

# PHOTOGRAPH

Issue #71

September, 1976

**FREE FROM  
KOME 98.5**

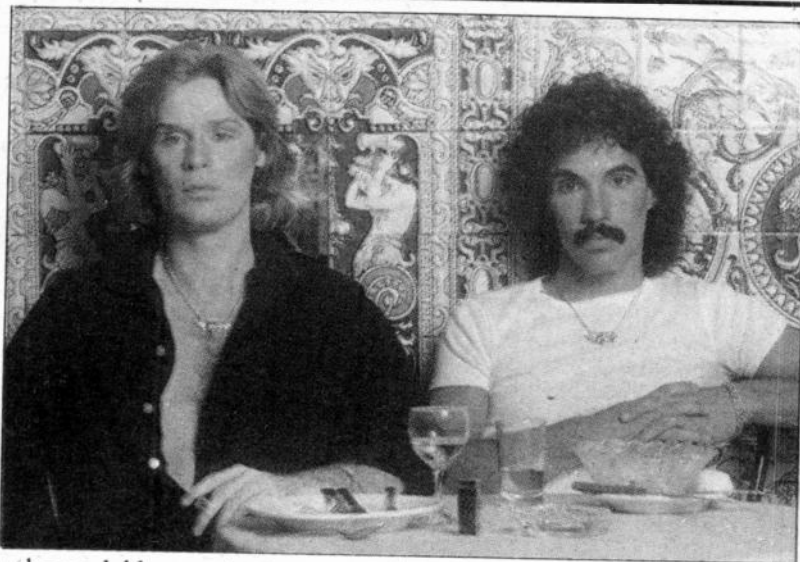
## New York Street Bands: Menace Or Miracle On 57th Street?

By CRAIG GHOLSON

MANHATTAN—How can so much promising material for the annals of musical history crawl out of such a hole-in-the-wall as CB-GB's? On Bowery Street at the dead end of Bleeker, one enters this shotgun bar, and is immediately hit with the aroma of bile.

A yellowed jukebox plays "Little Johnny Jewel" and "I Can't Explain" over and over and over again between sets (and occasionally during sets if no one notices). The plank floor is a jumble of skinny legs and all, which leads to slouching postures Ramoned in leather jackets, curled around bottles of beer, chatting-up chicks.

Nowadays, only commuting college students still speak reverently of Patti Smith, while jaws drop to the floor, drooling at the mere mention of Tom Verlaine. "I think he's



shaped like a giant penis," was one little girl's comment as he walked by one night.

What is this New York decadence all about? From this den of iniquity, will we see the rise of another American City-Rock Culture; one that hangs-tough, vulgar and grows in greater numbers every week? And if it does click, will success spoil the like of Tough

## War In The U.S.A. 1971-1976

By ROBERT DUNCAN

"You see, the world is coming together," War's Papa Dee Allen says emphatically. "It's not a question of black, white, red, or yellow. Nowadays with the media, everybody gets to observe everybody else and take this and that from other people."

As a dramatic part of the media, Popular music specifically reflects the social tide of the present and near future. Perhaps more than any other popular 70's act, War have contributed to the synthesis of many cultures.

(Turn to Pg. 37)

## Hall & Oates: Deco-Disco Spreads Across America

By LITA ELISCU

NEW YORK—"There's one thing I wish everyone would get straight once and for all," Daryl Hall complained firmly. "We're not a Philadelphia session-band that churns out 'product'....We are a real, self-contained unit—and we live every moment of this music."

Hall spoke on the eve of Hall & Oates most exten-

sive national tour, which coincides with the release of their latest and already largest-selling album, *Bigger Than Both Of Us*. With a re-issue of the light R&B-oriented "She's Gone" currently riding high on the charts, the temptation to simply brand the act a product of the "Philly-Punch-a-Hit" disco formula is greater now than ever.

"We do try and please people," Hall allowed, "But there is a conflict in doing that and what's important to us."

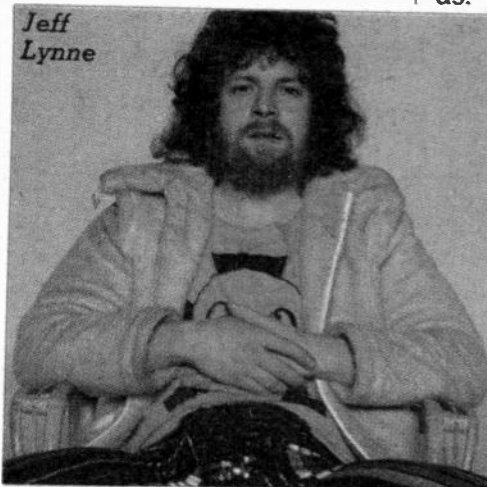
(Turn to Pg. 13)

## The Future Of Electric Light Orchestra

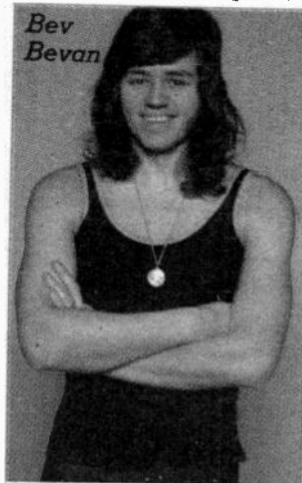
By MICHAEL BARACKMAN

OAKLAND—Onstage for an afternoon soundcheck at one of the early stops of the Electric Light Orchestra's current 30-city North American tour, Jeff Lynne was hidden behind orange-tinted shades and a mass of frazzled hair.

Lynne, the guitarist/vocalist and mastermind behind one of rock's more advanced concepts—fusing classical and rock elements—looked tired and troubled.



Perhaps he was feeling guilty about all the AM hits ELO has recently achieved.



"Evil Woman," "Strange Magic," and now, "Showdown."

"I'm doing exactly the kind of music I've always wanted to do," Lynne retorted later. "I like shorter songs that keep up an interest. I was cheating myself on the earlier albums. I didn't enjoy all the jamming and long solos at all. I can't listen to that stuff now. I find it boring and pretentious."

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4-8PM•VICTOR BOC  
8PM-1AM•JOE KELLY



JOHNNY ALMOND



DOUG BARE



RONNIE BARRON



F. BYRON CLARK



BUCK CLARKE



MIKE COOLEY



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ALEX DMOCHOWSKI



LARRY GALES



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## NEW YORK STREET BANDS: *The New Bowery Boys*

It's frightening. It's rude. It's cute. It's ugly. And it's very trendy in Manhattan.... The New York Street Bands of 1976 are the latest incarnation of the fabled California 'garage bands' of the early sixties. Only there's no garages here, but there's plenty of back alleys and ten groups populate each and every one. The attritional process has selected New York as the next candidate to fill the void for a solid music/culture trend we can all latch onto. All the elements are here: The clothes, the hair, the...er music, the clubs, the language, the heroes. Heroes for days. These people and places may be strange by Toledo standards, but exponents of this latest fad assure us you're going to learn to love it!

Rockin' all over the Island.

By Craig Gholson.....24

## HALL & OATES DEFY DISCO: *Nothing Competes Like Success*

Daryl Hall and John Oates probably cringe everytime they hear their light R&B-oriented hit, "She's Gone" on the air today—originally released in 1973. The song is enjoyable enough, but it's dated and further pins the former Philadelphia-based duo with that city's computerized disco-image. —"Everybody tells us that," Hall complains. Currently on an extensive national tour, Hall & Oates are intent on proving that their music has substantially more substance.

Get up and boogie.

By Lita Eliscu.....13

## ELO IN THE TOP 40: *The Light At Its Tighest*

Since 1972 Jeff Lynne and The Electric Light Orchestra have maintained a respectable position inside the US LP and singles charts. But it's only in the last eighteen months that the act has started to sell—through to the 'big numbers' via a string of very striking but very commercial hit singles. With all the recent 'singles success', critics and some band members have hence rumbled about 'limitations' and 'formula'—but Lynne, founder and leader of ELO couldn't be more pleased with current events. "I'm doing exactly the kind of music I've always wanted to do", he strongly asserts.

The future of the Electric Light Orchestra.

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## PHILLIES RECORDS '77: *Tomorrow's Hits Today*

Phil Spector's interest in his exalted 'wall of sound' may have crumbled with the passing of the last decade, but his influence and effect on popular music as it exists today, is indelible. Finally America will once more know the reason why Brian Wilson listens to "Be My Baby" on a tape loop 2½ hours in the morning and evening.... The long-awaited documentation of Spector's most strategic Phillies years will be available commercially once more—for the first time in more than ten years. We're talkin' Ronettes, 'talkin' Crystals, Darlene Love, even Ike & Tina, Righteous Bros. and Bob B. Soxx & The Blue Jeans. So, throw-out those Southside Johnny records, you'll never need more than this.

The Spector of the Past.

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## CLIFF RICHARD ROCKETS TO STARDOM: *Elton John Tampers With Destiny*

Back in '64, a reliable music survey revealed that one Cliff Richard was the third largest selling recording act in the world; just behind the Beatles and Rolling Stones. Over the years, Richard prospered, managing the transition from pink-tie and jacketed-crooner to all around contemporary entertainer—but he never made a dent in America. Until now—insert Elton John magic. Signed to Rocket Records, Richard now has his first legit US smash, "Devil Woman". It's all in the game.

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## VALDY

AS MILLIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE YEARN TO RETURN TO A SIMPLER WAY OF LIFE, ONE PERFORMER, VALDY, HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF THAT DREAM.



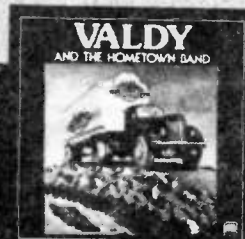
He's called Earth Father. Reviewers refer to him as the Whole Earth Troubadour.

Whatever the labels, Valdy's songs of working the land and returning to a simpler way of life have made him Canada's most popular singer/songwriter.

But Valdy's songs are universal and express much of the feelings of young people everywhere who seek a more natural way of life.

Valdy's new album introduces him to many Americans for the first time and perhaps for the first time it breaks down the categories of "American artist" and "Canadian artist."

For Valdy's voice and music reaches all of us who admire rugged virtue and natural courage.



VALDY "VALDY AND THE HOMETOWN BAND" ON A&M RECORDS AND TAPES



Produced by Claire Lawrence American Representation by Steve Dahl/Stone County



# Performances



## BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND Monmouth Arts Center Red Bank, New Jersey

By Ed Sciaky

After two months off the road, Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band played a six-night hometown stand at the 1500-seat Monmouth Arts Center in tiny Red Bank, New Jersey. With all the shows sold out weeks in advance strictly by word-of-mouth, the feeling of the entire week was markedly different from Springsteen's "homecoming" gig in the same venue last October. That was quite a forced event, staged at the peak of a well-intentioned but largely misunderstood media blitz which culminated with a brilliantly insightful *Time* cover story and a disgracefully shoddy one in *Newsweek*.

With the pressure of having to be "rock and roll future" and "rock's new sensation" all but forgotten (the only reference to the whole business was the new line in "Rosalita" that brought down the house: "I ain't no freak, 'cause I got my picture on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*," Springsteen and his band were on the premises under another premise. There were other problems this time. Prior to the concerts, Springsteen had filed a \$1 million lawsuit against his manager Mike Appel, charging that Appel neglected his financial affairs and requested dissolution of the relationship. In turn, Appel countersued, and is attempting to restrain Springsteen from recording his next album.

Despite all the troubles, the group rollicked, performing a fiercely energetic set to the earliest believers; the kids from the New Jersey shore.

Springsteen's onstage talent has matured strikingly; he is more in control of himself and the band. Springsteen's movement, his acute sense of drama and comedy, have grown in style and confidence. More importantly, the band now seems totally committed to Springsteen's direction, thus enhancing the music's power and spirit.

At Red Bank, there were numerous memorable moments; Springsteen playing out the timeless "Spirit In The Night" to the hilt out in the audience, conducting the group during saxman Clarence Clemons' inspired solo within "Jungleland," and running around like a crazyman on "Rosalita."

Springsteen introduced two songs: "Rendezvous," a straight-ahead rocker that sounds like a hit single, and "Something In The Night," a beautiful story-ballad movingly sung against Roy Bittan's sensitive acoustic piano accompaniment.

The older songs sounded better than ever. "Thunder Road" has emerged as a standout; an absolute showstopper that puts the recorded version to shame. Also, Springsteen's use of the "Miami Horns" (Miami Steve Van Zandt's horn section from buddy Southside Johnny's Asbury Jukes) provided a pleasant surprise. The combination worked especially well on a kick-ass version of "Tenth Avenue Freezeout."

The Red Bank dates served as a warm up for the cutting of Springsteen's next album. When and if that album is recorded, it should be done "live-in-the-studio," for this remains one of the tightest live bands in rock.

Clarence Clemons shakes his various and sundry booties while Springsteen celebrates...



photos by Phil Cecola



## THE CLAPTON GARDEN PARTY Crystal Palace London, England

By Michael Tearson

Well, EC was there all right, even though you had to look hard to see him. Eric Clapton's first concert in over a year, kicked off a British and U.S. tour to accompany the release of his latest album, *No Reason to Cry*. The Garden Party guests provided bewilderingly varied support; from the hot and funky Jess Roden to the superb Irish traditionalists, the Chieftains. The musical diversity, combined with London's first cloudy, drizzly day in weeks, kept the faithful subdued but hungry.

When he finally took the stage, Clapton had with him the same group he has used since 461 *Ocean Boulevard*. This configuration has lasted nearly as long as the pre-Cream unit. For the first two numbers, Clapton merely played rhythm on acoustic guitar, leaving George Terry all the solo room. With "Tell The Truth," he finally strapped on an electric between verses and took an appreciated if tentative couple of leads. Still, Clapton seemed content mainly concentrating on his singing, which remains pleasant.

The concert's highpoint was a blistering, emotional guitar solo on Clapton's blues medley of "Going Down Slow" and "Stormy Monday." However, the emotion and the solo came from Larry Coryell, who'd previously slipped onstage.

Coryell stuck around for the rest of the set, which fittingly climaxed with "Layla." If it wasn't perfect, it at least felt good.

For the encore, Clapton recalled bluesman Freddie King, another supporting act, and the inevitable Ron Wood to join the band on the blues standard, "Further On Up the Road." The jam began tightly, but never really soared.

Naturally, the train back to Victoria Station was jammed with happy kids coming off a really nice time. But the special buzz of an Event just wasn't there—Nice gig, that, good to see Eric again, eh? Know who's on at Dingwalls tonight?



# BONNIE BRAMLETT



## lady's choice

And this time, Bonnie Bramlett, the undisputed Queen of Blue-Eyed Soul, has chosen to sing with Gregg Allman, Dobie Gray, Jimmy Hall, Mickey Thomas, Bobby Whitlock and the Muscle Shoals Horn Section. **Bonnie Bramlett's Lady's Choice.** A wise choice from Capricorn Records and Tapes, Macon, Ga.

**Produced by Johnny Sandlin.**

  
CAPRICORN RECORDS



# VICIOUS DIRT, RUMORS and SCANDALS from



Good morning America! I'm preparing for the eventual close of what has been a thoroughly delightful summer of love and free food. It won't be long now and we'll be saying goodbye to it all, and I'll be thrust into what I intend to make a thoroughly delightful Fall, full of—what else—love and even more free food. For those outside our city limits, you must not believe all you've heard about the lack of seasonal transitions in Hollywood. It's simply not true. Clearly, when the poppy-seed rye-crisp 'n' longhorn cheese *ordurves* give way to the roast beef 'n' mashed potato *buffet*, we've moved into another Fall season in the Southland.

Rodney will not forget the many, many parties and various asundry mania that was the Summer, 1976. One of the season's best was August's ZZ Top party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. There were lots of southern sun-tanned, and when Dusty Hill (do you suppose that's his given name or would somebody actually want to be called that?) announced the "Chow-Down"—a catered food affair with supposed Houston *pastiche*—he had no communication problems here. No matter what you call it, Hollywood knows free food instinctively.

But all the glamour of the hog jowls and navy beans didn't begin to compare with that which followed the next day at the group's Anaheim Stadium concert. It was a David Forest/Fun Productions show, and as is his tradition, David took care of business. *Totally*. In the Hollywood street vernacular, he advised Mr. Forest is extremely "cool." David provided transportation for the Hollywood hot-shot press (a bus, but it had class 'cause David leased it) and once we got there, gobs of diversions. Backstage, we strolled past palm-tree lined lawns, a swimming pool, volleyball court, pinball machines, ping-pong tables, and we were all treated to a never-ending banquet of steaks, ribs, ice cream—on a Texas level mind you. To top it all off, our local late-night Used Car/TV hustler, Cal Worthington exquisitely introduced the ZZ boys on stage. ZZ Top are now my favorite act.

Rodney moves around a lot in L.A. I'm sure I don't have to tell you just how much. I recall a day in August where Rodney set a precedent that should stand for some time: I was in three places at once. I know it's difficult to believe, but when you've got Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods

staging a come-back in Central Hollywood (The Starwood), Todd Rundgren at the Starlite Amphitheatre in Burbank, and a CBS Records convention in Century City all happening simultaneously—well, desperate situations call for desperate actions. It required my presence be at all three, of course. The Heywoods' gig was important because, with their first ever Starwood engagement, they had hoped to demonstrate to record biz skeptics once and for all just how much they've matured—both as boys and musicians. On hand to lend moral support were Rick Springfield, Danny Bonaduce and two of the Hudson Brothers. Truly, it was a Steve Barri Woodstock.

While over at the Century Plaza Hotel for the CBS CONVENTION I ran into some Faces—there was Steve (Such an Ego) Tyler, Joe Perry, Linda Blair (a must for any convention), Liz Derringer, Eliot Murphy, Ron & Russ Mael (seeing them after no short time, it occurred to me that neither of them ever age—we must have the same bloodtype). And there was Barbra Streisand, Carmine Appice, and St. Louis' own Starcastle. There was so much hustling going on that even Rodney couldn't handle it. I left right after dinner.

After his Burbank gig, Todd decided to take a short West Coast vacation before completing his whirlwind western states tour. During the hiatus, Todd's lady, the ever pleasant/present Bebe provided seemingly endless good company and good fun. I was asked up to their roomy hideaway situated in the hills high above the common sleet, and we feasted on organic teriyaki. It was just a primer for the actual "meal" in the grand Rodney tradition (i.e., more than one course and seconds if you ask nice). Bebe is a fantastic gourmet, and our Far Eastern chow-down was certainly a welcome contrast to ZZ's Southern fried glop of the previous week.

Speaking of Oriental clam-bakes, Felix Pappalardi hosted a Japanese luncheon for his band Creation, and Cliff Richard was honored by his record company (Rocket) for finally delivering the American hit he has so desperately sought all his life, "Devil Woman." And God love him, he deserves it. Outdoing myself to pay my share of homage to Mr. Richard, I arose before 1:00 P.M. for the *second* time in one month. This makes both of us nearly famous for yet another spectacular indulgence.

Meanwhile, Cliff is on his way to Russia, where he'll perform in Moscow. While there, he'll record an album of Russian songs—translated into English lyric. Cliff is truly an international star. He's been ever so successful in nearly every country—with the exception of the U.S. and Canada. For example, his #1 records in Bolivia now total two dozen. Miguel Rios only has 21 there!

Also last month, the Ramones finally made it to L.A. They played the Roxy and the Starwood. I taped all 12 Ramones' shows 'cause each time they perform they change their static segue just *that* much, and I want to make sure I have all the versions which no doubt will be bootlegged to death. Listen up girls, the Ramones are real cuties, so prepare for some hard-core idol worship when these guys come to your town. Also prepare for some of that old-fashioned rock star rejection. The Ramones' waiting list is nearly as long as the band's repertoire.



