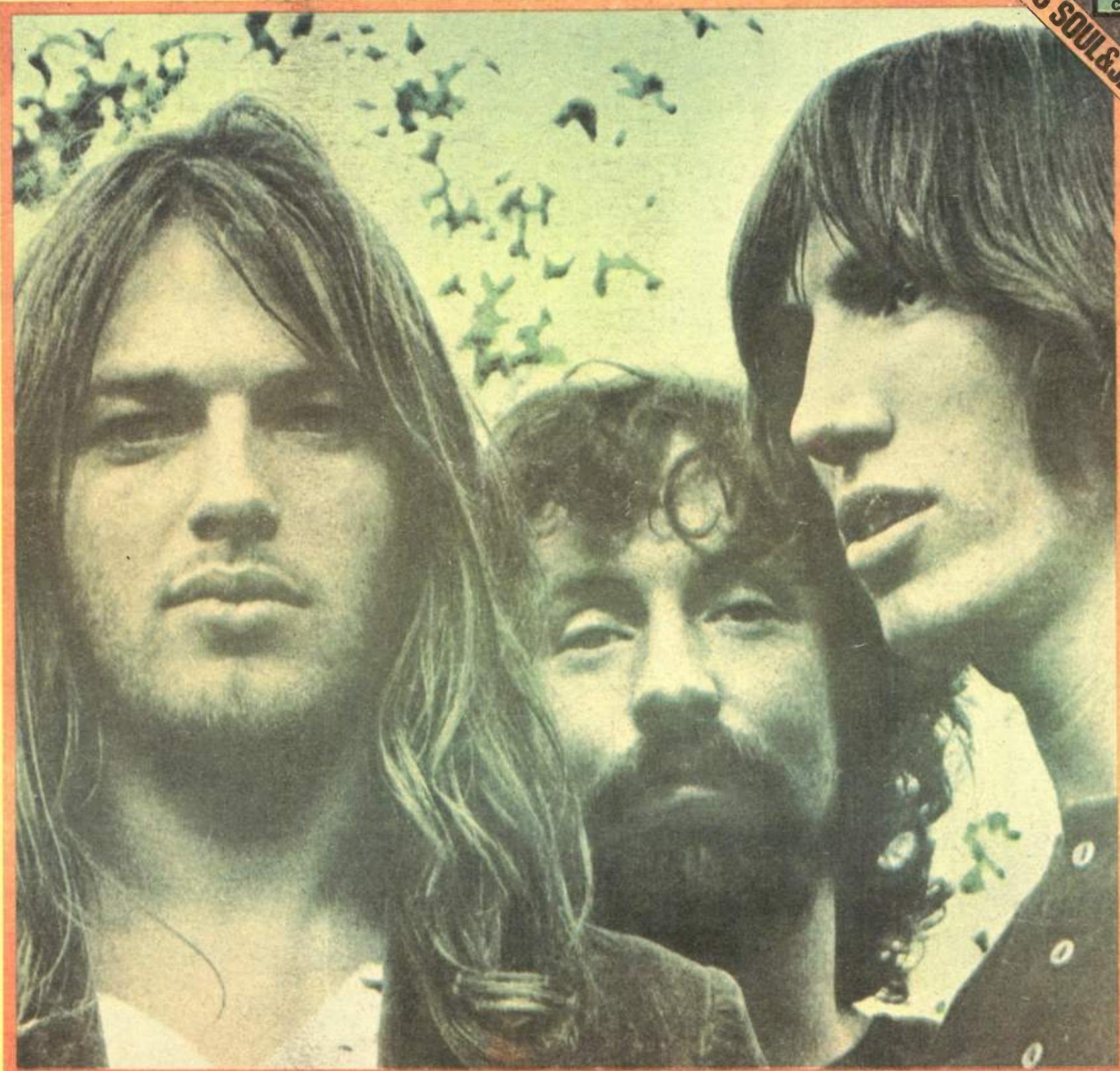


~~TOMMY: ROGER, ELTON, TIM & CLAPTON~~  
Del Shannon Returns / Faces on Tour

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PLUS SOUL & JAZZ

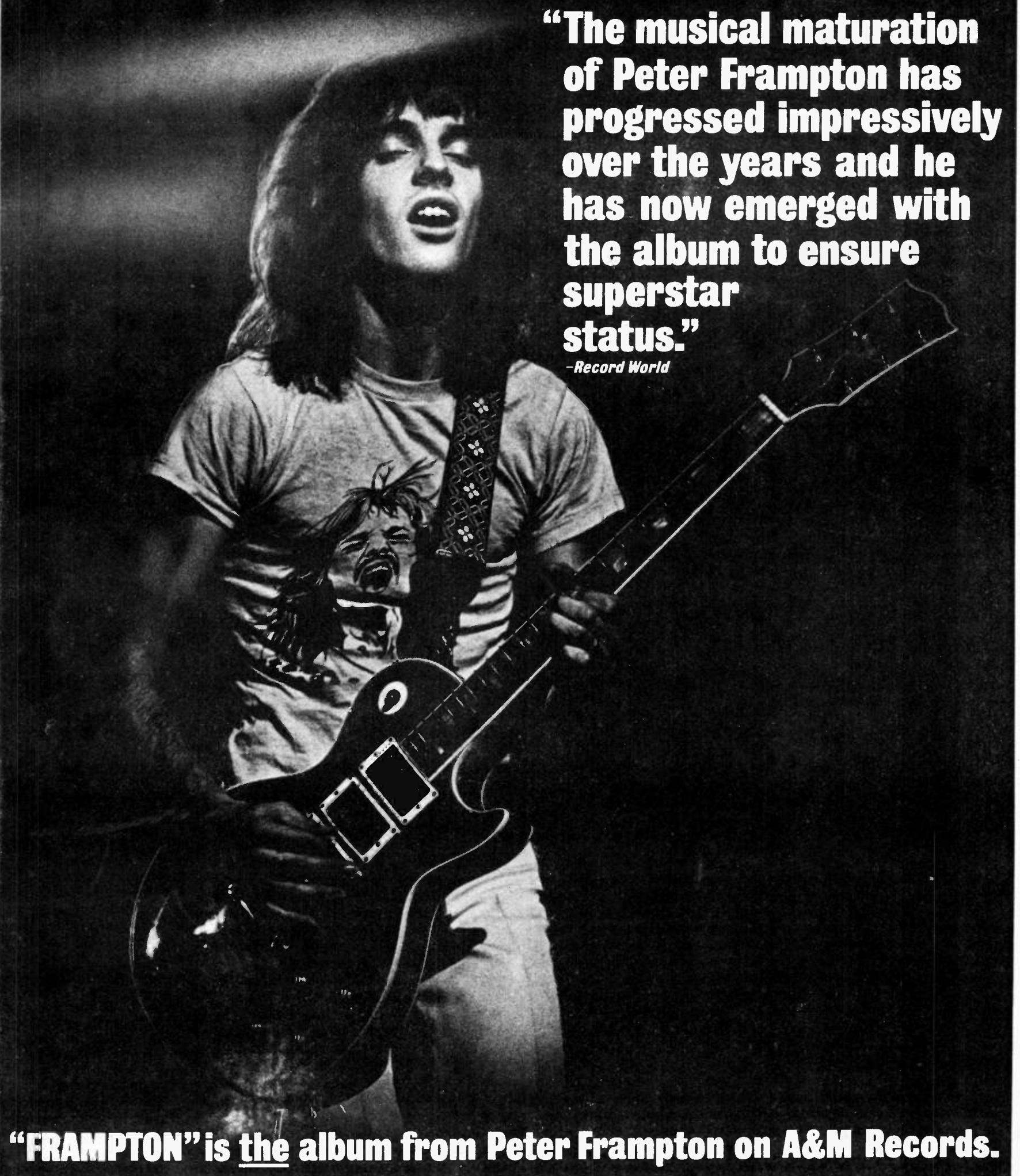


## The Pink Floyd Void

**RECORD** MAGAZINE **7**  
Apr. 75 Vol. 5

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# FRAMPTON



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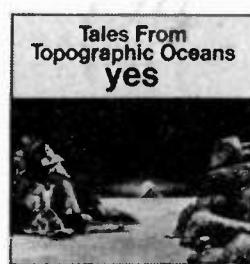
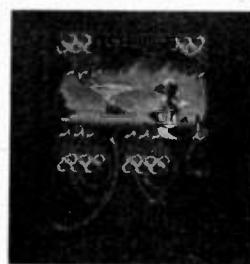
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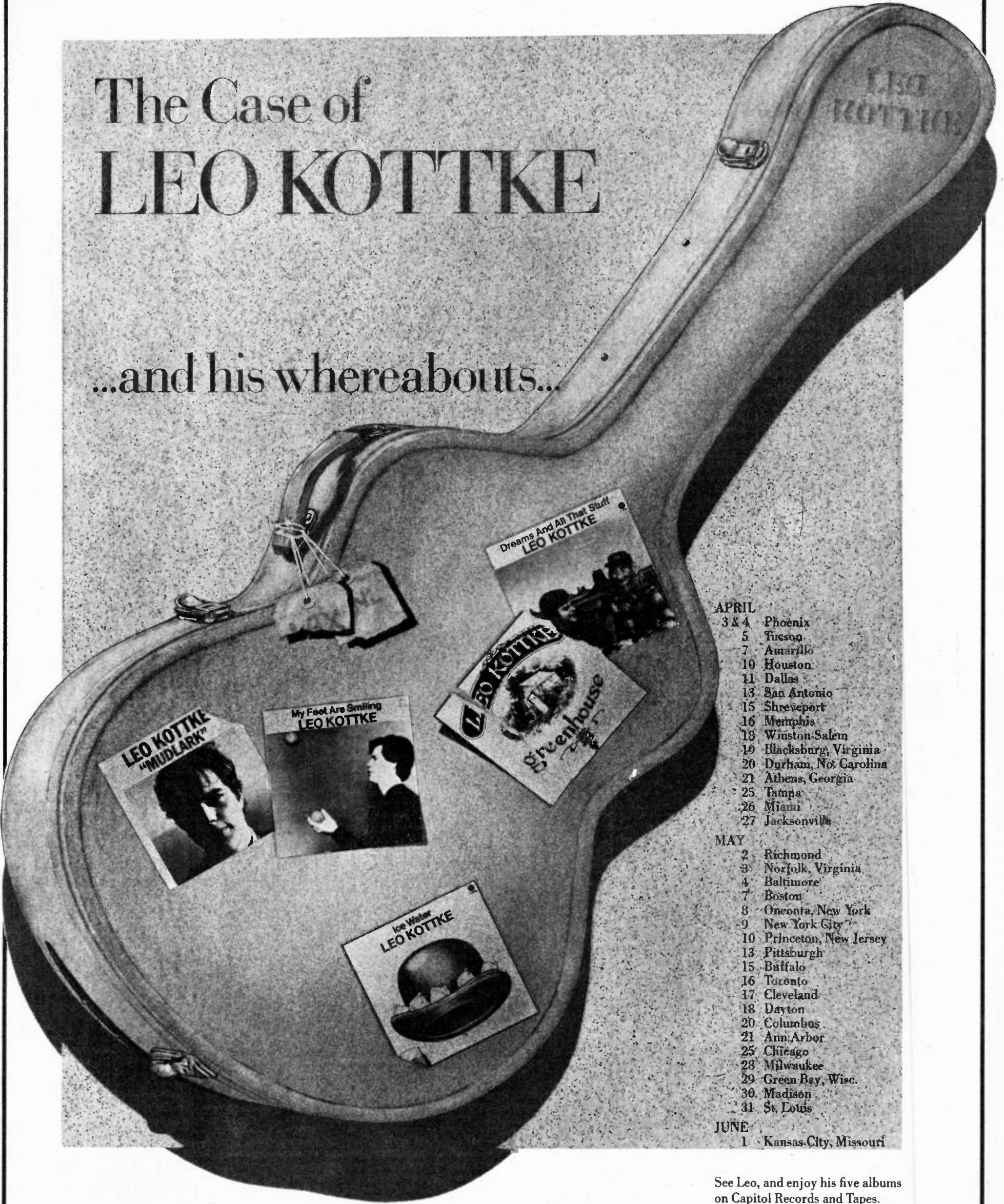


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# The Case of LEO KOTTKE

...and his whereabouts...



APRIL

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- 5 Tucson
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JUNE

- 1 Kansas City, Missouri

See Leo, and enjoy his five albums  
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# PRM

PHONOGRAM RECORD MAGAZINE

## THIS MONTH

### PINK FLOYD:

A flash of light, a puff of smoke—My God, it's Pink Floyd as they embark on their first American tour in three years. On the eve of the release of their first album since *Dark Side of the Moon*, we have an exclusive report of their doings in the interim, including a full description of how their latest tour shapes up.

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—Jon Landau  
Rolling Stone

## NILS LOFGREN



**"NILS LOFGREN"**  
His solo debut.  
ON A&M RECORDS

# PERFORMANCES

**ROXY MUSIC**  
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium  
Santa Monica, California

By KEN BARNES

Roxy Music's sellout Santa Monica appearance was a carefully executed triumph. They seemed minded to consolidate their newly-won American audience, and played it conservative all the way. No gauche South American cowboy outfits for Bryan Ferry, but instead the black tuxedo ensemble that was the Ferry trademark of quality at the beginning.

A very democratic group effort it was, too—spotlights galore for Eddie Jobson's electrical fiddling about and Andy MacKay's reed work (stressing the sax and violins, always a reliable ploy). And not one selection from Ferry's solo outings (though they were broadcast immediately before and after the performance)—straight Roxy music covering all four group albums.

"Prairie Rose" was a bit rocky (in the shaky sense) for starters, but matters quickly improved through "Mother of Pearl," "Song for Europe" and onward. The pacing bogged down a bit through the midsection—a succession of the slower, more ponderous repertoire items ("A Really Good Time," "Three and Nine," etc.) with extended instrumental forays. If you closed your eyes the effect was not wholly dissimilar to a Yes concert or something equally stupefying, though more tasteful to be sure.

But in timely fashion Roxy finished fast, with an exhilarating run of rockers—"All I Want is You," "Editions of You" from the *For Your Pleasure* LP, "The Thrill of it All," and (still champion) "Virginia Plain," surely the suavest single of the 70's. Then encores away with "Do the Strand" (surely the second suavest, etc.) and exit accompanied by rapturous tumult from the stands. The band's playing abilities and rapport were thoroughly impressive, and Ferry's stiffly serpentine onstage elan and surprisingly forceful vocal chops were suitably delightful, of course. Backstage the same timeworn glittered relics milled about conspicuously, like obsolescent politicians pushing the same outdated party platforms, but outside they were playing "The In Crowd" with a bedazzled audience identifying all the way.

**LEO SAYER**  
Trenton War Memorial  
Trenton, New Jersey

By DENNIS WILEN

What a difference a tour makes.

Last year, cult artist Leo Sayer toured as a clown-faced singer-songwriter with tasty backup. This year, English rocker Leo Sayer—without the white makeup—is back, and fronting a hard-rocking quartet in electrifying performances that promise to move him up to headliner status when he returns again.

Sayer's sensitive songs (music by Dave Courtney) have always been gems. Roger Daltrey's solo album featured two sides' worth, Maggie Bell has cut one, and the ubiquitous Three Dog Night got a hit with a bastardized version of "The Show Must Go On."

But no one sings 'em like Leo. The strong voice striding from Leo's little body might lead you to call him a belter, but that implies a lack of control. Leo controls his voice as carefully as a lion tamer corrals his charge. From an emotion-packed near-whisper to a gravel-tinged roar, Leo sings his butt off.

Although I had seen Leo two days earlier at Philadelphia's grand Academy of Music, the March 12th Trenton show sticks in my mind. And because I recorded the show at the 2000-seat American Legion-owned hall for broadcast on WMMR, I've been able to (no, want to) listen to it daily for weeks.

Ladies and gentlemen, 50 minutes without Leo going flat! Stage presence that leaps out of the speakers! Cooking arrangements that move the band (Chris Stainton, piano and organ; Les Nichol, guitars and banjo; Charlie Harrison, bass; Steve Chapman,

drums) into the big leagues! And more.

Leo bounds on stage in a dark suit and white sneakers. After an intense rendition of "Giving It All Away," he asks the crowd if they'd like to rock and roll. They do, of course, so the band steams into a knife-edged rocker, "Oh, Wot A Life," recounting gigs on the road. Next, a cliched lyric is pushed into an optimist's anthem as Leo tells you that "Tomorrow is the next day of the rest of your life." (This has proved to be good music to shower by).

Change the pace to a ballad, "In My Life," and Leo makes you believe. And as the band segues into the chugging tempo of "Train,"

By the time Leo hits the acoustic guitar intro to "One Man Band," they're ready to sing along with the chorus. Leo drags the mike stand in front of the footlights and the singing boppers in the orchestra pit reach out to touch his hand. He's definitely star material.

After the autobiographical "Bells of St. Mary's," featuring lyrical electric guitar, Leo launches into the standout number of the show. "Telepath" is side one, track one of Leo's latest LP, *Just a boy*. On wax it's nice, synthesized strings and medium delivery. In person, though, it burns!

Stainton sets it up with phased eighth notes on the Wurlitzer (shades of the Who) and Leo pops in with a controlled quaver. Half a verse later, the ensemble joins with funky drums and guitar fills. By the chorus, Stainton adds driving organ washes and when they hit the break, it's rock and roll heaven.

"Another Time" comes next, and the funky arrangement makes the anguished lyrics hit home. As Leo laments, Stainton wrings emotion from the keyboard. And when Leo reaches, "I'm lost," you know he is.

It's time (the excitement vibrates the hall) for "Long Tall Glasses." Arm-in-arm with top-hatted Michael Tearson (the WMMR DJ who MC'd the show), Leo can-cans across the stage as the people boogie in time.

"Oh, yeah!" shouts Leo as the roar of applause cross-fades into whoops of excitement, and then it's the original "Show Must Go On," with one verse scat-yodeled. They won't let Leo leave. The banjo and the band vamp through a false ending and then another and they won't stop yelling. He smiles wide, reaching out and shaking hands, and finally scampers into the wings.

The Trentonians are exultant; although Leo does not schedule encores, the crowd is not bummed out. They're filled with positive, up energy, and joy.

And that's what Leo wants. He used to play the sad-faced clown, but now he can dance.

**CHILLI WILLI AND THE RED HOT PEPPERS**  
**DR. FEELGOOD**  
KOKOMO  
Rainbow Theatre  
London, England

By JONH INGHAM

The second wave of '70s bands to emerge from England is an entirely opposite affair from the glitter/glam of the Mark I model. It's centred in pubs and is a return to the roots movement. Unfortunately, it's largely semi-pro in terms of quality, and the above bands are the first three to come out of London's pub scene with any real hope of going anywhere, with the exception of Ace and Ducks Deluxe (but word has it they're disbanding), and as such have put together the first package tour to traverse the countryside since Jimi Hendrix, The Nice, Pink Floyd and half a dozen others did it back in 1967. To avoid ego conflicts, each band headlines in turn, the above being how they hit the Rainbow. Coming towards the end of their tour, it could readily be seen that the jaunt around the provinces had tightened them all up considerably and the necessity of getting them all on and off in time made for sets that were never allowed to become indulgent.

Chilli Willi had already announced their end-of-tour dispersal by the time they reached this soon-to-close venue, so it was either an exercise in nostalgia or redundancy, depend-



•Dr. Feelgood's Wilko Johnson: like an epileptic Keith Richard...

ing on your point of view. They come across as a meld of the New Riders and the Grateful Dead and I must confess to never having been very enamoured with them.

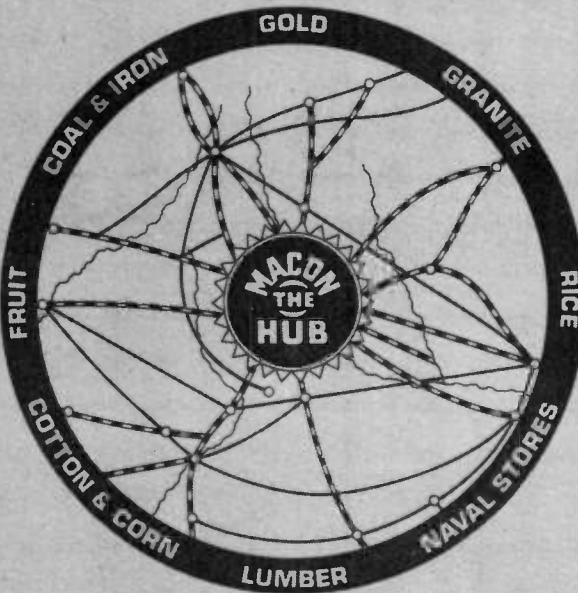
Dr. Feelgood are *amazing*, like every band that ever played the Marquee in 1964 all rolled up in one tidy package; a strange musical premise to attract a whole theatre of teenagers. With The Figure giving the 4/4 beat new meaning and tiny John Sparks providing some really nifty bass, it was all down to vocalist Lee Brilleaux and guitarist Wilko Johnson to provide the flash and pizazz. Lee stands centre stage, his left leg doing a '50s Elvis twitch at 78 rpm, his fist punching emphasis to the lyrics which he growls and spits into a hand-held mike. Wilko moves like Keith Richard in the TAMI show. The ties and bum freezer jackets just add to the illusion.

Their repertoire is limitless, moving between oldies like "Boom Boom" and "I'm a Hog For You Baby" and originals, which move like a J.D. splitting from a police raid. "Keep It Out of Sight," "Twenty Yards Behind"—the titles speak for themselves. Whenever Wilko hit a solo, slashing out manic chords and runs, his body moving like an epileptic, the crowd went berserk. This was an audience that had their faves, and the ovation at the end of the more apocalyptic numbers was shattering. But then, you couldn't help yourself; it was revitalizing to see and hear such energy, the harsh lighting really adding to the effect, and when they burst into "Bonnie Moronie/Tequila," their classic climax, the release was amazing. Who would think those two songs could contain such power?

Ten in number, and composed of ex-Grease Band (Neil Hubbard, Alan Spender), Crimson (Mel Collins, and formerly Ian Wallace) and a band called Arrival, they slide through a very smooth soul revue that used to occasionally explore the nadirs of self-indulgence, though they were frequently quite incredible. The first time I heard them I thought it was a record until I caught sight of the band. This tour has been their first excursion into the hinterlands and has done wonders to help their act.

The main singing is held together by Dyan Birch with harmonies and alternate leads from Frank Collins (fabulous soprano wail) and Paddy McHugh (collectively known as "the girls"), with pianist Tony O'Malley pushing out a powerful Joe Cocker grit, which makes for a fine contrast. The band tend to stretch out on numbers, getting into a rolling riff, Spender's bass a Persian carpet under the drums/congas (the latter adding a quite sophisticated texture to the rhythm without standing out as an instrument of its own) while Neil Hubbard and Jim Mullen explore tight, funky guitar licks, often being drowned by O'Malley's piano and the incredible sax playing. If nothing else, this band should bring the saxophone back to its rightful position of all-time rock instrument.

Floyd manager Steve O'Rourke has taken Kokomo under his wing, an album has been released on CBS, and everyone keeps mentioning America as their next stop; it is readily assumed that they will enjoy phenomenal success, though it will be interesting to see how long such a large band lasts. Dr. Feelgood is the one to keep your eye out for, though, I have seen the future of rock and roll, and it sure felt good.



## Macon, Georgia 1895

Man, it sure is a nice day here in Macon, Georgia. Perfect weather to ride this ol' Yankee-built engine the 12 hours to Savannah. We've got a few minutes 'til these boys from Grinderswitch load their piano and other gear onboard the train, so I'd like to point out a few of our Macon landmarks.

Can you see that big yellow building over there behind the trees? That's the Lanier Plaza Hotel. It was built around 1853 and was the place Jefferson Davis was brought after his capture on May 13, 1865. President Davis gave a powerful speech from that hotel's balcony—music to the ears of any youngblooded Reb.

Y'see that tall steeple in the background? That there's the Methodist Church, the first church ever built in Macon. And those twin steeples beyond the caboose belong to St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Boy, Maconites sure are a church goin' God-fearin' people.

And how about this train depot! It was built when the old train station was torn down after the War Between the States. It stays plenty busy with engines like this ol' 4-4-0 woodburner on its way to all the big cities in these 38 states.

Well, it looks like that band Grinderswitch has just about finished loadin' up. I hear they're bound for Savannah too, playin' at some honky tonk on the coast. They got one of them newfangled phonograph records out; I think they're callin' it Macon Tracks, or somethin' like that. I heard some of it the other day, and it sounded mighty fine. In fact, I just might mosey-on up to Savannah and hear those boys play. Join me?

**Grinderswitch Macon Tracks is on**  **Capricorn Records & Tapes.**  
**1895 & 1975**

# PERFORMANCES

JOHN MAYALL  
DOG SOLDIER  
The Bottom Line  
New York City, New York

By PETER CRESCENTI

I've ignored John Mayall's music for the last half-decade, so I'm very surprised to find myself excited by his current direction and newest band. Mayall is writing his most commercial music in years, and the sextet he's assembled to interpret his rocking blues delivers with real spunk 'n' funk. So much, in fact, that on stage the band makes their leader's contribution seem almost negligible at times.

The new group is composed in equal numbers, of Mayall-band veterans and newcomers. The super-tight rhythm section of drummer Soko Richardson and bassist Larry Taylor have, like violinist Sugarcane Harris, played in other Mayall disposable units. The rookies are vocalist Dee McKinnie, the first woman Mayall's ever worked with, keyboardist Jay Spell, and guitarist Rick Vito, another find by the blues godfather, who seems to have an amazingly accurate sixth sense in recognizing dynamic talent.

After two rockers from the new album, *New Year, New Band, New Company*, the set came to life in a series of solo spots accorded by Mayall to his players. Don Harris sang his one number, the warhorse blues "Till the Day I Die", which he sliced through with a gut-wrenching solo that really conveyed the emotional spectrum of love, pain and sorrow that the blues is supposed to ooze.

Then the band slammed into "Sittin' on the Outside", a mojo monster from the album that showcased Rick Vito's clean, fluid guitar playing.

But the song, and the entire set, was partially marred by Dee McKinnie's failure to project her sweet, bluesy, southerized voice to the audience. She sings more to Mayall than the paying customers, and when he leaves center stage to play keyboards, Dee turned sideways and sang across the stage to her partner, who represents a kind of security to her. The lady's got super lungs, and her casual but sexy stage manner makes her the focal point in the band. A few more weeks on the road before Mayall's adoring fans should boost her confidence.

The set was nearly over before anyone could hear keyboardist Spell, who was constantly drowned out by his fellow musicians. He finally found an opening in "Sweet Scorpio" and went right after it, simultaneously pounding clavinet and piano as if it were his last gig.

"Anyone who comes into a Mayall band, comes in with his eyes open," said the blind musician after the show. An ironic statement, but one which conveyed the insecurity of playing in a Mayall band. Knowing the man's history, this band may not be intact a year from now. It would be a shame, but his players are aware of Mayall's habit of scrapping groups, and they're getting down like there really is no tomorrow.

Opening for Mayall was Bluesbreakers alumnus Keef Hartley and his new band Dog Soldier, which explores a heavier, more electronic realm than the blues-based Keef Hartley Band. Back with Big Chief Hartley is guitarist/vocalist Miller Anderson, still an old bloozer at heart, grinding out a spirited version of the old band's "Born to Die," which got an extra shot of juice from Derek Griffiths, whose subtle, tender solo was a unique demonstration of taste and restraint, and a definite point in an otherwise tight show.

THE NEW YORK DOLLS  
Little Hippodrome  
New York City, New York

By ALAN BETROCK

After exaggerated reports heralding their impending demise, the New York Dolls returned in early March to the Hippodrome in mid-Manhattan. They were supposedly to sport a new image: new songs, new looks, new personnel, and a new direction.

The rumored insertion of a political

consciousness into their material was not to be found, save for a Chinese flag which draped the stage. The Red Guard hype seemed to be a put-on, and the only evidence of Red infiltration was the Dolls' new-found penchant for red-patent leather, which they all displayed prominently. The bi-sexual glam-rock image was gone, although happily the Dolls still maintain a reasonable amount of flash.

Musically there are some significant developments to report. Lead singer David Johansen has ceased screaming out lyrics, utilizing an echo and delay system which affords him a fuller sound. Guitarist Johnny Thunders seems to have tamed down a bit as well, as his notorious axe-slashing and feedback were reduced to barely audible riffs. Harpo Marx lookalike Sylvain Sylvain has taken on a more prominent role within the band, playing some lead guitar and doubling competently on piano for a few songs. This is the first time the Dolls have ventured into keyboard instrumentation onstage, and although it did manage to modify the sound a bit, the overall effect was nothing startling.

In fact, that was the central problem with the "new" Dolls. From the outset of their career they were startling. They were fresh, brash and arrogant to the extreme. They played their songs and sang to their audience. Now with all new songs gracing their set (save for a hot version of "Pills"), they appear to be searching for middle ground. The band's course seems directed towards developing a pure rock 'n' roll/r&b totality, but perhaps at the cost of losing their own original distinction. Almost all their new songs lack the lyrical wit and musical power of their predecessors.

Most of the old Dolls songs quickly became classics even before reaching vinyl, but the new tunes are predominately bland and forgettable. These originals are for the most part simply old rock and roll melodies with new lyrics. Intertwined are a bunch of suitable oldies like "Daddy Rolling Stone," "Dizzy Miss Lizzy," and Eddie Cochran's "Something Else." Syl's "Ain't Got No Home" is enjoyable, but Johnny Thunders' one vocal outing is less than captivating. Johansen's stage presence still retains its allure, though it is nowhere as fixating as it once was.



BOB GRUEN

•The Dolls: still looking for trash...

The best new songs were "Down Town" and "Teenage News" which clearly showed some sparks of lasting creativity. "Down Town" is a strong, slow number with a memorable chorus, and "Teenage News" (one of the only songs with any lyrical interest), closed the set on a promising note. One must give the Dolls full credit for the strength and determination to go on despite numerous setbacks, and to endeavor to expand their sound and image. The new vocal fullness, piano fills, and backing vocal arrangements are good starts, but can that overcome the apparent lack of outstanding material?

It's no secret that the Dolls did not succeed commercially on their own original terms with their first two albums. Their new direction tends to disregard most of their past, and concentrates on following the prescribed norms in an attempt to achieve some measure of airplay and chart acknowledgement. As far as live performance goes, when one expects brilliance and gets something short of that, it shouldn't be judged too somberly. By comparison to most other bands, the Dolls are still an eye opener. The new Dolls are certainly better than no Dolls at all, and must rate as one of our best and most important rock and roll units extant.

## "OUT THERE A-HAVIN' FUN..."



PAPA DU RUN DA RUN  
Western High School  
Anaheim, California

By GREG SHAW

For about three years now, Papa Do Run Da Run have been packing them in all over Northern California with their surf/summer music. Now they've been contracted to do an extensive series of high school dances which will be taking them through just about every city in the state, and if the reaction they inspired at this show was typical, California's gonna be populated by a hard core generation of teenage surfers by next summer.

As you'd expect from any oldies band, they're true to the era, wearing faded jeans, tennies, striped t-shirts and huarache sandals, with bushy bushy blond hairdos and

fresh-scrubbed faces. But that's basic. More to the point, they've got the music down solid, doing Beach Boys hits as well as the Beach Boys themselves do live, and the same with Jan & Dean, Bruce & Terry, Ronnie & the Daytonas and the rest of their large Californoid repertoire.

And it's not just the standards, either. When I walked into the gym at Western High School they were doing "Sail On Sailor," successfully capturing the lethargic heaviness that the Beach Boys had evolved into by 1973. They did other recent tunes as well, even the Legendary Masked Surfers' "Gonna Hustle You," the only theme tying it all together being a dedication to California teen culture and a genuine flair for the music and the styles that have grown up about it. Their original tunes, such as "Sunshine Music" (which appeared on last year's Jan & Dean album, *Gotta Take That One Last Ride*, with Dean adding vocals) function, as they intended, as the kind of summer/fun oriented music that might be more common today if surf music had continued in a linear evolution.

