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Editor's Page



In recent months ye olde editor has received numerous complaints; ranging from a spate of semi-literate epistles bemoaning Larry Keenan's malicious attack on Rush (only the most recent Canadian entry into "The Most Boring Band of the Decade Sweepstakes") to my own personal appearance on the editors page (wait till they see next month's picture). Some of the more perceptive feedback we've received has concerned TRIAD's cover policy; namely the absence of familiar rock faces.

This has been deliberate on our part. TRIAD is first and foremost a rock mag, but we denizens of the TRIAD mansion feel that there is more to the Chicago rock scene than just another pretty mug-shot. Rock 'n' Roll is primarily a business; more glamorous than most perhaps, but to paraphrase Ms. Stein, a business is a business is a business. So we've felt obligated to profile the people that "package" the business/art form, be they promoters, bouncers, disc jockeys, critics or producers.

At any rate, for those of you who feel we've neglected the stars of the rock universe, this month marks a return to the realm of the pantheon. Our cover details the rise of one of rock's most promising 4th generation bands, England's Thin Lizzy. Contributing Editor Bruce Meyer spent the day with Lizzy leader Phil Lynott and discovered that the young Irish-born bassist is more than just another pretender to the Angry Young Man throne. Lynott is both articulate and reflective, combining a healthy sense of perspective with an on-stage charisma rarely matched in recent rock annals.

Also highlighted this month are Freddie Mercury, Queen's flamboyant,

buck-toothed sensation, who's fondness for champagne is matched only by his attachment to aging Marx Brothers film classics (my prediction for the next Queen album title is "You Bet Your Life").

Also Cary Baker takes us for a guided tour along rock's waterfront, better known to singles as the land of garage rock, populated by a diverse cast of characters including Jonathan Richman and The Modern Livers, The Muff-Divers (your editor's idea of a great name for a first-born son) and Chicago's own Pablo and The Del-Crustaceans, who have played more fraternity parties than any group since The Count Five.

The COVER: Once again, our crack daguerrotype team of Meredith and Holmgren have emerged from the dark-room with a lusty cover portrait worthy of Wee Gee himself. Of course there were minor crises; Ed Meredith's red-eye express excursions to the Vegas gambling tables slowed production for weeks on end (he has mastered baccarat but manages to lose it all at the slot machines) while Ms. Holmgren had to stave off numerous Lynott advances, including a heart-throb seduction couplet worthy of Ed the Bed himself: "I wish I knew a woman who could sew," Phil mooned at a particularly steamy juncture of the session, "You know, to fill up me holes."

Next Month: A special April Fool's supplement, complete with Ransom Notes in fourteen different languages and TRIAD's own entry into the punk-rock sweepstakes: The Wankers, the band that lets you take out their false teeth and suck on their gums. Ooh la la.

Patrick Goldstein

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QUEEN'S NIGHT AT THE OPERA OR HOW FREDDIE MERCURY TIES HIS MOTHER DOWN

BY BRUCE MEYER

If Freddie Mercury ever runs out of music, he'd make a fine Count Dracula. Strikingly handsome (beautiful?) in a curious fashion, Mercury has the long, graceful fingers of a concert pianist, a sleek, androgynous body and the jawline and prominent teeth of Bruce the Shark.

For the present, however, Mercury remains happy as lead singer for Queen, fronting that peculiar mix of heavy-metal boogie, light opera and untrammelled gimmickry with a genuinely regal (if at times unwarranted) aplomb.

Critics are frequently unkind about Queen's musical grab-bag and smoke bomb-laden show, but their pronouncements have had the usual nil effect on the record- and ticket-buying public, who appear to find Queen's ambiguous style convincingly out of the ordinary.

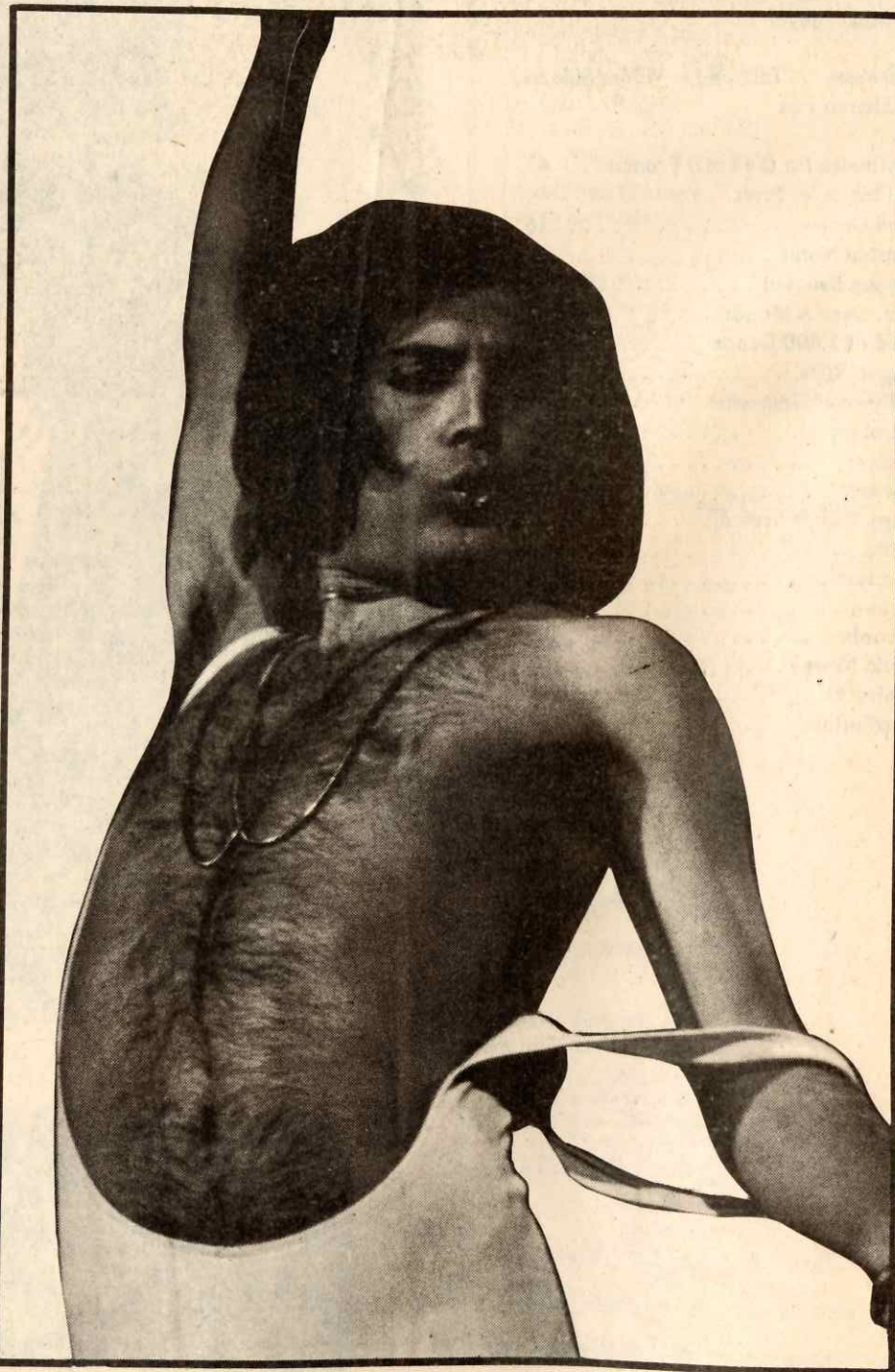
Though it's a four-member band, Queen is really the vehicle of Mercury and guitarist Brian May, whose derivative (notably from Jimmy Page) lead style is heavily dependent on all manner of electronic delay mechanisms.

Mercury and May are well-matched, both as performers and composers. Mercury provides a sense of neurotic fantasy while May forces the band to keep at least one foot planted solidly on hard rock. It's this amiable tension that gives Queen the consciously schizoid personality that seems to grate on so many critics.

Interviewed in his suite at the Hyatt Regency Chicago, Freddie Mercury wore a silk robe over white terry trousers and sat barefoot and cross-legged in the corner of the couch.

Meyer: Let's start with an easy one. Are you happy?
Mercury: "Am I happy? Uh, yes and no."

What's the yes and what's the no?
"I don't know. I feel—well, I just get into my moods. I feel the sort of happiness that success brings, which



brings on problems as well. Which is a cliché, but it's true."

What sort of problems bother you?

"Emotional ones. Pressures. We've always had to deal with pressures and I've reached the point now where I want to sort of ease down. I used to think that working under pressure was a good thing. It was good in a certain area. You have to learn to be responsible and make decisions. Now I feel that I've done enough of that, but it's an escalator thing—I just have to learn to live with it. There's no such thing as getting to a stage where we just sit back and let everybody else take care of it."

I suppose you get asked this a lot, but you sort of brought it on yourselves by naming two albums after Marx Brothers...
"Oh, it's 'Horsefeathers' next, or 'Duck Soup.'

Come now. Really?

"No. You're not going to get any more of that. It was just something that...it kind of happened and we just said okay. Let's dig in a bit more. But it's funny, what people don't seem to realize...well, we just thought of it as titles, right? 'Cause I love the Marx Brothers. But I haven't done all that research. But Roger sort of got into it and read books on them and then he'd start drawing parallels and it was quite amazing, really."

For example?

"Well, their two biggest successes happened to be 'A Night at the Opera' and 'A Day at the Races,' but we just by luck chose 'A Night at the Opera' first. And then you can draw a comparison with all the detail in the work...they spent ages working out their movies and we spend ages on our records. They'd even have shows and try out their gags in front of people, find out the ones that got the most laughs and use those in the films, time them and so on."

Do you do that?

"No, are you kidding?"

Just opening the door to see if you were going to walk in.
"But there is a kind of a parallel, where we actually do a couple of numbers live, on stage, to get the kind of feel, the kind of delivery that's needed. Rather than do it in the studio and then try to copy it on stage. 'Tie Your Mother Down' was

one of those songs. And that's a kind of parallel."

The record company has been suggesting in the ads that there's actually a kind of Marx Brothers flavor to the record, which I really don't see.

"Well, there you are, record companies will come up with all kinds of things. But I suppose if you look at it sort of generally, there is...the meticulous attention to detail, the length of time that it takes to finish the product."

I heard you got a message from Groucho.

"Yes, yes. A couple of telegrams."

Saying what?

"Well, one of them was quite interesting. His mood..."

His mind is incredibly quick even in his 80s.

"Yes. Well, he said he's beyond hearing it, he couldn't really get into the music, but he has young friends, people who come around to listen to our albums. So he says something like, 'I know you're very successful...they tell me about chart places and things like that.' And he says he's very bemused that we used his title and says if this goes on, 'I've made something like 30 turkeys' but he says he doesn't know how long we'll continue, but he's just made a new film and it's called 'The Rolling Stones' Greatest Hits.'"

Queen is hardly the first band to do it, but you do show that sort of conscious outrageousness that made the Marx Brothers films so good. It's been a part of the show-biz side of rock'n' roll from the start, ever since Little Richard...

"Well, a lot of the modern bands have been very show-biz oriented—and we certainly are. Not just for the sake of it—we really like it. I was in love with Busby Berkeley and things like that and I feel that when you go out and do a show it's got to be a *real* show. I mean, gone are the days when it's just basically interpreting your album on stage."

of the Southern bands stick pretty much to just playing their music...

"Well, even the bands that do that, they've sort of come up with better light shows and things like that."

The people who go for the Southern bands certainly aren't your fans, but I suppose there are plenty of people to go around.

"We want them all. With the show-biz thing, there's so much more scope. But basically we are still a rock'n'roll band—we're just exploiting all these things."

Some people have noticed a kind of Oriental thread running through your music and the new album has a tune sung partly in Japanese...

"Well, me, personally, I love Japan. But as far as the song's concerned, it's Brian's song. It's just another facet of our music."

Have you made any serious study of traditional Japanese music?

"Sure. Not in great detail—sort of just skimming, taking what we need to. But as far as doing a project like that, we want to do it properly. There are no half measures. Brian did a lot of research, to keep those verses authentic, and got an interpreter to make sure it meant in English what it did in Japanese. And that the pronunciation was right. Japan is just—too much. It's like going into a different world. They're very Westernized now, but they still retain their culture. So that combination is electrifying. Because everything you do is different, so you just want to take it all in. And each sort of city has got an in-

dividual flavor to offer. Last time we went there I did so much shopping, I just had to have it shipped back in crates. I had about 14 crates."

Where are you living now?

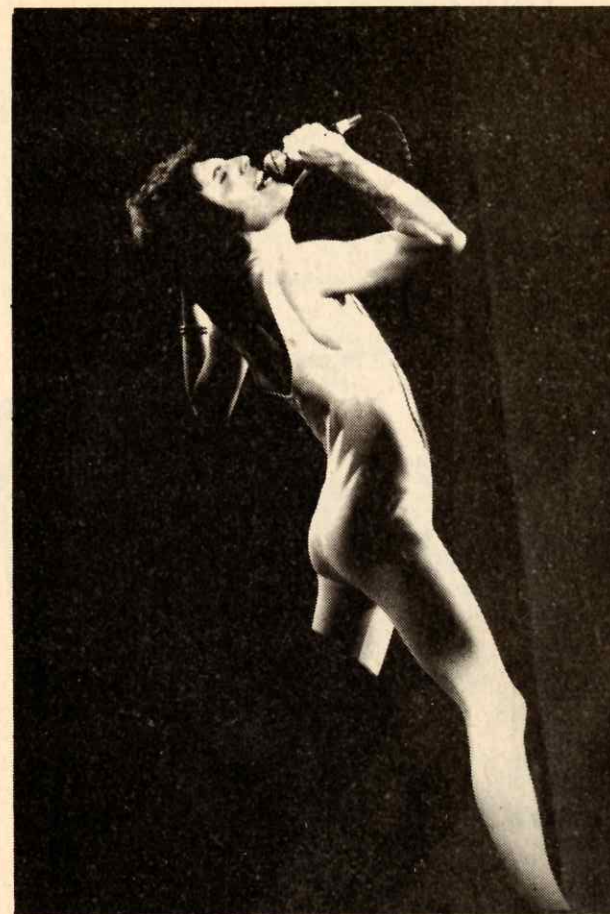
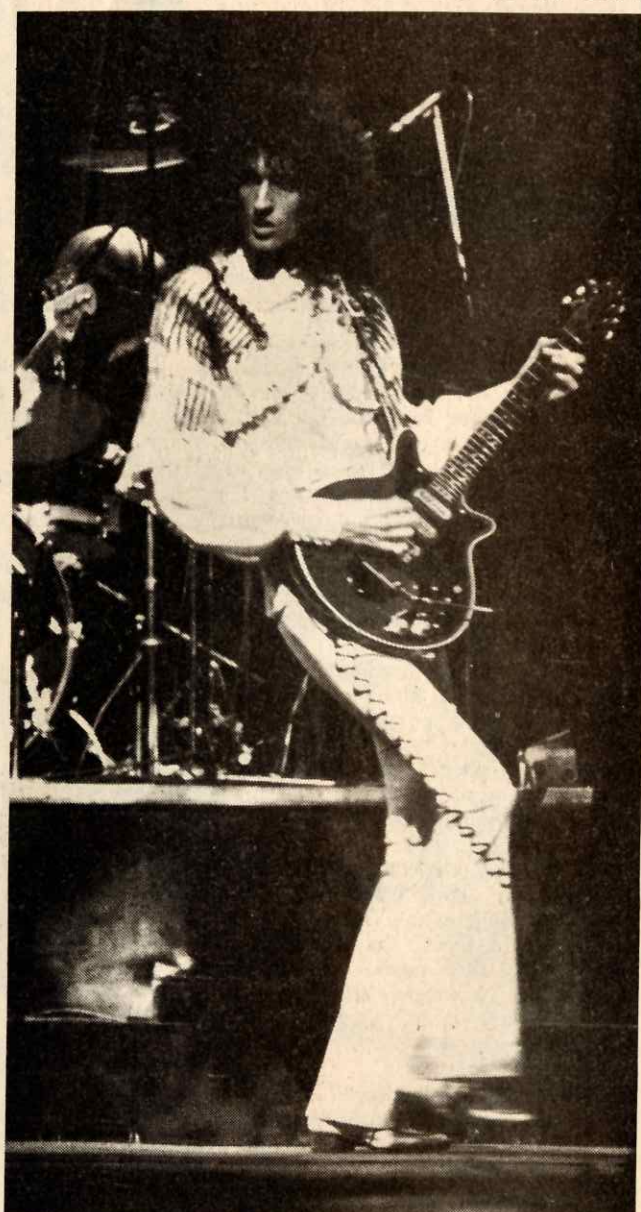
"I live in Kensington—a nice place."

A lot of people have departed England of late...

"Yes, I know, all this tax dodging and so on. I know it's upon us but I don't know. You've just got to put your priorities right, like recording the album. We knew it was going to cost far more to record back home, but we said, look we're already away touring so much of the time, so forget the money. We feel far better working in the environment we're used to, especially because it's the first album we've produced ourselves. We didn't want to take too many risks at one time."

What prompted you to pick an old Aretha Franklin tune like "Somebody To Love" for the single?

"I know I'm probably the last one to get into that sort of gospel thing—I got into it very late. But I just got hold of an old Aretha album...and it was like, oh, wow, it just sort of blew me. And what with the sort of vocal textures that we're into, that choir can really let it rip. And I just said, okay, we're going to try it this time. And it was really quite good, because vocals are really a strong point for us, and this is one area that we



hadn't explored. I mean, we do so many songs that are very strong on vocals, multitracked stuff, and it gets harder every time, trying to make it different. But I just felt that this was something, after the operatic thing, that was great. So I didn't have to work very hard to try to get a sort of authentic feel to it. Do you feel it has a sort of black feel to it? I hope so."

Well, it didn't strike me that way initially. It sounds like Queen.

"Oh—still maintaining the Queen idiom, of course. I didn't mean to suggest that. But it's like a 160-piece choir effect, created by the three of us, the four of us; John [bassist John Deacon] sings sometimes. It took a week just to do all those vocals. Each verse has a different slant on it."

Have you tried to analyze your success at all?

"I think it's in the music. Our strong point is in our versatility. After the fifth album, people have got to know us as a band that can turn out totally contrasting music—very diverse. So rather than continuing to hit the same area, we are getting wider and wider, musically. Take 'Killer Queen.' With that song they were just thinking, 'What is this, a rock'n'roll band coming out with this kind of stuff?' But then 'Bohemian Rhapsody' came along and opened up a vast new area and people wanted to know where we were going to go next. We started with rock'n'roll and came to this. So that I think some people got a little confused as to what we are. And you get mothers coming out with their daughters to see us. Which I think is nice. I wouldn't want our music to have any barriers, to be restricted to just one thing."

So you feel you have a style that will carry you over the years...

"It's been a process of finding it out for ourselves. I think we're just one of those kinds of bands that don't believe in sticking to a formula, to just one formula, anyway. It's such an easy way out. The moment you find something that works, you just keep churning that out. But that's so boring."

So you think you could grow old with Queen?

"Yeah. One way or another. I know one thing—our egos are going to keep us together."

Seems that egos more often drive bands apart.

"Yeah, but I think this is where—well, it seems silly to say, but we're in total control of our egos so much that we're sort of above that splitting up thing. It's even stronger than that. We just know that we have to stay together for just kind of survival...we know that anything we want to do is within the capability of Queen."



19th teenage nervous breakdowns

SINGLES COME OUT OF THE CLOSET

BY CARY BAKER

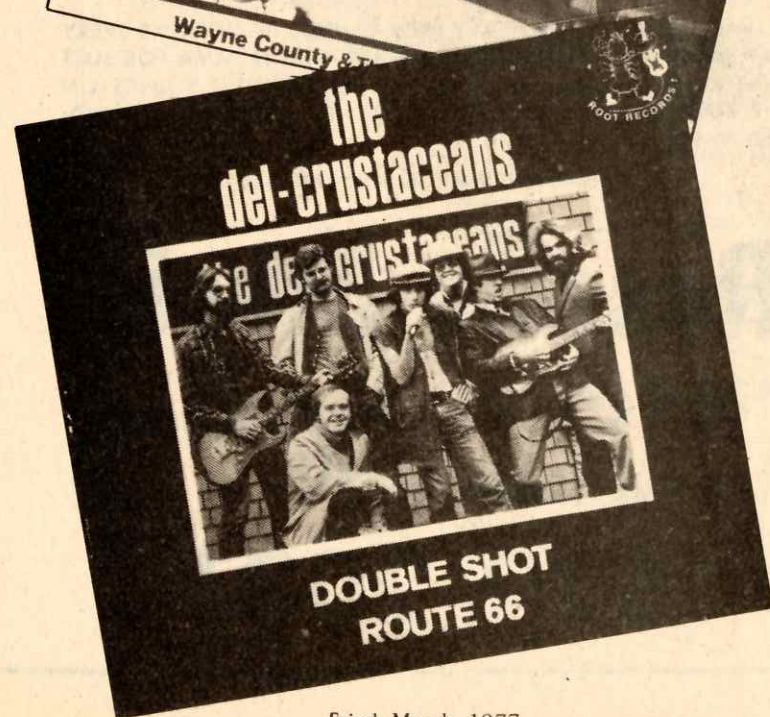
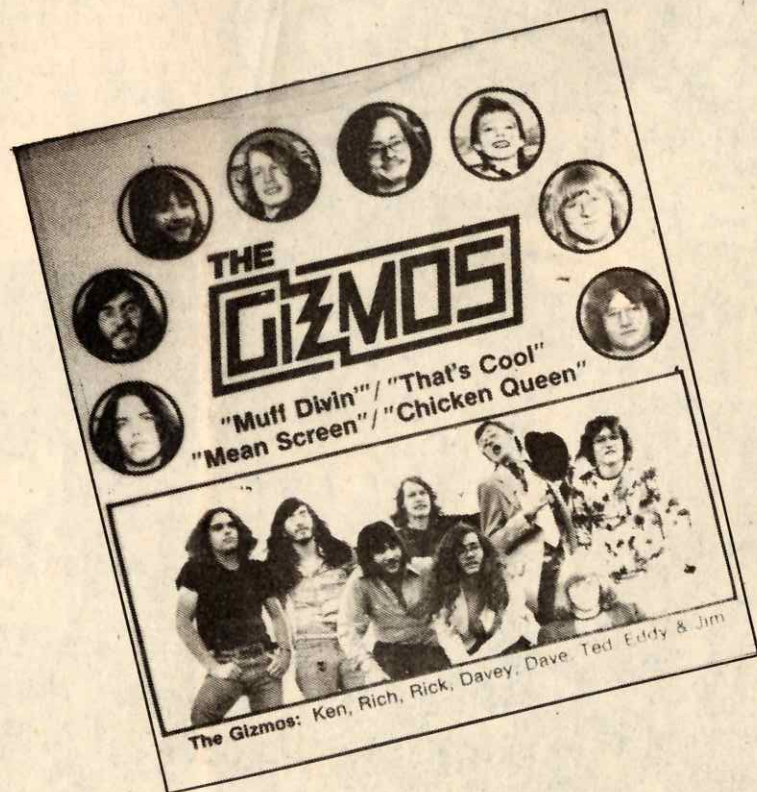
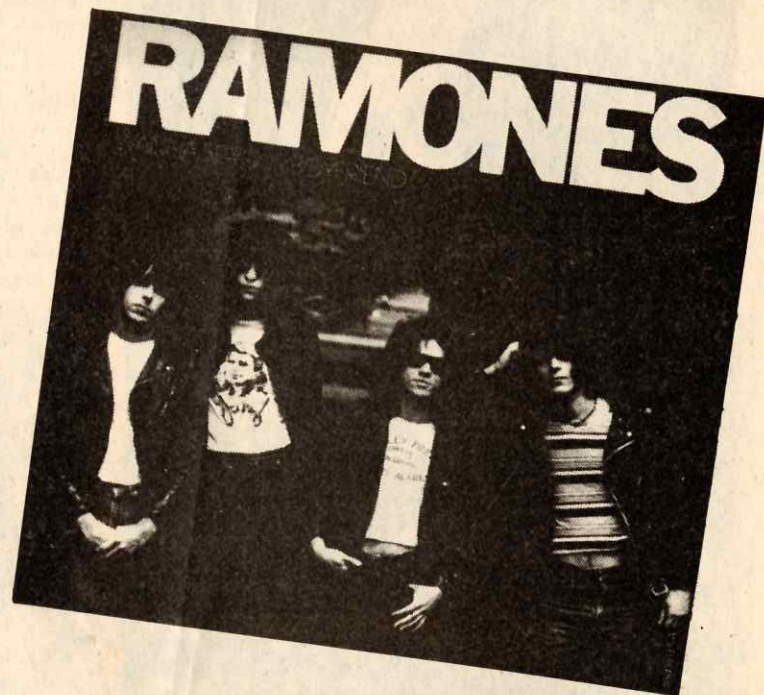
The 45-single. You remember it, don't you? You probably even have a few left over from your adolescence, relegated to the closet perhaps. And there they'll stay, dejected but intact, as they listen to the world outside. And the things they hear through closet walls! Fifteen-minute wah-wah solos on **Peter Frampton Comes Alive**; you never would have gotten one of those onto a 45! But now the time has come for us to humble ourselves before them, to beg their forgiveness.

Five short years after someone'd have clubbed you senseless if you donned a T-shirt reading "Bring Back the 45," Beserkley Records has spent thousands to spread precisely this message. "Buy six 45s," reads his ad in *Rolling Stone*, *Creem* and *Bomp*. "Cheaper than one lp." And that's an understatement.

In 1968, \$4.98 for 12 songs was a smarter buy than 98 cents for two. Albums provided the artist with the opportunity to spread his wings, ramble, extrapolate. And while the 33 1/3 album was more than a decade old, it only began to assert its dominance in the late 60s. In recent years, however, the album market has begun to abuse this dominance. Albums brandishing a \$7.98 list and containing eight or nine bloated tracks have become commonplace, and more buyers are beginning to say "forget it!" Through it all, those little 45 devils are still there, and they'd probably be happy to see you after all these years. The 45 is making a rousing comeback in '77. Whereas singles over the past few years have been mere publicity vehicles for albums, they are once again able to stand on their own merits. And stand they will.

"Singles are a lost art," says Matthew King Kaufman, self-styled president of the Beserkley label. "The hardware manufacturer has tried to phase it out for years. But the time has never been more right to revert. Singles are two-thirds the size of an lp, they use less vinyl and you can package them in paper instead of cardboard. They represent a conservation of resources in more ways than one."

Excess has been the antagonist in his campaign to relaunch the 45: excessive music on most lps, or "filler" as it's often called. Excessive prices. Excessive expenditure of petroleum. Kaufman's campaign to unload a six-single package has gone well, he says, especially in view of its



most unorthodox marketing procedure. No mailing address is given in the ads; Kaufman wants stores to stock his 45s, even though they're not exactly busting the charts (none, he adds have yet been played on Top-Forty radio). He is counting on his distributor, Playboy Records, to make them visible and get them marketed. "And if they don't," he says, "I'll find a distributor who will."

And six peculiar singles they are. None of this Olivia Newton-John pablum for Beserkley! They represent some of the most intrepid music this year, ranging from scintillating pop (the Rubinoos' remake of "I Think We're Alone Now") to charmingly naive romanticism (the Modern Lovers' "Here Come The Martian Martians," in which Jonathon Richman speculates as to the ice cream flavor the interplanetary visitors will prefer). The singular hit is Son of Pete's "Silent Knight" backed with "Disco Party, Part 2." At the risk of spoiling the surprise, the title of the A-side is self-explanatory.

Kaufman's aren't the *el cheapo* singles you've seen in the last few years (if you've been looking at all). All come complete with beautiful, full-color picture sleeves. If you buy all six, they come bound in what resembles a photo album. All are pressed as well as any lp on the market, in stereo, and many of them will never be available on any lp. One of them, Son of Pete's "Saga of Yukon Pete," even comes with an obscene comic book. Kaufman says: "They're important musical documents, but I don't care if people buy 'em to get the picture sleeve."

Kaufman has singlehandedly made a man out of a sniveling, heretofore obsolete form of entertainment. But what led to the disappearance of the 45 in the first place? Greg Shaw, president of Bomp Records, another label releasing mainly singles and extended-play albums (EPs), feels changing conditions in radio programming and independent distribution killed the small, local label. In the '70s, he says, the monolithic companies realized they'd grown too big to keep up with trends on the street, so they started giving custom labels to producers, managers, and people who were theoretically more in touch. This was seen as a decentralization move that would circumvent distribution problems. But with these labels, and labels owned by successful groups, access was still limited to people "on the inside," or friends of friends. In the '60s, a group could go into a studio in their own town, make a record, get it issued locally, and have it played on a local radio station, thus building up the kind of regional following that gives music its roots. No more.

"The whole approach now is against the whole rock'n'roll process of music coming up from the roots, kids listening to a band and saying, 'Hey, I can do better,' and proceeding to try. The whole system is artificial," Shaw says. "The

audiences *should* have rebelled, but the audience is too complacent, many of them too young to know that things could be different. It has remained for what rockabilly fan Ron Weiser has called the 'rock 'n' roll freedom fighters' to take steps to bring the music back to the people."

Shaw should know. For years, long before anyone would hear him out, Shaw was crusading for a return to local labels and their by-product, the 45. His "Juke Box Jury" column, a compendium of singles reviews, has appeared in *Phonograph Record Magazine*, and before that, *Creem*. On the side, he published *Who Put The Bomp*, the magazine for the rock 'n' roll fan, long before connoisseurs, aficionados, devotees and just plain freaks thought it fashionable to revert to being fans. As a matter of fact, Shaw's prophecy that "it's all coming back" (i.e., 45s, indie labels, pop music) was one of the most scorned conjectures in the history of rock. While Dead Heads still comprised a majority, Shaw advocated "pop consciousness," antithetical to the aesthetic of the day.

But Shaw has made great strides from being regarded an impenetrable crackpot. He is now a starmaker in a way never before possible. With Hollywood gigolo Kim Fowley, Shaw instigated a search for "THE FEMALE BEATLES, STONES OR WHO." Eventually, they put together the Runaways, with the

immediate aspiration of recording a single by them on Shaw's Bomp label. Before they could set up the session, however, Mercury inked the rockin' lushettes. Last year, a single by the Flamin' Groovies on Bomp Records brought the group back into the international limelight after a long hiatus. Today, via Shaw's plugging, the Groovies are recognized worldwide as one of the leading "new wave" pop bands.

"I knew there were at least a couple thousand people who would buy records with rock 'n' roll roots, so I started Bomp Records with a 45 by the Groovies, who of course were the classic example of the band that had struggled and suffered for 10 years to keep these values alive, and they were the quintessential cult band," he says.

Shaw is presently soliciting demos by local bands from all over, hoping to put out records that will draw attention to the best of the local scenes. In addition to eyeing groups in New York, Boston, London and L.A., he's planning a number of historical releases too. A national distribution arrangement is the next step in Bomp's growth, but Shaw vows not to sign if the pact entails compromise.

But he invites the competition. "Groups can put out their own single and sell 10,000 copies the first week just in London without airplay," he says. "In America, cities like Boston, New York, L.A. and Chicago have growing scenes. A

group can get things going in their own town and build an international reputation for just a few hundred dollars, and when it comes time to sign with a major label, they can deal from a position of strength.

"The truth of the matter is that local labels and singles are just one facet of a larger phenomenon, the emergence of a new generation that is preparing to reject everything reminiscent of the boring era of late '60s/early '70s rock. In England, this rejection has already taken violent form, and it will follow suit here. Kids want honesty, integrity, simplicity and direct energy from the music. They want to see young punks like themselves on stage and not rich old farts or manufactured groups."

Shaw stocks the best of the "new wave" records from all over the world. A catalog of 45s, maxi singles, EPs and other artifacts of this emerging scene is available from him at P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, Calif. 91510. Include a buck for a copy of his magazine, *Bomp*, dedicated to this music.

The 45 traffic is still a minute spark in the mainstream of a market still dominated by lps. Perhaps Kim Fowley put it best when he said, "This is a new generation indeed. They don't equate size with performance."



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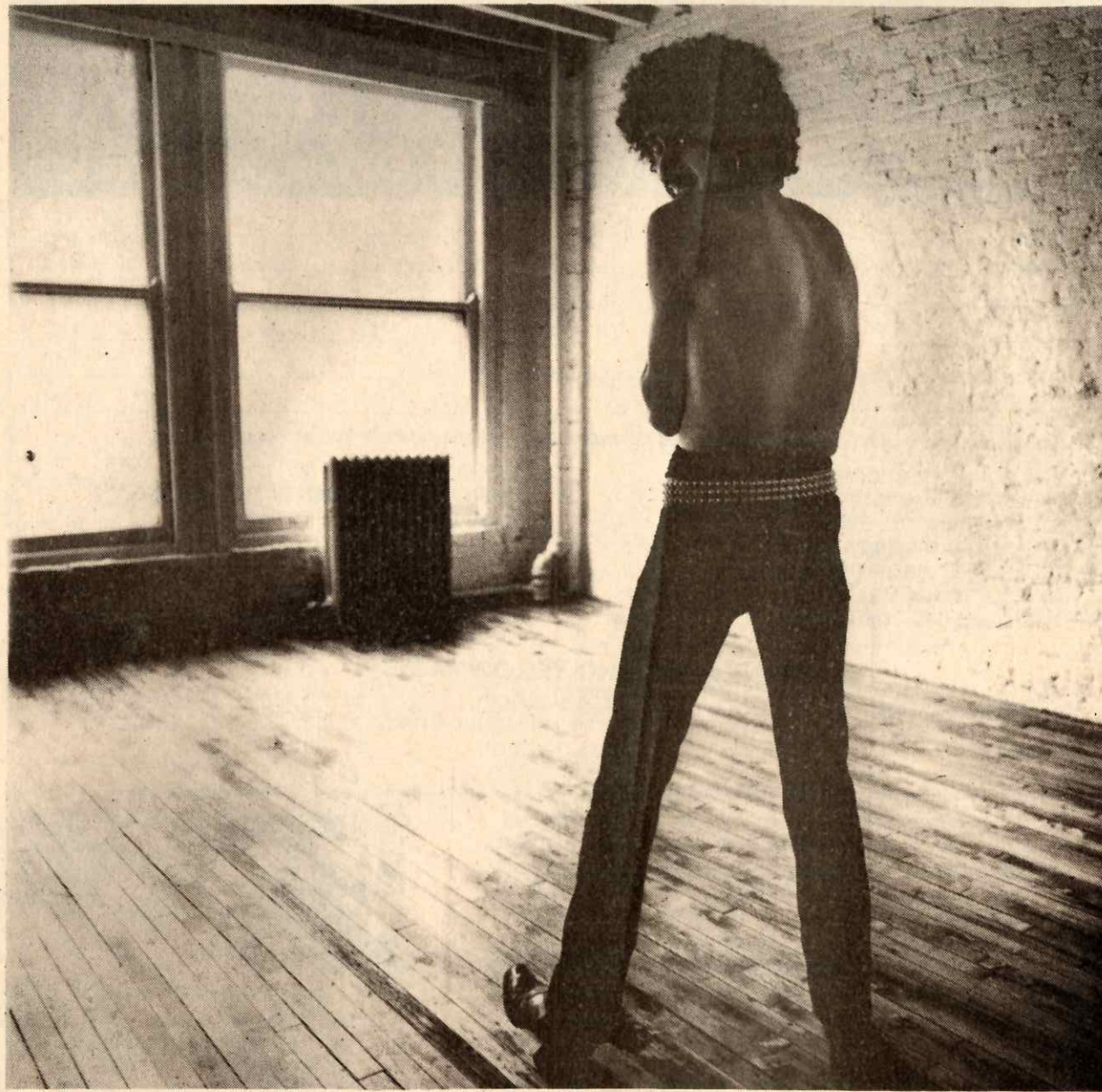
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PHIL LYNOTT'S BOYS ARE BACK: THIN LIZZY STORMS CHICAGO

BY BRUCE MEYER

*I am your main man if you're looking for trouble
I'll take no lip cause no one's tougher than me
If I kicked your face you'd soon be seeing double
Hey little girl keep your hands off of me
'cause I'm a Rocker.*

—“The Rocker” Philip Lynott 1974

Brian Robertson was slumming.

