

THE MIDWEST'S LARGEST FREE MAGAZINE

TRIAD

JANUARY 1977



**MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS:
CHICAGO FROM DUSK TO DAWN**

TRIAD RADIO WXFM 106

CHICAGO

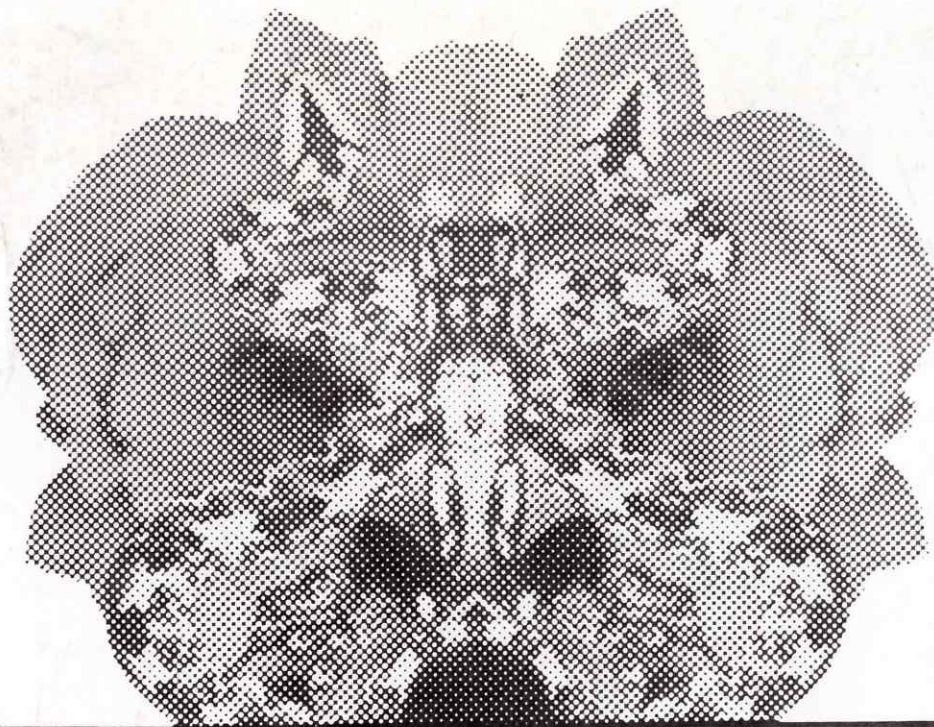
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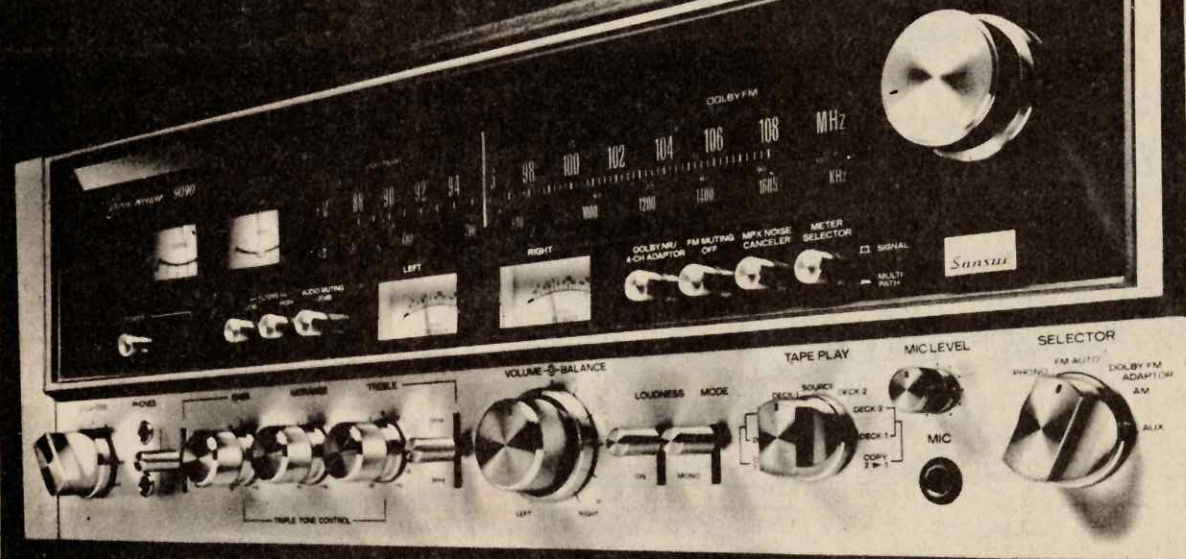


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Editor's Page



"Santa Claus is Coming To Town"—that's what the radio sez and ye olde editor has made a belated attempt to cash in on the holiday cheer by decorating his squalid digs with a slew of wire service pix depicting Chicago's Finest arresting a pair of Kris Kringle impersonators for "soliciting and unlawful impersonation of a public figure" on State Street. ("Whadda heart," I can hear ya saying already, "This guy's really got a soft spot after all." Not really. My Triad Mansion cronies pinned a dartboard likeness of yours truly over the stereo, quipping "Scrooge Lives").

So much for sentiment. This month's issue is more concerned with culinary rituals than Xmas ones. Once again, our team of resident gourmets—namely Cary Baker (fresh from Jan Wenner's Mexican fat farm), Beth Segal (as a child actress she was the Quaker's Oat Kid), and Larry Keenan (a notorious slurpee addict) have combined tummies to come up with a titillating guide to Chicago's ALL-night cuisine, truck-stops and convenience marts—plus a few odd early AM hot spots devoted to those of you eccentrics who'd rather dance than knosh the night away.

Elsewhere in the rag: Charlie McCollum files a report from The Band's star-studded Last Waltz, Larry Rohter and Bruce Dold provide a pair of intimate conversations with jazz guitar greats Les Paul and Kenny Burrell; while Messrs. Baker (prolific, ain't he?) and Nathan "Detroit" Roth tangle with the Dada of Art Rock, Frank Zappa.

Also look for the results to Triad's Rose Selavy Rock Poll — lotsa surprises here — Louis Prima didn't even haul in a vote for Best Rock Critic.

Ah, almost forgot: Now that Triad has as many cover teasers as all those other sleazy rock rags, ya gotta be prepared for occasional surprises—this month's is that there ain't no ELO story. But Jeff Lynne fans can rest easy—next month you'll get all the hot poop. To tide ya over till then, how 'bout this: ELO! ELO! (pretty clever, huh?)

The Cover: Its hard enough to get these fellows out of the kitchen, but lemme tell ya, keeping their grubby little paws off the complementary snack was damn near impossible. From left to right, our cover boys are: Ivanhoe impresario Bob Briggs, still shakey after a late dinner at Ratsos; The Bakery's Chef Louis Szathmary, who mistook the photo session for a screen test and Method acted through a platter of toast and eggs; plus Chicago Tribune ambulance-chaser Aaron Gold, who sampled the pancakes but wouldn't shove his pencil behind his ear (ya'll never get your own talk show that way, Mr. G.).

The Scene: The Steak and Egger at Clark and Dickens, a favorite haunt for the city's white-collar transient set...

Next Month: Blood and Money from the Heart of the American Rock Dream plus a new column on where to eat cheap in Chi-town—and no, it's not called Tripe Boogie.

Patrick Goldstein

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Publisher
Dan Bacin

Editor
Patrick Goldstein

Art Director
Katina Holmgren

Arts Editor
Charles W. Pratt

Contributing Editors
Grant Wylie, Astrology
Adele Swins-Terner, Jazz
Dr. Ganja, Reggae
Bruce Meyer, Rock'n'Roll
Saul Smaizys, Radio News

Associate Art Director
Kristina Hanson

Production Manager
Laura Raidonis

Production Staff
Miles Okumura
Kristine Brunovskis
Rudy De Keersmaecker
Peter Culen
Christine Witek
Renie S. Treadswell

Contributing Artists and Photographers
Dean Simmon
Jack Perno
Rick Rogers
David Wojdyla
Photo Reserve

Circulation
Dick Roche

Director of Sales
Dan Bacin

Sales Manager
Jason Perlman

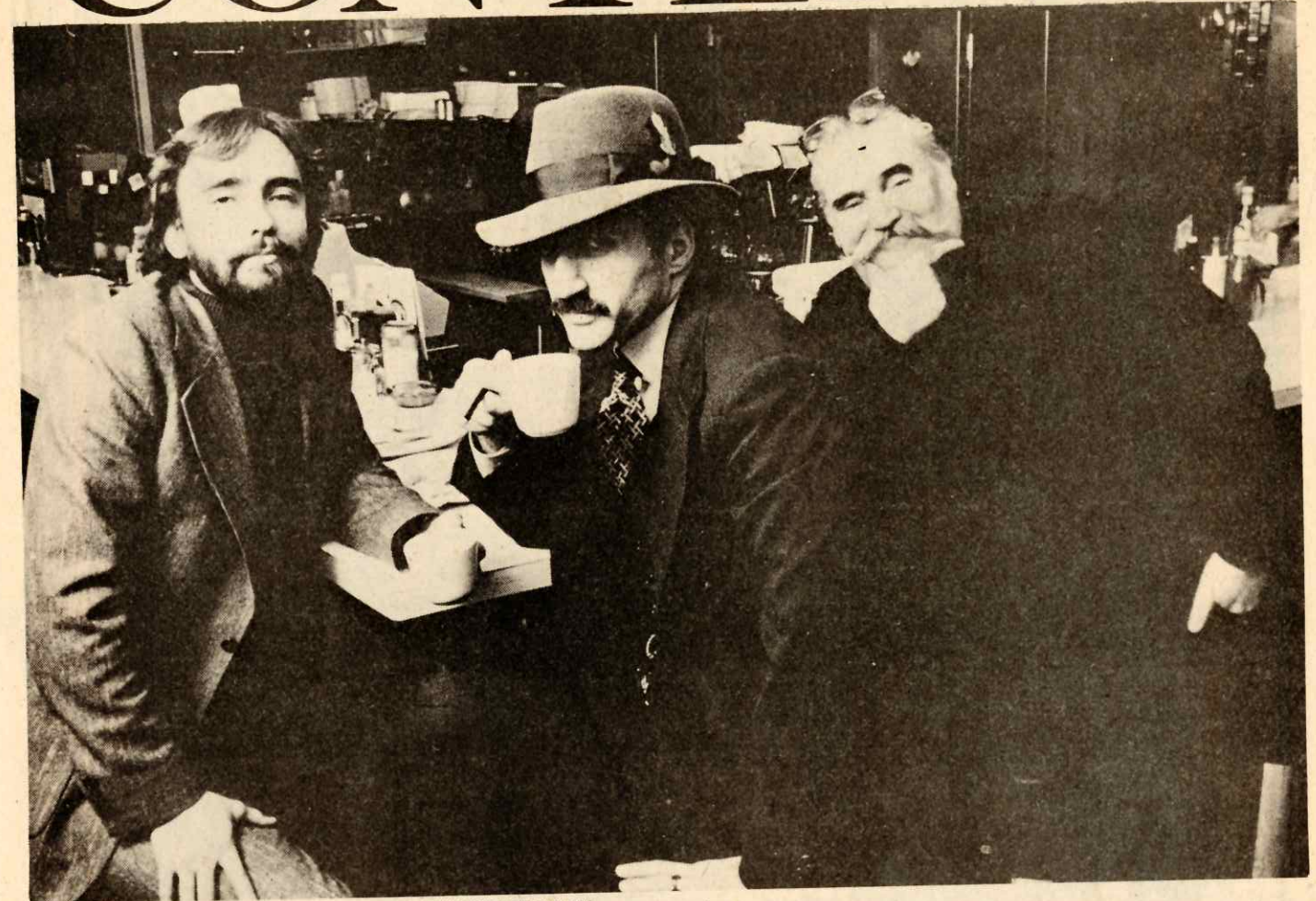
Managing Director
Rob Gillis

Program Director
Saul Smaizys

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TELEPHONES
Station, during program only
943-7474
Office, during business hours only
973-1277

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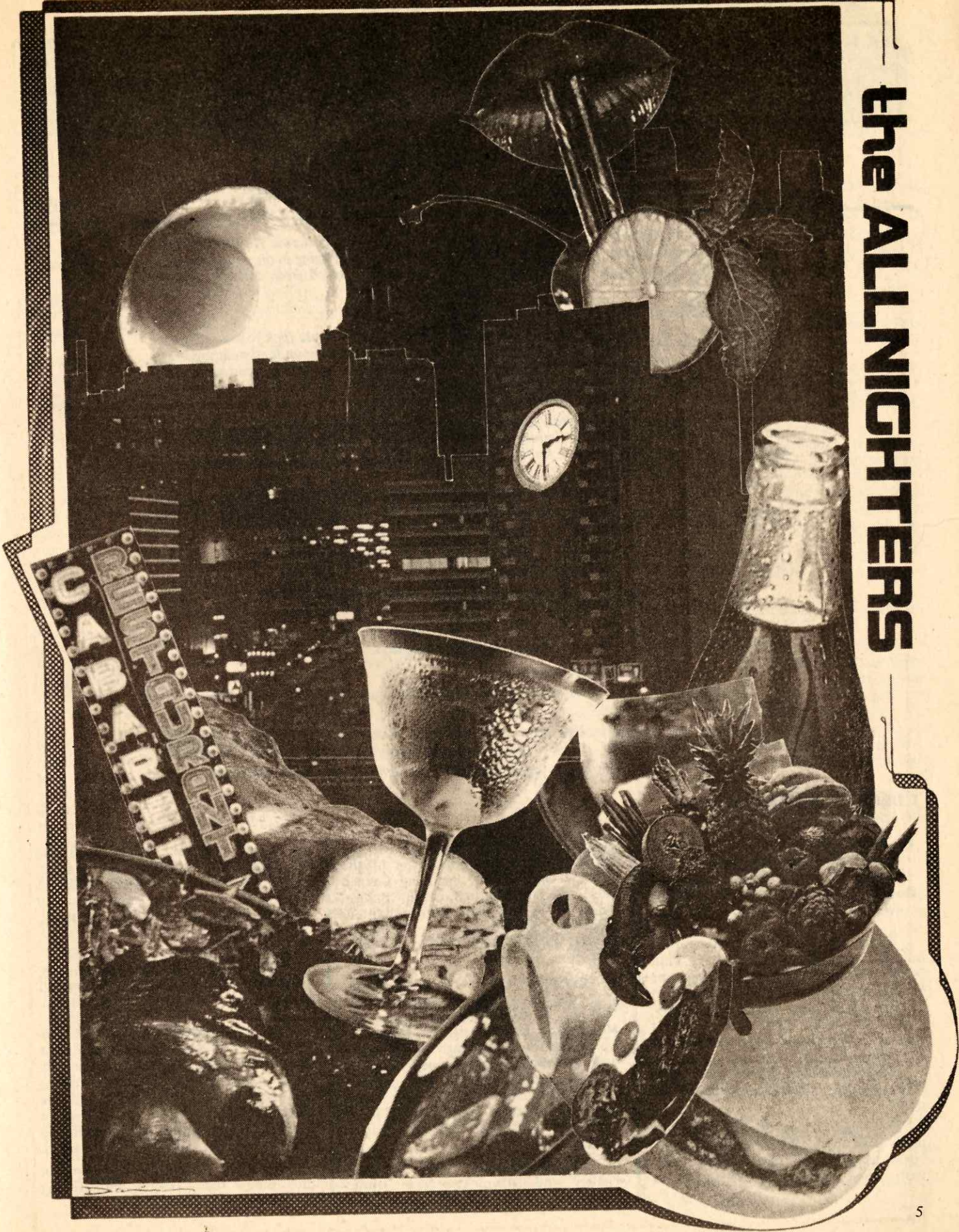
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The ALLNIGHTERS



NIGHTHAWKS AT THE DINER: or how Chicago eats the night away

by Cary Baker

It's 4:30 a.m., and for one reason or another, you're as up as a nighthawk. All the bars have closed, even the privileged 4 a.m. variety. You can't exactly go rampaging in on your friends at that hour, and the prospect of riding the elevators in quest of speed freak dialogue doesn't quite appeal to you.

So whatcha gonna do?

Can't go home and watch the tube unless the epilogue of a fifth-rate flick followed by the national anthem and four hours of static void (no test patterns even) sounds stimulating. And the radio? There's Ken Terry on WXRT, Clark Weber's "Contact" on WIND, scattered Little Milton records on Pervis "The Blues Man" Spann's all-night show on WVON. And when you hear names like Spann and Weber, you know it's late.

So you're driving around. Hardly a car on the street and the traffic signals now flash yellow and red. You pull to a stop at a flashing red. An old Plymouth nuzzles beside you and in it, a somewhat tired couple seems to be finding their way home. You know where they're going, but where does that leave you?

You suspect there's some kind of action going on somewhere in the nation's second largest metropolitan area, but where? A greasy spoon, a pancake house, a flick, even an all-night Dominick's, anything will do.

For you, this plight may be an occasional one, but for late-shift employees, musicians and seasoned night-fliers, the daylight is seldom seen.

Why the ritual of all-nighting? One itinerant club musician in town, who habitually goes to dine after every gig, wonders himself.

"Your head droops over the food. Coffee's a necessity to get you through the meal, and nobody cares what they're eating. Everybody's blank," he says.

Then why don't they just go home?

"Good question. It's a social thing, primarily. It gives you the strength to go home. Plus, it's a test of one's endurance."

But obscured among locked doors and unplugged neon lights, is a thriving late night culture, offering food and drink, amusement, consultation, gasoline, massage, everything.

Three TRIAD reporters pulled several successive all-nighters and this is what they found.

I. DRINKING & ENTERTAINMENT

The Night Gallery, Old Skokie Rd. near Rts. 41 and 120, Park City (near Waukegan), 662-9500.

Down The Street, next door to the Night Gallery, 244-7100

These two meet-your-meaters rock until 6 a.m. nightly (drinks served until 5:30), which provides ample travel time for the hard-core night-flier after most of Chicago's bars have closed. Apparently, Park City (Pop: 2855), seemingly a suburb of Waukegan, issues the only 6 a.m. liquor licenses in the area, giving rise to two boogie bars on the same strip. Park once and stagger from one to the other.

The Night Gallery doesn't even open until 8:30 p.m., and the bands don't begin to play for several hours after that, most completing their sets as

daylight approaches. The Night Gallery has featured in its time some of the finest talent around, including Canned Heat, Boston, Manfred Mann, Budgie, Cheap Trick and Babe Ruth. Additionally, they operate a short-order restaurant serving burgers, brats, BLT's and tacos til 4 a.m. Cover varies.

Down The Street is run by the family that formerly owned the Night Gallery back in the days it was known as the Mouse Trap. Like its neighbor, Down The Street vies for the late night constituency with a blinding array of talent (Captain Beyond, Kracker, Sparkle and innumerable others). Doors open at 5:30. Bands play from midnight until 5:30 a.m. on weekdays, 10:30 till 5:30 (two bands) on weekends.

And where to go when the Night Gallery and Down The Street close?

All of U.S. 41 (Skokie Valley Road) and its truck stops, grills and cafes await. There's a 24-hour Howard Johnson's Tollway Oasis on Interstate 294 west of Lake Forest, accessible by Illinois Rt. 176 taken west.

The Great American Coffeehouse, 2918 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago 549-6210

They provide the space, but *you* come up with the entertainment. The Great American Coffeehouse, precariously located between Lincoln Avenue's furniture district (the 3000's) and the pub district (the 2000's), was established by Rev. Iberus Hacker, as a reaction to passivity on the part of leisure seekers.

"FIGHTS TONIGHT," a sign on the window flails. They're not referring

to the Ali/Foreman variety but rather the series of heated verbal forays which "audiences" are encouraged to enter. When an amplitude of staff allows, the Great American Coffeehouse is open 24 hours a day. Lately, however, it's been more like early afternoon to 3 or 4 a.m. Cover charge for ringside seats on debate nights is a buck, and coffee and food are served. Decor (or lack of it) is not unlike that of the old Alices's Revisited.

II. MUNCHIES: THE COUNTER CULTURE

Gold Coin, 4700 Dempster St., Skokie, 588-3610

Gold Coin, 7559 N. Clark at Howard, Chicago, 743-1775

Gold Mine, California at Howard, Chicago

All three of the above were at one time under the same ownership, although the California Avenue location recently was sold to new owners. This all-night coffeeshop, however, holds fond memories for the mid-'60s rock band hangers-on. "The Flock used to hold court there at 4 a.m. nightly," reports our informant, herself a former band follower. "If you saw their van outside, you'd know they were at 'their' booth. Invariably, they'd be at the Gold Coin after their practices at Winston Towers. Girls used to go there just to *look* at them." Of course, gone from the Flock is Rick Canoff, whose Winston Towers apartment housed the rehearsals, but the Gold Coins and Gold Mine keep the grills heated and the coffee brewing around the clock. The Clark Street location attracts Evanstonians, late-night commuters and the Bidly Mulligan's and Eagles' outpour.

Daddy's, 6464 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, 973-4287.

The place to chow down after Huey's or Minstrel's, or to dine when lines at My Pi or Cindy Sue's are a block long. Daddy's is the latest of this establishment's several incarnations, which has included Sir Whoopee's Ice Cream Pub, Baren's and Denny's. Upholstered in blinding orange and pink leather, Daddy's is unbeatable for group excursions, with booths holding up to eight. Food is standard "eggs through sirloin" fare, service surprisingly fast at most times.

Denny's, Des Plaines, Half Day, Morton Grove, Franklin Park, Hanover Park, Hoffman Estates, Palatine, Wheeling and Willow Brook.

Sambo's, DeKalb

The archetype eats for the space-

age all-night trade. Continental menu, fluorescent lights than can be most sobering at 4 a.m., and an average of two people passed out at each counter.

Jack-In-The-Box, throughout the Chicago area

A subsidiary of the Ralston Purina empire, the Jack-In-The-Box chain not only provides inexpensive late-night munchies (Jack Steaks, Bonus Jacks, Super Tacos, Breakfast Jacks, Jack Shakes, Jack Coffees), but someone to talk to (Jack himself). What it fails to provide is a place to sit (most locations report that only window service is available between 3 and 8 a.m.).

Dunkin' Donuts, throughout the Chicago area

Often a little too fluffy, the decor too pink to contemplate in certain late states of mind, but Chicago's 62 Dunkin' Donuts locations all feature no less than 52 kinds of fresh donuts baked every four hours, plus Munchkins (donut holes) and now (although it hardly seems compatible with jelly donuts) minestrone soup. Sign boasts "world's greatest coffee," though this is unanimously taken to task.

Gus's Eat, 3080 Skokie Valley Rd., Highland Park, 432-3182

Gurnee 41 Truck Stop, Skokie Valley Rd., Gurnee

When asked where they'd most like to take Tom Waits after the burlesques have closed, members of Redwood Landing beamed, "Gus" on Route 41." This truck stop was at one time the late-night mecca for Redwood, whose most requested song was later to be none other than "I'm Going to Gus." The tune was a stoned rockabilly ditty with references to "stuffin' down those old hash browns" and such.

Alas, Gus' is no longer an all-nighter, its hours erratic at best. The counter, the jukebox, the hash browns and grill remain intact, even if the nighthawks have gone. And most now dine a few miles northward at the Gurnee 41 Truck Stop (adjacent to a 24-hour filling station), whose specialties include fried chicken and perch, and an ample supply of lottery tickets. Recommended as a breakfast retreat after the Night Gallery.

Jerry's, 5525 W. Belmont, Chicago, 283-9038

The Peacock, Addison and Harlem, Chicago

Two additional greasy spoons commonly frequented by club musicians after hours.

III. AMUSEMENTS

The Harem Health Club, 839 N. La Salle, Chicago, 337-6064.

Once you've paid your exclusive membership fee (\$5), \$25 entitles you to 30 minutes with the young lovely of your choosing. Open around the clock.

All-Star Lanes, 5200 Dempster St., Skokie, JU3-2339

Sunset Bowl, 7304 N. Western Ave., Chicago, BR4-6004

Town & Country Bowl, 141 W. North Ave., Northlake, MA6-4235

Marigold Arcade, 828 W. Grace, Chicago, WE5-8183

For the compulsive alley cat and pinball wizard, hail the 24-hour bowling alley. Long stretches of total silence between 2 and 11 a.m., but they're there if you need 'em. In all but a few cases, adjoining restaurants are open all the while.

IV. CONSULTATION

The Night Pastor, 30 E. Oak St., Chicago, 642-5096

The Night Pastor works out of an office located in the hub of Chicago nightlife, Rush & Oak, above Burgerville. His work day begins at 10:30 p.m. and continues well into the night, often 5 or 6 a.m. He's there for those who need a little spiritual solace of the variety that's rarely found on Rush Street at that hour. Unfortunately, the pastor was on sick leave at the time we contacted his office.

V. NOT ALL NIGHTHAWKS ARE YOUR FRIENDS

Lincoln Towing, 1301 W. Fullerton Ave., Chicago, 549-5120

Most people don't culminate their evening at 1301 W. Fullerton by choice. But be forewarned: They're everywhere they say they are, from Wilmette to Gary, around the clock. Their ad in the Yellow Pages reads, "ILLEGAL PARKING PROBLEMS? CALL THE PEOPLE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT, 549-5120."

What does it cost to get your car back once Lincoln's towed it to the pound? \$50, and that's *cash*, not check or Bank Americard. And that does not include the parking fine (usually in the neighborhood of \$10). So watch it, kiddies! Heed those snow routes, even in mid-June. If it happened to Steve Goodman, it can happen to you.

NEAR NORTH
&
DOWNTOWN

by Beth Segal

OFF THE CORNER: disco and other perversions for the hard-core carouser.

Other cities will tell you other things, but Chicago prides itself on being civilization's oasis in a vast wasteland that stretches from New York to Los Angeles. There's a lot of other bullshit little towns around with claims to culture, but Chicago pushes glamour.

Hip businessmen and beautiful secretaries stalk Michigan Ave. in high-heeled sneakers and long-haired furs at high noon. The Kennilworth crowd, wearing their careful gowns and tuxes, come in for an evening on the town, dodging the city people as they make their way to the theatre and La Perroquet.

It's all razzle dazzle in the Second City from the time the first commuter train belches out its load of executives in the morning, until around midnight or one o'clock, when the entire city magically shrouds up. Chicago may be the cosmopolitan conscience of the nation's heartland, but let's face it, even the strongest island cannot stand alone. The still rusticated midwest is early to rise and early to bed, and Chicago, helpless to resist, reluctantly follows its lead.

Alright, it's really not quite as black as all that. There are still a few hopeful glimmers past midnight in the Daley city. Just an advance warning to scale down your expectations a bit for the real late-night action. It's there alright, but you just have to look a little longer and a little harder.

One of the best places to look is in the one-block radius around the intersection of Division and State. On that corner, entertainment stretches out in four directions. The emphasis is on drinking around here, so as the evening wends on, you'll be grateful that you only have to stagger across the street or down the block to your next pursuit of early morning thrills.

El Primo in the area is **BBC** at 7 West Division. Very posh and very polished, check this disco out first if you're planning on drinking heavily or have a tendency towards liquor sickness. You'd probably die of mortification if you did That, Here.

The place is always, always packed, but if you arrive before one o'clock, you'll miss the waiting line that's usually a prerequisite for pre-midnight BBC-goers. There's no band, but a \$2 cover charge anyway. Pay it, it's worth it if just for the floor show. Because this is the place where the beautiful and the rich meet to boogie the night away.

It's also a hang-out for the professionals, the middle-class with upward aspirations who cultivate the latest fashions and newest dances like an oyster makes a pearl.

There's a balcony above the dance floor which affords a birds-eye view of well-dressed pot bellies and precariously hung dresses in one great disco-ing mass. It's an awesome sight at one in the morning for the newly initiated, and a great opportunity to case the prospects for the predatory, though BBC is the least singles-oriented place around this corner.

In striking contrast to **BBC** is **Mothers**, right across the street at 26 West Division. BBC is upstairs, Mothers is in the basement. Everything is dark, dank and divided into several cave-like rooms. Mothers is a pretty punk joint. It may be the last hold-out of the black-light era in Chicago.

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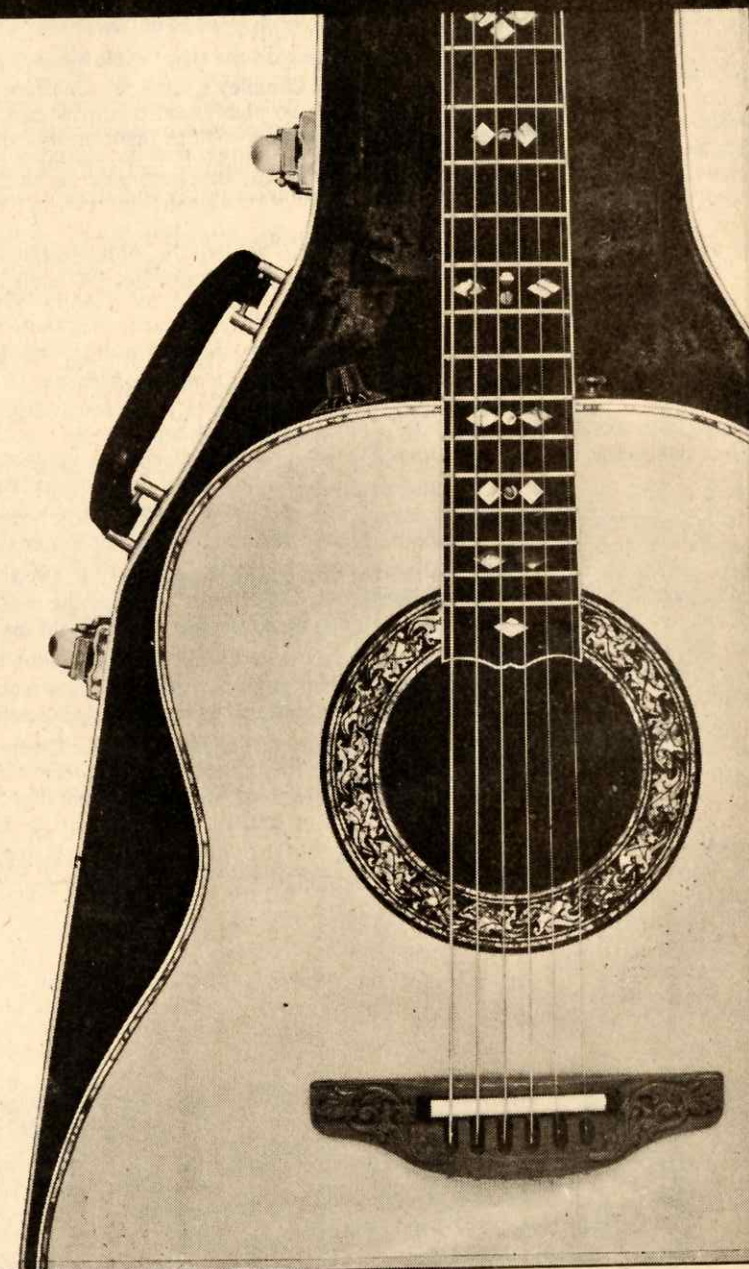
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But the drinks are strong and generous, and the creature life is fascinating as you watch yet another singles generation in its evolutionary stages. At any one time, there are several tightly-bunched packs of nervous barely-of-age girls drinking beer and giggling if anyone looks their way. Roving among them are the predatory males, most of whom by this hour have given up the chase and are mostly concentrating on somehow negotiating the purchase of yet another drink.

If you're interested in more than the habits of the natives, there is also live music at Mothers, which involves a cover charge and entrance into a more elegant region of the bar.

There's elegant dining on the strip, at **Hotspurs**, right next to **BBC**, which is a very carefully modish eatery, and at **Chumley's**, at 2 W. Division, a more formal and expensive enterprise. Both close before 1:30, so plan ahead or throw caution to the wind and eat at the **Brothers of Mitchell's** restaurant, which is open all night on the corner of State and Division.

Mitchell's is your basic fountain and grill—mediocre everything, except a fine selection of lox plates at fairly reasonable prices and some of the most exotic clientele anywhere at three in the morning.

Fellini couldn't have done better. Almost-dead drunks mix with re-nourishing disco dancers, and policemen with strange-looking men with indistinguishable accents, all served by garishly fleshy waitresses, who look as if Andy Warhol was their beautician; Fredericks of Hollywood their costumer. The cheapest surreal show in town and you're part of it all.

Re-fueled and ready for a change of pace, try **Rubus' Gamework Amusements** at 1160 N. State. A two floor shooting-gallery pong-machine paradise, it has everything in every variation that isn't pinball. That favorite game of rock stars and intellectuals alike is illegal in our fair city, so try to make do with what's here.

A must is **Death Race**. A truly delightful game, you put in a quarter and are granted three gleeful minutes of driving an electronic car into as many little gremlin pedestrians as you can while they scurry across the screen. Each fatality is memorialized with a blood-curdling scream from the machine and a little cross popping up where the gremlin met his fate.

Back on the bar-hop is **The Rookery**, 12 E. Division, perhaps the all-around nicest disco in the area. It's hard to tell because it was also the most crowded. Even yours truly, who is no rank amateur at bellying up to the bar, could't fight my way to a drink.

But the music was a little better, the bouncers a little nicer and the whole ambience more friendly and relaxed than any other joint on the street. There was also a semi-restaurant on the premises that looked promising, but had long ago closed for the AM.

One last essential step is **The Baker and Ice Cream Maker**, again at the intersection of Stae and Division, for a cone for the road, the chocolate chip is highly recommended, and a loaf of superb raisin bread for breakfast, if you can think that far into the future.

Every one of these places stays open until at least four o'clock, except **Rubus'**, which closes at three. If you've handled this outing properly, it should be just about that time, or a little later and you should be trying to remember exactly where you parked the car. Good luck.

If after-hours haunts are only as good as you find them, then you'll only find them if you look. I mapped out a five mile radius with its center in south suburban Harvey at 159th St. and Dixie Highway. If you choose a similar radius, you'll probably find similar hangouts. Most of these places are as important as more exotic local points of interest. In this way they represent something to do before making your early morning crash landing. Without any further ado:

MICHAEL MEDFORD
Mandolin Fantasy
(FLYING FISH)

Union 76 Truckstop (159th and the Calumet Expressway, South Holland)—This place can be pretty strange—even if you've been cruising the interstates. The stop is several miles from I-57 and I-80, so the parking lot on an average night probably has more trucks in one place than you've ever seen in your life. Perfect for the new populist chic, it was even a campaign stop for Jimmy Carter.

Like most truckstops, the 76 features a predominantly breakfast/sandwich oriented menu. This includes grits, of course. Prices are higher than most of the older truckers care to remember from the old days. The conversation is relatively low-key among the predominantly male clientele. If you hear any of them say, "Hey Lem, still got that noose in the back of your rig?", slide subtly toward the door.

Red Room (14644 S. Waverly, across from Midlothian Rock Island station)—known mostly as a hangout for the Midlothian scene, it has a fond place in local hearts. Many underage kids conned their first drink here. This, even though the Red Room once sported one of those seven foot bouncers with a four-foot flashlight. One of the prehistoric incarnations of Heartfield played here on a stage that only looks big enough for a drumkit. Who can forget a summer night standing outside and listening to the country and western music interspersed with polkas drifting from the J&C Tap next door.

Finally, the Red Room is as much a gathering place for the locals as Huntley's Little America, a must see if you're ever up Marengo way. The Red Room reopens at 7 a.m. for the commuters.

Walnut Inn (14705 S. Cicero, Oak Forest)—Right around the corner is a Chicken Unlimited that stays open until 4 a.m. on weekends, but the Walnut should take care of the munchies after that hour. An eerily luminiscent White Castle stands at the corner, the site of the old Corsi's which is now across the street (call the "Star Beat Dictaphone" on that subject). The Inn was previously a Shakey's Pizza Parlor, then a window-

SOUTH SIDE
&
SOUTH SUBURBS

less disco under several names.

When you get over the harsh, canary yellow interior you can sink into the quiet atmosphere. The prices are hardly rock bottom, but it has above average fountain desserts and seafood. They have liquor, but are rather hesitant to advertise it, so much so that it reminds one of a speakeasy. However, this does give them an edge over Sambos' or Denny's. The waitresses tend to want to hustle you out, but take your time and maybe bring a thermos of coffee. It might start a precedent.

Four Brothers (15648 S. Park Ave., Harvey)—This is located at the tip of a triangular wedge of concrete before Park intersects Center Ave. Someone should recommend this place to Edward Hopper. You know, stainless steel walls behind the counter, seats perched on tubular steel pillars, a lot of green vinyl too. The clientele is rather surly. This is the kind of place you drive by and holler at, not enter. Still, it's better than the L&G Restaurant about three blocks north. At least fewer panhandlers.

Fergusons (16911 S. Dixie Highway, Hazelcrest)—This joint has been here for years. It looks like a rural roadside bar plopped into the middle of a suburb. Ferguson's is a rickety shingle and wood structure waiting for a hard slam of the door or a careless match to bring it to the ground. Is it true somebody was once punched through the door *a la* Ernest Borginine in *Bad Day At Black Rock*? Who cares?

Ferguson's is spiffy because it's open 24 hours on a technicality. At the five o'clock closing time, the hard core customers buy three or four drinks and sit in the locked up bar while the janitor sweeps around them. That way they are ready for opening time.

Fat Albert's (413 W. 159th St., South Holland)—Another interior decorator's nightmare, Fat Albert's is done up in hot pink, red and orange. This 24-hour restaurant looks like the set for a remake of *Snake Pit*.

by Lawrence Keenan

But after all is said and done Albert's is a fair hangout. The FA in Chicago Heights had the added attraction of a bar, but few people knew about it. It is now intimate to the extent of extinction. The South Holland location will have to do. The waitresses are attentive and ambivalent by turns, the food is overpriced for its quality, but the place has a charm of its own. The jukebox is usually loud, heavy on the Johnny Mathis with Elvis doing "Blue Christmas." What more do you need?

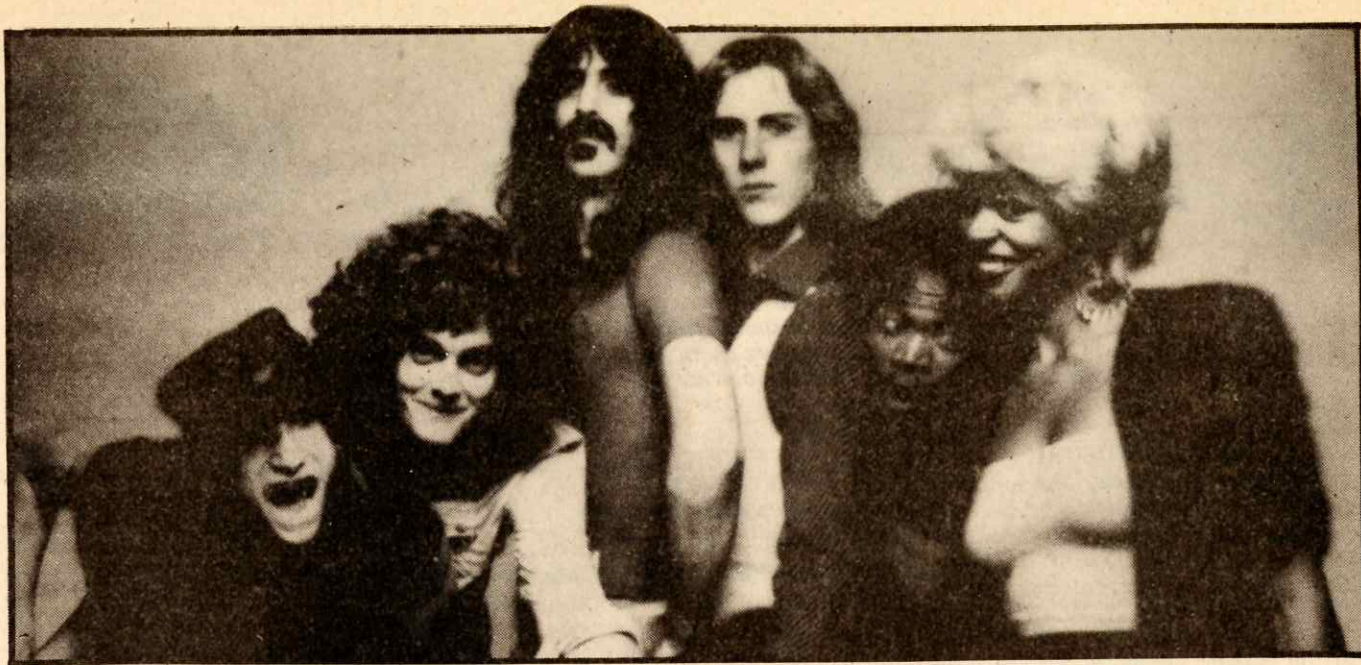
Three Brothers Restaurant (1961 Ridge Rd., Homewood)—No relation to the aforementioned place, "The Brothers" is the perfect hangout after leaving the Homewood Theatre across the street.

The Homewood is less a local movie house than a neighborhood cultural center. The management only screens foreign films and rarely advertise. They showed Lina Wertmuller's films before it was chic and you have to be over 18 to get inside. They have coffee and donuts at intermission with pleasant socializing between the patrons. You'd think the management would be hip enough to change the decor which is so kitsch it's hilarious. Come early so you can laugh at it before the feature starts.

"Brothers" is quite the hangout (coincidentally, it was also part of the Fat Albert's chain) with flashily dressed adults or local kids who have been outlawed from the Dunkin' Donuts down the way. There's the added charm of Greek food and time-honored oldies to blast out the over-30s, *a la* "Cold Ethyl" by Alice Cooper.