In fact, Papa Du Run Da Run give me the schizophrenic impression of being unsure just what image to project. As an "oldies band" they fail to provide the kind of grossly exaggerated stage antics that audiences of such groups seem to crave. There's a certain amount of lame comedy between songs (just about as lame, and in the same way, as the Beach Boys' standard patter), and a clumsy but effective trick of pulling girls from the audience to dance on stage, but there are none of the dance contests, singalongs, or theatrical skits that a confirmed oldies band should have. Plus, they speak enthusiastically of recording their originals and moving away from oldies entirely,

becoming a full-fledged modern fun machine.

But meanwhile they're having enough fun playing the classics, and their audiences are digging it too. The kids we talked to at this dance were there mostly because nothing else was happening in Anaheim that night, but they were dancing and having fun, and a large group up front were really getting into it. There was very little long hair to be seen; on the contrary, the attire and appearance of the kids was much closer to the *American Graffiti* era. Simple, basic clothes and hair styles, and some surprising anachronisms including pendletons and madras shirts on the guys. A few long-haired punks hollered out a rude request for "Smoke on the Water" and later skulked out, but they were a decided minority.

According to the band, the kids are like this everywhere they play, and getting more so as time goes by. They may be unfamiliar with the songs at first (frequently the band is complimented for one of "their" songs like "I Get Around" or "Don't Worry Baby") but have no trouble getting into the spirit of things—obviously the same demographics at work behind the unexpected success of last year's Beach Boys reissues.

While locked into a heavy schedule of these high school gigs for the next year, Papa Du Run Da Run have other plans. Besides recording, they've been talking to Dean Torrence of Jan & Dean about the possibility of his joining them on the road. A trial run took place recently in Santa Cruz, one of California's traditional surfing hotspots. Reports haven't come in yet, but obviously there's a large and growing audience that will support surf music wherever and however it springs up. For now, it seems to be centered in California, but tomorrow...who knows?



ON EPIC RECORDS 

Produced by Ron Richards

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comes  
Justin Hayward and John Lodge  
comes  
"Blue Jays."**

The album of 1975

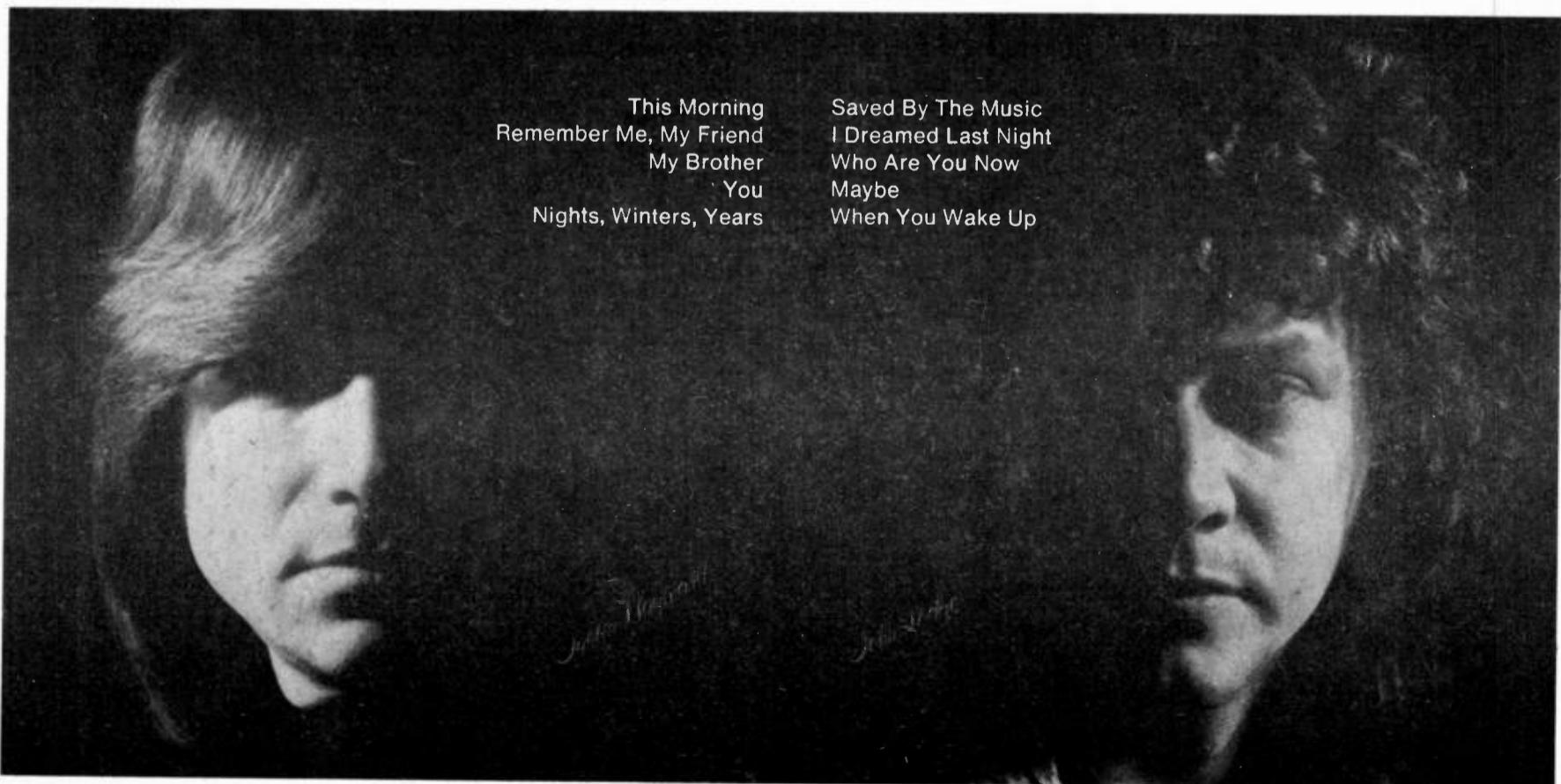
Producer Tony Clarke  
Jerry Weintraub, Management III



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# THE FACES ON TOUR

By JOANNE RUSSO

It was 11:30 A.M. At least six more hours would pass before the concert could begin. Two local long-hairs, looking like Haight-Ashbury refugees, were crouched under a green army blanket near the front of the line. The younger and more bored looking of the pair was clutching a bottle of Thunderbird. "It's worth the wait. We've got to be near the front," he explained rather unconvincingly. "Every time the Faces have played San Francisco that's where we've sat. Last time Rod shook my hand. I bet he'll recognize me."

San Francisco has never provided the Faces' most receptive audiences and few thought they would manage to fill the 19,000 capacity Cow Palace. But, either the reputation initiated by their last concert has snowballed, or the good word, having blown in from the east, managed to attract a sellout crowd which began lining up in the wee hours of the morning.

Since their last American tour a year and a half earlier, rumors of personnel problems within the group had placed a pessimistic damper on the public's view of the band's future. Did Rod really say he wouldn't record any more albums? Was it true that Tetsu wasn't fitting in? Was Ron Wood dropping out to join the Stones? Meanwhile, the group's album release, *Overtures and Beginners*, Rod Stewart's solo work *Smiler*, and Ron Wood's *I've Got My Own Album to Do* were barely able to elbow their way into the mass record collection of America. Somehow though, despite the grey clouds which seemed to be tempering their future, the Faces pulled off about the most successful American tour of their career; out of 21 dates on the itinerary, 15 sold out weeks before the boys even stepped onto our North American shores.

The Faces have always been known as a live band. The bar in one corner of the stage was always a major contributor to the spontaneous antics which in the past have been as much a trademark as the palm tree pruning of Rod's hair. Their concerts have always gone down as party events in which the Faces pose as both hosts and entertainers, setting a mood which invited the audience to be part of the band's onstage ravings.

So even San Francisco remembered them; how could anyone forget a party of that caliber?

The first few bars of "The Stripper" rang through the Cow Palace, as Rod kicked a soccer ball around the off-stage area, then jumped on the stage, giving the once over to the equipment, his fellow band members, and finally the audience, who were ecstatic at the first sight of their purple satin draped fave-raver.

As the group charged full force into "It's All Over Now," maintaining the energy level through Ron Wood's "Take a Look at the Guy," the audience transformed into California's counterpart of England's well publicized avid Faces fans, the Tartanhordes.

The San Francisco crowd, who traditionally are more activated by American earthy-rock than English Mods, had already reached an insane level of support for the band. The entire crowd was in a constant state of motion, vying for the best spot from which to view the concert, while moving closer and closer in towards the stage.

A twelve piece string section broke into "Sam Cooke's "Bring It On Home To Me," and a beaming Rod Stewart joined in. It could have come off rather pretentious, but this added element of sophistication crystallized a change that the band as a whole has undergone.

A chorus of dog barks introduced "Sweet Little Rock 'n Roller," one of the show's best rockers, and in continuation of the well-paced order, "I'd Rather Go Blind" followed. The set continued with a combined version of "Too Bad," and "every Picture Tells a Story." Next came "Angel," one of the set's brightest points. As the mirrored ball rotated just beyond the stage, Rod had the whole Cow Palace singing the refrain.



•The eternal party arrives in America—though it's a bit harder to get invited this time.

Still swaying from "Angel," the simple law of inertia got the audience going into stronger motion with a more forceful number, "Stay With Me." Then, with perfect control, the mood was toned down by a restyled version of "Gasoline Alley," which features an extended guitar solo by Woody.

The final four numbers, "I Can Feel the Fire," "You Wear It Well," "Maggie May," and "Twistin' the Night Away," step by step coerced the audience back to its super energy state.

"Twistin' the Night Away" was accentuated by one of Rod's older tricks. He kicked 18 pseudo-soccer balls around the stage and into the audience with such skill, that even George Best would take note. The balls had barely settled in the arms of lucky fans, when the Faces took off in their limousines, with less than 24 hours until the Los Angeles gig.

San Francisco's expectations had been well satisfied. Rod's voice had never been better, neither had the musical talents of Ronnie Wood, Ian McLagan, Kenny Jones and Tetsu Yamauchi. Since the tail end of last year's European tour, the Faces have taped each concert, and have gone over it before the next show, thus enhancing their awareness of their strong and weak points.

Los Angeles and New York are the high points of every rock tour. In these cities, the band's reputation may root in the concert halls, but often wind up depending on their casual public appearances and accessibility.

Besides L.A. being the nest of Faces popularity (that's the only place the Faces played two consecutive nights in the same venue), the band and its entourage have been notorious for their wild parties there. For years, they've supplied groupies and gossip mongers with enough juicy material to last from one tour to the next.

Of course the concerts are the main point of the band's presence but to many fans, it has been the time the boys weren't onstage but rather at clubs, parties and hotels that made the difference.

The Faces no longer stay at the Continental Hyatt House on the Sunset Strip, infamous hunting grounds of Led Zeppelin (who call it "the Continental Riot House"), the Kinks

and many more. Instead they rent rooms at the posh, tight security Beverly Wilshire Hotel (where Rod's room was broken into). Life on the road has changed for the Faces; fewer hangers-on are allowed, and guest lists have become more tightly controlled.

The Inglewood Forum, just outside of Los Angeles, has a slightly smaller capacity than the Cow Palace, but the orderly fashion in which the seating arrangements are maintained by the guards makes the wall-to-wall, ceiling to floor crowd look larger. The Faces hadn't played there since 1971, and like the San Francisco gig, nobody expected them to fill it on even one of the nights.

A local disc jockey, J.J. Jackson introduced the show. Rod, this time in yellow satin, walked onstage during the opening bars of "The Stripper" to be confronted by a standing ovation. Obviously, Los Angeles also remembered the Faces.

Assuming a bit more of the glamour boy attitude that Los Angeles' spotlights magically surround people in, Rod bowed deeply, and once again took off into "It's All Over Now."

The show was essentially the same as the night before. The songs followed an identical sequence, and Rod's interspersed "ad libbings" were barely altered.

Perhaps the tape-evaluate-revise system of working has its drawbacks. Although the quality of the music has been upgraded, the act has become more routine with less room for spontaneity.

Occasionally Rod would ham it up, swinging the mike stand around like he used to, and playing off Ron Wood. I wondered if it was for the benefit of the audience that has stayed so faithful to him, or for the vast number of celebrities in the audience that he put more into the L.A. shows than San Francisco's.

Contrary to earlier tours, the show now seems to be a show to watch, and not to be part of. It's still a party, two in fact, separated by a proscenium partition, because Rod no longer seems concerned with being part of his audience. Could it be that his big move to age 30 has him thinking that he's no longer one of the kids?

On previous tours, the Faces traditional Big Party in Los Angeles, was a very loose

affair, where old fans would either be invited, or let in at the door.

Invitations to this tour's tight security L.A. party went out not only to the super rock world dwellers like the McCartney's, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Chere and Greg Allman, but also to people from the other side of the entertainment industry such as Richard Harris, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Steve McQueen and Britt Eklund, who incidentally was Rod's escort for the evening.

The primary motive for the party seemingly was to raise the social status and air of sophistication around Rod Stewart. As one publicist explained, "Rod is no longer merely a rock star, but rather a celebrity."

Unlike San Francisco or L.A., Phoenix is often excluded from major artists' touring schedules, and when a major act like the Faces plays, it becomes an event.

The Phoenix Coliseum only holds about 12,000, and still didn't sell out for Rod Stewart and the Faces. The kids who were there however, were the most enthusiastic I had seen all week. Before the first number was completed, most of the people from the side seats were on the floor and those who had been seated in the floor area were now standing on their chairs.

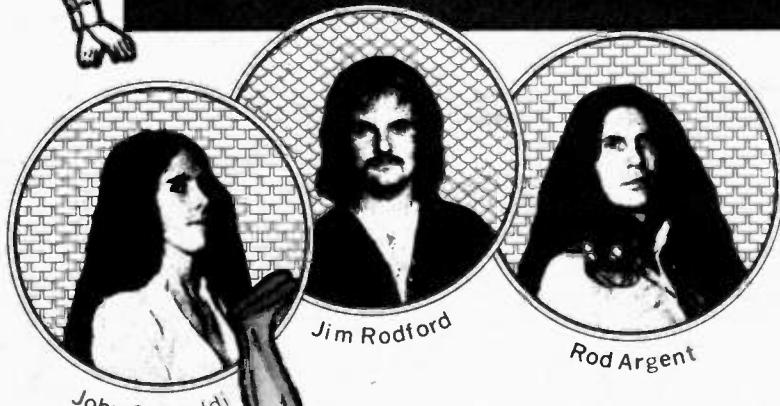
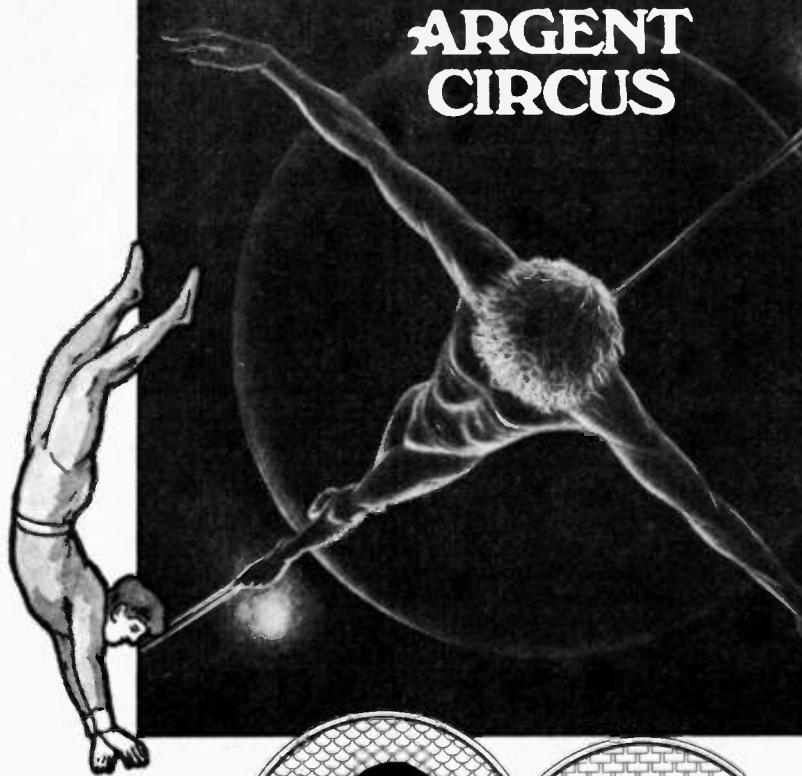
It seemed ironic that it was the Faces' weakest gig to date on the western end of the tour. The band was obviously still tired from the long night of partying, and would have much preferred spending another night relaxing in Beverly Hills, to playing a concert 400 miles away. It's a hard life.

The string section and soccer balls were left behind in L.A. but the Phoenician crowd didn't know they were missing. They loved every minute of it; after all, it was the biggest thing to happen to Phoenix since David Bowie's summer tour.

Only two dates yet to play on this tour, Seattle and Vancouver. Then it would be back to England to finish the album and prepare for next summer's tour, which, it seems safe to assume, is unlikely to differ greatly from this one. But changes are something the Faces' audience (unlike Bowie's) have never demanded. A good time is all they ask, and they've yet to be disappointed.

# THE CIRCUS OF JORDAN

## ARGENT CIRCUS



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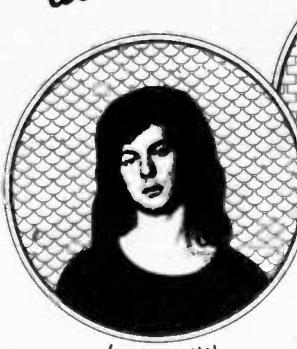
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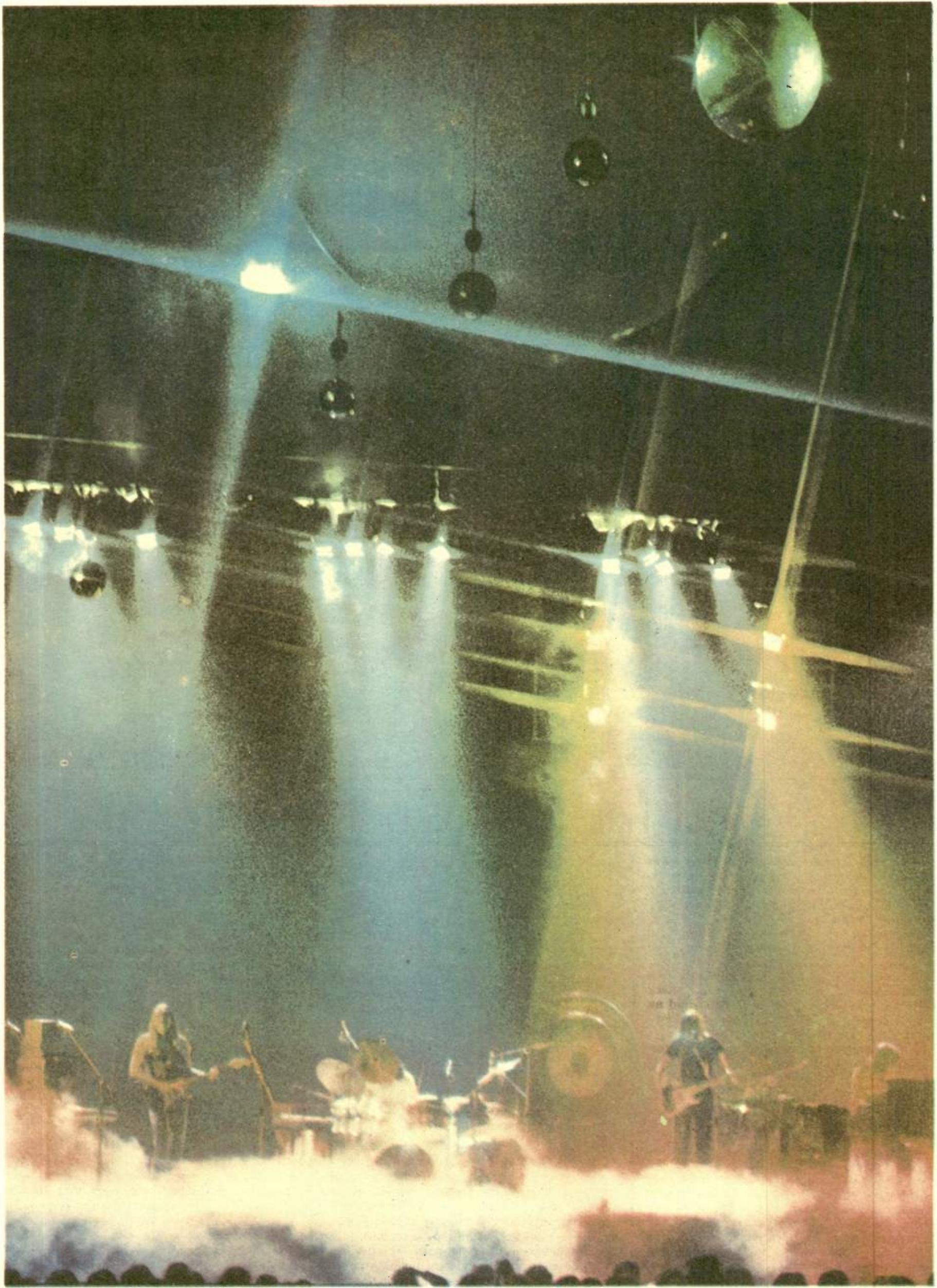
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# THE PINK FLOYD VOID

APRIL '75: PHONOGRAM RECORD



## WILL THEY MAKE IT TO 1984?

In 1973, a group called Pink Floyd who had been releasing bizarre, space-oriented recordings for a small but growing coterie of aficionados since 1967, unexpectedly zoomed to the summit of the LP charts with *Dark Side of the Moon* which sold several million and established Pink Floyd in the top rank of superstars. Then, finishing a tour of America that featured a light show, smoke bombs and other effects that were generally described as "spectacular," Pink Floyd seemed suddenly to drop out of sight.

Expectations ran rampant. Had this overnight stardom been too much for a group whose image had always been one of barely repressed neurosis, schizophrenia, or even (as in the case of Syd Barrett, Floyd's original guiding light, who wandered a bit too far into the rubber rooms of his mind and was forced to retire from the group after their first LP) outright derangement? Or, as others maintained, had they simply run out of ideas? Finally, with a new album and U.S. tour slated for simultaneous April unleashing, the answer will be revealed. Nick Kent, England's top pop journalist, spoke to the group before they left London, and presents here his own exclusive view of Pink Floyd's future...

by NICK KENT

In the closing months of 1974, numerous thousands of limeys washed their hair and went out to see the Pink Floyd on what amounted to their only real tour of that year--a moderately brief, moderately profitable (SROs everywhere; photographs of aficionados straddled out in their sleeping bags waiting patiently for box-offices to open in their particular town; it even made the national press with the obligatory three sentence caption--though the excruciating finances of taking a "mammoth production" on the road through England or Europe, for that time, are so stifling as to render the profit margin almost totally nada) gambol around the band's homeland. Certain of the contractual appendages to the tour itself could be interpreted as making it a condescendingly obliging gesture on the band's part--gigs were booked, for example, when a particular town was holding an interesting football match so the band could attend (in this way the Floyd's musical vocations wouldn't interfere with what now has taken over as probably their collective main obsession; they even have their own football team and all play the game regularly).

But who could really blame them? After all, there was no new record to promote, no financial

urgency--condescending or not, the band did at least bother to tour a country that hasn't really seen a band of comparable stature like Led Zeppelin, say, in concert, for well over two years.

Most reviews of the tour, with a few noted exceptions, were pretty much on the positive, if bland side of the fence, even turning up the occasional pearl like these thoughts garnered from the pen of one Derek Jewell, music editor of the *Sunday Times*, Britain's cultural news-sheet for the coffee-table cognoscenti:

"Richly they merit their place among the symphonic overlords of today's popular hierarchy...they reeled off, apparently effortlessly, a performance with musical textures so ravishing and visual accompaniments so surprising that, for once, the thunderous standing ovation was completely justified."

Me I thought it sucked.

Now I'll admit right away to adhering to the contention that the Pink Floyd moniker held infinitely more lustre when Syd Barrett was around--a contention, moreover that usually results in the most tedious of dialectics. A quote by Dave Gilmour is here worth noting if only for enlightenment as to the exact nature of the Barrett/Floyd predicament:

"The band, just before Syd departed, had got into a totally impossible situation. No one wanted

to book them. After the success of the summer of '67 the band sank like a stone; the gigs they were doing at the time were all empty because they were so bad. The only way out was to get rid of Syd, by which time the ball had definitely stopped rolling. We had to start it all over again. *Saucerful of Secrets*, the first album without him, was the start back on the road to some kind of return. It was the album we began building from. The whole conception of *Saucerful* had nothing to do with what Syd believed in or liked. We continued playing some of his songs for a while but...in the beginning the songs were all his and they were brilliant, right. No one disputes that. But I don't think the actual sound of the whole band stems from Syd.

"As far as I can see, there's no relevance in talking about Syd in reviewing one of our concerts."

Except for the fact that the very first song they perform in their current set (which presumably they'll bring intact to the States with them when they tour here in April) is openly for and about Barrett. It's a new Roger Waters number entitled "Shine On You Crazy Diamonds" and strings together all the awed epithets ever used to describe a figure whose life up to even its current creatively paralysed and hyper-confused state, has been immeasurably more tragic than 'mysterious.' It's a direct call to arms from Waters to Barrett, only it doesn't really work. And that's simply because it isn't very good.

The song is short on sheer melodic inventiveness, loping along as the Floyd are prone to do at their most uninspired while the lyrics are just a touch too self-conscious to convey their actual message with anything like the weight needed here. Lines abound of the ilk of "Once you had stars in your eyes/ But now they're black holes in the sky" and "come on, you poet, you prophet, you pipes and shine."

"Crazy Diamond" is one of the three new songs that the Floyd have come up with since the advent of *Dark Side of the Moon* two years ago. The second "Raving and Drooling" seemed, in concert, to be again somewhat less than an inspired composition. Tom-toms mimicking the human heart-beat, an electronically phased sound-wash not unlike that wind tunnel effect on *Meddle*'s "One of These Days," and Water's cadaverously strained pseudo-Hammer psychopath lyrics—"Raving and drooling I went for his neck with a scream." If anyone else had indeed attempted such a song, they would have been critically rubbed out for being fifth-rate Pink Floyd.

"Gotta Be Crazy" is the presumed *piece-de-resistance* of the new collection. In terms of lyric and melody, it at least holds some interest: the main coda for example is a not unpleasant minor chord progression reminiscent in feel of mid-period Soft Machine while the lyrics echo a rather more perplexing Waters study of potential luncacy in modern bourgeois society which *Dark Side of the Moon* spotlighted. It's perplexing, see, because one minute Waters is spewing forth earnestly about how you've got to be crazy and tough, in order to keep up with the Joneses, etc., etc., then gloats over his bourgeois stooge

subject's ultimate miserable destiny ending on a fairly effectively turgid coda spotlighting the psychological build-up of the unfortunate

## "Sure we're lazy, and we aren't very good musicians—but we haven't run out of ideas!"

figure's fated demise. The thinking therefore is incongruous in its moralistic/observing ambience to a point where the term "facile" doesn't even apply.

Maybe the song's presumable appearance on "the next Pink Floyd album" will be more

was greeted with a healthy ovation on almost every European date while its reception at a Led Zeppelin concert in San Diego last month was little short of deafening). The real light-show came into action during the second-half of the concert when naturally enough "Dark Side of the Moon" was performed (the first half was simply the three new numbers, by the way) in its entirety. The visual centre-piece here was a movie projected over the band's collective heads which was run intermittently. A Disney cartoon vision of Alphaville is zoomed over during "On the Run" ending in a piece of footage involving a mass explosion which I believe was swiped from *Zabriskie Point*. A surf segment from *Crystal Voyager* is also used somewhere along the line. "Time" employs multiple images of clocks. "Money" uses multiple images of differing currency. "Brain Damage" is a "yuks-galore" montage of your favourite political stooges and beyond. It's all quite entertaining but the being played onstage is only adequate. The Floyd—and this was the most striking revelation to one who hadn't seen the band for over three years—are unbelievably limited as musicians for a band of their stature. Nick Mason's reliance on tom-toms and cymbals becomes irritating after only a short time, while Roger Waters' bass-playing was jarring both in its slack tone and pedestrian (to the point of being mind-numbingly dull) patterns. Similarly Rick Wright was unable to take a solo with anything approaching a creative range—an attempt to play gospel piano during "The Great Gig in the Sky" on one night in particular, bordered on the pathetic. Of all the players, Dave Gilmour seems the most accomplished musician even though his playing lacks any real personality.

Beyond even these gross limitations, the band's whole attitude was pervaded by an almost unique moroseness. They looked and acted about as inspired as four work-men tarring a strip of highway—Gilmour constantly flashing a kind of look which met halfway 'twixt an expression of being "pissed off" and a giant visage approximation of "what the hell" to Mason who responded in kind. Waters seemed doubly bored and sullen. At one point during a show someone shouted out, "1967!" which got Waters pissed off to the point that he retorted with as much venom

as his whole "couldn't give a damn" veneer would allow. "This isn't 1967. It's 1974!" How true.

Anyway, I left that building both nights (I went the second night just to see if the first was some one-off turkey. I was wrong.) numb with tedium and a kind of real anger at the fact that I'd gotten a headache from the show, which resulted in a review in the *New Musical Express* which, while noting most of the points aforesaid, came to a head with these paragraphs:

"What the two Floyd shows amounted to in the final analysis was not merely a kind of utterly morose laziness which is ultimately even more obnoxious than callow superstar 'flash' but a pallid excuse for creative music which comes dangerously close to the Orwellian mean for a facile soulless music that would rule the airwaves and moreover be touted as fine art in the latter's



RAINBOW

"This isn't 1967. It's 1974!!"

enlightening. It certainly can be no less inspired than the way it was presented to the audiences who packed out London's Empire Pool, Wembley, for some four nights. The ones I observed on the two nights I attended seemed split into two firm camps--firstly those who self-consciously consider the Floyd in lofty terms as a thinking-man's rock band--an attitude which has reached its zenith in the words of our friend Mr. Jewell back there and others who make statements like "one only has to listen to the Pink Floyd to realise that rock music can be conceived in terms of art" with disturbing regularity. The others seemed more easily impressed by artifacts like the Floyd's lightshow or even the appearance of dry ice onstage (Have you noticed the sudden communal bark of applause when the dry ice machine pumps smoke out over the ankles of the group onstage. Its appearance on the last Stones tour (during "Midnight Rambler")

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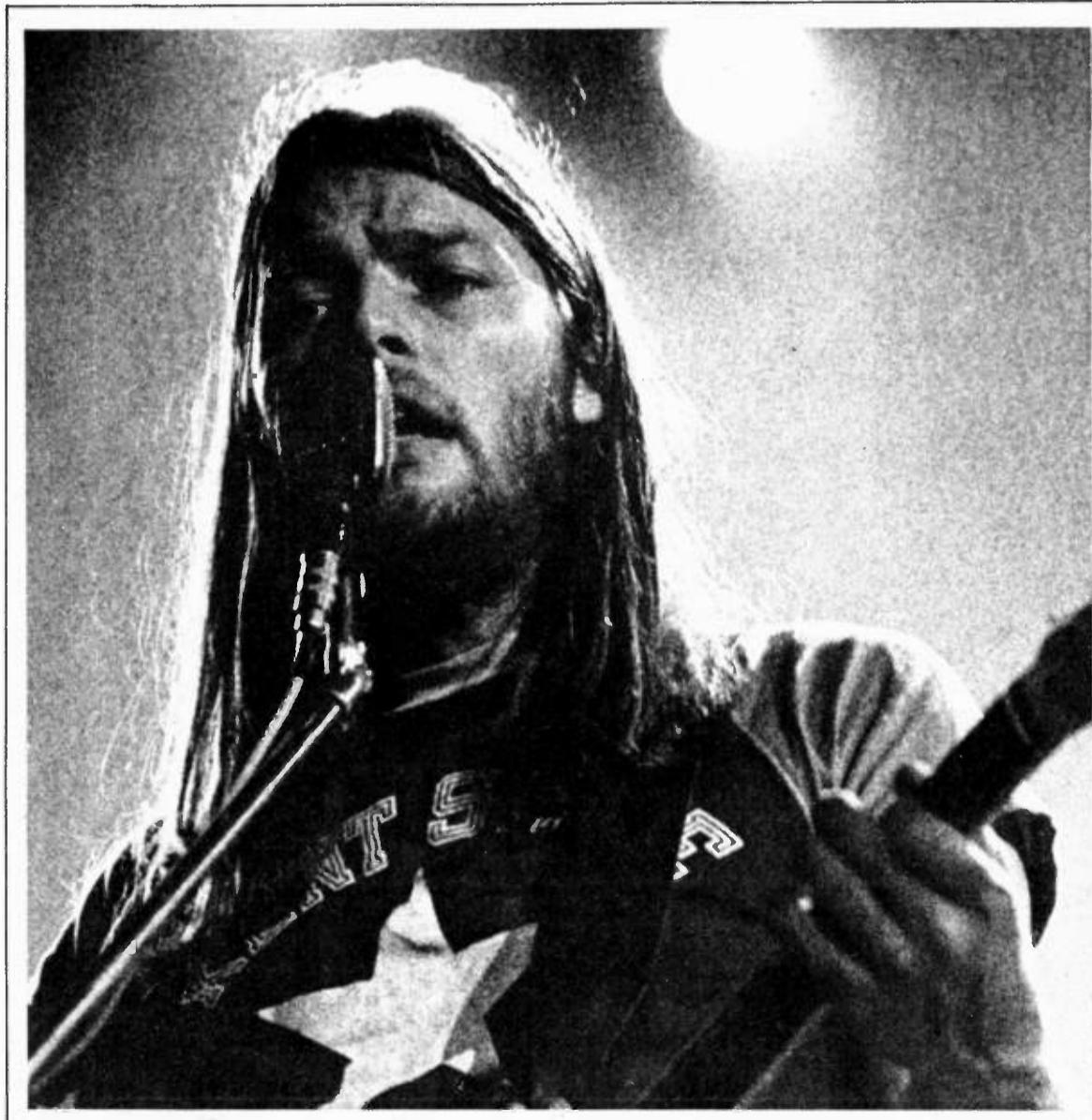
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Because it's true!