It was an ugly little pub, crowded and smoky and so dark it was impossible to tell how dirty the corners really were and with a tiny stage made all the more cramped by the band's road-worn P.A.; the kind of second-rate boogie bar you can only find in certain suspect neighborhoods in London and Manhattan.

But Brian was there, jamming with his mates, just like the old days, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, tangle of strawberry-blond curls obscuring his face as he bent over his guitar. It had been a long night and Brian doesn't content himself with beer, not any more; there are too many fine whiskies in the world, begging to be tried.

Then the last set was over and it was Time and the pub, still crammed with kids, was closed in that abrupt manner so disconcerting to one familiar with straggling out of a Chicago bar at 4 a.m. with the last couple of diehards still trying to talk the bartender out of one more boilermaker among the upended chairs.

But Brian's evening was over. He knew he had a plane to catch in the morning. So he handed back the borrowed guitar with a nod of thanks and said so long and headed unsteadily toward the door.

That's when the fight started.

Not so much a fight, really—more of a beating. No one seems to know or much care how it began, but someone was on the floor and other someones were pounding on him with fists and feet.

It took Brian a few seconds to recognize his mate there, on the bottom of the flailing heap but it didn't take him long to react when he saw a hand reach for a beer bottle.

“Hey—” Brian began, and took a step forward and raised his left hand to ward off the blow as the bottle descended.

Then the fight ended nearly as suddenly as it had begun, the combatants disappearing out the door, leaving Brian staring at the brilliant arterial blood pumping out of his slashed hand onto the floor.

Phil Lynott's sinuses really don't start working much before noon, so when the phone rang at 4 a.m. all he could get out was an unintelligible grunt. It was Thin Lizzy's manager, Chris O'Donnell, telling him Brian was in the hospital with a cut hand and the tour was off....

Lynott still couldn't talk, but he was wide awake. The tour was off? It was worse than a nightmare. It was a disaster.

This was to have been the tour that broke Lizzy into the Big Time. The headline American tour that followed the hit album (*Jailbreak*) and the smash single (“The Boys Are Back In Town”) and that backed up the new album (*Johnny The Fox*). The band was to have left that day. The equipment was already in New York. The plane tickets were in the road manager's briefcase. The first show was a couple of days off.

“It was a fuckin' mess,” says Lynott, remembering with a grim smile. “The road crew—we'd hired on four extra roadies for the tour. And this was in the fall, the boys needed the money, for Christmas and so on, y'know. But we had to just tell 'em sorry, the tour's off, and there they were.”

Five months later, Lynott and the Lizzies (with old friend Gary Moore standing in for Robertson on guitar) were back on the road in the U.S., but not as headliners. Instead they were “special guests,” signed on for the Queen tour, partly in hopes of bolstering Queen's crowd-drawing power enough to warrant booking the 20,000-seat halls; a tribute, perhaps, to Lizzy's growing popularity, but scarcely the sort of star action for which Lynott and company had seemed destined last summer when “The Boys Are Back” was blasting out of everyone's car

radio. To hear Lynott tell it, the decision to go on the Queen tour, leaving Robertson at home to nurse a badly bruised ego along with his nearly healed hand, was at least partly a punishment for the young Scottish guitarist. As Phil sees it, Robertson was letting Lizzy's budding success go to his head.

“I think getting left behind this tour is good for Brian,” says Lynott. “He was starting to think we couldn't get along without him and I think when we get back he'll be ready to be less the star and more part of the band again.”

There's room for only one star in Thin Lizzy and writer-singer-bassist Lynott is the one.

Phil's career started in his hometown of Dublin where, in a crowd of pasty-faced, rosy-cheeked tousle-haired kids his quadron complexion, deep-set brown eyes and bushy Afro stood out like a bull whip coiled on a bundle of willow switches. But close your eyes and Lynott's brogue is as plain Irish as Richard Daley's grandfather.

Originally a kind of poet-singer, Lynott rapidly discovered that the road to success in the last third of the Twentieth Century came through a wire, out of a wall socket. So he joined a local band called Skid Row, which featured a remarkable young guitar player, Gary Moore—featured him so much, in fact, that Lynott rapidly found he had little room to sing in.

So with another guitarist, Eric Bell, he formed Orphanage, which evolved into the first incarnation of Thin Lizzy, with Brian Downey on drums. Bell later departed, to be replaced by Moore, and it was this three-piece format that gave Lizzy its first hit—a reworked Irish folk ballad called “Whiskey In A Jar.” The tune proved to be a mixed blessing.

“Before ‘Whiskey,’ I was running around saying things like, ‘I write modern Irish songs,’” says Lynott. “The idea was I wanted people to say someday that in the '70s there was a black Irishman who wrote songs that went like this and who had to work through the rock'n'roll format of drums and electric guitars, whereas in the traditional days they worked with flutes and fiddles.”

“I love the traditional Irish music, but I want to write modern music—that's why I write songs like ‘Fool's Gold’ (on *Johnny The Fox*) and ‘Emerald’ (on *Jailbreak*). But we thought for a laugh, for all the fans back home, we'll put ‘Whiskey’ on the B-side of our single and it'll be a great laugh to all.”

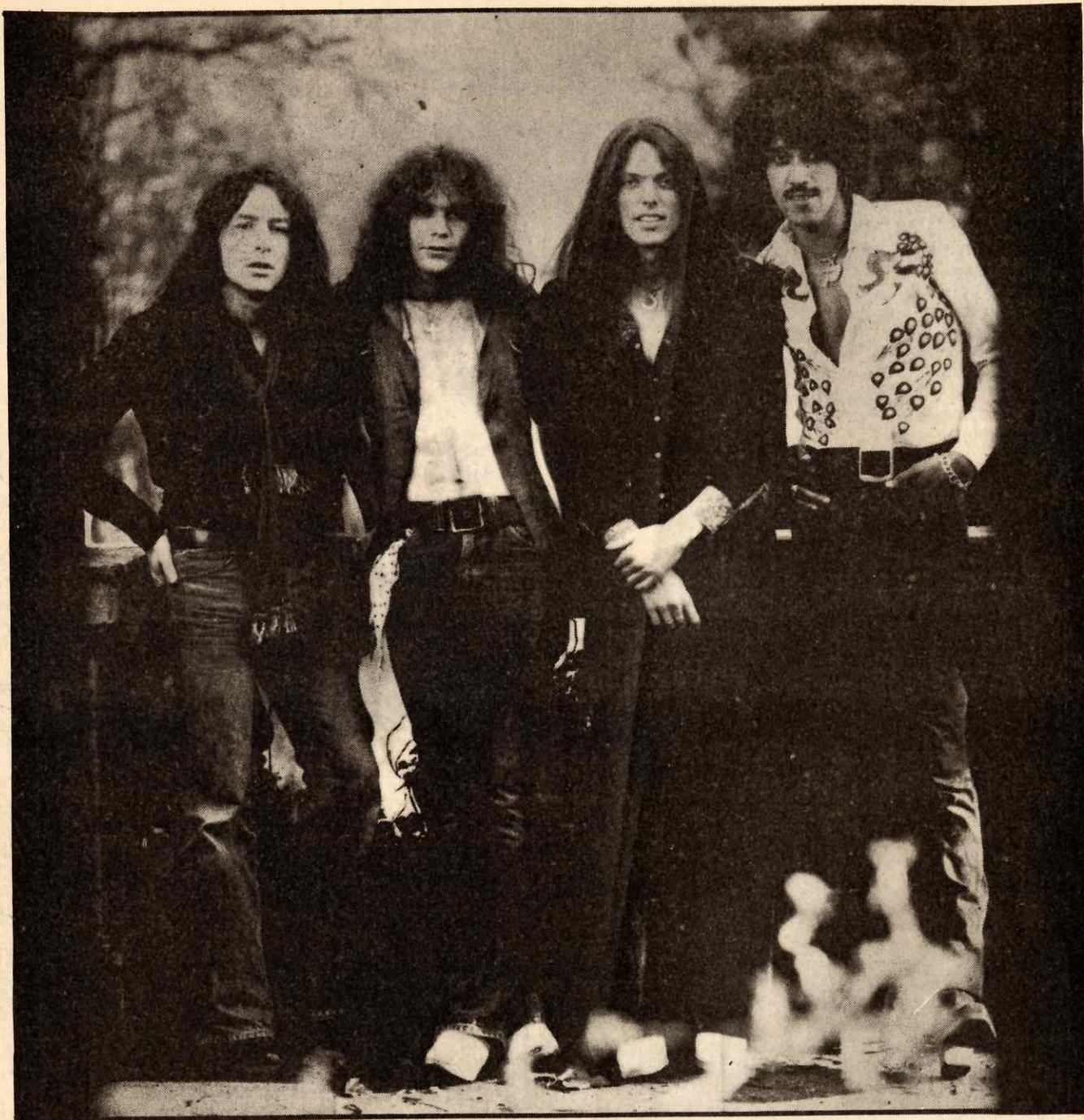
It may have been a laugh to the band, but the record company (Decca) took “Whiskey” seriously—and so did the British record-buying public. It was a smash hit.

“So we end up with a hit that was totally against everything I've been saying in the interviews,” says Lynott. “At that time, our big competition in Ireland was Horslips and that was their policy, to take Irish traditional tunes and turn them into rock. And I was saying that this was the distinction between what we were trying to do and what they were trying to do.”

Lynott spent the next two years fighting off record company types who wanted Lizzy to do a fuzz-tone version of “Danny Boy,” during which time the band again changed guitarists, becoming a quartet with Robertson and American Scott Gorham sharing the lead spotlights. Moore moved on to the jazzy Coliseum II.

Although Moore was (and is) a better player than either Robertson or Gorham, the new lineup was just what Lynott had been looking for. Utilizing the kind of guitar-harmony leads originated by Southern rockers in the U.S., Lizzy's new sound was the ideal medium for Lynott's *machismo* poetry and gravel voice. And last year, with *Jailbreak*, Lynott and the Lizzies finally broke what he likes to call the “communication barrier” with the audience; a little bit, perhaps, like John Lennon.

“I love Lennon,” says Lynott. “I think John Lennon says



things on a record...he breaks the communications barrier. I love Lennon because I can agree and disagree with him...he says

things that are sheer genius and he says things that make you think, 'What a fuckin' idiot.' It's a relationship with a person and not a godlike figure on a piece of plastic."

Lynott is unlikely ever to face the problem of being too much of a rock'n'roll god. Save for his once-an-album foray into Irish history (medieval shillelagh-wavers in "Emerald," famine-driven emigrants in "Fool's Gold"), Lynott's songs rely heavily on fightin', drinkin' and wenchin' for their dramatic effect. It comes as no surprise that he likes current hard-rock trendiness.

"I've become an expert now on punk rock," he says. "I must admit I really get off on the guys that are into that punk thing, cause they're young guys coming up, y'know. There's an English punk band I was jamming with before the tour. The imagery in punk rock is so strong."

Oddly Elder Statesman-sounding words, those, coming

from a musician still On His Way Up. But then Lynott is a realist about the longevity of rock'n'roll's plastic gods.

"I can't see Lizzy being together in five years," he says in answer to a question. "They may be, obviously, if it's still getting the energy and the force. And I can see everybody in the band having a music career for a lifetime. But I figure most bands can't last much beyond four or five years."

Whatever the future may hold, Lynott's current concern is recapturing the momentum lost since last summer, when Lizzy's tour was cut short by Lynott's own illness, a loss compounded by Robertson's beer bottle incident and by **Johnny The Fox**, an unexciting collection that desperately needed a live tour to make it catch fire with the buying public.

"Our main goal at the moment is to get one complete tour of America under our belt," says Lynott, "so promoters can see that we're dependable. We don't want to get a Sly Stone reputation."

Then it will be back to the studio, and another tour late this year. △



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I called my mother from Hollywood the other day, an' I said "Mom, I just called to tell you I joined a rock'n'roll band and I won't be coming home no more." You know what she did? She started cryin' and weepin' and wimperin' like all mothers do. She woke up my father and' told him about it an' he said, "There ain't a damn thing we can do. That's the way she is. She was just Born To Be Bad..."

—The Runaways

The ratings:

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

There has been surprisingly little notice outside the industry trades that 1977 has brought with it the introduction of the \$7.98 list price LP. Right now this applies only to a few superstar releases. But it shouldn't be three months before all new releases are included, and then just a short time before catalogue prices rise as well.

Sure, the record companies are crying: higher costs, inflation, blah, blah, blah. But meanwhile most of the majors are doing a bigger volume than ever before. Besides the sheer frustration of laying out more bread for lower-quality products (disc manu-

facturing is getting worse and worse), higher prices can only make it harder for new artists to find an audience.

Call it supply and demand, call it free enterprise, call it capitalist oppression, call it rock'n'roll. Just remember, there's nothing you can do about it short of becoming a rock critic and getting albums free, in which case you gotta listen to more crap than you ever knew existed.

Fan Club notes: Graham Parker's brilliant band The Rumour have signed with Mercury records. An album will be forthcoming!!

Bill Quateman, Night After Night (RCA)

Bill was a victim of the CBS headhunting expedition that accompanied the exile of Clive Davis. As a result his second album was never released. Since that time he has gone through a bunch of brilliant guitar players (Buzzy Feiten, Caleb Quaye, Elliot Randall) while waiting for the perfect record deal. That deal never materialized, so he settled for RCA. The label returned the compliment by connecting him with third-string producer-engineer John Stronach.

Night After Night is a shallow disc that doesn't do

justice to the mostly strong tunes or even once capture that graceful power Bill can sometimes deliver when he's about two-thirds towards wrecked. He's been pitching most of these tunes for going on two years, and instead of sounding tight they come off stale. The sound is a letdown compared to the richness of his Robin Cable-produced first album: the drums are muddy, vocals brittle, guitars thin and undermixed. There is a two-year-old live-in-the-studio demo of most of these songs that'll singe your sideburns. So the overall cold and flat feel of Night is especially disappointing to those of us who hoped Bill would get it down on wax this time. **½

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (Shelter)

This gutsy, suitably primitive rock'n'roll music and its chameleon-like perpetrator suggest this is the most promising American group to emerge since the E Street Band. His vision is Lofgrenesque but darker, and he expresses it by way of a different vocal stylization for each tune. It's gratifying to know that a guy that looks as wasted as Tom Petty can make music this compelling. ****

The Trammps, Disco Inferno (Atlantic)

I've been pushing the Trammps in this column for a few months now. If you're not hip to them yet, you're missing some of the most high-energy music goin' down today, as well as the scorching vocals of Jimmy Ellis, who has grown, during the course of four albums, into maybe the only practicing master of the shouting hard-soul vocal style developed by Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett. ***½

Emmylou Harris; Luxury Liner (Warner Brothers)

The Hot Band was never so hot, Emmylou never so confident, the tunes never so appropriate, the arrangements never so flawless. Convincing and exciting music. Easily her best. ****½

Donna Summer; Four Seasons of Love (Casablanca)

The sheer adequacy of this record is astonishing. Donna and the "Munich Machine" achieve a perfection within formula disco that is rare for this or any genre. Not for disco fans only. ****

PHELGE'S



1000 DANCES

Bob Dylan; Rita May (Columbia)

"Rita May Rita May/ You got your body in the way/ You're so damn nonchalant/ But it's your mind that I want/ I'm gonna have to go to college/ Cause you are the book of knowlege/ Rita May."

This tune, the flip side of the "Stuck Inside of Mobile" single off of Dylan's instantly forgettable Hard Rain album, is his most exhilarating rock'n'roll in a few years. Certainly an outtake from the Desire sessions, this whimsical rockabilly track could have done wonders for that album, if it had only replaced "Joey." Find it. ****

Queen; A Day At the Races (Elektra)

This band is impressive in so many ways it is difficult to pinpoint what is so fatuous and unconvincing about its music. The rhythm section is articulate and strong; Brian May can express more with the mere tone of his many guitars than most pickers can with their fingers. The production (by the band this time, recorded while Roy Baker was in Canada doing Starcastle) is up to its high standards, the engineering superior.

What has always appealed the least about this group

is Freddie Mercury. His operatic vibrato combined with that offbeat English music hall sensibility (middle-period Kinks meet the Vienna Boys Choir) has never seemed more than a novelty. When he rocks ("Tie Your Mother Down") he can belt with Marriot, but rock is not his native tongue. In an idiom full of excessive lead singers, he still manages to overact. **

The Runaways; Queens of Noise (Mercury)

It seems like a really funny record till you realize the women in the band never sound like they're having any fun. For what it's worth, Lita Ford may become a good lead guitarist if she ever finds a reason to make music besides the shotgun Kim Fowley must have been pointing at the band during these sessions. **

Average White Band; Person to Person (Atlantic)

If you'd bet that this group, whose strengths lie in tight ensemble playing rather than solos—economy rather than virtuosity—would be at their weakest on a double live album, you'd be a winner of the \$7 or \$8 you didn't fork over for this one. You'd expect the group that applies the axiom "less is more" so successfully to know that

18 minutes of "Pick Up the Pieces" is about 15 too many.

Rating note: Henceforth ½ star will be subtracted from the rating of all live double albums. These indulgences will not be tolerated passively! *½

George McCrae; Diamond Touch (TK)

A much bigger letdown than I was prepared for. George's two previous albums (Rock Your Baby; George McCrae) were some of the most exciting black pop music of the '70s. Produced by Hugh (KC) Casey and Richard Finch, that crazed Caribbean-Hialeah connection was never more fiery than on George's tracks cut on TK's trashy attic 8-track (and that includes anything KC has done with his own band).

This disc, cut in New York, with an inexperienced band and a new producer, is full of such uninspiring material that not even George's skyrocket vocals can get this stuff to take off. Diamond Touch is a second-rate producer's ego trip. George McCrae deserves better. **

City Boy; Dinner at the Ritz (Mercury)

As idiosyncratic as peers 10cc and Supertramp, they have much in common with Queen—such as a shared in-

fluence: the Kinks Face to Face—but are able to retain a ruder edge that is impressive in the context of advanced British studio technique. ***½

Derringer; Sweet Evil (Blue Sky)

More unnecessary underachievement from a once-gifted punk who used to know how to rock. In a calculated effort to hit the punk-rock mainstream he plays down at his audience and undershoots completely. Sounds like another two-week production from Jack "Quick Money" Douglas.

Sample lyric: "Sittin' by the pool/ Talking to a friend/ Sure beats New York City/ Cause it's the livin' end." The stuff rock dreams are made of?! *

Crackin'; Makings of a Dream (Warner Brothers)

Enjoyable debut from this integrated pop soul band, characterized by strong tunes and three excellent lead vocalists. Whether they have a commendable respect for musical space, or just a very thin instrumental sound, remains to be seen; as does whether they can overcome Warner Bros.' notoriously lame handling of anything resembling black music. ****

RANSOM NOTES

Reports have it that Neil Diamond has become haggard and taken to munching absently on recording tape as he toils relentlessly in closed session at Wally Heider's in Los Angeles. The singer-composer of "Shiloh," "Cracklin' Rose," and "The Theme From Johanna Livingston Seagull" is doing creative battle with what he has called "my calling, my greatest challenge"—a continuous 12-hour Muzak symphony which will be played, upon completion, in a national chain of department stores. Ex-Band member **Robbie Robertson**, who worked with Diamond on *Beautiful Noise* and has put on his producer's hat again for the symphony, says that his most important function throughout the recording has been to serve as buffer between Diamond and everybody else in the studio "so he can devote his entire being to creating pure Muzak."

"The Jewel and the A&P are bidding for it, but Neil would really like to see it played in a Turnstyle or a Wieboldt's," says Robertson. "The question he's been asking me every time we hear a playback is: Would it make you buy a pair of pants?"

Described in the past by critics as having "the face and hair of a Beethoven, the mind and spirit of a Bacharach," Diamond has lived up to his legend by the very meticulousness with which he has provided an environment conducive to the music he is trying to create. In addition to surrounding his musicians with shopping carts and bins of merchandise staked out with signs stating "2 FOR 1," Diamond has hired stock boys to plod through the studio pushing racks of clothing which Diamond informs his sessionmen are "marked down 20 per cent." A sound effect that Diamond has specifically dreamed up for the score, but which he also counts on to work its magic on the musicians, is the periodic interrupting of the symphony by a voice that will grumble "Hardware, Dial 9-0" and other similar public-address-system announcements.

"To coin a phrase," says Robertson, "Neil has left no stone unturned. He's written 12 hours of Muzak for the days when the store's open from 9 to 9, and he's also cutting a shorter version for the days they close at 6."

Finally reached for a quote, Diamond tried with mixed success to elaborate.

"I am Diamond...and this...this is beyond disco...it's Muzak...the Muzak that I hear at the checkout counter of my soul."

"ABC hired me to be the M.C. on *Bandstand* only on the condition that I would have myself neutered," is just one of the many colorful anecdotes included in Dick Clark's hit autobiography, *Stranded In The Fifties*. The memoir, which has been published to coincide with the recent 25th anniversary *American Bandstand* show, delves deeper than any book before into the man who, though presently age 47, still gets stopped several times a year for curfew.

On the subject of his neutering, Clark writes: "I swore to the network that I wouldn't play around with any



of the 'regulars,' but eventually the number of paternity suits became too substantial to ignore. Finally, they had me sterilized off-stage during the spotlight dance. I remember distinctly—the song that was playing was 'Twist and Shout.'"

In addition to fond reminiscences Clark has packed his book rife with observations. Quotes Clark on the subject of current dances: "The way they dance now, the name of the program should be *American Handstand*." On the Fonz: "The Fonz is a bastardization of all the '50s stood for. I won't let him on my show." And on his own success: "The first *American Bandstand* was a radio

BY SCOTT FIVELSON

show that accidentally got televised. I don't know why it's been successful."

Still, it's the topic of Clark's status as the "oldest living teenager" that has caught the American imagination, and it is here he bares most by revealing to his public just what has kept him perpetually youthful. As it turns out, it all dates back to an incident that took place when he was vacationing in Arizona in 1955, when he accidentally drove into a testing area and was exposed to an atomic blast.

"From that day onward," writes the bemused host, "I haven't aged a wrinkle."

The country music world went on a six-day bender and on the seventh was still feelin' heartbroke over the unlucky and unlikely demise of progressive country-rock group, the *Side of the Road Gang*. The Gang got tragically blown away last week near an ELK CROSSING sign on Tennessee State Highway 12, where they were accidentally run over in a bizarre case of irony by notorious road menace, *Asleep at the Wheel*. Wheel leader **Dick Kasper**, who only acknowledges that his band has a tendency toward nodding off in front of the microphone, was saddened by the body damages to the group's touring bus and talked about the mishap this way: "We had just finished a gig and we were real tired and doped out, but we decided we wanted to drive right through the night to our next gig, in Memphis.... So I was drivin' and about an hour into the ride, *Lucky Oceans* started playin' a real sweet tune on his fiddle. Well, first our bass player fell asleep. The next one to go was our drummer. Then *Lucky* dozed off hisself. And finally, the white line started lookin' like a big, soft mattress...and the next thing I know we was skiddin' off the highway."

Neither their friends nor the authorities know what the *Side of the Road Gang* was doing at the side of the road. Nevertheless, the turnout at the Nashville funeral that followed their ill-fated flattening made it clear that they will be missed somethin' terrible. Though originally expected to have a traditional Southern funeral, which would have been highlighted by hog calling and tractor races, the *Side of the Road Gang* were instead seen off in a solemn ceremony; then conveyed, in accordance with their will, to the *Chatanooga Institute For Moonshine Research*, where members of the group will be aged and bottled.

beggars' banquets

BY RAP SCALLION

The only crabs I knowed for years were the ones that beset themselves upon my scalp. "Nits and lice, they not nice," my mama used to recite, cracking their skins between her fingernails whenever she found one of the little buggers under my collar or behind my ear.

When I grew out of my troubled teenage years, I also grew away from those tiny pesties who left me for good around '65, looking for juicier territory. Indeed, I'd almost forgotten them, until a gent friend scammed down with an invitation to check out a place for crabs.

I started into my watch it, you no-class creep routine, but before I even got really into it, he picked me up and threw me into his '67 GTO. When I stopped yelling long enough to catch my breath, he told me to shut up and then straighten my jeans. We were going to some high-class restaurant for some seafood crabs, which were expensive, and he wasn't even sure he wanted to take me anymore, so I'd better watch it. I felt kind of dumb then, so I sat up and straightened my jeans and didn't really say much until we got there.

The *Tap Root Pub* ain't really all that classy. It's got four or five very dark rooms lit by candles, and a fireplace which made it a little cozier. And once you get started on the food at hand, the only thing that matters is lots of elbow room and an obliging waitress to keep filling the plate.

We kicked off with clam chowder that was nice and spicy, but the gent said that he'd had clammiier in his time. And for the price, 95 cents a cup, I guessed he was right. But neither of us had any complaints about the crab legs, which Monday through Thursday are all you can eat for \$5.95.

Well, hardly any complaints. Every once in awhile, one would turn up that was still kind of frozen inside. "It's bad enough," the gent said, "not to be able to get them fresh, but it's adding insult to injury when they don't even bother to defrost the darlings." Pretty eloquent guy, the gent, and a real gourmand; as I myself proved to be, finding that these crabs are a quickly-acquired taste, and that picking through the shells only gets you hungrier for more.

As the waitress cleared off the shells for the sixth time, she said there was an all-you-can-eat fish fry on Friday

nights (\$6.45) and another on Sunday which included a lobster or steak that we would probably enjoy as well, but call for reservations, because it's a dollar cheaper then. And that helps, because real seafood don't quite fall into the same price bracket as McDonald's filet o' fish. The *Tap Root Pub* is at 636 W. Willow in Chicago.

After the gent introduced me to the difference between Crab and the crabs, I did a little more checking out of the Chicago seafood scene and found the *Fish Keg* at 2234 Howard. It's a sort of fish delicatessen, selling all the usual deli paraphernalia—soda, pickles, chips, potato salad, cheeses, stale brownies and so on. But instead of meats, they sell fish that is breaded and deep fried while you wait. Everything is sold by the pound—scallops, shrimp, cod fish chips, lake trout, catfish, perch and it's all fresh, not frozen. The prices aren't bad at all. Everything is between \$3 to \$4 a pound, except the chips at \$1.89. For a higher-priced spread you can go up to \$9 a pound for lox.

The *Fish Keg* is a good knock-in for a midevening munch. It's open until midnight every night and it's all carry out.

One last fish foray exposed *My Place For* at 5062 N. Lincoln and 7545 N. Clark. It's advertised that you can eat there for less than it would cost you to eat at home. Well, that's all very nice, but there comes a point when even yours truly has to draw some line between cheap and tawdry eats. I mean, a restaurant's got to be scraping when they serve instant mashed potatoes with every meal.

There are bright spots on the menu—the snapper is supposed to be pretty good, if somewhat expensive (\$4.75 and up) and the calamari is terrific, if you can forget that what you've got are all these tiny french-fried squids tangled up all over your plate. And do try, they're cheap (\$2.75) and delicious. But overall, I'd rather go to *my place* for.

Next month: We pasta the pasta.

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JAZZ, ONCE A MONTH

BY ADELE SWINS-TERNER

I believe it was your 19th-Century author William Dean Howells—correct me if I'm wrong—writing from within the barricades of his storm-taunted New England cottage, who said: "Tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles, Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath." Apparently, he was just sitting there, and out that came. Mrs. Howells, according to literary legend, promptly took his pulse and removed from his proximity the half-empty decanter; even in that time and place an unprovoked comment such as that was considered unruly at best.

The point, of course, is that dear old Howells was certainly on the mark, as evidenced by the popularity of the subsequent axiom attesting to this month's Janus-faced tendencies toward the leonine *as well* as the ovine. Except, perhaps, for this year, when the lion has been replaced by an overachieving polar bear; one almost expects April to ride in on the wings of a not-even-so-docile penguin. Anyway, buck up, dears, it can't last forever. And if it does, you can say that you read it here first. We've made it through February, and that's all that counts, each of us finding his or her own particular method for holding the cold. One friend was so comfy in her thermal nylons and heated bra that she toyed briefly with the idea of exposing herself on Wacker Drive. Another found that airline life-jackets were ideal insulating devices, and also gave her that floating feeling as she was buoyed down Michigan Ave. by the steady gusts. I found my own way to minimize the negatives. And that open-windows drive up the coast to Los Angeles was, as always, just lovely.

Back in town, though, is the seductive windsong of new recordings. True to form, the first of the month promises a lion's share of important and timely releases—especially timely due to the paucity of the previous month's output. Nonetheless, noteworthy items were not entirely lacking. Yet another new series of Pablo albums were dumped on my front stoop, including a solo disc from Joe Pass (below) and an excellent Zoot Sims date; also of interest are the new recordings, most of them done on location in Japan, from Xanadu, and the increasing flow of material from the similarly-New-York-based Inner City label. There are also rumored to be brand new discs from the likes of Weather Report, John McLaughlin, Phil Woods and even John Coltrane (a never-released live con-



cert) in the wings: a tidy quartet of springtime "rights" that ought to be worth the wait.

March, 1977 also marks a special event—the first anniversary of ye olde jazz columnist's arrival upon these pages. I'd like to comment on what a productive year that's been, and I'd like to say a few words about how much I am indebted to the management for the opportunity to speak out to you each month. I'd *like* to say some of those things, but I really can't, you know. Not in any bleeding good conscience, anyway. It's actually been, all things considered, a rather average year. And I think the only ones really indebted to the management are those of you who may have picked up something useful and maybe even entertaining along the way. As for me, as a prominent bumper sticker now proclaims, I'd rather be in bed.

But, to celebrate the occasion, I've changed the rating system on you. Instead of the old Olympic scoring method involving ratings to one decimal place on a ten-point scale, I have converted to the Richter technique of measuring earthquakes, to commemorate both the increasing prevalence of earthly faults and the growing number of disastrous record albums. In the Richter scale, each full point's jump is equivalent to a tenfold jump in intensity; *en autre mots*, chums, a 6.6 would represent a recording roughly ten times as good as 5.6. Surely you can see the endless potential for confusion, but I'm sure we'll all get the hang of it in a few months. Remember also that the most powerful quake ever measured was a 7.5. If any album gets rated that highly, it means you never have to buy another record. It will be the Messiah.

In addition to what you find below, new music was released by Warner Brothers, Blue Note, Impulse and Prestige; but, since none of the fellows who are paid to promote such albums saw fit to get copies to TRIAD, they're not reviewed here. Maybe next time. Remember, those of you in the trade—I only write this almanac *once*—every month.

