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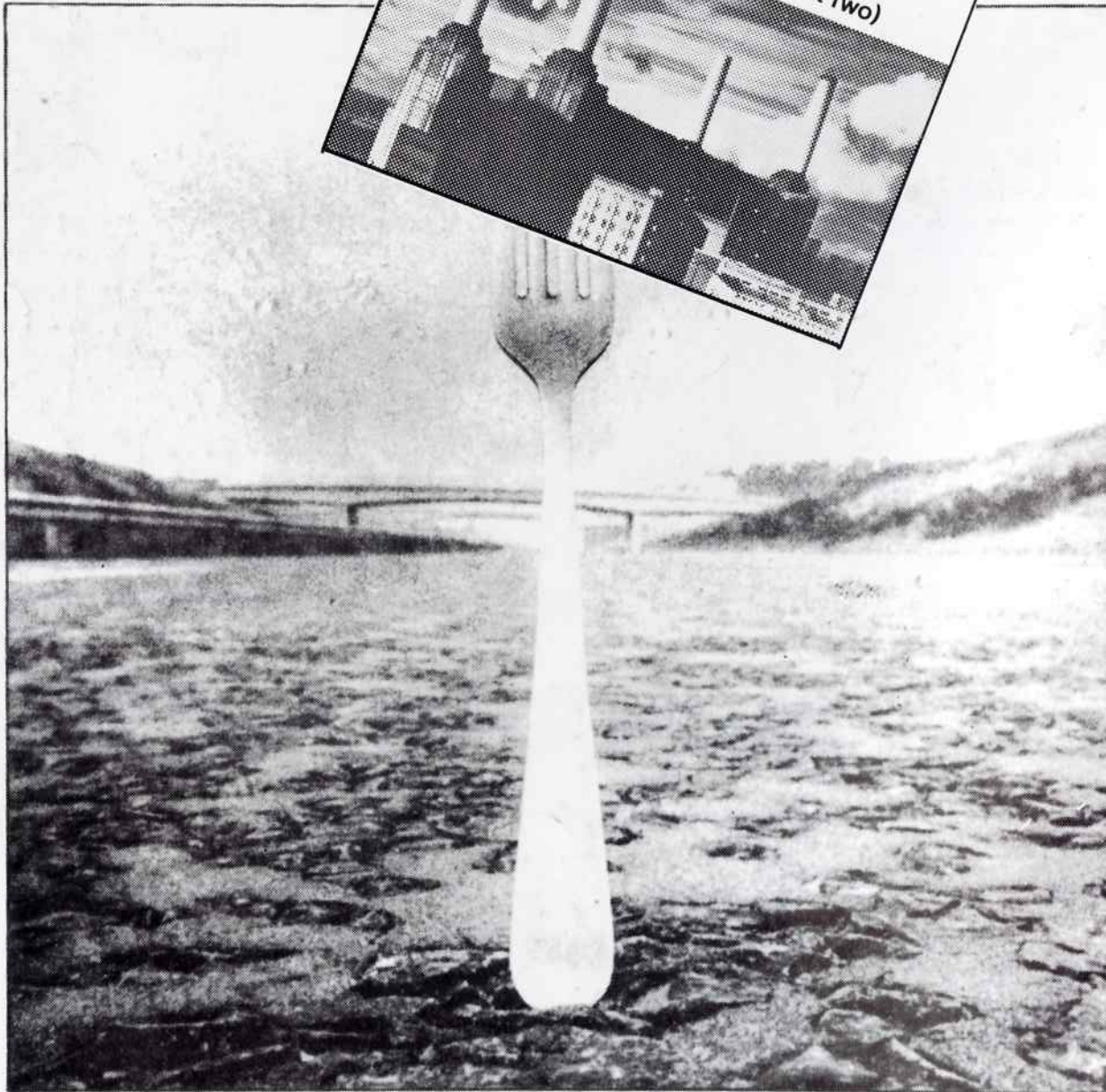
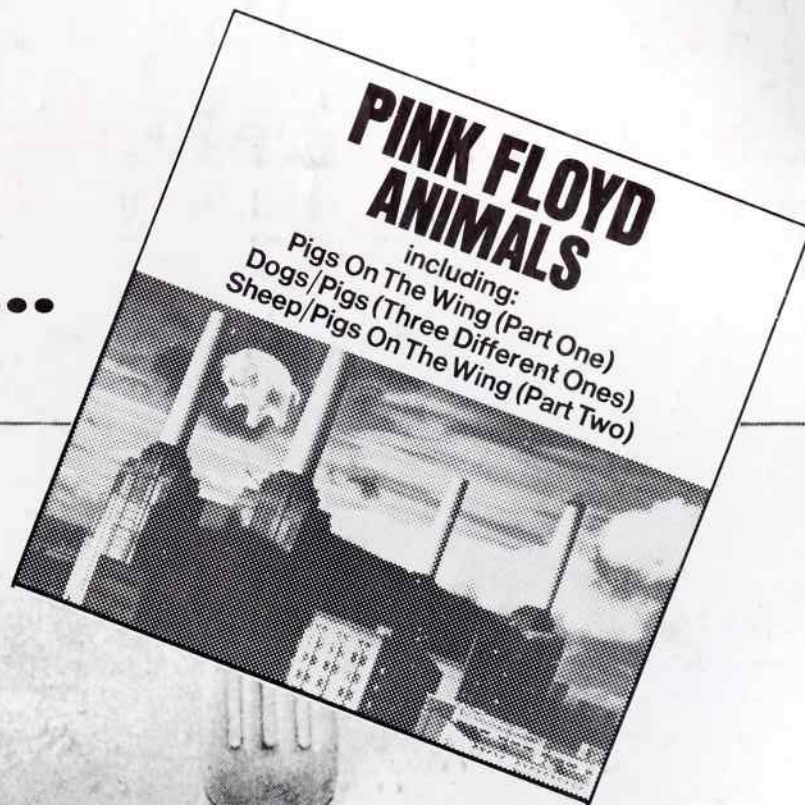


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Editor's Page



Any habitual rock concertgoers should recognize the pair of pretty boy mugs on this month's cover. They're Arnie Granat and Jerry Mickelson, Jam Productions' kingpins and two of the meanest mothers in town (if you had to serve Ted Nugent blood-raw meat on a platinum platter before he'd even *tune* his guitar, you'd be too).

Your editor has fond memories of his first meeting with the gents. I was having a toe-to-toe with a surly Aragon bouncer, trying to bull my way into a Blue Oyster Cult post-performance fete. Not in possession of the correct color pass, I was meeting stiff resistance. Unaware of my difficulties, Mr. M. wandered over to exchange some pleasantries. I started screaming, "Get out of my life, asshole! This maniac's gonna twist my neck into a Camaro tailpipe and you wanna hustle up a softball game. Forget it. See if I ever come to one of your lousy shows again!"

About five days later ye olde editor had conveniently forgotten this impassioned outburst. I was shooting the breeze with Bob Seger when Mr. M. tapped my shoulder. "Long time, no see," he laughed. "I thought you were in retirement—you know, never coming to the ballroom again." Seger gave us both a strange look. "You guys friends or enemies?" he ventured. I looked down at my feet, trying to figure a way to save face. I felt pretty dumb. "Hey, Jerry and I are old chums," I blustered. "Why I remember when we were both so poor that if the garbage truck stopped long enough in our alley we'd..." Ever since there's been no more screaming.

Being a rock concert promoter is a lot like working the sanitation detail. Long on garbage and short on glamour. The rock luminaries only learn your name

so they know who signs the checks and who to ask for another fifth of Jack Daniels; the fans bitch about astronomical ticket prices, crummy seats and boring equipment delays; the critics moan about what a dive the Aragon is and how they needed a metal detector to find what's left of their car after the concert...

Well, as Bruce Meyer reveals in his witty and incisive examination of Jam's trials and tribulations, there's more to rock show biz than that. Jerry and Arnie are pros and it shows. These days they even spell my name right on the backstage list. Now that's progress.

In the Mag: Our long-awaited ELO opus, filed from deep in the heart of Texas by TRIAD's resident Anglophile, Ms. Moira McCormack; A soulful look at Robert Palmer, England's blue-eyed crooner with the face that launched 1000 ships, and the debut of Beggars Banquet, TRIAD's guide to Chicago eateries aimed at those with full stomachs and empty wallets.

The Cover: Nothing like a little old time religion. This wee-hours session, as is often the case, was a collaboration between Jack Perno, phototrix extraordinaire, and Ms. Katina Holmgren, TRIAD's sad-eyed lady of the lowlands, who kept our cover-boys entertained with a stirring rendition of "I Got Love Like an Itching in My Heart (And I Can't Scratch It)." What your editor can't figure out is why Arnie has such trouble standing up. Maybe the legs are giving out (or is it the old ticker?....)

Next Month: Blood and Money from the Heart of the American Rock Dream plus a special report from Cary Baker on the Resurrection of Garage Rock or How to Enjoy Another 19th Teenage Breakdown.

Patrick Goldstein

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER TWO
FEBRUARY 1977

Publisher
Dan Bacin

Editor
Patrick Goldstein

Art Director
Katina Holmgren

Arts Editor
Charles W. Pratt

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

Production Manager
Laura Raidonis

Production Staff
Miles Okumura
Kristine Brunovskis
Rudy De Keersmaecker
Rennie S. Treadswell
Christine Harmon

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

Circulation
Dick Roche

Director of Sales
Dan Bacin

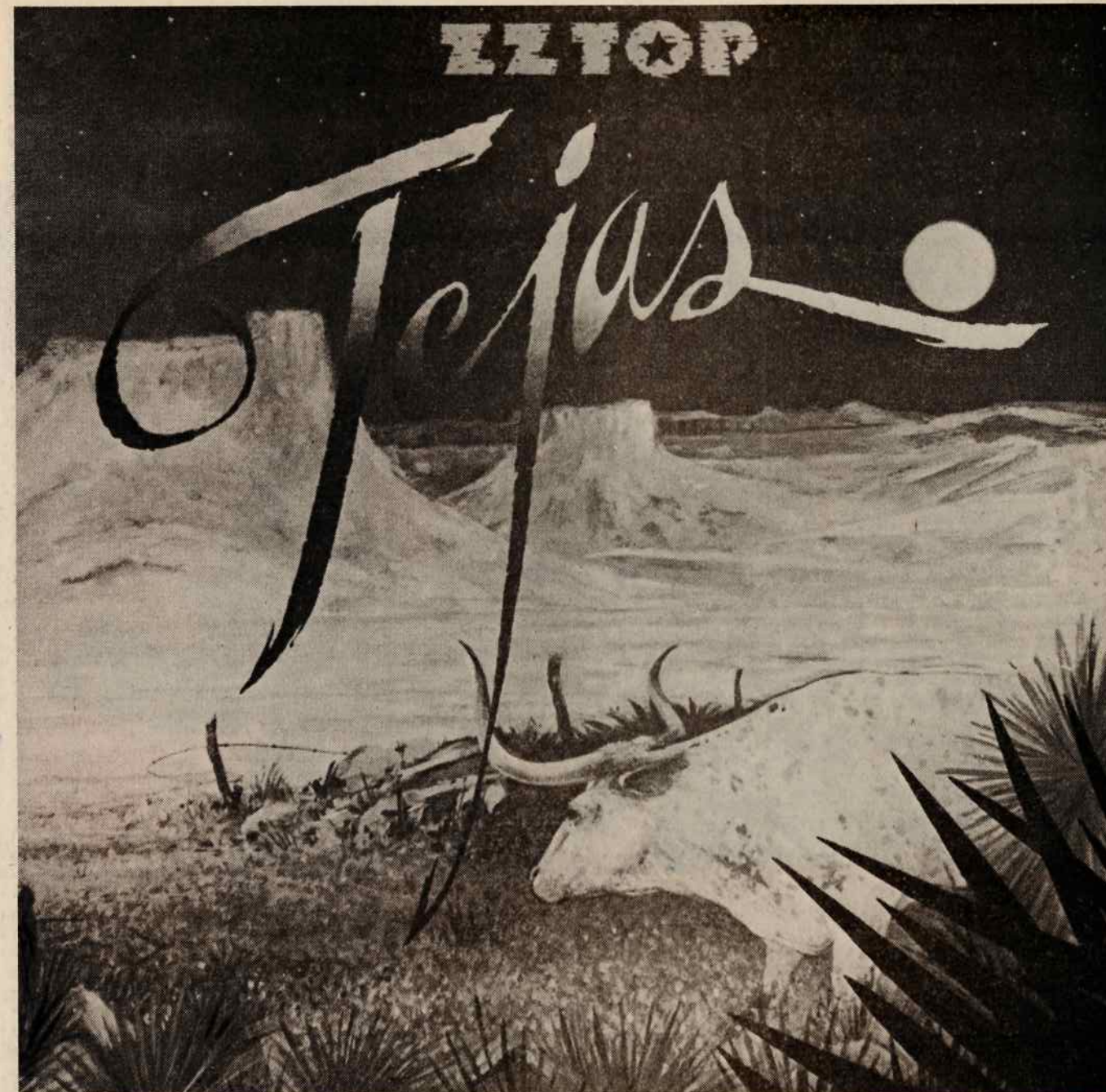
Sales Manager
Jason Perlman

Managing Director
Rob Gillis

Program Director
Saul Smaizys

TRIAD Magazine is published monthly by TRIAD Productions, 7428 N. Paulina, Chicago, Ill. 60626. Subscriptions: \$9.00 per year. Application to mail at controlled circulation rates is pending at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright © 1976 Triad Productions. All rights reserved.

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CONTENTS



PHOTO BY JACK PERNO

Editor's Page	2
Ransom Notes	24
Beggar's Banquet	28
Land of 1,000 Dances	30
Jazz, Once A Month	32
Hollywood Grapevine	37
Mind Games	38
Astrology	40
Stage, Page & Screen	52
Movies	53
Books	56
Concerts	62
Clubs	65
Records	70
Choice 33	76
Radio News	79
Feedback	85
Distributors	86

The Saga of Jam Productions	7
by Bruce Meyer	
ELO	14
When the Move is Over, Turn on the Light	
by Moira McCormack	
All Dressed Up With Some Place to Go	18
Robert Palmer brings back blue-eyed soul	
by Bill Crowley	
Jazz Talk	21
Piano to Piano, in the key of McCoy Tyner	
by Bruce Dold	
Off the Beaten Soundtracks	26
Music from the movies	
by Charles W. Pratt	
Speakeasy	46
An interview with Jack Wallace	
by Charles W. Pratt	
A Turning Point for Film	50
by Fred Alexson	

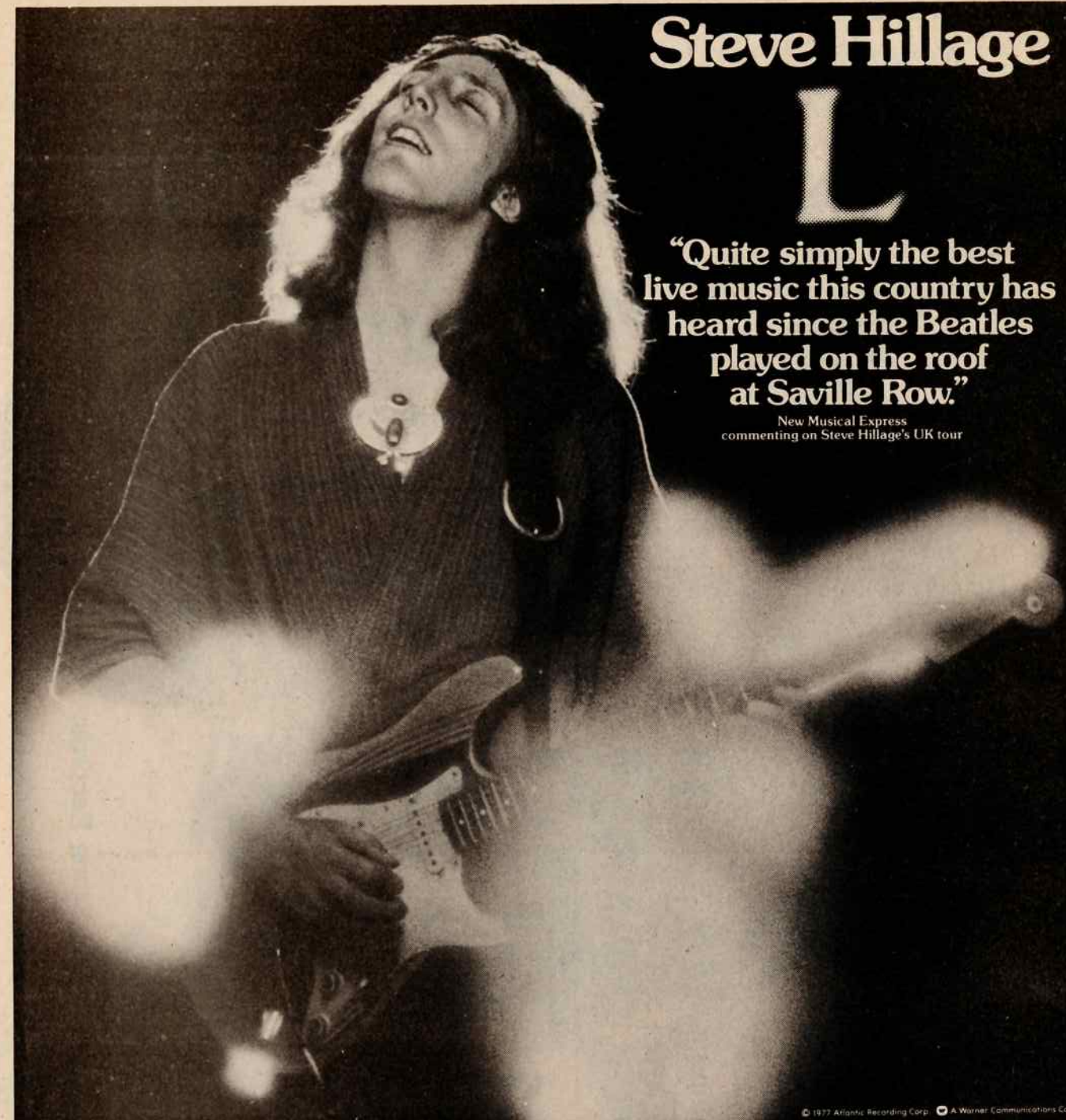
*Reggae Riffs, by Dr. Ganja, is on vacation this month. It will be resumed again next month.

Steve Hillage

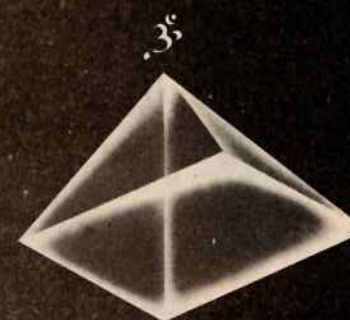
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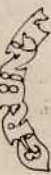


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PRAYING FOR A PACKED HOUSE : THE SAGA OF JAM PRODUCTIONS



BY BRUCE MEYER



PHOTOS BY ED MEREDITH

Arnie Granat slouches in his chair, glances at his partner. Nods, considering the question.

"Jerry is a rock'n'roller. He knows the music. If Jerry were 17, he'd be right at the Aragon. Me, I don't know. I like rock'n'roll, but it's very hard to sit down and watch a show, knowing what's going on around you backstage. And when I'm home I like to just cool it.

"So, as far as my personal taste in music goes, well, I like TV."

The city trash baskets are filled to overflowing and little heaps of beer cans and wine bottles, punctuated by the occasional half-pint whiskey and vodka bottle, are building tentatively alongside. The line stands four and five abreast, filling the sidewalk all the way from the front doors of the theatre, across the alley (pressed against the yellow barriers blocking the route to the stage door) and under the "L" tracks; the crowd straggles in little clumps after that, nearly to the corner, stamping feet impatiently like obsessed lemmings ready to begin the march to the sea.

Those in front have been waiting for hours and the doors were supposed to open six minutes ago. It's cold.

Then the front ranks surge forward. The doors are open and almost as one fan, the mob begins its ritual shuffling dance toward the grasping, suspicious fingers of the security guards. In a dozen places, cans and bottles are abruptly lifted to vertical and the contents drained. The defenseless trash can again comes under attack; a bottle shatters but no one turns to look.

Inside, the vanguard has already hustled through the vestibule, has been certified by the guards as free of bottles, cans, knives, guns, and other weapons, real or potential, and is charging down the long hall toward the stairs.

At the Aragon, the sprinter has first claim on the spoils.

Ninety seconds after the door is open, the front-and-center seats have been claimed and the mass of early arrivals is beginning to fill in behind them; pipes and papers and little glass vials and tightly rolled dollar bills and even the odd smuggled can of beer are sprouting through the crowd like weeds.

Within an hour, the main floor is filled; by the time the show begins, the balconies are overflowing. When the second act comes on, it is shoulder-to-shoulder, with hardly room for the fringe of sleepers to huddle in the popcorn and spilled soda along the walls; more than 5,000 persons are inside the Aragon ballroom, somehow. It's not the biggest crowd the place has ever held.

Jerry and Arnie run Jam Productions. No, that's wrong. Jerry and Arnie *are* Jam; it is what they have made it and they couldn't sell it without selling themselves. Right now, Jam is the most successful locally-based promotion company operating in Chicago; last December Jerry and Arnie booked more acts into the city than there were days in the month—into the Aragon, the Uptown, the Riviera, the Auditorium, the Amphitheater and a couple of clubs: the Ivanhoe and B.Ginnings.

"I'm being honest with you," says Arnie. "I'm not in love with this business, never have been. I've had a lot of pleasure and enjoyment out of it—don't get me wrong—but there used to be more fun because the business side of it was a whole different thing. But when you start getting thrown into lawsuits, companies breaking up, things like that, it gets to be the real world."

The real world invaded Jerry and Arnie's rock'n'roll Shangri-La with a vengeance last year. On one hand, it was the most successful they had ever had—scores of sell-out shows and steadily expanding horizons. On the other, their grand experiment—a collaboration with Bruce Kapp at Celebration Concerts that they named Windy City Productions—collapsed of its own weight after a few months of promise.

"There was a lot of money wasted," says Jerry ruefully. "When you have an overhead of \$20- to \$25,000 a month, that's a waste. And when you have a person in the office with the philosophy that you have as many people working for you as possible so you don't have to do any work, that's waste."

"With Windy City, if we wanted to have our shoes cleaned, we would hire somebody to clean our shoes. If you wanted someone to pick your nose, they would hire somebody to pick your nose all day. There were people working for Windy City and I didn't even know what the hell they were doing. They would come in and make a couple of calls—work an hour and they'd be tired, or they'd fly out to L.A. and charge it to the company. We still don't know what was made or lost with the thing."

A concert promoter is a middleman. He works with talent agencies (the people who organize tours), arranges to rent halls, sells tickets to the show, provides stage help and security; it is a job of unending concern with details.

"We're not just promoters," says Jerry, sprawled behind the clutter on his desk in the Jam office, right next door to the WLS studios on Michigan Avenue. "We're promoters, producers, advertisers, caterers, slaves. It's ironic. Technically we are the employers, but in reality we are the employees of the band."

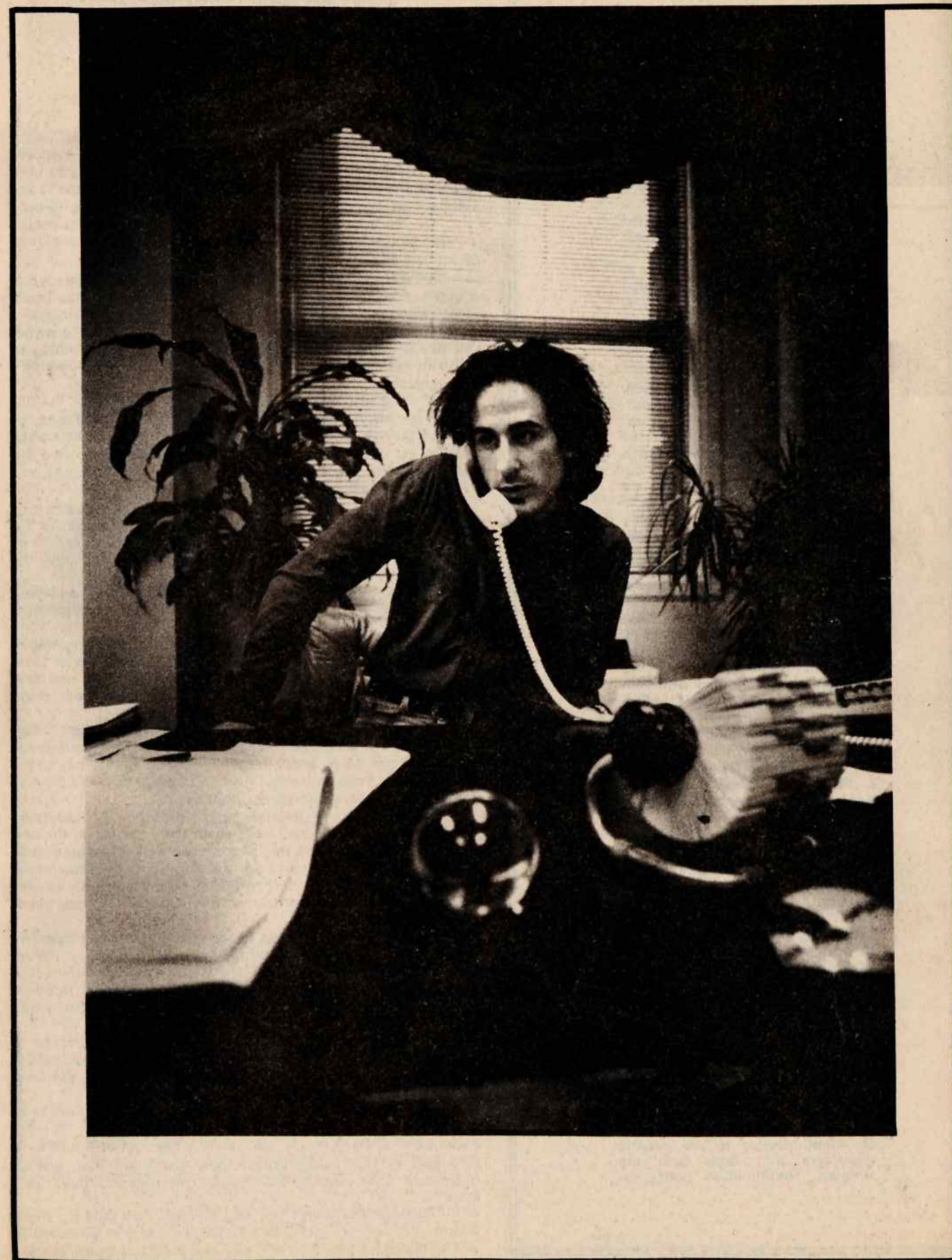


PHOTO BY ED MEREDITH

To say that Arnie Granat and Jerry Mickelson are Chicago's top promoters, to say that in 1976, they brought at least twice as many shows to the area as all the other promoters combined, is not to say they are without competition. It's there—and it's tough. Rock promotion is not a game for the faint of heart.

New York high-roller Jerry Weintraub, a man with more moxie and fewer scruples than the fabled Bill Graham, maintains a pivotal presence in Chicago through his ironclad contract for concerts at the 20,000-seat Stadium. Though Weintraub occasionally permits other big promotion combines—notably Concerts West—to use the Stadium (they do the work, he gets a healthy cut of the profits), local promoters, including Jam, have found themselves locked out.

It's a frustrating position; having nursed new acts along from the half-hour opening-set days through rewarding middle-level success, local promoters see their newly weaned superstars forced to turn to Weintraub for use of the city's only really big hall. Say what you will about Jerry Weintraub—he's no dummy and his profits from a dozen Stadium concerts a year prove it.

Closer to home, Jam faces increasing competition from an alliance that includes a former partner, Bruce Kapp (whose Celebration Concerts was joined with Jam as the now-defunct Windy City Productions), and brothers Carl and Larry Rosenbaum of the Flip Side record store chain.

When Windy City collapsed in a flurry of lawsuits last year, Kapp and the Rosenbaums quickly discovered that their talents and resources (notably an exclusive Flip Side contract for use of the 11,500-seat Amphitheater) were neatly compatible; Celebration-Flip Side was born.

"We were approached by Bruce and his partners to see if we wanted to work with them in this market," says Carl Rosenbaum. "We hit it off and formed a co-production deal, with the two separate companies working as one."

Central to the apparently comfortable alliance is the oft-maligned Amphitheater, which has occasionally been called the worst concert hall in America. Site of the infamous 1968 Democratic National Convention, the International Amphitheater is an acoustic nightmare that turns even the simplest, rhythm-laden boogie to

"You take them when they are little, and hope they make it big. You bank on the future."

"They can tell you in their contract that they want an applesauce sandwich on white bread with ketchup and you have to get it for them. Or they say to you, 'I want my name to be 100-per-cent billing in the ads and the next guy has to be 75-per-cent.' Or you have to use *this* cut in your radio spot, you have to use *this* picture. There are too many petty demands—I couldn't name them all."

In 1977, rock'n'roll is a seller's market. After a dozen years or more of being ripped off by the business interests, the bands finally wised up—managers and promoters needed them badly enough to pay almost anything, to agree to the silliest demand. And like a bored kid in a roomfull of crockery and nothing to play with but a hammer, the bands wield this hard-won power indiscriminately.

"I originally thought that providing food was a bullshit thing," says Jerry. "But when you think about it, a band is on the road and they get done in one town and they load up their truck and they get out of there at 2 or 3 in the morning and it's an eight-hour ride and they get to the hall at noon—I can understand having food for them."

"But when it gets down to getting French bottled water for the Grateful Dead's road crew or Jack Daniels for someone else's, or having a limousine sent over to a group's hotel so they can go out and do some shopping—a lot of this stuff the band should be paying for, but we end up paying for everything."

It's an odd profession, promotion. Almost as odd as playing in a rock'n'roll band. But it's better than selling encyclopedias—or, in Arnie Granat's case, Great Books—for a living.

Early in 1972, Jerry was attending Ohio State, majoring in business. Arnie, formerly a producer at WGN-TV, was at loose ends, selling Great Books door to door. They had never met each other, but their fathers were friends, frequent opponents at gin rummy.

"I got tired of waiting in line for concert tickets," says Jerry. "I used to go all the time and I figured, 'Hey, I wait in line all day and get shitty seats—there has to be a better way to get good ones.' And the only way I thought to do it was to be the promoter. Now, I never get to see the show at all."

At that point, Fate intervened in the form of a telephone call from Dad, who figured Jerry could use a partner in the new venture. Arnie was put on the line, the two were introduced and—since he had nothing better to do—Arnie agreed to try being a concert promoter. It had to be better than selling Great Books. The only problem was that neither one of them knew a thing about being a promoter.

"For six or eight months we were on top of every agent we could get to, trying to get into the business," says Jerry. "When agents get a call from a new guy, they don't care. They don't even answer the call most of the time and then all they'll throw at someone new is garbage. That's why the fatality rate of new promoters is pretty high."

But Jerry and Arnie have one thing essential to success in rock promotion: luck. Their first show—an 11,000-seat sell-out with Savoy Brown and Fleetwood Mac in Minneapolis—got them off to an encouragingly lucrative start.

"We happened to find one guy who probably thought he was selling us a stiff show," says Jerry with a smile. "We got screwed out of Deep Purple, which was a huge act at the time, so they gave us that Savoy Brown show—Savoy was hot, just off *Hell-bound Train*—and it sold out. And we thought, 'Boy, this is easy.'"

The euphoria didn't last long. Though they got help from a variety of sources, including veteran promoters in Minneapolis and Columbus, Ohio, their string of real successes ended at one.

"I got tired of waiting in line for concert tickets. . . The only way I thought to do it was to be the promoter. Now, I never get to see the show at all."

Their second show was scheduled for Columbus, with Deep Purple, Buddy Miles and Nazareth.

"Deep Purple ended up canceling the day before the show," says Jerry "and everything we made on the first show was almost lost on the second. So that brought us back to reality real quick."

So it was back to Chicago. This time, Jam got started the more traditional way: from the bottom. And the name of the bottom, in this case, was a hippie-coffeehouse called Alice's, a tiny room with cramped floor seating and nothing stronger to drink than apple cider. Jam and Alice's introduced Chicago to War, Harvey Mandel, Pure Food & Drug Act, Osibisa, and even Steppenwolf's John Kay. Hardly a big-time money maker, Alice's gave Jerry and Arnie some badly needed experience at dealing with musicians, agencies and crowds.

"It's hard breaking into a city when you're competing against heavyweight promoters like Howard Stein and Frank (Triangle Productions) Freed," says Jerry. "At that time, they were getting all the major talent."

"So we had to take the talent we thought had a future, and build it up. That's why we started Alice's. We built up War and they sold out Alice's, so we had them back to do the Auditorium and they sold out there. And after that, they fucked us. But that's how it happens."