Only one word of caution: don't be drunk and try to use the washroom. It's in the basement and the 15 steps to the bottom is a long drop.

So from these skeletal beginnings you can flesh out further discoveries using your own initiative. But always remember: you'd be better off in a motel.



HOW FRANK ZAPPA RUNS HIS ROCK ORPHANAGE: No more Mothers, no more Invention?



Just as New York was the perfect home for the Pop Art explosion, Los Angeles offered an equally hospitable setting for the birth of Art-Rock. Encircled by Hollywood's dream-factories and the garish night life of Sunset Strip, the city bred a new generation of *enfants terribles*, all intent on shattering the last remaining barriers separating art from everyday life.

Their names should be familiar to any connoisseur of the pop idiom. Lenny Bruce, Jim Morrison, Phil Spector and The Byrds all mined the commercial mainstream, armed with a scandalous array of hip street jive, electrified Dylanisms and erotic poetry.

Perhaps the most outrageous performer of all was Frank Zappa, leader of a bewildering menagerie of musicians called The Mothers of Invention. As the Dada of Art-Rock, Zappa spawned a new rock era, blending a gift for satire with genuine compositional genius.

The Mothers became known for their zany catalog of aural jokes, insults, innovations and absurdities. In the course of a 12-year concert career, Zappa has interrupted the musical proceedings to unpack a bag of vegetables, mutilate a doll and take a shoeshine from his saxophonist. (The Mothers were temporarily banned from The Auditorium for abusing a life-sized stewardess doll on stage).

Zappa's November 24th performance at the Auditorium is somewhat of an historic occasion. It marked his first Chicago appearance without The Mothers since their founding in 1965.

Called Zappa, the new ensemble features the considerable talents of vocalist "Bionic" Bianca Oden and ex-Roxy Music pianist/violinist Eddie Jobson. Their performance also includes an hour-long film, "A Token of His Extreme," starring Zappa and the old Mothers.

As the title suggests, the movie is self-indulgent and amateuristic, hardly worthy of comparison to Zappa's earlier video masterwork, "200 Motels." The current band's show suffers accordingly. It highlights several lackluster offerings from Zappa's forthcoming record, *Zoot Allures* as well as a sampling of uninspired, almost puerile versions of Mothers classics.

Zappa was unruffled by the current tour's lack of critical approval. "The problem with critics," he noted sardonically during a luncheon interview, "is that they tend to use their imagination rather than their intellect. Now my show gives them indigestion. Well that's too bad. At least they won't spend their time making up tales of my stomping on boxes of baby chickens and defecating on stage. Those weren't true either."

Zappa's bizarre career has supplied an ample selection of factual anecdotes. His pre-Mothers ventures include an appearance on the Steve Allen Show with a bicycle concerto for two, a musical score for the low-budget Gothic horror film, "The World's Greatest Sinner," and a bundle of rejection notices for early tunes like "I Was a Teenage Malt Shop."

By late 1964 Zappa had transformed a local bar band, The Soul Giants, into The Mothers of Invention. Having replaced Wilson Pickett and James Brown hits with their own outlandish compositions, The Mothers were promptly fired, as Zappa cheerfully recalls, "from every beer joint between

by Nathan "Detroit" Roth

Pomona and Torrance, California." Undeterred Zappa landed the group a series of gigs at various Sunset Strip dives.

"When we first appeared," he says, chainsmoking, "no one knew exactly what to make of us. We were on a TV show called Swing-Time and the MC had a Freak-Out costume dance contest (named after an early Mothers album).

"Everybody was supposed to wear weird outfits because the Mothers were coming. Well we arrived to find kids wearing two different pairs of socks. It was completely out of an other era."

A Zappa crony from that era was Captain Beefheart, renowned for his equally eccentric artistic abilities. He joined a recent Mothers tour, but only after surviving Zappa's rigorous initiation rites. "His solo career had consisted of retirement," Zappa said of his former protege. "So he asked for a job. I auditioned him for the group and he flunked.

"I let him try again. He just barely squeaked by, but we let him join anyway. His problem is quite simple. It's a combination of his rhythmic concepts, which are poor, and his memory, which is abysmal. It has huge gaps—sometimes we'd leave room for his solo (Beefheart plays harmonica) and he'd forget it was his turn."

As a music theorist, Zappa knows no equal. Having outlived a dozen incarnations of The Mothers, he is obsessed by a sense of musical continuity.

"If you write short stories or poetry," he explained with a slight hint of impatience, "you'd understand that our aural career has enjoyed such a long time span that we can incorporate details that someone working in a smaller area might miss.

"The running gags are just tips of an iceberg. The references to poodles, food and yellow snow are just teasers, not the real continuity. My most difficult chore is teaching new members songs, since the piece is usually so specific that by the time they've memorized the details, they're not in a position to understand what the composition means.

"Most of my band members don't comprehend the music until it's been out on the record and they've heard it at a distance."

Zappa's outspokenness has often provoked bitter controversy. Recently he became embroiled in a lawsuit against England's venerable Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Due to perform a live version of 200 Motels with the orchestra at a sold-out Albert Hall show, The Mothers found their concert abruptly cancelled. British union authorities declared Zappa's material "obscene".

Zappa immediately filed suit, but was not allowed to testify until he was properly attired. He promptly bought a brown English tweed suit, and to impress the court with his new found austerity, fitted himself with a Justice's wig as well.

Thus attired, Zappa spent a day on the witness stand, defining terminology like "freak-out", "groupie" (one justice mistakenly assumed it meant a female member of a band), and "penis dimension."

Zappa, who won the suit, considered the time well spent. Asked if it was a duel of honor or merely a financial matter, he replied with characteristic aplomb.

"It was both." Δ



What does Frank Zappa have to be thankful for? Good friends and family on Thanksgiving Day? Nope. The weekend off, to be spent unproductively basking in the tropical sun? Hardly. While you ate turkey and caught up on the family doings and listened as your uncle expounded on how a Carter administration means fire and brimstone to the economy, Zappa sat in his hotel room high atop the Magnificent Mile trying to get his espresso machine to grind.

"Blasted thing," he cursed, as finally the precious strains came dripping through.

It was the same Frank Zappa who'd been through town previously with innumerable incarnations of the Mothers. This time, the group was called simply Zappa, with all the same brazen eponymy that gave you Montrose.

"It just seemed time to let go of the Mothers once and for all," he said. "Things had changed to the point where my group was no longer the Mothers."

One can't help but reminisce as flashes of flagrant Mothers of yore come to mind: The ever bumbling duo of Flo & Eddie as they found themselves ex-teen-idols-cum-elephantine, dazed and confused in their new niche as Mothers. Jimmy Carl Black's exploits as "the Indian of the group."

The various comings and goings of Sugarcane Harris, George Duke, Don Preston, Jim Pons and the Underwoods. An almost Warholian succession of characters, completing the spectrum from tragic to formidable, linking the day of Motorhead Sherwood with that of Napoleon Murphy Brock. But *Mothers* to the last drop, long exceeding anyone's expectation of their longevity.

The musicians who flank Zappa today are no Mothers by any stretch of the imagination. Competent players, yes; Zappa's never settled for less. Adept performers, sure, although one player (keyboardist Bianca) was dismissed due to her inability to cope with ballroom blitzkrieg night after night. But Mothers, no.

Drawing capacity crowds night after night and watching as *Zoot Allures* (his first for W.B. following the demise of Disc-Reet) goes from height to height on the Hot LP's chart, a realization cuts its way through the bravado: If Frank was the mother of invention, gone is the necessity. In '68, he was a visionary, a rebel. Nine years later, we find the rebel largely an outmoded concept, a rebel's posture an irrelevant goal.

A musician of less stern stuff would have years ago conceded defeat, but not Zappa. The years that heralded creative demise for rock's fringe lunatics (Alice Cooper, Captain Beefheart) asserted Zappa's growing legitimate acceptance, something he had the makings of from the time he first dropped Varese's words, "The present-day composer refuses to die," on his album liners.

Zappa's current quintet is concededly skeletal. Their familiarity with the Zappa backfile dips little beyond "Stink-foot" or "Dirty Love." They're certainly not Zappaphiles (and you know that nuisancesome breed; they know every sideman, release date and matrix number and somehow believe they've traversed his thoughts). As showmen, the band exudes little in the way of uncalled-for personality, save a stunning violin outing by ex-Roxycrucian Eddie Jobson. It's Zappa's youngest band, and potentially his longest-lived on merit of its low profile. Simply, there are no personalities permitted. Hence, there are no clashes.

"What I looked for in assembling this band were musicians who could survive six months on the road and retain their sense of humor. They had to play in a style compatible with mine, whether they read music or I had to hum it to 'em," Zappa said. The four—Eddie Jobson, Patrick O'Hearn, Terry Bozzio and David White—were selected in an open audition.

Despite the lineup of horns, vibes, etc., seen recently on *Saturday Night Live*, it's only Zappa and a rhythm section on tour. "Horns are nice," he said. "But left to their devices, horn men try to play as many notes as they can. Horns are linear; they can't play chords. And when you have several

by Cary Baker

horn players, each waiting for their treat, a solo, it gets crazy. And I just want to play my guitar so get out of my way!"

Zappa has maintained social relations with a number of former sidemen. "George Duke is one player whose career I never stood in the way of. I'm the one who twisted his arm to play the synthesizer. When he was offered a good contract and lots of money, I urged him to grab for it, and we're still friends. Flo & Eddie warmed up for us recently in Detroit and jammed with us," he said.

And what of the assortment of artists, some monstrous today, others not to be found, that premiered on his Bizarre/Straight label, circa '68?

"Alice Cooper and I today have no social adieu. And the G.T.O.'s—one is dead, one is living in Italy, one's acting in a daytime soap opera, one's a waitress at Benihana of Tokyo in the San Fernando Valley, another just married Shuggie Otis and another just got divorced from J.J. Cale. Did I miss anyone?"

Wild Man Fischer?

"Still doing the same thing, only not recording because no one else will take a chance on him."

Instead, Zappa has a new circle of compatriots, including, to the surprise of all, Grand Funk Railroad, whose most recent album he produced. Despite an initial flurry of interest from critics, the album has for all intents and purposes, stiffed. Nonetheless, Zappa still stands behind it.

"They called me up one day and asked me to produce them," he said. "And I'd never heard them. I'd only read what the critics had written, which was rather negative. So we got together and they gave me copies of all their old albums. I listened to them and agreed to do it. And the album is the first in which Grand Funk sounds like Grand Funk."

But what of all the curiosity sales, those among the Zappa constituency, who picked it up in quest of precious moments of Zappa sardonicism?

The telephone rang in Zappa's room.

"Hello?" he answered. "Hi, Miles, I've got a news flash for you. Last night at the third annual Thanksgiving Banquet, I saw Ozzie and Geezer from Black Sabbath. They're playing the Amphitheatre tonight. We had a great time and discussed the possibility of teaming up at Madison Square Garden. Of course it sounds absurd! We thought it'd be real funny if I got up there for their encore and did 'Paranoid' and 'Iron Man.' I was planning to attend their show after ours tonight 'cause I've never been to their kind of concert. They're at the Hyatt House in town. See if you can set something up."

Frank Zappa and Black Sabbath? A combination every bit as heterogeneous as that of Zappa and Grand Funk. What's happening here?

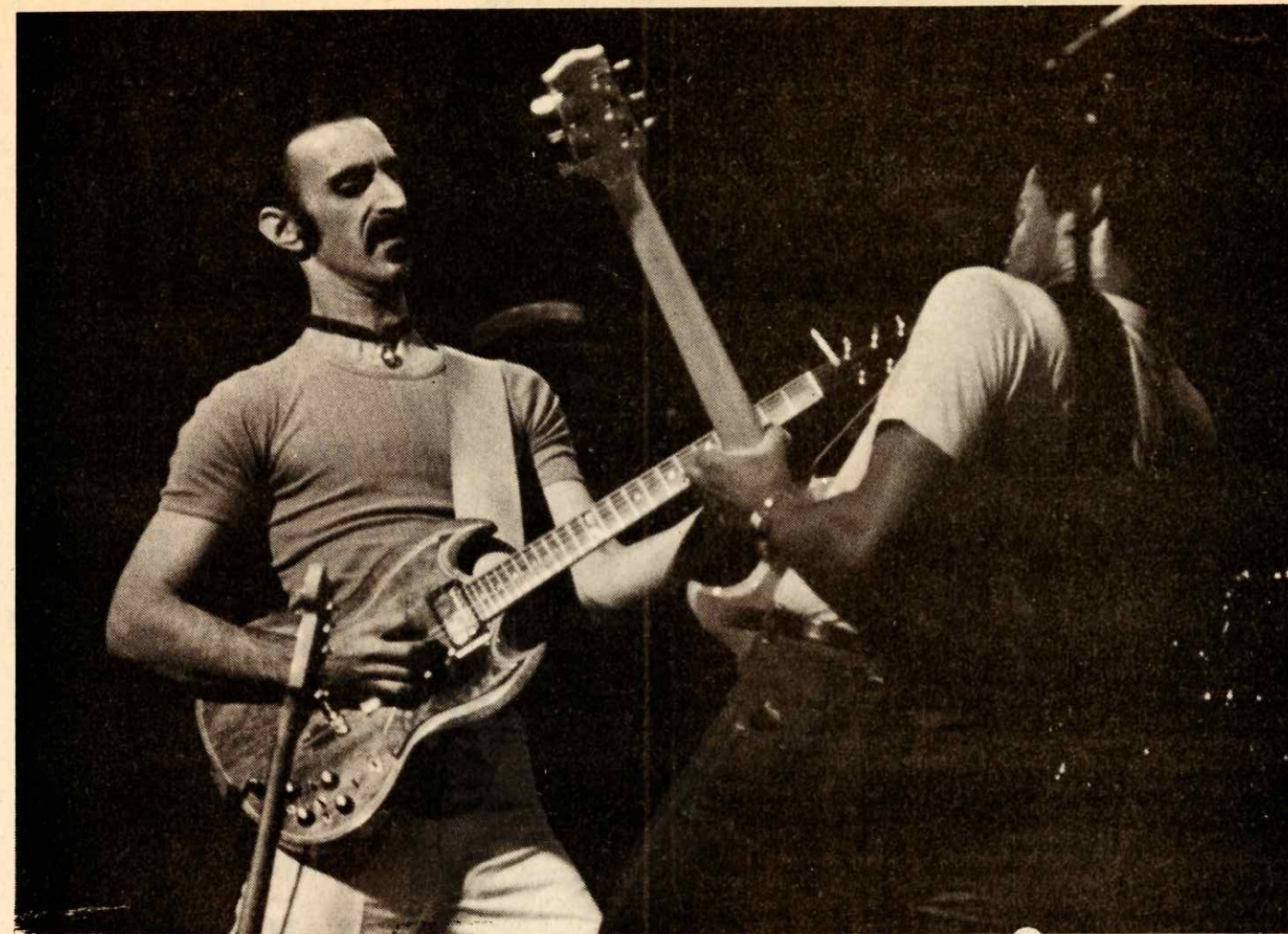
"Black Sabbath moves people," he said. "They're in the same boat as Grand Funk in terms of what the critics say about them. But critics' bands like Aerosmith just don't compare to Black Sabbath. I prefer their modality. Black Sabbath is the archetype of that style, the hard-core."

In Zappa's recent past is a Christmas reunion featuring such artifacts of Motherdom as Roy Estrada, Don Preston, Ruth Underwood and whoever else showed up. Material performed included "Peaches en Regalia," "Uncle Bernie's Farm," "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" and "Mr. Green Genes."

"As vintage as I've been able to get with the new band is 'Dinah-Moe-Hum,' which I consider indispensable. People go berserk over that song," he said. "I could spend years teaching old material to my current band, but why?"

Zappa's current tour has taken him to several U.S. cities, with an emphasis on college towns. One might infer that Zappa was a closet advocate of academia, which couldn't be farther from the truth.

"Yes it's true," he started. "I myself was actually a part of the great American education machine, that device that can make you a docile consumer. Work. then buy. Then spend.



FRANK ZAPPA/PHOTO RESERVE

Then work. Then buy. Consume. Watch. Work. Clutch all the diplomas you want cuz you're still working, watching and spending."

The alternative?

"Learn early that if you want to learn, you're the only one that can teach you. Libraries are good, except that they won't exist very much longer. Many are closing for lack of funds. There will only be people that can tell you things, and those people a generation from now will be worse than those now, so you won't learn nothing, will you?"

One thing Zappa did teach himself is a little about the obscure musics of the world. This tour found him absorbed in Bulgarian music, of which he carried several cassette tapes.

"I came across some chick who sounds like Bulgaria's answer to Bobby 'Blue' Bland. She really whips it out," he said. "I've also become quite an admirer of Bulgarian folk dance."

Has any of it rubbed off in Zappa's stage movements?

"Any similarity between what I do onstage and a Bulgarian folk dance is purely coincidental."

Zappa also brought with him his '50s cassette collection, and culled "Stranded In the Jungle" as the sole cover tune he performs with the new band.

What is in store for Zappa following his Chicago performance?

"Zappa plays, gets something to eat, packs, sleeps and goes home tomorrow, spends two nights in a hotel with his wife and minus the kids for a little jumping around and orgying out, then he checks into a house to use the telephone and a

piano and then goes to New York from the 5th of December until the 1st of January, then ten days off, then the European tour starts on January 15, two days off the continent, ten days on, four days in Japan, four days off, three weeks in Australia, a week in New Zealand, then off to Hawaii, then a tour of the West Coast, then recording in New York, then a live recording in London. How far did you want me to take it?"

Does he ever break for a vacation?

"I tried it once," he replied, "and it was a miserable flop. It was after an Australian tour. I went to Hawaii, stayed a week, drank espresso by the gallon, ate coconut cake, and got into competition with George Duke."

Competition with George Duke?

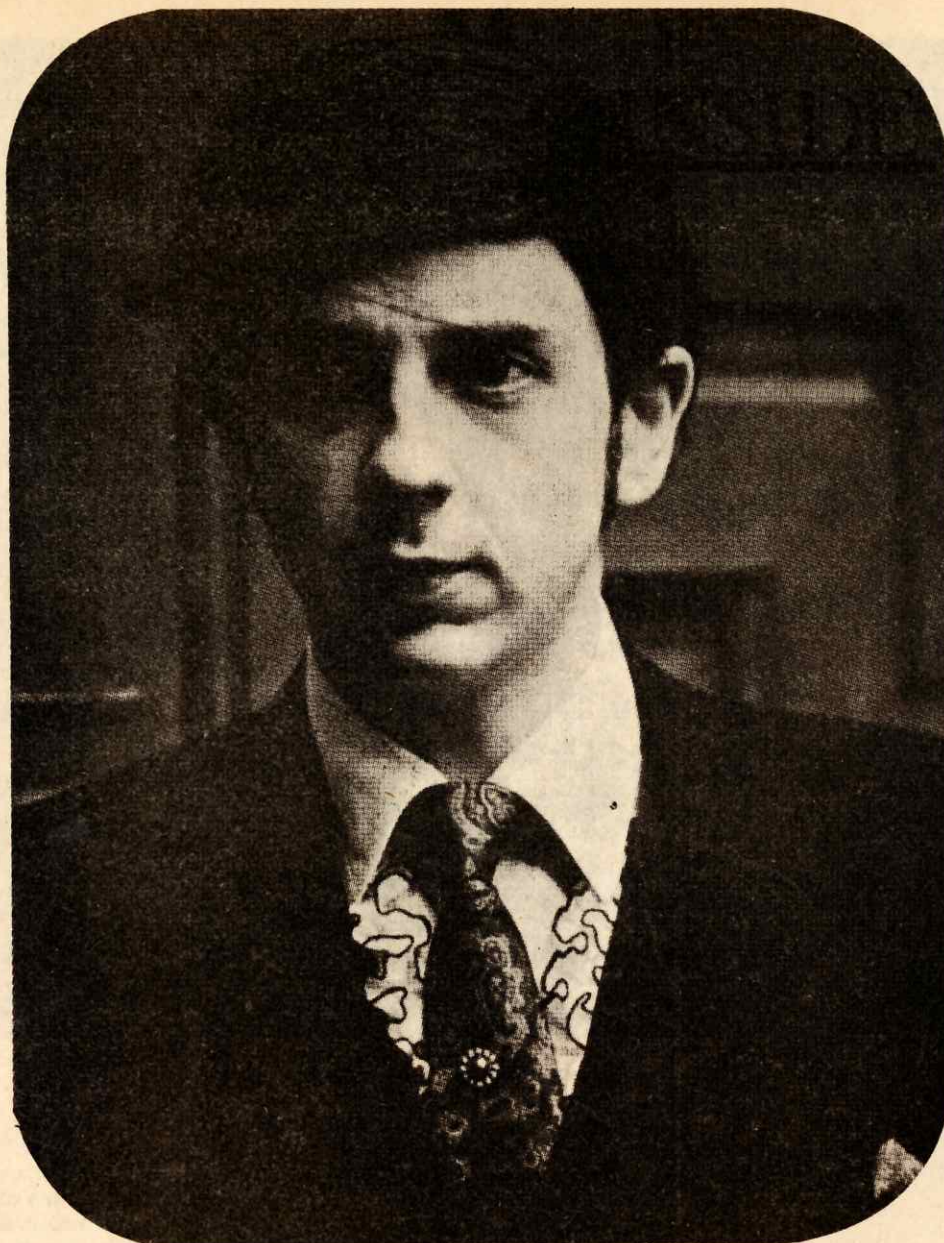
"Yeah, by the end of the week, I was darker than he was. And by the end of the week, I was so bored and rested that I had to work."

Aha, a workaholic!

"No, workaholics work to compensate for some bizzare deficiency in their personality. I work because if I don't, I don't get anything done. I just can't leave it to anyone else."

And seemingly, he can't. Zappa recently parted ways with partner and manager Herb Cohen (hence the dissolution of their label, DiscReet). He's also hard at work on a feature-length cartoon that he'll say nothing about until it's completed. Which isn't to mention his paternal role. The proud father of Moon Unit and Dweezle now presents his latest release, Ahmet. "He was named after a very dear friend of mine, Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records," he said. "One of the world's two great perverts."

And don't we know who the other one is. Δ



THE MUSIC BIZ:

**"HE HIT ME-
AND IT FELT
LIKE A KISS"**

Phil Spector fathers the Wall of Sound

by Charles McCollum

The English always did seem to have a better appreciation of the true greats in American music than Americans did. In Britain, fine rockers who have not been heard here for years—Neil Sedaka before his rebirth, Del Shannon—are still big stars, headlining facilities the size of Constitution Hall and placing new singles and reissues on the charts. In the past, acts like Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino found commercial acceptance amidst the British that they could not find among their own countrymen.

Of all the greats of early rock that still hold an audience in Britain, none is bigger these days than Phil Spector. Spector never sang a note on any single or album—he did speak on one—and, as far as can be determined, he never played on any either. He was, however, the first production genius, the first producer to put his own stamp on recordings to the point where he was better-known than the groups involved.

More importantly, Spector was an influence. Anyone with an ear who chooses to sit down with some of his best work will hear it. Play something like the Crystals' "And Then He Kissed Me" and follow it with a cut off Bruce Springsteen's *Born to Run* album. In Springsteen's work, there is the echo of Phil Spector. Try the Ronettes' "Be My Baby" with one of the Beach Boys' rock choral pieces—"Heroes and Villains" or "Good Vibrations" or any cut off Sgt. Pepper and *Magical Mystery Tour*. You can hear the echo again and it was no accident or freak that the group called upon Spector to produce "Long and Winding Road" for it during the Beatles' last days.

Yet, when was the last time you even heard a Ronettes or Crystals cut on Top 40 radio? In rock, as in many aspects of American life, obsolescence is everything. If you ain't done it today, you ain't done it. Miss the mark—and the market—once? You're dead.

That is probably the reason that Phil Spector's albums are being reissued in Great Britain rather than in the United States. Recently, Phil Spector International put out six of them: best-of collections from the Crystals, Ronettes and Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans plus three collectors' sets of obscure or previously unreleased material. In the United States, the best you can do is Spector's eccentric *Christmas Album*—which was reissued (for the third consecutive year) last month on Warner Bros.

Taken as a body of work, these six albums are impressive, if not always successful. Spector kept pushing boundaries, including those involving taste on AM radio, so not every cut included on the reissues works equally well. Some, in fact, are downright stupid while others are hopelessly sexist in a modern context.

Still, what is good on these albums is very, very good. In no particular order, the sets include:

Phil Spector's Wall of Sound Vol. 3: The Crystals (Super 2307 006)—Most of this album was originally released in 1963 as *He's A Rebel*. That original set included the title cut, "Uptown," "On Broadway," a strange version of "Mashed Potato Time" and the very kinky "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)" which had to be withdrawn from release as a single in 1964. Added for this reissue are "Da Doo Ron Ron"—one of rock's truly classic singles—and "Then He Kissed Me," the trio's biggest hit.

Phil Spector's Wall of Sound Vol. 1: The Ronettes (Super 2307 003)—In the States, the Ronettes had only one hit but, in Britain, they were a huge success. This is the one Ronettes album released in the States and it is just wonderful. The hit, "Be My Baby," is—by itself—worth the album cost. Brian Wilson once called that single the greatest ever made and that may well be true. Just as good, however, are "Walking In the Rain," "Baby, I Love You," "Chapel of Love" and, especially, "(The Best Part of) Breaking Up."

Phil Spector's Christmas Album (Warner Spector, SP 9103)—A strange one—to say the least. All the Spector groups except the Righteous Brothers are pressed into action to redo Christmas tunes like "Frosty the Snowman," "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," "Here Comes Santa Claus," and "White Christmas." The version of the latter offered by Darlene Love may be the weirdest put on record and the Ronettes' "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" is not far behind. It is on this record that Spector actually appears, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas over a rock arrangement of "Silent Night."

Phil Spector's Wall of Sound Vol. 2: Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans (Super 2307 004)—The least interesting album, simply because the Blue Jeans were Spector's least interesting group. There is



the group's hit, "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah," plus a number of curiosities like the Spector-penned "Dr. Kaplan's Office."

Phil Spector's Wall of Sound Vol. 4: Yesterday's Hits Today (Super 2307 007)—A Collection of some hits—the Crystals' "Uptown"—and some collectors' items. The most interesting cuts are by Darlene Love, who sang lead for the Crystals on "He's a Rebel" and also worked with the Blue Jeans. Love was an excellent vocalist, although even her hits, such as "Wait Till My Bobby Gets Home," were not very big. "A Fine Fine Boy" is worth the album price.

Phil Spector's Wall of Sound Vols. 5 and 6: Rare Masters (Super 2307 008 and 009)—Two musts for anyone interested in Spector's work. On Vol. 5, there is the beautifully produced "Paradise," a Ronettes single never officially released, and a driving version of the Crystals' "All Grown Up" that is far superior to the official release. Also included are an instrumental track by Spector's band, "Torpedo Rock"; two fine Darlene Love tracks, "Run, Run, Run, Runaway" and

"Stumble and Fall"; and a bit of weirdness called "Home of the Brave" by Bonnie and the Treasures. Although uncredited, Spector clearly produced the single and Ronnie Spector (of the Ronettes) is the lead singer.

Vol. 6, which isn't quite as interesting, does have two Leon Russell-produced tracks, done while Russell was Spector's house keyboard player, plus a fine example of Spector's ability to use tracks over and over again. "But You Don't Love Me," a Blue Jeans tune, is a speeded up version of "Everything's Gonna Be Alright," which appears on the Blue Jeans reissue. Also worth catching is the Ronettes' "Keep On Dancing," a good single that was inexplicably never released.

Perhaps the best comparison that can be made between Spector and another artist is one between the record producer and film director Alfred Hitchcock. Throughout his career, Hitchcock made his movies in his head long before they ever went before the cameras. His carefully plotted story lines and visual effects allowed for very little deviation once filming begins. (Hitchcock probably has the lowest shooting ratio of any director.) Each piece of footage has been put together so carefully in the director's head that the execution of the film itself is almost an afterthought.

During his top period—roughly 1962-65—Spector worked much the same way. Spector and his top writers, Ellie Greenwich and Jeff Barry, would plot out everything ahead of time, working for hours, on one hook of one song. They knew well before any musicians came into the studio how the tracks *should* sound. If it took one take—which was seldom—that was fine. If it took dozens, well, that's the record business.

Rather insecure in his art—he did after all begin his career at 18 and had made \$1 million by the age of 20—Spector produced a style that was clearly

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TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM - PHIL SPECTOR INTRODUCES THE SIXTH ROLLING STONE.

his own, establishing himself (the producer) as The Star in place of the acts. Having learned his trade as a songwriter—including singles like, "To Know Him Is To Love Him" for the Teddy Bears, "Spanish Harlem" for the Drifters and "Pretty Little Angel Eyes" for Curtis Lee—and as an assistant producer for the team of Lieber and Stoller at Atlantic Records, Spector began his own company in 1961 and began cranking out hits in his own image.

The Spector technique worked like this: find a good song, carefully select which artist would handle it, put down as many takes as necessary to get it sounding right and shove it out into the world. That left the artists in very much the same, faceless, powerless position that the acts associated with Gamble and Huff now find themselves. No one knows the names of the individual O'Jays in 1976; in 1963, no one knew the names of the individual Crystals. Only Darlene Love and Ronnie Spector (the producer's wife) had any real identity of their own.

Not that the artistic facelessness that Spector practiced was unusual at the time. One of the dominant forces of the period was the girl groups like Spector's Crystals and Ronettes, Motown's Supremes, Marvellettes and Vandellas, the Shirelles, the Chiffons and the Angels.

Most would come and go as quickly as did Spector's groups with only the Supremes holding out for an extended period. Yet, collectively, they managed quite an impact on 1960s rock.

No one has been adequately able to explain why, from 1961 to 1965, there was this burst of girl groups that would remain unmatched in rock's history. (Now, the number of solo female rock artists of any import can be counted on one hand.) Both men and women bought their albums, so obvious suggestion of the girl groups serving as a male substitute for the Beatles don't hold up. Certainly, there was little star quality involved, because, with the exception of the Supremes' Diana Ross and the Vandellas' Martha Reeves, there was no such thing as star-billing at the time.

Perhaps the best explanation is tied to the reverse macho of the acts and music involved. The songs offered by the girl groups played right into every male's fantasy of women at the time—pliant, sexy and non-aggressive. Since women could accept that fantasy of themselves at the time, it was also easy for them to empathize with the girl groups. America of the early 1960s was still a man's world and men like Phil Spector exploited that with their faceless groups.

If this manipulation is somewhat offensive to those who cannot accept rock's version of the *auteur* theory, the music that Spector produced cannot be. Until Spector came along, recording was a relatively simple affair with little overdubbing and a minimal number of takes. Spector created miniature rock symphonies: wave after wave of sound piled upon one another, placing overall effect above the lyrics or even the melody. Even after all these years, a classic production like the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" or "Be My Baby" still leaps out at the listener with a richness and depth that few have matched.

Not that Spector totally ignored lyrics. Songs that he penned with Greenwich and Barry—"Da Doo Run Run," "Then He Kissed Me," "All Grown Up"—are innumerable cuts above most of what was being produced in the early 1960s. (Remember, the Beatles had yet to hit the United States and the heavy hitters were Chubby Checker and Frankie Avalon.) All had a driving (some, in reference to the more sexist "love" songs, would say driven) quality that fit perfectly with Spector's overwhelming production style.



Spector singles featured the band doing instrumentals—a common practice at the time—of which "Torpedo Rock" is one of the best.) At various times, Leon Russell, Glen Campbell, Hal Blaine, Sonny Bono, Jack Nitsche, Earl Palmer, Nino Tempo, Barney Kessel and future crack producer Vinnie Poncia (Melissa Manchester) would all work with Spector, as would Harry Nilsson and Bob Crewe, one of the men most responsible for the disco sound.

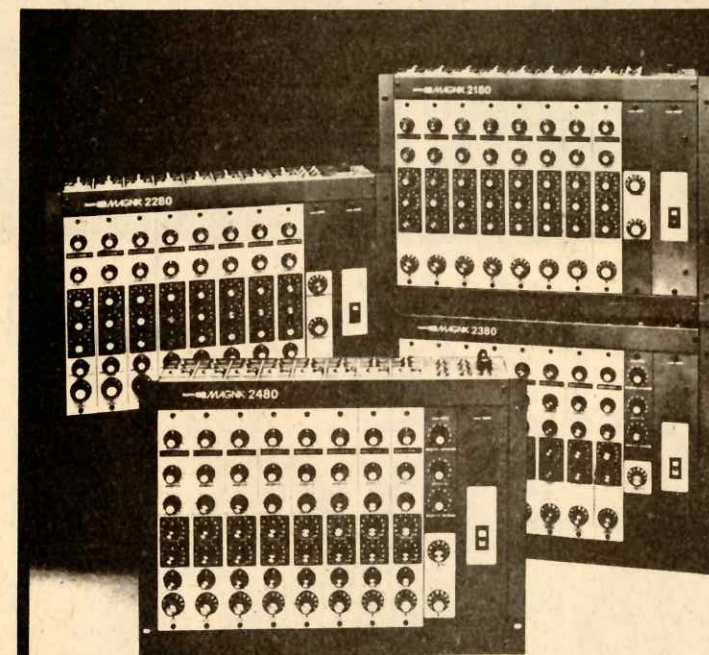
While many groups would come to him for advice in later years, Phil was basically out of business by 1966. Driven by ghosts only he could see—his eccentric behavior is now legendary—Spector became a near-recluse, not unlike Brian Wilson, coming out of hiding only to produce a single here or do something off-the-wall (like appearing in "Easy Rider") there.

Perhaps, it was as Spector has main-

tained it was: He had accomplished what he wanted to and decided to leave for that reason. Or, perhaps, it was that—like Wilson—the burden of being a genius in his own time was just too much. Beethoven never had to live with his acclaim; Phil Spector did.

Whatever the reason, Spector marched out of the scene, leaving behind his burst of hit singles and countless unreleased tapes. Those who missed his genius the first time around are well-advised to seek out the reissues now on the market. To hear them is to hear a major chunk of rock history.

(Phil Spector's Christmas Album is, of course, available through regular domestic outlets. The other reissues are foreign imports. They can be obtained from stores which carry various import lines. If the stores are out, the albums can be ordered from Gem Records, P.O. Box 362, South Plainsfield, N.J. Record stores can order them for you.)



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Save The Last Dance For Me



a star-studded swan song for The Band

by Charles McCollum

SAN FRANCISCO—

Before what came to be known as "The Last Waltz," The Band's Robbie Robertson was saying that his group wanted its last live appearance to be something more than a wake, something that would end the unit's touring career without tears. "It has to resolve somehow," Robertson said. "We feel real good and decided to have a party with our friends, maybe like a New Orleans funeral or something."

Robertson and The Band got what they wanted. On a foggy, cold Thanksgiving day, the group—with the assistance of their friends—treated 5,000 per-

sons to an evening of quality rock that is unlikely to ever be matched. Few acts have ever been so gracious in their leaving, so well-served by the moment of their departure from the scene. In a business built on grand extrances, The Band was able to make the most of its exit.

Winterland is an old skating rink in San Francisco's Fillmore District, one of the city's more dangerous areas. Even before promoter Bill Graham began mounting shows there in the mid-1960s, the hall had seen its better days. Still, the facility has been the scene of some of Graham's most memorable shows as well as the first concert by Robertson, Levon

Helm, Rich Danko, Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel as The Band back in 1969.

Thanksgiving Eve, The Band is working on its second night of rehearsal. As the group attempts to smooth out the rough edges on numbers with Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell and the elusive Van Morrison, Graham's stage crew and Martin Scorsese's film unit are striving to finalize preparations for the next day. Scorsese, in particular, is pushing hard, largely due to the lack of time there has been for preparations.

"You have to remember that Marty has just finished filming *New York, New*

York," notes one unit member. "This was supposed to be his vacation before editing began. Instead he's trying to pull together a documentary. And he hasn't done anything like this since he helped with the editing of *Woodstock*."

And Scorsese, who became involved in the project through *Mean Streets* producer Jonathan Taplin, who was The Band's original road manager, is having some problems. Most of all, there is the static nature of The Band's live performance. "They don't do much," says Julia Cameron Scorsese, the former Washingtonian magazine writer who married the director just over a year ago. "Marty's only option to create drama with the lighting and the cues are really complex."

Elsewhere in the hall, Graham's people are trying to finish off preparations amidst a good deal of confusion. The basic stage set—25-foot tall columns from the set of "La Traviata" supplied by the San Francisco opera—is complete but the backdrop which will provide the dramatic effects—during the show, the color and intensity of the scam will change with every song—is still undergoing changes. There are also some problems with the crystal chandeliers, brought from what's left of the props of *Gone With the Wind*, which dot the hall.

There is a lot of muttering, "It'll never work, it'll never work."

All this work is not helped by the small mob of people floating in and out of the hall. Every act on the bill has invited at least a few folks, most of whom seem to have shown up to watch the rehearsal. There are also representatives of the record companies involved—Capitol, Warner Bros., Columbia, Asylum, RSO, Epic and United Artists.

And then there is the press. Ken Regan—the Rolling Thunder Revue photographer who seems to get exclusives on every major rock event—is the only photo man working. But there is a veritable gaggle of high-priced rock journalism talent on hand—Greil Marcus and Ben Fong-Torres from *Rolling Stone*, Bob Hilburn from the *Los Angeles Times*, Jack Hafferkamp from the *Chicago Daily News*. Someone, only half-jokingly, suggests a group photo on the grounds that "it ain't likely we're all ever going to be in one place again."

Hafferkamp nixes the idea, saying "all it'll do is end up on the walls of a lot of record promo men who will throw darts at their non-favorites."

Given the mob, the artists are rather easy-going about things. Morrison, who rarely gives interviews, actually sits down and talks about his latest plans. He says relatively little, noting only that he has a

new album ready for delivery—which is something he's been saying for several years.

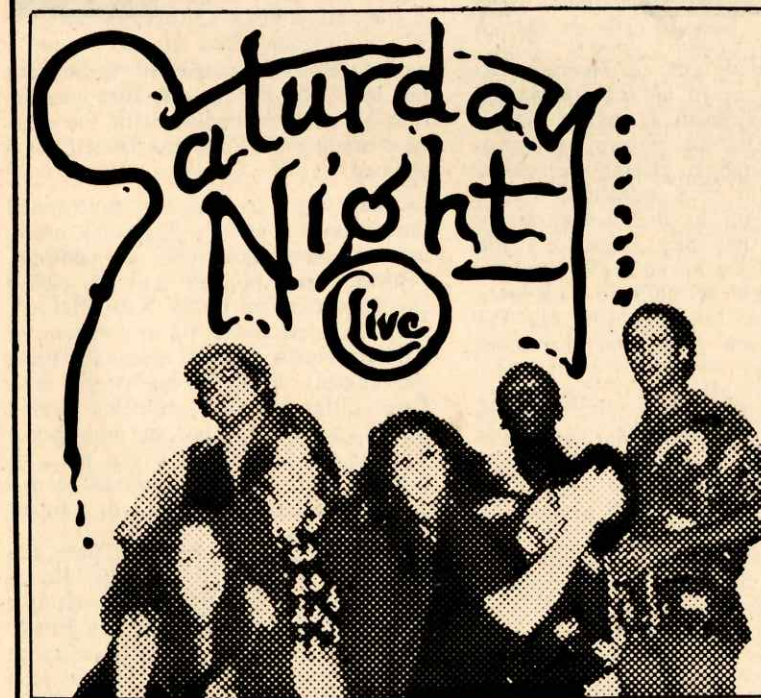
Mitchell, who is almost as shy around the press as Morrison, draws more stares than questions. Decked out in a snappy outfit of dark gray pants and a light gray sweater, she is the queen bee of the occasion, an inaccessible beauty who may be rock's one legitimate sex symbol—with all due respect to Linda Ronstadt.

Surprisingly, Mitchell is very gracious—if a bit tight-lipped—when approached. She is ill-at-ease talking about her latest album, *Hejira*, but positively effusive about "The Last Waltz."

"It will be an evening for musicians," Mitchell says. "We're all musicians and very unbusiness-minded."

Towards the end, the talk and preparations are brought to a screaming halt by Morrison's rehearsal. In a duet with Manuel on "Tura Lura Lura" and a solo on "Caravan," the long-absent singer fills Winterland with vibrant, exciting vocal work. Robertson smiles. Helm smiles. Clapton is entranced. Mitchell dances in place. The press gathers around, listening intently. And Graham says to no one in particular, "It's going to work, it's going to be great."

The one thing that the people involved in "The Last Waltz" are uncomfortable talking about is money. Money,



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most say, is not the point of the evening. Music is.

But, as in all such rock events, money was involved. The \$125,000 grossed from the 5,000 tickets sold came nearly \$50,000 short of covering the costs of staging, sound, the recording for a live album, the cost of bringing in all the guest stars and the Thanksgiving dinner for the 5,000. Although Scorsese and his crew worked for expenses—if the film is ever released, they will be paid on a "point" system—the expenses alone will run to over \$150,000, which could make "The Last Waltz" the most expensive home movie in history.

A few cynics do point out, however, that no one will end up losing money on the deal. Depending on the quality, a number of film distributors and at least one television network have expressed an interest in Scorsese's product. All the artists have agreed to release of the live album and, as someone noted, "the record companies are just greedy enough to work out the details." No one wants to hazard a guess as to just how much the film and the album could pull in, but it would be in the tens of millions of dollars.

