

THE MIDWEST'S LARGEST FREE MAGAZINE

TRIAD

MAY 1977



BOSTON
ZZ TOP
SWINGING SINGLES
TRIAD SONG
CONTEST RESULTS

BLONDIE
ON
BLONDIE

"I WOULDN'T
DO ANYTHING
ONSTAGE...
THAT I
WOULDN'T DO
OFF..."

TRIAD RADIO WXFM 106 CHICAGO

Editor's Page



Lately ye olde rock critic establishment has wasted a lot of good pulp-stock railing against rock 'n' roll menopause. If some of the direr predictions are to be believed, rock has already gone the way of virginity and the village green. To my way of thinking, this blanket dismissal is just a wee bit hasty. Not only has New York's peculiar brand of punk-pretentions found its way into the heartlands, but more mainstream performers—ranging from angry young Englishmen like Graham Parker, Phil Lynott and Frankie Miller to home-fed proponents of the sound and the fury like Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (to be profiled next month), Bob Seger and Bruce Springsteen—have spread the gospel as well.

The magic is still in the music and the music, despite the record cartel's strenuous efforts at homogenization, is still in us all. The worst that can be said of the current crop of rockers is that they are highly derivative artists, drawing sustenance and inspiration from '60s rock elder statesmen like the Stones, The Who, The Byrds and The Beatles.

No band better represents this fertile cross-breeding than Blondie, TRIAD's cover talisman, who sound like a dizzy rock detergent advertisement; Phil Spector's bleach, Shangri-La's detergent and Beach Boys' fabric softener. If you're old enough to remember Tuesday Weld, then I need not introduce Blondie's B-movie chanteuse, Debbie Harry. Her bleached, buxom iconography derives from the cartoon strips and drive-in double headers of our freewheeling adolescence. As Beth Segal's witty and incisive story reveals, Debbie is no one-dimensional sexotic stick figure either: she can mix it up with her Beatle-booted boy band with the spunk of someone who may have had her mouth washed out with soap but never lost her taste for cheap wine and thrills.

Elsewhere in the issue: All you wanted to know about Boston and I don't mean the Red Sox by Bruce Meyer, who also weighs in with a charming commentary on ZZ Top, the Yellow Rock-Roses of Texas who love thier buffalo meat so dearly they bring it on stage with them (Bruce's boots have smelled like a stockyard ever since). Also: Cary Baker's 19th Teenage Nervous Breakdown sequel, complete with a special report on the Gizmos, the filthiest and funniest band to emerge from Indiana since Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts left Indianapolis for a permanent engagement at Menninger's Clinic. And from Clark Peterson, our man on the wrong end of the San Andreas Fault, comes the hot poop on Commander Cody's new ensemble of hot licks and cold steel. The Commander is not only famous for staring down Angie Dickinson's pair of pom-poms but also wields a mighty left hook, as one of Chitown's semiretired rock critics can well attest.

The Cover: Originally to be shot at one of our city's more notorious arcades but Miss Debbie was so swamped by male well-wishers that we were forced to adjourn to a less exotic setting—namely the Holiday Inn little ladies' room, where our photo crew managed to dampen their passion with frequent sojourns under the showerhead.

Next month: Master Race Rock from the Dictators; Country music kissing cousins; Tom Petty, the heartbreak kid, tells his side of the story; plus exclusive interviews with Van Morrison and Keith Emerson. Also, a fond Jamaica farewell to outgoing art director Katina Holmgren, who is off to design a series of Alaskan Pipeline discotheques, and a warm welcome to Mark Hoedebecke, who looks hale and hearty (but that won't last long).

Patrick Goldstein

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER FIVE
MAY 1977

Publisher
Dan Bacin

Editor
Patrick Goldstein

Art Director
Katina Holmgren

Arts Editor
Charles W. Pratt

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

Production Manager
Laura Raidonis

Production Staff
Mark Hoedebecke
Kristine Brunovskis
Christine Miller
Christine Harmon
Miles Okumura
Rennie S. Treadswell
Rudy DeKeersmaecker

Contributing Artists & Photographers

Photo Reserve
Ed Meredith
Dean Simmon
David Wojdyla
Al DiFranco
Bill Sosin
Joy Dowell
Gary Jones

Circulation
Dick Roche

Sales Manager
Jason Perlman

Sales
Anita Marshall

Managing Director
Rob Gillis

Program Director
Saul Smaizys

TRIAD Magazine is published monthly by TRIAD Productions, 7428 N. Paulina, Chicago, Ill. 60626. Subscriptions: \$9.00 per year. Application to mail at controlled circulation rates is pending at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright © 1977 Triad Productions. All rights reserved.

TELEPHONES

Station, during program only
943-7474

Office, during business hours only
973-1277

Feedback

ROCK CRITIC WIPES FLOORS

Dear TRIAD,

I am a 16 yr old rock fan who has been reading TRIAD for about a year and a half now. Your magazine has turned me on to the music you play. I just used to listen to WDAI & WXRT but now I get into WXFM a lot. But the reason I'm writing is in reference to one of your writers for your magazine. His name is Cary Baker. He is young, vibrant, and I really believe he is one of the few writers who really knows what rock & roll is all about. His last article, the "Punks of Yesteryear" in the December TRIAD shows that he knows local music like the back of his hand.

I also feel like I have a kinship to him, because my brother used to know him in college. My brother always thought he knew a lot about music until he met Cary. My brother was no match for Cary, because Cary wiped the floor with my bro on the subject of music.

Well, I just want Cary Baker to know at least he has one fan out here. Good luck with TRIAD.

Hope to meet him sometime,

Dave Murrow
5206 N. Meade
Chicago, Ill

P.S. Hey Cary, how 'bout an article on Ted Nugent???

Ed. reply: Aw come on Cary, I recognize the handwriting.

DEAR CROSSING

Dear TRIAD,

Unfortunately for you, you are not so dear to me any longer. I have been a devoted listener for four years and I have two years and three months of TRIAD Guides (Dave Chiappetti beats me by one issue). But Dave and I think the same as well as many other longtime devotees of XFM. I can no longer refer to you as a progressive radio station and I can no longer call your magazine the best in Chicago. Free or not; I'd just as soon buy a copy of **down beat** for some good reading rather than pick up your freebie for crap! Hell! If I wanted to read about Elton John, Kiss and the Run-aways, I'd buy Creem or Circus. If I wanted to read about groupies and who was the best lay, I'd pick up a good hot stag magazine. But Godamnit! I want to read about good, progressive rock and jazz. I want to read about the Chicago Music Scene and TRIAD news flashes. How come there's no concert review on Jean-Luc Ponty? It was a damn good

show! No. It's not only the magazine, it's the radio too. (What the hell is Rock Around the World without stopping in the odenwald for a good interview with Guru Guru?) If I want disco, I'll listen to WGCI! If I want to hear Patti Smith's lousy voice, I'll turn to WXRT.

You people may think you're gaining more listeners and readers, but strange as it may seem you're losing the best ones you ever had; the ones that were there from the beginning!

Susan Lytton

CHAIN LIGHTNING

SAINT ANTOINE'S

This chain that comes from Venezuela was written by Antoine de Sidi, missionary from South America. Since that chain must make a tour of the world, you must make 20 copies identical to this one and send it to your friends, parents and acquaintances. After a few days you will get a surprise. Constantine Disco received the chain in 1953. He asked secretary to make 24 copies and sent them. A few days later he won the lottery of 2,000,000 dollars in his country. Carlos Brandt, an office worker, received the chain. He forgot it and lost it. A few days later he lost his job. He found the letter, sent out 24 copies and 9 days later he got a better job. Zerín Berreskilli received the chain. He did not believe in it and threw it away. Nine days later he died. Ken Friedman, an artist, tried the chain. Within nine days he received a great deal of help on two projects and a major exhibition at a big museum. He added these facts to the second chain he received, which he promptly sent out again. Frequently people have received money. Don Elliot got 68,000 dollars but lost it because he broke the chain. Henrik have received a great message nine days after receiving this letter. General Walsh received this letter in the Philip-pines, received 775,000 dollars but six days later lost his life because he failed to circulate the chain.

For no reason should this chain be broken.

PRAYER

Trust in the Lord with all your heart and all will acknowledge that he will light the way. This prayer has been sent to you for Good Luck; the original copy came from the Netherlands. It has been around the world ten times. The luck has been sent to you. You are to receive the Good Luck four days after receiving this letter. It is not a joke. You will receive Good Luck in the mail. Send twenty copies of this letter to people you think need Good Luck. Please do not

send money. Do not keep this letter. It must leave within 96 hours after you receive it. Please send 20 copies and then see what happens on the fourth day after. Add your name to the bottom of this and leave off the name at the top when copying this letter. You may add information about what happened to you if you ever received this chain before.

Joyce Menaged
Clare Rendlehem
Ricci Lewis
Neville Shulman
David Courtney
Larry Yaskiel
Mike Doud
Lynsey de Paul
Ruth Helliwell
Barbara Biswell
Carole Dwight
Nick Heath
Eric Hall
Jon Smith
Louise Fares
Colette Reedman
Leon Wilson

David Walker
Nicky Chinn
BARRY DICKENS
TONY BURFIELD
TONY STRATTON-SMITH
Kevin Ryan
Max Stein
Tony Taite
NIGEL THOMAS
CHRIS KINSEY
ROD THEAR
STAN WEBB
Mike Vernon
Joseph E. Wright (Joe Jammer)
Trudi Garber
Mike Freeman

Ed. reply: Tough luck kids. If you got this far, you're trapped. Just tear out this page, make 20 copies and send 'em to somebody who deserves the aggravation. I suggest The Eagles. Remember-Zerín Berreskilli threw his letter away. Nine days later he died. Could Glenn Frey be next? Here's hoping. . . .

TRIAD
The Magazine / The Radio W X F M 106 Chicago

TRIAD Productions
7428 North Paulina Chicago 60626
(312)973-1277

CONTENTS



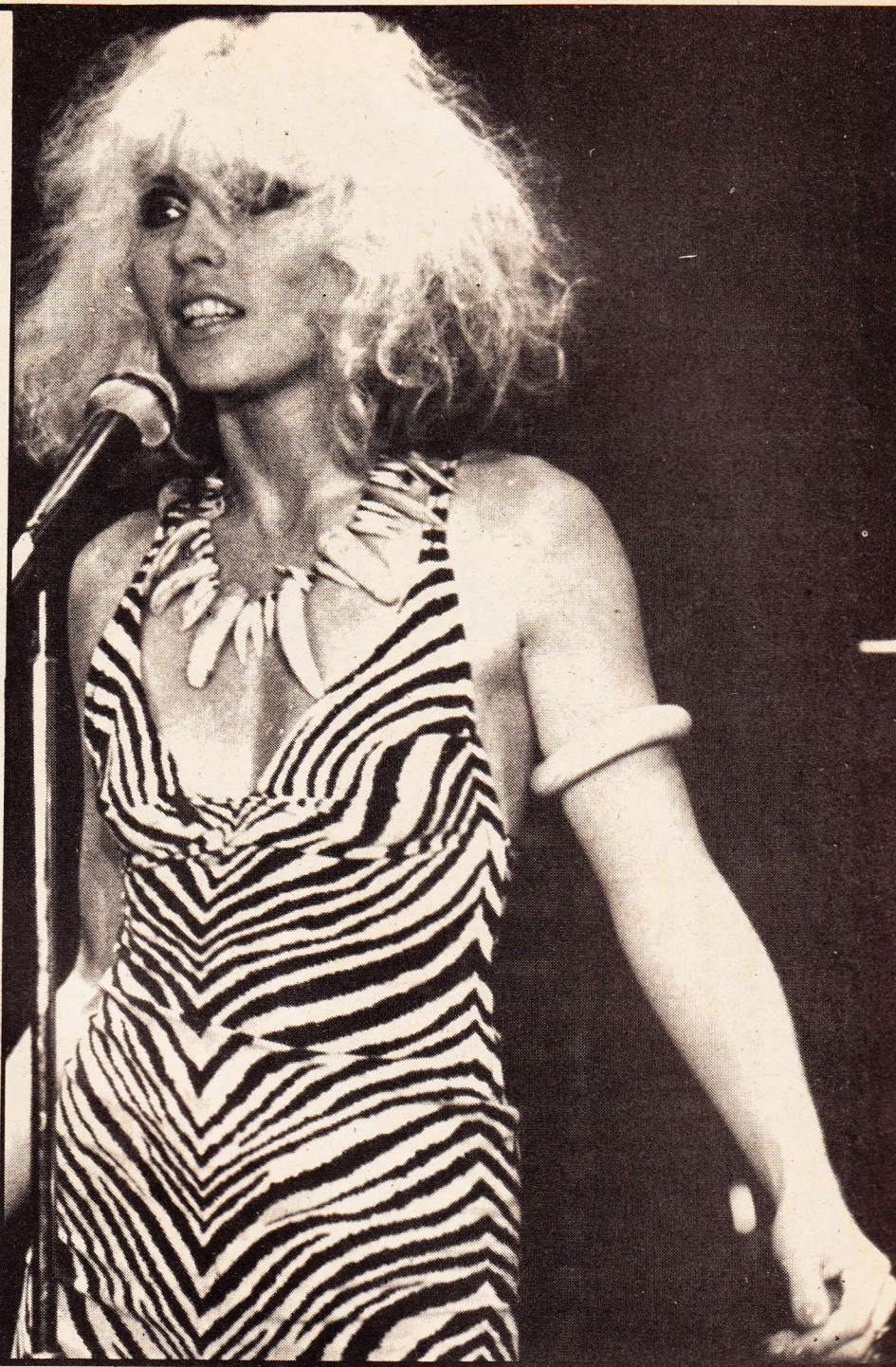
Editor's Page	2	Blondie on Blondie:	
Feedback	4	"I won't bleed for my audience"	7
Land of 1,000 Dances	26	by Beth Segal	
Jazz, Once A Month	28	Paint It Gold:	
Ransom Notes	33	The Boston Strangler has more than a feeling	12
Reggae Riffs	34	by Bruce Meyer	
Beggar's Banquet	36	Swinging Singles:	
Hollywood Grapevine	37	More 19th teenage nervous breakdowns	16
Mind Games	38	by Cary Baker	
Astrology	39	Rock On The Range:	
Stage, Page & Screen	48	Live stock from ZZ Top	20
Playbill	49	by Bruce Meyer	
Movies	50	The New 1977 Commander Cody:	
Books	53	No more hot rod Lincolns	22
Cosmic Books	59	by Clark Peterson	
Concerts	63	Contest Ends! Contest Ends!	
Clubs	70	Answer to last month's songwriting contest	25
Records	72		
Radio News	79		
Choice 33	84		
Distributors	86		
Audio Calendar	88		

BLONDIE ON BLONDIE :



I WON'T BLEED FOR MY AUDIENCE

BY BETH SEGAL



"Hey, look what I bought!" Deborah Harry holds aloft a copy of Doris Day's autobiography as she steps out of the Holiday Inn Drugstore. For a second, you could mistake the scrubbed-clean blonde in the fluffy pink sweater and high ponytail for Lady Day herself, or for a coed debutante 20 years out of touch with time.

So much for the first impressions, because this lady isn't anybody's sorority sweetheart. Two hours later, after the make-up is on and costume changed, Deborah Harry is Our Favorite Femme Fatale, the lead vocalist, the songwriter and The Blonde of Blondie, the band that has more fun.

"I love reading autobiographies, especially of show business people," says Debbie, back to the reading matter at hand. Right now, she's in the middle of *A Book* by Desi Arnez. "A really great man. All this stuff that's happened to him, and he's

kept going. He's got this attitude of positive thinking that I've tried to adopt. Otherwise, the whole thing gets to you. This business is self-destructive, you've really got to keep your head clear." Earlier, she had cited Janis Joplin as an example "... she had to sacrifice herself. Every time she went out on stage, she had to bleed for her audience."

Earlier in her career, you would have guessed that Debbie was a likely candidate to inherit Joplin's place. She was born in Miami and grew up in New Jersey. Her musical debut was with the Hawthorne church choir when she was 8 years old. That career ended four years later, when she dropped out of choir to pursue more secular thrills.

Her next engagement was with a late '60s hippie band, Wind in the Willows. Debbie, then a brunette, played finger



cymbals and sang back-up vocals. When the band broke up in 1968, Debbie herself had a breakdown of sorts. She was staying in New York, making money waiting on tables at Max's Kansas City—then the semi-official Andy Warhol club house—and getting by on drugs.

"I was crazy. I was completely out of my mind. I was really fucked up," she once reminisced. "For a long time, I tried to blank blocks of my life out. . . I like the high, there's nothing better, but I couldn't stand the scene. You have to deal with the extortionists." So she quit it all, drugs, scene and New York and went back to the folks in Hawthorne.

But music became an obsession with her, and after a stint at a health spa in Paramus as an exercise instructor, and some time as a Playboy bunny, "pretty disgusting work," she went back to New York to try it again.

That was when the tide turned for her. Drugs had gotten her through a rough time and she'd survived. "I was ready to go on as a person without any help, assured of what I was."

1972 was the year of the New York Dolls in the Big Apple. Debbie joined the troop of followers and started hanging around the Mercer Art Center, the Dolls' center of operations. There, she ran into some of the old Warhol crowd and heard about a quasi-girl group called Pure Garbage, featuring Holly Woodlawn and specializing in kitsch-rock, that had just disbanded. A few words in proper directions, and when one of the girls put the group back together, Debbie found herself back onstage.

But the band did less singing than arguing about what kind of a stage image they wanted. Their producer wanted class, some of the girls wanted tack and "it was all so ridiculous that I said I wanted to do my own thing again and I left."

When she did, she took the band with her: Chris Stein on lead guitar, Fred Smith on bass and Billy O'Connor on drums. They took the name Blondie when two back-up blondes, Jackie and Julie, joined up, because it seemed to fit. The name proved to be a temporary nemesis when, just before their first gig, Jackie decided to go brunette.

That was the beginning of a spate of bad luck. Ivan Kral, who joined when Jackie and Julie left, transferred to the Patti Smith group. Two more vocalists came and went, Billy went crazy and finally Fred Smith decamped to join Television.

In retrospect, Debbie understands that era a little better. "It was the nonperiod of rock. TV, the Ramones and us were just playing around, but there was no publicity, no attention focused on anyone." It was an empty time for New York rock and everybody drifted around just from boredom.

But as Blondie got its current personnel together with Debbie and Chris joined by Clemment Burke on drums, Gary Valentine on bass and Jimmy Destri on the Farfisa organ, the New York scene began picking up momentum. Patti Smith was the first to call attention to the N.Y. punk rock generation in general, and to the CBGB-Max's Kansas City bands in particular.

As Patti's fame increased, Television, the Ramones and Blondie were picked up by the press as the next wave in punk; following in Patti's footsteps with their free musical approach and studied street-punk manners.

The punk connection is one that Blondie backs away from, fast. "We're not a punk rock band," Chris insists. Punk, he went on to explain, is basically a visual concept with music. Blondie is primarily concerned with doing good songs and letting the show take its own natural course.



Debbie qualified, "There's some punk in us, sure. But there's so much else more."

"We're more of a synthesis of everything that's happened," added Clem.

"We write our own music without any conscious reference to any one specific thing," said Jimmy. "It's whatever we think of that sounds good and is fun to do. And then, one day, listening to an old album, or watching the late show, all of a sudden you realize, yeah, that's where I got it. It all comes from listening to music through the '50s and '60s and then switching over to TV around 1969."

The ultimate result of this media glut is a conglomeration of primal pre-Beatles rock music and post-Ed Sullivan sensibilities, with a strong emphasis on the Shangri-Las and Japanese science-fiction. Everybody writes material, resulting in such disparate offerings as Debbie and Gary's "X-Offender," about a street walker who falls for her arresting officer, Jimmy's paean to Leonard Bernstein and the Crystals, "Shark in Jet's Clothing," and Chris' monster-movie rumba, "Attack of the Giant Ants."

Somehow, it all comes out sounding pure Blondie, which is a pretty fine way to sound. Their debut album, *Blondie*, on Private Stock, is as entertaining as any first album I've heard. But to really appreciate them, one has to see them live. When the boys are onstage dishing out their stripped-down-for-action sound and

Debbie steps out in her black and white micro-dress, thigh-high black leather boots and shades, and belts into song with her tough-New-York-adenoids voice, then they're in their element.

Onstage, she's an improbable person out of another time, wearing her mini, or a very-bare leopard-skin or a wedding dress that happens to get ripped up to shreds by the end of the show. But she's always got the same glamorous ethereal pout that makes the little boys cheer without really knowing why.

In a way, she's reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop," except that Debbie sings on-key. There's the same sensual innocence and natural exuberance of being a "chanteuse"—with all those people out there in the audience listening to her.

She's been compared to a lot of people. Someone out there described her as "Candice Bergen playing Annette Funicello in Sam Peckinpah's remake of *Beach Blanket Bingo*."

But above all, it's more than an act. "It's really me up there," she insists. "I wouldn't do anything onstage that I wouldn't do off. It's funny, I couldn't imagine what it would be like singing onstage. The only way to know was to do it and so we did. And it's really fun. That's pretty much how we're different. Whatever we have fun doing, we keep. It's not a preconceived intellectual sort of thing with us, but what just comes naturally."

△



PAINT IT GOLD:

The Boston Guitar Strangler Has More Than A Feeling

BY BRUCE MEYER

There is no such thing in rock 'n' roll as an overnight sensation.

Instant stardom is a myth, once the dominion of Hollywood starlets, now the wide-eyed legacy of a million pimple-faced kids with second-hand Silvertone guitars.

Everyone knows (or should) that it takes time, sweat, money, relentless determination and a large economy-size serving of luck—plus a certain amount of musical talent—to make it into the big time.

Unfortunately for the world's true-blue realists, there occurs the occasional apparent exception to this rule. A band turns up that seems to defy the well-defined laws of "how to make it" in the Big Business of rock, coming out of nowhere and sliding into the top with little visible effort.

Such bands keep the myth alive. But never has there been such a myth-booster as Boston.

Boston did not exist 18 months ago, had never appeared on stage a year ago, had never sold a record to anyone until last fall. Now—just months after the release of the band's first album—Boston is filling the nation's largest concert halls and riding high aboard the third consecutive hit single to be pulled from that record. If ever there was an overnight sensation, Boston is it.

Boston is the brainchild of Tom Scholz, 29, a lanky engineering whiz kid from MIT who decided a few years back he'd rather make music than design gadgets for Polaroid. For three years or so after getting his master's degree in mechanical engineering, Scholz tried to go the traditional route, working by day for Polaroid, by night in the usual run of sleazy nightclubs and blues bars.

But it didn't work out and Scholz instead withdrew to his hand-built basement recording studio to begin turning out a series of demonstration tapes for record companies. Eventually Epic Records got one, listened, and asked Scholz to put a band together. That was the easiest part of all.

"I'd known all of these guys for a long time," says Scholz. "They're all old-timers, been playing in local groups in the Boston area. So we got this band together and played—we weren't much more than five warm bodies holding guitars at that point—and they took it."

Six months later, the album was on its way up the charts and Boston was on the road, headlining major halls the first time out and delighting audiences (if not critics, who had expected something a bit more polished) with their neat blend of mid-'60s sound (plenty of melody and vocal harmonies on a foundation of simple guitar riffs) and mid-'70s technology.

Scholz is one of the most easy-going people ever to mount a stage with an electric guitar in hand; he manages to be a perfectionist without the kind of tight-assed intensity so common among the current crop of budding rock stars. He wears glasses offstage, summons his broad grin often and says (it's obviously a quote that got strong response from the media) performing is "almost as good as sex."

I talked with him at his suite in the Ambassador East Hotel, the day after Boston's first (of two) sell-out shows at the Stadium.

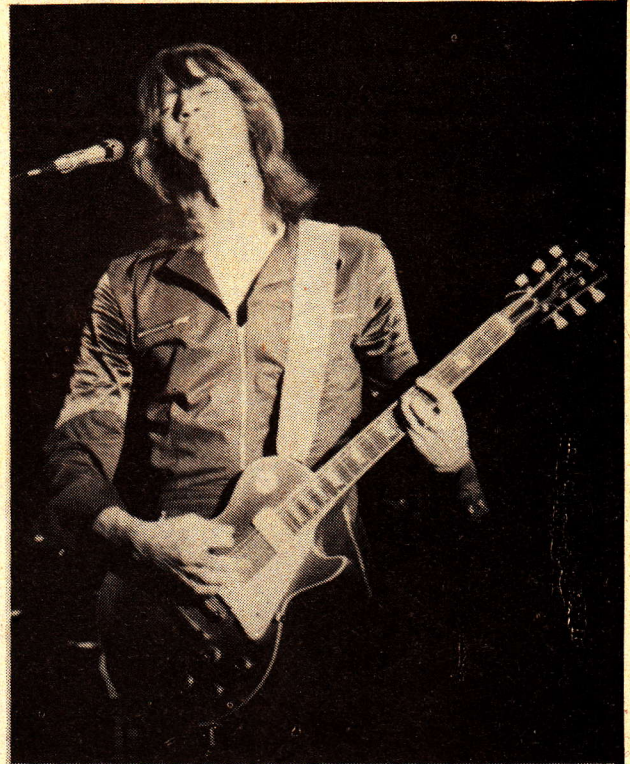


PHOTO BY DEAN SIMMON

MEYER: Last time you were here, you played the Uptown—and while the fans enjoyed it, I think critical response was less than ecstatic.

SCHOLZ: We were about 10 days into our first tour and as I recall, it was a pretty crude date for us. It was difficult—we didn't have our sound system for that show (something happened to the truck en route), so we scrounged up some old cabinets from the back of the theatre. This tour—I have to admit, I've enjoyed it a lot more.

M: How much time was there between the end of the last tour and the start of this one?

S: As far as I was concerned, it never stopped. We had, well, about five weeks of no jobs—we stopped right before Christmas—and we started the first of the year trying to get our stage steep together.

M: I admit I was surprised when I heard you were going into the Stadium at all, second time around. And when I heard you were doing two nights...

S: We couldn't believe it either. They had those dates set up right at the beginning of the tour. They said, 'We're gonna book two Chicago Stadium dates.' Well, I didn't remember the name of the place we played before—the Uptown—and I thought he was talking about playing there again. So I said, 'You must be crazy—we already played there. Are you gonna get all 4,000 people to come back and see us again? And now you're gonna have it twice?' And then he told me what the Stadium was and



I said, 'How many seats? Forty thousand seats? Are you crazy?' But it worked out. (laugh) One of the smallest places we played this tour was in Boston, actually.

M: How has the hometown reacted to having its name in lights?

S: Well, we got a lot of help from the radio stations right from the start. And the audience reaction has been real good. We had a lot of hassles from the local—uh, underground papers, they weren't nice to us. They did the same thing to Aerosmith. Aerosmith was the first band that really broke out of Boston that didn't just get up and leave the city, like J. Geils. And those papers dumped all over them and have ever since they came out.

M: Do you have any personal explanation for the way the band has taken off?

S: Well, the music's appeal, age-wise, is really wide. Young kids like the album and so do people in their 30s. That's why it's got the numbers. We didn't know it at the time, but we were putting something out that had a huge market.

M: Did you have any inkling of what was going to happen with it? You've sold about two million copies of that record now...

S: No, no—in fact, we would have been real happy if we'd sold a couple hundred thousand units. That's sort of what—when we used to talk about it, we'd say, well, if this thing goes to 200,000, then we've done it. I didn't have any inkling that *anybody* would buy it, to tell you the truth. I'd been living with most of this music for a long time.

M: Why do you think it had such a wide appeal?

S: I'd like to think it had something to do with where the music comes from. Basically, it's the music I used to like when I was in high school. The Yardbirds, the Kinks, Beatles, Hollies. Later, the Left Banke, the Byrds—those kinds of bands. Singing bands that had really straightforward rock 'n' roll behind them. Ours is a little more, uh, *developed* musically than they were; I mean, I've been a musician for a long time and you get to where you have to have a little bit more than just banging out chords to keep yourself amused.

Triad May 1977

M: Even so, it's a pretty basic approach to music...

S: Sure. To me, the first thing—the most important thing—is the rock 'n' roll. If that isn't there, the rest of it is like garnishing without the main course. You've gotta have that and then if you want to make it a little bit fancier, without overindulging and destroying the effect of the song, that's fine. I only hope I can do it again.

M: Okay, what about the next album, since you mention it?

S: We don't have any cuts on tape yet. I have several songs selected and I have a bunch of new ones that I'm gonna work on. We do four songs on stage now that aren't on the first album and probably three of those will be on the next album.

M: Everyone is waiting to see what you do. You've got yourself a problem—it's a happy sort of problem, but one you have to face—of hitting big first time out of the bag. Now you've got to follow it up.

S: Yeah. And y'know, it's gonna take some time to get the album together. I'll tell you, I'm not looking forward to doing all the work that's involved. Because doing an album really is work. The tour—it's work, but it's having fun at the same time. An album is just work. I'm real optimistic about it and I'm not scared about the material or anything. I just wish there was some way of doing it without spending three or four months of drudgery in the studio and rehearsing and stuff.

M: Last time I talked with you, you suggested that there would be more ballad-type material on the next album. Does that still hold?

S: No—I sort of decided in retrospect that we'd be better off keeping the same sort of balance of rock 'n' roll we now have. For one thing, I want it in keeping with the same style that the first one had. The first album was really made the way I like it and it was a pleasant surprise to find out that a lot of other people did, too. So as long as that worked out, I'm gonna keep that style intact. I really like that record.

M: You wouldn't change it at all?

S: Well, there's a problem if your produce your own

record. It's called the 'cringe factor.' You know all the things that you don't like about the way that you did it—all the things that weren't quite mixed right, or whatever. So that's gonna make it more difficult. But as far as the music's concerned, y'know, it's fine.

M: Where would you put your cringe factor for that record, on a scale of 1 to 10?

S: Well, I guess I'd have to say it's reasonably low. When the record came out, I would have wanted to spend another couple of weeks on it, re-do a couple of mixes and so on. Actually, there was one whole song I wanted to re-record.

M: But the record company was pushing...

S: Yeah. I got 10 days out of them and at the end of 10 days I said, 'Another two weeks and it'll be perfect.' But I gave it a satisfactory and they went ahead with it. Before that 10 days, I gave it a terrible. So I don't feel too bad about it.

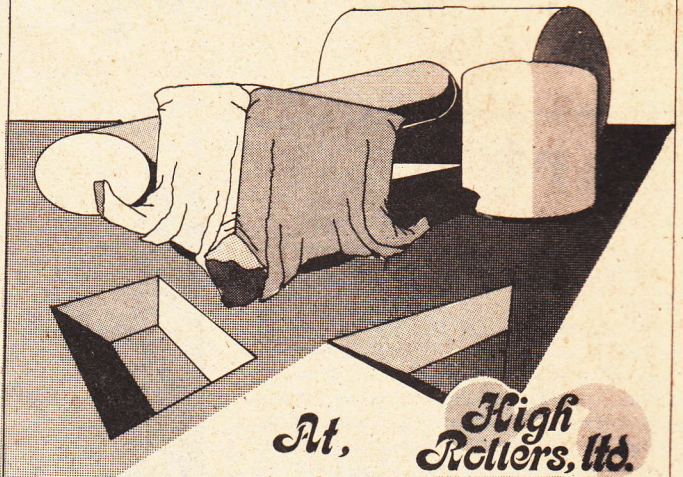
M: Do you have any thoughts about doing a solo album someday?

S: No—y'know, if I was up for doing solo work, I think I would have done it in the first place. I recognize that my talents fall in a certain area, which doesn't include lead singing or virtuoso guitar playing. That area does include things like arranging, producing and songwriting. So if I did a solo, I can't imagine what I would do different. I guess I'd feel differently about that if I'd felt that I'd been restricted about the material that I wanted on the record or if arrangements I wanted didn't go on the record, but I can't complain about that. Usually solo albums are either an ego trip or an outlet for some creativity that the person can't fulfill within the group.

M: And you don't have either of those problems?

S: (a grin) Well, I don't know—I may get stuck up later.

The Right Tool For The Job.



At, High Rollers, Ltd.

11638-B So. Crawford Ave. Alsip, Ill.

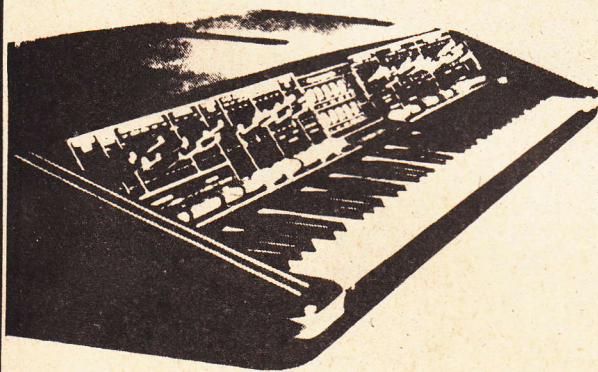
(312) 597-1076

WERE GOOD FOR YOUR HEAD



POLYMOOG

AT *Roselle Music*



THE POLYMOOG IS THE FIRST REALLY NEW AND EXCITING KEYBOARD INSTRUMENT. A FULLY POLYPHONIC ELECTRONIC SYNTHESIZER. WITH EIGHT VARIABLE PRESETS. YOU START WITH STRINGS, PIANO, HARPSICHORD, ORGAN, CLARINET, VIBES, BRASS AND FUNKY SOUNDS, AND MODIFY THEM DOZENS. EVEN HUNDREDS OF WAYS. SWITCH FROM ONE TO ANOTHER — INSTANTLY — NO LONGER DO YOU HAVE TO CARRY FOUR KEYBOARDS WITH YOU. ADD WAH TO PIANO, VIBRATO TO HARPSICHORD AND CREATE ENTIRELY NEW SOUNDS FROM SCRATCH. COME IN TO ROSELLE MUSIC TO SEE, HEAR, AND PLAY THIS EXCITING NEW INSTRUMENT. COME IN TODAY

Roselle Music

CHICAGOLAND'S KEYBOARD CENTER

529-2031

217 E. IRVING PARK ROSELLE ILL.

SWINGING SINGLES

more 19th teenage breakdowns

BY CARY BAKER

Part I

Bob Richert, an Indiana grad student in geology, published a small rock magazine out of his apartment in Bloomington in '73 called *Beyond Our Control*. Adopting the *nom de plume* of Mr. Bear, Richert turned out a few mimeographed issues before being left to weather the great fanzine blitz of that year. Greg Shaw, himself the editor of a popular small rock magazine, *Bomp*, plugged Richert's publication, resulting in a barrage of response from hard-core rock'n'rollers (Shaw always held the Stooges and the Shadows of Knight to be *Bomp*'s sacred cows). And with the sway in readership came a more rock-oriented *Beyond Our Control*. Two of the magazine's most faithful contributors on the heavy metal beat were Eddie Flowers of Jackson, Alabama, a 14-year-old, geographically-sequestered rock'n'roll diehard, and Ken Highland of Brockport, N.Y., roughly the same age, and equally the metal monger.

In time, Eddie took Ken to task on his writings and vice versa until the two formed a solid correspondence, largely based on envisioning the ultimate rock'n'roll band, one that would take two parts Stones to one part Dust, that would ravage the world with unashamed rock assault. Finally, the two rendezvoused in Bloomington and stayed up nights plotting their dream band piece by piece. Richert, by this time, had temporarily laid aside the study of rocks to pursue a livelihood in rock'n'roll. As a free agent, he edited a local radio station's monthly program guide (which acquired a national readership), wrote for several local alternative publications and kept an eagle eye on a few small Indiana recording firms.