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vision of 1984.

"I mean, one can easily envisage a Floyd concert in the future consisting of the band simply wandering onstage, setting all their tapes into action, putting their instruments on remote control and then walking off behind the amps to talk football or play billiards."

O.K. O.K., so that Orwell line might be interpreted as being a touch hysterical but I'm still loath to retract any of it. The reaction from the Floyd camp was naturally none too cheery. Fans wrote in, most unfortunately, from amongst the dry-ice brigade but there were a brace of reasoned, intelligent come-backs. And then there was Dave Gilmour who wasn't too pleased. At all.

"Personally I don't believe any of that rubbish about 1984. I mean, what difference is there between our sort of music and anyone else's apart from the fact that maybe most of the other bands just play for the body and they're hardly progressive at all."

"Not that I think we're wildly progressive either."

**"We blew out our light show for 2 years and nobody noticed."**

Gilmour was also not ready to comply with the accusations of the band looking bored.

"Not bored. Definitely dispirited. Energy soon flags. I'm not interested in disguising my feelings with show-biz devices."

He did admit to the band being lazy and restricted as musicians however.

"In terms of musical virtuosity we're really not anywhere. I think individual musicianship is well below par."

But there's a moot point to be made here. It's been two years since the Floyd released an album and it's become a known fact that the desperation level in that time involved in studio work coming up with a follow-up to *Dark Side* has reached epic proportions. One album project, for example, entitled *Household Objects* which reportedly revolved around first the actual sound of a kitchen utensil say, and then music made from the precept of that sound was started but abandoned. Roger Waters is rumored to have disappeared to Morocco at one point and there were fears of a consequent total break-up of the band. Now, even with three new songs, there is still no record in the shops, no title. As I write a former provisional release date has been put back a month. Again, one thing is certain though, a deal has been set up between the Floyd and Columbia. The former's manager has settled the deal with the latter at some exorbitant fee in luxurious Barbados.

Gilmour again admits that "*Dark Side of the Moon* has trapped us creatively," but that they're not "bereft of ideas--just resting."

As a finale of sorts, Gilmour claims with a certain self-effacing defiance:

"We went through a period where we blew out our entire light show for two years and there was no real difference. I personally know for a fact that it wouldn't make any difference if we did it again. We've never been hyped. There's been no great publicity campaign."

The defence rests.

Still it might be interesting to see how they fare in the States, if only as some kind of comparison of sorts. Back in 1973, they played an 18,000 capacity gig at London's largest indoor venue straight on the heels of the success garnered from *Dark Side* and everybody enthused wildly. This time, well, time itself will tell.

Oh before I forget. The band does one encore--"Echoes." That's when they get the dry-ice machine working, by the way. I thought you should know in advance.

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13 Grand Rapids  
14 East Lansing

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ATI

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# DEL SHANNON

## Rock's Runaway Returns

They're all coming back. Sedaka, Anka and Vinton hit the top of the charts again, but you all know that story backwards and forwards. Almost all the other solo stars of the early sixties are launching their re-entries into the pop orbit as well, though. Dion's released his long-awaited Spector single, and it's a production extravaganza with the power of slow captivation (though too ponderous for hit status). Roy Orbison's never really been away, and his new Mercury single shows flashes of the old blockbuster ballad style (not enough, though). And you'll soon be able to sample the vintage whine of Gene Pitney on Epic. The often-underrated Bobby Vee is negotiating deals, and Barry Mann's about to release a new, Bruce Johnston/Terry Melcher-produced album on RCA.

That's all to the good by me. No, that's bad, diehard rock & roll purists and anti-nostalgists might interpose, echoing Sam the Sham. But it's bad only if you subscribe to the outdated view that the 1961-63 period was an arid and rockless musical desert, buried under schlock waves of smothering force. People still go around thinking nothing good ever came out of the time Chuck Berry went to jail till the Beatles broke out, a patently absurd idea. Besides all those brilliant girl-group, Motown, Beach Boys and Four Seasons classics, every three months or so you'd get a new discophonic delight from Orbison, Dion, Pitney, Sedaka, Sam Cooke, sometimes Presley or Rick Nelson or Ral Donner, and on and on.

Deficient in rockers the era admittedly was. But that's also an oversimplification, one that can be partially corrected even as another rock-starved radio era, the mid-70's, witnesses the comeback of the one early 60's solo star who kept rocking right on through: Del Shannon. Shannon's records were far removed from the light entertainment standards of the day. They were impassioned epics of frustration, jealousy, revenge, spite, infinite heartbreak and irrevocable loss. They were powered by guttering saxes and slashing rhythm guitars playing doomy minor chord patterns, achieving an intensity matched musically only by Spector's monoliths and by no one in total emotional impact.

It's a matter of no little moment, then that Del Shannon, after an almost uninterrupted recording hiatus of six years, has just signed with Island Records with a single due out as this publication goes to press. And his new material has that same immediate impact--but more on that later.

Del Shannon was born in Coopersville, Michigan (real name: Charles Westover). He began playing gigs in the late 50's at Battle Creek, Michigan clubs, often accompanied by Max Crook and his "crazy machine," the musitron (the solo instrument on "Runaway"). "Runaway," believe it or not, was Shannon's first record release. Local DJ Ollie McLaughlin had become impressed with tapes of Shannon's songs, and had introduced him to Harry Balk and Irving Michaelnik of Embee Productions, who had Johnny & the Hurricanes on Big Top Records. Balk and Michaelnik negotiated a deal for



### By Ken Barnes

Shannon with Big Top, though an initial New York session proved fruitless. Back in Battle Creek, as Del tells it, "One night onstage Max hit these chords. 'What was that?' I said. 'Hit those again!' It was A minor and G, and we just kept working on those chords for 15 minutes onstage. I was calling out chords, and we worked it out right there."

It must have been a bemusing experience for the club's patrons, watching their entertainment constructing a song in the middle of a performance, but they were, as the fan magazines might have put it, in on the birth of a hit, "Runaway" itself. "We put it on tape and on the first take Max played that solo on the record" (one which almost every aspiring keyboard artist has memorized).

"Runaway" came out in February 1961 and shot to Number One. It was followed into the Top 5 by the savagely vengeful "Hats Off to Larry"; two more hits, "So Long Baby" and "Hey Little Girl," rounded out 1961. Then Shannon's momentum faltered, thanks to his management's insistence that he record a song called "Ginny in the Mirror" as part of a movie deal. "I hated that record," Del recalls, and, lacking the intensity of his original compositions, it failed to make the charts. "Cry Myself to Sleep" (a direct ancestor of "Crocodile Rock") failed as

well, and "The Swiss Maid," a yodeling change of pace written by Roger Miller, sold only slightly better.

It was a big hit in England, though, and Shannon became hugely popular there, touring regularly (as he does to this day). Although it was recorded too early (late 1962) to have been influenced by the new British sounds, "Little Town Flirt" has a distinct Liverpool flavor (and probably influenced the British bands, actually). It was also a Top 10 record and a timely comeback for Shannon.

In June 1963 he showed remarkable prescience by cutting the Beatles' "From Me to You" six months before they broke through in the States. "I was over in England and heard a lot of talk. Little kids would come up and say, 'Do you know about the Beatles?' 'From Me to You' was moving into the Top 10 and it knocked me out. So I was playing a big show at the Albert Hall with the Beatles and just before they went on I told John, 'Hey, I'm gonna record "From Me to You." ' John said, 'That's really great, man,' then turned back and yelled, 'Wait, don't do that,' understandably worried, since the Beatles were about to release the number on Vee Jay in America. "I did it anyway," Del continues, "but then I heard their next record, 'She Loves You,' and I wished I'd

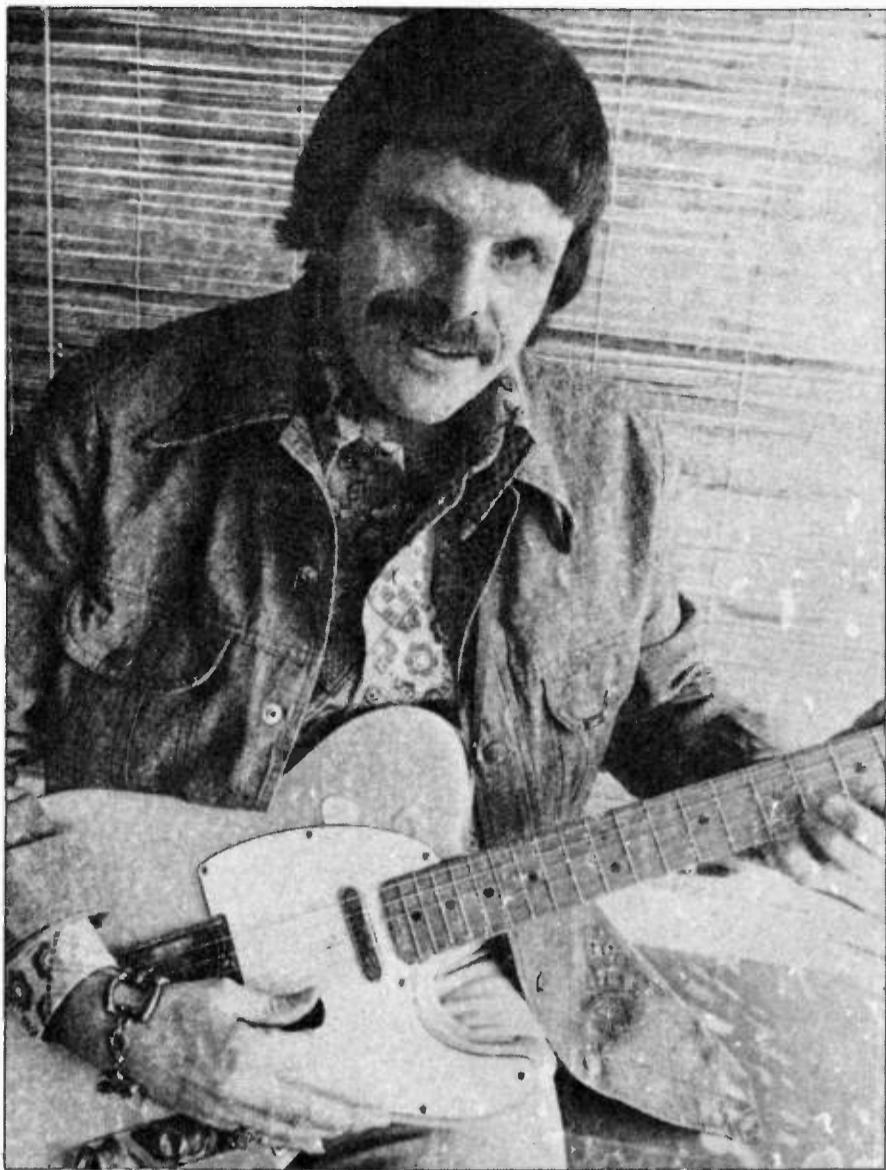
covered that. But I decided to stay away from them—they were too hot! "From Me to You" reached the 70's as Del's last Big Top release, not a tremendous showing but indeed higher than the Beatles' version.

For awhile then, things got sticky as Shannon became involved in tortuous legal battles with his management and label. He left Big Top, cut a couple of commercially unsuccessful singles on his own Ber-Lee label, and wound up on Amy. The British invasion was in top gear by then, and many early 60's stars (Dion and Bobby Rydell, for two) were stopped cold. After an initial Amy miss, though, Shannon met the wave head on with a succession of hits that eclipse even the Big Top records in sheer power. Backed by the Royaltones, a hard-edged instrumental combo with past hits of their own ("Poor Boy," "Flamingo Express"), Shannon released a raving revision of "Handy Man," adding new metallic dimensions to the limp Jimmy Jones original. He followed with a driving "Do You Wanna Dance," a few months ahead of the Beach Boys' revival, and then cut "Keep Searchin'," a storming, desperate original that topped charts all over the world.

Back in the Top 10, with Peter & Gordon cutting his "I Go to Pieces," Shannon had hit a new career peak. The paranoid "Stranger in Town" was another hit, but matters at Amy then deteriorated. Two raucous rockers, "Break Up" and "Move It on Over," were chart failures in 1965. He switched to Liberty, working with Snuff Garrett and Leon Russell, but the charts eluded him. His first two albums there were mixtures of contemporary cover versions and a few originals, many quite compelling ("Show Me," for instance) but not hits when released as singles. A cover of "Under My Thumb" came very close to breaking out, a version of Boyce and Hart's "She" was smothered by the Monkees' version's airplay, and a re-cut "Runaway," produced by Andrew Loog Oldham, was an Australian hit but merely bubbled under in the States. And so on.

Shannon cut nearly an album's worth of material with Oldham in late 1967. "I met him in 1962 as Johnny Tillotson's English promotion man. In '67 we met at the BBC on one of my English tours. I was looking for a producer, so sort of kiddingly I said, 'You don't do any outside productions, do you?' and he said 'Yeah!'" Only a few tracks from those sessions ever emerged as singles, though the possibility exists that United Artists may still issue them, at least in England. The tracks are eminently deserving of release.

An introspective album called *The Further Adventures of Charles Westover* and a few more scattered singles ended the Liberty liaison. Shannon made two fine 45's for Dunhill in 1969, his last American single releases to date. But they were sidelights—Shannon, financially secure, wanted to try his hand at production. He and longtime friend Brian Hyland discovered a group called Smith in the San Fernando Valley, and he bought



•Del Shannon '75. Are you ready for some rock?

studio time and produced/arranged their repertoire and got them on Dunhill. Policy disagreements with the band led to Shannon's relinquishing control in return for a percentage, but his arrangement of the Shirelles' "Baby It's You" was retained for Smith's first release, and it went Top 10. In 1970 he gave Hyland his first Top 5 hit in eight years with a stirring version of the Impressions' "Gypsy Woman."

After that success Shannon maintained a low profile, touring actively abroad but not recording. He has rarely performed in the States of late, avoiding the oldies package tours. Not that he demeans his past accomplishments—in concert he features most of the hits, figuring that's primarily why the audience came to see him; and he performs them with great elan (check the 1974 *Live in England* album on UA). Shannon did appear on an *In Concert* "oldies"-oriented show, and his performance was spectacular. The segment shown on TV was only the tip of the iceberg, featuring an overextended "Runaway." At the taping, he appeared sporting a strong John Fogerty-style visual image, playing and singing with immense enthusiasm, backed expertly by the Robbs (former *Where the Action Is* idols and currently proprietors of the highly successful Cherokee Studios) and ripping off dynamic lead guitar breaks. "Hats Off to Larry," "Handy Man," "Little Town Flirt," "Keep Searchin'" and a stunning "Do You Wanna Dance" made for an unforgettable evening.

In 1973 and again last year, Shannon went to Nashville with some original country-styled material—"I wanted to try my hand at singing country," he says (past experiences in the field had included an ahead-of-its-time tribute-to Hank Williams album on Amy, producing Johnny Carver, and having Waylon

Jennings record his "I've Got Eyes for You"). But he became unhappy with the conventional, conservative attitudes of the Music City establishment regarding recording styles. He also cut a version of the Shades of Blue's 1966 hit "Oh How Happy," very commercial and contemporary-sounding, but decided not to release it.

In England he got together with Dave Edmunds to record "And the Music Plays On," a slow, pretty number with shimmering guitar texture. Del was a bit rushed as far as timing went, so he ended up laying down a basic track and then leaving, as Edmunds polished it up. Not a very satisfying way to work, but Shannon hopes to record with Edmunds again.

In 1973 he also met Jeff Lynne of the Electric Light Orchestra, who'd idolized Shannon for years, and they hit it off immediately, getting together in Birmingham (England) and in L.A. when schedules permitted to write songs. "Deadly Game" and "Free as the Air," plus other Lynne-Shannon collaborations, were delightfully catchy tracks and may yet surface on a hopefully forthcoming Island album. "He's great to work with," Del said of Lynne at the time. "I don't think I'll write with Jeff for ELO—we work better for my material."

Lynne co-wrote one of Shannon's new songs, scheduled for Island release. "Cry Baby Cry," blessed with a strong chorus, has considerable apparent commercial potential and could well become a sizeable comeback hit. Shannon also has prepared a brilliant version of a memorable mid-sixties British Invasion hit for future release. Considering the strength of his new material and his newly-enthusiastic commitment to recording again, it shouldn't be long before Del Shannon's prodigious raw talents are securely established in the forefront of contemporary music once more.

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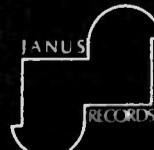
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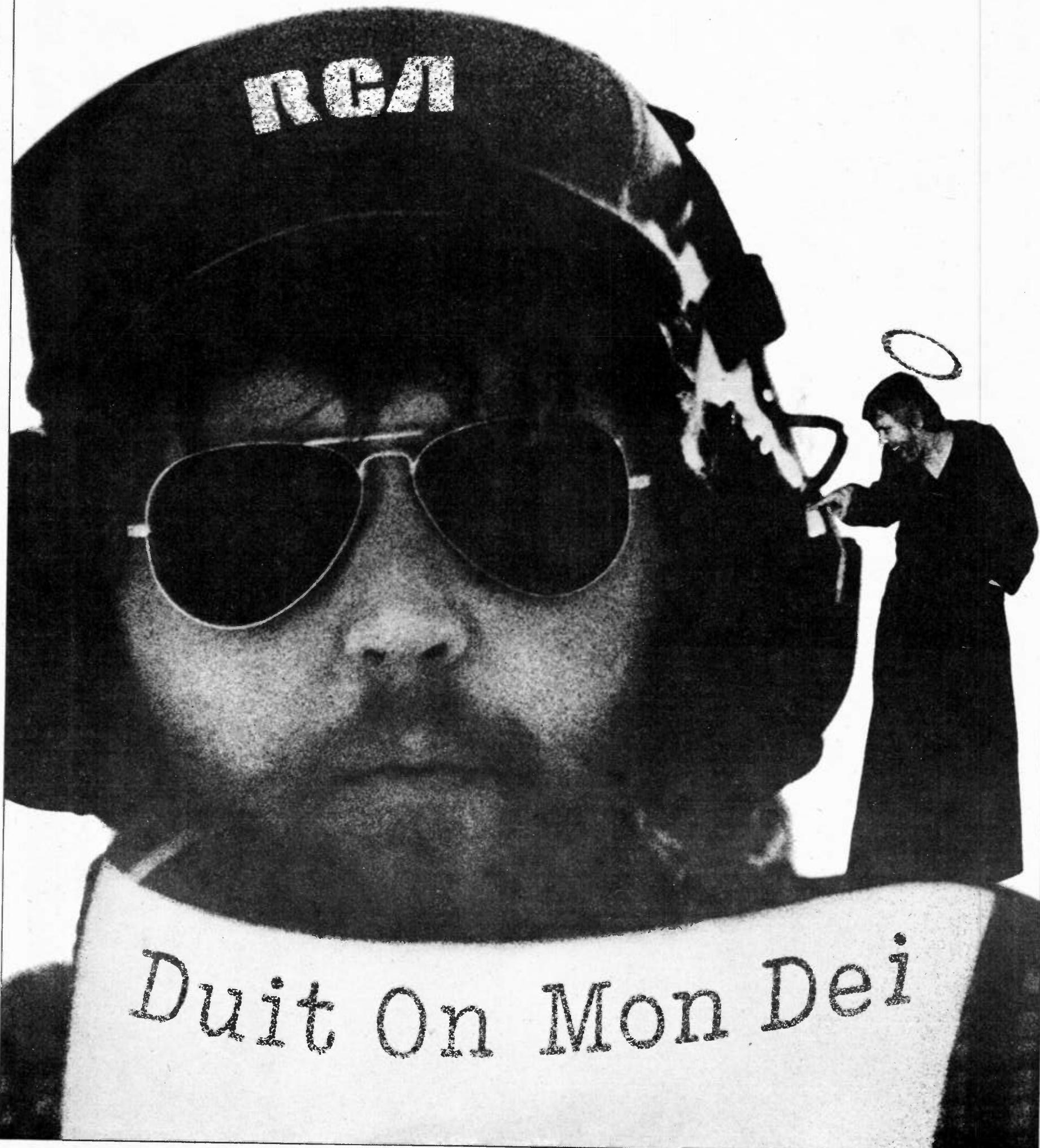


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# Nilsson



# "Nuthin' Fancy"



## Lynyrd Skynyrd

### Spring, Summer Tour, 1975

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19	Chattanooga, Tennessee	4	Vancouver, Br. Columbia
21	Tuscaloosa, Alabama	15	Salt Lake City, Utah
22	Johnson City, Tennessee	16	Denver, Colorado
23	Salem, Virginia	20	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
26	Miami, Florida	21	St. Paul, Minnesota
27	St. Petersburg, Florida	23	Chicago, Illinois
29	Pensacola, Florida	24	Cleveland, Ohio
30	New Orleans, Louisiana	25	Detroit, Michigan
April 1	Lake Charles, Louisiana	May 27	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
2	Shreveport, Louisiana	28, 29	Buffalo, New York
3	Dallas, Texas	31	Utica, New York
5	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	June 1	Rochester, New York
6	Houston, Texas	3	Westbury, Long Island
7	Austin, Texas	4	Hartford, Connecticut
11	Kansas City, Missouri	6, 7	New York, New York
12	Memphis, Tennessee	9	Saratoga, New York
13	Evansville, Indiana	10	Bangor, Maine
15	Wichita, Kansas	11	Lewiston, Maine
16	St. Louis, Missouri	17	Hershey, Pennsylvania
17	Lincoln, Nebraska	19	Charleston, West Virginia
21, 22	Santa Monica, California	20	Washington, D.C.
23	Phoenix, Arizona	21	Norfolk, Virginia
24	San Diego, California	23	Indianapolis, Indiana
26, 27	San Francisco, California	24	Louisville, Kentucky
28	Sacramento, California	July 4	Birmingham, Alabama
30	Spokane, Washington	5	Atlanta, Georgia
		6	Jacksonville, Florida



Nuthin' Fancy, a new album (MCA-2137)

MCA RECORDS

# TOMMY ON THE SILVER SCREEN

By BUD SCOPPA

Pre-release skepticism was clearly in order. The handing over of Townshend's likeable but jumbled spiritual parable to filmdom's master of the technicolor sick joke seemed artistically foolhardy, to say the least. Given Russell's predilections, we might well expect some orgiastic variation on the crucifixion—in blushing pink—as the grand finale. But oddly enough, the teaming of theme and director has done both Russell and *Tommy* a lot of good; and it's produced what is easily the most penetrating rock film yet.

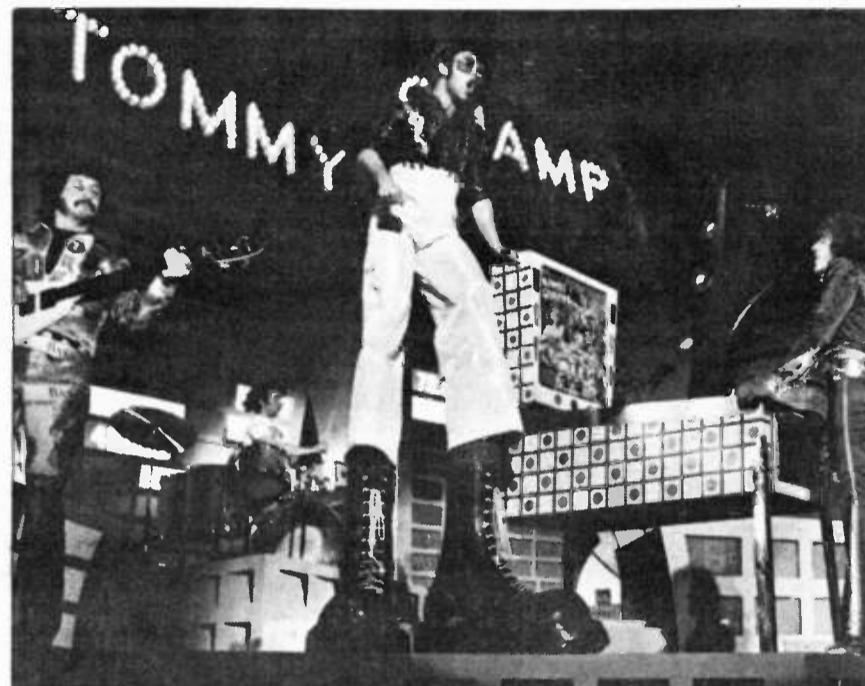
In Russell's world, human beauty is always being defiled by the ravages of time and macabre fate, and by man's propensity to violence and cruelty. The resulting transformed being is always more repugnant by sheer contrast to his original elevated state. Even the lovers in *The Devils* were made to seem repulsive in their mortality. Humans are abhorrent creatures to Russell because they're weak and smelly, but mostly because they die. Russell seems to be a failed romantic who's turned in his rage at man's mortal trap to the absurd and grotesque—and like Ann-Margaret in one of *Tommy*'s most unsettling scenes, he rolls around in it almost erotically.

The saintly *Tommy* is the first Russell character to exist outside of this horrible progression, and his transcendence of the universal contamination despite the constant efforts of the film's major characters to pull him down into the general morass turns this *Tommy* into an almost Dantesque moral allegory. After each of the successive attempts to sully *Tommy* that together form the frightening first half of the film, he miraculously recovers and his white pants never even get soiled; genuine innocence (he is deaf, dumb and blind, after all) still prevails over human corruptibility.

If Russell's *Tommy* (and it is his *Tommy*, not Townshend's) is a moral tale, it's also a classic psychological fable centering on the Oedipal triangle. This triangle, though, has a twist, since the only father *Tommy* knows is his step-daddy, played leeringly by Oliver Reed, and Reed murders the real father as the boy looks on in a vividly multi-leveled and nerve-shattering evocation of the classic primal scene. From that moment on—and it's a moment at which *Tommy* simultaneously experiences the stacked traumas and loses his sight, speech and hearing—the boy becomes ever more closely identified with the real father and in direct opposition to the step-father. The result of this complex system of relationships among the three male figures is an inevitable focusing on the mother, played with broad effectiveness by Ann-Margaret, who acts for Russell less than she reacts to him.

Ann-Margaret's *Nora Walker* goes through one of the most distressing of Russell's degenerative progressions, as her angelic loveliness becomes eventually a grotesquely overripe caricature of womanly beauty. But here's another twist: *Nora* rebounds from repulsiveness into the blatantly seductive form of a mother-siren with her mind on incestuous union apparently as a cure for the vacantly beautiful *Tommy*. In her final and least compelling stage, she's the mother superior of *Tommy*'s spiritual army. Despite her corruption, she survives (at least until the too pat killing-off during the finale), partly because she's adaptable, but basically because *Tommy*'s presence gives her continuing hope and an ongoing belief in the romantic dream. In her resiliency and her awareness of what's at stake, Ann-Margaret's *Nora* is both the film's central character and Russell's alter-ego.

Russell does inhabit this film, and in a genuinely involved way, in marked contrast to his disdainful condescension toward the characters in *The Boy Friend* and his tense



•Ken Russell's *Tommy* adds florid, corpulent flesh to the bones of Townshend's rock opera.

ambivalence toward the lovers in *The Devils*. He's sufficiently engaged by certain elements in Townshend's sketchy story—the Oedipal possibilities and the conflict between innocence and corruptibility, for example—that he invests the story with some clearly personal elements, most notably the several horrifying primal images—snakes coiling through a skeleton, the knightly and handsome Captain Walker with half his face a singed, twisted mass, the heaving sweating parent-lovers, discovered wide-eyed in the heat of illicit lust by son and true father alike, the transfigured father holding the globe of sun in his hands—combine with Russell's aggressively visual style to become riveting and fixed indelibly in the mind. It's these crucial images—some presented as farce, some with classic formality and dead seriousness—that give the movie its breathtaking dramatic punch.

The movie runs, like the album, in a succession of self-contained scenes, each elaborating a song (additional music and lyrics were written by Townshend to accompany this fleshed-out rendering), and each, again like the songs on the album, eliciting its own response. These scenes vary widely in effectiveness, and most of the

really powerful ones are in the first half of the film, but there are enough electrifying sequences to keep the viewer tight in his seat through the lulls in anticipation of the next explosion. Here are some unforgettable moments:

An ingeniously concise opening sequence which delivers with clarity and force not just the terms of the plot but also the range of moods and tones contained in the film as a whole. We get a reverentially romantic and pure view of the lovers at the point of *Tommy*'s conception, then we witness their separation and *Nora*'s vision of her husband's (apparent) fiery death in a dream. The staginess of the sequence strengthens its metaphorical power and at the same time gets the viewer acquainted with the film's unusual conceits.

The shockingly brilliant nightmare rendering of the primal scene, its Oedipal complexity expressed with grace and precision.

An uncomfortably unholy mass/revival meeting, with the Virgin replaced by a towering papier-mâche figure of Marilyn Monroe, with pills and Johnny Walker Red as the Eucharist, and with authentic disfigurement among the members of the

congregation, all of whom can walk marching to the swaying rhythm of Clapton's snaky blues guitar.

Tina Turner romping and ranting lewdly as the Acid Queen while a psychedelic suit of armor puts *Tommy* through a succession of terrifying transformations.

The pinball championship match as a battle of the bands between the Who and Elton John, filmed with apparent spontaneous abandon in a packed, steamy concert hall (you can see Russell working his hand-held camera at certain moments, the director caught up in the action he's initiated). An impressionistic but dramatically vivid evocation of the hot and intense sexual violence that occurs during a rock & roll concert in the coupling of band and audience.