FLYING HIGH

Two years ago, the entirely incredible guitarist Joe Pass tried his hands at an unlikely project—an album of solo guitar that involved no overdubs and no additional instruments of any kind. It was an at least somewhat cheeky, not to say outright audacious, undertaking that many thought would be a total bore. The rest, as they say, is

history—as is *Virtuoso No. 2*, the second volume of Pass's catgut alchemy. *Virtuoso No. 2* (don't you just *love* those catchy Pablo titles) is more of the same untrammelled intensity and consummate technical skill that have already convinced many guitarists to enter the building trades, but here the masterpicker concentrates on songs that might be considered more "contemporary" than he is normally found playing. But no matter what the idiom, Pass moves both his music and his listeners. Whether through his "Giant Steps," or drifting along "Five Hundred Miles High," "On Green Dolphin Street" or situated at the "Grooveyard," Pass exhibits an arranger's skill and a pianistic complexity that guarantee the album's success—and plenty of it, since the record runs nearly 30 minutes on each side. It may be too soon to start calling Joe Pass the "Tatum of the Guitar," but it's not too soon to acquaint yourself with his genius. If I suggest you take a Pass on this, I trust you'll perceive my meaning. 6.5 (Richter)

There's intensity as well in the first new recording in more than a decade from trumpeter Ted Curson, but it's an intensity that's bursting with joy as well as energy. In fact, the album's title takes note of that fact, and *Jubilant Power* (Inner City) is surely one of the best-kept, and best-to-learn, secrets on the Eastern Seaboard. Why? Well, Curson's own raucous, controlled, finely-aimed trumpet combustions are a good place to start, but the cause is so adequately taken up by saxist Chris Woods, the standard so firmly born by baritone player Nick Brignola, and the luminosity itself so enlightened by drummer Steve McCall, that Curson is *only* the place to start. Side A was recorded "live in Philadelphia"—which is, yes, a contradiction in terms—side B was a studio date with some shift in personnel, but *Jubilant Power* easily transcends settings. It is a straight-ahead reassessment of Curson's post-bop roots, filtered through his time with Mingus, nurtured during his 12-year hiatus in Europe, and it is at times right on the edge between what's now and what's new. At *all* times, it's as exciting as hell. 6.4 (Richter)

While Curson worked out his destinies in Europe, pianist Randy Weston was paralleling the progress of Alex Haley and seeking out his own roots in Mother Africa. In 1971, he owned a relatively famous jazz club in of all places Tangiers, where he lived, worked and studied, amassing the creative materials from which he has given us his most recent masterpieces. But the Blue Note Re-issue Series has provided the opportunity to explore some of Weston's *other* roots as found in the unusual and brilliant recordings he undertook in the late '50s. The original discs were *Live At The Five Spot* (with Kenny Dorham and Coleman Hawkins) and a breathtaking series

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atmospheric evocations called **Little Niles** (for Randy's son). That's the title of this new twofer, and it's one of the surest bets in reissueddom. Working with trombonist and arranger Melba Liston as his alterego, Weston churned out several charming tunes during this time; Melba's scrumptious small-band charts provided further fuel for the mysterious fires of the pianist's careful, space-filled style, which is directly in the Ellington-Monk lineage. Melba's pioneering role—one of the first women to gain acceptance in jazz—is only part of her wonder; she plays trombone with a brashness that points her out in any crowd, such as the one that's sure to be pleased by **Little Niles**. 6.2 (Richter)

BY'N' BY

Those hale fellows at Inner City Records are well meeting their responsibilities toward jazz. Besides bringing forth new records by the likes of Ted Curson and Buddy De Franco, they've also picked up for manufacture and distribution in the colonies the complete catalog of SteepleChase Records, that super little Danish label that's more like a main course. Inner City is slowly getting around to releasing all of the SteepleChase goodies, starting at the top; and fittingly, one of the earliest SteepleChases (ca. 1973) is called **The Source**. Recorded live at Copenhagen's "Montmartre Jazzhus," the date paired Dexter Gordon (who lives over there) and Jackie McLean (who lives over here) in a single set of tried but no less true jazz standards, and these two master boppers bring out the best in each other throughout the record. McLean's gritty, twisted alto solos are a virtual hammerlock on the art of improvisation; his tone on "Half-Nelson" goes from a Parker-like wail to the thinner, banshee-like screams of March winds. Gordon, the first bebop tenor man, strides musically through his leads the way he can stride physically (at 6' 6") across any stage. For the most part—not always—these masters avoid the commonplace clichés that creep into extended live performances; unfortunately, the fine rhythm section is stiffed when it comes to solo space. But as live recordings go, **The Source** (Inner City) is pretty close to the living end. 6.0 (Richter)

And in the beginning, God created Ron Carter and gave him to us. At least that's one interpretation of the bassist's pretentious, postured photos adorning his new Milestone effort **Pastels**. Thankfully, that's about all that's pretentious about this album, with the exception of the strange and boring "Ballad" that takes up half of side one. Mostly, though, it's an ambitious (if not really great) attempt to involve the traditional string accompaniment in some not-so-traditional ways. Carter's compo-



sitions are designed, and admirably at that, to enhance his own occasionally overblown solos on bass and piccolo bass (not to be confused with bass piccolo). He also leaves room for the talented young Kenny Barron on piano and guitarist Hugh McCracken to insert their two cents. But penultimately, the album's strongest lines are those drawn in evocation of its title. One might think the sound of the bass too dark to be called "pastel"; yet Carter proves that, no matter how dark, the sound can be soft and muted as a chalky sketch. Using deft, broad strokes to paint pictures... well, one can extend that analogy forever, I suppose. I don't, however, especially want to. 6.0 (Richter)

But for extensions, the prize must certainly go to Don Schlitten, the producer of Xanadu Records. Last April, Don took several of the musicians on his label to tour in Japan, and I suppose we'll never hear the end of it. We've had Barry Harris "Live in Tokyo," Jimmy Raney "Live In Tokyo," and now finally—dare I hope—Charles McPherson **Live In Tokyo**. One can get carried away by a good thing. McPherson, for those not familiar with his singular gifts, is a good thing; his gifts, though, really are singular. He can play exactly like Charlie Parker—tone, riffs, inflections, everything. The problem is that he can't really play like Charles McPherson, if indeed there is a Charles McPherson. Backed by Barry Harris, bass man Sam Jones and Leroy Williams on drums, McPherson winds through Parker's "East Of The Sun," Lester Young's fave "These Foolish Things," some Bud Powell, some blues... it's all good and solid, but little of it is new or needed. And the liner notes are a slangy, groovy, dig-this, oh-those-cats! drag. Wait for this one to go on sale, and use it as mood music for your next rent party. 5.8 (Richter)

At this point in time, no one really expects a great deal from organist Jimmy Smith. The man who was five years ahead of most other jazz organ jocks has allowed his own temper to get him canned from most labels, put out a couple of dismal albums on his own, and in general seemed content to just funk around on modern music's back porch. So imagine my surprise (and yours, for that matter) to receive Smith's latest and find it not only listenable, but at times even fun. Not often, mind you, but a working girl has to take what she can get. With songs by producer Gene McDaniels, and guest shots by Herbie Hancock, Lenny White and former Zappa reedman Ernie Watts, Smith comes up with a lot more than anyone could have asked. That doesn't ensure anything, other than that you won't be compelled to rip the album from your turntable and reduce it to a pile of vinyl shavings, but it's a start. The style of the music might be gleaned from the style of the song titles: "Give

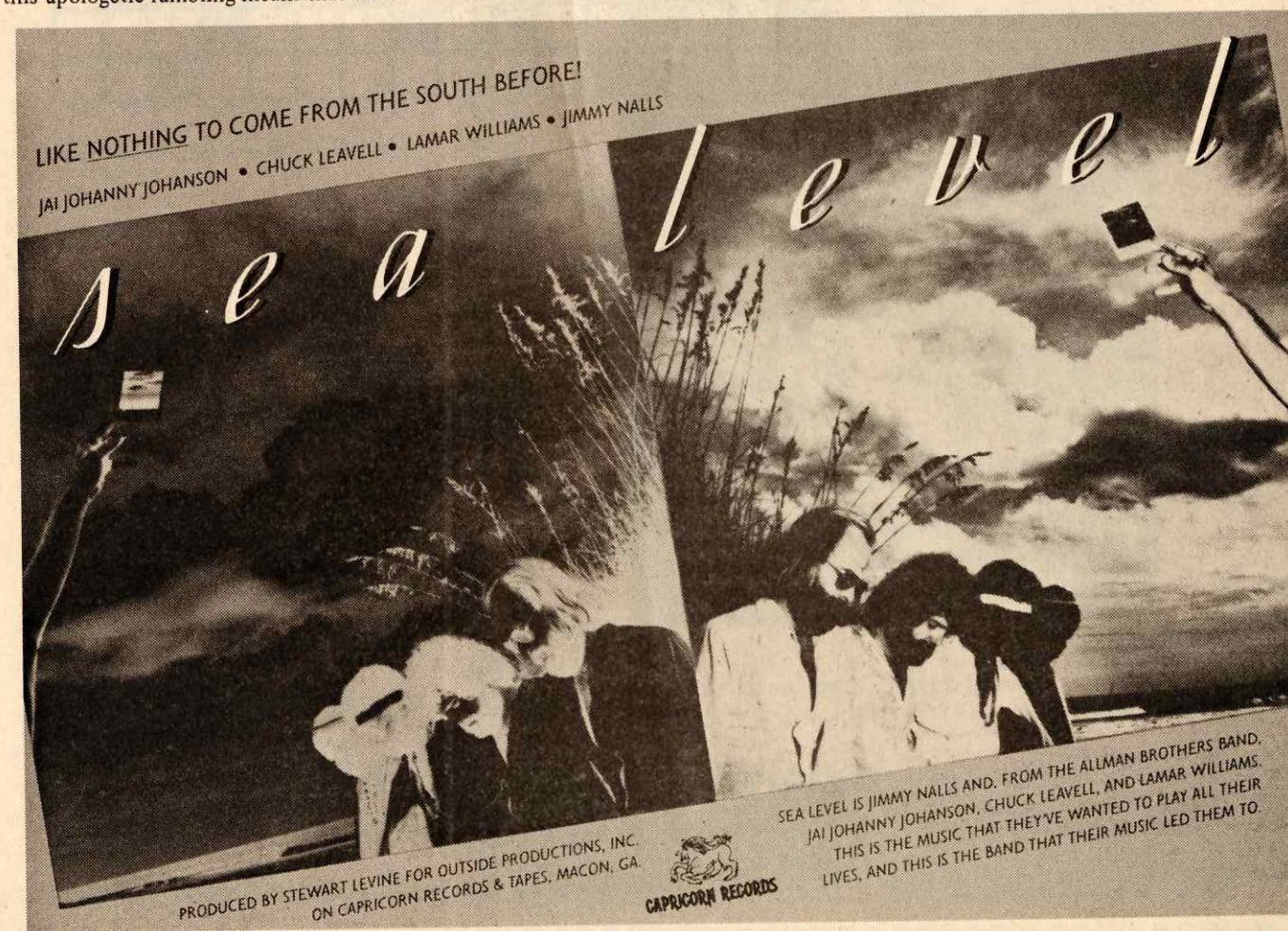
Up The Booty," "Cherrystones," "Slippery Hips," and my favorite, "Can't Hide Love," which sounds like a theme song for a flasher. Oh, the album title? Why, **Sit On It** (Mercury), of course. But nothing personal. 5.6 (Richter)

TRYING MY (PATIENCE)

Nothing accidental, either. Maybe it's something in the air, but it looks like all those get-rich-quick musicians who jumped on the disco/funk bandwagon are beginning to apply at least a modicum of intelligence to the proceedings. A case in point is the latest from bassist John Lee and drummer Gerry Brown, a tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum rhythm team that has somehow garnered the nerve and resources to record as a unit, employing the talents (sometimes) of the pantheon of modern background music. (Here, that includes guitarist Ray Gomez, vocalist Donald Smith, saxists Mike Brecker, Gary Bartz and David Sanborn, and trumpeters Randy Brecker and Jon Faddis.) But **Still Can't Say Enough** (Blue Note) is better than the last groaner from these two babes in swingland, and one or two of the tunes even verge on having something to offer for those not always waiting to dance the night away. Of course, all of this apologetic rambling means that we've

got another loser on our collective hands, but we don't lose as much as usual. Does that make sense? Yes it does; about as much sense as **Still Can't Say Enough**. I'm waiting for Lee and Brown to say anything. 5.1 (Richter)

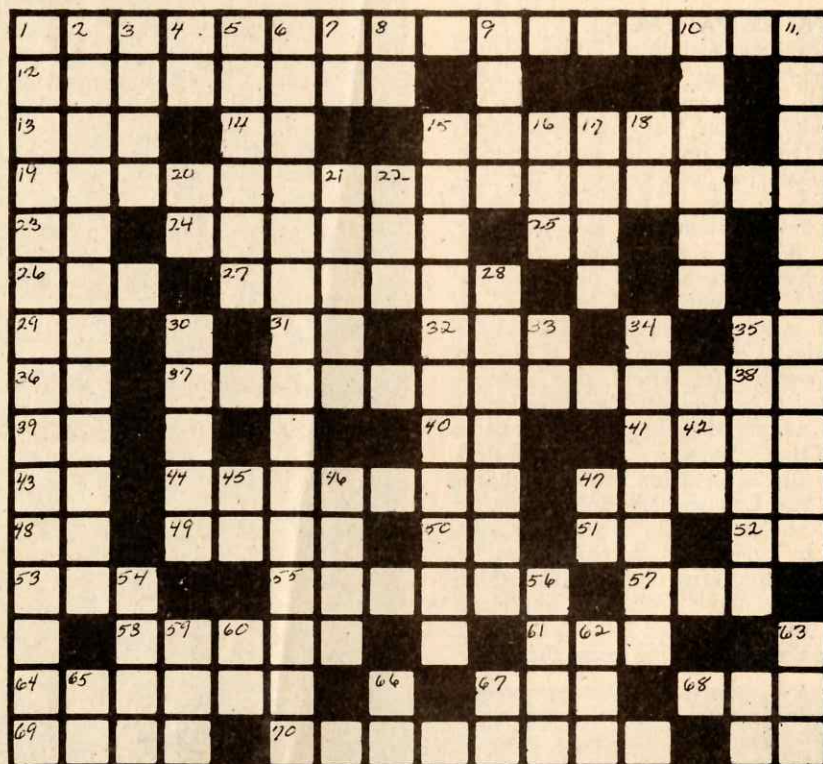
In a way, it's really a shame that **Chevere** (United Artists), as George Benson keyboardist Jorge Dalto calls his debut recording, is such an oversynthesized blur. Obviously, his intentions were a sight higher than, say, Lee & Brown, including as he does such tunes as "Love For Sale" and Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" among the preponderance of his own jellied exuberance. And the prospect of leavening the pendulous weight of all those electric keyboards with the rhythm sounds of Dalto's Argentinian heritage is certainly intriguing and hopeful. Why it didn't work out that way, of course, is anybody's business. The way it did turn out, wheezing along the tired roads of Brasil 77, dragging in all kinds of noise for the sake of novelty and basically chunking out yet another angle to the disco morass, is enough to make an iguana cry blood. In fact, I guana leave the whole thing at that. And at this: 5.0 (Richter)



mind games

ACROSS

1. Title of an early zoological work by John Lennon.
12. '50s group who got their name from a Schenley's whiskey bottle.
13. Joni Mitchell: "——I Want."
14. "——Lady" by Sugarloaf; initials.
15. First name of Lady Soul.
19. When this musical couple split, the wife was more successful (no, not Sonny & Cher).
23. Pseudonym of Lieber and Stoller when they co-wrote "Stand By Me." (initials).
24. Type of man's hat.
25. One of the Kings.
26. A zoological McCartney album.
29. Initials of singer who had R&B hit "I Love You" in '70.
29. Initials of singer who had R&B hit "I Love You" in '70.
31. Initials of bubble-gum group who did "Yummy Yummy Yummy."
32. That which goes over troubled waters, besides a bridge.
35. City of the fallen angels, according to Joni Mitchell.
36. Popular '60s group known for its falsetto-voiced lead singer (initials).
37. "——Without Me Now."
38. Chicago transportation medium.
39. Initials of "American Bandstand" producer.
40. "——Too Much" (initials).
41. A way to hide your face.
43. Unformal greeting.
44. Blonde, buxom madonna of the C&W circuit (first name).
47. A type of mountain.



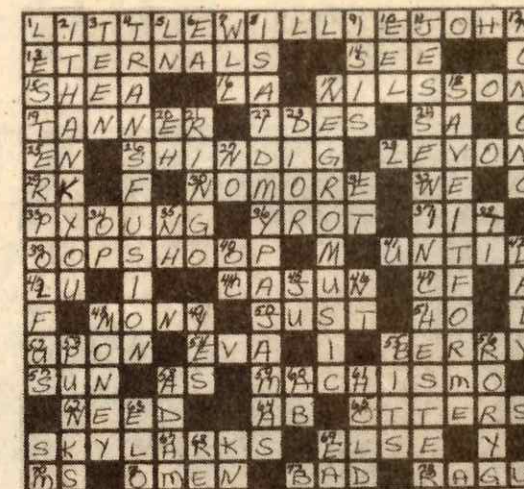
48. See 38-ACROSS.
49. A type of gin popular among rock musicians.
50. Top-40 radio frequency.
51. Initials of musician who flies like an eagle.
52. Initials of motorcycle movie featuring some Byrds songs.
53. Kind of sounds the Beach Boys produced.
55. Components of songs.
57. Ruin.
58. A green place in the desert.
61. Last name of old WLS radio announcer known as "The Solemn Old Judge."
64. Last name of hip comic often seen on rock TV shows.
67. "——Your Love:" Peaches & Herb.
68. Name of a now-defunct fanzine.
69. First name of Elton's protegee.
70. Last name of female songwriter who teamed with Jeff Barry and Phil Spector.

DOWN

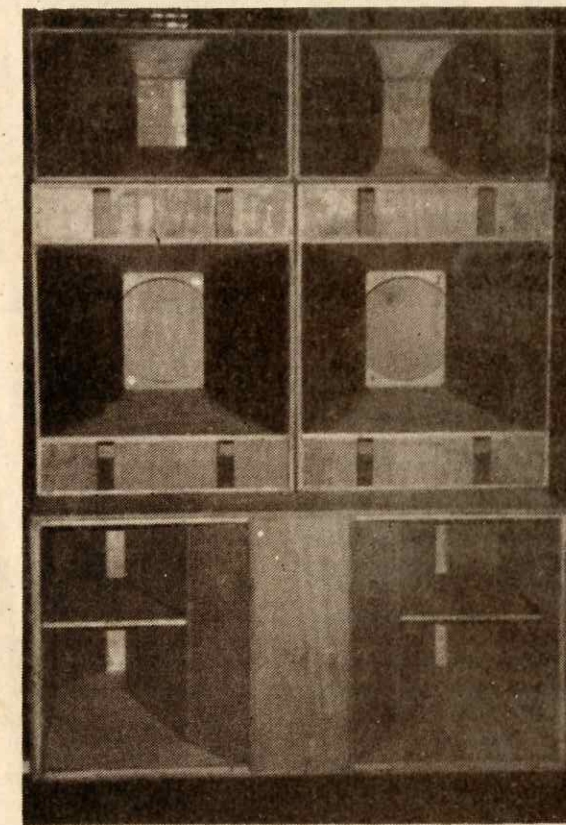
1. Producer Shadow Morton put in the motorcycle noises on this single.
2. A John Prine song about dope.
3. What David Bowie did to earth.
4. See 23-ACROSS.
5. Phil Spector's inspiration for "Be My Baby," or so he says.
6. '62 hit by Don Gardner and Dee Dee Ford.
7. Initials of Ike's wife.
8. Initials of man who sang "Oh Babe, What Would You Say" in '73.
9. This group's name is similar to the FLOCK.
10. Color of the Blossom Special, to

C&W fans.

11. The Kinks' new album.
15. A simile.
16. The tide the Righteous Bros. crooned about.
17. Recent song by the Chi-Lites.
18. Initials of Schmilsson's son.
20. Initials of 15-ACROSS.
21. An element of Swiss or cowboy music.
22. Third person plural of to be.
28. A hit single for Brook Benton in '62.
30. This group modeled its "Chestnut Mare" after Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."
33. Initials of Sweet Baby James' brother.
34. What John Lennon called Julie in a later, more frightening song.
35. Last name of man who directed the Beatles' movies.
42. Another one of 33-DOWN.
45. See 29-ACROSS.
46. Michaels and Brenda.
47. Initials of singer who went by the name of Bob B. Soxx.
50. "——the Lonely:" the Four Tops.
54. Last name of a Monkee.
56. One monkey don't stop it.
59. Model McGraw's first name.
60. Spanish affirmative.
62. Jackie O.'s latest late husband.
63. What "Hey Mr. Spaceman" was about.
65. "——Have to do is Dream" (initials).
66. What The Beatles said to let it do.
67. Initials of hit single by the Beginnings of the End.
68. "——It through the Grapevine." (initials).



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REGGAE riffs

BY DR. GANJA



There can be no doubt anymore that reggae music—and Caribbean music in general—has captured the imaginations of listeners, producers and musicians all over the English-speaking world. If you don't believe it yet, listen to what the Eagles did with the rhythms on their latest album. Hotel California would be a much duller place if it didn't have a little bit of Jamaica in it. The only problem is that the Eagles seem to have learned their reggae from the Shakers. Reggae realists will most likely agree: a touch of Jamaica is better than nothing. But we still haven't gotten a real reggae fusion album.

Although the new album by Kalyan (MCA 2245) opens with a cut purporting to be "Disco Reggae," the 14-man group fills its debut American album with a kind of fusion it calls "Soca" (or Soul-Calypto). Despite the name, Soca is much more complex. Popular for many years in Trinidad, Kalyan recorded this album in Canada with the help of a rhythm-and-blues producer. As a result, the steel drum sound of Trinidad mixes with hints of reggae, salsa, mariachi, funky soul and jazz-

rock fusion. What would at first seem to be an unlikely Frankenstein's monster mutation is actually nothing of the sort, for producer Tony Sylvester knew just what he had to do. There is no abnormal brain in this creation; rather the music is bright, catchy and intelligently fused.

The rhythms underlying the music of Kalyan are much more complex than those with which reggae listeners are familiar. Six members of Kalyan play percussion instruments, allowing the music to make simultaneous use of drums, congas, timbales and various bells. At various points on the album, different percussionists actually play Latin and Caribbean rhythms side by side, while New York jazz-rock bassist John Lee lays down yet another beat: funk-jazz. Amazingly, it all works, largely due to the predominant role of the Caribbean beats, which serve as the denominator common to all the music on the album.

The lyrics emerge as distinctly subordinate to the music, although several songs show kinship to the thematic concerns of reggae in a very simpl-

istic manner; e.g., "Hello Africa" and "Hosannah."

Like some of the best reggae songs, the finest cuts on **Kalyan** give an important role to the horn section. Kalyan's instruments include two trumpets, a French horn, a trombone and a variety of saxophones, all very tightly arranged around the rhythms. The horns are reminiscent of jazz big bands, rather than the discordant blasts that punctuate the music of Burning Spear. Ultimately, Soca is a musical form that attempts to do what a lot of reggae and all of disco music does—make people dance. What sets it apart from disco, aside from the island rhythms that are the heart of the music, are the contributions of Cosmic Connection, which includes the soaring synthesizer of Dwight Brewster to complement Lee's jazz bass lines. **Kalyan** is a most impressively refreshing new album and soca an irresistible style. If you haven't heard a killer cut lately, check out "Sweet Music"—and that's exactly what Kalyan gives here.

If Canada seems an unlikely place for an album like **Kalyan** to be produced, just stop and think about the various albums of real reggae music recorded in England. While most of the Island releases are recorded in Kingston (at Dynamic or Harry J. Studios for example), quite a few Virgin LPs come out of studios located in and around London. Up until now, only two of the Virgin albums have been released in the United States, but in the better import bins you can find at least ten others, most of high quality. Artists like I-Roy, U-Roy, the Heptones and others have been much better exposed to the British public than to the folks here in the United States, but we can expect some of their work to find its way into the Virgin U.S. catalogue soon. For the time being, we have to be happy with the imported versions. Two of the better of them are being reviewed this month in an attempt to stave off the drought that has recently stricken the reggae heartland.

On Delroy Washington's album, **I-Sus** (Virgin import V2060), recorded with Jamaican musicians in Hammer-smith and Willesden, one finds some very clean and simple music which shows that Delroy owes a large debt to Bob Marley. One of the album's better tracks, "Midnight Ravers," is in fact a Marley tune. Delroy's interpretation of this classic from the **Catch a Fire** album is considerably toned down from the Wailers' version, with little of the vocal fire heard in the original.

In addition, the tempo of the song is slowed by about a third, with the result being fairly unimpressive. Other aspects of Delroy's music seem to be highly derivative of other better-known Jamaican music. One cut, "Gotta Keep on Movin'," is almost a note-for-note duplicate of Max Romeo's "One Step Forward." Over most of the album, Delroy's backing musicians provide a very creditable, if not particularly inspired, simulation of the instrumental sound of the Wailers, circa **Catch a Fire**. Most noticeable, though, is the lack of a strong bassist—but then again, everybody can't play like "Family Man" Barrett. The similarity to the Wailers' sound is quite apparent on "Stoney Blows," which features Wailer guitarist Al Anderson. Although Delroy's lyrics and vocals on that cut rank with the best, the overall impression given by the album is that an uneasy truce between Rasta revolution and pop music exists on this album. Other high points do exist, for instance in the Burning Spear inspired horn arrangements on "Observance," yet even that song is a little too close to "Midnight Ravers" for comfort. One curiosity here, though, is the lead guitar work by Pat Thrall of Automatic Man, which is nicely integrated into the sound.

A more promising debut album comes from The Gladiators. On **Trenchtown Mixup** (Virgin import V2062), the Gladiators prove themselves to be at the forefront of new reggae music. The vocal trio, providing its own guitar accompaniment, also covers two early Marley songs. In this case, though, the new versions manage to add something to the old, primarily thanks to the trio harmonies on the lead vocals, in arrangements strikingly similar to the Wailers'. While Delroy Washington merely seems to pay lip service to rasta doctrine, the now-familiar images of burning and war against Babylon permeate **Trenchtown Mixup**.

Albert Griffiths, the leader and lead guitarist of the group, supplied several striking compositions to the album. On songs like "Thief in the Night," Griffiths exhorts to watch and pray; but even more importantly, the trio's vocals on this song call to mind the old Wailers and the male harmonies which made them famous. If you can find this one, by all means give it a chance—it's the real article.

Those abortive rumors of a Wailers tour have straightened themselves out. While there won't be any such thing as a Springsteen/Marley tour, look for an announcement of a spring Wailers tour any time now. . . . Burning Spear has also been on the road recently, appearing in New York on the same bill as The Mighty Diamonds. You would have to put Dr. Ganja in shackles to keep him

DR GANJA'S REGGAE GLOSSARY

Armagideon—*Armageddon, the destruction of the physical world.*

Babylon—*the wicked world of greed and oppression, Not Ethiopia.*

Baldhead—*a Jamaican who doesn't wear dreadlocks.*

Bloodclot—*an insult referring to a person's birth.*

Bluebeat—*a very early forerunner of reggae.*

Chalice—*a large pipe.*

Crankface (also screwface)—*an evil, nasty person.*

Dadawah—*peace.*

Dub—*the style of reggae using improvised words and a predetermined or prerecorded instrumental base.*

Duppy—*ghost.*

Herb—*marijuana.*

Herb stalk—*a bag of herb.*

I—*the self.*

Jah—*the living God—Haile Selassie, late emperor of Ethiopia.*

Lick (weed)—*to smoke.*

Lion—*Haile Selassie, conquering Lion of Judah.*

Marcus Garvey—*Jamaican leader who advocated going back to Africa, thereby creating a basis for Rasta religion.*

Natty Dread—*a Rastafarian with locks.*

Negusta negast—*a Rasta chant meaning King of Kings.*

Ras Tafari—*the original name of Haile Selassie.*

Rock Steady—*musical predecessor of reggae, circa 1967.*

Roots—*pure, unadulterated rhythm and music.*

Ska—*reggae forerunner, circa 1969.*

Skank—*to sing over an instrumental record.*

Spliff—*cigarette made of herb.*

Stick—*a small package of herb.*

Upful—*righteous, just.*

Version—*the "B" side of a single, an all-instrumental version of the "A" side.*

away from a show like that. While we are speaking about the Diamonds, you would be impressed all over again if you give another listen to their album, **Right Time**. It improves with age. . . . And any time now, the shops will be receiving stocks of a third volume in the **This Is Reggae Music** series on Island. Once again some interesting new artists are featured, and the first cut alone is worth it. More on that next month.



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LETTER FROM A GRADUATE

To Bill Robinette,
I have been a working sound man for two years, predominantly with Tufano and Giammarese's band. So when I went into this 6 week course I had a lot of what I call practical knowledge, but I really wasn't sure of the basics. You taught me the rest. This being the only class or training of any kind in the Midwest, it is something you should not pass up. I am hopeful that everyone in the classes to come can gain as much enjoyment as I in the knowledge I have acquired from you. Thank you, Don Grayless p.s. I wish I had half the equipment you have.

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HOLLYWOOD GRAPEVINE

Hi Chi Darlings:

Spring *must* be on its wandering way to you by now—and I promise no boasts 'bout the mildest L.A. winter ever—so stop grumbling and start thinking 'bout lazy evenings with yer faveraver and transistor radio (turned way up!).

Even Daddy Loved Al Cooper:

When me and chummo Cyndia took my vacationing papa to the Roxy—we wanted Charlie to see what his sexy daughter did for a living and so there was Al Cooper and his hot (tho' dressed entirely in black) band. Someone was passing 'round lotsa smoke and yup, Charlie took a toke everytime one was offered. And he drank like a true champ (like daughter like father?) so by the time Al and Co. blasted their 50'ish rock from the bouncing stage Charlie was primed! He loved 'em—ooooee—me and Ms. C. boogalude in our seats, the U.A. brass looked pleased and none of us remembered a thing the next day. Oh yeah, my dear daddy tried to cop my Al Cooper teeshirt "for his collection." Proud of that man, I am.

Speaking of the '50s: Alltime ace organist (the one you play not play *with*) Jimmy Smith gave quite a little bash at his very own club to celebrate his Mercury LP *Sittin' On It* but it woulda' been hard for any live human-bean to sit once his sizzling trilling rungs got started. Amazing—that dude ain't got a minute older, there were literally gallons of champagne consumed and Jimmy's wife cooked a fantastic spread which I didn't touch (slimming dears, after holiday extravagance). Anyway he's a great 'un and *Sittin' On It* is a must for your Saturday nights' wildness and weirdness.

Ah, But Sometimes Life Is Sad: One of the clients at that office I used to toil for was Peter Finch. I remember days when Finchy would come into ma' little room, all twinkling and mischievous with an inner light, telling stories of his affair with Shirley Bassey (hiding from his then-wife and her then-husband), his drinking bouts; waving his arms as he spoke of his banana plantation in Jamaica where politics made it impossible to live and his plans for the future. A gallant man, a loving man, a *real* man. (Finchy never had his teeth fixed—normal they were, slightly yellowed and obviously crooked.) Just the sort you'd hope would be around forever because he was nice, because he made you laugh just when you needed that laugh most. I know many will miss him and I will, in my own way, very much too. Bless you Finchy, always.

Quote-Of-The-Month: Ian. Anderson, when Jethro Tull played/gave a

truly great show at the Pasadena Civic, said of L.A. Times rock critic Robert Hilburn, "I hear he's a nice old queen—and this is dedicated to him—'Too Old To Rock & Roll!'" Hilburn, who wears glasses and plaid stay-pressed sportshirts, once called Ian's band "Jethro Dull." Tsk-tsk.

Twos The Night Before The Inauguration: An' me and Eddie braved the 97.5 per cent very-black crowd at the 18,000-seater Forum to see Bootsy's Rubber Band and Funkadelic. I tell ya'—glad I was born in sleazy Brooklyn. When we got to the gig me and tall slim Eddie had to fight our ways into the Place—one black chick had her ticket torn from her hand, scuffles and "jive turkys" abounded, an unnamed security dude claimed 134 fights and/or evictions, there were beligerants in our seats ("hey MF," said I bravely—and I was pissed, "yer in our seats" and whew, they did move). George Clinton, lead Funker, at one point, said, "Hey fuck these white security dudes, c'mon up to the stage." They did and security, who were even larger than usual, pushed 'em back. It was a good show though, especially when the Mothership descended to the stage amid clouds of dry ice—but Clinton seems to take his powers too seriously. And I ain't never goin' to an all-black big gig again—I may miss some good music but I'll survive lots easier and sometimes that's what it's all about.

Totally Opposite: Was the-day-after-Prez-Carter's-party's gig of the Mighty Clouds of Joy at the famed and fabled Whiskey. Geez, those guys *are* mighty! Remembering them from their gospel days and reinforced by reefer and several White Russians I clapped and whooped along with the 300-plus that crammed the Sunset Strip Club which seemed to be transformed, however temporarily, into a righteous revival meeting. To the Mighty Clouds of Joy then, the Gold Tambourine Award, for spirit above and way beyond the call of music-biz sophistry.

Another More Soul Award: To Etta James—and whomever did the **TRIAD** crossword puzzle with the clue being "a female Bobby Bland" just wasn't kidding!! That super-special lady opened for Lonnie Liston Smith at the Roxy and jeez, Etta and her dynamic young band tore the roof offa the place! It was her 39th birthday too, "I ain't getting older, I'ze getting better" and who's to argue? It seems too, by the way, that Etta had to borrow cab fare to get to the gig—All-Platinum records should take lots better care of her, but her spirit wasn't at all deminished by her financial

BY BIRDFEATHER

straits. She wailed, played the audience like a willing victim, got a standing ovation an' goddamn I wish the best for her. A true (rare) star. (Guess what? We didn't stay for Lonnie Liston Smith cuz Etta was more than enough!)

A Startling Contrast: Were the Pointer Sisters a few nights later at the same venue. Or success seems to have spoiled those little gals from Oakland (remember the Raiders?). Plastic? Yes. Uninspiring? Really. Boring? Yawn. A pity? You bet.

Oddettes and Sodettes: Bob Ezrin to produce the next Sparks LP for Columbia . . . John Cale looking for a label though Island is releasing a "Best Of" disc . . . Gabor Szabo wow'd locals with a supermellow Troub gig . . . didja hear Walter Cronkite call a smuggling ship "an elusive marijuana freighter?" . . . Labelle have split up, financial woes (still) after 17 years together cited as the reason . . . Led Zep sold out their forthcoming four Forum gigs only five hours after tickets went on sale . . . new L.A. band Deuce are all est graduates, wonder wot that means . . . another new local raver band Orange brought the legendary Phil Spector out of retirement at the Cabaret (punkoids sponsored by KROQ, a semi-freeform radio outlet); seems Mr. S. jumped on stage, waved his arms in an oh-so-raver motion and had the lads to his house to celebrate Orange's super finefine verrie heavy metaloid musical meanderings . . . yet another hometown band Hollywood Stars just out of the studio, LP due on Arista whose progressive Happy The Man claim Van-DerGraf's Peter Hammill as main influence . . . Eyes and Ears Foundation here got a grant from the California Arts Council and put up nine original art billboards on the Sunset strip and other Hollywood locations featuring such artists as Paul Whitehead (who did early Genesis, Le Orme, etc. covers), Neon Park famed for his Little Feat jobbies (and who said to yo' Birdmama that the upcoming Feat disk is "very weird") and the stupendous Rick Griffin of Fillmore fame—all awesomely beautiful and causing quite a stir . . . Alice Cooper finished his next, up at Producer's Studios who boast a second-engineer as profound bass player—Rick Hart, his band Tales you'll be hearing from, eventually . . . well gang, almost time fer "Starsky and Hutch" and I wanna' put this in de mailbox to Patrick so off to the typewriter . . . have a high March (beware the Ides), Vambo Rools, Rock and Roll lives so Turn The Volume Up!!

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THE CELESTIAL SCENE

March 1977 fosters an enormous number of astrological trends both favorable and adverse. In addition to the wide variety of celestial events the sun will commence a new sunspot activity pattern on March 12.

The result of all this is a sort of organized chaos that alternately produces frustration and too much of a good thing.

A degree of blind luck awaits most of us. However, it's not a good idea to place too much trust in it. It's better to resist a trend that may cause us to be too optimistic. Recognize threats to your personal situation and take steps to correct them before they reach proportions. This allows you to take full advantage of better trends and improve the general state of your affairs.

WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECAST

Abnormal weather conditions are a predictable result of the alteration of the solar sunspot activity that is currently taking place. Couple this with the corresponding disruption in the earth's gravitational and magnetic field, and the subsequent effects on winds and ocean currents and the threat to both air and sea navigation becomes obvious. There will be periods when navigational instruments and two-way radio systems won't function properly, so March is obviously not the time for an overseas vacation. An area of the central Atlantic Ocean lying 1,800 nautical miles due east of the Florida coast is ripe for catastrophe.

There is a heavy threat of a catastrophic plane crash on the east coast. Washington, D.C. may be the site of the tragedy. There will be others in various parts of the globe.

