "Celluloid Heroes" from Hollywood Boulevard into the hills and canyons of L.A., where people "go to garages to get exotic massages."

The organ seques to a bluesy synthesizer as Billy flies back home to Long Island for a Sunday afternoon barbecue with the folks ("The Great Suburban Showdown"). You must go home again, and Billy does with an instinct for self-satire that allows him to criticize with love.

Next is "Root Beer Rag," an instrumental in the classic rag form. It shows off his compositional and performing abilities on the piano in a tasty interlude. Side One closes with "Roberta", a bittersweet love song to a call girl, or "out-call" as they are affectionately known in Smogville.

Side Two is more optimistic, and opens with the follow-up to "Piano Man," boldly titled "The Entertainer." We pick up the narration of Billy's career when he's only as good as his last record, as the expression goes, and he's out to continue the road to success. To touches of Rick Wakeman synthesizer, Billy adds the fast-picking banjo that made "Travellin' Prayer" on the previous disc such a mover. Columbia probably intends this as a single, but the line about getting laid might turn off some Top 40 programmers. (Question: If Mick Jagger laid a divorcee in New York City, can Billy?)

"Last of the Bigtime Spenders" is the lp's only weak tune. In it, Billy indulges his propensity for the quick rhyme and the easy lyric and comes up with the highest cliche quotient in memory. Granting some tongue-in-cheek poetic license in the theme ("I'm the last of the bigtime spenders 'cause I'm spendin' my time on you") the inclusion of even more chestnuts ("make the grade," "small-time operator," "make the best of the situation," and "you can call me the great pretender") makes this tune a prime copyright for some sappy country singer. Billy can do better. (While we're nitpicking, does Billy sing the title track through his sinuses or is something wrong with my $2000 stereo?)

Side Two's optimism continues with a raveup called "Weekend Song," similar in sentiment to Jesse Winchester's "Payday": an ode to T.G.I.F. A short vignette, "Souvenir," follows, and one line shows that Billy can write if he wants to. "Every year's a souvenir that slowly fades away."

The last song is an instrumental that combines the weekend with a souvenir, a soundtrack-sounding "Mexican Connection." Billy's left hand hits a Latinesque ostinato as he weaves a loping trail across the Rio Grande into the land of tequila and la tourista. Slick arrangement, evocative playing and a beautiful melody make this a real charmer.

Streetlife Serenade is the finest release of this major American artist. Billy is what Leon and Elton used to be.

Excellent.

Fear
John Cale
Island ILPS 9301 (Import)

By BOBBY ABRAMS

A really pleasant surprise of recent days was the arrival of the new John Cale album on Island. Quite frankly, although I have enjoyed John's past work (the really freaky electronic stuff of the Velvets, the crazed Nico albums, his own very esthetic *Vintage Violence*, as well the beautiful and moving *Anthrax* with Terry Reily) my musical tastes have changed somewhat and the really avant-garde doesn't interest me except as esthetic explorations. But, lo and behold, John has recorded herein an impressive rock and roll album, almost a celebration of what this musical form is capable of.

The title song, "Fear Is a Man's Best Friend" is a monster cut, killer rock and roll at its best. It demonstrates that Lou Reed wasn't the only member of the Velvets who had compositional talents. It starts off as a typical fifties ballad which just builds and

cooks to a superheated effect. Knockout music.

"Buffalo Ballet," with its incessant chorus of "sleeping in the midday sun" is a perfect turkey tongue a la Bob Dylan's "All the Tired Horses." "Barracuda" is a bittersweet slow rocker in the tradition of Eric Clapton, only executed in a much more tasteful manner. Here, virtuoso solos don't get in the way of the song's essential integrity. This particular cut is one of my favorites and the musicianship is, as to be expected, excellent. "Emily" and "Ship of Fools" are soft melodic excursions in the style of the Beau Brummels, only the Brummels never attempted anything this ambitious.

Side two opens with "Gun," the longest piece on this album (about five minutes). This cut will particularly appeal to those Beatle fans who feel they've been experiencing a dry spell lately, as this is as good as anything on the white album, with all that kind of textural ambience. In fact, it is great rock and roll in the tradition of the mature John Lennon.

My favorite cut is "The Man Who Couldn't Afford to Orgy" (isn't that a great title). It opens with an extremely sparse set of piano chords straight out of the fifties and this has to be one of the alltime great pachooka songs. It also reminds me of prime Syd Barrett. Judy Nylon, with her most appropriate interjections (e.g., "Do you want to party, mister?") almost surpasses Jane Birkin's great breathing in "Je T'Aime." With the mood slowed down to the pace of an old fashioned belly grinder, we are in just the right mood for "You Know More Than I Know" which is a great John Lennon song, only John never got around to writing it, since he was too busy fighting the good fight for the Revolution.

It appears obvious that the Beatles (especially John) have been a heavy influence on Cale's recent work. "Momamma Scuba" starts off sounding like "Come Together." But wait a minute! Here, for the last few years we've thought Jim Morrison dead and buried, but this is a great, great parody of the Doors, and every bit as heavy as, say "People Are Strange" or "Love Me Two Times."

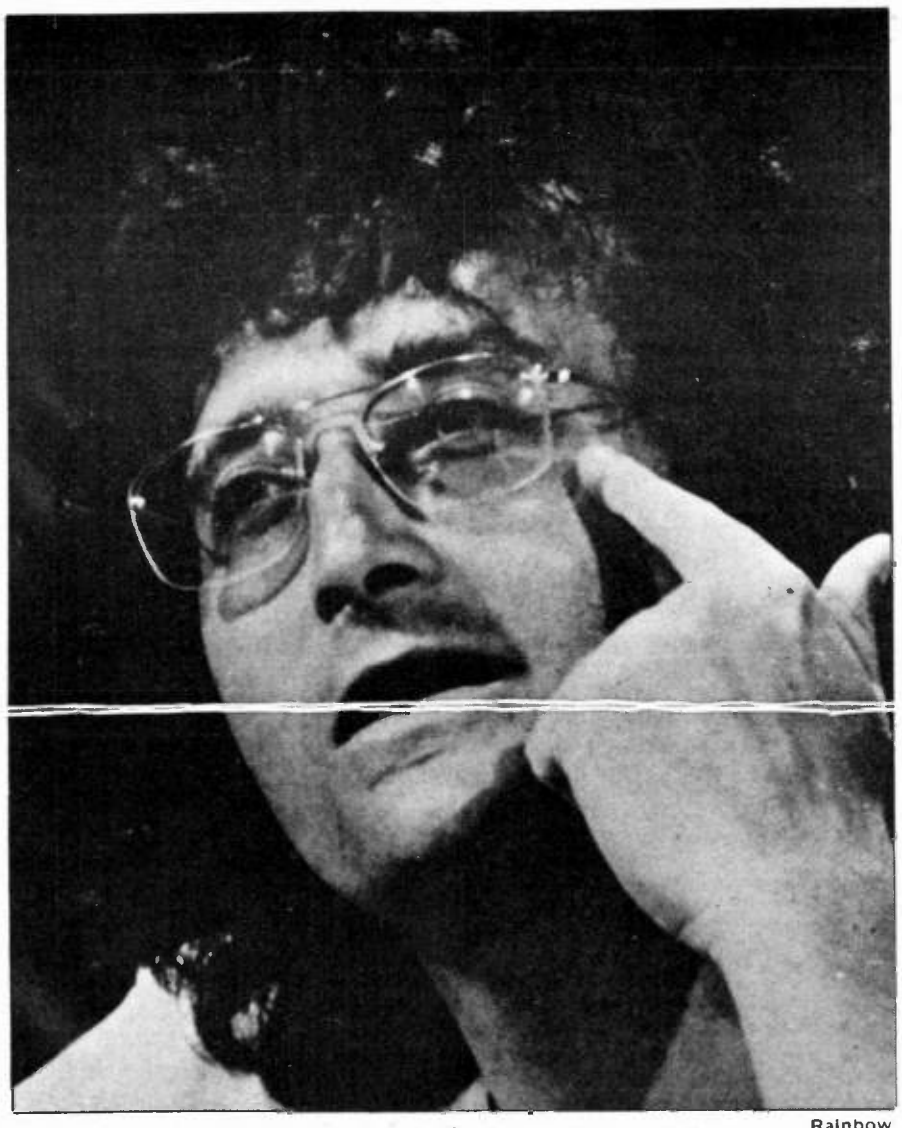
As you may have gathered by now, I can't praise this album enough. It is pleasant music of considerable substance, a most rare combination these days.

Good Old Boys
Randy Newman
Reprise MS 2193

By TOM NOLAN

Randy Newman's new record is all about the South, a concept album of sorts which stops short of operatic unity but which does exist in its loose-ended way as a satisfying whole. *Good Old Boys* shows us some Southerners' points-of-view through Newman's own prismatic gaze; the results, predictably interesting, are open to some misinterpretation.

"Rednecks," the opening and probably by-now-famous cut, is a finger-pointing tirade by a Lester Maddox supporter who says the North has treated Blacks as badly as anyone, setting them "free to be put in a cage" in a dozen ghettos. (What a great song for Johnny Cash to cover!) Stephen Holden, in his brilliant Village Voice review of this album, implies that Newman is calulatedly playing upon fashionable liberals' cliched guilt with this roll call of infamy; closer to the mark, I think, is that the Maddoxite's litany correctly expreses the outrage of the author as well, who is, after all, a fashionable liberal himself.



Randy Newman demonstrates some of the forms of suicide he has sung about. Rainbow

Newman has often been cited for his "cruel intelligence"; but *Good Old Boys*, with the exception of "A Wedding in Cherokee County"—a grotesque caricature which nevertheless is more Goya than Hogarth—is an honest attempt to portray sympathetically the real if bankrupt emotions of a neglected American region. Caught between disgust and love, pity and self-recognition, Newman less and less is opting for easy contempt, and instead is making a more moving kind of art.

Side One is a loose suite of songs, which could all be more or less from the mouth of the same persona, the Maddoxite, who lives in Birmingham, works in a steel mill and is married to Marie. "You can travel 'cross this entire land," he assures us with unconscious pathos, "But there's no place like Birmingham." Newman's careful portrayal of this character has some wonderful touches. After introducing his big black dog Dan, "the meanest dog in Alabam," he urges with pride, "*Get* 'em, Dan." This is someone who must get drunk to tell his wife he loves her, and who is aware of the weakness that is an inextricable part of his affection. The side ends with "Guilty," a song which, because of a drug reference, technically doesn't fit; but which in a larger sense is a fitting summation. As others have told us we all live in the ghetto, so Newman is implying that in some ways we are all rednecks.

The second half of *Good Old Boys* goes to the marrow of Southern mythology and has several showpieces. "Louisiana 1927" is a recitation in mind-deadened fashion of the devastation wrought by a flood, of which the narrator can only conclude: "They're tryin' to wash us away." The masterpiece of the album is "Kingfish," a chilling evocation of Huey P. Long, populist-demagogue Governor of Louisiana during the 1930s. Great rolling chords conjure a picture of Long, like some popeyed crustacean, novocained, doing a nightmare marsupial crawl down Main Street at high noon in his pyjamas. "Ain't no Standard Oil men gonna run this state. Gonna be run by little folks like me and you."

Ha ha ha ha ha.

Heavy Metal Kids
Heavy Metal Kids
Atco SD 7047

By GREG SHAW

Concept groups hardly ever come off. Unless they have exceptional inspiration and musical ability, like the Raspberries, they find themselves weighed under by the pretension of whatever concept they've chosen, and the pressure of living up to the implicit responsibility of making some kind of ultimate statement in their genre. In light of all that, and also the fact that their particular trend was essentially finished two years ago, the Heavy Metal Kids began life with all the odds against them.

But rock & roll is full of surprises, and this album was quite a large one to me. The group avoids the obvious pitfalls, presenting a set of strong originals, memorable and full of first-rate heavy metal riffs. Their main influence seems to be Humble Pie with a little Blue Oyster Cult on the side and just a taste of Mott.

"Hangin' On" opens the album with a tense burst of guitar dynamism right out of the Easybeats. Vocalist Ronnie Thomas has a high-pitched bluesy scream much like Steve Marriott's, and he's backed by a classic three-chord riff that reminds me of something on the first Cult album. "It's the Same" is a slower number that builds to a full, powerful climax, quite mesmerizing.

The band sounds confident, and they have a total control of energy and dynamic tension that's essential to heavy metal, and all too rare. Their mastery of the cliches of their idiom is complete, and they shuffle them around enough to make them sound new, or at least not too familiar.

They're not afraid to be blatant, with the clearly Zeppelin-inspired "Rock 'N' Roll Man," although there are enough Stones licks and lyrics about "high heeled boys" to give it an identity of its own. Then there's the ending, which is pure Slade. And I think it's great that they threw in "Run Around Eyes," the same kind of cheesy pseudo-reggae Led Zep used on "D'yer Ma'ker." Nothing sacred, right boys?

"We Gotta Go" is heard at the end of side one and again at the end of side two—and presumably at the end of each concert as well. And for good reason; it's a motif right out of Mott the Hoople, an uplifting cry of rock & roll domination that leaves you feeling supercharged and ready to turn the record over for another dose.

On the whole I'm quite taken with the Heavy Metal Kids. They are indeed a genuine heavy metal band, and one of the best I've ever heard. After three months I may never listen to them again, but for now they're giving me a lot of kicks and I try not to expect anything more from a rock & roll band. Even one produced by Dave Dee.

Heroes Are Hard to Find
Fleetwood Mac
Reprise MS 2196

By GERRIT GRAHAM

The Mac are back, having escaped the autocratic machinations of their sometime manager, and they're sounding really good. *Penguin* was poor, *Mystery To Me* was iffy, but *Heroes Are Hard to Find* is a solid piece of work. For one thing, they rock more and smoother on this album than they have since *Future Games*; for another, they've finally settled into a homogeneous style of which the last two records had only tastes: *Penguin*'s "Remember Me" and "Revelation," *Mystery*'s "Hypnotized" and "Keep On Going." They've dropped Bob Weston, the competent but unnecessary second guitar; Bob Welch now handles all guitars, and the lyrical spirits of Peter Green and Danny Kirwan are invoked often on *Heroes*, with success. Those clear, linear guitar leads over busy rhythm figures, and high, simple vocals, have always been the Mac sound, though it's undergone certain shifts in emphasis to accommodate the artistic preferences of first Green, then Jeremy Spencer, then Kirwan, and now Welch and Christine McVie. Their sound is, to use an all-but-dead word, unique: there just ain't no other outfit that sounds remotely like Fleetwood Mac.

The title track roars in with a blast of horns—an uncharacteristic overstatement for this band, a change from their usually subtle mix. But it works well, giving the song a strong punch. Written by Christine McVie, it's built around two chords, like many of her songs, including this album's "Come A Little Bit Closer" and "Bad Loser" (written about that manager); it's to her credit and the band's that the arrangements and musicianship are so artful that you hardly notice how plain the songs are. A number of Welch's songs are, as usual by now, in that shifting, swaying "Hypnotized" bag, halfway between shuffle and samba. The standouts are "Angel," which manages to be

diffuse, swinging, and funky all at once; "Bermuda Triangle," a second installment in Welch's catalogue of parascientific phenomena which began with "Hypnotized" (it's got a fierce, almost American Indian backbeat laced with choice acoustic guitar licks); "Born Enchanter," a Crusaders-style jazzer with Welch on vibes; and "Safe Harbour," a brief instrumental full of arpeggios and cymbal washes, which Welch has described as "Albatrossesque, a floater." There's no dreck anywhere on this record. The vocals are as beautifully harmonized and uncloyingly sweet as can be, and the bottom laid down by John McVie and Mick Fleetwood is Gibraltar-steady, hustling along, keeping every song right on the money—these two guys have propelled their band through *nine* albums, and for my dough, rock hasn't got a better rhythm section. This is a classy band, and *Heroes* is a strong, mature, and rewarding effort.

Eddie & the Falcons
Wizzard
UA

By GREG SHAW

For a musician of his acknowledged brilliance, Roy Wood has shown an inordinate interest in paying tribute to the past works of others. It's to his credit that he is aware of the past and recognizes that certain classics are worth dissecting to get at the magic they hold, but somehow when the full arsenal of synthesized sounds, 64 tracks and infinite overdubs is employed in the attempt to duplicate a record originally cut in one take on a 3-track, the magic fails to translate. It's a dead-end that can't be avoided, and already Roy Wood has begun to fall under some criticism from those who feel his approach is overly clinical and ultimately barren.