RODNEY: The camera catches Rodney at the dinner table with his latest sweetie Karen Murphy (second from left) and Todd Rundgren and his steady, Bebe... On stage at the Starwood for the Ramones premier L.A. appearance, Rodney welcomes Joey Ramone to the action. At right, the entire Ramone conglomerate hangs-tough with Rodney backstage.



photo by Richard Creamer

photo by Brad Elterman



# CHRISTINE McVIE: The Legendary Christine Perfect Album

SA SD-7522



Before joining Fleetwood Mac, Christine McVie was lead singer for another one of England's finest bands, Chicken Shack. And during that time she recorded a solo album under her maiden name, Christine Perfect. With her on that album were John McVie and Danny Kirwin of Fleetwood, Top Topham of the Yardbirds, Rick Heyward of Savoy Brown, and the entire Chicken Shack line-up. That album became a classic in England although it was never released in this country. It contains Christine's performance of "I'd Rather Go Blind" which helped bring her the #1 Female Singer Award from Melody Maker for two years running—'69 and '70. And the album went on to become a highly prized collector's item, bringing as much as \$50 at auction. Now it has been released in the U.S.

Produced by Mike Vernon and Christine Perfect  
Also, from Fleetwood Mac:



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# KOME Winners

## On Stage With The Tubes



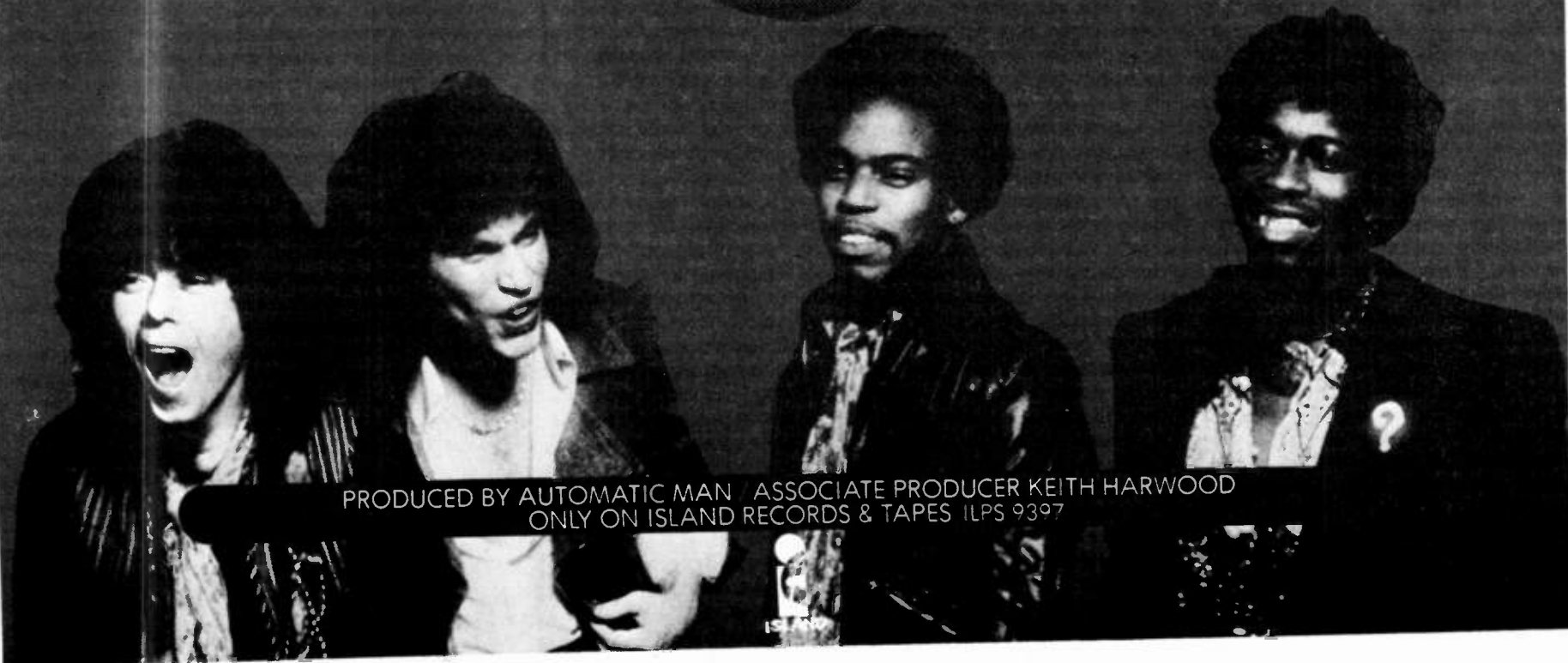
PICTURED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE THOM ALEXANDER AND JANET LLOYD; WINNERS OF KOME'S CONTEST TO JOIN THE TUBES BACKSTAGE. WITH THEM IS FEE WAYBILL OF THE TUBES. THOM AND JANET ALSO APPEARED WITH THE TUBES IN THEIR FINALE AT THE CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS IN SAN JOSE.

# There's more to KOME 98.5



# AUTOMATIC MAN

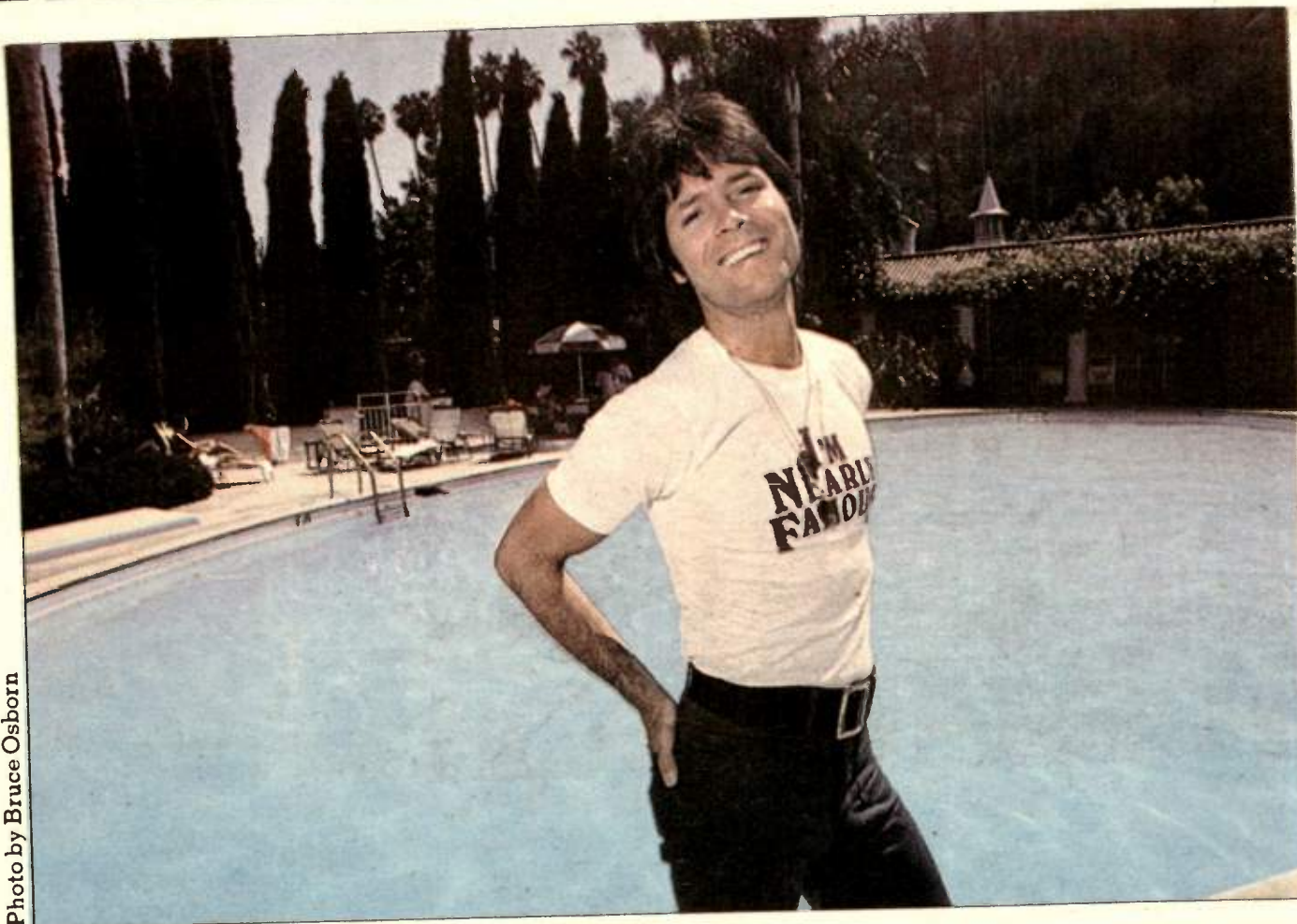
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Photo by Bruce Osborn



# Cliff Richard: Rocket To Stardom

By IAN DOVE

**NEW YORK CITY**—Cliff Richard has had 50 chart hits. He has made nine movies. Cliff Richard has toured the world and had one music-TV series every year for the last five under his very own name.

Your basic, average music fan might be forgiven for not knowing Mr. Richard. But the rock archeologists, particularly those mining the pre-Beatles strata, will have instant recognition. They know Mr. Richard as one of the British Elvis Presleys that popped out of the clone machine over there in the mid 1950s.

Cliff Richard though, unlike the others, survived and prospered (Billy Fury, Marty Wilde, Dickie Pride, the Sheik of Shake, Vince Eager, even alas Screaming Lord Sutch, became mere footnotes as rock's history rolled on in Britain).

But Cliff Richard managed the transition easily from pink sock, pink tie and pink jacket (He recalls, "I was an early outrage.") of that time to the tux 'n' bow tie, mum and dad appeal, with hit records, films and TV following, all allowing him the cachet of all round entertainer.

Never in America though.

He is hanging in though, 18 years after his very first concert appearance, with the likes of Elton John's Rocket Records and an American hit single, "Devil Woman" plus brand new LP, *I'm Nearly Famous*.

That particular title underlines

Mr. Richard's attitude to America in '76.

It's a new attitude. Cliff Richard had, he gingerly recalled, American hit records before. Little hits such as "Livin' Doll," "It's All In The Game" and "Lucky Lips" and all back in the 1960-63 period. He even put on a white sharkskin suit and tailed one of those Dick Clark-type rock caravans that criss crossed the country in those times.

And he made very little impact. Particularly in relation to his genuine superstar status back in his British homeland, where they had stopped calling him a British Elvis and just called him Cliff (a sure sign, then, of making it.)

Admitted Cliff: "This was the time when I very much wanted success in America. Everything was moving very well in Britain in all these different areas—the records, films and television. But nothing over here.

"In 1964, I resigned myself to a non-career in America. They had a survey of world sales and, at that time, I was listed as the third largest selling record artist in the world. Above me were the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

"I thought to myself, well, I don't really need America. So I didn't bother anymore. I said to myself, 'I'm not going to chase it.' If I make a record that someone likes, I'll come over and support it."

There the matter rested, with Cliff Richard insinuating himself into the British music-show

business scene, collecting his usual number of world wide hits every year and managing quite comfortably to stave off the challenge of the rock-revelance brigade.

In July last year Cliff Richard made some tracks that quite excited him and sent them out to

various people to gather impressions. One set reached Rocket Records, new and fledgling but with some heavy support.

Said Richard: "They were enthusiastic and wanted to release the stuff over here in America. I'm still with the EMI company with the rest of the world, Rocket just has me for America and Canada and they had to do some negotiation with EMI to get me cleared.

"I've been through quite a few companies in America in the past and had little success and Rocket seemed to be up and coming and, more importantly, still personally involved with the artists on the label."

"Devil Woman" and *I'm Nearly Famous* are the result of the Richard/Rocket merger and, after 18 years, Cliff Richard is having his "hittish record." He arrived in America in July not to sing but to talk, to go on a nine city, 11 day promotion tour from New York to San Francisco.

At the end of it all he said: "I'd forgotten what the music business here was like, from 1960 to now. I don't remember records being broken, made hits, in certain areas, and by radio. I think the American radio scene is healthier. I know it's harder—all those areas to cover.

"In England if the British Broadcasting Corp. (the BBC or Beep, the national system) play your single, everyone can hear it all at one time, all over the country. But then again, if the BBC doesn't play it, no one hears it!

"Some subsidiary stations, local stations are starting up but it's a small number compared to the 2000 pop stations in the U.S.

[Cont'd. on Pg. 18]

"In 1964, I was the third largest selling record artist in the world... right behind the Beatles and Stones."





# Hall & Oates: Blue-eyed Soul For The Masses

By LITA ELISCU

**NEW YORK**—In this world cluttered with singer-songwriter-performers and other hyphenated musical creations, into this electronic, technologic, upheaving miasma of pure and impure sounds blasting and whistling at us from radio waves bouncing off the ionosphere from CB truckers and Mamas and bored DJ's and even more bored sources, why: here is/are Hall and Oates, who have made a new album, *Bigger Than Both of Us* (RCA) and it is...bigger than all the aforementioned possible reasons for not listening.

Their gifts, writing punchy, sweetly literate lyrics set to amazingly catchy, danceable, hummable tunes, have gained them attention before this. "She's Gone" was recorded by several other performers and their last album, *Daryl Hall and John Oates* (RCA) went gold. But the whole is always greater, etc. and so it is here, the new song, this album, that they really come into their own. The music is much fun to listen to and can stand up to repeated listening. They have succeeded, along with producer Chris Bond, in creating vinyl theater. As their live show has always been good, it seems reasonable to suspect that the blitz-tour planned for this Fall should find Hall and Oates very much on top by the time the tour is really underway.



•Daryl Hall, John Oates

There is something about both of them that sets them apart from other musicians—even most other people. It is their eyes, which look directly at you in conversation and reflect their cogs and wheels turning when they talk. They provide their own electricity.

So here we sit, in a sun-lit Greenwich Village apartment, in a white-walled kitchen. Daryl Hall, blonde and clear blue, sits smoking a cigar and drinking a cup of coffee. John Oates thwacks in a moment later, dark and intense, luminous eyes speaking even when he is silent.

Both Hall and Oates come from Philadelphia, grew up in the studio-factories making the Philly Sound. Since those Cameo Parkway days—Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydell—they have moved to L.A. and then New York. How has this affected them? "Our music has nothing to do with locality, nothing to do with a period of time either," says Daryl, speaking as always clearly, concisely, smoothly, hardly ever having to stop and search for a phrase. "We are working outside all those limits."

John considers, adds his opin-

ion. "We are influenced by where we live. We made a different kind of music in Philadelphia, here in New York. But it is the place, not the music other people might be making there." Daryl nods. "The silver LP (the last one) was made in L.A., but it does not sound like that because the music was written and conceived somewhere else."

Do you like living in New York? "Well, it's as good as any other place in the United States. It's action...you get the probably false feeling you're involved in something that's going on."

How much has the pressure of the business affected the music? John shakes his head. Daryl taps his cigar ash, "Up to *War Babies* (produced by Todd Rundgren) we basically were doing whatever we wanted to, but that was a turning point. The culmination of not paying attention. We realized that it was our pleasure or the commercial field. So our silver album was our first concession to that, to thinking about what people actually expected from us. Trying to channel whatever it is we do...It's really hard for us to control, because we can go in so many directions, because of all the different styles we have gone through over the years."

John has been sitting, watching, listening. "The new album has a harder edge than the silver. It is not as R&B oriented, more white rock." Can they describe it more?

[Cont'd. on Pg. 14]

## Philles Records '77: The Spector Of The Past

By GREG SHAW

**BURBANK, CA.**—For nearly 10 years now, ever since Philles Records closed its doors, the same question has haunted Phil Spector: when would he get around to repackaging all his great classics, by the likes of the Crystals, Ronettes, Darlene Love, and the Righteous Bros.? These records, which established the famous Phil Spector Wall of Sound, came out between 1961 and 1966, and were a seminal influence on the entire world of rock & roll, not to mention studio technique. Still, the years went by and they remained unavailable, except on bootlegged singles. The handful of albums on Philles were changing hands at prices up to \$100 (for the rare stereo pressing of the Ronettes) and rumors of unreleased masterpieces were passed around so persistently they took on the stature of legends.

Two years ago, when Spector joined with Warner Bros. in launching the Warner-Spector label, expectations ran high. But



all he released were a few disappointingly dirge-like new recordings by Cher, Dion and Nilsson, and a number of non-Spector master leases, mostly disco. In England, however, through a completely separate deal with Polydor, he was more adventurous. The Phil Spector International label put out new, promising records by Jerri Bo Keno (supposedly Phil's new Darlene Love) and previously unissued singles by the Ronettes. Then came a fantastic series of albums, repackaged and annotated versions of the Crystals, Ronettes and Bob B. Soxx LP's, and two collections of rare, unreleased material by the various Philles artists. Though not quite living up to avid expectations, this material was nonetheless scarfed up eagerly by Spector fans wherever import copies of the albums could be found, and anticipation for further excavations is still high.

Now, at long last, Spector has decided to begin allowing some of this magnificent rock history to be

[Cont'd. on Pg. 14]





## Daryl Hall; "The disco-thing is a regression to the old record business"

[cont'd from page 13]

Nope. They smile, shrug.

Since recording the new album, Daryl has produced half of Ruth Copeland's upcoming album—"a personal favor, mostly, for Ruth"—and has produced an album for his bass player, Steve Leeds. The music on his new album, he offers, is already old to him, he is already thinking of new songs.

How do they put the albums together? Daryl says, "I write about 4 times more than John, so mainly we pick the best of what I've got plus the ones that fit best with what John is doing." Writing the music is easy, the hard part is finding lyrical expression, to pull it all together." John smiles broadly, "It is becoming increasingly easier for me to write songs, for some reason."

On this album, the division of creation seems more evenly divided, John singing more lead. The music is fuller, more punch and rhythm without let-up. The fusion of black and white roots is complete, making it come from everywhere at the same time, no one source predominating. It is rich and complex, the production clear and balanced.

How does it work in the studio? "It depends," says Daryl. "Chris, our producer, is very strong-willed. It's constantly back and forth, creative tension. I like it but it is hard. Ideally, he'd like to do it himself, have us just give him the songs and then go in and sing them. John nods, "But we don't let that happen."

"It works out 50-50. Our ideas fused with his modes of production." Daryl likes that phrase. John continues, "He has his own style, definitely. He likes to write everything. The drum part, the bass part, our parts. Need fast readers."

But you do not use your own tour band in the studio?

"No, because Chris...because they don't work the way he does," Daryl hesitates—"They are live-oriented, feel-oriented, they're not readers." After a moment, Daryl talks about the album he has produced for his bass player, and says, "Actually, what I'm doing now is basically what Chris does, but a different method. Instead of writing everything out, we do things one by one, each musician's part, one at a time, instead of the whole rhythm track, say, being added later." Harmony is restored.

They have both been around for some time, especially Daryl, whose background included studio work for Tommy Bell, Gamble and Huff, and the rest. "Yeah, I suppose it was like all the 60's scenes, black sound run by white people, all of us working for the same bosses. I think it is back to the way it was when we started, before the hippie days, the late 50's—I think that was the aberration, the late 60's. Now is the way it always was—big people running little people. It was that way in the 60's too, but it was masked in different ways, to give it an illusion of independence. Especially the disco thing, is a regression to the old record business." It is easy to see that Daryl wanted to be a historian long before his family convinced him to keep on with his music. Asked what he does with spare time, he retorts, "I don't have any spare time. If you asked me what I would do if I had any...I'd be working in Scotland on an archeological expedition. Particularly, I'd be studying methods people used in past times to communicate with the greater universe"...He rushes on, "It's all one to me, making music, history. Music is just a means of expression, and it all ties together. Communication, expansion of thoughts." He does not elaborate further. John volunteers to stop the silence. "Theoretically, I had spare time this summer: I filled it with music. Studying piano theory and composition, learning more instruments...Music is everything."

It's a little like talking to twins. They do not look at each other, yet they seem to have their thoughts in secret communication.