Other important events involving the seas may also be in the news. The scientific community may express serious concern after discovering that the Mediterranean Sea is drying up at an unbelievable rate. Later investigation will reveal the oceans are also receding but at a less critical speed. There will be adverse weather disturbances on land as well as sea. Weather problems are likely to reach crisis proportions in certain areas of the nation. This will create additional food shortages. Adverse meteorological conditions may also bring floods to the States bordering on the eastern Great Lakes.

It's a little early in the year for what Californians call "earthquake weather." Even so there is little relief from the seismic trend that started early last year. The area of the Andes near Quito, Ecuador is heavily threatened in the month ahead. Turkey and the southern portion of the Soviet Union may also see more earth tremors very soon.

The states of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York aren't likely to see any volcanic eruptions. However, they are in for a multitude of problems with their water supplies and sanitary facilities. Broken water mains in these states will receive news coverage. Clogged and broken sewers are probable. There is a substantial likelihood that municipal water supplies in certain parts of these states may be rendered unfit for human consumption from time to time. Water supplies in other areas of the nation may also become contaminated for a variety of reasons.

The states under scrutiny may also suffer epidemics or outbreaks of food poisoning. Part of the cause for these threats to public health may relate to unethical food merchants. Apparently a few of the grocers in this area will disregard laws forbidding the sale of perishable food that is too old or improperly stored. Also, available food supplies in this region will have dwindled to the point where it's not practical to obey these ordinances. Serious flooding problems may hamper the distribution of foodstuffs to the retailers. Consumers in certain areas may be forced to choose between contaminated food and hunger. The federal government will make an all-out effort to deal with the problem. This massive effort will correct the situation.

The much-needed aid to public transportation will soon be forthcoming. Other transportation industries are also favored. The automobile manufacturers will soon resume full production. The

automobile manufacturers will soon resume full production. The airline industry will also experience increase in revenue. This will create new job openings. This is only one of many events that will upgrade the economic conditions of the nation and its people in the near future. Chicago is especially favored by these trends.

FORCAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

ARIES

A change of attitude or location hastens the demise of a waning trend towards adversity. Early March looks good for romance on the surface, but ego problems and unexplainable communication difficulties thwart an otherwise favorable trend. Hold on to your mystique and romance will proceed smoothly. A small, blond, brown-eyed individual with sharp facial features or one associated with the medical profession may expose a deception on the part of a third individual. Strict attention to this person's advice will prevent a multitude of woes. After March 12 you'll find your social life becoming hectic. One group of associates may ridicule you or make you the subject of jokes. On the other hand, another group brings you enormous happiness. The obvious answer to this and other questions relating to your plans and personal matters is the right answer. Things that look good are better than they seem while those that look bad are worse.

TAURUS

Family problems are likely to disrupt your plans for leisure activities. You may also be the victim of crank phone calls. Avoid responding to people who fail to state their intentions clearly. The outlook is favorable but a degree of caution is advised in all matters where the participants' intentions are not clearly stated. Be willing to recognize unjustified guilt feelings for what they are—a personal monster from the dark regions of your own identity. They serve only those who place their own well-being above yours. A sudden change for the better in your home and working conditions is very likely around March 7. Be prepared to make the most of it. Joint efforts are favored after March 20. These last days may bring quarrels or misunderstandings if you respond to a trend that makes you overstate facts and opinions. (See Gemini Message.)

GEMINI

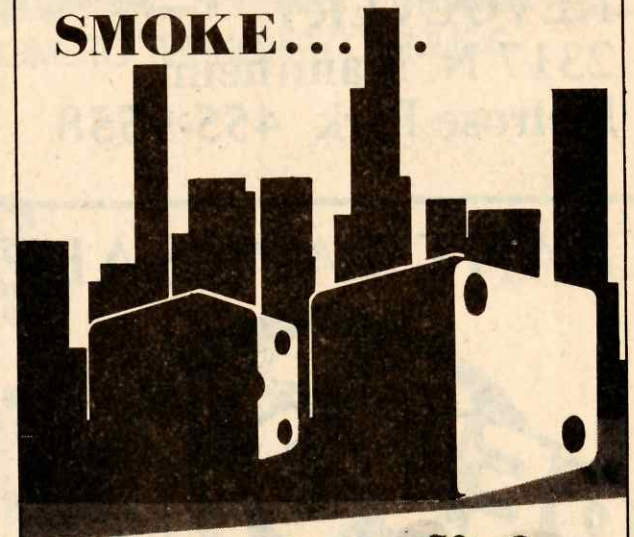
Inattention to correspondence and detail work could be responsible for a serious financial loss. Philosophical matters and investments are ill-aspected all month. Professional activity looks good after March 4. However, you'll get more out of your regular line of work than you will from avocations or side projects. Pompous individuals who claim to have easy answers should not be trusted. Plans for a trip or vacation may be delayed or thwarted. However, this is a blessing in disguise. After March 15 important matters at work and home should receive your immediate attention. You'll be on a high physical energy cycle and should be able to handle them well. However, it's best to look beyond surface appearances. Things are more complex than they seem. (See Taurus Message.)

CANCER

Early March lacks direction. Put off important decisions until March 3. After that date Cancer must take great care not to be overly emotional. Failure to do so will bring serious difficulty to both your home life and job situation. The trend endures all month, but deintensifies after March 9. Although you'll still have to work at keeping your home life happy you'll see a dramatic improvement in working conditions. Romance is also favored after this date. A favorable trend commences on March 17. You'll be sought out by those who were distant in the early days of the month. The addition of new gadgets or electrical devices to your abode may mark the conclusion of the adverse trend begun in early March.

Triad March 1977

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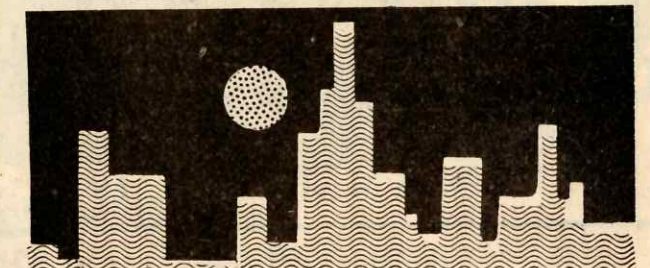
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LEO

Finances may be taking a turn for the better as March begins. However, it's ill advised to make investments or major purchases until after March 20. A period of severe stress begins on March 4. Professional and family matters may present themselves after this date. Both you and others will be too sensitive to evaluate important moves in the cold, clear light of reality. Use this period for recreational and romantic activities. Oddly enough such activities are favored during this time. Take special precautions against thefts or loss of personal belongings. The trend breaks on March 15. Although you'll still have a few things to worry about most of your affairs will take on a more positive aspect. By March 19 you'll find practical matters proceeding smoothly.

VIRGO

Refrain from being overly critical of others. This may turn important persons away from you. Take the time and trouble to clarify muddled issues. Be willing to offer a kind word to those in distress. You can thwart an adverse trend by making total departure from your normal activity patterns. Your home, ordinarily neat, may fall into disarray. There is little point in letting yourself be distressed by it. Legal matters can be resolved in your favor this month. March favors your romantic or recreational activities. Matters lighten up somewhat after March 16. Bizarre situations and persons will find you after that date. Take the time and trouble to see the humor in them.

LIBRA

Inattention to details could make you the recipient of unwarranted criticism. Pay attention to your bank records and other paperwork pertaining to financial transactions. Your physical coordination may be on a low point in early March. Postpone activities that might go awry due to this trend. Your plans may be subject to unexpected changes after March 5. It's best not to buck the situation. In the end it will bring you substantial benefit. Secret projects or hopes are favored. Take steps to gain recognition for the abilities people in authority don't know you possess. A conflict with Taurus is likely. Appearances tell you you have no choice but to choose between extremes, but a happy middle ground can be discovered if you are willing to make an effort. Aries individuals will be abnormally cooperative after March 10. Matters take on a favorable outlook after March 20. Professional and literary matters are enhanced after this date.

SCORPIO

Professional recognition finds you as a low activity trend fades away early in the month. It's best to speak your mind in the first days of March. Matters that in some way demand public contact and the use of communication forms gain favor on March 5. Other persons may be plagued by a multitude of woes but your own world seems to be in good shape. Take the time to deal with unsatisfactory situations after March 9. Be willing to accept a reasonable compromise in these matters and liabilities are converted to assets. Your professional and personal situations become more secure after March 17. Make an effort to enhance your home and living conditions after this date. This period enhances interpersonal relations if you are willing to state and demonstrate your motives clearly. Be ready to answer unjustified criticism due to petty jealousies.

SAGGITARIUS

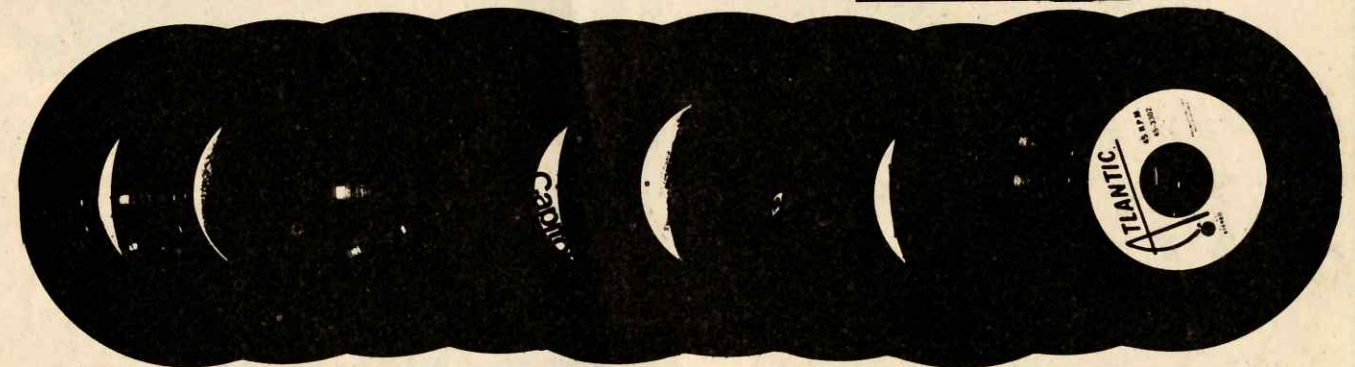
A review of the past will allow you to discover a key to dealing with petty or small-minded individuals that disrupt an otherwise favorable period. A heavy accent is placed on your hidden assets or talents. Play them to the figurative hilt in the first 16 days of March. Surface appearances may be deceiving. Be ready to explore matters in depth. The net result could be a change for the better in your employment situation. Elevation in pay scale or professional status may be the result of this action. Serious confrontations or personal crises threaten around March 15. Keep your ego under control and adversity will not strike. Be prepared to assist friends with personal problems. The scene changes after

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March 22 and life takes on an even, carefree pace.

CAPRICORN

Be patient with various individuals who display bad taste or poor manners. The persons in question don't really mean to offend you. It's just that they're ignorant. Although your patience may be severely tried, they are honest and well-intentioned. Keep special watch on breakable items when small children or childish people enter your abode. The trend that leaves you little choice but to deal with petty and somewhat egotistical individuals is not ended this month, but it will weaken considerably. This can be minimized if you avoid attracting the attention of such persons whenever possible. Professional matters may undergo a change for the better in the second week of March. A new addition to your home furnishings is likely after March 18.

AQUARIUS

You'll find relief from boredom in the first half of March. During this period you are likely to receive recognition for jobs well done. Undesirable circumstances can be rectified by making an abrupt and unannounced change. The exception to this rule is found in your romantic associations. Trust and patience are the answer in this case. This is especially true should there be religious or philosophical disagreements between you and the object of your affection. March may require the mingling of business and pleasure. Be prepared to respond to this trend when the need arises. Educational activities dominate the scene after March 8. Long-range plans or changes of personal goals will bear fruit if began after this date. This span of time also places heavy emphasis on educational matters. A long-term plan to better your circumstance would ultimately be successful if started during this period. You may find it desirable to change your circle of associates after March 14. However, there will be a few exceptions.

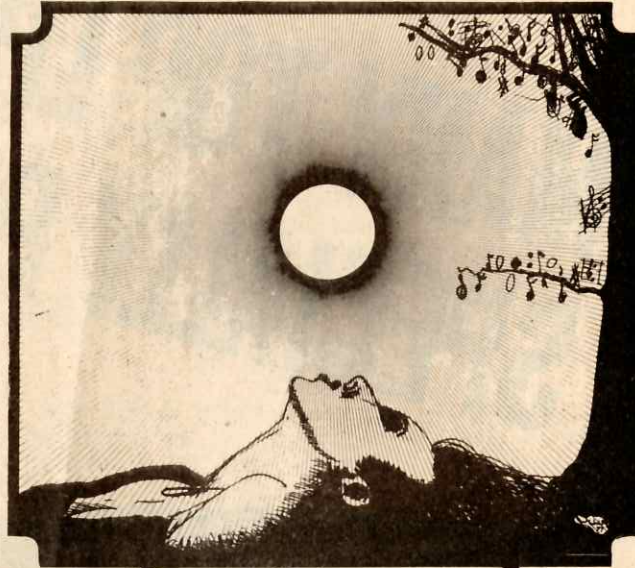
PISCES

Understanding must replace faith if you are to avoid an emotional crisis. There are times when each of us must lay cherished objects, situations and religious or philosophical beliefs aside for the sake of something more dynamic and realistic. March, 1977 is such a time. There are threats of severe problems involving your job and home life. In reality, matters are not nearly as bad as they seem. Make it clear you are ready and willing to face adversity (including that brought on by your own mistakes) and the threats dissipate without causing any real problems. The romantic partner of Pisces may suffer financial adversity. Render aid if and only if you are positive neither of you are being conned. A morose trend ends on March 12. A heavily fortunate atmosphere dominates your circumstances until the end of the month.

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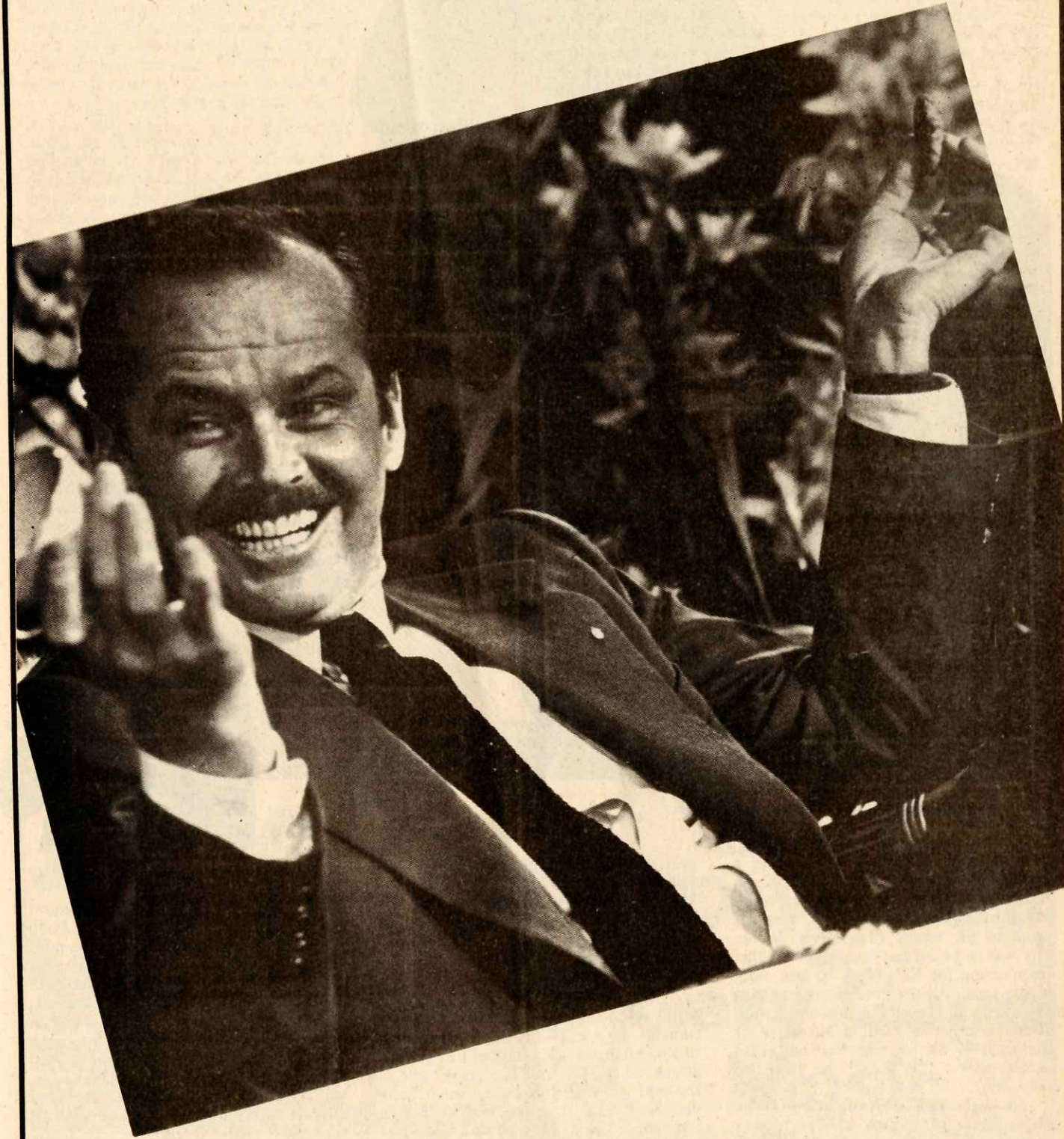
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A
TALK
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BY SHARON FOX

Looking somewhat weary after a whirlwind weekend of interviews, Gene Wilder—indomitable—was about to begin still another. On a rare visit to Chicago to promote his recent film, *Silver Streak*, this was to be his last local interview before leaving for New York to face more of the same. All the necessary running to TV and radio stations to answer question after question was made a bit easier for the actor by the Twinings teabags, in his jacket pocket. "It helps," he said, "to relax me."

His hair was a bit disarranged, but those curls for which he has become famous (can they be combed?) seem to go with the character and humor Wilder has made his own, that no other actor can claim. Observing him talking, one waits for the actor to let loose and get hysterical, like so many characters he has

portrayed on the screen. But Wilder is in full control of himself and the interview. "I'm always calm and collected, but the edge of the cliff is always nearby. I am not hysterical for most of the hours of the day. I save that for precious moments."

Like many screen comedians, Wilder is quite serious when away from the cameras. He speaks softly and reflectively of his childhood. "My mother had a heart attack when I was six. The doctor said if she ever got scared or excited, she could die. So I tried to make her laugh, and succeeded. I think anyone who goes into anything does so because of encouragement at one point in life. My mother always encouraged me when I was funny, and because she did, she made me think along the lines of performing comedy. But I wanted to create a character and be

in an art form, rather than a stand-up comic."

The young Wilder was influenced by the theatre. "When I saw Lee J. Cobb in *Death of A Salesman*, my thoughts ran to what I would do on the stage if the lights were on me and the audience was watching me. I realized what he was doing was different from what I had in mind. When I saw Cobb, I started to read. With Stanislavsky's method, an actor prepares by building the character's life; and I realized what I wanted was not so different from what Cobb wanted. Just the way of getting it was.

"One way was to create the life of a character, and the other way was to do anything to get a laugh. Now, I know I don't look like Tyrone Power, no matter how hard I try, so I've got to give up that ghost. And the thing is, if I could ever

look like him, or Clark Gable, and get those parts, after a picture or two I'd probably find it boring. I love comedy roles better than anything else."

Wilder has the look of angelic innocence, but ladies, beware—there beats in him the heart of a Cary Grant. And like his idol, he is perhaps the only actor today who can combine comedy and romance, and make it work. "I was reading the script to *Silver Streak* and got to the love scenes with Jill Clayburgh, and thought, 'this is the Cary Grant in *North by Northwest* which I'd always wanted to do.' I think *Silver Streak* may allow me the freedom to do other things, because then people will say, 'Well, who knows what he'll do next?'"

Moviegoers who have followed Wilder through such varied films as *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Producers* (for which he received an Academy Award nomination), *Quackser Fortune*, *Willy Wonka and The Chocolate Factory*, *Blazing Saddles*, and *Young Frankenstein*, are always ready for what he'll do next.

A desire to expand his own talents, combined with the boredom of just appearing in films, prompted Gene Wilder to venture one step further and write his own work, *Young Frankenstein*. "I told the studio I had no idea whether it was commercial; it was just something I thought was funny. I told them I wanted it done very carefully in black and white, out of my love for those old movies. I enjoyed making *Young Frankenstein*. Maybe it was the realization of a dream, and the chance to work with people I love. I don't know when such a fantastic cast will be assembled again: I mean, there was myself, Marty Feldman, Madelein Kahn, Cloris Leachman,



Terri Garr, and Mel Brooks directing. It was a unique experience, like going out to play every day."

A movie usually takes two hours of the audience's life to view it. But few people realize that when the star, writer, and director of a film are the same person, a film can take two years of a life, as in the case of Gene Wilder and *Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother*.

"*Sherlock* was my first experience as a director. I wasn't worried about directing, I was worried about directing myself as an actor. And what I was afraid would happen, did. I didn't give myself enough time as an actor. Usually

it's one way or the other; you cheat on yourself or the others. I didn't let anything go by which wasn't acceptable for the film, but I did not take the normal time as an actor, whose job it is to be selfish, always saying 'me, me.' A director can't do that. He has to deal with money in a way that actors don't, and he has to make everyone happy.

"It was important to me to prove I could be an actor/writer who was directing. I also had to show the studio I could be responsible for \$3 million, and prove it wasn't crazy to give an actor who writes a chance to direct his own work."

When two very funny men like Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman get together, what do they talk about? Why, their favorite comedians, of course. "Keaton's number one with Marty and Chaplin's second, and it's just the opposite with me. So, we often discuss that. But it's not a question ranking them... it's just who reaches you the most. We talk about what they did in those days that isn't being done now, and I want to do a lot of those things in my next film. Which will be... *The World's Greatest Lover*, which I wrote, and will direct and produce. It's about my wife running off with Rudolph Valentino. You know it's been 50 years since his death, and his name still sends women.

Gene Wilder the man seems to have his head together and his feet firmly on the ground, after spending six years in analysis. "Once," he said, "I asked my analyst what made people want to act? She said it was better than running naked in Central Park—because we start out as exhibitionists, and the healthier ones turn it into a profession."



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**ALL I WANT and
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Victory Gardens Theater

On one of those cold, snowy, nasty nights of winter '77, while everyone else was home sipping hot chocolate and monitoring the heat output, I put on my coat and skated up North Clark Street to Victory Gardens Theater to see the Actors' Company production of *All I Want*, written and directed by Bruce Hickey. By the end of the evening, I was most glad I'd braved the weather.

It's not a script that will find a treasured place in theatre annals, but it does hold moments of a reality beyond its own reality—the meat and guts of urban lower-class living. The show is episodic at best, with a format that could be translated into a soap opera series without any difficulty. Granted, the script smoothly sets up the audience for laughs and tears, but they are there and the play delivers.

The characters on stage are real to the audience, for they laugh and cry and scream at each other, then turn around and touch tenderly. The individual characters possess a life and reality of their own, created beautifully by the performers—who are indeed an actors' company, all working very smoothly together. Aware of the script's limitations, they work hard to overcome them.

Almost movielike in their transitions, the scene-changes are done neatly around lighting cues, musical crescendos, and what often seem to be disappearing acts by the performers. The entire technical production is very good.

All I Want gives us a good evening of theater, an evening that can be touching, poignant, amusing and very believable. We leave the theatre not wiped out by urban blight, but aware that the city of life all around us is not peaches and cream. If the script was, in fact, based on real-life incidents occurring while Hickey worked for public aid, then his ears were tuned carefully and his eyes focused. The presentation is sometimes artistically questionable, but the material itself is meaty.

It was a good enough production to get me back out into the cold two nights later to see the sequel, *Some Kind of Life*, performed in repertory with *All I Want*. *Some Kind of Life* is written, produced, and directed by the Hickey brothers, Brian joining Bruce for the sequel. The cast for Part Two is the same.



with several welcome and delightful additions.

Aside from offering the audience more of the same in terms of script, a sequel can be an interesting testing ground for the flexibility of actors, and this cast generally proves its talent. Paul Joseph could have had the best opportunity for versatility if his second character had any depth at all. He appears in *All I Want* as Danny, the very believable "Big Heavy." However, as Danny Shapiro—the parole officer in *Some Kind of Life*—his character is shallow, stereotyped and written mostly for filler and/or laughs: Mr. Middle-Class Nice Guy Social Worker, just trying to help the poor folk and then going and falling in love with one of them. Oops!

And then we have Linda (Lynn Longos), the daughter fighting her way up from lower-class mediocrity to middle-class mediocrity and turning her back on it all (or does she?): and Bobby, the son (played to perfection by Bobby DiCiccio) who fights that social climbing in his own subtle, sensitive style. In Linda's case, the character changes are not as evident in the script as in the costume changes.

Moving from a waitress uniform in the first play all the way to jeans-tucked-in-boots and stylish babushka by the end of the second, she gives no explanation for her changes other than social climbing—not only sad but shallow.

But the performer that knocked my socks off was Linda Clink-Scale, an incredibly believable actress in an overdone, maudlin role. As Roxanne Podlowski, despite the fact that she at times appears locked into her bowling shirt and miniskirt, too-old-too-fast mother image, she manages to transcend some weak moments of scripting to give an even, professional, touching performance.

Not having seen J.J. Johnston perform since *American Buffalo*, I was delighted to have him back on stage. He gives credibility and reality to any role he performs. David Mind gives a very good low-key performance of perhaps the only low-profile character in either production, J.T. Sadly, his character undergoes little change or development in the sequel. Rita, Steven's impetuous Puerto Rican girlfriend played by Rose Bianca, serves mostly for laughs and plot development. (I kept wanting Sophia Loren for the role—child of the Sixties that I am.)

These are both good productions of local theatre—local because they were written in and about Chicago, and because they're next door to Wrigley Field. You get up that way in the summer to see the Cubs—and it's more than worth your while to pull on those caps and mittens and get to Victory Gardens Theater II, 3730 N. Clark St., to see the Hickey productions. (Call to see which is playing—both are performed on Saturday night.)
H.A. Jenkins

MOVIES



THE LAST TYCOON
written by Harold Pinter
directed by Elia Kazan
a Paramount release

By the time F. Scott Fitzgerald set out to write *The Last Tycoon* he was fast approaching death. Consumed by chronic alcoholism, wracked by several nervous collapses and weathered by his stormy love affairs, the author died in 1940, leaving an unfinished manuscript of this novel.

Now, nearly four decades later, Paramount Pictures has distributed its film version of Fitzgerald's incomplete look at the movie industry of the 1930s. *The Last Tycoon* presents the story of an enormously successful film producer, Monroe Stahr (patterned to a degree after MGM's Irving Thalberg), whose obsessive pursuit of an unobtainable girl who reminds him of his deceased wife causes him to neglect the responsibilities and political maneuverings of studio management, losing both stature and power in the process.

As in *The Great Gatsby*, Fitzgerald's best-known work, a number of characters and situations temptingly invite interpre-

tation as romanticized extensions of the author's self-image. Stahr, like Gatsby, is a solitary figure of humble origins. Through will and self-education he has achieved the rank of American nobility—a business tycoon—only to be destroyed by a woman who rejects his love for the security of a bourgeois marriage.

On paper, the array of creative talent involved in filming *The Last Tycoon* seems to be the production coup of the decade, and the movie does offer fans their money's worth. The opportunity to see Robert De Niro, Hollywood's newest superstar, acting with nearly a dozen other film luminaries justifies a trip to the theatre. Among supporting performances worthy of particular note are: Robert Mitchum as Stahr's rival studio control, Ray Milland as a scheming behind-the-scenes financier, Donald Pleasance as an intellectual British writer at the brink of insanity, Jack Nicholson as a radical organizer of script writers, and the 18-year-old newcomer, Theresa Russell, as

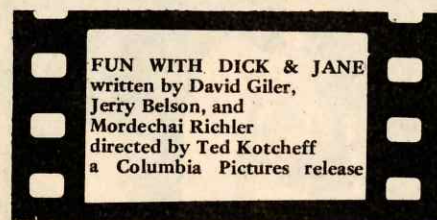
Mitchum's spoiled and naive daughter from Bennington College.

It remains to be seen, though, whether *The Last Tycoon* will turn out to be the blockbuster success on which its lavish production is gambling. Not too long ago, Paramount gambled and lost at the box office with another Fitzgeraldian foray, *The Great Gatsby*. The ambivalence *The Last Tycoon* maintains towards its subject matter may be reflected by previously tepid audience response. For *The Last Tycoon* suggests that movies of the 1930s were romantic necessities, but offers grotesque parodies of those films for our scorn. The tycoon is himself an ambiguous figure. It is unclear whether he is to be viewed as a dream weaver in a world of harsh reality behind gilded artifice, or as someone taken in by the drivel he so calculatingly purveys.

Perhaps even more difficult for today's audiences to accept will be Fitzgerald's approach to romance. His jazz-age awareness of the suppressed sexuality

beneath surface propriety was not broad enough to accept the value of the casual sexual encounter. Love, for Fitzgerald, was an all-or-nothing matter that destroys the lover. If Tom Wolfe is accurate in suggesting that today is an era of "Me-Generation" hedonism, audiences may well wonder whether the angelic femme-fatale of Ingrid Boulting's mannequin-like performance is worth all the fuss for *The Last Tycoon*.

Karl Stange



FUN WITH DICK & JANE
written by David Giler,
Jerry Belson, and
Mordechai Richler
directed by Ted Kotcheff
a Columbia Pictures release



The ads tell us flat out a fact about Jane Fonda and George Segal in this picture: "Bonnie and Clyde they ain't." That's a fairly safe claim, because this film ain't no *Bonnie and Clyde* either. Ten years ago it might have been, back in the days when Ms. Fonda's future husband, Tom Hayden, was alleged to have been perpetrating all kinds of criminal (revolutionary) acts. Then, people would have been ready to accept that an unemployed executive and his pert college-educated wife might strike out against a society for making things tough on all kinds of people. These days, to believe one reading of the mood of society, the only lashing-out that anyone would consider is one prompted by selfish motives.

In this film, George Segal and Janie turn to crime only after job searches are futile, Dick fails to master the manipulation of welfare systems, and Jane can't even make a decent go at exhibiting her body (as a model) without causing major chaos. The bills have to be paid; they're broke, in debt, and have just started to build the ubiquitous Californian status symbol in their backyard—a swimming pool.

Of course, these white-collar bandits have a very simple-minded view of robbery at first, and try to support an upper-middle-class life style on the proceeds from smalltime drugstore stickups. They aren't really cut out for that line either. Their bumbling attempts to break into the business of armed robbery provide the film with its highest points of comedy. Since their heists are presented as a series of short blackouts, they have very little connection to the structure of the rest of the film, and the comedy doesn't really carry over.

In a project that could easily have been made into a sharply satiric portrait of the state of middle-class morals, the approach is comparable to television situation comedy: make it as mindless

and safely amusing as possible. Indeed, the heart of the film might be summed up in one scene, in which the couple rip off the phone company while the crowd of bill payers cheers them on. The middle class revolts to take more of the pie for itself. Some revolution, huh?

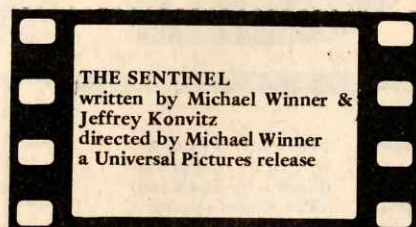
Ultimately, Dick and Jane stumble across the biggest heist of all. The treasure is locked in a safe in the office of Dick's ex-boss (Ed McMahon *can act*). A huge amount of laundered money has been set aside for the purpose of bribing government officials to place defense contracts with their aerospace company. If the money doesn't officially exist, Dick and Jane can safely steal it and retire from the business of larceny. They do this, thereby proving that if you are a spendthrift member of the upper middle class, crime does pay. Handsomely.

One would think that with stars like George Segal and Jane Fonda in the lead roles, you couldn't really lose. Guess again, because even their talents fail to cover up the inanities of the script. Segal, one of the screen's greatest light romantic comics, walks through this role with his usual verve, but most of the time the script denies any real substance.

He is at his best when he inadvertently insults the gay bureaucrat and when he is arrested under suspicion of being an illegal alien. The only intelligence for which he receives credit is his realization that the bills must be paid, and that you need money to pay them. For Jane Fonda, this film is a great comedown from her superb performance in *Klute*. She simpers her way through, playing the role of the cute, well-read but basically dumb wife and mother. It is apparent that she has once again mastered the art of projecting bourgeois unconsciousness. If it is all an act, then give her credit for an incredible job. Soemhow, in this flim though, it would be very unlikely to find

any radical statement. Confirmed Jane Fonda fans have a must-see in *Dick and Jane*, but even they will be disappointed. Hollywood has regained its best actress, but let's hope they can figure out something for her to do instead of time-wasters like this project.

Bill Crowley



THE SENTINEL
written by Michael Winner &
Jeffrey Konvitz
directed by Michael Winner
a Universal Pictures release

It's not hard to figure out what is going on here. The film's logo is complete with a spiked "S" looking like nothing more than a dollar sign. The advertising tells the potential viewer that poor Christina Raines has been chosen to be the next sentinel at the gate from hell. That means she is going to have a bad time of it. It looks as if the devil is going to be mixed up in there somewhere, or maybe even God himself. On second thought, probably just the devil and some priests. You know, something like *The Omen/Exorcist*.

This time around, though, the formula misfires despite the huge budgets for advertising and special effects. The book tie-in with its intended word-of-mouth publicity effect never came off, the special effects are only mildly shocking for the most part, and the exact source of the evil is never fully identified.

