

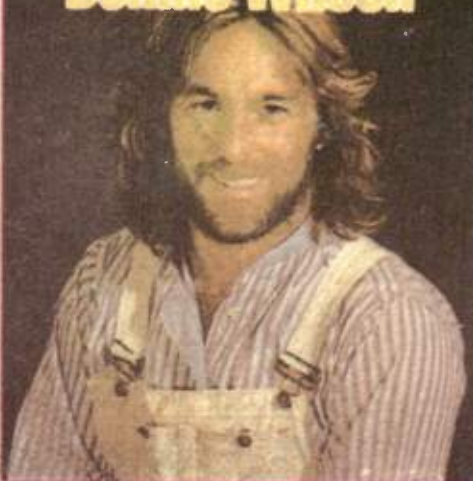
THE NEW YORK

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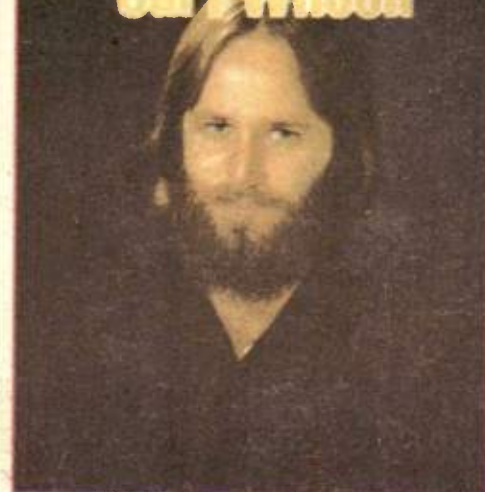
Record Magazine

Norman
Seeff's
Rock Star
Exhibition

Dennis Wilson



Carl Wilson



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Al Jardine



BEACH BOYS!



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September, 1977

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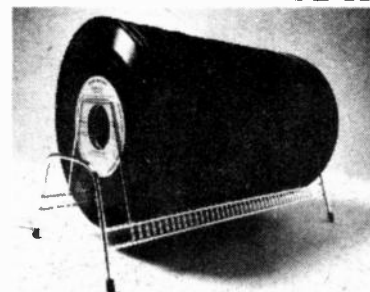
energy, diversity and excitement of the music of our times. And a special sense of knowing just what you want to hear.

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PRM

THIS MONTH

The Beach Boys Ride The Permanent Wave [PRM's Fifth Annual Brian Wilson Issue]

This is the 16th big summer for Brian Wilson and The Beach Boys. But the fun will not end with September this year as early fall is the target date for the release of *Adult Child*, the new Beach Boys album for Caribou Records. It's said to be the most adventuresome departure for Brian since the days of *Good Vibrations*.

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Norman Seef's Rock Star Gallery:

He's the focal point for nearly every popular recording act in the nation when the discussion turns to 'what's contemporary in the world of album cover art.' But the Norman Seef story is far more fascinating and incredible than the award-winning covers and film he and his Los Angeles based artists have created since the start of the decade.

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Dwight Twilley Band Take Tulsa:

'The Next Big Thing to hit the rock world, could be from Tulsa.....Oklahoma!' So says rock prophet Bud Scoppa who tortells of fortune and fame beyond belief for Phil Seymour and Dwight Twilley—who don't seem to mind the attention one bit.

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Pipeline:

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Performances

NILS LOFGREN

The Roxy
Los Angeles

By **BOB FUKUYAMA**

Nils Lofgren has an identity problem. His photos make him look punk, but that connotes negative qualities to a lot of people at this time—the unprofessionalism that the Ramones and Dictators might thrive on will not do for Nils. His latest single, "I Came To Dance," has caused some people to say he's turning to disco in desperation—while the Stones can afford such image-bending, someone who has little image to begin with, can't.

Those who have seen Nils Lofgren in concert know better.

Nils, normally flashy and cocky, brought a stance to The Roxy that was exceedingly theatrical and self-assured, even for him. From the opening strains of "Cry Tough" to the screeching finale of "Back It Up," Nils flooded the Sunset cabaret with more sound and fury than anyone can remember since Springsteen.

(This set, being recorded for the four or five tracks that would complete the live two-LP set Nils is releasing in late



September, featured material from all phases of his career. While sales of Nils' most recent albums overshadow those of his earlier records, he does not hesitate to play the old Grin material. In fact, the forthcoming live double should be the proper introduction to Nils Lofgren that no previous one record set, including his "greatest hits" package, has provided.)

Nils launched the set with the moody "Cry Tough," asserting his tough-guy persona right away with the one song that most closely identifies him with

the working man/rocker off the street. A guitar solo midway through the song established the pattern that Nils would adhere to for the rest of the set: He would start off slowly, his voice the primary instrument, build to a point where he would get off an instrumental interlude with his own solo, then finish with the whole band chanting and shouting behind his vocal.

An electrifying "Moon Tears" followed, the one that would be good enough for the live album (most of the material was recorded during his recent English tour, but he had failed to get the right "Moon Tears" until now). Nils' admittedly thin voice strained especially hard on this one, but the spirit was there, as well as the rhythm section.

After Grin's "It's Over," Nils performed the only song he would play on piano all night. Carole King's "Goin' Back" has come to be associated more with Nils than its original author, since 1976's A&M live bootleg caused radio programmers and those lucky few fans who heard it to clamor for an "official" version.

Of all his song celebrations, Nils puts more energy into "Keith Don't Go" than any other. If there's a definitive homage to the Stones and the spirit of the rock 'n' roll

celebration, "this is it." Nils' solo was especially riveting on this one, but he kept it short in observance of the team-spirit necessary to sustain the song's momentum.

"I Came To Dance" brought howls of recognition, as Nils coyly put his face close to the mike and shut his eyes. He built slowly, leading up to the moment he shouted "I came to dance!"

Just then, for one brief moment, I got this vision that Nils was up there confessing out loud—in front of God and country—he was there to tell of a life hopelessly entangled in a web of sound from which one cannot return. What's his share of the rock?: "Above all else," he moaned blissfully... "Above all else, people, I CAME TO DANCE!!" He switched from finger to teeth picking lead at that point, through the finale of this Devotion to Dance. The folks were right with him... Each and everyone of them had come to perform his or her respective dance, and so we danced.

Ultimately, the album this night of fantastically inspired rock drama is to become, will offer everyone a chance to: 1) 'Do a little dance; 2) 'Make a little love'; and if as fortunate as this audience was, they will proceed to; 3) 'Get down tonight! Nils Live—a show to die for.

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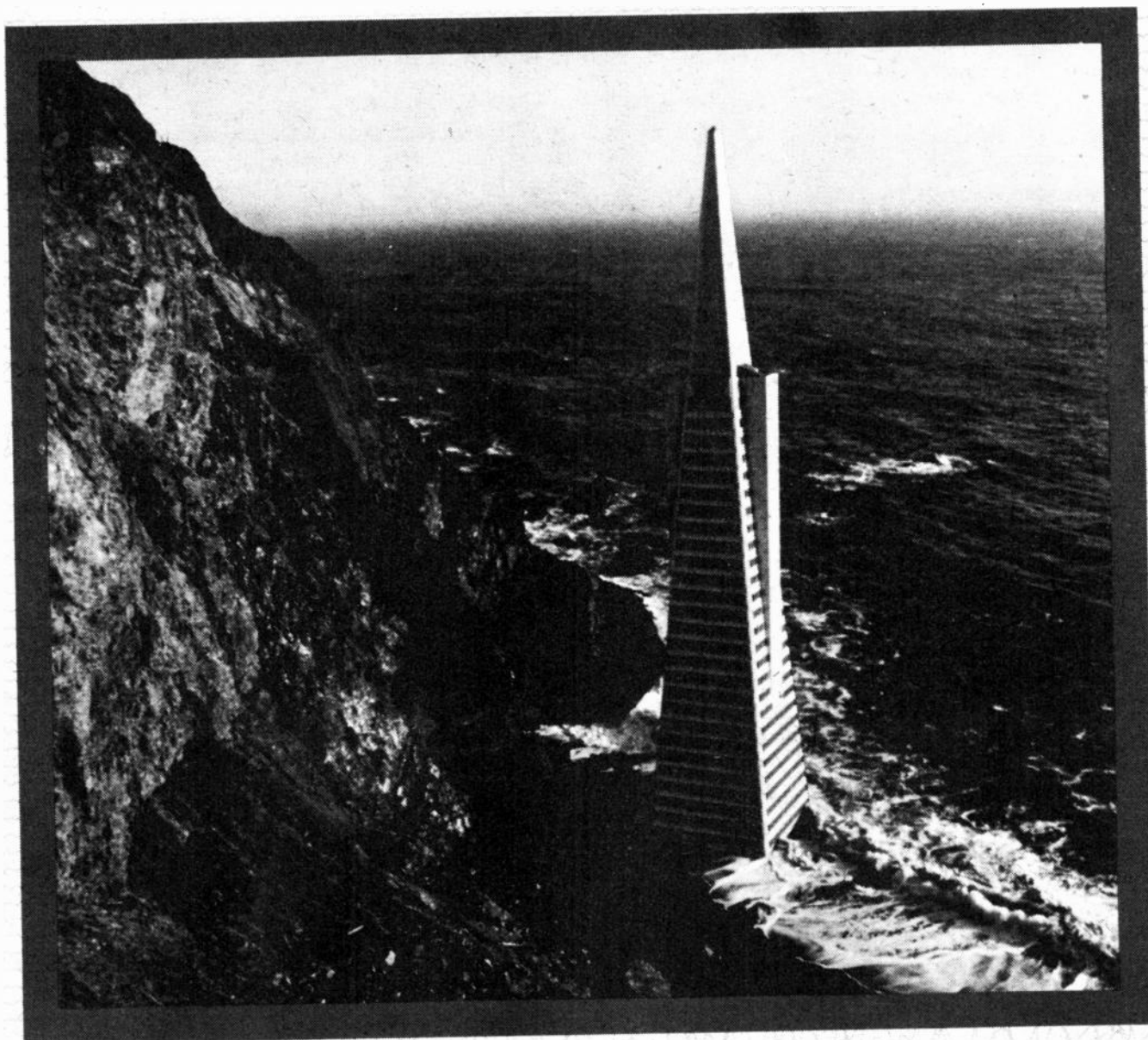
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**"RAREARTH":
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VICIOUS DIRT, RUMORS and SCANDALS from



Greetings, dearest boys and girls. Late summer brings us not only new waves, but the permanent wave as well—**Brian Wilson** recently celebrated his birthday, inviting Harvey Kubernik and I to Brother Studios for a little cake and champagne. I managed to do a two-hour **Beach Boys** salute on my KROQ radio show, with Brian and **Dennis** tuning in to hear listeners wishing Brian "Happy Birthday" on the air.

New wave action is still hitting Hollywood and now stirring up international interest. When I engaged Mr. **Elton John** at The Roxy recently—there for **Kiki Dee** and his pet project, **Blue**—he asked, "How's it going up the street with the New Wave? I've just got to come by and check it out." (Yes Elton, please do.)

I organized a couple of new wave shows at The Whisky that featured some very, uh, **unusual** acts. First up were the **Teenage Prostitutes**, who brought in a lot of business on their name alone. They boast a

Russ Mael-type vocalist, who just loves to jump into the audience and fling verbal assaults, a girl drummer and guitarist **Dyan Diamond**.

Even more insulting are **The Dills**, that three-piece outfit who have enough sarcastic remarks to fill the combined dialogue of Chicago, AWB and the L.A. Philharmonic. My personal fave is **Needles and Pins**, who make a living recreating **Phil Spector** songs. Just imagine a little sister of **Debbie Harry** (**Denny Ward**) on vocals, complete with bobby-socks. Yummy. After versions of "To Know Him Is To Love Him," "I Wonder" and "He's A Rebel," they even have enough room left for some of their own jail-bait rock. Phil Spector is sending them some unreleased Ronettes and Crystals material that they might record with the **Kessell Brothers**. In the meantime, the Kessells have been working with me on the single "Let's Make The Scene"/"And Then I Kissed Her." It's going to be **very** trendy.

The Zippers feature **Danielle Faye**, who recently declined an invitation by **The Runaways** to replace **Jackie Fox** as bassist. Instead, her band has recorded "He's A Rebel" on Backdoor Records, and did very well live, getting two encores. Another all-girl band, **Juice**, is a teenage beach-boogie band (if that's possible) who do a lot of Zeppelin and Queen, but not too many originals. But if it's originals you want, **Backstage Pass** gives you "Crash Landing," "Tougher Than Diamonds," "Transylvanian" (dedicated to The Damned's Dave Vanian), and "Fantasy Girls," guaranteed to set young boys crooning.

The Weirdos have been making lots of progress as the West Coast's answer to the Sex Pistols and Damned, and are featured on Bomp's live album **Live At The Whisky**. The Germs have a 45 on What Records called "Forming." I could go on for days about the **Zeros**, **Weasles**, **Best**, **The Pits**, **600 Dead Babies** and other local talent, but...I must, however, make mention of the hottest act out of New York these days, **Mink DeVille**. The elusive **Jack Nitzche** (produced lotsa stuff with the Stones, if ya remember them) was on hand for the opening show, as were the **Babys** and actress **Carrie Snodgrass**. Willy DeVille stopped by on his way to The Whisky to spend an hour with me on the radio, accompanied by his old

lady Toots who looks very much like **Ronnie Spector**.

Speaking of the Runaways, they replaced Jackie Fox with 17-year-old **Vicki Blue**, a Suzi Quatro and Aerosmith freak. Persistent fan letters and the fact that **Kim Fowley** thinks she's **perfect** did the trick. The girls will have a new album out soon in Japan (only) called **Live In Tokyo**, which includes Danielle Faye's "Alright You Guys." Too, leave it to **Lita Ford** to give us the quote of the month: "Our photographers are making more money than we are."

I spotted Jackie at the **Heart** party thrown by Portrait Records, and she squelched what she felt were ugly rumors circulating about. "I'm giving up rock for law school," she said, "in fact, I even sold my bass."

Last Minute Flash—Runaways lead singer, **Cherie Currie**, has runaway from the Runaways—Why did she runaway?

Says the slinky and now orphaned former Runaway, "I will now become a serious actress of the legit theatre." What else?

Joan Jett now assumes the exalted head Runaway position. But can it last—who'll be the next Runaway to runaway? According to reliable sources, they'll all soon be taking a collective 'walk' as the novelty of an all girl rock band is said to be wearing very thin, for the gurls are often at each other's throats these days over the silliest situations.

Rodney, below, with Jack Nitzche, Toots, and Willy DeVille. Right, with Anne and Nancy Wilson of Heart.





Includes their new single:
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TROOPER

KNOCK 'EM DEAD KID

Trooper's third album is ready and geared to "knock" them down for a count.

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Trooper is produced by Randy Bachman (MCA-2275)

MCA RECORDS

By **BOBBY ABRAMS**

"We aim to please." That's Jerry Garcia's philosophy, has been for more than ten years now. But for me it made little sense until the Grateful Dead's most recent LA concert this past June.

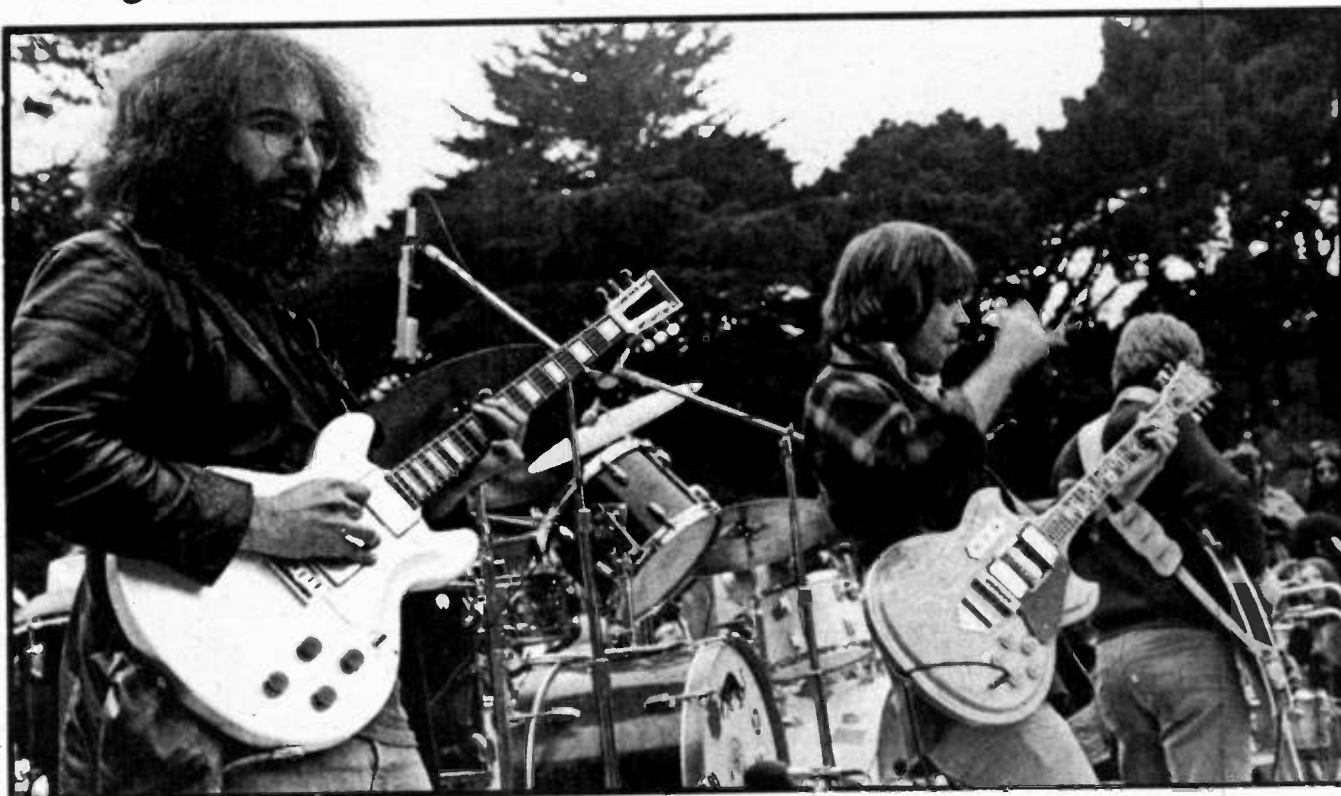
This Forum show was the first time in years The Grateful Dead were actually great or anything resembling great. Some Deadheads and all critics feel the group hasn't been 'hot' since '68 or '69—I feel they've been just terrible since '72.