Have they made plans for the new single? "We picked two off the silver album and they both died, just died. Then a radio station picked up on "Sara Smile" saying they were getting a lot of calls on it, so we plan to let the radio and popular taste decide again. We're terrible at it." Daryl smiles. "Sara" is a slow, beautiful tune, written in appreciation of his good friend and wife, and its melody is quite haunting, especially given Daryl's high-register voice.

Was the move from Atlantic, where they recorded their first three albums, to RCA, difficult?

"No. They just didn't know what else to do with us at that point. It was a need for fresh air, really; our contract wasn't up. We all just agreed...Sometimes, that happens. And RCA was just warming up, getting hot—and I think we were instrumental in that turnaround. So we were there at the right time."

What do they do now?

"We start working on the live show for the tour, starting now. Then we tour, first the U.S., then Europe in January. Next year will be very rough, this is it..."

# Philles

[cont'd from page 13]



issued in America. One possible explanation for the delay could be that Spector, still nursing a 10-year grudge against the American record industry, desired to prove himself with new hits before trotting out the old material. But since new hits have not been forthcoming, and he's losing sales to the import stores, Spector is putting out a double album of early tracks, tentatively scheduled for October.

It's a curious package, not equivalent to any of the British Polydor sets, but rather taken from a K-Tel album recently issued in England, *20 World-Wide Hits Produced by Phil Spector*. One-third of the album consists of an uneven sampling of the several dozen pre-Philles records Spector produced in his early days, from "To Know Him is to Love Him" by the Teddy Bears to "Every Breath I Take" by Gene Pitney, also including tracks by the Paris Sisters, Curtis Lee, and "Spanish Harlem" by Ben E. King (which Spector did not produce, though he did play guitar on it).

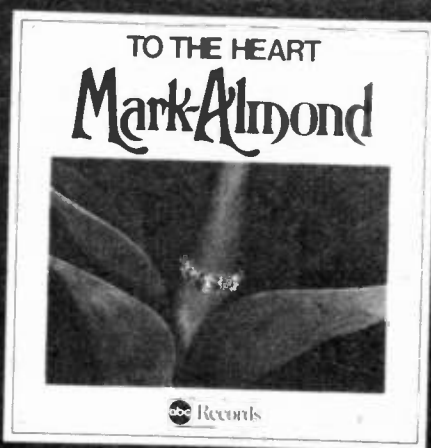
In addition to this rather anomalous selection of errata, there is a skeletal sampling of Spector classics: four by the Crystals, two by Bob B. Soxx & the Blue Jeans, one by Darlene Love, three by the Ronettes, and four by the Righteous Brothers. All are familiar hits, though not (in some cases) the ones you'd expect, leaving plenty of room for more thorough compilations along the lines of the British series, which according to a Warner spokesman will be considered, depending on the success of this package.

Although the tracks follow the K-Tel lineup, we can expect this album to offer special treats, even for the collector who already has all the songs. Warners' editorial department, under the erudite supervision of Pete Johnson and Gene Sculatti, has assigned PRM staffer Ken Barnes to provide liner notes and documentation which will make this album (as yet untitled) a true milestone in rock history, and hopefully the harbinger of many subsequent LPs.

Of all the great moments in rock's last 20 years, the recordings of Phil Spector rank unsurpassed. Now the world will be able to hear them again, and ask the inevitable question: how much of today's music can meet these standards?



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# ELO's Next: More Brutal Than Before

By MICHAEL BARACKMAN

OAKLAND—"Welcome to the cosmopolitan center of the entire world," sneered a dapper-looking Ian Anderson into a microphone inside the nearly empty 15,000-seat Oakland Arena. One of the few observers at Jethro Tull's early-afternoon soundcheck, Jeff Lynne, garbed in gaudy red pants and a rumpled black leather jacket, didn't get the joke. Nor did he recognize the speaker. "That's Anderson?" he quizzed with a puzzled look. "Shows you how much I know."

Jeff Lynne is like that. The guitarist/vocalist and mastermind behind the entire Electric Light Orchestra concept—fusing classical and rock elements, Lynne greatly prefers to downplay his own musical knowledge and significance. Onstage and off, Lynne wraps himself in a cloak of anonymity. Though popularly painted as a raging eccentric, Lynne is more accurately quiet and reclusive. And he knows that silence can be just as intimidating.

"It's not that Jeff is rude," a publicist had warned, "it's just that he feels he hasn't got anything to say."

Onstage for their own soundcheck, Lynne was hidden behind orange-tinted shades and a mass of frazzled brown hair. Throughout the tuning and other mechanics, Lynne's lips remained locked. He looked tired and troubled.

Perhaps Lynne was feeling guilty about all the AM hits ELO has recently achieved. Like Lynne's previous band, the Move, ELO quickly became highly regarded for their complex musical ideas and loose, FM-oriented direction. But through three albums, their popularity remained rather select. So, beginning on *Eldorado* and widening on *Face The Music*, ELO's songs became more concise and tangible. Soon after came the big hits: "Evil Woman," "Strange Magic," and now, a re-release of "Showdown." Did Lynne feel trapped by a more lightweight audience? Had he compromised his art too much for his conscience to bear?

"I'm doing exactly the kind of music I've always wanted to do," he retorted briskly, cornered for a few moments in the arena's equipment storage room. "I like shorter songs that keep up an interest."

"I was cheating myself on the earlier albums. I didn't enjoy all the jamming and long solos at all. I just thought that was what you had to do. A lot of people really liked the Move and early-ELO stuff, but I can't listen to it now. I find it boring and pretentious."



ELO the group is shown above, ELO the man (Jeff Lynne) is below x 4

Maybe, then, Lynne was still seething over the decision by United Artists—the American distributor of ELO's Jet Records—to issue a greatest hits package, *Ole ELO*, without the band's permission. The LP has sold more quickly than any other ELO album, and recently turned gold. But, in light of all the hits, it has not brought the sales that an album of new original material would have.

"I was really angry about it," Lynne said. "I never even knew about it. We obviously thought, 'Well, one day we'll have a Best Of Package,' and there were other songs I wanted to have on it. I could have edited it, too."

"It's got to have helped, though. There were a lot of people who just started being our fans on 'Evil Woman.' This gave them a chance to become more familiar with our type of music."

Actually, in his own inward way, Lynne is a happy man. The reluctant musician has turned cautious enthusiast. "It's amazing what this success has done for me," he explained, speaking as fast as a machine gun burst. "I used to hate touring. I like it now. Everything feels a lot better."

Lynne grew terse only at the mention of one subject: Roy Wood. Wood was Lynne's foremost partner in the Move, and the two further collaborated on ELO's first "experimental" album, *No*

*Answer*. Musical and personality differences led Wood to leave and form Wizard, a group one ELO member called "a wet cracker." Lynne doesn't like to look back at all. "There were ill-feelings," he stated reluctantly. "Not so much now. We've each gone our own separate ways."

Lynne, the writer and producer of all ELO material, is obviously pleased that ELO's musical direction has wound up going his way. The increasingly powerful leader has kept in some complex elements, like the three string musicians' contributions, supplemented them on record with a full orchestra, and added a more melodic rock backbeat with a high degree of coherence.

Still, Lynne doesn't feel ELO is doing anything radical. "Our music really isn't progressive," he said. "It's just different." And he still doesn't like to talk. He shrugged, "I've got nothing to say. I just want to do music, that's it."

Lynne's low visibility has been one major factor as to why it has taken ELO so long to break in the U.S. Carving a following here through touring is tough for any band, but it helps if there is a dramatic figure (such as Jagger or even Anderson) which audiences can rally around. Consequently, it's taken another avenue, the AM market, to bring the band recognition.

"We're happy with the way we've attained our success," commented Bev Bevan, ELO's drummer and another Move alumnus. With good looks and his name printed in bright red on his bass drum, Bevan is immediately this band's most memorable figure. Unlike Lynne, he is outwardly friendly and an avid conversationalist. "Although we've had a lot of hit singles," he continued, "we've never really made one. All we've done is picked the most commercial of the album tracks. And we're still more concerned with album sales than singles."

Lynne enthusiastically reported that the new, as-of-yet untitled ELO album contained "three of four singles possibilities." The first probable one is "Telephone Line." "It's about this bloke who tries to phone his girlfriend in another town," Lynne pointed out with a slightly devilish laugh. "Except, no one ever answers the phone and he drives himself mad."

The album will have a more brutal feel than the dominantly flowing *Face The Music*. However, Lynne has continued to add complete orchestrations to most of the tracks. They even have a place on a re-vamped version of the Move's classic rocker, "Do Ya." The band recorded the basic tracks in Germany, then Lynne added the frills in England.

One of the string players didn't like the process. "It was pretty much of a joke," he complained. "We had some rather boring string arrangements. Why not let the band members play and let their personalities come through instead of having in a bunch of faceless studio musicians?"

"We used to do that," Lynne responded later. "But it was too thin and weedy. It didn't stand out."

At the Oakland concert, Lynne was happy to let two of the string players, cellist Hugh McDowell and violinist Mik Kamnisky take extended solos. He certainly didn't want the spotlight, and for the most part, the crowd ignored him. Surprisingly, McDowell's manic stage antics and Kamnisky's Irish jig drew as much applause as the hits. Lynne didn't seem to mind. Wowing a predominantly Jethro Tull audience was good enough for him. "We paralyzed 'em," he shouted in the dressing room.

The show's success had completely erased Lynne's earlier moodiness. He playfully exchanged physical blows with another band member in a half-hearted attempt to live up to his "madman" image. It didn't work, and Lynne soon gave up, sighing, "Hell, I'm soft as shit."



# Real Goodness

## TRIUMVIRAT/Old Loves Die Hard

Formerly a three-man group, but now a quartet, Triumvirat proves once again they are in the same league with groups such as Yes, and Emerson, Lake and Palmer. A brilliant follow-up to *Illusions* On A Double Dimple and *Spartacus*!

## HUB/Cheata'

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## TOM SNOW

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# Ian Hunter: Coping With Modern Day Rock Stardom

By LESTER BANGS

Reflections Of  
A Rock Star

By Ian Hunter  
Flash Books 104 pages, \$3.95

"And so on to [Mahavishnu John] McLaughlin—peace reigns. The man has found the ultimate in happiness. The songs start in the middle and end in the middle, and the audience loves it. Too, frameless, tuneless, formless, but as I said the kids loved it. Perhaps love and happiness add up to utopia, but to be without hate, jealousy, envy and greed you're not alive. You're a blinkin' Zombie—and that to me is what John is..."

Those are not the words of another disgruntled rock/jazz critic, but of Ian Hunter, late of Mott the Hoople and solo artist on his own, reviewing a fellow musician in his book *Reflections of a Rock Star*. Written in a rambling diary form during Mott's post-"All the Young Dudes" late '72 tour and published in England the next year, *Reflections* (originally titled *Diary of a Rock Star*) has just been released here for no particular reason that I can discern. It documents a time in Hunter's and Mott's lives when they were still just this side of scuffling, flying coach, wide-eyed at the prospect of the big-time finally achieved at last. In that, it has the same appealing warmth and naivete that Ian has always displayed ("If you've never flown it's difficult to describe. I wish I could take you all with us just to see the pleasure on your faces."), along with earnest advice for younger musicians and some expectably uncharitable remarks on groupies: "They're lousy lays as a rule and you can never get rid



of them once you let them in. They don't even listen to the music anymore and...you run a big risk in the dose stakes if you decide to dabble. The best thing to do, young and inexperienced musicians...is to whip their spotty little arses and lie back and enjoy a professional blow-job; then tell them you got crabs and they'll be gone before you know it."

That passage is one of the few of its kind in the book; the original, English edition opened with a statement to the effect that if you're looking for lurid tales of drugs and groupie orgies don't look here, because this is the drab truth about rock 'n' roll, etc. I noted with some amusement that it

was missing from the American version, presumably because nobody would buy the book if they saw it, but there is a truth in the declaration of drabness behind the supposed glamour of touring and this book conveys it well: waiting interminably around airports watching little coin-started TVs, cruising pawnshops for old guitars, getting in hassles with promoters and—most destructive to the myth—worrying constantly about money. Ian at one point has to borrow from manager Stan Toppins just to get a drink on a plane, at another lectures the reader: "So the next time you see your rising idol roaring down the road in his Jensen think twice. He probably ain't got the price of a pint in his pocket."

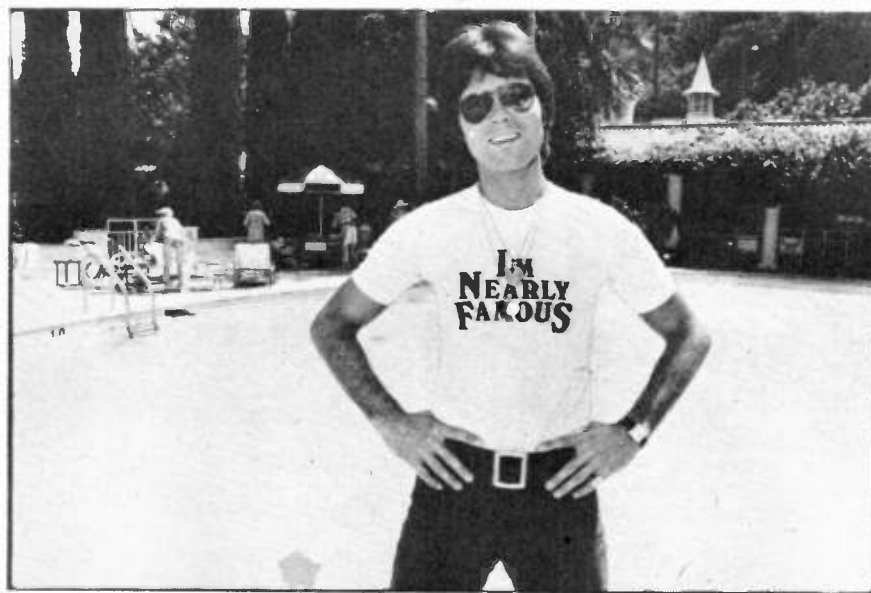
If that comes off a mite pompous, it's because there is a preachy strain in Ian, a tendency to assume an avuncular advisory role, that hopefully this book vented and thus ameliorated somewhat. It used to show in his between song raps from the stage on music business reality with Mott, and it shows occasionally in his songwriting, especially on his latest solo album, which makes me wonder if he forgot his own words in *Reflections of a Rock Star*: "rock is entertainment—a fun game; it shouldn't be taken too seriously. I find the press largely at fault for this dramatization of music. I just think we're all a bunch of kids playing a game with high stakes just doing what comes naturally. I'm grateful that I don't have to work in a factory like a lot of my

less fortunate friends."

But Ian seems to have, coupled with his sometimes self-righteously harsh judgments of others (no wonder he likes Jethro Tull), an awareness of his own shortcomings—"I may sound a bit like Malcolm Muggeridge here," he owns up at one point—coupled with a hard-won understanding of what the music business is and how it can erode people. Mick Ralphs, he says, "used to be the ace pusher...he pushed Mott down the throat of Chris Blackwell (of Island Records). Mick was the kind of guy who, if you slammed a door in his face, would open it again smiling; but all the shit we 'rock stars' go through has changed all that. He's now perplexed, uncertain and on the run all the time. His favorite answer is, 'I don't know'—that's what the pressure does for you."

*Reflections of a Rock Star* is not the definitive work on the lifestyle it records, not the work of a professional prose writer like Robert Greenfield's *STP*, and there are stretches where Ian conveys the bleary morning-after boredom of touring all too well. But in the end it remains unique in its genre, a book of rock writing by a working rock musician, and as Ian himself put it in words that could have been lifted straight from his beloved Jack Kerouac: "Please forgive my rambling thoughts but I can see it with my eyes, maybe not grammatically precise, but instinct should grab you." It does, and he can review my ramblings anytime.

## Cliff Richard: U.S. Success at Last.



[con't from page 12]

"But actually I don't remember much about the American scene when I first came over. I was on a massive tour with Frankie Avalon, Bobby Rydell, the Clovers, Crests, Sammy Turner, Freddie Cannon. The Shadows and I were sort of added attractions from Great Britain."

(The Shadows were Richard's back up group, later British stars in their own right, who, until a few years ago were totally connected with Cliff Richard's career. That American tour was traumatic for the Shadows—up until that time they were called the Drifters, which led to an obvious name conflict).

Continued Cliff Richard: "On that American tour we thought we'd really winged America. We were very naive and immature. We didn't realize it takes more than just stopping the show every night because if you stop the show in Dallas no one really cares apart from Dallas. You can't have a hit record by selling 400 copies in Dallas. We also had no liaison with record companies or radio in those days. I don't think either it quite worked the same way then and certainly you needed a machinery behind you. I also missed out because I was a solo pop idol from England who had a band and over here there was a glut on pop idols."

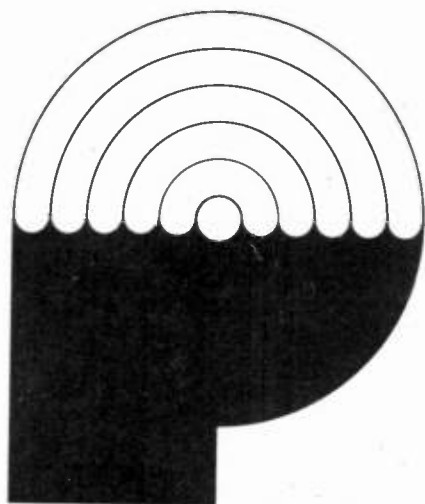
"Nobody needed an upstart from Great Britain."

Cliff Richard wants to do concerts in America if "Devil Woman" and the album establish him. He finds recording "therapeutic" but the concert aspect "the most exciting."

He may not remember much about his early travels in America but he remembers the first ever concert he did: "October 5 this year is 18 years to the day I did my first concert at the Victoria Hall, Hanley, Stoke on Trent, England—one of those halls where the police messages came through the PA system!"

photo by Bruce Osborn

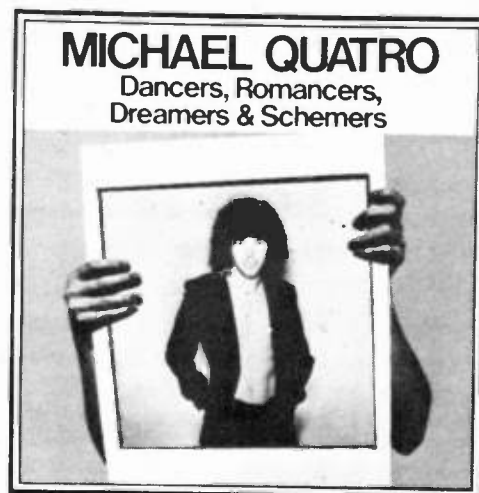
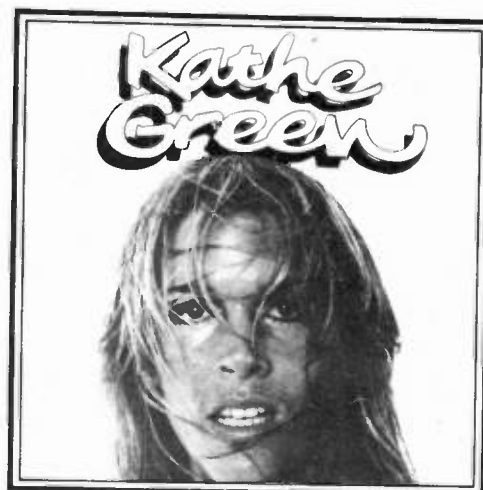




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# POP SINGLES FOR THE '70s



**By Greg Shaw**

## BLUE OYSTER CULT "(Don't Fear) The Reaper" Columbia 3-10384

This has got to be the outstanding single of the year, so far, and the most unadulterated slice of pure rock & roll essence since, well, I can't remember when. It gives me goose-bumps the way "Eight Miles High" did the first time, and that's no idle comparison. BOC's heavy debt to the Byrds is manifest in this song, and a more high-powered tribute could scarcely be imagined.

