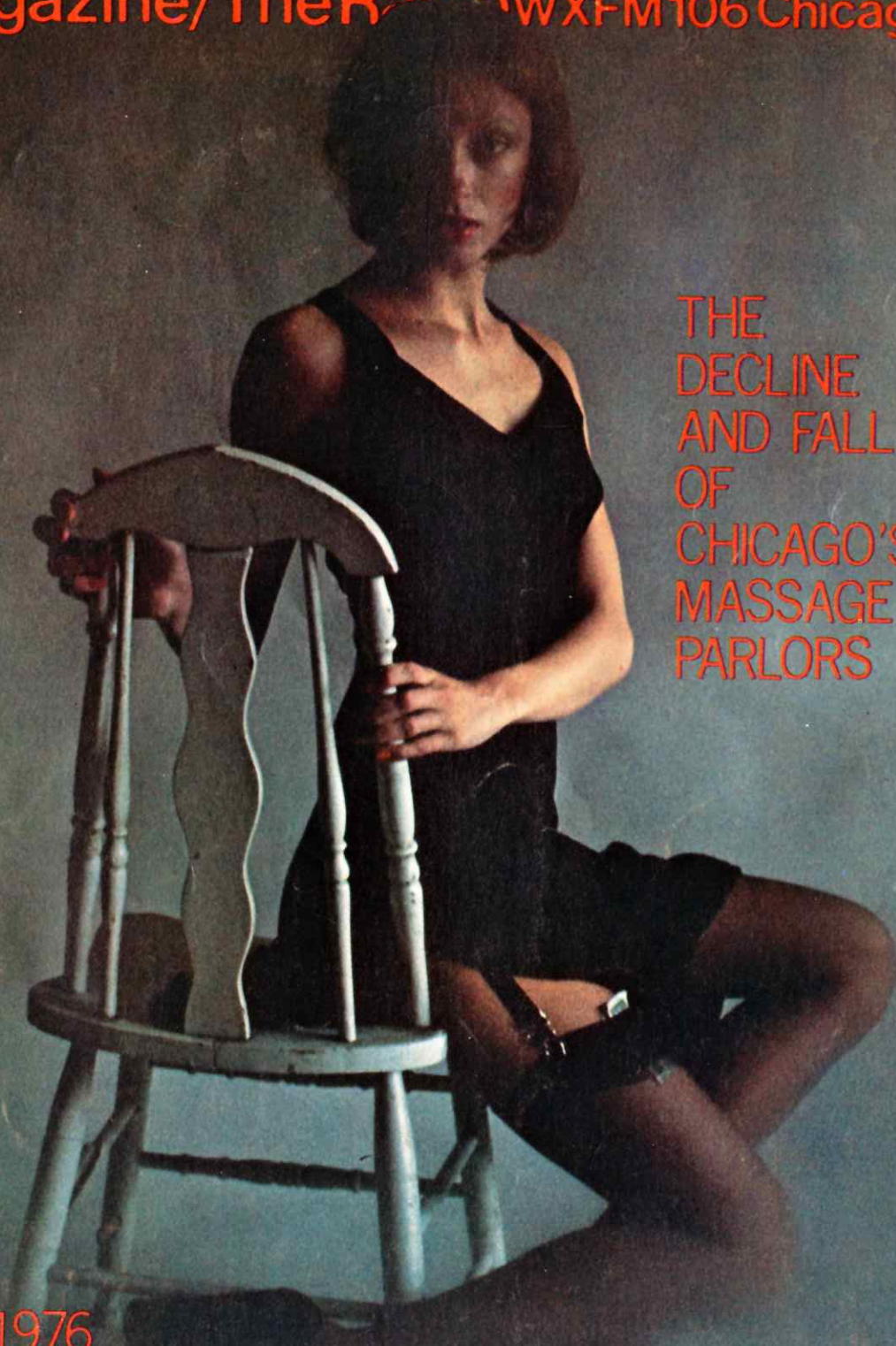


# TRIAD

The Magazine/The Radio WXXM 106 Chicago



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AND FALL  
OF  
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MASSAGE  
PARLORS

OCTOBER 1976

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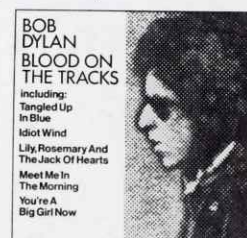
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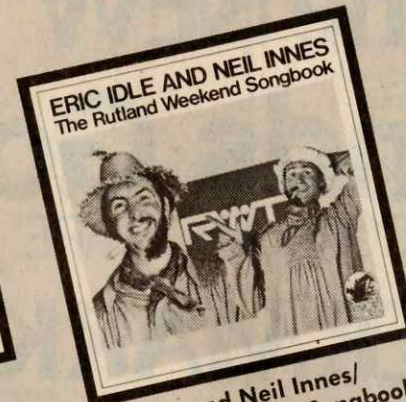
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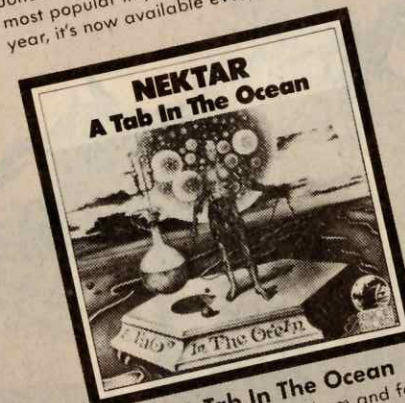
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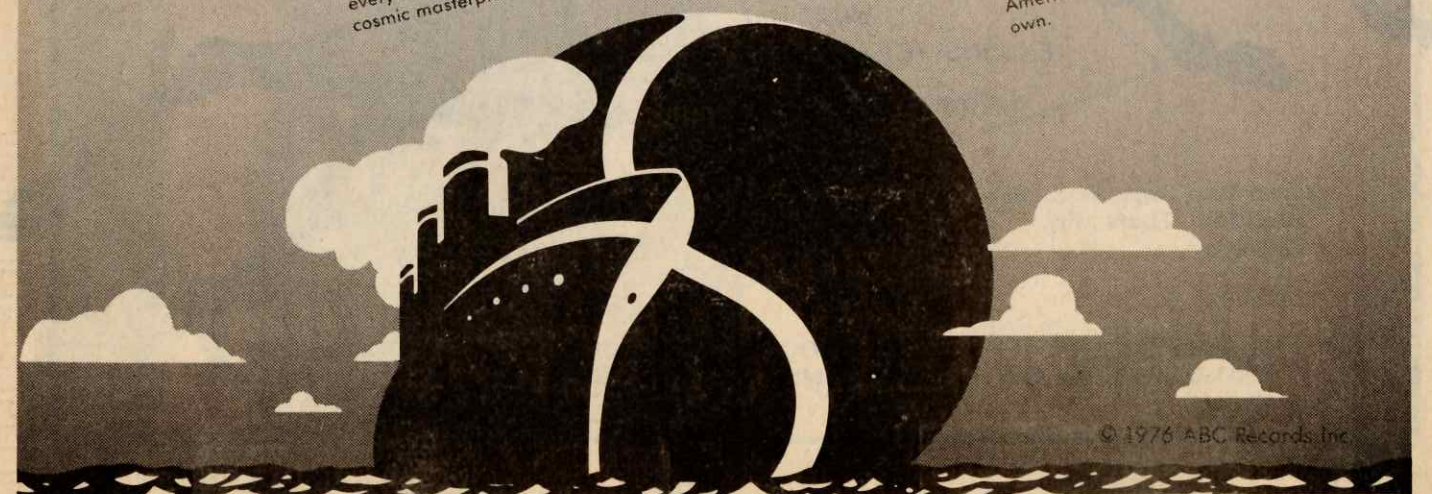


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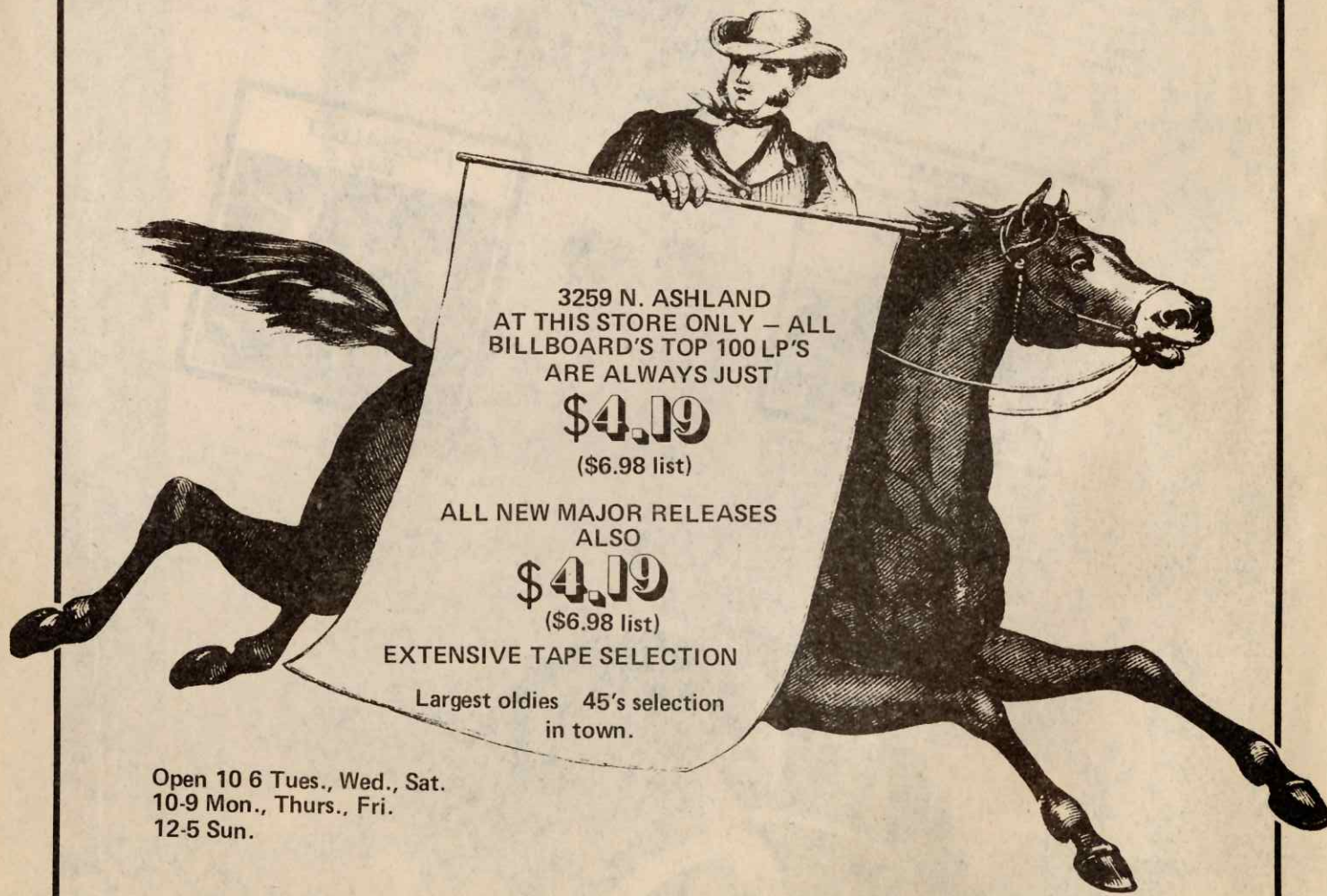


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**TRIAD**

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# Editor's Page

As *Tante Adele* so sagely noted elsewhere in these pages, 1976 seems to be the year of the comeback. For ye olde Editor (still recovering from the ravages of Montezuma's Revenge contracted in the fetid jungles of The Yucatan) the good news arrived this morning, courtesy of my battered, bed-side Philco radio. Larry Lujack is back. It has been epochs since Old Blue Mouth has caressed our shop-worn ears awake in the AM. Kudos to WLS for exhibiting such exquisite bad taste (and to WCFL for equally poor judgement—they're paying the elderly Superjock \$45,000 just to leave...).

Speaking of such blatant lapses, TRIAD proudly offers our loyal readers yet another lesson in the low-brow art of yellow journalism...i.e. The Decline and Fall of Chicago's Massage Parlors.

Having had a few gin and lemonades with the girls myself, it seemed only fair to let the young tender-hooks have their say in print. Crack TRIAD correspondent Katina Holmgren (who's been known to down a few wine spo-dee-dees in her time) spent several months researching the piece—and frankly we're quite proud of the result.

Label the parlors a pox or a pleasure pit (your editor looks upon the establishments with a certain amount of cynical civic pride—they do seem to add a quaint, if gamey touch of local color), their days are obviously numbered—hence our cover story, detailing their history, legal difficulties, between the sheet power struggles and a select set of anecdotes culled from one of the last outposts of erotic flim-flam in the Naked Second City...

As for the rest of the rag; the summer musical deluge has mercifully dribbled to a halt ("horsetracks are for horses" Ed the Bed always said after a good day at the two-dollar window), allowing us to delve into a few new trends.

This month marks the premiere of two features: *The TRIAD Spotlight* and *Land of 1000 Dances*. The former will showcase both local talent and rising young

luminaries. This month our resident Anglophile, Moira McCormick (she's even beginning to look like Barbara Charone, especially around the kneecaps) profiles Graham Parker, Britain's hottest pub-rocker. Graham found stateside brew a tad weak ("weasle-piss" was the term, I believe) but Parker's band blew the foam off our mug just the same...

Our other debut item (*Land of 1000 Dances*) is relatively self explanatory. Nanker Phelge (still hiding under his Stone Age pseudonym to avoid a carload of IRS hit-men) will review the latest in expensive acetates—with his usual blend of caustic charm, obscure critical jargon, (what'd ya expect from a guy who's idol is Richard Meltzer?) venomous slander (ditto John Simon) and frothy wittiness. Consider it a consumer service from an aging *enfant terrible* harboring a genuine crush on rock and roll.

Elsewhere—we call on the wild (Cary Baker's low rent rendezvous with the Runaways, our favorite crew of 16-year-old lushettes), the innocent (Jeff Carlson's reminiscence on the halycon days of rock cinema) and of course, *The E Street Shuffle* (Chicago, what a wonderful town—so say the rockers of the same name, who Bruce Meyer traced back to the era of matching suits and suburban teen clubs; when beer was a quarter and the brass section knew all of Sam and Dave's hits by heart....)

**OUR COVER:** Courtesy of Uncle Saul Smaizys, who was unceremoniously routed out of his Catherine The Great model canopy bed for a quickie session...The TRIAD Art Department is still wheezing and gagging from blowing all that cigar smoke into the shot, but at least they didn't burn The Mansion down...better luck next month, eh... (Also thanks to model Lynne Weikert for sitting on the chair so long...)

And with that we say Goodnight Miss Selavy, wherever you are.....

Patrick Goldstein

VOLUME FOUR  
NUMBER TEN  
OCTOBER 1976

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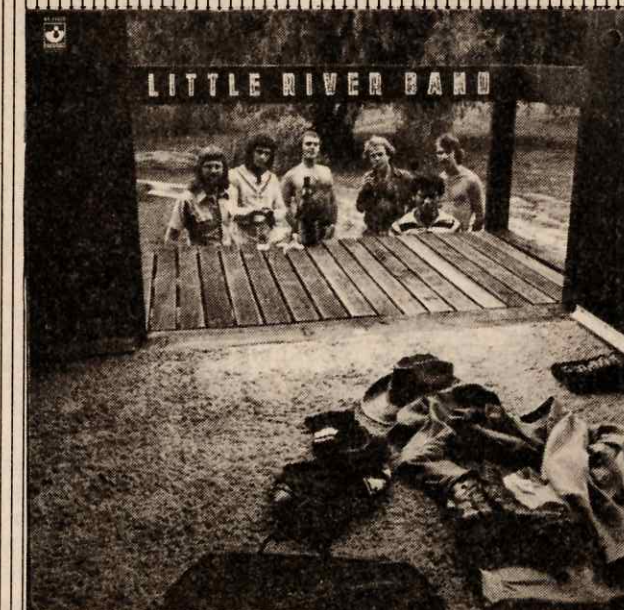
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Chicago

**REVOLVER**  
151 E. North Ave.  
Villa Park

**VILLAGE STEREO**  
7601 S. Cicero  
Chicago



# Feedback

TRIAD reserves the right to duplicate our readers' errors in Feedback.

## A NOSE IS A NOSE IS A NOSE

I am writing in objection to your snotty little piece on Bill Chavers' (that's his name, you know) Old Wells Record Shop. I have consistently found Mr. Chavers a friendly and helpful proprietor. He has always let me and others I have seen browse through his records, and has even, on occasion, left me in the shop alone. I find his opinions and suggestions extremely erudite when it comes to buying records. How many other store owners are this helpful in considering their clientele's needs?

I also find particularly offensive your remarks concerning Mr. Chavers appearance. I quote "The man at the register, rather fat and undeniably unattractive with an overly broadened nose and heaving cheeks..." Are all persons required to be slender, attractive, and possessing straight (read white) noses? Your opinions smack of the worst kind of sizeism and racism. If this is Triad's new policy of sarcasm and irreverence, it is humor of the worst and cheapest sort.

I consider Mr. Chavers to be a real community resource. To me, he has been a fountainhead of information concerning jazz and blues music, and the record business. Articles such as yours only contribute to the demise of people who *dare* not fit the mold of the spaced-out, non-intelligent glitter people who are destroying America's music.

I have always considered your jazz reviews to be inadequate, but felt you had some good insights. It now appears that your values as a critic and a human being are nil. I will cease to be a reader of Triad until you find it possible to redeem yourself in the human race by offering a deserved apology to Mr. Chavers.

John F. McGahen

Reply:

I apologize not to Mr. Chavers, but to Mr. McGahen. "Fountainhead" is a far more accurate physical de-

scription.

Adele Swins-Terner

## EYESIGHT TO THE BLIND

I have been reading your magazine for over a year now, and I thoroughly enjoy all the articles & your records rating section. I thought your feature on Paul McCartney and Wings in the August issue was terrific. What I'm really steamed about is Bruce Meyer's article on Elton John in the September issue. I'm 15 years old & a big big fan of Elton's! I was *there* at his concert in the Chicago Stadium, so I know just how wrong Bruce is. First of all, there were many electric moments *before* he unveiled his surprise, Kiki Dee. The first great moment was his opening number "Grow Some Funk of Your Own" which was more like an ending than a beginning. When Kiki came out, of *course* she stole the show & Mr. Meyer's ridiculous insinuation that Elton was jealous got me sick. Elton has been behind Kiki all of her career & I think he was absolutely thrilled she is so popular because after all she is only making *his* record company money by being popular. And then Mr. Meyer goes on to say that his show was just predictable without surprises! So, what is Elton *supposed* to do to surprise people?! I think his show was super-excellent & the Kiki Dee part was an added sparkle. I would go see Elton any time I could & I certainly think he's changed since 1971, even if you don't. In the future, tell Mr. smartass Meyer to keep his big fat stupid opinions to himself & he owes an apology to all the true Elton John fans in Chicagoland. To close, I'll borrow a quote from one of our famous ex-Presidents, "because Elton is quitting touring for awhile, you won't have Elton John to kick around anymore!"

Gina Denise Kim  
Park Ridge, Ill.

Reply:

Bruce is away on vacation, but he phoned to say: "My daughter always pulls this prank when I'm out of town. She's just upset because I refused to raise her allowance. She spent last month's all on Elton tickets, T-shirts, and tinted glasses. Can you imagine kids talking to their fathers like that? When I was her age..."

Bruce Meyer

## BROWNDIRT COWBOY SIDE-KICK HITS THE DUST

My congratulations to you on your fine magazine which opens the doors to newer, more remote music. I'm glad someone values the classics, instead of stooping to writing about and playing that AM crap!

I've just read Bruce Meyer's review of the Elton John concert (Captain Fantastic Has Reached the End of the Yellow Brick Road) and I swear he took the words right out of my mouth.

I was very disappointed, paying \$15.50 for lousy 2nd balcony seats, not to mention the glittery, flamboyant show. Kiki Dee did indeed steal the spotlight of the night with "I've Got the Music in Me." But then again, that wasn't too hard to do.

The big question is: What happened to the old, mellow Elton John? I'm afraid he's gone down the drain like so many others. To me and to many people I know, the Elton John we love is the man who sang his way through *Tumbleweed Connection*, *Madman Across the Water*, *Elton John* (all classics), before his days of this teeny-bopper junk he's making today. His only good "new" song in concert was Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting (does this sound familiar Bruce?).

Too bad he let his enormous talent go to waste. The old Elton John will always remain a classic in my mind, but the "new" Captain

Fantastic *HAS* reached the end of the Yellow Brick Road.

Geri O'Neil  
Mt. Greenwood

P.S. What night did Bruce waste his money?

## BIG LIPS SINK SHIPS

I hate to say this about what used to be a good magazine, but I was shocked at the way you brushed off Aerosmith as "shrewd little punks" in your August issue. That pisses me off, but not as much as that (hah!) cute little comment on Steve Tyler. The big question is not who Tyler stole his lips from, but why you cut him down for the way he looks! Do you listen to his music or look at it? At least Tyler can sing with his lips, which is more than *your* cute little kisser can do. I have never before read such garbage and I suggest that either Triad should get a new editor or have the janitor remove the rancid cabbage that he must have residing in the area of his head where his brain belongs. And to tell you the truth, I am sick and tired of Paul McCartney & Wings. Sure, an article on them is okay, but an entire issue, including the cover! Don't act like retarded teeny-bopper, chasing McCartney six years after his voice has lost all its color! Not only has his voice settled into a weak, high-pitched drone, his lyrics leave something to be desired: Someone's knocking at the door, somebody's ringing the bell, Someone's knocking etc. (repeat 47 times) It sounds like a kindergarten chant. After listening to 3 or 4 minutes of this, a little Aerosmith is music to my ears. Have you ever been to an Aerosmith concert? If so, you should know why Tyler and the rest of the group rank up on top with Zeppelin, Stones, and (naturally!) Beck.

Your friend (I suppose he's your friend—you both think the same) Bruce Meyer is way off

Triad October 1976

kilter saying Marshall Tucker is the premiere Southern rock band. In my mind, there *is* no premiere Southern rock band. Rock and country music just don't mix. If you keep up like this, Triad will soon be featuring John Denver and Loretta Lynn as the "rock" superstars. There is absolutely no such thing as *good* "country rock", which is, after all, just a pitiful effort of musicians who can't decide which to sing.

In short, Mr. Editor, I suggest that you dig the wax out of your ears, recharge your cranial batteries, and attempt to clear out the old muck that has accumulated under your very thick skull. Meanwhile, I will sit here listening to Aerosmith's "Rocks" and reflect upon the sad fate of tone-deaf editors of third-rate magazines that cannot accept good, true rock when they hear it. Bye-bye Patrick...and don't forget to clean out the cobwebs.

Love and Kisses,  
Me  
(and a few friends)

## THE BEAT GOES ON .

I would just like to comment on some of your new features. I have been reading your magazine for about two years now, and I have noticed that recently you discontinued the "Living Blues" page in the back. I thought that this was an extremely good feature, & since you print sections for fans of reggae, progressive and regular rock, and jazz, why'd you cut out the only section that kept us blues fans up to date on new record releases, concerts, and other trivia?

It seems that the answer is that you would rather waste paper and space on features such as "Hollywood Grapevine". I honestly thought TRIAD would never stoop this low. This stuff is pure, unadulterated crap! Is it that TRIAD is becoming another Tiger-Beat? My god, I sincerely hope not. C'mon, TRIAD, get on the ball! Wipe this

trash from your magazine and bring back "Living Blues"!

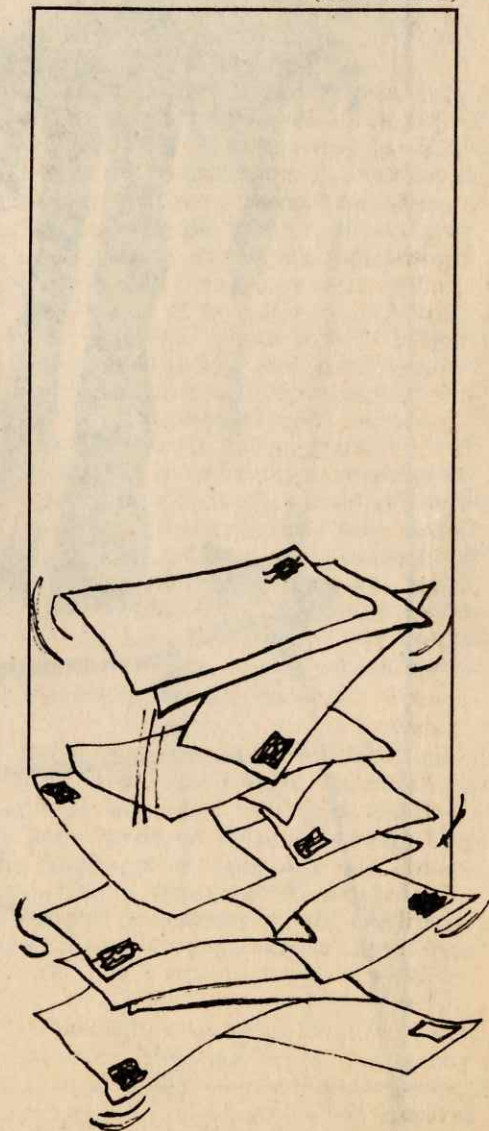
Michael "JB" Carroll

P.S. Blues Power!

Reply:

Look for next month's special on the sex-life on over-70 year old blues stars...Only in Tiger-Beat...ahem...Triad.

(The Editor)





# The Decline and Fall of Chicago Massage Parlors

By Katina Holmgren

The front of the police station at Maxwell and Morgan Streets is deserted, but not for long. A paddy wagon pulls through the dust, coming home. As if by some sort of signal, about thirty kids suddenly appear, waiting for the van on the front steps. It seems like a carnival. The kids are happy. The police are happy.

Two men brought out from the wagon are miserable. Their heads are down to avoid attention, but they have nothing to worry about. All eyes are on the two women that come out next, huddled together. The young blonde and brunette are giggling. They roll their eyes in mock embarrassment and giggle some more, like two shy schoolgirls on stage for the first time. But this has happened to them before.

Another bust. These were the last four arrests out of 767 made since July 29 of this year. The misdemeanor charges: keeping a house of prostitution or being an inmate of a house of prostitution. Or a house, by any other name, of massage, health spa, or private club.

The first 'houses' to masquerade as massage parlors opened here in 1973. According to the city's laws, a true massage parlor is licensed and attendants must be clothed to give massage. Although they were advertised as such, there were few backrubs administered by the 62 parlors that have since come and gone. The police have closed them all, except for four pending court dispositions.

Charles, an ex-manager of a parlor, talks about the brotherhood of parlors against the law. "They tell each other when the cops are coming. It's a fraternity. One hand washes the other. The owners of parlors have had business dealings with each other from the past. They've even stolen from each other. If the girls are busted, owners guarantee \$50 plus bail money." (But they don't get the money until the bond papers are returned, which can take months.)

"Some cops got a free screw for nothing. It's evidence. More proof. Not all cops are like that, but some play it to the hilt during a bust. It was part of my job to screen customers, to be able to tell which were cops and which weren't. As a manager, I was an institutionalized pimp."

There's basically two money systems that parlors operate by. The girls either work for a percentage, say, 60%, or they do their own dealing in back after the desk fee is paid. Massage parlors have turned into private men's clubs to divert the law. The membership fee goes to a private detective to check the potential 'regular.'

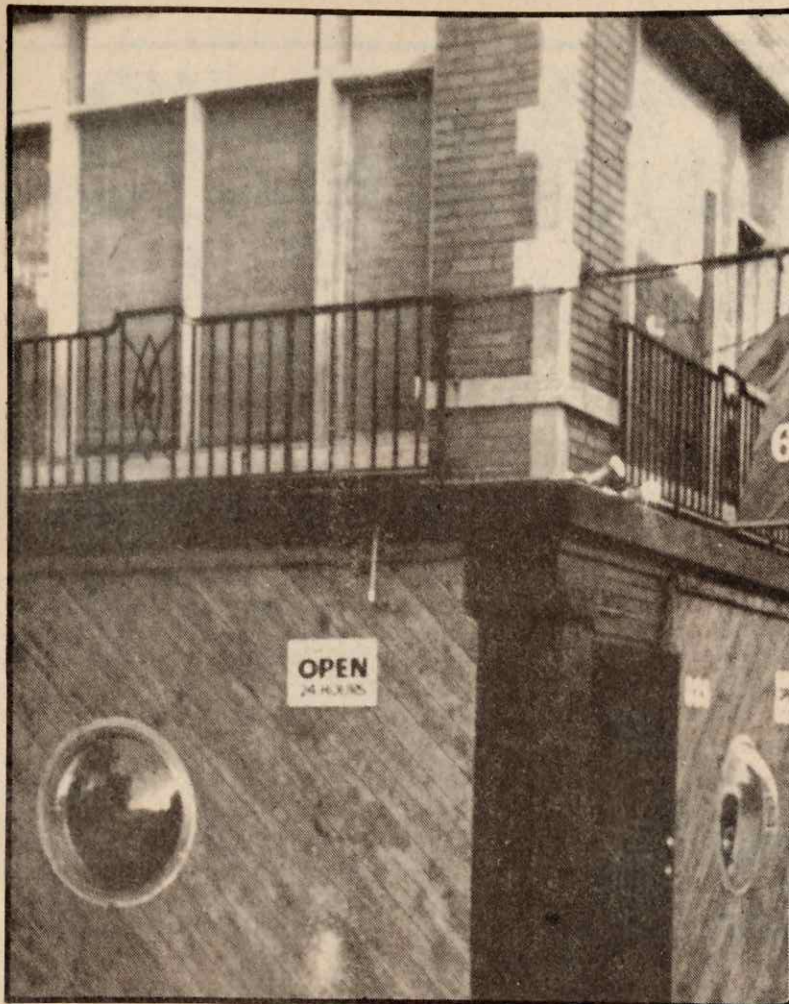
Charles managed the parlor for about a year, while he attended school part-time. He enjoyed the job while he had it, but says he would never do it again. "Once you fall into that kind of group, it's hard to fall out of. You're not dealing with a college crowd. You have to keep a good working relationship with the girls. They're aggressive. They're not afraid to say what they think, like most women are.

"These women are forward. They've learned to take everything with a grain of salt. Life is a joke. They can't take anything but their own lives seriously. The girls are on a big ego trip because men want 'em.

"Most girls don't have regular sex lives or boyfriends. The guys they do have think, 'I've got something on the side, when I need a lay, I'll call good ole whatsername.' Their boyfriends are basically undernourished studs. These girls get kinky. They like rough stuff because they're so bored. Their guys are usually non-workers that play with welfare or any other free check they can get. They like the money. As long as they got that, they don't care what their girlfriends do. In their own little way, they get off on it.

"A lot of the girls are basically bisexual, and if they wouldn't try it before, they would in this situation. Anything goes at that point. The girls develop a rough 'not give a damn' attitude. Once she's in the business 2-3 months, she's got a habit for the money. Clothes and dope. That's what the money goes for. They're money hungry. Sometimes they'll branch out on their own, open their own place. There's more money in that.

"The places are usually tasteful in front with shag rugs and leather couches. The back rooms are shabby. Owners are typical in that they never put any money back in the business. They're greedy. Guys like the company. It's fulfilling a fantasy. If you go out on a date, you gotta play games. This is more honest.



**THE NO-MONEY-BACK-GUARANTEE CONSUMER GUIDE TO MASSAGE PARLORS**  
(Yes, they take credit cards.)

*For regulars only. Prices and location subject to change without notice.*

1. **WHAT YOU GET:** *one hand job, 6 ounces of baby oil, one stick of incense.*

**WHAT YOU PAY THE DESK:** \$20.00  
**MINIMUM TIP TO GIRL:** \$10.00

2. **WHAT YOU GET:** *one blow job, 3 ounces of baby oil, one stick incense.*

**WHAT YOU PAY THE DESK:** \$20.00  
**MINIMUM TIP TO GIRL:** \$40.00 to \$60.00

3. **WHAT YOU GET:** *one lay, 6 ounces of baby oil, one stick incense, J&B on the rocks.*

**WHAT YOU PAY THE DESK:** \$50.00  
**MINIMUM TIP TO GIRL:** \$50.00 to \$100.00

4. **WHAT YOU GET:** *two girls, so you can watch them do it, and get item number 1, 2 or 3 afterwards, one stick incense.*

**WHAT YOU PAY THE DESK:** \$50.00  
**MINIMUM TIP TO GIRL:** \$50.00 and up apiece

5. **WHAT YOU GET:** *a little S&M, your butt flogged, your chest scratched; you can crawl around on all fours, play bad boy scout (try not to beat the girl); one stick leather incense, rent of whips, chains, manacles, etc.*

**WHAT YOU PAY THE DESK:** \$35.00  
**MINIMUM TIP TO GIRL:** \$25.00 to \$50.00

*(parlors not responsible in case of arrest)*

"Most managers get hung up on chicks. I liked some of the girls a lot, but I wouldn't want one as a girlfriend. They're too messed up, too neurotic and money-hungry. The girls were always trying to butter up to me, to get extra money, to leave work early, to get free dope. They all pull this kind of stuff. They play all kinds of games. After working there awhile, you become despondent, or aggressive. You don't give a damn about anything."

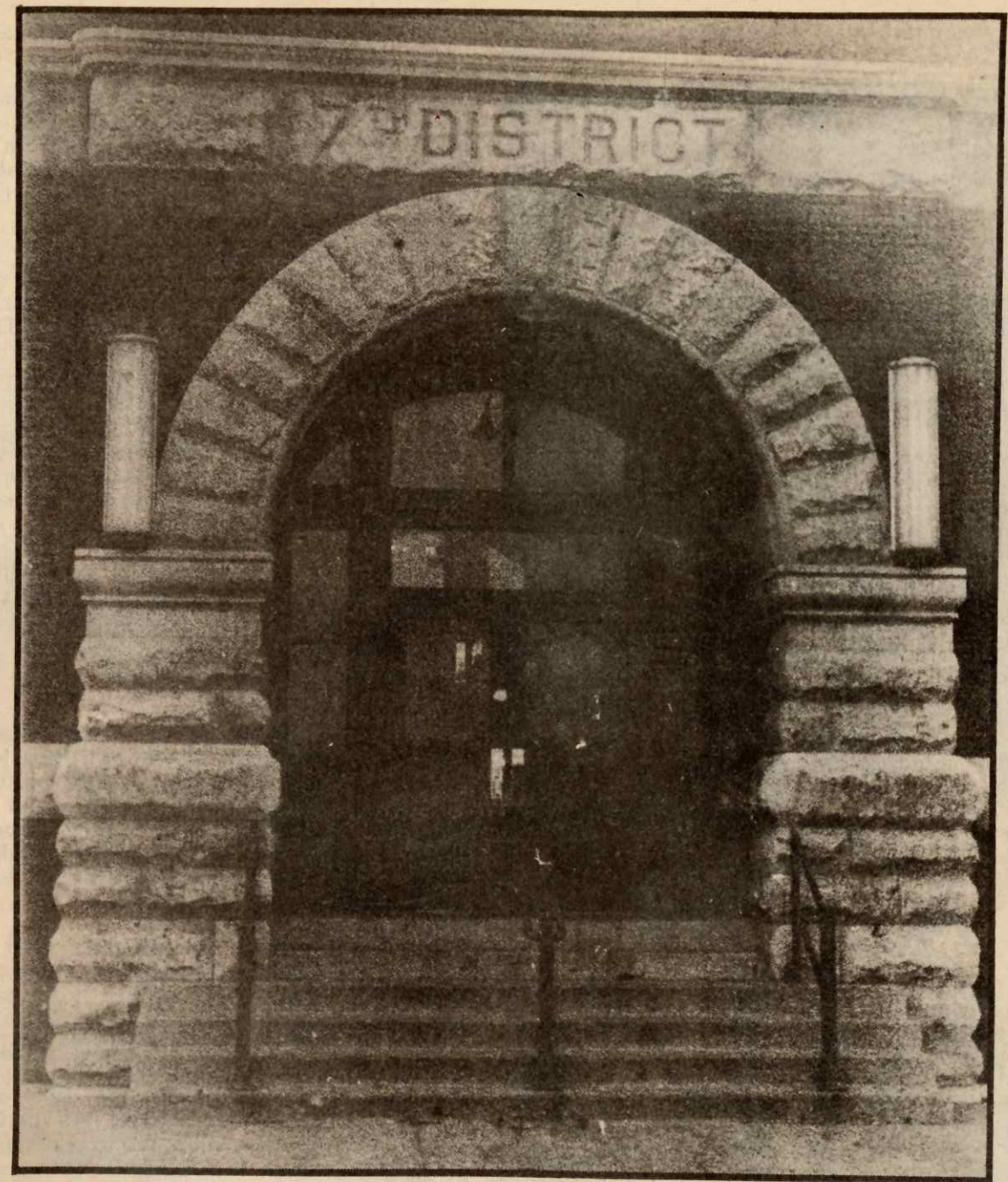
Frankie works as a massage parlor girl. She shops Michigan Avenue and Oak Street boutiques, and dines in French restaurants. She discusses the job that enables her to maintain a classy sort of lifestyle: "I'm not the usual parlor girl. I'm educated in a Master's degree. This job makes me feel uncomfortable. I feel dirty and scummy. I do drugs, and they make me feel real bad. It numbs you so you don't care. I can't work unless I'm high. When I'm high, I'm real good. There's always a few addicts in every parlor. And pushers hanging around."