Wood has promised that *Eddie & the Falcons* would be the last of his oldie excursions, which is probably the smartest decision he could make at this point. His greatest successes have always been with *pop* songs, from "Blackberry Way" to "Chinatown" to "See My Baby Jive." For the past two years, he's been fooling around with a lot of stuff Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis did better two decades ago, while letting his pop strengths atrophy. What he really needs is to start making hit records again.

There are no hit singles on *Eddie & the Falcons*, but as an ersatz '50s concert it succeeds in being a fairly successful concept album, and includes quite a few moments of truly spendid mimicry. Most of these occur in "Every Day I Wonder" which sounds more like Del Shannon than any comedian ever sounded like Ed Sullivan, and the two Neil Sedaka-inspired tunes, "Come Back Karen" and "You Got Me Running," the latter with a sharp Ricky Nelson guitar break. Wood is great at this kind of synthesis, and the inherent humor of the very attempt goes along with the difficulty and freshness of this approach to make for something very special. It's coming down off something like this into a ten-minute morass of "Johnny B. Goode" riffs and "Don't Be Cruel" vocal cliches, all of which can be found on any third-rate rock album, that makes me wonder sometimes just what this green-haired eccentric thinks he's doing.

The most fully-realized song on *Eddie & the Falcons* comes at the end of side one. "This is the Story of My Life (Baby)" pairs Wood's current idol Neil Sedaka with Phil Spector, as he was with Brian Wilson on "Forever." Castanets run rampant through a melody that stands on its own, while Wood avoids most of the common pitfalls of Spector copyists.

Those are the highlights. The rest of the album you can take or leave, depending on how much more bopping you're prepared to do at this point. I'm glad to see Gene Vincent get a little attention in one of Wood's best '50s pastiches, "Crazy Jeans." "I Dun Lotso Cryin' Over You" is an acceptable Elvis cop from the "Blue Moon of Kentucky" vein, but unfortunately the rest of the album consists of what I would have to term filler. The first two cuts on side one, "Eddie's Rock" and "Brand New 88" sound like Johnny & the Hurricanes B-sides, souped up with the Roy Wood oboe sludge that, I'm beginning to feel, does not belong on rock & roll records. "We're Gonna Rock & Roll Tonight," which ends the album, is more useless murk, and it drags on and on to no good effect.

One of Roy Wood's biggest problems, it would seem, is an inability to edit himself. All of his singles have been in the neighborhood of 5 minutes, which accounts for their American failure, while none would have suffered from the use of some judicious editing. He doesn't seem to realize that the ground rules of the early '60s pop form he's working in included a 2-minute time limit. Wood likes to create dreary, ponderous riffs and repeat them, over and over. This wouldn't upset me if it weren't for his obvious ability to do so much more—it's frustrating to see him waste so much of his time on lesser goals.

Eddie & the Falcons is a good album. It has some moments of piercing brilliance, several passages of fine rock & roll, and four or five songs that come close to his best. But Roy Wood has a lot more potential than is realized here, as do Wizzard, who play such a supporting role that you can't really tell this from Wood's solo recordings, on which he plays all the instruments himself. I think Roy Wood has by now absorbed just about all there is to learn from '50s rock; it's time for him to move on.

Eldorado
Electric Light Orchestra
United Artists UA-LA339-G

By MICHAEL DAVIS

Ah yes, the concept album. The sure sign that a band has its trip together, that all conflicts have been resolved and that only the highest artistic achievements will be released to those sensitive and perceptive enough to enjoy them.

Erk erk. Which is to say that if you'll swallow that, you're either Linda Lovelace or Ron Ziegler. Also to say that yes indeed, *Eldorado* is another of the dreaded species, a Symphony with a real Orchestra.

But how dreaded can it be, for ELO's fearless leader, Jeff Lynne, is first and foremost a master of pop; the classical nature of the band has, in the past, been of secondary importance. Surely he wouldn't reject previous glories for a new sound, all pomp and no stomp, would he?

Nope, but he really hasn't learned how to integrate them yet, either. The humorous, belly-button, oranged cello part of ELO exists side-by-side with the pseudo-profound verse and the oh-so-sincere vocals. Thus we get lines speaking of "the universal dreamer" and eternal life along with the delightfully ludicrous boast, "I have fought in the holiest wars/I have smashed some of the holiest jaws." It's like Lynne occasionally likes to puncture his pretensions but it makes you wonder which came first, the pin or the balloon.

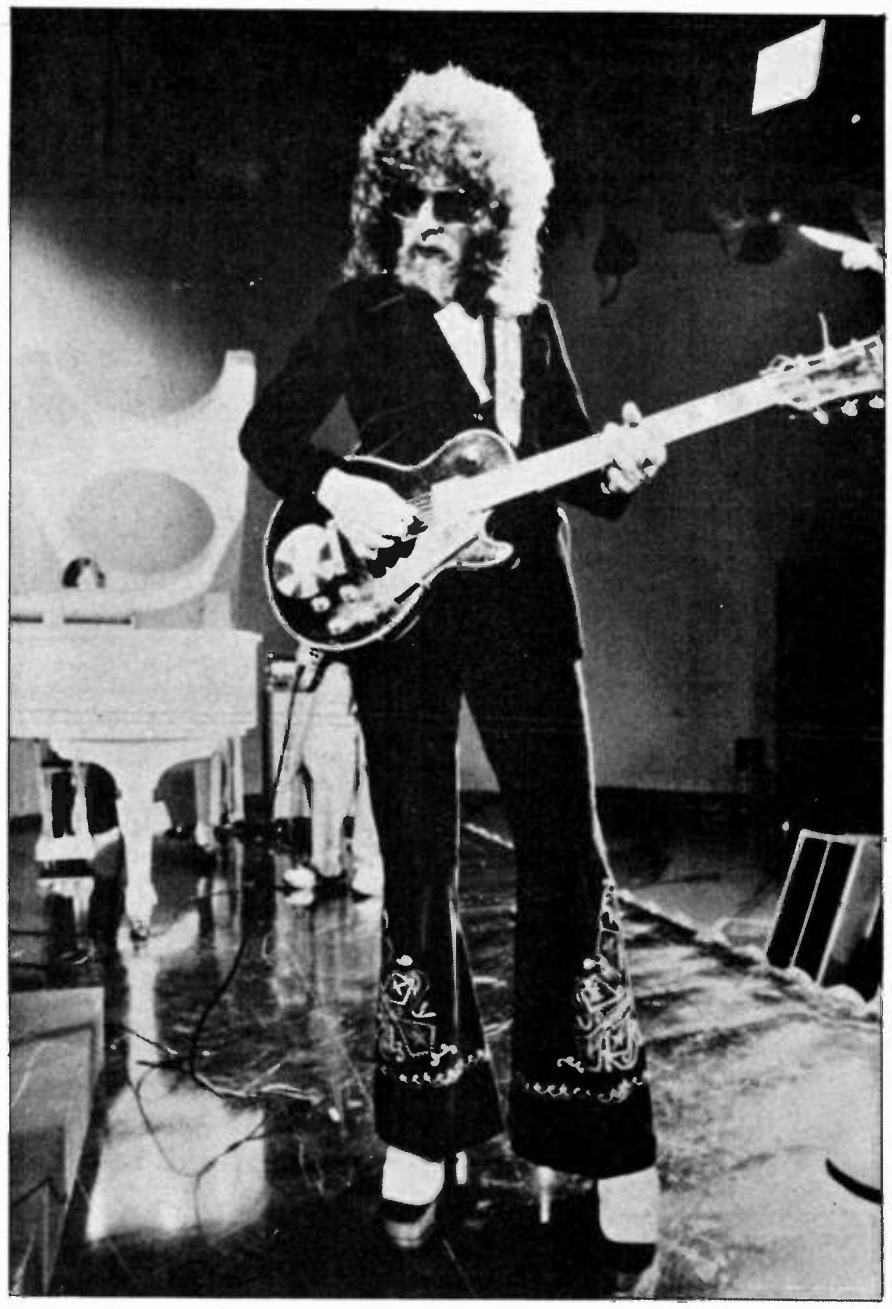
The underlying concept for the album comes straight from "Somewhere Over the Rainbow": the main character spends most of his time either daydreaming or wishing he could. His fantasies are the usual ones—Robin Hood, Lancelot, the Old West—and they function to allow him to escape his "corridors of endless gloom."

A bit overdone, you might say, but that's mainly because the lyric sheet calls so much attention to the words. Using a little selective perception, you can ignore any of that and just enjoy *Eldorado* as a fine collection of skillfully orchestrated pop songs.

And yes, the orchestrations are pretty amazing. Arrangements are credited to Lynne, keyboard player Richard Tandy, and conductor Louis Clark and the orchestral parts work mainly as extensions of the band; chugging cellos, swirling violins, and brass fanfares are the order of the day. The distance between group and orchestra which usually mars team-ups of this nature doesn't occur on *Eldorado*.

As you might have guessed, the album is heavy on ballads; Lynne displays a feel for melody in songs like "Mister Kingdom" and "Eldorado" that would make a Bee Gee blush in envy. On the other hand, he continues to ration his rock 'n' roll as if it were a scarce, precious commodity. Only "Illusions in G Major," in which the main character tells his analyst "It's all good entertainment and it doesn't cost a penny," really rocks out; "Poor Boy" and "Boy Blue" are both catchy, upbeat pop numbers but they ain't rock 'n' roll.

I guess it all comes down (as it usually does) to accepting the music for what it is. If the idea of hearing ELO embellish its songs with tastily-done orchestrations appeals to you, then *Eldorado* may end up being one of your favorite albums. If, however, you'd prefer some extensions of "Do Ya," well, maybe next time.



Roll over, Beethoven; this man has just written a symphony. Jeffrey Mayer, Rainbow

When the Eagle Flies
Traffic
Asylum 7E-1020

By ED LEIMBACHER

I was all set to crack wise about "spark burning lower" or "another fantasy shot down." But now, after hearing Traffic's *When the Eagle Flies*, I'm not so sure—I kind of like it in a resurrectionist sort of way, like Joe Cocker's polished *Rain* album (decent even if he's irredeemably asinine on stage).

Of course, Steve Winwood and Dave Mason together really did more than just strike sparks; they burned brightly with a pure flame of musical innovation—part rock, part jazz, part anguished Anglo-Saxon soul. But either one without the other has seldom flickered any higher than the flame of a pilot light; and the last few Traffic albums have all seemed too meanderingly languid, too lackadaisically jazzish. This new one heads back in the direction of shorter songs, but most of the tunes aren't that interesting, nor Winwood's vaunted voice that com-

pelling. (The most memorable track, in fact, is also the longest, "Dream Gerrard.")

Side Two is pretty bland, including or especially the title track with its tired images of doom and destruction and a brighter day beyond. "Love" is a fade-in, fade-out, jam fragment, wasting Chris Wood's exquisite flute. "Memories of a Rock 'n' Rolla (sic)" insults the genre of songs limning the rock "experience"; only at the end does it build its way up from sluggishness.

"Walking in the Wind" and "Graveyard People" are a distinct improvement, both featuring multiple Wonder-ous keyboards from Winwood, plus someone's strolling bass on the former and Wood's swirling sax on the latter. But the lyrics again are superficial and largely superfluous.

Surreal words courtesy of ex-Bonzo Viv Stanshall prove equally silly on "Dream Gerrard," save for one "should be done with reality" pun. But again, the band makes you forget all that with a tune and an arrangement (including the most haunting and tasteful strings since "Moonlight Mile") that rise and fall and resurge in your mind like a dream or memory. The rhythm is relentless, Winwood tickles those ivories like Horace Silver or McCoy Tyner in whiteface, and the total package makes for sweet dreaming indeed.

Now if Winwood *et al* would just hire themselves a competent lyricist and second voice—like, say, Dave Mason maybe . . . .

Hall of the Mountain Grill
Hawkwind
United Artists UA-LA328-G

By DAVID BAEMOTH

Hawkwind might be ready to usurp Black Oak Arkansas as the reigning mondo-dumbo heavy metal miscreants. They got a lot over our backwoods boys. But that's not surprising. The English got us beat when it comes to off-the-wall rock 'n' roll.

Yeah, and speaking of walls, Hawkwind got bounced off hard. Try to imagine a mystic McDonaldland on the moon. Once you got that down, add equal doses of Captain Video, Edgar Cayce and "Tales From the Unknown." Now picture it all transformed into the ultimate psychedelic space schlok stage show; complete with strobes, black lights, day-glo and giant screen melting-colors-and-traveling-through-space-am-I-too-high-karmic effects. Yum-yum. That's about where Hawkwind's coming from—some TV producer's rendering of an acid rock band for a *Star Trek* episode. And that's why Hawkwind is perhaps the most entertaining group going these days—heavy metal *kitsch*. Much better stuff than Black Oak's hippie, dope and revolution rap.

Hawkwind, however, has a firm grasp on heavy metal dynamics. Their live double album, *Space Ritual*, is a must. Two entire records of endless mind-death rock 'n' roll. Great energy monoliths of rejuvenated Black Sabbath riffs. Raw, ponderous things. Picture Colossos trampling peasants and cute villages. The whole bit.

Graf relentless, dumb rhythms underlie reeds, keyboards and synthesizers that vacillate between spaco things and sonic blitzes. It's all unbelievably raw stuff which Hawkwind attacks with such brute devotion that, *voila*, throbbing heavy metal. Hawkwind's live music, in short, is the stuff for aficionados who think Blue Oyster Cult are East Coast intellectual pansies.

Which brings us to *Hall of the Mountain Grill*. Disturbing tendencies here. Like Hawkwind getting artsy. What the hell is this? Like they're not satisfied being the finest mondo-dumbo heavy metal act around. Like they actually want to do something "respectable." Like they want to blow a good thing.

It seems that way. Get these guys off the stage and into a studio and they get ambitious. Over-production drowns beat-'em-over-the-head dynamics. Bland "mood provoking" mellotron parts replace uncontrolled reed and synthesizer madness. Ostentatious pseudo-complexities confuse pounding two chord constructions.

New Hawkwind member Simon House —keyboards and violin—is at least partly to blame. He wrote the title song, a dime store Beaver & Krause melody featuring piano and mellotron. But other members are guilty of songs like "Web Weaver," a lame Jefferson Starship imitation, and "Wind of Change," a piece that should be the soundtrack to an American International slime movie.

Hall of the Mountain Grill, however, does contain some raw Hawkwind, including two live tracks. The best studio cut, "Psychedelic Warlords," gets underway with a catchy metal riff augmented by violin and a neat fuzz effect making the bass sound like it's being played through a half-blown Silvertone. Great stuff, but just as the song gets up a head of steam the band fades out for a dumb sax solo.

But that's typical of the album. Over-produced. Artsy. Boy, who needs it? Give us mind-death. Give us *kitsch*. Give us Barabbas.

Alex Chilton & Big Star:

INNOCENT, BUT DEADLY

"September Gurls"
Alex Chilton & Big Star
Privilege 1002

By MARTIN R. CERF

Alex could have had little hope for this particular recording ever reaching its true reward, as he must be well aware by now of the irony of *Radio City*, the album from which this track was singled out. For the fact that this record is Memphis' most superior contribution to the pop cause was no guarantee that it would grace the airwaves – quite the contrary, in fact.

The story of Alex Chilton and Big Star is one of supreme accomplishment and even greater frustration. From the start it was a cloudy existence at best. Shortly after the release of the group's first album *No.1 Record* in early 1973, co-writer/singer Chris Bell stormed out of the band in a fit of Memphis fury and torment. The group carried on with three members, playing local gigs in Overton Square and settling for Kansas City Stardom.

But there were more complications ahead for this one-time leader of the Box Tops ("The Letter", "Neon Rainbow", etc). Their label, Ardent, was the Anglo offshoot of the all-black Stax organization, and got about as much promotion and distribution support as you might expect. The final blow came when the label (and the studio out of which it grew) sold out earlier this year. But now the Ardent people have resurfaced in a second phase, under the monicker of Privilege Records, to try again with Big Star.

"September Gurls" was originally released in August on Ardent (ADA 2912) during the final stages of the label's ownership transfer, and what minor efforts were applied on its behalf had little result. But there appears to be cause for hope, for here it comes again, with a new lease on life.

About the song itself, it won't take four notes of the '65 Byrds lead opener to start the raving, and it sustains interest long enough to lead us right into a sumptuous, earthy nasal vocal which Alex serves up with the finest fit of teenage sexual indifference since "Walk Away Renee". There's a magic in this 7-inch incarnation that was lost in the context of the uniformly excellent album; I always loved the song, but it didn't achieve classic status until it entered my life at 45 rpm.

