

TRIAD

The Magazine/The RadiowXFM106 Chicago



In
February

Chicago
Theatre

Beach Boys
Interview

Airto

Astrology

Kinks

Care of the
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FM 106

Programming
& Music News



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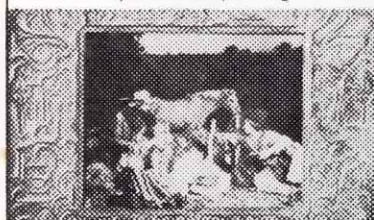
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TRIAD

The Magazine



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Editors Page

THIS MONTH'S COVER: SHERMAN HENRY LINTON'S "TO THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS"

According to a recent news release, Parker Brothers has produced over 80 million sets, and Monopoly is now so popular among all age groups that international competitions are held to determine the world's Monopoly Champion Linton's painting is actually one of a series on the subject of giraffes, although in this work they appear as surrealistic versions of the animal. The artist portrays the idea that each of us creates his own little niche in life, his "empire" so to speak. He does this to safeguard his own survival. He is gregarious and heirarchical by nature, as other species are found to be. Our personalities dominate some, and in turn are dominated by others. Man survives if he accepts his position. On the other hand, if he rocks his boat he can lose his shirt...or gain the world. The painting is part of the private collection of Mr. Charles Braverman, Chicago.

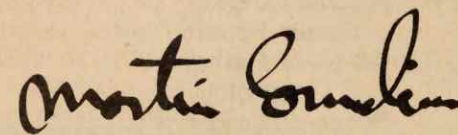
THIS MONTH:
It's a very good feeling to be sending this issue off to press. There's a lot of very good material in it: a huge Music and Musicians section with pieces on The Beach Boys, Kiss, Airto, and Chico Hamilton, an Astrology column of Grant Wylie's usually unusual (but accurate) analysis of what's happening, a special feature on developing theatre in Chicago, a lot of new book reviews, including *Illuminatus* (a major science fiction release), concert reviews, record reviews, and the usual wealth of good features you'd expect from a Typical Triad.

Our Managing Editor, Paul Merrion, is leaving this month to head the Washington office of another magazine. We are sad to see him leave, as he has contributed much to the

growth of the magazine over the last months, but we wish him well in his new position.

NEXT MONTH:
Next month is shaping up to be even better than this one; we're really having a good time putting it together. I'm back as Editor, and enjoying it very much. In addition, we have a new Music Editor next month: Patrick Goldstein. His five years of experience in Chicago music journalism have made him one of the best known and respected music writers in town. He writes regularly for such publications as The Chicago Daily News, Esquire, The National Lampoon, The Reader, and The Rolling Stone. He is a very powerful addition to an already strong music staff.

Here are some of the highlights of what we have planned for next month: a Keith Moon interview, THE Flo and Eddie Dream Date, a Howlin Wolf Memorial ("The Wolf" died recently, marking the end of a Blues era), an interview with Chick Corea and Stanley Clarke's manager, and Triad's Solution to Car Pollution (and gas costs).



TRIAD

The Magazine

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NUMBER ONE

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Feedback

Dear Triad;

I am truly amazed that such a together magazine as yours would even think of devoting valuable writing space in your monthly towards Space: 1999, then to even compare it to Star Trek! It surprises me to think that such a maudlin, mediocre show as this would even be slightly mentioned by Triad.

When you congratulated, if not all out blessed, WGN-TV for "imagination" with Space:1999, I almost gagged! I look forward to reading Triad and just mellowing out, but this article reeks! Remember, it was WGN-TV which cancelled Star Trek, except for 10 AM Sundays (Rockford 5 PM Sat.). In my opinion, Space:1999 stinks along with its drab plot, dialog, feasibility and its "big name flops." Martin Landau's "refined character" is likened to that of an incompetent fool, and no true commander. This show is definitely not a "hit", but an all out *DUD!* And quite insulting to one's intellect. But, of course, mostly all of TV is sheer CRAP and appeals to a 6th-graders mind anyways. So what the hell.

I, along with a few others, hold Space: 1999 on the same level of creativity as with the likes of Henry Fonda and his GAF viewmaster. This is a negative view because the show does stink!

I love to follow Triad, and feel that it is possibly one of the top in the U.S., but this article simply compels me to write. I am also quite perplexed as to WHY, haven't you caught onto one of the best television shows to come out recently? And that is Dr. WHO, which is aired at 6:30 PM. weekdays on channel 11. It is truly fantastic. It has the creativity, showmanship and artistic quality that all great shows possess. It incorporates some of Star Treks' conflicts (human, alien, psychological), themes, basic human natures and the idea of good vs. evil. All this is totally backed up by scientific theory, history and legend all intertwined.

Dr. WHO, along with Star Trek, has order, strong, well-developed characters and excellent conflict relationships, not to mention dynamic personalities. All this versus that of Space: 1999' bland acting and runamuck theme of chaotic events.

I tend to compare the creative imagination of Gene Rodenberry and that of Dr. WHO to that aspect of Walt Disney's dreams which throw human nature to the highest of aspirations — quite altruistic, ... but not quite nauseous.

Dr. WHO provides me each day with that sort of entertainment which I so miss in Star Trek. I hope that someone on your staff checks into this program and infrom both your readers and yourself.

Sincerely;
John E. Scheleski

Dear TRIAD,

Joe Urschel seems to have neglected a couple of recent Christmas songs (probably because they were only released in England): Elton John's "Step Into Christmas," Roy Wood's Wizzard's "I Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day," and "Rock and Roll Winter," and Jethro Tull's "Christmas Song."

A while back, the Beatles used to put out a special Christmas album for the members of their fan club, just about every year until they broke up (a lot of the material later made it onto bootleg albums).

Yes, I'd believe a record by Canned Heat and the Chipmunks. I thought I was one of the few people who'd ever heard of that. I ask you, Mr. Urschel, how you can help but love a record with dialogue like:

BOB "THE BEAR" HITE:
"Hey! Whar're you mice doing in this studio? We came in here to do a Christmas boogie!"

ALVIN: "MICE?! We're Chipmunks!"

But it must be admitted that rock isn't exactly overflowing with Christmas material. However,

should you choose to look into blues, you'd find a veritable stocking-full of Christmas goodies: Lightnin' Hopkins "Santa," and Lowell Fulson's "Lonesome Christmas," to name but a couple.

Paul Carlson
Evanston

Dear Triad:

I resent very much J.J. Quinn's review of Graeme Edge's KICK OFF YOUR MUDDY BOOTS album! If he were such a "diehard ever-patient" Moody Blues fan, he would not have put them down so badly. I am one, having bought all their seven albums faithfully, and now having bought Justin & John's album, and Ray's I bought Graemes only because he was a Moody Blue. J.J. put down Justin, John & Ray for having "God-awful psuedo-operatic voices" which is part of their beautifulness. They are very beautiful, feeling people, and it shows. Graeme's album really should be titled Gurvitz's Band Starring Graeme Edge, because it is a totally different style, and Graeme didn't really write that many songs on the album. I for one like Justin, John & Ray's style and songs, and hope that they keep on feeling free.

LONG LIVE THE MOODY
BLUES, ET. AL.

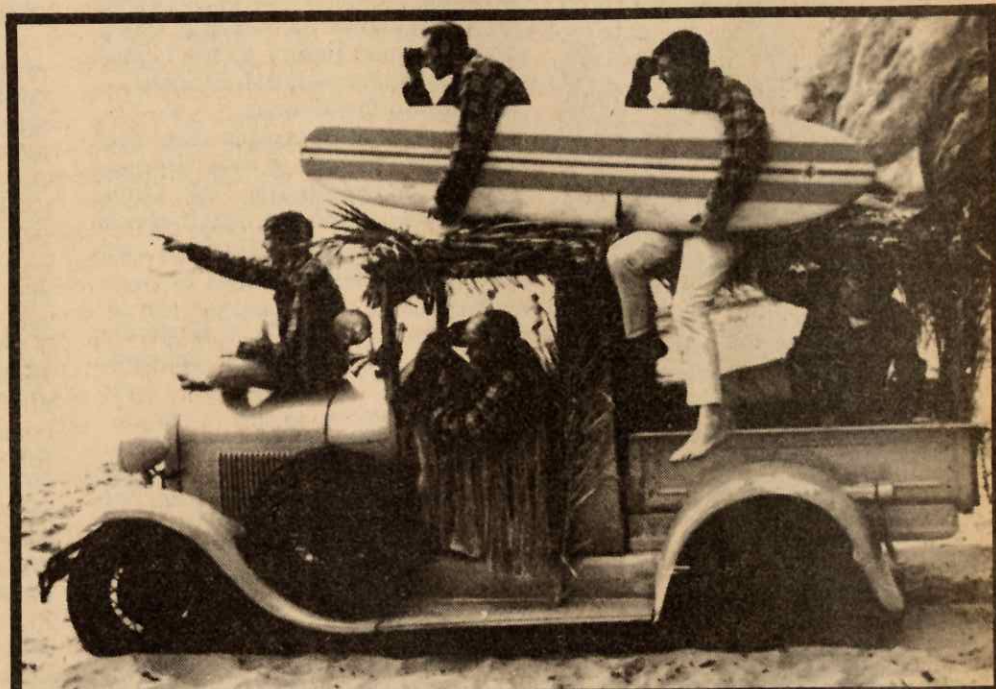
A True Fan,
Julie Roberts

P.S. Fans do not call their favorite group(s) yoyos!



The Beach Boys

Basking in the Glow



Triad February 1976

of Ten Years of Harmony

The Beach Boys gave life to rock'n'roll in its hour of need. A dozen years after the safari began, the Beach Boys are once again making big waves across the land of Penny's Farm, sidewalk surfing, and Good Humor. They sell out the bigger concert halls and work crowds into a frenzy before they even reach the stage. Yet they haven't released an album of new material in three years, nor have they been on the singles charts since '68.

The catalyst for this unprecedented reaction has been a massive rediscovery of Beach Boy oldies brought on by Capitol — their old label's repackagings of *Endless Summer* and *Spirit of America*. Onstage the group glides effortlessly through golden gems like "Help Me Rhonda" and moldier artifacts such as "Be True to Your School."

But, as an oldster who once thrilled to *The Beach Boys Today* and lost interest with *Smiley Smile* only to reapproach their music with the greatest of reverence after *20/20*, I cringe at the thought of the Beach Boys ceasing the creative efforts of their last few albums in favor of oldies-but-goldies performances. Seeing them decked out in matching blazers for that '74 New Years' Eve special was enough to turn my queasy stomach. For six years they'd been performing new material in the face of a hit-hungry audience and then it seemed they'd given up.

Fortunately, my conjecture was wrong, for the Beach Boys returned to the studio in September and began laying down tracks for a new album that should hit the bins in a month or so. During the group's recent stopover in Chicago, I had the privilege of meeting leader Carl Wilson and rapping about the group's plans for '76. The first three months call for intense studio activity. We're right in the middle of the album. It's down to which direction we're going to take it. Brian is into a rock'n'roll thing. Not in the traditional sense, but stuff that cooks in an unseemingly way, very subtle. Alan is working on a tune called 'Polypeptide,' about the long chain amino acid molecule, the beginning of life. Alan is a spiritual being who gets off on philosophy. Dennis is into the direct song approach, and I like music that is very still, yet having movement."

"It would be safe to say the new album is a cross between the bags of *Surf's Up* and *Holland*, with some of the older stuff, 'cause the group is tending to lighten up and have a good time. Music to me is a comfort. If it's got heart it just lets you be. Recording isn't a job anymore. For us it's Boy's Town hobby night. The intention is to do something good so it's not necessary to think about it. I'd have to be a moron to try and fuck it up."

"I find I've been saying 'yes' and 'no' less and less so that now all I say is 'get a good sound.' When I started to let it be we began having a good time. 'Funky Pretty' was one of the most incredible sessions."

Much of Carl's studio knowhow was learned from brother Brian, who stopped touring with the group in 1966. With this semi-retirement, Brian handed the reins of the group to Carl, and the bass and keyboard duties to a young Californian by the name of Bruce Johnston. Though not apparent at first, Johnston played a significant role in the evolution of the Beach Boys, contributing a handful of their lushest tunes — "Disney Girls" being the most fondly remembered. But Bruce too eventually got the production bug, and he asked to leave the group in 1972. Carl recalls the time. "It was very painful, but we all agreed it was the best thing to do. Right now he's very happy, because he's doing exactly what he wanted to do."

In Guy Peelart's book of illustrations, *Rock Dream*, the Beach Boys' history is traced from the clean cut days of "California Girls," to Brian's midnight oil burning days over the sandbox piano, to a rain drenched depiction of the performing five (Carl, Dennis, Mike, Alan, and Bruce) running for the cover of a beatup jalopy named GREED. But it wasn't greed that propelled the Beach Boys through the twilight of the '60s. Their music between "Good Vibrations" and *Sunflower* (1970) was highly personal — much of it was recorded at Brian's house. Much occurred in the year that lapsed between "Good Vibrations" and its followup, "Heroes and Villains." The singles buying public had left the blossom world of Diamond Head for the sweltering heat of Haight, while the Beach Boys remained true to their identity, at one with Rhonda, good food, TM, and the perfect wave.

"Heroes and Villains" marked the tail of the Beach Boys' comet of hit singles. The melodiously nostalgic yet contemporary "Do It Again" became a freak hit in '68, but the spotlight shunned the group until 1970's Big Sur Festival where they took to the stage unannounced and stole the show. The Beach Boys had left the singles rat race and developed their stage act into one of the finest in the land. "It's our choice. When you reach a certain level of success then your record company wants you to lay records on them. In the old days Capitol would say 'We need a single every three months.' It started to get on Brian's nerves. He wanted the opportunity to stretch musically far beyond being hot dog record stars. We experienced a deep love and appreciation for making music."

But why the oldies when the Beach Boys have such a large well of contemporary material to draw from? "That's the stuff that's getting the most agreement. I think it's only fair to give them what they want to hear. We resisted that in 1971. We hardly did the old songs we do now. But the truth is they're not old songs, because it's a new audience. The other day a program director told me about a girl calling up the station saying, 'Please play the new song *Help Me Rhonda*.' It's a new experience for some people: that's our predicament. We have a past. But I do think that what we did then was valid musically. Music is music."

Some of the newer stuff has crept back into the Beach Boys' stage repertoire. The group has reworked three numbers from *Surf's Up*: "Till I Die," echoes wonderfully in Dennis' brand new "Rainbows;" "Long Promised Road"; and "Take A Load off Your Feet."



There's also an unabridged addition of "Wonderful," Brian Wilson's ode to pubescence, which appeared in an abbreviated form on *Smiley Smile*. New is the group's own rendition of the tune that brought them together with Chicago, "Wishin' You Were Here."

The collaboration that sparked one of the biggest concert extravaganzas of '75 was a labor of mutual admiration. Carl had known Chicago producer and sometime Beach Boy bass man Jim Guercio since his days with Chad and Jeremy. He remembers Guercio's enthusiastic ravings about "this group in Chicago" since the early days of the Buckingham. But the two groups didn't meet until '74 when Guercio invited the Beach Boys up to Caribou. "That's when Peter (Cetera) asked us if we would sing. We said, 'Of course' and finished in a couple of hours. We listened to the song and all got off. I loved the tour. Those were five hour shows and we worked weekends. It doesn't sound like much, but five hours of playing is a long night. But the finale was such a charge. It was like starting all over again."

"I'm a fool for music. Becoming famous is a humbling experience, but I'm clear about who makes this group happen. It's totally clear to me that when I go on stage today, it's the audience creating the experience that allows us to exist."

The spring thaw that will bring with its warming grace an offering of comfort from Carl & the Passions a/k/a the evermoving Beach Boys. A spring tour is also in the making. My anticipation is high, my curiosity even stronger. Till then we'll keep those early vibrations on the turntable and bask in the aural sunshine of ten years of harmony.

A MISSISSIPPI HIPPIE HANGS TEN

One of the Beach Boys newest fans happens to be a touring member of the group. Elmo Peeler, one of the Beach Boys' three backup keyboardists, admits that his roots are more in keeping with the downhome funk of Leon Russell than with the melodious strains of a Brian Wilson chord progression, and that prior to meeting Carl, his knowledge of the group's music was at best peripheral. Yet he fits into the Beach Boys' streamlined stage act like a silken glove. Prior to his joining last October, Elmo had amassed a year of reputable experience as an arranger and pianist for gremlin lyricist Paul Williams.

The gig with Williams came after a full year of knocking on doors and living a TV dinner existence in the City of Angels. But persistence and a goodly amount of ability brought Elmo to this point in the pyramid. "I was a rock'n'roller from the age of fourteen. I'd been assured by all the relatives that there was no way to make a living in music. I wanted to get into the performing aspect of classical music. So I went to Eastman with two summers at Interlochen. By the time I was 21, I was crazy from the straight laced approach at Eastman. Anything progressive was taboo. Chuck Mangione was one of the few progressive influences, but he was into the Jazz Lab, and I was a rock'n'roll pianist. At Eastman that was a round peg in a square hole."

When speaking of his new musical association with Carl Wilson, Elmo conveys a feeling of utmost respect: "Everyone I've talked with has spoken highly of this man's talent and contribution." Their association has been an education. "In the middle of 'Be True to Your School' Carl asked me to incorporate part of the Notre Dame cheer. I do it on the synthesizer with a nice wa-wa effect, fairly novel. Last week I was working on an arrangement that called for mid-register strings. Carl suggested I use voices instead for a more human sound."

The arrangements Elmo spoke of were done in connection with Carl's production work for protege Ricci Martin. Alan Jardine, who plays and sings totally by ear, has also consulted Elmo on the possibilities of a capella renditions of Chopin's C minor prelude, and the D flat minor fugue from the Well Tempered Clavier. Elmo Peeler's growing involvement and respect for his new musical comrades indicates a year filled with promise for the Beach Boys and their Mississippi side-man.

J.J. Quinn



STRINGS *and* THINGS

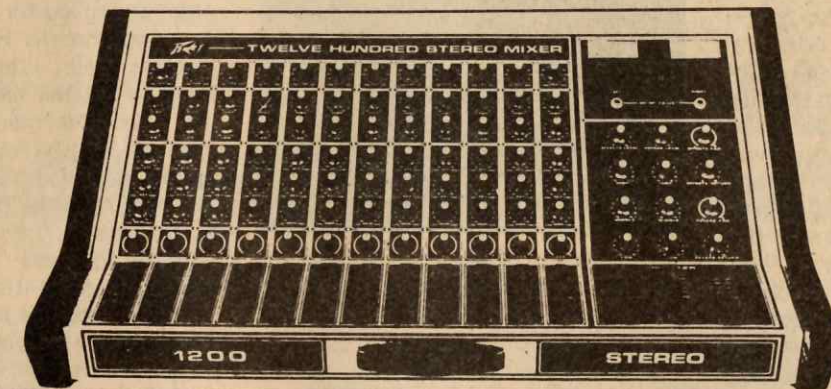
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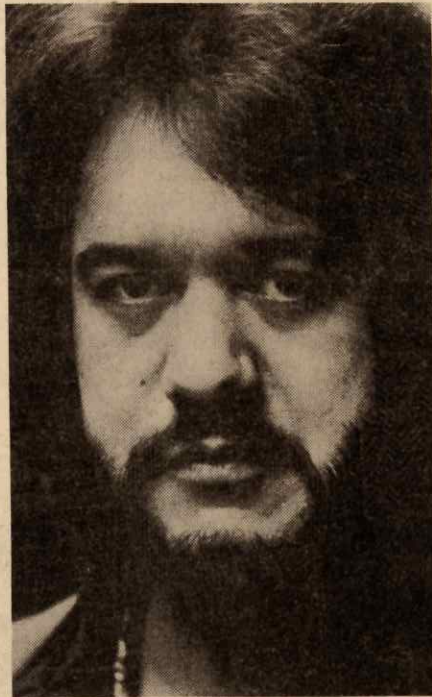
AIRTO:
Eye, Ear, Toe, & Heart
J.J. Quinn

He speaks a universal language. Yet he struggles valiantly with English. His talent is so unique that the jazz pollsters established a special category for which he could be hands down winner. Airto is a man of many miracles, a soldier of universal love whose percussion arsenal is as vast as his imagination. Musical travels have taken him from Brazil to New York, where he hooked up with such diverse talents as Miles Davis, Weather Report, Paul Simon, and Chick Corea.

Two years ago Airto recorded a brilliant album called *Fingers* and put together a band with the same name. His wife Flora Purim added smooth-as-silk butterfly vocalizations to the churning rhythms of *Fingers* just as she had done with Airto in Chick Corea's *Light As A Feather* band. The combination was as right onstage as it was elsewhere; there was unity and completeness in *Fingers*. But the dream was disrupted in late '74 by Flora's federal bust for possession of cocaine.

When Flora will be released is uncertain, but the bust brought about a massive change in Airto's lifestyle. "I had to take a year break, because of what happened with Flora. We have a three-year-old child, so I had to take care of the baby for a year and three months. I had to move from New York to Berkeley then to L.A., just to be close to her. It made me stop and take a good look at what I was doing before and which direction I was going, what was my goal in life. And I have. It's not a new goal, but it's a little different."

The goal is manifested in his new album and band, *Identity*. The group combines the natural, acoustic sounds of Airto's percussion and voice, Roberto's drums, and the eight-string classical guitar of Gismonte with the electric sounds of guitar, clavinet, and string ensemble. "I used to be a selfish jazz musician, playing music that nobody could understand but myself, and the musicians were playing weak. But instead of self-satisfac-



tion, right now I'm trying to communicate with people, all kinds of people, and play music that everyone would get into. I actually wrote some English lyrics for three songs on the album which to me is very hard, because I never studied English. I learned it off the streets. One of the lyrics says, 'When you give me all your love/Then we can fly away to the sky/When you feel so lonely just communicate/You free to call me anytime.' There is another song called 'Flora On My Mind,' which is a little more personal, but it can be used for anybody."

"The rhythms are much stronger now. There are some cuts that you can't sit down to. We are integrating, pulling one thing into another to make a whole. Before it wasn't funky at all. It was a very personal Latin kind of feeling. But now there are two or three songs on the album that could be played on any black station and nobody would know that it was a white guy from Brazil. Roberto is the only drummer I could play percussion with without thinking about what to say to him. Sometimes the music

is straight dance, a very high energy level, and all of a sudden, we bring it down and start playing all acoustic in the same song. The same feeling, the same strength, but without hurting anybody's feelings. We have many colors in this group."

I had the pleasure of catching the premier performance of Airto's *Identity*, and true to his word, they are a very colorful group musically. But sadly, identity and organization are the very things they lacked during that opening set. The musical ideas put forth were noble enough — Gismonte attacks the clavinet most melodically and his eight-string guitar is breathtakingly hypnotic while Roberto's playing, though pale, stays out of Airto's way — but the execution was chaotic. Airto seemed like a magician pulling rabbits out of a hat. This could have come off very well if he had realized the dynamics of a good show. Instead, elements of electronics and acoustic rhythms seemed to be thrown together at random and separated by clumsy attempts at communicating verbally with the audience.

It was sad to see Airto fumble, because his intention to communicate was sincere and his sense of humor was charming. During a demonstration of his native Brazilian instruments, he described a street carnival during which the cuica, or talking drum, simulates the roar of the lion during mating season. Airto's rubber-faced impression of Papa Lion on the prowl stole the show. But his timing was off. Everytime the band would start to cook, the song would end abruptly or the dynamics would drop without any apparent direction, as if Airto were tantalizing the crowd for better things to come. Those better things didn't come until he manned the drums for one song, but that was the last song of the set, so it didn't matter anymore. The effect of the finale was shocking, like driving on a paved highway, being hypnotized by the road, and crashing into

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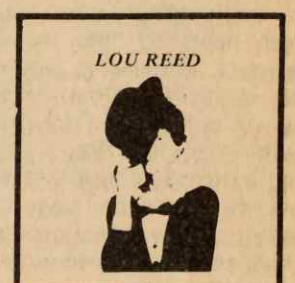
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Music & Musicians

a mountain that wasn't there a minute ago. The set was too much. Hopefully Airtó and Identity have put their ideas into perspective since that first gig, 'cause there is more potential there than there is in many bands that have their act together.

Airtó is an amazing man; the pollsters are right. As a kid he studied guitar peripherally, but leaned toward percussion because the family was poor and "with percussion you don't have to buy anything. You just pick up things and start to play. We couldn't buy a guitar at the time, because it was too expensive. They were hard times for my parents. I used to wake up at 3:30 in the morning and go to the market and help people sell fruits. When I was finished at 2:00 in the afternoon, they would give me leftovers: the fruits that people wouldn't buy. It was going to get spoiled anyway, so I would take it home."

Airtó eventually did make enough money to buy a guitar, which is the instrument he uses to compose on. "I find a few chords just for myself and write a tune. I don't believe that much in inspiration, because I think you have to make your own momentum. You have to get inspired with yourself. Otherwise, you don't create anything. Most of the tunes I write come from my mind. While walking somewhere, I start whistling a melody and ask myself if that melody is another song that somebody else wrote, because sometimes you think you write a beautiful song and later you find that

someone else wrote that song before. Your mind keeps a lot of information, so when I'm convinced it's not somebody else's song, I get the guitar, find some chords and have a song in five or ten days. It takes that long because I'm very limited on guitar. I can play upright bass quite well, but just a few guitar chords. I play with the different parts of the song and when I get to a result, I say 'OK, that's established.' Then I write the lyrics."

"I have a goal and my goal doesn't go along with superfluous lyrics like 'Baby, let me kiss your lips/ I'm hot' and this and that. Everybody is hot sometimes, but the kind of love that I talk about is a kind of understanding. I like songs with a strong lyric I can relate to. My favorite song lately is Paul Simon's 'Still Crazy After All These Years.' I caught myself whistling that song many times in the last few days."

Airtó's admiration for rhymin' Simon goes back to the days when "We played three concerts, just me and him. This was about five years ago. I recorded with him the album that has 'Me & Julio Down By the Schoolyard.' I did all the — you could say percussion arrangements — this is a funny word for me, on that album. On that particular song I did all the strange sounds, all those squeaks."

The most memorable collaboration with another artist, though, was Airtó's studio and road work with Miles Davis. "I was living in New York with Walter Brooker, who was the bass player with

Cannonball Adderley at the time. I couldn't speak English, but I met a lot of musicians. One day Miles was looking for a percussionist for *Bitches Brew*. Joe Zawinul told him about me: 'He's a crazy Brazilian who has all these instruments. I think you should try him.' So I got all my percussion, went to his place, and threw everything on the floor. I showed him my arsenal and played something for him. He liked it and said, 'You're on the album.' So I played three cuts on *Bitches Brew*. After the recording he invited me to sit in at the Village Gate."

"The first night was funny. I didn't bring my instruments because I wanted to meet all the musicians first. When he saw me he gets off the stage, grabs me and says, 'Where's your instruments?' (in a Miles Davis rasp). I was afraid to play but I went home to get my instruments and came back a half hour later. I ended up playing the whole weekend with him. Then he asked if I wanted to go to Washington with him. And he said I wasn't going to make any money. I said that's fine with me. I hadn't made any money for two years so it wouldn't make any difference. I played with him for a week and when we finished he gave me \$300. I told him I'd gotten a call from Sergio Mendes offering me \$500 to play trap drums. I told him I wanted to know if I was going to stay and play with Miles. He said 'Did you play tonight?' I said, 'Yeah.' And he said, 'So that's it. You're with the band.'"

Shortly before Flora's arrest there was talk of Airtó and Carlos Santana forming a band together. "Carlos is a personal friend. When I'm playing in San Francisco he always comes to tape the show. We were going to put a group together a year and a half ago. We were gonna be partners in name. But his manager tried to convince me to work for him, to just be a player. This was not what Carlos and I had talked about and I knew it wasn't going to work out. He has a big name and for him to give up this set is very hard. But that did not stop us from playing together.

He played on Flora's album and we played on two of his albums. On *Borboletta* the first and the last song is just an improvisation I did in the studio. He said, 'You just play anything you want and I'll open the album with that.' I played and sang and blew some whistles and we called it 'Dream Manifestation.'"

"Carlos has good intentions. He wants to play and learn new songs all the time. Flora used to show him chords for when he was very successful he wouldn't play the chords, he'd just play the lines and sing. He started out as a guitar soloist. Now he can play better on harmony and chords."

A high point in Airtó's many faceted show is his solo on Josephine, a woman made of tin. "She's the lady I got for the group after Flora left. She's a robot made of metal with all kinds of sounds. You can play everywhere and the robot goes with it. Geronimo is a new one. He looks like a prehistoric bird, a terradactyl and he's made of

all springs, but he hasn't been on the road yet. I decided to leave him at home for the next one. The next one will be concerts and small stages...But since this is only clubs, I didn't bring him. He's got to pay his dues."