When Ken and Eddie had brought their rock dreams to fruition (collaborating with six mangy musicians from the Gary/Hammond area), the newly-coined Gizmos were set to take on the world. Richert, set to step into the role of label proxy, recorded six songs for an extended-play single (EP), at a Bloomington basement studio called Homegrown. The bill was \$70.

For an investment of roughly \$600, Richert mastered, matrixed, pressed and shipped 1,000 copies of the Gizmos' EP. Approximately 100 were sent to the rock press and radio stations. But few radio stations would touch it. And Richert was booted out of a Cin-



PHOTO BY BOB RICHERT

cinatti pressing plant who objected to the record's blatant crudity. Garnished with a glossy picture sleeve and notes by rock press denizen R. Meltzer, the record became an instant cult item. The Gizmos were sailing. The only trouble was that the Gizmos didn't exist.

Ken Highland, acting in his history of capricious moves, became Kenneth E. Highland, U.S.M.C. Eddie returned to his Alabama town, presumably no larger than Plains, Ga., or Black Oak, Ark. The bulk of the Gizmos resumed academic pursuits at IU or day jobs in Hammond. All while the critics raved. "I predict superstardom for the Gizmos," waxed Greg Shaw in *Bomp*. *Creem*, *Back Door Man* and *Trouser Press* followed suit. Although scattered to the four winds, the Gizmos were the hottest item in the rock underworld. Much to the surprise of Bob Richert, his efforts (albeit of promoting a group that existed on vinyl only) were heralded as a frontier of the growing "Back To The 45" movement.

"Had we released the Gizmos EP back in the summer, we might have gotten in on some of the garage label stories that were coming out in all the New York sheets," Richert says. "But it might turn out it was better that we weren't."

"At the same time, we did get in at the right time. I fear that this 'new wave' bandwagon may one day go the route of San Francisco and Southern rock. By the time the stuff goes mass, it's much worse than that material that spawned the interest initially. Look at *Live At CBGB's*—most of the better New York artists were already swallowed up by the conglomerates by the time CBGB's became hip."

In the meantime, Richert checks P.O. Box 635 at the Bloomington post office daily and ships some 20 orders each day for the Gizmos record. And as the word spreads, orders came from such far ports as Helsinki, Auckland and Kyoto. Writeups persist in newsstand rock magazines, fanzines and a growing crop of foreign rock press. For the time being, Richert is content to remain a resident of his university town, much of which has openly shunned the Gizmos. Again, it's the crudity.

"Most bands don't realize exactly how inexpensive it is to put out their own record," Richert says.

In the future for Gulcher Records is a Gizmos LP and a short tour when Marine Highland can get a leave.

The Gizmos story shows, if somewhat too archetypically, what kind of notoriety can be acquired by a barely-existent band and a \$600 budget.

And nobody played synthesizers.

Part II



In the March issue, we discussed the cult resurgence of 45s in a heretofore LP-dominated record market. In two months time, more singles than we ever dreamed possible have been brought to our attention.

While in L.A. recently, I was struck by the outright shortage of rock clubs in the area, the type we have so many of around Schaumburg and Wheeling. Simply, their rock 'n' roll hotspots included the Starwood, Roxy and Whisky, and scant little else. I did notice, however, that everytime I entered a record store, local bands had pressed up their own 45s and EPs and had them displayed. It's an odd but fascinating alternative to the years of live showcasing that Chicagoans insist on. And it wasn't only L.A. area talent that was pressing away. Seems that with the exception of Chicago (represented only by labels like Kiderian), the "new wave" singles hail from points widespread—New York, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, London, even Bloomington, Indiana.

A visit to Hollywood's Tower Records (reputed to be the nation's busiest and most comprehensive diskery) revealed that the merchandising of "new wave" rock 'n' roll singles has far transcended its novelty stigma. Tower, who meticulously categorize and display small label 45s on their countertop, are joined by Moby Disc, Rhino, Licorice Pizza and others in the the stock they've placed in the return of the 45 at the collectors' level.

An excitement is plain among L.A. rock 'n' roll fans, and the ultimate forecast is more far-reaching than just a simple addition to the vinyl glut. These singles by the Nerves, Sex Pistols, Count Bishops, Pits and Flamin' Groovies, all in their respective laminated picture sleeves, recall shades of '66, when the release of a new Kinks or Rolling Stones single was cause for celebration. The music's much the same, but so is the prevalent reception. Says Bomp Records founder Greg Shaw, "Historically, it *feels* right."

But the fans of back-to-the-roots rock 'n' roll stand to benefit in yet another way from the "new wave" cult. The movement is rock's first real "underground" since 1967, and while it's true that no Zappa or Hendrix figures will emerge from this underground, rock 'n' roll will be returned to the *fans*. Clearly, AM and FM radio stations have not embraced the new music, and the record conglomerates are taking a wait-and-see stance. The major labels will sign (and have signed) many of the more successful names (Television and Patti Smith come to mind, and they were signed largely because attention from small-label singles demanded it). And for the first time in recent memory, artists will be given the opportunity to test-run product and benefit from criticism directed to their mailboxes by the collectors and fans themselves.

The "new wave" is making itself more known each day, and contrary to skeptics, it's ultimately a positive force. Here is a compendium of the best (and worst) of the new product.

THE NERVES—"Hangin' On The Telephone," "When You Find Out," "Working Too Hard" and "Give Me Some Time" (Nerves Records, no number): From note one, the Nerves' self-released EP emerges as the best of the recent crop. There isn't a wasted moment on any of the four cuts, just harmony-lined British Invasion-styled punk-rock of the kind that's getting all too rare in what the rock press has left a self-conscious genre. No intros or solos enter into this amazingly skeletal display (so skeletal that the guitarist plays a subservient role to the bassist). "Hangin'" is vaguely reminiscent of Alice Cooper's "Under My Wheels," though stripped of the Coop's incandescent delivery. A fellow critic has commented he therefore feels the Nerves' music lacks presence, but in their minimalist approach, something interesting is definitely happening. "Working Too Hard" and "When You Find Out" are very Beatlesish, and both are potential hits.

The Nerves typify the entire "new wave" in that no member emerges the frontman or dazzle-baron. But this is the age of the *group*, and who can remember the name of the lead singer from Bubble Puppy? (\$3 from Bomp, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, Cal. 91510).

VENUS & THE RAZORBLADES—"Punk-A-Rama" & "Press Conference" (Bomp 107): This is the L.A.-based group flogged everywhere from Random Notes to Rock Talk as Kim Fowley's revenge after an unamicable parting with the Runaways (with whom he's since reunited). The Blades seem to have been assembled under the most capricious circumstances possible (forever a Fowley follie), Venus being a 17-year-old snotnose kid from the Valley. The group was such a disaster that they disbanded after one studio track, "Punk-A-Rama," fittingly cut at Ego Studios under Fowley's growingly questionable auspices. "Punk-A-Rama" is five minutes of one of the most belabored three-chords ever, with a pseudo-punk spoken portion that touts the greatness of the New York Dolls and Ramones. The flip is an abhorrent "press conference," the interviewer being Sunset Strip's leading scenemaker Rodney Bingenheimer, who entangled with Fowley's ill-advised quips, make this interview as forced as the group's attempt at a recording on the A-side. Overall, the effect is one of unyielding irritation, and one wonders why, other than for sheer posterity, Greg Shaw of Bomp would have released this. Although not one of the "new wave"'s better offerings, this is entertaining in its very ineptness. (\$2 from Bomp, address above).

PRIMITIVE—*Pre-Velvet Lou Reed* (The Beachnuts, The Primitives, The Roughnecks, no label or number): For those who think Lou Reed never cracked a smile (short of a few closet guffaws following **Metal Machine Music**), this reissue of four very obscure pre-Velvet Underground Reed and John Cale presents evidence to the contrary. In the years since the Primitives recorded "Cycle Annie" (*Now Cycle Annie she got a guy named Joe/He tails her around everywhere she goes/Now I ain't sayin' nothin', ain't sayin' I mind/But when both of them got on that bike, it's Joe that sits behind*), Lou's voice and delivery have changed remarkably little. "Cycle Annie" is to Lou, however, what "Barbara Ann" is to the Beach Boys—an impromptu studio free-for-all that worked. These maniacal crypto-surf sounds of 1964 Long Island grunge, augmented not only by Cale's dog barks and one of the most inept guitar breaks in the history of rock (Lou's, of course) make this a must. (\$3 from Gregg Turner, 4857 Beeman Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal. 91607).

JOHN MENDELSON'S THE PITS—"Hollywood Can Be Cruel," "You're The Pits," "Autumn Approaching" & "Where's My Jane" (Bomp EP-105): Judging from this offering from the former *Rolling Stone* critic and Christopher Milk veteran, John Mendelsohn must be the most depressed man in the rock world, or the most paranoid, maybe both. His first recording in years takes the form of a rock'n'roll "Day Of The Locust." "Hollywood" is a thoroughly death-motivated look at Tinsel Town, while "Where's My Jane" is a Sparksish song about a not-so-on-the-ball gentleman whose beloved has stepped out with "whom I presume is a man." Don't be fooled by the packaging which portrays Mendelsohn the glitter king, brandishing the plague of death among hard-core rockers: "Designed For Disco Dancing." Don't believe it; it's all part of what is for the most part a huge put-on. Also, Mendelsohn plays a minute role in the actual performance, relegating himself to synthesizer while others tackle vocal, guitar and percussion chores. Effective as a curiosity. (\$3 from Bomp, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, Cal. 91510).

TELEVISION—"Little Johnny Jewel, Pts. 1 & 2" (ORK 81975, mono): This innovative New York outfit signed with Elektra a few months after this limited-press single (now a collectors' item) circulated and garnered favorable reviews. More than anything on the newly-released Elektra LP, this cut brings the beat-era influence upfront, with many jazz runs and effects done with skeletal rock instrumentation. Interesting, and haunting in the light of the group's new-found publicity. (\$1.25 from ORK, P.O. Box 159, Cooper St., New York, N.Y. 1003).

GIZMOS—"That's Cool (I Respect You More)," "Chicken

record your OWN

SWINGIN' SINGLE, ALBUM, or DEMO TAPES

We specialize in 45s and EPs

1,000 records, \$250 and up.
Smaller quantities available

4-Track Studio Rates — \$10 per hour
(8- and 16-track available)

(312) 492-1374

melody line

productions

Queen," "Muff Divin'," and "Mean Screen" (Gulcher EP-001): A highly primitive punk group with almost no redeeming value whatsoever, *except*: a) "Muff Divin'" wins the left-field award for lyrics for '77, and lead vocalist Krazee Ken Highland delivers them believably; b) All four tunes are cops from 12 X 5-era Stones, Stooges, MC5 and Velvet Underground, a true rocker's cornucopia; and c) The members should know better. Three are published rock critics. Filled with in-jokes and X-rated humor, the Gizmos' first EP (an album is in the works) will probably get no farther than the mail order market. But it's well worth a listen. (\$2.50 from Gulcher, P.O. Box 635, Bloomington, Ind. 47401).

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR—"Hold Back The Night," "Sweet On You," "White Honey" & "Soul Shoes" (Mercury 45-74000): This doesn't really fit in with other records mentioned in this piece, but it's evidence that Mercury (along with Sire) is the first major label to acknowledge the "underground" market. For Graham Parker, fast developing into the cult figure that Springsteen was before the storm, Mercury brainstormed and released this EP. You'd have to see it to believe it, but this record is pressed in opaque shocking pink, and a limited number rolled off the presses, insuring that this will be a collectors' item within weeks. Musically, it's worth looking for too, if only because the two new studio tracks ("Hold Back" and "Sweet") are among Parker's finest ever. Two live versions of cuts from the first album are included too. A Parker fan's feast! Good luck trying to find a copy.

CHARLIE FEATHERS—"That Certain Female" & "She Set Me Free" (Rollin' Rock 45-025): What comes after punk? According to Greg Shaw, it's rockabilly, and Ron Weiser's Van Nuys-based Rollin' Rock Records is thriving in anticipation of this possibility. Feathers, a vintage '50s rockabilly artist, offers one of the most authentic servings of the real thing you'll hear this year. Real slappin' string bass, reverbed vocals, garbage can percussion, the whole shot. A guaranteed party record (\$2 from Ronny Weiser, 6918 Peach Ave., Van Nuys, Cal. 91406).

THE HOUNDS—"Call Me" & "On The Road" (POJ 001): Firstly, this is *not* the Chicago band of the same name (I wish it were). The group here is a New York group containing *Stereo Review* pop editor Steve Simels on guitar. "Call Me" has hit possibilities, and is reminiscent of Dave Edmunds' work. "On The Road" has a Chuck Berry beat, but the female vocalist sounds like Linda Ronstadt. Hardly congruous, but by all means an earnest effort (\$2 from Bomp).

O. REX—"My Head's In '73," "Califawnia Gurls," "Suzi" (Oral OR-1): This one comes to us from Solomon Gruberger, editor of a rock fanzine called *O. Rextasy*, who happened to employ Gizmo-on-leave Ken Highland on guitar. The songs, which are primal to begin with, are marred by some of the worst sound imaginable (there's a credit to "Living Room Productions," if that explains things), and it's like playing somebody a cassette you made in the mezzanine at the Amphitheatre. Apart from that, these boys capture the true spirit of rock 'n' roll—basic, driving tunes, a concise delivery. Could be the garage record of the year, and though it's only May, I doubt if any will come close. A postscript: O. Rex is now Afrika Corps and has an album in the works. The single is \$2 from Gruberger at P.O. Box 206, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CHOIR—"I'd Rather You Leave Me," "Treeberry," "I Only Did It Cause I Felt So Lonely" (Bomp EP-104): This is the group who had a hit in '67 ("It's Cold Outside," Roulette) prior to becoming the Raspberries (critics' darlings and bearers of a hit or two themselves). The material contained here was to appear on a Roulette album that never came to be, and judging from the sound quality, it's easy to see why. The performances, however, show guitarist Wally Bryson at his best. Highlights are the spirited "I'd Rather You Leave Me" and "I Only Did It." This EP shows why many heads were turned in the direction of Cleveland during the Choir's and Raspberries' brief forays into pop consciousness (\$3 from Bomp)

THE SAINTS—"I'm Stranded Far From Home" & "Rough Time" (Power Exchange PX-242): Excellent punk-rock from a British band who capture the American punk sound circa 1967. "I'm Stranded" is a favorite among "new wave" cultists, blemished only by some extremely poor drumming. Flip doesn't approach the A-side. The Saints have just signed with Sire and will probably include this on their first American LP.

THE SEX PISTOLS—"Anarchy In The U.K." & "I Wanna Be Me" (EMI 2566): Here it is, the only pressed recording by the seat of much discussion. Copies of the British import yielded a hefty \$2.50 apiece in L.A. area record stores with a limit of one per customer, and there's no question as to why as soon as you hear it. Simply, it's the prototypical '70s punk-rock record, and Johnny Rotten deserves all the attention he's been getting. He has a voice there's no excuse for—sullen, snotty, teenage. And lyrics that form a total surrender: *Alright, I'm an anarchist/ Alright, I'm an anarchist/ I don't know what I want/ But I know how to get it.* A record that had to be. Unavailable, except on the black market.

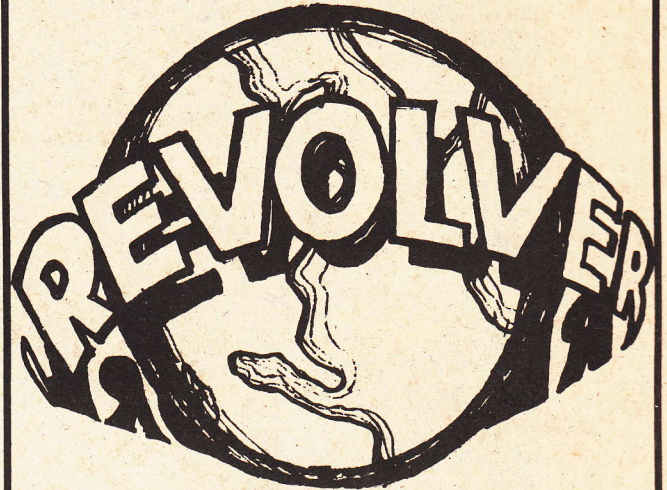
FLAMIN' GROOVIES—"Don't Lie To Me," "Shake Some Action," "She Said Yeah" (Sire 6198.086): Speaking of indispensable singles, here's a sure candidate. Although not an independent label, Sire might as well be the way they've been packaging the Groovies, and this imported maxi-single (with engraved label and small hole) is pure rock 'n' roll energy from start to finish. Not only is "Don't Lie To Me" an excellent A-side, taking the Tampa Red song far from its roots, but "Shake Some Action" is a born anthem. Coupled with "She Said Yeah," and good sound reproduction, this record belongs up there with some of the better ones mentioned in this list.

And that's far from all. We've received new ones from the Count Bishops, Snatch, the Rubinoos, Salem Witchcraft, Thundertrain, Willie Loco & the Boom Boom Band, etc., etc. For a complete list, we suggest you write Bomp Records, who seem to have taken on distributorship of every record they've been able to get their hands on, at P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, Cal. 91510.

Triad May 1977



REVOLVER I
2317 N. Mannheim
Melrose Park 455-9558



CLOSED WEDNESDAY

DAILY 11-11 SUNDAY 12-6

REVOLVER II
151 E. North Ave.
Villa Park 530-9535

Smoking Paraphernalia

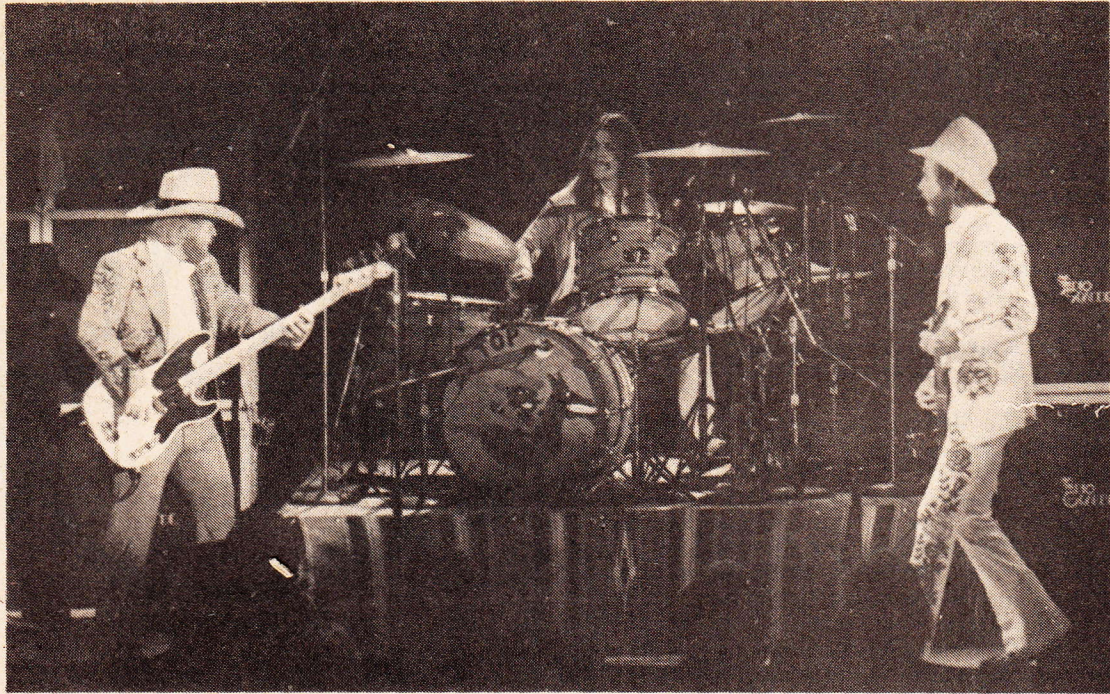
**Receive free
REVOLVER
T-Shirt
with purchase
of 6 albums**



\$1 OFF
RECORD OR TAPE
WITH THIS COUPON

EXPIRES MAY 31, 1977

rock on the range:



LIVE STOCK FROM

ZZ TOP

BY BRUCE MEYER

In the beginning was... the Moving Sidewalks.

Now you may or may not remember the Moving Sidewalks, but back in 1969, when the psychedelic era was dead but no one knew it outside San Francisco, they were one of the hottest bands in Texas, headquartered in Houston and showing some promise as a national act.

Enter a young London Records promotion man named Bill Ham.

Now if Ham hadn't wandered into that Houston club and seen Billy Gibbons playing guitar for the Moving Sidewalks, ZZ Top would never have happened. But rhinestone cowboy Texas boogie was a natural, so it's a safe bet that *somebody* would have done it, eventually.

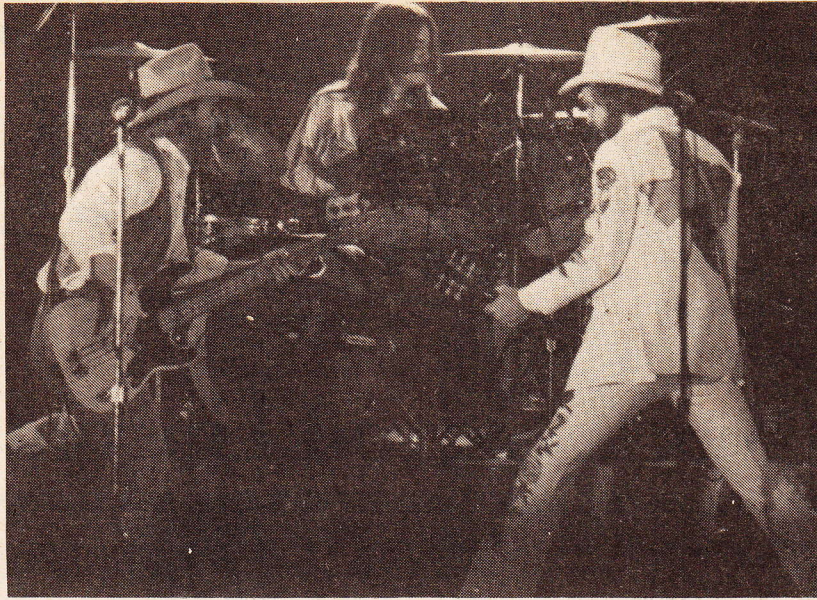
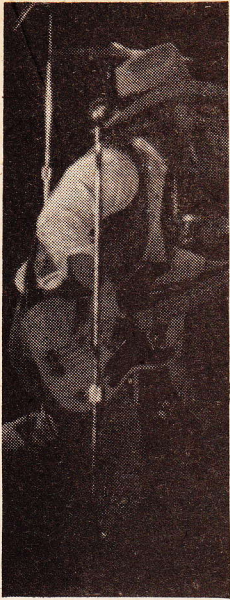
Fortunately, Ham recognized a real blues stylist when he saw one and ZZ was born over a couple of tall brown bottles of Lone Star.

They've been selling the Texas myth ever since; sometimes to Texans, but mostly to the rest of us.

"We live in a braggart's bubble," says Billy Gibbons, tugging on his raggedy old ostrich-skin boots and pulling down his jeans, snug. "We've got the prettiest girls, the prettiest horses. Crossing the King Ranch on the way to Mexico takes two hours. You've got to have a full tank before you ever set your wheel inside. It's probably the last place you can ride in the States for two hours without seeing a billboard or a gas station."

The real Texans must have had a hand in it somewhere along the line, back in the last century, before rock 'n' roll and more important—before the movies. Because mixed in with all the longhorn droppings and buffalo chips about Texas there is the odd kernel of truth. You can verify that for yourself, next time you look at a buffalo chip.

But somewhere out in the hills of central Texas, there



ought to be a shrine, an adobe tower perhaps, capped by a mammoth statue of John Ford, the Hollywood moviemaker who used John Wayne and Utah's Monument Valley to create the mythical Land of Texas, just down the Chisholm Trail from the Emerald City and within hailing distance of Middle Earth.

There, Gibbons and Dusty Hill and Frank Beard and—yes, even Ham—might come to kneel in the sandy soil and offer their garlands of bluebonnets and bow their heads in thanks for the myth that has turned them into Texas' latest crop of millionaires.

They did it on a brash mixture of drugstore-cowboy costumes, flat-out boogie and good merchandising; and while only Gibbons, Hill and Beard actually appear onstage, Ham may be the most important member of the group. He built ZZ Top from the ground up.

Ham is to ZZ (that's what he calls them: "Zeezee") what Colonel Tom Parker is to Elvis, what Brian Epstein was to the Beatles: an astute businessman who saw the potential of an unknown talent and was willing to stick his neck out far enough to make it pay off. He put everything he owned into ZZ from the start, but the band sacrificed most of its independence in the process. Ham calls all the shots.

Conquering Texas with its own myth proved to be a relatively easy task. By 1972, ZZ Top was the biggest thing to hit the Lone Star state since Bob Wills, and a lot louder. But breaking out of Texas to reach a national audience was tougher. So for the last five years they have played for the home folks rarely and even then only at huge outdoor shows that left tens of thousands of fans to bake in the summer sun and listen to the distant thudding of Dusty's bass lines. The rest of the time has been devoted to converting the rest of the world.

"We haven't left Texas," says Billy. "We've only brought part of it with us."

On their current mammoth (dare I say Texas-size?) tour, which seems never to end, they are carrying a crew of 40 to handle a 35-ton stage, a three-dimensional backdrop of the West Texas prairies, lighting and sound equipment that total nearly 140,000 watts—and a cowboy menagerie.

The show opens with the stage flanked by two of the biggest goddam animals you are ever likely to see: one of the only 500 purebred longhorn steers left in America and a black buffalo. Both of them appear to stand at least six feet tall at the shoulder and even though they are removed before the music starts, they make quite a frame. On stage during the show are a vulture and (in plastic cages) a rattlesnake and a tarantula.

"The reason we're doing this tour," says Billy, "is that with the kind of music we play and what we sing about, we thought we should have something for the eyes. Obviously, we couldn't take everything with us—we got to leave some of Texas

back there for the people at home. But I was surprised to find that there were so many people across the country that had never seen a buffalo. Some elementary school teacher brought a whole class of colored kids over to see the animals one day and they didn't know what it was."

If ZZ's stage show verges on overkill, the trend seems to be going the other way in the recording studio. After four albums that received almost unanimously bad response from critics and a mostly ho-hum reaction from the non-Texan buying public, Ham took his band from Tyler, Tex., to Memphis for the latest effort.

The result, *Tejas*, is far and away the best-received ZZ Top album to date, largely because it is the first one with a decent job of engineering and mixing—and because the tunes are less intense, less boogie and a lot more tasty. It's what you get when you blend Texas raunch with Memphis slick.

The band concedes that they've gotten tighter in the studio, crisper and "more production-conscious." Have they, like other rockers of late, been stricken by the Dread Disco Disease?

"Just in the past year," says Billy, "as trashy as people would like to think disco is, there were a few pieces that did come out that were valid cuts—some good drum licks going down, some nice guitar parts. I've heard some pretty tough stuff coming down, in funky little discos.

"Maybe we weren't aware of it, but I think the consciousness of that music kind of influenced us to be more aware. ZZ Top did get tighter with this album."

As always, ZZ's tunes on *Tejas* are more or less based on fact—either personal experiences or, in the case of "El Diablo," on history:

"It's about Frederico Carasco, the famous Mexican who made his escape from Huntsville prison a couple of years ago. He was killed but he went out just like he lived—ruthless. Once he called a radio station and named 12 people and said he was gonna kill them all the next day and he got seven of them before the cops put the other five in protective custody and arrested him—he was a dope dealer killing his competition off.

"Well, they tried to get him for murder, but they couldn't because there were never any witnesses—he killed them all. But eventually they sent him to Huntsville and he tried a breakout and even breaking out he was ruthless. He surrounded himself with all these hostages and got the people at the prison to make him a steel mask. But they got him anyway. The Texas Rangers ain't just gonna let you walk out of Huntsville. But Carasco really was ruthless. Once he had a girlfriend named Ruth and he used to carry her on the back of his motorcycle and one time they were driving and hit a bump and she fell off and he kept on—'Ruthlessly.'"



COMMANDER CODY

THE NEW 1977 CODY :

no more hot rod Lincolns



BY CLARK PETERSON

Remember that guy in the Saturday morning movies that wore a bullet-shaped metal helmet, leather jacket with rockets strapped to the back, and controls on the front that said "up/down" and "fast/slow"? Right, Commando Cody, Sky Marshall of the Universe, who starred in a film of the same name as well as *Lost Planet Airmen*. Now you know how the Commander Cody band, which turned belly up in February 1976, got its name. When they appeared on an episode of *Police Woman* with Angie Dickinson, they were dubbed the "Chromium Skateboard."

"I was *not* staring at Angie's tits," testified the Commander. George Frayne. "OK, I might have sneaked a peek." Frayne's lines were "Yup." "Nope." "He wasn't my friend; he was Bobby's friend." For that the got \$300 more than the other band members.

Two of the *Lost Planet Airmen*, "Buffalo" Bruce Barlow and Bobby "Blue" Black, have now joined Frayne in the new Commander Cody band formed last fall. They've already played 65 dates around the country, three of which found Frayne

at the muscatel. Wine, do yer stuff.

"One of them was at this quonset hut near Camp Lejeune in North Carolina," he reminisced of a gig that drove him to the bottle. "We had this bizarre stage with lights set up so you couldn't see past the dance floor, and we could see about 20 Marines dancing with each other and a couple real lunchmeat chicks. I'm talking about 4-foot-8 midget Marines they use in Vietnam for going into tunnels. These tunnel rats would run up to the stage and do flips and land on their heads. The first set we were all going (big, phony grin). Oh Christ! I got loaded for the second set." Another spree of grog guzzling occurred in the Louisiana bayou.

"We played Jay's Cockpit and Lounge," he unravelled another bedtime tale. "They have cockfights out back. The owner cooked us some gumbo, and while we were eating it and everyone's perspiring like crazy we asked, 'What's in this?' He says (drawing), 'Oh, a little squirrel, some coons, some rabbit...'" No cocks.

Before Cody and the Airmen self-destructed from too much

booze and not enough raw material, Frayne would fall off the stage in a 100-proof stupor or give in to "some sleazy character with a wadded up piece of paper and stuff that looks reminiscent of baby powder." Now he's more likely to sling nothing harder than a lemon mist tea down his ample gullet.

Frayne has cleaned up his act. He bought a three-piece suit for the photo session on his debut Arista album produced by John Alcott (of Thin Lizzy fame), *The Midnight Man*, and he plans to wear it on talk shows.

"I can get my hair trimmed and wear my suit and not be so much of a freak," said the reformed pirate look-alike. "I always thought the guy wouldn't know what to do with me. Johnny Carson, of course, is easy to relate to because everyone on that show is a coke fiend or was or is just getting out." Frayne has turned down Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas once each. The old band would have offended Middle America; the new band is kosher.

"My thing is more of a show band," Frayne admitted. "Everyone dresses up, everyone does moves, and the girls do hand-jive dancing with each other. Several songs we tango across the stage." Besides Barlow on bass and Black on pedal steel, the Cody band is Nicolette Larsen (wife of musician Hank Devito) and the Sutro Sympathy Orchestra from Silver City, Nevada. Charra Penny, Cisco G., Fred Meyer and Darius Javaher. They do less country and swing, more boogie woogie.

"I'm trying to develop places we never played before as the Lost Planet Airmen—like the Detroit-Chicago area where we never did well," said Frayne. "Detroit is a rock'n'roll city and never went for country. What is country? Charlie Daniels is as country and uncountray as anybody. Can you imagine some schmuck in Nashville telling Charlie Daniels he's not country? So what country music is is academic."

Frayne penned his message to "country" people in Nashville and called it "Rock And Roll Again." "It's directed at 65-year-old stiffs that run the straight country music scene, which sucks." Frayne goosed the Hee Haw heads. "It's starting to change but not because they want it to. Certain old farts like Roy Acuff thought playing with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band was demeaning. The Dirt Band is clean, clean, clean. A Roy Acuff-type guy's impression of me is yuck. My impression of them is the same."

Frayne has hung up his swing shoes—"I love swing but I don't do it well; it's not commoicial and it's got to have fiddle"—but he does a smattering of country. From the defunct band he dredges up their biggest hit, "Hot Rod Lincoln," and "Smoke That Cigarette" and "Riot in Cell Block No. 9." Of the ones he helped write: "Rock That Boogie" and "Seeds and Stems (Again)." Nicolette sings the latter but the rest are handled with Frayne's bronchial tubes-fulla-phlegm pipes.

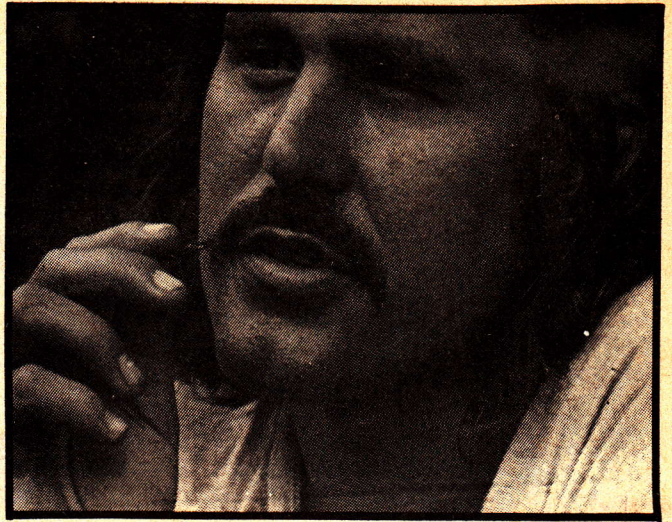
"Bob Seger and I started in Detroit in '64, and he sounded then like I sound now," Frayne described his undeveloped voice. "If I had started singing then I would sound like he does now—which is a nice, broken, hoarse, raspy voice but in key and tune."

The Cody band's flip single is "Stealin' At the 7-11," contrasting Frayne's trash compactor vocals with Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks-style harmony from Charra and Nicolette. The A-side is "Don't Do Nothing," produced by Jim Ed Norman (*Hotel California*), and written by Linda Ronstadt producer Adam Mitchell. Frayne wrote the other nine songs on the album.

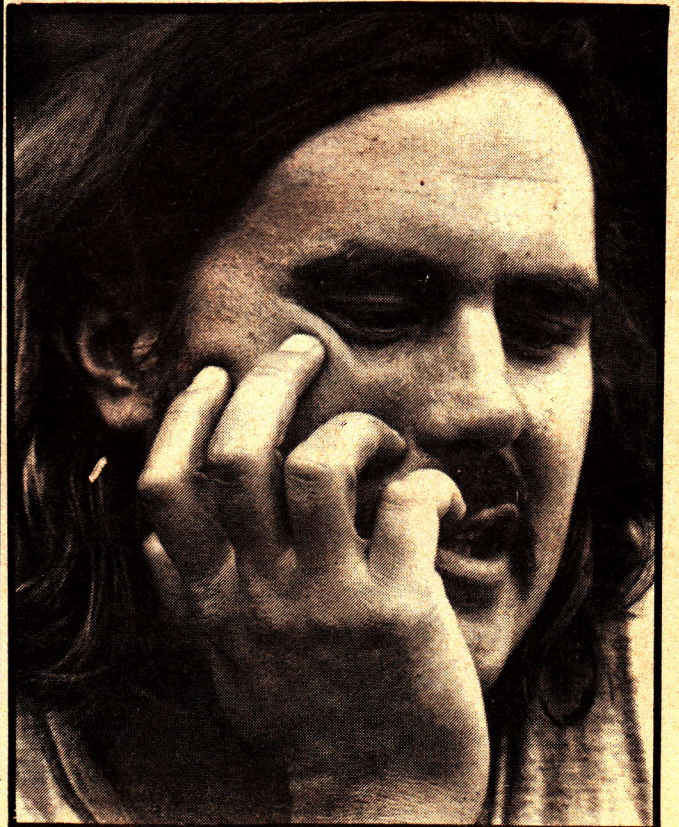
"The lack of money is the root of all evil." —Rev. Ike

Having lived down to seeds and stems for the last 10 years, Frayne wants the Madison Avenue mantra: muhnee, muhnee, muhnee. His last album with the Airmen, a double live set recorded in England on their farewell tour (*We've Got a Live One Here*), is probably the defunct band's best and *still* bombed.