"That's how we started with Blue Oyster Cult and Kiss and Aerosmith, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Marshall Tucker and the Eagles and Sly—we started out on the ground level with these people and they turned into headliners. You take them when they are little and hope they make it big. You bank on the future."

For the first two years, Jam provided virtually no living expenses for Jerry and Arnie, so they found money-making work in related areas. Arnie sold ads for WXRT for a while, almost bought into the station, now wishes he had. During the same period, they ran security operations for Jan Winn at the Aragon, experience that was to prove useful.

"Jan was promoting there and we were Jam and there was some confusion about the names—our name was not that well-known, but we were promoting shows out of town and Jerry and I ran the security force for Jan," says Arnie.

"I remember talking to Jan about it and convincing him to use the Aragon before we even saw the hall," says Jerry. "He didn't know anything, either—he was one of those guys that had one person do his advertising, another that did the security, a guy that did the stage. He did nothing."

It was a comfortable position for a couple of newcomers. They could let another beginner make mistakes and learn what not to do, without risking their own scanty funds.

You learn the market," says Jerry. Take Curtis Mayfield. He was hotter than a pistol right then, and he died at the Aragon. So we learned that you can't do a black act up there. We learned through Jan's mistakes what to put there—and what not to."

Jam's first show at the Aragon was June 4, 1973, with Lee Michaels and the then-new Electric Light Orchestra. It flopped, badly. ELO's equipment truck didn't make it, but Jerry and Arnie were glad—that way they didn't have to pay the band and add to their losses. But the Aragon rapidly became Chicago's very own rock'n'roll heaven and it remains a mainstay of Jam's operations four years later. The kids flock to the place despite the obvious discomfort, the lack of reserved seats, the security hassles at the door, the marginal acoustics.

"I have a theory on the Aragon," says Arnie. "Anybody over the age of 22 or 23 isn't going to go to the Aragon unless it's a group they really want to see. It's the 16-, 17-, 18- and 19-year-olds that go there. They get together for the action,

mush. It is, however, a most convenient size, readily yielding profitable sell-outs to many bands that could not hope to fill the Stadium.

For the Rosenbaums, the Amphitheater contract was a strategic move that is now paying off. It started after their long-standing booking arrangement with New York promoter Howard Stein followed Stein himself down the tube; for a while Carl and Larry virtually disappeared from the Chicago concert scene.

"When we saw ourselves being phased out of the concert business by Windy City," says Carl, "we decided it was time to do something. We saw the Amphitheater wasn't really getting the business it should—too much of it was going to the Aragon, because Windy City had an exclusive there and they wanted to fulfill their contract."

As for the familiar criticism of the Amphitheater as a music hall, Carl has his defense well-prepared.

"I gotta tell you, the Amphitheater—well, you see other rock halls, you see the Aragon, and then you hear people say, 'the Amphitheater sucks.' But you know, the Amphitheater's got its value. There are certain kinds of bands that belong there—certain bands don't even sound bad there, anymore. We've been cleaning the hall up, and as far as neighborhoods go, it's about as safe as you can get."

The city's only other major promotion outfit is Triangle Productions, the creation, many years ago, of Frank Freed, universally acknowledged as one of the best veteran promoters in the country. But Triangle's fortunes seem to be on the wane.

More than a year ago, Freed sold his company—and his own services—to the Madison Square Garden Corp. of New York. Garden officials promptly gave him an executive job and moved him off to the Big Apple, leaving Triangle locally in the hands of Fred Fine. Fine, in turn, accelerated Triangle's steady slippage toward softer, more "adult-oriented" music. Except for last year's moderately successful "Summer of Stars" at a south-suburbs race track, Triangle has done little to warrant inclusion in a list of rock promoters.

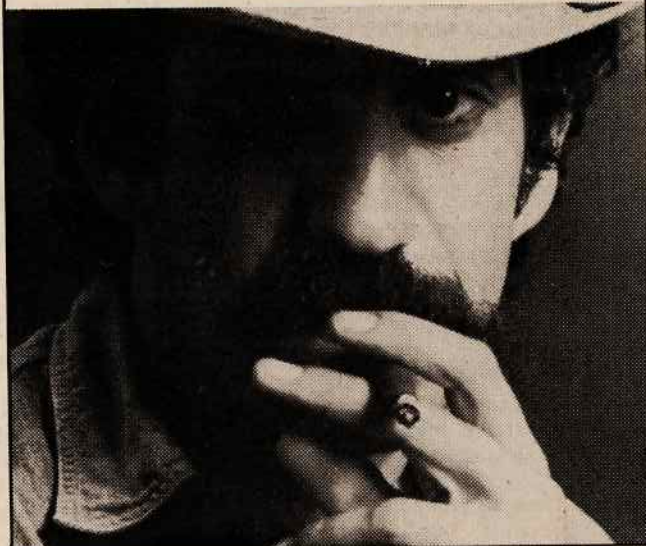
And that's pretty much the way things stand now. What it's like next month is anybody's guess.

"They can tell you in their contract that they want an applesauce sandwich on white bread with ketchup, and you have to get it for them. . .there are so many petty demands - I couldn't name them all."

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"And," adds Jerry, "to be able to sit down and not have an Andy Frain usher poking a flashlight in your eye. We've proven many times that a rock'n'roll act will always do better at the Aragon than at any other facility in Chicago. It's a scene."

"And it's been cleaned up a lot," Arnie hastens, rather defensively, to add. "It's not like it was—there's a new stage, it's much better visually and we're always trying to improve it. It's much cleaner there—people may say it's still a pit, but we don't hear that as much. It's not like it was."

If the Aragon remains Jam's hub of operations, last year saw considerable expansion. Jerry and Arnie brought rock'n'roll to the huge Uptown Theatre, just a block away from the Aragon, and to the Riviera, a more intimate facility also nearby. Both experiments worked well.

"The Riviera is basically there to break new talent," says Arnie.

"The reason we picked that area," says Jerry, "is that you don't often find a situation where there are three theatres like that close together. And the good thing about that area is that it's easy to get to—you've got Lake Shore Drive, the train, the buses, and you have parking that people can get at."

"It's not such a bad area, either," adds Arnie. "People talk about it, but I don't think it's as bad as some of the Uptown area and though some people feel it's unsafe, it's all old stories."

Besides Chicago, Jam promotes concerts in at least a dozen other Midwestern cities, from Minnesota to Ohio, Michigan to Iowa. It provides a lot of room for expansion. But Jerry and Arnie are most concerned with the constraints that have been placed on their growth potential at home. Because of what is now an infamous deal between New York heavyweight promoter Jerry Weintraub and the owner of the Chicago Stadium, Jam and other local promoters have been locked out of the city's only decent big venue, which means that after nursing an act through the money-losing early years and having it for a concert or two in the middle-size halls, Jam loses out when it's big-bucks time in a sell-out Stadium gig. Last summer, there were rumors that Jerry and Arnie had finally worked out a deal with Weintraub, giving him a cut of their profits in exchange for use of the 20,000-seat hall. It didn't happen.

"They're just not interested," says Jerry. "They feel they'll get the talent anyway and they don't want to bother cutting somebody else in. I don't know if there is anything to do about it. From what I understand, the Stadium people don't care whether there are 10 shows or 100—they don't need the money from the extra shows we could bring in. So it's a problem we have to contend with and just hope one day either we'll be able to get into the Stadium—or that they build another big place."



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ELO: When the Move is over, turn on the Light

BY MOIRA McCORMACK

"I'm going to tell lies this time," says Bev Bevan slyly, reclining in his publicist's room at the Playboy Towers. It is an unusually-mild November Sunday, the Bears are beating the Packers (momentarily), the room service coffee has just arrived, and Bev is prepared, as he says, to tell lies for an hour or so. He is in town to promote *A New World Record*, the latest release of the Electric Light Orchestra of which he is the drummer (see review this issue), and Chicago is but one stop on the three-week promotional tour.

"We stayed in Boston," Bev relates, fixing his coffee; "I don't know if you're familiar with Boston—lovely town

—we stayed at the Copley Plaza, very classy hotel. But it's just insane, the prices are just... Ordered two teas—that's all, just two teas up in the room—and it was seven dollars! They came with a glass of water," he concedes, "a flower in a vase, and big silver jugs, but seven dollars!"

United Artists probably didn't mind the expense actually, considering Bevan's one-man publicity campaign could only help ELO's sales. "I volunteered to come over here," says Bev of his trip. "Up until we come back in the middle of January, which is when we start touring again, it would have been a long time without any sort of

personal touch. It's nice just to come over and talk, let everybody over here realize how important we think they are, because America's of total importance to us."

ELO have indeed centered all their efforts upon conquering the colonies. Eighteen months of the past three years have been spent by the band in six full-scale tours of the U.S. "It's obvious that we've concentrated on America," Bevan told me this summer prior to a major London gig. "Actually gone round and played every town, every major city. I suppose if we had done the same thing in England, perhaps it would have been reversed."

Up until this summer, at any rate, the very English ELO were the proverbial prophets without honor in their own country, with the exception of their home town, northern industrial Birmingham (notable for having given the world Traffic, the Moody Blues and Jasper Carrott.) The chart success of "Evil Woman" and reports of tremendous response in the States, however, prompted a sellout midsummer British tour. "Still," says Bevan, "Everything is aimed at America, everything comes from America. We even rehearse in America."

It hasn't been wasted effort; ELO have been steadily gaining popularity, record sales, and concert attendance ever since their first U.S. hit in '73, "Roll Over Beethoven", with its infamous use of the maestro's Fifth Symphony. "These were in the days when I had a record shop," Bev recalls with a grin, referring to "Beethoven's" recording session. "We phoned from London to Birmingham back to the girl at the record shop and said, 'Put 'Roll Over Beethoven' on the sound system in the shop—loud—and we'll listen to it and get the words.' That's why the words are all wrong; you couldn't hear them properly."

It took two more albums to legitimize ELO to the record buyers, and critics as well; and when *Eldorado* hit there was no stopping them. Last year's *Face the Music* was the realization of the potential shown by *Eldorado* and happily, *A New World Record* goes even further. "Probably the last two albums, to my mind," Bev ventures, "is how the band should sound. Up until that stage, maybe we weren't quite sure what we were doing. I think *Face the Music* and this one—that's how I always thought to visualize ELO from the beginning."

The beginning was approximately 1972, with a hit-churning, obliquely-humored rock band called the Move, among whose members were a certain Bev Bevan, multi-instrumentalist Roy Wood, and recent addition Jeff Lynne, a blossoming songwriting talent from Birmingham's Idle Race. Lynne had signed on with the Move about six months before the band's more or less planned demise, for the express purpose of joining forces with Wood, Bevan and company on a musical project known as the Electric Light Orchestra.

The idea, according to Wood, was to have a sort of touring chamber-rock ensemble, complete with strings, woodwinds and horns; this initial lineup was eventually pared down to the present one violin, two cellos and rock band. Wood had long since broken ranks at this point, due to divergent musical interests, but not before ELO's hodgepodge debut album *No Answer* had

come out. "As soon as Roy left, it worked out well, you know," Bevan had informed me during last year's *Face the Music* tour. "He sort of cluttered things up a bit, because he was always playing different instruments; his songwriting didn't suit ELO."

A variety of string players and bassists came and went in the ensuing years, until the current lineup settled into place: the ELO nucleus of Bevan, guitarist/vocalist/composer/producer Lynne, and keyboardist/arranger Richard Tandy; along with longstanding violinist Mik Kaminski and cellist Hugh McDowell; and newest members Melvyn Gale on cello and bassist/vocalist Kelly Groucutt. "We've managed to keep the same group of guys together for two years now," Bev points out proudly, "and I think everybody's personalities are beginning to show through. Everybody's totally different, really, but it's amazing how it all jells together."

"The whole thing has taken over us, almost," he muses, keeping an eye on the Bears game (he confesses to a longtime dream of playing American pro football). "It was just an idea, originally; nobody ever dreamt that it would get to this stage, that we'd be playing 20,000 seat stadiums, and albums going gold on release, and stuff like that. That was beyond our wildest dreams."

A New World Record is the album that went gold upon release, the mention of which prompts Bev to get down to business. "It's one of those play-on-words type things," says Bevan of the



LP title itself, "which we're getting fond of since *Face the Music*."

"It's just like making a cake—every track, layer by layer. It's all very professionally done: in the studio we record very quickly, very economically. We don't mess about; that's one of the reasons we record in Munich. We don't get bothered there, we don't get people dropping in to see us."

"We'll take the very, very occasional night off, and go and get lushly oiled at the local beer garden. Munich beer gardens are fantastic," Bevan smiles reminiscently. "There's beautiful beer in these, like, buckets. And it's all open air, you know, the trees and the sunlight and the local music playing... it's a really nice atmosphere. Everybody gets roaring drunk."

Aside from the enviable raptures of plastered German evenings, Bev enjoys recalling a few of the seemingly inescapable misadventures that tend to liven up recording sessions; for example, effecting the ringing phone on album cut "Telephone Line." "That was recorded in Germany (as we always do there); we phoned a number in America—someone that we knew wouldn't be in—and then just recorded the sound from the phone. Then we didn't use that sound, we copied it: it was all done on synthesizers, and Richard Tandy spent a couple of hours getting it right. That again, is the way it was American. We used an American phone; never thought of using an English one."

The inclusion on the album of the Move's best-known song (to American audiences), "Do Ya," is both a joy and possibly a disappointment to hardcore Move-maniacs; the ELO version is quite metamorphosed from the unpolished original. "It's the only song from the Move days that's survived in our repertoire," Bev comments. "Now that we've recorded it as ELO, it'll probably become an ELO song. I like both versions, I really do."

One noticeable missing element in ELO's stylized "Do Ya" is Lynne's unexplainable shout of "Look out, baby, there's a plane a-comin'!" as is heard at the end of the Move's version. Instead, there is the sound of a jet coming overhead and disappearing in the distance; "that's the plane that was a-comin'—it's gone," Bev snickers.

The band had rather expected "Do Ya" to be the first single from *A New World Record*, but the more obviously commercial "Livin' Thing" was chosen instead. "I think 'Livin' Thing' is like a DJ's delight," Bevan comments, contented with the choice, "'cause you've got that violin part at the beginning which you can talk over. It is a very catchy sort of chorus—great AM listening."

Despite accusations of "selling out"

from the more effete of ELO's listeners, the band does not feel that Top 10 singles indicate a downslide into the gaucherie of commerciality. "Singles, for us, are just to get new fans and new listeners," Bev explains. "We don't expect our regular fans to go out and buy a single anyway. We'd rather they go out and buy the album, which they do—our albums outsell our singles."

"We hate to be called pretentious," Bevan adds, touching on another common criticism of ELO, "like a Moody Blues sort of tag." On the contrary, there is a humorous, self-deflating element in the more pompous-sounding ELO songs that goes over the heads of the band's critics all too often.

"On every album," Bev notes, "like on this one, 'Rockaria!' is sort of tongue-in-cheek. On the last one, it was the country song, 'Down Home Town'. We really got loaded for that track—we purposely all got drunk before we laid down the original backing track. So we don't take ourselves seriously all the time—it's good to relax and do fun things. 'Cause we do on stage all the time—you know that."

For drummer Bevan, a real trouper in the classic sense of the word, the stage is everything. "Once you hear that crowd noise, there's nothing like

it; it's the best feeling in the world," he says with relish. "It's something me and Jeff disagree on, really; Jeff just loves being in the studio, and I just love being on the road. We work it out, obviously; we do both."

"He's got so much going on in his head all the time," continues Bev, on the subject of reticent musical genius Lynne, "that he worries he should be at home composing. He can't write on the road at all—he's never been known, in my knowledge, to take a guitar into his hotel room. I think if Jeff were to write a road song, it would be the most depressing thing..."

"Jeff's the front man in the studio, obviously. But on stage, he just steps right back. He doesn't even like announcing particularly. He really likes to be in the background, almost."

"He doesn't do interviews anymore at all, actually," Bevan adds significantly—small wonder he is ELO's official spokesman. "People probably get the wrong impression, but Jeff does not enjoy interviews, so there's no point in him doing them. He hates dumb questions; he doesn't suffer fools gladly. If someone asks him a really dumb question, he's liable to explode or just walk out the room, which in the end causes bad publicity. Nobody needs

that."

What ELO does need, Bev believes, is to have the individual band members be recognized, for each one is essential and indispensable. "I think people probably want to know a bit more about everybody else in the band. I'd like to get everybody in the band known more, instead of them being faceless people up on stage," Bevan proffers.

Any ideas on how that could be accomplished?

"Not really, no," he chuckles, a bit sheepishly. "Like this, I s'pose, just talking..."

Chicago, meet ELO.

"He's the most dedicated musician in the group, really," says Bevan of keyboardist/arranger Tandy. "He's very quiet, and he's the one guy that practices religiously every day—his real-life ambition is to be a classical pianist. He's a very good guitarist as well, you know. There's a beautiful guitar solo on 'Shangri-la' (from the new album)—that's Richard."

Cellist McDowell, says Bev, is "the youngest and the craziest. Hughie's the one that seems to get involved in more trouble than anybody else. He spent the last month bombing around L.A. in David Carradine's Ferrari. We all thought, 'This is it—we'll have to

find a new cellist. He's gonna fly off Laurel Canyon one day..."

Newest cellist Melvyn Gale is the teenybopper appeal in the band. "We only get a few teenyboppers in the audience and they always go for Melvyn," Bev relates. "They really like Melvyn's baby face. Actually, I think he's a bit offended by it, if anything. He's the one that's really reaching for some sort of definite personality—he's come out of his shell quite a bit now."

Violinist Kaminski is Bev's closest friend on the road, a fellow non-smoker and gambler, and former professional courier. "He actually goes to places like Monte Carlo to blow money—well, not to blow money, but to make money—on the tables," Bev elaborates. "He usually does quite well, and he's always backing the horses..."

"He has stage fright, so he'll drink a bottle of Chablis or something before he goes on stage. And another bottle while he's on stage," Bevan chortles, "and another bottle afterwards. But he never ever gets rowdy. He reminds me of that Dormouse in 'Alice in Wonderland', you know, the one that sort of just nods off. Never loses his temper—everybody likes him."

Bassist Groucutt is the other most recent member, and was discovered while playing the Birmingham lounge circuit, by the Idle Race's former drummer. Within a month of his assimilation into ELO, Groucutt was performing in front of a screaming Detroit crowd. "Kelly's the family man of the band," says Bev, adding that he's Lynne's road buddy and would like to race stock cars. "Everybody's doing these dangerous things," Bevan sighs.

The man who writes every note of ELO's repertoire, whose voice and guitar are heard most prominently, and who puts together those splendid albums is a tennis fanatic and a talented soccer player as well. "Jeff could easily have been a pro," Bev notes, adding that Lynne trains annually with the Birmingham City soccer team. Bev himself is something of an athletic freak as well; "I just do sport things all the time. It's a real effort playing drums for an hour and a half under those lights—you've got to keep fit."

ELO return to the States in January for an extensive tour, which Bev promises will feature "a whole load of new lighting effects, more lasers..." They open in Hawaii after a few weeks of rehearsal in L.A., and then it's off again to make the now-familiar trek across the country.

"I'm looking forward to playing," Bev says enthusiastically. "I know our next tour's going to be a long one—the more dates the better. I really get a buzz out of just being on stage and playing, especially to a lot of people. When they're behind you, it's great." △

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ALL DRESSED UP WITH SOME PLACE TO GO:
Robert Palmer Brings Back Blue-Eyed Soul

BY BILL CROWLEY

You would never believe it after seeing the kind of advertising his record company has lavished on the man they call a new star, but Robert Palmer is not overly anxious to accelerate that process. "I don't want to jeopardize my music and my career by falling for sidetracks, like so many other singers have. So I stick to one side of it and get better at it. The most important thing is that I improve my performance, but still so many people these days are trying to thrust it at me. Right now I've got a good thing, and I'm not going to give it up. I'm very patient, so I feel like I've earned what success I have."

After the cancellation of his recent Chicago appearance with Nils Lofgren, Palmer took the setback in stride, saying, "It really doesn't matter. I would really rather be playing my music, and for that matter, I'd rather be playing Las Vegas than in clubs

or concert halls." To understand that comment, you need only take one look at his smoothness, at the well-tailored suits he wears on stage or the Jaguar-emblem space jacket he's fond of wearing off-stage. The good life is nothing new to Palmer. The son of a British foreign servant (some say a naval spy), Palmer wiled away his early school years spending only half days in school during the summertime. During the rest of the year, he used to lie on the beach. Around the same time, according to Palmer, his parents spent a lot of time with ex-Tarzan Johnny Weismuller.

Though there was never any question of swimming the channel, when Palmer was about 10 or 11, the family moved back to England. By then, he was listening to Nat King Cole, and soon took up an affinity for the soul music of Otis Redding and

Marvin Gaye. In addition to these artists, according to Palmer, "I began to hear ska, Tamla, Motown and Stax hits by the time I was 15 or 16. At that time I was playing in my first groups, mainly in the clubs of northern England. I only found out later that my producer, Steve Smith, engineered many of the Stax hits, having been at Mussel Shoals since he was sixteen."

It didn't take Palmer long to come across what he calls "the opportunity to put his career in motion"—he was hired as a vocalist in a band called Vinegar Joe. Sharing lead vocals with Elkie Brook, Palmer soon began to write some songs for the raucous rock band, although he still insists that "Vinegar Joe did not play my music, though I did write some of their music." The group did tour the States several times, and eventually released a couple of albums through Atlantic. Palmer's apprenticeship as a rock'n'roll gypsy was not an easy way to make it: "In the three years I played with that band, we had exactly 20 days off. It was no physical strain; the tours were mainly European, but I still wasn't exactly interested in playing the music."

Palmer finally got a chance to play his music for the public when he made his first solo album, *Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley*. That album is considered a classic among many critics, though it remains fairly obscure for the general listener. *Sneakin' Sally* was recorded with the Meters in New Orleans. "We played with the whole band," says Palmer, "and the whole social thing was very good. They acted as catalysts for my music, and that was very nice." The first album is highlighted with a three-song medley that has reportedly driven disc jockeys mad, since the songs "Sneakin' Sally," "Hey Julia," and "Sailin' Shoes" follow each other breathlessly. About the genesis of the medley, Palmer says, "Well, I noticed that the first and the third songs had the same tempo, so I just made up the middle. I plugged my bass in, adjusted the speed of my drum machine, and composed the song in the mobile unit in Surrey. Then we just spliced the songs together."

While such songwriting may seem a bit unorthodox, Palmer can make a strong case for his technique: "You see, I wanted to learn how to play the bass. I used to play a lot of bossa nova on the guitar, so I already knew a lot of chords. I also used to bang chairs and things to keep tempo. But I had a little trouble learning to play bass with tapes. The drum machine keeps perfect time, and it teaches you a lot about playing at the same time. So now I do all my homework on the drum and tape machines. Experiment on the public's time? No way."

Palmer considers himself fortunate to be able to compose in this fashion: "For someone writing with his piano or guitar, he has to physically play the melody — he is stuck with it,

just a suggestion of the song. I write and think in terms of arrangements, with the help of my bass and drum machine. If I can make a tune work with just bass and vocal, I can play around for hours with decoration. For my music, the most important things are the melodic hook, the bass line, and the 'groove.' It's the hardest thing I do—songwriting—and it's the most important thing. If it isn't new, contemporary—well then I've been dumb. So I throw away 85 percent of my experiments, but I love to do it."

After performing one Little Feat tune, "Sailin' Shoes," on his first album, Palmer followed it up by featuring several Little Feat songs on his next two albums. At the same time, he has incorporated many elements similar to theirs in his own music. Did playing with these established rock'n'roll veterans intimidate him? "I never thought of intimidation. I was in the studio, recording my second album, when three or four Little Feat dropped by and said 'Let's play.' So we did, and kept the tape machines going until we ran out of material. Then Lowell

George said, 'Why don't we play 'Pressure Drop,' after all, it's only got three chords.' That's how the best blue-eyed version of a reggae song got recorded, and that incident proved to be the beginning of a close relationship between Palmer and the members of that band.

When questioned about the influence of Little Feat on his music, Palmer had an emphatic answer. "My mind is my own invention, even if there are many influences that show through. As far as the possibility of my touring with them goes, all I can say is that we have very separate ambitions to pursue. We will pursue them before involving ourselves in the politics that a tour would create. Eventually, it should be a natural occurrence. Right now, I can think of better shows to do. It seems corny to me. But I did go on tour with them once for a couple of weeks. I wasn't performing, but we had a wild time."

Aside from insisting on composing the lyrics for all of the music he writes, Palmer takes great pleasure in making sure that the covers of his albums reflect his own ideas. "Of course I'm supposed to be a symbol," agrees Palmer, "but I've never travelled in a Cadillac—only jive turkeys. As for the women on the album covers, they all look very nice—it's their breeding. Some of them *have* been personal friends. Then there was the Swedish woman on the one cover, her name was Ulla. She had a talking disease and she only knew one word. She worked in a private club in London. But the covers, and the women and situations on them, are fantasies, and I treat them as such. Interpreting those images can be dangerous, or should I say misinterpreting them."

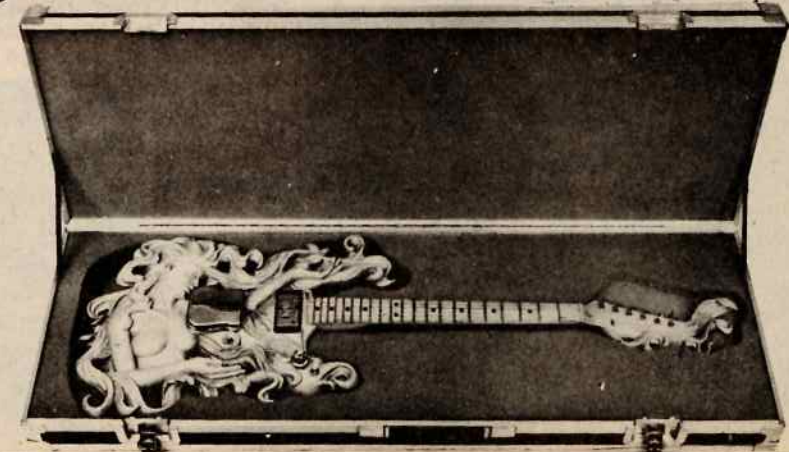
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Nevertheless, Palmer's album graphics and personal appearances, along with his musical styles, have created for him a specific suave image. "I am very aware of being pigeonholed. I must be conscious of myself. Otherwise everything I do will just be a correction of what I've already done. I'm not going to be trapped into that—that scares me. If I'm going to do that, then I might as well have not bothered with it in the first place. Take one of the musicians that I've been compared with—Bowie. It seems to me that he's gotten lazy, so the end product of his music is only one-half. You see him, you hear him, but there's no sound. He seems to get sidetracked somewhere. Sorry, no heavy-metal for me either. Along with singing, skindiving and my old lady keep me very happy." △



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JAZZ TALK: PIANO TO PIANO

IN THE KEY OF M'COY TYNER

BY BRUCE DOLD

The eight-year-old squeezed a dripping chocolate ice cream cone in one hand and his mother's firm grip in the other. She pulled him through the milling record-store crowd that surrounded the visiting musician. "Come on," she urged, "I want you to get his autograph."

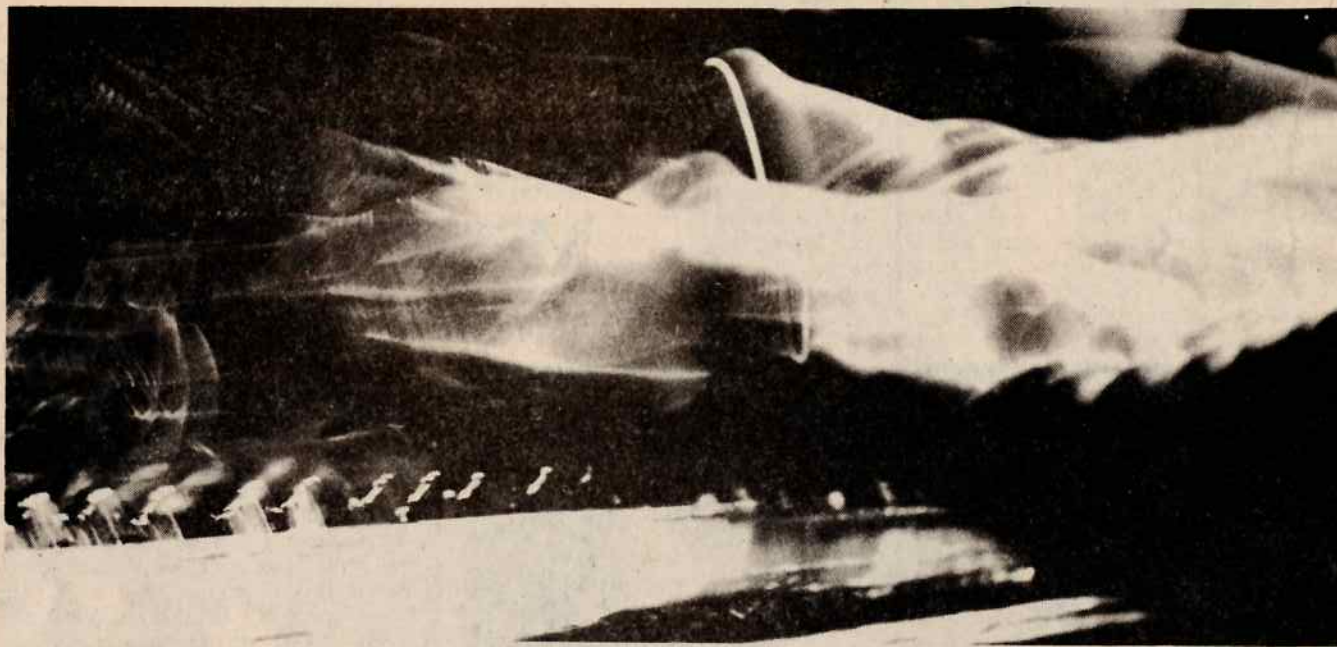
The child's television-indoctrinated mind clicked on an association with autographs: "Is he the guest star, Mommy? Is he the guest star?"

It may be premature to anticipate McCoy Tyner trading licks with Doc Severinson, then sharing knee-slapping double-entendres with Don Rickles on the *Tonight Show*. But Tyner, one of jazz's premier pianists, has lately made huge strides into popular acceptance.

He has reached many among the rock-oriented audience without resorting to the jazz/rock ideal of attacking a plugged-in monster wearing a grim smile bearing 88 teeth, or assembling Armageddon on stage. He wrings as much auditory intensity from an acoustic piano as the best electric attempts.

On stage he scowls and hunches over the piano, glares from musician to musician and back to the keyboard. Tyner's presence, sweat gleaming on his face and his fingers a horizontal





PHOTOS BY PHOTO RESERVE

blur, startles the first-timer and captivates anyone within close range.

Tyner grew up musically in the most important jazz organization of the '60s. He was only 17, working with Calvin Massey in his home town, Philadelphia, when Massey introduced him to John Coltrane. He worked with Coltrane occasionally, and when Coltrane formed his own group in 1960 he tapped Tyner as his pianist.

That quartet produced, among other things, experiments with improvisational chord sequences, "note clusters," and the modal approach that has influenced virtually every jazz musician since.

Tyner credits much of his personal and musical expansion to his tenure with Coltrane: "He always wanted to

do the most, so we had to play the best that we could. John's dedication, and his high level of creativity, I mean, the man didn't believe in being second as far as he himself was concerned. . . not in competition with anyone else. . . he commanded that type of high-level creativity from himself."

The Coltrane group "helped develop you as a man and a musician because demands were constantly made on you. In that group the growth rate was so fast you didn't realize you were growing. There was no room for ego; the music came first."

Tyner joined as a young man with limited professional experience. He emerged with the musical and emotional equipment to form his own group.

Tyner left Coltrane primarily to

develop his own group concepts. "The leadership thing was something that mystified me. I wanted to see if I could express my own ideas." A conflict, though, swayed his opinion as well: Coltrane added a second drummer to the group. "It's very hard for the piano to compete with one drummer, and when you have two, it's impossible," Tyner explains. He grew frustrated as the percussionists swallowed up his playing.

Tyner's own recordings continued the sense of spiritual voicing and discipline instilled by Coltrane. But through years on the Blue Note and Impulse labels, Tyner went unnoticed outside the coterie of jazz enthusiasts. He recalls the problems of the late '60s when he contemplates his new-found appeal.

a May release on Fantasy, and the just-issued **Focal Point**.

"After many years of struggling and trying to survive the rigors of being a jazz musician, finally some people are recognizing the fact that what I'm doing is valid.

"To many people who followed the music over the years, it's always been important. But it's good that more people are becoming more aware not only of me but of the art form in particular."

Tyner has watched Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, among others, find success by moving to electric piano. But he has little interest in the instrument.