## ROGER McGUINN "Take Me Away" Columbia 3-10385

One hardly expects ol' Rog to be messing around with the sound he perfected 10 years ago, but all the same this is a surprisingly lively little rocker. In fact Roger may be the only musician of his age that isn't over the hill already, or at least the only one I can think of offhand. Anyway this is a fine record, produced by Mick Ronson, and worth a listen.

## HENRY GROSS "Springtime Mama" Lifesong 45008

Gross seems to be shaping up as the poor man's Beach Boys, first with "Shannon" and now this excellent record. It bounces along brightly, full of clean harmonies and catchy AM hooks. Actually this sounds more like Flash Cadillac doing their Beach Boys imitation, but no matter. Any old way you choose it, it's a great sound.

## BRYAN FERRY "Let's Stick Together" Atlantic 3351

I've always like Bryan best when he was doing other people's material; I still think "The In Crowd" was the hippest record he ever made. Already a monster hit in England, this remake of Wilbert Harrison's 1961 tune features new lyrics by Ferry, a solid dance beat,

and none of the overkill that marred Canned Heat's version.

## LIVERPOOL EXPRESS "You Are My Love" Atco 7058

Another recent British hit, this one features Billy Kinsley, one of the survivors of early Liverpool rock (Merseybeats, etc.). It's very different from the English version, in fact some of the best parts were edited out, but still it's a nice, gentle, subtly attractive recording that pulls you back after a couple of times and hooks you totally. If Paul McCartney got his hands on a song like this it'd be #1 in a minute.

...

The new **Beach Boys** single is "It's O.K." (Reprise 1368), one of my favorite tracks on the new LP, though I was expecting "Palisades Park". The new **Eric Carmen** single is "Sunrise" (Arista 0200), and it's about time they put out one of the songs I like. I still think "That's Rock 'n' Roll" is the one, but what do I know? The new **Grand Funk** single is "Can You Do It" (MCA 40590), and it's surprisingly good. Didn't think Zappa could produce anything without sounding pretentious, let alone a group that tends to be pretentious anyway. But this is a good pop record on all counts, though of course not as good as the original by the Contours.

I liked the **Bellamy Brothers'** first record, "Let Your Love Flow", but their new one is even better. "Satin Sheets" (WB 8248) has a fine, bubblegummy bounce to it and sounds real good—until you catch the lyrics. "Hallelujah, gonna sock it to ya..." Mind you, it's no more idiotic than most songs these days. I'd rather hear Herman's Hermits any time.....

Fans of Angloid pop, take heart. We're finally starting to get some of the best stuff released over here, thanks in large part to Arista (and the Bell catalog they in-

herited). Besides the Bay City Rollers, they've put out several killers in the last few months.

"New York Groove" (Arista 166) is the first US release by **Hello**, a Mike Leander group who've had a pile of great singles over there, and are long overdue for an LP. It's got a compelling drone and thump type sound, not unlike the Glitter Band, another favorite of mine who have yet to see their stuff released on these shores.

**Slik's** first single, "Forever and Ever" was a superb twist on the basic Rollers sound, and their new one, "Requiem" (Arista 197) follows the same formula: a dirge-like start, lifting into a pop anthem. Unfortunately this one has none of the same melodic strength, and is a big disappointment. **Barry Blue's** latest is "If I Show You I Can Dance" (Arista 200), an oddly interesting record that pits that same English bubblegum sound he's always had against a weird bazouki effect out of "Zorba the Greek".

"Oh California" by **Magic** (Arista 135) came out last year but I must've missed it somehow. It features our old friends John Carter and Gill Shakespeare, and now that First Class have disappeared I guess this is what's taken their place. The sound is the same, and an ode to California by any other name is still a treat.

We have a new English label, called Shock, distributed in this country by Chess. Martin & Coulter (of Rollers, Troggs, etc. fame) wrote & produced "Julie Anne" by **Ginger** (Shock 3) and as you'd expect it's formula bubblegum. You might not expect to hear a song stolen note for note from "The Midnight Special" as this was. But you've gotta like any song that mentions surfing and discos in the same verse. It's pretty good actually, a lot like "Summerlove Sensation".

I suppose one of these days everybody will get sick of groups trying to sound like the Bay City

Rollers, but there's no sign of it yet. Latest would-be successors are the **Bo'Flyers**, whose "If Saturday Could Only Last Forever" (Pye 7107) has that patented sound, despite the absence of any recognizable producers. It's nice, but I think a little more originality is in order. Same could be said of **Bo Donaldson & the Heywoods**, who are basically a first-rate pop band, although their version of "Teenage Rampage" (Capitol 4282) differs hardly at all from the Sweet's original. However, since the latter was never issued in America, I guess they figure nobody will know the difference, and maybe they're right.

Clive Davis, of all people, is co-producer of a rather good pop record with strong Steely Dan overtones. "Wham Bam Shang-a-Lang" by **Silver** (Arista 189) should be a hit, though the bubblegummy title may put off some people. Another surprise is the Roger Cook produced "Go Now" by **John Killebrew** (RCA 10740), a good modern remake of the Bessie Banks/Moody Blues classic.

At last, one of the unreleased **Ronettes** classics has come out in this country. "Paradise" (Warner-Spector 409) is somewhat of a disappointment—like the other out-takes, you can see why it wasn't released. But it's still nice to have. Cynthia Weil, who was responsible for some of the best girl group songs, has co-written "Let Me In" with Rick **Derringer** for his new group (*Blue Sky* 2765). It's a good, riff-heavy rocker based on "Substitute", but I don't think it's a hit. Cynthia also co-wrote, with her husband **Barry Mann**, the latter's new single, "The Princess and the Punk" (Arista 194), which, like most of Mann's recent work, is rather too self-conscious for my taste.

Good to see **Rick Springfield** successful with "Take a Hand" (*Chelsea* 3051), which you may know as the song with the lyrics

[cont'd on page 22]



# CROSBY NASH

## WHISTLING DOWN THE WIRE



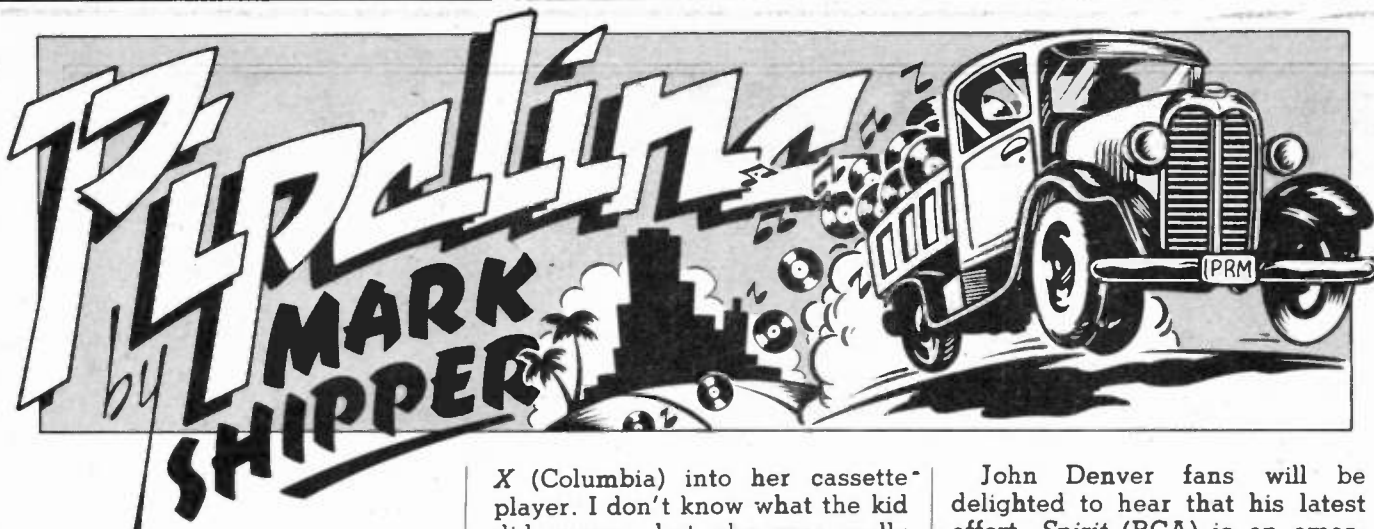
Produced by CROSBY/NASH, © 1976 ABC Records

THE NEW CROSBY NASH ALBUM ON ABC RECORDS

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**MALIBU, CALIF.**—This issue's deadline caught me right in the middle of a two-week vacation that I'm spending here in this beautiful Southern California community. At the moment, I'm lying in the sand, enjoying the 80 degree heat and the non-stop ocean breeze as I scribble out these notes for the issue of *PRM* that you're holding right now. This is a great place! All around me are young suntanned bodies, the air has a coconut tinge in it from the gallons of Coppertone on the beach, and the only clouds to be found anywhere are in Carly Simon's coffee.

In case you haven't heard, Malibu is the *in* place to live at the moment. I've only been here a week and already I've seen Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, both Neils (Young and Diamond) and several guys who claimed they were members of the Band, but nobody believed them except me. And I didn't care very much, actually. A few minutes ago, a 14 year-old girl ran by my blanket and told me she just saw the mansion built by Bob Dylan here. I told her it sounded like the first constructive thing he'd done in ten years....

There's no shortage of music on the beach, that's for sure. Cassette players are the big thing these days. There's so many out here, I can hardly hear my own. In fact, right now a couple of housewives behind me are blasting out a tape of Neil Diamond's *Beautiful Noise* (Columbia), forcing everyone in the area to endure it. You have to hand it to Neil, though. With a whole flock of veteran producers literally begging for the job, he hires the Band's Robbie Robertson. What a hip thing to do! Neil's next album, in case you haven't read it yet, will be produced by the Ramones and features Patti Smith on backing vocals. Look for it...Roxy Music's latest, *Viva* (Atlantic) is, I believe, the first concept album ever about a paper towel. It's a brilliant idea, executed perfectly. On side one, they make a mess, and on side two they attempt to clean it up...

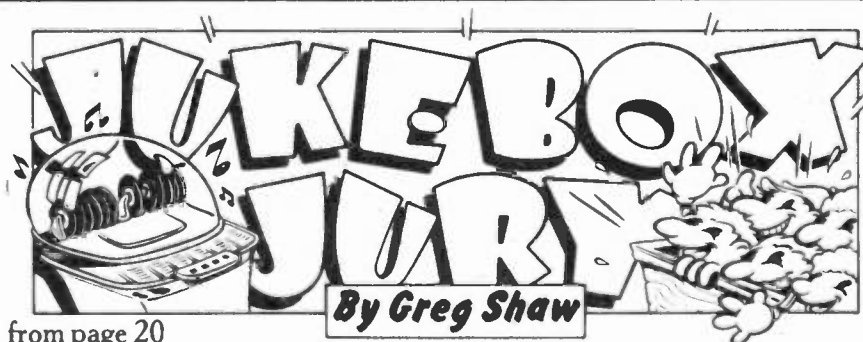
We just had some trouble on the beach: one of the housewives behind me was beating on her kid just after she'd snapped *Chicago*

X (Columbia) into her cassette player. I don't know what the kid did wrong, but she was really beating the hell out of him and showed no signs of stopping. Naturally, I panicked. If I didn't get over there quickly, something terrible would happen. We'd all have to listen to *Chicago*! Even the kid, who was already being severely punished. I jumped up and made a wild, desperate lunge for her machine, clicking it off just in time. Everybody stopped what they were doing and thanked me. I felt like a lifeguard or something...

Hottest new item on the beach is Crosby & Nash's *Whistling Down The Wire* (ABC). Believe it or not, there are more of these here than frisbees! I noticed a kid nearby who was holding one and asked him if he could explain this phenomenon. He told me it was because the Crosby/Nash disc sails so much better. According to him, this is the most lightweight record the duo has ever done, and it really carries with the wind behind it...

John Denver fans will be delighted to hear that his latest effort, *Spirit* (RCA) is an amazingly accurate representation of the kind of music he's famous for: boring, bland, and banal. Even so, it's been a very useful tape for me this week and I'm glad I brought it. When it starts getting too crowded on the beach and I'm, shall we say, "looking for space," all I have to do is play this cut called "Polka Dots & Moonbeams" and I can clear the beach in under two minutes. Incidentally, *Pipeline* sources have learned that—in the first trade-off of this nature in record business history—*Spirit*'s next album will be called *John Denver*....

**TIP FOR THE FUTURE:** Remember the name *American Flyer* (UA). This may be the last time you ever hear it. That is, unless the marketplace can find room for still one more of these Eagles/America-style groups. It's as good as Firefall, but so what?...I liked it myself, but a lot of my rock critic friends *hated* Starbuck's recent hit single,



from page 20

stolen from "Roll Over Beethoven". Good also to see **Ian Matthews** back with a record as good as "Brown Eyed Girl" (Columbia 3-10374). Good's also the word for "Linda Lu", the latest by **Johnny Rivers** (Epic 8-50248), though not up to the standard of his last few. And it's doubly good to hear **Lou Christie** even if it is on a dopey song like "Riding in My Van" (Epic 8-50244). Goodest of all, though, is **Dion**, whose "Hey My Love" (WB 8234) is the kind of fine pop ballad Spector was evidently unable to produce with him. Credit here goes to Steve Barri and Michael Omartian. Good one, boys.

I always knew they'd come through, and they have. "Born to Love" by **American Tears** (Columbia 3-10365) is an excellent pop recording, with Mark Mangold's voice standing out distinctively.

He's got Frampton potential if I ever heard it. Another pleasant surprise is "Don't Light That Dynamite" by the **Curtis Bros.** (Polydor 14330) which sounds like the old CSN&Y of "Ohio" vintage.

Finally, a record so off the wall nothing can follow it. "A Tribute to the Beach Boys" by the **Sands of Time** (Kirshner 4263) was produced by the Tokens, and sounds it. It's a kind of a left-handed tribute that might better have been titled "A Tribute to the Four Seasons" if it didn't have Beach Boys titles woven through the lyrics. But you gotta cash in while you can, I guess.

No local records this time. Remember, if you or a band in your town has put out their own record, send it to me at Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510 and we'll give it a plug. That's it for now; see ya all next month....

"Moonlight Feels Right." They'll probably hate their new album of the same name on Private Stock Records, too, but what do they know? I find it to be really pleasant pop music, perfectly suited to the season we're in. Mark my words, if Starbuck gets eight or nine more members, they're going to be a very big group...

**IMPORTANT NEWS:** As of a week ago Fantasy Records still had copies left of Tommy James' magnificent comeback album, *In Touch*. Why is this? Could it be that some of you, still haven't gotten around to buying it? Maybe you feel you can live without this album, but Tommy James can live a lot better if you buy it. By the way, some of you who read Ken Barnes' ecstatic review of Tommy's live show in last month's *PRM* may be wondering if anybody can be *that* good. I can only say that I've known Ken Barnes for five years and he really is that good. And Tommy James is even better...

**LETTERS:** When the sun goes behind a cloud (like it just did) I like to straighten up, reach into my mailbag, and pull out some of the many letters we get each month. *Pipeline* readers like Barry Alick of Flint, Michigan can bring sunshine no matter what the weather with comments like: "...Just who in the hell do you think you are, putting down the Doobie Brothers? Their newest happens to be a bit different and some wise-ass like you thinks he has the right to criticize it. The day you put out an album and it sells more than ten copies let me know, you hockey-puck head." Barry then proceeded to invite me to Flint to match wits with him on music. I'd like to oblige, Barry, but I'm still working on my new album. I'll let you know how it's doing...Both Barbara Best of Pittsburgh and Mary Longnecker of Whitehouse, Ohio question the usefulness of this column. As Mary says, "...most people know what they like in music and it doesn't take a critic to help them." Barbara was even more adamant. "...I never could understand," she writes, "why magazines pay people to tell me what I will and will not like." I never could figure it out myself, Barbara, but what the hell? I'm making a fortune and having a good time too, so I'm certainly not about to rock the boat...

Have to sign off now. Sounds like somebody near the pier is playing *Chicago*'s live album at dangerously loud volume. Looks like I gotta save the situation again. And this was supposed to be my vacation! See you next month if I come back alive...

Letters to:

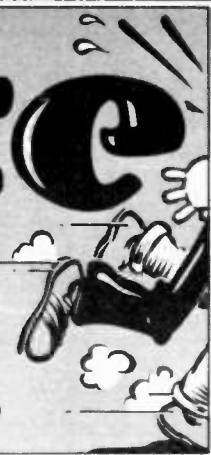
Mark Shipper's Pipeline  
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# Blind Date

with  
**FLO & EDDIE**



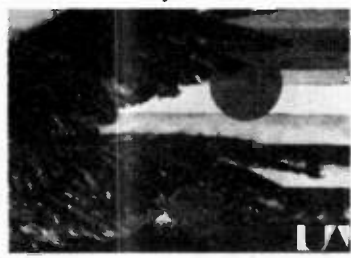
A monthly blindfold test by those masters of Slander Rock, Mark Volman & Howard Kaylan.

Edited By KEN BARNES

Flo & Eddie, who record in Australia on Toadstool Records, just returned from that distant market to report their career is mushrooming down under. they brought back a selection of the best Oz-rock (as Australians insist on calling their local records) and a newly sharpened perspective on the excesses, successes and abscences of the American music scene...

## AMERICAN FLYER

Including: The Woman In Your Heart  
Lady Blue Eyes/Such A Beautiful Feeling  
Let Me Down Easy/Love Has No Pride



Excerpts from  
**AMERICAN FLYER**  
[United Artists]

Welcome back, Flo & Eddie, and their new Columbia album, *MOVING TARGETS*, a pop master—start the Blind Date? Right. The group to watch this month is Sherbet. Just watch them. If it's a hit you can say Flo & Eddie picked it first. If not, don't blame us. Country-rock supergroup? Silver! Batdorf's new group. New Riders. Grateful Dead. Outlaws. The Jackson Browne sound has definitely influenced this group. Firefall. A new supergroup? We've got to explain, kids, we've been away for six weeks and we didn't know. From the Blues Magoos? Pure Prairie League? That's pretty shaky. Velvet Underground! And Blood Sweat & Tears! They've been bandied about? Moe Bandy. Patriotic aeronautic name...bicentennial Flyer. American Flyer, like the train. Steve Katz, Doug Yule, Eric Kaz, Craig Fuller. Produced by George Martin. Isn't everyone?

What can we say? (clears throat ostentatiously) Very pretty. It doesn't have anything reggae-oriented like America. George Martin—it's like Salvador Dali—

long after he stopped doing anything creative people still bought the name. Studebaker thought they could get away with that for awhile. I'm not so sure American Flyer is going to be a big-selling item.

Excerpts from  
**KNIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN**  
—Giorgio  
[Oasis]

Pop whiz of the past takes new direction? "Black Is Black." WHAT! What does that record SAY? This guy knows this won't be an immediate airplay item. Is he aware of what he's saying? The word is "funk", in a German accent...I see. (sigh of relief) Funk. He produced Donna Summer? Only the guy who did Donna Summer would dare to say "Let's funk tonight." It's a disco "Black Is Black." Pleasant diversion for those perverted housewives.

18 minutes? White disco is turning into the Temptations—"Cloud 9-9-9". Van McCoy. Ice in my socks? "Nights In White Satin?" Oh my god. The cover—the boys are back in town for this one. I wouldn't go into a steambath with Giorgio. Remember Steam with their cover in a steam room? Ahead of their time. Flo & Eddie fans will not get this. There isn't enough Kraftwerk in it for a German. "Get Up And Boogie." It's all the SAME. You want the guy doing it in German, you got it!

Excerpts from  
**LISTEN TO THE BAND**  
—Glitterband [Bell-import]

British and happening? Status Quo? Rubettes. Sounds like the Equals. They were good. Backed a famous British singer? Glitter Band. They're great—they're much better on their own. They made some incredible records.