"Geronimo is a new thing made of old things. There are no new things in percussion, because percussion is a matter of what sound you can get. It's very personal, it's how you play or how you like to hear that instrument. I'm still searching for new sounds. I look everywhere because sometimes a new thing you find on the streets has a beautiful sound. You can make nice shakers. Put the rice inside and you have a tinny sound. If you put beans you have more bass. And if you put sugar it goes 'ts,ts,ts.' It's incredible how little things make a lot of difference in percussion."

With that Airtó, the magician of the berimbau, the cuica, and other joyful musical noisemakers, pulled out two shakers and pro-

ceeded to rattle the Triad airwaves with an impromptu cauldron of Brazilian get-up-and-dance rhythms.

Though his search for identity is only beginning, Airtó is causing rhythmic explosions wherever he performs. He is a true musician.

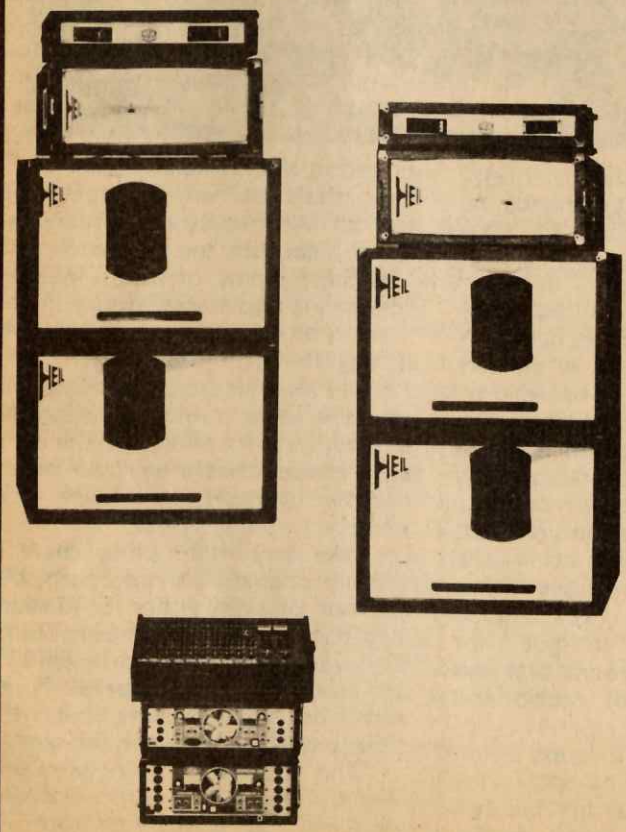
CHICO HAMILTON: Jazz-Rock Genius CF Kramer Jr.

Chico Hamilton is a pained, middle-aged Bhudda who's back on the road for the first time in nine years. He brought his music, a mind-snaring web that's spun from his inner vision of life as it should be, and a tight, young sextet to El Mirador from December 10-14. He dwarfed his drums while pounding out his rhythmic defiance of a long-soured karma and proved why he's one of the best drummers around.

An important figure in experimental jazz since the fifties,



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ROSELLE MUSIC

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Music & Musicians

Hamilton has limited himself since 1966 to commercial studio work for his own production company. "I even did the music for the Nixon reelection commercials in 1972. I figured, 'What the hell, if I don't do it, someone else will.' But it was boring and I'm a player. I dig playing again. I feel like I'm reborn."

The Hamilton show was an exhilarating tour through the whole range of American musical influences. The six man band magically recreated the big band sound of the thirties before sliding into Ellington's "In A Sentimental Mood," brilliantly interpreted in a sax solo by Arthur Blythe, and a moody rendition of "Satin Doll" that was as smooth and classy as the title suggests.

As the band worked through the set, the two guitars revealed the strong influence of rock rhythms on the group's music. Rodney Jones on lead and Steve Turre on the bass are imaginative and provided the band with a lilt that wove gracefully around the brutal brilliance of Chico's drumming.

There is a turbulent energy in this sextet that propels them through a bolero sequence that is extremely effective because of the strong Congo playing of Charles "Abdullah" Weaver and the perceptive flute work of Will Connally, Jr. There is also enormous individual talent in this band that enables it to bring off experimental pieces that would be vulgar in the hands of lesser musicians. Turre did an exciting number in which he played two conchas at the same time before switching to trombone, backed only by the clever guitar work of Jones. The audience loved it for the music painted a picture of the two musicians with a wincing clarity.

Chico explains this stylistic variety has been built into the act "to keep the music interesting for the listener. I have compassion for the listener and I don't want to bore anybody. But more basically, one form of music is not the answer. Jazz, pop, rock, electronic, they all come from all different kinds of people. The future of music lies in the fusion of all the sounds. In the next ten years, we're going to have the goddamndest music ever

brought forth."

Chico's music has fusion today. It's as complicated and multi-dimensional as the contemporary American reality. That's why his new album, *Peregrinations* (Blue Note), was named "Top Album Pick" by *Billboard*. The selection makes Chico laugh. "Somebody up there really knows what's going on. I was surprised they picked the album."

Billboard's selection is not surprising, though, once you've heard the sextet make their music. It's energetic and imaginative and Chi-



co's drumming is so varied, visceral and penetrating that it demands the attention of anyone into the jazz-rock scene.

El Mirador

El Mirador itself is the city's first major Latino night club at 4300 W. North Avenue in the old Lions Club building. The interior has been redecorated in black which is colorfully accented by red: Red plastic flowers that festoon the walls; red candles that burn on each full-sized dining table; and red and white canopies which cover the doorways in the main room with a carnival atmosphere. "It's a good room," says Chico. "It's got a lot of potential. It's a room that can present all forms of music and that's a good thing."

El Mirador is the latest enterprise of Cesar Dovalina and is the entertainment arm of the family's La Margarita-El Mexicano restaurant empire. It opened last May

and is presently attempting to establish itself as a major attraction on Chicago's night club circuit.

It's bookings so far have been front-line acts. Mongo Santamaria and Tito Puente played there last summer. El Chicano did a five-night gig during November and the Hamilton show was just the first of two major acts booked into the club in December. On December 26, the Latin Fire, a Las Vegas revue show, complete with topless dancers, opened for a limited engagement.

El Mirador is also a supper club

featuring the Mexican cuisine of La Margarita's kitchen. It offers dancing on Wednesday nights and all three nights on the weekends with the Salsa band of Rojo Medina. There are two dance floors in the main room (though one is not used during the Latin Fire show.)

Because of the music, the club draws a large number of Latinos, although its location on the West Side assures that the crowd is thoroughly mixed with black and white.

Like any night club, there is a cover charge. It's not cheap, but not out of sight either. El Mirador also has a College Night on Thursdays when students with a valid ID are admitted for half price. Prices vary from show to show, so call the club to check before coming over.

The atmosphere is relaxed and friendly, the Salsa music hot and loud and the talent first rate. As Chico says, "It's a good room."

OFF IN HAUTE

By Cynthia Dagnall

Starkey was made an honorary member of the band. It would be hard to top a day like that, now wouldn't it?

But it's being tried, all over the country. Kiss Days are becoming very popular. This for a band that has had little airplay, and despite Rolling Stone, nearly no PR. The reason is that they are as special as they sound. Listening to them discuss themselves is proof enough.

Rhythm guitarist Paul Stanley for instance, began a discussion of said Rolling Stone award. "I was pleased with it, I'm pleased with any recognition we get. But you see, Rolling Stone has that hipper-than-thou attitude. Which is pompous nonsense that we don't want any part of anyway. We're not a snob band, and we don't have snob appeal. We're for the people. We were in the audience once and we know. We're a people's band, we don't want anything to do with snobs."

Drummer Peter Criss joined in thoughtfully. "Something was wrong with rock. Rock got lost somewhere. Everybody started to get into this deep bullshit in the sixties, sitting back going, you know, 'What is the message?' Well, it's gotta get back to where its fun!"

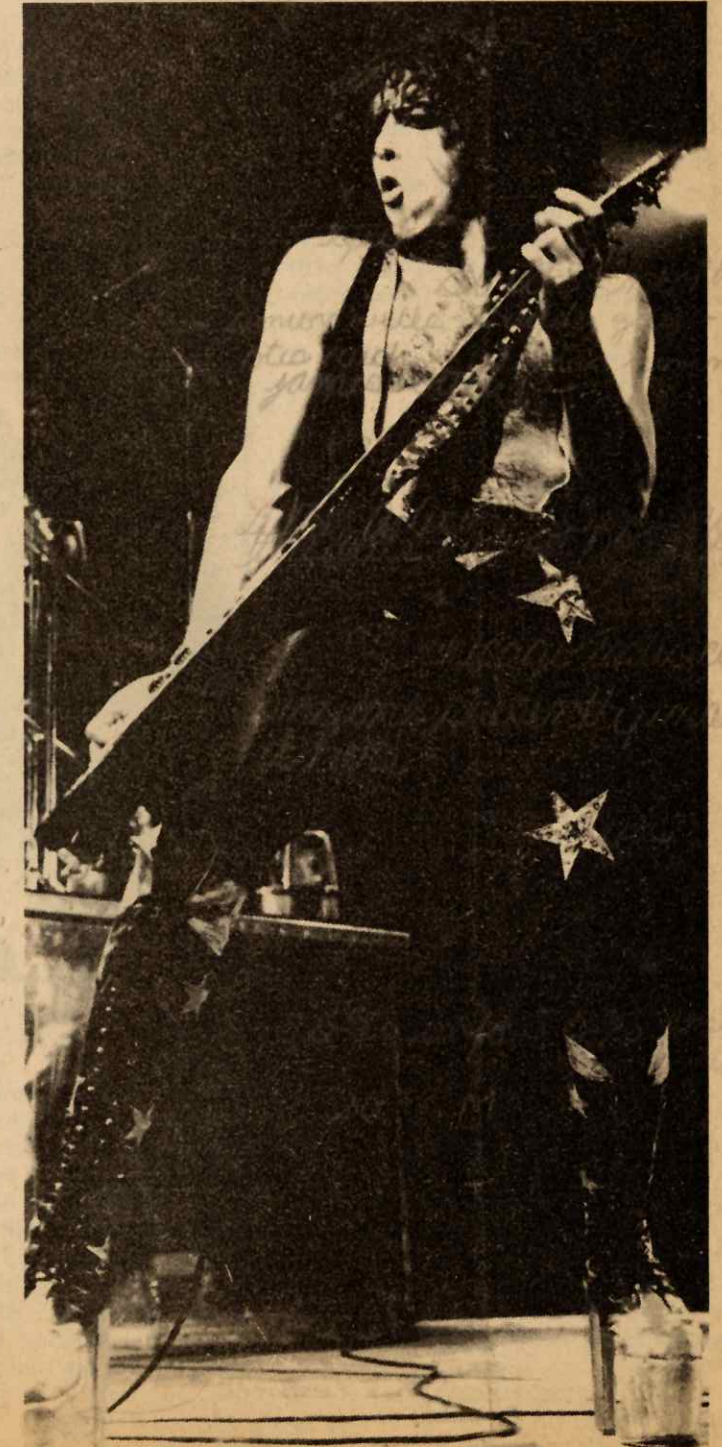
One way to get it back, Kiss feels, is to design the music itself for maximum audience enjoyment, and not ego gratification. Once again it is the public that decides what that means. Here's a group that heads for more than just a giggle. "We're a very new band," Paul shrugged, "still growing, experimenting, progressing. We rely quite a bit on feedback from the audience."

"People are there for a good time. And what a performer is out there to do is entertain," the ever philosophical Gene Simmons went on. "This is really what they're paying for. If a person buys an album, he wants to put it on at a party, or he wants to lean back and he wants to hear concise material that has been rehearsed beforehand. A lot of bands go into the studio and say, 'Let's fool around and see what we come up with.' We really care about length of songs. The song has to end before it begins to bore you. And us. So you'll never hear a Kiss record with one side full of jams. None of that 'Watch how many notes per second I can make.'"

"Besides being against self-indulgence," Paul went on, "We're against experimentation at the audience's expense. You can never guarantee that the jam is going to turn out well. My ego will be satisfied by the band satisfying an audience. Not going along with the band to satisfy my own ego — it isn't worth it. And that's why we're getting as far as we are so soon."

Another reason has to be their blitzkrieg of a stage act. It was banned by the fire commissioner in Chicago, and Kiss went on to prove that their well tailored music

Cont'd on page 31



Chicago Music Scene

CHEWING THE CUD WITH CARE OF THE COW by Randy Rice

As a group, Care of the Cow has become a household name in the North Side coffeehouse scene, sharing the stage with impressive names like John Fahey, Steve Goodman, and John Hartford. Individually, there are four: Kevin Clark, acoustic and electric bass; Christine Baczewski, acoustic guitar and psaltery; Sher Doruff, acoustic and electric guitar, mandolin, concertina, recorder, and clarinet; and Victor Sanders, acoustic and electric guitar.

Let it first be stated that the Cow is not a band. Victor, for the sake of definition, refers to the Cow as a metaphysical system, with the music they make being a by-product. Sher elaborates: "This thing ... happens as a result of a co-mingling of experiences, viewpoints, interests. We bring them all together and a process goes on that results in music."

This process can be illustrated in how the Cow "creates" a song. On any given day, one of the Cow will bring forth an idea; this could be in the form of a melody, original or unoriginal, a line of prose, some poetry, or perhaps just a concept. The presentation of the idea ignites a process which Kevin compares to "mixing chemicals up," a process that finally results in a song.

The contributions from the different members vary from song to song, but the Cow feels they are moving more and more toward equal participation in every piece of music.

The Cow admits that their individual roles in the group (or metaphysical system) have not been equal, and a defining of those roles, oversimplified as such definitions will be, is in order.

Kevin is the emotional part of the Cow. In the words of Victor: "Kevin questions the sincerity of what we are doing." Chris adds, "He's the closest to the edge with his feelings." When putting a song together, Kevin's emotions complement the critical, technical, and conceptual aspects of the other members.

Chris is the critical aspect of the Cow. As Kevin says, "(she) lets us know if it's musically a ripoff." An

example was given of Sher and Kevin wanting to do a bluegrass version of "Hallelujah Chorus." "My sincerity barometer was OK, but Chris couldn't take it," says Kevin. Chris said she feels she steers the group away from doing "cutesie" or "jive" stuff. "Jive" is defined as "something that doesn't work but you try to get away with it anyway." As far as technical ability, Chris would be the first to admit that she is the least proficient of the four, yet behind the scenes, she is a vital force in "mixing up the chemicals."

Victor has technical ability, or as Kevin frankly states, "Victor plays guitar like a motherfucker." This is so evident that people at times make the mistake of thinking



Victor is the Cow. For example, a few weeks ago a fellow performer introduced them as the Victor Sanders Quartet, and, although it was meant in jest, the Cow is aware that Victor does stand out. But his ability has enabled the ideas of the other members to become reality. "Anything we think up we know will be accomplished by Victor. He gives us the freedom, without which, we would be limited." In the actual writing of the songs, Victor feels his main role is to ask the question, "is it difficult or complex enough?"

Sher provides the conceptual as-

pect of the Cow. While Chris acts as a barometer for sound, Sher reacts to what the songs are saying and how it is being said. She, as the other members of the Cow, feels her political and philosophical self is invested in all of the music of the Cow. Many of the songs the Cow performs are written by Sher.

Even with the Cow and its individual members defined, the metaphysical system still gets caught up in the practicalities of a real band, which, they admit, gets in the way of the purely creative existence they'd like to live. The world of hustling for jobs and practicing, is rarely good to the artist. Nevertheless, the Cow feels "at a snail's pace, it's always getting better." For one thing, having estab-

lished somewhat of a name, they can begin to experiment more and each member feels they have grown and are growing musically in the Cow.

They say it well in their promo folder: "The ancient Chinese text, the I Ching, advises us to take care of the cow, a symbol of nourishment and sustenance, in an effort to achieve clarity without sharpness. It is to this that we aspire, as musicians and as people." It is pleasing to hear such words, and it's extremely exciting to see four people attempt to live them.

It's never too dark for sunglasses. The night is as black as it can get by ten o'clock, and rain is spattering off a translucent windshield, but the CTA daredevil behind the wheel wouldn't have it any other way. The man behind the Foster Grants is a native of Persia, and he has evidently taken a crash course in American culture. As he narrowly avoids flattening an elderly pedestrian, he remarks, "I like Chicago. It is a place of action."

It certainly is. At the stop where I get off on Broadway, anywhere I turn I will see places of action. To my parents, Lincoln Village is a place of action. This is different. Bars. Clubs. Pubs. Most recently added, discos. It is a nocturnal world and one I am only vaguely familiar with. Someday we may have a president who will come on TV and deliver a "state of the action" message. We don't have one yet, so I venture into the rain to see for myself what's clicking.

At the door of a Broadway disco palace called The Phoenix, a bouncer in a blue windbreaker asks to see my collar. He is a fairly large piece of granite, so I don't irritate him by asking why he wants to see it. After I've passed inspection, I hear him telling the person behind me that he'll let him in with a T-shirt this time, but the next time he'd better be wearing a collar. This is a class operation.

Inside, The Phoenix is a rush hour "L" train. There is little room to breathe and less room to move, and the smart thing to do, apparently, would be to order the kind of drink that comes in a big glass and hold on. Five minutes later, however, when I am finally in the vicinity of a waitress, I order nothing, because, while asking me what I want to drink, she deliberately wrinkles her nose at me. If I were a girl, I wouldn't wrinkle my nose at a customer.

Since I have never been to The Phoenix before, I am feeling I could certainly use a guide now, some frinedly ally. Unexpectedly, I find one. Hunched on one of the bar stools is someone who I haven't seen since the fifth grade. He looks the same except for the pony tail. I tap him on the shoulder and he turns around, gives me a long, slow gaze.

"My name's Scott," I say. "Do you remember? Hibbard School?"

Recognition flickers in a pair of eyes that look vague and boozy. For a moment, it is as if we are both underwater. He might not remember my name, I think, but he's got to remember where he went to grammar school.

As it turns out, though he is slow to speak, he really does know me. He attempts to clamp his hand on my

DISCO DESPAIR

shoulder; it lands on my arm. He is clearly having motor difficulties.

For the next fifteen minutes we talk about mind-sets, karma, and supernatural thought exchange. Later, I will get to choose the topics. He tells me that although his main objective is to get laid by midnight, he also comes here to pollinate. I say to me it sounds like the same thing. He mumbles that I don't understand, that he wants to fuck minds.

His body tips forward, and it looks, for a second, as if his head is going to roll off his shoulders. Not knowing what I'm supposed to say, I say, rather loudly, "Wake up!"

He sits bolt upright with a startled expression. I look at him and realize it must be a hell of a thing to wake up at The Phoenix.

I leave my grammar school friend to his seat at the bar and his head full of quaaludes. I know it is quaaludes he's taken, because before I walk away he confides that he has taken only one less than you need to kill yourself. He is a drug-taking Evil Knieval.

The dance floor, when I finally see it, is just a recreation of the bar floor, except on the dance floor the rush hour "L" train crowd is dancing. This is the first time I am seeing anyone who seems to be having fun. The couples involved in the more choreographed steps quickly lose my attention. My eyes instinctively go to the ones doing the more haphazard dances. They seem to revel in their coolness in a likeable way. I notice that one of the guys who is dancing free-style is somebody I'd once seen in high school. His hair is shorter now, his style of dress consciously less flamboyant. I try to imagine him in his job during the day at some research plant or law office, and the thing I can't help thinking I find must suddenly be verbalized. Turning to a nearby couple, I announce, "We are all boogieing toward middle age." Though it is a crowded room, they manage to back away from me.

On the way out, I sustain a minor burn on my right index finger when it is touched by the tip of a burning cigarette. I shout "Yow!" and the girl whose cigarette it was turns to see who yelped, shrugs, and quips "Sorry. They're hazardous to your health."

I cool my finger in the pouring rain waiting for the bus.

"Is Chicago not a place of action, my friend?" asks the Persian driver, when he opens his doors.

"It is just as you say," I sagely answer. "Chicago — not a place of action."

Scott Fivelson

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Audio Report

By Art and Harold Lassers
Test Guest: Bob Calvert



ONKYO T-4055

As indicated in the first article of the new TRIAD Audio Report, each month we will feature a different "test guest." Our test guest for this issue is Bob Calvert. The product he has chosen to review is the Onkyo T-4055 AM - FM Tuner.

Onkyo, a very progressive and fast growing Japanese electronics firm, is dedicated, as their slogan proclaims, to "Artistry in Sound." ("Onkyo" is the Japanese word for sound.) Onkyo offers an impressive assortment of electronics including 5 receivers, 2 integrated amplifiers, a four channel receiver, and an exceptionally fine AM-FM receiver - the T-4055, the subject of this report.

According to Bob Calvert; "There is a tendency in today's market for the average stereo buyer to spend more than in the past. One way in which buyers do this is to buy *separates*, rather than receivers or integrated amplifiers. But people can easily spend too much on features and frills, which may give them more convenience or more flexibility, but which do not actually add to the quality of the sound."

We asked Bob if he thought separates were a better buy than integrated units. "Not necessarily," he answered. "It depends on the needs and the tastes of the buyer. He should talk this over with someone competent to advise him. That is why it is important that he deal with an audio specialist. The audio specialist will want his continued business and will therefore guide him toward products and systems which will keep him satisfied for a long period of time."

"But let's get back to the Onkyo T-4055. If the customer has decided to go the separate route, the T-4055 is an outstanding value. I don't like to use the expression *best buy* because it does not communicate what I want to say. I like to use the word *value*, being the amount of benefit the customer receives, divided by the price. Using this definition of *value* there can be a *number* of best buys - depending on what the customer wants and what he wants to spend."

"Using this formula, the Onkyo T-4055 is an outstanding value. Tuners sell for anywhere from \$150 to as much as \$2500. The average

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIFICATIONS

FM SECTION	
TUNING RANGE	88-108MHz
SENSITIVITY	1.7 μV (IHF)
INTERMEDIATE FREQUENCY	10.7MHz
CAPTURE RATIO	1.2dB
IMAGE REJECTION RATIO	90dB(108MHz)
IF REJECTION RATIO	95dB(98MHz)
AM SUPPRESSION RATIO	55dB
SIGNAL-TO-NOISE RATIO	70dB(IHF)
ALTERNATE CHANNEL ATT	80dB
HARMONIC DISTORTION	MONO 0.2%, ST 0.5%
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	20-15,000Hz (+0, -2dB)
MPX SEPARATION	40dB(400Hz), 35dB(100-10,000Hz)
CARRIER LEAKAGE	-70dB
OUTPUT IMPEDANCE	2.5KOhms (Fixed), 1.5KOhms (Variable Max.)
OUTPUT VARIABLE	0-2V
FIXED	0.75V

AM SECTION	
TUNING RANGE	530-1605KHz
SENSITIVITY	20 μV, 150 μV/m
INTERMEDIATE FREQUENCY	455KHz
IMAGE REJECTION RATIO	50dB(1MHz)
IF REJECTION RATIO	33dB(1MHz)
SIGNAL-TO-NOISE RATIO	50dB(30%, 1mV input)
HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.5%
OUTPUT VARIABLE	0-0.6V
FIXED	0.2V

SPECIAL FEATURES
2 MOS FET, 4 GANGED VARIABLE CAPACITORS AND LINEAR SCALE FRONT END
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MULTIPATH TERMINAL W/AUDIBLE SWITCH
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75 Ohms "M" TYPE CONNECTOR
FM DET TERMINAL FOR 4 CHANNEL BROADCASTING

CONTROLS	OUTPUTS
POWER	OUTPUT FIXED & VARIABLE
TUNING	FM DET
SELECTOR	MULTIPATH-OSCILLOSCOPE
(AM-FM AUTO-FM MONO)	VERT & HOR
LEVEL	INPUTS
MUTING	FM ANTENNA
NOISE FILTER	300 Ohms, 75 Ohms, 75 Ohms
AUDIBLE MULTIPATH SWITCH	FOR AUDIBLE
ORIENTATION OF ANTENNA	COAX-TYPE CONNECTOR
	AM ANTENNA
POWER SUPPLY	DIMENSION
110/120/220/240VAC, 50/60Hz	16 1/2" W x 14" D x 5 1/2" H
UNIVERSAL	
SEMICONDUCTORS	WEIGHT
39 TR (2 FET) 36 DIODES	20 lbs

retail price of the Onkyo is \$219, yet the unit has all of the really important qualifications for quality FM reception. Don't let the low price scare you."

"What does a customer really get when he spends more money on a tuner?" We asked.

"Well, he would get lots more desirable features, but not ones which would improve the quality of the sound. Some are convenience features, some add to the flexibility, and some, like digital readouts and scopes, add in other ways that might appeal to the owner."

We next questioned Bob about the Onkyo specs. We wanted him to be specific about how the published Onkyo specs compare with those of equal and higher priced tuners. His comments at this point were very revealing.

"Few tuners meet the specs the manufacturer prints on the catalog sheet. The new law on audio equipment does not apply to tuners. There are no FTC (Federal Trade Commission) regulations on tuners. None at all! That's another reason why the buyer should consult and deal with an audio specialist, one

who knows not only his onions, but also his lemons. That's why I don't like to quote from the spec sheet: another manufacturer with a poorer unit can print better specs."

"To be specific about the features of the T-4055," Bob continued, "it has an output level meter so the user knows if the signal strength of the station is sufficient for quality sound. It also has a center channel tuning meter which helps the user tune a stereo station accurately. Another nice feature is the output level control. This allows the user to equalize the output level of his receiver with the output level of his record and/or tape player. This way he can minimize sound level differences as he switches from one source to another."

"This unit has an exceptionally stable tuning circuit. The distortion level is quite low and, it has both high selectivity and high sensitivity. Usually you get one only at the expense of the other."

"Now if you want me to quote the spec sheet and read you numbers on all of this, I will," Bob said reluctantly. "But this is not the

way for a customer to buy stereo equipment. He should first decide what he wants the equipment to do. Then he should explain this to an audio specialist. He should listen to the specialist, and most important of all, he should *listen to the equipment*. This will tell him more than the specs. If he has decided to go the separate route, he should listen to the Onkyo first — and last!"

Bob then explained, "I don't mean to damn spec sheets. The Onkyo sheet in particular contains some very useful information. For example, the capture ratio is shown in graph form, which shows capture at all practical usable levels. Most spec sheets contain a capture ratio statement for only one level, usually an optimum one. In addition, the Onkyo sheet shows a quieting curve rather than a simple spec. This is a far more honest way of stating quieting. To summarize, this unit has the best possible performance within the limits of FM broadcasting."

Earlier Bob talked about value. We didn't talk about how long the customer will stay satisfied with the

Onkyo T-4055 — how well this unit will stand up. "A very good point," Bob says. "Reliability is as important to the value concept as any other feature. The experience of all the Onkyo dealers I have talked to is that the reliability of the T-4055 is extremely high. In other words, this good looking unit, great as it is when new, also stays very well glued together."

Bob Calvert received his Masters Degree in Electrical Engineering from M.I.T. and is a member of the Audio Engineering Society. The firms he serves as audio consultant include Continental Audio Corporation of Dallas, Texas; Midwest HiFi in Lisle, Illinois; Nashua Audio of Nashua, New Hampshire; Audial of North Hampton, Massachusetts; HiFi World of Englewood, Colorado.

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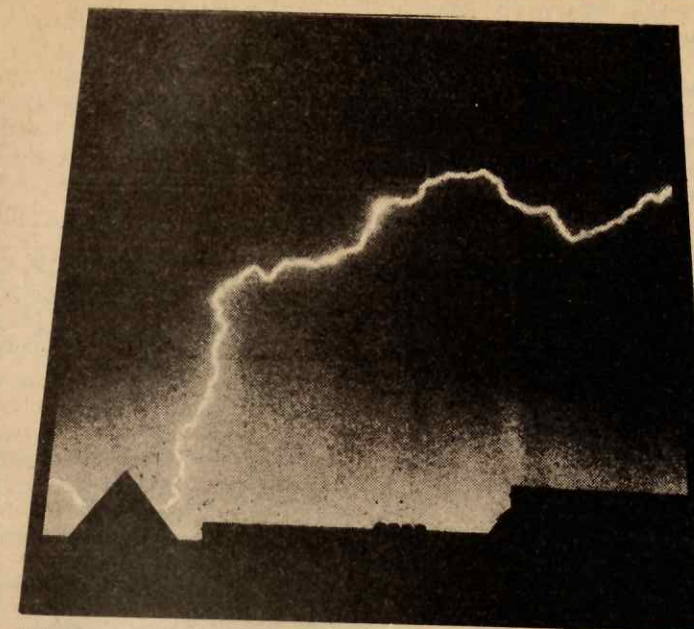
The Pick Stop

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TRIAD News Flashes



Well, here we are getting into another year again.
CONGRATULATIONS!
You made it!