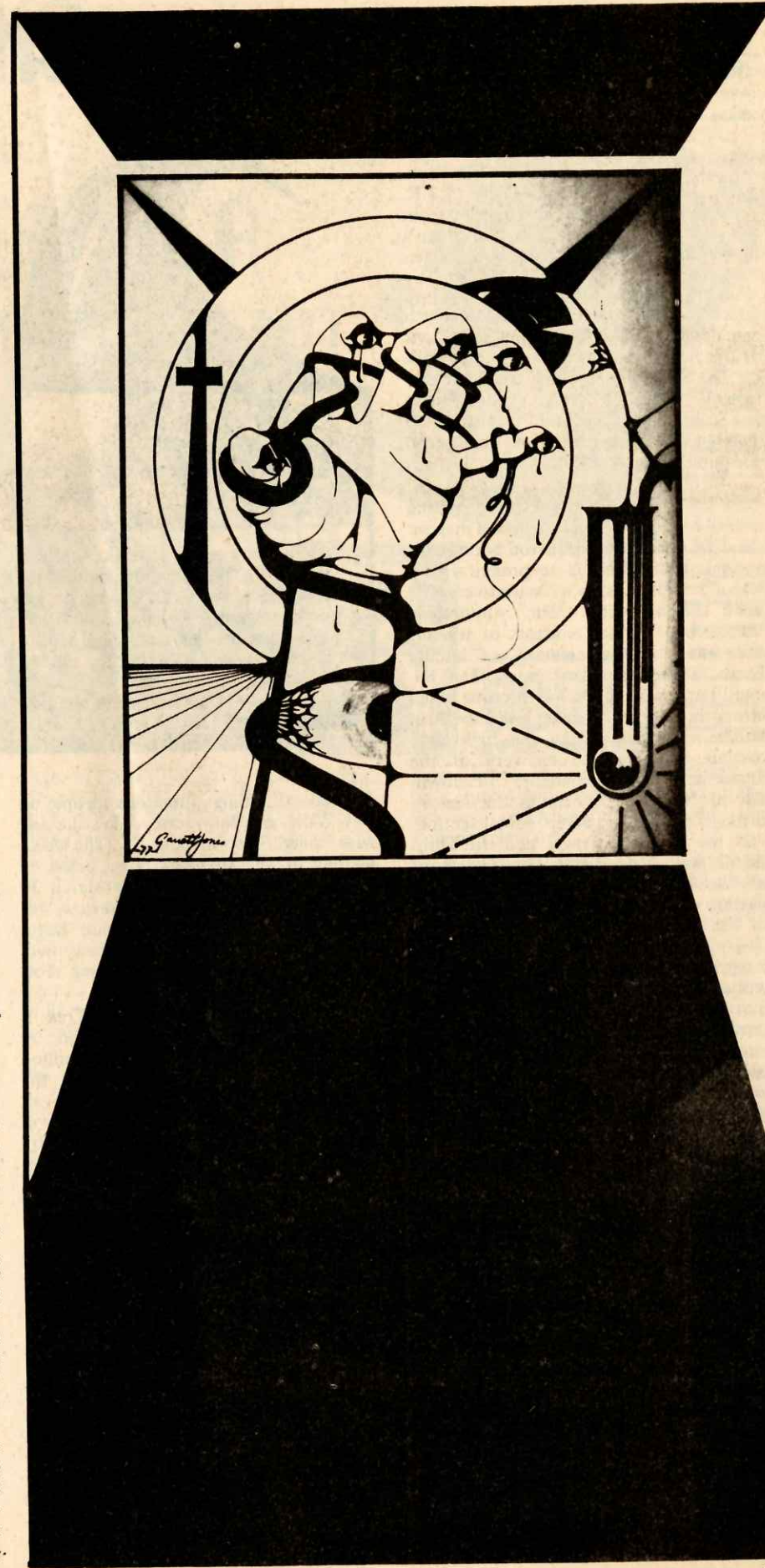
Raines wants to find her own apartment in New York. So does boyfriend/roommate Chris Sarandon. He's a big-time crooked lawyer, and it's hard to tell whether she's safer with him than alone in the strange apartment she finds. Sure

enough, as soon as she moves in, she starts in with the migraines, fainting attacks and sleepless nights. It seems that someone or something keeps on tramping around in the apartment upstairs in the middle of every night. Even the chandelier sways and shakes (but to the film's credit, the bed does *not* levitate). But that's only a part of the problem, because the neighbors come right out of the crackerjack box. There's weird old Burgess Meredith who lives upstairs with a cat (named Jezebel). AND there's Sylvia Miles, who claims that her profession is fondling her lesbian lover. She doesn't lie, either.

Only one problem here. According to the rental agent, the building's only other resident is the blind and sedentary old priest who never moves from his perch at the front window of the fifth floor apartment. Sure enough, there are at least five years of cobwebs in the other apartments but that doesn't stop visits from those phantom neighbors when Christina is home alone. Up until this point of the film, which portrays either madness, supernatural affliction or both, *The Sentinel* is an absorbing, deeply disturbing film. Admittedly, Michael Winner's entry into the superscare sweepstakes is derivative of almost every recent horror film, but for the film's first hour, the odd characters and plot twists do a fine job of overcoming the story's basic banality. The last half of the film is a swift degeneration to an ending that is a foregone conclusion for all but the most dull-witted spectator.

Word has it that there was a big battle in Hollywood over this project. It seems that no one wanted to get stuck directing it. The original edition of the book never even approached the best-seller list, while Hollywood veterans estimated its artistic value as nil and its commercial value as barely more than that. Most of the film's horror must come from the characterizations, and in that respect the film is a qualified success. Christopher Sarandon projects a barely submerged malevolence, and Sylvia Miles' sequences are disgustingly frightening. Christina Raines shines as the suicide-prone model and Burgess Meredith plays a very charming heavy. But in the final analysis, the whole film adds up to slightly less than nothing. Implicit in the story is the fact that the person who becomes the sentinel will reach eternal salvation. Thus, the only horror lies in that person's initial confrontation with the evil minions of hell. After that, everything is rosy, although the sentinel is sentenced to live out his or her life in a terrible service. But it sure beats hell itself, which is the only terrible thing that this film attempts to conjure up.

Michael Winner was better at making fascist fantasy films (e.g. *Deathwish*) than horror films. There's no need to give horror films a worse reputation than they already have—and that's the ultimate effect of a film like this. Bill Crowley



stage page & screen

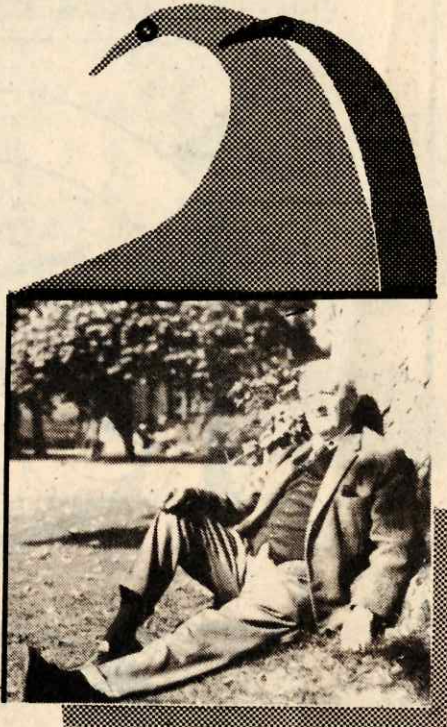
BY CHARLES W. PRATT

Thanks to Houghton Mifflin Company, 1977 looks like the Year of J.R.R. Tolkien. A recent press release from the company announced that Tolkien's long-awaited *The Silmarillion* has been completed and will be published (by Houghton Mifflin) late this year. Professor Tolkien, creator of Middle Earth, and author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, died in 1973, while at work on *The Silmarillion*, which is an epic pre-history of Middle Earth. Tolkien's son and literary executor, Christopher Tolkien, has been editing the manuscript for publication.

Tolkien began work on *The Silmarillion* in 1917, and continued writing it until his death. He left behind a massive sheaf of papers which his son edited into a single text, arranged to present an internally self-consistent narrative. The book begins with "The Ainulindale Valaquenta," which consists of legends and tales of the creation of Middle Earth. These tales lead into "The Silmarillion," which tells of the time when Morgoth, the first dark lord, lived in Middle Earth, and how the high elves battled him for the recovery of the Silmarils. "The Akallabeth," or downfall of Numenor, continues the history through the Second Age. A final section, "Of the Rings of Power and the Third Age," links the events of *The Lord of the Rings* and concludes with the passing of the ring bearers from the haven of Mithlond at the end of the Third Age.

The publisher didn't indicate how long the book would be, or how much it will cost, but it is certain to be one of the most popular titles of the year. While you're waiting for *The Silmarillion*, you might want to check out these other Houghton Mifflin titles: *The Mythology of Middle Earth*, by Ruth S. Noel (\$7.95); and *Tolkien: a Biography*, by Humphrey Carpenter (\$10.00).

The local scene. Facets Multimedia, 555 W. Belden, offers "Women in Love" as its March film series. Features include: *The Devil Is a Woman*, *The Lovers*, *Tristana*, *Immoral Tales*, *Madame Bovary*, *Death in the Garden*, *Lola Montes*, and *The Middle of the World*. Call 281-9075 for details. . . . Chicago's Henry Regnery Co. has brought suit against Flora Rheta Schreiber, her agent, and Simon & Schuster. Regnery claims it had an exclusive right to consider Schreiber's latest book (she's the author of *Sybil*), but that the writer sold both hardcover and paperback rights to S&S for a \$455,000 advance. The new book is *The Kallinger Story*, the life of the Philadelphia cobbler



accused of killing numerous people in New York and New Jersey. He's the one who brought his son along. . . . The world premier of *The Sirens of Titan*, based on Kurt Vonnegut's novel, opens March 30 at the Leo Lerner Theater. Previews for the Organic Theater production begin March 16. . . . Eugene Kennedy will write *Citizen Daley* for Viking. Fall publication.

Films in the making: *Star Trek* is finally in pre-production. Directed by Phil Kaufman, the film has an \$8 million budget, and should be ready by the summer of 1978. . . . *Watership Down*, based on the Richard Adams novel, will be a fully animated feature, directed by Martin Rosen. Three of the film's songs will be performed by Art Garfunkel. . . . Ralph Bakshi, of *Fritz the Cat* fame, is readying an animated swords and sorcery feature called *Wizards*. If this venture is successful, then look for a TV feature of *The Hobbit*. . . . The movie version of H.G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, stars Burt Lancaster, Michael York, and Barbara Carrera.

James Mitchener's *Centennial* will become a TV mini-series. . . . The next TV enterprise for Jacqueline Babbitt, who produced *Sybil*, will be Huxley's *Brave New World*. . . . CBS paid \$50 million for Fawcett, publisher of paperbacks and 30 magazines. . . . NBC has signed Henry

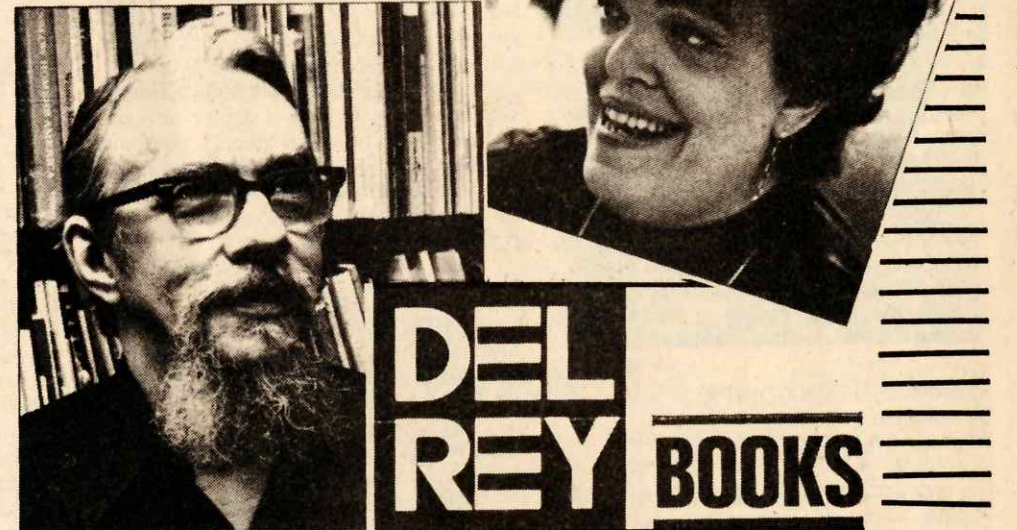
Kissinger as a political commentator. (The network has already hired Gerald Ford.) Kissinger also received a \$2 million advance on his memoirs from Little, Brown & Co. . . . Word's out that few sponsors are willing to advertise on the televised Richard Nixon interview. . . . Aaron Gold, the *Tribune* gossip, will do his thing on WGN's Saturday night news.

Booknotes: Erica Jong's *How to Save Your Own Life*, a sequel to *Fear of Flying*, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, will be a Literary Guild selection. . . . Ace Books will publish the screenplay to the new *King Kong*. . . . After its success with simultaneous hard and softcover publication of Tom Robbins' *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, Houghton Mifflin will try the same thing with Rob Swigart's *Little America*, another satire of the national scene (\$3.95 paper; \$8.95 hard). . . . Morrow will publish a sequel of sorts to the *People's Almanac*. Titled *A Book of Lists*, it will include things like 20 famous bastards, the greatest alcoholics in history, etc. . . . Saul Bellow got 17 1/2% royalties on *Humboldt's Gift*. . . . Alex Haley sold Dell the paperback rights to *Roots* for only \$5,000. He was strapped for cash at the time, poor guy. . . . Joseph Heller's next novel, *Good as Gold*, will be published by Simon & Schuster in 1978. Pocket Books will do the paperback version. The author of *Catch 22* and *Something Happened* will get about \$2 million for this story about a Coney Island college professor who almost becomes Secretary of State.

Wanted! *The Search for Nazis in America*, by Howard Blum (Quadrangle) will be a movie. Both Al Pacino and Jack Nicholson are interested in starring. . . . Paramount has taken options on Herbert Lieberman's *City of the Dead* (S&S) and Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It* (U. of C. Press). . . . Faye Dunaway wants to star in a film version of Tennessee-Williams' *The Yellow Bird*, for which Williams has written a screenplay. . . . *Star Wars*, the epic science fiction movie written and directed by George Lucas, is scheduled for Memorial Day release by 20th Century-Fox. The paperback book, and it's a dandy, has already been published by Ballantine. And Marvel will soon be coming out with the comic book version, by Roy Thomas and Howie Chaykin. That looks good, too.

Richard Friedman of Chicago's own Yellow Press reports that *15 Chicago Poets* is on track for a second printing.

TEXTBOOKS for the FINAL FRONTIER



Those familiar with the current state of science fiction publishing—and that includes a lot of people these days—know that Ballantine Books is the powerhouse publisher of paperback fantasy and science fiction titles. The company is home to such big guns as Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Heinlein, Larry Niven, Peter S. Beagle and J.R.R. Tolkien—as well as a host of talented new authors. This month Ballantine takes another dramatic step toward unquestioned dominance in the field by announcing a new imprint—*Del Rey Books*. The new specialty line (complete with logo, special displays, and hefty advertising budgets) marks, in the company's words, "an aggressive new approach to the acquisition, publishing, marketing and promotion of science fiction and fantasy titles."

The Del Rey name, of course, is familiar to even the casual acquaintance of the science fiction genre. Individually and together, the husband-and-wife team of Lester and Judy-Lynn del Rey has been responsible for some of the best fantasy and science fiction published in the last three decades. They are truly titans in that specialized field.

Judy-Lynn del Rey is Ballantine's science fiction editor, and a fine one, too. The *New York Times Book Review* hit it on the head when it described her as "perhaps the most dynamic editorial power now in circulation." Coming to Ballantine after eight years as managing

editor of *Galaxy*, she has been the guiding force behind Ballantine's impressive and classy s/f list, has stamped her editorial byline on collections of short stories and novellettes, and even described the nature of the genre for *World Book Encyclopedia*. Lester del Rey began his literary career writing for the pulps. His personal bibliography now includes some 40 titles. He is Ballantine's fantasy consultant, and writes a book review column for *Analog* while working on an opus about the history of s/f.

The Del Rey imprint will get rolling this month with 12 handsomely illustrated titles, followed monthly by six new titles and reissues of classics from the formidable Ballantine backlist. Among the March offerings: Gordon Dickson's *Mission to Universe*, Frank Herbert's *The Heaven Makers*, Anne McCaffrey's *Restoree*, and David Gerrold and Larry Niven's *The Flying Sorcerers*. There are other books by Philip K. Dick, Poul Anderson, and Robert Silverberg. But perhaps the best is yet to be. Upcoming releases include Ben Bova's *Millennium*, Leonard Nimoy's *I Am Not Spock*, and new works by Larry Niven and Frederik Pohl.

"I'll mention just a couple of fantasy projects we're very excited about," says Lester. "We're publishing a new work by Peter Beagle, whose *The Last Unicorn* sold hundreds of thousands of copies and achieved a near cult following. And *The Sword of Shannara* by

Terry Brooks is an original fantasy in large format paperback, illustrated by the Brothers Hildebrandt, who do the Tolkien calendars."

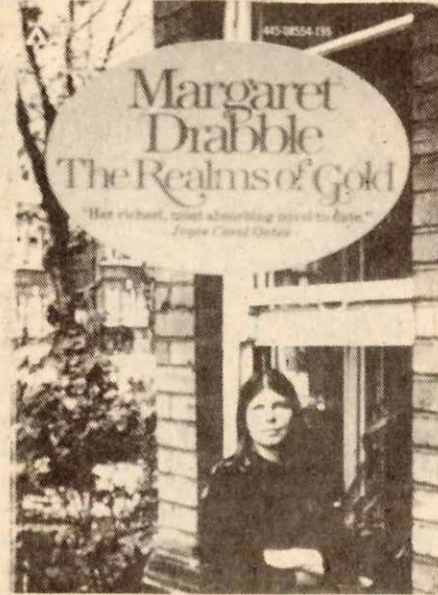
Terry Brooks, by the way, is a youngish lawyer from Sterling, Ill. of all places (my hometown!) who labored on his massive fantasy for nearly ten years. The book will be the Del Rey imprint's April leader, co-issued with a hardcover version by Random House—and a May Literary Guild alternate, to boot. Clearly, it will be one of this year's publishing sensations, and an interesting successor to Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, which inspired it.

Not too many years ago, science fiction was in the same category as comic books, the kind of literature that had to be read by flashlight under the covers of the bed. But that's no longer the case. The genre, because of its genuine appeal to the imagination and its literary quality, has become respectable. It is also, title for title, the fastest moving of the mass market paperback genres, and its audience is constantly expanding. Judy-Lynn del Rey thinks its appeal lies in its optimism, its promise that there will be a future and that it might be a good one. I won't argue with that, because science fiction is the literature of hope as well as escape.

One thing seems certain—the future for Del Rey Books, and the fantasy-science fiction fan, looks very good indeed.

Charles W. Pratt

books III



THE REALMS OF GOLD
by Margaret Drabble
(Popular Library, \$1.95)

Frances Wingate has a divorce, four children, a successful career, several neuroses and a sometime lover. She is a modern heroine in a modern novel, *The Realms of Gold*, by Margaret Drabble. Not only the heroine, but all the supporting characters are also modern. In fact, Drabble has wrapped up almost everyone in a topical issue. And, because of the numerous characters that weave their way through the book, almost no social comment is left unvoiced.

Frances's family alone spans a gamut of personalities. There is her mother, a gynecologist and outspoken advocate of population control, who takes Frances's four children and her brother Hugh's five children as a personal affront. Hugh himself is a barely coping alcoholic with a fiercely militant homemaker for a wife and a drug-burnt eldest son whose heiress wife is hospitalized with chronic anorexia nervosa.

Frances's father is a zoology professor and vice-chancellor at a modern college, with his own set of repressions and guilts that emerge when it is discovered that his mother, a decidedly antisocial widow who was living out in the country in self-imposed isolation, had died and been rotting away quietly for several months before anyone found out. Whew!

Frances's lover has his own familial problems, chief among them is his abusive alcoholic wife who shows up one evening to trash Frances's house, and who, it turns out in the end, was a latent lesbian all along.

In counterpoint to all these modern issues and dilemmas is Frances's career as a highly dedicated and respected archaeologist. Drabble creates a fine tension between the two forces in her heroine's life. Frances is forced to confront ancient African societies at the same time as her own modern one. In the course of the book, she finds that there is no absolute acceptance or understanding possible in either—or any—civilization. Human forces are beyond human understanding, no matter what the millennium.

For all its generation-consciousness, *The Realms of Gold* is a definitive mainstream novel, full of humor and despair, kindness and evil, loves lost and gained. It is, above all, a good novel, and like any good novel, ancient or modern, it is a pleasure to read.

Beth Segal

THE SHINING
Stephen King
(Doubleday, \$8.95)

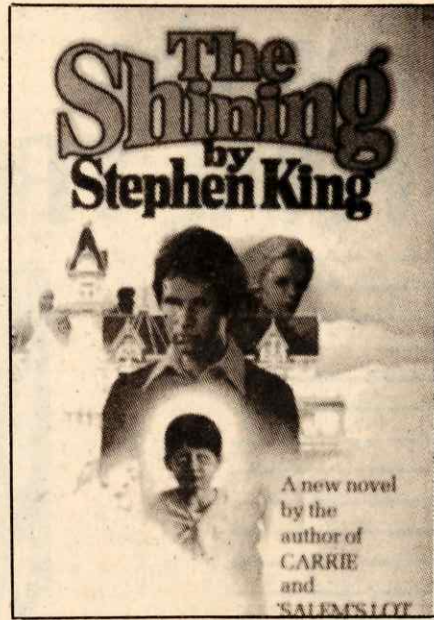
Jack Torrance has a problem. His wife Wendy has a problem. Danny, their five-year-old son, has a problematic gift.

Jack is best described as an interesting failure — an ambitious, aggressive young man who has allowed his lack of self-control to destroy promising careers as teacher and writer. Once he broke his son's arm because Danny messed up a bunch of papers that were in the process of becoming a three-act play. A heated altercation with a debate student got Jack bounced from his comfortable job at a New England prep school. And Jack's drinking, mingled with frequent emotional flareups, brought his young marriage close to divorce.

Wendy's problem is mostly her husband. Even after six years of marriage she finds him difficult to understand, and looks on helplessly as the writer who had sold stories to *Esquire* becomes a surly, premature has-been. She is the frequent target of his wrath—tirades that sting all the more deeply because she loves him. And she loves Danny, too, the precocious child who would always be daddy's boy; child who would always be daddy's boy.

"If she felt she didn't know her husband, then she was in awe of her child—awe in the strict meaning of that word: a kind of undefined superstitious dread."

Danny, for all his youth, has tremendous psychic powers, only vaguely suspected by his parents. He can see into the future, a clairvoyance increased by his ability to read minds and moods of those around him. ("Sometimes thinking very hard made something happen to him. It made things—real things—go away, and



then he saw things that weren't there.") An invisible friend named Tony often shows Danny where to find lost objects or tells him what will happen tomorrow. Danny's parents know their son is special, articulate and smart, but they don't know the extent of his "shining," as the gift is called by another psychic character in the novel.

The Shining is not merely a novel about a family facing difficulties. As should be expected from the author of such scary bestsellers as *Carrie* and *Salem's Lot*, this book is about strange happenings, the spirit world and things that go bump in the dark night of the soul. It's a novel about the occult, but it's also an eminently readable and effective story, a well-crafted tale of people going against the unknown.

The Shining has its fair share of chills and thrills, but it is also a creative work of literary substance. Author Stephen King has limbered up his spooky skills on his two previous novels, and the problems that plagued them—sketchy characters, unconvincing dialogue and unsustained tension are handled surprisingly well here. This is a big novel, 447 pages, and King has room to move; space to create living characters, vivid scenery and a complex chain of intertwined emotions and events. He builds characters (and creatures) in whom we are compelled to believe.

The plot gets into motion when Jack, Wendy and Danny take up residence in the Overlook Hotel, high in the Colorado hinterlands. Jack is to be its winter caretaker, a job he hopes will allow him to finish his play, stay away from booze, get close to his family and generally shape up. If he does well, he

might get his teaching job back. The Overlook is a beautifully sinister hotel, a mountain showplace which has been visited by Rockefellers, DuPonts, Astors, assorted princes and four U.S. presidents. It has been owned by a succession of dubious characters, including a shady Howard Hughes type who was mixed up with the Los Vegas mob. It has never made any money. Like most hotels, it has had its sins and scandals—and more. The last off-season caretaker went berserk (ascribed to cabin fever) shot his wife, hacked up his two daughters with an axe, then shot himself. But Jack felt that he could handle the isolation, the 10-foot snowdrifts and the routine tasks of keeping the big empty hotel in working order.

Things don't turn out that way, of course. Once the Torrances move in—to the dismay of Overlook cook Dick Hallorann, who has some "shine" and a fear of the hotel—strange things happen. The Overlook begins to assert itself, exerting sinister powers to destroy the trio. In many ways, the hotel is the novel's most impressive character, a continually growing evil presence, a brooding menace that permeates every page of the narrative. Danny fears the Overlook, because Tony warned him about it through a grim vision of fear, destruction and something worse. But there was nothing the boy could do except rely on his shining to protect them all.

Winter sets in, and author King expertly creates an atmosphere of absolute isolation: just Jack, Wendy, Danny and the Overlook, which soon begins a demonic struggle for the child.

The hotel, it seems, takes on a grotesque life of its own by feeding on psychic energy, absorbing the horrors of death, murder, and suicide.

The Overlook and its demons want Danny, and will stop at nothing to get at him. Taking the path of least resistance, the hotel works its insidious will through Jack, subtly corrupting him, opening up all the evil and suppressed impulses of his id. King's skill at describing this fearful process is the heart of the novel, a truly frightening story that stiffens the hairs on the neck and makes you turn on all the lights. It is the most compelling, scary and impressive tale I've read in years, far more than a book of cheap thrills.

King achieves a solid undercurrent of terror, a methodical sequence of events leading up to the book's cathartic, pulse-pounding climax. Even in moments of apparent comfort and safety—those rare moments when Jack fights off the Overlook's takeover—the reader is not released from the grip of fear.

To reveal any more of the plot would only deduct from the novel's cumulative effect. Suffice it to say that the final 100 pages contain frights and scares equal to the best of Lovecraft, Poe and Hitchcock. All in all, Stephen King's

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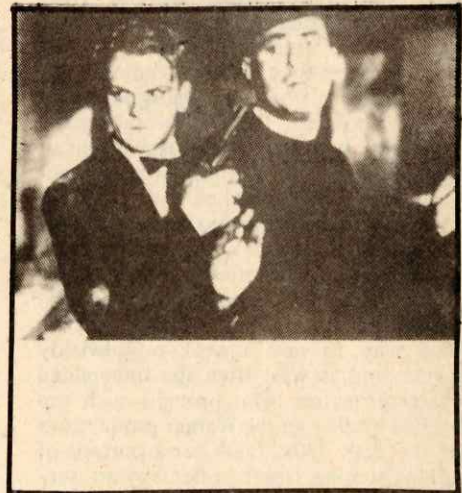
third novel—his first in hardcover—is a triumph, certain to become a bestseller.

Both *Carrie* and *Salem's Lot*, though they enjoyed phenomenal popular sales success and made King a millionaire, were artistic failures, marred by creaky and predictable plots, transparent characters and overly lush writing. *The Shining*, though not perfect, is a considerable improvement. Jack and Wendy are flesh-and-blood characters, revealed in body, soul and intimate thought. Even Danny, despite the fact that he's as articulate as a Harvard grad, is usually believable.

King still exhibits weaknesses in his writing, though it is always salvaged by the momentum of the story. *The Shining* is full of long, meticulously constructed sentences, such as: "Jack awoke from a thin and uneasy sleep where huge and ill-defined shapes chased him through endless snowfields to what he first thought was another dream: darkness, and in it, a sudden mechanical jumble of noises—clicks and clanks, hummings, rattlings, snaps and whooshes." There's still something of the amateur novelist about King, but maybe that's part of his appeal, the freshness of a talented beginner.

This is no ordinary occult-type thriller. *The Shining* gives off an admirably pleasant glow.

Charles W. Pratt



CAGNEY BY CAGNEY
By James Cagney
(Pocket Books, \$1.95)

By now, everybody knows that Bogart never really said to Dooley Wilson the line for which he is best known: "Play it again, Sam." That doesn't stop the impressionists, and neither will Jimmy Cagney's claim that he never uttered his famous tag, "You dirty rat." It's

memorable thing for most people about one of Hollywood's all-time box office champs. Since 1961, Cagney has led a life of seclusion, and was never onw to crave off-screen attention. While many of his screen roles cast him as a mean but charming toughie, he was actually the closest thing to a Boy Scout that ever reached the heights in Hollywood.

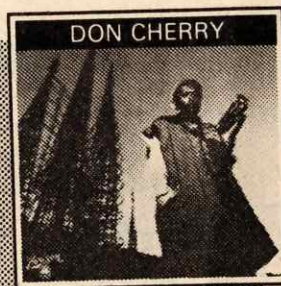
It is therefore unavoidable that Cagney's ghost-written autobiography can't hold a candle to his weakest pictures. Cagney on screen emerges as a much more powerful character than the man himself. But what never ceases to amaze is the depth of the man's good nature, the simple strength of the emotions that carried him unscathed through the Babylon of Hollywood, and the recalled images of his days as a young street tough on 96th Street in New York.

As Cagney explains in the frontispiece, this book is an attempt to correct the misinformation and "cockeyed conclusions" filling earlier biographies of the carrot-topped song-and-dance man. Surprisingly, though, the book is teeming instead with anecdotes about Cagney's friends and fondest acquaintances. David Niven tried this approach with wildly successful results, but since Cagney was one of Warner Bros. biggest stars, a different kind of book emerges. Imagine a Hollywood composed almost entirely of bit players, character actors and old vaudeville hoofers, but dominated by one man who rose from those ranks to stardom. That's the view of Hollywood Cagney offers. Cagney cultivated several close friendships during his years in show business, and his reminiscences make for fascinating if less than exciting reading.

Probably the most valuable aspect of this book, for the Hollywood fanatic especially, is Cagney's own evaluations of the workings of Warner Bros. studios back when they cranked out a feature film in 15 days. It is amazing to read Cagney's account of how actors and directors would arrive at the studio, receive a new script and begin to produce immediately. Under that system, improvisation was the only way to save a weak or unwieldy script, and it was often the unheralded character actors who brought such unbridled vitality to the Warner productions of the early '30s. Look for a portrait of an unassuming, less than flamboyant, serious workman who was never fooled by the illusion of Hollywood, and you will be pleasantly surprised by Cagney's book. You can't do wrong if you follow the advice he gives again and again—give everything you do everything you've got, or don't bother at all. Now here's a man who followed his own advice to the letter. "Give me the old song and dance man any time"—well, Cagney has done just that, in a book that finally exposes him for the vivacious and likeable (and even honest) man he is.

Bill Crowley

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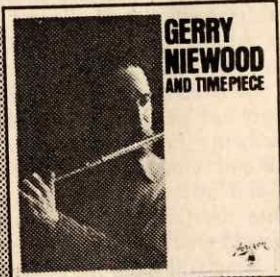
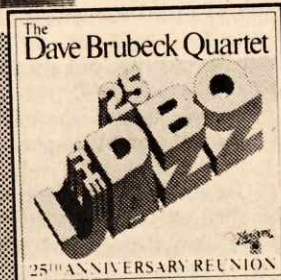


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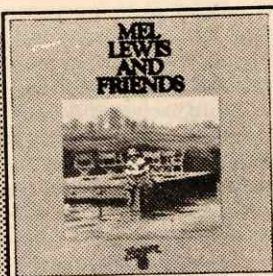


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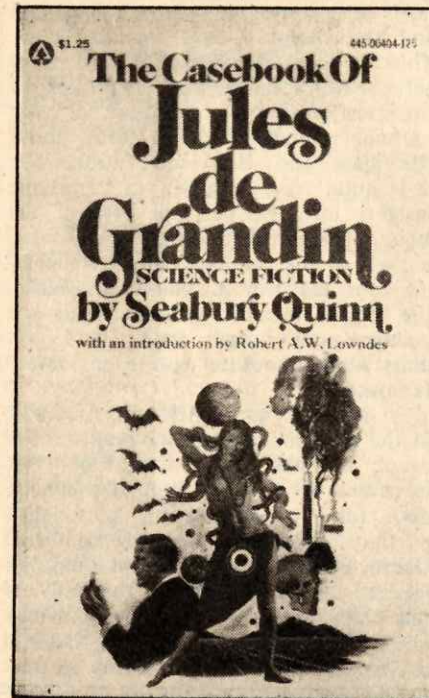
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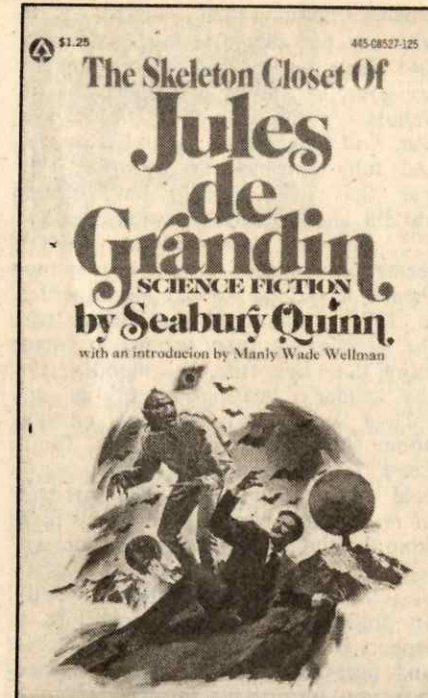
THE DEVIL'S BRIDE
By Seabury Quinn
(popular Library, \$1.25 each)

Just over 70 years ago, Frank Munsey converted his *Argosy* magazine to an all-fiction format and accidentally launched an industry. The all-fiction novel—the dime novel that made Buffalo Bill and other western and detective heroes famous—had been around for decades, but Munsey's all-fiction magazine, printed on rough wood-pulp paper like TRIAD's qualified for lower postal rates. The pulp magazine was born.

Argosy was primarily an adventure magazine with contributors like Edgar Rice Burroughs who wrote tales of macho-dripping men fighting for survival and pretty girls in exotic places around the world. Soon, though, the pulps began to diversify, targeting selected audiences for love stories, westerns, and detective thrillers.

Pulps flooded the newsstands and sold millions of monthly copies until the mid-1930s, when the comic book made its first appearance. The comics basically condensed pictorial versions of pulp stories), coupled with the hard times of the Depression, signalled the end of the pulpy golden era which had served authors Guy de Maupassant, Isaac Asimov, Sax Rohmer, Walter Gibson, Tennessee Williams, A. Merritt, Ambrose Bierce, and many others so well. But the pulps didn't die out.

Triad March 1977



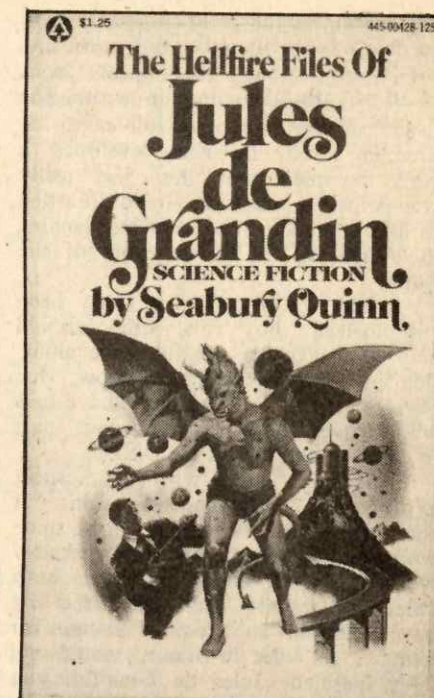
Analog, *Galaxy*, and *Ellery Queen* still survive on neighborhood newsstands, competing with the slick monthlies and, of course, the comics.