A few minutes after the Winterland

doors open at 4 p.m. on Thanksgiving, however, the crowd around the skating rink is relatively small. Those with tickets line up quietly to receive carnations supplied by Graham. Having been asked to "dress for the occasion," most have turned up in the funky, senior prom style that San Francisco's hip appear to have borrowed whole from the Pointer Sisters. A number have even shown up in tuxedos, although the pants are often jeans and the shoes sneakers.

Everyone comments on Winterland as they enter the hall. The entrance has been filled with a working water fountain and flourishing palms. As the crowd sweeps into the hall, it is greeted by Graham's handiwork—the crystal chandeliers, the statuary borrowed from 20th Century-Fox, the vast number of plants, the ornate siding that now covers Winterland's concrete coldness. And row after row of tables on which Thanksgiving dinner for the 5,000 will be served.

By 5 p.m., the 38-piece Berkeley Promenade Orchestra has taken its place and is swinging into a series of Viennese waltzes. Three couples, hired for the occasion, take to the dance floor, followed by spotlights. Other spotlights hit

multi-faceted balls spotted throughout the hall. The audience is first amazed, then amused, then taken with the scene from another era. Soon, the dance floor is jammed.

Backstage, Graham has constructed the ultimate in luxury. The walls, newly painted, are covered with old paintings. Television sets hooked into the closed circuit system set up by Wally Heider's recording crew are set up in a number of different rooms and will eventually bring the concert into the backstage area. Three different wines are being poured liberally with cappuccino and hot chocolate for the non-indulgents. For those of a mind, there is even a strange room—dubbed the Cocteau Room—for a bit of mild freaking.

As it gets closer to show time, the room fills up with rock's elite. Ronee Blakley sweeps into the room, wearing a long, flowing cape and looking totally wacked. Clapton wanders in to exchange greetings with the Rolling Stones' Ron Wood. Bobby Neirth and Steve Soles, of the new Alpha Band, exchange Rolling Thunder Revue stories with Blakley. J. Michael Pollard—of *Bonnie and Clyde* fame—stands around, looking lost. Gov. Jerry Brown of California stays off to the

side, trying to be inconspicuous. *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner, who will shortly abandon San Francisco for New York, gets a guided tour from Julia Scorsese.

It is all rather amusing. The hangers-on gape, the stars chat with each other and everybody worries about finding a seat out front.

Shortly after 9 p.m., with the tables and the orchestra cleared away, The Band finally got to do what it does best—make music. Although the members had spent most of the day being nervous, it never showed as the group went into its regular set with the lively "Up On Cripple Creek" serving as the opener. Robertson and Danko were superb on lead guitar and bass. Helm provided not only rock-steady drumming, but the best vocal work. Hudson's keyboards filled in the holes nicely and Manuel, who has had his problems with various stimulants over the years, was very self-assured on piano and vocals.

Following "Up On Cripple Creek," the group offered "The Shape I'm In," "Makes No Difference," a strong "Life Is a Carnival" with New Orleans producer Allen Toussaint's horn section, "Wheels On Fire," "W.S. Walcott's Medicine Show," the new "Georgia On My Mind," "Ophelia" from "Northern Lights-Southern Crosses," "King Harvest," the classic "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "Stagefright" and a very lively "Rag, Mama, Rag."

Without taking a break, The Band then moved into the guest section which proved to be the best indication of the members' musical talents. Working with a lineup whose styles varied broadly, the members provided backing on 16 different numbers and still managed to bring off a tight, well-constructed set.

Appropriately, it was the old-time rocker Ronnie Hawkins—who first brought the members together—who opened with "Who Do You Love?" Dr. John then entered, to big applause, for a version of "Such a Night" and stayed to assay "Down South in New Orleans" with Bobby "See You Later, Alligator" Charles.

Next to join was Paul Butterfield who offered a strong version of "Mystery Train." The ace mouth harpist then helped out bluesman Muddy Waters on a rousing "Caledonia" and "Manish Boy." Waters and Butterfield were then replaced by Eric Clapton, who launched into some sizzling guitar duets with Robertson on "All My Past Times" and "Further On Up the Road." The crowd loved it and screamed and stomped for more.

The proceedings then slowed down a bit with the California folk-rock of Neil Young and Joni Mitchell. Young, who was extremely animated, offered "Help-

less" and a nice version of "Four Strong Winds." Mitchell, whose music doesn't really mix with The Band's effectively, still managed some good moments with "Coyote," "Shadow and Light" and a solid version of "Furry Sings the Blues" that featured Young on harmonica.

Perhaps the strangest inclusion of the evening was pop star Neil Diamond, whose last album was produced by Robertson. Whatever one may think of Diamond's music—there was a pool among the rock journalists on exactly what response he would receive—he is a consummate pro. For the occasion, he chose to dress down, work out on acoustic guitar and do one of his best songs, "Dry Your Eyes." It was all well-received to Diamond's obvious delight.

The section's high point, though, came with Van Morrison, who was as good as he had been in rehearsal. Strutting around the stage in a good imitation of James Brown, he was as alive and vibrant as he had been several years ago. His vocal work was positively chilling and the audience gave him a roaring standing ovation that paled every other response of the evening.

Bringing back Young and Mitchell, The Band then closed out the star section with a rousing version of "Arcadian Driftwood" before finally taking a 20-minute break—2½ hours and 28 songs after it first took to the stage.

Backstage, folks were already assessing the evening. All the artists were elated. Scorsese was very happy with the footage he had managed with his seven cameras. ("What a great setting," he said. "I love it.") The press was of the opinion that no single show anywhere at any time had ever been quite so good. And everybody was happy when word came down that Bob Dylan—who, on a trip to the famous City Lights bookstore, had turned up missing in the afternoon—was in The Band's dressing room.

After 20 minutes of poetry from various North Beach poets including Michael McClure and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the audience was well-primed for The Band's return. Opening with the roaring "Chest Fever"—featuring Hudson's best new tune called "The Last Waltz" and "The Weight" before bringing out Dylan.

Looking healthy after a few months away from the Rolling Thunder Revue, Dylan was in good form, pushing through three songs from his early days with The Band—"Baby, Let Me Follow You Down," "Hazel" and "I Don't Believe You"—as well as the newer "Forever Young." "Like A Rolling Stone," which was originally part of Dylan's set, was dropped at the last minute; a bit of disappointment since it probably would have drawn the biggest roar of the evening.

The entire lineup, plus Wood and Ringo Starr on drums, then returned to join Dylan and The Band on "I Shall Be Released." That was the final formal presentation, but most of the players—plus guitarist Stephen Stills—returned for two long jams and The Band itself closed out the evening at around 2:30 a.m. with "Baby, Don't You Do It."

As the group left the stage for the last time, Robertson waved and said, simply, "Good night and goodbye."

A few die-hards were still chanting for some final bit of music, but "The Last Waltz" was over. Robertson, talking to reporters, called the evening "incredible." No one disagreed. It had been a concert of tasteful, beautifully rendered music that will probably never be duplicated.

Yet, there was something sad about the leave-taking. The Band might very well record again and there would be—in all probability—a live "Last Waltz" album, a film or both. But there would never again be the thrill of seeing The Band live, in concert, doing "Up On Cripple Creek," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and "The Weight."

For sheer taste and musical abilities, The Band will be hard to replace.

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La Rose Selavy Rock Poll Extraordinaire

Well, mes enfants, here you have it—after plumbing the depths (and shallows) of your preferences and passions, we've managed to produce a rather turgid glimpse into the musical phrenology of a Typical TRIAD Reader, if such an animal can be said to exist this side of Borneo. Marcel and I were up all night at the billiard table in Montmatre, sifting through them myriad heart-rendering of U. of Chicago aesthetes and Highland Park teenyboppers, pouring over the various scrawls and esoterica with mingled approbation and alarm.

We were gratified, par example, by the sentiments of that discerning young man from Hanover Park who penned, "You should have your ink taken away from you for two months for including Kiss as one of 12 choices as the *best* group I mean come on really, are you serious or was that just a joke in bad taste?" Despite a deplorable ignorance of syntax, this follows obviously shows some taste and breeding. We only wish he'd explain why he voted for Queen.

And we *were* a bit sorry to see our friends the rock critics come under such heavy invective. Many voters declined to choose a favorite critic, while others went so far as to deem the poor things "lousy," "stinking" "slobs," and even "fuzzy-brained intellectuals." Now really! Every culture persecutes its own visionaries, we suppose, but it *does* seem hard that such underpaid, overworked hacks should go unwanted and unloved...

Kudos to Jeff Beck, whose "Wired" album scored an impressive sweep in the jazz category, pulling more votes than any other single entry. (We won't tell him, however, that some of the uninitiated persisted in calling his magnum opus weird"...)

A bientot,
Mama Rose



| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Rock Act | |
| Led Zeppelin | 8.2% |
| The Who | 7.7% |
| The Rolling Stones | 6.7% |
| Blue Oyster Cult | 6.2% |
| Kiss | 5.6% |
| Eagles | 4.8% |
| Fleetwood Mac | 4.8% |
| Queen | 4.3% |
| Aerosmith | 3.8% |
| Jefferson Starship | 3.3% |
| Male Vocalist | |
| Peter Frampton | 13.4% |
| Paul McCartney | 7.2% |
| David Bowie | 6.7% |
| Elton John | 5.6% |
| Bruce Springsteen | 5.3% |
| Robert Plant | 4.8% |
| Bob Dylan | 4.3% |
| Paul Rodgers | 3.3% |
| Roger Daltry | 3.3% |
| Mick Jagger | 3.3% |
| Female Vocalist | |
| Linda Ronstadt | 16.3% |
| Ann Wilson | 15.4% |
| Joni Mitchell | 8.7% |
| Patti Smith | 8.2% |
| Grace Slick | 8.2% |
| Carly Simon | 6.2% |
| Christine McVie | 5.3% |
| Phoebe Snow | 3.8% |
| Annie Haslam | 3.3% |
| Bonnie Raitt | 2.4% |
| Rock Album | |
| Frampton Comes Alive | |
| Peter Frampton | 12.9% |
| Songs In the Key of Life | |
| Stevie Wonder | 8.2% |
| Fleetwood Mac | |
| Fleetwood Mac | 6.2% |
| Wish You Were Here | |
| Pink Floyd | 5.6% |
| Fly Like An Eagle | |
| Steve Miller | 5.3% |
| Agents of Fortune | |
| Blue Oyster Cult | 5.3% |
| Song Remains the Same | |
| Led Zeppelin | 3.3% |
| Silk Degrees | |
| Boz Scaggs | 3.3% |
| Rocks | |
| Aerosmith | 3.3% |

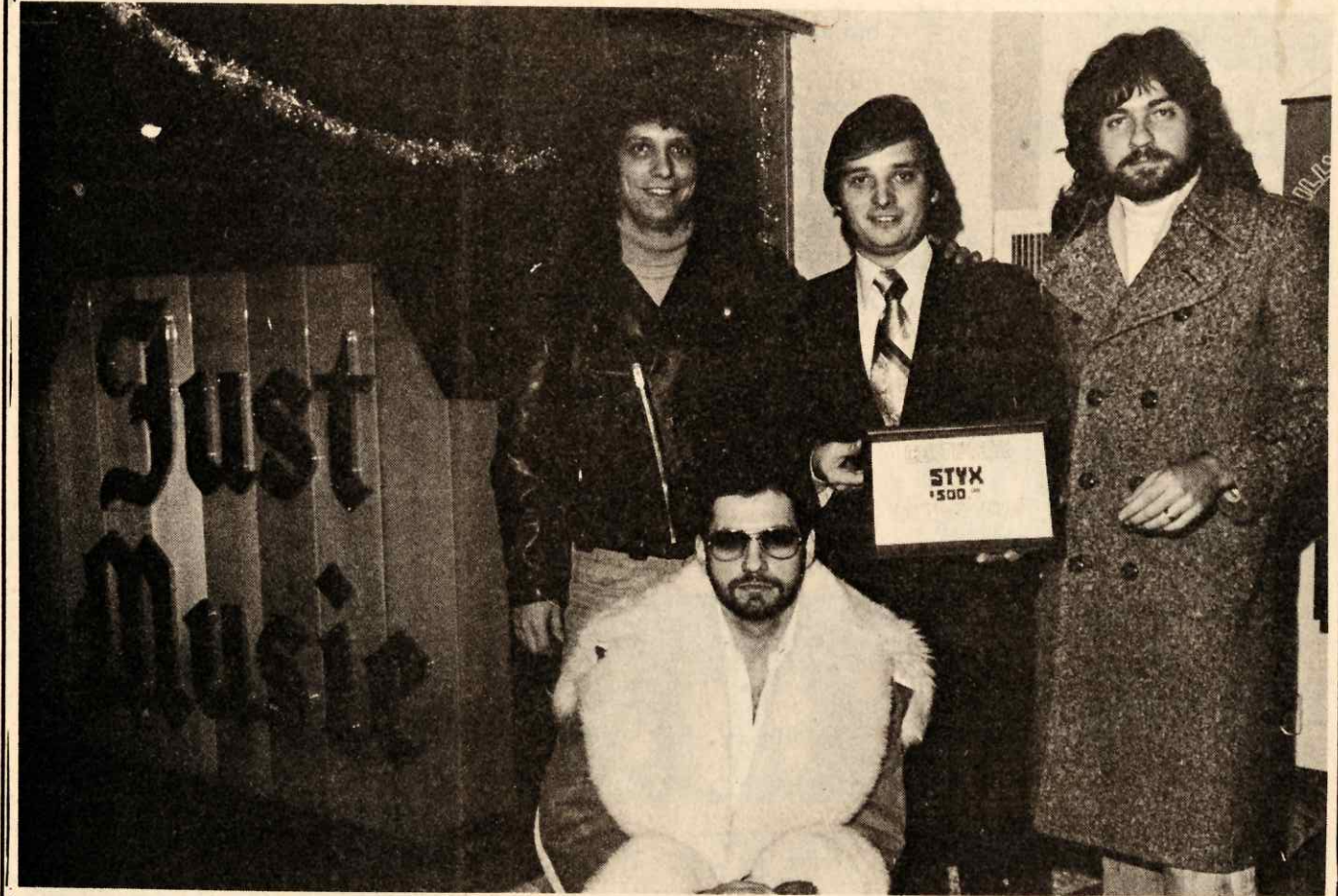
| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Jailbreak | |
| Thin Lizzy | 2.9% |
| Jazz Album | |
| Wired | |
| Jeff Beck | 50.9% |
| The Leprechaun | |
| Chick Corea | 6.2% |
| Journey to Love | |
| Stanley Clarke | 5.6% |
| Aurora | |
| Jean-Luc Ponty | 5.6% |
| Breezin' | |
| George Benson | 5.6% |
| Reggae Album | |
| Live | |
| Bob Marley and the Wailers | 41.0% |
| Rastaman Vibration | |
| Bob Marley and the Wailers | 29.6% |
| Legalize It | |
| Peter Tosh | 11.2% |
| Reggae Got Soul | |
| Toots and the Maytals | 7.9% |
| Follow My Mind | |
| Jimmy Cliff | 4.6% |
| Album Cover | |
| Wish You Were Here | |
| Pink Floyd | 13.9% |
| The Royal Scam | |
| Steely Dan | 8.2% |
| Siren | |
| Roxy Music | 7.7% |
| Presence | |
| Led Zeppelin | 5.3% |
| Crisis? What Crisis? | |
| Supertramp | 4.3% |
| Night on the Town | |
| Rod Stewart | 4.3% |
| Agents of Fortune | |
| Blue Oyster Cult | 4.3% |
| Boston | |
| Boston | 2.9% |
| Sunburst Finish | |
| BeBop Deluxe | 2.9% |
| Single | |
| Don't Fear the Reaper | |
| Blue Oyster Cult | 20.2% |
| Bohemian Rhapsody | |
| Queen | 11.5% |
| Crazy On You | |
| Heart | 9.1% |

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Lowdown | |
| Boz Scaggs | 6.7% |
| Show Me the Way | |
| Peter Frampton | 5.3% |
| Love Is the Drug | |
| Roxy Music | 4.3% |
| Fame | |
| David Bowie | 3.3% |
| Love Is Alive | |
| Gary Wright | 2.4% |
| Guitar | |
| Jimmy Page | 16.8% |
| Jeff Beck | 14.4% |
| Eric Clapton | 5.6% |
| Steve Miller | 5.3% |
| Peter Frampton | 5.3% |
| Ted Nugent | 4.3% |
| Pete Townshend | 3.3% |
| Keith Richard | 3.3% |
| Ritchie Blackmore | 2.9% |
| Buck Dharma | 2.4% |
| George Benson | 2.4% |
| Keyboards | |
| Keith Emerson | 18.7% |
| Chick Corea | 12.9% |
| Stevie Wonder | 11.0% |
| Elton John | 8.6% |
| Jan Hammer | 7.2% |
| George Duke | 4.8% |
| Patrick Moraz | 3.8% |
| Gary Wright | 3.8% |
| Herbie Hancock | 3.3% |
| Rick Wakeman | 2.9% |
| Bass | |
| Paul McCartney | 27.4% |
| Stanley Clarke | 20.2% |
| John Entwistle | 9.1% |
| Chris Squire | 6.2% |
| Phil Lynott | 3.8% |
| Family Man Barrett | 2.4% |
| Dave Holland | 1.9% |
| John Wetton | 1.9% |
| John Paul Jones | 1.9% |
| Drums | |
| Billy Cobham | 22.1% |
| Keith Moon | 21.6% |
| Carl Palmer | 7.2% |
| John Bonham | 4.8% |
| Charlie Watts | 3.3% |
| Cozy Powell | 2.9% |
| Bill Bruford | 1.9% |
| Neil Peart | 1.9% |

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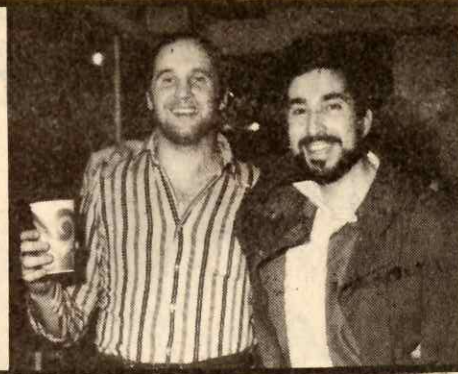
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- Ralph Towner 4.8%
- Bonnie Raitt 3.8%
- David Bromberg 2.4%
- Nancy Wilson 2.4%
- Joe Pass 2.4%

Trumpet

- Miles Davis 29.8%
- Maynard Ferguson 13.4%
- Freddie Hubbard 11.5%
- Dizzy Gillespie 8.2%
- Randy Brecker 6.2%
- Doc Severinson 1.9%
- Jim Horn 1.3%
- Thad Jones 1.3%

Harmonica

- Corky Siegel 38.5%
- Paul Butterfield 14.3%
- James Cotton 10.1%
- Junior Wells 8.9%
- Magic Dick 8.9%

- Southside Johnny 4.6%

Vibes

- Gary Burton 32.7%
- Roy Ayers 12.9%
- Milt Jackson 10.6%
- Cal Tajder 5.3%
- David Friedman 5.3%
- Lionel Hampton 2.9%
- Ruth Underwood 2.9%

Violin

- Jean-Luc Ponty 37.9%
- Papa John Creach 11.5%
- Michal Urbaniak 9.1%
- Vassar Clements 5.6%
- Rick Steinhardt 5.3%
- Stephane Grappelli 5.3%
- Andy Stein 3.3%

Flute

- Ian Anderson 4.8%
- Hubert Laws 7.2%
- Tim Weisberg 6.7%
- Herbie Mann 5.3%

- Yusef Lateef 4.8%
- Rahsaan Roland Kirk 4.8%
- Paul Horn 3.8%

Instrumental Potpourri

- Brian Eno 11.5%
- Steven Tyler 11.5%
- Leon Redbone 9.1%
- Eric Bloom 8.2%
- Tom Waits 7.2%
- Gil Scott-Heron 4.8%
- Dr. John 3.8%
- John Hartford 3.3%
- Peter Frampton 2.9%
- Bill Watrous 1.9%

Piano

- Keith Jarrett 13.4%
- Dave Brubeck 9.6%
- Randy Newman 6.7%
- McCoy Tyner 6.2%
- Elton John 6.2%
- Oscar Peterson 4.8%
- Bill Evans 4.8%
- Keith Emerson 4.3%
- Mose Allison 3.8%
- Thelonious Monk 3.3%
- Nicky Hopkins 3.3%

Sax

- John Klemmer 15.4%
- Tom Scott 10.6%
- Gato Barbieri 9.6%
- Sonny Rollins 5.6%
- Grover Washington 5.3%
- Clarence Clemmons 4.3%
- Wayne Shorter 4.3%
- Roger Ball 3.3%
- David Sanborn 2.9%
- Phil Woods 2.9%
- Edgar Winter 2.9%

Producer

- Bill Szyczyk 11.0%
- Jack Douglas 4.8%
- Allen Toussaint 4.8%
- Frank Zappa 4.3%
- Tom Dowd 4.3%
- George Martin 4.3%
- Bob Ezrin 3.8%
- Gamble&Huff 3.3%
- Roy Thomas Baker 2.9%
- John Cale 2.9%
- Eddie Offord 2.9%

Local act

- Styx 16.4%
- Baraboo 12.0%
- Cheap Trick 7.6%
- Jim Peterik 4.3%
- Pentwater 3.8%
- Zazu 3.2%
- Bill Quateman 3.2%

Concert hall

- The Auditorium 38.4%
- Aragon Ballroom 8.2%
- Stadium 5.6%
- Arie Crown Theatre 5.3%
- Riviera 3.3%
- Amazingrace 2.4%
- Uptown 2.4%
- Ivanhoe 1.9%

New Act

- Boston 27.9%
- Heart 20.7%
- Firefall 7.7%
- BeBop Deluxe 6.7%
- Patti Smith 6.7%
- Graham Parker 2.9%
- Hall&Oates 1.9%
- Southside Johnny 1.9%
- Starz 1.9%

Pantheon

- Jimi Hendrix 32.2%
- John Lennon 21.6%
- Brian Wilson 6.7%
- Ray Davies 5.3%
- Brian Jones 4.8%
- Iggy Pop 2.9%
- Jim Morrison 2.4%
- Gram Parsons 1.9%

Club

- Amazingrace 12.9%
- Ratso's 9.1%
- Wise Fool's Pub 8.6%
- Ivanhoe 7.2%
- B'Ginnings 7.2%
- Quiet Knight 3.8%
- Night Gallery 3.3%

Concert bravo

- Frampton/Yes 8.2%
- Elton John 6.7%

- The Who 4.8%
- Jethro Tull 4.8%
- Blue Oyster Cult 4.8%
- Wings 4.3%
- Queen 2.9%
- Genesis 2.4%
- Charlie Daniels Band/Outlaws 2.4%

Concert boo

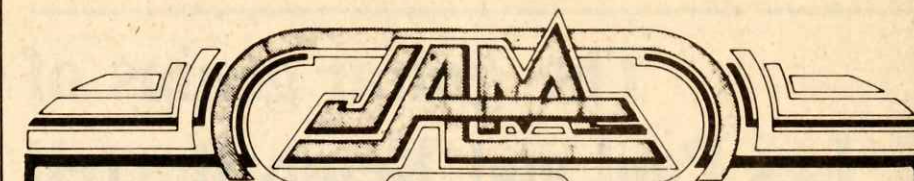
- Aerosmith/Beck 12.5%
- Elton John 6.2%
- Bachman-Turner Overdrive 2.9%
- Boston 2.9%
- Bay City Rollers 2.4%
- Doobie Brothers 2.4%
- Ted Nugent 1.9%
- Frampton/Yes 1.9%
- Kiss 1.9%

Rock critic

- Al Rudis 21.3%
- Lynne Van Matre 12.0%
- Patrick Goldstein 7.4%
- John Milward 5.5%
- Bruce Meyer 5.5%
- Mark Guncheon 5.5%
- Cynthia Dagnal 4.6%
- Bill Crowley 3.7%
- Mike McDonnell 3.7%



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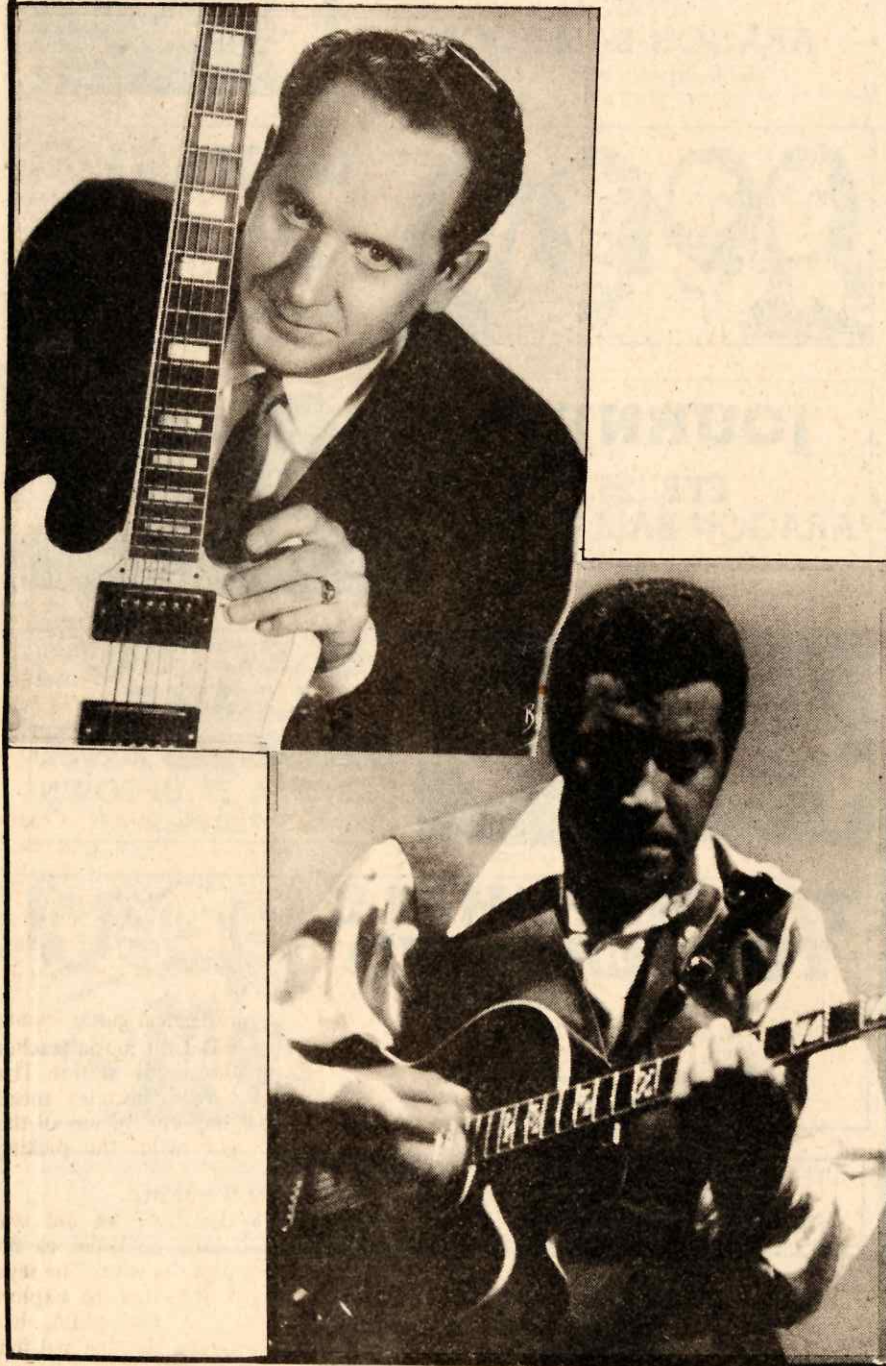
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JAZZ TALK:

The guitar genius of Les Paul and Kenny Burrell

by Larry Rohter and Bruce Dold



"I am as much an inventor as a musician," he says, and of course, he's right. Les Paul is probably the only guitar player in the world who can claim to have as many patents as gold records.

He is also one of the very few 60-year olds who can honestly say that he's an idol of the rock 'n' roll generation—musicians and listeners alike. The records Les Paul made in the early '50s with his wife Mary Ford—number one singles such as "How High The Moon," "Lover" and "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise"—may make the Aerosmith and Kiss fans laugh, but there's no doubt that they respect the solid-body, double-pickup electric guitar that bears Les Paul's name.

It's called "the Les Paul," and it's manufactured by Gibson Guitars, a branch of Chicago Musical Instruments. The Gibson people like to say that it's the most popular guitar in rock 'n' roll, and they're probably right. Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, Keith Richards, Duane Allman, Peter Greene, Mick Taylor and all the other British and American guitar heavies have played a Les Paul at some point in their career.

So when Les Paul goes on one of his periodic trips across the country, going from one music store to another to demonstrate the axe that bears his name and to talk with young guitar players who have bought it, he draws a young and awed crowd—which is exactly what a man who invented his first electric guitar in 1929, his first pickup in 1934, the first multi-track tape recorder in 1942, and the first eight-track recorder in 1954 deserves.

man Music Store in Rockville, Maryland recently, it wasn't his past achievements Les Paul wanted to talk about with the kids, who had come armed with autograph books and guitars, but a new invention, one that he's been working on for 25 years and will put on the market just as soon as he thinks the world is ready for it.

Les Paul's latest gadget is called the Les Paulverizer, and he thinks it's as revolutionary as anything he's ever developed—and that covers a lot of ground, since Paul, born Lester Polfus, has been inventing musical and electronic devices ever since leaving his hometown of Waukesha, Wisconsin at the age of 13, just half a semester short of graduating from the local high school.

"I've had over 90 offers to put the Les Paulverizer on the market," he says. "My little black box is gonna knock everyone out. With it, I can multiply my guitar into an orchestra and my voice into a glee club."

It's not quite as easy as he makes it sound. Though operating the Les Paulverizer is now basically questions of knowing which button to press and what

knob to turn, the original model was far more complicated and cumbersome. When Paul first constructed the Paulverizer in 1951, it weighed more than 1,100 pounds. Over the years, though, he has reduced its size and weight to the point where it can be attached to an ordinary electric guitar and will, with the mere flick of a switch, produce a variety of musical effects.

The black box enables Paul, for instance, to record and play back up to seven tracks of guitar and vocals, and also includes capabilities for changing speeds, storing prerecorded sounds, and adding vibrato, tremolo and echo. A natural ham, Paul attempts to make his black box look and sound like a toy when he demonstrates it to audiences, but it's clear nonetheless that the device is potentially a source for enormous innovation.

The standard Les Paul public appearance, whether in a music store, night club or concert hall, includes a demonstration of what he can make the Paulverizer do. To the sound of a tape of the voice of Bing Crosby—the man whom Paul accompanied after leaving Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in the late '30s and the man for whom Paul first designed many now-standard recording devices—he laid down one guitar track after another, adding counterpoint and filigree as he progressed, using the various buttons and knobs on the Paulverizer to make his guitar sound like an organ, bass, drums and horns.

The effect was similar to that of Ravel's "Bolero," where one section of the orchestra after another comes in—except that here it was only one man, using a little black box and six strings to add to Crosby's voice a complete background. The crowd, of course, loved it, laughing and applauding as Paul dubbed on each new track and played back the final result.

Most of the modifications on the Les Paulverizer have been made in the 29-room mansion in Mahwah, New Jersey that functions as Paul's home, laboratory and recording studio. Paul has been divorced from Mary Ford for a dozen years, but his three sons often work with him in the studio.

"I've got \$200,000 worth of guitars lying around the house and two of my sons end up playing the goddamned drums," he jokes. The third son is a recording engineer at a studio in New York.

The home studio has been used by performers as diverse as Aretha Franklin and Led Zeppelin, so Paul manages to stay in touch with most of the major trends in pop music. He'll also occasionally engage in a marathon record-listening session—about once every five years or so. It was at one of those sampling sessions in 1968 that he was introduced to the likes

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of Eric Clapton, Alvin Lee and Jimi Hendrix.

"When I heard that Hendrix record," Paul recalls, "I immediately said to my girlfriend 'give me that record. Who is this guy?' When I looked at the cover, I realized I had met him many years ago. It must have been in 1963 or 1964.

"You see, I was on my way down to Philly from Jersey and I stopped in this little roadhouse off the Turnpike. I was in a hurry so I couldn't stay too long and didn't get the guy's name. He was amazing, though, and on my way back I stopped to see him again. But he was gone; the club owner said he had been fired for playing too weird, and didn't know where I could find him.

"So when I finally met Jimi at Electric Lady studios, I told him about it, and he laughed and laughed. We had a good relationship—he used to come to me for advice when he was putting his own studio together."

Nowadays Paul's favorites include jazz guitarists George Benson and Pat Martino, whom he sees as the descendants of his two favorites, Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian. On the high-energy side, his favorites are Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and Jeff Beck. He likes them so much, in fact, that he's talking about touring with them.

"The three of us have talked about it, and we'd all love to do it. We'd have a ball together, tangling every night like that. We'd do sets separately, but then we'd jam together."

Paul's performing career has revived only recently. For more than a decade he didn't tour or record, but in the last year he's not only been on the road but also recorded two albums. The first record, made in Nashville with Chet Atkins, is a light-hearted romp through jazz and country standards, but the second, done with French jazz violinist Stephane Grappelli, hasn't yet been released.

Through it all, Paul retains his interest in the young and unknown musicians. They're the ones, after all, who have made the Les Paul guitar their favorite—and made Les Paul the man a millionaire. He sold the rights to the guitar, which was derided as an "electric broomstick" when he first tried to market it in the late '40s, for a substantial sum and still receives royalties on each one sold.

"I want to answer the kids' questions," he says. "I want to hear their problems and even repair their guitars if they want me to."

He does take, it seems, an intense interest in the questions and complaints the young guitar players bring to him. He's full of recommendations about

strings, pickups, amplifiers, picks and all the other accoutrements of the electric guitar. And he loves to take his little screwdriver and fool with the wiring if one of his fans has a problem.

"What the hell," he says. "I've made a million from my records, I've made a million from my inventions, and I've made a million as a producer. At this point in my life, I can do anything I damn well please."

The people who knew about such things claim Detroit is a dying city. The Detroit police cannot control the local criminals who terrorize Detroit citizens, and the citizens can't control the corruption that grips the police. It's a circle that says the Motor City needs an overhaul.

But Detroit can point to its history to retain some respect, and that linked to Chicago, and the city has weaned many of the biggest names in jazz. Thad, Hank and Elvin Jones, as well as Tommy Flanagan are natives.

Last month Chicago hosted one of Detroit's best known jazz natives, Kenny Burrell, at Ratso's.

Burrell's background sounds like a textbook example of Detroit tradition. His mother sang in the church choir and his father, a mechanic, played ukelele and banjo and sang. His brothers all played instruments, so he was naturally introduced to music.

Guitar was Burrell's first instrument, but he nearly gave it up. He played bass in the high school orchestra because "the guitar was considered illegitimate, not accepted in some circles."

He played guitar in a small jazz group, but he admits "I sort of wanted to be a saxophone player to be different from my brother."

Benny Goodman's guitarist, Charlie Christian, saved him from that fate. "There were guitars lying around the house so I thought I'd try it," he says. "Charlie Christian was the reason I stuck with it. When I heard him play, the guitar was not bad, it measured up to other instruments."

Burrell took classical guitar lessons from Joe Fayva, a Detroit music teacher who worked for a local radio station. The classical lessons helped Burrell's speed and style by teaching him to use all the fingers on his right hand, the picking hand. Nat King Cole's trio guitarist.

"Most of the stuff he did was background, you have to listen to the second layer, get past the vocal," he says. "He was one of the first to explore modern harmony on the guitar, like counter-lines, clusters. He also had that rare ability to play with the piano. A

lot of guitarists can't do that because it's two chord instruments and if you're not careful they clash."

Detroit and Chicago have a common lament. Burrell was no exception, he moved to New York and made a name working with Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, and later with his own bands. Over the years he has worked with Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonslaves, Gil Evans and others.

Burrell's style doesn't fit into jazz labels. He listened to big band guitarists of the '30s and small group performers of the '40s and '50s. He has worked with big band leaders, be bop musicians and modernists. His tone is usually full, and his technique flawless. The overall impression suggests that Burrell is a traditionalist. He plays a custom-made 30-year-old guitar that he says is "acoustically perfect."

Yet it will never rock your spine. Burrell is rarely loud or overwhelming, and his rhythm patterns don't suggest the contemporary styles.

Nor will he condemn the powerful jazz-rock guitarists so popular today. "The only criterion I have is, if they can live with it, do it," he says. "There's no rules. We can sit down and say we know why he did this, and often we conclude it's based on money. But some people, money makes them happy. If they can sleep at night and look into the mirror at themselves and deal with life then I can't fault them."

Burrell's own current passion is production. He produced his last two albums for Fantasy, "Sky Street" and "Ellington Is Forever." To the disappointment of some guitar fans, he played sparingly on both.

But he defends his approach to the Ellington tribute. "It was my way to help perpetuate what he was doing. I wasn't thinking of it in terms of a guitar record. I didn't play on some tunes because I didn't want to. I felt the music was more important than my playing every track."

Burrell's newest release follows the pattern. He produced it, and the

album features pianist Kirk Lightsey and sax-flute man Jerome Richardson as much as Burrell's guitar. Lightsey is a fascinating pianist whose fervent right hand and arrangement of "Habiba" call McCoy Tyner to mind. The album is accessible to non-jazz listeners, while still appealing to traditionalists.

Burrell intends to keep producing but not to sacrifice his playing. He has another Ellington tribute due in March, and, yes, he won't play on every cut. But he talks of a possible solo album of Ellington music, and dismisses talk that he is neglecting his guitar work on the recent releases.

Burrell is a traditional stylist experimenting within his mode. Things look good for him. He has maintained success through several jazz revolutions and generations. He has kept the audience built through the years, and he has found a niche with the young listeners who have worked their way from John McLaughlin and Jeff Beck to Wes Montgomery and Charlie Christian... and Kenny Burrell.



TRIAD SPOTLIGHT

CHEAP TRICK - CHEAP TREAT:

Chicago's bar-rockers make good

by Cary Baker

Rick Nielsen looks as if he'd be anything but a rock'n'roll lead guitarist. Even a world calloused to such visual anomalies of the savage guitar of Ace Frehley, Quay Lewd and Roy Wood will shudder at the sight of Nielsen cradling his custom-built Hamer.

On initial inspection, he's the sort of guy you invariably want to write off as the "Mr. Common Sense" that Firesign theatre probed. He looks like an unlikely hybrid of Stan Laurel and Bill Haley—tall, lamppost thin and progressively balding around an isthmus of foliated pate. His wardrobe of baggy pants, cardigans and U.S. Keds is straight out of early Collegian Wonk by way of latter-day Salvation Army. He looks so, well, *straight*, that you'd never think to talk rock'n'roll in his presence. Baseball perhaps.

Until, that is, Rick Nielsen sidesteps his Average Joe facade to assume his nightly task as maniacal leader of Cheap Trick. The Trick, for those who haven't caught the band in their innumerable Chicago area nightery stints, have become the rock'n'roll band the midwest never had. They've done it by standing clear of the Midwest typecast. Their sound is planted firmly in Move-era Britania, their show deep-seated in primal craziness and undeniable musical expertise.

Following three years of solid gigging, everywhere from Huey's to Max's and CBGB's in New York, Cheap Trick has signed with Epic Records to work under the production auspices of Jack Douglas (father-figure to Aerosmith, Starz and Patti Smith). Industry moguls look to the merry Tricksters to be, bluntly, huge. Already, several dozen bands of lesser stature grope for the opportunity to showcase alongside Cheap Trick, some providing their services *gratis*. Legions of fans don't hesitate to travel 25, 50, even 100 miles to see them in a club appearance. And the *Sun-Times* made them the first rock band in recent memory to appear on the cover of "Midwest" weekly supplement.

Their success was far from an accident. It dates to a master plan drawn up three years ago. The mission: Stardom.

Nielsen and bassist Tom Peterson came to Cheap Trick as veterans of a band called Fuse, who in the late 60's recorded an album and some singles for Epic. The group had a hard time sustaining in the face of an album they felt was unrepresentative. Despite the addition of two ex-members of the Nazz (Todd Rungren's first group), Fuse soon went



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the way of the four winds. Occasionally, a copy of their LP will turn up in the bargain bins.

Nielsen shrugs off questions relevant to Fuse, much to the frustration of the rabid rock historian. But even this obscure breed finds that in Cheap Trick, all yesterdays are immaterial. Fuse matters to Cheap Trick about as much as the Herd does to fans of today's Peter Frampton.

In the more immediate Cheap Trick genealogy, following the demise of Fuse and some time spent across the Atlantic, was an outfit called Sick Man Of Europe. But, like Joni's free man in Paris, nobody called them up for favors. They did, however, get to tour with Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, Foghat and the Raspberries and did some scattered studio work in Philadelphia with Thom Mooney and Stewekey, the former Nazzers.

Mahavishnu touring with an incarnation of Cheap Trick? Hold the presses!

"We were compatible if you didn't take the collaboration too seriously," Nielsen said. "We had a riot every night, carrying on and making fun of a musically hilarious situation."

Somewhere along the way, Nielsen and Peterson crossed paths with Robin Zander, a throaty singer who both looked and sounded too British to be from the Midwest. To man the drums, they chanced upon Bun E. Carlos, a Rockford-based MELOW (Move/Electric Light Orchestra/Wizzard) devotee and a ravenous record collector.