"I've gotten hardened by this work. It's hard to give up money. It's a real addiction, too. Money doesn't get you much, really. I buy clothes, drugs, and sometimes I buy people. I pay for boyfriends, give them

drugs, sort of bribe them. I distrust people, particularly men. I tell people what I do for work, and they instantly cop an attitude. How can you respect someone that sells their body? I go without sex for myself for long periods at a time. The bisexual stuff, I don't do unless I'm paid.

"Management is greedy. They don't value the girls that have been there a long time. They know they can get new ones. Management gets about eight bucks on 25, and 40% on jobs over 30 bucks. If a girl is fired, she won't be able to work in another parlor. They black-ball girls to keep them from finding work, so you have to do what they say. If you're late to work, they dock \$50. There's usually 6 or 7 girls on a day shift. Most guys get hand jobs because they're the cheapest. A blow job can cost \$75. A year ago, we used to have 80 to 100 customers for both day and night shifts. Now it's 35 to 40.

"Being busted is the most degrading thing. The city pulls everyone in. Sometimes a few escape out the back door. They herd them together. Some cops will tell us to leave the drugs behind. They're not after the drugs. It's mostly harrassment. They take you down to the station where you sit a couple hours, then go in the



lockups. Matrons check your body. They're real mean. You're in a cell with 2 benches and 12 people in each cell. You're there from 5 to 13 hours. The girls in the cells are filthy. You're in there with street whores and get along because you have to. Then you're in the bullpen outside the courtroom, waiting to stand before the judge. Everything is mechanical.

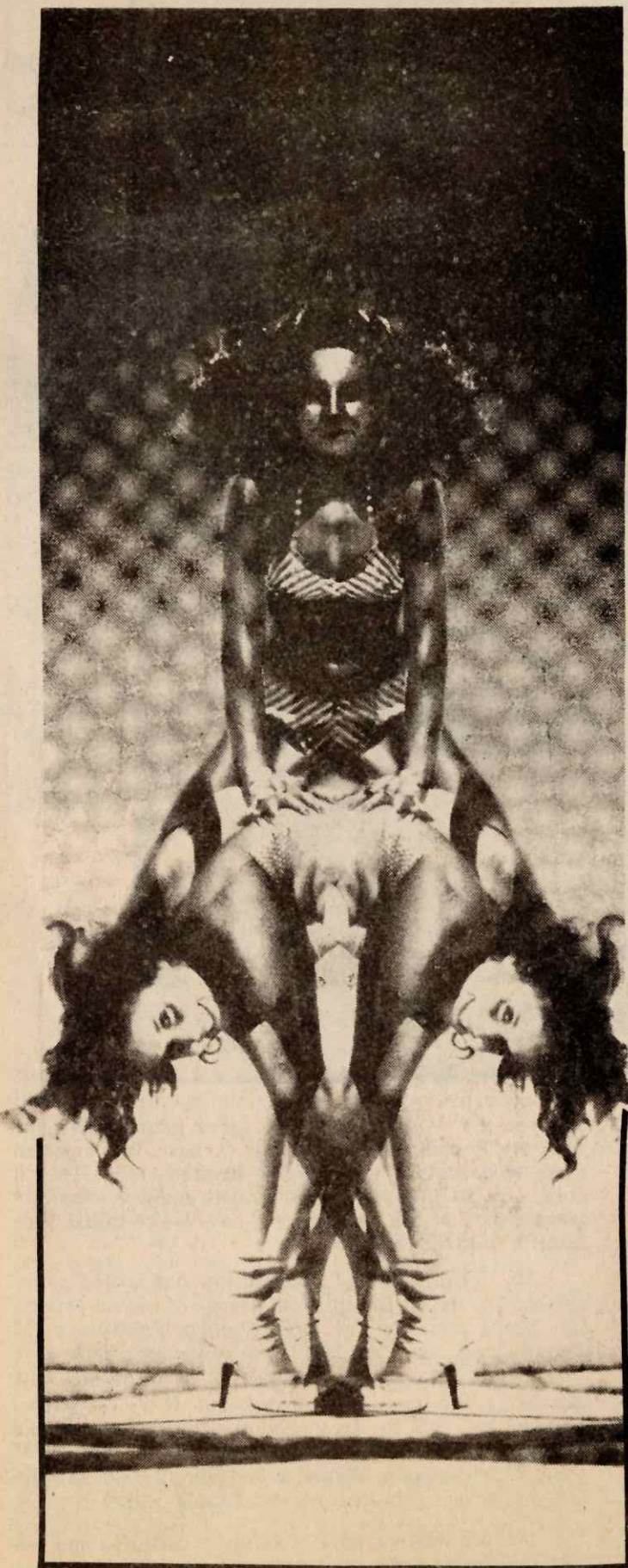
"We hardly get convictions. We got the best and most expensive lawyers. Within an hour, the parlors are open, anyway. You feel so tired and filthy after a bust. You go home, take a shower, get some sleep. Parlors used to take everyone out to breakfast after a bust, but not anymore. They're too cheap. Throughout the months, you have to keep going back to court. I hate this job, and the owners. Someday, I'm going to get my own parlor. I'm going to be boss."

Danny Scalia, Sargeant of the Prostitution Section, is proud. "We've received communications from

all over the world asking how other people can cope with this in their areas as well as we have. We've gotten them to leave this city. We've cleaned it up. They'll only stop so they won't get caught anymore. But we arrest girls that are out the next day. We're called Vice Control, not Vice Stop."

The legalization of prostitution has stirred some hot controversy in the editorial pages of Chicago papers. Sgt. Scalia counters the most popular arguments: "If it were legal, rape wouldn't lessen because rape is a crime of violence, not a matter of wanting sex and not being able to pay for it or get it. If we set aside a part of the city for legalized prostitution, which side would it be? Everyone talks, but no one wants it near them. These guys in Wilmette and Skokie that talk liberal don't want it in their neighborhoods, either.

As for wasting time arresting prostitutes and letting murderers alone, we try to work on all lawbreakers,



not just some of them. Health is another flimsy excuse for legalization. Twenty guys could be infected between weekly doctors' check-ups. And society isn't ready either, because no one is going to stand on a street corner chatting and say their daughter works as a whore."

Ginger wants her own parlor someday, too. Unlike Frankie, who has been in the business 4 years, Ginger has been a parlor girl for a little over a year. She blasts out against the management of parlors: "They're very tight, very strange, very weird. They get real crazy about other places taking the girls, or girls opening their own parlors and taking everyone with them. Owners themselves hardly get busted. They're hardly there. Or they run out the back door. They take new guys in for money, which is stupid, because the guy could be a cop. These places are so hard up for money they even take guys so drunk they can't get it up."

"If you're new, you get the room with the T.V. camera. If you don't like it, you're threatened to be fired. Then they turn the camera on you. They say it's to check if you're not getting into trouble, but they're watching you and getting off on it."

"You see an ugly part of Chicago. Managers interview chicks they know they're not going to hire. Just to watch them take off their clothes and turn around. During the day, competition is heavy and weird. The girls are into S&M. One guy wanted his cock burned with a cigarette butt. If you look at it with a sense of humor, you're okay. But you really get to know the weird stuff."

"We're amateur psychologists. Their wives spit in their faces. We have fun at work. You get rowdy and goofing off 'cause you're steeped in sex all day. You play around bisexual and sit on your ass reading magazines. I'd rather give a girlfriend head than blow some stranger. Money is the most important thing. It's ugly, but reality. We can make \$300 a day. Spending half on dope, half on clothes. Getting into the Chicago Materialistic Trip. Once you're used to that kind of money, you never go back to standing on your feet for eight hours. You turn a trick outside, on the street, and you have to be with him for two hours. In a parlor, he's in and out."

"I like the girls here. They're either real nutty or real cool. Nothing in the middle. But you still don't trust the girls. They tell on you behind your back if it will get them ahead with the owners. But I like my work. I do a service for society."

Neither Frankie nor Sgt. Scalia wanted to see another story on massage parlors. Scalia said it would invite too many youngsters attracted to the money, and Frankie just wanted to be left alone to do her job without interference from "society on the right side of the tracks. If they don't publicize it, they won't arrest us, and we can just go along and do our thing."

## SIXTEEN BUT NOT SWEET

L.A.'S LITTLE QUEENIES PUT THE ROLL BACK INTO ROCK...



by Cary Baker

Somewhere between my parking space six blocks west on Grand Avenue (desperate but free) and my pedestrian arrival at Mercury Records' State Street headquarters, I became aware of a familiar abdominal pain. A feeling of anxiety, a fear of the unknown, a dagger of angst that accompanied my entrance to Frank Zappa's dressing room, shadowed my approach to Jeff Beck's table at the Holiday Inn coffeeshop and revived when I was told I had fifteen minutes to conduct the definitive Eric Clapton interview.

As a rule, I'm not one to fear meetings with celebrities. I learned long ago, perhaps when Beck requested

a replacement for a tainted tablespoon and when Zappa sat down to a corned beef sandwich losing a goodly portion of mustard to his black blazer, that rock stars are just folks. Put their pants on one leg after another. Break down and call Cinnamon at 4 in the morning.

I came to my senses as I crossed LaSalle Street. Beck, Clapton—these are *musicians*. And here my task at hand was to interview the Runaways, five purportedly snot-nose Hollywood teens.

What sets the Runaways apart from other glitz outfits of L.A. is their gender (unanimously female) and age (almost unanimously 16). Decidedly, they are not



God's gift to music; bassist Jackie Fox sounds as if she were taught her instrument on the Santa Monica Freeway en route to their recording session. Neither are they epitomes of unflawed beauty.

Their album? I've played it till the grooves are threadbare. It's replaced *Raw Power* and *Kick Out the Jams* as my favorite rowdy album. My friends who consider themselves very "Hahhly-wood" said they could "relate." My slightly earthier breed of friends relegated it to the circular file until I dredged it up after their respective departures.

Personally, I found the Runaways' debut important on many levels. It cast an unexpurgated vision of the teenage female of the '70s turned loose in Sin City. Visibly absent is the sniveling outlook of solitaire champ Janis Ian. Ostensibly, the Runaways (Cherie, Joan, Lita, Jackie and Sandy) have had ample attention from all the pretty boys who galavant the Hollywood circuit. One pictures drummer Sandy West shaking a copious shower of sweat into the first row seats and pretty boys lapping it up like a pack of greyhounds. Formidable creatures indeed, these Runaways. Doing better at age 16 than most women with B.A.'s in Anthropology; making more off their music than a talented young classical cellist.

Would they take to me? Hardly a concern, but I noticed by the *Sun-Times* that morning that they shunned Bob Greene, who concededly doesn't look the part of a rock'n'roller, chub-faced and suit-clad. I laughed as I recalled laying out my nicest clothes prior to taking my morning shower (which undoubtedly brought me to my senses). I ended up leaving the house in a natty Mott the Hoople T-shirt and patched jeans; mundane but comfy.

At Mercury, I was told that the girls had been taken on a grand tour of the Chicago night spots. "You might find them a little lethargic," a PR person cautioned. "It was a late night for them."

Following a dinner of steak teriyaki at Ron of Japan, the girls progressed to the exclusive Rush Up and B.B.C. discotheques, where reportedly they found the surroundings "too square." With Gloria Gaynor and the Bee Gees emanating from the loudspeakers, these staunch rock ladies didn't feel very much at home, settling eventually at Mother's (the World's Largest Singles Bar) where some schlocksome bar band fed their bottomless appetite for *rock'n'roll*.

The girls drank Margaritas and according to a rock journalist who accompanied them, "got roaring drunk" to the extent of shouting requests for "Suffragette City," "Vicious" and "Search & Destroy,"—tunes every bar band should know by heart. Then the girls took a jaunt at their own impending legend and yelled, "Play 'Cherry Bomb'!" to the befuddled barfly rockers. "Cherry Bomb," for the uninitiated, is the Runaways' first single, hardly (yet) a classic.

Says the journalist who was on hand for the outing, "They were a bit of fun for 16-year-olds, but after midnight, they got cranky." Rush Street continued to play host to the best and the brightest while five weary Runaways returned to the Holiday Inn.

10 a.m., Tuesday: In Mercury's conference room, hung over and just a trifle bitter about Bob Greene's story that morning and its slashing accusations of "sleazedom." Two Runaways were coming down with



colds and one had to call home.

"That guy from the newspaper, I knew he was out to get us from the word go," Joan Jett said, placing a cinnamon-flavored Hall's Mentholypus on her tongue. "I mean, what's sleazy about us?"

Seeming an appropriate nonsequitur, I asked Joan if I could "sleaze a Mentholypus" off her for my own tattered throat. A faint smile. "Well, look at it this way," I added, "you knocked Jimmy Carter off his ten." No reaction whatever. Cherie, the bluesy lead singer, gave me a look that said she would not.

The double amputee in Lou Reed's "Rock'n'roll" whose life was saved when she "turned on the radio at the New York station," there's little reason to doubt the devotion of the Runaways when they clamor in the finest rock'n'roll tradition: "It's alright!"



of a Strip-side flat to "discovering" for the world such desirables as "Wild Man" Fischer.

Once, interviewed live over Chicago's late WGLD, the amphetamine Fowley let out a piercing shriek (nearly blew my headphones) deeming it a clarion of the energy rock'n'roll had left to give. Kim's a confirmed lunatic but no less a go-getter. When he felt the time was right to promulgate "The Female Beatles, Stones or Who" (as an ad in *Bomp* sought), Kim chanced upon Joan, a guitarist. Her jet black hair and fostered scowl evoked shades of Keith Richard. Cherie was found sensuously sipping a gimlet on the barstool of a teenage disco. At first she thought Kim was giving her a line when he asked, "D'ya sing? D'ya wanna be a star?" But there she was, on a sofa in Mercury's conference room, looking sullen and very 16.

Lita, who was born in England, was introduced to the nuclear Runaways through a punk fanzine called *Back Door Man* and Jackie was summoned from the parking lot of the Starwood (a rock club in L.A. analogous to Mother's). Not exactly the most spontaneous formation process in rock history, but their personalities jelled, and they were playing gigs within a month.

The first was a rooftop party given by a Frisco

scenemaker named Wildman Sam. It was busted as the girls were playing Lou Reed's "Rock & Roll." But Fowley knew it was the start of something big. "It takes most bands months, sometimes years, before they're busted," he's said.

At a subsequent appearance, a Mercury rep came out to hear them and signed them on the spot. They hooked up with Elton John's management firm. It was all lemon yogurt hence—a lot of hard work, rehearsals around the clock, and finally, a fairly solid repertoire. *Who Put The Bomp* featured them on the cover of their Spring '76 edition, and a tour was mapped to cover all possible ground before summer vacation ended.

Finally, in late May, the group's eponymously-titled album made its appearance on the racks and hit with a low spark of high-heeled energy. To the surprise of all, the press didn't pan it. Neither did they embrace it. The critics kept their distance. It wasn't the albatross the industry had prepared itself for.

The scene wasn't quite the same when it came time for the Runaways to strut their stuff for the Midwest to see. They conveniently bypassed Chicago in favor of the next largest Illinois city.

Rockford, ah sleaze center of the Northern prairie lands! A city where kids fight openly in tavern parking lots, where the "good old boys" couldn't tell you the

name of Jimmy Carter's running mate, leaving nothing to do but rock away the advanced state of ennui. The Runaways got booked into Charlotte's Web, a converted synagogue (or as my fellow reporter commented, "the syna-go-go").

Stepping from their limo to the Web's tiny backstage, Cherie showed her age as she peered sheepishly into the crowd. "They're pissed because there's no place for them to do their make-up," a Mercurian reported, "and the p.a.'s not working right." I went to cop a Heineken's and when I returned, five fine female hind-quarters were visible on the stage. A "Wink Dinkerson"-variety DJ from Y-95 FM rehashed the "peace-love-dove-groovy-guys-groovy-gals-have-fun-but-behave-yourself" patter for an audience composed of all too few groovy gals, and all too many singleminded guys. "I give you the Runaways." He did.

Cherie held the microphone as if it were an immense chrome-plated phallus and the Runaways opened with "Cherry Bomb," spreading its doctrine of jailbait: "Hello daddy, hello mom, I'm your ch-ch-ch-cherry bomb."

From the start, it was evident that toughness is a labored posture for these girls. It was a sad omen to perceive sheepishness in a band whose presumed asset was their arrogant inaccessibility. Only occasionally was there interaction between members, and then, the forced, derivative motions were disheartening. At some points, I'd have sent them back to the Ortega School of Stage Verbosity. In others, it might have helped to un-learn the moves. Nevertheless, it sure sounded good

when they broke into an acapella battlecry of "It's alright!" which segued into Lou Reed's "Rock'n'Roll." The last time I heard that one live, it was by Lou himself at the Aragon. In Rockford, it seemed as though he must have written it back in '71 for the Runaways, sight unseen.

Other three-chord opuses followed, some falling flatter than Old Milwaukee left overnight, others snarling with confidence ("Thunder," "You Drive Me Wild"). And then there was Sandy's vocal showcase in "Wild Thing," the Troggs' oldie, a reply to Reg Presley ten years late.

As for the Runaways' non-appearance at the Aragon the next month (where James Cotton was pelted with popcorn and booed off-stage), pass the blame on to rock'n'roll itself, which is now in the hands of a third generation. Their jeans are pre-washed, their radio free of superfluties, and their patience thin. Perhaps the battered bluesman wouldn't understand, but it's when the riot stops cold that it's cause to worry.

The Runaways were masterminded with that in mind. They'll tell you they're just a rock'n'roll band and perhaps think that's all they are. In reality, they're one of many surrogates for the phenomenon the third generation of rock will conceivably always lack.

Like the double amputee in Lou Reed's "Rock'n' Roll" whose life was saved when she "turned on the New York station," there's little reason to doubt the vision of the Runaways when they clamor in the finest Chiffons tradition: "It's alright!"



# ROCK MOVIES THAT NEVER WON AN OSCAR

ALAN FREED AND HIS HOLIDAY OF STARS ON STAGE  
 JERRY LEE LEWIS EVERLY BROS. BUDDY HOLLY  
 DANNY AND JUNIORS PAUL ANKA LEE ANDREWS AND HEARTS  
 'S LITTLE JOE DUBS THURSTON HARRIS TEENAGERS  
 TWIN TONES TERRY NOLAN ALAN FREED'S R'n'R ORCH.  
 IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG  
 IN PERSON ALAN FREED  
 & HOLIDAY OF STARS-FATS DOMINGO  
 JERRY LEE LEWIS-EVERLY BROS  
 BUDDY HOLLY-CRICKETS-RAYS  
 DANNY AND JUNIORS-PAUL ANKA  
 "IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG"  
 PARAMOUNT

by Jeff Carlson

Rock has been making appearances in the movies since "Rock Around the Clock" was featured in *Blackboard Jungle* over twenty years ago, and it looks like rock and roll soundtracks will be with us for a while. Some of these soundtrack LP's have made a lot of money for their record companies, but for every *Woodstock* or *The Graduate* there are several that remain, for the most part, unheard by the general public.

It's a well-known fact in the record business that soundtracks tend to be among the first items deleted from company catalogues. Many times the picture will bomb, so naturally most folks aren't familiar enough with the material to

buy the album. Even if the picture is a box-office smash, people tend to forget the background music, thus leaving tons of great albums for us budget collectors to go up for a half a buck. Much of this music on soundtrack records is available elsewhere, consequently the worth of the LP could be 10 or 20 times the purchase price. For instance, a friend of mine is willing to pay \$15-\$20 for the *Blow Up* album because it contains a rare Yardbirds cut. If I would have known this five years ago I'd have purchased three or four of them, as the record is pretty hard to find nowadays. The following records may not be worth twenty bucks, but they are worth

sions of "Be My Baby" and "I Got You Babe" were recorded before he ever appeared on *Laugh-In* or *Johnny Carson*. The best tracks on the record, though, belong to popular deejay and Rosko and Band producer John Simon. Rosko uses his best sexy soul voice to recite a radio commercial for Nazi army helmets, and lines like "Wear 'em to Be-ins, Love-ins and Turn-ins" make it a classic narration. Simon's composition "My Name is Jack" has some intriguing lines about the residents at the Greta Garbo Home for Wayward Boys and Girls. (The melody was so catchy that Manfred Mann made the song into a minor hit). None of the tracks on *You Are What You Eat* are available elsewhere, so it would probably be a good idea to pick it up. It's been out of print for five years and won't be around much longer.

Paul Butterfield and former Electric Flag members Mike Bloomfield and Nick Gravenites, three alumni from the *You Are What You Eat* album, got together with Maria Muldaur, Merle Saunders, John Kahn and others to record the music for *Steel Yard Blues* (Warner Bros.) in 1972. Gravenites and Bloomfield wrote about 85% of the

music, but superstar Maria offered one solo composition and a collaboration with Saunders. There is a variety of styles represented on the record: country ("Woman's Love"), blues ("Georgia Blues," "Lonesome Star Blues"), and even fifties doo-wop ("My Bag-The Oysters").

The band is tight and funky, although the real treat is hearing Gravenites, Bloomfield, and Butterfield playing together for the first time on record. If it had been recorded four years earlier it would have been heralded as the utmost in super sessions. Maria Muldaur fans should dig up *Steelyard Blues* as her cuts offer a bluesier, grittier singer than on her solo recordings. Especially good is the forementioned Saunders-Muldaur tune "Do I Care." Maria's Billie Holiday-ish vocal and Saunders' cocktail piano make this a song a must too for every bar's juke box. As a matter of fact, the whole album contains some of the best music ever written for a motion picture.

If it wasn't for the appearances of the Standells and the Chocolate Watch Band, *Riot on Sunset Strip* (Tower Records) would be a big contender for "Worst Record Ever." According

to the liner notes, *Riot* was all about the "mod, mod world of the Hippies, Teenyboppers and Pot-Partygoers ... out for a new thrill or a new kick." The Standell's version of the theme song fits this mood perfectly. With lyrics like "It just doesn't seem fair ... They bug you 'cause you got long hair" you couldn't go wrong back in 1967.

The Chocolate Watch Band were even better than the Standells because they were louder. "Don't Need your Lovin'" sounds like the Kinks' version of "Milk Cow Blues" complete with booming bass and Americanized Jagger impersonation. Their other cut, "Sitting There Standing" contains everything that made punk-rock great; inane lyrics, a raunchy harp and even some fuzz tone slide playing. The other songs on *Riot* are so bad that I won't even bother to mention them. The album may turn out to be quite valuable, too, as albums by groups like the Standells, Chocolate Watch Band, Thirteenth Floor Elevators and other punk bands are selling for pretty high prices nowadays.

*Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush* (United Artists) belongs in every Traffic-Spencer Davis col-



Triad October 1976

lection. None of the songs were ever available on another American LP even though the title track was a good-sized hit for Traffic in when the movie was released in 1968. There are three Traffic songs and eight by the Spencer Davis Group (without Stevie Winwood), and one nice pop number by an Englishman named Andy Ellison. The Spencer Davis group's songs are much better than the ones included on their other 1968 LP *With Their New Face On*. "Every Little Thing," "Looking Back," and the instrumental "Waltz For Caroline" actually rival Spencer's earlier work with the Winwood brothers.

Traffic's three tunes are the best on this record. The title track was the band's follow up single to "Hole in My Show" and the influence of Dave Mason is clear. Mason is the sole author of "Utterly Simple" and its sitar and Indian instrumentation remind me of George Harrison's "The Inner Light" (although it was recorded a few months before the Beatles tunes). The Winwood-Capaldi-Wood composition "Am I What I WAS or Was I What I Am" closes the album

and features some nice interplay between guitar and organ and shows Stevie in fine vocal form. It's too bad more people haven't heard the song as it could have easily been squeezed onto *Mr. Fantasy*. There are a lot of these around and readily available for under a dollar. Just look for *To Sir With Love's* Judy Geeson on the cover.

United Artists released *Revolution* a month or so after *Mulberry Bush*, and although Paul Krassner's notes are a little dated, they are intelligently written and reflective of the times. The movie is about hippies, Haight-Ashbury, and San Francisco so who would be better choices to perform the soundtrack than authentic Frisco bands like Mother Earth, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Steve Miller Band. The album is quite historic since selections were recorded several months *before* the groups got major recording contracts. Tracy Nelson had a much better voice in those early days and she does a fine job on the picture's theme while the co-leader of Mother Earth. R. P. St. John

make's Percy Mayfield's "Stranger in My Own Home" a vocal right on par with his "Living With the Animals."

The Quicksilver cuts aren't much different from the material on their first album, although they are more poorly produced. On *Fly Like An Eagle*, Steve Miller does a new version of "Mercury Blues", but his original recording is contained on *Revolution*. I personally prefer it to the later version since the '68 recording rocks a lot harder and moves a bit quicker. The Miller Band (which included Boz Scaggs) also does a nice instrumental called "Superbyrd" and an old R&B number called "Your Old Lady."

The cuts have a different sound from their first LP *Children of the Future* and complement that record well. It's been almost ten years since San Francisco was the rage, so a revival might be right around the corner. When it comes the price of *Revolution* will skyrocket, but for the mean time the record is available for 50cents and a gas to hear.

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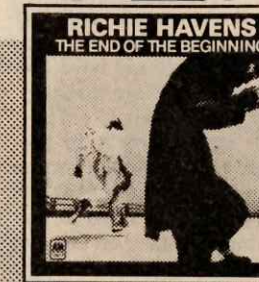
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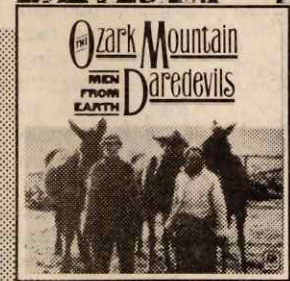
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# RANSOM NOTES

by Scott Fivelson

Hazardous sailing and stormy seas are in the latest Hollywood forecasts for the "Love Will Keep Us Together" couple, **The Captain and Tennille**. The subtle upstaging that has been a rumor throughout the industry finally became too apparent to ignore, when during a Labor Day gig in San Diego **Toni Tennille** accused **Captain Darryl Dragon** of deliberately misplacing her microphone. Her husband begrudgingly produced the mike from his piano bench and the show continued without incident, until Dragon introduced the encore, their current hit, "Shop Around," as "something I should have done a lot more of before hooking up with a no-talent like Toni." Though slow to react to the heartless jibe, Tennille responded in an interview the next day: "Darryl's playing is so despicable, I haven't gone on stage in six months without wearing ear plugs." This, of course, was very enlightening to a world of pop listeners who had been wondering at the discordancy of their latest efforts, although the twosome's ability to perform simultaneously in two different keys has won them a new following among classical composers in Europe.

In a year when jazz seems to be making one of its most dynamic comebacks, no performer has been as oblivious to the new tides of energy as the great innovator, trumpeter **Miles Davis**. Ruled ineligible in the 1976 *Playboy* Jazz Poll because he no longer bothers to bring his trumpet to any of his performances, Davis continues to command SRO audiences who are apparently flocking to not hear his horn. Mumbles Miles: "Ain't no reason for me to blow a note, man. Just like all my other notes. Every cat on the planet knows what they sound like by now. You think they are going to be any different this year?" Defending himself against critics who have cited Miles as relying too heavily on his group, he spits: "It's me playin' through them, even if what you're seein' is me walkin' off the stage in a bad mood or goin' up to some fine-lookin' fox who's hangin'

out at the bar. Maybe they're holdin' the instruments, but all the music's comin' from me."

When we asked Miles how a legendary performer like himself—an artist who is noted for once having taken an instrumental solo that lasted for 28 days—could decide to permanently put the mute on his trumpet, Davis said that his days as a trendsetter and barometer were only just beginning. His next album, *Congo Mouthpiece*, will once again bring Miles to the forefront of his group, where he



will be performing on the one part of the horn that he still enjoys fooling around with. States Miles: "Africa sold out, man, but I'm doin' an album about it, anyway. The group's gonna put a pick-up on my lip, and we're gonna turn 4,000 years of tribal history into one big blast of feedback."

The **Boston Pops** are now scheduled to perform it every third weekend, and **The New York Philharmonic** has announced that hereafter, that is all it will play.

The surprise favorite among concert orchestras this sea-

son is the sound of "symphonic disco," a trend that *Time* magazine judged so indicative of the '70s that it ran the same cover story two weeks in a row. Described readily as "Great music, with a beat," it owes a debt to the immortal composers, and a typical program features hustle-tempo arrangements of Bach, Hayden, Liszt, and on occasion, Marvin Hamlisch.

At New York's Carnegie Hall where the trend is said to have started, construction is already underway on a mirrored

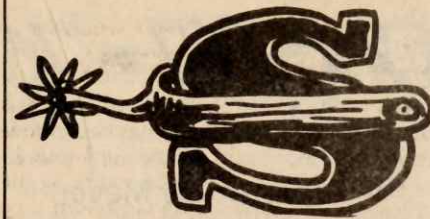
dance floor, but whether the dance floor will ever be used remains a dubious question.

Still, frequent guest conductor **Leonard Bernstein** is adamantly against giving up the music. Says Bernstein: "Most of our musicians have always been old men, without any outside interests. Now suddenly they've started bringing dates to the concerts...buying new suits. No, I don't know how I'd ever break it to them if we had to go back to the old stuff. It would truly be a tragedy if the Philharmonic had to stop playing disco."

It looks like **Clive Davis** has written another book blowing the lid off the pop music industry. Davis, of course, is the one-time Columbia record executive (and now President of Arista Records) who has enjoyed passing associations with everyone from **The Beatles** to **The Brothers Johnson**. In his latest book of show-business memoirs, entitled *Reflections of a Leisure Suit*, he tells about those stars with whom he worked directly every day, making career-saving decisions.

In a startling excerpt, Davis relates how he was the one who originally converted **Seals and Crofts**: "It was the Spring of 1971, when Seals and Crofts came to me for help with their careers. I immediately understood why the boys were going nowhere when they told me that all of their songs were about being Christian Scientists. I remember telling them very frankly that Christian Science wasn't an awfully commercial religion. Instead, I suggested Bahai faith, which I thought had a pretty good ring to it. I told Seals and Crofts right then that I could make them rich, and I know that for both the boys it was a religious experience."

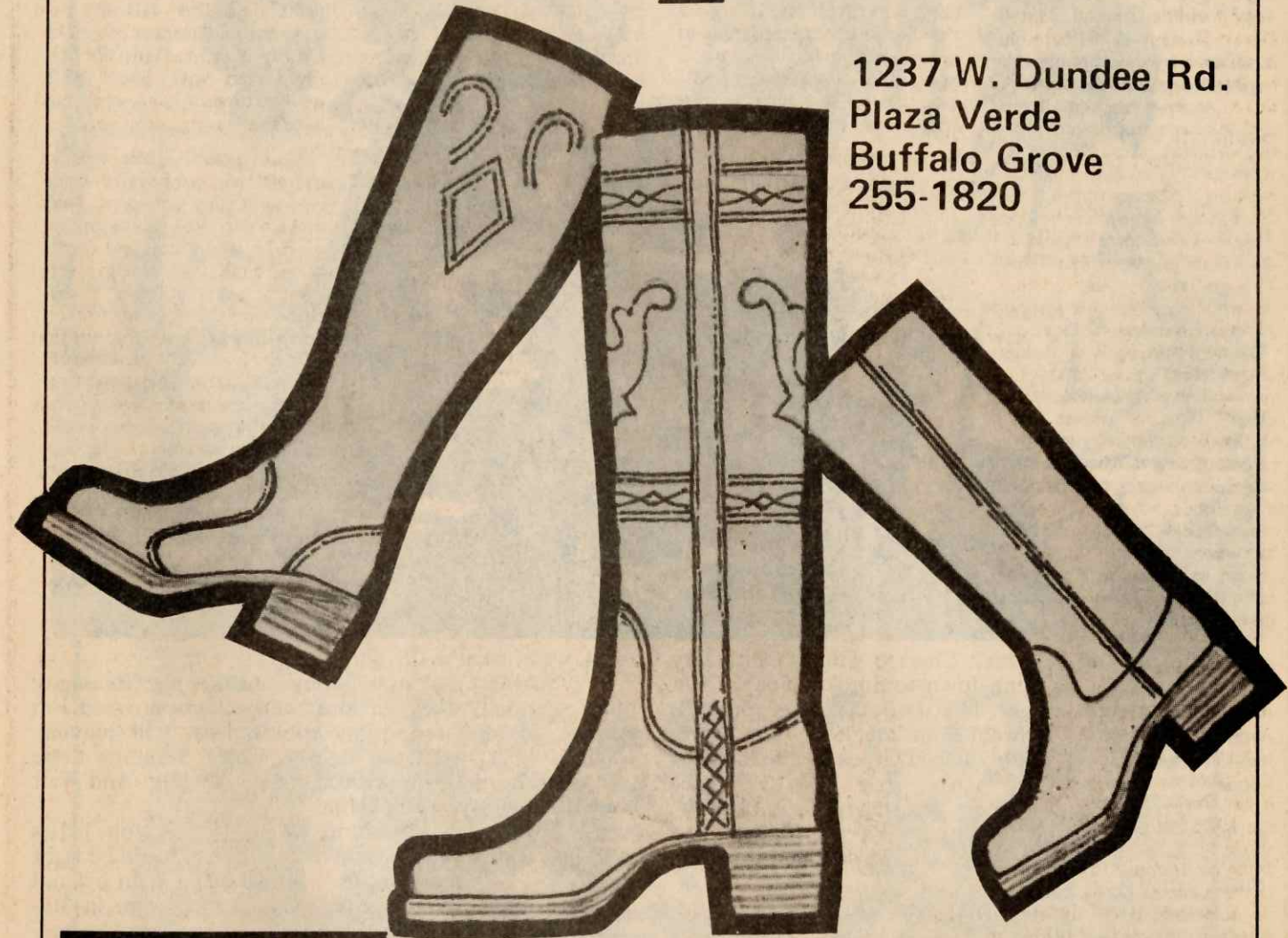
But far beyond the satisfaction he derived from any of these decisions was the pleasure Davis received from playing an important part in the writing and recording of **Paul Anka's** "Having My Baby." Writes Davis: "It was the Summer of 1974, and Paul Anka's wife was pregnant. Paul and his wife both agreed that they wanted an abortion, and I thought this was ridiculous. I raced in a cab to overtake the Anka family car the day they went for the abortion, and I wound up barring the door of the clinic with my body, pleading with them to reconsider. Well, I finally convinced them to have the baby and, as I knew it would, it gave Paul the raw material and emotion for a really touching song. 'Having My Baby' quickly rose to the top of the charts, where it sold over three million units, and by the time it fell off I had already helped the Anka's to put the kid up for adoption."



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# Chicago

## QUESTIONS '67-'76

By Bruce Meyer



The last gig at which Chicago Transit Authority wore suits ("We all went down to Smokey Joe's down on State St. and bought, like, two \$10 suits apiece.") was at the Attic in Milwaukee in late 1967. The owner of the club was an amply girthed Greek by the name of Zowie.

"Terry Kath was there on stage," says Pankow, grinning, "and he said, 'Hey, guys, rip my suit off—just start ripping it off my back.' And we said, 'Okay, wow, outta sight.'"

Understand about the Attic in 1967. It was a nightclub, one of the most popular in the Midwest, whose clientele was into a rigid MOR trip—Tijuana Brass stuff, and old standards, like "Blue Moon" and "Misty."

"Zowie was sitting at the bar and he whispers to Walt, 'Walt, play a belly-rubber.' (A belly-rubber is a slow song designed to encourage intimate dancing.)

"So we started off the set with 'How Could I Be Such A Fool' by the Mothers of Invention. Zowie freaks out and he runs up to the front of the stage, this big Greek guy, and he starts pulling on Walt's pants leg, yelling at the top of his lungs, 'Walt, you're all a bunch of assholes! Walt, you're all fired! Walt, this is it!'

"And we're there ripping Terry's suit off his back and Bobby Lamm jumps off the stage and starts hassling Zowie and all the people—there were a couple of hundred people watching all this—are sitting there going,

well, wow, what is this shit?

"So there's skinny Bobby and this big Greek guy and eventually they go into the back room. And I'm going, talking around my mouthpiece, still playing, saying, 'Walt, what did he say, Walt?' Standing there with my horn in my mouth, trying to talk. And Walt says, 'I think we're fired, Jim.'

"So we finish the tune, we go, 'Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, we've had a little problem, we'll be right back, just enjoy yourselves.' So we had a night off and instead of going back to Chicago, Cream were in Milwaukee, so we all got high and went and saw Cream."

And that was the last time Chicago wore their sharkskin suits from Smokey Joe's on stage.