Seasonal appeal is only the tip of the iceburg when discussing the potential of this song. "September girls, do so much... I loved you (pause) well, never mind." And then we learn that it's not without reason, or rhyme for that matter. "I been cryin' all the time... December Boy's gone bad". There's no explanation for the spectacular enunciation of all the lyrics as they're from the mouth of a southern boy, the kind whose words are impossible to disbelieve. It's strictly Jim McGuinn and Emmit Rhodes celebration here, and of the most refined nature.

Alex is no stranger to the top of the pop charts; he's played the circuit. Still in his early twenties, and taken to extended departures from the music business, he sometimes fades into an obscurity so hazy as to solicit coroners. His facial commitment to pop is as intense and overt as the domestic 9th grade fashions he adorns. Casual and mild-mannered and altogether unaffected. But in the studio it's blitz-city. The fire and raw fulfilling substance of a most imaginative and musical mind is unleashed, a reverse osmosis.

With a continuing realism trend growing throughout the country in this closing period of 1974, honest clean-cut lyrical constructions are taking over the Hit Parade with domineering effect. As anticipated in these pages the past year and a half, we're in for an abundance of quality recordings. Alex Chilton should be duly noted.

Alex Chilton is the star he's always been suspected of being. His talents have, like Roy Wood's, been in the sound studio's closet for too long. It's time Alex got out and spread his wears around, calling on us from door-to door on a John Fogerty level; Monday night at Lafayette's is not enough for an American pop hero of the '70s.

It's not often that greatness, once rejected, gives us a second chance. Our only hope now is to hear this single. You may find it a taste difficult to locate, but the time spent will be worth it. Remember this man, Alex Chilton; I have the distinct premonition that he has barely begun to offer up what will be his ultimate contribution.

Odds & Sods
The Who
Track/MCA-2126

Backtrackin'
Them
London PS 639

By KEN BARNES

1974 has certainly been a good year for reissues, even if UA's Jan & Dean set didn't quite make it to the starting gate. *Four* Beach Boys packages (of varying quality, admittedly, and nothing startling), plus the superb Zombies set, the truly fabulous Creation album (actually out late last year on English Charisma only, but an album not to be missed), and now *Backtrackin'* and *Odds & Sods*. A retrospectacle to delight the ears . . . .

Backtrackin' is something of a sleeper, one more attempt to exploit Van Morrison's current popularity, but it's quite a pleasant surprise. Nothing on the album has ever been on an American LP before, and it's definitely first-rate stuff (incidentally, to get a little pedantry out of the way early, the back-cover asterisks conveying release information aren't entirely error-free – "Just a Little Bit" was never released here, while "All For Myself" and "Half As Much" were both American singles). Them were a superbly versatile and accomplished band, with an added raw edge that rivalled the Stones and Animals in the revved-up R&B department – a monumentally great group. *Backtrackin'* serves as further confirmation and helps round out the total picture.

The opener, "Richard Cory" (an obscure single), is an agonized, more compelling version of Paul Simon's poetical adaptation. "I Put a Spell on You" and Morrison's original "Hey Girl" aren't at all outstanding, but "Just a Little Bit" is – a British Invasion chestnut recorded by everyone from the Undertakers to Slade, it's attacked with a chugging "Green Onions" beat and is top-notch.

"I Gave My Love a Diamond" is basically the same song found on the back side of Fess Parker's "Ballad of Davy Crockett," but Morrison and producer Bert Berns wreak a magical transformation, investing it with a shimmering "Could You Would You"-style treatment. "Half As Much" was the American followup to "Here Comes the Night," and is a good slow bluesy track; while "All For Myself" ("Here Comes the Night's" flip) is another blues item, one of an endless series of Anglo-American "I'm a Man" variations, closest in spirit to the Animals' "I'm Mad" and the Blues Project's "Two Trains Running."

"Don't Start Crying Now," Them's first single, is an abrasive triple-speed Little Richard-style number and makes a nice antique; "Baby Please Don't Go," their second, is still a stunningly vicious rocker. Finally, the one unreleased track, "Mighty Like a Rose," is a very pleasant druggy number whose origin is quite mysterious.

The obligatory nitpicking would have to center around the fairly laughable liner notes or some other ancillary aspect, since the track selection is quite good and should please all but the most snobbish completists. It would have been nice to see the delightfully melodic "You Just Can't Win" and "My Little Baby" (from *The Angry Young Them*) included, but other British LP tracks like "Bright Lights Big City," "Hello Josephine" and "I Got a Woman" are dispensable and were, probably wisely, dispensed with. There's some later material like "Friday's Child" and the unlistenable "Story of Them," and some unreleased tracks recently unearthed in Europe; but if Van Morrison stays popular in the next year or two, London will probably release all that too. Meanwhile, *Backtrackin'* makes a highly purchasable album.

The Who's *Odds & Sods*, in contrast to the Them LP, is a carefully and consciously-contrived collation, assembled, remixed, and rescued from oblivion by John Entwistle with revelatory liner notes by Pete Townshend. For Who fanatics and rock lovers in general (not that there should, by rights, be any distinction between the two), no matter what qualms may arise about what's here and what isn't (and there's plenty left unissued . . .), *Odds & Sods* is nothing short of a dream come true.

The *Who's Next*-era (and beyond) tracks are very strong, qualitatively equal to that fine album itself. "Put the Money Down" has echoes of "Bargain" and "Sweet Little Sixteen," a raucous rocker. "Too Much of Anything" is extremely pretty, and "Long Live Rock" is one of the very best "self-conscious hymns to the last fifteen years" (as Townshend puts it), especially now when half the songs with rock & roll in their titles bear no resemblance whatsoever. It's a colorful raver with strong 50's over/undertones and a real heart-tugger of a bridge. "Pure and Easy" was the standout track on Townshend's solo album, and it's nice to have a Who version, though the differences are not dramatic.

The 1969 maxi-single that never quite made it to the shops is finally represented by three tracks here. "Postcard" is a fairly trivial Entwistle song, on the level of "I've Been Away" ("Happy Jack" 's British B-side), but possessed of very clever, funny lyrics. "Now I'm a Farmer" is also lyrically amusing, a pretty fair rocker with a ricky-tick slowdown interlude later adapted to fit "I Don't Even Know Myself." "Naked Eye" is the best of the three, a complex song with a powerhouse chorus, surprisingly revived in the group's 1973 live performances.

The remaining four tracks, dating from 1968 or earlier, are my favorites, though. "I'm the Face," the legendary, fabulously rare High Numbers single, turns out to be a variation on the old Slim Harpo/Warren Smith number "Got Love if You Want it," with great Mod lyrics and a solid '64-style performance. "Faith in Something Bigger," religious lyrics aside, is a lovely tune, as close as the Who have ever come to a Spector-styled ballad.

"Little Billy," a rejected lung cancer commercial long cherished in memory from the 1968 stage act, sounds like "Odorono" but is far superior, epitomizing that marvelous combination of feathery vocal/melody line and frenetic guitar/bass/drums undercarriage which the Who employed so well in the two years between "I'm a Boy" and "Dogs," "Glow Girl," once scheduled to follow up "I Can See for Miles" as a single, captures that '66-'68 Who essence even better. Only the Stones ever rivalled the Who in the capability for creating the hardest rock and the most delicate melodies, and only the Who successfully combined the two. "Glow Girl," a typically outre tale of air disaster and reincanation, is a pure delight, with a plane-crash break that challenges "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" in feedback ferocity.

I should try to refrain from frothing over here, but *Odds & Sods* seems almost miraculous. An assemblage of rejects, it cuts almost anything in release today. And believe it or not, there's a significant amount of similarly superb material still languishing in the vaults, or on the backs of English singles. In fact, a whole album could be compiled from American B-sides alone (from "Bald Headed Woman" to "Water"), and it would stack up pretty well, too. Then there's the half-dozen studio tracks that didn't make it onto *Sell Out*, the legendary "Join My Gang" (and maybe even a "Lazy Fat People" demo), and more well-known material like "Dogs," "Let's See Action," and (leave us not forget) "I'm the Face" 's bizarre flip, "Zoot Suit."

Perhaps the Who should consider releasing an *Odds & Sods*-type album as an annual event – it would make the wait between new albums a lot easier to take and would free some of the most fascinating vault material in existence. The Who have become much more conscientious about their loose ends recently, so, why not get our hopes up?

BLIND DATE

Each month, Flo & Eddie (Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan) submit to a blindfold test in which they're required to identify and respond to selections from several new albums.

Edited by Ken Barnes

Ted Nugent & Amboy Dukes – Excerpts from *Tooth Fang & Claw* (DiscReet)

Louder! The Whisky! The Speakeasy! REO! Illinois Speed Press! Kansas! This could be my favorite group this month. Turn it up! Boogie! Fresh Start. You can turn it down a little. Bachman-Turner. This group just went from my favorite group of the month to my least favorite group of the month in one measure. I don't like that vocalist. Great lick, though. I just hate the singer. Is this Foghat? Are they Canadian? Almost? That means Detroit. Not Fanny. He doesn't believe in black magic. Manadala! Another Mitch Ryder re-release. Ted. It is Ted! I didn't hear any flashy guitar work! Who cares about his voice? He sings awful. That's how I broke my finger. In a guitar battle with Ted. I was playing along with him on the record and picked so fast I broke my finger.

Budgie – Excerpts from *In for the Kill* (MCA)

God, what is that? Neil Merryweather's follow-up? Mike Pinera? Rhino! Captain Beyond. Hawkwind. OK, who is she? It isn't Chi Coltrane, is it? Boogie! Fresh Start. British. That's our clue. Graeme Edge. So far the two things I've heard sound the same. How can I identify this? It could be the band up the street. Beacon Street Union. It's not a girl? Unsuccessful sex change. Then it could be Bert Jansch. Then it might as well be Bert Parks. I'm ready to give up. Named their band after a bird? Pidgeon. Crow. Wild Turkey. Tucky Buzzard! And it's not the Byrds. Not the Eagles. The Robins! The Mighty Sparrow at 78. Link Wray. How many birds can there be? Peculiarly British bird name? Grouse! That's not bad for a glitter band. Budgie! It's not very good. Who is Budgie? Top Ten in England? They'll buy anything there.

Labelle – Excerpts from *Nightbirds* (Epic)

Traffic. Jim Capaldi. Felix Cavaliere. Alan Gordon. Who's the guy who made "Soul Makossa?" This chick's got to be on A&M. Sure it's not Cheryl Dilcher? What'd she say? Gitchi Gitchi ya ya? It's Charo! It's got to be Becky Hobbs. This record wouldn't have anything to do with Barry Manilow . . . Bonnie Raitt! It's a group? Maxayn. Labelle! They never used to sound like this. They sounded like Rufus. Now I *like* Patti Labelle & the Bluebelles. Now let's talk about *music*! I have Murray the K's *Greatest Holiday Show* when not one of them knew what stage they were on – or what key they were singing in, and it reeks! But they made some great records.

Tom Jans – Excerpts from *Tom Jans* (A&M)

Joni! Tim Moore. Thomas Jefferson Kaye. Jimmy Buffett. Jerry Riopelle. Keep going! Keith Allison. Stop! Manny Trujillo. Victor Spinetti. Why doesn't he sound like anyone yet? Everyone's cutting his songs? Well, if it isn't Jackson or J.D. no one's cutting them. David Coe. Rupert Holmes. Ron Davies. We'll get it. We're stumbling on it. Tom Jans! Nashville! The guy writes good songs. How come it took us so long to remember it if the songs are so good? Because they all sound the same. He's about a 50-percenter. "Loving Arms" is a killer song. He made one great album with Mimi Farina that was overlooked. Best one this month so far.

UFO – "Too Young to Know," "Doctor Doctor," from *Phenomenon* (Chrysalis)

They were heavy metal? Heavy Metal Kids. Not bad. Another cut! I wouldn't rush out to buy that tune. It's not "Overnight Sensation" or anything. I know who it is – Brinsley Schwarz! No. Fat Mattress! This is not bad. Blue Suede. I like 'em. Who are they? I'm giving up. UFO! I thought they were very spacey. I would buy that for the cover. I think that's a Grammy cover.

Gino Vanelli – "Poor Happy Jimmy," "Powerful People," from *Powerful People* (A&M)

Jimmy Buffett. Jerry Riopelle. "Poor Happy Jimmy!" Oh, no! Is this the guy who's also writing a song about Bill Chase? I like the way it's produced. I like his voice. But why is he singing *that*? OK, this eats! Sounds really good. I would suggest a self-appraisal of himself on a psychedelic drug. Who is he? I like giving up! Gino Vannelli! Didn't use one Heavy Friend. Very commendable! He's pretty middle-of-the-road. Nothing rock about it at all. I wouldn't buy it. But it's definitely stewardess music – hanging around the Marina drinking a Mai-Tai by a fire with a co-pilot goosing you – and it will be big on United Airlines! Look for it on your flight but don't look for it in the stores. Hey, I'm not gonna push our record in this column, but it's worth listening to!

Harvey Mandel, Excerpts from *Feel the Sound of* (Janus)

Tim Weisberg. Lynyrd Skynyrd. Couldn't be the Ron Wood album, could it? Dave Mason? The piano player from Chicago, Robert Lamm. Did he ever room with a roadie from the Blues Project? Then he's been through that whole Miller-Goldberg-Siegel-Schwall thing. Not bad. Not Larry Coryell. Sounds good. Good disco item. Sam Lay! Iggy used to play with him. No wonder he's dead now. I like this. It's not pop at all – it's sort of like *East West* – out of that era. Steve Miller. Harvey Mandel! Usually he gets locked in that blues stuff and never gets out. The one thing you got to hand to Harvey is that he doesn't have one song on the album over 7 minutes. That's pretty good for him.

Shuggie Otis – Excerpts from *Inspiration Information* (Epic)

Famous father? David Carradine & Water! Kevin Autry. Blue Buttons! Todd Rundgren's little kid. Soupy Sales' kids. Not Hank Williams Jr.? Don Fardon Jr. Jon Lord Jr. Jimmy Welk. Chris Crosby. *Music for Your Ear* by J. Paul Getty Jr. I don't care much for this. Sun Ra, Jr. Son of Ra. You got a snack-pak for your love? Weird record. He wants to be the blues Todd Rundgren. Boz, Jr. Son of *who*? Let's go to his Dad! It's not Jimmy Brubeck. Famous L.A. figure. Jimmy Jarvis. Shuggie Otis! Shuggie! They're letting him make albums still! That sounds OK! No comment. Next!

Taj Mahal – "Johnny Too Bad" from *Mo' Roots* (Columbia)

Everyone does reggae – could be anyone. If it's "Sitting in Limbo" or "Many Rivers to Cross" I'll die. Oh no! Harry Belafonte, right? Ray Charles! White folks love him? Are you *sure* White folks love him? How much? Like Taj Mahal level? Taj Mahal – selling out again. No, just kidding. Has he still got the cap on? *Mo' Roots*! He is gonna die trying to make it. He has got a following. And they're all on this album! Well, Taj, I'll tell you, I can't wait till every record on the charts is Swiss and you try that. Absolutely – he's already got a "J" in his name!

Flo & Eddie say 'ELO' to Roy Wood on his arrival in Hollywood.

(PRM spent some time in New York City with Roy Wood on the eve of Wizzard's debut American tour. Roy listened to and talked about some new and old records for this special guest installment of Blind Date, *conducted by Alan Betrock.)*

"Shyin Away" American Spring (Columbia)

Is it the Cookies? Spring? Ah yes, that's right. It's quite pleasant really; sounds like a homemade Beach Boys production, what more can you say really?

"Maybe" Dave Edmunds (RCA)

I like that. It's Dave Edmunds – great. For re-creating oldies, I think Dave Edmunds does a very good job. I'd rather hear him writing new stuff, really.

"Summer Means Fun" Legendary Masked Surfers (UA)

I've got this at home! It's the Super Duper Surfers or something, right? When I saw the actual lineup printed on the label, I expected a lot more from it. I don't think the song is very good. It's nice as a collectors item.

"Tara Tiger Girl" Casuals (Parl.)

It's very familiar. I heard this one on the radio. It sounds like a cross between "Blackberry Way" and everything else we've ever done, especially "Wild Tiger Woman." I don't resent when somebody tries to copy us, when it's good, but that's not very good, is it?

"My One & Only Jimmy Boy" Girlfriends (Colpix)

Great! Great! What can you say – it's great. It's what we've been influenced by – all that sort of stuff. I've been asked to produce the Ronettes which should be great – I'm really looking forward to it – we'll be doing new stuff.