"It would be about no. 202 on the charts," he snickered. "Bubbling under. . . no, *fermenting* under. Certified zinc." Geoffrey Stokes' *Star-Making Machinery* thoroughly describes the band's problems, financial and otherwise. The most each man made was \$350 a week, and Frayne had his best year when the band splintered forever. He made \$17,000 in 1976, \$8,000 more than any previous year. Part of it was money from signing with



The defunct Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen are not lost in the ozone: they're fragmented. The Commander, George Frayne, has enlisted bass guitarist "Buffalo" Bruce Barlow and steel guitarist Bobby "Blue" Black from the Lost Planet Airmen in his new Commander Cody band. Rhythm guitarist John Tichy is teaching physics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in upstate New York; drummer Lance Dickerson recently joined the x-rated C+W (cunt and weenie) band Country Porn in Marin County; lead singer Billy C. Farlow has his own band in Sonoma County and is up for the starring role in "The Day the Music Died," the movie bio of Buddy Holly; lead guitarist Bill Kirchen heads the Moonlighters, a Marin County country rock outfit; and fiddler/saxophonist Andy Stein is in L.A. doing the soundtrack for David Carradine's next film. You mean you never heard of having too much fun?



Clive Davis, and part was income from a college tour as a lecturer on zen—how to use the unconscious hemispheres of your mind. "It's a Jung for college students who couldn't give a shit," he stamped it.

Cody and the Airmen spent their down-and-out days in Oakland. Cue the Stradivarius: "We used to live in two houses with a common backyard," he recalled, his mind lacquered with homegrown. "We actually had a great community time of it: guys, wives, babies, fleas, dogs, volleyball, horseshoes . . . Then they decided to make our houses part of the Motor Vehicle Bureau. We were living on next to nothing—got lots of food stamps and welfare and made \$90 a week—and didn't give a shit."

Originally from Boise, Frayne moved from Ann Arbor to Berkeley in June 1969 with the core of the group: Billy C. Farrow and the West Virginia Creeper (Steve Davis). Frayne had suckered the University of Michigan into giving him a bachelor degree in science and masters in fine arts, then taught sculpture, design and drawing at Wisconsin State in Oshkosh, returning to Ann Arbor to play weekend dates. Now he and his bride, Sarah, have settled into an oceanside "shack" in Stinson Beach 20 miles north of San Francisco.

In this snoozy burg of 400, Frayne escapes from the road. Photos on the walls are the only hint of his travels. "I have more but I didn't want to get too narcissistic," he comments of the few momentos. One of them shows his hefty frame alongside Waylon Jennings. "The caption should say, 'Name the sleazebags in this photo,'" he grins through his Cheshire cuspids. Another has him straddling a killer whale.

"People would become more interested in the problems of whales if they understood why they're worth saving and that they're perhaps as intelligent as us," he claims. "It's hard to relate that to someone in Chicago, but it's easy when the person lives on the ocean or has ridden on the back of a whale." He falls off his soapbox and plops his cetacean carcass on his piano bench.

"I want to be sitting around here like we're doing in a low-key situation; I don't want to be a star in the Bay Area," he confesses. "I want to be really big in New York and L.A. so when I



go there I get the star treatment. . . If you don't know how to mellow out, that means you're a star all the time like Sonny and Cher. That's why I loved the rap on Gregg Allman—people thought he was mellow. Can you imagine having the audacity to have an album titled something like **Mellow Down?**"

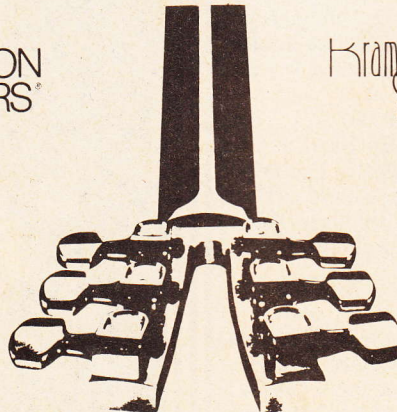
Yeah, that *is* pretty laid back, eh bubbie? Unless, of course, he was down to seeds and stems.

Chicago Music Co.

PRESENTS

NEW
GENERATION
GUITARS

Kramer
Guitars



TONE AND SUSTAIN NEVER
BEFORE OBTAINED IN
CONVENTIONAL GUITARS

YOU ARE INVITED
TO COME IN AND TEST DRIVE
WHAT OTHERS ARE CALLING
THE "PERFECT INSTRUMENT"

2524 N. Lincoln 472-1023

Mon-Fri 1~9 Sat 10~7 Sun 12~5

Contest Ends!

Contest Ends!

And The Winner Is . . .

The Help-TRIAD-Write-A-Song Contest, originally announced last month in these pages, has now reached its dramatic conclusion. Lack of response, of course, was tremendous—even better than we had expected—and the most exciting thing we noticed while judging the contest was that even though most of the entries readers submitted were turkeys, their cards and envelopes—without exception—were addressed brilliantly.

But we know you're all impatient to read (and to play on the instrument of your choice!) the winning song and to learn the name of the winning contestant. Incidentally, so we don't become the targets of protest from heartbroken contestants, we should explain that, on the eve of publication, feeling that we had nothing to pick from in the area of "lyric" entries, we decided to revise the rules of the contest. Consequently, the First Place Prize in the TRIAD song contest—to be revealed at the lower right hand corner of this page—went to Forest Park, Illinois resident Armando Serafini. His entry was longer than the original couplet we were asking for from contestants, but there's no doubt about it—it was definitely the most musical.

Words by
Armando Serafini

Music by
Marvin Hamlisch

MAGAZINE (I CAN'T GET NO)

Dear Sirs; The Tri-ad Ra-di-o Guide

is one of my fav-or-ite mag-a-zines. How-ev-er,

it is one of the hard-est to find. From the 1st of the month to the last of the

month, I scam-ble to find that month's is-sue. Ev-en the list of plac-es

that car-ry the Guide does-n't help. Due to this

I missed the Feb-ru-ar-y is-sue. Would it be pos-

si-ble to get a back is-sue of

the Guide? I would ap-pre-ci-ate

since I en-joy read-ing the

Tri-ad Ra-di-o Guide. Thank you.

Yours tru-ly, Ar-man-do Ser-a-fi-ni.

Copyright © Dan Bacin 1977

Rights throughout the world controlled by Bakin' Music, a division of Dan Bacin Industries, a subsidiary of Dan Bacin, Inc. Any arrangement or adaptation of this composition without the consent of owner is a big mistake.

What an average entry in the TRIAD song contest looked like:

*Do Sirs
show appreciate
of your magazine
show you
Susan person*

What the First Place Prize in the TRIAD song contest is: A February issue of TRIAD!



And the McCartney Medallion for song-writing excellence, to be held in trust by TRIAD Productions for our winner until such time as this contest is ever held again.



NANKER

LAND OF

The ratings:

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

BEACH BOYS

Love You (Brother/Reprise)

With 15 Big Ones the production of Beach Boys albums had evolved into elaborate therapy sessions with the goal of improving Brian Wilson's mental health by encouraging him to express himself again on the two instruments he's always played the best: the Beach Boys and the recording studio.

To this end, the other Beach Boys have sacrificed their own developing creative outlets and reverted to their original '60s role as tools in Brian's hands.

The whole endeavor, especially with the overdone printed acknowledgment of gratitude from the group to Brian, could have come off as depressingly pathetic if not for one thing.

This music is just great. The melodies, the production, the arrangements, in fact everything that Brian has contributed (and this is as completely *his* album as *Pet Sounds*)

is as original, brilliant, and just plain beautiful as anything he's done.

Stylistically, the production is most similar to Brian's work on *Friends* and *20/20* in the late '60s, where the arrangements have a lot of space with a funky edge and show Brian's usual interest in keyboards (mostly organs and synthesizers) over guitars, much like *Wild Honey* and *Smiley Smile*. And the divine group singing has that old spunky grace masking the precision that only Brian could draw out.

It's as if when he came out of his shell he picked up right where he left off, skipping back over the group's whole '70s output.

Of the 15 tracks (one isn't even listed), I love 12 of them and the other 3 ain't exactly bad. Brian's lyrics can be child-like, but his sense of humor has never run as wild as it does here.

The whole trip is so up, so enthusiastic, and so relaxed that even the album title is convincing. And I know it's gonna sound even better during the summer!

Extra half star for Brian being Brian.

****½

ROGER McGUINN

Thunderbyrd (Columbia)

Another '60s genius still kicking around, McGuinn was the guiding light behind enough brilliant music (*Notorious Byrd Bros.* deserves a spot near the top of any all time great list) to deserve our tolerance of his honest attempt to make a living with a string of minor solo albums.

The song fragment Roger coauthors with Brian Wilson on the new Beach Boys is a gas. But without the cover of Wilson's weirdness encouraging his fans to be sympathetic over the years, Roger's levelheadedness has only made his transition from pioneer to journeyman all that more difficult.

This is the first McGuinn record in years worth listening to more than once. Though devoid of the magic that once came so easy, this disc is full of small pleasures, not the least of which is that ageless trance-inducing voice. Other highlights include a Dylan obscurity, and a cover of Tom Petty's homage to McGuinn, "American Girl." Petty though, does a better McGuinn on his own 4-star album, which doesn't bode well for the future of *Thunderbyrd*.

**½

WALTER EGAN

Fundamental Roll (Columbia)

Al Rudis wrote that this is one of the best albums he's ever heard. Which would tend to indicate there is something wrong with either this record or Al.

Both, probably. But this kid does have charm, the record has Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, and the tracks have a solid raunch that's uncommon for L.A. product.

Enjoyable, promising debut. But no more.

OHIO PLAYERS

Angel (Mercury)

Though ignored by the critics in favor of slicker competitors, even mild scrutiny will demonstrate the greater interest and rewards the jazz-soul of the Players has consistently delivered.

The spontaneous nature of their creative process (rhythm tracks, overdubs, horn charts, *even lyrics* are created in the studio) combined with their unique collective spirit (all records are written, produced, and performed in their entirety by the whole group and nothing but the group) results in the most personal musical ex-



PHELGE'S

1000 DANCES

pressions by any self-contained pop/soul group today.

This collective genius is sparked most notably by Billy Beck, keyboard monster, ARP string pioneer, and author of the always unpredictable and always killer horn charts; and by Jim "Diamond" Williams, the most creative rock steady drummer in pop/soul. It's Billy and Diamond who supply those divine falsetto background vocals that elaborate on guitarist and sage Sugar Bonner's trademark vocal musings.

There is no track here as sublime as "Sweet Sticky Thing," the best tune of 1975. But *Angel* is their most thoroughly enjoyable album yet, chock-full of surprising individual licks that combine for some unconventional magic. Specifically, there is more good music on this one than on recent efforts by the Fire, the Isleys, or any segment of the Funk Mob.

PINK FLOYD *Animals* (Columbia)

The Floyd's method, as refined in the '70s, has been one of relatively intense musical magnification. Their materials—chord changes, special effects, tone colors, lyrics, etc.—

are hung on a brain-numbingly slow groove in such a spacious setting that each element is available for aural scrutiny.

This is nearly the inverse of Spector's spacial organization where chord modulators (horns, pianos, acoustic guitars) were droning in such deep reverberation as to suggest the changes almost *without being heard*. The Floyd, on the other hand, magnify relevant elements beyond their common spacial uses. The success of this telescopic treatment depends on the interest these enlarged materials hold.

On *Animals*, those divinely lugubrious movements remain, but are a little shorter on nuance than past masterpieces have led us to expect.

***½

AMAZING RHYTHM ACES *Toucan Do It Too* (ABC)

Nothing delights this listener more than a good band you can't pigeonhole. Their arrangements are more sophisticated than most country music, their lyrics and licks wittier than southern rock, and it's all put across with a mellow soulfulness you don't hear often north of the Mason/Dixon line.

And the Aces make it seem so easy it's a wonder

there aren't dozens of bands this good. But there aren't.

***½

IGGY POP *The Idiot* (RCA)

My pleasure knows no bounds at having a good excuse to call David Bowie a creep for the second month in a row.

David has this bad habit of helping rekindle the careers of his heroes (Lou Reed, Iggy/Ziggy) by processing their music through his own often less-than-benevolent imitative vision. The result this time is like Iggy doing Ziggy doing Iggy. And rather than *Station to Funhouse*, Bowie's misunderstanding of Ig's past and gifts sounds like *Low* outtakes at 16 rpm.

Iggy was the original hard-rock nihilist; bluntly articulate with an uncanny ability to fashion heavy metal protest music by reflecting his audience's collective desires and true cravenness. With the Stooges he made powerful minimalist music that inspired and to this day blows off the entire output of the CBGB's scene. It was the Stooges' *Funhouse* that caused Lester Bangs to swear off jazz and embrace the glories of heavy metal.

As Ig suggests on this

disc's best song, a eulogy for the Stooges, "Dum Dum Boys," he's gone straight and survived; but "The walls close in, and I need some noise."

*½

PEZBAND *(Passport)*

While CBS unloads the big bucks to promote such fashionable local commodities as Starcastle and Cheap Trick, out of left field comes this fun debut by the last band I'd have expected to hit such heights. This record overflows with the good vibes that would have to spring from a sound assimilating such '60s mentors as the Beatles, Left Banke, Small Faces, and the Dave Clarke Five. Lead singer Mimi Betinis makes it happen with a voice that's one of those perfect pop/rock vehicles and suggests early Eric Carmen and Jay of the Americans. The band's a little rough around the edges, but you can write that off to authenticity.

Though probably not the best of the local albums in the last year (Jim Peterik's on Epic is still highly recommended) this one's kind of a gas.

Springsteen fanatics note: Clarence Clemmons contributes a guest solo!

JAZZ, ONCE A MONTH

BY ADELE SWINS-TERNER

Come wot, May?

It's that very wonderful time of the year, the first month you can count on to be spring-like from start to end, and the last month that falls safely in the confines of spring itself from *cap-a-pied*. A month to bask in the wavering sunspots shifting along tree-lined walks, before the insufferable heat of the Midwestern Summer's Nightmare turns the valve on one's sweat glands. An ideal month to blend music and the love of the great outdoors—to borrow a quaintly-coined American expression—into an approximation of the utopian.

A month, in addition, to cease these nature-walk wanderings that have been opening each column for the last year. Honestly, I've no recollection of how or why they actually started, but apparently the time has come to cease and desist. I don't deny their intrinsic worth; not for a moment, since I've not the slightest doubt that each such paragraph has been a finely-crafted miniature, essaying the vagaries and variety to be found in each yearly division. Rather, mates, it's a matter of a certain philistinism among my audience. The stuff, to be short, is being wasted. Lolling about a local club last month, I caught sight of two blighters perusing *TRIAD* and commenting in loud voice on "that simpy broad. Who wants to read about the goddam weather in a jazz column?" Further comments by this pair of HEW refugees were a bit less delicate, certainly less flattering, and carried the audacious suggestion that "the broad" didn't know her own subject so well, either.

So I have gone to you, the people—another marvelous colonial commonplace—and acquiesced to your wishes. It's strictly music for the time being. And, to correct those who share the assumptions of the aforementioned punks, I've devised a contest—to start this month—that should shake your *own* confidence in your musical knowledge. It's a simple matter of answering the question, mailing the answer, and winning. In this case, you'll win a copy of the third volume in the much-awaited *Wildflowers* loft jazz series (mentioned below). And all you need to know is: who was responsible for the *first* recorded example of free jazz? Please name the leader of the date and the *date* of the date, and mail in a hurry, for the first right answer wins. No ties here, please. This isn't some bloody hockey game. Mail the answer to me, care of this magazine—ah, those Americanisms—and step on it.

As for recordings, it's been a busy time for the entrepreneurs of vinyl. The



most spectacular splash of new jazz albums came from Columbia, which unleashed in one fell swoop the latest from a host of fusion kingpins: Weather Report, Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, Eric Gale and, on the debit side, the latest hiatuses of taste and wit from Return To Forever, George Duke and Al DiMeola. Columbia also gave us *Water Babies*, some quite enjoyable and revealing leftovers from Miles Davis' 1967-1968 days, featuring Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Ron Carter, Wayne Shorter, Dave Holland and Tony Williams, and the already celebrated double-album from *the* bebop tenor man, Dexter Gordon, live at the Village Vanguard.

Equally exciting as anything Columbia served up—and more than most—are the *Wildflowers* discs, five albums recorded from the *creme de la creme* of the New York loft jazz scene. It's a veritable Blue Book of the jazz avant-garde, comprising music by Roscoe Mitchell, Kalaparusha, Air, Sunny Murray, Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Blueitt, Sam Rivers and Oliver Lake—and that's naming only some of the performers. The albums are on Douglas, and they're quite worth even the out-of-hand ballyhoo that's been accompanying their arrival.

The import bins, courtesy ECM, have been overflowing with the latest in Euro-jazz, some of it—like the latest from Eberhard Weber or Herbert Joos—attaining the highest realms of modern music; and some of it—like Jack DeJohnette's whining duet lp or Keith Jarrett's overblown double-album of semi-classical organ music—wholly self-defeating (remember, the self you defeat may be your own). Roulette has apparently reactivated its barely productive output, but the new album they're done of Lee Konitz' Nonet is a brilliant rendering of the critically loved New York group. And, for the nostalgia buffs around who like their oldsters spiced with time's ineluctible progress, try RCA's encapture of the 40th Anniversary Woody Herman concert held last November at Carnegie Hall. It's two records and splendid.

For everyone else, try some of these:

DELUXE

When Joe Zawinul, Wayne Shorter, Jaco Pastorius and Co. get heavy, they don't kid around. The consequence: their new *Heavy Weather* (Columbia) is one of the most joyful storm warnings you'll ever hear, from the inspired giddiness of Zawinul's densely-layered "Birdland"

(which is making the charts as a single) to to the calm elegance of Pastorius' "Havona" (which closes the album). And a storm warning it is, because Heavy Weather would appear to be forecasted in the foreseeable future. The reason: this is the tightest, funkiest album yet from the pioneering fusion quintet. Centering on the new blood of Jaco on bass, the amazing vitality gained from shifting percussionist Alejandro Acuna to traps, Zawinul's extraordinary experimentation with the polyphonic synthesizer, and a new awareness of recorded clarity, Weather Report has achieved the miraculous: they have broken through the off-setting, sometimes stuffy veneer of their music without sacrificing its hurricanelike content. Although there is less improvisation than usual, the densely-packed arrangements (by Zawinul) and the broad spectrum of colors is ample compensation. **Heavy Weather** is climate control at its best, and another natural phenomenon from a monumental band. And as far as I'm concerned, it beats Rocky Mountain sunshine any time. 6.3 (Richter)

Sunshine was never a key element in the saga of John Coltrane. Even his most brilliant recordings and performances were dark and brooding with the vital energies of creative restlessness. The recording that broke the standard jazz scene wide open came in 1961, when Coltrane led a week of mixed-personnel sessions at the Village Vanguard, and revealed a number of things to a jazz world that was perhaps not quite ready for them. They included a wild, free-jazz style that gained a tremendous popular following, the introduction of the soprano saxophone to modern jazz circles, and reedman Eric Dolphy—as well as what was to become the Coltrane Quartet (Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison, McCoy Tyner). With all this going for it, it's no wonder that the original **Coltrane Live At The Village Vanguard** album became a legend and a necessity for everyone interested in the music's future. And all those reasons explain why **The Other Village Vanguard Tapes** (Impulse) is a legend and necessity for those serious about the music's past. It's a double-album of the remaining tapes recorded during that fateful week, and it presents some of Coltrane's most impassioned and fascinating work—as well as the bilateral, prismatic work of Eric Dolphy. In fact, **The Other Tapes** are so good that pretty soon, we might be calling the *originals* the "other tapes." 6.2 (Richter)

The careening quintet sounds of Coltrane are a world apart from the uncluttered duets of Richard Davis and Jill McManus, found on Davis' new **As One** on Muse Records. Davis, of course, is considered by many to be the finest bass man; his rosy tone, deep glissandi and liquidy, hornlike solos through-

Triad May 1977

JIM HEAD

ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF

THE ELECTRIC KEYBOARD

THE NEWEST AND MOST INNOVATIVE ELECTRONIC KEYBOARD STUDIO IN THE MIDWEST

Opening May 2 on 2nd fl.

AT

JUST MUSIC

2215 W. 95th

CHICAGO, ILL. 60643

• ARP • MOOG • ARP • MOOG •

O
B
E
R
H
E
I
M
•
S
T
E
I
N
E
R
P
A
R
K
E
R



•
3
6
0
S
Y
S
T
E
M
S
•
E
M
L
•

• YAMAHA • RHODES •

TO MAKE ROOM FOR JIM, WE'RE HAVING A REMODELING SALE WITH ALL PRICES DRASTICALLY REDUCED ON CURRENT INVENTORY THROUGH MAY 31ST, 1977.

CALL FOR INFO: **881-3800**

out this album will undoubtedly make more converts. Accompanying him—and he her, as the two instruments change places more often than a rapist in a harem—is a lady pianist of considerable musical charm. In fact, McManus is all but perfect for this project, gracefully settling nearly out of earshot for Davis' rich solos and easily incorporating his creative counterpoint into her *own* solos. One might ask for a touch more bravado from her, a little more forceful projection of her own personality, but it's a minor quibble and one that sits ill with these smashing yet gentle versions of "Blue Bossa," "All Blues," "Speak Low" and "Blue Monk." For some reason, though, the cover of the album is pink. The colors of the music are strong. 6.0 (Richter)

Lotuses unite! John McLaughlin, with the help of the Indian virtuosi who make up the band Shakti, has put together a synthesis of East and West to make you Shiva and shake. Seriously, the extended improvisations for McLaughlin's acoustic guitar, the violin magic of L. Shankar, and the assorted Indian percussion instruments is remarkable in any number of ways, not least of which is that Shakti is fully as powerful and even electric as the Mahavishnu Orchestra ever was. The cause for celebration is the release of **A Handful of Beauty** (Columbia), the first album by this group to portray accurately their music and philosophy. Yin is yang, less is more, and McLaughlin's lightning energy is reflected everywhere—in his playing as well as that of everyone else, and in the cohesive, coherent form given the musical analog of his former religious roots. Shakti, which means "creative intelligence, power and beauty," is all those things, as well as a fusion music more in keeping with the acoustic subtleties of Oregon than the electric lambast of Corea. Buddha said his teachings would sweep the world, from east to west; John McLaughlin's guitar could well provide the transportation. 6.0 (Richter)

DE RIGEUR

Nonetheless, if electric fusion music is going to be done, it may as well be done with finesse. Proof of that axiom is found all over **Sky Train**, the tasteful and spirited new RCA album by keyboardist Barry Miles. Miles, though only 31, has been around for some time—he broke into professional music at 9—and he was working on what he called "syncretic music" (a precursor of the fusion genre) as far back as 1965. So his credentials, it would seem, are oke (to use yet another grand Americanism). So is his music. Joined by kindred spirit and syncretic saxophonist Eric Kloss—worth six million dollars in this girl's book—Miles has molded **Sky Train** into a pulsing, well-torqued vehicle of sturdy power and quite a lot of class. The lengthy "Cityscape," subtitled "The Fusion Suite,"



is clearly the best piece here, but even those that slow things down—the dreadful "Old Man Jack" and the fruity ballad "This Is Our Night"—can't do much harm. Clearly, **Sky Train** is on the right track. 5.8 (Richter)

If only the track had been a little straighter on Carmen McRae's new Blue Note double-album, the queen of jazz vocals might have had a considerably higher rating on her artful **Live At The Great American Music Hall**. It wasn't, and she doesn't. But still, for the most part this is the finest collection of Carmen's spicily-phrased and stinging-intoned songs in some years. As long as she sticks to what she knows, she's great: a crisp, sharp voice that only occasionally gets close enough to softness to bring sentiment, but which is never more than a step away from meaningful sensibility. She can get more out of any song's lyrics than any woman alive and, as she shows on a few tracks here—especially the two where she's joined by Dizzy Gillespie—she can scat up a storm. And the accompanying trio, led by pianist Marshall Otwell, is without complaint. But when she aims at the "contemporary" tunes, such as "Don't Misunderstand," "A Song For You," or "Only Women Bleed," she fails to communicate, sings for others than me, and congeals my arteries. There's lots of patter and applause left on this *very* live album, too, but on almost all counts, it's Carmen at her best, and she sings up a storm. 5.7 (Richter)

"Sings up a storm"; and the Americans keep on flying. She sings, he blows, they play up a storm; very few jazzmen have ever *danced* up a storm. More than that, no jazz dancer every recorded anything, right? So imagine my hilarious incredulity when I received in the mail this album **Dancemaster** on Classic Jazz (43 W. 61st St., New York) from the late Baby Laurence, the jazz dancer. A tap dancer. On record. A joke? Nope. Recorded in 1961, with backing ensembles that featured Roland Hanna, Paul Quinichette and Bobby Jaspar, this is a disc full of jazz standards that bloody well make room for Baby Laurence's tap dance solos—and it's *only* humorous in parts (you couldn't expect to take the whole *thing* seriously, right?). Using his feet-on-linoleum as a cross between a melody instrument and drums, Baby is indeed amazing. It's hard to escape the feeling of stumbling upon a Monty Python routine that never made the show, or the sensation of sitting behind the target bunkers in riflery school, but it's worth the attempt. 5.5 (Richter)

DE WOIST

With Flora Purim, it's hard to escape the image of a trained parakeet with a contact high. In fact, it's become hard to escape *Flora Purim*. Since she escaped (legally, of course) from prison a year and a half ago, she's been busy

purveying her unreasonably simplistic world view to anyone who'll listen. That could be worse. It is. Flora's voice has never been especially noteworthy to me, except for the sort of vague ambience of friendly exoticism it creates. Here, unlike her one successful album (**Stories To Tell**), she can't even pull *that* off. At least, not before I pulled her off my turntable. The material, some of it by Milton Nascimento, isn't half bad; the production by Leon Chanler, the drummer known as Ndugu, isn't half good. Oh well, what price glory? Flora's flirtations with rock at the expense of Brazilian roots make you realize why solicitation is a crime. And her continued parody of the jazz scene's answer to Chiquita Banana only insults the taste of apes. So run right out and buy **Nothing Will Be As It Was . . . Tomorrow**, on Warner Bros. Maybe it will have changed by the time you get home. 5.1 (Richter)

While Lady *Dias* flirts with rock, though, Klaus Doldinger, one of the most rock-laden jazzmen around, has flirted with South America on his latest Atco album, **Iguacu**. And Doldinger, along with his band (Passport, whose album this actually is), has got what you usually get from flirting with strangers: an unmistakable shiner. Nothing, of course, could be stranger than the German heavy-metal jazzmen of Passport toying with the affections of the relaxed rhythms and flowing melody lines of the samba. And nothing, of course, could be anywhere near as muddled in terms of purpose as **Iguacu**. When you expect it to explode with electronic wizardry, it sputters off into the tepid Atlantic; when you think it's settled down with its bartered Brazilian bride, it's off to the moon again. And when you think it's over, it's only halfway through. Time sure flies when one is having fun. Doldinger should have consulted the German authorities—South America is one place *not* stamped on his Passport. 4.7 (Richter)

Eddie Harris, tenor saxist supreme and cultural critic obscene, uses the title of his new album to ask the musical question, **How Can You Live Like That?** (Atlantic). Adele Swins-Terner, interested bystander, uses *this* space to ask the more pointed query, how can he play like this? All those little electric niggles and wankles, dreary synthesizer exurbia, dank string imitations, lyrics and vocals that reek of contrivance, and a conspicuous lack of saxophone playing. That figures, since it's the only thing he's good at, anyway. Harris' outrage and pointed musical lunacy make good comedy. Then again, so do three-legged races for quadruplegics, if you're in the right mood. I don't think one can associate Eddie Harris' newest album with sick jokes at the expense of the handicapped, of course. But at the expense of \$6.99, I don't think you can associate with **How Can You Live Like That?** I can't. Live like that, I mean. I think. 4.6 (Richter)

THE
NEW

**WANNIE
THEATRE**

3000 N. Clark 348-4060

May 1st
ROY AYERS

May 18th
**FIRESIGN THEATER'S
JUST FOLKS** featuring
Peter Bergman and
Phil Proctor

May 3rd
**MARK ALMOND BAND
and BARRY MILES**

May 4th
**DOUG KERSHAW
and SLIDIN' JAKE**

May 23rd and 24th
PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE

May 6th and 7th
**MARY MacGREGOR
and DAVID LA FLAMME**

May 11th - 14th
BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS

RATSO'S

2464 N. LINCOLN
INFORMATION: 935-1505

May 3rd, 4th, and 5th
HARVEY MANDEL

May 8th - 10th
MARLENA SHAW

May 6th and 7th
**ALLIOTA, HAYNES,
and JEREMIAH**

May 11th - 15th
LONNIE LISTON SMITH

Tickets Available at the Box Office and all Ticketron Outlets

ALL SEATS RESERVED

BOX OFFICE HOURS: 1:00pm to time of last show on days
with shows scheduled. 1:00pm to 6:00pm on days without
shows scheduled.

RANSOM NOTES

BY SCOTT FIVELSON

Litigation began in Los Angeles District Court last week against teen pleaser and rock showman Barry Manilow. Manilow was brought to trial during a brief touring hiatus to face first degree charges of plagiarism. Although the prosecution announced to the court that they would be hearing testimony from the more than 20 songwriter/plaintiffs who sat glowering at Manilow from across the courtroom, the gaunt but gorgeous defendant oiled the wheel of justice by making a complete and immediate confession. "I steal the songs that make the whole world sing," admitted Manilow. "I steal the songs of love and special things." Adding that he also stole the songs "that make the young girls cry," Manilow tried to make it clear to the jury that he used no special criterion in determining which songs to lift. Said Manilow: "I steal the songs, I steal the songs."

Manilow, who stood crouched throughout the trial and looked somber in a pinstriped, sequined jumpsuit, went on to say that the very first song he ever stole was "Mandy," the melody of which he borrowed from a Croatian deodorant commercial. The hot demand for material following "Mandy's" success drove him into a frenzy of plagiarism, and that frenzy peaked recently, said Manilow, when he stole 16 songs during one New England weekend.

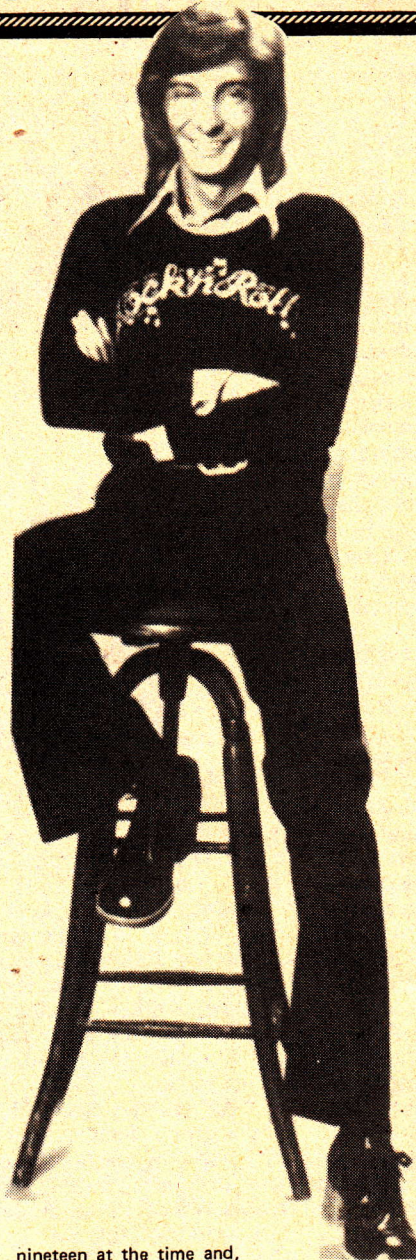
The singer then asked the court if it would hear "Something's Coming Up," one of his few authentic compositions. Although the judge at first denied the motion on the grounds that it was "immaterial and bad material," when the trial resumed after lunch the judge became lenient and reversed his decision. Unfortunately for Manilow, early into the tune the judge repeated the title of the song, grabbed his stomach and ran out of the courtroom.

The trial convened with a new judge the next day, and when Manilow was told to rise and asked whether he had any last words prior to sentencing, the defendant replied: "I am Muzak, and I steal the songs."

Smarter-than-he-looks department: Sylvester Stallone is already well into production on his follow-up to *Rocky*, a remake of *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. Stallone says he will portray the 12th Century outlaw as "a guy who don't wanna be

just anudder bum from da forest. You see, Robin, he got heart, and everybody knows dat, 'cause he got two turtles named Bow and Arrow. A course, it's the 12th Century, and dey ain't got no bowl, but dat don't mean nothin'. Anyway, dis Robin, he sets up a training camp in Sherwood Forest for all his men, and dey work out until dey're all a sharp bunch of coconuts. Finally, in da end, he goes da distance with the Sheriff a Nottin'ham and convinces Marian dat she ain't no loser. . . Alex Haley's spectacular *Roots* kept a television audience of over 50 million enslaved the week it was aired, garnering praise from one industry exec who called it "an outstanding entertainment, especially for TV. It was better than *Mr. Ed*." ABC has offered Haley part-ownership in the network if he will write a second installment to be viewed next winter, this time tracing slave Kunta Kinte's ancestry from his humble beginnings as a protozoa. . . Farrah Fawcett Majors has been signed to star in Robert Altman's *Chicago Health Club*. . . The body of John Denver lay in state in the Grand Canyon all of last week. The nation mourned the tragedy of April 29th, when the bespectacled singer was beaten to death by butterflies. No motive has been found yet. . . The Who have recorded a country album, *Pinball Gizzard*. . . Leonard Cohen's latest, *Kiss My Agony*, has been recalled from the record stores and melted back into reusable plastic. The album jacket, which is also being recycled, featured a superimposition of Cohen, nailed to a crucifix, over a road map of his native Canada.

We asked the multi-talented Kris Kristofferson how he would compare his careers as child prodigy, singer-songwriter, and actor. He said, "What the hell would I want to compare 'em for?" then flashed that big gap-toothed smile of his and went on to give us some very surprising answers. Quotes Kristofferson about his legendary stint as a Rhodes Scholar: "People have got the wrong idea—though I reckon I haven't done anything to give them the right idea, I mean I guess I've sort of encouraged the hype—about me bein' a Rhodes Scholar. Yeah, it's true they sent me to England and all, but I only got to go as part of the Rhodes Scholar Slow Reader Program. I was



nineteen at the time and, holy hell, I jumped at the chance, because back then I didn't even know how to read a stop sign."

Another one of Kristofferson's more publicized accomplishments was a spread of nude *Playboy* photographs he posed for with actress (?) Sarah Miles. Because Kristofferson was married at the time to moccasin aficionado Rita Coolidge, we decided to ask him how Rita reacted to Kristofferson in the buff. Responded Kristofferson: "Rita's a good lady, and the lady understood, 'cause she knew the true story 'bout how the guys at *Playboy* put an aphrodisiac on my guitar strings. Just so happens that the true story don't happen to be the real story." Winks Kristofferson.

son: "I know exactly what I was doin'."