Ladies and gentlemen, Mayor Richard J. Daley: "This is a very happy occasion. We have eight members of the very fine musical group Chicago with us and they're all Chicago born, or living, or having something to do, uh, working in Chicago. Anyway, they're a fine contingent, we all know their great talent and pride in their work and what they do and they know what it means to so many people in our city and today we've brought them down in front of you..."

(His Honor was standing at his podium in the conference room on the fifth floor of city hall; facing him were a couple of dozen reporters; arrayed behind, beaming, are the members of the band.) "...and all of them

have been presented with a medal of merit thanking them for their fine talent and display of great merit in their work and I think you know all of them, Bob Lamm the singer, Walter Para, uh, zayder, Laudir Dee Oliver, Danny Sarafeen the drummer, Lee Lognay and James Pan Kow. And Terry Kith the guitar player and Peter Cetera the bass player and singer. These are the people that really do a great job." (Well, at least His Honor pronounced "guitar" correctly.)

There was a lot more, including a thank-you speech from Jim Pankow and the gift of a blue football jersey with the Chicago logo on the front and "Daley-1" on the back. But that's the substance of Richard Daley's reconciliation with rock 'n' roll, six years after Sly Stone's non-appearance triggered a riot in Grant Park and the subsequent proclamation from the fifth floor of city hall that henceforth, thou shalt not boogie without a roof—or a paying audience.

Walter Parazaider's apartment was on Northwest Highway, not far from Park Ridge, on the second floor, right above Pegboard, Inc. The kitchen was painted blue and it was a chilly afternoon in early spring, 1967. Parazaider, Jim Pankow, Danny Seraphine, Lee Loughnane, Terry Kath and Bobby Lamm were sitting around the table, getting a little drunk and eating Italian beefs with peppers from DeVaney's Drive-In just up the road. It was the start of The Big Thing in more ways than one.

"I was a student at DePaul," says Pankow, "working big band dates on weekends ... playing ballrooms, country clubs, Elks clubs, Moose lodges, from Minneapolis down to Knoxville. And I had my own group,

a kind of Crusaders-type group, we used to play fraternity parties and weddings and society parties — tenor and 'bone rhythm section.

"Walt and Lee were going to school and working all sorts of bands. So Walt approached us on the basis of devoting 100 per cent of our energy to making a group happen, like, 'this isn't gonna be a sideman band, this isn't gonna be a way to make a couple of bucks and see each other once in a while and go to school, this is going to be a full-time thing.'"

When the band got together at Walt's apartment, there were six: Peter Cetera was playing bass with the Exceptions, at that time the hottest rock 'n' roll band in Chicago.

He was unhappy with internal personality conflicts in the band and was looking around for another place. But the six at Walt's apartment didn't know it then.

"We sat down around that kitchen table and made a verbal commitment to each other," says Pankow, "we said, 'Okay, we're really gonna do it ...'"

"It was a killer, too," says Parazaider. "I have to say, to get into my emotional thing now, when you got six cats sitting around the table and saying, 'Now, we're gonna do this...'"

"We made a vow," says Pankow.

"The interesting thing was, when we sorta said, 'Well, we're gonna stick with it,' we all had other side gigs, but at 10:30 every morning we all went to my mother's house to rehearse in the basement. We blew the walls out, but my dad dug it, 'cause he's been playing horn for 40 years. And at that first rehearsal, after everybody had worked their other gigs until 5 in



the morning, we were all there at 10, ready to play."

The Big Thing's first gig was at the Club Gigi on Ogden Avenue in April of 1967. About six months later Chicago Transit Authority made their debut at Barnaby's.

By that time they had made contact with an old friend from Chicago who had already moved west to find his fortune — James William Guercio — and who discovered that he had left his fortune behind at home. Guercio made a fast return trip after getting a call from Parazaider, saw the band play one gig and was on the phone with Columbia Records within hours of arriving back in L.A.

Ten platinum albums later, Chicago is still the Big Thing — and apparently getting better.

Chicago is the most aptly named band in rock 'n' roll. Mostly sons of the Great Washed Masses of the ethnic neighborhoods of the Northwest Side, for all their California tans they wear their roots like Smiley buttons for all the world to see.

They are Good Ole City Boys and they love Mayor Daley.

"The mayor seems very down to earth," says Parazaider. "There's none of that 'All rise for the king' kind of stuff. He's a human being. Whether you like his methods or not, what he's done for this city — I mean, we've been coming in and out of here for eight years, living in L.A. — and there's been a lot done, it's noticeable. Regardless of the hassles that you read about and stuff, he gets it done."

So if they love the city and the mayor so much, why did they leave?

"We left because there is really not the opportunity to be exposed to record labels and, even before that, the agents here want you to stay in city, so they can get their 10, 20 per cent. And they sort of dangle the thing way out in left field, 'Well, maybe a record contract,' they say."

"You can't get out from under that. There are so many talented people here — incredible talent in this city, in all forms of the arts. But the business thing has the artists by the neck, so to speak. My father is still a weekend warrior here — he's been playing trumpet for 40 years. He couldn't get out from under that to achieve anything else."

Chicago have had their share of troubles with rock critics over the years. And in spite of their record-sales track record, they are sensitive about it; another sign of Chicago, there — that Second City insecurity about finding acceptance. It produces strong emotions that sometimes lean toward bitterness, a viewpoint that reached its nadir a few albums back with Bobby Lamm's vitriolic "Critic's Choice."

"That tune sort of echoed all of our sentiments," says Parazaider. "I just can't see a person that is either a frustrated musician or is just wanting to meet people in the business sitting down and judging you, when they don't know much about what they are talking about. When we became successful, it was very hip to dissent from what was popular and so everybody jumped on that thing and downed us like crazy."

The sentiment is echoed by Pankow:

"It's when journalists overstep their qualifications that it gets to me. If they say they don't like it, great — I respect that. But when they start tearing apart musical elements of the show they don't really understand . . . it's that kind of criticism from an obviously disoriented person that I can't digest."

It's pure Chicago, that Daleyesque, adversary position toward the media; yet here they are, with *Chicago X* flying high, the best album they ever made, but staying comfortably in the dissonant, harmonic, melodic, brassy groove they've had from that first morning in Walter Parazaider's mother's basement. Tasty and commercial and easy on the ears and popular and frustrating as hell for easy-out writers who can't come up with a label for them, especially now that "jazz-rock" has been appropriated by everyone from Chick Corea to George Benson.

And if Chicago refuses to be typecast and makes that many people happy, even if I find their concerts tedious and most of their records less than exciting, then chalk up one for the home team.

Pankow taps his chest, sips his Michelob.

"Down here, we're punks. We're still the guys we've always been and that is why it's a gas. There's no superstar in this band . . . and in a way that's healthy. It negates ego problems, everybody in the band has an equal say-so. We're not only business partners, we're friends — this is a marriage."



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NANKA PHELGE'S

# LAND OF 1000 DANCES



Most records suck. Hence this column.

In the name of consumerism, inflation, and rock 'n roll, we present "Land Of A Thousand Dances" as a service to you and an ego-trip for us.

Despite Jimmy Carter's assumption that Gregg Allman can help deliver him the White House, the record business is purely an economic entity, its only politics those of conquering new markets. The multinational conglomerates that provide you and me with our daily musical fix have never before been so completely disinterested in vision, originality, and creativity; today, the lowest common denominator artists reign.

But in the music business's never-ending search for teenage allowance money, the massive glut of new "product" month after month can be intimidating to the avid music fan.

With industry talk of another price increase rampant (does anyone remember buying new LP's at Sam Goody's for \$2.49?), we thought a brief guide to new releases might occasionally help you avoid that "ripped-off" feeling. So if you liked the first Dr. Doom and the Sonic Boom disc and got beat on the next four progressively trashy ones, don't get fooled again.

Trust Triad.

The ratings:

- \* — worthless
- \*\* — weak; occasionally interesting
- \*\*\* — solid; hear it
- \*\*\*\* — superior; buy it
- \*\*\*\*\* — masterpiece

Bob Dylan; *Hard Rain*; (Columbia)

Where the Dylan/Band shows of three years ago presented a profound musical understanding of their material, the Rolling Thunder Band is sloppy, graceless, out of tune, out of time, not nearly tight, and display an instinctive misunderstanding of what they're playing and singing.

But the fact that the band is the pits isn't nearly the most disheartening facet of this

production. Dylan appears to have had creative control over the show (to the point of scrapping the original special shortly before air-date, and hastily performing, shooting, and preparing a new show), and the producer's control of the record, where he chose to leave out the most interesting section of the program: Woody Guthrie's "Deportee" followed by a rave-up version of "I Pity the Poor Immigrant."

But even with Dylan in

control, the whole project is a disaster; a visually boring show, a musically embarrassing record, and a lot of questions about how well connected the artist is with his audience, and even his own music.

This is the kind of unbecoming quickie product Dylan has wisely avoided for years. His surrender now is not a welcome sign. Extra half star for remaining the Great White Wonder. \*½

Jim Peterik; *Don't Fight the Feeling*; (Epic)

Chicago legend backed by the best rockers in town. Good tunes, good production, excellent sound, and for the first time Jim's "hard pop" style is fully realized. Extra half star for not leaving town. \*\*\*\*

Orleans; *Waking and Dreaming*; (Asylum)

Maybe New York bands shouldn't be allowed to make records in California. Any strength this once powerhouse guitar band had dissolved under the too slick pop production of Asylum king-maker Chuck Plotkin. The band's asset is pudgy Larry Hoppen whose refreshing vocal is making this album's best cut, "Still the One," a hit. Too bad leader John Hall insists in inflicting his voice on us for most of this album. \*\*½

Ramones; (Sire)

Somewhere between a post-primal Stooges and a post-breakdown Sweet. Every bit as

art rock as Roxy but not quite as camp. What "Raw Power" would sound like if Bowie had been hit by a truck before he blew the mix. Further proof that you can form a band and learn to play later. Extra half star for creative distinction. Favorite line: "Sent to spy on a Cuban talent show; First stop — Havana au go-go."

Punk rock classic. \*\*\*

Flamin' Groovies; *Shake Some Action*; (Sire)

If sometime during the years '63 to '66 you liked the Stones, Kinks, Hollies, Small Faces, Searchers, Gerry & the Pacemakers, Peter & Gordon, Dave Clark Five, Zombies, Manfred Mann, Animals, Yardbirds, Who, and the Troggs, you must dig the Groovies. Rather than try to imitate the licks (i.e. Rundgren), Dave Edmunds and the Groovies have recreated the vibes that made the British invasion such a gas. \*\*\*\*½

Linda Ronstadt; *Hasten Down the Wind*; (Asylum)

Her best in four years, since the *Linda Ronstadt* album, when the Eagles were her backup band. Stronger material than the slightly over-rated *Heart Like A Wheel*. High points include Ry Cooder's "The Tattler," Willie Nelson's "Crazy," and Linda and Andrew Gold's "Try Me Again." Although there are no vocals with the energy and abandon of her first solo albums years ago, her subtlety and emotional range have never been so impressive. Extra half star for doing 12

songs and none by J.D. Souther. \*\*\*\*½

Graham Parker; *Howlin' Wind*; (Mercury)

Not as high energy as the first Them album and not as literary as *Asbury Park*, this debut nevertheless oozes potential. Parker's intense and soulful wit set against the pub rock backing of his band, Rumour (Ducks Deluxe and Brinsley Schwarz alumni) and delivered with collective conviction make for an occasionally inspired album. The new Springsteen, or just another Southside Johnny? \*\*\*\*½

Pete Carr; *Not A Word On It*; (Big Tree)

Left field records like this are rarer than they should be, but with the ignoble and never-ending search for a "hit single" it's becoming increasingly difficult for excellent but singleless discs to get through to the public.

Pete Carr is one of the younger pickers in the Muscle Shoals scene. He's also the most eclectic; playing with tone colors and phrasing in a high energy style that is less pretentious and less common than ever with today's crowd of acrobatic technicians.

With a band of mostly unknowns, Carr rocks with power and grace. Southern rock with a twist. \*\*\*\*½

O'Jays; *Message In Our Music*; (Philly International)

On the kick-ass soul music front Gamble and Huff have been out-kicked by many of

their former sidemen/students, like Baker, Harris & Young, and Bobby Eli. This parallels their movement toward the Easy Listening direction.

O'Jay Eddie Levert remains one of the most explosive, volatile vocalists in black music, but on this set there's not a lot of energy tunes to propel him.

The O'Jays are a producer's group, and the producers seem to take them in a mellow direction. The O'Jays handle this shift with ease, but it does little to showcase their special strengths. And the "message" is just more of Kenny Gamble's refried Summer of Love propaganda. \*\*½

Spinners; *Happiness Is Being With The*; (Atlantic)

Thom Bell has come along since his days as high-energy arranger in the Gamble-Huff hit factory (i.e. "Backstabbers"). His transformation of the Spinners from a hard punching soul group to giants of MOR has been as successful as it is lamentable. Phillippe Soul Wynn's chops are still tops. As the material gets tamer, Wynn's astounding vocal trips have less distance to travel. Our loss, Las Vegas' gain. \*\*½

Mighty Diamonds; *Right Time*; (Virgin)

My favorite reggae album this year. If not as authentic or primitive as Burning Spear, this group's assimilation of other reggae voices has only strengthened their musical ability. More accessible and musical than Third World or the Heptones. \*\*\*\*

Peter Tosh; *Legaliz It*; (Columbia)

The herb was too good at these sessions. Disappointing debut by reggae pioneer and ex-Wailer; marred by stoned stumbling performances and rhetoric as revolutionary as NORML. \*\*

Herb Pedersen; *Southwest*; (Epic)

The Asylum sound on Epic. Ex-Dilliard, Herb's ability to sing rich multi-tracked harmonies with himself along with the considered and very tight backing of L.A.'s finest, make for a country-rock sound that's full of small pleasures. \*\*\*

Bonnie Bramlett; *Ladies Choice*; (Capricorn)

The Muscle Shoals rhythm section, 10 R&B standards and one dumb Dylan song, aren't enough to make this, Bonnie's best solo set, feel anything more than stiff. The duets between Gregg Allman, Dobie Gray and lesser Capricorn stars only beg the question: where's Delaney? \*\*½

City Boy; (Mercury)

English think-rock in the Yes/Supertramp tradition. Not without potential. \*\*\*

Gato Barbieri; *Caliente*; (A&M)

Not knowing anything about jazz; just wanna say this is a beautiful record. \*\*\*\*

Barry Manilow; *This One's For You*; (Arista)

Not for me. \*





## TRIAD spotlight:

### pubcrawling with graham parker

by  
moira  
mcCormick

The Marquee Club in London has a history more venerable than perhaps any other rock 'n roll venue of its kind. This sixties mod haven is the place where the Who cut their teeth, where the Kinks and the Faces gigged regularly, and it still looks every bit the seamy, claustrophobic, archetypal Soho night spot it was in '66.

Tonight—a sticky evening in mid-June—Graham Parker and the Rumour were on, and the Marquee's already-steambath atmosphere was thickened to the suffocation point by a packed house of raving pub-rock devotees. GP and the Rumour being hot stuff here, it was no surprise to see the number of followers in attendance; what was utterly amazing was the dancing, singing, and abandon that increased in intensity as Parker turned it on and the temperature climbed higher still. One of those nights that made you feel like rock 'n roll

would live forever, as long as there were bands like that who could play it like they meant it, and people like that who could collectively lose themselves in the fun of it.

Ratso's is on the other side of the Atlantic and the other side of the coin—an air-conditioned, tastefully decorated Lincoln Avenue club with no rock 'n roll legacy to speak of. Two months had passed since the Rumour's appearance at the Marquee, and needless to say it was incongruous to see Graham and the boys opening for Jimmy McGriff. No screaming hordes this time, no dancing or drunkenness, no stifling heat or pressure of countless sweating bodies. But the same music and the same faces: Parker himself, slight and unmistakably punky in short hair and shades; intense, unsmiling,

singing as if he had to rid himself of something. The Rumour, as always a motley-looking assortment of fiftiesque characters, with their DA's and skinheads and almost-but-not-quite tongue-in-cheek performance of Parker's music: spread thick with the familiar conventions of classic old rock 'n roll, but happily devoid of camp.

The audience at the Marquee had been manic; the audience at Ratso's merely appreciative. Parker wasn't worried. For a fellow who little more than a year ago was filling cars for a living (or so the legend has it), he is remarkably confident of his ability and his success. "I expected it to be good," Graham said simply, absorbing a beer in between sets. "I expected a good album, and I expected a lot of people raving about it. And they did. I haven't met anyone yet who doesn't like it and can tell me why."

The album is Parker and the Rumour's debut *Howlin' Wind* (Mercury), and the raves thus far have been pretty much contained within their homeland. It's just a matter of exposure, though, as far as Graham is concerned, before the States sit up and listen. "What I am about," said Parker with familiar relish, "is fifteen

years of rock 'n roll music, and all kinds of pop music, and I'm about all that brought up to 1976. I'm trying to get all that into one song, everytime I write a song.

"Trying to explain it," he realized, "is probably putting it a long way from what it really is...America is like where it's all come from, so it's like feeding it back—the roots of rock 'n roll. We might surprise Americans that there's an English person like me singing this kind of stuff."

One important facet of the Rumour that most Americans aren't likely to be aware of, much less appreciate, is that Parker's band is what has been blithely labeled the "pub-rock supergroup." Lead guitarist Brinsley Schwarz fronted probably the most popular of the pub-rock bands, which bore his name and also included Rumour keyboardist Bob Andrews; guitarist Martin Belmont was a member of another well-loved band of similar persuasion known as *Ducks Deluxe*; and bassist Andrew Bodnar and drummer Stephen Goulding had been the battery of *Bontemps Roulez*. Consequently, the Rumour had a built-in following in England at its outset; the grassroots pubgoers do not forget their own.



Those Anglophiles among us who pick up *Melody Maker* with any frequency need not be reminded of the "pub-rock boom" in Britain a couple of years back; the pubs and their own particular groups were given much press in a short time, and just as quickly the trend died out. Brinsley Schwarz had been in the thick of it, indeed the front lines, and needed little prompting to trace the short-lived heyday of English pub-rock. "It started with an American group called Eggs Over Easy," said Brinsley surprisingly. "My band went and saw them one night—we'd been a country-rock band for three years by then, and we had nothing to do with pub rock."

The intimate pub setting had made an impression, however, and the band Brinsley Schwarz began to make a point of having a certain pub as home base. "We were the first people to get a name," Schwarz recalled. "The pub itself became big—the Tally Ho in Kentish Town. After that it spread. More bands came into the Tally Ho." Brinsley Schwarz in turn branched out, introducing rock into more pubs, and becoming the unofficial leader of what Brinsley termed the "first wave" of pub rock—bands such as Bees Make Honey and Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers.

The first wave bands were characteristically laid back and unfrenetic. "It was viewed with the idea," explained Brinsley, "that you had an entire evening with the audience, so you'd sort of take things like that. The next wave was younger and more urgent about it—that's how it got to be known that pub bands are punk rock, rock 'n' roll."

Graham Parker had never seen Brinsley Schwarz. "I knew the name Brinsley Schwarz—I thought it was one of those German groups," he grinned, delighted with the irony. "My scene was different, where I was—I was listening to a lot of blues."

Parker's scene was a small town in Southern England, where the British blues invasion had never left and where there were no real musicians to play around with. Graham's story is a not-so-unusual conglomeration of various odd jobs and the occasional band, "still playing music all the time and never knowing how to get out of being ordinary." Chance meetings of a slide player and Chilli Willi's bassist later, a demo was made by Parker and aforementioned sidemen, which wound up in the hands of the Hope and Anchor Studio's Dave Robinson. It just so happened that Messrs. Schwarz, Andrews, Belmont, Bodnar, and Goulding had been rehearsing there at the Hope after the breakups of their respective bands. "Dave Robinson just persuaded me to play with these guys," said Graham. "He said, 'This is your band, and they'll be really good.' And they were. And that was it."

It remained to be seen, though, whether the studio chemistry of seasoned pub-rock vets and prodigy newcomer would duplicate itself on stage. "I just had no idea whether I could get out in front of people and sing," Parker admitted, "because I'd never really done it. Any time I'd been on the stage before, like playing on my own, I'd always been completely into 'meself' and not knowing what was going on outside."

That introverted, negative-charismatic image persists to this day, although by now there's no question of Parker's—and the band's—showmanship. In fact, his deadly serious demeanor could appear to be cal-

culated. "I wish I was that aware to be able to calculate it," Parker said slowly, admitting he'd never been questioned about his genuineness. "Because it's not—it's the way I am exactly. What you see on stage is completely natural."

So here we have someone who until recently never had any burning desire to rock and roll (although he realizes "it's always been there but it's just forced its way out through everything else"), and he is now fronting a very, very promising outfit of guys who've been through it all. Album No. 1 is doing handsomely, and Album No. 2 is about to get underway. The Rumour has an image, an unquestionable reputation to live up to, and the hurdle of homefront chart success to get over, all of which indicates a rather uncertain future. But as I've said—Graham Parker knows his own worth. The way he sees it, there's no way the public will lose interest in the Rumour.

"I can't see that happening," he said matter-of-factly, "'cause as I said I've got faith in my songs. Sometimes maybe I'm not enthusiastic enough, or don't care, but what's coming through me sometimes is pretty strong. I think it's gonna just get better—I'm just here to write my songs and get them out of the way really, so it just seems common sense to me that a lot of people are gonna dig it."

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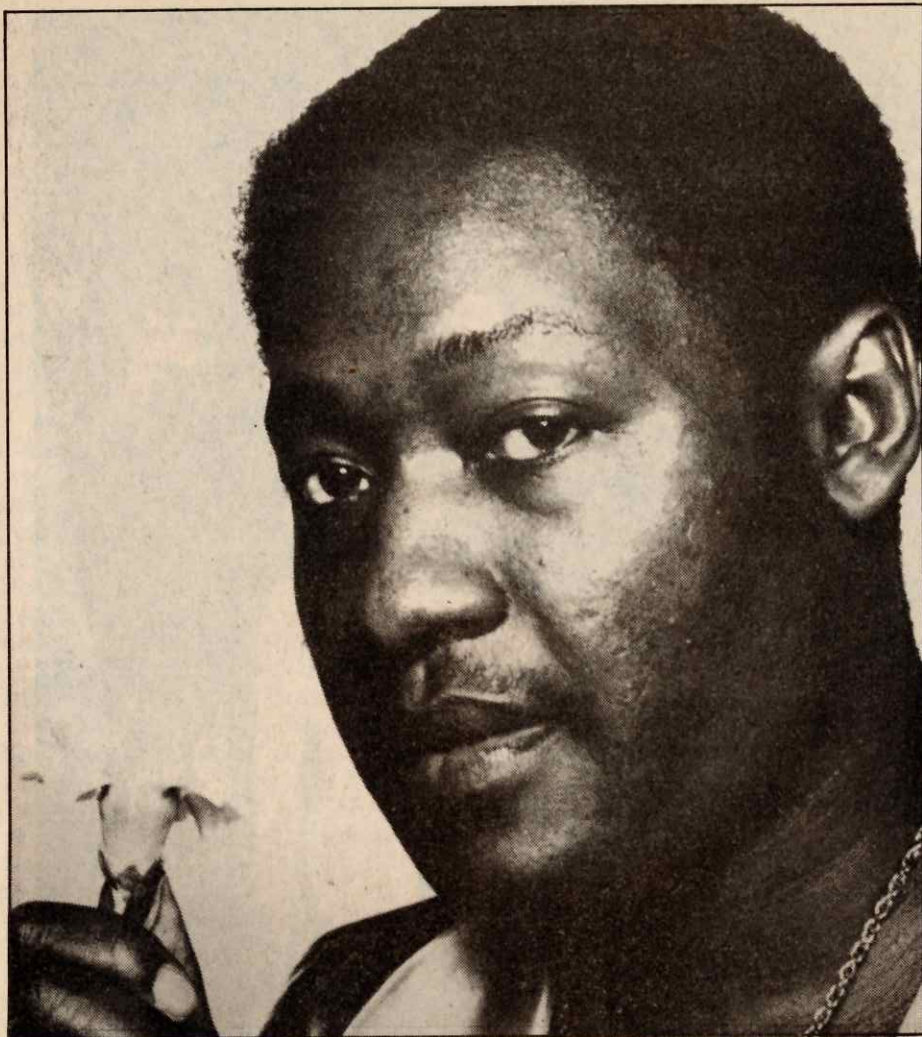
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## REGGAE RIFFS

By Dr. Ganja

Well, we had to wait for the end of summer for it to happen, but the stream of reggae releases which have kept the ears of Dr. Ganja and others occupied has finally slowed down. The number of first rate Jamaican artists blessed with U.S. releases during September was much smaller than it had been for a long time. Every now and then, Dr. Ganja has heard rumblings of studio dates, but nevertheless, it seems like time to dig into what we have and make a serious attempt to understand a few things about the music and the sway it holds over us as listeners. The recent reggae

releases which have fallen under the doctor's scrutiny this month do a lot of explaining, but they also demand some explanation as well.

Last column, Dr. Ganja raved about Burning Spear and their recent Island release *Man in the Hills*. You may have noticed another new Burning Spear album in the shops at about the same time. The mystery album is *Garvey's Ghost* (Mango MLPS 9382). In the lower corner of the front cover of that album, there is a circular inset picture from the cover of the group's first album, *Marcus Garvey*. It is

surrounded by a circular chain. Underneath, the legend "A Dub Album." Next, we take a look at the back. Strange, but the personnel is exactly the same as on that first album. Some of the song titles are even similar to that first LP's.

What may seem like a mystery to American listeners would be understood readily by a Jamaican. In reality, those tracks are actually taken from the same takes as the songs on the first album. The two albums are hardly replicas, for the entire master tape has been re-mixed in a fashion totally unfamiliar to the American industry. The resulting mix contains only short snatches and echoes of the original one. "Jack Ruby" Lindo, the producer of both versions, supervised the recording of the two very different perspectives of the same material.

*Garvey's Ghost* is what is known as a dub version. In the discos of Kingston the dub version (or just plain *version*, as it is often called) is a very popular commodity. The versions heard in the discos are often performed by nameless studio musicians, and consist to a large extent of the instrumental track only. The disc jockey spins the version and "dubs" in his own vocals, which are often improvised on the spot. The result can be anything from amazing to obscene—in fact, the several albums of X-rated dubs by enterprising d.j.'s available in Chicago are very brisk sellers.

Many d.j.'s have made fairly big names for themselves by singing and talking over dub versions. That is where U-Roy, whose first LP was reviewed two columns back, got his start. Even Bob Marley has admitted that his music is getting more and more dub oriented, but he has a live band with which to work. If you ever hear about *skank* in relation to reggae, rest assured that it is only someone referring to that process whereby the d.j. sings over the music (to skank: a verb).

It might seem strange for a vocal trio like Burning Spear to release an instrumental album, but Dr. Ganja thinks that *Garvey's Ghost* is a king among dub albums if only by virtue of the fine performances of the Wailers and friends in the instrumentals. But

the best reason for anyone to listen to the album is that in the remix, instruments pop in and out of the mix—typically you'll hear only bass and drums for a few bars and then the drums will suddenly be cut out, only to be replaced by the guitar. All the while, you can hear a distant echo of the original vocal. To listen to this album is the first step to understanding just how the reggae sound is produced. The listener gets a chance to hear the function of each individual instrument and how they complement each other. And of course, you can compare that to the full mix heard on *Marcus Garvey*. Dr. Ganja can see how this album might be less than exciting for someone who hasn't heard the first LP, but will go as far as to promise that any fan of the first album will be unable to resist skanking its ghost.

As an album that uses the potential of the dub-skank approach in its most absurd extent is Dillinger's *CB 200* (Mango MLPS 9385). Dillinger's backing band includes Chinna Smith on rhythm guitar and Family Man Barrett on bass, but the appeal in his music rests wholly on the words he adds. His voice is fairly monotonous, although the note sung evokes a different tone than the one Lou Reed usually sings. But when Dillinger skanks, his vocal range is forgotten. For instance, take the album's second song, "No Chuck It," which opens with the words: "Jamaica, the land of wood and water...white man comes...now becomes motor vehicle and manslaughter!" The song goes on to recount the story of a riot between David and Goliath.

Dillinger manages to find several more rhymes for riot—too many in fact. Strained attempts to find words which rhyme can only be explained by the spontaneous sound of the vocals, since at other moments Dillinger's phrases are nothing less than ingenious. "The General" opens with a nearly perfect imitation of the reverberated fast talk that you hear on any Latin radio station and keeps the spirit up in the reggae song which follows. In "Cokane My Brain," we learn a new and better way to spell New York: "a knife, a fork, a bottle and a cork—that's the way I spell New York." The rest of the

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songs on the album flow out in much the same way, with bits of verbal inspiration being interspersed with Dillinger's Rastafarian rap. Unfortunately, the album seems to be little more than a collection of good singles. *CB 200* provides two long sides of excellent dance music, and Dr. Ganja recommends it for that purpose.

The first side of Roy C.'s new album, *Something Nice*, could almost pass for easy listening. What more can you expect from a New York soul singer who was shipped down to Kingston to try cutting some reggae into his music? Roy C. came back with an album which opens with renditions of two pop classics: "My Girl" and Elton John's "Your Song." They are almost as bland and innocuous as Jimmy Cliff's version of that other classic of pop, "Wild World." Follow that with yet another performance of that muzak standard, "I Can't Stop Loving You," and you have a pretty unappealing album, at least by Dr. Ganja's standards. Recorded in Kingston and

mixed in Long Island, the production of the album follows the 'little bit of everything' approach.

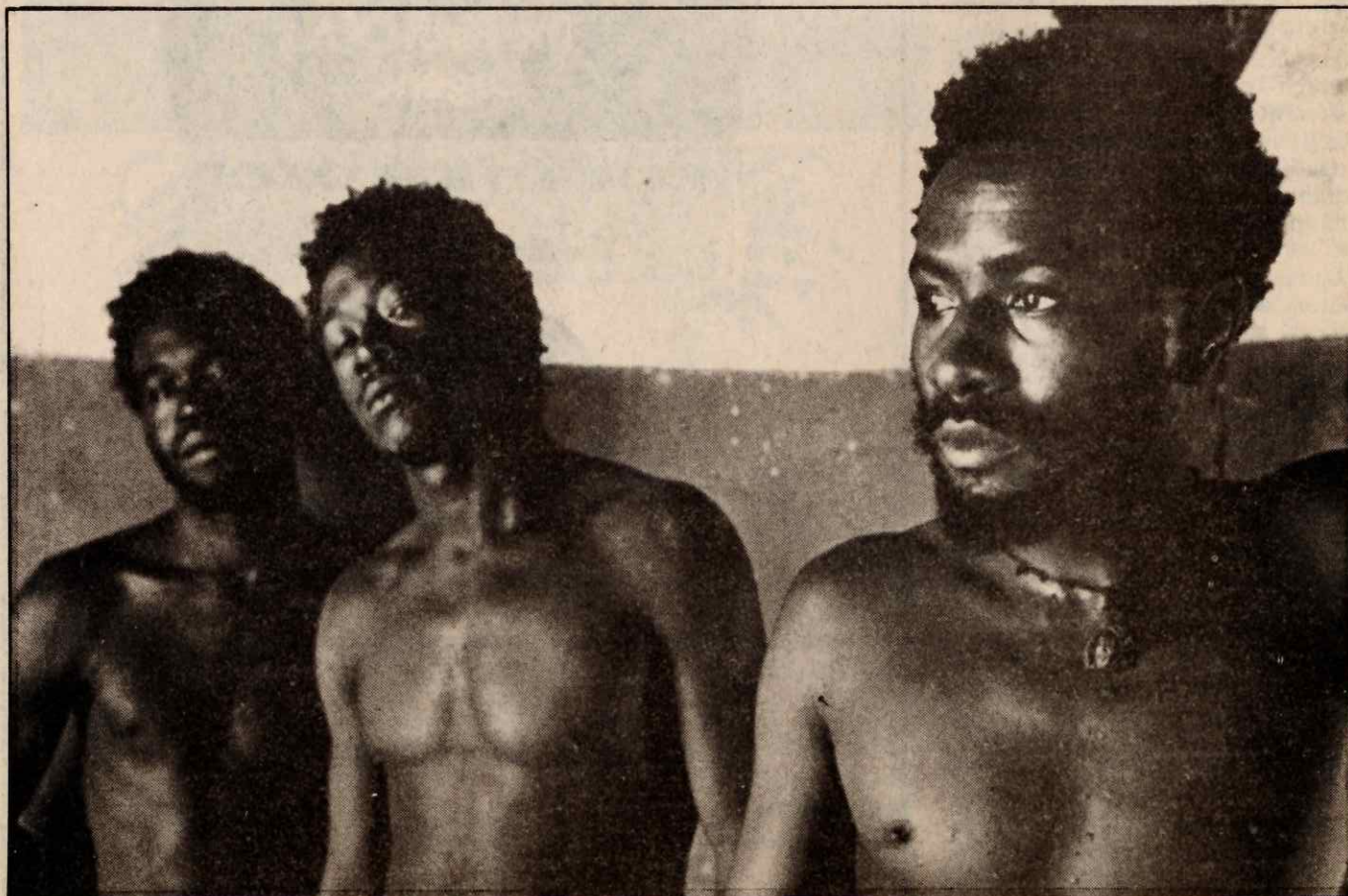
At times a gospel-style female backing trio can be heard, at other times some very invisible strings emerge from a standard soul arrangement. But the reggae seems to come only out of the wreckage of a hustle beat which has already been grafted onto pop sludge. Unless Roy C. changes radically, you won't see his name in this column again.

Bob Marley, on the other hand, seems to be an irrepressible feature of any Dr. Ganja column. Now it appears that Pye Records has acquired the U.S. rights to two albums by the original Wailers which have previously been available only as imports. The two-record packaged release by Pye includes tracks from *Rasta Revolution* and *African Herbsman*. Many of the titles will be familiar to Wailers fans, but the recordings of those songs are more primitive both in terms of technical and musical considerations than the versions previ-

ously available.

"Trenchtown Rock," "Small Axe," "Lively Up Yourself," and "400 Years" all appear here, and it is interesting to hear once again the difference between the Wailers with Peter Tosh and the Wailers with Rita Marley. When these tracks were recorded, no one could've dreamt that Marley would soon be a rock star. The sound here is a lot simpler, less complex than on *Natty Dread* or even *Catch a Fire*. Nevertheless, these tracks are an essential part of any Marley fan's collection. After you listen to these songs, it is easier to understand what people are talking about when they say that Marley sold out to rock. Not that Dr. Ganja agrees with that view...

In addition to the new-old Marley record, you can look forward to the autumn publishing of a book biography of Marley. Slated for publication by Chappell Music and Sire Books, the biography is written by Timothy White. Look for lots of lyrics and pictures in this book, which is part of a series of rock bios just now emerging.



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# JAZZ: Once a Month

by ADELE SWINS-TERNER

As the autumnal winds whip once more across the lake, and Oktoberfests spring up in seemingly every middlesex exurb in town, certain trends for the year nearing completion begin to evidence themselves, at least among us more studious of observers. And, not the least of these is the concept of 1976 as the "Year of the Comeback." For instance, the re-issue situation, which was accommodated last month in this space, has been unprecedented in scope and variety; this may be precisely the source of its success. In addition, several of the older chaps who made their jazz marks in years past—witness Joe Venuti, or, to suggest a more contemporary has-been, Tony Williams—are on what is sometimes called the Comeback Trail. More important, however, there appears to have been a return in style as well, as the acoustic-instrument proponents reach a larger proportion of listeners. In fact, half of the discs purveyed within could be considered either re-issues or returns of musicians adapting to modern times.

(Of course, at the risk of getting bogged down on the serious matters, we're discussing as well a month that begs physical activity during the fleeting warmths of a fading fall, a month that invites criminalization as a Halloween hazard, and a month that augurs the first full swath of bloodletting on a field of green, that great, weekly spectacle of televised mayhem that civilized people call rugby and Americans call football. But these are merely one woman's biased impressions of a childish game, and certainly beside the point.)

More to the point, though, are the good signs for the comeback for jazz in this bicentennial hoopla. One sign is the relative success of recent bookings at the Jazz Showcase; another is the extraordinary acts wending their path into the Amazingrace calendar, such as the exciting ECM tour package set for this month. Yet a third is the resuscitation of the Jazz Institute



of Chicago, which has jumped into the swing of things by co-sponsoring a series of Sunday afternoon piano concerts at the Museum of Contemporary Art. With even the Ritz-Carlton and Rick's Cafe American supplying main-line jazz, we head towards the cold months with the promise of enough heat to evaporate even the rain in Spain.

New albums out recently include the re-issues from Bethlehem, the newly-packaged, more steadfast albums on the tiny Concord Jazz label, and a shipment of generally fine ECM items. The smaller labels were busy too, ranging from Germany's small Enja Records to the latest self-produced works by the brilliant Marian McPartland. And of course, the usual junk and mediocrity, most of it concentrated on Columbia; besides those reviewed *much* lower, we have the new, same, Freddie Hubbard, and a vinyl spitball from the pretentious and over-weaning Mingo Lewis, a sordid disaster. These are records that would do best to take or preferably turn to powder, and rather quickly. Please.