Will people believe us when it's the Glitter Band—will they go "those freaks like it just because it's the Glitter Band and they turn off to all the folkies and all the esthetic stuff." Not true. This is a well-recorded album that's inventive beyond anything George Martin could add. Even though it has elements of other groups, it

sounds inventive. Giorgio or American Flyer may be big for a week, but ultimately these guys are gonna have a better Karmic hammer swing, if you know what I mean. (Not exactly—ed.) By the way, Gene Simmons of Kiss wanted to do the Blind Date with us this time.

Excerpts from  
**JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS**  
[Beserkley]

Eccentric but distinctive? Bryan Ferry! Steve Martin. Larry Groce. Jim Stafford. This is a real record? This could be Darryl Rhoades. Big label? How small? Beserkley. Sort of a refined Wild Man Fischer. What's he look like? Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers. "Hey There Little Insect" comes after this ("Abominable Snowman In The Market"), and then "Here Come The Martian Martians". It's like Fenderman 1976, "Surfer Joe" 1977. You must own this album! I like him! Anyone who is wondering if there is an alternative to disco—yes, there is, it's Jonathan Richman. You can tell from the cover he has had therapy. Doesn't sound like he goes for a lot of takes to get the right feel. It's very well thought out. An album to own.



Excerpts from  
**IF I WERE BRITANNIA I'D WAIVE THE RULES**  
Budgie [A&M]

Classic heavy-metal name. Sledgehammer. Point Blank. We've guessed them in the past? Black Sabbath. They sound soft now. Supertramp. Savoy Brown.

Heavier? More like the Baker-Gurvitz Army? Has to do with birds? Hawkwind? Tucky Buzzard. Atomic Rooster. Even heavier? Fat Mattress. Eagles. Condor. Budgie!! How could we have missed the distinctive Budgie sound? I'm finally hearing Budgie! Very Michael Moorcock cover, nice. They sound like they're Skyhooks. I'm sort of sorry I brought their name up in the past, not knowing they sounded like this. Now I'll know—if you can't understand the words, if it's loud but there's no song to it, it's Budgie.

## BRIGATI

Lost In The Wilderness



Excerpts from  
**BRIGATI** [Elektra]

Famous lead singer of very popular U.S. 60's group? Disco! Andy Pratt and McLean Stevenson. This sounds like David Cassidy. The Gurvitz Brothers. The Walker Brothers. The single will give it away? Don't play it yet! That's the single? Play some more of it. Peter Hurkos would need more than that. American Breed? Tufano and...Marty Grebb's brother? Bigger than the Buckinghams? Rare Earth. The Valentino Brothers. Tommy James. As big as Tommy James? Eastern? Like Felix Cavaliere, the Rascals? Eddie & David Brigati! "Groovin'" Disco! Thank you, Om Shanti?? Lest we forget, both Eddie and David were background singers for Joey Dee. I want him to get up there to those "Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart" notes. Is he going to? No? I liked Eddie. Where's that VOICE? It's like Steve Marriott making an album that doesn't sound like him and calling it *MARRIOTT*. Isn't that interesting, the way that happens....



# NEW YORK ST



Marbles—L-R: Jim Clifford, Howard Bowler, Eric Li, David Bowler.



# STREET BANDS



Some nights it seems like Hollywood on the Hudson, and other times like Liverpool after the Beatles left. The pills without the pop.

What's news about the New York scene is that local rock and roll is creating its own booming bar business [though flashes of Joey Dee twisting the Peppermint Lounge, now bottomless, recur]. Right now, all the scene's slender energies are generating themselves almost exclusively right next to the bar where, more and more, the crowd looks like Sixties' subway cars filled with ratsnest bombshells from the Bay Ridge High School for Girls.

Does New York rock transcend the aimless amiability of its clientele and settings? Should it? Probably. Nice as it is to consider the Raspberries bar-band-roots, their live shows were never as important as their records. What bars unfortunately are good for is practice, and that's the reason, in good part, why some say "New York Rock" sounds so un-musical. It's not just that these guys aren't very fluent on their instruments; most of them don't even pick up a guitar until they're working. Most of these guys are already older than George was when he made *Meet The Beatles* and that's the point. The majority are more like Gerry Marsden than they are George Harrison.

What the future holds for this scene nationally, regionally, even locally is frankly a mystery. But September of 1976 at the local level—through-out the five boroughs that make up New York City—this is a boiling-hot youth/rock explosion of the highest order. Who or what's involved there is delineated on the pages that follow. Photos speak as much for/against [your choice] the total program that's offered up from our streets. So, pay close attention to the names AND the faces/bodies that may be closer to home than you suspect.

—Ron Ross

Photography—Lee Black Childers

Research—Craig Gholson

Theme—Ron Ross/Seymour Stein

Motivation—Wayne County



# NEW YORK STREETBANDS "How It All Began"



By CRAIG GHOLSON

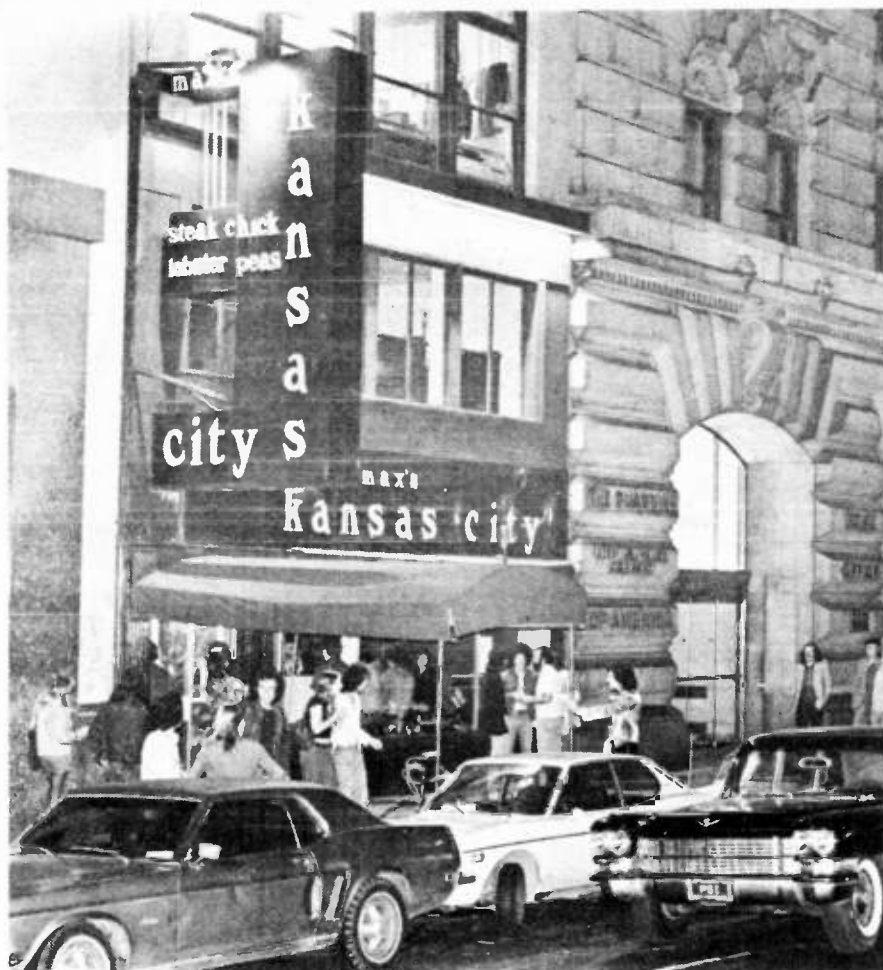
How could so much promising material for the annals of musical history crawl out of such a hole in the wall as CBGB's? On Bowery Street, at the dead end of Bleeker, one enters this shotgun bar, and is immediately hit with the aroma of bile.

A yellowed jukebox plays "Little Johnny Jewel" and "I Can't Explain" over and over again between sets (and occasionally during sets if no one notices). The plank floor is a jumble of skinny legs leading up to slouching postures Ramoned in leather jackets, curled around bottles of beer, chatting up chicks.

At intermittent times during the evening, squadrons of the New York breed of Glamour Girl (not to be confused with the above-mentioned "chicks"—who usually label themselves photographers or "groupies") patrol the single path that leads from front to back. They yell to friends, eye the boys, banter local accents around and occasionally pausing to catch a bit of music; whatever is being performed. One gets the feeling that New Yorkers have grown so accustomed to the innovative musical madness that carries on every night here that they won't know what they have until they lose it.

Nowadays only commuting college students still speak reverently of Patti Smith, while jaws drop for Tom Verlaine. "I think that he's shaped like a giant penis," was one little girl's comment as he walked by one night (a rare occasion these days since he values himself much more than to be seen "hanging out"). Hilly, the owner of CBGB's is either blustering or passive, hot or cold, but always keeping to himself or an audience of one or two. Mainly it's his daughter, just back from a shattered romance which she'll tell you about if you're interested, though she'd rather have your drink order or tell you to get out of the way of the waitresses.

The bands, the sacred treasure of the club, play on two flat platforms raised slightly in one corner-edge of the room, in front of



the bathrooms. There are no dressing rooms, and if you put anything down, consider it stolen within five minutes. There is talk of food but I've never eaten any; the drinking also seems superfluous. Crammed into this sweaty sardine box of pickpockets and would be's is the music. It is surprising, but you can figure that everyone playing has at least one good song. The friction aroused from a great group, (i.e., the Ramones, Television, Talking Heads, Mumps, and Milk 'n' Cookies) on a great night gets you going with a most rare and precious of all feeling. *YOU* are *THERE* in what will in the future be termed as the "good old days" in the most strategic stronghold of raw talent.

N.Y.'s legendary bombshelter of rock has functioned as such for barely two years. Television first rocked this former Hell's Angels hangout after a chance encounter. Guitarist Richard Lloyd explains: "Sometime in April or May '74, Tom and I were walking down from his house to the loft in Chinatown and we passed this place and Hilly was outside fixing it up. There was no name on the awning and we said, 'Wow, maybe we could play here.' He said, 'Oh, that's what I'm gonna have; country and western.'

'Could we play here?'

'Well, what do you play?'

'What do you like?'

'Well, I'm thinking of calling the place "Country Bluegrass & Blues.'

'We play stuff like that, we play all kinds of stuff. It's really good and we play original music.'

So he gave us one day and we got a whole bunch of friends down and convinced him to give us like every Sunday for a month. Eventually, I think it was to Blondie...we said, 'Heh, you could play here,' and they told somebody else and eventually all these groups started playing there."

Although the N.Y. underground scene began with some rock fairy directing pawns Lloyd and Verlaine down the sidewalk, its growth was a simple case of earthly supply and demand. Bands existed who played original material and an audience that was willing to listen. In theory, a hard situation to imagine, but apparently only a reality in N.Y. Crocus Behemoth, monolithic lead singer for Cleveland's Pere Ubu, hit town bellowing about the lack of support in a town the nation worships for its Rock Mecca Mentality. "There must be at least 175 working bands," he says. "All of them are Top 40, Bad Company copy bands. Most of them worry that if they do one original in four sets, they're doing too many. There are a number of clubs that give bands song lists, and they have to play those songs. Pick one from column A and one from column B." But a good copy band can live a hometown superstar's existence based on a competent enough rendition of "(Shake Shake Shake) Shake Your Booty."

Fuschia-haired singer and woman of the world, Cherry Vanilla, realizes the booty she would pull in if she shook it to someone else's tune. "We could be in Jersey bars making good money, but you have to play Top 40

songs in Jersey bars. It's really hard to go out there and do completely original stuff in a rock and roll context."

However, the situation does exist for a special few bands, like Television, Talking Heads, The Ramones, and The Heartbreakers. The power of their names and performances will cull a reasonable \$1500 for a weekend at CBGB's or Max's. That may not be enough to indulge in Elton John's Carmen Miranda sequinned jacket, but then, who'd want it. Some of the blessed may be capable of buying a new old leather or a new irregular shirt with their pin money.

Hilly's till prospers as well, but he and his dog/mascot/polluter, Jonathan, still maintain their lower East Side digs. I once asked Hilly, in the rosy afterglow of an evening's entertainment, if he was in it for the bucks. "That's such a complicated statement," he replied. You'd have to do a whole article on it. I think everyone in life wants to spur on his own identity. I went into something that I could have zest and feeling for. Until two years ago, I knew about all other kinds of music; jazz, country, etc., but I never thought I'd be into producing rock shows. But it proved to be the most stimulating of them all. I'd like to make money at it because I believe in it. I enjoy it. You need prestige and money in order to make it work. I'm trying to make it work...What was the original question again?"

A man of simple pleasures.

That's how the scene stabilized itself on a physical level, but in terms of talent, i.e. the music, what does N.Y. offer? Well, at one point, not so long ago, the basic attitude towards N.Y. bands was that they simply couldn't play. No one doubted their intensity or their agility juggling images, but the jaded cried, "weren't tuning and such important, too?" To this day, the easiest and most cutting criticism of a N.Y. band is to simply shrug them off. "Hah, those no talents? They've got a lethal dose of the New York Dolls Syndrome."

Exasperated, and well aware of its pointlessness, one can only utter a feeble, "But that wasn't really the point, and besides..." The plot thickened when Patti Smith and the Ramones issued their records and the nation took out its critical stethoscope. Foiled again!

Whatever they may be, Patti Smith is not Beverly Sills or even Grace Slick and the Ramones are not consummate musicians. Granted, attitude was always the underground's long suit, but to totally dismiss the scene as Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour set in the Cavern is to overlook the extraordinary number and variety of N.Y. bands who individually form a scene without collectively constituting a sound. Seething is believing.





Wayne County: Keeper of the New York Street Culture.



# NEW YORK STREET BANDS—THE TOP TEN

(Alphabetically,  
of course)

## Blondie



Blondie: Gary Valentine, Chris Stein, Debbie Blondie, Jimmy Destri, Clement Burke.

Some called her the perpetual sex kitten of the NYC underground scene. Others sniggeringly labelled her and her group "Blandie." But she was unanimously known as every group's favorite opening act because she was so harmless, so unthreatening...until Blondie up and landed a record contract.

In performance, it is the general consensus that she could do more than she does, which is stand there and wriggle from time to time. But Private Stock Records, which puts out a large number of disco hits and has quite a bit of money, thought she was just fine and hired ex-Ramones producer Craig Leon to oversee her recording career. So far, this has resulted in a single, "Sex Offender," a title that was changed to "X Offender" in hopes of pleasing puritan ears. The song is a melodic, Spectroesque little rocker that is reminiscent of "Born to Run" sung from a hooker's point of view. Will she take off and leave the New York scene as a dusty "used to be?" So far, this remains to be seen. Her band members seem apathetic and it's been said that the single is only getting airplay (this is only so far) somewhere northeast of Spatz, New Mexico. But who knows? Perhaps when the album is done it will all hit the fan.

Still, a great moment in CBGB history was the night Frankie Valli came down to the Bowery club in all his Las Vegas loveliness to view and okay Blondie's signing (he owns a large chunk of Private Stock). "I was so thrilled when Frankie came," gurgled the gorgeous lead Blondette, "I almost asked him up onstage to sing a duet!" But meanwhile, on a more tangible subject, the pert post-Brunette revealed, "I'm sick of bleaching my hair, but I have this feeling of obligation to the band."

## Wayne County

Wayne County is the Queen of the scene and has undoubtedly witnessed more people coming and going than he has costume changes. County mixes hard rock with low theatre with the support of his Back Street Boys. "You Really Flipped Your Wig" features a Volkswagen-sized, miniature-light covered hairpiece while "Toilet Love" presents a plunger and a Taco chip fall. His bullseye parody of Patti Smith involves Johnny going into the high school locker room and becoming the belle of the ball in a circle jerk. County has an album's worth of material recorded, but the sessions were done so long ago that much of it is dated. He has taken to returning midway through his concerts in street clothes (prime Bowery Bum attire consisting of a Sears sports shirt and a brown felt hat) and that costume provides the biggest shock of all for most. County's fans, oddly enough, consist almost entirely of New Jersey date night couples or New York debs, and of course, Dick Manitoba.

## Heart breakers



The Heartbreakers—L-R: Johnny Thunders, Walter Lure, Jerry Nolan Billy Wrath.

The Heartbreakers were originally conceived of as a union of old glitter-represented by ex-Dolls Johnny Thunder and Jerry Nolan, and new aesthetic-represented by ex-Television Richard Hell. Unknown Walter Lure was added to the mixture for some musical marrow on guitar, but the experiment failed to gel. Hell's 50's beatnik rock, represented by "Blank Generation," "Love Comes in Spurts," and "You Gotta Lose" was always interspersed between Thunder's simpler 70's Kamikaze rock, "I Wanna Be Loved" and "Pirate Love." Hell's satiric poetry, from "You Gotta Lose: My mother was a pinhead/and my father was a fly/That's why I love you darlin with a love that's so unique/Your glistening wings they complement your head's impressive peak" was in direct contrast to Thunder's simplistic musings, "I can count on diamonds, rubies as well/Big deal baby/I still feel like hell." The two forces could not be reconciled, even with Lure acting as median between the two musical factions, and the resultant friction once again forced Richard Hell out of the Garden of Eden. Rumors of a complete breakup circulated, but the Heartbreakers re-emerged in July with a new bass player, Billy Wrath. Thunder now dominates the group, thereby making it a more stable and unified unit. Yet, the Heartbreakers are the New York area's favorite unrecorded group, and when they perform a weekend at CBGB's, it is assumed that drive-ins and drag strips in all the suburban communities around Manhattan are deserted.





## NEW YORK ROCKER MAGAZINE

By GREG SHAW

Every scene must have its voice, and what *Mersey Beat* did for Liverpool, *New York Rocker* does for Gotham. New York has produced many fanzines, notably *Trouser Press*, and the local press from *Village Voice* to *Women's Wear Daily* has always been supportive of the city's music. However, *NYR* is the first and only professionally produced paper devoted exclusively to the new street bands.

The first issue appeared in February of this year. It was the brainchild of Alan Betrock, whose previous magazines *Jamz* and *Rock Marketplace* had been among the most authoritative fanzines devoted to rock history. Betrock found the emerging NY scene more attractive than history, and *NYR* was the result. He gathered together the best writers and photographers in Manhattan and assembled an impressive 20-page tabloid. There were lots of large, eye-catching pictures, and enthusiastic articles written from the fan's viewpoint. In addition, the first issue featured a report on the street scene in Los Angeles, and a wildly humorous parody on the whole thing by Ken Barnes, in the form of a tongue-in-cheek survey of San Diego's swinging underground scene.

Betrock then withdrew from the publication, to avoid conflict of interest due to his having become manager of the Marbles, one of the city's more popular groups. The second issue found Craig Gholson at the helm, with a format even more fan oriented. Articles included a rundown of the groups according to how well they dressed, and a fascinating pull-out montage of "130 Fabulous Faces" from Blondie to Bowie.

The third issue, now up to 36 excitement-packed pages, featured a brilliant article on the Poppees by Wayne County, interviews with Ivan Kral, the Marbles, Mumps, Dr. Feelgood, articles on the Ramones, Runaways and others, a pullout pinup of Television, crossword puzzles, the local popularity poll, and a day-by-day review of Max's week-long punk festival. And as always, hundreds of candid photos of the people and fans that make up the New York scene.

In future years, these magazines will be treasured momentos of one of the most important outbreaks of rock & roll mania the world has seen. But it's all happening right now, and whether you live in Des Moines or Tampa, you can be a part of it by sending \$3 to New York Rocker, 238 Eighth Ave., Suite 3, NY, NY.

# Milk 'n Cookies



Milk 'N Cookies: Justin Strauss, Miko Ruiz, Sal Meida & Ian North.

Two years ago, little Justin Strauss, looking barely 12 though somewhere in his mid-teens, quit high school to go to England with his and Ian North's band, Milk 'n' Cookies, to record their first album for Island, under the auspices of Sparks' manager John Hewlett. From there on it was all downhill. Their single, "Little, Lost, and Innocent," flopped and Island's large promotional push for them—including an already recorded album and thousands of completed LP jackets—was terminated. This young group of pop gifteds was sent home to the USA with nary a thing to show for itself, but failure.