"Sweet Lady Genevieve" Kinks (RCA)

Ah, the Kinks. It's good. It's a shame they're not getting hits anymore. I think they deserve it – the Kinks are good. Ray Davies is a great writer.

"Why Don't They Let Us Fall In Love" Veronica (Phil Spector Records)

Another great one. I really don't know what to say about these 'cause they're all so good. I won't mind being compared to Spector when I produce the Ronettes, because in my mind Spector is the greatest producer ever, so to be compared with him would be an honour . . . .

"Maybe I Know" Ellie Greenwich (Verve)

Carole King did this first, right? Ellie Greenwich, ah yes. Leslie Gore sang it first – oh yes, Leslie Gore EEcccchhhh . . . .

"Who Are the Mystery Girls" NY Dolls (Merc.)

(After 10 seconds) Take it Off! Forget that one. Sounded like somebody copying Alice Cooper before they knew how to play!

"Home of the Brave" Bonnie & The Treasures (Phil-Dan)

Great, that is. Quite a nice tune also. You can't say much about the records that have influenced you.

"Suzy Hang Around" Abba from *Waterloo* (Atlantic)

Great. It's really good, isn't it. Is that an album, let me see. Very nice. There's only one contemporary group that I really follow and that's Led Zeppelin.

"Manana Monsieur" Sparks from *Kimono My House* (Island)

Sparks, yeah. I was asked to produce them but I had to turn it down obviously because we were really busy at the time. I would like to produce them because they are a very inventive group. The lyrics are amazing.

"Cruisin Music" Raspberries from *Starting Over* (Capitol)

Great vocal arrangement. The lead voice sounds like McCartney as well. Raspberries? The vocal work is tremendous.

"Wonderful" Colin Blunstone from *LP* (Epic)

He's got a good voice – not too good on that song. I liked "Say You Don't Mind" better – although Denny Laine did it better.

"Hotel" 10cc from *Sheet Music* (UK Records)

Pretty Crappy. It's 10cc. Oh, that's a shame, 'cause I like them, they're a great band – but that one's not too good.

"When You Dance" Billy Storm (produced by Phil Spector) (Atlantic)

Who's that? The Drifters? The Platters? Weird ain't it? Some of those early things had quite a lot of magic.

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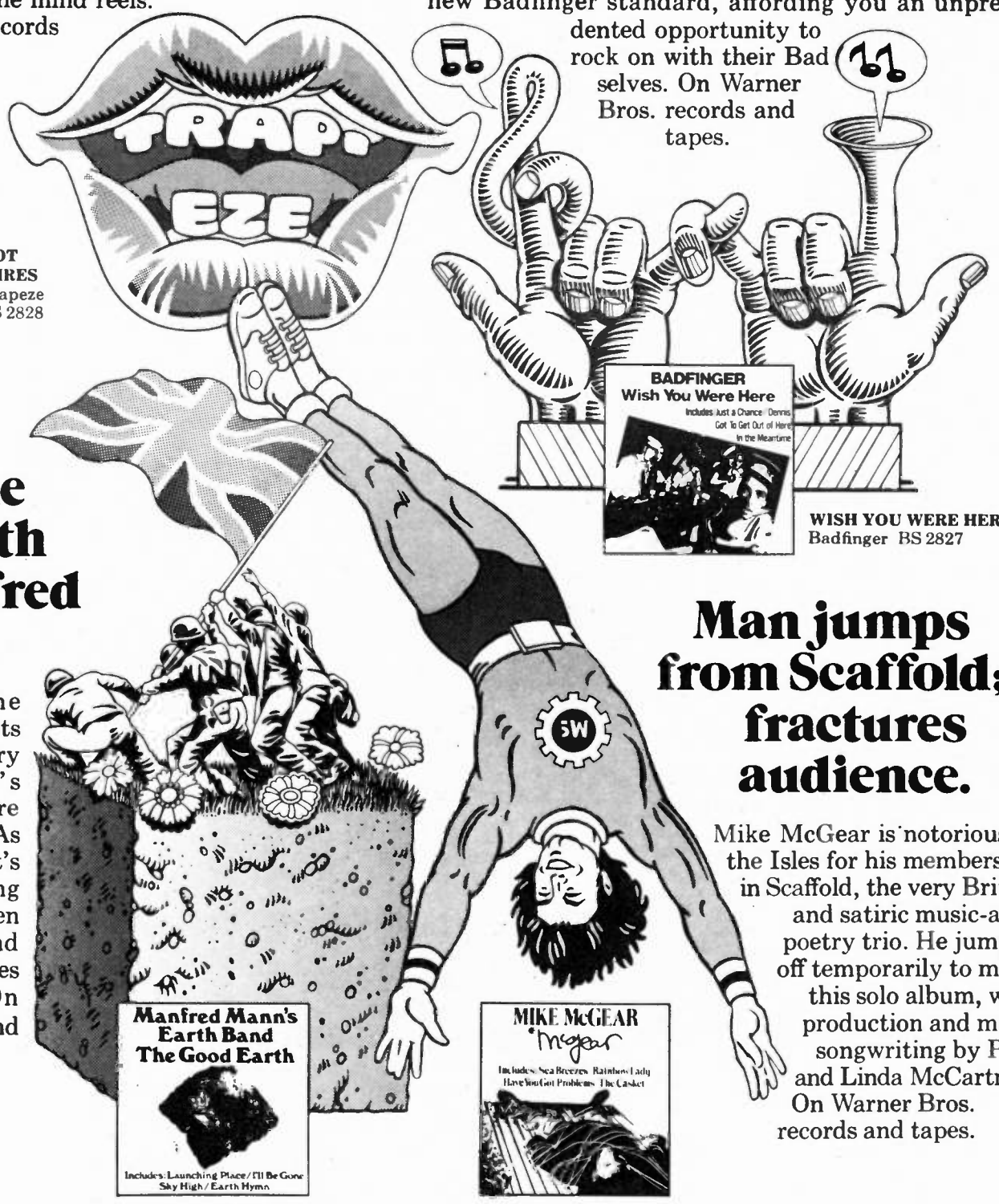

WISH YOU WERE HERE
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The newest from the Earth Band carries on its package an extraordinary coupon indeed: it's redeemable for a square foot of cool Britannia. As for the record inside, it's another groundbreaking foray into the wide open space bridging pop and progressive musics. Acres ahead of the pack. On Warner Bros. records and tapes.

GOOD EARTH
Manfred Mann's Earth Band BS 2826

Man jumps from Scaffold; fractures audience.

Mike McGear is notorious in the Isles for his membership in Scaffold, the very British and satiric music-and-poetry trio. He jumped off temporarily to make this solo album, with production and much songwriting by Paul and Linda McCartney. On Warner Bros. records and tapes.

McGEAR
Mike McGear
BS 2825

The sun never sets on Warner Bros. Records.

JUKE BOX JURY

POP SINGLES FOR THE '70s

By GREG SHAW

I had a flash of pop *deja vu* today as I looked down the charts to see what trends I could discern. I saw names like the Beach Boys, Carole King, Paul Anka, the Righteous Brothers, the O'Jays, James Brown, Bobby Vinton, the Isley Brothers, the Tymes and Marvin Gaye, and titles like "Beach Baby", "I'm Leaving It All Up to You", "Another Saturday Night", "Honey Honey", "Surfin' U.S.A.", and "Don't Worry Baby" and I realized that this month's biggest trend seems to be 1963. There's also a minor 1966 trend shaping up with "Wild Thing", Neil Diamond and the Turtles. Not that it means anything in particular, but it's interesting to watch.

A couple of people have told me that I seem to like everything lately, which isn't at all true, it's just that there's so much good music to talk about and not as much of the obnoxious piffle we used to have to tolerate. But AM radio being what it is, there's always plenty I can't stand, including some of your faves I'm sure.

For instance the latest Cat Stevens atrocity (how *dare* he mawk up Sam Cooke!), Cheech & Chong's well-intended but poorly executed "Earache My Eye" (Ode 66102), Tony Orlando's latest (he was better in 1961), whatever John Denver excretion is currently on the air, Neil Diamond's "Longfellow Serenade" (Columbia 3-10043), Jud Strunk, and Cher's maudlin tale of a man she can't dance with. It all grates on my ears and I wish it would go away – which it will, of course, to be replaced by more of the same. And somehow, after they age a few years, even the worst of them will sound better as oldies.

Records like these are just minor irritants, though, and as such barely worth mentioning. I really do get excited when I hear a great single, and would rather rave on about such a record anytime. Like this amazing thing by Reunion, called "Life is a Rock (But the Radio Rolled Me)" (RCA JH-10056). It's a tribute to pop, the history of AM radio in 2:54, and unlike most such records there are no generalities. Everybody is mentioned from B. Bumble & the Stingers to Richard Perry, and the whole record resounds with golden riffs and melodies. Even the plastic is gold, on my copy. Take a bow, Joey Levine.

"The Bitch is Back" (MCA 40297) was the obvious Elton John followup, and here it is. Not so obvious is his next single release, as revealed in concert recently; "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds". Are you ready for that? I mentioned a month or two back that RCA should release Bowie's "Diamond Dogs", as they have since done in Canada and England (backed with "Holy Holy", which you can't get anywhere else) but here the new single is "1984" (RCA PB-10026) which I can't see going anywhere, backed with "Queen Bitch." Lou Reed's newest is "Sally Can't Dance" (RCA JB-10053) with his picture on the label even. Unfortunately, Lou can't sing. But he's sick, and that's good enough.

More 1966: Nilsson's "Subterranean Homesick Blues" (RCA JB-10078). Pretty good arrangement, tho I'd rather have heard Bryan Ferry do it. Few can top Ferry's pinups, including Keith Moon, whose "Don't Worry Baby" (MCA 40316) is as good as a fairly straight interpretation can be. He wisely doesn't try to match the original production, nor does he loon about excessively, he just sings the words as if he likes the song but doesn't really give a damn. And it works just fine.

Quite a few newcomers I'm sure you'll like. Rush is from Canada and their "Finding My Way" (Mercury 73623) is a solid rocker, very much like Led Zep. "Holy Moses" by Tango (A&M 1622) has a good melody hook and some nice guitar work–a well-constructed song that's easy to remember. "Ou La La" by Granpa (SSS872) is anything but the C&W novelty you might expect. It's actually a respectable post-bubble teen ballad, with an easy Lobo-like rhythm, a little livelier, not your average Nashville record at all. Very tasty. "Think What You Like" (EMI 3967) is by a new German group called Somebody, and it's guaranteed to blow all your preconceptions of Kraut rock. Humorless space music? Forget it, this is simply a bit of cheesy lounge rock with someone (or Somebody) chuckling on and off throughout. Inane, of course, but that's the coming trend. Don't be surprised if the Chipmunks put out a new record this year, too...

Robert Fallia, Rainbow

Keith Moon goes surfing.

The Return of the Bubblegum Monsters: now that bubblepop has come of age, the closets are opening and some of my favorite under knowns are coming out. It's great to have Andy Kim back, and now we've got Ron Dante. You remember Ron, of course, from the Peppermint Rainbow, the Baskerville Hounds, his own fine solo album, but most of all from the Archies, for whom he provided vocals. I don't know where he's been for so long, but he's back now and thanks to Clive, on the label where he always belonged. "Charmer" (Bell 610) is prime stuff, written by the fantastic Tim Moore and a natural smash or I'll eat my Raspberries collection.

Layng Martine is not quite as legendary as Dante, but I'll always listen to anything with his name on it, and I'm seldom disappointed. His "Rub It In" (Barnaby 2041) was a favorite in 1971, and now Billy "Crash" Craddock's remake (ABC 12013) is on the charts, sounding fine. Layng himself has a new one out, "Music Man" (Barnaby 606). that should be equally big. Still produced by Ray Stevens, and still in that bubble groove, Martine is one of those guys with an instinct for catchy, commercial pop. Another of his songs, "Love You Back to Georgia" has been cut by a new group, Savannah on A&M 1618. Reminds me a little of the Everly Brothers' early hits, the fast ones like "Wake Up Little Susie." Very clean, memorable recording. Like a Jackson Browne song done by the Eagles, almost. No reason it shouldn't be a hit so I can put Layng Martine on the cover of *Who Put the Bomp*.

Speaking of that publication, there's a new issue out featuring the Seeds, Standells, Beau Brummels, Leaves, Knickerbockers, and plenty of other goodies. Only a buck from Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510. For hard-core rocknrollers only.

Why aren't we allowed to have this record?

And speaking of hard-core rockers, why hasn't Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz" come out here yet? Maybe they'll never sell another million here, but they've got a lotta fans. Just like Suzi Quatro, whose "Devil Gate Drive" has made its belated appearance (Bell 609).

Another person who has fans is Jan Berry, and they'll all be saying "I told ya so!" when they hear "Tinsel Town" (Ode 66050). Jan and Roger Christian have put together a fine California anthem with a strong commercial hook. Anyone who ever liked Jan & Dean and felt the spirit of summer music will want to have this one. And I'll bet Jan's next will be a real killer...

One of the year's biggest surprises has been the Hudson Brothers. Their album is an unalloyed treat, and the single has brightened many an hour for me. "So You Are a Star" (Casablanca 0108) may sound a bit like John Lennon, but it's been years since Lennon sounded like this! The Hudsons were formerly on Rocket, on which label you can also get "Be a Man" (MCA 40317), another fine pop ballad. In fact my turntable has been the site of a mini-Battle of the Badfingers lately, with the Hudsons, Splinter, and Badfinger themselves, whose new album should be spinning off a single soon.

Good stuff indeed, and more to come. Big Star's "September Gurls" (Ardent 2912), reviewed elsewhere by M. Cerf, is everything he claims, a sheer joy. Records like this defy analysis; they just set the world aglow for a couple of minutes then move aside for the next. And there's always another one waiting. Like "Summerlove Sensation" by the Bay City Rollers (Bell

607), the kind of record you'd expect the Sweet to make if they really were the bubblegum group they've been labeled. The verses are sung to a hard pop beat, but the chorus is pure "Beach Baby" and I love it. U.S. release was delayed by several weeks so Bell could remix it and add some strings, which means it'll probably miss out on the summer music trend, but nice try anyway.

The genius of Neil Sedaka has yet to be acknowledged. The man lives, breathes and exudes pop. Just listen to "Laughter in the Rain" (MCA 40303), which I believe has already sold a million or more around the world. A song like this makes it clear that Neil has never strayed from the path of pop perfection, unlike his childhood sweetheart Carole King, who is still hung up trying to be black, with "Jazzman" (Ode 66101). Forget it, and forget her; we've got Neil Sedaka. The black people know better anyway: R&B songstress Lea Roberts has cut "Laughter in the Rain" (UA 539) and done pretty well in the sould charts. What Carole really needs is another Gerry Goffin...

You haven't heard "Please Please Me" until you've heard David Cassidy's live version (Bell 605), recorded in England of course. It's good enough to fool a lot of people, though in the end everyone seems to prefer the original version. Not so with "I Shot the Sheriff", Eric Clapton's big hit (RSO 409) and a record I can even admit liking. The original is by Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island 005) but it doesn't really measure up. And from me, that's quite an admission.

I always thought David Essex was a bore, in fact the only good thing about him is that he puts picture sleeves on all his singles. His latest, "America" (Columbia 3-10005) is no exception. Nice sleeve, David.

One of my favorite Canadian groups is the Stampeders, and "Ramona" (Capitol 3964) is easily their best yet, a glam-drenched rocker with sizzling guitar chords and hot production. My *Disco*-very of the month in fact.

Only one record left, and that's "Hey Joe" by Patti Smith (Mer 601). Patti is a poet who hangs out on the streets of New York, writes about rock & roll, and sings her poetry with a band that includes rock critic Lenny Kaye. She's also an amazing performer who has stubbornly resisted all efforts to make her a recording star. This record was put out by her PR agency, and it's her riveting interpretation of "Hey Joe" (where ya goin' with that gun in yer hand?) with new lyrics involving Patti Hearst. Patti Smith identifies strongly with her namesake, and when I saw her do this live while the Hearst headlines were pouring in, it was a powerful experience indeed. This record doesn't totally suceed in capturing that, but it does give an honest picture of Patti Smith's music, and you should hear it. All you gotta do is send a buck to Wartoke, 1545 Broadway, NY 10036. At the very least, you'll have a collectors item.

Kim Fowley's at it again. He and Michael Lloyd have discovered another nascent teen idol in the glittery tradition of Lance Romance. This one's called Jimmy Jukebox, and his debut disc is "Motor Boat" / "25 Hours a Day" (Chattahoochee 8), recorded at the American Colony on Venus, according to the label. It's another song about those fabulous Hollywood happenings, and if you're under 20 you really can't live without it, ducks. Just send a dollar or so to Chattahoochee Records, 16030 Ventura Blvd., Encino, CA 91436 It's mondo deco!