## OKTOBERFESTIVE

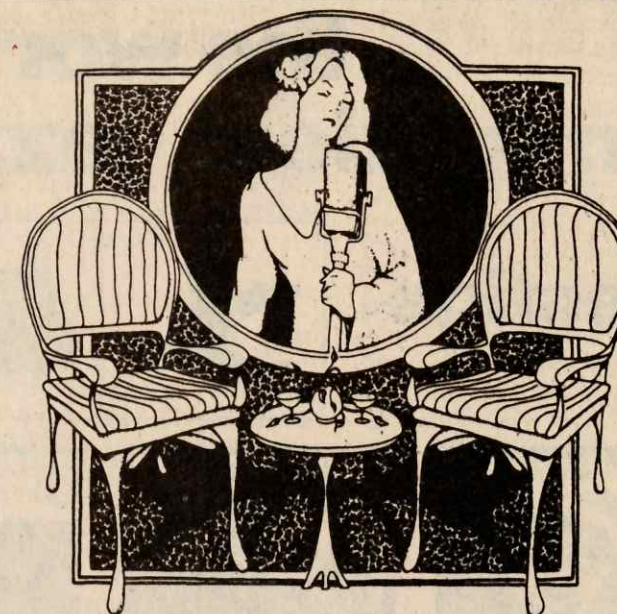
David Friedman is a reasonably talented vibist who works reasonably often around New York in reasonably enjoyable settings and who has recorded for Enja an unreasonably fine set of performances by his hand-picked ensemble. The LP is *Futures Passed*, and on it Dave Friedman has made a declaration of his own considerable taste and ability to pull off the role of leader—everything comes together, and everyone sounds better than usual. The band includes keyboard man Pat Rebillot, who is otherwise found wasting his time with Herbie Mann; Harvie Swartz, the energetic bassist and composer for Barry Miles; Gil Evans drummer Bruce Ditmas; and, in a master stroke, the aquamarine clarity of voice of Rimona Francis. Singing in a style that suggests a fusion be-

tween Flora Purim and Urszula Dudziak (who themselves are the leading singers of modern jazz), Rimona has retained the sharp focus of an Ella Fitzgerald and the scating sense of a potentially great improvisoress.

The highlight of the record would have to be Swartz's "Three Pieces," but other tunes, such as the vibist's ballad "Smile On The Face Of The Morning," are right in the running. Friedman and Rebillot, incidentally, make a terribly compatible team and bring out the finer points of each other's art, to the point where one hopes the relationship is not transitory. 9.1 (Enja records are available by writing 8 Munich 19, Nymphenburgerstrasse 209, W. Germany.)

There are more than a few of us in love with Gato Barbieri, the tortured soul of South America who pours out his Third World yearnings on a caterwauling tenor saxophone, while pocketing the cash receipts in an entirely New World manner. But, his artistic-political clashes aside, Gato remains one of the most expressionistic of popular musicians, improvising tones, colors and emotions rather than sticking to the mere orchestration of notes. In *Caliente!*, his first album for A&M Records, he is joined by a host of modern jazz-studio heavies, including the likes of guitarists Joe Beck and Eric Gale, drummer Lenney White, and percussion master Mtume. The record also features arrangements by Jay Chattaway and production by Herb Alpert, both surprisingly effective as foils for Gato's music. There are a number of instances in *Caliente!*, though, that make it a substantially lesser album than Gato's most recent efforts. The barefaced attempt to cash in directly on his now waned *Last Tango* success is one; the decreased emphasis on improvisatory excitement in favor of stylized drive is another. But they don't get in the way enough to hurt the essential thrust of The Cat's pulsating, throbbingly satisfying sax. 8.8

At the other end of the spectrum altogether from Gato, carried out but with equal success, is the new duet album from Marian Mc-



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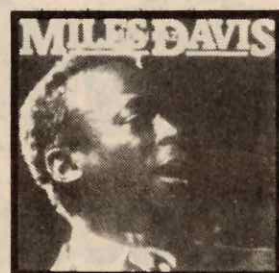
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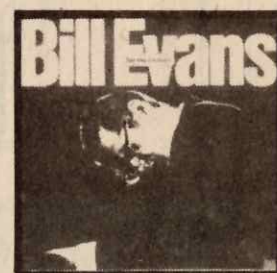
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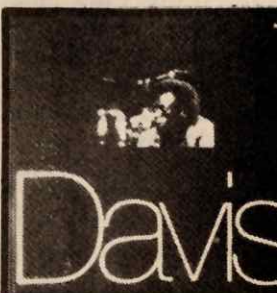
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Partland (piano) and Joe Venuti (violin). On the lady's own Halycon label, the album is called *The Maestro and Friend*, but both descriptions are rather modest. Venuti, at 73, is the man who wrote the book on jazz violin as a legitimate superstar musician in the '20s. In fact, his legendary duets with guitarist Eddie Lang have long been considered among the *sine qua non* of small-group jazz. And along those lines, his date with Marian is simply *mondo boffo*. The album, done in Nice in 1973, concentrates on the old tunes that Venuti retains in his current repertoire, things like "How High The Moon" and "That's A Plenty," but they are given treatments here that are quite dear to any music-lover's ear.

Molding the septegenarian's verve—undiminished, so I'm told, after these many decades—and the exquisite grace and elegance that surround McPartland in her most swinging moments, you might even be tempted to ask, "How could it have missed?" Which is a fine question, answered simply by, "It didn't." The first liberated lady of jazz has scored another coup for her label, he own maestro-riend, and her own kind of music. 8.8 (Halycon Records are available from 302 Clinton St., Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.)

Violin and piano were the subject again back in 1963, only a few miles north from the Venuti recording, in Paris. There Duke Ellington gathered three of his favorite stringmen, as well as a few of his band's illustrious horns, for *Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session* (Atlantic). The guests: violinists Stephane Grappelli (the picture of smoothly sailing *savoir-faire*, effortlessly beguiling the sweetest runs from the storehouse of matchless technique at his disposal), Ray Nance (the Ellington stalwart whose sense of rhythm invention, dramatic timing and raw emotion have never been equalled on the instrument), and Svend Asmussen, heard here on viola (the darker sound mixing wonderfully with his slightly off-center ideas, reflecting the fact that he was the only one person who had absorbed any of the real innovations of the bebop movement).

With few exceptions, everything goes near-perfect on this dazzling hunk of wax, but there are loose ends here and there, and at least two tracks of the 11 tend to bog down in their own lengthy statements. A minor flaw, but a flaw nonetheless. Still, Duke and strings are highly recommended. 8.4

### TRICK OR TREAT

The flaws begin to creep up on us with Bob Dorough's *Yardbird Suite* (Bethlehem). Not that this is at all a poor record: fresh from approaches to jazz vocalizing are too rare to dismiss lightly, and Dorough's music and style, which managed to celebrate bop without lapsing into vocalese, were exceedingly hip. His voice, which calls to memory Mose Allison but which is far more whispery and affected—the shadow of a voice, really—is something you either like or don't. But the recordings that appeared under his name, such as this one (which was originally called *Devil May Care*), are all highly personal visions of songs such as the title track, "Old Devil Moon," and Dizzy Gillespie's "Ow." How often Dorough crosses the frail line separating originality from mere idiosyncrasy is up to you, but most everyone should be able to dig the then-authentic, now-nostalgic amenities of vintage '50s cool. And Dorough's voice, whatever else it may be, was definitely cool. But the album settles for a lukewarm reception verging on medium ho. 7.5

On the other hand, drummer Jack DeJohnette scores a lukewarm to medium what? with the latest effort from his group Directions. It's a somewhat disappointing venture titled...er, that is *not* titled...well, it's called *Untitled* (ECM), and just as it has no name, it seems to be a little fuzzy as to what Directions it's headed. It's hard to tell if Jack has worked out the right medium for his message, since the message seems to be in doubt; and if the medium *is* the message, then we're in real trouble. This is the group that played *Amazingrace* not far back, with the visionary John Abercrombie on guitar, Mike Richmond on bass, the consistently amazing saxist Alex Foster, and keyboard-

ist Warren Bernhardt, whose addition to the band signaled for me an unfortunate shift from searing frontiers of the earlier quartet. *Untitled* opens with 14 minutes of free-styled jamming that never really settles in, but then it's followed by the absolutely lovely "Pansori Visions," an Abercrombie-DeJohnette duet. The album includes the strangely non-effective "Vikings Are Coming" and, on the other hand, the witty "Malibu Reggae." It's those other hands that keep confusing the issue, here on an album whose chartless explorations yield less frontiers than they should. 6.8

At this point, few of us expect such frontiers to emerge from the music of bassman Ron Carter. Carter was always the stodgy one in the Miles Davis group of the '60s, a suspicion borne out by his lack of growth after the breakup of that band. While the others—Tony Williams, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter—all became giant figures in modern music, slightly out-of-step Ron fumbled on, treading water in the mainstream. Then came his so-so LPs for CTI, followed by a disco debacle and now this—a surprisingly solid record that probes different depths and displays a good deal of clean originality. One reason is Kenny Barron, the brilliant young pianist who serves as major soloist along with Carter on bass and piccolo bass. The other is the format, which follows on the heels of Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen's *Steeple Chase* album in making the bass a successful lead instrument. The basic style is tried-and-true, but the way it's handled has something to say, and it all balances out to *Yellow & Green* (CTI). 6.8

Another bassist in a featured role is Ray Brown, one of those who helped write the book on modern bass playing and paved the way for players such as Carter. In *Hot Tracks* (Concord Jazz), we hear a jam session-styled set from the sextet co-led by Brown and the superb guitarist Herb Ellis, which stars Harry Edison on trumpet, Plas Johnson on saxophone, the obfusacative West Coast piano treasure Mike Melovin, and drummer Jake Hanna. These chaps work to-



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gether often, in the studios and on the stages of San Francisco, and so the easy, mellifluous interplay should come as no surprise. In fact, it doesn't, and perhaps therein lies some of the trouble with this quite pleasant, but hardly inciteful, date. There are exceptions, of course, such as the Edison trumpet candy on "Spherikal" and the fun version of Johnny Hodges' "Squatty Roo." And I don't mean to cast aspersions on the fine Concord label, which launches its nationwide distribution with this release. But Brown and Ellis, in as good form as they are, have sounded better, and an album calling itself *Hot Tracks* needs a bit more fuel on the fire. 6.5

### GREAT PUMPKINS

Mixed feeling abound with the release of the new Tony Williams loser, *Million Dollar Legs* (Columbia). Of course it's great to have Tony back on the scene. I can't agree with those calling him the penultimate drummer of our time, but he has more than plenty to say and share with us and I'm thrilled to hear him after such a

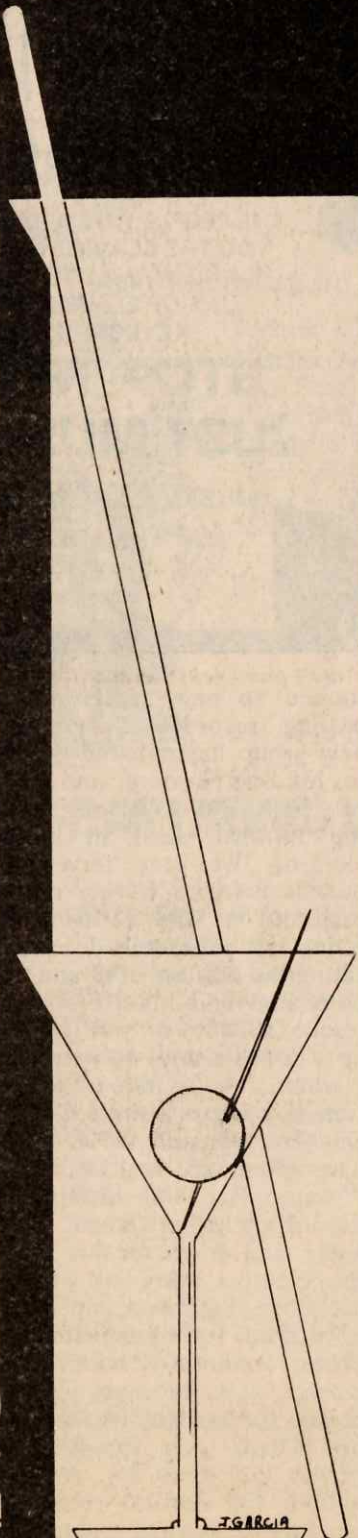
long hiatus. But with albums like this one, I'm not sure the hiatus is over. Although Tony does play a bit more prominently than on his previous release, it's still not enough—especially when the times he's not featured are given over to his semi-automatic guitarist, his Pastorius-copping bassist, and material that is embarrassing in its paucity of just about everything. Some of the tracks have lyrics that are fully offensive in their lack of subtlety or, for that matter, coherence; the others are mostly riff tunes that don't even have the advantage of an *interesting* riff to be repeated without consideration of rhyme or reason. The only good thing is that Tony Williams has shown that disco music *can* be played with a personal flair; but the fact that that's the only good thing I can think of is a painful indicator of this once-more-in-a-lifetime experience. 4.2

And now we pray. Dear Beneficent One, we pray for the speedy recovery of Herbie Hancock, renowned pianist and composer and con man and hype artist, who has

sunken to new nadirs with each passing recorded document. His new group has apparently left him to his own devices, and to those of Wah Wah Watson, certainly the musical devil in hip-dude's clothing. We pray fervently that our dear friend Herbie may soon snap out of the debasing, debilitating and pernicious disease that is eating his creative core and turning both him and his art into a grotesque parody of not only what he was, but also of modern music as a whole. The extent of the condition is obvious; tunes like "Maiden Voyage" and "The Prisoner" have given way to "Doin' It" and "Swamp Rat." We his friends and musical neighbors stand by helplessly and pray for his return to the creative living, at which time his silly posturings and conscious efforts to "communicate" at the lowest common denominator may resolve and he may again commence the work he was sent here to do. Thank you for hearing our prayer, our Lord Sly, Amen. (Donations for Herbie's recovery may be sent to *Secrets*, Columbia Records. 2.5)

**BY BIRDFEATHER**

HOLLYWOOD DID GRAPEDRINK



Hello y'all:

You may wonder where your Lady Bird's sudden Southern drawl springs from and I jest gotta tell ya' darlin's it's cuz I saw them Texas folk Way-lon Jennings, his ole' lady Jesse Colter (ain't one to be bitchy but she is more than a bit boring), Willie 'Ain't He Cute' Nelson (joined onstage by varied Marshall Tuckers') and growly Tompall Glazer. All them pickers wuz at the Hollywood Bowl—a darling deco masterpiece—last Sunday an' my cohort Cyndiaaaa and I decided to do it in style.

You see, Ms. C. and me, when we go out hoot and hollerin' sometimes we tend to get a little—how should I put it—too too too juiced to be able to navigate ourselves to our various abodes. (Happens only too often dears, I can't even begin to remember all the things I don't remember!!) Anyway, we decided to rent a long sleek stretch Lincoln limo for the night's cruising an' so we did (from Dave-El who've got the best hung drivers in El Lay). We did want the white one—nicknamed Pearl—but ole' Pearl was hung up with a sick choke so we had ta' make do with Coco—shiny brown with a bar (vodka and scotch), T.V. (Sony), moon roof and 73-ashtrays.

My dears, it was a chuckle and a half to purr up backstage with geekers and gawkers peering in at us sure we were somebody but not knowing quite who. Then, as Mike the driver (in appropriate black suit and cap) helped us out and handed us the Moet (champagne), we turned to check who was coming outta the black Caddie just behind us.

Ringo. Yup, Ringo hisself, his head fuzzy with barely growing-out hair, in too short jeans over white 4" platforms. On his arm, looking anxious, was his sometimes girl, Nancy Andrews (ex-model, used ta' work for Bowie—you know the type). Nancy was in a too long red jersey A-line-ish dress and fixed smile.

Oh yeah, the gig was just swell. Ver-ry Texas, oooooeeeee!

More Texas Trash: And what-evva' was the whang-bang-rootem-tootem-up party London Records

threw at the ultra ultra Beverly Hills Hotel for those down-home tornadoes, Z.Z. Top (in town for a sold-out 60,000 screamer show). More alcohol than a fair-sized bar serves up in a week was consumed and a sit-down dinner followed. Well kiddies, a couple of lushettes and I took this great table (yellow roses and all that) but nobody would sit with us—and we weren't being all *that* loud—until the Z.Z. Toppers came in, saw us gurgling all alone. They plopped down, we scoffed beef bourgenion, carried on with them Texas boys just fine while the other hoity-toity press pluckers sizzled and cast covetous glances our way. Serves 'em all right. (HeeheeHaahooaaa, Hollywood.)

Quote - Of - The - Month: At above-mentioned Z.Z. bash, Kim Fowley, manager, discoverer, whatever of the Runaways, said 'bout his all-girl group, "Yeah, they may be awful but I don't care—I got *my* money!" Really Kim, less than classy.

Though we didn't make it to the Fleetwood Mac gig (Warner's were sooo stingy with the tickets) the extravagant fete WB threw is gonna' take a huge hunk out of Fleetwood's royalties. I mean dears, everyone who even thinks they're someone was there. Rod Stewart (minus Britt), assorted Eagles, record co. vice presidents ever-so-Gucci, Elton in blue sweatpants and sneakers, Davey Johnstone, super-short rock manager Irv Azoff, Donovan, Al Kooper, Arlo Guthrie, Cher RSVP'd yup but didn't show, but sundy others did (about 300 of 'em). Naturally chillen, your Bird Mama headed for the bar where EJ just happened to be chatting with his Prince Valiant blonde page-boy ex-guitar player Davey J., "I insulted everyone on my last tour," Mr. Bifocals giggled, "I actually can't remember what I said—but I guess when I read the reviews I'll find out. Ah can't wait!!"

Speaking of Elton, Being A Rock Star Has Its Problems: Seems EJ is being sued by Fruit-Of-The Loom (who make just terrific jockey shorts, or so I'm told) because on the previously mentioned tour

in New York's Madison Square Garden Elton had a bunch of folks dressed as fruits come out during the finale—the same fruits (grapes, apples, etc.) that appear on Fruit-Of-The Loom's T.V. commercials! Some corporate dudes just can't take a joke.

Other Buzzes Around Town: Supertramp rehearsing for their upcoming winterish recording of new elpee at their studio/home in Malibu . . . the alleged 'telling all' book by the bodyguards Elvis fired mid-August should reveal traits fans never knew Elvis indulged in . . . original Deviant ('60s Anglo esetero group) Mick Farren in town, writing about country music for London's *New Musical Express* . . . new you-two musical combo of Ian Hunter and Leslie West (well, at least they're both on Columbia) . . . ace producer Gus Dudgeon (Elton, Quatermaas), doing next Eric Carmen elpee, tentatively entitled *Boats Against the Current* for Arista (Clive's label) at London's Marquee Studios, should be out early '77 . . . didja know that the



short semi-straight hair on Eric's first Arista album was at Clive D.'s direct order? (True!) . . . The Band rehearsed at A&M's soundstage (A&M's business offices are called 'The Lot' because it was all once Charlie Chaplin's movie studios) before their recent gig here

and A&M staffers were invited to stop by—on lunch hours and all that—and listen; many did, reported high times oolala funky music . . . Neil Young joined Atlantic's Firefall on stage at their Santa Monica Civic show where those Boulder bombers were opening for scintillating Spirit . . . listen for Natalie Cole heckling Richard Pryor on his upcoming Bicentennial 33 1/3'r, recorded live at the Roxy (owned didja know by ex-Chitowners Mario and Elmer) . . . lovely John Kongos in town for confabs with record companies and if you remember his long-ago Elektra elpee you'll hope for fast action . . . Doug 'Cosmo' Clifford became a daddy for the third time just after his stunning drumming with The Don Harrison Band at the Knebworth Festival (U.K.) where the DHB opened for the Rolling Stones . . . rumor has it that Glen Campbell's wife divorced that MOR master cuz of his-alleged 'nose problems' . . . the more things change the more they remain the same, but chillen we still always always turn the volume up.

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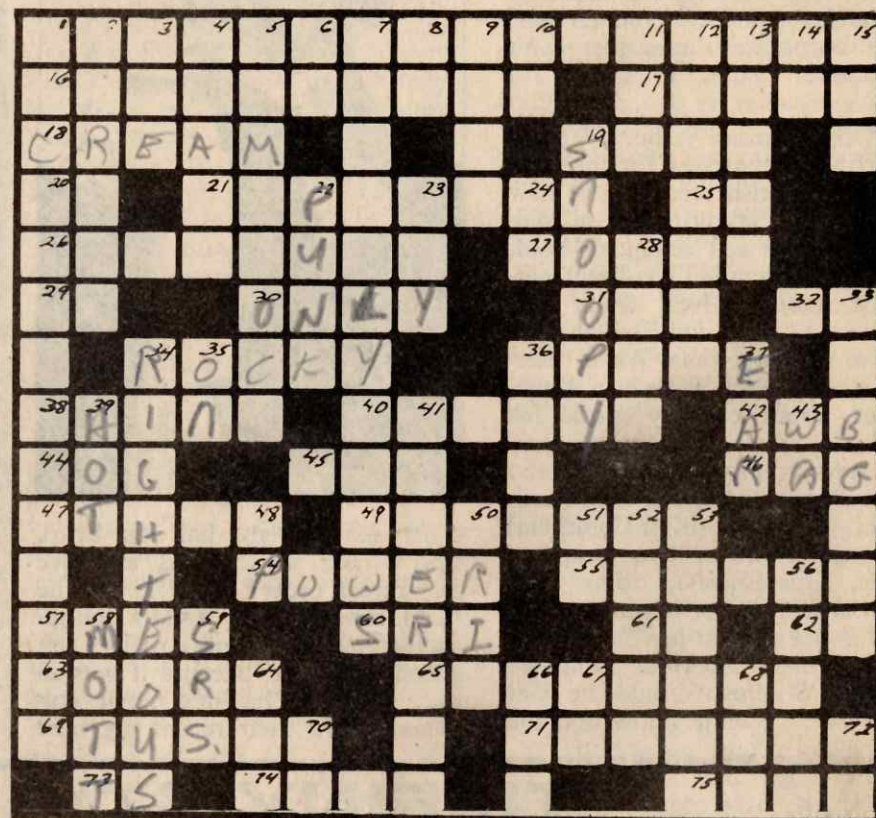
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# MIND GAMES

## ACROSS

1. A Canadian group popular in the late '60s, in oblivion today.
16. Beach Boys song that boasts about mobility.
17. Last name of Mountain's drummer.
18. A trio that derived its title from the notion that its members represented the best of Britain's bluesmen.
19. "----- of the Times," a Petula Clark near-hit.
20. Initials of Raider who replaced Charlie Coe.
21. Historic name of nut who recorded "They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha Ha."
25. Initials of Blues Project leader.
26. Where Joe Cocker or Harry Nilsson might be found.
27. Plural of blues term for magic.
29. Initials of Little Stevie Wonder's '66 hit.



30. "----- the Strong Survive."
31. Black gold, Texas tea.
32. Initials of black singer who made it on showmanship and badass lyrics.
34. Raccoon, or Mountain High.
36. James Taylor was the first to record on this label.
38. Aretha Franklin's cerebral exhortation.
40. "----- Song," on the *Sounds of Silence* album.
42. Abbreviation for a kind of white band.
44. ----- Farm, the commune that helped organize Woodstock.
45. First name of singer who replaced Gladys Horton in the Marvelettes.
46. The kind of mop Joe Liggins, Lionel Hampton, and Doc Sausage sang of.

47. First name of singer who starred in *Cabin in the Sky*.
49. Someone who doesn't fit in.
54. "----- to the People," by Lennon.
55. The kind of shoe one took off at a sock hop.
57. Surname of some famous Brothers in the '50s.
60. ----- Chinmoy, John McLaughlin's guru.
61. Initials of singer who died in the same plane crash with Buddy Holly.
62. Initials of singer who scored with "Runaway" in '61.
63. Last name of Sam, of Sam and Dave fame.
65. Group that teamed up with Dionne Warwick on "Then Came You."
69. Chad's last name, of Chad and Jeremy.

71. First initial and last name of Presley's mentor.
72. Initials of *Magic Christian* author.
74. The last name of the lord the Kinks sang about on *Arthur*.
75. 1950 smoothie hit by Les Paul.

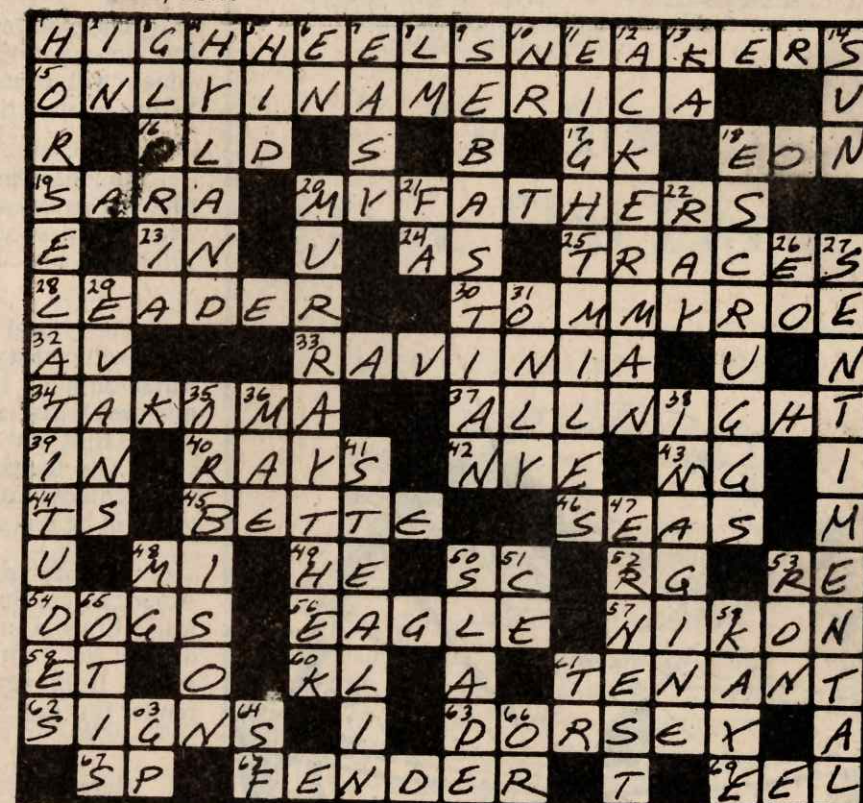
## DOWN

1. MC5's battle cry.
2. First initial and last name of singer who did "The End" and "Sweet Sixteen Bars."
3. French for born.
4. Affirmative Sly Stone song.
5. Solipsistic Simon & Garfunkel tune.
6. Initials of the Purple Sage group.
7. Beach Boys ballad with religious overtones.

8. Initials of Archie Bell & the Drells dance song.
9. "----- Upon A Time," by Marvin Gaye and Mary Wells.
10. Initials of pop star who scored movie about a seagull.
11. Last name of boxer who inspired a recent song.
12. A Four Seasons song.
13. Group whose anthem is "I'm Not Like Everybody Else."
14. Prefix meaning in.
15. Initials of a Platters hit in '56.
19. Hero of a hit by the Royal Guardsmen in '66.
22. Kind of rock personified by Patti Smith, Graham Parker, et al.
23. Initials of leader of The Innocents.
24. Initials of the kind of dog James Taylor named an album after.
28. Plural of the dog that accompanied Alice & Jerry in 1st-grade readers.
33. The kind of banquet where you'd see Jagger and the gang.
34. "Soul and Inspiration" brothers.
35. Not off.
36. The Arab that Ray Stevens made famous.

53. First name of singer who cried a tear in '59.
56. Member of the group who did "Rama Lama Ding Dong."
58. The Hoople.
59. Abbreviation for a Spanish Mrs.
64. Poetic word for before.
66. "----- Only Love."

67. Initials of man who wrote "Not Fade Away."
68. Motion picture studio ultimately bought by Howard Hughes.
70. Initials of "Turn Back the Hands of Time" singer.
72. Initials of female singer who did "Casanova (Your Playing Days Are Over)" in '67.



This month's prizes are:  
**1st prize** One Tiffany lamp kit courtesy of Gothic Glass Works.  
**2nd prize** 5 free records of our choice  
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## THE TIME CAPSULE

October 18, 1976 is an important date. It marks the termination of a one year period in which certain events that will transpire in the two decades following the 1970s are previewed. On October 21, 1975 Mercury overtook and passed Pluto's position in the zodiac. In Astrology this is called conjunction. This Mercury-Pluto conjunction took place at the point in the heavens where Jupiter and Saturn will perform a similar feat on January 1, 1981. This somewhat ominous aspect between these two planetary giants will affect world affairs for nearly twenty years.

The net result of Mercury and Pluto's activity is the presentation of a scaled-down version of events which will occur under the influence of the Jupiter-Saturn conjunction.

In observing the past year's history we can predict the nature of the future. The nature of happenings over the past year indicates the years from 1980 to 1999 hold a peculiar dichotomy of events.

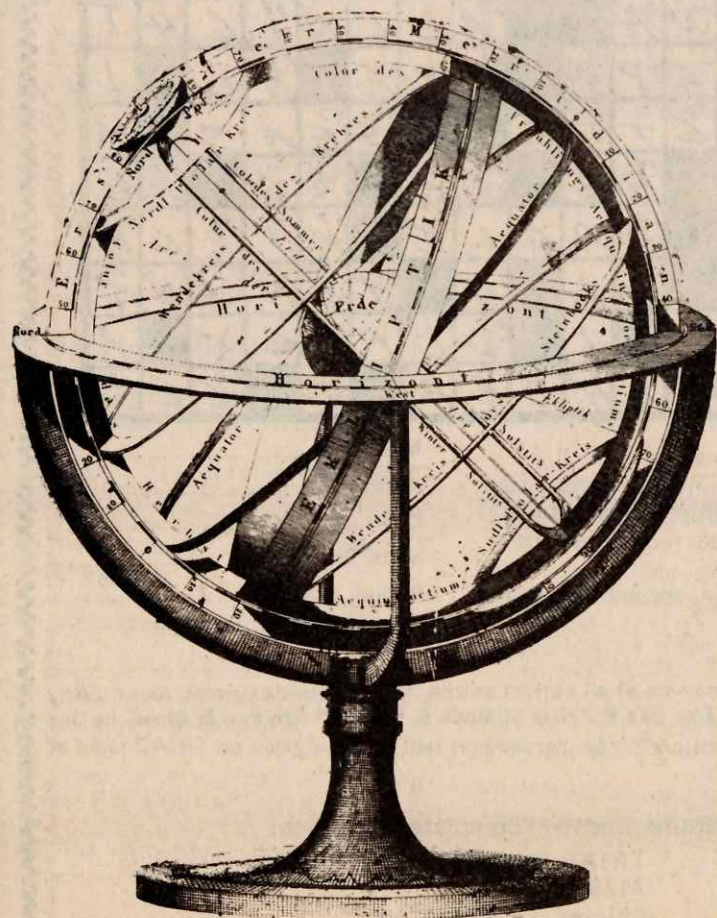
The world climate will grow colder and dryer. This will substantially reduce the world's food and water supply. Natural disasters of every variety will repeatedly strike both the Eastern and Western Hemisphere. Riot and political disruptions will bring dramatic changes to the government of the world. In the U.S. two presidents will die in office. Our nation's two-party system will be replaced by a multi-party concept.

The Eastern and Western coastal areas of the North American continent will be repeatedly buffeted by tropical storms. Contrary to an alleged Edgar Cayce prediction the Central Rocky Mountain area will offer no refuge from nature's fury. Landslides and floods will render this part of the nation unsafe for habitation.

Here in Chicago, the long range outlook is somewhat better. There will be a significant shortage of rainfall the years in question. An earthquake will cause the nuclear power station near Rockford to explode. This will create a critical electric power shortage in our city. Minor floods will also be a problem here. However, for the most part of Chicago, and several other Midwestern Great Plains area cities seem to offer sanctuary from the times of turbulence.

At first glance it might seem as though the future holds little promise. Nothing could be further from the truth. People who are courageous enough to face reality will escape any hazard the future holds. At least in the U.S. catastrophe will not strike before adequate warning is tendered.

Moreover the decades of the 1980s and 1990s hold more benefit than grief. Interplanetary and interstellar exploration (and diplomacy) will replace war as a means of uniting the peoples of a nation in a common



effort. The catastrophic concept of artificial prosperity will be replaced by something better. The process of evolution will cause the extinction of all but a few micro-organisms that bear disease. Those that remain will find that the human body no longer tolerates them. Even now small pox has ceased to exist.

The turbulent years that lie ahead may bring anguish. However even as the earth erupts, a better world is being born. Illusion and delusion will be replaced by realism. Blind faith and all the prejudices and foolish notions evolved therefrom must give way to unbiased logic.

Reality is not just today. It's also tomorrow. Cling to life and never let it slip away. Even now it is worth far more than any of us dream.

The winds of change are blowing this October. Although September's adverse trends are carried out over to the next month there will be some encouraging news in the world and national affairs.

Crusading newsman Daniel Schorr will win his battle against the Senate Investigating Committee seeking to compel him to reveal his sources. This victory will establish a precedent in the battle to protect the public's rights to know what's going on in government.

Changes for the better in the nation's judicial policies will soon be observable. A new system which considers the right of society to be protected from the professional criminal will be evolved from this innovation. Under its auspices, the rights of the accused will not be abridged. One result of the new methods will be the incarceration of numerous persons who have abused justice. When this is accomplished we'll live in a better nation.

## JUDGEMENT OF THE OCT. 23rd ECLIPSE AND OTHER SEASONAL FIGURES

At first glance, this horoscope cast for the October Solar Eclipse (not visible in the U.S.) presages widespread destruction. However, the favorable configuration Saturn with Pluto, Neptune, asteroid No. 1181, and one (now confirmed) transplutonian planet (planet Y) rule out the absolute obliteration forecast by the para-normal communities lunatic fringe. Furthermore, since the universe is an energy producing system, astrology is subject to the concept of entropy. In other words, the more energy that is drawn from the system the more difficult it becomes to obtain additional energy. This too ameliorates the set of conditions under consideration.

In judgement of the charts for the eclipse, full moon, and the concurrent conjunction of Mars with Uranus and Mercury with Pluto (10/18/76) I must conclude the predictions are only partially correct. Much of what has been forecast will come to pass. How-

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ever it will be of substantially diminished proportions. The various presages of doom have been overstated.

The aspects of the figures in question are heavy enough to cause concern. Undoubtedly there will be earthquakes in October and November. The threat to China, Russia, Turkey, Europe and North Africa continues. Rumbblings in the earth will also hit the U.S. Both the East and West coastal areas of our nation will see a substantial degree of seismic activity. The tropical storms and other atmospheric disturbances that have been hitting the Eastern and Western extremities of our nation will escalate. There is a possibility of minor tidal waves hitting these areas. However (in America) catastrophe equal to those which decimated whole areas of China and the Soviet Union are unlikely.

In the latter portion of October and early November the Southern California area is threatened by earthquakes and mud slides. The city of Washington, D.C. is also in danger from storms and earth disturbances. A substantial number of fatalities may result from these events. In political and international developments there will be severe tension. Confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union is in store. This will most likely relate to U.S. military involvement in a smaller nation. At the last minute the situation will be resolved and total war will be averted.

More kidnappings and hijackings by foreign terrorists are due. They will be resolved with minimal casualties. The cities of Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Md., New Orleans, Cleveland, and San Francisco will be disaster prone for the next three months. Political bombings, fires, riots, and natural disasters in at least some of these cities (if not all) will be in store.

It also looks as though there will be attempts to disrupt 1976 Presidential elections. Foreign guerillas and civil dissidents will attempt to upset our national electoral process, with attempts on the lives of both major party candidates being quite likely.

Jimmy Carter is more heavily threatened than Gerald Ford. Assassination is one of two events that could prevent his becoming President. The second is the creation of a national emergency. This could be due to a war or civil crisis. Couple this with the strong threat of attempts to re-establish a new national draft program; the threat of governmental or military control of natural resources, and the likelihood of war. The result of this brew looks pretty threatening. However, wars, (if any) will not produce the end of the world. Nevertheless there will be periods when international relations are severely strained.

A composite horoscope reveals the combined effect of the eclipse and occultation (eclipses) of Mars and Uranus by the moon. All three celestial events fall on the same day. Their influences will bring financial

and moral support to the little publicized but all important space shuttle program. This will allow completion of the project considerably ahead of schedule. The end of the disposable space ship era and the gigantic cost thereof is close at hand. A new era in which space ships can be used as often as airlines will soon begin.

There is a trend which must produce catastrophic plane crashes. One of these will involve a military aircraft. An important member of the armed forces will lose his life in the mishap. More international difficulty will be fermented by Yugoslavian minority groups. This nation may be the next to erupt in the internal revolution. Neighboring Albania must surely be swept into conflict. There will be American involvement in this matter. However Soviet escalation is unlikely. The severe earthquakes aspects pointing towards that nation will preclude excessive military action.

War clouds are gathering at the Northern portion of Africa. Egypt may attack Libya. The Soviet Union's need for American grain will further reduce the chance of total war evolving from the conflict. However it looks as though the U.S. will stand behind Libya as much as possible.