One of the hardier survivors in the pulp field was introduced 30 years after Frank Munsey pulled his historic switch. Hugo Gernsback (remember these names for the quiz that follows) developed *Amazing Stories* and with it pioneered a new genre for the pulps, the science-fiction magazine. Through a combination of both format and content, the science-fiction magazine went beyond the pulps to become a significant development of its own.

About the same time that *Amazing Stories* led off the science-fiction division of the pulps, publishers Street and Smith premiered *Weird Tales*, probably the greatest of the pulps to specialize in tales of the fantastic. Its pages included the swords and sorcery of Robert E. Howard, the Cthulhu Mythos of H.P. Lovecraft, the Hyperborea of Clark Ashton Smith. But none of these contributors could claim the title of most popular *Weird Tales* author—that honor was reserved for a lawyer and free-lance editor (for, among other publications, the morticians' journal, *Casket and Sunnyside*) named Seabury Grandin Quinn and his indomitable French occult investigator, Jules de Grandin.

Of the nearly 150 stories Quinn wrote for *Weird Tales* (more than any other contributor), almost two-thirds involved de Grandin and his Watson, Dr. Trowbridge, as they battled supernatural evil in the area of Harrisonville, New Jersey.

On a per capita basis, Harrisonville probably had more demons, fiends,



ghouls, werewolves, vampires, and things that go bump in the night than downtown Transylvania—and de Grandin was drawn to them with the eager anticipation of a small child to a cookie jar. But de Grandin—author, physician, former member of the French secret police—fears nothing and knows everything, lacking completely the child's naivete.

That's where Dr. Trowbridge comes in. In the five books released by popular Library—four collections of short stories and one full-length novel—de Grandin and Trowbridge share 29 adventures. Trowbridge watches as de Grandin dispatches all sorts of unbelievable creatures and spirits, using both the traditional religious rites and the more mundane but equally effective pistol and shotgun, but in each succeeding tale, the country doctor refuses to believe not only that something supernatural is happening, but also that it could happen.

Readers who grew up on a diet of movies produced by Universal Pictures and Hammer Films may find de Grandin fairly tame and obvious. Remember, though, that Quinn wrote the stories during the '20s and '30s, when audiences weren't yet used to mummies waking from the dead or vampires that drank blood in the night. With Jules de Grandin, Seabury Quinn brought the eastern European legends to the mass audiences in the U.S.

I'd suggest reading *The Adventures of Jules de Grandin* first if you're interested in the series, even though it's probably the weakest of the lot. Its first story introduces de Grandin and Dr. Trowbridge and sets the scene for most of their continued adventures.

The writing in the early stories is pretty horrible, both literally and critically, but Quinn seemed to improve with practice. By the time he wrote *The Devil's Bride*, the only full-length de Grandin novel, he had developed a fairly complex plot that was really interesting, in which de Grandin battled an international cult of Satanists planning to overthrow the governments of the world.

Jules de Grandin has rarely been anthologized, but this series should help him take his rightful place alongside his pulp peers—the Shadow, Doc Savage, Conan, the Avenger, and others who played such an important part in the pop literature of the U.S.

Seabury Quinn wrote in a short explanation of Jules de Grandin: "If the stories help the reader forget some worrisome incident of the workaday world, even for an hour or two, both Jules de Grandin and I shall feel we have achieved an adequate excuse for being." As Jules de Grandin would say, "Ah, parbleu, Jules de Grandin, you are clever!"

Larry Green

BEST SF: 75
 Edited by Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss
 (Bobbs Merrill, \$10.00)

THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 2
 Edited by Lin Carter
 (Daw Books, \$1.25)

Every year about this time, death and taxes have to make room for a trio equally as certain: football bowl games, Christmas bills, and a rash of "the year's best" anthologies from publishers throughout the country. The book publishing enterprise being what it is, the "year's best" are always at least one year behind. So it seems just now that 1975 was pretty fair for fantasy stories and, with the exception of Joe Haldeman's *Forever War*, not up to par for science fiction, at least as represented in these two collections.

1975 seemed to be a year of despair for science-fiction authors, with tales of individuals just able or failing to cope with rigidly structured future worlds. *Best SF: 75* looks at some not-too-nice solutions to the problems of a crowded future in Algis Budrys' *A Scraping at the Bones* and Lisa Tuttle's *Changelings*. In *A Galaxy Called Rome*, Barry Malzberg suggests the horrors of being trapped in a black galaxy caused by the implosion of a neutron star, horrors more terrible because they are of the mind.

Stephen Robinett outlines a future world where gifted people contract with

brokers who drain their brains for anyone who can pay the price in *The Linguist. End Game* by Joe Haldeman completes his series of stories which became the Nebula award-winning *The Forever War. End Game* stands by itself, however, and fully conveys the futility of the war that never should have started but did, and lasted two thousand years.

Just as science-fiction stories seemed to cluster around a common theme, so did the fantasy stories which, in 1975, emphasized the sorcery over the swords. Authors seemed to devote more time to setting the mood, letting the reader's imagination fill in and enlarge on descriptions of crawling doom and slithering horror. Tanith Lee's *The Demoness* will bring out a cold sweat from even the strongest of readers following a hero on his flight from the clutches of a spiritual vampire

In *Ygiroth* by Walter C. DeBill Jr. follows in the finest traditions of Robert E. Howard with its secret crypts and ages-old monsters. Paul Spencer sets you up for his surprise ending to *The Guardian of the Vault* but leaves you looking for a bit more, perhaps a sequel or a mini-series. Perhaps the most touching story, though, is *The Night of the Unicorn*, by Thomas Burnett Swann, with its message of hope.

Both anthologies draw more completely from writers I've not listed here. Both anthologies remain fairly even in the quality of the stories they present. But if you only have the money to buy one, opt for *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 2* and wait for *Best of SF: 75* to play your local library.

Larry Green

BRING ON THE EMPTY HORSES
 by David Niven
 (Dell, \$1.95)

I've always wondered what Cary Grant's secret was. Not that I'm jealous, mind you, just curious. But I have been sleeping better since I found out that Cary practiced a form of self hyp-

nosis to preserve his million dollar smile and the charm it held for the ladies. This bit of information gleaned from actor Niven's latest work may not be the most profound, important, or even unusual revelation in this book about the stars and Hollywood itself, but it is quite representative of its unique insights into the personal lives of the stars. (Niven relates that Grant cured himself of the smoking habit by repeating over and over to himself for weeks, the simple formula, "Your fingers are yellow, your breath smells, and you only smoke because you're insecure." It worked.)

Although not written as a memoir in the traditional sense, the book probes deeply into the soul of its author. But it enters, as it were, through the back door, for it is composed of personality portraits of stars like Gable and Lombard, Garbo, Bogie, and even William Randolph Hearst. As evidenced by the author's talk show appearances and his previous book, *The Moon's A Balloon*, Niven is a charmer, so it is only slightly surprising to discover that most of the celebrities' profiles are extremely personal. As a result of Niven's status as upper level insider and his close friendships with practically every major Hollywood figure, the book offers a view of Hollywood and its citizens unsurpassed in candor, intimacy, and warmly human approach.

Niven has already proven his credentials as a master storyteller, and now he chooses to share memories of his days of carousing with Errol Flynn as roommate, about the times he found himself consoling the King (Gable) or finding himself under a table with Bogart (hiding, not passed out.) It would be hard to imagine a more compelling account of the Great Days of Hollywood. For most of its length, the book exceeds the movies themselves in creating the illusion that we are living through the good times and bad with the stars, directors, producers, and assorted hangers-on. At times amusing, at others poignant, Niven's true tales are packed with enough magic moments and delightfully off-colored

incidents to guarantee you'll finish the book.

And now that I know the secrets of the stars, I'm still left wondering how can Niven provide his audience with an encore to a masterpiece?

Bill Crowley

NO BROTHER, NO FRIEND
 By Richard C. Meredith
 (Doubleday, \$5.95)

Some time ago, J.R. Newman wrote, "Entropy is the general trend of the universe toward death and disorder." Eric Mather would agree with the death part but, as he learns in his adventures across the lines of time, the universe is ruthless in its quest for order. So ruthless, in fact, that the Kriths, genetic mutations from an alternate Earth's timeline, begin to reorder timelines systematically in order to preserve their race, not always following Emily Post's guidelines for polite behavior. Mather sets out on a one-man mission to stop the Kriths; in the process, he learns a lot more about himself than he really wanted to know. He also puts to rest, "Time really flies when you're having fun."

Larry Green



The Creation of King Kong, by Bruce Bahrenburg (Pocket Books, \$1.75). A behind the scenes gossip sheet about the making of the re-making of the great ape picture. Read all about the 40-foot hydraulic robot, the giant hands, the man in the monkey suit. Although it purports to be an objective account, this is actually a huge pat on the back of producer Dino De Laurentiis.

Linda's Pictures, by Linda McCartney (Knopf, \$25). Here are some 113 photos taken by Paul's

wife. To be honest, it isn't even worth a quarter. Oh yes, there are pix of Paul, Janis Joplin, Paul, Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, and Paul.

All You Need Is Love, by Tony Palmer (Grossman/Viking, \$15). A lavishly illustrated pop history of pop music, from ragtime to acid rock, which is actually the screenplay from the excellent BBC television series. Not comprehensive by any means, but still rather appealing. Charles W. Pratt

Patternmaster, by Octavia Butler (Doubleday, \$5.95). A future armageddon leaves the earth a breeding ground for three distinct races: the sphinx-like Clayarks; the psionically-linked Patternists, natural enemies of the Clayarks; and the mutes, non-telepathic servants of the

Patternists. Royal, controller of the Patternists' mental network is dying and his two sons stage a deadly battle of wits to see who becomes the Psionic Man.

The Metal Monster, by A. Merritt (Avon, \$1.25). Four American explorers discover a sequestered valley in Tibet, complete with geometrically-formed intelligent creatures made of metal who draw their supernatural strength from the sun itself. Not content with the valley, the creatures hunger for the outside world. A verbal hallucinogen of swirling, phantasmagorical colors and unearthly sensations.

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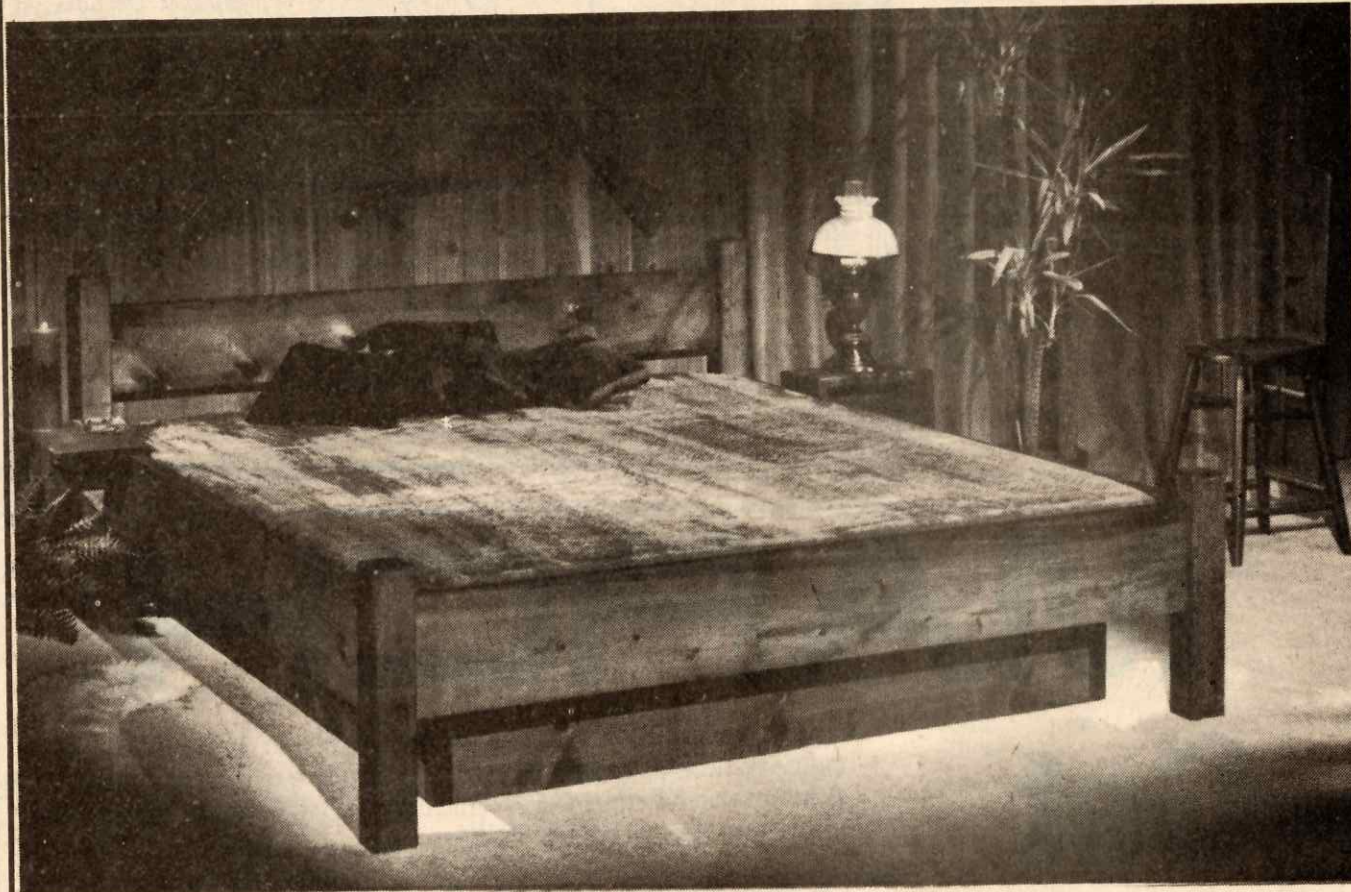
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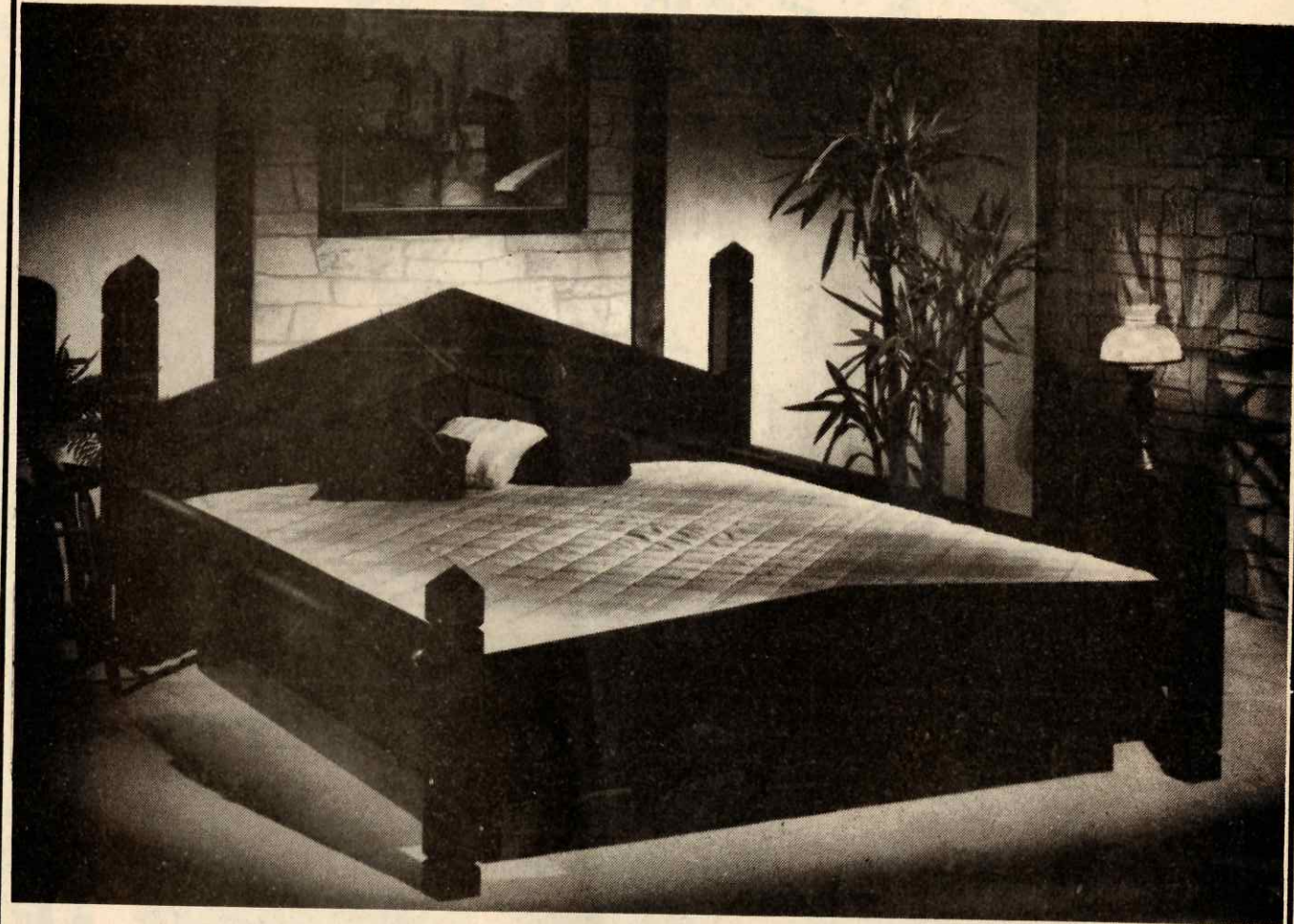
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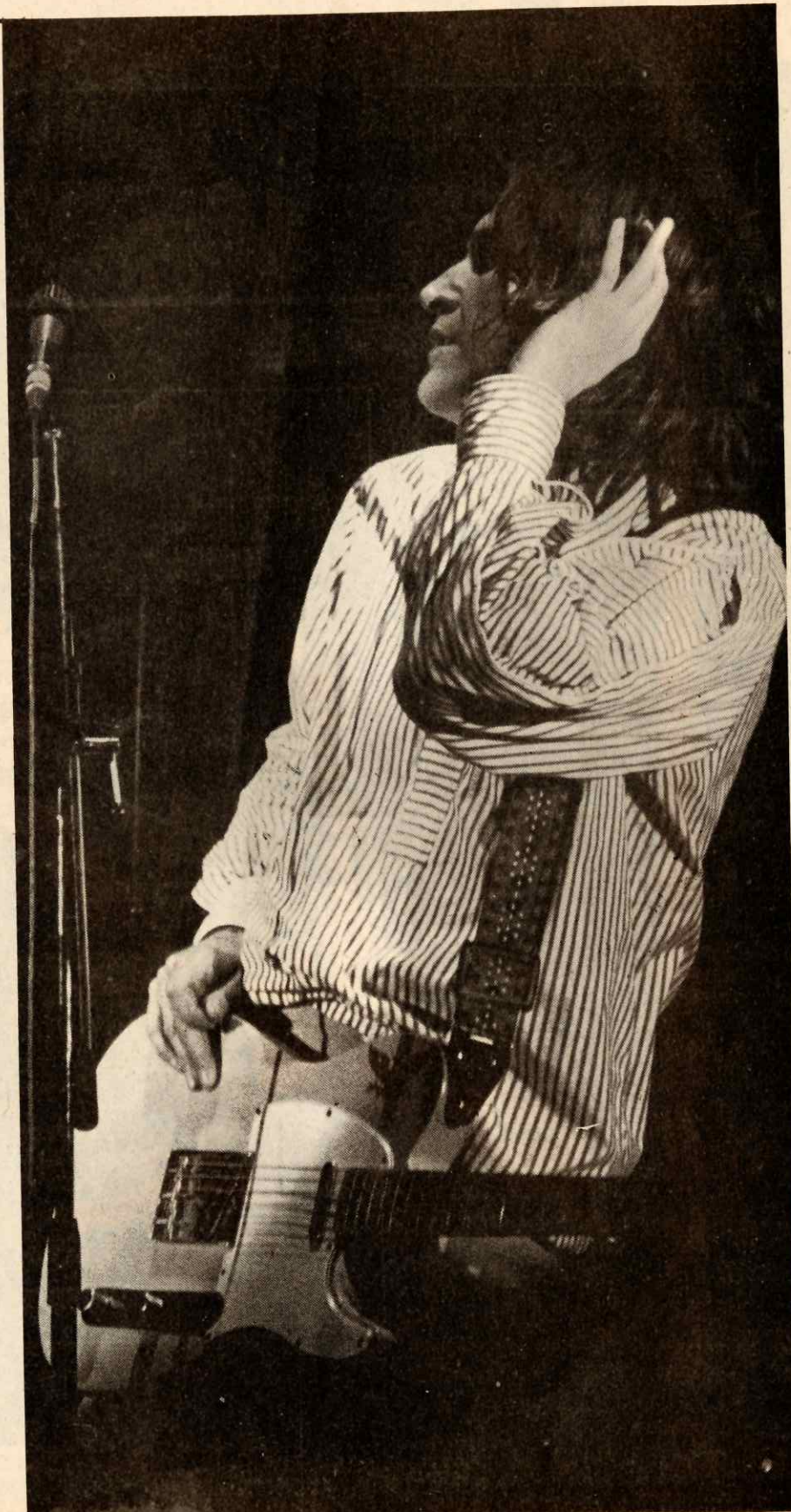
The opening of any Kinks concert is always the subject of much speculation; How drunk will Ray Davies be?/Will he fall over any amplifiers?/Will he try to punch out brother Dave?/Will he remember the words to songs he has sung for the past ten years? And finally, what is the new twist in the act this time? In the last ten years, no tour could have been mistaken for any other, partially because lately most Kinks concerts have been multimedia musicals in which the band donned costumes and assumed fictional roles during the course of the evening. All that has changed since the Kinks jumped labels last fall, and since they recorded an album full of rock and roll music.

Gone are the days of elaborate costume changes, movies projected behind the band, extra singers and assorted fringe characters on stage. The girl singers, no longer official members of the band, perform only when the older material demands higher-pitched harmonies. The once ubiquitous horn section, formerly led by Mike Cotton, has been reduced to a single sax and a lone trombone, and even these two musicians spend more than half of the concert pinch-hitting on extra keyboards or off-stage entirely. Add to that Ray's firing of long-time bassist John Dalton: his replacement (a refugee from the British jazz-rock group Colosseum, while perfectly suited to the new material from *Sleepwalker*, is just not a hard-core rock bassist. Consequently, this tour marked a radical departure from the past.

In the years and tours gone by, the band often warmed themselves up by playing a half-hour set of their older heavy-rock hits to get themselves enough into a groove to play tight music. Since Dalton left this is not really possible, for the bassist doesn't know all fifteen years of Kinks material. All of this, in addition to Ray's well-known aversion to practice, makes it easy to see why it took the band half of the concert to tighten up.

From the opener, "One of the Survivors," it was easy to hear that Ray's voice was in the best shape in the last five years. Brother Dave's lead guitar was also in fine form. Individually, that is.

One of the apparent problems in abandoning the play format seems to be a lack of direction or leadership in the on-stage performance. Ray's adeptness at studio production is legendary, and the skills he showed in mounting his rock operas are nothing short of incredible. But on this tour, nearly every stage exit Ray made was accompanied by breaks in the instrumental ensemble work. This was disturbing, but not quite as bad as it may



sound in re-telling, since all Ray needed do was begin singing and the problems disappeared. In that respect, Ray was in top form, playing much more rhythm guitar than he has in recent concerts and even taking his turn behind the Steinway grand to toss off his version of Randy Newman playing Jerry Lee Lewis.

Ray's control of the audience left something to be desired, given his attempt to perform material from his barely released new album. The crowd at any Kinks concert is composed largely of cultists fans who are probably more familiar with the material than the band self; that portion of the audience is quite vocal in its frequent demands for the old classics. Consequently, when one louder fan called for "Dead End Street," Ray found himself snarling back that he had played that song for so many years, that he had given up drinking, and that he wanted to play some of the new songs. To great extent, Ray held to that plan, playing five songs each from the *Schoolboys in Disgrace* and *Soap Opera* albums and the same number from the latest album.

The rest of the concert was taken up with his own favorites, songs like "Demon Alcohol," "Celluloid Heroes," and "Waterloo Sunset." Those hoping for a complete rendition of 1969's monster hit, "Lola," were once again disappointed; before performing that song as a singalong, Ray lamented that he really didn't play that song anymore ("For some reason they think that I'm queer. I don't think that there's anything wrong with me.")

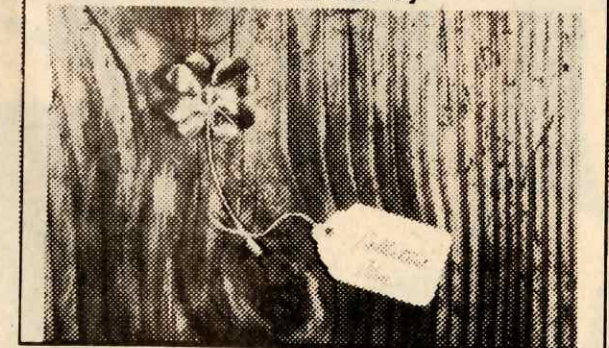
Although it took until the last song to bring the entire audience to its feet, it was not the band's medley version of "You Really Got Me"/"All Day and All of the Night" that marked the high point of the concert. Instead, the new material showed the most care and musicianship (leave the showmanship for songs people already know by heart). As performed in concert, songs like "Full Moon" dedicated to Ray's late drunken father) and "Stormy Sky" shows the Kinks returning in spirit to their greatest days, and not merely aping past triumphs and/or confusions. Those songs are signs of vitality. They prove that the Kinks are about the only "Rock and Roll Survivors" of the British invasion who are living in the present. The Stones? The Beatles? The Who? Maybe. The Kinks? For sure.

Bill Crowley

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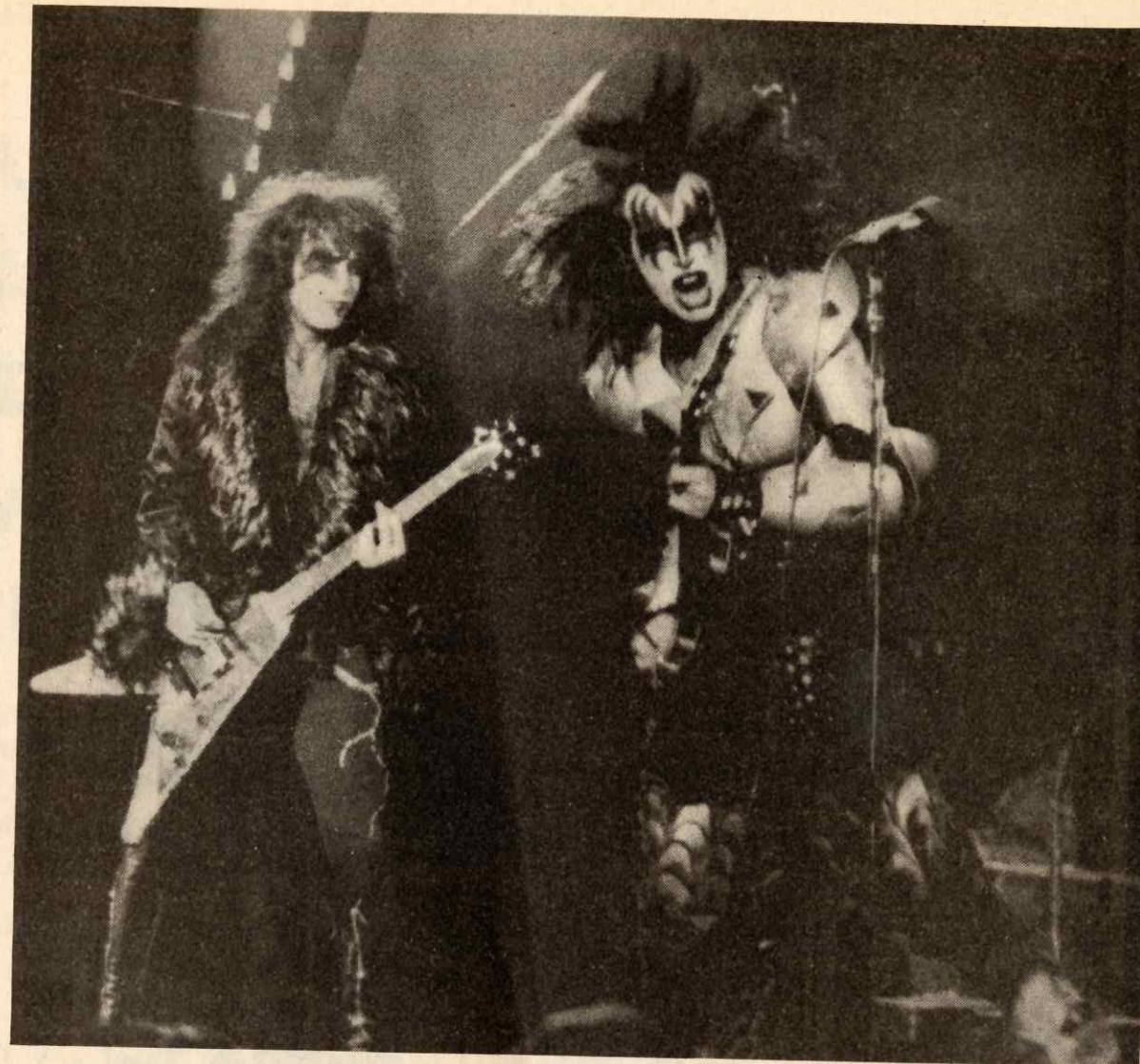
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KISS
The Stadium

I must admit, I rather miss Kiss's old stage introduction.

This was in the early days, before the set was so elaborate, when the band wore the same stinking (literally stinking of sweat) leather costumes night after night for weeks on end and Flying Bertha, the machine that lifted Peter Criss and his drum kit 12 feet (now it's more like 20) into the air was constantly on the brink of a disastrous failure that would have turned the band into an instant trio.

In those days (recalls the Ancient Mariner), the set began in blackness and a voice, punctuated by flashpots on both sides of the stage, would boom out over the P.A.:

"Are you ready to rock?"
Whoom! would go the flashpots.
"Yeah!" would scream the crowd.
"Are you ready to roll?"
Whoom! "Yeah!"
"Then welcome—Kiss!"

And the band would slam into "Strutter," still one of the best of their

three-chord thundertunes, and the kids would go nuts.

It was a hell of a dramatic start and I don't know why they stopped doing it, even with all the money they now have for scaffolding and lights and sponge-rubber sets and plastic armor and feather boas and confetti rockets and exploding guitars.

That's the problem with progress in the gimmick-rock biz. A lot of times some of your best bits go by the boards just because you have the wherewithal to add more tricks and trappings.

No one need offer any apologies for Kiss (they certainly aren't going to apologize for themselves). They have known precisely who they are and where they were going since the day they bought their first jars of greasepaint. And that is a good deal more than you can say for most pop star types.

Kiss's music is rock 'n' roll boiled down to its purest form, just as Kiss's show is Blackboard Jungle-cum-Marvel Comics fantasy carried to its logical ex-

treme.

The only point that counts is that it works—and that it's a lot of good, nasty fun.

And if you claim to dislike them for reasons such as: (1) they aren't good musicians, or (2) their show is ridiculous and their posturing silly, or (3) they're only in it for the money, then I say: (1) you have no sense of humor or of the True History of Rock, (2) you don't really like rock 'n' roll after all and should stick with the Captain and Tennille, or (3) you are further out of touch with reality than Mike Douglas or Helen Reddy.

As for the concert in question, I, for one, had a good time.

And I don't think I was alone.

Bruce Meyer

**THIN LIZZY
QUEEN
The Stadium**

I'm sure everyone has been stiffed at one time or another by the enticing looks of a brand-new lp. At first glance, the photograph, drawing or list of participants on the album causes you to snatch the disc and, without a second thought, throw it towards the counter along with your last five spot.

You might call it playing percentages. Your purchase seems to have a better than fifty-fifty chance that it may be a hit. It may even be a million seller. Better yet, the album may be full of good music.

Phil Lynott was playing percentages with Thin Lizzy's latest tour. As warmup band for the overproduced Queen, Lynott weighed the tours' positive effects against its harmful ones. The enormous amount of exposure and resulting publicity from association with Queen certainly couldn't hurt their career. With one hit single already in Lizzy's back pocket, apparently all that was needed was a little more national promotion. Another hit would follow soon and the boys would be, as they say, set.

It was all arranged—the tour, that is—and the magic began to work at the first few shows. Unfortunately, Phil and Thin Lizzy forgot to take into account a couple of controlling factors:

When you use Queen's sound equipment, it comes operated by friends of the ruling faction. No sound check was allowed at the Stadium for the Irish/English group. That night, lost voices and faded leads plagued Lynott, Gorham and friends. "Warriors," "Emerald," and even "The Boys are Back in Town" existed almost as instrumentals. Lynott's vocal strength wavered throughout the entire first set. It seems the mixing engineer couldn't quite decide how high or low the bassist's voice should be. And the natural acoustics of the Stadium didn't help matters.

Along with the borrowed sound, lest I forget, were the borrowed stage lights. They were set for the headline act, and the boys had to settle for mis-cued spots and silhouetting fresnels. The importance of an effective light show underscored the noticeable lack of professionalism. Themes and special effects were saved for the later show

Despite these mechanical problems and Lizzy's poor choice of songs, the nearly frozen audience seemed to enjoy the quartet. An exuberant encore call came as an unexpected surprise, considering the double bill. It must have been a pleasant surprise for Thin Lizzy, judging from the wide grins on their sweaty faces as they recaptured the stage.

Some suggestions for a future Thin Lizzy return: stick to the Uptown Theatre. Not only are the acoustics better up north, but the band is bound to top the bill. The resulting longer set may capture those curious Queen fans who wandered for a short time one frozen Friday night.