But they didn't give up. Instead, they joined the ranks of the NY underground band circuit and have since been building a steady following, mostly teenybopper girls in hordes. Their songs, written by the excessively temperamental Ian North (the founder of the band, who is considered not only its biggest asset but also its most insolvable problem) are almost too good for him. The group offers pure pop from a pubescent level with an uncanny understanding of its own teen ditz furvor. They are a refreshing sight to see as Ian, guitar in hand, yells out, "Don't you think you ought to grow up?" and Justin exuberantly squeals, "I'm just a kid!" in their song of the same name—which also sums up their point of view. One of the Cookies' songs, "Not Enough Girls In The World," is being eyed by Jimmy Ienner as fodder for the next Bay City Rollers album and most people are pretty sure that, given half a chance, the Cookies could be everything and more of what the Rollers only pretend to be.

# Mink de Ville

Greased black hair, knee length leather toughie jacket, striped t-shirt and leopardskin panelled electric guitar: this is Mink De Ville, a group that is probably one of the more fun and amusing visual spectacles on the scene. Willy de Ville heads this group. Co-members are known only by first names and all confess that it is their job to support and enhance Willy's incredible voice, the best natural musical instrument on the entire CBGB scene. Willy's golden pipes seem to be almost too good for the rhythm and blues and reggae rehashes that Mink trudges through. Still, his vocal talents and his onstage persona, very much akin to a seventies operatic West Side Story Lothario, have so much promise that one can't help but give Mink De Ville more time to ramble through their roots and dawdle amidst their dues until they come up with something befitting their aura.

Der er noget  
der "rocker"  
i kongeriget  
Danmark.

**Gasolin'**

Including:

What A Lemon/Rabalderstræde/Lots Of Success  
Rebel Run/It's All The Same To An American Dane



Vi herved præsenterer  
**Gasolin'**, folkene, der sætter  
Danmark på det musikalske  
verdenskort. **Gasolin'** fire  
virkeligt fremragende  
danskere, beæret med  
adskillige guldplader og et  
formidabelt ry fra koncerter  
over hele Europa.

Nu gør de deres amerikanske  
debut med en plade,  
der hedder "**Gasolin'**",  
som indeholder alle deres  
største europæiske hits,  
produceret af Roy Thomas  
Baker (som også har  
produceret for Queen).

**"Gasolin'". Nu på Epic  
Records & Tapes.**

EPIC MARCA REG. 1976 EBS INC.



# Mumps



Lance Loud [center] with Bon Bon's of LA. Photo of Lance with Mumps of NY, not available.

Unlike the Art bands, which Television and Talking Heads form the fountain head of, Mumps are pop, Anglo and passionate in their beliefs. "It would have been worlds easier doing *anything* else than what Kristian and I are doing now," Lance said after one of their recent gigs. "I've dropped rock writing. Everything I see people doing on stage, I think, 'I could do better.' I could have capitalized on my previous lives (he is an ex-famous of the PBS series 'An American Family') or I could have followed my father's advice and become a hairdresser, but I couldn't do anything but this. Kristian's songs are too good."

And indeed, some of them do have the seedlings of super pop potential. Best is their rocking Dear John letter to God entitled "I'd Believe in Anyone But You" and the mini-anthem for the immaculate generation, "I Like to be Clean." Loud's own compositions, such as his pagan/dynamo/invocation called "Muscle Boys," are simpler in structure and lyric, but provide a balance in their straightforward "hit me" approach that offsets the complexities of Hoffman's material. Visually, the group is always exciting, with guitarist Toby DuPrey exuding panther-like Riviera gigolo good looks directly in contrast with bassist Kevin Kiely's blonde angelic innocence.

The assets Mumps began their career with were wit, ingenuity, good visuals, charm and energy. With their musical ability and cohesiveness developing on par with the other attributes, Mumps threaten to reach epidemic proportions, and unlike Legion Fever, there'll be no doubt as to why.

# Ramones



The Ramones—L-R: Dee Dee Ramone, Joey Ramone, Johnny Ramone.

The Ramones are the first and the only genuine pretender to the throne that is called Punk in New York. Yet by being the first band to record, they've implanted their image upon the nation as the common denominator of New York rock. Not so, but this does not denigrate the importance of the Ramones themselves. Levi-ed, t-shirted, sneakered, shaded, but most importantly, leather jacketed, the Ramones' uniform is functional and easy to appropriate. That goes for their music as well: 2 minutes a song, 14 songs a set. The Ramones experience is as objective an experience as it is subjective. Middle class kids with a passion for hard, basic, churning rock 'n' roll in the Stooges, Standells, and Shadows of Knight mold, the Ramones personify every rock critics' dream of being a rock star himself. Rabble with a cause.

# Talking Heads



The Talking Heads—L-R: Chris Frantz, David Byrne, Tina Weymouth.

Of all the bands prevalent in this jungle scene, it is conceded that Talking Heads is perhaps number two only to Television. But it is definitely trying ever so hard. Their rise to underground fame is as phenomenal as it is local. Last summer, this threesome: David Byrne, lead guitar and vocals; Tina Weymouth, bass; Chris Frantz, drums, wandered up on stage on a Monday tryout night and totally wowed the usually super smuggler-than-thou audience. Within two or three weeks, the band was headlining and drawing huge shares of the audience as well as unanimous rave reviews from all the rock critics even Mr. I HATED SERGEANT PEPPER, John Rockwell of the New York Times.

Talking Heads are all veterans of the Rhode Island School of Design. Frantz and Byrne once formed a band revealingly titled "The Artisticks." An initial viewing of the group is both audially and visually jarring. With a stage presence akin to Bellevue's house band on a Saturday night and a fingernails-on-the-chalkboard musical output, Talking Heads are exposed nerve endings. Byrne is all wide-eyed innocence when he protests, "We don't want to sound disco-forting or unsettling or make people feel uneasy." While their old material like "Psycho Killer," "The Girls Want to Be With the Girls," and "I'm Not in Love" is jarring and lyrically tongue in cheek, the newer material like "The Book I Read" is melodically oriented. The juxtaposition of these elements results in one of the most interesting and original bands of New York.

Talking Heads are as much sought after by record companies as they are cautious concerning deals. Without an impending monetary crisis, the group is content to wait until the best bait is served before being snared.

# Television



Tom Verlaine of Television.

"We rehearsed for about three months and did our first job in early '74 and that was a real disaster. It was in this tiny theatre that sat 100 people up on 46th Street or 48th Street. We got a really big crowd, though, and they gave us all these quotes saying how good we were. So we had this miniature reputation even before we even played anywhere." Tom Verlaine is front man (i.e. lead guitarist, vocalist, and songwriter) for Television, the seminal group for New York in the seventies. The mini-reputation grew to such proportions that Television holds the frustrating distinction of being a national band, in terms of publicity garnered, before being a recorded one.

(Cont'd. on next page)



Television: Cont'd. from previous page.

The initial incarnation of Television was a jarring experience due to the presence of bassist Richard Hell. The tension that emanated from the stage (Hell's classics such as "Change Your Channel" and "Blank Generation" just did not jibe with Verlaine's taste or ideas on the proper usage of the center stage spotlight) also existed in a personal context, and therefore due to unscheduled difficulties, the Richard Hell segment of the television broadcast was cancelled and reprogrammed into amiable and definitely non-aggressive Fred Smith, swiped from Blondie. Along with Richard Lloyd on guitar and drummer Billy Fica, Smith is a talented backup musician to Tom Verlaine's icicle anchorman. Lanky and chicken-necked, Verlaine serves up a new form of rock and roll cruelty. It's not vicious or wheedling, like the early Lou Reed, nor haranguing like Patti Smith (who was it that recommended that she call her next album, *Who Put the Hag in haggard?*!) His performance is a self-infatuated dismissal of all else that lives. The cosmic shrug says, "f--- you"....and the audiences crawl in ever increasing droves on Television nights to be told so.

In the crowded shotgun room, breaths are held and Lisa Robinson pauses for a moment from her incessant note scribbles as Verlaine hesitates mid-song, hands lifted away from his guitar, eyes closed, head tilted back, murmuring, "Prove it-just the facts" in his peculiar form of accent (hard c's turn liquid in his mouth, and the word "television" comes out "televizUN"). It is quite clear who put the T.V. in Television.

West Coast audiences need not receive their artful agonies of the Television variety second-hand for much longer. Elektra has just signed the group and there is an album in the works. Also, there is a privately pressed single, "Little Johnny Jewel," out on Ork Records that one can buy in Greenwich Village record shops which serves as an excellent souvenir of mid-'70s New York.

Television are considered by many as the Grateful Dead of the 70's—intricate, delicate, yet hard-nosed and driving. And most of all, cosmic to their audiences.

# Tuff Darts



As Aerosmith is the Boston version of what the Stones would be like if they were Italian/American, young, and middle-class, Tuff Darts is the New York version of what the Stones would be like if they were young, Sicilian, and wanted to kind of be like Mott the Hoople. Needless to say, it is an incredibly successful rock and roll combination pizza that may be lacking in originality what it makes up for in pizzazz.

Tuff Darts comes on butch without the benefit of black leather. Instead, they rely on sleeveless t-shirts or Mafioso suits which make them arrogant rather than punky. The two main figures within the group each represent different decades. Robert Gordon's vocalizations are 50's oriented, while Jeff Salen's lead guitar and moves are firmly rooted in the 60's Britainvasion. The two poles continually pull against each other. A version of Gene Vincent's "Be Bop a Lou Lou" is presented directly after Salen's vintage Mott soundalike anthem, "All for the Love of Rock and Roll." But the band manages to meld these two elements into a sound as hard and as forceful as steel.

Tuff Darts is one of the most professional groups on the scene, seemingly without having to go through the tempering process of a formative stage. As Jeff Salen says, "We're very consistent and professional. We want record companies to know that. I think a group like Television experiments well, but I think that lends a certain inconsistency to them. That some nights they can be really good, but other nights nowhere. We're settling for a much more basic thing. We're not cerebral. We want the baser instincts." Rock that strongarms.

## A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO "WHO'S WHO IN THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND KINGDOM:"

A Guide To 60 Important Figures Seen and On The Scene (Alphabetically, of course)

1. **Trixie A. Balm:** What's a nice li'l hippie chick doing in such a big, bad scene? Writing, and a lady-in-waiting to Talking Heads and the Dictators.

2. **Roberta Bayley:** The pretty purser and gatekeeper at CBGB. As a photographer (the Ramones' album cover), she functions as the Linda Eastman of the scene.

3. **Guilmette Barbet:** French photographer whose allegiance is to a Popist plot rather than a Papist one.

4. **Alan Betrock:** National critic who was the first town-crier in print. His belief in documenting the cause instigated the New York Rocker, the scene's facts and scandal sheet.

5. **Bleeker "I know Frank Zappa" Bob:** Beloved pain in the ass of the scene, proprietor of Village Oldies. Oh yes, Television used to let him carry their amps when they started out, letting him say he was their manager.

6. **Barbara Bothwell:** Manager of the Planets and Just Water, not to mention the Kinks. The drive of Sue Mengers and the looks of a mersey beat Mary Travers.

7. **David Bowler:** The ever-present Prince Valiant haircut disguises a positively demonic ability as Marbles' drummer.

8. **Clem Burke:** Blondie's bombshell drummer, her liege is the strongest element in the group.

9. **David Byrne:** Samson of Talking Heads; vocalist, guitarist, and songwriter. A slip of the scissors would do this group in.

10. **Janis Cafosso:** Better known as The Girl With The Red Hair, the court's perpetual maiden. Johnny Thunder wrote "Chatterbox" for his first girlfriend. She lives up to it.



11. **John Cale:** Father figure of the scene, and a suspect librarian because of the amount of time he spends at CBGB. Pretends to be an inventor by collecting influences from unsuspecting and reverent young colleagues who don't have record contracts.

12. **Cathy Chamberlain:** The Queen of the Bordello Belters, Madame Chamberlain's contribution is a good-time brew called Rag 'n' Roll.

13. **Lee Black Childers:** Court photographer, jester, publicity agent and newly named Scout-master manager of the Heartbreakers.

14. **Robert Christgau:** He views the scene askance from his fortress at the Village Voice. Arbitrary and a sophist to boot, he's downright crabby.

## Something is rockin' in the state of Denmark.

### Gasolin'

including:

What A Lemon/Rabalderstraede/Lots Of Success  
Rebel Run/It's All The Same To An American Dane



Introducing **Gasolin'**, the people who put Denmark on the musical map. **Gasolin'** four definitely great Danes who have several gold albums to their credit and a formidable in-concert reputation throughout Europe. Now they make their American bow, with an album called "**Gasolin'**" that includes all their biggest European hits and that was produced by Roy Thomas Baker (who also happens to do the same service for Queen).

**"Gasolin'." New on Epic Records and Tapes.**

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15. **Wayne County:** Max's upstairs D.J. by night and Max's onstage diva on alternate nights, la County is still trying to live down the Hurricane County image resulting from the bout with Dick Manitoba.

16. **Peter Crowley:** de-frocked monk, presently booker for Max's. His flock is more rabid now.

17. **Tommy Dean:** A one man gestapo who took control of Max's when Micky Ruskin was deposed; he turned the downstairs into a swinging singles polyester lair and the upstairs into Rock Central.

18. **Willie De Ville:** The Cadillac of vocalists. Musically, in Mink De Ville, he combines the dreadlocks of reggae with the pompadour of blues.

19. **Danny Fields:** Functions as Talleyrand while managing the Ramones and 16 Magazine. Half of the deadly "Let's look bored and make this band feel horrible" team, the other half being Lisa Robinson.

20. **Joseph Fleury:** The consummate fan turned industry worker. He began as Sparks' fan club prez, exported Milk 'n' Cookies to England for the legendary unreleased Island LP. The talented talent scout of the scene.

21. **Jane Friedman:** Seer and plotster for Patti Smith and now Talking Heads. Her heart belongs to Art Rock and her managerial abilities to Good Business Sense. Wartoke's invincible chief.

22. **Richard Gottehrer:** The alchemist attempting to make gold, he is the business administrator, with Craig Leon, in the production company that handles Blondie.

23. **Bob Gruen:** A rock photographer who chooses to socialize more on the circuit than to work on it, he still remains the Dolls' Avedon.

24. **Duncan Hannah:** The court's portraitist, the perfect Toulouse-Lautrec to CBGB's Moulin Rouge.

25. **Debra Harry, a.k.a. Blondie:** One of the few scenesters to receive the Order of the Record, she is deified as Blonde Venus.

26. **Richard Hell:** King of Krinkle and Tear (unironed and strategically torn shirts comprise his wardrobe) ex-Television, ex-Heartbreaker, now, pure Hell. He composed the scene anthem, "I Belong to the Blank Generation."

27. **Heroin:** Mead to the Scene.

28. **Kristian Hoffman:** Snot-nosed boy genius/songwriter and pianist. As court physician, his panacea is the Mumps.

29. **Jeffy:** His Girl Friday for Wartoke Concern, Patti Smith and Talking Heads in particular. One of the nicest press agents around, her good disposition is a Herculean feat in view of her finicky clients.



30. **David Johanson:** Still-active patriarch of the scene, he dominates the Dolls with an iron-fisted glove. A veteran of the circuit, his new songs are better than ever.

31. **Laura Kaufman:** Publicist for Aerosmith and Max's. Already a national figure, she threatens to develop into the Queen Bee of the scene. In arranging for Mick Ronson's new band, her stinger is pointing to one circuit.



32. **Lenny Kaye:** Combination scribe and scholar, a phoenix who rose from the ashes of burnt manuscripts of rock analysis into the stars as Patti Smith's guitarist.

33. **Richard Kinscherf:** Major Domo of Orchestra Luna, vocalist, sometimes pianist and songwriter. His songs have more characters and more character than most.

34. **Hilly Kristal:** Bacchus proprietor of CBGB, the Zeus of the scene is indeed Plymptian in stature.

35. **Craig Leon:** The Merlin-producer responsible for the Ramones' album and Blondie's single. Called One-Shot Leon because of his one-take recording procedures; some question in his marksmanship.

36. **Richard Lloyd:** A pretty-boy Tonto to Tom Verlaine's Lone Ranger, Television's guitarist Lloyd is the student prince to Master Verlaine.

37. **Lance Loud:** Performed the ultimate sacrifice by forsaking rock writing for rock, period, with his merry minstrels, the Mumps.

38. **Sal Maida:** Bassist reknowned for his Rock of Gibraltar stability. Presently recording on Ron and Russell Mael's "Big Beat" album, Maida's previous stellar credentials include Roxy Music and Milk 'n' Cookies.

39. **Ian North:** Lead guitarist for Milk 'n' Cookies, intelligent pop song writer extraordinaire, problem child non compare. His quest and question is a constant, "Why is this a hit?"

40. **Terry Ork:** He blew into town after joining the Warhol entourage which was on location in Southern California. He manages the movie emporium, Cinemabilia, and has supported Television in every way imaginable. Television's self-distributed single, "Little Johnny Jewel", was on ORK records.



41. **Andy Paley:** Ex-Sidewinders lead singer, ex-Modern Lovers drummer, now teamed with brother Jonathan, Everly-style. You can't see his laurels because he's always resting on them.

42. **Lisa Persky and Gary Valentine:** A Guinevere/actress/critic and a Lancelot Blondie-bassist comprise the scene's favorite love-birds.

43. **Binky Philips:** Guitarist and founder of the Planets, their chief astrologer is Pete Townsend's chief acolyte.

44. **Amos Poe:** Film documentarian of the scene. "Night Lunch" and "Blank Generation" present concert footage, while the just-released "Unmade Beds" uses scenesters as actors. Goddard to the Gods.

45. **The Ramones:** So cohesive a unit that no one potentate emerges. The first group to record and thereby fix the national image of N.Y. Rock. The Critics' choice.

46. **Lou Reed:** See John Cale.

47. **Lisa Robinson:** A combination of Marie Antoinette and Joan of Arc. When she deems to champion a group, all of her considerable media outlets (Rock Scene, Creem, Hit Parader, NME) are at her disposal. When her fancy is not tickled or her ire incurred, "Let them eat cake."

48. **Micky Ruskin:** In the Camelot days of Max's, Ruskin was king. The owner of the Locale (the Elaine's for NYU students), he is now concentrating his energies on The Lower Manhattan Ocean Club, which is emerging as a Mecca for art rockers Television, Patti Smith, John Cale, Lou Reed, and Talking Heads.

49. **Jeff Salen:** Tuff Darts' lead guitarist is doing double duty by also recording Ron and Russel Mael's "Big Beat". With the battle lines firmly drawn, the question is, which camp will he join?



50. **Patti Smith:** The first lady/mistress to the scene.



51. **Seymour Stein:** He envisions his Sire Records as the dominion's house recording organ and has courted every major band. Messiah or Machiavelli, King Arthur or Mordred?

52. **Alan Suicide:** A sacrifice to the altar of art, this vocalist is the most adventuresome and least commercial entity on the scene.



53. **Johnny Thunder:** Tired of groups run like kingdoms, Thunder left the Dolls and formed the Heartbreakers. Hell abdicated and Thunder is monarch by default. Originator and still practitioner of Buzzy Bee School of Guitar.



54. **Cherry Vanilla:** Groupie, actress, Mainman official, poet and singer in evolutionary order. Of the old order, the fans of her and her Staten Island Band have the fervor of the New Order.

55. **Arturo Vega:** Ramones' roadie, zealot, and protector, a great dresser, a good artist, a foreigner, he comes closest to being the scene's Renaissance Man.



56. **Tom Verlaine:** Royal bard and guitar guru of Television, the forefather of the scene.

57. **Tina Weymouth:** The Incredible String Band's Licorice may have done it first, but Talking Heads' Tina does it best. Play bass, that is. Trendy and talented.

58. **James Wolcott:** Another court scribe (in the Village Voice and Creem), he is firmly entrenched in the intelligentsia rock division. Into battle he marches, carrying the standard for Television, Talking Heads, and Patti Smith.