In Asia Nationalist Chinese troops will begin conducting guerilla assaults on the mainlands. In China a philosophical revolution is in store. Many people will believe the tragedies that have (for all practical purposes) toppled this nation from its position as a super power are due to supernatural causes. This widespread superstition among the people will foster immigration from that nation.

An escalation of hostilities between Indonesia and Viet Nam will also make the news. Evaluation will show the observer that certain areas of the world are entering a long term period of unprecedented chaos. Changes of a geographical, political, and sociological nature will be its consequence.

An age is passing away. A new age of humanity is slowly replacing the old. In the process of this transition old values will be replaced by better ideas. The new era is, of course, the Age of Aquarius.

It's high time some of the misconceptions surrounding it were erased. The Age of Aquarius is one of knowledge and awareness and not blind faith. The so-called "spiritual cult" resurrected from the medieval era or imported from parts of the world where the Dark Ages haven't ended yet) are not Aquarian. In reality they are an illustrative of the Piscean energies that attempt to prevent change.

The time that shall be is one of individualism, thought, achievement, invention, exploration, and participation. Above all else it is demonstratable truth.

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## FORECAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

### ARIES

Friends and associates may borrow or relocate your belongings without consulting you. A fair-complexioned, heavy-set person with a short, thick-set neck and a preference for light blue clothing or turquoise may be the chief offender. A relative or co-worker who is on good terms with this person can solve the problem.

Recognition and professional achievements are in store this month. This may create jealousy among members of your family. Be careful not to over-emphasize the quality of your achievements. A change for the better in romantic matters comes your way after the fifteenth. Be ready to abandon convention when it happens. Friends and relatives may ask for favors. It's better declined; you'll only make their problems worse.

### TAURUS

The termination of a period that brings instable living conditions ends October first. One seemingly unrelated consequence of this will be an attraction to the culinary arts of foreign lands. Satisfy your desires for recreation and amusement but don't ignore practical matters. Ask questions in the early part of the month. Let your decisions be derived from the quality of the answers rather than impulse. This could save a relationship. After the fourth you'll be wise to devote some attention to your personal finances. Adhering to a strict budget averts a multitude of woes. Older people will be critical and overbearing all month. Joint ventures are favored throughout October.

### GEMINI

You've run out of reasons for not straightening up your abode. Make an effort to tidy up. It won't be nearly as difficult as you fear. A long term plan involving Leo, Scorpio, and Aquarius persons should bring results around November seventh. First you must deal with October. Matters which failed to meet your expectations last month should be reviewed. Contact people who have expressed grievances and find a workable solution. In the process you'll discover you've overlooked a situation which could change the course of your life if you make judicious use of the materials at hand. Avoid letting your efforts in professional activities slack off. The current period brings good fortune. However this is only a shadow of the rewards that can be yours if you put now to a proper use.

Changes come thick and fast in mid-October. They will be unanticipated but definitely for the better. Be prepared to deal with competition all month. A tall person with striking features, a keen mind and a sharp wit has the solutions to things which puzzle you.

### CANCER

Activity and growth are key words for Cancer this month. Important persons will take note of your better qualities if you demonstrate your willingness to accept and fulfill responsibility. Expect competition from a person born far from your present location. Refuse to allow the situation to upset you. This person's lack of finesse will end the problem without confrontation.

A secret from the past catches up with you after the eighteenth. Refuse to violate your own right to privacy in this matter. You'll find relief from the pressure of too many changes by taking a drive in the country or losing yourself in a book.

Be careful with autos, radios, stereo sets, and borrowed items.

### LEO

Early October provides relief from pressure and boredom. Quarrels are also patched up in this time period. Exaggerated ideals come back into perspective and life becomes easier. Mid-October brings both anticipated and unexpected changes in professional and social activities. You may decide to change your plans and alter your goals during this portion of time. Events seem to have little or no continuity. The resulting state of confusion puts you in a quandry.

The answer to the dilemma is do that which brings you the greatest material benefit. All will be well for you and yours if you do so. Respond to the demands of family or friends and personal catastrophe will result. Take utmost precaution against accidents in the home in the last eleven days of October.

### VIRGO

Mistakes can be rectified in the first five days of the month. Re-organize your home and bolster sagging relationships in this period. Resist a tendency to dwell on morbid subjects. This will emphasize the vital side of your personality. After the eighth your activity levels expand. Let the romantic side of your nature overcome an inclination to be shy. You'll accomplish a great deal more if you are gently aggressive. Friends may be pessimistic. It's better to accept the judgement of those who are not close to you. Expect some enlightening conversations in the final days of October. Learn to differentiate between eccentricity and genius.

### LIBRA

Romance takes a new direction in the early days of the month under scrutiny. You may win a contest or bet. The trend brings the unexpected. Finances continue to look up after the tenth. A tall, fair-complexioned, well-dressed executive-type person plays a major



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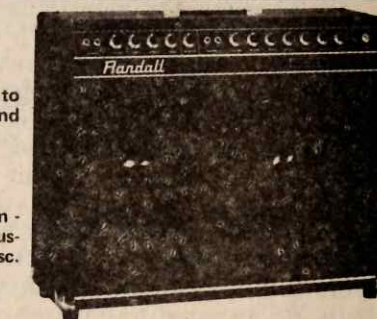
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role in this trend. Exercise caution around stoves, furnaces, and equipment designed to produce heat. Avoid riding in automobiles with a male friend or associate noted for his piercing eyes and impulsive manner. The hands have the appearance of tremendous strength. This person is accident-prone. Bizarre experiences in the vicinity of your home are likely after the twentieth.

#### SCORPIO

The problems in communication caused by a lack of prudence in those you deal with or work for ends. Things get rolling after October second. Your public image gets a boost. Don't withhold your ideas for fear people won't understand them. A time when others are able to absorb complicated concepts is already under way. Matters relating to the dissemination of ideas are well-aspected. Financial matters are also favored. You'll make real progress in all activities related to either. Major changes are in store in the middle and last portion of October. This brings an end to drudgery. Discard situations that require excessive effort while providing small reward for your labors. This makes room for new and more desirable situations. Avoid speaking in haste with those who hold an opposing viewpoint, but refuse to tolerate unjust abuse.

#### SAGITTARIUS

Circumstances seem to have you isolated from the mainstream of activities for a short period. The trend is broken by re-exploring that which you have set aside in hopes of finding something better. After the fifth it's best to deal with matters that capture your interest. In the process you will discover facts that must someday rock the foundations of your personal belief. The result will be an alteration in your concepts. Before this happens you must be willing to separate the proverbial "Wheat from the Tares." After the tenth life becomes more active, building to a crescendo around the twentieth. Be prepared to cope with an abundance of opportunity and popularity. Be alert for threats to the physical well-being of yourself and others.

#### CAPRICORN

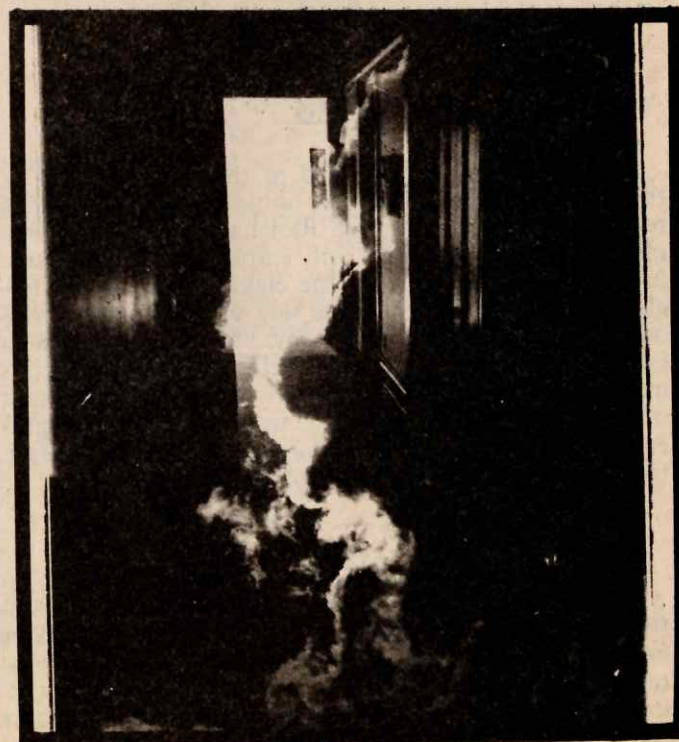
Detail work can now be put aside for more enjoyable tasks. Someone close to you may experience major changes for the better in their circumstance. Some of this must rub off into your life. This will revitalize your enthusiasm for life. A trip or vacation may be in store around the seventh. Financial matters are improved by an increase in personal revenue. Avoid being overly demanding or critical of persons who are foolish or irresponsible. You may regret your unkindness after the twenty-fifth. From October seventh until October twenty-fifth Capricorn will discover one good thing after another entering their life. After that date you'll need to deal with those who treat you unfairly on no uncertain terms.

#### AQUARIUS

Early October enhances your human relations. Your physical and mental energy will run high this month. Take care not to let it get out of hand. A dark-haired, fair-skinned person with sharp facial features is not to be trusted. Little or no good can come from associations with this person. The scene changes around the tenth. Depressing or threatening influences depart. Pay some attention to electronic and mechanical devices around the eighteenth. Social activities will be numerous and varied. In the second half of October. It's an excellent time to start a new romance or cement an old one. Avoid areas where injury might occur from October nineteenth to the twenty-fifth. A change of living conditions is likely.

#### PISCES

Education and learning experiences are the order of the month. Legal and spiritual altercations can be resolved in a manner that is fair to all parties concerned. Office romances seem to blossom all around you. Your working conditions are due for improvement. The entire month enhances Pisces' creative ability. Artistic or poetic efforts should produce the desired results. Friends and associates may hurt your feelings or be discouraging. A tall fair-complexioned person with aquiline features may attempt to take credit for your ideas. Keep the products of your imagination a secret until it's time to use them. Romance is favored throughout October. An increase in professional responsibility and commensurate remuneration is quite likely.



The Ghost of TRIAD Mansion

# Stage, Page, & Screen

by Charles W. Pratt



Films opening somewhere this month—probably in New York—include: *Marathon Man*, directed by John Schlesinger, starring Dustin Hoffman, Lawrence Olivier, and Roy Scheider; *The Seven-Percent Solution*, directed by Herbert Ross, starring Nicol Williamson, Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Duvall; *A Matter of Time*, directed by Vincente Minnelli, starring Liza Minnelli, Charles Boyer, and Ingrid Bergman.

Woody Allen is now hard at work on his latest film effort, due for release in April. The plot is based on his own courtship of Diane Keaton and stars Keaton (naturally), Tony Roberts, Paul Simon, Janet Margolin, Carol Kane, and Colleen Dewhurst. No title yet.

The good old days of T.V. are back. Among the series to grace this year's tube: *Rin Tin Tin*, *The New Howdy Doody Show*, and a revamped *Mickey Mouse Club*.

It had to happen. A soft-core porno version of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*—from the people who brought you *Flesh Gordon*. Coming soon to a theatre near you.

Triad October 1976

Joan Mondale, wife of the Democratic veep candidate, is also an author. And a scholar. Her book, *Politics in Art* (Lerner Publications, Minneapolis) has been given a sales boost by her new fame.

Sociable ex-secretary Elizabeth Ray has proved to be a woman of many talents after all. She covered the Republican convention for *Genesis* magazine (in longhand, we guess) and just got her chin fixed to aid her as an actress. She'll be coming to Chicago soon, so we'll see if the chin works.

The film version of Roger Zelazny's *Damnation Alley* stars Dominique Sanda, Jan-Michael Vincent, and George Peppard.

How to make money in publishing? Just write a modern cookbook. Dell has just advanced \$15,000 for a book titled *Let's Cook Microwave*.

Singer-poet Dory Previn will reveal her neurotic soul in a forthcoming autobiography entitled *Midnight Baby* (Macmillan, \$8.95). The reflective account of her life, including a rather crazy childhood, will be published in November.

There will be a CBS (Columbia) spoken word *Star Trek* record, including the voices of Leonard Nimoy, William Shatner, Gene Roddenberry, and Issac Asimov. And this month Ballantine Books publishes Bjo Trimble's mammoth *Star Trek Concordance*, with everything you ever wanted to know about the series. The long awaited film version of the space opera is still forthcoming, though it won't be released this month, as originally planned. And, as if all that weren't enough, President Ford has officially named the space shuttle—you guessed it—the *Enterprise*.

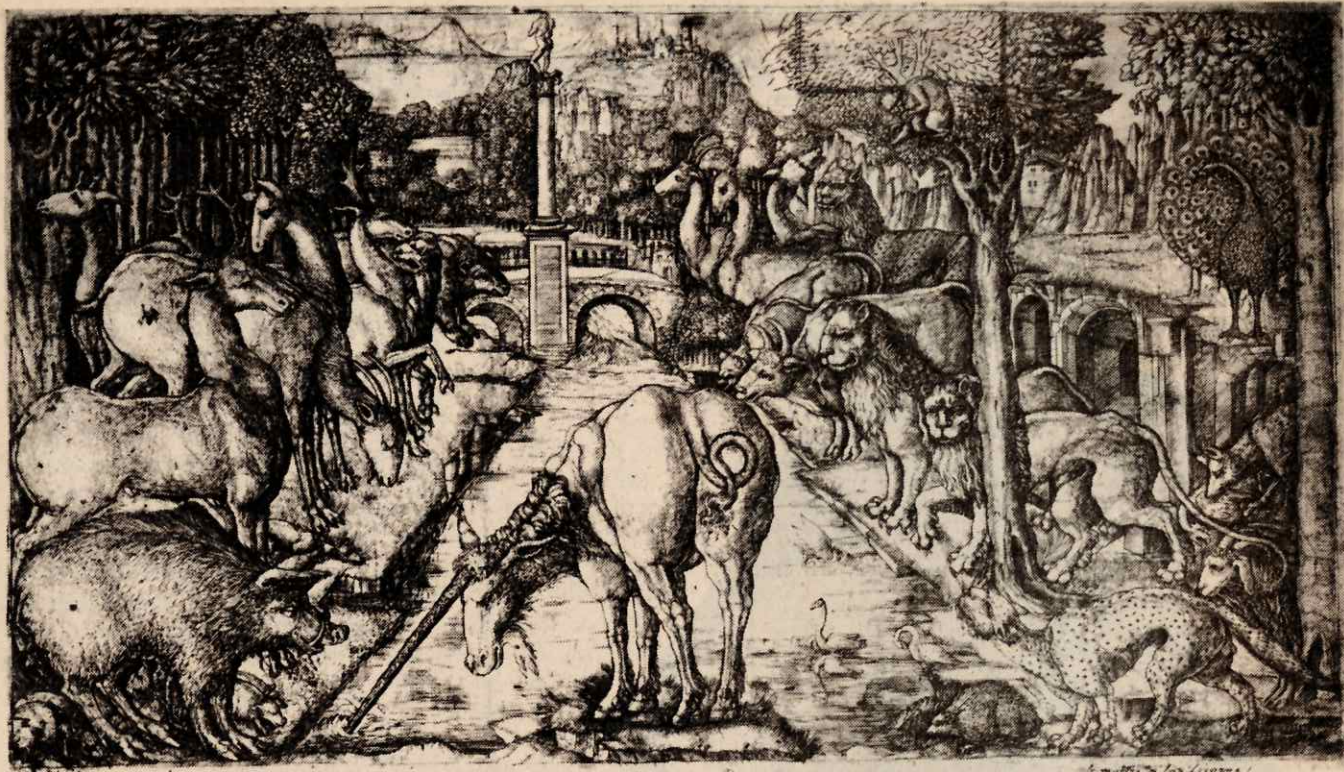
Richard Burton and David Essex will record a rock and roll remake of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*.

Clarence Clemmons will split from Bruce Springsteen's band to play a trumpeter in Martin Scorsese's new film, *New York, New York*. Robert deNiro will be on sax. Mary Kay Place, who plays Loretta on *Mary Hartman*, will co-star as a nightclub singer. Oh yes, Liza Minnelli is also in the movie. She gets to sing, too.

Paramount has purchased the movie rights to Alex Comfort's bestselling *The Joy of Sex*.

Facets Multimedia kicks off a special month with an appearance by filmmaker Louis Malle on October 1 and 2. Films by Werner Herzog, Alain Tanner, and Claude Jutra will be featured this month, and directors Tanner and Jutra will host workshop panels. Call Facets at 281-9075 for details.

The Poetry Center at the Museum of Contemporary Art opens its new season with a reading by four Chicago poets on October 15 at 8 p.m. Paul Hoover, William Hunt, Peter Kostakis, and Lisel Mueller will read from their works. Admission is \$3.00. Call 348-2623 for information.



Engraving, "The Unicorn Purifying a Spring," by Jean Duret, from *The Potter Palmer Collection*, reprinted courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago.

# UNICORN RISING

BY CHARLES W. PRATT

In 1968 Viking published *The Last Unicorn*, a fantasy novel by Peter S. Beagle, a young California writer. The book sold moderately in hardback, got a few good reviews, waned into a Ballantine soft-cover in 1969, and then disappeared from print. While it was in that limbo, only a hardcore cult of unicorn freaks and Beagle fans knew the immense tragedy of its absence. But now, thanks to that magic protecting the dreamer, Ballantine has reprinted the book for its excellent adult fantasy series.

A wise decision, and the book has been faring well over the past several years. It's the best of the lot, rivaling Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* in scope (though not in length) and written in a lyrical prose approached only by Lord Dunsany in *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, another in the Ballantine series.

*The Last Unicorn*, like most fantasies, is myth and allegory, a hopeful metaphor for our time. It's a credit to Beagle's artistic skill that the story succeeds, for only a

true poet could combine so many disparate elements of realism, fantasy, and slapstick humor.

The novel's plot concerns the search of the earth's last remaining unicorn for the fate of her companions. Since unicorns are naturally solitary creatures, she has for centuries led a peaceful, ageless existence in her enchanted lilac wood, drinking a continual springtime.

Her forest was an isolated paradise where leaves or snow never fell, and where all creatures were under her protection. Her horn purified the waters, and her magic kept things timelessly safe.

But one day she overheard a conversation between two would-be hunters, and her paradise was shattered. The hunters spoke of the world's lack of unicorns, save perhaps in this particular forest. And though they recognized the uniqueness of the woods, they were reluctant to believe that a unicorn, a real one, could be living there. Faith in dreams and magic didn't come easy to them.

Thus the tragedy of realiza-

tion begins. For a century the unicorn had been silent and happy; now she says aloud, with the first whispers of pain, "I am the only unicorn there is." After that moment she knows little peace, and has no choice but to enter the outside world and try to discover the fate of her fabulous race. Taking one last breath of the lilac air, she enters the world of time and dust, crime and rust, following a road that "hurried to nowhere and had no end."

Beagle makes one thing clear: it's not a world for unicorns that the creature travels. It's a world of business and indifference, in which men have lost so much of their capacity for dreams that they can't recognize the unicorn for what she is. They think she's a horse, a white mare.

"How can it be?" she wondered. "I suppose I could understand it if men had simply forgotten unicorns or if they had changed so they hated all unicorns now and tried to kill them when they saw them. But not to see them at all, to look at them and see something else—what do they look like to one another, then?"

So begins the necessary quest, the search demanded of all heroes from Hercules to Don Quixote to the men who had to hunt the great white shark—a quest which must necessarily be stained and tainted by evil before the end is reached. On her way the unicorn is captured by the diabolic Mommy Fortuna, symbol of death and deception. The creature is caged and displayed in the sinister Midnight Carnival. Mommy possesses magic herself, and recognizes the unicorn for what she really is. Ironically, it is only by the use of magic spells that Mommy Fortuna can make the unicorn look like a unicorn to the country rubes who pay to see the Carnival creatures. They are all sad and ordinary animals made grand only by the desires of the audience to see fabulous things.

Another Carnival member knows the unicorn for what she is, and this is Schmendrick the Magician, Beagle's pathetic parody of Merlin and Gandalf, a wizard whose powers work only on a part-time basis and who has been forced into performing cheap parlor tricks for a living. Schmendrick is a remarkable literary creation, a character combining the best and worst qualities of Hamlet and Woody Allen.

In a chilling escape, Schmendrick frees the unicorn, then goes with her on the quest. He has a journey of his own to make, namely the finding of his true magic. His doom and destiny are tied to the unicorn's.

The two set out for the dreary domain of King Haggard, for that is where legend says the unicorns have gone, "and the Red Bull ran close behind them and covered their footprints."

This summary pales before the novel itself, and what is written here may even seem weak and silly. Talk of unicorns and magicians has a tendency to go saccharine, but Beagle doesn't succumb. His characters are well-drawn and believable, his prose lucid, fresh, vivid. Schmendrick, for instance, is funny and pathetic at the same time, a Groucho Marx infected with idealism and the burden of self-completion.

The quest arrives at termination point, Haggard's castle. The old king, "stingy as late November," is somehow responsible for

the lost unicorns and possesses the strange mystery crucial to the story's end. By this time the magician and

strange to love.

This is fantasy's power, and

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# Books

not so important as "common decency," Vonnegut's variation of the Golden Rule; treat someone well, and they'll treat you well in return. So it goes.

*Slapstick's* theme came to Vonnegut in a dream when he and his brother were flying to Indianapolis for uncle Alex's funeral. The title was suggested by Alice on her deathbed, a description of what she believed her life to be. (Her husband died in a freak train crash two days before her own death; she left four young boys behind.) The fictional segment of the book, which can be called "Lonesome No More," the book's original subtitle, might seem, on the surface, to be simply more of Vonnegut's particular craziness. But it is, in fact, based firmly on his—and his family's—view of reality.

Vonnegut and his sister are models for the fiction's main characters, Wilbur Rockefeller Swain and Eliza Mellon Swain, twins who literally prove the truth of the old proverb that two heads are better than one. Born of wealthy parents, the twins were, however, severely handicapped. They were ugly: six fingers on each hand, six toes on each foot, extra nipples. "We had the features of adult, fossil human beings even in infancy—massive brow-ridges, sloping foreheads, and steam shovel jaws," writes Wilbur in his rambling journal. "We were supposed to have no intelligence, and to die before we were fourteen."

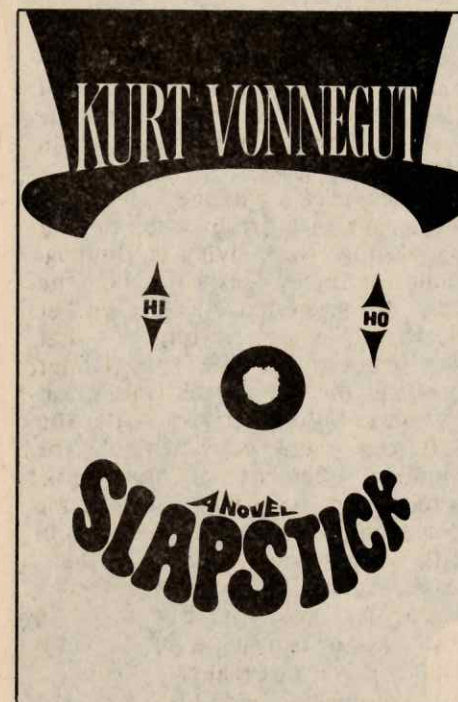
The two children were reared in a huge, isolated family mansion in Galen, Vermont, until they were 15, since their parents considered them completely retarded. Not so, for when Wilbur and Eliza "put their heads together" they were halves of a collective genius, capable of speaking any number of languages, more intelligent than the entire faculty of Harvard. The further they were from each other, the duller they became. (The children called their ordinary mentalities Bobby and Betty Brown.) On their fifteenth birthday, they revealed the truth about themselves, which caused more problems than it solved. The threat of their linked genius was simply too much for their parents, their psy-

negut tells wry, black comedy anecdotes of his atmosphere-scientist brother, his uncle Alex, his sister Alice (who died of cancer), and Indianapolis, Indiana. Written in a quirky, episodic style, these stories are sad and funny by turns. They are also deeply moving.

Life, as Vonnegut sees it, is low comedy, where things don't necessarily make sense and where the best one can do is imitate Laurel and Hardy and bargain in good faith with destiny. Love is

**SLAPSTICK**  
by Kurt Vonnegut  
(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, \$7.95)

Pop guru Kurt Vonnegut's new book, dedicated to comedians Laurel and Hardy, is, in effect, two books. Book One is something of an autobiographical-philosophical prologue in which the author reveals, in his self- and world-mocking tone, details of his family and "what life feels like to me." Von-



chiatrist, and the scientific world, so the Siamese brain had to be permanently separated. Eliza was tossed into an insane asylum, and Wilbur, who could read and write, was sent to a boarding school. Eventually, he makes it to Harvard, then medical school. Choosing to become a pediatrician, he does as little harm as possible, setting up a hospital in the Galen mansion.

Meanwhile, the world is going crazy. The skies are yellow, due to the effects of aerosol sprays. Machines quit working, because there isn't any more fuel. The Chinese have reduced themselves to microscopic size in order to fit better into the world. Gravity goes haywire, sometimes working, sometimes not. (Wilbur suspects the Chinese.)

Wilbur enters politics, is elected Senator from Vermont, then runs for President of the United States. His campaign slogan is "Lonesome No More," and the basis of his platform is to give everyone thousands of new relatives, making sure that no one will ever be lonely.

The master plan for "extended families" is simple enough: everyone gets a new middle name. "Your new middle name would consist of a noun, the name of a flower or fruit or nut or vegeta-

Triad October 1976

ble or legume, or a bird or a reptile or a fish, or a mollusk, or a gem or a mineral or a chemical element—connected by a hyphen to a number between one and twenty." All of those with the same noun and number would be brothers and sisters.

Wilbur, whose new name would be Wilbur Daffodil-11 Swain, is elected, and everyone gets new names and families. Never mind the yellow air, the crazy gravity, the dead machines. More people have common decency toward each other. And so on.

Writing further about Vonnegut's plot would only dull the edge of its surprise and wit, the laconic, understated humor which the writer has made his official voice. Plot is perhaps the least of his concerns. *Slapstick* moves in fits and starts, with not even the semblance of fluidity. The characters are caricatures, one-dimensional figures who fail to exude the charm or menace of a Kilgore Trout or Eliot Rosewater.

This book is something of a necessary pretense, a vehicle for Vonnegut's bleak view of contemporary life. Scratch the surface of his slapstick comedy, and tragedy shows itself. He is concerned with man's environment, physical and psychological. As nature is being destroyed, so is man. Loneliness is the chief villain, and the best possible cure is common decency. Forget about love; it often goes wrong. Forget about an afterlife, too. Heaven is a badly-run turkey farm. Hi ho. The apocalypse is now.

*Slapstick* is an intriguing work, a manifesto of Vonnegut's black comedy. His prose is measured, smooth, frequently diverting. But this book seems insubstantial, failing to answer that basic question: *so what?*

Vonnegut remains the literary equivalent of Chinese food. He's tasty, but an hour after reading him, you're hungry again. Hi ho.

Charles Unicorn-7 Pratt

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# Curtain

**CURTAIN**  
by Agatha Christie  
(Pocket Books, \$1.95)

Dame Agatha Christie's life, like the best of her more than 80 whodunits, had no loose ends. In 1920 she published her first novel, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (Bantam, \$1.95). In it she not only wrote the ground rules for the classic murder mystery form but also introduced Hercule Poirot, the dandified ("a speck of dust would have caused him more pain than a bullet wound"), cerebral, little detective retired from the Belgian police force in 1904.

The time of the novel was World War I and Poirot was a refugee living in the quiet English village of Styles St. Mary. Here he meets young Hastings, "invalided from the Front," who was for decades to play Watson to Poirot's Holmes. The pair are soon plunged into a murder case, the first of many for the investigative odd couple. *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, a good book in its own right, should be read first to appreciate the full impact of *Curtain*.

Over the years Dame Christie grew tired of Poirot, even while fearing that after her death some hack writer would try to continue the character. So she did the only logical thing for a lady steeped in murder: in *Curtain* she kills off Poirot.

Christie's best books are from her great years—the late 1930s to mid-40s. *Curtain*, Poirot's last case, was written toward the end of this period and stashed away to be published posthumously. However, the great success of the film version of her *Murder on the Orient Express* plus a probable desire for one last triumph (after all, she was 95) caused her to unveil *Curtain* a little sooner. It's Agatha at her best and, needless to say, it's a smash.

In *Curtain* Poirot's career turns full circle. He is once again at Styles, but a generation later. This return to the scene of the original crime is no nostalgic journey for Poirot, but a last-ditch effort to stop a particularly vicious fiend, a pivotal figure in five murders who now threatens another death at Styles. At first, Poirot seems out-

matched. Heart trouble and the advancing debilitation of his ever-present arthritis have left him confined to a wheelchair.

But if his body has declined, his mind has never been sharper. Poirot was always an armchair detective. When his old friend Hastings arrives to do the legwork, Poirot's famous "little grey cells" begin their ominous working toward a conclusion which, for whodunit fans, is a real shocker.

Dame Christie's genteel detectives are the antithesis of their American counterparts. With the obvious exception of Nero Wolfe, our private eye—with little money and less social status—earns his living by investigating low goings-on among those who consider themselves his social superior. (The ultimate in this style is TV's *Columbo*, bumbling through the haunts of the rich and mighty until he drags the murderer down from his prestigious pedestal.) Not so in British whodunits, particularly those of Agatha Christie.

Across the Atlantic, the detective is very much committed to property, permanence, class.



The killer is the one who, through his act of violence, seeks to destroy these values. In the Christie books murder is more than a crime; it's a breach of the social order of the gentry. It is perhaps fitting that Agatha Christie died soon after her dapper little Poirot, the last two defenders of a world of class values, a world which no longer exists. Yet no era ever had a better exit than Agatha Christie's *Curtain*.

Robert A. Bassi

**'SALEM'S LOT**  
by Stephen King  
(Signet, \$1.95)

A most curious novel here, another of the many bastard children of the bestselling Gothic, *The Exorcist*. King, who authored the successful *Carrie* (another NAL paperback), takes a predictable vampire plot, laces it with references to popular culture, and aims it squarely for that apparently ravenous audience which delights in tasteful tales of the occult.

Triad October 1976

Take a sleepy, decrepit hamlet in Maine—Jerusalem's Lot. Add a house, now haunted, which was once the scene of devil worship, various murders, and at least one suicide. Mix in a conscientious, mildly successful novelist returning to his childhood home for inspiration. Then top it off with a hungry, centuries-old vampire, and you've got the basic elements of *Salem's Lot*.

To be more specific, two strangers named Straker and Barlow buy an antique store and the old Marsten House in the Lot. Straker is weird; nobody ever sees Barlow. Pretty soon, people start disappearing. When their bodies turn up, they're drained of blood. King introduces us to dozens of the town's citizens, from bus drivers to librarians, then proceeds to show how their lives (and deaths) are affected by the plague of vampirism. Ben Mears, the novelist hero, finds out the hard way. His girlfriend is turned into a vampire, and he has to drive a stake through her heart. Eventually all his friends and fellow vampire-fighters are dest-

royed by the evil infestation.

King is probably a good writer, but in *Salem's Lot* he's guilty of trying too hard, diminishing the effectiveness of a strong story line by fluffing it up with what amounts to useless chatter. He wastes pages imitating the prose style of William Faulkner to describe nightfall; he tosses in hundreds of embarrassing throwaway lines ("a man who balled his socks before his wife"); and makes innumerable references to pop music, brand names, and major magazines—as if they would make his story more realistic.

The novel starts out slowly, gathering little momentum for the first 150 pages (out of 427). Throughout, King's laborious weighting of the narrative—and his amateurish dialogue—prevents the book from attaining that swiftness it needs to strike home and scare your pants off. What he needed was a tough editor who could pare about 200 pages from the manuscript. With a little streamlining, this could have been a top-notch thriller. Not that King really

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## 'SALEM'S LOT



needs this criticism, since the novel is selling at a clip of 50,000 copies a day — but maybe he can take it into consideration for his next one.

There are a few good characters here — an alcoholic priest, a precocious teenage vampire-killer, a town gossip, Barlow himself — and the plot dredges up enough of our fear of the dark to keep us turning the pages. But *'Salem's Lot* remains one of those books in which the tale is more interesting than the telling.

Patty Stubbs

**THE DAW SCIENCE FICTION READER**  
 Edited by Donald A. Wollheim  
 (DAW Books, \$1.50)

About five years ago, Donald Wollheim veered away from his prolific writing career to start a new publishing house dedicated to science fiction and fantasy. This anthology marks the 200th production from DAW Books and nothing except good cover artwork was spared to make it a winner. A winner it is, too, with a new (at least in paperback) novel from Andre Norton; novelettes by Gordon Dickson and Alan Burt

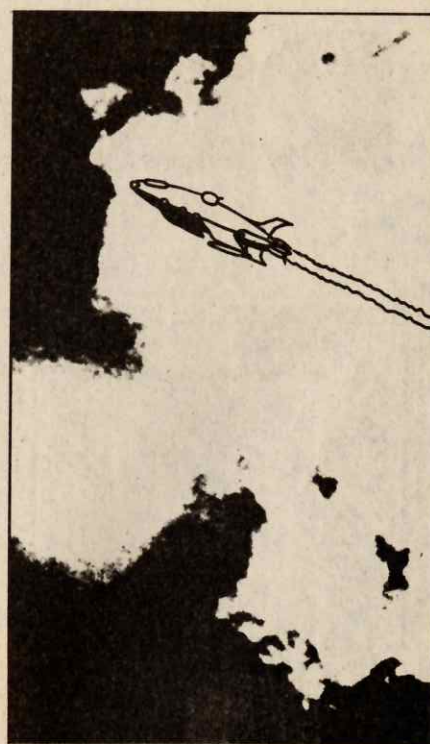
Akers, and shorter offerings from Marion Zimmer Bradley, Tanith Lee, Brian Stableford, and Lin Carter.

Andre Norton's *Fur Magic* was written originally for juvenile readers but, like the Narnia series of C.S. Lewis and the Prydain Chronicles of Lloyd Alexander, refused to be bound to a single age group. *Fur Magic* shares with the Narnia stories a blend of both animal and human characters in a rich allegorical tale of an alternate world, a world unlike the one we experience daily but a world consistent within itself where everything still has a reason, even if the reason is magic.

Amerindian mythology is Ms. Norton's inspiration and she interprets the legends well. Her hero is a young boy caught in the intersection of two worlds and bound into the body of a beaver who must undertake a quest in order to put the worlds right again. His furry pilgrim's progress is kept moving with a series of tight-knit adventures filled with perils deadly enough to pale Pauline. Although Norton opts for the happy ending, her story of cultural collision is moving and more than a little unsettling.

One of the Graeme family twins of genetic soldiers of Dorsai makes an appearance in Gordon Dickson's *Warrior*. Grim, solitary Commandant Ian Graeme visits Earth to return the personal effects of a Dorsai soldier to his brother, an underworld boss. Easy enough, except that Graeme holds the boss responsible for the deaths of 32 men, and Earth police frown on vigilante action. Dickson's strong portrayal of his powerful character is most appropriate, leaving you searching the bookshelves for his three DAW novels of the Dorsai saga.

I wish I could say the same for Alan Burt Akers' Dray Prescott adventure, *The Wizard of Scorpio*. If you've read any of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Pellucidar, John Carter, or Carson of Venus series, you'll recognize the structure and imagery Akers flaunts so readily as the conscientiously copied rip-off it is. The story: Dray Prescott's wife is kidnapped; he rescues her with a lot of swordplay and derring-do. Even



reading *Wizard* as camp makes this the weakest story in an otherwise solid collection.

Tanith Lee's *The Truce* centers around a symbolic wedding ritual between two members from warring tribes. Any more would give away the surprise ending of this surprisingly contemporary short story of people barely out of a stone age. Lin Carter's title, *The Martian El Dorado of Parker Wintley*, is almost as long as his story of the displaced flim-flam man who screws up a con but still manages to end up with something more precious than his original target.

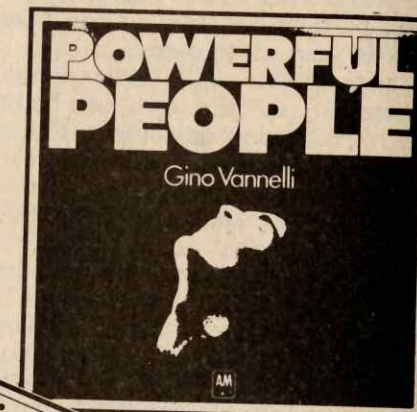
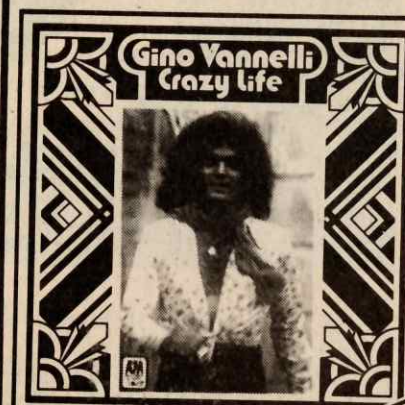
*The Day of the Butterflies* is Marion Zimmer Bradley's happy story of a shift in reality where fantasies become concrete — kind of like the theme from *Wonderful World of Disney*. Brian M. Stableford counters neatly with *Captain Fagan Died Alone*. Fagan is the ultimate individualist who samples everything, a legend in his lifetime — a lifetime cut short because, simply, there is nothing else to live for.