Wayne Berry

HOME AT LAST

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SOUL & JAZZ

Herbie Hancock: Top 40 Jazz

RECORD MAGAZINE Nov.74 Vol.1 5

Including reviews of the latest soul and jazz LP's, singles & performances

I Feel Sanctified.

The new single from the Commodores' hit album "Machine Gun."

M6-798S1

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THIS MONTH

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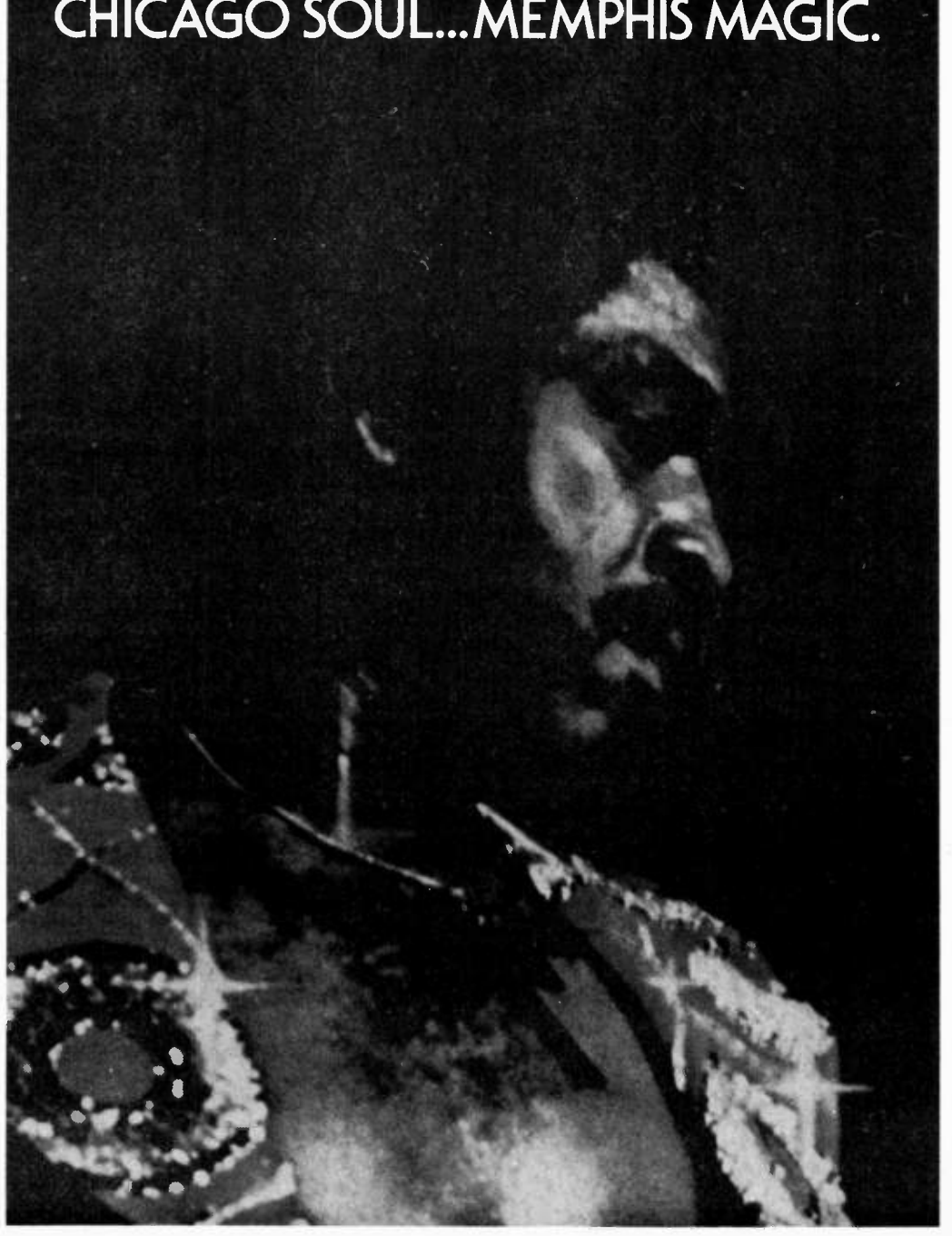
SOUL & JAZZ is published bi-monthly by Phonograph Record, Ltd. Editorial and advertising offices at 6922 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 217, Hollywood, California, 90028. Phone 213-466-7163. Single copies: 60¢. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos or artwork, all of which must be submitted with return postage

The Cover:
Herbie Hancock is one of the most successful jazz artists of the '70s, and also one of the most controversial. Some claim he has sold out his music, while others credit him for bringing jazz to the masses. This issue's cover story is an in-depth profile of this complex and brilliant musician.



PERFORMANCES

Syreeta
Cellar Door
Washington, D.C.

By DEE DEE MCNEIL

A&M funny man Franklyn Ajaye climbed up on the small stage to warm up the informal crowd with his nonchalant humor and worldly wit. It is a paramount pleasure to see Franklyn's show. In spite of the fact that I have reviewed it many times, he always manages to make me laugh and to throw in something fresh and funny that brightens up a familiar punch line or an old story.

The star appeared. She was dressed in a warm, rust-colored, full-length dress. A large, ostrich colored pom-pom was wrapped around her right wrist with an off-white, silk scarf dangling from the puff. Three yellow/orange daisys were planted in her dark, brown hair and there was all the excitement of springtime, carnivals and roller coaster rides in her opening number, "I'm Going Left" followed by "Spinning Around", which accelerated the pace and mesmerized the crowd. Syreeta had arrived.

Her energy is contagious. She reaches for the audience, looking into their upturned faces and demanding their attention, seeking their response. She talks freely, both inside and in between each number, trying to touch their lives with the song lyrics and a certain involvement in not only her, as a professional performer and sho-nough entertainer, but to actually pull the covers off those front row viewers with personal insight into their lives, tossing advice, warnings and good wishes like confetti at a Fourth of July parade, or white rice at a wedding.

The talented Motown songstress did a medley of music that she and Stevie Wonder had written. Such great tunes as "Signed, Sealed, Delivered", "If You Really Love Me", "Where Has My Love Gone?", and "It's A Shame," which was a big hit for the Spinners and put them back on the entertainment map, so to speak. This was followed by a beautiful interpretation of Donny Hathaway's, "Someday We'll All Be Free". Next, she surprised me by doing "Help Me," one of my favorite cuts from the Joni Mitchell *Court and Spark* LP.

There was a short break for the bass man that would have been dynamite on a jazz set, but came off somewhat ridiculously at the height of a good show by Syreeta. One fellow in particular laughed through much of the solo set. After several embarrassing minutes, Syreeta joined Curtis Robinson to sing, "Didn't We?", followed by "All In Love Is Fair". This particular song seemed to have a personal significance to Syreeta. Suddenly she was preachin', struttin', teachin', pouring out her heart like a baptist preacher at prayer meeting.

The magnificent lady closed with, "I Love Every little Thing About You, Baby". The crowded room agreed with thunderous applause. They too loved every little thing about her.

Marvin Gaye
Radio City Music Hall
New York, NY

By VERNON GIBBS

The weeklong stay at Radio City Music Hall was to have been the triumphant finale to Marvin Gaye's return from exile and by weeks' end it turned out to be just that. By that time Gaye had sold enough seats to assure that the affair would not be the debacle it appeared to be on its way to becoming when on opening night a disgruntled crowd trudged out of the partially filled cavern of leggy glory. The grumbles of disaffection were particularly loud from those who had seen Marvin Gaye two weeks earlier at the Nassau Coliseum.

There was that vociferous minority who felt that Marvin should have held off his return to New York City at least until late fall or better yet, early winter. But Gaye and his decision-makers decided to wrap up this "farewell" tour in style, one element lacking from Gaye's Radio City appearance. It's probably difficult to retain one's cool, much less one's style when one is besieged with a seething mass of female flesh, and indeed on opening night Marvin Gaye's willing 35 year old body was the one.

He was surrounded on stage by a threatening horde of squealers, who were never any more than ten feet away from him and who, when they weren't busy in the pockets and handbags of reporters and photographers (whose choice seats they were usurping with their presence), would launch salvos of screaming delight at Marvin which would usually culminate with one of their number breaking away from the pack and throwing herself on Marvin, only to be pried off swooning with delight.

Opening night and someone had obviously goofed. The orchestra had been set in their usual position which is precariously close to the audience. While such a polite arrangement might well work for the usual patrons of Radio City Music Hall: well scrubbed families from the hinterlands of Brooklyn and Idaho; it was no match for the hungry bodies of Marvin Gaye's fans who all seemed to hover in the vicinity of fifteen.

Marvin Gaye withstood the onslaught as well as possible, his years of training as a boxer seemed to serve him well that night. Even though he never displayed that feared right hook of his, he somehow managed to call on those talents more responsible for his favored position. But with the constant uncertainty of where the next body would strike his performance could only be called (to put it mildly) courageous. Gaye's ability to blend in with his ample orchestration and move an audience is well documented on his *Live* album and when his voice is in shape, he can deliver his material as well as any other superstar. He has never been what you might call an "exciting" performer, but always chose to remain in the same class of cool as Jerry Butler. When the situation is right, he will leap around the stage in the earnest approximation of having a good time that seems to delight audiences so much because *they* don't have to think of performance as work. But with Gaye, this depends on how well the audience puts him at ease.

On opening night Marvin Gaye was not at ease.

ROOTS

By DEE DEE McNEIL

BLACK CLASSICS IN THE NEW WORLD

Anton Dvorak, a famous European symphony composer, world premiered his symphony No. 5 in 1893 for the New York Philharmonic concert society. Advance publicity described his symphony as a musical impression of the 'new world,' because Anton had spent much time in America gathering inspiration and musical information. Of course Americans were eager to discover how an established European composer would interpret their country; however, the eagerness and excitement was short lived and Dvorak's premiere was met with mixed feelings and certainly was no overnight success.

Historians seem to feel that one of the reasons for the stand-offish attitudes of white America to Anton's strange, new symphony was that music in America was then dominated by a genteel tradition that ignored all native musical expressions and looked to Germany for direction. Both popular and folk music were discarded like unwanted garbage and considered vulgar, cheap and crude. As admitted by John Rublowsky in his book, *Black Music In America:* " . . . since American popular and folk sources were ignored, 'art' music could have no true roots and without roots it had to retreat into an ivory tower."

Anton Dvorak undermined that ivory tower when he openly (and perhaps naively) confessed that the spirit and theme of his new symphony were based upon native sources, especially the music of the negro community. This turned off many Americans, for at that time they refused to believe that anything of value could come from the despised blacks.

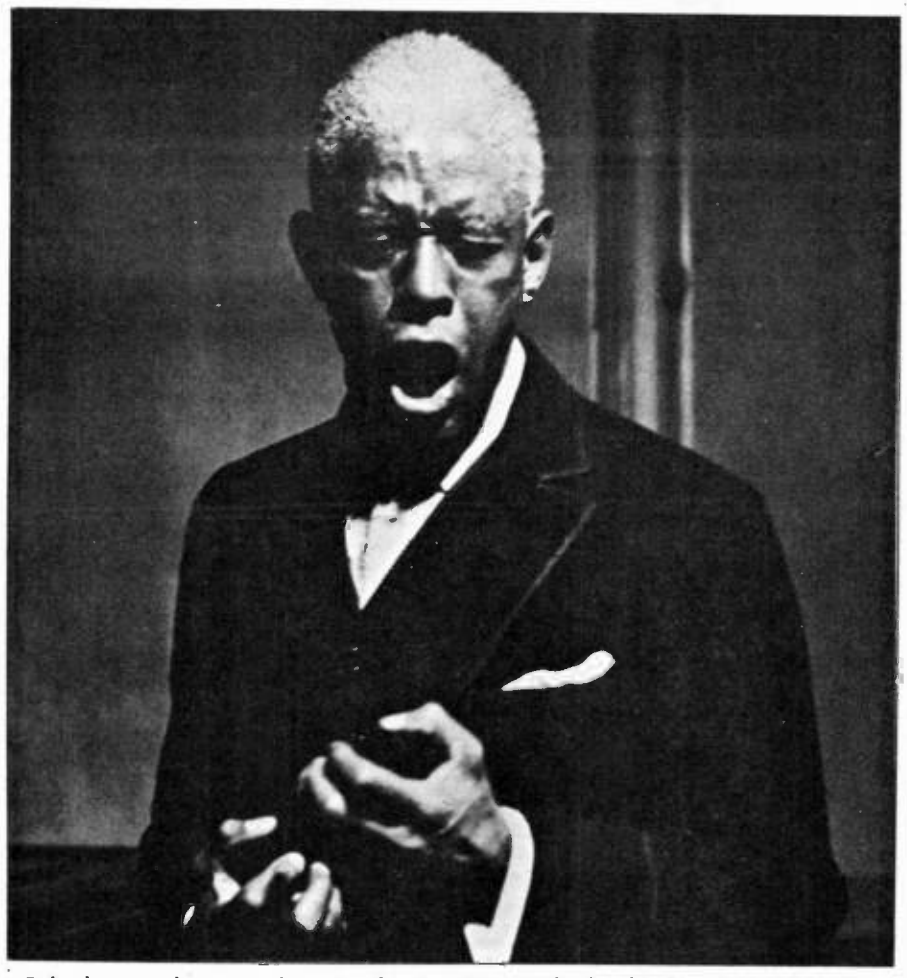
Sadly, this pattern of confused and illogical thought has continued throughout the years as America repeatedly ignored and rejected any black musical contribution, particularily to the so-called classical art forms. This racism has kept blacks literally invisible in the classical field.

It is ridiculous how so-called influential scholars have managed to overlook a music and a people that have been around before the appearance of his ancestors in caves. Especially since it is common knowledge by an studied musician that our heritage, traced back to the African conception of rhythm, is more complex and sophisticated than European music. In fact, before the appearance of 'new world' colonization a particularily brilliant culture in West Africa already had established orchestras consisting entirely of different types of drums, known to produce symphonies of elaborate rhythms and melodies. So, you see, orchestration and symphonies are no new thing to black people, contrary to popular belief. To exemplify this, it is necessary to trace our history back to the motherland.

Training for would-be musicians was highly involved, particularily in West Africa. Beginning early in childhood, the musician was expected to master a number of instruments. Although drums and metal percussive instruments were the fundamental elements of West African music, certainly wind and string instruments were not neglected. At least a dozen kinds of harps were utilized, also bowed instruments and some that were plucked like banjos or strummed like guitars. Early Africa also boasts of a variety of flutes made of both wood and metal in addition to trumpets and bass horns.

An eight-string harp was a most challenging instrument in that it not only made beautiful music when played, but each musical phrase also conveyed a logical meaning to the sensitive ears of Africans. Each of its strings (or tones) stood for a specific word or meaning. For example, one tone meant "plenty" while another meant "lack of plenty". One stood for "light", one for "dark" and so on. This complexity existed despite the fact that no written notes were used in ancient African music. So, whole musical phrases not only sounded beautiful, but conveyed a complete thought as well. Thus the use of music in Africa as a means of communication and an 'art' music at the same time.

Unfortunately, the slavemasters neither appreciated nor respected our natural musical ability. Once sold into bondage, only when we reverted to plantation singing, work songs and chants was our music acceptable. Still, in the face of oppression and humiliation, great black men of musical stature stood tall and demanded to be heard.



Roland Hayes, born in a Georgia cabin in 1887, was the first black singer to give a concert at Carnegie Hall.

It was (and still is) particularily difficult for black male singers like Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson and even today's popular Simon Estes and George Shirley to make progress on the concert stage because of the plantation mentality of the power structure, that seems to feel threatened by the visual aspect of any kind of affection portrayed between a black man and the image of white womanhood. Thus, once again white society has limited the availability of socially acceptable roles for black men to participate in opera.

Perhaps one of the most prolific of American black composers is William Grant Still. Born three years ahead of Paul Robeson on May 11, 1895, like Robeson he is still alive today. Mr. Still's early training was received in Little Rock, Arkansas. Later, he attended Wilberforce University and then Oberlin Conservatory of Music, also studying at the New England Conservatory. He has contributed vastly to classical music, encompassing his heritage and culture in works of art like "Darker America", a symphonic poem performed by the Rochester Symphony in 1927. In 1935, his Afro-American Symphony was played by the New York Philharmonic at the International Music Festival in Frankfurt, Germany. Two years later, his new Symphony in G Minor was played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. In 1936 he proudly became the first black to conduct a major American orchestra at the Hollywood Bowl. Additionally, he has written an opera entitled "Troubled Island" with words by Langston Hughes, and several other successful musicals.