"It's an inferior instrument. . . They should call it something else, because it's not a piano. To make a good piano, a Grand, takes a year. It's a more sensitive and better-quality instrument. If I played an electric like I play a Grand, I'd rip it apart. Electric players—I've heard them, but it's hard to distinguish them a lot of times."

One reason for Tyner's own success may be the recording approaches of his last two albums, **Fly With the Wind**,

Tyner lent his hand to string arrangements on **Fly With the Wind**. Surprisingly, the lush sound of the strings did not weigh down the music, as it has for countless other musicians. Tyner actually brought a tension to the arrangements that spurs his own performance. The sound is very commercial—er, listenable. Tyner has reached an audience by working in personally satisfying modes that have found general appeal.

"I have a broad scope when it comes to music," he says. "I don't believe in locking myself into any one particular form. Form should be flexible; it enables me to do a variety of things rather than be pigeonholed."

"I wrote so that the strings, within their limitations, could work well. I'm trying to develop my orchestration ability. **Fly With the Wind** gave me some confidence that this can be done."

Focal Point added another dimension to Tyner's music. He wrote arrangements for seven-piece band, achieving an orchestral sound by overdubbing

horn parts. Tyner doubles on dulcimer for one piece. The light, flowing sound of the dulcimer and Guillaume Franco's tabla play off the enhanced horn arrangements.

The most interesting number, "Parody," foregoes embellishments and offers just Tyner's piano and Eric Gravatt's drums. The two musicians loosen the restraints of the recording approach and let fly. The piece shows how McCoy Tyner, with the gentle provocation of Gravatt, can spin an awesome flurry of sound from just ten fingers and a piano. △



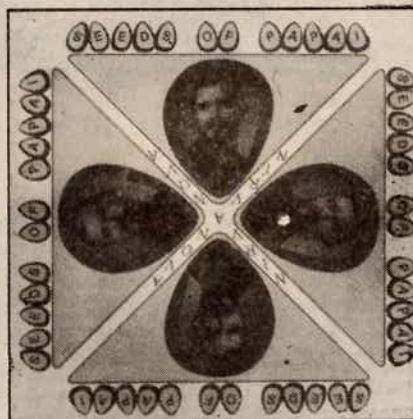
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RANSOM NOTES

BY SCOTT FIVELSON

"I never thought about the Grim Reaper while I was alive. I mean, gee, life was just too groovy!" The quote could only belong to **John Denver**, and the subject he was broaching—an unusual one for the Rocky Mountain minstrel—was death itself. It all happened when Denver surprised us with a midnight call on January 5 in which he was attempting to verify a statement that had appeared in the premier 1977 issue of TRIAD, alleging that he had been killed in a rockslide. "Gee whiz, did that really happen to me?" inquired the bouncy back-packer, sounding severely puzzled. "That's funny—I don't remember being in a landslide...I just performed two hours ago with Sinatra at Tahoe...Does that mean he's dead, too?...Frank's gonna be awful angry when he hears that."

Although during the first two minutes of his call he allowed a dismal tone to pervade his usually chipper voice, Denver quickly became acclimated to the idea of being deceased and exclaimed, "Why, that's terrific! That's faaaarr out!" Explaining that his new situation, as a soul artist in the outer reaches of limbo, gave him a fresh perspective and a renewed sense of objectivity toward his former career as a recording artist, Denver philosophized, "Looking back on my life on earth, if there's one thing of all the things I've done that I'm going to be remembered for...I'll be surprised."

The results of a revealing poll are in—this one having been taken among a random selection of today's most constantly touring rock heavies and posing the question: "Are there any items (besides groupies) that you consider to be backstage necessities?" None of the heavies responded to our question, but more than a few roadies and promoters did, informing us what the chart-busters self-indulgently demand to have waiting in their

dressing rooms at every gig. The poll's findings? Well, it is reported that hard-rock super-ghoul **Alice Cooper** refuses to go on stage until there are ten 25-lb. bags of hate mail sitting in his dressing room. He has no monopoly on this fetish, however, and is reputed to be less strenuous to cater to than **Mick Jagger**, who likes his hate mail in 100-lb. bags. **The Bee Gees**, ever conscious of their appearance, make it known that they always want a full supply of dental floss on hand. Both **Eric Clapton** and **Glen Campbell** are renowned for requiring the company of the wife of a close friend.



The destructive **Lynyrd Skynyrd**, the study goes on to say, warn all promoters up front to have the lamps, chairs, and sofas in their dressing rooms replaced with break-away furniture. Mellow country-rockers **The Band**, on the other hand, like to relax around a wood-burning stove, some chickens, a little freshly-churned butter and a bail of hay.

The most difficult orders to fill, we discovered, come from worry-plagued solo artists—doubt-ridden performers like **Paul Simon** and **Rick Nelson**. Simon, for example, includes a clause in all of his contracts guaranteeing the presence backstage of someone who likes his solo material better than what he wrote for **Simon**

and **Garfunkel**. Similarly, singer-songwriter **Rick Nelson** has made a standing request for the presence of absolutely anyone who liked his single, "Garden Party," something that, according to his roadies, is nearly impossible to arrange.

New York is positively agog and doing triple-flips over newest acting sensation **Sylvester Stallone**. The star of the in-itself-sensational hit, **Rocky**, has literally been riding a ticker tape parade beneath the confetti of rave reviews; on the afternoon *Dinah!* show, he was recently complimented to his face by critic **Pauline Kael** for being "built like a brick shithouse." If the industry is surprised by the brawny actor's meteoric triumphs, the actor himself certainly isn't. He recalls a typical incident in a producer's office: "I trow a right ta his jaw and a left ta his breadbasket and I kep on trowin' wallops till de joik gimme a kontrak."

Brash and arrogant, Stallone is already proclaiming himself **Brando's** rightful successor and direct heir to the throne that **DeNiro** has only been featherdusting. The thick-headed Stallone has boasted that he will win the Oscar in April "even if I gotta pay a personal visit wit my fists ta every member of de Academy and giv'em some wallops."

To **John G. Avildsen**, the director of **Rocky**, the key to the film's success lies in its creation of a sympathetic career. Explains Avildsen: "I wanted to give audiences a character they could love...so I found Stallone, who is so dumb that tying his shoes is a million-to-one shot...His life's been rough. He was on a chain gang before his 5th birthday...His parents used to take him on at tag-team wrestling...Yeah, I wanted to give people an old-fashioned, romantic-type picture, and I asked myself, What's more romantic than a semi-human born killer in boxing trunks with bruises on his face?"

Capitol Hill and the nation held their breath through the night of January 22nd and, even then, let it out slowly, as news of the accidental shooting of newly-instated **President Jimmy Carter** was updated by a morning report, assuring that the man from Plains was going to be all right.

The incident occurred in the aftermath of the gala inaugural celebration, and only ten minutes after **President** and **Mrs. Carter** were seen turning out the lights for their first night in the executive mansion.

"Right after the lights went out I lit up a smoke," recalled Secret Service Agent **John Goober**. "At 1:18, I noticed a figure—that I would best describe as loosely-clothed—skulking around the grounds and prowling through the bushes around the White House lawn. I kept surveillance on the subject for six minutes, after which time the subject started to run. I shouted a warning, which the subject chose to disregard—so I opened fire."

The volley of gunfire from Goober's automatic felled the midnight figure, who was found, upon examination under a flashlight, to be **President Jimmy Carter**. Attired in Confederate flag pajamas and an 18-karat gold-plated "peanut pendant" that had miraculously ricocheted the agent's bullets, Carter silenced Goober's effusive attempts to apologize with one of his famous smiles. Grinned Carter: "You'd be doin' me a tremendous favor if you could just direct me to the outhouse."

Reached for comment, newly-installed Secretary of State **Charlie Daniels** blew the beer foam out of his whiskers and said: "The poor sucker still thinks he's on the farm... Next time, he might not be so lucky...No, I wouldn't even want to predict what the hell's gonna be comin' out of this administration...if there's ever another space shot, Carter'll probably try to launch a tractor."

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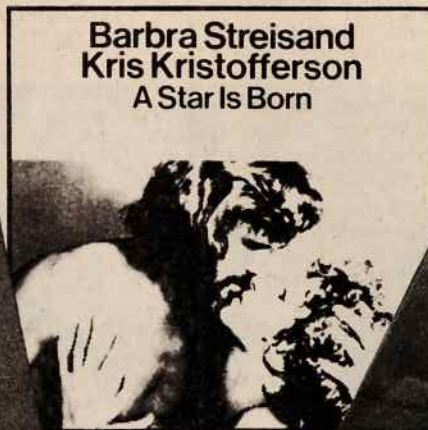
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OFF THE BEATEN

SOUNDTRACKS: music from the movies



BY CHARLES W. PRATT

Barbra Streisand
Kris Kristofferson
A Star Is Born

Even when movies were silent, sound was important. The little old lady and her piano were integral components of the images flashing on the screen. Visual elements weren't sufficient to tell the story in its fullness, and music was necessary to suggest moods, emotions and various states of physical activity. Anger, fear, laughter and sexual excitement all had corresponding aural cues. The arrival of the spoken word to the celluloid strip only served to demonstrate the need for something between the talking lines.

Needless to say, making music for the movies has become something of an art form and has made fortunes for such tunesmiths as Henry Mancini, Dimitri Tiomkin, John Barry, Maurice Jarre, Quincy Jones, and the late Bernard Herrman. The recent holiday season produced a crop of films whose soundtrack albums are worthy of comment, if not much else. This article will focus on three: *A Star Is Born* (Columbia), *King Kong* (Reprise), and *Bound for Glory* (United Artists).

Generally speaking, music must tread a middle line in films. It can't be so obtrusive that it detracts from the visuals and acting, but its presence must definitely be noticed. There are times, of course, when sound is essential to the sense, as in *Fantasia* or *Jaws*, when that menacing moog became the personification of the great white meanie.

Of the three albums, *King Kong* is most traditional. John Barry, who made a noteworthy name for himself by scoring most of the James Bond flicks, is responsible for the compositions. Here the apish hero is a bit more macho than Bond, and Barry's task was probably (forgive me) somewhat hairy. The music he offers is really no great shakes, though it might be enough to make a banana split. It seems so entwined with the film's visuals that I

can't imagine anyone taking it home for their stereo.

There's just enough of the exotic about the score to suggest steamy jungles, and Barry has cleverly managed to provide an undercurrent of sexuality, certainly a part of the film's beauty-and-the-beast theme. Those musical segments that coincide with Kong's film appearance drip with sexual suggestion.

The only vocals on the album consist of some throaty growls by Kong, a nicely done scream by Jessica Lange, and a spirited native chorus chanting, "Kong, Kong, Kong." This inspiring bit of harmony occurs just as Kong approaches his sacrificial maiden. My favorite tune on this disc is a sprightly little ditty called "Kong Hits the Big Apple," which is to be taken quite literally. There's every chance that some enterprising A&R man will fashion a "monster" disco hit from it—as a matter of fact, 20th Century records has brought out a single called "Theme From King Kong."

But the real bonus of the album is the Kong poster tucked inside the sleeve. Perfect to hang in the bathroom.

There's a Hollywood rumor that Barbra Streisand wanted the female lead in *King Kong*, but producer Dino De Laurentiis felt he couldn't handle two monsters. So Barbra went and made a monster of her own, entitled *A Star Is Born*, a film which started as a fine idea by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne to remake the classic with a rock music setting. The Dunnes wanted James Taylor and Carly Simon in the lead roles, but this was not to be. Instead we have Barbra Streisand, whose success with rock equals her skill at singing opera, and Kris Kristofferson, who sings like a less-than-perky Mr. Coffee.

A Star Is Born's soundtrack album is, of course, a collection of songs from the film, and the record is every bit as disappoint-

ing as the movie. The music's chief failure is that it isn't rock, isn't even in the ballpark. Blame it mainly on Streisand, whose vocal apparatus is more suited to Caesar's Palace than the Fillmore. Credit for the silly, wimpy, simpering songs, whose lyrics would embarrass a lovestruck gradeschool poet, is shared by Paul Williams, who has once again proven that he should be outlawed. Williams was hired to do all the film's music, but not even his monumental ego was able to compete with Barbra's. Therefore, he was assisted by such folk as Leon Russell, Kenny Ascher, and Streisand herself. Kristofferson contributed nothing, which probably saved him some embarrassment.

Still, Kristofferson's opening, "Watch Closely Now," almost makes it as a rock stage-setter, but not quite. His lame version of Donna Weiss' "Crippled Crow" (written in 1972) has all the appeal of an Osterizer concerto.

The chief tragedy of this album is that Streisand loaned her amazing voice to such formless vehicles. Like this one: "Time has come again/and love is in the wind/like some music in a dream/you made them all come true/when you came inside my life." Leon Russell is responsible for some of that dreck.

I realize that there'll be no convincing Streisand's fans that this album is a failure, just as it's futile to try and warn true believers away from the movie. But both of them are major disappointments.

The soundtrack for *Bound For Glory*, which, like *A Star Is Born*, includes music essential to the plot, is a pleasant surprise. Compared to the Streisand-Kristofferson effort, it's a masterpiece. *Bound For Glory* is about labor organizer and folk-hero balladeer Woody Guthrie, a film that wisely portrays only three years of his autobiography. David Carradine is Guthrie, and performs the music quite well. Director Hal Ashby prudently chose to keep the emphasis on Guthrie's adventures rather than

his singing, and there are few songs which are given big production treatment. That same low-key attitude is responsible for the record's appeal. Carradine manages to impart honesty and sensitivity to such Guthrie classics as "Oklahoma Hills" and "Deportee"—in vivid contrast to Streisand's heavy-handed posturing in *A Star Is Born*.

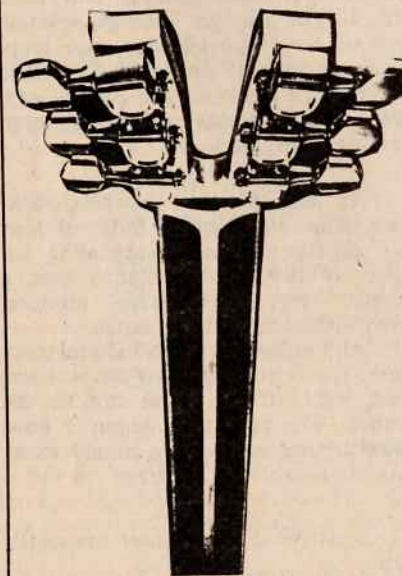
Bound For Glory is one of those rare creatures: a soundtrack album that holds its own as a musical product. The nine Carradine vocals are linked by a number of instrumentals, most of them arrangements of Guthrie tunes. The only problem, and it's a necessary one, is a *Reader's Digest* type of condensation. The songs are abridged, as in the film, producing an aural impression of quickness. Carradine's performance is more than adequate as an introduction to Guthrie's own compositions (Woody wasn't all that dynamic a vocalist), and there's every chance that the film will return Guthrie to popularity. He deserves it more than that big ape.



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beggars' banquets

BY RAP SCALLION

For years, TRIAD has been serving up *Le Grand Bouffe* in aural, visual and literary delights. All well and good. These things deserve the attention they receive. But for too long, TRIAD has ignored perhaps the most important offering made by man.

Oscar Wilde once said, "When I am in really great trouble, as anyone who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except food and drink." Oscar's days were troubled indeed, which may have contributed to the great girth he acquired in his later years. But these too are savage times, and a well-set table is still one of the greatest trouble-dissolvers. And so, this column is dedicated to the saving grace of a good meal.

Steak. An ambitious topic for a beggar's banquet. But in these here United States, steak is almost a dietary necessity for red-blooded Americans. And Necessity is the Mother of Invention, they say, which brings us to Ronny's Steak Palaces. Ronny's restaurants are the hard-core Chicago Loop attractions they are because Ronny feeds you steak dinners for almost the same price that McDonalds feeds you one of their infamous burger dinners. At Ronny's, \$2.39 will buy you a fair-sized New York-cut sirloin steak, baked potato and green salad.

Granted, the steak is fairly tough, but it's done to order and has a nice bone for chewing, if you've a penchant for that sort of dinnertime perversion. The baked potatoes are usually nicely done, with your choice of margarine (free) or sour cream (15 cents extra). The salads are usually questionable, as are the dressings, but at that price, you ain't got no complaints.

Ronny's also features other American specialties—chicken, hamburgers, ribs and corn on the cob—that are tolerable to good. But take heed. Go anywhere else for dessert. Their fruit and cream

pies are unarguably execrable.

One of the nicest things about Ronny's is its casual ambience. Once you're through the cafeteria-style meal-queue, you're on your own to battle the flies and other customers for a clean table. You can eat with your toes, as far as anyone else is concerned.

Ronny's Steak Palaces are located at 16 W. Randolph, 340 S. Wabash and 160 N. State.

There's another steak institution downtown, but you'd better keep your toes well-covered is **The Blackhawk**. Don Roth's classic steakhouse isn't what it used to be fifty years ago, but it must be approached with a reverence due any restaurant of high culinary art. The linens, silver and service all attest to a grand style of dining out that has all but died away, and the food is sublimely delicious.

A dinner at the Blackhawk is definitely beyond the beggar's budget, but its memory will keep you warm for the week you scrimp and scrape and put on the hard-sell Beg to make up for it. So do it anyway.

The ritual begins with the Spinning Salad Bowl, as your waiter personally makes up your salad at the table, adding a secret Blackhawk dressing, chopped eggs, fresh ground pepper, anchovies and bleu cheese to a fresh bowl of lettuce and "tossing only six times so as not to bruise the delicate greens."

The waiter's talk while mixing the salad is a classic lecture; you can hear it being echoed around the dining room word-for-word throughout your meal. The salad itself is another classic, with just the right soggy-to-crisp ratio. But it's only an overture for what's to follow.

The Blackhawk has delicious fresh fish and seafood selections: the scrod in particular has a good reputation. But we came for the beef and got it munificently. The steaks are turned out perfectly broiled and succulent and the prime rib is over an inch thick and butter-tender.

Accompanying these embarrassing-ly enormous slabs of meat are baked po-

tatoes with chived sour cream, an outstanding creamed spinach and a dangerously distended stomach when you reach the end.

But you can't stop now. Turn firmly to your waiter and order coffee and a hot fudge sundae. You'll cringe while you do it, but you won't regret it. There's no extraneous crap involved, just a dish of vanilla ice cream and hot fudge on the side. The result is overwhelmingly, inundatingly divine. The coffee's good, too.

With a bottle of wine, a meal for two will run around \$30.00, not a bad price for the steak dinner of your life. The Blackhawk is at 139 N. Wabash.

One last entry in the famous steak palace race is the **Pool Gogi Steak House**. The Pool Gogi is pure neighborhood funk. Its twelve or so tables are full from the time it opens until closing with local anarchists, upwardly-mobile couples and fiercely arguing academicians.

The restaurant has an eclectic menu, offering American breakfast and sandwich items and Korean, Chinese and Japanese dishes. House special is the Korean Pool Gogi steak, available in an omelette, a sandwich or on a bed of lettuce with rice and American cole slaw. Whichever way, it's a thin-cut sirloin marinated in a soy-based sauce and broiled. Very tender, very delicious, and very economical, the dinner version is only \$3.15.

Also excellent is the San Juck, the same meat threaded on a kabob with mushrooms, onions, green peppers and tomatoes for \$2.65. The soups (85 cents) are all delicious, leaded with oriental vegetables, shrimp and bean curd. If you can get through a whole bowl of the fierce hot and sour soup, proceed directly to an order of kimchee (50 cents), a fiery Korean pickled cabbage concoction that will blanch even the most jaded tastebuds.

As long as we're working backwards, start out with an order of Man Doo appetizers, quick-disappearing triangles of fried dough folded over a chopped vegetable/meat/egg mixture, served with sweet and sour sauce.

Although not a heart-and-soul steak house, the Pool Gogi, at 6928 N. Glenwood, right off the Morse stop on the Howard El, gets the Beggar's Bowl Award of the month for culinary excellence at palatable prices. Bravo.

Next Month: We cover the waterfront.



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—Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil

The ratings:

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

Because of the end-of-the-year scarcity of records even interesting enough to comment on, Phelge is being forced by his editor, Patrick "I Need Copy" Goldstein, to fill some space before we get to this month's ratings.

Now this editor's got plenty of problems of his own. Besides his being mistaken for J.D. Souther when he's not being mistaken for Andrew Gold, Lester Bangs has a contract out on his life, Patti Smith thinks he's a fascist, and Al Rudis creemed him in TRIAD's own reader's poll.

So the least Phelge can do is fill up his column, even if

we TRIAD writers get paid shit, and as far as free records go, Patrick keeps all the good stuff.

On the subject of 1977, a few trends are worth noting. The re-emergence of New York as a rock cultural and recording center continues and signals the end of the overwhelming and probably unhealthy dominance of Hotel California on America's pop music scene.

This parallels the continued success of N.Y. heavy metal in the forms of Aerosmith and Kiss, backed up by numerous bands on the level of Foghat and the Cult (who finally got a gold record with their best single off the weakest album to date).

The N.Y. press corps, who think entirely too much of themselves already, will be further overpopulated this year by the planned move of *Rolling Stone* from San Francisco to N.Y. It is rumored that *Creem*, founded in Detroit during the high hopes and higher times of Guitar Armies and the MC5, and one of the only national 'zines publishing the sick and the silly writing most rock deserves, is also planning the move East.

out of New Jersey ever, and out of the N.Y. area since the dissolution of the Velvets, was the dominant influence on the Big Apple's rockdom, and he didn't even get a record out last year. His vision and energy were everpresent nonetheless as he managed to popularize his disciples, the Asbury Jukes, and his own live bootleg version of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" was a killer, and would've done the Ronettes proud. Happily, his considerable achievements are only surpassed by his potential and determination.

But the trend getting all the ink is, of course, punk-rock, the sound of the subways. The Ramones broke from the pack first; their minimalist techniques, and their simplistic mutation of the famed Wall of Sound, has endeared them to critics (including this one), but so far, few others. Many scene veterans hold high hopes for Television, a chamber-punk outfit led by urban visionary Tom Verlaine. Second stringers of interest include the Dictators, Talking Heads, Tuff Darts, and the Miamis, backed by literally dozens of bands hailing from all points between the country clubs of Scarsdale and the

swamps of Jersey.

The only thing that might put N.Y. punk-rock over, where the Detroit sound (which had better bands) and the Bosstown Sound (of years past) failed, is the same thing that accounts for Bob McAdoo, Larry Czonka, and Catfish Hunter working in N.Y.: media and money. The city government may be broke, but CBGB's and CBS are booming.

Unfortunately, it appears that that dreaded trademark of '76, the double live album, will continue into '77 with the Stones' next release, reported to be taking this form. They could not have chosen a weaker idea to follow up their worst album ever.

Soul music's growing success in crossing over to the pop field will certainly continue as corporate forces try to stabilize gains with the new-found audiences.

Disco is no longer a fad but a sizeable market. It is solidly established on both coasts, and disco fans are generally far more loyal to their music than anything else happening on the music scene. In this idiom excellence is rare (Trammps) and innovation rarer still (Dr. Buzzard). But in this regard, disco is no differ-

PHELGE'S



1000 DANCES

ent from, say, heavy metal. And the Midwest, home of heavy metal, is the only place left for disco to go!

Motown and Philly International, the leading soul music factories, continue to expand even though it's likely they're past their artistic prime. Careful Gamble-Huff watchers are likely to call the *To Be True* album (with "Bad Luck") by Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes the duo's production peak. Since that time, the core of their MFSB rhythm section, the best studio section in the country, Ron Baker (bass), Earl Young (drums), and Norman Harris (guitar), have left to become independent producers, and Gamble and Huff seem to "coordinate" records more, but write and produce much less, as they emulate the questionable Motown policy of pitting producers and arrangers against each other for the supposed good of the artist.

Motown still employs this competitive and destructive policy that Berry Gordy designed back in the days when singles were as important as albums. Nevertheless, Motown's biggest successes remain their established superstars (Stevie, Marvin, Smokey)

who operate independently, far from these intra-label battles. Motown, it seems, is becoming less and less sure-handed at breaking new artists, while it's carelessly wreaking havoc on the careers of some older ones (Jr. Walker).

During '77, Dylan's \$3 million-dollar Malibu estate will be completed, freeing his energies for something more significant. Van Morrison's self-imposed sabbatical appears to be over; hooray! Hopefully the Beatles will get back together so we only have to put up with one-fourth of the dreck they shovel at us now. Springsteen will get a record out whenever he and it are ready. And the long-awaited earthquake will hit, and Chicago will be on the West Coast. Which is cool.

Phil Spector Wall of Sound; Rare Masters 1 & 2 (Spector International)

These imports, numbers 5 and 6 in the six-album British reissue series, are a must for any fan of the creator of the "wall of sound" and the most innovative producer of the early '60s: Phil Spector. These two discs are made up almost entirely of rare, unreleased tracks by all of the Phillies stars and some fascinating lesser-knowns; half a

dozen Ronettes masterpieces; a track by the Modern Folk Quartet that is reputedly Brian Wilson's favorite Spector production—and it sounds just like the Beach Boys!; and seven spectacular tunes by my favorite Phillies star, Darlene Love. It's near impossible to pick out favorite tracks, but one of the most interesting is a Mann/Weil tune, "Home of the Brave," by the fictitious group named Bonnie and the Treasures. Ronnie of the Ronettes has claimed to sing lead on this amazing period masterpiece, but the vocal is also reported to have been performed by Cher!

Numbers 1 through 4 of this series are reissues of an album each by the Ronettes, Bobb B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans, the Crystals, and a Phillies collection called *Yesterday's Hits Today*. All records are well annotated, and re-released in the original mono. *****

Andrew Gold; What's Wrong With This Picture (Asylum)

The cover is better than the music. Much better. Even the great hooks that made a few tunes off his first album so enjoyable are absent here. There isn't even one of Andrew's trademark sculpted guitar solos. He massacres some

old favorites—Manfred Mann's "Do Wah Ditty," and Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs' "Stay." No amount of production intelligence can make up for a lack of inspiration and soul. He's a wimpy singer, too.

I found 17 things wrong with the cover. If you found any more, write for your prize, care of the Editor. **

The Impressions; The Vintage Years (Sire)

A tremendous reissue package that encapsulates an important part of the Chicago music scene of the last 19 years. The double-album set starts with the Impressions in 1958 and devotes a whole side to the Jerry Butler/Curtis Mayfield-led group. It then follows Curtis' solo career, including his hits from *Superfly*. Included is a brilliant annotation by Joe McEwen on the early days of the Chicago black music scene, and a comprehensive discography. Butler and Mayfield are longtime loyal Chicago artists. Curtis has a studio in town, and Jerry, now doing good things on Motown, records and produces here. But besides all that, the music, every bit of it, is absolutely beautiful. *****

JAZZ, ONCE A MONTH

BY ADELE SWINS-TERNER

Well, time again for that very short month, about which I have never had very much to say. Can you blame me? What, I ask you, is there to recommend bleeding February, with the exception of the inscrutably placed Valentine's Day smack dab in the middle, a feeble beacon cutting through the shards of icy darkness that pass for the diurnal experience in this dismal month? Oh, Grant Wylie may find some good in it somewhere, but I peremptorily prefer to simply write the whole thing off. The lake remains permanently frozen—jogging down there is positively debilitating—the youngsters in the neighborhood get so many days off from school that they're more of a nuisance than usual, and five out of ten people can't even *spell* the rotten thing correctly. Without a doubt, the best thing about February (here spelled correctly) is that it leads to March, and then at least you can stand up to the wind without downing a pint of antifreeze.

Hardly a stupendous time for records, either. Since last we met, I don't think there have been two dozen jazz releases of even middling merit, and the concert/club scene has been drier than ice. Now that the holiday rush and subsequent state of numb inaction have finally passed, Chicago jazz should once again begin to pull out of its post-celebratory slump, so keep an eager eye on the latest news from the Jazz Showcase, Amazingrace, and the occasional worthies at the Ivanhoe. And you might want to start paying heed to the latest news from the revived Jazz Institute of Chicago. After two successful programs of local talent, the chaps at JIC have instituted plans for a series of monthly concerts that will focus in on whatever Chicago jazzmen haven't left town by the series' opener. And membership in the organization (yes, I joined) offers a spate of discounts at clubs and record shops: a little boost to enliven the month.

(Perhaps my mid-winter depression owes something to the recent death of Erroll Garner. There are few musicians whose music gave me such a constant lift, and who seemed in person to be as elevating as their playing. He will, needless to say, be missed with a passion. And the subsequent sad news about the death of Will Leonard, who had written on entertainment for the Chicago Tribune for so many years, was a sad stroke as well. "Mortality weighs heavily on me." On us all.)



My recourse is to lose myself in music. And, romantic that I am, in Valentine's Day. I invite you to do the same. All cards and gifts may be addressed to me care of this magazine. By that time, I expect to be a good deal less somber. Besides, by that time we'll be halfway to March.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Even the natural forces of winter in America have nothing on pianist McCoy Tyner. With ceaseless strength and relentless will, he has decidedly emerged as the driving pianistic energy in American jazz, simultaneously pushing on the frontiers he explored with John Coltrane and hearkening back to the ancient mysteries of equatorial Africa. With his latest opus, *Focal Point*, he has returned, after several albums, to the small-group context in which he has always functioned best, and the result, to no one's surprise, is nothing short of brilliant. The album not only features McCoy's current band—his best ever, highlighted by saxists Joe Ford and Ron Bridgewater, and drummer Eric Gravatt—but tacks on the careening alto work of Gary Bartz as well. Hard to resist a lineup like that, unless they're all under the influence and the compositions are rancid. Well, McCoy's writing has never been finer, and the only influence at work here is highly benign. The exotic "Indo-Serenade" and "Departure" really stand out, but McCoy's unexpected outing on dulcimer shouldn't be slighted. In other words, *Focal Point*, as its title suggests, narrows its gaze on where McCoy Tyner is at this moment: the vanguard of modern music. As its label suggests, it is a Milestone. 9.6

In a completely different neck of the woods—in fact, in another part of the jazz universe—is Stan Kenton. Kenton has been around, it sometimes seems, longer than Albuquerque; he went from being a brilliant, if conventional, pianist-band-leader in the '40s to being a prototypical Third Stream musician before that decade was over, and in recent years has continued to loom above the big band milieu through his tours and recordings on his own Creative World label. His last few efforts had convinced many of us it was time to toss in the towel, but this new one is clearly back in the creative world; in fact, it's quite a bit beyond it. Titled *Journey To Capricorn*, this is a big band album not to be missed. This fact is

insured by just the meteoric arrangement of Chick Corea's "Celebration Suite," with an alto sax solo by Roy Reynolds that lights up the western sky. Kenton has always surrounded himself with the brightest young musicians and arrangers, and in the latter department, *Journey To Capricorn* boasts the ineffable Hank Levy and a talented newcomer, Alan Yankee. Kenton brings out the best, pulls out the stops, and turns the whole affair into a musical facsimile of rocket fuel, and there's nothing more to tell you except to buy it. So buy it. 9.3

With the inclusion in this section of Allan Holdsworth's *Velvet Darkness* (CTI), this may be the best-mixed bag of new releases that you'll see for quite some time. Not that this first solo effort by the seasoned electric guitarist is without flaws; most notable is its abysmally short length (just over 30 minutes—a good album for February). But Holdsworth, who helped spark the pioneer fusion band Soft Machine and was heard most recently with Tony Williams' Lifetime, is a voice to be reckoned with in the coming year. It isn't so much that he displays a terribly innovative or weirdling style. But he plays with so much authority, and his ringing notes pack so much sensuality, that *Velvet Darkness*—even the title gives me goose bumps—can't help but succeed. At least, most of the time. Two or three of the tunes are boringly repetitive, and the unimaginatively "heavy" drumming of Narada Michael Walden is always something that at least one woman can do without. All tolled, though, Holdsworth lives up to his name, which incidentally is one of those delightfully English compounds that springs from working-class origins, and has amused you Yanks for years. 8.8

Playing name games is unusually apt this month. Take, for example, Chicago reed virtuoso Ray Papai (pronounced "poppy"). While working as the musical director of the stage orchestra as Mill Run Playhouse in 1971, Ray concocted a slew of novel arrangements for the men under his command, reduced them to charts for a band of six or seven (called Seeds Of Papai), and began toying with the idea of a recording. And, after too long a hiatus, that album has finally come to fruition. Seeds are wont to do that. It's called *Nirvanova*, it's on Ray's own Ultra Nova label, and it has several good things going for it. First are a few compositions: the title track, "The Power Comes From Within," and a new version of George Russell's "Ezz-thetic" are all quite special. Second are the players: Chicagoans Gary Slavo (trumpet), Harry Lepp (trombone) and Ron Steele (guitar) are standouts. And third is Ray's fluid saxophone work, at times reminiscent of Paul Desmond. Most of the second side, unfortunately, bogs down in some Run-of-the-Mill songs,

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and I'm not at all convinced by the rhythmic base of Bob Surga (bass) and Fred Silver (drums). But all the same, Seeds Of Papai are implanted in my collection for the immediate future at least. (It's available from Ultra Nova, P.O. Box 95366, Woodfield Post Office, 60195.) 8.3

SALT AND PEPPER

Another home-grown project has surfaced this month, from a much younger and more progressive group of Chicago jazz players. Under the aegis of the superb bassist Eric Hochberg and drummer Andy Potter, **World Thing** is a record that ranges far and wide in style and intensity, as well as in quality. For instance, the short and snappy "Art Blakey" is driven thoroughly by Steve Eisen's tenor sax work and the impulsive chording of Ross Traut, and the long piece entitled "Mental Magenta" is quite successful in its unorthodox instrumentation (it features two keyboardists, Eric Tilmon and Alan Pasqua). But the album's only vocal track, "World Thing," is a strange entry, and the lengthy trio improvisation "Miss Black" is not wholly convincing. Still, my judgments on this album are more subjective than usual, if only because the music is so much more ambitious than most of what passes for "new sounds." **World Thing**, on Hochberg & Potter's HoPo label, deserves serious consideration by anyone interested in Chicago jazz developments. Besides, the title has a nice ring, don't you think? (Write HoPo, 2114 Sherman Ave. Apt. 2E Evanston 60201.) And it's at least an 8.0.