On stage, Cheap Trick has all the properties of a motley crew. Perched at stage left, Rick leaps atop p.a.'s, pokes out the acoustic paneling above the stage with his guitar (replaced between sets) and flips a good \$10 worth of picks into the audience, all while he contorts his most remarkable rubber face. On the cover of Fuse's album, Rick was pictured with long, flowing hair. Today, he's nattily barbered and proud. "Sharp!" he supplements, "Just the way the women like me."

Vocalist Robin Zander is given to three-piece suits, only to shed all but shirt, vest and pants by the end of the first set. Of the four Tricksters, Robin and Tom look like rock stars. It's almost astounding that one as pretty as Robin can sing up such a storm; from Elvis staccato to Artful Dodger smoothe, Robin can tackle it all. And when a concert-goer tires momentarily of Nielsen's antics, Robin's angelic good looks provide visual solace.

In the back is Bun E. Carlos, who apart from being a walking encyclopedia of rock'n'roll and blues (every label, session date and date or release at his beck and call), is one drummer who's



actually sold short by words like energetic. Bun spares us solos but brings the drums upfront, using them as a conduit to move through the set. During intermission, it's not uncommon to see Bun roaming the perimeter of the club beating an invisible set of drums. For one such as Bun, who's got the big beat indelibly stamped in his soul, it's odd that he looks even less like a rock star than Nielsen. Giving more of the appearance of a clerk in a general store than a rock 'n'roll drummer, Bun's tie is forever loosened, his vest interminably crumpled.

But the whole success behind the Cheap Trick visual schema is that looks *do* deceive. What they lack in visual homogeneity is compensated for in contiguous Brito-pop with an edge. While they've often been reprimanded as "loud," the Trick's is beautiful volume, sharp as a stiletto with or without their Marshalls cranked to the max. It starts with some of the strongest new rock the mid-'70s have fostered laced with a cutting dose of aphorism, much of which is unfortunately lost to the evening's madness.

Consider the titles: "He's A Whore," "Dream Police," "ELO Kiddies," "Dealer Dealer," "Isn't Life Boring," and the *tour de force*, "The Ballad of Richard Speck," caustically eyed as the single off the forthcoming album.

That's a roster to rival that of any CBGB band in the Big Apple. And the crazed acumen doesn't end with the titles: the names are merely calling cards for a repertoire that doesn't let up. Cheap Trick is one of the few Midwest bands that refuse to play cover tunes, except for three that remind the audience of time in a musical fantasyland where time otherwise ceases to matter: Dylan's "Please Mrs. Henry," Manfred Mann's "Prayer" and the Stones' "Not Fade Away," replete with maraccas, in a way that would do Nanker Phelge proud.

At any rate, Rick Nielsen is proud, and with good reason. Three years ago, he and his cohorts sat down to mastermind a Midwest band equipped to shed Midwest constraints (those inadvertently set forth by the likes of Jim Peterik, the Eddie Boy Band, Heartsfield) in favor of a show that kicked ass musically with enough earthly beauty and comedic diversions to captivate everyone. Great care was taken in choosing an image (although Nielsen backed away when asked to describe this image: "I've never seen the group in person," he snapped).

The memorability factor of the group's image is underscored by a logo, the words "Cheap Trick" etched in sloppy pica type. Bumper stickers bearing this nameplate are seen everywhere from briefcases to tollbooths. Black T-shirts

(a la Beserkley) with white Cheap Trick letters are to be found in the closets of John Lennon, Keith Richard and Mick Ralphs. Manager Ken Adamany recently spotted one on the French Riviera and realized his Midwest bevy was golden there and then. And Nielsen, surely the one to know, insists there's a go-go girl somewhere in the Midwest who flaunts a pair of Cheap Trick pasties.

Nielsen, above and beyond his role as jokester of the group, is a guitarist scene-watchers have an eye on. His photo appeared recently in *Melody Maker* endorsing Hamer guitars. Hamer, a Wilmette-based guitar maker, has sold his odd, angular guitars to Ian Anderson and Mick Ralphs, but Nielsen is his particular pride and joy. Hamer has rarely missed a Cheap Trick performance, even if it necessitates a two-hour drive to Rockford, DeKalb or Milwaukee.

Nielsen owns 25 guitars, including two 100-year-old Martins. Approximately ten of them accompany him to each gig. "And I own a '54 Les Paul. And a '56 Les Paul. And a '57 Les Paul. And a '58 Les Paul . . ."

Yeah, Rick, we catch your drift! "And a '59 Les Paul. And a '60 Les Paul . . ."

He stopped to catch his breath. "I hope this doesn't make me sound like

some guitarists' guitarist." If it does, it needn't.

Cheap Trick's music is a pastiche of influences, past and present, and yet the boys are hesitant to cite their heroes. Asked who he listened to, Rick replied "the radio." And the Trick would have no objection to having their own music emanate from every car radio. The album (due for January release) is being produced with this possibility in mind while anything but resigned to it.

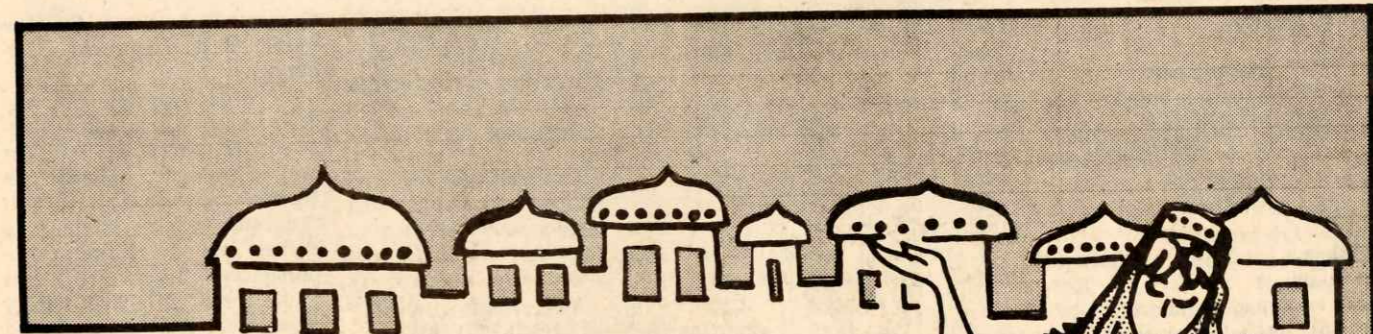
Eventual goals? Fantasies? Rock dreams?

"Yeah," Nielsen replied, "I'd like to see Bette Midler record one of my tunes."

Is he serious?

"Never in public."

It's time the Windy City cast into the arena a rock 'n' roll band to rival the top brass. Six years after it's become evident that J.W. Guercio's booming brass fraternity will never rock again, Cheap Trick has come as something of a savior; local crowds are for the first time in years going *crazy* over a local band. Local boys make good. And we won't even tell 'em on either coast that Rockford isn't an exclusive lakefront neighborhood. △



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I don't know why.
Ya call someplace paradise
Kiss it goodbye.
—Eagles

The ratings:

- ***** Masterpiece
- **** Superior, buy it
- *** Solid, hear it
- ** Weak, occasionally interesting
- * Worthless

Eagles; Hotel California (Asylum)

Cutting down this album—the Eagles' weakest and most relentlessly boring—is akin to the hatchet job these freeway desperados do on their own spiritual home: California.

Even if their clumsy view of a jaded and fatalistic California mythos were to ring more true than it does, there is a smug piousness to their cynicism that suggests they haven't given this image as much thought as they think they have.

The Walsh for Leadon trade was a bad one for the home team, as Bernie has one of the most versatile and classy acts in the league. Good timing, Bernie! Walsh, who's never written a song half as good as Leadon's "My Man," does deserve credit

for supplying the albums *only* rock'n'roll tune, although it really only sounds high energy in comparison to the surrounding pap.

Musically, the changes seem stiff, the textures thin. Even the strongest tunes here would be mere filler on any of the previous four Eagles albums. The tight and lively sound—a distillation of 10 years of Southern California rock—that they perfected on their earlier records (the first 2½ produced brilliantly by Glyn Johns!) has little relation to Bill Szymczyk's flatter sounds, the tired pompous tempos, and the overly long embarrassingly serious songs. A sad resignation has hit this band hard.

It's hard to believe that Glenn Frey, who cut his rock'n'roll teeth playing and singing on Bob Seger's "Rambling Gambling Man," would even want to listen to a record this wimpy.

Joni Mitchell; Hejira (Asylum)

A tentative step back toward accessibility after the popular rejection of "Hissing," her last album. This one's ambience is even more monochromatic than *Blue*, and more dreamlike than *For the Roses*.

As a lyricist Joni's as

personal and articulate as Jackson Browne, but she's more sophisticated in her use of metaphor and image to achieve some detachment from her subject matter—which is usually herself. Where Jackson's songs are the fruits of often self-deprecating introspection, Joni's seem like more instinctive reflections on concrete incident.

The barely audible rhythm section (occasionally just bass) adequately holds the tunes together, and the settings are consistently colored by Joni's and Larry Carlton's dreamily reverberant guitars.

Yes, *Court and Spark* probably was a fluke, but this, like all her albums, deserves scrutiny.

The James Montgomery Band; (Island)

Having long since given up these Beantown blues rockers for dead, it's a pleasure to dig their rock steady return impeccably produced by Allen Touissant, whose wisely drawn out much more rhythm from their blues.

The question of whether white folks can play soul music was thoroughly answered by AWB, and this disc is far better than AWB's latest, if

a bit more basic.

For parties and purists, both.

Graham Parker and the Rumour; Heat Treatment (Mercury)

Where *Howling Wind* suggested early Them and Springsteen, this album extends that range through *Blonde on Blonde* and the Sun records catalogue while establishing Parker and the Rumour's uniqueness. Parker's writing is more consistently high energy than ever, and he is blessed by the refined rock history sensibilities of Bob Andrews, Brinsley Schwartz, and former Ducks Deluxe leader (a moment of silence for the Ducks, Pub rock lives as New Jersey hibernates.

Allman Bros. Band; Wipe the Windows... (Capricorn)

For necrophiliacs only. Extra half star for not killing off a band member to hype the album.

Jackson Browne; The Pretender (Asylum)

This album has so many good things going for it, it's hard, happily, to know where to start.

PHELGE'S



1000 DANCES

Few have ever questioned his exceptional writing skills since he accompanied Nico doing "These Days" at The Dom on St. Marks Pl. in 1967.

Despite the general excellence of his three previous albums there were always a few spots where the chemistry between Jackson, the band, and the tunes seemed flawed. Every track on *The Pretender* is *locked*. The playing is the tightest, the arrangements the most sympathetic, and the mix the clearest and the most distinct of any California disc in a long while. And most important, Jackson has never performed better. His singing is stronger and more convincing than ever, and although he only performs instrumentally on one cut, his presence dominates the songs without overwhelming the fine music.

The Jacksons (Epic)

With at least a dozen of the best tracks in the Motown catalogue, it's hard to imagine this group on any other label.

But the change from one hit factory (Motown) to another (Philly International) comes at precisely the time when father/manager Joe Jackson is attempting to broaden the group's appeal via Las Vegas and television.

This disc has nothing as frantic as "Dancing Machine," but displays on the other hand that the guys can handle a more mature pop/soul approach with ease. Gamble and Huff and their colleges supply less than their best songs, but the superior arrangements (especially Dexter Wansel's take up

He used to rock 'n' roll. Remember "Doctor My

Eyes"? Before there were any Eagles, on the stage of the Quiet Knight, Jackson armed with only his acoustic guitar, began his opening act solo set with a high energy double dose of rock'n'roll dynamite called "Take It Easy," and blew the walls down.

There'll always be rock 'n'roll festering just under this kid's skin. I hope he finds a way to get it out.

Archie Bell and the Drells; Where Will You Go When The Party's Over (Philly International)

Competent energetic disco music (and most Phill. I. stuff is at least that) is plenty enjoyable just to listen to. It's also recommended as accompaniment for house painting, push-ups, or any other mindless activity you're prone to. It'll help you get through the dishes a lot faster than Pink Floyd.

Streisand/Kristofferson; A Star is Born (Columbia)

On the record at least, the exchange of energy Kris announces never does happen. He and Barb get it on separately and infrequently.

The only tune Kris can get a handle on is the opener "Watch closely Now." The silver tongued movie star ought to sing rock'n'roll more often.

Barb doesn't seem to nail down anything until the finale, which opens with her patented torchy delivery and trans-

forms mid-way into a fiery romp through the same tune Kris opened with.

Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams; Laverne and Shirley Sing (Atlantic)

The most imaginative thing about this record is the title. Don't buy it unless you have a Fonzie poster on your wall.

Johnny Cougar; Incident on Chestnut Street (MCA)

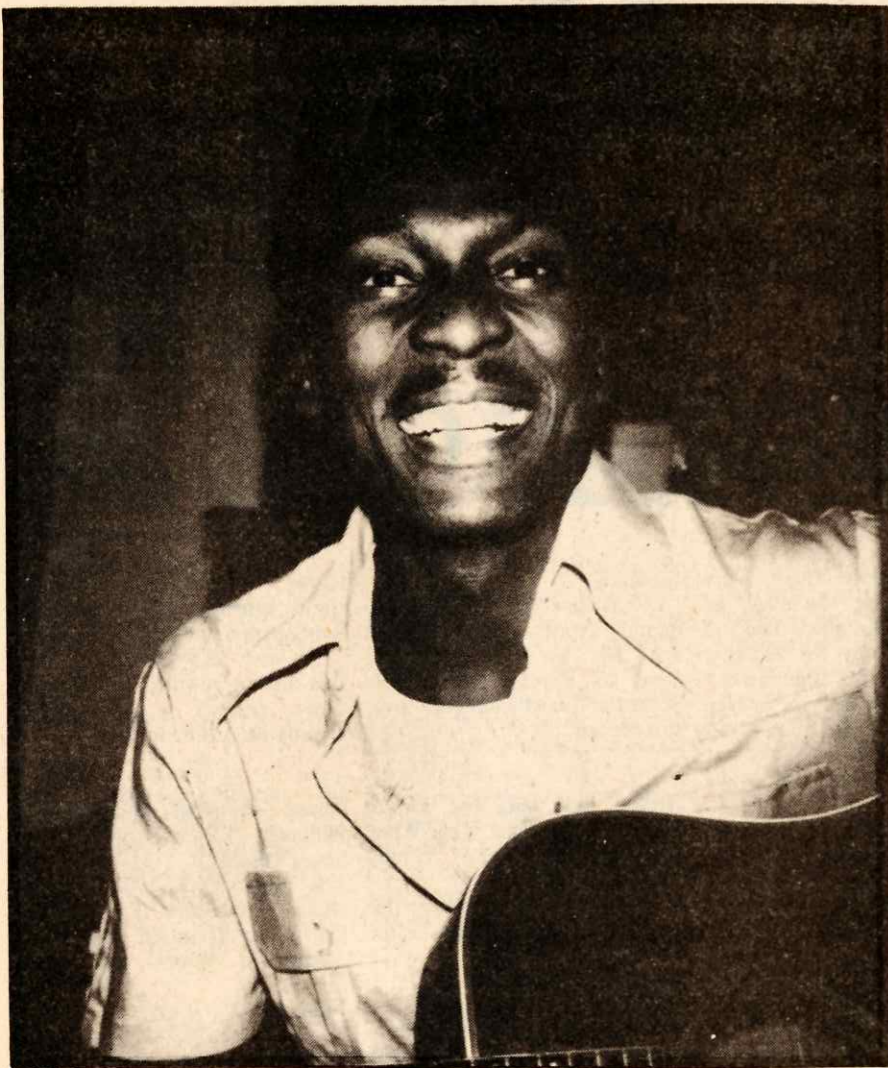
Sample lyric: "But at school the young boys would assemble down at the parking lot; And we spoke of the homecoming queen and all the goodies she got. Well those stories would choke a semi. And every dare was do or die Hey but ain't that the American dream."

The Quick; Mondo Deco (Mercury)

White dopes on punk. Mondo bullshit from Kim Fowley.

REGGAE Riffs

by Dr. Ganja



JIMMY CLIFF

It's election year in Jamaica again, and opposition to President Michael Manley's Labor rule has been steadily rising. American newspapers have been full of accounts of terrorism on the island, but those stories usually don't make their way out of the travel section. Since Jamaica's bauxite exports have fallen off even more than the illegal trade in botanical products, tourism was the big business. Danger in the streets of Kingston, no longer limited to the Trenchtown slums of which the Wailers and others have been singing, has curtailed the visits by foreigners. As Manley has tried to clamp down on terrorist opposition, he appears to have inadvertently caused harm to some of the island's best musical talent.

Although you would have been hard pressed to find the notice in the daily press, terrorists broke into the home of Bob Marley early in December, intent on exacting reprisals for Marley's benefit performances in Manley's behalf. Manley, responsible for the recent crackdown on pirate recording duplicators, had placed himself in the role of friend to the musicians. The terrorists struck at him through Marley and company when the oppositionists burst into the house, shooting everyone in sight. Luckily, Marley escaped with a relatively minor wound in his arm, but wife Rita, who has been credited with writing much of the Wailers' recent material, was shot in the head. Several other friends, including a personal manager, were seriously wound-

ed. This incident took place just as rumours about a possible Marley-Bruce Springsteen tour were beginning to circulate.

Meanwhile, reggae's first international star, pop singer Jimmy Cliff, was just beginning to reap the commercial harvest of his latest album, **In Concert, The Best of Jimmy Cliff** (Reprise MS 2256). As one of the best songs on that album puts it, "You can get it if you really want/But you must try. . . You'll succeed at last." Well, to many of us, it looks like Cliff has given up trying ever since he popularized that song in the Jamaican movie, **The Harder They Come**. Four or five years is a long time to rest on your past success, but Cliff seems to be enjoying it.

Faced with the problem of standing ground amidst the growing popularity of other Jamaican artists, and seeing Marley replace him as king, Cliff has chosen a most questionable tactic—the release of a live album which contains no new material. Even more disappointingly, the versions of those 'hits' on this album are not substantially different from the original studio versions. If anything, the live recordings do not consistently do justice to the originals. Marley's live album is a classic example of a live album rejuvenating older material and providing new interpretations which actually increase the understanding of the songs. While not as crassly commercial as a studio 'best of' collection, Cliff's album is the antithesis of Marley's.

One must ask why on earth Cliff would choose to release this disk at this point (one assumes he'd like to cash in on the reggae boom and the Christmas rush). As is the case with many greatest hits collections, Cliff has changed labels many times, so no one company owns rights to all of the hits. His current company owns none of the originals. Even so, if Cliff and his company were really artistically concerned, they could have released a live set recorded in a club. His last appearance in Chicago, at the Quiet Knight, far surpassed the excitement, vitality and dynamic instrumentation of this record, which was recorded at an unnamed large concert this past summer.

As recorded, the horn section sounds pathetically weak while the girl chorus serves only to put an embarrassingly thin layer of sweetener on Cliff's vocals. Blessed with one of the smoothest voices in reggae, Cliff has let the virility of his instrumental backing group suffer here.

The guitar work sounds rudimentary at best, and serves only to keep the rhythm. In the final mix, the bass player, Diggle, is nearly lost in some passages and uninspiring on others. The only thing you hear well enough, besides Cliff, is the crowd, whose cheers tell you that they like what they hear. They probably didn't know they would have a chance to buy it soon.

Jimmy Cliff would do well to take the advice of Max Romeo, who seems to be the most exciting first-release artist for a long time. The opening cut of his album, **War In A Babylon** (Island 9392) exhorts us to press "onward forward, don't step backward" and castigates the false rastas who wear dreadlocks one day, become clean shaven baldheads the next, and live with their ears to the cash-box.

To hear the tale of Max Romeo's career, you know that he has gone forward. In 1968, he was making hits with names like "Wet Dream," "Pussy Watch Man," and "Wine Her Goosie." Since then, he has found his call to Jah (he became a Rastafarian) and has teamed up with one of reggae's most talented producers, Lee Perry. Perry not only produces Max these days, but he also co-writes most of Max's material with him. The result of the collaboration is an album of social comment, imagination, and strong musical integrity. The best overall LP since Tosh's solo album, **War In A Babylon** combines a sense of social outrage with a spirituality which is conspicuously lacking from Tosh's work. While not as explicitly oriented toward Marcus Garvey's back-to-Africa ideal, Max manages to convey his spiritual ideas on a day-to-day level that only **Rastaman Vibration** Wailers have approached.

Romeo and Perry accomplish this through a number of vocal-instrumental tactics. The best example of their approach comes in "Tan and See," which is structured around the simple but captivating refrain "the more you look, the less you see/the less you look is the more you see." The keys to the success of this song are the featured bass lines (all of the musicians are uncredited, unfortunately) and the female chorus in the harmonies. Lest the comparison to the Wailers seem rash, it must be noted that one of the two harmonists is Marcia Griffiths of the I Three, whose presence made the last three Wailers albums so irresistible.

There is not a weak song on the album, and the other tunes range from dealing with the familiar, though in this case not quite predictable, "War in A Babylon" to the rhythmic delight of "Smokey Room," in which the vocals function just as much as rhythm instruments as the guitar and bass. Along the way, you can find an explanation of why "Uptown Babies don't cry" and believe

it or not, a pledge from Max that he's going to put on an iron shirt and chase the devil out of Earth. After hearing his music, that boast is welcomed.

Max Romeo, like Jimmy Cliff, makes music which is essentially vocal-oriented. Romeo's similarity to recent studio Wailers efforts ends with the lyrics and vocals. Instrumentally, the new release by Answad comes much closer to, due in part to the excellent bass guitar of Ras (who also receives credit for herb) and the lead guitar of Dee Griffiths. The vocals on the album, simply called **Answad** (Island 9399), consist largely of four part harmonies in the upper registers, similar to the progressive soul-influenced harmonies of Third World (who are overdue on the release of their second album).

As evidenced by the frontispiece of the album, Answad is a group of musicians dedicated to Rastafarianism: on the cover you find a large, stylized lion wearing a

crown and holding an ankh staff, all imperial symbols of the conquering Lion of Judah, Haile Selassie. The songs too, deal with tenets of the faith, particularly the Garvey prophecy that the hope in the future lies in abandoning Babylon and migrating to Ethiopia.

Answad shows a lot of potential for popular radio play, both because they combine some of the most interesting features of several other bands and also since their vocals and backing sound are not foreign to American ears. The song "Back to Africa" manifests this quality most directly, due to the haunting hey-board refrain and silken harmonies. Add to that the fact that Khaki's keyboard style comes as close to a popular jazz style than we've heard in reggae to date. The music of Answad flows through your ears, buoyed by the percussive qualities that make reggae a hard sound to shake. △



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RANSOM NOTES

by Scott Fivelson

Tragic news hummed across the wires from the Rocky Mountain National Park near Boulder, Colorado, last Sunday, as the easy listening world learned of the untimely death of former Chad Mitchell Trio member, John Denver. The singer, who in recent years has earned some recognition and a great deal of popularity as the repetitive penner of nature ballads, was reported to have been dressed in backpack and posing for a mountain climbing photo for an upcoming album, only moments before the horrendous accident that took his life.

Top-flight L.A. graphic artist Ed Thrasher said that Denver had just completed hammering a piton into a crevice on the beginner's slope, when, apparently overwhelmed by a natural high brought on by the scenery, he let loose with a piercing, "Faaarrrr out!" An uneasy rumbling followed, and as Denver's expression of bovine tranquility changed to horror, a rolling procession of crags and boulders began to pour down the mountainface. In less than a minute the rockslide was over, but there was no sign of the euphoric folksy.

Hours later, a search party was still gathering slowly in the National Park community, with a few volunteers being drawn from the mainly disco-listening audience at surrounding ski resorts. A rescue expedition from RCA records was launched in an effort to locate their million-dollar property, and in the 26th hour, they met with success, when they were led to his body by a chipmunk. As it was noted on several news reports, RCA execs discovered that Denver's rotting carcass had, ironically, been picked to the bones by ravenous eagles.

Thrasher, who during the accident had been standing at a safe distance with his camera, said that he managed to snap several action shots of Denver hurtling through the air. The best of these will now be included on the cover of *The Last of John Denver*,

tentatively scheduled for posthumous release in March.

Wings keyboardist and lead wife Linda McCartney tells the story behind the band's recent single, "Let 'Em In": "You see, we was sittin' in our farmhouse in Scotland—just me and Paul and the little 'uns—when suddenly there's a knock at the door. So I'm starting to do the natural thing, which is to get up and answer it, when Paul whispers, 'Don't answer the door, it's that bloody John. Just be mum and pretend we're not home.'

I said, 'Even if you're not gonna answer it, I am,' to which Paul said, 'Aw com'on, do me a favor,' but I said no, and then he said, 'Do it, and you ain't gettin' no more tunes on me albums,' to which I could only laugh.

"But the biggest laugh of all come when I opened the door. Who do you think it is standing out there all alone in the cold without any mittens? It's poor friggin' Ringo. Well, we gave Ringo a couple of shillings and he went away and I guess that's the end of the story."

Asked why the tune "Let 'Em In" casts Paul in the role of the one who wants



"Well, there's a rap-rap again and you can imagine I'm thinking this is queer, and I says, 'you can't not let John in—go open the door.' Then our youngest starts bawling and Paul threatens to toss it in the fireplace if the bugger don't clam up, and he says to me, 'He just wants to talk about the bleeding reunion. I'm not gonna let 'em in.'

By this time, John had stopped knockin' at the door and now he had started ringin' the bell. The whole scene was just becoming too much blasted rubbish for me, so

to answer the door, Linda remarked, "He's a good one for taking the credit, ain't he?"

High on the charts and still rising is the most recent release from Atlantic recording artists, *The Spinners*. The song they put on sizzling vinyl: "Rubberband Man," a cut off the concept album conceived and written by famed Grammy-collector Stevie Wonder that has for its theme the seldom sung about, but still universal topic

of "office supplies." Elucidates Spinner Billy Henderson: "Rubberband Man," "Funky Stapler," "Shake That Paperclip"—this is where the group is at right now. You know, we've been spending a lot of time in offices lately, signin' contracts and hasslin' about royalties. Well, Stevie perceived this and he sat down at his harmonica and—man, that cat's a genius—he composed three songs. By varying our instrumentation, we were able to make it a whole album that we are planning to call *From The Desk Of...The Spinners*."

"Up until a year ago, we were still wearing spinners on our hats," adds group associate Purvis Jackson, who tells of the slump that the band had been in when they were still under the influence of bad managers. "This last dude who was handling us used to hire us out to do all kinds of things besides sing. One time last year he had us workin' three weeks in Vegas—in front of Caesar's Palace, on a construction crew. The only good thing that came of it was that the group finally got a soprano,—which they really needed—when I got a hernia."

Prouder now of the work that has been coming *The Spinners* way, Jackson describes an intricate dance-step that the members commonly do during the singing of "Rubberband Man": "We do this act with...these real big rubberbands...that are roughly the size of hoola hoops...it's terrific, 'cause you see what we do is...in pairs, and the rubberbands begin to overlap...well, maybe

JAZZ, ONCE A MONTH

by Adele Swins-Terner

Another year, another dollar.

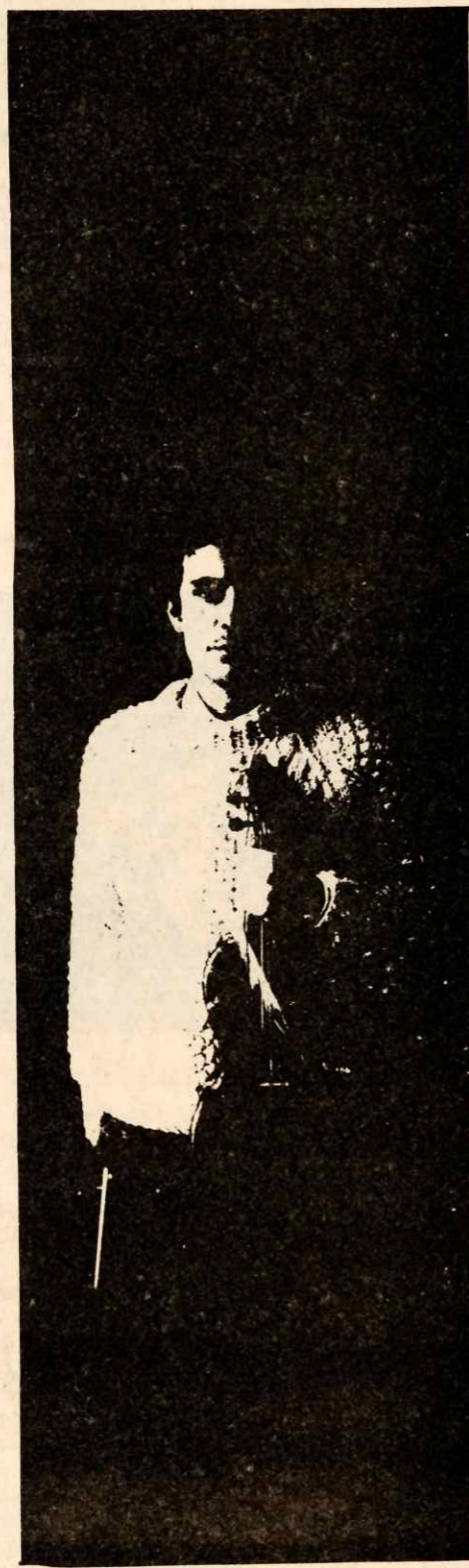
Yes, it's upon us at last. 1977 has been, while waiting anxiously if dubiously in the Wings Of Time (a clever little song title, that), especially looked forward to by everyone that I know, in as much as it signals an end to constant referencing to the Bicentennial. That celebration now that it's over, can be revealed by your Americanized correspondent as having been thoroughly revolting, all puns intended. Almost enough so to send me packing off back to Enfield, where the subject of war is treated with something more approaching dignity. Whatever, it's over.

But apart from all that nonsense, the past year in hindsight appears brighter than most. It's been a good year for jazz, which has seen new acceptance on all fronts. Some of this resurgence of interest stems from the efforts of jazzmen who have "crossed over" (and sold out) by pandering to the trend to disco music; some of it accrues to those jazz musicians who have legitimately explored the more popular rock idiom in turning out some high-level fusion albums. And a lot of the resurgence is due to you, the listener, because folks like Anthony Braxton have been able to gain widespread acceptance without having to change their once forbidding styles.

If you should want yet another indicator of the jazz ascendancy, look at the "reissue issue," as one prominent local critic has tagged it. In addition to all the bloody Blue Notes, Prestiges, Milestones, Bethlehems, and Savoy's (of which a new batch of six has been released—including Gene Ammons, Billy Eckstine and a lovely Don Byas set), Chicago's own Mercury Records has gotten on the bandwagon.

Their first bunch of seven rosey twofers includes Oscar Peterson, Dinah Washington and (see below) Clifford Brown, all culled from the ancient EmArcy vaults, and all featuring excellent liner notes by Dan Morgenstern or Don DeMichael. Other items of interest include releases (and reissues) from Atlantic, plus new albums from Muse, MPS, Pablo and the German JAPO label (but those last ones arrived too late for review). So I'll tackle them next month.

By the way, mates, Happy New Year. And many returns of the day. And, whilst you while away the hours, perusing the record racks and pursuing



the ultimate listening experience, remember: there are only 199 shopping days till next year's runaround.

RITZY REGAL

It's only fitting that here in the Golden Age of Golden Age jazz (i.e., the previously lauded era of re-issues), the first record of the year's first column should fall into that category of Greatness from the Fuzzy Past. In this case, it's **The Quintet** on Mercury's new EmArcy Jazz Series, comprising tracks from 1954 and 1955. The quintet in question was co-led by drummer Max Roach and trumpeter Clifford Brown (under whose name the album appears) and it was, as liner annotator Morgenstern argues, the finest band of its time. (It was, in fact, a little symphony.)

Its time, regrettably, was short; a little more than a year past the last date in this set, the brilliant and still promising 26-year old Brown would be dead in a car crash that hit as many people as hard as the death of Bird. All the more reason to bask in his music, which was never less than excellent and more frequently beyond description. Brown succeeded Dizzy Gillespie as the trumpet king of his time, and I have spent many futile hours wondering about the development of jazz had Brown lived to challenge the progress of the young Miles Davis. Idle chat, of course. Suffice it to say that with the exquisite elegance of Roach, plus the hard-bopping Harold Land on tenor, these sides are valuable, necessary and, most important, the swiftest, meatiest jazz in months. Color me Brown. 9.6

One of Brown's contemporaries was also saxist John Handy, who might certainly be considered as one of those who used 1976 to sell out to the disco beat and the big bucks (say it ain't so, John). His **Hard Work** album last year (more accurately, "Hardly Working") was slothful even among contemporary standards of bad taste. Naturally, it made him a big name after years of West Coast obscurity. With this background, the newly released **Karuna Supreme** (MPS) is the more surprising, captivating and deserving of acclaim than it might have been anyway. Never mind that it sounds like a Soupy Sales character in a Philco Kvetch-sketch.

Recorded in 1975 with a trio of Indian instrumentalists under the direction of *sarod* virtuoso Ali Akbar Khan,

this album is a sort of low-keyed variation on John McLaughlin's **Shakti** LP, with Handy's cool sax explorations supplanting Shakti's restless guitar continuum. In three extended pieces, the music flows effortlessly and with an inner purity belied by Handy in his disco descent last year. There is little else I can say about it: if you like Indian classical music (ragas, for the initiates), then you will be especially impressed by the meld of East and West Coast; if not, you'll be bored stiff, or at least unmoved. Of course, if you can't let **Karuna Supreme** melt you down, you're a koan, as far as I care. 9.2

There are few unsolvable riddles on the album **Together** (Muse) from Eric Kloss and Barry Miles. That is not to say there is no mystery in this work, which represents the best music from either of these youthful giants in years. The mystery is ingrained in the duet format—which is employed especially successfully on this recording—and it is a simple one: how can two people make so much extraordinary music, and make it sound like it's all coming from *one* person?

The answer, of course, is as old as improvisation, and none the worse for wear. Kloss is the blind kid who plays saxophones so fast that he creates his own light: certainly, I saw my turntable sparking. Miles can keep up with him, and more; his acoustic piano solidity is effectively matched by his dreamy synthesizer playing. The two have undertaken a varied and difficult program on **Together**, but you wouldn't know it from the ease with which they carry it off. Perhaps the mystery is not a secret after all; perhaps all one needs is to be really "together." Kloss and Miles certainly are, in all senses of that abused word, and the result was worth the wait. 9.0

Speaking of waiting, it seems like forever since guitarist Al Gafa first joined Dizzy Gillespie, adding just the right blend of American jazz and smooth-as-velvet Mediterranean milieu with his thoughtful melodies and delicately struck chords. Forever is apparently long enough, though, for an artist to gain proper recognition, and Pablo has given us **Leblon Beach**, Gafa's first recording as leader of his own date. It's not perfect, but it more than justifies the wait, as well as a second album soon.

Gafa, who appears as cuddly on the album photo as in person, plays music of warmth and attraction equal to his physical presence; half the compositions are his, and all are in a subtle Spanish mode, from "Barcelona" to Gillespie's "Con Alma." His style of guitar may not be overwhelmingly original, or overwhelming in general, but his completely

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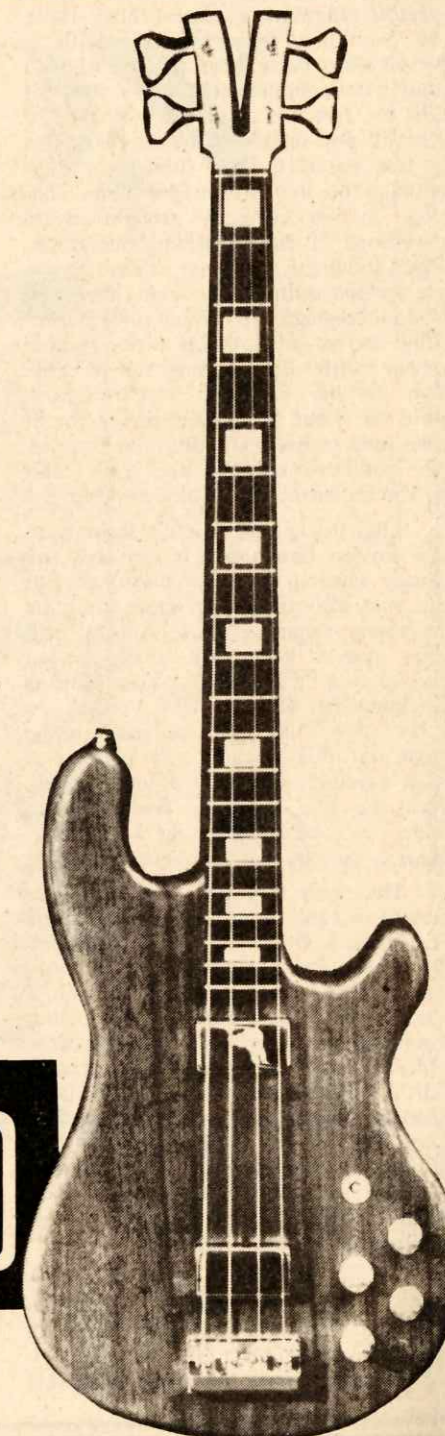
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mellow improvisations speak quiet volumes and are always crafted with care. His *quinteto* features the quite good Al Foster on drums and the near-spectacular Kenny Barron on piano, and, nuclear nightmares notwithstanding, on **Leblon Beach** is a good place to be. Gafa gaffes not. 8.7

HOJO SO-SO

God bless Ella Fitzgerald; long may she waver. Although, if truth be told, her lovely vibrato is hardly used during the **Cole Porter Songbook** (Verve), a reissued collection of some 32 of our greatest songwriter's greatest songs. These are recordings from the mid-1950s, a period when Porter was still alive, though grossly under-appreciated, and a time for Ella to start her climb from nearly 20 years of pop singing to the rarefied realm of jazz vocalists. Even though she does virtually no improvising, let alone scatting, in her correctly straightforward renditions of these sparkling miniatures, a jazz looseness and sense of time permeate the proceedings. The arrangements by Buddy Bregman set off her voice beautifully, and all in all, this is a long-awaited reissue with plenty going for it. Still, even though extended interpretations were not what the project aimed for, it does tend to become a little flat at times. Ah, but I'm quibbling. You really can't go too far wrong here. Color me Cole. 8.4

Ella, though she doesn't show it on the **Porter Songbook**, is certainly no slouch when it comes to the blues. But the man who practically wrote the book on bluesy singing is Mose Allison, who after several years has finally gotten around to a "new" album, **Your Mind Is On Vacation** (Atlantic). Why, you ask, do I say "new" like that? Because for the most part, this is simply a set of some of Mose's well-known hunks of musical pith, from the title tune to "Swingin' Machine" to "Your Molecular Structure." Mose's exercise in teleological physics.

The *really* new ones, except for an ambitious tune called "Fires of Spring," aren't much, but there are worthy compensations. For starters, all the old favorites wear the updated arrangements Mose has done himself for the record, including parts for three horns, showing Mose off as a swell small-band orchestrator. For another, the soloists include Dave Sanborn, Joe Farrell and tenor man Al Cohn. And for yet another, Mose, despite his slightly sinking voice, steps out with a piano solo on "No Matter" that is weighty indeed. So call it blue, and not so new, and handle it like a 7.2.

If romanticized, gently probing jazz piano is your bag, then your ship has come in. Actually, **My Ship** (MPS), a just-released 1974 set of solo piano by the ageless George Shearing. Shearing

runs through the tricks of his trade—the block chords, the light touch, the flashes of cool, the pretentious melodic snips—like the pro he is, but most often invests the proceedings with an opportune, and impossibly lush, sense of acute emotionalism. So even an old hack like "Green-sleeves" receives a treatment that just about atones for its selection here, the title tune is slow and played with unexpected feeling, and "April In Paris" is given the best shrift; many of the others just fall down and go boom, but at least quietly. It's good dinner-party music, good crossword-puzzle music and, in the right moods and the right tracks, good listening, too. It's hardly a Boat That's Leaving for New York, but **My Ship** takes a not unappealing voyage. 7.0

FLOPHOUSE FUNK

In the growing-up department, may I present Alphonso Johnson. And may he present **Yesterday's Dreams** (Epic), a much-improved offering after his debut album last year, which was a bit more like tomorrow's nightmares. Mostly, I think it's been a matter of the slim young bassist calming down, getting some nutrition onto the bones of his sludgy musicianship, and concerning himself with the music, rather than the scene, he's making. Not that this new record will win any prizes, mind you; I don't want any of you impressionable chippies getting the wrong idea.

There are still plenty of sense-bereft lyrics (the exotic "Tales of Barcelona," which self-exaltingly rants about those gifted enough to play music, for instance) and some really poor instrumental concepts like "Balls to the Wall" (its kinky title notwithstanding). Alphonso has brought in some heavy-duty help—pianist Patrice Rushen, saxist Grover Washington and synthesizer mogul Ian Underwood—along with some duty-heavy schleps, like Jon Lucien aping his way through (thankfully) just one set of lyrics. So I suppose it all nicely balances out. Its nice balanced rating is 5.5, which I think has a great deal of equanimity and inner grace.

You'll need a lot more equanimity than I've got—in fact you'll need more than equanimity—for the latest bit of electronic fluff from violinist Jean-Luc Ponty. The fiddling Frenchy has come up with the worst of his three albums with **Imaginary Voyage** (Atlantic), which is one trip that *isn't* necessary. The four-part side-long title piece runs out of gas entirely after sputtering to a flying stop in the first, Moody Blues-styled moments. Which is better than the *other* side, which features four non-descript Ponty mechanisms and, if you will, a down-home *country* tune.