59. **Jimmy & Tommy Wyndbrandt:** Lead and rhythm guitars, and songwriters for the Miamis, one of the longest surviving groups around. Hullabaloo rock, and definitely members of the Royal family, but the multitude of their elder brothers and sisters leaves them little hope of gaining the throne.



60. **Paul Zone:** The Dandy of the court, a more dedicated follower of super pop fashion would be hard to find. Up until now a seester, as lead singer of the Fast he's developing into a scenester.



# DUKE & THE DRIVERS

**There's a heavy load of East Coast rock rolling across the country.**

**In fact, it's a whole convoy and the drivers are Cadillac Jack, Mad Mississippi Buffalo, Bobby Blue Sky, Koko Dee, and Rhinestone Mudflap III, with Sam Deluxe at the front door. They're a Boston based band with a Louisiana accent and their new album has put them in the fifty-dollar lane wherever they roll. Look for them in the big orange wrapper. They'll get your ears up.**

## Rollin' On

**Produced by Deke Richards  
On ABC Records and GRT Tapes**





## Are you ready for the Country?

By John Morthland

One of the major problems in writing about country music today is that there's so little of it. The country, pop and easy listening charts overlap like never before. Major labels in Nashville are hiring new publicists and promo men to deal primarily with the rock press and FM radio. Meanwhile, after some 30 years on the same label, Ernest Tubb has been dropped and can't convince anyone else to sign him. It's getting difficult to tell the players without a scorecard; by focusing on issues, trends, and specific artists in the country field, this new column will try to provide that scorecard. While I'll be writing mostly about artists I think might interest the rock audience, don't be surprised to see a few words about such "hard" country stars as George Jones, who I consider indispensable. Two artists I saw recently at Nashville's Exit/In provide good reference points for the kinds of interplay between country and pop today.

Steve Young surfaced a few years ago as the writer of a big Waylon Jennings hit, "Lonesome, On'ry and Mean." His 1972 Warner's album *Seven Bridges Road* is now out of print (though an altered version is available on the small Blue Canyon label). But on the basis of his new *Renegade Picker* (RCA APL-1-1759), produced by Jennings, he is clearly one of the finest of the new breed of country singers and writers.

Young writes ("White Trash Song," "My Oklahoma," "Montgomery in the Rain") or covers



Steve Young

(Rodney Crowell's "Home Sweet Home (Revisited)," John D. Loudermilk's "Tobacco Road") songs with a remarkably evocative sense of time and place. He's not very sentimental or romantic, and he doesn't write drivel about the Old West; he sticks mainly to his own time and place, which is why he's so effective. He's already been compared to Hank Williams, but he reminds me more of a shouting Jimmie Rodgers. Though his music sounds like little we associate with Nashville, neither does it reveal much rock influence; rather, it is a masterful blend of all kinds of country music—from black country blues to Appalachian standards to cowboy ballads. Young is not jumping on any "progressive country" bandwagons, though his album will give the lie to those who are. He's a rambling man in the great country tradition, and his precise and often personal songs should also appeal to folkies and fans of pop singer-songwriters.

Doug Sahm, I'm afraid, is jumping on a bandwagon, and my guess is he's not about to get a very good ride out of it. On the basis of his best work ("She's About A Mover," "Mendocino," *Together After Five*, 1&1&1=4), he's a rock 'n' roll natural resource. He's also a walking encyclopedia of Texas music; in the past, this has meant the shuffles of T-Bone Walker, the horn-heavy blues of

Bobby Bland, the pop rockabilly of the Bobby Fuller Four, the chicano R&B of the pre-superstar Freddy Fender, and, of course, the country music of such Texas legends as Bob Wills and Ray Price.

Now he's bitten by the Austin bug. As the title indicates, *Texas Rock for Country Rollers* (Dot DOSD-2057) is his most country-based album yet, though a few cuts have nothing to do with country. Doug sounds distracted by this material, as though he were doing it more because he thought it was "what's happening" than because he has a real affinity for it. The songs (except for "Cowboy Peyton Place") are too samey, and that's the crucial point: the rocking Doug Sahm is a totally unique artist, but except for some lyrical eccentricities (which are pure Sahmism), most of these songs could have been written by any country-rocker.

Fortunately, the rocking Doug Sahm survives in concert, and the Texas Tornados are a much stronger band than the record indicates. They play even the straight country stuff as though it were basically rock, the songs blend in with Doug's inimitable past hits and his covers of old Texas blues and rock classics, and they get an audience moving. He is, at heart, a country-influenced rocker, and his best hope is probably to capture that on record.



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- 24 Toronto, Canada
- 25 Detroit, Mich.
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- 14 Philadelphia, Pa.
- 15 Norfolk, Va.
- 17 Little Rock, Ark.
- 18 Oklahoma City, Ok.
- 20 Omaha, Neb.
- 22 Denver, Col.
- 24 Salt Lake City, Utah
- 27 San Francisco, Calif.

#### Sept.

- 3 Portland, Ore.
- 4 Seattle, Wash.
- 8 Tempe, Ariz.
- 10 San Diego, Calif.
- 12 Los Angeles, Calif.



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## Stills & Young Band: "Young has discovered a common ground to explore with his old partner."

**LONG MAY YOU RUN**  
The Stills Young Band



**LONG MAY YOU RUN**  
The Stills-Young Band  
Reprise MS 2253

By Bud Scoppa

In 1970, the notion of a Stills-Young collaboration would have seemed singularly exciting: these were the power hitters of the legendary Buffalo Springfield and CSNY, sharply contrasting in their individual styles but able to fuse those styles into bursts of tensely thrilling rock & roll. When Stills and Young entered into their stormy onstage guitar duels in those days, they resonated such passion that everyone sharing the



Flo & Eddie, Stills & Young—Flo to Steve: "Heavy makes you happy."

stage with them was rendered invisible. From that perspective, it seemed inevitable that the two would eventually shed their various co-stars and concentrate exclusively on their unique partnership.

How things have changed. Now that Stills and Young have finally decided to team up, the pairing seems not colossal but incongruous. While Young has grown into one of rock's most powerfully individualistic figures, Stills has lost his way altogether, gradually burying himself beneath the weight of his own frustration. With Young becoming more compellingly honest with each successive album, and Stills making records that seemed intended to obscure rather than reveal, there seemed little point in the two even attempting a joint album.

Somehow, inexplicably, the Stills-Young chemistry still works, despite all the reasons it shouldn't.

On *Long May You Run*, each artist reveals surprising flexibility: Stills has the courage to step out from behind the smokescreen arrangements that have characterized his recent solo recordings, while Young has tempered the jagged intensity of his post-*Harvest* work with the roundness of blended backing vocals and restrained keyboards. Yet these concessions in no way lessen the impact of Young's five songs (the best of which have all the relentless drama of *Zuma*). The real surprise is that Stills, standing in the open for the first time in years, exhibits not fear or awkwardness but an assured, affecting openness. His honestly recorded, non-multi-tracked singing has strength and character, and for the most part, Stills manages to avoid the vocal mannerisms that have done so much to undermine his credibility.

Stills' songwriting, another chronic problem, has also taken a

surprising turn. Of his four songs here, two are focal points: "Black Coral," an ambitious recounting of a deep-sea dive, moves to a visionary resolution without losing its conviction; and "12/8 Blues (All the Same)" builds from an irresistible riff to a roaring guitar broadside that would've been at home on *Buffalo Springfield Again*. While Stills' other two songs are hardly classics, they're likeable and have enough energy to keep the album moving.

Aside from giving Stills the strongest and most sympathetic support he's had since the last time they shared a studio, Young has strengthened the album with three powerfully provocative songs ("Fontainebleau," "Let It Shine," "Long May You Run") that stand with his best work, and two others infused with a tropical loveliness quite removed from the desolation of *Tonight's The Night*. The gracefulness of his melodies and his thematic emphasis on the beach and the water suggest that Young has discovered a common ground to explore with his old partner. His choice of songs and settings not only unifies the album, it also comes across as a genuinely brotherly act; Young is at times capable of transcending his intrinsic cynicism.

*Long May You Run* is no masterpiece, but it's strong, fluid, and touching in a most unusual way. The spontaneous human blend of those two singular voices as they begin the album on Young's title song ("We've been through some things together/ With trunks of memories still to come/We've been through some stormy weather/Long may you run...") is in itself so compassionate that it defies any pre-conceived skepticism. At the least likely moment, they've done it again. And—it's not easy, but I'll confess—I'm a believer.

**FLAMIN' GROOVIES**  
Shake Some Action



**SHAKE SOME ACTION**  
Flamin' Groovies  
Sire SASD 7521

By Ken Barnes

With the Flamin' Groovies you either love 'em or you leave 'em alone. For the dedicated cultists who have lovingly followed them through ten troubled years, they can do no wrong. For another segment of the music-loving population, they are eminently dispen-

sable. The spectacle of five pop-scarred veterans (one balding rapidly) decked out in Carnaby-era suits from Brian Jones' old tailor and playing Beatles-length and sometimes Beatles-styled songs, although apparently quite the rage in parts of Europe, is not likely to impress the more jaded pop observers stateside, notably in L.A. and New York.

In a perceptive performance review, Richard Cromelin touched upon one of the Groovies' basic problems, opining that they "were playing Dave Clark Five to Dr. Feelgood's Rolling Stones" in the legions of British Invasion recreators. I'd say it's Searchers instead of DC5, because of the Groovies' lighter sound, but the comparison holds plenty of water. Just as the Searchers, basically a lightweight pop group, covered the same R&B and early rock standards that the Stones and Animals did (and getting cut to pieces in the process), the Groovies have a

penchant for Chuck Berry and Rolling Stones-styled material similar to Dr. Feelgood's, and end up sounding (and looking) amateurish next to those more authentically-imaged Britishers.

But the Searchers supplemented their R&B diet with innovative, exciting original stylizations, and fortunately so do the Flamin' Groovies. Their debut Sire album (and fourth overall) is thankfully balanced more in favor of their originals than is their live show. And the originals are staggering. Punched up by Dave Edmunds' dense production, the eight Groovies compositions explode out of the speakers with irresistible force. Each one has infinite potential to grow on you (the electrifying "Shake Some Action" and "I Can't Hide," powered by crackling guitars, are tops at this point), but as an aggregate their impact is overwhelming. In their combination of Spectorian production techniques

and primal rock & roll drive, these tunes are both innovative and exciting.

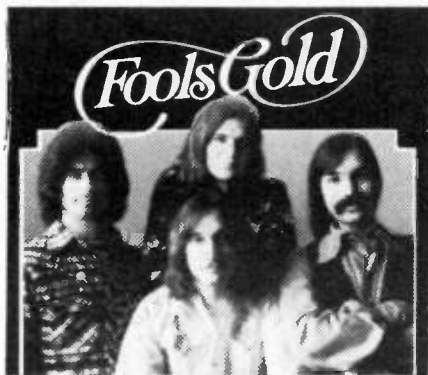
The six cover versions don't fare so well; only a doomy production version of Gene Thomas' great 1961 hit "Sometime" adds any new dimensions. "She Said Yeah" which Sonny Bono wrote for Larry Williams—more famous as the leadoff track on *December's Children*—is a ferocious 96 seconds. "Misery," the early Beatles' song, is taken too fast at 96 seconds again, and only serves as further evidence for the "Beatles Copyists" tag suggested by the surface similarities in the group's songs and attire. The last three covers, the Spoonful's "Let the Boy Rock & Roll," the ancient "St. Louis Blues," and Chuck Berry's "Don't Lie To Me," are all performed at a breakneck Berry pace; energetic and well-wrought. But hasn't the style been taken as far as it can go by Berry, the

[cont'd on next page]



Beatles and Stones, and even Dave Edmunds?

This album will be devoured whole by the band's fanatic loyalists, and dismissed by those who consider the whole mid-60's image and sound approach a reactionary and pointless gambit (unfortunately, several important radio-programmers and press types fall into that grouping). What will seal the Groovies' fate is reaction from that huge segment of the populace who've never heard of the group; those people will be reacting to the record as a brand new thing. I think once they hear it—assuming they will get to hear it, by no means a sure bet—the pure excitement and undeniable power of the material should overcome the group's potentially negative image traits.



Includes: RAIN OH RAIN/SAILIN' TO MONTEREY/I WILL RUN

### FOOLS GOLD Fools Gold Morning Sky 5500

By Martin Cerf

Here's one that slipped by nearly everyone. The pre-fab L.A. folk-rock chemistry was never so omni-present than on this record; which makes it all the more difficult to justify its near total dismissal. The players are vets, as a unit and as the back-up for the Fogelberg road show. The management is Irv Azoff (Eagles, Joe Walsh, REO, Fogelberg...). This record launched Azoff's new Morning Sky Records/Arista production deal, so there was no little corporate hoopla made upon its release.

The production credits alone should have accounted for no less than 70,000 sales. There's Glyn Johns, Glenn Frey, Joe Walsh and John Stronach. Four producers... the record also credits five separate engineers, two mix-down engineers, three recording studios and 35 individuals relegated to a 'Special Thanks' area at the bottom of the jacket liner. Two conclusions can be drawn from this data: One)-This was an expensive record to make. Two)-No one expected the first *Fools Gold* LP to be such a turkey.

On the other hand, based on the false starts with the various producers over the many months it took to record the LP, perhaps there were those who suspected the worst early on. Supposedly this

record was recorded three times, so by the time it did finally hit the streets, the anti-climax for all concerned must have been great.

One suspects that with the budget Arista allocated and the many trial recording/rehearsals, *Fools Gold* would have this stuff down pat. It's a fair assumption. This is in actual fact an extremely well made record. Although uneven at times (which is no surprise since each of the four producers are represented with what apparently is the 'best of' titles from their respective sessions), and all the *hazari* notwithstanding, you'll find *Fools Gold*—the act and the LP—possessed with all the accretions necessary to take their case directly to the masses. Two and three-part harmonies that mesh most impressively to lyrical images, which while uncomplicated and commercial, inevitably become frustratingly pleasing.

All this and a St. Louis pedigree (they're L.A. residents now), make this LP difficult to ignore. Tom Kelly and Denny Henson are immensely skilled 70's folk-rock entrepreneurs. If the Eagles were able to perpetuate the Roger McGuinn/Byrds vernacular successfully during the first half of this decade, look to these people for the next most logical variation on the style.

The strongest titles are, suspiciously, cuts 1-3 on side one. They are obviously the best examples of what each producer got from the act. The most obvious hit is Frey's production "Rain Oh Rain" (it was a single, and stiffed). Next best is "Choices," the Glyn Johns effort. The song combines just enough contemporary protest stance and commercial message to keep it on my turntable repeatedly. Third is the Walsh/Stronach track "Coming Out Of Hiding." More up-tempo, very saleable Asylum AM. The weakest tracks, ironically are the two Fogelberg compositions.

*Fools Gold* should appear in the \$1.98 bins any time now and I'd suggest you grab a copy quick while it's a bargain. If you heard 'em the first time around and passed, it's worth another shot. Remember how long it took to digest the "Eagles sound?"

### RAZOR SHARP The Earl Slick Band Capitol

By Richard Cromelin

The Earl Slick Band's second album stops just when it gets going. Its ninth and final cut, "Games," is what one hoped would happen when Slick got together with producer John Alcock, whose work with Thin Lizzy shows he's no slouch when it comes to preserving the rock 'n' roll spirit in the studio. "Games" is full-bodied, supercharged high-energy rock in which Slick's guitar and Jimmie Mack's vocal kick each

other silly. For the first time, you really feel the team interacting at open throttle and on all levels. It has that spontaneous, animated, first-take quality that, unfortunately, is missing from most of *Razor Sharp*.

While the songs reveal no staggering creative advances since the group's debut release, the overall tone and attack is looser and more assertive. The basic ingredients—primarily, Slick's economy, power and range on electric guitar and Mack's considerable vocal and compositional talents—are first-rate, and it's nice to see a lead guitarist with enough perspective to go out and put together a real band instead of assembling a vehicle for his solos. The spark that should come of all this, though, has yet to be struck.

The songs and the lean, muscular delivery are in a beefed-up Bad Company vein, and if only the rhythm section could bring some swing to its strong tempos the ESB might have its complacent elders down for the count. Mack's steely, resilient voice is a fine instrument, but it needs to let go a bit.

That tendency towards sameness also infects the musical side. Most of the songs are simply

variations on the same basic structure and melody, and while it's a nice enough sound, it can't cover two sides of a record without spreading thin.

On stage, the Earl Slick Band compensates with a raw, urgent energy. Alcock and the group, though, haven't captured that sweat and exertion and born-to-rock 'n' roll commitment on a large scale. Instead, the arrangements come off too carefully measured and calculated. On the other hand, the virtues of the individual tracks should insure the band some impact in the singles sweepstakes. The best bets would probably be the title track, in which we finally feel the ceiling rise a bit, and "Such a Doll," the purest exhibition of their basic strengths.

The Earl Slick Band is one step closer to fulfillment on *Razor Sharp*, but the flashes of freedom and spontaneity remain sporadic. This stuff isn't all that intriguing on a purely musical level, and desperately requires the infusion of a complete, commanding personality. We'll call the count one-and-one and get ready for the next pitch.



### LIVIN' FOR LOVIN' Jackie Lomax Capitol ST-11558

By Sam Sutherland

Late 60's Anglophiles may remember Jackie Lomax as a trembling, urgent blues vocalist showcased on a handful of bracing rock albums (beginning with his American debut as an Apple protegee).

It's been over four years since the last album; Lomax dropped from sight and has now resurfaced in Los Angeles. While these new songs find him maintaining his standards for strong instrumental support, the interval between albums is measured by the initially startling impact of *Livin' For Lovin'*. Where Lomax previously detailed his songs with the raw-edged blues accents that were au courant for 60's progressive rockers, he now displays his equal affection for the sleeker, more controlled pulse of contemporary r&b. Darting syncopation, loping bass, and hustling cymbals are laced with an overall pacemaker

tempo suitable for disco turntables as well as FM segues with Robert Palmer or Boz Scaggs.

Those two poles suggest contrasting views of the new Lomax. As dance-floor booster, his music bubbles with an assured rhythmic energy and a saving sense of restraint which raise it well above disco's robotic common denominators. Still, as an evolution of the earlier Lomax style; one that sets itself against other white blues stylists like Scaggs and Palmer, there are a few wrinkles.

Part of the problem stems from the songs themselves. The opening song, "More (Livin' For Lovin')," sets the album's somewhat schizoid tone, pointing toward a unity of themes that's somewhat undercut by the slick, airy production. Though Lomax seems to be elevating Love, the sturdiest of pop ideas, towards a more spiritual ideal, the impulse sometimes seems rather incongruous within the poker-faced cool of the arrangements.

Still, Lomax hasn't lost his instincts for strong players. Here, he unifies old friends from Woodstock (including a former Rhinestone and drummer Chris Parker) with some strong West Coast musicians to craft tight, controlled songs. Lomax turns in his own delicate slide playing as an added benefit, and several of the songs manage to steer away from the discofied moves that initially threaten. One man's dance can be another's lockstep, but songs like "Memorabilia" and "Put Some Rhythm In Your Blues" save *Livin' For Lovin'* from succumbing to deadly disco chic.



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## War In The U.S.A.-The First Five Years

# RECORD

MAGAZINE  
Sep 76 Vol 3

# 5





## War: 71-76 "People can go to discos when they want to dance—But they'll always come home to War."

--Dee Allen

By ROBERT DUNCAN

Sly Stone was the first black hippie—he integrated lyric and musical elements of white rock (and jazz)—into his basically gospel style. Lyric-wise, he paved the way for the Temptations to do an album called *Psychedelic Shack*. Musically, he opened the door for the B. T. Express and all the current drone-disco groups. He also broke things open in both white and black markets for War. Now that deserves a thank-you. But little more.