Time now for the next thrilling episode in the continuing saga of Chick Corea, Man of a Thousand Musical Faces. This one's called **My Spanish Heart**, on Polydor, and it's two records worth of a reasonably lively return to Iberia: the Spanish influences which have captivated and in turn been cultivated by the scientific keyboardist for years. And yet, with much to offer, this is one project which falls disappointingly short of the high marks Chick has set in the recent past. **My Spanish Heart** stars a largely acoustic Corea, Stanley Clarke, drummer Steve Gadd and the Arriaga String Quartet, with cameo guest shots by Jean-Luc Ponty and Gayle Moran. It also features some of Chick's most effective writing, especially in the gentle "Love Castle" and the steamy (and quite good) "Spanish Fantasy." Yet this double-album, which could have been cut down quite a lot, lacks both the finely-strung



polish of Return To Forever's **Romantic Warrior** and the leavening whimsy of Chick's last solo album, **The Leprechaun**. And as a return to a part of his past, this new music provides little in the way of new insight. Sorry, but Chick shouldn't have let his Spanish Heart get to his head. 6.3

Another high-energy fusion musician who has returned largely to the acoustic fold is Larry Coryell. But, like Chick, he's journeyed back from Electricland with hardly even a high-voltage tan to show for it. **The Lion And The Ram** (Arista), comes off fairly well nonetheless, as long as you don't go into it expecting too much. Because there *isn't* too much. Admittedly, Coryell's acoustic guitar work is of quite a different breed than, say, Ralph Towner's, and he presents a style that I for one hope he continues to work out in the future. But, put to use as it is here, on a number of wasteful enterprises such as "Larry's Boogie" and "Bicentennial Head Fest," it's a style that is something less than commanding of our attention. **The Lion And The Ram** has a further cross to bear in the slothful lyrics put to three of the tunes by Coryell's shrewish wife. Instead of monkeying around with hoarse-voiced odes to sentiment and chimerical attempts in overly quiet settings, Coryell would be best advised to seal off this project and hightail it back to the studios. This one's a bit of a dog. 5.3

ARSENIC AND ODD TASTE

There are plenty of people who are still unfamiliar with Jimmie Rowles, and an album like **Grandpaws** might have something to do with it. Rowles has been playing piano, and drawing raves, on both coasts for the last 25 years or so, not least of all for the sparkling accompaniments he provides for some of the top jazz singers. But here, on his second album as a leader, he again misses the mark, even with the help of such excellent sidemen as bassist Buster Williams and drummer Billy Hart. I can't even tell you exactly why. His touch is light and skillful, his music swings, and he even writes tuneful little ditties with outrageously clever lyrics that he sings in an offhand, offbeat and frequently off-tune voice. But his piano improvising, for all its obvious knowledge and originality, is just so unimaginative that the whole project once again cries out for a touch of class. It's all best exhibited on an unlikely medley that combines "A Train," "Chicago"

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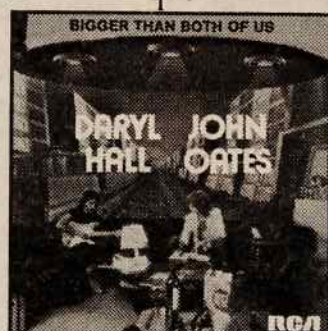
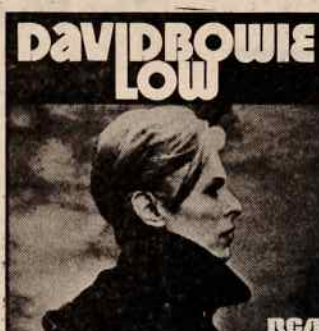
and "Margie" in a clear view of incongruities, and it's all best saved for a sunny day, when you can put it on the phonograph and leave. After all that, it's nearly slanderous to give you the label, but I'll take my chances. (It's on Choice.) 4.0

The small California-based Concord label is another one I've been taking chances on, and for the most part, I haven't been sorry. The catalogue is nearing 30 albums, and the majority of them are sure-fire swingers in the current West Coast studio tradition. But not this one. Although, truth be told, Plas Johnson's *Positively* does swing solidly enough. It just doesn't swing *interestingly* enough. Johnson divides his time between alto and tenor, affecting an undeniably competent technique and a nice sense of arrangement. Now, if all his solos didn't sound the same, we'd be in business. Or, if the other superlative musicians on the date—bassist Ray Brown, guitarist Herb Ellis or pianist Mike Melvoin—were given adequate room to solo, that too might have helped. Or if you can pick it up for not too much money and play it when no one's really listening. . . or if, or if, ad infinitum. Chalk it up to experience, with the notation "Nice albums finish next-to-last." And no, I don't know what kind of a name is Plas. 3.3

I do know what kind of a name is Lou Stein; I even know what kind of pianist he is. He's a player of faultless fingers and complete control of the keyboard, one of the first West Coast bebop specialists and a soloist who adds fire and verve to the Charlie Parker reincarnation called Supersax. I even know the circumstances behind his *Tribute to Tatum* (Chicarscuro)—the three years and 2,000 hours of transcribing, note for note, a dozen Art Tatum piano solos into more than a hundred pages of manuscript, the memorization of the whole folio, the endless practice to get every note in place and still make it sound as spontaneous as the original. And I know that it sounds as much like the immortal Tatum as could possibly be expected, given the fact that Stein simply doesn't have Tatum's light, lithe touch. What I *don't* know is why Stein even bothered. Or why anyone would choose to listen to these imitations when the real thing is readily available on reissues. In fact, I'm not sure why I've taken this much trouble to explain the whole silly thing. 2.0

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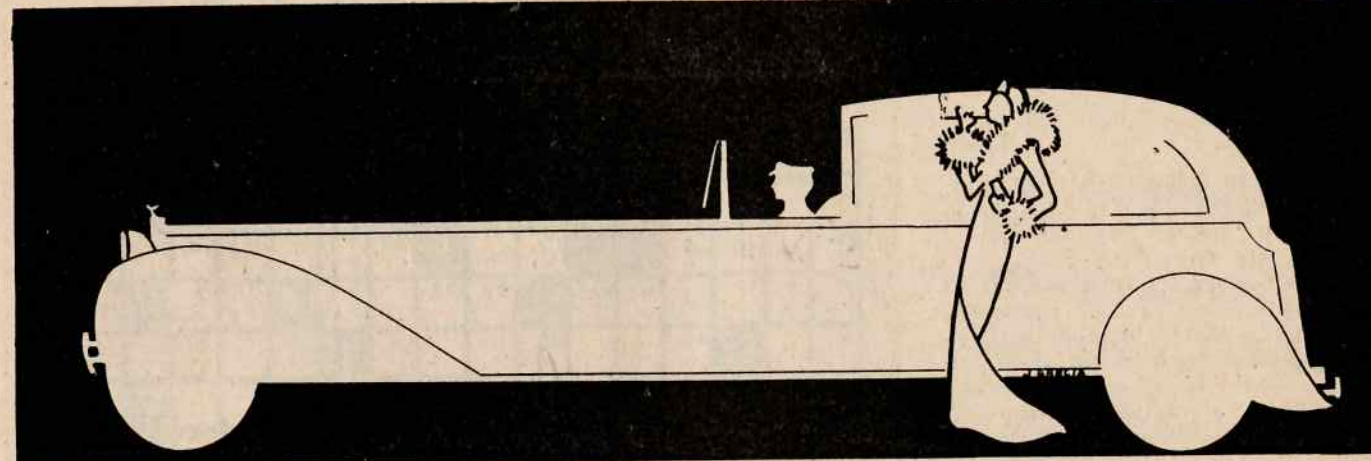
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BY BIRDFEATHER



The last echoes of "Happy Noooo Year," blatts from paper horns, new albums finally comin' in, yawns and stretches from rainy Hollywired to youse all in fabulous Chi-town. An' since it's time to remember auld lang zyne (whatever that means) let's flash back briefly to who, what—feedbacks of '76 and a portent or two for '77.

Oh, The Champagne Flowed Freely: At Chrysalis' bash for Jethro Tull where the hovering waiters barely let us take a sip before refilling the elegant glasses that somehow found their way into my waiting purse. Lotsa smoked salmon and bagels—odd tribute to an English rock'n' roll band—Ian Anderson with shorter hair and a new wife (Shawna, the svelte lady who assists him at gigs) and the L.A. Lurchers out in force to congratulate Ian and co. for whatever it was the party was celebrating. Who knew? Who cared? Chrysalis.

Quote Best Summing Up '76: From Tim Hogan, more-or-less illustrious music editor of the *L.A. Free Press*: "Brian Wilson suffered from whiplash recently—when his pillow slipped from under his head."

Speaking of Hogan: At one of December's few official press parties—for ex-Guess Who Burton Cummings—Tim Hogan became an overnight sensation. It happened at the Roxy where Portrait Records had bottles of white wine on red tablecloths, red roses in vases and an awfully long wait before Cummings sang his little heart out to those assembled. First we chugalugged the wine (right from the bottle, since no glasses were provided), then we passed some questionable cigarettes of strong aroma, then we started ordering doubles (White Russians fer me) like they wuz going out of style. A French-dressed waitress—little short ruffly dress—and a tuxedo'd waiter took notice and started stopping at our table with heaps and heaps of so-so hors

d'oeuvres which we dutifully scoffed at a whale's pace. More time passed. Eyes glazed and Hogan bemoaned the too-long length of his silky hair. "Well," said he, "this oughta' do it." ZAP! SWOOSH! He lit a match, bringing it to the side of his head (laughing) and WHOOSH! FIRE!! The acrid smell of singed hair, a very fast pat-pat and it was out. Stunned, we looked round to see if anyone noticed. Faces with open mouths gaped at our table. We obviously scored!! The show, needless to say, was anticlimactic so we split out the side door, giggling into the night. Burton who??

Sleaziest Bash of '76: The Pretty Things blow-out at Jayne Mansfield's pink stucco hacienda (even the bathroom, ah, fixtures were of a rosy hue) where the Kinks, Rod Stewart, varied Zeps, the late Paul Kossoff and Tommy Bolin rubbed shoulders and fought for Anglo beer and chips with the press and corporate biggies who roamed the pink rooms and gathered by the heart-shaped pool. Pretty Things keyboarder John Povey—tall, hunky, curly blond hair and the bluest eyes—gets ma' vote for the Semiannual Handsome Is As Handsome Does Award—he kissed ma' bejewelled hand, leaving it dry (important) but warm (also important).

Yer Birdmama's Favest '76 Rave: Ted Nugent for his wild eyes, babysoft skin, guitar pyrotechnics and mucho metal music—may his Marshalls never fail nor fall.

Upstarts/Keep An Eye-Ear On: Mother's Finest, the Don Harrison Band, A&M's Piper.

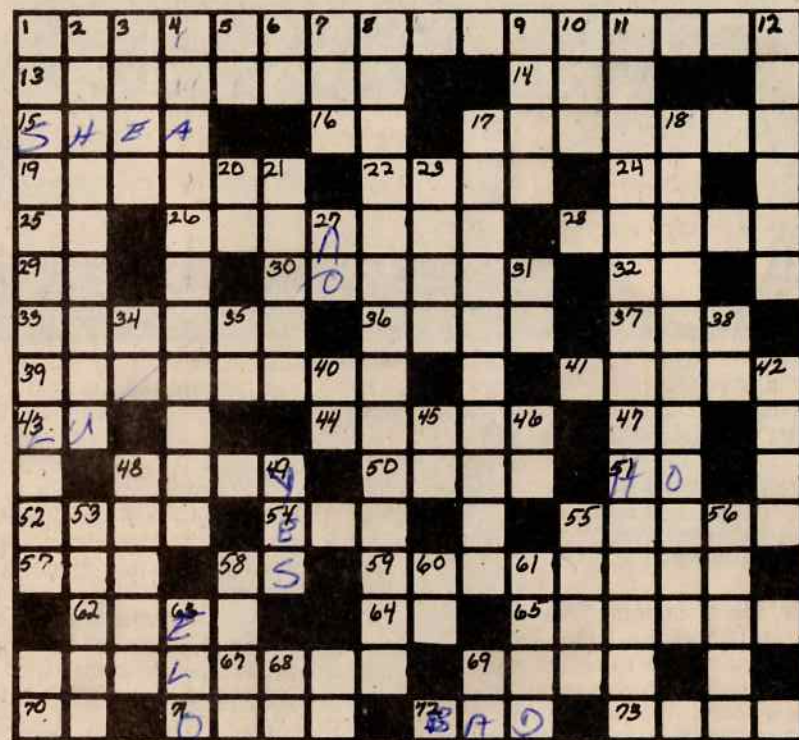
Streetwords: Bryan Ferry solo tour set for early Spring. . . . tradepaper Billboard's annual awards considered a farce by industry insiders ("almost as bad as Don Kirschner's Rock Awards," sez one who prefers to remain anonymous). . . . sad to say that an N.E.S. security dude was knifed to death after Lynyrd Sky-

nyrd's New Year's Eve gig at Long Beach—seems that after he was forcibly ejected by the 17 yr.-old-burley bouncer—this kid, pissed as he could be, came back and fatally attacked the N.E.S. guy with a 4-in. blade and it's a shame it came to that. . . . a horse named Cat Stevens (true!!) won the fifth race at Santa Anita Race Track last week, by a nose. . . . Beach Boy Dennis Wilson suing wife Karen Lamm (ex of Chicago's Robert Lamm) for divorce. . . . wedding bells though for Kenny Loggins who married longtime girlfriend and sometime lyricist Eva, and for Neil Schon and Gregg Rolie of Journey who likewise hitched up with their longtime amours (not lyricists). . . . Willie Nelson turns actor in "Outlaw Blues" with Peter Fonda and Epic's tunesmith Michael Murphy, then Willie segues to "Gone To Texas" in which he portrays a bounty hunter. . . . Kenny Loggins, by the way, in the studio readying his next epee expected in March with producers Phil Ramone and Bob James. . . . Nazareth on the U.S. road in March. . . . Albert Lee (ace guitarist and keyboarder of the late, lamented Head, Hands and Feet) has joined Joan Armatrading's band. . . . Bonzo and Robert Plant (of Led Zep, kiddies) doing three benefit gigs with Band of Joy players for relatives of Possessed (an Anglo band who were all killed in a car crash), good guys those Zeps. . . . jazzman George Duke signed to Epic. . . . Johnny Rivers putting a backup band together for Chuck Berry (??) . . . is Eagle Glen Frye doing a solo album? . . . Smoky Robinson (ex-Miracle) producing "Big Time," a 'family' comedy film. . . . will Elton's new money manager keep him from buying those \$2500 glasses he's so famed for? . . . will '77 be better than '76? Hotter? Rock and rollier? Who knows my dears, but yer very own Hollyweird correspondent (me) will always keep y'all in touch, but only if you do yourselves a favor and TURN THE VOLUME UP!!!

mind games

Across

1. Five-foot-tall singer who co-authored "Fever," died in prison in 1968.
13. Bronx R&B group whose hit was "Rockin' in the Jungle."
14. Name of a Rascals album and single.
15. New York ballpark, often a sight for concerts.
16. Kind of woman The Doors sang of.
17. Singer famous for his clever, lyrical tunes and his drinking (last name).
19. Last name of Atlanta fiddler who founded the Skillet Lickers in the '20s.
22. Something to beware in March (hint: the group's hit was "Vehicle").
24. Initials of an old Smokey Robinson tune, recently covered by a bland pop twosome.
25. Initials of Fats Domino's second hit.
26. A TV rock show in the mid-60s.
28. First name of a Band member from Arkansas.
29. Initials of a '51 hit by Guy Mitchell.
30. The DeJohn Sisters' only hit, in 1950.
32. —Five.
33. First initial and last name of a relative of CSN&Y star.
36. Initials of a traditional song done by Johnny Desmond and Mitch Miller.
37. Abbreviation for a Chicago-area school.
39. An R&B hit by Shirley Gunter and the Queens.
41. "—the 12th of Never."

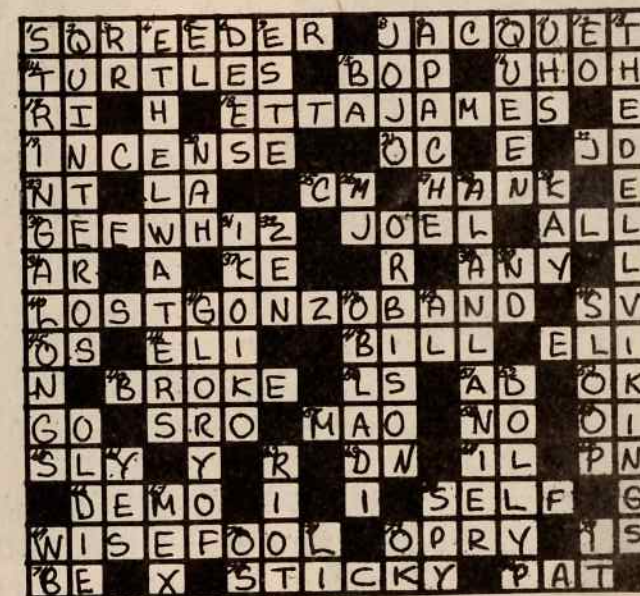


43. Initials of R&B instrumental group who did "Love's Theme."
44. One of the musical genres that influenced 55-across.
47. Initials of Creedence Clearwater Revival's finest album.
48. Refrain of a Tommy James and Shondells song.
50. "Give me —a Little More Time."
51. Last name of Hawaiian crooner.
52. Marvin Gaye & Mary Wells: "Once —a Time."
54. Little "Locomotion" singer.
55. Last name of rock 'n' roll giant who named his first hit song after a cow.
57. Elvis had some famous sessions with this label.
58. "—Tears Go By."
59. In-vogue Spanish word for male rock-star sexiness.
62. "Baby I—Your Lovin'."
64. Initials of the Tunestoppers' leader.
65. Sleek, furry creatures or a '50s R&B group.
66. A type of car or the band who did "Wildflower" in '73.
69. "Gonna Find Somebody —to Love."
70. Initials of a Byrds sci-fi fantasy song.
71. Most lucrative movie of summer '76.
72. Company or Finger.
73. Nickname of a singer-character on *Laverne & Shirley*.

Down

1. Les Paul's real name.
2. A Sam & Dave song expressing gratitude.
3. "Angel" or Queens.
4. '50s comedy song by Nervous Norvus, about an auto wreck and blood.
5. Initials of a '61 song by the Mark-Keys.
6. Initials of Ames Brothers member who became a TV Indian and sang sappy songs.
7. Initials of a Led Zeppelin single.
8. Supposedly funny '50s song by Tony Martin and Fran Warren.
9. All-girl heavy metal band.
10. Something slippery.
11. Famous exiled American folksinger.
12. Negative R&B song by the Chanters.
17. Unenlightened '50s term for R&B.
18. Hit tune in '64 by the Four Seasons.
20. "—Cumpari."
21. First name of drummer for Rory Storm & the Hurricanes (he moved up to 2 more famous bands).
23. Paris fashion designer frequented by Rod Stewart.
27. Not yes.
31. Initials of Nino Aiello's band—biggest hit was "Juke Box Saturday Night."
34. Art wave of the mid-'60s.
35. Son of British actor who had a hit with Cohen's "Suzanne" (initials).
38. Hawaiian plant that grows out of bark.
40. Initials of old-time Neil Sedaka hit.

42. Jane or Madonna.
45. Initials of a Tommy Roe single.
46. Initials of tune done by both James Brown and Jimmy Forrest.
48. Mercenary R&B song by the Kingsmen.
49. Band whose first biggie was "Roundabout."
53. They're white and on dope.
55. For the Dave Clark Five, these go with pieces.
56. First name and last initial of talented Irish guitarist.
58. A song for him was fairly big last year.
60. Initials of the Drells' leader.
61. The Rascals: "—On."
63. Band who did "Can't Get It Out of My Head."
66. Italian singer/actor stabbed to death a year ago (initials).
67. Business abbreviation for "about."
68. Initials of a famous Capitol A&R man in the Eisenhower years.
69. See 6-down.



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WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECAST

Woes and tribulations find national government and heads of state. February 23, 1977 marks the beginning of a two-month period that brings disruptive influences to nations and their leaders.

Uprisings in the Soviet Republics of Azerbaijan, Turkistan, White Russia and the Ukraine are a distinct possibility. Similar activities in Poland and Lithuania may also be in the wind. The likelihood of earthquakes in the southern central portions of the Soviet Union is also high. Although the 1976 quakes took a heavy toll of life and property in this area, it appears the earth has not yet finished its deadly contortions. China and India are also threatened. The celestial maps for February 23 show one potential quake center off the southwest coast of Ceylon. This could pose a serious threat to that island as well as to its larger neighbors to the north. Tidal waves and disaster by weather may also fulfill the holocaustic aspects zeroing in on these three nations.

Another terrestrial pressure point lies in the Andes near the equator. Earthquakes in this area of the South American continent could, very well result, as the earth responds to the celestial forces involved. Landslides, snowslides and train wrecks will almost surely plague the entire Andes region.

Threats similar to those directed towards the equatorial regions of the Andes are forecast for the portion of Africa occupying the area north, northwest and west of the Congo region. The Zambian government may face an insurmountable crisis in the months governed by this celestial event. Rhodesia or South Africa may be behind it.

This set of celestial conditions that fosters catastrophe has a better side. Innovation, revelation and discovery are equally involved in the pattern. The same area off the coast of Ceylon and India that will produce earth tremors, tidal and atmospheric disturbances also holds archaeological discoveries that may someday rock the very foundations of science and religion.

The zodiac shows there was once a vast body of land in the northern Indian Ocean. The forgotten region was once joined to Southern Asia along what is now the western shore of India and the coastlines of Pakistan, Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Only a narrow channel separated the forgotten land from the east coast of Africa. It extended southward to the Tropic of Capricorn. The eastern extremity lay a few degrees to the east of what is now the southern tip of India. The island of Madagascar was once a range of majestic mountains towering above this onetime extension of the Asian continent. Near the northeastern edge of this area a second range of great precipices overlooked a fertile lowland. The island of Ceylon was once this noble highland. Lesser peaks filed across the inland landscape forming natural barriers between four separate ethnological groups. Today these ancient peaks form several archipelagos in the Indian Ocean.

Could this be the land erased by the great flood recorded by so many of the archaic civilizations of that part of the world? According to the celestial figure that yields this information the land to the south of Asia was destroyed by floods, resulting from earthquakes and torrential rains in about 4,500 B.C.

This corresponds to the date when the Sumerian came to the Tigris-Euphrates River Valley. Even the people the Sumerians displaced (according to their written records) had no knowledge of where their persecutors' homeland was. The most ancient legends relating to the arcane science of alchemy state, "The transmutative science was brought to the Tigris-Euphrates River Valley by the Sumerians. Having escaped the destruction of Atlantis they sought to recapture the knowledge of their forebears. Alchemy was the result of that quest."

The land in question, of course, was not Atlantis. It's possible Atlantis was substituted for some other ancient name used to identify this sub-Asian land. Misinterpretation or mistranslation of ancient stories and records could easily account for this discrepancy.

Strangely enough, the cultures of Ceylon and Madagascar bear no relationship to any other in the world. Despite the proximity of Ceylon to India and Madagascar to Africa, neither society reflects more than an incidental relationship to that of its respective mainland.

Much time will be needed to verify this. After all, it took 30 years for the archaeological community to admit the Sumerians existed. Eventually the discovery will be publicized and accepted; similar discoveries are likely in the Caribbean Sea and the Galapagos Islands. The central Andes also promise to yield the secrets of the ancients to those persistent enough to find them.

New islands may also rise in the area of the South Pacific. In the U.S. the cosmic chaos seems to focus on political affairs. The effect will be noticeable at almost every level of government. Politically motivated bombings are a distinct possibility in the near future. There is also a threat of strikes by health workers or hospital employees.

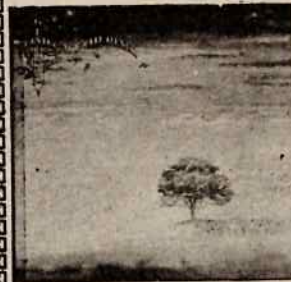
In all probability there will be accidents on the sea and waterways involving a variety of sea-going vessels. Train wrecks and airline crashes may also be in the news both at home and abroad.

William Randolph Hearst and his daughter will make big news in the near future. It's not unlikely Ms. Heart's conviction may be overturned. The discovery of unpublicized pressure brought to bear on the jury and other members of the court who presided at her original trial may be responsible for this reversal of judiciary opinion.

Hearst's physical well-being is threatened. The danger seems to emanate from either automobiles or aircraft. Attorney F. Lee Bailey may also be under similar threat. It's far more likely Bailey will have to face heavy criticism for his handling of the case. In the end, however, justice will triumph.

The President may embark on a good-will tour. Despite appearances it's a good idea. It thwarts a not-so-vague threat from a plot hatched on his inauguration day.

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CELESTIAL SCENE

Unique relationships between the slow-moving planets and major fixed stars foreshadow unprecedented events. Humanity in general will be prone to speak too hastily. At the same time large cross-sections of the population will respond to a trend that impels them to take the words of others too seriously. The threat to interpersonal relations is easy to see.

The situation is augmented by an adverse configuration among Saturn, Uranus, Mars and the more distant of the "new" planets beyond Pluto. Harsh words spoken in haste may spark overreaction on the part of recipients. The resulting escalation of hostilities can place insurmountable barriers between people who are important to one another. Parents, friends, loved ones and professional superiors are all subject to this adverse trend.

There's a way to turn the celestial tides, however. Act and speak in a manner that brings reassurance, not doubt, to those who lack self-confidence. An open mind and flexible attitude allow the individual to sense what must be said or done. Those who conduct themselves accordingly will experience a period of unprecedented good fortune.

To the unknowledgeable, those who act in this manner will seem lucky. In reality it is not fate but wisdom that serves one.

FORECAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

ARIES

Early February accents matters relating to the home. Devote some time to improving your living conditions. A wide variety of changes are in store after Feb. 7. Romantic difficulties can be ironed out after this date. The incorrect decisions and difficulties of January can be overcome after this date. Mid-February holds a threat of injury to the hands due to carelessness. Avoid letting your attention drift when using tools designed for cutting or pounding between Feb. 14 and 16. After Feb. 21 Aries should be prepared to answer those who criticize their professional activities. Situations of this nature may look threatening but foreknowledge of the threat allows you to turn matters heavily in your favor.

TAURUS

Taurus seems to be able to breeze through February with little difficulty. It's a month of change but the alteration of circumstances that takes place is definitely for the better. Situations that once seemed difficult undergo subtle alterations; impossible tasks will become easy. A brief period of conflict threatens between Feb 15 and 18. However, you quickly resolve the adversity with the aid of two friends. The last half of February is more or less a repetition of the first. During this period you'd be well-advised to initiate actions that observation tells you will bring lasting benefit. February's benefits are magnified if you avoid controversial issues.

GEMINI

Gemini natives may be prone to hit the nail right on the thumb. This holds true in matters involving physical action or communication. Matters of consequence proceed smoothly until Feb. 10. Deal with things of greatest importance prior to this date. After the all-important Feb. 10 you're still under good aspects but you'll have to resolve a few problems here and there. A threat of illness presents itself after Feb. 12. Impulse may prompt you to take chances with your health or physical well-being after that date. Resist the temptation and you need not fear. You may find yourself considering a change in your physical appearance, you'll benefit by that change in many ways. It thwarts a trend that may bring conflict with egotistical executive types. In addition, it raises your self-esteem.

Triad February 1977

CANCER

There's an enormous amount of energy directed at you. The moon waxes full at February's opening and raises activity cycles to a peak. Be prepared to take sides in differences of opinion that relate to residential or professional matters. Avoid involving yourself in other people's romantic problems. It could bring serious losses. Cancer natives could experience problems relating to automobiles. The consequence could be unavoidable delay. This could touch off romantic difficulties. Try to avoid letting social or romantic activities hinge on whether you do or not have transportation until Feb. 15. After this date you'll find yourself blessed with an unusual degree of eloquence. Use it to put offensive individuals in their place.

LEO

Conflicts with Aquarius (or those answering the physical description for this sign) are very likely in the early portion of the month. It's best to keep your temper under control in such cases. You're under heavy influences, favorable and adverse. When the cosmic balance is cast, however, the scale tips in your favor. Don't shut yourself off from the good that awaits you by letting delays, petty aggravations, and the foolish notions of others get you down. The entire month is adverse for mechanical devices of all varieties; it's best to postpone the purchase of such items until March. Be ready to mediate between people who hold opposing viewpoints. After Feb. 17 you can alter undesirable circumstances if you are prepared to accept total change.

VIRGO

Good ideas that seemed nebulous are now clarified. Form a unique plan of action and proceed accordingly. Enlist the aid of family members or close associates in execution of this plan and matters will be hastened to a favorable conclusion. Top-level executive types will be willing to assist you in correcting un-

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desirable situations. They may also help you in a conflict of wills between yourself and an individual (probably an older person) who clings to outmoded ideas. Disruptive influences are directed towards your employment situation after Feb. 8. Seek out the persons behind your difficulty and discuss matters. The consequence of this action is an increase in status or financial remuneration. After Feb. 18 it is imperative that you refrain from letting others take advantage of the generous and sympathetic side of your nature.

LIBRA

Demands on your time grow less numerous as February's overture sounds. You'll be able to catch up routine matters. Take some time to correct minor health problems during this period. Crisis and confrontation seem to be unavoidable between Feb. 14 and 18. In reality it is only an illusion born of inner fears. Face what seems to be the issue, and matters stabilize at once. Premonitions relating to personal and collective disaster should be disregarded. These too are emanations from the mind's involuntary regions. The monsters from the Freudian id soon vanish and life's brighter side becomes obvious. By Feb. 19 you'll find matters of genuine consequence are proceeding extraordinarily well.

SCORPIO

A rehashing of existing conditions is only a partial answer to the conditions under which early February finds you living. The solution lies in drastic change. Bitter memories from yesteryear may cause you to fear attempting that which a realistic evaluation of present circumstances (and of yourself) tells you is possible. It is already obvious what is worth holding onto and what must be abandoned for the sake of something better. Let logic be your counselor and take positive action. This opens a whole new world that is yours for the grasping. Be prepared to open the proverbial door when opportunity knocks. Conflicts between the new and the old are all around you from Feb. 9 to 12. It's best to steer clear of as much strife as you can in relation to this. Avoid those who propose such nonsense even at the risk of offending.

SAGITTARIUS

The intrigue of faraway places beckons. You find yourself drawn to all things that display an aura of mystery. How can I say that? You're reading this column aren't you? The early days of February are a happy period where little can go wrong, despite a nagging feeling that something is amiss. The exception might be the loss of a small article (such as jewelry, etc.) that has sentimental value. However, should this occur, time will reveal its whereabouts. Vague anxieties fade after Feb. 12 as professional and romantic activities intensify. The last eight days of the month are status-oriented. Opportunities to change both your place of residence and your employment situation may present themselves. Change will be beneficial. Expect friction with Gemini during this period.

CAPRICORN

Postpone conflict with professional superior and Aquarius persons until after Feb. 16. When this date passes you can play the aces you hold to best advantage. Like most of the other signs the outlook for complete change is much more favorable than for revamping existing circumstances. This trend is especially strong in professional matters. However, it's wise to make sure you're really moving ahead before jumping into anything. After Feb. 12 you may be prone to unjustified abuse from authority figures or coworkers. Embarrassing as it may be, an emotional response will produce the best result. Capricorn would be well advised to avoid strangers in this period of time. These final days of February hold a strange blend of the disconcerting and the sublime. A discreet tongue will accent the positive side of the trends in force.