Let's just say the French countryside

is not up to snuff (how you gonna keep 'em down on the farm. . .). Ponty, sounding bored as catgut, saws through riff after riff, and only his hyperthyroid guitar player, Daryl Stuermer, sounds like he's along for more than the ride. Then again, when the style never changes and the scenery remains the same, even an **Imaginary Voyage** can seem like an endless walk around the block. 4.0

Every month about this time I start to cast about for some really atrocious bit of egregiousness to lash out at and protect you from for the last, worst review of the column. And, more often than not, when it's beginning to look desperate, I get a package from the folks at CTI Records. This month it included some albums on their subsidiary, Kudu Records, and I wasn't disappointed. At least, not like you'll be if you buy David Matthews' **Shoogie Wanna Boogie**.

To fully convey the awfulness of a record that presents remakes of "My Girl" and "California Dreaming" would take descriptive powers far beyond my ken. To fully express the wasted efforts of players like Jon Faddis, Mike Brecker, Pat Rebillot and Joe Farrell would require reams. To fully depreciate the bandy-legged "vocals" by Patti Austin, I would need two Thesauruses. But to fully express my disgust—oink, oink, blattt!—at a promising arranger like Matthews turning out *this* tripe, I need only two words: 1.1. Color me ill. Δ



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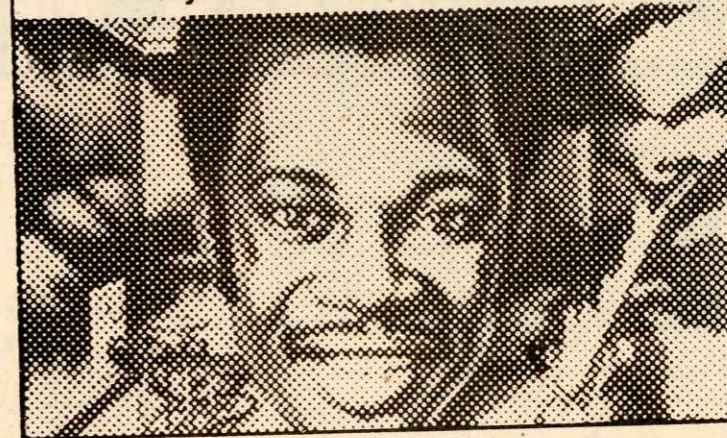
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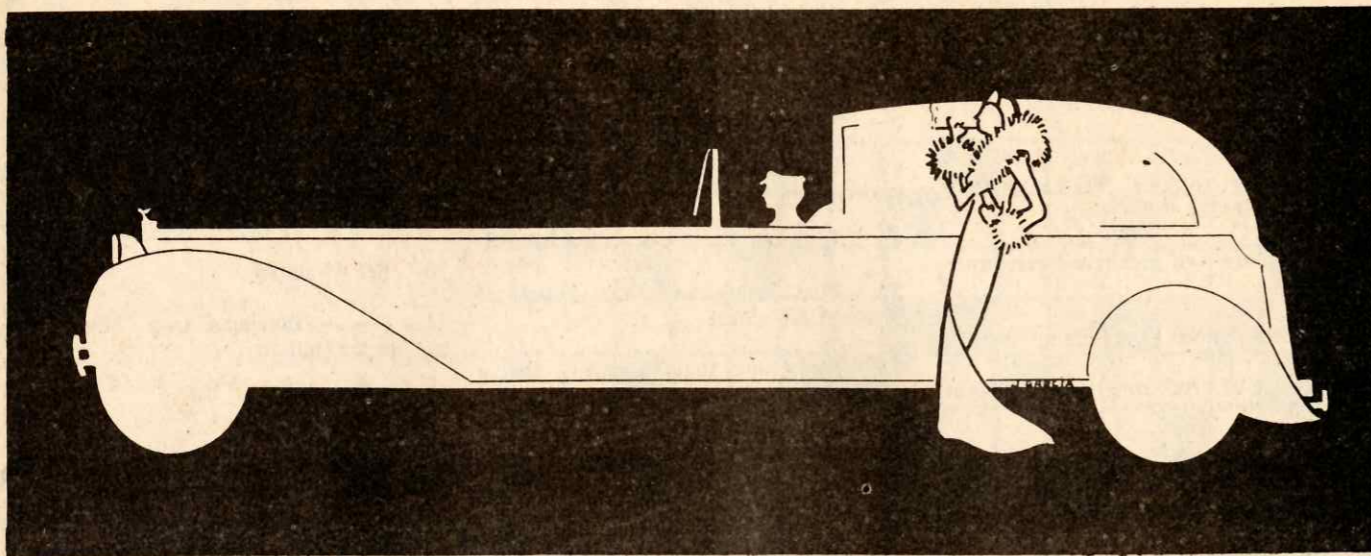
Willow Weep For Me/My Babe/The Cooker
Myna Bird Blues/Forevermore



ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES



HOLLYWOOD GRAPEVINE



When In Doubt, Whip It Out: May well be my new anthem—oooooooo—November was a *feisty* month dears, the town was buzzing, the town was really buzzing!

RCA Started It Off: With a disco bash for Dr. Savannah Original Buzzard Band at the Top of the Strip—a windowed room in the highest floor of the infamous Continental Riot Hyatt House. There were wall-to-wall people, plenty of 'em pulsating to throbbing music, ominous clouds on the horizon leading to an explosion of lightening, thunder, buckets of rain breaking up the party early 'cuz the roof leaked!! (Ya' gotta' remember, it don't rain much in El Lay and we always seem to forget about taking care of our roofs. Really.)

More Disco, Dears: At Labelle's elegant post-gig soiree at the Santa Monica Civic's oceanfront Room, or West Hollywood By-The-Sea as we were to call it. You've *never* seen such parading, cruising, bruising, champagne flowing like water, arched brows, tight buns, delicate dancing, cute canapes—not exactly a Heavy Metaloid Event but an E for Effort Award none-the-less.

More Like It: Were the bashes for Bob Seger and Blue Oyster Cult. Seger's was ver-ry Detroit with Johnny Angelos (ex of Nugent, Mighty Quick), roadies in biker boots, Jackis Lomax—who did amazingly well opening the Seger show—and wife Annie, lotsa rowdy beer chuggin', and the hairy likes. But the L.A. air (not really all *that* bad) got to the boystrous Bob—laryngitis and cancelled date followed. Sigh.

Blue Oyster Cult fared better

just about selling out the 18,000 seat Forum. Opening act Angel blew out the sound system, BeBop DeLuxe started extraordinarily late and played way too long, Patti Smith boogied in the wings till a security dude stopped her, the lads smashed one guitar, there was Indian (from India) food at the eventual party which, unfortunately, broke up way too early.

Roy's Restaurant: Is a new eatery, ver-ry Hollywood, owned by Roy Silver, legendary pop music manager (Deep Purple, Tiny Tim, Bob Dylan) who absolutely adores cooking slightly kosher Chinese food and who finally gave up the mental aches and anguishes of rockaroll. Now ex-clients eat at his deco-chino restaurant bankrolled by Helen Reddy-Jeff Wald, Jerry Weintraub, allegedly Alice Cooper and other show-bizzy types. Food there is great—lots of it, fairly spicy, good booze (including exotic vodkas which'll have ya lurching in no time)—in udder words the definitive place to go when you're loaded, if you're loaded. (Yeah, it's expensive.)

Lou Reed Was In Town: Gave a too long (three hours!) show at the Santa Minica Civic; great tight band though with ace hornman Don Cherry sittin' in, lovely licks and stockinged feet. Seems the air here (cough-cough sput-sput) got to Lou too, he cancelled gigs, interviews but found the time to buy a customized Seagull guitar, to tell chums that the SMC gig was the best he's done in a long long time (but three hours?) and to show up at lotsa parties, lurching too but as we've said, lovely.

The Best and Wildest Party, Part 1:

Was Mercury's for Rush (in town to open for Ted Nugent) at another neato new restaurant, Carlos and Charlies'—all white, airy, superbo Mexico foodo, oh-so-much booze, two magicians who did card tricks right at everybody's tables (still couldn't tell how they did 'em even though they wuz only two feet away!), a caricaturist, Legs Diamond (hot new Mercury act), the Runaways in full drag, actress Genevieve Bujold, tons of press, TV and radio persona and Ted Nugent with Epic wonderkid Pat Siciliano. Gotta' admit I was more than a little tipsey and when introduced to the feircely smiling Nugent I shot out with, "When in doubt, whip it out!" to which the unflappable guitarist answered, "that's the law of the land!!" Allll-right!!

The Best And Wildest Party, Part 2: Wuz for Ted Nugent hisself at the Forum Club after he whipped 18,000 ravers into uncontrollable, stage rushing frenzy (glad I iz from Brooklyn, I yelled and shoved with the best and rest of 'em). There were Great White Buffalo Burgers, Wild Boar chili, the Runaways, Lou Reed, Bobby Womack, Kim Fowley with a dog collar 'round his oh-so-thin neck, all of Lurchers Anonymouse in furried splendor, Ted Nugent lookin' proud sayin, "Wasn't that some hot s---!" Me agreed with, "You bet yo' ass, Teddy Boy, you jest bet yo' ass!!"

Woudja' believe, by the way, that one of the tune titles on Nugent's next elpee is "Wang Dang Sweet Poon Tang"? Yup, tis true, as is de facto that Detroit's best hasta' record in a studio with either brick or cinder-block walls—to get that fab sound just right. (Also look for "Cat

Scratch Fever", annuder raver from that upcoming disk, he did it at de Forum and it was simply GREAT!)

And Odd and Odd Into De Night:

Jim Capaldi's doin' his next for Island at Producer's Workshop while down the street (sort of) Cat Stevens' mixing his at Cherokee. . Look for Chicago's own Cheap Trick on Epic with a song line going, "I need me a knife to get me a wife" 'bout Richard Speck. . . David Bowie allegedly owes the posh Beverly Wilshire Hotel \$30,000 from several tours ago; his new elpee delayed 'cuz he didn't like the cover which he'd ok'd in the first place. . Grace Slick finally married Starship lighting director Skip Johnson in Maui (Hawaii) at sunset under an arbor of orchids and lush tropical flowers; she wore a traditional white Hawaiian gown with yards and yards of French lace, appliqued flowers and butterflies—hand done by Grace herself and her mother who worked on it till 20 minutes before the elegant ceremony, attended by family and very close friends (her acupuncturist came, Marty Balin and Paul Kantner didn't), the reception followed at the Foxy Lady Disco, honeymoon is being spent house hunting in San Fransisco. . . our mayor Tom Bradley, Johnny Carson, the Milton Berles, Sammy Davis, Neil Diamond, the Steve McQueens, etc. showed up at Peter Frampton's opening night Forum gig—and you may well ask why—'cuz dears, it was all for charity (Share, who aids retarded kids, a good cause), not much of that in rock and roll; survival is but a step away. . have the best year ever, dear dear readers, your Birdmama loves you, when in doubt, whip it out and turn the volume up!!

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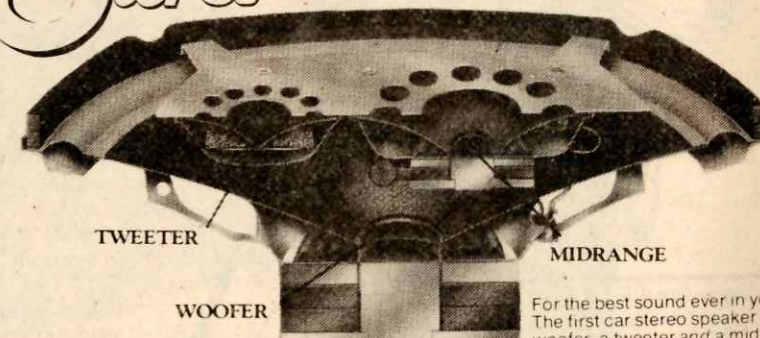
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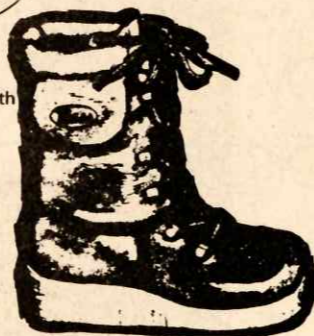


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THE CELESTIAL SCENE

Things look good as the new year opens. Human affairs take on a carefree aspect as Jupiter dominates the Zodiac. People in general will be in a happy mood. The result will be what reporters call a "slow news period." The media may have a tendency to overstate facts during this period. The full moon of January fifth interrupts this happy condition. To the casual observer it will seem as though events have taken an irreversible turn for the worse. This, however, isn't the case at all.

On January twelfth Saturn and Neptune blend their energies in a manner beneficial to the world at large. Once again we'll see favorable times. As the two giant planets sing their harmonious duet Mars and Mercury cross paths in the same degree of Capricorn. This cosmic obligatto raises the collective mental and physical energy cycles to maximum output. Although altercations, explosions, and minor accidents are a predictable side effect the influence is predominantly favorable. Uranus adds its effect to the celestial mixture, bringing discovery and awareness. It's an excellent period for creative work. Even so, the heavenly chorus drops a few blue notes. This Mars-Mercury conjunction draws energy from the future. This allows the occurrence of more events similar to those that await the world after 1981. Not all of them are bad but a portion will bring catastrophe to isolated areas.

On the nineteenth Mars and Pluto form a harsh aspect as the full moon falls in a fatalistic degree of Capricorn. Violent crimes, accidents and disasters run rampant. This too is a short lived trend.

The angry universe clears on the twenty-fourth. Saturn forms a favorable aspect and brings favorable times. The harmonious blending of these bodies is a mandate for reform. Governments and time honored institutions will undergo needed change. Although the road through January 1977 holds a few bumps it offers great promise.

THE COMING YEAR

Like its predecessor 1977 will be a year of change. In fact change for the better is an appropriate "astrological key phrase" capsulizing the nature of the year ahead. The same concept applies to the personal affairs. Naturally there will be exceptions. If something adverse is going on in one's personal horoscope the general rule is overridden by specific influences. If you were born between March 20, 1940 and May 8, 1942 or between October 23, 1953 and October 10, 1956 you must contend with adversity during the coming year. Yet adversity becomes personal disaster only when we are unprepared for it.

The most important point in dealing with these Saturnine periods is to abandon concern for all activities not achievement oriented. If you do this on your own, circumstances favor you. If not, circumstances will conspire to bring you to that end. Difficulty in financial, family, romantic, social (friends abandon you) and instability or chaos in living conditions will all be part of the pattern. Yet in either case, when the gloom lifts, (one or two years in the future) life will be more meaningful. The essence of it is that we have gained real understanding of practical matters. Soon thereafter the cosmosphere issues forth the figurative bountiful harvest. In the process life becomes almost unbelievably happy.

The world outlook takes on a quality best described as "The handwriting on the wall." Events in the coming year (and in 1978 as well) pre-herald similar events of greater magnitude that await our planet in the coming two decades. The earthquake-prone trend that devastated vast areas in China, Indonesia, The Soviet Union, Turkey, and Italy will continue. More quakes and other disasters will strike this area during 1977. India and Pakistan may also be stricken by earth tremors. Mexico and the rest of Latin

America are under almost equal threat. India, Greece, Mexico and the Baltic Nations will see heavy political unrest. A multitude of woes await France, Italy and the Soviet Union.

In the U.S. reconstruction program gets underway. Our nation will find 1977 is a better year than either 1975 or 1976. The western portion of our nation is likely to see earthquakes. However their intensity won't be as great as those in other parts of the world. Don't sell your summer home in California just yet.

More tropical storms, hurricanes and other atmospheric disturbances are also likely to make the news from time to time. This trend towards bad weather is also likely to produce significant food shortages here and there.

New treaties and agreements between the U.S. and other nations of the world will be initiated. The overall outlook for foreign relations is exceptionally favorable. Late May and June hold threats of war and international intrigue.

The final portion of the year will produce more abductions of humans by U.F.O. occupants. Numerous other incidents involving unidentified air space vehicles are almost sure to take place in this period.

The tides of space and time are shifting. They carry us into the best and worst times in the known history of the world. 1977 is another link in the chain of events that must ultimately raise the awareness of the human race to new heights.

WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECAST

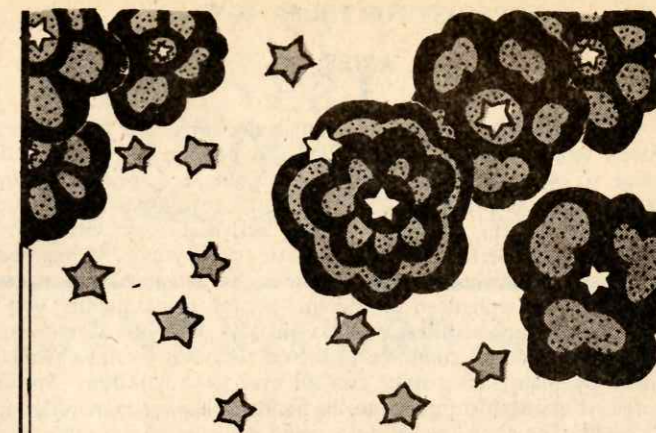
Special emphasis is placed on national reformation and foreign diplomacy. Relations between the Soviet Union and the U.S. will improve noticeably as the two nations decide to focus their attention on internal matters. Mainland China may express hostility towards both countries. This great power of the Orient is still attempting to conceal the weakness caused by internal strife and widespread destruction wrought by repeated earthquakes. Tacit threats and sabre rattling are no more than a defense mechanism. The near future will see still more earth tremors in the Chinese Mainland. Ultimately the world will learn of China's pathetic situation. Rather than take advantage of the situation the major nations of the world will tender badly needed aid. Even so China's total recovery will take many years.

South of the Himalayas the Indian government will search desperately for a solution to growing food shortages. A program similar to the Soviet's "five year plan" will provide at least some relief. The world powers would be well advised to keep close watch on the "land which Ghengis Khan forbade." In the years ahead they will become a mighty nation. Before this can be, India must undergo a period of domestic strife. Vast portions of her population will immigrate to foreign lands. January may bring conflict between this land and her disaster ravaged neighbor to the North.

Here in the U.S. the new administration will attempt to get the economic ball rolling. Much to the chagrin of various factions who don't want it to happen the efforts to enhance our nation's economic picture will be largely successful. Naturally a few details will need attention. Nevertheless our nation's financial state, as well as that of its citizens, will improve rapidly. Threats on Jimmy Carter's life may receive attention from the news media. There's virtually no chance they'll succeed in our present time. However they forewarn of deadly peril should Mr. Carter be re-elected in 1980. Weak points in security should be closely evaluated if there are attempts on the life of the president in coming days. This provides insight into the means of keeping the chief executive out of harm's way in the next presidential term.

The astute observer will see the "Hand of Destiny" at work in world affairs. The events of January carry special implications.

Triad January 1977



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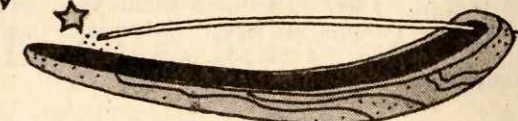
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FORECAST FOR THE 12 SIGNS

ARIES

Early January may require quick decisions. Let first impressions mold your decisions during this period, but take a little time to evaluate the consequences of your deeds prior to taking action. Devote a portion of your attention to uncompleted projects and routine matters. Other activities may seem more rewarding. Nevertheless you'll be better off if you avoid postponing these somewhat distasteful chores. Your manual and mental dexterity are enhanced during this period. Consequently you'll be able to dispatch these matters quickly. After the seventeenth the trend makes a complete turnabout. Adversity can be avoided only by maintaining strict control over your emotions. Special precautions against injuries to the hands and lower extremities are advised. The final twelve days could bring romantic difficulties if you let yourself be impatient.

TAURUS

The outlook is highly favorable. Early January provides an opportunity to upgrade your life. New solutions to old dilemmas can be discovered. As you deal with ordinary matters inspiration finds you. Reformulate your plans then act on these new ideas. Delays are almost sure to hamper your initial efforts. After the seventeenth your plans proceed without obstruction. Professional and romantic activities are especially favored after this date. January will also offer ample relief from drudgery. New and interesting intellectual pursuits will present themselves. Exciting people may also enter your life. Some caution in dealing with the law or legal authorities may be advisable. However, matters of this nature are likely to be resolved in your favor. Top notch executives may pay you the sincerest of all compliments, a "Pay to the order of."

GEMINI

You will undergo numerous changes of circumstance, activities, and attitude. If natives of this sign make an effort to keep unfulfilled promises this alteration of conditions will bring once in a lifetime opportunities of several variations. You may expect recognition from important people. Public figures and persons who are prone to be temperamental will be sympathetic in the first seven days of January. Mutually beneficial agreements with people answering either or both descriptions can be worked out. However it's wise to wait until after the seventeenth to finalize matters. Activities close to your home may be subject to unforeseen obstacles. Affairs that take you a considerable distance from your abode are heavily favored. Be ready and willing to travel. Professional obligations may bring people from foreign countries into your life. Heed both intuition and logic and January will be an exceptionally fine month.

CANCER

January opens on a high point. New concepts and fascinating people raise your enthusiasm for life. The picture shifts on the fourth. The cosmic stage is now set for tragedy. Marital or romantic matters look threatening. It may seem as though the heavens have played the cruel joke of building you up only to let you down. Yet this is true only if you take from those who are close to you only what is given freely. Give no more than you can comfortably afford. This allows the earlier trend to hold its own. The adverse trend will then do no more than eliminate that which is not worth holding onto. Avoid being emotional when discussing religion or legal matters. The threat of adversity departs after the seventeenth. Fortune once again favors you. Communication problems are resolved and stability is restored. Fortune follows you till the end of the month.

LEO

A new and brighter future is slowly but steadily unfolding. January is a time when you take another step in your journey to

a new and better tomorrow. Enjoy life from the first to the fourth. Then get on to business; for destiny waits on no one. Take the trouble to organize the ideas you've been considering into a long range plan. Initiate action after the seventeenth. Two years from now your efforts will be rewarded seven fold. Romantic or marital relations are enhanced after the twelfth. Working conditions and finances improve and problems with household furnishings are solved during this time. Expect recognition from professional superiors. After the nineteenth you may find yourself prone to altercations with strangers. Be careful under these conditions—you may offend the wrong person.

VIRGO

Obligations may threaten to interfere with social activities. However, obligating matters are resolved at the last moment and your plans are not disrupted. Early January horoscopy holds special implications relating to office romances. Avoid being unduly concerned. First or second hand involvement holds no adverse consequences. After the fifth you'll be asked to assist a professional superior in dire need. Respond to the request. Although you'll suffer inconveniences you will be amply compensated for your efforts. Life takes on a speedier pace after the seventeenth as a trend that brings unexpected changes in matters of great consequence. Automobiles and electronic equipment may be a source of trouble this month. Threats of repeated delays are thwarted by letting others provide your transportation. The overall picture is favorable all month.

LIBRA

Once again the accent is placed on professional and status oriented matters. It would be wise to avoid revealing more than a minimum of information pertaining to activities of this nature. Others who envy you may seek to distort what you say and use it against you. Let your actions speak for you. These are not subject to misinterpretation. Good news ends a period of emotional turmoil around the twelfth. Unexpected good fortune will improve your home and living conditions after this date. Keep special watch on your valuables from January sixteenth through twenty-first. Carelessness due to despondency could allow their loss. Avoid overly emotional reactions to potential adversity during this period. If you avoid letting yourself be governed by unfounded fears you'll weather the period with little difficulty. Disruptive influences fade away by the twenty-second and life assumes a fortunate aspect.

SCORPIO

An active month lies ahead. For the most part the outlook is enormously favorable. Early January will find you in contact with a wide range of personality types. You possess a personal magnetism that impells both friends and strangers to seek you out. They may hedge when asked to state what's on their minds. It's wise to gently insist they get down to business rather than beat about the bush. After the fourth you may have little choice but to deal with executives advanced beyond their competence level. Be brilliant but avoid making them feel stupid, even if they are. Be prepared to demand fair compensation for services rendered. Marital or romantic strife threatens from the fifteenth to the twenty-second. Keep your temper under control and all will be well. There is a significant danger of personal injury during this time. Avoid threatening persons, places and situations. A long and favorable trend gets underway, enhancing your career and finances. Plans, hopes and wishes are likely to work out well in the months ahead.

SAGITTARIUS

January should be an absolutely great month. Respond to the call of far away places and far out people. You'll find almost all aspects of living taking on a turn for the better. Approach the world with gusto in January 1977. It's definitely your oyster. Yet, for the sake of sanity, remember not to neglect those who have proven their worth in the past. Small gatherings of people

may ultimately evolve into a grand scale ball or progressive party. Long absent friends may return suddenly. Wilted romance may blossom. From the nineteenth to the twenty-first there are minor threats to your physical constitution. It might be advisable to curtail your personal activities during this period. After this date you'll discover new professional opportunities.

CAPRICORN

Things look good for Capricorn. Important letters, phone calls and conversations will be the order of the month. You'll need to deal with undesirable situations at work. However matters can quickly be resolved in your favor. After the seventeenth you may find a more ideal employment situation if your present professional activities are unsatisfactory. Minor delays in communication have strange ways of working in your favor. Devote attention to erasing misunderstandings from the nineteenth to the twenty-sixth. This thwarts a trend that might otherwise cause friction between you and those who mean the most to you. On the twenty-fourth you enter a new part of life. The aggravating situations that have been causing you distress draw to a conclusion.

AQUARIUS

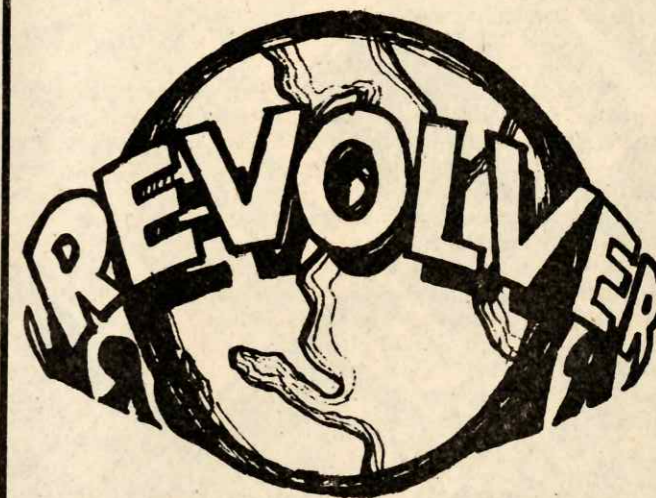
Constructive activity will occupy a substantial portion of your time. Joint projects with Virgo are favored this month but take the trouble to explain yourself in clearly defined terms. You may be called upon to mediate between opposing factions or forces. You'll excel in this task. The after rewards will be both material and esthetic. Professional achievement is also in store. A change for the better in your employment situation may be just around the corner. Personal rivals and competitors give up around the thirteenth. This allows you to devote attention to the areas of life you've been neglecting. A general trend that bestows good fortune gains strength in this middle portion of the month. Interesting legal or philosophical questions are raised after the seventeenth. Trust your own judgments in these matters.

PISCES

Emotional upsets due to unfounded anxieties are likely. In reality more than your share of good things will find you. A change of residence could be in store. It's also likely that those who owe you favors will repay their debt. You'll take on new responsibilities. As January progresses you'll discover obligations are only recognized for what they are only when we don't wish to fulfill them. Relationships with parents may be strained for a short period. The situation improves after the twentieth and parental relations return to an even keel. Your religious beliefs will soon undergo a drastic change. Be ready to abandon your old beliefs for the sake of new and better concepts. Older persons may attempt to shield you from the truth. Double check any information they impart on you.

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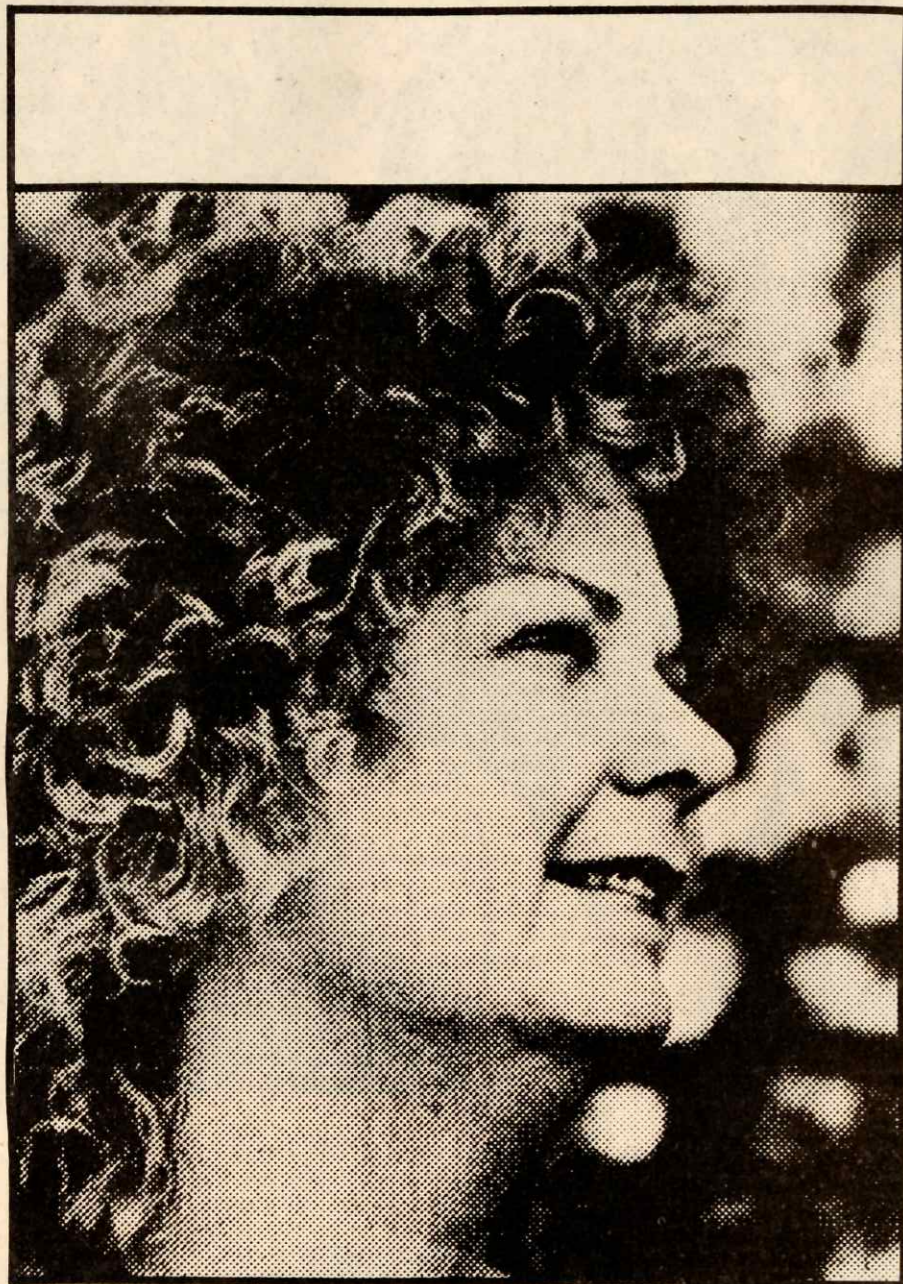
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ROCK 'N ROLL WOMAN:



Sharon Lawrence swept into our interview meeting on a tidal wave of energy and good humor. Pretty amazing considering what had happened to her the day and night before. Sharon had barely unpacked her bags in the cheery windy city when a fellow Michigan Avenue bus rider lifted her wallet. Gone with the ill wind were her cash, credit cards, and—most important—her address book. When you're a rock writer and publicist, your little black book is the most valuable tool of the trade. Its loss is a tragedy.

Undaunted by the theft, Sharon continued about the business that had brought her to Chicago. That's the kind of lady she is. "Sooner or later, it's bound to happen in this business. It's part of the territory," she shrugs.

Sharon was here for two reasons. First, to meet up with her old friends, Labelle, in town for a Saturday night concert. And second, to publicize her new book, *So You Want to be a Rock and Roll Star* (Dell, \$1.75). Which is where I came in.

Like its author, the book is honest and straightforward, an information and advice-packed guideline to entering the newest American dream—pop music stardom. Except that Sharon doesn't talk so much about the dream as about the harsh realities of management, rehearsal, health, drugs, sex, and good business sense.

Sharon has been a UPI feature writer and a publicist for such near legends as the Rolling Stones, David Bowie, Cliff Richard, and John Mayall. In 1973 she signed on with Elton John, later helping him set up his Rocket Record Company in L.A. She knows the music business from the ground up and counts hundreds of stars as friends and acquaintances.

Fortunately, she isn't caught up in all the glitter and hype, the infectious arrogance and pretentiousness which so often goes hand in hand with rock and roll. She mentions the names of rock idols without sounding pompous or privileged. She knows Elton, Kiki Dee, Mick Jagger, and Stevie Wonder as human beings, as friends who have their share of problems.

"The book, I suppose, has been a little germ in the back of my mind for about eight years. But I guess the

jive talking with

Sharon Lawrence

by Charles W. Pratt

first time I thought about doing a book on rock was when I first got to know Jimi Hendrix. He was a great musician and a very special person, but I came to realize how unhappy he was and how dishonest and full of pressure the life around him was.

"I thought then how I didn't want to see others getting hurt in this way, and I wondered why no one else had said that music wasn't all fun and glamour and good times. And I also read hundreds of fan letters over the years to people I knew. Most of the stars didn't see them, of course. But Elton received thousands and he made an effort to read as many as he could and even to answer the ones that really needed help. Those letters made me aware that the audience really was interested in rock, and wanted to know what it's all about."

Sharon, who has spent long months of endless nights on the road with her "babies", knows the fatigue and pressure behind all the glitter and the rouge, and she wants the book to convey a proper picture of what it all is. "Rock—and by that term I mean all pop music—is a very tough business. It's hard dedicating your life to it, and smart people have to be aware that the accent is very much on *business*."

"I can't recommend rock and roll as a way of life unless a person wants to do it 24 hours a day. You give up a lot for it, and it's expensive emotionally as well as physically. Magic is there, but not every minute. There's power, yet weakness as well."

"One thing I really believe, and try to stress in the book is that fans and performers should realize that rock is not the be-all and end-all of life. The musicians should realize that communication between people is essential as a person before making yourself a star. It's really tragic how many rock idols are complete washouts as far as being interesting, intelligent people."

Sharon sees rock as amazingly healthy, both as an art form and as an industry, and thinks it will stay that way. For all her cynicism, she feels that music is a way of presenting human feelings. "I don't like to hear it called 'product,'" she says, "even though

music started an industry. There's a lot of trash produced, and 50 bad records for every good one. Worse, there are even people who think that the trash is good. Music executives are the last to recognize musical ability, and often just keep an eye on the sales charts.

"One of the great sadnesses for me is the number of good artists and records that get no attention whatsoever. Some of that is due to the executive branch of companies. But very often it's a case of poor management and lack of organization on the part of the performers. Sharp business skills can help the true artists just as they give mileage to mediocre or faddish ones.

It's simply not good enough to say, 'I love the music,' and not think about the other things. Even Elton has been screwed by incompetent road managers and others. And I sincerely have to laugh at those younger groups who say they don't want to be commercial and aren't even going to try to get a single. I hope my book makes all this clear."

Rock and roll, she believes, is here to stay. The proof of that can be found in this magazine, and all over the radio. "Rock is a major form of communication now, and it's getting more sophisticated all the time. Interest in it isn't limited to teenagers. Older people know about Mick and Elton and Joni Mitchell, and want to know more. I really think that everyone wants to know more. I really think that everyone wants to know the inside stories about something, and for many people rock is that thing. It's a cultural phenomenon."

Sharon has already begun a second book which explores that cultural phenomenon on a serious level. The tentative title is *Telling Secrets*, but it definitely won't be a gossip-filled volume. She wants to present truthful portraits of the people who have made rock what it is, and plans on revealing persons rather than stars. It is a book to anticipate.

Every band should have a god-mother like Sharon Lawrence, a warm and wonderful woman who knows the magic and the pitfalls of a rock and roll life. Since that isn't possible, having a copy of her book is the next best thing. Δ

GALLERY OF HAIR

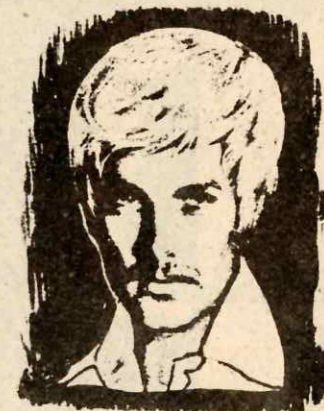


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Holiday Film Festival

by Bill Crowley



KING KONG
 directed by John Guillermin
 screenplay by
 Lorenzo Semple, Jr.
 a Paramount Pictures release

It's funny how changes in film technology can create demands for film products. What's even more interesting sometimes is the manner in which those demands are articulated: producer Dino DeLaurentiis is said to have first conceived of the idea for remaking *King Kong* after noticing the poster of the great ape hanging in his daughter's bedroom. Always a shrewd operator, Dino could not have helped thinking

that the original 1933 Schroedsack-Cooper *Kong* had long since lost all theatrical potential due to its age, re-

latevely primitive animation and black and white photography. Why not reintroduce audiences to a modern Kong with a widescreen orgy of mattes, miniatures and anything else the best special effects men (that money could buy) could dream up.

Whereas the original Kong was a revolutionary experiment in animation of a clay, wire and fur figure which used mattes and "trick photography"



KING KONG: LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING.

to achieve its then-spectacular effects, the new Kong is many Kongs in one. The new great ape has become a composite of miniature models, a man in a *Planet of the Apes* style costume, and a much publicized 40-foot mechanical Kong created by engineer Carlo Rambaldi. The one true triumph of the new film lies in the near perfection with which the several Kongs were designed and edited into one colossal creature. In contrast to many monster films, in *King Kong*, the ape is the most human character. More incredibly, he is also the most believable.

In a script which rescrambles most of the incidents of the earlier film (Kong fights giant snake, shakes men off of huge log spanning gaping chasm, tramples New Yorkers, grabs el cars and climbs the city's tallest building), we find a new emphasis on the humanity of Kong, and a cheapening of the other characters till they become mere embodiments of cliché. That last point is most painfully obvious in the leaden dialogue which often brings the film close to total collapse.

As in the original, the film is nearly half over before we get a good look at Kong, and nearly two hours have passed before Kong makes it to New York for his most famous scenes. A large portion of the beginning of the

Triad January 1977

film is made up interludes in which the camera surveys the face and figure of Kong's sweetheart, played by Jessica Lange, a slender beauty given to wearing skimpy cocktail dresses, short cut-offs, and jerry-rigged halter tops. After establishing that every crewmember has designs for the lady, the film develops a love story between the lady and the ape.

Ms. Lange, in the role of an air-headed would-be starlet, relates to Kong the same way she does with men, reconciling herself to any situation and making it tolerable by using her charms. They work as well on Kong as they do on men, and prompt some of the film's only touching moments. One scene stands as an ingenious expression of emotion without words—Kong bathes Ms. Lange by dropping her into a pool, extending his hand for her to climb up on, then inflating his cheeks and blowing her dry. From that moment onward, Kong has made his best friend and protector. By the end of the film, it has indeed turned into a tragic love story.

In spite of all of its potential, though, the film is seriously marred by the wooden characterizations of most of the leads. Only Rene Auberjonois, as the nutty scientist Bagley, measures up as an amusing, intelligent figure, and thereby relieves some of

the pain of a horrendous script. Overlong and just verging on the camp and the pretentious, *King Kong* is worth seeing for one reason only—to see Kong, at the height of technology, establish himself once more as one of the screen's most human and moving legends.

NETWORK
 directed by Sidney Lumet
 written by Paddy Chayefsky
 a United Artists release

Within its first ten minutes *Network* brings out its two biggest guns, both among the most horrible and titillating moments covered by American television within the past few years. Although slightly disguised for the film, the images of a television newsman promising to commit suicide on camera and televised films of a kidnapped heiress participating in a bank robbery are powerful materials around which to build a filmscript and movie. Quite appropriately, the uses to which the fictional news department of *Network* puts these incidents are only slightly

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more bizarre and/or unbelievable than their real life counterparts.

Howard Beale (Peter Finch), a national newscaster whose ratings have taken a serious and steady nosedive, has been informed by his boss that he will be cancelled. After hearing this, Beale goes on the air to announce to his viewers that he will commit public suicide on camera in one week's time. At first, Max Schumacher (William Holden), head of UBS news, decides to take Beale off the air immediately. Strangely enough, the news program's ratings improve overnight, the assumption being that the viewers enjoy watching the actions of a deranged newscaster more than the news itself.

Since the news department in the weakest section of the network's financial statement, which is shaky to begin with, Diana Christenson, (Faye Dunaway), head of programming, talks the brass into merging the news division into her section. Her conception of a news program that will sell is strange indeed—she immediately revamps the show to feature Beale as a kind of psychotic revivalist who now can rant and rave in the spotlight. The news show develops into a kind of variety show with an astrologer, gossip reporter, and something called *The Mao Tse-Tung Hour*. This is accomplished by hiring the SLA-styled Ecumenical Liberation Army to commit and film their own acts of terrorism. When Beale's supporting acts prove more popular than his preaching, Christenson provides her own version of the final solution by ordering the ELA to assassinate Beale on the air. Naturally.