A gorgeously anal scene inspired in equal measure by the cover of *The Who Sells Out* and the scenes of vile-fluid expulsion in *The Exorcist*, during which Ann-Margaret gives herself in rapid succession to waves of laundry detergent, baked beans, and what may be merely melted chocolate. Here, Russell makes the best use ever of one of his favorite visual devices, the play of color on a stark white background. Visually and psychologically wonderful.

*Tommy*, shouting "I'm free!" and running through a field of flowers—which is being sprayed with insecticide.

*Tommy* as an angel, flying off from a castle parapet under the broad white wing of a hang glider, as crowds look on, transfixed.

It's no accident that these most vivid scenes are accompanied by Townshend's most exciting compositions; *Tommy*'s best music presents its greatest dramatic challenges. Complemented by Russell's apt and inspired visuals, the music of *Tommy* (newly performed by the Who and other top-notch British rock & rollers), and greatly broadened by Townshend's uniquely styled rock-synthesizer playing (simultaneously possesses a raw-boned power and an orchestral grandeur). As a soundtrack album apart from the film, however, *Tommy* is impaired by the quirky vocals of Ann-Margaret and Reed, which work both dramatically and comedically, in the original filmic context. Because of combined power and momentum of its music and images, *Tommy* has finally become literally what it was up to now only euphemistically—a rock opera.

There are flaws, though. Townshend's denouement was vague and incomplete, and Russell builds in a resolution he seems to have arrived at more by process of elimination than by inspiration. It's all the more satisfying in light of all the complex and ambiguous issues he's dealt with. But then, how could one gracefully tie all these tendrils together into a coherent final statement? If the very final scene atop the mountain is dramatically pat, it's nevertheless visually and musically beautiful, in an unabashedly majestic way.

That reservation aside, there's no doubt that Russell has invested *Tommy* with style, wit, and passion, and that he's made an extravagant, unconventional, rousing affecting film that is to the original text as florid, corpulent flesh is to the bones beneath it. His tendency to excess has never been better served, and neither has his fidgety ambivalence in regard to morality, sexuality, and propriety. For an all-out extravaganza (after seeing *Tommy* for the first time, I remarked to a friend that Russell might well be characterized as "the Cecil B. DeMille of bad trips"), this is a curiously personal, even intimate film by a director whose previous work has not generally been distinguished by those traits. Russell's *Tommy* explores difficult psychic territory in a resolute, intuitively (some would say impulsively) vivid and adventurous way. Though it may not convince every skeptic in the house (and I was once among them), this *Tommy* comes off.

# Pretty Things



If the name sounds familiar it's because the Pretty Things have been a legendary influence on English rock and roll for ten years now. In the early sixties their super hard rock and raunch influenced the Stones, Zeppelin, the Who and others. In 1967, they recorded the first rock opera "S.F. Sorrow," the acknowledged inspiration for "Tommy." In 1970, their album "Parachute" was

named by Rolling Stone as the "album of the year."

"Silk Torpedo," features both rock and exquisite artful harmonies. Innovators as always, the Pretty Things have made new music that is hard to describe but a delight to listen to. Produced by Beatles arranger and Pink Floyd producer Norman Smith, many in England have already called it a masterpiece.

Pretty Things' new album, "Silk Torpedo." On Swan Song Records and Tapes



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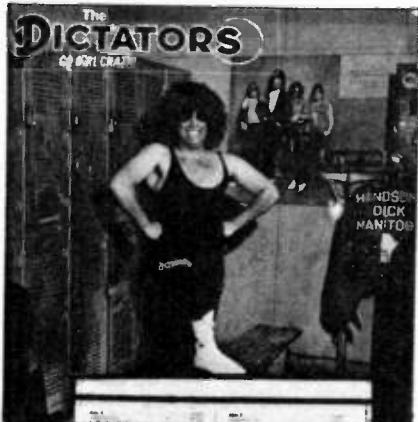


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# PHONOGRAPH RECORD REVIEW



**GO GIRL CRAZY**  
The Dictators  
Epic 33348

By ALAN BETROCK

Living in New York has never been easy for the older generation, but it's even tougher for their offspring. If you never got beat up at least once in every school you attended; never got suspended from public school for rolling toilet paper out the bathroom window; never got arrested by a Nassau County cop for making an illegal U-Turn on Sunrise Highway; and never got beat buying drugs in High School, then you just were extremely lucky or extremely boring. In an environment which makes getting home in one piece and finding your apartment intact a daily miracle, it's no wonder one's thoughts drift to other things. It's the familiar "grass is always greener on the other side" ruse, with England or California often forming the natural scenario for such wanderlust.

California's sixties affluence featuring cars, beaches, surfers, and honeys of all descriptions was broadcast in numerous beach blanket films; and in a city where you can't breathe the summer air, that sure can look mighty appealing. But New York developed its own brand of hanging-out scenes and values, revolving around fast food joints, cruising, getting drunk, pizza parlors, and making noise outside streetcorner candy stores. The other direction was to stay at home endlessly and watch TV's old comedy re-runs, Bowery Boys movies, baseball, wrestling, or Joe Franklin. By the time you finished high school (somewhat of an achievement in itself) you couldn't read or write, but you knew 4,723 ways of getting high. You couldn't follow a subway map, but if there was a party going on, you always managed to find it.

Well, the Dictators know all about *that* kind of stuff and they know that living in New York has its own kind of fun. What most of the pop predictors failed to realize until recently was that there wasn't going to be any sort of meaningful revival until a whole new group of rockers came along. Putting our hopes on sixties stars like Lennon, Sedaka, Bowie, T. Rex, Elton John, Led Zeppelin, or Lou Reed was a blind alley. Those aged mutants can hardly walk or talk—how are they going to spark anything?

The Dictators can't be treated in old terms. They can't sing too well, and their lyrics don't talk about "stairways to heaven" or other such boring crap. The first side of *Girl Crazy* is really an introduction for the listener to the group: their hopes, their lusts, and their prejudices. It is a bit uneven, with "Master Race Rock" emerging as the only totally successful track. The album is intentionally sloppy, and not produced heavily enough for my tastes—I would prefer a tighter, tougher, and more forceful production. For that reason it takes awhile before the personality of the band comes on through. But these quirks are of little overall importance, as the near perfection of the second side leaves you knowing that this is the most important album since god knows when. It's certainly the most successful rock & roll album since the MC5's *Back in the USA* (1970).

The Dictators are serious about what they are doing, but they attack their targets with satirical humor. The Dictators album is one of lifestyle; of fun and vitality without resorting to banal parodies or pretentious nostalgia. When they perform "California Sun" onstage, the audience is drawn into it. They dance and sing



\*Stairways to heaven? The Dictators are more concerned with subways to Brooklyn...

and shout. And they follow the words! They laugh and feed back their energy to the band. Ross the Boss and Top Ten interweave their guitars into the most effective power tradeoff in years. Adny (sic) Shernoff eggs the audience on, while Stu Boy King pounds out a solid beat. "California Sun" is a not a redone oldie under these conditions, but rather it emerges as an entirely new song. Handsome Dick Manitoba provides serio-comic interludes on stage, and on vinyl often emerges as the best vocalist of the lot. There are some half-dozen classics on this album, and matching side one's "Master Race Rock," side two's most memorable song is "Weekend."

"(I Live For) Cars and Girls" finishes off the second side brilliantly with a totally convincing synthesis of summer on the two coasts. Despite the Beach Boys falsetto backups, this song is as much about summer in New York as it is about summer in California, or Des Moines, Detroit or Houston for that matter. It's precisely this universal appeal that make the Dictators so relevant. Parents aren't going to buy *Girl Crazy*, like they do Elton John, Paul McCartney, Bette Midler or Chicago. The Dictators are finally bringing rock & roll back to where it belongs! In the year and a half since this album was written and recorded, the Dictators have grown considerably, and it's scary to think what this additional year of experience and confidence will translate into on the next album. With "Cars and Girls" riding high on the national charts this summer, the Dictators will be a force to be reckoned with. At last, the seventies have produced an honest-to-god teenage band—celebrate the news!

**YOUNG AMERICANS**  
David Bowie  
RCA APL1-0998

By JOHN MENDELSON

In view of the fact that, in his first major American interview, Bowie assured us, "If I'm mediocre I'll get out of the business: there's enough fog around," one finds himself tempted to hear *Young Americans* as one of the longest goodbyes on record.

The tempo of this album is predominantly moribund. The melodies are, by virtue of their subordination to the beat and atmosphere, as good as non-existent, with a couple of exceptions that scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as that of, say, "Life On Mars." Aside from a few interesting and nearly-effective images in "Win", the words are merely just uninteresting or distressingly pretentious—try "...just you and your id singing falsetto..." on for size. (I personally so dislike it when Dave does his Social Consciousness number.) And the singing, while dexterous, is mostly so affected as to be a little repulsive.

Please believe me: it isn't my intention to intimidate you out of enjoying this record, but for my own money, if I could keep "Across the Universe"—which is fully as hilarious as anything on *Pin-Ups*—I'd unflinchingly trade you three shrink-wrapped copies of *Young Americans* either for any single cut on the first side of *Hunky Dory* or, perhaps more apropos to where Dave currently views himself as being at, for the first verse and chorus of The O'Jays' "Love Train."



**ESTATE OF MIND**  
Evie Sands  
Capitol ST-9202

By GENE SCULATTI

"There aren't any good parts for women."

It's a complaint voiced often enough and it's as valid an appraisal of women's slot in music as it is in films or the theatre. For too long now, female vocalists have been required to fit into one of two categories: cheeky two-tone chirpers modeled after Joni Mitchell at her most limited, or caterwauling hounds inspired by Janis Joplin at her most overbearing. That an alternative route exists has taken Karen Carpenter and Linda Ronstadt a combined total of over ten years to prove.

It takes less than half a hand to count the number of genuinely interesting women singers who emerged last year; Harriet Schock and Wendy Waldman. This year we might be really blessed; we're not even a third of the way into it and we've got a first rate album from a first rate vocalist, Evie Sands.

Miss Sands is hardly a newcomer (having tasted success in '69 with the powerful "Anyway That You Want Me" and even earlier with the original version of "Angel of the Morning") but her re-emergence, facilitated by a program of prime material and premier production from wonderkids Lambert and Potter, has all the spirit and confidence of a debut. While lesser singers remain dependent on the strength of their material, the beauty of *Estate of Mind* is that Evie's wide-ranging vocal talents are challenged, inspired, not just underscored, by superlative writing. Alone or with co-writers, she's responsible for over half the tunes here.

It's earthy pieces like her "Love in the Afternoon" and Lambert-Potter's "You Brought the Woman Out of Me" that line out a sophisticated, direct, no-nonsense kind of approach for Evie. If her inflections resemble Dionne Warwick or Laura Nyro at points in both tracks, she assumes command and fulfills each song the way few other singers could.

In her hands "One Thing on My Mind," "A Woman's Work is Never Done" and "I Love Makin' Love To You" come through as believable, uncommonly eloquent statements of fact. The latter is a tough, insistent song that makes its point without belaboring it. "One Thing" is a graceful Thom Bell-like track; "A Woman's Work" a grittier, no less pleasant, rocker not so much complemented as driven by Evie's clear gliding delivery.

The arranging, tracking and compositions

themselves would almost make *Estate* a fine album by any singer. But it's not. Evie Sands' presence, enriching every second, defining its shape and tone at every turn, turns it into a virtually flawless personal work. Whether you choose to view it as an enterprising debut or an affirmative re-emergence, it's a damned enjoyable album. Any way that you want it.



ON YOUR FEET OR ON YOUR KNEES  
Blue Oyster Cult  
Columbia PG 33371

By STEVE ROSEN

Though this record does not rank with the Beach Boys *In Concert* for sheer recording quality or the Who's *Live at Leeds* for spontaneous instrumentation, it does merit an armchair as a thoughtfully conceived double live set. The Cult have delivered a wrenching assortment of stoner songs calculatingly cacophonic and executed in typically overblown manner.

It was a risktaker for the boys to put out a live two-disker for few recordings of this type (save for the aforementioned Beach

Boys LP and a couple of others which now skip my mind) are rarely effective. *On Your Feet or on Your Knees* is as efficiently debilitating as a brutal kick in the groin and stems primarily from the strong-but-sensible use of tri-guitars (most notably from Buck Dharma's vicious Gibson). The opening cut of the dirty dozen is the harmless "Subhuman" (from *Secret Treaties*) with some Quicksilver fretgrinding from Dharma but the riffriders then cut in savagely with "Harvester of Eyes" (also from *Treaties*) and the group anthem "Hot Rails To Hell" (off *Tyranny and Mutation*).

While the three-pronged guitarwork of Dharma, Eric Bloom, and Allan Lanier is the pitchpoint of *Feet*, thankfully they have not covered the vinyls with diarrhea six-string. The songs do tend towards the six-minute mark in length but stay away from the oh-so-awfully boring marathon electric solo. Rather, the Blue Oysters have mixed up their infecting melody lines with unhealthy doses of guitar trade-offs, caustic conglomerations of the three instruments, and rough but ready rhythm passages fueled by eighteen strings. "Buck's Boogie" (oh Jeff, watch out) features guitar hyper-activeness (as well as bass, drum, and organ adrenal ramblings) but the riffs around which the solos are performed are engaging enough so as not to make the tune too terribly numbing.

"Born To Be Wild" and Clarence Carter's "I Ain't Got You" are served up in grungy style though the former Mars Bonfire saga (he's now teaching karate) rambles for too long and in too many directions. According to Dharma *On Your Feet Or On Your Knees* is an accurate portrayal of a BOC performance and should help to initiate those not already so with the traumatic thrashing of these New Yorkers. There's a lot of playing on this double-head and those ready for 70 minutes of primal phonographics should find it as satisfying as a gutsy belch. And for this morsel, you won't need Alka Seltzer.

any event, we got to rapping. Al and John were Who freaks, and he played me this song, which I picked up on. If you listen to the track, you'll note that this cut is almost a reunion of Spirit—only Randy California is missing.

Did you know I'm one of the few people that Fanny ever let sit in with them? They're a group that thinks, lives and breathes rock & roll, and I think that's great. Incredibly talented, also. You could tell when they did "I've Had It"—that was a song every band did when I was starting out. Nickey Barclay, who wrote this song ("Solid Gold") has come up with an instant classic. Incidentally, like the song, I expect this album to be "solid gold.... number one with a bullet." Fanny is backing me on this track, as well as Ringo, who does the spoken parts.

"Don't Worry Baby" is one of those fun songs I've always wanted to do. I've gotten some flak about this song, especially from *Phonograph*, but this was how I conceived of doing it, and I stand by the production.

This next song ("One Night Stand") is a real personal favorite. It's off the *Windfall* album (Rick Nelson) and I listen to it a lot. I feel it was just released at the wrong time. Too similar to "Garden Party." It is a country classic by the way. Rick sings along with me, which made cutting this track a lot of fun. You know, on cutting an album of this type, people often think you're being competitive, trying to top someone else's version of a song. I just wanted to do an album of the music I enjoy playing and listening to when I'm at home.

I did another Rick Nelson tune, back from the days when he was Ricky, "Teenage Idol." I have a particular affection for this song, as I knew that one day I would be in a similar situation—I never had any doubts. Jimmy Haskell produced the original, by the way, and Rick suggested that I get him for the strings, 'cause string sections are incredibly difficult to work with. They're paid by the hour, and so they'll play a bum note just to stretch the session. But with Jimmy, he wouldn't stand for any of that—he'd say "c'mon fellas, put that bottle of rye back in your cello!"

I wanted to do one of our songs, and "The Kids Are Alright" is the one I thought I could sing. This to me was our anthem, and it's our most requested song even today.

To state the obvious, when John Lennon writes rock & roll, he's great at it, as he is at so many other things. "Move Over Ms. L." is just basic 8-bar rock & roll, but it's a real raver, in the traditional form. I don't think



TAGGETT  
Taggett  
UA-LA407-G

By LOIS MARINO

It was deplorable. I hadn't heard an album worth turning up in so long, I was starting to get my hearing back. This can be a frightening and dangerous thing, especially when one attends a rock concert after an absence of some months and runs screaming from the hall in acute aural agony. But then I heard Taggett...

Whenever I hear the name Taggett, it calls to mind the fine old Australian phrase, "dag a hoggett", something Errol Flynn did in his impoverished youth which he's probably still trying to forget. Nonetheless, a Taggett is four young men (three English, one American), whose debut album, produced by Tony Hicks of the Hollies, is as multi-faceted as a carnival, and just as brilliant. This collection of material, mainly from the bloodstream of vocalist Colin Horton-Jennings, defies analysis. (He wrote all the songs solo, save

"New On a Blue Day," a collaboration with other group members). His stark abstract lyrics are reminiscent of decadent/symbolist poetry, and his voice is like a primitive weapon-blunt—but able to shred the surroundings like a berserk razorblade. It is never smothered by the other musical instruments, but is borne along by their crisp, clean quality like a Sultan on a flying *Aubusson*.

"Delaware Taggett and the Outlaw Boys" opens side one. Guitar notes appear on the horizon like the Bad Guys gang, one by one, then break into a frenzied gallop from out of your speakers, a stampede of sound. Thunder of hooves, thunder of drums, and Colin's voice under it all: dusty, sun-parched and whiskey drenched. He sings a tale, an overall itching (this town ain't big enough for the both of me). Peach fuzz fringes my top lip, I'm feelin' strong, and I'm bound to do wrong, but Mama, let me follow those outlaw boys. "Squares to a Circle" spreads like summer heat, liquefying the highway air. A shudder transformed into sound:

"Dig me up these ten times  
Dig me down ten times again  
Let me see my one warm woman  
Shrink away in heavy rain  
I wish I was a square to believe in circles  
I see the Devil in every, home..."

He puts that word "home" on a vocal rack and stretches it until it resembles the desolate wail of a wounded animal, or the melancholy moan of an English horn.

Slamming us back to awareness is "Lonely Nights Lonely Days," which has great piano plunking either from Taggett member Pete Arnesen or sessionist Pete Wingfield. And if "Save a Happy Song" doesn't come from a smash musical, then one should be built up around it. It's a glorious shuffle in the sunlight.

What could better end a perfect side than a cut like "(I'll Be Your) Anchor Man"? It's a sloppy Mardi Gras singalong whoop, and the



TWO SIDES OF THE MOON  
Keith Moon  
MCA 2136

By KEITH MOON

As you know, I've been at this for nigh onto fifteen years now, and I'm still trying to broaden the avenues of my career. People think of me as a drummer, as a musician, but my career is theatre, vaudeville. So that's why I'm interested in making movies, and this album was a natural extension of that drive. I wanted to try my hand at doing things I hadn't been able to do with the Who. At the beginning we had some problems getting it together, a fact that was covered in an earlier *Phonograph*; covered embarrassingly well, but true. Fortunately, I got involved doing some drumming for the last Arthur Lee and Love album, *Reel to Real*, where I met Skip Taylor. We got on real well so I asked him to take over the production and he did a bloody good job, bringing in people for sessions, mixing the tracks, etc., and I'm very happy with the way it came out. In fact, maybe that the bloody bastard came out at all!

One of the first things Skip did was re-work the first song on the album, "Crazy Like a Fox." I picked this song up from Al Staehely. He had come down to the Record Plant with his brother one night. I don't know if they were looking for Jo Jo Gunne or they just heard about the sessions, but in



"I can't understand why people don't think of me as a serious artist..."

John's recorded it yet, but he should. I'm glad I got the first opportunity. John incidentally was the only one I specifically asked for material.

This next one, "Back Door Sally" is another classic rocker. It's written by John Marascalo, who hasn't written a song since the days when he was writing exclusively for Little Richard. This is one that he had locked away in his cupboard, next to his shoes and assorted mothballs, and he dusted it off when he heard I was looking for material.

Ringo says "In My Life" is the highlight of the album, and can you argue with a man who's sold as many records as he has? Harry Nilsson also liked it. Of all the Beatles songs, this is one of my favorites. I wanted to do a ballad, but not one like "Yesterday." You know, people think of me as an insensitive bastard that just goes out and gets crazy. It isn't true most of the time, hence the title of

this album, *Two Sides of the Moon*. I think this is one of the more unknown Beatle songs, and I just had a different conception of how to do this song. Jimmy Haskell again did the string arrangements, and I was afraid to orchestrate it, because it could so easily become over-orchestrated. Fortunately it didn't, because of Jimmy's skills.

Closing the album is "Together" and I'm joined by me mates, Ringo and 'Arry. I wanted to end with a fun song, something that was a bit jokey. This too is one of my favorite songs. They all are. People always say to me, "Well Keith, what type of music do you listen to? The answer is this sort of music. My musical horizon spans quite a lot; classics, jazz, surf music, the different types of music represented here. When you're a performer, with a larger than life image, you get locked into that image. I'm trying to show that there are *Two Sides* to this Moon."

# REVIEWS

horns of Alan Holmes and Richard Hanson, coupled with Lavinia Rodgers and Anna Peacock's backing vocals, are wonderful final ingredients. A drunken good time is had by all.

Finding ourselves on side two, we listen to "Time" go by. We notice Jim Wheatley's notes (he's the bassist with the band), how they fairly dance throughout like the bouncing ball. Sing this to the tick-tock of your hips. "Time" introduces us to "Buster" — "...a good egg, a fine chap...one of a breed." He sits us down in his quiet way and fills us full of tea and advice: "...to keep in time, with the rhythm of life, use love as your funky music...and dance..." "New On a Blue Day" is instant indoor country; porches and hayrides, air as fresh as vanilla ice cream, skies as blue as your mother's eyes, and abundance of warm joyous harmonies. "In the Days When I Was Young" has great crashes of drum erupting midway (the angels are bowing in heaven, as mother would say). "Youth can be the power...."

In parting, we come to a gentle close. Crepuscular lids on the skies eyes, an inhale of wind, and "An Old Bird Song," where Colin's rusty voice, this time thick and honey-clogged, delivers the album's lullabye, a gloved caress. Warm lips, warm animal breath, warm blanket musk.

Goodnight indeed.



POETRY IN LOTION  
Fumble  
RCA I-5082

By GREG SHAW

Fumble's first album presented them as a typically stylized (if above average) Fifties revival group on the order of Flash Cadillac—and with a similar potential to evolve into something greater. It's been two years, but their second album fulfills that promise completely. Fumble now belong in a class with Ducks Deluxe of timelessly energetic, contemporary-sounding rock & roll with a solid foundation in the basics and occasional forays into the realm of established oldies.

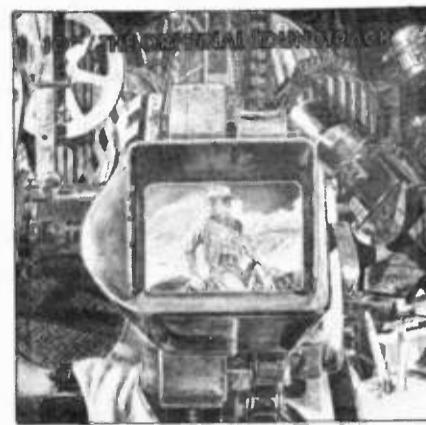
In that department, it's hard to complain about what they've done with "Not Fade Away" (a great live version with audience participation), "Runaround Sue" and even the tired workhorse, "Keep A-Knockin'." The important thing is that they've kept the spirit of the music alive, where most people who redo oldies these days seem to create the opposite effect.

But except for "The Letter" and the Everly Bros.' "Gone Gone Gone" (each a fine example of creative nostalgia), the oldies on this album are not its strongest points. Those are found in the original tunes, all solidly impressive, several with Top Ten potential. The production on these (by Shel Talmy) is modern, down to the use of mellotrons, and the songs and arrangements are as polished and commercial as you could want. But what distinguishes them from everything else is a classic sense of style (the kind you can develop only after listening to Buddy Holly's entire recorded output a minimum of 100 times) and a subject matter that steers clear of pretension while simultaneously avoiding simplistic clichés. There are references to Elvis, high school dances, rockin' on the ceiling, etc., but never blatant. It's fun music, without being dumb.

My picks for smash hits are "Here We Go Again" (which sounds like vintage Grin with touches of the Who and Lobo), "Break My Mind" (a John D. Loudermilk song with an

infectious Atlanta gospel treatment), and "Don't Take Your Love," which reminds me of Big Star at their best. I'm also partial to "Marilyn" which could be a Mott the Hoople anthem, and "Honey What a Feelin'" a straight-out rocker, as is "Free the Kids," with a powerful dance beat.

In fact the whole album is excellent and should appeal to anyone who doesn't scorn the basics. To me, the basics are, well, basic and any group without that foundation just isn't a rock & roll band. Fumble is a rock & roll band down to their socks and one of the best I've heard all year.



THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK  
10cc  
Mercury SRM-1-1029

By SAM SUTHERLAND

Cinematic flourishes have been 10cc's hallmark from the start. Two previous albums have harnessed their brash musical excellence to an operatic sense of structure and a rich and varied arsenal of production effects, and the resulting balance of hard-edged musical power and satiric intelligence has been exhilarating. As might be expected, *The Original Soundtrack* is an attempt to extend this filmic style further, and that's just the problem.

"One Nuit A Paris" is the three-part epic that opens the album, and immediately reveals the album's disparity of ambition and effect. An operetta inhabited by multiple characters and underscored by a series of different choruses, the song so taxes the listener with its elaborate plotting and convoluted wordplay that any meaning is virtually lost without doggedly following the lyric sheet. More disturbing is the pretense of the scenario itself, which seems all the more inflated given the disappointing melodic weaknesses of its major themes.

Similarly, "The Second Sitting for the Last Supper," which opens side two, fares only slightly better, due mostly to a spirited instrumental track. What might have been a truly wicked broadside sinks under its shrill seriousness. By contrast, "Blackmail," a brisk rocker, chooses a seamier and less profound topic to achieve far greater impact. When its narrator carefully sets up photographic records of his subject's indiscretions, only to find that his work has made her a centerfold success, the plot twist is quick and savage in its humor.

Of all the songs, the most successful—and surprising—is "I'm Not in Love". In keeping with the band's caustic perspective, it really is a love song, but that's a departure in itself. Beautifully conceived and, more surprising, completely guileless, it lays to rest past criticism that 10cc's satiric overload is dispassionate. "I'm Not in Love" is by contrast a haunting, lushly produced ballad, colored by gorgeous floating choruses that bob and weave behind the lead vocal in a defensive declaration of love all the more affecting in its persistent denial that the singer cares at all.

After last year's *Sheet Music*, *The Original Soundtrack* is a real disappointment, but it's still an impressively produced, often absorbing pop album. Each new listen yields redeeming instrumental ideas, saucy verbal nuances, and, if their new label and projected tours can win a larger audience, that in itself will be justice of sorts. But the album still seems forced in its complexity and overblown in its themes. Messrs. Creme, Godley, Gouldman and Stewart have done more exciting work than this, and the rich finish of their new soundtrack only makes the songs themselves that much more disappointing to long-term 10cc fans.



•Patti Dahlstrom gives the best song in town.

YOUR PLACE OR MINE  
Patti Dahlstrom  
20th Century 461

By MARTIN CERF

Houston, Texas has long been a hot bed of some of the South's finest talent. Huey P. Meaux produced hit acts from the region like The Sir Douglas Quintet, B.J. Thomas and most recently Freddie Fender. It's the home of Duke/Peacock Records and their roster which includes Bobby Blue Bland and the Mighty Clouds of Joy. And Houston proudly lays claim to another giant, or soon to be, the lovely luscious Patti Dahlstrom.

Patti came to Los Angeles a few years back in search of her pop fortune and was here but a short time before LA's unheralded king of record royalty, Rus Regan jetted her into the studio post-haste. Then head of UNI Records, Regan invested heavily both in terms of bucks and good will, without much return.

Then, in the early hours of 1974, Regan took another shot. A second LP was released, this time on 20th Century. *The Way I Am* was a dramatic step forward for Dahlstrom, thoroughly personal and convincing. There were many superior songs (e.g. "Innate," "Then I Lose You," "For Everybody's Sake")...but one particular song, "Emotion" carried with a promise of greatness.

Over a period of several months the single succeeded in acquiring a healthy number of stations adding "Emotion" to their playlists. If all those stations who aired the track were to have gone with Patti's "Emotion" simultaneously upon release it would have made it all the way. Then perhaps Helen Reddy would not have had the opportunity to cover the song. Reddy's version, however, seems stale and stagnant upon comparison with Patti's.

Another year passed, an eventful one for this lady. The follow-up to "Emotion," "He Did Me Wrong, But He Did Me Right" was a top ten record in many cities last summer and now a third LP is here (containing the aforementioned hit). As if on a path straight to the top, Patti Dahlstrom seems destined to become a household name in the world of pop.

*Your Place or Mine* casts Dahlstrom in an entirely different role than the one she assumed on *The Way I Am*. Here she's much more at ease with herself and material. The production better suits the artist. Horns and heavy rhythm sections take over for the strings and melodic rhetoric of last year. Jim Horn, Dean Parks, Al Staehely, Jim Keltner, Klaus Voorman, Larry Knechtal, Steve Cropper, Nick De Caro; an all-star lineup of musicians rally around Patti without overpowering the essence of her gift, that divine voice.

It's an awkward voice at first, and then as you feed on greater doses it seems to become less so. In this respect, she is like Phoebe Snow. Repeated listenings are addictive as that voice becomes more and more distinctive, like no other you've ever heard. It's as if Tim Yuro meets Shirley Goodman. Deep, almost masculine at times and then shifting to other octaves without notice she swirls and jumps around the scales as if to say "doesn't everyone do it that way?" Yodeling, but not quite.

Compositionally, here's an important artist. Most certainly more covers are to follow. Ordinarily, her lyrics are given to personal/sexual relations ("Used to Be In Love With Love"; "He Did Me Wrong, But He Did Me Right"; "When It Comes to You"). When she says "I knew how it felt to feel that part of me in someone else," all it takes is one quick glance at that creamy complexion and inviting expression of innocence to realize she does indeed know whereof she speaks. And if there should be any doubt, an album title like *Your Place or Mine* should set the record straight, if not erect.

"Used To Be In Love with Love" will most likely be the next single; it's the most obvious. Closer inspection reveals "Break of Day" the most outstanding track though. Perhaps too long for the 45 rpm configuration (3:49), it should be the first thing the FM's will pick up.

Patti Dahlstrom is like all ladies who are really worth it—not an easy catch. You must devote a great many hours to her. I've spent three years at it and I'm really only now coming to honestly appreciate the magnitude of talent she presents us with annually. *Your Place or Mine* rewards every penny you'll spend on it. Undeniably, Patti Dahlstrom gives the best song in the business.

# S★T★R★D★U★S★T

## the film and the record

STARDUST  
Columbia Pictures

By JOHN INGHAM

The narrative first: Beginning where *That'll Be the Day* left off, Jim MacLaine (David Essex) entices Adam Faith (standing in for Ringo) to join his band, the Stray Cats, as roadie/manager. Through tenacity and ruthlessness Faith engineers the band (highlighted by Keith Moon and Dave Edmunds) on to the road for superstardom and the scenario we know so well. From a transit on the Mways to Denmark St. and a Svengali (a malignantly cynical Marty Wilde) to first hit single and Pete Best freeezout to NME Pollwinners and first American tour and on down the yellow brick road to eventual Turnerism.

Cool, huh? The definitive study of rock's last ten years. And it almost works, except for one rather large gaffe. Jim MacLaine, composite of Beatles/Stones/Hendrix/Townshend et al., is a complete, utter berk. I wouldn't give him or his inane mumblings on nationwide TV (to Edd Byrnes yet!) about love, pot, and other burning topics, the time of day.



•Adam Faith, the real star...