AQUARIUS

A threat of bitter disappointment is neatly thwarted by resolution and the resulting renewal of effort. Difficult situations relating to your home and living conditions can be resolved. However, the solutions may demand considerable financial expenditure. The picture brightens somewhat after Feb. 8 as you discover forgotten resources that offset earlier losses. Social activities are also under favorable aspect after this date. A vast number of people may not be involved in your life. However those that are will be genuine and well worth your attention. After Feb. 11 be willing to fulfill an inner need that impels you to explore all things to their utmost depth. By doing so you'll discover February's adversity is a blessing in disguise. In reality circumstances are steering you away from disaster. Don't forget delays or restrictions beyond the point of what is reasonable.

PISCES

Life becomes more ideal this February. Unexplainable good luck seems to be your constant companion. Those around you are equally blessed. From Feb. 9 to 14 there's a threat to your personal possessions that could prove upsetting. The old adage "neither borrower nor a lender be" provides a ready-made remedy for the potential difficulty. This brief period may also produce a degree of mental disorientation. When it ends you'll discover you're developed the ability to conduct several different trains of thought at the same time. The second half of February enhances romantic conditions and brings tangible recognition in professional activities. The full magnitude of events that take place in this month will not be obvious until June. Consequently, Pisces may not realize how great February 1977 was until late spring or early summer.

February arts



Triad February 1977

AN INTERVIEW WITH JACK WALLACE A CHICAGO ACTOR IN SEARCH OF A PAYCHECK

BY C.E. GERBER

*Our revels now are ended. . . These our actors,
As I fortold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into thin air. . .
We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and
Our little life is rounded with a sleep.*

Such was Prospero's and, I suppose, Shakespeare's commentary on actors. Of course, he had other things to say about them, but these lines from *The Tempest* have always seemed to me to be the most endearing. There's only one problem: what happens to us actors the morning after "our little life is rounded by a sleep"? We get up and look for another job.

I imagine it's always been that way as long as there's been theatre, particularly for the actor who lives and works in Chicago—or tries to.

In the past five years, there has been a great deal of theatrical activity in this town: new theatres cropping up and folding; hit-and-runs like *Grease* and *Warp*; directors like Paul Sills, June Pyskacek and George Keathley actually becoming a part of the public consciousness the way Bob Siskenger was once (Sills, of course, goes back even further than Siskenger, but the reference here is *Story Theatre*). But the Chicago public has also begun to recognize Chicago actors. This, I think, is a good sign.

Regarding the perennial question as to why Nichols and May, Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, and countless others had to leave this town in order to make it, I've asked a few questions of

Chicago actors who may follow suit. One of the first I talked to was Jack Wallace.

Jack Wallace is perhaps the best-known actor in town—with the exception of Mike Nussbaum. If I tell you Jack's age, he'll break both my legs, but would you believe he's a grandfather? After years in community theatre and a few in Stateville prison, Wallace got a major break as McMurphy in the Eleventh Street Theatre's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. The critics went ape, and during an appearance on *Kup's Show*, Jack met Dino de Laurentiis. De Laurentiis promptly cast Jack in the film *Death Wish*, in which the Chicago actor played a New York detective.

Jack then undertook a dual role in Stuart Gordon's *Huck Finn*, and was featured in two films, one of which played here briefly. He recently filmed a television pilot for CBS called *Sparrow* and has been nominated for a Jeff Award for his work in the Body Politic production of *The Little Prince* at the Old Town School of Folk Music. Without a doubt, Jack is one of the craziest actors I've ever met; and also one of the nicest. You'll get some indication of that from the interview.



TRIAD: How old are you?

WALLACE: I'd rather not say, 'cause it gets worse every year. I'd like to say somewhere in my twenties. The only problem is, I'm getting senile.

TRIAD: How did you first get involved in theater?

WALLACE: I was three and my uncle had a band. I started dancing on the table and people threw coins like mad. I couldn't believe it. It was raining coins. My mother took all the quarters and dimes and shiny nickles and left me the pennies. And I did some TV when I was in high school. I was in the same music class with Ramsey Lewis and Ray Brown at Wells High School. When I was in grade school, I'd go to the movies and see the westerns. I'd wish I could be a cowboy. And then I saw a movie about John L. Sullivan and I wanted to be a boxer. I still want to do that. I love action.

TRIAD: So you've been with acting since you were a child.

WALLACE: Since I was an embryo. My mother had a small part in a show just before I was born. It

was a medicine show that my father was in at the time. It sounds crazy, but it's true. My father *did* do a medicine show. I keep forgetting what an amazing actor my father is. We did a film last year with some kids from Northwestern and it won a Golden Hugo Award. My father did a scene there; a really touching scene. Somebody said, "So what? He's playing your father." And I said, whenever the cameras go on and you're in the spot and you have something to say, you're really acting.

TRIAD: It bugs me when people criticize an actor for "playing himself." As if being able to honestly deliver who you are is an easy thing to do.

WALLACE: That's true. Many a young maiden has asked me, "How do I know if you're really telling me the truth?"

TRIAD: What's your father's name?

WALLACE: Jack.

TRIAD: So you're—

WALLACE: Yes, I am Jackie Junior. And now they're going to take me away with my sand and pail.

TRIAD: How did you make your living before turning professional?

WALLACE: I had my own business for 15 years. And I sold fertilizer. And I went out with a pistol. I served three-and-a-half years at Joliet for armed robbery.

TRIAD: Were you married at the time?

WALLACE: Yeah, oh boy, was I married. I've been married twice and I'll tell you right now, more than likely both times it was my fault.

TRIAD: Were you doing community theatre then?

WALLACE: Incessantly. Mostly with the Chicago City Players. June Pyskacek and Jim Schiffli. The Hull House days. You know, it's amazing how just about everyone who was hustling in community theater then is hustling professionally now.

TRIAD: Do you hustle more now?

WALLACE: Yeah, 'cause I'm broke. I know there's two ways I can work. I can go out with a pistol or I can go out there and bust my balls and find a legitimate job. I hustle for theater.

I steal for theater.

TRIAD: How do you like films?

WALLACE: I love 'em. I'm crazy to do film. You just work it out. No rehearsal. Not with *Death Wish*, anyway. You just do it.

TRIAD: Did you make a lot of money with *Death Wish*?

WALLACE: Oh, yeah, about \$1000 a week, I guess, but I put it all back into the pub theater here.

TRIAD: Do you think actors make a good living in this city?

WALLACE: Yes, yes, if you go out with the pistol two or three times a day.

TRIAD: Would you do a porno film?

WALLACE: No, I can't. How would it look if my son and daughter were in the house watching a movie and all of a sudden they said, "Hey, it's Dad! Look what he's doing there."

Ohmigod, that's filthy. Jesus, look at that!" Then I can't kiss the kids anymore. Besides, I have a tattoo on the putz.

TRIAD: There's something you said to me once. You said, "I'll never make any money in this fucking business."

WALLACE: Yeah, that's true, that's true. I'll never make any money. I'm never goin' anyplace.

TRIAD: It's funny, because you're about the closest thing in this town—

WALLACE: To Neanderthal Man.

TRIAD: —to a star in the Chicago theater.

WALLACE: It's a sad day for Chicago theater.

TRIAD: Isn't it!

WALLACE: (laughing) That's all I can say. If I'm in it, then I want everyone brought before me tied up with rope and gagging and naked. (Evil, triumphant laugh.)

TRIAD: You were saying the other day that *Death Wish* was on the tube. You got to play your cop. Channel 11 was showing *Portrait of an Actor*, the film that won the Golden Hugo Award. What happened to that movie of yours playing at the Chelex? I turned around and it was gone.

WALLACE: *The Last Affair*. I'll tell you what happened. The reviews were so bad that I expected them to talk about my mama! It was clobbered.

TRIAD: But there it was. I mean, you saw it on the marquee. Jack Wallace. And there was a nice picture of you in the papers; and there you were: a movie star in your native land. How did it feel?

WALLACE: Well, a lot of people I owed money to were able to find me, and that's the part I don't like. Other than that, I was identified as an armed robber that gave people an enema afterwards and—uh, that's how it was. But I came out okay.

TRIAD: What did you think of it?

WALLACE: I'm too close to it to tell. I was surprised to find out that it's a bad film. Henry Cheribassi was director of *The Last Affair*, and he was so loyal to Chicago I couldn't believe it. I even said at one point, "Henry, don't open your film here. I think it has something to do with our attitudes. Please don't do this." And Henry looked at me and laughed. He's so loyal. He did *everything* Chicago.

TRIAD: If things were to really click for you in films, would you leave Chicago?

WALLACE: I go where there's work. △

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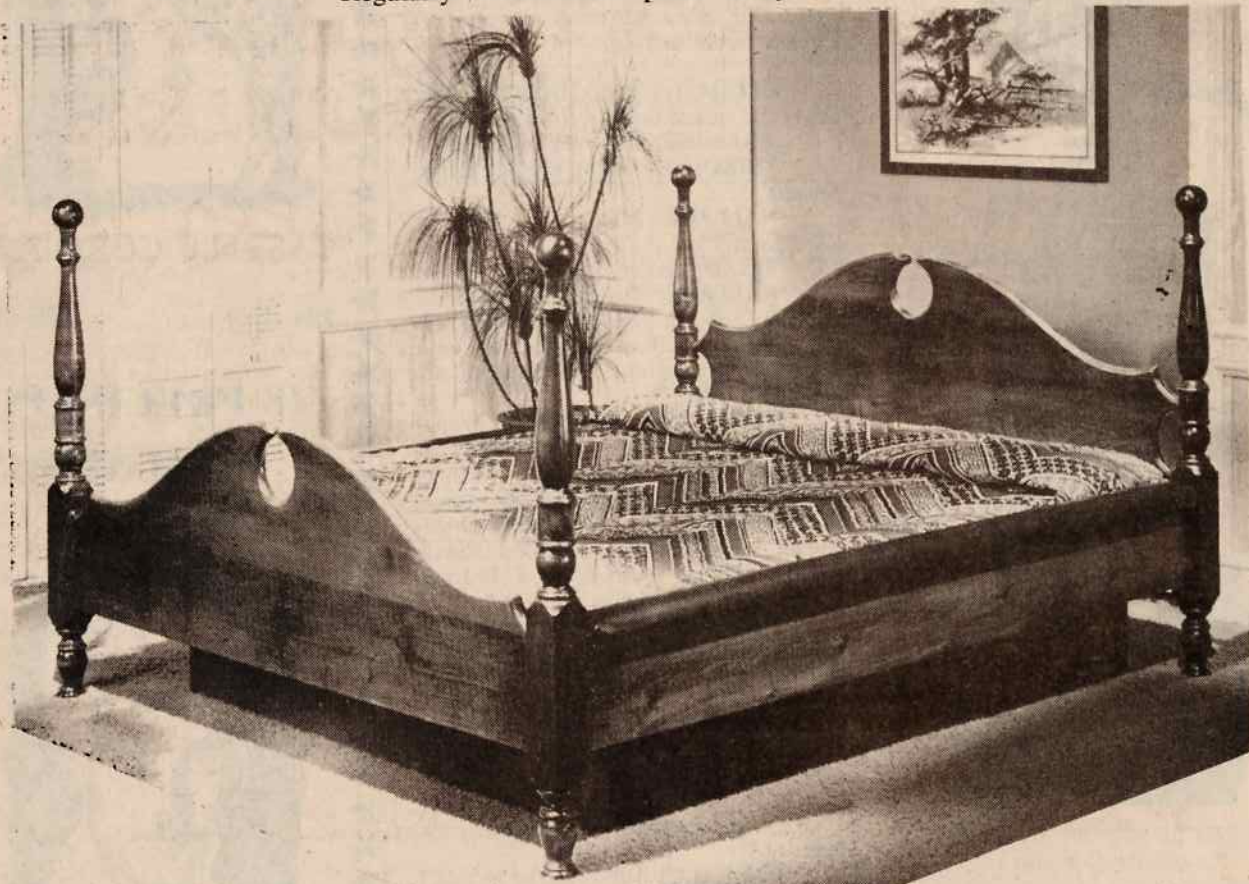
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A "TURNING POINT" FOR FILM

BY FRED ALEXSON



MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV

"Anne, could we do that again?" politely asked an eager-to-continue Herbert Ross.

"Oh, sure, since you're paying me," Anne sang out. The small, slender dark-haired woman dressed in dancer's practice clothes was obviously enjoying herself as several make-up people scurried to fuss over her.

"Everyone clear the backstage, please! Dancers, take your positions," shouted Ross.

"Quiet on the set!" another voice hollered.

This was the unmistakable cue for reporters, photographers, the stage crew, and on-lookers like me to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible without disturbing our view of the action.

As Anne Bancroft stepped into position, a young man slapped two sticks in front of the camera to record the scene and take numbers. Instantly, the actress was transformed into a ballerina, and the stage came alive with real dancers executing jumps and turns. Without interrupting the movement of the other dancers around her, Bancroft weaved her way across the stage of New York's Minskoff Theatre in a scene depicting a rehearsal of the first act of *Giselle*. Feigning fatigue, she stopped briefly to wipe her brow with a towel and to exchange a few words with actor-dancers Antoinette Sibley and Scott Douglas before exiting into the wings. Backstage, she encountered Mikhail Baryshnikov flirting with Starr Danias and, with a Bancroft look that could kill, registered her disapproval before continuing towards a dressing room out of the camera's eye.

"Cut it!" shouted Ross for the third time. His tone suggested discontent with the results. For everyone on the set this was an indication that takes, retakes, and endless hours of "hurry up and wait" would become, again, the order of the day. After a ten-minute conference with his assistant and wife, Nora Kaye, (a former ballerina of American Ballet Theatre) and ABT's lighting director, Nananne Porcher, director Ross motioned for the scene to repeat. Thus, the cameras rolled once again for the production of a new movie called *Turning Point*, a film Ross hinted was costing 20th Century-Fox \$3,000 a minute to create.

The making of *Turning Point* for the last several months has kept more than just dancers on their toes. The scene described, which will probably appear as only a few seconds in the movie, took a full afternoon to complete and involved literally hundreds of people. Besides the directors, actors, a full company of dancers, lighting technicians, make-up artists, secretaries and behind-the-scene coordinators who were employed, two wardrobe department employees and three full stage crews were needed for the three weeks of shooting at the Minskoff Theatre. In addition to the theatre, several other N.Y. locations were used as background for much of the movie: Carnegie Hall, the Russian Tea Room, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Since most of the dancers, complete with costumes and sets, are from the real and illustrious American Ballet Theatre, The School of American Ballet Theatre was also used to film the dancers of the movie's fictional "American Ballet Company" in various stages of their daily preparational classes, rehearsals, and performances.

Under Ross's excellent direction, both actors and dancers are given a chance to present, through a rather simple story, some of the insanity endemic to the strenuous lifestyle of dancers in today's dance world. The problems of trying to simulate the joys and frustrations of such an emotionally demanding and technically prolific profession were numerous and as intriguingly complex as the realities of the world they were trying to emulate.

As early as 1921, movies have used dance scenes to enhance a story. The film industry has made many dancers into actors and vice versa: Moira Shearer, Leslie Caron, Audrey Hepburn, Zizi Jeamarie, Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, Ann Miller, Joan Crawford, and Cyd Charisse are just a few among a long list of ladies. Most noted among the males are Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Ray Bolger, and Bill ("Bojangles") Robinson.

In 1946, *The Spectre of the Rose* told the story of a psychopathic dancer who ended his life after a tortured dance in a hotel room. But the film never achieved the extraordinary success of an English film called *The Red Shoes*. In this all-time dance classic, Moira Shearer, a ballerina from the Sadlers Wells Ballet Company (now Britain's Royal Ballet), played the part of a ballerina who was driven to madness and death by her love-obsessed and sadistic ballet master. In both these films dance is not only integrated into the plot—it is the plot.

Since *The Red Shoes*, there have been no other attempts to make a movie with a fictional plot based on ballet until now. *Turning Point*, although fictional, has a contemporary theme which deals realistically with the ballet dancer and his/her profession.

Only in recent years has dance, particularly ballet in America, been taken seriously by the general public as a sophisticated form of art. Its rapidly increasing popularity is reflected in 20th Century-Fox's decision to make *Turning Point*. This film may very well be a turning point not only for the dance but also for the movie industry, which is once again beginning to recognize its female stars by creating roles worthy of their talents.

The book for *Turning Point* was written especially for two

of Hollywood's leading ladies by Arthur Laurents, the author of *West Side Story*. His plot revolves around two women who were once rivals in a major ballet company. While one retires from dancing to get married and raise a family, the other remains with the company to become the leading ballerina. In fact, she remains long enough to watch the daughter of her former rival join the company. The fun begins as the two older women try to help the young protegee become a star.

Anne Bancroft plays the part of the aging ballerina, Emma. The mother, Dee Dee, is portrayed by the wonderful dancer-actress, Shirley MacLaine. The daughter, Emilia, is played by Leslie Brown, a gifted young dancer from the New York City Ballet.

In the film's other major dance roles are Mikhail Baryshnikov as (what else?) the Russian defector, Yuri; Starr Danias as Carolyn, the company's next ballerina; Hilda Morales as Sandra, a dancer friend of Emilia; Alexandra Danilova as the old Russian teacher, Dahkarova; Antoinette Sibley (from the Royal Ballet) as Sevilla; and Scott Douglas as the company's leading male dancer. Baryshnikov is frequently mentioned as the possible star of the film version of *Hair*.

The complete film, whether good, bad, or indifferent, will have great historical significance because it records for posterity the talents of some of today's finest dancers in an outstanding collection of *pas de deux* and segments of well-known ballets too numerous to list. Peter Martins, Suzanne Farrell, Clark Tippet, Marcia Haydee, Martine Van Hamel, Charles Ward, Richard Craygun, Lucette Aldous, Fernando Bujones, Gelsey Kirkland, Hideo Fukagawa, and Marianna Tcherkassky are but a few of the featured dancers whose performances in *Turning Point* are sure to cause movie screen excitement.

The rest of the picture is now being completed in Hollywood for release later this year. By the time the last reel of film has been shot, printed, and edited for release, it is estimated that the total cost of this dance gala will exceed five and a half million dollars. A small price to pay for so much talent!!

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1977

GERTRUDE'S
PROGRESS

Pocket books jumped into the new year with a jazzy new logo. In 1939, when the company introduced the first ten mass-market paperbacks to the reading public, its symbol was a dumpy, bespectacled kangaroo named Gertrude. Paperback publishing soon evolved into a major industry, and the Pocket Books trademark periodically changed its look, just to keep pace. Gertrude's latest face-lifter is Milton Glaser, the award-winning art director of *New York* magazine. Frank J. Lieberman received \$25 for drawing the first kangaroo, but Glaser probably pocketed a bit more.

Newspapers around the world buying serial rights to ex-President Nixon's memoirs are being allowed to spread out the expensive payments over a three-year period. So far, more than \$800,000 have been billed to foreign newspapers. The *London Telegraph* alone paid \$100,000. The *New York Times* Special Features, syndicating the material, expects to rake in about \$1.5 million. Nixon will make a bundle, but nothing approaching the probable \$6 million that Henry Kissinger will receive for his written memoirs.

The local scene: Henry Winkler's new movie, *Heroes*, will be filmed in Chicago. . . Stuart Gordon's Organic Theatre has received a \$7,500 grant from the Ford Foundation. . . Jean Adelman has succeeded Herman Kogan at Show/Book Week, the arts section of the Sunday *Sun-Times*.

The Film Center of The Art Institute of Chicago is now in its new theatre on Columbus Drive at Jackson. Four film series started in January, and will continue through this month. Independent productions will be screened on Tuesdays; films by Werner Herzog on Wednesdays; films by Mizoguchi on Thursdays; and the silent comedies of Harold Lloyd on Fridays. Call 443-3737 for information.

Movies in the works: Clint Eastwood will star in and direct *Gauntlet*, about an over-the-hill L.A. cop (what else?) sent to Las Vegas. . . Director Sidney Lumet finished the filming of *Equus* ahead of schedule and below budget. The film stars Richard Burton, Peter Firth, Jenny Agutter, and Harry Andrews. . . Filming of *King Kong II* begins in April—but not in Chicago. . . Mary Tyler Moore will star in *First You Cry*, a movie adapted from television reporter Betty Rollin's poignant story about her breast cancer operation. . . David Carradine typed up a letter of congratulations for himself, director Hal Ashby, and the whole crew of *Bound for Glory*. The letter promptly became a full-page ad in *The New York Times*. The movie opens here this month. . . Keith Moon and Ringo Starr will play two of Mae West's husbands in *Sextette*.



DAVID CARRADINE

The new logos—very nice, we think—sprouting up in the Arts section this month are the creative accomplishments of Kathleen Zawacki, a Chicago-area artist and friend of this magazine, for which we're grateful. Her designs add a definite touch of class to these pages.

Books to come from Warner's in 1977—all paperbacks—include *Fire and Ice*, *Blue Skies*, *No Candy*, *The Court Martial of General George Armstrong Custer*, *The Sorcerer* (a sequel to *The Exorcist*), and *Apocalypse Now* (the new Coppola movie). . . In Paris there's been a second big printing of *Le meilleur de nous-meme? (Why Not the Best?)* by Jimmy Carter. . . Bestsellers for 1976, according to *The New York Times*, were (Fiction) *Trinity*, *1876*, *The Deep*, *The Lonely Lady*, *The Choirboys*, and (General) *The Man Called Intrepid*, *World of Our Fathers*, *The Final Days*, *A Year of Beauty and Health*, *The Russians* and *Passages*. How many have you read?

The TV scene: James Garner will do a series of ads for Polaroid, replacing Candice Bergen. (Replacing Candice Bergen?). . . Candice will be hustling perfume. . . James Mitchener's mammoth *Hawaii* will become an ABC-TV miniseries, filmed by Lorimar Productions (*The Waltons*). . . Now that Idaho Gov. Cecil Andrus is in the Carter Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, his TV ads for the Idaho Potato Commission will end.

The forthcoming movie, *Dry Hustle*, is based on the novel of the same name by Sarah Kernochan (Morrow will publish it this year). The 28-year-old author, who made two albums for RCA and co-directed *Marjoe*, will write the movie's screenplay and co-direct. *Dry Hustle* relates the adventures of two "sort-of" hookers who hitchhike across the United States.

Richard Bach, the successful author of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, is back. His new book, "a mystical adventure story," is an April release of Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede, titled *Illusions: the Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*. Bach will promote the book by barnstorming the country in his own vintage airplane. Delacorte has budgeted \$50,000 for publicity.

MOVIES



A STAR IS BORN
directed by Frank Pierson
a Warner Bros. release

The biggest question I have about this picture is why Barbra Streisand ever decided to inflict herself on a story that has been told magnificently either once, twice, or three times before. Why should she wish to remake a film which may give more screen time to the female lead, but assigns a crucial role to the male lead? It has become clear through viewing her earlier films that the acting talents of Ms. Streisand begin and end with her poor little girl from Brooklyn routine. Go beyond that and you have disaster. How to take on an ambitious project like a remake of *A Star Is Born*? Just make sure that you and your boyfriend are producing the movie, pressure the director into doing it your way, and take a talented actor/singer like Kris Kristofferson and exploit him for his sex appeal alone. Turn

Triad February 1977

the female character into someone who approaches perfection, and cut the part of the man who made her stardom possible down to the vanishing point. Make sure you give yourself lots of close-ups, and most of all be sure to release your soundtrack album at least a full month before the movie hits the theaters. Pay no heed to the fact that the male star can blow you off the screen without even trying; just make sure that the camera always comes to rest on you at the end of all the love scenes or ordeals. Don't worry that you give a bad name to the earlier films by the same name. After all, what can Janet Gaynor (1937) or Judy Garland (1954) do that Barbra can't?

Well, the answer is really quite simple: the actresses who played Mrs. Norman Maine in the earlier versions of the story (about the man who discovers the great talent and destroys himself because of it) knew how to act. They

knew how to act within the structure of a film, so that their most important function was to make the film *work*. Of course, those other women wanted to be stars as well, but they knew the difference between a film and a record album. Barbra doesn't. She's got one of the greatest sets of pipes in the business, and she has an ego to match (I wanted to transcribe a little of her interview with Barbara Walters here, but you wouldn't believe it anyway).

If you liked the record, go and see the film. If you like Barbra, ditto. But even if you are a raving fanatic, check the matinee: the prices are cheaper and you will stand less of a chance of being disappointed; disappointed by an ineptly made, pseudo-rock version of one of Hollywood's greatest stories. More on that subject next issue.

Bill Crowley

NICKELODEON
written by W. D. Richter
directed by
Peter Bogdanovich

If the '70s seem boring, it might be because our entertainment monopolies have been packaging nostalgia and offering it as "real fun" instead of exploiting the current decade's natural peculiarities. Lately, those nostalgia movies have taken on the qualities of cheap TV dinners cooked in microwave ovens. Director Peter Bogdanovich (*At Long Last Love, What's Up, Doc?*) seems to be one of the movie industry's leading purveyors of barely rewarmed cinematic nostalgia.

If his latest picture, *Nickelodeon*, is any indication of his talents as a director, then we'd all better rush out and see the film: the movie itself (and its attendance) is so abysmal that it is liable to be his last foray. Or better yet, stay home and watch all of the old John Ford and Howard Hawks movies on television, since Bogdanovich doesn't make new films—he merely raids the classics for the characters, themes, and situations of his films. The sorrow and the pity of the whole operation is that he adds nothing of any consequence to that which he borrows. In fact, the translation process from

old movie to new does serious injustice to the material.

In *Nickelodeon*, which tells a story of some small time operators who ground out silent pictures in the early days of cinema, when the monopolistic studios were only beginning to dominate, not even the combined talents of Ryan and Tatum O'Neal and Burt Reynolds can remove the morgue-like atmosphere which pervades the film. Ostensibly dealing with the makers of slapstick comedy, the film does not examine the way that Hollywood used to work, but merely uses that setting for the sake of the exploitation of nostalgia and as a setting for its own slapstick. Unfortunately, even the comedy is only partially successful. An exercise in the recreation of Mack Sennett's sight gags could in itself be amusing, but unfortunately for the viewers of this film, it is when the characters are supposed to be acting serious or sentimental that the horse laughs are apt to break out.

As Franklin Frank, the film's fictional cameraman observes, "Hell, any fool can direct." Sure, but it takes more than a fool to make a good, engaging Hollywood film, even a cinematic featherweight like this one. It looks like time for Mr. Bogdanovich to start looking for a new job. (I hear it doesn't take too much sensitivity, sophistication or creativity to make "loops" for the X-rated peepshows, and there are lots of nickels in that business, Peter.)

Bill Crowley

THE ENFORCER
directed by John Fargo
a Warner Bros. release

Okay, we've met "Dirty Harry" Callahan before, and in the first sequel we were reintroduced to his "hand gun," the .44 magnum. In *The Enforcer*, Clint Eastwood's third appearance as the San Francisco detective, the character is brought back to rage again, and his cannon blazes once more. There is one major problem with this film, though: in the five years since Harry was introduced to us by director Don Siegel, movies have become more violent, and R-rated films have become more sex-obsessed as well. It isn't surprising at all to find that Dirty Harry films have followed this trend closely—the mere fact that the film advertises claim that *The Enforcer* is the dirtiest Harry of them all should make that clear. The strangest thing is that the more violent the films have gotten, the better they have done at the box office. *Variety* reported that this film had outgrossed both *Kong* and *Barbra* at the box office in its first two weeks of release. That's doing well.

A number of formulaic elements present within *The Enforcer* combine to make the film attractive to the mass

audience. First, it boasts a complex plot which focuses on the kidnapping of the mayor of San Francisco by yet another cinematic liberation army. This time, the sickies also manage to rob an armory and procure bazooka-like armor piercing weapons. Then bombs begin to go off. It's enough to get a good sturdy enforcer of law and order a little hot under the collar, and to start the fascist/vigilante juices boiling and flowing.

Looks like a job for Dirty Harry, right? Well, things aren't that simple, because in his attempt to fight crime the way he knows he has to, Harry has gotten himself tossed off the force a couple more times. One of his partners has already been blown away by the liberationists, and he gets himself into hot water because he has been assigned a female partner who also happens to be a rookie. That's where things get really strange, and where this film sinks below the level of the first and second films in the series.

In the past, the sexuality implicit within the character played by Eastwood was forced upon the audience only by allusion. (Sure, how can you miss the fact that he is a cop who happens to carry the largest handgun you have ever seen?) The fact that most of his associates have been male in the proceeding films has allowed the phallic connotations to be defused, yet still move the audience. This time, the fact that Harry has a sharp female sidekick cannot fail to draw attention to the weapon he conceals. She asks

Triad February 1977

him at one point why he carries such a huge gun, and must reply to his answer, "Oh, I see. It's penetration you're after." The sexual imagery has been shifted from the latent to the manifest level here. While such a tactic may provide more laughs (at the expense of the film), it does little to advance the characterizations or the plot. Such laughter is parasitic on the character of Harry, and although Eastwood may be the macho star of the '70s, such a film does not do much beyond make money and help destroy the elements which make the character successful in the first place.

Although *The Enforcer* may make token attempts to prove that Harry might someday be liberated from his own macho image, and even it it does provide

the violent thrill of seeing Harry demolish a tower in Alcatraz (much more effective than just blowing away the villain with a hand cannon, no?), it is nothing more than a very competent attempt to cash in on the mania for cinematic violence: That Clint Eastwood is the perpetrator of this film is a mixed blessing. The action sequences are among the best and most violent he has ever done. But it also seems a little strange that the man who is credited with directing the film is Eastwood's stunt man. What that means is that not even Eastwood can be completely pleased with this one, even if he did have a major hand in its direction. Wait till next time for the profundity, this one is here for only one purpose—to release your latent violence.

Bill Crowley

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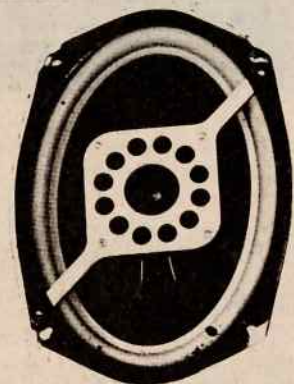
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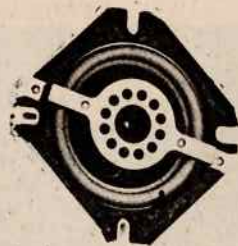
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**THE MAIN
Trevanian
(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, \$8.95)**

Montreal is a vivid city, indelibly imprinting itself on a visitor's mind. But the Montreal the tourist usually sees—Expo island, the Metro, the *places*, the fine restaurants, the restored buildings—is not the Montreal of *The Main*. Here is another world, one remembered long after the last page of Trevanian's most recent novel.

The Main is a complete switch for this anonymous British author whose previous books include two fine thrillers (*The Eiger Sanction* and *The Loo Sanction*); and under a second pseudonym, Nicholas Seare, a marvelous comic novel, an academic put-on titled *1339... or So*.

His new book is most memorable for its two principal characters, Lieutenant LaPointe of the Montreal Police, and the Main itself. This is Montreal's immigrant district: "The boundary between French and English Montreal thickened into a no man's land where neither language predominated, and eventually the Main became a third strand in the fiber of the city, a zone of its own consisting of mixed, but unblended cultures. The immigrants who did well, and most of the children, moved away to English-speaking west Montreal. But the old stayed, those who had spent their toil and money on the education of children who are now embarrassed by them. The old stayed; and the losers; and the lost."

The old, the losers, and the lost.

These are Lt. LaPointe's motley flock, and for 32 years he has tended them as protector and sometimes as punisher. LaPointe is a complex individual. His "personal, only coincidentally legal style" of handling the Main has made him a folk hero to young French Canadian policemen. He is a cop who reads and rereads Zola; who daydreams of the house and family he might have had but for the death of his wife only a year after their marriage; who judges, harasses, and punishes those who violate the *Pax LaPointe* he upholds on his personal patch.

Now 58, LaPointe makes his rounds wearing a shapeless topcoat and a determined fatalism. Years ago a bullet in the chest left him with an inoperable aneurism in an artery close to the heart. He knows it could take him at any moment. He also knows that, when he goes, there will be no one left to confront the two great enemies ravaging the Main: crime, and a more impersonal but equally savage "progress." All he can do is hold back that day as long as the God of whom he has despaired permits him.

When a flashy, young Italian hoodlum is found knifed in an alley on LaPointe's patch, the Lieutenant begins his inexorable investigation. But his search for the killer never permits him to let up for a moment his control over the people among whom he walks: "tight-packed but lonely. Tense faces, worried faces, vacant faces, all lit on one side by the garish neon of *nosh* bars, saloons, cafes."

LaPointe opens one door after another in search of the killer. Each one opens on another brilliant vignette of life in the Main. From these doors emerge a stream of unforgettable characters: a Chinese waitress in a Jewish deli; a knife-grinder who once fell from a snow-covered roof; Carrot, the bone-tough lesbian owner of a workingman's diner; the Vet, a pathetic *bomme*; Yo-Yo Dery, a life-embracing hooker who immortalized herself on the Main one night in a crowded cabaret by proving herself a natural redhead; Dr. Bouvier, the police surgeon who serves up abominable coffee with his "interesting little insights"; Mlle. Montjean, a "success" who made it out—but not far enough—of the Main. Bartenders, pimps, merchants, petty criminals—the list is endless.