Wollheim can be justly proud of this sampler from his outstanding stable of authors. He can also look forward to a solid future for DAW books.

Larry Green

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## IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

by Ralph Keyes  
(Little, Brown, \$7.95)

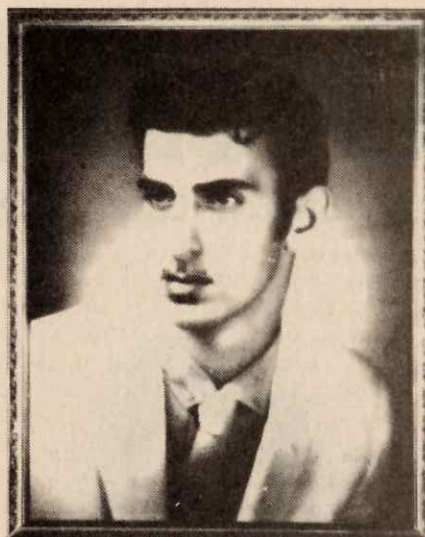
I always thought there was something significant in the fact that high school—including the summer vacations—lasts as long as a presidential term. That thought was particularly strong during the Nixon years. But I digress...

*Is There Life After High School?* is the title of a new book by reporter-pop sociologist Ralph Keyes, the author of *We, the Lonely People*. Keyes asks a serious question with the book's title, but soon proves that he really has no intention of answering it. What he really asks (the sly devil) is: "Is there life in high school?" The answer, of course, is yes...and no. High school is the hormone jungle, the first taste of social life most of us get, an opportunity to run with the pack, create a personality, find a niche, and maybe learn something on the side.

It's scary. Everyone there is intensely aware of it as an in-between time, four years of pep rallies, study halls, and class periods in that ambiguous limbo between childhood and adulthood. It accepts us all as fodder for the Life Machine. What a place to grow up in.

High school can be hell, and often is—which is why we never forget it. "As the most tribal experience many of us will ever have," writes Keyes. "high school must be memorable. Never again are we ranked so precisely by those around us, and on so many scales." High school is usually the place where we learn to be vicious, catty, conceited, inferior, or otherwise disturbed. It's the breeding ground of those stereotypes who eventually move on to the "real world." I'm sure we can all think back to our class (mine, I'll admit, was '65) and pick out the brain, the jock, the tramp, the ice queen, the girl next door, the homecoming queen, the rebel, the cheerleader, etc..

Keyes describes it as a self-contained community, rather like a city-state—or a prison. And in the end we see our mug shot, front view only, staring out from the pages of the yearbook.



The quest for popularity, the shower room revelations, the sexual frustrations: Keyes mentions all these in passing, perfectly aware of the torture high school causes the psyche, yet half in love with it all. Still, his central theme can't be denied: we always remember. Gerald Ford, for example, mentioned the loss of a high school election in his inaugural address before Congress.

Keyes' thesis is not an earth-shattering one, and his book doesn't exactly break new ground in sociological study, yet the broad scope of his research is impressive, and the results are entertaining if not always enlightening. The author attended numerous class reunions (to see how the football team captain and the cheerleader ended up), dredged hundreds of yearbooks, and interviewed a score of celebrities and others to arrive at some sort of cohesive description of the high school experience. That description never finds its way into the book, but a good many of its components do.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Frank Zappa, Ann-Margaret, and Leontyne Price didn't do anything in high school—if you can believe their yearbooks. But Elvis Presley belonged to the Biology, English, History and Speech clubs, in addition to ROTC. Janis Joplin was a member of the Slide Rule for a year, and also won a B Average award once. Richard M. Nixon was general manager (it figures) of the student body at Whittier High in 1930. He was fond of scribbling



"Stay away from blondes" in his classmates' yearbooks.

Many of us will be able to sympathize or empathize with Issac Hayes, Lauren Hutton, Dustin Hoffman, Art Linkletter, and George McGovern. All of them had a terrible time in high school, but managed to show everybody later. Ha! As sociologist Lloyd Temme says, "I think the rest of our lives are spent making up for what we did or didn't do in high school." Or as Mel Brooks puts it: "Thank God for the athletes and their rejection. Without them there would have been no emotional need and ...I'd be a crackerjack salesman in the garment district."

Keyes' book is full of such quotes and observations, making it a kind of hindsight gossip column. Porno star Marilyn Chambers was a cheerleader; classmates called Tommy "Tennessee" Williams a sissy; Phil Spector was considered "least likely to succeed," and drove to one reunion in a Rolls Royce, accompanied by two bodyguards. And so on.

In the end, *Is There Life After High School?* is nothing more, or nothing less, than a curious look at adolescence and where it took place. Keyes makes no profound discoveries and his tone is often glib, but he does seem to have brought together in one volume most of the collective experiences of all of us who have, for better or worse, put in our time and paid our dues in high school.

Charles W. Pratt

## DOCTOR RAT

by William Kotzwinkle  
(Knopf, \$7.95)

This is a strange and unsettling allegory about man's relationship to animals. Its hero is Doctor Rat, a castrated research animal deliberately driven insane as part of an experiment. He now spends his time writing learned and obscure scientific papers and convincing his fellow lab rats that their suffering and death are worthwhile: "the Final Solution (5% formalin) is death, and death is freedom." His arguments fail, however, and the animals revolt.

Anyone with any feeling for animals will not find this an easy book to read. For all its wild humor, *Doctor Rat* is a bitter view of the Catch-22 of scientific research and its cost in animal suffering. While Congress has legislated humane standards for the handling, care, treatment, and transportation of animals by dealers and research facilities, those standards do not apply to ways in which animals are treated in the course of research. But research is such a nice, hygienic word. Too bad it applies to "experiments" like pouring almost-boiling water on a rabbit's brain, or baking kittens in an oven, or shooting flame up a dog's nose.



*Doctor Rat* conveys both what such animal torture accomplishes and how laboratories get away with it: "these results conform exactly to those gotten for the past 48 years ... It is sufficient that each month we mention cancer and a new kind of plastic."

Doctor Rat is, of course, mad. "Chronically disordered behavior isn't something we get for nothing, just because we're rats. We have to earn our neurosis." But here the good doctor speaks for his human colleagues as well. Both have lost sight of the fact that they too are as much animals as those upon which they experiment.

On a larger scale, man obviously holds the same attitude toward all life forms. One doesn't have to be a vegetarian to recognize the barbarism of our animal-breeding and slaughterhouse methods. Or the unrelenting warfare which is driving more and more species of wildlife toward extinc-

tion. Kotzwinkle conveys this plight through a haunting vision of animal consciousness.

While the entire novel has less depth than "The Maze," a short story on the same theme by Ursula K. LeGuin, *Doctor Rat's* emotional impact is nevertheless considerable. At its end man does join the gathered animals of the world. Their meeting is what you would expect of a species which considers the brains of a live monkey a delicacy. The conclusion of *Doctor Rat* is haunting but terribly, terribly just.

Robert A. Bassi

## IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR

by Tom Sullivan and Derek Gill  
(Signet, \$1.50)

Singer/writer/musician/recording artist, skydiver, actor, writer for three episodes of *M\*A\*S\*H*, Olympic wrestler, author, talk show host, political delegate—not a bad list of accomplishments for your job resume, especially if you're only 29

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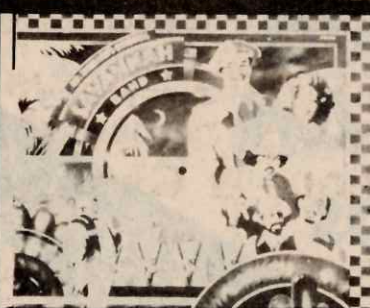
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years old. But as you sit there reading this, you have one obvious advantage over the man who is able to list them—he'll never be able to read that list or any of his written works because he's blind.

Tom Sullivan wasn't born



blind. He might as well have been, because an error in the design of the first incubators for premature babies canceled out his sight in the weeks after he was born, as it did for 10,000 other U.S. babies before the fault was corrected. Unlike those thousands of other children, though, Tom had an I.Q. in the genius range, natural abilities in both music and athletics, and wealthy parents anxious to develop his abilities.

*If You Could See What I Hear* is not just another story of a blind person's triumph against overpowering odds a la Helen Keller or Hazel Hurst, but more of a story of an individual's competition with himself, a maturation involving personal goals set higher than most people could imagine. Not to be cynical, but I can't help but wonder where Tom would be if his parents hadn't had the money to indulge him. Despite this and a few brushes with the suds of soap opera, Tom Sullivan will win your admiration for the insight he develops as a compensation for the vision he lacks.

Larry Green

**THE EAGLE HAS LANDED**  
by Jack Higgins  
(Bantam, \$1.95)

You say you're looking for an outstanding suspense thriller, a novel filled with spies, intrigue, action, honor, good guys, bad guys, and, above all, a compelling plot? Well, Bunky, Jack Higgins has just what you want.

To start with, it's October, 1943. Nobody knows it but the war will be over in a year and a half. Hitler and his chief of state police and right-hand man, Himmler, both believe Germany can still win the war, even if it takes a minor miracle. That miracle: kidnap or kill Winston Churchill. All that's needed is a mysterious gunman from the IRA, an elite corps of paratroopers, a daring pilot, a most unlikely undercover agent, superb planning, and remarkable luck. Strangely enough, Germany just happens to have that combination tucked away for such an occasion.

Obviously, Churchill never disappeared or was killed and Germany lost the war. You'd never know it from reading this absorbing account by Higgins, which was written as a quasi-documentary. Enough of the background is fact to convince you that the rest is, too.

Everything you wanted to see in a war story (even though it's far more than that) is here: the special training for the top-secret mission (code-named Eagle), the countdown as the troops swing into action, the cavalry coming to the rescue, and, wonder of wonders in this age of heroic stoicism, a senior officer who goes bananas and thinks he's going to win the war (and the glory) by himself.

Higgins' writing is masterful, maintaining an even tenseness throughout, even though everybody knows how the book has to end. *The Eagle Has Landed* is scheduled to become a major motion picture. Don't wait for it—read the book.

Larry Green

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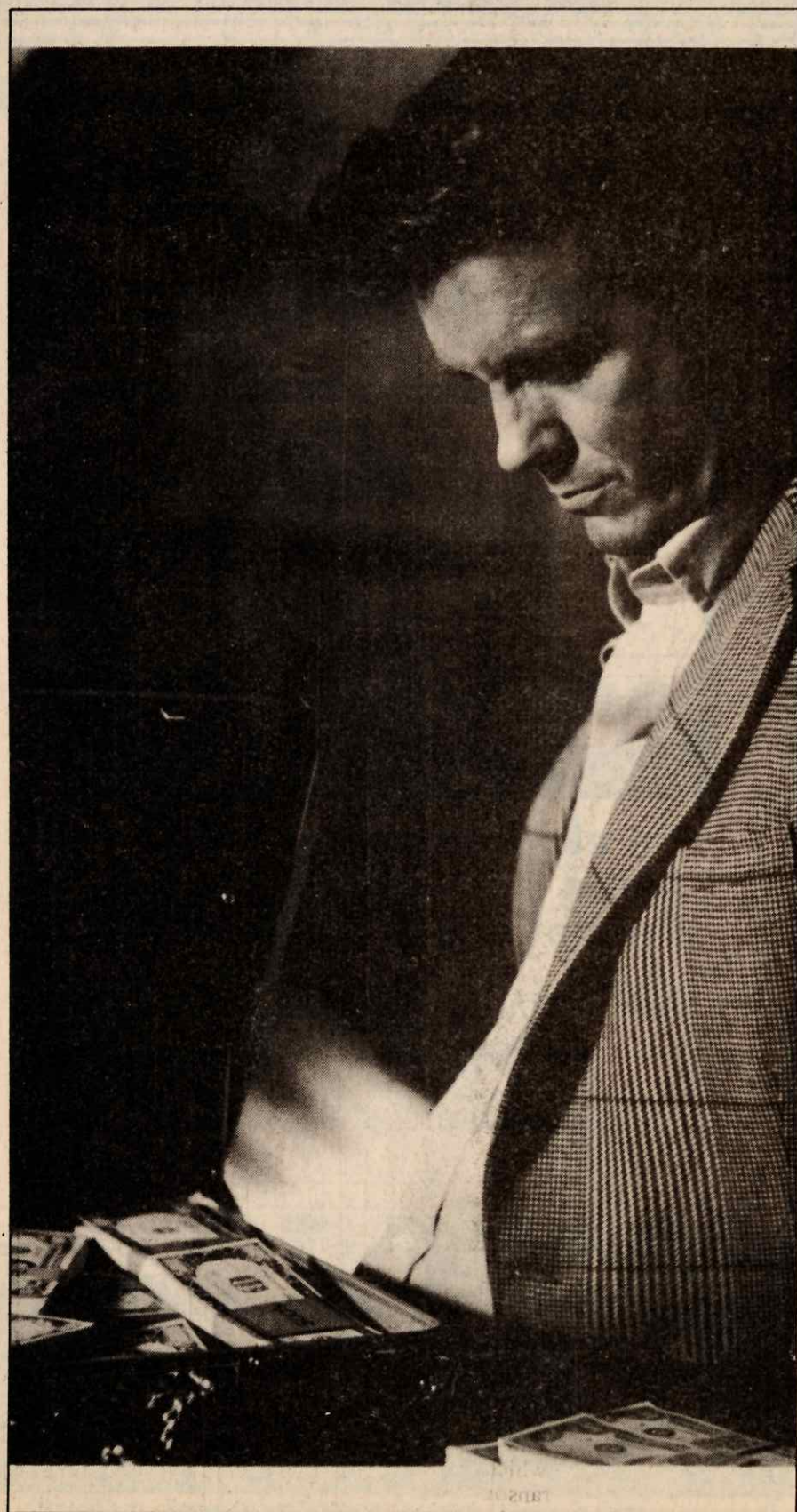
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**OBSESSION**  
 directed by Brian dePalma  
 written by Paul Schrader  
 (Columbia Pictures release)

Most of the critical writings on *Obsession* have manifested the extreme degree to which writers and filmmakers have themselves suffered from an obsession with the films of Alfred Hitchcock. It seems as though the advertising campaign for *Obsession* was content to sell it as the new Hitchcock film. To some extent, all of those allusions to the master of suspense have been justified. Most of the time, the film has been judged not for its own merit or fault, but rather roundly condemned because dePalma is *not* Hitchcock.

The plot of the film does indeed classify *Obsession* as a partial remake of one of Hitchcock's finest films, *Vertigo*. Unfortunately, *Vertigo* is one of the few Hitchcock talkies which is impossible to see these days (and for the past several years). The majority of young film goers could not have seen that film in the past ten years.

*Obsession* indeed qualifies as the next best bet. In the original, James Stewart played the role of the guilt-ridden man trying to regain a long departed lover by turning Kim Novak into a carbon copy. In dePalma's film, we have Cliff Robertson attempting the same feat with Genevieve Bujold. Unfortunately, Paul Schrader's script is about as rickety and shot full of gaps in logic and continuity as anything actually produced in years. Beyond those problems, the script also contains some of the most unintentionally funny moments that actors like Robertson and Bujold have ever had to play.

Robertson stars as a man named Courtland, a real estate developer in New Orleans (circa 1959), whose life is destroyed when his beloved wife and young daughter are apparently killed in a police chase after their kidnappers. For Robertson, life becomes filled with little more than building a garish monument in their memory. Until,



that is, he returns to Florence where he had first met his wife. There, in the self-same church, he meets a woman who conveniently looks very much like his dead wife. And of course, he pursues her until they fall in love and agree to marry. Courtland has felt guilty about his wife's death for all of those years, and his friends can't believe that

he actually plans to marry someone who so closely resembles the deceased wife.

The problem never arises, because the kidnapping of 1959 is repeated in 1975, and Sandra disappears, leaving behind an old newspaper clipping which reproduced the original ransom note. Courtland then has one more

chance to save his wife from death, and he's willing to give up his business to do it. That's where the plot gets murky and the script begins to resort to cheap trickery. The film ends without answering any of the implications dredged up by those tricks, and audiences may find themselves irked to the point of walking out on one of the most physically distressing final shots in recollection.

One can't be too surprised, in view of the fact that the film clearly intends to place the viewer in a position of emotional and physical anxiety. By inducing that effect in his audience, dePalma makes it nearly impossible for the viewer to exercise logic much more adeptly than Robertson's film character. Identification with Courtland, even in the face of a script much worse than the picture, is made possible through this artificial anxiety.

To accomplish this, dePalma procured the services of a composer and a cinematographer whose talents in the creation of hypnotic sound and visuals have been stunningly employed in previous films. Vilmos Zsigmond, Robert Altman's cinematographer for *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and *Images*, recorded a film full of images which are remarkable for the way in which the precisely calculated focus is applied to a very shallow field. When Zsigmond pulls focus, the succession of images can make even a pan from one side of a cafe table to the opposite a breathtaking experience; dePalma's direction of the camera movement resulted in a film in which there are almost no static images although little happens within frame. The camera, and thus the viewer, is drawn through a never ending movement via various combinations of fluid pans, compelling zooms and tracking shots as well as some extremely important boom shots. Gorgeous and distressing are the words which describe the result.

The score by Bernard Herrmann is being reviewed separately in this month's music section, largely because of the wide range of reactions which audiences have had for it. No one's estimation of the film ignores the score. Rightly so, for Herrmann contributed the largest amount of Hitchcock-like material to the film. This is not

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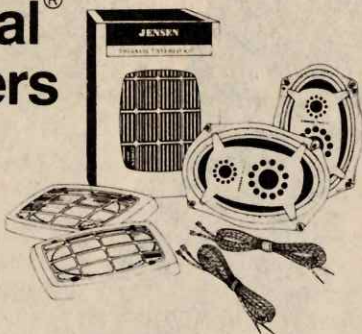
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surprising, since Herrmann did score Hitchcock's greatest films, including *Psycho* and *Vertigo*. The dirge-like qualities of the music are directly responsible for the audience's understanding of the morbidity of Robertson's character. Almost none of the film's emotion comes from anywhere but the music, which proves capable of intensifying Ms. Bujold's well known talents for acting the enigma (cf. *Isabel*). Robertson turned in an excellent several thousand feet of blue-eyed smirks which perfectly soaked up whatever emotion the music created at any moment. In fact, without the music, the film would be largely composed of pregnant silences and meaningless "meaningful" stares. Well, that is one way of treating actors like cattle.

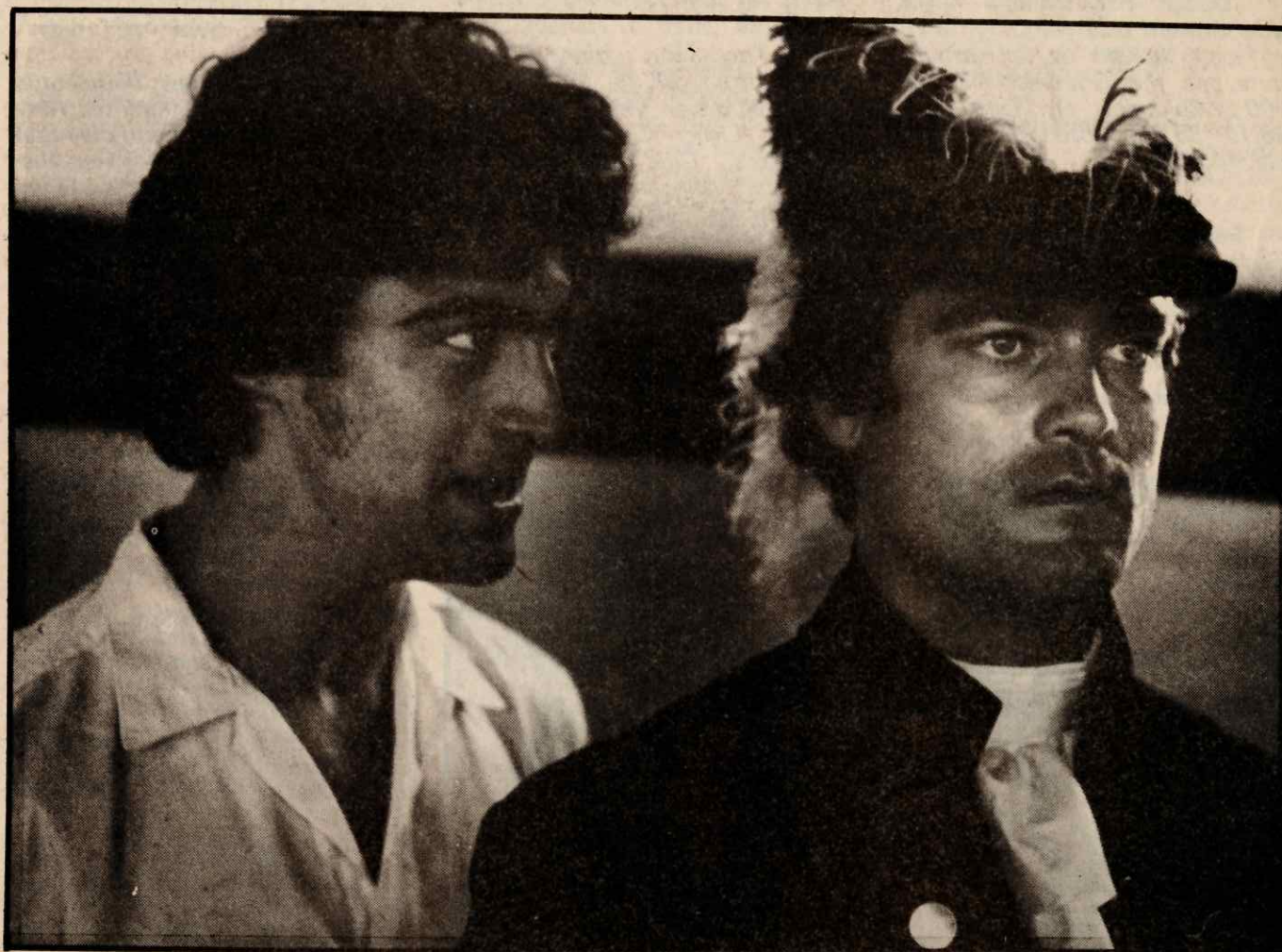
Which brings me to the greatest similarity which *Obsession* has to Hitchcock: both Hitchcock and dePalma are relative masters of making silent films with synchronous soundtracks. Just as many of Hitchcock's most crucial scenes are played silently (save music), so too has dePalma made a film in which very little factual matter relevant to the story is picked up through dialogue. Schrader, a former critic whose early interest was in metaphysical films, deserves most of his credit for this. Ultimately, the film provides no release from the anxieties which it stirs up, and then fails to justify starting the trouble in the first place.

*Obsession* falls into the category of films which are intense in experience of the sensory nature, serious in nature but bearing dissection better than reflection. If only Courtland had gone to see *Vertigo* when it was released the year before his wife died. He might have allowed dePalma and company to make their experiment in anxiety a very different, maybe even a better, film.

by Bill Crowley

# PLAYBILL

by Richard C. Tanis



**Any Wednesday** — Virginia Graham stars in this comedy about a husband's "affair" with a younger woman, at the Glenview Country House Dinner Theatre, 1560 Waukegan, Glenview, Tues.-Sun., \$5-\$6., dinner/theatre from \$8.95, 729-1620, or 729-1621.

**All I Want** (Actor's Company) — Bruce Hickey's touching, urban tragicomedy with music about a fatherless family in Uptown, at Victory Gardens, 3730 N. Clark St., Fri.-Sun., \$3.50-\$5, 549-5788.

**Angel, Honey, Baby, Darling, Dear** — New Robert (Kennedy's Children) Patrick comedy, at the Drama Shelter, 2020 N. Halsted, Th.-Sat., \$2.50-\$3.50, 549-6020.

**Billy Budd: Sailor** — World premier of Robert Perrey's play (based on Melville's novel) pre-

sents such a complex view of man that, here, Billy is played by a woman, at Magic Circle, Baird Hall, 615 W. Wellington, Th.-Sat., \$3.50-\$4D, 929-0542.

**Bus Stop** — Edie Adams stars as an awful songstress, who's marooned at a bus stop with the rodeo rider who abducted her, at Drury Lane North, Marriott's Lincolnshire Resort, Lincolnshire, \$5.25-\$6.50, dinner/theatre from \$12, 634-0200.

**Candida** (Evanston Theatre Co.) — The company's season opener is George Bernard Shaw's comedy about marriage, at the Kingsley School Theatre, 2300 Green Bay Rd., lower-priced previews Oct. 2-3, opens Oct. 5, \$6-\$7.50D, 869-7278.

**Captain Marbles and His Act-**

**ing Squad** — Third episode in this hilarious serialized children's musical for all ages, at St. Nicholas Theatre, 2851 N. Halsted, weekend afternoons, \$2.50, 348-8415.

**Catch Me If You Can** — James Drury in a comedy-mystery, at Pheasant Run, North Ave. Rt. 64, three miles east of St. Charles, Tues.-Sun., till Oct. 10, dinner/theatre comb. from \$7.50, 584-1485, Chgo. phone 261-7943.

**The Collected Works of Billy the Kid** — A Wild West tale about Billy the Kid's last year by Canadian poet-playwright Michael Ondaatje, sports a first-rate cast and direction by the highly-regarded Mike Nussbaum, at St. Nicholas Theatre, 2851 N. Halsted, Th.-Sun., \$3.50-\$5.50D, Subscriptions available, 348-8415.

**David Copperfield** — Children's show, weekends at Jane Addams Hull House, call 549-1631.

**Design For Living** — 1932 Noel Coward play featuring his wit on such subjects as sex, art and taste, at the Goodman Theatre, 200 S. Columbus Dr., Tues.-Sun., \$6.15-\$8.35, subscriptions available, 443-3800.

**Fabulous Fables** (Peripatetic Task Force/Gangway Gang) — Collage of favorite fables from Aesop's to Grimm's for children of all ages, at the Body Politic, 2261 N. Lincoln Ave., Sundays at 2 p.m., \$1, 871-300.



**God's Favorite** — Popular Neil Simon comedy features local favorites Ray Rayner and Mike Nussbaum, at the Candlelight Dinner Playhouse, 5620 S. Harlem, Summit, Tues.-Sun., dinner/theatre comb. from \$8.95, 458-7373.

**The Indian Wants the Bronx** (Travel Light Theatre) — Israel Horowitz's Obie Award-winning play that launched the career of an obscure, off-Broadway actor named Al Pacino, at the Theatre in Jim Sheedy's Pub, 754 W. Wellington, Wed.-Sun., \$3.75 (includes 1 drink), 787-6170.

**La Turista** (Peripatetic Task Force) — Chicago premier of Sam Shepard's expressionistic dra-

ma verging on a 3-ring circus, comments on American customs and values, at Barry Street Loft Theatre, 656 W. Barry, Fri.-Sun., \$2.5-\$3.50, call 271-3119.

**Midnight Madness** (Peripatetic Task Force) — Offending the Audience, Peter Handke's anti-play that seeks to destroy the barriers between performers and audience, until Oct. 9; **Pam and Jan**, a musical-comedy revue with music by Tony Zito, opens Oct. 15; Fri.-Sat. at midnight, at the Body Politic, 2261 N. Lincoln Ave., \$2.50-\$3.00 (includes "bubbly" and refreshments), 871-3000.

**Measure for Measure** — An adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy about love and faithfulness, at Old Town Players, 1718 N. North Park Ave., Fri.-Sun., opens Oct. 22, \$2.50-\$3.00, 645-0145.

**The Mind With the Dirty Man** — Comedy about a "pillar of the community" and his pornofilm producing son, stars Joey Bishop and his real-life son, Larry Bishop, thru Oct. 17, at Drury Lane at Water Tower Place, 175 East Chestnut, Tues.-Sun., \$6-\$11, dinner/theatre from \$12, 266-0500.

**The Mousetrap** — Agatha Christie's play that has run a record 24 years (!) in London, stars David McCallum and Katherine Houghton, at Arlington Park Theatre, 3400 W. Euclid Ave., Arl. Hts., Tues.-Sun., \$7.50-\$9, till Oct. 17, 255-0900.

**Never Get Smart With an Angel** — Comedy featuring Caesar Romero, at Drury Lane South, 2500 W. 94th Pl., Evergreen Park, Tues.-Sun., till Oct. 17, \$3-\$4.75, dinner/theatre from \$8.25, 422-8000, Chgo. phone 779-4000.

**North by North Wells** — The 53rd revue by the city's bastion of comedy and improvisation takes its satirical look at the suburbs, teens, sex, psychiatrists and political and social situations, at the Second City, 1616 N. Wells, Tues.-Sun., \$3.75-\$4.75D, Touring Company Mon. nites, kid's show Sun., \$1.50, DE7-4992.

**The Other Cinderella** (Chicago Black Ensemble) — The Cinderella story set in the projects by Jackie Taylor, at the Off-Broadway Theatre, 1429 N. Wells, Th.-Sun., \$4-\$5D, 787-3785.

**Play It Again Sam** — Popular Woody Allen boy-meets-girl comedy, at White Autumn Dinner Theatre, 5754 W. Division, Fri.-Sat., dinner/theatre comb. \$10.75, theatre only \$4.25, 287-8787.

**Rise and Fall of the City of Mahogany** — Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weil's haunting musical about a mythical city where whoring, boozing, violence and self-indulgence is the rule and the only crime is the lack of money, at Jane Addams Hull House Theatre, 3212 N. Broadway, Fri.-Sun., 549-1631.

**Rodgers and Hart: A Musical Celebration** — Revue featuring the songs of this masterful Broadway team, opens Oct. 22, at Arlington Park Theatre, 3400 W. Euclid, Arl. Hts., Tues.-Sun., \$7.50-\$9, 255-0900.

**Same Time, Next Year** — Hilarious comedy about a long-standing annual adulterous affair, stars Barbara Rush, at the Blackstone, 60 E. Balboa, Tues.-Sun., \$5-\$10, 236-8240.

**Something's Afoot** (Chateau Louise Resort Theatre) — Spoofy, musical comedy, mystery-thriller, Ill. Hwy. 31, north of Northwest Tollway, Dundee, Wed.-Sun., \$5-\$7.50, dinner/theatre comb. available, 426-8000, or 787-0001.

**Strindberg, 2 One Acts** (Chicago City Theatre) — The Stranger and Creditors, both plays involving love triangles, at 410 S. Michigan, Th.-Sun., \$3.00-\$4D, ½ price previews, Oct. 14-17, opens Oct. 21, 663-3618.

**Take A Number, Darling** — New Jack Sharkey comedy about a concert pianist and his actress wife who feign being spies in order to

screw up a snoopy reporter from a scandal sheet, at Country Club Comedy Theatre, 700 W. Rand, Mt. Prospect, \$3.50-\$5.50, dinner/theatre \$8-\$9, call 398-3370.

**Volpone** (Organic Theatre) — Stuart Gordon directs Ben Johnson's satire of human weakness and avarice as the garrulous Volpone (the Fox) tries to get the best of the greedy, would-be heirs to his estate, at Victory Gardens, 3730 N. Clark, Tues.-Sun., \$5.50-\$4.50D, subscriptions available, 549-5788.

**The Wager** — Mark (When You Come Back Red Ryder) Medoff's "comedy with balls" about a grad student's wager that he can seduce another man's wife, at Wisdom Bridge Theatre, 1559 W. Howard, Th.-Sun., \$4.00-\$5D, subscriptions available, 743-6442.

**West Side Story** — Leslie Ugams stars in this musical classic, at Arie Crown Theatre, McCormick Place, Tues.-Sun., till Oct. 17, \$5.50-\$12, 791-6500.

**Who's Happy Now?** — Oliver Haily comedy with music about a young man's sorting it out after a strange unbringing that included his father, his mother, and his father's mistress, at the Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln Ave., Fri.-Sun., \$4.00D, 871-3000.

**The Wicked Cooks** (Pary Productions) — Madcap allegory dealing with the impossibility of maintaining a sense of individuality in a commodity-oriented society as a group of cooks try to steal a secret recipe, at the Body Politic, 2261 N. Lincoln, opens Wed. Oct. 20, but Th.-Sat. thereafter, \$4-\$3, 871-3000.

**Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?** — The Elizabeth Ray is typecast in a comedy about a starlet's rise to the top, at Pheasant Run, North Ave., Rt. 64, three miles east of St. Charles, Tues.-Sun, opens Oct. 12, dinner/theatre comb. \$8.50-\$11.75, 584-1454, Chgo. phone 261-7943.

**Yankee Doodle** (Temple Players) — Musical revue, at the Forum Theatre, Oct. 8-10, and 15-17, info 795-5842 or 345-0987.

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# Stage



**NORTH BY NORTH WELLS**  
Directed by Del Close  
At the Second City

An evening at Second City has always reminded me of fireworks. There are always precious and spectacular bursts — which are so fine they seem to vanish all too soon — and there are events which either fail to ignite, or just fizzle out.

The brief scenes and black-outs in Second City's 53rd revue, *North by North Wells*, has not changed my opinion of Chicago's most venerable institution for comedy and improvisations. As always, whenever material is too light or wanting, there's a likable, high energy, first-rate ensemble giving their all to put a smile on your face or show you something you hadn't thought of before. And that makes for a pretty nice evening.

Some of the spectacular bursts in the show are these: *Rap Session* features Don

DePollo, Eric Boardman, Will Porter and Steven Kampman as college students in a heavy intellectual discussion of God, Man, and Being. As four hale, hearty, and horny young men, they arrive at the most logical of conclusions. Porter and Shelley Long (as you'd never see her in a John M. Smyth Home-makers commercial or WMAQ's *Sorting It Out*) strike up a hilarious seduction and kinky sexual fantasy in *The Laundromat*.

Miriam Flynn pitches for *Speaking Dynamics*, which will teach you how to talk so fast people won't notice you didn't take the time to think. Flynn displays her remarkable singing talent as a wife fed up with her shiftless-bum, guitar playing husband (Porter) in *Get-A-Job*.

*The Big Fight* displays Porter and Kampman as two empty-headed sportscasters who find themselves with two hours to fill after a scheduled fight goes only 27 seconds. Long hosts *Passage to*

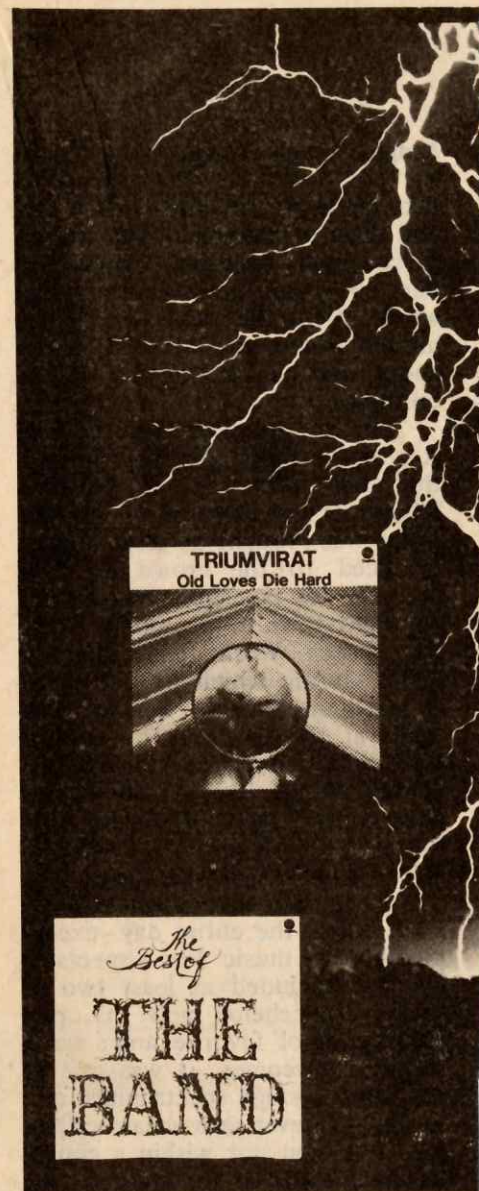
*Adventure* for two social anthropologists, Boardman and Flynn, who make a slide show presentation of their findings about a strange culture commonly referred to as "suburbia."

The heights of low comedy are achieved in *The Candidates* as staff and aides wear silly costumes to try and punch up a lackluster presidential political confrontation until the real joke is revealed.

Overall, the cast works its moments well and displays the art form's all-important commodity: timing. Del Close has directed a well-cadenced evening and Fred Kaz's piano provides all the right moods.

*North by North Wells* is nothing like the Alfred Hitchcock movie of similar name, but the title should help you locate the cabaret at 1616 North Wells Street near North Avenue in Old Town.

Richard C. Tanis



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**Yes/Peter Frampton/  
Lynyrd Skynyrd/Gary Wright  
Hawthorne Racetrack**

'Twas a placid spectacle, this final game of the World Series of Rock; smoothly brought off, if musically unremarkable; free of any measurable fisticuffs, nasty weather, mob scenes, and bonfires, because everyone was on best behavior. The Judge was here, and he

was watching for things like that.