'Dead Death Notices' in retrospect were false or at least premature. Redemption came with this last tour by way of Garcia's virtuoso display and complete mastery of excess. He can now function within what today might be termed a **format**. His loose, meandering jam band has apparently found a circuit to plug into. Garcia has learned by the process of elimination, if not the school of hard rock, that mass acceptance or rock survival in the late '70s means playing faster that which is not mastered as opposed to playing slower that which is.

Prior to the release of the Grateful Dead's **Terrapin Station**, I saw the film of the Dead in concert. It was also an indication of a lesson in the learning as they discovered more Mid-western rock logic. The music was anything but 'cosmic' or 'ultimate,' remaining a sympathetic audio accompaniment to the likeable—but only **two** dimensional—video.

Terrapin Station is a commercial album. If the 'less is more' postulate holds, based on side one alone, Keith Olsen (of Fleetwood Mac fame) has produced more platinum to melt down. As for side two, Garcia has the Tape Loop theory in full rotation—I'm harkened back to **Anthem** or **Live Dead**, as the boys demonstrate all the reasons why people

Keith Olsen Discovers Life After Death. Jerry Garcia's Comeback—"Terrapin Station"



with ears and brains (in that order) ever liked this act in the first place. Blame/Thank Olsen for this bit of saleable Solomonism.

Terrapin Station could be to the Dead what **Dark Side Of The Moon** was to Pink Floyd—that black hole in space that eventually lead the band to an entire new galaxy of acceptance.

Robert Hunter is thought to be one of the foremost lyricists in rock, but then that's for most Deadheads he is. Perhaps we'll be able to expand that group to include other rock fans now through Hunter's luminous words inside the title track of this latest Grateful Dead LP (Arista AL 7001). I wasn't prepared to accept his verse here as better than that on "St. Stephen" or "The Eleven", but I've resigned myself to the plain fact "Terrapin Station" is fantastic and simply Hunter's finest work ever.

Inside the metaphor is the tale of the storyteller, a form delivered most successfully heretofore by Chaucer and the like. It's simply perfection for me, something that the Dead **could** have done anytime these last ten years if

they'd only known about "producers."

Terrapin Station is a commercial entity and in the long run this synthesis of Garcia's untamed crass recording technique and Olsen's 'chart discipline' may be that commercial magic the band has sorely needed.

TS's "flip" consists of short traks, which could prove AM Dead air at 45 RPM—relatively speaking. Witness Phil Lesh's "Passenger," which could be for the Dead what Olsen's "Rhiannon" or "Dreams" were to Fleetwood.

AM potential means, of course, that the boys are **singing** better now than ever before. Historically, Dead vocals have been notoriously bad. (That's bad as in Barry Manilow bad, not James Brown baad). Maybe Olsen's production package came complete with vocal coach.

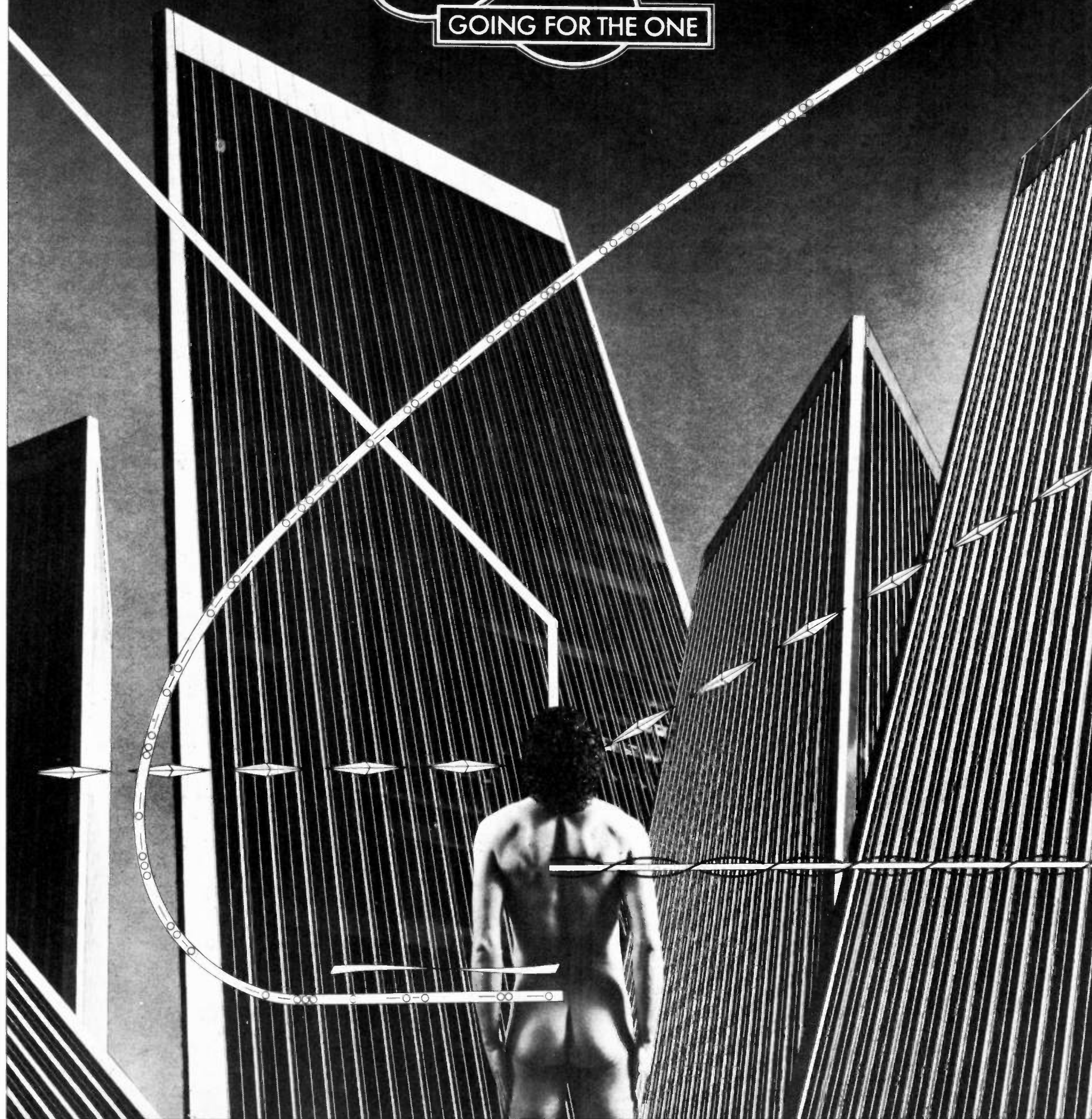
Beware though, there are two **BUMMER** cuts on this record. Ignoring that would be like butter-knife surgery. If **Terrapin Station** is indeed the Dead at their best, the group has also seen fit to demonstrate on the same record just how ugly they can be when it's time for ugly...I

can't understand the logic behind covering "Dancin' in the Streets"—they've been working this dead-horse live for years now and this version is salt on an open wound. What's worse, Donna Godcheaux's "Sunrise" is sung in Turkey-tongue—that's Turkey as in November, not Asia Minor.

Arista Records says this is "The finest Grateful Dead album yet." Perhaps this advertisement is a bit vague and even damaging: For all too many rock consumers out there, that statement is tantamount to saying "The best of the worst." In the past, Fleetwood-type fans have had as much use for Grateful Dead records as surf boards in Brooklyn. A more appropos headline would be "The Grateful Dead Discover Life After Death," or "The Dead: Beats for the Feats," or better still, "(Greatful to Be) Between a Rock and a Hard Place with the Dead." All such titles might alert all the new potential Dead buyers to the fact that this is a **different** Dead. Important this difference; Dead-dreads are adamant about hating that dead Dead of not so long ago.

YES

GOING FOR THE ONE



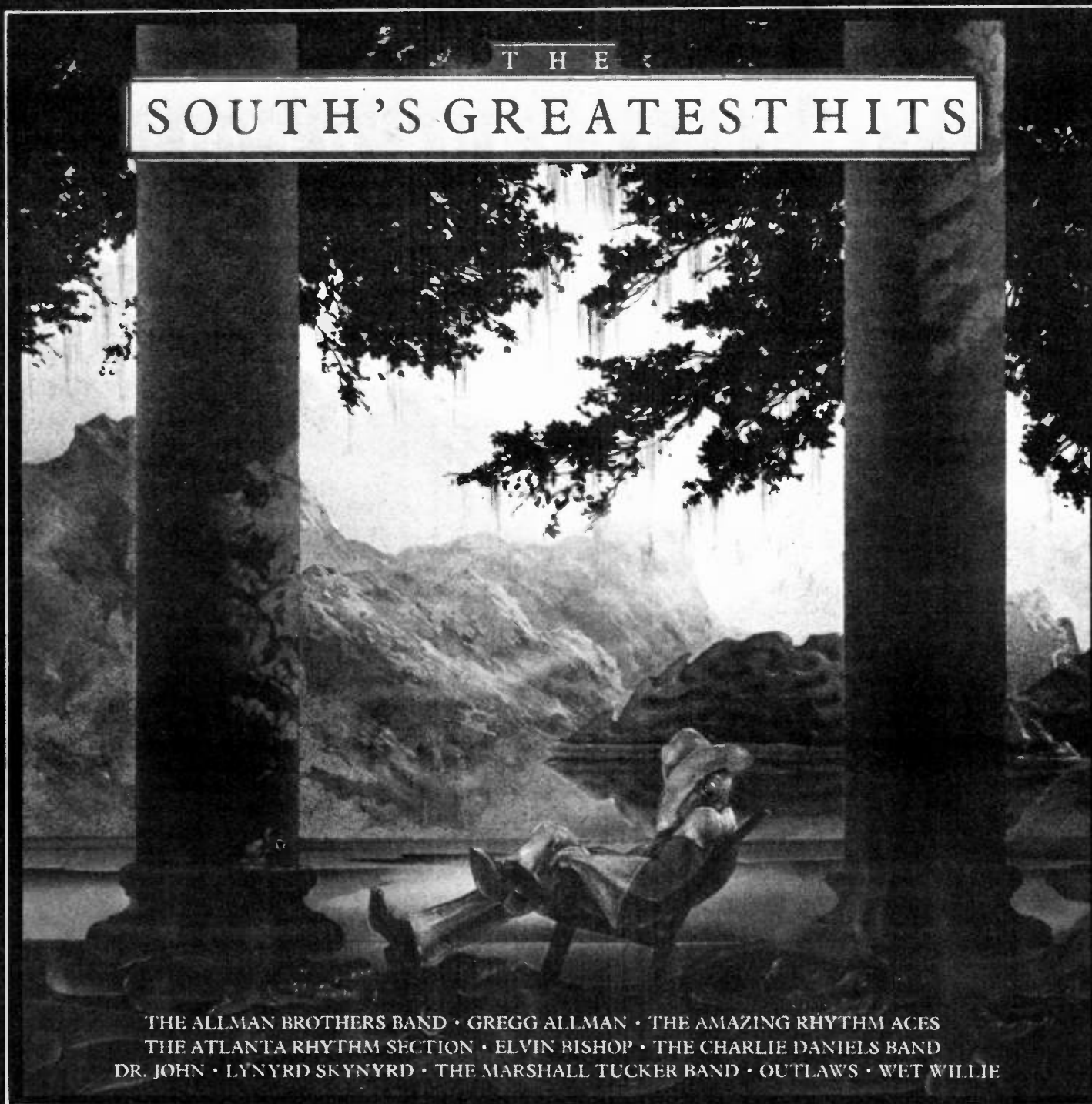
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BEACH BOYS!

"We're still happening. New people are picking up on us all the time. I don't really analyze why we're successful, but the main reason for our popularity has to be the songs themselves." --Brian Wilson

By HARVEY KUBERNIK

If anyone can judge the physical and creative renaissance of Brian Wilson, it's Earle Mankey, the house engineer at Brother Studio in Santa Monica.

I've attended a few Wilson/Mankey sessions in the last few months and their afternoon playbacks are a lot better than most of the gigs I've seen all year.

Mankey is an unassuming character, formerly a member of Sparks. Along with Kim Fowley he's co-produced the Runaways, Helen Reddy and the Quick albums, as well as engineering some of Elton John's "Blue Moves" and the new Eric Carmen album.

We're listening to a rough mix of the new American Spring single, tentatively titled "Heaven." It's an ambitious track of irresistible pop/rock to which Brian wants to add a few more instruments.

Earle remembers the first time he did a session with Brian. "About a year and a half ago, before '15 Big Ones' was released, we did some basic tracks, and Brian was very tense in the studio. We recorded a version of 'Ding Dang', and a few weeks later waxed a song called 'Back Home.'

"Things started clicking, Earle recalls. "Carl came into the booth when we were playing back the track and said, 'Earle! This is the way it used to be! This is it! You're seeing it! It's happening now!'"

"Brian took his time to get re-acquainted with the studio. I've seen how the papers and media used to portray him as a hopeless child. Brian is Brian. He's funny, witty and very honest. Musically each subsequent album we do gets better and better. The last album, 'Beach Boys Love You,' Brian came in and did it instead of being forced into it."

Mankey also remembers the day Brian said he was going to tour with the Beach Boys. "He plugged in his bass and practised to a Ronettes album. I was blown out when I saw him on stage at the Forum. I never thought he would tour with the Beach Boys again. Things are cooking in the studio, based on the positive things that went down on the last tour."

"Brian seems more secure in his position. He's running smoothly. The biggest difference between '15 Big Ones' and 'Beach Boys Love You' is that Brian played most of the tracks himself. Eighty per cent of the instruments. It's very easy to work with Brian. There's a lot of speed in what he does."

"The new songs for the next album are more developed. The thing about the Beach Boys that people never understand is that their music has always been simplistic, even though the productions may not seem that way."

Mankey then spins the next Beach Boys album, slated for a September issue, which might be called "Adult Child." "Life Is For The Living," "Hey There Little Tom Boy," "Deep Purple," "Help Is On The Way," "It's Over Now," "Everyone's Got To Live," "Shortnin' Bread," "Lines," "On Broadway," "Games," "Base Ball" and "Still I Dream Of It." Some of the tunes are two years old and originally intended for "15 Big Ones."

Also in the can is a frantic reworking of the old Spencer Davis hit, "Gimme Some Lovin'." "Brian wants to work," says Earle. "He's looking for a goal. Some of the new songs reflect his everyday situation, like 'Help Is On The Way.'"

"It's getting easier to write songs," explains Brian.

Wilson lost 50 pounds since the last time I saw him, and looks healthy. He spits his words out quickly. We talk about his songwriting.

"I don't carry a notebook or use a tape player," he begins. "I like to tell a story in the songs with as few words as possible. I sort of tend to write what I've been through and look inside myself. Some of the songs are messages."

Yet Brian's lyrics have never been cosmic wordplays. "I've always been insecure about my lyrics. I always felt that what I wanted to say was never really imparted in my lyrics—that the message just wasn't there."

"I'm extremely confident that the group will always get some worthwhile message across in some way. With the new album **The Beach Boys Love You** there are a lot of simple you-me type lyrics, like the Beatles did in their early songs."

"The changes in Brian have been very visible, very heartening and satisfying to observe".

Rodney Bingenheimer arrives on the scene. Brian hugs the lad. "Rodney is as cool as honey," he grins. Bingenheimer now has a top-rated radio programme on KROQ-AM, and recently did a two-hour salute to Brian on his 35th birthday.

Through glitter or this latest punk period, Bingenheimer has always played Beach Boys records. "I first met Brian and the Beach Boys at a concert in San Jose in 1963," he says.

"One time I went to a Phil Spector recording session when he was doing 'River Deep, Mountain High'. Brian, Mick Jagger and myself were all in the room next to Phil. When Phil records, it's a performance, an act. When Brian records it's a very serious thing.

"Every week on my programme kids call from all over L.A. and ask if I can play some Beach Boys records. After I play 'Surfer Girl' or 'Mona' from the new album, more people will ring and ask where they can buy the record or who was that playing. The Beach Boys have outlasted all the fads."

Rodney and I have an argument regarding the new Ramone's single, "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker." I say it's pinched from the Sun Rays' "I Live For The Sun" and "Little Honda," a tune Brian penned for the Hondells. Rod says goodbye to all in attendance and proclaims, "the Beach Boys have always had the best-looking girls at their concerts." And winking, he adds, "the Beach Boys are permanent wavel."

Earle, Brian and myself then reminisce about Phil Spector. "The man is my hero," Brian enthuses. "He gave rock 'n' roll just what it needed at the time and obviously influenced us a lot. His productions...they're so large and emotional. Powerful... the Christmas album is still one of my favourites."

I remember checking out Brian's record collection. McCartney, Stevie Wonder and Fleetwood Mac were current tops, but his old Ronettes and Crystals 45s were so worn-out from constant play that the grooves became mirror-like.

"It's kinda funny," says Brian. "The Bay City Rollers did one of our songs, and now B.J. Thomas has a hit with 'Don't Worry Baby.' Shaun Cassidy has a number one record with Phil's 'Da Doo Ron Ron,' and this group Kiss has just done 'Then She Kissed Me.'"

"We've done a lot of Phil's songs: 'I Can Hear Music,' 'Just Once In My Life,' 'There's No Other,' 'Chapel Of Love'...I used



Brian & Marilyn Wilson—July, 1977.

to go to his sessions and watch him record. I learned a lot..."

"I've always been flattered that Brian continues to say nice things about me and keeps recording my songs," said Fairfax High School graduate and man-in-the-mansion Phil Spector. "Brian is a very sweet guy and a nice human being. I'm glad he's coming out of his shell. I think he got caught in a trap with 'Good Vibrations.' I think he got condemned more than con-doned."

"He became a prisoner instead of a poet. He had the plaudits, the accolades and touched the masses. I know music is a very important thing to him, besides a vocation. It became cluttered the last few years. Your attitude is in the grooves, and it's a very personal thing. But Brian thrived on competition."

"I remember when 'Fun Fun Fun' came out. He wasn't interested in the money, but a top ten record. He wanted to know how the song would do against the Beatles and if KFWB would play it. But I never saw Brian as a competitor."

The next day I travel to American Productions, where the Beach Boys minus Mike Love are rehearsing at noon. Everyone is present. Besides Al Jardine, Carl, Dennis and Brian Wilson, there are also the auxiliary musicians who take the studio sound to the stage.