Whoever Trevanian is, he knows Montreal. He has felt the damp coldness of the Pig weather, which depresses the city until the first clean snows of winter clear the skies. He has tasted the terrible coffee which La Pointe drinks cup after bitter cup. He has known the tension between French Canadians and the English-speaking establishment, represented here by the public relations-oriented police commissioner less sensitive to crime than to delicate vibrations of power.

The French-English conflict is never far below the surface of *The Main*: "The swearing, the shouting, the grumbling, the swatches of conversation are in French,

Yiddish, Portuguese, German, Chinese, Hungarian, Greek—but the lingua franca is English. The Main is a district of immigrants, and greenhorns in Canada quickly learn that English, not French, is the language of success."

The language of success is not really native to the Main, however, where the true universal vehicle of communication is the body language of resignation. The most typical gesture of the Main expresses its characteristic view of life: "The French Canadian's vocabulary of shrugs is infinite in nuance and paraverbal articulation. . . . Each shrug means a different thing; each combination means more than two different things at the same time. But in all the shrugs, his fundamental attitude toward the role of fate and the feebleness of Man is revealed."

When LaPointe finds his killer, he can only shrug.

In the long run, *The Main* is less concerned with crime than it is with sin: "And sins against love are always the worst, because love is the only. . . the only especially human thing we have."

Calling *The Main* a whodunit is like calling *Moby Dick* a fish story—technically correct but decidedly superficial. The novel ends as it began—with a vivid image which we now know represents Lt. La Pointe: "Snow slants against the darkened window of a fish shop in which there is a glass tank, its sides green with algae. A lone carp glides back and forth in narcotized despair."

Remember *The Main*? You couldn't forget it if you tried.

Robert A. Bassi

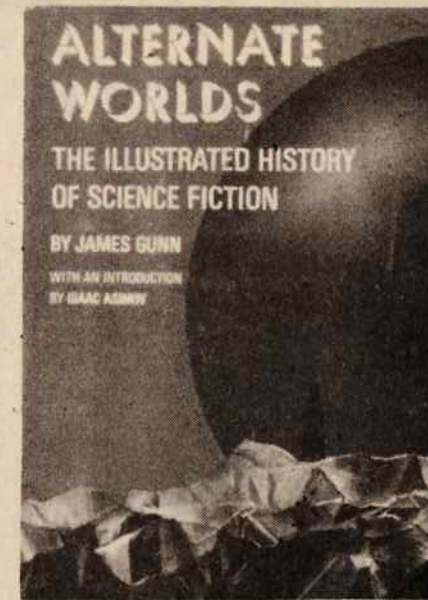
**ALTERNATE WORLDS:
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF
SCIENCE FICTION**

Jame Gunn
(A & W Visual Library, \$7.95)

In 1963, science fiction passed a magical literary point—it completed its first century. Something about lasting a hundred years legitimizes a literary work or genre, and science fiction started off in 1863 with Jules Verne's *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. Where four generations of readers persist, critics and literary historians are sure to follow.

In the last 15 years, courses in s/f have sprung up, scholarly research has been done, and entire books have been devoted to study of the genre. One of the more popular attempts in this direction has been James Gunn's *Alternate Worlds: An Illustrated History of Science Fiction*, published in hardback in 1975 and now available in paperback.

Perhaps the biggest reason for the success of *Alternate Worlds* is its pragmatic, no-nonsense approach. Science fiction is a genre more noted for its straightforward—though often imaginative—problem-solving approaches than for



its nuances and subtleties. Gunn, a science-fiction writer and teacher at the University of Kansas, clearly comes from this tradition.

Starting with the science fiction aspects of the Homeric epics, Gunn rapidly traces its threads from ancient times to the beginnings of modern science with Jules Verne. Here, Gunn's pace slows and he examines the socio-economic reasons for the rising popularity of science fiction in the 19th century. The rest of the book continues in this more detailed manner, examining the histories and developments of various authors and trends, from Verne and H. G. Wells to the rising and falling of the fortunes of s/f magazines in the 20th century.

The "illustrated" part of the book falls into two main categories—reproductions of cover illustrations of books and magazines, and pictures of various science-fiction authors. While pulp magazine and book covers tend to have a "campy" appeal, this fades quickly; for me, most interesting among the 85 color and 635 black-and-white illustrations were the photos of writers. Invariably, it's surprising to see what your favorite authors really look like.

While definitely not a book of literary insight and criticism, Gunn's informative and entertaining mixture of historical facts and bits of trivia succeeds in giving the reader a sense of the continuity and development of science fiction. Perhaps the book's greatest disappointment lies in its weak treatment of the present state of the genre. As Gunn gets closer and closer to the present, his prose becomes progressively sketchier, ultimately melting into pools of bland generality.

In the end, I suppose, it should not be surprising that a science fiction writer would feel more comfortable writing about things not in the present.

Miles Archer

**THE EDEN EXPRESS
Mark Vonnegut
(Bantam \$1.95)**

In the first chapters of this book, subtitled "a personal account of schizophrenia," Mark Vonnegut graduates from Swarthmore, beats the draft by "putting on an uncanny schizophrenic act at my physical," heads the security staff at a mental hospital, and finally travels west with his girlfriend and dog to establish a farm commune in British Columbia. As these experiences might indicate, the action takes place at the height of the counter-culture era, 1969-71.

Before giving the account of his first bout with insanity, the young Vonnegut carries the reader through a landscape of hippie communes, drugs, ESP, gurus, etc. In the process, he reveals much about the unstable and tentative lifestyle followed by many in the late '60s and early '70s. But Mark Vonnegut comes into his own as a writer with his vivid account of what goes on inside the head of a schizophrenic.

Spurred by a sense of well-being and togetherness on the farm, Mark is persuaded by commune friends to take mescaline. The drug temporarily heightens his natural euphoria, but later that night a grotesque face taunts him from sleep. The sleepless nights to follow are filled with fear and confusion. At one point Mark believes he can absorb others' thoughts in what he terms "microdots of thinking." In one "dit" of time he could assimilate the entire Bible; in another "dit," all of Freud.

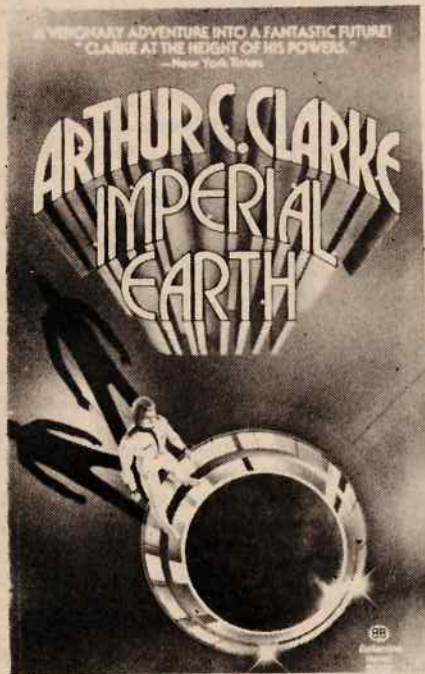
Following an attempted exorcism by a bona-fide guru, Mark is taken to a hospital by his friends, psychotically raving and on the brink of starvation. He is placed in a padded cell and temporarily cured with massive doses of Thorazine and megavitamins.

Throughout his account of the first ordeal, two subsequent visits to the padded cell, and even suicide attempts, Mark is extremely convincing. He tells us that the crazier he was, the more fun he has remembering. Despite the pain and confusion, there was poetry and power in his madness. Equally convincing is his belief in the effectiveness of chemotherapy for the treatment of schizophrenia.

(Vonnegut went on to Harvard Medical School, still taking lithium as part of a chemotherapy treatment.)

Mark is not the literary stylist his father is. Nevertheless this book has considerable power, drawn from the honesty of its narrative. Let your mind take a ride on *The Eden Express*. It will be a scary, yet enlightening experience.

Patty Stubbs



IMPERIAL EARTH
Arthur C. Clarke
(Ballantine, \$1.95)

If you're looking for action, then this novel isn't really for you. Like most of Clarke's work, *Imperial Earth* is short on dramatic events and long on speculation and character development. Plenty of philosophy, too.

This novel is, more or less, a roadmap of the future—the year 2276, to be precise. The dean of science fiction writers (author of some 40 books dealing with space) uses the book to give all his undergraduates a quick and palatable lesson in tomorrow history. Clarke is the only major s/f writer I can think of who could use the 500th birthday of the U.S.A. as the taking-off point for a successful space opera. Lesser men would have succumbed to bicentennial fever.

Success, as I have indicated, is due chiefly to the mass of believable detail he comes up with, rather than any exciting conflicts. *Imperial Earth's* slim plot involves a journey from Titan, one of Saturn's moons, to planet Earth, still the hub of the human universe. The hero is one Duncan Makenzie, third-generation clone of an ambitious engineer who has turned the hydrogen-rich planetoid into a "family" business. Duncan is, in fact, making the expensive, 20-day spaceship ride to earth so that he can take care of Titan's terrestrial business—and bring back a clone of himself.

Duncan's greatest challenge while earthside is becoming accustomed to the planet's heavy gravity, six times that of Titan's. His big adventure is trying to unravel the mystery of what his Titanian rival is doing with some ill-gotten gains. Despite the "mystery" and the fact that someone is killed, there is no suspense—just interesting speculation, extrapolated from present science, on the shape of things to come.

Clarke is unusual among s/f writers because of his considerable optimism for the human race and his belief that reason, science, and mortality will guarantee us a future, and a pleasant one at that. Readers will be happy to know that in 300 years mankind will be able to synthesize food, demolish diseases and deformities, live longer, enjoy wide open spaces, and even salvage the good ship *Titanic*. Earth will resemble Eden, and a woman will be its President!

Because it's a novel of thought rather than action, *Imperial Earth* is difficult to summarize here. Don't expect it to be another *Childhood's End* or even another *2001*, and you won't be disappointed. What it lacks in narrative movement, it makes up for in description and thought-

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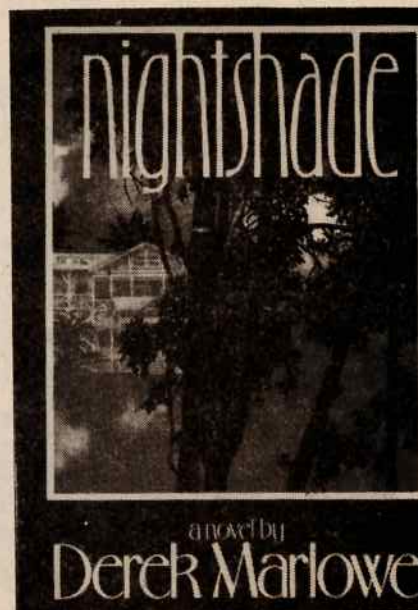
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fulness. Thanks to Clarke's skill with language, it won't be easy to forget. Maybe it will even come true.

Charles W. Pratt



NIGHTSHADE
Derek Marlowe
(Viking Press, \$7.95)

Marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other.—Honoré de Balzac

To all appearances, Edward and Amy Lytton are a happily married, if somewhat dreary, English couple on holiday in Haiti. Edward: fortyish, a specialist in illustrated books for children at a London auction house, disciplined in mind and body to the point of obsession—stuffy. Amy: early twenties, married four years to Edward and still a virgin in body although passionate in spirit, fulfilled by fantasies if nothing else. Even so, Edward and Amy are the best of friends, until the incident at Tewkesbury which prompts the trip to the Caribbean as an attempt to regain the friendship they once shared.

This was written as a horror story, interpreting a primal evil that creeps into the lives of two pretty ordinary people. Marlowe is painstaking in his intricate detailing of ten days which mean so much to the Lyttons and so little to anyone else. That's probably the major problem with this novel. By the time Marlowe finishes leading you through the trees, you've lost sight of the forest. Actually, the major horror of *Nightshade* is not so much that two people lose each other through supernatural intervention, but more that they stayed together the way they did for as long as they did.

Larry Green

THE BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY
Edited by Gerry De La Ree
(Avon/Flare, \$4.95)

This collection of drawings (120 of them) by the late, great—he died in 1971—Virgil Finlay offers an excursion through the seemingly limitless imagination of a skilled craftsman. Finlay, an illustrator of science fiction pulp magazines in the Golden Age, was quite at home in the world of fantasy, and gave incredible, appealing life to the words of such authors as Tolkien, A. Merritt, James Blish and Robert E. Howard.



Finlay's masterful use of the "stipple" technique (placing single dots individually on the drawing surface) draws the beholder into awesome worlds of perfectly modelled gods and goddesses and bizarre creatures. Go slowly with this book. It's the attention to morbid and fantastic detail that enable the scenes to live for us as they did for the artist. Fearsome dragons fly through the blackness of space; men turn into crystal; shriveled creatures dance around a smoking cauldron.

Enjoy this remarkable, bewitching book. The marriage of precision of technique and exactness of thought is a true pleasure.

Kathleen Zawacki

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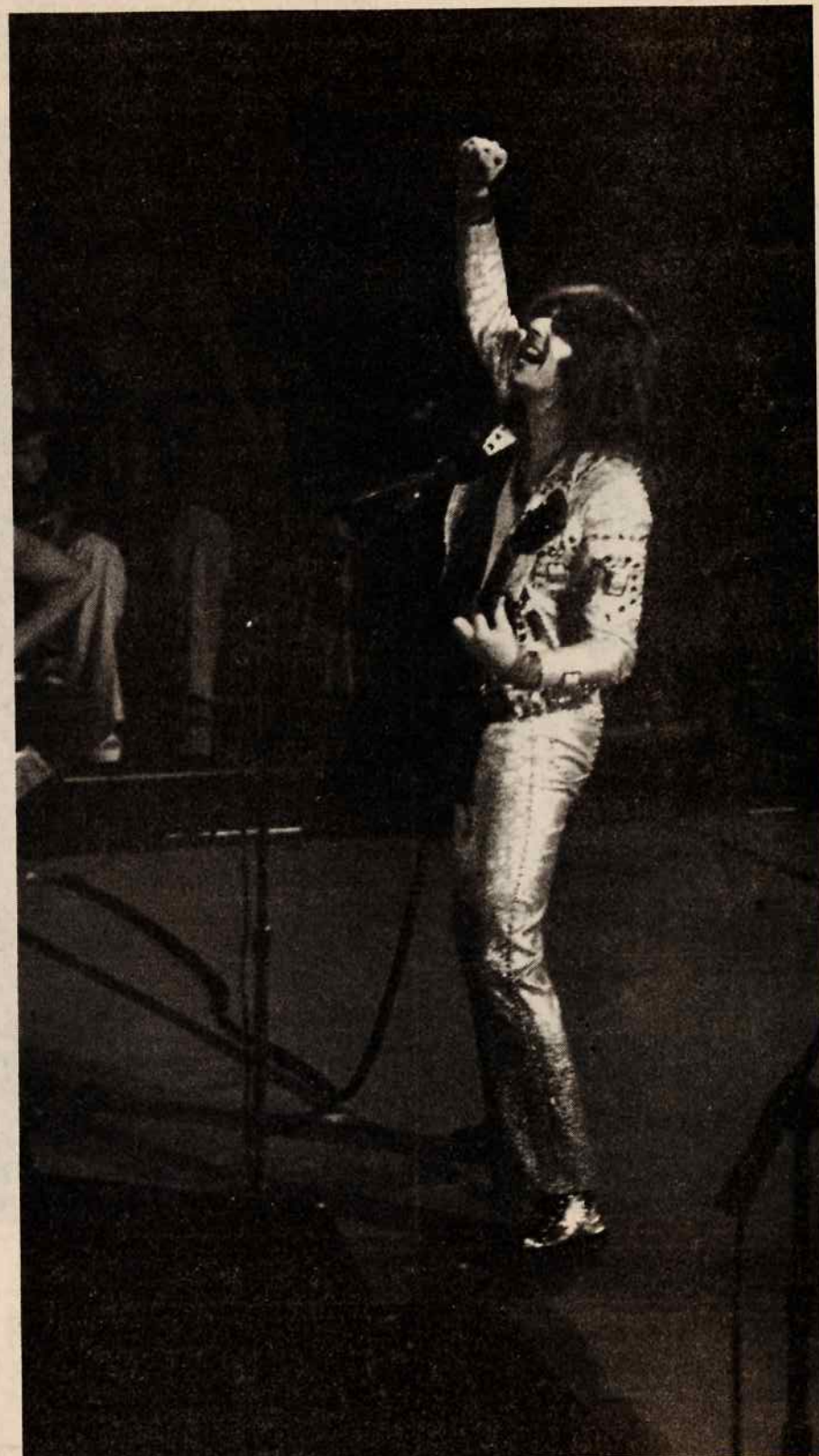
WDAI advertised "Foghat appearing live at the Amphitheatre with special guest star Bob Seger," while WXRT hailed "Bob Seger tonight at the Amphitheatre along with Foghat." Consequently, the crowd at the Amphitheatre was a precarious mixture of both worlds. Seger, now at his creative peak, has become hot 11 years after his "Heavy Music" was released on Cameo. Critics, particularly survivors of the second generation, look to him with "I told you so" pride. Foghat, on the other hand, are well beyond the reaches of Seger's still-cultish following.

Clearly, though, the show was Seger's. His approach is refreshingly candid and basic. His Silver Bullet Band is the most adept he's brought to Chicago yet. Although Seger's been around a while, he's never sounded quite as good as he does now. His persona is left intact, that of the ramblin', gamblin', tourin' Motor City rocker. Seems musicians in that town come, go, get busted or waste away, but Seger's made the most of the determining interphase, and he's back in full regalia.

The classics and near-classics are his live staples: "Ramblin', Gamblin' Man," "BoDiddley," "Rock'n'Roll Never Forgets," et al. But I find myself most impressed with a breed of rock'n'roll number peculiar to Seger—the regional name-dropper. "Katmandu," Seger's minor-market hit of last year (No. 1 in Rockford, not even played in Chicago), touches on just about every part of the country with special homage given the Midwest. And in an uncommon burst of class, Moline got mentioned in "Fire Down Below." It's cities like Rockford and Moline that comprise Seger's grass roots. He's never turned his back on them, and it's paid off. It was great to see the Second City jam-pack the Amphitheatre two nights in a row. And it was evident that Seger came to play with a great deal of fondness for the crowd. Whether Foghat's legions are aware of it or not, Seger's the best friend they have.

Seger's set rocked famously from start to finish, culminated by a honkin' sax solo from Alto Reed, who'd climbed atop pillars of p.a.'s somewhere along the way.

Foghat's set was nowhere as human as Seger's. Cold and calculated, it nonetheless seemed to satisfy the crowd.



FOGHAT/PHOTO RESERVE

seen throughout the hall were dozens of green neon glo-lites being waved frenetically to the beat. Somehow, it seemed fitting; Foghat's a green neon boogie band. If Canned Heat's brand of Woodstock boogie was begat by an affinity for the old bluesmen, Foghat's '70s style boogie is streamlined past the point of recognition.

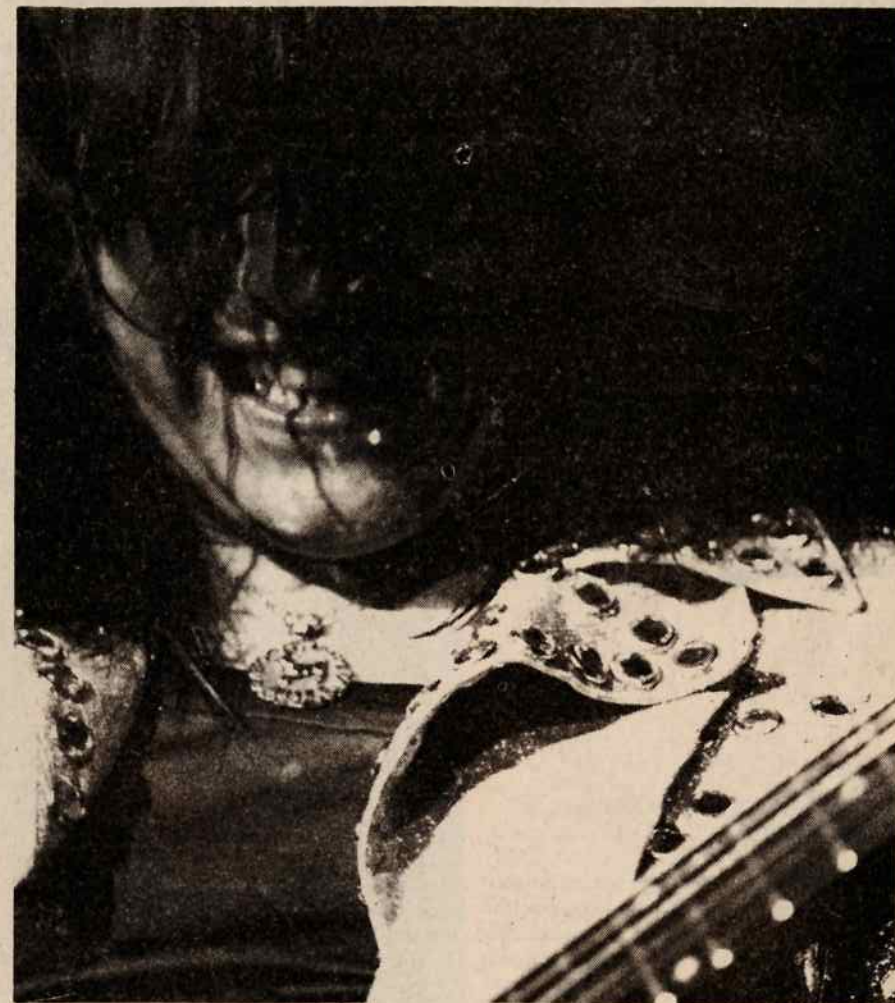
Guitarist Lonesome Dave is decidedly of the razzle-dazzle guitar school, that which fostered and then abated the likes of Alvin Lee, Kim Simmonds, Leslie West and Cream-era Clapton. Plainly, there is little dazzling left to be done, and sooner or later, the kids aren't gonna come to see Lonesome Dave go through the motions. That's why BeBop Deluxe's Bill Nelson or Roxy's Phil Manzanera are two guitarists plugged into the jaded tenor of the '70s, and provide the answer to the question, "What comes after tripe like Dave?"

It's not that Foghat are a bad band. To the contrary, they're a fairly exciting one, and a credit for forging new ways to keep boogie in the limelight and guitar on the car radio. But their limitations are as blatant as their formula. *Night Shift* is not nearly the album *Energized* was, and it's visible that Foghat's a band on the creative downfall. A disinterest in guitarists of Lonesome Dave's kind is inevitable.

Undaunted by such speculation, Foghat ravaged through their hits: "Slow Ride," "Driving Wheel," "Fool For The City," "I Just Wanna Make Love To You," even "Hi Ho Silver," a direct cop (albeit an early one) from "Train Kept-A-Rollin'," by way of Fleetwood Mac. The crowd recognized the arrival of each by the first three chords, and the rest was easy. Neon glo-lites flew like heatless Roman candles all the while. *Energized*, yes; but moved?

It seems rock'n'roll used to be relief from an antagonism deeper than plain ennui. Ask Bob Seger; he knows. Can the same be said of Foghat?

Cary Baker



FOGHAT/PHOTO RESERVE



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MANHATTAN TRANSFER/PHOTO RESERVE

THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER Mill Run Theatre

High camp? Or low farce? Serious musicians reconstructing the music of the '40s, or shrewd showmen huckstering nostalgia? With the immensely popular Manhattan Transfer, such questions are somewhat out of line, not so much because they don't apply, but rather because there's a bit of truth in all the allegations.

Ostensibly, the Manhattan Transfer is a highly sophisticated musical program centered on the talents of four delightful singers and personalities (Tim Hauser, Alan Paul, Janis Siegel and Laurel Masse), whose tightly-bound harmonies encompass such jazz classics as "Tuxedo Junction," "That Cat Is High," and Count Basie's "You Can Depend On Me." But in reality, the Transfer is a juggling act of no middling skill, balancing its '30s-styled renditions with the Latin pop sound of the '50s, the beach rock of the '60s and even the (admittedly suspect) rhythm and blues of the 1970s-model Allen Toussaint.

The Transfer, with the able help of musical director (and sometimes onstage performer) Ira Newborn, carries it all off like Churchill in defeat; that is to say, brilliantly. Not least of the success is due

to the realization on the part of Hauser & Co. that a group with this kind of potential cannot be satisfied with merely replaying its albums on stage—no, not even a stage that revolves, such as the one at Mill Run. The answer is a dazzling series of costume changes, entrances and exeunts, and an attention to pacing that moves the entire 85-minute program like an Underground express.

Starting out in full formal regalia, the Transfer eventually works its way back to full '50s punkery, replete with a grease-pompadoured Alan Paul (as the singing idol identified only as "Guido") and a complement of leather jackets, shades and cool slouches for his colleagues. It's not only hilarious, but it is accurate, too: perhaps that's why it's so funny. With a really perceptive, and even incisive, view of American popular music in the last 40 years, the Manhattan Transfer nevertheless knows that its insights fall flat without the proper packaging. And it has that in abundance.

That term also describes its sheer musical talent, too. An evening of intertwining vocals and affecting solo numbers (the blatantly sexy Laurel Masse especially knows the value of a good torch

song) by the Manhattan Transfer is so good, it even makes one willing to sit through the tired clichés of Henny Youngman, the septuagenarian comedian who opened the Mill Run show with the same act he's been allowed to present in public for over 40 years. In that sense, he was the perfect choice to open for the Transfer: the period they are looking at with their music is the period he encapsulates with his "humor."

Youngman certainly has his place in American comedy—thank God he didn't have his place in *British* comedy during my younger years. But his unruly lack of any subtlety insured that long ago. He is called the "King of the One-Liners," and I suppose I have no objection to that; I just don't see what one-liners have to do with the more relevant comedic forms of the present. Honing in on a string of ethnic jokes, plus the expected slaps at women (his wife and mother-in-law should investigate his chauvinist leanings further), he nevertheless brought down the house with his machine-gun delivery and truly painful violin playing. Well, *most* of the house. After 15 minutes I went to the lobby for a drink, which by then I sorely needed.

Adele Swins-Terner

clubs

CHEAP TRICK B. Ginnings

Ah, New Year's Eve with the Trick...

It was a night that threatened craziness and delivered in full. It went something like this:

You got past the cash register at B. Ginnings \$10 poorer (for which sum you were promised a buffet dinner and free champagne all night long) and stopped momentarily to grab a hat, noisemaker and other New Year's accoutrements from a large box at the entranceway.

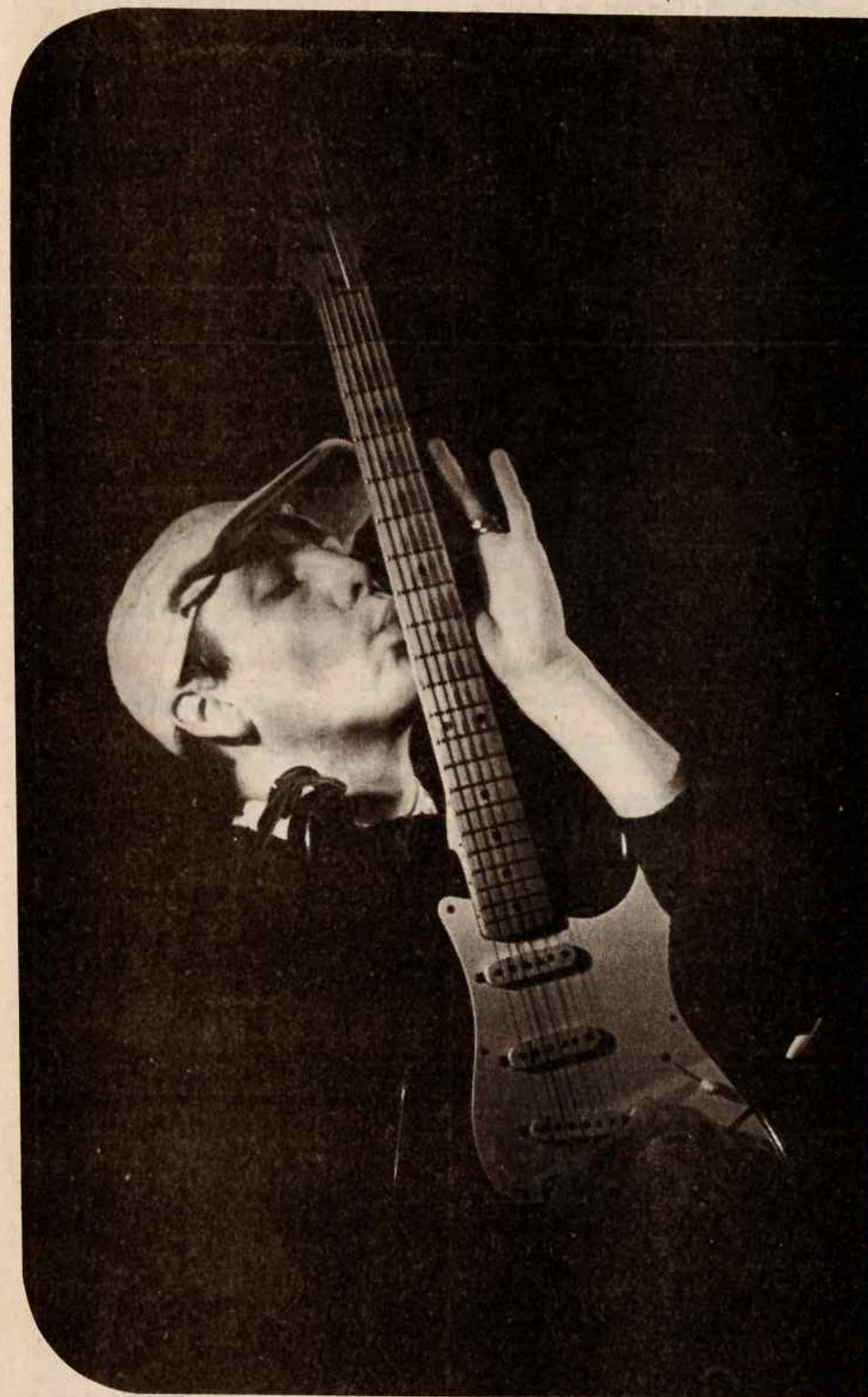
Seasonal gear in hand and on head, you moved along to the club proper, ignoring for the moment the little champagne fountain and coat check to your right in your futile search for an empty table. You settled for five stools at the left bar, plunking down your wraps on one of them because the coat check line was already too long to mess with. It would remain too long for the rest of the night.

The dinner line wasn't, however, seeing as it was just past eight, and you hurriedly partook of the pretty generous Italian-style buffet. The champagne was a bit flat from circulating through that diminutive fountain, but what did you expect from "free" bubbly to begin with?

You had to wait through two sets of Streetplayer first, and the Caribou recording artists (protégés of Chicago's drummer Danny Seraphine, who's also part-owner of B. Ginnings) were pleasant and almost diverting, but they weren't whom you came to see. You couldn't dance yet, because the dance floor was temporarily taken up by tables, so you oozed through the crowd to get more champagne, which had run out at ten.

Too many people. Everyone was in a festive mood, fortunately; they smiled patiently when you stepped on their feet or knocked their drinks into oblivion in your attempts to reach the restroom, but it wasn't long before you realized the conditions were approaching combat proportions. You made a game effort to mingle, but until the tables were cleared from the dance floor during Streetplayer's second set it was Sardinia from one end of the club to the other.

Approximately quarter to 1977 the stage darkened. The dance floor filled with Trick fanatics (yourself included). And the excitement. It had to be felt to be believed—it was tangible, unbearable. The entire club was tuned to the point of frenzy like a great clenched fist. Cheap Trick were coming out one by one in the darkness, picking up their instruments, everyone cheering like demons, the stage lights flashing, and then they were exploding into their



CHEAP TRICK/PHOTO RESERVE

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The word "Trickmania" popped into your head, a flash reinforced when your friend leaned over and shrieked "Not since the Beatles!"

Well, you wouldn't go *that* far, maybe. But B. Ginnings was hooked from chord one, yelling with abandon and devotion and that elusive sense of being part of one big electric whole, taking in energy from the Trick and letting it out again.

There had been dancing during Streetplayer. For the Trick, they stood and watched. And bounced and shook it up, of course—because it is physically impossible to experience Cheap Trick's visceral assault passively—but nothing that got in the way of *seeing* that band.

Cheap Trick were decked—tuxed to the teeth. Demento guitarist Rick Nielsen sporting his habitual baseball cap and decayed sneakers in addition to his formal attire, with pinned-up trousers completing the image; Robin Zander, exquisite and unreachable as always, looking and singing like a choir-boy possessed; Tom Peterson bounding about the stage with his bass like a high-spirited, ringletted demon; Bun E. Carlos, anachronistic even in tuxedo as befits him best, bashing away at his kit with finesse; you didn't know where to look next with this crazed, quadrophonic crew.