Responsibility, of course, lies with writer Ray Connolly. He was working for London's *Evening Standard* when the Beatles exploded as Britain's biggest export and became the paper's Beatles correspondent, doing little else but travel with The Fab Four. He continued to write about rock for the *Standard* until last year, and his knowledge and detail of everyday rockarama is excellent. But he really blows MacLaine, writing him like Ozzy Osbourne rather than the Lenons and Jammers who caused the events the film is modelled on. The thing that made them exciting was that beyond the enthusiastic savagery of their music, they had street smarts: the press conference in *A Hard Day's Night* says it all. Not only could a kid become a rock star, he could talk

•The Stray Cats on *Ready Steady Go*, miming their first hit.



back at authority and they would take it lying down, and even proclaim it Art. Here we have a guy who is such a yo-yo that one is hard put to believe he could command world attention on any level. By the end of the film it doesn't really matter if he climbs up his own arse or becomes God. That the rather dramatic climax is so involving and tense is a credit to director Michael Apted.

Emphasis tends to be on the origins of fame (when it was all "fun") with some rather succinct touches. The Stray Cats run into a gig with some ack ack gun brassiered Ronettes type girls, backed by the ultimate bored band (Brinsley Schwarz, with Brinsley on sax!). Just as the song is thinking about a conclusion, the band disintegrates to a halt; the girls just continue grooving and smiling. Or Marty Wilde ushering the band into his office for a quick strategy meeting: "Now we're going to clean you up some more. Get some nice suits and those gingham shirts..."

It is the latter that the film wishes to be its emphasis, bent on revealing that mere mortals don't become Superstars of their own accord, but are manipulated, along with the public. And it's Jim MacLaine who holds the premise back, wandering through a world where he is a prime commodity in demand like a prize innocent, too stupid to begin comprehending the situation. But then again, if Connolly and Apted really think popstars are so stupid...

Beyond pure cinema, *Stardust* is a vehicle to promote David Essex to his place in the firmament. As is carefully pointed out, he does his own singing, though it is not outstanding and is usually doubletracked (Dave Edmunds emerges as the real musical force, when you realize that he arranged, produced and recorded all the film's original music). He has an innocent moodiness about him; a James Dean whose Raymond Massey understands him. Girls love it, and his recent UK tour capitalised on the fact, Essex running through the blatant pop fodder he has largely been content to write—even though "Rock On" and elements of "Gonna Make You a Star" and "Stardust" point to much greater potential—while the teenies are in hysterics trying to get on stage. It's almost like a 3-D rerun.

Faith is the real star. The most human of the beings on the screen, he stumps around with measured intensity, faithful to the end. Limited in acting ability in the same manner as Clint Eastwood, his role in movies is developing to be the guy who has pulled himself up by the bootstraps to second best, where he'll stay. We like him because he's an underdog who doesn't realize he's in his niche. More than singing and producing Leo Sayer, Faith's real-life niche may well be as a film star.

With a clearer vision and closer attention to detail and chronology (especially through the freak period), this admirable attempt to synthesize the totality of '60s pop mania into one archetypal story could have been the epic it aimed for. As it stands, one is still left wondering: What if Cecil B. DeMille were thirty today?



•The American tour—a hard day's what?



STARDUST  
Original Soundtrack  
Arista AL 5000

By KEN BARNES

*Stardust* is one hell of a soundtrack. 40 songs, for one thing—you have to crank up the volume a bit to compensate, but when's the last time you got 40 songs on a two-record set (lucky to get 10 these days). And they're top 40 selections, too. 28 past hits, essentially spanning the 60's (as does the movie itself); most of the cuts are real era-evokers. It's all familiar stuff, universal favorites like "One Fine Day," "I Get Around," "Locomotion," "Summer in the City," "I'm a Believer" and "Eve of Destruction."

There's also some prime British Invasion material to coincide with plot developments—"She's Not There," the uncut "House of the Rising Sun," and Billy J. Kramer's version of "Do You Want to Know a Secret" (probably included owing to the unavailability of the Beatles', but really it's a lot better, with intriguing lyrical ambiguity and resonant guitar). The three sides of oldies (more or less) play exceptionally well, like a prolonged radio flashback sequence.

All that plus original material too. Most of it's arranged, produced, played and sung by Dave Edmunds, England's premier studio wizard (he also appears in David Essex's band, the Stray Cats, in the movie). Edmunds' first appearance here is on side one—seems they couldn't get rights to the Crystals' "Da Doo Ron Ron." Too bad—in

stead you get the best cover of the Spector classic ever cut. Together with Edmunds' 1973 British hits "Baby I Love You" and "Born to be with You," it stands as a tremendous tributary trinity, paying homage to Spector's production style while just about matching it.

The other new material is performed in snippets by the band during the film, but comes off in sparkling form here. A compelling version of the Everly Brothers' "When Will I Be Loved" (probably their best composition) kicks things off at the end of side three, and the last side is entirely given over to Stray Cats songs (barring two David Essex items at the end). "Need a Shot of Rhythm & Blues," an Arthur Alexander B-side introduced in Britain by Johnny Kidd & the Pirates ("Shakin' All Over"), was a British beat group standard, and gets a supercharged reading from Edmunds (it was his most recent single, too; the B-side, a Spectorized "Let It Be Me," is also present). "Some Other Guy," the obscure Richie Barrett record, was even more of a period pop staple, and this relentless rendition brings it to new pinnacles (it's also the B-side of Edmunds' new single, for those keeping score).

Edmunds or someone also dug up a pair of period numbers written by one P. Naumann, a mid-60's pop writer of some repute (I think he was in the Tradewinds), and Peter Anders, Vini Poncia's old partner who co-wrote some Ronettes hits. "You Kept Me Waiting," sung by Essex, features neat harmonies; and the slightly Beatish "Make Me Good" becomes quickly irresistible. The remaining songs are least interesting, though "Americana Stray Cat Blues" is amusingly Dylanish. Overall, though, the songs work superbly evoking period memories but sounding fresh today as well. Another triumph for Edmunds (and watch for his upcoming album, in April or May probably, if RCA decide to exercise good taste and release it here).

You don't even need to see *Stardust* (though you should) to enjoy the soundtrack, unless perhaps to understand what the hell Essex's hopelessly overblown "Dea Sancta" is doing here (its pomp and pretense make a point in the movie, but it sounds unredeemably dire on the LP). This package is probably the best soundtrack album since *Riot on Sunset Strip* (or, in a different vein, *Hot Parts*), and that's no small compliment.

## REVIEWS

YOUR MAMA WON'T LIKE ME  
Suzi Quatro  
Arista AL 4035

By JOHN MENDELOHN

There's nothing like a new Suzi Quatro album to knock one's hormonal balance all out of whack. Were there but the most nebulous suggestion of justice in this world, Olivia Newton-John wouldn't even be granted admittance to Ms. Quatro's dressing room to shoot the breeze--as pop giants of like gender will at the slightest provocation--let alone make Suzi's sales figures look positively pathetic in comparison.

Not that I, as a critic, have ever been that obsessed with sales figures. I mean, it's one thing if they're extraordinarily enormous and firm--under such circumstances they can be an incomparable "turn-on" for *damn* sure--but I personally have always been more appreciative of pert, un wrinkled buttocks, or long, slender legs, both of which Suzi has in spades.

More, the Quatro wardrobe just wipes up the floor with Ms. John's, which I've heard described in the beauty salon to which I repair every third Saturday to have my beautiful black Bolanesque shoulder-length curls straightened as "strictly Penny's Junior Miss." You wouldn't have believed what she wore to this year's National Association of Record Manufacturers awards banquet: I clean the heads of my tape-deck with more alluring ensembles!

Speaking of the NARM festivities, I won't forget Barry White's performance if I live to be twenty-eight!

An apprehensive silence falls over the Grand Ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel as Joe Smith names Barry the winner of this or that bozo award. In the middle of the audience, this veritable mountain of a man, in a white fur coat into which you could have squeezed not only all the Osmond Brothers but most of The King Family as well, rises imperiously and begins to make his way up to the dais: *clompl clompl CLOMPL*

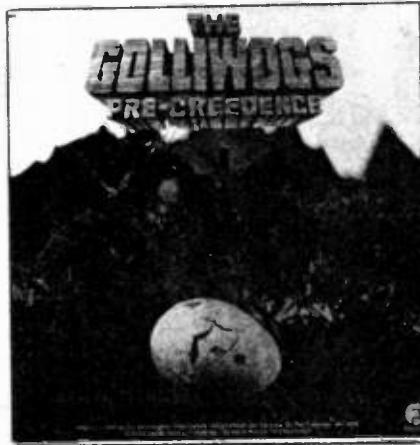
MC Joe Smith, by now the color of the label in the center of a test-pressing, gingerly hands him his award. He bends way, way, way down and, in his amazing Sensurround basso, growls, "Uh. There's only one thing I can say...."

Everyone knows precisely what that will be.

"Right on."

*Clompl Clompl CLOMPL* The Grand Ballroom trembles. Everyone takes great care to remove his or her steppers from The Maestro's path back to his table. God, what an entertainer!

Although she was definitely there in spirit, Ms. Quatro, to the best of my knowledge, was not physically present at this unforgettable event. As likely as not, she was yet hard at work on this new album, which features lotsa brass, is fully as danceable as Bowie's latest, and has little to command it to anyone with an IQ greater than 135. Your mama won't like it, but your kid brother, whose idea of a good time is rubbing pieces of styrofoam together in your ear while you're trying to watch *Hawaii 5-0*, might.



PRE-CREEDENCE  
The Golliwogs  
Fantasy F-9474

By TOM NOLAN

Bluesy rockin' quartet from El Cerrito



BOB GRUEN

•Another day, another airport, another screaming mob of fans—but still no hit records...

makes debut with this derivative but infectious disc of baker's-dozen-plus-one tunes. Opener, "Don't Tell Me No Lies," will appeal to Dave Clark fans, while "Little Girl" has that surf-ballad feel. Lead vocalist Tom Fogerty flutters tonsils with a Denny Wilson throb the chicks'll love (no pics available) while (brother?) John Fogerty handles the r&b material. "Where You Been," Beach Boys soundalike clocking at a swift 2:25, seems a cinch single. "You Came Walking" has that hitbound Liverpool Merseybeat; except for the California vowels this could be the Searchers or the Seekers! And these lads needn't search far, success surely won't elude them long.

A versatile ensemble, they move easily from one mood to another: "You Can't Be True" has the nitty-gritty groove of those British bad boys, the Rolling Stones (strong backbeat by drummer Doug Clifford), while "You Got Nothin' (On Me)" evokes those "old masters" C. Berry and C. Perkins, via their moptop British idolators. "Brown-Eyed Girl" (not the Them original) is a tuff blues a la England, with Fogerty (John) rivaling the Animals' terpster, and bassist Stu Cook laying down a solid line. (Organ uncredited).

Side two premier cut, "You Better Be Careful," sounds mighty like another Londonderry band, the "She's Not There" crew (Zombies—see feature story, pg. 20). "Fight Fire" is a filler cut, but "Fragile Child" comes on strong with a Manfred Mann-esque approach. Next cut, "Walkin' on the Water", highlights meaningfully folkish lyric over strong rock beat; interesting approach, but potentially controversial. "You Better Get It Before It Gets You," fifth title to begin with that particular personal pronoun, has well-handled tempo change and outstanding vocal by John F., a potential powerhouse performer (note next cut, the moody "Porterville"). "Call It Pretending" makes an even fourteen. Shrewd move by this S.F. label to break into the lucrative pop field (jazzman Vince Guaraldi's their big buck-makker these days); special kudos to the cover

collage: nicest LP look we've seen since Julie London (Liberty Records; see inside cover ad).



REALLY ROSIE  
Carole King and Maurice Sendak  
Ode SP 77027

By LITA ELISCU

Maurice Sendak's stories have always seemed to have their own background music humming along underneath the words; if only one could hear clearly, it would probably sound exactly like Carole King's delightful songs on *Really Rosie*. This album was first a TV show which was one of the best programs on TV this year, but it is not at all necessary to have seen the show in order to enjoy this record. Briefly, the plot concerns Rosie, prime mover and chief *yenta* of Avenue P. Rosie is the one who energizes and motivates everyone else to dream along with her, to act out her fantasies, to "turn twelve boring hours into a fascinating day," as she modestly sings in one of her songs.

This day, she has decided to make a movie, and her friends must have screen tests so she can decide who will be in the movie besides herself, of course, who will be the star—as well as producer, director, writer and cinematographer.

The lyrics and characters are Mr. Sendak's; the music and vocals are provided by Miss King. The songs are wonderful, "for children of all ages" as they say, but this time, it is true. Some say it is difficult to write for children, and others say it is simple. I think it is a matter of being able to laugh easily and tell the truth without telling Truth, without condescending. Included in the characters are Pierre, a little boy who can only say "I don't care" until a lion asks him if he wants to die, and Pierre learns that there is something he does care about; Chicken Soup, who spends most of his time whipping up batches of that Jewish penicillin—and for his song, Miss King has provided a splendid, Russian—Jewish folk melody loaded with *latkes* notes; and of course Rosie, who as star, gets a few songs to sing about her own human condition, the rigors of stardom, her view of her neighborhood, herself, and so on. There's an alphabet song, a counting song, and they are better than the *Sesame Street* counterparts. Why? Because the images are so clear, so bursting with energy and life—I am tempted to quote some, but each song is so perfect, it seems silly to pull a part of one or two out—and the music is so complementary, it is obvious much care and love went into this collaboration.

One hesitates to talk about the significance of the songs, because their very charm and beauty is the lack of self-consciousness, their enjoyment of being silly and loud and crazy and loving life without ever once stopping to mention those words or aspiring to any theme bigger than the nonsense spun out. Still, in their simple way, the songs do touch on the concerns of children (of all ages). Songs which are infectiously, maddeningly easy to hum.

So this is not a rock album, and it is not a pop album, and it is not a tootle of horns or roll of drums. It is just a delightful way to spend 35-40

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minutes, every once in a while; when doing the dishes, doing exercises, watching the sun roll around in the sky, or trying to decide what next to do. In other words, whenever you want a little lift, or something to sing along with, and feel good about.

It seems such a simple, artless album, but of course the reason it is so fine is Miss King and Mr. Sendak, each of whom are tops in their field. An album such as this one really shows what talent can do that nothing else, not money, not technique, not material, can. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts once again.

Thank you, everyone involved.

## DUIT ON MON DEI

Nilsson  
RCA APL1-0817

By SAM SUTHERLAND

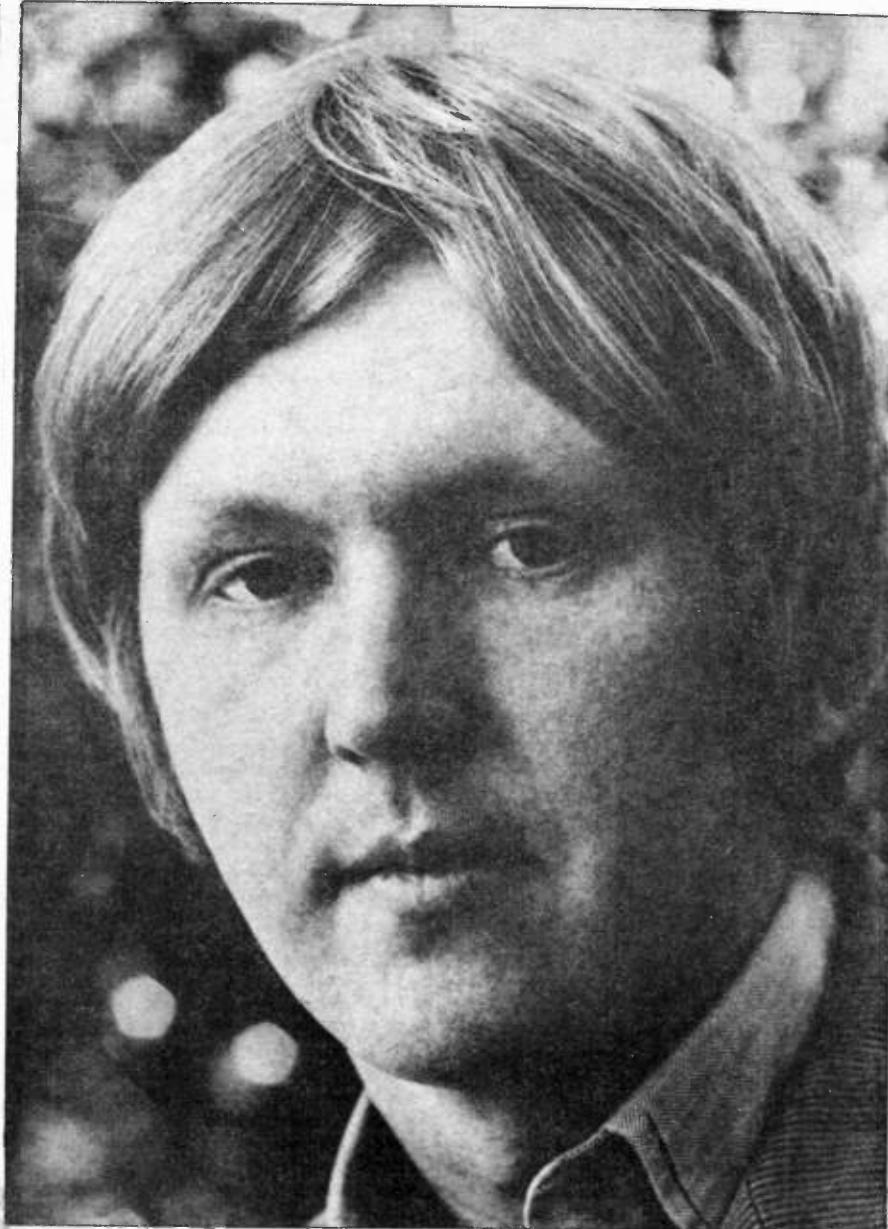
Formerly titled *God's Greatest Hits, eh?* Since Nilsson has refused to take himself seriously for years, we should be well-adjusted to his blithe cynicism by now. But *Duit On Mon Dei* does it with a vengeance, offering his best writing in years, framed by a crazy quilt of skew instrumental touches that shows Nilsson's imagination again boiling furiously. *Duit...* is still the work of the professional prankster unleashed with the Schmilsson alter ego, and is thus flawed by the ruthless glibness and lyric excess that have been the common limits to his work in recent years. But that manic energy still sustains the new album nicely, suggesting that Nilsson really is back on the case.

Much of the new album's appeal stems from Nilsson's newly refocused affection for Randy Newman, a long-time model. With the new songs, Harry has backtracked somewhat to the Newman-like vantage point of a misanthropic everyman, his characters more recognizable, his settings a bit more commonplace. The album begins on a note of conspicuous informality, a "piano demo" featuring just comping piano chords and Nilsson's rough voice. "Jesus Christ You're Tall" is the work in progress, and equates basketball as erotic metaphor. It's also very funny, and even though Nilsson tosses it off nonchalantly, the song is one of the album's best.

With "It's a Jungle Out There," *Duit...* shifts to the dizzying ensemble style that is the album's master stroke. Van Dyke Parks, another L.A. point source who's featured here as "musical coordinator," is predictably invisible in his chameleon piano noodlings, but his influence on the album's swaying mix of calypso, classicism and rhythm & blues, spiced with tolling steel drums and precise horn accents, is ubiquitous. "Jungle" becomes an apt metaphor for the wasteland, and Johnny Weissmuller (or, if you prefer, Gordon Scott) an apt antihero. "Down By the Sea" reduces the respectability of the nuclear family to the simple question, "Who buries who?" And the single, "Kojak Columbo," is a media slave's strut, transforming the boob tube into mystic totem and ultimate love object ("You got 19 inches baby, and that's a real good size..."). And so it goes.

Nilsson would have us believe he stands at the edge of the abyss and, looking down, sees the bright side: the bigger that hole gets, the better the acoustics. So pitiless an outlook seems unnecessary, but then I'm unfairly remembering the redeeming vulnerability of Nilsson's earliest songs, which now seem totally romantic by comparison. Now we have "What's Your Sign," a much-needed antidote for those dosed with astrology; on "Good For God," the bottom line is revealed in a sneering tribute to the Big Guy in the Sky.

I'm glad Nilsson has restored his level of energy (*Duit...* is the first wholly new, self-composed collection since '72's *Son of Schmilsson*). Even the strangely muddy production that intermittently smears the arrangements of the new songs can't undermine their brisk comic timing. But an occasional glimpse of real pain, unfiltered by Nilsson's omnipresent sarcasm, might have made *Duit...* much more than the handbook of existential one-liners that it is.



•The pre-bathrobe Nilsson—he hasn't shaved since this photo was taken



## GHOSTS

Strawbs  
A&M SP 4506

By MICHAEL DAVIS

Strawbs are probably the most successful band to grow out of the English folk boom of a few years back; all-acoustic instrumentation and a self-defeating purist approach gave way a while ago to a healthy eclecticism, embracing folk, rock and classical elements.

It appeared, however, that with the band's last release, *Hero and Heroine*, leader Dave Cousins' post-Calvinist cosmos had collapsed about him, not so much due to any technical problems as much as for the overwhelming bleakness of the subject matter. Only Dave Lambert's perky "Just Love" broke the dreary, humorless tale of a young man addicted to "irresistible white fleece." Fortunately, for *Ghosts*, order has been restored; it's probably the most balanced LP the group has ever done and even sports the same lineup as last time, a rare event in Strawbs history. Might be that Cousins has mellowed a wee bit.

Actually, the first few times through, the album sounds grossly uneven because the power of the extended pieces temporarily blots out the more subtle strengths of the shorter material. "Ghosts," "The Life Auction," and "Starshine/Angel Wine," short suites all, demonstrates the musical growth of the band

since *Grave New World* days when such efforts often resulted in somewhat strained song structures. "Ghosts," for instance, moves smoothly from lullaby to nightmare to the relief of morning light without blinking an eye while "Starshine/Angel Wine," Chas Cronk's Strawbs solo songwriting debut, is an equally well-handled address to his newborn son.

By far the album's most impassioned piece is "The Life Auction," which displays Cousins' sense of social consciousness at its most outraged. In moments like these, his condemnations are straightforward and bitter, uttered with about as much subtlety as Ian Anderson's similarly-minded sneers; he even sounds like Anderson here. It gets to the point where voices murmur, "Greed, desire," in the break, as if the seven deadly sins have taken human form and are wasting everything in sight. Archaic as hell, I know, but the piece is so dramatically arranged that you get a self-righteous rush out of it anyway, whether you want it or not.

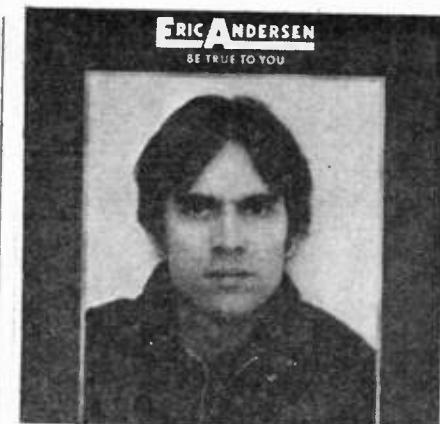
The other tunes are a little easier on you, inviting rather than compelling attention. Most are love songs of one sort or another and are put together with deft touches: the supple blend of acoustic guitar and harpsichord in "Lemon Pie," the use of pipe organ and choir on "Grace Darling," the McCartney-esque air of Lambert's "Don't Try to Change Me." This lighter side of Strawbs complements their melodramatic qualities quite well; *Ghosts* may not be the Album of the Year, but it's nice to know Cousins & Co. have regained their sense of balance.

## BE TRUE TO YOU

Eric Andersen  
Arista AL 4033

By RONNI BALTER

Eric Andersen first showed up in the halcyon days of Greenwich Village, a guitar on his back and a song in his heart. His thirsty words and open vision were always an important part of the 1960's folk scene. Ten years later, Eric Andersen is still recording with every nuance of his spirit intact. *Be True To Yourself*, his debut album



for Clive Davis's newly formed Arista label is just plain excellent.

The Eric A. of today is singing with higher spirits and faster tempos than he once did. The voice that at one time slowly wailed travelling blues and sadness has found a comfortable niche in a tight and careful folk-pop production.

Every cut on *Be True To Yourself* is true to himself. If a theme exists, it's one of a man secure in the knowledge and experience of love. His understanding of life, slowly cultivated and matured with the turning of many seasons, has fully blossomed.

The title cut shows just how far behind he has left the blues of love, which once comprised his entire oeuvre:

"All I ask is, be yourself, free yourself, and love yourself when no one else will do..."

The entire album is backed by excellent musicians and tasteful arrangements. In many ways, including the cover art, the album is similar to Bob Dylan's recently successful rebirth on vinyl, *Blood On the Tracks*. "Time Run Like a Freight Train" is the most reminiscent of the younger Andersen. His trademarked freight train metaphors and slower tempo create a good mood piece within the framework of the jazzier and happier mode of this album. On this cut, he is joined by fellow poet and singer, Jackson Browne.

A bizarre piece on this album is a tribute to New York poetess and popstar in her own right, Patti Smith, which captures exactly the essence of her work in integrating the meaning of rock and roll fandom with a poetic consciousness derived from the late beat period in America.

Eric Andersen still plays the small clubs, opting for a close rapport with his audience. The tradition he grew from has not been forsaken just because the years and dollars have squeezed themselves through his fingers. This album demonstrates remarkably the extent of his talent and validity. In a market being flooded by many bearing the tag "sensitive and poetic" this man is an original and still as fresh as the day he hopped off a slow freight and rambled into Izzy Young's guitar shop on MacDougal Street.



## YESTERDAYS

Yes  
Atlantic SD 18103

By ED SCIAKY

The ninth Yes album, *Yesterdays*, is a sort of best-of-vintage Yes. It was assembled and intended for release in the fall of 1974 as a look back at simpler times, after the advanced and controversial *Tales from Topographic Oceans* precipitated the exit of Rick Wakeman, but the newer *Relayer* LP (with new man Patrick Moraz) was finished and released first.



•Neil Merryweather & 's Space Rangers—Without Lynn Carey, who cares?

The obvious hook of *Yesterdays* is the 10½ minute version of Paul Simon's "America," recorded for an English sampler LP, *The New Age of Atlantic*, released in July '72. A short version released in the U.S. as a single helped the complete version achieve "legendary track" status on FM radio, and its American release has been long-awaited. "America" is the newest track on *Yesterdays* and the only one on which Rick Wakeman and Steve Howe are present.

The other seven tracks were recorded by the original 1968-70 Yes band (which made only two albums): founder and present-day members Jon Anderson (vocals) and Chris Squire (bass), along with Peter Banks (guitar), Tony Kaye (organ) and Bill Bruford (drums). This was an arranged, pop-harmony band playing less complex music than Yes is known for, but many of the ideas that produced *The Yes Album* (their first hit LP) and the works that followed were present in experimental form even in these early recordings. Fans of later Yes music won't be disappointed.

Two tracks come from the first album, Yes: "Looking Around" and "Survival"; four come from the second, *Time and a Word*: "Time and a Word," "Sweet Dreams," "Then" and "Astral Traveller."

Both albums went largely unrecognized and unsold at the time; these astounding tracks prove they deserved better.

Also included is a rare English single B-side "Dear Father," a pleasant surprise in its first American appearance (this leaves only "Something's Coming" in the "lost B-side" category).

Another beautiful Roger Dean (featuring a butterfly-lady based on the one on the English cover of *Time and a Word*) encloses *Yesterdays*. It's a must album for Yes-freaks and a good retrospective/introduction to Yes for new listeners.

#### BEAUTIFUL LOSER

Bob Seger  
Capitol ST-11378

By DAVE BRAFF

More than five years have passed since the heyday of the Motor City when a handful of punks rolled out of Detroit with a sound that was aggressive, captivating, and infinitely more raw and visceral than most of the assembly-line Motown products of that era.

Bob Seger, along with Mitch Ryder, the MC5 and the Rationals, formed the hard nucleus of Michigan rock & roll. Seger's "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" stands as a monument to the nihilistic, high energy style that came forth from the bands that rotated along the factory-campus, Detroit—Ann Arbor axis. But like the 'revolution' they reflected, Seger's band burned itself out, leaving Seger with a taste of success and a dim future.

It took him a rock star's lifetime to resurface and unlike Sedaka, Anka, or any of the other Comeback Kids, the recycled Seger is barely recognizable. He has gravitated from delinquent juvenile to sagacious visionary, shedding much of his menace in the process.

On "Beautiful Loser" Seger is backed by the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, whose Southern fried sound is a far cry from the

undisciplined but engaging strains of the Bob Seger System. He has all but discarded the urban ambience in favor of a down-home, I've-found-my-roots image. Unfortunately, this makes for a substantially less appealing brand of music.

The songs deal with Seger's experience during the lean years, his long hard haul through the '70s. "Travelin' Man," "Sailing Nights," "Fine Memory" and the title cut fall into a similar vein—autobiographical lyrics molded around stale imagery. It seems that throughout the album Seger struggles to write and sing like Randy Newman, complete with new-found Southern motif.

The results are far from illustrious. Seger toils for the laid-back effect, the lyrics fall prey to clichés, the arrangements are over-orchestrated and self-indulgent. In laboring to create themes, Seger takes himself far too seriously.

The enjoyable moments come when he abandons the dirge-paced ballads for a bit of the old rock & roll spirit. "Katmandu" is a catchy move-to-the-mountains parody and "Nutbush City Limits" is as close to the old Seger as the new one gets, with hard driving rhythm supporting unpretentious vocals.

*Beautiful Loser* is Seger's declaration of intent to rise again. But it falls short of being a triumphant return and strongly suggests that he will win no Comeback Player of the Year awards—at least not this year.



KRYPTONITE  
Neil Merryweather & 's Space Rangers  
Mercury SRM 1-1024

By JOHN MENDELSON

Years ago, in happier days, I was phoned by Connie de Nave. What Connie wanted to hip me to was that this perfectly remarkable group name of Mama Lion would be performing the subsequent evening at the Whisky. When her assurances that lead singer Lynn Carey "[was] into what Janis was into, except Lynn [had] the 'pipes'" to really bring it off, failed to get me yelling, "I'm coming! I'm definitely coming" back at Con, what that famous lady did was invoke the fact that she and I were, after all, "old friends," which so greatly amused me—in view of the fact that we'd never even met—that I finally surrendered.

Ms. Carey's "pipes" turned out to be

appreciably less impressive than her breasts, one of which the Sunset Strip billboard for Mama Lion would have had us believe she used to suckle a baby lion, and both of which later appeared in *Penthouse*.

Anyway, during the course of Mama Lion's set, Connie de Nave stepped on my foot and didn't even realize that the person to whom she proceeded to apologize funfuriously was none other than one she'd only hours before characterized as an "old friend!"

"What in blazes has this to do with Neil Merryweather?" demands reader Kim Stadtlander of Fullerton, California. Just this, Kim: Neil played bass for Mama Lion, and rather adroitly at that!

To suggest that it's simply out of this world might be to give the impression that *Kryptonite*, Neil's second album with 's Space Rangers, might prove inaccessible to your normal earthbound rock buff, but little could be farther [I, for one, know the difference between "farther" and "further"] from the truth!

Indeed, however intensely personal and idiosyncratic (and provocatively so!) Neil's vision of a cosmos in turmoil may be, the beat never falters and the riffs never retreat. Ever! Some will be reminded of Thin Lizzy, others of Bachman-Turner Ovations, and yet others of Pink Floyd, but no one with the skimpiest affection for danceable dissertations on the state of the cosmos both within and without will be able to evict this stupendous LP from off his turntable. Many will be moved to the point of wanting to ring Neil up and invite him over for a beer. His home number's (213) 464-1980, but don't let on where you found out.

#### KATY LIED

Steely Dan  
ABC ABCD-846

By SAM SUTHERLAND

Steely Dan is a feisty little outfit. Their songs insinuate themselves onto Top 40 playlists, to blare from car radios and transmute vinylite into gold, right along with dewy-eyed ballads, boogie anthems, backstage melodramas and other more conventional airwave staples. Yet the band refuses to alter its provocative role as perhaps the most cryptic pop band of the '70s. The last song on the new album offers a partial clue, a credo possibly learned amid the bleak urban landscapes of their songs:

*Hot licks and rhetoric  
Don't count much for nothing  
Be glad if you can use what you borrow...*

Hot licks and rhetoric indeed. Their music is ripe with both, yet the long-term impact of each new Steely Dan album lies not in the splendor of a specific riff, or the narcotic durability of their choral hooks, but rather in the dark matrix of themes first sketched on *Can't Buy a Thrill* and since elaborated upon with subsequent records.