Carly Munoz, Billy Hinsche and Elmo Peter are the Keyboardists, Eddy Carter plays bass, Bobby Figueroa supplies percussion, and the horn players are Lance Buller, John Foss, Michael Andreas, Rod Novak and Charlie McCarthy Jr.

Their live show is approximately two hours and 45 minutes long, the songs the group has been performing the last five years.

"A lot of the kids coming to see us now weren't even born when the first surfing hits were recorded in 1961. For a long time we refused to sing stuff like 'Surfin' U.S.A.'" Carl once mentioned in an interview. "But finally we realized that we were resisting our own history. Now we've learned to embrace our past."

During a break in the action, Elmo Peter, who has been with the Beach Boys since October, 1975, talks about his two-year stint with the definitive American group.

Elmo comes from a classical background and confessed that as a youth he really wasn't knocked out by the Beach Boys or the Four Seasons. "The high harmonies used to turn me off. But I love playing with the Beach Boys now."

It's pretty similar to playing with an orchestra. Parts are mapped out and things are pretty specific and refined."

I tell him that I'm really pleased to see Brian back at the piano and leading the rehearsal. "The changes in Brian have been very visible since I joined the touring line-up," he says.

"Very heartening and satisfying to observe. Brian's really takin' care of business." He also reveals that the Beach Boys are scheduled for a trip to Japan, Australia and New Zealand at the end of the year.

Later in the afternoon Brian and myself retire to a small office away from the music and noise.

"I'm looking forward to touring. Artists like Paul McCartney, Elton John have always said nice things about the Beach Boys and myself. We've influenced a lot of groups, especially our harmonies: Electric Light Orchestra, 10cc, Queen."

What about the Beach Boys' longevity?

"We're still happening. New people are picking up on us all the time. I don't really analyze why we're successful. I'm sure the Beach Boys are viewed as an institution, but the main reason for our popularity has to be the songs."

"I didn't ever think I would be back touring with the Beach Boys again. They asked me to do it and I said OK. It's like racketball (Brian's favourite sport along with basketball). You make a commitment once you get on the court. The other guy serves and you have to play."

Wilson's official return to the stage was July 1976 at Oakland Stadium, California. Early shows were full of chaos, bodyguards, and general hoopla.

"I feel more into it now. Rehearsals went real good. I got some of the old fire back, and I feel more positive. I feel good about myself, and once you feel good about yourself and accept yourself, you can touch other people. I lost weight and acquired self-discipline."

Dennis "A turbulent combination Alone: of the rough and the polished."

"We do solo projects for ourselves," Dennis Wilson said during an interview eighteen months ago. "There are hundreds of tunes that we've recorded, a tremendous amount of solo things. We're in our studio every day, but we don't put it out. It's a hobby." He also emphatically denied any group or individual move to Jim Guercio's Caribou Records, saying that they owed Reprise three more albums. A few weeks after our conversation, there was a press release from

considered a songwriting contender, especially with big brother Brian around.

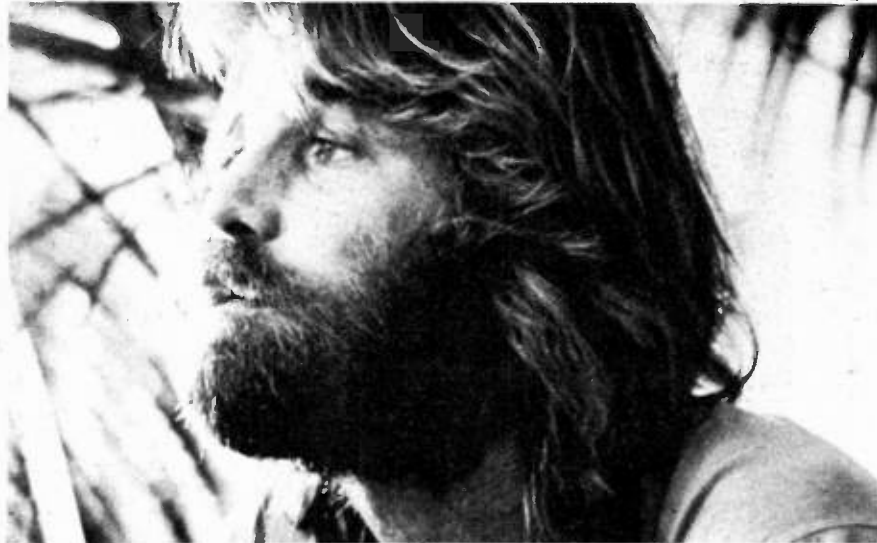
But on his Caribou debut, **Pacific Ocean Blue**, the youngest Wilson brother, the unpredictable Beach Boy, the one who got the whole thing rolling by suggesting that Brian write a song about surfing, has made an LP that can stand on its own merits as a work of individuality, brooding romanticism and musical integrity. This is no beach party, and although some of the modes and concepts

ord of extremes, a moody, personal California album complete with failed ambition and audacious successes.

"River Song," co-written with Carl Wilson, eases you in to **Pacific Ocean Blue** with recognizable elements, multiple voices, dense overdubbing, a lyrical paean to water, Dennis slam-dunk drumming. It's a wonderful track filled with Beach Boy dynamics, and it introduces one of the album's dominant themes, the lure, the omnipresence and the abuse of nature. Events and emotions in Dennis' songs are often compared to natural phenomena, and many have sounds of nature as a backdrop. One song is called "Moonshine," another "Rainbows." "Love comes and goes like sunshine" on the graceful "Thought of You," and on "Dreamer," we're asked to let the wind carry our blues away. Love gone bad is as dust to water. The album's title song, "Pacific Ocean Blues," written with Mike Love (all the LP's songs but one, a solo composition, are Dennis Wilson collaborations, most frequently with Greg Jakobson), is an indictment of the slaughter of seals and whales, and the oceanic Pet Sound/effects on the following track make "Farewell My Friend" sound like a paired eulogy to the murdered mammals.

The other major motif on the LP is theatrical, life seen as an imitation of art. There are a number of references to the playing of music—as on "What's Wrong" the album's obligatory rock and roll anthem—and to Dennis as a musician. "Moonshine" has a line about the breaking off of a relationship being like the end of a play, and the final track, "End of the Show," picks up the metaphor of the link between the staged and the real. At the close of the album it all comes

continued



CBS Records stating that Dennis would be embarking on a part time solo career, on Caribou. The band signed with the label less than a year later. Which goes to show that you can't always believe a Beach Boy.

Considering that other group members have been more prolific, and have stepped out front vocally more often, it may take some by surprise that Dennis is the first to break away, to take two LP sides, twelve songs, for himself away from the Beach Boys, as cohesive and self-contained a unit as rock music has seen. After all, Dennis has rarely seemed the pop careerist: liner notes have it that he fell asleep when he was supposed to cut his first studio lead vocal; he left to make a movie; he temperamentally kept his songs off **Surf's Up**. Until his four contributions to **Sunflower**, he was hardly

are familiar, Brian being Dennis' most conspicuous influence as a composer—particularly in the overlaying and juxtaposition of instruments for textural effect—this album very rarely sounds like Beach Boys outtakes. Dennis has found his own path to the ocean, and the result probably coincides only tangentially with your idea of what a Dennis Wilson album might be.

The first things to get past on the way towards an appreciation of the album are the departures: the raw, abrasive edge of Dennis' voice; the lack of sprightliness in the melodies; the untraditional song structures. Much of the album is a turbulent combination of the rough and the polished, as simple lyrics collide with demanding arrangements, raspy vocals compete with impeccably produced musical tracks. It's a rec-

DENNIS

By MITCH COHEN

continued from previous page

together, love, nature and theatre. It can't be just my imagination that the applause and whistles that come at the "End of the Show" can be mistaken for the sounds of waves and chirping birds.

All this thematic extrapolation aside, the best part of **Pacific Ocean Blue** is the way that Dennis Wilson weaves together contradictory ideas; the way that repetition of a horn pattern on "Time" can sound both chaotic and controlled; the way that the short, ominous "Friday Night" gets across musically the appeal and the dangers of cutting loose for a weekend; the way abrupt changes in tone and sudden bursts of instruments both disrupt and complete musical thoughts.

At times Wilson goes overboard with clutter, taking his brother's **Pet Sounds** aural sophistication and experimentation a little too far, and misses the vocal equipment necessary to bring the level of the singing up to the adventurousness of the tracks (both B. Wilson and P. Spector knew that grandiose concepts demand great voices). But when he pulls it off, **Pacific Ocean Blue** is a unique, offbeat Los Angeles tapestry by a man who's always been more complex than he's seemed. Like his brother, Dennis shows real talent as a minimalist, using brief blocks of musical time to their fullest, compressing a lot of information into a limited space, constantly shifting the sand under our feet. And like almost everything any of the Beach Boys has been involved in this decade (excepting interim BB Bruce Johnston's sluggish **Going Public**), his album defies initial expectations, takes a while to come into its own. But it does, and gives Carl, Al and Mike something to live up to when the time comes for them to solo.

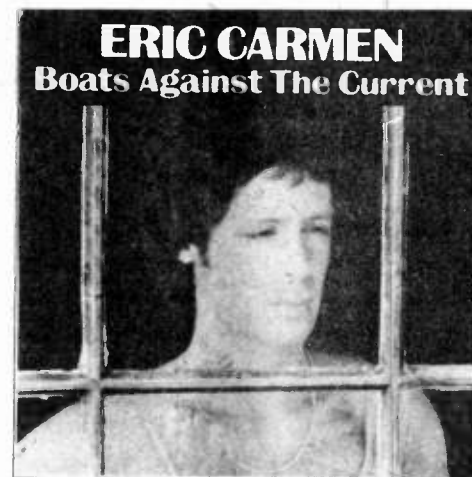
Eric Carmen found the perfect wave. And he's riding it.

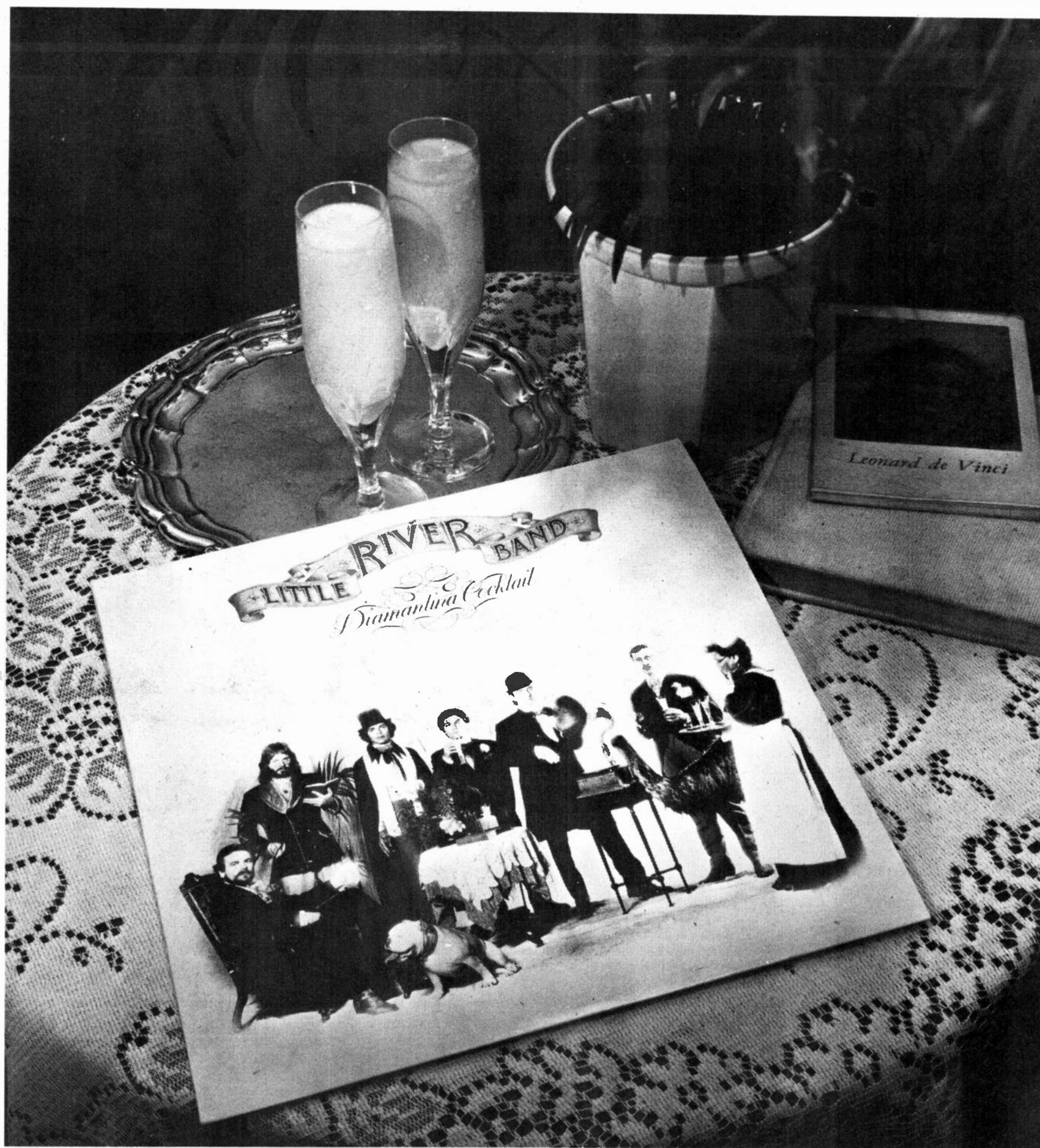


"Boats Against the Current" is that album every performer wants to achieve. An album without compromise. With every dream left in, only better. Eric's 2nd album is exactly as he saw it, heard it, and ultimately produced it.

It isn't easy to go against the current, but when you finally reach the other side what a story you have to tell. Eric Carmen rocks his way through 8 original songs that are so wildly beautiful and real, they're going to rock up a storm from coast to coast.

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The Supreme Court of Rock 'n' Roll

GREG SHAW'S

JUKE BOX JURY

SHAUN CASSIDY
"That's Rock 'N' Roll"
(Warner/Curb)

Before "Da Doo Ron Ron" is even out of the Top 5, this one is already halfway up the charts. I think it's marvelous. Let the Rollers falter (a disco album now?! of all times) Shaun will be more than happy to prove that the kids still wanna rock 'n' roll. This is the classic BCR sound all the way, and it looks as though the world is ready for another round of it. I don't want to say "I told you so" but this is the song I felt Eric Carmen should've released first, if for no other reason than to get his image established on the right foot (to coin a mixed-up metaphor). Wonder what he's thinking now...?

KISS
Christine Sixteen
(Casablanca)

This has to be their best yet, justifying the confidence I've always had that Kiss could become a fine pop/hard rock recording band as well as a sensational stage act. This would have been fabulous as a glitter anthem during the era of "Rebel Rebel" and all that. There's a little less social context for it now, but as a record and nothing more, it stands on its own.

DAVID BOWIE
"Be My Wife"
(RCA)

This could be the worst Jim Morrison impression I've ever heard. Bowie with all his millions will never match a record like "Suicidal Flowers" by Crystal Chandelier...But then he's probably never heard it.

FLASH & THE PAN
"Hey, St. Peter"
(Midland Intl.)

Another studio one-shot from the team of Vanda & Young that brought you the Easybeats, AC/DC, and a hundred unknown classics that top the charts in Australia but rarely even get released here. Three years ago this would've made an incredible Marcus Hook Roll Band song, but rock & roll dynamics can only be smothered by disco strings. It pains me to see people I regard as true pioneers jumping on the tail end of a derailed bandwagon...

Rodney Bingenheimer
"Let's Make The Scene"/
"Then I Kissed Her"
(forthcoming)

An advance pressing was rushed to me directly from the studio, being the kind of cultural-landmark-in-the-making that requires comment in the earliest possible edition of *Jukebox Jury*. This record, in fact, finds me altogether nonplussed. Producers Dan & David Kessel have done a stupendous job of neo-Spectorization on the B-side, and Rodney sings so confidently and well that most of the callers who heard it on his show this week refused to believe it was him. The A-side is a sort of party song (with vocal assists from various Runaways and other locals) glorifying the new-wave street scene and mentioning many of its heroes. It reminds me of "Punk-a-Rama" by Venus & the Razorblades in that it talks about the new-wave but with its loose structure, screaming lead guitar, etc., it's anything but a newwave record. If I can say so without offending those involved, it's the kind of record Kim Fowley used to make under names like Jimmy Jukebox, and it sounds most noticeably like "Universal Stars" by Sky Saxon & the New Seeds. None of which is meant as criticism—I like the record a lot, but like many of the people in LA who claim to be involved in the "new wave", it has an oddly confused sense of identity.

DION
"Young Virgin Eyes"
(Warner Bros.)

This is Dion's best in some time; it has a good melody with the makings of a delightful pop production, its only fault being more of those damned disco strings. I think they must have a tape loop in every studio, and just dub this syrup onto every record before it goes out—like the laugh tracks that are edited onto TV shows. Only I'm not laughing. I hope somebody else picks up this song and does it right; maybe a group like Pilot—no wait, they've gone disco too. The Kursaal Flyers then, or the Wombles (and where are they now that we really need 'em?

THE ROMANTICS
"Little White Lies"
(Spider)

In the same vein, fans of Pezband and the Raspberries

tradition of Power Pop will appreciate what this Detroit group is about. This, their first record (with a hot picture sleeve) has more of an early Merseybeat sound, and could've benefitted from a George Martin behind the boards, but by today's standards it's good enough.

This record is available (as are all the other independantly made, new-wave records currently out) from BOMP. Write for free info, catalogs, etc. to Box 7112, Burbank, CA. 91510. Send all fan mail, records for review, demo tapes, etc., to me at that address.



A bunch of us were sitting around my house the other day feeling really great for a number of reasons. Six reasons, I believe it was, and there were four of us. Anyway, just as I was getting up to grab some beer out of the ice box, this strange, thirtyish woman wearing white tennis shorts and a black turtleneck sweater came bursting in, brandishing a butcher knife in one hand and a copy of James Taylor's latest album, *J.T.* (Columbia) in the other. It was a tense situation, to be sure, but I kept my cool. My friends didn't, however. They bolted out the back door, leaving me alone with this bizarre intruder.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I asked.

"Never mind who I am. You don't want to know who I am. Just show me how to work your turntable."