A while back, we told you about an earthworm recipe contest. Here's the final report on it:



"The worms sort of taste like rubber bands," said Dean Sander, one of the five unfortunates who were chosen to judge the first-ever Earthworm Recipe contest, held at the California State Polytechnic University.

Since it was discovered that 70% of a dried earthworm is pure protein, there have been a few half-hearted attempts to create haute cuisine using only the lowly worm.

Despite their lack of enthusiasm, the judges finally did decide on a winner. A recipe for an applesauce cake, which called for coarsely chopped earthworms, netted a prize of \$500 for Patricia Howell, of St. Paul,

Minnesota. Contacted by telephone, Ms. Howell, made a startling confession. She had never tasted her own recipe.

But if you think you've got it rough, check out some of what's going on elsewhere:

The racing world is fraught with peril at every bend. The lesson was driven home to Mr. Harry James of London, England, last month when he slipped on two snails and landed in the hospital.

What made the event particularly tragic was the fact that the unfortunate snails were champion racers, the pride of James' snail-racing stall. And for the snails, named "Taffy" and "Rose," it was too late for the hospital.

According to James, interviewed at bedside, the prize snails were six-year-old Carolina Giants, and "drank two pints of beer a day, every day, for six years."

The fast growing world-wide trade in human blood is posing an increasing health hazard not only to donors, but to recipients.

Pacific News Service reports that the commercial blood trade — as opposed to voluntary programs — is responsible for increasing incidents of serum hepatitis, an often-fatal blood disease. In 1973, the latest year for which statistics are available, 17,000 Americans contracted

the disease through blood transfusions, and ten-percent of the victims died.

The problem stems from the practice of buying blood in the first place. Commercial blood programs naturally attract the poorest elements of society, who are likely to be undernourished and more prone to disease than the upper classes. This is particularly true in the Third World developing countries, which are the main sources for the international pharmaceutical companies and blood banks. In southern India, for example, some 40,000 people are said to maintain themselves by selling blood for one to two dollars a pint. The same blood is re-sold here for as much as \$50 to \$150 a pint.

Pacific News says the world blood market today is a billion dollar a year business, and growing.

Things are so hard up in Britain these days that officers in the Royal Household Cavalry, which guards the Queen, have taken to selling the uniforms off their backs.

The British Army's Special Investigation Branch claims the palace guards have been raking in upwards of \$2,000 a week from tourists and souvenir-seekers. A fancy plumed ceremonial pith helmet, for instance, is selling on the black market for as much as \$300.

The troopers then claim the



items were lost or stolen, and are provided replacements by the military.

The dismal condition of the economy has led to increasing numbers of unemployed who are willing and eager to sell their own body parts.

The National Kidney Foundation states that it's received at least 100 calls in recent days from people who want to sell their kidneys because they "need money."

The Wall Street Journal states that kidney-for-sale ads have been taken out in New York and Philadelphia newspa-

pers, offering the organ for as much—or as little—as \$5,000.

Of course, if you look around, there is plenty of information available about WHY times are so tough in so many places:

A number of unidentified Senators and members of Congress have called upon the General Accounting Office to conduct an extensive investigation of the way federal funds for Vietnam refugees have been handled by the private church-related resettlement agencies.

Ten of those volunteer agencies received \$60-million in government grants to assist the



refugees in finding sponsors and jobs. But an investigation by the Chicago Tribune has revealed that most of the agencies have spent only a small portion of the funds they received, and growing numbers of refugees are having to go on welfare.

For some unexplained reason, the agencies were never required to sign a contract with the government stipulating how and when the money would be spent. Nor are they required to return any leftover funds or bank interest when the resettlement program expires.

One agency, the Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service, has so far spent only \$2-million of the nearly \$8-million it received. Furthermore, 82-percent of what it has spent has gone to administrative and other expenses, while only 17-percent has been spent directly on the refugees.

The agencies explained that

the balance of the grants are being put in special contingency funds for future needs. Most of them refuse to give financial details of their refugee programs.

In the meantime, more than one out of five refugees has already been forced to go on the welfare rolls, while millions of dollars in unspent refugee grants gather interest in the banks.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) is spending millions of tax dollars each year to subsidize advertising campaigns for privately-grown agricultural products.

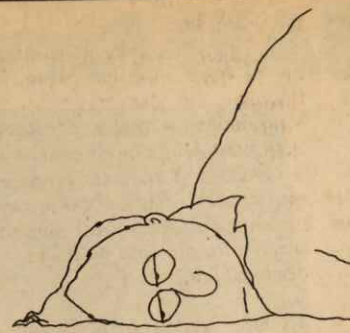
This year alone, it is estimated that the USDA will funnel \$5.4-million from the U.S. Treasury to various growers associations. The money will support "promotional and research" programs for potato, egg, wood and milk products.

In one instance, the USDA gave \$10-million to an association of cotton-growers, so they could advertise the virtues of cotton cloth. The government reduced the subsidy to \$3-million when it learned that the president of the association earned a salary of \$121,000 annually.

A recent study published by the Library of Congress indicates the U.S. may suffer a natural gas shortage for many years, even though the gas is available in large supply.

The study concludes that the oil companies, which own the gas fields, can actually make more money on their reserves by waiting for price deregulation than by selling the gas at the current regulated prices—even if price controls last for another five years.

The House Committee on Oversight and Investigations is currently wrestling with the issue of natural gas price controls. The industry and the Ford Administration contend that deregulation is essential if production is to be increased and a shortage averted. But critics say that the threatened shortage is as phoney as the oil panic of two winters ago, and that the oil companies are hiding large reserves until prices are deregulated. Those who support price controls fear that the oil companies want to make natural gas prices as high as OPEC oil—about a quadrupling of present levels.



Those critics point to congressional reports between 1971 and 1974, showing that industry estimates of gas reserves have been consistently 24 - to 40 - percent lower than government estimates. Congress also has turned up evidence that the industry keeps three sets of accounting books on gas reserves—one for the IRS, one for private banks, and one for the Federal Power Commission. The Ford Administration recently announced, with much fanfare, that budget-cutting efforts in the federal bureaucracy have resulted in a savings of \$25-million.

Putting that figure in perspective, it actually amounts to what the federal government spent every 40 minutes last year.

It's not all bad though...

Frank Sinatra, who just turned 60 on December 12, has certainly had a very good year. According to an ad placed in the New York Times by Sinatra Enterprises, 483,261 people have attended 140 Sinatra performances in 30 cities and 8 countries over a period of 105 days, grossing 'Ole Blue Eyes a whopping 7,817, 473-dollars.

And there are always a few crazies who think that they can find out what's really going on, and even, in some cases, do something positive about it. I always like it when I see someone doing something useful in spite of determined efforts to stop them.

The sun has come to the rescue of the 3,600 residents of Bridgeport, Texas.

The state utility company, Texas Power and Light, last month notified town officials that unless a sizeable rate increase were immediately approved the company would shut down the town's power.

Officials decided it was time to take a stand and refused to approve the increase, leading to confusion and fears about the future.

That was when the sun stepped in, in the form of Solar King, Incorporated, of Reno, Nevada. That firm said that for \$4-million it could construct a sun-powered generating plant that could meet the complete needs of the city. Furthermore, it promises that though the electric rates won't go down, they will stay about the same for the next 15 years, while rates throughout the rest of the state are expected to soar.

After a check with federal energy officials, Bridgeport has decided to proceed with the solar plant, financing it with city funds.

Counterspy Magazine this week disclaimed any responsibility for the murder of Richard Welsh, the CIA station chief in Athens, Greece.

The magazine has been singled out by the CIA and the Ford Administration for fingering Welsh as a CIA operative in a recent article.

But Winslow Peck, an editor of the magazine, says there's nothing but a "fragile coincidence" between the article and Welsh's death last week. He called the CIA accusation "an attack on all Americans who have had the courage to voice opposition to the secret police force."

Said Peck, "The blood of Mr. Welsh is on the hands of the CIA and its supporters, and not on the pages of Counterspy."

Peck says that Welsh was identified as a CIA operative long before Counterspy published his name. He was first linked with the CIA in a German book called "Who's Who In the CIA," published in 1967 and widely available throughout Europe and Canada. He was also identified as an agent by a Spanish language newspaper in Peru prior to the Counterspy identification.

Peck says Counterspy confirmed Welsh's status by simply looking into State Department documents available to the general public.

In addition, the London Times this week observed that the identities of CIA station chiefs in Europe are widely known by journalists, political leaders and government employ-

ees. Only in America have their identities remained secret.

Peck said the magazine staff is now "taking some precautions" against the possibility of revenge by right-wing extremists. Editor Tim Butz, among others, has already been named by a right-wing group as an assassination target.

Senator Schweiker has even managed to get documents on JFK's murder opened up that Johnson sealed for 75 years! I always wondered what was so criminal that even the President was afraid of it. Maybe now we'll find out.

Senator Richard Schweiker's two-man subcommittee on the John Kennedy assassination is reportedly building momentum toward possible open hearings in the near future.

According to the Village Voice, Schweiker's staff says the Senator has never devoted so much energy to any single issue. Schweiker became concerned about a possible intelligence cover-up of the Kennedy assassination when it was revealed by the Church committee that numerous CIA attempts had been made on the life of Cuban president Fidel Castro.



The Schweiker subcommittee will be given access to at least 152 steel-sealed FBI and CIA documents on the assassination. Those documents were put under wraps by President Johnson in 1964 and were supposed to remain secret until the year 2038.

Schweiker has also received government documents showing that the Johnson Administration ordered the FBI to compile dossiers on at least seven of the most vocal critics of the Warren Commission report,

including Mark Lane. Schweiker expects to spend up to two months sifting through the documents and interviewing witnesses. Assuming sufficient evidence of a coverup is revealed, Schweiker is expected to ask for the appointment of a special prosecutor and to begin subpoenaing witnesses in open session.

In the "State versus citizen" war there is some progress being made too:



The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit in Los Angeles to force the police department to end a controversial program involving undercover cops in the city's high schools.

The legal action is a taxpayer's suit filed on behalf of four parents of school-age children. It names as defendants police chief Ed Davis, and the Los Angeles Police Department.

The suit charges that the undercover police, posing as students, violate the students' rights to privacy, freedom of speech, and the right to be free from unreasonable search.

A spokesperson for the ACLU said that many students have complained about entering schools where they are unable to make friends because they're suspected of being undercover police. She added that the presence of police has also had a "chilling effect" on political dissent in the schools.

It seems that the practice of illegally searching rock concert-goers for alcohol and illicit drugs is becoming so common that many fans are starting to complain.

In New York, persons attending concerts at the Nassau Coliseum have now taken their complaints to the Civil Liberties Union (CLU).

After a lengthy investigation, the CLU found that car,

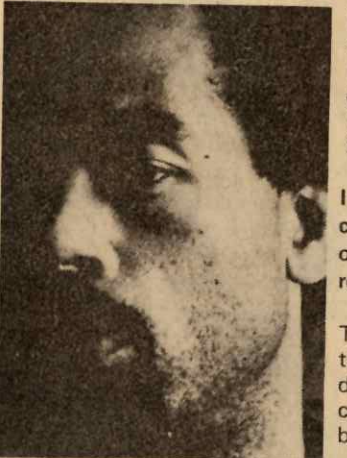
clothing and purse searches constitute "a clear violation of the Fourth Amendment's right to be free from illegal searches and seizures."

The CLU is expected to issue a report to its national officers, recommending litigation against the illegal searches, and an educational program, which will inform the public about their rights. The CLU also hopes to bring pressure on local authorities to stop their indiscriminate searches.

Eldridge Cleaver, the former Black Panther leader who returned from exile in France last month, has issued a statement calling for what he terms "a program of domestic detente."

Cleaver, now in a federal prison in San Diego, argues that if the U.S. is to avoid national "suicide," it must first reconcile with the "casualties of the domestic upheaval of the Sixties."

Says Cleaver, "If we as a nation can embrace former enemies abroad...then certainly we can rise to the occasion of burying the hatchet on the washed-out domestic wars of the Sixties."



Toward that end, he proposes a general amnesty for war deserters, underground fugitives, exiles and political prisoners who, he says, still suffer the scars of battles against racism, war and political corruption.

Cleaver's "modest proposal" also calls for a moratorium on political violence "with a particular call for an end to political assassinations and attacks upon policemen."

Someone has even had the good sense to suggest some sane foreign policy for the United

States! (At first I couldn't believe it, but then I noticed that he isn't part of the government, and then it was believable that he might have a good idea.)

A researcher at the prestigious Hudson Institute, a New York think tank, has proposed that the U.S. begin using food exports as "an instrument of diplomacy" in much the same way the Middle East uses oil.

Writing in the journal Food Policy, researcher William Schneider recommends that the government should tighten its controls over food exports and make all sales conditional upon the buyer's compliance with U.S. policy.

He also believes the government should create an exclusive grain reserve, separate from the domestic reserve, for applying political pressure on importing countries.

He notes that U.S. food exports could become an even more powerful weapon than Arab oil, since the U.S. is truly the world's breadbasket.

Schneider's proposals, which have also been floated in more general terms by the CIA and the Agriculture Department, conflict sharply with United Nations policy. The U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization last week stated that using food exports as a political weapon is immoral and contrary to humanitarian principle.

In any case, we may have the classic news story of all time on our hands this month. Are you ready for this????????????????

The Medical World News reports that within three to five years doctors may be able to kill cancer cells in human tissue by miniature nuclear explosions.

Dr. Malcolm Bagshaw, of Stanford University, says the explosions will be triggered by subatomic particles called pions. The particles would be directed at cancerous cells, where they would be captured by cell nuclei and explode, destroying the entire cell.

Oh well, what can you expect from 1976.....except 1975..... bigger, better, and crazier than ever before. Welcome to the future.

SOURCE : (ENS)

ASTROLOGY

February Astrological Event

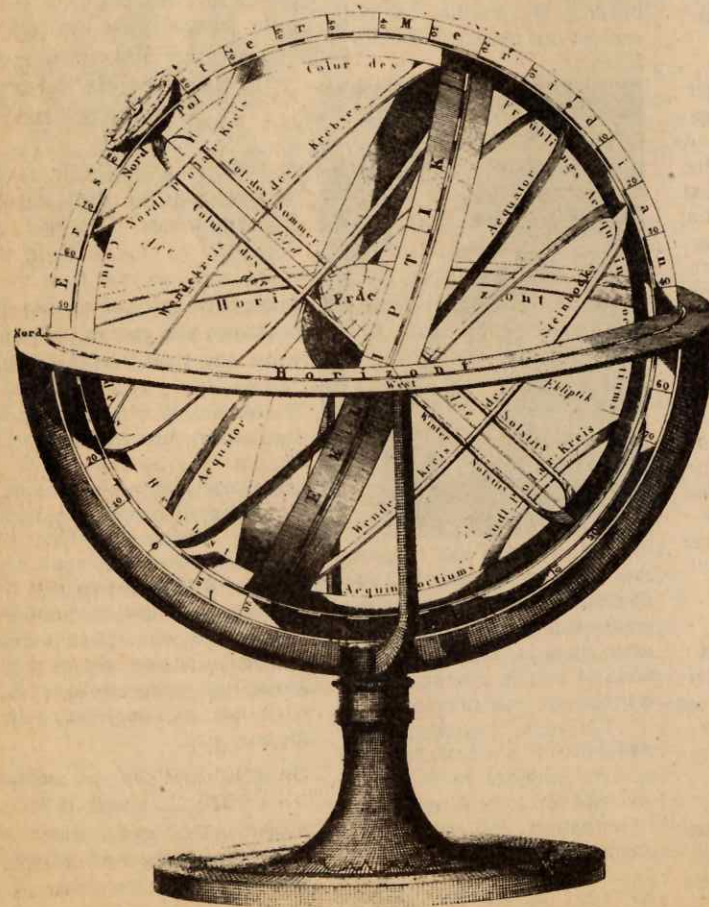
The Mystic Eye of Rolling Meadows, Illinois will present a Psychic Symposium on Feb. 28 and 29, 1976 at the Sheraton Inn, O'Hare South. Their goal is to present new and more advanced information relating to the para-normal. Astrology is the principal theme.

A series of discussions on astrology and many other subjects (including how to read auras) will be presented on both days. Featured speakers include noted astrologer Isabell Hickey, Psychic Gary Wayne, the Amazing Komar (see Nov. 1975 Triad), Hypnotist Flora Frink and yours truly, Grant Wylie.

A banquet on Saturday evening will include discourses by numerous individuals who are well known in of the para-normal. I will act as Master of Ceremonies for the occasion. I hope to see many of you there.

For ticket information and other details contact the Mystic Eye at 398-9809.

Grant Wylie



Twilight Encounter (Part Two) Cont'd from last month

Last Month we examined the strange case of Travis Walton and his abduction by an unidentified air-space vehicle. Additional information has now been released. Sheriff Marlin Gillespie has admitted that neither he nor any of his deputies have found the slightest shred of evidence to discredit the story told by Walton and his six companions. All seven individuals were questioned under hypnosis. There is little doubt they are telling the truth. Each has taken a polygraph test. One test was inconclusive. The remaining six passed the lie detector test with flying colors.

This tends to confirm my judgement of the horary chart (cast for the time the U.F.O. was first sighted). There is little doubt that Travis Walton was spirited away by a group of extra-terrestrial beings.

Examining Psychiatrist Jean Rosenbaum was quoted in the December 16 issue of National Enquirer as saying, "As a result of extensive examinations I concluded the boy was not lying." Dr. Rosenbaum, chairman of the Southwest Psychoanalytic Assn., speculated that Walton's story was the product of amnesia and imagination. He suggested that Walton had been lost and roaming the Arizona wilderness for five days. However, examining physician Dr. Howard Kandell refuted this idea. He said: "Although he lost weight from water evaporation he (Walton) was obviously well nourished when he was brought to my office." Kandell stated that urine tests and the subject's physical condition indicated that he had not been wandering for five days.

There is adequate nutrition available in the northern Arizona forest for a knowledgeable forager to obtain food. However, it's not likely a person in a state of shock and suffering amnesia would do it. It's even more unlikely he would have avoided discovery by sheriff Gillespie and the fifty-member search party who covered every square inch of the area. It is conceivable that he might have avoided discovery by hiding. However, if this were true, he would have failed the psychiatric exam and the polygraph test.

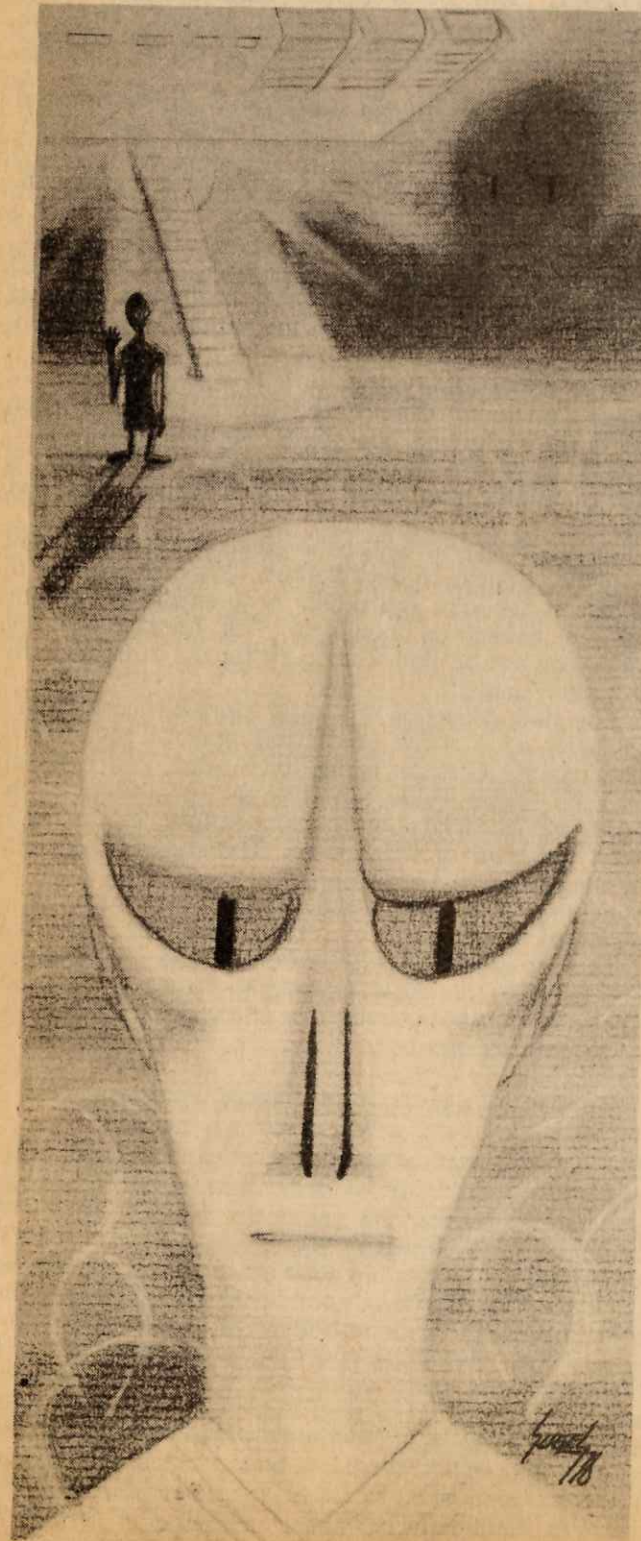
Dr. Rosenbaum said he could not account for this. Neither could he explain five other witnesses passing the polygraph test.

Walton's description of his abductors matches the astro-depiction of the aliens in part one of this series quite well. [My manuscripts for the January Triad were completed and submitted for publication on November 26, 1975.] This confirmation of the accuracy of the horary chart and the additional time have allowed the discovery of more detailed information (anticipated accuracy is 80-85%). Ray Suges has collaborated with me in presenting the composite drawing shown here.

The Planet Mars, according to the Horary Figure, contains a series of colonies and bases operated by these alien beings. Their home world is in the constellation Reticulum Rhomboidalis. This tends to confirm the findings of Dr. Allan Hynec in a similar case commonly referred to as the Zeta Reticuli Incident.

The twilight encounter is only one of more than a dozen reported alien abductions while Mars and Earth were at their closest proximity. Next month, we explore

the reasons behind them. In addition, we'll discuss the nature and extent of alien colonization of our Solar System.



February 1976 brings changes for the better on both the national and personal level. The astute individual will put forth added effort to realize personal goals. Long range plans and new ventures initiated during the period of time ending February 29, 1976 will proceed with a minimum of difficulty. Getting away from the ordinary and exploring the unprecedented should bring unexpected benefits to the majority (roughly 70%) of people.

Now is the time to set aside the fears and disappointments of the past, and renew efforts on our own behalf. The answer to the most pressing matters lies in finding a unique approach in our quest to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles. In so doing the wise person will discover there are, in fact, no difficulties that cannot be overcome by one means or another.

Naturally, every human being must discipline himself to be objective in his thinking. We must be realistic if we are to maintain this precious commodity called objectivity. Excessive optimism breeds over-confidence. The end result is ruination. Too much pessimism renders the mind incapable of recognizing genuine opportunity. Its consequence is a life of mediocrity.

As February's new avenues are explored it would be best to fully analyze all situations. February gives additional benefits to those who differentiate between ingenious new departures and crackpot schemes before getting into them.

Be brave enough to face observable truth, even though it requires alteration of personal opinion. Above all else, be genuinely realistic. Being aware that you can win is just as much a part of realism as recognizing the possibility of defeat.

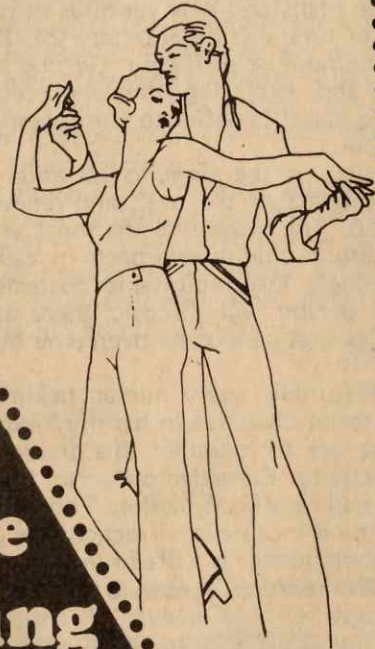
Give yourself a clear-cut picture of your circumstances. Decide what must be done to improve personal conditions. Formulate a unique plan and initiate action. This will allow each individual to enjoy an excellent month.

Another round in the energy crisis will rear its spectral head. Statisticians may predict depletion of the nation's coal reserves. Happily, they are in error. The opposition of Saturn and Mercury renders statistical prediction unreliable.

The E.P.A. will raise serious doubts regarding the use of nuclear and thermonuclear energy to produce electricity. As a result, the president will issue a plea to science for new energy sources. Ultimately (several months in the future), the federal government will allocate substantial funds for the development of a revolutionary new solar powered engine.

A newly discovered magnesium alloy, which straightens when heated and becomes flexible when cooled, is the driving mechanism. U shaped wires attached radially to a rotor are alternately immersed in hot and cold water. The U shape drives the rotor as it straightens when entering the hot bath. On the other side, the cold bath allows the hot wires to collapse. When the wires re-enter the hot water they expand side, the cold bath allows the hot wires to collapse.

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When the wires re-enter the hot water they expand again, causing the continuous revolution of the rotor. The sun-heated water is recirculated through a radiator. Perpetual motion may be just around the corner.

O.P.E.C. will place tighter controls on sale of petroleum to the U.S. and other nations. This will probably include a price rise. Heads of our ship of state will react angrily.

At least one prominent statesman or politician from the Arab world will be abducted and/or assassinated. Algeria is one possible place. In any case, there will be some form of conflict and confrontation in that nation.

Some respected economic forecasters will predict a downward trend in the nation's economy for February. However, unanticipated tax reductions will touch off new activity in retailing and other businesses. The net result will be a limited gain in the nations leading economic indicators.

More unfavorable publicity is in store for the C.I.A. There's a distinct possibility the news media will publish reports on its foreign operations that didn't work out. Some of them will be totally ludicrous. (Sometimes the truth is funnier than fiction.) Come on you guys, Get Smart.

Serious questions will be directed at the department of Health, Education and Welfare. The cash reserves of the Social Security and similar programs such as medicare are apparently depleted. The fund's governing agency will not be able to account for the shortage without embarrassment.

The state department is in for more difficulty. Some possibility of a shake up in this area of government exists. Henry Kissinger is due for another confrontation with the White House. Additional reduction of Mr. Kissinger's authority and responsibility is the most likely outcome of this matter. Outrageously enough, the allegations by several lunatic fringe groups allegedly connecting him with espionage activities have some bearing on the matter.

Several candidates will make surprise moves a few days prior to the New Hampshire Primary. This will begin one of the most intense and bizarre presidential campaigns in our history.

FORECAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

Aries

Don't be overly concerned by dreams of violence or death. In reality you are being told of changes in circumstance. Despite the severe threat of an emotional crisis, you may expect better things in February. In its first week you will attain goals you thought impossible. In truth an outcome in your favor is perfectly predictable. Analyze all circumstances and issues and plan accordingly. Let your cognitive mechanism shift into high gear and trust your own opinion. Investments are not favored. Take special care not to expose yourself to contagions or environments that might allow illness to find you. Professional matters are due to become more active. There's an excellent possibility that earnings will increase in proportion. Avoid all escape mech-

anisms. Shun occult experiments.

Taurus

An Aries or Saggitarius male with a preference for stylish clothes will dispel unpleasant rumors circulating in your place of employment. Partnership or marital problems can be resolved by reassuring others through your actions. Be prepared to demonstrate (rather than talk about) your abilities and intentions. February offers the chance to improve your surroundings. An unexpected windfall may hasten your activities in this department. Expect delays in all forms of communication. Telephone problems are very likely. Expect a number of humorous incidents as the absurd compounds with the ridiculous to produce assinity. Older people or efficiency experts cause difficulty. Avoid confrontations with them. Sooner or later they will see how foolish they are.

Gemini (see Aries message)

Viral infections threaten. According to medical astrology this danger is eliminated by increasing the body's iron, protein, and iodine intake to a limited degree. Romantic problems can be avoided only by keeping false fears under control. Avoid using those who are close to you as a means of venting antagonistic feelings. Your emotions come under control after the fifteenth. Then it would be wise to seek out important persons whom you have offended in recent weeks. Gemini may be possessed by "Wanderlust." It's wisest not to respond to its urgings. Make obscene gestures at a "Perfect Master" instead. February is an exceptional month to express your creative abilities. The second half of February brings an end to a period of undeserved criticism. This period of time will be rewarding in many ways. It gives you maximum return on your effort.