Sour grapes is an often served fruit among the has-beens and never-wases of the music world. To give equal time, we asked Kris how he felt about those he knew during his scuffling days who now say he's been changed by fame. Kristofferson chuckled. "Aw hell, it ain't no secret. Sure I sold out. I even got a receipt. would ya like to see it?"

Concludes Kristofferson: "The most meaningful thing I do nowadays is hosting the *Midnight Special*."

Protests of favoritism in the hiring of his daughter Amy's nursemaid, convicted murderess Mary Fitzpatrick, from his home state have prompted Jimmy Carter to make two new appointments. As soon as extradition can be accomplished, Illinois mass murderer Richard Speck will start work at the White House garden; California madman Charles Manson will serve as Carter's personal valet. . . Director-without-a-following John Frankenheimer talked to us about the difficulty of conclusion for *Black Sunday*: ". . . so at the end of this sensational movie, Bruce Dern is flying the Goodyear blimp, armed with an explosive and 220,000 rifle darts, into the Super Bowl where there are 80,000 people watching the game, and he's going to waste everybody. Well, the original ending in the script called for the 80,000 people—at the last second, just before the explosion—to pull out and shield themselves with 80,000 dart boards. Of course, for believability we would have explained that the crowd had had prior warning. . . Anyway, we didn't like that one, especially Dern, who wanted to turn the camera at this point and make a direct plea to the audience for an Oscar. Bruce has never won an Oscar, you know. Never deserved one. . . Finally, there were so many ideas and we became so stalemated that we let some college students finish the movie. They came up with a nice, simple ending in which Robert Shaw lowers himself down from a helicopter and pops the blimp with a pin."

REGGAE riffs

BY DR. GANJA

Regular readers of this column are by now quite familiar with the vacations that TRIAD editor Goldstein has been awarding to Dr. Ganja over the past several months. Not that they have been all that refreshing, but those "vacations" are quite similar to those that workers get when the factory closes down—in other words, they have not been voluntary. Hard-core reggae cultists are undoubtedly aware of the situation which brought on these temporary periods of retirement: recent release of first-rate material in the US of A has been so spotty as to approach nonexistence. This slackness has created the impression that reggae is dead. Unfortunately for those listeners who really appreciate Jamaican music, it is only a short step from the impression to the reality. The nature of the record-buying public in the States is notoriously unsteady, and anyone who denies the huge effect of promotion and publicity on popularity ignores the truths of industry. Think about the current popularity of punk rock or last year's Bruce Springsteen rage. Springsteen dropped from the public's eye, with nearly disastrous results, and many listeners have equated this inactivity with disappearance. Last year's celebration becomes this year's funeral.

Last year's emergence of reggae as a major sector of the popular music market was buoyed by a continuous stream of releases by new artists. At the height of the bicentennial summer, it was not unusual to come across at least one new top-notch reggae release each week. When the media excitement aroused by the Wailers' spring/summer tour was added, Jamaican music enjoyed enough notoriety to win crowds of new fans. But within the context of the rock record industry's cyclical release patterns, all of that summer activity doomed reggae to a long dry spell. Considering that many of the most interesting albums were first efforts, and that the bulk of them were released by only one company—Island—there was never any real question that follow-up albums would be slow in coming.

A good case in point is the San Francisco Bay area Jamaican band Third World, whose initial effort first started people talking about "progressive reggae" almost a year ago. Four or five months ago, the group attempted to mount a national tour, hoping to gain exposure through the release of their second lp. The group's management was *sure* the new collection would hit the shops within weeks. Since then, not a word



from Island records—although they have been releasing more first albums, including several of Dr. Ganja's picks-of-the-month such as Max Romeo's and Justin Hines'. Anxious to avoid sudden over-extension, Island has kept the flow of reggae releases in check, probably at the expense of losing a few potential customers. What this means is that there will soon be another backlog, and second albums will once again tend to cluster together, quite possibly losing each other in their wakes.

As was the case with rock music, once a group demonstrates some popularity with one release, the owners of old tapes rush in to release albums of the group's earliest tracks. Often, this material is markedly inferior in musical and technical quality. Just remember such masterpieces as "Tony Sheridan & the Beatles," or in the realm of reggae, **Bob Marley—The Birth of a Legend**. Whatever the quality of the material, it pretends to fill a vacuum. Once listeners get burned once, as is likely to happen, they are bound to be more suspicious of *all* future releases. Since the cost of acquiring the dead dog tapes is so small, fly-by-night operators stand a chance to make large profits on modest sales. This month marks two good examples of the bald-faced strategy.

Even the packaging of these albums gives them away. Emblazoned on the front cover is the slogan "Authentic Island Collector's Edition" in phony stencilled lettering. Not only does this involve

riding the coattails of another company's trademark, but the whole notion of explicitly labelling a record as a "collector's edition" calls to mind the reply that the albums have no other value. As usual with such packages, the composers and publishers receive no credit, and the jacket yields no timings, dates, or information about the artists. Brand-X—valuable only as a cultural relic, but still not worth the price.

From the sound of the albums released by Studio One, they quite likely are compiled from Jamaican 45s, the format in which most reggae is released in Kingston. In the case of **The Best of the Heptones** (Studio One SO 1108), there appears to have been little care wasted over arrangement of the tracks.

The album does display much of the same kind of falsetto harmonies that made LeRoy Sibbles, Earl Morgan and Barry Llewellyn's first U.S. album, **Nightfood**, so refreshingly amusing. But the material so deceptively labeled as the "best" of their work is actually nearly 10 years old, from the rock steady period. Rock steady, reggae's immediate forerunner, is characterized by the same hesitant beat; but rather than having the lead instruments support the rhythm, rock steady tends to cover the gaps. Thus, the music rolls along steadily, much as in American "pop." Compared to reggae, rock steady tunes would be the slow dances. The difference between the two musical styles can easily be determined through a comparison of the two versions of "I've Got the Handle."

The debt that reggae owes to American soul is obvious; rock steady sounds like nothing more than a Jamaican version of early '60s British and American pop, complete with a variation on the doo-wop. This collection of rock steady tunes is the best released in America to date, especially given the fact that the Heptones stand the greatest chance of crashing the soul charts of any current reggae band. Nonetheless, the instrumentals on the **Best of lp** are repetitive (three of the first four cuts open with the same horn riff) and the recording quality is atrocious. On the whole, the sound and pressing quality of the album are not even up to American standards of the '50s. Heptone fans will appreciate a chance to hear them in their early days, reggae cultists will find value in the fact that here is a genuine rock steady collection, but for anyone else the album is bound to disappoint.

If the description of that one sounds bleak, then the other Studio One release won't be much of a treat either. Reminiscent of a cassette recording of a reggae band in a local Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, Jackie Mittoo's **Macka Fat** is an album of instrumental tracks. There is no fire in this music. In fact, it is more repetitive than the Heptones lp, and the pressing is undoubtedly the worst you'll hear in a decade of listening. If Bozo's Circus ever needs a reggae band, this is the one that will fill the bill. Jackie Mittoo, playing his Farfisa Combo Compact organ, demonstrates a musical proficiency that would place Herman of the Hermits in the pantheon of concert pianists. The melodic lines of Jackie's tunes are lifted wholesale from the middle-of-the-road pop songs of the mid-'60s, and presented in an only slightly altered form. The total effect of the arrangements is more than a bit reminiscent of such '60s classics as

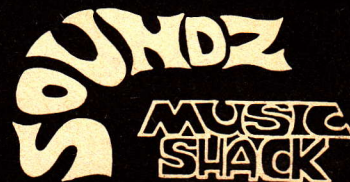
SOUND SYSTEMS AVAILABLE FOR FESTIVALS AND CONCERTS

Tri-amped 4 way speaker system, separate monitor mix, over 4000 watt RMS power equipment includes:

- 24 channel Magna board
- JBLspeakers & enclosures
- BGW power amps
- Gauss speakers & horns
- Shure, Altec, EV, AKG & more

Concert experience with national and regional acts.

For info:



516 N. MILWAUKEE AVE.
WHEELING, ILL. 537-9837

"Grazin' in the Grass" and "The Horse," minus the vitality. It would be hard to imagine anyone who would feel less than taken after buying this album. And Dr. Ganja paid good money for it. . . .

Fortunately, you can still rely on Island for at least one good release. Editor Goldstein chose to run a story about the Kinks last month instead of spreading the news about **This is Reggae Music, Volume 3** (Island ILPS 9391). Although it doesn't live up to the paramount example set by volume two of the series, it runs a close second. This time around, there are no cuts by Marley or Toots. Instead, the album focuses on a group of lesser-known but amazingly talented artists. Previous columns have devoted much space to the role of the producer in reggae; this collection spotlights the talents of Lee Perry. Fortunately, Perry is a figure almost as important as Marley if his production credits mean anything. Fully half of the cuts on this album are produced by him, and significantly, he also receives at least co-writer credit on all of them. As a result, Volume 3 shows a consistency absent from other numbers of the series. Even more gladly, the musicians in his

stable are the brightest of the second wave: Max Romeo, Justin Hines and Junior Murvin. The cut by Murvin, "Police and Thieves," may well go down in reggae history. Boasting a falsetto lead vocal rivalling the Heptones in timing and smoothness, this cut also shows off a social consciousness in the best Wailers tradition. Just as Marley has expressed much interest in dub music (see **TRIAD**, March '77), Lee Perry also contributes a cut by Jah Lion, called "Columbian Colly," which is a classic dub version that deals with the problems surrounding Colombian ganja.

Also present are Burning Spear, with the title track of their third album, **Man in the Hills**; Peter Tosh with an early version of "No Sympathy," which appears on his **Legalize It lp**; and a Bunny Wailer Rastaman song. But the best news offered by this album is the indication that several releases are forthcoming: lps by Jah Lion as well as Prince Jazzbo and the Upsetters. Hopefully, next month's column will include reviews of those two albums as well as a new release by . . . ?

In the meantime, reggae lives; Dr. Ganja is not dead. △

16 TRACK RECORDING \$40/HR



We are Rainbow Bridge Studios--a fully professional 16 track recording facility. What we offer is enough equipment to satisfy your recording demands, and an engineer with 10 years of recording experience to pull it all together. And at our present rate, you will be pleasantly surprised to find out just how much your recording dollar is worth.

We are located in Libertyville--just 45 minutes north of Chicago. Stop in and check us out, or just give us a call.

Rainbow Bridge Studios

(312) 362 - 4060

117 W. Rockland Rd. Libertyville, Ill. 60048

QUAD - EIGHT • SCULLY • ALTEC
DOLBY • ORBAN • UREI • LEXICON
EMT • NEUMANN • SHURE • AKG • EV
HAMMOND / LESLIE • STEINWAY

beggars' banquets

BY RAP SCALLION

Now I'm not prejudiced, don't get me wrong. Always been proud of my liberal lower-class upbringing. "When you're at the bottom you can't spit down, and it sure don't pay to spit up," my Ma always used to say. But when I first heard about Mama Peaches, I thought twice about checking it out.

The usual vegetarian restaurant has always had a bit of a stiff-backed healthier-than-thou attitude, for my money, and Mama Peaches is not only a vegetarian restaurant, but a feminist vegetarian restaurant.

Past experience reminds that too many high-flying ideologies have ruined more than the soup in several "movement" cafes through the years, and Mama Peaches, I suspected, was another restaurant guilty of trying to cook politics and potatoes in the same pot.

Well, I wasn't *completely* wrong. At the top of the menu it states unequivocally, "Welcome to Mama Peaches, a restaurant owned and operated by women. We are a partnership struggling to offer women an unoppressive and fulfilling place to work and eat."

And so far, the struggle has not been in vain. Mama Peaches succeeds on all counts, and also throws in some of the most outstanding cuisine in the city for good measure. The restaurant is a large high-ceilinged white room equipped

to accommodate singles of both sexes (to dispel the myth of feminist aversion to male-tainted capital gains) and large families with equal consideration and nonoppression.

As to fulfilling, both the quality and quantity of the cuisine are more than ample. The menu features exotically delicious salads (large \$2.35, small \$1.25) and sandwiches (\$.75-\$1.25), with such ingenious combinations as a cucumber, tomato, broccoli, raw peanut, raisin, wheat germ and cheese salad and a peanut butter and banana sandwich.

Dinners run from \$3.50 to \$4.00 and include entree, soup and salad. The California quiche and the stir-fry vegetables with cheese sauce are highly recommended. Above all, do not leave without dessert. A piece of Mama Peaches sweet potato pie is a slice of heaven, irrespective of your sexual persuasion.

Mama Peaches is open 5:30 to 10 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. 5:30 to 11 Friday and Saturday at 3059 N. Sheffield.

Another favorite vegetarian "movement" restaurant that succeeds is **The Heartland Cafe**. Walking into the Heartland is like visiting a museum.

It's a perfectly preserved subculture restaurant, frozen in time somewhere between 1968 and 1970. There's just the

right clutter of mismatched tables and chairs, crockery, revolution-renaissance posters and Salvation Army antiques that graced so many cafes and eating establishments of the period.

The staff—and most of the customers as well—maintain the '60s mystique: very laid-back, very organic. Which brings us to the food, organically inclined as well. The Heartland menu is strong on yogurt, cornbread and brown rice dishes, and salads and sandwiches. The emphasis is on good, wholesome, clean-living food in staggering quantities: everything seems to come larger-than-life. The Heartland special salad includes almost every vegetable known to man, smothered in spicy yogurt dressing, and the sandwiches (\$.75-\$1.50) match the meanest appetite. There are also dinner specials that change at the management's whim.

When you're tired of the New Town shuffle and strut, the Heartland Cafe, at 7000 Glenwood, is a nice place to come back to and reminisce about the good old days.

Next month: Chicago Ribs Bare All



Sounds from across the Big Swamp

An hour of imported music. We cover the spectrum of Europe's progressive rock scene; the boogie of Status Quo, the electronic sound of Kraftwerk, the pop of Lake. All the world's a jukebox.



MONDAYS
at 10PM
on WXFM 106FM

HOLLYWOOD GRAPEVINE

BY BIRDFEATHER



Dahlings:

Wuz' gonna' write this while at Night Traffic Court with a Friend who pleaded guilty to a minor infraction but the oh-so-straight policeman nixed my notebook!! Can you imagine? These L.A. cops have no sense of humor, are hardly ever Irish or Italian, and never ever believe ya'! Oh well, on to March's meanderings.

Queen Are Cute: And Elektra gives great parties, like the one following the aforementioned's sold-out Forum gig. Since those Anglolsads are heavy into Orientalia these days, the Forum club had Japanese singers in kimonos, primroses in pots, lovely tiny fans with slant-eyed ladies on 'em, Alice Cooper in a white suit, Bernie Taupin with his designer girlfriend, Rodney "The King of Hollywood" with a coupla' Ramones, Peter Asher in red hair, and Japanese-ish food. Lots to drink and those Queens were absolutely beaming cuz they'd met with Groucho Marx earlier in the day ("Day At The Races," "Night At The Opera," get it?) and they all got along famously, fabulously, flip one-liners abounding. Now, if only Freddie Mercury could learn to chew a cigar...

I Even Put On A Dress: For Geraldine Fitzgerald's opening at Studio One. Who? At where? Geraldine Fitzgerald, as old-movie buffs know, costarred with Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* and *Watch On The Rhine* (she also played the sister in *Wuthering Heights*) and she's now singing a smashing array of what she calls "street songs"—like "Greensleeves," "She's Leaving Home," a Noel Coward ditty about a local pub, "Saturday Night At The Rose and Crown," lotsa others—and she sings 'em in a growly voice, very old Irish, ya' know wot I mean? Anyway, Studio One is a gay club—personalities like Bernadette Peters do their acts there—and I went girl-y for the night cuz the guest list read like Old Hollywood! I mean, dears, there I wuz, sitting in the same room with Gregory Peck (still elegant, wouldn't kick *him* outta' bed!), Shelly Winters looking plump, Olivia DeHavilland in mink, Kirk Douglas with son Michael, Virginia Mayo looking terrific, Roger (sigh) Moore, Martha Raye, Jan Sterling, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Better Davis herself (sigh again) who gallantly introduced Ms. Fitzgerald. Studio One

was dazzling, stardust floated in the air, "bravo"s abounded, and yer reporter, it must be admitted, fell asleep at the table. (The sumptuous food and abundant beverages ah, proved too too much.) But still, who's to say how to enjoy a show? I sure did, despite myself.

Remember The Soft Elegance of John Cale's "Paris 1919"?: Well, that poetic Welshman's gone rock and roll with a vengeance. Now a hot New York R&R band that sounds English-y backs John, he does a chilling version of "Heart-break Hotel"—all that at a SRO Starwood show recently. Cale the Curious also wrapped a mike-chord 'round himself, did "Pablo Picasso" passionately, and ya' had to have been there to believe his "Waiting For The Man"—the Velvet's classic that he helped to *make* a classic—it was one of those rare rock times that ya' get a chill up yer' spine, and you know what great really means. Really.

The Tubes Are Back: And boy, is their new show X-rated. Yup, Fee takes off his pants revealing leather chaps and a real cute bare ass—he's at Humper High (School) and the Humplords are on drums. The band-within-a-band's called Johnny Bugger and the Shits and they're in teenage drag. The return of Quay sayin', "I can't touch my dick anymore" and "I'm so famous I've been on the *Hollywood Squares* and I'm gonna' be on the *Don Knotts Special*," plus dancing Tubes, dancing rocks, great music Tubes, another conga-player Tube, laci-vious Tubes' ladies, and I guarantee you're gonna *love* de Tubes when their eventual upcoming tour hits Chicago—with a bang and nary a blush.

Even More Outrageous: Than the above-mentioned Tubes toot is the latest Andy Warhol film *Bad* which isn't (at least to me!) Sure, normal folk would be appalled at throwing a baby out a window, trashing a public toilet, snuffin' an illegal alien by crushing him with that thingy that cars go up on (in garages, ya' know), stuff like that. Ya' see, sleezy Carol Baker, who runs a sleedoid suburban electrolysis joint, has this gory business on the side. She arranges very weird hits pulled off by very very weird weird sleezettes. Funny, and lotsa' laughs,

well done and Jack Nicholson was at the screening as was Candy Clarke, screen-writer Buck Henry, Ed Begley, Jr., Bianca, Jim Brown, Roman Polanski—most of whom were at the fab party following where I danced with a Chicano dwarf and admired the artwork.

Ah, The Academy Awards: And wow, it really blew me out when Finchy won and wasn't Eletha wonderful! Talk about lumps in the throat! The director of this year's Awards, by the way, William Friedkin, had told Paddy Chayefsky that he didn't want Eletha to accept the Oscar if Finchy won because she "didn't fit the image." (Did I ever say Hollywood was always a class town?) But Paddy does have class and, as they say, the rest is history. A funnier aside was a phone interview I did before and after the show with French disco king Cerrone—who doesn't speak much English and my French is only so-so but it was—how you say—charming, especially when he hadta' split because Marty Feldman was on the tube—"heem I ad-dore." Sweet, those Frenchmen.

Round 'n' Round: Zappa readying a live lp (done at N.Y.C.'s Palladium) at Record Plant here. . . Linda Ronsdadt has a new "chum," drummer Adam Mitchell who may produce her lp after the next one. . . Barry "Mr. M.O.R." Manilow breaking all records in Vegas, no he doesn't gamble. . . Dolly Parton playing small rock clubs instead of country venues, watch for her at the Ivanhoe. . . Iggy Pop nice now, not nasty, he even turned up in suit and tie to meet RCA prexy Ken Glancy. . . rumour has a major Motown act (with 'em 16 years) leaving that label. . . did Jackson Browne find true love in Australia? . . . Peter Gabriel's six-show stint at the 500-seater Roxy sold out in six hours, a record for that club, kids were camped out overnight to assure a place in line. . . Martin Mull also sold out (not as fast) the Roxy with Norman Lear and all of the *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* crew on hand to wish him well. . . mad May, mine musicoids, grin and bear it and—turn the volume up!!

mind games

ACROSS

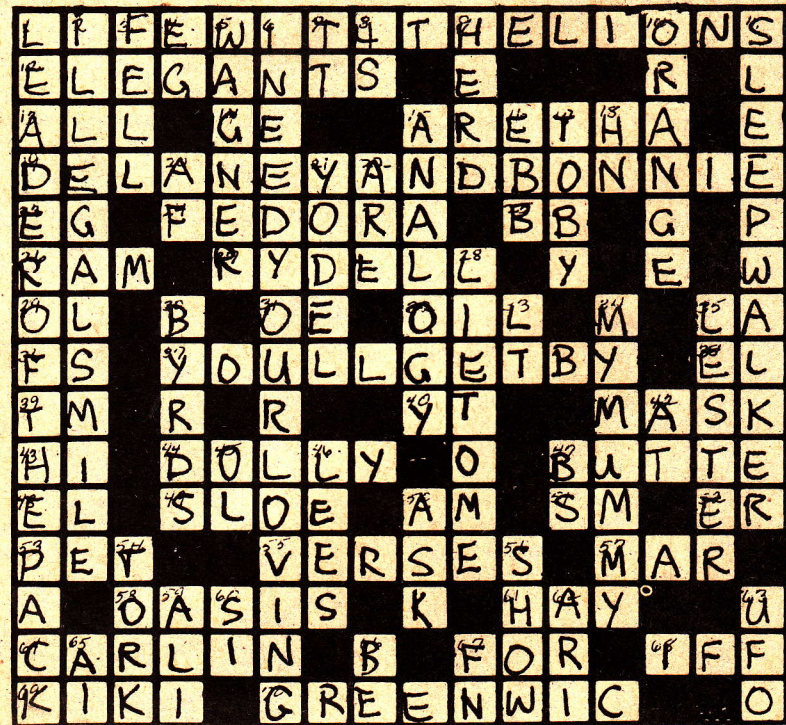
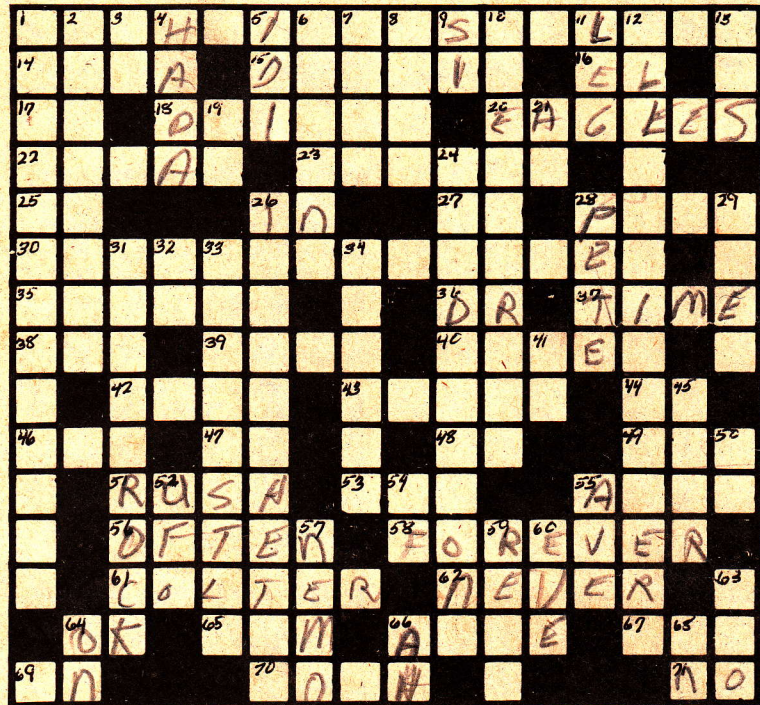
1. Dylan's first venture into the country pie.
14. First name of an early black female singer to break into the white market.
15. Brothers whose first hit was "Long Train Running."
16. Chicago transportation.
17. Initials of a song by 34-down.
18. A freewheeling Kinks song on "Arthur."
20. California's favorite band; their new album concerns a hotel.
22. What the Stones told you to get out.
23. Record label famous for its reggae acts.
25. Mantra chant popularized by the Moody Blues (var. spelling).
26. The crowd Ramsey Lewis is in with.
27. The continent Brazil '66 came from (initials).
28. Last name of a member of America.
30. Review starring Eylan, Baez, et al.
35. What the shadows were of.
36. Initials of a Supremes member that went downhill from there.
37. What's on Mick Jagger's side.
38. Initials of the first lady of sitcoms, who recently made her exit.
39. Maxine Brown's R&B hit in '64 and '65.
40. What Maria Muldaur doesn't want you to feel.
42. What Cher is, in addition to skin.
43. Last name of guy who was crying in the chapel in '53.
44. Initials of guy who masterminded Dr. John's records.
46. Prefix meaning new.
47. Initials of a Leiber and Stoller pseudonym.
48. Initials of a songwriter who penned "Rednecks."
49. First name of man who ran the Original Amateur Hour.
51. Name of a band or a marijuana high.
53. What Anna calls Kate McGarrigle.
55. Ray Steven's Arab.
56. Frequently.
58. What Corea returned to.
61. Last name of Waylon Jennings' wife.
62. "----- My Love;" The Association.
64. All right.
65. Initials of a 1972 hit for Marvin Gaye.
66. Last name of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" author.
67. A California human-potential sect.
69. Initials of the tallest Monkey.
70. A famous Lloyd Price refrain.
71. Opposite of yes.

DOWN

1. Type of disaster the BeeGees sang about.
2. Scene of Hells Angels murder.
3. Initials of man who did "Here Comes The Judge" version in '68.
4. "If I ----Hammer."
5. Gen. Amin.
6. A type of spoonful.
7. Superman's girlfriend.
8. Initials of a Gladys Knight and Pips song.
9. Spanish affirmative.
10. One of the few stars of Nashville who didn't sing.
11. Human appendage.
12. A Tyrone Davis song in '70.
13. Ames, Arnold and Fisher.
19. Initials of Britt Ekland's boyfriend.
21. Print commercial.
24. Chad and Jeremy tune.
26. Elvis's comeback song, fraught with social meaning.
28. Folksinger Seeger.
29. A progressive FM station in L.A. in the '60s.
31. A Chubby Checker-inspired dance (not the twist).
32. Initials of woman who cried if she wanted to 'cause it was her party.
33. "----- Love You;" Olivia N-J.
34. British group who had two hits in the late '60s.
41. Female songwriter who came back last year with a "Smile."
45. "Last Song;" Edward -----.
50. Initials of a Chicago-based jazz magazine.
52. Flying saucer.
54. British movie in the '60s featuring angry young men in a boarding school.

55. What's done to Maria.
57. Jules Verne's submerged captain.
59. Last name of Velvet Underground mentor.
60. "-----of Destruction."

63. Truckdriver band from Canada.
64. Not off.
66. Exclamation of discovery.
68. Initials of "Teen Beat" singer in '59.



GRANT WYLLIE'S ASTROLOGY



Swollen Head

records & tapes



**BRING IN THIS AD
AND SAVE!**

Head Supplies, Decoupage,
Books, and, of course,
Records and Tapes

May 18-21 - Sale Days

Any \$6.98 list LP's

3 for \$12

Any \$7.98 list Tapes

3 for \$16

**14 S. ASHLAND AVE.
LA GRANGE, IL 60525
(312) 354-8090**

WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECAST

There are several adverse influences zeroing in on world and national politics. However, most of them will be the same sort of thing that's been prominent in the news for a long time. Political scandals, politicians dying in transportation accidents and other similar events are all part of the pattern.

It looks as though the U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare or some other government agency is going to start asking embarrassing questions. One of them is likely to relate to the high cost of hospital and medical care. Subsequent attempts to discover the answer to this and other equally vital issues could very well blow the lid off the health care field. The investigating agencies will discover widespread incompetence among hospital staff members. Numerous cases of uncertified persons treating patients will be brought to light. New and bigger medical welfare fraud schemes will also be uncovered as the investigation runs its course. At the end of the affair several prominent persons in the medical field will be held to account for improper use of personal influence.

Although events of this nature benefit everyone by eliminating a serious threat to the public's well-being and the unlawful use of public funds, they have a rather negative side effect. Regrettably, the honest majority of people who earn their living in some phase of the health care field must suffer loss of prestige and respect due to the acts of a few dishonest people. Only time can erase the damage done them. It looks as though confrontation is shaping up between the American Bar Assn. and a group of major insurance companies. In the initial phases of the conflict the various insurance companies will make a combined effort to bring discredit on lawyers who repeatedly outperform the insurance companies' legal representatives in court. The lawyers association will in turn uncover numerous incidents where the companies in question have used unethical and unlawful tactics to avoid paying legitimate claims. This includes the bribing of fire inspectors, judges and a host of other public officials. As a result of the Bar Assn.'s discovery insurance companies will quickly settle the enormous number of claims they've been trying to wiggle out of paying.

Before the matter draws to a close, state and federal investigative agencies will start looking into it. When the investigation is concluded, some important officials will be caught with hands in the till. This could be one of the biggest news items of the decade.

May also holds a serious threat of epidemics. Strep-throat or similar human ailments and certain types of food poisoning or afflictions of the central nervous system are possible ways these threats could manifest themselves. However, the possibility of widespread fatality due to any epidemic spawned in May is low. The predominance of favorable aspects give public health facilities the ammunition they need to combat any disease that might threaten the general public.

The biggest news in the area of disease control will relate to an important medical discovery. Giant steps towards controlling and eventually eliminating several serious diseases (including cancer) will be announced in the near future.

In political matters, it looks as though a small group of Congresspersons are going to be highly critical of Jimmy Carter's efforts to communicate with the American public. Although a wide variety of rhetoric will be employed, the essence of their statements will be "Come on Mr. Carter, let's get political matters out of the hands of the people and back into the smoke-filled rooms where they belong." Obviously, these individuals have hitched their wagon to a fast-falling star.

Unfortunately, other atrological influences zeroing in on the White House should not be ignored. The possibility of an attempt on the life of the President is too heavy to go unmentioned. If the Chief Executive follows the advice of his security forces such attempts have virtually no chance of success.

Great adversity is in store for the nation of Japan. There is a strong possibility of a severe earthquake in that island nation. Aspects for a Japanese political crisis are equally prominent.

May 1977 holds exciting news for UFO buffs. Some important sightings will occur in the near future, a significant number of them in the Chicago area. Close encounters (Type III) between humans and the occupants of unidentified air/space vehicles may receive some attention from the news media.

New light may also be shed on the Travis Walton abduction (see TRIAD January 1976). This could be of a monumental nature. However, the press may not give the coverage the incident deserves. At its conclusion, May ushers in a time when the local, national and world outlook brightens considerably. The second half of the month will bring a wide variety of encouraging news reports.

FORECAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

ARIES

May is a fortunate and productive month. Although your daily affairs may be subject to chaotic influences, the sudden changes they bring will be for the better. Legal and philosophical questions may present themselves. Take time to resolve them even if it means changing your short-range goals or postponing social engagements. Be extraordinarily leery of those who try to entice you into making moves before you've examined all sides of the issues in question. You could suffer financial, physical or other injuries at their hands. After May 12 your romantic life gets some help from the zodiac. Equal benefits may also manifest themselves in financial or professional matters. Aries may be accident-prone this month. Put off do-it-yourself projects until June.

TAURUS

Adverse circumstances may find you in early May. However, if you keep things in perspective you'll discover the difficulties may bring out genius hidden in the depths of your identity.

Look for a unique means of getting around the obstacles that seem to block your path to almost everything. By so doing you'll discover these obstacles are by no means insurmountable.

Life takes an easier pace from May 12 to 19. After that date threats of crisis and confrontation are zeroing in on your professional life. Keep your working schedule flexible during this period and you'll be able to handle the situations in question with a minimum of difficulty. Avoid exposing yourself to physical or emotional danger.

GEMINI

Persistence, self control and an attitude of healthy skepticism will help turn the tide of a severely adverse trend. In early May you'll find yourself dealing with complex issues. Put forth the mental effort needed to grasp the full scope of things. Attempts to simplify the matters at hand could bring disaster.

Religion or philosophy do not hold answer to the problems of early May.

Threats of auto accidents can be minimized by forcing yourself to focus attention on the immediate present when operating a motor vehicle. This may not be as easy as it sounds.

After May 14 an overwhelmingly favorable trend starts to gain ground. Despite delays and petty aggravations you'll discover the second half of May holds a gigantic number of beneficial events. A few of them will be of monumental nature.

CANCER

Top-level executives may exhibit a pronounced lack of patience. Be willing to let them make their own mistakes (which they no doubt will) but be prepared to render aid when they ask for your help. You have the good fortune to be at a high point

HARLOWS

BISTRO & DISCOTEQUE

8058 S. CICERO
BURBANK, ILL.
(312) 425-1235

THE ALL NEW ORIGINAL HARLOWS

MAY SPECIALS—

FREE DRINKS WEDNESDAYS 8-10 PM
EXCEPT BOTTLED BEER

25c DRAFT BEER TUESDAYS & THURSDAYS
ALL NITE

HARLOWS

THE SOPHISTICATED ROCK CLUB ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

MAY SCHEDULE:

- 1 IVORY MAX
- 2 CHAMPAGNE LIMOUSINE BAND
- 3 BADGE
- 4 EYES
- 5 RAINTREE
- 6,7,8 JONES BAND
- 9 MIST
- 10 WILEY FOX
- 11 ONE POUND ROUND
- 12 MARINER
- 13 SCREAMS
- 14 BLACKBIRD
- 15 SWEET REVENGE
- 16 RAVEN
- 17 OLLIE RICE
- 18 PEPPER MILLE
- 19 MAX
- 20,21 PIN-UPS
- 22 FREEWHEELIN'
- 23 SMOKEHOUSE
- 24 FIRE
- 25,26 TREEBORN
- 27 RAVEN
- 28 M&R RUSH
- 29 BLAZER
- 30 GEMINI
- 31 JETSTAR

the Spirit

EATING * DRINKING * DANCING

Tuesdays - Concert Night

Jesse
Brady

May 17th

crystal
ball

May 10th

M&R
Rush

May 3rd

ROAD
MASTER

May 24th

CRYAN
SHAMES

May 31st

SUN	Free drinks 9 thru 10pm
MON	25c drinks all night
TUES	75c drinks 8 till 10pm
WED	Free drinks 8 till 9pm
THURS	Disco dance lessons 25c drinks 8 till 10

1732 W. OGDEN AVE.
DOWNERS GROVE
For further info: 963-0088

in your mentality cycle while the majority of persons you encounter in your daily affairs are on a mental low. Use it but don't flaunt it.

The first 16 days of May hold bizarre but favorable events if you are willing to cast off the things you no longer have use for. Pay special attention to all things and people that fit the key phrase, "things that remain unseen but whose effect is clearly detectable if one looks for it."

The second half of May is favorable.

LEO

Early May fosters disruptive influences. However, the same energies that bring adversity also give you the wit, mental dexterity and personal resolve that allows you to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Be prepared to meet and eliminate professional and personal problems before they get out of hand and you'll make breaks for yourself that luck simply can't equal.

After May 16 you may discover friends want you to enter a new area of life. Despite the fact the offer holds some attraction, it's an ill wind of the foulest nature. Unredeemed despair will find you if you walk the paths certain individuals seek to lead you on. On the other hand, there's a broad road that offers achievement, recognition and lasting improvement in the general state of your circumstances.

The logical answer to the quandary is the right answer. It's true the road to better days is a little harder. It may demand you leave certain people behind. You may have to abandon certain pleasurable activities. However, if you view the situation in the cold, clear light of reality you'll realize they are of little consequence.

VIRGO

May brings stress but enhances your ability to cope with it. The result of this self-rectifying adversity will be highly favorable. Practical matters of every variety are enhanced by the forces at work in the Zodiac. If you show willingness to make personal sacrifices for the general well-being of those around you, you will not be asked to do so.