However, it took courageous, strong, determined blacks like Roland Hayes to break down barriors and broaden opportunities so that such future artists as Paul Robeson and Marian Anderson could perform the works of William Grant Still and other classical composers. In 1917, Roland Hayes was born into a world where blacks had not been allowed any higher grounds of expression that minstrel shows. Tracing his family tree, I discovered that Roland came from a highly musical family.

His great grandfather was captured in Africa and sold to plantation owner Joe Mann as a field worker. He excelled in writing songs and used his music as an acceptable way for slaves to communicate with each other. One of his favorite expressions (born out of a message to other slaves that there would be a meeting on a certain day, place and time) was "steal away". This expression was sown into the slave minds, passed from mouth to mouth through all the plantations in the neighborhood of Joe Mann's place and at length, became a new spiritual, although its original meaning in the slave quarters was revolutionary. Great grandfather Charles Hayes used to sing,"Green trees a-bendin', poor sinner stands a tremblin', a trumpet sounds within-a-my soul. I ain't got long to stay here".

While plantation bosses supposed it to be a spiritual offering, actually it was a message of where the revolutionary meeting place would be and when. One night, a group of frightened, white vigilantes, afraid of slave rebellion, used dogs to discover the meeting place. All the slaves managed to get away save for great grandfather Charles who stood defiantly before the whites, talking loud and rebelliously, then fleeing to the forest after he was sure the others were safe. Later, he was discovered asleep under a tree, in a coma of exhaustion. The angry whites beat his face in and stomped him until he died.

Roland's grandfather followed in the same pattern of events, dying at the hands of outraged whites. His father, another fine singer and lover of music, passed when he was only eleven years old, in 1898. After his father's death, Roland left school and went to work along side of grown men, unloading scrap iron from freight cars and wheeling it to the foundry. To his own death, he carried the burns of molten iron on his arms and legs as he struggled to support his mother and five brothers and sisters.

Even in the early days of Roland Hayes' life, it was an evening event of neighborhood pleasure and interest for a group of young, black men to gather on the sidewalk in front of the Fort Wood Grocery Store and sing. One tenor particularly influenced Roland Hayes, although he knew nothing of the middle voice (or mezza voice) he had unconsciously acquired the first principles of its use from his father. As he tried to imitate the street corner singers he began to perfect this quality. Later, he sang in church groups and local choruses. At seventeen, he discovered phonograph records and was greatly influenced by Caruso. Twenty years later, a Spanish critic spoke of Roland Hayes as the negro Caruso.

Time passed and his voice control and quality were so above average that many well-known white vocal instructors taught him in spite of their belief that it was quite impossible for a black to be accepted as a serious artist. Even after singing all over the country in concerts, when he approached a booking agent requesting professional assistance, he was told that he had gone as far as he could go in this country, and reminded that he would never be accepted like his white counterpart.

In 1914, the secretary of Booker T. Washington came to Boston looking for a tenor voice to travel and duet with baritone singer Harry T. Burleigh on one of Dr. Washington's lecture tours. Roland was chosen, and felt greatly honored for he was familiar with the story of how Harry Burleigh had performed "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" for Anton Dvorak in the 1890's and greatly influenced Dvorak's "New World Symphony", even jotting down traditional musical afro-songs for the Czech composer.

By 1920, Roland Hayes was established and making good money, booking himself across country in personal appearances. He decided to leave the U.S. and after earning $3500 singing in Washington, D.D., he took $1700 with him (leaving the remainder with his beloved mother) and sailed for England. His plans were to visit the motherland. He wanted to see Africa for himself.

Word of his arrival spread like a dry brush fire. Once Roland's sweet tenor voice serenaded the English, he found himself bombarded by a great number of engagements. Finally, English friends managed to do the 'impossible' and booked him for concert at Wigmore Hall in April of 1921. At that time, all England was suffering with coal miner strikes and Roland Hayes, along with others near penury, was hungry and cold most of the time. Unfortunately, Roland developed pneumonia and on the morning of his long-awaited concert debut, his temperature was high. In spite of strict orders from his doctor to remain warm and in bed, he arrived at Wigmore Hall, a little late and barely able to walk to the dressing room. Later, Roland recalled thinking as he stood amidst the packed concert hall that "...this may be the last act of my life" and can only credit God for allowing the concert completion. The Metropolitan critics called him "a musician of the first water" in their morning reviews and that same day their Majesties telephoned him requesting a Royal Command Performance in Buckingham Palace. He fainted dead away, more from shock than sickness, and soon recovered from his bout with pneumonia to perform for the King and Queen of England.

His world travels carried him to the concert halls of Russia and Italy, from Budapest to Moscow and Berlin, where he was hissed, cat-called, boo'd and verbally battered. However, after long moments the crowd at the Beethovensaal grew silent and from then on his voice and interpretation wiped clean the racism and hate that had raised its ugly head and objected to his Berlin appearance.

Upon returning home, the same bitterness and anger haunted his career simply because of his nationality. However, he remained true to his dreams, his career and his race, always seeking perfection in his work and acceptance through his undying love of music. His banner was his song.

This writer has only scratched the surface of black classical achievements, yet for the most part, they go unheralded and in many cases unknown! Must we always wait until cold earth covers our struggle and our lives before we sing the praises of a beautiful people?

HERBIE HANCOCK SELLS IN

Bob Gruen

Hancock: 'I'm trying to expand my music's power to communicate...'

By COLMAN ANDREWS

All of a sudden you wake up one morning and find that Herbie Hancock has three albums on the charts. Herbie Hancock, one-time *enfant terrible* of the soul-jazz world, one-time pianist for the toughest goddam taskmaster in all of jazz (Miles Davis), one-time leader of the best (inner and outer) space-jazz band in America. Three albums on the charts. Not the soul or jazz charts. The *chart* charts.

With *Treasure Chest* number 176 this week in *Billboard*, with *Headhunters* number 96, and with "Thrust," brand new, already number 36, Herbie Hancock has unarguably become one of the most successful instrumentalists of our time. What *can* be argued, though, is whether or not he can still be called a "jazz" musician. And if he cannot, what can he be called? He would certainly not be done justice by a label like "pop" or "rock" keyboard player; he doesn't *really* play rhythm-and-blues in the same sense that, say, Sly does: and yet what he does play is not so relentlessly, radically unique that it deserves an entirely new name.

The facile answer is, of course, "Why label him at all? Why worry about categorizing his – or anybody else's – music?"

And the maybe-equally-facile answer to *that*, in turn, is that it's too late to stop now. It's understandable, on one hand, that artists dislike being limited by titles or the names of movements or styles, but there *are* certain words in the language which mean certain things, which describe certain kinds of musical art. And though these may not be as accurate, as foolproof, as we might perhaps wish they were, still they are of some use. Maybe it's wrong, for instance, to call Bill Evans a "jazz" pianist; but, then, it would be equally wrong (and also equally right) to call Peter Duchin a "pop" pianist or Van Cliburn a "classical" pianist. We need some kind of ballpark qualifiers, just to roughly define these areas.

And, roughly, Herbie Hancock is still a jazz musician, I think. True, he may freely adapt elements of electronic music and progressive rock into his playing and writing, and he may frequently patch them into (and *set* them into) an idiom which sounds suspiciously like something we could call rhythm-and-blues. But he and his fellow musicians draw most strongly on the features of jazz music – linear improvisation, jazz-steeped instrumental attacks and tonal qualities, and good, old-fashioned *swing*.

* * * *

Though Hancock is, today, still in his early thirties, his substantial contributions to jazz piano and composition already span almost a decade and a half. He was, among other things, responsible for one of the first real "soul jazz" successes of the sixties, the well-known "Watermelon Man" (1962) – a substantial hit for Mongo Santamaria, but also surprisingly popular, considering the temper of the times and the relative obscurity (then) of the performer/composer, for Hancock himself.

Following the success of his first albums, Hancock recorded some pleasant but not particularly memorable LPs for Blue Note with some of that label's "contract players" like Hank Mobly, Grachan Moncur III, Donald Byrd, and Grant Green. He also did a restrained, rather lyrical recording with the late Paul Chambers on bass and with percussionists Willie Bobo and Osvaldo Martinez. It's a pleasant album, and it's the first hint of neo-bop sophistication in his style.

The same year, in 1963, and possibly based at least partially on his successes on this latter album, Hancock was asked by Miles Davis to join his group. To play with Miles, Hancock has since said, was his dream all along. He credits Miles, too, with opening his ears, for the first time, to the idea that legitimate improvisation did not absolutely *have* to follow the established chord structure of a piece (that all improvisation, that is, was not necessarily harmonic). He played with Miles for five years, but also kept his own music alive on the side. His recording of "Maiden Voyage," made in 1965 with Ron Carter and Tony Williams from the Miles Davis group, and with Freddie Hubbard on trumpet and George Coleman on tenor, for example, presaged some of the compositional devices he was to use with such great effect when he formed his own sextet after leaving Miles in August of 1968.

His first regular band of his own featured Joe Henderson on reeds, Johnny Coles on trumpet, Garnett Brown on trombone, Albert Heath on drums, and Buster Williams on bass. He made one album with this ensemble for Blue Note, and then formed a new group, which was to last, intact, for four years, and which was clearly one of the finest small jazz groups of the past decade, both individually and as a unit.

This new group featured Williams again on bass, Billy Hart on drums, and a front line of Eddie Henderson on trumpet and fleugelhorn, Julian Priester on a variety of trombones, and Bennie Maupin on reeds. The unique textural sophistication of the horns, and the absolutely non-stop, rocky-steady backdrop of the rhythm section allowed Hancock, for the first time on an extended basis, to address himself to the musical possibilities of electric and electronic instruments.

The group recorded two LPs for Warners, *Mwandishi* and *Crossings*, which have now been reissued on the double-record *Treasure Chest* set. By the time of the Warners recordings, Hancock had regularly started using a Fender Rhodes piano, with a Fender Fuzz-Wah pedal and an Echo-Plex attachment; the acoustic piano on which he had gained his fame was making fewer and fewer appearances. He also started using a synthesizer at this point. "When I was recording *Crossings*," he once explained, "I wanted to use a synthesizer and David Rubinson, our producer, suggested that a young man named Pat Gleeson come in and set up a Moog. I was going to try to play it. Then I needed his help to set up the patches I wanted. Finally, it just seemed like a good idea for Pat to play it himself."

Gleeson became a regular member of the band, and for some months Hancock was still not totally at ease with the wonders of electronics. "I guess a lot of people have the idea that it's easy to play a synthesizer," he said at that point, "but it's really very difficult. It's like a whole new kind of instrumental skill. You need a special sort of coordination. You've got to be able to do two or three things at once. You need a logistical plan. It might be easy to make one particular sound you want, but *then* you've gotta know how to get from there to the next sound you want. There might be a whole lot of things to move just to get one slightly different sound. I'm using an ARP Soloist myself, because it's fairly easy to play, because it's mostly pre-set. The patching is internal, and you just have a small selection of things you can change – volume, vibrato, portamento, and so on."

Hancock, with newly-found electronic textures to work with, also took the conventional instruments in his group to a new point. All of the members of the group played percussion instruments at times, but all managed to coax unusual, quite enthralling sounds out of their regular instruments. (Priester's use of the trombone to amplify and extend his own breath was particularly impressive.)

One review, written after Hancock's first engagement at the Whisky in Los Angeles, described his music of that period like this:

"Percussion seemed to grow in ghostly thickets. The bass-lines were thick and black, throbbing like the human pulse. Hancock's electric piano seemed to thread sinuously through the other sounds, glittering and curving, weaving brilliantly burning textures. Priester knows how to make his instrument sound warm and human and vital. Henderson's contributions are genteel and refined. Maupin's reed voicings are opaque and audacious, and his bass clarinet is particularly strong and unusual. Gleeson doesn't usually use the ARP as a melodic instrument, but rather to fill in all the empty spaces."

Hancock also started, at this point, to appear with rock groups, to gain a following outside of the jazz world. In San Francisco, he played at Winterland once with Copperhead, Tower of Power, and Dave Mason. "It was weird," he told me. "I could dig Tower of Power, but those two other groups . . . it was just wrong. But I wouldn't mind playing with Tower of Power again. Or with Miles or Pharoah or Sly. Maybe Zappa, but he's really crazy. There was some talk for awhile that we'd be on the Stones tour. I wonder what that would have been like . . . "

The last album Hancock made with his sextet was also the first he made for Columbia, *Sextant*. On it, Hancock added Hohner D-6 Clavinet to his instruments, and one track carried the credit "ARP synthesizer was played by Patrick Gleeson with assistance from Herbie Hancock." He was clearly making more of a commitment to new instruments.

Then something happened. His music changed. Became (to summon up that artistic bugbear of a word) "commercial." Perhaps inspired by Donald Byrd, who had lately turned his longtime admiration for Motown and other melodic, highly stylized rhythm-and-blues idioms into his own brand of music, or perhaps inspired by the statements of fellow musicians like Chick Corea that some jazz had become too elitist, too obscure, and was not accessible readily to the very people it should have most interested, Hancock decided to amplify the rock and R&B elements that had nearly always been present in his own work, and to leave behind, at least for a time, the ethereal abstract style he had been cultivating. The result was *Headhunters*.

Though critics and lay listeners alike, in some number, decried what they considered his "defection" from a purer kind of jazz, still *Headhunters* was not so radical a shift of musical personality as perhaps it seemed at first. A strong, repeated bass figure, for instance, has nearly always been an integral part of Hancock's music – from his own left hand in "Watermelon Man" and "Blind Man, Blind Man," to his piano ostinato figure on "Maiden Voyage" (now almost ten years old, incredibly!), to the composition he called "Ostinato (Suite for Angela)" on his first Warners album, up through the powerful patterns Buster Williams nearly always broke into sooner or later on the old groups' "spacier" songs. What happened with *Headhunters* was that basically familiar bass figures were embellished electronically and given an even more important role than they had had before. Hancock and the other soloists seemed to play *out of* the rhythm patterns much more than they had before, and the scope of their solos was, in some senses at least, more limited. A certain dramatic and dynamic range was lost, but a certain gut-wrenching power was gained.

Hancock's newest album *Thrust*, strangely enough, seems to back off a little bit from the proposals made in *Headhunters*. It is closer to *Sextant* than to the latter album, in fact, though it is certainly very different from *Sextant*, too.

On *Thrust*, Hancock plays the Rhodes and the Fender Rhodes and the Hohner keyboards he's been using for some years, but is now the *only* musician playing synthesizers (four ARPS – the Odyssey, the Soloist, the 2600, and the ARP String Synthesizer). Bennie Maupin is the only holdover from the old sextet. Paul Jackson is the bassist, Mike Clark is the drummer, and Bill Summers is the percussionist. Though the number of soloists has been reduced to two (Maupin and Hancock himself), there is a reassuring amount of solo playing on this new LP. Hancock's lines seem to reach further, seem to dance about much more complexly than they did on *Headhunters*. The basses are no weaker, but what's built on top of them is stronger. If he can bring this combination of elements off, if he can *continue* to bring it off, he will likely develop into a kind of musical pioneer as influential to younger musicians as Miles Davis was to him.

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SOUL & JAZZ REVIEWS

Where Have I Known You Before
Return to Forever featuring Chick Corea
Polydor PD 6509

Thrust
Herbie Hancock
Columbia Pc32965

Faces in Reflection
George Duke
BASF MC 22018

By EDWARD ECKSTINE

I remember reading a story about five years ago where the writer was concerned with the fate of jazz if electric instruments were to find a place amongst the musicians. The writer went on to tell that the only electric instruments that need to be used in jazz circles were the electric guitar and organ. I can imagine that man is drowning in a sea of misery with the direction that jazz has taken in the past two or three years.

My first recollections of hearing an electric piano on a jazz record was in 1966 when Herbie Hancock played one on a Miles Davis album. The story is told that Herbie walked into the session and asked Miles where the piano was and Miles pointed to a Fender Rhodes and growled "Right there." The gradual progression of the instrument's usage had been possibly due to the fact that many of the stellar keyboard players were in a period of indecision, holding to the belief that the incorporation of the electric keyboards was copping out to the gimmickry, commerciality, and electronics of Rock 'n' Roll.