Cancer

Contacts by long lost acquaintances are likely. Responding to impulse will cause irreparable loss. Some degree of adversity may be in store, but careful planning and preparation minimize any form of difficulty. Put the knowledge you gained during the adverse period of 1974 and early 1975 to work. Legal difficulties could be brought on by failure to be observant. Put off action on social correspondance if you are unenthusiastic about the related matter. Others may attempt to make you feel obliged to comply with their requests or demands. Financial problems straighten out after the fifteenth. Problems with those in authority may be in store. You can avoid this by being as unobtrusive as possible. Other persons may be inconsiderate of your feelings due to emotional problems. Try to be understanding in these matters.

Leo

Leo should make a concentrated effort to fulfill promises and finish incompleated tasks. By so doing you will have little difficulty. Unexpected opportunity and

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lucky 'breaks' are in store. A confrontation or conflict with Aquarius is in store if you are insistent or critical. Electrical appliances and autos may be in for difficulty. There is also some threat of damage to autos while driving in unusual circumstances or parked in attendant operated lots.

Finances may be enhanced. You may be able to collect a long overdue debt. In general, a brighter, happier outlook is in store.

Virgo (see Leo forecast)

Virgo receives long overdue recognition. The U.S. Mail or the telephone may bring welcome information. Romantic and social activities are well aspected. A period of great change is now drawing to a conclusion. Re-orient your attitudes in accord with newer and more favorable circumstances. Although more changes are in store they now come in a less abrupt manner. Resist the temptation to alter the location of your present place of residence. It would be a change for the worse at the final outcome of matters.

Clean up unfinished business before the fifteenth. This will allow you to handle hectic situations in your professional life.

Libra

The first two weeks of February expand your social and professional activity index. Romance is also enhanced. Important appointments or engagements will work out well during this period. However, after January sixteenth problems in mundane matters may tend to disrupt your progress. You are wisest to avoid those much older or much younger than yourself during this period. Most of the problems this period brings can be thwarted by remaining active and cooperative, but staying out of the limelight. Avoid supervisors or executives whenever possible. Delay all matters involving litigation.

Scorpio

Scorpio may anticipate unexpected changes or strange, almost poetic, turns of events. Be prepared for an active period. You'll be in the public eye a great deal of the time. The demands placed on your time may disrupt your normal routine. Keep your plans flexible.

Your mental and creative ability will be on a high cycle. Considerable enticement or encouragement may be needed if you are to undertake the tasks only you can achieve. Opportunity will present itself in many ways as you attract the attention of important persons. Be willing to accept recognition graciously; but under no circumstances should you belittle your achievements or your ability.

Your public image will be greatly upgraded.

Sagittarius

Your physical and mental activity index reaches a peak in February. Partnership, marriage and contractual problems fade out as misunderstandings are resolved.

After February seventh you'll need to tax your will power to avoid excess. A change of residence is possible. Alteration in your living circumstances are guaranteed. Libra and Taurus may require your assistance in persuading Gemini not to enter an unwise venture.

The concept of "Too much of a good thing" comes to play in a wide and varied number of situations. An excess of visitors to your home, a vast number of "once in a lifetime chances" offered by telephone and door to door solicitors are all part of the pattern.

Despite the hindrances, you'll have a great month.

Capricorn

February brings unwanted advice. Be leery of offers involving promises to be fulfilled at a later date. Shun situations which require you to prove yourself.

Romantic or marriage matters are enhanced, despite increased professional demands. Small personal articles and written records should be kept under close watch. After February eleventh, devote attention to improving your home conditions. A favorable trend allows you to enjoy social activities and short trips. Take time for recreation and put tensions aside for a while.

Aquarius

Your self confidence will be restored. Expect an increase in the number of persons with whom you associate. Erratic emotional conditions and dietary habits could cause you to suffer indigestion. Avoid engaging in conflicts of the will. They really aren't necessary. Building a spirit of cooperation resolves this and many other problems. Damage is threatened to home or home furnishings due to neglect or carelessness.

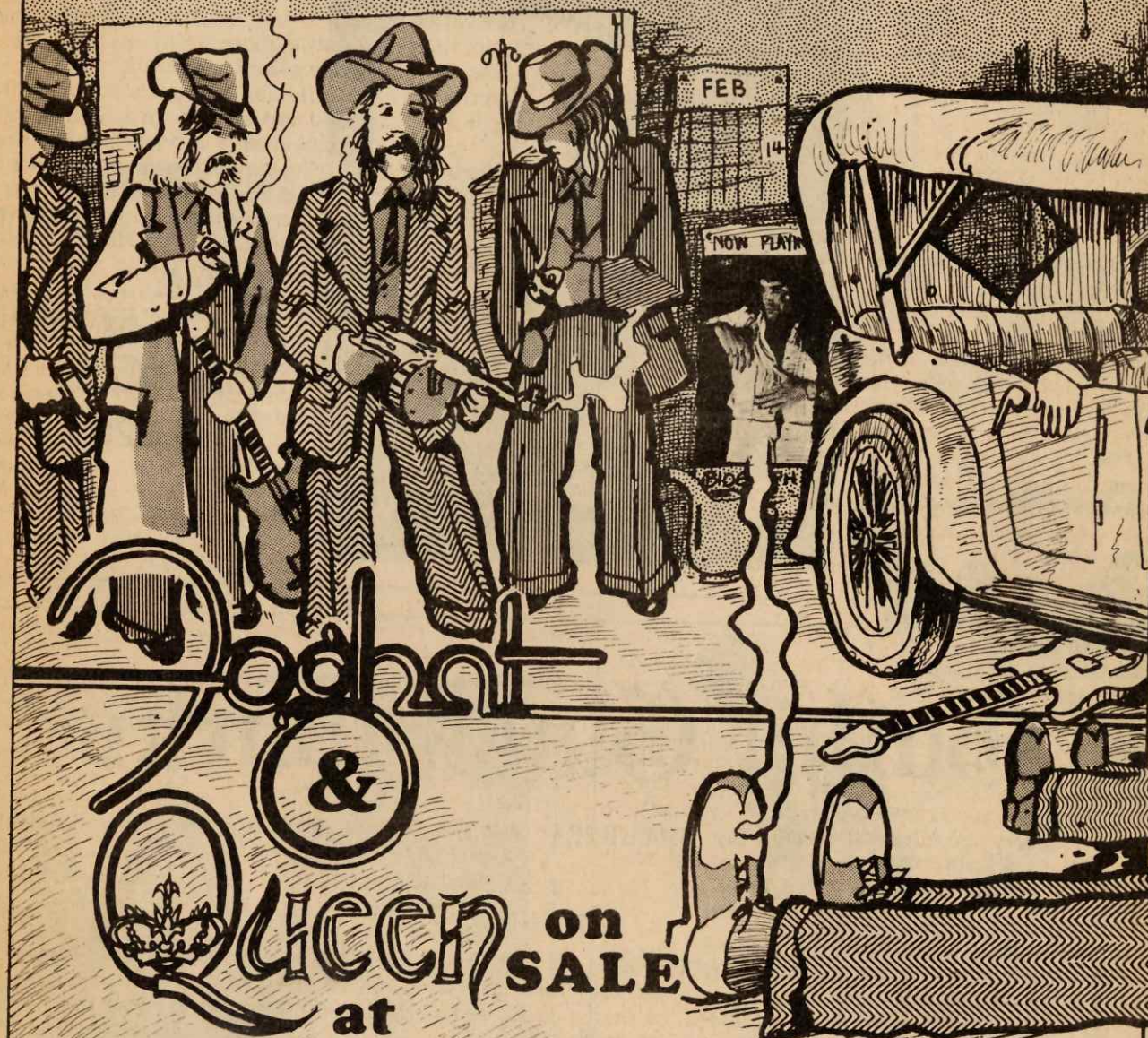
For the most part, February holds a considerable number of fortunate events. Expect an improvement in your living conditions. Above all else, speak your mind when asked for an opinion. Let your desires be known.

Pisces

Pisces will be prone to expect too much from romance and co-workers. Remember to keep matters in perspective. Professional activities may have some rough spots, but the overall outlook in most money matters is favorable. Virgo persons will be helpful in getting past occasional threats to emotional stability. After February fifteenth you'll be free of an unwarranted feeling of despondancy. Finances get a boost, and romance takes a turn for the better. February's last two weeks bring much happiness as unwarranted fears fade and bad dreams cease.



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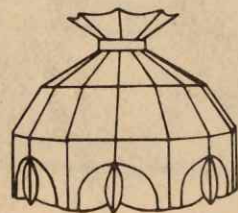


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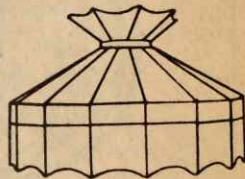
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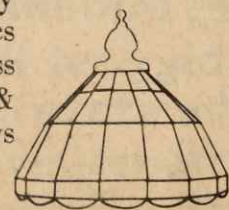
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Kiss Cont'd from page 15

was just as hot as their hellfire. Still, when left intact, their pyrotechnics have to be among the most thrilling moments in rock and roll today. It costs some \$20,000 a month to keep that show on the road, money which until "Kiss Alive" went gold and halls the size of the Amphitheater began to sell out, was very hard to come by. Kiss never let that stop the show. They enjoy it as much as their audiences do. But they do have their moments of trepidation.

Peter Criss would be the first to discuss that with you. "It's like running through a mine field! If this doesn't get you, that will. The Drum kit'll fall on you, Gene'll burn you alive, or you'll blow up! We have four of these things now - remember the Wizard of Oz? These huge blow torches - *those* are hot!"

"Yeah," Paul grinned maniacally, "you could cook weiners onstage from like ten feet away."

It wasn't that funny to Peter, who hovers ten feet above them nightly in his drum levitation and massive explosion "end of the world" routine. "I'm up there one night and I felt that heat, and I could feel my makeup *melting!* And I went..." He just shuddered. I sympathized. I have stood backstage and felt the flash from the flashpots and flames from that distance.

"Let's just say he doesn't wear St. Christopher's medals for nothing," Paul taunted. And Peter could only give a somewhat subdued nod and wink.

Still, with all the danger, there are rewards that can never be topped, and they keep Kiss one of the happiest bands on the scene. When I asked if they ever realized onstage that they might be in real danger of dying out there, Paul gave a characteristic reply.

"We *are* dying out there!" he shrugged. "But we're dying for *you!*"

For Kiss, that's the only way to go.



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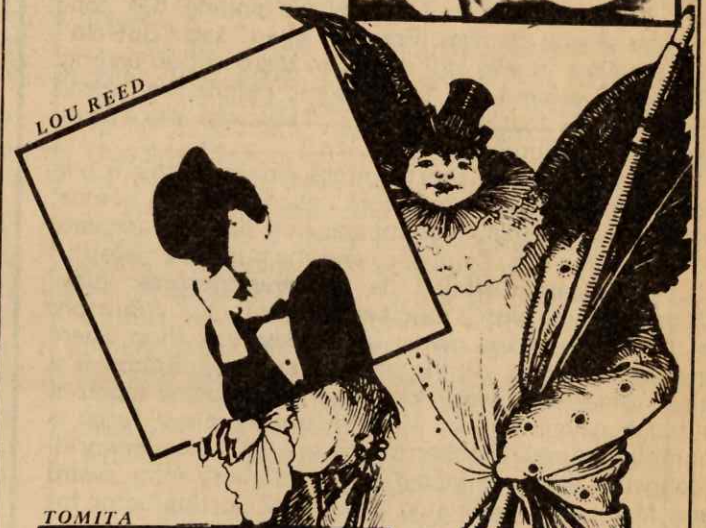
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TALES OF THREE THEATRES

BUFFALOED BY SAINT NICHOLAS

St. Nicholas may be packed up and back at the North Pole (or if he's smart, mellowing out in Acapulco or Bermuda), but there's another St. Nicholas spreading a special kind of good cheer, joy and creativity — the St. Nicholas Theater Company, located at 2851 N. Halsted.

The company christened their new arts center at December's end with a masterful smash, artistic director David Mamet's "American Buffalo."

The play was produced originally as a work-in-progress in Goodman Theatre's Stage 2 series at the Ruth Page Foundation. When it ended its run in November it had broken all Stage 2 box office records. The current version of the play is somewhat altered. Plot points have been clarified and the play's ending has gone through several changes. Frankly, when I saw "Buffalo" in December it was still a play in search of an ending. The mood around me, which some people even vocalized, was, "Is that it? Is it over?" There was also a problem with the climax.

Even with these shortcomings, however, this is one hellava masterfully acted work, resplendent in humor, pathos and poignant commentary on such unfortunate American themes as violence and the pursuit of wealth.

"American Buffalo" is a three-character play. Donny, played with a tough earthiness by J.J. Johnston, is a petty thief and owner of a seedy junk shop where the entire action of the play takes place. Bobby is a nice, somewhat spacey kid unsuited to being tough in a tough neighborhood. Mike Nussbaum plays Teach, a bumbling Archie Bunker of the small-time underworld. (Johnston was nominated for a Jeff best actor award and Macy was nominated as best supporting actor for their respective portrayals.)

We learn a man came into Donny's store and bought an American Buffalo nickel for \$90. Bobby traced the man to his residence and reported back to Donny. A scheme that doesn't include Bobby is hatched by Donny and Teach to break into the man's place to steal his coin collection. The scheme includes a third man, Fletcher, who's a specialist in such matters. But the best laid plans of mice and men...

The play's climax occurs during a version of "Waiting for Godot," or, to be more accurate, "Waiting for Fletcher." As Donny and Teach wait for Fletcher to join them late at night to do the job, Bobby returns to the shop. Teach, on edge and by nature mistrustful, thinks Bobby has lied to them and beaten them to the coin collection. Teach rages at Bobby and strikes him down with a blow of his revolver. Truth is soon revealed and the play's last moment has Donny vapidly consoling Bobby who is bleeding and in need of medical

Cont'd on page 34

ABOUT A HOWARD STREET THEATRE

Quick! What theater is there on Howard Street?

For those of you (and you're probably among the majority) who answered the Howard Theater, a movie house, well, you're right, but you've got the wrong word association. There's really good *live* theater on Howard Street and it's at the Wisdom Bridge.

In 1974 an occult bookstore occupied 1559 W. Howard Street. After they moved out Wisdom Bridge soon moved in to invoke the Muses with their own special brand of spirit, industry, creativity and talent.

Wisdom Bridge was inaugurated triumphantly last June with a brilliant, bittersweet production of William Hanley's "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground." More recent successes have included "The Fantasticks," which featured the noted local actor Larry McAuley; Gregg Flood's "Oscar Wilde in Person," a show now touring the country; and "Dignity," a comedy about Socrates that received two Joseph Jefferson committee nominations for excellence in local theater.

One of "Dignity's" nominations went to the play's writer, producer and director, David Beard, the remarkable 23-year-old founder of the Wisdom Bridge. While still a student at the Goodman School of Drama, Beard maintained a professional acting career winning two Jeff awards for his performances in "Look Homeward Angel" and "The Hot 'L Baltimore." He is also the founder of the Chicago Theater Coalition (now called the Chicago Alliance for the Performing Arts), the group that more than any other has helped forged communication among Chicago's professional and non-Equity theaters. Beard's stated purpose for his own theater, the Wisdom Bridge? "In all, we are out to reacquaint our audience with something terrifically uncomplicated but abundantly scarce: good theatre and a good time."

This credo was certainly lived up to in "Dignity" which ended its run in early December. And the promise should hold true for the rest of the season Beard has planned for the Wisdom Bridge.

Scheduled to open January 15 and run Thursday through Sunday until February 15 is Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." March and April will find a comedy by Johnny Hart, based on his popular comic strip "The Wizard of Id." May and June will bring a spirited musical, "Gender's Ugly Head," by Father Michael Kammer, S.J.

Wisdom Bridge has a core company of players. They are Steve Fletcher, Nancy Sigworth and John Green. Other talent is added as needed.

One final note: The theater takes its name from a painting by William T. Wiley exhibited several years ago at the Art Institute. While the painting itself drew a mixed reaction from the soon-to-be Wisdom Bridge

Cont'd on page 35

PLAGUE? TRY TRAVEL LIGHT

You may not know this, you may not even care, but during the Dark Ages, the theatre (as well as most forms of art) disappeared. This was not unexpected ... with the plague going strong, and all kinds of rats and rodents running rampant ... nobody was too anxious to spend a few shekles on dinner and a show.

It was the Church, you see, that re-introduced theatre to the world in the form of its rituals, masses and pageants. But even more than the Church, it was groups of rowdy, robust actors that banded together to travel from village to village, performing wherever they could find suitable space. It is to these hearty thespians (no eyebrows please) that we owe a debt of thanks, and it is fortunate for Chicago that they are alive and well (in spirit) in the form of the *Travel-Light Theatre Company*.

It's not a new idea, not by a long shot, but it is a good idea, good for Chicago, and it has caught on. Under the always watchful eyes of Michael Cullen and James Engelhardt (two former grad students at the Goodman School of Drama) the Travel-Light has taken its place among the ranks of such notables as the Organic Theatre Company and Second City. But, as Holmes might say, "it is decidedly, curiously, different." "What makes it different?" I thought you'd never ask.

A quote from the Travel-Light creed will be helpful in comprehending the concept. "Realizing the inherent human need for cultural expression, the Travel-Light Theatre Company grew out of a desire for people to come in closer contact with and enjoy live, inexpensive theatre in their own community. By establishing a link between the neighborhoods and a live theatre group the Travel-Light Theatre Company encourages the community to develop an interest in its own cultural expression. We believe the live arts experience should be a part of people's daily life."

Rather lofty ideas don't you think? Not really. Did you know that Stuttgart, Germany, a town about the size of Skokie, fully supports and maintains a ballet company, an opera company, and a theatre company? All three, incidentally, are highly acclaimed in the arts world. You can get into a taxicab in London and, not only will the cabby tell you what plays are in town, but also which ones he liked and which ones he didn't. Even in Minneapolis, Minnesota, the town goes all-out (industrialists-big business) to support the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre.

Will it ever come to Chicago? Will the masses ever be exposed to theatre? If the Travel-Light Company has its way ... we're on *our* way.

Here's what they do. It's beautifully simple actually. Each month the Travel-Light Company mounts one pro-

Cont'd on page 35

St. Nicholas Theatre Cont'd from page 32

attention. The ending is weak and indefinite. Climaxes should be heightened moments, but the pistol whipping scene is not big enough. A moment of shock and horror at the psychopathic subculture of violence was the necessary beat in the play at that point. It just wasn't there for the audience to respond to.

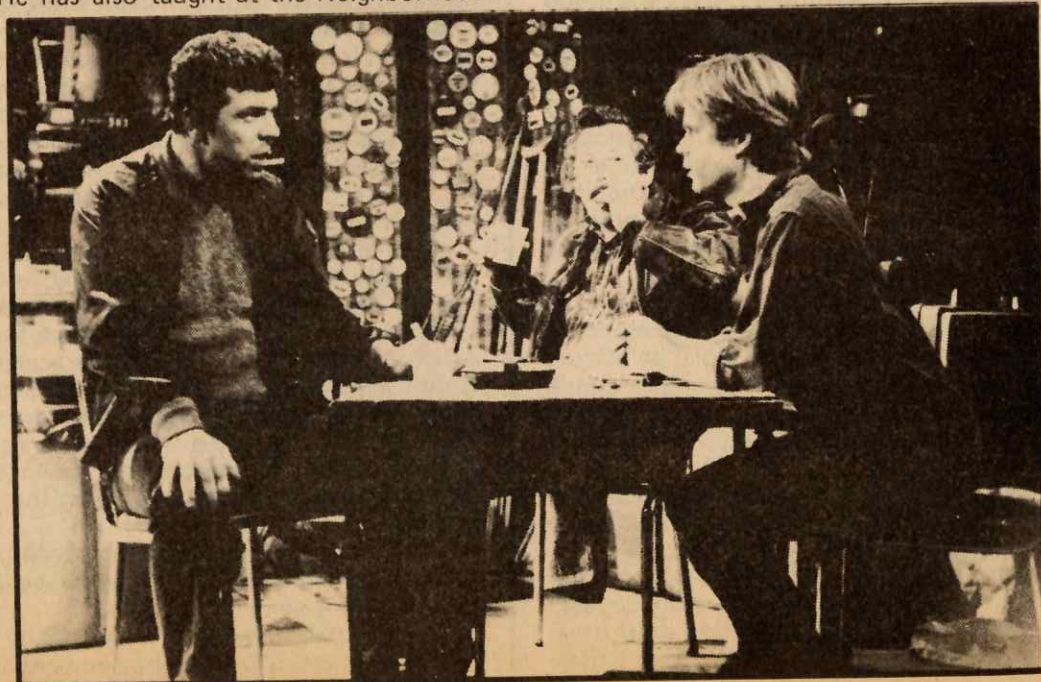
A stronger ending might go like this: Teach helps Bobby up and out the door so he can get medical attention. Donny thoughtfully flips the American Buffalo nickel that Bobby brought with him. Teach calls back to him, "Ya comin'?" Donny responds with a throwaway line, "Yeah," exits out the door leaving an empty stage. Blackout. This isn't the only way to end the play, but it's an alternative to the flatness I saw in December.

The image of the coin flipping would help to underline the desperation and absurdity of these characters' chase of such pieces of metal — money which rules their lives and corrupts their humanity. The play is as much a play about business and money as it is a tour de force of characterization. You'll hear Teach mouthing almost every business cliché you've ever heard. Violence and the pursuit of wealth can be two worthy, strong and clearly resonating themes coming out of "American Buffalo" if it gets reworked just a little more.

Gregory Mosher directed a fine mounting of this Mamet work. The three-quarter thrust stage was admirably transformed into a junk shop by Michael Merritt. Broken-down tv's, chairs, scooters and miscellany are strewn throughout the playing space. A more active and tough neighborhood may have been suggested by police lights flashing in through the door and sirens going off occasionally.

Right now, Buffalo is a very good play. (It did get a Jeff nomination.) It could become a masterpiece.

The St. Nicholas Theater Company was founded in 1972 at Goddard College in Vermont by David Mamet and a host of others. The name comes from the saint invoked by troubadours. Mamet, a South Sider, studied at Goddard and was artist-in-residence at the time of the founding. He has also taught at the Neighborhood



J.J. Johnston, Mike Nussbaum, and William H. Macy in *American Buffalo*.

Playhouse in New York City. Besides "American Buffalo," Mamet has written "Squirrels," "The Poet and the Rent," "Duck Variation" and "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," all produced locally. The latter two plays were also produced in New York to accolades.

The troupe has played in Chicago two years in its current incarnation. Jane Addams Center, the Organic Theater, and the Oak Park Festival Theater are among places they've played. This past December they opened in a converted print shop which had earlier been a bakery. David Emmons designed the space, David Stettler and Bud Thorpe, two Board of Directors members, built it with a little help from their friends. Rounding out the board are Pat Cox, Steven Schachter and W.H. Macy. The latter two direct, act and teach at St. Nicholas.

Yes, St. Nicholas has an excellent theatre training program. Instruction in acting, dance, mime directing, and more is provided. The session is already in progress so for more information call the theater.

Other St. Nicholas plans include finding a companion dance company for the upper floor space and building a 75 seat studio theatre on the main floor.

"American Buffalo" closes Feb. 15 and will be followed by the Apollo Productions staging of Michael Weller's "Moonchildren." "A View from the Bridge," directed by Schachter, follows that.

A premier of Mamet's "Reunion," directed by Cecil O'Neill (director of "Three Women") inaugurated the St. Nicholas Theater's **Friday-Saturday midnight showcase** series in early January. The series will alternate Equity with non-Equity productions. "Reunion" runs through the first week of February. At press time, the next play hadn't been announced. Admission is \$1.50, no reservations necessary.

Admission to the regular St. Nicholas Theater productions on a Fri. — Sun. schedule, with two shows on Saturday, is \$3.50 — \$4.50, students and Sr. citizens 50 cents off. For information regarding St. Nicholas Theater, the school, and how you can even get your name (or any other) engraved on a plaque in the theater, call 750-0211.

Richard Tanis

Travel Light Cont'd from page 33

duction and begins touring to pubs and taverns throughout Chicago. While one part of the company is performing pub to pub another part of the group is rehearsing for the next month. The result is a continuum of new theatre being performed nightly at six different locations. Got your pencils and decoder rings handy boys and girls? Check these listings

- Tue: T.H. Pardigles—549-9778
3510 N. Broadway
- Wed: The Read Barron—750-9703
2265 N. Lincoln
- Th: O'Shaughnessy's—338-8114
6655 N. Clark
- Fri: East Lakeview Pub—248-2141
754 W. Wellington
- Sat: Jim Sheedy's—281-9889
754 W. Wellington
- Sun: Oliver's Pub—751-0788
1207 N. Dearborn

I know you're dying to hear about how they got started, so I won't waste any more time. The Company was founded about eighteen months ago by Michael Cullen and James Engelhardt, the aforementioned Goodman students. Realizing that Chicago was becoming a new mecca, and that actors were pouring into the city in droves, Engelhardt and Cullen decided (while tilting a few in various bars) that new jobs would have to be found to satisfy the influx of talent. Engelhardt had just come from a year in England directing at Studio 68, a small theatrical school. Cullen who had acted in the midwestern premieres of "Childs Play," "Moonchildren," and "National Health," also had a flair for directing. And so together they plotted to give Chicago actors work and Chicagoans theatre: The Travel-Light Theatre Company. Fanfare please.

The company itself is made up of actors and actresses primarily from the Goodman School and the University of Illinois. About one third of the troupe are equity players. Although the 23 member acting core is packed with talent, the company is always looking for new faces and is even holding a general audition in February. For material they seek new plays by Chicago people, and will occasionally do the works of more well known playwrights. This month they are working on "The Old Jew" by Murray Shisgal and "Rats" by Israel Horowitz.

Whatever the company does always has interesting limitations. Since they must be portable, very little in the way of props and scenery is used. Since they must perform in all sorts of cramped spaces, very little of the fine arts of blocking, movement, and levels is utilized. Finally, in order to succeed in pubs, most plays must be short, powerful, and action packed.

Despite their limitations, however, they are catching on like wildfire. They have already performed in over thirty-pubs and countless numbers of community centers, schools and coffee-houses. "At first people in these places felt we were imposing on them" mentioned Engelhardt, "But now we have a regular following."

I caught up with some of that regular following one Friday night at the East Lakeview Pub. The play in question "Bring on the Girls" had been written by Engelhardt specifically for use in pubs, and was I sus-



Sharon Standler and Krisha Fairchild in *Bring on the Girls*

pect a classic example of the kind of work the Travel-Light company produces. Were I to review it (not my job actually) I could not help but mention that it did indeed blend in beautifully with the surroundings. Furthermore, the actors (a small collection of burlesque low lifes) and the actresses (two sleezy dike strippers) fairly leapt into the audience to encourage participation. Continually, the male leads wend their way through the seated crowd to complain or argue. Consistently, the strippers bump and grind directly in front of the stunned East Lakeview patrons. Students of the theatre will recognize this "participation" technique as a basic of children's theatre. But the director of "Bring on the Girls," Russell Tutterow, is nobody's fool. He realizes that new comers to the theatre *must* be lured and drawn in as children, so that later they can go on to a higher level of aesthetic education.

Come what may, the Travel-Light Theatre Company is a must experience for every true Chicagoan. Reports on the quality of their productions vary, but no matter what, the Travel-Light must be commended for their motivations. One, they give actors experience and work ... good actors too: William Stecz, Nancy Gold, Krisha Fairchild, John Dugan and Tom Stechsulte to name but a few; Two, they do bring theatre to the people ... people who might never have ventured into the confines of the legitimate theatre; Three, they do it inexpensively asking only for nominal donations from patrons; and Finally, they promote the work of Chicago playwrights.

I'm quite impressed by the concepts behind the Travel-Light. I'm equally impressed by the vibrance and energy that goes into the productions they do. They need the support of Chicagoans and, with the plague on network television, we may need them.

Fred Rubin

Wisdom Bridge Cont'd from page 33

management, those that saw it thought it was a very good name. And so it is.

Ticket prices to Wisdom Bridge performances are: Thursday, Friday, Sunday \$3 (\$2 for Senior citizens and students under 25 with I.D.); Saturday \$4. Group rates are also available. For reservations and other info, call 743-6442.