Three albums later, this sleek fatalism isn't blunted. The new songs cohere around the same forbidding possibilities of anxiety and despair accelerated by psychic and cultural entropy. Musically, the new album seems initially somewhat subdued, due in large part to a further emphasis on keyboards and rhythm parts, and a corresponding shift away from the crackling twin lead guitars that were an early trademark. Yet, after a few listens, the mood of the album asserts itself as prime Steely Dan, closer in spirit to the more introspective and impressionistic songs of *Countdown To Ecstasy*, their second set, than to last year's *Pretzel Logic*. For this band, that change is in no way a regression.

That Steely Dan's sonic personality has changed so little—despite the band's reduction to writers Donald Fagen and Walter Becker and guitarist Denny Dias (whose role has been minimized, sharing guitar duties as he does with five other players)—clinches the long-standing suspicion that Fagen and Becker are the band's motive force. Their writing style, refined from the outset, remains a constant, with the new songs continuing the elements of style set forth on the first album: an oblique narrative stance, the studied balance between finely-wrought images and gritty street-level patois, the striking and pervasive ambiguity of gesture and setting all contribute to the fabric of their songs. Songs often address a specific second person in a conspiratorial, or adversary, tone that heightens both the

power and mystery of fragmentary images. That approach has more in common with Kafka than with any of Dan's Top 40 playmates.

"Black Friday" opens the album, developing an echo of the Wall Street crash of '29 (Black Tuesday) into a premonition of a more devastating day of judgement, retribution or perhaps the final defeat of hope. Such parables of apocalypse are standard fixtures for the band, and this song, like its earlier counterparts, succeeds as much through indirection as it does through its precise images of "the grey men when they dive from the fourteenth floor."

"Bad Sneakers" follows, an archetypal Dan portrait of cheap thrills at street level. One of the album's best, the song is a loping ballad with sprung rhythms and lush choral harmonies, capped with a haunting chorus:

*Bad sneakers and a Pina Colada, my friend,  
Stompin' on the avenue by Radio City  
with a  
Transistor and a large sum of money to  
spend.*

Fagen's voice stretches the lines across the melody with the same surface bravado and underlying desperation as the lyrics describes. "Daddy Don't Live In That New York City" bears an ironic musical resemblance to *Countdown's* "Show Biz Kids" in its raunchy, strutting guitars and horizontal chording; where the older song addresses rich suburban hell-raisers, the old man of the newer one could be the protagonist of "Bad Sneakers" a few years down the line, too ravaged by excess and defeated by the street to raise hell at all.

That furtive quest for cheap thrills, for cut-rate transcendence, is a crucial Dan motif. "Chain Lightning" confronts it with suave swing overtones and lean blues lines, celebrating smack as though it were *satori*; "Everyone's Gone to the Movies" floats on the Latin accents that initially qualified the band as a renegade from mainstream white rock, and offers a sly fable of seduction laced with bizarre innuendo ("I know you're used to sixteen or more/Sorry, we only have eight" seems to describe anything but film size); and "Any World (That I'm Welcome To)" shifts from atmospheric verse to surging chorus to summarize its lyric premise. "Any World's" narrator begins with a hopeless goal, a craving to escape to "another lifetime," that gathers images already dismissed as dreams. It breaks your heart, but you'll still turn the volume up, precisely as intended.

#### FIVE-A-SIDE

Ace  
Anchor ANCL-2001 (ABC)

By BUD SCOPPA

While it's tempting at first listening to lump Ace's first album with the Average White Band's *AWB* and then to make broad statements about the advent of British soul music (as some reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic have already done), Ace is not an R&B band. Rather, the group is a rock & roll band of the pub-rock variety, and like its brethren on that circuit, it incorporates black pop—as part of a general focus on American dance music—into its own amorphously British style. The difference—on record at least—between Ace and other bands bred on the pub-rock circuit is that this group isn't the least bit uncomfortable working in a sophisticated pop context. That's fortunate, because Ace has—in the person of keyboard man and vocalist Paul Carrack—a highly skilled pop songwriter in its mid.

Carrack specializes in medium-tempo songs with plenty of R&B touches in the lyrics and arrangements. The six tunes he wrote without collaboration for this album (he co-wrote three more) are distinguished by a credibly soulful tone—due in part to Carrack's strained, earthy singing and roadhouse organ playing—and an avoidance of R&B clichés. Of these, "Satellite" is particularly clever; "Why" churns with shrewdly shifting dynamics; and "Know How It Feels" is charged with a hauntingly somber intensity. But Carrack's best song, and the album's showcase, is "How Long," already a medium-sized British hit and now a snowballing grass-roots favorite in the States. With its bittersweet, indelibly memorable chorus, twilight funk and over-all concision, "How Long" is a masterful single, easily the most fully developed and listenable single I've heard this year. The simple line that makes up the chorus—"How long has this been going

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on?" -- resonates with a melancholy fervor that seems to double each time it's sung. A classic, and worth having the album for.

Happily, just about everything else is high-grade stuff, too. There are even touches of L.A. harmony-rock in the first and last tracks, "Sniffin' About" and "So Sorry Baby" respectively, and they're all the more effective because of their placement in this city-funk, bar-band context. Not all the writing is topnotch: the last-mentioned track has the terribly hackneyed line, "I'm going down to the country, got to get away," in the chorus, and you won't find any literal profundity anywhere on the lyric sheet. Except for "How Long," there's no actual musical brilliance, either. But Carrack is a real find. And Ace is a lively, economical, extremely likeable young band. A noteworthy first effort, and one of the most playable records of '75.

**HAIR OF THE DOG**  
Nazareth  
A&M SP 4511

By AL NIESTER

Although still largely unknown in the U.S., England's Nazareth continue to be both a major draw and top album seller in Canada. Their last two or three albums have approached gold status, and the band seems to spend half their time playing in every death-trap hockey rink from Nanaimo, B.C. to Corner Brook, Nfld. Due to a reputation here that is growing in hunks, *Hair of the Dog* shipped gold here on release, a testament to the fact that, even in these days of "global village" communications, a little slogging in the minor markets still works wonders.

*Hair of the Dog* is Nazareth's sixth album overall and their fourth for A&M. It is certainly no better or worse than any of *Rampant*, *Loud 'n' Proud* or *Razamanaz*, with the band still coming off as a rather obvious bastard son of two parts Led Zep and one part Mountain. Relying mainly on throat-wrenching vocals from up-front typical cuties Angloid lead vocalist Dan McCafferty, and lots of riff-laden, feedback choked guitar, they can approximate the snappy rock simplicity of a B.T.O. on one cut ("Hair of the Dog") or fall to plodding predictability on the next ("Miss Misery"). As has been proven previously (like on Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight" from *Loud 'n' Proud*) they're better at adapting other artists' works to their own styles than they are at writing original music. Their atmospheric reworking of Randy Newman's "Guilty", or their powerful version of Nils Lofgren's "Beggar's Day" are the outstanding cuts here.

Nazareth will never go down in rock history (if anyone ever writes it) as innovators, but they do fill a gap -- that of 1975's Poor Man's Anglo-Flash Band. Crass, raw, throaty, rowdy, and playing the image of the hard drinking, randy British rock & roller to the hilt, they are probably the only real live British rock band you'll see this year if you happen to live in a town north of the 49th parallel that has between fifty and two hundred thousand people.



**SONGBIRD**  
Jesse Colin Young  
Warner Bros. BS 2845

By SAM SUTHERLAND

Jesse Colin Young has weathered over a

decade of shifting pop styles, yet his fourth solo album since the dissolution of the much-loved Youngbloods is a recognizable outgrowth of the country and blues styles Young explored in his earliest solo work in the mid '60s. *Songbird* is vintage Young, mellow and more polished than those earlier songs yet just as vital. His sweet tenor and journeyman guitar remain the focal points, and are showcased here in peak form.

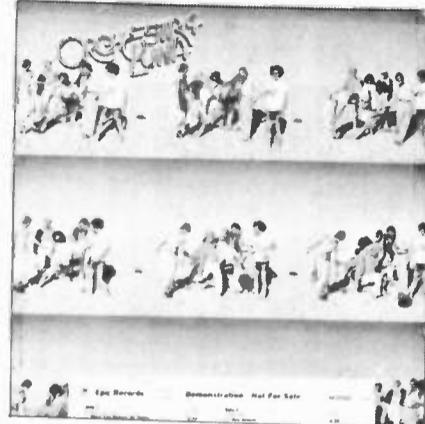
Like its post-Youngbloods predecessors, *Songbird* is a home-made affair, produced by Young and recorded with members of his road band and selected friends in his own studio. That doesn't mean the music is raw, however. This is his most polished solo recording, its arrangements and production sustaining a coherent smoothness and easy

from the vanguard to the mainstream, one need only stand still. Which is not to denigrate Reed's accomplishments. Much has been made of his role as prime mover of the Velvet Underground, and deservedly so. There was a '70s group exhibiting the post-Woodstock mentality several years before Woodstock took place, presenting good, unrelenting rock music and theatre while Alice Cooper was running around in Detroit waiting for Frank Zappa to take him on as a sideshow. They were stuck, as if they had arrived by time machine, in the '60s, waiting for the Rolling Stones to make decadence a commercially saleable commodity before their audience would extend beyond the cult proportion.

But Lou Reed is a patient guy. Unlike his cohorts in the Velvets, who fell away one by

songs and performances which fail, for the most part, to match the intensity of the studio originals. "I'm Waiting for the Man", the one song on this LP from Reed's days with the Velvets, seems especially to lack the energy and urgency of the earlier version, but even the more current songs lack the spontaneous magic you hope for in a concert.

To be fair, though, it is partially the milieu of the live recording which is to blame here: Reed's vocal style is subtle and essentially passive, and is not conducive to the live medium. Lou Reed cannot be considered one of your top stage acts in any case, but without the additional fascination of his bizarre spectre to look at, Lou Reed live is just not a hot item.



**ORCHESTRA LUNA**  
Orchestra Luna  
Epic 33166

By GERRIT GRAHAM

Last year a guy named Rupert Holmes put out a sleeping behemoth of a record called *Widescreen*. He called it film-rock, and in fact its most striking aspect is a very visual and atmospheric interpretation of sound. Holmes and his producer, Jeffrey Lesser, fashioned vivid, strangely tangible panoramas for Holmes' dramatic and witty vignettes. The result is a feeling of immediacy and reality that charms the snake right out of you. No guess as to when there'll be another Rupert Holmes record, but in the meantime he and Lesser have applied those widescreen principles to *Orchestra Luna*.

"Luna" is no misnomer, folks -- these geeks is crazy. Did I suggest that Holmes is theatrical? Strictly summer stock compared to this outfit. Over the rock instrumentation, they're all warbling away in bona fide Broadway Musical style, giving it all the vocal Marge and Gower Champion they can muster. Composer/mastermind Richard Kinscherf's arch tenor bounces and time-steps along as though he were Robert Morse out in front of the chorus kids in *How to Succeed in Business*; spouse Lisa and cohort Liz Gallagher are the breathy ingenue and the brassy Ethel Merman chantoots to two Ts. And their empathy for the form goes far beyond caricature. They're not making fun of it at all; they trust what they're doing completely. I couldn't believe it when I first heard it: they come on like David Merrick's idea of a rock musical.

And how incredibly fortunate to meet up with Holmes and Lesser, who understand perfectly what's going on. They give the Lunas all the support and all the room they need to get away with it. The productions and orchestral settings suit the mood of each song perfectly. And the Lunas hit every step on the Great White Way: there are uptempo chorus numbers, romantically innocent ballads, a wonderful psychological soap opera called "Doris Dreams," even a version of "(You Gotta Have) Heart" that, mawkish as its sentiments are, is so right on that you can't help but buy it. Kinscherf's own lyrics are always slightly oblique, too weird for David Merrick, but they never fail to capture the essence of whatever it is that makes you respond to someone like Robert Morse.

Spaced throughout is Peter Bennett's "narration"; raps that serve as introduction or sardonic intermezzo. This is all happening over hard-edged rock arrangements -- Randy Roos' guitar, particularly, is blistering. Holmes and Lesser make sure you see it all, catch every nuance. The whole thing is really an extraordinary piece of work. I suspect that a small part of *Orchestra Luna*'s compelling appeal is its novelty; but if you've ever enjoyed even a moment of *The Music Man* or *A Funny Thing... Forum*, you must not let this one get by. I love it more the more I hear it, and I play it a lot.

•Jesse Colin Young: mellow but durable.

pace. The studio band, including Scott Lawrence on keyboards, Jeff Myer on drums, bassist Kelly Bryan and assorted horn players, performs with an easy, sympathetic verve. Like Young himself, they never flex their instrumental muscles for the sole purpose of demonstrating technique, choosing instead to craft a solid ensemble style that is one of the album's quiet strengths.

The directness of this approach minimizes the specific weaknesses of the self-composed material. As a writer, Young is gifted with a nearly intuitive, natural melodic sense; as a lyricist, his lack of artifice is consistently charming, and outweighs the slightness of some of his themes. Consequently a modest song like the title track succeeds simply because of its unself-conscious airiness, and on more dramatic material (notably "Before You Came" and "Daniel", which follow) Young's soaring voice and the supple backing band again sustain momentum.

In short, this is buoyant, craftsmanlike music from a veteran who has always enjoyed a modest but special relationship with audiences. If you've dismissed Young in the past as another Marin County acoustic fixture, the new album probably won't change your mind. For me, though, evidence of his continued strength is clinched by new versions of two Youngbloods chestnuts, "Josianne" and "Sugar Babe," which sum up Young's durability perfectly. The latter tune is sung and played with a special power that reflects a more mature Young, delivered with greater subtlety and embellished with gentle guitar and mandolin fills. Like the album and the artist, it's a warm and familiar song that has aged gracefully, acquiring new depth without losing any of its old appeal.

**LOU REED LIVE**  
Lou Reed  
RCA APL1-0959

By GARY KENTON

Lou Reed, in the past decade, has gone from being ahead of his time to being a sign of the times. Of course, this was accomplished without much effort on Reed's part; to move

one to follow other pursuits, Reed has kept his ear to the ground and his nose to the grindstone, waiting for his time to come. Seizing the opportunity afforded him by the arrival of such glitter androids as Bowie and Alice. Reed made his move as a solo artist without appreciably changing his approach or his material. When "Walk on the Wild Side," the single from his second solo LP *Transformer* became a hit, it was the final evidence of the fact that the rock audience had caught up with Lou Reed.

Since that time, it is difficult to determine who has grown less, the audience or Lou. His successive studio efforts, *Berlin* and *Sally Can't Dance*, have followed in the pattern established by "Walk on the Wild Side", with a clean, sparse sound, supported by a background choir. The songs have been miniparables, some blatantly autobiographical, painting pictures of off-beat romance and moral decadence. Reed's appearance over the past few years corroborates these images: a less healthy-looking dude has never existed, going from an overweight lout to a bug-eyed, walking advertisement for the Biafra fund. But that, in this day and age, is simply showbiz.

Sandwiched between *Berlin* and *Sally Can't Dance* was *Rock N Roll Animal*, a live LP on which Reed was able to exhibit his career as a whole, performing songs from the Velvets era as well as some of his newer offerings.

This new album, *Lou Reed Live*, is an extension of that disc, and seems in fact to be excerpts from the same concert at the Academy of Music in New York in the early part of 1974. Both records are good technical documents of the occasion, with ex-Blood Sweat & Tears guitarist Steve Katz producing, and a good rock band playing it straight and fairly tough behind Reed's warblings and yowlings. Despite the suggestive advertising pitch, which urges you to "pervert your sense of decorum" and get caught in the act," the whole affair is about as decadent as a sermon by Billy Graham.

Like most live albums, this is primarily a holding action, offering previously recorded

# BULLDOZER

WITH FLOW & EDDIE

Edited By KEN BARNES

RETRACTS, RECANTINGS  
AND REVISIONS

I notice the presence of evil spirits in the room. No, that's just the typesetter! Get your minds in tune--before we start, I got a lot of Industry Flak about some comments I made last month about Billy Swan being a one-hit wonder--

*Typesetter:* Which proved to be perfectly correct!

I was correct, but I still like him. We're rooting for him but he's through. I've got to say something else about last month. Can, who I rated #1, should've actually been listed in the bottom 10. I gave them close scrutiny and they really bit!

"Don't Tell Me No Lies," "Brown-Eyed Girl," "Porterville" -- Goliwogs (Fantasy)

Searchers. Human Bein! A new album? Billy Fury. This could be Roxy. Is it the Hobos, *Sounds Like Roxy*? Eno. Billy Swan. A group that became really famous? Eagles. Pretty Things. From California. Standells! I know who this is. It's those Indians, Pat & Lolly Vegas. Shadows of Knight. Chocolate Watchband. Peanut Butter Conspiracy. Sir Douglas. One-finger keyboard sound. Former surf band for sure. They're not from Holland, are they? This could be my favorite song ever made--what is it? The Challengers. The Hourglass. What group was Teddy Neely in? Oh, the Teddy Neely Five. The Bees. Fogerty! That sounds like Fogerty--that other didn't. The Goliwogs. Why would anyone want that?

*Typesetter:* You'd have to pay over \$200 to get these original recordings. But now on one fabulous record--

Ok, that's great. Hey, light up the Electric Pipe one time for Creedence. Note to Typesetter: Delete! No, leave it in. They'll think it's a group, the Electric Pipe. "I Had Too Much to Smoke Last Night." It's cool, man, it's out of the same era as sitars.

Excerpts from *Between the Lines* -- Janis Ian (Columbia)

Marty Robbins. Danny Fogelberg. Smith. Huge hit? It's either Olivia, Roberta, Chloe, Phoebe... They've all had hits. Has Emmylou had a hit yet? Ok, she's next. Anne, Merrilee Rush. Older? Melanie? Shelby Flint! Rosie & the Originals. Melissa. Joni. Judy. Controversial hit in 1967? Janis Ian! (tumultuous self-congratulation).

(PRM: That was frightening!)

I'd like to hear the album, actually. We've been thinking of putting a conglomeration of Janis Ian hits in our show.

*Typesetter:* Do you think you could fit them all in?

## "So Long" -- Abba (British Epic)

John's Children! Dana Gillespie. Shocking Blue. Abba, right? All right! All right! All right! (repeated half-a-dozen times until momentum runs down). Bjorn is really wailing on this one! Yeah! Benny's distinctive stylings, and Katrina and Olga just wailing! Are they still alive? The new Abba record? I feel this is a great privilege! Definitely B&B's step forward. A little Suzi Quatro. Very psychedelic. "Peter Gunn" ending. The Berlitz group of the year. Once

again Bjorn and Benny have proven themselves to be just spectacular. Hulga and Svensk are sounding better than ever. Produced by Benny and Bjorn. Sure, couldn't you tell? That drum sound--only as Bjorn likes to hear it. You guys don't know what you're missing by not hearing the new Abba record. The fact that we guessed it right away is starting to worry me. It looks like we're gonna have to discover somebody new soon.

(PRM: I sure hope so--it's been a year of Bjorn and Benny jokes so far.)

"Some Other Guy," other excerpts from *Stardust* soundtrack by Dave Edmunds and David Essex (Arista)

Same era as the Goliwogs? Pretty Things. Movie-oriented? One of the seven PRM Picks for Stardom in 1974, eh? Michael Fennelly. Elliot Murphy. Leo Sayer. Pink Floyd. Russ Ballard. From what movie? *Brannigan? The Lizzie Borden Story?* One of the biggies of the day? Like *Stardust?* I haven't seen it yet.

Excerpts from *Switch* -- Golden Earring (Track/MCA)

This is Eno, right? No, I'm only joking, Eno's not in this month. E. Power Biggs. Del Shannon. Uh-oh, reggae. It's either Van Dyke Parks, Nilsson, or Jimmy Cliff. Wrong country? The Wailers. Wrong Continent? European, right? Carmen. This is Hungarian. "House of the Rising Sun." Frigid Pink's follow-up. You wouldn't slip another Bjorn on us, would you? This is good stuff. Could be Brinsley Schwarz. Marty Cerf has written about them? Then they must be dying. I don't know! Big hit single? Folks, we're sorry but this month they brought us nothing but a bunch of alien music.

Jethro Tull. Is Jethro Tull British? I like him. The Doors, Steppenwolf. Sounds like John Kay. Sounds more like John Renbourn. It's Golden Earring! I just pictured that little greasy guy with his polo shirt--he makes me puke! Note to readers: I hate Golden Earring! I love the beginning of "Radar Love," but I'm sorry. Is that the guy poses with Wolfman Jack on the Clearasil ads? Can I see that cover? Let me hate them more! He has not washed his hair in four years.

*Typesetter:* You guys are gonna get in Dutch with that one!

One more Dutch rock group is gone.

Excerpts from *You Can't Get Off With Your Shoes On* -- Barefoot Jerry (Management)

Picture ourselves in a swamp? Tony Joe White. Eno & the Swamp Men. *Taking Tiger Swamby Confusion*. I still think the best thing we said was Eno & Nico as April & Nino. They should have their own TV show. Jerry Jeff Walker. Joe South. Freddy Weller. Ara Parseghian. Allen Toussaint.

*Typesetter:* Trying to get your Toussaint's worthin', huh? Uh, should we play the cut called "Boogie Woogie?"

Yeah! I know this guy? Doug Kershaw. John Hartford. Name has to do with their apparel? Below the waist? On the feet? Shoes? David Socks. Arnold Slippers. Can we rule out Toejam? Barefoot Jerry. What's a Barefoot Jerry? Is that a group? I think it's mediocre. There's a place for swamp music but it's not in

this room. Look at all the groups that keep going with that swamp stuff. Name a few. Well, I can't. They all have their shoes off on the cover? Got to remove promotional stickers to find out. They better be. If they're not ask for your money back.

Excerpts from *Ghosts* -- Strawbs (A&M)

English group? 23rd album, huh? Hawkwind. Pentangle. Incredible String Band. John Lodge and Korla Pandit. Close in spirit? Are we talking about kindred souls, then--cosmic English beings? It's soft rock. Genesis. This sounds like Seals & Crofts. These guys have gone Ba'hai on us. Sort of fruity name? The Strawbs! They're in between Fotheringay and the guy with the longest hair, Shawn 20-albums Phillips. Barefoot Jerry are barefoot. One guy doesn't have any feet, but he's the drummer so that's OK, and it sounds like it. The disappointing thing is so far I haven't asked you to loan me one album, and that worries me. Buy all the Eno albums you can, folks.

Excerpts from *Circus* -- Argent (Epic)

John Lodge! Mahavishnu. Famous people in this group? They release an album every two weeks? This isn't Hoyt Axton's new group, is it? *Telly Savales Sings? Mayall? Frampton? Ted Nugent? David Gates? Moogy Klingman? Spinoff* from a famous English group? Triumvirat.

*Typesetter:* They went from the end of the alphabet to the beginning.

Alza! Zephyr to Ape. Zonk. Zeus. A "Z" band... Zolar X. Zoot Money.

*Typesetter:* Why don't you try groups with an "A", that approach?

Z is easier. Famous group. The Zodiacs. Zux. I've never heard of a group with a Z. Zontar. Zanzibar. Note to Typesetter: This is pitiable. Parrot label? *Zombies to Argent?* They're one of our favorite groups! Is that *Nexus* or *Zexus*? We guessed Russ Ballard before and everybody said no!

(PRM: That was way back during *Stardust*.)

How do you expect us to keep up with that? Note to Typesetter: Put Russ Ballard guess in Argent section. Two new guys--of course we didn't recognize them. It's too bad Ballard left the band. I'd give this a go. They're still on Epic? It must be a concept album. The concept is to keep them alive. The cover has a Christ-like figure walking on a tightrope--barefoot!

Excerpts from *Put It Where You Want It* -- Average White Band (MCA)

I know who this is. I'm gonna blow your mind when I tell you. The "Expressway to Your Heart" guys? The Soul Survivors. Are they white? Yeah... Average White Band. They're cool. I saw them on TV once and was just transfixed by the fact that they were white guys and sounded like that. Next cut. I don't like things called "you gotta listen to the music," because it could be the Doobie Brothers. Next!

## FLO &amp; EDDIE'S SHIFTY FIFTEEN

Flo: Let's start at the top this month, oddly enough.

1. Abba--though I know these turkeys here will never hear it.

2. 10cc--just because I know it'll be cool.

3. Nilsson

4. *Stardust*

5. Goliwogs

6. Janis Ian--only because I'll bet it's better than...

7. Tom Scott

8. Argent

9. Average White Band

10. Earth Wind & Fire

11. Allan Toussaint

12. Strawbs

13. Golden Earring

14. Barefoot Jerry

15. And Pavlov's Dogs--they speak for themselves. Or bark.

Eddie: It's pretty hard to alter that chart. Although I do see some flagrant errors.

1. 10cc--they're wonderful. They're making a contribution.

2. *Stardust*

3. Nilsson--just because of his unmitigated

Excerpts from *Tom Cat* -- Tom Cat (Tom Scott (Ode))

Average White Band. Miles Davis. Herbie Hancock. It sounds like Tom Scott playing horn--all right! John Guerin on drums. Joni? Tom Scott is on every album that's out. He's also a friend of ours. He's good. Hi, Tom. We like you. We're positive it's OK. We like the cover--raccoons playing instruments. No, they're cats.

"Shining Star" -- Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)

Average White Band. Manhattan Transfer. Elemental name with an ampersand? Earth, Wind & Fire! Nice going! They're not bad. I don't know how you expect us to guess that sort of thing. We don't listen to that type of music. I can't tell Funkadelic from the Manhattans. There's another album coming out--*Jamming with Cheech*.

Excerpts from *Southern Nights* -- Allan Toussaint (Reprise)

This could be Hedge & Donna. What do they expect of us? We refuse to guess! We know this artist very well? Smokey! Big industry name? Jimmy Ruffin. Lamont Dozier. We mentioned him already... Disco Tex! Ernie K. Doe? Wrote "Fortune Teller?" Wrote a recent *Three Dog Night* hit? I don't care! Allan Toussaint. People love this guy. He was rumored to be behind getting Paul McCartney thrown off stage with Dr. John, and that's cool. I guess we should give it a break. Leo Nomellini on guitar. There's a swamp on the cover. No, that's a bayou.

*Typesetter:* Went right bayou, huh?

Excerpts from *Duit on Mon Dei* -- Nilsson (RCA)

What's happening here? Is that Tchaikovsky or something? *Prelude to...* A real famous guy? Harry Nilsson! How am I supposed to get it from a string player? This is Harry's Van Dyke reggae album. We like Harry. Hi, Harry. He always has dumb album covers. *God's Greatest Hits*.

Excerpts from *Pampered Menial* -- Pavlov's Dogs (ABC)

(Note to readers: after some 30 seconds of anguished squealing from the group's lead singer, anguished squealing from Flo & Eddie forced the record's removal and fouled the rest of the cassette. Thus, no verbalized reactions.)

Excerpts from *The Original Soundtrack* -- 10cc (Mercury)

Sounds like 10cc to me. What do you mean it is? Leave it on. I gotta have this album. I need it to live. I liked the last one an awful lot. I'm gonna have to sit down and listen to this. This is one of the groups I actually read their lyrics. Great!

# Smokey Robinson A Quiet Storm

Bob Dylan once called him "the world's greatest living poet."

Musically, Smokey Robinson has been no less than a Renaissance man: songwriter, lyricist, performer, producer, record executive. From the formation of the Miracles in the mid-50's, he's been a key architect in a revolution that has transformed popular music.

His songs have been recorded by practically anyone you'd care to think of: Aretha Franklin, The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, Ella Fitzgerald, Sonny and Cher, Marvin Gaye.....

Now, as a solo artist, his legend and his influence continue to grow. His performances are raves, his records instant sellers.

Smokey's third solo album *A Quiet Storm*.

A perfect description, when you think about it, of the man and his music.

has arrived. It's called



## The Master Works.

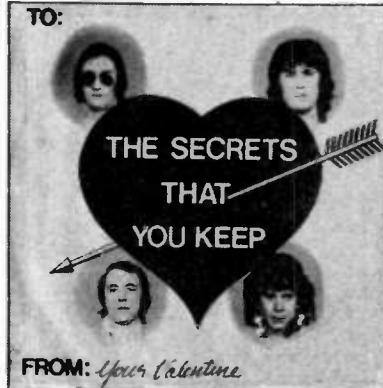
And well, as always.

## POP SINGLES FOR THE 70'S BY GREG SHAW

I'm gonna come right out and say it: March has been the slowest month on record (pun intentional). Looking over the "Hot 100," I see that the best songs date from two months ago or more: "Shame, Shame Shame" by Shirley (still love it—and if I'm not wrong, this is the first surfacing of the venerable Bo Diddley beat in the '70s, just as the Stones and the Stranglers adapted it for the 60s; more to come, I hope!), "Can't Get It Out of My Head" by ELO, "Emma" by Hot Chocolate, and "Lady Marmalade," which has already become a classic of sorts.

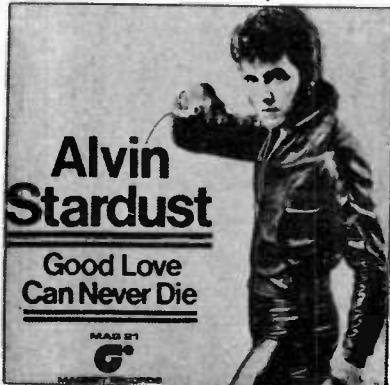
Of the new crop, I can tolerate John Lennon's "Stand By Me" (Apple 1881), and I rather like Leo Sayer's "Long Tall Glasses (I Can Dance)" (Warner Bros. 8043), but the rest of what's coming up just doesn't move me, and having sifted through the new releases I can't say that there's anything I'd call exciting.

You wanna know the truth, I've been listening to mostly English hits lately, and there's plenty of fine stuff that has yet to see the light of these shores. Mott the Hoople's "Foxy Foxy" (CBS 2439), clearly their best since "Dudes," is endlessly enjoyable. Mud's "Secrets That You Keep" (RAK 194) is the best of their Elvis takeoffs and a pleasant, insinuating tune. "January" by Pilot (EMI



•Would you be Mud's valentine?

2255) is just a terrific pop rocker, in a class with "Magic"; great melody, harmonies and handclaps. It should be out here eventually so watch for it. "Play Me Like You Play Your Guitar" (GTO 11) by Duane Eddy is the freak hit of the year, and could spread here, I think, on the strength of its female chorus. "Good Love Can Never Die" is the best in awhile from Alvin Stardust (Magnet 21), sounding like the Sweet (whose "Fox on the Run" is also a joy) doing Buddy Holly. Hawkwind's newest, "King of Speed" (UA 35808) resembles them not at all; it's got vocals, melody and all, and is quite addictive. The Brinsleys' final single "There's a Cloud in My Heart" (UA 35812) is a super-pop tune, really great, and hopefully a sign of things to come from one of the splinter groups. Dave Edmunds' "I Ain't Never" (Rockfield 6) is a gas, especially since the flip is "Some Other Guy."



•Still no leather shortage in England

from Stardust. And Bowie's producer, Tony Visconti, has a solo record that's rather interesting. "I Remember Brooklyn" (Regal Zonophone 3089) is like a Dion & the Belmonts



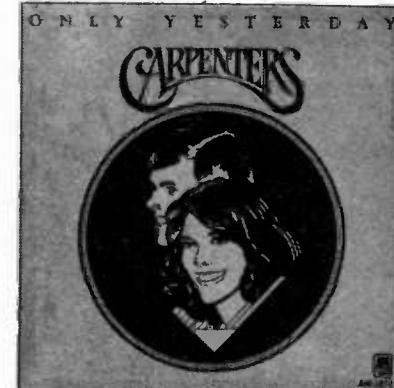
## •PICK-TO-CLICK•

AEROSMITH—"S.O.S."—Columbia 3-10105

A long shot perhaps, but their last single ("The Train Kept a Rollin'" Columbia 3-10034) teased the bottom of the charts, and with both their albums suddenly beginning to sell in droves, I think we're due for some genuine Aerosmithmania real soon now. This single is their strongest outing yet, a trim 2:50 of high energy chording, a relentless beat, fine singing and hot production. It's a hard sound to tire of; this is one I'd like to see go all the way.