The Yes/Frampton/Skynyrd/Wright concert had already had its share of legal disputes, having been forced to shift location from Comiskey Park to Cicero's Hawthorne Racetrack. Then, several days prior to the show, the town of Cicero attempted to get a legal injunction against it, on the grounds of undoubted mayhem and destruction a rock function such as this fosters.

Judge Joseph Wosik, who heard the case, allowed the concert to take place as scheduled after several days of hearings—truly an unprecedented decision. There was one condition, however: the Judge would attend the rock extravaganza himself to see what all the fuss was about—and he'd be keeping an eye on things.

It was he who was the real star of the show. Mid-way through the cool afternoon, in between Skynyrd's and Frampton's sets, the Judge was brought on stage and introduced to the crowd as their hero. It was positively Woodstockian, right down to the neo-Max Yasgur speech Wosik proceeded to make, during which he did rather endear himself to the tens of thousands at the racetrack by turning his Sunday coat inside out and declaring things like, "I love your rock concert and I love you. Anyone who didn't like my decision—well, I say, the hell with them!"

And there was naught to complain about the entire day—except possibly the music. For a spectacular that included at least two of rock's top-echelon acts, a perennial good ol' favorite, and a wave-making newcomer, it was one of the most *average* spectacles, musically, I've ever seen—heard rather, for were you not within a couple hundred yards of the stage, seeing was a relative term.

Gary Wright *sounded* great, the two numbers I was able to hear in the midst of battling my way into the park. Natural Gas had apparently kicked off the proceedings round about 10:00, and Wright had begun at noon. Unfortunate to have missed them both, particularly Natural Gas—a sort of poor man's supergroup which includes Joey Molland (ex-Badfinger) and Jerry Shirley (ex-Humble Pie).

Lynyrd Skynyrd served up a standard set of Southern boogie. Gary Rossington's lead guitar provided some of the more vital moments throughout, along with "Sweet Home Alabama" which never seems to grow old (although "Free Bird" should have flown away long ago, only to be brought back for special occasions).

Peter Frampton's given spicier performances than at Hawthorne as well. Perhaps it was the daytime atmosphere, or maybe the fact that from my vantage point the band was big as commas on a page, but Frampton's set seemed lackluster. With exceptions of course—"I'll Give You) Money" 's chunky, hypnotic rhythms were an interesting departure from Peter's rather uniformly cheerful collection of his best-known tunes. Mind you, I delight in Frampton's songwriting as much as anyone else—it was the *predictability* of the set that leveled it out so.

Yes is in a curious predicament as well. What to do, with the innovations innovated and their

best work behind them? I used to swear by this band—back when their sound was so totally unique that it was impossible to cite its influences, and impossible to imitate. Yes has carved out a niche in that abused category known as art rock that is truly their own. They probably should have sneaked out while the sneaking was good.

How many times can they perform "Close To The Edge" without sounding stale, if not downright sloppy? The answer, if you'll pardon me, was indeed blowing in the wind—a bone-chilling evening breeze that thinned the ranks of the Yes fans as it carried along that done-to-death classic. And classic it is, along with "Your Move" and

"Heart Of The Sunrise" (which was a treat to hear again live after four years) and "Siberian Khatru" and everything else Yes has been playing and playing year after year.

One yearned for even a little spontaneity. Actually, there was just a little—a breathtakingly lovely duet with Jon Anderson on classical harp and Patrick Moraz on synthesized wind instruments. It provided a few enchanting, restful minutes in an otherwise very untogether set.

Yes hasn't lost the ability to rock and roll with their orchestrated pieces, but the moments become more elusive the longer they go on. After the obligatory encore of "Roundabout," all that was left

was to thread your way through the huddled heaps of blankets and the subdued departing throng, wondering at the thousands who showed up simply because it was an Event or because they wanted to enjoy a day of good music—and feeling that those in the last category came out a little short.

Moira McCormick

#### EARTH, WIND & FIRE Chicago Stadium

Earth, Wind and Fire's finest moment during last month's concert was their opening.

The sell-out crowd at the Stadium had sat through a rather unfocused set by funkman Ramsey Lewis' troupe and group im-

length capes with their arms crossed on their chests.

Someone reached up and struck a gong. The pharaohs jerked into postures of lascivious revelry—a *tableau vivant*! The audience exploded in a delighted roar. The band dropped their robes; all wore white suits, each of hip, individual cut, and while the two drummers in the open pyramids flanking the keyboard setup began snapping out the basic beat, the others moved to their stations.

For three songs EW&F, currently referred to as the hottest band around, flew on the strength of that opening, so intense was the frenzy in the hockey rink. Stage left, a platform held the backup horns, a trumpeter, trombonist, and reedplayer using alto and soprano saxes and flute; this is much more

bounced as they played; the lead player stung while the rhythm man chopped.

The band was kinetic; from "Why Don't You Celebrate" through "Shining Star" and "Get Away," there was always something to watch: the multi-patterned electric name sign over the stage, the disappearing bassman variation on the Inidan rope trick, or the lead vocalist who moved with trained precision in graceful funk. The instrumentalists were not at all embarrassing. The reedmen blew hot and greasy, while the trombonist, who soloed on English horn, quoted a call to the hounds only once.

Though the vocals were unintelligible, blurred by the sound mix, most of the audience seemed

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The hottest band around? Well, EW&F could sharpen that sound mix, and probably have the latent talent to broaden their repertoire. But with their irrefragable energy, their impressive theatrics, and their identifiable sound, they thrill their audience, and seem to have a wild, swinging party performing, too.

Howard Mandel

#### AVERAGE WHITE BAND Auditorium

"The Auditorium, hey?" said Alan Gorrie, looking too Anglican and too earthy to front an outfit as silken as AWB, over supper in

his room at the Astor. "Doesn't sound very danceable. Does it to you?"

Not really. But there they were, playing to a crowd who'd taken to dancing in the aisles, on chairs, doing the bump with their partners, doing the Bugaloosa Salute to the Andy Frains. All to a sextet of brogue Scotsmen who have been ardent devotees of Motown from note one.

The Average White Band has brought back to rhythm & blues the concept of "the band." No stars or whiz-bang emerge from its confines, and yet AWB works famously as a unit. The vocal tasks are shared by Gorrie, Hamish Stuart and the rest, making AWB the veritable equivalent of the Temptations with their own self-contained instrumental section.

AWB proved the very antithesis of rock theatre. Their "uniform" consisted of white smocks which did little besides blend in with the Auditorium backdrop. And for a band whose material contains such movers as "Cut the Cake" and "Pick Up the Pieces," the boys stood stoically still through it all.

But tunes like "Person to Person" and "Got the Love" reminded many why AWB is one "disco" outfit respected even by those with an aversion to the stuff. Their music traces 15 years of American R&B in a frame of reference less parochial than that of Southside Johnny. It's Motown with a bite, Stax without the salt.

Ill-advised was a nearly 30-minute rendition of the band's 1975 instrumental hit, "Pick Up the Pieces." Replete with obligatory solos, few particularly inspired, it was a surprise to all when chants of "Pick up the pieces, uh-huh" returned to haunt an audience that thought the band had meandered far and long.

AWB got a chance to premiere their new single, "Queen Of My Soul," which displays primal signs of samba creeping up alongside the band's heretofore purist soul.

Following the Chicago date, AWB abruptly cancelled its U.S. tour. A prior date in the Motor City has resulted in racial riots. On another stop, Alan Gorrie fell off the stage, escaping with minor injuries. The cancellation is a mystery; things seemed to have ironed themselves out circa the Chicago appearance. Auditorium audiences were treated to an adept, thoroughly professional performance which doubled as an unforeseen finale to the tour.

Cary Baker

#### BAY CITY ROLLERS Uptown Theatre

*A summary of the show:*

A magician ... screams ... dumb tricks ... screams ... announcements from stage ... screams ... lights out ... loud screams ... a slide-show capsule history of the Bay City Rollers, including a map



recording that historic moment when Bay City, Mich., achieved world fame as the namesake of an artificial rock 'n' roll band ... screams ... a whiff of—yes, it is—the devil weed ... the band enters ... tumult and, of course, ear-splitting screams ... the hits are played, the grins are grinned, the Uptown snows gently on the band ... screams ... and more screams ... an extended version of "Saturday Night," with a thousand reedy little voices straining to satisfy the demands of the stars, "S A T-U-R D-A-Y NIGHT!" ... the band waves goodnight ... and dead silence as the audience, apparently too young to realize it, should be screaming for an encore and attacking the stage, instead moves toward the exits.

It was the perfect climax to a very strange night.

On one side of me was a record company flak who came just for jollies. On the other, an eight-

year-old boy who couldn't see the stage, even when he stood on the arms of his seat, because eleven rows of girls ahead of us were all standing on the arms of *their* seats.

Now it's hard to say just how much a little kid gets off on observing the gyrating backsides of a lot of pre-pubescent wearing jeans and tartan scarves, sweating all over each other, and doing irreparable damage to their vocal chords. Mostly, he looked blank, like someone forgot to plug him in.

But the flak thought the Rollers were great. The reason is that he doesn't work for Arista, the Rollers' label, and thus could bask in the luxury of no worry about embarrassment when faced with convincing journalists and critics that this band really *is* the greatest phenomenon since the Beatles, or at least since the Osmonds.

The Uptown was about half full, maybe a bit more. The audi-

ence consisted largely of very young girls, a sprinkling of even younger boys and a number of parents, most of whom suffered through the evening with surprising equanimity. The audience was, in fact, the only part of the show worth observing for more than a few seconds at a time.

That's because what took place on stage that night was a farce of such proportions it's difficult to believe anyone—even those screaming little girls—could have been fooled. So the evening's genuine pleasure was watching them be fooled, know they were being fooled, and loving every minute of it.

The Bay City Rollers can't sing. They can't play. They can't harmonize. They can't keep the beat. Jesus, they can't even *smile* convincingly.

I'll confess to having harbored some lingering hopes about the Rollers. Hopes for an old-fashioned

sort of Pop Sensation, cultured in commercialism, nurtured in the hearts and bladders of a million 'boppers and consummated by the music that grows in depth and sophistication over the years. So much for hopes. The Rollers just don't have it in them; and it won't take long for the screamers to find someone else, just as cute, who can provide a bit more in the way of fulfillment musically.

I would like to know one thing, though. Who are the musicians and backing singers on the Rollers' records? And how much are they being paid to keep quiet about it?

Bruce Meyer

#### CROSBY & NASH Auditorium

People have long awaited the reuniting of the dynamic duo, Simon and Garfunkel. With no recent rumors to keep their hopes alive and with the added dissolution of Loggins and Messina, David Crosby and Graham Nash may be their

third and last chance. The late August Auditorium affair sponsored by the two and their current band proved to me and the nearly capacity crowd that they could handle the task if given the chance.

The experienced Kootch is there for that purpose. At times during the show, I wondered if it weren't really the Crosby, Nash, and Kootch hour. The well-honed blade of Mr. Kortchmar's axe shone brightly that night, shining alone during "Foolish Man" and "Out of the Darkness."

But it was the two big names who brought the show together. Starting with a couple of rockers, "Immigration Man" and "All the Leaves," with varying vocal work, they divided the remainder of the first half between old and new tunes. Both voices were up to par though Crosby's seemed a little hoarse. After the intermission, Nash took the stage and dazzled the crowd with "Marguerita." Finally, Crosby, Kootch and the remainder of the traveling band joined him. The show built quickly to its climax after stumbling through a

thoughtful but out-of-place Jacques Cousteau Society dedicated number, complete with porpoise film. "Wooden Ships" surfaced at the end, offering that final, special thank-you to the appreciative audience.

The two-hour show featured various rock and love songs from past Crosby/Nash and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young associations as well as picks from the present, *Whistling Down the Wire*. It's their latest album and, though lacking a hit, it carries itself well. Simple and complex harmonies by both singers grace the outer edges of the effort. Dazzling guitar work by ace studio great Danny Kortchmar fills in the holes both on the album and in the concert hall. For while Crosby and Nash do handle the vocals well, their instrumental work lacks something Simon and Garfunkel never really needed: that necessary rock guitar.

Mark Guncheon



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# Clubs



**THE AMAZING RHYTHM ACES**  
Amazingrace

The rhythm section was tight, the sound was full, the vocals were sweet and true, and the band does have two hit singles under its belt. But somehow, the sight of them on stage made it a little hard to take it all with a straight face. There's no way around it. No matter how considerable their musical abilities are, the Amazing Rhythm Aces are a funny-looking band. Russell Smith, the front man and lead singer is tiny, round, and curly-haired. The

bass player, known as "Stickman," must be at least a foot taller and 20 pounds lighter. And "Byrd" Burton, the lead guitarist, is taller still, as heavy as the other two combined, and has hair down to his waist. Top him off with a ten-gallon hat, give him a little Les Paul Custom that looks like a long-necked ukelele, stand him next to Russell Smith, who's hiding behind a huge Gibson hollowbody, and you have the Amazing Rhythm Aces at Amazingrace.

In addition to the three front men, there are the two keyboard

players, Billy Earheart and James Hooker, and a cheerfully grizzled-looking drummer, Butch McDade.

But their musical abilities really are considerable. So much so that they've been accused of being too competent for their own good. They're able to pull off songs in so many styles that it's hard to tell just what kind of a band they are. They command a wide range of material which includes country, Western swing, jazz, Southern rock, Memphis soul, and even folk.

Nonetheless, the closest thing to a real virtuoso in the band is

Russell Smith, whose voice is both sweet and husky. He's got the flexibility and power needed to cover all that ground. The rest of the boys are masters enough, though not wizards. But more importantly, they knit together well.

Their material for the most part is written by Smith, and it's usually very good. "Third Rate Romance" and "The End Is Not In Sight" are two of the best, but "Hit the Nail On the Head," "Who Will the Next Fool Be?," and "If I Just Knew What to Say" are nearly as good.

"The Next Fool" received a soulful performance as only six boys from Ten-O-Cee can give it. Their three- and four-part harmonies were all right on the tune. Any band that can do that consistently, and I saw them twice, is a band that deserves all the applause they can get.

The universally acknowledged low point was Burton's long slide guitar solo which immediately followed "Out of the Snow." Burton is a good technician and occasionally quite tasty, but he is not Duane Allman. It began well, but he simply ran out of new ideas one-third of the way into the solo. He came around for too many choruses to sustain the audience's interest and no one seemed able or willing to cut him off. Earlier Mr. Hooker noodled himself into the same corner on piano.

The major fault of the Aces' show surfaces in the rare times they step out too far of their structured arrangements. We've seen by now that a collection of virtuosos does not always make a good band (see Cream, Blind Faith, or any super-session album) but neither does a solid, tight, swinging group like the Aces always contain a first-class soloist. *C'est La Vie*. Those lapses were rare, and the pure pleasure of a live, rockin' band is worth an occasional dull moment.

It was an extra special treat to hear them at Amazingrace, where their unparalleled sound system let the full power of the band come through without any harshness or distortion. I understand it won't be too long before the Aces return to 'Grace. That's one show not to be missed.

Peter McDougal

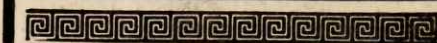
## GARY BURTON Amazingrace

The substantial success currently being enjoyed by vibes master Gary Burton is particularly appealing because of its ironic justice. For here, in the fusion-laden 1970s, the man who helped plant the germinal seeds of the fusion movement is swaying new audiences with a highly personal fusion of traditional and innovative elements, of sound and style and mostly an overwhelmingly correct subtlety of taste. Burton's latest music has left far behind in the proverbial dust those aspiring "communicators" who have chosen the easiest and least artistic method of trying to accomplish the landmarks Burton has achieved.

In the mid-1960s, as a bit of painless historical research might reveal, Burton headed up what was probably the first prototype fusion band, a quartet that features the rock-chiseled guitar of a young and wild Larry Coryell. It was the first time that a jazzman, and a relatively respected one at that, had attempted to synthesize a music that included both jazz technique and the power of the rock guitar. That band had mixed success, but it was the means by which Burton met certain ends, including the conscious creation of high-quality music that had relevance to a new generation of listeners.

And now, in the 1970s, through an impressive body of duets, small-group and even orchestral recordings, Burton is once more involved with a quartet, quietly and classily stealing the tape-loop thunder from such as Corea and Miles and Herbie. Whether this group is, as one of my colleagues was overheard to say, "the best jazz band in the country," is dubious. That they are in the running is not.

For a couple of years, the multi-mallet vibes virtuoso was in the company of a well-traveled and universally-respected quintet, featuring the two guitars of Mick Goodrick and Pat Metheny, the silky and seductive bass guitar of Steve Swallow, and the most unique drummer in jazz, Bob Moses. (This is the group appearing on the recently-released ECM album, *Dreams So Real*.) But even amidst



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the frequent raves and indisputable electricity generated by this small orchestra of sticks and strings, Burton was subject to the quite accurate critique of "bloodlessness," lack of warmth, and a general constraint of emotion in his creativity. He was the cool customer, always in control, the Ice King of jazz.

But now Burton is back to a quartet, and the change is startling. Gary Burton now breathes fire as well as ice, showing the same uncanny control over his every solo that has always marked his playing, but allowing a general warmth and emotion to occasionally peek around the sides as well. This change is apparently an organic outgrowth of the recent performance circuit. With the other guitar part eliminated, Pat Metheny—who is developing rapidly into one of the true giants of jazz guitar, and all at the tender age of 21—has been freed to worry less about texturing and repetition and more about the burning solo work buried within his consciousness.

The result: a far more free, far less restrained style that has apparently infected the thrust of the band, and Burton himself. For Gary now solos with a dramatic excitement that once seemed beyond his grasp. The one thing that was missing has now been supplied, and the Burton Quartet is now involved in music that is virtually perfect within its self-described boundaries.

The sets at Amazingrace featured a plethora of eclecticism, including several of the group's standard repertoire (mostly tunes by Swallow, an exceptional composer as well as a peerless improviser), new songs by Carla Bley (from the aforementioned album), and even a solo number by Burton each evening. These were certainly the high point of his performances, as he juggled four sticks, accompaniment and melody, rhythmic cross-currents and blindingly speedy jamming in a *tour de force* of unaccompanied splendor. These solo jaunts proved once again that this most pianistic of vibants has fully mastered an idiom that continues to dog many pianists.

Without a doubt, the Gary Burton Quartet at this time is playing as well as any group the

vibist has ever had, just as Burton's bravura technical achievements have all but obscured any other player on the instrument. More, they are playing with an unfettered sense of flight and wider smiles than I have ever seen. It's a glowing sense of well-being that infuses this, the most eloquent of fusion ensembles, and they, in their heyday, will be remembered with the same reverence as the great Miles Davis group of the '60s and the Mingus bands of the '50s. Fusion has come home to roost, and the consequence is jazz's golden egg, a treasure trove of exhilarating sound.

Adele Swins-Terner

#### GRAHAM PARKER Ratso's

English punk rock stomped into Ratso's late last August and left the usually apprehensive audience feeling a bit punky themselves. The band was The Rumour, a tight five-piece English pub band that features the exact guitarwork of British star Brinsley Schwarz. Its leader, however, is Graham Parker, a slight, skinny kid with a Van Morrison-Bruce Springsteen sound-alike style and an appropriate street fightin' stance. The combination of the two is a killer though radio airplay and record sales may not show it. It's certainly not Parker or the band's fault.

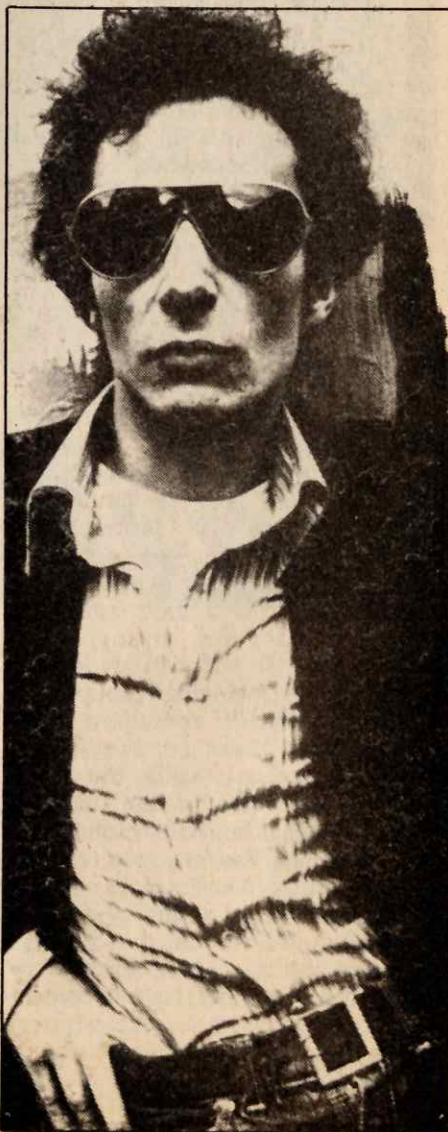
The opening set began with a riveting version of Parker's "White Honey." Hammond organ and Schwarz's Fender guitar caught and kept the moving beat as Parker sang about his taste for his white honey. "She come a late on December, a little sweet white honey bee, tastes so good that the whole town stood and stared and looked at me. They all seen white honey."

While marveling about that slick song, the band continued with "Back To School Days," "Lady Doctor," and "Gypsy Blood." As original compositions, they're good with expressive lyrics and an obvious feel for the situation. But with Parker's rough and tough voice backed with the simple but driving beat of drummer Stephen Goulding, the songs are great. I guess it's the simplicity of the punk rock band that makes it both memorable

and fun to watch. No ten-minute guitar battles, or drum solos bother the boys from England as they're content to play *their* special songs.

The material is there. The Supreme's "Can't Hurry Love" and, in the second set, Aretha's "Chain Of Fools" and the classic "Kansas City" brought Parker and the band's image back to their roots. Twangy guitars, that Leslie'd organ, and a couple of needed shouts of "bop!" completed the early '60s atmosphere. Short, simple love songs of old became a bit newer with Parker's chosen attitude toward them: let the words speak for themselves, but give them a rocking background with which to play. It sounded like both the lyrics and the audience had a good time with Parker.

by Mark Guncheon



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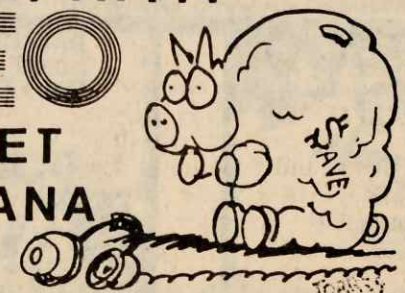
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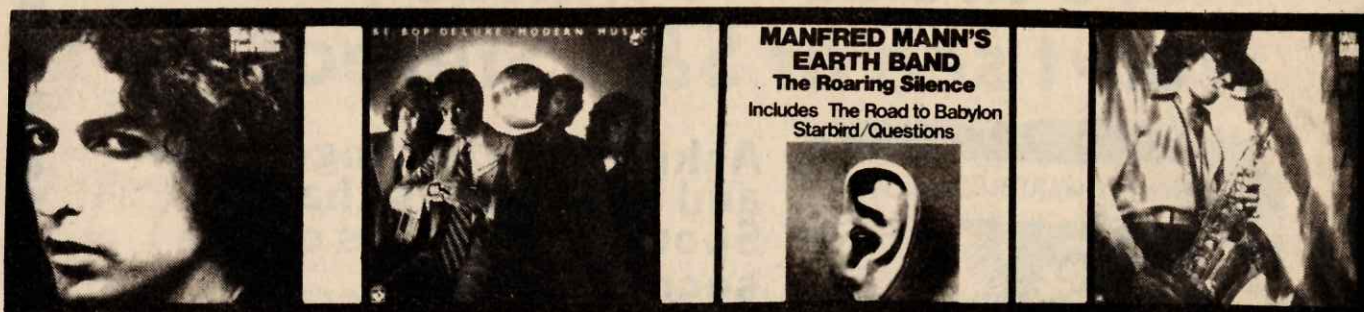
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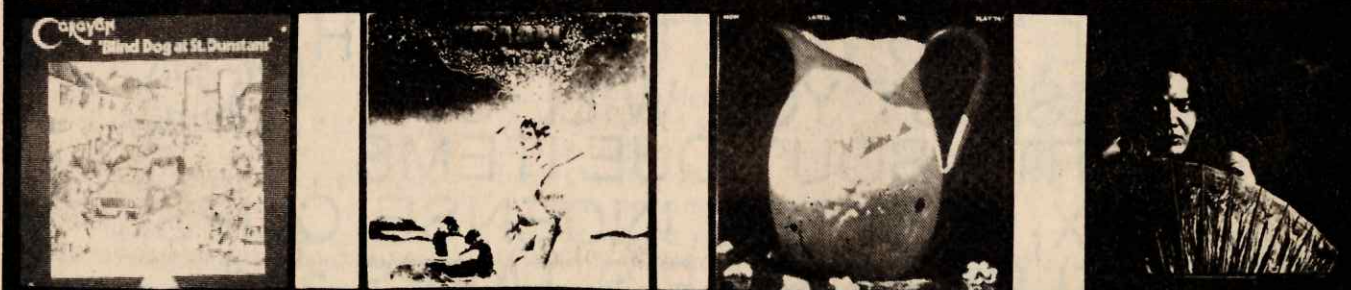


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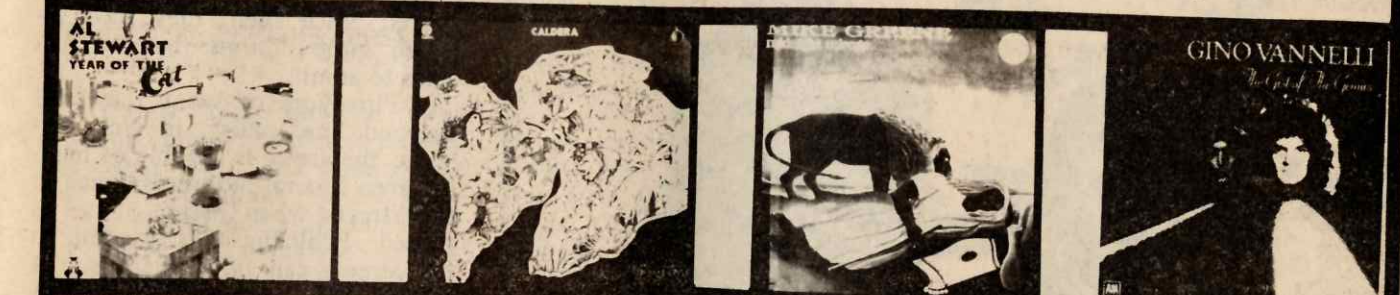


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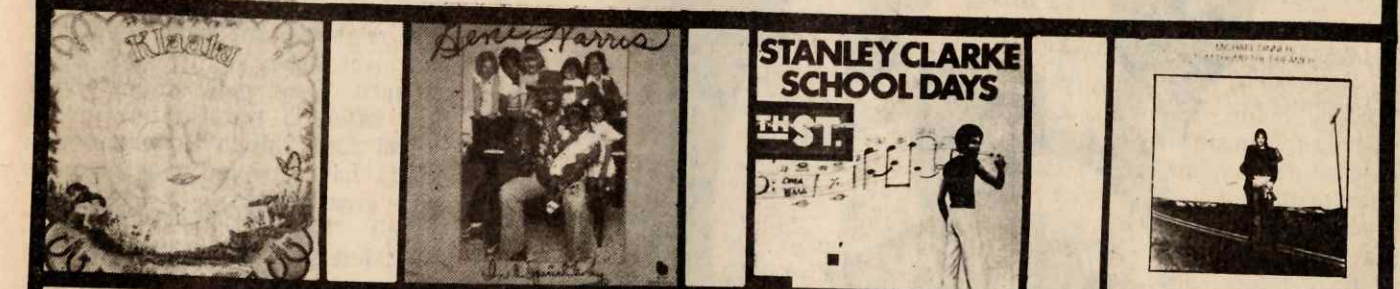


**AL STEWART**  
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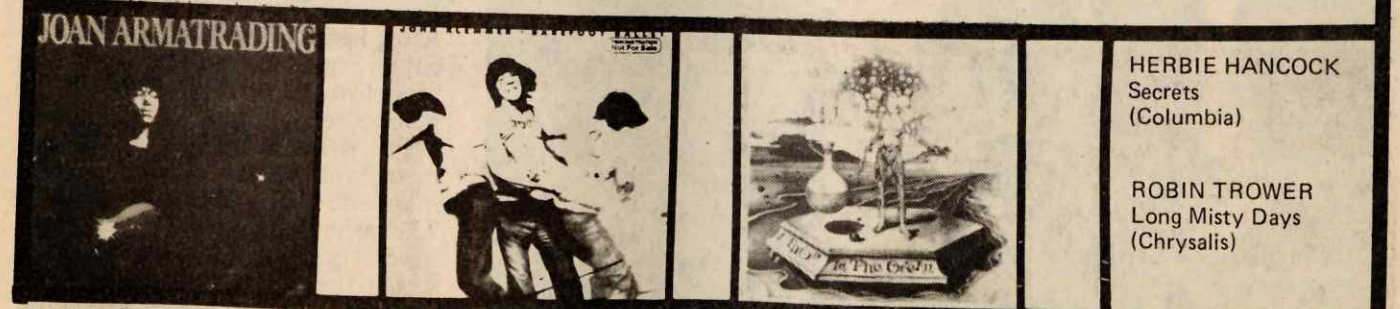


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**ROBIN TROWER**  
Long Misty Days  
(Chrysalis)

# Records



**THE METERS**  
**Trick Bag**  
 (Reprise/MS 2252)

The Meters are best remembered by many as the group which was heard backing up Dr. John in his hit song, "Right Place, Wrong Time." Once part of the group of studio musicians working out of New Orleans on songs by Lee Dorsey and produced by Allen Toussaint, they surfaced as a group in 1969, when their first 45, "Sophisticated Cissy," crashed the AM charts. Since then, they have released more albums than anyone cares to admit.

Purveyors of what they call "second line" music in New Orleans, the group is capable of making even funeral mourners dance in the streets when Meters music is played. Realizing that dancing in the streets can be dangerous, the Meters have created their own brand of dance music which goes beyond the disco sounds with which their new album opens. "Disco Is the Thing Today," but the Meters have better things to do than re-groove the same song over and over again in different disco variants. Their new album, *Trick Bag*, offers a tasteful mixture of lyrical funk. Much as serious jazz artists have covered pop favorites with great success (cf. John Coltrane's "My Favorite Things"), the Meters have come up with some revitalizations of well known material. In fact, the best sounds on the album come almost exclusively on songs not written by the band.

Who would believe that New Orleans funk could do much for James Taylor's "Suite for 20G"? After hearing the Meters' Leo Nocentelli (guitar) and drummer Zig Modeliste turn a soft lyric into a percussive lyricism, it can sound even stranger when they later break into their raunchier vocal numbers like "Doodle Loop." The group also proves that they haven't yet forgotten the R&B for which their city is famous. The re-working of Earl King's 1962 hit "Trick Bag" epitomizes many of the groups' strengths—a hard, skeletal sound, simple yet tenacious.

In contrast to most of the flabby disco arrangements which satisfy other groups, the Meters project a lithe and wiry sound within which you can hear the presence of five individual musicians. Each man plays as if his instrument were a percussion device, and the results vary widely, deftly shifting from chug-a-lug rhythms in one song to a soaring cover version of "Hang 'Em High." Most importantly, perhaps, the Meters show that they know their roots of rock. When they play Mick Jagger and Keith Richard's "Honky Tonk Woman," they demonstrate musically just how much they know about honky tonks. After all, Mick didn't grow up around New Orleans, did he?

Funny thing, but the music grew up there. The Meters remember those days, and albums like this make one think that the growing up is still going on. On *Trick Bag* the Meters manage to stretch the roots very successfully in several directions, creating an album with diverse sounds, and which refuses to be pigeonholed or typed. Let's hope the Meters never give up making the mourners dance—it makes them feel better, and *Trick Bag* has the potential of doing the same for any sad dancer.

Bill Crowley

**JESSE WINCHESTER**  
**Let The Rough Side Drag**  
 (Warner Brothers)

Like clockwork, every two years, without any fanfare, another Jesse Winchester album slips into the stores. *Let The Rough Side Drag*, Jesse's fourth, is another rare gem, polished, unhurried, and more than worth the wait.

Jesse Winchester is a Tennessee-born draft-exile who's been living in Montreal since the late sixties. As a result his career has suffered a severe handicap—he can't appear anywhere in the United States. For all these years he's played clubs around Montreal and Toronto, well out of the mainstream of music fashions.

Nonetheless, Jesse has carried a good deal of Tennessee with him in his music. The two strongest influences are traditional country

sounding. Rather than going for flashy effects, the instruments and vocals are recorded carefully to get the precise atmosphere and coloration for each song. A little sax here, some phasing there and the result is a subtle suggestion of a winter breeze ("Blow On, Chilly Wind"), a field at harvest time ("Working in the Vineyard"), or an A&W Root Beer stand ("Everybody Knows But Me").

There don't seem to be any undisputed masterpieces here with the caliber of "Yankee Lady" or "Third Rate Romance." The songs on the new album are miniature parables of common sense, and of lessons learned the hard way. They're reminiscent in a way of Bob Dylan's from the period of *John Wesley Harding* and *The Basement Tapes*. And while the point Jesse makes is sometimes minor, he never falls over into bitterness or self-pity.

Like Dylan he often uses Biblical imagery, "Why feel sorry for the blind man, his soul is a bird on the wing. You might have eyes like an eagle and never see a blessed thing." But even with a twist they carry the ring of age-old proverbs, "It's a good thing that chairs can't walk, it's a good thing beds can't talk."

The album ends with a song repeated from his first album, "The Brand New Tennessee Waltz." It's a song of leaving home forever as a man would leave his lover, not knowing what he's giving up till he's gone. It's one of Jesse's finest songs; it's sad and emotional without being sentimental.

*I left Tennessee in a hurry dear  
 In the same way that I'm leaving you  
 Love is mainly just memories  
 And everyone's got him a few.  
 So when I'm gone  
 I'll be glad to love you.*

His records never seem to make much of a dent on the sales charts, but thanks to Bearsville Records there's something special to look forward to in even-numbered years.

Peter McDougal

**GRAND FUNK RAILROAD**  
**Good Singin' Good Playin'**



Good Singin' Good Playin'  
 (MCA)

Let's be real for a moment. At the rate Grand Funk had been going, this would have been, by all rights, the album no one cared about. The only reason that this, their first LP for MCA, will receive more attention than past efforts is that the production wiz behind the glass is a most unlikely choice of Frank Zappa, a bizarre but every bit discreet craftsman. With that in mind, many among the Zappa constituency will pick up this album in hopes of unearthing scattered glimmers of the other-worldly placed strategically among the vacuous Grand Funk sound. Long, the band had postured themselves "Musicians For Hire: Big Name," offering subservience to any laureled producer who thought they could squeeze some gold from what dust remained.

From gold dust to cosmic debris? Had Zappa sold out? Had Zappa walked away having committed the ultimate rock 'n' roll prank with Mark, Mel & Don the guileless victims? The answer awaits you at your local record store. But hopefully, I can save you the trip. *Good Singin' Good Playin'* (the playin' is good but the singin' is abysmal) is not part three of *Lumpy Gravy*, but a stylized display of American dross from the American band.

"This is the first album in which Grand Funk sounds like Grand Funk. And I think they're fabulous!" Zappa says of the stint with an all-too-uncharacteristic lack of surface vengeance. No sidemen, no session extras of "ooh's and ah's" vocalists—just the four Railroaders and the Zap (cutting quite the low profile with one guitar solo on "Out To Get You").

A highlight is the single, "Can You Do It," another in an on-going series of Motown re-makes. Its false start is refreshing in the light of an otherwise undaunted flow. But where the Funk excels is the balladesque "Just Couldn't Wait," sort of a grown-up "Bad Time To Be In Love." This, the lead track, is the finest moment in the Funk/Zappa collaboration, and it's generally downhill hence. "Don't Lem 'Em Take Your Gun" (literal) should win kudos from the Young Republicans, but repudiates the "brothers & sisters get together" patter that Grand Funk purveyed many albums back.

If Zappa meant for this straightforward rock 'n' roll album to fulfill his bizarre quota, he's succeeded in the album's very unobtrusiveness. Laden with a few interesting variations on themes otherwise as mundane as the title *Good Singin' Good Playin'* and a great mix, Zappa for the first time has succeeded at understatement. And Grand Funk? They just did what they were told, and all got A's for attitude and performance.

Who's the next lamb for the Terry Knight Memorial Slaughterhouse? Gamble & Huff? Richard Perry? George Martin? Robbie Robertson? Dave Edmunds (let's hope)? Bob Erzin? David Witz? Whoever's assigned to them has quite a precedent to live up to. But if this is Grand Funk *au jus*, bring back Todd Rundgren.

Cary Baker

LINDA RONSTADT  
Hasten Down the Wind  
(Asylum)

It's no secret that Linda Ronstadt's musical failures are more interesting than many rock successes, and her latest album, although it doesn't measure up to *Heart Like*

looking for love, but on this one Linda's interpretation is off the mark.