Much of the pre-release publicity on *Network* has centered around the shocked reaction of the television networks to the assumed reality of the incidents depicted and to the charges of network irresponsibility and insensitivity which the film force-feeds its audience. Ostensibly a kind of black comedy, in reality the film is actually just a logical extension of current network policy and practices. As far as the basic plot goes, there are a few problems—audiences are equipped to handle the implications. But when it comes to the characterizations of the main participants, the fictionality of the whole project emerges.

Mr. Finch's portrayal of Howard Beale, dictated by strictures of the narrative, captures the key elements of apocalyptic madness. Finch's Beale comes directly out of the Famous Charlatan School—his eyes roll, he gestures



Max is not strong enough to stand up to the corporate brass, and he eventually embarks upon an extramarital affair with Diana, the tough-as-nails programming chief. Thus, even Max is shown to be lacking in common sense, for he at first seems quite willing to throw away his long marriage for the dangerous but immediate pleasure of setting up housekeeping with managing Diana. Faye Dunaway, as Diana, does a fine job of creating what was essentially a defective role to begin with. As written and filmed, the character of Diana does little to break the stereotype of the career girl. Her personality is icy, she appears overconfident and lacking in any outside interest except sex (read: homewrecking.) One might in fact call her a sexual carnivore. Diana, along with most of the other main characters is merely a broad caricature of the kinds of people whom we could expect to be manipulating our reality.

As a result, although *Network* works for the laughs, its darker side prevails. After setting up a situation based on reality and then draining qualities like compassion and responsibility from most characters (save madman Beale), *Network* ultimately shows a very bleak picture about where the tube may soon lead us. Working within a cinematic style which most viewers would identify as realism, director Sidney Lumet has created a film which identifies a problem that most have already recognized. The dominating tone of the film, however is one of cynicism, and the film is ultimately as explosive as the television networks it blasts.

wildly and is adept at fainting at appropriate points in his "sermons". Holden brings his well-practiced world weariness to the part of Max, president of the news division. He is depicted as the only man of integrity in the whole corporation. But Chayefsky won't allow anyone's reputation to go unsullied.

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ROCKY
written by Sylvester Stallone
directed by John Avildsen
a United Artists release

Rocky opens with a shot of a painting of Jesus Christ. The camera then tilts down past a sign telling the viewer that the scene is a place called the Ascension Athletic Club, and finally pulls back to reveal a boxing match. This shot conveys much about the film and its writer/star. For one, it hints that Sylvester Stallone, the 30-year old son of an immigrant Italian father, might fit firmly within the ranks of the Italo-American film renaissance. Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*) and Francis Ford Coppola are but two others who have consciously chosen to make films dealing with the Italian Catholic heritage and the struggles to climb out of the urban working class ghettos. Most of these films have commented on the American Dream, directly or indirectly. *Rocky* is self-consciously bound up in a love-hate relationship with that ideal. The opening shot creates a quick preview of the character and concerns of Rocky, the aging, unsuccessful club boxer seen in the film—he will get his crack at making the dream work after he is resurrected from obscurity for a shot at the world heavyweight title.

Based loosely on the string of failures which Stallone experienced in his own struggle to rise above his origins, the script for *Rocky* shows the fighter leading a lonely life punctuated by an occasional beer with his buddy Paulie (Burt Young); embarrassing attempts to get something going with Paulie's reticent, ugly duckling sister Adrian (Talia Shire, who happens to be Francis Ford Coppola's sister), and occasional work as an enforcer for a cheap juice loan operator. If breaking the thumbs of slow paying borrowers doesn't sound like fun, then the film doesn't show it to be enjoyable either. Rocky is that classic uneducated dumb-but-honest man with a heart of gold. In this case, he does what he has to do to make a living, cares for two pet turtles in a squalid apartment, and suffers a set of serious reverses which seem to indicate that he's on his way out as a fighter.

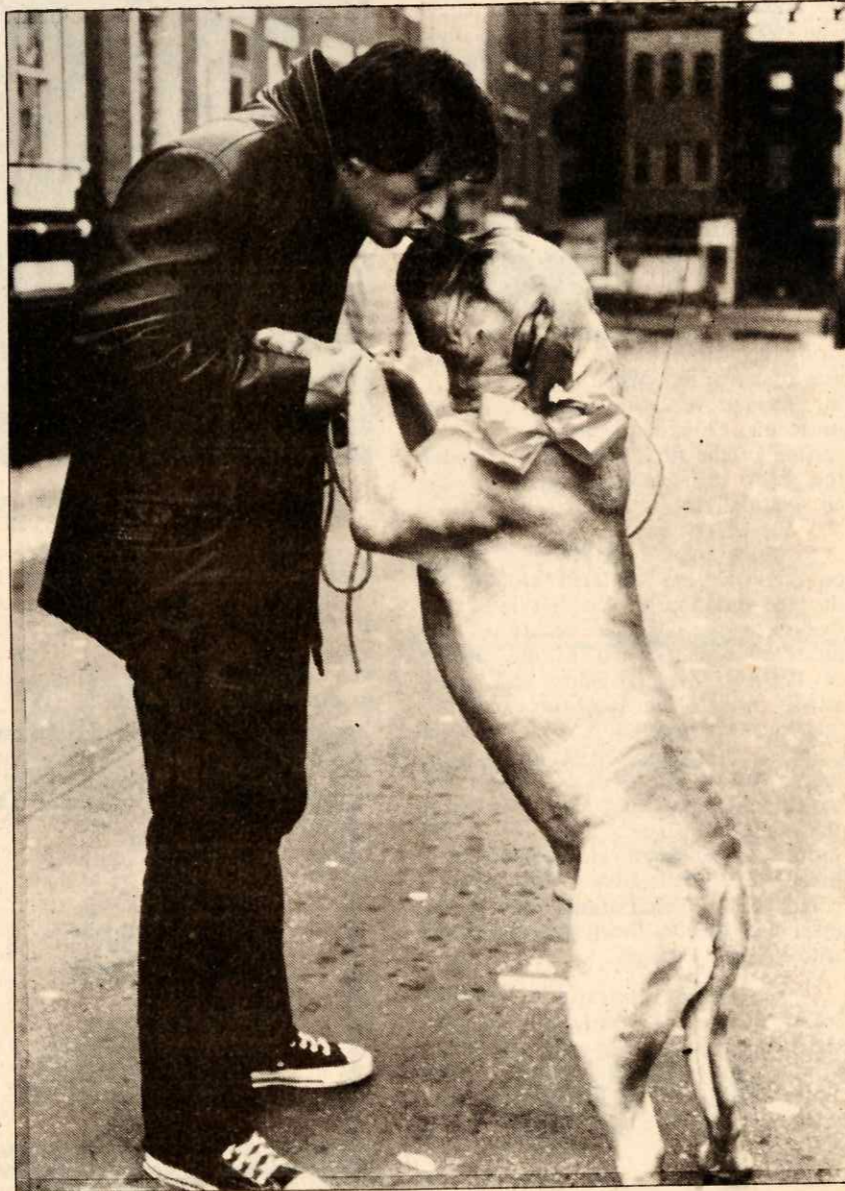
That's when Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), a heavyweight champ modelled perhaps too closely on Muhammed Ali, discovers that his upcoming Bicentennial title fight will not happen. Since so much money has been spent on publicity, he must fight someone, so why

not a no-account battler who calls himself the "Italian Stallion?"

The key to the film's overwhelming success lies in the training and fight sequences primarily, although an important romantic subplot is developed between Rocky and Adrian. It is in these very physical sequences that the manipulative techniques of director Avildsen come to the fore. In a very striking scene in which Rocky trains by using a side of beef as a punching bag, a television news reporter interviews Rocky and watches him train. There is a cut to the image of a video screen over which this one-camera interview is being viewed (supposedly at home). Through a series of rapid cuts between closeups from various angles, we see Rocky's fist pummeling the carcass, coming up bloody by the finish. But the presentation of that televised sequence does not adhere to the conven-

tional TV technique—it is unquestionably edited for the screen, but not the tube. The sequence thus becomes nearly overpowering in its impact, because we are seeing material coded for film but ostensibly presented via television.

Again, in the final 15-round title fight sequence, Avildsen resorts to trickery to increase the emotional content of the natural sounds and images. The first round is presented in what seems like real time, the second and third rounds being somewhat shortened. During those first three rounds, the soundtrack presents a nearly equal mix between the sounds of the fighters and the roar of the spectators. The next eight rounds are presented in a long choreographed (by Stallone) montage, during which the sounds of the crowd fade into the background while the grunts of the fighters and the sounds of their punches reverberate at a louder



ROCKY AND CO-STAR KISS AND TELL.

level. This central portion of the fight scene elicits strong emotional reactions from the audience, and those responses are maintained during the last three rounds, when the sound returns to normal. Screen time once again approaches real time, and the tension between the two fighters reaches a crescendo.

Interestingly for a film with such a spectacular fight sequence, neither actor had ever studied much boxing. Since Stallone had worked on his script for several years, and had carefully choreographed the fight with Avildsen in advance of screening, the inexperience of the fighters was a surmountable problem. Careful preproduction planning also helped bring the picture in at a figure close to \$1 million, pitifully cheap by current standards for major theatrical features.

A lot of that credit goes to director John Avildsen, probably best remembered for *Joe* and *Save the Tiger*. Starting out by making a cheap sexploitation film, Avildsen has made a career out of directing cheap, but flashy and popular features. It is a tribute to his technical expertise in direction that he was able to turn what might have been an excessively corny and cloying script into a film that uses nearly every gimmick or ploy to arouse audience emotional identification with great success.

Stallone seems to be a natural actor, but his most impressive contribution to the project can't be separated from his script, especially the dialogue. Any time you can hear an actor on the screen speaking better lines than you hear coming from the wise guy in the seat behind you, you have a winner. *Rocky* has more than enough style, wit, and pathos to make it a surefire champion.

THE 7% SOLUTION
directed by Herbert Ross
written by Nicholas Meyer
a Universal Pictures release

No one would deny anymore that the work of Sigmund Freud has had a far-reaching effect on the modern world. Even beyond his seminal role in founding the analysis industry of which Hollywood figures have been some of the most conspicuous supporters, the oft-misunderstood man him-

self has been a fascinatingly seductive subject of speculation. Hollywood has done it before, most notably in John Huston's film bio, simply called *Freud*.

Without Freud's ideas, we would have been denied some of the most intriguing moments in cinema, from the first psychoanalytic film *Secrets of a Soul* to the closing shot of Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, when the viewer can make only one connection between the image of Cary Grant pulling Eva Marie Saint into a Pullman bunk and the train rushing into the tunnel. The folks at the television stations are so sure about the meaning of that shot that they regularly cut it out of broadcasting prints. But Freudian interpretations can often be obnoxious or laughable, especially when handled by the commercial film industry.

Within the worlds of fiction and the Hollywood film, a more compelling figure has been Sherlock Holmes. We need only turn on the television set and Sunday afternoon to see such pleasant anachronisms as Holmes fighting Nazis in cheap wartime propaganda features. Other film versions of Holmes' capers have been among the most compelling films of the detective genre. Unfortunately, most of the original Conan Doyle stories have already been over-exploited, forcing filmmakers to speculate about Freud.

A few years ago, Nicholas Meyer sat down and combined those two activities and wrote a new Sherlock Holmes story, taking advantage of a three-year gap in the detective's career. Much speculation about the real personality of Holmes has centered around that gap. (One of the most interesting makes a case for believing that Holmes was actually a woman masquerading as a man.) Meyer stumbles upon an interesting concept which should be subtitled "Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud."

Meyer solved a few logistics problems by connecting the fact that in the stories, Holmes was known to relax with cocaine from time to time and that in real life, Freud effected drug cures through hypnosis and analysis. Still, how do you get the two masterminds together?

You call on Dr. Watson, of course, and enlist the aid of the evil Moriarty to decoy the addicted Holmes to Vienna, where he can take the cure and help solve a case dealing with addiction, white slavery, and aristocratic intrigue. If Meyer, or director Herbert Ross (*Play It Again Sam*), had done their homework they might have thought of a characteristically exciting method of drawing Holmes to Austria, but they

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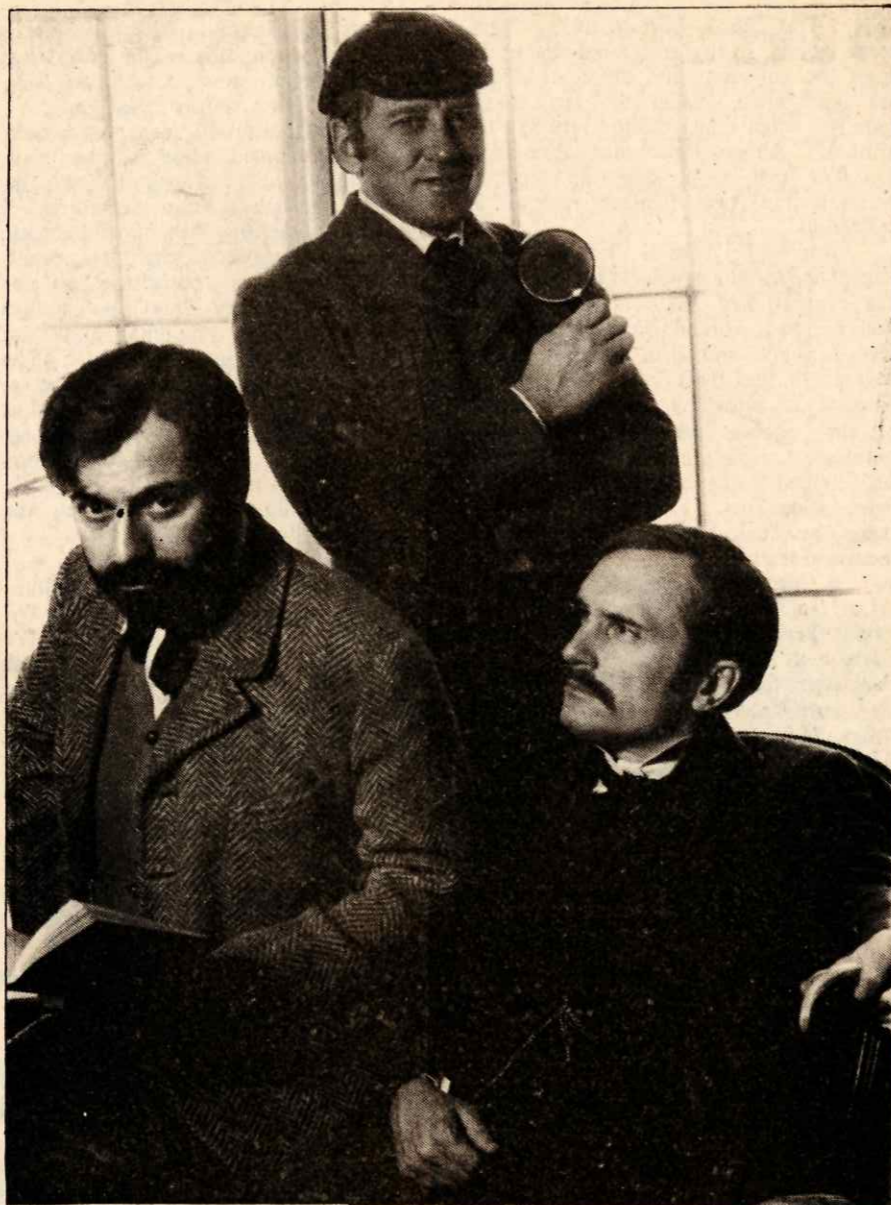
didn't. As a result, the first half of the film version doesn't need to rely on hypnosis to put the audience to sleep. The makers of the film certainly needed time to introduce their audience to the latest incarnations of Holmes (Nicol Williamson), Watson (Robert Duvall), Moriarty (Sir Laurence Olivier) and Freud (Alan Arkin).

Aside from the fact that Duvall sounds about as much like a British doctor as Mayor Daley and Arkin's Viennese-Jewish accent is ludicrous, it takes time to see the true Holmes behind the sweating face and dilated pupils of Williamson. Once his addiction is arrested, though, Holmes' collaboration with Freud provides for some first-rate thrills. The question is whether it's worth the tedium of the wait, the pretension of the premise, and especially the embarrassingly tacky flashback structure which finds completion in Freud's psychoanalytic treatment of Holmes. The film abounds with blatantly obvious Freudian symbols, most notably during the shock-edited sequences dealing with Holmes' withdrawal delusions. Snakes are terribly effective images to put on the screen, but within such an explicit context as analysis by Freud himself, those images are overwrought.

Nothing seems to help put life in this film, aside from an exciting railroad chase sequence in which the detectives steal a page from the Marx Brothers' *Go West* and break apart a rolling caboose to keep moving after the coal runs out. The actors' performances are sometimes inspired: Joel Grey emerges as one of the most timidly sleazy characters seen of late, and Vanessa Redgrave, as the object of intrigue, serves as an icon of great beauty in her largely non-speaking role.

Shot on location in England and Austria, the film fails to make much inspired use of the locales other than as a travelogue backdrop. The attempts at providing comic relief come too late, although they are in a large part responsible for making the second hour of the film lightly likeable. The best that can be said about the whole affair is that it provides a different explanation of the source of Holmes' neurosis and Moriarty's identity, and leaves Freud with an interesting variation on the problem of Oedipal conflict.

At the end of the opening title sequence, Meyer and Ross admit what is the film's biggest drawback. While the characters were created by a God and a literary genius, "only the facts have been made up" by the filmmakers. Those who enjoyed the book will react similarly to the film. The rest of us will just have to sit home and put more dogears in our copies of Conan Doyle. Δ



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Stage, Page, & Screen

by Charles W. Pratt



Film Flam. Director Martin Scorsese filmed *The Band's* farewell concert festivities (400 reels), and it will no doubt become a feature film. . . Anne Hoffman, wife of Dustin, will co-star with Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen in Lina Wertmuller's first English language film (for Warner Brothers), *It Never Rains But It Pours*. . . Michael (Bad News Bears) Ritchie will direct Kris Kristofferson and Burt Reynolds in the film version of Dan Jenkins' football novel *Semi-Tough*. . . Robert Aldrich will bring Joseph Wambaugh's *The Choirboys* to the screen. . . John Frankenheimer will direct a remake of *When Worlds Collide*, with screenplay by Anthony Burgess. The film will be co-released by Universal and Paramount (which produced the original in 1951). . . Major shooting of *The Deep*, based on Peter Benchley's novel and starring Jacqueline Bisset and Nick Nolte, has been completed. Look for a spring release.

trial attorney F. Lee Bailey has signed a contract to dole out legal advice on *ABC's Good Morning America*.

Berkley Publishing Company has advanced \$300,000 to the estate of fantasy writer Robert E. Howard for a package of 15 titles, six of them starring the warrior-barbarian Conan (now seen in his own Marvel comic). The Conan titles will be issued in March.

Screenward bound. Stephen King's forthcoming Doubleday novel, *The Shining*, has been bought for filming by the Producer's Group. King is author of *Carrie* and *Salem's Lot*. . . George Roy Hill has bought film rights to *Whatever Happened to the Class of '65?* . . . Andrew Lewis has taken a \$10,000 option on Tom Robbins' *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. Pickup price is \$100,000, plus 5% of the profits. . . Leon Uris will receive a million dollars plus a percentage of the profits for writing the screenplay for his novel, *Trinity*. Total budget for the film is \$12 million.

The amazing Spider-Man, the hip superhero who sells 72 million Marvel comics annually, moves to his own daily comic strip on Jan. 3. Writer Stan Lee's pop culture webslinger will appear in 100 newspapers across the country, through the offices of the Register and Tribune Syndicate. John Romita will do the artwork. Spidey, now the star of four comic books, was created by Lee and artist Steve Ditko and premiered in August 1962. Since then he has eclipsed the venerable, invulnerable Superman in popularity. (Lee has also authored a Spider-man comic book for the Planned Parenthood Association.)

Boob tube news. *Who's Who*, the new CBS journalism program—and son of *60 Minutes*—premiers this month. Dan Rather anchors, with assists from Barbara Howar and Charles Kuralt. . . NBC anchorman David Brinkley wants to go to Washington to report on the doings of the Carter administration. . .

Paperbacks of 1977. Ballantine

JACQUELINE BISSET IN "THE DEEP."



offers *Interview with the Vampire, 1876, The Man Called Intrepid, West End Horror, and The Family Arsenal*. . . Pocket Books presents *A Fan's Notes, Opal, Born on the Fourth of July, and The Big Rock Candy Mountain*. . . Bantam will publish *Sleeping Murder, Dolores, The Blue Hammer, Trinity, Passages, The Deep, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Storm Warning, and Galveston*.

Windy City Nobel-man Saul Bellow has been named Chicagoan of the Year by the Chicago Press Club. He will be feted at a special dinner Jan. 22.

Poet Louise Gluck, author of *The House of the Marshland*, will give a reading from her work Jan. 21 at the Museum of Contemporary Art at 8p.m. Admission is \$3.00.

Chicago based Encyclopedia Britannica is going commercial, now negotiating with Bantam Books for a line of pop paperbacks.

A record 81,000 cinema fans—up a thousand from last year—attended November's 12th Chicago International Film Festival.

Bagtime, the serialized fiction written by Bob Greene and Paul Galloway for the *Sun-Times*, will become a Popular Library paperback, as will Greene's *Johnny Deadline, Reporter*.

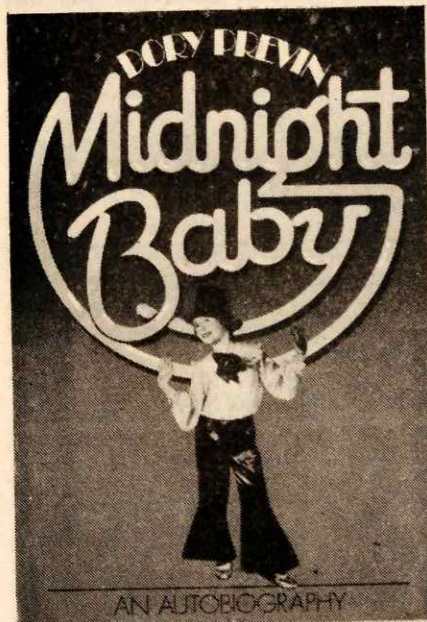
Tom Sullivan, blind author of *If You Could See What I Hear*, has a role in the soon-to-be-released *Airport '77*. . . Glenda Jackson and Carol Burnett play two Kansas waitresses hankering for Hollywood in *Two Gals From Topeka*. . . The Chicago release of *Bound For Glory*, the film version of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, has been pushed back until February. David Carradine stars.

Books

MIDNIGHT BABY by Dory Previn (Macmillan, \$8.95)

A few years ago, a friend of mine did an interview with singer-songwriter-poet Dory Previn. The first question he asked her was: "Are you crazy?" Now that might not seem the most tactful way to begin a conversation with a performer, but in the case of Dory Previn, it was not out of order. My friend was a fan of hers, and Dory knew it. Besides, she was quite accustomed to such questions, precisely because all her albums ask essentially the same things.

No Dory Previn is not, nor was not, crazy. But she has had several emotional breakdowns in her adult life, the most publicized being the collapse occurring when her husband, Andre Previn, left her for actress Mia Farrow. Dory found therapy in the form of music, and discovered that she was eventually able to sing her troubles away, more or less. Her record albums have charted the debris-strewn path-



ways of life, entangling her cult of fans in a woman's search for an independent identity. The search took her back to the demon-infested days of her childhood, which is why we have *Midnight Baby*.

In the preface to this abridged autobiography, Dory explains that she didn't write the book, but wrote it down for someone, someone she used to be. About three years ago, she began

seeing a little girl "looking at me, waiting for something." That little girl had much she wanted to say, things that the grown-up Dory didn't want to remember. But... "I couldn't forget. I couldn't get away from her. She had to be dealt with." *Midnight Baby* is Dorothy Langan's story. Dorothy grew up in Woodbridge, New Jersey, a typical suburban community. Her life there, however, was far from typical. When she was three, Dorothy heard her mother say that her father didn't believe Dorothy was his child. Dorothy didn't understand until much later that Mike Langan had been gassed in the war, and believed that the gas had made him sterile. What the three-year old Dorothy wanted to know then was—who was her daddy? Who was she?

*Daddy says I ain't his child
ain't that something wild?
hey anybody I might have missed
would you care to state
that I exist?*

Dorothy also wanted to know why her mother was so afraid of Mike. Mom told her to swallow these thoughts, but the little girl couldn't quite get them down.

There were so many things in her life that Dorothy found hard to swallow. Why was it evil to use her left hand when it felt so natural to her? Why did the good little catholic girl always think about the loins of the Jesus on the crucifix?

Dorothy feared her father's temper, which, though usually not directed at her, could erupt at any time. (One Thanksgiving Mike got mad over an undercooked turkey and hurled the uneaten bird into the trash.) On the other hand, Mike was like a best friend. He called her his pal, entered her in talent contests, got her on the radio, and told her wonderful stories about how the two of them would go to Hollywood together and be a dance team.

Dorothy loved her father and believed in him. She wanted to be his child. The time came, however, when that trust began to wane. She recalls vividly the day the Hindenburg burst into deadly flames while attempting to land in New Jersey. Daddy had said that the big balloon was the safest way to fly. (Even today she has a fear of flying.) But there were no other traumas.

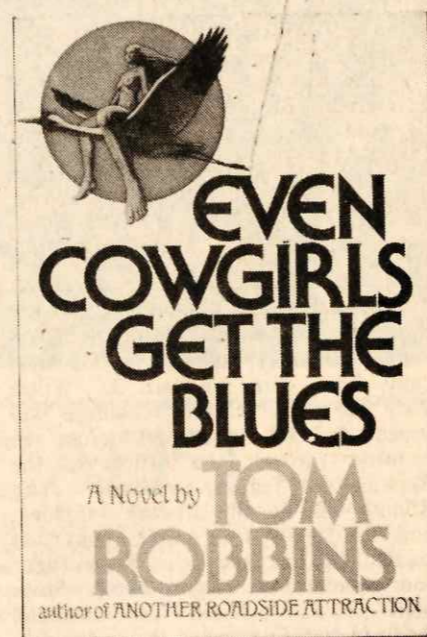
When Dorothy's mother became pregnant again, Mike became certain that he couldn't have fathered the child. In his wrath and emotional confusion, he confined his pregnant wife and child

to the house, and finally to one room. And he would let no one lift a finger to clean the house. For four months they remained there, Mrs. Langan so afraid for her life—Mike had a gun—that she escaped only to have the baby. But when Dorothy's sister was born they returned to their prison.

Dorothy Langan didn't remember much about those four captive months, and Dory Previn completely blocked them out of her mind until one day, many years later, they surfaced in a scream. In many ways this book is a translation of that scream, told in the poetry and prose of a little girl. Her words will carry you through a tortured childhood (the narrative stops at age 10), and they will make you shudder.

Readers of *Midnight Baby* will meet a sensitive and searching child who is now a sensitive and searching—but confident—woman. It is a forceful autobiography that demands completion. In more ways than one.

Patty Stubbs



EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES
by Tom Robbins
(Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95)

On the surface, the plot appears simple enough. Sissy Hankshaw, a young woman with oversized (they're huge) thumbs, has a natural mania for hitchhiking. While crossing against the light in Times Square, she is "discovered" by the Countess, a male manufacturer

of feminine hygiene products. Enchanted by Sissy's All American good looks, complete with "the mouth of a suck artist in a Tijuana pony show," he immediately hires her to be his Yoni Yum girl, the girl with the sweetest smelling vagina in America. Sissy's beauty, minus thumbs, soon appears in *Vogue* and on NBC.

The Countess introduces Sissy to Julian Gitche, artist and erstwhile Mohawk Indian. Gitche is a habitue of "Elaine's," the watering hole for the New York literati. Julian and Sissy are eventually married, a weird union.

A revolt breaks out in the Countess' beauty spa in the Dakotas, The Rubber Rose Ranch. A group of cowgirls led by the whip yeilding Delores Del Ruby, have ousted the male ranch hands and the female customers.

Sissy is sent to the ranch, ostensibly to film a Yoni Yum commercial. In actuality, she is to spy on the cowgirls and report their activities to the Countess. Julian objects to Sissy being a spy, but soon discovers that he has very little say in the matter, because Sissy's thumbs are itching fiercely—a signal that she must hitchhike.

Once at the ranch, she is eventually won over to the cowgirl philosophy by Bonanza Jellybean, the second in command. Bonanza explains that girls traditionally are not allowed to rope and ride for fear that they may hurt themselves. But she decides to "satisfy my own inner needs and show society it couldn't get away with making me love something that didn't exist." Sissy and Bonanza eventually become lovers.

The Rubber Rose is watched over by the chink, a misnamed fugitive from the Nisei concentration camps at Tule Lake, who has become a kind of oracle, greeting his devotees with a wag of his penis and a stream of non-sequiturs.

Sissy returns to her native Virginia determined to have plastic surgery to correct those King Kong thumbs. While recuperating from surgery on her right thumb, she learns that the ranch is being besieged by the F.B.I. and various bird societies. (The Rubber Rose is also the haven for the nearly extinct whooping cranes.) The cowgirls decide to build a geodesic dome in order to protect them on a wildlife preserve. A battle ensues between cowgirls and G-men.

Foregoing an operation on her left thumb, Sissy decides to hitchhike back to Dakota, where she really belongs.

In his second novel, (the first was the magnificently offbeat *Another Roadside Attraction*), Tom Robbins has fashioned a surreal parable about sterile America. Superhighways are Triad January 1977

clogged with horny male motorists bent on rape. Cities are holes crowded with unnatural people doing unnatural things. New York in the heat of summer curls up in a "Dog-shit asana." Everyone is pretentious, everyone conforms. No one has dreams.

All frontiers have been conquered except one: woman. Woman is the final frontier, the only hope for a society that has over-structured itself.

The thumb is what separates us from the other animals. The brain is the master, but the thumb, writes Robbins, is the good soldier, creating napalm and vaginal spray. Sissy's thumbs are oversized in relation to the rest of her fingers and therefore, to the right order of things to correct the imbalances men have wrought on this earth.

Henry Miller has said that while learning to write he attempted to imitate the Russian masters of the 19th century. Those writers dealt with the great soul struggles of individuals that plunged whole nations into war. However, Miller soon realized that World War I obliterated that issue as a literary theme. It was Miller's task to deal with the post-war degeneration of the soul. Today, society is faced with saving humanity from the excesses of male domination, whether, like Sissy, it knows it or not.

In *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* Robbins spins a wild, wacky tale of one extraordinary girl's awakening to the crazy situations which threaten her. The language dances across the page, to the highest peak of the funny bone, then smack dab to the middle of the mind. No mean trick, this. Somewhere inside, there are answers, delightful to seek.

B.J. Greer

THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS
by Gene Wolfe
(Ace, \$1.75)

For a writer of his talent, Gene Wolfe is little known—even in science fiction circles. This, his first book, should do much to change that situation. To put it bluntly, *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* is a masterpiece. It consists of three novellas so intertwined by plot, character, theme and—above all—language that the result is more a novel than many more conventional books.

The title story takes place on Sainte Croix, a harsh, exotic Botony Bay of a colonial planet settled by Frenchmen. Here we witness the adolescence of Number Five, someone who may or may not be who we think he is, and who certainly isn't who he thinks he is. Toward the novella's end, he meets a Dr. John V. Marsch, who is (as we shall discover later) either an

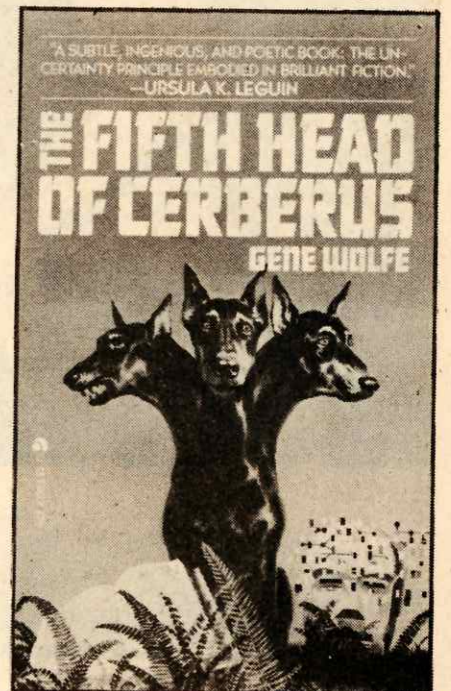
anthropologist from earth or a mimicking aborigine from Sainte Croix's sister planet, Sainte Anne.

The second surreal novella, "A Story," by John V. Marsch, seems to be this character's re-creation of aborigine life (and legend) on Sainte Anne before the arrival of earthmen. Or is this the story of what earthmen have become when faced by a race so much better at "seeming"?

V.R.T., the final segment, describes Marsch's expedition to find the supposedly extinct aborigines of Sainte Anne and his arrest and imprisonment upon returning to Sainte Croix. But is it really Marsch who writes these journal entries?

Don't look to Gene Wolfe to answer these questions. If *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* reads like a science fiction collaboration between Pirandello and Kafka, it is because the author isn't interested in definitive answers. It's not that in the book nothing is what it seems. But rather if the seeming is reality, how do we know who or what we really are? Wolfe's concern is with those open-ended questions that give meaning to our existence.

The title story first appeared



separately in Damon Knight's anthology *Orbit 10*. Alone, it well-justified the Hugo and Nebula nominations it received. Joined here with the other two stories, *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* becomes a memorable book of rare power and poetry, a work of suggestion rather than statement.

Robert A. Bassi

Theatre



COPS
by Terry Curtis Fox
directed by Stuart Gordon
Organic Theater Company
at the Lerner Theater

Watching the Organic Theater Company perform can always be a pleasure, if only from the technical standpoint. No matter the material, the performances are always first-rate. In their newest production *Cops* performed in repertory with *Switch Bitch*, the Organic teases the audience with a taste of their abilities. *Cops* was written by Chicago exile Terry Curtis Fox.

The format of *Cops* is the old standard "news behind the news" story. Read a newspaper article or hear a TV report of a holdup at a local diner or bowling alley or sleazy hotel where the "alleged criminal" is found dead as a result of the fracas and you might ponder momentarily over what REALLY happened. Something in the news report makes you think you're not getting the whole story; a piece doesn't fit in the puzzle. Well Fox, Stuart Gordon, and the Organic Theater Company are here to tell it like it is. See the cops in action. See the pigs as human beings. See the police with tragic flaws of fear

OUR MISTAKE

Apologies to Richard Tanis for the omission of his byline from last month's review of *The Wiz*.

and hate. See a holdup in progress. See murder and violence. See the story behind the story.

Cops is a "slice of life" drama written in the school of street talk and heavy morals. However, its major drawback as a valid theater piece is that the audience can see the same violence every night on the ten o'clock news. People hear or read the same story every day of their lives. It's the story of an untrained cop who makes a stupid mistake and kills a man or two and the "alleged criminal" who gets hurt when he won't surrender. People tend to skip past those stories when they appear in print and go to the kitchen when they appear on TV. It is too easy to become glutted with these tensions and aggravations. People go to the theater for magic and stay at home for the news.

"Slice of life" drama is hard to record on paper. It isn't easy to get all those city street phrases down correctly so the characters don't sound stiff and artificial. It is difficult to reproduce for the stage the words we actually here out there. It is an imposing technique for the playwright to develop. What this particular script leads you to believe is that Terry Curtis Fox stayed at home and watched his television and merely wrote fill-in dialogue for all the words that were bleeped from the news reports. The script itself does give you a moment or two of harmony with real life, but these are few and far between. And it is always sad to see a cast of ambitious, talented professional actors and actresses working double-time to balance script weaknesses.

The cast of *Cops* does an excellent job. Dennis Franz and Joe Mantegna

give realistic interpretations of what we would like to believe some cops can be like before their fall; before the corruption touches their lives and the lies begin and the cover-ups start. Meshach Taylor fights hard to overcome the almost overwhelming obstacle of totally unrealistic black dialect. But when he was surrounded by police and snipers and gas and then asked for TV cameras and a Pontiac Trans Am for his escape, I began to wonder if the show hadn't taken a wrong turn somewhere. It seemed as if the play had been written as a satirical parody of cops' lives and went sour midway into the first half hour.

Anyone who's ever eaten in a 24-hour diner can sympathize with the portrayal of Roberta Custer as Mickey, the overworked, underpaid, harassed and near-to-hysterical waitress. It was an admirable performance of an underwritten character. (Not to dwell on this point, but merely to mention it—where are the meaty roles in today's theater for women? They aren't being written by men, and the women aren't doing their share either.)

The remainder of the cast gives some believable portrayals of the people



who inhabit a westside diner at 3 a.m. Michael A. Saad, the proprietor and cook, worked hard on his characterizations. Ian Williams as the third cop—the rookie—made the audience ache with his naivete.

As a picturesque setting for a slice of life, one needs go no further than this stage. A more perfect diner

has never been created. The audience smells the greasy french fries, reads the menu special for the day, tastes the authentic apple pie, and knows there's a thin film of leftover grease covering everything. The set is detail perfect, as are the costumes. It is technically a good—even a very good production. All the angles and the expertise of a good company are there. A picture perfect setting of a westside greasy spoon on which to mount it, highly skilled performers to act it out, a director concerned with detail and realism and a company unity that carries the viewer through to the end with raw energy.

Why, oh why, then does this production fail? It is *the words*. It is the set-up. It is play-it-all-out-to-the-end-you-knew-would-happen structure of the show.

If you want to see highly imaginative staging, excellent Stuart Gordon direction, good Organic Theater performances and have some fun too, go see *Switch Bitch* instead or again. And when you've finished experiencing a delightful evening in the theater, go home and turn on the 10 o'clock news and get the violence.

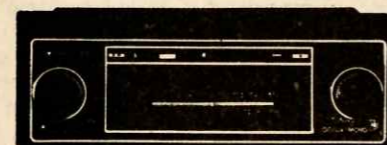
Anne Jenkins



STEREO PLACE

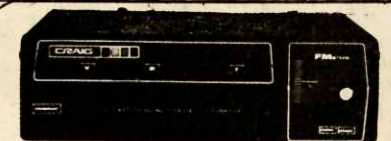
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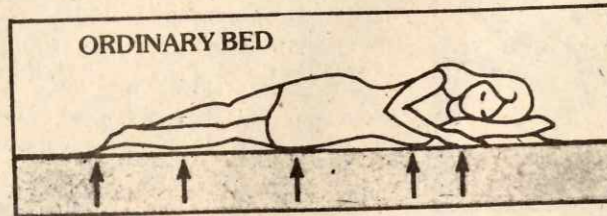
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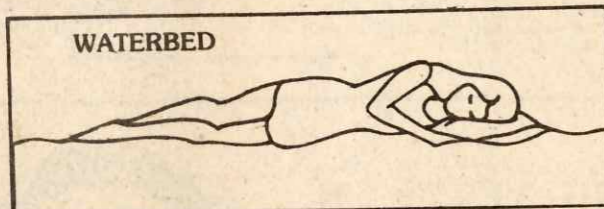
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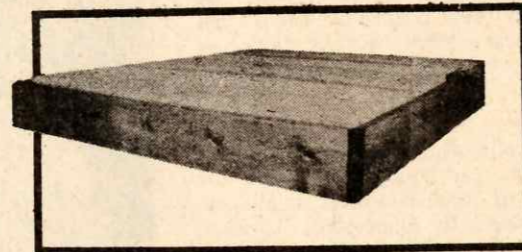


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JANUARY MUSIC





LOU WITH HIS BIGGEST FAN.

CONCERTS

LOU REED Uptown Concert

There just ain't no explaining Lou Reed. Year after year, the cultists and the curious have braved the dangers and the bouncers of the Aragon Theatre to see Lou live, and year after year, after sitting through two or three dreary back-up groups, they saw Lou reluctantly come onstage, and five or six songs later, watched him leave, without a word or an encore. He just didn't seem to recognize the audience. He was a rock & roll robot on a very weak spring in concert.

The curious came scoffed and retreated. But the faithful kept coming back, some hoping that this year would be the year of the big concert, and other going because it all fitted into Lou's charisma, or anti-charisma, making the scene but committing yourself to the sidelines, being there, but not getting involved.

Well, this year, the tourists still scoffed, but for a different reason. This year, Lou Reed played too long for their short-bounded interest. This was the year that Lou paid back old debts in a full three-hour set that left even the fanatics satiated.

Still the rock'n'roll robot, to be sure, but working on fresh batteries, including a new band, put together from the musicians who worked on his latest album *Rock And Roll Heart*, and three banks of four-high four-wide video monitors that played endless loops of black and white noise patterns while Lou kept grinding out his own particular noise that has been around so long and yet has changed so little, the new jazz-oriented band and Lou's even less-than-adequate solo guitar work notwithstanding.

Other musicians have deepened the impact of the music. This band gave it some interesting new twists, particularly with the saxophone work by Marty Fogel; but no matter what the band or who the personnel, Lou always emerges above it, triumphant. It doesn't matter that all his musical material is drawn from four or five root tunes, or that the words to songs you knew by heart slip through differently in concert.

What matters is the rock and roll connection, not the good-time music that frees your soul, but an experience that makes you give it all up to get involved with R.&R's most elusive and enigmatic heavy.

Nov. 21st's concert was billed "An Evening with Lou Reed...", but it felt more like years as Lou reviewed his entire musical history, from the Velvet Underground's first deliberate not-ready-for-commercial-airplay hit "I'm Waiting For the Man," to most of his new album, which will get just as little AM or FM coverage as that first album did.