CARPENTERS—"Only Yesterday"—A&M 1667

Maybe my ears are off, but I hear the same faults in this one. A fine melody and pseudo-Spector arrangement are pushed along at about twice the proper tempo, and when the chorus comes in you expect the full treatment—drums booming, angels flying through the studio crying their hearts out—but it just goes limp. It's a shame to see a good song thrown away like this.



•The new Carpenters logo.

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET—"Roll With the Punches"—Casablanca 828

That's right, the Sir Douglas Quintet—not Doug Sahm, not El Quintet, and it's the vintage sound too, all the way. The first thing you hear is a tasty Question Mark organ, then a rolling San Antonio beat comes in, and Doug's back to where he belongs for the first time since I can't remember when. It's about time, I say, and I hope you all buy this record so he'll give us more of the same.

RICK DERRINGER—"Hang On Sloopy"—Blue Sky 2755

Doug's not the only one getting back—this was Rick's first taste of the real thing, back when Rick & the Raiders were changing their name to the McCoys, and it's about time he paid tribute. Not a bad update either, and a worthy addition to today's radio playlists. How about "Beat the Clock" next, Rick.

GRAND FUNK—"Bad Time"—Capitol 4046

Now that we're all sick of "Some Kind of Wonderful" it's a real pleasure to have this one out. My personal favorite on the album, it's also the best (some would say the only good) song Mark Farner's ever penned. I once said it reminded me of the Buckinghams, and it still does—but that shouldn't be taken as anything but the highest praise.

DION—"Make the Woman Love Me"—Warner-Spector 403

This one has all the right ingredients: the long-awaited combination of everybody's favorite early '60s singer and everybody's favorite early '60s producer with a Mann-Weil song, and even a Nino Tempo arrangement. So why isn't it great? The sound is there, and I especially like the massed choirs they put behind him, but there just doesn't seem to be enough impact—the drums don't crash, the rhythm doesn't punch (where are the guitars?) and Dion's voice seems lost in the welter of the production, but regardless of all that, I like it better than anything Dion's done in recent years, so keep trying guys.

## JUKEBOXURY

the proper hands. Russ Ballard, meanwhile, has an original called "You Can Do Voodoo" (Epic 8-50085) that I find really powerful, and commercial as well, with a strong beat and great production. This should be the one to do it for Russ. Gordon Lightfoot's "Rainy Day People" (Reprise 1328) is his best since "Sundown," and should also do well. And look out for Elliot Lurie, who (now that he's broken off from Looking Glass) will hopefully be



•Teeny bondage from Sparks.

getting out of his rut. "Disco (Where You Gonna Go)" (Epic 8-50083) is a good start, more of that catchy pop filler that's needed to fill the airtime between great records and is quite enjoyable in moderate doses.

It's kinda funny, no matter what else is lacking, every month there seems to be a healthy number of oldies redone or old artists making comebacks. This time we've got everything from Claire Hamill doing "We Gotta Get Out of This Place" (Konk 90001), which is okay but not exceptional (except for being produced by Ray Davies and being the first US release on his new label), to the Beach Boys' re-release of "Sail On Sailor" (Reprise 1325), which seems to be off to a good start, but one wonders why there aren't any new Beach Boys tunes...

Frankie Ford's first national release in several years is "Blue Monday" (ABC 11431) which is apparently a few months old, though I just got it (along with a copy of "Sea Cruise" on the original Acelabel—thanks to whoever had that great idea!). It's also Frankie's best in several years, and hopefully the start of renewed activity from this fine New Orleans singer.

Chuck Berry, in recent years, has been quietly releasing new versions of classic old rock/boogie songs, the latest being "Shake, Rattle and Roll" (Chess 2169), and while he doesn't add much to previous renditions, it's a nice record (and his 40th single as well—at least in my, probably incomplete, collection. Quite a run...)!

Roy Orbison's second on Mercury is "Hung Up On You" (73652), a soulful ballad in his grand old style. We were talking recently about how great it would be to hear Roy do a version of Roy Head's "Treat Her Right"—how about it, Roy? The song's clearly due for an update, and who could do it better?

A less likely candidate, but a personal favorite and one I'm glad to hear done again, is "Just Like Romeo and Juliet." Formerly a Top 10 hit for the Reflections (1964), it's out now by the Fallen Angels (Arista 0113) and it's slower, funkier, but not all bad.

But the ultimate, for this month at least, has to be Masters of the Airwaves doing "My World is Empty Without You," the old Supremes classic. This is a flashy, Chinni-chappy version, electrified and hot, the kind of thing English kids go wild for. Unfortunately it's not out yet, but any record company would be crazy not to rush it out pronto, and I'll let ya know the moment they do.

And finally, if you've read this far, you'll probably be interested in knowing that there's a new issue of *Who Put the Bomp* (America's coolest oldies magazine—which I don't mind saying even if I am the editor; I'm sure the typesetter will back me up!) out and available now for only a buck from Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510. What's it got? Well, Beatles, Flamin' Groovies, Michigan Rock, Hollywood Stars, Rockabilly, and plenty more, so c'mon and have your fun...

# GOLDEN EARRING

APRIL '75: PHONOGRAPH RECORD

Golden Earring 1975 Tour:  
April 3—Buffalo, New York  
April 4—Boston, Massachusetts  
April 5—Cleveland, Ohio  
April 7—Detroit, Michigan  
April 8—Columbus, Ohio  
April 9—Indianapolis, Indiana  
April 11—Chicago, Illinois  
April 12—Memphis, Tennessee  
April 13—Kansas City, Kansas  
April 15—Denver, Colorado  
April 17—Medford, Oregon  
April 18—Portland, Oregon  
April 19—Seattle, Washington  
April 21—Salt Lake City, Utah  
April 23—Phoenix, Arizona  
April 24—San Diego, California  
April 25—San Francisco, California  
April 27—Los Angeles, California  
April 30—Cincinnati, Ohio  
May 1—St. Louis, Missouri  
May 4—St. Paul, Minnesota  
May 6—Evansville, Indiana

May 7—Dayton, Ohio  
May 9—Dallas, Texas  
May 10—Houston, Texas  
May 11—Austin, Texas  
May 15—Atlanta, Georgia  
May 16—Jacksonville, Florida  
May 17—Miami, Florida  
May 18—Tampa, Florida  
May 19—Charleston, South Carolina  
May 21—New Orleans, Louisiana  
May 22—Baton Rouge, Louisiana  
May 23—Birmingham, Alabama  
May 24—Charlotte, North Carolina  
May 25—Charleston, West Virginia  
May 27—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
May 28—Toronto, Ontario  
May 30—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
May 31—New York, New York  
June 1—Rochester, New York  
June 6—Washington, D.C.  
June 9—Saratoga, New York

(Dates and places subject to change  
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## SWITCH

A new album, a new single "Ce Soir," a new North American tour.  
Album: MCA-2139 Single: MCA-40369

MCA RECORDS



# Tomita makes "2001" sound like nostalgia.

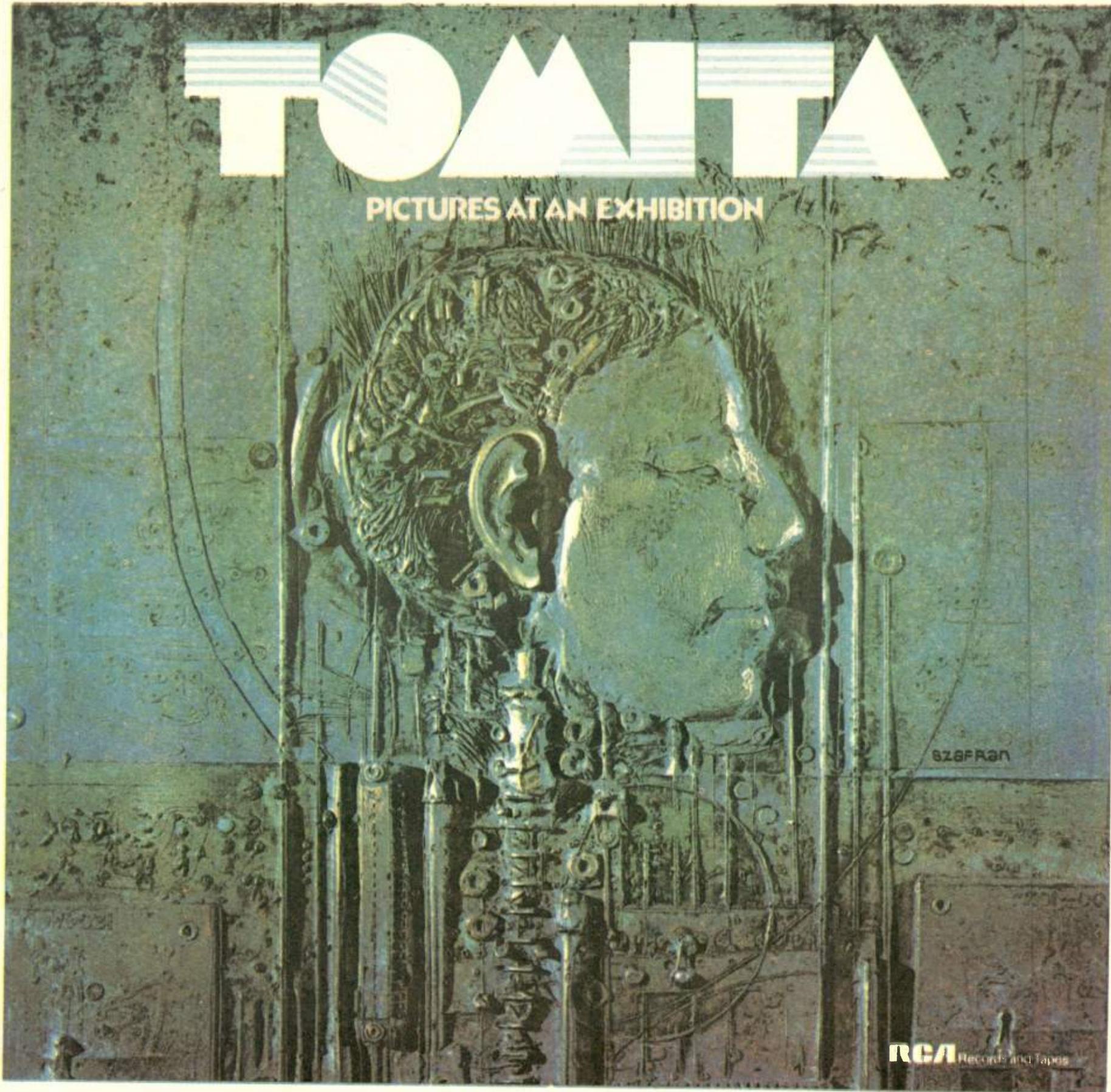
Outside of this album, you will not hear music like this for another twelve years. Choirs, strings, horns, drum rolls—all sounding totally different from the output of musicians, instruments and orchestra. That's because there are no musicians. No instruments. No orchestra.

It's all the brilliant work of one Japanese

electronic genius, Tomita, and the most incredible moog performance ever realized by man.

When you hear Tomita's "Pictures At An Exhibition," you take a quantum leap away from anything you've ever heard before.

In stereo, or if you're ready, in quad.



# GIL SCOTT-HERON, LABELLE, HUTCHERSON

America's Only Comprehensive Black Music Monthly: A Special Supplement to Phonograph Record

# SOUL & JAZZ



## Minnie Riperton's Paradise

**RECORD** MAGAZINE | 1  
Apr 75 Vol 2

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

The Long Awaited  
New Roberta Flack Album  
Is Here  
“Feel Like Makin’ Love”  
on Atlantic Records and Tapes



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# SOUL & JAZZ

## THIS MONTH

### ADVENTURES IN PARADISE:

Fly along with the new queens of soul music, Minnie, Syreeta and Labelle. After years in the business, all have moved into a very progressive format. They give the reasons why and recount their many years of struggle on the way to their current success. Including a preview of Minnie's soon to be released album.

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Minnie Riperton's Paradise

**THE COVER:**  
Labelle is at the top of the singles chart with "Lady Marmalade" and Minnie Riperton's *Perfect Angel* has been a top ten album for over six months. Who are these new queens of soul? This month's cover story explores their newly found success after a decade of hard knocks.

# AL GREEN GREATEST HITS

- Look What You Done For Me
- Call Me
- Let's Stay Together
- Here I Am
- Tired Of Being Alone
- Let's Get Married
- How Can You Mend A Broken Heart
- You Ought To Be With Me
- I'm Still In Love With You
- I Can't Get Next To You



Also available on Ampex Tape

Produced by Willie Mitchell and Al Green

# PERFORMANCES

GLORIA GAYNOR  
La Bastille  
Houston, Texas

By MICHAEL POINT

Gloria Gaynor's live show serves notice that not only does she have more going for her than a smash single, "Never Can Say Goodbye," but that she also is ready to step forward into the very front ranks of the female soul singers without wasting any more time or effort. Her stage show is a mini-spectacular that seems more geared to a recognized superstar than to someone still working for a reputation, but Gaynor makes excellent use of the Las Vegas type trappings she surrounds herself with. Backed up by an amazingly versatile band that can blast out steaming funk one song and then do a credible job of passing as a Broadway musical unit the next, Gaynor is also ably assisted by a trio of female back-up vocalists and her own slick light show.

Gaynor's strong and sure vocal power is her primary musical attraction on vinyl, but her live act revolves equally around her considerable stage presence and her gift for pure old-fashioned show-business. Her between-songs dialogue, mercifully short of the usual soul-rap clichés, is both entertaining and enjoyable as are the comic moments she goes through with her back-up trio, including a hilarious rendition of some old Broadway favorites.

Her material is a well-chosen mixture of show-biz favorites, soul standards, and her own recorded work. Everything builds toward the big finale with the second side of her album served up in one rapid-fire burst. "Honey Bee" precedes "Never Can Say Goodbye" and while the audience is still dazzled by the Gaynor vocal efforts on her big hit she finishes off with "Reach Out, I'll Be There" and wrings every single bit of soul from the song in a final exhausting workout. Gaynor has the voice, like many others do, but she also has both a solid working knowledge of what makes an act entertaining and a personal stage magic that is all her own. She'll be around for quite a while, it appears, and despite her success it seems very likely she is bound for much greater fame before it is all over.

GIL SCOTT-HERON AND THE MIDNIGHT BAND  
The Roxy  
Los Angeles, California

By GEORGE WANNAMAKER

Scott-Heron, in his Los Angeles debut, did not receive the cold reception that many thought he would. Evidently, this town is ready for stinging social commentary mixed with a repetitive but adequate musical accompaniment.

The nine piece Midnight Band, which according to Scott-Heron symbolizes "the first minute of the new day" is also the title of his latest album. Originally Scott-Heron's appeal had been to a primarily Black audience but with the release of *I Beg Your Pardon* he's reaching a more diversified audience.

Rapping about such things as poverty, political absurdities and the negative effects of nostalgia, Scott-Heron, along with vocalist Victor Brown, conveyed various states of awareness while maintaining a high level of poetic esthetics.

Indeed the lyrics of Scott-Heron and co-composer/keyboard player Brian Jackson's songs are the focal point of the Midnight Band's performance. But this isn't a weak point and I don't mean to give the impression that the band wasn't cooking.

Moving through "Summer of '42," an acrid admonition against becoming involved in today's nostalgia trend, into "Johannesburg," with its funky *gambu* rhythm, Jackson's acoustic and synthesized keyboards are in the best tradition of the early '60s piano masters.

"Western Sunrise's" loping melody was stretched, contorted and finally bent completely out of shape by tenor saxophonist Ali's outside solo.

About midway into the set the band left the stage and Scott-Heron went into his



•Gil Scott-Heron: the next Elton John...?

now famous "Pardon Our Analysis" soliloquy. "Tonight we're celebrating the 69th day of the conviction of John Mitchell." Scott-Heron went on to put down the whole entourage in the Watergate mess while bringing in references to President Ford (whom he calls Oatmeal Man) and Rockefeller's involvement, or non-involvement in the Attica prison revolt. popularized by a group called Brother to Brother. This piece has the whole place rocking and was the only time the music and not the dialog was the focal point of their attention.

There's a theory going around that a lot of people listen to popular music because they feel a sense of alienation and powerlessness. If this hypothesis pans out, Gil Scott-Heron might be the next Elton John because he articulates all of our helpless feelings in a poetic and entertaining way.

THE GARY BURTON QUINTET  
Main Point  
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

By FRED TRIETSCH

An evening of jazz with nary a saxophone to

tight ensemble interaction, but loose enough to allow each a solo to be signaled by Burton's nod. This format was the essence of the band's playing--they stick close to the melody line but allow for individual expression within that framework. Solos are kept crisp and succinct--no lengthy ramblings here--and Burton was brilliant throughout, dancing across the vibes in shimmering phrases that resembled the reflections of the stage lighting on Gary's instrument. And it was abundantly clear that the entire group was closely attuned to his feelings, with incredible rapport in every number.

Carla Bley's "Ochos del Gato" followed, showcasing the probing, adventurous bass guitar work of Steve Swallow, whose playing astounded both the audience and fellow group members with its unexpected searchings. Ever-active drumming of Bob Moses and the guitars of Pat Metheny--young, brash, blues-based--and Nick Goodrick--matured, fluid, subdued--created a tapestry of sound that was poignantly serene and peaceful, yet soaringly beautiful and exhilarating.

Burton spends a lot of his time in Europe and is even on a European record label, ECM, so an appearance in the States is a rare treat, one memorable for both the supreme musicianship and the almost communal feeling his music evokes.

DON MOYE  
Pomona College  
Claremont, California

By MICHAEL DAVIS

Chicago's fans of great black music will be receiving a bounty from their local musicians this month in the form of a series of concerts at the University of Chicago, commemorating the tenth anniversary of the formation of The Association For The Advancement Of Creative Musicians. Lucky them, for the collective has produced many giants of contemporary improvisational music, including Muhal Richard Abrams, Anthony Braxton, Leroy Jenkins, and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Those of us in other parts of the country will have to be content with occasional dates that can be set up, like the solo percussion concert Don Moye, drummer of the Art Ensemble, gave here recently.

Moye's concept of percussion is at once basic and all-embracing. The amount of equipment he has is amazing--drum kit, conga drums, tympani, bells, horns, and whistles, as well as brake drums and a "hubaphone" made from hub caps supported by string--and it is set up at five positions so that specific compositions may be played at each position. The use of "found" instruments is in keeping with the idea that music should not be separated from daily life and that any sound-producing device can be considered a potential musical instrument; I'd rather listen to Moye play hub caps than hear damn near any rock drummer take a solo.

Theatre is also a part of great black music, especially as practiced by the members of the Art Ensemble, and it was Moye's theatrical capabilities as well as his musical ones that kept the audiences' eyes on him all afternoon. Entering from the rear of the small auditorium wearing African facial make-up and beating on a small drum while blowing a whistle, he walked up and down the aisles gaining everyone's attention before approaching the stage.

Onstage, he was even more fascinating, striking a series of bells, listening momentarily to the resonances, then moving on to a gong or whistle. He augmented complex polyrhythms on bells and conga drums with vocal cries or horn blasts; recited Joseph Jarman's "Odwala"; then finished up the concert with incredible sonic excursions on drum kit and gongs.

After the performance, Moye told me his purpose of doing solo gigs was, "just trying to project the drums and percussion as a solo instrument like piano or bass, or anything else. When people think of drums, they just think of a long solo with loud cymbal crashes and rolls; there's a lot more to it than that." Those of us who have heard him would have to agree.

# Average White Band



## Put It Where You Want It

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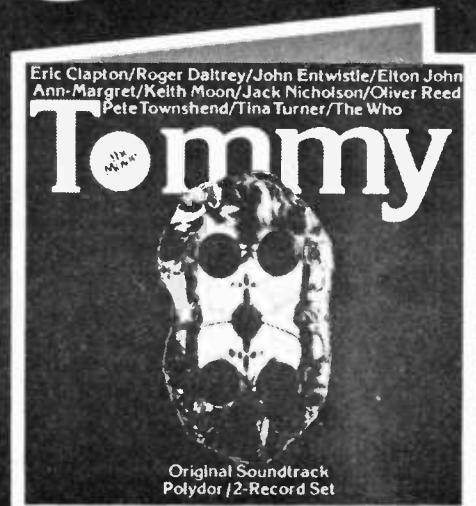
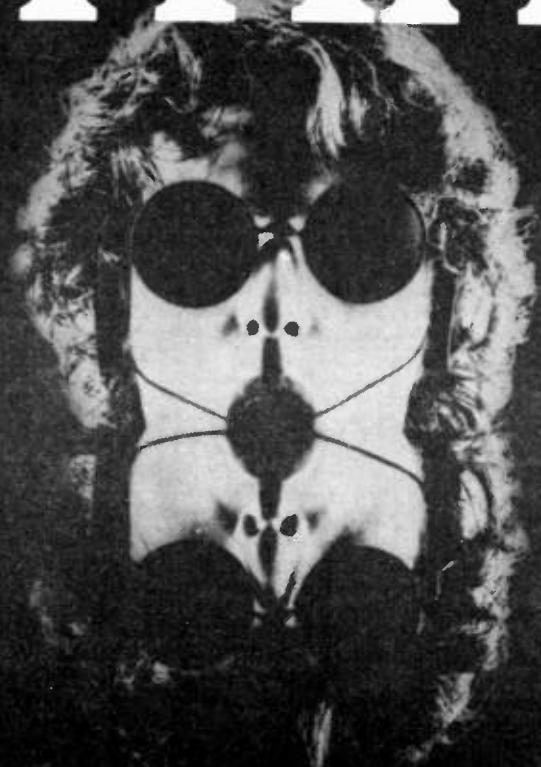
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Original Soundtrack Recording on Polydor Records and Tapes

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Movie

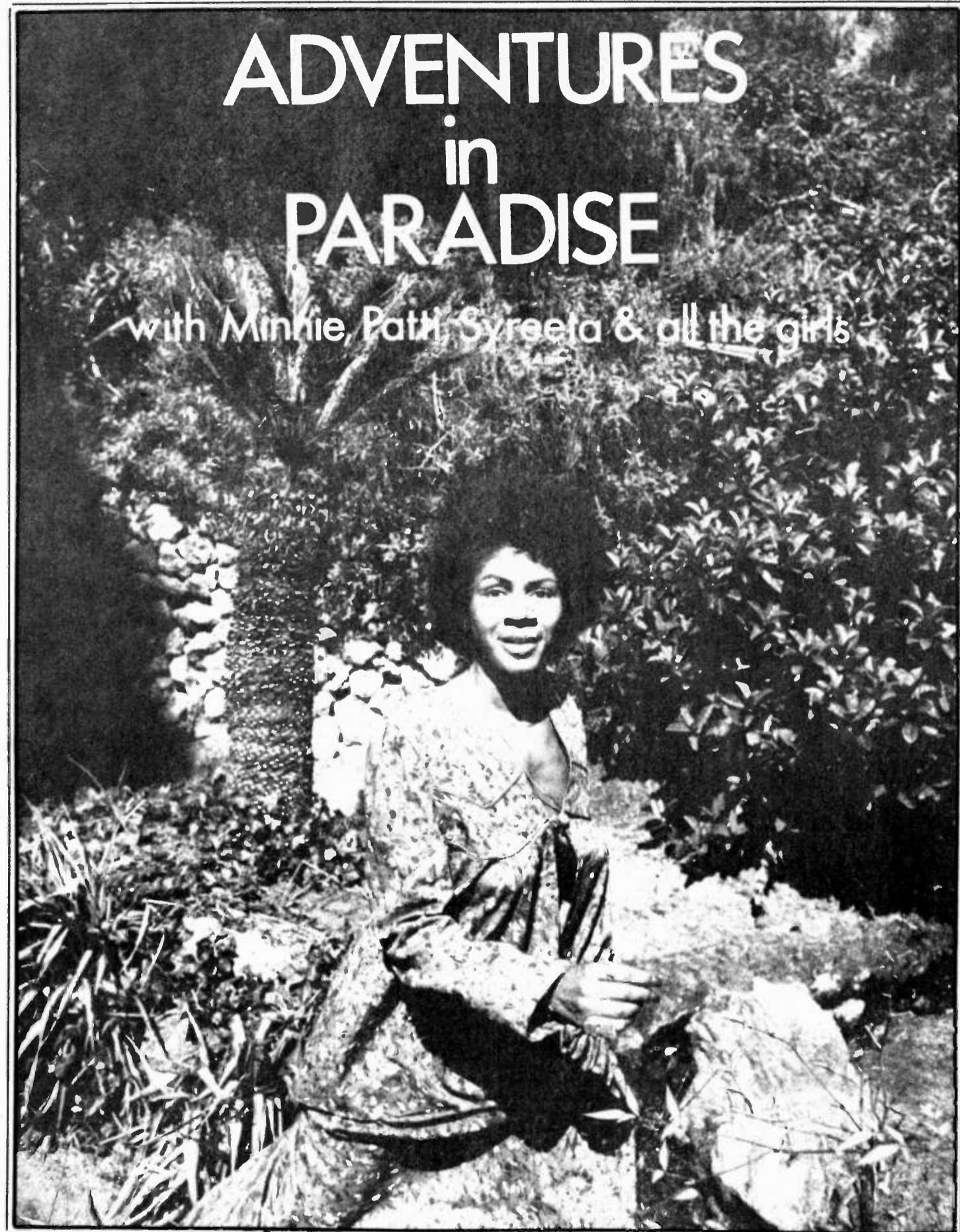


Original Soundtrack  
Polydor /2-Record Set

Your senses will never  
be the same.



2-Record Set



by George Wannamaker

With the arrival of the Beatles and the emergence of the heavy metal sound in the late 60's, Black popular music (R&B, soul or whatever you want to call it) seemed artistically out of tune with the flow of the times.

Enter Rotary Connection, a racial conglomerate of musicians whose primary objective was "to have fun and do some different things." The group's sound was characterized most by its female lead, a deceptively beautiful Black songstress who had a lot of listeners wondering what instrument was producing those high synthesizer effects.

The synthesizer was Minnie Riperton, then a 19 year-old veteran of the recording business rat race.

At 26 Minnie is currently one of the hottest female acts in the business and defies being pigeon-holed into some neat, cut-and-dried category. Her appeal dissects the invisible barriers that prevent so many serious and not-so-serious listeners of pop music from picking up on the best of what's being offered today.

Minnie has what I believe to be the most flexible voice ever to be commercially successful, coupled with musical settings and lyrics that are as refreshing as they are beautiful.

After 12 years in the record business, she is riding high on the charts with her first album and single for Epic records. But more important than that,

she's got her head together artistically and personally.

Her new album, *Adventures in Paradise*, reflects her (and husband/co-writer Richard Rudolph's) long sought after peace of mind. The theme of the album is love in its various combinations and manifestations. It derives in part from the title cut, "Adventures in Paradise" and its opening line, "I believe any dream I want to." Other highlights of the album include "Simple Things" with its snappy, mock-reggae beat; the very short but direct downtempo "Minnie's Lament"; the sorrowful "Alone in Brewster Bay" about a love gone wrong and the pursuant loneliness.



# "Someone is always saying, 'Give me, give me,' and pretty soon there's nothing left."

Personal favorites include the lighthearted take-off of *The Graduate*, "Love and Its Glory," and the extended, directly sexual, "Inside My Love," done in the style of the new disco frankness, about the yearnings of two lonely people who have not yet become lovers.

Women have always had a dominant place in record sales, but until recently few signed lucrative contracts which assured extensive artistic control.

Black women especially were locked into categories. With today's explosion of popular female singers, a number of Black women are not only "taming" the music business but breaking down those invisible barriers in audience's minds.

Minnie's style, like that of Roberta Flack, Phoebe Snow, Syreeta Wright and Labelle among others, represents a departure from the traditional mold Black singers have been compressed into.

For Minnie, artistic and commercial viability involved more than a decade of struggle and also, as Syreeta puts it, "never losin' sight of where you're coming from."

Born and raised on Chicago's south side, Minnie studied opera as a child, became involved in the "do-wop" music of the late 50's and early 60's while also mastering sight singing and sight reading. She also began developing a vocal range that now easily spans five and a half octaves.

By the time she was 14 signed her first contract with Chess records. The relationship lasted eight years and proved to be an enlightening though sometimes frustrating one. "There were a lot of hassles over image—they had me change my name once—and money."

The formation of Rotary Connection in 1966 was ahead of its time musically, but more important than that, ahead of its record company. "Our first album, *Rotary Connection Songs*, did well, but we never received the right support from Chess. After three

and a half years and six albums the group disbanded because we just weren't getting anywhere."

Minnie married Dick Rudolph in 1971 and left Chicago and the record business for a couple of years. They travelled down the east coast in a van, sporadically attempting to negotiate a contract with various record companies, finally settling in Florida for a combination vacation/get your head together session.

Minnie recalls it was during this period that she and Dick wrote most of the material that appeared on *Perfect Angel*. Not actively seeking another contract, they cooled it in Florida while Epic publicist Steve Slotzman was trying to find out where she was. Minnie says "Steve was talking with a friend about me, but Slotzman said he was only interested in this 'chick' that he'd been trying to find for three years. When Slotzman mentioned that the girl he was talking about used to be the lead in *Rotary Connection* they both knew they were talking about the same person—me."

Minnie signed with Epic during the first part of 1973 and began looking for a producer for her next album. She had recorded her first solo album, *Come to My Garden*, for Chess a few years earlier.

She'd met Stevie Wonder in 1971 at a Black Expo in Chicago and he'd been really impressed by her music. They didn't see each other again until a friend re-introduced them after she moved to Los Angeles two years later. They agreed to meet at the Record Plant Recording Studios in L.A. and that same day they were working together.

"Steve wrote two songs for *Perfect Angel*, the title song and "Take a Little Through Your Mind" and was instrumental in putting the album together."

After a slow start the album became a smash and Minnie now plays most of the big concert and television dates while continually writing and re-writing material. "I don't write about sadness. I

don't have anything against the blues but I don't want to hear about lost loves and broken hearts," she explains.

Even when she sings a song in a minor key the words always convey a positive message (check out "Every Time He Comes Around").

I asked Syreeta Wright, who is working on a soon-to-be-released album with ex-husband Stevie Wonder, about the message and the music matching. "When I write, I think about the best product. You know, there's got to be a good marriage between the music and the lyrics. If Steve and I are writing a tune and say he doesn't like the words I've written then I'll give them back to him and say you do it—which he generally does," Syreeta chuckles.

Syreeta's and Minnie's careers have intersected because of their close association with Stevie. Minnie and Syreeta can be heard on each others latest albums as well as Stevie's, who produced all three.

Talking about the current popularity of female vocalists, Syreeta says that the trend is part of a cycle because 20 years ago Black jazz singers were very popular and now Black women who sing pop music are crossing all the musical lines.

Syreeta, a native of Braddock, Pennsylvania, enjoys doing background vocals whenever she can because "that's how you get a picture of the whole tune." Minnie is also a veteran session artist (remember the sexy female lead on "If I Ever Lose This Heaven" on the Quincy Jones *Body Heat* album).

After working her way up from a secretarial position at Motown, Syreeta says that it's easier for her to get artistic control because she knows Steve and everybody at Motown and can say whatever is on her mind.

Labelle, one of the few female groups to make the transition from traditional R&B to hip message rock, are also riding high on the charts.



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Labelle, one of the few female groups to make the transition from traditional R&B to hip message rock, are also riding high on the charts.