Since that historic session where 'jazz' and Hancock were introduced to the electric piano, Herbie has been the forerunner in expansive keyboard styles. His late Sixties work with Miles (*Files de Kilamanjaro*, and *Nefertiti* immediately come to mind) were beautiful in their pastoral complexity. Herbie's solo excursions (post-Bluenote) had their share of ups and downs, whether it be "Crossings" or "Fat Albert Rotunda" where he really shines, or "Mwandishi" and "Sextant" where his synthesizer experiments were interesting and valid, but a bit too spacey for my tastes.

With the acquired knowledge that he gained through touring, the tutorship of electronics ace Dr. Patrick Gleeson, and a large dose of his own technical genius, Herbie refined his use of the synthesizer, mellotron, and electric piano and "Headhunters" was the result. The album was a huge artistic and commercial success, and justifiably so, for his use of rock, soul and jazz styles was a perfect blend. *Headhunters* relied heavily on the rhythmic thrust of drummer Harvey Mason, percussionist extraordinaire Bill Sommers, and bassist Paul Jackson. Hancock's longtime partner Mwile Benny Maupin as usual provided excellent moods with his various woodwinds.

Thrust continues in much the same path set by *Headhunters* as Herbie uses the same musicians with the exception of session man Harvey Mason who has been replaced by Mike Clarke. The tunes are a bit more low-keyed in power, but Herbie's uncanny virtuosity is still in the forefront. "Spank-a-Lee" teeters on the border of Herbie's current and past styles as its lyrical elegance is surpassed only by Herbie's harmonic brillance.

"Butterfly" is an apt title for the lilting beauty of this soft Hancock composition. Herbie moves fluidly across his array of instruments shining brightly on his mellotron solos.

Maupin's reedwork is superb on "Actual Proof," and his newly released solo album *Lotus on Streams* is a must for those interested in this musicians fine work.

Return to Forever has much the same qualities and attributes that Hancock's band has, except the compositional credits are democratically spread amongst the members of RTF. RTF is more well-rounded than Hancock's band for reasons that are not too surprising.

Chick Corea joined Miles Davis' band after Herbie left and stayed with him through *Bitches Brew* and the *Fillmore* album. His playing on the electronic keyboards is much like Hancock's but he utilizes the space funk and speed, where Herbie likes to change moods with different instruments.

Corea is a master of immense proportions at the piano. His solo piano recitals are so pretty that it is strange that he hasn't gained wider recognition in classical circles for his work. A small sampling of his solo piano work is evident here with "Where Have I Loved You Before," "Where Have I Danced With You Before" and the title tune.

On the electric side the album gets off to a funky start with "Vulcan Worlds." The tune was composed by RTF bassist Stanley Clarke who's obstinato playing is dazzling. Clarke is probably the finest new bass player to appear in a long time, and his work on Flora Purim, Norman Connors, and his own "Children of Forever" albums are vinyl proof. He is an accomplished composer/arranger as well as bassist. Keep an eye and ear on him. Drummer Lenny White, another ex-Miles Davis, Freddie Hubbard (he was excellent on *Red Clay*), and latin orchestra Azteca player contributes "The Shadow of Lo." His powerful drumming drives the tune to great heights after a superb electric piano intro by Chick.

Corea discovery Al DiMeola is a fine guitarist in the McLaughlin, Coryell mold. His playing is spirited and strong throughout the album, reaching its best moments on "Vulcan Worlds" and "Song to the Pharaoh King."

Where Have I Known You Before is RTF's finest hour. The music is spaced, but still accessible, and funky enough that it can be partied and danced to. Imagine all of that in a so-called jazz album!

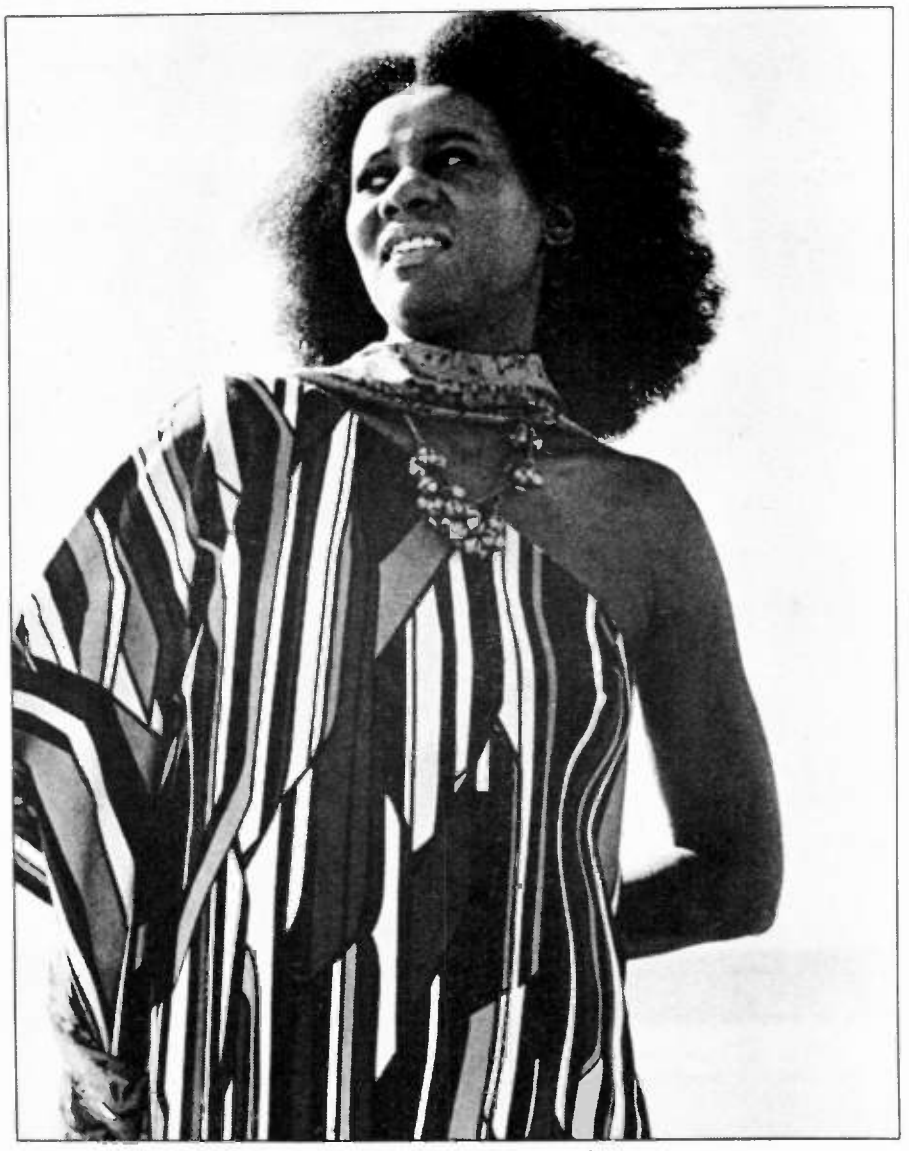
George Duke has received the least acclaim of the three men in review. He has done various sessions with Miles as well as being a member of Cannonball Adderly's group, and for the past three years a member of Frank Zappa's Mothers. His playing is speedy and frantic and combined with bassist John Heard and drummer Ndugu, Duke's *Faces in Reflection* may well be one of the undiscovered masterpieces of this year.

The album is devoid of gimmickry for Duke's keyboard work is strong and powerful, Heard's work on acoustic bass is also strong and throbbing, and Ndugu is something else altogether. Ndugu has played with Freddie Hubbard as well as Ujima Ensemble, a unit formed with L.A. session musicians George Bohanon, Oscar Brashears, Ernie Watts, and Reggie Andrews. Ujima has created quite a stir whenever they appear in the L.A. area, and those who have seen them wonder why they don't have a record contract. He is currently on tour with Santana.

"The Opening" opens side one powered by Ndugu, and highlighted by George's electric piano and synthesizer solo. The humming of the background vocalists lends an eerie effect to the tune, and I couldn't help but think as I listened to the vocalists, how it would have been to hear Flora Purim sing the lead line. Duke, you may know, contributed heavily along with Stanley Clark to her successful *Butterfly Dreams* album.

The influences are well spread on the album and Billy Cobham's is felt on "Psychosomatic Dung." Duke's smoking electric piano solo is complemented perfectly by Heard's sensuous bass, and Ndugu's soft, quick solo.

It is a shame that Duke doesn't tour with this trio to promote *Faces in Reflection*, for the album is superb. BASF is a rather low-keyed label in terms of promotion and publicity so you probably won't see or hear a great deal of hype about this album, but believe me it would be well worth your while to check this one out.



Alice Coltrane: back on record again after too long an absence.

The Elements
Joe Henderson—Featuring Alice Coltrane
Milestone M-9053

By MICHAEL DAVIS

Albums like this one pop up in jazz on a regular basis; a group of musicians who respect each other but don't normally work together decide to pool their talents on a recording date. Rarely is the resulting music of monumental importance but often enough, taking top-notch artists out of their usual contexts encourages them to create something a little different and that's what's happened here.

The participants are all heavy talents. Tenor sax player Henderson has been coming on for about a decade now, first playing for people like Freddie Hubbard and Herbie Hancock, then on his own. Sometimes you hear influences like John Coltrane or Sonny Rollins in his playing but mainly you hear Joe Henderson.

Rounding out the basic quintet are violinist Michael White, his superb percussionist Kenneth Nash, and bassist Charlie Haden, in addition to Ms. Coltrane. Alice's presence is particularly gratifying because of her absence from the recording scene; it's been two years since her last, string-drenched effort, which is far too long for an artist of her stature to be silent.

But make no mistake, her role here is a supportive one, just as Henderson's was on their earlier collaboration, *Ptah the El Daoud*. She plays well, certainly—turbulent piano chording, stunning harp crescendoes, and effective harmonium and tamboura drones—but in no way can she be considered a co-leader of these sessions; Charlie Haden's prominent bass lines figure as much in the final sound as do her various contributions.

So essentially, it's Henderson's album. He wrote the four compositions (entitled "Earth," "Fire," "Water," and "Air," naturally) and takes up most of the solo space. No problem there; he may not display the spontaneity of a Gato Barbieri or a Pharoah Sanders but his lines are always well thought-out and he does occasionally explode into violent flurries of sound. The best combination of the two is found on "Water" as he achieves a "speaking in tongues" effect with overdubs and judicious use of echo (John Klemmer and Clive Stevens please take note).

"Air" depends more on the sidemen (sorry, sidepersons) for its uniqueness. Henderson's part is like a John Coltrane ballad but Haden's time-keeping is nothing like Jimmy Garrison's and Nash's subtle percussive effects substitute effectively for Elvin Jones' thrashing drums.

Speaking of drums, Ndugu (Leon Chancler) adds his skins to the other two selections. He drives "Fire," the closest thing to a blowing number in this set, along energetically under Henderson, then eases off a bit for White's violin and Coltrane's harp.

He also provides the slow, inexorable beat for "Earth." Nash's bells fly in between his steady strokes as Henderson plays off White's violin riff. Then Haden takes off on an oud-like path which is followed by Nash reciting a quasi-mystical poem in front of flute and harp. White adds a short, searing solo as the original riff appears, then a restatement of the main theme and fade-out. A lot of ground covered in thirteen minutes.

After hearing the album, it's not difficult to see why these musicians wanted to work together. They all show extreme care in their music, refusing to rush things along and never indulging in flashy histrionics to call attention to themselves. *The Elements* may not be the most exciting record you'll hear this year but it's an ideal stopping place to rest up for the next energy rush from McCoy Tyner or Pharoah Sanders.

SOUL & JAZZ SINGLES

By VINCE ALETTI

First, I'd like to render some decisions in a few heated contests that have come up this month between rival versions of the same song. I still think the most soulful version of "She's Gone" was the original, recorded by its composers Daryl Hall and John Oates and released early this year as a single (Atlantic 2993). The first black cover was by Ujima (Epic 5-11106), but though it worked some interesting variations on the original's production style, the vocals were dismal and it went quite unnoticed. Now there are two covers that follow the original very closely: one by Tavares (Capitol P-3957), the other by Lou Rawls (Bell 45,608). Even if I *didn't* know what the group looked like, I'd prefer the Tavares version – it's slower and a little more mournful than the original, but the vocals are rich and full and the Lambert-Potter production appropriately dense. Rawls, on the other hand, is self-consciously dramatic, tediously overstated; he seems more into "delivering" the song than feeling it. No contest here, but I suspect there are even better versions to come (won't somebody please bring it to Wilson Pickett?).

Round Two: O.C. Smith's "La La Peace Song" (Columbia 4-45863) was originally released in May of 1973 and its joyous, infectious beat made it a discotheque hit, and an unusually longlasting one, when clubs were still very much an underground phenomenon. Columbia, typically, let it slip into vinyl limbo shortly after its release (that was also the year they let "Honeybee" die) and it looked like it was destined to be one of the great "Lost" records (like "Now Is the Time" by Sisters Love). Now, 17 months later, it's been re-released, just in time to compete with a new version by Al Wilson (Rocky Road 30,200). Oddly, both were produced by Johnny Bristol and arranged by H.B. Barnum, but their first effort was so much more satisfying you wonder why they bothered with revisions. Both Smith and Wilson are competent singers, nothing more, so what distinction the earlier record has lies in its production, which is clean, bright, conga-based and more upbeat than the new version. A TKO. The record might sound a little anachronistic today (plane hijacking is no longer one of our major concerns) but I guess we'll always need a peace song.

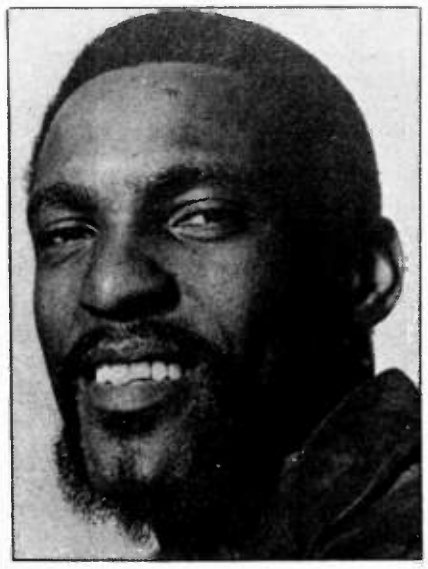
Third and final round: First Choice's next single will be "Guilty," in a vocal/instrumental format slightly reduced from its album cut length (Philly Groove), which will place it into competition with an earlier version of the same song by another girl group called Fair Play (Silver Blue 817). Again, this strikes me as no contest – the Fair Play version is thin and tired compared with First Choice's typically robust, hard-edged treatment – but my West Coast correspondent writes that Fair Play has the edge in L.A. clubs (it was also a big success in England, but what do they know?) and it does have a certain attractive 60's quality. The song (which is, for some reason, credited to different authors on the two records) is a great crime/love metaphor ("you've been caught in possession of this heart of mine") that fits right in with First Choice's other crime-obsessed material, so it's a natural for them. But Fair Play has a whiter, glossier sound and the competition could turn into something of a standoff.

* * * *

The Hues Corporation's "Rockin' Soul" (RCA 10066) and Blue Magic's "Three Ring Circus" (Atco 7004) are both entirely predictable follow-up records, the first dumb enough to confirm that "Rock the Boat" was a mere fluke (as anyone who listened to the group's album already knew), the second just uninspired. But flip "Three Ring Circus" and you've got "Welcome to the Club," one of the best cuts from the first Blue Magic album and a disco favorite.

First Choice: extremely dangerous arms.

"When the Game Is Played On You" is the flip side of Bettye Swann's "Time to Say Goodbye" (Atlantic 3211), altogether a delightfully schizophrenic release. On the A side, Swann is sadly bringing an affair to its end, full of regret and lingering warmth; in "When the Game Is Played On You," she's gloating sarcastically over her former man's comeuppance: "It brings joy to my heart to see tears in your eyes/You got what you deserved." Truly nasty, and a favorite at the moment.



Al Wilson, chart contender.

On the sweeter side, some other favorites: "Shoe Shoe Shine," an Ashford & Simpson production and composition for a falsetto-led group called the Dynamic Superiors (Motown 1324F) and a love song for inflationary times that deserves to break big. The Stylistics' "Heavy Fallin' Out" (Avco 4647), a Thom Bell imitation but a good one, especially in its extended version; the message: "Once you fall in love, it's heavy fallin' out." I know, I know. "Tell Me You Love Me (Love Sounds)" (Dunhill 15014), which is credited to Lawrence Payton, one of the Four Tops, and is from the group's *Meeting of the Minds* album; a sort of pillow-talk dialogue, the song has an unusually luminous production by Lambert & Potter – sounds like they've been listening (who hasn't?) to Barry White (will I *ever* get through a column without mentioning that man's name?). Lea Roberts' "Laughter in the Rain" (UA XW539) and Brenda Lee Eager's "There Ain't No Way" (Mercury 73607) are both beautiful, emotional love songs, strong and powerfully delivered yet sadly overlooked.