It took me a second to figure out what was going on.

"The turntable? Wait a minute! You're not going to play that album in this house!"

"Just watch me, Mr. Pipeline," she said. "If you don't show me how to work it, I'll just figure it out myself. It can't be that difficult if a cretin like you can work it."

With that, she poked the knife into the album, slicing the plastic shrinkwrap off so quickly and cleanly that frankly, I was quite impressed. I told her as much: "You did that so well. What's your secret? I can never get that

damn wrapping off easily. I always have to use my teeth, you know? My entire record collection has toothmarks."

"Who cares, Mr. Pipeline? Your collection is of no concern to me."

"Wait a minute here," I said. "You come into my house, disturb my privacy, terrify my friends, call me 'Mr. Pipeline' when you know that's not my name, and you expect me to worry about what concerns you?" I was angry.

She ignored me and began investigating my turntable.

"Hal!" she exclaimed. "This is just a simple tone arm-actuated turntable. These are easy. Somehow I expected more from you."

"Listen," I said, "I don't know who you are or what you want and I don't really care, either. I may not have the most sophisticated or the most expensive turntable in the world, but at least mine is pure."

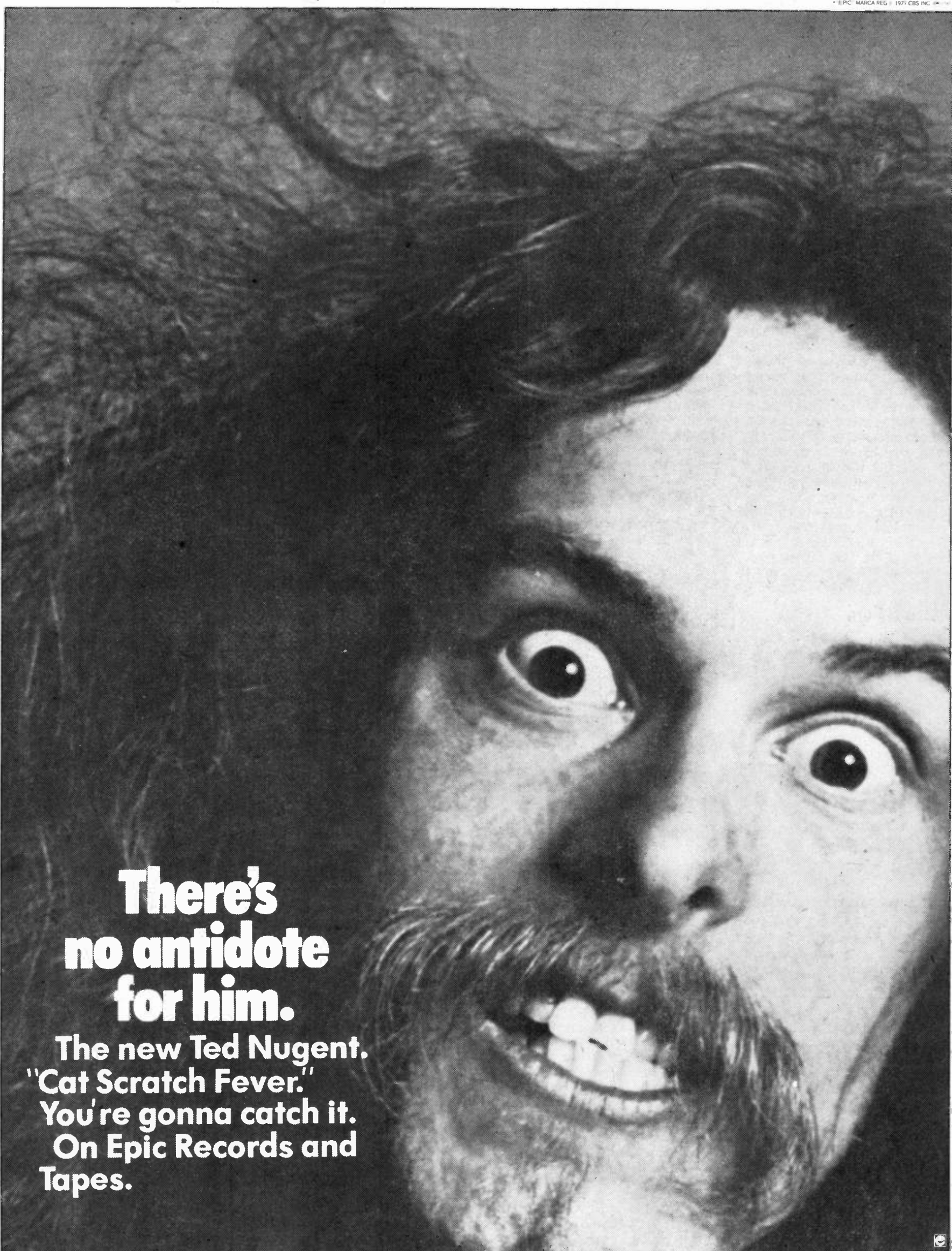
"Pure? That record player of yours goes 24 hours a day. I've heard about it."

"Hey, I don't deny it," I said defiantly. "It's a fact. My stylus has touched a lot of grooves, but—and this is a big 'but'—it's never touched anything but the grooves of geniuses. The only albums I ever allow on that turntable are those by people like John Lennon, Brian Wilson, Phil Spector, the Stones, Bryan Ferry—"

"All that's gonna change now, Mr. Pipeline," she said menacingly, as she slowly slipped the James Taylor album out of its inner sleeve. She did it in such a

continued on page 38

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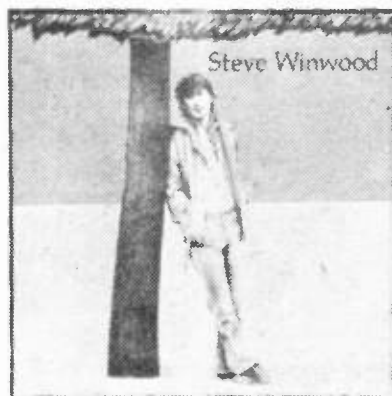
Blind Date

with
FLO & EDDIE

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

Edited by **KEN BARNES**

After two months of lashing out at the defenseless New Wave, Flo & Eddie were deliriously happy to return to the pop mainstream. They were in an unusually insightful mood throughout, but maintained their usual high spirits and their justly-famed knack for selfpromotion. When I was called to the phone during the Blind Date session, the devious duo kept the cassette rolling and proceeded to croon a lulling, hypnotic chant with the intent of mesmerizing me into mentioning that they had an astonishingly inventive and ultra-commercial concept for a new album and were looking for a label deal.



WINWOOD
Steve Winwood
(Island)

Famous British figure? Twiggy? Haven't we used that line? Hasn't Ken used that line for us? Winwood! We got one fast! The first album we listen to after two months of punks, and it sounds great! Let us explain that it's early in the morning here and we've been up all night jamming with the Damned. We've got a lot of feedback on the punk Blind Dates. We've become friends of Milk & Cookies, and also the Motels and Pop. Rodney acknowledges us in the street now, but he comes up and says, "Hey, man, how come you guys, ha ha, put down the Damned, ha ha, and all the punk-rock stuff? Yeah, all my punk-rock people think you don't like it anymore, ha ha. You're gonna have to come out of your shell and explain yourself, ha ha."

We said we like good punk-rock. If it's recorded well, if they could sing, if they wrote songs, we'd like 'em. A lot of people came out of the closet and said "right on." We found more people in L.A. agreed with us and more people in New York disagreed, because it's bigger there.

Anyway, Winwood sounds great; it's got the feel. All he has to do is sit down on any instrument and do it himself. He doesn't need any of these Willie Weekses or Andy Newmarks. He's got the classic rock & roll voice. He's stayed away from using it for a while—but here it is again. I think he made a mistake by not calling himself Stevie and causing a little confusion with Wonder and Nicks. Big Steve Wonder. In this day and age you'd expect Steve Winwood to let you down, because everyone else has! But this is very basic and very good. He's one of those guys you'd be glad to be stuck with in a room with a piano. I'm glad you put the piano in there. You'd ask "Do you know any tunes," and I think Stevie would know a few.

PARADISE BALLROOM The Graeme Edge Band (London)

Can we say something about Peter Frampton first? Who cares! It's over. He's not in me, thank God. Now who's this? A member of a disbanded British group and a rock journeyman? What is a rock journeyman? Aynsley Dunbar? Scott McKenzie? All the members of the group made solo albums... Graeme Edge! When you can discern Graeme Edge...who's he with? Adrian Gurvitz! Adrian left Ginger. This has both the Gurvitz brothers, Paul and Adrian. It's almost a Gun reunion. As someone once said about Peter Frampton, who cares? It's basically the Gurvitz-Edge Army, but it sounds more like the Seabees. What do you mean Seabee GB's? I don't know either. This is the first time I've heard a Moody Blues record with real strings in ten years. The bimbo who thought up CAUGHT LIVE +5 should be chastized for making fools of us people who thought the Moodies were a good band by showing us

they weren't. This sounds nicely produced, but I miss the billion butterfly sneezes.

COME TO THE REUNION Country Joe & The Fish (Fantasy)

Reunion? The Hello People. Cream? Jay & the Americans? Ripchords? Addrissi Bros.? 13th Floor Elevators. Moby Grape. That one was close? Mojo Men. Beau Brummels. Vejtables. Country Joe & the Fish. Not Barry Melton & Joe McDonald again? The whole group? There are those of us who are Joe McDonald fans. This is good for people who wanted to hear a Chicken Hirsch or Barry Melton song and didn't know where to look. They're more of a band now than they ever were. "Sweet Lorraine" is a bad move—if they had to do an oldie, it shouldn't be the one you can still hear on the radio. The Farfisa organ makes them sound like Sir Douglas. I like Joe North better solo than with the Fish. I never lived far North enough to like them. This is gonna be a...collectors' item. Old Fish fans are going to relish this. Old fish spoils easily. All their fans are in old folks' homes, or prison. I don't own any old Fish albums so I'm not the one to judge. If you never went to the festivals and sat in the dirt and gave the cheer, you'll never care. A more exciting reunion would be the Ohio Express. Mike Pinera's Cactus. Mike Pinera's Iron Butterfly. Mike Pinera's Captain Beyond. Every group he joins breaks up and then he takes the group's name and cuts a solo album. I'd like to see Mark Pinera's Fleetwood Mac. Mike—contact us. We've got schemes for you—on Fantasy. Mike Pinera's Flo & Eddie Band.

LIGHTS OUT UFO (Chrysalis)

We want to take this opportunity to thank America for taking the cue. We warned them months ago in this column that something was wrong, and now that Dan Peek has left things are back to normal. We didn't say in so many words that he was the problem, but it's obvious that his energy was not coinciding

with the others'. Dan is forming a punk-rock band called Horse With No Name, and he's our Peek to Clique. The guitarist of this band is reported joining the Moonies? Just like Jeremy Spencer? This is a Love song here—"Alone Again Or." The Moody Blues could do this. Extra-terrestrial name? Budgie? UFO. This is a good cover version. This one sounds like the Good Rats. This is just "Alright Now." Almost everything in British hard rock is. And that was just the Kinks. I get tired of this stuff. It's very predictable, like a Free follow-up. I think there's a market for this. Free was another generation. In fact, UFO could do "Alright Now" if Bad Company didn't beat them to it. I think it's pop music, anyway. They'll play Anaheim Stadium opening for Lynyrd Skynyrd and then they'll come back and headline the Santa Monica Civic and they'll be big.

MINK DE VILLE (Capitol)

They try not to be lumped in with the New York scene? Television. Dictators. Jack Nitzsche produced? Mink De Ville. Kind of Southside Johnny, the Drifters...a lot of Drifters, "Up On The Roof" style. You can't go wrong with an old Crystals song. It's hard to avoid being hooked into the New York scene when you look like that, with that pompadour. Lot of Van Morrison there. This is like demos of Southside Johnny's album. Little Lou Reed here. Strange combination, Lou Reed and the Drifters. Streets of New York from all generations. This is too Lou Reed—I can't stand it. Good sounding album, Jack. I can see why you wouldn't want to be lumped with the rest of New York if you were trying something like this. It's not punk.

THE FLO & EDDIE ONCEOVER —capsule commentaries on other albums of interest...

MANIFEST DESTINY Dictators (Asylum)

Well-recorded punk-rock. They'd hate that. They're actually doing Flo & Eddie. Now they sound more serious, though. Thinking man's hard-rock. This is what Roger Daltrey should be doing.

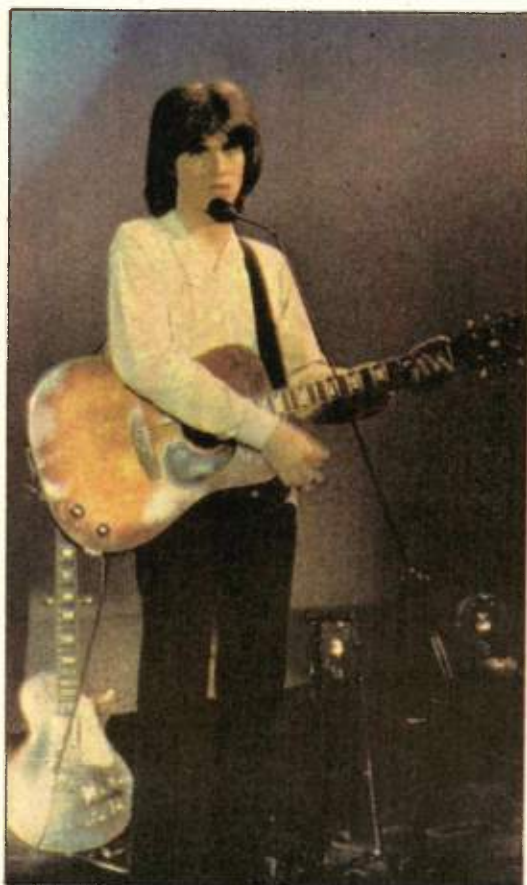
GREG KINN AGAIN (Beserkley)

Folk-rock. "For You" is the Turtles soundalike of 1977. But even the Turtles had their weak moments. He's interesting, though.

What can we say, incidentally, but that Paperback Writer is a great book and everyone should own a copy? Now will Mark Shipper be my friend?

America's Next Big Act Could Be From Tulsa

DWIGHT TWILLEY & PHIL SEYMOUR



By BUD SCOPPA

Everybody knows that people who write record reviews are supposed to complain every so often about what a crummy year it's been for music, and how rock & roll has become a mere wheat-thin of its former feasty self. That kind of proclamation is nearly always deep-dish bullshit: persevering archaeologists who can't get no satisfaction from a thick pile of new (free!) albums should find something else to dig. That point can be made with particular emphasis right here in the summer of '77, cuz we're in the midst of a rock & roll spectacle as scintillating as those of the last two mid-decades. Groups are coming outta nowhere at a staggerleering rate, and—what's more—these new bands won't behave: they keep busting out of the boxes we cognoscenti attempt to put them in before the labels are even dry.

"THE DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND,
WANT TO SHOW US WHAT
ROCK AND ROLL FUN IS ALL ABOUT."

Consider the cast of notable characters at this vital moment in rock's history: Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie, Steely Dan, Jackson Browne and Neil Young; then Little Feat, Fleetwood Mac, Randy Newman, Eagles, Elton John, Eno, Roxy Music/Bryan Ferry, Nick Lowe and his Stiff stable, the venerable Paul McCartney and Led Zeppelin, and all the new sensations who are just now tapping, tapping at the double doors of Fame 'n' Fortune. This rock & roll epoch may not spawn any epic heroes, but there are enough sizzling visionaries, mad scientists, and rock & roll doctors to keep us in stitches eight days a week. Hey, y'all, this is fun, innit?! (And fun is intrinsically important, innit?)

Into this Big Party struts the Dwight Twilley

Band, and they aim to show us where Rock & Roll Fun is really at. Dwight and partner Phil Seymour gleam with so many facets of rock-star specialness that their existence here and now seems both impossible and inevitable. They're the perfect age (early 20s); they hail from the perfect place (Tulsa, just south of America's epicenter); they have perfect looks (dramatic cuteness); and they sound at any moment like the aural encyclopedia of rock while at the same time convincing you that they made the whole thing up themselves on the spur of the moment.

...