Richard Tanis

CONCERT CALENDAR

1 ODETTA MICHEAL URBANIAK	2 LIVE WIRE JANE FEATURED ON TRIAD	3 SANTEZ & SEANCE	4 SLIP BEST OF JANIS IAN ON TRIAD	5 SLIP WOODEN ROSES	6 NANCY WILSON TRACY NELSON	7 STYX & B.T.O. Q.T. HUSH
8 TRACY NELSON MOTHER EARTH	9 GURU GURU ON TRIAD TONITE	10 BOB DYLAN PAST & PRESENT ON TRIAD	11 LISTEN TO TRIAD ROBIN TROWER	12 ROSCOE	13 FRED ANDERSON BILL QUATEMAN & UNCLE VINTY	14 METAPHOR BILL QUATEMAN
15 BILL QUATEMAN & UNCLE VINTY	16 CAT STEVENS VASSAR CLEMENTS	17 VASSAR CLEMENTS HARVEY MANDELL ON TRIAD	18 PENTWATER DIONNE WARWICK JOHN KLEMMER	19 JOHN KLEMMER PENTWATER	20 PENTWATER GARY BURTON	21 GARY BURTON PENTWATER
22 QUEEN ISSAC HAYES GARY BURTON	23 QUEEN	24 LENNY WHITE & STEVE HOWE ARE ON TRIAD	25 ESSENCE	26 TONITE: ZAZU, & MORE ON TRIAD	27 JOHN HARTFORD DEAN MULCAHY	28 ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
29 MARI KENNY RANKIN & SAM LEOPOLD	February 1976					



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DANIEL REST

THE WONDERFUL ICE CREAM SUIT

We might be in the throes of winter and buffeted by the evening chill, but it's summertime at Victory Gardens Theater I, 3730 N. Clark St., in the Organic Theatre Company's joyous revival of "The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit."

The comedy, written by Waukegan-born Ray Bradbury, was produced in 1973 by the Organic at the Leo Lerner Theater at the Uptown Hull House on Beacon. The Organic also included the show in its 1974 European tour. Although the three quarter thrust (the audience is on three sides) Lerner playing space was a more intimate and compatible setting for the play than Victory Garden's proscenium stage, the production has lost little of its rhythm and exuberance. This is due mainly to the fact that people who were involved then are involved now.

Joseph Montegna is back recreating a performance that won him a Jefferson nomination last year. He plays the wiley Gomez, a

character who can smile at God while winking at the Devil in his quest to survive — with style. On a slow summer's evening he is looking for four "skeletons" similar to his down but not out Latino compatriots. It's all for the purpose of pooling resources to buy and share a \$49.49 summer suit displayed at Shumway's, a men's store. The suit is "white as vanilla ice cream ... white like the summer moon," white "like the milk in the bottles in the halls at dawn..." Gomez finds his four friends with similar skeletons, the suit is purchased and the play follows their first evening with it. Each gets a chance to go out and wear it for half an hour. The results are happy, hilarious and even sobering.

Returning from the original cast as Gomez's friends are Joseph Martinez, who plays Jose with a sweetness and love-starved sentimentality; Dennis Franz as Villanazul, the bright philosopher and poetic one; Meschach Taylor as the Romantic singer and lover, and Michael Saad, as the clumsy, dirty and boorish oaf Vamenos. Also returning is Cordis Fejer as Ruby

Escuadrillo, a bouncy seductress, lover of the feared Toro Ruiz (Tom Towles). Rounding out the fine ensemble are Ina Jaffe and Brian Hickey in minor roles well carried off. My favorites, however, have to be Mantegna and Saad who do not miss a beat or a laugh in their meaty, well-written roles as Gomez and Vamenos.

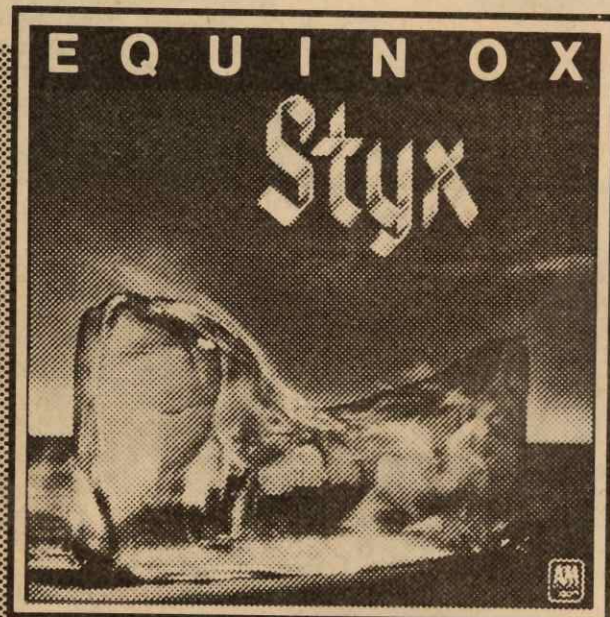
Stuart Gordon, Organic Theatre founder and director, has again presented "The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit" as a wonderful evening. The simple settings (if space festooned with clotheslines featuring dresses, slips, and brassieres is simple) and properties by Mary Griswold and John Paoletti, lighting by Geoffrey Bushor and costumes by Cookie Gluck all get the job done. It's a very up evening.


"The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit" will play at Victory Gardens Theatre I, 3730 N. Clark St., through Feb. 29, Wed. — Fri. at 8:30; Sat. at 7:30 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 8. Tickets \$4-\$5.50. Students and Sr. citizen discount except Saturdays, \$1 off. For reservation/information call 549-5788.

Richard Tanis

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Stage, Page, & Screen

Veteran comix writer-illustrator Jack "King" Kirby is back with Marvel Comics, the place he started years ago. Remember those first issues of *The Fantastic Four*? Jack has been doing some experimenting at DC the past three years. He is now producing that red, white, and blue moldie oldie, *Captain America*.

Speaking of comics, the publishing event of the year is a remarkable team-up of popular culture's two greatest heroes. Displaying unprecedented cooperation (and money lust) DC and Marvel Comics present Superman vs. Spider-Man. It's a biggie, and will cost you \$2 at the newsstand. Will wonders never cease?

First printing of Leonard Nimoy's *I Am Not Spock* (Celestial Arts) was 25,000 copies, and it sold out in hours. A second 25,000 copies are now being printed. Live long and prosper.

Sex and violence (surprise!) are still popular. Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* has sold 2,989,000 copies so far. And Vincent Bugliosi and Curt

Gentry's *Helter Skelter* (about the Manson family), released Oct. 15, has gone through eight printings, or 2,775,000 paperback copies.

Several science fiction films are in the making for (heh, heh) the future. Dalton Trumbo and Tom (Towering Inferno) Scortia will script *Earth Wreck*, a film about a Russian-American moonbase, and what happens there after the earth has been wiped out by a Mideast-inspired nuclear war. Anthony Burgess is writing a screenplay for another end-of-the-world flick; and *Jaws* director Steve Spielberg will do *Close Encounters of a Third Kind*, about contact with UFO aliens. Not to mention Paramount's *Star Trek* feature film, and the soon to be released *Logan's Run*, with



Michael York.

Elia Kazan's star-studded cast for Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon* includes: Jack Nicholson, Jeanne Moreau, Robert Mitchum, Tony Curtis, Donald Pleasance, and Robert DeNiro. Also L.A..

As predicted here months ago, *Space:1999* will be returning next year on your TV screen. (Channel 9 carries it locally.) New episodes will be filmed in England. Let's hope that the show gets decent scripts and some less than stone-faced acting.

Spiro Agnew's *Canfield Decision* will be published in April by Playboy Press. The novel is about "an ambitious and liberal vice-president." Liberal?

Novelist Saul Bellow — his latest is *Humboldt's Gift* — will take part in a special benefit sponsored by the Poetry Center of the Museum of Contemporary Art. The event takes place at the Francis Parker School Auditorium at 8 p.m. on Feb. 6. Admission is \$4 — \$3 for students.

Chuck Pratt

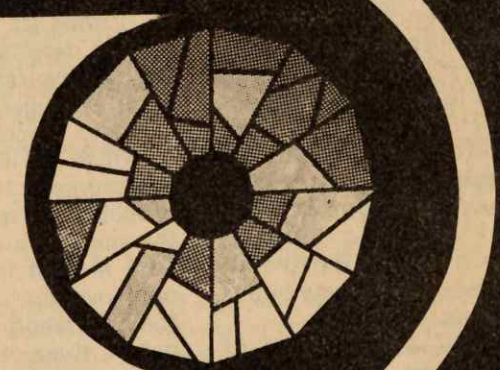
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Books

ILLUMINATUS!

by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson

Part I, *The Eye in the Pyramid*;

Part II, *The Golden Apple*;

Part III, *Leviathan*.

(Dell Books, \$1.50)

Reading the *Illuminatus!* trilogy is much like tossing your mind into a laundromat drier for an extended tumble: I'm not sure of the ultimate effect (probably on accumulation of much intellectual lint), but it's certainly an interesting ride.

If you're into conspiracies, — and each day's headlines make it more and more difficult not to be — these books are for you. In them the authors describe the ultimate conspiracy, behind which are such diverse groups as the Black Panthers, the Federal Reserve System, the Jesuits, the Politburo, the "Mental Health" Movement, the Mafia, the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, the Thuggee Society, Playboy, the Elders of Zion, the Nazis, the Yippies, the bank of Hong Kong, S.D.S., Scotch-Rite Masons, the Bank of America, the Rosicrucians, the House of Rothschild, and the Shriners — all of which is headed by a tight-knit group including Richard Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller, Mark Lane, Mao Tse-Tung, St. Yossarian, Adolph Hitler (bet you thought he was dead), and a crew-cut, hard-rock group known as the American Medical Association.

All of this seems somewhat improbable at first, even to some of the characters in the books, one of whom wonders if he "was in some crazy surrealist movie, wandering from telepathic sheriffs to homosexual assassins, nymph lady Masons, to psychotic pirates, according to a script written in advance by two acid heads and a Martian humorist."

That's as fair a description of these books as you can get. Any attempt at a plot outline would run about 50 per cent longer than the books themselves. Consider secret agent 00005, "an Englishman named Fission Chips, who had been born on Hiroshima Day and named by a father who cared more for physics than for the humanities,"

making it with a little local talent named Concepcion Galore on the island of Fernando Poo. Over this totally insignificant isle, the President of the United States, spaced out on everything from Librium to Demerol, goes on the air to threaten "all-out thermonuclear heck."

Even by the end of the third volume, one still isn't quite sure what in hell has been going on. As one character says, "The trip is real. The images you encounter along the way are unreal."



I hope so. For this is a world in which, despite the best efforts of Arch-Conspirator J. Edgar Hoover, John Dillinger was not killed outside the Biograph Theater in 1934; in which gorillas can talk but keep this secret from humans who would probably enslave them for less than the minimum wage; in which there were at least five assassins in Dallas on November 22, 1963; in which the Pentagon was built in that occult shape to serve its real purpose, imprisoning the shoggoth, Yog Sothoth, "the Eater of Souls"; in which Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* is veiled history; in which at the 1968 Democratic Convention what Mayor Daley really shouted at Senator Abraham Ribicoff was "Ewige Blumenkraft" ("Flower Power Forever"), the same Illumi-

natus slogan which Beethoven tacked up on top of the piano on which he composed his nine symphonies.

There are only three possible reactions to *Illuminatus!* You will love it or hate it or, like me, just scrawl question marks all over the margins. For this is the kind of book in which you learn that Bugs Bunny is really an in-joke among the Illuminati who control, along with almost everything else, the movie industry.

Throughout the books appear a strange collection of real people — H.P. Lovecraft, Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer, Hitler, F.D. R. (also still alive), Ambrose Bierce, James Joyce, Carl Jung, R. Buckminster Fuller, and Lucky Luciano — along with an even stranger collection of fictional characters — Sasparilla Godzilla, a tourist from Simcoe, Ontario; August Personage, a government agent whose main duty seems to be making obscene phone calls; Padre Pederastia, a gay priest who officiates at Black Masses; Igor Beaver, a graduate student of seismology; a Chaoist philosopher known as "the Purple Sage"; a Roman centurion named Semper Cuni Linctus; a spiritualist named Mama Sutra; and a dolphin named Howard.

One character states that "Everything in life is a hallucination. Everything in death, too. The universe is just putting us on. Handing us a line." So are the authors.

When they are not putting on the reader, Shea and Wilson are not above putting themselves on. Volume III begins with a lengthy prologue bearing the following footnote: "If you'd go out and buy Volumes I and II, you wouldn't have to read this synopsis." One straight-forward statement is followed by a footnote which reads: "Do you believe that?"

Shea and Wilson even go to the extreme of reviewing their own book. At one point in Volume I, a rather peevish book reviewer named Epicene Wildeblood describes to his editor the book he is reviewing:

"The authors are utterly incompetent — no sense of style or structure at all. It starts out as a detective story, switches to science fic-

tion, then goes off into the supernatural, and is full of the most detailed information on dozens of ghastly boring subjects. And the time sequence is all out of order in a very pretentious imitation of Faulkner and Joyce. Worse yet, it has the most raucy sex scenes, thrown in just to make it sell, and the authors — whom I've never heard of — have the supreme bad taste to introduce real political figures into this mishmash and pretend to be exposing a real conspiracy. You can be sure I won't waste time reading such rubbish, but I'll have a perfectly devastating review ready for you by tomorrow noon."

Epicene has the last word when he describes the books as "a fairy tale for paranoids." If so, the *Illuminatus!* trilogy is not to be taken seriously...maybe...I hope.

Robert A. Bassi

SHARDIK

by Richard Adams
(Avon, \$1.95)

In his first book after the incredible success of *Watership Down*, Richard Adams tries to tell a completely different kind of epic fantasy. That he does not entirely succeed is a measure both of the scope of his ambition and perhaps a misjudgment of what his strengths are. This time he must deal with human beings, and only one animal — Shardik, an enormous bear.

Driven by a forest fire, the bear crashes into the world of Kelderek Play-with-the-Children, a simple hunter. The man is of a semi-civilized tribe fallen from greater glory. This cult, looking for just such a reincarnation of their Lord Shardik, the Power of God, believes that their God's time has come and that Shardik is His form:

"In the gap, half-concealed by a confused tangle of creepers, leaves, and broken flowers, appeared a figure of terror, monstrous beyond the nature even of that dark, savage place. Huge it was—gigantic—standing on its hind legs more than twice as high as a man. Its shaggy feet carried great, curved claws as thick

as a man's fingers...The mouth gaped open, a steaming pit with white stakes...It was a bear—such a bear as is not seen in a thousand years..."

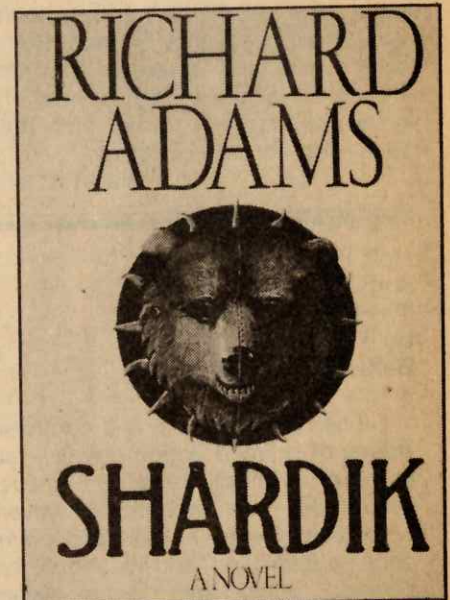
Shardik's appearance shatters the religious and political status quo as easily as his great claws splintered the young trees in his path. Thrust into the role of high priest to Shardik, Kelderek finds himself leading his tribe upon a bloody and victorious campaign to conquer the more civilized Beklan Empire.

Yet *Shardik* is a tale not of armies but of individuals. Kelderek's belief in the bear's divinity makes the priest one of God's chosen Vessels of whom it was prophesied "That He would break those Vessels to fragments and Himself fashion them again to His own purpose." Through this breaking and fashioning, Kelderek Play-with-the-Children, finds understanding of himself and of what his God wants of him.

As different as *Watership Down* and *Shardik* are in tone, character and story, they are linked by two shared themes. First, both are epic journeys beyond the known limits of the character's world. For the rabbits, it means finding a new warren. For Kelderek, the (human) hero of *Shardik*, it is a pilgrimage in which he follows his Lord Shardik to find meaning for his own life. Both are also journeys of the soul, since rabbits, bear, and man are pushed to the limits of their spiritual as well as physical courage.

The second linking theme is a

broader view of natural selection—not just as blind survival of the fittest but as part of a larger conception. The gentle irony of *Watership Down* does not attempt to disguise a world as harsh as that of *Shardik*. In both the quiet pastures of England and the forbidding desolation of Transvrako, like is not to be taken for granted but savored as a miraculously continuing boon serving a larger purpose each of us must try to fathom.



Shardik takes place not on any earth we know. Like all true epic writers, Adams finds the real world too confining for the scope of his story. Instead, he creates his own complete universe. Because his eye for detail is great, the Beklan Empire is as real and substantial

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Books

as the more prosaic ground we walk upon. Yet the animals created by Adams are more credible than his humans. The best sections of *Shardik* are those concerned directly with the bear, an awesome creation which is both a very real bear and a figure of mythic power. But when *Shardik* is "offstage"—as he often is in the last half of the book—*Shardik's* power and immediacy diminish accordingly.

That *Shardik* is a lesser book than *Watership Down* does not lessen its significance. At first this great bear seems to represent the unleashed beastiality of man. But it soon becomes apparent that the theme of *Shardik* is not how the gods use man but rather how man uses—and abuses—his gods.

Robert A. Bassi

Half Past Human and The Godwhale
by T.J. Bass
Ballantine, \$1.50 each

The ruined future is a common theme of science fiction novels — so common, in fact, as to be a cliché. There are few writers, however, who can create a dazzling novel about apocalypse, and we should be cheered when one comes along. Such a talent is T.J. Bass, and he offers us not one, but two, novels about a world that's allowed the sound of its own wheels to drive it crazy.

The year is 2349 or thereabouts, an era of mechanical brilliance and moral emptiness. Technology reigns supreme, and science can do just about anything, including the synthesis of life. This is necessary, because in order to survive, mankind needs all the science it can get. Population has increased to such a point that most human life exists underground, in the Hive. The entire surface of the globe — oceans excepted — is farmed by sophisticated machines (Agromecks) so that mankind, three trillion strong, can continue. Most animals have become extinct — except for rats and vermin. And the fabulous machines possess varying degrees of intelligence, able to carry

on conversations, make decisions, produce "flavored calories," and perform brain surgery. There are 12 classes of cybers, as the machines are called.

What is man like in this era? He is a 48 inch albino with four toes, an evolutionary product of overcrowding in the underground. Machines do most of the work — and the thinking — and the Nebbish, as Bass calls him, struggles to keep vermin off his skin and calories in his belly.

Bass creates a compelling, though horrifying, landscape. His narrative strength is impressive as well, and he easily juggles a dozen major characters and subplots at once in both *Half Past Human* and *The Godwhale* until they are meshed smoothly into a satisfying conclusion.

His prose style is crisp, fast, and powerful, loaded with a "hard science" jargon that creates the proper distancing of most characters, especially the nebbish crew. Much credit should go to the perceptive editors of Ballantine's science fiction series for brining this fine author to the paperback shelves. (The books were first printed in 1971.)

Half Past Human deals with the struggles of the Hive and its Class One computer (the CO) against the five-toed "buckeyes" who live topside and subsist by raiding the gardens — when they aren't being hunted by drugged-up nebbish on holiday. Characters range from a delightful class-six cyber called Toothpick to a character called Moon, a wanderer straight out of the Beverly Hillbillies. The climax, something of a legitimate *deus ex machina*, comes in the course of an all-out battle between Hive and buckeyes.

The Godwhale continues the Hive-outsider conflict, introducing another fascinating cast of characters, including a man chopped off at the waist, a colossal cybernetic sea harvester shaped like Moby Dick, and a specially bred warrior race called ARNOLDS.

Bass is a skilled master of the science fiction adventure, adding substance to a genre usually considered as escapism. A topnotch

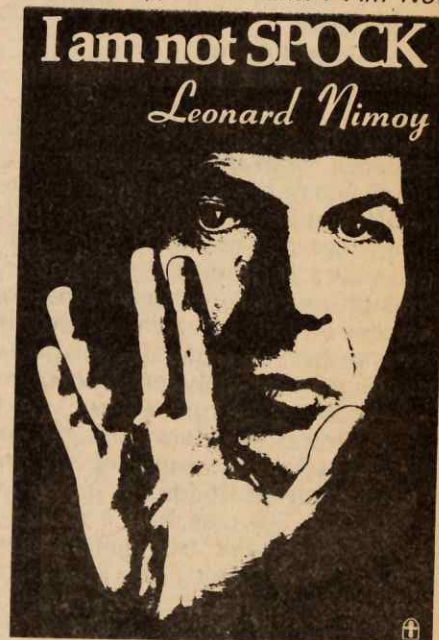
writer, he joins Larry Niven and Roger Zelazney in that select crew of future-makers.

Chuck Pratt

I AM NOT SPOCK
Leonard Nimoy
Celestial Arts, \$4.95

What started out as just another television job for a smalltime actor named Leonard Nimoy eventually turned into a role that changed the face of American popular culture. Only an actor of average ability, Nimoy, in 1966, won the role of Mr. Spock, the pointy-eared Vulcan science officer on the TV space opera called *Star Trek*. Spock was unique, an alien who despised anything as embarrassing as emotion. Logical to the extreme, he was so different that he was lovable.

Star Trek as we all know, became immensely popular, and still lives today, via re-runs. *I Am Not*

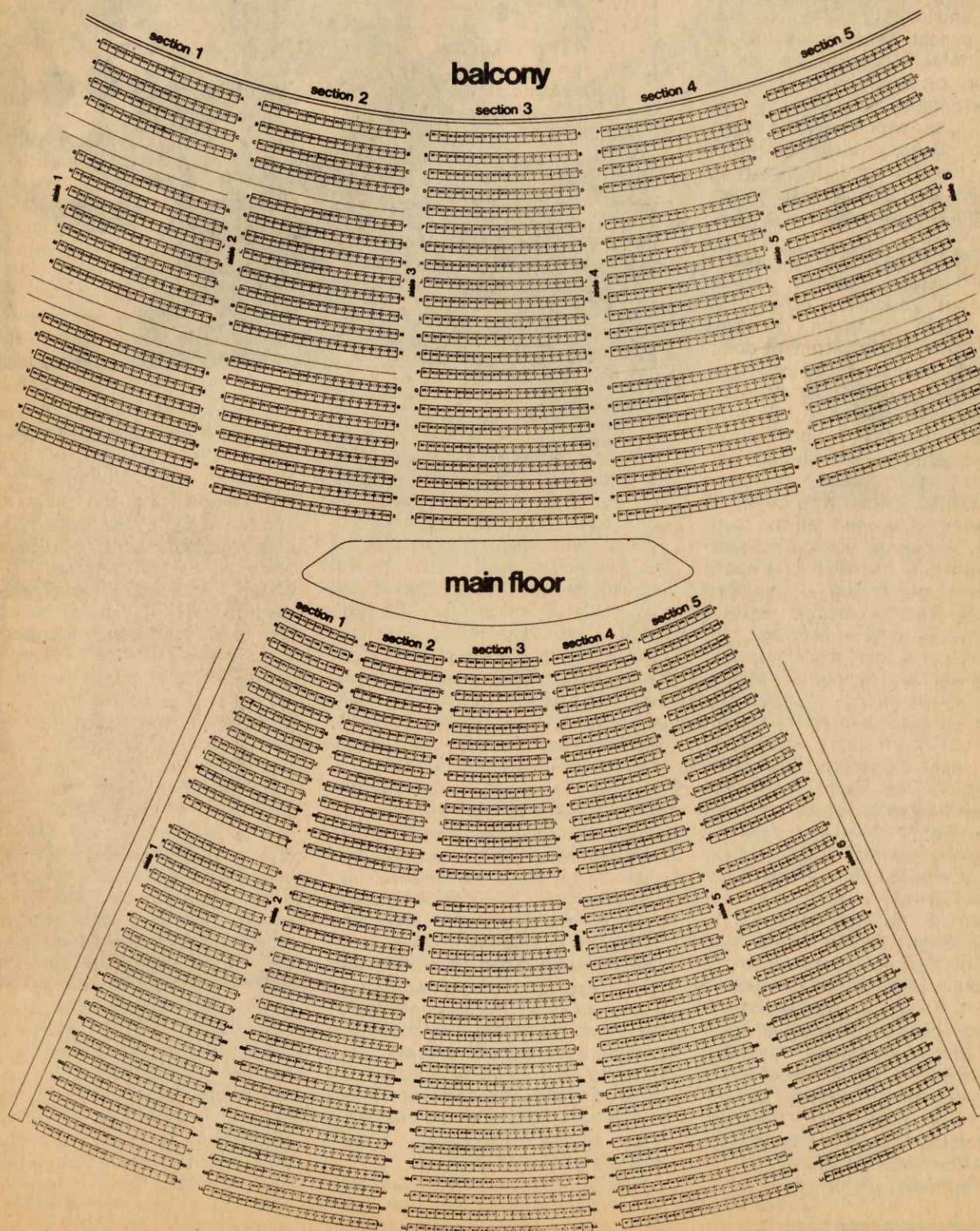


Spock attempts to be a statement about identity, but even its title reveals the power of act over actor. Nimoy found that he was locked-in to the character of Spock, and sometimes felt that Spock had taken him over. Of course, this is one of the psychological pitfalls of

Cont'd on page 47

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Movies

THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER

Starring Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, and Marty Feldman, one would expect this comedy to be another Mel Brooks movie, and it is — sort of. Boasting much of the antic outlandishness, vulgarity, and lack of plot which are the mainstays of Brooks' burlesques, this film — written and directed by Wilder — also offers a visual richness and several interesting character studies.

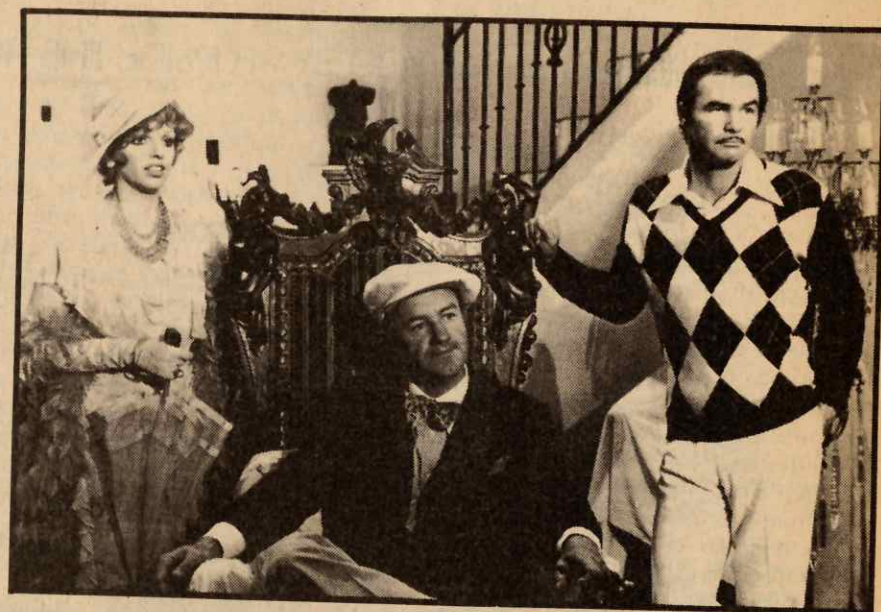
The plot, such as it is, revolves around Sherlock Holmes' use of his jealous younger brother as a front to aid in solving a vague case of purloined government documents. As Sigerson Holmes, Wilder is a bubbling combination of intensity and eccentricity, a romantic bumbler rather than a nincompoop. Kahn renders a smoldering performance as a sexually repressed music hall songstress who daylights as a nanny. (She can't tell the truth unless she's sexually excited.) Marty Feldman is his usual crazy self, this time portraying a bug-eyed Scotland Yard inspector with a photographic sense of hearing.

Such fine performances, and the masterful staging of several scenes — including a bare-assed ballroom dance and an exuberant swordfight in an opera house prop room — fail to give this film a sense of cohesion. Dom De Luise is embarrassingly bad as an opera star, and Leo McKern's Moriarty fails to attain any kind of focus. Wilder apparently opted for flair and form over substance.

Granted, this was intended to be fluffy, but Wilder could have used a heftier plot to his advantage and could have mined a treasure from the Holmesian mother lode. A series of comic episodes is never quite as satisfying as sustained comic narrative. Still, this isn't bad for a first attempt. Despite its relatively minor flaws, *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother* is an entertaining yarn.

Elementary, of course.

Chuck Pratt



LUCKY LADY

This is a review of a movie you'll never see. The movie is *Lucky Lady* and you may be familiar with the controversy over the film's ending. The original script was written by the husband-and-wife team of Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. If you saw their *American Grafitti*, you know that they know that not everything ends happily ever after. The director was Stanley Donen. As you may gather from his *Singing in the Rain*, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, and *Funny Face*, Donen likes happy endings. Conflict.