Expect improvement in your working conditions after you've dealt with the disruptive influences that direct themselves toward your professional life.

After May 16 you'll find fulfillment for your romantic fantasies. The person who is the object of your affection during the final days of May could be around for a long time. This period may also bring an increase in your earnings and an elevation of your professional status.

LIBRA

Make a concerted effort to realize your plans and fulfill your hopes in the early portion of May. An older person or authority figure may hold the key in these matters. Take the trouble to communicate with this individual. Libra can enhance the already favorable outlook by taking the steps needed to fill in the gaps in their education.

After May 10 you'll have the opportunity to embark on new ventures. If you separate professional and personal matters you'll be able to hold on to present situations, or at least the good things that relate to them, while exploring new areas of life that may offer greater potential. In the last few days of the month you'll be hard-pressed to keep up with the many good things that present themselves.

SCORPIO

Be willing to abandon the usual for the sake of the unprecedented or extraordinary. However, it's wise to refrain from burning your bridges behind you. Remember, that which is easily gained is difficult to appreciate. Consequently, it is easily lost.

Hold your temper down when conversing with those who find it difficult to understand your point of view. For the past year and a half you've been gaining ground in the affairs of major consequence. The minor defeats that have presented themselves from time to time are of little importance in the overall

FENDER • AMPEG • MXR • SELMER • RICKENBACKER •

ALL FAMOUS BRANDS



Sid Sherman
Musical Instrument Co.

226 S. WABASH 3RD FLOOR
CHICAGO "LOOP"

COMBO — ELECTRONIC
— BAND — ORCHESTRA
ALL INSTRUMENTS
EZ CREDIT...
HI TRADE-INS...
LOWEST PRICES...

BACH • CONN • HOLTON • ARP • GETZEN • YAMAHA • MXR

SLINGERLAND • DDD • HOHNER • L • P • MOOG • GEMINI • HARDT

scheme of things. The accumulated aggravation they have caused could impel you to miss out on a portion of the good fortune May holds if you lose control of yourself.

After May 15 you'll discover several lifelong dreams are falling into place. This period is overwhelmingly fortunate. Let your primary efforts be focused on matters of utmost consequence. Follow through on opportunity that seems to fall out of nowhere.

SAGITTARIUS

Your ability to understand what is or is not good for you may be somewhat out of focus. This could cause your perception of reality to become somewhat distorted. There are some disruptive influences that may prompt you to see insults when in fact a compliment has been tendered. You might be well-advised to avoid situations that might allow the theft or loss of valued personal possessions.

On the other hand, May is an excellent month to recover possessions and situations lost in an earlier time.

Let's not lose sight of the fact that May 1977 is a superb month for Sagittarius. It starts out on a fortunate note and gets progressively better as each day passes. Put forth an effort to improve the quality of your life. The changes for the better that result from your labors will be of a permanent nature.

CAPRICORN

The initial portion of May 1977 places heavy occupational demands on you. However, your natural inclinations prompt you to handle matters in a way that brings a substantial number of tangible benefits. If you are willing to make an all-out effort on your own behalf you'll find yourself a big winner at the end of the month.

After May 5 matters take a less hectic pace. Good fortune of many varieties finds you.

The mid-month period may leave you little choice but to face those who are critical of your actions. However, you can thwart this trend if you spend some time in self-evaluation. After you've discovered that facet of yourself needs improvement and acted on your discovery, you'll find potential critics heaping praise on you.

On May 25 you enter a period of utmost fortune. Make the most of it.

AQUARIUS

An adverse trend is slowly fading away. You can hasten its passing by attending to the important details you've been avoiding.

Early May holds a rather severe threat of conflict and crisis. It's an adverse time for joint ventures or major purchases. Much of the reason behind this is the strong threat of Aquarius being the victim of deceptive practices. Keep your valuables out of harm's way this month.

Matters improve considerably after May 21. By then you will have resolved most of the matters that required your attention (including a quarrel with Leo). This allows you to capitalize on the general influences that are highly favorable. Old friendships can be renewed at this time. The chances of repairing a broken romantic relationship are also good.

Expect some contact with crackpots.

PISCES

Pisces may have trouble controlling their weight in the days ahead. The answer lies not only in curbing your appetite but also in giving your body enough exercise. Pisces will need to combat a tendency to feel neglected. In some cases this could get out of hand.

Despite an occasional feeling that something is wrong, Pisces has an exceptionally good month in store.

Early May enhances the home life, social activities and working conditions. On May 17, the concept of life as a learning experience is emphasized. Take the time to further your understanding of the world around you. You'll discover your personal store of accumulated knowledge growing at an astounding rate. By the end of the month you'll discover a very practical way to put your newly-acquired learning to use.

Triad May 1977

Surprisingly Different

YOUR 1 STOP GIFT SHOP

Records, Tapes, Indian Jewelry, Lithographs, T-Shirts

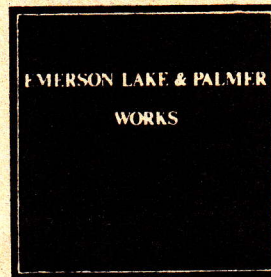
NOW OFFERING

ALL 6.98 LP'S **3.99**

ALL 7.98 TAPES

3 for \$15.00

Albums of the Month



13.98 List

NOW ONLY

7.79



7.98 List

NOW ONLY

4.79



Bring in this Ad
for **20% OFF ALL**
PARAPHERNALIA

We Are

Surprisingly Different

4724 W. Oakton Skokie, 677-8091

Store hours

Mon-Fri 11:00-10:00

Sat 10:00-8:00

Sun 12:00-5:00

may arts



FROM THE FILM "WIZARDS"

stage page & screen

BY CHARLES W. PRATT



WIZARDS' RALPH BAKSHI

***Not since Stanley Kubrick's *2001* has any science fiction film caused the excitement brewing over *Star Wars*, the big-budget galactic extravaganza to be released by Twentieth Century-Fox at the end of this month. Directed by George Lucas (*American Graffiti*, *THX 1138*) from his own screenplay, the film concerns the adventures of one Luke Skywalker, a young man from a desert planet who becomes involved in a vast interstellar rebellion against a decadent empire. Lucas began his screenplay six years ago, and production of the film began three years after that. A whole new special effects shop was constructed to take advantage of computer technology to implement some of the most elaborate miniature and optical effects ever produced on film. Millions of dollars were spent on designing the movies' alien creatures, humanoid robots and spacecraft.

The film has a mixed bag of a cast, starring both unknowns and familiar faces in major roles. Mark Hamill plays Luke, Carrie Fisher is the princess, Alec Guinness is a galactic knight and Peter Cushing is the bad guy. Other stars include two delightful machines, robots named R2D2 and C3PO—as well as a fuzzy Wookiee called Chewbacca.

Ballantine Books has already brought out a paperback version written by Lucas, and a new movie tie-in is due shortly. Marvel Comics will duplicate its *Logan's Run* efforts and serialize the flick

in a comic book format, with artwork by Howard Chaykin and scripting by Roy Thomas. The comic will spread over six monthly issues.

Star Wars could very well be the film that gives science fiction a good name.

Along publishers row. The new president and eventual editor of *Saturday Review* is 25-year old Carl Tucker, whose father-in-law bought the magazine from founder-editor Norman Cousins. . . . Dell Books paid \$800,000 to purchase the best-selling *Hite Report: a Nationwide Study of Female Sexuality* from Macmillan. The sensuous study was conducted by Shere Hite. A first printing of a million copies hit the newsstands in April. . . . Ballantine's Del Rey Books will feature Leonard Nimoy's *I Am Not Spock* as its lead title this month. . . . DAW Books will be coming out with the *1977 Annual World's Best Science Fiction*, edited once again by Donald Wollheim. . . . Lisa Alther, author of *Kin-Flicks*, is hard at work on her second novel. . . .

Film Flickers. Woody Allen's new movie is called *Annie Hall*, and it's somewhat autobiographical. Its cast includes Diane Keaton, Paul Simon, and Shelley Duvall. . . . Francis Ford Coppola's epic Vietnam war film, *Apocalypse Now*, has been plagued by difficulties, including

hurricanes, guerrilla warfare and star Martin Sheen's heart attack. The \$25 million movie will be released in 2½-hour segments on two consecutive evenings. Marlon Brando and Robert Duvall also star. . . . Shelley Duvall, among others, will be in Lake Forest this summer, working with director Robert Altman on *The Wedding*. Shelley hosts *NBC Saturday Night* on the 14th. . . . The film version of *Superman*, scripted by Mario Puzo, will be done in England, with a 30-week filming schedule. . . . Ralph Bakshi, glowing with the success of *Wizards*, is proceeding with his animated version of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, which will be done in a new, sophisticated graphic style. Like the book, the film version will also be a trilogy of two-hour segments. . . .

TV Screenings. Larry Linville who plays Frank Burns on *M*A*S*H* will be leaving the series. . . . Bob Newhart returns next year to CBS. . . . Milton Berle may have a CBS series. . . . Susan Anton, who does the Muriel Cigar commercials, may replace Farrah on *Charlie's Angels*. . . . *Quark* is the title of an NBC parody of *Star Trek*. Starring Dick Benjamin, the special may be the pilot for a new series. . . .

Comic scriptings. Inflation has struck again, and the prices of comics are climbing to 35 cents an issue. DC Comics led the way, and Marvel will follow shortly. Jenette Kahn, DC publisher, is now hawking that company's new line of one-dollar comics, giant-sized and filled with all-new material. . . . Also at DC, *The New Gods* return, with Jack Kirby's characters drawn by Don Newton and scripted by Gerry Conway. . . . Former Chicagoan Mike Gold is now a writer and idea man for DC. . . . At Marvel plans for the *Kiss* comic book kept running into obstacles, but the company expects the mag to be published eventually. The group made its premiere in two issues of *Howard the Duck*. By the way, Howard will soon star in a newspaper comic strip. . . . And while we're on the subject of comic books, stay tuned to TRIAD. Next month's issue will feature a special salute to comics and comic book publishing, cover and all. . . .

***Bits and pieces. . . . Charlton Heston will star in a sequel to *Ben-Hur*. . . . There are three sequels projected for *Superman*. . . . And William Holden will be in Lake Forest this summer to film *The Omen, Part II*.

playbill

BY CHRISTINE HARMON

All I Want/Some Kind Of Life—Bruce and Brian Hickey's urban tragicomedy continues at Victory Gardens. 3730 N. Clark, Thursday through Saturday. Tickets \$3.50-\$5.50, CAPA, D. 549-5799.

And They Used To Star In Movies—Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck and others are portrayed as past their prime in this satire at the Body Politic. 2257 N. Lincoln, through May 8. Thursday through Sunday. Tickets \$5.00, CAPA, D (except Saturday). 871-3000.

Biography—A famous portrait artist who decides to write her life story encounters opposition from former lovers in this comedy of manners set in the 1930's. Chicago City Theatre's Chamber Theatre, 410 S. Michigan (4th floor). Thursday through Sunday. Tickets \$3.50, CAPA, D. 663-3618.

Birdbath—Drama of a shy troubled girl and a lonely struggling poet by Leonard Malfi. Steppenwolf Theatre, 770 Deerfield Rd., Highland Park. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$3.50, CAPA, D. 663-3618.

Bully—An adventure with Teddy Roosevelt by Jerome Alden, starring James Whitmore. Blackstone Theatre, 60 E. Balboa, May 2 through May 28. Monday through Saturday. Tickets \$6.00-\$10.00. 431-0660.

Cops—The Organic Theatre presents Terry Curtis Fox's police drama centering on an officer from Chicago's North Side. Leo Lerner Theatre, 4520 N. Beacon. Wednesday and Thursday. Tickets \$4.50-\$5.50, CAPA, D (additional discount for police officers). 271-2436.

Don Juan—Moliere's classic directed by Michael Montel, at the Goodman Theatre, 200 S. Columbus, May 6-June 12. Tuesday through Sunday. Tickets \$7.25-\$8.25, CAPA (except Friday and Saturday), D. 443-3800.

Fear Strikes Out—The story of baseball player Jimmy Piersahl, presented as a one man show by the Broomstick Theatre of Madison. Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, May 19 through May 28. Saturday and Sunday. Tickets \$2.50-\$3.50, CAPA, D (except Saturday). 871-3000.

George Jean Nathan In Revue—Dramatization of the writings of the influential New York drama critic who discovered Eugene O'Neill. Goodman Stage 2, 1016 N. Dearborn, April 19 through May 8. Tuesday through Sunday. Tickets \$5.00, CAPA, D. 443-3800.

Hot House—A comedy-drama by Megan Terry about a young girl in the 1950's with a turbulent family and a young man who tries to rescue her, directed by June Pysakack. Jane Addams Hull House Theatre, 3212 N. Broadway. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$4.00, D. 549-1631.

The Indian Wants The Bronx—Two New York street kids meet a non-English-speaking East Indian, and the resulting confrontation brings out hidden frustrations and violence. Steppenwolf Theatre, 770 Deerfield Rd., Highland Park. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$3.50, CAPA, D. 433-5080.

The Interview—The survivor of a Jewish concentration camp, now a tailor in New York, is interviewed by an insurance salesman in this drama about the inhumanity of the system. The Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, through May 8. Thursday through Sunday. Tickets \$5.00, CAPA, D (except Saturday). 871-3000.

Johnnie Will—Victor Power's comedy-drama about Irish family life, at the Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, through May 8. Thursday through Sunday. Tickets \$5.00, CAPA, D (except Saturday). 871-3000.

Juliet in Mantua—Contradicting Shakespeare's report of their deaths, Romeo and Juliet are alive, celebrating their 10th wedding anniversary and considering a reconciliation with their parents. The Old Town Players, 1718 North Park. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$2.50-\$3.00. 645-0145.

Loose Tongues—Midnight Madness presents three pieces for theatre: **Night Mail**, **Bleach**, and **Queen of Grease**. Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln, Friday and Saturday at midnight. Tickets \$2.50 and \$3.50, CAPA, D (except Saturday). 871-3000.

Magus Jasmine—A University of Chicago philosophy professor is transported back in time to lost Atlantis via magic. Magic Circle Theatre, 615 Wellington, May 5 through June 25. Thursday through Saturday. Tickets \$3.50-\$4.00, CAPA, D. 929-0542.

Of Mice And Men—John Steinbeck's play of the well-known novel, directed by Robert Falls, presented by Wisdom Bridge Theatre, 1559 W. Howard. Thursday through Saturday. Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, CAPA, D. 743-6442.

Sirens Of Titan—Kurt Vonnegut's science fiction fantasy is brought to the stage with special effects by the Organic Theatre, 4520 N. Beacon. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$4.50-\$5.50, D (except Saturday). 271-2436.

Trouble In Mind—The 1957 hit comedy-drama by Alice Childress concerns a rehearsal for a Broadway production and shows the conflict and coincidence between the characters in the play and the actors portraying those characters, directed by Jackie Taylor and presented by the Chicago Black Ensemble. Off Broadway Theatre, 1429 N. Wells. Friday through Sunday. Tickets \$5.00, CAPA, D. 787-3784.

Vanities—Jack Heifner's hit comedy about three former cheerleaders transformed into incompatible roommates in Manhattan. Drury Lane/Water Tower, 175 E. Chestnut (Water Tower Place). Tickets \$5.00-\$9.00, dinner/theatre combination from \$14.00, D. 266-0500.

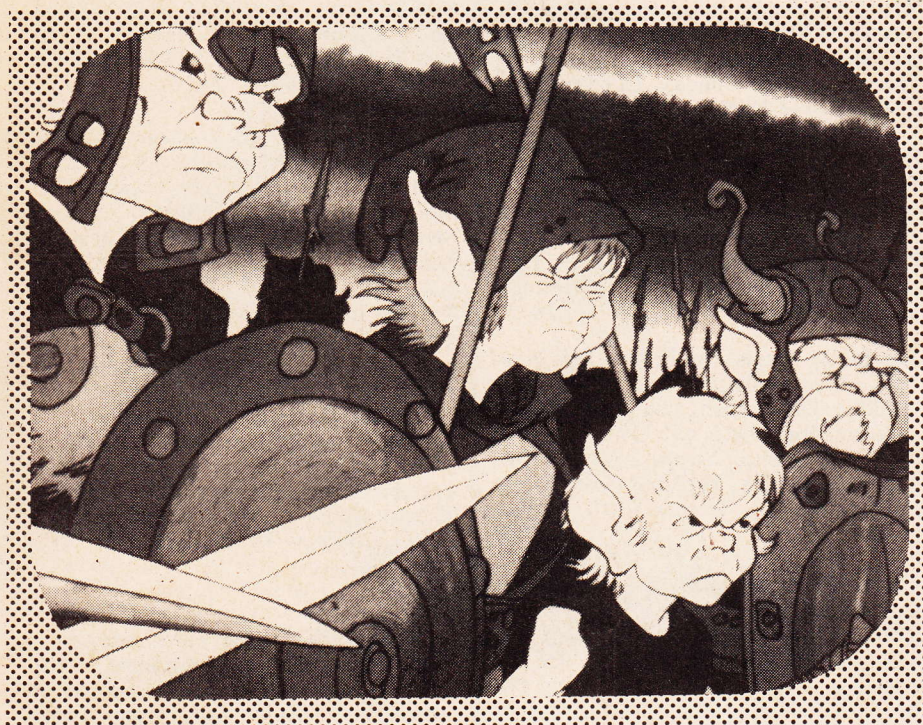
The Water Engine—An American fable set in Chicago during the Century of Progress fair, David Mamet's play deals with a man who invents an engine fueled by water and his subsequent struggle with big business. St. Nicholas Theatre, 2851 N. Halsted. Thursday through Sunday. Tickets \$3.50-\$5.50, CAPA, D. 348-8415.

Wellsappopin—A series of comedy skits at Second City, 1616 N. Wells. Tuesday through Sunday. Tickets \$4.00-\$5.00, D (Wednesday and Friday only). 337-3992.

The Wiz—The Tony-award winning black musical adaptation of Frank Baum's *The Wizard Of Oz* continues at the Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe. Tuesday through Sunday. Tickets \$6.00-\$13.00. 236-8240.

CAPA: CAPA vouchers accepted
D: Discounts for students

MOVIES



a radical departure from Bakshi's past. The new film abandons the present and retreats to the relative safety of the far-off future, a period like the far-away past of fairy tales, in which the artist is held responsible only for creative vision and not for opinions held or attitudes expressed. And where the world can be broken down into clear factions of Good and Evil. Which is exactly what Bakshi has done in *Wizards*.

The earth has been almost obliterated by nuclear holocaust. The survivors are divided into two factions; the mountain kingdoms of Elfindom and Fairyland, led by a stumpy dwarf with a red beard and pointed hat named Avatar; and Scortch, the swampy lowlands occupied by mutants and goblins, led by Avatar's brother Blackwolf, a tall bony apparition with blood-shot eyes and a beaky nose.

Blackwolf has decided to declare war on his brother. He spurs his rag-tag troops into action by showing them Nazi propaganda films found in the rubble of Europe, and waving swastikas in the right directions.

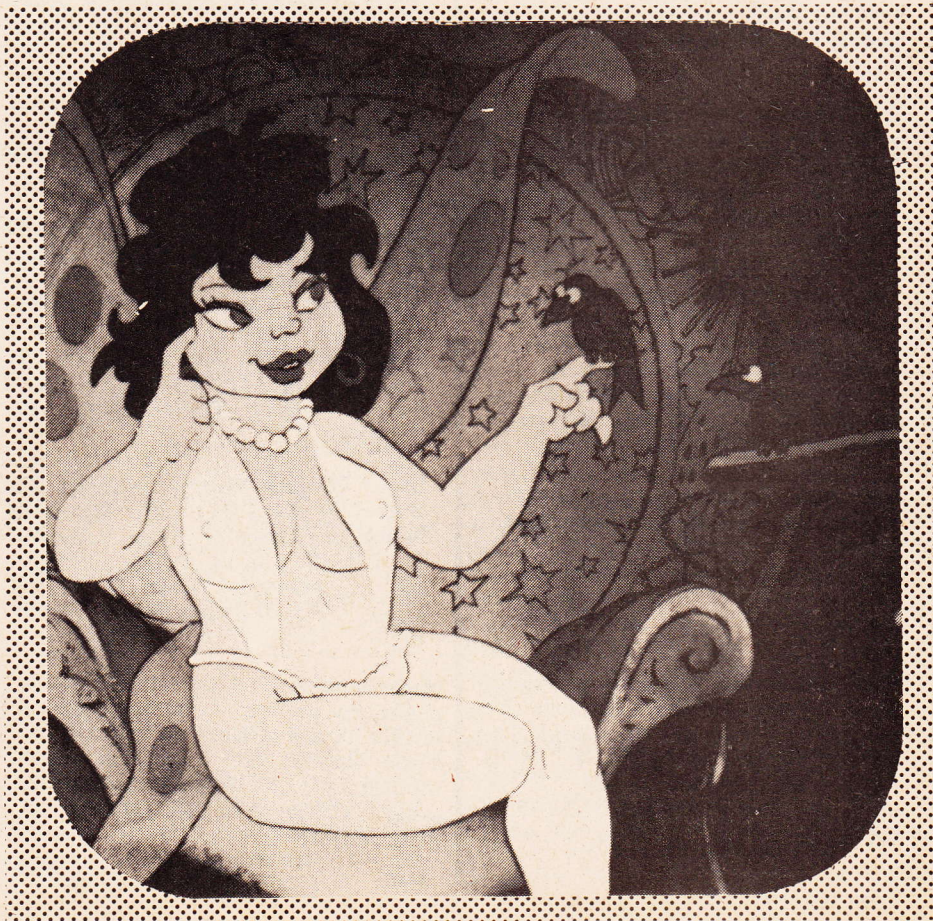
To combat these evil forces, Avatar, accompanied by the beautiful fairy princess Elinor and the brave elfin warrior Weehawk, sets off to destroy Blackwolf's movie projector and thus demobilize his troops, who cannot fight without the Fuhrer spurring them on from the flickering screen.



WIZARDS
Directed by Ralph Bakshi
(a 20th Century-Fox release)

With his latest movie *Wizards*, Ralph Bakshi takes a giant step back onto the beaten track of feature-length animators who have come before. His previous works, *Heavy Traffic*, *Coonskin* and, of course, the immortal X-rated essay on the sub-culture generation, *Fritz the Cat*, dealt with contemporary issues and situations. Simplistic and offensive to some factions, his radical-chic kittens, Black-lib crows and dope-dealing foxes provided Bakshi with a platform to illuminate, satirize and sermonize a little on the state of the modern world as he saw it. He was one of the few, if not the only major cartoonists to try to bring the outside world into the animation studio. The resulting films, caricaturistic as they were, showed a commitment to life as it is today, sometimes violent, sometimes tragic, sometimes hypocritical and ugly, but ultimately worth celebrating.

WIZARDS: A Tale of Sword and Sorcery in the Year 2,000,000 A.D. is

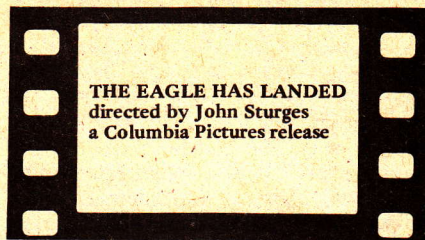


If this all sounds like Bakshi gone Disney, it should. There are a lot of Walt's heavy-handed touches in the film. Tinkerbell and Peter Pan look-alikes abound in the glades and glens and Black-wolf is the spitting image of Snow White's wicked stepmother. There's a lot of Disney silliness and bumbling as well, misdirected incantations, slapstick sorceries and the like. But it is the simplistic world-view of good vs. evil that most directly evokes the past master's memory. That, and the dazzling animation, which in sheer technical quality and artistic virtuosity hasn't been matched in decades.

Make no mistake, *Wizards* is a Bakshi film. The women are all voluptuous with outstanding nipples and even the good wizard is not above dropping a few well-placed obscenities. The dialogue is witty and the film moves quickly. But it's only an entertaining fairy-tale for the PG generation, a good trip film, perhaps the best since Disney's *Fantasia*, and no more.

The social consciousness of his earlier films, that amused but also attacked, has been replaced by never-never fantasy and a few gratuitous slaps at the worst bad guy of them all. The only irony is that in this fantasy of good magic against evil science and technology, right is re-established, not by incantation or spell, but by a well-placed bullet. Perhaps it is the Bakshi version after all.

Beth Segal



The movie thriller has always been closely linked to audience's preoccupations with, and fears of, death. Indeed, it might be argued that were it not for death, there might be no such thing as a thriller. Though that may sound like an overstatement, thought and memory bear it out.

After all, the world of the thriller is populated not only by innocent people but also by cops, soldiers, ruthless thugs and their counterparts (the detective) as well as an occasional demon. The devil is the only one of them who doesn't carry a gun. The plot line of the conventional thriller is concerned with plans to kill the somewhat innocent victim, and with the execution of those plans. They usually

fail in the end, and the baddies end up either in jail or dead themselves. Of course there are many variants to this scheme, among them the plots to frame or kidnap, but behind all of them lies the probability that someone will be murdered or just plain killed. Who cares if some important or ordinary person dies? The film maker and the scriptwriter attempt to make sure that everyone in the theater does, or their project is a failure.

How then can this be accomplished? Increasingly, films have employed graphic violence in an attempt to convince the spectator that the pain and death on the screen are real as well as shocking. But the classical solution to the problem calls for the audience to identify with one or more characters in danger. The audience is then provided with a part of the story that runs parallel, including information the endangered character could not possess. As the film develops, the endangered character lags behind the audience in awareness of the real form of the threat. The role of the spectator then becomes that of a concerned party, one who would give anything to warn the potential victim. There's the rub, for that impulse must remain bottled up. Suspense results from the wonder over when the disaster will strike or when the victim will wise up and act as rationally as the audience members believe they would.

Although Hitchcock is usually cited

BETTS AT HIS BEST!

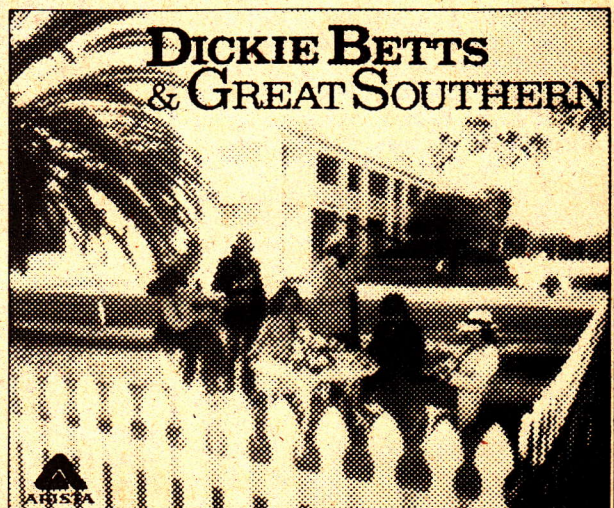
The explosive debut album by Dickey Betts & Great Southern is one of the most exciting new rock albums of the 70's. Every song is melodically, lyrically and instrumentally impressive.

ON SALE AT:

HEAR HERE	HEAR HERE	HEAR HERE
604 DEMPSTER	4016 N. CICERO	2833 N. BROADWAY
EVANSTON	CHICAGO	CHICAGO

LP \$4.65

Available on ARISTA Records 



Includes: THE WAY LOVE GOES/
RUN GYPSY RUN/BOUGAINVILLEA

as the master of the genre, more recently other film makers have advanced the technique in notable ways. One striking example comes from John Schlesinger's recent film, *Marathon Man*, in the scene in which Dustin Hoffman finds himself in a dreaded everyday situation: in the dentist's chair being tortured by the dentist's drill. Bamboo shoots under the fingernails may be a better torture, but it can never cause the audience to identify with the victim with the force that a vision of a sadistic dentist does. The more immediate the experience, the stronger the identification.

Unfortunately, not all of the recent crop of thrillers maintains the level of involvement which made *Marathon Man* such a powerful popular success this past winter. The two current variants on the thriller formula, John Sturges' *The Eagle Has Landed* and John Frankenheimer's *Black Sunday*, provide good examples of the length to which film makers will go to show something new, but remain basically within the bounds of established thriller format. Both are essentially reactions to the waves of newspaper stories dealing with the exploits of Israeli and Palestinian commando units. The influence of recent news on *The Eagle Has Landed* is made quite explicit, even though the film deals with a wartime plot hatched by German Nazi commandos to kidnap Churchill. The stay-at-home commander of the mission, played by Robert Duvall, wears a Moshe Dayan-inspired patch over one eye. The story is set in the later stages of the war, when German victory seems almost out of the question, and Duvall's plan to get Churchill bears obvious similarities to the Israelis' struggle to survive against overwhelming opposition. It would be foolish to limit one's interpretation of the film to the level so far suggested, though, since the film is based on the best-selling novel of intrigue of the same name. Much like the novel, the film manages to cast light on the political double-dealing that marked Hitler's government. Thus, Donald Pleasance appears as Heinrich Himmler (a bizarre, though successful bit of casting there), the man who carried out much of the Nazi's dirty work behind Hitler's back. It is he who orders the daring paratroop raid to snatch Churchill out of his nest in Eastern Britain. The striking force is recruited from a discredited commando unit led by Michael Caine. The suicidal mission is undertaken by Caine in an effort to win back grace and respect for his men. As a result, *Eagle* twists the standard thriller formula into something out of the ordinary. Instead of casting Churchill as the innocent victim, Caine's men and their IRA collaborator (Donald Sutherland), the nominal baddies of the film, also serve as the innocents who are trying to vindicate themselves in the face of the labyrinthine evil of the Hitler gang.

Unfortunately, the element of sus-

pense that builds up at several points within the film is repeatedly weakened or destroyed by moral ambiguities. Caine is a German and wants to kidnap the protector of democracy, yet the film continually forces the audience to identify with him and his men. In addition, the serious comic relief provided by Sutherland's almost-convincing Irishman serves not only to entertain, but in many places to break up the tension. Despite the generally high level of proficiency which is apparent in every phase of this production, the film ultimately fails to provide the sustained buildup and release which are the hallmarks of the successful thriller. Fine entertainment it is, but no gut-wrencher.

pilot, both convey great magnetism as they plot to "get even" with the American people for making their lives so miserable. Dern fashions a fragmentation bomb which is to be fitted to the underside of the blimp, a kind of flying Jaws, and detonated directly over the playing field during the game. The only thing in the way of the death of 80,000 unsuspecting average Americans and one Jimmy Carter is Israeli agent Robert Shaw. In *Jaws*, the killer could be blown up; this time the matter is much more difficult—the menace must not explode.

Much as in *Eagle*, there are really not any characters who can be called good or bad—the film's tone is one of a moral vacuum. That Shaw is a govern-



Frankenheimer's *Black Sunday*, also based on a best-selling novel, seems to avoid the trap which caught the *Eagle*, largely due to the fact that it is scripted by Ernest Lehman. Lehman has in the past written some of Hitchcock's best thrillers (*North By Northwest*), and it is apparent that he is a master within that tradition. *Black Sunday* deals with a plot by the Black September (responsible for the Munich Olympics debacle of 1972) to massacre the entire crowd present at a Super Bowl game in Miami. Inspired by real-life headlines, as many thrillers have been, *Black Sunday* also breaks with the established practice by calling for identification with the conspirators, in this case played by Marthe Keller (*Marathon Man*) and Bruce Dern (*Silent Running*). Keller, a displaced Palestinian, and Dern, a disgraced ex-Vietnam P.O.W. and Goodyear Blimp

ment's hired assassin and that Dern and Keller intend mass murder makes it difficult to decide just which side to identify with. Consequently, Frankenheimer is able to ground his suspense in the audience's vacillation between one side and the other. Out of such material, Frankenheimer has managed to construct the year's best thriller, one which stands alongside his own past incursions into the realm of suspense, *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seven Days In May*. It is a mark of his own maturity in direction and that of the thriller genre that while some would say the earlier films are marred by their political messages, *Black Sunday* is a thriller that doesn't preach, but rather suggests some motivations for political terrorism. Terrorists cannot fear death, but as spectators, we are led by films like *Black Sunday* to experience that fear ourselves.

Bill Crowley

books



ANNE RICE

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

by Anne Rice
(Ballantine, \$1.95)

Vampirism has long been a favorite metaphor for poets, and it's not hard to see why. Blood is the fluid of life and a potent symbol for it, and it is the vampire who manipulates symbol and reality by draining his (or her) victims dry. Vampires are the undead, not alive in any human sense.

Thanks to Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and Bela Lugosi's screen portrayal, the vampire has become part of our mythic consciousness, a "monster" who fascinates us. He has become a folk hero, and we are all steeped in vampire lore, knowing everything about the coffins, the garlic, the crucifix and the wooden stake.

In this intriguing debut novel, Anne Rice (the wife of poet Stan Rice) has hit upon a rich lode of narrative material and uses it well. She succeeds, interestingly enough, by denying a number of our popular conceptions of the vampire nature. Her hero—his name is Louis—debunks the notion that his race is helpless before the cross, that they can turn into bats, that they are utterly cruel. Not so, says Louis, who was

a young and wealthy Louisiana aristocrat when he was seduced into vampirism—almost 150 years ago.

Vampires, it seems, are immortal, very strong and quite stealthy. They have vast stores of hypnotic powers. But they also fall prey to the pettiest of human vanities.

In this interview, Louis tells his long, long story to a callow young San Francisco journalist who probably freelances for *Rolling Stone*. The vampire's saga is a compelling, spell-binding tale of his blood inauguration by Lestat, the young vampire who needed money to pay for luxuries and his blind father's necessities. (Vampires are made, not born.) Nineteenth century New Orleans, lush, tropical and decadent, is the perfect environment for their perverse (and reverse) lifestyle, which requires them to kill for survival every night.

Lestat and Louis continue their love-hate relationship for a while, then they add another to their company. Claudia is a five-year-old girl orphaned after Lestat killed her mother. Louis attacked and almost killed her, but Lestat "saved" her for a fate worse than life. Conflict inevitably arises. Lestat is arrogant and cruel; Louis is a sensi-

tive philosopher; and Claudia is full of passion, forever trapped in a child's frail body. Eventually Louis and the child rebel, try to destroy Lestat, then flee to Europe where they join a vampire colony in Paris, another city of decadence.

Enough of the plot: the rest you can savor on your own. Ms. Rice is a superb novelist, in command of her subject and characters, and she writes elegantly about murder as an erotic act. This novel is not so much about a man's initiation into vampirism as it is about the loss of human feelings—exchanged for a vampire's heightened perceptions. As Yeats wrote, "A terrible beauty is born."

This book sold well in hardcover, though it didn't stay on the bestseller lists very long. But it's certain to be a smash success in paperback, simply because it's a well-crafted thriller. One of these days, it will also be a movie.

Interview With the Vampire is essentially a tragedy, the story of a man's collapse under the weight of an overpowering destiny. It is also the story of a vicious struggle against eternal ennui. Louis may talk a bit too much, but his story is well worth the listen.

Charles W. Pratt

SUPER-FOLKS

by Robert Mayer
(The Dial Press, \$3.95)

Many years ago, my great-uncle Willie would come to our house once a week and bring us Zero candy bars and comic books. Those Wednesday afternoon visits were the high point of our week and the bane of my mother's existence. In her opinion, candy bars rotted the teeth, comic books rotted the brain, and as for Uncle Willie—whose wife worked while he idled the weeks away on an everlasting circuit of visits to nieces, nephews and grandchildren—his influence was none too healthy.

Every day, as soon as he was out the door, Mom would scoop up the rest of the candy and the comics and throw them in the incinerator, where they were burnt to ashes before we could plan any clandestine rescue missions.