Labelle's primary songwriter, Nona Hendryx, says women are more in tune to the writing, glamour and visual side of performing. Anyone who's ever seen Labelle perform realizes that the visual aspect is a good part of their image, but the major impact is the message in their music.

The transition from Patti Labelle and the Bluebelles ("I Sold My Heart to the Junkman") to Labelle ("Lady Marmalade") chronicles a well-known story in rock. The American group goes to Europe, in this case London, to get something going, becomes involved in the musical underground (Elton John was their pianist for awhile) and returns to the States to make it big.

For Labelle, the real renaissance didn't take place until some well-publicized concerts at Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, even though they didn't have a hit record at the time. By that time Sara Dash, Patti and Nona were into the space-suit looking, feathered outfits that matched the hard rock, strongly message-oriented music they're into now.

However, Nona says she doesn't want people to think that "voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir?" (do you want to sleep with me tonight) is where we're coming from. She explains "Lady M" and "You Turn Me On" are the only tunes in our repertoire that don't deal with social or political issues."

For Nona, if the music is cool and if the song happens to convey a hip message, then that's okay.

But unlike Syreeta, and to some extent Minnie, if the message overpowers the musical medium then that's alright, and if the music is the dominant force, then that's alright too. "We're not trying to go into the studio to project some preconceived idea, not to say that Syreeta and Minnie are either."

Although Labelle can be produced by any number of qualified musicians—they had tried to get Stevie, Paul White of Earth Wind & Fire and Larry "Graham Central Station" before getting Allen Toussaint to produce *Nightbirds*—their identity always remains intact no matter who the producer is.

Syreeta has questioned and thought about individuality. "Although Steve can write for Chaka Khan or Minnie, people are going to be reminded of him because he writes for his sound and it comes through no matter who the singer is."

"But when a singer goes into the studio she can't sing it the way he thinks she should because it's got to be done the way the artist feels it."

"I do plan to associate professionally with other writers although my next album will be produced by Steve, mainly because of personal ties. I mean we're still friends. We both would like my acceptance into the public eye to come from each other. Then I can go from there with my own writing and being associated with other writers," she says.

When they're home, Minnie and Dick set aside a part of each day, usually when their two small children are playing, to compose. "Like Steve, we're

always writing in our heads. We work on things from the past, bring in new things, but I can't say there's been any dominant influence on our writing or my performance on records," Minnie says. "I never wanted to be or sing like anybody."

Neither Minnie, Syreeta, or Nona think of themselves as R&B singers. Minnie says she's into a universal sound and tries to appeal to everybody. Syreeta says, "I want to sing it all. I don't want to be a typical any kind of singer," while Nona related the fact that Labelle had a lot of problems with record companies because they wanted them to be the typical girl group. "They just weren't ready for the change."

I asked Nona and Syreeta about their impressions of the woman's movement. Syreeta says she doesn't think about it that much because she

doesn't have anything to be liberated from. Nona says "the movement is good when it's a push for women to have equal rights, but it's bad when certain women only use the organizations to meet other women for sexual reasons."

The future for all three looks bright. Syreeta has a premonition that her third album will be a financial as well as an artistic success.

According to Nona, Labelle feels no real pressure to duplicate the success of *Nightbirds*. "A night bird is someone who lives for the moment and who also has a huge talent which is consumed because someone is always saying 'give me, give me, give me,' and pretty soon there's nothing left. If you give into the pressure of having to be constantly on the charts then you might end up being a Nightbird, you know what I mean," she smiled.

Minnie has already produced an album that should prove to be as commercially successful as her last. Perhaps the best way to describe her and Dick's attitude about the "Nightbird" concept comes from the lyrics of "Reasons," a song they wrote together.

*The reasons for my life are buried in deep places  
These words will waken them, these seeds that I  
have sown  
Winging against the madness to crash against  
the cold  
The reasons for my life can not be bought or  
sold.*

# Johnny Bristol is sex on record

## 'Feeling the Magic' a new album from Johnny Bristol

He makes you feel the way you want to feel.

The feeling is in his music. It's in his words. It's in the way he sings. And the way he moves.

On his new album, Johnny takes you places. He makes you feel 'bad' when you're tired of being too 'good.' Gets you up to where you can really get down.

'Feeling the Magic' puts Johnny Bristol next to you.

After that you're on your own.

## Feel It Tonight.



Features the hit single:  
'Leave My World'

On MGM Records & Tapes.



# SOUL & JAZZ REVIEW



•The Undisputed Truth—sure, who's gonna argue with them?

**COSMIC TRUTH**  
Undisputed Truth  
*Gordy G06-387S1*

By TOM NOLAN

Norman Whitfield's done it again, this time with the Undisputed Truth. "Earthquake Shake" begins it, drenched in Sensurround; a hit single, and not even typical of the album (but then, that's not surprising for a Motown move). Here is a *genuinely entertaining* album of synthesized soul whose pretension manages to remain unpretentious. Somewhere between Hot Chocolate and the latter Temptations. My personal favorite of the moment is Neil Young's "Down By the River," which also seems to be in Sensurround. (In all fairness, it might be my turntable.) Bird sounds! Not since "Walking in the Sand." (Remember?) "Oh wow," someone says; it could be a pedestrian outside your window. On an acid trip. I don't know, I just like the idea of a spacey-motown leaned-back version of a spacey buffalo laid-back classic. Must be heard to be believed. (Must be hard to believe.) Culture shock therapy, and it's my pleasure.

"UFO'S" (sic) is of course the Temps hit, redone to a faretheewell. ("Faretheewell" scream the abducted children to their earthshackled families. No, that was Alice Cooper's album.) "Lil' Red Ridin' Hood" is not, as the title suggests, about a young Malcolm X perched on the bonnet of a fast street machine, but instead is a kind of pasteurized Last Poets comeon/threat that balances that thin (nigh invisible!) line between sexual chauvinism and sexual opportunism. "Squeeze Me, Tease Me" speaks for itself.

"Spaced Out" is not what you might expect; it does not extend the UFO theme, neither does it introduce a drug motif; instead it describes some sort of necrophiliac sexual adventure: "One shot of your love—I'm inbetween the living and the dead." Hmmm; that hadn't occurred to me. It's no surprise that the followup is "Got to Get My Hands on Some Lovin'." Which track speaketh for

itself. "1990" — well, Norman Whitfield's done it again, this time with another Temptations favorite; it's wonderful, a Jerry Ford-era update of a Nixon-era indictment. "In spite of all your troubles and woes, in my eyes you're still the greatest country of them all." Here, hear! But why is it called "1990"?

**SATORI**  
Lee Konitz  
*Milestone M 9060*

By COLMAN ANDREWS

*Satori* is a beautiful, stirring, intelligent jazz album—certainly the best small band jazz LP of the year so far—and is doubly precious because it features two incredible musicians who are far too seldom heard these days. One, of course, is Lee Konitz, and the other is the Algerian-born French pianist Martial Solal.

Konitz was always something of a maverick of the alto saxophone. He never gained a large following simply because he seldom recorded or appeared in conventional jazz clubs. His best playing, with pianist Lennie Tristano, was, as they say, ahead of its time; it was called too intellectual and not musical enough (Tristano and Konitz were among the first to improvise jazz outside of accepted chord structures).

He has always had a unique alto sound, and it is as good here as it has ever been—deep and rich, inflected sometimes like a tenor, ever so slightly off-key. He has obviously listened closely to Ornette Coleman—he even quotes from "European Echoes" on "Sometime Ago"—and has added a note of urgency sweetness to his playing that seems to derive from Coleman—notwithstanding the fact, of course, that he had a well-developed avant-garde saxophone style in the days when Coleman was still playing R&B in Texas. Konitz' rhythmic sense, too, is one of the most subtly imaginative in the business. He is a slave to no rhythm section.

Martial Solal, like most middle-generation European keyboard players (Michel Legrand, Bernard Pfeiffer) plays clearly and briskly and with all ten fingers. There are moments when he recalls Oscar Peterson and moments when he recalls Bill Evans, but he has his own distinctive style, wonderfully inventive, and he is brave enough to break up the time line in the most uncommonly effective ways. He is particularly impressive on "Green Dolphin Street" (a longtime Solal favorite) and on "Satori," whereon he takes part in an incredible piano/electric piano duet with the album's producer, Dick Katz, on the latter instrument. Throughout, he is a perfect match for Konitz.

The bassist is Dave Holland, customarily fluid and sensible, and especially sensitive on his solo on "Free Blues." Jack de Johnette is the drummer, and he is restrained but absolutely precise throughout.



**NO MYSTERY**  
Return to Forever, featuring Chick Corea  
*Polydor PD 6512*

By FRED TRIETSCH

For all the tight ensemble playing of

Return to Forever and the obvious musical harmony among its members, this is the first time that two consecutive albums have featured the same band members. The constant through their recordings and marvelous live concerts, has been the dual leadership of Stanley Clarke and Chick Corea. These two have led the group, formulated the high-minded artistic concepts they operate under, and guided the Return to Forever sound from a traditional jazz base through the stunning incandescence of the creation of their jazz-rock approach to *Hymn of the Seventh Galaxy* to a mature concentration on composition and execution more than emotionalism and virtuosity.

*No Mystery* isn't so much another step forward for the group as a summation of where Return to Forever has been—a compilation of a variety of styles and themes familiar to the band, those that have characterized their development through the years. Side one shows the most accessible side of the group, as the rhythmic overtones come to the foreground and the melody lines are accentuated. Each number is relatively short with a punchy up-tempo beat that won't let go. The relentlessly funky "Dayride," written by Clarke, could easily become a disco hit—it's tight and succinct without letting up on the quality of the performance. The rest of the side emphasizes the rock side of jazz-rock, all snappy tunes with only Al DiMeola's guitar-accentuated "Flight of the Newborn" breaking the mold and capturing more of the soaring Return to Forever sound than the others.

But side two is the real joy of the album, as acoustic instruments are heavily featured and the music is considerably more mellow than the high-energy of side one. Not that the pieces are by any means limp; rather, they're lush and full the way classical music often can be—with Corea's rolling chords countering Clarke's smooth bass. DiMeola's continental guitar moods and Lenny White's percussive's round out the compositions, especially reminiscent of the early Return to Forever in the festive "Celebration Suite." Here the distinctive Corea sound is at its peak, as he's now mastered the electronics involved in his multiple keyboards and balances that aspect beautifully with his acoustic work.

The side closes with a hint at the *Seventh Galaxy* tune, which has become the Return to Forever theme song. Here it's slightly reworked, but is still true to the original's spirit, and true to the spirit that Return to Forever embodies—one of communication without any sacrifice of artistic expression.

**ILLUSION**



**ILLUSION**  
Isotope  
*Gull GU6-402S1*

By MICHAEL POINT

Isotope's entrance into the general American musical consciousness should go a long way toward preventing the established big names within the somewhat ill-defined boundaries of electrical jazz/rock from sliding by on their reputations. The English quartet's first American album offers up a fully developed musical unit able to match the Coreas, Coryells, and Cobhams on their own ground and yet still be able to maintain a unique group identity through the use of a strongly personalized sound.

# SOUL & JAZZ REVIEWS

Much of Isotope's musical signature comes from the rhythm section of Nigel Morris on drums and Soft Machine ex-Hugh Hopper on bass. Morris is an amazingly agile and accurate percussionist who cruises through the music at a supercharged pace without sacrificing his time-keeping chores or indulging in hyper-tense solos. Hopper was associated with the Soft Machine for ten years or so, the last five as their bassist, and was an integral part of their musical evolution throughout. Many years ago, before moving on to their peculiar blend of subdued exploration, the Softs charted out much of the musical terrain now being stumbled upon by the progressive jazz/rockers. Hopper's fluid bass bounces effortlessly through Isotope's eclectic material and his own compositional talents, (four of the ten tracks on *Illusion* are his), remain consistently interesting and original.

The fact that Isotope is a quartet, and a very cohesive one, makes the rhythm section's interactions immediately obvious and it is definitely not for the lack of an inventive lead instrument that the Morris/Hopper contributions stand out a little. Guitarist Gary Boyle, a veteran of a couple of Brian Auger bands, is the English candidate for the heavyweight jazz/rock guitarist title with a phenomenal supply of tasty licks on both electric and acoustic guitars. Laurence Scott handles the keyboards in a relatively restrained but highly effective style including some slippery electronics on one of his songs, "Rangoon Creeper."

Boyle manages to hit all sorts of unusual places with his guitar work as he mixes high speed runs, which fortunately do not degenerate into the usual buzzing frenzy, and tightly organized lyrical phrases. "Spanish Sun" which has him double-tracked on acoustic guitar is a gem and his electric work throughout the album, including fine extended solos on "Rangoon Creeper" and Hopper's curious "Sliding Dogs, Lion Sandwich," combines a polished technique with a wealth of creative ideas.

The angular slices of high-energy music Isotope specializes in are well worth hearing and *Illusion* presents them in a fine setting. The group's first album, made with slightly different personnel and available only in the import bins, is a good companion album but it is the next Isotope album that should be looked for since if it continues in the same vein it should create for them a permanent and distinctive niche in the American music scene. As for now, *Illusion* comes across as an excellent introduction for the group and as an entertaining and invigorating piece of vinyl in the process.

**LINGER LANE**  
Bobby Hutcherson  
Blue Note BN-LA369-G

By COLMAN ANDREWS

It's hard to know what to make of Bobby Hutcherson these days. He's probably the most interesting (and certainly the most energetic) vibraphonist around, now that Dave Pike has retrenched, Gary Burton has started running in place, Milt Jackson has settled down comfortably atop his well-earned laurels, and Walt Dickerson has continued to remain in hiding.

But Hutcherson's recent albums have shown no consistency of style, no certainty of vision. "Head On" was daring and brilliant, a very serious and demanding work (on which pianist/arranger/composer Todd Cochran played a large and important part), that invited comparison at some points to the best of contemporary classical chamber music. "Natural Illusions" was flaccid MOR; any competent studio vibist could have played the part. "Cirrus" was a return to Hutcherson's hard-driving, stirring music of the late '60s and early '70s; he played particularly well on it, as did musicians like Harold Land, Woody Shaw, and Bill Henderson.

And now we have "Linger Lane," which falls somewhere between "Natural Illusions" and "Cirrus" in mode; and which also falls

uncomfortably close at times to the collected oeuvre of Martin Denny. Hutcherson plays only marimba on "Lane." It is an exciting sound. In that respect, it's like the harp or the piccolo in jazz: no matter how hard someone swings on these instruments, the music they make never seems to take fire, never seems to transcend the limitations of timbre imposed by the instrument itself.

Beyond this, the material on *Lane* is lackluster stuff like "The Theme from M\*A\*S\*H" or like a glorified background riff called "BTU" (written by Hutcherson). Hutcherson plays hard and fast, and occasionally with some wit and wisdom, but even his own melodic contributions are not particularly strong. And powerful complementary soloists (a Woody Shaw, a Todd Cochran, a Harold Land) are nowhere to be heard. The tight, mechanical rhythm section, including the likes of Chuck Rainey and Bobbye Hall, is accurate to a fault, and the album's one potentially interesting soloist other than Hutcherson, Ernie Watts, is given very little chance to blow.

If his on-again, off-again pattern in the past few years holds true, one can only hope that Hutcherson is merely, here, resting up for his next, far better LP.

**COINCIDE**  
Dewey Redman  
Impulse ASD-9300

By MICHAEL DAVIS

At this point in time, Dewey Redman is thought of primarily as a sideman but his tenor saxophone statements, as integrated into the quartets of Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett, have enhanced the richness of those bands to the degree that many people are beginning to become interested in Dewey's own music. *Coincide* is a perfect place to start, for with this album, Redman's vision has reached maturity; from now on in, we are going to have to deal with him as a strong new leader.

One of the most striking features of *Coincide* is its diversity of stylistic approaches and the clarity with which each one is expressed. This does not result in a muddled "something for everyone" feeling as is often the case but instead, frees Redman from the straitjacket of having to project a singular, limiting image. On his last LP, *The Ear of the Beholder*, he included a 12-bar blues and an Oriental-sounding piece and this time around, there's even more variety.

Four of the seven tracks feature Dewey on tenor, three of them in a trio setting with Sirone on bass and Eddie Moore on drums. "Joie de Vivre" and "Funcitydues" are placed back to back in a study of contrasts; the warm, intimate tone of the former gives way to the hoarse, roaring through the horn that is Redman's trademark in the latter. A lengthy, post-Rollins vein is explored effectively on "Qow," making one marvel at Dewey's constant inventiveness as well as wishing that Sonny had a rhythm section this flexible these days.

In none of these three cuts does the trio format seem inadequate, yet the addition of violinist Leroy Jenkins and trumpet player Ted Daniel on the frenetic "Seeds and Deeds" results not in clutter but in beautifully controlled spontaneity. The same is true of the spaced out "Sonnifacient," where Jenkins blends remarkably well with Redman's clarinet and Sirone's bass.

Dewey plays zither on the other two numbers, "Phadan-Sers" and "Meditation Submission Purification," neither of which sound very much like conventional (or unconventional, for that matter) jazz. The textures achieved remind me more of the work of contemporary composer George Crumb than they do of anything else but the density and interplay of elements definitely come out of black music traditions.

On *Coincide*, Redman serves notice that he can play any kind of music and play it well. If he continues to create music of this quality and play it well, if he continues to create music of this quality and this diversity with his own band, he may soon eclipse his achievements with Coleman and Jarrett, if he hasn't already.

ANTHONY BRAXTON NEW YORK, FALL 1974



NEW YORK, FALL 1974  
Anthony Braxton  
Arista AL 4032

By COLMAN ANDREWS

It used to be fashionable to say of reedman Anthony Braxton that his ideas outdistanced his technique, that his undeniably vivid musical imagination conceived of art which his physical faculties as a player couldn't manage. That criticism is patently no longer valid—if indeed it ever was. The proof is *New York, Fall 1974*—the first original jazz release on Arista. Braxton plays on this album with incredible confidence, with the air of a man who knows that he is right. His embouchure is clearly more, shall we say, *conventional* than it used to be, and his occasional rough edges sound indisputably deliberate—conscious tonal tricks, that is, and not bad fortune made to sound adventuresome.

The first side features a quartet, with Braxton on various reed instruments, Kenny Wheeler on trumpet and fluegelhorn, Dave Holland on bass, and Jerome Cooper (Canada's latest gift to the New Music) on drums.

All the cuts are named with obscure configurations of symbology, which conventional typography cannot reproduce here. Cut one, side one, opens with a fast, neo-bop theme. Braxton, on alto, plays what I think is his best solo on this record, lightning-paced and eloquent, with a most attractive jagged edge of sound. I would confidentially use this solo to illustrate my contention that Braxton is one of the two or three most *original* reedmen in jazz today—a man who will likely prove to be as influential to still younger players as Dolphy, Ayler, and Shepp did to him and his generation.

Saved at last from obscurity of small, esoteric record labels, and with his playing technique strong and his imagination as exciting as ever, Anthony Braxton is at last in a position, I think, to make lasting, widely-heard contributions to contemporary music.

**VIBRATIONS**  
Albert Ayler  
Arista AL-1000

By GEORGE WANNAMAKER

To understand this recording you must look back to the times which produced it. The ether of Black nationalism permeated this country and musical expatriots from the European style of music seemed to embody the cry of back to Black roots.

Oddly enough this recording, one of Ayler's best, was made in Copenhagen during the fall of 1964. This is only odd because, thinking back now, Ayler seemed to represent along with Giuseppe Logan, Archie Shepp and others the true straight ahead, no compromise approach to saxophone playing.

This music is extremely approachable if you accept the fact that Ayler didn't evolve out of the traditional jazz process (big bands, stock tunes) like Trane or Rollins, but emerged almost full fledged from the most basic of Black roots.

Ayler's tone was probably the hardest aspect of his early avant-garde approach to tenor sax—especially when you knew that Trane had already completed his tonal experiments by that time and had developed his own reed voice.

But Ayler's probes into other areas of timbre on tenor and alto sax are evident in the African and South American (most notably Gato Barbieri) reed players recording today.

Although a true musical experimenter/reactive faces the fact early that he's going to alienate a number of people, there's always that desire to play one hummable tune every now and then.

"Ghosts" appears twice on this LP and its boppish, folklike line reflect his desire, as he told *Downbeat* in 1966, to play singable melodies. Accompanied by trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Gary Peacock, and the omnipresent Sonny Murray, the tunes on this LP are truly representative of the style that was never fully developed before Ayler's mysterious death in 1970.

Cherry shows his command of linear modality on the title cut and "Mothers." From the ensemble passages, that sometimes sound like hornets in a bee hive, to Peacock's right around the theme bowed solos the whole album exemplifies the best in intuitive outside group improvisations.

Although it turned a lot of people off at the time it was recorded, maybe now those who want to listen might realize that this type of linear approach to group playing was one of the social indicators to much of the jazz and hard-core rock of the early 70's.

**SEPTEMBER ENERGY**  
Centipede  
RCA APL1-0786

By COLMAN ANDREWS

This is an incredibly impressive record on virtually every level. The trouble is, it takes a lot of time (it's a two-disc set) and a lot of effort to listen to. But for the hardy among you, the catholic and the open-minded, I cannot recommend it too highly.

What English rock drummer Robert Wyatt calls "this insane traveling circus known as Centipede" was an English big band/orchestra of 50-plus pieces. Some of those 50-plus players will be extremely familiar to followers of contemporary English jazz and/or experimental pop: the reed section includes Elton Dean, Ian MacDonald, Dudu Pukwana, and Alan Skidmore; Ian Carr and Mongesi Fesa are in the trumpet section; vocalists include Maggie Nichols, Julie (Driscoll) Tippett, Mike Patto, Zoot Money, and Boz (Burrell, Bad Company bassist and formerly with Soft Machine and Alexis Korner). Robert Fripp produced.

Keith and Julie Tippett wrote *September Energy*—a sprawling, rich, extremely powerful, impossibly strong-willed composition that accommodates several dozen musical styles and contents. It is a sort of "concept piece," and as such is staggeringly professional and staggeringly varied.

Among other things, it contains some truly fine jazz and/or rock writing for the human voice (both with words and without)—which is a rare thing these days. (Everybody sings, but how many people really write for singing?) In a heady succession of styles that recall everything from Jackie and Roy to Stockhausen's "Momen," the voices, as reed instruments, as percussion...

The music itself is simply, well, *stirring*. Fifty instruments (three drummers) dance about with such unanimity of purpose, such all-fired power, that it becomes impossible for even the most passive listener to keep still, to stop his feet from tapping and his heart from beating with loud pleasure.

Delicate percussion passages swell to huge, assertive riffs. The entire band plays as one instrument sometimes (with, of course, rich choruses of harmonics). Sometimes, too, the music becomes very tender. The almost coy trumpet line at the end finishes *September Energy* simply, on a note of hope surprised by joy.

## SOUL &amp; JAZZ SINGLES



By VINCE ALETTI

A dull month, so dull in fact that I've come up with only eight prospects for a possible Top 10—excluding such top attractions as Harold Melvin & the Bluenotes' "Bad Luck" and "Blue Eyed Soul" by Carl Douglas ("Kung Fu Fighting"), both long album cuts now available in two-part formats, and Al Green's glowing "L-O-V-E," cut out of my column last month but still a favorite. The remaining Top 8 is top-heavy with soap operatic songs, tales of domestic drama that I seem to have a desperate weakness for.

1. "How's Your Wife (And My Child)" by the Ebony Rhythm Funk Campaign (huh?) (Innovation II 9159) begins like this: "Hey!... What's happenin'?... Well, I'm gettin' along all right... I just returned from a tour, and since I've been away, I hear you married a young lady I used to be involved with... Well, I'd like to talk with you..." all spoken in a soft, tired voice over tick-tock drumming, waves of strings and a kind of ominous swirl of horns which leads into the title question—"How's your wife, and my child?"—and the song itself. The singer is full of questions he can never get enough answers to and the casual tone at the beginning barely hides the pain that rises closer and closer to the surface, trailing off at the end in a sad wail. Whew. Subtly produced and very powerful. (The B side is a perky, not-bad song called "Oh Baby" that's getting some disco play).

2. Barbara Mason's "Shackin' Up" (Buddah 459) is another one of those bitchy women's rap-and-sing records, this one on the theme of living together—"What's wrong with shackin' up?" the chorus asks—and dealing with other people's gossip. I like the image of Bar-



•Barbara Mason

bara Mason going out to hang up her wash and being confronted by whispers and pointed fingers—"I understand that people are people and all that," she says, "but I just wonder why people don't understand that I'm people." Mason sounds great as usual, her rap is tough but sensitive enough, and she hits home a number of times: "Guess it would be all right if we were married and we wasn't in love/Like the girl who lives next door—I feel sorry for her." (Shirley Brown, who produced one of the gems of this genre in last year's "Woman to Woman," has a disappointing follow-up in "It Ain't No Fun" ("being in love all by yourself") (Truth 3223)—her voice is fine but the rap lacks bite and the lyrics are even more bland.

3. Angelo Bond's "Reach for the Moon (Poor People)" (ABC 12077) is my pet single this month and one of the most uplifting songs I've heard in some time. The message, delivered by a mother in Detroit's ghetto to her ten children: "Reach for the moon/You may land among the stars/But you're going to make it/I know that you are." Bond, who co-produced the record with McKinley

Jackson, sings in a gospel-flavored falsetto, sounding both anguished and joyous relating the realities and hopes of his family. This one could disappear very quickly—so far no one's paying it much attention—but it's worth searching for.

4. Satyr's "Free and Easy" (RCA 10226) is not so much optimistic as daydreamy: "It came to me on a cold winter's night," these guys sing; "Some people were living where the sun shines bright." Conclusion: "I Wanna start livin' free and easy." Who doesn't? Unencumbered by any thought more profound, the song soars off into one of the most delightful, airy disco numbers so far this year and on that level, I like it just fine.

5. "Helplessly" by Moment of Truth (Roulette 7164) has a similar feeling—it carries you off and sets you spinning—but the theme is back-to-basics: helplessly in love. The "disco mix" (along with "disco version," two words that are cropping up more and more on new 45's) is 5:10 long with a nice instrumental break toward the end and a girl chorus floating in here and there to sing the title behind the unusual deep-throaty tenor lead.



•Al Green

6. Another discotheque must is Betty Wright's knockout "Where Is the Love"

(Alston 3713) which sizzles from the first note and doesn't let up for a minute. Betty's anxious to collect on past promises from her man and her "Where is the love" is more of a demand for services due than a question. Wright snaps out her lines, the production—much hotter than most Miami Sound jobs I've ever heard—crackles, especially the horn parts, and the whole thing clicks the first time you hear it. Wright's best so far.

7. Eliose Laws' "Touch Me" (Invictus 1277) is sweeter than Betty Wright's song but just as raunchy and demanding in its own way. Production is by Brian Holland with Barry White overtones but Laws sings with more guts and punch than any of White's Love Unlimited girls. She also leaves little doubt about what she wants from her man: "Do me up, do me down," she screams, "When you get tired, turn me around." Well.

8. "Crystal World" by Crystal Glass (Polydor 15101) is one of those disco instrumentals from Europe that will probably have little appeal outside the clubs but whose odd changes, strong drumming and totally inconsequential lyric content are just what the dancers want. While American disco productions are becoming increasingly predictable and formalized, European product like this provides a taste of the bizarre, if that's where your taste lies.

More raunch: "Miss Fatback" by Saundra Phillips (Brown Dog) is a fat woman's liberation song—"Don't nobody want a bone but a dog," she sings—that gets downright nasty after a little opening rap and ends with her seething, "Eat it hot, eat it cold/Get on down, get up with it." Back to the more conventional love song in Simon Said's "Love Song" (Roulette 7167), a creamy soft girl group sound very derivative of Love Unlimited but better than anything that group's done in a while. A group called Quad has a "Funky Love Song" (Leo Mini 569) which is just that—"full of changes, full of spunk," as the girls sing at the beginning; not especially inventive, but sharp. Fatback Band come back very strong with a long (6:03) dance party number, "(Hey I) Feel Real Good" (Event 224)—a nice match with Liquid Smoke's jumping "Dance, Dance, Dance" (Roulette 7166). Get dancin'.

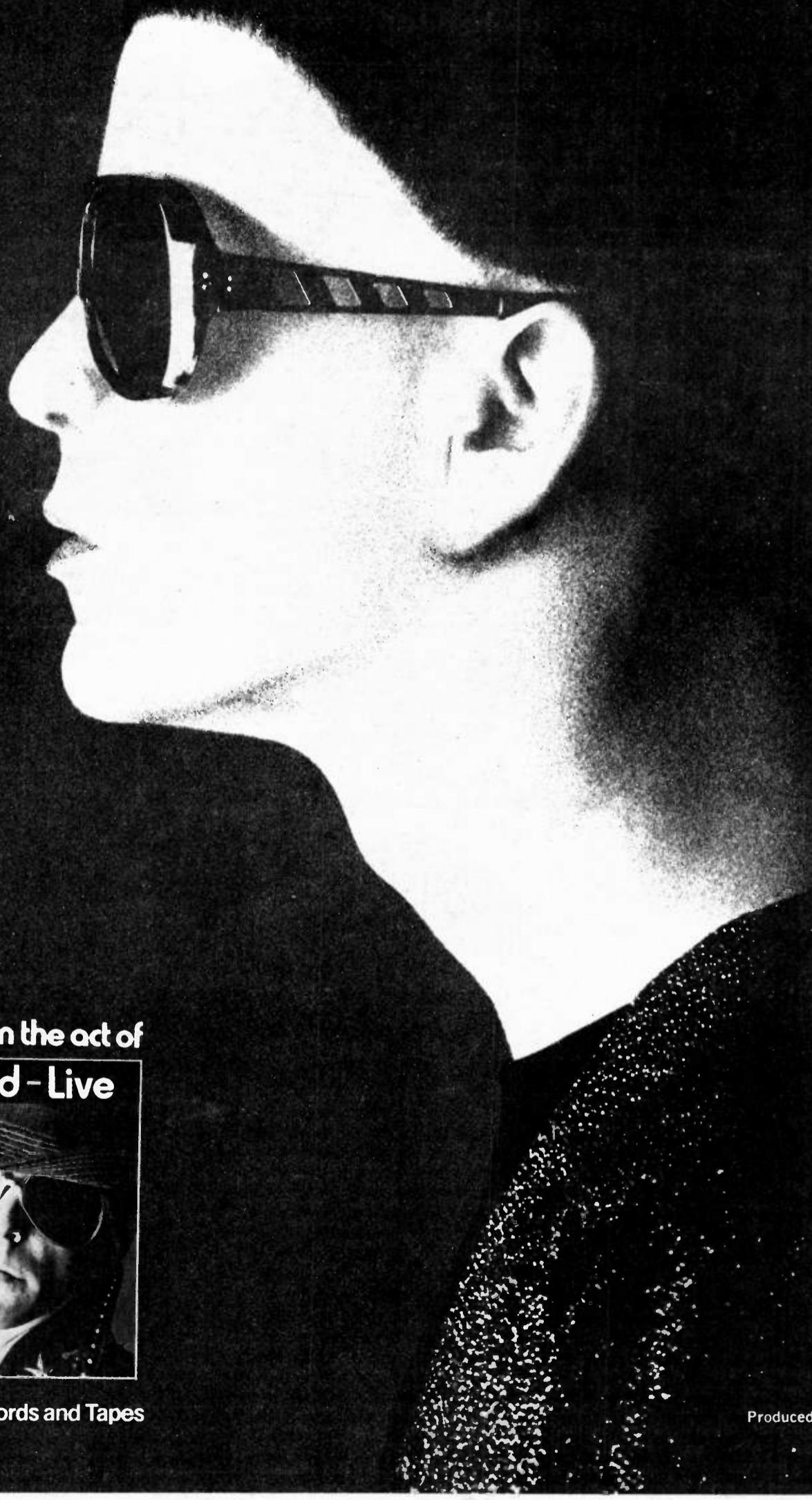


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