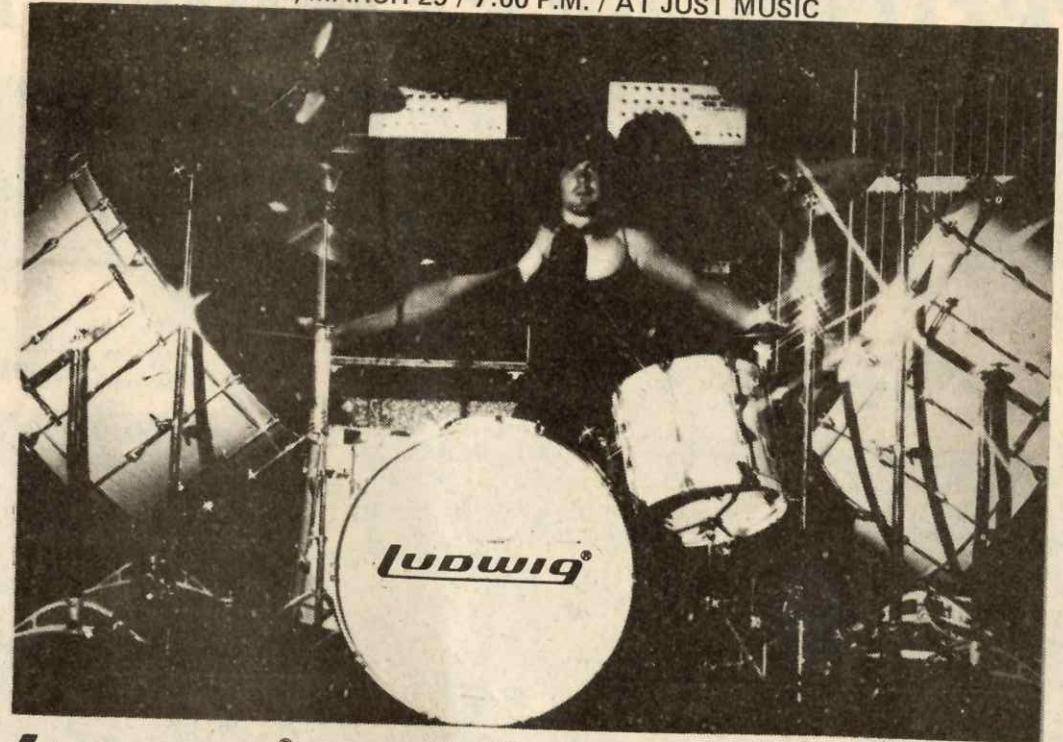
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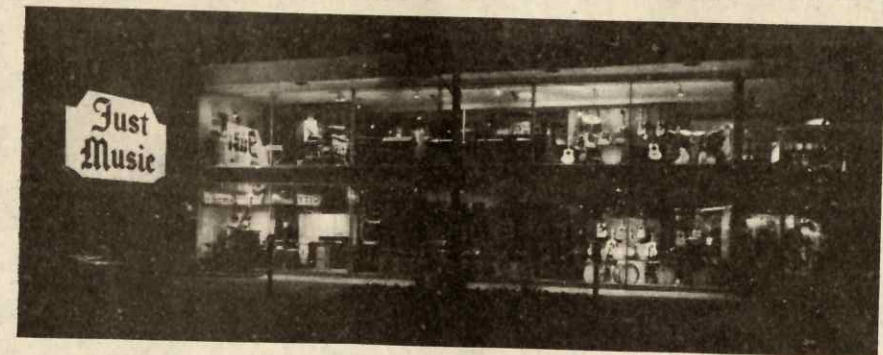


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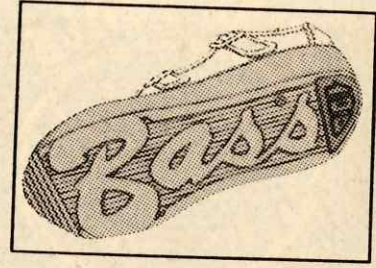
The prevalence of McCoy Tyner upon the average modern jazz consciousness is nothing short of amazing. It is not simply a matter of his victory in poll after poll, which of course signifies nothing but popularity; George Benson wins the guitar polls, so one can take them as seriously as one wishes. But Tyner's music has progressed so firmly, so strongly and with such straightforward destiny that he has carved a path which is in itself amazing. His music, and the growth of his music, stand as entities separate from the man.

And the man himself is imposing. Working in a wide swath of variant contexts, Tyner seems to emit a quiet power that is irresistible. When his sextet takes the stage, not even the hyperthyroid excesses of percussionist Guilherme Franco, his arms flailing madly as he colors the music with an endless array of well-chosen sounds, can significantly distract one's gaze from the man seated, stone-like, at the piano. Tyner's charisma radiates and echoes across the stage, beyond the stage, across the room. Similarly, the visual image for his music would be that of smooth, steady concentric rings of pure force; musical force tempered with understanding and a self-control born of discipline: a force field that cuts through time as well as space, linking the past heritage of Tyner's years with John Coltrane to the present awareness of his gargantuan abilities.

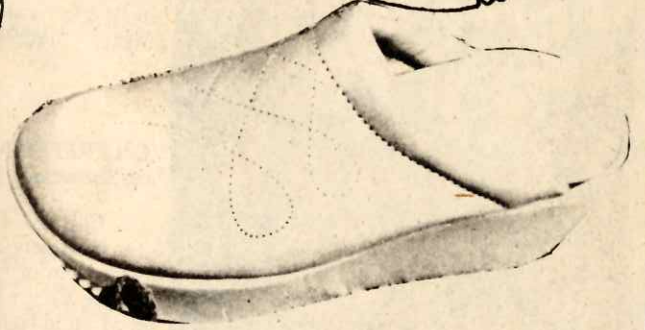
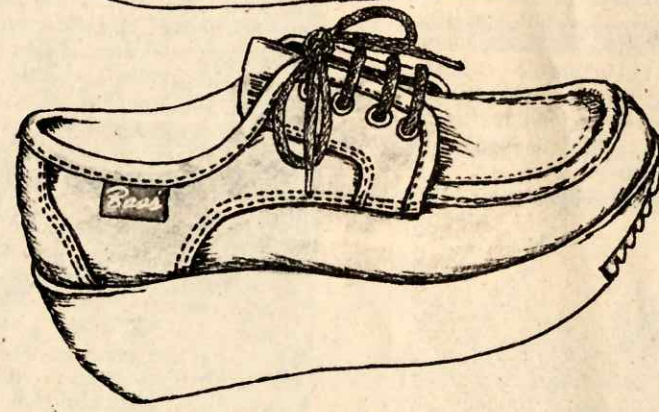
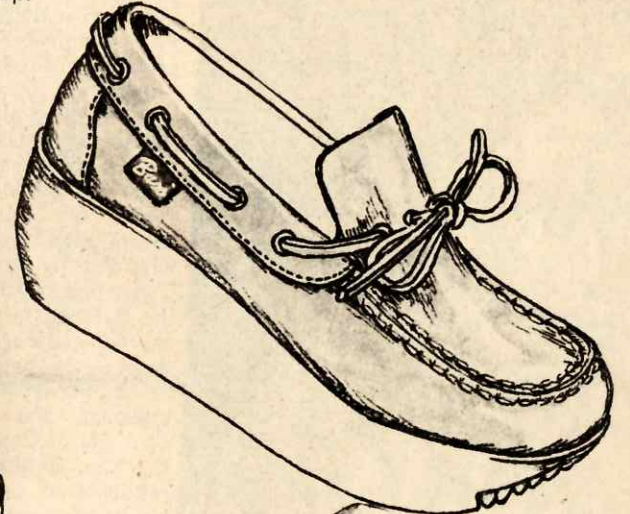
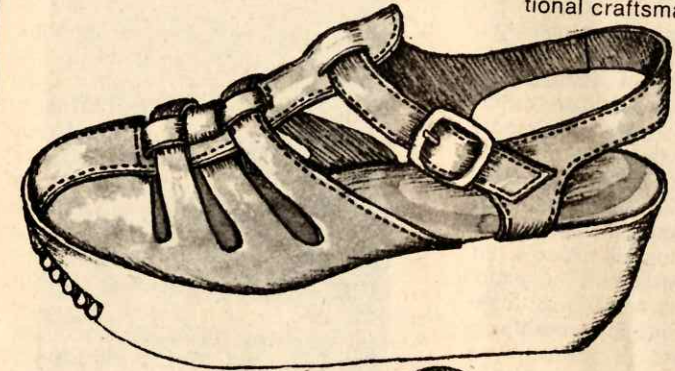
At Amazingrace, Tyner presented the group that appears on his latest album **Focal Point**, and it is undeniably the best band he has ever led. For the first time since Sonny Fortune left Tyner's employ, he has enlisted not one but two saxophonists who can speak fully with their own voices. Ron Bridgewater, on tenor, soprano and flute, is a soloist without flash, but whose work reveals depth and care. Joe Ford, on alto, soprano and flute, gives the audience more of the technical hullabaloo, yet still manages to convey significant ideas without becoming pompous in the process. Together, they not only act as bloody good foils for each other, but comprise a miniature horn section with prearranged riffs that shape and emphasize McCoy's sterling solos. Throughout the set, Tyner's own spotlight moments were the high points—particularly during his long solo piano piece, during which Franco tastefully added small sounds and accents. Bassist Charles Fambrough, a young player with sure tone and a preponderance of especially lyrical ideas, is an ideal replacement for the overblown, overtone show-

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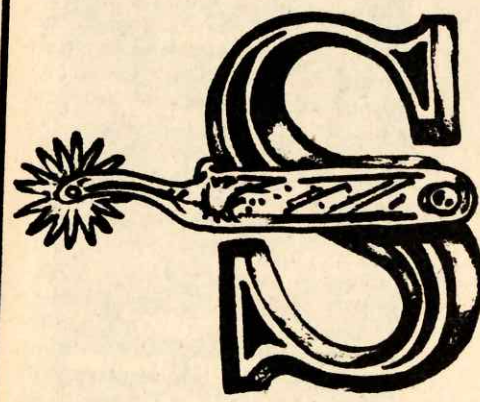
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offs with which Tyner has frequently been saddled.

Perhaps the most important addition, though, is drummer Eric Gravatt. While he is hardly as explosive as Tyner's best drummer, Alphonse Mouzon, Gravatt brings a greater degree of thought and sensitivity to the music than we have come to expect from Tyner's groups. His duet piece with the pianist, "Parody," was better rendered in concert than on the record, and throughout the performance Gravatt acted as a seemingly extension of Tyner's own time. As he grows into the job and learns to assert himself more, Gravatt will almost certainly be recognized as an important force in Tyner's music.

And Tyner's music, make no mistake, is an important force in the current cultural milieu. As he becomes known to a wider and wider audience and shows no sign of compromising his aggressive and even, at times, inaccessible approach, Tyner improves his status as the jazz ambassador to the rest of America. We couldn't ask for a more opportune candidate. Bristling along through his modal compositions, taking time out to reharmonize and personally stamp jazz standards and ballads ("My One And Only Love," or "You Stepped Out Of A Dream"), and pounding his message out with a nearly brutal attack on the piano, Tyner presents an *oeuvre* of larger-than-life size and girth. Speedily outlining a chordal subprogression or instituting a shower of graphic runs and arpeggios, he leaves no doubt as to his pianistic brilliance and encyclopedic concept. The real McCoy, though, is more than the sum of these parts; and his music, reflective of that axiom, is apparently limitless in its vitality.

Adele Swins-Terner

VON FREEMAN
Jazz Showcase

Chicago, I have found, is a city of great contrasts—100 degree summers, -50 degree winters; the Chicago Symphony and the City Council; the most antiquated of rapid transit systems outfitted with the most advanced of equipment—but its greatest contrast lies between north and south. In no other major American city are two sections so completely cut off from one another. This accounts for, among other things, the fact that Loyola students think of the University of Chicago as being in another state, the fact that devout Muslims downtown don't even know about the Baha'i Temple in Wilmette, and that there are those of us up here who have only heard the name of tenor saxist Von Freeman.

Clearly, as old Von proved so adequately during his brief stay at the Showcase, there's a great deal more to be heard

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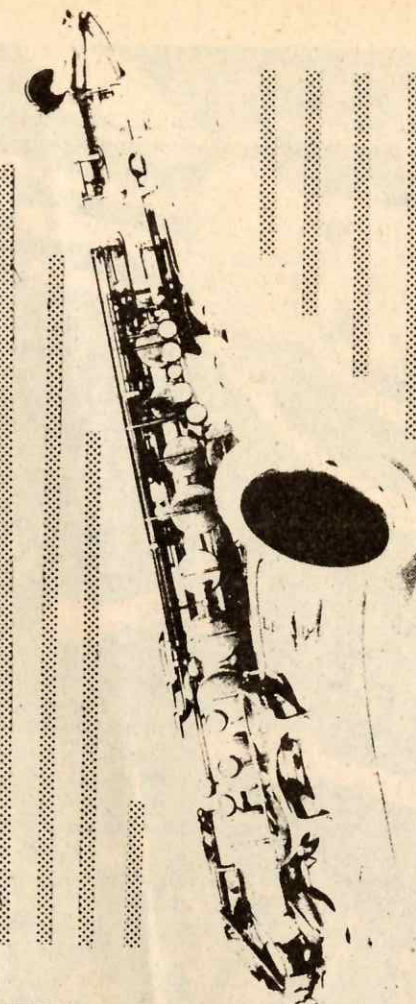
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than the name (Earl Von Freeman, for the historians among you). There is first of all his tone, a wild and woolly affair unlike any other in the world, which sets up its own significant contrasts. On the one hand, it sounds weak and, to quote Gary Giddins of New York's Village Voice, even "etiolated." But on the other hand, Von plays actually louder than almost anyone else—I've never seen him have to resort to a microphone to get himself heard. His timbre is such that it presents the auditory illusion commonly associated with ventriloquism: you can hear it clearly, but it seems to be coming from someplace else.

Other feats of prestidigitation are not beyond Von Freeman; his set was full of some of the most incredible runs, flurries and no-holds-barred outlays of sheer musical energy I've ever experienced. Relying on pinpoint articulation and an incorrigible fondness for oddly accented odd intervals, his solos take on a nearly fathomless weight that separates them at once and forever from those of the more "correctly" trained saxists. Freeman falls back on none of the standard tricks to pass from one chord change to another. He falls back on only his own tricks, and for the most part he chooses to ride just above the chord changes, paying them homage only if and when it suits his mood and purpose.

Freeman's alter ego for as long as anyone can remember has been pianist John Young, a sturdy original in his own



right and a superb accompanist for the saxist, whose every move he has come to anticipate and whose burgeoning solos he can often read as if they had already taken place. Swinging through the wide range of blues, jazz standards and lounge club favorites that make up Freeman's repertoire, Young can make an accompaniment come alive as its own solo, while at the same time providing the precisely proper underpinning for the leader's ongoing statement. And the idiosyncratic, strangely chiseled bop lines that comprise Young's own solo spots provide the logical structures and brainy substance that Freeman, driving to emotional peaks of spontaneous energy, as often as not ignores.

Von Freeman and John Young are without a doubt, one of the best cultural resources Chicago can boast; even those who don't follow jazz regularly can't help but be taken in by Von's guileless stage patter and joyous self-absorption in his work. As the north side and downtown gigs become a bit more frequent, more people begin to acquaint themselves with this remarkable, homegrown and wholly original approach to the tenor horn; and Von, now in his 50s, continues to grow and appears stronger with each passing year. As such, he presents one of the most notable contrasts in Chicago—the contrast between what may very well be his genius and the woefully lesser talents of nearly every one else in town.

Adele Swins-Terner

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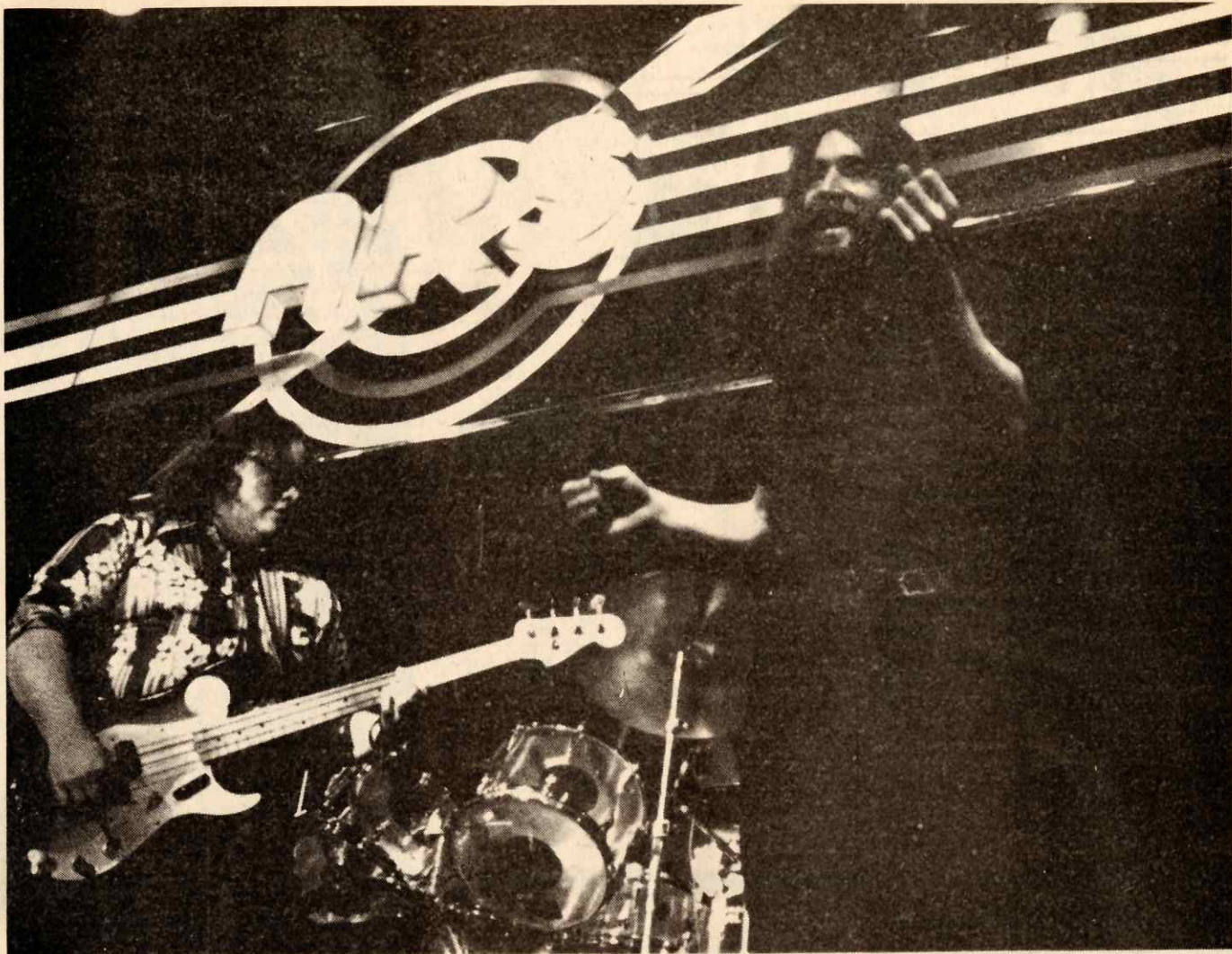


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ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION
The Ivanhoe

It was about 10 below outside and not much warmer in; the waitresses all had sweaters on over their too-cute little satin track suits; the audience was wearing its collective coat, with hands stuffed in pockets, which may have accounted for the chilly silence that greeted the band as they came on stage. In fact, the only thing hot about the evening was the playing; certainly not the singing everyone and his roadie was sick with some particularly vile sinus-filling, throat-clogging form of the Common Cold. Lead singer Ronnie Hammond just got by, but the band's best harmonizer, drummer Robert Nix, couldn't so much as croak.

So it was left to the instrumentals to carry the load for the Atlanta Rhythm Section. And the grade, I am happy to report, was made, largely aboard the lean fingers of lead guitarist Barry Bailey and the pudgy but equally supple digits of bassman Paul Goddard.

ARS is a straightforward kind of band. They don't use harmonizing lead guitars or modified Western Swing to establish an identity; they don't wear cowboy hats and they don't do 20-minute

jams; the only flash in their act is a classy sign with "ARS" in brilliant pastel lights.

What the Atlanta Rhythm Section does is play hot and tight and under complete control at all times. Sometimes they boogie and sometimes they lay back and sometimes they're funky, but they are *always* in control and frankly, I didn't miss their singing all that much. It's a treat to see anyone do anything as well as Bailey and Goddard play their instruments, and the intimacy of the Ivanhoe permitted the kind of up front intensity

that might have been lost in a larger hall cold or not.

ARS' best stage tune remains "Boogie Smoogie" from the *Dog Days* album, which gives Bailey and Goddard the chance to really stretch out with rare lengthy solos. But without the setting provided by a dozen other shorter, more restrained songs, "Smoogie" might be relegated to the oh-boy-one-more-endless jam column and ARS might be just another Southern band. Which they definitely aren't.

Bruce Meyer

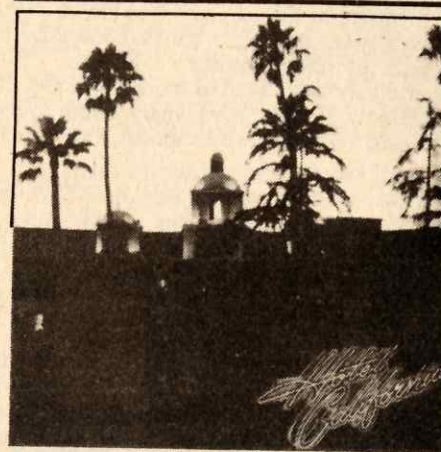
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THE EAGLES
Hotel California
(Asylum)



Since their auspicious beginnings, the Eagles have demonstrated an enviable knack for flying in that rarified musical stratum that harbors both pop excellence and commercial appeal. Their countrified rodeo-rock cashed in on a national mania for things Californian, and the group easily succeeded the Beach Boys as troubador-spokesmen for that mythical state. Like their mentor, Jackson Browne, the Eagles have made each of their albums an examination, sometimes studied, sometimes facile, of West Coast life, love, and ennui. Unlike Browne, they have generally been open to celebrations of freedom, and their best pop songs—"Take it Easy," "Witchy Woman," "One of These Nights"—have displayed a jaunty looseness.

It would seem that the California mystique would eventually lose its fascination, but you can't prove it by the Eagles. They continue exploring it in their new album, and, despite two excellent moments, almost drive that mystique into the ground.

Hotel California opens with two songs strong enough to carry the whole album. This is fortunate, because they have to do just that. The Don Felder-Glenn Frey-Don Henley title tune is a fascinating dream vision, a sophisticated consideration of California as a locale of frustrating paradoxes. The song's central metaphor is a finely realized sequence of images that describe the state as a seedy-elegant hotel-asylum.

Beautiful maidens carry candles down dark corridors; pink champagne chills in ice; a mission bell rings; and a ghostly chorus sings out a howdy-do to Hotel California, where transients are welcome and there's always a vacancy. There's a surrealistic quality to both lyrics and the music. Taut, expressive guitar solos by Felder and new Eagle Joe Walsh complement the urgent fascination of Henley's lead vocal. In many ways this is the Eagle's finest and most ambitious tune.

A close contender is "New Kid in Town," credited to honorary Eagle John David Souther, with Henley and Frey. "New Kid" continues the dreamlike tone of the opening track, expanding in a more intimate, personal direction. Basically, it's a song about an outsider, and the Eagles are no strangers to alienation—they've learned a lot from Jackson Browne. This song—and Frey's lead vocal—make me think of James Dean, the sensitive punk who skulked the streets east of Eden. Maybe that's intentional. "New Kid" is a ballad about a loner—yes, a desperado of sorts—who just doesn't fit into the scheme of things, always too young or too old for the action of the moment. It all flows with a poignant smoothness, and it's nice to listen to despite its aura of self-pity.

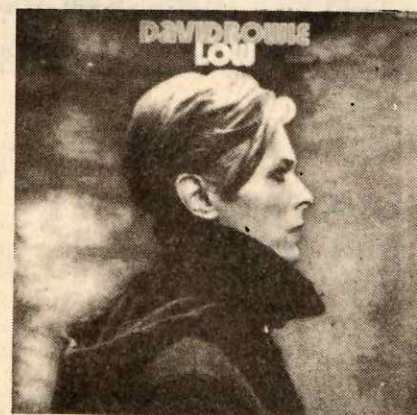
Unfortunately, the rest of the album doesn't live up to these highlights. Randy Meisner's "Try and Love Again" is a nice effort, as is Walsh's "Pretty Maids All in a Row," but they lack that spirited fire and energy which hallmarked early Eagles material.

Why is this album a failure? Could it be due to the loss of Bernie Leadon and the arrival of Joe Walsh? Maybe, though Walsh seems to have merged his skills into the group without radically changing the definitive Eagles "voice." Walsh's solo career had been slipping, but now he stands secure if not redeemed. His guitar and keyboard work adds a touch of solidarity and punches up material the old Eagles might have made flimsy. On *Hotel California*, things are merely adequate.

Some of the blame, and maybe most of it, goes to Bill Szymczyk's dull production—kind of a plodding attempt at homogenization. Too bad, for the Eagles are a good band, capable of so much better. Maybe we should hope that both the departed Leadon and previous producer Glyn Johns will check back into this emptying hotel.

Chuck Pratt

DAVID BOWIE
Low
(RCA)



It's a strange fascination, following the changes he's going through. Folk, rock, pop and disco have all felt the impact of the Bowie blow; but as time goes marching on, so does he, stepping out just a little faster than the quick-shuffling crowd. More than ten years in the business, and there still ain't a patch of moss on our man.

The very last release, *Changesone*, a best-of Bowie to date, seemed to be marking an end to what he considered an era. *Low*, his newest album, marks a radical change from what has come before.

There's some that'll say that they've heard that before, and there's some that'll say that it's really not too far from the synthetic disco rhythm on *Station to Station* to the total synthetic sounds of *Low*. But save your breath and face the music... it's far and away different from any of Bowie's past popular sounds.

A lot of credit for the *Low* sound goes to collaborator Brian Eno, one of Roxy Music's founding fathers, of ACNE distinction, producer of *Obscure* records (one of the most vital experimental music labels around), and most recently of *801* fame.

Its technical complexity is reminiscent of his *Another Green World*, as is much of the musical hardware. The synthetic strings, taped sax sections, mini-moog and the incredible EMI synthesizer were all first modi-

fied by Eno for his own musical use before he passed them on.

Bowie uses them on side one to elaborate and expand on former R&B pursuits. Using *Station to Station* session men George Murray and Dennis Davis to lay down a thick rocking hard and heavy bass line, he turns around and attacks it with everything in Eno's arsenal and adds a few tricks of his own, including Mary Hopkins and Iggy Pop on vocals. It's anarchy held in check by a beat you can still dance to, proving to the world that it really isn't such a long way from disco to Dada, in such cuts as "Sound and Vision" and "Always Crashing in the Same Car."

Side two turns a completely different cheek. The vocals on side one were not of the verbose grandeur that has come to characterize the Bowie style, but they were lyrics nonetheless. Paltry and spare, but distinguishable from the music.

The B side has no such pretensions. Voices, synthesizers, saxophones, guitars, prearranged drums and cellos are all sounds and used as such. The four cuts combine to build a great atmospheric wall of sound, vaguely reminiscent of the classical/jazz/rock synthesis work of Oregon and the Paul Winter Consort, but looking forward instead of back for musical input.

The whole album is a grope into the future. It's discord and anarchy and synthetic harmony—at once more disturbing than the disco phase in its inaccessibility, but reassuring in its search for new ways of expression. At first, it's an easy album to scoff at, but be careful. Bowie's too good at changes and foretelling future games to be fooled very easily. He's quite aware of what he's going through, to finish the phrase.

Beth Segal

THE KINKS
Sleepwalker
(Arista)



Back around 1968, when the term "rock opera" was coined, the name most often mentioned in connection with that type of concept album was the Who. That year saw the first success of *Tommy*. We all know what became of that, and it is also common knowledge that the Who produced one later album in that form. What is a lesser known fact is that in the same year, the Kinks released *Arthur*, which is probably the most cohesive concept album in rock history.

Since then, the Kinks have never strayed far from the realm of rock-and-roll music hall. This period marked the third phase of their career. The first phase saw their lead guitarist, Dave Davies, invent the guitar sound that made heavy metal possible, in songs like "You Really Got Me." From there, the Kinks moved into a more acoustic period, characterized by the intelligent lyrics of Ray Davies and the smooth and sweet harmonies of songs like "Waterloo Sunset." The third phase, that of the concept album, brought the influences of bebop and a revived rock-and-roll to Davies' songs, and resulted in albums like *Lola* and the show albums, such as the recent *Schoolboys in Disgrace*.

During that third phase, the music sometimes seemed to take a back seat to the concepts, costumes and movie shows. With their change of labels, though, it looks as though the Kinks are once again dedicating them-

selves wholeheartedly to making music. Gone are the original show tunes and the bebop, and also bassist John Dalton. With *Sleepwalker*, the Kinks appear to be entering a fourth period. The new album is the least concept-oriented they've released since *Arthur*,

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and while the music clearly reveals the influences of the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, and second-period Kinks, it also shows some traces of jazz, particularly in the bass lines. As a result, *Sleepwalker* is easily the most commercially viable album they've released in years.

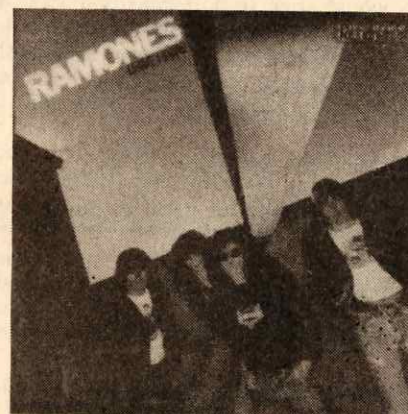
This is not to say that the lyrical themes that endeared Ray Davies' songs to the Kinks' sizeable cult audience over the years have been abandoned. "Stormy Sky" ranks with Davies' greatest love songs, while "Life on the Road" fits nicely into the body of Ray's autobiographical reminiscences. The latter song characteristically details his early yearnings and ongoing mistakes in life, and subsequently asserts that this life on the road is the life he chose. "Jukebox Music" once again tells of the strange powers music exerts, in this case telling of a woman who can't differentiate between life and the songs she hears on the juke box—all within the framework of a buoyant rocker that would sound good as selection A12 on any box.

One of the most noticeable changes in the Kinks' musical style on this album is the use of multiple keyboards, including the ARP string ensemble that John Gosling uses to shape the melodies and sustain the rhythms. In addition, Ray makes a far greater instrumental contribution to *Sleepwalker* than he has to any other recent album, playing piano on several cuts and providing some very strong acoustic rhythm guitar to most of the songs, especially the title track. Brother Dave takes a larger role on this album as well. In addition to being one of the best lead guitar riffers, Dave double-tracks some of his own electric rhythm guitar and lends some suitably rough and frenetic lead vocals on several cuts ("Juke Box Music" in particular).

As a result of the increased instrumentation and Ray's production on the album, the latest sound is much denser in texture, far removed from the bare-bones music heard on past albums like *Everybody's In Showbiz*. This in spite of the fact that the girl backup singers and the horn section heard on their albums of the past five years are noticeably absent. Overall, the sound of The Kinks on this album is very sweet, albeit permeated by a strong dose of rock'n'roll. It should provide the Kinks with a breakout hit. If it doesn't, it will still make a lot of people very happy. As is usually the case with Kinks albums, this one grows on you.

Bill Crowley

THE RAMONES
Leave Home
(Sire)



THE RUNAWAYS
Queens of Noise
(Mercury)



Battle of the bands and *you're* the judge. Set up under the home team basket we have, direct from sunny L.A., the Runaways, five talented girls and looking good. Welcome to John J. Calhoun High, girls! And under the opposition's basket, we have, um, the Ramones. Nice equipment, boys. And please, no smoking in the gym.

The girls have requested that the Ramones go first. So boys, take it away!

"Gonna take a chance on her/One bullet in the cylinder/And in a moment of passion/Get the glory like Charles Manson." Clocks in at 2:10. Girls?

"Called my mom the other day/Told her I joined a rock'n'roll band and I wouldn't be home no more/She woke up my father/And he said that's the way she is/She was born to be bad." 4:28.

All seriousness aside, it looks as if the Ramones win this battle with flying colors. Still minimalists to the max, the Ramones make Bad Company look like Mingus. The average playing time for one of *Leave Home*'s 14 tracks is 2:00. Stranger still, the producer is the man who badrapped this genre as little as 18 months ago, Tony "Le Jardin" Bongiovi. Tastes change. Gloria Gaynor's been turned loose on 42nd Street, but the Ramones stay the same, two-chord alchemists that they are. The lyrics, published on the inner sleeve, will no doubt have the A.J. Webermans of Maxology drawing all sorts of conclusions, but this critic draws the line on lyrics like: "Don't wanna be a pinhead no more/Just met a nurse that I could go for." Substitute one like "I'll use your head to wipe the floor" and see if it matters.

If you infer from the last paragraph that the lyrics are as inconsequential as the two- and three-chord runs, you probably wonder why the Ramones can't be written off as inconsequential altogether. Ah, but there-

in lies the success formula of Johnny, DecDee, Joey and Tommy Ramone. Perhaps it's the harmonies, which reek of British Invasion. Or the deadpan humor that doesn't pause for you to laugh. In many ways, these purported street urchins seem to have chanced upon the Northwest Passage between the Hollies and the Stooges without really looking. Looking, after all, would be too much work.

Nothing like a love song and the Ramones serve up plenty. "Glad To See You Go" and "You're Gonna Kill That Girl" are surpassed only by "Suzy Is A Headbanger," which goes something like this: "I really love to watch her/Watch her headbanging/Suzy is a headbanger/Her mother is a geek." Has rock really come to this?

On the opposite coast are the Runaways, no strangers to Triad readers, and just as cheesecakey as can be until you try and pick one up. After a much-publicized spat with maker/breaker Kim Fowley, the wound has seemingly healed, and the result is an album ultimately better than the first.

Oh, the shortcomings still outweigh the strengths, but if there's a third album, the ratio should change. And the group still has the embarrassing guitar playing of Lita Ford as a cross to bear. But they're well on their way, and this might just be the album to do it. The title cut, "Queens Of Noise," is a derivative of Slade's "C'mon Feel The Noize," but the best rock is full of theft.

Triad March 1977

"Midnight Music" and "Take It Or Leave It" are two other possible hit candidates, and the real clunker doesn't come until the last track on the second side, "Johnny Guitar." An obvious allusion to Ritchie Blackmore, Lita's honey at last report, the tune comes off as an endless (7:14) blues jam, certainly not befitting to the queens of pop. And lay off the triplets, Lita!

So, America, the choice is yours. Take the wham-bam, visceral, gone-before-you-feel-it punk renderings of the Ramones, or the produced-and-reproduced, often eyebrow-raising sound of the Runaways.

The Ramones win this round, but there's no guarantee the Runaways won't walk off with the spoils next time. Keep 'em in line, America. Never in the history of rock have two bands gone so far to please.