Twilley Don't Mind Hits

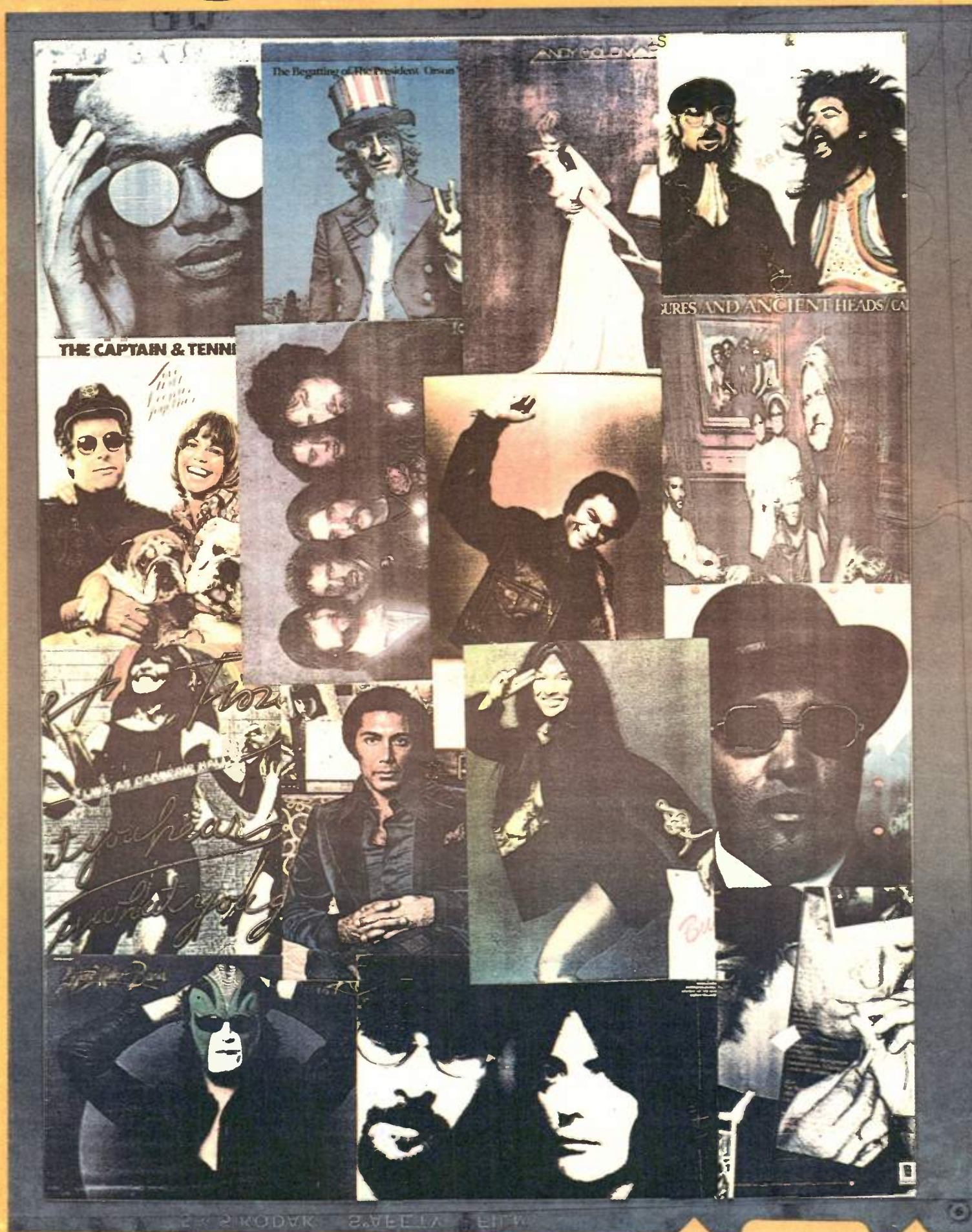
Here she comes: **Twilley Don't Mind** comes loaded with guitars—all kinds of

them—snarling, snapping, screaming, chiming, blazing, shimmering, doing all the things that hot rock guitars do, in stacked, massed, winged clusters. Under them are drums so burly other sounds have to get out of their way, with a bigfoot bass reverberating in its wake. Over them are the wispy-wired voices of Twilley and Seymour, sometimes smooth as raw silk, sometimes qu-qu-quavering with lumps in their throats as big as Holly's and Orbison's, all the time singing as if the whole world was Tulsa, and they owned it. And over all that (way up there) are all those quick, echoing things you'd expect to find atop the pyramid: hand claps, sleigh bells, castanets, stringed notes that couldn't be crammed in below. The Twilleys sound a little like every rock record that ever stirred you (from "I'll Be Back" and "The Bells of Rhymney" to "Be My Baby" and "Born To Run"), but once you've been exposed to it, their sound is unmistakably personal.

If "I'm on Fire" crystallized the heartthrob splendors of **Sincerely**, Twilley's first album, **Twilley Don't Mind** displays the full range of its treasures within the track, "Tryin' to Find My Baby." You could not hope for a record to deliver any more in four minutes than this boldly climactic rock anthem does. If "Tryin' to Find My Baby" makes it onto the radio (and Twilley's new label, Arista, will surely pull out the stops to make certain that it does), the track will make everything that gets programmed around it seem dull and inert. It's that good, really.

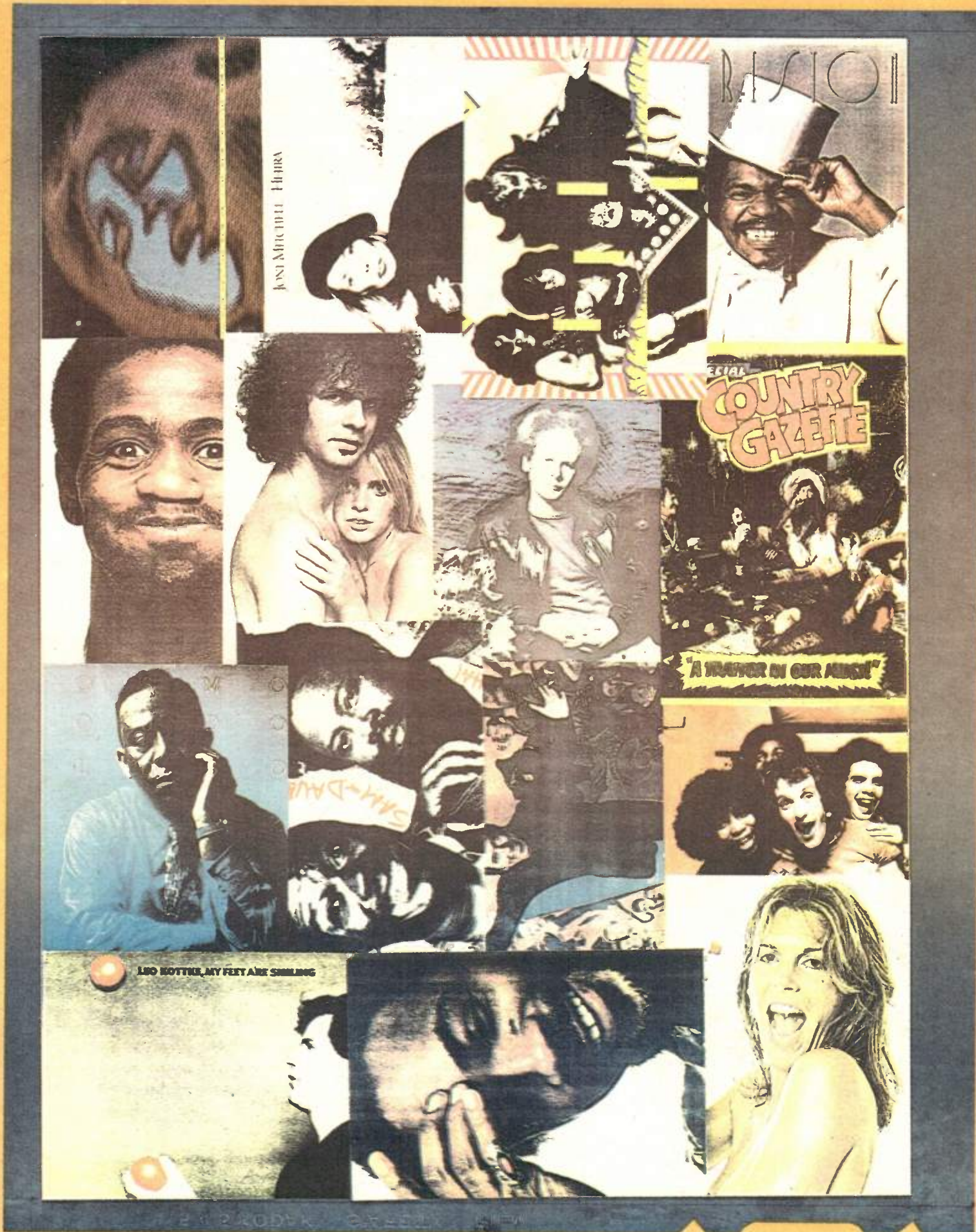
Twilley Don't Mind is a rock & roll treasure chest: it has everything in it, so what more could you possibly want? Satisfaction's guaranteed. So add the Dwight Twilley Band to your list for the Big Party—Twilley has definitely RSVP'd.

NORMAN



Norman Seeff is the most important "photographer" in the business of music today. His style and his technique is unmistakable. The greatest recording stars themselves—both here and abroad—have relegated Norman into a 'super-star' league all his own.

SEEFF



Norman Seeff is nothing short of a celebrity now and every bit the artist his famous subjects are. But there's another side of the Seeff Story—the story behind the pictures—which is not common knowledge. His has been a thoroughly inspired, unimpeachably fantastic life, the majority of which realized 'outside' the entertainment world.

B Y N O R M A N S E E F F

I grew up in Johannesburg, South Africa. I left there about eight years ago, when I was 29, and there were at least half a dozen good reasons for leaving.

There was and still is, an enormous amount of bitterness between the English and the Afrikaners in South Africa. The Afrikaners evolved spontaneously from a miraculous conglomeration of German, French, and Dutch immigrants, and they spoke a language derived from those sources. They became known

as Boers, and the English fought a major war with them in South Africa at the turn of the century. And so this bitterness exists between the two groups. Even the schools were segregated—I

went to an English school and never knew any Afrikaner kids. And meanwhile, the Kaffirs—which is a word like “nigger,” an insulting way of referring to blacks—were considered non-people, non citizens of

the country. Now when I left, there were 17 million blacks and about three-and-a-half million whites; only the whites could vote (the majority of whites were Afrikaners—they had a policy of having as many kids as possible).

To backtrack though, when I was 17 and had just finished high school, I went through some kind of transformation, a kind of change of consciousness. I came from a very nuclear-type family. My mother and father are still together. And my father was a doctor who held certain

values that were not decorative enough for me at that time—so I grew my hair long and became interested in Beatniks. I wanted to be an artist, so I left home and got myself a servant's room at the bottom of a building. My rent was \$3.50 a month. This was in a part of Johannesburg called Hillbrow, which was sort of a parallel to Greenwich Village. I spent my time there painting and sculpting and reading Kahlil Gibran, T.S. Eliot and Ouspensky and listening to jazz.

it was punishable by a prison sentence. That was the one crime where whites would get heavier penalties than blacks, it was considered so degrading.

Anyway, the young whites in Johannesburg got more involved socially with the blacks, and then started working with them politically. All of a sudden, without warning, the government started infiltrating the political groups and making waves of arrests, and the penalties were really severe—you could be arrested and jailed for 90

days without trial, no one knowing where you were.

During this period of turmoil, I went to medical school and received my degree as a medical doctor with heavy training in behaviorist psychiatry. I decided to work in a black hospital, which white doctors were allowed to do—they didn't have psychiatric facilities for the blacks (the government's attitude was that they didn't need it). I ended up running the

emergency unit, treating psychiatric cases independently.

I was living a very schizophrenic kind of life. During the day I was working in a white coat and tie in the most incredible surroundings—patients dying all over the place, people had to travel hundreds of miles for emergency treatment and were a real mess by the time they got to us. We often performed operations without anesthetics. Sometimes I had to change my coat two or three times a day, it would get so soaked with blood. Then, I'd



Now, the only real jazz to be found in South Africa was played by black musicians. We'd listen to the music—groups of young people like myself—and we'd get friendly with the musicians. We'd go to my place and smoke grass and drink, and it all seemed very nice. It didn't bother us that this was basically illegal—blacks weren't supposed to drink, blacks and whites weren't supposed to socialize. If there was any sex between blacks and whites,

“Sometimes I had to change my coat two or three times a day, it would get so soaked with blood.”



B Y N O R M A N S E E F F

go home at night and put on my sandals and listen to jazz and drop speed. We were a very mixed bunch; artists, scientists, blacks, whites, politicians, gays—and people into open relationships. It was all very loose and very, very new at that time. When the Beatles first came, we all thought, 'What a dumb name! Who the f--- are the Beatles?'

I began to have various run-ins with the police—And there'd be strange phone calls from vigilantes, who were like the Klu Klux Klan. We were called "Kaffir lovers," and I was threatened a number of times, as was my girlfriend. Things were getting very hot for me and it became appropriate for me to get out of the country.

I left under a series of circumstances read like a James Bond script, and I went to England—arriving there totally exhausted. I was met by a lady friend of mine who had left for the same reasons—and I rediscovered what it was like to live without fear again. Although I disagree with South Africa's white racial policy, I have great compassion for the Afrikaners and their predicament—I have great love for the whites and the blacks, they are beautiful people. That they are not able to trust each other is very painful to me.

I stayed in London for about a month, and then bought a one-way ticket to New York. It seemed to me that if I was going to start from scratch, America was the place to do it. I didn't want to practice medicine based on treating people with drugs and surgery any longer; I was moving in the direction of holistic medicine—the medicine of health. A lot of people were very angry with me for not practicing—they felt that I really had a quality about what I was doing and that I was deserting them.

I went to work as a designer for Columbia Records. After I'd been there for a short time, I got a call to come to Hollywood as art director for United Artists Records. That was five years ago, and I spent two years at UA. I was shooting pictures all that time—like the Rolling Stones thing with Mick Jagger flipping in the air, and most of the other things that are in my book, **Hot Shots**.

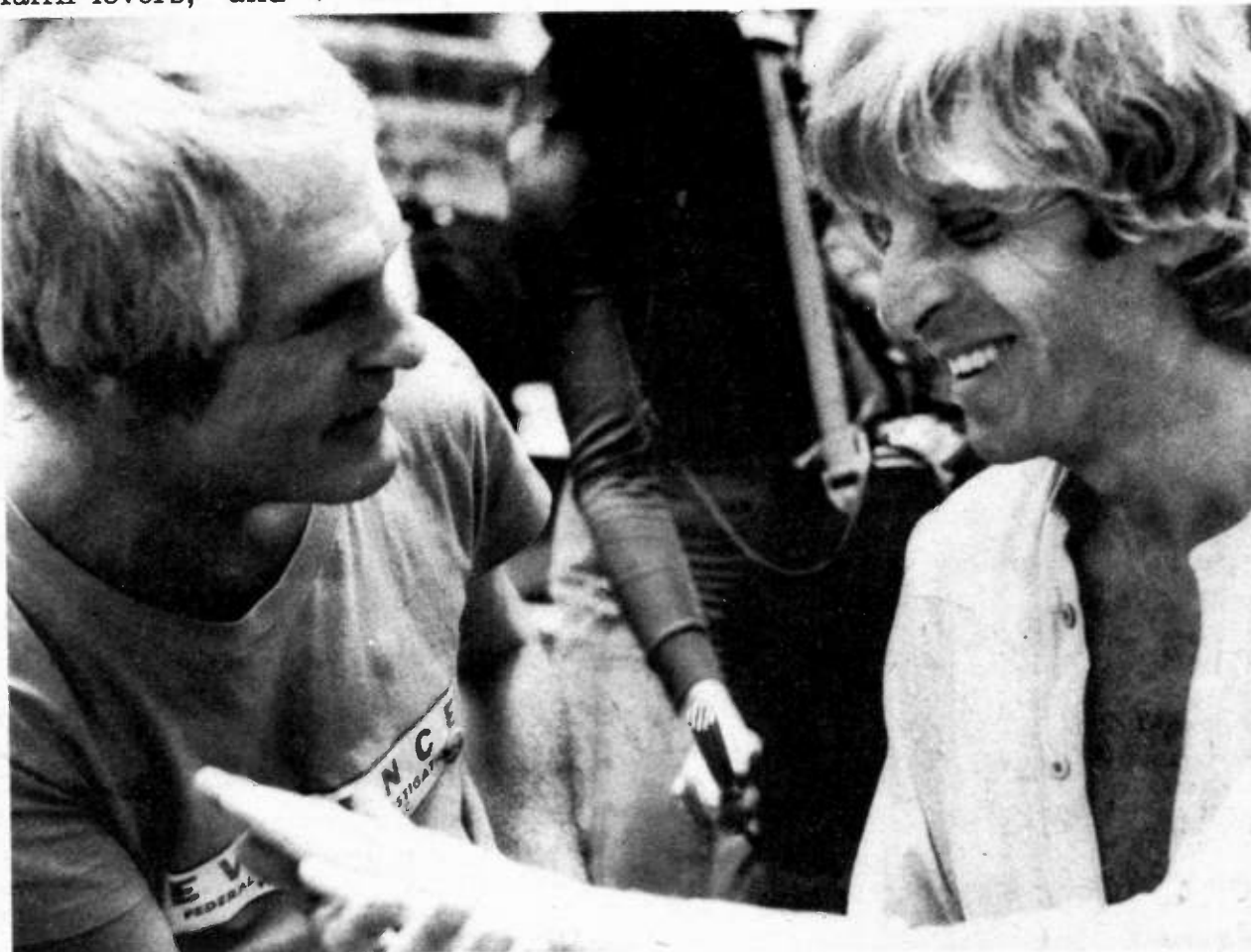
At that same time, I began to develop the idea of the photo session as an experience. I realized what was happening at my sessions—that

I was becoming more interested in the sessions themselves than in the photographs they produced. In other words, the session became the art form, and the pictures themselves were just moments of that particular experience that were recorded. I would create an experience first of all, and then record it moment by moment. I resigned from UA, became independent. A year-and-a-half later, I got my first really solid

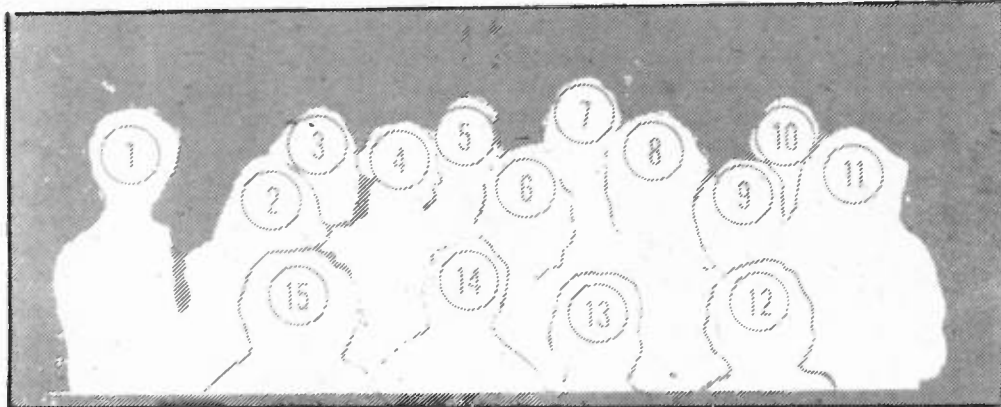
money from the art director who had taken my place at UA to film Ike and Tina Turner. Everyone loved it. I realized that what I had was a natural vehicle that would provide the opportunity to experience people as they really are.

Shown Above: Timothy Leary(L), Norman Seeff(R)

Photo by Keith Williamson



Anway, I needed a change. In New York, I would stop people on the street and go home and photograph them. I learned the streets, and I learned what it was like to start all over again. It took three years to get it together in New York.



—LEGEND—

[Who's Who in Seeff's Crew]

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| Allan Hunter—1 | 8—Johnny Sheraf |
| Alice Passman—2 | 9—Cathy Elliot |
| Yogi Anrita Allen Finger—3 | 10—Al Vandenberg |
| Norman—4 | 11—Alex du Cane |
| Alan Levenson—5 | 12—Kirk Williamson |
| Taryn Power—6 | 13—Joseph Kwong |
| John Joseph—7 | 14—Tony Powers |
| | 15—Keith Williamson |

The Photo Session



The text preceding and following was culled from many hours of taped interviews with Norman Seeff by Martin Cerf and Colman Andrews.