Twelve years in the rock and roll business, a couple of hits, but still very little commercial potential. Just a hell of a lot of music that somehow exists independent of hot singles and top forties. There just ain't no explaining it.

Beth Segal



LEO SAYER DWIGHT TWILLEY Riviera Theatre

May Leo Sayer never have a worse night. He's a nice guy, and he doesn't deserve it.

The little Riviera was less than half full, even with Leo's latest single, "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing," doing well on the charts and getting plenty of local airplay. And even within that small crowd, response was spotty—just tiny pockets of real enthusiasm here and there.

And that's a shame, because Leo is one of the best old-fashioned showmen to turn up in pop music in years and for the current tour he has put together a superb band of some of L.A.'s finest session men—including Bobby Keys on sax and Nicky Hopkins on piano.

But nothing seemed to go right. The new, obviously expensive sound system acted up throughout the show, squealing and crackling and sometimes cutting out altogether. Leo nearly killed himself sliding through a spilled cup of wine on stage, couldn't find a roadie to clean it up and ended up removing his shoes to avoid further slippage. And as the show went on it was clear that both the band and the star were rapidly slipping into a state of public depression—inexcusable, even on a bad night.

Yet it *could* have been a great evening.

Despite missed cues and bad timing and all the hassles, the level of music remained high—such musicians never play really badly and they were obviously well-rehearsed. And Leo's latest effort to find a niche in the pop music scene—a move in the Bee Gees—white funk direction—suits his genuine talent as an on-stage entertainer well. But the ingredients just didn't mix right. Backstage afterward, Leo refused to see anyone.

The highly touted Dwight Twilley Band was likewise a disappointment. It is the sad lot of an opening act to be up on a bad night, to be exciting in front of a small crowd, to pretend enthusiasm when there is none. Dwight Twilley and band were none of them—and sloppy to boot.

And when we left the theater, there was a hard, cold rain falling. Sideways.

Bruce Meyer

PATTI SMITH GROUP
Aragon

At approximately 10:30, surrounded by the faded glamour of the ratty old Aragon Ballroom, the time came for the first local appearance of the Chicago-born "priestess" of rock, Patti Smith. She ran into the front of the stage in a green warm-up jacket over a short black dress over skin-tight leather pants. In the first few minutes before the band was set she jumped, twirled, skipped, and vibrated all over the stage. She introduced herself with a graphic description of her birth and at once her voice rose and the band kicked in. We all expected Patti to embody some demonic force or other but here she was, a midwestern cheerleader in leather pants. And I forgot to mention the ribbon in her hair. During the evening the jacket and the ribbon disappeared, but the excitability and energy always remained. She often seemed like a hyperactive little girl battling with monsters in her bedroom.

But she is a poet who discovered rock and roll as the means of expressing her words. And the evidence this night at the Aragon indicates that she's found the perfect band. They're able to respond to her wild energy and make it rock. Patti's poetry is not really poetry in the formal sense. Her words are often anarchic streams of a fragmented consciousness. Words and parts of words make strange associations, they fracture into syllables and musical sounds. Her eyes closed, she sinks deep into her subconscious and brings



PATTI SMITH/PHOTO RESERVE

up primal images of pain and sexuality. Much of the power of the performance comes from the raw, unprocessed images that everyone normally represses. And this is delivered through the raw, unprocessed music of the group themselves.

The lead guitarist is Lenny Kaye, a respected rock critic and aesthete before meeting with Patti and helping form her band. But like Patti, he is a musical amateur. It's really their total belief and trust in the power of rock and roll that propel the band. They keep the music simple and vital because they are unable to dilute it with sophistication.

Kaye is the only other figure on stage with a distinctive enough presence to be a foil to Patti. It was the times that he drew out her energy and focus-



sed or toyed with it that the performance really became electric. He was like a lightning rod for Patti's sparks and flashes.

The best example of this came during the long "Radio Ethiopia" jam. Kaye knows very well how to use the rock cliché of guitar as phallic symbol, and he and Patti exploited the irony of her position in the usually macho role of lead singer. During the instrumental break they played out a very intricate carnal ballet. Kaye soloed on his knees in front of Patti, with the guitar between his legs.

She began to tenderly caress the side of his head, then she moved her hands slowly along his body, stopping finally at the guitar. She pushed him down to the floor. He rolled over, jumped up and snapped at her. She



spat. He barked. They danced warily around the stage as the intensity of the band slowly built up. At last she grabbed the mike as the drums shot out and the song slicked into a new and higher gear. It's hard to tell how contrived all this was, but they appeared to be playing for real.

Although Lenny Kaye is the most visible member of the band behind Patti, credit must go to Ivan Kral, the other guitarist, who co-wrote most of the songs, and Jay Dee Daugherty, the drummer who has a light but strong touch that keeps the sound quick and flexible.

As I've mentioned, the band has a good sense of dynamics. Like Bruce Springsteen, they think in terms of the whole show. They know how to sustain tension through a quiet passage and release it in a furious explosion of tempo and volume. The only unsuccessful parts of the show were Patti's excursions into total stream of consciousness and random guitar noise. She did this twice during the night (there are also a couple of cases of it on her new record). It may mean a lot to her, but it's too private and self-concerned to mean much to the audience.

Fortunately these did not last long and were more than compensated for by tremendous versions of classics like the Stones' "Time Is On My Side" and the Who's "My Generation." She also unveiled some new songs that show that the longer this band is together the better it seems to get. After seeing both her and Graham Parker within a single week I'd have to say that the future of rock and roll is safe for some time yet.

Unfortunately there are still too many bands like Sparks around. They preceded Patti Smith, but I can't call them a warm-up act. They were a dull and repetitious loud-rock group with a single visual gimmick, a catatonic piano player who looks a little like Hitler. But what impressed me the most was their cynical underestimation of the audience and an overwhelming self-disgust.

Michael McDonnell

STANLEY CLARKE
TONY WILLIAMS
Auditorium Theatre

Many people, myself included, feel that virtually all that is good about modern fusion jazz is represented in the lean, happy personage of Stanley Clarke. Combining youthful energy, a prodigy-like sensibility about what makes good music good, and the natural communicatory abilities of a born leader, he has long been a fixture on the current jazz scene, despite his tender years (he was just 25). He has also retained a permanent place, it seems from the adulation expended on him at his December concert debut, in the hearts and minds of his music-loving countrymen. And, on the side, he plays exciting and extraordinary bass, even if his style has been somewhat eclipsed by others in recent months.

What Stanley seemed to need on his first several albums was control: his music just shot out everywhere, almost at random, rested briefly, then began agitating again, with no obvious

organizing force at work. But the show he presented at the Auditorium, the first time he has appeared in Chicago with his brand-new band—which is, in turn, his first live leadership effort—certainly gave the lie to most of his deficiencies. In fact, I was several times nearly roused from my critic's stoicism to stand on the seats and holler, as were the others, for more.

Clarke's band, called Ajax, whipped through several of the songs that have graced his albums, pulled out some new ones, and even gracefully settled back when the lanky leader put down his bass guitar, picked up the acoustic bass, and held the audience spellbound with an acoustic duet in tandem with his keyboardist, David Sancious. Sancious, as followers of his already will tell you, is the most promising pianist of the fusion genre, working with a superlative speed and flow born of years of classical study. In addition, he is especially imaginative on synthesizers, and adds immeasurably to Clarke's music.

Ajax also includes the take-it-

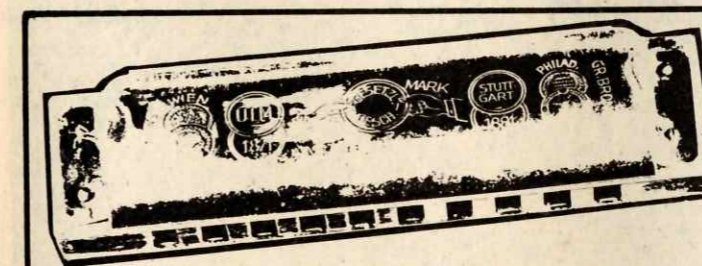


or-leave-it guitar work of Ray Gomez, who is becoming quite the rage among the fusion folks these days, don't ask me why; and the busy and always tasty drums of Gerald Brown. Still another indication of Stanley's control of his music lies in the two trumpeters who flank the band and add to the performances with pre-arranged horn parts. Their function is to substitute for the orchestral effects Stanley often employs on his albums, and they were a welcome surprise.

For the most part, the crowd—which was kept waiting for nearly an hour before Ajax began—was anxious to see Clarke and Co., especially since the opening act, the New Tony Williams Lifetime, proved fairly easy to follow. For the most part, that is: Williams himself, even though he sounded out of shape and less than fully imaginative, is still close to the best drummer we've seen. He can do just about anything—except, perhaps, lead a top-drawer fusion quartet. His band, which is greatly enlivened by the excellent young pianist Allen Pasqua, was hardly the powerhouse unit that Tony was wont to lead, and everyone in Clarke's band—with the exception of drummer Brown—came off well by comparison.

Whereas Lifetime seems to trod along well-beaten fusion paths, Stanley Clarke and Ajax are onto new things, buoyed by the musicianship inherent in Clarke and Sancious and aided further by Stanley's far-reaching innovations of composition: frequently, he sounds as if he is hatching a concerto grosso for which these songs are only the initial conception. It looks like only good things from Clarke in the future, if his first tour with his first band is of even the slightest indication. Δ

Adele Swins-Terner



CHICAGO'S #1

CORKY SIEGEL

VOTED BEST HARMONICA PLAYER
IN TRIAD'S ROCK POLL

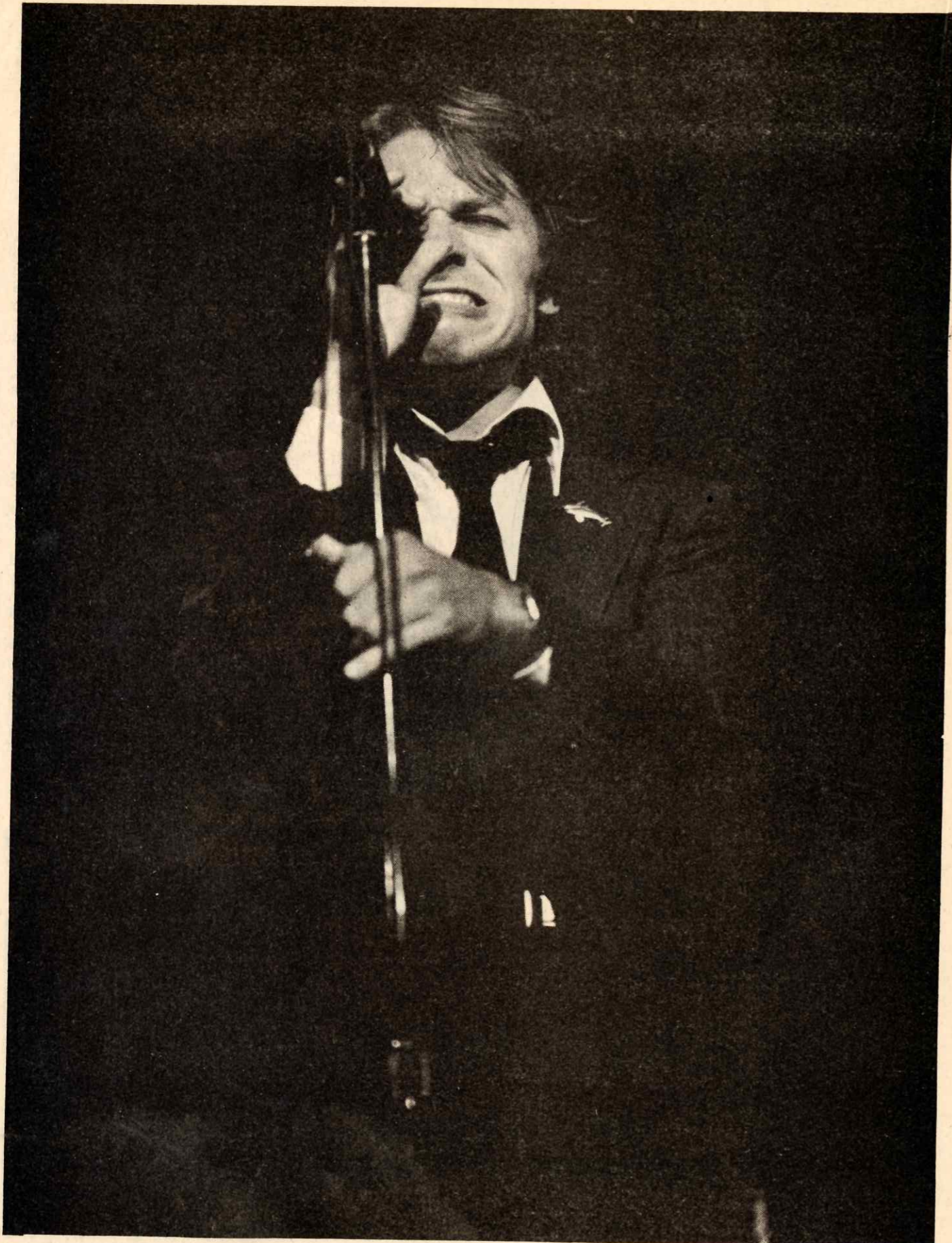
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ROBERT PALMER Ivanhoe Theatre

Suave and self-assured are not the right words to describe the stage presence which Robert Palmer brought to the Ivanhoe theatre during his recent one-night stand. Onstage, Palmer makes many performers look like they are suffering from the d.t.'s and/or too many nights spent sleeping on park benches. Smooth but not slick, mild-mannered off stage but extremely emotive, even husky-voiced, when performing, Palmer got his once delayed chance to bring his newly expanded band and most recent New Orleans-influenced music to a swelling Chicago following.

A number of changes in the band's lineup were visible, one through contrast, the other through similarity. Until the band was introduced, many in the audience could not help but speculate as to the identity of the harp player, whose dress and general appearance supported the theory that he was Robert's little brother. (In reality, he was Californian Greg Carroll).

But it came as a complete surprise to see the two newest additions to the sound, Angel and Silvia, black female backing vocalists. If some have accused Palmer in the past of singing blue-eyed soul, their accusations have lost most of the force they might have had. Palmer's music is much too complex to be so easily typecast.

During Palmer's last Chicago appearance, his more intimate ensemble showed that they were quite adept at providing the rhythms and textures in their instrumentals to make Palmer's mixture of soul, New Orleans second-line and Little Feat-brand funk coalesce into nearly flawless musical pleasure. This time around, though, attention focused more closely on the vocals, despite the band's equally competent execution of tunes by Palmer, Lowell George, Bill Payne and others.

The best examples, and most effective uses, of the new band alignment came in Toots Hibbert's "Pressure Drop" and the modified calypso tune "Man Smart (Woman Smarter)." The first song featured some interesting harp work by Carroll in addition to the expressive harmonies by the women. Even so, it was far more fascinating to listen to the way Palmer and his girls interacted during "Man Smart." The title of the song alone should give some indication of the potential for

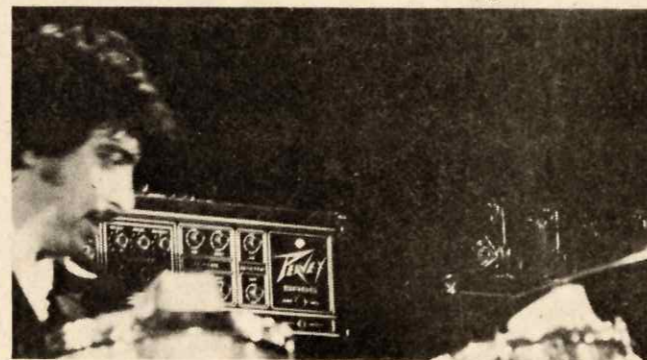


interplay between Palmer's full-throated singing and the punctuating harmonies of the women. In that case, the addition of the backing vocalists added immeasurably to the power of the song, which is a highlight of the most recent album.

The band performed a set culled mainly from Palmer's third and latest solo album, "Some People Can Do What

They Like," interspersing those songs with some of his classic compositions from his two previous (and sadly overlooked) LPs. Strangely enough, though, the audience had to wait till the encore to hear the earliest tune, and the song that established him as a real presence, "Sneakin' Sally Through the Alley." Leaving the stage before the rest of the

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band, Palmer then allowed his cohorts to enjoy the emotional climax of the crowd. It had been building through the entire set, and though Palmer was responsible for the initial excitement, it was the band that sustained it. Assuming no major personnel changes, it looks as though Robert Palmer is finally on the verge of stardom.

Bill Crowley

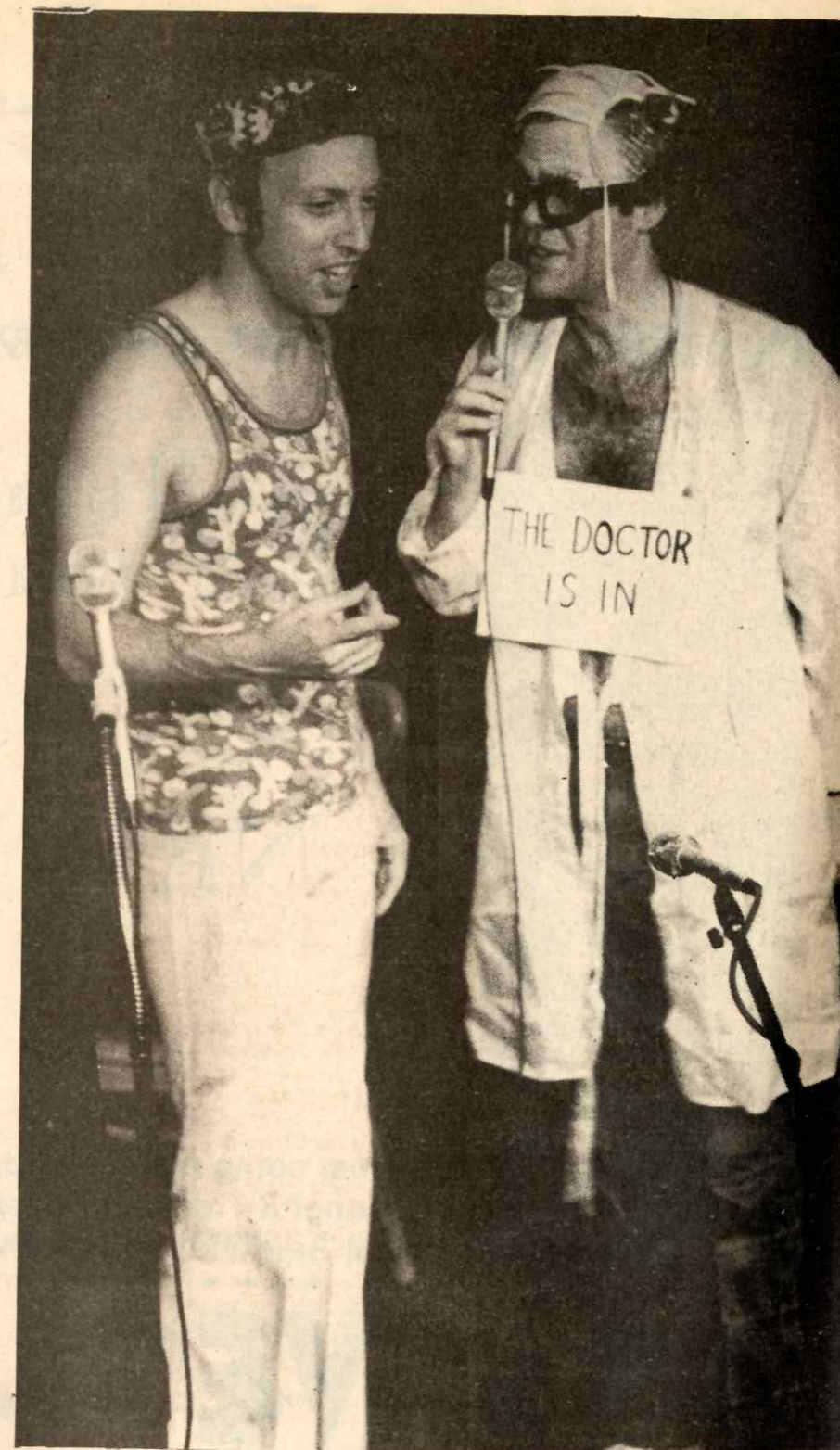
PROCTOR AND BERGMAN
 Amazingrace

In my capacity as founder and Head Gonzo of the Chicago Chapter of the Natural Surrealist Party (Papoon Cocoon number 72) as well as Founder and Former Head Gonzo of the Norman, Oklahoma Chapter, I first met Phil Proctor and Peter Bergman in May of '75 when they played Amazingrace for the first time. Since then, I have spent time with them every time they were booked into the Chicago area, and I have come to enjoy them not only as performers, but also, hopefully, as friends and human beings.

Consequently, it was with some trepidation that I went to their show this time as a reviewer, rather than just as a fan. I have seen their show some six or eight times now, and while the material is constantly evolving, they had been doing basically the same two sets (the current evolution of TV or Not TV and What This Country Needs) ever since I first saw them, and it was starting to get a bit boring. To say the least, I was greatly relieved when I realized the first set that Phil and Pete were doing a completely new show this time around.

Speaking as both a critic and a friend, I can only say that the new play, for that is what it is, is not only hysterically funny but also beautifully satirical. This is the most mature and cohesive piece of work that Phil and Pete have ever done on their own. While it is definitely influenced by some of the work they did with Firesign Theatre (specifically the albums *Waiting For The Electrician or Someone Like Him*, *How Can You Be In Two Places at Once When You're Not Anywhere At All*, and *Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers*), it is assuredly a complete work in itself, having sprung from a combination of the world they began to create with *What This Country Needs*, and their own personal experiences since the breakup of the Firesign Theatre.

The story progresses along a number of levels, much like the characters of "P" in *Waiting For The Electrician* and Porgy and Mudhead in *Don't Crush That Dwarf*, and once again Television provides the transitions between seg-



"WELL PHIL, IF YOU TALK INTO THIS MICROPHONE, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE OTHER ONE?"

ments. though without portraying the Vonnegut-esque device of the Sinclastic Infandibulum (coming unstuck in time) explained in *Don't Crush That Dwarf*.

Starting with the characters Clark Wintergreen, a computer salesman for

Rooter Computer, and his boss Jim Fishead (pro. Fi-SHED) who sell a new line of computers which don't work, and carrying them through a massive chase from one end of the continent to the other filled with dangers produced by themselves, society, EST

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and our floundering economy, the story traces how one man can be blamed for the irresponsibility of a major corporation concerned only with profits.

Clark is the scapegoat, donning a number of disguises while trying to escape Jim's treachery/insanity. Throughout the play (and that really is an inadequate word to describe what they're performing) Jim's and Clark's lives become inexorably intertwined, as Jim gradually draws Clark into sharing his fugue state/fantasy until they both become—wonder of wonders—two of Phil and Pete's best characters—Astrologer Dr. Claudio Astro and Maurice, the Mental Priest—a delightful fraud with overtones of Uri Geller.

Like all of the late, lamented Firesign Theatre's work, this is a reality which can be approached again and again without boredom, simply because it works on so many levels. Because of its complexity, it must be experienced and absorbed. I sat through both sets Friday night. The first set, I was practically in hysterics. The second set, I simply listened in awe.

Robin Cook

SUN RA AND THE SOLAR INFINITY SPACE ARKESTRA Jazz Showcase

Seeing Sun Ra and the Arkestra—experiencing them is a much more appropriate word—was the most exhilarating and enjoyable musical experience I've had in years. The last time I remember being so moved at a live performance was seeing Cecil Taylor some three years ago. The Arkestra, on the other hand, is an experience converting music, modern dance, lyric, costume and spectacle into total theater. Leroy Jones has stated that "Sun Ra more validly than anybody else performs classical contemporary Black Music of Ancient Black Tradition." I won't argue with that.

These days the Arkestra is made up of fifteen musicians and three female singer-dancers. The first set opened with a free-form jam, beginning with just a couple of players, that swelled as members of the band wandered aimlessly onto stage. Finally the three dancers entered (dressed in one of their many costume changes) gazing in awe at a newspaper that revealed the headline "Sun Ra From the Planet Saturn."

Gary Becka

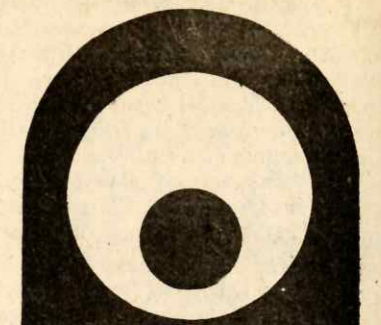
Right off the bat you were tipped off, if you didn't already know, that this was to be no ordinary jazz show. Enter Sun Ra, dressed in space garb and cape, swirling it to the music as it swells. For the next four hours-plus Sun Ra and the Arkestra transformed the entirety of the Showcase into their stage. (By the way, when was the last time you saw anyone play a set two hours long in a club?)

They took a transfixed and appreciative audience on a trip that included visits to ancient Egypt—"I am the Pharaoh"—as well as deep into space.

Sun Ra's music is not just avant-garde jazz. As Joachim Berendt described, it includes the swing riffs of Basie, the sounds of Ellington's sax section, Fletcher Henderson's voicings, traditional blues and black songs, African dances, Egyptian marches, Black percussion choirs plus elements of Black Mass and Black Myth.

The highlights of the evening included some of Sun Ra's beautifully written ensemble pieces, most notable of which was "Images." They also played stirring modern renditions of Ellington's "A-Train" and "Lighting." The free-form pieces and percussion improvisations were moving, emotional pieces. The Arkestra is setting the trend for the modern big band today as it has in the past. Sun Ra's LPs of the late '50s and early '60s show that he was ahead of the so-called innovators who received much of the credit.

John Gilmore put on one of the most impressive live performances I've seen by a tenor player. He had several outstanding solos and proved equally capable in whatever setting he played in. Sun Ra also took two hysterical solos on his space-organ. He pounds at it with his fists, elbows, forearms, spins around—literally creating white noise. The humor and good will this night were never far from the surface. Sun Ra thinks "Space Is The Place" and closed one set by leading a snake dance through the club during this popular number. The nice thing about it is you get the feeling that he wants to take you with him. So where do I stand in line for the tickets?



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RY COODER
Amazingrace

Unlike his last few visits to Chicago, Ry Cooder hit town with a band. The unusual crew of instrumentalists represented a typical choice for him. The combination Tex Mex/soul revue blended on the crowded Amazingrace stage as well as it does on his latest album.

Ry Cooder has always been a source for what I call "folks music." Whether in the traditional folk form, blues pattern, or more recently on the Hawaiian and Norteno (Tex Mex) style, the music has always had that sometimes crude but essential down home touch. The atmosphere at Friday night's late performance could almost be tasted: refried beans, tostados, and an occasional swig of tequila.

Not too often do the rock and roll ears of America's listening young chance upon music from south of the border. It's important music though. What Ry has done is brought it north, leaving the lime behind, hoping the sprinkles of sugar he tosses out will appease our taste. The raucous accordions, saxophones, and oversized guitars that form the meat of the music are now gently playing in the background. The result is pretty, the right sound to accompany Cooder's choice of tender love lyrics. "Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone and let's pretend that we're together all alone/I'll tell the man to turn the juke-box way down low and you can tell your friends there with you that he'll have to go."

Working with a five-piece band and three-man vocal section can be a problem of you are accustomed to working under a single spotlight. In addition to the extra money problems, arrangements and solos no longer blossom from the heart. They bellow from the headache. When you are by yourself, that occasional missed beat can be an effective highlight. But if you break without warning the band, it looks and sounds wrong.



Cooder solved these problems by constantly shifting the size of the band. A rare solo effort such as "Diddy Wah Diddy" was preceded by a full arrangement of Ben E. King's "Stand By Me." Instrumentals and vocals were switched and rotated as well. These changes resulted in a versatile, exiting show.

Flaco Jimenez on accordion shared the stage with Cooder, taking all the solos he could squeeze in. Bobby King, Terry Evans, and Herman Johnson filled in on vocals completing and accenting Cooder's deep, nasal voice.

Cooder himself, in bright Hawaiian shirt lacking only an Instamatic around his neck, was in good form. Picking and bottleneck-sliding on acoustic and electric guitars, he sounded great. Although an attempt was made at a nearby mandolin that refused to join in the fun, Cooder's prowess on the six-stringed instrument was proof enough. Though it looked like he was struggling with the guitar, the proof was in the performance.

Mark Guncheon



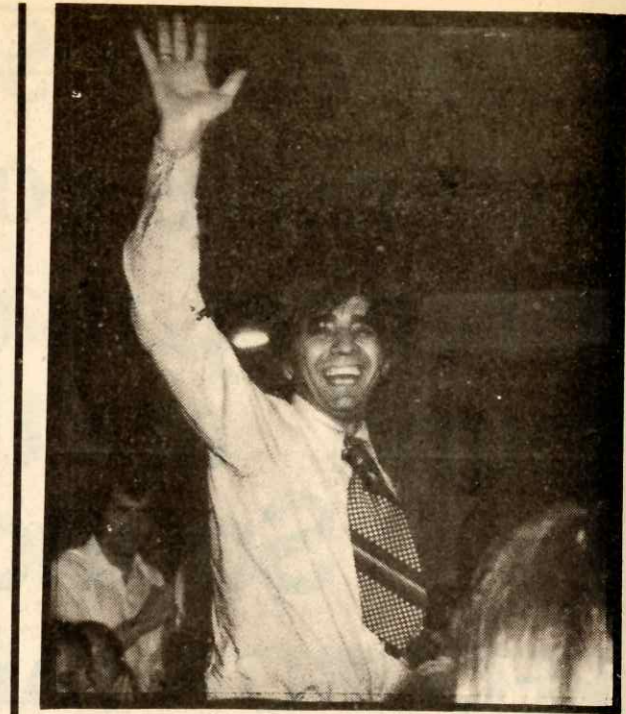
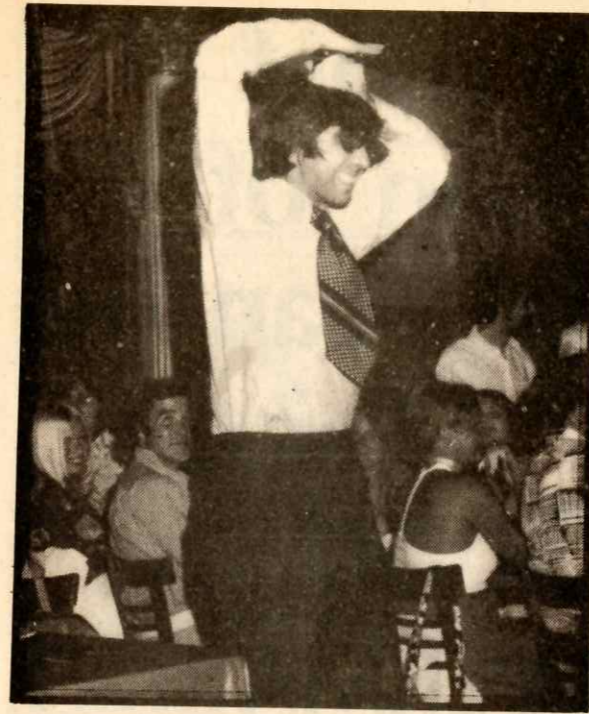
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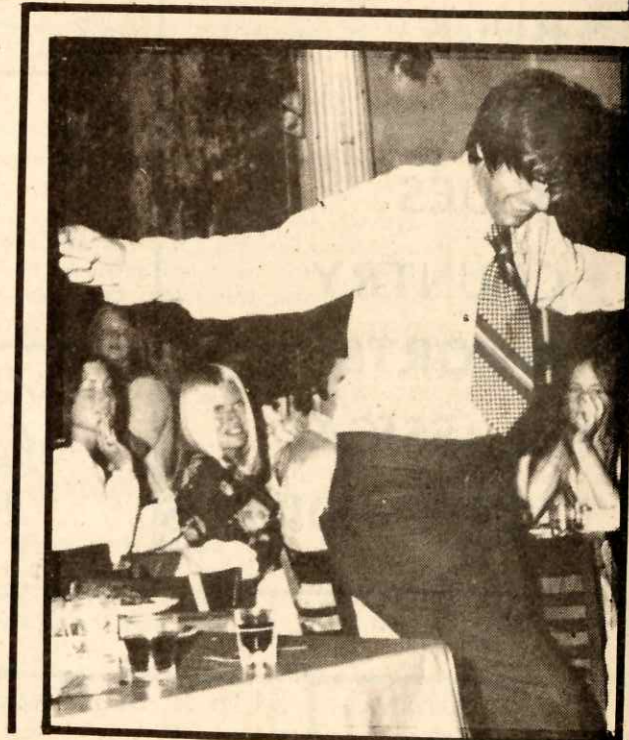
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JONI MITCHELL
Hejira
(Asylum)



Because they are such intimate, revealing statements, Joni Mitchell's albums compel us to analyze, to search them for personal disclosures. We are curious about her personal life because she is, quite simply, the most creative singer-songwriter performing today. She has steadfastly refused to give interviews to the press (which I, for one, admire) because her music is statement enough. Few artists make such honest, private messages.

With each successive album since her 1968 debut, *Song To A Seagull*, she has demonstrated both an increased understanding of her musical craft and a greater ability to translate emotional experiences into meaningful and appealing forms. She has become sophisticated in method and message, progressing from skillful yet fairly standard folk-rock idioms to a confident mastery of funky jazz and blues. To her credit, she has never feared to experiment, as demonstrated by the previous *Hissing of Summer Lawns*, her least "commercial" album to date, but one necessary to her musical evolution.

Hejira certainly won't be her most commercially successful record, though it is considerably smoother and more engaging than *Hissing*. It includes no songs as catchy as "Raised on Robbery" from *Court and Spark*, nor does it strike the balance between message and flashy hooks that gave that album its universal appeal. But *Hejira* is Joni Mitchell's most powerful and expressive achievement to date, a creative masterpiece.

Hejira. The word means flight, retreat, escape, and its complex definition provides the album with its theme. Every song includes references to travelling, of a life on the road. In many ways, this is Joni's first "concept" album, a chart of the pilgrim's progress of her soul. "I'm travelling in some vehicle," she sings in the title song, later revealing the "vehicle" as a metaphor for her continuing acceptance of weaknesses in her personality. "We're only particles of change I know, I know/orbiting around the sun/ but how can I have that point of view/when I'm always bound and tied to someone?"

Hejira (the song and the album) is the kind of complete statement we all wish we could make at 30, an affirmation—and exorcism—of restlessness with life and lovers. "I'm porous with travel fever," she admits; but in a song called "Blue Motel Room" she sensuously croons this arrangement with a boyfriend back in L.A.—"You lay down your sneaking around the town, honey/ and I'll lay down the highway." The implication is that neither of them will change.

The arrangements, by Mitchell and Henry Lewey (again), demonstrate an almost classical restraint, mainly guitars and percussion. Tom Scott and Chuck Findley blend some horns into "Refuge of the Roads," the album's last and summing-up song, but the overall tone is one of simplicity.

On *Hejira* there is nothing fancy, nothing that glitters, nothing cheap. The lyrics are lean, clean, and spare, complementing the jazzy fluidity of the melodies. The album is untainted by top-40 hooks and hummers, but at least four of the nine long (five minutes, average) songs are outstanding and memorable achievements.

"Coyote" is a delight, a hip examination of two people who "come from such different sets of circumstance." Coyote is an earthy, rambunctious cowboy who gets up with the sun; and the singer stays up all night in the studio then comes home to her reel-to-reel. There's a chance meeting that'll get no second chance. She was just a hitcher he picked up, "a prisoner of the white lines of the freeway."

"Amelia" is a haunting, graceful self-examination of the singer's rocky romances, in which she identifies with the lost and legendary aviatrix, Amelia Earhart. "Maybe I've spent my whole life in clouds at icy altitudes/and looking down on everything/ I crashed into his arms." The whole thing, she tells Amelia, was just a false alarm. The music of this song seeps into the spine. "Refuge of the Roads" is not quite so eerie, but just as fetching, boasting a beautifully varied melody, a strong narrative, and a crystalline grasp of the individual's role on this wildly spinning globe.

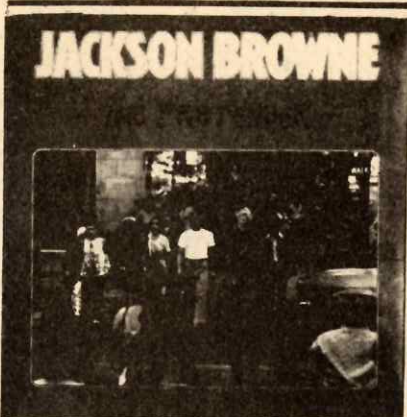
But the album's pivotal song, its importance reinforced by photographs on the inside cover and record sleeve, is "Black Crow." It is the cumulative expression of the album's predominant metaphors: flying, fleeing, travelling; and hunting for shiny objects, places to rest, people to love. "In search of love and music/my whole life has been/illumination/corruption/and diving, diving, diving..."

Joni is more autobiographical here than on any previous album, all of which have mapped the complex terrain of her spirit. "Sharon," for instance, is filled with details of her youth and her present, spurred into mind by the sight of a department store wedding dress display. Some other girl's heart, she tells Sharon, will reel in ecstasy over that dress and all it implies. But not Joni, not yet.

Joni's history of ephemeral romances is well known, and such a string of heartbreaks would have become a joke with any other person. The difference is that she has always admitted her weakness, her constant search for Prince Charming and his holy grail. These desperate searches, magnified by the bold revelations of her albums, have become far more than personal journeys. Her listeners, who travel many of these same fine white freeway lines, are drawn up in her agony and exhilaration. And they are grateful for journeys like this *Hejira*.

Chuck Pratt.

JACKSON BROWNE
The Pretender
(Asylum)



Judging from his records (this is the fourth), Jackson Browne has never been frivolous. His albums combine thoughtful ballads with thoughtful rockers, and even the most jaunty song leaves a philosophic aftertaste. After all, he writes about life, death, illusion, and the mutability of love. To be sure, these same themes are treated by Black Oak Arkansas and Perry Como, but Jackson invests them with a particular eloquence and metaphysical tinge. Such songs as "Doctor My Eyes," "Redneck Friend," "Take it Easy," and "Ready or Not" are all pleasant to listen to, but beneath the fingersnapping is an undertow of apocalyptic vision. That vision comes to—for lack of a better term—*fruition* in **The Pretender**, definitely the most somber album of the year.

The songwriter's serious concerns erupt in the opening cut, "The Fuse," a meditation about time, beginning slowly then building to a percussion-dominated crescendo before dissolving. It serves to introduce a sense of urgency present throughout the record. "Through every dead and living thing/time runs like a fuse/and the fuse is burning/and the earth is turning."

This is followed by "Your Bright Baby Blues," a jumble of metaphors concerning the tension between anonymous alienation and the possibility of love. The singer (Jackson in his fragile, limited voice) is

lost in a figurative wilderness, "sitting down by the highway," and no matter how fast he runs, there's no escaping his dilemma. The way out, of course, is love, and in the final verse he asks his friend to lend a hand.

The imagery of eyes figures also in "Linda Paloma," which—thanks to producer Jon Landau's decision to give it a rinky-tink Tijuana flavor—is musically insipid. Landau even gets Jackson to sing a few fairly well-written lines in an embarrassing falsetto. The heart of the song is felt in these lines: "Love will fill your eyes with the sight/of a world you can't hope to keep." Not very cheery.

The album's only song to demonstrate any kind of emotional strength does so by a kind of logical indirection. "Here Come Those Tears Again" is about standing up to rejection by escaping to a dark room. The uptempo beat provides an interesting counterpoint to the solemn lyric content.

The only other song to manage more than a sluggish musical movement is "Daddy's Tune," addressed to Jackson's father. It begins as another autumnal meditation about falling leaves and passing years, but evolves into almost frisky assertiveness—"make room for my 45s among your 78s," he sings. Contrast this song to the mournful "The Only Child," advice to Jackson's young son Ethan.

The title song, intended as the album's keystone, fails to hold together. There are no smooth transitions between its various moods of resignation, bitterness, confidence, and confusion. The listener is forced to wonder if Jackson means what he says about seeking the "legal tender" and the material things it can buy. Or is he just pretending? Certain lyrics are open to dual interpretations. "I want to know what became of the changes we waited for love to bring/Were they only the fitful dreams of some great awakening?"

Essentially this song is about the same southern California ennui he has been examining since his first album. He is still without answers, and the questions are hardly as eloquent as before.

The Pretender lacks musical, philosophical, and lyrical variety—in marked contrast to the songwriter's previous efforts. The cumulative effects of all these morose statements induces a sleepy indifference. Jackson is guilty of trying too hard, and ends up being pretentious and esoteric.

This album is a confession, a private world, and it's hard for any outsider, even an admirer, to enter. Perhaps it's just as well. The listener interested in prospecting these songs will find the glimmers of gold barely worth the effort.

Chuck Pratt

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
A NEW WORLD RECORD
(United Artists)



Permit me one long sigh of relief. Jeff Lynne has done it again.

I was a mite apprehensive, you see, about this new ELO LP. It had a bit of the acid-test about it: could Jeff Lynne possibly put together a better ELO album than **Face the Music**, which had even surpassed the indisputably magnificent **Eldorado**, which was the successful fusion of a lot of ambitious musical ideas attempted on three previous ELO albums? To put it more succinctly, now that Lynne and Co. seemed to have hit a jackpot formula with **Face the Music**, would **A New World Record** simply be a polyvinyl copy?