That most definitely isn't the case for Ry Cooder's delightful "The Tattler," a gem of a song that Linda handles superbly, with grace, enthusiasm, and sly gothic humor. Gold's spirited piano work is the perfect accompaniment.

Rock 'n' roll revivalism is becoming a Ronstadt trademark, and on this album the oldie chosen for rejuvenation is Buddy Holly's "That'll Be the Day." Linda pulls off another marvelous resurrection, lacing the hard driving, heavy number with her angelic voice. The juxtaposition is inspired, and the tune is the album's liveliest. Not so for "Lo Siento Mi Vida," a Spanish-English collaboration by Linda, Edwards, and Gilbert Ronstadt, which just seems to lie there, flat, pale, and unexciting.

She has no luck with reggae either, giving "Rivers of Babylon" an acappella treatment that could easily be matched by a Sunday school class in Plains, Georgia. "Rivers," based on an Old Testament verse, functions as a lead-in for John and Johanna Hall's "Give One Heart," a puerile tune that requires more effort than it's worth.

"Try Me Again," by Ronstadt and Gold, is very effective, reminding of the pleasant tunes on Gold's own Asylum album. Thoughtful lyrics are enhanced by David Campbell's rich string arrangement. "Down around in this lonesome town/ felt just like a beginner/ Friends I saw just brought me down/ They're so cynical and bitter." Willie Nelson's "Crazy" is

*A Wheel or Prisoner in Disguise*, has much to offer. She has once again surrounded herself with such talented helpmates as producer Peter Asher, guitarist Kenny Edwards, and multi-instrumentalist Andrew Gold, but this time out Linda's selection of material is rather erratic.

Her voice, however, is the same remarkable instrument, capable of any number of changes in personality, able to salvage even the most incompetent production. Linda can sing with the voice that answers the switchboard of the Heartbreak Hotel, or she can wail and belt out rock 'n' roll with gutsy abandon. Both voices find their proper environments on this album.

"Lose Again," one of three Karla Bonoff songs here, opens the record with a jaunty thrust. The lyrics are nothing special, but the melody is pleasant, the hook is intriguing, and the percussion and bass go all out to build up a Spectorish "wall of sound" to accompany Linda's soulful wailing. Another Bonoff song, "If He's Ever Near," is a dreamy tune about

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another prize, and Linda sings it as a torch song, with just a hint of Texas swing. She gives it the perfect mixture of pain, regret, and quiet strength. But on Tracy Nelson's "Down So Low," she can't seem to find the proper mode. There's little passion or intensity in her version of what should be a smoldering tune, and her halting, sporadic interpretation wanders aimlessly.

Warren Zevon's title tune, a haunting, elegaic poem, is a perfect vehicle, and Don Henley's harmony vocal helps make it an achingly beautiful statement of vanishing love. But Karla Bonoff's "Someone to Lay Down Beside Me" is the album's most evocative song, as well as its creative centerpiece. The song has an otherworldly quality, sometimes threatening to fly away, but Linda's sensitive interpretation allows none of the mystery to escape—or be solved. Linda knows what she's singing here, and flawlessly renders the poetry in a fluid movement from calm meditation to romantic excitement.

Anyone looking for flaws can find them here, but *Hasten Down the Wind*, uneven yet appealing, provides a glimpse into the craft of a major artist.

Chuck Pratt

FLAMIN' GROOVIES  
Shake Some Action  
(Sire)

Remember the Equals...Grapefruit...The Buzz...Dave Dee, Beaky, Mick and Tich? No? And with good

reason. Back in the early mid-sixties when the Beatles were the rave around the world a lot of other English folks figured they could do the same thing and find their own fame and glory on the rock 'n' roll circuit at home and across the ocean on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

Bands by the dozens burst out of London, Newcastle and the new-famous Liverpool — if you played an instrument, you joined a band, and if you couldn't, you found one to take care of, with visions of being another George Martin dancing in your head.

For a while it worked. Bands like The Dave Clark Five and Gerry and the Pacemakers made the Beatles-sound public domain. The original fab foursome revolutionized the American music world when they burst upon the scene—the other groups followed in to colonize. They came to collect their own piece of the action and pick up some quick cash.

But the Beatles soon started their own metamorphosis, and those that tried to adapt found their changes too tough to follow. The gold rush was over faster for some bands than others, but by 1968 it had dried up completely, except for the few who had the talent, or sheer perversity to maintain a following.

And as we all know, the original group went marching erratically on, integrating every musical idea they chanced upon and conquering every obstacle except themselves. The drifting and the breakup is long over now, but their influence remains, even though all the efforts and threats and rumors

to get them back together have been in vain. All, that is, except one.

Someone with an eye to a fast buck decided that if they couldn't have the new Beatles the old would do just as well. And according to the current European hit chart, they're doing better than that. Ten years later, a whole new audience, and the same old songs. So much for progress?

It may only be an isolated incident of neo-nostalgia, but not if the Flamin' Groovies have anything to say about it. The first Seventies band to reproduce the Beatles Sixties sound, the Groovies are the ultimate reactionary group. From their mop-topped heads to their Beatle-booted feet, these clowns belong to the mod generation. And if you're one to label appearances deceiving, don't.

From first to last cut, the band sounds like it looks. They're not the worst of the Beatles' imitators; their version of Lennon/McCartney's "Misery" is totally respectable. And they get in a lot of nips and tucks throughout the album that would do the Beatles proud—twelve years ago.

The high production quality is owed mostly to Dave Edmunds, a talented one-man band of little renown, who with this album proves himself a master of the George Martin sound, as well as of his own. But the Flamin' Groovies' *Shake Some Action* all comes down to old stale rock 'n' roll almost-hits. And if you like it, you're welcome to it.

Beth Segal

ARTFUL DODGER  
Honor Among Thieves  
(Columbia)

But there's imitators and imitators, and Artful Dodger belongs in the latter class. Their music betrays a heavy debt to the Rolling Stones, but these five young punks from the States are more proteges than poor carbon copies. And though they owe a lot to Jagger and Co., they carry on in their own way in the lineage of classic rock 'n' roll. Nothing too fancy or obscuring, just a rock-steady beat and some good hard vocals.

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No fuss, few frills. The music is almost all written by lead vocalist Billy Paliselli and lead guitarist Gary Herrewig, and displays their knowledge of the basic formula. *Honor Among Thieves*, Artful Dodger's second album, is just good music to turn up real loud. Only rock 'n roll, but honest rock 'n roll. We'll see what happens next.

Beth Segal

**AMERICAN FLYER**  
American Flyer  
(United Artists)



This is a fairly impressive debut album by a disparate group of musicians who have been around. Craig Fuller is a former Pure Prairie Leaguer; Steve Katz used to be with Blood, Sweat & Tears; Doug Yule was in the Velvet Underground; and Eric Kaz is best known as the guy who penned "Love Has No Pride."

Producer George Martin, of course, has worked with the Beatles, and more recently with America and Jeff Beck. It's to his credit that the group sounds like none of

those bands, but comes off in possession of their own clearly identifiable soft rock voice. (The band's name and this album cover might indicate that they're trying to imitate the Eagles, but there's really no comparison.)

Martin's task was to give the band's rather elegant lyrics a suitable context, without making it cloying or lush. For the most part, he succeeded, particularly on the Kaz-Fuller "Light of Your Love" and Katz' "Back in '57." There's nary a hard rock or straight-out country tune in this collection, and most of the material falls somewhere in between—though Fuller's smooth lead vocals conjure up memories of Pure Prairie League.

All the band members contribute a song or two, though the Kaz-Fuller "Light of Your Love" and "The Woman in Your Heart" are the lyrical keystones and the best performed. Steve Kaz' cryptic "M" has an appealing hook and some interesting notions about love and memory. There are clinkers in the bunch, notably "Love Has No Pride," a lifeless version of a song practically saturated in pain. (Someone should be mightily embarrassed by this, and I hope George Martin is blushing.) Yule's "Lady Blue Eyes" is also forgettable, pretentious, and fluffy.

Still, we can't expect too much of a debut album, and perhaps the group is hurt more than helped by the George Martin name. If too much is expected, then there isn't much room for growth after an initial uneven product. What American Flyer, the band and the album, lacks, though, is excite-

ment. Their record is surely pretty, the arrangements are nice, the songs are thoughtful. But the spark of inspiration is weak.

Chuck Pratt

**THE RICHIE FURAY BAND**  
I've Got a Reason  
(Asylum)

If you're a charter member of the Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, Eagles, Poco, Firefall club of country-folk-rock devotees, here's another group to add to your list. Richie Furay was an original member of Buffalo Springfield. He went on to enjoy moderate success with Poco before leaving to join J.D. Souther and Chris Hillman (both of whom have since gone solo) in the ill-fated and short lived SHF. Furay also has his own ensemble now, and while they're not a bubbling cauldron of instrumental virtuosos, they pack a pretty mean rock 'n' roll punch. The group's first release, *I've Got A Reason*, bears testimony to this, providing us with some rather catchy, tasty and occasionally inspiring compositions.

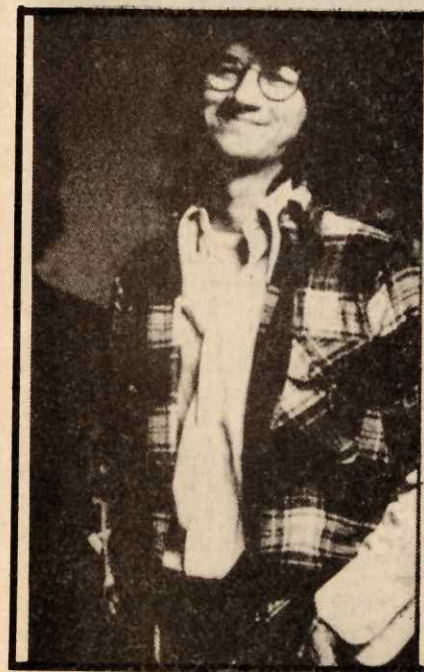
The only problem with this record is its anonymity. Excepting blockbusters like "Over and Over Again," "We'll See," "Still Rolling Stones," and the title track, the tunes are generally pleasant, but few are memorable. Furay, a fine upper-octave singer and a competent tunesmith, attempts to mix thumping country-based rockers with introspective ballads on this outing. That he succeeds cannot erase the fact that most of his mellow songs sound alike, as do many of the rockers. Piano intros repeat themselves, guitar licks imitate each other, and even melodies, chiefly on the up-tempo numbers, could often pass for twins.

"Over and Over Again" is a beautiful love song that combines the best elements of Neil Young's classics; creating a vulnerable, contemplative mood through lyrical imagery and tender, melodic musical strains. It then segues into a strong rock and roll rhythm, propelled by nimble stickwork and flavored with muscular guitar chops from Furay and sparkling keyboard

figures from Tom Stipe, who co-wrote the number. There are stunning harmony vocal moments here too, reminiscent of the Eagles or CSN&Y at their best. Apart from several trite metaphors (sweeter than wine, et. al.) this song is magnificent.

All in all, Furay has turned in a respectable slab of wax. Perhaps if he puts more thought into his arrangements he will produce a more complete record next time around. The fault could also lie in the none-too-meticulous production of Michael Omartian and Bill Schnee, whose efforts left several otherwise strong entries (like "Gettin' Through" and "Starlight") stripped of vitality. One comes away feeling that this platter was recorded in the course of one pleasant afternoon. So the overall feeling is a nice one, but certainly not a lasting one.

Dave Iglow



**OBSESSION** Original Soundtrack  
by Bernard Herrmann  
(London)

When Richard Strauss wrote his last and longest tone poem, "A Hero's Life" (Ein Heldenleben) in 1898, he was condemned from many quarters, first for writing music that attempted to conjure

images and also because those images seemed to be immodestly autobiographical. He even had the nerve to quote from most of his poems, including "Don Juan," "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Till Eulenspiegel." The culmination of an important part of his career, *Ein Heldenleben* is among Strauss' greatest symphonic pieces.

In the twentieth century, popular composers did not have to try to conjure their images through music alone. The development of the sound motion picture took care of that. Many composers for the movies were very adept at adding emotive and colorful scores to powerful motion pictures, but few were capable of telling a whole story through music alone. Bernard Herrmann, who died only recently, was one of those few — in fact many call him the greatest composer the cinema has seen regularly. He wrote the music for Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* as well as for eight films by Alfred Hitchcock, including *Vertigo*, *The Birds*, *North by Northwest* and *Psycho*. Herrmann's shrieking violins for the shower scene of *Psycho* are indelibly imprinted on the memories of everyone who saw the film.

In his score for Brian dePalma's *Obsession*, Herrmann gave us his own "Ein Heldenleben." score and the state of anxiety can be continually maintained. And just as the greater part of the film did not need or have dialogue, the music did not always need the picture.

The soundtrack album is not the sort of thing one would play at a party — its constant interweaving of themes of love and death would be too unsettling for most groups. But just listening to the soundtrack made me want to go right back out and see the film again, since it seems inconceivable that pictures could add anything to a first rate, haunting orchestral masterpiece.

Indeed, it took the British National Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus to perform the lush score composed by Herrmann. Since the film to which the score belongs deals with the intense feelings of one man (Cliff Robertson) who loves his dead wife, it should not be a

surprise to hear that Herrmann has constructed what director dePalma calls a "last great romantic score." Trust the man whose music made Hitchcock a master to compose that score by mixing romantic strings with dirge-like choral vocals and piercing, haunting horns. Listening to the score induces a state of emotional confusion which the movie capitalizes on in order to cover script weaknesses. *Variety* came flat out in saying that it would "make blank film compelling."

Obviously, the score has a life of its own. That life is drawn primarily from the movies upon which Herrmann and Hitchcock collaborated. The movies have just conditioned people to respond in certain ways to different types of music. No one knew that better than Herrmann. Thus, when in the aftermath of the kidnapping which forms the basis for the film, the shrieking violins of *Psycho* come in, every person in the audience knows that something dreadful will happen. To a large extent, dePalma's film succeeds only when it is working counter to Herrmann's

Bill Crowley



**JOAN ARMATRADING**  
Joan Armatrading  
(A&M)

Very few female artists seem to get recorded well. Those who do tend to fall into the highly commercial, schlock rock, Top 40 style of music *a la* Carly Simon, Patti LaBelle, Suzi Quatro, The Runaways, and, to a lesser degree, Joni Mitchell and Judy Collins. Unfortunately, the music business is very sexist,

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and is even less willing to take chances with truly creative women than it is with men. Those women such as Ursula Dudziak, Dory Previn, and Carla Bley, who actually do attempt to expand the horizons of existing musical forms have usually gotten the opportunity to create their music for the home listener primarily as the result of being associated with a strong, male artist (Michal Urbaniak, Andre Previn, and Paul Bley, respectively). There are few women artists who have managed to convince a major label to record them on their own merits (witness Chicago's own Judy Roberts), and those that have, have received very little backing or promotion from their labels.

Joan Armatrading does not really fall into the category with Dudziak, Previn and Bley; if she does bust out, it will probably be with the audience which purchases the Top 40 styles of music. However, on this, her third album, she definitely emerges as a full blown, mature artist, several cuts above the run of the mill releases being produced of late. Her music, al-

though breaking very little new ground, is a pleasing, melodic fusion which draws from several genres to synthesize a form which is stylistically all her own.

Her own musical background is extremely diverse, judging by the end product. According to the liner notes, she was "...born in the West Indies and moved to England." Thus, she was exposed at an early age to a number of influences, ranging from reggae (which was the predominant influence on her first album), to blues, jazz and gospel. When combined with some masterful (if uncredited) arrangements highlighting her distinctive voice, the result is mellifluous, to say the least. The reggae influence of Ms. Armatrading's previous work here becomes a subtle flavoring to the full course meal which is her voice.

This voice is perhaps Ms. Armatrading's greatest asset—warm, deep, resonant, it almost defies description. With its wide range and expressive timbre, it would be almost apt to call it a baritone, despite the fact that this term is not applicable to the female voice. It is that voice, as it has matured on this album, that molds the music into a highly listenable amalgam which is just exotic enough to hold the listener's interest without allowing the music here-in to become either monotonous or uncommercial. Let us hope that A&M decides to set a new precedent for the business by giving Ms. Armatrading the backing and the promotion that an artist of her talent deserves.

Robin Cook

#### HALL AND OATES Bigger Than Both Of Us (RCA)

The ability to literally crank out hit records every year is a talent known only to a few. It usually takes two people. The composer and the lyricist, working together or separately, as with Elton and Bernie, can produce these solid selling singles if the magic is there. It seems to be there with Daryl Hall and John Oates.

*Bigger Than Both Of Us* is their latest production, a smart nine songs worth of Hall-Oates pop. It's the kind of pop that has given them hits on both white and

black Top 40 charts, a fact that is amazing in these days of pop-disco-schlock-rock. The first side of this album features at least two potential hits in "Do What You Want, Be What You Are," and "Back Together Again," while side two contains the string of possibilities with "You'll Never Learn." With the high-pitched Todd Rundgrenish voice of John Oates and the writing talents of both singers, *Bigger Than Both Of Us* is a good example of pop music today.



Broken love affairs, new love affairs, and knowing girls are the subjects of the Hall-Oates music. The genres haven't changed much in five albums worth of material. But then again, they haven't changed since the first pop strains were heard. The subjects are familiar to most of us, something we can relate to. "I must have been crazy to think that I could find you when you were lost/ Girl, you can't know what you're saying when you slip away/ Tell me baby is it worth the cost?/ What if I didn't call you tomorrow/ Maybe you'd fall apart after that/ You keep it so tight I can't stand it/ There's no room for love when it's ended."

With healthy lyrics around which to musically score the needed pop-rock sound, Hall and Oates have faithfully come up with that special music. Technically, Hall plays a proficient synthesizer and Oates an effective guitar. But Tom Scott is there and he's needed as are pianist Tom Hensley, drummer Jim Gordon and producer-lead guitarist Christopher Bond. The result is probably another big selling album for the duo. It's another shot in the arm for pop music.

Mark Guncheon

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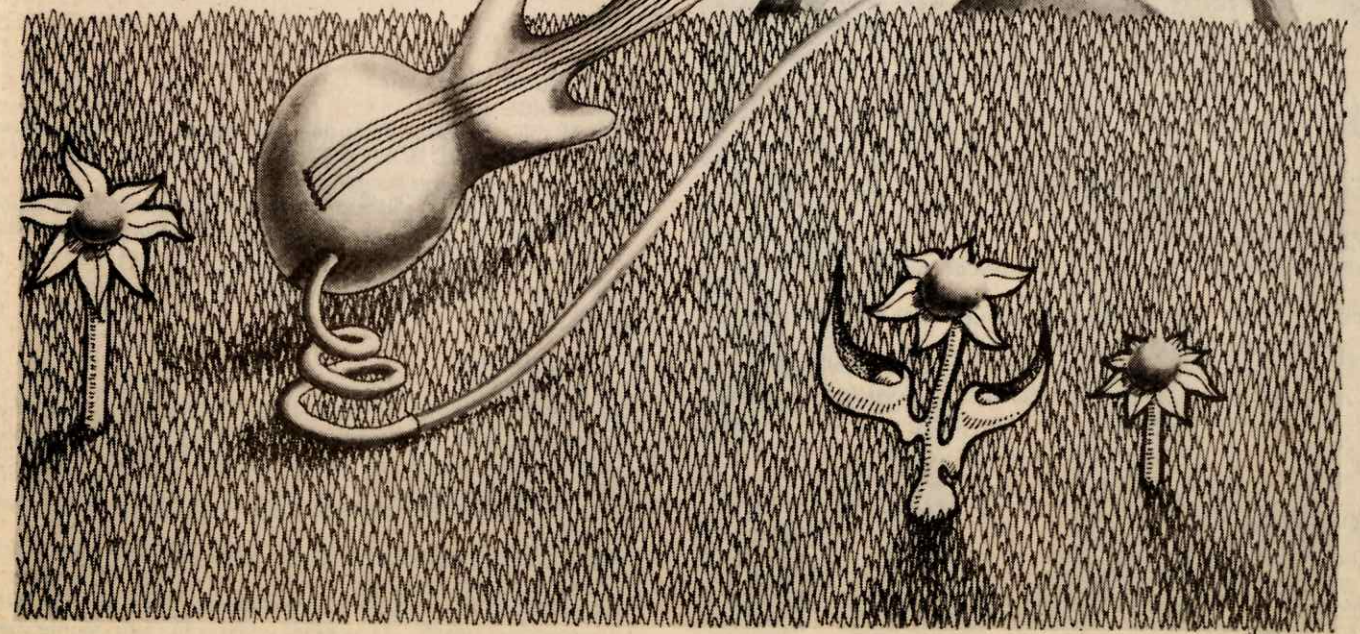
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## FRIDAY 1

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - an introduction to a band called Budgie.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. Hear works by Shostakovich, Berwald, Puccini, Chopin, Handel and Raksin.

## MONDAY 4

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported jazz and rock. brought to you by Victor's Stereo.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - tonight's special is on Jade Warrior.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - a presentation of the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Copland, Schubert, Sibelius, Bartok, and Mozart.

## TUESDAY 5

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on the music of Stanley Clarke.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD - hear the sounds of the artists featured inside this month's Triad.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Prokofiev, Borodin, Gershwin, Verdi, and German.

## WEDNESDAY 6

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - hear examples of our local talent.

- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special on Kansas (including live concert recordings).
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama; brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Rachmaninov, Mozart, Chopin, Wagner and R. Strauss.

## THURSDAY 7

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live concert recordings from the Agora in Cleveland, recorded in Quad.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of Kraan.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly presentation of the latest in recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Dukas, Rachmaninov, Brahms, Vieuxtemps, Bruch and Rimsky-Korsakov.

## FRIDAY 8

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of Dave Mason.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-ectric theatre for the ears - wear your headphones!
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray, till 6:30. Included are works by Saint-Saens, Schubert, Verdi, Phillips and Saint-Saens.

## MONDAY 11

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported jazz and rock, including Uno Lindenberg (hear the German version of "When I'm 64"). Brought to you by Victor's Stereo.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special review of the music of Keith Jarrett.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - a presentation of the best in recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear works by Haydn, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, and Moniuszko.

## TUESDAY 12

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - the Ozark Mountain Daredevils are spotlighted.
- 12:00 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS - a re-broadcast of one of the late philosopohers talks.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Debussy, Dvorak, Mozart, Haydn, and Tchaikovsky.

## WEDNESDAY 13

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - local talent: Streetdancer, Corky Siegel, Lovecraft, and others.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a review of the music of George Duke.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama; brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Mahler, Beethoven, Stravinsky, Bellini, and Saint-Saens.



## THURSDAY 14

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - Hear 2 generations of Brubeck, recorded live, in QS Quad.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - the music of the Bee Gees is featured.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly introduction to the latest in recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Debussy, Holst, Vivaldi, Hahn, Bach, and Poulenc.

## FRIDAY 15

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the Southern rock of Lynyrd Skynyrd.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - our all-electric theatre for the ears. Wear headphones for proper results.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, with works by Fine, Ives, Dello Jio, Rameau, Bizet, Lizst.

## MONDAY 18

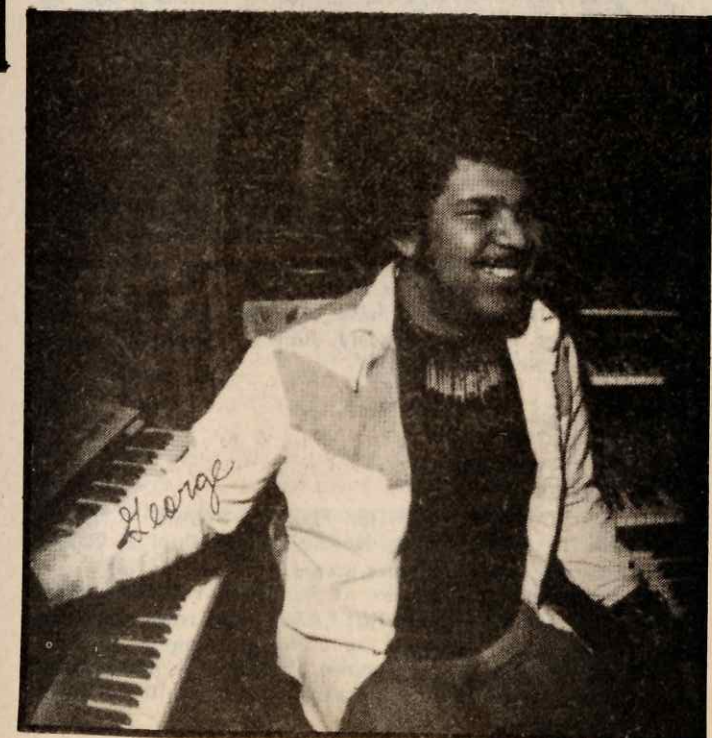
- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported jazz and rock, including Passport, Blues Effect and Transit Express; brought to you by Victor's Stereo.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special hour of the music of Robin Trower.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly introduction to the best in recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, with the works of Medtner, Mozart, Rossini, Respighi, Ravel.

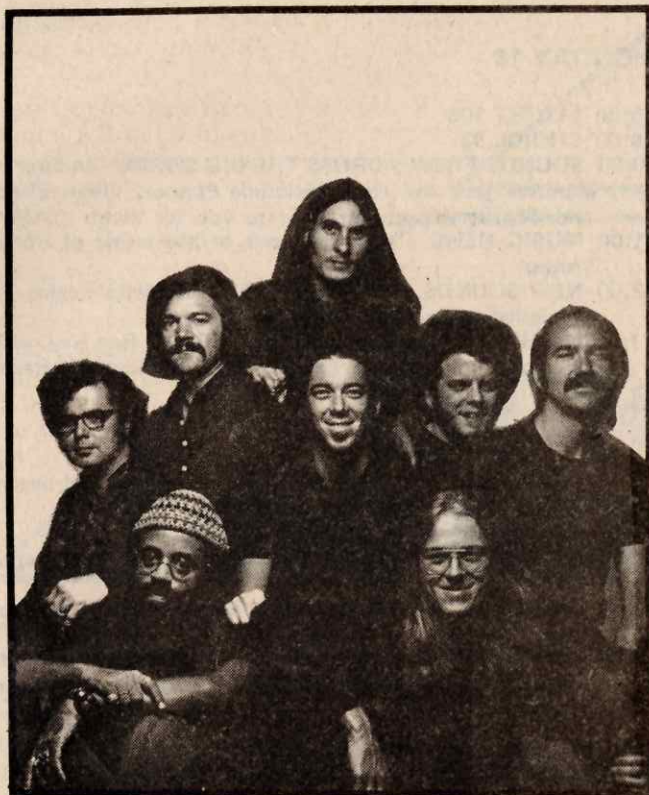
## TUESDAY 19

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on the music of Herbie Hancock.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD - hear the sounds of the artists featured inside this month's Triad Guide.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, with compositions by Lutsolawski, Bach, Bartok, Chadwick, and Thomson.

## WEDNESDAY 20

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - examples of our local talent, such as Numaro, the Dooley Band, Treborn and Slip.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the German band, Kraftwerk.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama; brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including compositions by Beethoven, Grieg, Lalo, Wagner, Saint-Saens, and De Sarasate.





**THURSDAY 21**

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - George Benson, recorded live at the Agora Ballroom in Cleveland.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of Boz Scaggs.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - an introduction to the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Berlioz, Berwald, Lalo and Liszt.

**FRIDAY 22**

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - hear the music of Manfred Mann's Earth Band.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - headphones are preferred for this all-electric theatre for the ears.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Included are works by Kodaly, Albeniz, Rimsky-Korsakov, Loeffler, Bach and Bizet.

**MONDAY 25**

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - imported rock 'n jazz, including Novalis, Amon Duul 2, Omega. Brought to you by Victor's Stereo.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a review of the works of Dave van Ronk.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly introduction to the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including compositions by Walton, Mozart, Verdi, Korngold, and Gershwin.

**TUESDAY 26**

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special review of the late Janis Joplin through her music.
- 12:00 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS - the great philosopher speaks on matters of interest to all.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Yardumian, Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Bixi, and Balakirev.

**WEDNESDAY 27**

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - local talent such as the Rose Hip String Band, George Medusa, Live Toe and Pentwater is spotlighted.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a presentation of the music of John Klemmer.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama; brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Gould, Hanson, Schumann, Gaudin, Grieg, and Barber.

**THURSDAY 28**

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - Oregon, recorded live at the Agora in Cleveland, in QS Quad.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of the Strawbs.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our presentation of the best and the latest recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Scriabin, Lekeu, Haydn, Rodrigo, Tosti, and Respighi.

**FRIDAY 29**

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a review of the music of Be Bop Deluxe.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears. Wear headphones!
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, including works by Copland, Mozart, Ravel, Biber, Herrmann.



Music from Broadway is heard nightly from 6-7 on WXFM 106

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 PAL JOEY with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak.       | 18 DAMES AT SEA with David Christmas and Steve Elmore.      |
| 4 YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN with the original T.V. cast.    | 19 MAN OF LA MANCHA with Richard Kiley and Irving Jacobson. |
| 5 HELLO DOLLY with Carol Channing and David Burns.                | 20 FLOWER DRUM SONG with Miyoshi Umeki and Larry Blyden.    |
| 6 DAMN YANKEES with Gwen Verdon and Stephen Douglas.              | 21 CAROUSEL with John Raitt and Jan Clayton.                |
| 7 GODSPELL with Lamar Alford and Peggy Gordon.                    | 22 PETER PAN with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard.           |
| 8 TAKE ME ALONG with Jackie Gleason and Walter Pidgeon.           | 25 OVER HERE with the Andrews Sisters.                      |
| 11 SOUTH PACIFIC with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi.       | 26 OKLAHOMA with John Raitt and Florence Henderson.         |
| 12 ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO with Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow. | 27 KISS ME KATE with Alfred Drake and Patricia Morrison.    |
| 13 MOST HAPPY FELLA (part 1) with Robert Weede.                   | 28 BOYS FROM SYRACUSE with Ellen Hanley and Danny Carroll.  |
| 14 MOST HAPPY FELLA (part 2) with Robert Weede.                   | 29 ANDROCLES & THE LION with Noel Coward and Ed Ames.       |
| 15 KISMET with Gordon Mac-  |   |



**OVER HERE:** Biggest event this month is the expected release of KRAFTWERK's new LP *Europe Endless* . . . RANDY PIE single "England, England (We Can't Come)" is their next U.S. release. Meanwhile, the band is working on a live album . . . Hardly a month passes without something coming out here from down under. This month's Australian group is SHERBERT with some pleasant pop and their LP *Howzat* . . . If Bach is your bag, check into *Jon Santo Plays Bach*, an album of synthesized sounds from Germany . . . For jazz fans comes JOACHIM KUHN's *Springfever* out here on Atlantic. It includes Philip Catherine on guitar along with John Lee and Gerry Brown, bass and drummer from Larry Coryell's 11th House . . . *Jazz Gala Concert* is another album produced in Germany and featuring some of the world's most renowned jazz names. The concert was assembled to inaugurate a new German T.V. jazz series. The LP includes hot playing by Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, Nat Adderly, Grady Tate, Peter Herbolzheimer, Albert Mangelsdorff, Art Farmer and many others. "A jazz fan's dream" . . . A collection of early PFM recordings has been released here on the Cosmos label as part of their collector series. Coming

from Cosmos next month is an album by French group TRANSIT EXPRESS and an album by Greek group SOCRATES.

**OVER THERE:** CAN have recorded a new studio LP called *Slow Motion* and it should be in the import racks by the time you read this . . . ELOY's fourth album is called *Dawn* and is on EMI . . . Hottest act in Germany is UDO LINDENBERG & DAS PANIC ORCHESTER. Their new album is called *Galaxo Gang* and it's being imported here . . . Other albums worth watching for in the import bins include: FINCH *Beyond Expression*, a progressive Dutch band with one previous U.S. release. HAWKWIND *Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music*; these British space-rockers have taken on a new label (Charisma) and attempt several new musical directions with good success. LE ORME *Smogmagica*; Italian band produced by Reverberi. . . THE BLUE EFFECT *A Benefit of Radim Hladik*, progressive rock/jazz fusion from Czechoslovakia. VANGELIS *Can You Hear the Dogs Barking?*, film soundtrack by Greek keyboard virtuoso. His last U.S. release, *Heaven and Hell* featured a track with vocal by Jon Anderson. The first two albums by SOLUTION, *Divergence* and *Solution*, are now easily available in the import bins. . . NEKTAR's *A Tab in the Ocean*, is available here on Passport, and it's a completely remixed version of the original, released in Germany.

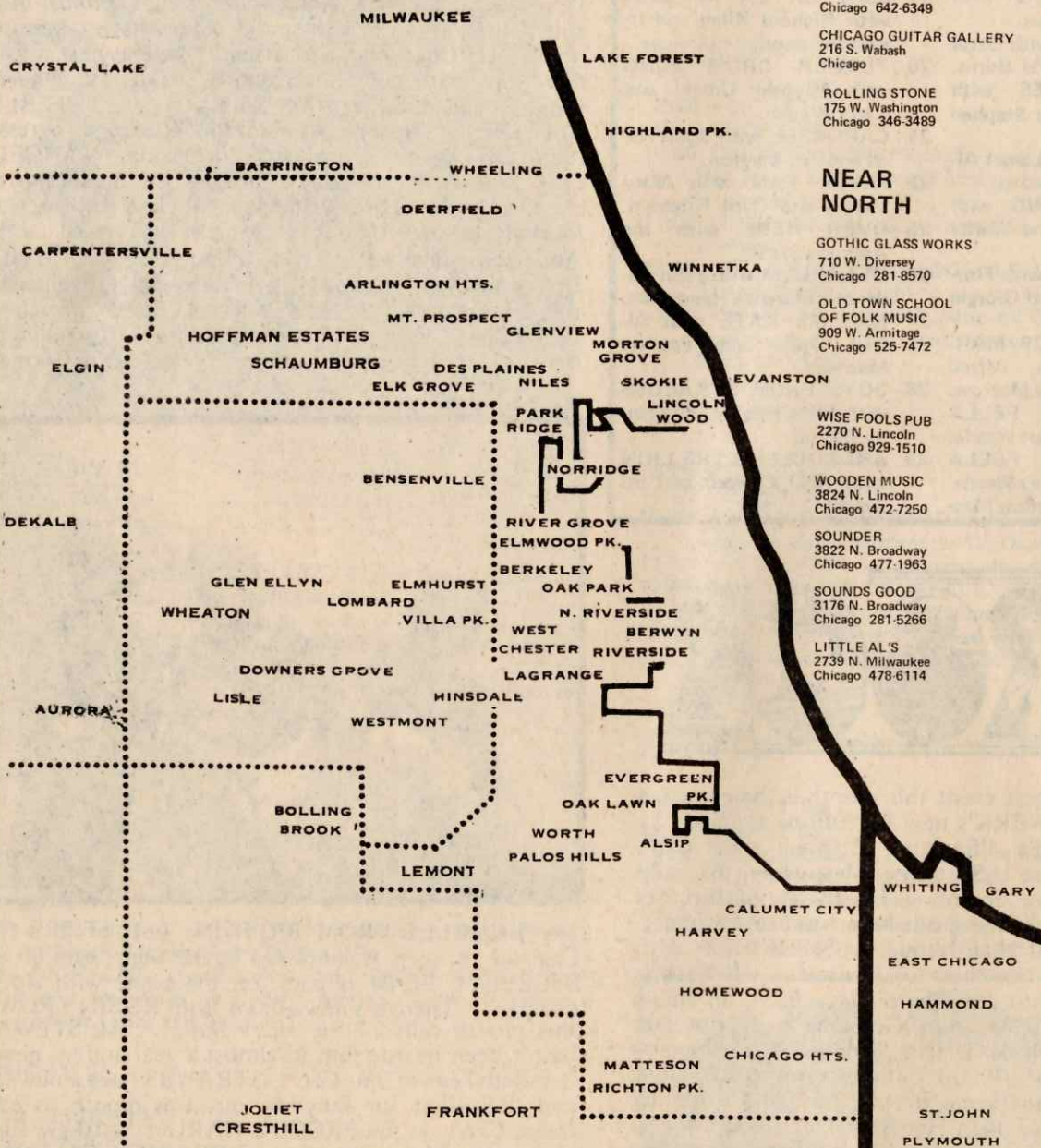


**BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN:** Lots of LP's from England to keep Anglophiles up to their ears in wax. STEELEYE SPAN is back on the scene with *Rocket Cottage*. There's a new album from ROBIN TROWER this month called *Long Misty Days*. . . AL STEWART hasn't been heard from in almost a year and his new LP is called *Year of the Cat*. . . STRAWBS have a new label and their first for Polydor, out this month, is called *Deep Cuts*. . . Ex-PROCOL HARUM Matthew Fisher has produced an album by RODERICK FALCONER called *New Nation*. . . MANFRED MANN's new album, *The Roaring Silence*, is an outstanding accomplishment. It includes a tune written by Bruce Springsteen and another by Mike Herron of I.S.B. fame. . . RINGO STARR's new single, "A Dose of Rock and Roll" features Peter Frampton on lead guitar. . .

# TRIAD

The Magazine/The Radio WXM 106 Chicago

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