At the photo session, our technique involves working with the inner person, we seek honest interaction. ("We" is a group of professional people who work with me—people interested in the entire spectrum of what we're doing). I deal with the "inner person"; I don't

'arrange' a picture working with a person's 'outer' surface. ("Turn your head this way; Let me put some make-up on over there; Let me light you from here, now put that expression on..."). What I do is create experiences to which the subject responds and which can change facial expression; the way a person holds himself, even the way the subject looks at you. The ideal is to reach "inner-inspiration" which invariably will be reflected in the picture. The artist responds emotionally and authentically to the stimulus—it is not an intellectual approach by any means—it's an

"experiential reaction." The results are fantastic...

By NORMAN SEEFF



B Y N O R M A N S E E F F

Tim Buckley

"It's important to get artist's energized—consciously aware, inspired, thrilled and open."



"My photographs must capture the essence of the artist's best self."

Sometimes, through these methods, the group at the photo session and the artist being photographed attain a kind of synergy; a point where we're all working together, effortlessly. I've applied some techniques derived from humanistic psychology and the Growth Movement and brought them into the media. In this way, we can achieve a higher level of reality—bring out the artist's highest or 'best-self'. In spite of what the media has said about artists, incidentally, I find them to be—on the whole—incredibly open and secure human beings. The fact they're loved and responded to by the masses, seems to give artists an incredible feeling of self-worth.

We've developed an analysis of the photo session as a communication experience. Human communication is based on transactions—the ritual of one person saying, "Hello," which represents recognition, is called "a stroke"—people like to be stroked. This is a small example of transactional analysis—that is, simply analyzing transactions.

There's a technique to intimate communication—through greeting rituals and small talk; ("I hear you're recording now," "Who's your producer?" and so forth). Intimate communication is reached by communicating from one's inner experience as it occurs.

Only after I had done many hundreds of these photo sessions, did I begin to see a pattern developing.

If we can use experiences to communicate, we don't have to stop at merely swapping concepts. I've found to reach the highest or 'best self' of the artist, one has to transcend the barriers to communication; **embarrassment, fear and distrust...**

Transcending these barriers is a delicate part of what I'm doing. People are coming here for photographs...they are not coming here for enlightenment. I know that for **me**, in terms of my art form, I have to get photographs which show the essence of my subjects' best self. I could get plenty of pictures of people looking frightened—and I would say that fear and the related cluster of emotions (embarrassment, insecurity, discomfort), are the most common experiences at the beginning, when someone comes into a photo studio. It doesn't serve the subject in the material world to have pictures of themselves looking 'freaked-out' or avoiding looking into the camera.

In other words, to get the kind of pictures that will satisfy me **and** best serve my subject, it is important I get an artist to a place where they are, in fact, energized—consciously aware, inspired, thrilled and **open**. Although it wouldn't seem to be one of the goals of a photo session, spontaneity and naturalness is most essential to the success of the picture.



This is not pictures in an exhibition, but rather an exhibition pictured. Norman Seeff, behind the camera—behind the scenes, shares intimacies with (clockwise) Jose Feliciano, Lola Falana, Lily Tomlin and Houston's Mighty Clouds Of Joy.

I know that to reach those goals, I'm going to have to go through certain breakthroughs with the subject. That's why the sessions represent to me a really incredible experience—and I get nervous before every one of them; not out of fear, but just out of what I'm about to go through. Because, if you are to have experiential communication, **you** have to experience it too. Experiential communication can not be one-sided.

We are playing a game. The game is called "photo session". The players are myself, my support team, the subject I am photographing, and the audience. The game is played in the studio over a time period that averages two hours. There are two goals: First, to get the photograph, and second, to experience being with each other.

We have to collapse the kind of relationship which ordinarily would take a year into, say, an hour-and-a-half. I set the sessions up as a social gathering; we may drink and smoke but I'm always aware that we're playing **and** we're working, simultaneously.

In general, what we're trying to do is build a platform of acceptance for a whole transformation in communications. This goes beyond the photo sessions. What I mean by 'transformation in communications' is getting to a point where we're able to tell other people the **truth**, as it occurs to us **experientially**.

To introduce this to the media, initially we're completing a feature film. We have over a quarter million feet of film—which is something like six days and nights of continuous viewing. Then we have another project, a television series involving music people, mainly—those are the people I work with most often. In fact however, the series will include personalities of all kinds. It too will be an experiential presentation, not a conceptual one.

Most people today want to know what it would be like to hang out with so-and-so, and what that person behind the artist's public image is about in reality—in a positive sense.

We are publishing a book called "Experiential Photography", which shows how people's body language and body image change as their experiences change. Also, we're completing a book on "Tantric Yoga"; we have yoga classes at the studio. There will be yet another book—an editorial text that will be transcripts of communication experiences we've had with artists.

Excerpted dialog and visuals
which demonstrate Seeff's incredible "Experiential Photography"



NORMAN—...what we do, if it's OK with you, is whenever we do photographic sessions, we record them.
GORDON—Mm-hmm.
NORMAN—So what's happening is that Ginny's running a Nagra recorder here, and we're publishing a book of photographs and dialogue in sequence about the way people change during a photographic session...
GORDON—Yeah, and if they don't know themselves—a lot of people who are unsure of themselves will come off funny...
NORMAN—OK. What kind of photographs do you want?
GORDON—Uh...give me the 75 cents kind...(laughter)...

NORMAN—Have you always been blind?
GORDON—I was born with glaucoma...
NORMAN—So...you could see for awhile?
GORDON—Yeah, I could see till I was about...well, I was declared legally blind at six years old...

NORMAN—I'm standing 5 to 6 feet away from you, facing you. People are really nervous about looking at each other, and when they see someone standing a few feet away looking at them, they often freak out. So what I do is all about making it be OK. Now, with you...(laughter)...
GORDON—We're past the point you were trying to make.
NORMAN—Now get your head perfectly centered, so it's perfectly straight. Yeah, you got it...(much laughter)...OK. So, there you are—Great—Now, close your eyes...

GORDON—I'm closed...I got 'em closed.
NORMAN—OK, and go into your inner inner space. And keep your eyes closed. OK?
GORDON—OK, that's a funny trip 'cause I've got to really concentrate on closing them.
NORMAN—Oh wow, so you hardly ever closed your eyes?
GORDON—No. I never close them too much, unless I go to sleep...(much laughter)...
NORMAN—How come you only close your eyes when you go to sleep?
GORDON—Well, I have to see what's coming at me! (wild hysteria)...

NORMAN—Do you remember seeing...do you remember the awareness of seeing?
GORDON—Mm-hmm...(garbled) can't visualize a face so much because time takes away the image. You visualize a sound...yeah, you do, but that's a third eye. That's another light. That's not even in the...
NORMAN—I like playing with that a lot, myself.
GORDON—Yeah. Well, you see, for me, I can see a voice, and I can see an image in front of me and construe what the feeling is of that spirit.
NORMAN—I love the way you say "see a voice".
GORDON—Yeah.

NORMAN—People's faces are an incredible...
GORDON—Gauge.
NORMAN—Gauge...thank you. I've been trying to find the right word for so long. Yeah.
GORDON—It's a meter...It'll tell you every time.
NORMAN—The face is very, very revealing.
GORDON—The face and the eyes. You have to have eye contact. Some people don't look at the eyes...
NORMAN—I had to learn to be able to look at people's eyes, because that was just a thing that one didn't do socially where I came from...and now, when I have eye contact with people...it's out of enjoyment of looking at them.

NORMAN—um...(laughter)...You see, I want to tell you something, the thing I've just realized about my photographic sessions, that it's not necessary to take photographs...because they're not about taking photographs. So, since Gordon can't see them anyway, uh, I'm just gonna hang out...(laughter)...What I'll do is, I'll go up and say, "Here Gordon, here's a whole bunch of your photographs," and you'll hold these pieces of paper. You'll never know whether it's you or Mick Jagger...

GORDON—Yeah, I think looking is a funny thing, it's a funny sensation, not to see and yet see.
NORMAN—So in other words you get all your information through sound and the voice?
GORDON—Yeah, and I'll touch a person's face. I love to catch them smiling.
NORMAN—With your hand on their face? Far out.
GORDON—Yeah, yeah. I usually can tell.
NORMAN—"Hey man, you've got your hand in my mouth!"...(laughter)...
GORDON—Just don't bite me!

Gordon De Wittie

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HEART

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RECORDS

ERIC CARMEN

Boats Against The Current



BOATS AGAINST CURRENT
Eric Carmen
Arista AB4124

By ANASTASIA PANTSIOS

I'm sure discussion of Eric Carmen's second album will center around two points that have been argued about all his other work: whether or not he is too derivative and whether he is a better balladeer or rock 'n' roller.

I think both arguments are beside the point, because all pop music is derivative, and because it always comes down to the taste of the individual, since Carmen is simply a fine songwriter without any special propensity for either ballads or rock tunes.

In any case, belaboring these points won't help us to understand or appreciate the talents of the man—or to explain why **Boats Against the Current** is an unconvincing and unsatisfying album, whether you prefer the Rolling Stones or Barry Manilow.

Boats Against the Current displays the undeniable Carmen strengths: an ear for lavish, flowing melodies, immaculate sense of song structure and his sleek, chilling vocals.

What is the problem then? Why doesn't this album by a master pop songwriter (and vocalist), stick to your ears?

For one thing, though

most of the songs are clearly excellent, many are not fully realized. Lifeless arrangements and lifeless playing bog down much of the album. Carmen's voice lacks its habitual conviction and isn't highlighted enough. A horde of L.A. session hotshots performed on the album, but their work is buried under a turgid

blanket of strings. In places, songs are overdeveloped or repetitive, and many 'FEEL' long, even though they really lengthy tag and unnecessarily repeated segments.

The abundance of dirge-like tunes is accompanied by an unwelcome change in Carmen's lyric writing style. Slow songs tend to emphasize lyrics more than uptempo tunes, and these call attention to the aren't. For example, "Runaway": it should have been a tight, spare, anguished song but it's loaded down with a fact that Carmen's suddenly posing as a "rock poet."

The lyrics here often are posturing and self-conscious, and most sound forced.

I think Carmen finally yielded to the forces who've always dismissed him because he wasn't "serious." Even the moody cover photo, in which he's wearing jeans and an undershirt, for god's sake, indicate Eric's intention to "get serious."

The irony of the situation is simply Eric Carmen was always a "serious" songwriter! But he has to contend with forces who long ago decreed that J.D. Souther and Jackson Browne are serious song-

"Carmen yeilds to the forces which always dismissed him because he wasn't 'serious'."



writers and Eric Carmen is not.

This album's strong points so obviously emanate from Carmen's own writing and singing abilities and its weak points from his attempts to fall in step with music establishment taste arbiters. His talent is far too huge and too special to be wasted in emulating coked-out L.A. canyon troubadours.

Nothing Eric Carmen writes or sings could ever be negligible, and this album isn't negligible. "She Did It," "Runaway," and "Love Is All That Matters" are exquisite songs, as is the title track.

I care passionately about the music Carmen puts out, because he could be so much more than just a respectable (and respected) songwriter. I think he has more to contribute to pop music than a Peter Frampton or Elton John. Because of that, **Boats Against the Current** is a disappointment, but one with enough high spots to carry us through to his next.

Karla Bonoff

including:
Someone To Lay Down Beside Me
Home/Lose Again/I Can't Hold On
Isn't It Always Love

**KARLA BONOFF**

Karla Bonoff

Columbia PC34672

By **BOB FUKUYAMA**

If the record was produced by Jackson Browne on Asylum, the "importance" of the new Karla Bonoff recording would be implied, not just applicable. "Important" is an interesting description that's not often used these days and rightfully so. [Because, 'what's important' and 'to whom?']

"Karla Bonoff", however, was not produced by Jackson. (Jackson's exclusivity is 90% of the "importance" quotient... he's not available for sessions). But Jackson lists Karla among his three favorites, anyway.

Kenny Edwards is the producer. Roots? LA roots? Jackson's got 'em, but Kenny has the LA pedigree, too—Stone Poneys were an early Edwards' act. Also, he's the lucky husband, so who better—if not Jackson—could be involved so intimately with Karla? Richard Perry—doubtful... Peter Asher—possibly (not to be ruled out in the future). But Kenny was a good—if not correct—choice to produce Karla's first album.

Jackson's acceptance notwithstanding, "Karla Bonoff" is indeed an 'important' first record by a more significant new writer. It's 'important' not just because Linda Ronstadt has recognized and recorded Bonoff tunes often (Linda showers Karla with effusive praise in recent interviews)... And take away Karla's fine session work on recordings with all of L.A.'s acoustic heroes (from Andrew Gold to Warren Zevon)... Never mind this probably was an expensive [to make] album. What remains is nothing short of a class act all by herself.

"Karla Bonoff" is an acoustic feast for the ears, which hosts slick lead players given to ad-libbed, inner-bar riffing that teases so fine. Innocent female leads and double-tracking that's fresh and honest prevail's throughout. Commercial yet relevant images whose understated metaphors are anything but simple moon-June hash allow for vivid imagery. It's what Glenn Frey does very well with those Eagles. This is Seventies poetry; mass appeal self-confessions which perhaps

are banal compared to abstract pop art of the Sixties, but the work here is no less inspired.

The writing is almost exclusively in the first-person—Bonoff songs address most often non-fictional relationships:

**But you're keepin' me goin', I'm goin' insane/
'Cause I love you and I lose again.***

Bonoff's association with Ronstadt makes comparisons inevitable. On "Someone To Lay Down Beside Me," there is less urgency, less desperation in Karla's voice, what's expressed is the overall mood—melancholy—of the L.P.

Karla doesn't possess Linda's emotional expressiveness, or range for that matter. But allowing for these limitations, Karla is remarkably true to a style that remains successful on its own terms. Karla's reserve—even on 'heavy' ballads—is too 'laid back' for the lyric and sometimes her "words" scream for vocal histrionics.

Karla's inability to adjust content to form and a decidedly "understated", vocal performance may hurt this first Bonoff LP. In the face of, say, Hearts' embodiment of confident female sexuality—however calculated—it's an incongruous and unnecessary exercise in humility on her part.

Taken in total, this first Bonoff record is definitely a worthy—and yes, important—recording. Easily paralleled to Jackson Browne's first album, accordingly "Karla Bonoff" scores A+ in self-expression. Those who appreciated the contribution that was Jackson's first record, should have little problem fitting into the space Karla explores here. And, so what if it does feel like the first time...it feels good.

*©1976 Sky Harbor Music

**CAN'T WAIT**

Piper

A&M SP4654

By **KEN BARNES**

By the time the first two cuts on Piper's second album had finished, I thought they'd really done it. "Can't Wait" and especially "Drop By And Stay" are such marvelous marriages of rock-solid guitar chords and

melodic delicacy that I was hoping against hope that Billy Squier and crew were going to carry it through all the way and make the perfect 70's pop-rock album.

Balancing heavy rock and melody is a tricky proposition, what with almost inevitable overcompensation on one side or the other, and Piper can't quite pull it off. "Any Day," a fairly tuneful ballad with interesting Van Morrison undertones, goes on for far too long. So does "Blues For The Common Man," a decidedly excessive, ordinary hardrock; while "Now Ain't The Time" opens with plangent Neil Young "Only Love Can Break A Heart" chords and doesn't rise above the level of pleasant inconsequentiality. All three suffer from a slightly overbearing female chorus which seems thoroughly out of place in this sort of power pop format and calls up dread visions of Mad Dogs and Englishmen and other hideous spectres (no relation to Phil, who knows how to use a female chorus).

Still, three other tracks, "See Me Through," the exciting "Little Miss Intent," and "Bad Boy," nearly match the opening pair, and the album must be rated as unquestionably one of the year's best, with "Drop By And Stay" the sort of classic record that would become a #1 single in the best of all possible worlds. There's a strangely neglected class of hard-rocking, pop-influenced bands that are neither New Wave nor Raspberries-style teen image-mongers, but battle it out on the arenas supporting Kiss and Aerosmith and BOC—among others, Artful Dodger, April Wine at their best, the Dictators in lighter moments, and sometimes Boston. Piper, who hinted at their mastery of the pop-rock form with last year's "Who Is Your Boyfriend," have vaulted to the front of the pack with their second album, and if all goes well could be the band to boost this vital but overlooked genre to the top.

**SIMPLE THINGS**

Carole King

Capitol SMAS11667

By **LITA ELISCU**

This isn't simple, it's simplistic. An album full of observa-

Karla or Carole:**Take The Folkie Challenge**

tions on life and living—none of which comes off without an unbelievable amount of listener embarrassment for poor Carole.

Tackling "life" with mere words was meant for a classroom, not a soundroom, at least not Miss King's. Carole's best when you know exactly where to find her; up on the roof or under the boardwalk or near the fault-line. But never near a thorax.

This album is full of words which are only incidentally set to music. It's supposed to be the "Truth," but if this is truth it's a politician's truth.

Truth, as someone has had to point out by now, does not make digestible art anyway. It's not enough to say "Listen people, here's the Truth" —we get that from 6 to 10:30AM every Sunday as the religious speculators, of the air deliver the word if you deliver the bucks.

From all this, I can't imagine what Carole King's life has been like for the past few years, but it is obvious she has been through "changes." One change is the incorporation of a new back-up band of disciples. They are called Navarro, and if it didn't say so you'd swear they weren't there at all.

On **Simple Things** Carole has opted for the entire universe in lieu of locating suitable subject matter here on earth to juggle lyrically. Honestly, Miss King should stick to storytelling and flush the preaching and the philosophy. There's a line in the title track which quacks "I never want to stop being a child," but that is definitely not a whole truth and such murky philosophy is indicative of the entire set.

Waking up alone I find my mind is reaching out to distant corners/

Crystal mourners are drawing me to Babylon...*

If you didn't know better you'd swear she was on acid. But Carole's too old for that, and I believe too wise and dedicated an artist for drug inspiration. I think she just ran out of roofs to climb and jazzmen to celebrate. Enter the Truth.

What I wish for Miss King is really simple. That she settle down and get comfortable with what ever truths she holds to be self-evident, and then find some new musical stimuli, and then make another record, full of musical life and personal songs we can relate and not meditate to.