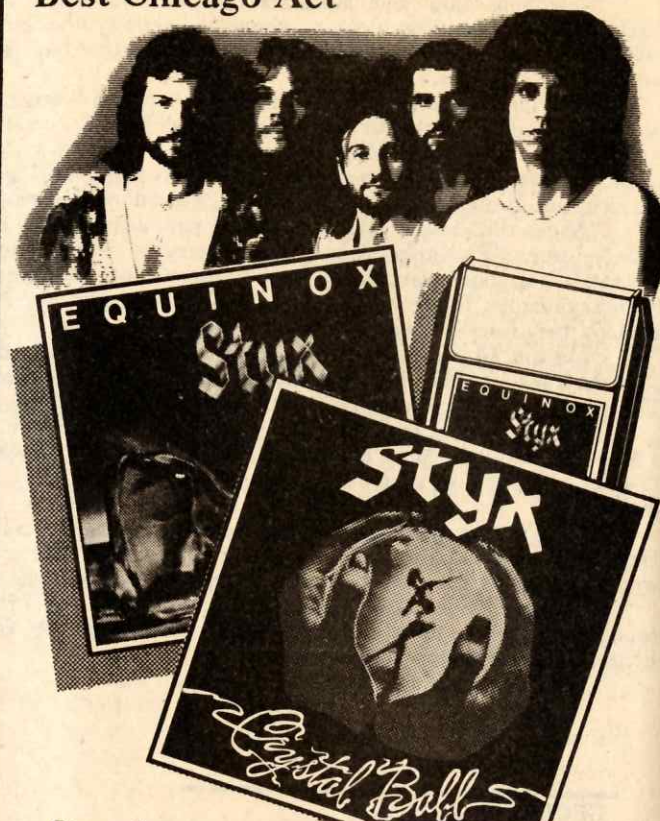
The answer, I am pleased to report, is no. **A New World Record** is a logical—and most listenable—progression for the Electric Light Orchestra. Lynne's nine compositions, which all along the line have been economizing further and further into *songs*, are even more compact and accessible than the tracks of **Face the Music**.

As Lynne has continually developed his initial scheme of meshing rock and roll with a string section, through each successive ELO album he has had to utilize fewer and fewer actual minutes to make his ideas work. The longest track on **A New World Record** is 5:34 and the shortest 2:16, but it's all in there: the seven-member band including strings, full orchestra and chorus, a myriad nifty special effects—all held in balance

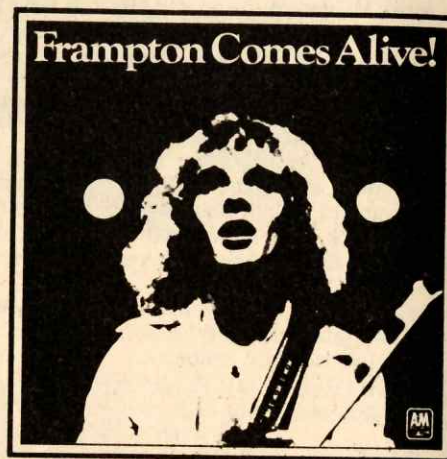
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1977 Sounds best on



by Lynne's delicately dense, Spectroesque production.

"Tightrope" and "So Fine" lead off sides one and two respectively, and both are fresh, up-tempo adrenalin-raisers. "So Fine" is ever so, with its carefree melody, irresistible rhythm, nimble bass work from Kelly Groucutt, and totally off-the-wall Latin percussion break midway through.

"Telephone Line" and "Rockaria!" feature some pretty tricky special effects which somehow don't come off as gimmicky. "Telephone Line" utilizes a ringing phone and eerie synthesizer from the muchly-talented Richard Tandy to underscore Lynne's plaintive vocal, and "Rockaria!" is a rock'n'roll scorcher built around a German operatic figure from the throat of noted English soprano Mary Thomas.

"Far, far away the music is playing," she trills in Wagnerian tones, and Lynne's slide guitar pulls the diva right into ELO's hefty r&r. Sounds corny, but surprisingly enough it works, down to Thomas' charming (and authentic) false start at the beginning.

"Livin' Thing" is unabashedly commercial, and just so happens to be the single as well. It's a catchy, fairly lightweight track with graceful, flamenco-styled violin breaks from Mik Kaminski, interesting vocal phasing, and a rather unfortunately mundane chorus. It does grow on you, however, and will no doubt be a resounding smash.

"Above the Clouds" and "Shangri-la" rank as the album ballads, the first short, sweet and simple, the second a production tour-de-force. "Shangri-la" is lush with bittersweet pathos, offering the unmistakably wry mark of Jeff Lynne in lines like "My Shangri-la has gone away, Faded like the Beatles on 'Hey Jude'". Also present: a lazily romantic, Amos Garrett-ish guitar solo from keyboardist Tandy and a positively mesmerizing keyboard-string passage at the end. Listen for Lynne's subtle "Judy baby!" in McCartney voice—a clever touch.

"Mission (A World Record)" is probably the album's oddest cut, with a story-line about extra-terrestrials sent to Earth to make a record about it (hence the LP title), basing their operations at the seedy Mission of the Sacred Heart in New York City. The song moves from a suitably otherworldly, cautious-sounding verse to a strangely bluesy jive and back again.

The inclusion of the Move classic "Do Ya" was inevitable, I think—it was and is a terrific tune and should not have to remain a Move memory (the Move being Bev Bevan and Lynne's previous band, one of the best British rock outfits ever.) The revamped "Do Ya" isn't as raw, simple or raunchy as the original, but is just as satisfying on its own, thanks to Bevan's inimitable piledriving drumming.

Lynne's crazy lyrics can finally be discerned (which is a bit of a shame, in a way), the string section of Kaminski and cellists Hugh McDowell and Melvyn Gale add a choppy sort of zing, and a lovely subtle touch at the end of the song has, instead of the words "Look out, baby there's a plane a-comin'!" as on the Move's original, the sound of a plane disappearing in the distance.

ELO have found their niche and they're finally comfortable in it: English rock with strings and things, and just enough tongue-in-cheek to keep them from being pretentious. A **New World Record** is a delight (with more to come, we hope) and ELO is just—aces. Keep it up, fellas.

Moira McCormick

GEORGE HARRISON
33 1/3
(Warner Brothers)



Ex-Beatles never die, they just keep making music. It seems safe to say that as long as there exists a top 40, there will be a product from the former Fab Four jockeying up and down the charts.

However, all this music-making will not be outstanding; some will be downright mediocre. The pedestal descending and icon smashing has been occurring with regularity since 1970 and it is all too obvious that McCartney, Lennon, Harrison and Starr are merely mortals, albeit talented ones. But gentle George, of the benevolent charity concerts and Krishna consciousness, has been in a slump since 1974, receiving consistent and justified bad press; the infamous "dark horse" tour of '74, the nonsuccess of his Dark Horse label, A&M's suit against him for the lateness of 33 1/3 when he was suffering from hepatitis. The ultimate low was reached when Bright Tunes accused him of stealing the tune for "My Sweet Lord" from the Chiffons' "He's So Fine," and won. At 33, he was already 10 years past his prime.

But 33 1/3 will prove to be George's salvation, at least in the material world. Between court cases, he has somehow found the time to produce an album full of rock'n'roll, humour and sensitivity. Surprisingly eclectic, the material, ranging from rock to chants to Cole Porter, is immediately likeable and, more importantly, listenable. His past efforts

were powerful soporifics, not exactly a brilliant testimony to the wisdom of fusing religion and rock.

His predilection towards self-righteousness and lack of humor are nowhere to be found. Instead, he playfully thumbs his nose at his legal problems with "This Song," an infectious boogie woogie with wailing brass and piano, laden with sarcastic jibes: "This tune has nothing Bright about it. This tune ain't good or bad, and come whatever may, my experts tell me it's okay." Likewise, his stance of philosophical resignation on "What You Value," is good-natured and accepting.

George's love ballads have never sounded better, whether they're intended for his god or his woman. His weeping guitar riffs give meaning to the mellow tenderness of "Learning How to Love You", simplistic chord structure of "Beautiful Girl," and gentle rendition of Porter's "True Love." Even the obligatory religious tribute "Dear One," works, avoiding dullness through the judicious use of synthesizer and a spirited vocal.

If none of those please you, there's always George's soulful tribute to one of his long-standing musical influences, Smokey Robinson, in "Pure Smokey." Or the whimsical, childlike "Crackerbox Palace." Something for everyone.

33 1/3 may lack the grandiose vision of **All Things Must Pass**, and the live excitement of **Concert for Bangladesh**, but it

easily outclasses the dismal **Dark Horse**, or boring, blandness of **Extra Texture**. At 33 and 2/3, George's future looks court-free and musically solid and . . . I say, it's all right!

Mindy Goldenberg

LEO SAYER
Endless Flight
(Warner Brothers)

LEO SAYER
Endless Flight



After an era of music for anger's sake came a new genre of musicians who make their music a light-hearted, dancing-in-the-street celebration. Leo Sayer is one of these. For anyone who hasn't heard his "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing," his style comes out of nowhere; his two Snoopy-socked feet pointing straight up make it unclear whether he is falling up or down, but whether he has shaken gravity or not, he has created a well-balanced circus of songs designed to please. When singing he naturally moves and dances, letting his liveliness come through the limitations of vinyl to bring a harlequinesque aura to the album.

Endless Flight rarely teeters off the tightrope. Human and musical instruments easily trade the spotlight with the songs themselves. The album is definitely Leo's, yet he knows when to lay bare the beauty of the melodies and lyrics ("Endless Flight"), saving the brass and gutsy strain for the more traditional rockers ("How Much Love"). Leo's enthusiasm and alternate restraint keep **Endless Flight** from the monotony sometimes spawned by a single artist performing an entire album.

To his credit, Sayer lets others leave their mark on his music. He shares songwriting chores with an impressive list of co-composers; while producer Richard Perry, late of Ringo Starr and Melissa Manchester, brings the same flair, professionalism and jazzy instrumentation to **Endless**

Flight as he has to his other productions. Though using a different set of musicians for each tune, Perry creates a unified steady backing while letting Leo channel the main energy through his sensitive but high-sprung vocal acrobatics.

Images come easily to **Endless Flight**, making its fantasies a main attraction. The layered collages of the more complicated lyrics roam from the nightmarish fear of flying in "Endless Flight" to the vibrant and rosy portrait of "Magdalena." No less in the center ring is the simpler, high school cafeteria-toned "I Think We Fell In Love Too Fast" or the smiling and cheeky "There's No Business Like Love Business."

Endless Flight is a harlequin's repertoire of ten charades combined into a sparkling and thoroughly enjoyable circus of songs. **Endless Flight** playfully pleasant without being trivial, and that's good to hear.

Carolyn Lee Bottum

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
High Lonesome
(Epic)

THE
Charlie Daniels
BAND
HIGH LONESOME



Over the years, the Charlie Daniels Band has emerged as the premier southern boogie and blues band, almost as much by default as by talent. Time has not changed them, as it has so many other groups, who have found themselves almost irresistibly turning into hard rock groups, or disintegrating completely.

If anything, the years have enhanced and rarified their style. Daniels and bands are still swinging high, wide and southern-style, as they proved on their recent concert tour and re-affirm on their latest album, **High Lonesome**.

The new release is a showcase album, showing off Charlie and the good ole boys in their best style and form, doing songs about the south country and the men it spawned in the good old days, when they wore the big rodeo hats for practical reasons.

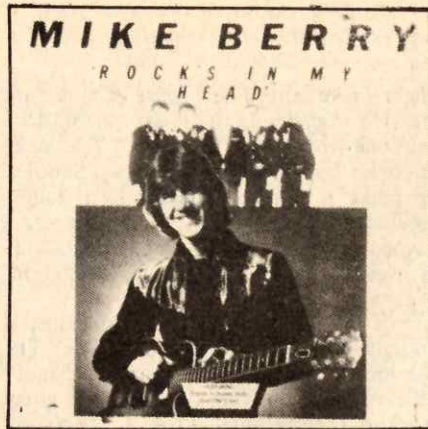
These latterday cowboys refrain from the earlier generation's penchant for idealizing the land and legend, to the point of admonishing the new generation to heed the lessons of the old, "Be fast with the ladies and slow with the men, be kind to your horses and true to your friends, and treat every mother's son fair. . . cause a damn good bunch of cowboys makes a man feel proud."

Well, relevancy in lyrics was never Daniel's forte, and the music far and away excuses even the worst. Though there's no formal instrumental cuts on the album, there's a lot of fine licks coming out in all directions, particularly from Charlie Daniel's fiddle on "Billy the Kid" and from Joel DiGregorio's piano on "Roll Mississippi", and welcome contributions throughout from the Marshall Tucker Band's Toy Caldwell and George McCorkle.

This isn't an album that's going to win a lot of new recruits to the southern music movement, but it's a hell of a great way to kick in the New Year from Charlie Daniels to the Dixie devotees.

Beth Segal

MIKE BERRY
Rock's In My Head
(Sire)



More and more often these days, you find yourself in a record store surrounded by disco-rock, country-western-rock, cosmetic cosmic punk-rock and Donny and Marie's Christmas album, and you wonder whatever happened to good old straight out and out rock and roll. That's where Mike Berry comes in to set the rock record right.

Mike Berry was around when it all first happened, when Buddy Holly's influence first reached England and planted the seeds of the original rock revolution in 1957.

Holly's subsequent death prompted the tune that Berry recorded with a group called The Outlaws, "Tribute to Buddy Holly." The song became a hit and was chiefly notable for its tear-jerking monologue break "Buddy Holly was killed in a plane crash in 1959. . .but his songs will be remembered always. . .always." That set the precedent for more rock and roll sob stories than anyone would care to recount.

Over a decade later, Mike Berry's come back, backed by most of the original Outlaws with an album called *Rock's In My Head*, a compilation of his own and other songs from the Buddy Holly era.

It includes the obvious "Tribute To Buddy Holly," Holly tunes "Peggy Sue," "That'll Be The Day" and "Rave On," and an early Elvis hit "Don't Be Cruel." All high tide classics of the late '50s, except for

for Berry's hit, which was first recorded in late 1961, and all approached by Berry and band with a reverential attitude but a heavy-handed treatment which turns these original rockers into pop dirges.

As a historical curiosity, the album holds some interest, Berry has been around for rock's first twenty years, and his musical past does grant him some credibility, but it's a singular sentimental journey as far as the actual recreations are concerned, Berry may get off on his own arrangements, but few others will. Ultimately, the record leaves you wishing more for a revival of the original musicians than of their big hits.

Beth Segal

THE JAMES MONTGOMERY BAND
The James Montgomery Band
(Island)



It's been two long years since the James Montgomery Band was last heard from. Two albums on Phil Walden's Capricorn label were filled with soul-satisfying, southern blues funk. For a band north of the Mason-Dixon line, that's not bad. "I'm Funky but I'm Clean," "Son of Jump," "Drive Me Crazy," and "Schoolin' Them Dice" are typical songs from this crazy band. Headed up by vocalist and harpman James Montgomery, the band stretches from tight fast funk to slow guitar-based blues.

With the release of their latest album, *The James Montgomery Band*, things have changed. They've moved from the Macon Georgia based label to England's prestigious but unorthodox Island label. The label that brings you Brian Eno and Bob Marley now includes the somewhat disco-esque white funk of the now "average" James Montgomery Band. Sounding similar to the Average White Band, the new JMB is quite disappointing.

Allen Toussaint and his bayou friends from New Orleans' Sansu Enterprises have produced eight songs for the boys. While Toussaint's previous efforts with Elvin Bishop, Professor Longhair and others have been distinctive and imaginative, this record falls flat.

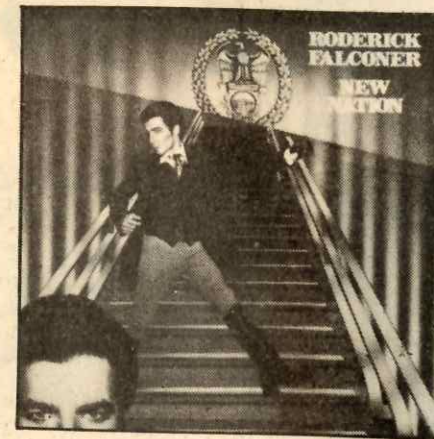
From an amateur engineer's standpoint, the sound mix on his Lp is rather shoddy. Montgomery's vocals lack any fullness. The rough, raw sound of his dry voice sticks out like a sore foot. On a disco funk album that is bad news. His lyrics don't help the condition. Trying to capture the feeling of any of a number of black superstars, Montgomery resorts to the "I'm super-cool" attitude.

But his honky phrases don't work: "Everybody get up, c'mon and do your stuff/Feelin' all right, let's do it tonight. . .There's a man in Louisiana who can make you move your feet/And that's not all he can make you dance and get up off your feet. . . When you start to snap your fingers, they call it finger popping/When your shoes dance off your feet they call it foot floppin."

That mystic Motown magic is missing. "Soul," for lack of a funkier, better term represents a quality and a feeling not easily learned. The horn section is missing the tightness that a James Brown demands. More importantly, Montgomery's voice is missing the power of a Sam Cooke or an Otis Redding. If the band plans to stick with the R and B route, a little more learning and earning is necessary.

Mark Guncheon

RODERICK FALCONER
New Nation
(United Artists)



Here is Roderick Falconer, Rod Taylor (no, not the actor), Junior Birdman and poet *extraordinaire*, tripping lightly along the edge of the razor. On one side, stupendous pretention; on the other side, dreary platitudes. He dances, he stumbles; he wavers, he pirouettes.

Does he fall? No. Instead he comes up with an album that nobody could possibly have made in 1976. In a year when hard and simple rock and roll is resurging and disco is the cretin king, here's Falconer trying to lay upon us intelligent lyrics and worthwhile concepts and even music strong enough to carry such a load.

Rod Taylor is really a poet. Among other things, he has a book of poems out—published in 1972 by Straight Arrow, which is Rolling Stone's publishing company. Somewhere in the past four years, Taylor realized vinyl is a more useful poet's medium than paper in the last quarter of the 20th century. So he became Falconer.

And the result is *New Nation*, an album riddled with flaws but brilliant in spite of them (perhaps because of them: the gloss of Falconer's image needs the pits and creases to make him more human).

This is one of those albums that hits you right off with its worst—gets it over with quickly and goes on to better things. In Falconer's case the opening track is a painfully pretentious but blessedly brief echo-chambered introduction that introduces nothing and merely manages to set the listener's teeth on edge. But it's the title track, so I suppose Falconer really felt a need to have it in; in a generous mood, I write it off to the artist's forgivable self-indulgence. The album is more or less clear sailing from then on.

"Play It Again" is a paean to a well-worn topic—decadent Hollywood—but it works despite the musty smell of phrases like "mythical. . .star-struck Hollywood streets," where "only the normal is unnatural." Falconer is a bit star-struck himself, and it's a theme that keeps popping up through the remainder of the collection. But "Play It Again" is a good song—straightforward, simple melody and an outstanding arrangement, judiciously using some minor-key strings for a plaintive climax.

The next track, "Stand By Me," is a simple, solid rock'n roll love song. It's the closest thing to a straight pop single to be found on the album and it gives Falconer a chance to stretch out his gentle, raspy voice; most of the LP is more down-tempo, big-production stuff.

Few really good songs have ever been done about the medium that has provided musicians with the chance to reach a really mass audience, but in "Radio," Falconer has one. It's a dark-toned song, sketching out the intimacy that grows between the words and music on the air and the little isolated pockets of humanity in rural (and in this case, Southern) America.

There's more, but you get the idea.

In his preoccupation with Hollywood and the faded tinsel era, a theme that pops up throughout the album ("maybe, baby we were born too late, just when style was out of style"), Falconer betrays a good deal about his musical influences.

Falconer's music is very distinctly related to Bowie's glam period, as well as the last year or two of the gorgeously decadent Mott the Hoople. And both Bowie and Mott's Ian Hunter inevitably point right at the most star-dazzled approval-seeker of them all: Dylan. Roderick Falconer is still new at this game, and there are undeniable weaknesses in some of his tunes, but in *New Nation*, he suggests the possibility of at least the Bowie-Hunter level of creative potential, if not that of the Old Master.

There are very few pop albums I'd be willing to classify as "important" to the long-term development of the music—and I'm not going to stick my neck all the way out on this one. But it's just possible that *New Nation* could—by the skin of its pointed teeth—make the grade.

Bruce Meyer

JANUARY

| | |
|-------|---|
| 1 | KARNIVAL |
| 2 | HIGH ENERGY |
| 3 | TREE BORN |
| 4 | MAD HOUSE |
| 5,6 | RINGS |
| 7,8 | BOYZZ |
| 9 | BURNT BRIDGE |
| 11,12 | The HOUNDS |
| 13 | PETER DAINS and The CHICAGO RIVER BAND |
| 14,15 | MATLOW |
| 16 | SHOES |
| 18 | SPARKLE |
| 19 | GYPSY |
| 20 | ONE POUND ROUND |
| 21,22 | SPREAD EAGLE |
| 23 | M&R RUSH |
| 25 | SALEM WITCHCRAFT |
| 26 | STARTROOPER |
| 27 | RHINESTONE |
| 28,29 | STRAIGHT JACKET |
| 30 | LUCY |

Tuesdays & Thursdays
LADIES NIGHT -
8 - 10pm,
free drinks for ladies

9930 SW Highway
Oak Lawn, Ill.
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Triad January 1977

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

| | | | |
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|  |  |  |  |
| CHICK COREA My Spanish Heart (POLYDOR) | PAUL McCARTNEY Wings Over America (CAPITOL) | QUEEN A Day At The Races (ELEKTRA) | SANTANA Festival (CBS) |
|  |  |  |  |
| SOCRATES Phos (PI COSMOS) | JONI MITCHELL Hejira (ASYLUM) | LUCIFER'S FRIEND Mind Exploding (JANUS) | JAN AKKERMAN & KAZ LUX "ELI" |
|  |  |  |  |
| TERJE RYPDAL After The Rain (ECM) | AL STEWART Year Of The Cat (JANUS) | GROUNDHOGS Black Diamond (UNITED ARTISTS) | JAN AKKERMAN Eli (ATLANTIC) |
|  |  |  |  |
| BO HANSON Attic Thoughts (SIRE) | PATTI SMITH Radio Ethiopia (ARISTA) | BLACKBYRDS Unfinished Business (FANTASY) | ACQUA FRAGILE Mass-Media Stars (IMPORT) |

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  |
| ATLANTA RYHTYM SECTION Rock And Roll Alternative (POLYDOR) | GENESIS Wind And Withering (ATCO) | STEVE HILLAGE L (ATLANTIC) | GEORGE HARRISON 33 & 1/3 (DARK HORSE) |
|  |  |  |  |
| DAVID LAFLAMME WHITE BIRD | MCCOY TYNER Focal Point (MILESTONE) | JACKSON BROWNE The Pretender (ASYLUM) | ALPHONSO JOHNSON Yesterday's Dreams (COLUMBIA) |
|  |  |  |  |
| DAVID LA FLAMME White Bird (AMHERST) | VANGELIS Albedo 0.39 (RCA) | BRAND X Unorthodox Behaviour (PASSPORT) | THE ENID In The Region..... (LONDON) |
|  |  |  |  |
| JEAN LUC PONTY Imaginary Voyage (ATLANTIC) | KANSAS Leftoverture (KIRSHNER) | NAZARETH Play 'N' The Game (A&M) | DAVID BOWIE New Music Night And Day (RCA) |
| | | |  |
| | | | BILL QUATEMAN Night After Night (RCA) |

Triad January 1977

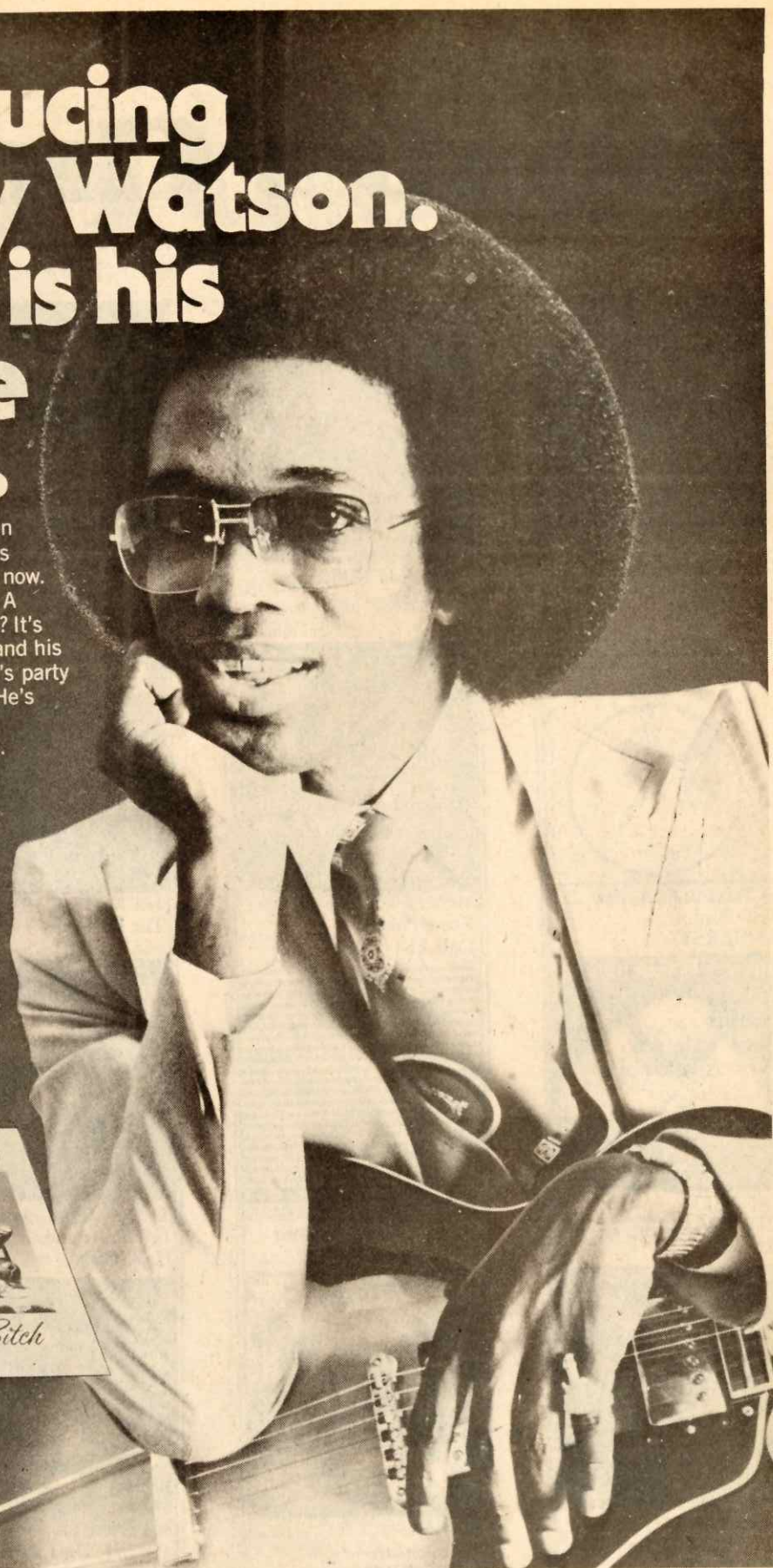
Introducing Johnny Watson. Guitar is his middle name.

Johnny 'Guitar' Watson's been around and paid his dues, so it's embarrassing to introduce him now. But now he's a star. "Ain't That A Bitch"? What does Johnny play? It's a fusion of R & B, blues, jazz and his own creation "Bodymusic". It's party music. It's listening music. He's Baaad! After all, guitar is Johnny Watson's middle name.

**"Ain't That
A Bitch"
Johnny 'Guitar'
Watson**



On DJM Records
and Tapes



Be Bop Deluxe

Strawbs

Budgie

PROGRAMMING NEWS

Greetings Radio Fans!!! Welcome to a new year and a new 1977 model TRIAD. The new year brings with it new sounds as well as new programs and new artists to be discovered. Who will the new artists to capture the public's fancy? The answers will unfold in the months to come on Triad. So, be sure to tune in regularly. Among the new programs that start the year off is "Heavy Mental Music." This is to the mind what Heavy Metal is to the body. Heavy Mental, music to use your Brain by. Sometimes it stimulates with words as with Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, or George Harrison. At other times, Heavy Mental Music stimulates purely with sound and tone as with the music of Tangerine Dream, Tomita, Vangelis, or some of the great Classical composers. Heavy Mental is a field of music shared by a wide variety of artists working in a wide variety of idioms. Tune in on Thursday nights for some thought provoking times. The winners of last month's rock poll will be featured on our airwaves regularly during the month. See the complete list of who won what elsewhere in this issue. By the way, we invite you to make requests for specific tunes by these artists prior to broadcast time. This month's Choice 33 selection includes a good variety of new artists who you may not be familiar with. Steve Hillage is ex-lead guitarist from Gong. His new solo LP "L" was produced by Todd Rundgren and includes backing by some of Todd's Utopians. Already, some of the European rock press is calling Hillage one of the most exciting improvisatory guitarists since Hendrix. "Phos" by Socrates was

produced by Vangelis whose own "Albedo 0.39" is also on Choice 33 this month. "Mandolin Fantasy" by Michael Melford is a very pleasing album put out by Flying Fish Records. Anyone who can do a country pickin' version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" as well as playing some Satie on mandolin can't be all too bad. The familiar faves with new LP's this month include Genesis with their exciting and Stimulating "Wind and Wuthering." Bowie continues to progress his music with his "New Music Day And Night." Queen remain brilliant with their "Day at the Races" just to mention a few. In other programs, the first "Rock Around the World" broadcast of the year will feature the Bee Gees in music and conversation. "The New World of Jazz" has already begun a new series of concert broadcasts and upcoming shows will include Tony Williams, George Benson, and Jean Luc Ponty. Lectures by Alan Watts will continue to be heard this month. The response so far has been very good and for those of you who need more info on Watts, you can write to Electronic University, Box 361, Mill Valley, California, 94941. Speaking of response, thanks for all your wonderful postcards for our Christmas Eve request show. I'm happy to say some of the cards were so good that they've found their way into my postcard collection. Thanks for all your support and encouragement in 76 and we look forward to making 77 even better for all of us. Keep those cards and letters coming in folks and have a Happy New Ear.

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



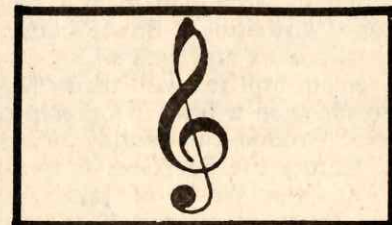
ROCK POLL WINNERS — Here are the people you chose as your favorites in Triad's recent rock poll. Check elsewhere in this issue for the results and an idea of who you'll be hearing on Mondays at 8pm.



FLIGHT 106 — A journey on the wings of music. A thrilling adventure where you'll meet the most interesting sounds, old and new, all friendly. Take a trip with us and see what you will hear. Opening up TRIAD programming on Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:00.



CHOICE 33 — Our cross-section of 33 of the most interesting new albums out this month. Check out the double-page spread elsewhere in this month's magazine. If there's anything that you'd like to hear give us a call at 943-7474. Some of the featured albums this month are by Queen, Wings, George Harrison, Frank Zappa, and Jackson Browne. Keep your ears prepared, Weeknights at 9:00.



NEW SOUNDS — New albums, singles, and tapes recently released. Be the first kid on your block to have heard the latest and greatest in music. If you're anxiously awaiting the next album by Queen, Joni Mitchell or Lawrence Welk keep your dial glued to WXFM 106 Mondays and Thursdays at midnight.



ROCK AROUND THE WORLD — Recordings, interviews and concerts by your favorite artists from anywhere on this planet. It might be a rare concert recording of the Bee Gees or a revealing interview with Linda McCartney. For the listener not content to stay at home. Every Tuesday night at 10.



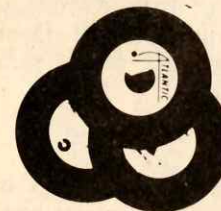
THE LAUGHING BOX — Comedy, music, musical comedy. Monty Python, Martin Mull, P.D. Q. Bach, the Marx Bros., the Bonzo Dog Band, or anything unexpected that will keep you laughing all night. A quarter hour of comedy that's guaranteed to please. Thursday nights at 11:30.

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



HEAVY MENTAL MUSIC — A new feature premieres on Triad this month. Music to stimulate thought. Sometimes with words as in the case of Joni Mitchell or George Harrison, and at other times with sounds alone, as with Tangerine Dream or Mike Oldfield. Keep your gray matter in good shape by tuning in Tuesdays at midnight.



FOR SINGLES ONLY — Remember those little records with the big holes? Well some of them have never appeared on an album, such as The Beatles' "You Know My Name (Look Up the Number)." Brand-new 45's, rare singles, B-sides, or imports from the English Top of The Pops. Hot platters for gourmet listeners. Every Wednesday at 8:30.



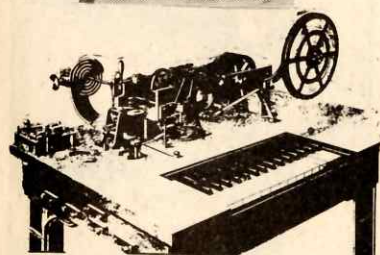
THE CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE — Local boys making good music. Brought to you by Streetwise Productions. Tapes from such area bands as Pentwater, Ouray, Dooley Band and Gorgon Medusa. Local recording artists such as Gabriel Bondage, Zazu, Shadowfax, Dave Rudolf and Corky Siegel. Even some music from the kids who've made the big time like Styx. Hear what's happening in the city! You might even catch a golden oldie from a local fave rave of the past like the Shadows of Knight! Wednesday nights at 10:00.



THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW — Brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub. Your hostess, Atomic Mama, presents extensive coverage of the blues, past and present. Wednesday nights at 12:00.



THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ — Live jazz, recorded under the best of conditions at the Agora Ballroom in Cleveland. Mixed by the artists themselves and broadcast in QS Quadrophonic sound. Brought to you in part by Sansui and Ratso's. If you want to hear the masters at work, tune in Thursdays at 10:00.



ALAN WATTS — The late philosopher still speaks. Excellent exercise for the cranium as he speaks on matters that concern us all. This legendary figure from California never fails to make you think twice and twice more about everything. If you want to know how high is up and the rhyme for orange, tune into WXFM 106 every other Thursday at 12:30.

ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE — Without a doubt electricity is one of the most important factors in our lives today. It is also an important ingredient in today's music. Music straight from the wall socket; energy music. Electrical energy drives your loudspeakers with the sounds of such contemporary groups as Yes, Kraftwerk, Tomita, and Todd Rundgren. Fridays at midnight.

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



CHUCK SHADEN'S HALL CLOSET — You can never know what's inside it. Wake up in the morning with a bit of nostalgia. Old radio shows such as Amos & Andy, Fred Allen or a bit of interesting music from Spike Jones. From 7:00 to 9:00 every morning.



NIGHTCAP — An intense musical experience with host Ron Ray. Classical music each night from one hour after midnight 'till dawn. Each night a variety of pieces from both the major and minor composers are broadcast in stereo.



THE BEST OF BROADWAY — Original soundtrack recordings of musicals from Broadway and Off-Broadway. An entire show each Weekday at 6:00.

ALL THAT HAPPY MUSIC — Dick Lawrence presents the gay music of the 1920's every afternoon interspersed with amusing stories and talk. Weekdays from 4:00 to 6:00.

Music News

MUSIC NEWS — Every weeknight at 11:00PM TRIAD radio examines an important artist. Some of their most popular and most obscure music. Influences and interpretations. Interviews with, and comments on. Take a serious listen with us Monday thru Friday, just one hour before midnight. **This month:**

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3rd George Harrison | 12th Fairport Convention | 21st Sly Stone |
| 4th Jean-Luc Ponty | 13th Blackbyrds | 24th Tom Paxton |
| 5th Allman Brothers | 14th Al Kooper | 25th Jade Warrior |
| 6th John Hartford | 17th Joni Mitchell | 26th Lonnie Liston Smith |
| 7th Rod Stewart | 18th David Essex | 27th Eagles |
| 10th John Lennon | 19th Chick Corea | 28th Tomita |
| 11th Hot Tuna | 20th Leo Kottke | 31st Groundhogs |

Leo Kottke

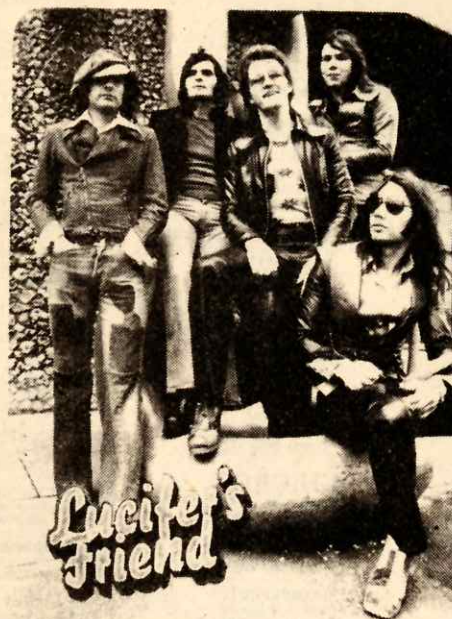
Blackbyrds

George Harrison



Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP —

Interesting things happening abroad. Rock & roll and jazz now come in Continental flavours. German rock and La Dusseldorf and Can. The Italian sounds of Reverberi and PFM. Political musical humour from Floh De Cologne. Different vibrations from groups from behind the Iron Curtain such as Omega and Locomotiv GT.

Hear an import before it's released here. Hear a European record before it becomes an import. Hear tapes before they're transformed into records. This is what's happening in progressive music overseas. If you're wondering where modern music is heading, you might find some of the answers every Monday night at 10:00.

EUROCK

The new year starts off with a lot of new developments on the Eurock scene. John Lawton, lead singer of LUCIFER'S FRIEND, has left the group to become the new vocalist for URIAH HEPP. . . . DAVID BOWIE has a new LP coming out this month called "New Music Night and Day." One side features backing tracks done entirely by ENO. . . . By the time you read this, the new GENESIS album, "Wind and Wuthering," will be out. . . . A new PINK FLOYD album is due to be out soon and it's called "Animals." . . . RANDY PIE's latest single, "England, England" has just been released here by Polydor. . . . CAN have added a new member to their group. He's ex-Traffic bassist, Rosko Gee. . . . STEVE HILLAGE, ex-Gong lead guitarist, has his solo LP "L" released here on Atlantic. It was produced and engineered by Todd Rundgren and includes backing by some of the Utopians and Don Cherry. . . . From Norway comes a new album by Guitarist TERJE RYPDAL. He plays all instruments on the LP including electric and acoustic guitars, string ensemble, acoustic and electric pianos, flute, soprano sax, and tubular bells; it's on ECM. . . . JADE WARRIOR have a new album out on Island called "Kites". . . . Another record has been released this month that includes VANGELIS.

This time he acts as producer for a Greek group called SOCRATES. The album is titled "Phos" and also features some of the keyboard work of Vangelis. . . . OVER THERE: RICK WAKEMAN has rejoined YES. . . . JON LORD has put together a new band, as of yet un-named, with Ian Paice, Bernie Marsden, and Paul Martinez. An LP will be out early this year. . . . ACE KEFFORD, ex-bassist of the Move, has put together a band called ROCK-STAR. Their debut album will be released in England next month. . . . There's a new album out by Italy's BANCO called "As In A Last Supper." . . . Also from Italy is NOVA. Their new album is called "Vimana" and features guest musicians Michael Narada Walden (ex-Mahavishnu Orch.) and Percy Jones (of Brand X). . . . "New Age of Earth" is the title of a new LP by ASH RA TEMPEL released in France on the Isadora label. However, these days A.R.T. consists solely of Manuel Gottsching who performs on a variety of keyboards, synthesizers, and Gibson guitar. . . . KEITH JARRETT's latest for ECM is a double record set called "Hymn Spheres." It is an album of total improvisation, recorded on the Baroque organ at the Benedictine Abbey of Ottobeuren in Southern Germany. U.S. release is due next month. . . .

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| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 27 | 28 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| S | M | T | W | T | F | S | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| <p>APRIL</p> <table border="1"><tr><td>S</td><td>M</td><td>T</td><td>W</td><td>T</td><td>F</td><td>S</td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1 2</td></tr><tr><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td></tr><tr><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td><td>14</td><td>15</td><td>16</td></tr><tr><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td><td>21</td><td>22</td><td>23</td></tr><tr><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td><td>28</td><td>29</td><td>30</td></tr></table> | S | M | T | W | T | F | S | | | | | | | 1 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | <p>MAY</p> <table border="1"><tr><td>S</td><td>M</td><td>T</td><td>W</td><td>T</td><td>F</td><td>S</td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1</td></tr><tr><td>1</td><td>2</td><td>3</td><td>4</td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr><tr><td>8</td><td>9</td><td>10</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr><tr><td>15</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr></table> | S | M | T | W | T | F | S | | | | | | | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | | | 8 | 9 | 10 | | | | | 15 | | | | | | | <p>JUNE</p> <table border="1"><tr><td>S</td><td>M</td><td>T</td><td>W</td><td>T</td><td>F</td><td>S</td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1 2 3 4</td></tr><tr><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td><td>10</td><td>11</td></tr><tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>15 16 17 18</td></tr></table> | S | M | T | W | T | F | S | | | | | | | 1 2 3 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | | | | | | 15 16 17 18 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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