Uncle Willie died right around the time the world started changing its attitude about comic books. No longer are they found only in drugstores' and newsstands in between the *National Inquirer* and *True Confessions*. There are entire stores devoted to the care and collection of comics; there are annual

conventions, TV series and important gallery exhibits centered around the once-despised literary form.

Recently, the comic made another giant step. We now have the first comic novel. *Super-Folks* takes off where every other comic writer ends, by author Robert Mayer's decision. The book begins by killing or cancelling the careers of every comic hero known to man.

Every superperson succumbs. The dead include Kennedy, Batman and Robin (whose Batcar collided with a bus carrying black children into the suburban schools), the Marvel family (struck by lightning), the Lone Ranger (found with an arrow in his back after Tonto returned from a Red Power conference), Mary and Captain Mantra, Snoopy (shot down somewhere over France), and



Wonder Woman (not dead, but forsaking her super powers to devote all her womanly strength to the feminist movement).

Finally, as fate always dictates, there is one last hope flickering in the dark future of mankind. There's only last superhero left to the world, and he goes by the public identity of David Brinkley.

Years ago, Brinkley was the alter-ego of Indigo, the liberal superhero from New York. Indigo (presumably named for his blue hair) was born Rodney on the planet Cronk and sent into space by his parents, Edith and Archie, as directed by the great god Nietzsche when he destroyed Cronk.

Rodney subsequently fell to earth, where he was adopted by Eleanor and Franklin and renamed David. It wasn't long before David's powers asserted themselves.

In his heyday, he was the best, one year winning two Golden Apollos at the annual Pantheon Award ceremonies, for Best Feat Using Telepathic Powers and for Best Feat Under Water. In those days, "All he had to fear was fear itself," as Father Franklin told him, and the deadly meteor metal called Cronkite left over from the explosion of Indigo's mother planet.

Now, Brinkley is 42. He lives in the suburbs with his lovely wife and two children. It has been so long since he tested his superpowers that he's not even sure he can fly anymore, much less fit into his uniform. But the fate of the world hangs in the balance and so. . . .

Well, you get the picture, which, by the way is the one thing lacking in this, greatest comic story every told. If only Jack Kirby and John Romita had been called in to do the illustrations, Mayer's success would have been complete.

As it is, *Super-Folks* is witty, clever and urbane. Just the sort of story for a New York superhero to make his comeback in. And, in the best comic book tradition, it is wonderfully devoid of any literary pretention and is vastly entertaining, one of the most indulgently delicious novels to come along in years. For myself and the rest of the world, thank you Robert Mayer, and goodnight, David.

Beth Segal

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL

by Ira Levin
(Dell, \$2.25)

The long distance call from Sao Paulo in 1974 sounds like paranoid ravings: 94 65-year-old civil servants are marked for death by Josef Mengele, the "Angel of Death" at Auschwitz, and the *Kameradenwerk*, the self-protection society set up by Nazis in South America following World War II. The old men are scattered around the world and they're to be killed on or near specific dates over a two-and-a-half-year period.

But in Vienna, Yakov Liebermann, head of the War Crimes Information Center, can't dismiss the possibility that the young caller has stumbled across one of the most monstrous schemes to come out of the Third Reich—a possibility that becomes fact as the men start dying. Liebermann faces several problems, though. Who are the men? How can he separate them from normally-occurring deaths which happen during the same time-period? Where do they live? What links these men; why are they in particular selected?

Ira Levin, of *Rosemary's Baby* fame, has constructed one of the most absorbing suspense thrillers ever. The timing, the flow, the twists and turns the novel takes draw one along as Yakov

Liebermann traces Mengele's diabolical plot from continent to continent, from city to city, from victim to victim. And if the ending doesn't leave even a small lingering doubt, check your pulse—you probably died while reading it. Thanks to Levin's skillful handling, *The Boys from Brazil* can definitely give *Marathon Man* a run for the money.

Larry Green

A STRANGER IN THE MIRROR

by Sidney Sheldon
(Warner Books, \$1.95)

Though this paperback reprint has climbed high on the nationwide mass market best-seller list, for this fan of *The Other Side of Midnight* (Sheldon's previous novel), the tale of love and greed on the seamy side of the Hollywood business is a disappointment.

The plot *sounds* exciting. Toby Temple, a charismatic young man with huge eyes and a libido to match, lands in Hollywood to make it as a comedian (after a poor childhood dominated by his mother, and many one-night stands in night clubs). Cliff Lawrence, a known talent agent, sees Toby's act and decides to groom him for success, which he (predictably) does. Toby is not an especially grateful person and (predictably) later steps on those who have helped him along the way.

Meantime, Josephine Czinski is growing up in Texas under the double stigma of being poor and Polish. Quite beautiful to look at, she changes her name to Jill Castle and determines to make it in Hollywood. Her way is not as easy; she is used right and left, and, seething inside, vows to take revenge on all those who have hurt her.

How these two get together (as you know they will) and how Jill uses Toby's love and fame to wreak her vengeance is a main plot of the book.

As intriguing as the plot sounds, it falls a bit flat. Sheldon uses the same technique that was so effective in *The Other Side of Midnight*, of beginning with the end and relating the events leading up to it, and the same method of switching plots to seemingly unrelated people and events until they come together on common ground. The events in *A Stranger in the Mirror*, however, are either more predictable or less believable; they are grotesque rather than thrilling. The characters, who seem in places to be very similar to those of *The Other Side of Midnight*, are superficially developed. Their motives are not carefully spun. In *The Other Side of Midnight*, the way these people are united is done very well with the author tightening the reader's nerves to a taut tension and admiration for the author's imaginative capabilities.

A Stranger in the Mirror does con-

tain some moments of real terror, but these moments are just not sustained. And the reader is given interesting information about the way the Hollywood business works, including some frightening (and, judging from a recent newspaper article on Sidney Sheldon, real) occurrences of gangster influences on the people there. However, after having looked forward with great eagerness to the paperback reprint of this novel, I could not help feeling let down.

Susan David

DRY HUSTLE
by Sarah Kernochan
(Morrow, \$8.95)

An addition to the widening circle of recent novels disclosing female sexuality, *Dry Hustle* has a more unusual bent—the women are the exploiters and the men the “exploitees.” The fast-talking “dry hustler” sells empty promises of fabulous sexual things to come, extracting money, jewelry, dinners, whatever she wants, from either horny or love-smitten men. A dry hustler is never forced to deliver.

Randy, a baby-faced teenage runaway hung up on the fact that she is adopted, is newly arrived in New York City with her half-crazy PhD drug-



dealing boyfriend, Murphy. Her first meeting with Kristal when they are both sick in a dingy bus terminal ladies' room sets the scene of the future raunchy exploits of the pair. Kristal offers Randy the means to earn the money that Randy, suddenly panic-stricken, has just flushed down the toilet in Murphy's cocaine. Randy can learn the art of dry hustling in the Royale Ballroom from Kristal, an older, voluptuous veteran with an ingenious repertoire of cons. Her philo-

sophy, she tells Randy, is “you can fool alla the people. Alla the time. *One at a time!*” When asked by the then-uncomprehending Randy, “But if he comes back tomorrow night all pissed off?” Kristal's answer: “If he wants to come back for me, I'll give him more. Quit buggin' me, I got a headache.”

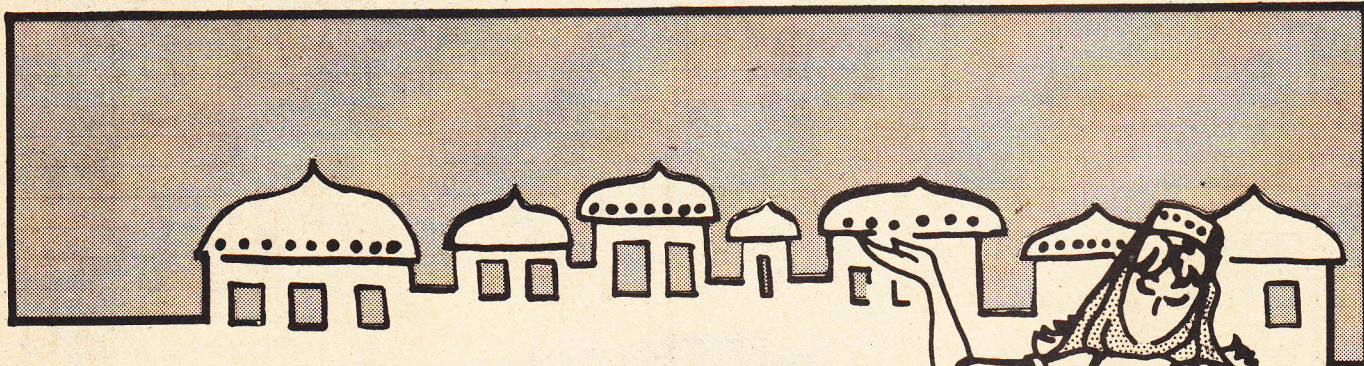
When asked by the then-uncomprehending Randy, “But if he comes back tomorrow night all pissed off?” Kristal's answer: “If he wants to come back for me, I'll give him more. Quit buggin' me, I got a headache.”

The first part of the book takes place primarily in Randy's and Murphy's loft (where Murphy, the typical boring dope dealer, sits around with his typical boring contacts, an unlikeable character the reader doesn't much look forward to meeting in subsequent chapters) and in the dance hall, where Kristal shows Randy her technique.

Kristal: I live with my mother and father. They take care of the kids, but they're very strict with me, like I'm still a little virgin. That's why I couldn't take you home tonight, for instance.

Man: I could find a hotel room.

Kristal: Oh, no, I'd feel awful. It's been such a long time for



All your AUDIO DREAMS come true at
In Sound Stereo

One of the largest TAPE & RECORD outlets in Indiana.
The largest CRAIG dealer in N.W. Indiana.

CRAIG: AUTO STEREO
PORTABLE CASSETTE
STEREO COMPONENTS
C.B.

HI-FI COMPONENTS
AUDIO SPEAKER
SCANNERS

8126 WICKER - ST. JOHN, IN. (219) 365-5486
2 MILES SOUTH OF ROUTE 30 ON U. S. 41

me since I could feel something for a man, a hotel room would be the worst place. . . . I rent this other apartment just to be alone in, but I'm behind on the rent and the doorman would stop me if we went there.

Man: How much do you owe?

Kristal: One-fifty. Have you got it?

And so on. After Randy splits from her boyfriend, the two women literally take the money and run (dodging unsuspecting men awaiting them at quitting time), presumably to find Randy's natural parents, dry hustling along the way.

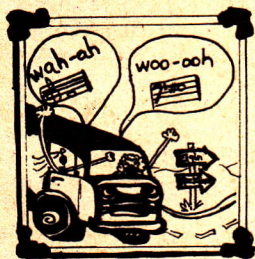
Such a plot outline sounds enticing, but the book just does not live up to its colorful potential. Something is missing. Perhaps it is that, like the men the two run across, we are waiting, patiently or otherwise, for something interesting to

happen. After the cons, the best part of the book, are described and related, what then? The blossoming of Randy into a full-blown hustler is interesting to watch, but one gets the feeling the author wishes us to see Randy as someone deeper than that. It doesn't work because she just is not an interesting enough character for the reader to care. I soon tired of Randy's oh-so-casual use of dirty words and her trite observations: "I had gone so long without a joint that, in its place, reality was a pill I swallowed. . . nothing could now reverse my plunge into the nightmare world of sanity."

Kristal is actually the only really likeable character in the book; unfortunately that feeling is not sustained through to the end. She crams her apartment full of mismatched but elegant furniture obtained by using fraudulent credit cards (one of the book's highlights is a hilarious scene at Bloomingdale's when Kristal cunningly gets the use of someone else's credit card) at the city's most ex-

pensive department stores. And she endearingly muddles words in the middle of her slick con jobs. "Don't offer me money—flowers, or a bracelet, or a momentum of some sort." But she, too, gets trapped into triteness, in her case, of the bad lady berating herself for leading the good girl astray: "I'm startin to have strong feelings for you. I don't have any friends and I never had wanted any. . . . I think you should cut loose, go home. . . . You should have a nice life. Not what I do. . . . You haven't got the—cruelness." The author has an especially difficult problem with Kristal—the story is told in the first person, by Randy. Therefore, Kristal's history has to come out only through long drawn-out "confessions" that sometimes drag.

Objectively, this should be a very funny book. That it is not could perhaps be attributed to too much writing. Kernochan sometimes writes in such a pointed way that one can't help laughing, as in Randy's description of her step-



THE GREAT NORTHWEST TRUCKIN' ADVENTURE

LOUIS & CLARKE'S
ON WHERE TO GO
ON A ROADIE'S
BUDGET

TOONS WEST

1108 South St. Elgin 60120
(312) 695-9753

Paraphernalia
T-Shirts
Records
Tapes

GRAND RE-LOCATION SALEBRATION

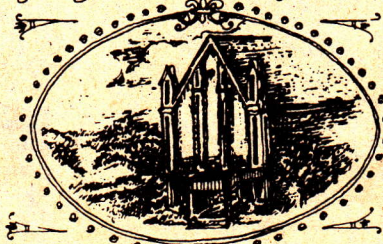
May 6th - 22nd

For tunes, it's TOONS!!

Bypass Rt. 20 - Right on McLean to 1st right (Lillian)
Right 3 blocks to Toons

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Pure Unadulterated Music
From Selected American Spirits



From the Banks of the Rock River
in Rockford, Illinois, U.S.A.

YEARS **5** OLDE

FOR DETAILS ON THE N.W. TRUCKIN' GUIDE CONTACT TOONS WEST & CHARLOTTE'S WEB

mother. "It's Inger. Major gods have been turned to stone upon gazing at her profile." And "by my pre-teen years, familiarity had matured into a ripe contempt." However, balanced with this are cliched descriptions such as, "She threw me a smile with tiny, glittering teeth." Murphy's contact, D'Piro, is "finger-snapping" with "tiny bones, sallow skin, and fast eyeballs." Let's face it, *Dry Hustle* contains the type of humor that, after awhile, either grabs you or turns you off.

It is very fitting that the book is being adapted by the author (co-producer and co-director of *Marjoe*) for the screen. It is better suited for the movies, as the wonderful cons can be better translated to a fast-paced, visual medium. Perhaps then it can be more acceptable that we don't really know, at the end of the book, why the characters do what they do, other than they are "wanderers." Perhaps there is no other reason, but we should be given a reason to care.

Susan David



ERICA JONG

Jeannie's suicide that has the most profound effect on her. "With her death, some new element has entered my chronic, anguishing indecision. 'Live or die,' she seemed to be saying to me from the grave, 'but for god's sake don't poison yourself with indecision.'"

A movie deal for rights to her book takes Isadora to the never-never land of California where, inspired by the sand and sea and a life-loving 87-year-old writer (Henry Miller), she decides to leave Bennett for good. Unfortunately for feminist readers, our heroine does not become strong and independent after this mental divorce but almost immediately becomes involved in a passionate love affair with a 26-year-old Californian named Josh.

As much as I would have liked to see Isadora Wing fly on her own at the end of this novel, she has undeniably found the love she has been searching for. The key to saving her own life, she discovers, is the spiritual bond and insatiable physical need she feels for Josh. "It was no good. All her feminism, all her independence, all her fame had come to this, this helplessness, this need. She needed him. She needed this man."

Although *How To Save Your Own Life* ends with a victory of life and love over indifferent existence, in essence it is a story about the dissolution of a marriage—the problems of jealousy, betrayal and trust. I found myself growing impatient with the long and repeated emotional scenes leading up to the separation, but I must admit I still wanted to read on. (I felt the same about Bergman's *Scenes From A Marriage*, the six-part series aired on PBS. It was painful to watch, but I kept tuning in to see how the couple would survive their loveless relationship and inevitable breakup.)

How To Save Your Own Life is not the tour de force that *Fear of Flying* was, but Erica Jong's style and insight into love make it quite readable. If you're a fan of her poetry, don't miss the love poems at the end. Even if it's three in the morning, you might not get right to sleep when you're done.

Patty Stubbs

ended up in his bath tub at the end of *Fear of Flying*). Although loveless, the marriage is secure, and Bennett—as many people remind her—is good to put up with her writing and her success. It is obvious from the beginning that she is going to leave him, but Jong arduously draws out the marital brawls and Isadora's seethings about her husband's incredible hypocrisy. (He had made her feel guilty for her confessed adultery while he had secretly been likewise occupied.)

How To Save Your Own Life is peopled with female characters who, although not strongly developed, play an important role in influencing Isadora in her writing and life. One such character is a Whitmanic poet, Jeannie Morton, resembling Jong's friend Anne Sexton who committed suicide in 1975. Jong writes, "her images (even of God) were kitchen images, plain aluminum utensils to serve the Lord, Pyrex casseroles to simmer the Holy Spirit." Isadora is inspired by her contemporary's writings and verbal guidance, but ironically it is



HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE by Erica Jong (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$8.95)

She "came from a family of portraitists and still-life painters. It was a family wisdom that you painted what you had at home. The reason was obvious. What you had at home was what you knew best, what you could study at leisure, learn from, dissect, analyze." Through her now famous (notorious) creation of Isadora Wing, novelist-poet Erica Jong has studied, dissected and analyzed her own life three years after *Fear of Flying*. The effects of instant fame and her continuing search for love and fulfillment continue to trouble both creator and creation.

In Jong's newest work, Isadora is still trying to leave her cold analyst husband Bennett (you remember she

PEAVEY
SG SYSTEMS
MARSHALL
ORANGE
SOUND CITY
KEYBOARDS
SYNTHESIZERS
GIBSON
FENDER
GRETSCH
IBANEZ
RICKENBACKER
MXR
MAESTRO
COLOR SOUND
HI-FLI
LESLIE

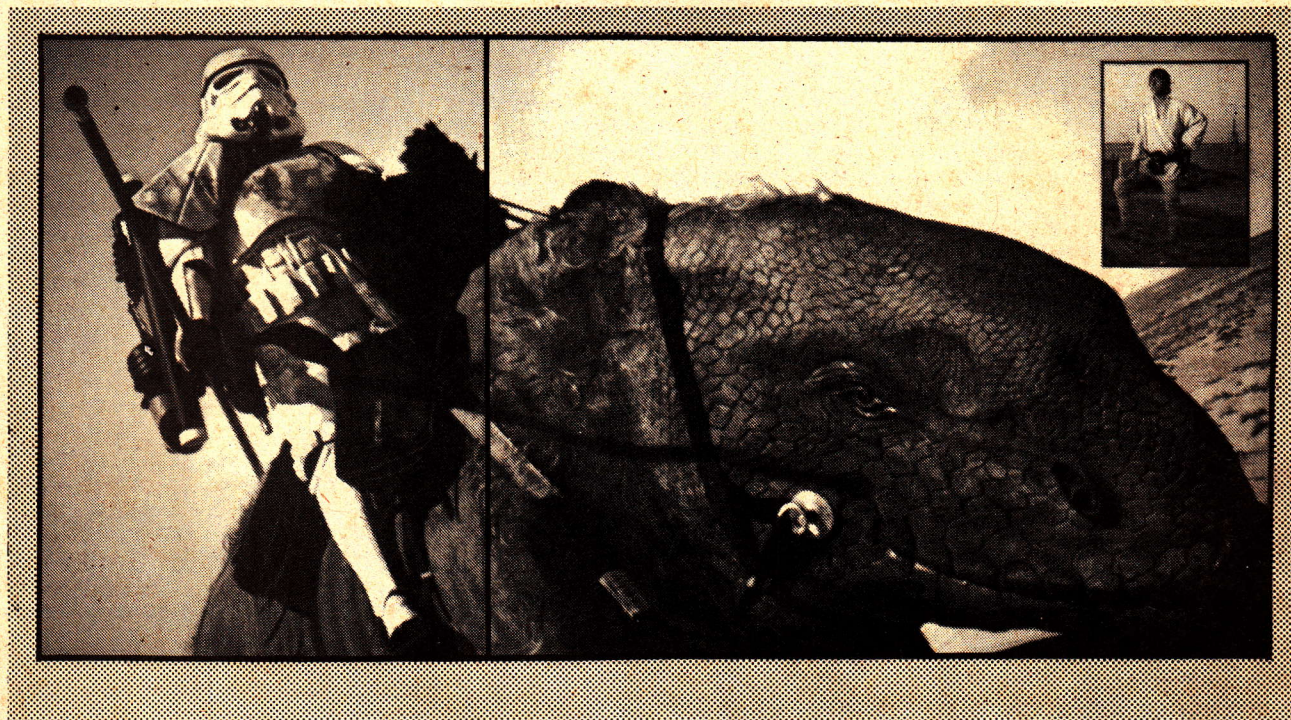
STRINGS and THINGS

Chicagos only PRO SHOP

4712 W. Touhy Ave.
Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646
½ Block East of Edens

312 • 677-4611
TERRY FIELDS, Mgr.
ANDY PAPPAS, Owner

COSMIC bookshelf



STAR WARS By George Lucas (Ballantine, \$1.50)

Granted that the plot is straight from Grimm's Fairy Tales—peasant boy falls in love with beautiful princess who falls into clutches of evil knight. Boy uses father's sword and raw courage to defeat dastardly villain against seemingly insurmountable odds and rescues princess.

Granted that you're never really sure if they live happily ever after. You assume they do, but *Star Wars* has all the signs of serialization, much like an updated version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' chronicles of Mars, Venus or Pellucidar. Unlike the characters in Burroughs' novels, though, Luke Skywalker and his companions seem to have more brains than your average soup tureen.

Actually, Luke had no intention of ever becoming a hero. He had resigned himself to a life repairing vaporators for his uncle's farm on the bleak desert world of Tatooine, with only dreams of battles in space to relieve his equally bleak day-to-day routine. Unknown to him, his father had been a Jedi knight, a guardian of peace and justice in the Old Republic, who had been betrayed and murdered by an aggressive young Jedi named Darth

Vader. Although Luke never knew his father, he shared his dad's adventurous philosophy of life and instinctive idealistic decisions, much to the chagrin of Luke's Tatooine-bound uncle.

A series of events in the novel's timespan—the far distant future—force Luke into armed rebellion against the corrupt Republic, led, Rasputin-like, by Governor Tarkin and his henchman, Darth Vader. Aided by a wizardly old hermit who just happens to have been Darth Vader's tutor and the greatest of the Jedi; two of the most engaging robots since Tubor; a Corellian smuggler with a hot rod spaceship; and an alien abominable snowman, Luke brings the battle to Darth Vader's door, mounted on a man-made moon called Death Star. In the process he discovers, refines, and uses a "life force" which his father and other Jedi warriors had mastered, a mystical sixth sense which seems to transcend time, space and reason.

One of *Star Wars*' major strengths lies in the appeal of its supporting characters. Each has a background begging to be told as his or her personalities develop. Even the robots, See Threepio (C3PIO) and Artoo Detoo (R2D2), have such human characteristics that we forget their heredity traces directly to Ace

Hardware.

But Ben Kenobi—desert hermit, philosopher, ex-general and all-around sorcerer—seems to have the greatest depth. He's also the oldest character in the book, which might explain a lot. His Jedi training and inherent skills and knowledge create for him a supernatural aura that tends to obscure the other characters. It seems fitting, though, because this man, more than any other, represents the justice of the Old Republic and the guiding force for eradicating its present perversion.

George Lucas seems well at ease away from his normal trade as scriptwriter and director (*American Graffiti*, among others). Although *Star Wars* premieres this month as a feature-length film (directed by Lucas), the novel shows no trace of being simply a padded-out screenplay. It acquired too much polish and detail in the six years Lucas spent on it to be anything other than what it is: an action-packed science fiction adventure yarn of the first order. Its good-guys-versus-bad-guys plot may be simple and direct, but in Lucas' capable hands, the saga of Luke Skywalker takes on a magic all its own.

Larry Green

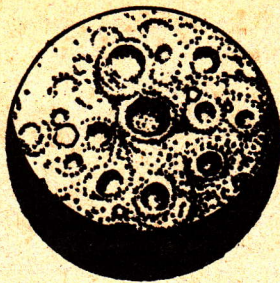
MILLENIUM

by Ben Bova
(Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95)

This novel is fittingly subtitled "A Novel About People and Politics in the year 1999." Most of the action takes place on earth's moon, where both Russia and the United States have established elaborate moonbases. Unlike the moon in the television series *Space: 1999*, the lunar body remains peacefully in orbit, the inhabitants' only otherworldly problem being the rising international tensions on their overcrowded, polluted mother planet.

While the Russians and Americans earthside are fiercely fighting for coal and blowing up each other's anti-ballistic missile satellites, the "luniks" from both sides are amicably co-existing. Chet Kinsman, leader of the Americans, is something of a modern Renaissance man—musician, soldier, and astronaut—who is haunted by the memory of killing a female cosmonaut in a space war years ago. He and Russian commandant Leonov are fast friends who frequently ignore earthly directives to remain separate and self-sufficient. They have even chosen a collective name for their frontier town—Selene.

When terrestrial tempers begin to really boil, the luniks declare Selene independent from both mother countries



and set out to prevent the destruction of the human race. But there are a few skeptics in the revolutionary ranks. Case in point is Frank Colt, a black major and second in command of the moonbase, whose only apparent goal is promotion, even over the dead body of his old friend Kinsman. As the plot unravels, however, Colt is revealed as a compassionate human being, not just a Pentagon puppet, and becomes the pivotal character in the book's thrilling climax.

In skillful style Ben Bova, longtime editor of *Analog*, combines science fiction and science fact into an exciting adventure story. The well-drawn characters and all-too-believable plot make *Millenium* captivating reading not only for science fiction buffs, but for everyone.

Patty Stubbs

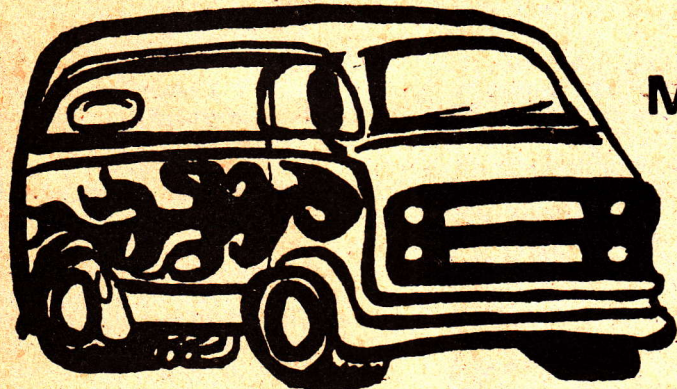
THE SPACE VAMPIRES

by Colin Wilson
(Pocket Books, \$1.75)

On a routine asteroid-charting expedition, Commander Carlson and his men discover the 80-km hulk of an ancient spacecraft with 30 humanoid forms aboard, all sealed in glass but apparently alive in suspended animation. The astronauts ship three of the aliens back to England only to discover, too late, that they've loosed vampires on an unsuspecting world. The vampires strike out on a life-draining orgy—not the traditional late-night-movie bite-in-the-neck variety, but one which completely depletes a person's vital force. Commander Carlson himself is a near-miss, and the experience gives him the insight and resistance necessary to track and trap the criminal mutants of a super-race from the star Rigel.

Wilson blends von Daniken and Van Vogt deftly in his portrayal of beings capable of drawing life from others. Interestingly enough, the trait is not confined to unearthly aliens and it is not necessarily evil. You'll enjoy the development of the "life-force exchange" idea, despite minor structural flaws and unanswered questions.

Larry Green



MAGIC RHYTHM CARA-VAN, INC.

"WE PUT YOUR IDEAS ON WHEELS"

CUSTOM VANS
& ACCESSORIES

5710 W. 79th St.
422-3437

HANDBUILT OVERHEAD CUSTOM CONSOLES
\$9.00 INSTALLED

LIGHT UP SNACK TRAYS

PORTHOLES — ANY SHAPE
\$30.00 each - installed

**COMPLETE LINE OF VAN
ACCESSORIES IN STOCK**

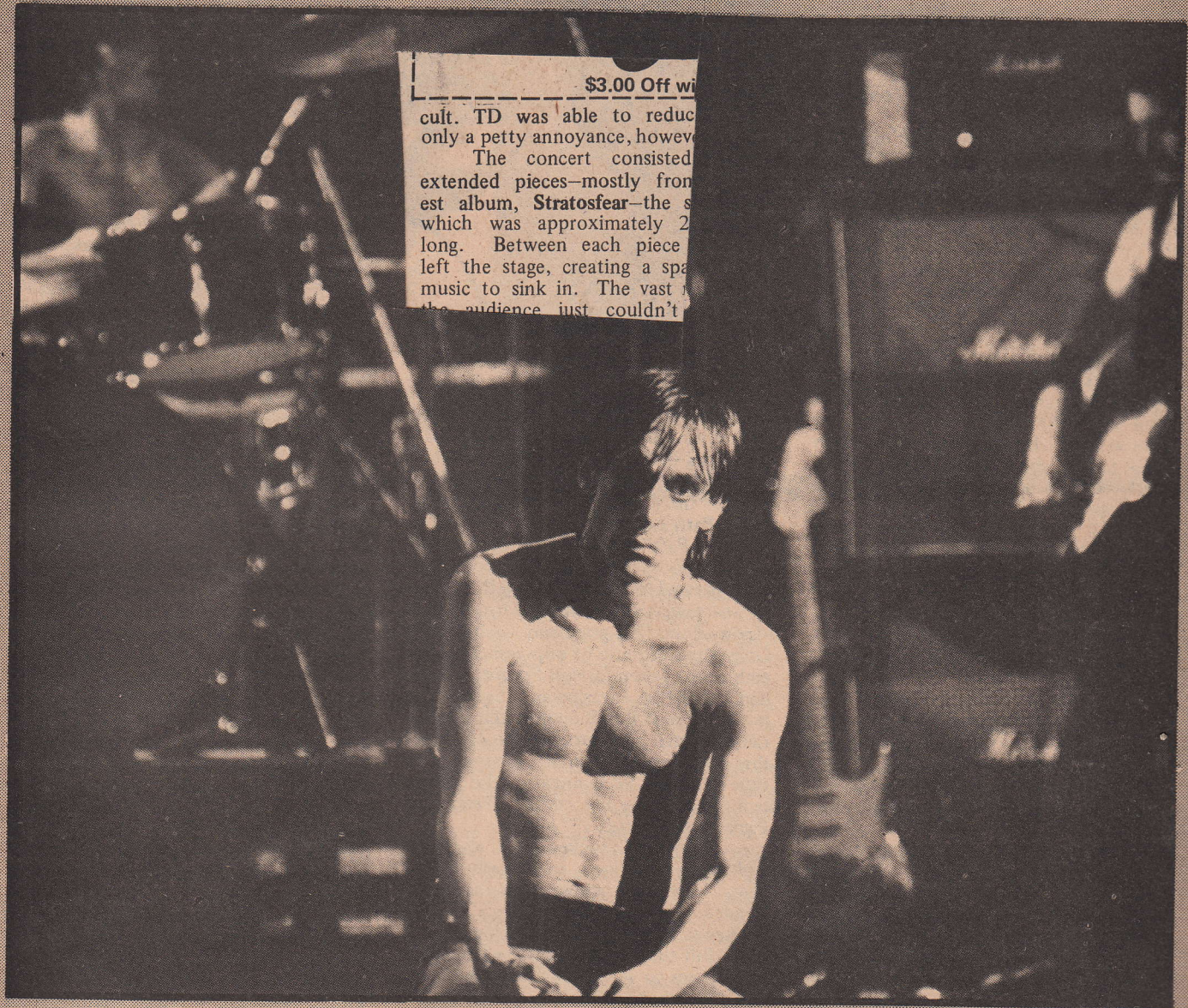
**Complete or Partial
Conversions**

**100%
Replacement
Guarantee
on all
Items Sold**

MAY MUSIC



CONCERTS



\$3.00 Off wi
cult. TD was able to reduc
only a petty annoyance, howev
The concert consisted
extended pieces—mostly from
est album, **Stratosfear**—the s
which was approximately 2
long. Between each piece
left the stage, creating a spa
music to sink in. The vast
the audience just couldn't

IGGY POP/BLONDIE Riviera Theatre

In one corner of the rock arena stands Iggy, stark, staring and distraught. In the opposite corner stands nearly everyone else.

Next to the Beatles, Iggy has been rock's most conspicuous absentee, eons from his stance as "the world's forgotten boy." Out of sight but not out of mind, Iggy's choleric cult gathered its threadbare copies of *Raw Power* (unexcelled as the most savage rock album ever) as fuel to survive the four years Iggy chose to spend in reclusion. The lack of a new Iggy album tied with the disco craze and concert ticket prices as "Bummer of the Year" in successive *Creem* pop polls.

It was under such conditions that the closet Ighyologists of the Windy City gathered on a rainy Sunday for the first in-the-flesh encounter in years with the most wasted boy alive. Speculation ran amok—one rumor had Iggy touring with an all-black disco band, another saw the one-time sovereign of shake appeal decked out in a ruffled Gingiss with La Bowie.

Either way, the audience wasn't gonna take it. "One false move from Bowie," we heard from the back rows, "and you guys will have to restrain me from assault." By the same token, many came to the show incurious to the Ig, purely because word was out that Bowie would appear.

Still another faction was present: Chicago's New York punks, who came in ratty T-shirts, jeans and sneakers, hopeful that this was the punk-a-rama they'd read about in Lisa Robinson's columns. Not exactly the Woodstock Nation in the pews of the Riviera but the energy level was formidable.

Shouts of "Search & Destroy" seemed helpless against the background tapes of Genesis. But the show began soon enough, kicked off with a Wink Dinkerson-variety jockatron from the station that plays the long versions of all the songs.

Blondie, the CBGB-bred, press-fostered cycle slut of rock's new wave, was first up. Lacking Patti Smith's calculated fervor, Blondie (otherwise known as Deborah Harry) seemed 1977's past-due answer to the Angels, Ronnettes and Chiffons. (Phil Spector, take note! This girl suffers from wallflower production and could be the one-hit wonder of the decade if properly handled.) Yet while her attack emanates from rock's baser sensibilities, Deborah Harry's visage has no character development, because she has no character. "I Never Said No," she sings. Good, let's hear about the times she said yes. But let's get *something* from her besides a pair of pouty lips and enough mascara to print *New York Rocker*.

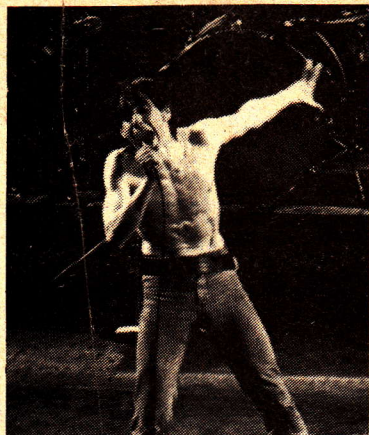


PHOTO BY PHOTO RESERVE

If Debbie is nowhere as flagrant a performer as Patti, she has something Patti does not: hit potential. With Patti ensconced in her arty resignation to rock 'n' roll, Debbie makes no such pretense. Call her the long-awaited pop princess in a way Patti can never be, for she sharply contrasts Patti's angular construction and harsh outlook. And her band, four neomodds dressed in black suits and the dreaded narrow ties, is the down-the-line vision of the '70s pop band. Granted, the Greg Shaw esthetic of pop consciousness embraces a dozen faceless Spector groups, half the British Invasion and the stateside punk-bluesers. But Blondie could join the ranks. Primal and guttural, she combines the seamier side of urban America with time-honored pop nuance, the effect being something not unlike "Leader of Pack" seen through 1977 eyes.

The band looked like a CBGB nightmare confirmed, particularly bassist Gary Valentine, whose movements reminded one of Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen confined to a hopscotch grid.