And then the countdown started and it was midnight, and Robin was

throwing carnations (which female Trickmaniacs killed each other to grab), and Nielsen was baptizing the front lines with champagne, and Peterson, Nielsen and Bun were dancing with volunteers to the piped-in strains of Guy Lombardo, and the Trick were regrouping for a heavy-metal "Auld Lang Syne", and all the good people were joining them. 1977 was in, with decibels to spare.

Just as you had gotten back in gear, Cheap Trick's first set ended, about twenty minutes past New Year, with promises to be "right back, thank you!" So you took a breather, attempting to brave the coat check again (only to find it was full to overflowing), wandering with vain hopes over to the long-dry champagne fountain, and finally staked out your territory anew on the dance floor in anticipation of set number two.

Which was crazier, hotter and more furious than the first, naturally, as Cheap Trick kicked off with Zander's "Hot Love"—you think that was the opener anyway, but it's hard to recall because Cheap Trick slide from one gut-crunching monolithic rocker to the next with nary a pause for breath. There is the quintessential body music—basic, heavy but not weighty, deliriously loud. It made you feel not like dancing but rather like you could move forever as long as your adrenal glands held out.

What fascinated you the most was the ambiguity of their entire visual presentation. You have Nielsen stage right, carrying on like a lunatic parody of every rock guitarist you've ever seen (Pete Townshend in particular)—but he's playing a slash-and-burn lead at the same time. Behind him, stage center, you have Bun E. Carlos, who looks like a fortyish accountant, cigarette dangling and hairline receding, as he attacks the drums with the force of a Keith Moon and the dynamics of a Bev Bevan. Then, Robin Zander—the panther-throated picture-perfect singer *looks* as though he's an on-the-level rocker, but you watch him as he leans against the p.a. during a long instrumental break, and he's got a slight, supercilious smile as if to say "What a joke." Only Tom Peterson appears to be completely serious about the whole thing; and small wonder, since he's one of the most dexterous, inventive bassists you've ever seen.

Still—is even he, as they say for real? Are any of 'em? Cheap Trick might be devoted metal-mongers or they might be fiendish satirists of the genre, but their music *feels* great, they're fun to watch, they are outrageous and wonderful. So who cares if they're putting us on or not?

Moira McCormick

MUDDY "MISSISSIPPI" WATERS Quiet Knight

For the past couple of years, Muddy Waters' Christmas present to the Windy City has been a holiday stand at the Quiet Knight. Fronting a six-piece band including two guitarists, Muddy "Mississippi" Waters took the stage opening night this year for five quick songs. The remainder of the evening was filled with some loose blues jamming. The control and the tightness of the show was gone—a possible indication of Muddy's fading magic.

In the early days, the days and years of Chess records, Little Walter and blues contests, the world of blues looked to Chicago for leadership. Muddy Waters remains the king of this era and has continued his reign through years of untimely deaths and injuries. But the stress and pain is finally beginning to show.

The regular hour-and-a-half show was a short 45 minutes this time. Muddy's nine or ten classic blues songs were reduced to 15 or 20 minutes of "Blow Wind Blow," "Baby Please Don't Go" and "Deep Down in Florida." His voice was weak (although it may have been the always-questionable Quiet Knight sound system). His slide guitarwork was short, but it was the best I've heard from the master.



MUDDY WATERS/PHOTO RESERVE

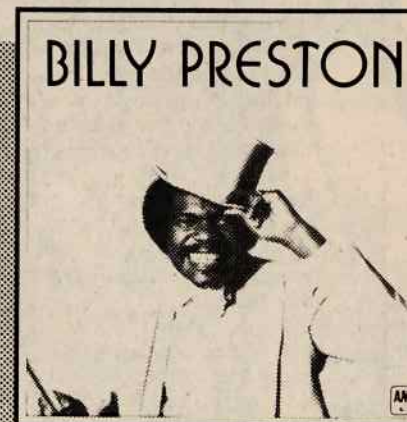
Pinetop Perkins, Muddy's main man on piano since the passing of Otis Spann, was lost amid the sound from the rest of the band. Guitarists Mark Margoli and a Guitar Jr. challenged Muddy only in the back pool room. On harp Johnny Portnoy blew and blew, masking Muddy's lyrics and his few licks. The total effect was an uncomfortable set from this boss bluesman.

Muddy Waters—who has brought us the Super Cosmic Joyscote Jamboree nee Farthers and Sons concert, an album with the Band, a new LP with fair-haired Johnny Winter, a London Super Session, and his tremendous, early, "formative" days with Chicago's best musicians—may finally be feeling the effects of his years of traveling and touring.

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JAMES COTTON
Wise Fools Pub

It's below freezing on a frosty Tuesday in late December. While the snow and ice continue to make a wintry Chicago outside, the James Cotton Band inside the Wise Fools Pub have discovered a cure for the common cold: drink plenty of fluids and take one set of harpist James Cotton.

Cotton's well-honed instrument, as small as it may be, fills any club, hall or theater with its pureness and his blues. "Superharp's" early Mississippi/Chicago style has been updated now into a modern boogie.

Stalwart urban blues fans have probably been disappointed with recent north-side bookings by the man. His short, fifteen-minute set at the stylish and rock-filled Aragon Ballroom and the empty gigs at Ratso's on Lincoln were mildly indicative of his recent transition. But two nights at the northside home of live

blues were encouraging for the master harpist and exciting for the audiences.

James Cotton earned his stripes from main man Muddy Waters. The live shows and studio efforts with Muddy's band guided and pushed Cotton's restlessness and energy towards that special sound. But under Muddy's wing, the man's technique and the power went unnoticed. He split and formed his own band. Years later, a number of LPs in the can, Cotton is finally receiving the recognition he deserves.

He worked hard Tuesday, pushing himself harder in the forty-minute set than most performers do in an entire show. His bellowing, shaky voice, and his stout, sweating hulk dominated the small Fools stage.

But Cotton's backup band also included some pretty competent musicians.

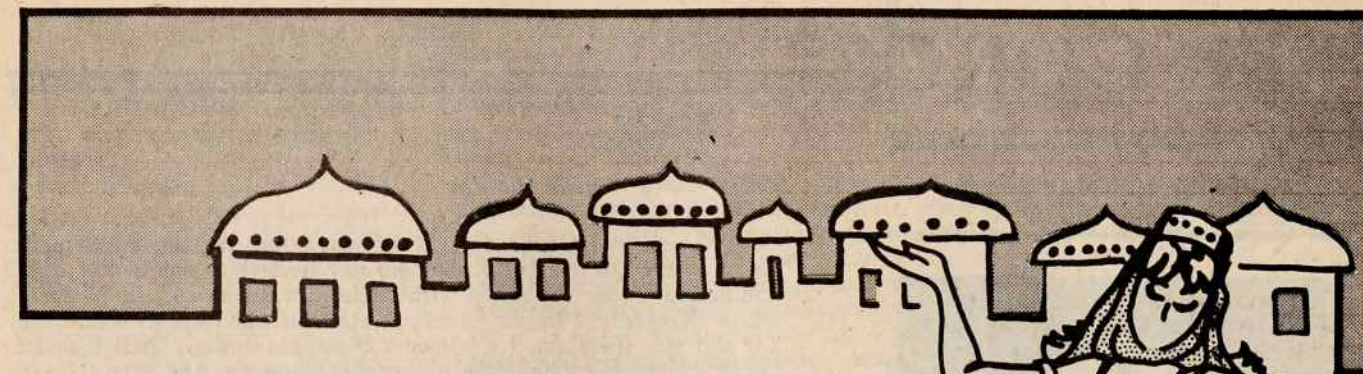
Matt "Guitar" Murphy was the highlight. Murphy's guitar work involves more technique than most. The result is a jazz sound, a blues feel and some tender licks.

"Flip, Flop, Fly," "Rocket 88" and his "Cotton 88" are now standards for every set. But every time he plays them, these boogie blues songs seem to flash by in double time. The quickness and tightness of drummer Ken Johnson, saxman George T. Gregory, and bassist Charles Calmese are just the right combination to push James Cotton again to his energetic limits. Once more, the results are truly amazing.

Mark Guncheon



JAMES COTTON/PHOTO RESERVE



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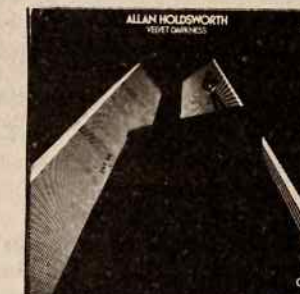
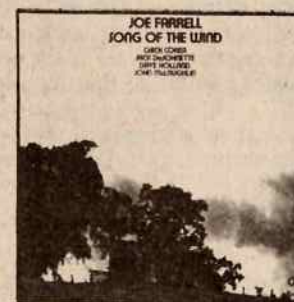
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QUEEN
A Day At The Races
(Elektra)



Opera, it's *A Day At The Races*. Conclusively, we see there are a few things Queen does better than anyone. First, they can create a scenario from the past, present or future and give it a rock-age operatic treatment; among four bums and their marvel axe, their work is self-contained. An entire madrigal section is seemingly as much at their beck and call as is BS&T's horn section. With the ease that a child gets Chatty Cathy to reveal the secrets of growing up, Queen concocts a Monteverdian cast, a whole 17th century village. And they pull the cord often. They also stretch it well out of context as on "Somebody To Love," where the madrigalists go doo-wop with "I need someone too-woo-ooo-woo..."

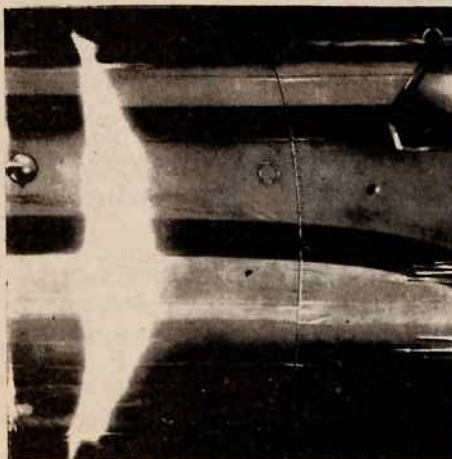
But Queen has worse liabilities than its inability to distinguish Gesualdo from DiMucci. More fatal is the subservience plot has taken to character in the recent work. It serves up a cornucopia of material here (there's an ode to the American Indian, even a Rod Stewartesque thing about spending the night to reap the benefit of poached eggs in the morning), but who hears it under all that Queeny garble? For that matter, who knew that beneath the chipmunk mix on *Propaganda* Sparks were dealing with bigamy? Almost gotta read the lyrics at a quieter moment to get anything from it. Read any good albums lately?

Musically, Queen's gone flabby. There's a cut somewhere in the backlog that corresponds with each track on *A Day At The Races*, and none of them compare with the more brilliant moments of *Sheer Heart Attack* and *Queen I*. "Tie your Mother Down" is a rocker that approaches old times but the onslaught of wimp fodder makes for an immensely unlistenable album. And when Freddie Mercury or Brian May assume the persona of weekend romanticist, there's nothing worse. If the production sounds so consciously as if it were done by HAL 3000, these sap runnings (which encompass six tenths of the LP) are best eliminated in favor of another "Bohemian Rhapsody" or two, and nothing here is that good.

In 1966, a group called Bent Bolt & the Nuts made No. 1 with a novelty record about a lovesick robot. Nearly a decade later, Queen invented the intergalactic sonnet. Look out honey 'cause they're using technology. Ain't no time to make no apology.

Cary Baker

WINGS
Wings Over America
(Capitol)



So what's the gripe about technology? Once veritable critics' pets, Queen seemed to lose the scribes and all others who comprised its early constituency in one fell swoop circa "Bohemian Rhapsody," all 72 tracks worth. Personally, I was delighted to watch the tune forge its way to the top and play itself out. I remained a Queen fan through "Best Friend," chosen, somewhat embarrassingly, as the follow-up. And sure enough, it became a monster hit in the footsteps of its predecessor. It wasn't purely that "Best Friend," designed to keep Queen in the limelight, was a lousy song (although it was that); more, it was the irony of these Anglo automatons attempting to come to grips with feelings in the light of so extrinsic a display at "Rhapsody" (by which they would become indelibly identified).

Hell, who are these guys trying to kid? While they continue to brandish the words "No Synths" on the liner, Brian May's guitar eliminates the need. While George Harrison's guitar gently weeps, Brian's is busy working miracles. It duets with itself, aligns itself with Freddie Mercury's choir-boy voice with such precision that you can't hear one fade into the other, and that's not all. "Sit," he tells it and it sits. "Get outa here cancha see I'm makin' love!" he yells, and it leaves dejected.

There has to be a morning after and in the case of *A Night At The Opera*, it's *A Day At The Races*. Conclusively, we see there are a few things Queen does better than anyone. First, they can create a scenario from the past, present or future and give it a rock-age operatic treatment; among four bums and their marvel axe, their work is self-contained. An entire madrigal section is seemingly as much at their beck and call as is BS&T's horn section. With the ease that a child gets Chatty Cathy to reveal the secrets of growing up, Queen concocts a Monteverdian cast, a whole 17th century village. And they pull the cord often. They also stretch it well out of context as on "Somebody To Love," where the madrigalists go doo-wop with "I need someone too-woo-ooo-woo..."

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The lights dim, the crowd roars, the music swells, you're there... all over again.

You've got to turn down the living room lights yourself, but other than that technical adjustment, *Wings Over America* is about as close to *The Real Thing* as you can get.

The record brings you back and sets you down into the middle of the auditorium and proves again who is the greatest pop rocker of our time. No arguments, no qualifications, when Pauly and the group come to town, everybody else steps way back.

Ever since the beginning of Beatlemania, Paul was the crowd's favorite. John was cool, George was cute, Ringo was, well Ringo, but Paul was a luv. The crowds screamed when the Beatles rocked, but little girls cried when Paul sang "Yesterday."

With the Beatles, McCartney's budding insipidity was held in check, tempered by co-creation with John Lennon's structural asceticism and the group's growing consciousness of being the omnipotent and omnipresent force the Beatles had to be.

When the break came, each one quickly drifted his diverse way to his individual successes, excesses and failures. McCartney's solo career became a family sitcom. Life was making music out on the farm

for the kiddies with the wife and a few other musicians who happened to find their way in.

There was the occasional hit single and all the albums made gold. It all came natural for Paul; he just couldn't help being the top rock popper. The good times kept on rolling, but for many, the real thrill seemed to be gone. It was a lot of ballads and nursery rhymes, and even the hard rockers were turned soft with overproduction. There was trouble with band personnel, trouble with the press and the troublesome, spectre of Beatles past casting a doubting shadow over every project.

Those days may not be over, but this concert tour has given everyone a chance to sit back and take reckoning of the years' proceedings. And verily, McCartney has gotten thumbs-up from just about everyone. Wings may not be the band of the century and Linda ain't never going to play duets with Nicky Hopkins, but they did one hell of a fine show, wisely sticking pretty close to McCartney's high tides and big hits, from both his Wings and Beatles careers, including the never-before-recorded "Soily."

In concert, McCartney shed the, well, studiosness of his studio albums and rocked steady for some two hours, proving that there still is much more to Paul than his reputation. Everything came together on stage: the music, the band and the legend. The man remains deus ex rock'n'roll.

The album captures the performances and preserves the occasion intact. *Wings Over America* is the essential ultimate McCartney. It's the only Wings album you need. The rest are superfluous.

Beth Segal

SPARKS
Big Beat
(Columbia)



Long before rock'n'roll, ever since the music biz began, the key words were talent, luck and a gimmick—not necessarily in that order.

Today, the music's changed, but the words remain the same. Take a decent band, give them a gimmick and pray for luck. It's a tried-and-true formula. Rock'n'roll was a gimmick from the start. Little Richard, Bill Haley, The Beatles, The Stones, all weirdos before they were musicians.

They all proved to be stronger than their initial cheap tricks, but many others succumbed when their careers reached a point of putting up or dropping out. Most of the gimmick bands dropped like flies after one or two albums, and others rose to ride their own faddish wave.

But for the seemingly eternal exception, there was Sparks. For almost six years, Sparks has been a gimmick band nonpareil. It was started and is still run by the Mael brothers, two L.A. boys with a talent for vaguely obscene, very intellectual, very cosmopolitan compositions.

Their gimmick was a variety of the beauty and the beast come-on. Russell was the angel-faced, curly-locked, oh-so-mod rocker and Ron was the malnourished, tight-buttoned, neo-fascist bookkeeper type with slicked-back hair and mean, beady eyes.

Their first two albums (done in the United States with one produced by Todd Rundgren) and four more recorded in England, where

they retreated for a while, earned them popularity abroad and a fierce following in Cleveland, but they never quite seemed to get established, due to a penchant for embarrassingly bad back-up musicians and laboriously esoteric musical arrangements. Mostly, they were known as a cult band with great album covers and very little commercial or critical potential.

That reputation may soon be changing its tune. The gimmick remains, but the music is evolving. As Russell put it in a recent interview, "The last band we had was sort of Ron and myself and three English guys standing in the back being as bored as they could be. Now it's totally changed. Everyone is really upfront and it adds to what Ron and I are doing."

Their latest concert here, at the Aragon Dec. 10 attests to that change, and their new album *Big Beat*, backs it up all the way. The Maels still come on pretty much like they used to: scrawny Ron in tux coat and pants, sans shirt, never cracking his dead-pan sneer except to chime in on the "oh yeahs" in his song, "Everybody's Stupid."

Russell's lost a few ruffles and bows, though. He's now stripped down to undershirt and skin-sticker jeans and saddle shoes, "...a lot more rugged...it's my Greenwich Village look." But he still clings tightly to his microphone and bounces off one band member after another, energetic as Jagger in his younger days.

But it seems that the emphasis these days is on their brand-new all-American band, New Yorkers Hilly Boy Michaels, David Swanson and Jim McAllister, and Los Angelean Luke Zemperini, who put down the hard rock foundation for the Maels' more esoteric diversifications.

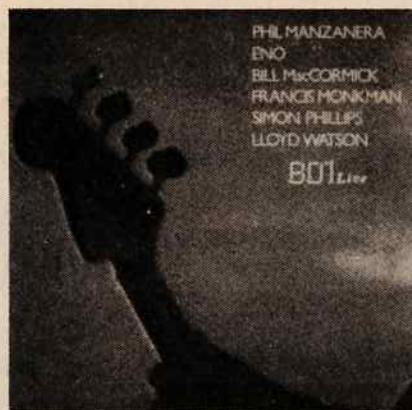
The whole package works quite nicely on stage. Ron and Russ play off each other and the band plays on... songs from the old album (*Propaganda*) days, but mostly material from the new album, *Big Beat*, that finally includes a recording of their classic hit, "I Like Girls," and new hit-bound picks "Big Boy," "Throw Her Away (And Get A New One)," and "White Women," which goes: "They walk without a swagger/ their power's on the wane/ But something deep within me/ cries out all the same (it's gotta be)/ White women everyday/ to me it doesn't matter that their skin's passe."

The boys are still clever all right, but the new album shows a definite new trend in Sparks' style. The recording still doesn't come close to the power they pack in concert, but it's a meeting ground between the gimmick and the music. They still have the glamour, and now they've got the talent as well. More than a cult band, but less than stars. It's now back to the old formula. Wait for the big lucky break and there'll be a real burst of Sparks.

Beth Segal

Triad February 1977

801
801 Live
(Island)



In Britain, where almost anything can be simplified into terms of class, there are two main streams of rock'n'roll. Traveling along the low road are pub rockers like Graham Parker or Thin Lizzy. And riding in on the astral plane are what could be called the "Art School" school. This includes all sorts of avant-garde theorists and mystic philosophers. Groups like Yes or Genesis are good examples. A lot of bad art gets spewed out by some of the more overintellectualized groups, giving the whole genre a bad name. But occasionally there is an antidote to the glut of indigestible music.

One of the most recent and notable groups to surface is 801. So far they've released only one album as a group, **801 Live**, but individually and in other groups they're part of the most prolific bunch of English musicians around. The leaders of this band are Phil Manzanera and Eno, both lately of Roxy Music. The other members are veterans of many obscure bands and recording sessions.

I don't know how long these people have been together as a band, or how long they intend to remain one, but they do have a collective name, so that's a sign.

Eight of the ten songs here were written by band members (mostly Manzanera and/or Eno) and have all appeared on their various solo albums.

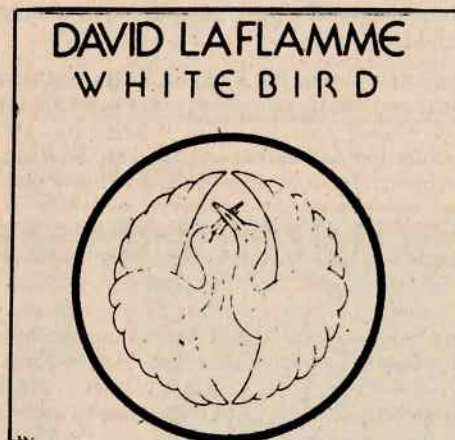
The other two are versions of the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" and the Kinks' "You Really Got Me." These last two are a revelation. 801 has managed to take these two poles of '60s English rock'n'roll, mix them together, and bring them both back alive. Much of the credit has to go to Bill MacCormick, a very kinetic bass player. His bass is often the most prominent instrument, but he has both a clear tone and nimble fingers that keep the band cooking.

The band-written songs fall into two general types—Eno's songs and Manzanera's instrumentals. Eno is not blessed with any musical virtuosity, so his songs tend to be simply-constructed rockers with only a few time-tested chords and catchy melodies, all sung in a rather pleasant baritone. Like another English art school graduate, John Cale, Eno tends to write very engaging pop songs when called upon. And Manzanera is already establishing a reputation as a modern master of the guitar. His playing combines a good ear for melody with absolute control over a wide range of color and timbre. His tunes are more ethereal and impressionistic, but they offer an effective counterpoint to Eno's energetic rockers.

Another pleasant surprise is how well both Eno and Manzanera work together away from the domination of Bryan Ferry. Maybe they're all happier now.

Michael McDonnell

DAVID LaFLAMME
White Bird
(Amherst)



David LaFlamme was the founder/leader/composer/violinist of It's A Beautiful Day—among the most lyrical and melodic groups ever to come out of San Francisco. Consequently, I would expect any album he was associated with to be something special. Unfortunately, this album doesn't even come close to expectations. Admittedly, perhaps they were too high, but I would hope that an artist capable of creating such beautifully melodic and flowing music as "White Bird," "Hot Summer Day," "Bombay Calling" or "Don and Dewey," would have more in him than what he gives us here.

The central cuts are the new versions of the title song and "Hot Summer Day." These cuts could serve as a focal point for the album by reminding us what LaFlamme has done in the past and serving as a foundation from which he could build. Instead, what the artist serves up are two tepid remakes with arrangements slightly more polished than the originals, but otherwise identical. This wouldn't be so bad if not for the fact that the polishing removes a good deal of the emotional impact and content of the songs. The third and last cut on Side 1 foreshadows what's to come with some warmed-over Stephane Grappelli licks that almost made me afraid to listen to Side 2.

Three of the four cuts on Side 2 are totally nondescript—nothing to rave about, but nothing to criticize too severely either. The fourth and final cut, "Spirit of America," is the only other song besides the remakes that is even partially successful. Although it still does not reach LaFlamme's previous heights, it does work to a limited extent.

Compared to most of what's currently being released, this album is not that bad. But it's bothersome when an artist produces work well below the standards that he or she has proven to be capable of meeting. It's saddening to hear an artist become stagnant—and that's the best and kindest way to describe this album.

Robin Cook

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
Heard Ya Missed Me, Well I'm Back
(Epic)



It's been quite a while since I enjoyed a new Sly LP. **Fresh**, to be specific, was the last one that I found at all satisfying, although it was nowhere near his previous efforts. **High On You**, his last, wasn't bad musically but hardly seemed worth bothering with—he had nothing to say.

Anyway, I didn't take a look at the album title and stick-on decal written by Kenny Gamble (Gamble & Huff of Philly fame) until one particularly long light during a tedious ride home in a typical Chicago Rush hour. Gamble states "he has gone through some changes as we all do. But now, Sly's back. . . and it's like a family again." Rush hour gives you plenty of time for reflective thought.

The first thing that flashed across my keen mind was Greg Shaw's statement that we were still watching for the Riot. (Referring to the classic LP **There's A Riot Goin' On** called "Muzak with its finger on the trigger.") Could our wait be over? Or is Sly just hyping his once loyal and much larger audience?

Well surprise! Sly's got some things to say again. The music seems to have some new-found energy although Sly has added some occasionally

irritating strings—reminds me of Barry White except that they're more chunky than soupy. Strings aside, this is the best album since **Riot** and I bet the critics drool over it.

The record opens with the title song where Sly feeds his ego by implying that we may have been worried about his leaving us. (Can't say I lost any sleep over it—got more records than I can keep up with anyway.) He then states that he has come the full circle. "I forgot you make me so glad. Doing things because they were commercial. I came back because I was so sad."

He continues that battle between Sly Stone (tough guy) and Sylvester Stewart (nice guy) who both get production credits. "Blessing In Disguise" presents us with the earth-shaking cliché that one man's bread might be another's poison and small things might make you happy.

Side two is more impressive. "Everything In You" is a plea to be honest with yourself and get in touch with what you really feel, as is "The Thing." "Mother Is a Hippie" is a funky little thing that deals with the wisdom and compassion of mommies everywhere. The LP ends with "Family Again" which is Sly's cry that the good old days are back again. It's a jam reminiscent of "Everyday People" at least in spirit if not in form.

All in all this is a very satisfying record, both musically and lyrically. Not only will I not give this record away but I think I'll even play it now and again: after "Greatest Hits."

Gary Becka

KINKY FRIEDMAN
Lasso From El Paso
(Epic)



Well, I could start this review by saying that anyone who had the chutzpah to bill himself as Kinky Friedman and His Texas Jewboys (with Little Jewford Shelby on piano) deserves to be listened to. Or I could start out by explaining that the title should actually be "Asshole From El Paso," sung to the tune of "Okie From Muskogee," but Merle Haggard found out that Kinky was planning to release a recording of his show-closer, and threatened to sue if he did. But I think I'll just start out by saying that I have been addicted to Kinky's brand of "Jewish Country music" ever since I first heard **Sold American**, his brilliant debut album on Vanguard. Consequently, I've been looking forward to this album for almost a year, ever since I saw Kinky live at Ratso's last December and he announced that it would be released soon on "ABC-Dung-hill," the label his second album was on.

Unfortunately, I keep hoping for a repeat of the outrageousness of songs like "We Reserve The Right To Refuse Service To You," "Highway Cafe," "Flying Down the Freeway," "The Ballad of Charles Whitman" (for those of you unfamiliar with longhorn legends, the Texas Town Sniper), "Get Your Biscuits In the Oven And Your Buns In the Bed," (probably the all time classic song title) or even "They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore." All I got was **Lasso From El Paso**. . . with-

out even the title song.

Don't get me wrong—Kinky Friedman, even at his most tasteless, is better than, say, Flo and Eddie. And no one in country and western music is even attempting the type of bizarreness that he does. But, much as I would like to, I just can't rave about an album which doesn't come near what the artist has demonstrated him or her self capable of. Lyrics like: "Ol' Ben Lucas/had a

Triad February 1977

lot of mucous/running right out of his nose... (sung by a children's chorus, no less!), and "Waitret. Please Waitret/won't you sit on my fate..." just aren't in the same class as couplets like: "While travellin' through the Lone Star state/I lost my lunch before I ate..." "gonna... mainline guacamole/Rollin Ronnie Ray—gun in suppository form..." "He was sittin' up there with his .36 magnum/Laughin' wildly as he bagged 'em/Who are we to say the boy's insane..." or "Oh, a red-neck nerd in a bowlin' shirt/Was a guzzlin' Lone Star beer..." and it's frustrating to see an artist who has shown himself capable of this sort of outrageous yet subtle imagery resort to such relative tastelessness.

Even worse, although the credits read like a Who's Who of the rock industry, the musicianship isn't as good as the first album, either. I would have expected better from people such as Levon Helm, Mick Ronson, Ron Wood, Eric Clapton, Rick Danko, Mac Rebennack (Dr. John), Roger McGuinn, The Rolling Thunder Review, and, yes, even Ringo Starr as The Voice of Jesus.

Actually, the best parts of this album are the introductions to the live cuts. These are the only segments which really provide a glimpse of Kinky's greatest strength—his perfect characterization of the frontier-macho mentality which is Texas. Having lived in Houston for several years myself, I can truthfully say that Friedman captures the essence, the complete gestalt, of the state of mind which is typical of the true Texan, and then exaggerates it just enough to become totally absurd.

Probably the biggest disappointment on the album is his seeming abandonment of the Jewish sensibility/sensitivity which marked much of his previous work. This ability to infuse his lyrics with the experience of what it is to be young and Jewish in the United States a generation and a half after the Holocaust, and then make the listener not only experience it but also laugh, cry, and take outrage both with and at this reality, is one of Kinky Friedman's major talents. It would be most unfortunate if he were to choose to abandon this segment of the character he has created for himself.

As I have already said, even at his worst Kinky Friedman is good. I just really wish that I could say that **Lasso From El Paso** were as dazzling as **Sold American**. An album that a talent like his has spent over a year creating *deserves* to be better than this.

Robin Cook

ZOOT ALLURES

Frank Zappa
(Warner Brothers)



Once upon a time, Frank Zappa came as close as any rock artist to being worthy of consideration as being ahead of his time. His early albums displayed a unique talent for composition and lyric writing which made biting commentary on the social/political structures out of which the peace, love and flowers of the late '60s emerged. What remains today are a few typically Zappa-esque musical changes, occasionally odd vocal phrasings and a certain amount of detached cynicism in his songs about all that is currently chic. It may be more a sign of the times than evidence of a change in Zappa himself, but somehow even his much-improved musicianship cannot obscure the fact that he appears to be mired in a rut of his own making.

The biggest surprise on the new album lies in the fact that Zappa has done his course of study on the bass and synthesizer. After years of work in his home studio/laboratory, he has proven himself to be more than competent on his new instruments, and as usual, his production of his own music is impeccable. After the loss of George Duke on keyboards, a vital force in his music has been missing; while Zappa may not be a Duke of the keyboards, his synthesizer work gives a solid base to his now well-known guitar riffs.

But of late, Zappa's role as producer has tended to eclipse his musical concerns. While his recent albums have displayed a tendency toward the hard rock/heavy metal end of the spectrum, it seems

fitting that **Zoot Allures** follows on the heels of his stint as Grand Funk's producer. At least the mutual interference makes itself felt in Zappa's latest.

If the music seems to be heading toward the realm of the undifferentiated drivel, despite its sometimes inspired instrumental components, the lyrics boast a firm lease on the pits of supposedly 'chic' bizarre sex. It seems as though FZ has decided to listen to his critics who decry his recent bad taste and seeming depravity and to respond with more of the same. As always, the lyrics manifest an ironic distancing from the subject matter, but with this album, it is sometimes hard to tell when his tongue is in his cheek and when it's lolling out the side of a drooling mouth.

The album's last cut certainly displays that satiric edge when Zappa takes on the plastic conformity promoted by the dictums of the disco world. "Disco Boy," while one of the weakest cuts musically, comes closest to capturing the fondly remembered Zappa comedy. But it is questionable whether a song like "Ms. Pinky" does much more than provide some cheap thrills by relating the boastful tale of the uses to which a life-sized inflatable female doll can be put. Or take "Find Her Finger," which sets forth a mini-manual for the seduction of the female, one in which the key elements seem to be sneaking up behind the victim, and then acting like a dummy.

The women of which Zappa speaks apparently are brainless and like their men that way. They also seem to enjoy torture. If Zappa's ode to S&M, "The Torture Never Stops," is any indication. That song is filled with some of the album's best guitar work, but also with the moans and screams of the women who are supposedly going through that torture.

Lest the impression be given that the album proceeds along those lines alone, it must be stated that there are three fine instrumental cuts on the album. Two of them feature extended guitar solos by Zappa, one of them a live heavy rock recording called "Black Napkins," another ("Friendly Little Finger") which exploits the talents of familiar Mother Ruth Underwood on marimba.

The album's title track gives the listener something fresh, another side of Zappa's guitar work. The closest thing to a jazz cut on the album, "Zoot Allures" showcases a softer and more lyrical guitar style, and even the arrangement is indicative of serious music, which has been so sadly lacking in his releases. Frank Zappa, where, if anywhere, are you going?

Bill Crowley

FOGHAT Night Shift (Bearsville)



The rock and roll love-song sure has come a long way since "She Loves You" first convinced me that they weren't all sappy, silly things. Roxy Music, Lou Reed, Kiss, and J. Geils all have their own way of expressing that special feeling. Foghat's latest adventure is a good example of just how important it is to a musician.