The plot involves rum-running off the Mexican-California coast during the Depression end of Prohibition. Most of the action takes place on the water and ends in a sea battle between the armored armada of organized crime and a raggedy flotilla of independents headed by Liza Minnelli, Gene Hackman, and Burt Reynolds. The sassy heart of *Lucky Lady* is the relationship of the three characters they play. The original Huyck-Katz ending put a spin on the comedy when both Hackman and Reynolds are killed in the sea fight. Donen wanted a more upbeat finish, and a new ending was filmed.

This time everybody survives. The next time we see the three stars, they are old and gray-haired

but still romping in bed. The actors hated this gimmick...and with good reason. This is the version I saw and it doesn't work. The make-up jobs are terrible and the bad sit-com ending leaves a bad taste after the classy comedy which preceded it. None of us will ever see the first ending, and you'll never see the second one. The stars' complaints led to a third (and, let us hope, final) version.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for what was agreed upon. *Lucky Lady* offers some good performances. Being her mother's daughter has burdened Liza Minnelli with both excessive praise and criticism. But she's her own person, a talented singer and actress who never gives an audience less than 100 per cent of herself. In *Lucky Lady* she does a fine job as Claire, a recent widow whose warm-heartedness won't let her bereavement interfere with her love life or her dreams. Burt Reynolds is Walker—handsome, romantic, adventurous, and a born klutz. Gene Hackman is Kibby, a clear-headed drifter who finagles his way into a third of the profits and half of Claire. Robby Benson is engaging as Billy, the 16-year-old crew of the *Lucky Lady*, the trio's rum-running yacht. And Geoffrey Lewis does a marvelous job as the Prohibition-enforcing captain of a Coast Guard

cutter, a military figure crazy enough to be the father of General Jack D. Ripper in *Dr. Strangelove*.

Lucky Lady tries to meld the ambience of *The Sting* and *Cabaret* and succeeds fairly well. In fact, Liza's one musical number, sung in a sleazy "Harry's American Bar," was composed by Fred Ebb and John Kander, who did the words and music for *Cabaret*.

The Twentieth Century-Fox press kit for *Lucky Lady*, tries to make the movie sound like the most demanding and significant film of the last five years. It's not. But *Lucky Lady* is a pleasant diversion, a nice period comedy-adventure, with some good lines, good acting, and good staging. Whichever ending you see, you'll be glad you came along for the boat ride.

Robert A. Bassi

THE SUNSHINE BOYS

The alleged jokes in Neil Simon's *The Sunshine Boys* wheeze their decrepitude almost as much as the actors who deliver them — George Burns and Walter Matthau playing the two halves of a long-separated vaudeville team brought back together by a TV special on the history of comedy.

Does Simon really find lines like these funny? "You've got arthritis of the head," and "I can't stand him ... (pause) ... but I don't hate him?" Apparently he does, because that's the tenor of almost all the dialog, which pummels us with wretched gag after gag, and "gag," believe me, is the right word for this nausea-inducing screenplay.

George Burns, wearing glasses so thick that his eyes seem to have disappeared, moves and reads his part with patient deliberation, like a comic, geriatric Buddha, and so retains a modicum of integrity. (The veteran vaudevillian hasn't made a film in three decades.)

The script puts Matthau, however, through some truly inane scenes demonstrating his character's senility and/or biliousness — such as one in which he auditions for potato chip commercial and unknow-

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ingly dribbles the product from his mouth — and Matthau overplays them crassly, as we have come to expect from him.

Herbert Ross, the director, should probably take most of the blame for allowing Richard Benjamin's hysterical mugging as Matthau's agent-nephew and for laying out most jokes with a ham-fisted obviousness that destroys spontaneity.

Taken together, all these factors indicate that this is a movie you can easily afford to miss. Contrary to Anita Bryant and the Florida organe growers, there are far worse things than a day without *Sunshine*.

Greg Galassini

I Am Not Spock

Cont'd from page 44

acting: the characters are nearly always more interesting than the actor doing the pretending.

In 135 pages, Nimoy attempts to come to terms with the fascinating alien who earned a prosperous living for him, grabbed hold of his

psyche and wouldn't let go. As an existential statement, this book is a failure. (Why wasn't it called *I Am Leonard Nimoy*?) As a compendium of trivia, *Star Trek* data and biographical information, however, it succeeds admirably. If the reader doesn't expect superb prose or profound philosophical statements, then he will be satisfied — particularly if he is a Trekkie.

Nimoy is an actor, not a writer, and his prose is uneven, given to cliches, and sometimes (dare I say it?) dull. He writes this book as if it were a journal or diary, punctuating it with transcripts of memos to *Star Trek* producer Gene Roddenberry, mock dialogs between himself and Spock, and bits of acting theory, as well as a post *Star Trek* personal history.

Obviously this book fulfills a need in the continuing saga of *Star Trek*, providing a human dimension of an actor who became lost inside his role. Nimoy gets a chance to tell his own story, but the irony here is that no one would be interested in it if he had never been Spock. That's showbiz!

Chuck Pratt

Concerts



CLAIRE PANKE

THE KINKS/LITTLE FEAT/ COCKNEY REBEL Aragon Ballroom

After hearing *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* and enjoying their 1974 show with Golden Earring, I made up my mind months ago that the next Little Feat concert would be quite an event, but a triple bill of the Kinks, Cockney Rebel, and Little Feat made this an evening I couldn't miss.

A reasonable fee of six dollars caused a long line at the door, but once inside we were entertained until well past one. The long wait did hamper my chances of giving Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel a good listen, though, since I caught only the last two songs of their performance.

Harley comes across like a hybrid of Marcel Marceau and Elvis, or to be more accurate, a teenage

Bowie playing Lulu's Skinhead boyfriend in "To Sir With Love." He has a good voice and uses his acoustic guitar as the perfect prop in true Presley tradition. The band itself is professional, especially the crew cut lead guitarist sounding much like Robin Trower in his Procul Harum days. Harley and Co. would probably sound better in a smaller auditorium, however, since their version of "Here Comes the Sun" was all but lost in the Aragon. This was the group's first visit to Chicago and I'm sure they'll be back; hopefully at a big tavern or a smaller hall where they can be heard.

Little Feat pleased and amazed by playing only one song from their current LP *The Last Record Album*, and filling the rest of the program with tunes from previous records. Lowell George's slide guitar and voice led the band into

such Feat masterpieces as "One Love Stand" from the latest record and *Feats Don't Fail Me's* "Skin It Back" and "Spanish Moon".

The piggyback versions of "Rock and Roll Doctor" and "Oh Atlanta" satisfied my requests, and the pumping piano on Payne's tribute to the Georgia capital was just what the doctor ordered. The last number, a spectacular medley of "Cold, Cold, Cold," "Tripe Face Boogie," and "Dixie Chicken," easily resulted in enough cheers for an encore. On coming back, George dedicated "Willin'" to the Teamsters and as soon as the band had finished the truckers' hymn they exploded with the first notes of the Little Richard inspired "Teenage Nervous Breakdown."

The Kinks have gone through a lot of changes since 1963: from "Long Tall Sally" and fighting on stage to costume changes and

psychedelic home movies.

Ray Davies and the Kinks, Kink Brass, and Kinkettes kicked off their performance with a few tunes from the *Preservation Act* series followed by a few relics from their distant past. "You Really Got Me" and "All Day and All The Night" sounded just as exciting as they did during summer vacations from grade school and "Waterloo Sunset" had some nice feminine harmony in it but Ray didn't look at all happy doing his pre-*Preservation* material. He hurried through "The Banana Boat Song," "Lola," and even the crowd pleasing "Demon Alcohol" in such a way that it was apparent he was devoting this performance to his *Schoolboys in Disgrace* extravaganza.

Schoolboys concerns the unfortunate education of a younger Mr. Flash (of *Preservation Act* fame) and his hatred of society. Seems Flash impregnated his first love while still a schoolboy, and got pretty irate when he was expelled from school for his part in the affair. Slides, film, and some freaky costumes played a large part in the presentation and visually proved Ray's statement, "You are about to see the Kinks as you have never seen them before".

The band members and horn section wore mock school uniforms throughout this segment, while Ray and the girls went through several costume changes. Ray played protagonist, narrator, stern headmaster, and master of ceremonies. His timing was near perfect as he cued the band into a musical version of Laurel and Hardy's *Chumps At Oxford*.

Schoolboys in Disgrace was an hour long non-stop performance and from Davies' expression it was evident that he expected to receive much more applause than he was given. The whole crew returned for an encore with a spiritless version of "Money Talks" and then it was over. The crowd was yelling for a peek at Ray's self-acclaimed "most beautiful ass in show-biz" and didn't even get to see the star's bare behind in the scene where young Flash receives his whipping. I bet that if Davies had hung a moon there'd still be someone applauding at the Aragon right now. **Jeff Carlson**

KEITH JARRETT QUARTET Amazingrace

Keith Jarrett (piano), Dewey Redman (tenor sax), Charlie Haden (bass), Paul Motian (drums).

Today, going to hear Keith Jarrett is something of an event. Keith is, after all, one of the brilliant pianists of the modern age. In fact, his command of the piano has always stuck out, even back during the middle and late sixties heydays of the Charles Lloyd Quartet. You knew there would be a certain excitement when Keith played. One sensed that Keith's piano was not only good but also a bit unconventional — interesting traits.

Jarrett's music has many facets; the rhythmic drive of bebop; orchestral works; solo explorations. At Amazingrace he managed to cover a little bit of each. He opened with an up-tempo jazz. It had a light, sort of held-back, bounce, offering each of the musicians a few minutes to stretch out. It was a comfortable warm-up.

The striking quality about Jarrett is his subservience to the music. It is as if he's a supplicant receiving the energy of some great musical god. The energy explodes from him at different spots: his foot tapping loudly on the pedal; a finger rapidly trills a key; he hums. All the while the rest of his body swaps, turns, straightens, slouches. And he continues to play.

That recalls another aspect of Keith: his physical involvement in his music. His body is an integral part of his expression, music as movement. His physicality is such that the listener is impelled to respond similarly. This music hits in the guts as well as the head. As the music surges forward, so does Keith. As the music lulls he sits in a posture of tentative repose, head swaying. All of a sudden he plays an accent and his shoulders jerk. Corresponding tensions are felt in the listener. One has become involved.

Next, the band plays something with a dirge, march-like feeling. Keith quotes from gospel music. Redman inserts a be-bop fragment. Then Haden plucks a few long bass

lines, strums a bit. Motian lays down a cluster of rhythms into which the three principals weave. Keith slides into Haden's solo and plays non-stop for twenty minutes. He manipulates a single melodic line with a seemingly endless bag of variations. He becomes involved with the piano so much that it is as if we've stumbled into secret rites.

Jarrett will take a rhythmic figure and repeat it several times, then add another figure or chord, then trill that chord on top of the original figure. Then he adds a few flourishes in both hands.

Meanwhile Dewey Redman sort of lags along, punctuating a phrase on top of the piano's melody, then drifting back into the remnants of the original melody. The musings of Haden coupled with the snapping accents of Motian enable piano and sax to go to opposite ends and yet not fall off either. Meanwhile the audience sits in attentive silence.

From his performance at Amazingrace it is obvious that "innovator" is an apt description of the music of Keith Jarrett. His creativity is truly inspiring.

Charles Finister

DAVE MASON/HEAD EAST Northern Illinois University Fieldhouse Dekalb, Illinois

NIU's second Fieldhouse concert of the season wasn't designed to dazzle. The trouble with a billing such as Dave Mason and Head East is that it's just plain hard to rev up the anticipatory juices.

Head East is a heavy metal outfit which does not compare well with, say, Blue Oyster Cult. Substituting for substance, it seems, is the quest to keep the torch lit. The lead vocalist, John Schlitt, appears styled after the best of them, but knew only two moves (slapping the bangs out of his face and offering the audience his hand as if to display a fresh coat of nail polish) and had practically no range to speak of.

Head East kept it short and

Concerts



sweet. The stage was promptly cleared and six potted palms carried to the stage. A Caribbean backdrop was lowered and Head East's char black P.A.'s were replaced by a pastel-colored sound system. Below the roar of the crowd, I could practically hear the waves and taste the daquiries. The scene was completed when Mason and crew manned the stage. The epitome of rock-star-as-man-of-the-world (shy, of course, of the Bryan Ferry definition). The band donned Hawaiian shirts. A little bit of the tropics in December.

There is a certain lived-in quality to Mason's face, one that seemed contrastable and refreshing after Head East's Schlitt. One knew

from the start that Mason was no stun performer, at best a slow burner. He's been on the scene a long time, from the Hellians to Spencer Davis to Traffic and further, at no loss of momentum. His repertoire traced the evolution—"Gimme Some Lovin'" (Spencer Davis Group, 1966), "Only You Know & I Know" (Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, 1971), "All Along The Watchtower" (Mason Performed for a short while with Hendrix) and the current "Split Coconut." His worldliness was obvious, his tenure confirmed.

Mason's show was calculated, but to its advantage. The stage was lit purple for solos, palm green

during vocals. His guitar solos were not what one would call lithe, but adventurous and solid. The choice of material, it seemed, was biased in favor of standards (*It's Like You Never Left* unrepresented). Intriguing was "Gimme Some Lovin'," which was rendered in the chug-a-lug mold reserved for "Only You Know & I Know." Steve Winwood's 1966 keyboard lines have been replaced by Moog; Spencer Davis' guitar licks replaced by disco riffs. It was updated so that I'm sure a number of people in the crowd would have thought it to be a recent composition. A blockbuster finish.

Responding to the obligatory lit matches, Mason & company returned for "Bring It On Home," a curious enough selection, but not so much so as the second encore, Elmore James' "Dust My Broom." Originally conceived for slide guitar, Mason improvised and used his fingers. Mason later revealed that "Dust My Broom" was extemporaneous. They'd never played it before on stage.

Following the set, Mason somewhat unwillingly allotted five minutes to the press.

Every inquiry hit a dead end. But I did elicit a response or two that proved past speculation wrong. Contrary to Lilian Roxon, Dave's first recording was "Somebody Help Me" with Spencer Davis, for whom he was roadie.

I asked to what avail he joined, parted, rejoined and once again parted company with Steve Winwood and Traffic, of whom Mason was a vital proponent. Mason looked over at pianist Jai Winding and echoed my question.

"I dunno," Winding said dryly. "Conflicting musical ideology?"

Mason gazed pallidly at the reporters: "Yeah put that down. Even marriages break up."

It hardly seemed becoming to a performer I'd stood and clamored for 15 minutes prior. But there it was in flesh and blood and on tape.

No matter, Mason is one first-rate performer. His songs are classics. His career (save the *Dave & Cass* fiasco) is a classic. His press phobia doesn't negate his brilliance.

Cary Baker

DOWNBEAT JAZZ AWARDS Soundstage

Miracles are hard to spot in this age of Aquarius, but Soundstage producer Ken Ehrlich and the folks at *Downbeat* magazine may very well have created one by jogging across the mainstream of jazz to assemble a lineup as stunning as this. In addition, Quincy Jones worked a spiritual wonder by raising the dead with his tribute to the late Cannonball Adderley. The special taping session at WTTW's Soundstage studio not only saluted the winners of the *Downbeat* readers' poll; it featured them together in performance. Chick Corea and Quincy Jones hosted a stellar lineup featuring McCoy Tyner, Sonny Rollins, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Hubert Laws, Freddie Hubbard, Stanley Clarke, Airtro, and Bill Watrous.

The evening opened with the full ensemble blowing a Quincy-arranged medley of tunes made known by Cannonball Adderley. Freddie Hubbard, his trumpet not yet warm, squeaked a bit, but soon let loose in a short screech solo. For Sonny Rollins the Cannonball medley was as simple as breathing. His one note "Jive Samba" released an exhaling of inspiration. Rahsaan's tenor presence was pure fire, spreading rapidly through the keys of the sax.

After a hot warmup, all the players left the stage save McCoy Tyner, Stanley Clarke, Lenny White, and Quincy, who got down to basics, introducing drums as the essence of the rhythm section while Lenny played some funky fills. Stanley then chimed in on standup bass. (The two made up the rhythm section for the whole evening.) McCoy capped it off as Quincy named him the winner in the acoustic piano category.

A sweet version of Chick's "Spain" followed with Hubert Laws, young trombonist Bill Watrous, and searing guitarist George Benson as featured soloists. A highlight of the taping was the electric eccentricity of Rahsaan Roland Kirk, bedecked in top hat, tails, horns (the stritch and manzello), bells, and other artifacts of sound. Swinging with two horns at a time, Rahsaan proved to be the ultimate showman with a gesture of acknowledgment and a sonic drone that emulated a Lear bagpipe. Sonny Rollins followed in a duet with McCoy Tyner on Duke Ellington's "In A Sentimental Mood." The man's phrasing was so fragile that you could hear his fingers tapping the keys to his sax. His refreshment was water from a styrofoam cup. After a false start in the taping, during which Sonny good naturedly poked his horn into the face of the director, he called for a refill. Then he laid down layers of saxophone subtlety as pure as that purest of brews.

Freddie Hubbard and Airtro, winner in the miscellaneous instrument category, followed with a more electric brand of liquid love. Airtro's solo on the "Tin Man" was breathtaking. The entire ensemble returned for a hot Duke Ellington medley. And it was over as soon as it had begun. The assemblage of giants was a dream come true, a living realization of those *Playboy* poll caricatures—only this was the *Downbeat* awards. No Harrison on sitar or Dylan on tambourine. Weather Report, winners of the best group category, taped on a different night, but will be included in the same show. Airing is set for Feb. 18th.

J.J. Quinn

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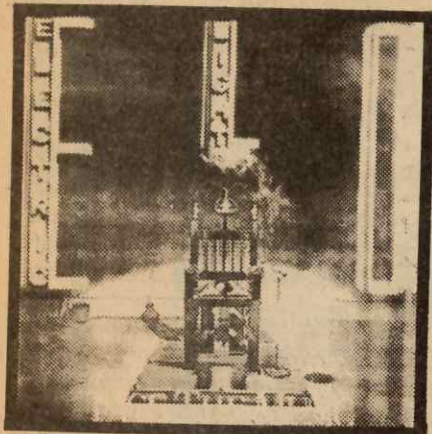
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Records



ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
Face The Music
(United Artists)

ELO is one of the few bands in the world who don't think that their expanded musical perimeters give them a license to be pretentious.

Their lineup may include enough instruments to match the full-embodied sound of the Moodie Blues, but ELO chooses to remain light. They are almost as melodic as the Kinks. More specifically, they are about the only band that hasn't forgotten the advanced pop sounds of the latter-sixties Beatles.

Face the Music does not have anything as stunning as "Boy Blue," but it is, nevertheless, a consistent album. The opening number, "Fire on High," is perhaps the weakest track because it tries to cover too much ground. It's an instrumental that is reminiscent of Zappa's *200 Motels*, and Elton John's *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* overture, among other things.

The album begins to jell with the next number, "Waterfall." It's a dreamy, floaty piece with latter-day Beatle piano chords and background vocals.

"Evil Woman" incorporates the band's talent for moving from the lush to the danceable without jarring the listener. It has some good-time piano à la Carole King's *Tapestry*, funky guitar, and a chorus that will hook itself deep within your brain.

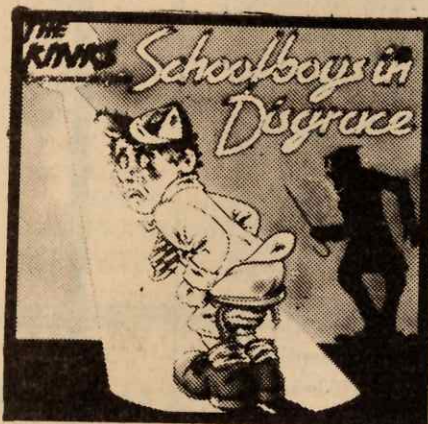
Other highlights include the airy moog and hard-edged guitar blending in "Poker" and "One Summer Dream" which could

easily be mistaken for one of the better tracks on Lennon's *Walls and Bridges*.

The cover contains a dolled-up picture of an electric chair. The inner sleeve depicts a closeup of an arm which is clamped to the chair, and glowing from the voltage.

These guys aren't overt satirists, but they don't wear starched white shirts either. At last—proof that one can have fun, even if he has learned the meaning of the word "cello."

Art Collins



KINKS
Schoolboys in Disgrace
(RCA)

Ray Davies and the Kins have made a career out of charting their own personal history of England past, present and future, like a band of pop Durants. This approach has led to some excellent early albums but eventually faded into Socialist dry-heaves of dull music and duller ideas. But social commentary has its juicy parts too, and the Kinks have finally reached one.

The British schools have been nearly as big a gold mine of sleazy sex and violence as the medieval church for everybody from gross paperback writers to art-up-the-ass filmmakers. Just scratch the starchy surface and you find all sorts of tasty perversity: mysterious assignments in darkened locker rooms

between the four-eyes who can't make the soccer team and the East Indian washer woman: the cruel headmaster who lost an eye in the war but has his good one on the boys.

The Kinks were wading in self-induced visions of dandified decadence long before Mick tasted the whip, so they were the obvious choice to tackle the musical version of this breeding ground of crawl. Best of all, this closer-to-the-greasy-heart subject seems to have brought some life to Ray's faltering musical imagination.

Davies has chosen to tell his latest story one side at a time, good move that lines up the most interesting material in one place. Side one ain't the place, being basically sentimental teardrops dominated by the proto-50's sound the Kinks have been so fond of lately. Since that was the music of their school-days, it makes grudging conceptual sense, but then so does *Happy Days*' One notable exception is "Education," a rocking update of "Apeman" that's obnoxiously preachy in the best Davies' tradition.

Side two is where the fertilizer hits the fan. Our schoolboy gets himself In Disgrace by fooling around with a local lady of questionable rep, but you can't feel too sorry for him because he *rocks*. He confesses to the "Headmaster" in a classic Kinks ballad, and then receives his rightful punishment in "Hard Way," a tough rocker that Ray delivers with a passionate dullness that makes Lou Reed sound like Barry Manilow. After a brief flashback to the 50's fizzies of the first side, they come back completely off the wall with "No More Looking Back," a superb Steely Dan-styled keyboard cooler overlaid by Dave Davies' multi-tracked frozen guitar lines. Very effective.

Although the Kinks have *always* been Schoolboys In Disgrace, it looks like they have to wallow in it to get any fun out of it. Well, if that's what it takes to get 'em to shake it up a bit, then shame on, guys.

Rick Johnson

MAGMA Magma Live (Utopia)

Magma is a French progressive band that's not satisfied with being unintelligible in their native tongue only. Geniuses that they are, they created their *own* language to do it in. They also invented a series of funny little people and another world for them to speak it on. If an American group did this, they'd be immediately relegated to the rubber ranch. In Europe, this is Art.

Their music is "progressive" in the same sense that certain terminal diseases are said to cause "progressive" deterioration. Saxophones melt and run down the drain. Violins are plucked and then stuffed with stale bread. The guitarist is plugged into a space heater. The rhythm section learned their licks from a washing machine.

Magma Live is a two record set that recapitulates some of the high points of their career. "High" is an understatement — these characters wear lighted beanies to ward off low-flying aircraft. "Kohntark Parts 1 & 2," (not to be confused with "Fingertips, Parts 1 & 2"), is the feature piece, a long, ticklish noise that takes up two entire sides. For the less diligent Magmafiles, they've courteously included some shorter less difficult tracks like "Kobah," "Lihns," and of course, the beloved "Hhai."

Live contains no lyric sheet or translation, so the serious listener can't be sure if there's a word in their language for pointless, meandering cosmic crap. It's records like this that make one wish Thomas Edison had never been born.

Rick Johnson

TOM SCOTT New York Connection (Ode)

Tom Scott is one of the more capable commercial musicians around. He writes the music for the TV show, *Baretta*, and has provided accompaniment for Joni Mitchell (*Miles of Aisles*). He is the kind of

musician who can play what's needed and still add an interesting touch of his own personality.

His latest album, *New York Connection*, is the multi-instrumentalist's venture into heavy electronics, with heavy orchestration and heavy back-up. The result of this is that perfect background quality necessary for muzak — inoffensive. The use of Moog, ARP, and Lyricon provides the contemporary touch, and the pleasant, soothing melodies are great for easy listening. It is one of those albums that you simply flow into. You go home after a hard day, turn on the stereo, and warm up while that lush sound settles over you.

This album is good commerial music with two gopserl-influenced selections, "You're Gonna Need Me," and "Uptown & Country." George Harrison plays slide guitar on "Appolonia." It won't make anybody's Top Ten list, but it will make a nice gift.

Charles Finister



ALL AROUND MY HAT
Steeleye Span
Chrysalis

Old English music never dies; it just rests until its resurrection. A number of 15th century ballads and fiddle tunes have entered country music via Appalachia, and in recent years traditional British folk music has sauntered into the realm of rock. The Incredible String Band, Fairport Convention, Fotheringay, and Pentangle are just a few of the bands which used and adapted ancient folksongs — and

musical instruments — for the rock idiom.

The band which has been most successful at this enterprise, however, is Steeleye Span, five lads and a lass from England who have no qualms whatsoever about electrifying medieval instruments or turning ribald tunes into contemporary boogie. Amazingly enough, they do it without apparent bastardization.

Anyone fortunate enough to catch a live Steeleye performance can testify to the band's *elan*, a flair which usually crosses over to their albums. It takes style, effort, and skill to make a collection of centuries-old songs work and to make an album more than a curiosity piece, but these folks do it. *All Around My Hat* is a successful product, and a welcome change of pace from both heavy metal and the innocuous terrain of contemporary soft rock. In fact, Steeleye Span provides an opportunity to hear some highly original musical narratives — songs about knighthood in flower, Robin Hood, and the King of Elfland's Daughter.

The clarity and expressiveness of Maddy Prior's voice seems to mystically move from century to century, conjuring excellent tales of highwaymen like "Black Jack Davy" or telling the traditional ghost story of "The Wife of Usher's Well." And in "Hard Times for Old England" the band has either created or discovered an old anthem which speaks convincingly of today. "You must go to the shop and you'll ask for a job/ they'll answer you there with a shake and a nod/ and that's enough to make a man turn out and rob."

Though not as jaunty and care-free as previous albums — *Below the Salt*, for example — the record is awash with entertaining moments and a spirit of romanticism. I doubt that *All Around My Hat* will ever be played at a disco palace, but putting it on your stereo could turn your home into your castle.

Chuck Pratt

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PATTI SMITH Horses Arista

If the word "interesting" weren't such a critical cliché, I'd use it for this album, an intriguing attempt to fuse the soul of beat-era poetry with the pulse of rock music. Patti Smith is a Greenwich Village poet popular in the Big Apple for her verbal audacity and her calm acceptance of the universe as surreal. Like Bruce Springsteen, whom she resembles in several ways, her poetry is rooted in the world around her: cool girls leaning on parking meters, dismal New York afternoons, the resurrected jive of '60s jukebox hits, assorted punks and hustlers.

Her live performances — Combination poetry readings, rock concerts, and psycho-revivals, have gained the approval and admiration of Bob Dylan, Eric Anderson, and Clive Davids, who wooed her to his Arista label. Probably a fortunate deal, for Patti will certainly cause a sensation in pop music circles. Let's just hope that she does it without the benefit of a Springsteen promotional blitz.

Horses, by its very nature, has an easily discernible texture, a volatile union of symbolist poetry and fairly straightforward rock accompaniment — a lot of bass and percussion. A listener can detect equal parts Baudelaire and the Shangri Las. The segments of this album shouldn't even be called songs. They are vocal vignettes, words and music searching for cooperation. Patti's voice is clearly limited, but its urgency keeps us tuned in, even through long passages of gratuitous moaning.

There was no lyric sheet enclosed with my copy, which is definitely a mistake. This album is not background music. Patti's "Gloria, in Excelsis" gradually merges with Van Morrison's raunchy "Gloria," juxtaposing the sacred and the profane. "Land," which is a song suite, begins as an account of the death hallucinations of a high school punk who's just been stabbed. Johnny deat-trips on visions of "Horses," then his mind moves around to "Land of a

Thousand Dances" — "Do you know how to Pony?"

Appropriately enough, avant-gardian John Cale produced this curious achievement, and Blue Oyster Cultist Allen Lanier contributes his guitar on one segment. If you're ready for metaphysical rock and poetic boogie, then you're ready for Patti Smith.

Chuck Pratt

TOMMY BOLIN Teaser (Nemperor)

Why is this man grinning? Probably because he knows he has just pulled off one of the most exciting albums of '75, right at the tail end of this miserable year, just when we were all sure that the miracle just was not going to come. Well, Happy New Year all you punks! This one will burn your ears off! Turn it up, and stand back. Way back.