Nobody owns War. Not Sly Stone. Not black music. Not white music. Not disco. Not jazz. Not gospel. Not salsa (there was no mass-marketed salsa when War started; in fact, more than any one group War may be responsible for the popular acceptance of Latin percussion in rock/pop/soul and, ultimately, perhaps of salsa). War music is War music. "We just do our own music," says War's resident Buddha Papa Dee Allen. "We don't need to do disco. We feel that people can go out to discos when they want to dance and that's fine...But they'll always come home to War." In other words, from its inception and presumably in perpetuity War resists trends; if anything, with their distinct style, they start them.

While "All Day Music" was their first hit in late '71, it wasn't until mid-'72 that they became established with the phenomenal "Slippin' Into Darkness." While the world expected that here was just another backup group, divorced from their star, washing up broke and desperate on our turntables, trying to catch one last financial breath before the tide carried them back to watery extinction, War surprised everybody—except themselves. They knew that they had performed well in their role as Eric Burdon's sidemen, but they also knew that it was time they struck out on their own with their own distinct music.

"All Day Music" was perhaps too mellow, too cautious to really put the band over on AM. But "Slippin' Into Darkness" with its unembarrassed syncopations and dark, swirling vocal lines and its overwhelming hook, became maybe the most imitated song of the '70s. It was soul in the great tradition of the Temptations (with gospel overtones), a jazz undercurrent inside the instrumental colorings and a remarkable and unusual (for that time) use of Latin accents in the percussion. But that was and is War: a broad eclecticism where the only criteria is what works.

The song that finally delineated all the elements of the War style was "The World Is A Ghetto," released in December '72. It may be that they waited because they felt the band had to have some commercial base before they let it all out; clearly their records became more complex and at the same time wilder between the time of "All Day Music" and "Ghetto" and the message got stronger.

But "Ghetto" was a risk of sorts. It was a paradoxical song. The title indicated at first that here was another entry into the black nationalism musical sweepstakes, but the lyrics, if you listened, turned what may have been an initial bias around: the song was not about or for just one group of people but spoke in fact to everybody together; "The world," said the song to all who cared to hear beyond their own limited perimeters, "is a ghetto." The music cooked with a raw, sprawling instrumental and vocal power inside a production job that made no excuses (unlike the comparatively syrupy production of "All Day Music"). And if you didn't notice on "Darkness," well, here that eclecticism was absolutely busting out at the seams. Simultaneously, it was Ray Barreto, Wilson Pickett, Crosby, Stills, &

Nash, Sly Stone, the local Baptist choir, the Grateful Dead, Wes Montgomery and Albert Ayler, to name a few, as well as the traffic in the street outside your window. And uniquely War.

Anyway, with the uncompromised brashness of "Ghetto," the tone was set for a career that has produced such hits as the "Cisco Kid," "Gypsy Man," "Me and Baby Brother," and "Why Can't We Be Friends" and has netted the band one gold album and four platinum in six times out.

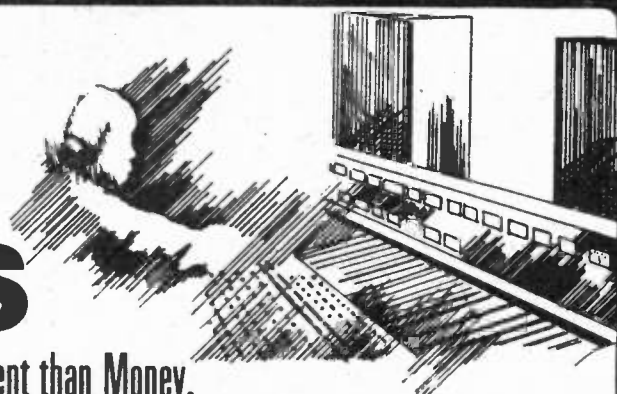
What's the secret? "The streets," insists Papa Dee. "Our music comes from the streets, and we have never got very far away from where we come from. We've kept perspective. And by the streets, I mean.... Well, the streets can be in Amsterdam or Italy or Japan. The 'streets' is one experience. You don't have to be black or poor. The street is just where people are... You know, people everywhere are oppressed. Rich people are oppressed. I see rich people drive up in some fancy car and everybody will say 'Hey, look at that. I know where he's at. Just look at his car.' So you see this guy is oppressed, too. All we're saying is 'Why can't we be friends?'"

[cont'd on page 40]



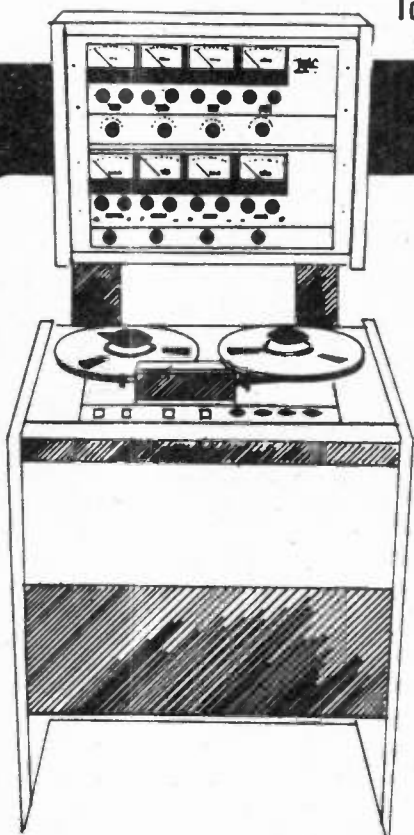
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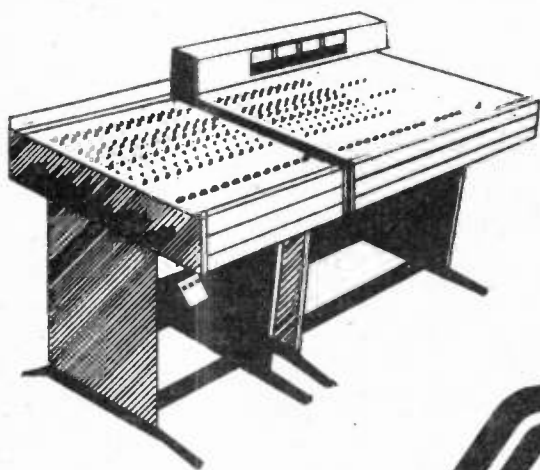
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## “Slippin’ Into Darkness became maybe the most imitated song of the ’70s.”

[cont’d from page 38]

Besides the freshness and impertinent vitality of their music, it is probably true that this universal approach (and reach) of War is what made them one of the few black groups to enter both the black and white markets simultaneously (without “crossing over”) as well as the AM, FM and Easy Listening radio markets. But their attitude is far from cynically commercial. Papa Dee Allen is one of the most genial and sincere men one could ever encounter. A cameraman who has been filming in the hotel room where the interview is going on takes a break for a minute to sit down next to Papa and inform him that what he said about “everybody being oppressed” has been for him a long-time inspiration. Papa Dee says, “Well, it’s true.” And turning back to me, he continues saying, “You see, the world is coming together. It’s not a question of black, white, red, yellow. Nowadays with the media, everybody gets to observe everybody else and take this and that from the other person. Like in Japan we have these kids come up to us and they have their hair done up in naturals—or, at least, as close as they can come to a natural—and they start talking to us with, like, perfect ghetto accents. And I love it. This kid likes this way of talking and he takes it on. It means the world is becoming one.” Whereas most people would be prone to ridicule such behavior, Papa Dee and War see it as significant and healthy. And it’s hard to keep an attitude like that down. Their total acceptance of their audience demands likewise in return—and gets it.

As the rest of the band lounges about the room, mostly crammed together on the double bed where Papa sits, I ask about the future of War now in their sixth year,

particularly with respect to the proliferating solo albums. “Well, Lee,” reports Papa, “of course, has his solo album out. And I’m working on a solo album that will be sort of a complete trip through many different styles. I’ll have a theme and part of it will be played by a jazz combo and the record will go on to end with the theme being played by a symphony orchestra. This is all written already but I’m not recording yet. Lonnie Jordan has his solo album pretty much finished and that should be out within the next few months. We all are going to do solos. These solo projects have not hurt the band at all. We’re all pulling for each other. We just all have certain ideas we want to try out. We don’t do everything together all the time. We get away from each other in other ways, too.” But what if one of the solo albums took off commercially? “Great. I hope it happens to all of them. But to each of us War comes first.”

What’s up next then for War? “Well, we have the greatest hits album,” Dee continues, “then the next studio album may be the music we did for the movie *The River Niger*.” I asked that since they were in New York to do a concert, would the future see them touring more. “We’ve been pretty lazy about touring in the past,” Papa laughs, “but we’re going to be changing that some in the future. We should have toured for our albums, but look how they sold anyway; imagine if we’d toured!” Will War still exist in ten years? And as what? “War is War and we’ll just keep going along. It’s pretty hard to say what’s going to happen in ten years. It’s pretty hard to tell what’s going to happen tomorrow. We’re not saying that, OK, in ten years we’ll be a jazz group. We’ll just keep playing it day by day and we will continue to play the music that develops, that just comes naturally to us.”



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## IN THE SEVENTIES



### Ellington Art: Forever contemporary

By LITA ELISCU

The ideas of Duke Ellington, the Idea of Ellington, is everywhere these days. The Broadway show, *Bubbling Brown Sugar*, pays homage; Albert Ailey's dances have used Ellington for themes since the troupe was founded; various concerts, including several evenings of the Newport Jazz Festival this year, have focused on Ellington's music, both the well-known and the more obscure compositions. But nobody represents him as well as he does himself. Thank heavens for the new surge of interest; if there had been no popular, wholesale re-

vival, record companies might not continue to release his work; and Atlantic in particular might not have released *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Sessions* and I might never have been able to hear this music. And I would have been the poorer.

This is great art work. Rich and inventive, keen and yet gentle in its sense of humor, absolutely splendid in its vision. The session took place in France, early 1963, Ellington as producer, pianist, composer, and A&R man. Three string players are featured throughout, used often as a rhythm section, even doubling as

the horn section, and always imparting a very *symphonic* feel to the music by nature of strings. Stephane Grappelli and Ray Nance play violin, Svend Asmussen plays viola. Ellington on piano comprises Side One. On Side Two, Billy Strayhorn plays piano once in a while, and a rhythm section and horns are added.

All the rules are obeyed and all the rules are ignored. Ellington proves that any instrument can be used to play any musical position—to play any music. Grappelli's voice on violin immediately recalls the Hot-Jazz lusty time of Django Reinhardt, taking one back to a Paris which most probably only existed in the minds of some expatriates. Asmussen's viola adds a darker and more somber tone, giving his passages a poignant and grave current, a pensive commentary. Ray Nance was, of course, Ellington's own violinist and it seems to me that he functions here as a balance between the other two positions.

Here are sketches of France, of the 60's and the whole post-WW II art surge, the symbol and spirit of a country which dominated our art forms for so long—and which honored the American art form, jazz, long before America ever cared or believed. That kind of irony must have appealed to the more sophisticated parts of Ellington, because the humor of this music so so often close to these

darker tones.

Ellington's visions were recorded 13 years ago, but his versions seem to be newer, closer to us in time, than anyone else's interpretations. That is what great art is for, to be forever contemporary, to have a message always.

The introduction to the first track, "Take The 'A' Train," is typical. In a few bars, he delivers a wholly new concept of his own theme which he has played, has heard played, countless thousands of times. By 'new', I mean exactly that. The notes are new, he has taken everything out of place and re-assembled the sounds so we can see the shape as something different than we have been used to accepting. If nothing else was on this album, the intro would be worth everything. It is a summary of what music can mean, what jazz is, trying to stretch and shape sounds in such a way as to call our attention to the underlying bonds tying together our collective imagination.

Wow. 13 years to wait to hear this music. Each composition—and they are all Ellington—exists on many levels, each a comment on the original comment of its music. I am told that in the months before Ellington died, he rented the RCA Studios in New York, and for three or, so months, he went in and recorded. I hope we won't have to wait 13 more years before this legacy is released.

### The implications of this album are obvious.

Herbie Hancock's albums have all been windows on the future of music. Now, with "Secrets," everything that Herbie Hancock was flirting with has blossomed into a full-fledged love affair.

"Secrets" is destined to become the most played Herbie Hancock album in history. People who hear it want to hear it again, immediately. The sign of a true classic.

**Herbie Hancock's "Secrets?"**

#### HERBIE HANCOCK SECRETS

including:  
Doin' It/Cantelope Island/Gentle Thoughts  
Spider/People Music



**On Columbia Records and Tapes.**



Produced by David Robinson and Friends, Inc. and Herbie Hancock.

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# Music, music, music, music, music, music, music!

## Deniece Williams *This Is Niecy*

including:  
It's Important To Me/That's What Friends Are For  
Watching Over/If You Don't Believe/Free



"This Is Niecy." It's the spectacular debut album produced by Maurice White and Charles Stepney of Earth, Wind & Fire for Deniece Williams. Stevie Wonder loves her. And you will too.

## HERBIE HANCOCK SECRETS

including:  
Doin' It/Cantelope Island/Gentle Thoughts  
Spider/People Music



"Secrets." Now, everything that Herbie Hancock has been flirting with in the past has blossomed into full-fledged love. When Herbie Hancock plays, the future of music is obvious.

## Freddie Hubbard *Windjammer*

including:  
Rock Me Arms  
Dream Weaver/Neo Terra (New Land)  
Feelings/Touch Me Baby



"Windjammer." Once again, the collaboration of Freddie Hubbard and arranger/conductor/producer Bob James proves to be exceptional. Because this is the *most* Freddie Hubbard album ever.

## Fania All Stars delicate and jumpy

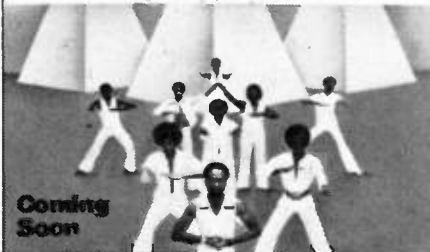
including:  
Desafio (Challenge)/Picadillo  
Foofer Soofer/Sabrosa  
El Himno De Amor (Anthem Of Love)



"Delicate & Jumpy." Introducing Salsa like you never heard it before from the group who practically invented it. The Fania All Stars on their debut Columbia recording. Salsa!

## EARTH, WIND & FIRE *Spirit*

including:  
Getaway/Saturday Nite/On Your Face  
Imagination/Burnin' Bush



"Spirit." Four gold albums later, the greatest group in the world releases their new one. It contains all the power and good feeling that have made Earth, Wind & Fire the best there is.

## THE Emotions FLOWERS

including:  
I Don't Wanna Lose Your Love/Me For You  
How Can You Stop Loving Someone  
No Plans For Tomorrow/Special Part



"Flowers." The Emotions. Three young and very talented women who sing with the silky grace of a wind-swept field of clover. If you've got any feelings at all, The Emotions will bring them out.

## The New Tony Williams *Lifetime* *Million Dollar Legs*

including:  
Sweet Revenge/You Did It To Me/Lady Jade  
Inspirations Of Love/Joy Filled Summer



"Million Dollar Legs." The new album from The New Tony Williams Lifetime features Tony Newton, Allan Holdsworth and Alan Pasqua at their best. Maybe that's why Tony is smiling.

# It's all on Columbia Records and Tapes.



# SOUL & JAZZ SINGLES



By JOE McEWEN

A randomly selected, August, 1967 survey from Philadelphia's WDAS radio, reveals this formidable lineup of soul classics:

1. "Funky Broadway"....Dyke and the Blazers
2. "Ain't No Mountain High".... Marvin and Tammi
3. "Turn To Stone"....Four Tops
4. "Baby Please Come Back".... J.J. Barnes
5. "Some Kind of Wonderful".... Soul Brothers Six
6. "Make Me Yours"....Bettye Swann
7. "You Gave Me Something".... Fantastic Four
8. "Sweetest Thing".....Chris Bartley
9. "Groovin'".....Rascals
10. "Respect"....Aretha Franklin
11. "Testify".....Parliaments
12. "Tramp".....Otis and Carla
13. "Baby, I Love You".....Howard Tate
14. "I Was Made To Love Her".... Stevie Wonder
15. "Hypnotized"....Linda Jones

Whew! The bottom of the survey even holds its own; Bunny Sigler, Arthur Conley, Temptations, Sam and Dave, Miracles and Brenda Holloway. I only included this enticing piece of nostalgia because the current charts are so dull, stalled by a general creative lethargy. Unfortunately, gazing wistfully at a past summer's (The Summer of Love, if I'm not mistaken) offerings, doesn't dispell 7-Rooms of gloom.

All is not lost, however. It's never hard for me to find a few new 45's to make my burden a little bit lighter and my days a little bit brighter. Here's to the future.

A strange crop of mid-summer releases, kicked off by the return of two dormant labels; **Brian** and **Eddie Holland's** Hot Wax/Invictus complex and former Stax associate **Johnny Baylor's** Koko outfit. The Holland Brothers return is auspicious, revitalizing three of the old groups. **Chairman of the Board**, minus General Johnson, reemerge with "You've Got Extra Added Power In Your Love" (*Invictus* 1278), a rough-edged "Rock Your Baby" derivative, while the **Honey**

**Cone** (now featuring Sharon Cash as lead singer) bounce back with a torrid "Somebody's Messing Up a Good Thing" (*Hot Wax* 9255), with only a minor nod to disco and **100 Proof** receive nominal funk treatment on "My Piece of the Rock" (*Hot Wax* 9254). If you must pick one, Honey Cone's scorcher is the one to get. Koko was one of the first casualties of the Stax fiasco. **Luther Ingram** simply disappeared for almost four years, a startling occurrence considering his early '70s chart record. "Ain't Good For Nothing" (*Koko* 721) sounds as if it was recorded during that same period: a thick, Memphis bottom and those surging horns are a dead give away. This is top flight Southern soul, raw and ebullient. The other Koko single, **Tommy "School of Life" Tate's** "S.O.S." (*Koko* 722) is less imposing, too tuneless and gritty for my tastes.

"Give a Broken Heart a Break" by **Impact** (*Atco* 7056) is the most inspired Bobby Eli production of late. Damon Harris sounds uncannily like Eddie Kendricks and the song is churning and uptempo, minus Eli's tendency to overproduce. More predictable in arrangement, but with the month's most curious title is **Tapestry** "It's Not The World That's Messed Up (It's The People In It)" (*Capitol* 4295), standard uptempo Philly stuff. Also from the City of Brotherly Love, a release by the irrepressible **Bunny Sigler**, who, nine years after "Let The Good Times Roll," still displays an ear for the off the wall and unpredictable. "My Music" (*Phila. Int.* 3597) has a bass line borrowed from James Brown's "Give It Up Or Turn It Loose" and a lyric evolved from "Memphis Soul Stew - "If I had a band/I'd travel all over the land/Playin' my music..."

The new **Meters** single is a bitter disappointment, "Disco Is The Thing Today" (*Reprise* 1357) is hopelessly cliched, hi-hat disco, hardly a worthy release from such a ground breaking group. A better choice from their new album might be the title tune, "Trick Bag," an old **Earl King** bayou gem, done in

[cont'd on page 46]



## Mother's Finest. Music's latest Superpower.

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And it's "Mother's Finest." On Epic Records and Tapes.

### MOTHER'S FINEST

including:  
Fire/Give You All The Love (Inside Of Me)  
My Baby/Fly With Me (Feel The Love)  
Dontcha Wanna Love Me/Rain



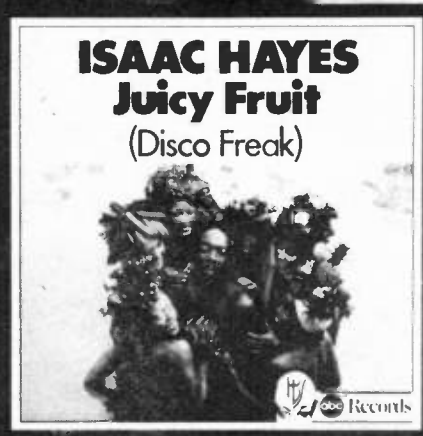
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# **“My Name Is Jermaine”**



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