Cary Baker

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Luxury Liner
(Warner Brothers)



Luxury Liner is the amazingly graceful fulfillment of the promise in Emmylou's two previous albums on this label. This collection of performances that cut through country music affectations to the real art beneath marks her ironclad arrival as a full-fledged, first-rank country stylist, a note-for-note equal to Dolly Parton and Loretta Lynn. These ten songs are so pure, so finely-etched, so true in emotional interpretation of the lyrics, that one is hard-pressed for comparisons.

Of course, many liken Emmylou to her friends Dolly Parton and Linda Ronstadt, but the similarity is limited at best. Emmylou's voice and vocal style are subtle and delicate, though not fragile by any means. She smoulders rather than burns with passion, and lacks the physical strength or brassiness to belt out a jukebox shaker, as Ms. Ronstadt does often and well. A lesser talent would stick to soft ballads or take her chances sinking or swimming at the producer's whim, but Emmylou does neither. Her inspired song selections range from the classic country-folk of A.P. Carter's "Hello, Stranger" to Townes Van Zandt's haunting narrative ballad "Pancho and Lefty," to the bluegrass title tune and even a Chuck Berry rocker.

Brian Ahern's masterly production centers on Emmylou's voice, setting it amid the music like a jewel on a platinum ring. There is a cur-

ious, but beneficial synergy at work here, as singer and band draw reciprocal strength, each assisting the other to produce that hard, gemlike flame which characterizes the best music.

Emmylou has a flawless ability to express heartache. Her versions of Jimmy Work's 1954 "Making Believe" and Susanna Clark's more recent "I'll Be Your San Antonio Rose" wring every drop of emotional anguish from the songs, investing them with an essential, cathartic melancholy. She sings with the voice of a forlorn nymph bemoaning her exile from Never-Never Land, and isn't a bit out of place in a barroom lit only by a dim Miller's Highlife sign. She sings about dreams, broken ones especially, and imparts honest regret to Ira and Charlie Louvin's "When I Stop Dreaming."

Her admiration of the country music idiom—not necessarily the current Nashville style—is best expressed by her selection of "Hello, Stranger." Emmylou's version, with harmony vocal by Nicolette Larson, reaches back to the mountain music of the Carter family, but also manages to give the 1938 composition a contemporary edge. Dolly Parton helps her do the same thing on "Making Believe." Even a song like Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell," which might seem out of place here, fits right in, its Cajun life-force unabated by the singer's gentleness. Spirit is more important than power.

There are no artistic weaknesses in this album, not even in the madonnalike poses on the cover, and that's something pretty rare these days. No song here can be dismissed as merely good, and there are several—"Pancho and Lefty" and Emmylou's own "Tulsa Queen"—that are powerfully good. *Luxury* is right: listening to this record is a privilege and a pleasure. It's convincing evidence that the three things necessary for a hillbilly heaven are Emmylou's singing, a fiddle, and a little pedal steel.

Chuck Pratt

GENESIS
Wind and Wuthering
(Atco)



From the opening strains of "Looking for Someone" (the first cut on the first Genesis album I ever experienced—actually their second—called *Trespass*), it was evident that Genesis was a talented band. But when my needle reached that song's instrumental break, it became obvious that they were certified masters of classical rock music. The rest of the lp bore this out, as did the band's new few efforts until lead singer Peter Gabriel left last year, causing many to write off the group for good. This was because Gabriel had led the troupe onstage, visually playing the roles of characters in Genesis' songs.

But the band was not about to lay down its mellotrons and synthesizers, and singing drummer Phil Collins took over the vocal and stage-leading chores, sparking his mates to a well-received tour that coincided with an impressive album called *Trick of the Tail*. Despite Gabriel's departure, Genesis had lost little punch.

Wind and Wuthering, the latest Genesis release, is a further testament to this group's superb treatment of classically influenced rock material. If Phil Collins was the star quarterback on their last lp, keyboard whiz Tony Banks should get the MVP for this outing. His excellent compositions and his full-bodied, symphonic chording set the tone for several

cerebral excursions here.

Like the earliest Genesis tunes and several on this platter, the opener, "Eleventh Earl of Mar" depicts an epic battle scene enhanced with glorious lyrical images of legendary warriors. But these images are given the usual introspective Genesis twist, suggesting that upon analysis, the Earl's superiors (bishops and other figureheads) may not be the righteous men they are reputed to be. The selection begins with a delicate flourish from Banks' synthesizer, then chugs into a steady, pulsing rhythm that underscores the track's portrait of a marching army.

Next comes the beautiful and just as lyrically potent Banks composition, "One for the Vine." Here, Collins showcases his agile vocal technique, initially sounding puny and insignificant while describing the thousands of soldiers who fight and die for one isolated sovereign. His delivery then assumes a powerful, more surefooted stance for his role as the disillusioned nonbeliever who escapes the folly of the battlefield, only to become the accidental ruler of his own loyal subjects.

Through this intense use of vocal dynamics, Collins expresses the sheer irony of this song. While it appears that Peter Gabriel's claim of having the greater depth and vocal range is true, Collins sounds an awful lot like him, and throughout this record displays an exceptionally expressive style.

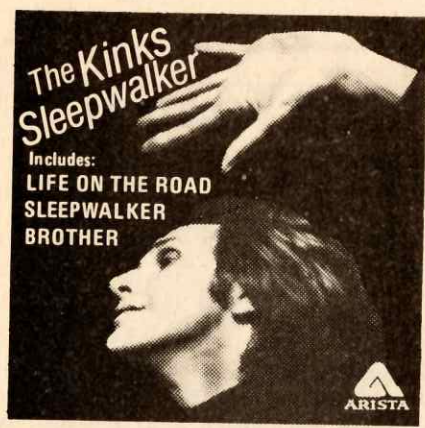
"Your Own Special Way" could be a hit single, on the strength of its country-based guitar hook in the chorus, combined with a catchy melody, forceful lyrics, and clean, tasteful picking by guitar man Steve Hackett. "Wot Gorilla?" is little more than classic Genesis, laced with streams of pumping space from Tony Banks' synthesizer and mellotron, embellished by hefty percussion from Collins.

Another Banks entry, "All In a Mouse's Night," incorporates a stunning sense of dynamics in this empathetic reading of a mouse's typical evening's romp. Containing a delightful keyboard interlude, the song is graceful in tempo and exquisite in melody while the loving couple speaks, but is stepped up considerably and packed with rhythmic tension when the mouse gives his views. A definite standout.


"Unquiet Slumbers for the Sleepers . . . in that Quiet Earth" is a mysteriously gripping sheet of cerebral energy, primarily feeding off the celestial keyboard licks of Tony Banks. Steve Hackett's superb guitar arpeggios lend atmosphere on this instrumental passage, leading majestically into the mournful finale, "Afterglow." Although this cut is an example of an occasional Genesis tendency to abandon melody during verses and opt for chords of bare rhythm, the interesting piano backdrop prevents this from spoiling a remarkable piece of recording. And although it seldom behooves this writer to delve deeply into virtually every number on an album, the tracks here are all simply too good to keep quiet about.

Dave Iglow

Sleepwalker.
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Listener, beware! The weird characters gazing foolishly at you from the cover of **Mental Notes** are about to launch an attack on your intellect with a peculiar kind of zaniness. Outrageous costumes and makeup are nothing new, of course; many a mediocre group has been able to cash in on a bizarre image. So putting aside for a moment the fact that Split Enz have some of the most unusual appearances ever seen on a rock group, what makes this band from New Zealand so unique is the imagination, technical polish and...well, *strangeness* carried through to their music. On their debut album (produced by Phil Manzanera), Split Enz have mastered the art of creating intricate and catchy songs, and their very clever lyrics range from witty and cynical to poetic-bizarre.

It's really difficult (and probably unfair) to try to categorize Split Enz, but for those who'd like a point of reference, they can best be compared to early Roxy Music or vintage Genesis. Like other groups classified as "art-rock", Split Enz use surrealistic lyrics, rapid mood changes and simple harmonies contrasted with complex orchestrations; they also parody past musical styles including, '50s rock'n' roll, classical piano, and big-band swing.

The most intriguing aspect of their music, though, is their theatricality. Lead vocalist Tim Finn delights in using his voice with exaggerated

drama that often verges on burlesque. This works particularly well on the melodramatic number "The Woman Who Loves You," in which Finn takes the role of an aging vaudeville performer mourning the loss of his dearly departed (this track features an auidial tap dance performed on spoons by percussionist Noel Crombie), and on "Matinee Idol," which tells of the frustrations of a second-rate actor:

*The hall it reeks of cheap to-tea's
The matinee idylls they all fall to their knees
It's not all first nights at all
There's nothing more dull than a curtain call.*

Finn's expressive vocals add a cynical twist to the deceptively innocent love song "Late Last Night":

*I saw you standing there at the bar
Your eyes were glazed
With passion...
Nothing could ever keep us apart
As you sipped your tequila
I knew I had to steal ya.*

This dramatic presentation is also effective on the poetic fantasy numbers, like "Time For a Change":

*You act as though you are a blind man who's crying,
Crying about all the virgins that are dying.
In your habitual dreams, you know,
Seems you need more sleep
But like a parrot in a flaming tree
I know it's pretty hard to see*

Apart from the tongue-in-cheek cynicism of their lyrics, Split Enz are accomplished musicians whose arrangements are quite sophisticated. But if you're looking for 15-minute guitar solos here, you'll be disappointed. Split Enz emphasize their outstanding keyboards (particularly piano), which are tightly coordinated with the percussion and punctuated with unusual touches of brass, strings, and subdued synthesizer.

The guitar work is largely acoustic (with some surprisingly charming mandolin playing by Philip Judd), and the electric parts consist of simplistic patterns that rely on tonal quality for effect rather than on elaborate extended riffs. The technical competence these boys show lets them get away with the almost unbelievable amount of discordant harmonies on this album, because it's all part of the carefully controlled and highly calculated effect. The jarring out-of-tune parts seem to be thrown in to highlight the precision of the sweetly melodic parts—or is it the other way around? With this group you can never be quite sure of *anything*.

One thing is clear, though: Split Enz are not just another talentless weirdo band. Their offbeat, strangely theatrical appearance harmonizes completely with their music, and their imagination and technique make them something really special. However, that bizarre image could be an obstacle for some to an appreciation of their music. So even if you're put off by the way they look, give Split Enz a listen—your mind could use the fresh air.

Christine Harmon

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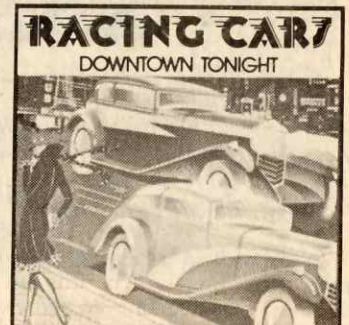
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GARY WRIGHT
The Light of Smiles
(Warner Brothers)



The Light of Smiles has landed Gary Wright smack in the middle of a fantastic world of astrology and near Nirvana. Long a cohort of George Harrison, and now of David Foster and Jim Keltner of the Dark Horse gang, it's not surprising his inner journey has led him to Yogananda. His dreamweaver, the Indian yogi, lightly overshadowed his last album, but this one is saturated with his influence.

Singing about spirituality has always been a dangerous business for rock musicians. The half album that will delight his third-eye fans will probably draw wrath from other corners. As a chronicle of his life, his music would be dishonest if there were no mention of his metaphysical leanings.

Besides, The Light of Smiles doesn't entreat you to pour your beer down the drain or sit around looking like a pretzel. Without preaching or sounding silly, Gary Wright's spirituality adds depth to his music rather than pushing it into second place.

In the other half, Gary continues his analysis of the criminal female mind in a play "Silent Fury." Also notable is the tuneful and sensitive portrait "Water Sign." Always a more than competent songwriter, here he makes his talents shine; there's no hint of monotony in lyrics or tunes.

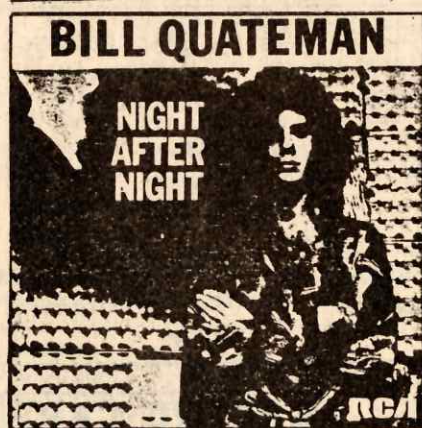
Back in the material world, it is noted that all the sounds are made

by keyboards except percussion and strings. The missing bass, brass and bells are created by moog. For those of us who delight at such things, the moog can also make wonderfully Bowie-type little noises. The more sophisticated will enjoy how Gary's craftsmanship and imagination create a variety of moods drifting from funk to a wonderfully heavy atmosphere to good old rock and roll. It would be harder to find finer musical expertise or more professional and colorful composition anywhere.

Gary Wright has progressed musically since Dreamweaver, though probably right out of the AM airwaves. Hopefully his continuing journey will enhance his music as it does here. The Light of Smiles has emerged somewhere between outer space and Middle Earth and materialized into a beautiful album full of dynamic music and delicate poetry.

Carolyn Lee Bottum

BILL QUATEMAN
Night After Night
(RCA)



Bill Quateman labored for a time in the local vineyard, winning considerable popularity as well as the opportunity to make an album for Columbia Records. Not bad for a kid from the suburbs. He made the record, and it was okay—lots of nice, hooky soft-rock tunes. Columbia started advertising him as the first Bruce Springsteen, but that barrage of publicity didn't sell records, and Bill was told to leave (or maybe he just left), forsaking a probably never-to-be-released second album. Now Bill is back, with a new label, a new sound, and a new chance to get famous. I think he'll make it.

Night After Night is not a sensation, despite the "local-boy-makes-good" hype it's been getting around town. It is, however, a solid, unpretentious rock and roll album, loaded with listenable (if not memorable) tunes and some highly competent guitar work—take a bow, Mr. Quateman and you, Caleb Quaye, erstwhile stringman for Elton John. Music and melody are Quateman's strong suits (his lyrics aren't exactly profound) and he has assembled a highly talented band called, very succinctly, Q. The band wraps itself around Quateman's mainstream tunes with consummate ease and no small share of grace. Denny Seiwell, the former Wing, is on drums; John Marsh is on bass and Ira Kart is the keyboard man.

Quateman's group would make a damn fine house band somewhere, and that's what this album reminds me of: good music from a talented, well-practiced group, dishing it out at one of the best hotspots in Nighttown. Perhaps they're not inspired, but they are sharp. This is not an album to be ashamed to play; it's an album to enjoy if some discrimination is applied. My chief suggestion is to ignore most of the first side, with the exception of "Back by the River," a zingy blend of reggae and soul. Despite good musicianship, the other four songs aren't that substantial.

Side two is infinitely better, leading off with a breathy "Carolina" and working its way to the intellectualized disco tones of "Dance, Baby, Dance." The title cut is my personal favorite, notches above anything Barry Manilow ever ground out. On "Down to the Bone" Quateman even addressed himself to current moral dilemmas caused by hunger and pornography. The singer's smoky voice, reminiscent of Stephen Stills, is a perfect vehicle for such lyrics as, "what does it matter to you/who you like or who you screw." But he is also capable of high romance, demonstrated in "Carolina" and the title cut.

This album—particularly side two—wears well, and the charm of the better songs holds up after repeated listenings. Clearly, Quateman is no flash in the rock-and-roll pan. He's got that rare knack of putting together the quintessentially appealing rock song, a song that we're happy to listen to night after night.

Chuck Pratt

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Saturday Night Live
(Arista)



They made a star out of Chevy Chase. They induced Ron Nessen to publicly criticize his boss, Gerald Ford. They united George Harrison and Paul Simon for some sweet harmony. They featured John Belushi out-cocking Joe. The question now is, can the ever-funny folks from *Saturday Night Live* succeed in the non-visual media of albums? With a few exceptions, they do, providing a veritable Greatest Hits album as well as a satiric overview of America in the '70s.

At several moments you'll find yourself wondering why everyone else is cackling merrily. One is Chevy Chase's oft-repeated Ford imitation, which depends a great deal on visual gags for effect. Without showing Chevy tripping over his feet, walking into walls and sneezing into his tie, it packs a very weak punch. Another mistake is the inclusion of Paul Simon's guest spot in "Bees on Parade." Although Simon looked totally ridiculous in his black and yellow stripes on the show, this is pointless on record. "Gun Control"—which carries the philosophy of "The Total Woman" to its illogical conclusion—also becomes a bit confusing near the end, with shots ringing out and people falling to their deaths. It manages to retain much of its humor, however, with its absurd dialogue.

The rest of the material, running the gamut from politics to auto-mechanics, sparkles with wit. Some of the best routines are television com-

mercial take-offs, painstakingly realistic in every detail and unsparingly vicious in attacking inanity. "Shimmer" takes dual-purpose products to the absurd extreme—it's a floor wax and a dessert topping. And then there's the housewife who is also a nuclear physicist, legal aide, day care worker, tennis player and mother who folds her garbage bags just so. How does she do it? She takes speed!

Politicians are always good for a few laughs, and with the almost-simultaneous departure of Chevy Chase and President Ford, Dan Aykroyd fills the void nicely with his uncanny mimicry of Jimmy Carter. Fusion of a Southern accent that's thankfully not overdone with snide jabs at Carter's pretensions should provide enough material to last four years, although eight might be excessive.

It becomes obvious after listening to the album that they never should have let Chevy Chase leave. He is predominant throughout and his Weekend Updates are the highlight of the record. Culled from more than a year's worth of shows, they're all gems of satire. For example: Betty Ford has discovered a new reliable contraceptive method. Before going to sleep at night, she gives the President a stick of gum.

Chevy is present in thought in the only musical satire included here, "Chevy's Girls," a Shangri-La send-up that is clever and listenable, and displays Laraine Newman's surprisingly capable vocal range.

Guest stars Richard Pryor with the classic word-association skit ("spear chucker—honky" "nigger—dead honky") and Lily Tomlin, who gives us unslick humor without coyness, are welcome on any comedy album. But it's as obvious as the hair on Laraine Newman's head that the Not Ready for Prime Time Players are the best thing happening in comedy today. For some, they're the only thing.

Despite a few flawed sketches, *Saturday Night Live* is a classic humor album. It is a microcosm of America's obsessions, weaknesses and strengths, stripped of illusion and pretension. Bubbles are burst everywhere and everyone has clay feet, and nothing is more typical of the cynical '70s. The Coca-Cola theme at the beginning of the album is as much a part of American culture as the satirical targets that follow. SNL is humor with an intellect, to be approached by anyone who has ever laughed at the words "I'm Chevy Chase—and you're not."

Mindy Goldenberg

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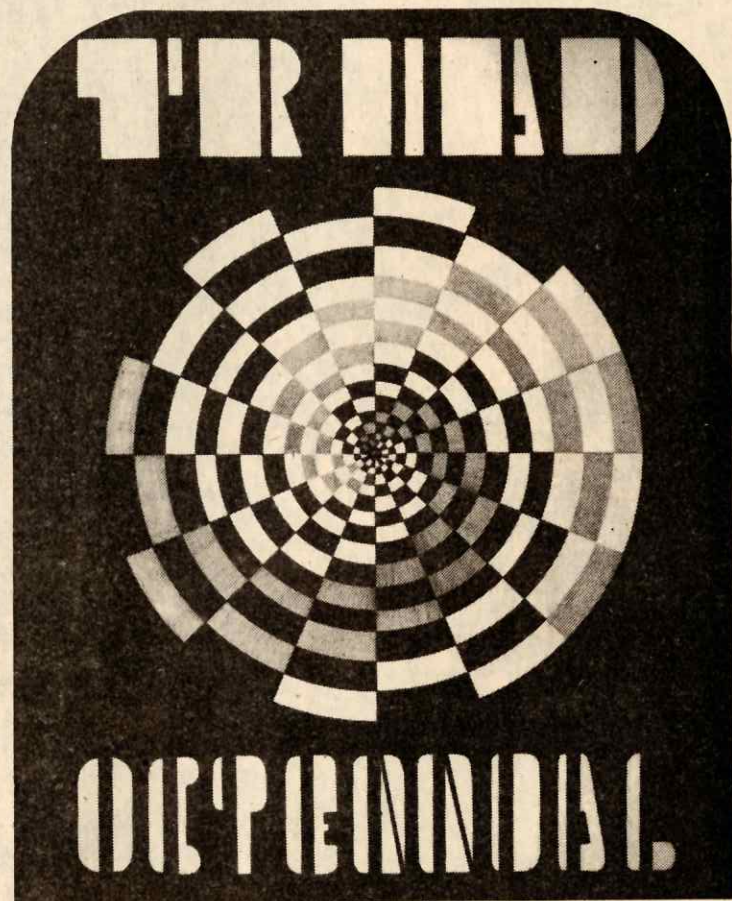
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PROGRAMMING NEWS

Greetings Radiolanders! This month marks the completion of seven long years of broadcasting for **Triad** and as such makes **Triad** the longest running progressive format program on the air. We thank all of you for helping us make it possible through your constant support and encouragement. We are especially proud of the fact that there are many listeners out there who've been with us since the beginning. Even if you've been acquainted with us for only a few years I'm sure you've noticed the constant growth and improvement that we've experienced both in the magazine and on the air. Your comments and feedback have helped us considerably and we hope that you continue to communicate with us. Let us know the things that you enjoy most about **Triad**, the things that you think could use improving and your suggestions on how to make them better. We'll have some nostalgic moments on the air this month for you long time listeners. Monday nights at midnight we'll be featuring highlights from some of the programs that we've broadcast during the past seven years. Some of this will be in the form of musical sets recreated from play lists from our files and we'll also be airing portions of tapes that have been broadcast in the past. Tune in for some "Blasts From The Past" every Monday at Midnight on **Triad** during the month of March.

Our new releases program continues to be heard on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 pm this month. Many of you have expressed that you find this to be a much more convenient time to tune in for the new sounds. We'd also like to hear some of your comments on the new releases that we broadcast for it is from these albums that we pick our **Choice 33** selection. New to the **Choice 33** you'll find some excellent LPs. Jethro Tull is back in top form with the album "Songs from the Woods" and you'll be hearing it regularly on **106 fm**. "Songwriter" is the long awaited solo album by Justin Hayward of the Moody Blues. Ex-Genesis lead singer, Peter Gabriel's self-titled album appears on the **Choice 33** this month. Jeff Beck's "Live" album will be hitting the airwaves in the early part of the month and later in the month you'll be able to check him out really live and tune in a **Music News** broadcast devoted to his music. Country Joe McDonald sounds better than ever on his new LP "Goodbye Blues" which is new to the **Choice 33** this month and he too gets the **Music News** treatment. A few artists of note on this month's choice include Television, a primo punk band from New York. Sea Level is a group composed of some ex-Allman Brothers Band members and they're like nothing you've ever heard from the South before. I think they'll surprise you. Phil Collins shows up as a studio drummer once again. This time on an LP by Jack Lancaster and Robin Lumley called "Marscape." If you like jazz-rock-electronic fusion music you'll love this one. Keith Jarrett's "Hymn Spheres" has a very electronic sound to it but, surprise! it was recorded on a church organ in Germany. Tune in tonight to **106 fm** and hear some of the sounds we've been mentioning along with some of your favorites. Unless, of course, it's a weekend because that's the time we've got to recharge our batteries.



Triad Radio Shows wxfm 106



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**.



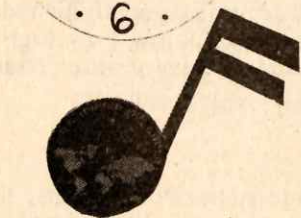
THE LAUGHING BOX - Comedy, music, musical comedy. Monty Python, Martin Mull, P.D. Q. Bach, the Marx Bros., the Bonzo Dog Band, or anything unexpected that will keep you laughing all night. A quarter hour of comedy that's guaranteed to please. **Monday nights at 8:45.**



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.**



BLASTS FROM THE PAST-Nostalgic glimpses into the past of Triad. Musical sets recreated from past play lists as well as actual recordings that were broadcast during the past seven years. Tune in these entertaining and informative programs every Monday 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.**



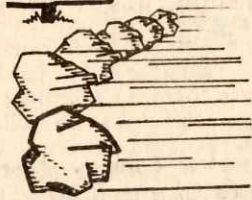
SUSAN BERKLEY'S NATURAL FOODS RECIPES-even if you've never boiled an egg or sliced a cucumber, you'll find that preparing delicious and nutritious food is easy. In these short programs Susan provides you with all the info you need. Reprints of the recipes are available on request by sending a stamped 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 wxfm 106



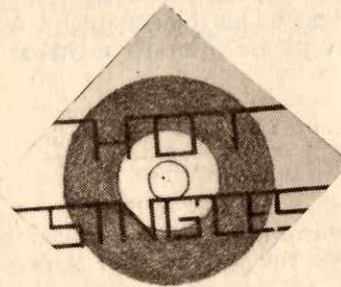
HEAVY MENTAL MUSIC — A new feature premieres on Triad this month. Music to stimulate thought. Sometimes with words as in the case of Joni Mitchell or George Harrison, and at other times with sounds alone, as with Tangerine Dream or Mike Oldfield. Keep your gray matter in good shape by tuning in Tuesdays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

ROCK SCHOOL



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.

JAZZ



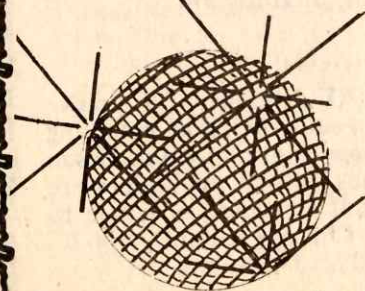
THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW — Brought to you by Wise Fool's Pub. Your hostess, Atomic Mama, presents extensive coverage of the blues, past and present. Wednesday nights at 12:00.

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.

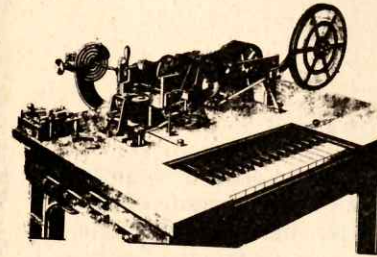


ALAN WATTS — The late philosopher still speaks. Excellent exercise for the cranium as he speaks on matters that concern us all. This legendary figure from California never fails to make you think twice and twice more about everything. If you want to know how high is up and the rhyme for orange, tune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



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 MONDAY NIGHT SPECIAL - At Midnight every Monday we take one aspect of the world of music and present an hour-long overview. Mainly music but presented in an informative and stimulating manner. Suggestions for future programming are welcome.

The Canadian Music Scene - There's an explosion of creativity going on in Canada. Many artists such as April Wine and Lone Star have been giants North of the border for some time and are just now available in the U.S. of A. We'll be playing some new imports and some oldies from bands you probably thought were from Cleveland. March 7.

Gonna Catch That First Heat Wave - A bit of "Beach Music" to warm you up in March. Now don't think that this will be an hour of stale wax! Roy Wood, Crack The Sky, Henry Gross and David Ackles have been making some new uses of that classic form. Plus you'll be hearing some aspects of the Beach Boys and Jan & Dean that just don't surface on AM radio. March 14.

The Guitarist's Guitarist - An hour devoted to the search for the premiere Axe Murderer of today. The classic performances of Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, Eric Clapton, Leo Kotke, Dave Mason, Jimmy Page, Alvin Lee and some vibrant material from the new kids like Bill Nelson, George Benson and Brian May. March 21.

The Greatest Show On Earth - Centering on the groups who play the concert stage like it was theatre. But how do their records stand up? Give a listen to the Kinks, Genesis, the Tubes, Split Enz, Alice Cooper, and the Sensational Alex Harvey Band. March 28.

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 Spirit | 11th Jethro Tull | 23rd Supertramp |
| 2nd Stevie Wonder | 14th John McLaughlin | 24th Kansas |
| 3rd Gentle Giant | 15th Ides of March | 25th Emerson, Lake & Palmer |
| 4th Atlanta Rhythm Section | 16th Johnny Winter | 28th Aerosmith |
| 7th Rick Wakeman | 17th Todd Rundgren | 29th Shawn Phillips |
| 8th Country Joe McDonald | 18th Jeff Beck | 30th King Crimson |
| 9th Pink Floyd | 21st Angel | 31st 10CC |
| 10th Marshall Tucker Band | 22nd Manfred Mann | |

Triad Radio Shows wxfm 106

SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP

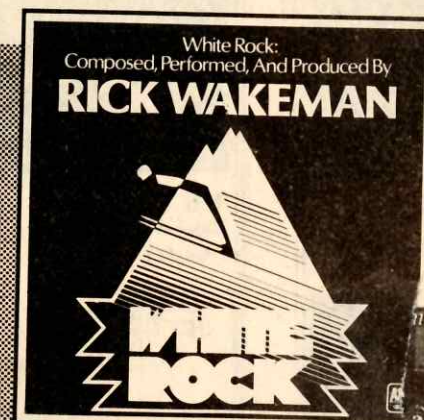
Not even the Atlantic Ocean could stop this music from enriching these American shores. Some of the most intriguing music you'll ever hear is being made right now in Yugoslavia, Greece, Germany, Spain, and Finland. And you'll be able to hear it first on TRIAD. If you're already familiar with the sounds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

A good selection of Sounds from Across the Big Swanp has been released here over the past couple of months. JAN AKKERMAN' ex-FOCUS guitarist has returned to the recording scene with an album called *Eli*. Joining him on the LP as vocalist is KAZ LUX an ex band-mate of his when they were both in a group called BRAINBOX. . . . For jazz fans the double album by MICHAL URBANIAK called *The Beginning* is a must. It's released here on Catalyst and consists of two albums previously released in Germany. . . . GOODIES from ECM released here this month include KEITH JARRET's *Hymn Spheres*, and EBERHARD WEBER's *The Following Morning*. . . . Judging from their Promotional pictures, SPLIT ENZ look like a real bunch of wierdos. However, their album *Mental Notes* is very enjoyable listening. It was produced by ex-Roxy musician, Phil Manzanera. The group hails from New Zealand. . . . RABBIT is a group from South Africa and they're the first non-american act to be signed by Capricorn Records, a label known for its roster of Southern rock bands. . . . A couple of Australian groups with albums out include SKYHOOKS with their second attempt to break into the American charts called *Living in the Seventies*. AVALANCHE is a quartet of heavy-rockers from Melbourne and their debut albums is on Bootleg records. . . . From France comes a group called TRANSIT EXPRESS' They've had several albums released there and their first to be released here is called *opus prgressif*, on P.I. Cosmos. . . . For Anglophiles: The new GENTLE GIANT album is a double record set recorded live called *Playing the Fool*. JETHRO TULL return with their best album in years. It's called *Songs from the Woods* and has the band sounding the way you'd expecte them to sound. . . . It looks like the long wait may finally be over. There's a good chance that KRAFTWERK's *Europe Endless* will be out by the end of this month. . . . SCORPIONS best and heaviest to date is *Virgin Killer*. The import was banned because of its cover. Several thousand made it into the country before the ban so, if you picked up one of those you have a real collector's item on hand. For the rest of you, you'll have to wait for the domestic version to be released in a new cover later this month. In the Import bins look for live albums by JANE and RANDY PIE.

WAKEMAN IS BACK WITH WHITE ROCK. White Rock

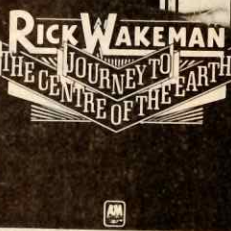
The soundtrack to the documentary film of the '76 Innsbruck Winter Games. The recording from a musical mastermind . . . reaffirming the imaginative greatness that is Rick Wakeman!



It Is In Heaven
(A&N)



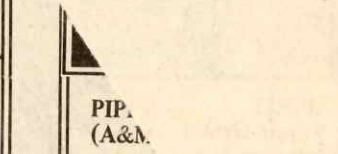
HAGAR



SEA LEVEL
(Capricorn)



FLEETWOOD MAC
Rumours
(Warner Brothers)



GENTLE GIANT
Playing The Fool
(Capitol)

GENTLE GIANT
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TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

			
<p>SPIRIT Future Games (Mercury)</p>	<p>most... right now... and Finland. TRIAD. If you... of La Dusseld... be hearing some... bands.</p>	<p>If you've been... happening to pro... primed for these... It's like an ocean</p>	<p>THE KINKS Sleepwalker (Arista)</p>
<p>A good selection of Sounds from Across the Big... released here over the past couple of months. JAN... ex-FOCUS guitarist has returned to the recording scen... called Eli. Joining him on the LP as vocalist is KAZ L... mate of his when they were both in a group called B... For jazz fans the double album by MICHAL URBAN... Beginning is a must. It's released here on Catalyst and... albums previously released in Germany. . . . GOOD... released here this month include KEITH JARRET's... and EBERHARD WEBER's The Following Morning... their Promotional pictures, SPLIT ENZ look like... wierdos. However, their album Mental Notes is very en... It was produced by ex-Roxy musician, Phil Manza... hails from New Zealand. . . . RABBIT is a group from... they're the first non-american act to be signed by Cap... label known for its roster of Southern... groups with albu</p>			
			
<p>JACK LANCASTER Marscape (RSO)</p>	<p>STEVE GIBBONS BAND Rollin' On (MCA)</p>	<p>ELLIOT RANDALL New York (Kirshner)</p>	<p>JUSTIN HAYWARD Songwriter (London)</p>
			
<p>TELEVISION Marquee Moon (Elektra)</p>	<p>DAVID BOWIE Low (RCA)</p>	<p>LENNY WHITE Big City (Nemperor)</p>	<p>TERUO NAKAMURA Rising Sun (Polydor)</p>

TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106

			
<p>JOURNEY Next (Columbia)</p>	<p>ANGEL On Earth As It Is In Heaven (Casablanca)</p>	<p>SEA LEVEL (Capricorn)</p>	<p>PIPER (A&M)</p>
			
<p>PINK FLOYD Animals (Columbia)</p>	<p>SAMMY HAGAR Red (Capitol)</p>	<p>FLEETWOOD MAC Rumours (Warner Brothers)</p>	<p>GENTLE GIANT LIVE Playing The Fool</p>
			
<p>CHILLIWACK Dreams, Dreams, Dreams (Mushroom)</p>	<p>RICK WAKEMAN White Rock (A&M)</p>	<p>COUNTRY JOE Goodbye Blues (Fantasy)</p>	<p>MARTIN MULL I'm Everybody I've Ever... (ABC)</p>
			
<p>KEITH JARRETT Hymns-Spheres (ECM)</p>	<p>STARCASTLE Fountain of Light (Epic)</p>	<p>STEVE HILLAGE L (Atlantic)</p>	<p>SCORPIONS Virgin Killer (RCA)</p>
<p>TEN CC Deceptive Bends (MERCURY)</p>			

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