But the audience knew whom they were there to see. Shouts of "Iggy is it" and "Death to disco" greeted the entrance. And we wondered, did Iggy want to be our dog (as we hoped) or *The Idiot* (not quite the followup to *Raw Power* we envisioned)? But when Iggy entered the stage, there was little doubt that four long years after his masterpiece, and even in the light of the disaster of his latest lp, the Ig is the Ig is the Ig. He proved it by kicking things off with "Raw Power." Bowie, dressed in a pedestrian workshirt and corduroys, sat stoically at

the keyboards, calling no attention to himself whatsoever. Though the Stooges of yore have scattered to the four winds, the trio of Carlos Alomar and Hunt & Tony Sales proved adequate (if faceless) replacement for James Williamson and the Asheton brothers.

Ah, but over four years, Iggy has made the transformation from Stooge to Idiot. As a Stooge in '69, Iggy came to represent rock 'n' roll animal assault, by default; he seemed the only one willing to play the role, and heaven knows it wasn't because of Elektra's vast publicity blitz. He lived his part and ultimately died it, spanning from the punk vision of the Shadows of Knight to that of Patti Smith, all at a time when the masses had turned to James Taylor for a breath of (neurotic) normalcy. At Iggy's most normal, he too is as neurotic as they come, but the equation of Iggy with normalcy is defeating. Had the show not taken place on a Sunday after a hopping weekend, the crowd might have torn the Riviera to shreds. Iggy does that to his audience.

Raw Power, which we hoped wasn't gone for good, was amply represented. He panted through "Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell" and "I Need Somebody," but the standouts were "Gimme Danger" and "Search & Destroy." "Search" is the anthem of nouveau punkdom with its swagger-throated "I'm a street-walking cheetah with a heart full of napalm/The runaway child of the nuclear A-bomb," and it was executed marvelously. One was moved to believe in him (whereas the MC5 could only evoke smirks when they cried "Kick out the jams!" in their fiasco 1975 reunion). In "Danger," Iggy came hauntingly close to comparison with Jim Morrison in a slow, seductive Cale-esque number that built to a frenetic release.

"1969" and "I Wanna Be Your Dog" took the old-timers by surprise, the latter seeing Iggy on all fours, scarfing up the audience's approval like some forlorn canine lapping to please. Two tunes from *The Idiot* proved easier to fathom onstage than on record: "Funtime" and "Calling Sister Midnight." These, like the other tunes on the lp, are Iggy at his peak of languor, with alarming similarity to recent Lou Reed.

Iggy did two encores, encompassing three more *Idiot* tunes. After the final throe, Jam Productions miraculously cleared the house in seconds with "Carry On Wayward Son." Gotta hand it to them: they're not only pros but also psychologists.

We were afraid we'd lost Iggy, afraid because for the last four years, no one personified rock's wild side quite like him. Shown his way outside Detroit city limits, the Ig has lost a few of his rough edges. But whenever he hands us the leash, we'll be happy to strap it to him.

Cary Baker

BOSTON/SAMMY HAGAR
Chicago Stadium

Two sellout shows, a sound system triple the size of their last, and a million more albums sold. These are just a couple of the differences between Boston's first Chicago appearance last September and their second, six months later at the end of March. There were three essential modifications.

The first is the size of the audience. The Uptown's enthusiastic thousand or two does not begin to compare with two sold-out shows at the 20,000-seat Chicago Stadium. With tickets at \$8.50 a shot plus the resultant sales of even more lps, Chicago has been very good to Boston.

A good sound system accompanied by a couple of competent mixing men helped the shows. This second modification caused the third and most important: a great show.

Boston are hot stuff; there is no denying that. The platinum album for them is proof enough for anyone. But Boston's live show takes that same smokin' sound and brings it to the people. Their stage act is a perfect rendition of that special first lp; they've just made it louder. It's more alive if that's possible. Brad Delp's screaming, high-pitched vocals—backed with jumping around stage, shaking hands, and occasional guitarwork—increased his effectiveness. Mastermind Tom Scholz's guitar playing is even more amazing. His special attachments for his axe make him a creative, talented lead man, capable of holding a capacity audience at bay with his magical fingers. His arrangements on the album and for the show are geared toward a real rock audience. Soaring feedback and loud leads were used as well as I've ever seen. His exchanges with guitarist Barry Goudreau were short. They didn't drag, nor were they trite.

From a material standpoint, the first and second visit to Chicago by Boston were about the same. Three or four new songs, including "Television Politician," came up during the Stadium shows. Through poor planning, both encores the second night were new songs, breaking a standard rule in the superstar manual.

Sammy Hagar opened both Stadium affairs. Former lead singer for Ronnie Montrose's band, Hagar's into his own scene now. As a singer, Hagar is good for rock and roll: any doubts will be squelched with a quick listen to the first two Montrose albums. But Hagar's touring band, and specifically the two guitarists, one being Hagar, are merely adequate. Very adequate. The promise of a red-hot shot show by the crimson-colored man was never fulfilled that night.

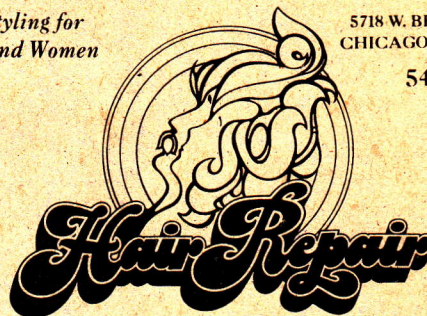
Mark Guncheon

We're growing and changing just like you.

*Hairstyling for
Men and Women*

5718 W. BELMONT
CHICAGO, IL 60639

545-5595



\$3.00 Off with this coupon, on first haircut only.

cult. TD was able to reduce this to only a petty annoyance, however.

The concert consisted of four extended pieces—mostly from the latest album, **Stratosfear**—the shortest of which was approximately 20 minutes long. Between each piece the group left the stage, creating a space for the music to sink in. The vast majority of the audience just couldn't deal with this, and immediately began screaming for the band's return. The laserium became an almost perfect added touch, with the lightman on stage playing his board like an instrument, becoming

a fourth member of the group.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the group is the total lack of personalities. There are no front man and no vocals: five words were said on stage during the performance. The three musicians sit with their backs to the audience most of the time. The music becomes everything—something far from prevalent in contemporary music. It's unfortunate the promoters seemed so intent on creating a circus atmosphere. Tangerine Dream deserves better.

Robin Cook

UTOPIA Uptown Theatre

It is perhaps one of rock's more ironic paradoxes that Utopia (led by guitar virtuoso Todd Rundgren) pulled out all their considerable technological stops in their March 18 performance, only to have the show marred by the age-old problem of a poor PA system. Fortunately, the visual level of the show was flawless.

The tour boasted an 18-foot sphinx whose eyes periodically spewed laser beams, water fountains that danced in time to a drum solo, and a 25-foot pyramid that Rundgren dramatically scaled (why? because it's there). It's enough to make you reconsider tagging Boston as the group who makes "better music through science" and giving the honors to Utopia instead.

Besides Rundgren's stunning guitar solos, the most impressive musical aspect was the HAL of keyboards, the Probe Keyboard System.

Utopian member Roger Powell must be proudly passing out cigars to celebrate the birth of his creation—a hand-held keyboard that controls no fewer than six offstage synthesizers. Between that and the distorted sound, one never knew where the next guitar lick would come from, but that's the price we pay for progress.

The audience was not overly concerned with any of the show's flaws. Fans gasped at the elaborate stage design, cheered Rundgren up the pyramid, dutifully lit matches at the end. One Rundgren fanatic shot out of her seat every five minutes like a strung-out Jack-in-the-box to shout encouragingly "Love ya, Todd!"

Todd, however, was busy trying his experiment in democracy with Utopia (generally having more success than Paul McCartney did attempting to make Wings a band of equals). He pounded drums while John Wilcox handled lead vocals on "Jealousy," gave each member a place in the spotlight during the electric fairy tale "Singring and the Glass Guitar," and pointedly did not dominate center stage during most of the show. The audience was there to see Rundgren, but they were learning.

True to this recent statement that his concerts would neglect to feature "Hello It's Me," Todd only dusted off "Couldn't I Just Tell You" from the archives. Its presence was an anachronism in a concert featuring extended guitar solos, innovative synthesizer work and the whole range of electronic sound, mostly from the new **Ra** album. But it did serve as a reminder that writing the perfect pop song is as easy for Rundgren as swinging from a pyramid.

Mindy Goldenberg

IGGY POP/BLONDIE
Riviera Theatre

In one corner of the rock arena stands Iggy, stark, staring and distraught. In the opposite corner stands nearly everyone else.

Next to the Beatles, Iggy has been rock's most conspicuous absentee, eons from his stance as "the world's forgotten boy." Out of sight but not out of mind, Iggy's choleric cult gathered its threadbare copies of **Raw Power** (unexcelled as the most savage rock album ever) as fuel to survive the four years Iggy chose to spend in reclusion. The lack of a new Iggy album tied with the disco craze and concert ticket prices as "Bummer of the Year" in successive *Creem* pop polls.

It was under such conditions that the closet Igthyologists of the Windy City gathered on a rainy Sunday for the first in-the-flesh encounter in years with the most wasted boy alive. Speculation ran amok—one rumor had Iggy touring with an all-black disco band, another saw the one-time sovereign of shake appeal decked out in a ruffled Gingiss with La Bowie.

Either way, the audience wasn't gonna take it. "One false move from Bowie," we heard from the back rows, "and you guys will have to restrain me from assault." By the same token, many came to the show incurious to the Ig, purely because word was out that Bowie

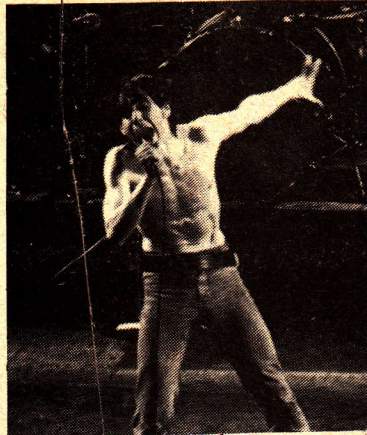


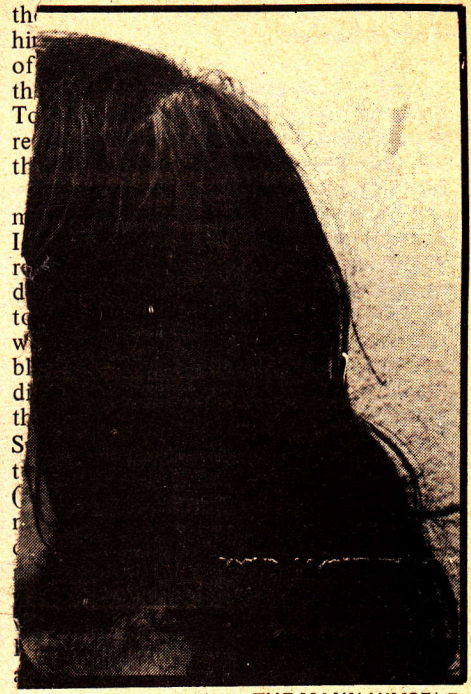
PHOTO BY PHOTO RESERVE

If Debbie is nowhere as flagrant a performer as Patti, she has something Patti does not: hit potential. With Patti ensconced in her arty resignation to rock 'n' roll, Debbie makes no such pretense. *And guitar personality pop line band slides into "The Road To Babylon," with Chris Thompson's rich, vibrant singing even better live than on vinyl.*

Here comes another guitar blitz. This time it's Thompson's turn, and he lets loose with an awesome shower of sparks from his axe. While not quite as speedy as Flett's, Chris' guitar croons more lyrically, and when the two jam or merely trade riffs, there's no describing the rush that rips through the soul.

Each of the Earth Band's eight offerings were sensational, including a heavyweight reworking of "Mighty Quinn" as the encore. We even got a chance to see Manfred lope out to the stagefront to share lead vocals with Thompson on "Blinded by the Light." But how could an outfit with musicians of this calibre, after turning in such a sterling performance, insult its audience by ending their show after only 65 minutes? Although the hall was only three-quarters full, Mann and company should have played longer.

John Miles, whose band started the festivities, is a gifted composer and performer. His latest record, *Stranger in the City*, has only to receive a little promotional shove before he achieves the recognition here that he's obtained on the other side of the Atlantic. Miles' compositions are usually melodic rockers garnished with intelligent, often phil-



THE MANN HIMSELF

sophical lyrics. His able-bodied group helped him carry the ball throughout the evening, shining brightly on "Stranger in the City," "Stand Up and Give Me a Reason," and "Music Man."

Dave Iglow

R.A. SOUND CLASSES

To Bill Robinette:

Having attended 6 weeks of sound classes, I feel that the knowledge learned has helped a great deal in mixing live performances at Ratso's. Because of the nature of the club, the influx of musicians with varying needs is a constant challenge. Knowing how a system is built and works has eliminated many problems that occur with each performance. Amplification, placement of monitors and mikes was extremely helpful and has given me new ideas and techniques to improve the sound. Consequently the audience and the musicians are much happier. I basically work with jazz of funk-type musicians: Stanley Turrentine Norman Connors
Esther Phillips Oscar Borwn Jr.
Lonnie Liston Smith Freddie Hubbard
Johnny Guitar Watson
Worked the Jazz Oasis at Milwaukee's Summerfest; traveled with the Brecker Bros.; and worked a concert in Pontiac Mich. with the Brecker Bros.
War Labelle Ohio Players Rufus

Marianne Lah

only at
ROSELLE MUSIC

217 E. Irving Park Roselle, Illinois

529-2031

for details

MDS is proud to announce that 1-week service is now available on all typical repairs!

MUSIC DEALER SERVICE

PROFESSIONAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SERVICE

.....
Factory Authorized Warranty.
Warranty Service for most brands of guitars, amps, synthesizers and pianos.
Also complete speaker and HF drive repairs:

.....
JBL-ALTEC Warranty Station.

.....
Complete Fender, Rhodes & Wurlitzer piano repairs.

.....
Complete guitar repair outlet.

.....
Replacement Parts.

.....
Wholesale - Retail

3210 N. Pulaski Rd.
Chicago, Ill. 60641
Service: (312) 282-8171
Parts: (312) 282-8173

TANGERINE DREAM
Aragon

Half an hour after concert time, the line is still around the block: ads suggesting "it could be the most dangerous concert you'll ever attend" have drawn a crowd totally incapable of appreciating (or even dealing with) the subtleties of Tangerine Dream's music. The Aragon has been oversold by at least 100 percent—one circuit of the theatre convinces that half the audience has to sit on stairways or in the aisles, and will not be able to see or hear. Not a very propitious start to a potentially excellent concert, which somehow—despite diligent efforts by promoters and audience—managed to transcend the negative vibes.

Tangerine Dream is a three-man German group, all of whom play keyboards. They execute this fascinating concept with consummate aplomb. Despite audience reaction to the Laserium rather than the music, Tangerine Dream presented a magnificent display of musical and electronic virtuosity. The main problem with the concert was that Tangerine Dream creates a brand of avant-garde music that deals with textures, layers and dynamics. . . and the audience at the Aragon Friday night made listening extremely diffi-

**We're growing and changing
just like you.**

*Hairstyling for
Men and Women*

5718 W. BELMONT
CHICAGO, IL 60639
545-5595



\$3.00 Off with this coupon, on first haircut only.

cult. TD was able to reduce this to only a petty annoyance, however.

The concert consisted of four extended pieces—mostly from the latest album, **Stratosfear**—the shortest of which was approximately 20 minutes long. Between each piece the group left the stage, creating a space for the music to sink in. The vast majority of the audience just couldn't deal with this, and immediately began screaming for the band's return. The laserium became an almost perfect added touch, with the lightman on stage playing his board like an instrument, becoming

a fourth member of the group.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the group is the total lack of personalities. There are no front man and no vocals: five words were said on stage during the performance. The three musicians sit with their backs to the audience most of the time. The music becomes everything—something far from prevalent in contemporary music. It's unfortunate the promoters seemed so intent on creating a circus atmosphere. Tangerine Dream deserves better.

Robin Cook

QuickSilver



**9930 S.W. HWY.
OAK LAWN
857-7010**

MAY—

- 1 STRATOSLED
- 2 POYSEN
- 3,4 VIXEN
- 5 PAUL BOGUS BAND
- 6,7 SPREAD EAGLE
- 8 MATHESON ALLSTARS
- 10/11/12 MACHO
- 13/14 MARIAH
- 15 SCREAM
- 16 TRIX
- 17/18 RUBY JONES
- 19 MADHOUSE
- 20/21/22 FULL HOUSE
- 23 CAPTAIN BEYOND
- 24/25 NICKNAMES
- 26 STREETLIFE
- 27/28 RINGS
& ZOOSTER
- 29 G.G.W. BAND
(Griffin Garcia Wiggins Band)
- 30 PEARL HANDLE BAND
- 31 LUCY GREY

SUNDAYS	TUES & THURS	WEDNESDAYS
50c drinks	Ladies Nites free drinks 8-10pm	25c Draft beer nite 8-12pm

PETER GABRIEL/TELEVISION Uptown Theatre

Peter Gabriel sans Genesis, giant flower head, and various other theatrical gimmicks stood downstage before a captivated Uptown Theatre audience. Shaking hands with enthusiastic fans while battling a temperamental sound system, the now-solo artist was ending a good evening. This, his second encore, was the highlight for him since only one was expected this night. As a matter of fact, the group had rehearsed only one encore. They had to repeat an earlier favorite, and the crowd still loved it.

He and his seven-piece band deserved it. The 14 or more songs had proven the viability of a solo Peter Gabriel. But then again, "solo" artist is not the right term, especially when the backup band includes two stars in their own right: guitarist Steve Hunter of Decatur, Ill., was a highlight of the evening as was the surprise appearance of second guitarist Robert Fripp. Hunter, from Lou Reed and Alice Cooper, and Fripp, from King Crimson and Eno, tantalized a knowing audience with some amazing guitarwork. Hunter's leads at times caused a bit more excitement than Gabriel's standard mechanical dance steps. But when singing, Gabriel was in complete control of the band and the audience.

Songs from Gabriel's first solo album formed the bulk of the show. "Moribund the Burgermeister," "Excuse Me," "Humdrum" and "Waiting for the Big One" offered chances for Gabriel to demonstrate both his vocal ranges and his stage manner. His recognizable voice suffered at his own hands, however. Improper microphone use caused a fading voice all night long. When on-mike, Gabriel's use of his voice as an instrument was very evident. Sauntering from a very bluesy, drunken voice in "Big One" to a treated, sped-up voice or a barbershop quartet intro on "Excuse Me," Gabriel covered all bases.

While on the subject of bases, or basses, a mention is due to bottom man Tony Levin. The versatile musician played no less than three instruments and helped on vocals. Included among his instruments were the tuba and the "stick." One of the hardest instruments to play well, the guitarneck-shaped instrument was played with calmness and sureness.

One wonders, though, whether Gabriel really needs two keyboardists since Gabriel himself can tinkle the ivories. The next tour, rumored to show Gabriel's return to theatrical rock, should answer this question.

In Gabriel's "Humdrum," he sings, "it seems to me that television, she come to cut a deep incision in the humdrum." Well, Television accompanied the Gabriel entourage to Chicago. This Television set—the first for Midwest audiences—left little doubt that the quartet will leave



PHOTO BY PHOTO RESERVE

their imprint on rock. Unfortunately, I think it's going to be through club appearances rather than concert hall get-togethers.

Much has been heard about Television here. Their name always pops up when gossip about New York punkism filters through a now punk-conscious press. A single on the small New York Ork label brought their music to some, but it wasn't until the nationwide release of **Marquee Moon** that most heard them.

Simple but eerie are their sound and image. Tom Verlaine's nasal voice continues the N.Y. tradition of present pop rock. Though nonmelodic at first listening, on subsequent spins the album reveals and displays a haunting melody throughout. It is created by Richard

Lloyd's guitar and Verlaine's voice, guitar and poetic lyrics.

At the Uptown, the four onstage resembled a recent visit by Lou Reed. Verlaine's skinny form rivalled Reed's. And Lloyd's staring out into the blandness of the audience created an uncomfortable mood. With short breaks between "Elevation," "Friction" and "Marquee Moon," the boys were offstage before their songs could set in. Just when the Gabriel crowd began to accept Television the channel was changed, the lights were brought up, and suddenly, it's time for popcorn and a few commercials from JAM's Arnie Granat.

Mark Guncheon

**JAMES COTTON, JOHNNY WINTER,
MUDDY WATERS**
Auditorium Theatre

It's called the jam: two or more musicians together at one time for the specific purpose of playing music. It can be very professional with first and second takes. But the jam is at its best when there are no overdubs. Mistakes, wrong notes, forgotten lyrics, well, you just ignore them for the moment and concentrate on the feeling. When it works, the power and satisfaction is mutual.

St. Patrick's Day was more a wearing of the blues for the patrons of the Auditorium, since the blues jam was featured that night. Participants included the solid band belonging to Muddy Waters. They opened the almost three-hour show and worked as backup band for James Cotton, Johnny Winter and later Muddy himself.

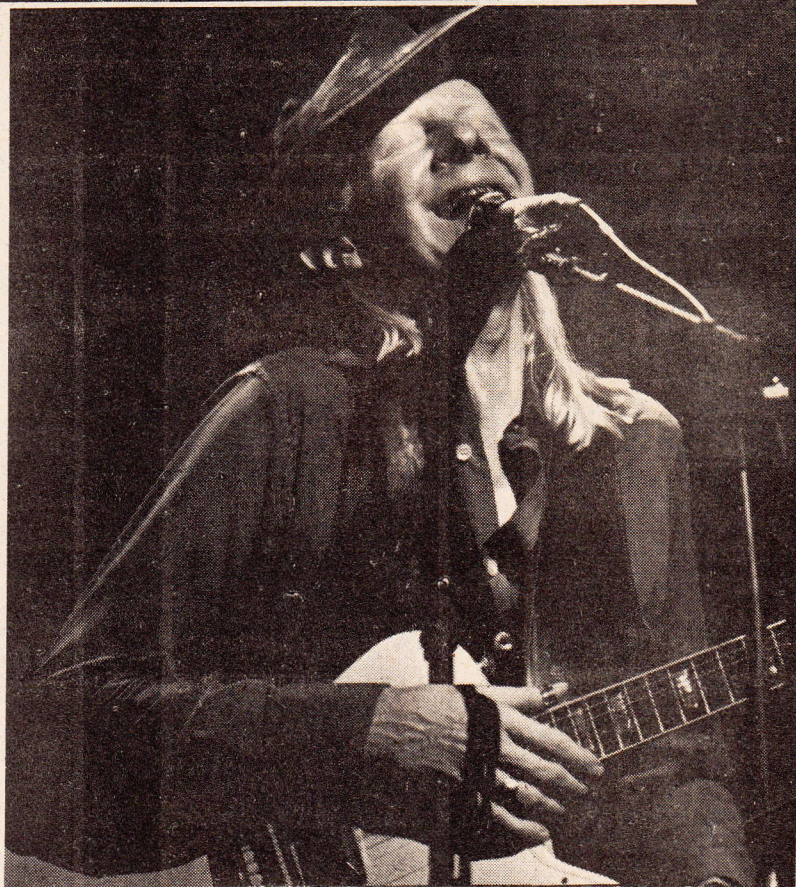
The show started tightly with a quick blues beat and very little fooling around. After the band warmed up the crowded Auditorium, harpman Cotton joined them onstage for some of his favorites. The "Cotton Boogie," "Rocket 88," "Mother-in-Law Blues," and a "Slow Blues in A" showed the big man and his superior talent to the pleased crowd. During the "Slow Blues" Johnny Winter walked on stage, plugged in and played for the next hour and a half. Eight songs later, after continuous playing by the nimble-fingered Texan, interrupted only by some extensive oral rambling between songs, intermission was forced upon the waiting crowd. Though somewhat of a letdown, the 15-minute break was certainly needed. For as in the past, Winter's endless licks can get tiresome after awhile. The crowd was waiting for Muddy anyway.

The second set opened with a long version of "Mother Earth." Muddy came on next. The 65-year-old blues giant grabbed his guitar and stool and settled down for some heavy jamming. Unfortunately, the "jam" didn't quite work. The five songs, including the standard "Mojo" encore, left little time for the three to challenge each other. Muddy's strong voice was good to hear, and it was good to see the man in a class place like the Auditorium. But the 20 minutes of Muddy was not enough of the real Muddy Waters.

As a night of the blues jam, there seemed to be too much blues and not enough of a jam.

Oak Park Mark

PHOTO BY PHOTO RESERVE



During a fine rendition of "Blitzkrieg Bop," a helplessly intoxicated woman dancing very close to the stage was in danger of falling over the sound equipment. When she began to stumble dangerously on the stage, four or five stagehands ran to her and literally stomped her. She was carried to an exit as the Ramones finished their number:

They're forming in a straight line

*Going through a tight wind
The kids are losing their minds.*

*Blitzkrieg Bop, Blitzkrieg Bop,
Bop, Blitzkrieg Bop.*

Jim Mayhercy

norman blake
peter lang

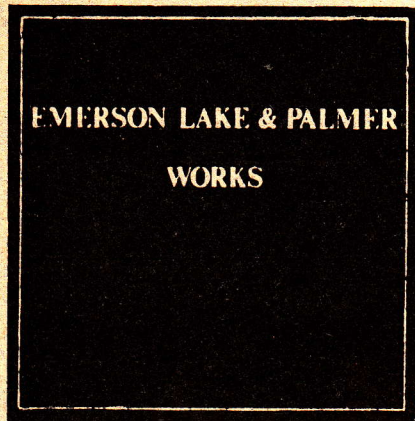
for information dial
fat - city

amazingrace

at the main
845 chicago avenue
in evanston

RECORDS

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER
Works—Volume 1
(Manticore)



Before I could ask whatever happened to Emerson, Lake and Palmer, they've reappeared with a grandly-titled two record set, **Works—Volume 1**. Among other things, this package is an ingenious resolution to the conflicting desires by individual members of established groups to "express themselves" through a solo album, and at the same time it lets them keep their successful group identity. In this case Keith Emerson, Greg Lake, and Carl Palmer have not produced a new ELP album, but instead, four new albums by E, L, P and ELP. Each of the first three sides is written, produced and performed by each member in turn. Only on Side 4 do they play together.

Side 1 (Emerson) is simply titled "Piano Concerto No. 1." On it Keith Emerson is joined by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, favorites of many English pop symphonists. Emerson was classically trained as a youngster and his piano technique is one of the best in pop music, although it is not as well developed as most strictly classical pianists'. But there is no doubt here, Mr. Emerson has in fact written an authentic piano concerto. This is a remarkable feat for any rock musician. It's just not an especially good piano concerto. It's hard to imagine Rudolph Serkin and George Solti performing it in Symphony Hall. I realize that Serkin would look pretty foolish stabbing a Hammond B-3 organ with a dagger while playing suspended 30 feet over the stage, but then he had the good sense not to try.

But I don't mean to say that Emerson's Concerto is terrible. There's a mixture of Copland, a little Grieg, a dash of Gershwin and a lot of 1930s academic modernism, but any conservatory student would not be embarrassed to offer it as his final in Advanced Composition. And there are occasional passages with some of the old flash. But overall, Emerson seems to have submerged his imagination to respectability.

Side 2 (Lake) is the most successful of the four. Lake has one of the most cynically expressive voices in rock. It's strong and true and able to carry a variety of emotions. And his songwriting is in the identifiable ELP style. Here he surrounds his voice in rich acoustic guitar textures and orchestral colorations, although he occasionally succumbs to the temptation of grand orchestral statements. "C'est La Vie" and "Closer to Believing" are given more understated and sensitive arrangements. (And thanks to Peter Sinfield for the cleverest couplet I've heard in a while:

*"You needn't be well to be wealthy
But you've got to be whole to be holy.")*

Unfortunately there's nothing here as catchy as "Lucky Man," "Karneval No. 9," or my favorite, "Still You Turn Me On."

Side 3 (Palmer) is the weakest. He has offered six "tracks," which include an arrangement of Prokofieff, and a version of Bach's "Two Part Invention in D Minor" arranged for vibraphone and marimba (which is actually quite nice.) The other four are instrumentals of no special distinction, often drenched in strings and horns.

Side 4 (All Together Now) begins with Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." Copland's dignified and optimistic score quickly degenerates into a series of synthesizer themes played over an unchanging boogie shuffle. Yes, Keith, the Yamaha GX-1 is a remarkable instrument, but what did Aaron Copland do to deserve this?

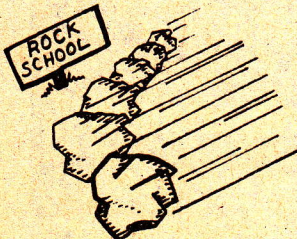
Both ELP and the Nice have done this sort of thing many times before, notably "Pictures at an Exhibition." But what's the point of taking a complex but enjoyable piece of music and reducing it to such a simple level?

The rest of the side is a 13-minute operetta about the romance and glories of life as a pirate. The band pulls out all the stops. It's like a soundtrack for a movie with the movie thrown in. The Orchestre de Paris is sawing away, Keith's synthesizer is soaring, Greg's delivery is suitably melodramatic, but I can't ignore the vain ambitions behind it all.

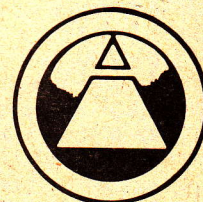
Michael McDonnell

SCHOOL OF HARD ROCKS!

FRIDAYS AT 10:00PM
ON TRIAD WXFM 106FM



ROCK & ROLL. HARD ROCK. KILLER ROCK. KICK-ASS BE-BOP BOOGIE AND JIVE. Oh, even PUNK ROCK. No matter what you call it, it's happening on the streets once again. It's all here on radio with the likes of Ted Nugent, Aerosmith, Scorpions, Cheap Trick, The Kinks, Styx, Granmax, and Jimi Hendrix. This is loud and rowdy music to kick off the weekend.



BLONDIE
Blondie
(Private Stock)

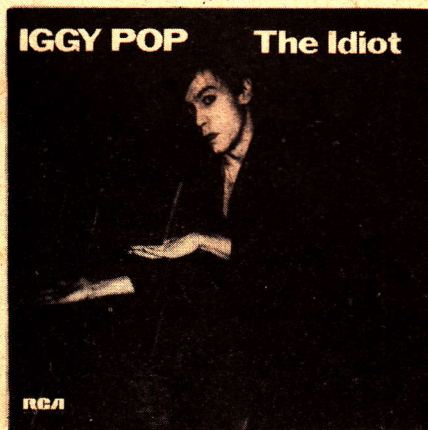


Alot of it has to do with its musicians, who have been kicking around the New York musical zoo for years. Some of it has to do with Debbie Harry herself, who not only writes a mean song and kicks out some tough vocals, but also has a face that hooks you with one look. She's got more built-in glamor than Betty Weiss (of the immortal Shangri-Las) and a better blonde than Nice. Her picture on the cover is worth the price of the album alone.

Try putting on the Blondie album at your next party. It's a lot more fun than a lampshade.

Carlton Ritz

IGGY POP
The Idiot
(RCA)



This seems to be The Year of the Collaborator for rock 'n' roll's ever-changing son. So far, we've had two albums from Bowie and assorted friends and the year's not even half over.

The first record, **Low** to refresh your memory, was an expected 375-degree turnabout from everything that's come before. This collaboration with rock intellectual Brian Eno yielded a richly arid collection of electronically-inclined music—very pure nonvocal sound that ranged from somnambulant to the anarchic, and always in the best of Bowie taste.

Now there's **The Idiot**, another giant leap in another direction with an entirely different circle of friends. **The Idiot** is remarkable if for nothing else than that it heralds the comeback of Iggy Pop, one of rock 'n' roll's most notorious bad boys. Back in their heyday, Iggy and the Stooges had the most excessive stage act in New York, bar none.

Time has not changed, but merely tempered the man. In concert at the Riviera last month, with the band and Bowie in tow, Iggy proved that he hasn't lost any of his momentum; the beat's just changed a little. On stage again after a hiatus of almost five years, he's still one of rock 'n' roll's most exotic phenomena.

Where the concert was one long head-over-heels rock spasm, the album is a more controlled and contained venture. Much of the tone is Bow-

ie's—hardly surprising, considering he co-wrote, produced and played on the album, brought along guitarist Ricky Gardner and had long-time collaborator Tony Visconti do the final mix.

In a way, **The Idiot** (the album is named after a 1906 painting Bowie found of a hunched man who reminded him of Iggy) sounds like the album Bowie should have done after **Diamond Dogs** instead of going into the disco interlude. It has the same deadly bass beat and sour guitar whines that characterized the city apocalypse album, and then goes further into the world of anarchic nihilism with such songs as "Nightclubbing." In this one the boys step out for a night on the town: *We walk like a ghost, we learn dances, brand new dances, Like the nuclear bomb, When we're nightclubbing, Bright white clubbing, Oh isn't it wild. . .* and in "Mass Production: *Though I try to die/You put me back on the line/Oh damn it to hell/Back on the line—hell/Back on the line/Again and again.*

The music is a perfect vehicle for Iggy's deadly adenoidal bass; and though his voice no longer has the whip-crack it had on his earlier albums, it has more power and authority than on the slap-dash **Raw Power**, his most recent official album, also produced by Bowie.

What's in the future is anybody's guess. Following Bowie's penchant for New York soul-searchers, perhaps a Bowie/David JoHansen team-up?

Beth Segal

THE BAND
Islands
(Capitol)



Islands is the last studio album by the Band. It was finished just a day before their celebrated "Last Waltz" last Thanksgiving. And though at times it shows signs of being pasted together to fulfill their Capitol Records contract, it still contains some of the Band's best material. Like their previous collection, **Northern Lights and Southern Cross**, it was recorded in California rather than Woodstock, home of their first five albums. The California albums sound different than the Woodstock records.

The most significant change is the role Garth Hudson has taken in defining the tone of the arrangements. On most of the songs his keyboards, horns and accordion dominate the instrumental textures. This lush quality has the effect of smoothing over the Band's familiar chunky sound. The guitar, bass and drums that used to identify their tunes is now often only the underpinning.

The first song, "Right As Rain," describes the predicament Robbie Robertson must have found himself in during the breakup of his 20-year association with the Band. In a sense, it's a version of "Stage Fright" written from another angle. The hero

*... spent a lifetime trying to reach beyond that rainbow
And found when you look down it gives you vertigo*

This must be where dreams explode before your very eyes

*Funny how people think your life is so complete
When it's really you who envies the man in the street.*

Like a lot of Band songs, "The Ballad of Pepote Rouge" and "Knocking Lost John" invoke the traditional Biblical virtues of honesty and hard work. In the end the righteous and oppressed shall prevail over the wicked ones. Robbie Robertson takes a very strong moral stand against the old sins of greed, pride and ambition. This alone makes the Band unique in the rock music world. "Knocking Lost John" sounds the most like the old Band. It's a song of hard times with lots of rough-and-tumble singing that just manages to harmonize.

The title song, "Islands," is an instrumental written by Robbie, Garth and Rick Danko, but Garth's influence predominates. The meat of it is the exchange between Garth and violinist Larry Packard. It's a quirky tune evocative of some dreamy Pacific carnival island with candy-colored foliage.

"Christmas Must Be Tonight" is a simple song sung with quiet emotion by Danko. It might have been the last song they recorded. Somehow it manages to convey a lot more than its simple words express. Perhaps it's a lesson of hard-won optimism.

These songs seemed the best; there are others that are throwaways, or even failures (notably "Streetwalkers"), but these guys could never make a bad album. Even so, their output for the last few years made people wonder if they felt any reason to keep trying. They must have realized this themselves.