The Soul Survivors, whose "Expressway to Your Heart" was one of the first Gamble-Huff productions, return after a long absence with a Philadelphia beauty called "City of Brotherly Love" (TSOP 4756), an aching, yearning song in search of a modern utopia and almost good enough to begin creating one. "Philadelphia" is also the title of B.B. King's new release (on ABC 12029), a searing, surprising discotheque-directed instrumental produced by Dave Crawford, who's responsible for the recent Mighty Clouds of Joy make-over. The Mighty Clouds' single, "Time" (Dunhill 15012), a minor hit last year by Jackie Moore, is the first to be released from their fine *It's Time* album and should only serve to whet your appetite. The Intruders are back with a danceably upbeat song about mismatched lovers called "A Nice Girl Like You" (TSOP 4758)–it's not another "I'll Always Love My Mama," but it'll do just fine right now. Honeybee Gloria Gaynor is the latest singer who "Never Can Say Goodbye" (MGM 14748) and she's got the most outrageously overstated production yet – piled shamelessly with every disco gimmick you can think of but, of course, quite irresistible once you're on the dance floor. Even more addicting: both sides of the Joneses' "Sugar Pie Guy" (Mercury 73614), with one of the best opening builds this year; of all the records included here, this one's stayed on my turntable the longest. Excuse me while I play it one more time. Then there's the latest from Ecstasy, Passion & Pain, the pumping "Ask Me" (Roulette 7159); their debut album is the one to buy right now and this leads it off like a smart kick or two in the pants. Maybe good things do last forever. And Edwin Starr's back in great form with "Who's Right or Wrong" (Motown 1326F), that has the kind of girl backup and false ending I fall for every time.

How can I forget: Yvonne Fair's hard-as-nails "Walk Out the Door If You Wanna" (Motown 1323), the return of classic Percy Sledge in "I'll Be Your Everything" (Capricorn 0209), "Party Freaks" by Miami (in two parts on Drive 6234), "You Got the Love" by Rufus (ABC 12032), "Keep An Eye On Your Close Friends" by the Newcomers (Truth 3204), Barry White's "I Feel Love Coming On" by Jay & The Techniques (Silver Blue 812), "Out Of Darkness" by Natural Essence (a Billy Cobham production on Atlantic 3210), Latimore's "Let's Straighten It Out" (Glades 1722), the Younghearts' call-to-action "Wake Up and Start Standing" (20th Century 2130) and Eddie Harris' fascinating "Is It In" (Atlantic 5120).

IN THE SEVENTIES

By ED WARD

Tell ya what, readers. If you'll excuse me from listening to the Alice Coltrane / Carlos Santana album, I'll tell you about some real great records this month. A deal? Whew! Thanks.

Herbie Hancock, much to my amazement, actually sold a million with his *Headhunters* album. I really can't figure that out–the stuff on that album doesn't sound too awfully different from the stuff on his previous Warner Brothers albums. But it happened, and now he's back with *Thrust* (Columbia PC 32965). It's pleasant enough listening, but that incessant rhythm section starts to annoy me by the time I get to the second side. I suppose it's nice to have jazz you can dance to back again, but I honestly think Herbie is making some thin music these days.

In fact, his reed man, Bennie Maupin, has beat him out on his own record, *The Jewel In The Lotus* (ECM 1043 ST). Herbie even plays all over the record, but significantly missing is drummer Mike Clark, replaced here by two drummers, Frederick Waits and Billy Hart. Also, Charles Buster Williams on bass helps relax things somewhat. This is a very laid-back album, almost *too* laid-back, in fact, but when you're in the mood, the flowing, almost timeless sounds here are wonderfully relaxing.

So are the *Seven Songs For Quartet and Chamber Orchestra* (ECM 1040 ST) by Michael Gibbs recorded by Gary Burton and Members of the NDR Symphony Orchestra with the composer at the helm. The string charts are nothing unusual, but they are an interesting complement to the quartet bubbling away in front of them. If the recording engineer could have found a better way to balance Steve Swallow's bass and the low end of the orchestra (in fact, the strings are real muddy, odd for ECM's usually fine recording job) the balance between the quartet and the strings would have stood out better. Still, the music is fine, and if you enjoyed the original recording of "Throb," check this one out.

And speaking of original recordings, on *Witchi-Tai-To* (ECM 1041 ST), the Jan Gabarek/Bobo Stenson Quartet interprets a couple of classic contemporary pieces, including Carla Bley's "A.I.R.," and Don Cherry's "Desireless." In a sort of homage to bebop, they "play the changes," so don't be surprised if you don't recognize any of the numbers right off. They play said changes so well, however, that this record is pure undiluted pleasure.

Two piano trio recordings of note have also recently surfaced. Stanley Cowell's *Illusion Suite* (ECM 1026 ST) was always one of ECM's biggest sellers in its import version, and for once we have a suite that really is a suite. Themes are repeated in the six movements, and some attention is given to their development. Stanley Clarke and Jimmy Hopps give excellent support on bass and drums, respectively.

It appears that Audiofidelity Enterprises of New York has bought rights to the Enja label, for which Mal Waldron does some recording, because I have here a copy of *Up Popped The Devil* (Enja 2034), recorded with his usual rhythm section of Reggie Workman and Billy Higgins. Waldron is an expatriate living in Germany, and it's a shame he is all but ignored in this country. As you can hear (or, rather *if* you can hear through the abominable surface noise) he is a pianist of great depth, but who plays music that is immediately accessible. (In fact, ECM ought to release the two albums they have on him, *Free At Last* and *The Call*). Enja is a label with a good reputation in Europe, and I'm curious to see what else they come up with.

Mal Waldron is a top attraction in Japan, a country I don't usually associate with jazz, but not only do they listen to it, they also play it. *Round Trip* (Vanguard VSD 79344) is an excellent album Vanguard has leased from CBS International, featuring the reed and flute talents of Sadao Watanabe, as well as an all-star backup from Chick Corea, Miroslav Vitous, and Jack deJohnette. Apparently recorded awhile ago, it remains fresh and indicates that especially in the area of "new jazz," the Japanese scene may give our musicians a run for their money. As for Watanabe himself, I'd say that I'd like to see more.

Chick Corea also turns up on another "from the vaults" project, Wayne Shorter's *Moto Grosso Feio* (Blue Note BN-LA014-G), along with John McLaughlin, Ron Carter, Dave Holland, and Michelin Prell. If you can read the liner notes, which seem to have been designed for maximum illegibility (as with a lot of recent Blue Note albums, including their excellent tribute to Clifford Brown) you find out that everybody on this date but Shorter was playing a semi-unfamiliar instrument, and that it was, in fact, a sort of informal jam session. As such, it's okay, but it's nothing too deep.

On the reissue scene, things are jumpin'. The aforementioned Clifford Brown record, *Brownie Eyes* (Blue Note BN-LA267-G), is a welcome return to the catalogue for these tunes, although a comprehensive personnel listing would help. Prestige has blessed us with another release of twofers, including an excellent collection of alternate takes and other oddities under the name *25 Years of Prestige* (P-24046). Sonny Stitt's 1949-51 recordings are collected as *Genesis* (P-24044) and go a long way towards disproving that old truism about Stitt being just another carbon-copy Bird. "Fatha" Earl Hines is presented in *Another Monday Date* (P-24023) playing one album of Fats Waller tunes and one album of solo pieces. Great stuff, great stuff. Who needs guru music when you have all this music around? Not me–see ya next month!

NEW BLUE

For September, Blue Note Records takes you from the farthest reaches of the '50's to the darkest reaches of the Amazon.

GENE HARRIS:
AstralSignal

AstralSignal is Gene Harris. And Gene Harris is the most explosive new sound to come out of a recording studio in years. AstralSignal contains the strongest elements of jazz/blues and rock. AstralSignal contains all this music because its creator, Gene Harris, can't be contained. Included in AstralSignal is the smash hit, "Higga Boom." "Higga Boom" is the sound of Gene Harris exploding.

BN-LA313-G/8 TRK. BN-EA313-G

LOU DONALDSON:
Sweet Lou

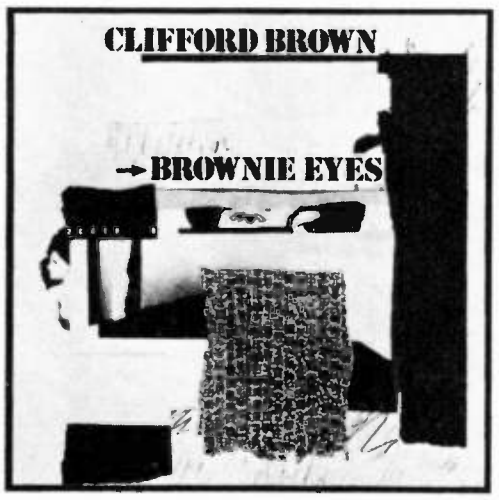
Lou Donaldson emerged on alto sax in the early '50's when Charlie Parker dominated the instrument. He made a name for himself then and has maintained his leadership through the years with a series of exceptional recordings. "Sweet Lou" is his latest and on it he's joined by musicians like Bernard Purdie, Horace Ott, Cornell Dupree, Hugh McCracken, Wilbur Bascomb, and Dave Spinozza.

BN-LA259-G/8 TRK. BN-EA259-G

CLIFFORD BROWN:
Brownie Eyes

Clifford Brown was the man most musicians considered the greatest new trumpet player of his generation. And, like many other great trumpet players before him — Beiderbecke, Berigan, Webster, Berman, Navarro—he died young. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1956, shortly before his 26th birthday. But not without leaving a brilliant, though brief, legacy. Some of which comprises this latest collection.

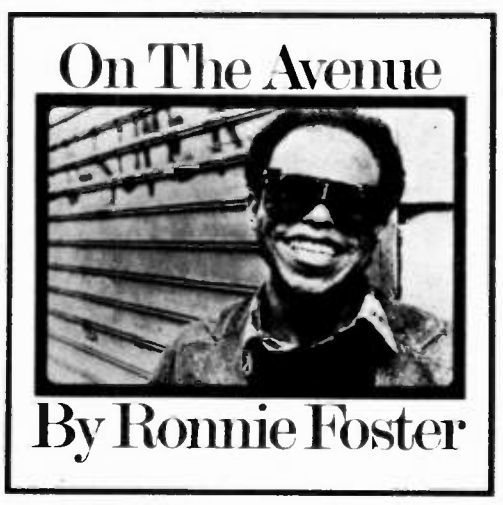
BN-LA267-G/8 TRK. BN-EA267-G



MOACIR SANTOS:
Saudade

In the winter of 1973, Moacir Santos came down with an acute case of what he calls "saudade" —a serious homesickness for his native Brazil. Moacir packed up his family and his music and headed for the enticing jungles and mountains of his homeland. It was there that Moacir's Afro-Brazilian rhythms and beautiful melodies first made him a celebrity. His latest album is a musical reflection on his journey through Brazil and appropriately enough, it's called "Saudade."

BN-LA260-G/8 TRK. BN-EA260-G



RONNIE FOSTER:
On the Avenue

Ronnie Foster is at the beginning of a great career. He was first noticed for his work with Grant Green and now, at 23, he has already recorded two albums that have established him as a ranking jazz organist. Now his third album, with six new Ronnie Foster compositions, leaves no doubt that music has a new man on organ. "On the Avenue" is in the streets.

BN-LA261-G/8 TRK. BN-EA261-G

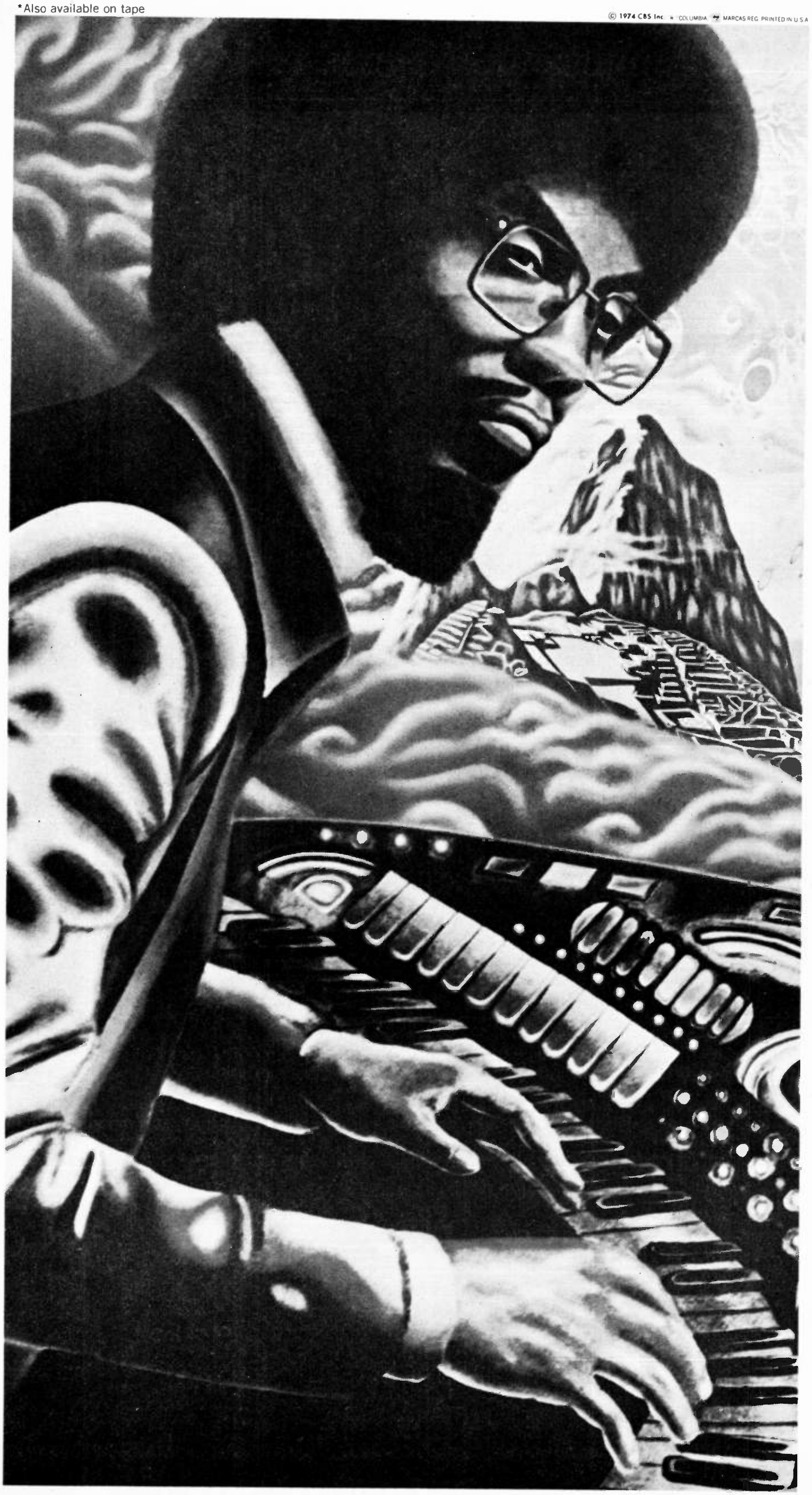
WAYNE SHORTER:
Moto Grosso Feio

"Moto Grosso Feio" refers to a lush, narcotic area of the Amazon jungle. Wayne Shorter's album is an expedition into that jungle with Dave Holland, John McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Miroslav Virtuous, and Michelin Prell — a 19 year old Belgian drum prodigy. Not only was the gathering a first of its kind, but none of the musicians played the instruments they are known for. "Moto Grosso Feio" is an adventure and a vision.

BN-LA014-G/8 TRK. BN-EA014-G

FROM BLUE NOTE: THE COLOR OF JAZZ

*Also available on tape



Rocket Roll.

"Head Hunters" was only the beginning, a gigantic album and the entryway to a new galaxy of music. On "Thrust" Herbie Hancock takes his amazing array of electronic keyboard instruments to places they've never been, propelled by some of the most uplifting and danceable rhythms ever created on or off this planet.

"Thrust." Where no man has gone before. Where everyone is sure to follow. From Hancock On Columbia Records ❤

ELP

Welcome back, my friends, to the show that never ends–
Ladies and Gentlemen

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Produced by Greg Lake
MC 3-200

Manticore

On Manticore Records and Tapes
Distributed by Atlantic Records