All seven cuts on **Night Shift** revolve, rotate, and depend on that sweet emotion. "You're my drivin' wheel," "my hot shot love," even the title track concentrates on the hazards as well as the good aspects of a burning love affair. "Everybody needs somebody to love. I've got you and that's good enough." The sincerity, the tenderness of that special closeness is captured on vinyl as only Foghat can do. "Love was a game. When I lost it I was cryin' shame," "... feeling sad and I'm mad about all the bad love I've had."

It's the work of Lonesome Dave again. Hot on the trail of another hit after their big success with "Fool for the City" Foghat's lead singer has decided to stick with the basics of heavy duty music. Simple lyrics, fuzzy and phasey guitars, and that incessant up-front beat are typical of the four-piece band. They began before that, actually, with Dave's roots in the early Savoy Brown. His talents developed within the British blues scene and blossomed with the American rock scene only after

many tours and many, many requests for "I Just Want To Make Love To You." While Willie Dixon's lyrics in this blues song make it a classic and standard piece for any blues rock band, Foghat took the simple, direct lyrics and added a little something extra. Unfortunately, whatever was added has not been found for later use on Foghat's following works. Song after song, album after album came and went for the group until "Fool" came along.

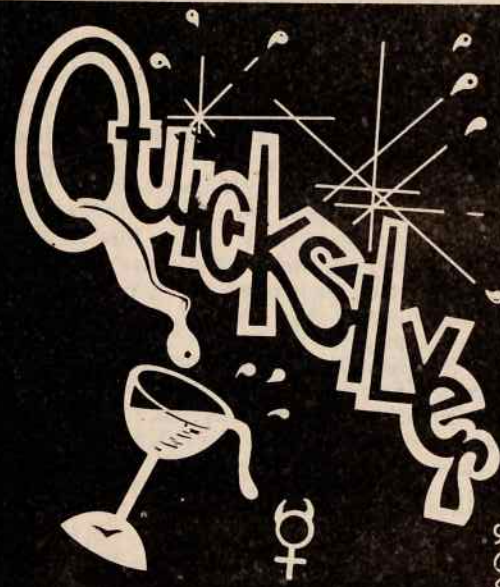
With **Night Shift**, it's apparent that that something extra has vanished again. Rod Price's guitar work is good, heavy rock strumming. Roger Earl's ability to stick with a beat is great, something every band needs. Dave's voice continues to shout its way past the mixed band. But it hasn't changed at all. That's the problem. Nothing has changed.

Their sound, as popular as their soldout shows prove, hasn't advanced or improved in four years. A little action from a string section on "I'll Be Standing By" surprised me. So did their choice of Al Green's "Take Me to the River." But on the whole, **Night Shift** isn't any better (and therefore worse) than their first LP.

Mark Guncheon

Triad February 1977

75



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- 21 CITY BOYS
- 23&24 HIGH ENERGY
- 25&26 PEARL HANDLE
- 27 SHADOWS OF KNIGHT

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

			
CITY BOY Dinner at the Ritz (MERCURY)	PINK FLOYD Animals (COLUMBIA)	DAVID BOWIE Low (RCA)	THE KINKS Sleepwalker (ARISTA)
			
QUEEN A Day at the Races (ELEKTRA)	RABBIT Boys Will Be Boys (CAPRICORN)	NOVA Virvana (ARISTA)	J. LEE & G. BROWN Still Can't Say Enough (BLUE NOTE)
			
GENTLE GIANT Playing The Game (CAPITOL)	JOE ELY (MCA)	GENESIS Wind & Wuthering (ATCO)	JAN AKKERMAN Eli (ATLANTIC)
			
RUFUS Featuring Chaka Khan (ABC)	FRESH Get Fresh (MCA)	ZZ TOP Tejas (LONDON)	MAX WEBSTER Hangover (MERCURY)

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

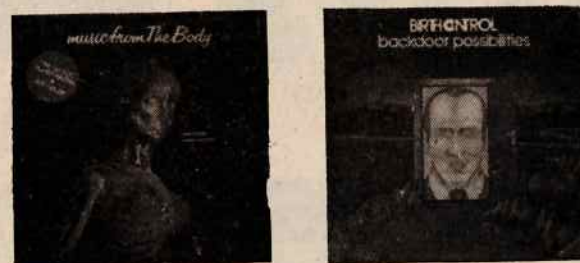
			
STARCASTLE Fountain of Light (EPIC)	ANTHONY PHILLIPS The Geese & The Ghost (PASSPORT)	GARY WRIGHT The Light of Smiles (WARNER BROS.)	BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST Octoberon (MCA)
			
CHICK COREA My Spanish Heart (POLYDOR)	SYMPHONIC SLAM Symphonic Slam (A&M)	BILL QUATEMAN Night After Night (RCA)	SANTANA Festival (COLUMBIA)
			
LEO KOTTKE (CHRYSALIS)	BANDIT (ARISTA)	STEVE HILLAGE L (ATLANTIC)	SPLIT ENZ Mental Notes (CHRYSALIS)
			
ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION Rock and Roll Alternative (POLYDOR)	RAMONES Leave Home (SIRE)	TERJE RYPDAL After The Rain (ECM)	MARTIN MULL I'm Everyone I've Ever... (ABC)
			
			CHILLIWACK Dreams, Dreams, Dreams (MUSHROOM)

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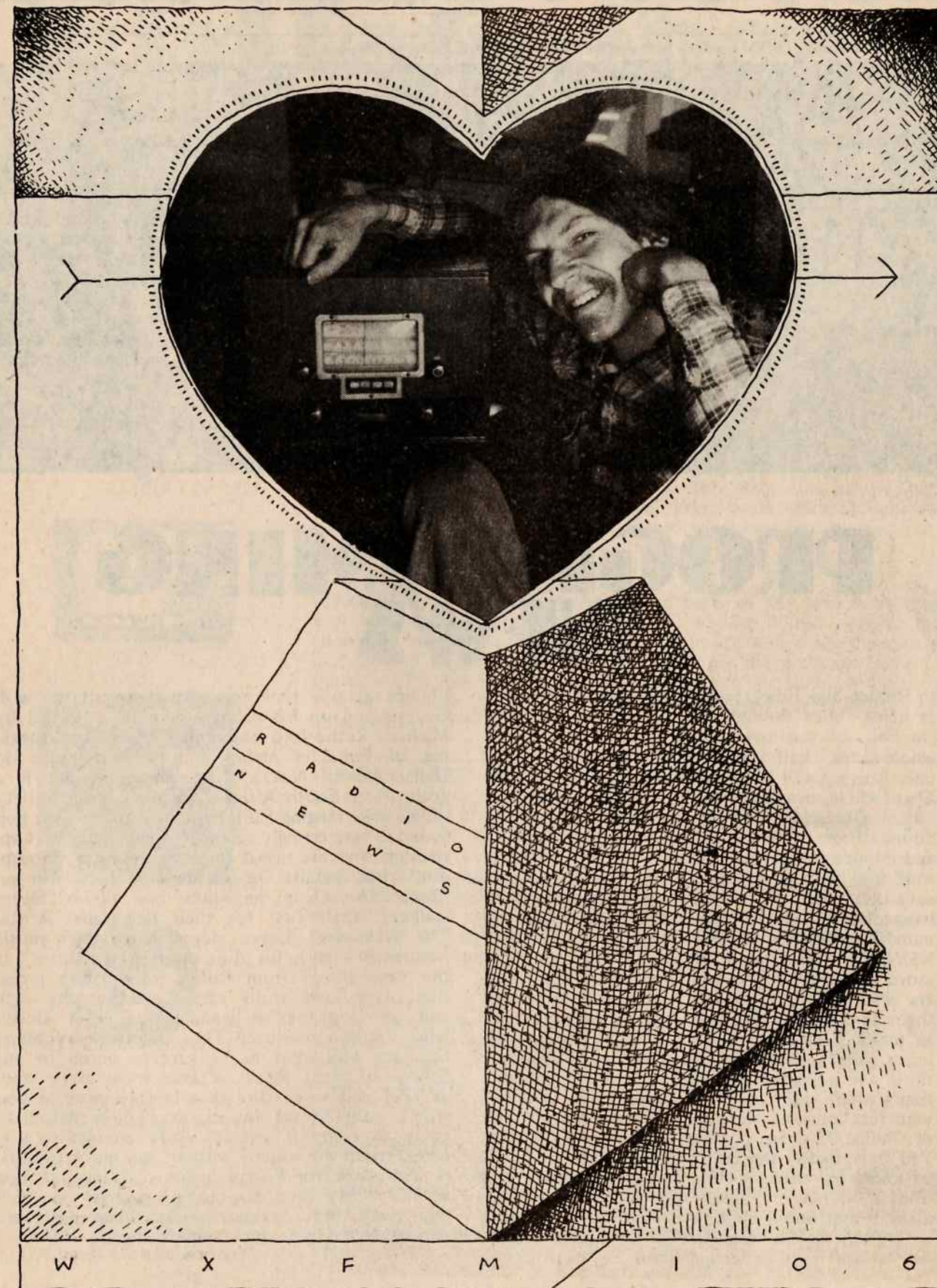
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Visiting us at the TRIAD Mansion : Richie Havens and Styx with A&M promo man Bill Johnson



PROGRAMMING NEWS

In Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare speaks of Romeo as being "shot through the ear with a love-dart." On Feb. 14 our love-darts will be in the form of whole-notes, half-notes, quarter-notes....and not only Romeos will be susceptible but Juliets as well. That whole evenings music will consist of love songs. Our New Releases program, Choice 33, Sounds From Across the Big Swamp, Music News, and Monday Night Special will be about love in song and perhaps a few poems will be read. No easy task but it will be done on Triad. Other new happening this month include a time change for our New Releases program. Starting in February NS/NR will come out of its midnight slot and move up to 8PM. This will give a lot of our listeners who normally wouldn't have a chance to hear them to tune in. We feel that it's important for as many people as possible to hear the new releases. We're especially interested in your reactions and comments on the new sounds because that's where our Choice 33 comes from. In effect, your reactions and comments help guide our choice of Choice 33's. So, if some of the new things that you hear really impress you, don't hesitate to let us know by either writing or calling. Speaking of Choice 33, we've chosen some interesting debut albums that you'll be sure to enjoy. Max Webster is a group out of Canada that plays what could be termed as intellectual hard rock. Anthony

Phillips at one time was the lead guitarist with Genesis and on his debut album he is joined by Michael Rutherford and Phil Collins. And speaking of Phil, he makes another appearance on Italian group, Nova's, first album. Rabbit is a group from South Africa who play a wide variety of material ranging from hard rock to pleasant pop sounds. Interestingly enough their label is Capricorn, who are noted for their roster of "Southern" rock bands. Other things to listen for on Choice 33 include the Kinks' new album "Sleepwalker," their first for their new label Arista. The Ramones "Leave Home" and their music has taken a turn for the better. "Ask Rufus" is the new album from Rufus. Bandit is a group that plays some really tasty and raunchy rock and roll and they're produced by John Alcock who has also produced Thin Lizzy. Heavy Metal Scholars will want to be sure to enroll in our School of Hard Rocks. Classes meet every Wed. at 8PM and we're sure that in this instance you won't want to cut any classes. You're definitely going to enjoy it and it's early enough so you can turn up the volume without too much trouble. A new show for Friday night is "Dance, If You Want It." Rhythmic, toe-tapping sounds for a Friday night, not necessarily disco but definitely danceable and listenable. Enjoy Yourself!

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



TRIAD'S AUDIO VALENTINE-All night, Feb. 14, Triad is for lovers. All the music heard that night will deal with the subject of love. Perhaps you'd like to make a request for someone you love, give a call or send us a postcard to Triad's Cupid, 7428 N. Paulina, Chicago, Illinois, 60626, and tune in that night with your sweetheart.

NEW SOUNDS/NEW RELEASES-New albums, singles, and tapes as they're released. This month NS/NR airs at an earlier time, Mondays and Thursdays at 8:00. Be the first one on your block to hear the latest and greatest in music. If you're anxiously awaiting the next album by Fleetwood Mac, Yes, or Guy Lombardo, this is the place to hear it first. Keep your dial set at 106FM WXFM.



THE LAUGHING BOX - Comedy, music, musical comedy. Monty Python, Martin Mull, P.D. Q. Bach, the Marx Bros., the Bonzo Dog Band, or anything unexpected that will keep you laughing all night. A quarter hour of comedy that's guaranteed to please. **Monday nights at 8:45.**



CHOICE 33-our nightly cross-section of some of the most interesting new albums that have been released. Check the double page spread elsewhere in this month's issue and if you see something that you'd like to hear give us a call at 943-7474 during the program. Some of the new LP's this month include Gentle Giant's live album, City Boy's "Dinner at the Ritz," Pink Floyd's "Animals," and the Kinks' "Sleepwalker." **Weeknights at 9:00.**



MONDAY NIGHT SPECIAL-a new series on Triad. Programs investigating the different and varied aspects of our music. The first broadcast will feature the drummer as composer and will include examples of some of the works of people like Billy Cobham, Keith Moon, Carl Palmer and others. Show two will feature some of the new music that's coming up from Down Under, that is Australia and New Zealand. The third program looks at the history of the Moog and its assimilation into all types of music. We end off the month with a look at the punk rock scene in New York, featuring bands like the Ramones, Blondie, and Television. **Tune in Mondays at Midnight.**



ROCK AROUND THE WORLD-Recordings, interviews and concerts by your favorite artists from all corners of the globe. It might be a special program on the Moody Blues or Boston. For the listener not content to leave his ears at home. **Every Tuesday at 10:00 PM.**



SUSAN BERKLEY'S NATURAL FOODS RECIPES-even if you've never boiled an egg or sliced a cucumber, you'll find that preparing delicious and nutritious food is easy. In these short programs Susan provides you with all the info you need. Reprints of the recipes are available on request by sending a stamped self addressed envelope to Susan Berkley, c/o Triad, 7428 N Paulina, Chicago, Illinois, 60626. Programs are heard at 11:30 Tuesdays and 9:30 on Thursdays.

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



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



THE SCHOOL OF HARD ROCKS—a solid hour of solid rock. The heaviest music around as played by some of the masters of the art of hard rock. Hear the sheer energy of groups like Aerosmith, Scorpions, Rush, Deep Purple, and many more of your favorites. Guaranteed to be one of the liveliest and rowdiest hours on the air. Every Wednesday at 8:00.



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

THE CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE—Local boys making good music. Tapes and records by such area bands as Ouray, Gorgon Medusa, Stratosled, City Boys, Redhead, and Bill Quateman. This is the only place on the air that you'll hear some of these people. The only other way to hear them is in some of their local appearances. Tune in and hear what's happening in the city. Every Wednesday at 10:00 PM.

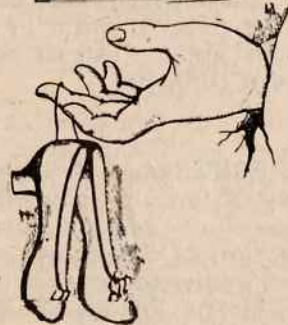


THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW — Brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub. Your hostess, Atomic Mama, presents extensive coverage of the blues, past and present. Wednesday nights at 12:00.



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

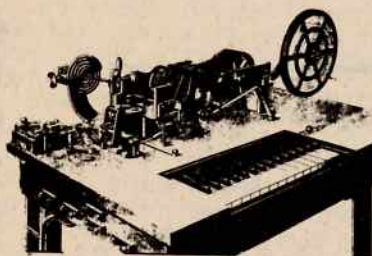
ALAN WATTS — The late philosopher still speaks. Excellent exercise for the cranium as he speaks on matters that concern us all. This legendary figure from California never fails to make you think twice and twice more about everything. If you want to know how high is up and the rhyme for orange, tune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



DANCE IF YOU WANT IT—Dust off those hi-heeled sneakers, those blue suede shoes and those ruby glass slippers because TRIAD has some high powered funk for you on Friday nights. Kick off the weekend with some danceable music that's interesting to the mind as well as the feet. Listen with a partner. FRIDAYS AT 10:00.

Triad Radio Shows

wx_fm 106



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



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



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



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

Music News

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

This month:

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1st Z.Z. Top | 10th Taj Mahal | 18th Genesis |
| 2nd Jan Akkerman | 11th Electric Light Orchestra | 22nd Journey |
| 3rd Gary Wright | 14th Barclay James Harvest | 23rd Kraan |
| 4th George Harrison | 15th David Bowie | 24th Nazareth |
| 7th Nils Lofgren | 16th Santana | 25th Yes |
| 8th Martin Mull | 17th Fleetwood Mac | 28th Woody Guthrie |



Triad Radio Shows

wx fm 106

SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP —



Not even the Atlantic Ocean could stop this music from enriching these American shores. Some of the most intriguing music you'll ever hear is being made right now in Yugoslavia, Greece, Germany, Spain, and Finland. And you'll be able to hear it first on TRIAD. If you're already familiar with the sounds of La Dusseldorf, Noy, Omega, Guru Guru you'll be hearing some new material from your favorite bands.

If you've been wondering what's going to be happening to progressive music keep your ears primed for these imports and imported tapes. It's like an ocean voyage every Monday night at 10:00.

EUROCK NEWS will be returning next month with exciting news on some new bands such as Nova, Split Enz, Rabbitt and some information on the new new Kraftwerk and some former Swamps favorites that are now being released domestically. Sounds has also been expanded to include music coming from across the Pacific. See you next month!

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Feedback

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK

Dear Larry Keenan:

Anyone who grew up in Chicago like I did had to thoroughly enjoy your excellent review of Chicago Rock Radio "History."

Even though you put me in the "new breed of young men with no attachments to the earlier style of broadcasting" class and in spite of the fact that I was not in radio during the heyday of Dick Biondi, I like to think of myself and my style as somewhat of a throwback to those "personality" days of the '60s. This comes easily to me because I too am a big fan of "The Golden Age of Chicago Radio."

Perhaps doing my afternoon show in sort of a '60s mold has contributed to its success. I like to think so. I'd also like to think that as Carly Simon said, "These are the good old days."

Thanks for the memories!

Bob Sirott

P.S. Is there any truth to the rumor that the bum sleeping on the park bench in Jack Perno's picture on page 3 of the December TRIAD is really Gene Taylor? (both Larry and I agreed there was something familiar about him)

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Dear Triad,

Recently I was listening to a collection of popular classical pieces. Nothing in particular caught my attention until one piece by Chopin: Etude, Op. 10 no. 2 "Revolutionary." This piece was the same as the first several bars and main theme of a song called "Prologue," of Renaissance's Prologue album. Eager with my new found discovery I rushed to my record collection to look at this particular album, expecting to see some reference to Chopin. None was there. An oversight on their part you might say and so I thought until I heard the next selection off of the album of classical pieces by Albinoni: "Adagio for Strings and Organ." This selection was unmistakably the same as "Cold is Being," off of Renaissance's Turn of the Cards album. I checked my album and discovered that Renaissance considered the song written by Michael Dunford and Betty Thatcher, again with no reference to the actual composer, Tomasso Albinoni.

In my point of view, this copying of someone else's music and then affixing your own name to it is one of the lowest forms of plagiarism imaginable. These aren't however two isolated cases in "classical-rock" music. Emerson, Lake and Palmer boldly proclaim on their Pictures at an Exhibition album that the composer of the "Great Gates of Kiev" Triad February 1977

was Mussorgsky and Lake, as if Lake had collaborated with him in writing it.

I'm not sure there's a lot which can be done to combat this type of plagiarism in "classical-rock" music but I for one will have second thoughts about "touting" the laurels of Renaissance or any other group on their composing ability.

Jeff Thompson

WE'RE NUMBER TWO — WE TRY HARDER

Dear TRIAD:

I have been reading your magazine for quite a while, and most of the time I have enjoyed it. But there was an article about Rush in the December issue that must have been wrote by a blind, deaf, and most certainly dumb person who must never have been to a rock concert before in his life. I am talking about a Mr. Larry Keenan. He began by saying that Rush was the skinniest band, big shit it's better than being a fat son of a bitch. He said that

their first album cover had the cheapest looking graphics. May I ask is that all of you look for in a group is what their cover looks like? It's quite obvious that someone got you your job! Oh you say Rush sounds alike in every song? Well your right! Every Rush song has that same talent playing it. If you would pull the ———out of your ears you could hear that each member of Rush is a master at what they play. Alex Lifesom could stand up to anybody! Page, Buck, Ted, you name 'em. Geddy's voice is clear and loud, plus his fluent bass lines pierce your mind, Neil Pert has to be the best rock drummer in the biz go watch him. Together they form the most talented bunch of Rockers the U.S. has ever seen! To end my letter all I can say is if you want good graphics go buy Boston! If you want good music buy RUSH!

J.B.

Chicago's Number 1
Rush fan

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Barkley 544-6940
- PICK STOP
108 W. Burlington
LaGrange 352-4611
- ALBERT AUDIO
1312 W. Jefferson
Joliet 725-2050
- ROBERT HALL VILLAGE
1548 Butterfield Rd.
Downers Grove
- TEMPO
1703 W. Ogden
Downers Grove 944-7180
- FLIP SIDE
1532 Butler
Downers Grove 620-6868
- ALBERT AUDIO
237 E. Indian Trail
Aurora 896-4601
- STEREOLAND
600 Roosevelt
Glen Ellyn 469-8080
- STAINED GLASS EYE
1907 S. Mannheim
Westchester 865-0440
- YORKTOWN MUSIC
144 Yorktown
Lombard
- THE SOURCE
1111 Lake St.
Oak Park 386-9200
- SKIPPERS
Meadowdale Shopping Ctr.
Crest Hill 725-9196
- MUSART
25 W. 646 St. Charles Rd.
Wheaton 682-9800
- PEARSON'S ART AND MUSIC
110 W. Calendar
LaGrange 352-4517
- JOHNNY BE GOOD
117 E. Main
Wheaton 653-7212
- RECORD REVOLUTION
904 W. Lincoln Hwy.
DeKalb 758-6242
- ONE OCTAVE HIGHER
1023 Grove Hill
Elk Grove 436-6066
- KORVETTES
Record Department
St. Charles Rd. and Rt. 83
Elmhurst 833-6900
- ALLADIN
31 S. Addison
 Bensenville
- REVOLVER
164 N. York
Elmhurst 279-3422
- VILLAGE STEREO
Old Chicago
Bolingbrook
- SOUNDS GOOD
1435 Schaumburg
Schaumburg 529-0625

SUBURBAN WEST

- MUSART
4710 Lincoln Hwy.
Matteson 481-7698
- MUSART
681 N. Casa
Westmont 654-8573
- REVOLVER II
151 E. North Ave.
Villa Park 530-9535
- VILLAGE MUSIC
7 E. Main St.
East Dundee 426-7541
- TEAM ELECTRONICS
Carpentersville 428-6474
- PERRY'S MUSIC CENTER
154 E. St. Charles
Villa Park 833-3276
- ROLLING STONE RECORDS
9300 W. Irving Park
Northridge 456-0861
- ROSELLE MUSIC
217 E. Irving Park
Roselle 529-2031
- TOONS WEST
293 S. Aldine
Elgin 695-9753
- STEREO PLACE
1242 Lake
Hanover Park 830-0669
- FLIP SIDE
2348 W. Higgins Rd.
Hoffman Estates 884-9430
- KORVETTES
Record Department
Harlem and Cermak
N. Riverside 422-7700
- RIVERSIDE GENERAL STORE
7 N. Long Common Dr.
Riverside 442-6622
- GALAXY I
216 Schmidt Rd.
Bolingbrook 759-9060
- RYBURN'S INC.
1046 Liberty
Elgin 741-4494
- PEARSON'S ART AND MUSIC
11 E. First
Hinsdale 323-5600
- VAL'S HALLA
723 1/2 South Blvd.
Oak Park 524-1004

SUBURBAN SOUTH

- TAPTOWN
6133 W. 95th
Oak Lawn 423-3265
- SOUND OF MUSIC
1100 State St.
Lemont 257-5908
- TEMPO
5420 W. 95th
Oak Lawn 636-0189
- SUPER SOUND
5544 W. 147th
Oak Forest
- MUSART
Park Forest Plaza
Park Forest 481-7698
- METRO MUSIC
322 E. 103rd
Calumet City 928-9722
- MOLES DEN
324 N. Republic
Joliet 744-3367
- MUSART
733 Halsted
Chicago Hts. 754-6809
- ROUTE 1 STEREO
14949 S. Halsted
Harvey 331-4700
- TOUCH BOUTIQUE
202nd St. and Halsted
Chicago Hts. 754-0810
- RECORD GALLERY
114 S. Larkin
Joliet 725-7717
- TURNING POINT
6318 W. Cermak
Berwyn
- CHARLOTTE'S WEB
728 First Ave.
Rockford 965-8933

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9300 W. Irving Park
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- ROSELLE MUSIC
217 E. Irving Park
Roselle 529-2031
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Hinsdale 323-5600
- VAL'S HALLA
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Oak Park 524-1004
- CALSSIC STEREO
2312 N. Clinton
Fort Wayne 483-0553
- CLASSIC STEREO
2312 N. Clinton
Fort Wayne 483-0553
- RISLEY ELECTRONICS
861 S. Green River Rd.
Evansville
- SOUND PRODUCTIONS
Keystons Plaza
Carmel 844-1103
- SOUND PRODUCTIONS
1412 W. State
W. Lafayette 743-3572
- AUDIO SPECIALISTS
415 N. Michigan
S. Bend 234-5001
- DISC RECORDS
Marquette Mall
Michigan City 872-0501
- WORLD OF SOUND
1210 W. Jefferson
Plymouth 936-6000
- RECORDLAND
Southlake Mall
US. 30 & I. 95
Merrillville 769-1656

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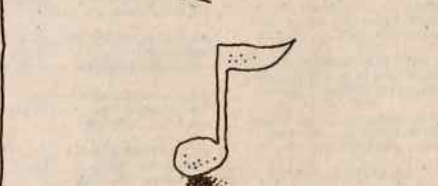
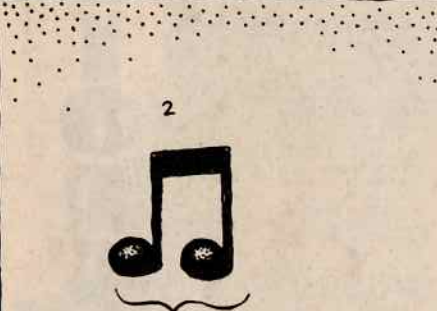
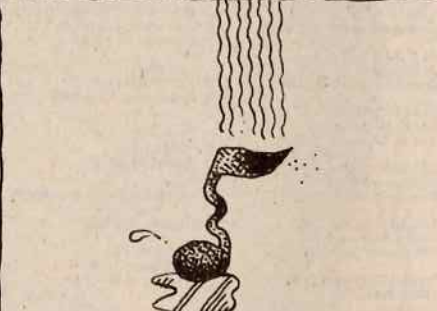
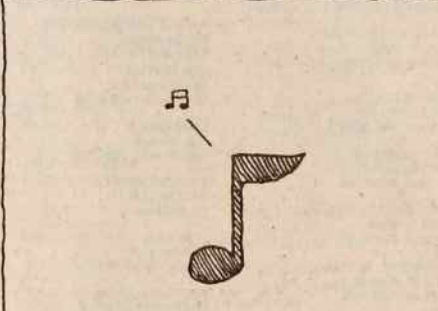
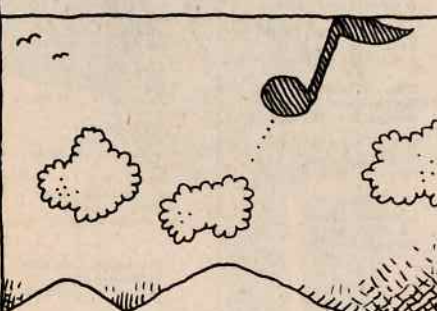
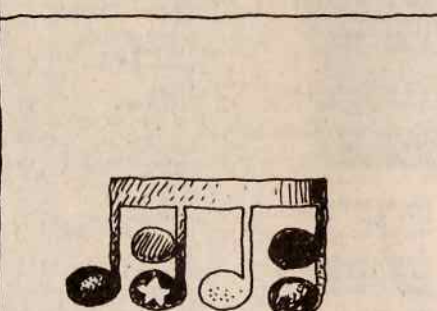
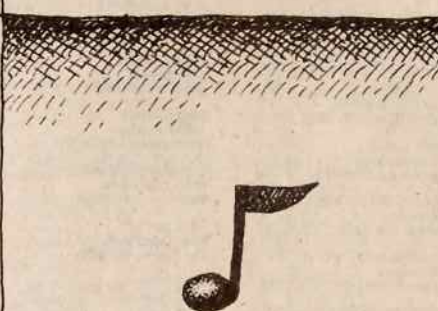
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Aurora, 898-8840
- GREGG GEORGE MUSIC
161 York Road
Elmhurst, 832-7599
- MASTER GROOMING
1516 W. Howard
Chicago, 761-5255
- FLATTS & SHARPE
6749 N. Sheridan
Chicago 465-5233
- GALLERY OF HAIR
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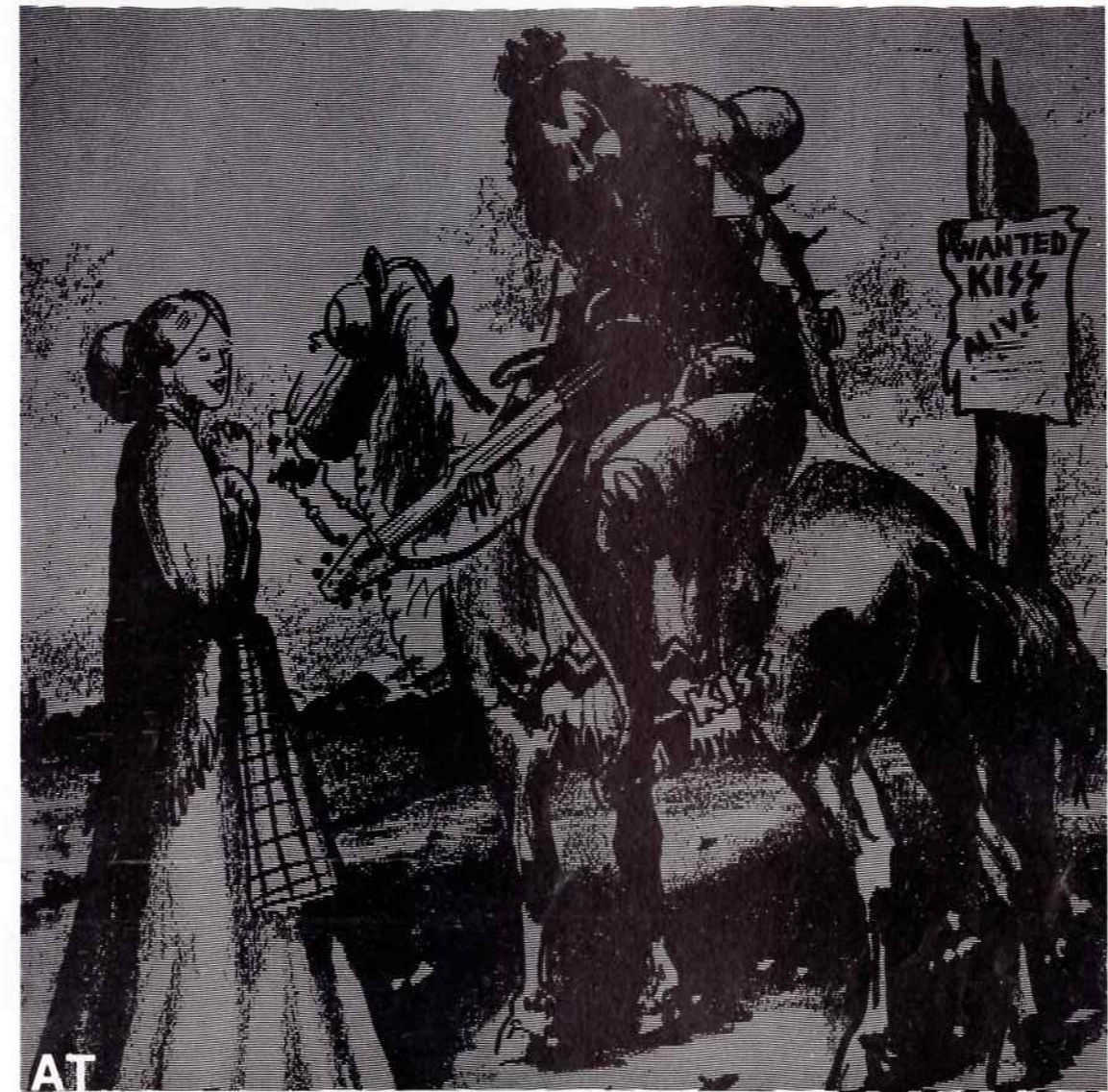
- FANTA C RECORDS
130 W. Napier
Benton Harbor 925-2222

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