Over the past 10 years the Band has produced a large share of great and timeless American songs. Unfortunately, these songs may be uniquely the Band's own: as great as they are they may only have lasted as long as the Band existed. The recordings are still around, but they only suggest the real songs that existed whenever the five members of The Band played on.

Michael McDonnel

**Pearson's
record/art shops**

Lowest record and
tape prices around

11 E. First St.
Hinsdale
323-5600

110 W. Calender
La Grange
352-4517

student discounts on art supplies

TELEVISION
Marquee Moon
(Elektra)



Television may come from New York, have a few perilous nights at CBGB's under its belt and even look like denizens of the Big Apple new wave. But refreshingly unlike the Ramones or Tuff Darts, Television refuse to equate minimalism with virtue. Their debut lp, **Marquee Moon**, develops a postulate set forth by their limited-press single of last year ('Little Johnny Jewel' on Ork): mainly that the modern urban vision need not be a monochromatic canvas.

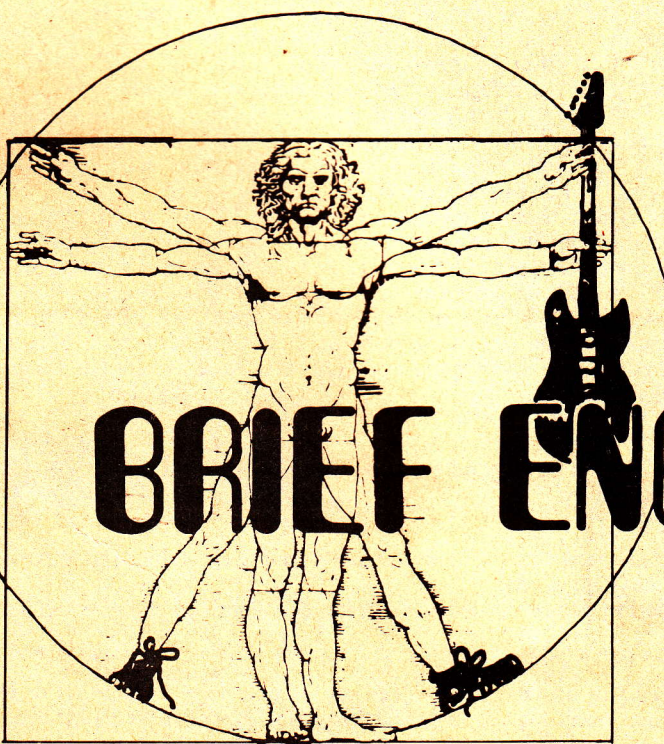
Leader/guitarist Tom Verlaine assembled **Marquee Moon** in a befitting minor key, and left leeway for exploration. A guitarist best grouped with BeBop Deluxe's Bill Nelson in terms of mainstream transcendence, Verlaine sounds bitterly haphazard on initial listening. In this case, it's not a bad idea to refer to the Ork single once again, in which the group created a beat-era tone poem with the bare necessities of a rock rhythm section. Here, the idea of tone poem is expanded, and Verlaine's realization of his own power often fails to come across until two-thirds into the song (witness the title track: nearly 10 minutes of "Marquee Moon," a good portion of it Verlaine's cumulative meanders).

It's no wonder this album is packaged much like an ECM jazz lp—laminated jacket, plain block letters in black and white, seeming almost low-budget if one were unaware of the WEA propulsion. **Marquee Moon**,

like the ECMS, is an artist's album to the hilt. If production had been tighter, cuts like "Friction" and "Elevation" might have made for excellent singles. But in the context of the album, they add moments of incandescence to a genre heretofore leather-black.

Television employ many early pop devices in the course of their presentation. Verlaine borrows brazenly from Roy Wood's "Hello Susie" (off the Move's **Shazam**) in constructing the backbone riff for "Marquee Moon." But all's fair in love and rock, and Verlaine has truly created what ties for the New York new wave's finest moment with **Horses** and **Leave Home**. Beyond that, comparisons fall flat. Television is one of the best new bands in a year that's sure to challenge Boston for that recognition.

Cary Baker

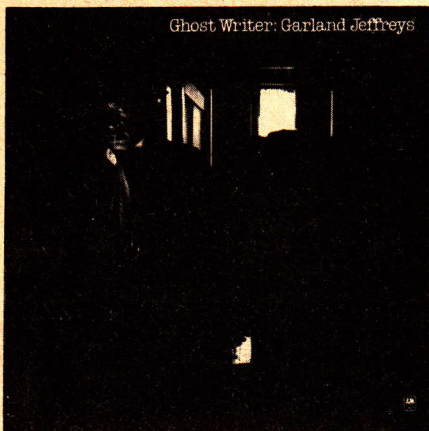


booking info:
call
BILL DESTREICH
219-365-5415

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

BRIEF ENCOUNTER
12286 N. OAKWOOD DR.
ST. JOHN, IND. 46373

GARLAND JEFFREYS
Ghost Writer
(A&M)



There's a story here somewhere. Garland Jeffreys' first album **Ghost Writer** thanks James Taylor, Knute Rockne and Lou Reed for their help, is dedicated to the abused and battered children of the world and sounds something like Bob Marley aspring to the CBGB crowd. Intriguing, no?

Rumor has it that Jeffreys used to fraternize with Lou back in the days when the latter never went anywhere without a large circle of confederates, if not friends. Jeffrey's earlier music retains a lot of Reed's influence. "35 Millimeter Dreams" especially owes its punch and whine to the New York underground sound in general, and to the generic "Sweet Jane" in particular.

It's interesting, but lacks the focus and cohesiveness of the main body of more recent material by Jeffreys. The later works directly point the finger at reggae and latino jazz as Jeffreys' musical focus. There's a lot of Bob Marley and some Gato Barbieri, to cite some specific musical influences, but Jeffreys always maintains New York as his soul-surviving inspiration. It's the only continuous theme between the two periods but it decidedly works best with the latter material, which offers the best of both worlds and results in a reggae chic that's sultry and tough in all the right places.

As to the story, maybe the ghost writer will spill the truth about Garland Jeffreys in the next album. Looking forward to it.

Beth Segal

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
Teenage Depression
(Island)



Close your eyes and listen, and you'd swear it was the '60s all over again. Question Mark and the Mysterions, The Who, the Stones, and Them, all the original hits done in the original manner. . . by Eddie and the Hot Rods.

If you've been keeping up on your homework, you'll know that Eddie and Co. are part of the nouvelle vogue of popular music, British punk rock. In punk's best tradition, their first lp is titled **Teenage Depression** with a cover to match that's sure to win this year's award for best album art in the category of self-inflicted hurt or suicide.

Mind you though, Eddie and the Hot Rods are no come-by-night delinquents, banded together to make some night noise and a bit of money riding the punk wave. They've been around for more than two years, playing the London club circuit with varying success.

Their manic stage show, which includes lead vocalist Barry Masters jumping from 20 foot amp stacks and the rest of the band generally throwing themselves around the stage and launching into nervous-breakdown rock frenetics, developed out of frustration with audience apathy.

It worked for them fine, and has since been picked up as a genre standard by the rest of the punk pack. But according to local authorities, nobody has it down quite as well as the Rods on a night when they're really hot.

On record, Eddie and the Hot Rods cool down alot. They've got a good primitive sound in a rather limited range. They're giving it everything they've got, but it isn't quite enough for an album.

Dave Higgs' guitar flashes nervous energy, making up in speed what he lacks in power. Paul Grey on bass and Steve Nicol on drums make up a solid line, but Barrie Masters' vocals are annoyingly erratic.

In the studio, his efforts are plainly punk, and on the live cuts, recorded at the Marquee, he shows substance and authority, particularly on the oldies where the way is pointed clearly.

The band really shines only on the old songs, particularly on their kick-ass versions of Bob Seger's "Get Out of Denver" and a back-to-back duet of "Gloria" and "Satisfaction." Their own songs, though promising, lack the focus the band needs to perform well.

There's no doubt the boys definitely do need some work. But it took them two years to get their stage act down and friends tell me it was worth the wait. Give Eddie and the Hot Rods another two to get their studio work together, and then measure these punks against their predecessors, who—lest we forget—once were punks themselves.

Beth Segal

Hey Kids! It's boss comparison time. Now duck, the choice today is between our old faves Keith Richard and the Rolling Stones and "City Tough" man Mr. Nils Lofgren. The Stones, "Happy", is the test for today and the question is just who will be happier after a spin of each. The Stones, original version is rough, loud, and worked a bit for them. Lofgren's version is from his latest album.

My money is riding on the Stones this time. But as long as you are already tracking one out of *I Came to Dance*, why not give the whole 12 inches a good listen. Check out the title track, "Rock Me at Home", and "Happy Ending Kids". Those are Lofgren's own pieces. With those, he can't be beat.

I Came to Dance is Nils', third solo endeavor, not including his authorized bootleg. While not boasting an AI Kooper as producer, it does feature Nils himself and session drummer Andy Newark at the helm. The result is a heavily produced affair with a strong emphasis on vocals as well as the Lofgren beat. Unfortunately, Lofgren's guitar remains hidden behind eleven or so various singers officially known as "background vocals".

Nils does have a great rock 'n' roll voice that deserves to be heard. It is getting the chance now with his solo lps that his "GRIN", lps didn't offer. With this album, it's apparent he has improved vocally since *Lofgren*. It's stronger in the right places and more gentle in the soft areas. That Fender guitar is now more like another voice, an electric one rivaling horns, drums, and occasional strings. Lofgren's guitar work has become more diverse with *Dance*. It is now an affected style of play with emphasis on the complete, mixed sound as opposed to the raw power of *City Tough*. *I Came to Dance* is therefore a polished release that, while outshining most other rock today, leaves me waiting for a live album. It's that energy, that power again, that will make me happy.

Mark Guncheon

Ignore the cover of this album. It shows a young lady in an extreme state of undress. She'll probably raise the sales, but—fancy this—record inside is equally endowed.

Henry Gross is a new face in an old sea. He has a flair for combining other people's styles in new and amazing ways. The Beatles, the Beach Boys, reggae and the 1950s style all find parking places on this ship.

The mere rowboats among us will see themselves in the title song. The special effects of screaming girls and frenzied applause turn it into a soundtrack of every junior Mick Jagger's daydream. Henry molds the atmosphere of each song with these effects plus banjo and harmonica noises, reedy tropical pipes and thundering, looming booms.

The guitarwork is the anchor of the instrumentation. It's his voice disembodied and all his own. The six strings introduce songs, flag transitions and set the style. Slide, acoustic, acid and soft rock, and early rock 'n', roll all surface with color and proficiency.

Henry Gross should be a choir. His vocals conjure up the 1950s zip up to the '70s for a chorus, then occasionally settle on the early California '60s. All that doesn't make him a bit tired and he vibrates and embellishes for flights into fancy. His style is loose and relaxed, but extremely professional, with clarity and an exceptionally wide range.

There's a lot of buried treasure in *Show Me to the Stage*. "Hidaway", is simple and expressive; "Come Along", about little green men with ties, is fun; and "Showboat", is folksy and poetic. The star of the show is "Help"; yep, the same one by Lennon and McCartney. The basic back-up from 1962 is there, but the rest is completely done over by Henry, his guitar and his voice. There is a new string introduction, a more flowing vocal style and overlapping guitar breaks not even conceived of by Liverpudlian fingers. "Help" is a '60s song in '70s style, and done successfully. That's some test for only two hands.

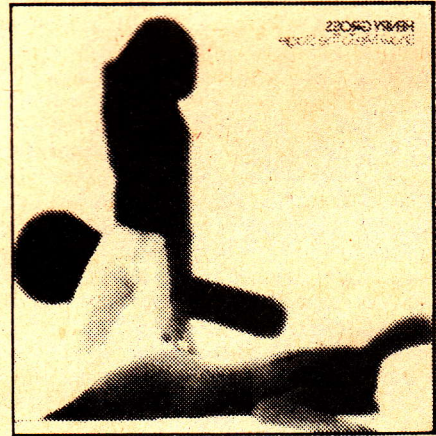
Henry Gross, album blends so many styles, including his own, that it would be hard to leave out of anyone's personal steamship to happiness. There's also variety, and if you don't like variety, there is the fine guitar work and vocals. Will someone please show that man to the stage?

Carolyn Lee Bottum

NILS LOFGREN
I Came to Dance
(A&M)



HENRY GROSS
Show Me to the Stage
(Lifesong)



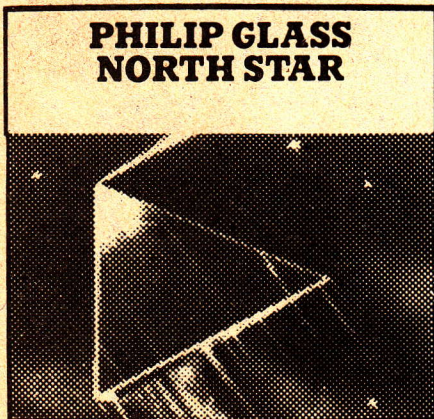
BAD COMPANY
Burning Sky
(Swan Song)



Of "Master of Ceremony," a collective final effort lasting an interminable seven minutes, the less said the better. It's as exciting as a magical mystery tour through Downer's Grove. At this point in their career, I would rather have Carly Simon and Johnny Rotten over to dinner than Bad Company on my turntable.

Maria Lanza

PHILIP GLASS
North Star
(Virgin)



In the few years the Virgin label has existed, it has delved into several areas of the avant-garde or space-music genres, seemingly taking great pains to record European artists who would never have U.S. releases otherwise. Philip Glass is their newest entry in this stable.

The music Glass authors on this album is sparse, drawing from Terry Riley and others in that vein. He shows us a trance-like music dealing with textures, layers and slow evolutions of dynamics. Like Terry Riley, he begins with a series of constant tones, slowly building onto and revolving around a base level of sound. Unlike Riley's music, the pieces on this album are short and tend to evolve rather quickly.

Glass's music is minimalist—he uses multiple instrumentation and choral forms, but limits the notes, tones and timbres. The result is somewhat like the old cliché about Chinese food—Glass should build further on what he develops, rather than reaching a plateau and staying there. The result is somewhat unsatisfying, this album may not be particularly representative of Glass's music. The liner notes say the music was originally composed as a film soundtrack, and it was rearranged, and remixed and reordered for the album. Film soundtracks are seldom truly representative of the work of an artist who does not confine himself to the genre.

The most striking aspect of the album is Glass's distinctive use of the human voice. The choral pieces come closest to working, and these segments are the most intriguing on the album. Unfortunately, they, too, suffer when he reaches that plateau he never quite traverses. Although the longest piece on the album is less than five minutes, most of the compositions seem overly long or even tedious.

Robin Cook

WANG DANG DOODLE
BLUES SHOW

WEDNESDAY
at 12:00PM

TRIAD WXFM 106FM



Fee Waybill of THE TUBES



CITY BOY



STEVE GIBBONS



Radio News

What a month April was for music! What a month May will be! New albums from Supertramp, Bryan Ferry, Streetwalkers, Herbie Hancock, Van Morrison, Little Feat and Ten CC to name just a few. Uriah Heep's new LP features ex-Lucifer's Friend vocalist John Lawton while the Heep's David Byron has formed Rough Diamond with ex-Humble Pier Clem Clempson and Geoff Britton, formerly of Wings. Tom Fogerty has a new band called Ruby. We'll be doing a Music News on Steve Hunter, featuring his work with Peter Gabriel, Lou Reed and Mitch Ryder's Detroit. Les Dudek and Dickie Betts both have new LP's out. Brownsville Station has really evolved on their premiere disc for the Private Stock label. We've had visits this month from Iron Butterfly (boy, have they got some interesting stories!), Head East, Steve Gibbons, Pezband, The New Riders of the Purple Sage, and Fee Waybill of The Tubes (who actually behaved extremely well during his stay at the TRIAD Mansion). Out of the ordinary was a visit from Don McGregor, famed author of Marvel Comics' Black Panther, Killraven and Luke Cage.

Our own Grant Wylie is preparing his series of unusual news reports of matters supernatural, astrological, psychic, suppressed or generally misunderstood. We'd also like to know how you're enjoying our twice-nightly "London Report" program. We think this really fine program provides a service for anyone trying to keep up with rock 'n' roll. Speaking of feedback, the kid who answer the phone during "School of Hard Rocks" says we'd better cut it out. He gets more calls than he can handle! Some more of our favourite records of recent vintage have been Tony Wilson's "I Like Your Style" written, produced and performed surprisingly well by this ex-leader of Hot Chocolate. Balcone's Fault is a madcap band from Texas. Deaf School is a Bonzo-like band from Liverpool (signed by Derek Taylor) featuring Cliff Langer of Portsmouth Sinfonia and lead vocalist Enrico Cadillac, Jr., Frank Average, Bette Bright and The Very Reverend Mac Rippler. (We mention the group because we like the names so much. . .) Janne Schafer is a familiar name to import record buyers as one of the best guitarists around. He'll remind you of Jeff Beck, but more melodic. (His record company asked us not to say he's also responsible for the



Billy Squier of PIPER



Don McGregor



PEZBAND

fine musicianship on Abba's records. . .) Detective is yet another new English rock band featuring Tony Kaye (formerly of Yes), Michael Monarch of Steppenwolf and Michael DesBarres, lead singer of the now-defunct Silverhead. Jack Bruce has a new band as well, sounding better than ever. All of which makes TRIAD RADIO sound better and better. Keep those cards, letters and phone calls coming. Bangagong!

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



9:00 CHOICE 33 - The most interesting and popular records out this month. Call 943-7474 to hear selections from our featured albums pictured elsewhere in this issue. New records from Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Bad Company, Nils Lofgren and Michael Nesmith make the list this month.

MONDAY at 10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp - Music from over there, wherever that may be. Rock and roll sounds slightly different when it's made behind the Iron Curtain, or under the influence of German wine. From the "power rock" of the **Scorpions** to the textured rhythms of **La Dusseldorf**. An hour of imports, new domestic releases (such as **Tangerine Dream**) and even some tapes from abroad. It'll make you wish you were in the old country...



THE CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - WEDNESDAYS AT 10:00

Our own **CHEAP TRICK** has been touring with the **Kinks**! **PEZBAND** has had a successful stay in New York. **GORGON MEDUSA** has now been picked up by the other radio stations in town. **CAROLINE PEYTON** returns to the Chicago area this month with an appearance and a new album. **SLIP** finally returns our tape recorder. Forget about looking to **CBGB's** for the next big talents... Chicago is where it's at!

TUESDAY & THURSDAY at 10:00 - NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - This is your chance to pick a Choice 33 album. Presenting the interesting releases of the past several days - be sure to call up and give us your reaction. If you like what you hear, we'll be playing more of it in the future.

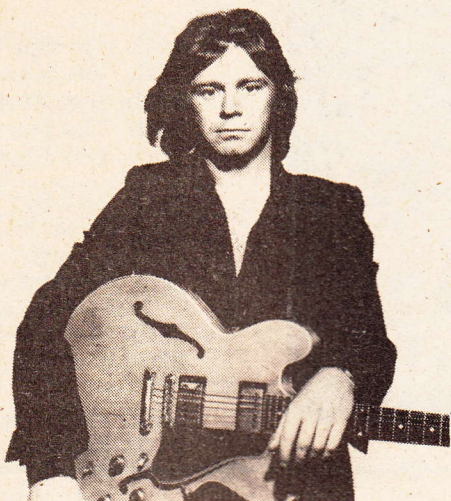


FRIDAY at 10:00 - THE SCHOOL OF HARD ROCKS - It seems that this is just the show the public ordered! We've moved it to a time when more of you are ready to rock & roll and we'll continue presenting classic examples of heavy metal and exciting new performances from the ever increasing wave of new bands.

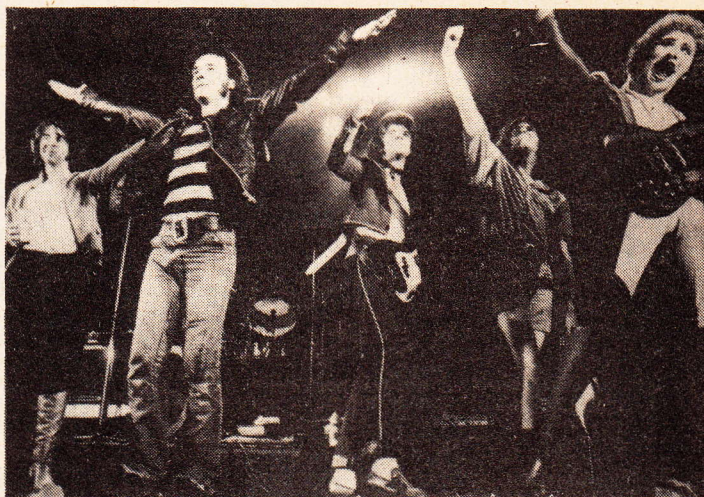
Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106

TUESDAY at 12:00 - ROCK AROUND THE WORLD This taped program presents concerts and conversation from the likes of Al Stewart, Queen, Jimi Hendrix and Jeff Beck. At a later time so you can travel abroad while in bed.



DAVE EDMUNDS



THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND

WEDNESDAY at 12:00 - THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW

with Atomic Mama. Brought to you by Wise Fools Pub. The real thing. Your hostess presents an array of rare recordings and some new releases from the likes of Mighty Joe Young and Muddy Waters.

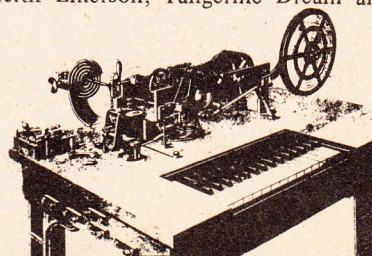


THE LONDON REPORT EVERY NIGHT at 9:30 & 11:30

Real news about the *artists and musicians* that you are interested in! Two new reports with interviews each night.

FRIDAY at 12:00 - ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE

Headphones are a must. Ranging from the avante-garde to rock. New and different albums from Philip Glass, Keith Emerson, Tangerine Dream and others to electrify your ears.



Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106

11:00 - MUSIC NEWS - A serious examination of important artists. Their music, their influences, and at times their own words. We'll be playing some of their rare material as well as the most popular. If there's anything you'd like to hear from our selected musicians this month give us a call or drop us a postcard.



EUROCK

The import bins are overflowing this month with some choice recordings from all over the Continent and England. Germany's rock experimentalists CAN have added a new member to the band. He's ROSCO GEE once with TRAFFIC and he can be heard on Can's new LP "Saw Delight." Rumour has it that Virgin may release the album over here in the near future. . . .PETER BAUMANN of TANGERINE DREAM has released his first solo album entitled "Romance 76." The Dreams have just finished a highly successful U.S. tour that met with favorable reactions everywhere they went. . . .Speaking of synthesizers, French composer JEAN MICHEL JARRE manned a battery of synthesizers to create his debut disc "Oxygene." If you enjoy Tangerine Dream, Klaus Schulz, Kraftwerk and the like, you'll love this LP. Incidentally, Jean is the son of French film-score composer Maurice Jarre, who's noted for his soundtrack to Dr.Zhivago. . . .Holland's GOLDEN EARRING, who had a hit with "Radar Love" a couple of years ago, are going to try it again with a new LP entitled "Mad Love" released here on MCA. . . .Hot in Holland at the moment is a group called the WATER PISTOLS and thier hit single is "Give Me That Punk Junk". . . .Over in Denmark, GASOLIN' have an album called "Efter Endnu en Dag." This follows closely the release of thier live double album "Sadan." . . .For progressive jazz fans Denmark offers SECRET OYSTER's "Straight To The Krankenhaus." It's straight ahead jazz-rock fusion that you're sure to enjoy. . . .A very unusual album that seekers of strange and esoteric sounds will enjoy is called "Assalam Alekoum Africa." It's a good survey of current progressive and popular music in West Africa. . . .A couple of ex-INCREDIBLE

2nd Passport
3rd Bonnie Raitt
4th Head East
5th Roy Harper
6th Uriah Heep

9th Jack Bruce
10th Allman Bros.
11th Steve Gibbons
12th Steve Hunter
13th Scorpions

16th Firesign Theatre
17th Van Morrison
18th Iron Butterfly
19th The Tubes
20th Led Zeppelin

23rd City Boy
24th Creedence Clearwater
Revival
25th New Riders of
the Purple Sage
26th Brownsville Station
27th The Kinks

30th Leslie West
31st Pezband

STRING BAND people have come out of hibernation and released new LP's. ROBIN WILLAIMSON has one out on the Chicago based Flying Fish label. It's a little reminiscent of early music by the ISB. However, MIKE HERON's new one "Diamond of Dreams" is a whole different ball game. . . .The seventh album release by KLAUS SCHULZ is the soundtrack from a German soft-porn flick called "Body Love." . . .English madman NEIL INNES who's well know for his work with Bonzo Dog Band and Monty Python has released a superb album of laughable and listenable material called "Taking Off." Watch for Neil to appear on Saturday Night Live in the near future. . . .A good bet if you enjoy traditional English and Irish music ala the Chieftains is FIVE HAND REEL. Their LP was voted Folk Album of the Year in last year's Melody Maker Poll. . . .HORSLIPS does an admirable job of mixing traditional folk themes with rock on their new album "A Celtic Symphony." . . .VANESSA is a progressive jazz group from Norway with an album called "Black and White" from a new Norse label called Compendium. They promise more interesting progressive sounds from Norway in the future. . . .POPOL VUH have long been one of the more successful groups to mix Western and Indian sounds. However, on their new LP "Yoga" the-Indian sounds predominate as they play skillfully on sitar, tabla, and tambura. . . .At last, there's a new SUZI QUATRO album called "Aggrophobia" featuring good and raunchy renditions of "Wake Up Little Susie," "Heartbreak Hotel," and some Suzi Q originals. Meanwhile, back in the States, Suzi's little sister Patti is on tour with her new group THE NYLONS.

THE ROLLING STONE



ROCK QUIZ No.2

Answer these five questions correctly, bring in this sheet, and we'll give you one dollar off on any \$5 LP.

1.) WHAT IS ELVIS PRESLEY'S REAL NAME?

- a) Elmo Parsley
- b) Elvis Pelvis
- c) Bernie Schwartz
- d) Elvis Presley

2.) WHICH ROCK STAR DRINKS THE MOST BEER?

- a) Alice Cooper
- b) Ray Davies
- c) Joe Cocker

3.) A MOOG IS A:

- a) exotic animal
- b) bad-tempered person
- c) ice cream dessert
- d) keyboard instrument

4.) WHICH BEATLE HAD THE LARGEST NOSE?

- a) John Lennon
- b) Paul McCartney
- c) George Harrison
- d) Ringo Starr
- e) Murray the K

5.) WHERE WOULD MICK JAGGER BUY RECORD ALBUMS?

- a) a grocery store
- b) a shoe store
- c) Maxwell Street
- d) ROLLING STONE RECORDS on Irving Park Road
- e) ROLLING STONE RECORDS on West Washington

ROLLING STONE

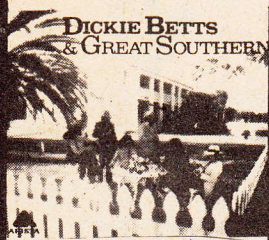
10AM-11PM Daily
10AM-6PM Mon. Sat.

7300 W. Irving Park Rd. 456-0861
175 W. Washington 346-3489

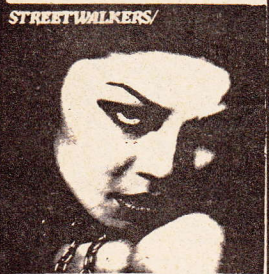
ADDED BONUS!! There will be a drawing for a yet undisclosed prize from all correct entries.
So put in your:
Name *Ph. 1*
Address *5727 N. 03rd Ave.*
City *Chicago* Zip *60631*
Phone *63-7644*
LP bought.....

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106



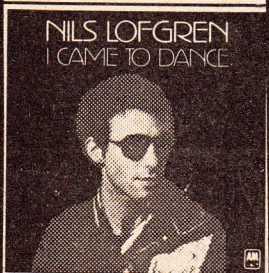
DICKEY BETTS
Great Southern
(Arista)



STREETWALKERS
Vicious But Fair
(Mercury)



PEZBAND
(Passport)



NILS LOFGREN
I Came To Dance
(A&M)



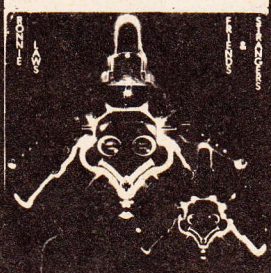
LITTLE FEAT
Time Loves A Hero
(Warner Borthers)



SWEET
Off The Record
(Capitol)



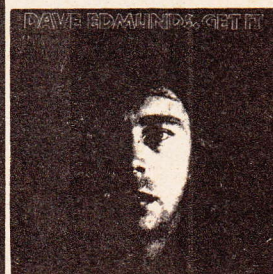
DETECTIVE
(Swan Song)



RONNIE LAWS
Friends & Strangers
(Blue Note)



Supertramp
Even In The Quietest Moments...
(A&M)



DAVE EDMUNDS
Get It
(Swan Song)



AL DiMEOLA
Elegant Gypsy
(Columbia)



ZBIGNEW SEIFERT
(Capitol)



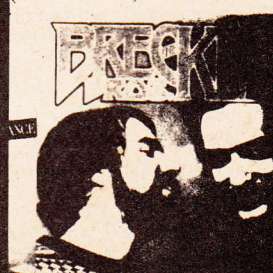
TEN CC
Deceptive Bends
(Mercury)



FIRESIGN THEATRE
Just Folks
(Butterfly)



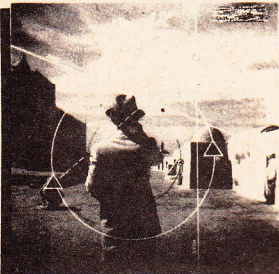
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
This Time It's
For Real
(Columbia)



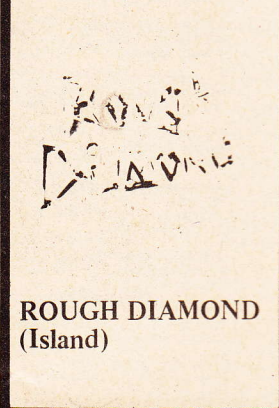
BRECKER BROS.
Don't Stop The Music
(Arista)

TRIAD's Choice 33

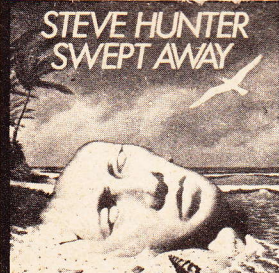
THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106



BRAND X
Moroccan Roll
(Passport)



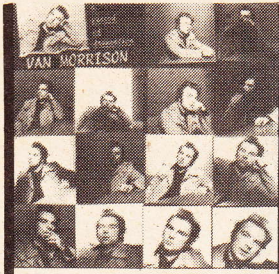
ROUGH DIAMOND
(Island)



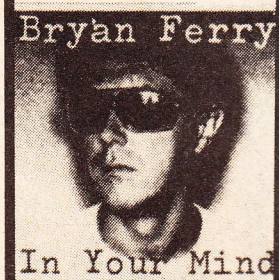
STEVE HUNTER
Swept Away
(Atco)



STARZ
Violation
(Capitol)



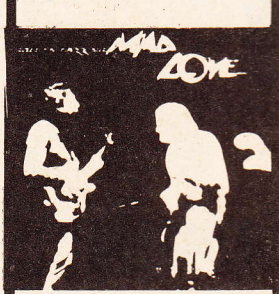
VAN MORRISON
A Period of
Transition
(Warner Brothers)



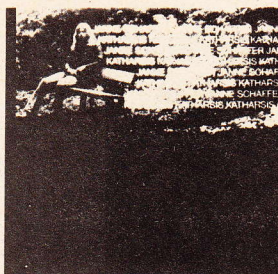
BRYAN FERRY
In Your Mind
(Atlantic)



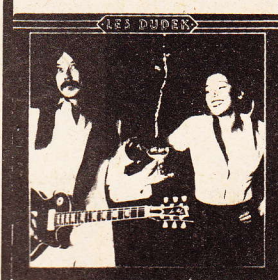
KINGFISH
Live 'N Kickin
(U/A)



GOLDEN EARRING
Mad Love
(MCA)



JANNE SCHAFER
Katharsis
(Columbia)



LES DUDEK
Say No More
(Columbia)



URIAH HEEP
Firefly
(Warner Brothers)



SCORPIONS
Virgin Killer
(RCA)



CHARLIE
No Second Chance
(London)



GALE FORCE
(Fantasy)



FOREIGNER
(Atlantic)



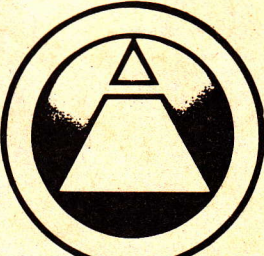

**BROWNSVILLE
STATION**
(Private Stock)

**EMERSON, LAKE
& PALMER
Works**
(Atlantic)

MAY

AUDIO GUIDE

WXFM 106

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
<p>9:00 - Choice 33 2</p> <p>10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Passport</i></p> <p>12:00 - Flight 106</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 3</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Bonnie Raitt</i></p> <p>12:00 - Rock Around The World</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 4</p> <p>10:00 - The Chicago Music Scene</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Head East</i></p> <p>12:00 - Wang Dang Doodle Blues Show</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 5</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Roy Harper</i></p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 6</p> <p>10:00 - The School Of Hard Rocks!</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Uriah Heep</i></p> <p>12:00 - Electronic Experience</p>
<p>9:00 - Choice 33 9</p> <p>10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Jack Bruce</i></p> <p>12:00 - Flight 106</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 10</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Allman Bros.</i></p> <p>12:00 - Rock Around The World</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 11</p> <p>10:00 - The Chicago Music Scene</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Steve Gibbons</i></p> <p>12:00 - Wang Dang Doodle Blues Show</p>	<p>12</p> <p>9:00 - Choice 33</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Steve Hunter</i></p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 13</p> <p>10:00 - The School Of Hard Rocks!</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Scorpions</i></p> <p>12:00 - Electronic Experience</p>
<p>9:00 - Choice 33 16</p> <p>10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Firesign Theatre</i></p> <p>12:00 - Flight 106</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 17</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Van Morrison</i></p> <p>12:00 - Rock Around The World</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 18</p> <p>10:00 - The Chicago Music Scene</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Iron Butterfly</i></p> <p>12:00 - Wang Dang Doodle Blues Show</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 19</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>The Tubes</i></p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 20</p> <p>10:00 - The School Of Hard Rocks!</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Led Zeppelin</i></p> <p>12:00 - Electronic Experience</p>
<p>9:00 - Choice 33 23</p> <p>10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>City Boy</i></p> <p>12:00 - Flight 106</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 24</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Creedence</i></p> <p>12:00 - Rock Around The World</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 25</p> <p>10:00 - The Chicago Music Scene</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>New Riders</i></p> <p>12:00 - Wang Dang Doodle Blues Show</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 26</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Brownsville Station</i></p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 27</p> <p>10:00 - The School Of Hard Rocks!</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>The Kinks</i></p> <p>12:00 - Electronic Experience</p>
<p>9:00 - Choice 33 30</p> <p>10:00 - Sounds From Across The Big Swamp</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Leslie West</i></p> <p>12:00 - Flight 106</p>	<p>9:00 - Choice 33 31</p> <p>10:00 - New Sounds, New Releases</p> <p>11:00 - Music News w/ <i>Pezband</i></p> <p>12:00 - Rock Around The World</p>	 		

TRIAD