Teaser presents Tommy Bolin

as your classic bone crusher. When he wants to be. His guitar style is fluid, space filling, cosmic, and most of all very, very fine. He is at once a sound effect and a he knows the old riffs, but at times he seems to deliberately play with rock and roll noises; a bit of an echo here, a squeal of distortion there, a blitz of frenetic fretting just when...He creates the perfect rock and roll atmospheres for each well constructed song. You know at once the power, the feel of what it is to be one of the meanest mothers to surface on the rock and roll scene for ages. He's one awesome axman.

He is also one of the best cliché adaptors I have yet to meet. Most of the songs on the album are definitely rehashes of familiar ideas from the past. But, if they'd been done this well to begin with...Who knows what history might have been made? Bolin tailor makes each tune, each different style, so strongly that there is no room for excess—this is not your show-off jam style

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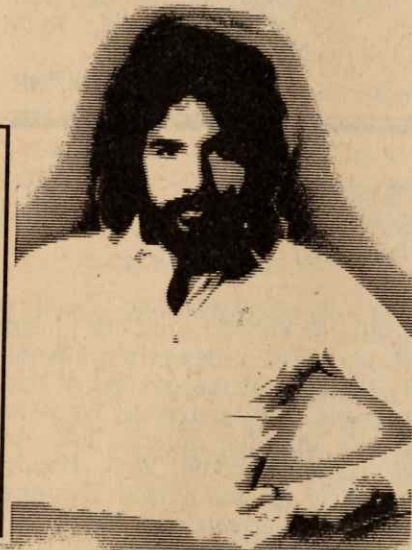
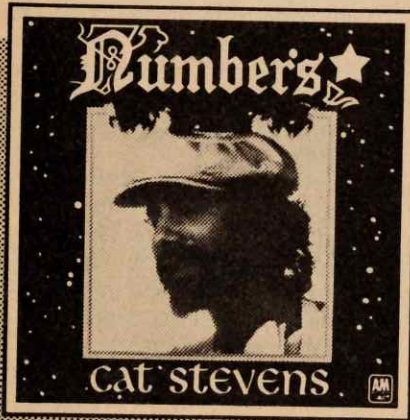
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boogie album. The man is like a sculptor. The songs are secure enough not to need much extra flash, and Bolin is mature enough not to tamper with that.

If I could buy this album for all the people I'd like to buy it for, the accompanying note would recommend "Teaser," the title cut; "The Grind" a monstrous old-fashioned boogie stomper; "Homeward Strut" and intergalactic disco killer with synthesized embellishments too delicious to describe; "Marching Power" with Jan Hammer and a drummer suspiciously like Billy Cobham in style but a flavor, albeit similar to Mahavishnu, all its own and just too hot to hold; and uhhhh...just about everything else, too.

So there it is. The best album I've heard all year, just about. Wanna hear the worst news I've heard all year? Guess Who's replacing Ritchie Blackmore in Deep Purple...?

Cynthia Dagnal

DR. JOHN
Hollywood Be Thy Name
 (United Artists)

What does a person do for a case of the musical blahs? He gets a prescription from the good doctor, that's what.

But if you already know and like Dr. John's music, obviously you'll already have the cure. And ...if you don't like his music, you won't care about the cure. But for the most of you who do have the blahs, let me tell you how he does it.

Mostly taken live at Willie Purple's Niteclub (and a super job of recording it is), the album is a veritable treasure of all types of music: Blues, ballads, rock, even reggae. All with the excitement generated by the New Orleans back beat. Dr. John's attitude toward the music in this album seems to be one of just grabbing the mike and having fun, knowing full well he can satisfy any musical desire.

Side one features "New Island Soiree," "Reggae Doctor," "The Way You Do The Things You Do,"

(with the Creolettes and a tasty guitar solo), "Swanee River Boogie," and a really different version of "Yesterday."

Side two is more rockin' and rollin' that its flip. It opens with "Babylon," (a little weird, but you can get into it) continues with "Back By The River," (get loose!), then moves into a medley of "It's All Right With Me," "Blue Skies," and "Will The Circle Be Unbroken." The highly irreverent title track runs into a whopping finale called "I Wanna' Rock." Does he ever!

The Doctor's outstanding voice and tons of energy make this a prescription that truly beats the blahs.

Bob Tolan

IRON BUTTERFLY
Sun & Steel
 (MCA)

Say "Iron Butterfly," and the instant response from most people is "In-a-ga-da-da-vi-da." If they weren't around in the 60's when the original Butterfly was breaking

new musical ground, the response is "Iron Who?"

But things have changed — hippies and 60's are long gone, and our musicians are typically entertainers not prophets. In this new context the Butterfly continues to do an excellent job.

The people are: Eric Braunn on vocals and lead guitar, Ron Bushy on drums, Phil Kramer on vocals and bass, and Bill De Martines on vocals and keyboards.

Eric and Ron survive from the original Butterfly. Phil and Bill have joined the group recently. Eric does most of the writing but De Martines collaborates with the other two to produce some of the nicer tunes, so it is a group effort, not one man's band.

All in all, the music is more interesting than the lyrics (...an era of entertainment, not prophecy...). Things are well put together and musically intelligent. John Ryan does his usually excellent job of production.

This is good rock-n-roll music with plenty of "thump" to it, without descending to the lower regions of all-too-prevalent tastelessness.

My favorite cuts are "Beyond the Milky Way," "I'm Right, I'm Wrong," and "Scorching Beauty" — which is my candidate for air play.

Martin Cornelius

RORY GALLAGHER
Against the Grain
 (CHR 1098)

Dr. John did not write "Right Place at the Wrong Time" for Rory Gallagher, but Rory should consider adopting it for his theme song just the same. For a man who rocks as steadily as he does he has always had the *worst* timing!

Rory surfaced first as an impressive Irish blues guitarist in the sixties Cream/Ten Years After/Yardbirds style when the market was simply glutted. His "Taste," though highly touted, was never able to catch a wave, and so was washed under and finally broken up.

He resurfaces now, a diehard purist in the age of Kiss and Coop-

er. Rory has the speed, but he is essentially your master virtuoso: clean, gimmickless, soul wrenching, in the old slow hand tradition. There's alot more feel than flash. Will he survive?

Well, good music will always win in the end, she hopes. And older teens who missed him the first time around and have outgrown Elton and Black Sabbath are now ooing and aahing at this "new" guitarist. *Against the Grain* is brimming with that old fashioned flavor. There are no out and out killers, but guitar fanciers will nod appreciatively at Rory's command of everything from hot slide as on "Souped Up Ford," to raunchy old rock on many others. I had the most fun with his almost traditional slide rendition of "All Around Man" — one of those typical "I am M-A-N" songs that would set Gloria Steinem's teeth on edge. I think Muddy Waters would forgive the imitation; it's done well.

So maybe it's Rory's turn at last. 'Bout time, Mr. G! Welcome back!

Cynthia M. Dagnal

MAXOPHONE
Reverberi
 (PAUSA)

Ah, Yes. Pizza-rock, as some folks would so unkindly term it.

America has boogie, Jamaica has reggae, Germany has space-rock and Britain has a little bit of everything. But let us not forget that in Italy, art-rock is the name of the game. No Foghat histrionics for the cultured tastes of spaghetti land, no-siree! It's the best of the progressive rock brigade — Mahavishnu, ELP, Zappa, and Genesis — who make Italian hearts beat faster. Gentle Giant can't sell 2,000 seats in Chicago, but in Rome and Milan they're heroes.

Maxophone are an ambitious sextet obviously influenced by the above sources, particularly Genesis. Their lead singer and bass player, Alberto Ravasini, sounds uncannily like Peter Gabriel, and the first side of their debut album is highly reminiscent of Trespass or Foxtrot. Side

two reflects a slightly different aspect of the band, being looser and jazzier in feeling. Although they try very hard, in neither style do they surpass fellow countrymen PFM or Ossanna. Nevertheless, they do possess merits of their own, not the least of which is their ability to sing faultlessly in English, a problem which plagued PFM's albums not too long ago. (Now if they could all just sing in tune it would be even better.) Their compositions reflect a typical Italian lyricism which contrasts interestingly with the sometimes aggressive delivery. I found J. Bratel's lyrics a bit simple and twee but at least they are in English, a detail that is very necessary for Maxophone's American success. A band well worth keeping the proverbial eye on.

Reverberi, on the other hand, would best be forgotten for the time-being. Their album of the same name consists solely of pointless and painful attempts at contemporary performances of well known pieces by Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann. The cover gatefold "letters" from these composers to the band reacting to Reverberi's treatments of their compositions. From what I can decipher with my meager Italian, only Lizst is skeptical, but I'm with him. To do this sort of thing well you have to be either exceptionally tasteful or exceptionally talented and Reverberi is neither. Their arrangement of Chopin's Prelude 20, Opus 28, for example, the theme which forms the basis for Barry Manilow's "Could It Be Magic," is even wimpier than Manilow's single by virtue of its lugubrious piano and lame female voice oo-ing and ah-ing prominently in the mix. Only Schumann's "Carnaval" is remotely listenable, and that is surely because not even Reverberi can destroy the innate festivity of that piece. The remainder of the album sounds exactly like the muzak to one of those late night Italian movies on channel 44 where the voice track has nothing to do with the movement of the actors' lips. This record has as much to do with classical music as those cheap flicks do with Cinema.

Claire Panke

ROCK AROUND THE WORLD

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THE PREMIERS OF NEW
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Feb. 15-21

COLD BLOOD

The Dramatics

Feb. 8-14

ACE

BJ Thomas

Feb. 22-28

ISSAC HAYES

Duke & The Drivers

RATW Network:



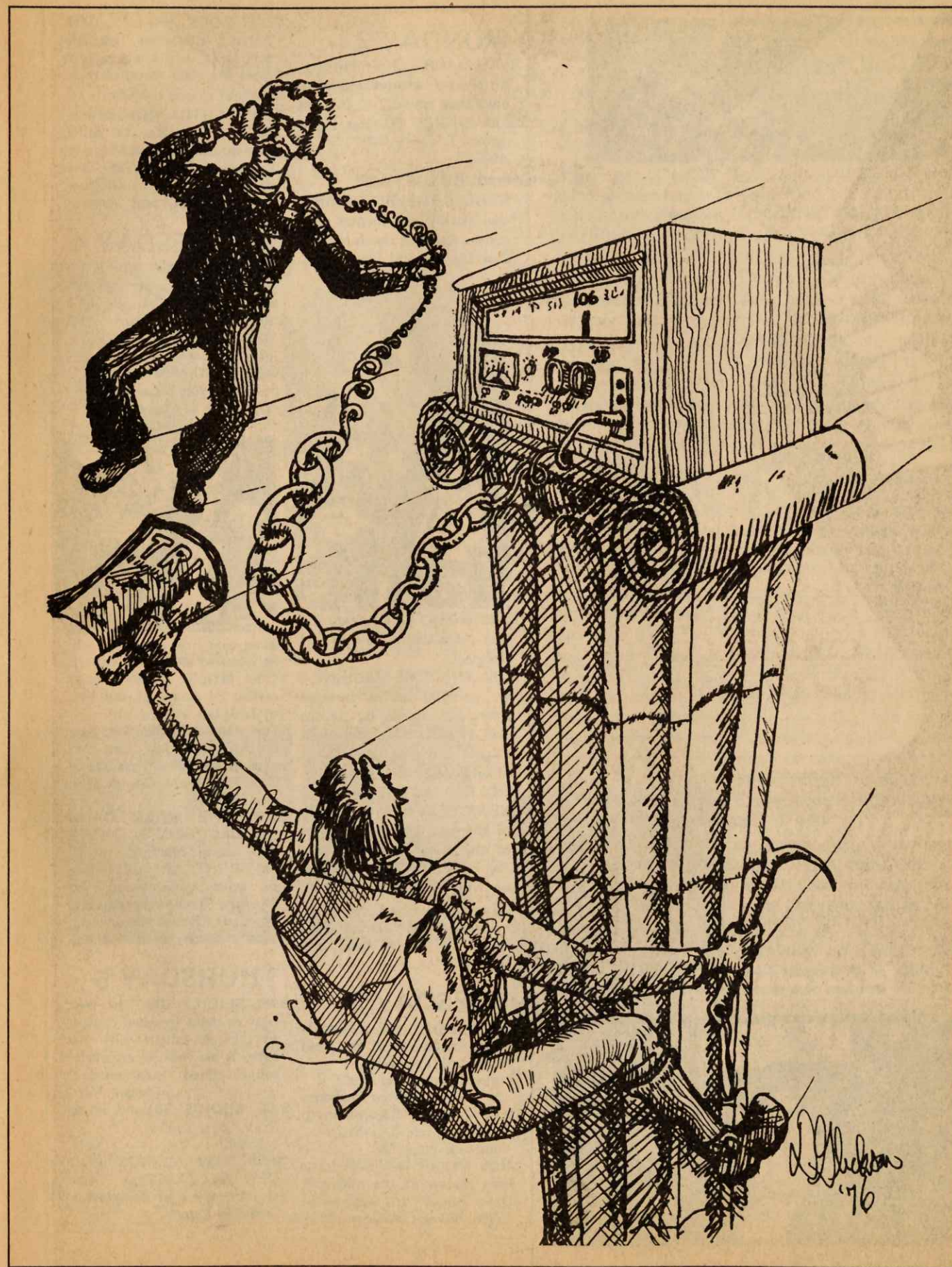
Brought to you by the **Gillette** company

Hear These Tuesdays At Midnight

on TRIAD 106 FM

RATW Radio • 1108 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02215

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Welcome to another month of listening on Triad. February marks the beginning of a new radio series here. Rock Around The World is a program that some Chicago area listeners are already familiar with and they'll be happy to know that it will be heard on Triad Tuesdays at Midnight. The program consists of interviews, concert tapes, and the latest recordings from around the world. Interviews in the past on RATW have included Graeme Edge, Elkie Brooks, Tubes, and George Harrison. Concert performances by Caravan, Foghat, Kraftwerk, and Kansas have been featured just to name a few. We suggest that you tune in weekly for an earfull of good sounds. Flight 106 continues to take off as the first hour of Triad broadcasting each night. This means a departure time of 8PM on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; and on Tuesdays and Fridays, lift-off is at 9PM. The flights are usually spontaneous and include a well mixed variety of music: new releases, old favorites, a few requests, and the inevitable surprise. Sounds From Across The Big Swamp, our weekly review of European rock, continues to be heard at 10PM on Mondays. This popular segment of Triad was the first place Chicago listeners got to hear groups like Scorpions, Lucifer's Friend, Focus, Silver Convention, Kraftwerk and many other Euro-groups. Our Wednesday night Chicago Music Scene is expanding to an hour with an earlier starting time, now heard at 10PM. This means more air time for local bands, and of course, it means we'll be looking for more air-worthy locally produced material. If you're a musician or group with a tape or record of good enough quality for broadcast, or know someone who is, don't hesitate to contact us about possible airing of your music. We're interested in groups working in our listening area and playing original material. The Tuesday night session of New Sounds has been moved to Monday night from 11:30 till 12:30. Music News broadcasts will now be heard nightly at 11PM and as usual we've selected a good



Joan Baez Bob Dylan Janis Ian

MONDAY 2

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"There is no greater harmonizing influence than music."—C Dupont
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Jethro Tull, Maxophone, 10 C.C.

10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—our weekly continental rock review features recordings by Can, Magma, and Jane.



11:00 MUSIC NEWS—featuring the Afro-Latin sounds of Mandrill.

11:30 THE TIME MACHINE—an exciting cruise through time with music by Jethro Tull, Randy Pie, and Pink Floyd with an assortment of surprises.

12:30 ROLLING STONE NEWS SERVICE—the voices of the people in the stories of the latest Rolling Stone.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. Compositions by Liszt, Schumann, Schubert, Holst, Dvorak, Verdi, Wolf-Ferrari, and Britten.

TUESDAY 3

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music is fundamental—one of the great sources of life, health, strength, and happiness."
—Luther Burbank.

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Tomita, J. Lee & G. Brown, George Duke

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—an hour long review of the music of Dave Mason from days of Traffic till the present.

12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD—interviews, live concert tapes, and latest records from the wide world of rock. Brought to you by Gillette.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. This morning compositions by Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Beethoven, Mozart, Giuliani, Bach, Vivaldi, and Wagner.

WEDNESDAY 4

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music is a tonic to the body and the spirit..."
—Angelo Patri

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune into Bob Dylan, Queen, David Bowie

10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—for the next hour hear the sounds of the people making the scene in Chicago. Ouray,



Zazu, and Eric Hochberg will be featured along with others.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a brief review of some of the best of Janis Ian.

11:30 RAGS TIME—Scott Joplin isn't the only one into rags as we hear from Steely Dan, Rufus, and George Winston.

12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW—with Atomic Mama.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with compositions by Sibelius, Stenhammar, Haydn, Liszt, Dvorak, Schumann, Vitali, Bach, and Handel.

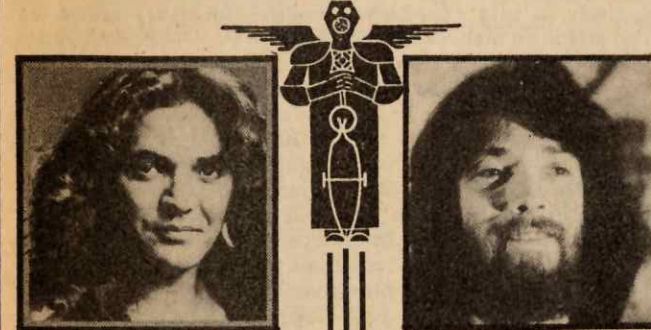
THURSDAY 5

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"The best way to calm irritated nerves, to replace fatigue with fitness, is to rest in an atmosphere filled with music."
—Angelo Patri

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Styx, Chris Squire, Mandrill

10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly review of the latest in recorded sounds.

cross section of music and artists to feature. You'll enjoy hearing some of your old favorites and be glad to find out about some of the new names that you'll be hearing. Mandrill, a group first heard on Triad four years ago, will start of the month of Music News features. They've just released their seventh album, "Beast From The East," and we'll be hearing selections from it and earlier Mandrill albums. Guitarists of many different styles will be featured throughout the month. We're including some of the best in their fields with Robin Trower,



Tommy Bolin

Harvey Mandel

Tommy Bolin, John Abercrombie, and Harvey Mandell. If you enjoy female vocalists, be sure to tune in to our features on Joan Baez, Janis Ian, and Buffy St. Marie. A couple of German groups already familiar to many American listeners, Jane and Scorpions, will make for some good listening for fans of the heavy metal. They'll also enjoy our features on Deep Purple, Kansas, and Iron Butterfly. Bob Dylan will be heard for no less than an hour on the tenth of February and for those who enjoy a classically oriented sound, we're doing special programs on solo albums by Yes members,



Iron Butterfly

Lenny White

Steve Howe and Chris Squire. Friday the thirteenth will be well sent with the music of the Electric Light Orchestra. I'm sure you won't want to miss the special hour long review of Return to Forever which will feature music from RTF as well as solo albums by Lenny White, Chick Corea, and Stanley Clarke. Check the adjoining listings for the exact dates of these programs and have a good time reading and listening.



11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short review of records featuring John Abercrombie on guitar.
11:30 A WHALE OF A TIME—music and songs from Judy Collins, Graham and Nash, John Tavener, Procol Harum, and Satin Whale.
12:30 SOUNDS ANGELIC—music as if it were sent from Heaven with Minnie Riperton, Hidden Strength, Jefferson Airplane, and Hendrix.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—Classical music by Ives, MacDowell, Chadwick, Wagner, Elgar, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Minkus, and Herrmann.

FRIDAY 6

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Researches on the auditory nerves indicate that there is scarcely a function of the body which may not be affected by the pulsations and harmonic combinations of musical tones..."
—Dr. Edward Podolsky

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Bad Co., Jethro Tull, Tommy Bolin

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—an hour long review of music from Yes and solo albums by Steve Howe and Chris Squire.

12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—our all-electric ear- tonic features music from and by computers.

12:30 STRAIGHT AHEAD— and into the weekend with sounds from Brian Auger, Jimi Hendrix, and Billy Paul.



1:00 NIGHTCAP—Music by Debussy, Delius, Bizet, Borodin, R Strauss, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, and Schumann.

MONDAY 9

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music the fiercest grief can charm, and Fate's severest rage disarm."
—Alexander Pope

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Skyhooks, Kraftwerks, Scorpions

10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—Jazz-Rock from Europe is featured tonight with recordings by Passport, Perigo, Guru Guru, and Roundhouse.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a brief review of the music of Iron Butterfly.

11:30 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—an up to the minute review of the latest in records.

12:30 NIGHTINGALES—three tunes on the same subject from Joan Baez, Epitaph, and Igor Stravinsky.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—Classical music with Ron Ray. This morning compositions by Debussy, Delius, Bizet, Borodin, R Strauss, Yasn, and Mozart.

TUESDAY 10

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Sweet harmony and melody alone are capable of restoring an even balance of a distorted mind, and of renewing its harmonious relation to the world."
—Pythagorus

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Joan Baez, Lou Reed, Tomita

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour long review of the music of Bob Dylan, past & present.

12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD—interviews, concert tapes and the latest records from the wide world of rock. Brought to you by Gillette.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—Classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. This morning works by Rachmaninov, Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Ravel, Grieg, Schumann, Liszt, and De Falla.

WEDNESDAY 11

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief, expels disease, softens every pain, subdues the rage of poison and the plague."
—John Armstrong

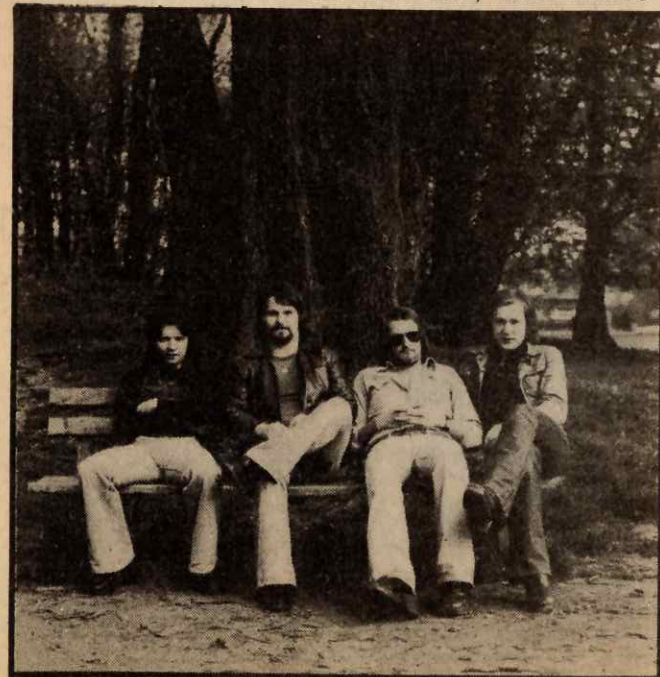
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Lenny White, Queen, Maxophone

10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—featuring the local talents of Gabriel Bondage, Streetdancer, Forest, and Pentwater.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—an hour long review of Robin Trower as guitarist with Procol Harum, and as soloist.



New releases here include the SCORPIONS, "Fly To The Rainbow," long available on import, now out on RCA. You may remember their first album, "Lonesome Crow," released here on Billingsgate almost three years ago. Reports indicate that they'll be coming to the U.S. with the David Bowie tour. . . . Another German group of a similar genre, JANE, will have their album "Jane III" released here on Capitol next month. . . . HARLIS, a group that includes ex members of Jane and Scorpions have an album out on Sky Records from Hamburg. The label will be imported to the States this month. Also included will be releases by STREETMARK, a jazz rock group, and RAMSES, a keyboard based band from Hannover. . . . New releases from Brain Records include "Blitz" by THIRSTY MOON and new albums by JANE and EROC as well as a debut album by an artist named GUNTER SCHICKERT. . . . Back In The U.S. of A.: Fans of electronic and experimental music will want to check out an album titled "Timewind" from KLAUS SCHULZE out here on Mercury. Also of interest is an album by Dutch instrumental group, FINCH, called "Glory Of The Inner Force" out on Atco. . . . Jazz fans will be pleased to know that the latest PASSPORT LP "Doldinger Jubilee '75" has been released here on Atlantic. It includes guest appearances by Johnny Griffin, Buddy Guy, Les McCann, and Philip Catherine. . . . Ex-Chris Hinze rhythm section, John Lee and Gerry Brown have



NOVALIS

12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW—with Atomic Mama.
1:00 NIGHTCAP-Classical music by Copland, Harris, Mozart, Paganini, Chopin, Paderewski, Dvorak, and Field.

THURSDAY 12

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Like many others, I have found that the best way to cure a headache is to attend an orchestral concert. It works like a charm."
—John Ruskin
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Paris, Chris Squire, George Duke
10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—an up to the minute review of the latest in recorded sounds.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a feature review of the music of Germany's Scorpions.
11:30 BACH UP TO DATE—music of the Old Master brought up to date by Styx, Lee Konitz, Sugarloaf, and Walter Carlos.



12:30 ART OF THE GUITAR—Acoustic styles of Peter Lang, John McLaughlin, and Leo Kottke.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—works by R Strauss, Mahler, M Haydn, Spohr, Franck, and Beethoven. Till 6:30 AM.

FRIDAY 13

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Variety is the very spice of life."
—Cowper
10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Bob Dylan, Lou Reed, Supertramp
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour review of the music of the Electric Light Orchestra.
12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—the moog in jazz is featured on our all electric theatre for the ear.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. This morning works by Walton Berkely, Elgar, Mozart, Schubert, Barber, Copland, Beethoven, and J Strauss Jr.

MONDAY 16

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Our life is a dream; our time as a stream glides away swiftly, and the fugitive moment refuses to stay."
—Charles Wesley
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Joan Baez, The Band, Ralph Towner
10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—Rock from Poland, Hungary, and Romania is featured on our weekly continental rock and roll review.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short review of some of the best of Joan Baez.
11:30 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly review of the latest in recorded sounds.
12:30 PEACEFUL WORLD—found in the music of the Rascals and Alice Coltrane.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music by Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Haydn, Kreutzer, and Liszt.

TUESDAY 17

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Life is a leaf of paper white, whereon each one of us may write his word or two, and, then, comes night."
—Lowell
10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to J. Lee & G. Brown, Tomita, Bette Midler
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special review of the music of Harvey Mandell.
11:30 MUSIC BY NUMBERS—heard in the sounds of Deep Purple, the Beatles, Chris Squire, and Ken Nordine.



12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD—interviews, live concert tapes, and records from the world of rock.
Brought to you by Gillette.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music by Ives, Beach, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Wagner, Saint-Saens, Poulenc, and Mozart.

an album out here on Blue Note called "Mango Sunrise." It features Philip Catherine on guitar and Jasper Van 'T Hoff on keyboards. . . . RANDY PIE finishing off their fourth album. . . . Peters International promises new releases by an Italian band called RDM and a second album from Munich based group SAHARA. . . . Hot Rumor has it that TANGERINE DREAM are signing with A&M Records. . . . KRAFTWERK preparing to embark on a College tour of the U.S. . . . Don't forget to tune in the premier broadcast of ROCK AROUND THE WORLD on Triad Tuesday, February 3 at Midnight and our weekly "Sound From Across The Big Swamp" Mondays at 10PM.



SKYHOOKS



MONTROSE

KANSAS is a band from Kansas and like a tornado their sound is sweeping the country. Guitarist and songwriter, Kevin Livgren says, "I would like to think that Kansas is doing with rock music in our time what Debussy did with Renaissance music in his time." There are few bands in the land that can blend Romantic period classical with rock and rhythm like Kansas does. It is interesting to note that Livgren, who also plays keyboards, lists as his major influences Wagner, Mahler, and Penderecki, while violinist, Robbie Steinhardt, says he's a dyed in the wool R&B freak. Steve Walsh, the other songwriter calls the Beach Boys, Beatles, and Stevie Wonder equal influences. Since the release of their first album less than two years ago, Kansas have recorded two

WEDNESDAY 18 FRIDAY 20

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Distance lends enchantment to the view."
—Campbell
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Peter Frampton, Skyhooks, Tommy Bolin
10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—the best of home grown talent, featuring the music of Yezda Urfa, Royal Polyphony, and Santez.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short review of the music of the Funkadelic.
11:30 PLASTIC SOUNDS—music by the Beatles, Sopot with Camel, and Jefferson Airplane.
9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust."
—Chapin
10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to David Bowie, Janis Ian, Michel Polnareff
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour review of Return to Forever, featuring solo efforts by Stanley Clarke, Lenny White, and Chick Corea.
12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—our all electric theatre for the ears features music by early electronic composers.
12:30 HOPE & FREEDOM—expressed in the music of John McLaughlin, Jimi Hendrix, and James Vincent.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music till 6:30. Works by Lutoslawski, Shostakovich, Bartok, Debussy, Rachmaninov, Copland, and Handel.