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**INTAKES**

Rick Nelson
Epic PE 34420

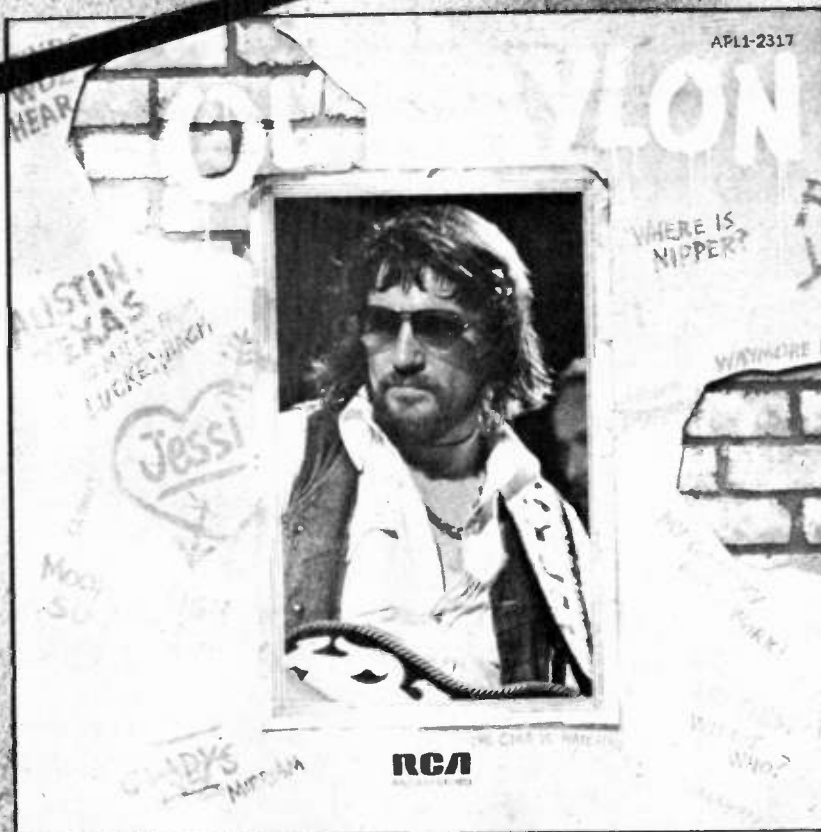
By **BUD SCOPPA**

Before I received a test pressing of the new Rick Nelson album, I was informed that this elpee marked a big change in direction for the always-likeable old pro. The disc I received supplied inarguable testimony to the above claim—it was horn-filled, disco-tempoed, and...to get right down to the core of it, there was no singing on the whole album. I worked out various interpretations of Rick's "whole new thing," and I had the review completed within just a few days of deadline. But something gnawed at me as I xeroxed a "safety" copy of my review. Just to make **absolutely** sure I wasn't about to embarrass myself in print, I ordered another test pressing, and—waddaya know—this second test sounded just like a regular Rick Nelson album...it even had singing on it. A clerical error had nearly destroyed my critical reputation! A close one, readers!

Anyway, like I said, Rick's **Intakes** sounds just like a regular Rick Nelson album—except that in several crucial ways, it's just a little better than anything he's cut in five or ten years. Consistently nice tunes (fast and slow both); crisp, straightforward playing and arrangements, neither corny nor overwrought; and—especially on the four tracks produced by pop-ace Keith Olsen—effectively hard, clean production. Oh, and then there's Rick's singing: On the slow ones, his vocals come across in their modest earnestness as touchingly as did the memorable lead on his cover hit of Dylan's "She Belongs to Me" from around the turn-of-the-decade. On the rockers, he sounds as convincing as he did in the **early** days, when he could close his eyes, swivel his jaw, stick out his chest, and wail away without even having to think about it.

Nice work there, Rick. You got yourself a couple or three potential hit 45s on there (for starters I like your terrific update of "Gimme a Little Sign") and you made an unusually good Rick Nelson album, which means you've pulled it off (and which gives all those young upstarts something to think about). I'm relieved that it's no-go-disco for you, Old-Timer. Just keep on holding the fort.

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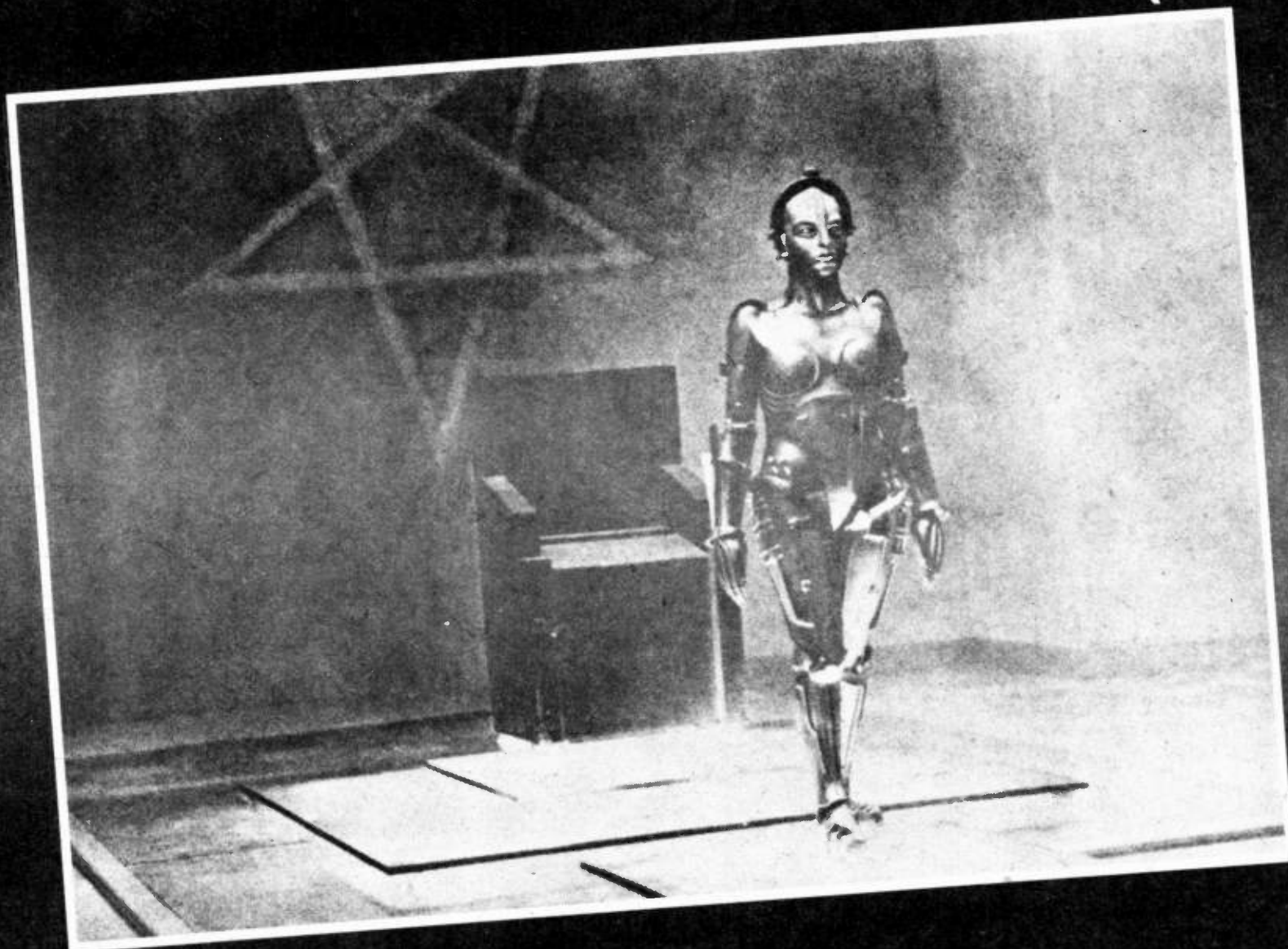
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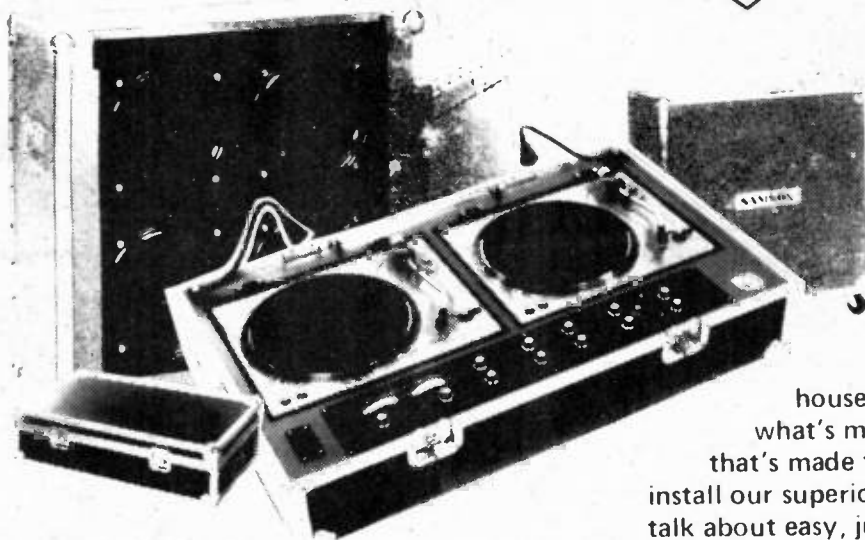
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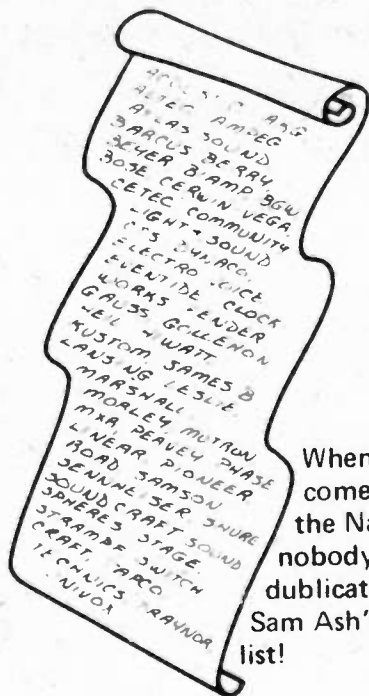
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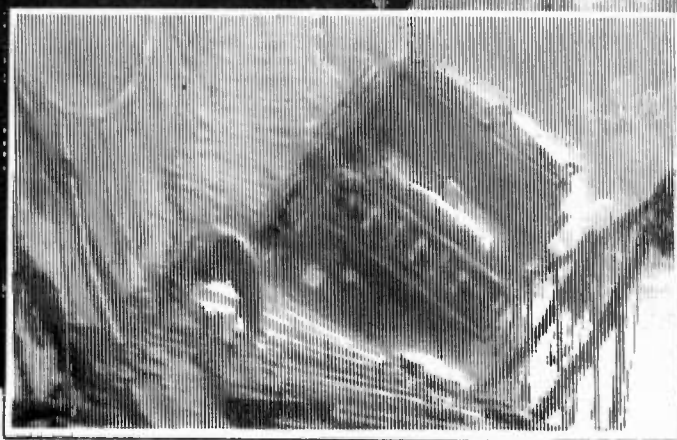
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"Marathon Man."

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	MON.	TUES.	WEDS.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
12-6am	Vin Scelsa 2-6am	Vin Scelsa	Richard Neer	Richard Neer	Al Bernstein	Tom Morrera
6-10am	Dave Herman	Dave Herman	Dave Herman	Dave Herman	Dave Herman	Al Bernstein
10-2pm	Pete Fornatale	Pete Fornatale	Pete Fornatale	Pete Fornatale	Vin Scelsa	Vin Scelsa
2-6pm	Scott Muni	Scott Muni	Scott Muni	Scott Muni	Scott Muni	Richard Neer
6-10pm	Dennis Elsas	Dennis Elsas	Dennis Elsas	Dennis Elsas	Dennis Elsas	Dennis Elsas
10-2am	Alison Steele	Alison Steele	Alison Steele	Alison Steele	Richard Neer	Pat Dawson
SUNDAY						
2-4:30am	Al Bernstein		12-4pm	Richard Neer		
4:30-8am	RELIGION and NEWS CLOSEUP		4-8pm	Pete Fornatale		
8-12N	Vin Scelsa		8-12mid	Alison Steele		

WNEW-FM

102.7

METROMEDIA STEREO

V.S.O.P.



The Members of Herbie Hancock's V.S.O.P. (shown clockwise from top): Ron Carter, Wah Wah Watson, Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter

continued from previous page

Herbie Hancock

Anyway...Shorter, who alternated between tenor and soprano, played somewhat unevenly. He seemed to have trouble getting off the ground. 'He was uncomfortably fragmented at times. His playing got better and better as the set progressed, though, so perhaps he's simply one of those performers who has to warm up slowly, in the act of doing.

V.S.O.P.'s set included an arcanelly pretty Ron Carter tune called "Little Waltz" (which reminded me of "Round Midnight"), Hubbard's "One of a Kind", Hancock's "Maiden Voyage", Shorter's "Gianna", Hubbard's "Red Clay" (the most successful number of the evening, with Shorter playing a solo of almost Egyptian stateliness and order on soprano).

and, as an encore, Hubbard's Charlie Parker tribute, "Bird-like", which was fast and happy and said all kinds of good things about be-bop.

Whitney Balliett, reviewing V.S.O.P.'s 1977 Newport Jazz Festival appearance, called the ensemble "arrogant" and "arored". I don't find it that at all. I find it to be hard, certainly, but also to have a good deal of humor and healthy power and creative substance. I wish these guys would play together more often, and I wish that other musicians would consider going back, with newfound strength and with fewer artistic prejudices, to the kind of music they were making, say, ten years ago. Pure jazz, like any legitimate original art form can't die; it's just there waiting for anyone who's good enough to play it—and these five musicians certainly are.

IN THE SEVENTIES



By IAN DOVE

Jazz is booming, even **Newsweek** tells us so on their cover, "Jazz Comes Back." Some sense of perspective—lest we think that rock is **not** here to stay—should be considered, however.

A statistic. The 10-day Newport Jazz Festival in New York this year grossed \$400,000. Organizer George Wein was ecstatic over the dollar sum, a record total for America's premier jazz event.

About the same time, Peter Frampton grossed \$380,000 for a few hours work.

Still, jazz is moving ahead. There is a sustaining growth pattern which is not just centered in the jazz-fusion genre (Herbie Hancock's children).

Because rock is where the bread is, however, jazz has had to make **adjustments**: Witness where jazz is placed in terms of the manufacturers' priorities. A couple years back, Atlantic Records caused ripples among purists by officially banning the word "jazz" from all promotion/merchandising and press lexicon (the ban has since been lifted). Atlantic was not alone at the time since most record companies had become fearful of the word and its negative reaction from radio and record store people. The music trade weekly **Cash Box** editorialized against this move: "Jazz is not a four-letter word," it said, to wit I would submit "Yes it is, but so is rock...so what?"

This music used to be called 'jazz rock' but now that's passe in the faddish world of music merchandisers (recalling, if you will, the dreaded Blood, Sweat & Tears era of the late '60s, early 1970s). The term is not, they say, in the best "sales interest" of the New Jazz, that of Hancock, Weather Report, Benson and the like.

Nobody in the world would argue with Weather Report's average sales of 500,000-plus per album. This year, even Maynard Ferguson, who has led a lumbering big band for decades, tasted pop success for the first time. The bottom line is Maynard's half-million sales—Good luck to him and who cares if his "Rocky Theme" is flashy and shallow...or that Buddy Rich attempts to mine that same vein with jazz-rock-disco.

Dexter Gordon is one of the major figures in jazz art, and in 1976, he returned muscular and healthy from Europe, to New York and the attention of Columbia Records. Label chief Bruce Lundvall, who expects his company to gross over one billion dollars by the end of the '70s, signed the illustrious tenor saxophonist, and CBS released the live **Homecoming** which sold 25,000 copies inside 2 months.

Even Clive Davis has spent two million to buy and subsequently revive the old Savoy line, and he's been rewarded with sales of 30,000 on the Charlie Parker reissue alone (now

there's an important artist who maybe, just maybe, will finally get through to rock ears).

If the heavy-metal jazz gentlemen are at one end of the financial scale, the reissue business that most companies are embarking on is at the other. In essence, it is a much more healthy state now since jazz on the information level has always existed more on hype than on education. The reissue is less expensive—no studio costs and so forth—but it also stands to sell a lot less. Still, 30,000 units for Bird ain't that bad, and Orrin Keepnews at Fantasy Records in Berkeley says that his product sometimes hits the 20,000 mark and is never less than 5,000—he's quite pleased with that. (Keepnews is the man who more or less pioneered the current twofer concept in jazz reissues.)

Frank Driggs, who until recently ran RCA's Bluebird reissue program maintained "2000" was the break-even point for RCA twofers. (The future of Bluebird remains unknown at the time of this writing. It was very much Driggs' show and he's left the company with about a year's product maybe.)

Columbia is finally talking about a cohesive reissue policy, MCA remains sporadic, as does Blue Note (United Artists).

Musicians who have not synthesized, electrified or decibeled, can also survive. McCoy Tyner and Anthony Braxton managed to double their respective sales the past couple years up to 20,000—20 years ago, that figure would have been considered incredible. Now, Keith Jarrett—if you consider him jazz—has what ECM/Polydor claims to be the biggest selling solo piano LP in history, 250,000 for his Cologne concert double album.

Jazz product output is proliferating: Forgetting the major companies and the smaller ones that exist

SOUL & JAZZ SINGLES



By JOE McEWEN

While New York City has two stations that play soul singles 24 hours a day, I heard very few things that excited me when visiting there recently. A friend, the one who goes out of his way to get all the new singles, explains why there are so few good records currently on the radio.

"It's the summer," he said with scarcely a moment's thought. "Record companies get lazy in the summer and the number of releases fall off. It seems the quality does too. It can be a real drag. My two favorites of the moment are Marvin Gaye's 'Got to Give It Up' and the Emotions' 'Best of My Love,' and they're both months old."

However slim the pickings, there are some records that stand-out.

in the industry mainstream, there is today more than considerable activity. In no particular order, I note activity by the following, mostly new, record manufacturers: Oblivion, Muse, Enja, Strata East, Xanadu, Sea, Biograph, IAI, Omnisound, Black Lion, Advent, Choice, Taz Jaz, Jazzology, Andrew's Music, Sheba, Glendale, Bean, Survival, Flying Fish, India Navigation, No Gap Generation, Delmark, Zim, Hub, Watt, Arhoolie, Enja, Inner City, Dobre, Flying Dutchman, Famous Door, Master Jazz, Concord, Afka, Music Minus One, JCOA, Chiaroscur, Revelation, Catalyst.

I am not in a position to list these companies' P&L statements, but suffice to say most all those mentioned are still in business this year.

That's a lot of enthusiasm—aesthetically and commercially—particularly in view of the dollar volume of even recent years past.

"Can't Get Along"

THE IMPRESSIONS

This sounds a lot like the Curtis Mayfield-Impressions of the Sixties. The group is down to just three members now and Reggie Torian is singing lead.

Torian sounds a lot like Mayfield and Fred Cash and Sam Gooden, the back-up singers, contribute the same type of exuberant, swooping harmony that was a part of so many of our favorite Impressions' singles. A real summer feel.



"Theme From A Symphony" ORNETTE COLEMAN

This is the same Ornette Coleman who was such a jazz innovator in the Sixties. Not only does he have a single out, but he recorded it with an

electric band. It's a lot different than the other fusion attempts. The melody is repetitious, almost chant-like. The guitar plays an R&B rhythm figure, the rhythm section is sturdy. But most of all it's Ornette playing a solo filled with old and new blues ideas. After three-and-a-half minutes the single ends and I was dazed, not really sure what to think. (On the album it goes on for over twenty minutes.) I don't know why they made a single out of it, it's hard to imagine a radio station playing such a thing. Still, a dazzling, stunning performance.

Keep an ear open for "We Held On" by Joe Tex, the short-version of "Dr. Love" by First Choice and "Good Thing Queen" by Margie Evans. Until then, I'll be humming "Theme from a Symphony" by Ornette Coleman.

"Up For The Down Stroke" THE HORNY HORNS

Remember Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker, who used to play with James Brown? Well, now they play with Parliament-Funkadelic and call themselves the Horny Horns. This is their first single, a remake of the Parliament hit, and it's just a little bit slower.



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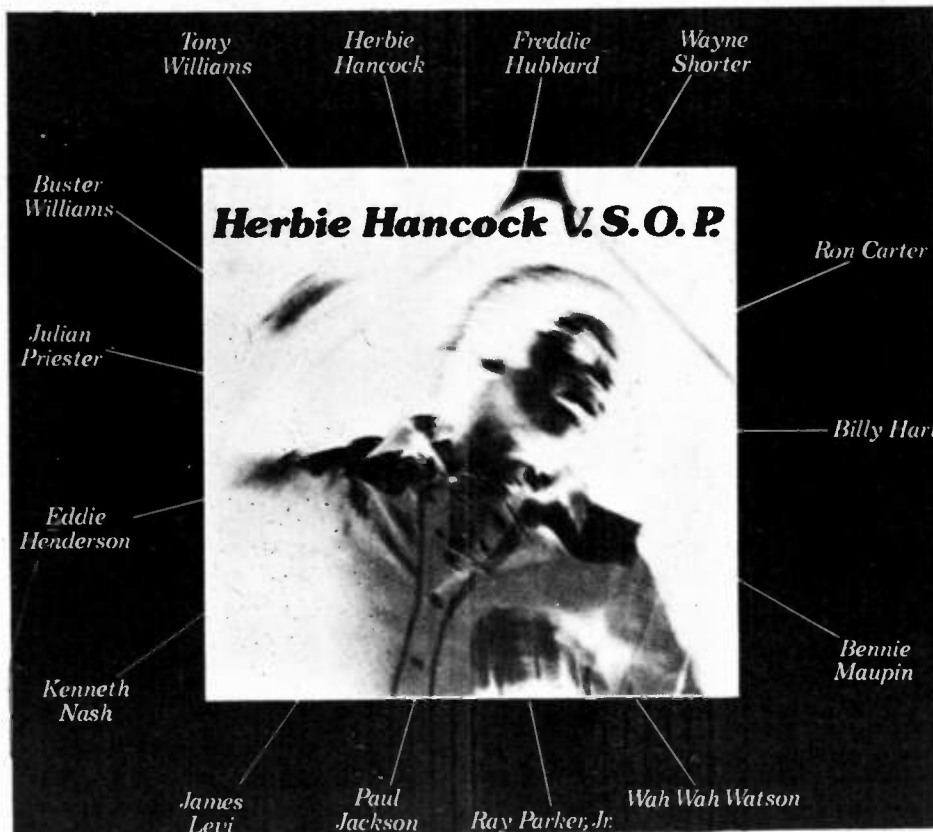
"V.S.O.P."-Herbie Hancock's Reunion

By COLMAN ANDREWS

"V.S.O.P." was the name given to a "Very Special Onetime Performance" (or some such), built around Herbie Hancock at the 1976 Newport Jazz Festival in New York City. The idea was to present Hancock in three different contexts, with three different bands that he had come to prominence with—the great Miles Davis quintet of the '60s, Hancock's own texturally elegant sextet of 1969-1973, and the "fusion" or "crossover" group Hancock put together in 1974, originally called "The Headhunters". Miles himself did not appear, of course, with the first group (he was recovering from surgery, it was said), but Freddie Hubbard took his place, and, not surprisingly, fit right in—and the entire concert was dedicated to Miles anyway.

Judging from the album Columbia released recently to represent the concert (PG 34688), it was a tremendously successful evening—and an unusually fascinating one in an almost archeological sense (as in those digs at which three levels of a coherent civilization are revealed at once, allowing both individual attentions and broad overview). The most recent of the groups, with Paul Jackson on bass, James Levi on drums, Bennie Maupin on reeds, Kenneth Nash on percussion, Ray Parker, Jr., on guitar, Wah-Wah Watson on guitar and synthesizers, and Hancock himself on all sorts of electric and electronic instruments (including the ever-popular Oberheim Polyphonic Synthesizer, Countryman Phase Shifter, Cry Baby Wah Wah, etc.), sounds solidly (and, to me, pleasingly) jazz-like on their two numbers—with Hancock playing some truly sparkling electronic lines. The intermediate group—which was always one of my favorite ensembles of any kind, so rich in possibilities and so firmly swinging—sounds like they've never been apart. Bassist Buster Williams is particularly impressive, for his superbly rounded tone and fine sense of placement; he recalls Cecil McBee and Henry Franklin and all the rest of what constitutes the best of modern bass-playing. The other players, besides Hancock and Bennie Maupin (who stays with alto flute on the tracks here), are Billy Hart on drums, Eddie Henderson on trumpet and flugelhorn, and Julian Priester on trombones—and there's not a note of weakness among them.

The earliest of the groups chronologically includes Wayne Shorter on reeds, Freddie Hub-



bard on trumpet, Ron Carter on bass, Tony Williams on drums, and Hancock himself on Yamaha Electric Grand Piano. This is, as noted, the Miles Davis Quintet of the '60's, with Hubbard replacing Miles—the quintet of **E.S.P., Miles Smiles**, etc., and the group that led into **Filles de Kilimanjaro** and **In a Silent Way** and from there into **Bitches Brew** and onward through what turned out to be the most significant innovations in jazz since Ornette Coleman. It was, in other words, a group with a tough act to follow—itsself.

This latter group was so successful at Newport in 1976, and the members of it apparently enjoyed playing with one another so much, that a special touring unit was made up, originally calling itself simply "The Quintet" and later, apparently, adopting the name "V.S.O.P."—in this case not referring to a three-tiered retrospective but simply to what had been one part of it. The group will be broken up, the members gone in separate directions, in more ways than one, by the time you read this (all five members of V.S.O.P. lead their own groups)—at least theoretically. But meanwhile, they managed to tour the country (including a performance at this year's Newport Jazz Festival) and to play short tours in Japan and Europe. In addition, their concerts at the Greek Theatres in Berkeley and Los Angeles were recorded by Columbia, and will probably be released before the end of the year (though a record company spokesman told me

that Hancock is also working on a studio album with other musicians, which could conceivably come out first).

It was at the Los Angeles Greek Theatre, the last stop on their American tour, that I saw the group recently.

John Klemmer opened the show, with his fluid, amplified tenor; his Gato Barbieri suit; and his new group (Ted Saunders, Fender Rhodes piano; Bill King, clavinet, acoustic piano, and string synthesizer; Dave McDaniel, bass; Carl Burnett, drums; and Hal Gordon, percussion). Klemmer has great confidence as a player, and what appears to be a pure, almost old-fashioned tone (though the amplification makes it hard to tell), but the group as a whole gave the strong impression that they were just a random band of studio musicians who were used to playing their parts onto a 16-track after the rest of the players had come and gone. They were emotionally insular. King did play a funky, funny, gut-bucket solo on clavinet, but he went on too long in the same vein, and seemed reluctant to use his left hand too much. The set included Klemmer's "Lifestyle" (with its Les Baxter chord changes), a pleasant ballad called "Caress", Stanley Clarke's attractive "Quiet Afternoon", and "Prelude/Waterfalls", which has (as those who know Klemmer's records will realize) some moments of extremely beautiful, delicate music in which Klemmer is accompanied only by his own, electronically-delayed,

sounds. In general, though, my feelings toward Klemmer in his current incarnation are best summed up by the remark made after the set by my colleague, Mr. Music. "All the time he was on," quoth he, "I kept wanting to yell, 'Play that funky music, white boy!'"

The very best thing about V.S.O.P.'s section of the concert was Herbie Hancock himself. He is a consummate jazz pianist, full of virtues—a fine sense of dynamics (what a wonder that he hasn't lost it after all his time with instruments on which dynamics can be programmed, or can be dramatically altered in strange ways with the slide of a lever!), an absolutely rock-solid rhythmic sense, a respect for musical continuity, a crisp attack...He is also a first-rate accompanist to other soloists, continually inventing beautiful things to play but never intruding (I'd wager he'd be a great solo accompanist for a good jazz singer—be it Tony Bennett or Ernie Andrews or Irene Kral), and a remarkable soloist, never dull to listen to, never mindlessly facile. One could safely call him, with all the good things that it implies and none of the bad ones, a younger generation Oscar Peterson (who, indeed, his solo on "Maiden Voyage" vividly recalled).

Carter and Williams were everything we have reason to expect them to be—calmly extravagant in what they play, and technically superb (though Williams' two solos, despite some fresh, intense moments, went on too long—as drum solos always do). Hubbard sounded mostly like Miles, as usual—which is in no way meant as a criticism. He does lack Miles' querulous grace, but he certainly has the right power and the hot, burnished tone. On flugelhorn, which he plays masterfully, he occasionally attains a clean, clear speed that is reminiscent of Booker Little—but mostly, he is terse, strong, and almost crafty in the way he places notes. He also acts like an asshole on stage. The posing and the strutting is all right, if that's what turns him on (though I doubt if it turns many other people on), but when a technician came on stage, at Williams' request, to make a mid-set adjustment on the drums, Hubbard's behavior was inexcusable: The longhaired, white kid making the adjustments was only doing what had to be done, and was only a minor distraction; but for Hubbard to clown around, playing to the audience, pretending to kick the young man or to cut his hair or whatever, in the middle of a fine solo by Wayne Shorter, was boorish and childish and rude.

continued on next page

albums.' Man, I had to pull over and take a rest."

His is a classic underdog tale of steady effort finally paying off. "I think back on all the years, all the different companies, the different obstacles I was confronted with not knowing anything about the administrative ends of the business. Those things account for all the years it took."

A love of the blues form he was weaned on coupled with his reawakening of that love into a modern disco-funk sound is the musical basis of Watson's equation. Add his uncanny merger of street jive, sexual double entendres, and hi-grade arrangements and production, and you have the key to Watson's formula: a modernization of basic blues chord progressions and spoken-sung lyrics bemoaning the trials of black street life today.

But even with all the success there have been problems. Many progressive R&B listeners aren't as progressive-minded as the music, and the titles of Watson's two DJM albums have raised a number of eyebrows in the black community, most noticeably those of black Push leader, Jesse Jackson. Jackson's campaign to rid the airwaves of filth has caused a major stir among black DJ's and record companies, but Watson sees swearing in pop songs as part of today. "The Isley Brothers were bigger than they'd ever been just by saying bullshit. They were talking about what was really goin' on, and that's what sparked me," Johnny admits as he puffs from a Marlboro.

By the time *It's A Real Mother For Ya* was released, "there was nothing they could say about it then. I changed the whole concept on the album cover, used the real mother (Johnny's Mom Wilma) and I was in a baby carriage which I had custom made to look like a Seville. What could they

Johnny 'Guitar' Watson

say?" he laughs slyly.

Jackson still managed to say a lot, but much of it fell on deaf ears, especially among the younger black teens who make up the bulk of Johnny's audience. Still, he's now having a hard time figuring his teen appeal out. "I tried to put it straight down the middle of the road so it would appeal to all sides, but in my black audience, it's the younger people, but they're diggin'

it, especially stuff like 'Superman Lover' and 'Lone Ranger.' It's superheroes they can relate to."

Another part of Johnny's audience seems to relate to the pimp affectations of his persona, especially his ever present brim, tailored suits, and "too colds" and "cold-bloodeds" he throws in between verses. When asked if he was the leading purveyor of a new musical genre, pimp-funk, he re-

"What's happening now is progressive rock and funk—Everything is getting more progressive..."



plied, "Well, those are the things that are going on in a street level and I'm part of that too. I don't consciously do those things, that's just me. I'm just doing me," he shrugs.

As for the humor involved, the Chinese rhythms, plays on words, and voice-box production tricks, Johnny just grins. "I like to do things that knock people out. I like to see people laugh, it's just a humorous approach to the business of music, sorta like Joe Tex.

Though Watson claims to be 42 years old, born in 1935, various rumors have placed his age at up to ten years more than he claims. Age aside, Johnny is a young thinker and feeler of today's musical pulse. "A change is comin' and it keeps comin'," he muses philosophically. "What's happening now is progressive rock and funk. Everything is getting more progressive, more out there. It takes time, in time all things resolve themselves. In time, but you can't rush it, it's got its own way of moving, almost like the balance of nature."

Now that Watson has found that balance he has plans for all areas of his career. Aside from working on his next album, *Funk Beyond the Call of Duty*, he's producing his back-up group, the Watsonian Institute, and has plans to produce other artists, including blues great Etta James.

After chatting for over an hour, Johnny got up to find a demo tape of a tune from his upcoming album. As we were listening, I glanced over at his night table. Next to the Holy Bible was a blues history book entitled, "The Devil's Music." That is the paradox of Johnny Guitar Watson's "disco-blues," but it's a paradox we all can live with, and if anybody can get the blues inside the pearly gates, it's a man with a guitar-shaped diamond ring on his pinky.

**“Say Hello
To Mountain Dew.”**



By TOM VICKERS

Johnny Guitar Watson is onto something, and who would have thought it. Certainly not me, though I had a vague idea when I interviewed him two years ago at my San Francisco flat. Climbing the two flights of stairs with a bottle of apple-juice in hand and a Fantasy records publicist in tow, Watson appeared the archetypal Fifties bluesman trying to make it in the Seventies with flashing diamond pinky-rings and a gold-capped front tooth.

Watson was in the middle of a minor R&B hit, "I Don't Want To Be A Lone Ranger," and things were going well, but not perfectly. After explaining his blues history, Johnny outlines his battle plan; a merging of blues styles with the disco-funk culture of today. "Not to take anything away from the authentic blues, but the new generation can't feel it, it's funny as far as they're concerned," he explained realistically. "For instance, if Jimmy Reed or some old style blues player got up onstage at an R&B house they'd either laugh or ignore him." Looking at the reawakening of the blues he was trying to create, Johnny added, "Because it has been presented in a way that they can't grasp doesn't mean the love isn't there. It is, and that's what I'm working on now."

And he was working hard on it, but unfortunately, Fantasy records was spending more time and energy on the production of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" than on their resident blues cuckoo. Watson went label hunting when his option was up and landed with a new label, DJM (for Dick James Music), a London-based company distributed in the States by Amherst Records. As the first major artist signed to the label, Watson was given full creative control and his first DJM release **Ain't**



"Johnny Guitar Watson At Home With The Devil's Music"

That A Bitch yielded three top twenty R&B smashes, "I Need It," "Superman Lover," and "Ain't That A Bitch."

Watson was back on the charts with a more accurate representation of the sound he had outlined for me two years earlier. Things didn't stop there. Watson's second DJM release **A Real Mother For Ya**, also hit big with the title track single, and on June 2, he was awarded two gold albums. But, until six months ago, Johnny Guitar Watson was a man with more gold in his teeth than on his wall, and his success has been a long time coming.

Watson started playing guitar when his grandfather, a sanctified preacher, taught him the basics. Granddad piously told him he should never play blues, "the devil's music," but as soon as Johnny learned his way around the frets he was practicing Gatemouth Brown and T-Bone Walker blues licks. Watson's family moved to L.A. from their Texas home in the early Fifties

when he was in high school, and he started playing local clubs and dances. After winning a talent show, Johnny was rewarded with a record contract from Cincinnati's King label. His star was rising when "Ganster of Love" from his first King album hit in the mid-50's, but Watson retreated to standard blues and the hits fell off.

In 1965, he teamed up with Larry Williams (of "Bony Moronie" fame) and started working on producing a progressive L.A.-based R&B sound. Signed to a production contract with Epic, the team produced Little Richard as well as some local L.A. acts, and released one Epic album of their own material. After Williams and Watson parted company, he met up with Nat and Cannonball Adderly. Their instrumental, "Mercy, Mercy," was a popular jazz instrumental for the Adderly brothers, but Johnny added lyrics and watched the Buckinghams take the tune to the top of the pop charts.

After parting amiably with the Adderlys, Johnny drifted around the country for a couple of years, playing clubs, and "half-stepping, not putting a lot of effort in my career." But life as a wandering musician gave him more time to concentrate on his keyboard playing, writing, and arranging, and in 1973 he hooked up with Fantasy. His first Fantasy album, **Listen**, didn't do a whole lot, but the second, **Lone Ranger**, was a hint of things to come.

Things came, and now Watson's years of dues paying and club hopping have paid off, and he's ecstatic. Everyone thinks they're ready for success until they hit, and Watson was no exception. "It didn't flip me out until later on when I realized what had happened," he laughs from the bedroom/music room of his new Encino home. "It happened so fast that it didn't dawn on me all at once. I was riding in my car one evening and it all came to me and I went, 'Wow, you've got two gold

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**The Mother Lover
At Home With
The Devil's Music**

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