12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW—with Atomic Mama.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray. Compositions by Stravinsky, De Falla, Tchaikovsky, Haydn, Beethoven, Lalo, and Bizet.

THURSDAY 19

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."
—Shakespeare
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Be Bop Deluxe, 10 CC, Carole King
10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly review of the latest in recorded music.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour long review of the music of Deep Purple.
12:00 THE QUEENS MUSIC—as played by Steve Stills, Strawbs, Suzi Quatro, Curly Curve, and the Beatles.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music till 6:30. This morning works by Moeran, Vaughn Williams, Moussorgsky, Dvorak, Schubert, and Holst.
8:00 FLIGHT 106—"He who rides the back of the tiger dare not dismount."
—Chinese Proverb
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Chris Squire, Scorpions, Mandrill
10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—Contemporary rock from Europe is featured with recordings by Scorpions, Kraan, and PFM.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short feature on the music of David Bromberg.
11:30 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly review of the latest in recorded sounds.
12:30 EYE CONTACT—do it with music by George Duke, Santana, and Thirsty Moon.
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music by Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Debussy, Saint-Saens, Verdi, Bruch, Harty, Mozart, Vieuxtemps, and Ysaye.



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Includes: Got Nothin' to Lose
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Milwaukee, Wis.

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Barrington

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Elk Grove Village

SWOLLEN HEAD
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La Grange

TED'S ENTERPRISES
2122 Sheridan
North Chicago

Opusblanca



KANSAS
more LP's and have become a major concert attraction across the country. Chicago fans showed their loyalty to the band with a big turnout for last month's appearance at the Aragon.



BE BOP DELUXE
plays a fusion music that includes all forms of contemporary popular music along with early rock styles and space influences as well. Bill Nelson, the groups guitarist and major songwriter, points out that while a lot of his songwriting does reflect his passion for science fiction, it also leans heavily toward poetic/romantic images. Their new album "Sunburst Finish" has been picked for Triad's Choice 33 this month and is the second that has been released here. Over the years there have been several personell changes but Bill Nelson has remained throughout as a major driving force behind the band. The latest line-up is one that Nelson feels is totally capable of producing the sounds he wants.



TUESDAY 24
9:00 FLIGHT 106-"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am becoming as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."
-Corinthians
10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Styx, Roy Ayers, Grand Funk R.R.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of the music of Roy Ayers' Ubiquity.
11:30 SEA JOURNEY-travel with the music of Steve Stills, Lenny White, and Steve Howe.
12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD-interviews, concert tapes, and the latest records from the wide world of rock. Brought to you by Gillette.
1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. This morning featuring works of Rachmaninov, Albeniz, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Budashkin, and Liszt.

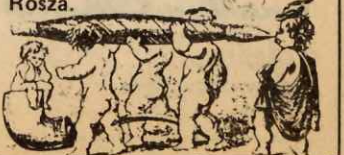
WEDNESDAY 25
8:00 FLIGHT 106-"Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands think."
-BYRON
10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE-the best from the Midwest is heard in the music of Styx, Shadow Fax, and Peter Berkow.
11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a short feature on the music of Buffy St. Marie.
11:30 THE GYPSIES-subject in the music of Carmen, Larry Coryell, and Hendrix.
12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW-with Atomic Mama.
1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray. This morning works by Prokofiev, Liszt, Dvorak, Wagner, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, and Milhaud.

THURSDAY 26
8:00 FLIGHT 106-"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."
-Benjamin Franklin
9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Kraftwerk, Joni Mitchell, Bad Co.
10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES-our up to the minute review of the latest in recorded music.

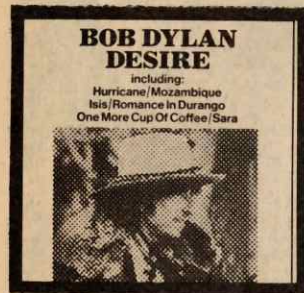


11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a short feature on the music of Jane.
12:00 FRIENDS & LOVERS-whichever you are you'll enjoy the music of Chuck Mangione, G.T. Moore, Zazu, Queen, and The Firesign Theatre.
1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30. This morning works by Sibelius, Nielsen, Dvorak, Novak, Beethoven, Mozart, Boccherini, Goetz, R. Strauss, and Holst.

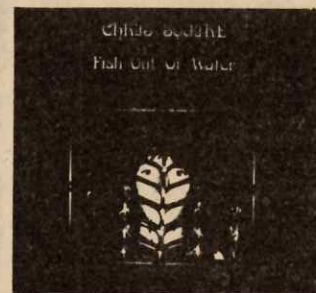
FRIDAY 27
9:00 FLIGHT 106-"Great men are those who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world."
-Emerson
10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Jethro Tull
11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a special review of Tommy Bolin with Deep Purple, James Gang, Billy Cobham, and Solo.
11:30 IN THE WIND-musical breezes with Golden Earring, Lynard Skynard, Ray Manzarek, and Pete Seeger.
12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE-our all electric-theatre for the ears is all request till 1 AM.
1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. This morning music by Dohnanyi, Dvorak, Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Chausson, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, and Rosza.



TRIAD's Choice 33



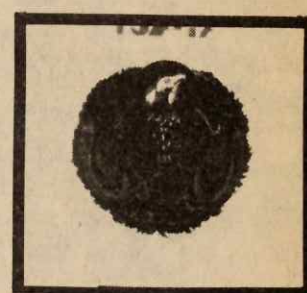
BOB DYLAN
Desire
(Columbia)



CHRIS SQUIRE
Fish Out of Water
(Atlantic)



DAVID BOWIE
Station to Station
(RCA)



TOMITA
Firebird
(RCA Red Seal)



QUEEN
A Night at the Opera
(Elektra)



SKYHOOKS
Ego is Not a Dirty Word
(Mercury)



SCORPIONS
Fly to the Rainbow
(RCA)



LENNY WHITE
Veusian Summer
(Nemperor)



JONI MITCHELL
The Hissing of Summer Lawns
(Asylum)



10CC
How Dare You
(Mercury)



RALPH TOWNER
Solstice
(ECM)



SUPERTRAMP
Crisis. What Crisis?
(A&M)



LOU REED
Coney Island Baby
(RCA)



BETTE MIDLER
Songs for the New
Depression (Atlantic)



STYX
Equinox
(A&M)



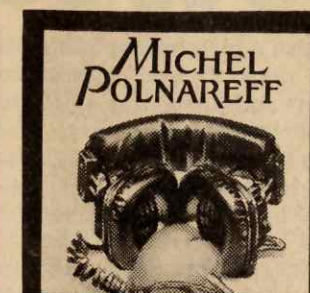
TOMMY BOLIN
Teaser
(Nemperor)



PETER FRAMPTON
Frampton Comes Alive
(A&M)



GEORGE DUKE
I Love the Blues
(BASF)



MICHEL POLNAREFF
Paris
(Atlantic)



PARIS
Paris
(Capitol)



MANDRILL
Beast From the East
(UA)



KRAFTWERK
Radio-Activity
(Capitol)



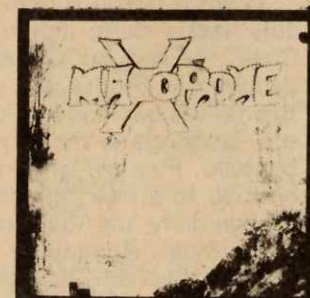
JETHRO TULL
M.U.
(Chrysalis)



BAD COMPANY
Run With the Pack
(Swan Song)



THE BAND
Northern Lights
(Capitol)



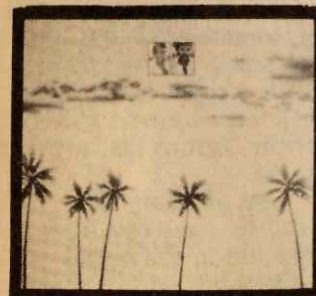
MAXOPHONE
Pausa
(Pausa)



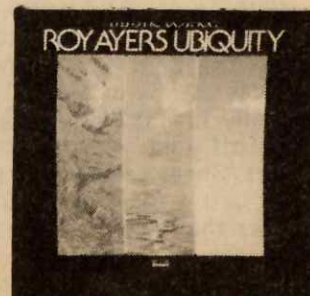
BE BOP DELUXE
Sunburst Finish
(Harvest)



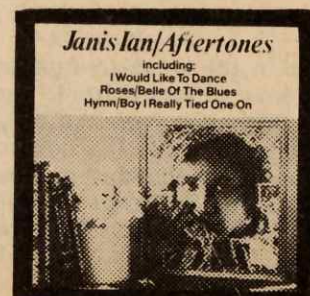
CAROLE KING
Ode
(Ode)



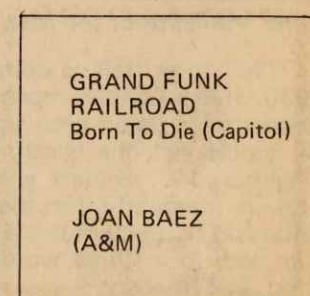
JOHN LEE & GERRY BROWN
Mango Sunrise (Blue Note)



ROY AYERS
Mystic Voyage
(Polydor)



JANIS IAN
Aftertones
(Columbia)



GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
Born To Die (Capitol)

JOAN BAEZ
(A&M)

Subterranean Selections Clark Street Munchies!

Clark Street has always been a bizarre sort of street. You know what I mean? I mean if you ignore the hookers ... and the way it twists and turns from north to south ... there are still a lot of strange amusements. The Paladium Bowl (check out the bar there sometime). The Rainbow Skating Arena (Wierdness on Ice). The St. Valentines Day Massacre ... how bout that? Remember the Kinetic Playground? Jeff Beck? Jimi Hendrix? Romilar freaks heaving their guts up. All on Clark Street. Jimmy Moore once told me that the lake used to be right off Clark Street, but I don't know if that's true or not. But what I do know is this: There are two great munchie places on Clark that I've got to turn you on to. Get your pencils ready fans! The Ideal Candy Company and Capt'n Nemo's.

The Ideal Candy Company 3311 N. Clark is owned and run by one of the friendliest guys on Clark Street ... namely Peter Vasilakos. Pete and his beautiful mother Amanda have been creating and dispensing the finest candy in Chicagoland from their little store for over 40 years. So, as you might guess, their experience has paid off. Besides, Pete's father was one of the all-time great Greek candy makers and Pete definitely falls in the same category. If that weren't enough ... Pete is a soda-jerk extraordinaire' ... and to watch his speed behind the counter is a trip in itself.



Peter Vasilakos of the Ideal Candy Company.

The store itself is done up in the art deco style of 1930. (Ideal Candies recently won an award from "the Reader" for its art-deco sign.) Although there are only six stools and one booth, business is booming due to neighborhood regulars and suburban commuters who pop in frequently for their favorite fudge or carmel. What is it that makes this place so all-fire good. It can be summed up in three words my friends: Quality, Tradition, and Honesty.

Quality is the candy. Nothing, I repeat nothing, is skimpped on. Fresh eggs, fresh whipping cream, pure milk chocolate, the finest walnuts and pecans ... And friends, just wait until you taste it. Peanut Brittle,

fudge, chocolate cremes, apple taffys, nut clusters, I get all warm inside just thinking about it.

Tradition means the "old fashioned way." Which is how Pete and Amanda do everything. From the beautiful ribboned gift boxes to the sixty-five year old copper kettles that the candy cooks in, everything is done with a touch of tradition. Dig this: They hand dip each and every piece of chocolate, You may not realize it, but hardly anybody does that any more. It's a lost art.

Honesty is reflected in the prices (Pete keeps them as low as possible) and the way you are treated. On a slow day Pete will be glad to show you the candy making room in the back. If you're really polite you can get him to teach you the mysterious candy-code: how to tell what's inside a chocolate before you bit into it.

No kidding, from Valentines day to Easter (when Pete makes 8 lb. chocolate bunnies), Ideal Candies is a delight. Any holiday, any occasion, stop in and meet a man who loves his work and knows the meaning of the word quality.

Now, if you held a contest for the nicest businessman on Clark Street there'd have to be at least one other guy contending .. he being Capt'n Nemo the sandwich king of Chicago. If you haven't heard of the hearty Capt'n yet, it's about time. Not only is Capt'n Nemo's an emporium wherein the finest submarine sandwiches can be found, but Capt'n Nemo's is also a philosophy that, "Nobody likes to be neglected no matter how little they spend."

Capt'n Nemo is none other than Lou Ragusi, a loveable hearty dude that rules the poop-deck at 7367 N. Clark. He and his sailing crew (including wife - Lidia, daughter - Sandra and sons - Steve and Mike) knock themselves out daily to produce the one and only 4 star sub sandwich in the city. I'm telling you it's not to be believed. First off, anyone that walks in is automatically entitled to a free mini-bowl of soup. The Capt'ns soups change daily and the french onion and old fashion bean are a must. Next, your eyes are treated to a feast of food to rival an Elizabethian banquet. You can choose any of the popular combo's available: the "High Flyer" (turkey, ham, and fixin's) or the Americane (cheese, baloney and turkey and fixin's) are my favorites. Or, you can design your own sub with the help of the Capt'ns skillful crew. My current choice always includes: ham, turkey, cheese, eggs, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, pickles, plus the Capt'ns own special sauce. It's so great! And prices usually around \$1.15 for a small (which you can hardly finish) and \$2.20 for a large (bring a friend). To top off your meal try one of the Capt'ns seaworthy desserts. Cheesecake is very popular.

Lou Ragusi is another one of those Clark Street folks that you have to meet. His grace and hospitality are not to be believed. Every kid in the neighborhood loves him and you will too. Like Lous says "I could fool you if I wanted to by using a lesser grade of baloney. But you can't fool a person the way you treat them. I love my customers. What I sell them is quality." Aye, aye, Capt'n.
Fred Rubin

Current Events

ART

Feb 7	<i>Contemporary Polish Posters</i> Museum of Contemporary Art 237 E. Ontario St. Chicago 60611	Feb 2	<i>Energy Patrol</i> J's Place Coffee House 1529 N. Wells Chicago 60614	Tuesdays	<i>Santez & Seance</i> J's Place 1529 N. Wells Chicago	Feb 18	<i>Katzelmacher</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
Feb 8	<i>Cartography in Switzerland</i> Museum of Contemporary Art	Feb 1	<i>Live Wire</i> Haymaker's Willow Pk. Plaza Milwaukee Ave. & Palatine Rd. Wheeling 541-0760	Wed.	<i>Essence</i> Poor Richards 9422 S. Prairie Chicago	Feb 20	<i>The Blue Angel</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
Feb 15	<i>3 Centuries of French Posters</i> Art Institute of Chicago Michigan at Adams Chicago	Feb 4	<i>Prism</i> Haymaker's Willow Pk. Plaza Wheeling	Fridays	<i>Dean Mulcaby</i> Fred Anderson J's Place 1529 N. Wells Chicago	Feb 21	<i>A Nous La Liberte</i> -22 Unitarian Church of Evanston

FILMS

Feb 29	<i>Peter Blume Retrospective 'Eternal City'</i> Museum of Contemporary Art	Feb 5	<i>Wooden Roses</i> The Single File 934 W. Webster Chicago 549-1176	Feb 1	<i>Playtime</i> Unitarian Church of Evanston 1330 Ridge 281-9075	Feb 25	<i>Film About A Woman Who</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
Feb 29	<i>Alternative Realities</i> Museum of Contemporary Art	Feb 5	<i>Essence</i> -7 Play It Again Sam's Rush West Inn Roosevelt Rd. West of 53	Feb 3	<i>Pool Sharks/The Strong Man</i> Museum of Contemporary Art 237 E. Ontario Chicago	Feb 27	<i>Morocco</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
Feb 29	<i>Abstract Expressionist Drawing</i> Museum of Contemporary Art	Feb 6	<i>Q.T. Husb</i> 7 <i>The Single File</i> 27 934 W. Webster 28 Chicago 549-1176	Feb 4	<i>The American Soldier</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall Michigan at Adams Chicago	Feb 1	<i>Merchant of Venice</i> -15 Wisdom Bridge Theatre 1559 W. Howard Chicago 743-6442

CLASSICAL

Feb 2	<i>NIWA Trio</i> Copeland, Brahms, Ravel Orchestra Hall 220 S. Michigan Chicago 427-7711	Feb 7	<i>Lucy Grey Band</i> Haymaker's Willow Pk. Plaza Wheeling 541-0760	Feb 19	<i>The Last Meeting of the</i> -Mar 21 <i>Knights of the White Magnolia</i> Goodman Theatre 200 S. Columbus Drive Chicago 443-3800
Feb 5	<i>Chicago Symphony Orch.</i> 6 Kraft, Lees, Beethoven 7 Orchestra Hall 427-7711	Feb 13	<i>Fred Anderson Sextet</i> 20 J's Place 27 1529 N. Wells Chicago	Feb 6	<i>Underworld</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall

Feb 19	<i>Chicago Symphony Orch.</i> 20 Haydn, Schoenberg, 21 Strauss Orchestra Hall	Feb 12	<i>Roscoe</i> 19 The Single File Chicago	Feb 7	<i>Carnival in Flanders</i> -8 Unitarian Church of Evanston 1330 Ridge	Fri, Sat	<i>The Benevolent Devil</i> Sun Victory Gardens Theatre 3730 N. Clark Chicago 549-5788
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Feb 28	<i>Civic Orchestra Benefit</i> Mendelssohn, brahms, Varese, Ravel Orchestra Hall	Feb 13	<i>Metaphor</i> 14 The Single File Chicago	Feb 10	<i>Two Jars/Tramp Tramp</i> Tramp Museum of Contemporary Art	All Feb	<i>Heloise</i> Old Town Players 1718 N. North Park Chicago 645-0145
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CLUBS

Feb 1	<i>Micbeael Urbaniak & Ursula Dudziak</i> Harry Hope's Cary Rd. between Rt. 41 & Rt. 31	Feb 18	<i>Dionne Warwick & Isaac Hayes</i> -22 Mill Run Theatre 600 Golf Mill Shopping Center Niles 298-2170	Feb 11	<i>Gods of The Plague</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
Feb 1	<i>Gibson & Camp</i> Chocolate Chip Productions 1636 N. Wells, apt. 1007 Chicago 787-1803	Feb 20	<i>Santez & Sance</i> -21 (Streetdancer) The Single File Chicago	Feb 13	<i>Thunderbolt</i> The Art Institute Fullerton Hall
				Feb 14	<i>Yo-Yo</i> -15 Unitarian Church of Evanston
				Feb 17	<i>Yukon Jake/Gold Rush</i> Museum of Contemporary Art

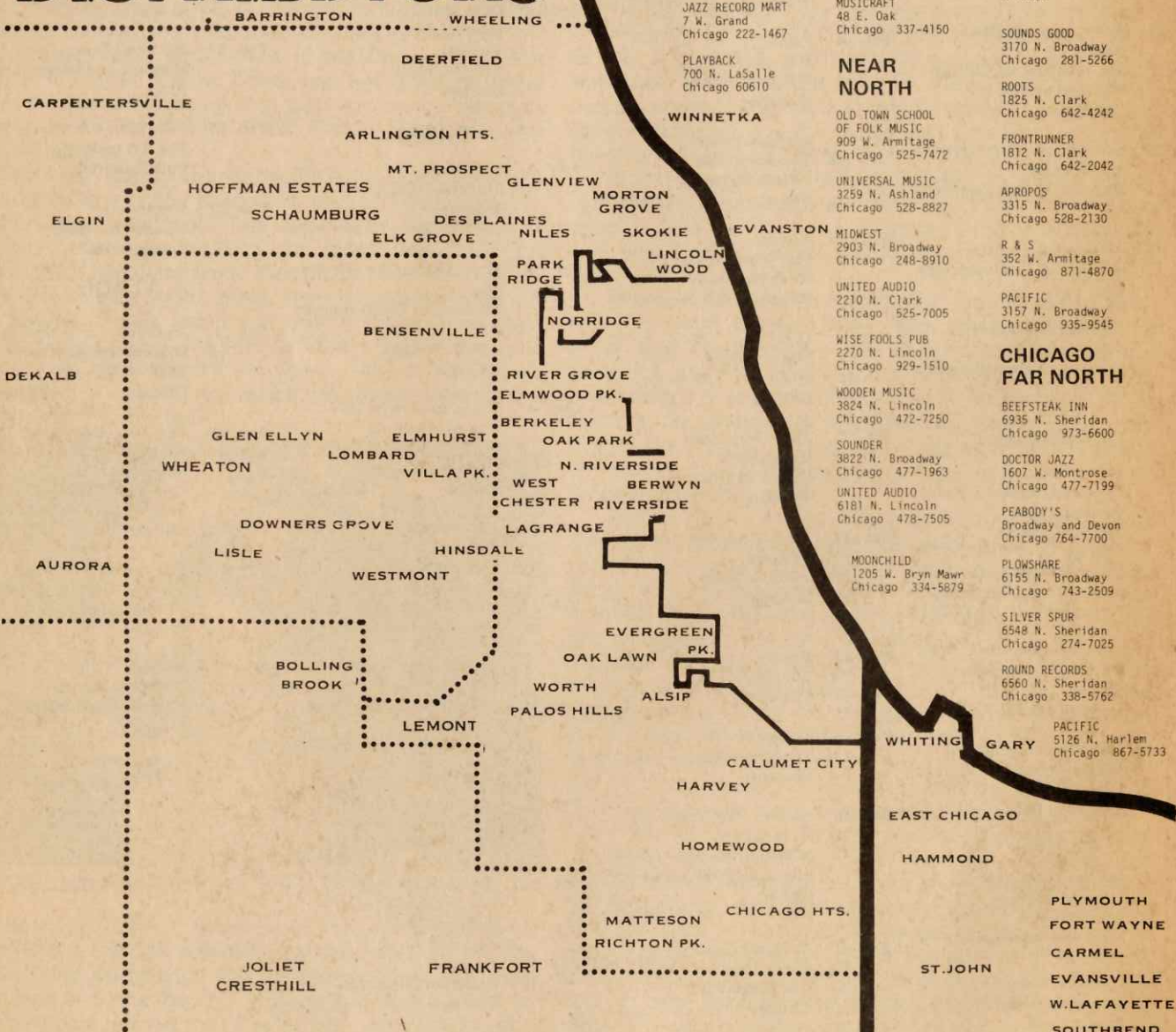
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All dates and performances given are the latest available before publication. Likewise, they are subject to change without notice. We suggest you confirm all performances with the places in question. Please do not call TRIAD for this information.

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Give your darlin' a Kiss for Valentine's Day!

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
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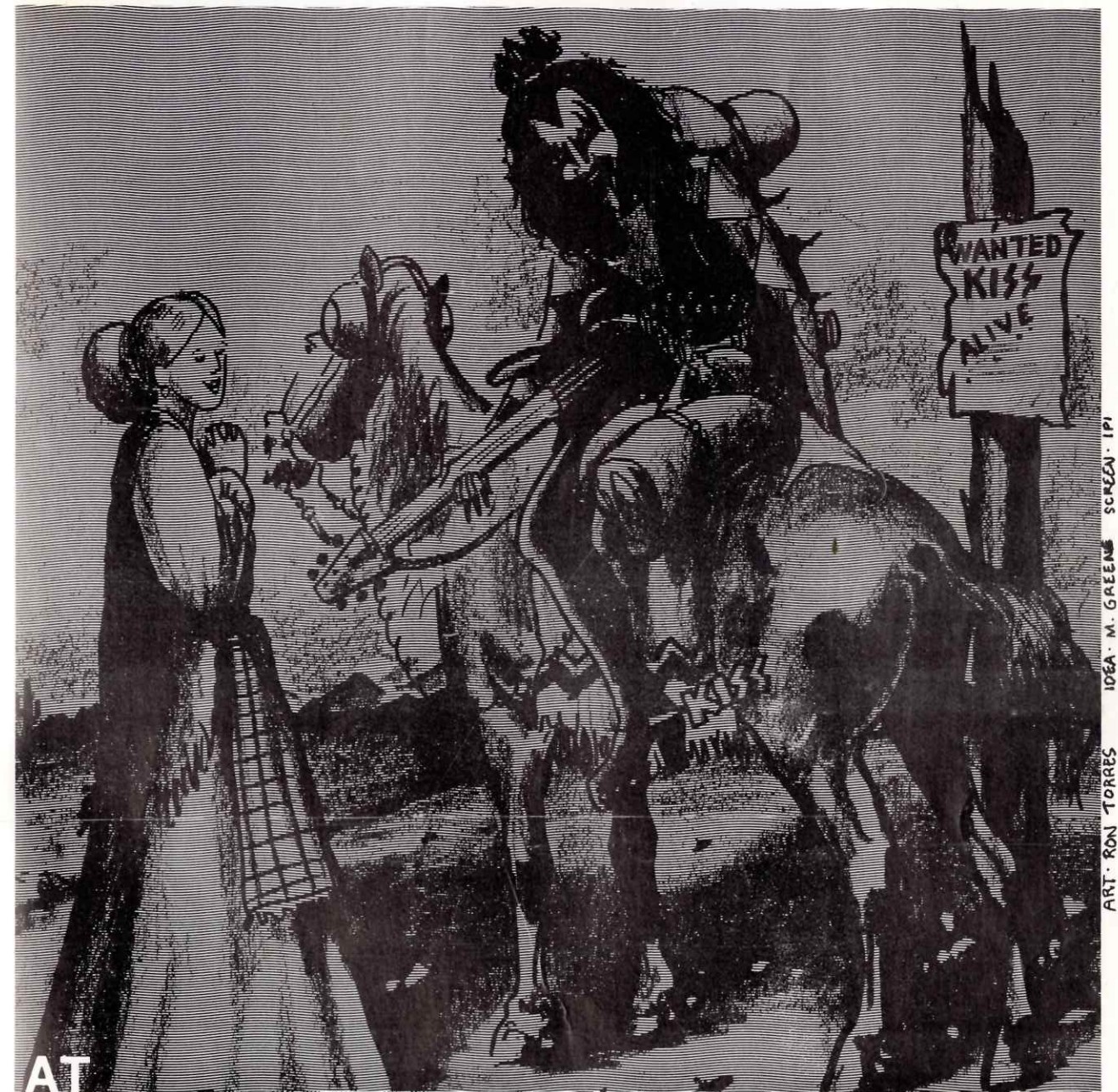
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KROOZIN' MUSIC
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fly by & pick'em up!



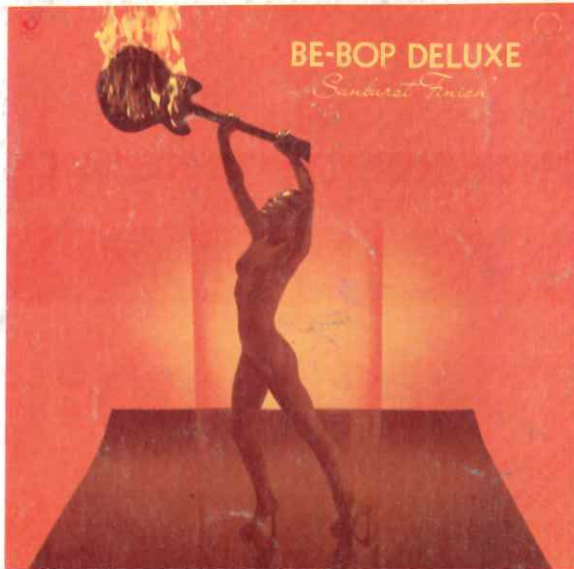
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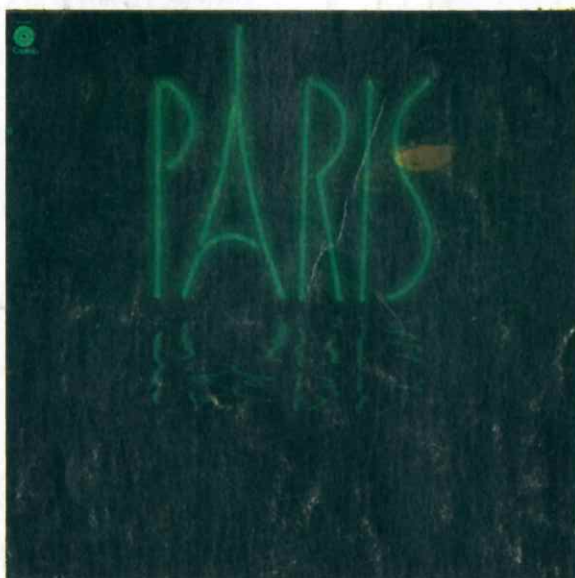


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